



Sample Pages from
Rainbows vs. Bunnies: Annihilation

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RAINBOWS VS. BUNNIES: ANNIHILATION

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Bradley Walton



Rainbows vs. Bunnies: Annihilation

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Cast of Characters

16 roles either gender. 8 actors possible with doubling.

AARON/ARIEL – a teenager

MR./MS. GRANT – Aaron's history teacher

AARON'S MOTHER (or FATHER)

MR./MISS HOP-HOP – a bunny

RAINBOW – played by seven actors

RED

ORANGE

YELLOW

GREEN

BLUE

INDIGO

VIOLET

FLUFFYBELLY – another bunny

GREENLUCK – a Leprechaun

BUNNY #3

BUNNY #4

BUNNY #5

Doubling: The actors playing GRANT and MOTHER could also play BUNNIES 4 and 5. The RAINBOW can be reduced from seven to five with RED, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, and PURPLE, or even down to three with RED, GREEN, and BLUE. Using these options, the cast size can be reduced to 10. In a real pinch, the RAINBOW could be played by one actor wearing rainbow tie-dye for a cast of 8, which would require some slight changes to his dialogue, and to the fight at the end of the play.

Staging

Staging is very simple. Two chairs are needed for the first scene in GRANT's classroom. A bench is needed for the first park scene. Cubes may be used instead of chairs and a bench. Optional bushes or shrubs may be added for the park scenes.

Notes

The dialogue for RAINBOW can be handled in two different ways, depending on the effect you want and how well your actors can synchronize their speaking. The actors playing RAINBOW can either speak all of RAINBOW's lines in unison, or you can assign different lines to different colors.

The "carrot laser sword" used by BUNNY #5 can be made using an orange pool noodle painted to resemble the texture of a carrot, with black and silver tape wrapped around one end to make the handle, and a dowel through the middle for support. Or, it could be a pool noodle or rod of some sort with a "carrot" for the handle.

Properties

Cell phones (3 total, or 2 with 1 shared) – AARON, MOTHER, HOP-HOP

Average-sized carrots (6 total, or 4 with 2 shared) – HOP-HOP, FLUFFYBELLY and BUNNY #3

Pot of gold - onstage

Carrot-handled nunchuks – BUNNY #4

Carrot laser sword – BUNNY #5

Costumes

Costumes may be simple or elaborate, depending on the needs of your production.

AARON/ARIEL is a contemporary teenager and dressed accordingly.

MR./MS. GRANT is a teacher and should be dressed professionally.

AARON'S MOTHER (or FATHER)'s attire should reflect a responsible adult.

HOP-HOP, FLUFFYBELLY, and BUNNIES 3-5 are all rabbits and should wear rabbit costumes, or at the very least, rabbit ears. FLUFFYBELLY should have a pocket or bag in which he carries carrots.

The actors playing the RAINBOW should wear black pants with shirts that match the color that they are playing. If RAINBOW is played by one person, that person should wear a rainbow tie-dyed shirt.

GREENLUCK is a leprechaun and wears green clothing with a green hat.

AT RISE: AARON and MS. GRANT, seated in two chairs down right on the apron in front of a closed curtain.

GRANT: Thank you for coming to see me after school, Aaron.

AARON: Sure. What's up?

GRANT: Actually, it's not so much a matter of what's up as opposed to what's down.

AARON: Oh. You mean my grade? Yeah, I've been meaning to talk to you about that, Ms. Grant.

GRANT: Your average is a 48, Aaron. What's the problem?

AARON: I'm a pacifist.

GRANT: What's that got to do with anything?

AARON: Well, this is history class, right?

GRANT: Yes.

AARON: Mostly, what we study is war.

GRANT: Because wars are part of history, and many of the turning points in history hinge on the outcomes of wars.

AARON: But I don't believe in war.

