

Harry and the Purple Kush

By

Daniel Carlyon

Inspired by

"Harold and the Purple Crayon"

by Crockett Johnson

Copyright © 2013  
Daniel Carlyon

1442 West Bryn Mawr Ave. #2  
Chicago, IL 60660

[djcarlyon3@gmail.com](mailto:djcarlyon3@gmail.com)

## Cast of Characters

Harry: 24, stoner, still uses his purple crayon every day.

Kate: 24, sometime stoner, can't remember the last time she used her crayon.

## Scene

Harry and Kate's shitty apartment, and later, the world of crayons.

Harry and the Purple Kush

*We're in a small apartment, sparsely furnished. The detritus of a stationary day is scattered about: an iPad on the floor, a thing of Saltines on the couch...*

*Also on the couch is Harry. He's thinking, and tracing the air with his large purple crayon. He's getting frustrated. He stares at the air where he just "drew."*

HARRY

Fuck it.

*He lies back and grabs his large purple bong from behind the sofa. He finds a purple lighter on the couch and brings the bong to his mouth, but when he goes to spark the lighter nothing happens.*

HARRY

Dammit.

*He drops the lighter back on the couch and picks up his crayon. He scribbles with it into his hand for a moment, and produces an identical purple lighter. He lights it happily and once again goes to smoke, only to notice there's nothing in the bong.*

HARRY

Dammit!

*He plonks the bong on the floor and once more scribbles into his hand, finally coming up with a baggie full of bright purple weed. He pulls some out and packs it into the bong, then takes a hit.*

*As he finishes his inhale, the front door opens and KATE bursts in. Harry, startled, begins coughing violently. Kate is a frantic whirl as she drops her bag on the couch, pulls her laptop out, and runs into her room.*

KATE

(breathlessly)

Hey Harry.

HARRY

(also breathlessly)

Hey Kate--

*Her bedroom door slams. Harry's coughs sputter out. He looks behind him... nothing. He goes to take another hit. As he finishes his inhale, Kate charges back into the room; more coughing ensues.*

KATE

Jesus, Harry, you okay? Maybe you should slow down.

HARRY

(through lingering coughs)  
I should slow down?

*Kate sits down on the couch, phone in hand.*

KATE

Ugh, sorry, I've just got this phone call thing in like half an hour but I...

*She checks her phone one more time...*

KATE

...am ready for it! So I am going to relax.

*She pulls a blanket down off the couch.*

KATE

You're up early. Aren't you usually napping in your room about now?

HARRY

No. ...I'm usually drawing, if that's what you mean.

*He indicates his crayon. Kate laughs.*

KATE

Right. Much more productive.

HARRY

Wow. Thanks.

KATE

Aw, come on, I'm just kidding.

HARRY

Totally.

*Harry picks up his iPad. Kate looks over at him.*

KATE

I'm sorry! You know how weird I am when I get home from work. What did you do today?

HARRY

Apparently I napped all day.

KATE

You're right. I was unfair. I have this phone call soon and it's taking a lot of my attention and it clearly made me say hurtful things--

HARRY

Jesus.

KATE

--but let's hang out! Remember? Like when we were in Ambrose Hall?

*Harry finally looks up.*

HARRY

If college is the most recent memory you can find of us acting like friends, we're in trouble.

*Kate smiles.*

KATE

Thanks, smartass. Seriously! Let's hang out! What have you been working on, for real? I haven't seen you all week, you've been drawing so much.

HARRY

Well, actually, I did have kind of a big breakthrough today, sort of. Remember my old drawings?

KATE

(pointing at bong)  
You mean like that one?

HARRY

No, like my childhood drawings, that I've told you stories about.

KATE

Nope.

HARRY

Seriously? You don't remember me telling you about the city I drew window by window? Or when I drew half a mountain and fell off the empty half?

KATE

I remember being really baked once and hearing about the time you drew one of every kind of pie...

HARRY

Well, I drew stuff that wasn't pie too. And all of that shit always stuck around. Like, my drawings were really alive, you know?

KATE

Oh, totally. It's always so hard when you learn that the drawings don't stick around. I remember the very first puppy I drew, when he faded away I made my dad search our block for hours--

HARRY

But that's it! All of my drawings lasted so long, I never actually saw them fade away. I just forgot how to find them again. But then today, somehow... I can't explain it, I just *knew*, and I drew a door, and on the other side... I saw it.

KATE

...Saw what?

HARRY

My porcupine.

*Beat.*

KATE

I'm sorry, *your* porcupine?

HARRY

You said you remembered the pies story!

KATE

Were the pies made of porcupines? 'Cause I don't remember that part.

HARRY

After I drew all the pies, I drew a moose and a porcupine to help me finish them.

KATE

Sensible. And so this was the porcupine you found?

HARRY

Exactly.

KATE

Aw!

HARRY

Aw?!

KATE

I assumed it was a cute porcupine.

HARRY

(very serious)

The porcupine isn't the point, Kate. It's what the porcupine represents.

*Beat. Kate, against her will, starts giggling.  
Harry leans back, pissed.*

KATE

I'm sorry! It's just... "porcupine isn't the point!"

*Harry isn't laughing.*

KATE

Harry! I'm sure finding your old drawings was really cool. I think it's just over my head, right?

*Harry picks up his iPad again and starts tapping.*

KATE

I'm sorry.

HARRY

Fine.

*Harry doesn't respond. Kate thinks for a minute.*

KATE

...You wanna go draw some stuff?

*This is surprising, kinda to both of them.*

HARRY

Seriously?

KATE

Yeah. Yes! I've still got some time before this phone call. It'll be like college again. And maybe we'll see one of your old drawings! I'm gonna go get my crayon.

*She pops up from the couch and runs into her room.*

HARRY

...Okay.

*Harry stands up, takes a deep breath, and starts experimentally waving his crayon in the air, eyes closed. Kate returns with her own (green) crayon.*

KATE  
Yaaaaay apartment drawing time!

HARRY  
Sssshhhh.

*He opens his eyes and brings the crayon up, over, and down. As he does, the crayon draws the purple outline of a door into the air. Kate golf claps.*

KATE  
Ooooo!

HARRY  
Come on.

KATE  
I'm serious! I haven't seen you draw something bigger than a lighter in forever. Crayons sure are pretty.

*She approaches the door.*

HARRY  
Well? After you.

KATE  
Great! ...So I just go through, right? I don't need to like open the door, or...?

HARRY  
How long has it been since you drew something?

KATE  
(teasing)  
How long has it been since you weren't a dick?

HARRY  
Yes. You just go through.

KATE  
See? That's all you had to say.

*She walks through, and Harry follows; the lights change, and we are now in the crayon world. Music plays.*

HARRY  
(proudly)  
Welcome back.

*Kate moves through the air.*