

April and the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow

by Sigrid E. Mortensen
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Production Notes

Characters: 8 adult females, 2 adult males. Ideally, April is played by a preteen child. (Note, however, that she sings all or part of ten of the eleven songs in the musical, so she should be a child with excellent singing skills. A child-like adult would also work in this role.) Samantha, the cat, could be played by an adult or child.

April: Independent, curious, plucky, impulsive. Eight-to-eleven years old. Soprano vocal range: Middle C to D5. (B3 would be nice, but not absolutely necessary; a few notes can be moved up if B3 isn't there.)

Mom: Thirty- to forty-something. Loving but, during most of the musical, distracted by her duties to her husband's party. Alto vocal range: G3 to A4.

Dad: Thirty- to forty-something. Like Mom, loving but distracted by the party. Tenor vocal range: C3 to D4.

Cat: Non-speaking/non-singing part. Some meowing. Expressive with body movements and facial expressions.

Postman: Forty- or fifty-something. Generally a nice guy, and usually friendly to April, but like all the adults on this odd day, stressed and preoccupied with duty. Bass vocal range: F2 to D3.

The Sisters: All of the sisters should be twenty- to thirty-something. Young enough to be lovely and ageless, not at all witch-like. All are a little naïve about the world at large, somewhat vain, and self-centered. In keeping with the theme of diversity, it would be wonderful to have the seven sisters be of a variety of ethnicities. This would also add a touch of humor when April claims to recognize their "family resemblance."

Red: *The leader of the sisters. Bold, impatient, tending to be cross. Alto vocal range: G3 to A4.*

Orange: *The peacemaker. Softer and rounder than most of the other sisters. Generally cheerful. Alto vocal range: G3 to B4.*

Yellow: *The yes-woman. Tends to agree with whomever made the last argument. Alto vocal range: G3 to B4.*

Green: *Wispy. Elvin. Suggesting of forest leaves and trees. Disconnected. Dreamy almost (but not quite) to the point of being an air-head, as if she's thinking more about being in the forest than about the discussions at hand. Mezzo-soprano vocal range: G3 to C#5.*

Blue: *Tall. Regal. Indignant. Superior. Critical. Defensive of Indigo. Mezzo-soprano vocal range: A3 to D5.*

Indigo: *Much shorter than the rest. Inferiority complex. Defensive. Easily hurt. Soprano vocal range: C4 to D5.*

Violet: *Soft-spoken but intelligent. The teacher of the group. When she speaks, others listen because what she says is well thought-out and tends to make sense. Soprano vocal range: C4 to D5.*

Costumes: *The seven sisters will be dressed like witches, with pointy hats, robes and pointy-toed shoes. Ideally, each robe/hat ensemble will be in the color of that sister and be rendered for most of the play as gray by the lighting (see below). Alternatively, the robes can be in shades of gray, and changed to colored robes when the colors are restored.*

Prominent also is April's party dress: it should have every color of the rainbow in the skirt, and be able to swirl when she spins. Again, she can have an alternate costume in shades of

gray, but ideally the colors would be present, but muted by lighting for most of the musical. She also wears a raincoat with a hood.

Mom and Dad will be dressed for an afternoon adult business party. The mailman should be in a postal service uniform. Samantha should have a cat's costume.

Properties: *April's bed and a place to hang her dress; kitchen appliances, including a toaster; dishes, including a cereal bowl, soufflé dishes, serving dishes; food including toast, butter, a box of cereal, a milk carton, and gray "blueberries;" a dining room table; a collapsible table; screwdriver; picnic table; a bird puppet (should be colored gray); mailbag; large cauldron; rainbow(s) (if necessary, can have one colored, one in shades of gray).*

Setting: *Inside and outside April's house, including inside her bedroom, inside her kitchen/dining room area (with a partition so both are visible), and her backyard. Also, a hilltop some distance from her home, where the rainbow and Seven Sisters reside.*

Lighting: *Full lighting in the first scene, after which, during most of the play, everything will appear gray. In Scene 6, the lighting should make the entire scene look first pink, then purple, then yellow, then back to gray. The colors need to seem to slide up and down the gray rainbow until they infuse the scene.*

Sound: *A flute should be used to simulate the bird's half of its conversation with April.*

Act I

Scene 1: April's Bedroom at Dusk

April is sitting up in bed in her pajamas. There is a colorful blanket on the bed, the sky outside her window is streaked with the setting sun. Dad is sitting at the end of her bed, and Mom is standing upstage of the bed, ready to tuck April in. They are all having a bedtime conversation.

MOM: Remember, you've got to get a good night's sleep so you're well rested for Dad's work party tomorrow.

APRIL: (*sighing*): Can you tell me again: what's a "work party?" (*Wrinkling her nose*) It doesn't sound like much fun.

DAD (*laughing*): It's a party where the guests are people from work -- my boss, some invest...

APRIL (*interrupting*): Oo! Do you mean the ogre?

DAD (*laughing again*): What are you talking about?

APRIL: Mr. Johnson, your boss! He looks like a mean old ogre. (*She hunches over and looks mean to demonstrate.*)

MOM: Oh, April! We've told you before: you shouldn't judge people by how they look!

DAD: Mr. Johnson is actually quite nice.

APRIL: I bet he's really an ogre, only he's cast a spell on you to make you *think* that he's nice. Do you feel like you're under a spell, Daddy?

DAD: No, I do not. And, as I was saying, there are going to be investors at the party, too -- people who might give the company money for my latest invention.

APRIL: I bet the ogre will take all the money from the investors and hide it and you'll never know it because you're under his spell.

DAD (*no longer amused*): Okay, that's enough. Time to go to sleep.

APRIL (*pretty much ignoring him and turning to Mom*): I get to wear my new dress to the party tomorrow, right Mom?

MOM: That's right.

APRIL: Can you get it out so I can look at it while I go to sleep?

MOM: I suppose, if you promise to go right to sleep.

APRIL: I promise!

(Mom goes to the closet and fetches a very colorful party dress. It has a swinging skirt streaked with every color of the rainbow. She hangs it up near the bed.)

APRIL: Did you see how, when I tried it on today and I spun around in it, all the colors blended together? It looked just like a rainbow! It was beeeooootiful!

Mom and Dad start moving toward the door and the light switch.

MOM (*smiling*): It was very nice.

APRIL: It was more than nice. It was beeeooootiful! It might even be enchanted! I bet if I spin around in it tomorrow in front of the ogre, it will break the spell, and then you and Daddy can have all the money! Do you think that would work, Daddy?

MOM & DAD (*together, firmly*): Sleep!

Mom and Dad turn off the light as they exit. April stares dreamily up at her dress. Then she sits up, looks around, and

creeps out of bed toward her dress as she looks at it and sings....

***Note to the reader:** Please listen to track 01 (“Better Together”) of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.*

Note that there are no pauses in the tracks to give you time to read the descriptions of action inserted in the middle of some of the songs. Feel free to keep your finger on the “pause” button to allow yourself time to read these passages.

APRIL:

Red is there.
Green is there.
And there’s blue.
Yellow’s there.
Purple’s there.
Orange is, too.
Each individual color:
Completely unlike every other.
Sassy like yellow
Or brassy or mellow,
Each one, if it was sold separately
Is no fun; it would get old eventually.
But put them side by side
Where each is intensified.
And then you’ll find me....

She slips the dress on over her pajamas and begins to dance as she sings....

Swirling and twirling and spinning and grinning.
I love to see the colors in an arc.
They look better together than they ever look when
they’re apart.
Because they’re bending and blending and surging and
merging

And forming their own work of art.
They look so much better together than they could ever
look apart.
Oh how
Can anyone ask me to choose only one:
The color that matches the grass, the sky, the lake or the
sun?
When their tapestry's spun,
They look better together, 'cause they are all....

April's song is interrupted by a knock on the door....

MOM (*through the door*): April, Dear! Settle down and go to
sleep now. You promised!

APRIL: Okay, Mom. Goodnight!

MOM: Goodnight!

*April climbs back onto the bed, still in her dress, and waits for
a few moments. She gets out of bed again, and begins very
softly, but with a crescendo...*

APRIL:

Swirling and twirling; I'm spinning and grinning.
I love to see the colors in an arc.
They look better together than they ever look when
they're apart.
Oh how
Could anyone ask me to sit down and choose
The color that matches my dad's favorite hat or my
mom's favorite shoes?
I simply refuse!
'Cause I prefer them....

Bending and blending and surging and merging
And forming their own work of art.

They look better together than they could
Ever
Look
Apart!

The music ends as April removes her dress, hangs it carefully back on the hanger, and flops onto the bed, and relaxes as she looks dreamily up at her dress. Fade to black.

Scene 2: April's Bedroom the Following Morning.

It's the same with one big exception: everything is gray. The blanket is gray. The walls are gray. And April's dress is varying shades of gray. (The lighting should even make April's hair and skin look like shades of gray.)

April awakes and stretches, smiles, and sits up to look around the room. Her face falls. She scratches her head, puzzled. She rubs her eyes. Looks again.

APRIL (to herself): Something is very wrong. I wonder....
That's it! Maybe it's just too early to get up! Mom once said that if it was too early to get up, I wouldn't be able to see any colors yet. That must be it!

Nodding, she climbs back into bed and tries to go back to sleep. She tosses and turns, then sits up.

APRIL: I must be too excited about the party!

She lies back down, tosses and turns some more, then grabs her stomach and sits up.

APRIL: Or maybe I'm just too hungry to sleep!

She sniffs the air.

APRIL: But wait! Somebody is making toast! No wonder I'm hungry! And if they're making toast, it must not be that early!

