

RESCUING THE RAINBOW

BY: GRIZZLY K. SUNSHINE

RESCUING THE RAINBOW

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RESCUING THE RAINBOW

For Room 208...

RESCUING THE RAINBOW

GENRE

ONE ACT / COMEDY / FANTASY / LGBTQIA+

SUMMARY

MORPHEUS, THE BLUE-HAIRED GOD OF DREAMS, TRICKS A FEW OF HIS FELLOW OLYMPIANS TO EARTH IN ORDER TO RESCUE HIS LOVE, IRIS, THE GODDESS OF RAINBOWS, WHO IS TRAPPED THERE AS A MORTAL.

THEME

DREAM ON...

SETTING

PRESENT DAY, HOLLYWOOD, MT. OLYMPUS, MT. EVEREST

CHARACTERS

ZEUS, GOD OF THUNDER

MORPHEUS, GOD OF DREAMS

IRIS, GODDESS OF RAINBOWS

PSYCHE, GODDESS OF THE SOUL

APHRODITE, GODDESS OF LOVE

HERCULES, GOD OF STRENGTH

VIOLET, 19, MORTAL

DINA, 22, MORTAL

HOMELESS MAN / FIREMAN

WILD MOUNTAIN YAK

3+ YAK BABIES

VOICE

TECHNICAL NOTES

THE GLOWING TOGAS COULD BE SHOWN WITH LED PIPING.
ALSO, YOU CAN ADD AN INTERMISSION IF USING ORIGINAL
EMO MUSIC.

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PRODUCTION HISTORY

Rescuing the Rainbow, formerly *Twisted Olympus*, debuted at the M.O. Campbell Center located at 1865 Aldine Bender Road, Houston, TX 77032 on August 4, 2016.

Rescuing the Rainbow received its OFF-BROADWAY debut at the 777 Theater (Roy Arias Studios) at 777 8th Avenue New York, NY 11220 on August 10, 2016.

Features: Broadwayworld.com, *Pulse Magazine*, *Script Magazine*, *Teacher's Guide To Performing Arts Trips Magazine (United Kingdom)*, & *Writer's Digest*.

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ORIGINAL NYC OFF-BROADWAY CAST & CREW

GOD/MAXINE.....ASHLEY SALMERON
ZEUS.....ANTONIO LEOS, JR.
MORPHEUS.....ANTHONY CHRISTOPHER
PSYCHE.....DENISSE CORDOVA
APHRODITE.....CATHERINE EWING
HERCULES.....JAVION COX
ASTRA BIRDIE.....ELYSA AGUILAR
DALE LIMBO.....MOISES ANCIRA
WANDA LIMBO.....REMERICA EARL
BO LIMBO.....YAMIR ELLIS
HOWIE LIMBO.....HUAN TRAN
DINA ST. JAMES.....QUEEN ROYAL
PYRA ST. JAMES.....JAVARHEA THOMPSON
MAMA MAGIC.....ALISSA MOORE
STREET MAGICIAN.....ERIC SERVIN
SOUL #1.....JOCELYN TOVAR
STAGE MANAGERS.....EMILY LUONG & CHRIS GALAVIZ
CREW.....XAVIOR CORONADO, JARDON BROWN, & KAYLA
WILLIAMS
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR.....JABARI COLLINS
DIRECTOR.....ADAM BRANDNER

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ACT 1 SCENE 1

Empty stage. Mystical bouzouki music. A VOICE narrates the opening sequence as the action comes to life onstage through animation, pantomime, and/or projections.

VOICE. More than a thousand years ago, a renegade black hole intercepted a meteor shower in the Sunflower Galaxy. This savage event was tearing up the universe in such a way, that the Creator was forced to intervene...temporarily leaving Earth unguarded. In such a dilemma, five Olympic gods were left in charge to fill the void... *(Lights up to reveal ZEUS, PSYCHE, HERCULES, APHRODITE, and MORPHEUS posing heroically like marble statues in togas CS.)* Zeus and his Olympians did their best to manage Earth, however, violence, vitriol, and vengeance infected the planet, triggering the bloodiest wars humanity had ever known... *(The horrors of the Dark Ages are projected on the togas of the Olympians. Their heroic poses shift to a tragic tableau.)* Ions later, the once mighty Zeus was all but an obliterated memory by the end of the tenth century. *(The lights dim on the gods.)* The once glorified Greeks had fallen... Disgraced, the Olympians scattered to their own obscure corners of the universe. *(The gods each exit separate ways.)* Each one of them left Mt. Olympus to begin new destinies... *(Fade to black.)* Except...Morpheus. *(Spotlight.)* Morpheus continued his duties as the god of dreams on Earth. He believed firmly that the Greeks had much more to offer humanity. So, against direct orders, Morpheus traveled to Earth, in secret, to develop the dreams of those in need... His dream dust lasted for many years, until one day, his malfeasance was discovered. Furious, Zeus traveled down to Earth only to find out that Morpheus was not working alone... There was another god helping Morpheus... *(Mystical music swells. Fade to black.)*

