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They Eat Sunshine, Not Zebras**

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# THEY EAT SUNSHINE, NOT ZEBRAS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Dara Murphy*



*They Eat Sunshine, Not Zebras*  
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## **Cast of Characters**

II Either

<b>SUNNY</b>	A dandelion
<b>BROWN</b>	The oldest
<b>GRASS ONE</b>	Knowing
<b>GRASS TWO</b>	Playful
<b>GRASS THREE</b>	Sunny's neighbour
<b>GRASS FOUR</b>	Follower
<b>GRASS FIVE</b>	Negative
<b>GRASS SIX</b>	Motherly
<b>GRASS SEVEN</b>	Ideas
<b>GRASS EIGHT</b>	Grumpy
<b>GRASS NINE</b>	Clueless

Add as much surrounding grass (background actors) as you'd like.

## **Setting**

This story takes place in a field, and the actors are the blades of grass. The grass should be clumped together and arranged in a semi-orderly fashion. Grass Nine should be facing away from the group. Simple boxes or platforms, disguised as rocks and clumps of dirt, can be added to help the plants make growing movements. To one side there should be a large sign that reads, "Keep off the grass."

## **Costumes**

The blades of grass should look neat and orderly. They could even wear classy suits with green ties. Sunny should be more sprawling and messy. He or she could have a headpiece that is green on the back and yellow on the front. When Sunny blooms, the actor can turn around to reveal the yellow flower. The actor could also simply put on a yellow headpiece when he or she has bloomed.



*A field of grass grows beneath the sun. Outdoor noises play as the grass lazily bends with the wind.*

ONE: Quite a nice afternoon, isn't it?

TWO: Couldn't ask for better.

THREE: Just beautiful.

*The blades of grass sigh and smile.*

*After a pleasant moment, the start-up sound of a lawn mower is heard. The blades stop moving, their eyes wide.*

FOUR: Is that...?

*The lawn mower catches and starts to run.*

*The field flies into a frenzy. They scream, shout, or cry.*

FIVE: We're doomed!

BROWN: It'll finish me!

SEVEN: Be uniform! Uniform!

EIGHT: Come on you, get up, get up! We need to straighten out. You, shrink down!

*Pandemonium ensues as they all try to stand at one height.*

TWO: I'm too short! I'm not tall enough!

FOUR: Is this right?

NINE: I can't see!

ONE: Where is it?!

FOUR: Is it coming this way?

EIGHT: Calm down! You, get a bit taller.

TWO: I'm too short!

SIX: (to TWO) Like this!

TWO: Like this?

THREE: Is this okay?

EIGHT: Good enough! Annnnd FREEZE.

*The blades of grass stop shouting and freeze. The lawn mower continues to run.*

TWO: I'm scared.

EIGHT: Shh.

SEVEN: ...where is it?

SIX: I can't stand this.

NINE: I see it! It's coming!

*The blades gasp.*

NINE: Ahhhh!

*Everyone closes their eyes. The blades huddle and whimper until the lawn mower sound finally fades away.*

*TWO peeks open its eyes. It feels its head.*

TWO: I still have my top! It didn't come!

*The blades of grass open their eyes and warily inspect their surroundings. They are all very relieved.*

FIVE: Well, that was traumatizing.

ONE: Helpless.

NINE: Thank the Sun that we're still living!

EVERYONE: Thank you Sun!

SIX: (to NINE) How are you doing over there?

NINE: It was so close...

SIX: It's gone now. We're safe.

EIGHT: For now.

SIX: Excuse me?

EIGHT: How long before it comes back, hmm? We've been growing unevenly. (to TWO) You. Why are you growing so slowly?

TWO: I didn't mean—

EIGHT: (to THREE) And you. You're tall. You think our field can get away with that?

THREE: I'm not that much taller.

EIGHT: But you're taller. Why don't you talk to the brown grass. He can remind you what it's like to have the Thing pass by.

*BROWN mumbles incoherently and passes out from the shock.*

THREE: I'm not—

EIGHT: Do you want the Thing in our field?

THREE: No.

EIGHT: Huh?

EVERYONE: No.

EIGHT: Then we need to be uniform.

