

**EPISODE ONE**  
**"Rose"**

**Scene 1** – *Call from Elizabeth*

*Rose wakes up to a phone call from her agent.*

Rose: Hello?

Elisabeth: Rose, it's Elisabeth.

Rose: I know.

Elisabeth: How was the show last night?

Rose: Good... I got home at three.

Elisabeth: Well what were you doing there until three.

Rose: I had a beer.

Elisabeth: Just one beer?

Rose: Yes.

Elisabeth: One beer and you stayed out until 3AM?

Rose: Yes.

Elisabeth: I don't believe that for a second... I've told you only one alcoholic drink at industry events.... Any more than that is trashy.... You might as well not wear panties with your spanks.

Rose: You wear underwear with your spanks?

*Pause.*

Elisabeth: Lord help me..... You're becoming a star Rose... A real Star.... You can't be out drinking all hours of the night. I got a call this morning about a gig in June. I think you're gonna want to take this one.

Rose: Okay.

Elisabeth: It's for a Cree anti oil rally.

Rose: Oh that's awesome!

Elisabeth: Ya... that shit's important to us right?

Rose: Yes Elisabeth.

Elisabeth: Okay we just have to make sure the photos are you with the Cree people and not with the “no oil” signs. That shit won’t fly with your red neck fans... hangin’ out with the Indians is fine... I’m not so sure about anti oil.

Rose: Well it’s important to me.

Elisabeth: Anyways... It’s in this really small town in Alberta... it’s outdoors. June 15<sup>th</sup>.

Rose: Oh great... that’s in between gigs.

Elisabeth: Ya so you could fly in to Edmonton on the 14<sup>th</sup> drive there and leave the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup>.

Rose: Okay... How far from Edmonton is it?

Elisabeth: About two hours.

*Beat.*

Rose: What’s the name of the town?

Elisabeth: It’s a real small town... doesn’t even have a hotel.... It used to be one of those “settlements”.

Rose: Okay.... What do you mean ‘used’ to be?

Elisabeth: Well..... it’s a big mixy town.... You know.... Lots of Metis people like you. Anyways they are going to cover travel and accommodation and the fee is pretty decent... I’m trying to negotiate for higher.

Rose: What town/

Elisabeth: It’s a big oil town they should be able to offer you more..... you’ve made more here in Nashville.

Rose: What town?

Elisabeth: St Paul.

Rose: Elisabeth that’s my hometown.

Elisabeth: Oh well look at that... I guess it is.... Slipped my mind.

Rose: You came to my Mom’s funeral there.

Elisabeth: Oh right I forgot.

Rose: How can you forget? It was just last fall.

*Beat.*

Rose: Shit.

Elisabeth: What?

Rose: My Dad.

Elisabeth: What about him?

Rose: Elisabeth! My Dad is an engineer in the oil field in St Paul.

Elisabeth: Oh.... Does that change your mind about the gig?

Rose: Well... I need to think about it.

Elisabeth: It's a really good gig you really should take it.... Great press. " Rose Marie Callihoo goes back to hometown in Alberta". It will be great for your website.

Rose: I have to think about it.

Elisabeth: I'm just saying I've never steered you wrong on a career decision.

Rose: No.

Elisabeth: So then listen to me.

Rose: I need to think about it.

Elisabeth: Fine... I'll tell them you'll have an answer by 5.

Rose: I need to call my best friend.

Elisabeth: That's 5 Rose... we don't want them to move on... it's a great gig.

Rose: I know... it's just... my Dad.

Elisabeth: Don't tell him you're doing it.

Rose: Elisabeth.... The town doesn't even have a hotel.... It's small. He's going to find out.

Elisabeth: Well... whatever just figure it out.

Rose: Okay.

*Elisabeth hangs up the phone.*

*The wind pulls us into a memory.*

*Sounds effect: Mom says "Ken! Ken!" through the wind.*

**Scene Two** – Dad and Mom Trapping

Mom voice: Before Rose was born.

Mom: Ken! Ken, Ken I'm not so sure about this.

Dad: C'mon... it's just a rabbit.

Mom: I'm not going to look.

Dad: That's fine... you don't have to look.

*Beat.*

Dad: Don't trip.

Mom: Me and the baby are fine.

Dad: You're a bit too far along to be coming into the bush with me.

Mom: We're fine Ken.

*We hear Mom trip on some branches.*

Dad: Don't move so quickly.

Mom: I tripped on a branch. It's no big deal.

Dad: Just be careful okay?

Mom: Okay.

Dad: Promise?

Mom: Promise.

*Beat.*

Dad: Okay.... Here we are. Close your eyes.

Mom: Can we set him free?

Dad: Marie, my Mom needs the money to buy food right now.

Mom: I know it's just....

Dad: This is what we've always done.

Mom: I know.

Mom: Maarsi Lievre.

*Dad kills the rabbit.*

Dad: There it's done. Open your eyes.

Mom: When did you start trapping?

Dad: When I was 7.

Mom: My Dad only started when he was 10.

Dad: Well... I didn't have a Dad so I had to learn quick on my own.

Mom: So this is your Grandpa's line?

Dad: Well it's mine now.

Mom: Wow.. you've been coming here everyday since you were 7?

Dad: Yes.

*Beat.*

Dad: I passed by Bobby in a brand new truck the other day.

Mom: How does he have a brand new truck?

Dad: He got a job in the oil field.

Mom: Oh.

*Beat.*

Mom: Ken... No.

Dad: I don't want our child growing up the way I did.

Mom: You had a great childhood.

Dad: No I didn't. We never knew when we would eat next. I don't want my kid growing up like that.

Mom: The oil field is hard on Metis men's spirits Ken.

Dad: I can do it Marie. I know I can.

Mom: I understand but I really don't think/

Dad: I can start as an operator. Then I can study at night and become an engineer.

*Beat.*

Dad: I want to do it for our family. I don't want our child growing up dirt poor like I did.

Mom: I would rather you were happy. You could teach them how to trap.

Dad: Marie, I've already made my choice.

Mom: Okay then.

*Beat.*

Mom: How much is that rabbit pelt worth?

Dad: about 10 bucks.

Mom: That's it?

Dad: Ya. It used to be worth a lot more but nobody cares about pelts these days.

*Beat.*

Mom: Would you look for work in the oil field if I wasn't pregnant?

Dad: I'm not sure... It's not really worth thinking about.

Mom: Why not?

Dad: Because you are pregnant... no sense in thinking what would happen if things were different.

Mom: I suppose.

*Beat.*

Mom: But your family has been trapping here for years.

Dad: Well, things are changing. I can't make enough money, trapping laws are too strict.

Mom: I know.

*Beat.*

Mom: It's just sad.

Dad: Best not to think about it too much.

Mom: We're leaving something behind Ken.

Dad: Well... we don't have any other choice.

*Beat.*

Dad: Best not to think about it.

*Beat.*

Mom: I had a dream about our daughter last night.

Dad: It's a girl?

Mom: Yes. She was in the stars with great grandmother Marie.

Dad: The Marie you're named after.

Mom: Well.... One of them, I'm named after all the Maries.

Dad: You know what I mean.

Mom: In the dream I watched her grow up. She is going to have long black hair and bright green eyes. She's short like me but she's sure feisty just like my grandmother. Great grandmother Marie told me her name is Rose. Rose Marie Callihoo. And Ken, she can sing, She can sing even better than me.... She has a voice that sounds exactly like my Mother's.

Dad: Rose.

Mom: Yes.

Dad: But it was just a dream.

Mom: Have my dreams ever been wrong?

Dad: No... No they haven't.

Dad: Rose Marie Callihoo.

*Beat.*

Mom: Do you hear that?

Dad: What?

Mom: Ken, can you hear that song?

Dad: Marie, it's just the wind. There's no song.

*Beat.*

*They listen.*

Mom: It's coming from the river.

Dad: C'mon Marie, it's getting dark.

*Mom sings the song she hears on the wind.*

*While she sings she is walking closer to the river.*

*The song turns into the rushing river.*

Mom: That voice sounds just like my great grandmother Marie.

*Beat.*

Mom: You really can't hear that?

Dad: I wish I could.

*Wind.*

*The song becomes louder.*

### **Scene Three** – Brooke

*Phone rings*

*Rose is calling Brooke.*

*The phone rings and rings and rings.*

*Brooke picks up on the very last possible ring.*

Brooke: What?

Rose: How's it going?

Brooke: The dog ate the rug and then then barfed and then the baby tried to eat the barf.

Rose: So not good?

Brooke: It's been better. Oh by the way.... I saw your new music video... I love it!!! I watched it three times in a row.

Rose: Doesn't it remind you of us when we were in high school?

Brooke: It's totally us.

Rose: Ya... that's what I thought too.

Brooke: Did you get to keep that dress you're wearing in the video?

Rose: Yes I did... I'm staring at it in my closet right now.



Brooke: How about you? How are you?

Rose: I just got a phone call to play a concert at home.

Brooke: Oh that's great! You haven't been here on a year.

Rose: It's for an anti oil protest.

Brooke: Oh lord....

*A baby cries in the background.*

Brooke: It would break your Dad's heart if you played at a concert protesting oil.

Rose: I know.

*Beat.*

Brooke: So why are you even considering doing it?

Rose: I'm not sure.

Brooke: Is this a Native thing?

Rose: Kind of.

Brooke: Well... What would your Mom think?

Rose: I don't know... that's why I'm calling you. I can't hear her properly right now for some reason.

*Beat.*

Rose: John showed up on my doorstep in Nashville last week.

Brooke: Why didn't you tell me?!?

Rose: Brooke, I don't know what to do.

Brooke: What do you mean you don't know what to do? You two have been in love since we were practically kids.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Well, I mean.... You've been talking about moving home for five years.

Rose: Brooke, I asked you not to bring it up. It's complicated and I don't know what to do.

