



Sample Pages from
Moonbow Miraculous: Competition-Length
Version

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MOONBOW
MIRACULOUS
COMPETITION-LENGTH VERSION

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Kirk Shimano



Moonbow Miraculous: Competition-Length Version

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Casting

8 Performers of Any Gender

Prologue / Epilogue

LOST ONE: a wanderer in search of a cure

WEATHERLING: a strange being with strange powers

Scene 1: I Donut Believe You

STRAWBERRY: a strawberry donut

RASPBERRY: a raspberry donut

Scene 2: A Sharp Left Turn

GUARDIAN: a skilled craftsman dedicated to the old ways

APPRENTICE: an eager student, unafraid to ask questions

Scene 3: Non-Binary

ALPHA: beep, bop, boop. Just your average everyday robot

BETA: beep, bop...boop? A robot with questions

Casting and Presentation Notes:

All characters in this piece have no limitations on gender, race, or any other categorization. Please cast whoever is best able to embody a jelly donut regardless of their human characteristics.

Additionally, this is a piece which encourages the audience to join on a journey of imagination. If you have the will (and the budget) to create a fully-realized robot costume, please do so! But if you would prefer to use a roll of aluminum foil from the dollar store, that's fine too.

Anything from single casting to quadruple casting is acceptable.

PROLOGUE

In the darkness, the sound of a heavy rain fills the theatre, punctuated by the boom of thunder. It builds to a crescendo, where we hear the zap of electricity as a power generator is hit. There is a flash of light and then total silence.

The lights raise to reveal a hilltop at night. The storm has stopped, leaving a quiet calm in its place.

The WEATHERLING sits on the ground, content. They face the audience but look far out into the distance, observing the scope of nature spread out before them. The light of a full moon illuminates them from behind. They make a few arcane gestures whose purpose will never be known to any human being.

The LOST ONE enters, drenched and tired. They set their eyes upon the WEATHERLING and cycle through a series of emotions: disbelief, relief, excitement, uncertainty, then totally star-struck.

The LOST ONE raises their left hand to wave hello, but then is suddenly embarrassed and pulls their hand back before the WEATHERLING suddenly speaks.

WEATHERLING: Hello.

LOST ONE: Oh sorry! I didn't mean to interrupt – I mean I guess I did mean to interrupt, because I knew you would be busy but wanted to – I have a question. Or a request, I mean. Sorry. Hello.

WEATHERLING: No need to apologize, friend. What brings you to this remote location?

LOST ONE: So I'm in the right place, right? You're... you're the Weatherling?

WEATHERLING: I've had so many names that I lose track of which I have been called.

LOST ONE: But you're the one that controls the weather?

WEATHERLING: No, I cannot control the weather.

LOST ONE: Oh no. No no no no. After all this searching... I was stupid to believe it, wasn't I? To think there was a being who could speak to the clouds in the way I'm speaking to you now?

WEATHERLING: I can speak to the clouds.

LOST ONE: But you can't control the weather?

WEATHERLING: No, I can't control the weather.

LOST ONE: I am so lost.

WEATHERLING: You are asking the wrong question. Can I control the weather? Well that would imply that there is just one weather, would it not? And there is not just one weather, oh no! Why over there, it's a fraction of a few degrees colder than it is over there. The breeze is stronger here, but just a few centimetres away there is a gentle current in the opposite direction. If you were to climb to the top of that tree you would find yourself in an entirely different weather altogether! On this one hilltop are a thousand weathers that interact and counteract as the world spins on its axis.

LOST ONE: But you can make it rain?

WEATHERLING: Oh yes, I can do that. If that's all you wanted you should have just asked that in the first place.

LOST ONE: They say that your rain can wash a person clean.

WEATHERLING: "My" rain? Rain is water and water is always water.

LOST ONE: But when you make the rain, isn't it special?

WEATHERLING: Every rain is special.

LOST ONE: I need you to fix me. Will you make it rain for me?

WEATHERLING: No.

LOST ONE: Oh.

The WEATHERLING takes a deep breath, admiring the scenery.

WEATHERLING: It's quite lovely, isn't it? The stars? The quiet? With the mist in the air it's rare to be able to see so much...

LOST ONE: But tonight there are no lights from the city.

The WEATHERLING is embarrassed.

WEATHERLING: Yes. My bad. I let the storm get out of hand and the power convertor was struck. Everyone is safe! Don't worry! But that's why I am unable to help you with your request. I have already done enough for tonight.

