

# Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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## *Cyrano*

Adapted by  
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From the Play by  
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Translated into English by  
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*Cyrano* was originally produced by Blauw Vier, Belgium, in 1996

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**Characters:**

This adaptation was originally made for a cast of three actors. The roles were divided as follows:

Actor One: Cyrano

Actor Two: De Guiche, Le Bret, Ragueneau, Christian, monk, narrator, soldier

Actor Three: Duenna, Roxanne, narrator

## INTRODUCTION and ACT I

ACTOR ONE: *(To the audience.)* Tell me why you're staring at my nose. Is something wrong with it? Is it not put on straight? Does it swing like an elephant's trunk? Is it curved, like a beak? Do you see a wart on it? Is it unusual? Is it like something you've never seen before? Do you think it's ugly? Grotesque? Does it have a sickly color?

ACTOR TWO: It's just big.

ACTOR ONE: Yes, indeed. It's big. Is that it? That's a rather uninspired way of putting it. Especially as there is scope for so many variations. Aggressive: If I had to go around with a nose like that, I'd hide my whole face under a hat. Friendly: Well, here we are, just the three of us. Descriptive: It's a rock, a hill, a mountain top! I'd love to rest on your magnificent Mount Everest!

ACTOR TWO: Considerate:

ACTOR ONE: Be careful sir, keep your head straight or you might topple over with all that weight.

ACTOR THREE: Gracious:

ACTOR ONE: Are you fond of birds? How sweet-a Gothic perch to rest their tiny feet. Insolent: Quite a useful gadget, that, you hold it high and then you hang up your hat.

ACTOR TWO: Pedantic:

ACTOR ONE: Only Aristophanes' hippoamelephant had an appendage of that size in front.

ACTOR TWO: Awestruck:

ACTOR ONE: Good grief. You must use a sheet for a handkerchief! Rustic: Sir, you've got to draw a number, if you want to go in for the biggest cucumber.

ACTRESS: Naive:

ACTOR ONE: When can we visit the monument? Speculative: Tell me sir, what is the rent? See there how a spiritual man is capable of phrasing it. You see, I enjoy making fun of myself, but I won't take it from anyone else. (*Exit.*)

DE GUICHE: Roxane! Roxane!

ROXANE: Monsieur De Guiche!

DE GUICHE: My heart is all aflame for you  
I love you to distraction  
You are so fair and so divine,  
you are my one attraction.  
And if you will accept my ring,  
you will inherit everything.

CYRANO: Well said, monsieur De Guiche! Nicely put! And all that off the top of your head! With Madame here to watch, it seems your stage fright has fled!

DE GUICHE: Sir, this is none of your business.

CYRANO: This lady is my cousin and see, I am a little worried about the quality of your poetry.

DE GUICHE: You arrogant clod - a squire without gloves, without frills, without bows, without gold braid.

CYRANO: No gloves, you say? I did have one a while ago. But now it's vanished without a trace, I think I left it in some viscount's face.

DE GUICHE: Braggart! Bloody fool!

CYRANO: Pleased to meet you. Hercule Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac. Ouch!

DE GUICHE: What's the matter?

CYRANO: It's gone all stiff. Ouch!

DE GUICHE: But what's the matter with you?

CYRANO: My rapier is tingling.

DE GUICHE: All right then. En garde!

CYRANO: Good. Now here's what I propose: While we are crossing swords, I will compose a poem to remember it. And when the poem ends, I hit. "The Ballad of a Fencing Bout between Cyrano de Bergerac and a Foppish Lout."

DE GUICHE: What's that?

CYRANO: The title. Dedicated to Madeleine Robin, also known as Roxane.

I swiftly toss away my hat,  
and then, more slowly, I untie  
my trailing cloak to follow that.  
Then from the scabbard on my thigh,  
I draw my sword and raise it high.  
And now the blade begins to flit,  
And when the poem ends, I hit.

Come and be burst, you purple grape,  
spurt out the juice beneath your peel,  
Quiver and quake, you ribboned ape,  
the rolls of fat your silks conceal.  
Let's ring your bells, a pretty peal!  
Is that a fly? I'll see to it.  
And when the poem ends, I hit.  
I need a rhyme for one more verse.

You've gone as pale as winter sky,  
courage beginning to disperse?  
Your stroke went wide, I wonder why?  
Your vision blurs? Your mouth is dry?