Brooke: I know... I'm sorry.

*Beat.*

Brooke: You have to say no to this concert.

Rose: But I want to come home.

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Brooke: Then come home!

Rose: Well I can't just "come home".

Brooke: And why the hell not?

Rose: Because my Dad.... When I was 16 I told my Dad...

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*Rose gets pulled into a memory*

*Rose is sixteen years old, her and Dad are sitting in a field under the stars.*

Dad: Achak.

Rose: Ach

Dad: Achak.

Rose: Achak.

Dad: Star.

Rose: Star.

Dad: Achakosak.

Rose: Achakosak. What are stars supposed to be?

Dad: They are pieces of light.

Rose: But what are they made of?

Dad: Hydrogen and Helium.

Rose: Where do they come from?

Dad: They come from chemical reactions a long long time ago. So these stars that we are looking at now... Some have been there a very very long time and some are new, some are in between.

Rose: Hunh.

Dad: When we first met, your Mom told me that our souls are made of stardust and that when we die, we join the stars up there...Achakosak.

Rose: Wow.

Dad: So if you think of it that way.... All those stars are our relatives who have passed on before us.

Rose: Kind of like they are watching over us.

Dad: Ya.

Rose: So when you were little, that's where you thought you came from?

Dad: Ya.. I guess so.

Rose: What about the Eve story?

Dad: Well... I had both.

Rose: How could you have both?

Dad: Well, they were just stories.

Rose: I don't believe that anything is just a story.

Dad: No?

Rose: Well.... We're all stories. That doesn't mean we're not real.

Dad: I suppose you're right.

Rose: Why haven't you told me that story before?

Dad: Because I didn't think it was important.

Rose: Why not?

Dad: I dunno.... It just never came up I guess.

Rose: So one day we'll become stars?

Dad: Ya, I guess so.

*Beat.*

Dad: I forgot about that story.

Rose: About the stars.

Dad: Ya.

Rose: Do you believe it?

Dad: I used to.

Rose: What changed?

Dad: I grew up.

Rose: Well that's boring.

Dad: Well we all have to grow up at some point.

Rose: So just cause you grew up you quit believing in stories?

Dad: It's not that simple Rose.

Rose: I don't think I'll ever stop believing in stories.

Dad: Well... I hope you don't.

*Beat.*

Rose: I think, I want to tell our stories with my songs you know?

Dad: That's a nice idea.

Rose: Well... it's not an idea... I'm going to do it.

Dad: What do you mean?

Rose: When I graduate I'm going to move to Nashville and be a country singer.

Dad: You want to sing for a living?

Rose: And write songs... ya.

Dad: Very few people are able to do that Rose.

Rose: Well what if I was the very few?

Dad: I dunno Rose.

*Beat.*

Dad: So you're thinking of moving away?

Rose: When I graduate ya.

Dad: Ya it could be good to move away for awhile. When would you come back?

Rose: Well I might not.

Dad: What about family? Don't you want a family?

Rose: All I really want is to be a singer in Nashville.

Dad: What about me and your Mom?

Rose: Well... I can come home to visit.

*Beat.*

Dad: Something I've learned in my life is that it doesn't matter what you do really... because the most important thing in this life is love. It's the people you love. At the end of the day, that's what we're all left with. It doesn't really matter what you did but it does matter who you've loved.

Rose: I don't know.... I think that if I was a country singer, I wouldn't really need anything else you know?

*Beat.*

Rose: I would have my dream, I wouldn't need anything else.

Dad: You don't want a family?

Rose: I want to sing.

Dad: I think you might be wrong there, Rose.

Rose: Well... I don't.

*Beat.*

Rose: Didn't you have a dream when you were my age?

Dad: Ya, my dream was to have a family.

Rose: You got your dream.

Dad: Ya I guess I did.

Rose: So maybe I can have mine.

*Beat.*

Dad: Maybe.

Rose: Just maybe.

*Beat.*

Rose: Achakosak.

Dad: Achakosak.

*Rose comes back to the present.*

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Rose: The point is, Brooke... I'm a country singer... I mean... I'm not Tim McGraw or anything but I'm kind of a big deal here.

Brooke: You're kind of a big deal here too. We would love to have you back.

Rose: It's not the same.

Brooke: And why the hell not?

Rose: Cause what does it say if I leave Nashville? I might as well quit being a singer.

Brooke: Maybe it says that you're tired of living in a one bedroom apartment by yourself away from the people who love you.

Rose: Harsh.

Brooke: I'm sorry.

Rose: I moved into a two bedroom a couple of weeks ago.

Brooke: I know... I forgot.

Rose: There are people who love me here.

Brooke: It's not the same as the way we love you.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Am I wrong?

*Beat.*

Brooke: I think maybe it's time to give this place a try again. You can always go back to Nashville if you don't like living here all the time.

*Beat.*

Rose: I've thought of it. And I'm thinking about it more and more.

Brooke: What did John want when he showed up in Nashville out of nowhere?

*Rose is pulled into the memory of John showing up at her doorstep.*

*Rose's apartment buzzer sounds.*

*John is standing outside of Rose's apartment door. She isn't expecting him.*

Rose: John.

John: Hi.

Rose: Hi.

*Beat.*

Rose: What are you/

John: I'm in town for a leather tanning conference.

Rose: Oh.

John: I thought I would stop by.

Rose: Oh, well.... Hi.

John: Your Dad says you haven't been home for a while.

Rose: Ya

John: Brooke told me you've quit visiting since your Mom died.

Rose: Kind of.... ya.

*Beat.*

John: How are you doing?

Rose: Good.

John: Really Rose?

Rose: John.

John: Why haven't you been coming home?

Rose: Because it isn't the same without my Mom.

John: Your Dad misses you.

Rose: How do you know?

John: I can tell.

*Beat.*

Rose: How are you doing?

John: Good.

Rose: I heard you and Sarah Beth split.

John: Ya.

Rose: Sorry to hear. What happened?

John: Not sure.

*Beat.*

John: And are you?

Rose: No. not married.

John: Seeing anyone?

Rose: Not really.

John: What do you mean not really?

Rose: Well...

*Beat.*

John: I heard your song on the radio back home. Sounds good.

Rose: Thanks.

*Beat.*

Rose: I saw your shop's website... looks good.

John: Thank you.

Rose: You did it!

John: What?

Rose: Quit the oil field and became a leather maker.

John: Oh ya... I guess I did.

Rose: Ya.

John: And you did it.

*Beat.*

John: You're a country singer in Nashville.

Rose: Ya.



*Beat.*

Rose: I have a show tonight.

John: Oh ya.

Rose: Wanna come?

John: Ya.

*Beat.*

Rose: Where are you staying?

John: I haven't figured that out yet.

Rose: Do you need to stay on my couch?

John: No it's okay, I'll get a hotel room.

Rose: Are you sure?

John: I'll get a hotel room.

Rose: You don't have to.

John: I should.

*Beat.*

John: So.... Sarah Beth and I broke up.

Rose: So you're only coming to see me because you're getting a divorce?

John: No, that's not what I mean.

Rose: Well that's kind of what it sounds like.

John: I.....

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm sorry.

John: For what?

Rose: I shouldn't have said that.

John: No no no it's fine.

Rose: It's nice to see you.

John: Ya you too.

*Beat.*

John: I didn't just come here cause I'm getting a divorce.

Rose: Okay.

John: I heard you quit coming home and I was worried about you.

Rose: I'm just busy that's all.

John: You used to come home whenever you could.

Rose: Well things were different then.

John: What do you mean?

Rose: My Mom was alive and I was in love with you.

*Beat.*

Rose: See what I mean? Different.

*Beat.*

Rose: You wanna ride with me?

John: I think maybe I shouldn't come.

Rose: John....

John: No, no really it's okay.

Rose: Please come to my concert.

*Beat.*

Rose: Do you want to ride with me?

John: No, no it's okay I'll meet you there.

Rose: I'm on at 10.

John: Okay.

Rose: Don't be late.

John: I never am.

Rose: Well....

*She laughs.*

Rose: Sometimes you are.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'll come say hi after?

John: Sounds good.

*Rose is brought back to the present.*

Rose: Him and Sarah Beth broke up.

Brooke: Ya I know. The whole town knows....

Rose: Right, I forgot how fast news travels there.

Brooke: Small town.

*Beat.*

Rose: I think it would be good for me to do the concert.

Brooke: Why?

Rose: I want to see what's there ya know?

Brooke: You know what's here.

Rose: I mean with music.

Brooke: I dunno Rose...

Rose: Ya.... Me neither.

Brooke: So what does John want?

Rose: I don't know.... I don't even know if he knows.

*Beat.*

Rose: You think it's a really bad idea for me to play this concert?

Brooke: Yes... but I know you're going to do it anyways.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Well? Am I wrong?

Rose: No.

Brooke: Okay, so what day are you getting here?

Rose: I fly in the 14<sup>th</sup>. My plane gets into Edmonton at about two.

Brooke: Do you need a ride?

Rose: Yes.

Brooke: I'll pick you up.

Rose: I'll text you when I land.

Brooke: See you then.

Rose: Ya, see you then.

**EPISODE TWO**  
**"Brooke"**

*Previously on..." ends with the following repeated from Ep 1*

Rose: My plane gets into Edmonton at about two.

Brooke: Do you need a ride?

Rose: Yes.

Brooke: I'll pick you up

**Scene One** – Airport

*Rose is in the airport waiting for her flight.*

*Flight attendant:* Alright yall, Air Canada flight 737 from Nashville will be touching down in Edmonton in just a few minutes. Please buckle up

*Brooke is picking Rose up from the airport.*

Brooke: Rose! Rose! You made it!

Rose: Hardly.

Brooke: You're only staying for the weekend.... How much crap do you need!