She gets up again, and pulls open the shade of her window. The sun, visible over the horizon, is gray. So, too, are the grass, the trees, the sky and the neighboring house. She rubs her eyes again, shakes her head in disbelief. Finally she walks over to her dress and holds it out in front of her. She looks up at the audience with a grimace. Gives an experimental spin with the dress held in front of her. Then she droops, disappointed. Shrugging, she goes off to put it on anyway.

Scene 3: April's Dining Room and Kitchen

April enters stage left wearing her gray dress. Everything here is gray, too: wallpaper, table, curtains.... April's father is getting serving dishes out of a cabinet for the party, and appears preoccupied with his task. April enters the dining room where her father is rummaging in a cupboard, looking for something.

APRIL: Good morning, Daddy.

DAD (*exasperated*): Can't find anything in this cupboard!

April pauses, as if to ask him something, then sighs and pushes the door open into the kitchen, where her mother is making food for the party. Toast is sticking out of the top of the toaster.

APRIL: Mother...

MOM: (*without turning around*): Good morning, dear.

APRIL: Mother?

MOM: Mm?

APRIL (*with increasing impatience*): Mother! Look!

April spins around to show her mother how awful and gray her dress looks. Then stops to gauge her mother's reaction, but

her mother only glances at her over her shoulder, then returns to her task.

MOM: Very nice, dear.

APRIL: But, Mother!

MOM: April, honey, can't you see that I'm busy making food for the party? If I don't do this soufflé just right, it will fall and be ruined. Will you please just... get your breakfast and take it to the dining room?

April sighs, grabs the toast, and starts to butter it. She also puts some milk on a bowl of cereal. She starts to pick up some blueberries to put on top, but they look gray. She makes a face, but shrugs and uses them anyway. With one last exasperated look at her mother, she carries the toast and cereal into the dining room, where her father is now trying to set up a large table to hold all the party food. He appears to be quite involved in the complicated procedure.

APRIL: Hi, Daddy.

DAD: ...always putting things together at the last minute... no instructions... can't remember... last time... where did I put...?

April's father drops the screwdriver and it rolls under the dining room table.

DAD: Not again! *(He drops down to his knees to retrieve it.)*

APRIL *(frowning and hesitant)*: Daddy... Um... Daddy, why aren't there any colors today?

DAD: *(Sits up and pushes a hand through his hair.)* Honey, I'm too busy getting ready for the party to answer a lot of your questions today. *(Brightening with false enthusiasm...)* I know! Maybe when you finish your breakfast you could go outside and play for a little while.

(Mom enters from the kitchen with something in her hands, and begins to sing. Dad and April join in.)

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 02 (“Would You Notice It?”) of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

MOM:

Busy, busy, busy, busy.
Preparations make me dizzy.
Got to get most everything just right so
It won't fall apart.

DAD:

Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy.
Reputation can't be lazy.
Only way to finish ev'rything is
Get a running start.

APRIL:

Oh! How it would astound you!
To look
And
Once
Notice what's around you.

If the colors left the land,
Would you notice it?
If the roses just looked bland,
Would you notice it?

If the big blue skies
One day wore a gray disguise,
Would you even be surprised or
Would you notice it?

MOM:

Busy, busy, busy, busy.
I'm in such a whirlwind tizzy.
Got to get things somewhere near perfection:
A sight to behold.

DAD:

Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy.
Feel my thinking going hazy.
Got to face it in the right direction,
Keep it all controlled.

APRIL:

Oh!
How it might amaze you!
If you
Could
Just
Recognize today's hue!

If the world turned gray,
Would you notice it?
Red and blue ran astray,
Would you notice it?

If the red sunrise
Should just dematerialize,
Could you even visualize it?
Would you notice it?

MOM: Busy.

DAD: Crazy.

MOM: Dizzy.

DAD: Hazy.

APRIL:

If the world stopped making sense,
Would you notice it?
Full of unexplained events,
Would you notice it?

If the monarch butterflies
Lost the orange that beautifies them,
Would you still recognize them?
Would you notice it?

MOM: Busy.

DAD: Crazy.

APRIL:

Your daily enterprise
Has you so well hypnotized,
You no longer realize it.
You don't notice,
Notice,
Notice
It.

Mom disappears back into the kitchen. Dad resumes working. April takes a few bites of food while she watches her father work, then goes through to the kitchen to clean up her dishes.

APRIL (to her mother): I'm going outside now.

April moves toward the door to the outside and has her hand on it to exit.

MOM (still with her back to April): Well, you'd better take a raincoat. It looks gray out there today.

April stops short at the door, spins around, and looks at her mother curiously.

MOM: You wouldn't want to get your pretty new dress wet if it rains.

April picks up the hem of her skirt, looks at it, looks at her mother, and mouths "Pretty?" to the audience. She starts to grab a raincoat off of a hook but looks down at her dress and with a "why bother" gesture, she shrugs and exits right without the coat. As she leaves, her father is just entering the kitchen, and she hears him say....

DAD (*grumpily*): If it rains today, it'll ruin our party, you know....

Scene 4: April's Back Yard

April is sitting on top of a picnic table in the back yard, her feet on the bench, head in her hands, brooding. Part of a leafy tree branch is visible above her head. Everything out here is gray, too.

APRIL (*looking up*): What's wrong with my parents? Don't they notice anything different? And why are they so grumpy? They've had parties before! They usually seem happy getting ready for them! Something is just not right today!

(Looking worried...) Or maybe it's me! Maybe there's something wrong with me! What if *they* can see the colors just fine, and there's something wrong with my eyes? Maybe that's why they don't want to talk about it! *(She closes one eye, then the other, then blinks rapidly, and finally shakes her head.)*

It's no use! I'll never figure it out this way. Hey! There's the mailman. Maybe he can tell me.

A mailman – dressed completely in gray – enters stage left and rushes by with his head down, hurrying to the next house.

APRIL: Hi!

The mailman doesn't seem to even hear her or see her, but just rushes by.

POSTMAN (*in a small reprise of "Would You Notice It?"*):

Busy, busy, busy, busy
Got to make the day's deliv'ry.
Make sure I deliver ev'ry thing before the sun goes down.

APRIL:

Oh, how can they observe this mess,
If they can't see over their own nervousness?
Truly, I don't understand why adults don't care!
You would think that they would notice there's no color
there!
But their grumpiness may show, on some level far below,
That a part of them does know; they just don't notice,
Notice,
Notice it.

APRIL: I don't understand! He's usually so relaxed and friendly! Why is everyone so tense today?

A sad-sounding chirp in the branch above her head makes April look up. A grayish bird is just visible in the branches.

APRIL: Hello there! Hey, you're supposed to be a bluebird, aren't you?

BIRD: (*Sad chirp.*)

APRIL: But, you're not blue today!

BIRD: (*Sad chirp.*)

APRIL: And you usually have such a pretty song! Why are you so sad today?

BIRD: (*Sad chirp.*)

APRIL: Mr. Bluebird, are you sad because the colors are all gone?

BIRD: *(Sad chirp, then he hangs his head and is quiet again.)*

APRIL: I knew it! It's **not** just me!

What should be an orange cat enters. The cat, however, is gray-striped instead of orange-striped.

APRIL: Hi, kitty! Who are you?

The cat comes and rubs up against April's leg.

APRIL: Why, you look just like the orange cat who lives next door, but....

SAMANTHA: Mrow!

APRIL *(surprised)*: Samantha? But, you're not orange!

SAMANTHA *(sadly)*: Mrow....

APRIL: That does it! We **have** to figure out where all the colors went! *(She starts to rise, then sits down again.)* But... how? I don't even know where to start! *(She thinks, then looks up and starts to sing.)*

During the following song, April's father should be illuminated on his side of the stage. In reality, he hasn't stopped getting ready for the party, but in this song he's acting as April's memory and inspiration while singing with her.

NOTE: To show that he's really inside, working, a silhouetted projection of him could be displayed on a scrim behind a window pane.

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 03 ("Easy After That") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

APRIL:

Every question has a solution.

Every problem, some resolution.
All you gotta do is find it!
Get your brain behind it.....

APRIL (*spoken*): What is it that Daddy always says?

DAD: There are ideas everywhere.

APRIL: There are ideas everywhere.

TOGETHER: Latch one,
Snatch one
From the air.

If you put your mind to it
You can really do it.
Think the problem through, it
Should be easy after that.

DAD: They're making money ev'ry day.

APRIL: They're making money ev'ry day.

TOGETHER: Rich in-
Vestors
Gladly pay.

For a great suggestion
Makes a fine investment.
Don't sweat the rest, because it's
Easy after that.

APRIL: Oh, such frustration!

DAD: Put your mind to it.

APRIL: That somewhere in...

DAD: You can really do it.

APRIL: My mind, there's inspiration...

DAD: Think the problem through, it's....

APRIL: I just can't seem...

DAD: You know it's easy...

APRIL: To find!

DAD: Easy after that.

APRIL: I've got the answers all inside.

DAD: You've got the answers all inside.

TOGETHER: Relax, the

Facts, they

All reside

In some cryptic location

But with some small translation

And enough imagination, well it's

Easy....

Easy....

Easy

After

That.

April's father's side of the stage darkens. A light rain begins to fall on April.

APRIL (*hunching her shoulders, perhaps regretting that she left her raincoat behind*): Oh, great! Now it's starting to rain!

A gray rainbow becomes illuminated in the background.

APRIL: I wonder if there's a rainbow. If there's color anywhere, it should be there. (*Looks around.*) There it...! (*Disappointed.*) Oh. It's gray, too. (*She goes back to sulking and thinking.*)

APRIL: You know what the problem is, Samantha?

SAMANTHA: Mrow?

