



Sample Pages from Moonbow Miraculous

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MOONBOW MIRACULOUS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Kirk Shimano



Moonbow Miraculous

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Casting

14 Performers of Any Gender

Prologue / Interlude / Epilogue

LOST ONE: a wanderer in search of a cure

WEATHERLING: a strange being with strange powers

Scene 1: I'm Super Nervous About This

SAM: a kind, unassuming individual with a super big secret

KAI: a supportive friend

Scene 2: I Scare Myself Sometimes

URGH: an old pro, serving scares and proud of it

OOF: a monster with an identity crisis

Scene 3: I Donut Believe You

STRAWBERRY: a strawberry donut

RASPBERRY: a raspberry donut

Scene 4: A Sharp Left Turn

GUARDIAN: a skilled craftsman dedicated to the old ways

APPRENTICE: an eager student, unafraid to ask questions

Scene 5: Vamping For Time

THE ANCIENT ONE: an immortal child of the night

YOUNGLING: another immortal, but more recent to the game

Scene 6: 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 septuple 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: 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: But are you certain? Would it really do any damage to have just a little more rain? I really need to... I was told that...

The LOST ONE is at pains to express a thought but cannot bring themselves to put it into words. The WEATHERLING looks on, sympathetically.

WEATHERLING: Shhhh. Come sit with me.

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 sit.

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: And is that true?

WEATHERLING: Stay with me. 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'M SUPER NERVOUS ABOUT THIS

SAM and KAI climb into a darkened room. KAI finds a switch and flips it but nothing happens.

KAI: Yep. Power is dead. Plans for our movie night – equally dead.

SAM: I thought we had, like, some camping gear or something up here somewhere...

KAI: I feel bad now for being so happy that it was raining.

SAM: What? That makes no – *(they trip over something)* Ow.

KAI: No rain – no sudden power outage. If we can't watch the movie, can you tell me now why it was so special to you? I was going to –

SAM: *(abruptly)* It's fine.

KAI: It doesn't sound fine.

SAM: It's nothing. Sorry. I guess I'm just a little on edge, stumbling around in the dark. Ah ha!

SAM rummages around some unseen boxes. They find a crank lamp and start to vigorously crank it up.

KAI: Someone's feeling cranky today.

SAM: Boooo.

SAM turns on the lamp. A soft, warm light fills the room.

KAI: Much better!

SAM: So what now?

KAI: I dunno. Let's sit for a minute. *(they look out towards the audience)*
There's one good thing about the blackout – look at all the stars out there!

SAM: Oh yeah. And is that a rainbow?

KAI: I didn't know you could have those at night.

SAM looks to the moonbow. They take a deep breath.

SAM: I have something to tell you.

KAI: Whoa, that went from zero to serious real fast.

SAM: Ugh, sorry. I'm really terrible at this kind of stuff, you know?

KAI: Of course I know! But it's just me. I've told you all of my embarrassing secrets, like how I'm afraid of... *(whispers)* guinea pigs.

SAM: And I've never told anyone.

KAI: It's just that their faces are so small and they never stop... twitching.

SAM: This is different because, like, I think it might change the way you think about me.

KAI: I'm here and I'll be here.

SAM: Okay. Here goes. (*pause for another big, deep breath*) I'm a superhero.

KAI stares at SAM in silence.

KAI: That's not funny.

SAM: I mean, I guess superhero is kinda presumptuous, but I have powers.

KAI: Getting me worked up like that – not cool. You know I hate pranks.

SAM: It's not a prank! I know it's a lot to take in. But it feels so good to finally say it out loud! I have superpowers!

KAI: What is this really about? I can help you.

SAM: You know me. Am I the kind of person to make up stuff?

KAI: No. Not before today.

SAM: And you must have noticed some strange things? Like, maybe, scars and bruises for no reason?

KAI: You said you fell out of bed... really often.

SAM: I've been trying out some adventures. Nothing big, you know. Just some small ones.

KAI: If I were to believe you – if – what would you say your powers were?

SAM: I have some control over electricity. And –

KAI: Ah ha! You can “control” electricity – we're still in the dark. Can't you just...

KAI makes a superheroic motion.

SAM: That's not how it works.

KAI: Show me how it works then!

SAM: No, I mean, I'm still learning. Maybe someday. But right now overcoming a county-wide power outage is, you know, beyond me.

KAI: Okay. Anything else?

SAM: I can hear what fish are thinking. Maybe.

KAI: Maybe?

SAM: Well, it's hard to verify. And I can fly.

KAI: Those powers don't go together.

