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**ROXANE:** I'm in love, I think. No I am. But he doesn't know it.

**CYRANO:** No?

**ROXANE:** Not yet

**CYRANO:** Are you - about to tell him?

**ROXANE:** Yes. Soon. He is poor, he has no money, I know he love me shyly, from a distance, with all his heart. He's trying to find the words to tell me so.

**CYRANO:** Perhaps he will find the words sooner than you think

**ROXANE:** I'm not so sure.

**CYRANO:** Some things are meant to be.

**ROXANE:** Oh, are they really?

**CYRANO:** W'hen the time is right.

**ROXANE:** Oh Cyrano I'm so glad I came to you. Do you think the time is right?

**CYRANO:** I know it is.

**ROXANE:** Perhaps he'll find the words to tell me of his love.

**CYRANO:** Roxane -

**ROXANE:** He's sweet, he's noble, brave and proud and he's so handsome!

**CYRANO:** (*Rising*) He's what?

**ROXANE:** Handsome - are you all right?

**CYRANO:** It's nothing, my hand, that's all.

**ROXANE:** Give it back to me, I'll make it better like the old days!

**CYRANO:**(*Staying where he is.*) He's handsome.

**ROXANE:** He's in your company, he's a cadet!

**CYRANO:** Oh. Which cadet.

**ROXANE:** Christian de Neuville!

**CYRANO:** Never heard of him.

**ROXANE:** He's joining the Guards today! You'll soon be friends.

**CYRANO:** Inseparable.

**ROXANE:** No doubt!

**CYRANO:** Roxane, cousin, you think yourself in love with a man you've never spoken to, a *boy* not a man, and all you know of him is what, that he's handsome? What if he's dull, what if he's stupid?

**ROXANE:** He won't be.

**CYRANO:** No?

**ROXANE:** Some things are meant to be. That's what you said back then.

**CYRANO:** I meant it then.

**ROXANE:** Oh Cyrano, say this is meant to be. Please, for my little corn-dolls, and our kingdom in the wood, for your nurse, your Madeleine?

**CYRANO:** The love of Roxane for monsieur what's-his-name...

**ROXANE:** Christian!

**CYRANO:** ...is 'meant to be'. Why did you come here? Why are you telling me this?

**ROXANE:** Well (sit down, be happy for me!) well, it's because I heard your Guards are all from Gascony, and he's not, my sweet love, and they say they make it hard for new boys if and when I saw you fighting last night, so skilfully and fearlessly and, well, it was almost like - well anyway, when I saw you, saw that, I thought to myself my dear old cousin will protect my Christian from them, if I ask him, so I'm asking you, my friend my dearest **friend!** I'm in agony till you tell me!

**CYRANO:** I'll protect him, of course I will.

**ROXANE:** And keep him out of fights?

**CYRANO:** Roxane, he's joining the army.

**ROXANE:** I don't mean wars, I mean fights, duels, you know what I mean!

**CYRANO:** I promise.

**CHRISTIAN:** You came. Through the war. You came to me

**ROXANE:** My angel... The war can stop to let me pass, if time can stop to hear your words, and it does do, time stops when I read your words, Christian, the air says hush, and the leaves on every tree go still, and the rising sun cries out *Can I come on yet?* like a child in a nativity, or the sunset rests his wrinkled cheek on the horizon and gazes while I read.

**CHRISTIAN:** You don't read now, Roxane, you see me, here, look.

**ROXANE:** Oh eat, eat, hungry boy! Oh what is this moment like?

**CHRISTIAN:** Like? It's not like anything.

**ROXANE:** I mean, how shall we describe it?

**CHRISTIAN:** There's no need describing anything, is there, you and me, us, this -

**ROXANE:** We are like the sun and rain!

**CHRISTIAN:** No we're nothing like the sun and rain, they rain or shine forever -

**ROXANE:** We're like two birds!

**CHRISTIAN:** No we're nothing like two birds, birds fly away to freedom -

**ROXANE:** Two rivers then, that flow -

**CHRISTIAN:** No man makes war on rivers, we are nothing like what's been, what is, what was, what's next, we are this and only this, Roxane -

**ROXANE:** Oh but with words you won me, Christian, you are my poet, darling, my soldier-poet -

**CHRISTIAN:** I'm nothing but your darling! I love you, is there more to do with breath than say so?

**ROXANE:** Don't you see, I love you too, but when I loved you first, when first I saw your frowning face, this face was *all* I saw, and yes that's sweet, my dear, but it's not love, is it, it's not *all* of love, my love has grown, you see, I know about this, love grows and then it's about the soul, and it's your *soul* I always loved, I see that now, your *soul* that's in your words, I mean, your written words, not so much when you speak, but that's perhaps, remember you said, you get struck dumb with beauty sometimes?