Rose: I always bring options with me.

Brooke: Options for a whole month!

Rose: Brooke we don't all wear hoodies and leggings every day.

Brooke: That's what you're wearing now!

Rose: That's cause I'm travelling.

*They laugh.*

Brooke: You look good.

Rose: So do you. It's really good to see you Cookie.

Brooke: You too.... Okay so, do we have all your crap?

Rose: Oh wait... I think I'm missing one suitcase...

Brooke: Are you kidding me!

Rose: Oh no! Here it is.

Brooke: It's one weekend.

Rose: I'm here for work! Where are the kids?

Brooke: Eleanor is babysitting.

Rose: Oh fun.

Brooke: Did you tell your Dad you're coming?

Rose: No.

Brooke: Rose.

Rose: He'll figure it out when I get there.

Brooke: What if he isn't home?

Rose: He doesn't go anywhere.

Brooke: I mean... you're not wrong.

Rose: Oh my god it's so hot.

Brooke: I told you that we're in a heat wave.

Rose: I thought you were exaggerating.

Brooke: No I wasn't. It was 42 degrees yesterday.

Rose: That's scary.

Brooke: It's cooling off.

Rose: Remember when you told me you didn't believe in global warming.

Brooke: It's not that I don't believe in it.... I just think we're being a bit dramatic.

Rose: You call 42 degrees dramatic. This isn't normal.

*Sound effect: The trunk opens.*

Brooke: I hope there's space in here for all your diva crap.

Rose: Why do you always keep so much stuff in your trunk?

Brooke: I have 3 kids!

Rose: There isn't even room for my suitcase in here.

Brooke: I didn't expect you to bring so much. You're only here for a weekend.

*They wrestle the suitcase into the trunk*

*They close it.*

Rose: Okay we need to start driving.

Brooke: Rose...I don't mean to sound like a negative nelly.... but this concert is a very bad idea.

Rose: I know.

Brooke: Everyone works in oil.

Rose: I know.

Brooke: Is this a Native thing?

Rose: Brooke. You can't just say shit like that.

Brooke: Well, you've always been an Indian... I just don't understand why it's such a big deal all of a sudden.

Rose: It's always been a big deal. It just wasn't important to you so you didn't notice.

Brooke: So? Is this a Native thing?

Rose: Yes it is.

Brooke: Oh Brother.

–  
*Beat.*

Rose: My Mom would tell me to do it.

Brooke: Ya, I thought about that.

Rose: She would have been in the front row.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Did you tell John you're coming home?

Rose: No.

Brooke: Well, he knows.

*Beat.*

Brooke: I saw him reading the flyer in the Super A yesterday.

Rose: There are flyers.

Brooke: Oh yeah.

Rose: Do you think my Dad seen one?

Brooke: I don't know.

*Beat.*

Brooke: But like you said.... He doesn't go anywhere.

Rose: In a town this size he's bound to find out.

Brooke: Why didn't you tell John you're coming home?

Rose: I'm with that bass player in Nashville.

Brooke: You never talk about him.

Rose: Ya well.... It's just something to do for now.

Brooke: For now?

Rose: You don't get it... you've been with Ray since we were 15.

Brooke: So?

Rose: So you don't get what this feels like.

Brooke: You expect too much Rose.

Rose: What do you mean?

Brooke: You're a handful.

Rose: You think I'm a handful.... Doesn't mean I'm a handful.

Brooke: Not to me. I would never think that. It's just boys.... You expect too much from boys... they can talk about feelings or things like that.

Rose: What?

Brooke: Well, when I'm upset... Ray is the worst person to talk to.

Rose: You don't talk to Ray when you're upset?

Brooke: No, he's the worst person to talk to.

Rose: So what do you talk about?

Brooke: Other things.

Rose: Like what?

Brooke: The kids. Work. Our family... so many things.

Rose: So who do you talk to when you're upset?

Brooke: You.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Who do you talk to when you're upset?

Rose: You.

Brooke: There ya go.

Rose: But I don't have a boyfriend. If I had a boyfriend I would want to be able to talk to him about the real things.

Brooke: What about the bass player in Nashville?

Rose: Dammit, I always forget about him.

Brooke: What are real things?

Rose: The stories I'm trying to tell. Where my family is from.... My parents, home. You know?

*Beat.*



Brooke: John.

Rose: He's never gonna leave St. Paul.

Brooke: So you could just come back.

Rose: I wouldn't have the same life. Right now I'm on tour 6 months of the year. When I'm not on tour I'm playing at least twice a week in Nashville, most of the time more. And then I'll take a break from singing and I'll write. I couldn't do that here.

Brooke: You could write.

Rose: That's just one part of what I do.

Brooke: Ya... but are you happy?

Rose: It's complicated....

Brooke: I think it's a pretty simple question.

*Beat.*

Rose: I love my career.

Brooke: That doesn't answer my question.

Rose: Well... you can't expect to have the career and life you want. I feel like you have to pick.

Brooke: I have both

Rose: What are you talking about? You don't work.

Brooke: I'm a Mom Rose.

Rose: That's your job?

Brooke: Yes! It's really hard. You'll see one day.

Rose: I don't think I'll ever be just a Mom.

Brooke: Oh you just wait and see....

*They see the "Welcome to St. Paul" sign with Rose's face on it.*

Rose: There's a welcome to St. Paul sign with my picture on it!?! Since when???

Brooke: Oh year! Sometimes we'll be talking on the phone and I'll drive by it. It makes me laugh.

Rose: Oh my god! When did they put that up?

Brooke: About two months ago.

Rose: Why didn't you tell me?

Brooke: I sent you a picture.

Rose: No you didn't.

Brooke: Well I thought I did.... Anyways/

Rose: I have better pictures than that.

Brooke: Your hair is so big.... How do you get it to stay like that?

Rose: Hairspray.

*Beat.*

Rose: Oh look! The firehall is having a pancake breakfast.

Brooke: Want to stop?

Rose: I don't think I have time.

Brooke: Rose, you never come home anymore.

Rose: I haven't been to the firehall since my Mom's funeral.

*Beat.*

Rose: Okay let's stop.

*Sound effect: The car pulls over.*

Rose: This is where Johnny kissed me for the first time. After grade 9 prom. Right in front of the statue of the lady.

*Beat.*

Rose: That's my favourite memory of this place.

Brooke: Mine is when you barfed in the parking lot the first time we drank tequila.

*They laugh.*

Rose: That's a good one too.

*Beat.*

Rose: I don't eat gluten.

Brooke: What's a gluten.

Rose: Flour.

Brooke: Well they have sausage.

Rose: It probably has brown sugar in it.

Brooke: So?

Rose: I don't eat sugar.

Brooke: what do you eat?

Rose: Vegetables, meat and complex carbs.

Brooke: Why is it complex?

Rose: Oh look there's Ray.

Brooke: He didn't tell me he was coming! He's supposed to be at work!

Rose: Last one to the fire pole is a rotten egg!

Brooke: Good god it's too hot to run.

Rose: Global warming.

Brooke: It's just a heat wave.

*Wind.*

*The river runs.*

*Rose and Brooke laugh, like old friends remembering a memory.*

**Scene Two** - *Dad doubts his choice*

Mom's voice: Rose is 2 years old.

*Dad comes home from work.*

Dad: Marie.

Mom: Hi Ken! How was your day?

Dad: Do you think I'm doing the right thing?

Mom: What do you mean?

Dad: We've started drilling in our forest. The one we used to hang out in as kids.

Mom: Oh.

Dad: Today I helped cut down the trees we used to play in.

*Beat.*

Dad: Am I doing the right thing?

Mom: I'm not sure. I think you made the best choice you could three years ago. But if you want to leave.... I'll support you.

Dad: But what about the money?

Mom: We can figure it out Ken.... I can start teaching singing lessons again... Or I can sing at Joe's on Friday nights.

Dad: Sometimes I wish I could still trap you know? But pelts aren't worth what they used to be..... People don't care about them anymore, even our own people. Now it's oil instead..... I used to get at least one red fox a week, now I'm lucky if I see one every month let alone catch one. I don't know what else I would do or where else I would go.

Mom: I think we would have to move but/

Dad: Move? This is our place Marie. This is where we were raised. I don't want to leave this place.... Do you?

Mom: Of course not but I want you to be happy.

Dad: I don't want to move.

*Beat.*

Mom: Your spirit is more important than some job, or this place or money.

Dad: I don't want our daughter to grow up without knowing the river. Or the trees here or the wind.

Mom: I don't either but I don't want you to kill your heart for money.

Dad: Lots of men do it.

Mom: That doesn't mean it's right.

*Beat.*

Dad: I dunno Marie...

Mom: Just say the word Ken and we can figure something out.

Dad: I don't want to leave this place. I want Rose to know she belongs here. This is our place, it belongs to us.

*Wind.*

-

**Scene Three** - *Rose surprises Dad*

*Sound effect: Brooke pulls into the driveway.*

*She puts her car in park.*

*Brooke turns off her car.*

Brooke: Here we are. Do you think your Dad is here? I'll help you get your things in the trunk.

Rose: Think he's going to be mad?

Brooke: He's going to be happy you're home.... Mad about the concert.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Oh look! There he is! Hi Ken!

Rose: Hi Dad.

Dad: You didn't tell me you were coming.

Rose: I wanted to surprise you.

Brooke: I'll talk to you later Rose?

Rose: Ya for sure... thanks for the ride!

*Brooke drives away.*

Dad: You cut your hair.

Rose: Ya.... It's ceremony, you're supposed to cut your hair when someone dies.

Dad: Ceremony to who?

Rose: Us.

Dad: Oh.

*Beat.*

Dad: You've lost weight.

Rose: So have you.

*Beat.*

Rose: Well, do you like it?

Dad: You look thin.

Rose: I'm talking about my hair.

