

THE REVENGE OF RAINBOW SHEEP

By Bradley Walton

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THE REVENGE OF RAINBOW SHEEP

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: Rainbow Sheep just wants to be loved. And famous, too. Rich, if possible. But everyone thinks he's a freak because of his brightly-colored wool. Talk show hosts mock him. Movie directors don't want him. Even the scientist conducting unethical experiments in an abandoned bowling alley in Rhode Island hates him. But when Rainbow Sheep is changed forever as the result of a lab accident, his destiny hangs in the balance. Will he become a force for good, or will years of rejection lead his polychromatic wooly brightness down a darker path?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

RAINBOW SHEEP (m/f) A rainbow-colored sheep who has grown bitter with the world

AUTHOR NOTES

The part of Rainbow Sheep's body from which he shoots the kinetic energy rainbows is his nose.

AT RISE: *An actor or actress dressed in rainbow tie-dye and optional sheep ears, on a bare stage.*

Baa. What are you staring at?

You look like you've never seen a sheep before. Come on, you can't possibly have lived that pathetic a life. I saw sheep all the time growing up in Georgia. Everybody's seen sheep. Although, the way you're looking at me isn't doing much to bolster my faith in the quality of your upbringing. Stop it. Go stare at a goat or something. You're starting to weird me out.

It's because I'm not white, isn't it?

Just because I'm a sheep doesn't mean I have to be white. Sheep can be black. You know the song "Baa Baa Black Sheep"? It's about a sheep that's black. Go look it up on the internet if you don't believe me. Just stop looking at me like I'm some kind of a freak.

Except...I am a freak, aren't I? I'm not a black sheep. Or a white sheep. I'm a rainbow sheep.

Baa. Just deal with it, okay? Right, like that's gonna happen.

I used to try to take my appearance as a positive. I tried to embrace the color of my wool as a sign that I was special. I thought it would make me famous and get me movie roles if I could just be seen by the right people. So to get myself known, I went on a talk show. The host was kind of a jerk.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this afternoon something you don't see every day. Something so bizarre, you won't be able to tear your eyes away from it. It is my dubious pleasure to introduce...Rainbow Sheep! So tell me, Rainbow Sheep, were you born like this, or did you eat a box of crayons and throw up on yourself?"

“Baa.”

“I see. Do the other sheep accept you as one of their own, or do they treat you as the mockery of nature that you are? Do you realize that you look more like a giant creepy tuft of cotton candy with legs and a head than an actual sheep?”

“Baa.”

It was the only thing I could think to say. Actually, at the time, it was the only thing I *could* say. I wasn't able to talk at that point. Which I probably should have taken as a sign that I didn't have any business being on talk shows, but I was young and stupid. And that's probably why, even though I was kind of embarrassed, I went and booked myself on another talk show.

If you're wondering how I got myself booked on talk shows, the answer is simple: I called them. The conversations went something like this:

“Hello?”

“Baa.”

“Did you just say ‘baa’?”

“Baa.”

“That's what I thought you said. Are you trying to get on the show?”

“Baa.”

“You sound like one seriously messed up individual. We'd love to have you.”

Yes, it really happened. Twice. And the second talk show host was even worse than the first one.

“When did you first realize you were an abomination?”

“*Baa.*”

“I see. Tell me about...your mother. Did she love you in spite of yourself, or was she so repulsed by the monstrosity to which she had given birth that she threw herself over a cliff into the ocean?”

“*Baa.*”

“You seem to be saying that a lot. I wonder why?”

“Because I’m a sheep, you idiot.”

At least, that’s what I wanted to say. Of course, it came out as “*Baa*” and the host kept going.

“What is it you’re hiding from us, Rainbow Sheep? What is your dark secret?”

My dark secret is that I’m a sheep that’s colored like a rainbow. I wanted to ask him if his dark secret was that he was a middle-aged dropout from the school of oral hygiene with no real job skills and a yak hair toupee. But of course, all I said was, “*Baa.*”

The interview went downhill from there, and ended with several overturned chairs, hysterical audience members, a cameraman being treated for whiplash, and the bitter, salty taste of talk show host pants on my tongue. It was a complete disaster. And it landed me on the cover of four different supermarket tabloids. It was lurid, but people were intrigued by me, and a week later, I got to meet with the producers of a cable TV series.

I walked into the room and the guy in charge looked at me and said, "Your purple's not as bright as I thought it would be. Sorry. We can't use you." I won't lie...it was kind of a bummer. But on my way out the door, the secretary snapped a picture of me and sent it to a friend, who showed it to a guy in her knitting club who was trying to put together a low-budget horror movie. He tracked me down for a talk. My answer to every one of his questions was, "Baa." He said he thought this was a cute gimmick and offered me an audition. The part was written for a kangaroo, but they were having trouble tracking one of those down. Never a sheep to pass on an opportunity, I was determined to give it my all. When they put the script in front of me, I discovered that the kangaroo was French, and he was fighting demon yogurt cultures. I had to say the following:

"Get out of my fridge, you demon scum! When I am done with you, you will be no-gurt, for you will not exist in this or any other world! I will suffocate you in my pouch and stomp on you until you are dead some more! And then I will eat popcorn and watch *The Terminator*."

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