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Cyrano de Bergerac: an heroic



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© By Mary Dale Clarke

WALTER HAMPDEN  
*As Cyrano de Bergerac*



EDMOND ROSTAND

---

**CYRANO DE BERGERAC**

AN HEROIC COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

A NEW VERSION IN ENGLISH VERSE BY  
BRIAN HOOKER

PREPARED FOR  
WALTER HAMPDEN

WITH A PREFATORY GESTURE BY  
CLAYTON HAMILTON



NEW YORK  
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY  
1927

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*It was to the soul of CYRANO that  
I intended to dedicate this poem.*

*But since that soul has been reborn  
in you, COQUELIN, it is to you that I  
dedicate it.*

*E. R.*



## THE PERSONS

CYRANO DE BERGERAC	<i>The Porter</i>
CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE	<i>A Citizen</i>
COMTE DE GUICHE	<i>His Son</i>
RAGUENEAU	<i>A Cut-Purse</i>
LE BRET	<i>A Spectator</i>
CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX	<i>A Sentry</i>
<i>The Cadets</i>	<i>Bertrandou the Fifer</i>
LIGNIÈRE	<i>A Capuchin</i>
VICOMTE DE VALVERT	<i>Two Musicians</i>
A MARQUIS	<i>The Poets</i>
<i>Second Marquis</i>	<i>The Pastrycooks</i>
<i>Third Marquis</i>	<i>The Pages</i>
<i>Montfleury</i>	ROXANE
<i>Bellerose</i>	HER DUENNA
<i>Jodelet</i>	LISE
CUIGY	THE ORANGE-GIRL
BRISSAILLE	MOTHER MARGUÉRITE DE JÉSUS
<i>A Meddler</i>	SISTER MARTHE
<i>A Musketeer</i>	SISTER CLAIRE
<i>Another Musketeer</i>	<i>An Actress</i>
<i>A Spanish Officer</i>	<i>A Soubrette</i>
<i>A Cavalier</i>	<i>The Flower-Girl</i>

The Crowd, Citizens, Marquis, Musketeers, Thieves, Pastrycooks, Poets, Cadets of Gascoyne, Actors, Violins, Pages, Children, Spanish Soldiers, Spectators, Intellectuals, Academicians, Nuns, etc.

(The first four Acts in 1640; the fifth in 1655.)

**FIRST ACT:** A Performance at the Hotel de Bourgogne.

**SECOND ACT:** The Bakery of the Poets.

**THIRD ACT:** Roxane's Kiss.

**FOURTH ACT:** The Cadets of Gascoyne.

**FIFTH ACT:** Cyrano's Gazette.

## PREFACE

“VOICI LES CADETS DE GASCOGNE!” . . .

(*A Prefatory Gesture*)

Many years ago, the late Augustin Daly made a brief revival in New York of *Love's Labor's Lost*, the earliest and in most respects the poorest of the plays of Shakespeare. There had been no public demand for the piece; there was no popular approval of the presentation: but, when a friend asked Mr. Daly why he had spent his money in such an undertaking, the manager replied, “My brother, the Judge, had never seen the play and asked me for an opportunity to have a look at it.”

I had this anecdote in mind when, after enduring two decades of unremitted theatre-going made dreary by the absence from our stage of the most intoxicating play of modern times, I asked Walter Hampden to let me have another look at *Cyrano de Bergerac*. This request called for the raising of many thousands of dollars, the renting of a theatre in New York, the selection and long training of a company educated to speak verse and skilled in the rendition of romantic drama, the preparation of an elaborate production, and the study and composition of one of the most exacting parts in the entire history of the stage; but I had an altruistic argument to support an appeal that had been, in the first place, merely personal. “*Cyrano*,” I said, “has not been shown in New York for nearly a quarter of a century, except at one or two negligible matinées. This means, though it is hard for us to realize the fact, that all our theatre-goers under thirty years of age have been robbed of an experience that we ourselves

remember as one of the most tingling of our 'teens. I want to see *Cyrano* again; but I am thinking also of the thousands of younger people who have never seen it at all. Won't you give them a chance?"

Not wishing me to carry my grey hairs in sorrow to an early grave, Mr. Hampden generously said, "I'll do the play for you if you will find me a translation. I have never read one." "Neither have I," I answered; for both of us had been bilingual since boyhood and our enthusiasm for Rostand had been derived entirely from our early habit of chanting his bravura passages in the French original. But if Mr. Hampden was not to be daunted by the difficulties of production, I was not to be put off by the problem of an English text. "Study the part in French," I said, "and ask Claude Bragdon to design the scenery. Meanwhile, I'll get you a translation."

After a visit to a bookstore, I read, for the first time in my life, half a dozen translations into English of *Cyrano de Bergerac*; and I hope that I shall never again experience so miserable a sense of disillusionment. One or two of them were so bad that they were not worth the paper they had been printed on. Two were more than tolerable; but, though fairly faithful to the letter of the French original, they seemed to me to miss entirely its spirit. The zest, the fire, the spontaneity, the brilliancy, the lyric rapture of Rostand were lacking. I felt as annoyed as a musician condemned to listen to the murder of a composition of Mozart's by a child at the piano, continually striking sharp or flat; and, by no effort of my inward ear, could I imagine Mr. Hampden, accustomed as he was to the lines of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, speaking such pedestrian and uninspired English in a poetic part that had been written by Rostand for the incomparable voice of Coquelin.

But if Walter Hampden was willing to let me have a look at the play, it seemed only fair for me to ask



another of my friends to make a translation which Mr. Hampden should be able to speak and I should be able to read. I went to Brian Hooker. I asked him abruptly if he had ever read a translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*; and, on receiving the expected negative response, I assured him that his estate was the more gracious. I then informed him that it was his duty to drop whatever he was doing, retire to the country for a couple of months, and translate *Cyrano* for Walter Hampden. Thus, in this practical age, are poets pestered by their friends.

Since that is the way in which this new version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* happened to be undertaken, the translator and the actor-manager have asked me to introduce the text to the reading public with a prefatory gesture. I am happy indeed to do so; for whatever may be the fate of the revival with the theatre-going public [this preface being written necessarily in advance of the event] I know already that Brian Hooker has succeeded in a literary task of extraordinary difficulty, that he has written a text which is both speakable and readable, and that he has made the vivid spirit of Edmond Rostand accessible, for the first time in a quarter of a century, to English-reading lovers of *belles-lettres* who are not able to read French.

Mr. Hooker has asked me to explain the principles he had in mind in undertaking this new version. In the first place, since he was making it directly for production on the stage and only incidentally for publication, he wrote it by the ear and for the ear. While preserving the metres and the rhyme-schemes of the incidental lyrics, he chose blank verse as the medium for the dialogue, because, of course, the Alexandrine couplet would have sounded too outlandish to our theatre-going public. His verse is brisk, succinct, and crystal clear: it is easy for the actors to speak, and it is easy for the audience to understand without a

moment's hesitance. It was far from Mr. Hooker's purpose to write a literal translation,—the sort of rendering which, plodding faithfully from word to word, might be used as a "trot" by high-school students cramming for an examination in the French original. Not a line has been omitted from Rostand's text, and not a line has been added to it. It is not to be thought for a moment that either Mr. Hooker or Mr. Hampden would have presumed to alter the play in any detail, even though such sacrilege has often been committed under the *camouflage* of "adaptation"; but, in rendering many lines and speeches, the American poet has paraphrased the French original, instead of translating it *verbatim*. He has allowed himself this liberty in order to convey more clearly to Mr. Hampden's audience the theatrical thrust or the poetical point intended by Rostand. For instance, in the Ballade of the Duel, there is a line which reads, in the original, "*Elégant comme Céladon*"; but, knowing that nobody in an American audience could be expected to have heard of Céladon, Mr. Hooker has substituted an allusion to Sir Launcelot, a hero whom Cyrano himself might have mentioned just as naturally as a symbol of the chivalrous and courtly. Only to pedants who know nothing of the necessities of the theatre will such a process seem unscholarly; but there may be, in our universities, a few undramatic critics for whom it will be necessary to explain that Mr. Hampden, while fighting a duel and improvising a ballade, cannot pause to step down to the footlights and issue a literary footnote to the audience. And those members of the American audience who are scholarly enough to recognize, in Cyrano's bravura speech about his nose, a delightful phrase from Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, will know that this has been substituted for a French quotation which was equally familiar to the Parisian audience. On the one hand, it is not unlikely that the

actual *Cyrano*, who was both a playwright and a scholar, was familiar with Marlowe's address to Helen; and, on the other hand, the American auditor would have received no kick from a literal translation of the French quotation used in the original.

To sum the matter up, Mr. Hooker was commissioned, not to write a text-book or a "trot," but to write a play and a poem. His thought, like that of Rostand before him, was always of the theatre, always of the actor, always of the audience; and that, I believe, is the reason why the English text has turned alive under his hands and kindled itself into a veritable poem. It conveys from one language to another the briskness, the brilliance, the eloquence, the spontaneity, the rapture of the original. To me it affords a pleasure that, until this year, I had never hoped to experience,—the pleasure of reading an English version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which could really remind me of the keen delight with which I first read the French original a quarter of a century ago.

Since I have had no part in this undertaking, except to persuade one of my friends to revive the play and another of my friends to translate the text, I might—were I so minded—say, with *Cyrano*,—

*"Pendant que je restais en bas, dans l'ombre noire,  
D'autres montaient cueillir le baiser de la gloire!"*

But the only "kiss of glory" that any of the three of us desires is the hope of suggesting to a new generation of American play-goers and American readers a little of that rapture which we ourselves, now men of forty, derived from seeing and from reading *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the brave days of Richard Mansfield and Constant Coquelin, when we were in our 'teens.

Lucky were the lads who were growing up to manhood when *Cyrano* was written; for those were brave

days indeed and the world was not yet out of joint. It was the time of the Spanish-American War, a knightly contest for a noble cause, in which we were fighting against gentlemen, not Germans; and the customs of mankind had not become so sullied as to make a chivalrous gesture seem, in that quaint phrase of Sir Thomas Browne's, "a vanity out of date and superannuated piece of folly." The year was all a-kinde with great gestures. An American officer, self-reliant and alone, attained immortal anonymity by carrying his message to Garcia. Dewey, in the early morning, steamed past anchored mines into the harbor of Manila, curved away from the Spanish fleet in order to give his seamen time for breakfast, circled back again, and with the quiet phrase, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," raised the United States from a provincial nation to one of the great powers of the world. Hobson made his gallant attempt to bottle up the hostile fleet at Santiago; and when, subsequently, the Spanish ships escaped and were beached and shattered in a running fight, our seamen cried, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying," and rushed to the rescue of the enemies they had disarmed. There is only one word for occurrences like that. It is the word of Cyrano,—"*Quel geste!*"

It was in those stirring days that *Cyrano de Bergerac* was first produced in Paris, at the *Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin*, on the night of December 28, 1897, and swiftly took the theatre of the world by storm. No other play in history, before or since, has ever attained a popular success so instantaneous and so enormous. Though I was only sixteen years old at the time, I can still remember clearly the noise of that first news—heard all around the rolling globe—that a young Frenchman, only twenty-nine years of age, whose name, outside of Paris, nobody had ever

heard before, had written the most entrancing and contagious play that had ever yet been shown at any time on any stage.

In one of my books, I have mentioned what this meant to me; and, since my own experience must tally with that of many other people who are not too young to remember nor so old as to forget, it may not be inappropriate to repeat it in this place. While travelers returning overseas whetted our appetite with ecstatic accounts of *Cyrano*, we who waited in America were stimulated to a feverish excitement. I put in an order at Brentano's for the text and bothered the bookstore for days and days and weeks and weeks until the first copies came to us across the ocean. I remember vaguely that there was a rather long delay, due doubtless to some accident of printing; and I can recollect my consequent delight at securing one of the first copies that were delivered in this country.

In those days, there was a shabby little nook in Sixth Avenue—on the east side, just south of Twenty-Eighth Street—that was known as the Café de Bordeaux. It was a dingy place, frequented by impoverished Frenchmen who played backgammon on decaying boards or ancient gambling games with dirty decks of cards. Thither—at that moment, a quarter of a century ago—I made my way, with my virgin copy of *Cyrano de Bergerac* protruding from my pocket. I was set upon at once, and made to open up the book, and forced to read aloud what every one was waiting for:—

*Je jette avec grâce mon feutre,  
Je fais lentement l'abandon  
Du grand manteau qui me calfeutre,  
Et je tire mon espadon . . .*

In a moment or two the games of backgammon ceased and the whispering of falling cards was

quenched in silence. I was soon enthroned upon a table and reading—in my rhetorical schoolboyish manner—the sonorous series of triolets beginning:—

*Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne,  
De Carbon de Castel-Jaloux! . . .*

At the end of the first stanza, that helter-skelter company of Frenchmen far from home broke spontaneously into cheers. I enjoyed my first and only triumph as an actor. That day within that place men played no more. . . .

Thereafter, evening after evening, Walter Hampden and I used to squander the after-midnight gas, reading and rereading the magic text of this entrancing play; and it is pleasant now to think that innumerable other boys whom we have never met were rendered sleepless at the same time by the same romantic stimulus. We were not critical in those days. We did not bother to compare Rostand with Shakespeare or Euripides or Molière. We knew only that his heroic comedy was thrillingly theatrical and that his verse was dazzling and exquisitely lyrical. That was enough for us; and that, I believe, will be enough for the younger people of the present generation when they are brought face to face with *Cyrano*.

When the news of the incomparable success of the new piece at the *Porte Saint-Martin* had been authenticated, Richard Mansfield, the foremost American actor of the time, closed his season, slipped quietly across the ocean, and sat night after night watching from the front the performance of Constant Coquelin. Mansfield was the first actor that I saw in the part. I attended his opening at the Garden Theatre in New York, on October 3, 1898, and saw him subsequently several times during the course of that season and the next. Coquelin I did not see until the autumn of 1900, when he appeared in New York, at the same Garden

Theatre, with Sarah Bernhardt as Roxane; but I made up for my delay by attending every performance in the first week of the engagement.

I am able to testify that Mansfield's *Cyrano* was not, by any means, an imitation of Coquelin's. It was, indeed, deliberately different; and, in many technical respects, it was more obviously meritorious. Mansfield's performance was more clever, more ingenious, more astonishing. But despite the cleverness of Mansfield, I preferred the performance of Coquelin. I am sure, now, that Coquelin was greater, for the simple reason that I find it more difficult, after more than twenty years, to remember what Coquelin did at any questionable moment than to remember what Mansfield did. Mansfield *acted* the part admirably; but Coquelin walked on, and *was* Cyrano, and that was the only fact to be regarded.

We cannot call back Coquelin and Mansfield and Rostand from their graves; but this gallant play is still as thrillingly alive as it was in 1898. Rostand was like Shakespeare in one respect at least; for he wrote "not of an age but for all time." It is only the realists, who write about contemporary manners and contemporary morals, who grow speedily old-fashioned: the romantics, who escape from their own period, remain forever young and ever new. And it does seem to be a great pity that, because of the faulty organization of our theatre, such a play as *Cyrano de Bergerac* should be banished from our stage for decades at a time. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hampden will keep this piece in his repertory for many years to come. Meanwhile, his revival of *Cyrano* has at least inspired Mr. Hooker to write an English version which all lovers of *belles-lettres* will accept with gratitude.

CLAYTON HAMILTON

NEW YORK CITY: OCTOBER, 1923.





**THE FIRST ACT**

**A PERFORMANCE AT THE HÔTEL DE  
BOURGOGNE**



# CYRANO DE BERGERAC

THE HALL OF THE HOTEL DE BOURGOGNE in 1640. A sort of Tennis Court, arranged and decorated for Theatrical productions.

*The Hall is a long rectangle; we see it diagonally, in such a way that one side of it forms the back scene, which begins at the First Entrance on the Right and runs up to the Last Entrance on the Left, where it makes a right angle with the Stage which is seen obliquely.*

*This Stage is provided on either hand with benches placed along the wings. The curtain is formed by two lengths of Tapestry which can be drawn apart. Above a Harlequin cloak, the Royal Arms. Broad steps lead from the Stage down to the floor of the Hall. On either side of these steps, a place for the Musicians. A row of candles serving as footlights. Two tiers of Galleries along the side of the Hall; the upper one divided into boxes.*

*There are no seats upon the Floor, which is the actual stage of our theatre; but toward the back of the Hall, on the right, a few benches are arranged; and underneath a stairway on the extreme right, which leads up to the galleries, and of which only the lower portion is visible, there is a sort of Sideboard, decorated with little tapers, vases of flowers, bottles and glasses, plates of cake, et cetera.*

*Farther along, toward the centre of our stage is the Entrance to the Hall: a great double door which opens only slightly to admit the Audience. On one of the panels of this door, as also in other places about the Hall, and in particular just over the Sideboard, are Playbills in red, upon which we may read the title LA CLORISE.*

*As the CURTAIN RISES, the Hall is dimly lighted and still empty. The Chandeliers are lowered to the floor, in the middle of the Hall, ready for lighting.*

*(Sound of voices outside the door. Then a Cavalier enters abruptly.)*

THE PORTER

*(Follows him)*

Halloa there!—Fifteen sols!

THE CAVALIER

I enter free.

THE PORTER

Why?

THE CAVALIER

Soldier of the Household of the King!

THE PORTER

*(Turns to another Cavalier who has just entered)*

You?

SECOND CAVALIER

I pay nothing.

THE PORTER

Why not?

SECOND CAVALIER

Musketeer!

FIRST CAVALIER

*(To the Second)*

The play begins at two. Plenty of time—

And here's the whole floor empty. Shall we try

Our exercise?

*(They fence with the foils which they have brought)*

A LACKEY

*(Enters)*

—Pst! . . . Flanquin! . . .

ANOTHER

*(Already on stage)*

What, Champagne?

FIRST LACKEY

*(Showing games which he takes out of his doublet)*

Cards. Dice. Come on.

*(Sits on the floor)*

SECOND LACKEY

*(Same action)*

Come on, old cock!

FIRST LACKEY

*(Takes from his pocket a bit of candle, lights it, sets it on the floor)*

I have stolen

A little of my master's fire.

A GUARDSMAN

*(To a flower girl who comes forward)*

How sweet

Of you, to come before they light the hall!

*(Puts his arm around her)*

FIRST CAVALIER

*(Receives a thrust of the foil)*

A hit!

SECOND LACKEY

A club!

THE GUARDSMAN

*(Pursuing the girl)*

A kiss!

THE FLOWER GIRL

*(Pushing away from him)*

They'll see us!—

THE GUARDSMAN

*(Draws her into a dark corner)*

No danger!

A MAN

*(Sits on the floor, together with several others who have brought packages of food)*

When we come early, we have time to eat.

A CITIZEN

*(Escorting his son, a boy of sixteen)*

Sit here, my son.

FIRST LACKEY

Mark the Ace!

ANOTHER MAN

*(Draws a bottle from under his cloak and sits down with the others)*

Here's the spot

For a jolly old sot to suck his Burgundy—

*(Drinks)*

Here—in the house of the Burgundians!

THE CITIZEN

*(To his son)*

Would you not think you were in some den of vice?

*(Points with his cane at the drunkard)*

Drunkards—

*(In stepping back, one of the cavaliers trips him up)*

Bullies!—

*(He falls between the lackeys)*

Gamblers!—

THE GUARDSMAN

*(Behind him as he rises, still struggling with the Flower Girl)*

One kiss—

THE CITIZEN

Good God!—

*(Draws his son quickly away)*

Here!—And to think, my son, that in this hall

They play Rotrou!

THE BOY

Yes father—and Corneille!

THE PAGES

*(Dance in, holding hands and singing:)**Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-lère . . .*

THE PORTER

You pages there—no nonsense!

FIRST PAGE

*(With wounded dignity)*

Oh, monsieur!

Really! How could you?

*(To the Second, the moment the Porter turns his back)*

Pst!—a bit of string?

SECOND PAGE

*(Shows fishline with hook)*

Yes—and a hook.

FIRST PAGE

Up in the gallery,

And fish for wigs!

A CUT-PURSE

*(Gathers around him several evil-looking young fellows)*

Now then, you picaroons,  
Perk up, and hear me mutter. Here's your bout—  
Bustle around some cull, and bite his bung . . .

SECOND PAGE

*(Calls to other pages already in the gallery)*

Hey! Brought your pea-shooters?

THIRD PAGE

*(From above)*

And our peas, too!

*(Blows, and showers them with peas)*

THE BOY

What is the play this afternoon?

THE CITIZEN

*Clorise.*

THE BOY

Who wrote that?

THE CITIZEN

Balthasar Baro. What a play! . . .

*(He takes The Boy's arm and leads him up-stage)*

THE CUT-PURSE

*(To his pupils)*

Lace now, on those long sleeves, you cut it off—

*(Gesture with thumb and finger, as if using scissors)*

A SPECTATOR

*(To another, pointing upward toward the gallery)*

Ah, *Le Cid!*—Yes, the first night, I sat there—

THE CUT-PURSE

Watches—

*(Gesture as of picking a pocket)*

THE CITIZEN

*(Coming down with his son)*

Great actors we shall see to-day—

THE CUT-PURSE

Handkerchiefs—

*(Gesture of holding the pocket with left hand, and drawing out handkerchief with right)*

THE CITIZEN

Montfleury—

A VOICE

*(In the gallery)*

Lights! Light the lights!

THE CITIZEN

Bellerose, l'Épy, Beaupré, Jodelet—

A PAGE

*(On the floor)*

Here comes the orange-girl.

THE ORANGE GIRL

Oranges, milk,

Raspberry syrup, lemonade—

*(Noise at the door)*



A FALSETTO VOICE

*(Outside)*

Make way,

Brutes!

FIRST LACKEY

What, the Marquis—on the floor?  
*(The Marquis enter in a little group.)*

SECOND LACKEY

Not long—

Only a few moments; they'll go and sit  
 On the stage presently.

FIRST MARQUIS

*(Seeing the hall half empty)*

How now! We enter

Like tradespeople—no crowding, no disturbance!—

No treading on the toes of citizens?

Oh fie! Oh fie!

*(He encounters two gentlemen who have already arrived)*

Cuigy! Brissaille!

*(Great embracings)*

CUIGY

The faithful!

*(Looks around him.)*

We are here before the candles.

FIRST MARQUIS

Ah, be still!

You put me in a temper.

SECOND MARQUIS

Console yourself,

Marquis—The lamplighter!

THE CROWD

*(Applauding the appearance of the lamplighter)*

Ah! . . .

*(A group gathers around the chandelier while he lights it. A few people have already taken their place in the gallery. LIGNIÈRE*

*enters the hall, arm in arm with CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE. LIGNIÈRE is a slightly disheveled figure, dissipated and yet distinguished looking. CHRISTIAN, elegantly but rather unfashionably dressed, appears preoccupied and keeps looking up at the boxes.)*

CUIGY

Lignière!—

BRISSAILLE

*(Laughing)*

Still sober—at this hour?

LIGNIÈRE

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

May I present you?

*(CHRISTIAN assents.)*

Baron Christian de Neuville.

*(They salute.)*

THE CROWD

*(Applauding as the lighted chandelier is hoisted into place)*

Ah!—

CUIGY

*(Aside to BRISSAILLE, looking at CHRISTIAN)*

Rather

A fine head, is it not? The profile . . .

FIRST MARQUIS

*(Who has overheard)*

Peuh!

LIGNIÈRE

*(Presenting them to CHRISTIAN)*

Messieurs de Cuigy . . . de Brissaille . . .

CHRISTIAN

*(Bows)*

Enchanted!

FIRST MARQUIS

*(To the second)*

He is not ill-looking; possibly a shade

Behind the fashion.

LIGNIÈRE

(*To CUIGY*)

Monsieur is recently

From the Touraine.

CHRISTIAN

Yes, I have been in Paris  
Two or three weeks only. I join the Guards  
To-morrow.

FIRST MARQUIS

(*Watching the people who come into the boxes*)

Look—Madame la Présidente

Aubry!

THE ORANGE-GIRL

Oranges, milk—

THE VIOLINS

(*Tuning up*)

La . . . la . . .

CUIGY

(*To CHRISTIAN, calling his attention to the in-  
creasing crowd*)

We have

An audience to-day!

CHRISTIAN

A brilliant one.

FIRST MARQUIS

Oh yes, all our own people—the gay world!

(*They name the ladies who enter the boxes  
elaborately dressed. Bows and smiles are  
exchanged.*)

SECOND MARQUIS

Madame de Guéméné . . .

CUIGY

De Bois-Dauphin . . .

FIRST MARQUIS

Whom we adore—

BRISSAILLE

Madame de Chavigny . . .

SECOND MARQUIS

Who plays with all our hearts—

LIGNIÈRE

Why, there's Corneille  
Returned from Rouen!

THE BOY

*(To his father)*

Are the Academy

All here?

THE CITIZEN

I see some of them . . . there's Boutu—  
Boissat—Cureau—Porchères—Colomby—  
Bourzeys—Bourdon—Arbaut—

Ah, those great names,  
Never to be forgotten!

FIRST MARQUIS

Look—at last!

Our Intellectuals! Barthénoide,  
Urimédonte, Félixérje . . .

SECOND MARQUIS

*(Languishing)*

Sweet heaven!  
How exquisite their surnames are! Marquis,  
You know them all?

FIRST MARQUIS

I know them all, Marquis!

LIGNIÈRE

*(Draws CHRISTIAN aside)*

My dear boy, I came here to serve you— Well,  
Eut where's the lady? I'll be going.

CHRISTIAN

Not yet—

A little longer! She is always here.  
Please! I must find some way of meeting her.  
I am dying of love! And you—you know

Everyone, the whole court and the whole town,  
And put them all into your songs—at least  
You can tell me her name!

THE FIRST VIOLIN

*(Raps on his desk with his bow)*

Pst— Gentlemen!

*(Raises his bow)*

THE ORANGE-GIRL

Maccaroons, lemonade—

CHRISTIAN

Then she may be  
One of those æsthetes . . . Intellectuals,  
You call them— How can I talk to a woman  
In that style? I have no wit. This fine manner  
Of speaking and of writing nowadays—  
Not for me! I am a soldier—and afraid.  
That's her box, on the right—the empty one.

LIGNIÈRE

*(Starts for the door)*

I am going.

CHRISTIAN

*(Restrains him)*

No—wait!

LIGNIÈRE

Not I. There's a tavern  
Not far away—and I am dying of thirst.

THE ORANGE-GIRL

*(Passes with her tray)*

Orange juice?

LIGNIÈRE

No!

THE ORANGE-GIRL

Milk?

LIGNIÈRE

Pouah!

THE ORANGE-GIRL

Muscatel?

LIGNIÈRE

Here! Stop!

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

I'll stay a little.

*(To the Girl)*

Let me see

Your Muscatel.

*(He sits down by the sideboard. The Girl pours out wine for him.)*

VOICES

*(In the crowd about the door, upon the entrance of a spruce little man, rather fat, with a beaming smile)*

Ragueneau!

LIGNIÈRE

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

Ragueneau,

Poet and pastry-cook—a character!

RAGUENEAU

*(Dressed like a confectioner in his Sunday clothes, advances quickly to LIGNIÈRE)*

Sir, have you seen Monsieur de Cyrano?

LIGNIÈRE

*(Presents him to CHRISTIAN)*

Permit me . . . Ragueneau, confectioner,

The chief support of modern poetry.

RAGUENEAU

*(Bridling)*

Oh—too much honor!

LIGNIÈRE

Patron of the Arts—

Mæcnas! Yes, you are—

RAGUENEAU

Undoubtedly,

The poets gather round my hearth.

LIGNIÈRE

On credit—

Himself a poet—

RAGUENEAU  
So they say—  
LIGNIÈRE

Maintains

The Muses.

RAGUENEAU  
It is true that for an ode—  
LIGNIÈRE

You give a tart—

RAGUENEAU  
A tartlet—  
LIGNIÈRE

Modesty!

And for a triolet you give—

RAGUENEAU  
Plain bread.  
LIGNIÈRE

*(Severely)*

Bread and milk! And you love the theatre?

RAGUENEAU

I adore it!

LIGNIÈRE

Well, pastry pays for all.

Your place to-day now—Come, between ourselves,  
What did it cost you?

RAGUENEAU

Four pies; fourteen cakes.

*(Looking about)*

But— Cyrano not here? Astonishing!

LIGNIÈRE

Why so?

RAGUENEAU

Why— Montfleury plays!

LIGNIÈRE

Yes, I hear

That hippopotamus assumes the rôle

Of Phédon. What is that to Cyrano?

RAGUENEAU

Have you not heard? Monsieur de Bergerac  
So hates Montfleury, he has forbidden him  
For three weeks to appear upon the stage.

LIGNIÈRE

*(Who is, by this time, at his fourth glass)*

Well?

RAGUENEAU

Montfleury plays!—

CUIGY

*(Strolls over to them)*

Yes—what then?

RAGUENEAU

Ah! That

Is what I came to see.

FIRST MARQUIS

This Cyrano—

Who is he?

CUIGY

Oh, he is the lad with the long sword.

SECOND MARQUIS

Noble?

CUIGY

Sufficiently; he is in the Guards.

*(Points to a gentleman who comes and goes  
about the hall as though seeking for some-  
one)*

His friend Le Bret can tell you more.

*(Calls to him)*

Le Bret!

*(LE BRET comes down to them)*

Looking for Bergerac?

LE BRET

Yes. And for trouble.

CUIGY

Is he not an extraordinary man?



LE BRET

The best friend and the bravest soul alive!

RAGUENEAU

Poet—

CUIGY

Swordsman—

LE BRET

Musician—

BRISSAILLE

Philosopher—

LIGNIÈRE

Such a remarkable appearance, too!

RAGUENEAU

Truly, I should not look to find his portrait  
 By the grave hand of Philippe de Champagne.  
 He might have been a model for Callot—  
 One of those wild swashbucklers in a masque—  
 Hat with three plumes, and doublet with six  
 points—

His cloak behind him over his long sword  
 Cocked, like the tail of strutting Chanticleer—  
 Prouder than all the swaggering Tamburlaines  
 Hatched out of Gascony. And to complete  
 This Punchinello figure—such a nose!—  
 My lords, there is no such nose as that nose—  
 You cannot look upon it without crying: “Oh no,  
 Impossible! Exaggerated!” Then  
 You smile, and say: “Of course— I might have  
 known;

Presently he will take it off.” But that  
 Monsieur de Bergerac will never do.

LIGNIÈRE

*(Grimly)*

He keeps it—and God help the man who smiles!

RAGUENEAU

His sword is one half of the shears of Fate!

FIRST MARQUIS

*(Shrugs)*

He will not come.

RAGUENEAU

Will he not? Sir, I'll lay you

A pullet à la Ragueneau!

FIRST MARQUIS

*(Laughing)*

Done!

*(Murmurs of admiration; ROXANE has just appeared in her box. She sits at the front of the box, and her Duenna takes a seat toward the rear. CHRISTIAN, busy paying the Orange Girl, does not see her at first.)*

SECOND MARQUIS

*(With little excited cries)*

Ah!

Oh! Oh! Sweet sirs, look yonder! Is she not  
Frightfully ravishing?