EVERYONE: Yes!

EIGHT: Take my height as a good measure and aspire to that.

*The blades answer him with varying degrees of enthusiasm.*

FIVE: Your height?

EIGHT: Yes.

FIVE: What makes your height the measure?

EIGHT: Excuse me?

FIVE: You heard.

EIGHT: We don't have time to argue about this.

FIVE: I think my height is more average.

EIGHT: And I think you are on the tall side.

FIVE: It's easier to grow up than it is to grow down!

EIGHT: You are not making any sense!

SIX: Come on grasses, let's calm down.

ONE: We've been through a harrowing experience. We need to relax and enjoy the sun for a bit.

SIX: Get our strength back.



EIGHT: Fine. But I will be on the lookout for any nonstandard behavior.

FOUR: It can't be tolerated.

FIVE: Definitely not.

ONE: All right, all right everyone. Breath in. Breath out.

*A new green plant (SUNNY) begins to grow in the middle of the yard.*

SIX: The weather is quite charming.

ONE: It would be a shame to waste the day with negativity.

SEVEN: I think it's two degrees warmer than it was before.

FOUR: I was thinking that as well.

*The nearest blades of grass notice the new plant.*

THREE: Hey! Look everyone, a new baby!

ONE: Aw, a miracle of life. And just when we need it.

SIX: Look how green it is.

TWO: Cute! (*baby talk*) Ha-wo widdle one! Hi there! (*sings*) There was a baby, all in a field, the prettiest baby that you ever did see. The baby in the hole and the hole in the ground and the green grass grew all around, all around, the green grass grew all around! (*see Appendix for music*)

FIVE: Please don't do that.

TWO: (*embarrassed*) What do you mean? I was only singing.

FIVE: Grass don't sing.

EIGHT: Nonstandard behavior.

TWO: Oh.

ONE: I thought we were only concerned with growth height.

EIGHT: One thing can lead to another.

SEVEN: We shouldn't be a bad influence.

TWO: Sorry.

*The new plant grows taller and taller.*

ONE: Goodness, it's quite a fast little sprout.

THREE: I've never seen anything grow that quickly.

EIGHT: It'd better not get too tall.

FOUR: I agree.

SEVEN: Maybe it's a new kind of grass.

NINE: I wish I could see it. Can someone describe it for me?

EIGHT: Don't get too excited. It's green and it's growing.

ONE: Look! It grew some more!

TWO: It's odd.

NINE: How come only scary things happen on my side of the field?

EIGHT: It's just a baby, and an ugly one at that. No need to get worked up.

*The blades whisper amongst themselves; who is this plant and why is it growing so quickly? The plant stretches towards the sky and, just before it grows taller than the blades of grass, it opens up to reveal a bright yellow flower. It's a dandelion named SUNNY.*

*The blades stop and stare at it. SUNNY smiles.*

SUNNY: Hello!

*The blades quickly look away. SUNNY laughs awkwardly.*

SUNNY: Um, hi there?

NINE: What's going on? Did something happen?

EIGHT: Shh!

*The blades begin whispering again. They go quiet when SUNNY looks their way, but as soon as SUNNY turns its back, they start up once more.*

ONE: What is that?

TWO: It's so weird looking.

ONE: There's some sort of strange growth on its head.

THREE: (to FOUR) Oh gosh, it's right beside me. What should I do?

FOUR: You could say hi.

THREE: I'm not saying hi. You say hi.

FOUR: You're closer.

THREE: It was your idea.

FIVE: (to SIX and SEVEN) Is that a piece of grass? I don't think that's grass.

SIX: I think you're right.

FIVE: But what is it?

SEVEN: Maybe it's grass mixed up with a caterpillar or something.

SIX: Well, I don't think we should stare. It might have some sort of disease, the poor baby. Perhaps it can't help looking like that.

FIVE: Disease! What if it's catching?

*FIVE, SIX, and SEVEN look at SUNNY warily.*

SEVEN: I don't want a weird thing on my head.

FIVE: Yellow is not green. That is not uniform.

SEVEN: Would the Thing have a problem with yellow? It seems to be a standard height, but the colour...

EIGHT: Nonstandard behavior.