APRIL: Money. It's because of money that they have to have this stupid party that they're all grumpy about and I have to wear a dumb dress that doesn't even look right anymore. *(She plucks at her dress and sighs.)* If I had money, I could buy Dad's invention from him, and then he wouldn't have to worry, and he could tell me where all the colors have gone. *(Pauses, thinking...)* Or... or I could *pay* somebody to tell me! Or I could buy a computer and look it up! Or I could pay for a taxi ride to the library -- one of the books there has to have the answer. That's it, Samantha -- what we need is: Money. *(Sighing...)* But how? Where?*(thinks...)* Hey! I've got it! Samantha, some people say there's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow! *(She looks back at the rainbow, dubious.)* That's not much of a rainbow... but if we can find the gold, we'd have *some* way to figure out where all the colors have gone! C'mon! Let's go!

Samantha shrugs, then follows April off stage.

Scene 5: On Route to the Rainbow

This can be set in front of the curtain as April and Samantha are on their quest. They cross in front of the curtain (or, in lieu of a curtain, up and down the aisles) a couple of times. The last time, they're both looking a little tired as they enter.

APRIL: Whew! It's a lot farther away than it looks!

April and Samantha exit again, then appear again in front of the curtain.

APRIL: Look, Samantha! There it is! Right there at the top of the hill! Come on! Let's run the rest of the way!

April and Samantha exit, running.

Scene 6: Witches!

As April and Samantha are on their way out, the curtain opens. There is a gray rainbow ending in a black cauldron. Standing all around it are what appear to be seven witches – they are dressed in long robes and pointy hats in various shades of gray—and they are all looking angry and arguing with each other.

NOTE ABOUT BLOCKING: The “witches” can move around as much as desired during this song, but when they’re finished, they should end up in “rainbow order” (i.e., red-orange-yellow-green-blue-indigo-violet) and pretty much stay in this line-up – or return to it directly after any other movement.

***Note to the reader:** Please listen to track 04 (“It’s Me: The Witches’ Argument”) of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.*

RED: It’s me!

ORANGE: It’s me!

YELLOW: It’s me!

GREEN: It’s me!

BLUE: It’s me!

INDIGO: It’s me!

VIOLET: It’s me!

RED: It’s me!

ORANGE: It’s me!

YELLOW: It’s me!

GREEN: It’s me!

BLUE: It’s me!

INDIGO: It’s me!

VIOLET: It’s me!

INDIGO: I’m right.

RED: I’m right.

ORANGE: No, I'm right.

YELLOW: No, I'm right.

RED: Me!

ORANGE: Me!

YELLOW: Me!

GREEN: Me!

BLUE, INDIGO & VIOLET (*together*): Me!

INDIGO: Oh, you don't know what you're talking about.

YELLOW: Oh, nobody likes you anyway.

BLUE: Hey!

ORANGE: I'm sure I'm right, I haven't a doubt.

RED: Oh, save it for a rainy day.

INDIGO: I'm right.

RED: I'm right.

ORANGE: No, I'm right.

YELLOW: No, I'm right.

RED: Me!

ORANGE: Me!

YELLOW: Me!

GREEN: Me!

BLUE, INDIGO & VIOLET (*together*): Me!

VIOLET: If they would only listen,

ORANGE: I'm right.

VIOLET: I'm sure I could explain.

RED: I'm right.

VIOLET: Like fresh dew drops that glisten,

INDIGO: I'm right.

VIOLET: My opinion's right as rain.

GREEN: I'm right.

ORANGE: If they would only hear me,
VIOLET: I'm right.
ORANGE: I'm sure that they would get
BLUE: I'm right.
ORANGE: My valid points, but dear me,
YELLOW: I'm right.
ORANGE: Their logic is all wet.

RED: It's me!
ORANGE: It's me!
YELLOW: It's me!
GREEN: It's me!
BLUE: It's me!
INDIGO: It's me!
VIOLET: It's me!

RED: It's me!
ORANGE: It's me!
YELLOW: It's me!
GREEN: It's me!
BLUE: It's me!
INDIGO: It's me!
VIOLET: It's me!

BLUE: Oh, no one can convince them
RED: I'm right.
BLUE: When they're worked into a lather.
ORANGE: I'm right.
BLUE: I'd call the rains rinse them
INDIGO: I'm right.
BLUE: If I thought it'd stop their blather.
GREEN: I'm right.

RED: If they would just stop speaking,
BLUE: I'm right.

RED: I'm sure I could persuade.
VIOLET: I'm right.
RED: The house they've built is leaking,
YELLOW: I'm right.
RED: I must rain on their parade.

RED: It's me!
ORANGE: It's me!
YELLOW: It's me!
GREEN: It's me!
BLUE: It's me!
INDIGO: It's me!
VIOLET: It's me!

RED: It's me!
ORANGE: It's me!
YELLOW: It's me!
GREEN: It's me!
BLUE: It's me!
INDIGO: It's me!
VIOLET: It's me!

GREEN: We could stop this discussion
YELLOW: I'm right.
GREEN: If they could comprehend:
RED: I'm right.
GREEN: The deeper repercussion
INDIGO: I'm right
GREEN: Can be no fair-weather friend.
VIOLET: I'm right.

YELLOW: If they would just stop yapping,
GREEN: I'm right.
YELLOW: I'm sure they'd understand.
BLUE: I'm right.

YELLOW: Through all this thunder-clapping

ORANGE: I'm right.

YELLOW: I've got the upper hand!

ALL:

Agreement

Often underrated.

Leads to peace and harmony.

Its achievement,

It can't be overstated,

Is effortless

If everyone

Agrees

(Agrees)

(Agrees)

With...

RED: Me!

ORANGE: Me!

YELLOW: Me!

GREEN: Me!

BLUE, INDIGO & VIOLET (*together*): Me!

INDIGO: I've heard their mindless prattle,

ORANGE: I'm right.

INDIGO: Daft notions to expunge,

RED: I'm right.

INDIGO: Minds cloudy as Seattle

YELLOW: I'm right.

INDIGO: Should be wrung out like a sponge!

GREEN: I'm right.

(April and Samantha enter, unnoticed by the others. April is winded from her run up the hill and bends over to catch her breath, breathing loudly, so she doesn't see the witches at first.)

Samantha, however, struts right up into the midst of the witches and rubs against Yellow's leg, who at first just absent-mindedly pets her.)

RED: We need an arbitrator

INDIGO: That's right!

YELLOW: Someone whose view is sound!

BLUE: All right!

ORANGE: It will have to wait for later

VIOLET: Oh, right.

ORANGE: For nobody is around.

(Samantha's presence eventually causes the witches to notice April during this next part of the song. On each of their next lines, each notices and points to April, rather threateningly. April slowly looks up -- noticing the closest pointy-toed shoe, then robe, then pointy hat—and it dawns on her that she's in trouble.)

RED: Aha!

ORANGE: Aha!

YELLOW: Aha!

GREEN: Aha!

BLUE: Aha!

INDIGO: Aha!

VIOLET: Aha!

APRIL (*spoken*): Samantha?

RED: It's she!

ORANGE: It's she!

YELLOW: It's she!

GREEN: It's she!

BLUE: It's she!

INDIGO: It's she!

VIOLET: It's she!

APRIL (*spoken*): Samantha, I think we'd better go now.

(All the witches gather around April, each attempting to make her appeal directly to April. April has no idea what they're doing or why. She is, in fact, terrified by the "witches" and tries to back away, but is surrounded.)

INDIGO: I'm right.

RED: I'm right.

ORANGE: No, I'm right.

YELLOW: No, I'm right.

RED: Me!

ORANGE: Me!

YELLOW: Me!

GREEN: Me!

ORANGE: Me!

YELLOW: Me!

GREEN: Me!

BLUE: Me!

YELLOW: Me!

GREEN: Me!

BLUE: Me!

INDIGO: Me!

ALL: Me!

It's me!

RED (*threateningly*): So, little girl... How fortunate of you to come by!

APRIL: Oh, well, we were just leaving, weren't we, Samantha? We have an appointment with... with... an ogre, don't we, Samantha? Gotta run! Bye!

RED: Not so fast! We need you, *(turning to the others)* don't we?

The other witches nod and murmur their agreement with this statement, though they still look angry with each other.

RED *(in a demanding tone)*: What is your name, little girl?

APRIL *(tentatively)*: April...

RED *(crossing her arms and looking impatient)*: April is a very nice month. It rains a great deal in April and there are numerous rainbows. However, I asked you your name!

APRIL *(her own patience is running thin now)*: My name is April!

RED: No it isn't.

APRIL: Yes. It is.

RED: Humph! That's a funny name.

The other witches again murmur and nod, agreeing that April is an odd name as they look at her suspiciously. April fidgets, uncomfortably. Red's voice cuts across the rising drone.

RED: Well, we want you to do something for us, August.

APRIL: Not "August!" April!

RED *(waving a hand, impatience evident)*: I'll never get used to that! Okay, well... We want you to do something for us.

Now the witches freeze-frame while April expresses her fear and apprehension to the audience.

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 05 ("What Would You Do?") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

APRIL:

What would you do

If you were in this stew?
In a deep witch's brew?
In hot water?

Would you scream?
Would you cry?
Would you sprout wings and fly?
Or just lie down and die
And save them the bother?

We all know—
We've heard and we've read all the stories—
How it could go
If we fell into spell territories.
Ugly old crones:
They eat small children,
Pick their teeth with our bones
And so until then...

What would you say
If you were the prey?
And told you must stay
Stay to dinner?

When you're faced with your death
At the hands of their chef,
Would you suck in your breath
And try to look thinner?

They ask your name
Though it couldn't possibly matter
Maybe their aim's
To be able to label the platter!

Evilly they bend
And crowd around you
It seems they intend
To dip you in fondue.

Oh, if I could, then I would
Run down that hill, but
Then my friend, in the end,
Would be here still!

Hey! That's what I'll do
To stage our rescue
And get off the menu:
I'll say I taste awful.
I'll insist that they cease,
Demand my release,
Then I'll call the police
(I'm sure it's unlawful.)