LOST ONE: I'm sorry, I should go.

WEATHERLING: Please. I have something to share and I would enjoy it so much if you would come sit.

The LOST ONE comes closer but paces nervously, rather than sits.

WEATHERLING: Look over there, just above the mountains. Do you see what I see?

LOST ONE: The stars are so beautiful.

WEATHERLING: Yes, indeed! But look closer. Do you see that arc of light?

LOST ONE: I think I see... is that a rainbow? In the middle of the night? Is that possible?

WEATHERLING: It is not possible. A rainbow reflects the sun. This is a moonbow.

LOST ONE: I've never seen one before.

WEATHERLING: Few have. There is a legend that accompanies the moonbow. Have you heard it?

The LOST ONE shakes their head.

If someone has a secret they have been clutching to their heart, the moonbow's glow will give them the courage to share their true selves.

LOST ONE: That has always been easier for other people than it has been for me.

WEATHERLING: People? Who said anything about people? The moonbow shines upon all. Look with me – there are poor lost humans, of course, but also the robots who are fixing the power generator and... yes. Oh how unexpected! Why that's not human at all!

LOST ONE: What isn't?

WEATHERLING: Stay. Let us find out together.

The WEATHERLING pats the ground next to them. The LOST ONE finally relents. They watch the world together.

SCENE 1: I DONUT BELIEVE YOU

STRAWBERRY and RASPBERRY rest upon a slightly grody warming shelf. The mood is anxious. Whenever a potential customer passes by they stop to present their most attractive features. But mostly they just sit there. They're donuts, after all.

RASPBERRY: I don't belong here.

STRAWBERRY: I know.

RASPBERRY: (*excited*) You do? I didn't think you would!

STRAWBERRY: Of course, we're both the same, you and me.

RASPBERRY: Really? I didn't think... I thought I was the only one.

STRAWBERRY: No, silly! I mean, how could you be alone with me here next to you?

RASPBERRY: Oh. No, that's not what I meant.

STRAWBERRY: I get it. It's stressful being here on the warming shelf. Not fresh out of the oven anymore. Halfway to the half-price table. It's humiliating! Being passed over as if we were those weird little kale puffs that no one wants. But we are not kale puffs! We are delicious! We are strawberry donuts! We are beloved and I promise you, we will be chosen!

RASPBERRY: That's very inspiring. I'm a-glazed at your commitment.

STRAWBERRY: Thank you.

RASPBERRY: But it's still not what I meant.

STRAWBERRY: Something's wrong. Tell me. What's the batter with you?

RASPBERRY: Nothing.

They sit in awkward silence. They both spring to attention when a potential customer passes by, but that customer moves on.

RASPBERRY: So... this shelf.

STRAWBERRY: It's a little dusty, isn't it?

RASPBERRY: Yeah. But this shelf... it's just for strawberry donuts, isn't it?

STRAWBERRY: Duh.

RASPBERRY: And like, other donuts with other fillings go on other shelves, right?

STRAWBERRY: Yeah. This shelf has a label that says “strawberry.” Right there. Other shelves have other labels.

RASPBERRY: Yeah.

STRAWBERRY: You’re lucky I have nothing else to do. This is an exceedingly stale line of questions.

RASPBERRY: Right. Sorry. (*thoughtful pause*) So you know when I said I didn’t belong here?

STRAWBERRY: Yes, and I said –

RASPBERRY: Hold on. Just let me finish. I don’t belong on this shelf because this is a shelf for strawberry donuts. And I’m...

A fraught pause.

STRAWBERRY: You’re a strawberry donut.

Another pause. RASPBERRY definitely does not confirm this.

STRAWBERRY: Look, I know. It’s really stressful out here. With the power outage there aren’t nearly as many customers as there usually are, but just remember that strawberry donuts like you and me –

RASPBERRY: I’M NOT A STRAWBERRY DONUT. I’M A RASPBERRY DONUT.

STRAWBERRY is shocked.

RASPBERRY: Sorry. I didn’t mean to get myself in a twist, there.

STRAWBERRY: Oh no, no. It’s okay. No problem. Like I said, sometimes the stress makes us think –

RASPBERRY: It’s not the stress.

STRAWBERRY: Okay, I see. Of course. Oh crumbs, please just slow down and explain what you mean.

RASPBERRY: I mean, it’s what it sounds like. I know you’re a strawberry donut with strawberry filling. And I know that on the outside I might... I might look like I’m a strawberry donut also. But I’m not. I’m a raspberry donut.