SIX: What will other fields think?

NINE: Can someone please tell me what's happening?

SEVEN: Shh!

EIGHT: The baby grass turned out to be a different kind of plant.

NINE: What does it look like?

EIGHT: It's green, but it has some yellow fluff.

NINE: Yellow like the sun? Maybe it's important.

EIGHT: It's a stupid plant growing in the wrong spot.

NINE: But you just said it's yellow. It's like...special.

EIGHT: Don't be—

*SUNNY looks over at EIGHT and NINE.*

SEVEN: Shh!

THREE: (to FOUR) Is it looking at me?

FOUR: Not right now.

THREE: So, it was looking at me?

FOUR: I'm not sure.

THREE: I can't even tell where its face is. Are you sure it's not looking at me?

FOUR: I'm pretty sure.

THREE: What should I do? Maybe if you said hi—

FOUR: (*urgent whisper*) It's looking!

*THREE squeals and flutters around for a second. At last it decides to look passively at the sky.*

*Feeling ignored, SUNNY sadly turns away.*

FOUR: That was close.

ONE: (to TWO) Maybe we should call a field meeting.

TWO: Oh, yes, let's.

FIVE: But how can we call a meeting when it's right here?

SEVEN: Maybe we can ask it to plug its ears.

TWO: What if it doesn't have any ears?

ONE: Well, someone should at least wake up the brown grass.

FOUR: I agree.

ONE: The brown grass might have seen something like this before. It's the oldest one.

*The blades start talking over one another.*

SUNNY: (*trying to get someone's attention*) Um, excuse me?

SEVEN: Maybe if we just ignore it, it'll go away.

EIGHT: You blades are getting all excited over nothing. (to NINE) What? Are you bowing? It's not a god!

NINE: But it's yellow.

EIGHT: You can't even see it!

SUNNY: Excuse me?

FIVE: It's not green. It's nonstandard!

SUNNY: Hello?

SIX: I think we should be friendly. It isn't taller than us, and it's not breaking our rules.

FIVE: Yet! But if it wants accommodations for its colour, what other kind of accommodations will it start asking for?

THREE: Isn't anyone worried about me? Huh? Anyone?

*The blades' whispering gets louder and more argumentative. SUNNY has had enough.*

SUNNY: Hello? Can I just say something? Hello? HEY!

*The blades go silent. Everyone looks at SUNNY.*

SUNNY: Sorry. Um, yes. Sorry about that. Hi. I don't mean to interrupt. I'm new here and...um...I thought I should introduce myself. Hi, my name's Sunny. Hi. What are your names?

*The blades just stare at SUNNY. SUNNY chuckles nervously.*

SUNNY: You all look like you've never seen a dandelion before...that's what I am, a dandelion. Don't get scared by the "lion" part of my name. I'm not really a lion or anything. I eat sunshine, not zebras, haha...ha.

*No one laughs.*

SUNNY: So anyways...well, that's really all I have to say. I hope we can be friends. Um, it's a nice day out today isn't it?

TWO: Yes, it's nice.

*SUNNY smiles shyly. Some of the blades give TWO a bit of a glare.*

SUNNY: Lots of sun.

SIX: Plenty.

NINE: I love the sun.

FIVE: Any more sun and we all might shrivel up and die.

SIX: You're always so positive.

FIVE: I actually thought that was rather negative.

*SIX sighs.*

EIGHT: (to *SUNNY*) So what are you doing here exactly?

SUNNY: What am I doing? Um, I just grew up so...well now I'm talking to you.

EIGHT: But what are your plans?

SUNNY: Plans? Like for the future? Well, in the future I guess I'd like to live life to the fullest. Isn't that what every plant wants?

FIVE: (*shakes his head*) Mmm.

SUNNY: That's not what every plant wants?

FIVE: (*shakes his head*) Mmm. (to *FOUR*) Not normal.

FOUR: Nope. Weird.

SUNNY: Oh.

FIVE: The field.

SUNNY: The field?

FIVE: While you're off living life to the fullest, being all yellow and... sunny...how will that affect the field?

SUNNY: I don't understand.

FOUR: (to *FIVE*) It wouldn't.

