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Dramatic Publishing

"A PLAY FULL OF SWASHBUCKLING, LAUGHTER, ROMANCE—
AND PROSTHETIC NOSES." —SUN HERALD

*Forah
Pendleton*

Cyrano de Bergerac



DRAMA BY
TONYA HAYS

ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY BY
EDMOND ROSTAND

Cyrano de Bergerac

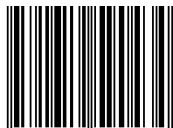
A play within a play, Cyrano takes audiences on a journey through the beauty of language, the bravery of the musketeers, the innocence of young love, the gift of friendship and the redemption of the antagonist.

Drama. By Tonya Hays. Adapted from the play by Edmond Rostand.

Cast: 5m., 5w., at least 4 gender neutral. Edmond Rostand's classic swashbuckling play *Cyrano de Bergerac* is presented in Parisian café society at Café de Coulisse. The lovely Jacqueline is the host and introduces us to the story of the witty, passionate, unlikely hero known for his big nose, skill with language and rapier wit. Cyrano challenges us to be our best selves while demonstrating the essence of panache and reminding us that love is the only truth that matters. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is one of the most acclaimed romantic adventures in classic literature. A fine swordsman from the Gascony region of France, Cyrano is besotted with the innocent and lovely Roxane, and yet, because of his enormous nose, Cyrano believes that he can never truly win her, so he lives with this painful secret of unrequited love. He befriends the handsome Christian de Neuvillette and helps him woo Roxane by composing elegant love letters filled with eloquent poetry and prose. Living his love vicariously through Christian, Cyrano's passionate adventure unfolds, taking us on a journey through the romantic streets of Paris, the bloody battlefield of Arras and the peaceful convent, where this beautiful story reaches its exquisite but heart-wrenching conclusion. *Unit set. Approximate running time: 45 minutes. Code: CQ7.*

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Cyrano de Bergerac

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TONYA HAYS

From the play by
EDMOND ROSTAND



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TONYA HAYS

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Cyrano de Bergerac received its premier production at the Lynn Meadows Discovery Center WINGS Performing Arts and Education Center on Nov. 9, 2012.

Cast:

Jacqueline.....Alexis McClellan, Katie Glydewell
Lignere Grace Newton
ChristianJonathan Barrientos
Le Bret Sarah Pendleton, Sarah Grammar
Pickpocket.....Emily Edwards
Roxane Gracie Hays, Brittani Carver
DuennaBrandi Bowen, Alyssa Diamond
De GuicheKenny McGravey
Viscount de valvert Daniel Ridge
Montfleury.....Cody Ghiloni
Doorkeeper..... Cayla Derbigny, Stephanie Poole
Cyrano de Bergerac..... Dayton Williams, Alex Teets
Ragueneau.....Cody Ghiloni
Sister Claire.....Emily Edwards
Mother MargaretBrandi Bowen, Alyssa Diamond
Musketeers Daniel Ridge,
Emily Edwards, Stephanie Poole,
Grace Newton, Cayla Derbigny

Crew:

Directors..... Tonya Hays, Bob Williams
Producer Tanya Prater
Stage ManagerMollye Ladner
Deck manager Caitlyn Cowick
Prosthetics/Make-up Design Dylan Reed
Set Design Sarah Pendleton
Lighting design Kyle Overmyer
Lights Aubry Benefield

Props mistressMorgan Doukas
Accordion..... Grace Newton, Dayton Williams
Costume DesignGracie Hays
SoundMollye Ladner
Technical CrewDominique Howard,
Margaret Ridge, Ciara Allen
Concessions..... Claudia Appel
Graphic T-Shirt Design Sarah Pendleton
Humanities Scholar Dr. Gaye Winter

Adult Mentors:

J.P. Pendleton, Lee Pendleton, Karina Carver, Rob Rettig,
Joseph Williams, Paul Newton

This play is dedicated to
Gracie Hays, a beautiful Roxane.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The concept of this production is a play within a play set in Paris in the café society of the late 1800s. Cyrano is introduced by Jaqueline, the hostess of Café de Coullisse. Platforms and flats, a canvas tree and a moon comprise the set of the show. The various levels become several locations during the performance (the balcony, the battle scene, etc.). The original set was designed as if Toulouse-Lautrec had created it. The audience was seated at café tables and had refreshments brought to them by waiters and waitresses in the original production. Jacqueline can become various characters throughout the show by donning a hat or shawl.

