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*Dramatic Publishing*

# THE RED ROSE

by

le Clanché du Rand

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(THE RED ROSE)

**Dedicated to  
Patricia Molineux**

# THE RED ROSE

A Play in One Act  
For Two Men and One Woman with doubling

## CHARACTERS

FATHER .....he also plays the Monster's servant  
ROSALINE ..... Father's youngest daughter,  
                  who also plays her two sisters, Negeeta and Powra  
MONSTER ..... plays himself

In productions of this play, please state in your program that *The Red Rose* was commissioned and first produced in 1986 by the Lincoln Center Institute, New York, New York.

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## THE RED ROSE

AT OPENING: *The MONSTER is seated downstage.*

*FATHER enters, humming the remnants of a song to himself. He looks for and finds his big, leather shoulder bag and puts it on. Notices audience. He is a combination of loving qualities mixed with comic resignation and cowardice.*

FATHER. Two weeks ago when I was rich, I was the most popular guy in town. People used to say, 'Hi there, Rialto! Howya doin?'. Now... phut! Now! Huh, they could care less! Lost all my ships. One day: sailing around like a family of ducks – the next day: wham! A storm at sea, all keel over and sink like stones. *(Nobly.)* I don't mind for myself. It's my three lovely daughters I ache over – no more pretty things, no more fun. Lemme introduce you to them, and you'll see for yourselves. First my middle daughter. *(Calls.)* Negeeta! Papa's little na-na-nu-nu! Come meet the folks!

*(NEGEETA enters masked. She's a doll-like creature. Her dance is geisha-like, punctuated by coy squeals that become sweetly whiny. She's dependent, needs coddling.)*

FATHER. Hmmm, so sweet. *(Claps hands twice.)* That's enough! Good, good – say bye-bye. *(She waves.)* Good! *(She exits.)* Tell me, what am I gonna do with

her? *(Pause.)* My eldest daughter, Powra, could've run my whole shipping company if I still had it. *(Calls.)* Powra! Would Papa's little Sherman tank like to- *(Winces.)*

*(POWRA enters masked and with a clash of cymbals. Her dance is power-driven, percussive, karate-like and marked by shouts. She strides out after her dance.)*

FATHER *(wipes face)*. Heh-heh! Hard to believe she's mine, huh? Now my youngest daughter is half and half. I don't guarantee anything. *(Calls.)* Rosaline! Come and dance for the folks.

*(ROSALINE enters with a "must I?" look at her FATHER. He gestures an embarrassed "please" to her, and she reluctantly begins to dance a dance of need. It's halting and incomplete. She stops abruptly and starts exiting.)*

FATHER. Rosaline, don't go. *(Glance at AUDIENCE.)*  
Dance a little more.

ROSALINE. I've told you before – NO! I hate dancing for strangers.

FATHER. What's the big deal? Your sisters do it!

ROSALINE. I'm not Powra nor Negeeta. They like it. I hate it.

FATHER. Aaaalright – have it your own way, but I wish you'd tell me what's wrong.

ROSALINE. I don't know. *(Pause.)* I want to *do* something – go away – *be* something.

FATHER. Like what?

ROSALINE. Oh... something new... something different... it's not here!

FATHER. That covers everything from mangoes to tooth fairies.

ROSALINE. Oh – life is ordinary – day after day – the same old boring thing. Do the dishes, cook the food, clean the house – I'm bored.

FATHER. So young and so bored! What'll you be when you're my age?

ROSALINE (*mischievously*). I'll be just as pompous and funny. (*FATHER makes a mock threatening gesture and she exits laughing.*)

FATHER (*to AUDIENCE*). I let them push me around now and then. Can't rule with an iron fist all the time, ya know. I'm going to town. Who knows, there might be more news about my ships. Where's Pegasus? Gotta get my horse. (*Gets the horse.*) Whoa, Pegasus! (*Calls.*) Rosaline, Powra, Negeeta! Whoa, Pegasus! (*Mutters.*) What a tiger!

*(ROSALINE enters with POWRA and NEGEETA masks on sticks. She moves behind each as she speaks.)*

FATHER. Girls, there's a slim chance one of the ships was saved – slim, mind you. So I might be able to bring you each a little something. What'll it be for you, Powra?

POWRA. Same old thing, Pops. Power! Get me some more Power.

FATHER. They might be out of it, but I'll try. What about you, Negeeta?

NEGEETA. Bwing me Wealth – lots of it!



FATHER (*tickles her*). And this little piggy went wee-wee-wee all the way home. Rosaline, what would you like?

ROSALINE. Nothing.

FATHER. Puh-lease, Rosaline, make it easy for the old man.

ROSALINE. I told you before! I want something new, something different; it's not here.

FATHER (*sighs*). Now what can I get you that is new and different and not here...

POWRA. A man!

NEGEETA. A man!!! (*Giggles.*)

ROSALINE. There are lots of men here.

POWRA. Yeah, but not a – *special* man!

ROSALINE. What are you talking about?

POWRA. Look, dummy, it's like saying: there are lots of flowers here, but–

NEGEETA (*simply*). But not woses!

ROSALINE. That's right. Roses are special, because they don't grow around here. None of us has ever seen one – except in books. That's what I want! Please, Father, bring me a red rose.

FATHER. What are you talking about. They don't even grow in this country.

ROSALINE (*grabs him*). It's important, Father, I must have it. Anything, do anything to bring it to me. Promise!

FATHER (*uncomfortable*). I'll try. I'll – truly try. Whoa, Pegasus. I guess we're off – the horse wants to go. Good-bye, girls. (*Kisses each one.*) See you – aaaaaah. (*Horse gallops off with him. Exit.*)

NEGEETA. Good-bye, Father. Oooh, lots of money, oodles of boodle. Fuw, wabbit fuw for me to woll on!