FIVE: Clueless.

SUNNY: But I'm not going to cause any trouble.

EIGHT: What we need to know is this: how tall are you planning on growing?

SUNNY: Tall? Um, I don't know.

FIVE: It doesn't know!

SUNNY: I mean, um, how tall should I be growing?

TWO: We all have to be the same height! If not there's—

FIVE: Shh!

SUNNY: Oh, well, perfect! I really don't plan on growing any more than this. Haha. I think I'll be the same height as you. How's that?

EIGHT: (*suspiciously*) You'd better.

FIVE: Or else.

SUNNY: Or else what?

SEVEN: You don't have a disease, do you?

SUNNY: Why?

SEVEN: Well, what's with the big yellow thing there?

SUNNY: It's my flower.

SEVEN: A flower? What a horrible affliction. Does it spread through physical contact or through the air?

SUNNY: It's not a disease. It's something we dandelions just have. You can't catch it.

THREE: (*bending as far away from SUNNY as possible*) Even so, I'd feel more comfortable if you didn't blow around in the wind that much. (*to SIX*) Can we make that a rule? That dandelions can't blow in the wind?

SUNNY: Am I bothering you?

THREE: No! No, not at all.

SUNNY: I'm a regular plant and—

SIX: Exactly. Come on everyone, it's just grown up today. Let's give it some time to settle in. (*to SUNNY*) Just try to follow along, dear, and you'll be fine. Don't feel like an outsider because you have that big growth up there. Maybe it's hard to tell right now, but we are an accepting and friendly community. Aren't we?

*The blades mumble various degrees of agreement or disagreement.*

SIX: Well, most of us are. We've had a life and death scare recently, so we are a bit on edge at the moment. But remember the red beetle? We were all very kind to the beetle.

*The blades nod and a-hum.*

SUNNY: What happened?

SIX: Oh, the beetle walked through our field.

SUNNY: And?

SIX: And we accepted it.

FIVE: Even though beetles are pretty gross creatures.

FOUR: They kind of freak me out.

EIGHT: I think they're up to something. Have you ever seen another creature with so much body armor, hmmm? Why all the armor?

SEVEN: Maybe it was plotting against us.

EIGHT: Entirely possible.

SUNNY: Uh, it doesn't sound like you were very accepting of the beetle.

SIX: We were. You should have been there.

ONE: We didn't say anything bad about it while it was passing by.

TWO: No, that would have been rude.

SIX: You see?

SUNNY: ...sure.

TWO: I even said hi to it. I said "hi" just as it was walking past.

SIX: That was nice of you.

TWO: Thanks! And afterwards I said "bye". I like to say hi and bye. But it didn't say anything back though. I don't think it spoke Plant very well.

ONE: Some bugs can be pretty ignorant.

FOUR: But we try to be as accepting as possible.

SIX: (to SUNNY) You see? We're really a friendly community. Most of us. So don't be shy, make yourself at home.

FIVE: But just fit in a bit more.

SUNNY: Thanks.

*The blades try to serenely blow in the wind, but they keep shooting nervous glances at SUNNY. SUNNY attempts to imitate them, but eventually it gets bored.*

SUNNY: So...what do you guys do for fun around here?

*Shocked, the blades look at each other.*



TWO: This.

SUNNY: What?

ONE: This is what we do.

SUNNY: Seriously?

FIVE: Annnnd the trouble begins.

ONE: Don't you think this is fun?

SUNNY: Oh, yes, of course. Lots of fun.

FIVE: (to THREE) Tell it how much fun we have around here.

THREE: We're always having a good time. Yep. All the time.

NINE: Most of the time.

SEVEN: At least 50% of the time.

FOUR: Oh yeah, definitely.

SUNNY: Great.

*They all blow in the wind for a bit.*

SUNNY: Um, what exactly are we doing?

EIGHT: Can someone please quiet that plant down?

SUNNY: I was only wondering.

SIX: (to EIGHT) Be gentle. It's still a baby.

SUNNY: Sunny.

SIX: Sorry?

SUNNY: My name's Sunny.

SIX: I don't quite understand. I thought you were a dandelion, not a sunny.

