OYRAND De Bergerac

Based on the book by Edmond Rostand

Dramatic Translation/Adaptation by James Forsyth

Cast: 7 principal roles with an optional number of supporting roles. "Cyrano is a wonderful play, full of sunshine and sadness," said one critic, while another summed up with, "Excellent, stirring, affecting." The wonderfully theatrical elements of Rostand's original classic are all here—the swashbuckling poet-hero with his incredibly long nose desperately in love with the most beautiful woman in Paris, and the handsome man who will win her through the other's poetry. Yet this English version, by one of England's leading playwrights, gives a modern bite to the play. Two int., two ext. sets. Code: C41.

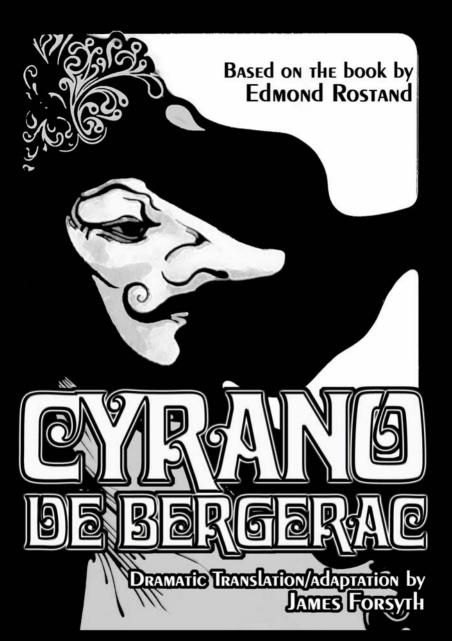
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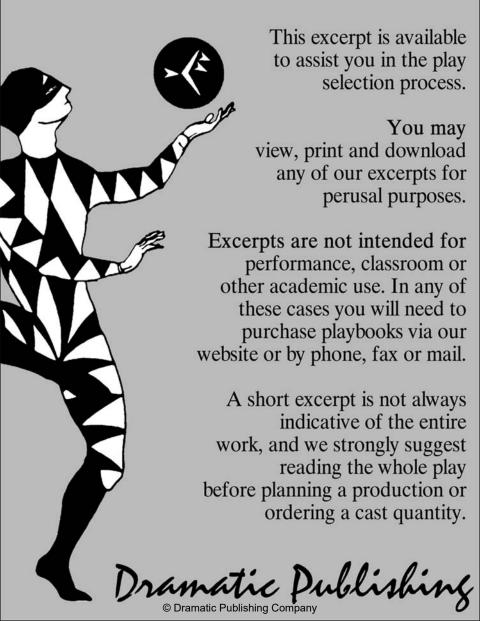
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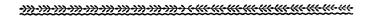
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Cyrano de Bergerac

ΒY

EDMOND ROSTAND

A New English Version
BY

JAMES FORSYTH



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(CYRANO DE BERGERAC)

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CYRANO DE BERGERAC

For Seven Principal Characters, and Supporting Roles*

CHARACTERS

CYRANO DE BERGERAC ROXANE CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE COMTE DE GUICHE LE BRET

RAGUENEAU

THE DUENNA (SISTER CLAIRE)

JODELET MONTFLEURY PORTER LISE ORANGE GIRL MUSKETEER CITIZEN & SON TWO CHILDREN CAVALIER POETS CAPTAIN CARBON DE CUIGY PAGES CASTEL-JALOUX 1ST FOP BERTRANDOU 2ND FOP CAPUCHIN PRIEST BRISSAILLE SPANISH OFFICER DE VALVERT SISTER MARTHE LIGNIERE MOTHER MARGUERITE Citizens, Pickpockets and Cutpurses, Servants, Précieuses. Gentlemen and Ladies, Musicians, Actors and

Actresses, Cooks, Cadets, Spanish soldiers, nuns.

PLACE: Paris.

TIME: 1640, 1655.

^{*}Cooks can double with Cadets, Poets with Officers and Gentlemen, Pages with Gamins, etc.

The division of the play is in Five Acts, as in the original.

And it is planned to have two intervals: the first after Act Two and the second after Act Three.