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SCENE 2

MORPHEUS, the blue-haired god of dreams, is sprinkling his dream dust on a sleeping HOMELESS MAN in the Hollywood Hills. Storm SFX. Morpheus wears a wet, midnight-blue trench coat over his toga, blending in with the mortals. IRIS, goddess of rainbows, is holding an umbrella, also in disguise. Morpheus nods and her hands begin to glow with a vibrant rainbow light. The homeless man smiles and snuggles with his newspaper blankets. Thunder SFX. Iris looks around to make sure the coast is clear. She takes off her disguise. Her toga is overflowing with bright, rainbow colors. Iris abandons her umbrella as she dances in the rain and radiates optimism.

IRIS. Brilliant!

MORPHEUS. This sidewalk dwelling mortal will be on his feet in no time!

IRIS. *(The Storm SFX cease. Sunlight.)* Ah! The sun is back! That's my cue! *(She creates a brilliant rainbow. Rainbow Musical Flourish SFX.)* There...

MORPHEUS. Your rainbows are beautiful, Iris. I love your gradient...

IRIS. *(They move closer. Beat.)* Hey...do you know why it's hard to weigh rainbows on a scale?

MORPHEUS. No, why?

IRIS. Because they're too *light*!

MORPHEUS. Ha! *(Beat.)* Is it true there's a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow?

IRIS. Yuck! Gold isn't even in a rainbow at all. I don't know where that rumor came from...

MORPHEUS. *(They embrace.)* Iris, how come you never talk about the other colors?

IRIS. I haven't got a *blue*.

MORPHEUS. Iris. I'm serious. You're the goddess of rainbows and you only ever talk about the rainbow colors.

IRIS. Well of course! They suit me.

MORPHEUS. They do. But what about pistachio...or olive, or maybe mustard—

IRIS. I'm not hungry, thanks...

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MORPHEUS. Not the foods...the colors!

IRIS. Who needs those dark, depressing tones? I'll stick to the Skittle color pallet, thank you. (*Surprising Thunder SFX.*) Wow! I guess new storm clouds are rolling in...

MORPHEUS. (*Cautiously.*) I know that rattle... Drat! Iris! Zeus knows we are here!

IRIS. No, don't be a negative ion! (*Loud Thunder SFX.*) It's just a scattered storm...

MORPHEUS. ...with a chance of huge pectoralis muscles and a wiry white beard... (*A pregnant pause. He desperately looks for an escape. At last, defeated, he reaches for her rainbow hands.*) I'm sorry it has to end this way, my love. I'll distract him. You must get out of California before—

IRIS. Morpheus, I've been by your side for light years. I'm not going anywhere over an egotistical easternly front. (*She takes off his coat. They glow as gods. Their togas shine brilliantly.*) If Zeus is on his way, let's not hide our true colors in our final moments together under gravity.

MORPHEUS. (*Thunder SFX. Dodging a lightning strike.*) Wow! (*Nostalgically.*) I'm really going to miss the hazards Earth...

IRIS. I'm going to miss our team... But, remember Morpheus, *our* rainbow has no end...

MORPHEUS. No end ever. We'll find our way back here, Iris. Humanity needs to dream...

IRIS. (*Rainbow glowing hands.*) Dream...in technicolor. (*They kiss. Beat.*) Besides, I'm sure Zeus' punishment will be lenient. You altered humanity after all!

MORPHEUS. Right. I assume a temporary ban. Perhaps a millennia or so...