FIRST MARQUIS

Bloom of the peach—

Blush of the strawberry—

SECOND MARQUIS

So fresh—so cool,

That our hearts, grown all warm with loving her,  
May catch their death of cold!

CHRISTIAN

*(Looks up, sees ROXANE, and seizes LIGNIÈRE  
by the arm.)*

There! Quick—up there—

In the box! Look!—

LIGNIÈRE

*(Coolly)*

Herself?

CHRISTIAN

Quickly— Her name?

LIGNIÈRE

*(Sipping his wine, and speaking between sips)*

Magdeleine Robin, called Roxane . . . refined . . .  
Intellectual . . .

CHRISTIAN

Ah!—

LIGNIÈRE

Unmarried . . .

CHRISTIAN

Oh!—

LIGNIÈRE

No title . . . rich enough . . . an orphan . . .  
cousin

To Cyrano . . . of whom we spoke just now . . .

*(At this point, a very distinguished looking  
gentleman, the Cordon Bleu around his  
neck, enters the box, and stands a moment  
talking with ROXANE.)*

CHRISTIAN

*(Starts)*

And the man? . . .

LIGNIÈRE

*(Beginning to feel his wine a little; cocks his  
eye at them.)*

Oho! That man? . . . Comte de Guiche . . .

In love with her . . . married himself, however,

To the niece of the Cardinal—Richelieu . . .

Wishes Roxane, therefore, to marry one

Monsieur de Valvert . . . Vicomte . . . friend of  
his . . .

A somewhat melancholy gentleman . . .

But . . . well, accommodating! . . . She says No . . .

Nevertheless, de Guiche is powerful . . .

Not above persecuting . . .

*(He rises, swaying a little, and very happy.)*

I have written

A little song about his little game . . .  
 Good little song, too . . . Here, I'll sing it for you. . .  
 Make de Guiche furious . . . naughty little song . . .  
 Not so bad, either— Listen! . . .

*(He stands with his glass held aloft, ready to sing.)*

CHRISTIAN

No. Adieu.

LIGNIÈRE

Whither away?

CHRISTIAN

To Monsieur de Valvert!

LIGNIÈRE

Careful! The man's a swordsman . . .

*(Nods toward ROXANE, who is watching CHRISTIAN.)*

Wait! Someone

Looking at you—

CHRISTIAN

Roxane! . . .

*(He forgets everything, and stands spellbound, gazing toward ROXANE. The Cut-Purse and his crew, observing him transfixed, his eyes raised and his mouth half open, begin edging in his direction.)*

LIGNIÈRE

Oh! Very well,

Then I'll be leaving you . . . Good day . . . Good day! . . .

*(CHRISTIAN remains motionless.)*

Everywhere else, they like to hear me sing!—

Also, I am thirsty.

*(He goes out, navigating carefully. LE BRET, having made the circuit of the hall, returns to RAGUENEAU, somewhat reassured.)*

LE BRET

No sign anywhere

Of Cyrano!

RAGUENEAU

(*Incredulous*)

Wait and see!

LE BRET

Humph! I hope

He has not seen the bill.

THE CROWD

The play!—The play!—

FIRST MARQUIS

(*Observing DE GUICHE, as he descends from ROXANE'S box and crosses the floor, followed by a knot of obsequious gentlemen, the VICOMTE DE VALVERT among them.*)

This man de Guiche—what ostentation!

SECOND MARQUIS

Bah!—

Another Gascon!

FIRST MARQUIS

Gascon, yes—but cold

And calculating—certain to succeed—

My word for it. Come, shall we make our bow?

We shall be none the worse, I promise you . . .

(*They go toward DE GUICHE.*)

SECOND MARQUIS

Beautiful ribbons, Count! That color, now,  
What is it—*Kiss-me-Dear* or *Startled-Fawn*?

DE GUICHE

I call that shade *The Dying Spaniard*.

FIRST MARQUIS

Ha!

And no false colors either—thanks to you

And your brave troops, in Flanders before long

The Spaniard will die daily.

DE GUICHE

Shall we go

And sit upon the stage? Come Valvert.

CHRISTIAN

*(Starts at the name)*

Valvert!—

The Vicomte— Ah, that scoundrel! Quick—my  
glove—

I'll throw it in his face—

*(Reaching into his pocket for his glove, he  
catches the hand of the Cut-Purse)*

THE CUT-PURSE

Oh!—

CHRISTIAN

*(Holding fast to the man's wrist)*

Who are you?

I was looking for a glove—

THE CUT-PURSE

*(Cringing)*

You found a hand.

*(Hurriedly)*

Let me go—I can tell you something—

CHRISTIAN

*(Still holding him)*

Well?

THE CUT-PURSE

Lignière—that friend of yours—

CHRISTIAN

*(Same business)*

Well?

THE CUT-PURSE

Good as dead—

Understand? Ambuscaded. Wrote a song  
About—no matter. There's a hundred men  
Waiting for him to-night—I'm one of them.

CHRISTIAN

A hundred! Who arranged this?

THE CUT-PURSE

Secret.

CHRISTIAN

Oh!

## THE CUT-PURSE

*(With dignity)*

Professional secret.

CHRISTIAN

Where are they to be?

THE CUT-PURSE

Porte de Nesle. On his way home. Tell him so.  
Save his life.

CHRISTIAN

*(Releases the man)*

Yes, but where am I to find him?

THE CUT-PURSE

Go round the taverns. There's the Golden Grape,  
The Pineapple, The Bursting Belt, the Two  
Torches, The Three Funnels—in every one  
You leave a line of writing—understand?  
To warn him.

CHRISTIAN

*(Starts for the door)*I'll go! God, what swine—a hundred  
Against one man! . . .*(Stops and looks longingly at ROXANE)*

Leave her here!—

*(Savagely, turning toward VALVERT)*

And leave him!—

*(Decidedly)*

I must save Lignière!

*(Exit)**(DE GUICHE, VALVERT, and all the Marquis  
have disappeared through the curtains, to take  
their seats upon the stage. The floor is en-  
tirely filled; not a vacant seat remains in the  
gallery or in the boxes.)*

THE CROWD

The play! The play!

Begin the play!

A CITIZEN

*(As his wig is hoisted into the air on the end of a fishline, in the hands of a page in the gallery)*

My wig!!

CRIES OF JOY

He's bald! Bravo,

You pages! Ha ha ha!

THE CITIZEN

*(Furious, shakes his fist at the boy)*

Here, you young villain!

CRIES AND LAUGHTER

*(Beginning very loud, then suddenly repressed)*

HA HA! Ha Ha! ha ha. . . .

*(Complete silence)*

LE BRET

*(Surprised)*

That sudden hush? . . .

*(A Spectator whispers in his ear.)*

Yes?

THE SPECTATOR

I was told on good authority . . .

MURMURS

*(Here and there)*

What? . . . Here? . . . No . . . Yes . . . Look—in  
the latticed box—

The Cardinal! . . . The Cardinal! . . .

A PAGE

The Devil!—

Now we shall all have to behave ourselves!

*(Three raps on the stage. The audience becomes motionless. Silence)*

THE VOICE OF A MARQUIS

*(From the stage, behind the curtains)*

Snuff that candle!



ANOTHER MARQUIS

*(Puts his head out through the curtains.)*

A chair! . . .

*(A chair is passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd. He takes it, and disappears behind the curtains, not without having blown a few kisses to the occupants of the boxes.)*

A SPECTATOR

Silence!

VOICES

Hssh! . . . Hssh! . . .

*(Again the three raps on the stage. The curtains part. TABLEAU. The Marquis seated on their chairs to right and left of the stage, insolently posed. Back drop representing a pastoral scene, bluish in tone. Four little crystal chandeliers light up the stage. The violins play softly.)*

LE BRET

*(In a low tone, to RAGUENEAU)*

Montfleury enters now?

RAGUENEAU

*(Nods)*

Opens the play.

LE BRET

*(Much relieved)*

Then Cyrano is not here!

RAGUENEAU

I lose . . .

LE BRET

Humph!—

So much the better!

*(The melody of a Musette is heard. MONTFLEURY appears upon the scene, a ponderous figure in the costume of a rustic shepherd, a*

## CYRANO DE BERGERAC

*hat garlanded with roses tilted over one ear,  
playing upon a beribboned pastoral pipe)*

THE CROWD

(*Applauds*)

Montfleury! . . . Bravo! . . .

MONTFLEURY

(*After bowing to the applause, begins the rôle  
of Phédon*)

*"Thrice happy he who hides from pomp and power  
In sylvan shade or solitary bower;  
Where balmy zephyrs fan his burning cheeks—"*

A VOICE

(*From the midst of the hall*)

Wretch! Have I not forbade you these three weeks?  
(*Sensation. Every one turns to look. Mur-  
murs*)

SEVERAL VOICES

What? . . . Where? . . . Who is it? . . .

CUIGY

Cyrano!

LE BRET

(*In alarm*)

Himself!

THE VOICE

King of clowns! Leave the stage—at once!

THE CROWD

Oh!—

MONTFLEURY

Now,

Now, now—

THE VOICE

You disobey me?

SEVERAL VOICES

(*From the floor, from the boxes*)

Hsh! Go on—

Quiet!—Go on, Montfleury!—Who's afraid?—

MONTFLEURY

*(In a voice of no great assurance)**"Thrice happy he who hides from . . ."*

THE VOICE

*(More menacingly)*

Well? Well? Well? . . .

Monarch of mountebanks! Must I come and plant  
A forest on your shoulders?*(A cane at the end of a long arm shakes above  
the heads of the crowd.)*

MONTFLEURY

*(In a voice increasingly feeble)**"Thrice hap—"**(The cane is violently agitated.)*

THE VOICE

GO!!!

THE CROWD

Ahl . . .

CYRANO

*(Arises in the centre of the floor, erect upon a  
chair, his arms folded, his hat cocked fero-  
ciously, his moustache bristling, his nose ter-  
rible.)*

Presently I shall grow angry!

*(Sensation at his appearance)*

MONTFLEURY

*(To the Marquis)*

Messieurs,

If you protect me—

A MARQUIS

*(Nonchalantly)*

Well—proceed!

CYRANO

Fat swine!

If you dare breathe one balmy zephyr more,  
I'll fan your cheeks for you!

THE MARQUIS

Quiet down there!

CYRANO

Unless these gentlemen retain their seats,  
My cane may bite their ribbons!

ALL THE MARQUIS

(*On their feet*)

That will do!—

Montfleury—

CYRANO

Fly, goose! Shoo! Take to your wings,  
Before I pluck your plumes, and draw your gorge!

A VOICE

See here!—

CYRANO

Off stage!!

ANOTHER VOICE

One moment—

CYRANO

What—still there?

(*Turns back his cuffs deliberately.*)

Very good—then I enter—*Left—with knife—*  
To carve this large Italian sausage.

MONTFLEURY

(*Desperately attempting dignity*)

Sir,

When you insult me, you insult the Muse!

CYRANO

(*With great politeness*)

Sir, if the Muse, who never knew your name,  
Had the honor to meet you—then be sure  
That after one glance at that face of yours,  
That figure of a mortuary urn—  
She would apply her buskin—toward the rear!

THE CROWD

Montfleury! . . . Montfleury! . . . The play! The  
play!

CYRANO

*(To those who are shouting and crowding about him)*

Pray you, be gentle with my scabbard here—  
She'll put her tongue out at you presently!—  
*(The circle enlarges.)*

THE CROWD

*(Recoiling)*

Keep back—

CYRANO

*(To MONTFLEURY)*

Begone!

THE CROWD

*(Pushing in closer, and growling.)*

Ahr! . . . ahr! . . .

CYRANO

*(Turns upon them.)*

Did someone speak?

*(They recoil again.)*

A VOICE

*(In the back of the hall, sings.)*

*Monsieur de Cyrano*

*Must be another Caesar—*

*Let Brutus lay him low,*

*And play us La Clorise!*

ALL THE CROWD

*(Singing)*

*La Clorise! La Clorise!*

CYRANO

Let me hear one more word of that same song,  
And I destroy you all!

A CITIZEN

Who might you be?

Samson?—

CYRANO

Precisely. Would you kindly lend me  
Your jawbone?

A LADY

*(In one of the boxes)*

What an outrage!

A NOBLE

Scandalous!

A CITIZEN

Annoying!

A PAGE

What a game!

THE CROWD

Kss! Montfleury!

Cyrano!

CYRANO

Silence!

THE CROWD

*(Delirious)*

Woof! Woof! Baaa! Cockadoo!

CYRANO

I—

A PAGE

Meow!

CYRANO

I say be silent!—

*(His voice dominates the uproar. Momentary hush.)*

And I offer

One universal challenge to you all!

Approach, young heroes—I will take your names.

Each in his turn—no crowding! One, two, three—

Come, get your numbers—who will head the list—

You sir? No— You? Ah, no. To the first man

Who falls I'll build a monument! . . . Not one?

Will all who wish to die, please raise their  
hands? . . .

I see. You are so modest, you might blush

Before a sword naked. Sweet innocence! . . .  
 Not one name? Not one finger? . . . Very well,  
 Then I go on:

*(Turning back towards the stage, where MONT-  
 FLEURY waits in despair.)*

I'd have our theatre cured  
 Of this carbuncle. Or if not, why then—  
*(His hand on his sword hilt.)*

The lancet!

MONTFLEURY

I—

CYRANO

*(Descends from his chair, seats himself com-  
 fortably in the centre of the circle which has  
 formed around him, and makes himself quite  
 at home.)*

Attend to me—full moon!  
 I clap my hands, three times—thus. At the third  
 You will eclipse yourself.

THE CROWD

*(Amused)*

Ah!

CYRANO

Ready?. One.

MONTFLEURY

I—

A VOICE

*(From the boxes)*

No!

THE CROWD

He'll go— He'll stay—

MONTFLEURY

I really think,

Gentlemen—

CYRANO

*Two.*

MONTFLEURY

Perhaps I had better—

CYRANO

*Three!*

(MONTFLEURY disappears, as if through a trap-door. Tempest of laughter, hoots and hisses.)

THE CROWD

Yah!—Coward— Come back—

CYRANO

(Beaming, drops back in his chair and crosses his legs)

Let him—if he dare!

A CITIZEN

The Manager! Speech! Speech!

(BELLEROSE advances and bows.)

THE BOXES

Ah! Bellerose!

BELLEROSE

*(With elegance)*

Most noble—most fair—

THE CROWD

No! The Comedian—

Jodelet!—

JODELET

*(Advances, and speaks through his nose.)*

Lewd fellows of the baser sort—

THE CROWD

Ha! Ha! Not bad! Bravo!

JODELET

No Bravos here!

Our heavy tragedian with the voluptuous bust  
Was taken suddenly—

THE CROWD

Yah! Coward!

JODELET

I mean . . .



He had to be excused—

THE CROWD

Call him back— No!—

Yes!—

THE BOY

(*To CYRANO*)

After all, Monsieur, what reason have you  
To hate this Montfleury?

CYRANO

(*Graciously, still seated*)

My dear young man,  
I have two reasons, either one alone  
Conclusive. *Primo*: A lamentable actor,  
Who mouths his verse and moans his tragedy,  
And heaves up— Ugh!—like a hod-carrier, lines  
That ought to soar on their own wings. *Secundo*:—  
Well—that's my secret.

THE OLD CITIZEN

(*Behind him*)

But you close the play—  
*La Clorise*—by Baro! Are we to miss  
Our entertainment, merely—

CYRANO

(*Respectfully, turns his chair toward the old  
man*)

My dear old boy,  
The poetry of Baro being worth  
Zero, or less, I feel that I have done  
Poetic justice!

THE INTELLECTUALS

(*In the boxes*)

Really!—our Baro!—  
My dear!—Who ever?—Ah, dieu! The idea!—

CYRANO

(*Gallantly, turns his chair toward the boxes*)  
Fair ladies—shine upon us like the sun,  
Blossom like flowers around us—be our songs,

Heard in a dream— Make sweet the hour of death,  
Smiling upon us as you close our eyes—  
Inspire, but do not try to criticise!

BELLEROSE

Quite so!—and the mere money—possibly  
You would like that returned— Yes?

CYRANO

Bellerose,  
You speak the first word of intelligence!  
I will not wound the mantle of the Muse—  
Here, catch!—

*(Throws him a purse)*

And hold your tongue.

THE CROWD

*(Astonished)*

Ah! Ah!

JODELET

*(Deftly catches the purse, weighs it in his hand.)*

Monsieur,

You are hereby authorized to close our play  
Every night, on the same terms.

THE CROWD

Boo!

JODELET

And welcome!

Let us be booed together, you and I!

BELLEROSE

Kindly pass out quietly . . .

JODELET

*(Burlésquing BELLEROSE)*

Quietly . . .

*(They begin to go out, while CYRANO looks about him with satisfaction. But the exodus ceases presently during the ensuing scene. The ladies in the boxes who have already*

*risen and put on their wraps, stop to listen,  
and finally sit down again.)*

LE BRET

(To CYRANO)

Idiot!

A MEDDLER

(Hurries up to CYRANO.)

But what a scandal! Montfleury—  
The great Montfleury! Did you know the Duc  
De Candale was his patron? Who is yours?

CYRANO

No one.

THE MEDDLER

No one—no patron?

CYRANO

I said no.

THE MEDDLER

What, no great lord, to cover with his name—

CYRANO

(With visible annoyance)

No, I have told you twice. Must I repeat?

No sir, no patron—

(His hand on his sword)

But a patroness!

THE MEDDLER

And when do you leave Paris?

CYRANO

That's as may be.

THE MEDDLER

The Duc de Candale has a long arm.

CYRANO

Mine

Is longer,

(Drawing his sword)

by three feet of steel.

THE MEDDLER

Yes, yes,

But do you dream of daring—

CYRANO

I do dream

Of daring . . .

THE MEDDLER

But—

CYRANO

You may go now.

THE MEDDLER

But—

CYRANO

You may go—

Or tell me why are you staring at my nose!

THE MEDDLER

*(In confusion)*

No—I—

CYRANO

*(Stepping up to him)*

Does it astonish you?

THE MEDDLER

*(Drawing back)*

Your grace

Misunderstands my—

CYRANO

Is it long and soft

And dangling, like a trunk?

THE MEDDLER

*(Same business)*

I never said—

CYRANO

Or crooked, like an owl's beak?

THE MEDDLER

I—

CYRANO

Perhaps

A pimple ornaments the end of it?

THE MEDDLER

No—

CYRANO

Or a fly parading up and down?  
What is this portent?

THE MEDDLER

Oh!—

CYRANO

This phenomenon?

THE MEDDLER

But I have been careful not to look—

CYRANO

And why

Not, if you please?

THE MEDDLER

Why—

CYRANO

It disgusts you, then?

THE MEDDLER

My dear sir—

CYRANO

Does its color appear to you  
Unwholesome?

THE MEDDLER

Oh, by no means!

CYRANO

Or its form

Obscene?

THE MEDDLER

Not in the least—

CYRANO

Then why assume

This deprecating manner? Possibly  
You find it just a trifle large?

THE MEDDLER

*(Babbling)*

Oh no!—

Small, very small, infinitesimal—

CYRANO

(*Roars*)

What!

How? You accuse me of absurdity?

Small—*my nose*? Why—

THE MEDDLER

(*Breathless*)

My God!—

CYRANO

Magnificent,

My nose! . . . You pug, you knob, you button-head,

Know that I glory in this nose of mine,

For a great nose indicates a great man—

Genial, courteous, intellectual,

Virile, courageous—as I am—and such

As you—poor wretch—will never dare to be

Even in imagination. For that face—

That blank, inglorious concavity

Which my right hand finds—

(*He strikes him.*)

THE MEDDLER

Ow!

CYRANO

—on top of you,

Is as devoid of pride, of poetry,

Of soul, of picturesqueness, of contour,

Of character, of NOSE in short—as that

(*Takes him by the shoulders and turns him  
around, suiting the action to the word*)

Which at the end of that limp spine of yours

My left foot—

THE MEDDLER

(*Escaping*)

Help! The Guard!

CYRANO

Take notice, all

Who find this feature of my countenance  
 A theme for comedy! When the humorist  
 Is noble, then my custom is to show  
 Appreciation proper to his rank—  
 More heartfelt . . . and more pointed. . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Who has come down from the stage, surrounded by the Marquis)*

Presently

This fellow will grow tiresome.

VALVERT

*(Shrugs)*

Oh, he blows

His trumpet!

DE GUICHE

Well—will no one interfere?

VALVERT

No one?

*(Looks round)*

Observe. I myself will proceed  
 To put him in his place.

*(He walks up to CYRANO, who has been watching him, and stands there, looking him over with an affected air.)*

Ah . . . your nose . . . hem! . . .

Your nose is . . . rather large!

CYRANO

*(Gravely)*

Rather.

VALVERT

*(Smiling)*

Oh well—

CYRANO

*(Coolly)*

Is that all?

VALVERT

*(Turns away, with a shrug)*

Well, of course—

## CYRANO

Ah, no, young sir!

You are too simple. Why, you might have said—  
Oh, a great many things! Mon dieu, why waste  
Your opportunity? For example, thus:—

AGGRESSIVE: I, sir, if that nose were mine,  
I'd have it amputated—on the spot!

FRIENDLY: How do you drink with such a nose?  
You ought to have a cup made specially.

DESCRIPTIVE: 'Tis a rock—a crag—a cape—  
A cape? say rather, a peninsula!

INQUISITIVE: What is that receptacle—  
A razor-case or a portfolio?

KINDLY: Ah, do you love the little birds  
So much that when they come and sing to you,  
You give them this to perch on? INSOLENT:

Sir, when you smoke, the neighbors must suppose  
Your chimney is on fire. CAUTIOUS: Take care—  
A weight like that might make you topheavy.

THOUGHTFUL: Somebody fetch my parasol—  
Those delicate colors fade so in the sun!

PEDANTIC: Does not Aristophanes  
Mention a mythologic monster called  
Hippocampelephantocamelos?

Surely we have here the original!

FAMILIAR: Well, old torchlight! Hang your hat  
Over that chandelier—it hurts my eyes.

ELOQUENT: When it blows, the typhoon howls,  
And the clouds darken. DRAMATIC: When it bleeds—  
The Red Sea!

ENTERPRISING: What a sign  
For some perfumer! LYRIC: Hark—the horn  
Of Roland calls to summon Charlemagne!—

SIMPLE: When do they unveil the monument?

RESPECTFUL: Sir, I recognize in you  
A man of parts, a man of prominence—

RUSTIC: Hey? What? Call that a nose? Na, na—



I be no fool like what you think I be—  
 That there's a blue cucumber! MILITARY:  
 Point against cavalry! PRACTICAL: Why not  
 A lottery with this for the grand prize?  
 Or—parodying Faustus in the play—  
 “Was this the nose that launched a thousand ships  
 And burned the topless towers of Ilium?”  
 These, my dear sir, are things you might have said  
 Had you some tinge of letters, or of wit  
 To color your discourse. But wit,—not so,  
 You never had an atom—and of letters,  
 You need but three to write you down—an Ass.  
 Moreover,—if you had the invention, here  
 Before these folk to make a jest of me—  
 Be sure you would not then articulate  
 The twentieth part of half a syllable  
 Of the beginning! For I say these things  
 Lightly enough myself, about myself,  
 But I allow none else to utter them.

DE GUICHE

*(Tries to lead away the amazed VALVERT.)*

Vicomte—come.

VALVERT

*(Choking)*

Oh— These arrogant grand airs!—  
 A clown who—look at him—not even gloves!  
 No ribbons—no lace—no buckles on his shoes—

CYRANO

I carry my adornments on my soul.  
 I do not dress up like a popinjay;  
 But inwardly, I keep my daintiness.  
 I do not bear with me, by any chance,  
 An insult not yet washed away—a conscience  
 Yellow with unpurged bile—an honor frayed  
 To rags, a set of scruples badly worn.  
 I go caparisoned in gems unseen,

Trailing white plumes of freedom, garlanded  
 With my good name—no figure of a man,  
 But a soul clothed in shining armor, hung  
 With deeds for decorations, twirling—thus—  
 A bristling wit, and swinging at my side  
 Courage, and on the stones of this old town  
 Making the sharp truth ring, like golden spurs!

VALVERT

But—

CYRANO

But I have no gloves! A pity too!  
 I had one—the last one of an old pair—  
 And lost that. Very careless of me. Some  
 Gentleman offered me an impertinence.  
 I left it—in his face.

VALVERT

Dolt, bumpkin, fool,  
 Insolent puppy, jobbernowl!

CYRANO

*(Removes his hat and bows.)*

Ah, yes?

And I—Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule  
 De Bergerac!

VALVERT

*(Turns away.)*

Buffoon!

CYRANO

*(Cries out as if suddenly taken with a cramp.)*

Oh!

VALVERT

*(Turns back.)*

Well, what now?

CYRANO

*(With grimaces of anguish)*

I must do something to relieve these cramps—  
 This is what comes of lack of exercise—  
 Ah!—

VALVERT

What is all this?

CYRANO

My sword has gone to sleep!

VALVERT

*(Draws)*

So be it!

CYRANO

You shall die exquisitely.

VALVERT

*(Contemptuously)*

Poet!

CYRANO

Why yes, a poet, if you will;  
So while we fence, I'll make you a Ballade  
Extempore.

VALVERT

A Ballade?

CYRANO

Yes. You know

What that is?

VALVERT

I—

CYRANO

The Ballade, sir, is formed  
Of three stanzas of eight lines each—

VALVERT

Oh, come!

CYRANO

And a refrain of four.

VALVERT

You—

CYRANO

I'll compose  
One, while I fight with you; and at the end  
Of the last line—thrust home!

VALVERT

Will you?

CYRANO

I will.

*(Declaims)**"Ballade of the duel at the Hôtel de Bourgogne  
Between de Bergerac and a Boeotian."*

VALVERT

*(Sneering)*

What do you mean by that?

CYRANO

Oh, that? The title.

THE CROWD

*(Excited)*

Come on—

A circle—

Quiet—

Down in front!

*(TABLEAU. A ring of interested spectators in  
the centre of the floor, the Marquis and the  
Officers mingling with the citizens and  
common folk. Pages swarming up on men's  
shoulders to see better; the Ladies in the  
boxes standing and leaning over. To the  
right, DE GUICHE and his following; to the  
left, LE BRET, CUIGY, RAGUENEAU, and  
others of CYRANO's friends.)*

CYRANO

*(Closes his eyes for an instant.)*

Stop . . . Let me choose my rimes . . . Now!

Here we go—

*(He suits the action to the word, throughout  
the following:)**Lightly I toss my hat away,**Languidly over my arm let fall**The cloak that covers my bright array—**Then out swords, and to work withal!*

*A Launcelot, in his Lady's hall . . .  
 A Spartacus, at the Hippodrome! . . .  
 I dally awhile with you, dear jackal,  
 Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home.*

*(The swords cross—the fight is on.)*

*Where shall I skewer my peacock? . . . Nay,  
 Better for you to have shunned this brawl!—  
 Here, in the heart, thro' your ribbons gay?  
 —In the belly, under your silken shawl?  
 Hark, how the steel rings musical!  
 Mark how my point floats, light as the foam,  
 Ready to drive you back to the wall,  
 Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!*

*Ho, for a rime! . . . You are white as whey—  
 You break, you cower, you cringe, you . . . crawl!  
 Tac!—and I parry your last essay:  
 So may the turn of a hand forestall  
 Life with its honey, death with its gall;  
 So may the turn of my fancy roam  
 Free, for a time, till the rimes recall,  
 Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!*

*(He announces solemnly.)*

#### REFRAIN

*Prince! Pray God, that is Lord of all,  
 Pardon your soul, for your time has come!  
 Beat—pass—fling you aslant, asprawl—  
 Then, as I end the refrain . . .*

*(He lunges; VALVERT staggers back and falls  
 into the arms of his friends. CYRANO re-  
 covers, and salutes.)*

*—Thrust home!*

*(Shouts. Applause from the boxes. Flowers  
 and handkerchiefs come fluttering down.  
 The Officers surround CYRANO and con-*

*gratulate him. RAGUENEAU dances for joy. LE BRET is unable to conceal his enthusiasm. The friends of VALVERT hold him up and help him away.)*

THE CROWD

*(In one long cry)*

Ah-h!

A CAVALIER

Superb!

A WOMAN

Simply sweet!

RAGUENEAU

Magnelephant!

A MARQUIS

A novelty!

LE BRET

Bah!

THE CROWD

*(Thronging around CYRANO)*

Compliments—regards—

Bravo!—

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Why, he's a hero!

A MUSKETEER

*(Advances quickly to CYRANO, with outstretched hands.)*

Monsieur, will you

Permit me?—It was altogether fine!

I think I may appreciate these things—

Moreover, I have been stamping for pure joy!

*(He retires quickly.)*

CYRANO

*(To CUIGY)*

What was that gentleman's name?

CUIGY

Oh . . . D'Artagnan.

LE BRET

*(Takes CYRANO'S arm.)*

Come here and tell me—

CYRANO

Let this crowd go first—

*(To BELLEROSE)*

May we stay?

BELLEROSE

*(With great respect)*

Certainly!

*(Cries and cat-calls off stage.)*

JODELET

*(Comes down from the door where he has been looking out.)*

Hark!— Montfleury—

They are hooting him.

BELLEROSE

*(Solemnly)**Sic transit gloria!**(Changes his tone and shouts to the porter and the lamplighter.)*

—Strike! . . . Close the house! . . . Leave the lights— We rehearse

The new farce after dinner.

*(JODELET and BELLEROSE go out after elaborately saluting CYRANO.)*

THE PORTER

*(To CYRANO)*

You do not dine?

CYRANO

I?—No!

*(THE PORTER turns away.)*

LE BRET

Why not?

CYRANO

*(Haughtily)*

Because—

*(Changing his tone when he sees THE PORTER has gone.)*

Because I have

No money.

LE BRET

*(Gesture of tossing)*

But—the purse of gold?

CYRANO

Farewell,

Paternal pension!

LE BRET

So you have, until

The first of next month—?

CYRANO

Nothing.

LE BRET

What a fool!—

CYRANO

But—what a gesture!

THE ORANGE GIRL

*(Behind her little counter; coughs.)*

Hem!

*(CYRANO and LE BRET look around; she advances timidly.)*

Pardon, monsieur . . .

A man ought never to go hungry . . .

*(Indicating the sideboard)*

See,

I have everything here . . .

*(Eagerly)*

Please!—

CYRANO

*(Uncovers)*

My dear child,



I cannot bend this Gascon pride of mine  
 To accept such a kindness— Yet, for fear  
 That I may give you pain if I refuse,  
 I will take . . .

*(He goes to the sideboard and makes his selection.)*

Oh, not very much! A grape . . .

*(She gives him the bunch; he removes a single grape.)*

One only! And a glass of water . . .

*(She starts to pour wine into it; he stops her.)*

Clear!

And . . . half a macaroon!

*(He gravely returns the other half.)*

LE BRET

Old idiot!

THE ORANGE GIRL

Please!—Nothing more?

CYRANO

Why yes— Your hand to kiss.

*(He kisses the hand which she holds out, as he would the hand of a princess.)*

THE ORANGE GIRL

Thank you, sir.

*(She curtseys.)*

Good-night.