The settings of the play are:

Inside the theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne Paris.
The bakeshop of Rageneau Paris.
A small square Paris.
An encampment before Arras.
The garden of a convent Paris.

First presented by The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, Inc. at the Vivian Beaumont Theater New York April 25, 1968

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ACT ONE

SCENE: The covered tennis court of the Hotel de Bourgogne. Paris, 1640. It is the start of the evening. The court, which has been adapted for the staging of plays, is empty. The lights are not yet lit. In the half-light one may see, U C, what must be the stage with its row of footlight candles not yet lit. One may also see a gallery of boxes for the favored, U L and U R, and some benches and seats for the public, D C.)

JODELET, leader of the players, makes a quick last-minute check on the seating of the house and the setting of the stage. He exits through the stage curtain as the sound of the public, gathering outside, is heard. A light comes in from the outside as the entrance to the Pit, D R, is opened. The PORTER takes up position to collect the cash. An ORANGE GIRL comes in first, with her basket of fruit and drinks. She makes her way among the benches around the Pit. The public start coming in, headed by a CITIZEN and his SON. A CAVALIER pushes past the PORTER.)

PORTER.

Holà!

(Grabbing him.)

Fifteen sou.

CAVALIER.

I come in free.

PORTER.

Why? I said why?

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CAVALIER (grandly).
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Officer of the King's Cavalry.

PORTER.

Oh.

(Letting him pass.)

You!

(The PORTER turns to grab a group of cutpurses and pickpockets who are sneaking in.)

PORTER.

Thirty sous each.

(A CUTPURSE deftly relieves a citizen of his purse.)

PICKPOCKET.

You said fifteen to----

PORTER.

Thirty to you.

PICKPOCKET.

Twenty.

(The CUTPURSE slips the purse to the PICK-POCKET.)

PORTER.

Thirty.

(The PICKPOCKET pays up.)

CUTPURSE (as he goes in).

Robbery!

(As this exchange has gone on, the PORTER has continued to take the money of the other citizens, servants, etc. entering at the same time. The CAVALIER now pursues the ORANGE GIRL among the benches.)

ORANGE GIRL.

Orange juice! . . . Milk! . . . Wine! . . .

CAVALIER.

And kisses.

(The CAVALIER draws the ORANGE GIRL into

a dark corner by the gallery. The CITIZEN and SON settle on one of the benches and spread out a snack supper.)

CITIZEN.

Never arrive late for the play, my boy--or else you can't eat in peace.

(A DRUNKARD, well furnished with bottles, bumps him on the back as he eats.)

CITIZEN.

Rabble!

DRUNKARD.

Your pardon--sir.

(Thickly.)

--but this, I believe, is the Hotel de Bourgogne? SON.

Yes, it is.

DRUNKARD.

Then if a man cannot drink the wine of Burgundy in the Hotel

of Burgundy, where the devil can he? Eh?
(As he demonstrably drinks, the ORANGE GIRL, in retreat from the CAVALIER, jogs his elbow. Burgundy goes all over the place; and he goes over the bench onto the floor.)

CITIZEN.

Oh! What is Paris coming to? (Outraged.)

(Three PAGES career in. dancing and screaming.)

PORTER (at door).

Holà! Holà! Holà!

(The PORTER is in pursuit of the three PAGES who are dancing a screaming Farandole among the customers, hand linked to hand. The PORTER grabs the leader by the scruff of the neck, and the capers stop.)

Now look you here! I want no trouble from you young fiends tonight.

PAGES.

Trouble? What, from us?

(With insolent innocence.)

Oh, Porter!

CUIGY (offstage D R, loudly and peremptorily).

Por-ter!

(The PORTER, with a quick cuff to the pages' ears, hurries back to the entrance, as CUIGY, a dashing officer, comes in, calling:)

CUIGY.

Porter! I say----

1ST PAGE (as CUIGY engages the PORTER in talk).
Got that piece of string?

2ND PAGE.

With the fishhook? Yes.

IST PAGE.

Then up into the gallery and fish for wigs.

(The three PAGES make their way across to the steps to the gallery, chattering as they go.)

2ND PAGE.