Cyrano de Bergerac

CHARACTERS

Jaqueline: Hostess for Café de Coullisse. She can jump into the action as a musketeer, cadet, etc.

Lignere

Christian

Rageuneau: A baker

Le Bret: Friend of Cyrano

Pickpocket

Montfleury: An actor

Cyrano de Begerac

Doorkeeper

Viscount de Valvert

De Guiche

Duenna: Servant of Roxane

Roxane

Monk

Musketeers (2)

Cadets (3)

Captain

Sister Clair

Mother Margaret

PRODUCTION NOTES

Costumes were set in the late 1800s. Period pieces could be added, such as musketeer plumed hats and an apron for Ragueneau's exit. Roxane wore black for the scene in the convent after the death of Christian.

Prop List and Suggested Furniture:

La Clorise sign for the café/blackboard/easel

Signs to be changed as Jaqueline introduces various locations

Swords and muskets

Money bag with money pieces inside

Stationery/Letters/Plume for writing

Orders sealed with wax

Plate filled with sweets

Lace kerchief

Wine bottle with cork and two wine glasses

Candle for Roxane

A pebble

Scarf

Large basket or hamper with food (bread, fruit, sausages)

Autumn leaves

Two books for the sisters

Embroidery/needlework for Roxane

Chairs, stools, benches

Music Notes: The use of music is suggested. Jaqueline opened the show with a verse and course of "Roule s'enroule." Other songs that may be used throughout include: "Au claire de la lune" (French traditional), "Les Temps des Cerises" (Jean Baptist Clement, 1866), "La Marseillaise" (French National Anthem). Suggested music for the final scene are the French "Alléluia" and "Benedictus." In the original production, an actor played the accordion, but various instruments may be used such as a fiddle or tin whistle. Music is suggested for scene changes.

Cyrano de Bergerac

SETTING: *The stage is set with various levels and chairs. A center curtain will open to reveal Montfleury as the actors sit onstage. The audience is incorporated into La Clorise, a play within the play.*

AT RISE: *Music of “Roule s’enroule” comes up as JAQUELINE enters singing from the audience.*

Scene 1

JAQUELINE. Welcome to the Cafe de Coulisse. We are so excited that you are here.

CE MATIN JE T’AIME POUR DEUX
CE MATIN MON COEUR BAT POUR DEUX
JE TE RETROUVE ET JE DÉCOUVRE
À LA SECONDE LE BOUT DU MONDE.

ROULE S’ENROULE MA VIE À LA TIENNE
ROULE S’ENROULE TA CHANCE À LA MIENNE
ROULE S’ÉCOULE TANT DE TENDRESSE
QUE JE NE CESSE DE CROIRE EN TOI.

Tonight we have a very special treat for you. We are putting on a production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Our good friend Toulouse-Lautrec has worked with us on the set design. Picture if you will, The Hall of the Hotel Bourgoigne.

(Some actors enter from the stage, others through the audience. A musician enters L. Levels are present suggesting a stage and later a level for the balcony.)

JAQUELINE (*cont'd*). There is a play going on. Isn't this clever a play within a play? The play is called *La Clorise*. As the play begins, the audience is entering and there is excitement and anticipation in the air.

(*She dons a costume piece and sits as an audience member.*)

LIGNERE (*sees RAGEUNEAU*). Allow me to present good Ragueneau, the prince of pastry cooks and a friend of poets. Baron Christian de Nuevillete. He's just come up from Touraine. He will see the play today, *La Clorise*.

CHRISTIAN. Yes, I have been a scarce 20 days in Paris, but tomorrow I join the guards to serve with the cadets.

RAGEUNEAU. Monsieur please. You do me too much honor. Have you seen Monsieur de Bergerac?

LIGNERE. But why?

RAGEUNEAU. Cyrano has not arrived? (*Looking around.*) Astonishing! Montfleury plays Phaeton tonight. He hates Montfleury and has forbidden him to appear upon the stage for a month. I've come to see Cyrano stop him.

CHRISTIAN. Who is this Cyrano?

LE BRET. He is the choicest soul of mortal men.

RAGEUNEAU. A poet.

LE BRET. A swordsman.

LIGNIERE. And what a sight he is!

RAGEUNEAU. He's prouder than the boldest rakeshells of Gascony. He wears a nose, my lords. Seen for the first time, one cries out, "No, no! It's not true. The thing is false! Exaggerated! Unbelievable!"

LE BRET. It's death to mention it.

(*ROXANE enters and is seated in her box onstage.*)

CHRISTIAN. Look there she is?