Somehow I'll try
To get myself out of this pickle.
If I could just fly...
That's it! I'll grab for a broomstick! I'll

Use all my wit
Though it's hard, I'll admit,
I never will quit!

It's seven to one
But I won't be outdone!

APRIL (*speaking very fast and looking around for a broomstick*): I just want you to know that I taste really awful! I mean really! I've tasted myself! See? (*She licks her own arm.*) Yuck! Really bad. And I have dirt under my fingernails that you'll never get out. See? (*She holds up her hands to show them.*) And anyway, you have to let me go. And Samantha, too. It's against the law to keep us here against our will. My dad knows a policeman. He'll...

BLUE (*interrupting*): Really, Red! Do you think she's the best choice? I mean, she doesn't seem to be of sound mind!

YELLOW: I don't know about her either. Maybe we should just wait for someone more... stable...

ORANGE (*crossly*): Well, who else are we going to get?

VIOLET: That's true. It's not everyday someone wanders onto our hill. I have no idea how she found us.

GREEN: Well, I agree with Blue. She seems a little... unbalanced. We can work this out ourselves.

INDIGO: Hah! Like that's going to happen!

Meanwhile, during this discussion, April has attempted to sneak toward Samantha to coax the cat to go with her.

RED: Enough! She's all we have. She'll have to do. (*turning to April...*) So... February?

APRIL (*gulping*): It's April.

RED: Whatever. We need you to do something for us.

APRIL: Me? Do something for you? But I told you. I really don't taste very good, and...

RED: Enough nonsense! Tell us your favorite color.

APRIL: What?!?

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 06 (“Better Together (Reprise)”) of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

APRIL:

Oh why
Does everyone ask me to sit down and choose
The color that matches my mom’s favorite hat or my
dad’s favorite shoes?
I simply refuse!

(The witches look both shocked and angry.)

APRIL *(reacting to their anger):*

Well, what’s there to lose?

(The witches start to look up with a little bit of hope.)

I can say what I used
To answer in my twos.

(The witches all look at her with great anticipation.)

APRIL: Um... *(Thinking hard, and looking out toward the audience, away from the witches and the rainbow):* Well, when I was quite small, I think my favorite color was... um... pink...

RED *(with a smug smile as the rest of the sisters look disgusted):* A-ha!

Now the slightest tinge of pink shows in the sky. April doesn’t notice. She’s looking out over the heads of the audience trying to remember her favorites from a long time ago.

APRIL: ...and then I rather liked purple...

Red’s face falls. The pink drains out of the sky. The other sisters are still not happy, except Violet, who jumps up.

VIOLET: Oh, yes!

Violet sweeps a hand toward the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The color purple travels up the length of the rainbow and colors it various shades of purple, then continues onto the grass, the trees, the sky and then the people, until the whole set and everyone on it looks purple. Samantha starts licking her fur as if to get the purple stains off. April still doesn't notice, since she's thinking hard. The other witches are murmuring again.

APRIL: But then I thought yellow was my favorite....

Violet looks stunned. Her arms drop. The purple slowly drains out of everything. For a moment, everything is gray again, then Yellow, now the only happy one in the bunch, nonchalantly sweeps one of her arms toward the pot at the end of the rainbow, and now yellow infuses everything as purple had done. There is dissent among the witches again.

APRIL (*crossing her arms with a note of finality*): And then, I decided I didn't have a favorite color. I like them all!

Yellow looks annoyed and lowers her arms. The color drains out of the scene again and everything returns to gray. April turns around finally and notices that all of the witches look very annoyed with her. They are murmuring among themselves. Red rounds on her accusingly.

RED (*bearing down on April, wagging a finger at her*): You're no help at all!

The witches again freeze-frame briefly while April sings to the audience....

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 07 ("How Would You Feel? (What Would You Do? Reprise)") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

APRIL (*cowering, slightly*):

How would you feel,
In the midst of some witches who hate you?
Tell yourself it's not real?
Pinch your wrist in the wish that would wake you?....

BLUE: Some judge she turned out to be!

INDIGO: It's not fair, anyway! I never stood a chance! It wasn't like she was ever going to name "indigo," was it?

VIOLET: Well, she said purple first!

YELLOW: Yeah, but then she decided yellow.

APRIL:

How would you feel
When surrounded by furious witches,
Would you work out a deal?
Run away? That might work, but the glitch is:
My fate has been sealed.
I'm in a minefield
With no choice but to yield,
How would you feel?

GREEN: She didn't say purple first, actually. She said pink.

INDIGO: As if that's even a real color!

RED (*turning from April to jump into the fray*): Yes it is! Pink is *too* a real color! It's a shade of red!

YELLOW (*to Indigo*): You should talk about what a real color is!

INDIGO (*indignantly*): What do you mean by that!?

The arguing continues in the same vein and gets louder. April rubs her hands on her head as if trying to figure it all out. Finally, she shouts loudly enough to interrupt the argument.

APRIL: Wait a minute!

All the witches stop arguing long enough to stare at her audacity to interrupt them.

INDIGO (*annoyed at the interruption*): Now what?

BLUE (*muttering*): Probably going to change her mind again and name some other color.

RED: Oh, just never mind. This isn't going to work.

At this, the witches all look really depressed and, unexpectedly, drop down, one-by-one, to sit on the ground. They stare off into space, or pick at their clothes and look sad and unresponsive. April reacts to this by looking stunned.

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 08 ("Bad, Worse, Worst") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

APRIL:

Intro:

They're totally out of their minds.

Somehow I've got to get out of this mess.

This whole situation reminds

Me of stumbling onto a hornets' nest.

One minute they're fighting like hyper hyenas,

And asking irrational questions of me such as:

"Why is my name strange," and

"What is my favorite

Color," when there are no

Colors in view.

The moments that follow

Their faces are hollow.

I'm looking upon a despondent milieu.

What I want most of all is to leave!

(And I wanted to do it with gold in my pocket.)
But I can't leave now, 'cause I've come to believe
That I've said something dreadful to make them upset.

Verse 1:

Bad, Worse, Worst:
That's how my day is going.
I fear I'm cursed
With bad luck that's been growing.

I woke up this morning
And looked at my dress:
No colors adorning it;
It looked like a mess.

Chorus:

I had such high hopes
For my day
But one bad turn deserves another
And it looks like they're all coming my way.

Verse 2:

Bad, Worse, Worst
That's how my day is going.
I've been immersed
In misfortunes overflowing.

I wanted the grown-ups
To help me to see why
No colors had shown up;
They're too stressed to reply.

Chorus:

I had high hopes
For my day
But one bad turn deserves another
And it looks like they're all coming my way.

Bridge:

I almost had it!
Could almost grasp it!
I almost touched that pot of gold.
But some crazy witches
Raided the riches,
And now they've got them in a stranglehold.

Verse 3:

Bad, Worse, Worst:
That's how my day is going
They got here first.
The gold in there is glowing.

I thought gold could buy me
The answers I've sought,
But it's equally likely
I'll get boiled in that pot.

Chorus:

I had high hopes
For my day
But one bad turn deserves another
And it looks like they're all coming my way.

Bridge 2:

I almost had it!
Could almost grasp it!

I came this close to my desire.
But they've gone dull, and
Quiet and sullen,
And now I can't get answers I require.

Sister's Intro:

INDIGO: She's totally out of her mind!

YELLOW: How could she not have a favorite?

GREEN: Perhaps she's just being unkind?

BLUE: Or maybe she's simply a raving twit?

RED: One minute she acts like we'd try to attack her,
Sidling away like we've trapped or kidnapped her.

ORANGE: The very next instant
She's babbling, convinced that
We care that her fingers are covered in dirt!

VIOLET: She talks of police
And her vagueness increases;
With quite a caprice we just can't decipher.

RED, GREEN & INDIGO: What we want most of all
Is to have all resolved
This conflict made worse by her wild vacillation.

ORANGE, YELLOW, BLUE & VIOLET: We're back
Where we started before we involved
That child in this exercise in aggravation.

Sisters' Verse:

GREEN, INDIGO & VIOLET: Bad, Worse, Worst:
That's how our day's unfolding

RED, YELLOW & BLUE: We've conversed,
Tried bullying and scolding.

ORANGE, GREEN & VIOLET: If she'd name one color

That's all that we seek.
RED, YELLOW & INDIGO: But with our luck,
Our judge is some
Lunatic freak!

Chorus:

SISTERS: We had such high hopes
APRIL: I had high hopes
SISTERS: For our day.
APRIL: For my day.
ALL: But one bad turn deserves another
And it looks like they're all
Coming,
APRIL: Coming,
SISTERS: All
ALL: Coming
SISTERS: Our (APRIL: My)
ALL: Way.

Note: This would be an ideal place for an Intermission.

APRIL: Well, I... I'm sorry I couldn't help. (*With a longing look toward the pot of gold...*) I guess we should be going.
Come on, Samantha.

GREEN: Oh, don't leave.

INDIGO: Yeah, we hardly ever get to talk to... you know...
your kind.

APRIL (*warily*): Do you mean... kids?

BLUE: She means "humans."

APRIL: But I *really* have to go now.

YELLOW: But you haven't settled anything!

APRIL: Oh, I never should have come up here!

ORANGE: Why *did* you come up here, anyway?

APRIL: Well, I really wanted... (*looks again toward pot*). No. Never mind.

VIOLET: What?

APRIL: It's not important. You should have it. After all, you got here first, so it's yours. Finders keepers, right? Besides, maybe it'll cheer you up, huh? You could spend it on something nice. Maybe something... (*sighing wistfully*) colorful. (*The witches look alarmed that she mentions color, and look at each other.*) That works for me... (*with a look down at her dress*) usually. Ah, well. Enjoy it, however you spend it. Bye. Come *on*, Samantha!

April tries to pick up Samantha. Orange stops her.

ORANGE: What are you talking about, little girl?