**CHRISTIAN:** I get struck dumb, Roxane, because I was born struck dumb.

**ROXANE:** I love that too, how face-to-face you're silent, but alone in letters you reveal your true grace!

**CHRISTIAN:** Oh yes, of course, so you'd love me if I didn't look like this -

**ROXANE:** Of course!

**CHRISTIAN:** You'd love me fat or thin or old or feeble -

**ROXANE:** Christian, d'you think I think you will look like this forever? It is your soul alone I love!

**CHRISTIAN:** You'd love me if I were, were, were - ugly.

**ROXANE:** O my husband, Christian de Neuville, my heart's delight, my brave love, I would love you if you had - what - a nose like Cyrano's, I would love you for *having* a nose like that!!

**DE GUICHE:** What - in God's name are you?

*CYRANO gets up, looks around, points up at the moon, points at himself*

**DE GUICHE:** What? You fell? You fell from there? From the moon? No you didn't.

**CYRANO:** I did.

**DE GUICHE:** Right, you're the man in the moon.

**CYRANO:** No, I'm right here.

**DE GUICHE:** Go away. I'm expected here.

**CYRANO:** / didn't expect you here.

**DE GUICHE:** Shut up. A lady expects me here.

**CYRANO:** A lady does nothing here. For there is no lady here.

**DE GUICHE:** Oh for heaven's sake, She'll come by and by.

**CYRANO:** By and by? So she'll come twice?

**DE GUICHE:** Get lost, please.

**CYRANO:** By and by. That's my goodbye to you plus yours to me, so bye and bye.

**DE GUICHE:** Good, so we said goodbye, so now you go.

**CYRANO:** But I come from the moon, I only ever go in order to come back.

**DE GUICHE:** Look on earth we go and never come back!

**CYRANO:** Oh? What's the point of that? Why come in the first place, or, put another way, why are we here?

**DE GUICHE:** I don't know!

**CYRANO:** Aren't you curious?

**DE GUICHE:** No I don't care!

**CYRANO:** You don't care why you're here? Is a lady not -

**DE GUICHE:** *Yes a lady's expecting me!*

**CYRANO:** I see none such. Perhaps the one who expects you is not a lady at all. You say she'll come twice -

**DE GUICHE:** I never said she'd come twice!

**CYRANO:** She hasn't come once. The moon's been here for longer. O I'm homesick.

**DE GUICHE:** Then go the fast way home!

**CYRANO:** No I'm sick of home, did you not hear me say I'm homesick?

**DE GUICHE:** Look, take money, here, take ten, take twenty -

**CYRANO:** Why are you giving me your litter, sir, they have bins

**DE GUICHE:** It's money, fool, it buys things!

**CYRANO:** I want two things, buy and buy, I want what I can't have, and I also want what I can't have - to come true for my shadow, and here they come, my light and shadow married by moonlight and moonshadow.

**DE GUICHE:** Once more in the presence. Sir, your late-night exploit has caught the imagination. Though I myself was home in bed at that hour, my men will swear they witnessed the event.

**CYRANO:** Impeccable sources.

**LE BRET:** (Aside to him.) Be civil, yes?

**DE GUICHE:** And this grand carnival of derring-do came hard upon the heels of your most poetical duel with my friend Valvert. Swordsmen are two a penny, poets ten, but a man who's both at once? That's a man of style. I need a personal poet. It is, I am told, the thing. And I am offering it: to you.

**CYRANO:** Sir, I'm no man's poet.

**LE BRET:** (Aside to him.) Cyrano, think! (To DE GUICHE.) He's a playwright too, your grace.

**DE GUICHE:** Why then his works will grace the Paris stage.

**CYRANO:** Oh... Really? My words exactly as I want them? No - alterations?

**DE GUICHE:** Sir, no living playwright knows such privilege. I regard myself as a literary fellow, I imagine we might see eye to eye. You'll be well paid.