IRIS. No matter. If we are together on Mt. Olympus, my bright rainbow colors will be fully saturated... (*Thunder SFX. ZEUS, god of thunder, appears. Morpheus forces Iris to sleep out of sight with his dream dust.*)

ZEUS. Morpheus! What on Earth do you think you are doing to this poor mortal?

MORPHEUS. I'm giving this homeless man dreams—visions of his future potential. So that one day, he'll pick himself up... (*Zeus is silent.*) "Dreams are the touchstones of our character." Henry David Thoreau. "All of your

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dreams can come true, if you have the courage to pursue them.” Walt Disney. “Dream on.” Aerosmith.

ZEUS. Enough! Are you the god of dreams or the queen of quotations? Why is it, Morpheus, that every other Olympian understood that Earth was off limits?

IRIS. (*Entering, groggy.*) Not *every* other Olympian...

ZEUS. Iris! What are you doing here?

IRIS. Morpheus and I have been working together.

MORPHEUS. We are a team.

IRIS. A *dream* team.

ZEUS. A team? What do dreams and rainbows share in common?

MORPHEUS. (*Taking her hand.*) Plenty. But Iris really has what I lack.

ZEUS. Men should never admit to lacking anything. You lack nothing.

MORPHEUS. I lack color. My dreams are black and white.

IRIS. Morpheus creates the dreams. Black and white pencil sketches of hope—

MORPHEUS. —and Iris brings all the bright colors of her rainbow to my work.

IRIS. Together, we can inspire humanity to do anything...

ZEUS. (*Pause. To Morpheus.*) And you’re in love with her, I suppose?

MORPHEUS. (*Ignoring him.*) Humanity needs what we do!

ZEUS. (*Ignoring him back. Beat.*) Is it true you’ve entirely eliminated nightmares?

MORPHEUS. (*Pause.*) Yes, yes we’ve temporarily paused nightmares. (*Zeus is furious.*) Mortals live in a tough enough world! We shouldn’t pester their rest, sir.

ZEUS. That’s not for you to decide!

IRIS. Zeus, our colorful, happy, dreams are just more...vivid. More effective.

ZEUS. Is that so? (*Zeus summons a cloud.*) Look at what your neon nightmare-less work will lead to in the near future. I borrowed this vision from an Oracle. (*A video projection shows humanity indulging in the pleasures of life in a gluttonous, lazy way. The video should display awful, reality-show like behavior. Perhaps actual clips from a reality television program of your choice.*) See! Your technicolor dreams have brought

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humanity to its knees! You've created nothing but a world full of hedonists! All they do is pursue pleasure and avoid pain!

MORPHEUS. What's so horrible about avoiding pain?

IRIS. Pain is an ugly color. I don't do ugly colors.

ZEUS. Heavens! Don't you see? Life is not *only* pretty colors! There is also thunder! (*Thunder SFX.*) And agony. And...yes, nightmares.

MORPHEUS. You're wrong, Zeus. Nightmares are just too nasty!

IRIS. Nightmares call for a sepia and mustard color pallet. (*Referring to her rainbow outfit.*) That's just not me...

ZEUS. (*Annoyed.*) Crack, crash, roll, and rumble! Mortals come to Earth to learn lessons! You have interfered with that!

MORPHEUS. Zeus, your lessons are too...gruesome!

ZEUS. (*Quietly.*) Blind you are to the chaos you create. You can't skip the thunder. (*He thinks.*) Morpheus, for your crimes, you are banned from Earth for eternity!

MORPHEUS. Eternity!?

ZEUS. Eternity! Iris, goddess of rainbows, you will remain *here!* As a mortal!

IRIS. (*Upset.*) What? You're separating us?

ZEUS. There are serious lessons you both must learn! (*Thunder SFX.*) Apart!

MORPHEUS/IRIS. NOOO! (*Wind separates the lovers. Fade to black.*)

SCENE 3

Mt. Olympus, two decades later. PSYCHE, the hot-headed, clever goddess of the soul, tries unsuccessfully to enter the Earth Portal. Her toga has maroon and gold accents that match the golden diadem in her black, curly hair. The Earth Portal should be quite grand and made of clouds. Morpheus enters not seeing Psyche, exasperated.

