

# CYRANO DE BURGERSHACK

A POP MUSICAL

by Jeremy Desmon

A MODERN RE-TELLING OF *CYRANO DE BERGERAC* BY EDMOND ROSTAND

**SHOW PERUSAL**

**BROADWAY**  
— LICENSING —

07/30/2019

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**Copyright Protection.** This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

**Reservation of Rights.** All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments.** Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. (“Playscripts”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website ([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

**Restriction of Alterations.** There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, the cutting of music, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

**Author Credit.** Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution.** All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.**  
**([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com))**

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying.** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

**Statement of Non-affiliation.** This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

**Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works.** This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work *not included in the Play's score*, or performance of a sound recording of such a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office ([www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov)), ASCAP ([www.ascap.com](http://www.ascap.com)), BMI ([www.bmi.com](http://www.bmi.com)), and NMPA ([www.nmpa.org](http://www.nmpa.org)) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

## The Rules in Brief

- 1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- 2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- 3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, cut any music, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- 4) DO provide the required credit to the author(s) and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

*For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.*

## Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that authors are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the author, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—whether or not you charge an admission fee. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

**Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law.** Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to \$150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office ([www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov)) for more information.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

**Playscripts, Inc.**  
7 Penn Plaza, Suite 940  
New York, NY 10001

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY  
email: [info@playscripts.com](mailto:info@playscripts.com)  
website: [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)

## Music Copyright Notices

“A Song For Roxanne”

Written by Jeremy Desmon

Used by permission of Stageworks Media Publishing

“All Star”

Written by Greg Camp

Used by permission of Warner-Chappell Music Publishing

“Call Me Maybe”

Written by Carly Rae Jepsen, Josh Ramsay and Tavish Crowe

Used by permission of BMG Chrysalis US and Universal Music Publishing Group

“Crazy For You”

Written by John Bettis and Jon Lind

Used by permission of Universal Music Publishing Group

“Eternal Flame”

Written by Susanna Hoffs, Tom Kelly and Billy Steinberg

Used by permission of Russell Carter Artist Management, Ltd. and Sony/ATV Music Publishing

“Firework”

Written by Esther Dean, Mikkel Storleer Eriksen, Tor Erik Hermansen, Katheryn Hudson and Sandy Wilhelm

Used by permission of Warner-Chappell Music Publishing, Downtown Music Publishing, Ultra Music, Sony/ATV Music Publishing and Peermusic

“F\*\*kin’ Perfect”

Written by Alecia Moore, “Max” Martin Sandberg and Karl Johan Schuster

Used by permission of Kobalt Music Publishing America, Inc. and Sony/ATV Music Publishing

“Hit Me With Your Best Shot”

Written by Eddie Schwartz

Used by permission of Sony/ATV Music Publishing

“I’m Gonna Be (500 Miles)”

Written by Charlie Reid and Craig Reid

Used by permission of Wixen Music Publishing, Inc.

“Just The Way You Are”

Written by Bruno Mars, Philip Lawrence, Ari Levine, Khalil Walton and Khari Cain

Used by permission of Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner-Chappell Music Publishing, BMG Chrysalis US, Bug Music Publishing and Roundhill Music

“Lost In Your Eyes”

Written by Deborah Ann Gibson

Used by permission of Music Sales Corporation

“My Life Would Suck Without You”

Written by Lukasz Gottwald, Claude Kelly and Martin Sandberg

Used by permission of Kobalt Music Publishing America, Inc. and Warner-Chappell Music Publishing

“My Prerogative”

Written by Robert Brown, Gene Griffin and Teddy Riley

Used by permission of BMG Chrysalis US and Universal Music Publishing Group

“My Stupid Mouth”

Written by John Mayer

Used by permission of Reach Music Publishing

“The Middle”

Written by Jim Adkins, Rick Burch, Zach Lind and Tom Linton

Used by permission of Warner-Chappell Music Publishing

“The Sign”

Written by Jenny Cecilia Berggren, Jonas Petter Berggren, Malin Sofia Berggren and Ulf Gunnar Ekberg  
Used by permission of Warner-Chappell Music Publishing.

“To Make You Feel My Love”

Written by Bob Dylan  
Used by permission of Special Rider Music

“Tubthumping”

Written by Judith Abbott, Duncan Bruce, Paul Greco, Darren Hamer, Anne Holden, Nigel Hunter,  
Louise Watts and Allan Whalley  
Used by permission of Sony/ATV Music Publishing.

"We Got the Beat"

Written by Charlotte Caffey  
Used by permission of Universal Music Publishing Group

## Cast of Characters

CYRANO, (m) quick-witted, intense, and outwardly confident, Cyrano sports a famously enormous (prosthetic) nose. He uses his verbal skill to hide insecurities about how he looks.

*Vocal range: high tenor, middle C (C4) to A6*

ROXANNE, (f) brilliant, beautiful, and a champion fencer, Roxanne leads with her wit. That said, she is a romantic and believes in storybook love. Her friendship with Cyrano is strong and true, though she is oblivious of his affections for her.

*Vocal range: mezzo-soprano, B4 flat to E5 flat*

CHRISTIAN, (m) handsome with a bright smile and an easygoing charm. Not the brightest star in the sky, but he has serious style and flair and amazing moves.

*Vocal range: tenor, A below middle C (A4) to F5*

DJ, (f) the cashier. A snarky, wry emo gal with a palpable lack of customer service skills.

*Vocal range: mezzo-soprano, B4 flat to D5*

PICKLES, (m) fry-guy. Free spirit and schemer. Wears a hat.

*Vocal range: tenor, G below middle C (G3) to C5*

WANDA, (f) shake-master. Weird, wild and wonderful. As treasurer of Drama Club, Wanda is prone to dramatics.

*Vocal range: alto, G below middle C (G3) to D5*

DANI, CHLOE, & ZOE, (f) Three girls on Roxanne's fencing team. Rather tough ladies. Always together.

HOT TODD, (m) Roxanne's haughty ex-boyfriend. Seriously, dude, she's not into you. Let it go.

EDMOND HIGH GIRL'S FENCING TEAM, "Go Cadets...En Garde!"

In a nod to the swashbuckling source material, the only sports team of note at Edmond High is the girls' fencing team, led by their captain, Roxanne. Sporting mostly-white uniforms, these rockin' women give the show bursts of unique choreographic energy.

DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT

VARIOUS HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, THE DRAMA CLUB,  
CHEERING PARENTS, etc.

*Ensemble vocal ranges: Male, G below middle C (G3) to F5; Female,  
G below middle C (G3) to D5*

## About the Show

Across from Edmond High is the jam-packed, high-school hangout known as The BurgerShack.

After school, The Shack is run by CYRANO, a larger-than-life senior with a *much* larger-than-life nose. Quick-witted, passionate and (outwardly) confident, Cyrano has a poet's ease with words, yet one thing leaves him speechless: his unrequited love for childhood BFF, ROXANNE. After all, she's brilliant, beautiful and the school's star athlete (a champion fencer)—why would she fall for a funny-looking, big-nosed guy like him?

Cyrano denies his crush to fast-food underlings WANDA (shake-master), PICKLES (fry-guy) and DJ (cashier), but his cool façade bursts when Roxanne texts “must see u 2nite.” Rushing to her side, Cyrano learns that Roxanne *is* indeed in love...only not with him. See, there's a new hottie in town, CHRISTIAN, and Roxanne has spotted him from afar, falling madly in love—and she asks Cyrano, as a “friend,” if he'll find out if Christian likes her.

Heartbroken, Cyrano agrees to help the love of his life find happiness with another guy. And secretly, he meets with Dr. Bellerose, a plastic surgeon, to discuss the nose job his parents promised him as a graduation present.

The next day, Cyrano meets Christian and the truth comes out... Christian ain't the sharpest tool in the shed. And so, Cyrano faces a dilemma: does he return with news of Christian's shortcomings to Roxanne and break her heart? Or, does he use his wits to turn the “himbo” into the man of Roxanne's dreams? Cyrano goes with Door Number Two: after all, with Cyrano's wit and Christian's good looks, Roxanne will fall madly in love!

After a few harebrained, disastrous schemes and misfires—led by Wanda, Pickles and DJ—Cyrano finally melts Roxanne's heart with words sung plaintively to her through the Shack's drive-thru speakers. This is the moment Cyrano has waited for his entire life... trouble is, she only loves Cyrano's words when she believes they are coming from a beautiful face like Christian's.

As time passes, the web of lies grows ever more complicated. Roxanne falls more in love with Cyrano's texts/emails and presses Christian for more; Christian can't keep up with the lies and is forced to feign laryngitis; and, hardest of all, Cyrano can no longer control his outpouring of feelings for Roxanne. As Roxanne faces the biggest fencing match of her life, the ruse crumbles around them

and Roxanne learns the truth: not only has her best friend tricked her into falling in love with someone else, but he's been deceiving her for years about his true feelings for her.

After a terrible fight, Cyrano schedules his nose job as Roxanne attempts to move on without her best friend... Will Cyrano be able to accept his flaws without destroying his identity? And will Roxanne realize that she loves how Cyrano makes her feel? Spoiler Alert: quite possibly. But none of it happens before a rollicking, spirited ending where the power of love just barely wins out...well, it wins by a nose.

### **The Music**

*Cyrano de BurgerShack* is a musical comedy featuring pop radio hits from the 80s, 90s and today. Well-known, beloved tunes are re-imagined into high-energy character and story songs, providing an emotional and musical underpinning perfect for this modern re-interpretation of a literary classic.

### **Orchestration Breakdown**

Trumpet 1

Trumpet 2

Alto sax

Tenor sax

Trombone

Piano

Guitar

Drums

Bass

*\*Accompaniment tracks also available*



## Acknowledgments

*Cyrano de BergerShack* was developed for Stageworks Media by Michael Barra. Arrangements by Meg Zervoulis, and orchestrations, incidental music and music supervision by David Weinstein. Music clearance was arranged by Darnetha Lincoln M'Baye at Ibis Eye Consulting.

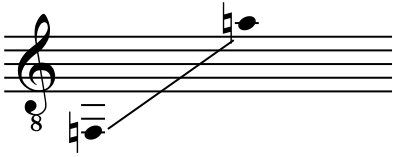
The show premiered in August 2014 at the French Woods Festival of the Performing Arts with the following cast and staff.

CYRANO	Tyler Felson
ROXANNE	Cameron Cohen
CHRISTIAN	Nathaniel Gotbaum
DJ	Mia Goodman
WANDA	Jasmine Jenkins
PICKLES	Thomas Sinclair
HOT TODD	Isaiah Mays
DANI	Neve Oren
ZOE	VittoriaConforti
CHLOE	Amoria Burks
MADISON	Livy Bergstein
JOHN PAUL	Griffin Wade
KELSEY	Ruby Westhoff
HANNAH	Isabella Blair
SKYE	Abigail Miller
RUDY	Luke Ciminillo-Delamotte
SHARLENE	Isabella Lampson
NADIA	Emery John
GARRETT	Benjamin Segall
FROSH #1	Gabriel LaBelle
FROSH #2	Paige Zeltzer
TAYLOR	Ella Sherman
JORDAN	AlikaSaxena
DR.'S ASSISTANT	Alexa Goldberg
FENCING REFEREE	Kirstin D'Angelo
ENSEMBLE	Alyssa Arnold, Jenna Brause, Abigail Guzman, Hope King, Annabelle Kinstler, Christina Kwon, Anastasia Lepekhina, Megan McGregor, Jack McNulty, Cassidy Mullen, Evelyn Sload, Tais Torres, Maria Vera Tuset

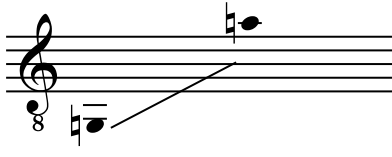
Director..... Gabe Greenspan  
Assistant Director.....Adam McSkimming  
Stage Manager.....Emily Ackerman  
Managing Director..... Kay Day  
Choreography..... Ally Fobean  
Set Design..... Gary Jackson  
Lights..... Chris Payton  
Sound..... Ben Hess  
Props..... Renee Doring, Libby Polkoski, Emma Styles  
Costumes.....Kellie Fisher, Annie Wilson  
Associate Artistic Director..... Alec Wolf  
Orchestra.....Mark Chapin (drums), Tyler Reid (bass),  
Connor Harvey (guitar), Kay Day (keys)

# *Cyrano de BurgerShack* Character Vocal Ranges

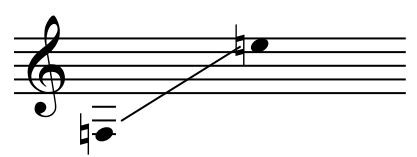
CYRANO



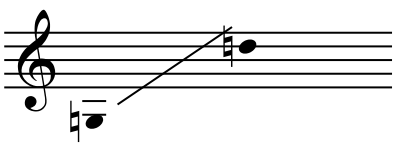
PICKLES



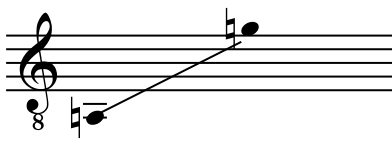
WANDA



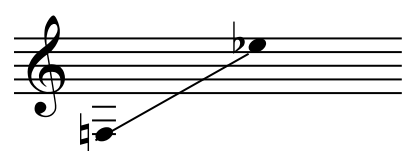
DJ



CHRISTIAN



ROXANNE



DANI, ZOE, & CHLOE



Cyrano deBurgerShack  
Scenes, Characters, Musical Numbers, and Pages

Act I

Scene 1.....	1
Wanda, Pickles, DJ, Cyrano, Roxanne, Hot Todd, Frosh #1, Frosh #2, Students, Soloists	
#1 We Got The Beat (Soloists, All Students) #2 Suddenly! My Prerogative (Cyrano, Crowd)	
Scene 2.....	15
Cyrano, Wanda, Pickles, DJ	
#3 Eternally Lost And Crazy (Pickles, Wanda, DJ) #4 Change To Next Afternoon (Orchestra)	
Scene 3.....	21
Cyrano	
#5 Change To The Burgershack (Orchestra)	
Scene 4.....	23
Pickles, Wanda, DJ, Skye, Rudy, Sharlene, Nadia, Garrett, Christian, Shack Workers,	
#6 All Star (Christian, All) #7 All Star Playoff (Orchestra)	
Scene 5.....	31
Cyrano	
Scene 6.....	32
Roxanne, Dani, Zoe, Chloe, Cyrano, Christian Lady Cadets, Backup Girls	
#8 Just The Way You Are (Cyrano) #9 Call Me Maybe (Roxanne, Backup Girls)	

#10 Just The Way You Are (Reprise) (Cyrano)	
#11 Just The Way You Are (Playoff) (Orchestra)	
Scene 7.....	43
Christian, Cyrano, DJ, Wanda, Pickles	
#12 Change To Drama Club (Orchestra)	
Scene 8.....	50
Cyrano, Roxanne, Christian, Wanda, DJ, Pickles, Madison, John Paul, Kelsey, Taylor, Jordan, Drama Club Members	
#13 Firework (Pickles, Wanda, Taylor, Jordan, All)	
#14 Firework (Playoff) (Orchestra)	
Scene 9.....	66
Roxanne, Cyrano, Christian	
#15 Make You Feel My Love (Cyrano, Roxanne)	
<b>ACT II</b>	
Scene 1.....	75
Cyrano, Christian, Wanda, Pickles, DJ, Roxanne, Fencers, Crowd, BurgerShack Gang	
#16 Entr' Acte (Orchestra)	
#17 Knocked Down/ Best Shot (Dani, Roxanne, Fencers, Crowd)	
#18 My Stupid Mouth (Christian)	
#19 Change To State Finals (Orchestra)	
Scene 2.....	85
Cyrano, Wanda, Christian, Roxanne, Pickles, Dani, Zoe, DJ, Chloe, Fencers, Fencing Ref, BurgerShack Gang	
#20 I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles) (Cyrano, Wanda, Pickles, Dani, Zoe, Chloe, Roxanne, All)	
#21 500 Miles (Playoff) (Orchestra)	

Scene 3.....95

Christian, DJ, Roxanne, Cyrano,

#22 A Song For Roxanne (Christian)

#23 The Sign (Cyrano, Roxanne)

#24 The Middle (DJ, Christian)

#25 The Middle (Playoff) (Orchestra)

Scene 4.....108

Cyrano, Roxanne, Doctor's Assistant, Chorus

#26 Make You Feel My Love (Underscore) (Orchestra)

#27 Less Than Perfect (Roxanne, Chorus)

#28 Less Than Perfect (Playoff) (Orchestra)

Scene 5.....114

Cyrano, Roxanne, Christian, DJ, Hot Todd, Pickles, Wanda,  
Dani, Zoe, Chloe, Students

#29 Turtle Song (Reprise) (Christian, DJ)

#30 My Life Would Suck Without You (Cyrano, Roxanne,  
Christian, DJ, Pickles, Wanda, All)

#31 Bows (Orchestra)

ACT I  
SCENE 1

**THE BURGERSHACK**

*(in the dark, a driving drum beat...guitars enter and a school bell rings...lights rise on excited STUDENTS racing across stage in front of the main curtain...school's out for the day...SOLO GIRL(S) steps out as most of the rest continue offstage)*

**#1 WE GOT THE BEAT**

**SOLO GIRL(S)**

SEE THE PEOPLE WALKING DOWN THE STREET  
FALL IN LINE JUST WATCHING ALL THEIR FEET  
THEY ALL KNOW WHERE THEY WANNA GO

*(curtain starts to open)*

...THEY'RE WALKING IN TIME

*(the curtain opens fully to reveal the BurgerShack – a hip after-school-hangout/fast-food joint...it's packed with HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS in line, ordering, carrying trays and/or stuffing their faces)*

**ALL**

WE GOT THE BEAT...  
WE GOT THE BEAT...  
WE GOT THE BEAT...  
YEAH! WE GOT THE BEAT!

*(behind the counter, three uniformed teenagers work – WANDA the Shake-Maker, PICKLES the Fry-Guy, and DJ the Cashier)*

**WANDA**

*(cheerfully adding a shake to a tray)*

Order up!

**PICKLES**

*(energetically adding fries)*

Order up!

**DJ**

*(at the register; calling out, monotone)*

MondoBurger, curly fries and a Berry ShackShake. Thanks for eating at the BurgerShack...

*(a STUDENT takes the tray...SOLO DUDE(S) sing, moving in time)*

**SOLO DUDE(S)**

ALL THE KIDS JUST GETTING OUT OF SCHOOL  
THEY CAN'T WAIT TO HANG OUT AND BE COOL  
HANG AROUND 'TIL QUARTER AFTER FIVE

**ALL**

THAT'S WHEN WE FALL IN LINE  
WE GOT THE BEAT  
WE GOT THE BEAT  
WE GOT THE BEAT  
YEAH! WE GOT THE BEAT

*(music continues... a FOURTH WORKER, dressed like a manager, holds a tray being filled...he faces upstage)*

**WANDA**

Order up!

**PICKLES**

Order up!

**CYRANO**

*(as he turns, his face is obscured by tray)*

Fully Loaded Cheese-y Combo! Thanks for eating at the BurgerShack!

*(CYRANO lowers the tray and...we see it for the first time...CYRANO sports a gigantic [prosthetic] nose...that Fabled Schnoz of Epic Proportions)*

**FROSH #1**

*(hypnotized by the nose)*

Whoooooaa...

*(music pulls back to a thin, expectant rhythm...all eyes are on FROSH #1, who doesn't take the food, and instead just stares...awkwardly...obviously)*



**CYRANO**

Excuse me?

*(no response; trying to give over the tray)*

Hello...?

**FROSH #1**

*(stage-whisper to friend, a bit frightened)*

That's Cyrano!

**FROSH #2**

*(stage-whispering back)*

Stop staring! Be cool, just take your food!