Dad: It looks nice, it'll just take some getting used to I guess.

Rose: Ya... it took me some getting used to too.

Dad: So why did you do it? If you don't like it why would you cut it?

Rose: For Mom.

Dad: Ya I got that.

Rose: I think she would have liked it?

Dad: That you cut your hair?

Rose: No what it looks like.

Dad: She always said you had hair that looked exactly like grandma Marie's.

Rose: It'll grow back.

*Beat.*

Rose: Can I come in?

Dad: Oh ya... course.

*Rose picks up her baggage to carry it inside.*

Dad: Here, let me help with that with your bags.

Rose: I can carry it.

Dad: You shouldn't be lifting anything in those shoes.

Rose: I wear heels all the time.

Dad: Still. Let me take it.

Rose: Okay.

*Beat.*

Rose: I meant to tell you/

Dad: I don't have any of that hippie food you eat... But I'm sure we have some bread that doesn't have gluten in it.

Rose: All the bread in this town has gluten in it.

Dad: Well, I didn't know you were coming so I didn't have time to go to the city and get that hippie food.

Rose: I know.

Dad: I would have gone in to the city if I knew you were coming

Rose: I know Dad. You have some bison right? I'll just eat that. It's okay.

*They walk in the front door of the house. He sets down the luggage.*

Rose: This place is exactly the same as the last time I was here.

Dad: Did you want me to change it?

Rose: No, no, I love that it's the same.

Dad: I'll go put your bags in your room upstairs.

*Rose walks through the house to the back porch.*

*Wind.*

Rose: You took Mom's poster down.

Dad: Hm?

Rose: The poster of her first concert in Edmonton.... You took it down.

Dad: Oh ya.

Rose: Why?

*Beat.*

Dad: Want some moose? I got a moose this fall. Went all the way back out to Bonnyville. He was an old guy. I made a ton of jerky, you can take some back with you.

Rose: Dad I meant to tell you/

Dad: So, I haven't heard from you in a while. Is something going on?

Rose: What do you mean?

Dad: Well I haven't heard from you in a while.

Rose: I've been busy.

Dad: Ya, well.

Rose: What?

Dad: Well, I haven't heard from you since Christmas.... It's June.

Rose: I know... it was one of my best years yet with gigs.

Dad: I tried to call you on your birthday.

Rose: Oh I must have missed your call, Kara and I went to Vegas for the weekend.

Dad: Oh. So was it a good birthday?

Rose: Ya it was. I'm sorry I missed your call.

Dad: So, how's the singing going?

Rose: Good.

Dad: How about the songwriting?

Rose: Even better, that's my money maker these days.

Dad: Are you still saving up to buy a house?

Rose: I've had a few setbacks.

Dad: What do you mean?

Rose: Well I just recorded an album, it's getting edited now.

Dad: So what does that have to do with buying a house?

Rose: Recording an album is expensive.

Dad: You really need to start thinking about the future and what you're gonna do.

Rose: What do you mean, 'what I'm gonna do'?

Dad: Well, you're gonna have to get a job one day.

Rose: I have a job.

Dad: No, a real job Rose. You have to think about your retirement and security.

Rose: I have a real job.



Dad: I know you do it's just that/

Rose: Just that what?

Dad: It's just that you need to make sure you're financially secure for when I'm not around to bail you out anymore.

Rose: I haven't asked you for money in six years.

Dad: Brooke showed me your new music video?

Rose: Oh ya?

Dad: Reminds me a lot of you and her when you were younger.

Rose: That's where I got the idea.

Dad: That sure took me on a trip down memory lane.

*Beat.*

Rose: How are you?

Dad: Good.

Rose: What have you been up to?

Dad: Working.

Rose: How's your brother?

Dad: Good.

Rose: See him often?

Dad: Often enough.

*Beat.*

Dad: Any boys?

Rose: Ya, there's this new guy....

Dad: Does he have a job?

Rose: He's a musician.

Dad: How's John?

Rose: Haven't talked to him.

Dad: I heard from his Dad that John went to visit you.

Rose: Ya.

Dad: So what happened?

Rose: He came to Nashville and we hung out.

Dad: So are you with him?

Rose: That's a complicated question.

Dad: No it's not. Are you or aren't you?

Rose: I'm with this bass player back in Nashville. I'm not with John.

*Dad sighs.*

Rose: What?

Dad: You and John have just been doing this thing since you were 16.

Rose: What 'thing'?

Dad: Well, you have been dancin' around each other for a long time.

Rose: He lives here.

Dad: So? What's wrong with that?

Rose: I can't be a country singer here.... He's never gonna leave this place.

Dad: Isn't there work for leatherworkers in Nashville? Don't they have a lot of fringe there?

Rose: Ya but he doesn't want to leave St. Paul.

Dad: And you wouldn't come back?

*Beat.*

Rose: So I'm with this bass player.

Dad: You know, you can't be bouncing around guys..... You don't want to be that kind of girl.

Rose: What kind of girl?

Dad: All I'm saying is that's not the way to find a nice guy.

Rose: This bass player is a nice guy.

Dad: Well, John is a nice guy.

Rose: Isn't he ever.

Dad: What happened?

Rose: I don't want to talk about it.

Dad: Why? Are you embarrassed?

Rose: No, I just don't want to talk about it.

Dad: You're 32 Rose. Maybe it's time to think about settling down.

Rose: I don't know about that.... 32 is still young in my world.

Dad: I guess your mother and I already had you when we were 32.

Rose: Ya, you did.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm sorry I couldn't make it home for Christmas.

Dad: I understand.

Rose: The fundraiser gig I got on Christmas day was a lot of fun.

Dad: That's good.

Rose: What did you get up to on Christmas?

Dad: Nothing really.

*Beat.*

Dad: Do you want to go sit on the deck/

Rose: I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was coming home.

Dad: We should go sit on the deck, it's a beautiful day.

*Beat.*

Dad: Did you see the new sign on the way into town? Pretty cool isn't it.

Rose: Ya.

Dad: That's a really good picture of you on that sign.

Rose: Ya it's alright.

Dad: What do you mean just alright?

Rose: Well I got a lot of pictures.... It's hard to keep track of which ones I like best. But that one is a good one. I'm happy it's that one.

Dad: Jo asked if that was a good picture for the sign, I didn't want to bother you so I just figured I would say yes.

Rose: You wouldn't have bothered me.

Dad: Well I never hear from you so..... felt pretty stupid to call about a silly picture.

*Beat.*

Rose: So, you've been hunting?

Dad: Ya I just got that one moose. But I started my trap line back up, over by the old farm house.

Rose: Oh really?

Dad: Ya.

Rose: Like when you were a kid?

Dad: Ya I mean, growing up I had to sell the pelts so Mom could buy food. I don't need to do that anymore so I've set up catch and release traps, to let the animals go. I check the traps every day so they aren't in there for too long. I rarely catch anything anyways.

Rose: That's good that you're doing that again.

Dad: Ya.

Rose: I would like to learn how to trap at some point.

Dad: Oh really? You never seemed interested before.

Rose: Well I think it's important for me to learn.

Dad: Why?

Rose: Cause of who we are.

Dad: You mean, cause you're an Indian now?

Rose: Ya and you aren't?

Dad: You're trying to be all hardcore now or something?

Rose: No I just think it's important.

Dad: Okay then. If there's a rabbit in there, I'm going to kill it for the dog. Sure you can handle that?

*He laughs to himself.*

Rose: Ya. It's just a rabbit.

Dad: Well when you were little you hated when I'd go hunting.

Rose: But I was 6... that's different. I didn't understand.

Dad: One time I had a deer hanging in the garage and you came running inside saying "you shot Bambi".

*They laugh.*

Rose: What did you say to me?

Dad: I said that's not Bambi, That's his cousin.

Rose: Did it work?

Dad: No, you just started crying harder.

*They laugh.*

Dad: Your Mom gave me such crap for that.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm doing a tour next summer.

Dad: Oh really where?

Rose: All over the states.

Dad: You going to be doing a tour in Canada anytime soon?

Rose: Ya I have a tour next year, It's in Ontario.

Dad: Well, you could spend more time here in Alberta.

Rose: I'm trying.

Dad: Wouldn't the Indian thing really work here?

Rose: There's Indians in the states too.

Dad: I mean... I mean the Metis thing, wouldn't the Metis thing work better here.

Rose: There's Metis people in the states, they just don't call themselves Metis.

Dad: Well what do they call themselves?

Rose: Not really anything. They're just native.

Dad: Well I'm sure you would have no problems building a fanbase here.

Rose: It's hard to find breaks in my schedule to make it home.

Dad: That's the reason you haven't come home?

Rose: Yes.

Dad: Well, why were you able to make it home now?

Rose: Well... I've been meaning to tell you/

*Dad's phone starts ringing.*

Dad: Sorry Rose, it's the plant.... I told them I would go in if they had any problems.

Rose: No it's okay you go. I had something I wanted to talk to you about but it can wait. I was going to go visit the river anyways.

Dad: Okay.... I'll be back by 6. Here, you can take your Mom's diesel.

*Rose pauses.*

Dad: Is that alright? Or do you want my truck?

Rose: No... Mom's diesel is great!

Dad: Okay see you.

Rose: Ya.

*Dad answers the phone*

Dad: Hello... yup.... Yup.... I'm on my way.

**EPISODE THREE**  
**"Mom"**

*Previously on..." ends with the following repeated from Ep 2*

*Dad's phone starts ringing.*

Dad: Sorry Rose, it's the plant.... I told them I would go in if they had any problems.

Rose: No it's okay you go. I had something I wanted to talk to you about but it can wait. I was going to go visit the river anyways.....

**Scene 1** - *Rose at the river*

*Rose is sitting by the river.*

*Sound effect: birds chirring.*

Rose: There you are Mom... I couldn't hear you as well earlier.

