

# Rose / Roger start

14

Rose and the Rime

*(ROSE grabs the shovel from DOROTHEA and begins shoveling ahead of DOROTHEA, who continues to school ROSE on feminine propriety.)*

DOROTHEA *(cont'd)*. The good Lord don't want no lazy,  
Disrespecting,  
Horse-playin heathens in his house.  
Now you get home to yours so I can get home to mine  
Gimme that shovel  
Sweet Trinity, it's cold  
Gonna get home put on my slippers ...

*(ROSE makes it home where ROGER is waiting for her an eye on his watch.)*

ROGER. Rose!

ROSE. Uncle Roger!

ROGER. Five ... four ... three ... two ...

*(ROSE makes it in-doors just in time for ...)*

ROGER & ROSE. One!

### 3. A-Side

*(Inside ROGER and ROSE's home.)*

*There is a table filled with the technical catastrophe of ROGER's ham radio set, heaped and over-flowing with all manner of analog audio equipment that, over the years, has been hardwired and re-wired, jerry-rigged and tin-foiled to enhance, boost and strengthen the signal. There is an old phonograph with a small collection of records.*

*An oven warms the room.)*

Rose and the Rime

15

ROSE. I made it I made it I made it!  
Uncle Roger!

*(ROSE runs to ROGER and throws her arms around him.)*

ROGER *(sighs)*. You're pushing it, kid!

ROSE. Sorry I'm sorry!

ROGER. You know it gets too cold to be out past dark,  
You'll give me an ulcer, I worry so much.

ROSE. What's an ulcer?

ROGER. It's a very painful, angry little monster little girls  
give their uncles when they stay out too long and almost  
miss curfew.

ROSE. Ohhhh and I gave you one? Where is it?

*(ROGER points to his belly. She examines closely, and just when she's closest ...)*

ROGER. RAWRRRR!!!!

*(His tickle-monster scare works, and she squeals with delight.)*

ROGER *(bringing it back down)*. Be careful.

Once the sun starts to set,

It's not a game out there.

You'll freeze, Rosie.

You have to get inside somewhere it's warm

I'm serious.

You see how I'm serious?

ROSE. Yes, Uncle Roger. I'm sorry.

*(He hugs her.)*

ROGER gives ROSE some hot chocolate and puts on a record.)

ROGER. Besides, who would I make hot cocoa for or play records with if you turned into a popsicle?

ROSE *(completely aware of what she's doing)*. Misses Evelyn?

ROGER. Hey!

Misses Evelyn I'm sure makes her own hot cocoa just fine without my help ...

*(ROGER takes a seat and gets comfortable.)*

ROGER *(cont'd)*. All right, all right,

What should we do with ourselves this evening, Rose?

We could sing

Or dance

Or dissect an old radio ...

ROSE. Tell me the story!

ROGER. The story?

ROSE. The story. The same story that you always tell me.

ROGER. The same story that I always tell you?

Well, I don't know

If it's the same story I always tell you ...

ROSE. Pleeese.

ROGER. I don't remember.

How does it begin?

ROSE. "Once

Upon

A Time."

ROGER. Ah, yes,

"Once

Upon

A Time."

ROSE. In a little town by a big lake!

Sorry.

ROGER. No, no that's right.

In a little town

By a big lake

There lived a beautiful girl

Who was very sad.

For all she wanted, more than anything in the world

Was to sing and dance and play

And go sledding and drink hot chocolate every day forever,

But in this little town by the big lake

There weren't any fluffy grey clouds in the sky

And the sun shone so bright and hot

There wasn't any snow!

You couldn't even wear a coat and hat outside without dripping sweat!

So instead of sledding, they rode bicycles

And instead of drinking hot chocolate

Everyone ate hot dogs!

ROSE. Poor doggies.

~~ROGER. Then one day,~~

~~When the beautiful girl was walking along the beach,~~

~~Which instead of swirling snow and crackling ice~~

~~Was covered with gritty sand,~~

~~ROSE. Eww.~~

← end