*(FROSH #1 is paralyzed by the sight of CYRANO.)*

**FROSH #1**

*(stage-whisper...unable to break the stare)*

I can't! It's even bigger than they say...

**CYRANO**

So, you guys must be freshmen? It's just a nose. Wanna touch it? Go on.

**FROSH #1**

*(to CYRANO, panicking)*

I'm so sorry.

*(music cuts out)*

**CYRANO**

*(having fun)*

Boo.

**FROSH #1 & FROSH #2**

AHHH!

*(freaked out, the FROSH run off as music builds)*

**CYRANO**

*(calling off...holding tray)*

Guys! Thanks for eating at the BurgerShack...!

**ALL BUT CYRANO**

**GROUP 1**

**WE GOT THE BEAT**

**GROUP 2**

**EVERYBODY GET ON YOUR FEET**

**GROUP 1 (CONT'D)**  
WE GOT THE BEAT

WE GOT THE BEAT  
WE GOT THE BEAT

**GROUP 2 (CONT'D)**  
WE KNOW YOU CAN DANCE TO  
THE BEAT  
JUMPIN', GET DOWN  
ROUND AND ROUND AND  
ROUND

**ALL**

WE GOT THE BEAT  
WE GOT THE BEAT  
WE GOT THE BEAT  
YEAH! WE GOT THE BEAT!  
WE GOT THE BEAT!

*(song buttons...out of applause, WANDA and PICKLES fill a tray for DJ)*

**WANDA**

Order up!

**PICKLES**

Order up!

**DJ**

*(still monotone)*

MondoJackBurger and a Vanilla ShackShake. Thanks for eating at the blah blah blah...

*(with his back to the door, CYRANO freezes...he points his nose in the air and...SNIFFS...all grows silent...a girl in white has entered)*

**CYRANO**

Wait. Shhh-shhh...

*(he sniffs)*

The air in here – it's changed.

*(a big sniff, re ROXANNE)*

It's a girl... But not just any girl. Mint in her shampoo... Blackberry in her lip gloss...  
*(turning around...happy to see her)*

And the rotten stench of a fencing uniform that hasn't been washed during a twelve-match winning streak!

*(ROXANNE, dressed head-to-toe in fencing whites, speaks)*

**ROXANNE**

Oooh, so close, but you're off by a nose. After today's match? Thirteen!

**CYRANO**

*(overjoyed)*

Roxanne!

**ROXANNE**

One more win...

*(she unsheathes her sword, points it to the sky)*

...and I'm off to the State Fencing Championships!

*(the room erupts in cheers...PICKLES leads a chant)*

**PICKLES (AND ALL)**

Roxanne! Roxanne! Roxanne...!

*(CYRANO grabs curly fries off a passing freshman's tray...he and ROXANNE settle into their booth)*

**CYRANO**

I'm so sorry I wasn't there! Our burger flipper bugged out on us and we're short-staffed –

**ROXANNE**

Cyrano, you've seen every sword-fight of mine since first grade. You'll be there Saturday?

**CYRANO**

For the finals?! Wouldn't miss it.

**ROXANNE**

What about...

*(she points to his nose...they have a name for it)*

...Harold? Can he make it?

**CYRANO**

*(mock bad news)*

Bad news...Harold's busy. He's washing his hair. Or at least, trimming it.

**ROXANNE**

He better be there, or I'll sock him one.

**CYRANO**

To the Three Musketeers! Cyrano...!

*(in a well-rehearsed shtick, CYRANO “unsheathes” a mock sword – his finger – and raises it)*

Roxanne...!

*(ROXANNE “unsheathes” her finger and raises it)*

...and the mighty Harold!

*(the fingers meet at “Harold,” i.e., CYRANO’s nose for a three-point salute)*

**ROXANNE**

All for one...

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

...and one for all!

*(DJ passes by...she’s seen it before)*

**DJ**

Get a room, already.

*(breaking their salute, CYRANO looks around)*

**CYRANO**

Hey, where’s “Hot Todd”?

**ROXANNE**

*(exasperated)*

Why do you call him that?

**CYRANO**

Because he’s hot. And his name’s Todd. But I’ll be nice – after all, he is your prom date and your future ex-husband...

**ROXANNE**

*(sharing news)*

Yeah, well, you’re off the hook.

**CYRANO**

You broke up!

**CYRANO (CON'T)**

*(far too excited...then too sad)*

Aww, you broke up? I'm sorry.

**ROXANNE**

Whatever, you never liked him.

**CYRANO**

No, I—I'm really sorry, Roxanne. It's just—

*(intensely sweet)*

—you're my best friend and you're brilliant and kind and captain of the fencing team... I always imagined you with more than just some pretty face.

**ROXANNE**

*(teasing)*

Yeah... Why can't I just find a guy like you?

**CYRANO**

Ouch.

**ROXANNE**

You know what I meant! Could you imagine? You and me? I mean, we took baths together when we were three. I mean, where's the mystery, right?

*(weighty beat as CYRANO takes a breath...he steels his nerves... it's clear that he likes her)*

**CYRANO**

*(hesitantly going for it)*

Hey... Remember that pact we made, years ago, about Senior Prom? How, if neither of us had dates, that maybe you and I would—

*(interrupting the moment a voice is heard entering)*

**HOT TODD**

Roxanne?!

**ROXANNE**

Oh no. It's Todd—

**HOT TODD**

*(approaching them)*

Roxanne! I still love you, Roxanne... And, I totally got to thinking about what you said about how I don't really listen to you –

**ROXANNE**

Todd, please.

**HOT TODD**

– No, let me finish! You said I don't listen to you and I keep saying "I love you" instead of showing you but what's the diff, you're totally hot and I totally love you! And I do listen to everything you say –

**ROXANNE**

Not now, Todd.

**HOT TODD**

No, let me finish!

**CYRANO**

*(trying to diffuse the situation)*

C'mon, man. She asked you nicely.

**HOT TODD**

*(turning on CYRANO)*

Is this what's going on? Your smarty-pants BurgerShack pal is poisoning you against me?

**CYRANO**

Todd –

**HOT TODD**

Just shut your hole, Big Nose!

*(the whole room gasps...he's crossed a line)*

**CYRANO**

Excuse me?

**ROXANNE**

Todd.

**HOT TODD**

I said: shut your hole, Big Nose.

*(a moment of tension and then CYRANO laughs)*

**CYRANO**

"Big Nose?"

**HOT TODD**

Yeah, "Big Nose..."

**ROXANNE**

Let it go, Cyrano.

**CYRANO**

"Big Nose." The best your teeny, weeny Neanderthal brain can muster up is "Big Nose"?

*(a chorus of "oohs" fills the room)*

**HOT TODD**

It's gonna be even bigger when I bust it in two.

**CYRANO**

Well, that's your prerogative.

**HOT TODD**

*(in his face)*

What did you just call me?!?! A purr-rogora-what?!?!

**#2 MY PREROGATIVE**

*(a familiar vamp and bass line settle in as CYRANO gears up)*

**PICKLES**

*(reading from a phone)*

Prerogative. Noun. Definition: a special right or privilege belonging to an individual.

**CYRANO**

*(confidently rallying the room)*

Aren't you all sick of these vague, good-looking guys being all...vague and good-looking and getting the most incredible girls?

*(building up steam)*

**CYRANO (CON'T)**

They're trying to keep us down, control us, treat us like...freaks?

*(in TODD's face)*

Well, you know what: sticks and stones, pal.

THEY SAY I'M CRAZY – I REALLY DON'T CARE  
THAT'S MY PREROGATIVE  
THEY SAY I'M NASTY  
*(re his nose)*  
BUT I DON'T GIVE A DANG

HEY, IT'S JUST HOW I LIVE  
SOME ASK ME QUESTIONS – "WHY AM I SO REAL"  
BUT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ME  
I REALLY DON'T KNOW THE DEAL

Sing!

*(the CROWD joins in, singing)*

**ALL**  
EVERYBODY'S TALKIN  
ALL THIS STUFF  
ABOUT ME  
WHY DON'T THEY JUST  
LET ME LIVE  
I DON'T NEED PERMISSION  
MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS

THAT'S MY PREROGATIVE  
IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

*(music continues underneath scene)*

**CYRANO**  
NOW, NOW  
TELL ME WHY

OH  
IT'S MY PRE-  
-ROGATIVE

**CYRANO**

Now, I'm no bully, but I could easily come up with...five better insults than "Big Nose."

**HOT TODD**

Do it, then!



**ROXANNE**

*(taunting him laughing)*  
Only five? Why not ten?

**CYRANO**

Wanda!

**WANDA**

Yeah, Boss!

**CYRANO**

Keep count. The lady asked for ten insults slightly better than "Big Nose."

*(he begins working the room as he goes)*

Let's see.

*(thinking...improvising as he goes)*

OK, we'll start off simply... Compassionate: Isn't Cyrano sweet? He loves birds so much, he built them a perch...on his face.

*(a few folks titter...thinks of another)*

Logistical: When you pick your nose, do you use a bulldozer?

*(a few more folk hoot)*

Occupational: I'd say go run off with the circus, Cyrano, but the elephants would get jealous!

*(some "oohs" from the room)*

Oh, snap.

**PICKLES**

**CYRANO**

*(without losing pace)*

Pop Culture: It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Super-Schnoz!!!

*(more crowd reactions)*

**PICKLES**

Oh, double snap.

**CYRANO**

And of course, Juvenile

*(the music cuts out)*

Everyone run for cover! Cyrano's popping a zit!

**ALL**

Ewwww!

*(music kicks back in)*

**ALL**

EVERYBODY'S TALKIN  
ALL THIS STUFF  
ABOUT ME  
WHY DON'T THEY JUST  
LET ME LIVE?  
I DON'T NEED PERMIS-  
-SION, MAKE  
MY OWN DECI-  
SIONS  
THAT'S  
MY PREROGATIVE

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

**CYRANO**

YEAH

TELL ME WHY

I DON'T NEED

MY OWN DE-

CISIONS

IT'S MY PRE-

-ROGATIVE

IT'S THE WAY THAT I

WANNA LIVE

I CAN DO JUST WHAT I FEEL

NO ONE CAN TELL ME WHAT  
TO DO

CAUSE, WHAT I DO  
I DO FOR YOU

**HOT TODD**

Hey! That wasn't ten!

**CYRANO**

Ladies and gentleman, the man can count!

**WANDA**

Alright, Boss, keep 'em coming. You're on number six.

*(as before, reactions grow after each one)*

**CYRANO**

*Six – Disney:* I cannot tell a lie, Cyrano. Pinocchio called – he says you stole his shtick.

**PICKLES**

Seven!

**CYRANO**

*Seasonal:* If you painted your nose red on Christmas, I bet Santa would let you guide his sleigh.

**ALL**

Eight!

**CYRANO**

*Choreographic:* “Whoa, dude, you must *suuuuck* at the Limbo.”

**ALL**

Nine!

**CYRANO**

*Conspiratorial:* Officer! Officer! That man keeps stealing my oxygen!

*(hoots and hollers)*

**CYRANO**

*And finally...*

*(drum roll)*

**CYRANO**

*Insult number ten – Moronically Obvious:* Say it with me now! “Is that your nose...

*(music cuts out)*

**EVERYONE**

*(joining in)*

...or are you just happy to see me?”

*(HOT TODD exits, embarrassed...music kicks in for the big finish)*

**CYRANO**

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE!

**ALL**

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE  
IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE  
IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

*(song buttons...the CROWD disperses leaving ROXANNE and  
CYRANO)*

**CYRANO**

IT'S THE WAY THAT I  
WANNA LIVE  
I CAN DO JUST WHAT I FEEL  
NO ONE CAN TELL ME WHAT  
TO DO

IT'S MY PREROGATIVE

**ROXANNE**

*(smiling)*

You talk too much, you know that? I'm gonna head home, share my good news.

**CYRANO**

*(calling after her)*

Hey! Forget Hot Todd, you can do way better. Get out of your comfort zone, take a risk.  
Maybe you'll find a new kind of guy to love.

**ROXANNE**

I'm done with love.

**CYRANO**

No, you're just getting started.

**ROXANNE**

Thanks, Cyrano. You're such a good friend.

*(these words are daggers to CYRANO's heart)*

And I'll think about that prom thing.

*(as she exits, she kisses him on the cheek)*

**CYRANO**

*(accepting defeat...to himself)*

Oh goodie, a kiss on the cheek...

SCENE 2

THE BURGERSHACK

*(alone, CYRANO is approached by WANDA, PICKLES, and DJ, who watch CYRANO fall for ROXANNE again)*

WANDA

*(tsk, tsk)*

Cyrano, Cyrano, Cyrano...

CYRANO

*(he doesn't want to hear it)*

Wanda, Wanda, Wanda...?

WANDA

As treasurer of Drama Club, I *know* drama when it's coming...

PICKLES

Dude, she's right, you're getting all emotional and romantic. Hashtag, fallingforroxanne.

CYRANO

*(vigorously dismissing the thought)*

Falling for —? Really, Pickles? Roxanne? I mean, *that's a laugh*, Pickles.

WANDA

You heard her, dropping the F-Bomb on you like that.

PICKLES

The F-Bomb—!

*(PICKLES makes a "bomb" whistling noise...it explodes with)*

WANDA & PICKLES

"Friends."

CYRANO

But we *are* friends. Best friends.

WANDA

Then don't risk it. 'Cuz every time Roxanne's single, you go gaga.

CYRANO

I'm not gaga.

**PICKLES**

You go gaga.

**CYRANO**

I'm not gaga! DJ?

**DJ**

Ya done gone gaga.

**PICKLES**

*(puts his arm around CYRANO)*

Far be it from *me* to give advice on the ladies...but seeing as I have *three* girlfriends, I have thrice the experience.

**WANDA**

Three *online* girlfriends. *Whom* you've never met. *Whom* you said *might* be textbots.

**PICKLES**

*(snappily)*

OK, first, I shared that with you in confidence! And second, I *also* said they might NOT be textbots.

*(to CYRANO)*

And *third* – Cyrano, don't ruin things with Roxanne.

**CYRANO**

*(matter-of-factly)*

Pickles, Wanda, DJ – we're just friends. Do I love being *around* her? Yes. Do the molecules in a room electrify the instant she enters? Sure.

*(getting a tad romantic)*

Does my heart lift with a palpable sense of ease and joyful wonder at the mere sight of her smile? Maybe...

*(getting lost in poetic reverie)*

Do the stars in the heavens grow infinitely warmer and brighter and sharper upon hearing the echoes of her rapturous laughter? Like, *duh*...

*(beat...he snaps back.)*

...but I feel that way about *all* my friends.

**#3 ETERNALLY LOST AND CRAZY**

*(romantic piano music begins.)*

**WANDA**

He's done for. One look at her, and it's suddenly Shakespeare.

*(WANDA holds up a strainer like a fencing mask)*

**PICKLES**

*(as "Cyrano" to "Roxanne")*

Forsooth, Roxanne! Your beauteous nature is brilliantly splendiferous!

**CYRANO**

I don't speak like that.

**DJ**

Oh, but ya do.

**PICKLES**

Roxanne, the sun is but the glow from my iPhone compared to the phosphorescence in your soul!

*(sings mocking CYRANO – à la Debbie Gibson)*

I GET LOST IN YOUR EYES  
AND I FEEL MY SPIRITS RISE  
AND SOAR LIKE THE WIND...  
IS IT LOVE THAT I AM IN?

**CYRANO**

I don't sound like that.

**WANDA**

You're right. You sound like this.

*(PICKLES takes the strainer...WANDA sings to him, mockingly – à la The Bangles)*

CLOSE YOUR EYES, GIVE ME YOUR HAND, DARLIN'

*(takes PICKLES's hand and puts it to her chest)*

DO YOU FEEL MY HEART BEATING?  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? DO YOU FEEL THE SAME?

AM I ONLY DREAMING?  
IS THIS BURNING

WANDA

BURNING

PICKLES

AN ETERNAL FLAME?

WANDA

OH!

PICKLES

I GET WEAK...

PICKLES & WANDA

DJ, Tell them this is crazy.

CYRANO

IN A GLANCE

PICKLES & WANDA

I'm stayin' outta this.

DJ

ISN'T THIS...

PICKLES & WANDA

But it's crazy, DJ.

CYRANO

WHAT'S CALLED ROMANCE?

PICKLES & WANDA

Crazy. It is *crazy* –

DJ

*(beat...then she sings Madonna)*

DJ  
BECAUSE I'M  
CRAZY FOR YOU  
TOUCH ME ONCE AND YOU'LL  
KNOW IT'S TRUE

WANDA & PICKLES

BUP BUP  
BUP BUP  
BUP BUP BUP



**CYRANO**

Forget you all.

**DJ**

I NEVER WANTED ANY-  
ONE LIKE THIS IT'S  
ALL BRAND NEW  
YOU'LL FEEL IT IN MY KISS  
I'M CRAZY FOR YOU!

**WANDA & PICKLES**

BUP BUP BUP  
BUP BUP  
BUP BUP  
AH

**CYRANO**

Well, I'm outta here. Look, I posted an ad for a new burger flipper and folks are coming tomorrow, 3pm. I have an appointment, so Pickles, you're in charge. Got it?

*(beat...the music stops...the trio stares at him)*

**CYRANO**

OK, fine, just finish the song.

*(very dramatically, music kicks back in as they launch into a final mash-up chorus...CYRANO exits in disgust)*

**PICKLES**

I GET LOST

IN YOUR EYES

AND I  
FEEL

MY SPIRITS RISE

AND SOAR LIKE  
THE WIND

IS IT  
LOVE THAT  
I AM IN?

IS IT  
LOVE

THAT I AM IN

**WANDA**

CLOSE YOUR EYES

GIVE ME YOUR HAND

DARLIN'

DO YOU FEEL  
MY HEART BEAT-  
-ING?

DO YOU UNDER-  
-STAND?

DO YOU FEEL  
THE SAME?

AM I ONLY DREAM  
-ING?

IS THIS BURNING  
AN

ETERNAL FLAME

**DJ**

CRAZY FOR  
YOU

I NEVER

WANTED ANYONE LIKE  
THIS

YOU KNOW IT'S  
TRUE

I'M CRAZY FOR YOU  
I'M CRAZY

PICKLES (CONT'D)

WANDA (CONT'D)

DJ (CONT'D)

CRAZY  
FOR YOU

CRAZY

FOR YOU

FOR YOU

#4 CHANGE TO NEXT AFTERNOON

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION

SCENE 3

ON THE STREET, THE NEXT AFTERNOON

*(over playout music, CYRANO enters...his head is buried in his phone, texting...he types...we hear a whoosh! "text-sending sound"...then a ping! "text-receiving sound"...as he's typing, his cell phone rings...he stops, confused...then answers it by poking "Answer Call" with his nose... music fades)*

CYRANO

*(into phone)*

Hey, Mom, what's up?

*(short beat..."You good?")*

Mmm-hmmm.

*(beat..."Are you at the BurgerShack?")*

No, no, I'm not *at* the Shack this afternoon, remember? I'm heading over to see Dr. Bellerose.

*(beat..."Who?")*

Dr. Bellerose. The plastic surgeon?

*(beat..."I forgot! Want me to drive over?")*

No, no, I told you, you don't have to come. It's just an informational thing in case I decide to do the surgery. Dr. B says it's just a few tests, and she'll describe the procedure. Maybe I'll even pick out my new nose.

*(beat..."I'm still not sure about this.")*

I know, Mom, most kids just want a *new car* for graduation...

*(he makes a bad joke, touching his nose)*

...but hey, for you, maybe I'll choose a "compact" model. Something sleek and sporty? With good ventilation? Maybe a racing stripe down the sides?

*(beat - "Ha ha. Good luck.")*

CYRANO (CON'T)

Thanks, I shouldn't be too late.

*(beat – “So who'd you leave in charge?”)*

The Shack? Don't worry, I left Pickles in charge. OK, I just heard myself say that, and now I'm starting to worry...

