

CYRANO 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.

Cover design: Jeanette Alig-Sergel

ISBN-10 0-87129-640-3
ISBN-13 978-0-87129-640-5



9 780871 296405



01968



Dramatic Publishing
311 Washington St.
Woodstock, IL 60098
ph: 800-448-7469

www.dramaticpublishing.com



Printed on recycled paper



BASED ON THE book by
EDMOND ROSTAND

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

DRAMATIC TRANSLATION/ADAPTATION by
JAMES FORSYTH

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

© Dramatic Publishing Company



Cyrano de Bergerac

BY

EDMOND ROSTAND

A New English Version

BY

JAMES FORSYTH



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

© MCMLXVIII by
JAMES FORSYTH

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(CYRANO DE BERGERAC)

ISBN 0-87129-640-3

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 |
| CUIGY | CAPTAIN CARBON DE |
| 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**

**Cover illustration by David Palladini for The Repertory
Theater of Lincoln Center production of "Cyrano de
Bergerac"; through The Repertory Theater of Lincoln
Center's special graphics project with Pratt Institute,
N. Y. C., 1967-1968.**

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.

Ho!à!

(Grabbing him.)

Fifteen sou.

CAVALIER.

I come in free.

PORTER.

Why? I said why?

CAVALIER (grandly).

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 PICKPOCKET.)

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.

1ST 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.)

. . . 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 eye on that well-made
piece, the ORANGE GIRL, as she passes by.)

ORANGE GIRL.

Oranges! . . . Milk! . . . Strawberry-ade! . . .
Lemon juice! . . . Wine! . . . Wine of Gascony! . . .
(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!
(Horried.)

A FOOTMAN.

Oh, only "en passant," m'dear. This way!
(As BRISSAILLE and the FOPS advance in all
their beribboned splendor:)

1ST 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 . . .

Not even the lights to shine on us? Oh----

(Peevishly.)

I am disappointed.

1ST FOP.

I'm positively furious!

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

Oh!

(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!

ALL.

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 Neuville!

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.

1ST FOP.

But the style!

2ND FOP.

Hardly the héroïque, my dear.

LIGNIERE (persisting with the introduction).

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

CHRISTIAN (awkwardly).

Pleased to meet you, sir.

2ND FOP.

"Pleased to----"

(Raising eyebrows.)

1ST FOP.

Short of sheer effrontery----

LIGNIERE.

The Baron is just up from the----

1ST and 2ND FOP.

Oh, the country!

(With distaste.)

1ST FOP.

I see.

CHRISTIAN (awkwardly trying to make conversation).

Yes, I have been in Paris a bare three weeks.

1ST FOP.

Bare--yes.

CHRISTIAN.

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

1ST FOP.

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.)

1ST 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.

1ST 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.)

1ST 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!

LIGNIERE.

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.)

1ST FOP.

What a ravishing creature! Oh----

2ND FOP.

But she is petrifyingly perfect! A peach.

1ST 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.)