

# CALLBACK SIDE- PAUL & ROZ

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MOON OVER BUFFALO

PAUL. I still can't picture your father getting drunk. I've never seen him take a drink in all these years.

ROZ. He only drinks when he's under great stress. The night I went out on my first date, he drank an entire bottle of vermouth. Then he followed me around disguised as an Irishman. It was like being stalked by Eugene O'Neill.

(CHARLOTTE drags in from the street.)

PAUL & ROZ. Well?!

CHARLOTTE. He's still not at the hotel. The manager has alerted the staff, and they'll call us if he shows up.

PAUL. I don't believe this!

CHARLOTTE. You don't believe it?!

ROZ. I believe it.

CHARLOTTE. How could he do this to me?!

ROZ. It's not his fault.

CHARLOTTE. Of course it's his fault, Rosalind! Don't defend him!

ROZ. But you walked out on him.

CHARLOTTE. Which I wouldn't have done if he hadn't lied to me.

ROZ. Well you must have driven him to it.

CHARLOTTE. ... I drove him to it?

ROZ. Well you must have.

CHARLOTTE. (Staggered.) This is what I get... for four days of the worst labor in the history of medicine? "I must have?!"

ROZ. Oh Mother, don't get dramatic.

CHARLOTTE. Do you know how big your head was?

MOON OVER BUFFALO

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(The phone rings. PAUL grabs it.)

PAUL. Hello! ... Yes it is. ... Great! (To the others, excited.) It's the Paramount Bar, on Delaney. They think George just walked in.

ROZ & CHARLOTTE. Great!/Thank God!

PAUL. (Into the phone.) Now listen, can you keep him there? ... Oh. Hold on. (To the others.) He wants to know if there's a reward.

CHARLOTTE. Oh for God—

ROZ. Tell him two tickets to *Private Lives*.

PAUL. (Into the phone.) Two tickets to *Private Lives*.

ROZ. With dinner afterwards.

PAUL. (Into the phone.) With dinner afterwards... (Beat; to the others.) He wants free parking.

ROZ. (Grabbing the phone; a killer.) Listen to me, you pinhead! You want a reward?! Well you keep him there for the next ten minutes. I won't tear your heart out!! ... Fine!

(ROZ slams down the phone.)

CHARLOTTE. (Shaking ROZ's hand.) Atta girl.

PAUL. I'll go.

CHARLOTTE. No, I know where Delaney is. I'll be right back.

(CHARLOTTE exits to the street.)

START

ROZ. ... Do you see what I mean?! About the theater?! I'm back here for three hours and I'm acting like a lunatic. I'll be in analysis till I'm a hundred.

PAUL. It won't help.

ROZ. Oh shut up.

(Pause.)

PAUL. So why did you come back?

ROZ. I came back—! ... to see my parents. Is that a crime?  
And I didn't know you were here or I wouldn't have come.

PAUL. Well I'm sorry. Next time I'll put up a sign on the  
Thruway. "Paul in Buffalo. Turn Back. Save Yourself."

ROZ. Okay. Just forget about it.

PAUL. Fine. That's fine with me.

ROZ. Well fine!

PAUL. ... Let's run your lines and get it over with.

(PAUL tosses ROZ a script.)

ROZ. Don't bother. I've done *Private Lives* a hundred times.  
I know it backwards. And I don't see why I have to play Sibyl.

PAUL. Because Eileen took the day off. We don't know  
where she is. Why don't you blame me for that too?

ROZ. I'm not blaming you.

PAUL. I suppose I got her pregnant.

ROZ. I wouldn't be at all surprised.

PAUL. Fine.

ROZ. Well fine!

PAUL. (Opening the script.) Two adjoining balconies. Posh  
hotel. South of France.

ROZ. I know the play!

PAUL. The lights come up.

ROZ. For the record, I hate this. I swore I'd never set foot

on a stage again. I'm breaking a vow here.

PAUL. The lights come up.

(ROZ glances at the script, then delivers her lines totally dead-  
pan, straight out front, with an English accent:)

ROZ. "Elli Elli dear do come out it's so lovely."

PAUL. "Just a minute." Elyot comes out. Your father plays Elyot.

ROZ. No kidding. He always plays Elyot. He's been play-  
ing Elyot since I was five years old.

PAUL. He looks at the view. "Not so bad."

ROZ. (Deadpan.) "It's heavenly look at the lights of that  
yacht reflected in the water oh dear I'm so happy."

PAUL. "Are you?"

ROZ. "Aren't you?"

PAUL. "Of course I am. Tremendously happy."

ROZ. "Just to think here we are you and I married."

PAUL. "Yes, things have come to a pretty pass."

(PAUL laughs as Elyot.)

ROZ. "Don't laugh at me, you mustn't be blasé about hon-  
eymoons just because this is your second."

PAUL. "That's silly."

ROZ. "Have I annoyed you by saying that?"

PAUL. "Just a little."

ROZ. "Oh darling I'm so sorry kiss me."

(Beat. PAUL looks at the script—a sort of double-take—to  
make sure the kiss is really in there. It is. He kisses her—a  
peck, to get it over with.)

END