

SIDE # 2 George & Charlotte

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MOON OVER BUFFALO

ROZ: Where are you going?

HOWARD: I need a few minutes. I'll be back.

ROZ: Howard, what's wrong?

HOWARD: I have to think about this! You don't just-just-rush into a relationship! It takes some thinking!!

*(He exits)*

ROZ: Howard! Are you crazy?! *(Exiting)* Get back here!!

*(She runs out. A moment later, George and Charlotte reenter in high spirits)*

GEORGE: Do you know what I like most about the author of *Cyrano*? He's dead, so he can't argue with me. *(Charlotte laughs)* Now listen, I have a new idea for tomorrow. When the carriage arrives, during the battle, and you step out, I want you to pause, curtsy to the soldiers—and I'm going to put a spotlight on your face to suggest that you have descended like an angel from the heavens.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, George, let's try it! Now!

GEORGE: All right.

CHARLOTTE: Clip-clop clip-clop clip-clop. Na-a-a-y. *(A whinny)*

GEORGE: "Halt, who goes there?!"

CHARLOTTE: "It's a coach!"

ACT ONE

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GEORGE: "What? In the camp?!"

CHARLOTTE: "Look! 'Tis Roxane!"

GEORGE: "Thank God!"

CHARLOTTE *(weakly)*: "Yay." *(She steps elegantly down the last two steps of the stairway)* And I float down, out of the carriage, like an angel from heaven . . .

GEORGE: Spotlight!

CHARLOTTE *(as Roxane)*: "Good morning, gentlemen."

GEORGE: "Roxane, on the King's service?!"

CHARLOTTE: "Yes. In the service of my own king: Love."

GEORGE: That's it! It'll make the scene!

CHARLOTTE: "Cyrano. My best friend. I need your help."

GEORGE *(as Cyrano, kneeling, taking her hand)*: "I am at your disposal, madam, now and forever."

*(He kisses her hand and lays his cheek upon it)*

CHARLOTTE *(moved)*: When you do that, George, center stage, in front of a thousand people holding their breath, I wet myself. I can't help it.

GEORGE: Thank you, my darling.

CHARLOTTE: Kiss me. Now. Before the moment passes.