## High School Reading Transcripts

Skip to content

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Board index

Movies

High School Reading

## Cyrano de Bergerac (1990)

Moderators: Maskath3, GabrielAlejo2341, sidolanters

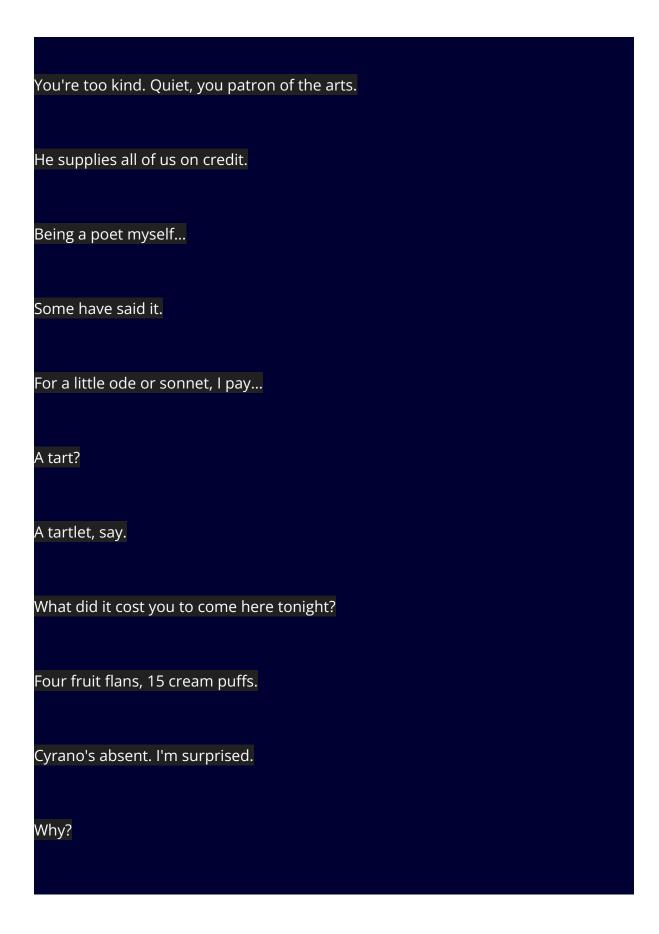
Required high school reading you'd rather read the movie script. Movie Collection.

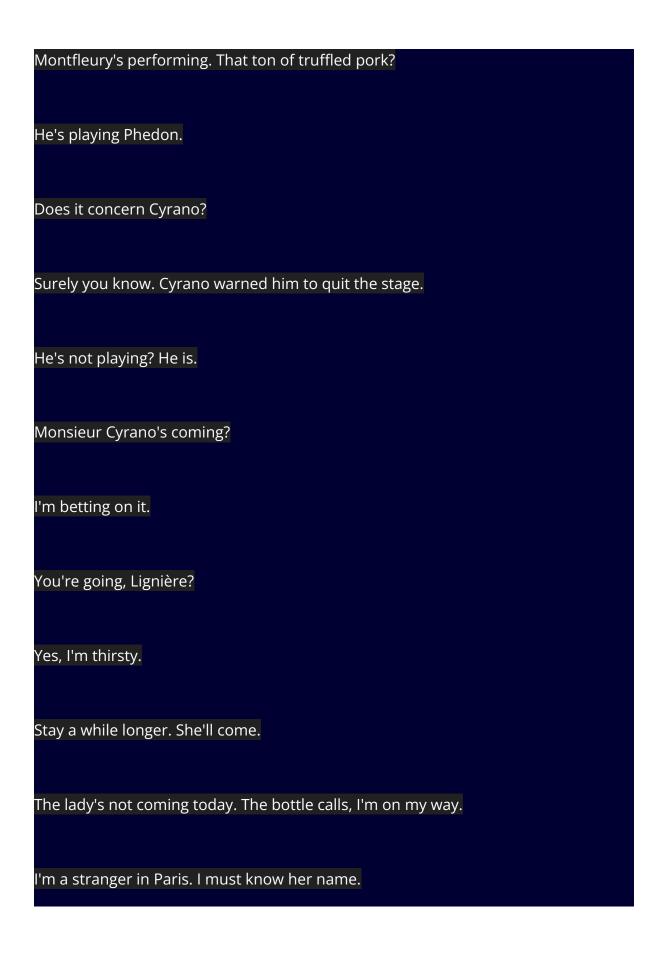
1 post • Page **1** of **1** 

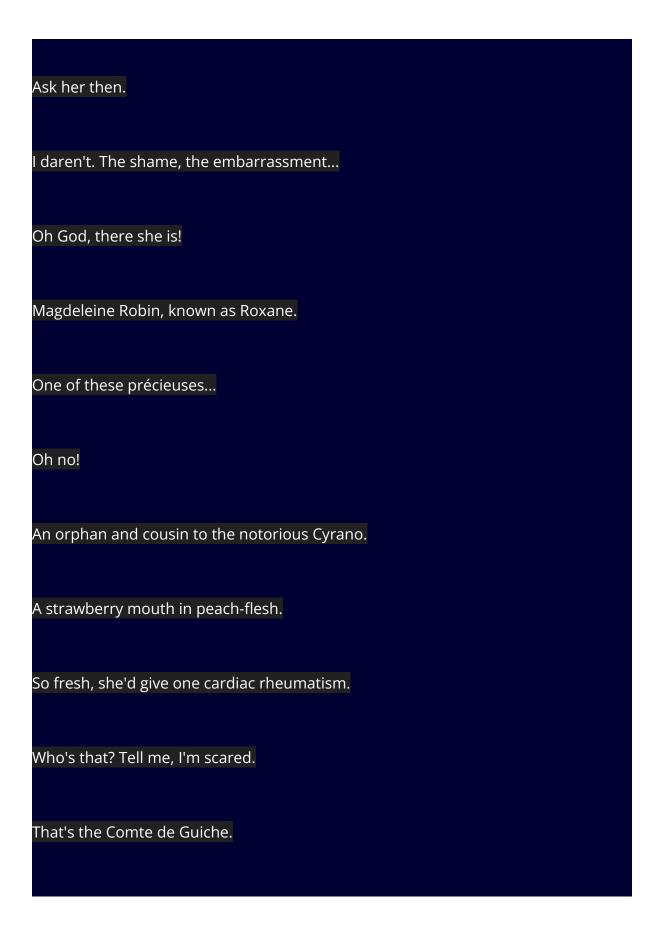
## Cyrano de Bergerac (1990)

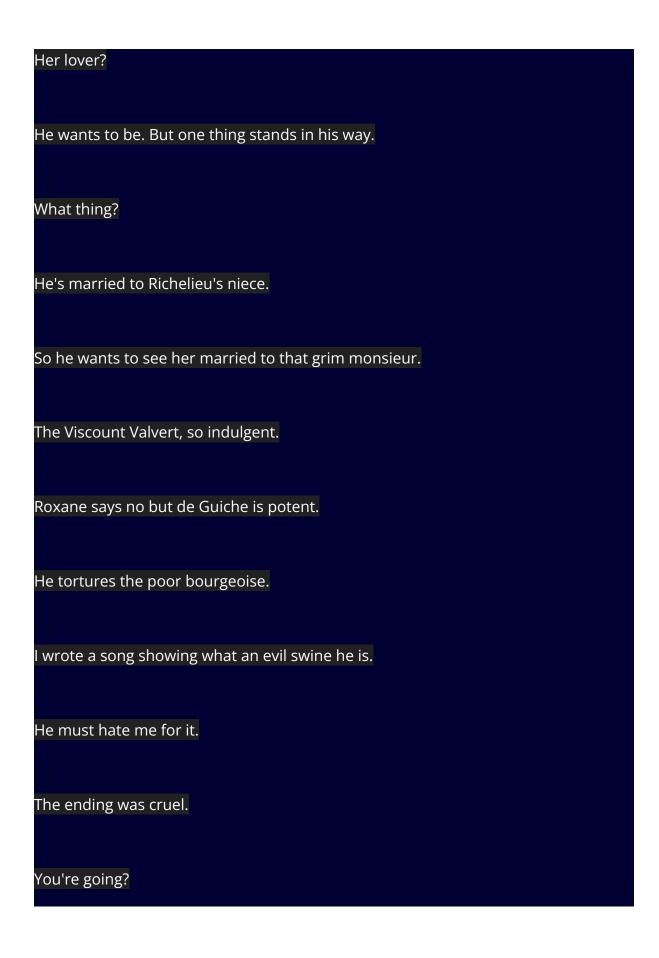
Post		
by bunnlefuu » 10/13/20 19:04		
15 sous! I get in free.		
Royal Household Cavalry. Yo	ou?	
l don't pay!		
l'm a musketeer.		
lt's the last time. Stay in the	pit!	
Come on.		
You'll see great actors		
Montfleury, Bellerose		

The chandeliers!
What's the play?
Clorise.
Who's it by?
Baltazar Baro.
A masterpiece!
To think l saw them play Rotrou here.
And Corneille.
Le Cid. I was over there for the premiere.
Just give one snip to the lace.
Ragueneau! My friend!
Cakemaker to poets!





