

# CYRANO DE BERGERAC

A Humorous Reading

by  
Edmond Rostand



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From the three act play "Cyrano de Bergerac."

The scene is the hall of the Hotel de Bourgogne, in 1640, arranged and decorated for a theatrical performance of the play, "La Clorise." Ragueneau, the poet, arrives.

RAGUENEAU: Monsieur de Cyrano is not here? That is strange!

LIGNIERE: Why so?

RAGUENEAU: Montfleury plays!

LIGNIERE: Ay, it is true that that old wine-barrel is to play tonight, but what matter is that to Cyrano?

RAGUENEAU: What matter! Why, he has a hot hate for Montfleury, and so!--has forbidden him to show his face on the stage for one whole month.

MARQUIS: Who is this Cyrano?

LIGNIERE: A fellow well skilled in all tricks of fence.

MARQUIS: Is he of noble birth?

LIGNIERE: Ay, noble enough. He is a cadet in the Guards.--And of how fantastic a presence!

RAGUENEAU: You are right! 'Twould puzzle even our grim painter Philippe de Champaigne to portray him? Whimsical, wild, comical as he is, Jacques Callot, now dead and gone, would have made of him the maddest fighter of all his masques,--with his triple-plumed beaver and the point of his sword sticking up 'neath his mantle like the tail of a cock. He's prouder than a prince and above his Toby ruff he carries a nose!--ah, what a nose is his! One cannot see such a proboscis without remarking: "That is too much! He's playing a joke on us!" Then another laughs, and asks "How soon will he take it off?" But Monsieur de Bergerac always keeps it on.

LIGNIERE: He keeps it on,--and cleaves in two any man who dares remark on it!

The galleries and boxes are crowded, and the curtain opens to the sound of pastoral music. Montfleury enters! enormously stout, in an Arcadian shepherd's dress, and blowing a beribboned pipe. He bows low, begins to speak, when from the pit a voice is heard; it is Cyrano.

CYRANO: Villain! Did I not forbid you to show your face here for a month?--Do you dare defy me?

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---