*(She goes out.)*

CYRANO

Now, I am listening.

*(Plants himself before the sideboard and arranges thereon—)*

Dinner!—

*(—the macaroon)*

Drink!—

*(—the glass of water)*

Dessert!—

*(—the grape.)*

There—now I'll sit down.

*(Seats himself.)*

Lord, I was hungry! Abominably!

*(Eating)*

Well?

LE BRET

These fatheads with the bellicose grand airs  
Will have you ruined if you listen to them;  
Talk to a man of sense and hear how all  
Your swagger impresses him.

CYRANO

*(Finishes his macaroon.)*

Enormously.

LE BRET

The Cardinal—

CYRANO

*(Beaming)*

Was he there?

LE BRET

He must have thought you—

CYRANO

Original.

LE BRET

Well, but—

CYRANO

He is himself

A playwright. He will not be too displeased  
That I have closed another author's play.

LE BRET

But look at all the enemies you have made!

CYRANO

*(Begins on the grape.)*

How many—do you think?

LE BRET

Just forty-eight

Without the women.

CYRANO  
Count them.

LE BRET

Montfleury,  
Baro, de Guiche, the Vicomte, the Old Man,  
All the Academy—

CYRANO  
Enough! You make me  
Happy!

LE BRET  
But where is all this leading you?  
What is your plan?

CYRANO  
I have been wandering—  
Wasting my force upon too many plans.  
Now I have chosen one.

LE BRET  
What one?

CYRANO  
The simplest—  
To make myself in all things admirable!

LE BRET  
Hmph!—Well, then, the real reason why you hate  
Montfleury— Come, the truth, now!

CYRANO  
(Rises)

That Silenus,  
Who cannot hold his belly in his arms,  
Still dreams of being sweetly dangerous  
Among the women—sighs and languishes,  
Making sheeps' eyes out of his great frog's face—  
I hate him ever since one day he dared  
Smile upon—

Oh, my friend, I seemed to see  
Over some flower a great snail crawling!

LE BRET

*(Amazed)*

How,

What? Is it possible?—

CYRANO

*(With a bitter smile)*

For me to love? . . .

*(Changing his tone; seriously)*

I love.

LE BRET

May I know? You have never said—

CYRANO

Whom I love? Think a moment. Think of me—

Me, whom the plainest woman would despise—

Me, with this nose of mine that marches on

Before me by a quarter of an hour!

Whom should I love? Why—of course—it must be

The woman in the world most beautiful.

LE BRET

Most beautiful?

CYRANO

In all this world—most sweet

Also; most wise; most witty; and most fair!

LE BRET

Who and what is this woman?

CYRANO

Dangerous

Mortally, without meaning; exquisite

Without imagining. Nature's own snare

To allure manhood. A white rose wherein

Love lies in ambush for his natural prey.

Who knows her smile has known a perfect thing.

She creates grace in her own image, brings

Heaven to earth in one movement of her hand—

Nor thou, O Venus! balancing thy shell

Over the Mediterranean blue, nor thou,

Diana! marching through broad, blossoming woods,

Art so divine as when she mounts her chair,  
And goes abroad through Paris!

LE BRET

Oh, well—of course,  
That makes everything clear!

CYRANO

Transparently.

LE BRET

Magdeleine Robin—your cousin?

CYRANO

Yes; Roxane.

LE BRET

And why not? If you love her, tell her so!  
You have covered yourself with glory in her eyes  
This very day.

CYRANO

My old friend—look at me,  
And tell me how much hope remains for me  
With this protuberance! Oh I have no more  
Illusions! Now and then—bah! I may grow  
Tender, walking alone in the blue cool  
Of evening, through some garden fresh with flowers  
After the benediction of the rain;  
My poor big devil of a nose inhales  
April . . . and so I follow with my eyes  
Where some boy, with a girl upon his arm,  
Passes a patch of silver . . . and I feel  
Somehow, I wish I had a woman too,  
Walking with little steps under the moon,  
And holding my arm so, and smiling. Then  
I dream—and I forget. . . .

And then I see  
The shadow of my profile on the wall!

LE BRET

My friend! . . .

CYRANO

My friend, I have my bitter days,

Knowing myself so ugly, so alone.  
Sometimes—

LE BRET

You weep?

CYRANO

*(Quickly)*

Oh, not that ever! No,  
That would be too grotesque—tears trickling down  
All the long way along this nose of mine?  
I will not so profane the dignity  
Of sorrow. Never any tears for me!  
Why, there is nothing more sublime than tears,  
Nothing!—Shall I make them ridiculous  
In my poor person?

LE BRET

Love's no more than chance!

CYRANO

*(Shakes his head.)*

No. I love Cleopatra; do I appear  
Cæsar? I adore Beatrice; have I  
The look of Dante?

LE BRET

But your wit—your courage—  
Why, that poor child who offered you just now  
Your dinner! She—you saw with your own eyes,  
Her eyes did not avoid you.

CYRANO

*(Thoughtful)*

That is true . . .

LE BRET

Well then! Roxane herself, watching your duel,  
Paler than—

CYRANO

Pale?—

LE BRET

Her lips parted, her hand

Thus, at her breast— I saw it! Speak to her  
Speak, man!

CYRANO

Through my nose? She might laugh at me;  
That is the one thing in this world I fear!

THE PORTER

*(Followed by The Duenna, approaches CYRANO  
respectfully.)*

A lady asking for Monsieur.

CYRANO

Mon dieu . . .

Her Duenna!—

THE DUENNA

*(A sweeping curtsey)*

Monsieur . . .

A message for you:

From our good cousin we desire to know  
When and where we may see him privately.

CYRANO

*(Amazed)*

To see me?

THE DUENNA

*(An elaborate reverence)*

To see you. We have certain things

To tell you.

CYRANO

Certain—

THE DUENNA

Things.

CYRANO

*(Trembling)*

Mon dieu! . . .

THE DUENNA

We go

To-morrow, at the first flush of the dawn,  
To hear Mass at St. Roch. Then afterwards,  
Where can we meet and talk a little?

CYRANO

*(Catching LE BRET's arm.)*

Where?—

I— Ah, mon dieu! . . . mon dieu! . . .

THE DUENNA

Well?

CYRANO

I am thinking . . .

THE DUENNA

And you think?

CYRANO

I . . . The shop of Ragueneau . . .

Ragueneau—pastrycook . . .

THE DUENNA

Who dwells?—

CYRANO

Mon dieu ! . . .

Oh, yes . . . Ah, mon dieu! . . . Rue St.-Honoré.

THE DUENNA

We are agreed. Remember—seven o'clock.

*(Reverence)*

Until then—

CYRANO

I'll be there.

*(The Duenna goes out.)*

CYRANO

*(Falls into the arms of LE BRET.)*

Me . . . to see me! . . .

LE BRET

You are not quite so gloomy.

CYRANO

After all,

She knows that I exist—no matter why!

LE BRET

So now, you are going to be happy.



CYRANO

Now! . . .

*(Beside himself)*

I—I am going to be a storm—a flame—  
 I need to fight whole armies all alone;  
 I have ten hearts; I have a hundred arms; I feel  
 Too strong to war with mortals—

*(He shouts at the top of his voice.)*

BRING ME GIANTS!

*(A moment since, the shadows of the comedians  
 have been visible moving and posturing upon  
 the stage. The violins have taken their  
 places.)*

A VOICE

*(From the stage)*

Hey—pst—less noise! We are rehearsing here!

CYRANO

*(Laughs)*

We are going.

*(He turns up stage. Through the street door  
 enter CUIGY, BRISSAILLE, and a number of  
 officers, supporting LIGNIÈRE, who is now  
 thoroughly drunk.)*

CUIGY

Cyrano!

CYRANO

What is it?

CUIGY

Here—

Here's your stray lamb!

CYRANO

*(Recognizes LIGNIÈRE.)*

Lignière!—What's wrong with him?

CUIGY

He wants you.

BRISSAILLE

He's afraid to go home.

CYRANO

Why?

LIGNIÈRE

*(Showing a crumpled scrap of paper and speaking with the elaborate logic of profound intoxication.)*

This letter—hundred against one—that's me—  
I'm the one—all because of little song—  
Good song— Hundred men, waiting, understand?  
Porte de Nesle—way home— Might be dangerous—  
Would you permit me spend the night with you?

CYRANO

A hundred—is that all? You are going home!

LIGNIÈRE

*(Astonished)*

Why—

CYRANO

*(In a voice of thunder, indicating the lighted lantern which The Porter holds up curiously as he regards the scene.)*

Take that lantern!

*(LIGNIÈRE precipitately seizes the lantern.)*

Forward march! I say

I'll be the man to-night that sees you home.

*(To the officers)*

You others follow—I want an audience!

CUIGY

A hundred against one—

CYRANO

Those are the odds

To-night!

*(The Comedians in their costumes are descending from the stage and joining the group.)*

LE BRET

But why help this—

CYRANO

There goes Le Bret

Growling!

LE BRET

—This drunkard here?

CYRANO

*(His hand on LE BRET'S shoulder.)*

Because this drunkard—

This tun of sack, this butt of Burgundy—  
 Once in his life has done one lovely thing:  
 After the Mass, according to the form,  
 He saw, one day, the lady of his heart  
 Take holy water for a blessing. So  
 This one, who shudders at a drop of rain,  
 This fellow here—runs headlong to the font  
 Bends down and drinks it dry!

A SOUBRETTE

I say that was

A pretty thought!

CYRANO

Ah, was it not?

THE SOUBRETTE

*(To the others)*

But why

Against one poor poet, a hundred men?

CYRANO

March!

*(To the officers)*

And you gentlemen, remember now,  
 No rescue— Let me fight alone.

A COMEDIENNE

*(Jumps down from the stage.)*

Come on!

I'm going to watch—

CYRANO

Come along!

## ANOTHER COMEDIENNE

*(Jumps down, speaks to a Comedian costumed as an old man.)*

You, Cassandre?

## CYRANO

Come all of you—the Doctor, Isabelle,  
Léandre—the whole company—a swarm  
Of murmuring, golden bees—we'll parody  
Italian farce and Tragedy-of-Blood;  
Ribbons for banners, masks for blazonry,  
And tambourines to be our rolling drums!

## ALL THE WOMEN

*(Jumping for joy.)*

Bravo!—My hood— My cloak— Hurry!

## JODELET

*(Mock heroic)*

Lead on!—

## CYRANO

*(To the violins)*

You violins—play us an overture—

*(The violins join the procession which is forming. The lighted candles are snatched from the stage and distributed; it becomes a torch-light procession.)*

Bravo!—Officers— Ladies in costume—  
And twenty paces in advance. . . .

*(He takes his station as he speaks.)*

Myself,

Alone, with glory fluttering over me,  
Alone as Lucifer at war with heaven!  
Remember—no one lifts a hand to help—  
Ready there? One . . . two . . . three! Porter, the  
doors! . . .

*(The Porter flings wide the great doors. We see in the dim moonlight a corner of old Paris, purple and picturesque.)*

Look—Paris dreams—nocturnal, nebulous,

Under blue moonbeams hung from wall to wall—  
 Nature's own setting for the scene we play!—  
 Yonder, behind her veil of mist, the Seine,  
 Like a mysterious and magic mirror  
 Trembles—

And you shall see what you shall see!

ALL

To the Porte de Nesle!

CYRANO

*(Erect upon the threshold)*

To the Porte de Nesle!

*(He turns back for a moment to the Soubrette)*

Did you not ask, my dear, why against one  
 Singer they send a hundred swords?

*(Quietly, drawing his own sword)*

Because

They know this one man for a friend of mine!

*(He goes out. The procession follows: LIGNIÈRE zigzagging at its head, then the Comédiennes on the arms of the Officers, then the Comedians, leaping and dancing as they go. It vanishes into the night to the music of the violins, illuminated by the flickering glimmer of the candles.)*

*(Curtain)*



**THE SECOND ACT**  
**THE BAKERY OF THE POETS**





THE SHOP OF RAGUENEAU, *Baker and Pastrycook*: a spacious affair at the corner of the Rue St.-Honoré and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. The street, seen vaguely through the glass panes in the door at the back, is gray in the first light of dawn.

In the foreground, at the Left, a Counter is surmounted by a Canopy of wrought iron from which are hanging ducks, geese, and white peacocks. Great crockery jars hold bouquets of common flowers, yellow sunflowers in particular. On the same side farther back, a huge fireplace; in front of it, between great andirons, of which each one supports a little saucepan, roast fowls revolve and weep into their dripping-pans. To the Right at the First Entrance, a door. Beyond it, Second Entrance, a staircase leads up to a little dining-room under the eaves, its interior visible through open shutters. A table is set there and a tiny Flemish candlestick is lighted; there one may retire to eat and drink in private. A wooden gallery, extending from the head of the stairway, seems to lead to other little dining-rooms.

In the centre of the shop, an iron ring hangs by a rope over a pulley so that it can be raised or lowered; adorned with game of various kinds hung from it by hooks, it has the appearance of a sort of gastronomic chandelier.

In the shadow under the staircase, ovens are glowing. The spits revolve; the copper pots and pans gleam ruddily. Pastries in pyramids. Hams hanging from the rafters. The morning baking is in progress: a bustle of tall cooks and timid scullions and scurrying apprentices; a blossoming of white caps adorned with cock's feathers or the wings of guinea fowl. On wicker trays or on great metal platters they bring in rows of pastries and fancy dishes of various kinds.

*Tables are covered with trays of cakes and rolls; others with chairs placed about them are set for guests.*

*One little table in a corner disappears under a heap of papers. At the CURTAIN RISE RAGUENEAU is seated there. He is writing poetry.*

A. PASTRYCOOK

*(Brings in a dish.)*

Fruits *en gelee!*

SECOND PASTRYCOOK

*(Brings dish.)*

Custard!

THIRD PASTRYCOOK

*(Brings roast peacock ornamented with feathers.)*

Peacock *roti!*

FOURTH PASTRYCOOK

*(Brings tray of cakes.)*

Cakes and confections!

FIFTH PASTRYCOOK

*(Brings earthen dish.)*

Beef *en casserole!*

RAGUENEAU

*(Raises his head; returns to mere earth.)*

Over the coppers of my kitchen flows  
The frosted-silver dawn. Silence awhile  
The god who sings within thee, Ragueneau!  
Lay down the lute—the oven calls for thee!

*(Rises; goes to one of the cooks.)*

Here's a hiatus in your sauce; fill up  
The measure.

THE COOK

How much?

RAGUENEAU

*(Measures on his finger.)*

One more dactyl.

THE COOK

Huh? . .

FIRST PASTRYCOOK

Rolls!

SECOND PASTRYCOOK

Roulades!

RAGUENEAU

*(Before the fireplace)*

Veil, O Muse, thy virgin eyes  
From the lewd gleam of these terrestrial fires!

*(To First Pastrycook)*

Your rolls lack balance. Here's the proper form—  
An equal hemistich on either side,  
And the caesura in between.

*(To another, pointing out an unfinished pie)*

Your house

Of crust should have a roof upon it.

*(To another, who is seated on the hearth, plac-  
ing poultry on a spit)*

And you—

Along the interminable spit, arrange  
The modest pullet and the lordly Turk  
Alternately, my son—as great Malherbe  
Alternates male and female rimes. Remember,  
A couplet, or a roast, should be well turned.

AN APPRENTICE

*(Advances with a dish covered by a napkin.)*

Master, I thought of you when I designed  
This, hoping it might please you.

RAGUENEAU

Ah! A Lyre—

THE APPRENTICE

In puff-paste—

RAGUENEAU

And the jewels—candied fruit!

THE APPRENTICE

And the strings, barley-sugar!

RAGUENEAU

*(Gives him money.)*

Go and drink

My health.

*(LISE enters.)*

St!—My wife— Circulate, and hide

That money!

*(Shows the lyre to LISE, with a languid air.)*

Graceful—yes?

LISE

Ridiculous!

*(She places on the counter a pile of paper bags.)*

RAGUENEAU

Paper bags? Thank you . . .

*(He looks at them.)*

Ciel! My manuscripts!

The sacred verses of my poets—rent  
 Asunder, limb from limb—butchered to make  
 Base packages of pastry! Ah, you are one  
 Of those insane Bacchantes who destroyed  
 Orpheus!

LISE

Your dirty poets left them here  
 To pay for eating half our stock-in-trade:  
 We ought to make some profit out of them!

RAGUENEAU

Ant! Would you blame the locust for his song?

LISE

I blame the locust for his appetite!  
 There used to be a time—before you had  
 Your hungry friends—you never called me Ants—  
 No, nor Bacchantes!

RAGUENEAU

What a way to use

Poetry!

LISE

Well, what is the use of it?

RAGUENEAU

But, my dear girl, what would you do with prose?

*(Two Children enter.)*

Well, dears?

A CHILD

Three little patties.

RAGUENEAU

*(Serves them.)*

There we are!

All hot and brown.

THE CHILD

Would you mind wrapping them?

RAGUENEAU

One of my paper bags! . . .

Oh, certainly.

*(Reads from the bag, as he is about to wrap the patties in it.)*

*"Ulysses, when he left Penelope"*—

Not that one!

*(Takes another bag; reads.)*

*"Phoebus, golden-crowned"*—

Not that one.

LISE

Well? They are waiting!

RAGUENEAU

Very well, very well!—

The Sonnet to Phyllis . . .

Yet—it does seem hard . . .

LISE

Made up your mind—at last! Mph!—Jack-o'-Dreams!

RAGUENEAU

*(As her back is turned, calls back the children, who are already at the door.)*

Pst!—Children— Give me back the bag. Instead of three patties, you shall have six of them!

*(Makes the exchange. The Children go out.)*

*He reads from the bag, as he smooths it out tenderly.)*

"Phyllis"—

A spot of butter on her name!—

"Phyllis"—

CYRANO

*(Enters hurriedly.)*

What is the time?

RAGUENEAU

Six o'Clock.

CYRANO

One

Hour more . . .

RAGUENEAU

Felicitations!

CYRANO

And for what?

RAGUENEAU

Your victory! I saw it all—

CYRANO

Which one?

RAGUENEAU

At the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

CYRANO

Oh—the duel!

RAGUENEAU

The duel in Rime!

LISE

He talks of nothing else.

CYRANO

Nonsense!

RAGUENEAU

*(Fencing and foining with a spit, which he snatches up from the hearth.)*

*"Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!"*

*"Then, as I end the refrain"—*

Gods! What a line!

"Then, as I end"—

CYRANO

What time now, Ragueneau?

RAGUENEAU

*(Petrieved at the full extent of a lunge, while he looks at the clock.)*

Five after six—

*(Recovers)*

"—thrust home!"

A Ballade, too!

LISE

*(To CYRANO, who in passing has mechanically shaken hands with her)*

Your hand—what have you done?

CYRANO

Oh, my hand?—Nothing.

RAGUENEAU

What danger now—

CYRANO

No danger.

LISE

I believe

He is lying.

CYRANO

Why? Was I looking down my nose?

That must have been a devil of a lie!

*(Changing his tone; to RAGUENEAU)*

I expect someone. Leave us here alone,

When the time comes.

RAGUENEAU

How can I? In a moment,

My poets will be here.

LISE

To break their . . . fast!

CYRANO

Take them away, then, when I give the sign.  
—What time?

RAGUENEAU

Ten minutes after.

CYRANO

Have you a pen?

RAGUENEAU

*(Offers him a pen.)*

An eagle's feather!

A MUSKETEER

*(Enters, and speaks to LISE in a stentorian voice.)*

Greeting!

CYRANO

*(To RAGUENEAU)*

Who is this?

RAGUENEAU

My wife's friend. A terrific warrior,  
So he says.

CYRANO

Ah— I see.

*(Takes up the pen; waves RAGUENEAU away.)*

Only to write—

To fold— To give it to her—and to go . . .

*(Throws down the pen.)*

Coward! And yet—the Devil take my soul  
If I dare speak one word to her . . .

*(To RAGUENEAU)*

What time now?

RAGUENEAU

A quarter after six.

CYRANO

*(Striking his breast)*

—One little word

Of all the many thousand I have here!  
Whereas in writing . . .



*(Takes up the pen.)*

Come, I'll write to her  
That letter I have written on my heart,  
Torn up, and written over many times—  
So many times . . . that all I have to do  
Is to remember, and to write it down.

*(He writes. Through the glass of the door  
appear vague and hesitating shadows. The  
Poets enter, clothed in rusty black and  
spotted with mud.)*

LISE

*(To RAGUENEAU)*

Here come your scarecrows!

FIRST POET

Comrade!

SECOND POET

*(Takes both RAGUENEAU'S hands.)*

My dear brother!

THIRD POET

*(Sniffing)*

O Lord of Roasts, how sweet thy dwellings are!

FOURTH POET

Phoebus Apollo of the Silver Spoon!

FIFTH POET

Cupid of Cookery!

RAGUENEAU

*(Surrounded, embraced, beaten on the back.)*

These geniuses,

They put one at one's ease!

FIRST POET

We were delayed

By the crowd at the Porte de Nesle.

SECOND POET

Dead men

All scarred and gory, scattered on the stones,  
Villainous-looking scoundrels—eight of them.

CYRANO

*(Looks up an instant.)*

Eight? I thought only seven—

RAGUENEAU

Do you know

The hero of this hecatomb?

CYRANO

I? . . . No.

LISE

*(To the Musketeer)*

Do you?

THE MUSKETEER

Hmm—perhaps!

FIRST POET

They say one man alone

Put to flight all this crowd.

SECOND POET

Everywhere lay

Swords, daggers, pikes, bludgeons—

CYRANO

*(Writing)**"Your eyes . . ."*

THIRD POET

As far

As the Quai des Orfevres, hats and cloaks—

FIRST POET

Why, that man must have been the devil!

CYRANO

*"Your lips . . ."*

FIRST POET

Some savage monster might have done this thing!

CYRANO

*"Looking upon you, I grow faint with fear . . ."*

SECOND POET

What have you written lately, Ragueneau?

CYRANO

*"Your Friends—"Who loves you . . ."*

So. No signature;  
I'll give it to her myself.

RAGUENEAU

A Recipe

In Rime.

THIRD POET

Read us your rimes!

FOURTH POET

Here's a brioche

Cocking its hat at me.

*(He bites off the top of it.)*

FIRST POET

Look how those buns

Follow the hungry poet with their eyes—

Those almond eyes!

SECOND POET

We are listening—

THIRD POET

See this cream-puff—

Fat little baby, drooling while it smiles!

SECOND POET

*(Nibbling at the pastry Lyre.)*

For the first time, the Lyre is my support.

RAGUENEAU

*(Coughs, adjusts his cap, strikes an attitude.)*

A Recipe in Rime—

SECOND POET

*(Gives FIRST POET a dig with his elbow.)*

Your breakfast?

FIRST POET

Dinner!

RAGUENEAU

*(Declaims)*

*A Recipe for Making Almond Tarts.*

*Beat your eggs, the yolk and white,  
Very light;*

*Mingle with their creamy fluff  
Drops of lime-juice, cool and green;  
Then pour in  
Milk of Almonds, just enough.*

*Dainty patty-pans, embraced  
In puff-paste—  
Have these ready within reach;  
With your thumb and finger, pinch  
Half an inch  
Up around the edge of each—*

*Into these, a score or more,  
Slowly pour  
All your store of custard; so  
Take them, bake them golden-brown—  
Now sit down! . . .  
Almond tartlets, Ragueneau!*

THE POETS

Delicious! Melting!

A POET

(Chokes)

Humph!

CYRANO

(To RAGUENEAU)

Do you not see

Those fellows fattening themselves?—

RAGUENEAU

I know.

I would not look—it might embarrass them—

You see, I love a friendly audience.

Besides—another vanity—I am pleased

When they enjoy my cooking.

CYRANO

(Slaps him on the back.)

Be off with you!—

(RAGUENEAU goes upstage.)

Good little soul!

(Calls to LISE.)

Madame!—

(She leaves the Musketeer and comes down to him.)

This musketeer—

He is making love to you?

LISE

(Haughtily)

If any man

Offends my virtue—all I have to do

Is look at him—once!

CYRANO

(Looks at her gravely; she drops her eyes.)

I do not find

Those eyes of yours unconquerable.

LISE

(Panting)

—Ah!

CYRANO

(Raising his voice a little.)

Now listen— I am fond of Ragueneau;

I allow no one—do you understand?—

To . . . take his name in vain!

LISE

You think—

CYRANO

(Ironic emphasis)

I think

I interrupt you.

(He salutes the Musketeer, who has heard without daring to resent the warning. LISE goes to the Musketeer as he returns CYRANO'S salute.)

LISE

You—you swallow that?—

You ought to have pulled his nose!

THE MUSKETEER

His nose?—His nose! . . .

(*He goes out hurriedly. ROXANE and the Duenna appear outside the door.*)

CYRANO

(*Nods to RAGUENEAU.*)

Pst!—

RAGUENEAU

(*To the Poets*)

Come inside—

CYRANO

(*Impatient*)

Pst! . . . Pst! . . .

RAGUENEAU

We shall be more

Comfortable . . .

(*He leads The Poets into inner room.*)

FIRST POET

The cakes!

SECOND POET

Bring them along!

(*They go out.*)

CYRANO

If I can see the faintest spark of hope,

Then—

(*Throws door open—bows.*)

Welcome!

(*ROXANE enters, followed by the Duenna, whom CYRANO detains.*)

Pardon me—one word—

THE DUENNA

Take two.

CYRANO

Have you a good digestion?

THE DUENNA

Wonderful!

CYRANO

Good. Here are two sonnets, by Benserade—

THE DUENNA

Euh?

CYRANO

Which I fill for you with éclairs.

THE DUENNA

Ooo!

CYRANO

Do you like cream-puffs?

THE DUENNA

Only with whipped cream.

CYRANO

Here are three . . . six—embosomed in a poem  
 By Saint-Amant. This ode of Chapelin  
 Looks deep enough to hold—a jelly roll.  
 —Do you love Nature?

THE DUENNA

Mad about it.

CYRANO

Then

Go out and eat these in the street. Do not  
 Return—

THE DUENNA

Oh, but—

CYRANO

Until you finish them.

*(Down to ROXANE)*

Blessed above all others be the hour  
 When you remembered to remember me,  
 And came to tell me . . . what?

ROXANE

*(Takes off her mask.)*

First let me thank you  
 Because . . . That man . . . that creature, whom  
 your sword  
 Made sport of yesterday— His patron, one—

CYRANO

De Guiche?—

ROXANE

—who thinks himself in love with me  
Would have forced that man upon me for—  
a husband—

CYRANO

I understand—so much the better then!  
I fought, not for my nose, but your bright eyes.

ROXANE

And then, to tell you—but before I can  
Tell you— Are you, I wonder, still the same  
Big brother—almost—that you used to be  
When we were children, playing by the pond  
In the old garden down there—

CYRANO

I remember—

Every summer you came to Bergerac! . . .

ROXANE

You used to make swords out of bulrushes—

CYRANO

Your dandelion-dolls with golden hair—

ROXANE

And those green plums—

CYRANO

And those black mulberries—

ROXANE

In those days, you did everything I wished!

CYRANO

Roxane, in short skirts, was called Madeleine.

ROXANE

Was I pretty?

CYRANO

Oh—not too plain!

ROXANE

Sometimes

When you had hurt your hand you used to come



Running to me—and I would be your mother,  
And say— Oh, in a very grown-up voice:

*(She takes his hand.)*

“Now, what have you been doing to yourself?  
Let me see—”

*(She sees the hand—starts.)*

Oh!—

Wait— I said *Let me see!*

Still—at your age! How did you do that?

CYRANO

Playing

With the big boys, down by the Porte de Nesle.

ROXANE

*(Sits at a table and wets her handkerchief in a  
glass of water.)*

Come here to me.

CYRANO

—Such a wise little mother!

ROXANE

And tell me, while I wash this blood away,  
How many you—played with?

CYRANO

Oh, about a hundred.

ROXANE

Tell me.

CYRANO

No. Let me go. Tell me what *you*  
Were going to tell *me*—if you dared?

ROXANE

*(Still holding his hand)*

I think

I do dare—now. It seems like long ago  
When I could tell you things. Yes—I dare . . .

Listen:

I . . . love someone.

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

Someone who does not know.

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

At least—not yet.

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

But he will know

Some day.

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

A big boy who loves me too,

And is afraid of me, and keeps away,

And never says one word.

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

Let me have

Your hand a moment—why how hot it is!—

I know. I see him trying . . .

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

There now!

Is that better?—

*(She finishes bandaging the hand with her handkerchief.)*

Besides—only to think—

*(This is a secret.)* He is a soldier too,

In your own regiment—

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

Yes, in the Guards,

Your company too.

CYRANO

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

And such a man!—

He is proud—noble—young—brave—beautiful—

CYRANO

*(Turns pale; rises.)*

Beautiful!—

ROXANE

What's the matter?

CYRANO

*(Smiling)*

Nothing—this—

My sore hand!

ROXANE

Well, I love him. That is all.

Oh—and I never saw him anywhere

Except the *Comedie*.

CYRANO

You have never spoken?—

ROXANE

Only our eyes . . .

CYRANO

Why, then— How do you know?—

ROXANE

People talk about people; and I hear

Things . . . and I know.

CYRANO

You say he is in the Guards:

His name?

ROXANE

Baron Christian de Neuville.

CYRANO

He is not in the Guards.

ROXANE

Yes. Since this morning.

Captain Carbon de Castel-Jaloux.

CYRANO

So soon! . . .

So soon we lose our hearts!—

But, my dear child,—

THE DUENNA

*(Opens the door.)*

I have eaten the cakes, Monsieur de Bergerac!

CYRANO

Good! Now go out and read the poetry!

*(The Duenna disappears.)*—But, my dear child! You, who love only words,  
Wit, the grand manner— Why, for all you know,  
The man may be a savage, or a fool.

ROXANE

His curls are like a hero from D'Urfé.

CYRANO

His mind may be as curly as his hair.

ROXANE

Not with such eyes. I read his soul in them.

CYRANO

Yes, all our souls are written in our eyes!  
But—if he be a bungler?

ROXANE

Then I shall die—

There!

CYRANO

*(After a pause)*And you brought me here to tell me this?  
I do not yet quite understand, Madame,  
The reason for your confidence.

ROXANE

They say

That in your company— It frightens me—  
You are all Gascons . . .

CYRANO

And we pick a quarrel  
With any flat-foot who intrudes himself,

Whose blood is not pure Gascon like our own?  
Is this what you have heard?

ROXANE

I am so afraid

For him!

CYRANO

(*Between his teeth*)

Not without reason!—

ROXANE

And I thought

You . . . You were so brave, so invincible  
Yesterday, against all those brutes!—If you,  
Whom they all fear—

CYRANO

Oh well— I will defend

Your little Baron.

ROXANE

Will you? Just for me?

Because I have always been—your friend!

CYRANO

Of course . . .

ROXANE

Will you be *his* friend?

CYRANO

I will be his friend.

ROXANE

And never let him fight a duel?

CYRANO

No—never.

ROXANE

Oh, but you are a darling!—I must go—  
You never told me about last night— Why,  
You must have been a hero! Have him write  
And tell me all about it—will you?

CYRANO

Of course . . .