LIGNIERE. Oh! Is it she?

(CHRISTIAN nods yes.)

LINGIERE *(cont'd)*. Ahhh. Madeleine Robin—called Roxane—well born—a wit—unmarried—orphaned and a cousin of the man of whom we spoke, Cyrano.

(Two well-dressed men approach ROXANE.)

CHRISTIAN. And they?

LIGNIERE. The Comte de Guiche—in love with her—married to Richelieu's niece—would marry Roxane to Valvert, cold and dull and well—obliging. I must be leaving now. Good day. *(He exits.)*

CHRISTIAN. Sacre!

(At this, Roxanne notices him. Their eyes meet. A PICKPOCKET approaches and takes CHRISTIAN's sack of coins when Roxane gestures to him. CHRISTIAN catches the thief.)

PICKPOCKET. Let go—I'll tell a secret.

(CHRISTIAN loosens his grip.)

PICKPOCKET. That friend of yours who left is as good as dead. A song of his has angered some great lord and so a hundred men are posted at the Port de Nesle—on his way home tonight they will attack him.

CHRISTIAN. The swine! I'll tell Lingnere. But Roxane ... *(He pauses.)* I must go.

(He rushes off. The crowd begins stomping their feet crying, "Begin!" After a moment, MONTFLEURY enters. He is a big man dressed in a ridiculous costume. The crowd shouts, "Bravo, Montfleury!" He smirks and bows.)

MONTFLEURY. Happy is the man who dwells in solitude, far from the Court, on some sequestered ...

CYRANO *(drowning out MONTFLEURY, his voice only is heard from the back of the house)*. Knaves! I forbid you to appear for 30 days.

(Stage audience reacts—who's that?)

CYRANO. King of clowns. Offstage at once!

(The audience mutters, "Go on, Montfleury!" "Continue." Etc.)

MONTFLEURY. Happy the man who dwells in ...

(CYRANO enters from the house.)

MONTFLEURY. When you insult me, you insult the muse!

CYRANO *(with extreme politeness, now onstage)*. Sir, if the muse, to whom you refer, ever should meet such a great greasy bowl of fat as you, she'd greet you with her sandals—on your rear!

JAQUELINE *(leading a chant in the stage audience and encouraging the house audience to join in)*. Monsieur de Cyrano rules with iron sway, but though he tell us no, still Clorise will play.

(She gestures to the audience to join in repeating, "Still Clorise will play.")

CYRANO. Just one more word of that cheap song and I'll clear the hall. I aim to have our theatre purged of this great boil. I propose to use— (*He grabs his sword.*) the scalpel.

(Audience laughs and catcalls.)

CYRANO (*cont'd*). I order you to straightway hold your tongues. I send a general challenge to you all! Let all who wish to die now raise their hands. No hand? No name? Tis well I shall go on.

MONTFLEURY. I uh ...

CYRANO. Three times I'll clap my hand. You'll vanish at the third. One ... two ...

MONTFLEURY. Perhaps I'd better ...

CYRANO. Three!

(MONTFLEURY vanishes.)

DOORKEEPER. The money must be returned.

CYRANO. That is the first intelligent remark I've heard this evening. There should be no holes in Thespis' well worn cloak. So catch the purse and hold your tongue.

(He throws a bag of gold.)

DOORKEEPER (*opens it*). For this price, sir, I give you leave to come each night to stop *Clorise*.

DE GUICHE. This fellow grows tiresome. Will no one answer him?

VALVERT. I'll top his wit. I'll match him word for word.

(Clearing his throat to get CYRANO's attention.)

VALERT (*cont'd*). Ah hem ... your nose—your nose is very, very big.

CYRANO. It is indeed. That is all?

VALERT. 'Tis enough!

CYRANO. 'Tis not enough. You might have said a multitude of things. As for example thus, aggressively: Sir, had I such a nose I'd lop it off. Friendly: A nose like that must dip so deep a special goblet should be shaped for it. Graciously: I see that you are fond of little birds, you give them this to rest their little feet. Or, insolently: No you dare not smoke. Your neighbors would cry out, "Behold the chimney is afire." That, my dear sir, is what you might have said had you the least command of words or wit. I myself say them with dash enough, but I suffer no one else even to whisper them.

(VALVERT steps forward. DE GUICHE tries to caution him.)

DE GUICHE. Leave off.

VALVERT. Knave, rascal, booby, flat-footed, scum o' the earth.