BLUE: Yes, are all human children as nutty as you are, or are you just... special?

YELLOW: What do you mean by "spend it"? Spend what?

APRIL: Why, the money, of course!

VIOLET: What money are you talking about?

APRIL: You know! The money you're going to get for all the gold!

RED: What gold, January?

APRIL (*impatiently*): It's April! And you know what gold! (*All the sisters look at her without comprehending. April gestures toward the glowing pot behind the sisters.*) The gold in that pot at the end of the rainbow!

All of the sisters look at April as if she is out of her mind. Green is the first to understand.

GREEN: Oh... *that's* what they mean!

Everyone turns toward Green.

RED: Who?

GREEN: Sometimes, when I'm walking through the woods after we've put up... (*catching and correcting herself*) that is... after there's a rainbow, I hear hikers talking about the "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow." I... think there's some misinformation out there. (*To April:*) I hate to disappoint you, dear, but there's no gold in that pot.

Witches start to rise and dust themselves off.

APRIL (*her face falling*): There isn't?

VIOLET: Nope.

BLUE (*murmuring slightly*): No, no gold.

APRIL (*disbelievingly*): But... but it's *glowing*!

ORANGE: Sorry, Dear. It's not gold.

YELLOW: Nope. No gold here. Not a bit of it.

APRIL: Then... what is it?

VIOLET (*nervously*): It's... um...

BLUE: Well, it's....

RED: It's a bit complicated....

ORANGE: It's kind of hard to explain....

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 09 ("How Can I Trust You?") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

How Can I Trust You?

APRIL:

Verse 1:

How Can I Trust You,

When you're reluctant to let yourselves speak?
Perhaps it's just you
Don't care to share a significant leak.
I'm too close
To something that's true,
And so you chose
To stall so it's all for you.

It's more than feeling
Or intuition
That has me reeling
With deep suspicion.

Can't meet my eyes
Can't say a word
Cannot devise
An explanation that's not absurd.

Verse 2:

How Can I Trust You,
When you're hiding something from me?
I can't adjust to
This cloudy shroud of secrecy.

I'm here
Waiting for you
To make it clear
What exactly it is
You do.

Hey, I don't need
To know a lot:
Only, indeed,
What's in that pot.

If it's for potions
Or is contagious,
Or makes explosions,
I will manage to stay courageous.

Bridge:

Some days I fear my curiosity
Will get the better of me.
But I can't stand the pomposity
Of those who choose to hide truth with fallacy.

Verse 3:

How Can I Trust You
When there's a secret you're not willing to share?
Oh, really, must you
Be so mean? This routine is unfair.

You want to get
Something from me.
But you can bet
That you won't get anything
For free.

It makes me crazy
I ask a question
And someone's cagey
With information.

But I can handle
Whatever bad news
This secret scandal,
With its repercussions, brews.

Ending:

I'd like to trust you,
If only you would level with me.
Say nothing untrue,
Or omit any bits that I need.

I know that I could trust you again,
If you would show
That you could muster the trust in me
To see me as
A friend.

APRIL: You'd better level with me, or I'm leaving!

RED: Well, alright. If you must know... that is our color pot.

APRIL: Your what?

ORANGE: Our color pot. You know: where we keep all our colors.

APRIL: You "keep" colors in there?

RED (*smiling*): That's right.

APRIL (*scowling now*): All of them?

RED (*still smiling, nods again*): Mm-hm.

APRIL (*crosses her arms over her chest and looks at them, defiantly*): Now I know you're trying to trick me! I mixed all my colors together in art class once, and all I got was a brown, muddy mess. If you're telling me the truth... (*she looks around accusingly at all of the other sisters*)... if you've somehow managed to get *all* of your colors in there together and it isn't really a shiny pot of gold, then why isn't it dull and brown? Hm? Why is it glowing? ... Hah! I've got you now!

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 10 (“Wavelength”) of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

Wavelength

VIOLET: Paint.

APRIL: I’m sorry?

BLUE: She said, “Paint.”

APRIL: Excuse me?

VIOLET: What you were mixing was paint?

APRIL: Sure, I was mixing paint! Of course, I was mixing paint! What else would I be mixing but paint?

VIOLET: Light.

APRIL: I’m sorry?

BLUE: She said, “Light.”

APRIL: Excuse me?

VIOLET: When we mix color, we mix light!

APRIL: How can I trust you...

GREEN & BLUE: It’s paint she’s using!

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: How quaint!

INDIGO & VIOLET: How amusing!

APRIL: When you talk in riddles and clues –

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: It’s paint she’s using!

APRIL: A verbal kudzu,

INDIGO & VIOLET: It’s light we’re mixing;

GREEN & BLUE: The sight’s transfixing!

APRIL: A jumbled mess I couldn’t guess my way through!

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: It’s light we’re mixing.

APRIL: I see

Your lips when they move.

But there can’t be

Any logic there you could prove.

SISTERS: But this is tragic!

It's almost like magic.
And you don't understand.

It's all about wavelength.
All about wavelength.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They're short.

GREEN & BLUE: They're short.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They're long.

GREEN & BLUE: They're long.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They cavort

GREEN & BLUE: Cavort

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: Along.

GREEN & BLUE: Along.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: Absorbed

GREEN & BLUE: Absorbed

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They're gone.

GREEN & BLUE: They're gone.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: Yes, some get
through.

GREEN & BLUE: But some bounce back to you.

RED, ORANGE: 'Cause they're not all on the

SISTERS: Same wavelength.

BLUE (*spoken*): Let me try.

BLUE: Subtraction.

APRIL: I'm sorry?

BLUE: I said, "Subtraction."

APRIL: Excuse me?

BLUE: You mix colors by subtraction.

APRIL: How could I subtract? What would I subtract?

We're talking about painting, not math!

BLUE: Addition.

APRIL: I'm sorry?

BLUE: I said, "Addition."

APRIL: Excuse me?

BLUE: We mix colors by addition.

APRIL: How can I trust you...

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: It's clearly subtraction.

GREEN & BLUE: Why's the overreaction?

APRIL: When what you say doesn't make any sense?

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: She is subtracting.

I know it's just you

GREEN & BLUE: It's true: we do add.

INDIGO & VIOLET: Why has she going mad?

APRIL: Can't explain, 'cause my brain is not dense.

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: It's true, we're adding.

APRIL: I hear

INDIGO & VIOLET: She says that she hears

APRIL: The words that you say.

GREEN, BLUE, INDIGO & VIOLET: The words that we say

GREEN & BLUE: But...

APRIL: But it's not clear

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: It's perfectly clear!

APRIL: There's any meaning there to convey.

SISTERS: But this is tragic!

It's almost like magic

Has slipped right through your hands!

It's all about wavelength.

All about wavelength.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They're short.
GREEN & BLUE: They're short.
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They're long.
GREEN & BLUE: They're long.
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They cavort
GREEN & BLUE: Cavort
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: Along.
GREEN & BLUE: Along.
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: Absorbed
GREEN & BLUE: Absorbed
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: They're gone.
GREEN & BLUE: They're gone.
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, INDIGO, VIOLET: Yes, some get
through.
GREEN & BLUE: But some bounce back to you.
RED, ORANGE: 'Cause they're not all on the
SISTERS: Same wavelength.

Bridge:

GREEN, BLUE, INDIGO & VIOLET:
 We're helplessly,
 Hopelessly,
 Lost in explanations.
RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE:
 That are weighted down,
 Doomed to drown
 In a sea of obfuscations.

INDIGO (*spoken*): My turn!

INDIGO: Reflection.
APRIL: I'm sorry?
BLUE: She said, "Reflection."

APRIL: Excuse me?
INDIGO: You make colors by reflection.
APRIL: Where is the reflection?
 How is there reflection?
 You'd need a mirror for reflection!
INDIGO: Refraction.
APRIL: I'm sorry?
BLUE: She said, "Refraction."
APRIL: Excuse me?
INDIGO: We make colors by refraction.

APRIL: How can I get you...
RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: The light is reflected.
GREEN & BLUE: Is that not what she expected?
APRIL: When your words never get past my ears?
RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: Why has she objected?
APRIL: My brain has yet to
INDIGO & VIOLET: The colors are extracted
 When the light is refracted.
APRIL: Deduce the truth; it could reduce me to tears.
GREEN & BLUE: We've told her a fact, yet...
APRIL: You say that it's
SISTERS: Tragic!
APRIL: Tragic.
 You say it's like
SISTERS: Magic!
APRIL: Magic,
 But I don't understand.

APRIL: I'm sure it's all
RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: Wavelength!
APRIL: "Wavelength."
 Yes, I know:

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: Wavelength!

APRIL: "Wavelength."

Oh you

SISTERS: Yes, you.

APRIL: And I

SISTERS: Yes, we.

APRIL: Don't see

SISTERS: You see...

APRIL: Eye to eye.

SISTERS: We try.

APRIL: It's true,

SISTERS: It's true.

APRIL: You try

SISTERS: We try.

APRIL: But you can't get

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: We can't get through.

APRIL: Through.

Your words bounce back to you

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: Our words bounce back.

APRIL: 'Cause you

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: You

APRIL: And

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: And

APRIL: I

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: And we...

APRIL: Yes, you

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: You

APRIL: And

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: And

APRIL: I,

RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: And we...

APRIL:: No,

APRIL, RED, ORANGE & YELLOW: You and I/we are not...

SISTERS: No.

APRIL: Not...

SISTERS: No

ALL: Not on the same
Wavelength.

VIOLET: Okay, let's try this again. When you mix colors in... in.. what did you call it?

APRIL: My art class?

VIOLET: Yes, in your art class. When you mix colors there, you mix paint, right?

APRIL: Right.

VIOLET: And when *we* mix color, we mix light.

APRIL: So?