**LE BRET:** All that and paid as well!

**CYRANO:** And what do you do, Monsieur le Count, to poets who offend you? Do you set a hundred men on them?

**DE GUICHE:** Sometimes.

**CYRANO:** Set better men next time.

**DE GUICHE:** I guarantee it. And Monsieur de Bergerac, until that day, some suggested reading for you: *Don Quixote*.

**CYRANO:** I know it well.

**DE GUICHE:** The chapter about windmills. A man who attacks a windmill may be caught and dragged down through the mud.

**CYRANO:** Or hoisted high towards the stars!

**DE GUICHE:** I leave you as I found you (*exit*)

**LE BRET:** Superb, exemplary, a masterclass. How to punch a gift-horse in the mouth.

**CYRANO:** I didn't like its teeth.

**LE BRET:** And for your pride your plays go unperformed, your poems unread.

**CYRANO:** Better that than cling about the ankles of a Patron, dedicating odes to bankers, or plays subservient to some prince's wishes. Better that than sport the little badges one bore pins on another bore for being much the same as he is; better that than beg moronic



critics to be kind; better that than stalk the airless salons of the literary; better that than praise a popinjay because he's got a column; better that than being *seen* where people cluster to be *seen*, a shadow does that. Poems should be written by the unseen *about* the unseen *for* the unseen! No, better: this, Le Bret: to bear each day, to laugh and cry and sing and go my way freely, to think nothing of my name, to journey only, though the journey be O halfway to the moon, to write no word that didn't spring from here in the heart's core, to be content with breath, at peace with time, and if glory come my way, to pay no tribute, because I owed no man. If I climbed high, I climbed alone.

**LE BRET:** Oh, dwell alone on earth for all I care, you'll make an enemy of every star.

**CYRANO:** Sublimely put, my friend. Would you be my personal poet?

**LE BRET:** Cyrano. It didn't go well, did it?

**LE BRET:** Cyrano -

**CYRANO:** I know what you're going to say.

**LE BRET:** So tell me, how many brand new enemies did you make tonight? That was the Count de Guiche!

**CYRANO:** Makes one, but you're forgetting his young fop I made an ass of, two, and the two marquises, four, and that other wretch, that's five -

**LE BRET:** These men have friends, you know!

**CYRANO:** So they keep telling me. Grape?

**RAGUENEAU:** The great Montfleury, don't forget! You cut him down *to* size!

**LE BRET:** He's just an actor, an old lazy ham, why must you hate him?

**CYRANO:** Why? To see him in full slobbering cry, ogling all the ladies, it's like seeing a slug on a pink petal.

**LE BRET:** Oh I see, at the heart of it are the ladies.

**CYRANO:** No, not so.

**LE BRET:** One lady - am I right? Cyrano am I right?

**CYRANO:** I'm mid-grape, I'll get to you in a minute.

**LE BRET:** One lady? This won't take long.

**CYRANO:** On the contrary, my friend, it will take me more than a lifetime.

**LE BRET:** Roxane, your second cousin.

**RAGUENEAU:** Ah, she was here tonight!

**CYRANO:** Was she, didn't notice.

**LE BRET:** Yes you did. With the Count de Guiche.

**CYRANO:** Just one of his many chums.

**RAGUENEAU:** My friend, you are in love! Does she love you?

**LE BRET:** Now I think of it - she was beaming at your triumph...

**RAGUENEAU:** She didn't want to leave!

**LE BRET:** De Guiche insisted, Cyrano, it's true, you made an impact. Cyrano, what's wrong?

**RAGUENEAU:** What's the matter?

**CYRANO:** What's the matter? What do you think is the matter...When I walk at evening in a scented garden, where such a thing as this can barely breathe for the sweetness it inhales, then by the moonlight's silver rays I see some knight pass by so nonchalant, with a lady on his arm, and my heart is full, imagining delights it never knows - to walk on such a night with such a beauty! Then I see their shadows diminish on the wall, beside *this* profile, so huge and blurred, misshapen and alone.

**RAGUENEAU:** My friend.

**CYRANO:** There'll be no tears, my tears well know if they disembark my eye they face a journey of a good hour down my nose, too long a voyage! They turn back, dry themselves, and disappear.