I see it's time to finish it,  
so as the poem ends, I hit!

Floors him, exit De Guiche.

LE BRET:           *(On.)* You make too many enemies, Cyrano. De Guiche is a powerful man. I've heard that he's looking for young talent. He could make you a famous writer.

CYRANO:           Never!

LE BRET:           You're exaggerating, Cyrano. If you'd just stop playing the hero, you could...

CYRANO:           Become rich and powerful.. .Is that what you mean? Never.

LE BRET:           You're exaggerating, Cyrano.

CYRANO:           De Guiche ... That lump of fat thinks he's God's gift to women. I hate him, especially since that night when I saw him slobbering all over her. Ugh! Like a slug leaving its trail of slime on a lily.

LE BRET:           Her? You aren't...

CYRANO:           In love? Yes, I am.

LE BRET:           But with who then?

CYRANO:           I love, who else, the most beautiful woman on earth. The cleverest, the most intelligent, the kindest.

LE BRET:           I know! It's your cousin, Madeleine Robin. But why don't you tell her? You were her hero today.

CYRANO:           Honestly, do you think she'll even look at me, with this grotesque thing here? I cherish no illusions. When I see a couple walking in the moonlight on a balmy summer's night, I often dream of strolling there too, with my arm around the waist of Roxane. Sometimes I feel so ugly.

LE BRET:           Roxane was there when you were dueling today. She went white with fear.

CYRANO:           She went white?

LE BET:                   Cyrano, tell her. She's not indifferent to you.

CYRANO:                   But what if she laughs at me? Nothing could be worse.

DUENNA:                   *(On.)* My mistress Roxane requests the pleasure of meeting you, in secret.

CYRANO:                   Me?

LE BRET:                   You. She wants to see you.

DUENNA:                   Tomorrow, at the break of day, she will be going to the church of Saint-Germain. She sent me to ask where she could meet you after mass.

CYRANO:                   Oh my God! At.. .at.. .

LE BRET:                   *(Whispers.)* At Ragueneau's.. .

CYRANO:                   *(Shouts.)* At Ragueneau's, the master pastry-cook.

DUENNA:                   Who lives at.. .?

CYRANO:                   In.. .in.. . Oh, idiot!

DUENNA:                   Sorry, I didn't get that?

CYRANO:                   Excuse me.. .in.. .

LE BRET:                   On the corner of rue Saint Honore!

DUENNA:                   I... She'll be there at seven. Will you be there?

LE BET:                   He'll be there! *(Exit Duenna.)*

CYRANO:                   Me! And her! A rendezvous!

LE BRET:                   You're not sad anymore?

CYRANO:                   Why? I exist for her!

LE BET: You see!

CYRANO: Arrhg! Roxane, Roxane, Roxane! I feel like howling and roaring like a wild man. I feel like taking on a whole army. Let them come! With ten hearts, twenty arms, my one nose, and my soul's defiance, I won't be fighting dwarfs anymore, but giants!

DE LIGNIERE: (*Drunk, on.*) Cyrano! I.. I've been looking for you.

CYRANO: Monsieur De Ligniere, poet of poets in the streets of Paris!

DE LIGNIERE: Can you spare me a bed for the night? I can't go home. They're waiting for me at the Pone de Nesle. A hundred men, armed to the teeth, because of my little ditty about Count De Guiche.. .

CYRANO: A hundred men? You're going home! I'll tuck you in myself!

DE LIGNIERE: But a hundred men?

CYRANO: A hundred men? A nice round number, I'd say. Come on, follow me, but keep out of my way! A hundred men.. .! Marvelous! I can't wait to keep this rendezvous, let's go and teach them a lesson or two!

## ACT II

NARRATOR: Act Two. Paris, 1640, the pastry shop of Mr. Rapeneau, chef and master pastry-cook, on the corner of Saint Honore.

CYRANO: What's the time?

RAGUENEAU: Six o'clock.

CYRANO: Another hour. I don't dare to speak to her. What's the time?

RAGUENEAU: Five past six!

CYRANO: I don't dare look her in the face. I'll write her a letter and then get out of here.. .What's the time?

RAGUENEAU: A quarter past.. .

CYRANO: I'll write it all down. I must have written that letter a hundred times. What's the time?

