

## LAY WITH ME

### CHARACTERS:

ALITA: 10 year old girl, one of the last living people, who is dying from air pollution and she is trying to save her flower

CHAMOMILE: Alita's bunch of flowers that she is trying to save from the pollution

DESCRIPTION: The world is dying from air pollution. Every living thing is getting sick and dying. A little girl, ALITA, grew up on a farm. She is slowly being affected by the air pollution. While struggling with her health she is desperately trying to save her CHAMOMILES. While she is watering them she becomes tired and spends her last moments speaking to her CHAMOMILES.

## Scene One

An old farmhouse on a hill, with a view of the city. A garden filled with a variety of flowers, that are wilting and withering away, in the front lawn. The sky is visibly gray and is thick.

ALITA walks out of the farmhouse with an oxygen mask on. She pulls her oxygen tank over to the bed of CHAMOMILES. She leaves the oxygen tank right next to the bed, pressing down on the stoppers to keep it in place.

ALITA

Good morning, I have come to water you!

ALITA grabs the hose, next to the garden, and starts to water the CHAMOMILES.

ALITA

(coughs) Today my cough isn't so bad. Maybe it is an off day for all the gray air that is produced.

CHAMOMILES lean towards ALITA as they get watered.

ALITA

I am surprised you guys have survived this long. I know it gets tiring after being in contact with the gray air.

ALITA turns off the hose and lays the hose down. She sits next to the CHAMOMILES bed. The wind blows and it faces the CHAMOMILES towards ALITA.

ALITA

Wow, you guys are really craving my attention.  
(laughs)

ALITA's laugh turns into coughs. Her eyes grow tired the more she coughs.

ALITA

(smiles) I guess I am weathering away like the other flowers.

ALITA moves her hand to the CHAMOMILES, holding them up. The CHAMOMILES wilt in her hand.

ALITA

(frowns) Don't start weathering away on me now. I need you guys. We stick together. If we stick together this gray air won't be able to get to us.

CHAMOMILES respond by lifting up their stems, seemingly being more happier. ALITA smiles and moves herself into the bed of flowers, not caring if her pants got dirtied or wet from the recent watered soil.

ALITA

I am always a sucker for you guys. I have ruined many of my pants from sitting here and talking with you.

The CHAMOMILES move and lay over ALITA's legs, hugging her. ALITA smiled and gently laid over the flowers, hugging them back.

ALITA

I do have to tell you guys something.  
(frowns)

CHAMOMILES move and lift their stems up, looking towards ALITA. ALITA frowns, tearing up.

ALITA

I am...down. I am down to my last tank of oxygen. This one should last me another week. The money Mama and and Papa left has been used up. I have no more.

The CHAMOMILES looked at one another and then back at ALITA. CHAMOMILES laid over ALITA's legs and hugged her. ALITA started to cry and laid gently over the CHAMOMILES.

ALITA

Don't make it harder guys. I already can't imagine what will happen to you guys.

The CHAMOMILES keep their position and don't let go of ALITA.

ALITA

(smiles) I am touched..

ALITA's tank starts to make a fizzing noise. ALITA hears the noise and looks over to the tank, confused.

ALITA

Why is it making that noise?

ALITA looks at the pressure on the tank and notices it is low. The oxygen in the tank has run low. ALITA has a shocked and scared look on her face.

ALITA

That isn't right. It shouldn't have run out until next week.

ALITA taps the pressure meter. The meter doesn't change. ALITA starts to tap it faster. The CHAMOMILES are looking at ALITA confused.

ALITA

Why isn't it changing?

ALITA's face twists with horror. ALITA looks towards the CHAMOMILES and then back at the tank.

ALITA

(mortified) Did I press down on the wrong lever?

ALITA looked at the lever she pressed down and it was the red one that was down. The red lever was for releasing gas out of the tank. ALITA furrowed her brows while looking at the red lever.

ALITA

(whispers) Should I unplug it?

ALITA reaches her hand towards her mask. The CHAMOMILES see and wrap themselves around ALITA's wrist.

ALITA

(frowns) I have to take it off. It is running low, and I don't have money or time to get a new oxygen tank.

The CHAMOMILES don't move and tighten their grip on ALITA's wrist.

ALITA

I am not leaving. I will stay with you guys the entire time.

The CHAMOMILES pulled themselves off of ALITA's wrist. ALITA smiled at them and pulled her mask off. ALITA breathed in the gray air. ALITA let out a cough.

ALITA

Wow, that gray air is stronger than I thought.  
(coughs)

The CHAMOMILES wrap themselves around ALITA's arms and move her to the middle of the flower bed. ALITA lays on her back with the help of the CHAMOMILES.

ALITA

Thank you, guys. WHO could have better friends?

The CHAMOMILES wrap themselves around ALITA's body, only leaving her head unhidden. ALITA starts having a coughing fit.

ALITA

I think the sky is still beautiful even if it is only gray all the time.  
(coughs)

ALITA starts to gasp for air. After a few seconds of continuous gasping there is silence. The CHAMOMILES recognize the silence and wrap themselves over ALITA's face. The CHAMOMILES start to slowly wither away in despair.

THE END