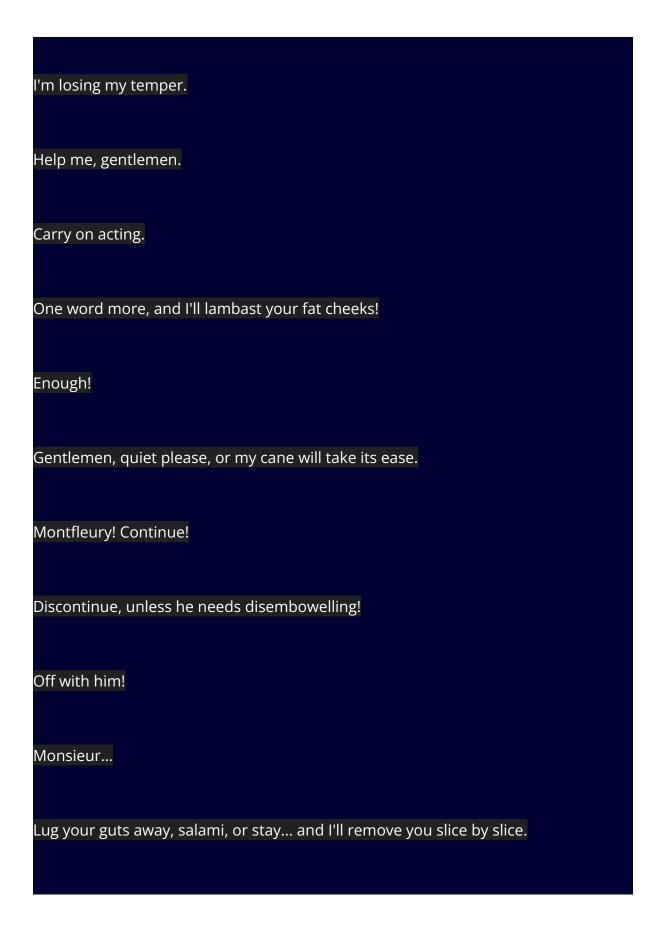




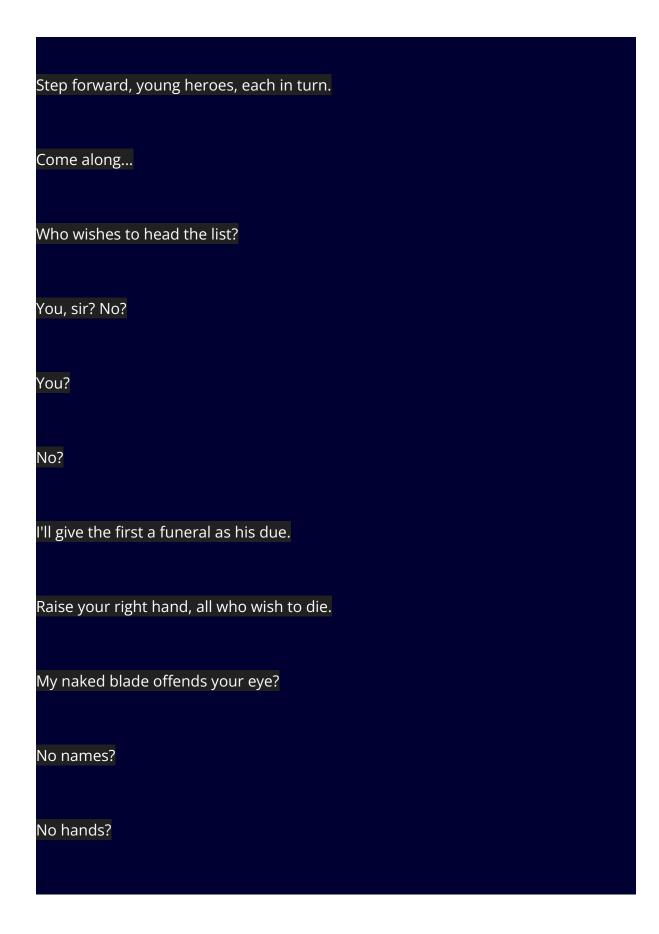
Good night.
The play! The play!
The French Academy.
Look! Porchères, Colomby, Bourzeys, Bourdon
Arbaud.
Many an eternal name in the hall of fame.
Let me go, I'll tell you a secret.
Well?
Lignière, your friend.
Yes?
His life nears its end.

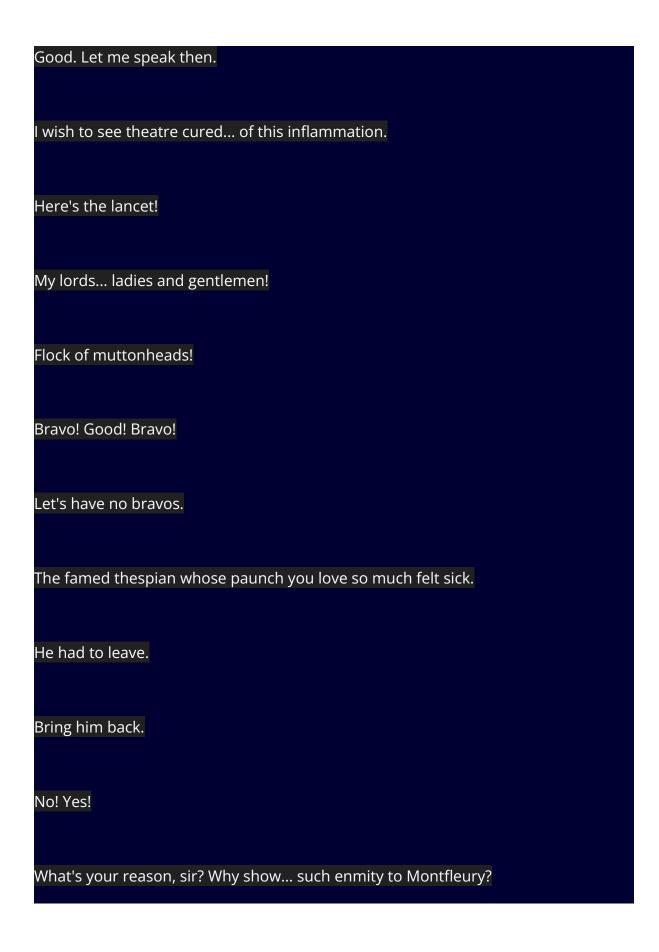
The victim of his song sends 100 men to do him wrong.
A hundred?
Against one.
One poor poet.
Go and warn him!
Where will they be? At the Porte de Nesles.
No Cyrano. I lose my bet.
So much the better.
Montfleury! Montfleury!
Happy he who far from court and city ah, how good breathes the essence of
the vernal wood.
And who, when the breeze sings melodies