GRANT: Most of the students in this school don't believe in punctuation, but that doesn't mean they shouldn't learn it. If you would just turn in your missing homework assignments, it would pull your grade up to a low D.

AARON: But I don't believe in war, so I don't believe I should have to read about it or do homework on it.

GRANT: Why do you feel so strongly about this?

AARON: Because it doesn't interest me.

GRANT: It doesn't interest you?

AARON: No.

GRANT: I don't understand.

AARON: Well...there are people who don't like sports, right?

GRANT: There are, yes.

AARON: Some people just can't get into the concept of running back and forth with a ball.

GRANT: That is true.

AARON: I'm kind of like that...except I can't get into the concept of two groups fighting.

GRANT: Do you like sports?

AARON: Sure. I just don't like war.

GRANT: A ball game is like a battle with rules and less violence...but the underlying idea is basically the same. One side against the other for victory.

AARON: If they swapped out the fighting for passing around a ball, then I could probably get into that. But that's not how war works, so I just don't care.

GRANT: You don't actually have a moral objection to war?

AARON: My moral objection is that it's not interesting.

GRANT: That's not a moral objection. That's a matter of personal preference.

AARON: So I'm not a pacifist?

GRANT: No.

AARON: Does this mean I can't opt out of the homework assignments I haven't done?

GRANT: Correct.

AARON: I...*have* to do the homework?

GRANT: Yes.

AARON: And answer all the test questions that have to do with war?

GRANT: Yes.

AARON: But I just...my brain won't go there.

GRANT: Not every student is interested in every aspect of every class they take.

AARON: Do you have any advice?

GRANT: Go play some violent video games.

AARON: You mean like (*insert name of current, **non-violent** video game*)?

Beat.

GRANT: You know what? Never mind that. Don't waste your time with games. Just do the reading and the work as best you can, okay?

AARON: The "best I can" probably isn't going to be very good.

GRANT: Then your mother probably isn't going to be very happy. I'll be calling her to discuss the situation.

AARON: What?

GRANT: You're failing the class. She needs to know.

AARON: But—

GRANT: Go. Read. Work. Try to develop a healthy interest in conflict and bloodshed like a normal teenager and maybe you'll have a chance.

Lights fade on the classroom. MS. GRANT exits and the chairs are removed. The curtains open to reveal a park bench at C. AARON sits on the bench and the lights come up.

AARON: I am in so much trouble. (*pulls out his phone and looks at it*)
Oh, boy. (*puts phone to ear*) Hi, Mom.

AARON'S MOTHER enters from L and stands at the side of the stage. SHE is holding a cell phone to her ear.

MOTHER: Aaron, I just got a call from your history teacher.

AARON: Yeah...there was kind of a misunderstanding of expectations.

MOTHER: Don't talk fancy with me, Aaron. Whatever it takes, you need to pull that grade up.

AARON: Okay.

MOTHER: Or else.

AARON: Or else what?

MOTHER: You live in the same house with me and your dad.
Remember that.

AARON: Got it.

MOTHER: Where are you?

AARON: The park.

MOTHER: What are you doing at the park?

AARON: Thinking about the state of my life.

MOTHER: Thinking's not going to get you through school! Now stop thinking and get some homework done!

MOTHER exits. AARON puts his phone away.

AARON: What am I gonna do? I have at least four chapters of reading that I haven't done, and absolutely zero interest in any of them. Whenever I try to read something about fighting or battles, my brain just shuts down. I'm gonna fail my class and my parents are gonna make my life a nightmare. *(lies on the bench with his downstage arm dangling off the side and his upstage arm covering his eyes)* I am so doomed.

MR. HOP-HOP enters and approaches the bench, scrutinizing AARON carefully. Finally, HE pokes at the arm covering AARON's eyes.

AARON: Whoever you are, please go away.

HOP-HOP: Are you okay?

AARON: I'm fine. Now please leave.

HOP-HOP: You don't look like you're okay.

AARON: I'm okay. Thanks for asking. Now go.

