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Dramatic Publishing

Rose and the Rime

Drama by Nathan Allen, Chris Mathews and Jake Minton



“Fantastical, funny, suspenseful and moving, it’s athletic, passionate, whimsical and visually inventive—a celebration of theatre as a communal expression of living in the moment.”

—Chicago Reader

“A likable, poignant, gently involving show ... involves the audience explicitly in its storytelling ... has a great spirit of community engagement.”

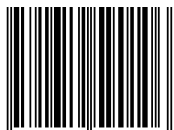
—Chris Jones, *Chicago Tribune*

Rose and the Rime

Drama by Nathan Allen, Chris Mathews and Jake Minton. Cast: 5m., 5w., up to 6 either gender. Young Rose lives a peaceful, carefree life in her tiny wintry town of Radio Falls. Sledding through snow dunes, drinking hot chocolate and listening to stories told by her Uncle Roger, it all seems pretty grand. True, it's always winter, but it's been like that all her life—how could she know the difference? But one day when Rose asks her Uncle Roger the truth of what happened to her parents, she learns there's more to the history of Radio Falls than she could have ever realized. The town has been trapped within perpetual winter ever since the evil Rime Witch came and stole the magic coin that sustained peace and happiness for the little town. To save Radio Falls from its frigid misery, Rose sets out to find the Rime Witch and return the coin to where it belongs. Rose bobsleds through ice caves, braves haunted forests and plunges through fierce blizzards before finally confronting the witch and taking back the coin. Radio Falls returns once again to its summer splendor, but how long can the good times last? Soon, the coin's power invites the town to wonder what else it's missing. One of The House Theatre of Chicago's most beloved original myths, *Rose and the Rime* reminds us once more that anything powerful enough to fulfill all your dreams is also powerful enough to destroy them. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 85 minutes. Code: RD5.*

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Rose and the Rime

A Midwestern fairy tale

By

NATHAN ALLEN,
CHRIS MATHEWS
and JAKE MINTON



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“*Rose and the Rime* was originally developed and devised with the students and faculty of the theatre department at Hope College and originally produced by The House Theatre of Chicago”

Rose and the Rime premiered at The House Theatre of Chicago on Jan. 26, 2014, at Chopin Theatre, directed by Nathan Allen, and featuring the following cast:

ROSE Paige Collins
ROGER Michael E. Smith
JIMMY Brandon Markell Holmes
CHARLIE Sam Guinan-Nyhart
RIME WITCH, DOROTHEA Ericka Ratcliff
EVELYN Christine Mayland Perkins
GRACIE Tamara White
MOLLY Kara Davidson
NOLAN Jeremy Ross
RANDAL Dan Toot

Crew:

Stage Manager Kelly Claussen
Scenic Designer Collette Pollard
Costume Designer Melissa Torchia
Lighting Designer Lee Keenan
Sound Designer Josh Horvath
Composer Kevin O'Donnell
Choreographer Tommy Rapley

Rose and the Rime

CHARACTERS

ROSE: curious

ROGER: her uncle and caretaker, amateur radio expert

RIME WITCH: knows so many things

JIMMY: brother to Charlie, *Popular Mechanics*

CHARLIE: brother to Jimmy, *Boy's Life*

TOWNSFOLK: cold, starved for vitamin D and sick of shoveling; each love Rose like their own

DOROTHEA: the church is empty—if you're just counting people

EVELYN: she keeps the bar but not so much her liquor

MOLLY: an artist in a diner apron

GRACIE: a busy hairdresser

NOLAN: a dutiful mailman

RANDAL: grease monkey, scowly

PLACE: Radio Falls, Mich.

Once a popular lakeside resort town, Radio Falls has been under cover of a bleak winter for as long as a generation can remember. A thick snow covers the town and the outlying region. Roads in and out are inaccessible.

SCENES

1. The Bunny Bite
2. Welcome to Radio Falls
3. A-Side
4. B-Side
5. Roger's SOS
6. Bundle Up
7. Goodbye, Radio Falls
8. Sled Ride
9. Out of Range
10. Wolves in the Woods
11. The Mountaintop
12. The Blizzard
13. The Cave
14. The Witch
15. Lullabye
16. The Belly of the Witch
17. Escape with the Coin
18. Stalactites/Avalanche
19. Search Party
20. The Melt
21. BBQ Parade Party
22. Tourists!
23. Love ...
24. And Consequences
25. Birth of the Baby
26. The Power of the Coin
27. Hey Kid
28. Happiness
29. Roger's Recognition
30. Mob
31. Swallowing the Coin
32. The Claw of the Rime Witch
33. Destruction
34. The Scream
35. Brother and the Baby
36. Charlie's SOS
37. The Baby Laughs

Rose and the Rime

1. The Bunny Bite

(A snowdrift.

In the distance, snow.

Further in the distance, more snow and the architecture of gargantuan ice-sculptures of terrain.

Even further in the distance, snow-capped trees leading up a great snow-covered mountain.

Enter ROSE.

She is young, imaginative and playful. She wears a boxy backpack with a long antennae pointing out the top. She's come exploring the most remote reaches of her small town and is in awe of the bright, snowy horizon and ever-white sky. She loves the snow. She looks to the mountain in the distance and wonders what must be up there, not for the first time.

She unburdens her backpack and retrieves a thermos. She pours a cup of cocoa into its lid.

A snow-BUNNY peeks out from behind some snow.)

ROSE. Oh hi!

What are you doing out here?

Are you all alone?

It's awfully cold for a little bunny to be out here all alone.