**RAGUENEAU:** Love is blind, my friend.

**CYRANO:** Up to a point: this point.

**RAGUENEAU:** My wife likes me and look at me!

**LE BRET:** The little orange-girl was taken with you just now, Cyrano.

**RAGUENEAU:** Lady Roxane was open-mouthed in wonder at your duel!

**CYRANO:** She was?

**RAGUENEAU:** When you took his hat!

**LE BRET:** She was, my friend

*Roxane's DUENNA comes, looking for them.*

**RAGUENEAU:** Another one, look look, they can't resist you!

**DUENNA:** My lady has a message for her cousin.

**CYRANO:** Cousin?

**LE BRET:** Who's your lady?

**DUENNA:** She bade me tell her 'heroic cousin' she would like to 'meet with him privately'.

**CYRANO:** I must be dreaming, what was in that grape?

**DUENNA:** Tomorrow morning, after mass. She would like *him* to suggest a meeting-place.

**CYRANO:** I - anywhere - everywhere -

**DUENNA:** And I would like a slightly more specific suggestion.

**RAGUENEAU:** At my bake-shop!

**CYRANO:** At his bake-shop, seven o'clock, Rue St Honore!

**DUENNA:** I shall tell my lady.

**CYRANO:** Tell her, tell your lady!

**RAGUENEAU:** All Paris loves my pastries, but my *true* love? - Poetry, and if my time were mine I should write my odes and sonnets dusk-to-dawn, till the bread rose like the sun and the sun set like sweet exquisite icing! What's this? Pastry wrapped in poetry? *The morn is frosted with pink sugar, yet my soul by toffee is tormented...* This is the work of my dear friends the poets! Lise! My love!

*His wife LISE (Teresa) comes.*

**RAGUENEAU:** A mistake! No no a tragedy, no an *epic* tragedy! The work of Croquembouche - Montelimar - reduced to wrapping paper!

**LISE:** That's right I found a use for it.

**RAGUENEAU:** A *use* for it? A *use*? For *poetry*?

**LISE:** Well they pay no money, your scribbling pals, they might as well be helpful.

**RAGUENEAU:** But it's *poetry*, my love, what would you do to prose?

**LISE:** Well now, we're low on toilet roll

**RAGUENEAU:** Oh! My *wife*, a stranger to the Muse!

**LISE:** The Muse don't pay its way, so it can pay me in lieu (getit?) and your mate's here, the mad one with the enormous, you know, reputation.

*CYRANO comes, writing a lette*

**RAGUENEAU:** Cyrano!

**CYRANO:** what time is it, am I late?

**RAGUENEAU:** No no you're early, have a cake!

**CYRANO:** I can't, my stomach's twisted like a sack of snakes

**RAGUENEAU:** Last night at the Burgundy, my love, he was magnificent! Composed a ballad while he fought a duel!

**LISE:** Is that how you hurt your hand?

**CYRANO:** What hand? No. How to begin, ah yes...

**RAGUENEAU:** He's writing verses! Is it an ode to your exploits last night?

**CYRANO:** No

**LISE:** You're dropping blood on the paper.

**CYRANO:** Good, it shows I mean it.

**RAGUENEAU:** I will tell my poets about your exploits at the Port de Nesle, and they will write an epic

**CYRANO:** Please don't do that Ragueneau, your poets are not poets. They are scavengers who dine on your good heart. For a man who like makes a living from fine taste, you don't half know some clod polls.