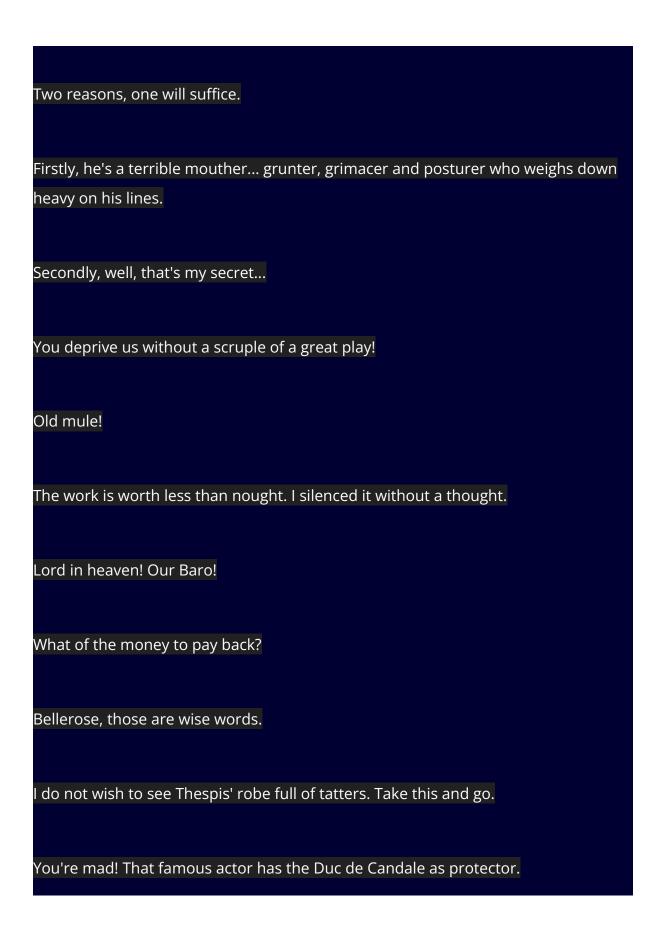
Rogue! Didn't I order you off for a month?
What? Who's that?
Cyrano! l win!
King of fools off the stage!
Monsieur
You hesitate?
Play on! Worry not.
Happy he who far from court and city
Well? Do I have to take my stick, you clown and plant a wood over your gown?
Happy he
Get off the stage!
Happy he who far from court







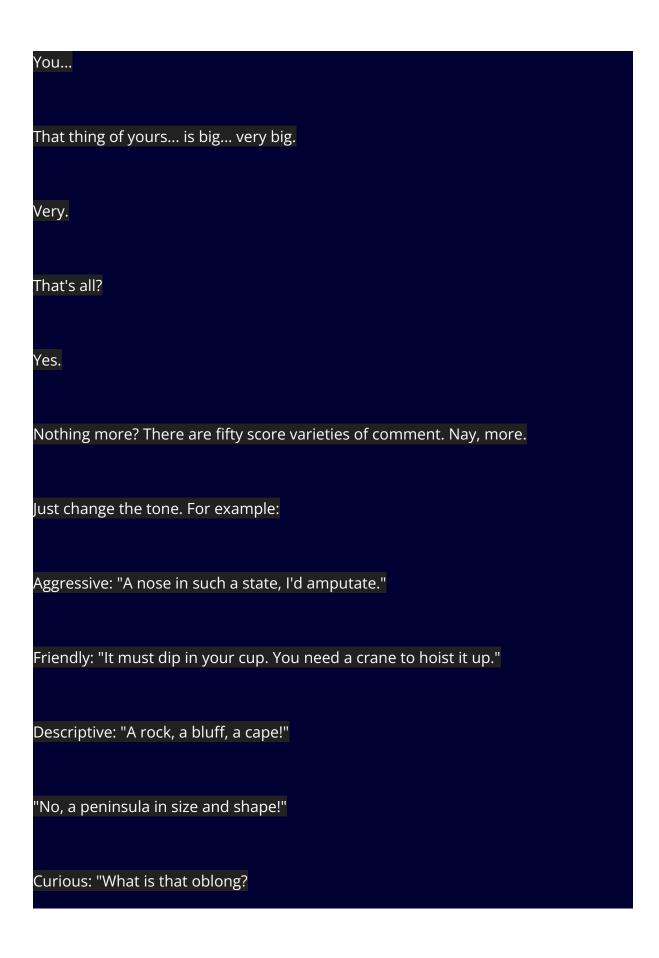


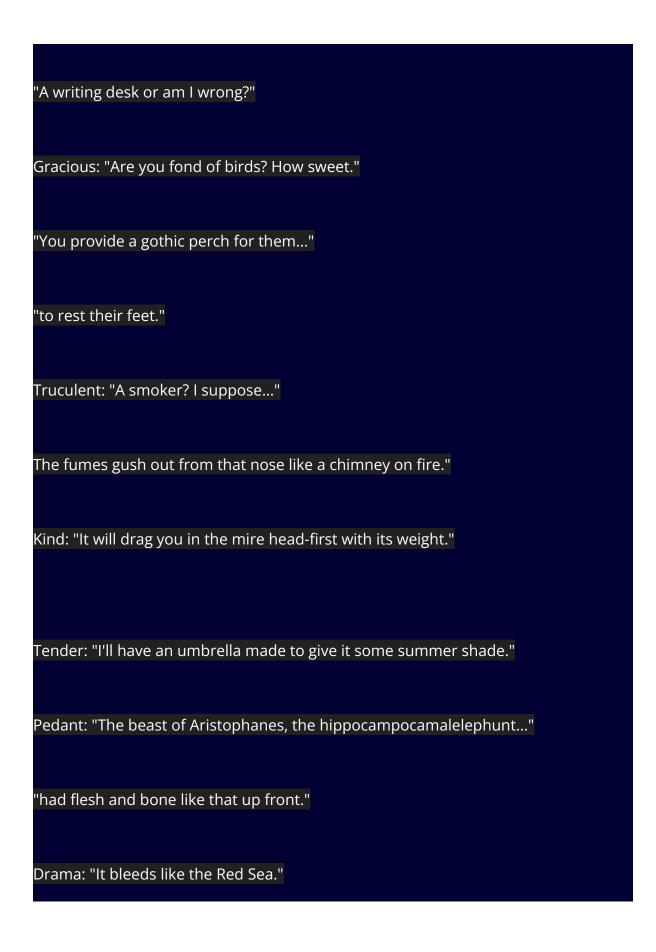


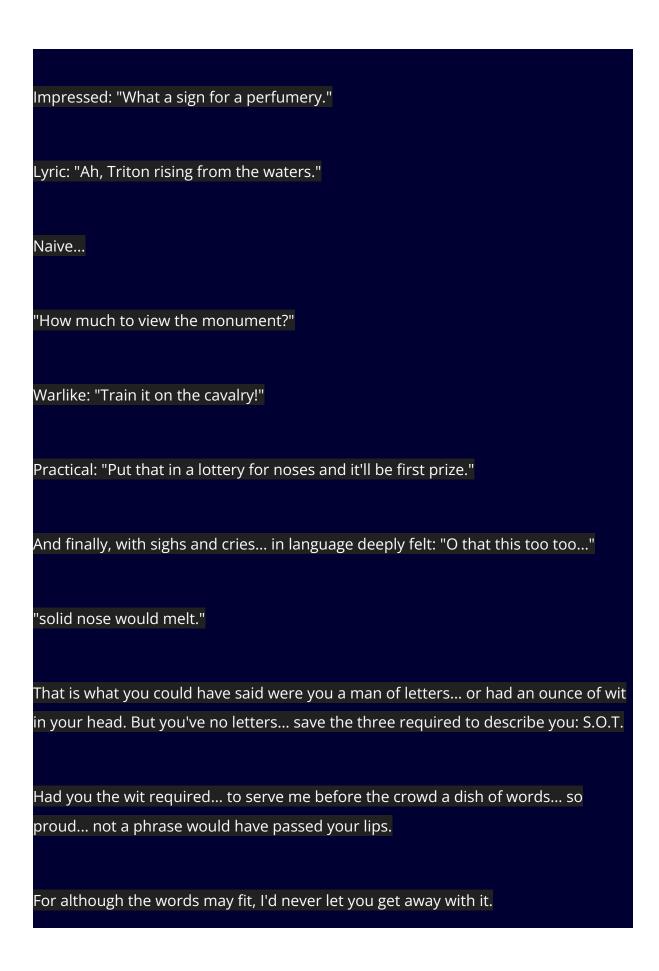
Do you have a patron?
No patron?
No name to protect you?
I said no twice. Must it be a third?
My patroness here keeps her word.
Turn and walk!
But
Why are you looking at my nose? Does it disgust you?
Not at all.
Is it soft and dangling?
I did not look at it.