MORPHEUS. At last! The Earth Portal! After nearly two decades of searching, after braving the River of Souls, after drinking forbidden Cyclops blood, after battling the storm-breathing Typhon... I've finally found the

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Earth Portal, banished by Zeus! (*Kissing the portal, elated.*) Glory to the gods! Earth is at my fingertips!

PSYCHE. (*Interjecting dryly.*) It's locked.

MORPHEUS. Psyche!?

PSYCHE. (*Comedically rushing past him and bouncing off of the portal.*) Earth! Take me back! I am the goddess of the soul! I need to be with my souls! (*She runs headfirst into the portal again but bounces back once more, more violently this time.*) My life is a Greek tragedy! (*Beat.*) Oh, Morpheus. Look at me. Look how low I have sunk. I haven't glowed as a goddess in ages! I'm basically a Roman...

MORPHEUS. (*Dumbfounded by her presence.*) Psyche, to find this Earth Portal, I had to go on an epic journey, almost twenty years... I was blind for four months. (*Pause.*) I had to drink Cyclops blood! How the Hades did you arrive here?

PSYCHE. That epic journey took you all the way around the cosmos to end up back here on Mt. Olympus in the supply closet behind Zeus' office. Where he keeps all the portals...

MORPHEUS. (*Furious.*) What?? I went on a saga— it was a borderline quest!

PSYCHE. Zeus is twisted like that. (*Beat.*) But...you haven't missed much here.

MORPHEUS. No? Have you had *any* success breaking through?

PSYCHE. Nope. (*She shows him all her blue bruises. Then, she runs into the portal and this time is thrown back so hard she does a backward somersault.*)

MORPHEUS. (*Beat.*) Psyche, I believe that you and I have something in common.

PSYCHE. Do you also have a dozen concussions? Or is that just me?

MORPHEUS. We both want to get back to Earth. Desperately. I went on a quest, and you are slowly turning into a bruised blueberry.

PSYCHE. (*Taking a moment to really look at him.*) Cyclops blood, eh? (*She starts to run again but then stops. Her signature Jingle SFX is heard. Her powers are activated by inner turmoil.*) Yes, yes...indeed, I can *feel* your soul longing for Earth. (*Jingle SFX again.*) And longing for someone too— Who?

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MORPHEUS. (*Changing the subject.*) Maybe we can help each other get there?

PSYCHE. (*Feigning excitement.*) By combining our powers?

MORPHEUS. Exactly!

PSYCHE. (*Dropping the excited act.*) Don't you think I've tried that, you Nyquil swigging nitwit? (*Beat.*) Sorry. Anyway, it would take *four* gods to break Zeus' curse. There aren't four gods crazy enough. Apparently, it's just us two.

MORPHEUS. Oh.

PSYCHE. Earth is tough, you know. It's hard to get gods to sign up to go.

MORPHEUS. (*Thinking.*) Then we'll just have to trick them! Have you tried reverse psychology?

PSYCHE. I'm the goddess of the soul. It's reverse *soul*-cology. (*Hurling herself against the portal.*) I haven't. But who would be dumb enough to fall for that? (*HERCULES and APHRODITE enter. They are attractive gods; both are wearing matching, protective snow gear (helmets, goggles, etc...) and carrying snowboards. Hercules is self-absorbed and Aphrodite is insecure.*)

APHRODITE. Hercules, this is not the way to Olympus Mons!

HERCULES. Olympus Mons? No! I said I want to go snowboarding on Neptune!

APHRODITE. There are no ski lifts on Neptune! Just admit it! We are lost!

HERCULES. I knew we should have brought Atlas!

PSYCHE. (*Annoyed.*) Hercules! If you're looking for Olympus Mons—it's on Mars.

MORPHEUS. (*Shocked by their presence as well.*) Now, how did you two get here?

HERCULES. Lost, I guess. (*Morpheus rolls his eyes.*) We have snowboarding to do on Neptune. (*Aphrodite elbows him.*) Sorry, Olympus Mons. I promised her Mars.

PSYCHE. Mars Portal...three clouds over, dummy...

HERCULES. Thanks, Psyche. Your sense of direction is almost as impressive as my biceps. (*He obnoxiously poses.*)

APHRODITE. (*Examining the portal.*) Is this *really* the forbidden Earth Portal?

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PSYCHE. (*Psyche comically pushes Hercules against the Portal but it throws him back.*) Sure is.

