RIVER

VOYAGER 3: Your river.

ROSE: It calls to me. I know it's coming.

(*beat)*

VOYAGER 3: You sure?

ROSE: No.

VOYAGER 3: Ah.

ROSE: But giving up now only proves I'm not strong enough, not that it wasn't gonna happen.

VOYAGER 3: You're gonna need water eventually.

ROSE: I know.

VOYAGER 3: How long do you give it?

ROSE: Well, I don't know what the doctors or scientists or shamans would say, but the chances of surviving in the desert without water aren't great. Maybe a day. Maybe two. Not beyond a weekend, I'll give you that.

VOYAGER 3: Do you want to follow the others? Even just to get enough supplies to get back out here.

ROSE: Nope.

VOYAGER 3: Okay.

(*beat*)

ROSE: Do you?

VOYAGER 3: Nah. I'm okay.

ROSE: You don't have to stay. I wouldn't blame you. I don't blame them.

VOYAGER 3: I want to.

START

ROSE: Do you mind if I ask why?

VOYAGER 3: Do you remember that speech you gave in the town square before we left? Like, before we *really* left. Back when we were just townspeople and not voyagers or pioneers?

ROSE: Which speech?

VOYAGER 3: You said, “We were not meant to stay still. We were not meant to be certain. We were not meant to be comfortable. We were meant to journey and to fight and to lose. I want you to follow me today to fulfill the things we were meant to do, all of the things we were meant to do, save one. I intend to journey, to fight, and to win. But I need you to do it.”

ROSE: Huh. Good speech.

VOYAGER 3: So I figure, maybe you’re right. Maybe a river is going to magically appear in the middle of the desert. But you can’t make a town by yourself.

ROSE: “No man is an island.”

VOYAGER 3: Especially in the desert.

(*they sit in silence again, looking to the stars.)*

ROSE: Some clouds in the distance.

VOYAGER 3: I see them too.

ROSE: Looks like rain.

VOYAGER 3: Could be.

(*they share a look. They try not to get excited.)*

ROSE: It might miss us.

VOYAGER 3: It might.

ROSE: Or?

VOYAGER 3: Or maybe a river will come.

(The rainfall sounds in the distance. They look up. The rain moves closer. ROSE inhales.)

ROSE: That smell.

END