*Wind.*

Rose: I've missed you. I can't find you in Nashville, you know? But no matter how many times I leave, this place always feels the same. It's that time of year.... Right before it becomes summer when everything feels like it's just about to burst. But the river.... The river never shakes.

*She closes her eyes.*

*She begins to hear a fiddle play.*

*The river swirls around her.*

*The voice of Rose's mother emerges from the swirl.*

*Rose hears her mother's song and starts singing along with her.*

*The fiddle disappears as does the swirl of the river.*

*Rose is left by the river singing the song along.*

*She finishes singing the song.*

*She listens to the river.*

*She is pulled into a memory*

Mom's voice: Rose and John's graduation night.

*A boy yells "Grad 2005".*

*Splashing, partying.*

**Scene 2** - *John and Rose at the River at Graduation*

*Rose and John are at the river. It's the night of their graduation. They have been out all night, the sun is rising.*

Rose: Hey John! What are you doing? You're going to get all muddy lying there. Ah no, these are my good jeans.

John: Look up, Achakosak.

Rose: I wonder who's up there tonight.

John: Ancestors.

Rose: My Mom and I used to play this game where we try and guess who's watching us in the stars. Like I bet you that bright bright one is my great grandmother Marie.

John: Why do you say that?

Rose: I had a dream about her last night.

John: What happened in your dream?

Rose: She told me that I would go to Nashville.

John: Did she?

Rose: She told me I have a gift.

John: Well we already knew that.

Rose: It was pretty incredible.... She has the same hair as me.

John: Or you have the same hair as her.

Rose: Depends how you think of it I suppose.

John: You do have great hair.

Rose: So do you.

John: Must be a halfbreed thing.

*She laughs.*

Rose: I feel like I know her you know? Is that crazy?

John: Not necessarily.



Rose: I think that maybe she has been visiting me this whole time and I'm just noticing now.

John: So why do you think we're noticing now?

Rose: Cause we graduated tonight. We get to pick our own path now ya know?

*Beat.*

Rose: What if I move to Nashville and make it? What if I actually made it?

John: I'm sure you will.

Rose: You really think so?

John: Of course Rose.

Rose: I'm going to try... I mean, it might be completely crazy but I'm going to try.

John: Okay.

*Beat.*

Rose: What do you want to be?

John: I think I would just like to be me you know?

Rose: No I mean.... Who do you want to be?

John: I'm not so sure.

Rose: How do you not know?

John: Well, I think most people our age aren't sure Rose. I think you're the only one who really knows.

Rose: What do you want to do for a living?

John: I'll probably end up working in the oil field.

Rose: But John, you hate the oil field.

John: Ya but, I don't have many other options you know.

Rose: What about leather work? You love working with leather.

John: I suppose.

Rose: Don't you want to at least try to do what you love?

John: It just doesn't feel realistic I suppose.

Rose: Well I believe you could do anything you wanted to do.

John: I'm not you Rose.

Rose: What do you mean?

John: I don't dream of our ancestors like you do.

Rose: I bet you could if you tried.

John: You know what I dream about?

Rose: What?

John: That when we die, we become stars right next to each other and watch our great great grandchildren the way the stars are watching us tonight.

*Beat.*

Rose: Wouldn't that be something?

John: You would be brighter than me, but we could both be stars.

Rose: Why do you think I would be brighter?

John: Because of your dreams.

*Beat.*

John: You have a gift Rose. And in the old days, us men would stand behind our women and let them shine.

Rose: You would really do that?

John: Of course.

Rose: In my dream, I also saw Marie's husband.

John: What was he like?

Rose: He was a lot like you.

John: Ke Sa Ge Tin.

Rose: What does that mean?

John: I love you

*She also tries to say 'I love you' in Michif. She isn't as good as John.*

Rose: Ke Sa Ge Tin.

John: I know you have to go but I don't want you to go.

*She takes his hand.*

Rose: I'll call you every day.

John: I know.

Rose: I'll come home for thanksgiving and Christmas.

John: I know. Marry me.

*He gets down on one knee and pulls out a ring, it is big and much more expensive than he can afford.*

Rose: John where did you get that ring? Don't get down on one knee... Please.

John: Marry me.

Rose: How long have you had that?

John: A month, I bought it a month ago.

Rose: So why are you only asking me now?

John: Because I wasn't sure if I should ask you to marry me before you leave. I didn't want to hold you back ya know?

Rose: John... I don't know what to say.

John: What do you mean?

Rose: Well.... I don't know if I'm ready to get married.

John: Well, when will you know.

Rose: I'm not sure.

*Pause.*

John: So... Will you marry me?

Rose: Well I can't answer that right now... I have to see how things go.

John: What do you mean by things?

Rose: Well... I want to see the person I'm going to become ya know?

John: We could grow up together? I could come and visit you in Nashville and listen to you play.... Ya know?

*Beat.*

Rose: Ke Sa Ge tin. I'll be home at thanksgiving. I'll call you tomorrow as soon as I land.

Johnny: Will you marry me?

*Beat.*

Rose: I have to go.

*Wind.*

*Rose is pulled back into the present with the River.*

*Sound effect: The birds chirp.*

*Rose sings one line of the song.*

Rose: What if? What if I would have stayed?

*We hear a fiddle bow.*

*She sighs.*

### **Scene Three** - Dad finds out about the concert

*Rose comes home to Dad sitting on the porch holding the flyer*

Rose: Hi Dad. I'm glad you're home. I was wanting to talk to you about/

Dad: I got this flyer in the mail today. Were you going to tell me about this?

Rose: Yes.

Dad: "St. Paul's own Rose Marie Callihoo! Headlining a benefit concert for 'Frack off Indigenous women to defend our climate'".

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm sorry

Dad: It's fine.

*They sit in silence for as long as possible.*

Rose: I never meant any disrespect.

Dad: You were raised on oil money.

Rose: I know.

Dad: Oil money put you through school.

Rose: I know.

Dad: It paid for everything, all your music lessons, all your voice lessons, all your guitars....

Rose: I know.

*Beat.*

Rose: So you're mad?

Dad: No.

Rose: I never meant any disrespect to you.

Dad: Ya you already said that.

Rose: It's cause I mean it.

Dad: Okay.

Rose: It's on Saturday night. At the old baseball diamond.

Dad: The one by Jerry's ice cream shop?

Rose: Ya. That one. That's the only one... there's only one baseball diamond in town.

*Beat.*

Rose: I thought real long and hard about whether I should say yes or not but.... Mom would have wanted me to do it.

Dad: Your Mother isn't here Rose.

Rose: I know.

*They sit in silence.*

Dad: You must be hungry.

Rose: Ya.

Dad: Okay well, let's see what we have that you can eat.

Rose: We have to move away from oil. It's not supposed to be 38 degrees in June. This isn't normal Dad.

Dad: Industry will figure it out.

Rose: That will take too long. The elders are talking. It's too hot. This heat wave isn't normal and the animals are suffering. The bison on Pete's farm are almost dead. They are woodland buffalo, they are built for this place and they can't handle the heat.

Dad: What elders?

Rose: Ours.

*Beat.*

Dad: Do you know how many people depend on oil for jobs? All of the prairies Rose.

Rose: I know our people heavily depend/

Dad: Stop saying "our people", we're Canadians.

Rose: What I'm saying is that it's not that simple.

Dad: Are you trying to embarrass me?

Rose: This isn't about you.

Dad: It's not about me, just about my livelihood?

Rose: No/

Dad: Now I get it... this is why you came back.

Rose: I was going to come and visit anyways.... I wanted to come home.

Dad: So then why didn't you.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm sorry I haven't been around since Mom died.

Dad: Ya.

Rose: It's hard to get away from work.

Dad: Ya.... You said that already.

Rose: Well it's true.

*Beat.*

Rose: You're sure you're not mad.

Dad: Sure.

*Beat.*

Dad: I'm gonna take the dog for a walk.

Rose: Okay.

Dad: I'll see you when I get back.

Rose: Ya... sounds good.

*Beat.*

Rose: I think I'm gonna go see John.

Dad: Okay.

#### **Scene 4** – *The Fight*

Mom's voice: Rose at 16.

*Rose is 16. Her and Dad have gotten into a fight.*

*A door slams.*

*Rose screams.*

Mom: Ken... Don't push.

Dad: She has to get better grades.

Mom: Lots of kids are bad at math.

Dad: She needs to go to university. She needs to do better in her schooling and she can't go out singing in halls every night. School is more important.

Mom: It's not that she's not trying Ken.

Dad: Really?

Mom: Her brain works differently.

Dad: You really believe that.

Mom: I was the same in school... I couldn't do math.

Dad: I can help her with her math.

Mom: You make it too complicated.

Dad: Pi isn't complicated.

Mom: To her it is.

*Beat.*

Mom: You two are exactly the same and completely different.

Dad: What do you mean?

Mom: You know how well you understand math?

Dad: Ya.

Mom: That's how well she understands stories and music.

*Beat.*

Mom: You know how you're passionate about what you believe in?

Dad: Yes.

Mom: So is she.

*Beat.*

Mom: You know how sometimes you get so mad that you slam doors?

Dad: Yes.

Mom: So does she.

*Beat.*

Mom: You two are exactly the same. She's becoming her own person and you're not going to be able to tell her what to do much longer. All we can do is love her and hope that she picks a path that makes her happy.

Dad: But she needs to make money.

Mom: Well... that's not what's important to her.

Dad: Well it should be.

Mom: Just because it's important to you doesn't mean it has to be important to her.

*Beat.*

Mom: The more of these fights you have with her the further you're going to push her away.

Dad: I know.

Mom: So just let her be. She has a good and courageous heart. She'll figure it out.



Dad: How do you know?

Mom: Because she has your heart.