APHRODITE. (*Picking Hercules up.*) Earth is out of fashion these days. Let's go, Hercules...

MORPHEUS. Wait! (*Winking at Psyche. To Hercules.*) You know...every god knows Mt. Everest is the *ultimate* show of bravery.

HERCULES. No! Olympus Mons is the largest mountain in the Milky Way!

MORPHEUS. Dream on. Olympus Mons is nothing but a Martian mountain that no one has ever heard of! Mt. Everest has all the juice.

HERCULES. Hmm. He's right! Aphrodite, we came on this vacation to glow again. I miss glowing. I miss mortals ogling my muscles. I miss—gravity. Without it, my calves have gone to Hades. (*Showing his leg.*) See! Can we please go to Earth? I want to glow already!

APHRODITE. Have you forgotten what Zeus said? If you're caught on Earth, you'll be— (*Thunder SFX.*) Thundered...

HERCULES. Aphrodite... (*Giving up.*) All right, all right. You've made your point.

APHRODITE. Get Everest out of your mind. Earth is off limits. (*Hercules nods.*)

PSYCHE. (*Whispering to Morpheus.*) Reverse soul—cology...

MORPHEUS. (*Understanding her. To Hercules.*) Probably for the best. I can see clearly that you're not Earth ready.

PSYCHE. (*Playing along.*) He's been gravity free for decades. He'd be crushed.

HERCULES. Um...I'd be fine. Calves or not, I'm still the mighty Hercules.

PSYCHE. Oh? Shall we test out your theory? Let's try Earth's gravity on for size. (*Psyche snaps her fingers and the force of Earth's gravity hits Hercules. He slumps in pain.*) Heavy, isn't it?

HERCULES. (*Bent like a pretzel.*) Ouch. *This* is the weight of gravity? Wow. I really have gotten weak.

MORPHEUS. (*To Psyche.*) That looks extreme. Are you sure that is Earth's gravity?

PSYCHE. No, it's Jupiter's. I'm making a point here! Shh! (*To Hercules.*) So, as you can see, Morpheus was right.

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MORPHEUS. *(Still playing along.)* Indeed. Hercules, you're clearly not strong enough for Earth at the moment. You don't have the spine! *(Psyche snaps her fingers again and the gravity leaves.)*

APHRODITE. *(Annoyed.)* Pound some protein powder, Hercules. I remember Earth's gravity and it wasn't that bad.

HERCULES. Oh, no? Your turn. *(He chants. The lights dim.)* Weight of the Earth, fill this cavity, give Aphrodite a feel of your gravity! *(The lights return. Aphrodite reacts slightly to the change in gravity.)*

APHRODITE. Ooh. That's it? *(She applies lip gloss, unbothered.)*

MORPHEUS. *(Baiting Hercules.)* Have you really gotten that weak?

PSYCHE. Weaker than the goddess of vanity? Who is arguably the weakest Greek of us all...

APHRODITE. I'll argue that! I'm not weak! What about...what's-her-face...the goddess of flowers? Or the goddess of freaking peace? Now *they're* weak!

MORPHEUS. You're definitely in the bottom three...

APHRODITE. *(Offended.)* Well, Hercules might not have been able to handle that pressure, but it was nothing to me. I'm sure I could hold up today. *(She aggressively cracks her spine and grabs her snowboard. To Psyche.)* One first-class ticket to Earth, please.

HERCULES. Now you're the one who has forgotten what Zeus thundered. If any of us are caught on Earth, he said he would— *(Thunder SFX. Hercules pantomimes comedic violent action while the thunder rolls.)* —and then lightning bolt all of our marble statues! He doesn't just come after you... He comes after your entire natural stone collection!

APHRODITE. Fine! Let's go to Mars, I'm sick of dragging around this snowboard.

PSYCHE. Mars, smart choice... Less atmosphere. Dimmer lighting.

APHRODITE. What's that now?

PSYCHE. *(Baiting Aphrodite.)* You know, us gals...of a certain age...need beauty lighting. *(Pause.)* Like drag queens.

APHRODITE. Excuse me?

PSYCHE. I'm afraid your beauty wouldn't hold up on Earth today. Society's plastic surgery sweethearts would put your natural beauty to shame...

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APHRODITE. (*Pondering.*) So, the Earth girlies have stepped up their games...

MORPHEUS. Two words. Face. Lift.