HOP-HOP: You sound kind of down in the dumps.

AARON: It's none of your business.

HOP-HOP: Sure it is. I hate for people to be unhappy.

AARON: That's very nice of you, but there's nothing that you can do. Please go.

HOP-HOP: But I specialize in cheering people up.

AARON: There is nothing that you could possibly do to cheer me up.

HOP-HOP: Of course there is. What's your name?

AARON: Aaron. But I'm telling you—

HOP-HOP: My name is Mr. Hop-Hop. I'm a bunny. I make people happy.

AARON: What do you mean, you're a—*(takes his arm off of his eyes, looks at MR. HOP-HOP, and screams in surprise)* AAGH! *(jumps up and takes a few steps away from MR. HOP-HOP)* You're a rabbit.

HOP-HOP: I like to think of myself as a bunny. It sounds cuter.

AARON: You're a talking rabbit!

HOP-HOP: Oh, dear. I am talking, aren't I?

AARON: Darn right, you're talking!

HOP-HOP: I'm really not supposed to do that in front of humans. It freaks them out for some reason.

AARON: Because rabbits aren't supposed to talk!

HOP-HOP: *(innocently)* Are you freaking out?

AARON: Yes, I'm freaking out! *(begins to hyperventilate)*

HOP-HOP: I'm so sorry about that. It's totally my mistake. But you looked so sad and down in the dumps and you had your eyes covered, and...the whole no talking thing just sort of slipped my mind. Are you hyperventilating?

AARON: Maybe.

HOP-HOP: You should sit back down.

AARON: I don't want to sit down.

HOP-HOP: Why not?

AARON: Because it'd take a whole extra second to get back up if I have to run away.

HOP-HOP: Why would you want to run away?

AARON: You might try to bite me or eat me.

HOP-HOP: Bunnies aren't carnivorous.

AARON: Bunnies also can't talk.

HOP-HOP: Except that they can.

AARON: And if you aren't supposed to be able to talk but you can talk, then just because you're not supposed to be carnivorous doesn't mean that you're not carnivorous.

HOP-HOP: That's some pretty messed up reasoning.

AARON: You're a talking rabbit, for crying out loud! How much more messed up can it get?

HOP-HOP: Would you mind using the word "bunny" instead of "rabbit?" I'd really prefer it if you did. It might help calm you down, too. Trust me, I'm a pro at making people forget their troubles.

AARON: Right now, my biggest trouble is that I'm having a conversation with a rabbit—and it's talking back to me.

HOP-HOP: Bunny.

AARON: Whatever.

HOP-HOP: As troubles go, that's really not so bad.

AARON: It seems pretty bad to me.

HOP-HOP: Am I not cheering you up?

AARON: No!

HOP-HOP: But I'm cute. On a cuteness scale of one to ten, I'm at least a twelve. Surely my heart-melting cuteness is soothing your mind and improving your spirits at least a little?

AARON: No! You're not cheering me up at all! Now get away from me! Please.

HOP-HOP: But I want to help.

AARON: You're not helping.

RAINBOW: (*offstage*) Give it up, bunny.

AARON: Who said that?

HOP-HOP: Oh, no.

AARON: What?

HOP-HOP: It's a mother-lovin' rainbow.

AARON: (*looking up and around*) A rainbow? Where?

The RAINBOW enters. It is composed of seven colors: RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, INDIGO, and VIOLET. THEY speak in unison, or their lines can be split among the individual COLORS.

HOP-HOP: There.

RAINBOW: Obviously, cheering the human is beyond your meager abilities. Stand aside, and we shall succeed where you have failed. For we are Rainbow, and we are loved by all.

AARON: Ho-lee cow! That is the creepiest thing I have ever seen in my life!

RAINBOW: We are here to soothe your woes and make you happy.

HOP-HOP: No! I've got this! You're not needed here, Rainbow!