VIOLET: So, it's different. When all the colors of paint are mixed together, you get mud. But when all the colors of light are mixed together, you get white.

APRIL: (*still suspicious*) I've never heard that before.

YELLOW: It's true. You know about reflection and absorption, right?

APRIL: I guess so.... Reflection is when something bounces back, and absorption is when it goes right in.

VIOLET: That's right. And you know about addition and subtraction, right?

APRIL: Of course! But that's math! What does that have to do with colors?

VIOLET: Everything! Paint – or, for that matter, almost everything you see – is the color it is because it reflects back to you only certain *wavelengths* of light, and absorbs the rest. The color you see is the color that is getting reflected.

APRIL: Okay... So if I see a red ball, the red light is being reflected.

VIOLET: That's right.

APRIL: And the other wavelengths of light...

VIOLET: The blue and the green, in this case.

APRIL: ...are getting absorbed.

VIOLET: You've got it.

APRIL: But what does that have to do with math?

VIOLET: Well, every time you mix two colors of paint together, more color is absorbed, and you *subtract* the wavelengths – the colors of the light – that can be reflected back.

APRIL: Really? So... (*slowly*) ...if I mix red paint and blue paint, then I subtract some wavelengths, and now only purple light can be reflected back.

VIOLET: Exactly. And, if you mix enough paint colors together, eventually you subtract all of the light; no color will be reflected at all and it will look black.

APRIL: Hm. Or muddy.

RED: Yes, well, the paint colors are a bit impure....

VIOLET: But when you mix different colors of light, you *add* them together. If you could see them directly, before they get reflected off of anything....

YELLOW: Like the colored light coming from your television....

GREEN: Or your computer screen...

VIOLET: ...you could see how two colors of light added together mix to make other colors. They act a little different from paint....

APRIL: So red light and blue light mixed together?

VIOLET: Oh, that would make a lovely magenta color! But the important part is: if you *add* all of the light colors together, you get white light.

APRIL: Addition – for light – makes white; and subtraction – for paint – makes black.

VIOLET: That's right.

APRIL: And that's what's in that... that pot? All of the light colors mixed together?

VIOLET: Mm-hm.

APRIL: Wow. That's amazing! Can I... can I see it?

RED: Go ahead. But don't look too long, or it'll put spots in front of your eyes.

APRIL: *(after looking into the pot and seeing only white light, says, suspiciously)* You know, it sounds a lot like magic.

VIOLET: Actually, it's physics, but it's almost the same thing.

APRIL: *(Looking into the pot again, and not really noticing the sisters.)* Really? You mean, like, science? I've never heard of witches using science! Why not just use magic? *(April looks up and blinks a lot to get the spots away from her eyes.)* I mean, if you've got it, you might as well use it. Why bother with science?

All of the witches look shocked. Some stare at her, mouths open. Others shake their head in their own confusion and look at each other. Finally Red speaks.

RED: Is that what you think we are? Witches?

APRIL: Well, yes... Aren't you?

RED: Why would you think that?

APRIL: Why wouldn't I? I mean, you have the pointy hats and the robes, and you said you weren't human and...

RED: Have you ever seen a witch, December?

APRIL: It's...April.

RED (*with a grunt of disgust at having been corrected again*). Fine. Have you ever seen a witch, little...girl-whatever-your-name-is?

APRIL: No, but...

RED (*throwing her arms up and sounding exasperated*): Witches always carry brooms! Do you see any brooms here?

APRIL (*looking around*): Well, no, but...

RED: And they're all bent over like this (*bending slightly*). Do we look bent over?

APRIL: Not exactly, but...

RED: And witches are old and ugly, for heaven's sake! I mean, we've been around longer than the hill you're standing on, but I must say, we do take pride in our appearance. (*With a touch of insecurity...*) Do we really look old and ugly to you?

APRIL (*quickly, because she never meant to offend them*): No! No... (*April looks from each face to the next.*) In fact... You all look... quite... beautiful.

RED (*sighing*): That's just it!

APRIL: What's just it?

RED: We need to know which one is... the *most* beautiful.

APRIL: But... why?

ORANGE (*also sighing*): Let's just say, to settle an argument.

YELLOW: An *old* argument.

GREEN: Oh, I don't know if it's *that* old.

BLUE: What do you mean, not that old? We've been arguing about this forever!

INDIGO: Forever? That's a bit of an exaggeration, don't you think?

VIOLET: Really? We've been on this hill and...

RED (*to her sisters*): Enough, already! (*To April:*) See what I mean?

APRIL (*eyeing them cautiously*): You *do* argue a lot. And you're cranky, and, well, it's a little... witch-like, don't you think? I mean, you seem so... so... angry all the time...

RED: Oh, we're not angry with *you*. We just get a little... annoyed... with each other.

APRIL: But why?

RED: Because that's what sisters do! They get annoyed with each other. They argue.

ORANGE: Sometimes.

BLUE: No, always.

GREEN: No, I'd say occasionally.

YELLOW: It's pretty often, really.

INDIGO: What do *you* know?

VIOLET: Yes, stay out of this.

RED: Ladies! (*To April*) Do you have any sisters, April?

APRIL: No.

RED: Brothers?

APRIL: No.

RED: Ah. Then you probably don't know how they can go on with each other.

APRIL: You're all... sisters?

ORANGE: That's what we've been trying to tell you!

APRIL: I... guess... now that you mention it... I... I can see the family resemblance.... (*April squints; it's rather clear that she's struggling with this.*) But you could be sisters and still be witches!

RED: We're not witches.

APRIL: You... you're not going to eat me, then?

RED: Why would we want to do that?

APRIL: Well, if you're not witches... and you're not human... then, who... *what* are you, exactly?

ORANGE: She's right, you know. We never did properly introduce ourselves.

BLUE: Rude of us.

YELLOW: Quite.

GREEN: Yes, it's only fair. She told us her name. (*To Yellow in a stage whisper...*) What was it again? (*Yellow shrugs.*)

ORANGE (*rather cheerfully*): We're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow, of course!

APRIL: Excuse me?

They sisters start to sing:

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 11 ("Seven Sisters of the Rainbow") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

Note: When each sister sings her own name, she should make some gesture, e.g., point to herself or curtsy, to indicate that the color is her name.

Chorus 1:

SISTERS: We're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow

RED: Red

ORANGE: Orange

YELLOW: Yellow

GREEN: Green

BLUE: And Blue

INDIGO: And Indigo

VIOLET: And Violet

SISTERS:

Stay a little while, we'll let

All of our tried and true

Colors shine through.

Chorus 2:

SISTERS: We're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow

RED: Red

ORANGE: Orange

YELLOW: Yellow

GREEN: Green

BLUE: And Blue

INDIGO: And Indigo

VIOLET: And Violet

SISTERS:

We try to beautify a wet

Sky with all of our colors, so true.

Verse 1:

You can often see us hanging around,

Stretching overhead.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN & BLUE:

When you get all wet, don't

SISTERS: Worry and fret!

Look past the treetops and see us instead!

Chorus 3:

SISTERS: We're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow

RED: We aren't named "White."

ORANGE: Or "Black."

YELLOW: Or "Gray."

GREEN: Or "Cinnamon."

BLUE: Or "Chocolate."

INDIGO: "Espresso bean."

VIOLET: Or "Mocha-Mint."

SISTERS: Decorator colors are so yesterday!

Verse 2:

SISTERS:

We prefer the purest coloring of

High intensity.

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN & BLUE:

To tie up the sky

SISTERS: In a colored braid

That is brightly arrayed for the whole world to see!

Chorus 4:

APRIL:

You're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow:

Red,

Orange,

Yellow,

Green, and Blue, and Indigo, and Violet.

Those are all your names, and yet
Somehow you seem to be obsessed by them, too!

Bridge:

SISTERS:

What's in a name?

Does it capture the essence of you?

Determine the destiny true to who you are?

What's in a name?

BLUE: Would I be just the same

If I was given the same name as you?

VIOLET: Does my name make me smarter?

YELLOW: Does my name make me brighter?

GREEN: Does mine give me more heart, or...

BLUE: Does mine make me shrewd?

VIOLET, YELLOW, GREEN & BLUE:

What's in a name?

Could I magically change

If I could just arrange to be named some thing new?

ORANGE, INDIGO & RED:

If I could change my name,

ORANGE: Would I be more attractive?

INDIGO: Would I be more proactive?

RED: Would I have anymore tact, if...

APRIL:

You'd be the same!

With any other name!

SISTERS:

How can you be certain your claim is true?
RED, ORANGE, GREEN, BLUE & INDIGO:
What if Yellow became Violet?
ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE & VIOLET:
And Indigo suddenly turned into Red?
ORANGE, YELLOW, BLUE, INDIGO & VIOLET:
And Red became Green?
RED, YELLOW, GREEN, INDIGO & VIOLET:
And Orange be came Blue?

(Instrumental Interlude)

SISTERS:
What's in a name?
Would you be just the same if people started calling
you "Bartholomew?"

Chorus 5:

SISTERS:
We're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow
RED: Red
ORANGE: Orange
YELLOW: Yellow
GREEN: Green
BLUE: And Blue
INDIGO: And Indigo
VIOLET: And Violet
SISTERS:
We let our tempers fly a bit
Just like sisters have a tendency to.

Chorus 6:

SISTERS:

We're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow.
We sometimes get in little tiffs.
But it can't go wrong
For very long
'Cause we know that we all belong
To a family, and that heals our rifts.

Ending:

SISTERS:

So we hope that our shifts
In the troposphere lift you
Up to the skies
When you open your eyes to
See our rainbows
Shining
Through.

APRIL: So you're... sisters.

RED: That's right.

APRIL: ...of the Rainbow.

ORANGE: The Seven Sisters of the Rainbow. Yup. That's us.
(*With a low bow.*) At your service.