**#5 CHANGE TO THE BURGERSHACK**

*(CYRANO exits...still on the phone)*

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION

**SCENE 4**

**THE BURGERSHACK**

*(lights snap on...music cuts out)*

**PICKLES**

Now...

*(like a drill sergeant, PICKLES paces before of a line of five JOB APPLICANTS...they all hold long metal spatulas at the ready like Marines holding rifles)*

**PICKLES (CON'T)**

*(pacing, making a dramatic speech)*

...to be a burger flipper here at the Shack, it takes more than just some fast-food flunky! More than a slack-jawed teen needing a few bucks! A Flipper must be pure in mind and body, combining 52% wrist, 36% elbow and 12% instinct. Am I making myself clear?

**ALL**

Yes, sir!

**PICKLES**

Now, *some* folks say "Hey, Pickles, chillax!" They say "Come on, can't *anyone* do this?" *Some* even say "Why didn't Cyrano leave someone less insane in charge, like Wanda or DJ...?"

**WANDA**

That was me. I said that.

**PICKLES**

But do we listen to them?

**ALL**

No, sir!

**PICKLES**

All right! Any questions...?

*(SKYE raises her hand)*

**PICKLES**

Yes?

**SKYE**

Hi. *Namaste.*

*(she bows)*

**SKYE (CONT'D)**

So, I'm VEGAN. And, like...meat? I never touch the stuff.

**PICKLES**

And your question is...

**SKYE**

Will I have to touch meat?

**PICKLES**

To make hamburgers?

**SKYE**

Ohhhh— point taken. *Namaste.*

*(SKYE picks up her bag and exits)*

**PICKLES**

Anyone else?

*(RUDY raises his hand)*

**RUDY**

Yeah, I have got *severe* ADHD. For this job, do you think I'll have to...

*(suddenly, to girl next to her)*

...whoa, girl, you have crazy pretty hair!

**SHARLENE**

*(in agreement)*

It's my thing.

**RUDY**

Crazy pretty!

**SHARLENE**

*(raises her hand while asking)*

don't wear hairnets, do we? 'Cuz I have crazy pretty hair—it's my thing.

**PICKLES**

Out! Both of you! You're dead to me.

*(they exit...and two remain...)*

**NADIA**

You're freaky serious, man. Don't a Burger Flipper just...flip burgers?

**WANDA & DJ**

*(bored)*

Yes...

**PICKLES**

No... Um, Wanda's the "shake-maker" – does she *just* make shakes?

**WANDA**

That's what I do.

**PICKLES**

*(on a roll)*

And DJ's the "order taker" – does she *just* take orders?

**DJ**

Literally my *whole* job.

**PICKLES**

And do I *just* drop fries in oil and pull 'em out when the timer dings?

**GARRETT**

*(raising hand)*

Um, yes—?

**PICKLES**

No!

**GARRETT**

*(Sooo close)*

I almost said that! I did.

**PICKLES**

Out. Get out! Both of you! And never come back!

*(NADIA and GARRETT exit)*

DJ

And then there were none.

WANDA

Thirty Flippin' choices, zero flippin' Flippers. Cyrano's gonna kill us.

PICKLES

It's the younger generation, y'know? No work ethic.

WANDA

What are we going to do now? Do you really think perfection's just gonna stroll through that door and say "Hi, I'm here for the job"?!

*(in walks CHRISTIAN, a hunky hottie in ripped jeans sporting a million-watt smile)*

CHRISTIAN

Hi, I'm here for the job.

*[SFX: "HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!" ...a snippet of Handel's Messiah plays]*

WANDA

Have mercy.

CHRISTIAN

Y'know, the flipper position?

*[SFX again: "HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!"]*

WANDA

I'll flip you in any position you want, handsome.

CHRISTIAN

Miss? Your phone's ringing.

WANDA

Oh, yeah. Thanks.

*(mid-"Hallelujah," she answers her phone...in a trance)*

Yeah, I'm'a call you back...

CHRISTIAN

Hey, I'm Christian.



WANDA

I'm Wanda.

DJ

I'm DJ.

PICKLES

And I'm in charge – you're late.

CHRISTIAN

That's my bad. I'm new in town and I got lost – did you know your town *square* is actually a *circle*?

*(he finds this kinda funny)*

It's real confusing. But, yeah, punctuation is clutch.

DJ

Punctuality?

CHRISTIAN

*(he laughs, embarrassed)*

Ahhh, so dumb. I'm nervous, is all.

DJ

He's sweet, Pickles. And sooo pretty. Can we keep him? Can we?

PICKLES

Look, pretty-boy, thanks for coming, but this job requires some real skillz, and I mean with a "z." I've determined the perfect flip to be 52% wrist, 36% elbow and –

CHRISTIAN

*(laughing)*

Whoa, don't you think you're over-thinking it?

PICKLES

Excuse me? Excuse me?!

*(picks up a spatula...daring him)*

No, no, genius, take the spatula – show me.

WANDA

Pickles...

**CHRISTIAN**

No, thank you.

**PICKLES**

*(throwing down)*

Why not? No skillz?!

**CHRISTIAN**

Oh, it's not *that*. I just brought my own.

*(CHRISTIAN whips out a shiny flipper from his back pocket...and a vamp begins...other Shack workers slowly enter to see what's going on...)*

**#6 ALL STAR**

**CHRISTIAN**

See, my dad runs a diner out in Fairview, so I've worked the griddle since I was knee-high to a grease-trap. Your passion's awesome, though! I just find it more my style to follow my gut.

SOMEBODY ONCE TOLD ME THE WORLD IS GONNA ROLL ME  
I AIN'T THE SHARPEST TOOL IN THE SHED  
SHE WAS LOOKING KIND OF DUMB WITH HER FINGER AND HER THUMB  
IN THE SHAPE OF AN "L" ON HER FOREHEAD

WELL, THE YEARS START COMING AND THEY DON'T STOP COMING  
FED TO THE RULES AND I HIT THE GROUND RUNNING  
DIDN'T MAKE SENSE NOT TO LIVE FOR FUN  
YOUR BRAIN GETS SMART BUT YOUR HEAD GETS DUMB

SO MUCH TO DO SO MUCH TO SEE  
SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH TAKING THE BACK STREETS?  
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW IF YOU DON'T GO  
YOU'LL NEVER SHINE IF YOU DON'T GLOW

**ALL**

HEY NOW, YOU'RE AN ALL STAR, GET YOUR GAME ON, GO PLAY  
HEY NOW, YOU'RE A ROCK STAR, GET THE SHOW ON, GET PAID  
AND ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD

**CHRISTIAN**

ONLY SHOOTING STARS BREAK THE MOLD

*(a crowd of SHACK WORKERS have joined WANDA, PICKLES, and DJ)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(picking up a second flipper)*

Come on, everyone, grab some flippers and I'll show you how it's done.

*(banging to the beat with flippers a la the movie Cocktail, CHRISTIAN shows off his burger flippin' flair, banging out a rhythm on the grill)*

**ALL (EXCEPT PICKLES)**

*(Ad lib:)*

Nice! All right! Pretty cool! Sweet moves!

**CHRISTIAN**

C'mon, everyone follow me!

*(and now, CHRISTIAN pulls out the big moves, launching an extended call-and-response percussive section...think COCKTAIL meets STOMP...as the cast bangs on the floor, the tables, and their own flippers using their burger spatulas)*

*(CHRISTIAN calls out to PICKLES)*

**CHRISTIAN**

C'mon, Pickles! You, too...

*(finally, PICKLES is won over as the dance builds)*

**ALL**

Woo-hoo! Alright! Unbelievable! Awesome.

*(and the dance climaxes as CHRISTIAN counts us off)*

**CHRISTIAN**

One...! Two...! Three...! Four...!

**ALL**

HEY NOW, YOU'RE AN ALL STAR, GET YOUR GAME ON, GO PLAY  
HEY NOW, YOU'RE A ROCK STAR, GET THE SHOW ON, GET PAID  
AND ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD  
ONLY SHOOTING STARS BREAK THE MOLD!

**PICKLES**

YOU'RE HIRED!

**ALL**

HEY NOW, YOU'RE AN ALL STAR, GET YOUR GAME ON, GO PLAY!

*(Blackout)*

**#7 ALL STAR PLAYOFF**

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION

SCENE 5

THE STREET

*(CYRANO enters and walks in the opposite direction as before...returning from his doctor's appointment, he carries a few brochures about surgery preparation, recovery, nose jobs, etc...he reads as he walks...then, a ping!...he pulls out his phone to read the text)*

CYRANO

*(sees who it's from)*

Ahh, from the lovely Roxanne...

*(reads text at first dryly...)*

"Cyrano, hey...I got to thinking, and u were right about love, etc..."

*(then, getting excited)*

"Things change. They always change. Come c me 2nite after practice? Come 2 the gym?"

*(CYRANO stops in his tracks...he dashes off in the opposite direction...he stops to check his hair in the reflection of his phone...then, he dashes offstage to see ROXANNE)*

**SCENE 6**

**THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM**

*(lights up at the Edmond High School gym...it's the end of fencing practice, and ROXANNE, the Captain, holds court...eight or ten GIRLS sit around her dressed in fencing whites with their heads buried in their phones)*

**ROXANNE**

All right, Lady Cadets, great practice. Now, Division Finals are on Saturday, so how do we feel?

*(no response)*

I said, how do we feel?!

**LADY CADETS**

*(distracted)*

Mmmm-hmmmm...

*(holding his phone, CYRANO runs onstage...seeing ROXANNE talking, he stops and waits patiently...he's behind ROXANNE, so she doesn't see him)*

**ROXANNE**

Before Saturday's match, please review your fundamentals. BFT – blade work, footwork, tactics. Before we go: tactical pop quiz. Anybody, how do we respond to a Simple Attack?

*(no answer...all heads are in their phones...she picks on three girls)*

Dani? Zoe? Chloe?

**CHLOE**

*(suddenly looking up from phone)*

That's my name!

*(realizing she was called on)*

Oh, ummm...

**ROXANNE**

Chloe, your opponent leads with a Simple Attack, and you...?

**ZOE**

Ooh, I know!

**ROXANNE**

Zoe.

**ZOE**

Nope. Don't know. Spoke too soon. I'm hungry.

*(CYRANO texts something...a ping! is heard... and DANI looks up from her phone)*

**DANI**

*(hand up, reading her text)*

Um, "parry and riposte?"

**ROXANNE**

Very good, Dani. And how do we counter a parry and riposte?

*(CYRANO texts...another ping!...DANI looks up again)*

**DANI**

Um, "Compound Attack?"

*(ROXANNE catches on...she turns to catch CYRANO red-handed)*

**ROXANNE**

*(mock awe...staring right at CYRANO)*

Wow, Dani...just *how* are you thinking of these answers?

**DANI**

They're just coming to me!

*(CYRANO feigns innocence as she speaks directly to him)*

**ROXANNE**

*(in CYRANO's face)*

Dani, your opponent combats the closed distance of your attack with a Quick Response, defeating your early feints, to which *you* respond with a basic Counter Time measure to which *she* counters with a Feint-in-Tempo attack leading you to respond...how?

*(in full view of ROXANNE, CYRANO thinks...he texts...ping!)*

**DANI**

Um, "You're very sexy when you use those big words humina humina."

**ROXANNE**

Practice dismissed.

*(the girls exit tittering...DANI, CHLOE, and ZOE remain on stage, clustering in a corner, still texting...ROXANNE "undresses" from her whites as she and CYRANO chat)*

**CYRANO**

I got your text.

**ROXANNE**

Yeah, I stopped by the Shack before practice – where were you?

**CYRANO**

*(avoiding)*

Nowhere, really.

**ROXANNE**

Today wasn't that plastic surgeon appointment, was it? You're not still considering...

**CYRANO**

*(lying)*

No, no, I mean I was, but I blew it off...

**ROXANNE**

Good, good. So, about that text I sent... God, am I blushing? I'm blushing.

**CYRANO**

*(reading)*

"Cyrano, u were right about love, etc..."

**ROXANNE**

I'm so embarrassed! Now, I'm too nervous to tell anyone. *Especially* you.

**CYRANO**

Tell me! OK, don't tell me.

*(beat...then he points to his nose)*

**CYRANO (CONT'D)**

Tell Harold.

*(ROXANNE takes a breath...she's nervous)*



**ROXANNE**

OK...*Harold*. So, there's this boy, *Cyrano*. You know him?

**CYRANO**

*Harold* hates that guy. The creep's always following him around.

**ROXANNE**

Well, *Cyrano* got me thinking earlier. He told me to put myself out there and take a risk – and I'm saying it: I think I'm in love.

**CYRANO**

In love?

**#8 JUST THE WAY YOU ARE**

**ROXANNE**

I know, I know, I fall in love *all* the time and with *all* the wrong boys – but this time, it's different.

*is she talking about CYRANO?)*

Oh, *Harold*, what if this guy doesn't love *me*? What if I'm not enough for him?

**CYRANO**

Roxanne, the only thing more astonishing than your sheer radiance...is the fact you can't see it.

OH, YOUR EYES, YOUR EYES  
MAKE THE STARS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE NOT SHININ'  
YOUR HAIR, YOUR HAIR  
FALLS PERFECTLY WITHOUT YOU TRYIN'  
YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL  
AND I TELL YOU EVERY DAY

**ROXANNE**

You're just saying that.

**CYRANO**

OH, I KNOW, I KNOW  
WHEN I COMPLIMENT YOU, YA WON'T BELIEVE ME  
AND IT'S SO, IT'S SO SAD  
TO THINK THAT YOU DON'T SEE WHAT I SEE  
BUT EVERY TIME YOU ASK ME "DO I LOOK OKAY?"  
I SAY

WHEN I SEE YOUR FACE  
THERE'S NOT A THING THAT I WOULD CHANGE

**CYRANO (CONT'D)**

'CAUSE YOU'RE AMAZING  
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE  
AND WHEN YOU SMILE  
THE WHOLE WORLD STOPS AND STARES FOR A WHILE  
'CAUSE YOU'RE AMAZING  
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE  
THE WAY YOU ARE...  
THE WAY YOU ARE...  
GIRL, YOU'RE AMAZING  
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE...

*(a tender moment...ROXANNE is lost in CYRANO's kindness)*

**ROXANNE**

*(sweetly)*

Awww. I know you feel this way. But what about...Christian?

**CYRANO**

*(before he's processed it)*

WHEN I SEE YOUR

*(CYRANO stops...the music falls apart)*

Wai-wai-wai-wai-wait. I'm sorry. Who is Christian?

**ROXANNE**

The guy I'm talking about. He's gorgeous...

**CYRANO**

*(trying to recover)*

Christian, huh? How long have you — When did you — ?

**ROXANNE**

It's really a great story. Wanna hear it?

**CYRANO**

Do I?!?!?

*(catches himself)*

I mean, sure, can't wait.

**ROXANNE**

I met him this afternoon...

**CYRANO**

Oh, like, this "this afternoon"?

**ROXANNE**

Uh-huh. I walked into the BurgerShack...and there he was...

**#9 CALL ME MAYBE**

*(vamp hits...lights shift...flashback to earlier that day as DREAM CHRISTIAN "enters" in a spotlight...a chorus of BACKUP GIRLS enter as well and begin singing)*

**GIRLS**

BA BA BOP  
BA BA BOP

**ROXANNE**

*(over the bop-bops)*  
Our eyes locked.

*(their eyes lock)*

Time stopped...

*(time stops)*

And it's as if all my prayers were answered

*(ROXANNE sings to DREAM CHRISTIAN)*

**ROXANNE**

I THREW A WISH IN THE WELL  
DON'T ASK ME I'LL NEVER TELL  
I LOOKED AT YOU AS IT FELL  
AND NOW YOU'RE  
IN MY WAY  
I'D TRADE MY SOUL FOR A WISH  
PENNIES AND DIMES FOR A KISS  
I WASN'T LOOKING FOR THIS  
BUT NOW YOU'RE  
IN MY WAY  
YOUR STARE WAS HOLDIN'

**GIRLS**

IN MY WAY

IN MY WAY

OO

**ROXANNE (CONT'D)**  
RIPPED JEANS  
SKIN WAS SHOWIN'  
HOT NIGHT  
WIND WAS BLOWIN'

**GIRLS (CONT'D)**  
  
OO

*(DREAM CHRISTIAN turns to walk away)*

**ROXANNE**  
WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING BABY?!

**ROXANNE & BACKUP VOICES**  
HEY, I JUST MET YOU AND THIS IS CRAZY  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER...SO CALL ME MAYBE?  
IT'S HARD TO LOOK RIGHT AT YOU, BABY  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER...SO CALL ME MAYBE?

*(ROXANNE has written her number on a slip of paper...she holds it out for CHRISTIAN, but every time he reaches for it, she absentmindedly pulls it away...OTHER GIRLS sing lead)*

**SOLO GIRL(S)**  
YOU TOOK YOUR  
TIME WITH THE CALL  
SHE TOOK NO  
TIME WITH THE FALL  
YOU GAVE HER  
NOTHING AT ALL

**BACKUP GIRLS**  
DOT DA DA  
DOT DA DA  
DOT DA DA

**ROXANNE**  
BUT YOU'RE STILL  
IN MY WAY

**BACKUP GIRLS**  
IN MY WAY

**SOLO GIRL(S)**  
SHE'LL BEG AND  
BORROW AND STEAL  
AT FIRST  
SIGHT AND IT'S REAL  
SHE DIDN'T  
KNOW SHE WOULD FEEL

**BACKUP GIRLS**  
DOT DA DA  
DOT DA DA  
DOT DA DA

**ROXANNE**  
IT BUT IT'S  
IN MY WAY

**BACKUP GIRLS**  
IN MY WAY

**SOLO GIRL(S)**  
YOUR STARE WAS '  
RIPPED JEANS  
SKIN WAS SHOWIN'  
HOT NIGHT  
WIND WAS BLOWIN'

**BACKUP GIRLS**  
OO  
  
OO

*(CHRISTIAN starts to turn away)*

**ALL GIRLS**  
WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, BABY?  
HEY, I JUST MET YOU AND THIS IS CRAZY  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER

*(flirty)*  
So, call me, maybe.

**ROXANNE.**

**ALL GIRLS**  
IT'S HARD TO LOOK RIGHT AT YOU, BABY  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER

*(way too cool and casual)*  
So, call me. Maybe?

**ROXANNE**

**ALL GIRLS.**  
HEY, I JUST MET YOU AND THIS IS CRAZY  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER

*(super-aggressive)*  
So, call me, maybe!!!!

**ROXANNE**

**ALL GIRLS**  
AND ALL THE OTHER BOYS TRY TO CHASE ME  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER

**ALL GIRLS (INCLUDING ROXANNE)**  
SO CALL ME MAYBE?

BEFORE YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE  
I MISSED YOU SO BAD  
I MISSED YOU SO BAD  
I MISSED YOU SO, SO BAD  
BEFORE YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE

**ALL GIRLS (INCLUDING ROXANNE)**

I MISSED YOU SO BAD  
AND YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT  
I MISSED YOU SO, SO BAD!

*(big finish with ROXANNE highlighted)*

HEY, I JUST MET YOU AND THIS IS CRAZY!  
BUT HERE'S MY NUMBER...SO CALL ME MAYBE?

*(song buttons...ALL exit except CYRANO and ROXANNE)*

**CYRANO**

And...? And what did he say?

**ROXANNE**

So, I said: "Call me, maybe?"

**CYRANO**

Yeah, yeah, I know, I got that part...

**ROXANNE**

And he said...

*(DREAM CHRISTIAN takes the slip of paper and puts it in his pocket...he gives a sultry stare, pauses, smiles...and exits)*

**ROXANNE**

Isn't that romantic?

**CYRANO**

Wait, what did he say?

**ROXANNE**

*(excited)*

Nothing!

**CYRANO**

Nothing.

**ROXANNE**

Did I mention he's gorgeous? Anyhow...I need a favor.

**CYRANO**

Anything. You know that.