RAINBOW: Not only have you failed, bunny, but the human's misery has grown as a result of your wretched intervention.

HOP-HOP: Sorry about this, kid. Never mind the rainbow. Just ignore it and it'll go away eventually.

AARON: I'm getting out of here!

AARON tries to exit, but the RAINBOW blocks him.

RAINBOW: Rainbows see you from the sky and can follow you wherever you go.

AARON: Aaagh!

RAINBOW: Be at peace. We are here to make you happy.

HOP-HOP: Does it look like you're making him happy?

AARON: Rainbows can't talk!

HOP-HOP: You see? You broke the no talking rule!

RAINBOW: You broke it first. The damage had already been done.

BUNNY: I'm pretty sure you're making it worse.

AARON: What is going on here?!?

RAINBOW: Calm yourself. Relax. Look at our pretty colors. We are the most beautiful thing in nature.

AARON: You're a freaking talking rainbow!!!

HOP-HOP: Do you see what you're doing here?

RAINBOW: He would be less upset if not for you.

HOP-HOP: Obviously, I need to call for some backup. (*yelling offstage*) Hey! Fluffybelly! Come give me a hand!

FLUFFYBELLY, another bunny, enters.

Look, Aaron. It's another bunny! Twice the cuteness! (MR. HOP-HOP and FLUFFYBELLY hug each other and smile at AARON) Aren't the two of us together the most adorable thing you've ever seen in your life? Don't we make you feel happy?

AARON: Is that another talking rabbit?

FLUFFYBELLY looks at MR. HOP-HOP, unsure how to respond. MR. HOP-HOP looks at FLUFFYBELLY and shakes his head "no," then tries to brush AARON's question aside.

HOP-HOP: (with a big, fake smile) Aren't we cute?

AARON: It is another talking rabbit, isn't it? (shouting) Isn't it?

FLUFFYBELLY: Is that a problem?

MR. HOP-HOP smacks FLUFFYBELLY on the arm.

HOP-HOP: What're you doing?

AARON: (screaming hysterically) It's another talking rabbit!

FLUFFYBELLY: Actually, we prefer "bunny."

AARON: This isn't happening! This is impossible! Rabbits can't talk! Rainbows can't talk! (breathing heavily) Am I dreaming? Am I dead? Did somebody drug me?

FLUFFYBELLY: Kid, you look like you're hyperventilating. If you don't calm down, you might pass out.

AARON passes out. FLUFFYBELLY examines him.

He passed out.

HOP-HOP: Well, this is a complete disaster.

RAINBOW: Whose fault is that?

HOP-HOP: Yours.

RAINBOW: How is it ours? You were the first to speak.

HOP-HOP: I'm a bunny. (points at FLUFFYBELLY) He's a bunny. Throughout human literature and entertainment, there are talking bunnies. Even if the humans don't think we exist in real life, the idea is already in their heads. The kid would have come around to accepting us eventually. But you—you're a rainbow.

Who ever heard of a talking rainbow? You're a weird, alien concept and you totally sent him over the edge.

RAINBOW: It looked to us like Fluffybelly sent him over the edge.

FLUFFYBELLY: How are you blaming this on me? I just got here! Whatever damage was done, it was done before I showed up.

RAINBOW: Perhaps. But you were the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back.

FLUFFYBELLY: The kid was asking me a question!

HOP-HOP: And the correct answer to that question was to keep your carrot-eating mouth shut!

FLUFFYBELLY: I try to help you out and this is the thanks I get. Fine. I know when I'm not wanted. Goodbye.

FLUFFYBELLY exits.

RAINBOW: Do you give up now?

HOP-HOP: No, I'm not giving up!

AARON: Ooohhh...

RAINBOW: The human is waking. Do you have a new plan?

HOP-HOP: Uh...

RAINBOW: That is what we thought.

HOP-HOP: Do you?

RAINBOW: As a matter of fact, yes.

AARON sits up groggily.

