

Green Crayon

Rebecca Gorman O'Neill

Comic

CASSIA: 7 to 11

KYLE: 7 to 11

CASSIA *sits, drawing on a big piece of paper with crayons.* KYLE *has a green crayon—the only green crayon.*

CASSIA: Green's my favorite color.

KYLE: Mine too.

CASSIA: Give it to me. I need it now.

KYLE: Give what?

CASSIA: I need the green.

KYLE: No.

CASSIA: I can't finish without it.

KYLE: Then you'll never finish.

CASSIA: Give me the green!

KYLE: Never ever ever finish.

CASSIA: You don't need it.

KYLE: Don't matter if I need it.

CASSIA: You're not even drawing.

KYLE: I want it. I have it. I'm keeping it. Don't have to be drawing. Just looking at it, here, in my hand. Makes me all kinds of happy. Don't you want me to be happy?

CASSIA: I'll give it back.

KYLE: You won't.

CASSIA: I will!

KYLE: You won't give it back because you'll never have it in the first place. It's mine.

CASSIA: I'll give you all the others. The reds and the blues and the purples—look at the purples! I'll give you all these if you give me the green.

KYLE: Shouldn't have let it go if you wanted it so much.

CASSIA: I didn't know I wanted it till you had it.

KYLE: Should have planned ahead.

CASSIA: Keep it then. I don't need it. I can just mash the blues in with the yellows. [*She tries this.*]

KYLE: Oooh . . . That's not working so well, is it?

CASSIA: How was I supposed to know, way back then, that I would need it now? Way back then when I started? I couldn't have known I'd want it.

KYLE: But now you do.

CASSIA: Now I really, really do.

KYLE: Maybe this is a lesson.

CASSIA: A lesson.

KYLE: You know what a metaphor is?

CASSIA: Like, "green with envy"?

KYLE: That's a figure of speech.

CASSIA: Green: a metaphor for someone greedy and mean and for no reason at all keeping the green. . . .

KYLE: A metaphor for something deeper in life. You know, the green crayon, a metaphor for things we loved and things we lost and things that we never really appreciated until we could never have them back. Do you think you might learn something from this? Do you think, if you ever come across another green crayon again, that you'll appreciate it more, and hold on to it tighter, and use it first instead of leaving it for last? Do you think this might be a great big metaphor?

CASSIA: No. I think it's a green crayon.

KYLE: You're probably right.

CASSIA: I hate you.

KYLE: Why?

CASSIA: Because you're mean!

KYLE: You're the one yelling.

CASSIA: Okay. Okay. Please. Please can I please have the green crayon? I'll give you . . .

KYLE: You don't have anything I want.

CASSIA: I'll have the most beautiful picture I've ever drawn, and it will be beautiful and perfect, because of the green. And the green will be the most important thing, because your stupid metaphor will make me appreciate the green and use it perfectly. Not too much and not too little. And maybe you'll get yourself a metaphor of your own, of something that can only really truly happen once in the whole world, and it will be this picture, and I'll give it to you.

KYLE: You'll give me the picture? You sure you won't want the picture when it's done?

CASSIA: I'll still want it. But I'll give it to you.

[*KYLE hands CASSIA the green crayon.*]

KYLE: Green's my favorite color.

CASSIA: Mine too.