And why did you not look at it?
Sickened you, did it?
Is the colour all wrong?
ls it obscene? Not at all.
Why then do you criticize? Do you find it too large in size?
It's terribly small, minuscule.
What was that?
Is that an insult? My nose is small, eh?
Oh, God!
My nose, sir, is enormous!
Cretinous moron, a man ought to be proud proud of such an appendix.

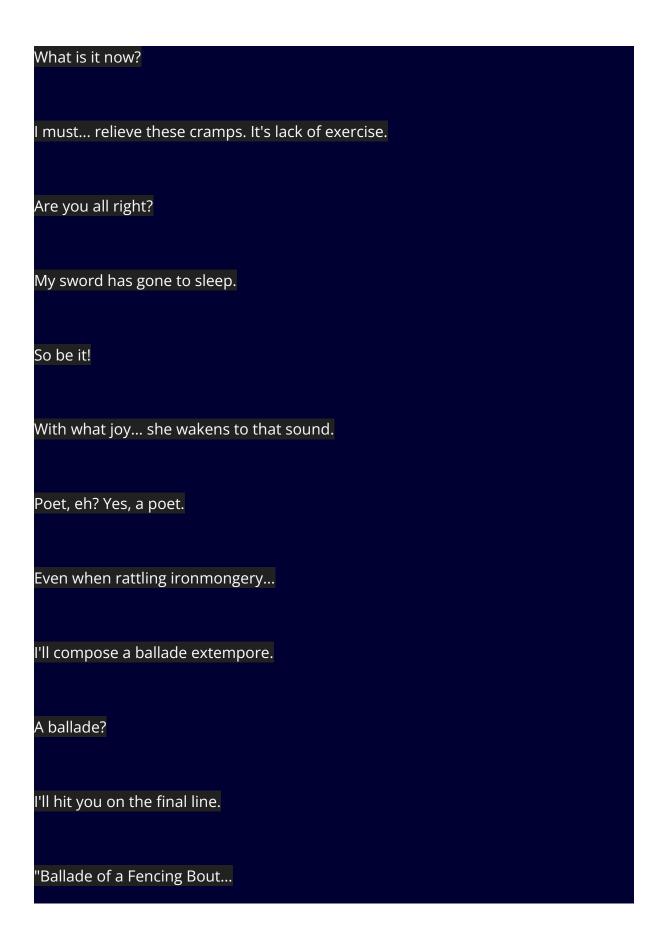
A great nose may be an index of a great soul - kind, endowed with liberality and
courage like mine, you rat-brained dunce, unlike yours, all rancid porridge.
It would be grotesque to fist your wretched mug so lacking as it is in pride,
genius, the lyrical and picturesque in spark, spunk, in brief: in nose.
So take a boot instead to your backside!
Help! Call the Guard!
A warning to you who find my countenance a source of sport.
Be you noble, my swift response is different altogether.
l strike with steel and not leather!
He's a bit of a bore.
A braggart.
Who shall it be, gentlemen?
Nobody? Wait, you can leave it to me.

