

# SMITTEN

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A short comedy by  
Jeri Weiss

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CYRANO, male. Eloquent and clever, but sensitive about his large nose.

ROXANE, female. Beautiful, but self-involved.

CHRISTIAN, male. Strong and handsome, but oafish.

## SETTING

A modern-day high school campus. In the center of the stage, there is a raised area that represents the second floor; a ladder would be perfect because the top only needs to be big enough for Roxane to sit upon during the "balcony scene." An alternative would be to stack blocks to create the upper level. Blocks may also be used to create seating and hiding places on the stage as a substitute for actual pieces of furniture and scenery. If space allows, handmade posters advertising the upcoming prom may be displayed.

## COSTUMES & MAKEUP

The costumes should be present-day high school clothing, but because this is a parody of a play set in 17<sup>th</sup>-century France, a dash of Renaissance style may be added for comic effect. Some fashion trends of that period include feathers, lace, sashes, folding fans, and tight curls. The only required costume is a hoodie for Christian. As for makeup, the most important element is, of course, Cyrano's prominent nose—exaggerate the length so it cannot be missed!

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*(A high school campus. ROXANE checks her phone for messages, then looks up in frustration.)*

**ROXANE:** Prom is but a month away,  
Yet I wait day after day,  
Sitting here immobile.  
Oh where, oh where, is my promposal?

*(She waits; then, perplexed:)*

Never have I felt such sadness.  
'Tis madness!

*(Roxane checks her messages again, as CHRISTIAN, who has been hiding out of sight, suddenly pops up.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** There she is. Roxane, so hot.  
I'd ask her to prom, but my tongue forms a knot.  
Oh, why must promposals demand so much thought?

*(Roxane looks up and Christian ducks back down.)*

Don't let me be caught!

**ROXANE:** Was that Christian?  
Why does he procrastinate  
When he can have me as a date?

*(Christian surreptitiously creeps off stage. CYRANO enters.)*

**CYRANO:** There she is. Roxane, so fair,  
Who leaves my heart in disrepair.  
To her I would like to propose  
If not for my enormous nose.

*(Roxane looks up and sees Cyrano.)*

**ROXANE:** Cyrano! I need to talk to you.

**CYRANO:** *(Aside:)* Did I correctly hear her plea  
That she wishes to speak to me?

**ROXANE:** Cyrano! Come quick. Make haste.

**CYRANO:** *(Snapping to attention:)* Forgive me. Out I must have

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spaced.

**ROXANE:** From most hurriedly approaches.

**CYRANO:** Does it?

**ROXANE:** Seriously? There are signs all over the freaking school.

**CYRANO:** Ah, yes.

**ROXANE:** And yet... I have yet to receive a promposal.

**CYRANO:** 'Tis madness!

**ROXANE:** Right?

**CYRANO:** (*Aside:*) Such fortune she has not been asked.  
Is there a chance for me at last?

(*To Roxane, displaying an envelope:*) Worry not, I have a letter –

**ROXANE:** A letter? Is it from Christian?

**CYRANO:** Christian?

(*Aside:*) 'Tis Christian by whom she is smitten,  
But these words by my own heart were written.

**ROXANE:** (*To Cyrano, about Christian:*) One look from him  
renders me weak.

He follows me as if to speak,  
Then runs off like a feral cat.  
What's up with that?

**CYRANO:** (*Aside:*) Methinks he swings a different bat.

**ROXANE:** (*Reaching for the letter:*) Perhaps he writes with  
erudition.

**CYRANO:** (*Aside:*) More like a flatulent emission.

**ROXANE:** May I please have my letter now?

**CYRANO:** (*To himself:*) I must be rid of it somehow.

(*He hides the letter.*)

**ROXANE:** Cyrano – my letter, please.

**CYRANO:** (*Pretending to look for it:*) It must have vanished in the breeze.

**ROXANE:** What breeze?

**CYRANO:** I do have quite a potent sneeze.

**ROXANE:** Eww.

**CYRANO:** There's not much I can do.

**ROXANE:** You can follow Christian where he went  
And for me find out his intent.  
Tell him I shan't wait much longer.

**CYRANO:** (*Resigned:*) Could this day go any wronger?

**ROXANE:** Ask him to come to me at once.

**CYRANO:** You are aware he is a dunce?

**ROXANE:** Nobody's perfect.  
Would you find out his locale?

**CYRANO:** If it pleases you, I shall.

**ROXANE:** You are a true friend.

*(Cyrano sadly watches Roxane exit.)*

**CYRANO:** A true friend?  
Rather I were stricken deaf  
Than hear her call me B-F-F.

*(Christian enters, carrying a handmade poster and crayons.)*

What have you there?

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Hiding the poster:*) It is nothing.

**CYRANO:** What are you hiding?

**CHRISTIAN:** Cyrano, must you be so nosy?

**CYRANO:** (*Motioning to his nose:*) I'm afraid I must.

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Giving in:*) It is a promposal for Roxane.  
I thought that it would be a snap,  
But everything I write is crap.

**CYRANO:** (*Aside:*) I'm not surprised. This oaf deprives some  
village of its idiot.

(*To Christian:*) Well, you're in luck.  
She prefers good looks  
Over readers of books.

