

SIDE #3 Paul, Charlotte, Rosalind

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MOON OVER BUFFALO

PAUL: What's with Eileen? She walked right past me. I think she was crying.

CHARLOTTE: Well, she was born in Buffalo. Maybe she suddenly realized she's still here.

PAUL: Actually, she loves it here. She started out here in the theatre, but what she really wants to do is television.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, please.

PAUL: She could do all right on TV. She's pretty. Wholesome.

CHARLOTTE: Wholesome isn't the word. She could give milk.

PAUL: . . . Charlotte. Have you talked to Roz lately?

CHARLOTTE: Last Sunday. I brought up your name and she started screaming.

PAUL: Oh, great.

CHARLOTTE: I never understood why you two broke up.

PAUL: Oh, she wanted me to give up the theatre so she could lead a "normal life." (*He shakes his head and laughs*) Can you imagine anyone in your family being normal?!

(*Charlotte starts to laugh . . . then stops and gives him a look. At which moment, Roz enters from the street*)

ACT ONE

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ROZ: Hi, Mother.

CHARLOTTE: Pumpkin! Sweetie! (*They hug*) When did you get here?!

ROZ: A few minutes ago.

CHARLOTTE: We were just talking about you. This second!

(*The following exchange is rapid and monotone, anger overlaid with social intercourse*)

ROZ: Hello Paul.

PAUL: Hi Roz.

ROZ: How's show biz?

PAUL: Great I've never been happier.

ROZ: Well good for you I'm thrilled.

PAUL: Thanks.

ROZ: You're welcome.

(*Pause*)

CHARLOTTE: . . . This is going well.

ROZ: I thought you were in New York.

PAUL: I came back to work for your parents.

ROZ: How nice.

PAUL: I'll check on Eileen.

*(Paul exits)*

CHARLOTTE: Rosalind, why don't you two just get married and get it over with.

ROZ: I wish you would stop trying to run my life. It's my life, not your life!

CHARLOTTE: You're right. I'm sorry. You're right. *(Pause. The wounded mother)* I'm only the one who gave birth to you.

ROZ: Mother . . .

CHARLOTTE: Twelve pounds, fourteen ounces. . . . They needed a forklift.

ROZ: Mother!

*(George enters)*

GEORGE: She locked herself in, she . . . Rosalind! My baby!

ROZ: Daddy!

*(She runs to him and they hug)*

GEORGE: How's my little girl? . . . Charlotte, how is it possible that two such plain people as ourselves could produce an offspring as beautiful as this one?

CHARLOTTE: . . . She's not yours. I slept around.

GEORGE: Roz, have you come to your senses? You could step right back into the company.

ROZ: No thank you. That's not why I'm here. I have a surprise for everybody, but I lost it.

GEORGE *(calling through the door)*: Paul, get in here! Look who's arrived!

ROZ: Daddy! God. Don't you two ever stop? . . . Look, I'll see you later, I've got to go.

GEORGE: Roz . . .

*(Roz exits and Paul enters)*

PAUL: . . . She's gone?

GEORGE: She heard your name and fled into the Forest of Arden. You do have a way with women, Paul.

PAUL: Thanks.

CHARLOTTE: And how is Little Miss Eileen?

PAUL: She wouldn't open the door for me either. I wonder what happened.

CHARLOTTE: She's in love with George.

GEORGE: Charlotte, would you please keep your menopausal hallucinations to yourself. The girl is obviously in some distress.