Oh! . . .

(With sudden anguish.)

I've forgotton the peashooter.

3RD PAGE.

Shut your beanhole!

I've got it--and a bag of peas, too.

(As they disappear upstairs, more people come in D R, and the senior PICKPOCKET gathers his younger colleagues around him in a huddle at D L.)

PICKPOCKET.

Now, pay attention. When it comes to the lace-snip it quick . . . Like this . . . (Demonstrating on the DRUNKARD.)

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. . Absent look on the face.
CITIZEN.
    They're playing --
        (Clearing mouth of food.)
    --''Clorise, "by Baro.
ORANGE GIRL.
    Oranges! . . .
CITIZEN.
    Wonderful play, "Clorise."
    Pastoral . . . Lyrical . . . well-made piece.
        (SON sees his father's eve on that well-made
        piece, the ORANGE GIRL, as she passes by.)
ORANGE GIRL.
    Oranges! . . . Milk! . . . Strawberry-ade! . . .
    Lemon juice! . . . Wine! . . . Wine of Gasconv! . . .
        (Her cry is overtopped by a high falsetto cry
        at the entrance D R.)
1ST FOP (off)
    Make way! Make way!
2ND FOP (off).
    Make way! Peasants!
(A group of "Petits Marquises" or FOPS, come in, led
    by BRISSAILLE, an officer friend of Cuigy.)
CITIZEN.
    Fops? In the Pit!
    Never in my day!
        (Horrified.)
A FOOTMAN.
    Oh, only "en passant," m'dear. This way!
        (As BRISSAILLE and the FOPS advance in all
        their beribboned splendor:)
IST FOP (seeing the place half-empty).
    What's this? You've got us here on time!
2ND FOP.
    On time? Oh! too, too de trop!
    No treading on a few feet? Shame!
    No upsetting of the plebs? Oh . . .
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Not even the lights to shine on us? Oh---- (Peevishly.)

I am disappointed.

IST FOP.

I'm positively furious!

(The FOPS are further put out by sniping from the peashooters of the PAGES.)

Oh! (CHICV coming down f

(CUIGY, coming down from the boxes, spots the FOPS.)

CUIGY.

Brissaille!

BRISSAILLE.

Cuigy!

(Greeting him as he comes.)

LIGHTSMAN.

Make way for the lights! Make way for the lights!

The lights! Ah! . . .

(All clear a way as the chandeliers are lowered and A MAN WITH A LIGHTED TAPER enters from the stage. As the FOPS position themselves to disport their finery in a good light, LIGNIERE comes in DR with CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE. The latter is a rather handsome young man, simply dressed, and definitely not in the height of fashion. He is supporting LIGNIERE, a distinguished literary drunkard.)

CUIGY.

Lignière!

(Coming forward.)

BRISSAILLE.

Ha! Lignière! What! and still sober? (Laughing.)

LIGNIERE.

Gentlemen--I desire you to meet the Baron Christian de Neuvillette!

ALL.

Ah! . . .

(Though he is confused enough to think it, this general exclamation is not for CHRISTIAN. It is for the lights. And a burst of applause greets the raising of the first chandelier into position. CHRISTIAN turns anxiously to gaze up at the gallery and the boxes, on whose arriving occupants the lights now glisten.)

CUIGY.

Features are all right.

(To BRISSAILLE, looking at CHRISTIAN.)

Could make something of the hair.

IST FOP.

But the style!

2ND FOP.

Hardly the héroique, my dear.

LIGNIERE (persisting with the introduction).

-- Messieurs Cuigy--de Brissaille----

CHRISTIAN (awkwardly).

Pleased to meet you, sir.

2ND FOP.

"Pleased to----"

(Raising eyebrows.)

IST FOP.

Short of sheer effrontery----

LIGNIERE.

The Baron is just up from the----

1ST and 2ND FOP.

Oh, the country! (With distaste.)

IST FOP.

I see.

CHRISTIAN (awkwardly trying to make conversation). Yes, I have been in Paris a bare three weeks.

IST FOP.

Bare--yes.

CHRISTIAN.

Tomorrow I join the Regiment of Guards--the Cadet Company.

