

PAUL & ROZ

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 deadpan, 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 playing 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 honeymoons just because this is your second."

PAUL. "That's silly."

ROZ. "Don't laugh at me, you mustn't be blasé about honeymoons 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.)

PAUL. "There."

ROZ. "Ummm, not so very enthusiastic. Again."