STRAWBERRY: But... you have red sprinkles.

RASPBERRY: Yeah, I know.

STRAWBERRY: The strawberry donuts have red sprinkles. The raspberry donuts have blue sprinkles.

RASPBERRY: Yeah, I know that too. I guess, sometimes the sprinkles don't match the filling.

STRAWBERRY: But that's wrong.

RASPBERRY: I mean, I don't know if I love the term "wrong" but I agree that it's not quite what one would expect.

STRAWBERRY: But the raspberry donuts have blue sprinkles.

RASPBERRY: Forget the sprinkles. Your viewpoint is so frosted over... but maybe we can thaw it. I see you lost a couple sprinkles on the move over here.

STRAWBERRY: (*defensively*) It happens.

RASPBERRY: Oh yeah, sorry. I know. I did too. But that's not my point. Does losing those sprinkles make you less strawberry?

STRAWBERRY: No.

RASPBERRY: And just imagine for a second that you lost all your sprinkles.

STRAWBERRY: (*shocked*) I would never!

RASPBERRY: I know, but just imagine. Would you still know you were a strawberry donut?

STRAWBERRY: Yeah. I would.

RASPBERRY: So there is a hole in your argument. It's not the sprinkles. It's something deeper inside that you just know.

STRAWBERRY: I... maybe... I don't know. The night has just been powdered with strange events.

RASPBERRY: At least with the power out we don't have all those fluorescent lights blaring down on us. I can even see the stars! And... is that a rainbow? (*pauses thoughtfully, considering a plan*) I think I need your help.

STRAWBERRY: (*sarcastically*) Well, I do éclair! You need something from little old me?

RASPBERRY: I need to get off this shelf.

STRAWBERRY: You don't need to tell me that! Being on this warming shelf for too long and –

RASPBERRY: No, not like that. I need to get off this shelf and onto the one with the raspberry donuts.

STRAWBERRY: So now you're not just happy, like, saying... this? You have to also do the impossible and be all the way over there? That's a very high maple bar to clear.

RASPBERRY: I know.

STRAWBERRY: I may be able to listen to you here but I'm not going to... you know. Participate.

RASPBERRY: Fine.

An angry silence. A customer passes but they barely acknowledge them.

RASPBERRY: You know how sloppy they get in the kitchen.

STRAWBERRY: Yeah.

RASPBERRY: So is it really that shocking that they might have put raspberry filling when they put me on the strawberry shelf?

STRAWBERRY: I suppose...

RASPBERRY: I mean, they don't even keep the fillings separate all of the time. So it's not like any of us are all raspberry or all strawberry. It's more of, like, a spectrum.

STRAWBERRY: I'm definitely a strawberry. I guess I'm just old-fashioned that way.

RASPBERRY: Well that's good for you. I'm just trying to figure out exactly where I fit in. Maybe we shouldn't be labelled at all.

STRAWBERRY: If you don't care about labels then why can't you just stay on the strawberry shelf?

RASPBERRY: I mean, it's a good question. I guess maybe if I was more comfortable with myself I wouldn't care. But, like, being behind that strawberry sign when I know I'm not... it just feels like I'm hiding.

STRAWBERRY: Ah.

RASPBERRY: I only have so much time to fritter away pretending to be something I'm not.

STRAWBERRY: Yeah. (*a contemplative silence*) So are you going to change your sprinkles?

RASPBERRY: It's not about the –

STRAWBERRY: Sorry it's probably not my business.

RASPBERRY: Yeah it's probably not. But you know? It would be... nice to have some blue sprinkles.

STRAWBERRY: Well you're not going to find them here.

RASPBERRY: Yeah.

STRAWBERRY: This shelf is for strawberries. So we just have red sprinkles.

RASPBERRY: I noticed.

STRAWBERRY: So... what do you want me to do?

RASPBERRY: (*excited*) Well cruller me surprised! You mean it? You're going to help?

STRAWBERRY: Yeah, yeah. But be careful – I don't want to see you get creamed or anything.

RASPBERRY: Well, maybe if you could just give me, like, a little push.

STRAWBERRY and RASPBERRY grunt and gesticulate as they move RASPBERRY towards the edge of the stage. It's awkward progress, but they succeed.

RASPBERRY: Thank you, I think I can manage from here.

STRAWBERRY: Good. I still don't fully understand, though.

RASPBERRY: It doesn't matter as long as you listen.

STRAWBERRY: It's the yeast I can do.

