

Act 3.6: Abridged Balcony Scene (Cyrano, Christian, Roxane, Props)

CYRANO

Call her!

CHRISTIAN

Roxane!

CYRANO (picking up stones and throwing them at the window)

Some pebbles!

ROXANE [(half-opening the casement)]

Who calls me?

CHRISTIAN

I!

ROXANE

Who's that?

CHRISTIAN

Christian!

ROXANE (disdainfully)

Oh! You?

CHRISTIAN

I would speak with you.

CYRANO (*under the balcony -- to Christian*)

Good. Speak soft and low.

ROXANE

No, you speak stupidly!

CHRISTIAN

Oh, pity me!

ROXANE

No! You love me no more!

CHRISTIAN (*slowly prompted by Cyrano*)

You say—I love no more? When I—love more and more!

ROXANE (*who was about to shut the window, pausing*)
It's a little better! Ay, a very little!

CHRISTIAN

Love has grown, rocked by the anxious beating. . . of this poor heart, which the cruel
wanton boy. . . took for a cradle!

ROXANE (*coming out on to the balcony*)

That is better! But if you deem that Cupid be so cruel, you should have stifled newborn
love in his cradle!

CHRISTIAN

Ah, Madame, I tried, but all in vain. This. . .newborn babe is a young. . .Hercules!

ROXANE

Still better!

CHRISTIAN

Thus he strangled in my heart The two serpents of. . . Pride. . .and Doubt!

ROXANE (*leaning over the balcony*)

Well said! But why so faltering? Has mental illness seized your imagination?

CYRANO (*drawing Christian under the balcony, and slipping into his place*)
Give place! This becomes critical!

ROXANE

Today. . . Your words are hesitating.

CYRANO (*imitating Christian -- in a whisper*)

Night has come. . . In the dusk they grope their way to find your ear.

ROXANE

But my words find no such limitation.

CYRANO

They find their way at once? Small wonder that! For 'tis within my heart they find their
home; Just think how large my heart, and how small your ear! From fair heights
descending, words fall fast, but mine must mount, Madame, and that takes time!

ROXANE (*moving*)

I will come down. . .

CYRANO (*hastily*)

No!

ROXANE

How, you will not?

CYRANO

Stay awhile! 'Tis sweet. The rare occasion, when our hearts can speak ourselves unseen, unseeing!

ROXANE

Why—unseen?

CYRANO

Ay, it is sweet! Half hidden, -- half revealed -- You see the dark folds of my cloak, and I, the glimmering whiteness of your dress. I but a shadow -- you a radiance fair! Know you what such a moment holds for me? If ever I were eloquent. . . .

ROXANE

You were!

CYRANO (*coming nearer, passionately*)

Ay, a new tone! In the tender, sheltering dusk I dare to be myself for once, -- at last! Ay, to be at last sincere; Till now, my chilled heart, fearing to be mocked. . . .

ROXANE

Mocked, and for what?

CYRANO

For its mad beating! Ay, My heart has clothed itself with witty words, To shroud itself from curious eyes. But now I say I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle! Thy name rings in my heart like a bell, and as I ever tremble, thinking of thee—ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth!

ROXANE [(*agitated*)]

Why, this is love indeed!

CYRANO

Love—and yet, strangely, not a selfish passion! I for your joy would gladly lay mine own down, even though you never were to know it—never! Naught is left me but to die now! Have words of mine the power to make you tremble—throned there in the branches? Ay, like a leaf among the leaves, you tremble! You tremble! For I feel, -- an if you will it, or will it not, -- your hand's beloved trembling thrill through the branches.

ROXANE

Ay! I am trembling, weeping! I am thine! Thou hast conquered all of me!

CYRANO

Then let death come! 'Tis I, 'tis I myself, who conquered thee! One thing, but one, I dare to ask—

CHRISTIAN (*under the balcony*)

A kiss!

ROXANE (*drawing back*)

What?

CYRANO

Fool! You go too quick!

CHRISTIAN

Since she is moved by your words—I will profit by it! Oh! Win for me that kiss. . . .

CYRANO

No!

CHRISTIAN

Sooner or later....

CYRANO

'Tis true! I'd rather the moment should come thanks to. . . . A kiss, Madame, is honorable! The Queen of France, to a most favored lord did grant a kiss.

ROXANE

What then?

CYRANO (*speaking more warmly*)

Buckingham suffered quietly, -- so have I. Adored his Queen, as loyally as I. Was sad, but faithful. So am I. . . .

ROXANE

And you are fair as Buckingham!

CYRANO (*aside -- suddenly saddened*)

True, -- I forgot that. . . .

ROXANE

Must I then bid thee mount and take your kiss?

CYRANO (*pushing Christian toward the balcony*)

Mount! Mount! Mount!

CHRISTIAN (*hesitating*) But I feel now, as though 'twere ill done!

CYRANO (*still pushing him*) Come, blockhead, mount!

(Christian springs forward, and by means of the bench, the branches, and the pillars, climbs to the balcony and strides over it.)

CHRISTIAN

Ah, Roxane!

[*Censored Bob Jones Kiss!*]