AARON: Oh, man. That was the strangest dream.

HOP-HOP: Take it easy, Aaron. Don't stand up too quick.

AARON: Aagh! You're still here! (*looks at RAINBOW*) And so are you!

HOP-HOP: It's okay. Fluffybelly left.

AARON: I wasn't dreaming!

RAINBOW: No Aaron, you were not. But we can make your dreams come true. Would that make you happy?

AARON: What?

HOP-HOP: No. You can't do this. It's totally unfair.

RAINBOW: What would you like, Aaron? More than anything else in the world?

AARON: To not be having a conversation with a rainbow and a rabbit.

RAINBOW: Besides that. A car? A house? A video game console? Do you like *Star Wars*? Do you want a 1979 "Boba Fett" action figure still in its original packaging? Would you like to be...rich?

AARON: Um...

RAINBOW: You would, wouldn't you?

AARON: (*standing slowly*) I guess.

RAINBOW: Then follow us to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

AARON: You're kidding.

RAINBOW: No. We are completely serious. A pot of gold awaits.

AARON: I'm not following a talking rainbow anywhere.

HOP-HOP: For all he knows, you could be carnivorous.

RAINBOW: Rainbows do not eat meat! Rainbows do not eat anything!

HOP-HOP: Rainbows don't talk, either. Oh, wait—that's right—they do.

RAINBOW: It is completely safe, Aaron. We promise.

AARON: No, thanks.

HOP-HOP: (*to RAINBOW*) Hah!

RAINBOW: Let us see you try to do any better.

HOP-HOP: I think I will. Hey, Aaron?

AARON: What?

HOP-HOP: You've been out here for a while. Gettin' hungry?

AARON: Maybe a little.

HOP-HOP: Wouldn't a snack make you feel better?

AARON: I don't know.

HOP-HOP: Sure it would. And you're in luck! Because I'm a bunny!
And where there's bunnies, there's carrots! (*produces two carrots*)
Check out these two beauties from my own, personal garden.
Juicy. Succulent. Look at that color. And the taste...just amazing.
These are the best carrots you'll ever eat in your entire life.

AARON: I hate carrots.

HOP-HOP: What? How can you not love carrots?

RAINBOW: He is a human, not a bunny.

HOP-HOP: Try one, Aaron! You'll love them, I promise!

AARON: No. My mom makes me eat them all the time at home. I
know already...I do *not* like carrots.

HOP-HOP: (*putting the carrots away*) Aww...

RAINBOW: The bunny failed to offer you anything of value, Aaron. But
our offer still stands.

AARON: What, the pot of gold?

RAINBOW: Yes. You would be rich. You would never have to work for
the rest of your life.

AARON: Would I have to finish school?

RAINBOW: Not technically, but it is always a good idea to finish
school.

AARON: What if I failed just one class? Like history?

RAINBOW: You should at least try to pass.

AARON: But what if I failed anyway? If I was rich, would it be okay if I
failed history?

RAINBOW: (*hesitantly*) It...probably...would not be the end of the
world.

AARON: Could I afford to move out of my parents' house and get my
own place?

RAINBOW: Definitely.

AARON: Great! Where's the gold?

RAINBOW: Follow us!

RAINBOW exits L, with AARON following. MR. HOP-HOP crosses downstage to the apron. The curtains close. MR. HOP-HOP pulls out a cell phone and begins dialing. Behind the curtain, the bench is carried offstage.

HOP-HOP: I gotta put a stop to this. *(holds phone to his ear)* Come on, come on...pick up. *(speaking into phone)* Hey...Greenluck? This is Mr. Hop-Hop. How's it going? Good. Hey, listen, you might want to get over to Midtown Park ASAP. There's a certain rainbow leading somebody to your gold as we speak. Yeah, sure. You're welcome. What are friends for? *(pushes button on phone to end the call)* There. That ought to take care of it.