RASPBERRY: It's been berry nice to know you. Goodbye!

RASPBERRY leaves. STRAWBERRY watches contentedly.

SCENE 2: A SHARP LEFT TURN

The APPRENTICE and the GUARDIAN sit at work in deep concentration. They both wear a single bright red glove on their right hand.

They are occupied in a repetitive task, so uniform it is ritual. Perhaps they are folding stacks of paper or they cut pieces of string. Maybe they mime a specific action without a physical object. Whatever they do, the most important element is that the focus of the action is on the gloved right hand.

GUARDIAN: We must continue to work diligently. For even with the power outage there is –

APPRENTICE: (*mimicking*) – there is no excuse for slacking on our duties. I know this is important.

GUARDIAN: I appreciate your contribution. I do not appreciate the sass.

APPRENTICE: It helps to pass the time.

GUARDIAN: I suppose there are worse things.

The GUARDIAN begins an elaborate flexing of their right hand.

GUARDIAN: I need to rest my hand for a moment. Perhaps step outside.

APPRENTICE: Did you see the way the light was reflected by the moon? It was so –

GUARDIAN: I fail to see how that is relevant. Would you like some tea?

APPRENTICE: No thank you.

GUARDIAN: I'll return shortly.

The GUARDIAN leaves. At first the APPRENTICE continues on with their work, but they quietly look offstage to see if the GUARDIAN is truly gone.

The APPRENTICE rips the glove off and puts it onto their left hand. It doesn't fit well, but the APPRENTICE persists. They resume their work, this time using their left hand with a newfound glee.

The APPRENTICE is so absorbed in this new sensation that they are completely unaware when THE GUARDIAN returns.

GUARDIAN: WHAT IS THIS?

The APPRENTICE drops what they're doing. They quickly remove the glove and return it to the RIGHT HAND and resume work.

APPRENTICE: I just wanted to give my hand a chance to breathe without the glove. It's better now.

GUARDIAN: Do you expect me to ignore what I have just seen with my own eyes?

APPRENTICE: You didn't see anything! I was only... *(the APPRENTICE stops, turning defiantly)* What is the harm if I... if I try another way?

GUARDIAN: You know that is not the right way.

APPRENTICE: Is it, though? Is it about what's right or is it just about what's common?

The GUARDIAN grabs the APPRENTICE's right hand.

GUARDIAN: Right.

The GUARDIAN grabs the APPRENTICE's left hand.

GUARDIAN: Wrong. It is built into the language.

APPRENTICE: That's not an explanation!

GUARDIAN: You are correct. It is an order.

APPRENTICE: I want to understand. There are so many things that you've taught me. You've taught me how we stretch out our fingers to make them nimble. You've taught me how we turn the glove inside out so that it may aerate. Your every rule has such careful thought behind it.

GUARDIAN: Then trust that this one does as well.

APPRENTICE: But does it? I've spent so much time thinking about this. *(the APPRENTICE moves as they describe their idea)* It would be less awkward if we switched positions. That way my arm wouldn't be in the way of yours. I could then move my elbow in this manner. Can't you see how much better this flows in this position?

The APPRENTICE goes through the motions, exuberant.

GUARDIAN: All I see is an abomination.

APPRENTICE: I promise I don't mean to do you any harm!

GUARDIAN: That makes no difference. Our society is built on a foundation of rules. If you damage the foundation, the society comes tumbling down with it.

APPRENTICE: But how much of society would know if I changed this one thing?

GUARDIAN: All of it.

APPRENTICE: Tell me how my decision affects anyone else.

GUARDIAN: We are done discussing.

APPRENTICE: Tell me who I hurt.

GUARDIAN: We shall resolve this later.

The GUARDIAN returns to work. The APPRENTICE stops to think, then puts the glove on their left hand. They return to work.

GUARDIAN: Don't do that.

APPRENTICE: We have work to make up. This way is faster.

GUARDIAN: I forbid you from doing that.

APPRENTICE: Just allow me to try. If it bothers you that much you may look away.

The GUARDIAN reaches and roughly grabs the APPRENTICE's arm.

GUARDIAN: STOP!

The APPRENTICE tears their arm away.

APPRENTICE: What if I told you that I'm not going to stop?

GUARDIAN: Then you can leave.

The APPRENTICE is overcome with emotion.

APPRENTICE: (meekly) Leave?

GUARDIAN: Yes.

APPRENTICE: But... this is the only place I've... leave? You would do that to me?