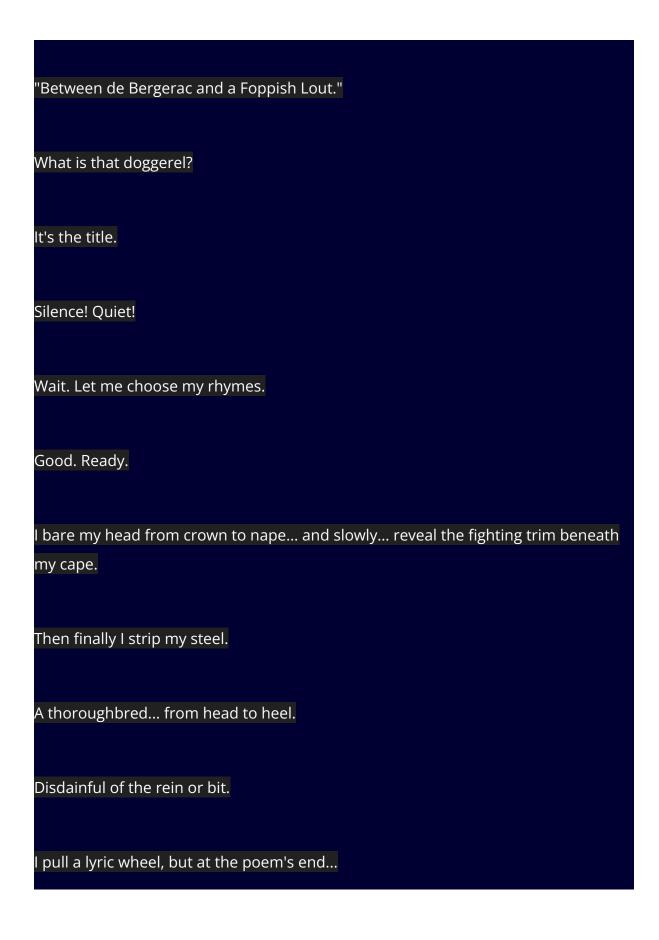


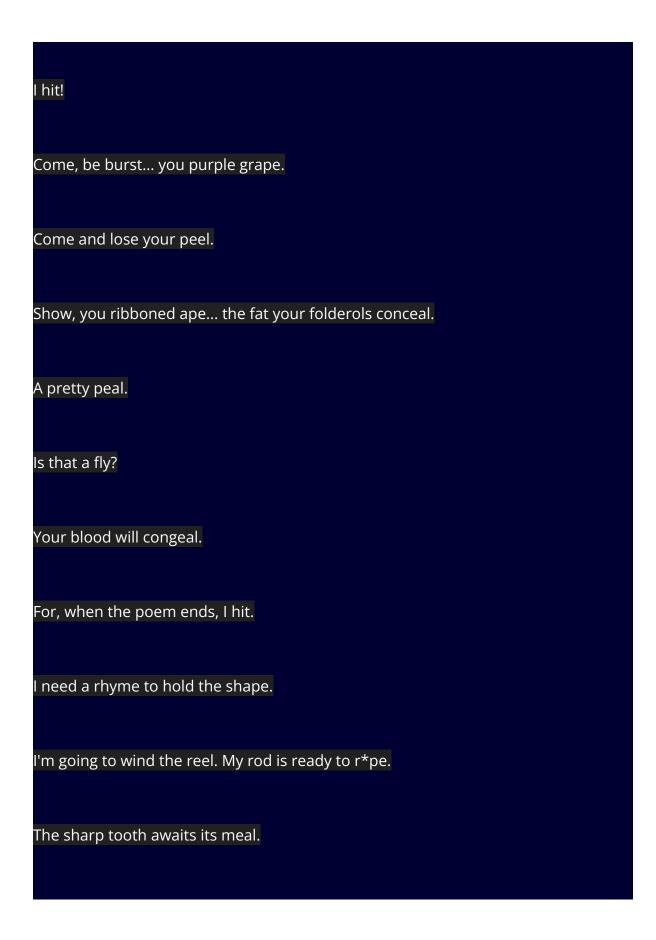


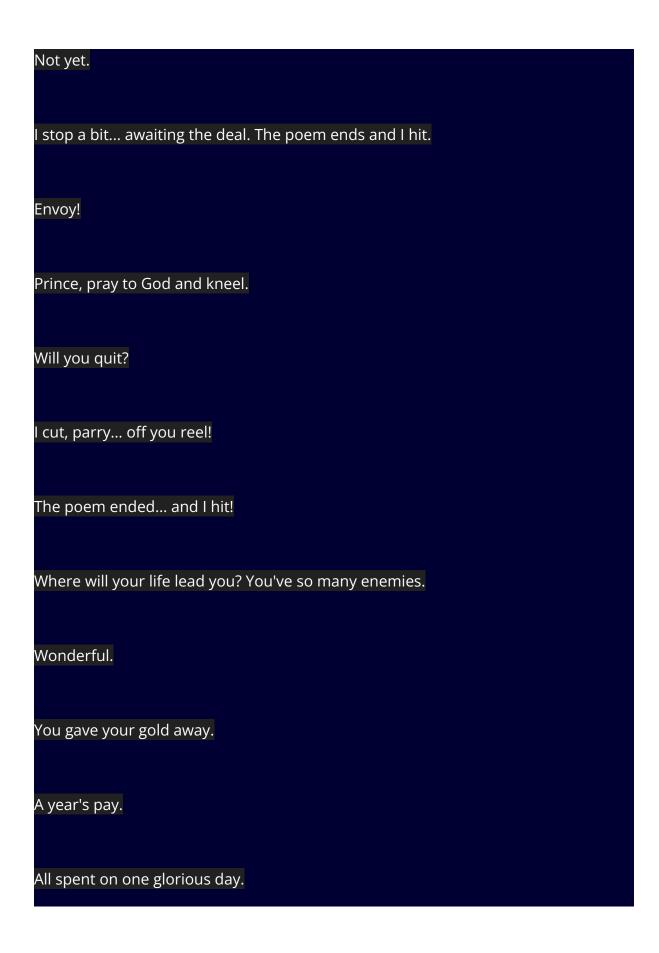


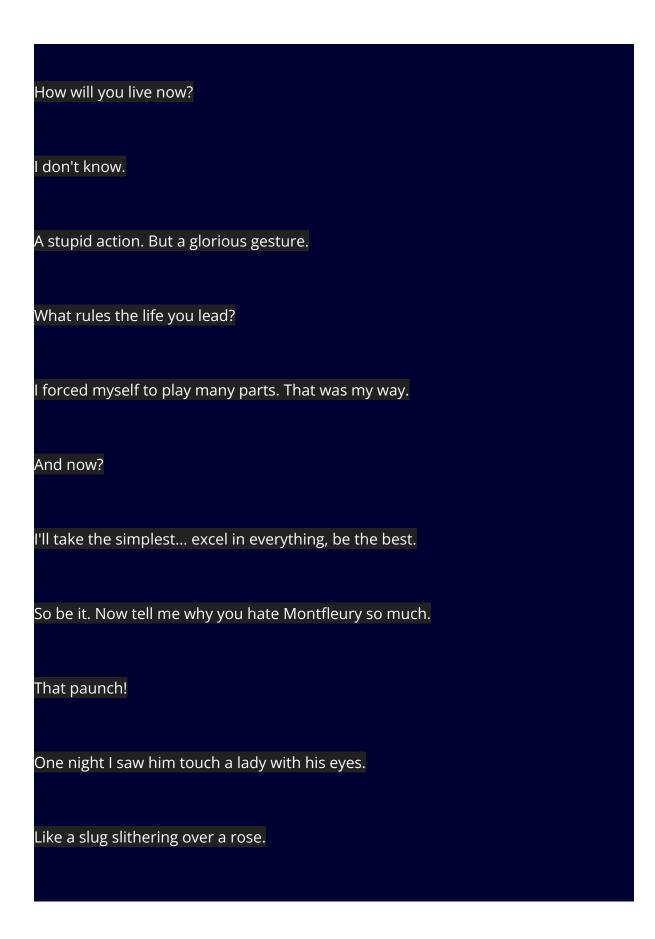
Valvert, leave him!
Arrogant, base nonentity without even a pair of gloves let alone the ribbons and
lace a noble loves!
My elegance is interior.
I do not go out feeling inferior from an insult which on the exterior, leaves its mark
of warning in libel and scruples in mourning. I step out smelling of scrubbed
liberty and polished independence. Come see!
Let him be!
About gloves, you have me there. I had one left over from a pair.
Its fellow I can't trace. I left it in some viscount's face.
Cad, villain, clod flatfooted fool!
And I'm Cyrano Savinien Hercule de Bergerac.
Buffoon!