**ROXANNE**

Christian was at the Shack, because...as of today, he works for you. He's your burger flipper!

**CYRANO**

Oh, goodie.

**ROXANNE**

So, I was hoping you'd talk to him? See if he likes me? Please, please—say some nice things? It would make me so happy.

**CYRANO**

To make you happy? Of course. What are friends for?

**ROXANNE**

You're the best.

*(ROXANNE kisses him on the cheek)*

**#10 JUST THE WAY YOU ARE (REPRISE)**

*(contemplative music starts)*

**ROXANNE**

It's getting late. Walk home with me?

**CYRANO**

Nah, I'll see you tomorrow.

**ROXANNE**

Cool. Good night. You too, Harold.

*(ROXANNE exits leaving CYRANO alone)*

**CYRANO**

*(contemplative, sweetly)*

WHEN I SEE YOUR FACE  
THERE'S NOT A THING THAT I WOULD CHANGE  
'CAUSE, GIRL, YOU'RE AMAZING  
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

*(CYRANO bares his soul and sings out full voice...pained, nakedly emotional)*

BUT WHEN THEY SEE MY FACE  
THE WHOLE WORLD STOPS AND STARES

*(the music holds...CYRANO regains his composure)*

BUT GIRL, YOU'RE AMAZING  
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

*(song buttons)*

**#11 JUST THE WAY YOU ARE (PLAYOFF)**

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION



SCENE 7

THE BURGERSHACK

(DJ, WANDA, and PICKLES are prepping CHRISTIAN to meet his new boss...mid-conversation)

CHRISTIAN

Noooooo... *How big?*

DJ

Big.

WANDA

Huge.

PICKLES

Gi-normous.

(beat)

CHRISTIAN

Come on... *His nose?*

DJ

Big.

PICKLES

Gi-normous.

(beat)

CHRISTIAN

Like, on a scale of 1 to 10—

DJ

—Ten.

WANDA

Eleven.

PICKLES

A million billion.

**CHRISTIAN**

I'm sure you're exaggerating. Like, for example, my mom tells me I'm really, really, *really* good-looking...but I bet most folks don't even notice.

*(beat)*

**PICKLES**

Anyway, Cyrano's a wee bit sensitive, so when you meet him: do not stare.

**CHRISTIAN**

Got it.

**WANDA**

But don't, y'know, not stare. That's worse.

**PICKLES**

Way worse.

**CHRISTIAN**

Guys, "Subtle" is my middle name.

*(beat)*

Not really...it's Ezekiel, but don't tell anyone.

*(CYRANO enters, aggressively cheerful)*

**CYRANO**

Good afternoon, Shack Workers of America! How are we today, my fast food friends? I'm super super super good...

*(CHRISTIAN sees the nose for the first time)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(gobsmacked)*

Whooooooooaaaaa...

**CYRANO**

You must be Christian.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(in a trance)*

Whooooooooaaaaa...

*(CYRANO nods a bit at the awkwardness...subconsciously, CHRISTIAN bobs along as well, transfixed by the nose...CYRANO moves his head sideways...CHRISTIAN follows)*

**PICKLES**

Pssst. Dude!

**CHRISTIAN**

*(lost, in a trance)*

No, like, Pickles said it was gi-normous –

*(CYRANO continues “bobbing” CHRISTIAN’s head)*

**PICKLES**

*(backpedaling)*

– Me No Why Would I Whaaaat I Mean Why Would I Like What – ?

**CHRISTIAN**

*(still in a trance)*

– but I didn’t think it was, y’know... Gi-normous!

*(beat...snapping out of it, sincerely sorry)*

Oh, bro. I’m really sorry.

**CYRANO**

*(abnormally chill)*

Nah, bro...it’s cool. I don’t care if people stare.

**WANDA**

You don’t?

**CYRANO**

Especially not my new best buddy Mr. Handsome here.

**DJ**

OK, you’re being weird.

**CYRANO**

Weird? Just because I want my new pal to feel comfortable? Let’s chat, Christian. Tell *me* about *you*...

**CHRISTIAN**

Me? Uh, OK...

*(thinks about it)*

**CHRISTIAN (CON'T)**

I like to work out? Oh, and I write songs and stuff? And turtles. I like turtles.

**CYRANO**

*(as if it's just coming to him)*

Oh! I just – boom! Brilliant idea! Guys, we should set him up with Roxanne!

**DJ**

OK, Super-weird... Are you on drugs?

**PICKLES**

Just say no, man. Just say no.

**CYRANO**

Guys, guys, it's just...

*(under his breath, asking WANDA, PICKLES, and DJ to help)*

I mean, *hypothetically*, Roxanne *might* have stopped by here yesterday and *perhaps* she developed a serious crush on... Turtle-Man here... and *maybe* Roxanne asked me to set them up? Will you help me?

**DJ**

Sounds like a train wreck. I'm in.

**WANDA**

Sure thing, Boss.

**PICKLES**

Aye aye, Captain.

**CYRANO**

*(to CHRISTIAN)*

Now Christian... didn't Roxanne give you her number yesterday?

**CHRISTIAN**

*(digging in pocket, pulling out slip of paper)*

*That's* Roxanne? She's real cute! But I thought her name was "Maybe" – she kept telling me to call her "Maybe."

**WANDA**

Well, Roxanne told us she really likes you. We'd like to help.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(matter of fact)*

That's sweet, guys, but I've never had trouble with girls. I can show you.

*(to DJ)*

DJ, do you mind?

**DJ**

Knock yourself out.

**CHRISTIAN**

It's three steps, really. Step one: The Sultry Stare.

*(CHRISTIAN takes a deep breath, looking at his feet to collect himself...then, slowly... he looks up, gazing deeply at DJ)*

**DJ**

*(mocking him)*

Be still my heart!

**CHRISTIAN**

Step B: The Approach.

*(another breath...then, with swagger, he slowly walks toward DJ)*

**DJ**

*(still mocking him)*

My loins burn for you.

**CHRISTIAN**

And, the final step: The "Sup."

**WANDA**

The "Sup?"

*(CHRISTIAN puts his hand around DJ's waist)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(to DJ, with a put-on "voice")*

"Sup, beautiful? I think I love you, girl."

*(uncontrollably, DJ melts...)*

**DJ**

*(weirdly meaning it, giving herself up for a kiss)*

Oh my...I mean I love you, too...Christian...?!?!

*(pulling back forcefully)*

Oh God, you are a Devil-Man! Never do that again! It's Voodoo!

*(to the others)*

He's good. I need water. Now.

*(PICKLES hands her a water bottle, which she downs)*

**CHRISTIAN**

After that, we usually just make out and stuff.

**CYRANO**

Yeah...that'll never fly with Roxanne.

**CHRISTIAN**

Why not?

**CYRANO**

Because she's brilliant. And funny. And beautiful, both inside and out—

**DJ**

Stay on task, cowboy.

**CYRANO**

—so, you can't just *say* you love her if you don't love her.

**CHRISTIAN**

But I do. Kinda. I mean, I love a lot of things. Peanut butter. My job.

**WANDA**

Turtles.

**CHRISTIAN**

Me, too! Did we talk about this?

**CYRANO**

Fine. It's your funeral. Good luck.

**CYRANO (CON'T)**

*(breaking up the GROUP)*

All right, back to work.

*(EVERYONE starts to scatter...but the hook has been set)*

**CHRISTIAN**

No, wait. I *really* like her, Cyrano. If you think I need help...what should I do?

**#12 CHANGE TO DRAMA CLUB**

**PICKLES**

We thought you'd never ask.

**CYRANO**

First, give me your phone, I'll text Roxanne something romantic and have her meet you at the Shack tomorrow. Second, clear tonight's calendar – you've got homework...

*(lights cross-fade to next afternoon...underscoring continues)*

SCENE 8

THE BURGERSHACK, THE NEXT DAY

*(during the transition, commotion abounds...a well-orchestrated plan is underfoot...a dozen MEMBERS of the Drama Club flood the stage to warm up...assorted stretches...random vocalizing, e.g. "Rubber Baby Buggy Bumper" and "Unique New York" and motor-boating lips and whinnies...they carry scripts clearly titled "OPERATION: ROXANNE")*

**MADISON**

Thespians, our bodies are our instruments! Inhale deeply, and...

**MADISON & ALL**

*(sung on a tone...others join in quickly)*

Mee mah mow may moo...mee mah mow may moo.

**JOHN PAUL**

*(overlapping warm-up)*

Think Wanda will mind if I do an accent?

**MADISON**

Up a step!

**ALL**

*(tone goes up a step)*

Mee mah mow may moo...mee mah...

**KELSEY**

*(flipping through script)*

Oh my God, I have a line! I've never had a line before!

**MADISON**

Focus, Kelsey!

**KELSEY**

Sorry.

*(WANDA enters, interrupting the Mee-Mahs...she wears black, carries a clipboard and wears a headset)*

**WANDA**

All right, Edmond High Drama Club, major kudos for chipping in on such short notice. You've all seen the script? "Operation: Roxanne"?



**MADISON**

*(major diva)*

Thrilling dialogue, Wanda. Sharp characterizations. Fantastic casting, too – I see a lot of myself in Tatiana.

**WANDA**

Just read the words, Madison.

**JOHN PAUL**

How do we feel about accents?

*(PICKLES approaches with a tray of tiny objects)*

**PICKLES**

*(all business)*

Drama dorks! I'm Pickles, your Communications Guru. Everyone take a Bluetooth earpiece. They are your friend. Listen. Learn. Wait for instructions.

**MADISON**

Guys, before we begin, let's form a spirit circle –

**WANDA**

Places, everyone!

*(EVERYONE scatters as CYRANO enters, fidgeting)*

**CYRANO**

Where's Christian? Roxanne will be here any minute!

**PICKLES**

*(checking his phone)*

He'll be here in three, two, one –

*(on cue, CHRISTIAN enters)*

Installed a tracking app on his phone. You're welcome.

**CYRANO**

There you are, the man of the hour! You look...exhausted?

**CHRISTIAN**

I was up all night studying that "Roxanne Stuff" you gave me. Passages from her favorite books. Articles from school newspapers. Essays of hers you collected over the years... I'm just so nervous I'm gonna say stupid things! Can't we just cancel?

**MADISON**

*(passing by, with authority)*

The show must go on, my friend!

*(CHRISTIAN looks up at the commotion, confused)*

**CYRANO**

*(refocusing him)*

You saw Wanda's script that I emailed you?

**CHRISTIAN**

I saw it.

*(beat)*

**CYRANO**

Did you open it? And read it?

**CHRISTIAN**

Was I supposed to?

*(PICKLES approaches with CHRISTIAN's earpiece and a sugar shaker)*

**PICKLES**

Here's your earpiece. Cyrano and I will run point from Mission Control near the registers. We'll hear everything you say though the microphone hidden in this sugar shaker. Got it?

**CHRISTIAN**

*(putting in his earpiece)*

I think so.

**PICKLES**

*(places the sugar shaker on the table and double-checks)*

So, what's this?

**CHRISTIAN**

A sugar shaker.

**PICKLES**

No, it's a microphone.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(still a step behind)*

Right! Got it.

**WANDA**

Roxanne's coming! We're a "go," everyone – showtime!

**CYRANO**

*(final pep talk)*

Just remember – we're all here to help you have an amazing date with Roxanne. Just be yourself. But try not to say anything unless I whisper it in your ear first.

*(hurriedly, EVERYONE scrambles to their spots and...they freeze...ROXANNE enters and the room buzzes to life)*

**ROXANNE**

Christian! Hey!

**CHRISTIAN**

*(not wanting to speak)*

Mmmmmmm...!

*(she goes in for a hug, as he holds out for a handshake...then, he goes for a hug and she goes for a handshake...finally, he just punches her awkwardly on the arm)*

**ROXANNE**

OK. Shall we sit?

*(they do)*

You look handsome. And tired.

*(pause)*

Thanks for that text you sent. Your words moved me.

**CHRISTIAN**

Mmmm-hmmm...

**ROXANNE**

So poetic. It's like you already know me.

**CHRISTIAN**

Mmmm-hmmm...What'd I write?

*(she hands him her phone...he reads it)*

**CHRISTIAN**

This is good!

**ROXANNE**

Yeah, I thought so, too.

*(beat)*

I want to know everything, Christian. Your life story. Hopes. Dreams. Passions. My lips are sealed. Just spill.

**CHRISTIAN**

Mmmm-hmmm...

**CYRANO**

*(into headset)*

Cue John Paul.

**WANDA**

*(into headset)*

Cue John Paul! And, go.

*(JOHN PAUL enters...he is dressed like a waiter, carrying a tray and wearing a moustache...he speaks with a French accent)*

**JOHN PAUL**

*(as "Jean-Pierre")*

Bonjour! You must be zee Roxanne.

**ROXANNE**

Do I know you?

**JOHN PAUL**

*(as "Jean-Pierre")*

Christian, he has told me so much about you!

**CHRISTIAN**

I have?

**JOHN PAUL**

*(as "Jean-Pierre")*

But, of course! Last night, Christian, he calls me and says, "Jean-Pierre, I have a date wiz a unique snowflake of a mademoiselle" – his words –

**ROXANNE**

Awww, that's sweet.

**JOHN PAUL**

*(as "Jean-Pierre")*

– and I says, "Ah hah, say no more!" Zee BurgerShack is lovely, no, but Christian insisted on a touch of class.

*(placing down a flickering LED candle)*

Zee mood lighting, yes?

*(placing down a bud vase with a rose)*

A flower for zee lovely flower.

*(placing down fries)*

And zee French fries to start, or as we call zem in France: just fries. Can I get you any-zing else?

**ROXANNE**

Maybe some coffee? Black.

**CHRISTIAN**

I don't think I like coffee.

**JOHN PAUL**

*(as "Jean-Pierre")*

Of course, you do – a refined gentleman worships zee coffee bean. Two coffees, black as zee heart of a woman scorned. Adieu.

*(with that, JOHN PAUL scurries away)*

**ROXANNE**

You arranged all this? So chivalrous.

**CHRISTIAN**

What can I say?

**ROXANNE**

I can't wait to see what's next!

**CHRISTIAN**

*(into sugar shaker)*

Me, too!

**WANDA**

Cue Madison... and, go!

*(MADISON enters wearing nerdier glasses than before)*

**MADISON**

*(as "Tatiana," The Science Gal)*

Christian! There ya are, ya brainiac, I've been searching high 'n low for you.

**ROXANNE**

Hello. Who's this?

*(CHRISTIAN doesn't know)*

**MADISON**

*(as "Tatiana," The Science Gal)*

I'm Tatiana, Christian's chem lab partner. Can I borrow him for a nanosecond? Thanks. See, I'm stumped on this problem set and I need his brilliant mind.

*(MADISON holds out a paper...CHRISTIAN stares at her blankly)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(confused...lost)*

Um. I—

**MADISON**

*(as "Tatiana," The Science Gal)*

He's just teasing. "How many molecules of H<sub>2</sub>O are there in one gram of ice?"

**CHRISTIAN**

*(stalling)*

That's a hard one... Ummm...

*(seated at the booth behind ROXANNE are three BASEBALL FANS holding signs on sticks that say things like "Go Cadets" and "Edmond High Rules..." one by one, they flip the signs around...they're cue cards)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(reading the cue cards)*

Oh, OK! Oxygen's atomic mass is 16 grams; hydrogen's is 1.01...so one mole of H<sub>2</sub>O is 18.02 grams. Then, take Avogadro's number—or 6.02 × 10<sup>23</sup>—and divide that by 18.02, and voila...3.34 × 10<sup>16</sup> water molecules in one gram of ice. Q.E.D.

*(quickly, the SIGN-HOLDERS flip their signs back to normal)*

**ROXANNE**

Very impressive, Einstein!

**MADISON**

*(as "Tatiana," The Science Gal)*

Thanks, Christian, you're a lifesaver. See you volunteering at the food bank!

*(she exits as JOHN PAUL arrives)*

**JOHN PAUL**

*(as "Jean-Pierre")*

Two coffees, black as zee soul of an Englishman. Bon appétit.

**CYRANO**

On my mark, Christian, I need you to stand. In three, two, one...

**ROXANNE**

*(overlapping)*

Merci beaucoup, Jean-Pierre—

*(suddenly CHRISTIAN stands up)*

**ROXANNE**

What's wrong?

**CYRANO**

Say "someone's in trouble."

**CHRISTIAN**

Someone's in trouble?

**CYRANO**

Mean it.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(puffing his chest)*

Someone's in trouble?

**WANDA**

Cue Kelsey...go!

*(suddenly KELSEY stands up and delivers her one line, quite stilted)*

**KELSEY**

*(as "Kelsey"...awkwardly delivered)*

Somebody help! My friend Hannah is choking!

**ROXANNE**

*(surprised)*

How did you...?

*(confusion builds, lines overlap, the pace quickens)*

**CYRANO**

Say, "I know the Heimlich Maneuver!"

**CHRISTIAN**

"I know the Hemlock Minerva!"

**ROXANNE**

The what?

**CYRANO**

Now, go do it.

**CHRISTIAN**

Do what?

**CYRANO**

She's choking!

**ROXANNE**

What are you saying?!

**CHRISTIAN**

I see that.

**ROXANNE**

You see what?

**KELSEY**

*(as "Kelsey"...again, stilted)*

Somebody help! My friend Hannah is choking!

*(CHRISTIAN approaches the choking Hannah)*

**CHRISTIAN**

I guess...I...will save you...?



**ROXANNE**

Hurry!

**CYRANO**

OK, Christian, put your arms around her.

*(CHRISTIAN walks up...and slowly hugs Hannah)*

No, the other way

*(CHRISTIAN turns, tries hugging behind his back)*

No, the other other way

*(Hannah helps and CHRISTIAN gets it right)*

No. Yes. Now, squeeze. Hard.

*(CHRISTIAN performs the Heimlich and Hannah can breathe once more...the entire room applauds)*

**HANNAH**

Thanks, Christian...you're a life-saver. See you at Bible Study.

*(stunned, ROXANNE leads CHRISTIAN back to their booth)*

**ROXANNE**

Look at you—in town less than a week and you're a superhero! So, where were we? Oh yeah, your life story.

**CYRANO**

Get ready, Christian, just repeat everything I say.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(to CYRANO)*

OK...

**ROXANNE**

But first a toast.

*(raises her coffee)*

To unlimited possibilities.

*(they toast coffee cups and he takes a sip...he reacts as if he just drank battery acid)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(a violent reaction...ewwww)*

Needs... Bleechhh...Needs sugar!

*(desperately, he grabs the sugar shaker and dumps it in)*

**CYRANO**

No, Christian, the microphone!

*(as the sugar hits the coffee, we hear massive feedback...EVERY PERSON, including CHRISTIAN, grabs their ear painfully...apparently, they are all in on it)*

**ALL**

Owww! What was – ? Oh my – ! My ear!

**PICKLES**

*(dramatically)*

Comms are down. I repeat, comms are down...and we've got a soldier left on the battlefield. He's alone out there. I shudder to think what might happen.

**WANDA**

Lord have mercy on us all...

*(lights fade on all but CHRISTIAN and ROXANNE)*

**ROXANNE**

You all right?

**CHRISTIAN**

Yeah.

**ROXANNE**

So, you were telling me about yourself.

**CHRISTIAN**

Oh, OK. Ummm... I like to work out? Oh, and I write songs and stuff. And turtles. I like turtles.

**ROXANNE**

Turtles are cool, I guess.

**CHRISTIAN**

They really, really are.

**ROXANNE**

OK...

*(awkward silence...CHRISTIAN tries to give his sultry stare)*

**ROXANNE**

Why are you staring like that?

*(CHRISTIAN takes a breath and does his "sexy voice" from before)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(in a stilted, deep, sexy voice)*

'Sup, beautiful?

**ROXANNE**

*(unsure)*

'Sup.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(in his stilted, deep, sexy voice)*

I think I love you, girl.

**ROXANNE**

What?