**LISE:** Here it comes, your locust-cloud.

*Three POETS come, helping themselves to RAGUENEAU'S cakes*

**POETS:** Ragueneau! Our chef!

**RAGUENEAU:** Croquembouche! Montelimar! Blancmange!

**1st POET:** We were detained, all Paris has gone mad!

**2nd POET:** All congregating at the Porte de Nesle!

**3rd POET:** They say a swordsman laid a hundred low last night!

**2nd POET:** The square is groaning with the wounded!

**1st POET:** My stomach groans for this *[cake]*

**RAGUENEAU:** *(Winking)* Hey Cyrano, do *you* know about this swordsman? He's busy. I'm sure he's penning an ode.

*The POETS, all stuffing themselves, peer over CYRANO's shoulder.*

**1st POET:** Pentameters?

**2nd POET:** Oh *please*, hexameters surely? *Terza rima*,

**3rd POET:** I would have thought...

**CYRANO:** Leave me alone, I'm working.

**1st POET:** It would appear to be - *prose!*

**2nd POET:** *Prose?*

**3rd POET:** Oh no, how utterly bourgeois, and oh, *at dawn* -

**1st POET:** *When the sky is marzipan* -

**2nd POET:** *And the fondant clouds* -

**3rd POET:** *Flavour the day with almond* -

**CYRANO:** Ragueneau, your scented gang are going to make me sneeze.

**RAGUENEAU:** Poets, forbear -

**CYRANO:** I'm warning you.

**1st POET:** *O sunrise, like a rose meringue/*

**2nd POET:** *O pain-au-chocolat, how I crave thy liquid soul!*

**3rd POET:** *O vol-au-vent, encase me in thy walls!*

**CYRANO** *sneezes, colossally, literally blowing the POETS across the stage like leaves.*

**LIGNIERE:** Christian de Neuville!

**CHRISTIAN:** Are you Ligniere?

**LIGNIERE:** I am now.

**CHRISTIAN:** I was told I'd find you here.

**LIGNIERE:** Wine and women, where else would you find me?

**CHRISTIAN:** So, you know everyone and I know no one, I've only just arrived, from Touraine!

**LIGNIERE:** Touraine? So you're a tourist, where's Touraine?

**CHRISTIAN:** It's to the west, it's~

**LIGNIERE:** I *know* where Touraine is, I just don't care and nor should you, you're in Paris!

**CHRISTIAN:** I'm not a tourist either, Monsieur Ligniere. I join the Guards tomorrow, the Cadets!

**LIGNIERE:** You do? They're gonna love you.

**CHRISTIAN:** You think so?

**LIGNIERE:** ...well, let's enjoy the evening, eh?

**CHRISTIAN:** Monsieur Ligniere, I was told you know the names of the noble ladies here.

**LIGNIERE:** I know enough to know they ain't so noble.

**CHRISTIAN:** There's a lady I've got to know the name of

**LIGNIERE:** Take your pick.

**CHRISTIAN:** I mean a *particular* lady.

**LIGNIERE:** She's not here yet, whoever you mean, these ladies you can see *[audience]* ain't so particular,

**CHRISTIAN:** You're good with words!

**LIGNIERE:** I'm a poet, for my sins.

**CHRISTIAN:** I wish I were.

**LIGNIERE:** I mean I sell my poems to *buy* my sins.



*The secluded garden of a convent. TERESA, MARTHA and ROSA come.*

**ROSA:** Where is this man of mystery?

**TERESA** (*pointing at a bench*): He's — oh. He isn't there.

**ROSA:** A mystery indeed!

**MARTHA:** Sister Rosa, I assure you he has sat there every night for — ten?

**TERESA:** Twelve?

**MARTHA:** Fifteen years, precisely at this hour!

**TERESA:** It's how we time our walk to vespers.

**MARTHA:** When the battle comes —

**TERESA:** The best part —

**MARTHA:** No the *saddest* part —

**TERESA:** Then we know it's time to go —

**ROSA:** Does it have a happy ending?

**TERESA:** Don't tell her, Sister Martha.

**ROSA:** Only tell me if it does!

*MOTHER MARGARET comes, with two SISTERS, CLAIRE and AGNES.*

**CLAIRE:** Where's our old madman?

**MARGARET:** Sister Claire!

**ROSA:** He didn't come! My first day and the old times disappear! Now I'll never know his story.

**AGNES:** It is not a story for the young to hear.

**ROSA:** *All* stories are for *everyone* to hear!

**MARGARET:** It's an old man's tale.

**TERESA:** It's true!

**ROSA:** It doesn't matter! I want to know!

**MARGARET:** And because you want to know, Sister Rose, shall all Creation stop to tell you?

**ROSA:** Yes, why not?

**AGNES:** Because it's time we could spend in contemplation.

**ROSA:** Sister Agnes, if we never hear the stories of the world then what are we compen —  
conten —

**MARTHA:** Contemplating!

**ROSA:** What she said.

**TERESA:** You don't have to like it, Agnes, you can disapprove as we tell it, that's fun too!

**MARGARET:** Fun?

**TERESA:** I mean, educational.

**CLAIRE:** Every night we hear it, if we don't — it would be like he's passed away!

**ROSA:** Or never been, please Mother!

**MARTHA:** I shall turn like the yellow leaf before the first illumination.

**ROSA:** Where does it start?

**CLAIRE:** It starts in a place you've never been to...

**ROSA:** Merrie England!

**AGNES:** God forbid.

**CLAIRE:** Guess again!

**MARTHA:** You'll never go there...

**ROSA:** Is it the moon?

**TERESA:** The Theatre!

**ROSA:** The - oh, there. Yes. What's that? Is it near the moon?

**CLAIRE:** It's the far side of the moon!

**ROXANE:** Love's not a joke, you know.

**CHRISTIAN:** I adore you!

**ROXANE:** Do you. Well, the door is dosed. It opens like the one in *Arabian Nights*, to the magic words.

*ROXANE goes inside. CHRISTIAN is desolate. CYRANO slow hand-claps.*

**CYRANO:** That was so good I love you.

**CHRISTIAN:** Cyrano, help me! She says the door is closed!

**CYRANO:** Well it is closed, but in about three seconds one up there will open. Look, stand there where she can see you. I'll tell you what to say.