RAGUENEAU: Half past six.

CYRANO: I love you.. .Your eyes.. .Fear makes me tremble when you look at me. What's the time?

RAGUENEAU: Ten to.. .

CYRANO: The time?

RAGUENEAU: Five to.. .

CYRANO: The time? (*Roxane on.*) Blessed is the moment when you thought of me, when you remembered my existence. You wanted to see me. Here I am, your humble servant. What is it you wanted to tell me?

ROXANE: First o f all, I want to thank you for your brilliant duel with that wretch.

CYRANO: Count De Guiche?

ROXANE: Yes. He's a powerful man and he wants to marry me.

CIWO: So that means I fought, not for my honor, but for your bright blue eyes. So much the better.

ROXANE: Still, I had another reason to come here. I.. .There's something I've got to tell you, but first I want to see in you again the brother you used to be, at the lake, in the park, in the meadows. . .

CYRANO: In Bergerac. The summers there.. .You were still a girl.

ROXANE: When your rapier was a pine branch.. .

CYRANO: And you played with dolls.. .

ROXANE: When everything was still a game.. .

CYRANO: And the blackberries were sweeter.. .

ROXANE: My wish was always your command.. .

CYRANO: And you wore short skirts, and people still called you Madeleine.

ROXANE: Was I pretty then?

CYRANO: Oh.. .You weren't Roxane yet.. .

ROXANE: You would come running to me, with a scratch on your hand from climbing trees, bleeding. I would say "Now how did you manage to get that?" sternly, like a mother who doesn't want to seem too concerned.. . (*Sees his wound.*) What's this? (*Cyrano pulls his hand away*) Let me see! Now how did you manage to get that?

CYRANO : A bit of rough play with a few big boys, yesterday at the Porte de Nesle.

ROXANE: Were you in a fight?

CYRANO: Oh, it was a little skirmish.

ROXANE: How many of them were there?

CYRANO: Not even a hundred.

ROXANE: Tell me all about it!

CYRANO: No, some other time. You.. .What was it you didn't dare to tell me just then?

ROXANE: I can tell you know. The mild scent of the past has given me courage. I'm in love with someone.. .

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: Someone who doesn't know, who doesn't suspect, not yet.

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: But he will know soon.

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: He loves me too, in silence. He's afraid of being turned down, so he hasn't said a word to me yet.

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: But in his eyes, I read what his mouth does not dare to utter.

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: He wears the colors of your regiment.

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: What's more, he's even - what a small world this is! - in your company.

CYRANO: Ah.

ROXANE: He looks intelligent. He's proud, courageous, and noble.

CYRANO: Ah!

ROXANE: And he's good-looking.

CYRANO: *(Pulls his hand away.)* Good-looking?

ROXANE: What's the matter?

CYRANO: Nothing, nothing. My hand hurts a little.

ROXANE: I adore him. But I must admit, we've never spoken.

CYRANO: What's his name?

ROXANE: A beautiful name. Baron Christian de Neuville.

CYRANO: I don't know that name at all. He's not in the Guards.

ROXANE: He only just joined, this morning.

CYRANO: My dear, my poor dear child, think! Love is blind. You love beauty, fine words, wit. What if your great love turns out to be a nitwit?

ROXANE: He couldn't be. He has the curls of a Greek god.

CYRANO: The same curls grow on a sheep's head. What if he's an idiot?

ROXANE: Then I'd rather be dead.

CYRANO: (*Silence.*) So was this the sad news you came to tell me? I don't see what you want from me, so please explain.. .

ROXANE: I heard bad news. Somebody said that that company of yours is made up mainly of Gascons.. .

CYRANO: And that we haze the raw recruits? Is that what you heard?

ROXANE: Yes, I'm scared for him.

CYRANO: (*Aside.*) So you should be.

ROXANE: Give me your word that nothing will happen to him. I beg you. If he's under your protection, no one will dare to touch him.

CYRANO: All right then. I'll take that young man under my wing.

ROXANE: And defend him as much as you can? For my sake? We've always been friends, haven't we?

CYRANO: Always.

ROXANE: Are you willing to be his friend too?

CYRANO: Because you ask me.

ROXANE: And you'll never let him fight a duel?

CYRANO: I promise.

ROXANE: You're a very dear friend. I'd like to hear the story of the fight you were in last night. But not right now. I've got to go. Some other time. Will you ask him to write to me? Ah, I love you. I love you very much.