SAM: What?

KAI: Radioactive spider bites give you spider powers. Shouldn't your powers have a theme?

SAM: I have superpowers, not a designer picnic set.

KAI: That lamp! That's electric! Can you control it?

SAM: Hmmm, maybe. Let's see.

*SAM concentrates. SAM concentrates even harder.
SAM concentrates really hard. The lamp flickers.*

SAM: (excited) Did you see? Did you see?

KAI: (underwhelmed) How... shocking.

SAM: Booooo. But you saw, didn't you?

KAI: Maybe?

SAM: I mean at first I wasn't sure if I could, but I reached out and felt it and... you still don't believe me, do you?

KAI: It's... a lot.

SAM: Yeah. I know. Maybe it's best if you just forget it for now.

KAI: Yeah – not gonna happen.

SAM: Yeah...

Awkward silence. KAI happens to look out the window.

KAI: You said flying was one of your powers?

SAM: Yeah it is but I can't just, like, float up to the ceiling.

KAI: That's not what I meant.

SAM: It's just that you need to build up some momentum, or whatever.

KAI: Maybe if you were to build up some steam and then jump out of that window?

SAM: Maybe... I mean no. That's not a good idea.

KAI: And maybe you could carry me while you did it?

SAM: Bad idea. No.

KAI: I don't believe you. But I do believe in you. If you could just...
(SAM glances out the window) I know. It's a big leap.

SAM: Boooooo.

KAI: What do you say?

SAM: Okay.

KAI: Okay?

SAM: Okay!

KAI moves to SAM. They move towards the window, gaining speed towards the window.

The lights dim. We hear the sound of KAI letting loose an excited scream that fades into laughter, like the most exciting roller coaster in the world.

SCENE 2: I SCARE MYSELF SOMETIMES

Darkness. Much darker than the previous scene. We only see a shaft of light escaping through a mostly closed doorway.

URGH and OOF are huddled in a corner. They may be partially obscured, but what we do see could include a bouncing antennae, a googly eye, or a claw covered in bright fur.

When URGH speaks, every syllable carries the undertone of a growl. Their sentences are sometimes punctuated with menacing howls, even though they whisper quietly in hiding.

URGH: Lesson one. AROO! The key is the waiting. Some will say the most important part is the volume of the roar. They are fools. You hear how low I rumble now?

OOF nods eagerly.

URGH: Good. It is not the volume. Anyone can leap and make as loud a noise as they can, but they will just annoy. Not me. Not us. AROO! We wait. Imagine you have a balloon. It fills with air. You wait, it expands. The longer you wait, the more precarious it gets. So you wait... and let it grow... until just... the right... moment... when...

URGH pauses. Almost too long.

URGH: POP!

OOF leaps up but just barely manages to stay silent.

URGH: Lesson one complete.

OOF is overjoyed. It is clear to the audience, URGH, and basically anyone in the world that OOF is not human, but OOF strenuously resists this reality. They speak with the over-articulated accent of someone who has watched too many hours of public television, though a hint of a grunt slips through every now and then.

OOF: Amazing! That is most –

URGH: Shhhh!

OOF: *(quieter)* That is most excellent. Thank you again for allowing me to shadow you this night. While I realize this is the most mundane of activities for an individual such as yourself, I hope you realize how special it is for a human such as me. AROO! Excuse me.

URGH raises an eyebrow or four.

URGH: Yes... a “human” such as yourself. I would typically not allow another being on this trip but you must see that you have certain other... um... not-human potential?

OOF: If you say so! Yes, humans like me rarely get to see this side of the closet door, so to speak.

URGH: You speak too much. AROO!

OOF: I proffer my apologies, my good companion! I contain an excess of excitement to manage!

URGH: Lesson two. No excitement. Excitement is weakness. Calm is intimidating. Some make their entrance waving appendages around, as excited as a clown at a child's birthday party. That is not scary. That is ridiculous. AROO!

OOF: Oh yes, it's all too good. It just makes so much sense when you say it! I shall try to contain myself.

They sit in near silence. It's only "near" because we can hear OOF gearing up to say something, starting and stopping, mustering up courage.

OOF: So. When was it that you decided to become a monster?

URGH: We don't use that word.

OOF: Heavens! I did not mean to offend!

URGH: I'll live. But that word has a history.

OOF: Yes, yes. I do see what you mean.

URGH: We provide a service. As I plan my approach, I intend to scare, of course. But my scares are safe. There are real monsters out there. If this little kid is going to thrive, they need to learn to be brave. I help them. It's like a scare vaccination that gives them a resistance to the real thing.