APRIL: And each of you is named after one of the colors of the rainbow?

RED: Each of us *is* a color of the rainbow.

APRIL: But... Well, okay. And somehow you... you *make* the rainbows?

RED: That's right.

APRIL: How? Oh, please, tell me how?

VIOLET: Well, it's a bit complicated...

April scowls at them.

VIOLET: Okay. Well, remember we told you that when all of the colors of light are added together, it makes white?

APRIL: Yes.

VIOLET: Well, mostly we work in the opposite direction. The white light coming from the sun has to be split into its individual colors.

APRIL: But, how?

VIOLET: Why, with prisms, of course.

APRIL: Prisms? You mean those triangular glass things? I love those! Where are they? *(Looks around.)*

VIOLET *(laughing)*: Not glass prisms! We use raindrops!

APRIL: Raindrops? Really?

VIOLET: Yes, raindrops. Think about it. They're just the right shape, you know.

APRIL: You're right! How clever!

VIOLET: Whenever it rains, and the sun is at just the right angle, we have everything we need to make rainbows! *(Yellow makes a triumphant sweep of her arm!)*

APRIL: Wow!

April's excitement slowly seeps away. She looks up at the sky, holds out a hand to feel the rain, and slumps. Then she plunks herself down on the ground and picks at a blade of grass.

APRIL: You *would* make rainbows whenever it rains, you mean, if there were any colors left. Now they're all gone, and you can't.

April leans back stares at the sky. It's a while before she realizes that all of the sisters are staring at her, open-mouthed, shocked, and saying nothing.

RED: What did you say?

APRIL: That the colors are all gone. I mean, you may have a bunch of them in your pot thingy, but it won't do you any good. Not today, anyway. *(Realizing the sisters are staring at her...)* What? Don't tell me! You can't see it either? It's an adult thing, isn't it? Grown-ups can't tell. Or it's me. My color vision is gone or something! But it's *not* just me! Samantha can't see them either! Oh, bother! I'm no closer to figuring this thing out than I was this morning!

RED: You mean... you noticed?

APRIL *(crossly)*: Noticed what?

RED: The... colors being, erm... missing.

APRIL: Yes, of course I noticed.

ORANGE *(to Yellow)*: She noticed. *(Yellow nods, somberly.)*

APRIL *(looking up)*: Why wouldn't I notice? Wait. Did *you* notice?

The sisters all look guiltily at the ground, their shoes, their robes, the sky... anywhere but at April. Nobody says anything. April jumps up from the ground.

APRIL: Wait a minute! Wait just a cotton-pickin' minute! You! All of you! You did this, didn't you? You... somehow... You're the Seven Sisters of the Rainbow. You don't just *keep* colors in that pot of g— that *color* pot, somehow... you *put* them there! You... you *took all the colors away!*

RED *(sheepishly, looking down)*: We... didn't think anyone would notice.

APRIL: Of course we noticed! *I* noticed! Samantha noticed! The grown-ups... well, they're too busy to notice anything, but of course we noticed! Even the birds noticed! Our bluebird wouldn't sing this morning!

BLUE: Oh, dear.

All of the sisters look slightly abashed.

ORANGE (*to the others*): We didn't think... I mean... we didn't intend... that is... nobody's ever noticed before.

APRIL: You've done this *before*? (*The sisters all nod grimly.*) But why?

RED: We're sisters!

APRIL: You said that, but...

ORANGE: We argue....

APRIL: I know, but...

YELLOW: About which one is... well...

GREEN: The most beautiful.

APRIL: The most beautiful?

BLUE: The most beautiful.

RED: You know, which color is the best?

APRIL: The best? (*Red nods.*) But how will you know that? What would make one color the best?

RED: That's the trouble. We don't know.

ORANGE: Red says her color is the best because it's at the top of the rainbow.

VIOLET: Except on a double rainbow! Then violet is on the top.

RED: That's just a reflection of the main rainbow!

VIOLET: Doesn't matter. Violet is still on the top!

INDIGO: Who cares which color is on the top? (*muttering*) I'll never be on the top!

APRIL: Wait! Don't start again! Please!

ORANGE: You see how it is? That's why we needed you.

APRIL: Me?

GREEN: Yes, to tell us which one is best. You know: your favorite.

YELLOW: Yeah, but then you wouldn't.

APRIL: And then what? What were you planning to do once you decided which was the "best" color?

BLUE: Why, make everything that color, of course.

APRIL: Everything?

RED: Uh-huh.

APRIL: Everything in the world?

ORANGE: Yup.

APRIL: Everything in the *whole* world?

INDIGO: Well, yeah.

BLUE: Until you ruined it by not making up your mind.

APRIL: You mean, that's what you were planning on doing when I was naming my favorite colors? Making the whole world those colors?

YELLOW: We weren't just *planning* on it, we *were* doing it! That is, well, we *would* have, except (*sighing*) you couldn't decide on one, so now they'll all just have to stay in the color pot, I'm afraid.

APRIL: You're going to keep them in there?

RED: I'm afraid so.

APRIL: Forever?

YELLOW: Well, yes...

APRIL: You mean, you'll never, ever give them back?

The sisters all shake their heads, sadly.

APRIL: But... wait. Don't you understand? It's silly! It's pointless! It's unnecessary! It doesn't make any sense! Don't you understand?

(All the witches turn toward each other and semi-ignore April. During this next song, they're only partly listening to April, and what they do hear, they misinterpret, which frustrates April.)

***Note to the reader:** Please listen to track 12 ("You've Got To Believe Me") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.*

You've Got To Believe Me

April	Sisters
<p><u>Intro:</u> <i>(to the audience:)</i> There is no way This can go on like this. There must be some way, Some logic they can't dismiss. To get their attention, I've got to be bold. They've just got to listen. They've got to be told... That they don't have to do this. <i>(To the sisters:)</i> I mean: make</p>	<p>RED: What's that? INDIGO: She's right.</p>

April	Sisters
<p>all the world go gray. What? Wait!</p>	<p>VIOLET: We have to do this. ORANGE: We'll take all the hues away.</p>
<p>That's not what I meant to say! No! Look! You're all gorgeous. This isn't a joke, okay?</p>	<p>RED: Hah! Good one!</p>
<p>I'm not! I want you to hear the words I say. What? Why not? You must! You've got...</p>	<p>YELLOW: Ho, hum! GREEN: Don't toy with us! BLUE: We'd never believe you anyway.</p>
<p><u>Chorus 1:</u> ...to believe me! You've got to understand! That's no way To live each day Trying to gain the upper hand. You've got to believe me! How tragic it would be To wipe the slate Of all that's great All for the sake of vanity!</p>	<p>SISTERS: Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Mm-ah-mm</p>
<p><u>Verse 1:</u> It's not much to crow about, But how do I go about Telling all I know about This universe?</p>	

April	Sisters
<p>One thing is clear to me: The colors are dear to me, And it would appear to me You'd wipe them out.</p>	<p>Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Mm-ah Mm-ah- mm</p>
<p>You'd banish forevermore A beauty that nevermore Would greet me. Whatever for? What could be worse?</p>	<p>Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Mm-ah-mm</p>
<p>I want to convey to you: This isn't okay to do. There must be some way for you To work this out! Work this out!</p>	<p>Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Mm-ah Mm-ah</p>
<p><u>Chorus 2:</u> You've got to believe me! You've got to understand! That's no way To live each day: Trying to gain the upper hand.</p>	<p>We want to believe you. We want to understand, but... But there's no way to... To live each day, unless... Unless you get the upper hand.</p>
<p>You've got to believe me! How tragic it would be To wipe the slate Of all that's great All for the sake of vanity.</p>	<p>We want to believe you. It's such a tragedy, so... So wipe the slate. It would be great to... To win this for my sanity.</p>

April

Bridge:

(to audience): Why do they
want what they want?
They could be flying!
They must need some
confidant
Like me to say the words
To get them trying!

(to sisters): You all have
A beauty I can see
You all have!
It's individuality.

You all are
Lovely to behold
You all are!
My point just can't be
oversold.

Chorus 3:

So now you believe me
Now you understand
So, please don't fight
It's just not right
Ev'ry one of you is grand.

I'm glad that you hear me,
Glad you comprehend

Sisters

We all have
A need to see beauty
We all have
To have it individually.

We all are
Unwilling to be told.
We'd go so far
To leave each other in the
cold.

Oh, we believe you
Yes, we understand that...
That it's a fight, we...
We must get right to...
To see who is the last to stand.

Loudly and clearly
The message that you send
is...

April	Sisters
<p>Never say That there's no way You could ever make amends.</p>	<p>Is, we daresay, a... A slight foray away... Away from all that we intend.</p>
<p><u>Verse 3:</u> (but...)</p>	<p>Nothing she's said to us So far, we fear, has led to us Changing what's ahead for us. It's nothing new.</p>
<p>Nothing new? Oh, dear! Oh, my! Oh, why?</p>	<p>We're in A quagmire here: Wrangling this entire year. By now we think it's very clear What we must do.</p>
<p>What you must do is...</p>	
<p><u>Chorus 4:</u> ...Believe me! Try to understand! That really is no way To live out ev'ry day: Trying to grapple for the upper hand.</p>	<p>We want to believe you. We want to understand but... But there's no way to... To live each day; unless... Unless you get the upper hand.</p>
<p><u>Verse 4:</u> Oh! If I could crawl in your head I'd make you hear the words I've said. If not, I think, I fear, I dread</p>	<p>Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop.</p>

April	Sisters
You'll make a mess.	Bop. Bop. Mm-ah-mm
Please, oh please, don't shut me out!	Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop.
I know without the slightest doubt,	Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop.
Mistakes await, don't make me shout!	Bop. Bop. Bop. Bop.
Please reassess	Mm-ah Mm-ah
Your stubbornness;	You're insistent.
I must insist	How we wish that
That you	We
Believe	Could believe
Me	You
Now!	Now!