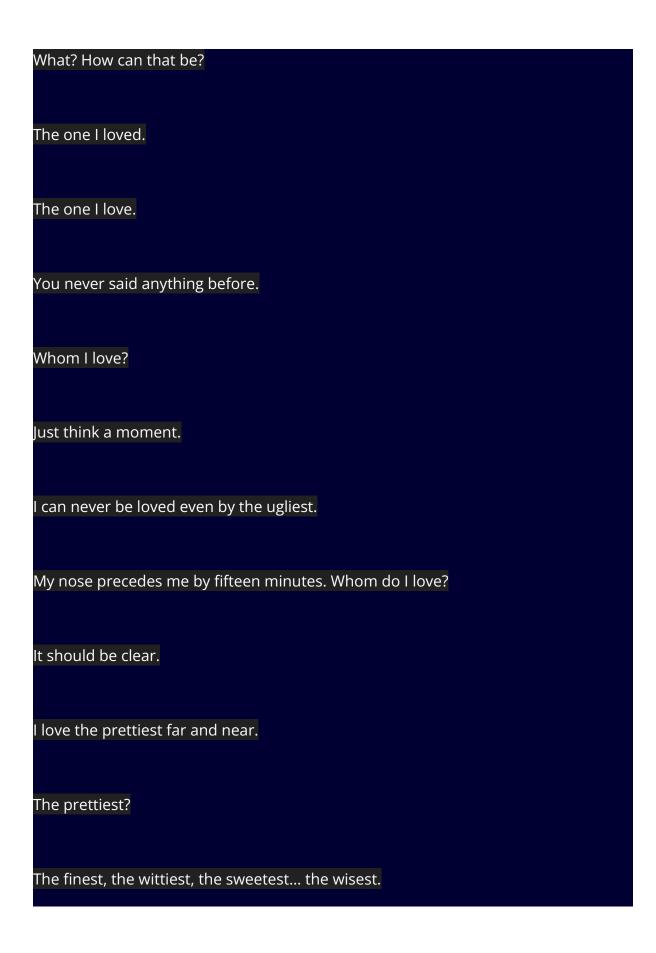


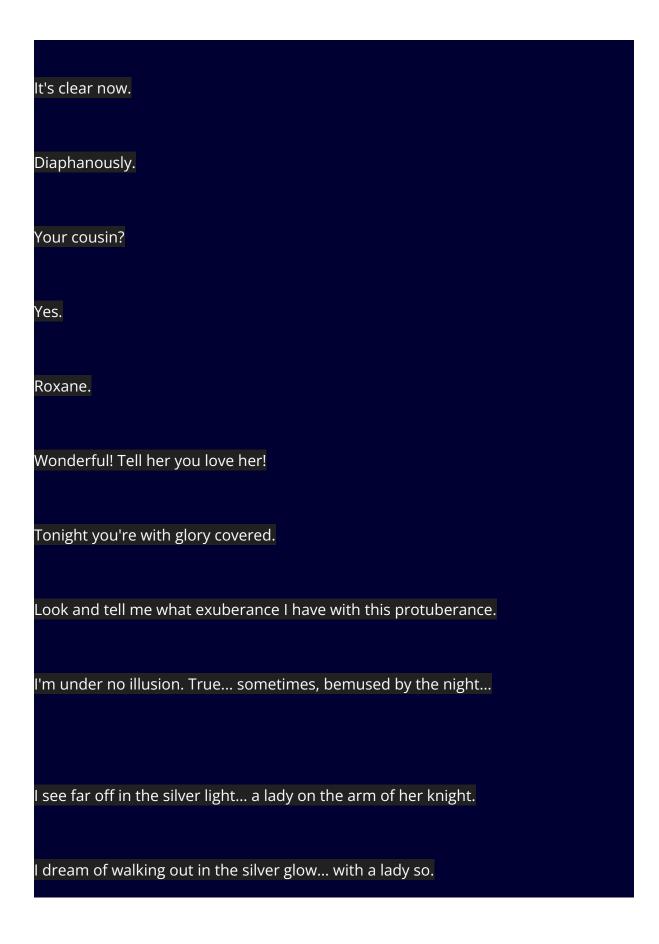


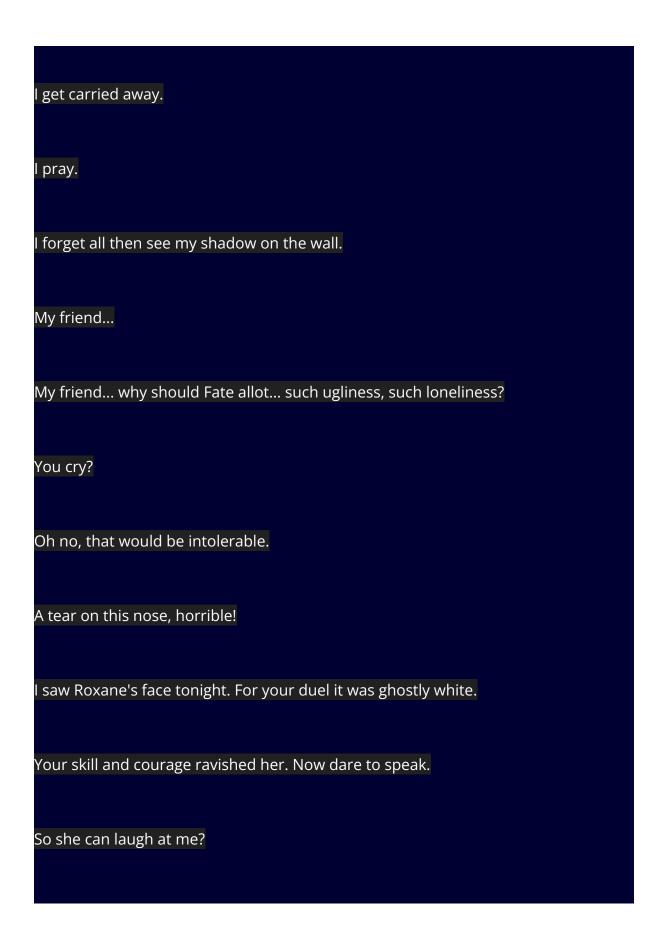


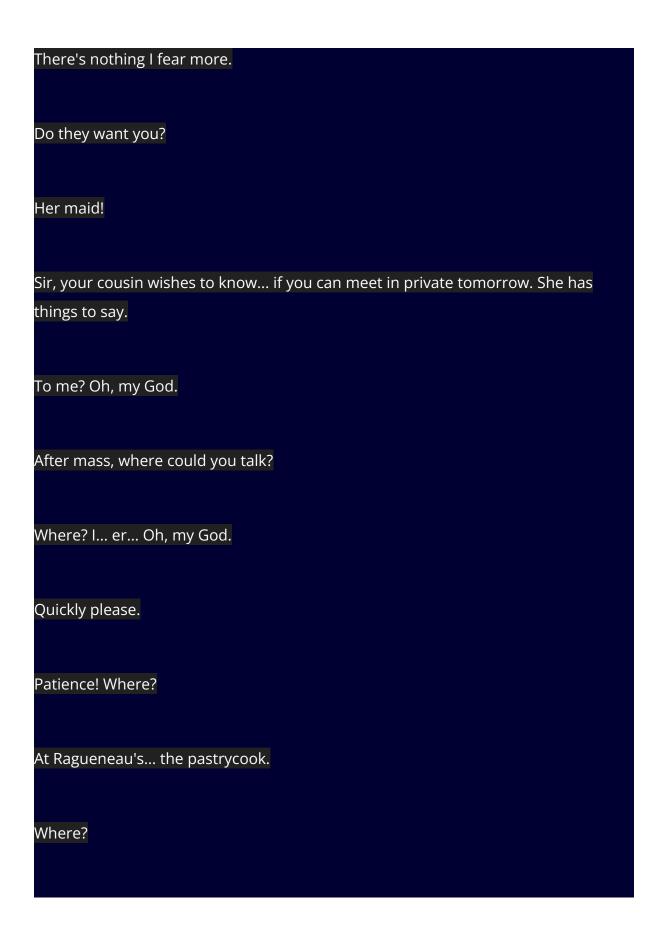




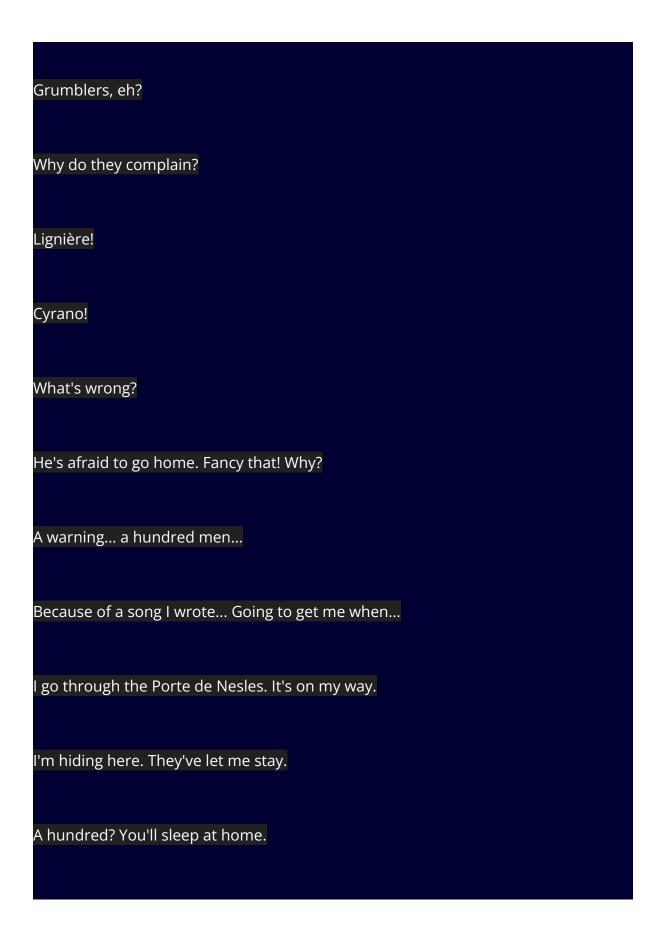




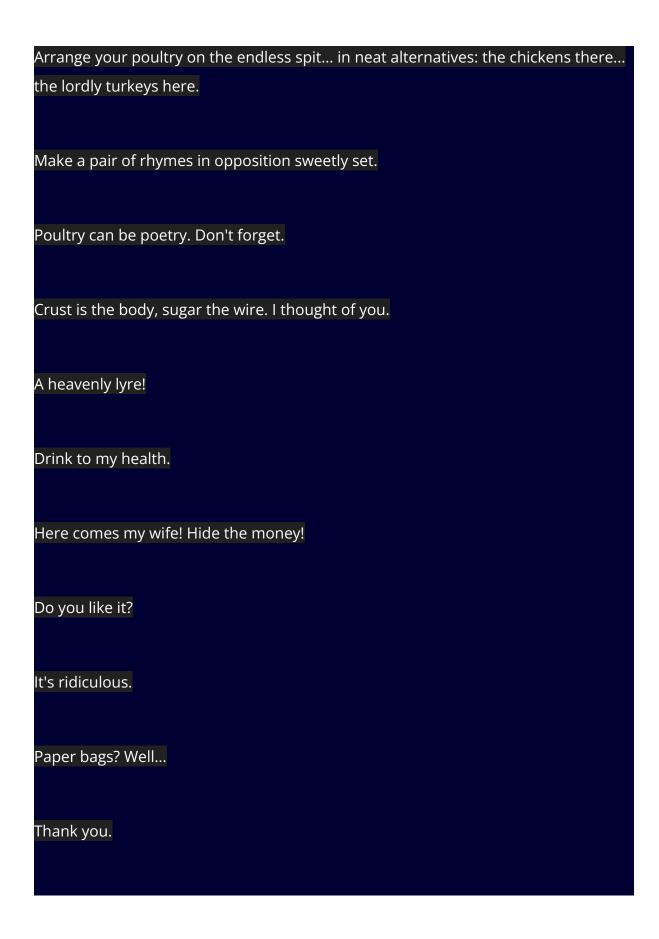


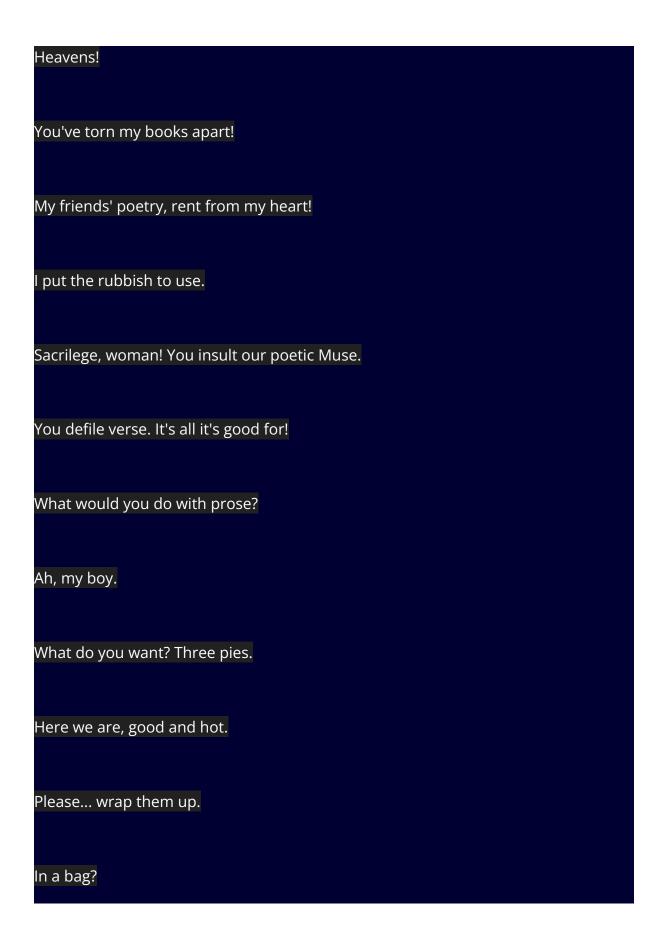


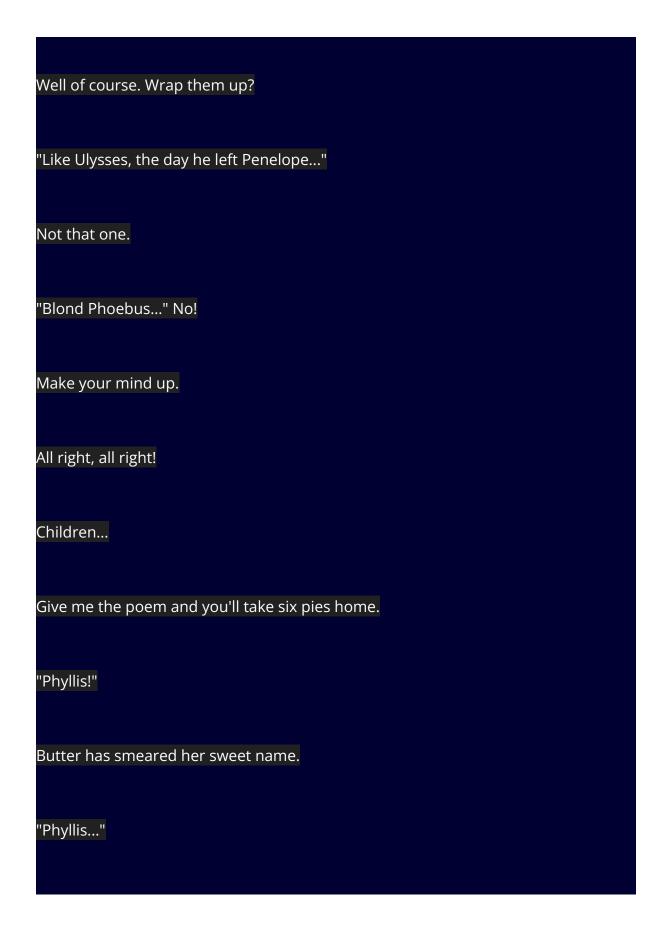
In oh, my God in the rue Saint-Honoré.
She'll be there. You be there. At seven.
l'll be there.
She wants to see me!
So goodbye to sorrow?
It means l exist for her.
Are you calm?
Calm? I'm gripped by lightning and thunder!