OOF: My word. Well, thank you for your service. For the humans. Like me. Aroo.

URGH: *(still skeptical)* Oh. Yes, you're welcome.

They sit. This time OOF is trying to say something but doesn't know quite how.

OOF: I just wanted to ask... no.

URGH: Go ahead. It is what you are here for.

OOF: But I fear it would be offensive.

URGH: Try me.

OOF: Okay. Well, you with your... *(gestures towards a claw)* ...and your... *(gestures towards an antennae)* ...did you ever worry what others might think about you? It can be a little...

URGH: Terrifying?

OOF: I suppose. It is just that I imagine if I were in a similar predicament, and perhaps were constructed in a way that some

humans might find... different. I think I would be quite fearful. I might worry what others would think if they knew who I truly was.

URGH: (*shrugs*) It is what I am. If someone else is unhappy with it, it is their problem, and has nothing to do with me.

OOF: You make it sound so simple.

URGH: It is. Who can we be but ourselves?

Another pause. OOF is reflective, deciding if they should take the next step.

OOF: You may be surprised to hear this, I know. But there is a reason, a very personal reason why I asked to join you tonight.

URGH: Aroo?

OOF: Yes. There was the rainstorm and then the power outage and so all of my standard human plans had to be cancelled. But then I looked up in the sky and saw an arc of light and I just knew I had to talk to you.

URGH: Because...?

OOF: Because. Well. How do I say it. There are sometimes when I think that, perhaps, maybe. I am not, quite, fully, human. As they say.

URGH: (*pretends to be shocked*) You don't say!

OOF: Yes, so I thought I should see what you do. Because I think, at one point, I may have been able to see that I was, maybe, actually something else than, you know, what most people are. But that something else was so frowned upon that I hid it deep inside, even from myself, until today I came to watch you and –

URGH: Shhhh. It's almost time. We must get as quiet as possible, and then on my signal...

*They get as quiet as possible. URGH signals for OOF to wait, then counts down three... two... one...
POUNCE.*

URGH & OOF: WOOOO ARRRRR ORP ORP!

There's an offstage SCREAM as URGH and OOF return to their hiding place.

OOF: Wow!

URGH: It's a rush, isn't it!

OOF: Yeah! I mean... yeah!

URGH: You did good. For a "human", I mean...

OOF: Yes, for a... actually? I think I'm... well, "human" is definitely not the right label for me right now. If that's all right. AROOO!

URGH: That's the spirit! Then let us begin lesson three: hiding under the bed. Get close to the ground. And go.

URGH and OOF hunker down and sneak offstage, OOF considerably more liberated than before.

SCENE 3: 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 matter 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: Yeah, yeah. I know. But still. I was just wondering...

RASPBERRY: I've been wondering, too. A lot, actually.

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. Thank you!

RASPBERRY leaves. STRAWBERRY watches contentedly.

INTERLUDE

We are back on the hilltop. The WEATHERLING, serene, absentmindedly makes a few arcane gestures. The LOST ONE watches out intently.

The LOST ONE jumps up and begins pacing.

LOST ONE: But it's not always that easy, is it?

WEATHERLING: Claiming your identity is rarely easy, but the moonbow inspires us to take the leap.

LOST ONE: Right. But everyone we've been watching, they've been accepted for who they are.

WEATHERLING: A great joy, is it not?

LOST ONE: Yes, but not everyone gets to experience that.

WEATHERLING: What you say is so sad, but it is so true.

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.

WEATHERLING: There is nothing that needs to be fixed.

LOST ONE: I have tried so hard to find you. Please, just make it rain.

WEATHERLING: No.

*The LOST ONE cannot think of any further arguments.
They pace furiously.*

WEATHERLING: What will you do next?

LOST ONE: I don't know. This was my only plan and it failed.

WEATHERLING: Then stay. And listen. The night is only half over, and perhaps you will find a new path to inspire you.

THE LOST ONE sits, distraught, but listening.

SCENE 4: 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's existence. The APPRENTICE prepares to exit. They lean 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 5: VAMPING FOR TIME

This could play out in a couple of ways. You might have two coffins or other coffin-like boxes on stage, with firm lids affixed in place. Or, you might have two actors standing with their backs to the audience, their arms crossed across their shoulders, bodies motionless.

The ANCIENT ONE emerges, either by slowly moving the coffin lid or slowly turning towards the audience. Either way, the effect is... slow, but also grandiose. Also, either way, they have a REALLY COOL CAPE. Every move the ANCIENT ONE makes recalls the grandeur of an imperial court, with twice the pomposity.