*Beat.*

Mom: But the two of you slamming doors isn't going to get any of us anywhere.

**Scene 5** - *Rose goes to see John*

*Wind.*

*She knocks on his door.*

*John opens the door.*

John: Rose

Rose: Hi.

John: Hi.

Rose: Hi.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm sorry I should have called.

John: No... it's fine.

Rose: um....

John: I saw the flyer for your concert so I kinda figured you would be in town.

Rose: Kinda figured?

John: Well I knew... I knew you would be in town.

Rose: Oh.

John: Haven't heard from you in awhile.

Rose: Ya.

John: Haven't heard from you since Nashville.

Rose: Ya.

John: How have you been?

Rose: Good.

John: Really?

Rose: Ya?

*Beat.*

John: That's good.

Rose: And you?

John: Good.

Rose: Glad to hear that.

John: Do you want to come in?

Rose: I shouldn't.

John: We can be friends ya know?

*Beat.*

John: Come in.

*He invites her in.*

*Wind.*

Rose: It looks the same.

John: Ya... do you not like it?

Rose: No, no. I love that it's the same.

*She walks over to the fridge.*

Rose: You put my flyer on your fridge?

John: Oh... umm, ya. Ya I guess did.

Rose: I'm sorry I haven't called since you left.

John: It's okay.

Rose: Ya.

John: How's your Dad?

Rose: He looks older than the last time I saw him. He's aged a lot since we lost Mom. He's losing his hair. Have you noticed that?

John: Ya, that happens.

Rose: No, no... he looks sad.

John: Well, I would be sad if I were him too.

*Beat.*

Rose: Ya, it's hard to see ya know?

John: Ya.

Rose: How's the business?

John: Good... got a big order to make a bunch of wallets for gifts for the oilers.

Rose: Really?!

John: Ya. Some news reporter wanted to come and do an interview in the shop but I told her I'm not into that sort of thing.

Rose: That would be great marketing for you though.

John: I dunno, I think it's weird.

Rose: You would get a lot of business from it.

John: I don't like being too busy.

Rose: Right. I forgot.

*Beat.*

John: So you came over here cause you and your Dad aren't getting along right?

Rose: Well./

John: He's mad about the concert isn't he?

Rose: It doesn't help that I didn't have a chance to tell him. He got a flyer in the mail.

John: Oh boy.

Rose: He says it's fine.

John: You really believe that?

Rose: I apologized.

John: So what do you think this rally is really going to do?

Rose: You don't think we need to move away from oil?

John: No I do it's just that.....

Rose: What?

John: I don't even know Rose... that doesn't even feel possible here. Everyone supports their family on rigging money in this town.

Rose: I know.

John: So what in the hell; are you trying to accomplish by having an anti oil concert here? It's not even logical to stop oil in this town.... I see how in Nashville it could be a good idea but...

Rose: But what?

John: Well, you aren't going to change people's minds here. You just aren't.

*Beat.*

Rose: You hated being a rigger.

John: Ya.

Rose: So? Why are you so pro oil then?

John: I'm not necessarily pro oil/

Rose: Well you're sure acting like you are.

John: I just don't see a way out of oil. This is Alberta, Rose.

Rose: I know. And I love Alberta.

John: Well, you've got a weird way of showing it.

Rose: John, it was 38 degrees yesterday.

John: The prairies get hot.

Rose: Not that hot.

John: Well what do us to do? Live in huts?

Rose: I want to make it better.... I want to do good things for this place.

John: So a concert is going to do that?

Rose: Well, it's what I have to offer. (*beat*) I don't want more of our men to end up... I hated when it happened to you. It was hard on your spirit.

John: I mean I hated it but I knew I had to do it.

Rose: Well what did you hate?

John: A lot of things.... But I had a way out... a lot of guys around here never get that.

Rose: What do you mean?

John: Well if you had gotten pregnant or something when we were young I couldn't have left.... We would have needed the money.

*Beat.*

John: But, since that didn't happen... I could start my own business.

Rose: You would have stayed in the oil field?

John: Yes. If I needed to for my family. (*Beat*) Do you think you would have become a singer if you grew up poor?

Rose: Well I don't know.

John: It could have happened to you Rose. You could have ended up here, you could have ended up depending on the oil field.

*Beat.*

John: I know that's not what you came here to hear but it's the truth.

Rose: Oil is the thing that pulled us out of our Halfbreed poverty.

John: Ya I know.

Rose: So why aren't they talking about that?

John: Cause no one knows how to deal with it. (*Beat.*) Oil was like the jackpot for our families Rose. It was something our men could do well and make a lot of money.

Rose: What are you saying?

John: Well it's the thing that pulled us out of our Halfbreed poverty.

Rose: I've never said that the our people didn't need oil. I'm saying we need to stop.

John: It could take generations to stop the oil dependency in this town.

Rose: You found something else to do.

John: Ya well.... I'm lucky.

Rose: Our men need out.

John: Our men need jobs. God Rose... sometimes you can be so god damn unrealistic.

Rose: And sometimes you can be so stubborn.

*Beat.*

Rose: My dad is using his trap line again.

John: Why?

Rose: And I've just started thinking about how we have always done this.

John: Done what?

Rose: Sold our spirit. At first it was pelts, now it's the land.

John: Well we sold pelts cause we needed to survive.

Rose: Are you happy?

John: I'm not sure. *(beat.)* Are you?

Rose: For the most part yes.

John: Really? Singing is really enough for you?

*Beat.*

Rose: Have I made a mistake?

John: By staying in Nashville?

Rose: No, by coming home to sing at this concert.

John: Your Dad isn't going to change his mind, this will hurt his feelings and you have to choose whether this anti oil cause is worth that.

Rose: I know.

John: Well then why did you agree to do the concert?

Rose: Cause I wanted to come home. And Mom would have said I should do it.

John: She definitely would have.

*Beat.*

John: I support you Rose. This is just.... Complicated.

Rose: Ya I know.

*Beat.*

Rose: Why did you marry Sara Beth?

John: We're divorced.

Rose: That's not the point.

John: Because I thought you were never coming back.

Rose: So she was just your next option?

John: C'mon Rose that's not fair.

Rose: The only reason you showed up on my doorstep in Nashville is because you were divorced and you can't stand to be alone.

John: That's not true. `

Rose: It isn't? You've never been alone John.... Ever.

John: Well why do you want to be alone?

Rose: I don't.

John: You can come home for a concert but you can't come home to visit me... or you father for that matter.

Rose: That's different.

John: How?

*Beat.*

Rose: The only reason you married Sarah Beth is because I wouldn't marry you exactly when you wanted.

John: I asked you when you were going to come home.

Rose: I couldn't answer you then.

John: So what did you expect me to do Rose? I couldn't wait forever.

Rose: You could have waited.

John: Well we're 32 now.

Rose: What are you trying to say?

John: Will you marry me?

*Beat.*

Rose: John....

John: See.

Rose: Will you move to Nashville?

John: No.

Rose: See.

*Beat.*

John: Our people are here Rose. This is where we belong.

Rose: Don't tell me where I should be.

John: This is where I belong.

Rose: Well/

John: You spend all your time trying to be an Indian but you've forgotten about your own people. Our people need us.... They need us here. So why are you still singing songs in Nashville?

*Beat.*

Rose: I should go.

John: Rose wait.

Rose: What?

John: What are you going to say to your Dad?

Rose: I'm not sure. Any ideas?

John: You could come home more often. That might help.

*She shuts her car door.*

*Wind.*



## EPISODE FOUR

### "John"

*"Previously on..." ends with the following repeated from Ep 3*

John: What are you going to say to your Dad?

Rose: I'm not sure. Any ideas?

John: You could come home more often. That might help.

### Scene 1 - Brooke gives out tough love.

Mom's voice: The night of the concert.

*Rose and Brooke are backstage.*

*Someone backstage says: This is your five minute call, five minutes, five minutes*

Brooke: I've never been backstage before!

Rose: Brooke! Don't touch that.

Brooke: Okay so Rose.... What did your Dad say when he found out about the concert?

Rose: He said 'okay'.

Brooke: He's mad.

Rose: Well... he's saying he's not upset.

Brooke: That's a lie.

Rose: What do you mean?

Brooke: Well he kind of lost you and your Mom all at once. Wow I've never seen a curling iron that looks like that before.

Rose: He didn't lose me.

Brooke: Well.... You do come home less.... I get that it's weird without your Mom but, he's lonely Rose. He isn't himself. He's got the dog and his trap line and that's kind of it.

Rose: Well.... I don't know what to do for him.

Brooke: I know.... I'm just saying. Oh my god... what's that supposed to do?

Rose: It's setting spray.

Brooke: What's it supposed to set?

Rose: So then I went to John's house.

Brooke: Lord....

Rose: And he pretty much told me I shouldn't be playing the concert.

Brooke: He said that?

Rose: Well... not in so many words.

Brooke: What did he say?

Rose: He said "this town needs oil, there is nowhere else for the men to go".

Brooke: He's not wrong.

Rose: You are all missing the point.

Brooke: What's the point?

Rose: It was 38 degrees yesterday! One of Pete's buffalo died! We have to stop.

Brooke: Heat waves happen Rose.

Rose: He said the only reason he married Sarah Beth was because I wouldn't marry him when he wanted to get married.

Brooke: He said that?

Rose: Not in so many words.

Brooke: He doesn't mean that Rose.

Rose: He also said that my people need me here and that I'm not doing anything for "my people" singing songs in Nashville.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Hm.

*Beat.*

Rose: I haven't found anyone that I love as much as John. I've been with so many guys in Nashville who adore me you know? So many musicians who are so fun and exciting and wild..... But none of them compare to John. He knows me you know? He's known me my whole life... He's loved me my whole life. Not many people have that but I do. And when I'm with him, there's nowhere else I would rather be. But then he does things like telling me I'm not doing anything for my people.