CYRANO *(takes off his hat and does a grand bow as if VALVERT just introduced himself and now it is his turn)*.

Ah? And I Cyrano Savinien Hercule de Bergerac.

VALVERT *(pulling out his sword)*. Come on then.

CYRANO. Ah! And while I fence, I'll improvise for you a bit, say a ballad. With the last line of the refrain I'll thrust and I'll strike home.

(Announcing the title as he sweeps his hand across the air:)

CYRANO *(cont'd)*. The Duel Between a Fool and de Bergerac.

VALVERT. And what does all that mean?

CYRANO. Wait ... I must choose my rhymes ... I have them now. My hat I toss lightly away; From my shoulders I slowly let fall the cloak which conceals my array, And my sword

from my scabbard I call. Like Celadon, graceful and tall,
Like Scaramouche, quick hand and brain. And I warn you
my friend once for all, I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

(Swords meet in a salute)

CYRANO (*cont'd*). You were rash thus to join in the fray;
Like a fowl I shall carve you up small, Your ribs 'neath
your doublet so gay. Your breast where the blue ribbons
fall, ding, dong! Ring your bright trappings all: My point
flits like a fly on the pane. As I clearly announce to the hall
I shall thrust when I end the refrain!

(VALVERT falls. The crowd cries out and then quiets. The crowd cheers. VALVERT's friends take him away as the crowd begins to disperse. DUENNA escorts ROXANE off.)

LE BRET. What folly. You make too many enemies, my
friend. But why do you hate Montfleury?

CYRANO (*gesturing towards ROXANE as she exits*). I hate
him ever since one night he dared to smile on her. Upon a
flower fair, a great slug.

LE BRET. What? And can it be?

CYRANO. That I should love? I love. You think it is forbid-
den me to dream of love? Yet—bah! I, with this nose which
goes before me half a mile—whom should I love but her
who is the fairest Roxane?

LE BRET. Tell her. You won great glory in her eyes today.

CYRANO. Look at me, old friend, and tell me what hope re-
mains for me with this protuberance. Sometimes I watch a boy
and girl stroll arm in arm through the silvery light. I dream and
I forget; when suddenly I see the shadow of my profile.

LE BRET. You weep?

CYRANO. Ah, never that. No—that would be too ugly—if a tear should trickle down this monstrous nose of mine. I would not ridicule the loveliness of tears.

LE BRET. But your wit, your courage. Roxane grew pale watching your duel. 'Twas clear that she was moved. Courage, man—speak to her.

CYRANO. My nose—she'll laugh and that is the only thing in this whole world that I fear.

(DUENNA enters to CYRANO's surprise.)

CYRANO *(cont'd)*. Her Duenna!

DUENNA. Someone wishes in secret to see her cousin who fought so valiantly, to tell him things. Someone will go to early mass, and after that where can one stop and talk?

CYRANO. In secret?

(DUENNA nods yes.)

CYRANO *(cont'd)*. At Ragueneau's, the pastry cook, on Rue St. Honore.

DUENNA. At 7 o' clock you will be there.

CYRANO. I will.

(DUENNA bows low and exits.)

LE BRET. And now let's hope you will be calm.

CYRANO. Be calm! I am all frantic violence and fire! I'd face an army and I'd vanquish it! I have ten hearts and a hundred arms my friend. Tis not enough for me to hew down dwarfs. Give me giants!

DOORKEEPER. Cyrano, Ligniere has need of you.

LIGNERE. This letter says a hundred men will wait for me tonight at the Port de Nesle—because I wrote a song ... a little funny song. Let me go home with you and sleep beneath your roof?

CYRANO (*laughing*). You shall sleep at home!

LE BRET. But 'tis madness. One against a hundred.

CYRANO & JAQUELINE. Yes, tonight I fight a hundred.

(CYRANO begins speaking, and JAQUELINE's voice takes over as music comes up and the dance with the hundred fighters begins.)

CYRANO & JAQUELINE. Paris sleeps and through the silvery haze, the moonlight falls upon her peaked roofs, and yonder, far beneath the misty veil shimmers the Seine like a mysterious, magic mirror. Ah and you shall see what you shall see at the Port of de Nesle.

(The battle continues in slow motion with various swordsmen coming in. Music may be used to underscore this or JACQUELINE may simply hum as she observes the battle. CYRANO finally defeats them all but has a cut on his hand.)

CYRANO & JAQUELINE. And now come with me to a room in the house of Ragueneau the baker, friend of the poets and beloved friend of Cyrano's.