

ROSE. Oh. (*She sounds out the word.*) Beau-ti-ful. Huh. What's that?

LITTLE PRINCE. That's a volcano.

ROSE. Oh, it's beautiful!

LITTLE PRINCE. No, it's just a— (*A baobab pokes through nearby.*)

ROSE. And that? That's beautiful, too.

LITTLE PRINCE. No, that's a baobab. (*He rushes to pull up the baobab and tosses the glove behind the platform.*)

ROSE (*pointing*). And that? And that? And that? (*Notices the curl in his hair.*) Oh. That's beautiful, too. There's so much to see here—

LITTLE PRINCE. You are the most beautiful flower—

ROSE. What's a flower?

LITTLE PRINCE. Why, you— You are a flower.

ROSE (*pleased*). Oh.

LITTLE PRINCE. And you are the most beautiful one on my planet.

ROSE. There are other flowers here?

LITTLE PRINCE. Not unique like you. Unique—like nothing else in all the world!

ROSE. Is unique as good as beautiful?

LITTLE PRINCE. Oh, yes.

ROSE. Oh, good. (*She spreads her arms grandly, pricking him.*)

LITTLE PRINCE. Ow!

ROSE. What's that?

LITTLE PRINCE. That's a thorn.

ROSE. Oh! I have quite a few. I will try to be more careful.

LITTLE PRINCE. That's all right. It didn't hurt, really. Not much anyway. I'm just so happy you are here with me.

ROSE (*points to herself*). You and (*Points to LITTLE PRINCE.*) me.

AVIATOR. Did you find the answer then? In the sunset?

LITTLE PRINCE. No. Not in the sunset, [*Tape Cue #12*] but in the dawn the next day. That morning, from a seed blown from who knows where, a small sprout appeared—and it was not like any of the other small sprouts on my planet.

(*At the back of the platform, from behind, two pale-green-gloved hands, in prayer position, begin to ascend.*)

So I watched it carefully. You see it could have been some new kind of baobab. (*The hands continue to ascend, arms and elbows pressed together. They are covered with full-length evening gloves, dotted with four foam thorns at the wrists and elbows.*) But soon it became clear—it was something entirely new— (*The hands separate gracefully, arms still together.*) It stopped growing and began to get ready to produce a flower... (*The arms separate, gradually revealing the head and torso of the ROSE.*) A flower—like no flower I'd ever seen before. It chose its colors carefully and adjusted its petals one by one. A mysterious and glorious creature. (*The ROSE sways gracefully as music builds.*) And then finally ... just as the dawn rose— (*Music stops.*)

ROSE (*seeing her surroundings for the first time*). Oh. (*Seeing LITTLE PRINCE for the first time.*) Oh.

LITTLE PRINCE. You are so beautiful ...

ROSE. I am?

LITTLE PRINCE. Yes.

ROSE. Oh. Hmm ... What is that?

LITTLE PRINCE. Beautiful? It's something pleasing to see.