

DESERT RADIO: QUESTIONS WITH ROSE

Written by

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INT. DESERT RADIO

A gentle radio jingle plays: it's time for Ask Rose, a Desert Radio program. Rose speaks in a smooth, NPR-ready voice.

ROSE

Welcome to Ask Rose, where I'll be answering questions about the known unknowns and unknown unknowns of life in the Forked Earth, and the greater Multiverse. I want to start today, listeners, by playing you the sound of roots spreading beneath a plant.

There's a long, awkward moment of silence.

ROSE (CONT'D)

That's right, what you just heard is the sound of *growth* and *wisdom*, ancient wisdom, handed down from the cosmos by beings of light and darkness. Ok, let's take our first call. Caller, you're on Ask Rose.

CALLER 1

Hiya, Rose, this is Bob!

ROSE

Hello, Bob, welcome back to the show! How's your rutabaga doing?

CALLER 1

It's doing real good, Rose, thanks to you! But now my basil is looking pretty sad. I've tried everything, and it's just the unhappiest herb I've ever seen. Advice?

ROSE

Well, Bob, when dealing with plants, it's not about more or less, it's about listening. You can't simply infer their needs. You must connect with them on their level, their roots, their cosmic presence. In this case, the answer might not be more or less light or water. It might be that your basil's flowers are draining her of her energy. Try deadheading them, and see what happens.

CALLER 1

Great advice as always, Rose,  
thanks!

ROSE

Thank you, Bob. I'd like to take this time to tell all my listeners out there about the time that I saw an endless history, stretching through time like an eternal earthworm, chewing up and spitting out nebulae and newborn stars, fertilizing all life. We are but cosmic worm deposits. A dying star is but a newborn garden. We are all roses. Ok, let's take another call. Caller, you're on the air.

CALLER 2

Hi Rose, I've got a question for ya. See, my wife has been begging me for a vacation for months, but as I see it, we already live in a multidimensional paradise. Who's right, here?

ROSE

Take Edith on a vacation. When you learn to open yourself up to new experiences, you will be fully embraced by the universal worm. You know listeners, that call brings up an important point. As dwellers of the Forked Earth, we have unique responsibilities to the health of the Multiverse. Please be mindful citizens of Seven Monolith Village by recycling your runoff bottles, utilizing renewable energies, and leaving yourselves vulnerable to the ebbs and flows of the universal consciousness. Ok, let's take another call. Caller, you're on Ask Rose.

CALLER 3

Greetings, Rose, thanks for taking my call. I took your advice about the ladybugs, but I don't think they're working on the aphids yet, anything else I can do?

ROSE

Great question, Carol. Based on the information you've given me, I think you now need to add worms. Observe the synergy between the ladybugs and the worms. Blend with them on a subconscious level. Help them, and they will help you. Oh, and some neem oil will protect your plants against aphids.

CALLER 3

Thanks, Rose!

ROSE

It really is a pleasure, I just love helping people. I have so many loves. I am passionate about plants, and I have frequently been introduced as an 'herbalist.' That is but one of my many '-ists.' I am an artist. I am an anarchist. I am a linguist skilled in communicating across time and space with the ancient peoples who once came to Earth, swam in the light of the Source, and imparted their wisdom upon our land. The Source is essential for space travel. I can see through their eyes.

Rose shuffles some papers.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I'd like to take a moment to read some community announcements. Margaret Hastings is having a bake sale to support our public library. Small though it is, our library is an invaluable community resource, especially after Sam Sammerson donated his extensive collection of laser discs. Roberto Hernandez is holding a desert clean-up day this Saturday. He says that there are an unusual number of candy wrappers out there. And lastly, I will be holding a plant sale this Sunday. Telepollen will not be offered, so please stop asking.

Ok, lets get back to some questions.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

This one is a letter from Harold Martinez. He writes, "Hi, Rose, thanks for reading my letter. I have an ethics question. As you know, life in Seven Monolith Village has gotten difficult in the last few years. Our little town has gotten smaller and smaller, and the necessities of life are difficult to come by. So, even though Dramcorp has wrecked our home, is it ethical to shop at Omega Mart?"

Great question, Harold. To get to the heart of the issue, one must examine one's own priorities in life. It's true that our Seven Monolith Village can no longer offer much in physical luxuries, but when it comes to *metaphysical* luxuries, we are all wealthy. The universal earthworm has fertilized our garden. The cosmos have smiled upon our corner of the Multiverse again and again. We are blessed. Having said that, I believe Omega Mart should be burned to the ground. Thanks again, Harold, and I'll see you this Sunday at the bake sale. Let's go back to the phones. Caller, you're on Ask Rose.

CALLER 4

Hi Rose, thanks for having me. I'm so sorry to hear about Marin, but as an empath, I can feel that she's out there, somewhere in the Multiverse, and she's happy! I'm calling in because I'm having some issues with my roses. I just can't get them to bloom. You have any advice?

ROSE

Thank you for your kind words, Juanita. It really means a lot, especially coming from you. So, roses. You know, the rose is a complicated flower, with many layers of horti-consciousness on an ever expanding horizon of reality.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

It's not enough to offer water and light--while the rose needs these things to live, it has other needs to truly grow. As a plant. As a being of cosmic light. As a friend. I've found that simply attending to your roses' emotional needs will put you and your plant both on the path to the next level of floral awareness. Also, check the pH of your soil, it might need adjusting. Thanks, Juanita.

CALLER 4

Thank you, Rose, looking forward to the plant sale!

Rose rings a bell.