APHRODITE. (*Gulping.*) They age upwards now? Against gravity?

PSYCHE. Even sideways if they want to. You can't compete with that.

HERCULES. (*Interjecting.*) Hold on, hold on. We are still Greek gods. Aphrodite may have a few wrinkles now and my triceps might not be as defined...but we still can glow if we turn it on.

MORPHEUS. Glow? After all these years? You think so?

HERCULES. Absolutely. With some strength training I'll be wrestling Hydras in no time! (*He pantomimes what we assume is a Hydra slam.*) Hydra slam! I can almost feel my godly glow already! (*Flexing.*) I'm charging as we speak! (*Hercules' toga begins to glow slightly. Morpheus interrupts his light before anyone can see it.*)

MORPHEUS. What about your bravery? Aren't you the god of that or something?

HERCULES. I dabble.

MORPHEUS. Well, that's where you will fall. To glow as a god fully, you will need to master both strength *and* bravery.

HERCULES. How do you figure that? Hasn't my track record of bravery—

MORPHEUS. It doesn't hold up anymore.

PSYCHE. You don't put accomplishments on your resumé after ten years.

MORPHEUS. You're a bit expired I'm afraid.

PSYCHE. Like Greek yogurt.

HERCULES. (*Pause.*) I'm still brave. I can assure you.

MORPHEUS. Once sure...but you're not Ares. Ares would never wear a helmet...

HERCULES. (*Taking off his helmet.*) I'm, I'm braver than Ares! (*Morpheus scoffs. Hercules looks deflated.*)

APHRODITE. (*Gasping.*) Is it possible that...I'm not pretty anymore?

HERCULES. (*Gasping louder.*) And that I'm not brave anymore?

PSYCHE. Well, there's only one way to *truly* find out... (*Psyche puts out her hands.*) If you've got the marbles... (*The gods share a serious look.*)

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ALL. *(They join together and chant, in Greek, the lyrics to the tune Born to be Wild.) Gennēmenos epi agriotēta, Gennēmenos epi agriotēta... (The Earth Portal glows. Hercules and Aphrodite get sucked in right away.)*

MORPHEUS. *(Psyche and Morpheus share a slick high-five.) Reverse...*

PSYCHE. Soul-cologyyy— *(Psyche and Morpheus get sucked into the Earth Portal. Fade to black.)*

SCENE 4

The Hollywood Sign. Dry, yellow grass surrounds. Dry grass needs to be all around the theatre/audience seats so the baby yaks can eat it later for an optional immersive theatrical experience. A mortal version of Iris, now an emo teenage girl, sits, drawing with her sketchbook. Her best friend and pyromaniac, VIOLET, 19, plays with a lighter. She is monotoned: Think MTV's Daria. Violet's wearing a dragon-like outfit that compliments her tattoos. Both girls are dressed totally in black. Iris is dark, but even her dark side is a bit sparkly. Their original emo rock music underscores the scene. Feature original emo music throughout if you like. Otherwise, songs in the style of My Chemical Romance will do.

IRIS. *(Drumming on everything with her sketch pencils.)* Don't forget emo band practice tonight...

VIOLET. Oh, again...

IRIS. What do you think of this new logo? I drew it. For our album cover.

VIOLET. *(Impressed.)* Wicked. I especially like the black flames. You know how I love fire.

IRIS. So, this is it then! The official logo of Violet's Pilots!

VIOLET. You're a really talented artist, Iris. *(Pause.)* But I think Violet's Pilots have crashed. We should quit.

IRIS. Quit!? Quit?? Why, Violet?

VIOLET. We've been emo rockers for a while now. And we're exactly nowhere... All of our failures are bringing me down, man. I just want to be chill all the time. Failures don't add up to chill. They equal...unchill. Sometimes I just want to ride a black dragon into the sunset and never return.

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IRIS. But music is your *dream!* You can't give up our band! DREAMS OR DUST! (*Pause. Thinking.*) We just need a spark. Something to get our duo noticed!

VIOLET. I can provide a spark! (*She flicks her lighter, but it fails.*) This lighter never works! I'm the worst pyromaniac ever! We are dead. Like this lighter!

IRIS. DREAMS OR DUST! We always said we'd never give up!