CYRANO: Yes, yes.

ROXANE: Tell him to write to me. A hundred men! (*exit.*)

CHRISTIAN: (*On.*) We are the Gascony cadets,  
The men of Castel-Jaloux.  
We conquer hearts and wager bets,  
And all the blood in us is blue!

We are the Gascony cadets,  
The men of Castel-Jaloux.  
Our hats we wear for coronets  
Have plumes to hide the holes from view!

We are the Gascony cadets,  
The men of Castel-Jaloux.  
We do not stop at empty threats,  
But cook our enemies on brochettes!

CYRANO: One hundred men. Around midnight, I walked up to them. The silver bell of the moon was shining in the sky. A somber cloud drifted by like a woolen shroud. It went dark, really pitch-black, and as there were no lamps lit on the quay, I couldn't see a hand in front of.. .

CHRISTIAN: your nose.. .

CYRANO: Who's this?

CHRISTIAN: I'm new here.

CYRANO: What's your name, rookie?

CHRISTIAN: Baron Christian de.. .

CYRANO: I see. I'm glad to know that.. .So I couldn't see a hand in front of my face. I thought to myself, if I go ahead with this, I might arouse the wrath of a powerful man, Count De Guiche, and he'll make me pay for it. . .

CHRISTIAN: through the nose.. .

CYRANO: dearly! I'm probably being reckless, sticking.. .

CHRISTIAN: my nose.. .

CYRANO: my hand into this hornet's nest. I'd better be careful not to get.. .

CHRISTIAN: up his nose.. .

CYRANO: ... his back up. Still, I didn't flinch, and I went on. Suddenly, I was...

CHRISTIAN: nose to nose.. .

CYRANO: face-to-face with a hundred ruffians, a foul stench.. .

CHRISTIAN: hit your nose.. .

CYRANO: of garlic, beer and cheese on their breath. I knocked two of them down, and a third I pierced with my.. .

CHRISTIAN: nose

CYRANO: rapier! You're a brave man. I like that. I'm her cousin.

CHRISTIAN: Her cousin? Whose cousin?

CYRANO: Hers! Roxane's! She told me everything.

CHRISTIAN: Does she love me?

CYRANO: Who knows. You really are good-looking. Roxane is expecting a letter from you tonight.

*Cyrano gives him pen and paper Christian tries to write a few words, with great difficulty.*

CHRISTIAN: It's useless. I can never find the right words.

CYRANO: Nonsense. You were quite eloquent just then.

CHRISTIAN: That was nothing. It was simple soldier's talk. When I'm with a woman, I get tongue-tied. They like to look at me.

CYRANO: But that's it?

CHRISTIAN: I don't know the language of love.

CYRANO: I do, but it's of no use to me, with this.. . *(Taps his nose.)*

CHRISTIAN: You know Roxane. You know what she's like. Roxane is.. .

CYRANO: ...graceful.

CHRISTIAN: Graceful. Roxane is.. .

CYRANO: ...eloquent.

CHRISTIAN: Eloquent. She's...

CYRANO: ...poetic.

CHRISTIAN: Poetic. If only I could talk like you.

CYRANO: I'll lend you the words, and you'll lend me your charm, your looks. Together, we can be the perfect romantic hero.

CHRISTIAN: What?

CYRANO: I'll put the words into your mouth.

CHRISTIAN: You're proposing to.. .

CYRANO: Do you want to capture her heart or not? You don't understand why I would do such a thing? Well, I think it would be amusing. A challenge for a poet. You will fill in for me, and I for you. I'll be your voice, and you'll be my lips.

CHRISTIAN: But she's expecting a letter soon.

CYRANO: No problem. I've got one ready. All it needs is your signature and you can send it to her as it is. Don't worry, I was very inspired when I wrote it. It will go straight to her heart. I always carry a few love letters on me.

CHRISTIAN: But will the text suit Roxane?

CYRANO: Perfectly In her vanity, she will think it was written for her.

CHRISTIAN: Thank you, my friend.

*Christian takes a series of letters to Roxane, who reads them avidly.*

ROXANE: "A hundred times I have written this letter in my mind. Now all I have to do is to lay my soul next to the paper and copy the words out." "I am in your hands. This paper is my voice. This ink is my blood. This letter.. .is me."

