

Angry Crayon Flowers

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Angry Crayon Flowers

A business-type person sits/lies on the boardroom table with a scattering of crayons, and multicoloured papers around them.

They draw a flower furiously on a piece of paper.

HAHAHAHAHAHAH.
HA HA-HA. HA-HA.
BAMN.
BAAMMMMNNNNNN.

*Rolls it up, throws it at a trashcan.
Probably misses.*

SOOOOOO CLOSE. (or) NAILED IT.

Welcome to a... perfectly normal boardroom.
In a perfectly normal – BLAH BLAH BLAH.

Am I right? *Or am I right.*

Here – c'mere.
Seriously.
Grab a piece of paper – just –

Rolls another one up.

AND JUST –

Throws it at the trashcan.

Betcha can't make it.

May hand the audience member a piece of paper.

(Additional Prompting as Needed:) Yeah come on. Don't be shy. *(etc.)*

SO CLOSE. (or) DAMNNN. DAMMMNNNN. That was AMAZING.

HAHAHAHAHA.
Hahahahaha.
hahaha.
Ha ... ha.

Takes out a new piece of paper and starts drawing a flower.

I'm having probably the worst day of my entire life?

Stop drawing: eye contact.

AND I THINK I'M HIDING IT SO WELL.

Resumes drawing.

Some days.

Ya just gotta.

Just gotta.

Barricade-yourself-in-a-board-room-throw-garbage-on-the-floor-make-a-mess-and-just-totally-draw-like-seven-million-flowers-with-crayons.

Ever had days like that?

Rips up the piece of paper.

No.

Don't.

Don't say anything.

Don't.

Just listen.

Oooohhh my god.

That's onnnneee thing for sure.

Nobody ever listens.

These days.

Nobody ever.

It's all

"DO THIS."

Or.

"DO THAT."

Or.

"GET OUT OF THE BOARDROOM. THERE'S SOME THEATRE THING HAPPENING."

Well let me tell you.

The secret to life.

The universe.

And everything.

Eye contact.

Is drawing little crayon flowers.

Here – why don't you draw one?

*Hands a piece of paper and a crayon.
They draw for a moment.*

I was here to be a professional.
A freaking professional.
WAH WAH WAH. BUSINESS BUSINESS BUSINESS.
ADULT ADULT ADULT.
Isn't it obvious?

Today's just a really bad day okay cut me some slack.

Beat.

But you know what.
YOU KNOW WHAT.

Takes out a piece of paper and draws a flower with a really angry face.

...Yeah.
Yeaaaaaaah.
HAHAHAHAHAHA.
YEEEEEEAAHHH.

Finishes with the drawing.

This
This is Jah-cob.
He's my boss.
Also.
He's a dick.
You can tell that he's a dick from his frowny flower face.
And the angry eyes. ... The *angry* angry eyes.

Stares at the picture

I don't really know what I expected.
It's like...You kind of have those milestones in your head.
Oh. Once I do this thing – then my life is set.
Once I get my diploma.
Once I get my degree.
My internship.
My fulltime job.
A house.

A car.
A mortgage.
Debt debt debt.
A kid.
Then clearly – *clearly* everything else will just take care of itself.

I was still living in my Mom’s basement.
I moved out.
For the first time in – well – *ever*.
And I just figured.
Mild depression – that’ll go away.
My partner – things will be able to work now.
Everything – *everything* will just. *Be*.
In a nice little bow.
This is the final little piece of the puzzle.
Maybe now I can actually be happy.
Maybe now I can actually *sleep*.

God.

Sleep.

I can’t even remember the last time I felt rested.

It never really stops.
Nine to five – wham bam thank you m’am.
Take your pay stub and go.

And I think that’s what adulthood is.

Sometimes I just really feel like I need... an adult.
An adultier-adult to tell me what to do for once.

Picks up the drawing of angry crayon flower Jah-cob, and hands it to audience member.

Here.
Why don’t you take this.
Don’t think I’ll be needing it anymore.
I mean I’m p. sure I’m fired as all hell.

But uh – oh...
When you go.
Tell the stage manager that I’ll pack up and leave.
Tell them sorry that I meltdowned in the middle of their little festival.
And don’t worry – stage manager will be easy to spot.

Look for the nervous one.
Or the one with all the coffee.

Beat.

By the way...

Thanks.

For listening.

A smile.

Then they resign themselves to cleaning up the mess as the audience member leaves.

[END]