

## Act I. 4 (Characters: Cyano, Montfleury, Bore, Audience)

**CYRANO:**

Silence!

I order silence, all!

And challenge the whole pit collectively! -

I write your names! Approach, young heroes, here!

Each in his turn! I cry the numbers out! -

Now which of you will come to ope the lists?

You, Sir? No! You? No! The first duelist

Shall be dispatched by me with honors due!

Let all who long for death hold up their hands! (*A silence*)

Modest? You fear to see my naked blade?

Not one name? Not one hand? Good, I proceed!

(*Turning toward the stage, where Montfleury waits in an agony*)

The theater's too full, congested,

I would clear it out! If not . . .(*Puts his hand on his sword*)

The knife must act!

**MONTFLEURY:** I . . .

**CYRANO** (*leaves his chair, and settles himself in the middle of the circle which has formed*):

I will clap my hands thrice, thus—full moon! At the third clap, eclipse yourself!

**AUDIENCE** (*amused*): Ah!

**CYRANO** (*clapping his hands*): One!

**MONTFLEURY:** I . . .

**AUDIENCE** : Stay! He stays! He goes! He stays!

**MONTFLEURY:** I think . . .Gentlemen, . . .

**CYRANO:** Two!

**MONTFLEURY:** I think 'twere wisest. . . .

**CYRANO:** Three!

(*Montfleury runs off stage screaming. Laughs, whistling, cries, etc.*)

**AUDIENCE:** Coward! Come back!

**CYRANO** (*delighted, sits back in his chair, arms crossed*)  
Come back an if you dare!

**BORE** (coming up to Cyrano):  
The actor Montfleury! 'Tis shameful!  
Why, he's protected by the Duke of Candal!  
Have you a patron?

**CYRANO:** No!

**BORE:** No patron?

**CYRANO:** None!

**BORE:** What! no great lord to shield you with his name?

**CYRANO** (irritated):  
No, I have told you twice! Must I repeat?  
No! No protector . . .  
(*His hand on his sword*): A protectress . . .here!

**BORE:** You think not to contend?

**CYRANO:** 'Tis my idea!

**BORE:** But . . .

**CYRANO:** Show your heels! Now!

**BORE:** But I . . .

**CYRANO:** Or tell me why you stare so at my nose!

**BORE** (*staggering backwards*) I . . .

**CYRANO** (*walking straight up to him*): Well, what is there strange?

**BORE** (drawing back): Your Grace mistakes!

**CYRANO:** How now? Is't soft and dangling, like a trunk? . . .

**BORE:** I never. . . .

**CYRANO:** Is it crooked, like an owl's beak?

**BORE:** I . . .

**CYRANO:** Do you see a wart upon the tip?

**BORE:** Nay. . . .

**CYRANO:**

Or a fly, that takes the air there? What  
Is there to stare at?

**BORE:** Oh. . . .

**CYRANO:** What do you see?

**BORE:** But I was careful not to look—knew better.

**CYRANO:** And why not look at it, an if you please?

**BORE:** I was. . . .

**CYRANO:** Oh! it disgusts you!

**BORE:** Sir!

**CYRANO:** Its hue unwholesome seems to you?

**BORE:** Sir!

**CYRANO:** Or its shape?

**BORE:** No, on the contrary!

**CYRANO:** Why then that air disparaging? Perchance you think it large?

**BORE** (stammering): No, small, quite small - minute!

**CYRANO:**

Minute! What now?  
Accuse me of a thing ridiculous!  
Small - my nose?

**BORE:** Heaven help me!

**CYRANO:**

'Tis enormous!  
Old Flathead, empty-headed meddler, know  
That I am proud possessing such appendage.  
'Tis well known, a big nose is indicative  
Of a soul affable, and kind, and courteous,  
Liberal, brave, just like myself, and such  
As you can never dare to dream yourself,  
Rascal contemptible! For that witless face  
That my hand soon will come to cuff - is empty!  
*(He hits him.)*

**BORE:**

Aie! *(running away):*  
Help! Call the Guard!