ROXANE

*(Kisses her hand.)*

I always did love you!—A hundred men  
 Against one— Well. . . . Adieu. We are great  
 friends,  
 Are we not?

CYRANO

Of course . . .

ROXANE

He *must* write to me—

A hundred— You shall tell me the whole story  
 Some day, when I have time. A hundred men—  
 What courage!

CYRANO

*(Salutes as she goes out.)*

Oh . . . I have done better since!

*(The door closes after her. CYRANO remains motionless, his eyes on the ground. Pause. The other door opens; RAGUENEAU puts in his head.)*

RAGUENEAU

May I come in?

CYRANO

*(Without moving)*

Yes . . .

*(RAGUENEAU and his friends re-enter. At the same time, CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX appears at the street door in uniform as Captain of the Guards; recognizes CYRANO with a sweeping gesture.)*

CARBON

Here he is!—Our hero!

CYRANO

*(Raises his head and salutes.)*

Our Captain!

CARBON

We know! All our company

Are here—

CYRANO

*(Recoils)*

No—

CARBON

Come! They are waiting for you.

CYRANO

No!

CARBON

*(Tries to lead him out.)*

Only across the street— Come!

CYRANO

Please—

CARBON

*(Goes to the door and shouts in a voice of thunder.)*

Our champion

Refuses! He is not feeling well to-day!

A VOICE OUTSIDE

Ah! Sandious!

*(Noise outside of swords and trampling feet approaching.)*

CARBON

Here they come now!

THE CADETS

*(Entering the shop)*

Mille dious!—

Mordious!—Capdedious!—Pocapdedious!

RAGUENEAU

*(In astonishment)*

Gentlemen—

You are all Gascons?

THE CADETS

All!

FIRST CADET

*(To CYRANO)*

Bravo!

CYRANO

Baron!

ANOTHER CADET

*(Takes both his hands.)*

Vivat!

CYRANO

Baron!

THIRD CADET

Come to my arms!

CYRANO

Baron!

OTHERS

To mine!—To mine!—

CYRANO

Baron . . . Baron . . . Have mercy—

RAGUENEAU

You are all Barons too?

THE CADETS

*Are we?*

RAGUENEAU

Are they? . . .

FIRST CADET

Our coronets would star the midnight sky!

LE BRET

*(Enters; hurries to CYRANO.)*

The whole Town's looking for you! Raving mad—

A triumph! Those who saw the fight—

CYRANO

I hope

You have not told them where I—

LE BRET

*(Rubbing his hands)*

Certainly

I told them!

CITIZEN

*(Enters, followed by a group.)*

Listen! Shut the door!—Here comes



All Paris!

*(The street outside fills with a shouting crowd.  
Chairs and carriages stop at the door.)*

LE BRET

*(Aside to CYRANO, smiling)*

And Roxane?

CYRANO

*(Quickly)*

Hush!

THE CROWD OUTSIDE

Cyrano!

*(A mob bursts into the shop. Shouts, acclamations, general disturbance.)*

RAGUENEAU

*(Standing on a table.)*

My shop invaded— They'll break everything—  
Glorious!

SEVERAL MEN

*(Crowding about CYRANO)*

My friend! . . . My friend! . . .

CYRANO

Why, yesterday

I did not have so many friends!

LE BRET

Success

At last!

A MARQUIS

*(Runs to CYRANO, with outstretched hands)*

My dear—really!—

CYRANO

*(Coldly)*

So? And how long

Have I been dear to you?

ANOTHER MARQUIS

One moment—pray!

I have two ladies in my carriage here;

Let me present you—

CYRANO

Certainly! And first,  
Who will present you, sir,—to me?

LE BRET

*(Astounded)*

Why, what

The devil?—

CYRANO

Hush!

A MAN OF LETTERS

*(With a portfolio)*

May I have the details? . . .

CYRANO

You may not.

LE BRET

*(Pucking CYRANO'S sleeve)*

Theophraste Renaudot!—Editor  
Of the *Gazette*—your reputation! . . .

CYRANO

No!

A POET

*(Advances)*

Monsieur—

CYRANO

Well?

THE POET

Your full name? I will compose

A pentacrostic—

ANOTHER

Monsieur—

CYRANO

That will do!

*(Movement. The crowd arranges itself. DE  
GUICHE appears, escorted by CUIGY, BRIS-  
SAILLE, and the other officers who were  
with CYRANO at the close of the First  
Act.)*

CUIGY

*(Goes to CYRANO.)*

Monsieur de Guiche!—

*(Murmur. Everyone moves.)*

A message from the Marshal

De Gassion—

DE GUICHE

*(Saluting CYRANO)*

Who wishes to express

Through me his admiration. He has heard  
Of your affair—

THE CROWD

Bravo!

CYRANO

*(Bowing)*

The Marshal speaks

As an authority.

DE GUICHE

He said just now

The story would have been incredible  
Were it not for the witness—

CUIGY

Of our eyes!

LE BRET

*(Aside to CYRANO)*

What is it?

CYRANO

Hush!—

LE BRET

Something is wrong with you;

Are you in pain?

CYRANO

*(Recovering himself)*

In pain? Before this crowd?

*(His moustache bristles. He throws out his  
chest.)*

I? In pain? You shall see!

DE GUICHE

*(To whom CUIGY has been whispering.)*

Your name is known

Already as a soldier. You are one  
Of those wild Gascons, are you not?

CYRANO

The Guards,

Yes. A Cadet.

A CADET

*(In a voice of thunder)*

One of ourselves!

DE GUICHE

Ah! So—

Then all these gentlemen with the haughty air,  
These are the famous—

CARBON

Cyrano!

CYRANO

Captain?

CARBON

Our troop being all present, be so kind  
As to present them to the Comte de Guiche!

CYRANO

*(With a gesture presenting the Cadets to DE  
GUICHE, declaims:)*

*The Cadets of Gascoyne—the defenders**Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux:**Free fighters, free lovers, free spenders—**The Cadets of Gascoyne—the defenders**Of old homes, old names, and old splendors—**A proud and a pestilent crew!**The Cadets of Gascoyne, the defenders**Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux.**Hawk-eyed, they stare down all contenders—**The wolf bares his fangs as they do—*

*Make way there, you fat money-lenders!  
 (Hawk-eyed, they stare down all contenders)  
 Old boots that have been to the menders,  
 Old cloaks that are worn through and through—  
 Hawk-eyed, they stare down all contenders—  
 The wolf bares his fangs as they do!*

*Skull-breakers they are, and sword-benders;  
 Red blood is their favorite brew;  
 Hot haters and loyal befrienders,  
 Skull-breakers they are, and sword-benders.  
 Wherever a quarrel engenders,  
 They're ready and waiting for you!  
 Skull-breakers they are, and sword-benders;  
 Red blood is their favorite brew!*

*Behold them, our Gascon defenders  
 Who win every woman they woo!  
 There's never a dame but surrenders—  
 Behold them, our Gascon defenders!  
 Young wives who are clever pretenders—  
 Old husbands who house the cuckoo—  
 Behold them—our Gascon defenders  
 Who win every woman they woo!*

DE GUICHE

*(Languidly, sitting in a chair)*

Poets are fashionable nowadays  
 To have about one. Would you care to join  
 My following?

CYRANO

No sir. I do not follow.

DE GUICHE

Your duel yesterday amused my uncle  
 The Cardinal. I might help you there.

LE BRET

Grand Dieu!

DE GUICHE

I suppose you have written a tragedy—  
They all have.

LE BRET

*(Aside to CYRANO)*

Now at last you'll have it played—  
Your *Agrippine!*

DE GUICHE

Why not? Take it to him.

CYRANO

*(Tempted)*

Really—

DE GUICHE

He is himself a dramatist;  
Let him rewrite a few lines here and there,  
And he'll approve the rest.

CYRANO

*(His face falls again.)*

Impossible.  
My blood curdles to think of altering  
One comma.

DE GUICHE

Ah, but when he likes a thing  
He pays well.

CYRANO

Yes—but not so well as I—  
When I have made a line that sings itself  
So that I love the sound of it—I pay  
Myself a hundred times.

DE GUICHE

You are proud, my friend.

CYRANO

You have observed that?

A CADET

*(Enters with a drawn sword, along the whole  
blade of which is transfixd a collection of*

*disreputable hats, their plumes draggled, their crowns cut and torn.)*

Cyrano! See here—  
Look what we found this morning in the street—  
The plumes dropped in their flight by those fine birds  
Who showed the white feather!

CARBON

Spoils of the hunt—

Well mounted!

THE CROWD

Ha-ha-ha!

CUIGY

Whoever hired  
Those rascals, he must be an angry man  
To-day!

BRISSAILLE

Who was it? Do you know?

DE GUICHE

Myself!—

*(The laughter ceases.)*

I hired them to do the sort of work  
We do not soil our hands with—punishing  
A drunken poet. . . .

*(Uncomfortable silence)*

THE CADET

*(To CYRANO)*

What shall we do with them?  
They ought to be preserved before they spoil—

CYRANO

*(Takes the sword, and in the gesture of saluting DE GUICHE with it, makes all the hats slide off at his feet.)*

Sir, will you not return these to your friends?

DE GUICHE

My chair—my porters here—immediately!

*(To CYRANO violently)*

—As for you, sir!—

A VOICE

*(In the street)*

The chair of Monseigneur  
Le Comte de Guiche!—

DE GUICHE

*(Who has recovered his self-control; smiling)*  
Have you read *Don Quixote*?

CYRANO

I have—and found myself the hero.

A PORTER

*(Appears at the door.)*

Chair

Ready!

DE GUICHE

Be so good as to read once more  
The chapter of the windmills.

CYRANO

*(Gravely)*

Chapter Thirteen.

DE GUICHE

Windmills, remember, if you fight with them—

CYRANO

My enemies change, then, with every wind?

DE GUICHE

—May swing round their huge arms and cast you down  
Into the mire.

CYRANO

Or up—among the stars!

*(DE GUICHE goes out. We see him get into  
the chair. The Officers follow murmuring  
among themselves. LE BRET goes up with  
them. The crowd goes out.)*

CYRANO

*(Saluting with burlesque politeness, those who  
go out without daring to take leave of him.)*

Gentlemen. . . . Gentlemen. . . .



LE BRET

*(As the door closes, comes down, shaking his clenched hands to heaven.)*

You have done it now—  
You have made your fortune!

CYRANO

There you go again,  
Growling!—

LE BRET

At least this latest pose of yours—  
Ruining every chance that comes your way—  
Becomes exaggerated—

CYRANO

Very well,  
Then I exaggerate!

LE BRET

*(Triumphantly)*

Oh, you do!

CYRANO

Yes;  
On principle. There are things in this world  
A man does well to carry to extremes.

LE BRET

Stop trying to be Three Musketeers in one!  
Fortune and glory—

CYRANO

What would you have me do?  
Seek for the patronage of some great man,  
And like a creeping vine on a tall tree  
Crawl upward, where I cannot stand alone?  
No thank you! Dedicate, as others do,  
~~Poems~~ to pawnbrokers? Be a buffoon  
In the vile hope of teasing out a smile  
On some cold face? No thank you! Eat a toad  
For breakfast every morning? Make my knees  
Callous, and cultivate a supple spine,—

Wear out my belly grovelling in the dust?  
 No thank you! Scratch the back of any swine  
 That roots up gold for me? Tickle the horns  
 Of Mammon with my left hand, while my right  
 Too proud to know his partner's business,  
 Takes in the fee? No thank you! ~~Use the fire~~  
 God gave me to burn incense ~~all day long~~  
 Under the nose of wood and stone? No thank you!  
 Shall I go leaping into ladies' laps  
 And licking fingers?—~~or—to change the form—~~  
 Navigating ~~with madrigals~~ for oars,  
 My sails full of the sighs of dowagers?  
 No thank you! Publish verses at my own  
 Expense? No thank you! Be the patron saint  
 Of a small group of literary souls  
 Who dine together every Tuesday? No  
 I thank you! Shall I labor night and day  
 To build a reputation on one song,  
 And never write another? Shall I find  
 True genius only among Geniuses,  
 Palpitate over little paragraphs,  
 And struggle to insinuate my name  
 Into the columns of the *Mercury*?  
 No thank you! Calculate, scheme, be afraid,  
 Love more to make a visit than a poem,  
 Seek introductions, favors, influences?—  
 No thank you! No, I thank you! And again  
 I thank you!—But . . .

To sing, to laugh, to dream,  
 To walk in my own way and be alone,  
 Free, with an eye to see things as they are,  
 A voice that means manhood—to cock my hat  
 Where I choose— At a word, a *Yes*, a *No*,  
 To fight—or write. To travel any road  
 Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt  
 If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne—  
 Never to make a line I have not heard

In my own heart; yet, with all modesty  
 To say: "My soul, be satisfied with flowers,  
 With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them  
 In the one garden you may call your own."  
~~So, when I win some triumph, by some chance,~~  
~~Render no share to Caesar—in a word,~~  
 I am too proud to be a parasite,  
 And if my nature wants the germ that grows  
 Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,  
 Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes—  
 I stand, not high it may be—but alone!

LE BRET

Alone, yes!—But why stand against the world?  
 What devil has possessed you now, to go  
 Everywhere making yourself enemies?

CYRANO

Watching you other people making friends  
 Everywhere—as a dog makes friends! I mark  
 The manner of these canine courtesies  
 And think: "My friends are of a cleaner breed;  
 Here comes—thank God!—another enemy!"

LE BRET

But this is madness!

CYRANO

Method, let us say.

It is my pleasure to displease. I love  
 Hatred. Imagine how it feels to face  
 The volley of a thousand angry eyes—  
 The bile of envy and the froth of fear  
 Spattering little drops about me— You—  
 Good nature all around you, soft and warm—  
 You are like those Italians, in great cowls  
 Comfortable and loose— Your chin sinks down  
 Into the folds, your shoulders droop. But I—  
 The Spanish ruff I wear around my throat  
 Is like a ring of enemies; hard, proud,  
 Each point another pride, another thorn—

So that I hold myself erect perforce,  
Wearing the hatred of the common herd  
Haughtily, the harsh collar of Old Spain,  
At once a fetter and—a halo!

LE BRET

Yes . . .

*(After a silence, draws CYRANO'S arm through his own.)*

Tell this to all the world— And then to me  
Say very softly that . . . She loves you not.

CYRANO

*(Quickly)*

Hush!

*(A moment since, CHRISTIAN has entered and mingled with the Cadets, who do not offer to speak to him. Finally, he sits down alone at a small table, where he is served by LISE.)*

A CADET

*(Rises from a table up stage, his glass in his hand.)*

Cyrano!—Your story!

CYRANO

Presently . . .

*(He goes up, on the arm of LE BRET, talking to him. The Cadets comes down stage.)*

THE CADET

The story of the combat! An example  
For—

*(He stops by the table where CHRISTIAN is sitting.)*

—this young tadpole here.

CHRISTIAN

*(Looks up)*

Tadpole?

ANOTHER CADET

Yes, you!—

You narrow-gutted Northerner!

CHRISTIAN

Sir?

FIRST CADET

Hark ye,

Monsieur de Neuville: You are to know  
There is a certain subject—I would say,  
A certain object—never to be named  
Among us: utterly unmentionable!

CHRISTIAN

And that is?

THIRD CADET

*(In an awful voice)*

Look at me! . . .

*(He strikes his nose three times with his finger,  
mysteriously.)*

You understand?

CHRISTIAN

Why, yes; the—

FOURTH CADET

Sh! . . . We never speak that word—

*(Indicating CYRANO by a gesture)*

To breathe it is to have to do with HIM!

FIFTH CADET

*(Speaks through his nose.)*

He has exterminated several  
Whose tone of voice suggested . . .

SIXTH CADET

*(In a hollow tone; rising from under the table  
on all fours.)*

Would you die

Before your time? Just mention anything

Convex . . . or cartilaginous . . .

SEVENTH CADET

*(His hand on CHRISTIAN'S shoulder)*

One word—

One syllable—one gesture—nay, one sneeze—

Your handkerchief becomes your winding-sheet!

*(Silence. In a circle around CHRISTIAN, arms crossed, they regard him expectantly.)*

CHRISTIAN

*(Rises and goes to CARBON, who is conversing with an officer, and pretending not to see what is taking place.)*

Captain!

CARBON

*(Turns, and looks him over.)*

Sir?

CHRISTIAN

What is the proper thing to do  
When Gascons grow too boastful?

CARBON

Prove to them  
That one may be a Norman, and have courage.

*(Turns his back.)*

CHRISTIAN

I thank you.

FIRST CADET

*(To CYRANO)*

Come—the story!

ALL

The story!

CYRANO

*(Comes down.)*

Oh,

My story? Well . . .

*(They all draw up their stools and group themselves around him, eagerly. CHRISTIAN places himself astride of a chair, his arms on the back of it.)*

I marched on, all alone  
To meet those devils. Overhead, the moon  
Hung like a gold watch at the fob of heaven,  
Till suddenly some Angel rubbed a cloud,

As it might be his handkerchief, across  
 The shining crystal, and—the night came down.  
 No lamps in those back streets— It was so dark—  
 Mordious! You could not see beyond—

CHRISTIAN

Your nose.

*(Silence. Every man slowly rises to his feet.  
 They look at CYRANO almost with terror.  
 He has stopped short, utterly astonished.  
 Pause.)*

CYRANO

Who is that man there?

A CADET

*(In a low voice)*

A recruit—arrived

This morning.

CYRANO

*(Takes a step toward CHRISTIAN.)*

A recruit—

CARBON

*(In a low voice)*

His name is Christian

De Neuvil—

CYRANO

*(Suddenly motionless)*

Oh . . .

*(He turns pale, flushes, makes a movement as  
 if to throw himself upon CHRISTIAN.)*

I—

*(Controls himself, and goes on in a choking  
 voice.)*

I see. Very well,

As I was saying—

*(With a sudden burst of rage)*

Mordious! . . .

*(He goes on in a natural tone.)*

It grew dark,

You could not see your hand before your eyes.  
I marched on, thinking how, all for the sake  
Of one old souse

*(They slowly sit down, watching him.)*

who wrote a bawdy song

Whenever he took—

CHRISTIAN

A noseful—

*(Everyone rises. CHRISTIAN balances himself on two legs of his chair.)*

CYRANO

*(Half strangled)*

—Took a notion . . .

Whenever he took a notion— For his sake,  
I might antagonize some dangerous man,  
One powerful enough to make me pay—

CHRISTIAN

Through the nose—

CYRANO

*(Wipes the sweat from his forehead.)*

—Pay the Piper. After all,

I thought, why am I putting in my—

CHRISTIAN

Nose—

CYRANO

—My oar . . . Why am I putting in my oar?  
The quarrel's none of mine. However—now  
I am here, I may as well go through with it.  
Come Gascon—do your duty!—Suddenly  
A sword flashed in the dark. I caught it fair—

CHRISTIAN

On the nose—

CYRANO

On my blade. Before I knew it,

There I was—

CHRISTIAN

Rubbing noses—



CYRANO

*(Pale and smiling)*

Crossing swords

With half a score at once. I handed one—

CHRISTIAN

A nosegay—

CYRANO

*(Leaping at him)*

Ventre-Saint-Gris! . . .

*(The Gascons tumble over each other to get a good view. Arrived in front of CHRISTIAN, who has not moved an inch, CYRANO masters himself again, and continues.)*

He went down;

The rest gave way; I charged—

CHRISTIAN

Nose in the air—

CYRANO

I skewered two of them—disarmed a third—

Another lunged— Paf! And I countered—

CHRISTIAN

Pif!

CYRANO

*(Bellowing)*

TONNERRE! Out of here!—All of you!

*(All the Cadets rush for the door.)*

FIRST CADET

At last—

The old lion wakes!

CYRANO

All of you! Leave me here

Alone with that man!

*(The lines following are heard brokenly, in the confusion of getting through the door.)*

SECOND CADET

Bigre! He'll have the fellow

Chopped into sausage—

RAGUENEAU

Sausage?—

THIRD CADET

Mince-meat, then—

One of your pies!—

RAGUENEAU

Am I pale? You look white

As a fresh napkin—

CARBON

*(At the door)*

Come!

FOURTH CADET

He'll never leave

Enough of him to—

FIFTH CADET

Why, it frightens ME

To think of what will—

SIXTH CADET

*(Closing the door)*

Something horrible

Beyond imagination . . .

*(They are all gone: some through the street door, some by the inner doors to right and left. A few disappear up the staircase. CYRANO and CHRISTIAN stand face to face a moment, and look at each other.)*

CYRANO

To my arms!

CHRISTIAN

Sir? . . .

CYRANO

You have courage!

CHRISTIAN

Oh, that! . . .

CYRANO

You are brave—

That pleases me.

CHRISTIAN

You mean? . . .

CYRANO

Do you not know

I am her brother? Come!

CHRISTIAN

Whose?—

CYRANO

Hers—Roxane!

CHRISTIAN

Her . . . brother? You?

*(Hurries to him.)*

CYRANO

Her cousin. Much the same.

CHRISTIAN

And she has told you? . . .

CYRANO

Everything.

CHRISTIAN

She loves me?

CYRANO

Perhaps.

CHRISTIAN

*(Takes both his hands.)*

My dear sir—more than I can say,

I am honored—

CYRANO

This is rather sudden.

CHRISTIAN

Please

Forgive me—

CYRANO

*(Holds him at arms length, looking at him.)*

Why, he is a handsome devil,

This fellow!

CHRISTIAN

On my honor—if you knew  
How much I have admired—

CYRANO

Yes, yes—and all  
Those Noses which—

CHRISTIAN

Please! I apologize.

CYRANO

*(Change of tone)*

Roxane expects a letter—

CHRISTIAN

Not from me?—

CYRANO

Yes. Why not?

CHRISTIAN

Once I write, that ruins all!

CYRANO

And why?

CHRISTIAN

Because . . . because I am a fool!  
Stupid enough to hang myself!

CYRANO

But no—  
You are no fool; you call yourself a fool,  
There's proof enough in that. Besides, you did not  
Attack me like a fool.

CHRISTIAN

Bah! Any one  
Can pick a quarrel. Yes, I have a sort  
Of rough and ready soldier's tongue. I know  
That. But with any woman—paralyzed,  
Speechless, dumb. I can only look at them.  
Yet sometimes, when I go away, their eyes . . .

CYRANO

Why not their hearts, if you should wait and see?

CHRISTIAN

No. I am one of those— I know—those men  
Who never can make love.

CYRANO

Strange. . . . Now it seems  
I, if I gave my mind to it, I might  
Perhaps make love well.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, if I had words  
To say what I have here!

CYRANO

If I could be  
A handsome little Musketeer with eyes!—

CHRISTIAN

Besides—you know Roxane—how sensitive—  
One rough word, and the sweet illusion—gone!

CYRANO

I wish you might be my interpreter.

CHRISTIAN

I wish I had your wit—

CYRANO

Borrow it, then!—  
Your beautiful young manhood—lend me that,  
And we two make one hero of romance!

CHRISTIAN

What?

CYRANO

Would you dare repeat to her the words  
I gave you, day by day?

CHRISTIAN

You mean?

CYRANO

I mean

Roxane shall have no disillusionment!  
Come, shall we win her both together? Take  
The soul within this leathern jack of mine,

And breathe it into you?

*(Touches him on the breast.)*

So—there's my heart  
Under your velvet, now!

CHRISTIAN

But— Cyrano!—

CYRANO

But— Christian, why not?

CHRISTIAN

I am afraid—

CYRANO

I know—

Afraid that when you have her all alone,  
You lose all. Have no fear. It is yourself  
She loves—give her yourself put into words—  
My words, upon your lips!

CHRISTIAN

But . . . but your eyes! . . .

They burn like—

CYRANO

Will you? . . . Will you?

CHRISTIAN

Does it mean

So much to you?

CYRANO

*(Beside himself)*

It means—

*(Recovers, changes tone.)*

A Comedy,

A situation for a poet! Come,  
Shall we collaborate? I'll be your cloak  
Of darkness, your enchanted sword, your ring  
To charm the fairy Princess!

CHRISTIAN

But the letter—

I cannot write—

CYRANO

Oh yes, the letter.

*(He takes from his pocket the letter which he has written.)*

Here.

CHRISTIAN

What is this?

CYRANO

All there; all but the address.

CHRISTIAN

I—

CYRANO

Oh, you may send it. It will serve.

CHRISTIAN

But why

Have you done this?

CYRANO

I have amused myself

As we all do, we poets—writing vows  
 To Chloris, Phyllis—any pretty name—  
 You might have had a pocketful of them!  
 Take it, and turn to facts my fantasies—  
 I loosed these loves like doves into the air;  
 Give them a habitation and a home.  
 Here, take it— You will find me all the more  
 Eloquent, being insincere! Come!

CHRISTIAN

First,

There must be a few changes here and there—  
 Written at random, can it fit Roxane?

CYRANO

Like her own glove.

CHRISTIAN

No, but—

CYRANO

My son, have faith—

Faith in the love of women for themselves—

Roxane will know this letter for her own!

CHRISTIAN

*(Throws himself into the arms of CYRANO.  
They stand embraced.)*

My friend!

*(The door up stage opens a little. A Cadet  
steals in.)*

THE CADET

Nothing. A silence like the tomb . . .  
I hardly dare look—

*(He sees the two.)*

Wha-at?

*(The Other Cadets crowd in behind him  
and see.)*

THE CADETS

No!—No!

SECOND CADET

Mon dieu!

THE MUSKETEER

*(Slaps his knee.)*

Well, well, well!

CARBON

Here's our devil . . . Christianized!  
Offend one nostril, and he turns the other.

THE MUSKETEER

Now we are allowed to talk about his nose!

*(Calls)*

Hey, Lise! Come here—

*(Affectedly)*

Snf! What a horrid smell!

What is it? . . .

*(Plants himself in front of CYRANO, and looks  
at his nose in an impolite manner.)*

You ought to know about such things;  
What seems to have died around here?



CYRANO

*(Knocks him backward over a bench.)*

Cabbage-heads!

*(Joy. The Cadets have found their old CYRANO again. General disturbance.)**(Curtain)*



**THE THIRD ACT**

**ROXANE'S KISS**



*A little square in the old Marais: old houses, and a glimpse of narrow streets. On the Right, THE HOUSE OF ROXANE and her garden wall, overhung with tall shrubbery. Over the door of the house a balcony and a tall window; to one side of the door, a bench.*

*Ivy clings to the wall; jasmine embraces the balcony, trembles, and falls away.*

*By the bench and the jutting stonework of the wall one might easily climb up to the balcony.*

*Opposite, an ancient house of the like character, brick and stone, whose front door forms an Entrance. The knocker on this door is tied up in linen like an injured thumb.*

*At the CURTAIN RISE THE DUENNA is seated on the bench beside the door. The window is wide open on ROXANE'S balcony; a light within suggests that it is early evening. By THE DUENNA stands RAGUENEAU dressed in what might be the livery of one attached to the household. He is by way of telling her something, and wiping his eyes meanwhile.*

RAGUENEAU

—And so she ran off with a Musketeer!  
I was ruined— I was alone— Remained  
Nothing for me to do but hang myself,  
So I did that. Presently along comes  
Monsieur de Bergerac, and cuts me down,  
And makes me steward to his cousin.

THE DUENNA

Ruined?—

I thought your pastry was a great success!

RAGUENEAU

*(Shakes hts head.)*

Lise loved the soldiers, and I loved the poets—  
Mars ate up all the cakes Apollo left;  
It did not take long. . . .

THE DUENNA

*(Calls up to window.)*

Roxane! Are you ready?

We are late!

VOICE OF ROXANE

*(Within)*

Putting on my cape—

THE DUENNA

*(To RAGUENEAU, indicating the house opposite.)*

Clomire

Across the way receives on Thursday nights—  
We are to have a psycho-colloquy  
Upon the Tender Passion.

RAGUENEAU

Ah—the Tender . . .

THE DUENNA

*(Sighs)*

—Passion! . . .

*(Calls up to window.)*

Roxane!—Hurry, dear—we shall miss  
The Tender Passion!

ROXANE

Coming!—

*(Music of stringed instruments off-stage approaching.)*

THE VOICE OF CYRANO

*(Singing)*

La, la, la!—

THE DUENNA

A serenade?—How pleasant—

CYRANO

No, no, no!—

F natural, you natural born fool!

*(Enters, followed by two pages, carrying the-  
orbos.)*

FIRST PAGE

*(Ironically)*

No doubt your honor knows F natural  
When he hears—

CYRANO

I am a musician, infant!—

A pupil of Gassendi.

THE PAGE

*(Plays and sings.)*

La, la,—

CYRANO

Here—

Give me that—

*(He snatches the instrument from the Page  
and continues the tune.)*

La, la, la, la—

ROXANE

*(Appears on the Balcony.)*

Is that you

Cyrano?

CYRANO

*(Singing)*

I, who praise your lilies fair,  
But long to love your ro . . . ses!

ROXANE

I'll be down—

Wait—

*(Goes in through window.)*

THE DUENNA

Did you train these virtuosi?

CYRANO

No—

I won them on a bet from D'Assoucy.  
We were debating a fine point of grammar  
When, pointing out these two young nightingales  
Dressed up like peacocks, with their instruments,  
He cries: "No, but I KNOW! I'll wager you  
A day of music." Well, of course he lost;  
And so until to-morrow they are mine,  
My private orchestra. Pleasant at first,  
But they become a trifle—

*(To the Pages)*

Here! Go play

A minuet to Montfleury—and tell him

I sent you!

*(The Pages go up to the exit. CYRANO turns  
to the Duenna)*

I came here as usual

To inquire after our friend—

*(To Pages)*

Play out of tune.



And keep on playing!

*(The Pages go out. He turns to the Duenna)*

—Our friend with the great soul.

ROXANE

*(Enters in time to hear the last words.)*

He is beautiful and brilliant—and I love him!

CYRANO

Do you find Christian . . . intellectual?

ROXANE

More so than you, even.

CYRANO

I am glad.

ROXANE

No man

Ever so beautifully said those things—

Those pretty nothings that are everything.

Sometimes he falls into a reverie;

His inspiration fails—then all at once,

He will say something absolutely . . . Oh! . . .

CYRANO

Really!

ROXANE

How like a man! You think a man

Who has a handsome face must be a fool.

CYRANO

He talks well about . . . matters of the heart?

ROXANE

He does not *talk*; he rhapsodizes . . . dreams . . .

CYRANO

*(Twisting his moustache.)*

He . . . writes well?

ROXANE

Wonderfully. Listen now:

*(Reciting as from memory.)*

“Take my heart; I shall have it all the more;

Plucking the flowers, we keep the plant in bloom—”

Well?

CYRANO

Pooh!

ROXANE

And this:

“Knowing you have in store  
More heart to give than I to find heart-room—”

CYRANO

First he has too much, then too little; just  
How much heart does he need?

ROXANE

*(Tapping her foot.)*

You are teasing me!

You are jealous!

CYRANO

*(Startled)*

Jealous?

ROXANE

Of his poetry—

You poets are like that . . .

And these last lines

Are they not the last word in tenderness?—  
“There is no more to say: only believe  
That unto you my whole heart gives one cry,  
And writing, writes down more than you receive;  
Sending you kisses through my finger-tips—  
Lady, O read my letter with your lips!”

