

LITTLE FLOWER GIRL

By Jerold London

**Copyright © 2022
Jerold London
All rights reserved, etc.
jlondon@deepweaversfaith.com**

LITTLE FLOWER GIRL



Photo from [Wikimedia](#)

AT THE RISE

Center stage: A young flower girl, wearing near-rags and an apron, selling tulips out of a brown wicker basket which she holds on her arm.

From early day to nighttime, a change in scenery **upstage** takes her from:

Buenos Aires to

Rio de Janeiro to

Mexico City to

San Francisco to

New Orleans to

Chicago to

Montreal to

New York City to

London to

Brussels to

Amsterdam to

Berlin to

Prague to

Vienna to

Paris to

Madrid to

Barcelona to

Rome to

Florence to

Venice to

Dubrovnik to

Athens to

Santorini to

Istanbul to

Jerusalem to

Cape Town to

Sydney to

Melbourne to

Bangkok to
Hong Kong to
Tokyo to
Moscow to
Saint Petersburg to
Stockholm, and finally to
Copenhagen.

Every stop along the way from Moscow to Copenhagen gets colder and terribly colder. And darker.

Bareheaded, and barefooted, she calls out in each place:

FLOWER GIRL

Tulips.... Tulips for sale.

But she gets no love.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she creeps along, a portrait of misery. Snowflakes fall on her long hair. Cheer can be heard from offstage. It is New Year's Eve. In an alley she sits down, drawing her feet up under her. Her hands are nearly numb with the cold. She pulls a box of matches from a pocket in the apron, and lights one. Its flame burns bright, but lasts only a number of seconds, to warm her hands with. She repeats lighting matches, until the box is empty. In the distance she can see a tree in a Copenhagen square, glowing like diamonds with thousands of Christmas lights and decorations.

A shooting star falls from the sky, forming a long line of fire. She remembers what her grandmother used to tell her.

FLOWER GIRL

A falling star, 'tis falling bright,
Another soul to God tonight.

A moment of darkness, when the final match burns out. When dim light returns, the little flower girl is gone. But her basket of tulips is still there.

Pause.

Then a child from the audience comes on stage, followed at some distance by her mother, who calls after her:

MOTHER

Alex. Alex. Come back here.
Get off the stage.
You don't know what you're doing.

Alex runs to the basket, and lifts it into her arms.

MOTHER

You don't know the lines.

ALEX

Tulips.... Tulips for sale.

END