

GENERAL SIDE - ROZ

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MOON OVER BUFFALO

Scene Two

(The stage of the theater, as seen by the audience. A few seconds later.)

(As the lights come up, the Act One set for Private Lives is still getting into position.)

*(As described by Coward, "The scene is the terrace of a hotel in France. There are two French windows at the back opening onto two separate suites. The terrace space is divided by a line of small trees in tubs." For our purposes, the set should be extremely simple—and rather worn and tacky.)**

(For a moment, the stage is empty. "There is an orchestra playing not very far off." Then ROZ, playing "Sibyl Chase," steps out onto the terrace. She looks very chic, à la 1920's. "She comes downstage, stretches her arms wide with a little sigh of satisfaction, and regards the view with an ecstatic expression.")

ROZ. Elli, Elli, dear, do come out. It's so lovely.

(ROZ giggles happily. Pause. No one comes out. She looks worried. Where's Elli? Then she catches herself. She smiles and gives a silvery laugh for the benefit of the audience.)

ROZ. ... Oh do come out, Elli. It really is so... lovely out here. Just... wonderfully, beautifully... lovely.

(Silence. Nothing happens.)

*See Appendix C with regard to staging.

MOON OVER BUFFALO

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ROZ. ... Ell-i! Elli, can you hear me, darling? I do wish you'd join me so we could look at all this... loveliness together.

(ROZ laughs gaily. Still nothing happens.)

ROZ. ... Elli, would you please get the hell out here!!

(Silence.)

ROZ. ... Well. That man... I suppose he's still getting into his smoking jacket. Perhaps he had to put it out first. *(She laughs that silvery laugh; pause.)* ... Smoking... jacket. *(Pause.)* Well. I suppose I can just... stand here and look at the lights of that yacht reflected in the water. My God, I'd like to be on that boat. ... And if you were here, Elli, you would probably just... burst through that door, full of... joie de vivre, and-and je ne sais quoi, and ... che sera sera, and say something terribly witty, like... "Not so bad!" *(She laughs gaily at his witty remark.)* And I would say... you mustn't be blasé about honeymoons, darling, just because this is your second. And you'd get very annoyed, and then I'd apologize and ask you to kiss me. Three times, because I'm superstitious. *(She laughs gaily. Then she glances into the wings and calls:)* Elli?! If you're not coming out, darling, perhaps we should all just go home!

(ROZ starts to exit.)

GEORGE. (Off.) I'm coming!

(And ROZ reenters.)

* Roz is rifling on stage waiting for someone to make an entrance.