CYRANO

H'm, yes—those last lines . . . but he over-  
writes!

ROXANE

Listen to this—

CYRANO

You know them all by heart?

ROXANE

Every one!

CYRANO

*(Twisting his moustache.)*

I may call that flattering . . .

ROXANE

He is a master!

CYRANO

Oh—come!

ROXANE

Yes—a master!

CYRANO

*(Bowing)*

A master—if you will!

THE DUENNA

*(Comes down stage quickly.)*

Monsieur de Guiche!—

*(To CYRANO, pushing him toward the house.)*Go inside— If he does not find you here,  
It may be just as well. He may suspect —

ROXANE

—My secret! Yes; he is in love with me  
And he is powerful. Let him not know—  
One look would frost my roses before bloom.

CYRANO

*(Going into house.)*

Very well, very well!

ROXANE

*(To DE GUICHE, as he enters)*

We were just going—

DE GUICHE

I came only to say farewell.

ROXANE

You leave

Paris?

DE GUICHE

Yes—for the front.

ROXANE

Ah!

DE GUICHE

And to-night!

ROXANE

Ah!

DE GUICHE

We have orders to besiege Arras.

ROXANE

Arras?

DE GUICHE

Yes. My departure leaves you . . . cold?

ROXANE

*(Politely)*

Oh! Not that.

DE GUICHE

It has left me desolate—

When shall I see you? Ever? Did you know  
I was made Colonel?

ROXANE

*(Indifferent)*

Bravo.

DE GUICHE

Regiment

Of the Guards.

ROXANE

*(Catching her breath.)*

Of the Guards?—

DE GUICHE

*His* regiment,

Your cousin, the mighty man of words!—

*(Grimly)*

Down there

We may have an accounting!

ROXANE

*(Suffocating)*

Are you sure

The Guards are ordered?

DE GUICHE

Under my command!

ROXANE

*(Sinks down, breathless, on the bench; aside)*

Christian!—

DE GUICHE

What is it?

ROXANE

*(Losing control of herself.)*

To the war—perhaps

Never again to— When a woman cares,  
Is that nothing?

DE GUICHE

*(Surprised and delighted.)*

You say this now—to me—

Now, at the very moment?—

ROXANE

*(Recovers—changes her tone.)*

Tell me something:

My cousin— You say you mean to be revenged  
On him. Do you mean that?

DE GUICHE

*(Smiles)*

Why? Would you care?

ROXANE

Not for him.

DE GUICHE

Do you see him?

ROXANE

Now and then.

DE GUICHE

He goes about everywhere nowadays  
With one of the Cadets—de Neuve—Neuville—  
Neuwillers—

ROXANE

*(Coolly)*

A tall man?—

DE GUICHE

Blond—

ROXANE

Rosy cheeks?—

DE GUICHE

Handsome!—

ROXANE

Pooh!—

DE GUICHE

And a fool.

ROXANE

*(Languidly)*

So he appears . . .

*(Animated)*

But Cyrano? What will you do to him?  
 Order him into danger? He loves that!  
 I know what *I* should do.

DE GUICHE

What?

ROXANE

Leave him here

With his Cadets, while all the regiment  
 Goes on to glory! That would torture him—  
 To sit all through the war with folded arms—  
 I know his nature. If you hate that man,  
 Strike at his self-esteem.

DE GUICHE

Oh woman—woman!

Who but a woman would have thought of this?

ROXANE

He'll eat his heart out, while his Gascon friends  
 Bite their nails all day long in Paris here.  
 And you will be avenged!

DE GUICHE

You love me then,

A little? . . .

*(She smiles.)*

Making my enemies your own,  
 Hating them—I should like to see in that  
 A sign of love, Roxane.

ROXANE

Perhaps it is one . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Shows a number of folded despatches.)*

Here are the orders—for each company—  
 Ready to send . . .

*(Selects one.)*

So— This is for the Guards—  
 I'll keep that. Aha, Cyrano!

*(To ROXANE)*

You too,

You play your little games, do you?

ROXANE

*(Watching him.)*

Sometimes . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Close to her, speaking hurriedly.)*

And you!—Oh, I am mad over you!—

Listen—

I leave to-night—but—let you through my hands  
 Now, when I feel you trembling?—Listen— Close by,  
 In the Rue d'Orléans, the Capuchins  
 Have their new convent. By their law, no layman  
 May pass inside those walls. I'll see to that—  
 Their sleeves are wide enough to cover me—  
 The servants of my Uncle-Cardinal  
 Will fear his nephew. So—I'll come to you  
 Masked, after everyone knows I have gone—  
 Oh, let me wait one day!—

ROXANE

If this be known,

Your honor—

DE GUICHE

Bah!

ROXANE

The war—your duty—

DE GUICHE

*(Blows away an imaginary feather.)*

Phoo!—

Only say yes!

ROXANE

No!

DE GUICHE

Whisper . . .

ROXANE

*(Tenderly)*

I ought not

To let you . . .

DE GUICHE

Ah! . . .

ROXANE

*(Pretends to break down.)*

Ah, go!

*(Aside)*

—Christian remains—

*(Aloud—heroically)*

I must have you a hero—Antoine . . .

DE GUICHE

Heaven! . . .

So you can love—

ROXANE

One for whose sake I fear.

DE GUICHE

*(Triumphant)*

I go!



Will that content you?  
*(Kisses her hand.)*

ROXANE

Yes—my friend!

*(He goes out.)*

THE DUENNA

*(As DE GUICHE disappears, making a deep  
 curtsey behind his back, and imitating ROX-  
 ANE'S intense tone.)*

Yes—my friend!

ROXANE

*(Quickly, close to her.)*

Not a word to Cyrano—

He would never forgive me if he knew  
 I stole his war!

*(She calls toward the house.)*

Cousin!

*(CYRANO comes out of the house; she turns  
 to him, indicating the house opposite.)*

We are going over—

Alcandre speaks to-night—and Lysimon.

THE DUENNA

*(Puts finger in her ear.)*

My little finger says we shall not hear  
 Everything.

CYRANO

Never mind me—

THE DUENNA

*(Across the street)*

Look— Oh, look!

The knocker tied up in a napkin— Yes,  
 They muzzled you because you bark too loud  
 And interrupt the lecture—little beast!

ROXANE

*(As the door opens)*

Enter . . .

(*To CYRANO*)

If Christian comes, tell him to wait.

CYRANO

Oh—

(*ROXANE returns.*)

When he comes, what will you talk about?

You always know beforehand.

ROXANE

About . . .

CYRANO

Well?

ROXANE

You will not tell him, will you?

CYRANO

I am dumb.

ROXANE

About nothing! Or about everything—

I shall say: "Speak of love in your own words—  
Improvise! Rhapsodize! Be eloquent!"

CYRANO

(*Smiling*)

Good!

ROXANE

Sh!—

CYRANO

Sh!—

ROXANE

Not a word!

(*She goes in; the door closes.*)

CYRANO

(*Bowing*)

Thank you so much—

ROXANE

(*Opens door and puts out her head.*)

He must be unprepared—

CYRANO

Of course!

ROXANE

Sh!—

*(Goes in again.)*

CYRANO

*(Calls)*

Christian!

*(Christian enters.)*

I have your theme—bring on your memory!—  
 Here is your chance now to surpass yourself,  
 No time to lose— Come! Look intelligent—  
 Come home and learn your lines.

CHRISTIAN

No.

CYRANO

What?

CHRISTIAN

I'll wait

Here for Roxane.

CYRANO

What lunacy is this?

Come quickly!

CHRISTIAN

No, I say! I have had enough—  
 Taking my words, my letters, all from you—  
 Making our love a little comedy!  
 It was a game at first; but now—she cares . . .  
 Thanks to you. I am not afraid. I'll speak  
 For myself now.

CYRANO

Undoubtedly!

CHRISTIAN

I will!

Why not? I am no such fool—you shall see!  
 Besides—my dear friend—you have taught me much;  
 I ought to know something . . . By God, I know  
 Enough to take a woman in my arms!

(ROXANE *appears in the doorway, opposite.*)

There she is now . . . Cyrano, wait! Stay here!

CYRANO

(*Bows*)

Speak for yourself, my friend!

(*He goes out.*)

ROXANE

(*Taking leave of the company.*)

—Barthénoide!

Alcandre! . . . Grémione! . . .

THE DUENNA

I told you so—

We missed the Tender Passion!

(*She goes into ROXANE'S house.*)

ROXANE

Urimédonte!—

Adieu!

(*As the guests disappear down the street, she turns to CHRISTIAN.*)

Is that you, Christian? Let us stay  
Here, in the twilight. They are gone. The air  
Is fragrant. We shall be alone. Sit down  
There—so . . .

(*They sit on the bench.*)

Now tell me things.

CHRISTIAN

(*After a silence*)

I love you.

ROXANE

(*Closes her eyes.*)

Yes,

Speak to me about love . . .

CHRISTIAN

I love you.

ROXANE

Now

Be eloquent! . . .

CHRISTIAN

I love—

ROXANE

*(Opens her eyes.)*

You have your theme—

Improvise! Rhapsodize!

CHRISTIAN

I love you so!

ROXANE

Of course. And then? . . .

CHRISTIAN

And then . . . Oh, I should be

So happy if you loved me too! Roxane,

Say that you love me too!

ROXANE

*(Making a face.)*

I ask for cream—

You give me milk and water. Tell me first

A little, how you love me.

CHRISTIAN

Very much.

ROXANE

Oh—tell me how you *feel!*

CHRISTIAN

*(Coming nearer, and devouring her with his eyes.)*

Your throat . . . If only

I might . . . kiss it—

ROXANE

Christian!

CHRISTIAN

I love you so!

ROXANE

*(Makes as if to rise.)*

Again?

CHRISTIAN

*(Desperately, restraining her.)*

No, not again— I do not love you—

ROXANE

*(Settles back.)*

That is better . . .

CHRISTIAN

I adore you!

ROXANE

Oh!—

*(Rises and moves away.)*

CHRISTIAN

I know;

I grow absurd.

ROXANE

*(Coldly)*

And that displeases me

As much as if you had grown ugly.

CHRISTIAN

I—

ROXANE

Gather your dreams together into words!

CHRISTIAN

I love—

ROXANE

I know; you love me. Adieu.

*(She goes to the house.)*

CHRISTIAN

No,

But wait—please—let me— I was going to say—

ROXANE

*(Pushes the door open.)*

That you adore me. Yes; I know that too.

No! . . . Go away! . . .

*(She goes in and shuts the door in his face.)*

CHRISTIAN

I . . . I . . .

CYRANO

*(Enters)*

A great success!

CHRISTIAN

Help me!

CYRANO

Not I.

CHRISTIAN

I cannot live unless

She loves me—now, this moment!

CYRANO

How the devil

Am I to teach you now—this moment?

CHRISTIAN

*(Catches him by the arm.)*

—Wait!—

Look! Up there!—Quick—

*(The light shows in ROXANE'S window.)*

CYRANO

Her window—

CHRISTIAN

*(Wailing)*

I shall die!—

CYRANO

Less noise!

CHRISTIAN

Oh, I—

CYRANO

It does seem fairly dark—

CHRISTIAN

*(Excitedly)*

Well?—Well?—Well?—

CYRANO

Let us try what can be done;

It is more than you deserve—stand over there,

Idiot—there!—before the balcony—

Let me stand underneath. I'll whisper you

What to say.

CHRISTIAN

She may hear—she may—

CYRANO

Less noise!

*(The Pages appear up stage.)*

FIRST PAGE

Hep!—

CYRANO

*(Finger to lips)*

Sh!—

FIRST PAGE

*(Low voice)*

We serenaded Montfleury!—

What next?

CYRANO

Down to the corner of the street—

One this way—and the other over there—

If anybody passes, play a tune!

PAGE

What tune, O musical Philosopher?

CYRANO

Sad for a man, or merry for a woman—

Now go!

*(The Pages disappear, one toward each corner of the street.)*

CYRANO

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

Call her!

CHRISTIAN

Roxane!

CYRANO

Wait . . .

*(Gathers up a handful of pebbles.)*

Gravel . . .

*(Throws it at the window.)*

There!—



ROXANE

*(Opens the window.)*

Who is calling?

CHRISTIAN

I—

ROXANE

Who?

CHRISTIAN

Christian.

ROXANE

You again?

CHRISTIAN

I had to tell you—

CYRANO

*(Under the balcony)*

Good— Keep your voice down.

ROXANE

No. Go away. You tell me nothing.

CHRISTIAN

Please!—

ROXANE

You do not love me any more—

CHRISTIAN

*(To whom CYRANO whispers his words)*

No—no—

Not any more— I love you . . . evermore . . .

And ever . . . more and more!

ROXANE

*(About to close the window—pauses.)*

A little better . . .

CHRISTIAN

*(Same business)*

Love grows and struggles like . . . an angry child . . .

Breaking my heart . . . his cradle . . .

ROXANE

*(Coming out on the balcony.)*

Better still—

But . . . such a babe is dangerous; why not  
Have smothered it new-born?

CHRISTIAN

(*Same business*)

And so I do . . .

And yet he lives . . . I found . . . as you shall  
find . . .

This new-born babe . . . an infant . . . Hercules'

ROXANE

(*Further forward*)

Good!—

CHRISTIAN

(*Same business*)

Strong enough . . . at birth . . . to strangle those  
Two serpents—Doubt and . . . Pride.

ROXANE

(*Leans over balcony.*)

Why, very well!

Tell me now why you speak so haltingly—

Has your imagination gone lame?

CYRANO

(*Thrusts CHRISTIAN under the balcony, and  
stands in his place.*)

Here—

This grows too difficult!

ROXANE

Your words to-night

Hesitate. Why?

CYRANO

(*In a low tone, imitating CHRISTIAN*)

Through the warm summer gloom  
They grope in darkness toward the light of you.

ROXANE

My words, well aimed, find you more readily.

CYRANO

My heart is open wide and waits for them—

Too large a mark to miss! My words fly home,

Heavy with honey like returning bees,  
To your small secret ear. Moreover—yours  
Fall to me swiftly. Mine more slowly rise.

ROXANE

Yet not so slowly as they did at first.

CYRANO

They have learned the way, and you have welcomed  
them.

ROXANE

*(Softly)*

Am I so far above you now?

CYRANO

So far—

If you let fall upon me one hard word,  
Out of that height—you crush me!

ROXANE

*(Turns)*

I'll come down—

CYRANO

*(Quickly)*

No!

ROXANE

*(Points out the bench under the balcony.)*  
Stand you on the bench. Come nearer!

CYRANO

*(Recoils into the shadow.)*

No!—

ROXANE

And why—so great a *No*?

CYRANO

*(More and more overcome by emotion.)*

Let me enjoy

The one moment I ever—my one chance  
To speak to you . . . unseen!

ROXANE

Unseen?—

CYRANO

Yes!—yes . . .

Night, making all things dimly beautiful,  
 One veil over us both— You only see  
 The darkness of a long cloak in the gloom,  
 And I the whiteness of a summer gown—  
 You are all light— I am all shadow! . . . How  
 Can you know what this moment means to me?  
 If I was ever eloquent—

ROXANE

You were

Eloquent—

CYRANO

—You have never heard till now  
 My own heart speaking!

ROXANE

Why not?

CYRANO

I spoke through . . .

ROXANE

Yes?—

CYRANO

—through that sweet drunkenness  
 You pour into the world out of your eyes!  
 But to-night . . . but to-night, I indeed speak  
 For the first time!

ROXANE

For the first time— Your voice,  
 Even, is not the same.

CYRANO

*(Passionately; moves nearer.)*

How should it be?

I have another voice to-night—my own,  
 Myself, daring—

(*He stops, confused; then tries to recover himself.*)

Where was I? . . . I forget! . . .  
 Forgive me. This is all sweet like a dream . . .  
 Strange—like a dream . . .

ROXANE

How, strange?

CYRANO

Is it not so

To be myself to you, and have no fear  
 Of moving you to laughter?

ROXANE

Laughter—why?

CYRANO

(*Struggling for an explanation.*)

Because . . . What am I . . . What is any man,  
 That he dare ask for you? Therefore my heart  
 Hides behind phrases. There's a modesty  
 In these things too— I come here to pluck down  
 Out of the sky the evening star—then smile,  
 And stoop to gather little flowers.

ROXANE

Are they

Not sweet, those little flowers?

CYRANO

Not enough sweet

For you and me, to-night!

ROXANE

(*Breathless*)

You never spoke

To me like this . . .

CYRANO

Little things, pretty things—  
 Arrows and hearts and torches—roses red,  
 And violets blue—are these all? Come away,  
 And breathe fresh air! Must we keep on and on

Sipping stale honey out of tiny cups  
 Decorated with golden tracery,  
 Drop by drop, all day long? We are alive;  
 We thirst— Come away, plunge, and drink, and  
 drown  
 In the great river flowing to the sea!

ROXANE

But . . . Poetry?

CYRANO

I have made rimes for you—  
 Not now— Shall we insult Nature, this night,  
 These flowers, this moment—shall we set all these  
 To phrases from a letter by Voiture?  
 Look once at the high stars that shine in heaven,  
 And put off artificiality!  
 Have you not seen great gaudy hothouse flowers,  
 Barren, without fragrance?—Souls are like that:  
 Forced to show all, they soon become all show—  
 The means to Nature's end ends meaningless!

ROXANE

But . . . Poetry?

CYRANO

Love hates that game of words!  
 It is a crime to fence with life— I tell you,  
 There comes one moment, once—and God help those  
 Who pass that moment by!—when Beauty stands  
 Looking into the soul with grave, sweet eyes  
 That sicken at pretty words!

ROXANE

If that be true—  
 And when that moment comes to you and me—  
 What words will you? . . .

CYRANO

All those, all those, all those  
 That blossom in my heart, I'll fling to you—  
 Armfuls of loose bloom! Love, I love beyond  
 Breath, beyond reason, beyond love's own power

Of loving! Your name is like a golden bell  
Hung in my heart; and when I think of you,  
I tremble, and the bell swings and rings—

*Roxane!* . . .

*Roxane!* . . . along my veins, *Roxane!* . . .

I know

All small forgotten things that once meant You—  
I remember last year, the First of May,  
A little before noon, you had your hair  
Drawn low, that one time only. Is that strange?  
You know how, after looking at the sun,  
One sees red suns everywhere—so, for hours  
After the flood of sunshine that you are,  
My eyes are blinded by your burning hair!

ROXANE

*(Very low)*

Yes . . . that is . . . Love—

CYRANO

Yes, that is Love—that wind

Of terrible and jealous beauty, blowing  
Over me—that dark fire, that music . . .

Yet

Love seeketh not his own! Dear, you may take  
My happiness to make you happier,  
Even though you never know I gave it you—  
Only let me hear sometimes, all alone,  
The distant laughter of your joy! . . .

I never

Look at you, but there's some new virtue born  
In me, some new courage. Do you begin  
To understand, a little? Can you feel  
My soul, there in the darkness, breathe on you?  
—Oh, but to-night, now, I dare say these things—  
I . . . to you . . . and you hear them! . . . It is too  
much!

In my most sweet unreasonable dreams,  
I have not hoped for this! Now let me die,

Having lived. It is my voice, mine, my own,  
That makes you tremble there in the green gloom  
Above me—for you do tremble, as a blossom  
Among the leaves— You tremble, and I can feel,  
All the way down along these jasmine branches,  
Whether you will or no, the passion of you  
Trembling . . .

*(He kisses wildly the end of a drooping spray  
of jasmine.)*

ROXANE

Yes, I do tremble . . . and I weep . . .  
And I love you . . . and I am yours . . . and you  
Have made me thus!

CYRANO

*(After a pause; quietly.)*

What is death like, I wonder?  
I know everything else now . . .

I have done

This, to you—I, myself . . .

Only let me

Ask one thing more—

CHRISTIAN

*(Under the balcony)*

One kiss!

ROXANE

*(Startled)*

One?—

CYRANO

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

You! . . .

ROXANE

You ask me

For—

CYRANO

I . . . Yes, but—I mean—

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

You go too far!



CHRISTIAN

She is willing!—Why not make the most of it?

CYRANO

(To ROXANE)

I did ask . . . but I know I ask too much . . .

ROXANE

Only one— Is that all?

CYRANO

All!—How much more

Than all!—I know—I frighten you—I ask . . .

I ask you to refuse—

CHRISTIAN

(To CYRANO)

But why? Why? Why?

CYRANO

Christian, be quiet!

ROXANE

(Leaning over.)

What is that you say

To yourself?

CYRANO

I am angry with myself

Because I go too far, and so I say

To myself: "Christian, be quiet!"—

(The theorbos begin to play.)

Hark—someone

Is coming—

(ROXANE closes her window. CYRANO listens to the theorbos, one of which plays a gay melody, the other a mournful one.)

A sad tune, a merry tune—

Man, woman—what do they mean?—

(A Capuchin enters; he carries a lantern, and goes from house to house, looking at the doors.)

Aha!—a priest!

*(To the Capuchin)*

What is this new game of Diogenes?

THE CAPUCHIN

I am looking for the house of Madame—

CHRISTIAN

*(Impatient)*

Bah!—

THE CAPUCHIN

Madeleine Robin—

CHRISTIAN

What does he want?

CYRANO

*(To the Capuchin; points out a street.)*

This way—

To the right—keep to the right—

THE CAPUCHIN

I thank you, sir!—

I'll say my beads for you to the last grain.

CYRANO

Good fortune, father, and my service to you!

*(The Capuchin goes out)*

CHRISTIAN

Win me that kiss!

CYRANO

No.

CHRISTIAN

Sooner or later—

CYRANO

True . . .

That is true . . . Soon or late, it will be so  
Because you are young and she is beautiful—

*(To himself)*

Since it must be, I had rather be myself

*(The window re-opens. CHRISTIAN hides under the balcony.)*

The cause of . . . what must be.

ROXANE

*(Out on the balcony)*

Are you still there?

We were speaking of—

CYRANO

A kiss. The word is sweet—

What will the deed be? Are your lips afraid  
 Even of its burning name? Not much afraid—  
 Not too much! Have you not unwittingly  
 Laid aside laughter, slipping beyond speech  
 Insensibly, already, without fear,  
 From words to smiles . . . from smiles to sighs . . .  
 from sighing,

Even to tears? One step more—only one—  
 From a tear to a kiss—one step, one thrill!

ROXANE

Hush!—

CYRANO

And what is a kiss, when all is done?

A promise given under seal—a vow  
 Taken before the shrine of memory—  
 A signature acknowledged—a rosy dot  
 Over the i of Loving—a secret whispered  
 To listening lips apart—a moment made  
 Immortal, with a rush of wings unseen—  
 A sacrament of blossoms, a new song  
 Sung by two hearts to an old simple tune—  
 The ring of one horizon around two souls  
 Together, all alone!

ROXANE

Hush! . . .

CYRANO

Why, what shame?—

There was a Queen of France, not long ago,  
 And a great lord of England—a queen's gift,  
 A crown jewel!—

ROXANE

Indeed!

CYRANO

Indeed, like him,  
I have my sorrows and my silences;  
Like her, you are the queen I dare adore;  
Like him I am faithful and forlorn—

ROXANE

Beautiful—  
Like him,

CYRANO

*(Aside)*

So I am—I forgot that!

ROXANE

Then— Come! . . . Gather your sacred blossom . . .

CYRANO

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

Go!—

ROXANE

Your crown jewel . . .

CYRANO

Go on!—

ROXANE

Your old new song . . .

CYRANO

Climb!—

CHRISTIAN

*(Hesitates)*

No— Would you?—not yet—

ROXANE

Immortal . . .  
Your moment made

CYRANO

*(Pushing him.)*

Climb up, animal!

(CHRISTIAN *springs on the bench, and climbs by the pillars, the branches, the vines, until he bestrides the balcony railing.*)

CHRISTIAN

Roxane! . . .

(*He takes her in his arms and bends over her.*)

CYRANO

(*Very low*)

Ah! . . . Roxane! . . .

I have won what I have won—  
The feast of love—and I am Lazarus!  
Yet . . . I have something here that is mine now  
And was not mine before I spoke the words  
That won her—not for me! . . . Kissing my words  
My words, upon your lips!

(*The theorbos begin to play.*)

A merry tune—

A sad tune— So! The Capuchin!

(*He pretends to be running, as if he had arrived from a distance; then calls up to the balcony.*)

Hola!

ROXANE

Who is it?

CYRANO

I. Is Christian there with you?

CHRISTIAN

(*Astonished*)

Cyrano!

ROXANE

Good morrow, Cousin!

CYRANO

Cousin, . . . good morrow!

ROXANE

I am coming down.

*(She disappears into the house. The Capuchin enters up stage.)*

CHRISTIAN

*(Sees him.)*

Oh—again!

THE CAPUCHIN

*(To CYRANO)*

She lives *here*,

Madeleine Robin!

CYRANO

You said Ro-LIN.

THE CAPUCHIN

No—

R-O-B-I-N

ROXANE

*(Appears on the threshold of the house, followed by RAGUENEAU with a lantern, and by CHRISTIAN.)*

What is it?

THE CAPUCHIN

A letter.

CHRISTIAN

Oh! . . .

THE CAPUCHIN

*(To ROXANE)*

Some matter profitable to the soul—  
A very noble lord gave it to me!

ROXANE

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

De Guiche!

CHRISTIAN

He dares?—

ROXANE

It will not be for long;

When he learns that I love you . . .

*(By the light of the lantern which RAGUENEAU*

*holds, she reads the letter in a low tone, as if to herself.)*

“Mademoiselle:

The drums are beating, and the regiment  
Arms for the march. Secretly I remain  
Here, in the Convent. I have disobeyed;  
I shall be with you soon. I send this first  
By an old monk, as simple as a sheep,  
Who understands nothing of this. Your smile  
Is more than I can bear, and seek no more.  
Be alone to-night, waiting for one who dares  
To hope you will forgive . . . —” etcetera—  
(*To the Capuchin*)

Father, this letter concerns you . . .  
(*To CHRISTIAN*)

—and you.

Listen:

(*The others gather around her. She pretends to read from the letter, aloud.*)

“Mademoiselle:

The Cardinal

Will have his way, although against your will;  
That is why I am sending this to you  
By a most holy man, intelligent,  
Discreet. You will communicate to him  
Our order to perform, here and at once  
The rite of . . .

(*Turns the page*)

—Holy Matrimony. You  
And Christian will be married privately  
In your house. I have sent him to you. I know  
You hesitate. Be resigned, nevertheless,  
To the Cardinal’s command, who sends herewith  
His blessing. Be assured also of my own  
Respect and high consideration—*signed*,  
Your very humble and—etcetera—”

THE CAPUCHIN

A noble lord! I said so—never fear—  
A worthy lord!—a very worthy lord!—

ROXANE

(*To CHRISTIAN*)

Am I a good reader of letters?

CHRISTIAN

(*Motions toward the Capuchin.*)

Careful!—

ROXANE

(*In a tragic tone*)

Oh, this is terrible!

THE CAPUCHIN

(*Turns the light of his lantern on CYRANO.*)

You are to be—

CHRISTIAN

I am the bridegroom!

THE CAPUCHIN

(*Turns his lantern upon CHRISTIAN; then, as if some suspicion crossed his mind, upon seeing the young man so handsome.*)

Oh—why, you . . .

ROXANE

(*Quickly*)

Look here—

"*Postscript:* Give to the Convent in my name  
One hundred and twenty pistoles"—

THE CAPUCHIN

Think of it!

A worthy lord—a very worthy lord! . . .

(*To ROXANE, solemnly*)

Daughter, resign yourself!

ROXANE

(*With an air of martyrdom*)

I am resigned . . .

(*While RAGUENEAU opens the door for the*



*Capuchin and CHRISTIAN invites him to enter, she turns to CYRANO.)*

De Guiche may come. Keep him out here with you  
Do not let him—

CYRANO

I understand!

*(To the Capuchin)*

How long

Will you be?—

THE CAPUCHIN

Oh, a quarter of an hour.

CYRANO

*(Hurrying them into the house.)*

Hurry—I'll wait here—

ROXANE

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

Come!

*(They go into the house.)*

CYRANO

Now then, to make

His Grace delay that quarter of an hour . . .

I have it!—up here—

*(He steps on the bench, and climbs up the wall toward the balcony. The theorbos begin to play a mournful melody.)*

Sad music— Ah, a man! . . .

*(The music pauses on a sinister tremolo.)*

Oh—very much a man!

*(He sits astride of the railing and, drawing toward him a long branch of one of the trees which border the garden wall, he grasps it with both hands, ready to swing himself down.)*

So—not too high—

*(He peers down at the ground.)*

I must float gently through the atmosphere—

DE GUICHE

*(Enters, masked, groping in the dark toward the house.)*

Where is that cursed, bleating Capuchin?

CYRANO

What if he knows my voice?—the devil!—Tic-tac, Bergerac—we unlock our Gascon tongue;

A good strong accent—

DE GUICHE

Here is the house—all dark—

Damn this mask!—

*(As he is about to enter the house, CYRANO leaps from the balcony, still holding fast to the branch, which bends and swings him between DE GUICHE and the door; then he releases the branch and pretends to fall heavily as though from a height. He lands flatlong on the ground, where he lies motionless, as if stunned. DE GUICHE leaps back.)*

What is that?

*(When he lifts his eyes, the branch has sprung back into place. He can see nothing but the sky; he does not understand.)*

Why . . . where did this man

Fall from?

CYRANO

*(Sits up, and speaks with a strong accent.)*

—The moon!

DE GUICHE

You—

CYRANO

From the moon, the moon!

I fell out of the moon!

DE GUICHE

The fellow is mad—

CYRANO

*(Dreamily)*

Where am I?

DE GUICHE

Why—

CYRANO

What time is it? What place  
Is this? What day? What season?

DE GUICHE

You—

CYRANO

I am stunned!

DE GUICHE

My dear sir—

CYRANO

Like a bomb—a bomb—I fell  
From the moon!

DE GUICHE

Now, see here—

CYRANO

*(Rising to his feet, and speaking in a terrible  
voice.)*

I say, the moon!

DE GUICHE

*(Recoils)*

Very well—if you say so—

*(Aside)*

Raving mad!—

CYRANO

*(Advancing upon him.)*

I am not speaking metaphorically!

DE GUICHE

Pardon.

CYRANO

A hundred years—an hour ago—

I really cannot say how long I fell—  
I was in yonder shining sphere—

DE GUICHE

(*Shrugs*)

Quite so.

Please let me pass.

CYRANO

(*Interposes himself.*)

Where am I? Tell the truth—  
I can bear it. In what quarter of the globe  
Have I descended like a meteorite?

DE GUICHE

Morbleu!

CYRANO

I could not choose my place to fall—  
The earth spun round so fast— Was it the Earth,  
I wonder?—Or is this another world?  
Another moon? Whither have I been drawn  
By the dead weight of my posterior?

DE GUICHE

Sir, I repeat—

CYRANO

(*With a sudden cry, which causes DE GUICHE  
to recoil again.*)

His face! My God—black!

DE GUICHE

(*Carries his hand to his mask.*)

Oh!—

CYRANO

(*Terrified*)

Are you a native? Is this Africa?

DE GUICHE

—This mask!