APRIL: Come on! You have to understand! I wasn't just being... diplomatic... when I said I didn't have a favorite color. I really do like them all!

All the sisters look at her with doubt in their eyes.

APRIL: Really! For example... you (*she points to Red*). You're Red, right? (*Red nods.*) I love red. It's the color of roses and Valentine hearts. The color of ripe strawberries and raspberries as sweet as summer, and crisp apples right off the tree in autumn. It's the color of my mother's lips when she gets ready for a party, and bows and ribbons and ornaments and lights at Christmas. I love red!"

Red looks mollified. April turns to Orange.

APRIL: And you. Orange, is it? (*Orange nods.*) I love orange, too. It's the color of a summer sunset. Of tangerines in the

middle of winter. Of jack-o-lanterns at Halloween—the funny ones *and* the scary ones. And fluttery butterflies! I love orange.

Now Orange, too, is looking a bit more cheerful. April turns to the next sister.

APRIL: Yellow. That's you, yes? Yellow is the color of sunshine! It's the color of daffodils and tulips – the first flowers of spring. It's the color of lemons and lemonade. And canaries! Yellow is such a... such a happy color. I love yellow.

Yellow begins smiling, and Green starts to look expectant, knowing she's next.

APRIL: Green? Green grass. Green trees. Evergreen trees that keep their color even in winter. Christmas trees! Bright spring green on the newest leaves in the spring. Tangy limes. I even like the green of some vegetables! (*April laughs, and Green laughs with her as the other sisters smile.*) Who could help but love green?

April turns to Blue.

APRIL: And Blue! I love blue. (*Wistfully, as April's eyes looks thoughtfully into Blue's eyes.*) You know, I think your eyes would be the most beautiful shade of blue if there were any colors today. (*April sighs.*) Blue is the color of lakes and rivers and oceans, and the purest, brightest, happiest skies. And it's the color of blueberries. Like the ones I had for breakfast today! Mm. (*April smacks her lips appreciatively as she remembered her breakfast.*) I love blue.

Blue begins smiling, now, too. April bounces a little in her excitement. She's on a roll, successful in convincing all the sisters of their value. She turns quickly to the next sister.

Indigo looks up at her with more doubt – and maybe more hope – in her eyes than any of her other sisters has had.

APRIL: And Indigo! *(She stops suddenly.)* I... Uh-oh. I, uh... Um... I'm sorry. *(Indigo's hopeful expression droops.)* I'm really sorry, but I'm afraid I... don't... know... what color Indigo is. *(Indigo turns away. April looks worried. Violet jumps in to defend her sister.)*

BLUE: You know Indigo! *(April shakes her head.)* It's the color of the evening sky, just as it's going from blue to dark!

APRIL: *(Turning to Indigo.)* You're that color?

Indigo nods.

APRIL: That not-quite-purple, not-quite-blue, but somewhere-in-between color?

Indigo nods again.

APRIL: I love that color! I've always loved that color! I just never knew what it was called. I have a book that has a cover that color, and it's my favorite book, just because of that color!

Indigo smiles broadly. April turns to Violet.

APRIL: And Violet. The color of my mother's African Violets that seem to be always in bloom. And the lilacs that smell so sweet in the spring. And big, juicy grapes and grape juice. I love violet.

April steps back and looks at all the sisters. For the first time all day, they all look relaxed and genuinely happy.

APRIL: So you see? All the colors are beautiful. The world just wouldn't be as much fun if there was only one color. If there was only one good color and no other colors, it would be, well, boring!

All the sisters look thoughtful, then nod their agreement.

RED: You're right, little girl. We've been silly, arguing over whose color is the best. Of course you're right. I have a feeling we won't ever have to take all the colors away again.

As Red speaks, the colors begin to creep out of the color pot and up the rainbow. Then the sky turns blue, the grass turns green. The witches' robes look like they're glowing with each of their own colors. Samantha comes over, and rubs against April's leg.

APRIL: Samantha! You're orange again! *(April looks down at her dress.)* And my dress! All the colors are back in my dress! *(She gives an experimental whirl.)* You know what? I don't even care that there was no gold in your color pot! This *(she gestures to her dress, then the rainbow)*... this is *better* than money! *(She twirls again.)*

Note to the reader: Please listen to track 13 ("Darkest Before the Dawn") of the accompanying CD while reading the following lyrics.

Darkest Before the Dawn (aka the long and rousing finale)

Intro:

APRIL: Just where you thought
The ground was fallow
A flower grew.

SISTERS: And just when you thought
The night could get no darker,
The dawn broke through.

Chorus 1:

APRIL: It's always darkest before the dawn,
BLUE: Before the morning sunrise
VIOLET: That paints its pallet onto the lawn,
GREEN: The trees,

YELLOW: The lakes,

RED: The skies.

SISTERS: It's always darkest before the dawn.

APRIL: But it's right when the night is so black

That you'll stumble onto some little fact

That makes the light come on

ALL: Before the dawn.

Verse 1, Tune A:

APRIL: It's in the darkest hour

That witches prowl

And your fears don't fail to find you.

You can't let go

Of the horror show

That turns your mind

Into some kind

Of foe.

You're lying there in the darkness,

That's when all your demons loom largest, but

APRIL & SISTERS: Light will render them harmless

At the break of day,

APRIL: And anyway...

There's no reason to fear them,

If you try, you can't even get near them, 'cause

APRIL & SISTERS: Fears can never appear when

You're awake to say

That they are wrong

Before the dawn.

Verse 1, Tune B:

APRIL: I knew

We were through:

Our days were numbered;
We had blundered into
Danger;
Strangers
Outflanked us.

SISTERS: Oh, similarly
We were certain
It was curtains:
Days were numbered;
Storm clouds thundered with
No one to choose
Who'd win or lose
Or rank us.

Chorus 2:

APRIL & SISTERS: It's always darkest before the dawn,
Before the morning sunrise
That paints its pallet onto the lawn,
The trees, the lakes, the skies.
It's always darkest before the dawn.

APRIL: But it's right when the night is so black

APRIL & SISTERS: That you'll stumble onto some little
fact

That makes the light turn on
And shows your fears were wrong.
Before the dawn.

Verse 2, Tune B:

INDIGO: We were fraught,

YELLOW: Overwrought,

GREEN & ORANGE: Our sisters were our

SISTERS: Adversaries.

BLUE: Boy our stubbornness
BLUE & ORANGE: Can cause
BLUE, YELLOW & ORANGE: A mess,
SISTERS: And stall things.

APRIL: Oh, likewise!
Every thud
Forced my blood
From my heart out to my capillaries.
Until then I knew
Just what to do
To solve things.

Bridge:

APRIL: I thought it was bad!
SISTERS: We thought that we had
To choose a winner or
Take the prize from everyone.

APRIL & SISTERS: Now we all can see
Just how wrong we can be
APRIL: When fears
SISTERS: Or vanities
ALL: Take our eyes from the solution.

APRIL: Oh, I was certain
My goose was cooked.
SISTERS: And we were certain
We'd been overlooked.
APRIL & SISTERS: So it just goes to show
Just how much you can know
And still be wrong
Before the dawn.

(Instrumental Interlude to the tune of the chorus)

During the above instrumental interlude, there may be time for a bit of dancing, then the following dialog occurs:

APRIL: Well, I'd better get back home. It was great meeting you all!

RED: It was great meeting you, *April*. (*April smiles at the emphasis on her name.*) And... thank you.

APRIL: You're welcome! C'mon, Samantha. Let's go.

April and Samantha exit the way they came, April skipping and Samantha with her tail raised happily. April sings as she skips home...

Bridge 2:

APRIL: It's at the darkest hour
That witches come to call.
But you can't shrink or cower,
Our let them devour
You in your mind
They may not be that kind
Of witch at all.

Scene 7: Back Home/Rainbow

On one side of the stage, April approaches the back door of her house, skipping. She is surprised to see her mother and father emerge from the back door, holding food & the table to set up the party outside. She stops short.

MOM: Look, Dear! Sunshine!

DAD: You're right! (*Looking over her shoulder*) And is that a rainbow I see?

MOM: (*Looking, too.*) Why, yes! What a perfect decoration for the party!

DAD: And look at that blue sky! I don't know what we were worried about. It's going to be a beautiful day for this party!
(He hugs his wife.)

April runs the last few feet and hugs both of her parents.

On the other side of the stage, the witches are still visible, and they sing....

Verse 2, Tune A:

SISTERS: It's in the dark of night
That we're prone to fright
'Cause our fears don't fail to find us.
But like a passing cloud
Even the darkest shroud
Can't keep the brightness
Of the light pressed out.

...while on their side of the stage, April and her parents together sing

APRIL: You know that there are always tomorrows.
APRIL & MOM: You know there'll be eventually shadows
APRIL, MOM & DAD: That are cast by the sunlight that's
streaming
Through your window panes.
APRIL: And that explains...
Why once you're lit by that ember,
APRIL & MOM: You'll find it rather hard to remember
APRIL, MOM & DAD: The nightmare you had been
dreaming;
Only smoke remains.
APRIL & MOM: And then you'll know
DAD: And then you'll know

APRIL: That you can make it through,
APRIL & MOM: You're gonna make it through,
APRIL, MOM & DAD: You'll make it through to
The dawn.

Now the Postman enters from the side to join in the final chorus.

Final Chorus (with echoes):

EVERYONE:

It's always darkest before the dawn,
Before the morning sunrise
That paints its pallet onto the lawn,
The trees, the lakes, the skies.
It's always darkest before the dawn.
But it's right when the night is so black
That you'll stumble onto some little fact
That makes the light turn on
And shows your fears were wrong.
They cannot stand up strong
Before the dawn.

As the curtain falls, April twirls and twirls and twirls in her rainbow-colored dress.