*Beat.*

Brooke: He said that? Or not in so many words?

Rose: He said that.

Brooke: He didn't really mean that.

Rose: Kinda seemed like he did.

Brooke: You're a country Star Rose. And we're proud of you, we love watching you out there but you're never here.

*Beat.*

Rose: He asked me to marry him.

*Beat.*

Brooke: You drive me crazy.

Rose: You don't understand.

Brooke: I just don't think you're happy.

Rose: You don't know that.

Brooke: Why in the hell are you playing this concert?

*Beat.*

Brooke: You wanted to come home but you're too proud to come home and just spend time with the people that love you. Oh that's a great colour! I've never been able to pull off red lipstick.

*Beat.*

Rose: You don't understand. It's more complicated than that.

Brooke: These men love you and you constantly throw them aside.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm not trying to... I just.....

Brooke: How much time did you miss with your Mom in order to sing in dive bars in Nashville?

Rose: They weren't all bars.... Some were concert halls.

Brooke: I'm not saying that it isn't great that you've made this great life for yourself!

Rose: A lot. I missed a lot.

Brooke: I'm sorry.... I didn't mean to make you feel bad it's just/

Rose: No, I needed the reminder.

Brooke: We just miss you.

*Beat.*

Rose: I know.... I'm trying to come home more often.

Brooke: I know.

*Rose's phone is ringing.*

*Elisabeth is calling.*

Brooke: What's all this crap? What are all these brushes for?

Rose: Contour.

Brooke: What does that even mean?

Rose: Don't worry about it.

Brooke: And what are these supposed to do?

*Brooke snaps Rose's spanx.*

Rose: Oh my god Brooke.... You've never worn spanx?

Brooke: I have kids

Rose: Lord. It's hot.

Brooke: It's only 32.

Rose: When we were kids it never got past 28.

Brooke: Who keeps calling you?

Rose: My agent.

Brooke: Why aren't you answering?

*Rose answers the phone.*

Rose: Hi Elisabeth.

Elisabeth: Rose.... I sent press... are they there?

Rose: Elisabeth. I'm backstage... I have no idea.

Elisabeth: I sent them... they should be there.

Rose: Okay Elisabeth, I'm getting ready to go onstage.

Elisabeth: Do an interview after.

Rose: I'm busy.

Elisabeth: They are expecting an interview after the show.

Rose: Okay. I have to go.

Elisabeth: Don't make your hair too big.... We're trying to make you look younger now.

Rose: I know Elisabeth.

Elisabeth: Nobody likes a trashy Shania wannabe. And wear modest heels..... the last time I saw you on stage you looked like an overgrown moose in those shoes.

Rose: Goodbye Elisabeth.

*She hangs up the phone.*

Brooke: You pay that woman?

Rose: I don't want to talk about it.

Brooke: There's a lot of people out there. Do you still get nervous before shows?

Rose: I shouldn't be doing this.

Brooke: I've been telling you that for 2 days.

Rose: Well... it's too late now.

Brooke: Good lord you could drown in all that fringe.

Rose: Brooke!

Brooke: What?

Rose: Help!

*Beat.*

Brooke: It's going to be fine... Your Mom would've wanted you to do the concert. It's fine. You're doing the right thing. They'll get over it.

Rose: Will they?

Brooke: Of course they will.

*Beat.*

Rose: Dad and John aren't coming are they?

Brooke: I haven't seen either of them yet and I think that if they were coming, I would have seen them by now.

*Beat.*

Brooke: But it's okay.... It will all be okay.

Rose: Are you sure about that?

Brooke: I think so... maybe just don't bring it up, ya know?

*Beat.*

*Voice: And we are places folks, places, thank you.*

Brooke: You're going to drown in all that fringe.

Rose: It's my look.

Brooke: You ready?

Rose: Always am.

Brooke: Okay... I'll see you out there?

Rose: Ya... I'll come find you after?

Brooke: Ya.

*Beat.*

Brooke: Rose?

Rose: Ya.

Brooke: I love you.

Rose: Ke Sa Ge Tin.

*Brooke leaves.*

*Rose hears the crowd cheering from backstage.*

*Wind.*

*The river rushes*

*Rose is pulled back into her present.*

**Scene 2 - Rose and the stars**

Announcer: And now folks, get ready for St. Paul's very own, Rose Marie Callihoo!

*Rose walks onstage the crowd cheers.*

*After cheering for a bit too long, the crowd becomes quiet.*

Rose: Hey y'all. It's really good to be home... I've missed you.

*Someone from the crowd yells "we've missed you too".*

*Rose looks up at the stars.*

Rose: Well thank you for coming here to join us on such a beautiful night.... When I was 16, my Dad taught me the how to say Star in Cree... do any of you know it?

*Rose is pulled back into the memory of her father.*

Rose: I think, I want to tell our stories with my songs you know?

Dad: That's a nice idea.

Rose: Well... it's not an idea... I'm going to do it.

Dad: What do you mean?

Rose: When I graduate I'm going to move to Nashville and be a country singer.

*Beat.*

Dad: Something I've learned in my life is that it doesn't matter what you do really... because the most important thing in this life is love. It's the people you love. At the end of the day, that's what we're all left with. It doesn't really matter what you did but it does matter who you've loved.

Rose: I don't know.... I think that if I was a country singer, I wouldn't really need anything else you know?

*Rose is pulled back into the concert.*

*We hear the audience say "Achakosak".*

Rose: That's right. Achakosak.

Rose: I'm going to start out with a song that came to me by the river the other day. Here it goes...

*Rose takes a breath.*

*She sings the song that came to her at the river.*

*\*Sings song\**

*She finishes the song.*

*The audience claps.*

Rose: So y'all know my Father, Ken Callihoo right?

*"Yes" comes from a select few members of the crowd.*

Rose: My Father worked in the oil field my whole life in order to support myself and my mother. And I am so proud to be his daughter. The Metis men in this town turn to oil because all of our other industries have been erased. In the teaching I carry from my family, our men are taught to protect and support their women at all costs, and that is exactly what our Metis and Cree men in this town are doing. And I support their sacred masculinity. I support their drive to protect and support their women. But, I also want my children to know this place the way I do. I want my children to be able to swim in the river and run across the plains like I did when I was a kid. And so, I stand here today asking for something to change. I am asking for other industries to arise for our men to support their families without taking for this place that I love so dearly. And most of all, I am asking that this place stays as it is so that one day my children and grandchildren can grow to love and know this place as we all do.

Rose: Now how about a song you'll all know?

*The audience cheers.*

*We hear one of Rose's country songs start playing.*

*The audience screams.*

### **Scene 3** - Dad after concert

*Rose walks out after the concert.*

*Dad is standing there waiting for her.*

Dad: Hi Rose.

Rose: Dad!

Dad: Good job.

Rose: I didn't know you were here!

Dad: I wouldn't miss it.

Rose: I didn't see you from the stage, I kinda looked but couldn't see you right away. I can usually see you right away.

Dad: I was in the back.

Rose: Oh.... I'm sorry about what I said/



*Beat.*

Dad: I'm proud of you Rose

Rose: Thanks Dad.

Dad: I'm proud of what you said.

Rose: I'm sorry/

Dad: No... I meant it.

*Beat.*

Dad: You're right Rose, you know that?

Rose: What do you mean?

Dad: What you said up there.... You spoke your truth and I am proud of you.

Rose: It's not just my truth.

Dad: I know.

Rose: It's our people's truth.

*Beat.*

Dad: Your Mother would have loved to be here tonight.

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm sure she's here... ya know?

Dad: I hope you're right.

*Beat.*

Rose: Oh look... the big stars are coming out.

Dad: Would you look at that.

Rose: Do you think she's in the stars? Or heaven?

Dad: Maybe she runs between both.

Rose: With great grandmother Marie.

Dad: Ya.

Rose: Ya.

*Beat.*

Rose: The stars aren't just stories, Dad. They're real.

Dad: How do you know?

Rose: I just do.

*Beat.*

Rose: Don't you believe in things you can't see?

Dad: Not often.

Rose: Well... maybe it's time you did.

*Beat.*

Dad: Rose, I don't say it often. But I'm proud of you.

Rose: Thanks Dad.

Dad: No Rose, really. Not many people are brave enough to chase their dream. But you were and you did. When your Mother got your first CD in the mail... she opened the package and looked at me and said "she did it".

Rose: And then she cried didn't she?

Dad: You know it.

*Beat.*

Dad: She was right you know? You did it.

Rose: Ya.... I guess I did.

Dad: I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

Rose: It's okay.

Dad: I was just scared, you know?

Rose: Ya... I was too.

Dad: Didn't seem like you were.

Rose: Well.... We couldn't both be scared.

Dad: I suppose.

*Beat*

Dad: Are you and Brooke tearin' up the town or what?

Rose: Ya... we we're planning on it. What are you doing tonight?

Dad: Oh I'll probably just walk the dog.

Rose: I can come with you if you want.

Dad: No,... it's okay. You go see Brooke.

*Beat.*

Dad: Well... you better get going then.

Rose: Are you sure you're okay?

Dad: Ya.

Rose: I won't stay out too late.

Dad: It's your last night home... stay out as late as you want.

Rose: See you in the morning?

Brooke: Rose! We gotta get going if we're going to make it to the firehall!

Dad: Have fun!

*Rose gets into Brooke's car... she shuts the door.*

Brooke: Well... looks like you two are sure getting along... What changed?

Rose: He said he's proud of me.

Brooke: Of course he is.

Rose: He's never said that to me before.

Brooke: Well of course we're all proud of you. We might not say it enough... but we are.

*Beat.*

Rose: You need to take me to John's.

**EPISODE FIVE**  
**"Dad"**

*Finishing the "previously on..." repeat from Ep 4:*

Brooke: Well of course we're all proud of you. We might not say it enough... but we are.