**CHRISTIAN:** In this we think the same!  
Shallow is my middle name!

(*Christian sits and colors his poster.*)

**CYRANO:** (*Aside:*) Why would God bless this moron  
With such a grand physique,  
While I with advanced intellect  
Am cursed with this great beak?

(*Watching Christian:*) He is the bane of my existence,  
But for her I'll lend my assistance.

(*To Christian:*) Enough of this; come on; let's go  
And make something that doesn't blow.

**CHRISTIAN:** You would do that for me, bro?

(*Christian holds out his fist; Cyrano reluctantly bumps it.*)

**CYRANO:** For her.

**CHRISTIAN:** That's right. You two are good friends.

**CYRANO:** We are that. And that only.

**CHRISTIAN:** And now so are we.

**CYRANO:** (*With sarcasm:*) Yippee!

(*Christian chest-bumps Cyrano, sending him flying offstage. A crash can be heard. Roxane enters and sees Christian. She strides directly up to him.*)

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Nervously:*) Roxane!



**ROXANE:** Is there something you wish to say?

**CHRISTIAN:** Say? Uh...yeah...

**ROXANE:** I am waiting.

**CHRISTIAN:** Uh...so...um...

**ROXANE:** (*Squeezing his mouth:*) Unleash your words upon me!

*(Christian freezes, his mouth agape. Roxane exclaims and exits in a huff. Cyrano re-enters, brushing himself off.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** With Cyrano I must confer.

Dear friend, help me propose to her.

**CYRANO:** How can I if you're face-to-face?

(*Referring to his brain:*) I shall consult my knowledge base.

*(Cyrano strikes a thinker's pose. Roxane sits at the top of the stairs.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Seizing Cyrano's arm:*) Oh no! There she is! Kill me now.

**CYRANO:** Perhaps later. I have an idea.

(*Aside:*) Through Christian, I can at last express my love to her.

(*Pointing to the stairs:*) Take your place before the rung;

Beneath I'll prompt you with my tongue.

*(Cyrano pulls Christian's hood over his head and pushes him toward the stairs. Cyrano hides and signals Christian to begin.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** Roxane!

**ROXANE:** Who calls me?

**CHRISTIAN:** It is I! Christian!

**ROXANE:** (*With disdain:*) Oh, you.

**CHRISTIAN:** May I speak—

**ROXANE:** No, you speak stupidly!

*(Cyrano whispers to Christian, a few words at a time.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** *(Repeating awkwardly:)* How can I. Say no more.  
When it is you. I've fallen for?

**ROXANE:** Hmm... 'Tis a trifle better. A trifle!

*(Cyrano whispers to him again.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** *(Repeating:)* My aching heart. So fast. Is racing.  
Moved by. The beauty I. Am facing.

**ROXANE:** Better still. But why do your words falter so?

**CYRANO:** *(Whispering to Christian:)* Quick! Trade places with me.

*(Cyrano pulls Christian out of Roxane's sight.)*

Hand me your hooded cloak.

*(Christian removes his hoodie. Cyrano struggles to get it over his nose.)*

**ROXANE:** I am waiting...

**CYRANO:** *(Still struggling:)* One moment –

**ROXANE:** I'm coming down –

**CYRANO:** *(Hastily:)* No!

**ROXANE:** And why not?

**CYRANO:** Indulge me, my love, and I shall not disappoint. I feel as if I speak for the first time!

**ROXANE:** 'Tis true;  
Your voice rings with a tone that is new.

*(Cyrano takes Christian's place, concealing his face under the hood.)*

**CYRANO:** In darkness our hearts speak sincerely.

**ROXANE:** I swoon when you talk so Shakespere-ly.  
My heart fills with bliss...

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Whispering too loudly:*) Ask her for a kiss!

**ROXANE:** What's this?

**CYRANO:** (*To Christian:*) Get back to your abyss.  
You move too brisk.

**CHRISTIAN:** And you too slow.

**CYRANO:** Hush! Lie low!

**CHRISTIAN:** She wants me, bro.

**CYRANO:** Let it go.

**ROXANE:** Hello?

**CHRISTIAN:** Give me elbow room  
And allow me to resume  
Or prepare to meet thy doom!

*(The pair scuffle and fall into Roxane's view. She steps down to pull them apart.)*

**ROXANE:** Stop it, Christian! Stop this fight!  
*(To Cyrano, puzzled:)* Dear friend, what brings you here tonight?

**CYRANO:** I come to prove so that you know  
This one's as dumb as pastry dough.

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Defensively:*) Listen not...  
To this...croissant!

**CYRANO:** The words just now you heard. All come from my lips...

**ROXANE:** (*Puzzled:*) Christian? Does he speak the truth?

**CHRISTIAN:** Well...yeah... But now you can make the choice of brains... (*Flexing his muscles:*) ...or brawn.

**ROXANE:** I shall make no such choice. Alone you both leave me wanting.

**CYRANO:** So you choose neither?

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**ROXANE:** No. I choose...both.

**CYRANO & CHRISTIAN:** Both?

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