VIOLET. Well... Well— Ugh, arguing is so unchill. Okay, okay. (*Thinking.*) What if I... changed my name? (*Violet whispers to Iris.*)

IRIS. Wait, you want me to call you what?

VIOLET. *Violence.* Instead of Violet. Tougher. My name now...Violet... It's too—

IRIS. Boisterous, bright...Brady Bunch?

VIOLET. Yes! You really understand colors, Iris. Too bad we don't wear any...

IRIS. Right. But I'm not calling you Violence. You'll always be Violet to me.

VIOLET. That sounds like a dig...

IRIS. Admit it, Vi. You're nineteen, but, looking through the life experience lens, you're still using the ugly preschool box of crayons.

VIOLET. (*Pause.*) Well, you're not exactly Avril Lavigne, yourself.

IRIS. You know what? You're right. No wonder nobody buys our act.

VIOLET. Donning black nail polish doesn't really cut the mustard anymore.

IRIS. Mustard. Now there's a pretty color. (*Déjà Vu SFX. Beat.*) It's funny, Vi. I see colors a lot differently now... Everything has been different lately. Do you know what I mean?

VIOLET. Different sure, I get it... Like I used to dream about fire breathing dragons. But suddenly...I don't dream about dragons anymore... Really, they were more like dragon nightmares... I miss my horrifying Dragon dreams...

IRIS. Right! (*Beat.*) See, growing up I was a neon pink type of girl. (*She hands Violet a photo book of proof.*) Barbies, blush bedsheets, bubble gum birthday cakes... Feels like ages ago... I used to be literally obsessed with the color. It was unhealthy. I was pink.

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VIOLET. Our fans won't like pink. *(She takes out a cigarette and lights it.)*

IRIS. *(Beat.)* I really see *black* now. Just like I used to see pink. Did you know there are over one hundred shades of black? Jet, onyx, licorice...

VIOLET. Geez—

IRIS. Midnight, raven, obsidian....

VIOLET. Okay—

IRIS. Grease, oil, crow...

VIOLET. Do you have a favorite?

IRIS. Well... It's *more* than a favorite. It's become quite an obsession for me. I want to see it everywhere. Even in the sky! Have you ever heard of the magnificent color...charcoal?

VIOLET. Charcoal? You mean like the color of burnt stuff? *(Iris nods excitedly.)* Burnt. It's hardly even a color! *(Tapping her cigarette.)*

IRIS. Open your eyes, Violet! Charcoal is nature's purest black! It gives my eyeballs goosebumps. Charcoal is my new pink. *(Iris grabs Violet's lit cigarette and burns her pink photo book.)* There. In the ashes. Look carefully. Can you see the dark sparkles?

VIOLET. *(Looking closely.)* Yes, actually... I can! *(With a twinkle.)* Let's burn more stuff, Iris! *(Fade to black.)*

SCENE 5

Mt. Everest. The mountain should have steep peaks, covered in snow, but a clear valley for a snowboarding race. Ideally, the set design will be overwhelmingly white, to contrast the vivid orange and purple fire scenes to come.

HERCULES. Awaken mortals! Your god has arrived. I'm already adjusting to the gravity! Strength activated!

APHRODITE. Mt. Everest! *(Looking up.)* That summit makes me feel small.

MORPHEUS. Mt. Everest? No, we were supposed to go to California.

RESCUING THE RAINBOW

PSYCHE. Why California? *(Jingle SFX.)* I can sense that your soul is straining for someone. Who is it? Who is in California? Who is your heart longing for?

APHRODITE. *(Pause.)* It's me, isn't it?

MORPHEUS. Zeus, no! *(Pause.)* It's Iris...

HERCULES. That weirdo that does the rainbows?

APHRODITE. You're in love with that over-caffeinated Rainbow Brite?

MORPHEUS. Zeus trapped her here on Earth as a mortal. Apparently, she needed to learn about the dark colors of the rainbow. But I'm here to bring her back to Mt. Olympus.

APHRODITE. How chivalrous.

MORPHEUS. Also, necessary.

PSYCHE. What do you mean?

MORPHEUS. When Iris gets passionate about something...let's just say her energy takes up the entire sky. When she fully embraces her bright colors, there aren't many issues. Just a little overflowing optimism...

HERCULES. It's annoying as having to eat protein...

