

# Rainbow People

By Richard Bott

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[richard.bott@gmail.com](mailto:richard.bott@gmail.com)  
St. Marys, Ontario, Canada

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This script was first created for London Conference of The United Church of Canada. The Conference was looking at the theme, "We're A Rainbow People".

This drama needs eight people:

- |                   |   |  |
|-------------------|---|--|
| <b>1—Narrator</b> | - | <b>A storyteller</b>                           |
| <b>2—Red</b>      | - | <b>Someone who makes a good Drill Sergeant</b> |
| <b>3—Orange</b>   | - | <b>Chipper and bouncy</b>                      |
| <b>4—Yellow</b>   | - | <b>Proud and somewhat disdainful</b>           |
| <b>5—Green</b>    | - | <b>Pretty middle of the road</b>               |
| <b>6—Blue</b>     | - | <b>No distinguishing characteristics.</b>      |
| <b>7—Indigo</b>   | - | <b>Somewhat dejected</b>                       |
| <b>8—Violet</b>   | - | <b>Another "go-getter"</b>                     |

The only props needed are some kind of indicator about who the different characters are. They could be dressed in their colour, or wear scarves in their colour.)

This drama was built for use during a worship service. If you decide to do it some other way, I'd love to know how it went! Richard Bott

1— Once upon a time, not so very long ago, in a place not so very far away, there was a rainbow. This rainbow stretched across the sky, its colours vibrant – full of life. *This was a rainbow that knew who it was... or did it?*  
You see, rainbows are made up of many different colours – and these colours – like people – are different.

*(Colours begin to "wake up" and, in order – except for Indigo, slowly rise from their chairs, and stretch. Indigo remains unmoving.)*

2— All right colours! Rise and shine! Prepare to sound off.  
Red – here!

3— *(Sounding chipper)* Orange here!

4— *(Sounding proud and somewhat disdainful of the other colours.)*

Yellow is here – of course!

5— *(Pauses, looking at Yellow because of its "snooty" tone, suddenly realizes its their turn)* Oh, sorry! Green here!

6— *(Still a little sleepy, but waking up.)*  
Yawn. Yep. I'm here. Oh... I mean, "Blue is here." Me. Yeah.

7— *(Awake but still sitting in its chair. Slowly rises. Dejected)*  
Indigo.

8— *(Doing stretches, bouncing around, glad to be moving.)*  
Violet accounted for.  
Yes, colours, it looks like a beautiful day! Let's Shine!

*(Colours join hands – everyone except Yellow and Indigo do it as if its something they do each day. After everyone has joined hands, Indigo sighs deeply and takes Blue and Violet's hands as if s/he doesn't want to be there. Yellow steps us, straightening, as if s/he is the most important colour around, and takes the hands of Orange and Green as if to say, "You should be honoured to be standing beside me.")*

1— And so they did. Each of the colours shone with everything they had.

*(Yellow moves forward, beginning to block Orange and Green.)*  
*(The Narrator, suddenly startled, looks around the room.)*

1— Wait a minute... is something wrong with my eyes? Why is everything looking so yellow?

4— I am soooooo glad that all of you realize how important I am. Yellow – the colour of the sun, the colour of gold (which really should be called Yellow!), the colour of butter.

*(Colours begin to look at each other in shock... except for Indigo, who doesn't care.)*

One might say that Yellow is the colour of life itself – yes?

*(Colours begin to quietly grumble to each other.)*

I was thinking... since I am the most important colour, perhaps we could do make a few changes around here.

*(Grumbling gets louder.)*

Let's see now... water is very important to the world, isn't it? Now, don't you think it should be represented by the most important colour? I'm sure you all agree.

*(The rest of the colours – except for Indigo - are very agitated, but Yellow doesn't notice, glorying in its radiance.)*

6— No... I don't think that's a good idea. *(The rest of the colours nod in support of Blue.)*  
Water is... well... water! Its the colour it should be.

4— You're just saying that because you're jealous... and... I'll bet... because water is blue, and you don't think it should be taken away. Well, you're wrong.

6— That's not it, Yellow! Water isn't just blue. Sometimes its nearly black and other times

its azure. Sometimes its green and sometimes its clear... water's just... well... water coloured.

*(The rest of the colours make supportive sounds.)*

Colours: yeah... Blue's right... Yellow, you're getting pretty big on yourself... c'mon Yellow.

4— *(Sputtering.)*

Why, I... I never... I just... NO! I can't believe it!

No one of you understands that I am special – I am different from the rest of you – I am the most important colour of all. I know, I'll just shine you all out of existence.

*(Yellow opens arms wide, trying to cover the colours around him/her. The colours bend under Yellow's arms to keep shining through.)*

Well! If you won't give me my rightful place, I'm declaring independence. Who needs the lot of you! I'll do just fine on my one, thank you very much.

*(Yellow exits.)*

*(pause)*

6— Oh, no... one of our colours is missing. What are we going to do now?

2— Don't panic, colours! We'll do fine without that troublemaker. We just have to learn to compensate.

Colours: Compensate? Compensate! Yes!

*(pause)*

*(Together:)* HOW?