CYRANO

(*Somewhat reassured*)

Are we in Venice? Genoa?

DE GUICHE

*(Tries to pass him.)*

A lady is waiting for me.

CYRANO

*(Quite happy again)*

So this is Paris!

DE GUICHE

*(Smiling in spite of himself.)*

This fool becomes amusing.

CYRANO

Ah! You smile?

DE GUICHE

I do. Kindly permit me—

CYRANO

*(Delighted)*

Dear old Paris—

Well, well!—

*(Wholly at his ease, smiles, bows, arranges his dress.)*

Excuse my appearance. I arrive  
 By the last thunderbolt—a trifle singed  
 As I came through the ether. These long  
 journeys—

You know! There are so few conveniences!  
 My eyes are full of star-dust. On my spurs,  
 Some sort of fur . . . Planet's apparently . . .

*(Plucks something from his sleeve.)*

Look—on my doublet— That's a Comet's hair!  
*(He blows something from the back of his hand.)*

Phoo!

DE GUICHE

*(Grows angry.)*

Monsieur—

CYRANO

(As DE GUICHE is about to push past, thrusts his leg in the way.)

Here's a tooth, stuck in my boot,  
From the Great Bear. Trying to get away,  
I tripped over the Scorpion and came down  
Slap, into one scale of the Balances—  
The pointer marks my weight this moment . . .  
(Pointing upward.)

See?

(DE GUICHE makes a sudden movement. CYRANO catches his arm.)

Be careful! If you struck me on the nose,  
It would drip milk!

DE GUICHE

Milk?

CYRANO

From the Milky Way!

DE GUICHE

Hell!

CYRANO

No, no—Heaven.

(Crossing his arms.)

Curious place up there—

Did you know Sirius wore a nightcap? True!

(Confidentially)

The Little Bear is still too young to bite.

(Laughing)

My foot caught in the Lyre, and broke a string.

(Proudly)

Well—when I write my book, and tell the tale

Of my adventures—all these little stars

That shake out of my cloak—I must save those

To use for asterisks!

DE GUICHE

That will do now—

I wish—

CYRANO

Yes, yes—I know—

DE GUICHE

Sir—

CYRANO

You desire

To learn from my own lips the character  
Of the moon's surface—its inhabitants  
If any—

DE GUICHE

*(Loses patience and shouts.)*

I desire no such thing! I—

CYRANO

*(Rapidly)*

You wish to know by what mysterious means  
I reached the moon?—well—confidentially—  
It was a new invention of my own.

DE GUICHE

*(Discouraged)*

Drunk too—as well as mad!

CYRANO

I scorned the eagle

Of Regiomontanus, and the dove  
Of Archytas!

DE GUICHE

A learned lunatic!—

CYRANO

I imitated no one. I myself  
Discovered not one scheme merely, but six—  
Six ways to violate the virgin sky!

*(DE GUICHE has succeeded in passing him, and  
moves toward the door of ROXANE'S house.*

*CYRANO follows, ready to use violence if  
necessary.)*

DE GUICHE

*(Looks around.)*

Six?

CYRANO

*(With increasing volubility)*

As for instance—Having stripped myself  
 Bare as a wax candle, adorn my form  
 With crystal vials filled with morning dew,  
 And so be drawn aloft, as the sun rises  
 Drinking the mist of dawn!

DE GUICHE

*(Takes a step toward CYRANO.)*

Yes—that makes one.

CYRANO

*(Draws back to lead him away from the door;  
 speaks faster and faster.)*

Or, sealing up the air in a cedar chest,  
 Rarefy it by means of mirrors, placed  
 In an icosahedron.

DE GUICHE

*(Takes another step.)*

Two.

CYRANO

*(Still retreating)*

Again,

I might construct a rocket, in the form  
 Of a huge locust, driven by impulses  
 Of villainous saltpetre from the rear,  
 Upward, by leaps and bounds.

DE GUICHE

*(Interested in spite of himself, and counting on  
 his fingers.)*

Three.

CYRANO

*(Same business)*

Or again,

Smoke having a natural tendency to rise,  
 Blow in a globe enough to raise me.



DE GUICHE

*(Same business, more and more astonished.)*

Four!

CYRANO

Or since Diana, as old fables tell,  
 Draws forth to fill her crescent horn, the marrow  
 Of bulls and goats—to anoint myself therewith.

DE GUICHE

*(Hypnotized)*

Five!—

CYRANO

*(Has by this time led him all the way across  
 the street, close to a bench.)*

Finally—seated on an iron plate,  
 To hurl a magnet in the air—the iron  
 Follows—I catch the magnet—throw again—  
 And so proceed indefinitely.

DE GUICHE

Six!—

All excellent,—and which did you adopt?

CYRANO

*(Coolly)*

Why, none of them. . . . A seventh.

DE GUICHE

Which was?—

CYRANO

Guess!—

DE GUICHE

An interesting idiot, this!

CYRANO

*(Imitates the sound of waves with his voice,  
 and their movement by large, vague gestures.)*

Hoo! . . . Hoo! . . .

DE GUICHE

Well?

CYRANO

Have you guessed it yet?

DE GUICHE

Why, no.

CYRANO

*(Grandiloquent)*

The ocean! . . .

What hour its rising tide seeks the full moon,  
 I laid me on the strand, fresh from the spray,  
 My head fronting the moonbeams, since the hair  
 Retains moisture—and so I slowly rose  
 As upon angels' wings, effortlessly,  
 Upward—then suddenly I felt a shock!—  
 And then . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Overcome by curiosity, sits down on the bench.)*

And then?

CYRANO

And then—

*(Changes abruptly to his natural voice.)*

The time is up!—

Fifteen minutes, your Grace!—You are now free;  
 And—they are bound—in wedlock.

DE GUICHE

*(Leaping up)*

Am I drunk?

That voice . . .

*(The door of ROXANE'S house opens; lackeys appear, bearing lighted candles. LIGHTS UP. CYRANO removes his hat.)*

And that nose!—Cyrano!

CYRANO

*(Saluting)*

Cyrano! . . .

This very moment, they have exchanged rings.

DE GUICHE

Who?

*(He turns up stage. TABLEAU: between the*

*lackeys, ROXANE and CHRISTIAN appear, hand in hand. The Capuchin follows them, smiling. RAGUENEAU holds aloft a torch. The Duenna brings up the rear, in a negligée, and a pleasant flutter of emotion.)*

Zounds!

(To ROXANE)

You?—

(Recognizes CHRISTIAN)

He?—

(Saluting ROXANE)

My sincere compliments!

(To CYRANO)

You also, my inventor of machines!  
Your rigmorole would have detained a saint  
Entering Paradise—decidedly  
You must not fail to write that book some day!

CYRANO

(Bowling)

Sir, I engage myself to do so.

*(Leads the bridal pair down to DE GUICHE and strokes with great satisfaction his long white beard.)*

My lord,

The handsome couple you—and God—have joined  
Together!

DE GUICHE

*(Regarding him with a frosty eye.)*

Quite so.

(Turns to ROXANE)

Madame, kindly bid

Your . . . husband farewell.

ROXANE

Oh!—

DE GUICHE

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

Your regiment  
Leaves to-night, sir. Report at once!

ROXANE

You mean  
For the front? The war?

DE GUICHE

Certainly!

ROXANE

I thought  
The Cadets were not going—

DE GUICHE

Oh yes, they are!

*(Taking out the despatch from his pocket.)*

Here is the order—

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

Baron! Deliver this.

ROXANE

*(Throws herself into CHRISTIAN'S arms.)*

Christian!

DE GUICHE

*(To CYRANO, sneering)*

The bridal night is not so near!

CYRANO

*(Aside)*

Somehow that news fails to disquiet me.

CHRISTIAN

*(To ROXANE)*

Your lips again . . .

CYRANO

There . . . That will do now— Come!

CHRISTIAN

*(Still holding ROXANE)*

You do not know how hard it is—

CYRANO

*(Tries to drag him away.)*

I know!

*(The beating of drums is heard in the distance.)*

DE GUICHE

*(Up stage)*

The regiment—on the march!

ROXANE

*(As CYRANO tries to lead CHRISTIAN away, follows, and detains them.)*

Take care of him

For me—

*(Appealingly)*

Promise me never to let him do

Anything dangerous!

CYRANO

I'll do my best—

I cannot promise—

ROXANE

*(Same business)*

Make him be careful!

CYRANO

Yes—

I'll try—

ROXANE

*(Same business)*

Be sure you keep him dry and warm!

CYRANO

Yes, yes—if possible—

ROXANE

*(Same business; confidentially, in his ear)*

See that he remains

Faithful!—

CYRANO

Of course! If—

ROXANE

*(Same business)*

And have him write to me

Every single day!

CYRANO

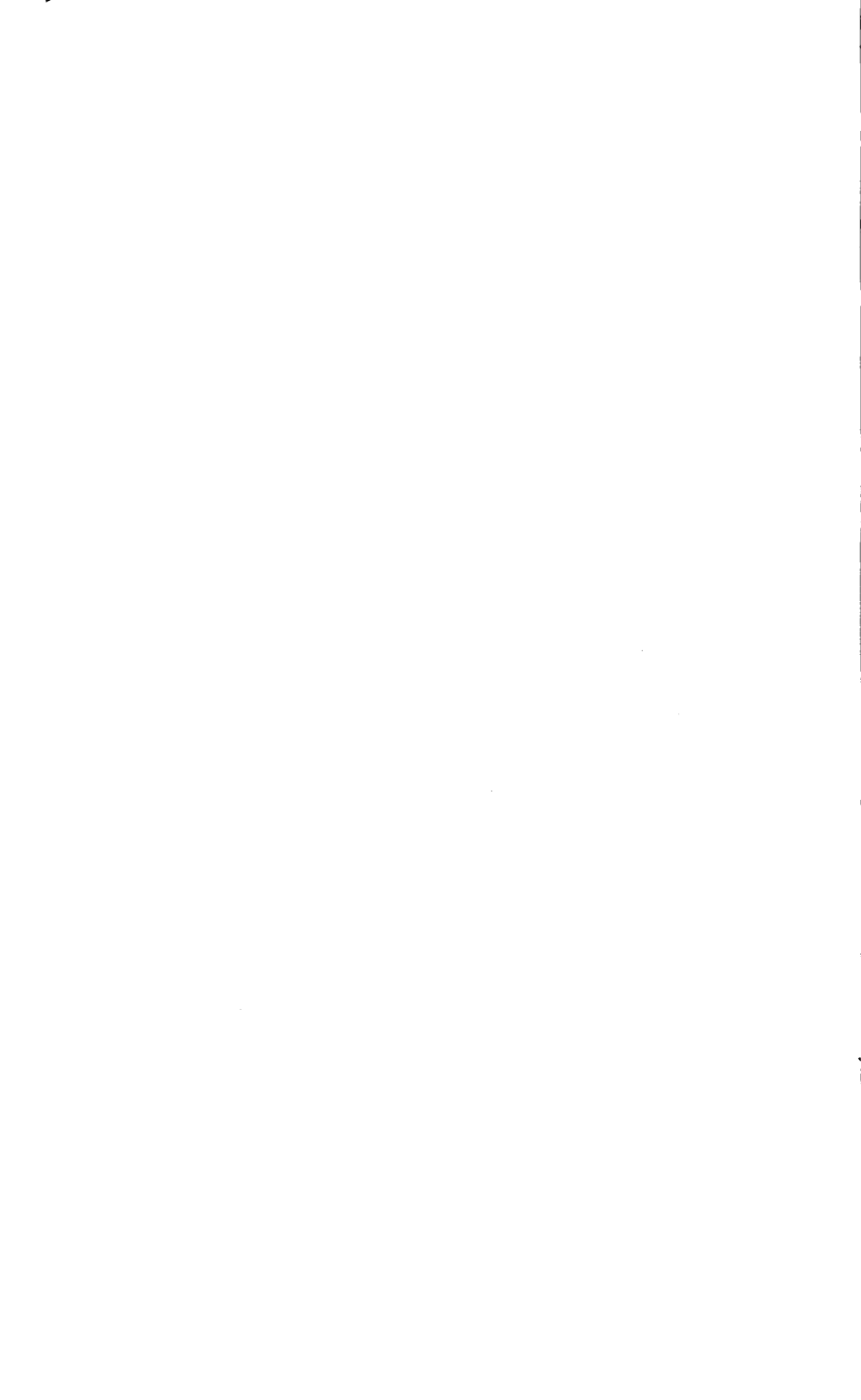
*(Stops)*

That, I promise you!

*(Curtain)*

**THE FOURTH ACT**

**THE CADETS OF GASCOYNE**





THE POST occupied by the Company of CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX at THE SEIGE OF ARRAS.

*In the background, a Rampart traversing the entire scene; beyond this, and apparently below, a Plain stretches away to the horizon. The country is cut up with earthworks and other suggestions of the seige. In the distance, against the sky-line, the houses and the walls of Arras.*

*Tents; scattered Weapons; Drums, etcetera. It is near day-break, and the East is yellow with approaching dawn. Sentries at intervals. Camp-fires.*

CURTAIN RISE *discovers the Cadets asleep, rolled in their cloaks.* CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX and LE BRET keep watch. They are both very thin and pale. CHRISTIAN is asleep among the others, wrapped in his cloak, in the foreground, his face lighted by the flickering fire. Silence.

LE BRET

Horrible!

CARBON

Why, yes. All of that.

LE BRET

Mordious!

CARBON

*(Gesture toward the sleeping Cadets)*

Swear gently— You might wake them.

*(To Cadets)*

Go to sleep—

Hush!

*(To LE BRET)*

Who sleeps dines.

LE BRET

I have insomnia.

God! What a famine.

*(Firing off stage.)*

CARBON

Curse that musketry!

They'll wake my babies.

*(To the men)*

Go to sleep!—

A CADET

*(Rouses)*

Diantre!

Again?

CARBON

No—only Cyrano coming home.  
*(The heads which have been raised sink back again.)*

A SENTRY

*(Off stage)*

Halt! Who goes there?

VOICE OF CYRANO

Bergerac!

THE SENTRY ON THE PARAPET

Halt! Who goes?—

CYRANO

*(Appears on the parapet.)*

Bergerac, idiot!

LE BRET

*(Goes to meet him.)*

Thank God again!

CYRANO

*(Signs to him not to wake anyone.)*

Hush!

LE BRET

Wounded?—

CYRANO

No— They always miss me—quite

A habit by this time!

LE BRET

Yes— Go right on—

Risk your life every morning before breakfast

To send a letter!

CYRANO

*(Stops near CHRISTIAN.)*

I promised he should write

Every single day . . .

*(Looks down at him.)*

Hm— The boy looks pale

When he is asleep—thin too—starving to death—

If that poor child knew! Handsome, none the less . . .

LE BRET

Go and get some sleep!

CYRANO

(*Affectionately*)

Now, now—you old bear,  
No growling!—I am careful—you know I am—  
Every night, when I cross the Spanish lines  
I wait till they are all drunk.

LE BRET

You might bring  
Something with you.

CYRANO

I have to travel light  
To pass through— By the way, there will be news  
For you to-day: the French will eat or die,  
If what I saw means anything.

LE BRET

Tell us!

CYRANO

No—

I am not sure—we shall see!

CARBON

What a war,  
When the besieger starves to death!

LE BRET

Fine war—

Fine situation! We besiege Arras—  
The Cardinal Prince of Spain besieges us—  
And—here we are!

CYRANO

Someone might besiege *him*.

CARBON

A hungry joke!

CYRANO

Ho, ho!

LE BRET

Yes, you can laugh—  
 Risking a life like yours to carry letters—  
 Where are you going now?

CYRANO

*(At the tent door)*

To write another.

*(Goes into tent.)*

*(A little more daylight. The clouds redden. The town of Arras shows on the horizon. A cannon shot is heard, followed immediately by a roll of drums, far away to the left. Other drums beat a little nearer. The drums go on answering each other here and there, approach, beat loudly almost on the stage, and die away toward the right, across the camp. The camp awakes. Voices of officers in the distance.)*

CARBON

*(Sighs)*

Those drums!—another good nourishing sleep  
 Gone to the devil.

*(The Cadets rouse themselves.)*

Now then!—

FIRST CADET

*(Sits up, yawns.)*

God! I'm hungry!

SECOND CADET

Starving!

ALL

*(Groan)*

Aoh!

CARBON

Up with you!

THIRD CADET

Not another step!

FOURTH CADET

Not another movement!

FIRST CADET

Look at my tongue—

I said this air was indigestible!

FIFTH CADET

My coronet for half a pound of cheese!

SIXTH CADET

I have no stomach for this war— I'll stay  
In my tent—like Achilles.

ANOTHER

Yes—no bread,

No fighting—

CARBON

Cyrano!

OTHERS

May as well die—

CARBON

Come out here!—You know how to talk to them.  
Get them laughing—

SECOND CADET

*(Rushes up to First Cadet who is eating some-  
thing.)*

What are you gnawing there?

FIRST CADET

Gun wads and axle-grease. Fat country this  
Around Arras.

ANOTHER

*(Enters)*

I have been out hunting!

ANOTHER

*(Enters)*

I

Went fishing, in the Scarpe!

ALL

*(Leaping up and surrounding the newcomers.)*

Find anything?

Any fish? Any game? Perch? Partridges?  
Let me look!

THE FISHERMAN

Yes—one gudgeon.

(Shows it.)

THE HUNTER

One fat . . . sparrow.

(Shows it.)

ALL

Ah!—See here, this—mutiny!—

CARBON

Cyrano!

Come and help!

CYRANO

(Enters from tent.)

Well?

(Silence. To the First Cadet who is walking  
away, with his chin on his chest.)

You there, with the long face?

FIRST CADET

I have something on my mind that troubles me.

CYRANO

What is that?

FIRST CADET

My stomach.

CYRANO

So have I.

FIRST CADET

No doubt

You enjoy this!

CYRANO

(Tightens his belt.)

It keeps me looking young.

SECOND CADET

My teeth are growing rusty.

CYRANO

Sharpen them!

THIRD CADET

My belly sounds as hollow as a drum.

CYRANO

Beat the long roll on it!

FOURTH CADET

My ears are ringing.

CYRANO

Liar! A hungry belly has no ears.

FIFTH CADET

Oh for a barrel of good wine!

CYRANO

*(Offers him his own helmet.)*

Your casque.

SIXTH CADET

I'll swallow anything!

CYRANO

*(Throws him the book which he has in his hand.)*Try the *Iliad*.

SEVENTH CADET

The Cardinal, he has four meals a day—  
What does he care!

CYRANO

Ask him; he really ought  
To send you . . . a spring lamb out of his flock,  
Roasted whole—

THE CADET

Yes, and a bottle—

CYRANO

*(Exaggerates the manner of one speaking to a servant.)*If you please,  
Richelieu—a little more of the Red Seal . . .  
Ah, thank you!

THE CADET

And the salad—



CYRANO

Of course—Romaine!

ANOTHER CADET

*(Shivering)*

I am as hungry as a wolf.

CYRANO

*(Tosses him a cloak.)*

Put on

Your sheep's clothing.

FIRST CADET

*(With a shrug)*

Always the clever answer!

CYRANO

Always the answer—yes! Let me die so—  
 Under some rosy-golden sunset, saying  
 A good thing, for a good cause! By the sword,  
 The point of honor—by the hand of one  
 Worthy to be my foeman, let me fall—  
 Steel in my heart, and laughter on my lips!

VOICES HERE AND THERE

All very well— We are hungry!

CYRANO

Bah! You think

Of nothing but yourselves.

*(His eye singles out the old fifer in the back-ground.)*

Here, Bertrandou,

You were a shepherd once— Your pipe now! Come,  
 Breathe, blow,— Play to these belly-worshippers  
 The old airs of the South—

*Airs with a smile in them,**Airs with a sigh in them, airs with the breeze**And the blue of the sky in them—*

Small, demure tunes

Whose every note is like a little sister—  
 Songs heard only in some long silent voice  
 Not quite forgotten— Mountain melodies

Like thin smoke rising from brown cottages  
 In the still noon, slowly— Quaint lullabies,  
 Whose very music has a Southern tongue—  
*(The old man sits down and prepares his fife.)*

Now let the fife, that dry old warrior,  
 Dream, while over the stops your fingers dance  
 A minuet of little birds—let him  
 Dream beyond ebony and ivory;  
 Let him remember he was once a reed  
 Out of the river, and recall the spirit  
 Of innocent, untroubled country days . . .

*(The fifer begins to play a Provençal melody.)*

Listen, you Gascons! Now it is no more  
 The shrill fife— It is the flute, through woodlands  
 far

Away, calling—no longer the hot battle-cry,  
 But the cool, quiet pipe our goatherds play!  
 Listen—the forest glens . . . the hills . . . the  
 downs . . .

The green sweetness of night on the Dordogne . . .

Listen, you Gascons! It is all Gascoyne! . . .

*(Every head is bowed; every eye cast down.  
 Here and there a tear is furtively brushed  
 away with the back of a hand, the corner of a  
 cloak.)*

CARBON

*(Softly to CYRANO)*

You make them weep—

CYRANO

For homesickness—a hunger  
 More noble than that hunger of the flesh;  
 It is their hearts now that are starving.

CARBON

Yes,

But you melt down their manhood.

CYRANO

*(Motions the drummer to approach.)*

You think so?

Let them be. There is iron in their blood

Not easily dissolved in tears. You need

Only—

*(He makes a gesture; the drum beats.)*

ALL

*(Spring up and rush toward their weapons.)*

What's that? Where is it?—What?—

CYRANO

*(Smiles)*

You see—

Let Mars snore in his sleep once—and farewell

Venus—sweet dreams—regrets—dear thoughts of  
home—

All the fife lulls to rest wakes at the drums!

A CADET

*(Looks up stage.)*

Aha— Monsieur de Guiche!

THE CADETS

*(Mutter among themselves.)*

Ugh! . . .

CYRANO

*(Smiles)*

Flattering

Murmur!

A CADET

He makes me weary!

ANOTHER

With his collar

Of lace over his corselet—

ANOTHER

Like a ribbon

Tied round a sword!

ANOTHER

Bandages for a boil

On the back of his neck—

SECOND CADET

A courtier always!

ANOTHER

The Cardinal's nephew!

None the less—a Gascon.

CARBON

FIRST CADET

A counterfeit! Never you trust that man—  
 Because we Gascons, look you, are all mad—  
 This fellow is reasonable—nothing more  
 Dangerous than a reasonable Gascon!

LE BRET

He looks pale.

ANOTHER

Oh, he can be hungry too,  
 Like any other poor devil—but he wears  
 So many jewels on that belt of his  
 That his cramps glitter in the sun!

CYRANO

*(Quickly)*

Is he

To see us looking miserable? Quick—

Pipes!—Cards!—Dice!—

*(They all hurriedly begin to play, on their stools,  
 on the drums, or on their cloaks spread on the  
 ground, lighting their long pipes meanwhile.)*

As for me, I read Descartes.

*(He walks up and down, reading a small book  
 which he takes from his pocket. TABLEAU:  
 DE GUICHE enters, looking pale and haggard.  
 All are absorbed in their games. General air  
 of contentment. DE GUICHE goes to CARBON.  
 They look at each other askance, each ob-  
 serving with satisfaction the condition of the  
 other.)*

DE GUICHE

Good morning!

(*Aside*)

He looks yellow.

CARBON

(*Same business*)

He is all eyes.

DE GUICHE

(*Looks at the Cadets.*)

What have we here? Black looks? Yes, gentlemen—  
I am informed I am not popular;  
The hill-nobility, barons of Béarn,  
The pomp and pride of Périgord—I learn  
They disapprove their colonel; call him courtier,  
Politician—they take it ill that I  
Cover my steel with lace of Genoa.  
It is a great offense to be a Gascon  
And not to be a beggar!

(*Silence. They smoke. They play.*)

Well— Shall I have  
Your captain punish you? . . . No.

CARBON

As to that,

It would be impossible.

DE GUICHE

Oh?

CARBON

I am free;

I pay my company; it is my own;  
I obey military orders.

DE GUICHE

Oh!

That will be quite enough.

(*To the Cadets*)

I can afford  
Your little hates. My conduct under fire  
Is well known. It was only yesterday  
I drove the Count de Bucquoi from Bapaume,  
Pouring my men down like an avalanche,

I myself led the charge—

CYRANO

*(Without looking up from his book.)*

And your white scarf?

DE GUICHE

*(Surprised and gratified)*

You heard that episode? Yes—rallying  
My men for the third time, I found myself  
Carried among a crowd of fugitives  
Into the enemy's lines. I was in danger  
Of being shot or captured; but I thought  
Quickly—took off and flung away the scarf  
That marked my military rank—and so  
Being inconspicuous, escaped among  
My own force, rallied them, returned again  
And won the day! . . .

*(The Cadets do not appear to be listening, but here and there the cards and the dice boxes remain motionless, the smoke is retained in their cheeks.)*

What do you say to that?

Presence of mind—yes?

CYRANO

Henry of Navarre

Being outnumbered, never flung away  
His white plume.

*(Silent enjoyment. The cards flutter, the dice roll, the smoke puffs out.)*

DE GUICHE

My device was a success,

However!

*(Same attentive pause, interrupting the games and the smoking.)*

CYRANO

Possibly . . . An officer  
Does not lightly resign the privilege  
Of being a target.

*(Cards, dice, and smoke fall, roll, and float away with increasing satisfaction.)*

Now, if I had been there—  
Your courage and my own differ in this—  
When your scarf fell, I should have put it on.

DE GUICHE

Boasting again!

CYRANO

Boasting? Lend it to me  
To-night; I'll lead the first charge, with your scarf  
Over my shoulder!

DE GUICHE

Gasconnade once more!  
You are safe making that offer, and you know it—  
My scarf lies on the river bank between  
The lines, a spot swept by artillery  
Impossible to reach alive!

CYRANO

*(Produces the scarf from his pocket.)*

Yes. Here . . .

*(Silence. The Cadets stifle their laughter behind their cards and their dice boxes. DE GUICHE turns to look at them. Immediately they resume their gravity and their game. One of them whistles carelessly the mountain air which the fifer was playing.)*

DE GUICHE

*(Takes the scarf.)*

Thank you! That bit of white is what I need  
To make a signal. I was hesitating—  
You have decided me.

*(He goes up to the parapet, climbs upon it, and waves the scarf at arm's length several times.)*

ALL

What is he doing?—

What?—

## THE SENTRY ON THE PARAPET

There's a man down there running away!

DE GUICHE

*(Descending)*

A Spaniard. Very useful as a spy  
To both sides. He informs the enemy  
As I instruct him. By his influence  
I can arrange their dispositions.

CYRANO

Traitor!

DE GUICHE

*(Folding the scarf.)*

A traitor, yes; but useful . . .

We were saying? . . .

Oh, yes— Here is a bit of news for you:  
Last night we had hopes of reprovisioning  
The army. Under cover of the dark,  
The Marshal moved to Dourlens. Our supplies  
Are there. He may reach them. But to return  
Safely, he needs a large force—at least half  
Our entire strength. At present, we have here  
Merely a skeleton.

CARBON

Fortunately,

The Spaniards do not know that.

DE GUICHE

Oh, yes; they know.

They will attack.

CARBON

Ah!

DE GUICHE

From that spy of mine  
I learned of their intention. His report  
Will determine the point of their advance.  
The fellow asked me what to say! I told him:  
"Go out between the lines; watch for my signal;  
Where you see that, let them attack there."



CARBON

*(To the Cadets)*

Well,

Gentlemen!

*(All rise. Noise of sword belts and breast-plates being buckled on.)*

DE GUICHE

You may have perhaps an hour.

FIRST CADET

Oh— An hour!

*(They all sit down and resume their games once more.)*

DE GUICHE

*(To CARBON)*

The great thing is to gain time.

Any moment the Marshal may return.

CARBON

And to gain time?

DE GUICHE

You will all be so kind

As to lay down your lives!

CYRANO

Ah! Your revenge?

DE GUICHE

I make no great pretence of loving you!

But—since you gentlemen esteem yourselves

Invincible, the bravest of the brave,

And all that—why need we be personal?

I serve the king in choosing . . . as I choose!

CYRANO

*(Salutes)*

Sir, permit me to offer—all our thanks.

DE GUICHE

*(Returns the salute.)*

You love to fight a hundred against one;

Here is your opportunity!

*(He goes up stage with CARBON.)*

CYRANO

*(To the Cadets)*

My friends,  
 We shall add now to our old Gascon arms  
 With their six chevrons, blue and gold, a seventh—  
 Blood-red!

*(DE GUICHE talks in a low tone to CARBON up stage. Orders are given. The defense is arranged. CYRANO goes to CHRISTIAN who has remained motionless with folded arms.)*

Christian?

*(Lays a hand on his shoulder.)*

CHRISTIAN

*(Shakes his head.)*

Roxane . . .

CYRANO

Yes.

CHRISTIAN

I should like  
 To say farewell to her, with my whole heart  
 Written for her to keep.

CYRANO

I thought of that—

*(Takes a letter from his doublet.)*

I have written your farewell.

CHRISTIAN

Show me!

CYRANO

You wish  
 To read it?

CHRISTIAN

Of course!

*(He takes the letter; begins to read, looks up suddenly.)*

What?—

CYRANO

What is it?

CHRISTIAN

Look—

This little circle—

CYRANO

*(Takes back the letter quickly, and looks innocent.)*

Circle?—

CHRISTIAN

Yes—a tear!

CYRANO

So it is! . . . Well—a poet while he writes  
 Is like a lover in his lady's arms,  
 Believing his imagination—all  
 Seems true—you understand? There's half the charm  
 Of writing— Now, this letter as you see  
 I have made so pathetic that I wept  
 While I was writing it!

CHRISTIAN

You—wept?

CYRANO

Why, yes—

Because . . . it is a little thing to die,  
 But—not to see her . . . that is terrible!  
 And I shall never—

*(CHRISTIAN looks at him.)*

We shall never—

*(Quickly)*

You

Will never—

CHRISTIAN

*(Snatches the letter.)*

Give me that!

*(Noise in the distance on the outskirts of the camp)*

VOICE OF A SENTRY

Halt—who goes there?

*(Shots, shouting, jingle of harness)*

CARBON

What is it?—

THE SENTRY ON THE PARAPET

Why, a coach.

*(They rush to look.)*

CONFUSED VOICES

What? In the Camp?

A coach? Coming this way— It must have driven  
Through the Spanish lines—what the devil— Fire!—  
No— Hark! The driver shouting—what does he  
say?

Wait— He said: "On the service of the King!"

*(They are all on the parapet looking over. The  
jingling comes nearer.)*

DE GUICHE

Of the King?

*(They come down and fall into line.)*

CARBON

Hats off, all!

DE GUICHE

*(Speaks off stage.)*

The King! Fall in,

Rascals!—

*(The coach enters at full trot. It is covered  
with mud and dust. The curtains are drawn.  
Two footmen are seated behind. It stops  
suddenly.)*

CARBON

*(Shouts)*

Beat the assembly—

*(Roll of drums. All the Cadets uncover.)*

DE GUICHE

Two of you,

Lower the steps—open the door—

*(Two men rush to the coach. The door opens.)*

ROXANE

*(Comes out of the coach.)*

Good morning!