I need an army to tear asunder!
So much power, so much defiance, take off the dwarfs and bring on the giants!
What?
We're trying to sleep! Less noise!

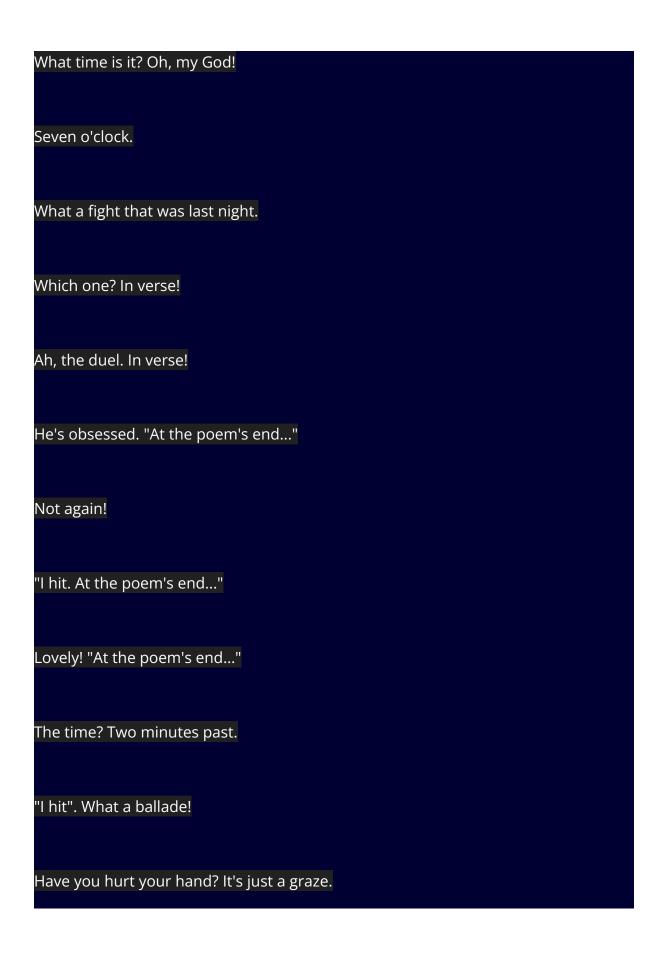


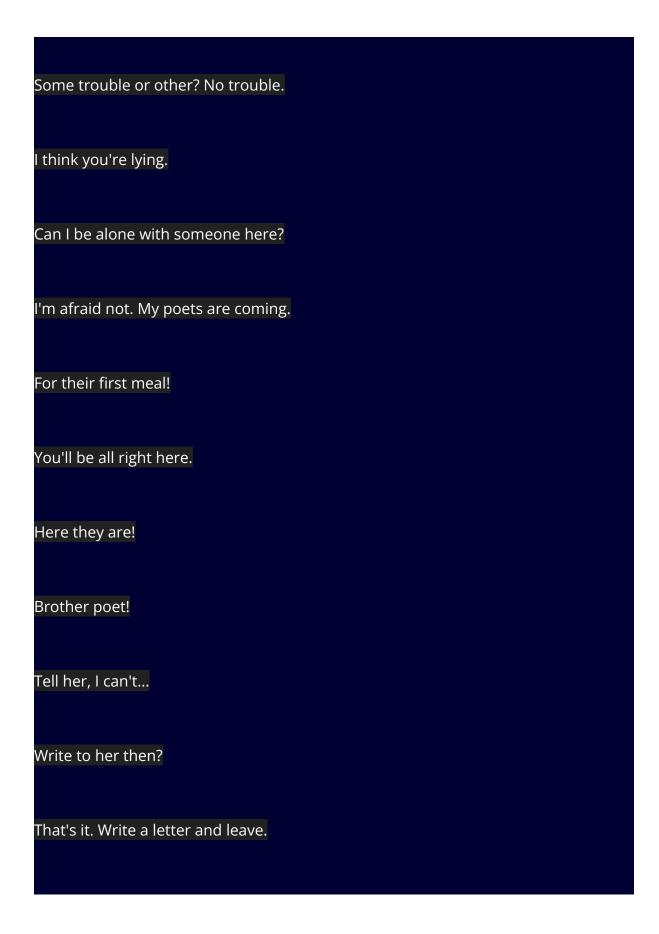
Come on. Follow and witness my deeds.
A hundred men?
That's what my force needs.
Why do they mount this attack?
He's a friend of de Bergerac!
Silence the God within you, Ragueneau.
The oven beckons.
Well, it must be so.
Your rolls are like an ill-tuned fiddle.
Place the caesura right in the middle.
Your crusty house needs a roof on it.