2— Well... mmmm.... well. *(Steps back.)*

I'll just back off on my shining a bit and, uh, orange, you too. Green can you give us just a bit more? *(Green steps forward.)* There! That'll do it.

8— *(Off to the side)* Pretty sick looking rainbow, I think.

2— What was that?

8— Oh... ummm... nothing.

*(Everyone stands quietly for a moment trying to shine. Indigo slumps more and more, getting heavier and heavier on Blue and Violet's hands.)*

8— Indigo, what's wrong? Stand up!

6— Yeah, buddy. You're getting kind of heavy.

7— *(Sounding sad and tired.)*

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be such a burden. *(sighs)* You know, rainbow... you don't really need me here. I'm nothing special. I don't really do very much. I mean, look... Blue... you colour the sky and the water. Violet – you're the colour of royalty. What do I do? Not much.

All I do is give a name to a book store. *(Heavy sigh)* You two can more than make

up for me. *(Turns and walks away. Blue and Violet look at their hands and at each other, in shock.)*

2— Compensate, colours! Compensate!!!!

*(Blue and Violet move back and forth, trying to find a way to fill in the gaps. Though they get closer, they are never able to join hands to cover the empty spaces. They get more and more tired, sinking back into their chairs.)*

3— Oh, no!

5— I'm so tired.

8— What are we going to do?

2— *(Quietly)* We aren't a rainbow any more.  
*(pause... pause... pause)*

1— Hmm... I was wrong. This rainbow was in trouble. Colours winging off in their own ways – some feeling overly important, others not recognizing their gifts. Now everything looks different... the yellow is missing, the indigo is gone. The colours are out of sync, looking pale and tired.  
Well, let's see what a new day brings.  
*(Colours wake and rise from their chairs – very slowly – looking nervous.)*

2— *(A bit worried.)* All right colours! Rise and shine. Prepare to sound off.  
Red here!

3— *(Sounding scared)* Orange here.

*(Pause because there is no Yellow.)*

5— *(Quietly)* Green here.

6— Blue here.  
*(Another pause)*

8— *(Sounds like s/he is going to cry.)* Violet accounted for.  
Oh... yeah.. "Colours, it looks like a beautiful day. Let's shine."  
*(pause)*  
This isn't working very well.

5— You're right... but all we can do is the best we can.

*(Quietly, Yellow enters behind the rainbow. For a moment, s/he stands and stares at how it looks... then slides into place.)*

4— *(In a little voice)* Ummm... Yellow is present,

Colours: Yellow? What? Yellow's Back? Hey – Yellow! Glad you're here. How ya' doin' buddy? (etc.)  
*(pause – colours remembering why Yellow left.)*

6— Ummm... Yellow? You're OK "just" being part of the rainbow?

4— *(pause)* Yes.

2— Well, Yellow... what happened?

4— I guess I should tell you.

I headed out – that way – and shone my colour so that it took over everything. There were yellow flowers, yellow birds, yellow water, yellow food, yellow everything. I shone and shone and shone. For a while it was great! Then...

3— Then?

4— Then everything started looking the same. There was a moving blur of yellow that was a bird – or a car. I wasn't sure. There was flat yellow and pointy yellow and fuzzy yellow... but it was all yellow. I had forgotten how important all the colours are... how each of us makes a difference... how each of our differences makes the world a beautiful place.

I'm sorry, colours... I had forgotten that unique doesn't mean better.

3 & 5— *(Leaning into Yellow.)* We're glad you're back.

*(Colours begin moving back and forth, trying to compensate for Indigo's absence.)*

4— What's with all the motion?

8— Didn't you notice? We're missing Indigo, too.

4— Oh, WOW! I saw Indigo when I was coming back. S/he looked familiar, but I couldn't place him/her outside of the rainbow. Why'd s/he leave?

3— *(sighing)* The opposite of your complaint, Yellow.

4— Oh?... Oh! S/he didn't realize how unique s/he is!

Colours: That's right.

4— How sad! Indigo is such a wonderful colour! So warm and calm... I'll miss her/him.

*(Indigo comes skipping into the room.)*

7— Hi, Rainbow! Hi, colours!

Colours: Indigo? *(Shouting in joy.)* You're back!

7— I'm back. *(Walks into place, standing tall.)*

It's good to see you and I'm glad to be home.

*(pause – Colours look like they want to ask, but stay quiet. Indigo humms to him/herself.)*

Oh! You probably want to know what happened.

(Everyone looks excited.)

8— But only if...

6— you *want* to tell us, Indigo.

7— Colours... you wouldn't believe what its like out there. I saw colours I've never seen before... shades and patterns and textures. They were all different, each and every one. Some of them had joined together to complement each other – to find some harmony and balance. Others bounced off of each other, chaotically. But each of them was different... and so am I.

I'm not Blue.

I'm not Violet.

But neither are they Indigo.

They have gifts that overlap mine... but mine are needed, too.

Each of us alone is just a single colour.

When one of us is gone, we're a bunch of colours. But, when we're together, doing our own thing – supporting one another... well, *that's* when we're a Rainbow.

1— And, as a rainbow, they lived ever after.

Sometimes they got frustrated, sometimes they got scared, and sometimes they celebrated with great joy.

Isn't that what being together is all about?