*(At the sound of a woman's voice, every head is raised. Sensation.)*

DE GUICHE

On the King's service— You?

ROXANE

Yes—my own king—

Love!

CYRANO

*(Aside)*

God is merciful . . .

CHRISTIAN

*(Hastens to her.)*

You! Why have you—

ROXANE

Your war lasted so long!

CHRISTIAN

But why?—

ROXANE

Not now—

CYRANO

*(Aside)*

I wonder if I dare to look at her . . .

DE GUICHE

You cannot remain here!

ROXANE

Why, certainly!

Roll that drum here, somebody . . .

*(She sits on the drum, which is brought to her.)*

Thank you— There!

*(She laughs.)*

Would you believe—they fired upon us?

—My coach

Looks like the pumpkin in the fairy tale,

Does it not? And my footmen—

(*She throws a kiss to CHRISTIAN.*)

How do you do?

(*She looks about.*)

How serious you all are! Do you know,  
It is a long drive here—from Arras?

(*Sees CYRANO.*)

Cousin,

I am glad to see you!

CYRANO

(*Advances*)

Oh— How did you come?

ROXANE

How did I find you? Very easily—  
I followed where the country was laid waste  
—Oh, but I saw such things! I had to see  
To believe. Gentlemen, is that the service  
Of your King? I prefer my own!

CYRANO

But how

Did you come through?

ROXANE

Why, through the Spanish lines

Of course!

FIRST CADET

They let you pass?—

DE GUICHE

What did you say?

How did you manage?

LE BRET

Yes, that must have been

Difficult!

ROXANE

No— I simply drove along.  
Now and then some hidalgo scowled at me  
And I smiled back—my best smile; whereupon,  
The Spaniards being (without prejudice

To the French) the most polished gentlemen  
In the world—I passed!

CARBON

Certainly that smile  
Should be a passport! Did they never ask  
Your errand or your destination?

ROXANE

Oh,

Frequently! Then I drooped my eyes and said:  
"I have a lover . . ." Whereupon, the Spaniard  
With an air of ferocious dignity  
Would close the carriage door—with such a gesture  
As any king might envy, wave aside  
The muskets that were levelled at my breast,  
Fall back three paces, equally superb  
In grace and gloom, draw himself up, thrust forth  
A spur under his cloak, sweeping the air  
With his long plumes, bow very low, and say:  
"Pass, Senorita!"

CHRISTIAN

But Roxane—

ROXANE

I know—

I said "a lover"—but you understand—  
Forgive me!—If I said "I am going to meet  
My husband," no one would believe me!

CHRISTIAN

Yes,

But—

ROXANE

What then?

DE GUICHE

You must leave this place.

CYRANO

At once.

ROXANE

I?

LE BRET

Yes—immediately.

ROXANE

And why?

CHRISTIAN

*(Embarrassed)*

Because . . .

CYRANO

*(Same)*

In half an hour . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Same)*

Or three quarters . . .

CARBON

*(Same)*

Perhaps

It might be better . . .

LE BRET

If you . . .

ROXANE

Oh— I see!

You are going to fight. I remain here.

ALL

No—no!

ROXANE

He is my husband—

*(Throws herself in CHRISTIAN'S arms.)*

I will die with you!

CHRISTIAN

Your eyes! . . . Why do you?—

ROXANE

You know why . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Desperate)*

This post

Is dangerous—



ROXANE

*(Turns)*

How—dangerous?

CYRANO

The proof

Is, we are ordered—

ROXANE

*(To DE GUICHE)*

Oh—you wish to make

A widow of me?

DE GUICHE

On my word of honor—

ROXANE

No matter. I am just a little mad—

I will stay. It may be amusing.

CYRANO

What,

A heroine—our intellectual?

ROXANE

Monsieur de Bergerac, I am your cousin!

A CADET

We'll fight now! Hurrah!

ROXANE

*(More and more excited)*

I am safe with you—my friends!

ANOTHER

*(Carried away)*

The whole camp breathes of lilies!—

ROXANE

And I think,

This hat would look well on the battlefield! . . .

But perhaps—

*(Looks at DE GUICHE.)*

The Count ought to leave us. Any moment

Now, there may be danger.

DE GUICHE

This is too much!

I must inspect my guns. I shall return—  
You may change your mind— There will yet be  
time—

ROXANE

Never!

(DE GUICHE goes out.)

CHRISTIAN

(Imploring)

Roxane! . . .

ROXANE

No!

FIRST CADET

(To the rest)

She stays here!

ALL

(Rushing about, elbowing each other, brushing  
off their clothes.)

A comb!—

Soap!—Here's a hole in my— A needle!—Who  
Has a ribbon?—Your mirror, quick!—My cuffs—  
A razor—

ROXANE

(To CYRANO, who is still urging her)

No! I shall not stir one step!

CARBON

(Having, like the others, tightened his belt,  
dusted himself, brushed off his hat, smoothed  
out his plume and put on his lace cuffs, ad-  
vances to ROXANE ceremoniously.)

In that case, may I not present to you  
Some of these gentlemen who are to have  
The honor of dying in your presence?

ROXANE

(Bows)

Please!—

(She waits, standing, on the arm of CHRISTIAN,  
while

CARBON

*(—presents)*

Baron de Peyrescous de Colignac!

THE CADET

*(Salutes)*

Madame . . .

ROXANE

Monsieur . . .

CARBON

*(Continues)*

Baron de Casterac

De Cahuzac— Vidame de Malgouyre

Estressac Lésbas d'Escarabiot—

THE VIDAME

Madame . . .

CARBON

Chevalier d'Antignac-Juzet—

Baron Hillot de Blagnac-Saléchan

De Castel-Crabioules—

THE BARON

Madame . . .

ROXANE

How many

Names you all have!

THE BARON

Hundreds!

CARBON

*(To ROXANE)*

Open the hand

That holds your handkerchief.

ROXANE

*(Opens her hand; the handkerchief falls.)*

Why?

*(The whole company makes a movement toward it.)*

CARBON

*(Picks it up quickly.)*

My company  
 Was in want of a banner. We have now  
 The fairest in the army!

ROXANE

*(Smiling)*

Rather small—

CARBON

*(Fastens the handkerchief to his lance.)*

Lace—and embroidered!

A CADET

*(To the others)*

With her smiling on me,  
 I could die happy, if I only had  
 Something in my—

CARBON

*(Turns upon him)*

Shame on you! Feast your eyes  
 And forget your—

ROXANE

*(Quickly)*

It must be this fresh air—  
 I am starving! Let me see . . .

Cold partridges,  
 Pastry, a little white wine—that would do.  
 Will some one bring that to me?

A CADET

*(Aside)*

Will some one!—

ANOTHER

Where the devil are we to find—

ROXANE

*(Overhears; sweetly)*

Why, there—  
 In my carriage.

ALL

Wha-at?

ROXANE

All you have to do  
Is to unpack, and carve, and serve things.

Oh,

Notice my coachman; you may recognize  
An old friend.

THE CADETS

*(Rush to the coach.)*

Ragueneau!

ROXANE

*(Follows them with her eyes.)*

Poor fellows . . .

THE CADETS

*(Acclamations)*

Ah!

Ah!

CYRANO

*(Kisses her hand.)*

Our good fairy!

RAGUENEAU

*(Standing on his box, like a mountebank before  
a crowd.)*

Gentlemen!—

*(Enthusiasm)*

THE CADETS

Bravo!

Bravo!

RAGUENEAU

The Spaniards, basking in our smiles,  
Smiled on our baskets!

*(Applause)*

CYRANO

*(Aside, to CHRISTIAN)*

Christian!—

RAGUENEAU

They adored

The Fair, and missed—

*(He takes from under the seat a dish, which he holds aloft.)*

the Fowl!

*(Applause. The dish is passed from hand to hand.)*

CYRANO

*(As before, to CHRISTIAN)*

One moment—

RAGUENEAU

Venus

Charmed their eyes, while Adonis quietly

*(Brandishing a ham.)*

Brought home the Boar!

*(Applause; the ham is seized by a score of hands outstretched.)*

CYRANO

*(As before)*

Pst— Let me speak to you—

ROXANE

*(As the Cadets return, their arms full of provisions)*

Spread them out on the ground.

*(Calls)*

Christian! Come here;

Make yourself useful.

*(CHRISTIAN turns to her, at the moment when CYRANO was leading him aside. She arranges the food, with his aid and that of the two imperturbable footmen.)*

RAGUENEAU

Peacock, *aux truffes!*

FIRST CADET

*(Comes down, cutting a huge slice of the ham.)*

Tonnerre!

We are not going to die without a gorge—  
*(Sees ROXANE; corrects himself hastily.)*

Pardon—a banquet!

RAGUENEAU

*(Tossing out the cushions of the carriage.)*

Open these—they are full

Of ortolans!

*(Tumult; laughter; the cushions are eviscerated.)*

THIRD CADET

Lucullus!

RAGUENEAU

*(Throws out bottles of red wine.)*

Flasks of ruby—

*(And of white)*

Flasks of topaz—

ROXANE

*(Throws a tablecloth at the head of CYRANO.)*

Come back out of your dreams!

Unfold this cloth—

RAGUENEAU

*(Takes off one of the lanterns of the carriage, and flourishes it.)*

Our lamps are bonbonnières!

CYRANO

*(To CHRISTIAN)*

I must see you before you speak with her—

RAGUENEAU

*(More and more lyrical)*

My whip-handle is one long sausage!

ROXANE

*(Pouring wine; passing the food.)*

We

Being about to die, first let us dine!

Never mind the others—all for Gascoyne!

And if de Guiche comes, he is not invited!

*(Going from one to another.)*

Plenty of time—you need not eat so fast—  
Hold your cup—

*(To another)*

What's the matter?

THE CADET

*(Sobbing)*

You are so good

To us . . .

ROXANE

There, there! Red or white wine?

—Some bread

For Monsieur de Carbon!—Napkins— A knife—

Pass your plate— Some of the crust? A little more—

Light or dark?—Burgundy?—

CYRANO

*(Follows her with an armful of dishes, helping to serve.)*

Adorable!

ROXANE

*(Goes to CHRISTIAN.)*

What would you like?

CHRISTIAN

Nothing.

ROXANE

Oh, but you must!—

A little wine? A biscuit?

CHRISTIAN

Tell me first

Why you came—

ROXANE

By and by. I must take care

Of these poor boys—

LE BRET

*(Who has gone up stage to pass up food to the sentry on the parapet, on the end of a lance.)*

De Guiche!—



CYRANO

Hide everything  
Quick!—Dishes, bottles, tablecloth—  
Now look

Hungry again—

*(To RAGUENEAU)*

You there! Up on your box—  
—Everything out of sight?—

*(In a twinkling, everything has been pushed inside the tents, hidden in their hats or under their cloaks. DE GUICHE enters quickly, then stops, sniffing the air. Silence.)*

DE GUICHE

It smells good here.

A CADET

*(Humming with an air of great unconcern.)*  
Sing ha-ha-ha and ho-ho-ho—

DE GUICHE

*(Stares at him; he grows embarrassed.)*

You there—

What are you blushing for?

THE CADET

Nothing—my blood

Stirs at the thought of battle.

ANOTHER

*Pom . . . pom . . . pom! . . .*

DE GUICHE

*(Turns upon him.)*

What is that?

THE CADET

*(Slightly stimulated)*

Only song—only little song—

DE GUICHE

You appear happy!

THE CADET

Oh yes—always happy

Before a fight—

DE GUICHE

(Calls to CARBON, for the purpose of giving him an order.)

Captain! I—

(Stops and looks at him.)

What the devil—

You are looking happy too!—

CARBON

(Pulls a long face and hides a bottle behind his back.)

No!

DE GUICHE

Here—I had

One gun remaining. I have had it placed

(He points off stage.)

There—in that corner—for your men.

A CADET

(Simpering)

So kind!—

Charming attention!

ANOTHER

(Same business; burlesque)

Sweet solicitude!—

DE GUICHE

(Contemptuous)

I believe you are both drunk—

(Coldly)

Being unaccustomed

To guns—take care of the recoil!

FIRST CADET

(Gesture)

Ah-h . . . Pfft!

DE GUICHE

(Goes up to him, furious.)

How dare you?

FIRST CADET

A Gascon's gun never recoils!

DE GUICHE

*(Shakes him by the arm.)*

You are drunk—

FIRST CADET

*(Superbly)*

With the smell of powder!

DE GUICHE

*(Turns away with a shrug.)*

Bah!

*(To ROXANE)*

Madame, have you decided?

ROXANE

I stay here.

DE GUICHE

You have time to escape—

ROXANE

No!

DE GUICHE

Very well—

Someone give me a musket!

CARBON

What?

DE GUICHE

*I stay*

Here also.

CYRANO

*(Formally)*

Sir, you show courage!

FIRST CADET

A Gascon

In spite of all that lace!

ROXANE

Why—

DE GUICHE

Must I run

Away, and leave a woman?

SECOND CADET

*(To First Cadet)*

We might give him  
Something to eat—what do you say?

*(All the food re-appears, as if by magic.)*

DE GUICHE

*(His face lights up.)*

A feast!

THIRD CADET

*Here a little, there a little—*

DE GUICHE

*(Recovers his self-control; haughtily.)*

Do you think

I want your leavings?

CYRANO

*(Saluting)*

Colonel—you improve!

DE GUICHE

I can fight as I am!

FIRST CADET

*(Delighted)*

Listen to him—

He has an accent!

DE GUICHE

*(Laughs)*

Have I so?

FIRST CADET

A Gascon!—

A Gascon, after all!

*(They all begin to dance.)*

CARBON

*(Who has disappeared for a moment behind the  
parapet, reappears on top of it.)*

I have placed my pikemen

Here.

*(Indicates a row of pikes showing above the  
parapet.)*

DE GUICHE

*(Bows to ROXANE.)*

We'll review them; will you take my arm?

*(She takes his arm; they go up on the parapet.**The rest uncover, and follow them up stage.)*

CHRISTIAN

*(Goes hurriedly to CYRANO.)*

Speak quickly!

*(At the moment when ROXANE appears on the parapet the pikes are lowered in salute, and a cheer is heard. She bows.)*

THE PIKEMEN

*(Off stage)*

Hurrah!

CHRISTIAN

What is it?

CYRANO

If Roxane . . .

CHRISTIAN

Well?

CYRANO

Speaks about your letters . . .

CHRISTIAN

Yes—I know!

CYRANO

Do not make the mistake of showing . . .

CHRISTIAN

What?

CYRANO

Showing surprise.

CHRISTIAN

Surprise—why?

CYRANO

I must tell you! . . .

It is quite simple—I had forgotten it

Until just now. You have . . .

CHRISTIAN

Speak quickly!—

CYRANO

You

Have written oftener than you think.

CHRISTIAN

Oh—have I!

CYRANO

I took upon me to interpret you;  
And wrote—sometimes . . . without . . .

CHRISTIAN

My knowing. Well?

CYRANO

Perfectly simple!

CHRISTIAN

Oh yes, perfectly!—

For a month, we have been blockaded here!—  
How did you send all these letters?

CYRANO

Before

Daylight, I managed—

CHRISTIAN

I see. That was also

Perfectly simple!

—So I wrote to her,

How many times a week? Twice? Three times?  
Four?

CYRANO

Oftener.

CHRISTIAN

Every day?

CYRANO

Yes—every day . . .

Every single day . . .

CHRISTIAN

*(Violently)*

And that wrought you up  
 Into such a flame that you faced death—

CYRANO

*(Sees ROXANE returning.)*

Hush—

Not before her!

*(He goes quickly into the tent. ROXANE comes  
 up to CHRISTIAN.)*

ROXANE

Now—Christian!

CHRISTIAN

*(Takes her hands.)*

Tell me now

Why you came here—over these ruined roads—  
 Why you made your way among mosstroopers  
 And ruffians—you—to join me here?

ROXANE

Because—

Your letters . . .

CHRISTIAN

Meaning?

ROXANE

It was your own fault  
 If I ran into danger! I went mad—  
 Mad with you! Think what you have written me,  
 How many times, each one more wonderful  
 Than the last!

CHRISTIAN

All this for a few absurd

Love-letters—

ROXANE

Hush—absurd! How can you know?  
 I thought I loved you, ever since one night  
 When a voice that I never would have known  
 Under my window breathed your soul to me . . .

But—all this time, your letters—every one  
Was like hearing your voice there in the dark,  
All around me, like your arms around me . . .

*(More lightly)*

At last,

I came. Anyone would! Do you suppose  
The prim Penelope had stayed at home  
Embroidering,—if Ulysses wrote like you?  
She would have fallen like another Helen—  
Tucked up those linen petticoats of hers  
And followed him to Troy!

CHRISTIAN

But you—

ROXANE

I read them

Over and over. I grew faint reading them.  
I belonged to you. Every page of them  
Was like a petal fallen from your soul—  
Like the light and the fire of a great love,  
Sweet and strong and true—

CHRISTIAN

Sweet . . . and strong . . . and true . . .

You felt that, Roxane?—

ROXANE

You know how I feel! . . .

CHRISTIAN

So—you came . . .

ROXANE

Oh my Christian, oh my king,—

Lift me up if I fall upon my knees—  
It is the heart of me that kneels to you,  
And will remain forever at your feet—  
You cannot lift that!—

I came here to say  
'Forgive me'—(It is time to be forgiven  
Now, when we may die presently)—forgive me  
For being light and vain and loving you



Only because you were beautiful.

CHRISTIAN

*(Astonished)*

Roxane! . . .

ROXANE

Afterwards I knew better. Afterwards  
(I had to learn to use my wings) I loved you  
For yourself too—knowing you more, and loving  
More of you. And now—

CHRISTIAN

Now? . . .

ROXANE

It is yourself

I love now: your own self.

CHRISTIAN

*(Taken aback)*

Roxane!

ROXANE

*(Gravely)*

Be happy!—

You must have suffered; for you must have seen  
How frivolous I was; and to be loved  
For the mere costume, the poor casual body  
You went about in—to a soul like yours,  
That must have been torture! Therefore with words  
You revealed your heart. Now that image of you  
Which filled my eyes first—I see better now,  
And I see it no more!

CHRISTIAN

Oh!—

ROXANE

You still doubt

Your victory?

CHRISTIAN

*(Miserably)*

Roxane!—

ROXANE

I understand:

You cannot perfectly believe in me—  
A love like this—

CHRISTIAN

I want no love like this!

I want love only for—

ROXANE

Only for what

Every woman sees in you? I can do  
Better than that!

CHRISTIAN

No—it was best before!

ROXANE

You do not altogether know me . . . Dear,  
There is more of me than there was—with this,  
I can love more of you—more of what makes  
You your own self—Truly! . . . If you were less  
Lovable—

CHRISTIAN

No!

ROXANE

—Less charming—ugly even—  
I should love you still.

CHRISTIAN

You mean that?

ROXANE

I do

Mean that!

CHRISTIAN

Ugly? . . .

ROXANE

Yes. Even then!

CHRISTIAN

(*Agonized*)

Oh . . . God! . . .

ROXANE

Now are you happy?

CHRISTIAN

*(Choking)*

Yes . . .

ROXANE

What is it?

CHRISTIAN

*(Pushes her away gently.)*

Only . . .

Nothing . . . one moment . . .

ROXANE

But—

CHRISTIAN

*(Gesture toward THE CADETS)*

I am keeping you

From those poor fellows— Go and smile at them;  
They are going to die!

ROXANE

*(Softly)*

Dear Christian!

CHRISTIAN

Go—

*(She goes up among the Gascons who gather  
round her respectfully.)*

Cyrano!

CYRANO

*(Comes out of the tent, armed for the battle.)*

What is wrong? You look—

CHRISTIAN

She does not

Love me any more.

CYRANO

*(Smiles)*

You think not?

CHRISTIAN

She loves

You.

CYRANO

No!—

CHRISTIAN

*(Bitterly)*

She loves only my soul.

CYRANO

No!

CHRISTIAN

Yes—

That means you. And you love her.

CYRANO

I?

CHRISTIAN

I see—

I know!

CYRANO

That is true . . .

CHRISTIAN

More than—

CYRANO

*(Quietly)*

More than that.

CHRISTIAN

Tell her so!

CYRANO

No.

CHRISTIAN

Why not?

CYRANO

Why—look at me!

CHRISTIAN

She would love me if I were ugly.

CYRANO

*(Startled)*

She—

Said that?

CHRISTIAN

Yes. Now then!

CYRANO

*(Half to himself)*

It was good of her

To tell you that . . .

*(Change of tone)*

Nonsense! Do not believe

Any such madness—

It was good of her

To tell you. . . .

Do not take her at her word!

Go on—you never will be ugly— Go!

She would never forgive me.

CHRISTIAN

That is what

We shall see.

CYRANO

No, no—

CHRISTIAN

Let her choose between us!—

Tell her everything!

CYRANO

No—you torture me—

CHRISTIAN

Shall I ruin your happiness, because

I have a cursed pretty face? That seems

Too unfair!

CYRANO

And am I to ruin yours

Because I happen to be born with power

To say what you—perhaps—feel?

CHRISTIAN

Tell her!

CYRANO

Man—

Do not try me too far!

CHRISTIAN

I am tired of being

My own rival!

CYRANO

Christian!—

CHRISTIAN

Our secret marriage—

No witnesses—fraudulent—that can be

Annulled—

CYRANO

Do not try me—

CHRISTIAN

I want her love

For the poor fool I am—or not at all!

Oh, I am going through with this! I'll know,

One way or the other. Now I shall walk down

To the end of the post. Go tell her. Let her choose

One of us.

CYRANO

It will be you.

CHRISTIAN

God—I hope so!

*(He turns and calls.)*

Roxane!

CYRANO

No—no—

ROXANE

*(Hurries down to him.)*

Yes, Christian?

CHRISTIAN

Cyrano

Has news for you—important.

*(She turns to CYRANO. CHRISTIAN goes out.)*

ROXANE

*(Lightly)*

Oh—important?

CYRANO

He is gone . . .

*(To ROXANE)*

Nothing—only Christian thinks  
You ought to know—

ROXANE

I do know. He still doubts  
What I told him just now. I saw that.

CYRANO

*(Takes her hand.)*

Was it

True—what you told him just now?

ROXANE

It was true!

I said that I should love him even . . .

CYRANO

*(Smiling sadly)*

The word

Comes hard—before me?

ROXANE

Even if he were . . .

CYRANO

Say it—

I shall not be hurt!—Ugly?

ROXANE

Even then

I should love him.

*(A few shots, off stage, in the direction in  
which CHRISTIAN disappeared.)*

Hark! The guns—

CYRANO

Hideous?

ROXANE

Hideous.

CYRANO

Disfigured?

ROXANE

Or disfigured.

CYRANO

Even

Grotesque?

ROXANE

How could he ever be grotesque—  
Ever—to me!

CYRANO

But you could love him so,  
As much as?—

ROXANE

Yes—and more!

CYRANO

*(Aside, excitedly)*

It is true!—true!—

Perhaps—God! This is too much happiness . . .

*(To ROXANE)*

I—Roxane—listen—

LE BRET

*(Enters quickly; calls to CYRANO in a low tone.)*

Cyrano—

CYRANO

*(Turns)*

Yes?

LE BRET

Hush! . . .

*(Whispers a few words to him.)*

CYRANO

*(Lets fall ROXANE'S hand.)*

Ah!

ROXANE

What is it?



CYRANO

*(Half stunned, and aside)*

All gone . . .

ROXANE

*(More shots)*

What is it? Oh,

They are fighting!—

*(She goes up to look off stage.)*

CYRANO

All gone. I cannot ever

Tell her, now . . . ever . . .

ROXANE

*(Starts to rush away.)*

What has happened?

CYRANO

*(Restrains her.)*

Nothing.

*(Several Cadets enter. They conceal something which they are carrying, and form a group so as to prevent ROXANE from seeing their burden.)*

ROXANE

These men—

CYRANO

Come away . . .

*(He leads her away from the group.)*

ROXANE

You were telling me

Something—

CYRANO

Oh, that? Nothing. . . .

*(Gravely)*

I swear to you

That the spirit of Christian—that his soul

Was—

*(Corrects himself quickly.)*

That his soul is no less great—

ROXANE

*(Catches at the word.)**Was't**(Crying out)*

Oh!—

*(She rushes among the men, and scatters them.)*

CYRANO

All gone . . .

ROXANE

*(Sees CHRISTIAN lying upon his cloak.)*

Christian!

LE BRET

*(To CYRANO)*

At the first volley.

*(ROXANE throws herself upon the body of CHRISTIAN. Shots; at first scattered, then increasing. Drums. Voices shouting.)*

CARBON

*(Sword in hand)*

Here

They come!—Ready!—

*(Followed by the Cadets, he climbs over the parapet and disappears.)*

ROXANE

Christian!

CARBON

*(Off stage)*

Come on, there, You!

ROXANE

Christian!

CARBON

*Fall in!*

ROXANE

Christian!

CARBON

*Measure your fuse!**(RAGUENEAU hurries up, carrying a helmet full of water.)*

CHRISTIAN

*(Faintly)*

Roxane! . . .

CYRANO

*(Low and quick, in CHRISTIAN'S ear, while ROXANE is dipping into the water a strip of linen torn from her dress.)*

I have told her; she loves you.

*(CHRISTIAN closes his eyes.)*

ROXANE

*(Turns to CHRISTIAN.)*

Yes,

My darling?

CARBON

*Draw your ramrods!*

ROXANE

*(To CYRANO)*

He is not dead? . . .

CARBON

*Open your charges!*

ROXANE

I can feel his cheek

Growing cold against mine—

CARBON

*Take aim!*

ROXANE

A letter—

Over his heart—

*(She opens it.)*

For me.

CYRANO

*(Aside)*

My letter . . .

CARBON

*Fire!**(Musketry, cries and groans. Din of battle.)*

CYRANO

*(Trying to withdraw his hand, which ROXANE, still upon her knees, is holding.)*

But Roxane—they are fighting—

ROXANE

Wait a little . . .

He is dead. No one else knew him but you . . .

*(She weeps quietly.)*

Was he not a great lover, a great man,

A hero?

CYRANO

*(Standing, bareheaded.)*

Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE

A poet, unknown,

Adorable?

CYRANO

Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE

A fine mind?

CYRANO

Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE

A heart deeper than we knew—

A soul magnificently tender?

CYRANO

*(Firmly)*

Yes,

Roxane!

ROXANE

*(Sinks down upon the breast of CHRISTIAN.)*

He is dead now . . .

CYRANO

*(Aside; draws his sword.)*

Why, so am I—

For I am dead, and my love mourns for me  
 And does not know . . .

*(Trumpets in distance)*

DE GUICHE

*(Appears on the parapet, disheveled, wounded  
 on the forehead, shouting.)*

The signal—hark—the trumpets!

The army has returned— Hold them now!—Hold  
 them!

The army!—

ROXANE

On his letter—blood . . . and tears.

A VOICE

*(Off stage)*

Surrender!

THE CADETS

No!

RAGUENEAU

This place is dangerous!—

CYRANO

*(To DE GUICHE)*

Take her away—I am going—

ROXANE

*(Kisses the letter; faintly.)*

His blood . . . his tears . . .

RAGUENEAU

*(Leaps down from the coach and runs to her.)*

She has fainted—

DE GUICHE

*(On the parapet; savagely, to the Cadets)*

Hold them!

## CYRANO DE BERGERAC

VOICE OFF STAGE

Lay down your arms!

VOICES

No! No!

CYRANO

*(To DE GUICHE)*

Sir, you have proved yourself— Take care of her.

DE GUICHE

*(Hurries to ROXANE and takes her up in his arms.)*As you will—we can win, if you hold on  
A little longer—

CYRANO

Good!

*(Calls out to ROXANE, as she is carried away, fainting, by DE GUICHE and RAGUENEAU.)*

Adieu, Roxane!

*(Tumult, outcries. Several Cadets come back wounded and fall on the stage. CYRANO, rushing to the fight, is stopped on the crest of the parapet by CARBON, covered with blood.)*

CARBON

We are breaking—I am twice wounded—

CYRANO

*(Shouts to the Gascons.)**Hardi!**Reculez pas, Drollos!**(To CARBON, holding him up.)*

So—never fear!

I have two deaths to avenge now—Christian's  
And my own!*(They come down. CYRANO takes from him the lance with ROXANE'S handkerchief still fastened to it.)*

Float, little banner, with her name!

*(He plants it on the parapet; then shouts to  
The Cadets.)*

*Tourbé dessus! Escrasas lous!*  
*(To the fifer)*

Your fife!

Music!

*(Fife plays. The wounded drag themselves to  
their feet. Other Cadets scramble over the  
parapet and group themselves around CYRANO  
and his tiny flag. The coach is filled and cov-  
ered with men, bristling with muskets, trans-  
formed into a redoubt.)*

A CADET

*(Reels backward over the wall, still fighting,  
shouts.)*  
They are climbing over!—  
*(And falls dead.)*

CYRANO

Very good—

Let them come!— A salute now—

*(The parapet is crowned for an instant with a  
rank of enemies. The imperial banner of  
Spain is raised aloft.)*

Fire!

*(General volley)*

VOICE

*(Among the ranks of the enemy)*

Fire!

*(Murderous counter-fire; the Cadets fall on  
every side.)*

A SPANISH OFFICER

*(Uncovers)*

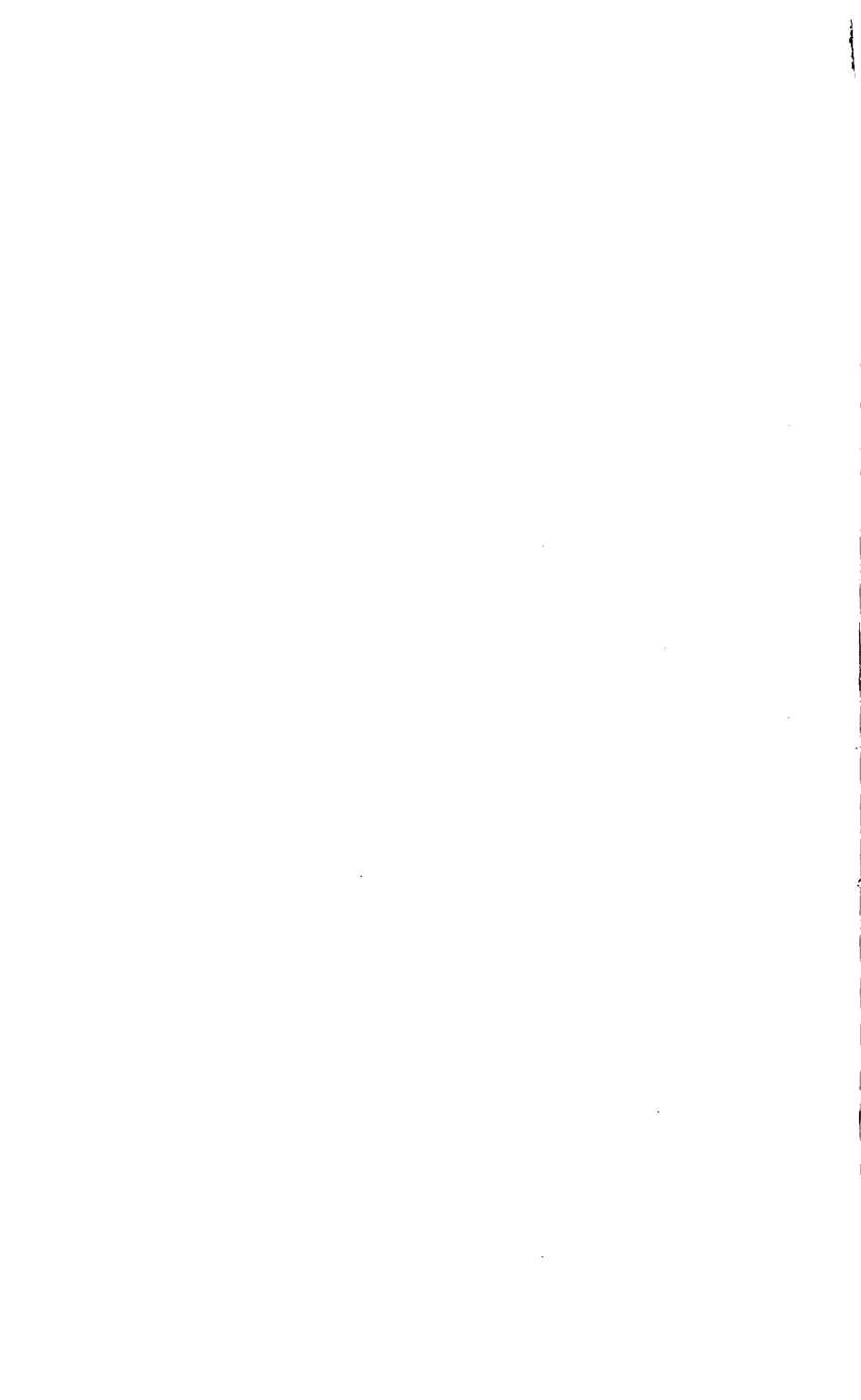
Who are these men who are so fond of death?

