

Scene 4

(*Églé is alone for a moment. Azor appears opposite her.*)

ÉGLÉ: (*continues, considering her face*) I'll never grow tired of myself. (*and then, noticing Azor, in terror*) What's that? Is she a person, like me? Don't move! (*Azor holds out his hands admiringly and smiles; Églé continues*) The person is laughing, as if she admires me. (*Azor takes a step*) Stop! Though I do like the way she looks at me. . . . Do you know how to speak?

AZOR: The pleasure of seeing you has robbed me of words.

ÉGLÉ: (*happily*) The person can hear me, she answers me, and so nicely!

AZOR: You are ravishing!

ÉGLÉ: Oh good.

AZOR: You are enchanting!

ÉGLÉ: I like you too.

AZOR: Then why do you forbid me to come nearer?

ÉGLÉ: I don't really forbid you any more.

AZOR: Then I'll step closer.

ÉGLÉ: I'd like that. (*Azor comes closer*) Wait . . . I'm so nervous. . . .

AZOR: I obey, because I'm yours.

ÉGLÉ: She obeys! Then come over here so you can be mine closer. (*Azor comes*) Look at her! Isn't she lovely? No really, you're just as pretty as me.

AZOR: I'm dying of joy to be beside you, I give myself to you, I don't know what I'm feeling, I don't know how to say it.

ÉGLÉ: Me too.

AZOR: I'm happy, I'm flustered.

ÉGLÉ: I'm sighing.

AZOR: No matter how close I get, I can't see enough of you.

ÉGLÉ: I was thinking the same thing, but there's no way we could see more of each other. We're already here.

AZOR: My heart desires your hands.

ÉGLÉ: Take them—my heart gives them to you. Are you happier?

AZOR: Yes, but no calmer.

ÉGLÉ: Nor me. We're completely the same!