

flowerchild  
By  
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*(JANE and JAKE sit in some grass in JANE's backyard. They are getting some good old vitamin D. There is some wind, and dust, dirt and seeds fly into the backyard and into JANE and JAKE'S faces. The wind stops. Flowers begin to grow out of JANE's hair. She looks at JAKE.)*

**JANE**

You know what this is like?

**JAKE**

What?

**JANE**

Like when a secret plant grows out of a pot where another plant is already growing.

**JAKE**

Like a weed?

**JANE**

No. Just like a different plant. Like there's an aloe plant, and another little guy comes in and they get all cramped in one pot and you don't know whether or not to move them into separate pots. Because they could die in the transfer. Or they could live. And be lonely.

**JAKE**

Do you think you are the pot or the first plant?

**JANE**

Both.

**JAKE**

Oh.

*(JANE thinks.)*

**JANE**

Would it hurt if I cut it off, do you think?

*(JAKE tugs at a leaf.)*

**JAKE**

Did that hurt?

**JANE**

No.

**JAKE**

Then no. I don't think so.

**JANE**

Should I leave them?

**JAKE**

Do you like it?

**JANE**

Not everyone can grow flowers like this.

**JAKE**

Do you want to grow them?

**JANE**

What if this is a scientific miracle? What if my whole purpose in life is to be the first human-plant hybrid?

**JAKE**

Does that matter to you? Would it make you happy?

**JANE**

I think it could.

**JAKE**

Do you want to grow them?

**JANE**

I - I don't know.

**JAKE**

Then that's the only important question.

*(JANE thinks.)*

**JANE**

What if the universe gets mad? What if this was my test and I kill them and I fail?

**JAKE**

The universe?

**JANE**

Because I didn't want to be the pot. Because right now I just want to hold myself in here. But what if it decides I won't get the chance again?

**JAKE**

I'm sure the universe can understand that. I can.

*(JANE tugs her hair softly. A leaf falls out. She begins to panic.)*

**JANE**

It's a living thing! I can't just kill them.

**JAKE**

You're a living thing too.

*(JANE gets up and begins to pace. Her breathing accelerates, she begins to scratch at her skin, and JAKE immediately becomes alarmed. JANE is having a panic attack.)*

**JAKE**

Hey, hey, stop with the scratching.

**JANE**

Gotta itch, gotta.

**JAKE**

You're panicking, J.

**JANE**

Am not.

**JAKE**

So why are you scratching?

**JANE**

Gotta itch.

*(JAKE gets up and tries to get JANE to sit down. She avoids him, continuing to pace and scratch. She scratches her head, more leaves fall off. She stifles a cry as she watches them hit the ground.)*

**JANE:**

No no no -

*(JAKE grabs JANE'S hands to stop her nervous tick. Her breathing slows slightly. She's still in it, but is coming down as the scene progresses. JANE sits next to JAKE, holding her knees up to her chest.)*

**JAKE**

You are thinking too far ahead. Think now. Now. Breathe.

*(She does. It's shaky but it's still air.)*

**JANE**

Do you ever think about that stuff? Like who you're meant to be?

**JAKE**

I mean sure, everyone does. I don't give it too much weight, though. I don't really believe in destiny, you know that.

**JANE**

Not destiny per se more like...your role. We have a job we need to complete to make the world go 'round. Who am I if I don't do the job the world gives me?

*(Pause.)*

**JANE**

I'm just worried I will only be known as The Girl Who Grows Flowers, and maybe I want my role to be something else.

**JAKE**

Like what?

**JANE**

I don't know yet. I guess I just want the option to still get to figure it out.

**JAKE**

I get that. We have time, Janie. To get here again. We have so much time.

*(JANE reaches for JAKE'S hand. She holds it for a moment.)*

**JANE**

I might get lucky and it'll happen again. Later. When I'm older. When I'm ready.

*(JAKE squeezes her hand. JANE smiles softly.)*

**JANE**

Yes. Another time.

*(On cue, it starts to rain. JANE's hair gets rained on heavily. The flowers in her hair drown. JAKE tugs them off her head, being careful to not hurt JANE. He makes a hole in the dirt, and puts the flowers there. It continues to rain. They sit. They let the rain wash them clean.)*

**end of play.**