CYRANO

*(Erect amid the hail of bullets, declaims)**The Cadets of Gascoyne, the defenders  
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux—**Free fighters, free lovers, free spenders—**(He rushes forward, followed by a few survivors.)**The Cadets of Gascoyne . . .**(The rest is lost in the din of battle.)**(Curtain)*



**THE FIFTH ACT**  
**CYRANO'S GAZETTE**



*Fifteen years later, in 1655. THE PARK OF THE CONVENT occupied by the Ladies of the Cross, at Paris.*

*Magnificent foliage. To the Left, the House upon a broad Terrace at the head of a flight of steps, with several Doors opening upon the Terrace. In the centre of the scene an enormous Tree alone in the centre of a little open space. Toward the Right, in the foreground, among Boxwood Bushes, a semicircular Bench of stone.*

*All the way across the Background of the scene, an Avenue overarched by the chestnut trees, leading to the door of a Chapel on the Right, just visible among the branches of the trees. Beyond the double curtain of the trees, we catch a glimpse of bright lawns and shaded walks, masses of shrubbery; the perspective of the Park; the sky.*

*A little side door of the Chapel opens upon a Colonnade, garlanded with Autumnal vines, and disappearing on the Right behind the box-trees.*

*It is late October. Above the still living green of the turf all the foliage is red and yellow and brown. The evergreen masses of Box and Yew stand out darkly against this Autumnal coloring. A heap of dead leaves under every tree. The leaves are falling everywhere. They rustle underfoot along the walks; the Terrace and the Bench are half covered with them.*

*Before the Bench on the Right, on the side toward the Tree, is placed a tall embroidery frame and beside it a little Chair. Baskets filled with skeins of many-colored silks and balls of wool. Tapestry unfinished on the Frame.*

*At the CURTAIN RISE the nuns are coming and going across the Park; several of them are seated on the Bench around MOTHER MARGUERITE DE JESUS. The leaves are falling.*

SISTER MARTHE

(To MOTHER MARGUERITE)

Sister Claire has been looking in the glass  
At her new cap; twice!

MOTHER MARGUERITE

(To SISTER CLAIRE)

It is very plain;

Very.

SISTER CLAIRE

And Sister Marthe stole a plum  
Out of the tart this morning!

MOTHER MARGUERITE

(To SISTER MARTHE)

That was wrong;

Very wrong.

SISTER CLAIRE

Oh, but such a little look!

SISTER MARTHE

Such a little plum!

MOTHER MARGUERITE

(Severely)

I shall tell Monsieur  
De Cyrano, this evening.

SISTER CLAIRE

No! Oh no!—

He will make fun of us.

SISTER MARTHE

He will say nuns

Are so gay!

SISTER CLAIRE

And so greedy!

MOTHER MARGUERITE

*(Smiling)*

And so good . . .

SISTER CLAIRE

It must be ten years, Mother Marguerite,  
That he has come here every Saturday,  
Is it not?

MOTHER MARGUERITE

More than ten years; ever since  
His cousin came to live among us here—  
Her worldly weeds among our linen veils,  
Her widowhood and our virginity—  
Like a black dove among white doves.

SISTER MARTHE

No one

Else ever turns that happy sorrow of hers  
Into a smile.

ALL THE NUNS

He is such fun!—He makes us  
Almost laugh!—And he teases everyone—  
And pleases everyone— And we all love him—  
And he likes our cake, too—

SISTER MARTHE

I am afraid

He is not a good Catholic.

SISTER CLAIRE

Some day

We shall convert him.

THE NUNS

Yes—yes!

MOTHER MARGUERITE

Let him be;

I forbid you to worry him. Perhaps

He might stop coming here.

SISTER MARTHE

But . . . God?

MOTHER MARGUERITE

You need not

Be afraid. God knows all about him.

SISTER MARTHE

Yes . . .

But every Saturday he says to me,  
Just as if he were proud of it: "Well, Sister,  
I ate meat yesterday!"

MOTHER MARGUERITE

He tells you so?

The last time he said that, he had not eaten  
Anything, for two days.

SISTER MARTHE

Mother!—

MOTHER MARGUERITE

He is poor;

Very poor.

SISTER MARTHE

Who said so?

MOTHER MARGUERITE

Monsieur Le Bret.

SISTER MARTHE

Why does not someone help him?

MOTHER MARGUERITE

He would be

Angry; very angry . . .

*(Between the trees up stage, ROXANE appears,  
all in black, with a widow's cap and long  
veils. DE GUICHE, magnificently grown old,  
walks beside her. They move slowly.*

*MOTHER MARGUERITE rises.)*

Let us go in—

Madame Madeleine has a visitor.

SISTER MARTHE

*(To SISTER CLAIRE)*

The Duc de Grammont, is it not? The Marshal?

SISTER CLAIRE

*(Looks toward DE GUICHE.)*

I think so—yes.

SISTER MARTHE

He has not been to see her

For months—

THE NUNS

He is busy—the Court!—The Camp!—

SISTER CLAIRE

The world! . . .

*(They go out. DE GUICHE and ROXANE come down in silence, and stop near the embroidery frame. Pause.)*

DE GUICHE

And you remain here, wasting all that gold—  
For ever in mourning?

ROXANE

For ever.

DE GUICHE

And still faithful?

ROXANE

And still faithful . . .

DE GUICHE

*(After a pause)*

Have you forgiven me?

ROXANE

*(Simply, looking up at the cross of the Convent)*

I am here.

*(Another pause)*

DE GUICHE

Was Christian . . . all that?

ROXANE

If you knew him.

DE GUICHE

Ah? We were not precisely . . . intimate . . .  
And his last letter—always at your heart?

ROXANE

It hangs here, like a holy reliquary.

DE GUICHE

Dead—and you love him still!

ROXANE

Sometimes I think  
He has not altogether died; our hearts  
Meet, and his love flows all around me, living.

DE GUICHE

*(After another pause)*

You see Cyrano often?

ROXANE

Every week.

My old friend takes the place of my Gazette,  
Brings me all the news. Every Saturday,  
Under that tree where you are now, his chair  
Stands, if the day be fine. I wait for him,  
Embroidering; the hour strikes; then I hear,  
(I need not turn to look!) at the last stroke,  
His cane tapping the steps. He laughs at me  
For my eternal needlework. He tells  
The story of the past week—

*(LE BRET appears on the steps.)*

There's Le Bret!—

*(LE BRET approaches.)*

How is it with our friend?

LE BRET

Badly.

DE GUICHE

Indeed?

ROXANE

*(To DE GUICHE)*

Oh, he exaggerates!



LE BRET

Just as I said—  
 Loneliness, misery—I told him so!—  
 His satires make a host of enemies—  
 He attacks the false nobles, the false saints,  
 The false heroes, the false artists—in short,  
 Everyone!

ROXANE

But they fear that sword of his—  
 No one dare touch him!

DE GUICHE

*(With a shrug)*

H'm—that may be so.

LE BRET

It is not violence I fear for him,  
 But solitude—poverty—old gray December,  
 Stealing on wolf's feet, with a wolf's green eyes,  
 Into his darkening room. Those bravoes yet  
 May strike our Swordsman down! Every day now,  
 He draws his belt up one hole; his poor nose  
 Looks like old ivory; he has one coat  
 Left—his old black serge.

DE GUICHE

That is nothing strange  
 In this world! No, you need not pity him  
 Overmuch.

LE BRET

*(With a bitter smile)*

My lord Marshal! . . .

DE GUICHE

I say, do not  
 Pity him overmuch. He lives his life,  
 His own life, his own way—thought, word, and deed  
 Free!

LE BRET

*(As before)*

My lord Duke! . . .

DE GUICHE

*(Haughtily)*

Yes, I know—I have all;  
 He has nothing. Nevertheless, to-day  
 I should be proud to shake his hand . . .

*(Saluting ROXANE.)*

Adieu.

ROXANE

I will go with you.

*(DE GUICHE salutes LE BRET, and turns with  
 ROXANE toward the steps.)*

DE GUICHE

*(Pauses on the steps, as she climbs.)*

Yes— I envy him

Now and then . . .

Do you know, when a man wins  
 Everything in this world, when he succeeds  
 Too much—he feels, having done nothing wrong  
 Especially, Heaven knows!—he feels somehow  
 A thousand small displeasures with himself,  
 Whose whole sum is not quite Remorse, but rather  
 A sort of vague disgust . . . The ducal robes  
 Mounting up, step by step, to pride and power,  
 Somewhere among their folds draw after them  
 A rustle of dry illusions, vain regrets,  
 As your veil, up the stairs here, draws along  
 The whisper of dead leaves.

ROXANE

*(Ironical)*

The sentiment

Does you honor.

DE GUICHE

Oh, yes . . .

*(Pausing suddenly.)*

Monsieur Le Bret!—

*(To ROXANE)*

You pardon us?—

(*He goes to LE BRET, and speaks in a low tone.*)

One moment— It is true  
That no one dares attack your friend. Some people  
Dislike him, none the less. The other day  
At Court, such a one said to me: "This man  
Cyrano may die—accidentally."

LE BRET

(*Coldly*)

Thank you.

DE GUICHE

You may thank me. Keep him at home  
All you can. Tell him to be careful.

LE BRET

(*Shaking his hands to heaven.*)

Careful!—

He is coming here. I'll warn him—yes, but! . . .

ROXANE

(*Still on the steps, to a Nun who approaches her*)

Here

I am—what is it?

THE NUN

Madame, Ragueneau

Wishes to see you.

ROXANE

Bring him here.

(*To LE BRET and DE GUICHE*)

He comes

For sympathy—having been first of all  
A Poet, he became since then, in turn,  
A Singer—

LE BRET

Bath-house keeper—

ROXANE

Sacristan—

LE BRET

Actor—

ROXANE

Hairdresser—

LE BRET

Music-master—

ROXANE

Now,

To-day—

RAGUENEAU

*(Enters hurriedly.)*

Madame!—

*(He sees LE BRET.)*

Monsieur!—

ROXANE

*(Smiling)*

First tell your troubles

To Le Bret for a moment.

RAGUENEAU

But Madame—

*(She goes out, with DE GUICHE, not hearing him. RAGUENEAU comes to LE BRET.)*

After all, I had rather— You are here—  
 She need not know so soon— I went to see him  
 Just now— Our friend— As I came near his door,  
 I saw him coming out. I hurried on  
 To join him. At the corner of the street,  
 As he passed— Could it be an accident?—  
 I wonder!—At the window overhead,  
 A lackey with a heavy log of wood  
 Let it fall—

LE BRET

Cyrano!

RAGUENEAU

I ran to him—

LE BRET

God! The cowards!

RAGUENEAU

I found him lying there—  
A great hole in his head—

LE BRET

Is he alive?

RAGUENEAU

Alive—yes. But . . . I had to carry him  
Up to his room—Dieu! Have you seen his room?—

LE BRET

Is he suffering?

RAGUENEAU

No; unconscious.

LE BRET

Did you

Call a doctor?

RAGUENEAU

One came—for charity.

LE BRET

Poor Cyrano!—We must not tell Roxane  
All at once . . . Did the doctor say?—

RAGUENEAU

He said

Fever, and lesions of the— I forget  
Those long names— Ah, if you had seen him there,  
His head all white bandages!—Let us go  
Quickly—there is no one to care for him—  
All alone— If he tries to raise his head,  
He may die!

LE BRET

*(Draws him away to the Right.)*

This way— It is shorter—through  
The Chapel—

ROXANE

*(Appears on the stairway, and calls to LE BRET  
as he is going out by the colonnade which  
leads to the small door of the Chapel.)*

Monsieur Le Bret!—

(*LE BRET and RAGUENEAU rush off without hearing.*)

Running away

When I call to him? Poor dear Ragueneau  
Must have been very tragic!

(*She comes slowly down the stair, toward the tree.*)

What a day! . . .

Something in these bright Autumn afternoons  
Happy and yet regretful—an old sorrow  
Smiling . . . as though poor little April dried  
Her tears long ago—and remembered . . .

(*She sits down at her work. Two Nuns come out of the house carrying a great chair and set it under the tree.*)

Ah—

The old chair, for my old friend!—

SISTER MARTHE

The best one

In our best parlor!—

ROXANE

Thank you, Sister—

(*The Nuns withdraw.*)

There—

(*She begins embroidering. The clock strikes.*)

The hour!—He will be coming now—my silks—  
All done striking? He never was so late  
Before! The sister at the door—my thimble . . .  
Here it is—she must be exhorting him  
To repent all his sins . . .

(*A pause*)

He ought to be

Converted, by this time— Another leaf—

(*A dead leaf falls on her work; she brushes it away.*)

Certainly nothing could—my scissors—ever  
Keep him away—

A NUN

*(Appears on the steps.)*

Monsieur de Bergerac.

ROXANE

*(Without turning)*

What was I saying? . . . Hard, sometimes, to match  
These faded colors! . . .

*(While she goes on working, CYRANO appears at the top of the steps, very pale, his hat drawn over his eyes. The Nun who has brought him in goes away. He begins to descend the steps leaning on his cane, and holding himself on his feet only by an evident effort. ROXANE turns to him, with a tone of friendly banter.)*

After fourteen years,  
Late—for the first time!

CYRANO

*(Reaches the chair, and sinks into it; his gay tone contrasting with his tortured face.)*

Yes, yes—maddening!

I was detained by—

ROXANE

Well?

CYRANO

A visitor,

Most unexpected.

ROXANE

*(Carelessly, still sewing)*

Was your visitor

Tiresome?

CYRANO

Why, hardly that—inopportune,  
Let us say—an old friend of mine—at least  
A very old acquaintance.

ROXANE

Did you tell him

To go away?

CYRANO

For the time being, yes.

I said: "Excuse me—this is Saturday—

I have a previous engagement, one

I cannot miss, even for you— Come back

An hour from now."

ROXANE

Your friend will have to wait;

I shall not let you go till dark.

CYRANO

*(Very gently)*

Perhaps

A little before dark, I must go . . .

*(He leans back in the chair, and closes his eyes.**SISTER MARTHE crosses above the stairway.**ROXANE sees her, motions her to wait, then turns to CYRANO.)*

ROXANE

Look—

Somebody waiting to be teased.

CYRANO

*(Quickly, opens his eyes.)*

Of course!

*(In a big, comic voice)*

Sister, approach!

*(SISTER MARTHE glides toward him.)*

Beautiful downcast eyes!—

So shy—

SISTER MARTHE

*(Looks up, smiling.)*

You—

*(She sees his face.)*

Oh!—



CYRANO

*(Indicates ROXANE.)*

Sh!—Careful!

*(Resumes his burlesque tone.)*

Yesterday,

I ate meat again!

SISTER MARTHE

Yes, I know.

*(Aside)*

That is why

He looks so pale . . .

*(To him: low and quickly)*

In the refectory,

Before you go—come to me there—

I'll make you

A great bowl of hot soup—will you come?

CYRANO

*(Boisterously)*

Ah—

Will I come!

SISTER MARTHE

You are quite reasonable

To-day!

ROXANE

Has she converted you?

SISTER MARTHE

Oh, no—

Not for the world!—

CYRANO

Why, now I think of it,

That is so— You, bursting with holiness,

And yet you never preach! Astonishing

I call it . . .

*(With burlesque ferocity)*

Ah—now I'll astonish you—

I am going to—

*(With the air of seeking for a good joke and finding it)*

—let you pray for me

To-night, at vespers!

ROXANE

Aha!

CYRANO

Look at her—

Absolutely struck dumb!

SISTER MARTHE

*(Gently)*

I did not wait

For you to say I might.

*(She goes out.)*

CYRANO

*(Returns to ROXANE, who is bending over her work.)*

Now, may the devil

Admire me, if I ever hope to see

The end of that embroidery!

ROXANE

*(Smiling)*

I thought

It was time you said that.

*(A breath of wind causes a few leaves to fall.)*

CYRANO

The leaves—

ROXANE

*(Raises her head and looks away through the trees.)*

What color—

Perfect Venetian red! Look at them fall.

CYRANO

Yes—they know how to die. A little way  
From the branch to the earth, a little fear  
Of mingling with the common dust—and yet

They go down gracefully—a fall that seems  
Like flying!

ROXANE

Melancholy—you?

CYRANO

Why, no,

Roxane!

ROXANE

Then let the leaves fall. Tell me now  
The Court news—my gazette!

CYRANO

Let me see—

ROXANE

Ah!

CYRANO

*(More and more pale, struggling against  
pain)*

*Saturday, the nineteenth:* The King fell ill,  
After eight helpings of grape marmalade.  
His malady was brought before the court,  
Found guilty of high treason; whereupon  
His Majesty revived. The royal pulse  
Is now normal. *Sunday, the twentieth:*  
The Queen gave a grand ball, at which they burned  
Seven hundred and sixty-three wax candles. *Note:*  
They say our troops have been victorious  
In Austria. *Later:* Three sorcerers  
Have been hung. *Special post:* The little dog  
Of Madame d'Athis was obliged to take  
Four pills before—

ROXANE

Monsieur de Bergerac,  
Will you kindly be quiet!

CYRANO

*Monday . . . nothing.*  
Lygdamire has a new lover.

## CYRANO DE BERGERAC

ROXANE

Oh!

CYRANO

*(His face more and more altered)*

Tuesday,

*The Twenty-second:* All the court has gone  
To Fontainebleau. *Wednesday:* The Comte de  
Fiesque

Spoke to Madame de Montglat; she said No.

*Thursday:* Mancini was the Queen of FranceOr—very nearly! *Friday:* La MonglatSaid Yes. *Saturday, twenty-sixth. . . .**(His eyes close; his head sinks back; silence.)*

ROXANE

*(Surprised at not hearing any more, turns, looks  
at him, and rises, frightened.)*

He has fainted—

*(She runs to him, crying out.)*

Cyrano!

CYRANO

*(Opens his eyes.)*

What . . . What is it? . . .

*(He sees ROXANE leaning over him, and quickly  
pulls his hat down over his head and leans  
back away from her in the chair.)*

No—oh no—

It is nothing—truly!

ROXANE

But—

CYRANO

My old wound—

At Arras—sometimes—you know. . . .

ROXANE

My poor friend!

CYRANO

Oh it is nothing; it will soon be gone. . . .

*(Forcing a smile)*

There! It is gone!

ROXANE

*(Standing close to him)*

We all have our old wounds—

I have mine—here . . .

*(Her hand at her breast)*

under this faded scrap

Of writing. . . . It is hard to read now—all

But the blood—and the tears. . . .

*(Twilight begins to fall.)*

CYRANO

His letter! . . . Did you

Not promise me that some day . . . that some  
day.

You would let me read it?

ROXANE

His letter?—You . . .

You wish—

CYRANO

I do wish it—to-day.

ROXANE

*(Gives him the little silken bag from around her  
neck.)*

Here. . . .

CYRANO

May I . . . open it?

ROXANE

Open it, and read.

*(She goes back to her work, folds it again, re-  
arranges her silks.)*

CYRANO

*(Unfolds the letter; reads.)*

“Farewell Roxane, because to-day I die—”

ROXANE

*(Looks up, surprised.)*

Aloud?

CYRANO

*(Reads)*

"I know that it will be to-day,  
 My own dearly beloved—and my heart  
 Still so heavy with love I have not told,  
 And I die without telling you! No more  
 Shall my eyes drink the sight of you like wine,  
 Never more, with a look that is a kiss,  
 Follow the sweet grace of you—"

ROXANE

How you read it—

His letter!

CYRANO

*(Continues)*

"I remember now the way  
 You have, of pushing back a lock of hair  
 With one hand, from your forehead—and my heart  
 Cries out—"

ROXANE

His letter . . . and you read it so . . .  
*(The darkness increases imperceptibly.)*

CYRANO

"Cries out and keeps crying: 'Farewell, my dear,  
 My dearest—'"

ROXANE

In a voice. . . .

CYRANO

"—My own heart's own,  
 My own treasure—"

ROXANE

*(Dreamily)*

In such a voice. . . .

CYRANO

—"My love—"

ROXANE

--As I remember hearing . . .

(*She trembles.*)

—long ago. . . .

(*She comes near him, softly, without his seeing her; passes the chair, leans over silently, looking at the letter. The darkness increases.*)

CYRANO

“—I am never away from you. Even now,  
I shall not leave you. In another world,  
I shall be still that one who loves you, loves you  
Beyond measure, beyond—”

ROXANE

(*Lays her hand on his shoulder.*)

How can you read

Now? It is dark. . . .

(*He starts, turns, and sees her there close to him. A little movement of surprise, almost of fear; then he bows his head.*

*A long pause; then in the twilight now completely fallen, she says very softly, clasping her hands*)

And all these fourteen years,  
He has been the old friend, who came to me  
To be amusing.

CYRANO

Roxane!—

ROXANE

It was you.

CYRANO

No, no, Roxane, no!

ROXANE

And I might have known,  
Every time that I heard you speak my name! . . .

CYRANO

No— It was not I—

ROXANE

It was . . . you!

CYRANO

I swear—

ROXANE

I understand everything now: The letters—

That was you . . .

CYRANO

No!

ROXANE

And the dear, foolish words—

That was you. . . .

CYRANO

No!

ROXANE

And the voice . . . in the dark. . . .

That was . . . you!

CYRANO

On my honor—

ROXANE

And . . . the Soul!—

That was all you.

CYRANO

I never loved you—

ROXANE

Yes,

You loved me.

CYRANO

*(Desperately)*

No— He loved you—

ROXANE

Even now,

You love me!

CYRANO

*(His voice weakens.)*

No!



ROXANE

*(Smiling)*And why . . . so great a *No*?

CYRANO

No, no, my own dear love, I love you not! . . .

*(Pause)*

ROXANE

How many things have died . . . and are new-born! . . .

Why were you silent for so many years,  
 All the while, every night and every day,  
 He gave me nothing—you knew that— You knew  
 Here, in this letter lying on my breast,  
 Your tears— You knew they were your tears—

CYRANO

*(Holds the letter out to her.)*

The blood

Was his.

ROXANE

Why do you break that silence now,  
 To-day?

CYRANO

Why? Oh, because—  
*(LE BRET and RAGUENEAU enter, running.)*

LE BRET

What recklessness—

I knew it! He is here!

CYRANO

*(Smiling, and trying to rise)*

Well? Here I am!

RAGUENEAU

He has killed himself, Madame, coming here!

ROXANE

He— Oh, God. . . . And that faintness . . . was  
 that?—

CYRANO

No,

Nothing! I did not finish my Gazette—  
*Saturday, twenty-sixth:* An hour or so  
 Before dinner, Monsieur de Bergerac  
 Died, foully murdered.

(*He uncovers his head, and shows it swathed  
 in bandages.*)

ROXANE

Oh, what does he mean?—

Cyrano!—What have they done to you?—

CYRANO

“Struck down

By the sword of a hero, let me fall—  
 Steel in my heart, and laughter on my lips!”  
 Yes, I said that once. How Fate loves a jest!—  
 Behold me ambushed—taken in the rear—  
 My battlefield a gutter—my noble foe  
 A lackey, with a log of wood! . . .

It seems

Too logical— I have missed everything,  
 Even my death!

RAGUENEAU

(*Breaks down.*)

Ah, monsieur!—

CYRANO

Ragueneau,

Stop blubbing!

(*Takes his hand.*)

What are you writing nowadays,

Old poet?

RAGUENEAU

(*Through his tears*)

I am not a poet now;

I snuff the—light the candles—for Molière!

CYRANO

Oh—Molière!

RAGUENEAU

Yes, but I am leaving him

To-morrow. Yesterday they played *Scapin*—  
He has stolen your scene—

LE BRET

The whole scene—word for word!

RAGUENEAU

Yes: "What the devil was he doing there"—  
That one!

LE BRET

(*Furious*)

And Molière stole it all from you—  
Bodily!—

CYRANO

Bah— He showed good taste. . . .  
(*To Ragueneau*)

The Scene

Went well? . . .

RAGUENEAU

Ah, monsieur, they laughed—and laughed—  
How they did laugh!

CYRANO

Yes—that has been my life. . . .

Do you remember that night Christian spoke  
Under your window? It was always so!  
While I stood in the darkness underneath,  
Others climbed up to win the applause—the kiss!—  
Well—that seems only justice— I still say,  
Even now, on the threshold of my tomb—

"Molière has genius—Christian had good looks—"

(*The chapel bell is ringing. Along the avenue  
of trees above the stairway, the Nuns pass  
in procession to their prayers.*)

They are going to pray now; there is the bell.

ROXANE

(*Raises herself and calls to them.*)

Sister!—Sister!—

CYRANO

(*Holding on to her hand*)

No,—do not go away—

I may not still be here when you return. . . .

*(The Nuns have gone into the chapel. The organ begins to play.)*

A little harmony is all I need—

Listen. . . .

ROXANE

You shall not die! I love you!—

CYRANO

No—

That is not in the story! You remember  
When Beauty said "I love you" to the Beast  
That was a fairy prince, his ugliness  
Changed and dissolved, like magic. . . . But you see  
I am still the same.

ROXANE

And I—I have done

This to you! All my fault—mine!

CYRANO

You? Why no,

On the contrary! I had never known  
Womanhood and its sweetness but for you.  
My mother did not love to look at me—  
I never had a sister— Later on,  
I feared the mistress with a mockery  
Behind her smile. But you—because of you  
I have had one friend not quite all a friend—  
Across my life, one whispering silken gown! . . .

LE BRET

*(Points to the rising moon which begins to shine down between the trees.)*

Your other friend is looking at you.

CYRANO

*(Smiling at the moon)*

I see. . . .

ROXANE

I never loved but one man in my life,  
And I have lost him—twice. . . .

CYRANO

Le Bret—I shall be up there presently  
In the moon—without having to invent  
Any flying-machines!

ROXANE

What are you saying? . . .

CYRANO

The moon—yes, that would be the place for me—  
My kind of paradise! I shall find there  
Those other souls who should be friends of mine—  
Socrates—Galileo—

LE BRET

*(Revolting)*

No! No! No!

It is too idiotic—too unfair—  
Such a friend—such a poet—such a man  
To die so—to die so!

CYRANO

*(Affectionately)*

There goes Le Bret,

Growling!

LE BRET

*(Breaks down.)*

My friend!—

CYRANO

*(Half raises himself, his eye wanders.)*

*The Cadets of Gascoyne,*

*The Defenders. . . .* The elementary mass—

Ah—there's the point! Now, then . . .

LE BRET

Delirious—

And all that learning—

CYRANO

On the other hand,

We have Copernicus—

ROXANE

Oh!

CYRANO

*(More and more delirious)*

“Very well,  
But what the devil was he doing there?—  
What the devil was he doing there, up there?” . . .

*(He declaims)**Philosopher and scientist,**Poet, musician, duellist—**He flew high, and fell back again!**A pretty wit—whose like we lack—**A lover . . . not like other men. . . .**Here lies Hercule-Savinien**De Cyrano de Bergerac—**Who was all things—and all in vain!*

Well, I must go—pardon— I cannot stay!

My moonbeam comes to carry me away. . . .

*(He falls back into the chair, half fainting.**The sobbing of ROXANE recalls him to reality. Gradually his mind comes back to him. He looks at her, stroking the veil that hides her hair.)*

I would not have you mourn any the less  
That good, brave, noble Christian; but perhaps—  
I ask you only this—when the great cold  
Gathers around my bones, that you may give  
A double meaning to your widow’s weeds  
And the tears you let fall for him may be  
For a little—my tears. . . .

ROXANE

*(Sobbing)*

Oh, my love! . . .

CYRANO

*(Suddenly shaken as with a fever fit, he raises himself erect and pushes her away.)*

—Not here!—

Not lying down! . . .

*(They spring forward to help him; he motions them back.)*

Let no one help me—no one!—

Only the tree. . . .

*(He sets his back against the trunk. Pause.)*

It is coming . . . I feel

Already shod with marble . . . gloved with lead . . .

*(Joyously)*

Let the old fellow come now! He shall find me

On my feet—sword in hand—

*(Draws his sword.)*

LE BRET

Cyrano!—

ROXANE

*(Half fainting)*

Oh,

Cyrano:

CYRANO

I can see him there—he grins—

He is looking at my nose—that skeleton

—What's that you say? Hopeless?—Why, very well!—

But a man does not fight merely to win!

No—no—better to know one fights in vain! . . .

You there— Who are you? A hundred against one—

I know them now, my ancient enemies—

*(He lunges at the empty air.)*

Falsehood! . . . There! There! Prejudice—

Compromise—

Cowardice—

*(Thrusting)*

What's that? No! Surrender? No!

Never—never! . . .

Ah, you too, Vanity!

I knew you would overthrow me in the end—

No! I fight on! I fight on! I fight on!

*(He swings the blade in great circles, then pauses, gasping. When he speaks again, it is in another tone.)*

Yes, all my laurels you have riven away  
 And all my roses; yet in spite of you,  
 There is one crown I bear away with me,  
 And to-night, when I enter before God,  
 My salute shall sweep all the stars away  
 From the blue threshold! One thing without stain,  
 Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom  
 Mine own!—

*(He springs forward, his sword aloft.)*

And that is . . .

*(The sword escapes from his hand; he totters, and falls into the arms of LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.)*

ROXANE

*(Bends over him and kisses him on the forehead.)*

—That is . . .

CYRANO

*(Opens his eyes and smiles up at her.)*

My white plume. . . .

*(Curtain)*









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