

SCENE SEVEN (INDIGO and yellow BEE)

(Oblivious to BEE, INDIGO enters and speaks)

INDIGO: *(muttering to self)* I am not “nonexistent.” Indigo does exist and everyone knows it. And soon everyone will fall in love with me and not care about the rest of the rainbow.

BEE: *(to audience)* What is that up with that? Is that the rainbow? *(straightens, faces out, as if facing judges)* Rainbow, r-a-i-n-b-o-w, rainbow.

INDIGO: If you are referring to me, yes, I am the rainbow.

BEE: No way. That’s impossible! *(straightens)* Impossible, i-m-p-o-s-s-i-b-l-e, impossible.

INDIGO: Yes, I am. And why are you spelling out your words?

BEE: Because *(to audience)* I am a spelling bee. Get it? Get it? A spelling bee! Ha! *(to INDIGO)* But why are you here on your own?

INDIGO: Because I’m the rainbow.

BEE: You do not look like any rainbow I know. The rainbow I know has more colors in it than just indigo. *(straightens)* Indigo, i-n-d-i-g-o, indigo.

INDIGO: Yes, it used to, but now each of the colors is being their own rainbow.

BEE: I don’t like that idea. Shouldn’t you all stay together? You look better together. *(straightens)* Together, t-o-g-h- *(buzzes at self, starts over)* t-o-g-e-t-h-e-r, together.

INDIGO: Well, I like an all-indigo rainbow. Wouldn’t you prefer it if all insects were yellow?

BEE: NO! If all insects were yellow, then there would be no butterflies or grasshoppers or ladybugs or spiders – though we could do without the spiders. No, I would not want all bugs to be like me. I want *me* to be the only me. Me, m-e, me!

INDIGO: I hadn’t thought of it that way. I guess it is better for the rainbow to have all its colors.

BEE: Ooo, ooo, ooo! *(trying to get her to play along, which she does)*

INDIGO: Colors, c-o-l-o-r-s, colors. *(they share a giggle)* I guess we need *all* the colors so that *each* color stands out as individual, and beautiful. I should

go find the rest of the rainbow. I need to tell them that the rainbow needs all of us. We have to get back together. Oh, I hope they forgive me. (*turns to BEE*) Forgive, f-o-r-g-i-v-e, forgive. (*share another laugh*) Thank you, Bee. Wish me luck! I'll see you later.

BEE: Good luck, Indigo! You're welcome! (*straightens*) Welcome, w-e-l-c-o-m-e, welcome.