

Grass Crown:

A short play

by  
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## **SCENE ONE.**

LIGHTS UP:

SARA WITH AN H sits in a field of grass. She looks around, wishing she were waiting. A light breeze whistles through her hair, which falls out of a backwards baseball cap in wisps. She plays with the grass, tying ends together.

She speaks directly to the audience, but she's never been good at making eye contact.

SARA WITH AN H

You know, when I come out here, it's not, I mean, it's not because of the quiet. It's like, cause of the sound. And, I mean, it's pretty quiet. But right now, so is, like, everywhere else. And that's very different. But here it's the same.

## **SCENE TWO.**

It could be a day later or many days later. A car passes by in the soundscape and Sara With An H watches from the front steps of a suburban house.

SARA WITH AN H

You know, now that there's so much time cause we're in Quarantine- I've decided to memorize the emperors of Rome.

(clears her throat, thinks for a while)

I'll start from the back. Caesar.

## **SCENE THREE.**

Sara With An H lies on the lawn. The grass is patchy, unkempt. She looks at the sky, pissed.

SARA WITH AN H

You know, people are always saying, like, you have to maximize the quarantine. Like, make the most out of it, like, find your Career Path! And if you can't do that than at least be Productive and read Books and write Novels and watch Cinema

(descends into a British accent)

Not television programmes, Cinema! My name's Sara With An H and I watch Cinema whilst en route via this prim Career Path! And like, go outside.

(fades back into her usual tone)

But don't just go outside. Be outside! Don't just be outside. *Be* outside! Feel outside!  
Enjoy outside. Feel the grass. Enjoy the grass. Enjoy it.

(she pulls out a handful of grass)

Enjoy it.

(and another)

Enjoy it.

(and another)

#### SCENE FOUR.

Sara With An H lounges on a plastic chair in a screamed-in screened-in porch. Her feet are propped up on a coffee table. Bored. Disfruitful.

SARA WITH AN H

OK! Sara! Ok Sara! Okay Sara! Okay Sara. Okay Sara? Ok, Sar, Ah. O. K. Sar. Ah. Okay seruuu, okay sereeee, okay searaaa, seraaaaaaa, whatever we see we see,

She springs to her feet and swings her arms and legs  
about in a faux ballet.

the future's not ours to be! que sera seraaaaaa!!!!

She curtseys deep then flops back into the chair. Props  
her feet on the table again. She stares out into the  
backyard for a long time. What is she looking at?

SARA WITH AN H

I tell people, "My name's Sara With An H" and most people still spell it wrong

(beat)

I mean, my main observation is, for everyone else it's different, but for me it's the same.

#### SCENE FIVE.

Sara With An H sits on her steps, hunched over, reading  
off her phone.

SARA WITH AN H

Do you think the emperors of Rome had crowns? I guess they had those little grass  
things.

I mean, me personally, I'd want a real crown, but I guess you got to settle for what you got.

(turns back to her phone)

Crassus succeeded Cato. Cato succeeded Caesar. Antony preceded Caesar. Wait, what?

She thinks for a moment, grows a shallow sort of anger,  
sets down her phone.

Can you believe Caesar wasn't the last one? I mean! But that guy killed him! And it was a really, really, *really* big deal!

She stands up, pacing, softer than stomping but hardly.  
Brutus! Killed him. And that wasn't the end??

(sits)

That wasn't the fall of the Roman empire?

### SCENE SIX.

Sara With An H in the screened-in porch. She sits on the table with her feet on the chair.

SARA WITH AN H

I called Samira this week cause we had a class thing to do together but we finished the school stuff in like three minutes and only talked for ten. I say that but really she talked. Mostly about that career counselor. I hate the career counselor but I didn't say that. I think I'm being too picky. Or other people aren't being picky enough. Or they are and need to be less. I don't understand either way.

She stands on the chair, then jumps off. She walks in circles saying:

Picky picky pinky pinky pink tree think tea think tea think tea pink tree pinky picky pick me pick me pick me...

Finally dizzy, she swirls and falls onto the floor.

I really hate the career counselor. Name something worse than a career counselor on zoom. Go!

She looks right out into the audience making intense eye contact with as many individuals as she can manage.

I'm waiting! I'm waiting.