SUNNY: I am a dandelion. I'm a dandelion named Sunny.

SIX: (still not understanding) Oh.

SUNNY: What's your name?

*SIX just looks at SUNNY.*

SUNNY: Sorry, I didn't hear you.

*Unsure of what to say, SIX stares off into the distance.*

SIX: ...it's a nice day today, isn't it?

ONE: Beautiful!

TWO: Quite marvellous.

NINE: Splendid even.

*The other blades voice their admiration for the sun and ignore SUNNY.*

SUNNY: (to THREE) So...it looks like we're neighbors.

THREE: Are we? Oh, look, I suppose we are. Well then.

SUNNY: I'm sorry if I'm in your way or anything.

THREE: What makes you think that?

SUNNY: You're, um, leaning.

THREE: Leaning? Oh, ah, yes. That's just what I do. I lean.

SUNNY: I'm not dangerous or diseased or anything.

THREE: Why would you say that? Do you think that I think you're dangerous? I don't think that. I know you're not dangerous. You seem...nice.

SUNNY: Of course. Of course. Thank you. Um...do you wanna chat?

THREE: ...okay...ah...sure.

SUNNY: What would you like to chat about? Do you like clouds? I think they're pretty. That one up there looks like a clump of dirt. Do you see it?

THREE: No.

SUNNY: It's right there.

THREE: No, I can't see it.

SUNNY: You're not even looking up.

THREE: I did. I glanced. I'm just not that interested in clouds.

SUNNY: Oh...

THREE: Did you see the game of bugs and spiders last night?

SUNNY: I wasn't here last night.

THREE: Hmm, too bad. It was a great game.

SUNNY: Yeah?

THREE: The spiders won. They usually do.

SUNNY: That's nice.

THREE: Not really. The loser gets eaten.

SUNNY: Oh. Well...

THREE: Can I ask you something?

SUNNY: Sure!

THREE: What does it feel like?

SUNNY: What does what feel like?

THREE: What does it feel like to be so different from everyone?

SUNNY: Oh, um, it kind of feels bad, I guess. At least right now anyways.

THREE: I thought as much.

SUNNY: But I like having a flower.

THREE: Really?

SUNNY: Yeah.

THREE: I don't know if I would like having that. It is a nice colour though.

SUNNY: Thank you.

THREE: Hey, I want to tell you something, but don't tell the others, okay?

SUNNY: Sure.

THREE: I'm the tallest grass around. Not by much, but by a little bit.

SUNNY: Oh, sure. I see it.

THREE: And it gets me in trouble.

SUNNY: I bet.

THREE: But the thing is, sometimes I wish I could be taller. It would be nice to be so tall that I could see over everything. Then I'd know

what's out there. Can you imagine? And if I were taller, I wouldn't just flap in the breeze, I'd dance.

SUNNY: That sounds nice.

THREE: It would be! But it's nonstandard behavior, so I can't.

SUNNY: But why not? I don't understand this nonstandard stuff.

THREE: Don't you know? There's a creature out there that doesn't like us to grow or be unorderly. If we do, it makes sure we get organized again. (*THREE runs a finger across its neck.*)

SUNNY: Oh. Oh. That sounds awful! Why would any creature care about the height of grass?

THREE: Beats me. We should stop talking about it. I don't...I shouldn't be talking...

SUNNY: But maybe we could find a way to stop it. What if—

*The lights start to dim.*

NINE: Prepare for the night time, please! The sun is setting.

SIX: Could someone wake up the brown grass for the Sun Thanking Ceremony?

FIVE: It's been sleeping more and more. Nonstandard.

ONE: Wake up now, dear. Wake up!

*The blades rustle about, getting comfortable. SUNNY looks around in confusion. Grumbling, BROWN wakes up.*

BROWN: What? What?

TWO: Good evening!

BROWN: Oh, for goodness sake. What an awful day. Everyone was making so much noise I could hardly sleep. Did something terrible happen this morning, or was that a dream? Huh? So, I guess another day is over and you lot want me to do the Sun Thanking Ceremony. (*grumbles quietly*) Useless grass can't memorize five lines. Green! The sun goes in one side and out the other—

SIX: A-hum.