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IST FOP.
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The Cadets!

CUIGY.

Poor fellow.

2ND FOP.

Voilà!

(With a sudden cry as he looks to the boxes. The violins tune up and the notables begin to pour in U L and U R.)

IST FOP.

Here come the Muses themselves. Bravo! (Clapping.)

LIGNIERE.

The ladies. Look.

(To CHRISTIAN, as the "Précieuses" arrive in the boxes.)

2ND FOP (throwing a kiss).

I know them all.

IST FOP.

Their names are the purest of poetry to me.

Barthénoide . . . Urimédonte . . .

(CHRISTIAN scans each lady as she comes in.)

2ND FOP.

Ah . . .

(Sighing in affected ecstasy.)

IST FOP.

Cassandace! . . . Félixerie! . . . Ah! . . .

2ND FOP.

Oh! . . .

(Both almost swooning.)

LIGNIERE.

Well, do you see your consuming passion there? CHRISTIAN.

No.

LIGNIERE.

Then I'll get back to consuming mine----(Turning to go D R.)

ORANGE GIRL (accosting him as he goes). Orangeade!

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LIGNIERE.
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Ugh!

(Disgust.)

ORANGE GIRL.

Milk?

LIGNIERE.

Oo!

(Distaste.)

ORANGE GIRL.

Wine?

LIGNIERE.

Ah! . . .

(Delight.)

(Suddenly shouts greet the arrival of a tubby, jovial, pastry cook /RAGUENEAU/ in his Sunday best.)

VARIOUS PEOPLE.

Ho, Ragueneau! Ragueneau!

LIGNIERE.

Ha! It's the Prince of Pastry Cooks!

RAGUENEAU (advancing, all smiles).

Ah, Monsieur Lignière, sir!

LIGNIERE.

Christian! Meet

the Poets' and Players' Pastry Cook.

A poet in his own right, too.

RAGUENEAU (bashfully).

If you say so.

LIGNIERE (putting his arm round his shoulders).

We do.

RAGUENEAU.

Have you seen Monsieur Cyrano?

BRISSAILLE.

Bergerac?

RAGUENEAU.

Yes. He must be here.

(CHRISTIAN watches the arrivals, with the

FOPS, still looking for his lady.)

LIGNIERE.

Why must?

RAGUENEAU.

Because Montfleury is playing.

LIGNIERE (amazed).

Montfleury!

Why should Cyrano want to see

that windbag?

RAGUENEAU.

But don't you know!

(Confidentially.)

Monsieur Cyrano has warned him not to appear on any stage for a month.

LIGNIERE.

I'd make it a year.

RAGUENEAU.

Ah, Monsieur le Bret!

(LE BRET comes in D R, anxiously, looking about him.)

RAGUENEAU.

Are you looking for Monsieur Bergerac, too? LE BRET.

Yes. And I'm worried. Ragueneau.

He might do anything.

CUIGY.

He can do anything.

BRISSAILLE.

Name any art or skill you can, and he is its master.

CUIGY.

What a man!

ALL.

Ah! . . .

(Suddenly a murmur of admiration goes through the

audience. ROXANE has arrived in the empty box, U L. She takes her seat, forward of her DUENNA, or lady's companion. CHRISTIAN looks petrified. The FOPS let out squeals of delight.)

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IST FOP.
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What a ravishing creature! Oh----

2ND FOP.

But she is petrifyingly perfect! A peach.

IST FOP.

A peach! set in a pristine ruff!

(A CUTPURSE, who has been busy during the distraction, makes off with his lace cuffs.)

CHRISTIAN.

It's she!

(Seizing Lignière's arm.)

LIGNIERE.

She?

(Looking.)

Oho! She, is it?

CHRISTIAN.

Yes. Who is she? Quickly, tell me.

LIGNIERE.

Madeleine----

(Between final sips of his drink.)

--Robin--known as Roxane.

CHRISTIAN.

Roxane . . .

(With downright adoration.)

LIGNIERE.

Yes, as a "Précieuse," that's her pen name. CHRISTIAN.

A précieuse?

(Dismayed,)

Lignière----

(Taking care that his ignorance is not overheard.)