"Dear, in your presence, such confusion grips my heart that it grows wordless. My pen brushes the paper like a kiss. So read this letter, Madame; with your lips."

"Far from this dark, banal, deceitful world, there is a country where refined souls can meet each other. Far from this bitter, violent, and devious world, there is a country where lovers can be happy"

"I have lost my heart to you. Please send it back. I want to suffer as before."

CYRANO: Is Roxane's loved one still the most perfect man on earth!

ROXANE: Ah yes! He's so profound, so clever, witty, so.. .unexpectedly...

CYRANO: Brilliant?

ROXANE: Even more than you are! Never in my entire life have I met a man who is such a master of language as he is.

CYRANO: Really?

ROXANE: He turns sweet nothings into verbal jewels. Sometimes he falls silent for a while, as if his muse is refusing to sing for him. But then he says brilliant things again.

CYRANO: Really?

ROXANE: When you see him, then send him to me. I am longing to hear those brilliant words from his own mouth. (*De Guiche approaches.*) De Guiche! Go quickly! If he finds out about Christian and me, he'll put a stop to it right away.

*Exit Cyrano.*

DE GUICHE: (*On.*) Madame.

ROME: Monsieur De Guiche.

DE GUICHE: I have come to say good-bye.

ROXANE: You are leaving?

DE GUICHE: I am going to war. We are laying siege to Arras.

ROXANE: Are you really?

DE GUICHE: My departure seems to leave you cold.

ROXANE: Come, come. Cold? The sun shines sometimes even in Siberia, you know.

DE GUICHE: When will I see you again? I have been made commanding officer. At last, I'll be able to get back at that loud-mouthed cousin of yours.

ROXANE: Will the cadets be going too?

DE GUICHE: They belong to my regiment.

ROXANE: (Aside.) Christian!

DE GUICHE: What's that?

ROXANE: It hurts when someone who is dear to you goes to battle.

DE GUICHE: What sweet words, Madame. And that on the day of my departure!

ROXANE: So, do you want to get even with Cyrano?

DE GUICHE: I see far too much of him.

ROXANE: By sending him into battle, you'll be doing him a favor. Do you know how you could hurt him most? By leaving him, and his cadets, in Paris, while the war goes on in Arras. That would get him. Keep him out of the battle.

DE GUICHE: Women! Only a woman could be crafty enough to think of that.

ROXANE: Cyrano will be furious. And your revenge will be sweet.

DE GUICHE: So you love me? May I consider your help as a sign of your love?

ROXANE: Certainly.

DE GUICHE: These are the orders for all the companies. And here's the order for the Guards. I'll keep it. My dear Roxane, I am mad with love for you. Why do I have to leave now, just when you are warming to me? There's a Capuchin monastery nearby, where I can hide. And

tonight, under the cover of a mask, I will come and see you, dear...  
May I? (*Moves to kiss her.*)

ROXANE: No, it's better you didn't. Go now. Fight like a hero, Antoine.

DE GUICHE: Wonderful. So you love.. .

ROXANE: The man who makes me tremble.

DE GUICHE: Those words are music to my ears. I'm leaving. Are you satisfied?

ROXANE: Yes, my dear friend.

*Exit De Guiche.*

### ACT III

NARRATOR: Act Three. Roxane's Kiss. Old houses. A maze of narrow winding streets. There's the house where Roxane lives. Over the doorway there's a window with a balcony, and beside the door, there's a bench. Ivy creeps up against the wall, and a jasmine has wound itself around the window. Because of the bench and a few projecting stones, it is easy to climb up to the balcony.

CYRANO: Tonight you've got to prove yourself. She wants to talk to you. So learn this by heart.

CHRISTIAN: No. I'm not going to memorize anything. I'll do the talking myself.

CYRANO: Ah yes?

CHRISTIAN: Why not? I'm not a total idiot. I've learned a lot from you. And besides, I can always kiss her.

CYRANO: Suit yourself!

ROXANE: (*Whispers.*) Who's there?

CHRISTZAN: Me.

ROXANE: Who's me?

CHRISTIAN: Me, Christian.

ROXANE: Oh, it's you? I want you to talk to me. (*Christian wants to kiss her.*)  
No, wait. We're all alone. It's getting dark already. The evening air is soft. Come and sit here. Talk. I'm listening.