BROWN: (*clears his throat*) We've made it through another great day, and for that I decree we must thank the Sun.

BLADES: Thank you, Sun!

BROWN: And we must thank the Soil that houses us.

BLADES: Thank you, Soil!

BROWN: And we must thank the—(to SUNNY) excuse me, will you get that caterpillar off your head? There should be no joking around during the Sun Thanking Ceremony.

TWO: That's not a grass. It's a dandelion.

SIX: It grew up today. We welcomed it to—

BROWN: A what?

SIX: It's some sort of sunny dandelion.

SUNNY: (shyly) Hi.

BROWN: (in shock) Holy thunderstorm!

SIX: What's the matter?

BROWN: Well don't just grow there! Kill it!

*The blades look at BROWN and SUNNY in shock.*

BROWN: Kill it! Kill it, kill it—get it away from here!

SUNNY: I'm sorry but—

BROWN: KILL IT!

SUNNY: I didn't do anything wrong!

BROWN: It's a weed!

*The blades look at each other in confusion.*

BLADES: (random mummer) A weed? A weed. Weed! Weed? A weed!?

BROWN: A weed! You have to kill it before it kills you!

*The blades gasp.*

BLADES: A weed!

EIGHT: I knew it! I knew something was wrong with that plant.

SUNNY: I'm not a weed. Don't call me that. My name's Sunny.

FIVE: You and your weird yellow top don't belong here.

FOUR: Weed!

TWO: What's a weed?

SUNNY: No, I'm Sunny.

EIGHT: Sunny?! You think you're so high and mighty because you have a name? We grass don't believe in names. We're grass. We're all the same. We don't want you or your names.

BROWN: You tell it! Get out of here weed!

SUNNY: But I'm a flower. Look at my top. I'm a flower.

SIX: (to BROWN) Let's not be hasty. It's following the height rule, and it hasn't caused a disturbance.

ONE: Plus, I think it's physically impossible for us to kill anything.

SEVEN: Maybe if we glare at it hard enough, it will die.

BROWN: Yes! Good idea, let's glare at it.

EIGHT: I'm going to scowl at it too.

NINE: How can I help?

SEVEN: You can think mean thoughts.

SUNNY: (to NINE) But I thought you liked me!

NINE: I don't even know you.

SUNNY: Come on, I'm harmless.

BROWN: Ha! You can't pull your tricks on me. Keep glaring blades. (to TWO) You there, stop messing around and glare!

TWO: But what's a weed?

BROWN: That is a weed. Just look at it.

*Everyone looks at SUNNY, who shrinks under all of the attention.*

BROWN: When I was a young grassling, my brown grass said that its brown grass said that it heard upon the wind that we must always beware the weed. You can spot it easily because it doesn't belong. And then, if you let one weed in, it will spread and spread and suddenly, before you even know it, our beautiful green grass way of life will be in ruins. Gone will be the days of orderly height and appearance!

NINE: No!

SEVEN: We have to preserve our green grassness!

BROWN: And, not only that, but I think it wants to kill us in our sleep!

SUNNY: That's dramatic! How can I harm you?

SIX: It does seem innocent. Perhaps it just needs our help to fit in.

TWO: Maybe we can smile at it instead. Then it will decide not to kill us in our sleep.

SUNNY: Yes, yes I like that idea. And I can be useful! I have a happy colour!

BROWN: Don't listen to it. It's trying to trick us!

SUNNY: I'm not! Listen, I can help you! I heard about your big creature problem. I can help with that!

BROWN: Tricks!

SUNNY: If we gang up, we can use our roots to pull up rocks. We can hold onto sticks and fight the creature off. If we stand together, we can convince the bugs to—

FIVE: Why are you changing the subject?

EIGHT: I don't even understand what it's saying right now.

SEVEN: It clearly wants all of our soil to itself!

BROWN: That's right grasses!

BROWN: Kill it!

MOST BLADES: Yeah!

SUNNY: (to *THREE*) Are you glaring too?

THREE: Oh um. No. Yes. Maybe a little bit. Everyone's doing it and I—I dunno...

SUNNY: But we're neighbors. We talked about...clouds. We could grow tall together.