**CHRISTIAN**

I said...

*(again)*

""Sup, beautiful, I think I love you, girl.""

**ROXANNE**

Why would you say that?

**CHRISTIAN**

Because it usually works?

**ROXANNE**

Don't say something if you don't mean it.

**CHRISTIAN**

But I do. You're totally hot and I totally love you. Want to make out?

**ROXANNE**

No!

**CHRISTIAN**

I don't know what I'm saying, Roxanne! Words are just tumbling out of my mouth right now and I'm nervous and I really want you to like me and "I think I love you, girl."

**ROXANNE**

Please stop saying that.

**CHRISTIAN**

I can't stop.

**ROXANNE**

I'm gonna go.

**CHRISTIAN**

Wait! No! Come back! "I love you, girl!"

*(ROXANNE storms out...she passes CYRANO)*

**CYRANO**

You OK? Roxanne!

*(too upset, ROXANNE storms past CYRANO and exits...cloud hangs over the room as no one knows what to say...DJ approaches CHRISTIAN sweetly)*

**DJ**

What happened, big guy?

**CYRANO**

*(clearly upset)*

What happened?! He gave her the "Sup." You gave her the "Sup," didn't you?

**CHRISTIAN**

I gave her the "Sup."

**CYRANO**

Christian!

**CHRISTIAN**

I'm sorry.

**CYRANO**

*(exiting)*

I will try and figure out a way to fix this...

DJ

Cyrano! Cyrano...

*(CYRANO storms out, with DJ following behind...WANDA and PICKLES approach CHRISTIAN, as he wallows in self-pity...OTHER STUDENTS at the Shack slowly begin to pay attention)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Man, I screwed that up big-time, huh! And after all that hard work you guys put in? I'm worthless.

**WANDA**

Come on, handsome, don't feel like that! We've all been there before...

**#13 FIREWORK**

*(vamp begins)*

**PICKLES**

It's true. I don't know if you can tell, but sometimes I say pretty stupid things myself.

**CHRISTIAN**

Really?

**WANDA**

A shocker, I know!

**PICKLES**

*(putting his arm around CHRISTIAN)*

So, dude, I get that worthless thing. I know just how you feel.

DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE A PLASTIC BAG  
DRIFTING THROUGH THE WIND  
WANTING TO START AGAIN?

*(the music holds...CHRISTIAN is confused)*

**CHRISTIAN**

A plastic bag? Not really...

*(music kicks back in as WANDA pushes PICKLES aside)*

**WANDA**

DO YOU EVER FEEL, FEEL SO PAPER THIN

**WANDA (CON'T)**

LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS  
ONE BLOW FROM CAVING IN?

**CHRISTIAN**

Yes.

*(PICKLES nudges back in to try again)*

**PICKLES**

DO YOU EVER FEEL ALREADY BURIED DEEP  
SIX FEET UNDER, SCREAMS  
BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO HEAR A THING?!?!

**CHRISTIAN**

*(horrified)*

What?

**WANDA**

*(taking over)*

DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR YOU?  
'CAUSE THERE'S A SPARK IN YOU

**WANDA & PICKLES**

*(music builds)*

YOU JUST GOTTA IGNITE THE LIGHT  
AND LET IT SHINE  
JUST OWN THE NIGHT  
LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY

**ALL**

'CAUSE, BABY, YOU'RE A FIREWORK  
COME ON, SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'RE WORTH  
MAKE 'EM GO AH! AH! AH!  
AS YOU SHOOT ACROSS THE SKY

BABY, YOU'RE A FIREWORK  
COME ON, LET YOUR COLORS BURST  
MAKE 'EM GO OH! OH! OH!  
YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE 'EM ALL IN AWE, AWE, AWE

*(two other students, TAYLOR and JORDAN, help lift  
CHRISTIAN's spirits)*

**TAYLOR**

YOU DON'T HAVE TO FEEL

**TAYLOR (CON'T)**

LIKE A WASTE OF SPACE  
YOU'RE ORIGINAL  
CANNOT BE REPLACED

**JORDAN**

LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT  
YOUR HEART WILL GLOW  
AND WHEN IT'S TIME  
YOU'LL KNOW

**TAYLOR & JORDAN**

YOU JUST GOTTA IGNITE THE LIGHT  
AND LET IT SHINE

**GIRLS**

JUST OWN THE NIGHT  
LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY

**ALL**

'CAUSE, BABY, YOU'RE A FIREWORK  
COME ON, SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'RE WORTH  
MAKE 'EM GO AH! AH! AH!  
AS YOU SHOOT ACROSS THE SKY

*(the bridge is sung with cool harmonies)*

**ALL**

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM  
EVEN BRIGHTER THAN THE MOON, MOON, MOON  
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN INSIDE OF YOU, YOU, YOU  
AND NOW IT'S TIME TO LET IT THROUGH-OUGH-OUGH

*(the music pulls back to a final chorus as WANDA sings to CHRISTIAN)*

**WANDA**

'CAUSE, BABY, YOU'RE A FIREWORK  
COME ON, SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'RE WORTH  
MAKE 'EM GO AH! AH! AH!  
AS YOU SHOOT ACROSS THE SKY

*(Blackout)*

**#14 FIREWORK (PLAYOFF)**

SCENE 9

THE DRIVE-THRU...AND THE SHACK

*(early evening, about a half-hour later...lights up on one corner of the stage...ROXANNE sits on a bench out back of the BurgerShack, near the drive-thru lane...CYRANO enters, carrying two milkshakes)*

CYRANO

Large ShackShake, half chocolate, half strawberry. Your favorite.

ROXANNE

How'd you find me?

CYRANO

*(pointing up)*

Saw you hiding out here on the drive-thru camera. You looked sad. I hear that when pretty girls get sad they want ice cream.

*(she takes her milkshake and slurps it)*

ROXANNE

I hate how well you know me.

CYRANO

So, that went swimmingly.

ROXANNE

It's not your fault.

CYRANO

It kind of is.

ROXANNE

You were just trying to help.

*(CYRANO takes a deep breath...he's ready spill the beans)*

CYRANO

Look, Roxanne, I feel terrible. I really need to tell you something —

ROXANNE

*(interrupting him)*



**ROXANNE (CONT'D)**

Why am I surprised, y'know?! I do this to myself. In my mind I have this perfect guy, who clearly doesn't exist! A guy who looks like Christian...and talks like, well, you. Or at least the way Christian did in that one perfect text he sent me. Maybe I don't deserve to have it all.

**CYRANO**

Of course you do.

**ROXANNE**

Maybe we should all just settle. Then, you and I can just go to prom together. Y'know, as friends.

*(CYRANO considers this)*

**CYRANO**

But, you don't want that.

**ROXANNE**

I really just want Christian to say the right things...

*(beat...then, a crackle, heard through the drive-thru speakers)*

**CHRISTIAN'S VOICE**

*(crackly)*

Roxanne?! Roxanne?!

**ROXANNE**

Speak of the devil. Is that you, Christian? It's so crackly...

*(lights rise on the Shack interior where CHRISTIAN speaks into the drive-thru microphone...we hear him clearly)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(waving)*

Yeah, it's me, in the drive-thru speaker! Well, not in the speaker, I'm actually inside the restaurant talking on a microphone.

**ROXANNE**

I know.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(concerned, watching video monitor)*

**CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)**

You look sad, Roxanne. And blurry. Are you sad and blurry because of me?

**CYRANO**

Not now, Christian. Tomorrow, I'm gonna make sure you text Roxanne a beautifully written apology and you guys can start over –

**ROXANNE**

No, let's just do this now. Christian, speak from the heart, the way you did in that text – with truth, and poetry.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(taken aback)*

But I can't. Not with Cyrano out there.

**ROXANNE**

*(getting suspicious...looks at CYRANO)*

What does that mean?

**CYRANO**

It means...

*(scrambling to think of a reason)*

...he's shy. He can't pour out his feelings with me listening. So I'll go. Totally unrelated. I'm running inside the Shack now.

*(CYRANO backpedals, then turns and runs off)*

**ROXANNE**

Go on, Christian. I'm listening. With poetry...

**CHRISTIAN**

*(stalling)*

With poetry...

*(a halting poem)*

Roxanne... Roxanne...

I'm such a fan...

Let me be your man...

Then, let's eat Raisin Bran...

*(CYRANO re-enters...he runs to CHRISTIAN and shuts off the mic)*

**ROXANNE**

*(where did he go?)*

Christian?

**CYRANO**

*(to CHRISTIAN)*

What are you doing?!

**CHRISTIAN**

I don't know! She's so pretty and sweet and wants me to talk all poetic and you gotta help me!

**ROXANNE**

*(into the air)*

Hello?

**CYRANO**

*(to CHRISTIAN...scolding...losing patience)*

Listen, I'm turning the mic back on. Repeat what I say. Exactly.

**CHRISTIAN**

OK.

*(he turns the microphone on...CYRANO whispers in CHRISTIAN's ear, and then CHRISTIAN speaks)*

**CYRANO**

*(whispers)*

I'm here, Roxanne.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(repeating...overlapping)*

I'm here, Roxanne.

**ROXANNE**

Were you just talking about Raisin Bran...?

*(again, CYRANO whispers...CHRISTIAN repeats...overlapping slightly)*

**CYRANO**

*(whispering...we can't quite hear)*  
I'm so sorry...

**CHRISTIAN**

*(haltingly into mic... overlapping a bit)*

**CYRANO (CON'T)**

But you make me nervous...!

Haven't you ever been...

...dumbstruck...?

...struck dumb by a perfect smile?

**CHRISTIAN (CON'T)**

I'm so sorry..."

But you make me nervous...!

Haven't you ever been...

...dumbstruck...?

...struck dumb by a perfect smile?

**ROXANNE**

I have.

*(CYRANO whispers again)*

**CYRANO**

And when I'm with you...

...my brain slips in a trance...

and I say foolish things...

—foolish things—

**CHRISTIAN**

And when I'm with you...

...my brain slips in a trance...

...and I say ghoulish things...

foolish things—I say  
foolish things

**ROXANNE**

Your words are lovely, but you sound stilted. Don't try so hard. Just be you.

*(CYRANO whispers a final time, but...)*

**CYRANO**

Ah, it's a conundrum...

A conundrum...a conundrum...

**CHRISTIAN**

Ah, it's a...

*(to CYRANO)*

What?

*(to CYRANO)*

Wh-what?

*(out loud to CYRANO)*

What are you saying?

I'm totally lost!

**ROXANNE**

You're totally lost? Christian? What's happening?

*(to save the game, CYRANO jumps to the mic and speaks)*

**CYRANO**

*(into mic trying to save the ruse)*

Uh, yes... Roxanne, I'm totally lost, because of you... You've jumbled my senses and I'm...lost.

**ROXANNE**

Your voice sounds different.

**CYRANO**

*(thinking quickly)*

Well, that's because...I've dropped my defenses. I'm finally being me, like you asked.

*(beat...ROXANNE accepts the voice is CHRISTIAN's)*

**ROXANNE**

Oh, Christian, shouldn't we just forget this whole thing? I want too much and it's all so confusing.

**CYRANO**

It is confusing. It's confounding. It's baffling. It's bewildering. It's befuddling. It's mystifying.

*(beat)*

I think it's called love.

**ROXANNE**

Aren't you sick of that word...Love? We just throw it around like it's a magic spell that cures everything! It's not! It's just a stupid word!

**CYRANO**

You're right! Love can be just a word – a come-on, or an apology, or an exaggeration... or a gimmick to sell cars. It can mean anything, so it often ends up meaning nothing.

*(beat)*

But I can't give up on love, Roxanne. And I won't let you, either.

**#15 MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE**

*(beautiful, plaintive piano)*

**ROXANNE**

So what? You're the man to make me believe again?

**CYRANO**

I don't know. But I'd give anything to try.

WHEN THE RAIN IS BLOWING IN YOUR FACE  
AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS ON YOUR CASE  
I COULD OFFER YOU A WARM EMBRACE  
TO MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE

**ROXANNE**

My, my.

**CYRANO**

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS AND THE STARS APPEAR  
AND THERE IS NO ONE THERE TO DRY YOUR TEARS  
I COULD HOLD YOU FOR A MILLION YEARS  
TO MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE

I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T MADE YOUR MIND UP YET  
BUT I WOULD NEVER DO YOU WRONG  
I'VE KNOWN IT FROM THE MOMENT THAT WE MET  
NO DOUBT IN MY MIND WHERE YOU BELONG

I'D GO HUNGRY; I'D GO BLACK AND BLUE  
I'D GO CRAWLING DOWN THE AVENUE  
NO, THERE'S NOTHING THAT I WOULDN'T DO  
TO MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE

*(piano solo)*

**ROXANNE**

What's to say tomorrow won't be another disaster?

**CYRANO**

I can't promise it won't. I can only promise to give you everything I have right now...

*(ROXANNE is enraptured)*

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

*(building...growing)*

THE STORMS ARE RAGING ON THE ROLLING SEA  
AND ON THE HIGHWAY OF REGRET  
THE WINDS OF CHANGE ARE BLOWING WILD AND FREE  
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING LIKE ME YET

*(soaring, driving ending)*

I COULD MAKE YOU HAPPY, MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE  
NOTHING THAT I WOULDN'T DO  
GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH FOR YOU  
TO MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE

**ROXANNE**

Get out here! Come and kiss me, you fool!

*(music continues as CYRANO, overjoyed, starts to run out of the Shack)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Cyrano!

**CYRANO**

Yeah?

**CHRISTIAN**

She meant me.

*(CYRANO stops in his tracks, heartbroken, a sudden realization)*

**CYRANO**

Right. Of course. Go get her.

**CHRISTIAN**

Thanks, buddy. You're the best!

*(CHRISTIAN exits, running to ROXANNE...they kiss under the streetlights...slowly, lights fade on them, leaving CYRANO alone)*

**CYRANO**

*(plaintive; to himself)*

I COULD MAKE YOU HAPPY  
MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE  
THERE'S NOTHING THAT I WOULDN'T DO

**CYRANO (CONT'D)**

GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH FOR YOU  
TO MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE  
TO MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE

*(lights fade as the song ends)*

**END OF ACT I**

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION



ACT II  
SCENE 1

THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM

*(in the dark, music hypes us up for Act II)*

**#16 ENTR'ACTE**

*(an energetic drum fill)*

**#17 KNOCKED DOWN/BEST SHOT**

*(lights rise on the Edmond High Gymnasium for the Female Fencing Finals...multiple pairs of FENCERS square off as the CROWD, including CYRANO, CHRISTIAN, WANDA, PICKLES, and DJ, cheers from a set of bleachers)*

**ALL (FENCERS AND CROWD)**

*( a la Tubthumping)*

I GET KNOCKED DOWN, BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP ME DOWN  
I GET KNOCKED DOWN, BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP ME DOWN  
I GET KNOCKED DOWN, BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP ME DOWN  
I GET KNOCKED DOWN, BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP ME DOWN

*(With the music, FENCERS lunge and parry)*

**FENCERS**

*(as they fence in rhythm)*

En Garde!

En Garde!

*(more intense)*

En Garde!

En Garde!

**CROWD**

*(singing hushed at first)*

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP  
ME DOWN

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP  
ME DOWN

*(getting louder)*

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP  
ME DOWN

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KEEP  
ME DOWN

*(lights on CHRISTIAN, DJ, and CYRANO)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Woo! Get her, Roxanne!

**DJ**

Roxanne's not up yet.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(so excited he doesn't hear her)*

Fencing...is...awesome. It looks so dangerous...and I have no idea what's happening!

*(DANI steps up, fencing foil in hand, facing her opponent)*

**DANI**

WELL, YOU'RE THE REAL TOUGH COOKIE WITH THE LONG HISTORY  
OF BREAKING LITTLE HEARTS, LIKE THE ONE IN ME  
THAT'S OK, LETS SEE HOW YOU DO IT  
PUT UP YOUR DUKES – LET'S GET DOWN TO IT

*(the FENCERS explode into more choreographic fencing)*

**FENCERS**

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST

SHOT  
WHY  
DON'T YOU  
HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST

SHOT  
FIRE  
AWAY

**CROWD**

I GET KNOCKED  
DOWN  
BUT

I GET UP AGAIN

YOU'RE NEVER  
GONNA KEEP ME DOWN!  
I GET KNOCKED  
DOWN  
BUT

I GET UP AGAIN

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA  
KEEP ME DOWN

*(music continues as CYRANO explains fencing to CHRISTIAN)*

**CYRANO**

*(a bit too quickly to follow)*

The rules are simple – first to fifteen wins. A point's scored when the tip of your blade touches your opponent's torso. Of course, if you *both* touch, a point's given to the fencer

**CYRANO (CONT'D)**

who established right-of-way *unless* a new right-of-way's established wherein the *opponent* gets the point, got it?

*(he doesn't)*

You'll get it.

*(he won't...suddenly nervous)*

Ooh, Roxanne's up. Shhh. If she wins, she's off to State Championships.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(screaming wildly)*

Go Roxanne! Stab her with your sword-thing!

*(ROXANNE squares off downstage center preparing to fight her OPPONENT)*

**ROXANNE**

*(to her OPPONENT)*

YOU COME ON WITH A "COME ON"  
YOU DON'T FIGHT FAIR

*(an extra bar of music as they fight)*

BUT THAT'S OK  
SEE IF I CARE

*(an extra bar of music as they fight)*

KNOCK ME DOWN  
IT'S ALL IN VAIN  
I'LL GET RIGHT BACK  
ON MY FEET AGAIN

*(music holds as ROXANNE lunges...and strikes...pause)*

**CHRISTIAN**

What happened?!

**CYRANO**

She won!

*(EVERYONE cheers as ROXANNE throws her arms up...  
ROXANNE's TEAM huddles around her as the music drives)*

**FENCERS**

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST

SHOT

WHY DON'T YOU  
HIT ME WITH YOUR  
BEST SHOT

HIT ME WITH  
YOUR BEST SHOT!

FIRE AWAY

**CROWD**

I GET KNOCKED  
DOWN  
BUT  
I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA  
KEEP ME DOWN  
I GET KNOCKED  
DOWN  
BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA  
KEEP ME DOWN!  
I GET KNOCKED  
DOWN  
BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA  
KEEP ME DOWN  
I GET KNOCKED  
DOWN BUT I GET UP AGAIN  
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA  
KEEP ME DOWN!

**ALL**

HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT

*(the song buttons...after applause, FENCERS start to exit, as the BURGERSHACK GANG heads from the bleachers to celebrate ROXANNE...as the others file away, CHRISTIAN stops CYRANO)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Cyrano...you got a sec?

**CYRANO**

Sure, but Roxanne's waiting—

**CHRISTIAN**

Yeah, OK, I'll be quick. I don't want to make a big deal of this, but—

*(suddenly panicked)*

—I'm totally freaking out 'cuz i don't know what to say to her!

**CYRANO**

Hey! Hey...relax! We've been through this. Where are your Index Cards?

*(CHRISTIAN pulls out colored index cards)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(holding up cards)*

You mean my “Index Cards of Approved Conversation Topics”?

*(flipping through cards one by one)*

Yeah, I tried to use them earlier. Roxanne’s Hobbies. Witty Re-party –

**CYRANO**

– Repartee –

**CHRISTIAN**

Current Events...Roxanne’s Super-Cute Nose. See, I spent, like, an hour with her before the match and talk about Epic Fail –

**CYRANO**

Uh-oh.

**CHRISTIAN**

Yeah, I started babbling uncontrollably...but then, I totally improvised!

**CYRANO**

Uh-oh!

**CHRISTIAN**

No, it was cool. I didn’t know what to say, so instead we just made out and stuff! Fist bump.

*(CYRANO is too jealous to fist bump)*

**CHRISTIAN**

But then, I was so nervous I’d say something stupid that we just kept making out and making out and making out for like the whole hour, you would have been so proud of me. Fist bump!