CHRISTIAIN: I love you.

ROXANE: Yes, Christian, speak to me of love.

CHRISTIAN: I.. .love you.

ROXANE: That's the theme. Now for the variations. Embroider on it.

CHRISTIAN: I.. .I'm mad about you.

ROXANE: Very nice. And what else?

CHRISTIAN: I hope you love me too.

ROXANE: I was expecting champagne and all I get is water. How do you love me, HOW?

CHRISTIAN: A lot. Very much.

ROXANE: Unveil your feelings.

CHRISTIAN: I want to kiss your throat.

ROXANE: Not again!

CHRISTLAN: I don't love you.. .

ROXANE: Aha!

CHRISTIAN: I adore you.

ROXANE: Please stop it! My ears are in pain. What has happened to that brilliant oratorical talent of yours? Where are those finely wrought sentences, those well-chosen metaphors, those words that could only come out of your pen, your mouth, your heart?

CHRISTIAN: I . . .

ROXANE: Yes, you love me. Old hat! Adieu! Good night. (*Exit.*)

CYRANO: (*Claps his hands.*) Well done.

CHRISTIAN: Help me! Lend me your words just one more time. . .

CYRANO: Why should I? (*A lamp is lit on the balcony.*) Look! Start again. . . .

CHRISTIAN: Roxane!

ROXANE: Is it you again?

CHRISTIAN: I have to talk to you!

ROXANE: No, your talk is too boring. Go away!

CHRISTIAN: Roxane, please!

ROXANE: No! You don't love me!

CHRISTIAN: (*Cyrano prompts him.*) How wrong, what abuse! I don't love you, you say? God knows my passion grows stronger day by day!

ROXANE: That's more like it.

CHRISTIAN: My love is so huge-how can you disdain it! It has such a force that my heart can't contain it!

ROXANE: Nice! But why do your words come out so slowly and haltingly?

CYRANO: Because they have to grope their way up to your ears in the dark.

ROXANE: But you can hear me alright, can't you!

CVRANO: Perfectly! Because I listen with a heart that beats for you. But your ears are hidden by your locks. Besides, your words descend, while mine must climb. Falling is swift, but rising takes up time!

ROXANE: I'm coming down!

CYRANO: No!

ROXANE: Come on, climb on the bench!

CYRANO: NO!

ROXANE: Why not?

CYRANO: Let us enjoy this nightly visit for a little while longer. Let's talk softly.. .without seeing each other.

ROXANE: Without seeing each other?

CYRANO: Isn't it wonderful! All you see is this cloak in the night, while I see the white of a summer gown, I am a shadow, you are the sun's light.

ROXANE: Your voice sounds so different. Are you hoarse?

CYRANO: Yes, very different! Under the cloak of darkness, I finally dare to be myself.. .Everything I have always wanted to say, I can now blow up to you like a kiss. I love you, I am mad with love. I cannot forget a single little thing about you. I remember that, last year, on the twelfth of May, you changed your hair. Those beautiful locks of yours burnt themselves into my retina so fiercely they blinded me. If I look at you for too long, the whole world changes before my eyes into a maze of blondness!

ROXANE: Yes, that's true love.

CYRANO: Ah, this evening is a gift of heaven, far too dear ever to end. I speak to you - you hear! I, and you! Hope never ran so high. And nothing now remains except to die. Has the thought made you shiver as one

who grieves? For you do tremble, a leaf among the leaves. I can feel the gentle tremor of your hand shaking the jasmine branches where I stand!

ROXANE: Yes, I'm trembling, I'm crying, I love you, I am transported by your words.

CYRANO: There's only one more thing I wish for.. .

CHRISTIAN: A kiss!

ROXANE: What?

CYRANO: Oh!

ROXANE: What was that you said?

CYRANO: I.. .er.. .You're going too fast! She's deeply touched. Do you want me to disappoint her?

ROXANE: You're not insisting anymore?

CYRANO: Of course I insist! Without insisting, I would ask you.. .not to grant this kiss!

CHRISTIAN: Why?

CYRANO: Shut up, Christian.

CHRISTIAN: What was that you said?

CYRANO: Nothing, I was angry with myself. I said: "Shut up, Christian."

CHRISTIAN: My kiss!

ROXANE: Where are you? You mentioned a.. .a... a...