BROWN: Come on blades, it's almost night time. Let's show the weed who belongs where!

EIGHT: Yeah!

BROWN: This is our field!

EVERYONE: Yeah!

BROWN: No weeds allowed!

EVERYONE: YEAH!

*The blades continue to glare until the lights go out. Crickets start to chirp.*

*After a few moments, the lights fade up again. Bird whistles replace the crickets. Morning has come.*

*The blades are still glaring at SUNNY, who rolls its eyes in frustration.*

SUNNY: Okay, this is obviously not working so—

FIVE: Shh.

SUNNY: Come on, you guys.

FIVE, FOUR, and EIGHT: Shh!

*They keep glaring.*

FIVE: (*whispers*) Did you see that? I think its right leaf just died a little!

MOST BLADES: (*quietly*) Yay!

*SUNNY wiggles its right leaf to show how alive it is.*

BROWN: Glare harder blades!

TWO: My stem is getting sore. Can we take a break?

BROWN: No!

FIVE: How are you feeling now, weed?

SUNNY: Fine.

FIVE: (*glares harder*) How about now?

SUNNY: Perfect.

EIGHT: It's laughing at us! Keep glaring.

SUNNY: It's not working.

BROWN: That's what you want us to think.

SUNNY: Why don't we do something productive with our time?

EIGHT: And why don't you just die.



SUNNY: Rude!

SIX: This is getting a bit silly.

ONE: I agree. I'm all for behaving as a field, but this is un-grasslike behavior.

SUNNY: I wish I never grew up here.

FOUR: Then leave.

SUNNY: I can't!

SIX: Okay, okay everyone. Let's just take a five minute sun break and then regroup.

*Everyone relaxes.*

BROWN: So this glaring thing isn't working.

EIGHT: We need to change tactics.

FOUR: I agree.

SEVEN: Maybe it's not possible for us to kill anything.

ONE: Didn't I say that like ten hours ago?

SEVEN: Instead of glaring at it, we could, um...we could ignore it instead!

BROWN: Ignore it?

SEVEN: Ignore it to death.

BROWN: Hmm, I like that.

SEVEN: Everyone knows that an untended garden will soon be overgrown...wait, that's not quite right...

NINE: I think the quote goes something like, "an untended plant will soon shrivel up and die."

BROWN: Perfect! *(to everyone)* All right grasses, change of strategies. From henceforth, we are now going to ignore the weed to death. I want you all to treat it like it no longer exists. We won't talk to it, look at it, recognize it, etcetera.

SIX: Are you quite sure this is the best idea?

SEVEN: This tactic is beneficial in that it is much easier than glaring. We can enjoy life while killing the weed at the same time.

SUNNY: And I don't get a say in this, do I?

*The blades clear their throats and look at one another awkwardly. They start to turn away from the weed.*

SUNNY: Guys? Grasses? Um...Really this is not...I'm a plant too, you know. Ah...hello? Hello?

SEVEN: There's some nice sun out today isn't there.

FOUR: It's a gorgeous morning.

*The blades have all turned away. SUNNY sighs sadly. It slumps down, looking bored and alone.*

SUNNY: I just wanted to be friends. (*sadly singing*) There was a Sunny, all in a field, the prettiest Sunny, that you ever did see. The Sunny in the hole and the hole in the ground, and the green grass grew all around, all around, the green grass grew all around...

*SUNNY quietly cries. THREE looks over at it in concern.*

THREE: (*whispers to SUNNY*) You know, it's really hard to ignore you when you are making sad noises like that.

SUNNY: (*whispers*) Please don't ignore me.

THREE: I have to. I'm a field and you're a weed.

SUNNY: So?

THREE: So.

SUNNY: If I was a friend, I wouldn't be a weed anymore.

THREE: If you were a grass, you wouldn't be a weed anymore.

SUNNY: But if you changed your definition of a field of grass, I wouldn't be a weed anymore.

THREE: I think there'd have to be no definitions in order for that to happen.

SUNNY: Exactly.

THREE: But there are definitions.

SUNNY: Oh.

THREE: Though sometimes they do make things convoluted.

SUNNY: Yeah. Like grass height rules. What's the point of that?



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