MORPHEUS. *(Annoyed, Morpheus throws dream dust on Hercules, who instantly falls asleep snoring. Beat. To Psyche.)* Dream dust. Nine grams of protein.

APHRODITE. Really?

MORPHEUS. No.

PSYCHE. *(Jingle SFX.)* There's something you're not telling us.

MORPHEUS. I'm afraid of what she will do if she embraces the dark side of the rainbow...

PSYCHE. So, this is a rescue mission?

MORPHEUS. For me, yes. I'm here to rescue my rainbow.

APHRODITE. Aww. Even though it's clear now that you used us to get here for ulterior purposes.... Aww.

PSYCHE. Does she know who she is? Or is she of mortal mind?

MORPHEUS. Mortal mind.

PSYCHE. *(Shocked.)* Mortal mind! Then how will you find her?

MORPHEUS. I'm going to follow my heart...

PSYCHE. I see. Well, that's a stupid plan. *(To a groggy Hercules and Aphrodite.)* Here, take these. *(She hands each god a small cloud.)* This cloud

RESCUING THE RAINBOW

is a communication device. Like a cell phone. Use it if you get in trouble. (*Hercules and Aphrodite exit.*) If you want, I'll help you locate Iris.

MORPHEUS. Really?

PSYCHE. (*Jingle SFX.*) There's passion inside you. It's for her. We must save her.

MORPHEUS. I must warn you; she might be very different now... Darker...

PSYCHE. I'm sure she will be. It's her nature...to be bold. And if she's mixed with a hormonal teenager here...we've got our work cut out for us. (*Jingle SFX.*) Hmm. She is near the ocean. Hollywood. Let's move. (*Fade to black.*)

SCENE 6

Hollywood Hills. Violet has made a large torch from dry grass and sticks. She burns stuff in a metal trash can.

VIOLET. (*Smoking.*) I love fire like I love a good bruise!

IRIS. Fire turns *everything* black. Even this yellow grass. Looking at it, I almost expect a phoenix to rise from these beautiful charcoal ashes... (*Beat. A moment of realization*) A phoenix... Violet, we can be the phoenix! (*Pause.*) Our band—I know how we can darken our rainbow... Become legit emo.

VIOLET. I'd do anything to be legit. But—

IRIS. (*She grabs Violet's cigarette.*) A spark.

VIOLET. Huh? Orange sparks don't make you famous...or sell emo albums. (*She grabs her cigarette back.*)

IRIS. Big sparks do...

VIOLET. There's no way to 'big spark' fast... Not unless we kill some Hollywood ingenue or something like that...

IRIS. I don't mean a figurative spark.

VIOLET. Then what do you mean?

IRIS. I mean... (*Thinking.*) Let's get our band's logo out to the masses.

RESCUING THE RAINBOW

VIOLET. How? We can't afford a billboard. We can't even afford an ad in the Penny Saver.

IRIS. No. But we *can* afford gasoline.

VIOLET. Gasoline? What? If we're going to the gas station, I'd rather buy black licorice...

IRIS. Picture this... *(She grabs her sketchbook.)* We sketch out our band's new logo in gasoline, here in the Hollywood Hills. Huge, like huge. Then, with a single spark... Los Angeles will be able to see our band's logo for miles...from helicopters even! *(Throwing soot.)* In the best color ever... DREAMS OR DUST!!!

VIOLET. *(Thinking.)* Eighty percent of forest fires are started by man.

IRIS. Good thing we're women then...

VIOLET. *(Eyes slowly sparkling.)* High danger, no control— *(Beat.)* Wait, I don't know, Smokey the Bear says—

IRIS. If we do this... Tomorrow, everyone will know about Violet's Pilots! *(Pause.)* We'll be rock stars. Our careers will literally be on fire... *(Pause.)* You said you'd do anything to be legit... C'mon, my little pyro...

VIOLET. *(Pause. Thinking.)* But you know, Iris...we're basically signing our names to this crime. We'll probably go to prison.

IRIS. Prison is the perfect place to get inspiration for our new emo album! *(Beat.)* As long as we're together in jail, Violet...at least artistically, we'll be fully saturated. DREAMS OR DUST!

VIOLET. *(Thinking.)* I'm in... There's a Shell station down the hill. Maybe there I can get a lighter that works. And some black licorice. Let's go... *(They exit. Fade to black.)*

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