MR. HOP-HOP exits L. RAINBOW enters from R onto the apron, followed by AARON, who is out of breath. The curtains should still be closed.

RAINBOW: Here we are, Aaron.

AARON: *(breathing heavily)* You didn't tell me it was gonna be so far.

RAINBOW: It was only a tenth of a mile.

AARON: That's a long way.

RAINBOW: It will be worth it. See?

RAINBOW'S COLORS gesture grandly in unison. The curtains open, revealing a pot of gold.

AARON: Wow!

RAINBOW: Your worries are over. Are you happy now?

AARON: Yes!

RAINBOW: Go and claim your gold.

AARON slowly crosses to the gold. GREENLUCK, a leprechaun, enters and stands in AARON's way.

GREENLUCK: No! I'll not let you take me gold!

AARON: What the—?

GREENLUCK: Don't come one step closer, boy.

AARON: But...but...

GREENLUCK: No buts! This gold is mine!

AARON: I followed the rainbow all the way here.

GREENLUCK: And here you are. But so am I.

AARON: It was a really long way.

GREENLUCK: Life's full of bitter disappointments.

AARON: The rainbow said—

GREENLUCK: Oh, it's a talking rainbow, is it?

RAINBOW: The boy followed me here, leprechaun. The gold is his by right.

GREENLUCK: Aagh! It's a talking rainbow!

RAINBOW: Do not act surprised. You know rainbows can talk. The boy knows it, too.

GREENLUCK: Of course I know rainbows can talk. But it's still bloody disconcerting!

RAINBOW: Let the boy have the gold.

GREENLUCK: It's mine!

RAINBOW: It is yours until someone finds it at the end of the rainbow where you left it, and claims it for their own.

GREENLUCK: That's right. But he has to touch it to claim it, and he hasn't done that yet.

RAINBOW: Because you are in his way.

GREENLUCK: I am, aren't I? Do you suppose there's a reason for that?

RAINBOW: How did you know to be here?

GREENLUCK: Let's call it a lucky hunch.

RAINBOW: It was the bunny, wasn't it? Mr. Hop-Hop.

GREENLUCK: And I'm very grateful to him.

RAINBOW: This was completely against the rules. If you were already here guarding the gold yourself, that would be one thing, but for someone to tip you off—that is not how this is supposed to work!

MR. HOP-HOP enters.

HOP-HOP: Like you inviting the boy to follow you to the pot of gold was part of the usual protocol?

RAINBOW: It was completely normal and acceptable behavior on our part. That is what rainbows do, simply by virtue of being seen—we invite people to follow us to our end.

HOP-HOP: Yeah, except you didn't do it by virtue of being seen. You did it verbally.

GREENLUCK: Verbally?

HOP-HOP: Yes.

GREENLUCK: The boy didn't decide to follow the rainbow on his own?

RAINBOW: He decided completely on his own.

HOP-HOP: With some very strong verbal persuasion on your part.

GREENLUCK: The rainbow persuaded the boy to follow it to the pot of gold?

HOP-HOP: Yup.

GREENLUCK: Out loud?

HOP-HOP: Yup.

GREENLUCK: Was it at least whispered into the wind?

HOP-HOP: It was spoken straight to the boy's face.

GREENLUCK: (*shouting*) Now see here, Rainbow—

RAINBOW: Calm, down Greenluck. There is no need to get upset.

GREENLUCK: No need? I realize the business charter between the leprechauns and the rainbows requires me to store me gold at the end of one of you, and it's hardly the most secure method of banking in the world, but that's the way it is, so I suck up and deal...but you have no right—none whatsoever—to tell someone to their face to follow you!

RAINBOW: The boy was having a bad day.

GREENLUCK: Well, now I'm having bad day!

RAINBOW: We are sorry. We were trying to cheer him up.

GREENLUCK: I think I deserve some cheering up! Why don't you do something to make me happy—like nail your Indigo to a tree?



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