CYRANO: A kiss!

ROXANE: Don't say that!

CYRANO: A kiss, the world's most priceless gem. Let your lips say it, it won't burn them! A kiss is such a noble thing, Madame, that the queen of France once gave one to the lucky Lord Buckingham.

ROXANE: He was handsome, just like you.

CYRANO: *(Dejected.)* Ah yes. I'd forgotten that for a moment.

ROXANE: Well then, come to me...

CYRANO: *(To Christian.)* Climb up!

ROXANE: Come, and pick this flower...

CYRANO: Climb up!

ROXANE: That tastes of my heart.. .

CYRANO: Climb up, you idiot!

ROXANE: That hums like a bee.. .

CHRISTIAN: Roxane! *(They kiss.)*

CYRANO: *(To the audience.)* There's one crumb of comfort I can savor: She kisses, on his mouth, the words I gave her.

CYRANO: Roxane!

ROXANE: Who's there?

CYRANO: It's me, Cyrano. *(Christian slips away)* Roxane, there's a monk at the door to see you.

ROXANE: At this time of night? Let him in.

MONK: *(On.)* Are you.. .Madeleine Robin?

ROXANE: Yes, brother.

MONK: This letter is for you. (*Hands her a letter.*)

ROXANE: De Guiche! (*Reads.*) "My dear Roxane. The drums are beating. I have to go to the front. But I have hidden in a monastery. I am writing this letter to let you know that I'm coming to see you. I want to marry you tonight. That is why I have sent this monk. He's a simple soul who has no idea of what it's all about. I will be with you in a quarter of an hour. Count De Guiche." (*To the monk.*) Brother, listen what it says here: "Mademoiselle, it is the high will of the Cardinal that you shall comply with his strict orders, without protest. That is why the bearer of this secret is a wise and discreet Capuchin. He is to perform the ceremony of holy matrimony tonight, in your house, between you and..."

CYRANO: And who?

ROXANE: "...and Baron Christian de Neuville, no matter how much you loathe him. Resign yourself to your fate. Count De Guiche." Argh! Terrible! I cannot escape from this marriage. Brother, how much time do you need?

MONK: ...?

ROXANE: Ah! (*Looks at letter.*) Postscript: Give the monk twenty gold pieces.

MONK: Fifteen minutes.

ROXANE: Quick! A cross.. .A veil. Christian!

CYRANO: Roxane, did you read the letter properly?

ROXANE: Certainly.

CYRANO: Are you sure?

ROXANE: I'm sure. Christian! (*De Guiche in the background.*) De Guiche! (*To Cyrano.*) Make sure he doesn't come in for at least fifteen minutes!

De Guiche is walking through the woods. Christian and Roxane are married. Cyrano keeps De Guiche from arriving too early.

DE GUICHE:       Madame, as sweet as mountain dew,  
                      It fills me with joy to think of you.  
                      Madame, I come through wind and rain,  
                      I long to be with you again.  
                      Madame, the world is in your smile,  
                      I'll be with you in a little while.

CYRANO:           Roxane! How much more time do you need?

ROXANE:           Another five minutes!

DE GUICHE:       Madame, my love for you is strong,  
                      I've had to miss you for so long.  
                      Madame, tonight you'll wear my ring,  
                      you'll be my queen, I'll be your king.  
                      Madame, it is a pure delight  
                      to think that we'll be wed tonight.  
                      Madame? Madame? Roxane?  
                      (*Roxane on.*)

DE GUICHE:       Madame, where is the monk I sent you who was to join us in  
                      matrimony?

ROXANE:           Alas, Count. I have just married Baron Christian de Neuville.

DE GUICHE:       Madame, your wedding night is a long way off yet.

ROXANE:           How's that?

DE GUICHE:       Your husband will be leaving for Arras tonight.

ROXANE:           To war?

DE GUICHE:       To the front.

ROXANE:           But Sir, the cadets will be staying here.

DE GUICHE: They're going. Here's the marching order. (*Throws the order on the floor, exits.*)

ROXANE: Cyrano, make sure his life is never in danger.

CYRANO: I'll try.

ROXANE: That he does not suffer from the cold.

CYRANO: I'll do my best.

ROXANE: See to it that he's faithful to me. And make sure he writes to me often.

CYRANO: I can promise you that.