**SCENE SEVEN.**

Sara With An H stands in a field, leaning on one leg, hand on the same hip. Mind buzzing mildly.

SARA WITH AN H

You know what's the real shame about Quarantine? No sword fighting. You know, other people, they say: Oh, I miss hugs

(descending into a British accent)

I miss friends and I miss blah blah blah blah blaaaagh

(then loudly)

You can't miss what you never had folks!

(then quietly unBritish)

That's why sword fighting is the real shame.

She picks up a long piece of grass and move it about as if fencing. The movement grows slower, sadder.

SARA WITH AN H

No, I suppose you can. That's why sword fighting is the real shame. It's a different kind of pain though.

She takes the grass into two hands, twisting:

Missing things you don't know well enough to miss. Like sword fighting.

She lifts the grass weakly.

**SCENE EIGHT.**

Sara With An H lies on her stomach on her lawn. The grass is longer now; it pulls at her ankles and forearms and ears and asks her a question she doesn't hear.

SARA WITH AN H

If I had a friend, she would ask me: Why the emperors of Rome? And then I'd say: I dunno I just thought I dunno like they're sophisticated, and then I'd say: do you know? And she'd say: what? And I'd say: Why I'm memorizing the emperors of Rome. And she'd say yeah.

Silence, silence, sigh lens, sigh lens, sigh, tense, sigh tense, sigh tense sigh, lens sigh, lent a buck to my buddy and he hasn't returned it yet

## SARA WITH AN H

And after that, I'd say: It's not about that. It's not about that. This is about something that lasts.

**SCENE NINE.**

Sara With An H sits on the chair on her porch, her feet are on flat on the floor. She's got her laptop open in front of her and she wears yellowing Apple earphones (with wires!). Zoom with the career counselor. There's nothing worse.

## SARA WITH AN H

I want people to pronounce my name right... Sara With An H...I see, you're asking what I want to do, when? Now?.... The future?....can I tell a story?...no, just now, just to answer the question, ...

She holds her hands in her lap.

You're sitting on a soft couch with a close friend. Like I said, the couch is soft so you really sink in. You and your friend are on opposite sides but its not awkward or anything. You know, you're close, you're really close friends. You know each other really well.

Right to the audience, past the camera of her laptop and yet almost into it.

Can't you see? There on the other side of the couch, the two of you sitting together. It's October and two baked potatoes are cooking in the oven. You hold your hands out in front of you. There is dirt under your fingernails from when you pulled up those potatoes earlier this afternoon. You reach out and take your friend's hand, hold it to the yellow light of the tableside lamp. Dirt under her fingernails too.... No, I'm not looking for a career in food produce.

**SCENE TEN.**

Sara With An H stares straight at the audience. Serious.

## SARA WITH AN H

A list of the emperors of Rome in the first through third centuries:

Augustus. Tiberius. Caligula. Claudius. Nero. Galba. Otho. Vitellius. Vaspian. Titus. Domitian. Nerva. Trajan. Pious. Areleeous. Verus. Commodus. Pertinax. Julianax. Severus. Caracallacara. Geta. Macrinus. Elagalagalabalagus. Alexander. Maximinus. Gordian Eye. Gordian Eye Eye. Maximus. Balbinus. Gordian Eye Eye Eye. Philip.

Deckious. Hostilian. Gallus. Ayamelon. Valerian. Gallinus. Gothicus. Quintillicus.  
Areeleous. Tacitus. Florian. Probus. Carus. Numerian. Carinus. Dioletean. Maximan.

Caesar didn't even make the cut.

### **SCENE ELEVEN.**

Sara With An H lies on the lawn. Grass intertwined with her fingers. She smiles giddy. She giggles. She starts to gesture around her but stops. She giggles some more.

SARA WITH AN H

No, there's nothing to say.

She pulls up a handful of grass.

### **SCENE TWELVE.**

Sara With An H sits in the field. She plays with the grass, tying ends together.

She is cheerier than the word despondent would indicate, but more despondent than any other word.

SARA WITH AN H

Alone, not lonely, a lonely, not a lone, lone, not aly, not alone, lately, lately alone.

She crowns herself with grass, tied together at the ends.  
She is the Emperor of Static Amidst Motion.

She looks at the audience and then looks away.