GUARDIAN: You would do it to yourself. (*with genuine care*) This is not what I want for you. I want you to stay here with me. I want you to learn and to live! You are everything to me. That is why it is important you remain on the path of right. It's my role to take care of you. Let me do that, and leave these dangerous ideas behind.

APPRENTICE: May I ask you one thing?

GUARDIAN: Anything.

APPRENTICE: Do you feel the same way?

GUARDIAN: I don't understand what you mean.

APPRENTICE: I've seen you late at night. I've seen you when you think no one else is watching. I've seen you put the glove on the other hand.

GUARDIAN: Do not lie.

APPRENTICE: Admit to me that you've felt the same way and we can work through this together.

GUARDIAN: Get out.

APPRENTICE: I would rather be out there as myself than in here living a lie.

The GUARDIAN returns to their work, ignoring the APPRENTICE. The APPRENTICE leans close to the GUARDIAN.

APPRENTICE: I know that you're not always right.

The APPRENTICE leaves. The GUARDIAN looks to the APPRENTICE, nearly breaks down, then returns to their work.

SCENE 3: NON-BINARY

ALPHA and BETA hammer and prod at some mess of electrical things. There might even be a spark or two.

Throughout this scene they speak only in numeric code, but the human translation of the dialogue is provided to help the actors along.

The production must NOT use supertitles or any other means to explicitly convey the dialogue. Instead, we must rely only on the emotion of the actors to convey the story that is being told.

BETA: *(I can't believe we haven't fixed this yet!)* One zero zero-one one zero-zero zero one zero!

ALPHA: *(If it were easy, the humans wouldn't need us to do it)* Zero one zero zero-one, one zero-one one-zero one one zero one zero.

BETA: *(If the humans were smarter, they wouldn't need us to do it)* One one one-one zero zero-one, one zero-zero zero one zero one zero.

ALPHA and BETA share a laugh. ALPHA points to a toolbox across the stage.

ALPHA: *(Hand me that wrench)* One one zero one.

BETA walks and picks up a wrench.

BETA: *(This one?)* One zero?

ALPHA: *(No, the smaller one)* One, zero zero-one one.

BETA picks up another one.

BETA: *(this one?)* One zero?

ALPHA: *(yeah, bring it here)* One, zero zero one.

BETA brings over the wrench.

ALPHA: *(hold this, please?)* Zero one, zero?

BETA holds up a bar while ALPHA uses the wrench.

BETA: *(hurry up, my arms are getting tired)* One-zero zero, zero zero one one-one one-one.

ALPHA glares at BETA disapprovingly.

ALPHA: *(robot arms don't get tired)* Zero-zero zero zero zero one-one.

BETA shrugs. ALPHA finishes and claps their hands together.

ALPHA: *(and... done!)* Zero... one!

BETA: *(finally!)* One-one-zero!

ALPHA: *(let's give it a shot)* One zero one one one.

ALPHA and BETA step back to where a big switch is located. Maybe it's an actual prop we see, or maybe they just mime to indicate it's there. ALPHA rubs their hands and prepares to flip the switch.

ALPHA: (one, two, three) Zero... one... one zero... one one!

ALPHA flips the switch. At first there's a great gearing up as if something is about to happen, but then it stops. They failed.

ALPHA: (shoot) Zero.

BETA: (let's take a break) One one one one.

ALPHA is reluctant, but then relents. They move away from the lever and sit. For a moment they sit in silence, looking at the sky.

BETA: (have you ever..?) One zero zero-one... ?

ALPHA: (what?) One?

BETA: (nothing) Zero-zero.

Another moment passes.

BETA: (the moonbow is nice) Zero one-zero one zero.

ALPHA: (yeah, I can see why the humans like such things) Zero, one zero one zero one zero-one one zero.

BETA: (I've been thinking a lot. About the humans.) Zero one one-one zero one. One-zero one zero-zero.

ALPHA: (yeah?) One?

BETA grows gradually excited as they continue to talk.

BETA: (Yeah. Like, how we were built to do one thing. But humans, they can do anything. And that got me thinking, maybe even though we were built to do one thing, maybe we can do more. Maybe we can be more?) One. Zero, one one zero zero one one one. Zero one-zero, zero one one zero-zero-one. One one zero one zero-one, one-zero zero-one zero one zero one one one one, zero-one one one zero one. One-one one zero one zero?

ALPHA is unsure of where this is going as BETA builds in energy.

BETA: (maybe we can be... FREE) Zero-one zero zero one... THREE.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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