*(unenthused, CYRANO holds up his fist...CHRISTIAN bumps it hard)*

**CYRANO**

OK, here’s the plan – Roxanne leaves in the morning for States. She’ll be out of town for a few days, so I’ll help you through this next bit; then we’ll regroup, OK?

**CHRISTIAN**

Thanks, Cyrano...I did have one idea, though? Do you think I should sing Roxanne the song I wrote for her?

**CYRANO**

Wait...what? I didn't know you wrote songs.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(a bit perturbed)*

I told you! When we first met, I was, like, "Umm, I like to work out? And I like to write songs...and turtles, I like turtles."

**CYRANO**

As excellent as that sounds, why don't you just let me do the talking?

**CHRISTIAN**

Totally.

*(ROXANNE leaves the others and rushes to hug CYRANO)*

**ROXANNE**

Cyrano! Christian!

**CYRANO**

Roxanne! Your blade work was sick!

**ROXANNE**

Thanks. And, tell me, Christian— did you like your first fencing match?

*(CHRISTIAN starts to speak but catches himself, not wanting to screw up...he starts again, then stops himself)*

**ROXANNE**

No wrong answer, gorgeous. Just say anything.

*(confused, CHRISTIAN moves in to make out with her when CYRANO stops him)*

**CYRANO**

Hey, hey, buddy, hold up. You see, Roxanne, Christian's not talking...

*(figuring it out as he goes)*

... 'cuz, he screamed so much during your match he lost his voice.

*(CHRISTIAN nods wildly...silently)*

**ROXANNE**

Oh, you poor thing! Laryngitis!

**CYRANO**

Yep--laryngitis.

**ROXANNE**

So awful!

**CYRANO**

So terrible!

**DJ**

*(smugly)*

So convenient!

**ROXANNE**

*(to CHRISTIAN)*

Well, it'll be OK, I guess, just as long as you promise to (a) feel better, and (b) text me all sorts of wonderful things while I'm out of town at States! Deal?

*(CHRISTIAN nods, holding up his phone)*

**CYRANO**

I will personally guarantee he does.

**PICKLES**

Come on, let's go celebrate!

**ROXANNE**

Sounds great!

*(to CHRISTIAN)*

You coming?

*(CHRISTIAN holds his throat in mock pain, waving go ahead)*

**ROXANNE**

All right. Drink lots of tea with honey, honey. Text you soon!

*(CHRISTIAN nods...she kisses him on the cheek...EVERYONE exits leaving CHRISTIAN and DJ behind)*

**DJ**

**ROXANNE (CON'T)**

*(Seeing through him)*

So, you have laryngitis, huh?

**CHRISTIAN**

*(looking in all directions...hushed...surreptitious)*

Actually, DJ...I don't.

**DJ**

*(mock surprise)*

Really?!

**CHRISTIAN**

Really! Cyrano just came up with that on the spot.

**DJ**

You're a good guy, Christian. Why do you put up with all these lies?

**CHRISTIAN**

I like her. She's fun. She's pretty. And she's a great kisser. Plus, you should see the way she looks at me – like I'm smart.

**DJ**

You're plenty smart.

**CHRISTIAN**

I'm not as brave as you, DJ. I care what people think about me.

**DJ**

You mean you don't hide your insecurities and self-doubt behind an impenetrable façade of sardonic indifference like I do?

**CHRISTIAN**

Yeah.

*(beat)*

I mean, I don't know what you actually said, but I got your tone of voice, I think.

**#18 MY STUPID MOUTH**

**CHRISTIAN**

I pay attention, DJ. I see the way people look at me when I open my yap...they'd rather I just stay quiet and look pretty. And maybe they're right.



**CHRISTIAN (CON'T)**

MY STUPID MOUTH  
HAS GOT ME IN TROUBLE  
I SAID TOO MUCH AGAIN  
STUCK MY FOOT IN THERE LIKE YESTERDAY

AND I COULD SEE  
SHE WAS OFFENDED  
SHE SAID WELL ANYWAY  
JUST DYING FOR A SUBJECT CHANGE

OHHHH, ANOTHER SOCIAL CASUALTY  
SCORE ONE MORE FOR ME  
HOW COULD I FORGET?  
MAMA SAID: THINK BEFORE SPEAKING  
NO FILTER IN MY HEAD  
OH, WHAT'S A BOY TO DO  
I GUESS I BETTER FIND ONE

NEVER SPEAKING UP AGAIN  
IT ONLY HURTS ME  
I'D RATHER BE A MYSTERY  
THAN SHE DESERT ME  
OH, I'M NEVER SPEAKING UP AGAIN  
STARTING NOW

*(CHRISTIAN locks his lips with an imaginary key)*

**DJ**

Just tell Roxanne you wanna talk. Tell her how you feel –

**CHRISTIAN**

*(unlocking then re-locking his lips quickly)*

STARTING NOW!

*(his lips are locked and he's holding his breath)*

**DJ**

All right, I can take a hint. Remember to breathe, big guy.

*(DJ exits...music holds...long beat...then, in a quick breath,  
CHRISTIAN "unlocks" his lips)*

**CHRISTIAN**

ONE MORE THING

CHRISTIAN (CON'T)

WHY IS IT MY FAULT?  
SO, MAYBE I TRY TOO HARD  
BUT IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THIS DESIRE

I JUST WANNA BE LIKED  
I JUST WANNA BE FUNNY  
LOOKS LIKE THE JOKE'S ON ME  
SO, CALL ME CAPTAIN BACKFIRE!

I'M NEVER SPEAKING UP AGAIN  
IT ONLY HURTS ME  
I'D RATHER BE A MYSTERY  
THAN SHE DESERT ME  
OH, I'M NEVER SPEAKING UP AGAIN  
I'M NEVER SPEAKING UP AGAIN  
I'M NEVER SPEAKING UP AGAIN  
STARTING NOW...  
STARTING NOW...

*(Blackout)*

#19 CHANGE TO STATE FINALS

SCENE 2

THE BURGERSHACK/STATE FINALS

*(CYRANO sits at the BurgerShack, excitedly texting...whoosh... send...ping...receive... whoosh...ping...WANDA enters)*

WANDA

Is that Christian's phone?

*(whoosh!)*

CYRANO

Uh-huh.

*(ping!)*

WANDA

You texting crazy-romantic things to Roxanne while she's out of town?

*(whoosh!)*

CYRANO

Uh-huh.

*(ping!)*

WANDA

Does Christian know you're doing that?

*(whoosh!)*

CYRANO

Kinda. Not really. Well, no.

*(ping!...CHRISTIAN enters)*

CHRISTIAN

Cyrano, have you seen my phone?

CYRANO

No, why would I—! Hey look, I found it! It's right here!

*(CHRISTIAN takes his phone)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Awesome, thanks! So, uh, Cyrano, you know how we agreed you'd text Roxanne for me when she's at States?

**CYRANO**

Yeah.

**CHRISTIAN**

I was thinking maybe we should start doing that now. Here's my phone.

**CYRANO**

*(takes the phone)*

Yeah, OK...

*(as CHRISTIAN talks, CYRANO types...whoosh!...ping!)*

**CHRISTIAN**

One thing, though. I worry this whole Roxanne romance is going a bit too fast. Do you think we could slow it down? Text her maybe just once or twice a day?

**CYRANO**

*(thinking of a reason...he loves texting her)*

I don't know. I mean, it's such an amazing rush to see how much she loves what I'm writing her... I mean, the stuff *you're* writing her... I mean, the stuff *you just started* writing her...

**CHRISTIAN**

I get it, but—

*(takes back phone)*

I think that's enough for the day. Cool?

*(CHRISTIAN slips his phone in his back pocket...after a moment, CYRANO motions at it to WANDA...she gives him the OK sign)*

**#20 I'M GONNA BE (500 MILES)**

*(vamp begins)*

**WANDA**

Christian! I'm so silly, but I dropped a curly fry under this table. Would you mind...?

**CHRISTIAN**

Not at all, Wanda!

*(energetically he gets on all fours and reaches under the table...as she directs him)*

**WANDA**

No, not that one... Not that one...

*(WANDA picks CHRISTIAN's pocket and grabs the phone, which she hands to PICKLES, who hands it to CYRANO)*

**CHRISTIAN**

This one?

**WANDA**

You're a lifesaver!

**CHRISTIAN**

Don't mention it.

*(CHRISTIAN exits...CYRANO texts on CHRISTIAN's phone)*

**CYRANO**

My dearest Roxanne...

*(typing...the lyrics are his text)*

WHEN I WAKE UP  
WELL, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO WAKES UP NEXT TO YOU

*(he hits send...whoosh!)*

WHEN I GO OUT  
YEAH, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO GOES ALONG WITH YOU

*(send...whoosh!...lights rise on ROXANNE, out of town...she reads the texts on her phone as CYRANO types)*

**CYRANO**

*(typing)*

WHEN I COME HOME

**CYRANO**

OH, I

**ROXANNE**

*(reading)*

WHEN I COME HOME

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO COMES BACK HOME TO YOU

*(send...whoosh!)*

**CYRANO**  
AND WHEN I'M DREAMING

**ROXANNE**  
WHEN I'M DREAMING

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

WELL, I KNOW I'M GONNA DREAM  
I'M GONNA DREAM ABOUT THE TIME WHEN I'M WITH YOU

*(send...whoosh!)*

BUT I WOULD WALK FIVE HUNDRED MILES  
AND I WOULD WALK FIVE HUNDRED MORE  
JUST TO BE THE MAN WHO WALKED A THOUSAND MILES  
TO FALL DOWN AT YOUR DOOR

*(vamp continues as CHRISTIAN passes through)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Pickles, have you seen my phone?

**PICKLES**

*(taking phone from CYRANO)*

Oh, you mean this phone...

*(magically "pulling" it out of CHRISTIAN's pocket)*

...in your back pocket here?

**CHRISTIAN**

Oh, yeah. Thanks!

*(CHRISTIAN puts it in his back pocket, but as he turns to exit,  
WANDA grabs it and hands it to PICKLES who hands it to  
CYRANO...CYRANO types as lights rise on DANI, ZOE, and  
CHLOE reading ROXANNE's phone)*

**DANI, ZOE & CHLOE**

*(reading ROXANNE's phone)*

WHEN I'M WORKING – YES, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE

**DANI, ZOE & CHLOE (CON'T)**  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO'S WORKING HARD FOR YOU

**ROXANNE**

What a charmer

**DANI, ZOE & CHLOE**

*(reading)*

AND WHEN THE MONEY COMES IN FOR THE WORK I DO  
I'LL PASS ALMOST EVERY PENNY ON TO YOU

*(split-stage with the Shack)*

**CYRANO, WANDA & PICKLES**

WHEN I'M LONELY – WELL, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO'S LONELY WITHOUT YOU

**ROXANNE**

That Christian...

**CYRANO, WANDA & PICKLES**

AND IF I GROW OLD – WELL, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO'S GROWING OLD WITH YOU

**ALL (EXCEPT CHRISTIAN)**

BUT I WOULD WALK FIVE HUNDRED MILES  
AND I WOULD WALK FIVE HUNDRED MORE  
JUST TO BE THE MAN WHO WALKED A THOUSAND MILES  
TO FALL DOWN AT YOUR DOOR

*(ROXANNE and CYRANO text back-and-forth with each Da-Da-Lat-Da)*

DA-DA-LAT-DA

DA-DA-LAT DA

DA-DA-LAT-DA

DA-DA-LAT DA

DA-DA-DA DUN-DIDDLE

UN-DIDDLE UH DA-DA

UN-DIDDLE

DA DA LAT DA

DA DA LAT DA

DA DA LAT DA

DA DA LAT DA

**ALL EXCEPT CHRISTIAN (CON'T)**  
DA-DA-DA DUN-DIDDLE UN-DIDDLE UH DA-DA  
UN-DIDDLE

**ROXANNE**

*(reading a text)*  
WHEN I'M HUNGRY  
OH, THEN THAT'S WHEN I REMEMBER  
THAT'S IT TIME TO FEED MY TURTLE

*(morphs into speaking...still reading)*

...who has to be fed, like, twice a day...

*(music falls apart as lights rise on CHRISTIAN, who has regained his phone and is typing)*

**ROXANNE & CHRISTIAN**

*(as CHRISTIAN types...speaking in unison)*

...and really the ideal diet for an adult turtle...

**CHRISTIAN**

*(typing)*

...is lots of protein, sometimes meat, or insects, and lots of leafy vegetables. Also, my turtle, Hank, loves strawberries. Weird, right? Hank's crazy. Winky-smiley-face. Christian.

*(send...whoosh!...in the silence, CYRANO approaches CHRISTIAN delicately)*

**CYRANO**

Whatcha doing, big guy?

**CHRISTIAN**

Texting Roxanne.

**CYRANO**

Think that's a good idea?

**CHRISTIAN**

Ohhhh...you mean, 'cuz I might distract her before her big match with *all this manliness?*

**CYRANO**

Yes. That.



**CHRISTIAN**

You're right. I have no self-control! Take my phone. Here. Please take it!

**CYRANO**

If you insist.

*(CYRANO takes the phone as CHRISTIAN exits...music re-enters)*

**CYRANO**

*(typing)*

WHEN I WAKE UP  
WELL, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO WAKES UP NEXT TO YOU

**ROXANNE**

*(reading)*

AND WHEN I'M DREAMING  
WELL, I KNOW I'M GONNA DREAM  
I'M GONNA DREAM ABOUT THE TIME WHEN I'M WITH YOU

*(ROXANNE exits as the song builds)*

**GUYS (EXCEPT CHRISTIAN)**

WHEN I GO OUT

**GIRLS (EXCEPT ROXANNE)**

WHEN I GO OUT  
WELL, I

**ALL (EXCEPT CHRISTIAN & ROXANNE)**

KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO GOES ALONG WITH YOU  
AND WHEN I COME HOME  
YES, I KNOW I'M GONNA BE  
I'M GONNA BE THE MAN WHO COMES BACK HOME WITH YOU

*(music continues, as we begin the fencing match...two FENCERS charge stage center, mid-match, fencing back and forth...one is ROXANNE--actually a body double as ROXANNE is likely changing...the BURGERSHACK GANG and FENCING GIRLS cheer, each facing downstage from opposite corners of the apron...DANI holds up her phone, Skype-ing the match in front of her to the BurgerShack, as WANDA holds a phone that the gang watches...over the vamp)*

**ALL**

*(ad libs, cheering for ROXANNE)*

Go Roxanne! Woo-hoo! You can do it! Get her! You got this!

**CYRANO**

*(nervous)*

This match is far too close.

**DJ**

Dani! Quit shaking the phone!

**DANI**

Sorry!

**WANDA**

Move it left, Dani!

**DANI**

Like this?

**PICKLES**

Your other left!

**DANI**

Sorry!

**CYRANO**

Is it still 13-to-13?

**ZOE**

Yep!

**FENCING REF**

Point!

*(DANI, CHLOE, et al. groan)*

**ZOE**

Nope.

**CHLOE**

*(nervous)*

It's match point. Roxanne's down 14-13. She needs two to win.

**CYRANO**

Come on, Roxanne! You can do it! I know you can!

**ALL**

*(Ad lib., building)*

Come on! You got this! Go Roxanne!

*(cheers build until, suddenly, we hear a crackle and lights cut out on the FENCERS at center...music stops)*

**CHRISTIAN**

What happened? Why can't we see anything?!

**CYRANO**

*(realizing)*

The internet...

*(beat)*

Skype is down!

**WANDA, PICKLES, DJ, CHRISTIAN & CYRANO**

Noooooooooo!!!

*(in the silence)*

**CYRANO**

What's happening? Dani! Zoe! Chloe! Mayday! Anyone?!?!

*(beat...silence...then)*

**CHLOE**

Roxanne won!

*(lights return to center stage...ROXANNE stands, triumphant, one foot on the back of her vanquished opponent, helmet under her arm, sword in the air...music kicks in as all celebrate)*

**GUYS**

DA-DA-LAT-DA

DA-DA-LAT-DA

DA-DA-DA

**GIRLS**

DA-DA-LAT DA

DA-DA-LAT DA

**ALL**

DUN-DIDDLE UN-DIDDLE UN-DIDDLE UH DA-DA

**GUYS**

DA-DA-LAT-DA

DA-DA-LAT-DA

DA-DA-DA

**GIRLS**

DA-DA-LAT DA

DA-DA-LAT DA

**ALL**

DUN-DIDDLE UN-DIDDLE UN-DIDDLE UH DA-DA

*(Blackout)*

**#21 500 MILES (PLAYOFF)**

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION

SCENE 3

THE BURGERSHACK

*(the BurgerShack late in the evening...CHRISTIAN is sweeping up...DJ enters from the back)*

**CHRISTIAN**

DJ, you're still here? Go home, I'll finish cleaning up myself.

**DJ**

I'm happy to stay.

**CHRISTIAN**

No, that's OK. I kinda want to be alone with my thoughts...

*(then, making a dumb joke at his own expense)*

And, yes, I know, I don't have that many thoughts, so if I'm alone with my thoughts, that means I'm just alone. Ha ha. Good one.

**DJ**

You're hard on yourself, you know that?

*(sees what's on his mind)*

You nervous 'cuz Roxanne gets back tomorrow?

**CHRISTIAN**

Yeah... It's just—I have things to tell her, but I don't want to mess stuff up.

**DJ**

My advice? You're a super-cool guy, Christian—and if she doesn't like what you have to say, she's not the girl for you.

**CHRISTIAN**

Thanks, DJ.

*(DJ walks towards the door and sees something)*

**DJ**

Roxanne.

**CHRISTIAN**

No, I'm pretty sure your name is "DJ" ...

**DJ**

Roxanne! She's here! She's back early, and she's coming here, now. Umm, I'll leave you two alone. Good luck, big guy!

*(DJ looks for a place to exit and instead just crawls behind the counter, hiding as ROXANNE enters)*

**ROXANNE**

Christian! I hurried back a day early 'cuz I couldn't wait to see you!

*(CHRISTIAN frantically grabs his phone and starts to text)*

Don't you want to say hello? Oh, you don't still have laryngitis, do you?

*(CHRISTIAN nods as he types and hits send...whoosh)*

*(grabbing his phone)*

Who are you texting?

*(re the text, with a panic/fear reading)*

Cyrano! Roxanne's here – ahhhhhhh! No, I read that wrong...

*(re-reading, this time excited/sweet)*

Cyrano! Roxanne's here! Ahhhhhhhhhh!

*(she gives the phone back to CHRISTIAN)*

Sooo, after all those sweet, romantic texts you sent me, I got my gorgeous boyfriend a few gifts to show how much I like him.

*(ROXANNE grabs a shopping bag)*

Don't get too excited, they're kinda dumb. You ready? First:

*(she pulls a sneaker out of a bag)*

A dirty old sneaker! And inside I wrote "1000 miles." Y'know, 'cuz of the whole

*(sings quickly)*

**ROXANNE (CONT'D)**

I-would-walk-five-hundred-miles-and-I-would-walk-five-hundred-more text thing. Our little inside joke? Stop it, you remember.

*(he has no idea, but gives the thumbs up)*

Then, of course...

*(she hands him out a plastic water bottle)*

...a bottle of water! 'Cuz you texted how I "quench the thirst in your soul"? Lame. I know... And, then, of course...

*(hands him any three objects you'd like)*

...a stuffed rabbit, a bag of Cheetos and an autographed photo of Principal *[insert name]*. Obviously, that needs no explanation, am I right...?!

*(as she laughs – and CHRISTIAN is completely at a loss – she reaches in for a final item and hands CHRISTIAN an envelope)*

*(sweetly)*

And...two tickets to prom. What do you say?

*(CHRISTIAN opens it)*

Of course, you can't "say" anything, but—

*(CHRISTIAN speaks)*

**CHRISTIAN**

What are you talking about?

**ROXANNE**

Your voice! You're healed!

*[SFX: "HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!"]*

**ROXANNE**

*(silencing the phone on the table)*

Oh, Wanda left her phone.