ANCIENT ONE: HARK! The moon is full and the city is quiet. The world belongs to us and our kind! Long have we waited for such a convergence of darknesses to set the stage for your grand emergence! Arise, my apprentice, for tonight... WE CONQUER!

The ANCIENT ONE makes a grand gesture to the individual beside them. Without a movement, they respond.

YOUNGLING: I don't wanna.

The ANCIENT ONE is thrown off balance for the first time. They shake it off and decide they didn't hear what they just heard.

ANCIENT ONE: Perhaps the powers of the night are slow to gather tonight. But now, my apprentice shall ARISE!

They wait. No response. The level of grandeur dips significantly.

ANCIENT ONE: I heard you the first time so I know you're listening to me.

YOUNGLING: No.

Throughout this conversation, the YOUNGLING remains obscured.

ANCIENT ONE: Today is your grand introduction to the world! We shall fly to –

YOUNGLING: Can't you just, like, do it on your own?

ANCIENT ONE: That doesn't make any sense.

YOUNGLING: I'm sure you'll figure it out.

The ANCIENT ONE stops, counts to three, centres themselves before continuing.

ANCIENT ONE: Hey, buddy. You remember that we practiced this, right?

YOUNGLING: Yeah...

ANCIENT ONE: That I would say "ARISE," just like I said right now?

YOUNGLING: Yeah...

ANCIENT ONE: And then that would be your cue to, you know, like, rise up! But slowly. Dramatically. Just like we practiced over and over.

YOUNGLING: Yeah, I know...

ANCIENT ONE: And then we would do the laugh together. You love the laugh, don't you?

YOUNGLING: Can I just say something?

ANCIENT ONE: Of course, you can tell me anything.

The YOUNGLING makes a small turn or peeks out slightly.

YOUNGLING: Just to be clear, this doesn't count as arising.

ANCIENT ONE: Yeah, I know. Tell me what's going on.

The YOUNGLING lets out a deep sigh.

YOUNGLING: It's just... I don't know, it's complicated. Like, this is something I've wanted for a long time. Dreamed about, even. I mean, I've wanted this for so long. These fangs. This cape!

ANCIENT ONE: The capes are really cool.

YOUNGLING: They are! And all of the rehearsals have been so exciting. I mean thank you for your time and all of that.

ANCIENT ONE: Just doing my job.

YOUNGLING: And every morning I went to rest just, like, aching to make my debut to the world. And then this night, with the full moon, and the unexpected power outage. It's just so perfect, except...

A long pause. The YOUNGLING is unsure of what to say next.

ANCIENT ONE: Yes? Except?

YOUNGLING: I don't know. Or, I mean, I do know, but I don't know how to explain.

ANCIENT ONE: Please, try.

YOUNGLING: It's just I heard your command and I opened my eyes and I knew. I thought about what it would mean to finally step into the moonlight and fly into the city. It's just... it's not a step you can take back. And I'm not ready for it. Not tonight.

ANCIENT ONE: Are you having second thoughts about... about what you want to be?

YOUNGLING: Oh no! Nothing like that. I know who I am. Proud of who I am, even. Or if not proud, at least, I know that I'll get there. No, it's just that tonight, in this room, under this moon...

ANCIENT ONE: ...it's not the right time.

YOUNGLING: Yeah. Do you know what I mean?

ANCIENT ONE: Not really, but I don't know that I have to.

YOUNGLING: We're, like, eternal, right?

ANCIENT ONE: More or less.

YOUNGLING: And there will be other full moons?

ANCIENT ONE: As long as the earth and the moon move about the sun.

YOUNGLING: Then...

ANCIENT ONE: Then we shall wait for another time.

A wave of relief washes over the YOUNGLING.

YOUNGLING: Really? Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! You do not know how much this means to me!

ANCIENT ONE: I am here to support you.

YOUNGLING: I hope you have a great time out there tonight.

ANCIENT ONE: Actually, I think I'll stay in tonight.

YOUNGLING: It's fine, I don't mind.

ANCIENT ONE: There would no place I'd rather be.

The ANCIENT ONE removes their REALLY COOL CAPE.

ANCIENT ONE: I fear I have been pushing you too hard. There's no shame in taking the time to be comfortable with who you are, and I am here to support you. So let's talk.

YOUNGLING: I... well... thanks.

The ANCIENT ONE finds a comfortable position. The YOUNGLING doesn't fully emerge, but they also relax into what will surely be a long overdue conversation.

SCENE 6: 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.



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