*ROXANE emerges on the balcony*

**ROXANE:** Oh, still here, Monsieur De Neuville? Wasting your breath on matters of the heart when you could be out with the boys?

**CYRANO:** (You were struck dumb by beauty.)

**CHRISTIAN:** You were struck dumb by beauty!

**CYRANO:** (I was, imbecile!)

**CHRISTIAN:** I was struck dumb by beauty!

**ROXANE:** Were you really.

**CYRANO:** (I beheld you as the moon beholds the sun, when its downcast face lights up for joy.)

**CHRISTIAN:** I beheld you like the sun beholds the moon -

**CYRANO:** (Other way round, you halfwit!)

**CHRISTIAN:** And its downfall face is the other way round!

**ROXANE:** You speak a wild, giddy poetry!

**CHRISTIAN:** I love you!

**ROXANE:** Yet now as plain as a Christmas card,

**CHRISTIAN:** Like Christmas, I love you!

**CYRANO:** (Don't start that again,)

**CHRISTIAN:** And rivers!

**CYRANO:** (Look, I'll do it, I know her, she *needs* the words!)

**CHRISTIAN:** (She'll know it's you!)

**CYRANO:** (She doesn't *want* it to be, she wants it to be you, fool, she will hear you,)

**ROXANE:** Are you talking to yourself down there?

**CYRANO/CHRISTIAN:** Yes (No)!

**CYRANO/CHRISTIAN:** No (Yes)!

**ROXANE:** Your voice is strange.

**CYRANO:** The inflections of desire indeed do flavour it.

**ROXANE:** Oh I like 'inflections'.

**CYRANO:** My words ascend to you as a soul ascends to heaven, from the reticence of earth to the candour of the stars.

**ROXANE:** Oh, oh my love!

**CYRANO:** And the soul, remembering the life that's past, as it journeys towards bliss, remembers all we have ever been to one another.

**ROXANE:** I too remember that, my love. Though having said that it hasn't been that long.

**CYRANO:** And yet it feels as though we were young together, played sweet games as children long ago,

**ROXANE:** I suppose it, yes, sort of does. I mean, it dost, indeed! Yes I feel I have always known you

**CYRANO:** You have, Roxane, you have always known me.

**CHRISTIAN:** (Say 'inflections', she liked that)

**CYRANO:** (Shut up)

**ROXANE:** I have always known you and always loved you, and always will

**CHRISTIAN:** Yes! Yes! I love you! This is me!

**ROXANE:** I know it's you!

*CYRANO puts his hand over CHRISTIAN's mouth,*

**ROXANE:** I am coming down, my love!

**CHRISTIAN:** (Yes!)

**CYRANO:** No! Await me in heaven, my desire! (Too soon, you have to lead up to it!)

**CHRISTIAN:** (But you did!)

**CYRANO:** (Not yet!) I suffer on earth yet see an angelic vision!

**ROXANE:** Do you see it *yonder*?

**CYRANO:** Yes I see it *yonder*!

**ROXANE:** *Yonder* oh yes, oh, *yonder*! I could hear your words to the end of time!

**CYRANO:** And yet, Roxane, it is not my words that love you, it is I.

**ROXANE:** Aye, but with words you love me.

**CYRANO:** Not so. I love you with my breath, my beating heart, my memories and hopes, the days and nights I've known you. I ~ I love the twelfth of May, when you dyed your hair red-brown, the Rue de Boisse where you stopped with your two friends who'd done the same, for ice-creams afterwards. I love the silence when you purse your lips and frown awhile and wonder what shall I say next? I love that silence. Hear my love in the silence, it is the sound of the soul in love, and not the body.

**ROXANE:** The body, oh! I need to see your face!

**CHRISTIAN:** You do, yes!

**CYRANO:** (In good time!)

**CHRISTIAN:** (This time's good enough for me!)

*CHRISTIAN breaks free of CYRANO and climbs up to the balcony, seizing ROXANE and kissing her passionately. CYRANO watches them.*

**CYRANO:** 'Hear my love in the silence, it is the sound of the soul in love, and not the body.' Amen. The body goes to work, the soul goes home.