**CHRISTIAN**

What's all this stuff, Roxanne?

**ROXANNE**

From all those texts you sent. From your phone.

**CHRISTIAN**

*(realizing CYRANO sent a lot of texts)*

Wait, *how many* texts did I send you?

**ROXANNE**

In total? I don't know. Fifteen or twenty...

**CHRISTIAN**

Oh, that's not so bad—

**ROXANNE**

Per hour?

**CHRISTIAN**

Holy Cow! But I—! That's a lot of words!

**ROXANNE**

*(turned on)*

I know! You're insatiable! Which is why...

*(moving in to kiss him)*

...I kinda want to...not talk for a bit.

*(she is about to kiss him...)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Hold up. Before this goes any further, I need to ask you something. Roxanne. Are you sure you like *me* for *me*?

**ROXANNE**

Of course.

**CHRISTIAN**

No, I mean, the *real* me, the guy I am when I'm *not* saying those things you like. When I'm just being...Christian.

*(beat)*

Hey, I have a gift for you, too. I wrote you a song.



**ROXANNE**

You...what?

**CHRISTIAN**

I wrote you a song.

**ROXANNE**

I didn't know you wrote songs.

*(CHRISTIAN is tired of this)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Yes, you did! I told you! On our first date, I was, like, "Umm, I like to work out? And I like to write songs. And turtles, I like turtles."

**ROXANNE**

Right! Yeah, I guess it's just weird it never came up again.

*(sweetly)*

But, hey, if you *wrote* it, I'll love it.

**CHRISTIAN**

Ready? I wrote the music on my computer.

*(pulls out his phone and hits play...a sweet ballad written on Garage Band begins)*

<b>#22 A SONG FOR ROXANNE</b>
-------------------------------

**CHRISTIAN**

*(over intro)*

I call it "A Song For Roxanne." Gah, I'm nervous! OK, here goes.

*(he sings sweetly, honestly)*

DID YOU KNOW TURTLES ARE THE SLOWEST-MOVING REPTILES?  
IT TAKES A DAY TO WALK A MILE OR TWO  
OH, I WISH I WERE A TURTLE  
SO I COULD TAKE SLOW WALKS WITH YOU

*(ROXANNE is slack-jawed)*

DID YOU KNOW TURTLE SHELLS  
ARE STRONGER THAN YOU'D THINK 'EM?

**CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)**

SHARKS AND CROCODILES CAN'T BITE THROUGH  
OH, I WISH I WERE A TURTLE  
SO THAT MY SHELL COULD COVER YOU

SOME FOLKS THINK THAT TURTLES LIVE FOREVER  
BUT THAT'S NOT EXACTLY TRUE  
YET ON SOME ISLAND IN THE OCEAN JUST OFF AFRICA  
THERE'S A TURTLE WHO SOON TURNS ONE-NINETY-TWO

OH, I WISH I WERE A TURTLE  
SO, I COULD GROW THAT OLD WITH YOU  
OH, AND IF I WERE A TURTLE  
I'D WISH YOU WERE A TURTLE, TOO

*(song buttons...after the song, ROXANNE remains gobsmacked)*

**ROXANNE**

You wrote that?

**CHRISTIAN**

I did.

*(beat...he's waiting to hear something)*

I wrote the whole thing.

*(beat...still waiting)*

And...now's the part where you say, "Oh my God I loved it! It's, like, awesome sauce!"  
and you hug me or whatever —

*(ROXANNE has figured out the ruse...the jig is up)*

**ROXANNE**

You wrote that? And you also wrote:

*(pulls a text up on her phone)*

"Your love, my sweet, is not a window to the heavens; it's a mirror to mine own heart,  
wherein I see myself more clearly than e'er before."

**CHRISTIAN**

*(impressed)*

Wow, that's pretty...

**ROXANNE**

But you didn't write it, did you?

*(it's clear that he didn't)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Roxanne...

**ROXANNE**

And this whole losing-your-voice thing...?

**CHRISTIAN**

It just got so crazy...

**ROXANNE**

So, if you didn't write these things to me, Christian, then tell me: who did?

*(on cue, in rushes CYRANO)*

**CYRANO**

Hey, buddy, got your text and rushed over on the double! Look, if what's-her-face sees you, she might try to—

*(he spots her) —*

Roxannnnnne!

*(at a loss)*

Heyyyyyy! I was just telling Christian to avoid you... 'cuz his laryngitis might be contagious...

**CHRISTIAN**

Cyrano, she knows.

*(beat...CYRANO tries to cover...mock surprise)*

**CYRANO**

Dude, your voice! It's back!

**ROXANNE**

Stop it. Just stop it, stop it, stop it!

*(beat)*

**ROXANNE (CON'T)**

You lied to me.

**CYRANO**

No, it wasn't—

**ROXANNE**

You lied to me! You are my best friend and you know everything about me and you used that to create some fictional character you tricked me into falling in love with!

**CYRANO**

No, I can—

**ROXANNE**

And now you're lying again!

**CYRANO**

Fine, yes! But...you've got to understand— you were crazy in love! And I just wanted to help. All of us did!

**ROXANNE**

"ALL of us?" Oh my God— you brought everyone in on it. Wanda, Pickles... The Drama Club...

*(a realization)*

That waiter wasn't even French, was he?! How humiliating—!

*(another realization)*

And that was you that night lying to me through the drive-thru speaker, wasn't it?

**CYRANO**

I meant every word I said.

**ROXANNE**

You said you loved me! You? You don't love me!

**CYRANO**

Of course not, 'cuz Big Nose here can't be in love with the pretty girl...

**ROXANNE**

That's not what I said—

**CYRANO**

It's what you meant!

**ROXANNE**

Cyrano!

**CYRANO**

You just hate knowing that you fell for beautiful words that came out of such a...hideous face.

**ROXANNE**

I'm sick of this never-ending pity party! Get over that stupid nose!

**CYRANO**

Yeah, well luckily after Tuesday's surgery, I will be.

**ROXANNE**

What? You said you cancelled that appointment!

**CYRANO**

Well, I lied! Apparently that's what I do.

**#23 THE SIGN**

*(music begins)*

**CYRANO**

I should have seen this coming. It happens every time – Roxanne falls apart and good ol' Cyrano picks up the pieces!

**ROXANNE**

I can't believe you were ever my best friend.

**CYRANO**

That makes two of us

*(re nose)*

Well, three of us.

I'LL GET A NEW LIFE  
YOU WILL HARDLY RECOGNIZE ME, I'M SO GLAD  
HOW COULD A PERSON LIKE ME CARE FOR YOU?  
WHY DO I BOTHER WHEN YOU'RE NOT THE ONE FOR ME?  
OO OO ENOUGH'S ENOUGH  
I SAW THE SIGN AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES

**CYRANO (CONT'D)**

I SAW THE SIGN

LIFE IS DEMANDING WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING  
I SAW THE SIGN AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES  
I SAW THE SIGN  
NO ONE'S GONNA DRAG YOU UP  
TO GET INTO THE LIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG  
BUT WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

**CHRISTIAN**

You don't mean that, Cyrano.

**ROXANNE**

Oh, he does.

**CYRANO**

Like always, you know me so well.

**ROXANNE**

Or maybe I never knew you at all...

UNDER THE PALE MOON  
FOR SO MANY YEARS I'VE WONDERED WHO YOU ARE  
HOW COULD A PERSON LIKE YOU BRING ME JOY?  
WHY DO I BOTHER WHEN YOU'RE NOT THE ONE FOR ME?  
OO OO ENOUGH'S ENOUGH

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

I SAW THE SIGN AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES  
AND I'LL BE HAPPY NOW LIVING WITHOUT YOU  
SO LET ME GO OH, OH  
I SAW THE SIGN AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES  
I SAW THE SIGN – NO ONE'S GONNA DRAG YOU UP  
TO GET INTO THE LIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG

**CYRANO**

I SAW THE SIGN –

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

I SAW THE SIGN  
I SAW THE SIGN

*(they each head for opposite exits)*

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES  
I SAW THE SIGN

*(on the button, they each exit, leaving CHRISTIAN alone)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(to himself...looking around, confused)*

What's this sign everyone's talking about?

*(after a beat, DJ crawls out from hiding)*

**DJ**

Wow, that was intense.

**CHRISTIAN**

DJ?!

**DJ**

Sorry, I didn't mean to snoop. OK, not true, I totally meant to snoop.

**CHRISTIAN**

You were back there the whole time?

**DJ**

Yeah...

**CHRISTIAN**

So, you saw me get dumped?

**DJ**

No.

**CHRISTIAN**

Good.

**DJ**

Heard the whole thing, though. Couldn't really *see* much.

**CHRISTIAN**

God, I'm such a *loser!* Some idiot puppet loser who can't do anything right.

**DJ**

Don't say that.

CHRISTIAN

*(a sudden realization)*

Oh, crud! You heard my stupid turtle song, didn't you?

DJ

I did.

CHRISTIAN

I'm so embarrassed – it was terrible, wasn't it?

#24 THE MIDDLE

*(an up-tempo intro begins)*

DJ

Are you kidding? You said *I'm* brave. That *I* don't care what people think of me. But, *you*, singing that song for Roxanne? Pouring out your heart? *That* is the bravest thing I've ever seen. It was *awesome sauce*.

HEY, DON'T WRITE YOURSELF OFF YET  
IT'S ONLY IN YOUR HEAD YOU FEEL LEFT OUT  
OR LOOKED DOWN ON  
JUST TRY YOUR BEST, TRY EVERYTHING YOU CAN  
AND DON'T YOU WORRY WHAT THEY TELL THEMSELVES  
WHEN YOU'RE AWAY

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME, PRETTY BOY,  
YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIDE  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE,  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT

HEY, YOU KNOW THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.  
YOU KNOW YOU'RE DOING BETTER ON YOUR OWN  
SO DON'T BUY IN  
LIVE RIGHT NOW. YEAH, JUST BE YOURSELF  
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH  
FOR SOMEONE ELSE

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME, PRETTY BOY  
YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIDE  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT



**CHRISTIAN**

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME, LITTLE GIRL  
YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIDE  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE,  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT

**DJ**

*(mimicking CHRISTIAN)*

“Sup, beautiful?”

**CHRISTIAN**

You really think what I did was brave?

**DJ**

Bravest thing ever. Well, *second* bravest.

*(she steels herself, then...impulsively, she kisses him...right after, she pulls away in awe...she can't believe she did that...neither can he...but he's thrilled she did)*

**CHRISTIAN**

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME  
PRETTY-BOY

**DJ**

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME  
LITTLE-GIRL

**CHRISTIAN & DJ**

YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIDE  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE,  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT

**CHRISTIAN**

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME

YOU'RE IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE RIDE

**DJ**

IT JUST TAKES SOME TIME  
PRETTY-BOY YOU'RE IN  
THE MIDDLE  
OF THE RIDE

**CHRISTIAN & DJ**

EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE,  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT

*(Blackout)*

**#25 THE MIDDLE (PLAYOFF)**

SCENE 4

DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM

*(CYRANO sits in the waiting room of Dr. Bellerose's office...he fills out forms on a clipboard...the humorless DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT enters)*

**DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT**

Got those insurance forms filled out? I need Number 37A...

*(CYRANO hands it over)*

Number 19G.

*(CYRANO hands it over)*

And, the all-important 246Q.

*(CYRANO scrambles)*

**CYRANO**

Oh, I'm sorry, I don't have—

**DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT**

*(unable to control herself)*

Just a little doctor's office humor! Oh, I slay me...Hang tight, Dr. Bellerose will be ready in no time. And don't be scared.

**CYRANO**

I'm not.

**DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT**

Well, you should be a *little* scared—you're getting a brand-new nose, kid.

*(she exits...a beat...ROXANNE enters)*

**ROXANNE**

So, this is what a plastic surgeon's office looks like.

**CYRANO**

Roxanne?

**ROXANNE**

*(mock surprise)*

Cyrano? I didn't know *you'd* be here...

**CYRANO**

What are you doing? I'm still mad at you.

**ROXANNE**

Well, I'm still mad at you. *You* lied to *me*, and you played me for the fool...

**CYRANO**

You came all the way here just to tell me that?

**ROXANNE**

No, I came to bid Harold a fond farewell, OK?

*(beat...she pulls out her phone)*

And—I wanted to read something you wrote to me.

**CYRANO**

Don't.

**ROXANNE**

Of course, when you wrote it, I didn't know *you* wrote it, so...

**CYRANO**

Please don't.

**ROXANNE**

I've read this a million times in the past few days.

*(reads from her phone)*

"My Dearest Roxanne..."

**#26 MAKE YOU FEEL MY LOVE (UNDERSCORE)**

**ROXANNE**

"I've heard it said, Roxanne, that every time we breathe...molecules of oxygen and carbon dioxide mingle and mix and coalesce with the molecules in our bodies. So when we exhale, tiny pieces of ourselves dissipate in the atmosphere.

*(beat)*

**ROXANNE (CONT'D)**

Which is why I want to spend my days *at your side*...so every breath I take is filled with Tiny Little Roxannes entering my lungs, Tiny Little Roxannes swelling my blood cells, Tiny Little Roxannes coursing through my body...

*(beat)*

That way, if you ever feel alone, you're not. Because you will always be a part of me."

*(music ends...dies out)*

You meant that, didn't you?

**CYRANO**

Every last word.

**ROXANNE**

C'mon. Let's get out of here.

**CYRANO**

No, I'm doing this. I'm tired of being different. Of being a punchline. Being an after-thought, when it comes to love. You were right.

**ROXANNE**

I was angry!

**CYRANO**

You said I couldn't *possibly* love you. And I *can't* love you – or anyone – until I like myself. So, that means...

**ROXANNE**

*(with a sly smile)*

Murdering Harold –

**CYRANO**

– in cold blood.

*(softening)*

Cutting that nosey jerk down to size.

**ROXANNE**

*(a shared memory)*

So, no more Halloweens as Pinocchio or Dumbo or Dustin Hoffman...?

**CYRANO**

No more hay fever in December.

**ROXANNE**

No more drinking coffee through a straw.

**CYRANO**

No more smelling your perfume from three blocks away.

*(beat...a last ditch effort)*

**ROXANNE**

Don't break up the Three Musketeers—

**CYRANO**

Roxanne.

**ROXANNE**

We've all felt different, Cyrano, but don't change who you are. Can't you see you're special?

**CYRANO**

I don't want to be special.

**ROXANNE**

Well, too bad.

**#27 LESS THAN PERFECT**

**ROXANNE**

'Cuz I think you're crazy special

I'VE MADE A WRONG TURN ONCE OR TWICE  
DUG MY WAY OUT—BLOOD AND FIRE  
BAD DECISIONS, THAT'S ALRIGHT  
WELCOME TO MY SILLY LIFE

SO COMPLICATED, LOOK HOW WE ALL MAKE IT  
FILLED WITH SO MUCH HATRED, SUCH A TIRED GAME  
IT'S ENOUGH, I'VE DONE ALL I CAN THINK OF  
CHASED DOWN ALL MY DEMONS—I'VE SEEN YOU DO THE SAME

**ROXANNE & CHORUS**

PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE  
DON'T YOU EVER, EVER FEEL

**ROXANNE & CHORUS (CONT'D)**

LIKE YOU'RE LESS THAN  
LESS THAN PERFECT

PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE  
IF YOU EVER, EVER FEEL  
LIKE YOU'RE NOTHING  
YOU ARE PERFECT

**ROXANNE**

TO ME

YOU'RE SO MEAN WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT YOURSELF  
YOU WERE WRONG  
CHANGE THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD  
MAKE THEM LIKE YOU INSTEAD!  
OH-H-H!

**CHORUS**

PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE

**ROXANNE & CHORUS**

DON'T YOU EVER, EVER FEEL  
LIKE YOU'RE LESS THAN  
LESS THAN PERFECT  
PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE  
IF YOU EVER, EVER FEEL  
LIKE YOU'RE NOTHING  
YOU ARE PERFECT

**ROXANNE**

THE WHOLE WORLD'S SCARED SO WE SWALLOW THE FEAR  
THE ONLY THING I SHOULD BE DRINKING IS A COLD ROOT BEER  
SO COOL IN LINE AND WE TRY, TRY, TRY  
BUT WE TRY TOO HARD AND IT'S A WASTE OF OUR TIME  
I'M DONE LOOKING FOR THE CRITICS, 'CAUSE THEY'RE EVERYWHERE  
THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR NOSE, YEAH, WELL I DON'T CARE  
WE SHORT-CHANGE OURSELVES...YEAH, WE DO IT ALL THE TIME  
WHY DO WE DO THAT? WHY DO I DO THAT?

Why do you do that?

*(music underscores...a DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT enters, reading a  
name off of a clipboard)*

**DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT**

Cyrano? Cyrano deBrrzhh – Cyrano Deeburzhh –

**CYRANO**

*(to the ASSISTANT)*

It's French. Don't worry about it.

*(CYRANO stands...ROXANNE tries one last time)*

**ROXANNE**

Cyrano! Harold...

**CYRANO**

Wish us luck.

*(CYRANO exits into the other room, as ROXANNE sings)*

**ROXANNE**

*(sweetly)*

PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE  
DON'T YOU EVER, EVER FEEL  
LIKE YOU'RE LESS THAN  
LESS THAN PERFECT  
PRETTY, PRETTY PLEASE  
IF YOU EVER, EVER FEEL  
LIKE YOU'RE NOTHING...

*(beat)*

YOU ARE PERFECT...  
TO ME

*(song buttons)*

<b>#28 LESS THAN PERFECT (PLAYOFF)</b>
--

*(playout music transitions us to next scene)*

SCENE 5

THE GYM – THE EDMOND HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR PROM

*(a banner--“WELCOME TO SENIOR PROM” hangs in the crepe-papered gym...STUDENTS in formalwear dance beneath a disco ball)*

**#29 TURTLE SONG (REPRISE)**

*(music hits the final moments of a rocked-out version of “A Song For Roxanne, a.k.a. The Turtle Love Song,” as CHRISTIAN and DJ lead the band)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(big rock-star ending)*

**DJ**

OH, AND IF I WERE A TURTLE

I'D WISH YOU WERE A TURTLE

I'D WISH YOU WERE A TURTLE

**CHRISTIAN & DJ**

I'D WISH YOU WERE A TURTLE TOO

**CHRISTIAN**

*(giving a shout-out over the music)*

Thank you, we are “Pretty-Boy and The Half-Shells” – we’ll be back in a few! Till then, enjoy those prom refreshments brought to you by the BurgerShack. Peace out!

*(drums climax and STUDENTS cheer...lights shift to the refreshment table where PICKLES and WANDA work...HOT TODD approaches with ROXANNE)*

**HOT TODD**

*(grabbing curly fries)*

Happy prom, Wanda, P-Man...

**PICKLES**

Hey, Hot Todd, how’s it hang –

**HOT TODD**

No, let me finish!

*(beat)*

No, no, I was done.



**WANDA**

*(hugging ROXANNE)*

Roxanne, you look gorgeous!

**HOT TODD**

She sure does...and she's my date! I think the moral of the story is that, to get the hot girl, you really just have to wait around long enough until you're the only option left, am I right?

*(he holds up his hand for a high-five...none comes...CHRISTIAN and DJ run up to join the GROUP)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Hey, everyone!

*(excited ad-lib greetings all around)*

**ROXANNE**

*(to CHRISTIAN)*

Guys, your band sounds incredible! And those original songs? I'm proud of you, Christian. Oh, and I *really* liked that one song you sang about the lonely tortoise and his mother! Very moving...

**CHRISTIAN**

Aww, thanks.

**DJ**

So, what's with the giant flower on your jacket, Pickles?

**PICKLES**

Oh, it's nothing...

**WANDA**

*(taunting)*

Don't be shy! It's for his three online "girlfriends."

**PICKLES**

Stop putting "girlfriends" in quotes!