ROSE

That bell means its time for Rose's Recipe Roundup. I've gotten some feedback that last week's recipe was too complicated, so today I'd like to share with you a simple little dish that my cosmic ancestors passed down to me. Even beginners can manage this one. You probably already have the ingredients in your kitchen. First, preheat your oven to 425. Then, shine a beam of light into a metal bowl filled with water that has been bathed in by a bird. Any bird will do, though obviously pigeons are out of the question. Then, take a good paring knife and use it to cut a hole into the quantum energy of your kitchen, and allow the supercharged waveforms of the universal earthworm to flow through you. Feel the ancient wisdom of our multiverse friends gather within you. Let it feed you. Eat it, the ancient wisdom. Savor its subtleties. Inhale its bouquet. Pair it with a vintage all-knowingness. When you feel full, close the hole. Drink the bird water. Turn off your oven. Give thanks, and wash your knife. Always wash your knife.

Rose plays some bird calls and whale songs. After a moment, it fades out.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ok, let's read another letter. This one is from Agnes Fitzgerald. She writes, "Hello! At last week's community mixer, I heard a rumor from Charlie that there's some sort of 'resistance' brewing here in town. Are you part of that? How do you feel about it?"

Thanks for the question, Agnes. While I am not directly a part of the resistance of which you speak, I support all forms of civil disobedience. When those in power won't give you the change you need, it becomes necessary to make it yourself. As you all know, listeners, something dear to our community was taken from us: the Source. The Source has been a sacred natural resource for millennia. It cannot be bought. It is free for all. It is for the good of humanity. If it takes a Resistance to free it, then so be it. Thanks, Agnes! Let's go back to the phones. Caller, you're--

CALLER 5

Rose! I've been having the craziest dreams lately, it's the same every night: I see flowers the size of solar systems blooming between universes, and everything is touching everything else, and for a fleeting moment I can see that we are not alone in the universe, and everyone else is waving at me! Then when I wake up, I really have to pee. What does it mean??

ROSE

What you're describing, caller, is The Tangle. She grows in the cracks between worlds, the 'rifts,' if you will. The cosmic flower, fed by the universal earthworm. She is reaching out to us because she needs Source, and it has been taken from her.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

You have been given a vision, caller. A gift. A sign of how urgent our fight for the Source is. We must free the Source, listeners. We must appease the cosmic flower, lest we fall prey to her cosmic thorns. Oh, and if you drink less runoff before bed, you won't have to pee so badly when you wake up. Thanks caller!

CALLER 5

Thanks, Rose!

ROSE

Ok, listeners, we have time for one more question. Let's see who we have here. Caller, you're on Ask Rose.

CALLER 6

Hi, Rose, this is Beatrice!

ROSE

Well hello, Beatrice, great to hear from you. I hope your grandmother is doing better.

CALLER 6

She is, thanks to you! Anyway, ever since Dramcorp cut off our access to the Source, my garden has really been suffering. All the herbs you told me to plant for their medicinal properties are really having a hard time. How can I help them?

ROSE

You're not the only one with this problem, Beatrice. All of our gardens have entered a state of metaphysical suffering. This is what happens when the light that feeds the universal earthworm is dampened. Stardust is the driver of floral awareness. Only beings of the multiverse can plant these vibrational lightning bolts. Ephedra. Juniper. Peas. Peas, Beatrice. Look to your soil. Actualize growth. We must plant the seeds of *curiosity*, not just the seeds of peas.

(MORE)



ROSE (CONT'D)

Let the worms feed upon your garden's insecurities. Though our cosmic light has been temporarily enshrouded, the soil is aglow with an eager resonance. Let it happen. Plant your peas. Speak to them. Let them speak to you. Invite the universal earthworm into your home. All that is transcendent, grows. I hope that helps, Bea.

CALLER 6

I'll do my best, Rose, thanks!

ROSE

Wow, great questions today. We've covered a lot of ground. Speaking of ground, I'd like to talk a little about the plant sale I will be hosting this Sunday. I have been hard at work cultivating new plants that will thrive in the changing landscape of our corner of the Multiverse. Just as our Earth is Forked, our gardens should be *providing* for our forks. Perhaps also, our spoons. For sale will be a variety of variegated legumes, specially tuned to succeed in our low-Source conditions. Also for sale will be a new strain of marijuana that I've been tinkering with for the last several months, and it is really just lovely. It has been specially designed to help the cosmic pilgrim interface between the multiversal quotidian and the ionic unknown. Yes, the unknown. There are so many unknowns, and unknowns are the paprika of existence. The multiverse is approaching a tipping point. The point on which great solar systems balance. A solar system. A solar system with three suns and seven planets. A hummingbird in the stars. A vast expanse of everything, the space between realms. I feel cold, a deep, unending cold. The wormhole must be opened. Worm. Hole. The spiral worm. Light, darkness. Three eyes, looking right at me.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

A vast array of deep wells, spread across the multiverse. Everything that has happened before will happen again. The star has collapsed. I hear them. I hear everything. One million voices. The door. One million voices will open the door. A spiral lifecycle. A spiral in time. One million voices.

There's a long moment of dead air. After a moment, Rose can be heard shuffling papers.

ROSE (CONT'D)

And that's our show, listeners. As always, it's been a pleasure to listen, and a pleasure to help. I do hope each and every one of you will go into the day with confidence and awareness. Remember: Nothing is impossible, but fulfillment requires empathy. Always do your best to be an asset to our community. Water your gardens. Say hello to each other on the streets. Help your elderly neighbors with their groceries. Contribute to your local radio station. And, of course, smash the corporate hegemony with all your might. Until next week, listeners...

Rose again plays the gentle radio jingle. After a moment, it fades out.