

GEORGE & CHARLOTTE

(And they're gone. HOWARD gets to his feet, panting. After a beat, ROZ enters at the top of the stairs.)

ROZ. They're not in their dressing rooms.

HOWARD. I-I-I-I-

ROZ. Howard?

HOWARD. I have to go now.

(HOWARD heads for the street door.)

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!!

(HOWARD exits.)

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

(ROZ runs out. A moment later, GEORGE and CHARLOTTE reenter in high spirits.)

START 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 heaven.

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!"

GEORGE. "What? In the camp?!"

CHARLOTTE. "Look! 'Tis Roxane!"

GEORGE. "Thank God."

CHARLOTTE. *(Weakly.)* "Yay." *(Stepping 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."

(GEORGE 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. **END**

(CHARLOTTE lifts his nose and kisses him on the lips. They start necking on the chaise—when ETHEL enters from backstage.)

ETHEL. Don't mind me, I'm just the hired help.

GEORGE. Well, well, if it isn't the Hound of the Baskervilles.

(During the following, GEORGE and CHARLOTTE remove their CYRANO clothes and put on their relaxing clothes. CHARLOTTE, of course, looks stunning. ETHEL gathers up their costumes to take them away.)

CHARLOTTE. *(To GEORGE.)* Don't start.

GEORGE. Oh, she can't hear a thing I'm saying. She hasn't heard a word in twenty years. *(To ETHEL.)* Have you, Quasimodo?

CHARLOTTE. George, stop it.