The sun's going down and then it'll be really cold.

You should probably go home soon.

(The BUNNY is too interested in her drink to leave.)

ROSE *(cont'd)*. Oh!

How silly of me!

Here!

(She offers the cupful of hot chocolate, and the BUNNY scurries away.)

ROSE *(cont'd)*. No wait!

It's OK.

There's enough for both of us!

(Scurries again.

She pours a little more into the cup and sets down the thermos. Approaching now with the cup.)

ROSE *(cont'd)*. Here look.

It's Hot Chocolate

Hot

Chaw

Klette

It's yummy!

Yuhhhh

Meeeee

Mmmm!

Mmmm!

(The BUNNY zips away under the snow. ROSE loses it and is disappointed. Then she spies it gulping at the open thermos.)

ROSE *(cont'd)*. Hey!

(The BUNNY scurries away, knocking over the thermos. ROSE picks it up and guards it.)

ROSE (*cont'd*). That bunny was trying to steal my drink!

(She finds the BUNNY digging through her backpack for more.)

ROSE (*cont'd*). Get outta there!

(The BUNNY cowers but is too hungry and cold to leave.)

ROSE (*cont'd*). You do look hungry.

Well ...

OK.

We can share.

(She sets the cup down and the BUNNY warily drinks. ROSE slowly tries to touch the BUNNY. The BUNNY bites her hand. Hard. ROSE yelps. The BUNNY hops away.)

ROSE (*cont'd*). Agh, you bit me.

(ROSE removes her glove to see that she is bleeding. She studies this injury with great concern.

ROSE looks back to her surroundings. They seem darker than they did just moments ago.

A radio's static breaks the pensive silence.)

ROGER (*V.O.*). Roger to Rose. Come in Rose—
Over.

(ROSE rushes to her backpack and finds the receiver tucked away inside.)

ROGER (*V.O.*, *cont'd*). Rose—it's Uncle Roger!

Come in—

Over.

ROSE. This is Rose!—

Over.

ROGER (*V.O.*). What's your 20?

ROSE. Uhmm ...

I'm at the beach

I think.

Over.

ROGER (*V.O.*). Well did you lose what time it is?

ROSE. Uh

No?

ROGER (*V.O.*). Rose! Curfew!

It's almost nightfall!

(ROSE gasps, uncovering a watch through five layers of sleeve.)

ROGER (*V.O.*, *cont'd*). It'll be dark soon and the temperature's about to drop!

Hurry home right now!

(ROSE packs up whatever she needs in a hurry and scurries to exit.)

2. Welcome to Radio Falls

ROGER (*V.O.*). Attention, Radio Falls, the sun is setting on another splendid day in our little town by the big lake, and

yet another night is upon us,
Our little Rosie is on her way home
Please
If you see her
Speed her on her way,
And remember,
“Keep warm in your hearts, Radio Falls, I’m sure it’s only
a passing spell.”

(ROGER plays an upbeat big band record, hoping the quick tempo will speed ROSE’s pace.

It does. ROSE runs home through the snow.

She passes a sign: “Welcome to Radio Falls!”

TOWNSFOLK line the streets, vigil to ROSE’s return.

ROSE hurries past with hellos, front-porch greetings and imbalanced exchanges of pleasantries. Several warn her to get home fast.)

GRACIE

ROSE. Hi, Miss Gracie!

GRACIE. Rose! You are gonna catch your death! Roger’s got the whole town out waiting on you!

ROSE. I’m going I’m going!

GRACIE. And don’t think I don’t see how shaggy that hair’s gotten!

ROSE. I’ll come in for a haircut tomorrow!

GRACIE. Randal!

RANDAL

RANDAL. Well look who you found!

Come on, kid!

ROSE. Did you fix anything good today?

RANDAL. No!

ROSE. What about the engine

Did you get that running yet?

RANDAL. No!

ROSE. Well maybe I can come over tomorrow and help?

RANDAL. That'd be—that'd be fine.

EVELYN

EVELYN (*pulling from a flask*). Rose, I already shoveled all this this morning.

Ughhhhh ...

ROSE. I'm sorry, did I wake you up during your "Evelyn time?"

EVELYN. Ugh Roger better be grateful ...

MOLLY

MOLLY. I can take her from here, Evelyn.

EVELYN. What you don't think I can take her all the way?

Fine fine

Enjoy your night get home safe!

Dinn't wanna shovel all the way to Roger's anyway

... Hassle ...

ROSE. Thanks, Molly.

How was your day?

MOLLY. It was fine.

ROSE. Oh! I found this for you!

(ROSE pulls out a small toothbrush sized pine branch.)

ROSE *(cont'd)*. I thought you could use it

As a brush for your paintings!

MOLLY. Thanks. That's

That was really thoughtful of you.

(ROSE smiles.

MOLLY ... smiles.)

NOLAN

NOLAN. Young lady!

ROSE *(with a salute)*. Hello, Postmaster!

NOLAN. Neither rain nor sleet nor snow shall keep me from my appointed rounds.

But they never said anything about delivering *little girls*.

ROSE *(hopping on his back)*. You cannot let down your duty!

(NOLAN grunts but continues onward like an ox.)

DOROTHEA

DOROTHEA. Rose! Get down offa Nolan's back

And stop horse-playin' around!

Get your bottom home to your Uncle Roger! Worried sick.

Act like a lady!

And get this shovel outta my hands,

Respect your elders!

(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. 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. Pleeeeeease.

ROGER. I don't remember.

How does it begin?

ROSE. "Once

Upon

A Time."