

Chrysanthemum

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Characters: (10)

Narrator #1

Narrator #2

Chrysanthemum

Mother

Father

Mrs. Chud

Mrs. Twinkle

Victoria

Rita

Audience

Scene I

Narrator 1: The day she was born was the happiest day of
her parents'
 lives.

Mother: She's perfect

Father: Absolutely

Narrator 1: And she was. She was absolutely perfect

Mother: Her name must be everything she is

Father: Her name must be absolutely perfect

Narrator 2: And it was. Chrysanthemum. Her parents named
her

Chrysanthemum. And when she was old enough to appreciate it, Chrysanthemum loved her name. And she loved the way it sounded when she whispered it to herself.

Audience: Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum

Narrator 1: She loved the way it looked when it was written with icing on her birthday cake. And she loved the way it looked when she wrote it herself with her fat orange crayon.

Audience: Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum

Scene II

Narrator 2: Chrysanthemum thought her name was absolutely perfect. And then she started school. On the first day, Chrysanthemum wore her sunniest dress and her brightest smile. She ran all the way.

Chrysanthemum: Hooray! School!

Mrs. Chud: Kay, Max, Sue, Les. . . Chrysanthemum.

Audience: **Laughing and giggling**

Rita: (pointing) It scarcely fits on your nametag

Victoria: **dramatically**

I'm named after my grandmother; you're named after a *flower!*

Narrator 1: She wilted. She did not think her name was absolutely perfect. She thought it was absolutely dreadful.

Victoria: (raises hand) Chrysanthemum's name is spelled with *thirteen* letters. That's exactly half as many letters as there are in the *entire* alphabet!

Mrs. Chud: Thank you for sharing that with us, Victoria. Now put your head down.

Victoria: If I had a name like yours, I would change it.

Chrysanthemum: (says to herself) I wish I could.

Scene III

Mother and Father: Welcome home!

Chrysanthemum: School is no place for me. My name is too long. It scarcely fits on my nametag. And I'm named after a flower.

Mother: Oh, pish. Your name is beautiful.

Father: And precious, and priceless, and fascinating, and winsome.

Mother: It's everything you are.

Father: Absolutely perfect.

Narrator 2: Chrysanthemum felt much better after her favorite dinner and an evening filled with hugs and kisses and Parcheesi. That night Chrysanthemum dreamed

that her name was Jane. It was an extremely pleasant dream.

Scene IV

Narrator 1: The next morning Chrysanthemum wore her most comfortable jumper. She walked to school as slowly as she could. She dragged her feet in the dirt.

Audience: (She wrote in the dirt) Chrysanthemum,
Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum

Victoria: She even looks like a flower

Rita: Let's pick her

Narrator 2: Chrysanthemum wilted. She did not think her name was absolutely perfect. She thought it was absolutely dreadful.

Victoria: (Raises hand) A chrysanthemum is a flower. It lives in a garden with worms and other dirty things.

Mrs. Chud: Thank you for sharing that with us, Victoria. Now put your head down.

Victoria: I just cannot believe your name.

Chrysanthemum: (says to herself) Neither can I.

Scene V

Mother and Father: Welcome home!

Chrysanthemum: School is no place for me. They said I even look like a flower. They pretended to pick me and smell me.

Mother: Oh, pish. They're just jealous.

Father: And envious, and begrudging, and discontented, and jaundiced.

Mother: Who wouldn't be jealous for a name like yours?

Father: After all, it's absolutely perfect.

Narrator 1: Chrysanthemum felt a trifle better after her favorite dessert and another evening filled with hugs and kisses and Parcheesi.

Narrator 2: That night Chrysanthemum dreamed she really was a chrysanthemum. She sprouted leaves and petals. Victoria picked her and plucked her petals one by one until there was nothing left but a scrawny stem. It was the worst nightmare of Chrysanthemum's life.

Scene VI

Narrator 1: Chrysanthemum wore her outfit with seven pockets the next morning. She loaded the pockets with her most prized possessions and her good-luck charms. Chrysanthemum took the longest route possible to school. She stopped and stared at each and every flower.

Audience: Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum

Narrator 2: That morning the students were introduced to Mrs. Twinkle, the music teacher. They thought Mrs. Twinkle was an indescribable wonder. They went out of their way to make a nice impression.

Narrator 1: Then she assigned roles for the class musical. And Chrysanthemum was chosen as a daisy.

Rita and Victoria: *taunting*

Chrysanthemum's a daisy! Chrysanthemum's a daisy!

Mrs. Twinkle: What's so humorous?

Rita and Victoria: Chrysanthemum!

Rita: (pointing) It scarcely fits on her nametag.

Victoria: *dramatically*

I'm named after my grandmother; she's named after a *flower!*

Mrs. Twinkle: *My name is long... My name would scarcely fit on a nametag*

Rita: It would?

Mrs. Twinkle: And *I'm* named after a flower, too!

Victoria: You are?

Mrs. Twinkle: Yes, my name is Delphinium. Delphinium Twinkle. And if my baby is a girl, I'm considering Chrysanthemum as a name. I think it's absolutely perfect.

Narrator 2: Chrysanthemum could scarcely believe her ears.
She blushed. She beamed. She bloomed.

Audience: Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum, Chrysanthemum

Narrator 1: Rita and Victoria looked at Chrysanthemum
longingly.

Rita: I'm Carnation.

Victoria: My name is Lily of the Valley.

Narrator 2: Chrysanthemum did not think her name was
absolutely perfect. She *knew* it!