*Beat.*

Rose: You need to take me to John's.

**Scene 1** - Rose shows up on John's doorstep

*Rose bangs on John's door.*

*He opens the door.*

John: Rose

Rose: John.

John: Can I help you/

Rose: You're impossible you know that?

John: What's going/

Rose: Why won't you move to Nashville? My life is great there.... I'm a country singer, I have everything I ever wanted there.... There is a huge leather making industry there. You can do everything you're doing here in Nashville.... We have so much fun when you visit me. Why won't you move? I don't understand why you won't move.

John: Rose...

Rose: Why!

John: My people are here.

Rose: Well my people are here too.

John: That doesn't seem to bother you.

Rose: I'm doing lots for our people.

John: I know.... I just.... I just don't feel like I could leave this place.

*Beat.*

John: I really don't know what you want from me Rose. I really don't.

Rose: When I was 16 I said to my Dad that all I wanted to do was to be a country singer. I said that it didn't matter what the rest of my life looked like as long as I was a country singer.

John: Achakosak.

*Beat.*

Rose: I've made it... I've done it. I have everything I wanted. I have everything my 16 year old self wanted.

*Beat.*

Rose: So why doesn't it feel like enough.

*Beat.*

Rose: I love you John. I don't know why I can't pick you.

*Beat.*

Rose: I really want to... I just

John: What?

Rose: I'm a singer in Nashville.

John: I know you are.

*Beat.*

Rose: Why the hell didn't you come to my concert tonight?

John: I was there, I stood at the back with your Dad.

Rose: Well... why didn't you come up to see me after?

John: Because I saw you talking to your Dad.

Rose: Well.... I would have liked to talk to you.

John: Okay.

*Beat.*

John: You were great tonight Rose.

Rose: Just great?

John: Amazing, fantastic, great, I dunno... what do you want me to say?

Rose: Do you think it was worth it?

John: What?

Rose: Moving to Nashville. Do you think it was worth it?

John: Yes.

*Beat.*

John: Do you think it was worth it?

Rose: Yes.

John: I have to go Rose.

Rose: John/

John: We both know you're going to go back to Nashville Rose.

Rose: You don't know that.

John: It's okay Rose.... Go celebrate your night.

Rose: I have/

John: Goodbye Rose.

Rose: John....

John: Goodbye.

*Rose gets in her car.*

*Wind.*

## **Scene 2** - Brooke and Rose

*The river runs.*

Rose: Man, Brooke that was a party.... I haven't been to a bush party in years.

Brooke: I haven't been out past 10 since my third kid was born!

Rose: Okay.... It's late.

Brooke: Ya... I guess it is.

Rose: I'll see you then?

Brooke: When are you coming back?

Rose: I don't know. I'm getting real busy you know?

Brooke: Ya.

Rose: I'll send presents to the kids at Christmas.

Brooke: Okay.

Rose: It was great to see them.

Brooke: Ya, they were happy to see you.

Rose: It's so crazy that you have kids. When did we grow up?

Brooke: And it's so crazy that you have all this!

Rose: Ya.

*Brooke laughs.*

Brooke: You have your own sign on the way into town.

Rose: And you married your high school boyfriend.

Brooke: Growing up sucks.

Rose: I haven't minded it.

Brooke: It's three am.

Rose: Okay.

Brooke: Okay.

Rose: Can you drop me off at my Mom's old diesel? There's somewhere I need to go.

Brooke: Come home soon.

Rose: I will.

*Sound effect: the river running*

*It is loud, louder than it has been*

*It is overwhelming.*

*Wind.*

**Scene 4** - Rose and Dad at the river

*Rose is sitting beside the river.*

Rose: God Mom.... I wish you could have been at the concert tonight. I felt you there, I really did. I bet Dad did too.

*Star sound.*

*Mom and Rose are sitting under the stars.*

Mom's voice: Rose at 16 under the stars.

Mom: Who do you think is up there tonight?

Rose: I'm not sure Mom.

Mom: I think I see grandmother Marie. See that really bright light right there? That must be her.

Rose: How do you know?

Mom: I had a dream about her last night.

Rose: Did you really? What was she like?

Mom: She was a lot like you actually.

Rose: Crazy.

*Beat.*

Rose: Mom, why didn't you end up becoming a singer?

Mom: I am a singer. I sing at Joe's every Saturday. And I sing at the golf course on Sundays.

Rose: No I mean like an actual singer. Why didn't you ever move to Nashville or something? Why did you stay here?

Mom: I didn't want to. I wanted to be here and I wanted to have a family. I like singing here.

Rose: You never wanted to leave?

Mom: No, not really.

*Beat.*

Mom: But you do?

Rose: Ya... I really do. I just think the world is a lot bigger than this you know?

Mom: Yes. Where do you want to go?



Rose: I had a dream about Nashville last night.

Mom: Nashville?

Rose: Yes.

Mom: Well you know what I think?

Rose: What?

Mom: I think that you can do anything you want to do. And if you want to go to Nashville and sing then you should do it.

Rose: You really think so?

Mom: I do... and so do the stars.

Rose: How do you know?

Mom: I have a feeling.

Rose: Some of the stars are so much brighter than the others. Why is that?

Mom: Those stars are the Maries.... The Metis women who fought for their people.

Rose: Wow.

Mom: Most of them were artists you know that?

Rose: Really?

Mom: Rose, I know this town is small.... But don't let it make you small.

Rose: I don't understand why you never left.

Mom: It wasn't my path.

*Beat.*

Mom: But it could very well be yours.

Rose: What about John?

Mom: Whatever is meant to be will be. If he's the guy he'll still be the guy if you go to Nashville.

Rose: You really think so?

Mom: Absolutely.

*Beat.*

Mom: Don't let anything ever take your power away from you and don't ever let yourself be small.

Rose: Okay.

Mom: Promise me?

Rose: I promise.

Mom: I think you're going to be one of those bright stars one day, just like Marie.

Rose: How do you know?

Mom: I just have a feeling.

*Rose is drawn back to the present at the river*

*Dad approaches her.*

*He trips on a branch.*

Rose: Dad! Jeez you scared me.

Dad: Sorry.... Tripped, didn't see that branch there.

Rose: You should be more careful.

Dad: I'm fine.

Rose: What are you doing out here so late?

Dad: I couldn't sleep.

Rose: Ah.

Dad: What are you doing up so late?

Rose: Couldn't go to sleep.

*Beat.*

Dad: I figured I would find you here. I didn't hear you come home.

Rose: I haven't been home yet.

Dad: So then how do you know you can't sleep?

*Beat.*

Rose: I don't want to leave tomorrow.

*Beat.*

Rose: I mean whenever I come home I don't want to leave.... But this time, I really really don't want to leave.

Dad: Have you ever felt like this before?

Rose: It hasn't ever felt this bad before.

Dad: But it's always been there?

Rose: Yes.

Dad: You can always come home.

Rose: I know.

Dad: You could just visit more often.

Rose: I know.

Dad: So what's wrong then?

*Beat.*

Rose: I didn't leave cause I wanted to... it was because I had to.

Dad: I know.

*Beat.*

Rose: I have missed so much time. I've missed so much time with everyone. I'm missing time with Brooke's kids.... They hardly even know who I am. I'm missing time with John.... Before I know it he'll start getting grey hair. And Mom... I missed so so much time with Mom. You and I hardly talk, I never come home.... And for what? To sing songs?

*Beat.*

Rose: I'm just in a period of my life where time never ever feels like it's on my side... It never feels like I have enough time. It's feels like I'm always racing a stopwatch and it is always ticking.

Dad: What makes you feel that way?

Rose: I think because I feel like I'm chasing something.

Dad: What are you chasing?

Rose: A dream

Dad: Don't you have your dream?

Rose: That's what I mean... I do..... So I don't know why I always feel like I'm running or chasing, you know? In Nashville it always feels like I'm chasing something. But here.... Here it feels like.... Like the world stops.

Dad: Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

Rose: What?

Dad: The world stopping.

Rose: I'm not sure.

*Beat.*

Rose: For the first time ever, the world slowing down is feeling better than the chasing.

Dad: Well, you'll always have your room set up here if you want to come home.

Rose: But?

Dad: But, not many people get to do what they love for a living and I would hate to see you give it up. You're a smart woman and you follow your heart.

Rose: You really think so?

Dad: Where do you feel the happiest?

Rose: I'm not sure.

Dad: Well I guess that might be something you need to think about.

Rose: Ya.

*Beat.*

Dad: Your Mother loved this river almost as much as you.

Rose: I think she loved it more than I do.

Dad: Well... I don't know about that.

Rose: When I was here earlier, I heard a song.... And I can't get it out of my head.

Dad: The one you sang at the concert?

Rose: Yes.

Dad: Your Mother said the exact same thing about that song.

Rose: I thought you didn't believe in anything that you couldn't see.

Dad: You and your Mother kind of prove me wrong on that one.

*We hear Mom humming the song.*

*Wind.*

Rose: I kind of always thought I might end up moving home.

Dad: What do you mean?

Rose: Well.... I have everything that I ever wanted. I did it... I'm a country singer. Now what?

Dad: I've always thought it doesn't matter what you do... because the most important thing in this life is love..... It's about the people you love. But tonight.... After watching you, I've realized that what you do is about the people you love. It's about our people.

*Beat.*

Dad: What time is your flight tomorrow?

Rose: 10 am.

Dad: Well then I guess we better be getting home.

### **Scene 5 - Rose at the airport**

*Rose is at the airport.*

*She can't decide whether or not to get on the plane.*

Flight attendant: Ma'am..... Ma'am! We've already done the final boarding call for your flight to Nashville.

Rose: I just need five more minutes.

Flight attendant: Have you made a decision?

Rose: Yes.