*(explaining)*

I've never exchanged pics with them and they each texted saying they *might* be at prom tonight...so I said I'd wear a yellow carnation.

**DJ**

*(hugging CHRISTIAN)*

Hey, stranger things have worked out.

*(CHRISTIAN grabs a bucket o' fries)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Come on, everyone grab a curly fry – I wanna make a toast.

*(EVERYONE takes a fry and holds it up)*

I just want to say that someone really important is missing tonight. I know we all hope his recovery goes well, and we can't wait to see him when, y'know, he's ready. The truth is, we wouldn't all be together if not for him.

**HOT TODD**

Yeah, I know *I* wouldn't be here if he hadn't reduced Roxanne to a shell of her former self, so yeah...

**WANDA**

To Cyrano!

**ALL**

*("toasting" their fries)*

To Cyrano!

*(as they "toast," DANI, ZOE, and CHLOE suddenly rush in)*

**DANI**

Roxanne!

**ZOE**

Roxanne!

**CHLOE**

Emergency!

**ROXANNE**

Girls, what is it?

**DANI**

Cyrano's car. He just pulled up out front!

**ROXANNE**

What? Cyrano's here? Is he OK?

**ZOE**

We couldn't really see him.

**CHLOE**

We rushed inside the moment we saw his car, and—

*(CHLOE stops in her tracks)*

**ROXANNE**

Chloe? What is it?

**CHLOE**

*(to PICKLES)*

Is that...a yellow carnation?

*(beat...then, curiously)*

FryGuy33?

**PICKLES**

HottieBoBottie12?!

**ZOE**

I'm Cutie-Licious!

**DANI**

Funtastic99!

**WANDA**

*(in shock)*

Well, I'll be...

**DANI**

Wait a second, have you been texting *all* of us—?

**PICKLES**

*(putting his arm around them)*

Dani, Zoe, Chloe! No need to fight. There's plenty o' FryGuy33 to go around...

*(the GIRLS huddle in to PICKLES giggling...then)*

**CHRISTIAN**

Guys, look: he's here.

*(a light hits the door to the gym and it swings open...long beat)*

**ROXANNE**

Oh, I'm not ready! I mean, he's been talking about that stupid nose job since we were ten, but I never thought he'd *do* it.

*(CYRANO enters...he holds a fedora, hiding his downward-tilted face as walks to them)*

**ROXANNE**

OK. Lay it on me. Let's see the brand-new Cyrano.

*(EVERYONE holds their breath as CYRANO moves the hat)*

**ROXANNE**

But— Your nose—

*(it looks the same)*

**CYRANO**

For years, I dreamed about that surgery. I dreamed about a normal nose, and finally, the time came...and I suddenly thought: some people strive their whole lives to be extraordinary...and here I am, *trying* to be *ordinary*?

*(to ROXANNE)*

And for that, I have to thank Roxanne.

**ROXANNE**

Why me?

**CYRANO**

Because you were moved by what I wrote. My words made you feel something— and sure, maybe *you* and *I* don't get a "happily ever after," but in time, I'll have one, and it'll be extraordinary. Thank you, Roxanne. You're a *great friend*.

**ROXANNE**

Ouch.

*(CYRANO does a double-take)*

**CYRANO**

Excuse me?

**ROXANNE**

Cyrano, I have spent the last three days re-reading the amazing things we wrote to each other...and if you tell me that we're just friends and you are not going to kiss me right now, I will never fall in love again.

**CYRANO**

Are you saying you fell...for me?

**ROXANNE**

*(playful)*

Well, barely. Y'know...by a nose.

*(ROXANNE moves in on CYRANO to kiss him)*

**CYRANO**

*(stopping her suddenly as their faces crash)*

Careful! Careful!

**ROXANNE**

*(sooo awkward)*

Just turn your head!

**CYRANO**

Ow! Ow!

**ROXANNE**

No, the other way!

**CYRANO**

Like this?

**ROXANNE**

Yeah.

*(sigh)*

Perfect.

*(they finally kiss...EVERYONE cheers)*

**#30 MY LIFE WOULD SUCK WITHOUT YOU**

**CYRANO**

*(to ROXANNE)*

GUESS THIS MEANS I'M SORRY  
GUESS I'M BACK FOR MORE

**ROXANNE**

GUESS THIS MEANS WE TAKE BACK  
ALL WE SAID BEFORE...

**CYRANO**

LIKE HOW MUCH YOU WANTED  
ANYONE BUT ME

**ROXANNE**

SAID YOU'D NEVER COME BACK  
BUT HERE YOU ARE AGAIN

**CYRANO & ROXANNE**

'CAUSE WE BELONG TOGETHER NOW, YEAH  
FOREVER UNITED HERE SOMEHOW, YEAH  
YOU GOT A PIECE OF ME  
AND HONESTLY

**ROXANNE**

MY LIFE  
WOULD SUCK  
WITHOUT YOU

**CYRANO**

MY LIFE  
WOULD SUCK  
WITHOUT YOU

**CYRANO**

MAYBE I WAS STUPID  
FOR TELLING YOU GOODBYE

**ROXANNE**

MAYBE I WAS WRONG FOR  
TRYING TO PICK A FIGHT

*(CHRISTIAN and DJ step forward)*

**CHRISTIAN**

*(to DJ)*

I KNOW THAT I'VE GOT ISSUES  
BUT YOU'RE PRETTY MESSED UP, TOO

**DJ**

*(to CHRISTIAN)*

EITHER WAY I FOUND OUT  
I'M NOTHING WITHOUT YOU...

*(PICKLES steps up with DANI, ZOE, and CHLOE on his arms)*

**PICKLES**

*(To DANI, ZOE, and CHLOE)*

I'M NOTHING WITHOUT YOU

**DANI, ZOE, & CHLOE**

*(to PICKLES:)*

I'M NOTHING WITHOUT YOU

**ALL**

'CAUSE WE BELONG TOGETHER NOW, YEAH!  
FOREVER UNITED HERE SOMEHOW, YEAH!  
YOU GOT A PIECE OF ME  
AND HONESTLY...

**DJ**

MY LIFE!

**CHRISTIAN**

MY LIFE!

**WANDA**

MY LIFE!

**PICKLES**

MY LIFE!

**ROXANNE**

MY LIFE!

**CYRANO**

MY LIFE!

**ALL**

MY LIFE!

**GUYS**

MY LIFE  
WOULD SUCK  
WITHOUT YOU

**GIRLS**

MY LIFE  
WOULD SUCK  
WITHOUT YOU

**ALL**

'CUZ WE BELONG  
TOGETHER NOW!

**END OF PLAY**

Broadway Licensing Perusal  
NOT FOR PRODUCTION



# CYRANO DE BURGERSHACK

A POP MUSICAL

by Jeremy Desmon

A MODERN RE-TELLING OF *CYRANO DE BERGERAC* BY EDMOND ROSTAND

**SCORE SAMPLE**

**BROADWAY**  
— LICENSING —

07/30/2019

Broadway Licensing Perusal

NOT FOR PRODUCTION

# WE GOT THE BEAT

(Ensemble)

1

As performed by The Go-Go's

Go-Go Licious ♩ = 152

*In the dark, a driving DRUM BEAT. Then, GUITARS enter and a SCHOOL BELL rings...*

Dr

Piano

*LIGHTS RISE as excited students race across stage in front of the main curtain*

Gtr

Bs

Pno.

*school's out for the day! A SOLO GIRL steps out as most of the rest continue off-stage...*

Rds, Hns.

A (omit 3)

Gtr

SOLO GIRL(s):

Pno.

See the peo - ple walk - ing down the street! fall in line just watch - ing all their fe - et!

Gtr

A (omit 3)

Bs

Pno.

Composed by Charlotte Caffey

01. We Got the Beat - 2

PC

Cyrano de BurgerShack

17 ALL:

They all know where — they wan-na go... They're walk-ing in time We got the beat,

Piano

Play

A(omit3)7

21

we got the beat we got the beat.. yeah! — We got the beat!

Piano

D G F C

**VAMP**

**WANDA:** Order up! **PICKLES:** Order up!  
**DJ:** MondoBurger, Curly Fries and a Berry ShackShake.  
 Thanks for eating at The BurgerShack... (*go on*)

**SOLO DUDE(s):**

25

All the kids just get-ting out of school!

Piano

+Rds, Hns.  
(last x only)

A(omit3)

29 ALL:

they can't wait to hang — out and be co - ol! Hang a-round 'til quart - er af-ter five... that's

Piano

PC

Cyrano de BurgerShack

33

when they fall in line! We got the beat, we got the beat we got the  
+A Sax, Tn Sax.

Pno.

A(omit3)7

D

G

**VAMP**

**WANDA:** Order up! **PICKLES:** Order up!

**CYRANO:** Fully Loaded Cheese-y Combo!

Thanks for eating at The BurgerShack!

37

beat... yeah! we got the beat!

Pno.

F

C

**FROSH #1:** Whoooooaaa... **CYRANO:** Excuse me? Hello...? **FROSH #1:** That's Cyrano!

**FROSH #2:** Stop staring! Be cool, just take your food!

**FROSH #1:** I can't! It's even bigger than they say...

**CYRANO:** So, you guys must be freshmen? It's just a nose.

Wanna touch it? Go on. **FROSH #1:** I'm so sorry. (MUSIC OUT)

41

Pno.

*drums continue*

**CYRANO:** Boo.

**FROSH 1 & 2:** AHHH!

**CYRANO:**

46

Pno.

Guys!

01. We Got the Beat - 4

PC

Cyrano de BurgerShack

51

**GROUP 1:**

We got the beat!

We got the beat!

**GROUP 2:**

Thanks for eat-ing at the BurgerShack!

Ev'-ry bod-y get on your feet

+Rds, Hns.

(claps)

Pno.

55

We got the beat!

We got the beat!

We know you can dance to the beat

Jump-in', get down

Round and round and

Pno.

60

**GIRLS:**

round!

We got the beat

We got the beat

we got the beat

beat

yeah!

**GUYS:**

We got the beat

We got the beat

we got the beat

beat

yeah!

Pno.

# MY PEROGATIVE

(Cyrano, Ensemble)

2

**HOT TODD:** It's gonna be even bigger when I bust it in two.

**CYRANO:** Well, that's your prerogative.

**HOT TODD:** (in his face) What did you just call me?!?!

A purr-roga-what?!?!

As performed by Bobby Brown

**PICKLES:**

(reading from a phone)

"Prerogative." Noun. Definition: a "special right or privilege belonging to an individual."

Assertive and Funky ♩ = 110

+Tn Sax

Musical score for Piano (Piano) part, measures 1-5. The score is in 4/4 time. The piano part features a 'RAZOR SYNTH' annotation in the right hand and a 'Dr (big fill)' annotation in the left hand. The dynamic is marked *mf*. Chords include *A<sub>m</sub>*.

**CYRANO:** (confidently rallying the room) Aren't you all sick of these vague, good-looking guys being all... vague and good-looking and getting the most incredible girls. (building up steam) They're trying to keep us down, control us, treat us like... freaks? (in Todd's face) Well, you know what: sticks and stones, pal.

**CYRANO:**

Musical score for Piano (Pno.) part, measures 6-9. The score is in 4/4 time. The piano part features a 'DIGITAL PNO.' annotation. Chords include *A<sub>m</sub>*, *B<sub>m</sub>*, *C*, and *E7*. The dynamic is marked *Rds, Hns.*

*Rds, Hns.*

They say I'm cra-

Musical score for Piano (Pno.) part, measures 10-13. The score is in 4/4 time. The piano part features lyrics: "zy. I real-ly don't care. That's my pre-rog - a - tive. They say I'm nas-". Chords include *A<sub>m</sub>*, *E7*, *A<sub>m</sub>*, and *E*. The dynamic is marked *Tpts*.

*Tpts*

Musical score for Piano (Pno.) part, measures 14-17. The score is in 4/4 time. The piano part features lyrics: "ty, but I don't give dang. Hey, it's just how I live! Somaskneques-". Chords include *A<sub>m</sub>*, *E7*, *A<sub>m</sub>*, and *E7*.

"My Perogative"

Written by Robert Brown, Gene Griffin and Teddy Riley

Used by permission of BMG Chrysalis US and Universal Music Publishing Group

Arranged for Stageworks Media by Meg Zervoulis

PC

Cyrano de Burger Shack

18

- tions: "Why\_\_ am I so real?" But they don't un-der-standme, I real-ly don't know the deal. Sing!

Pno.

Am E7 Am E7

22

(CYRANO:)

Now, now! ————— Tell me why-y!

ALL:

Ev-'ry-bod-y's talk-in' all \_\_\_ this stuff a-bout-me Why \_\_\_ don't they just let me \_\_\_ live? I \_\_\_

+Rds, Hns.

Pno.

Am E7 Am E7

26

Oh! It's my pre-rog - ga -

\_\_\_ don't need per-mis-siomaake \_\_\_ my own de-cis-ions that's my pre-rog-a - tive! \_\_\_ It's my pre-

Pno.

Am E7 Am E7



**CYRANO:** Now, I'm no bully, but I could easily come up with... five better insults than "Big Nose".

**ROXANNE** (*taunting him; laughing*): Only five?

Why not ten? **CYRANO:** Wanda! **WANDA:** Yeah, Boss!

**CYRANO:** Keep count. The lady asked for ten. (*go on*)

**CYRANO:** Let's start off simply... Compassionate: Isn't Cyrano sweet? He loves birds so much, he built them a perch... on his face.

Logistical: When you pick your nose, do you use a bulldozer?

Occupational: I'd say go run off with the circus, Cyrano, but the elephants would get jealous. (*go on*)

30

tive! —

rog-a-tive!

Pno. *mp* **VAMP** *cresc. poco a poco as the list intensifies*

**PICKLES:** Oh, snap.

**CYRANO:** (*without losing pace*)

Pop Culture: It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Super-Schnoz!!!

**PICKLES:** Oh, double-snap.

**CYRANO:** And, of course, Juvenile:

(*the MUSIC cuts out*)

Everyone run for cover, Cyrano's popping a zit!

**ALL:**

Ewwwww!

34

Pno. **Bs**

37

(**CYRANO:**)

(**ALL:**) Yeah! —

Ev - 'ry - bod - y's talk - in' all — this stuff a - bout me. Why — don't they just let me — live?

**tutti**

Pno. **Am** **E7** **Am**

40

Tell me why - y! I don't need My own de -

I don't need per - mis - sion, make my own de - cis - ions

Pno. E7 Am E7

43

cis - ions It's my pre - rog - ga -

that's my pre - rog - a - tive! It's my pre -

Pno. Am E7

45

tive! It's the way that I wan-na live I can do just what I feel

rog-a-tive! It's my pre - rog-a-tive! It's my pre -

**Rds, (8vb) Tbn. (8vb)**

Pno. Am E7 Am A7

PC

Cyrano de Burger Shack

49

No one can tell me what to do — cause what I do I do it for you!

rog-a-tive! It's my pre - rog-a-tive!

Am E7 Am E7

**HOT TODD:** Hey, that wasn't ten.**CYRANO:** Ladies and gentleman,  
the man can count! **WANDA:** Alright, Boss,  
keep 'em coming. You're on number six.**CYRANO:** Six-Disney: I cannot tell a lie. Pinocchio called - he says you stole his schtick. **PICKLES:** Seven!**CYRANO:** Seasonal: If you painted your nose red on Christmas, I bet Santa would let you guide his sleigh.**ALL:** Eight! **CYRANO:** Choreographic: "Whoa, dude, you must suuuuuck at the Limbo." **ALL:** Nine!**CYRANO:** Conspiratorial: Officer! Officer! That man keeps stealing my oxygen!*(HOOTS and HOLLERS)* And finally... *(a DRUM ROLL)*

Insult number ten — Moronically Obvious: Say it with me now! "Is that your nose..."

**MUSIC CUTS OUT****EVERYONE:** *(joining in)*  
...or are you just happy to see me?"

53

VAMP

58

It's my pre - rog - ga - tive! — It's the way that I wan - na live —

tutti It's my pre -

E Am E7

# CALL ME MAYBE

(Roxanne, Girls)

9

Cue: **ROXANNE:** I walked into the BurgerShack, And...there he was.

As performed by Carly Rae Jepsen

**Dream Pop** ♩ = 120 **ROXANNE:** Our eyes locked. Time stopped... And it's as if all my prayers were answered..

### GIRLS:

ba ba\_\_ bop ba ba\_\_ bop

**PIANO**

**PIZZ. STR.**

F#m

+Gtr

### ROXANNE:

I threw a wish in the well don't ask me I'll nev-er tell I looked at you as it fell and now you're in my \_\_ way

in my \_\_ way

+Dr

*mp* D5 A/E D5 A/E

I'd trade my soul for a wish pen-nies and dimes for a kiss I was-n't look-ing for this

D5 A/E D5

PC

Cyrano de Burger Shack

12

but now you're in my way Your stare was hold - ing ripped jeans skin was show - ing

12

in my way Oo

Pno.

A/E D A/E

15

hot night wind was blow - ing where you think you're go - ing ba - by?

15

Oo

Pno.

D5 A/E

17

Hey! I just met you and this is cra - zy

17

Hey! I just met you and this is cra - zy

Piano

*mf*

D +Rds, Hns, Bs. A E F#m

19

but, here's my num - ber so call me may - be?

19

but, here's my num - ber so call me may - be?

Pno.

D

21

It's hard to look right At you ba - by but, here's my num - ber

21

It's hard to look right At you ba - by but, here's my num - ber

Pno.

*mf* D A E F#m D A

24

**SOLO:**

so call me may-be? You took your time with the call she took no time with the fall

24

so call me may-be? *p* Dot da da Dot da da

**PIANO**

Pno.

E

*mp* D5 PIZZ. STR. A/E

**ROXANNE:** **SOLO:**

you gave her noth-ing at all but you're still in my\_\_ way She'll beg and bor-row and steal

Dot da da in my\_\_ way Dot da da

**Pno.** D5 A/E D5

**ROXANNE:**

at first sight and it's real! she did n't know she would feel it but it's in my\_\_ way

Dot da da Dot da da in my\_\_ way

**Pno.** A/E D5 A/E

33

Your stare was hold - in' Ripped jeans skin wasshow - in' Hot night wind was blow - in'

Oo \_\_\_\_\_ Oo

**Pno.** D A/E D5

## ALL:

36

Where you think you're go - in' ba - by? Hey! I just met you and this is cra - zy

36

Hey! I just met you and this is cra - zy

Piano

A/E

PIANO

D +Rds, Hns, Bs. A E F#m

39

but here's my num - ber so call me may - be? It's hard to look right

39

but, here's my num - ber It's hard to look right

Piano

D A E D A

*flirty*



PC

Cyrano de Burger Shack

*too cool for school*

42 At you ba - by but here's my num - ber so call me may-be?

42 At you ba - by but, here's my num - ber

Pno. E F#m D A E

45 Hey, I just met you and this is cra - zy but here's my num - ber

45 Hey! I just met you and this is cra - zy but, here's my num - ber

Pno. D A E F#m D A

*super-agressive*

48 so call me may-by And all the oth - er boys Try to chase me

48 And all the oth - er boys Try to chase me

Pno. E D A E F#m

Broadway Licensing Perusal

NOT FOR PRODUCTION

Broadway Licensing Perusal

NOT FOR PRODUCTION

# BROADWAY — LICENSING —

Dedicated to the publication, licensing, and promotion of compelling contemporary musicals.

Delivering superior services to playwrights and composers through traditional publishing, unique online features, and intellectual property protection.

Connecting theaters and audiences with diverse new dramatic works.

*[www.BroadwayLicensing.com](http://www.BroadwayLicensing.com)*

---

**Broadway Licensing**  
7 Penn Plaza, Suite 904  
New York, NY 10001

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY  
email: [info@broadwaylicensing.com](mailto:info@broadwaylicensing.com)  
website: [www.broadwaylicensing.com](http://www.broadwaylicensing.com)

---