

THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

A Dramatic Reading

By
Edmond Rostand



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From the play “Cyrano de Bergerac.” ISBN 1-60045-026-1

Cyrano de Bergerac, a talented actor who has just shown great skill and bravery in a duel, is in conversation with his friend Le Bret. Cyrano tells him of his love for his cousin Roxane.

CYRANO: --But, the fond hope to be
Beloved—e’en by some poor graceless lady—
Is, by this nose of mine for aye bereft me;
But I may love,--and whom? ’Tis Fate’s decree
I love the fairest—how were ’t otherwise?
I do not lull me with illusions,--yet at times I’m weak:
With my poor ugly devil of a nose I scent spring’s essence.
Thought soars to ecstasy—O sudden fall!
--The shadow of my profile on the wall!

Even as he speaks, a messenger comes to tell Cyrano that Roxane wishes to see him. In great hope he goes to her only to hear her tell him of her love for Christian, a young recruit in Cyrano’s regiment.

CYRANO: But was it to tell me this you brought me here?
ROXANE: When last night I saw you,--brave, invincible,--
I thought, if he—if he would only—
CYRANO: Good. I will befriend your little Baron.
ROXANE: Ah! You’ll promise me you will do this for me?
I’ve always held you as a tender friend.
CYRANO: I swear!
ROXANE: You are kind, cousin! Now I must be gone.
--Beg him to write. (Blows kiss) Now, farewell. (Exits)

Cyrano takes Christian the message. But the handsome young fellow is afraid and says: “I am one of those men—tongue-tied,

--I know it—who can never tell their love.”
CYRANO: And I, meseems, had Nature been more kind,
One of those men who well could speak their love!—
Roxane shall never have a disillusion!
Since, by yourself, you fear to chill her heart,
Will you wed into one my phrases and your lips?
CHRISTIAN: But will it fit Roxane?
CYRANO: ’Twill fit like a glove!

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