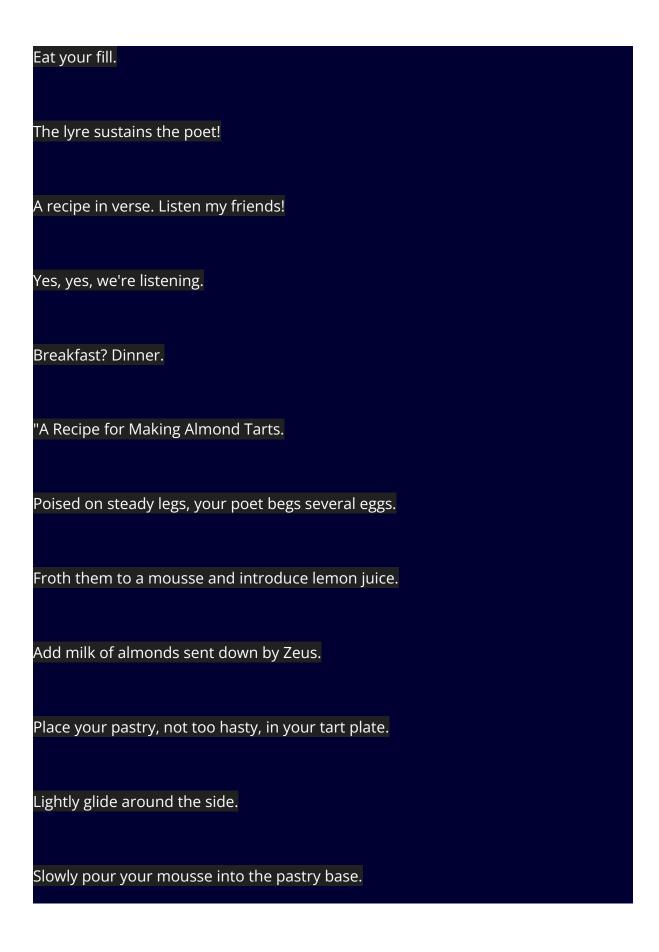


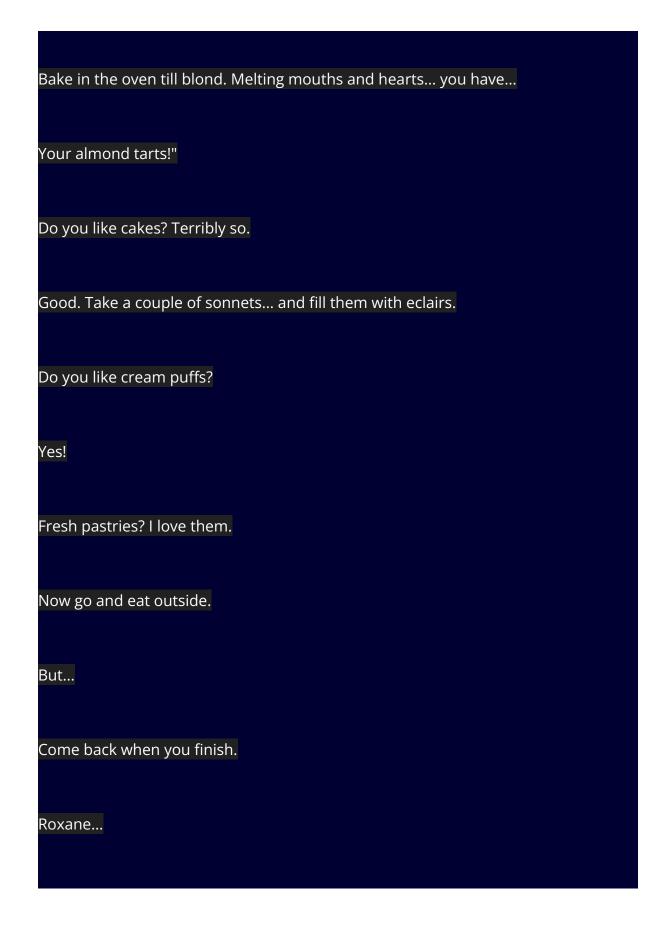


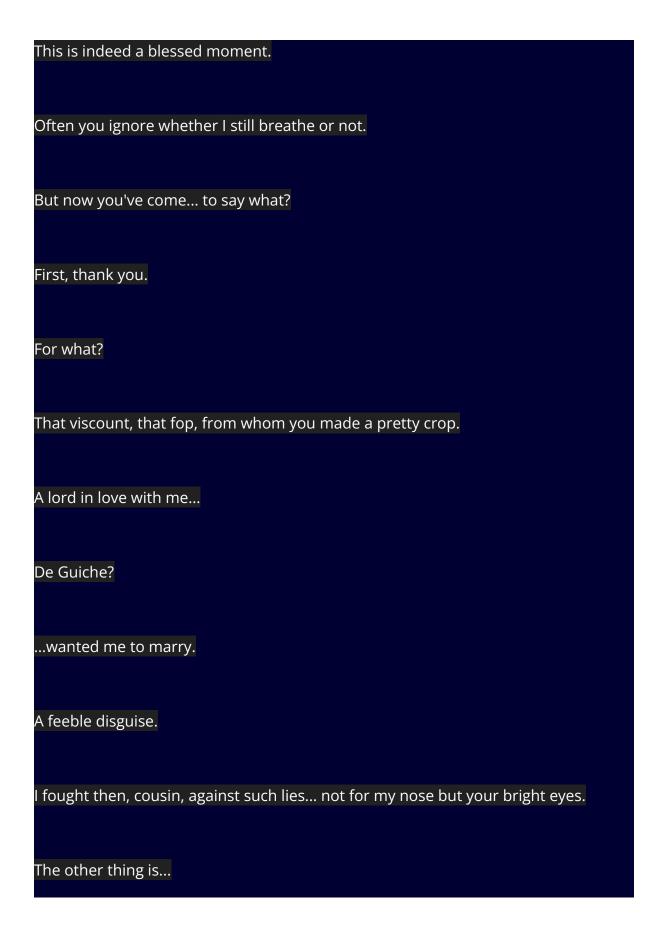


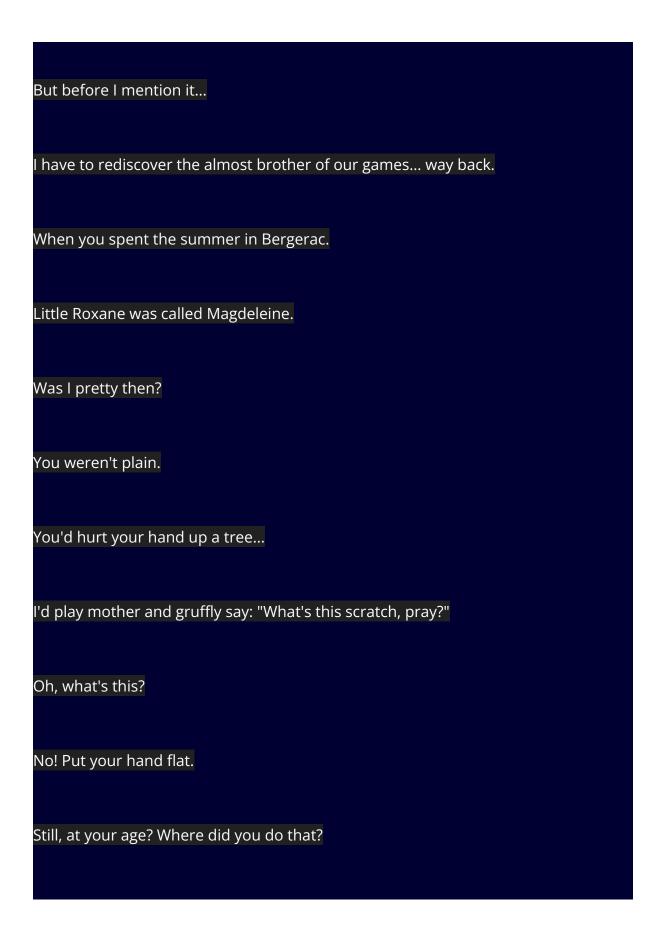


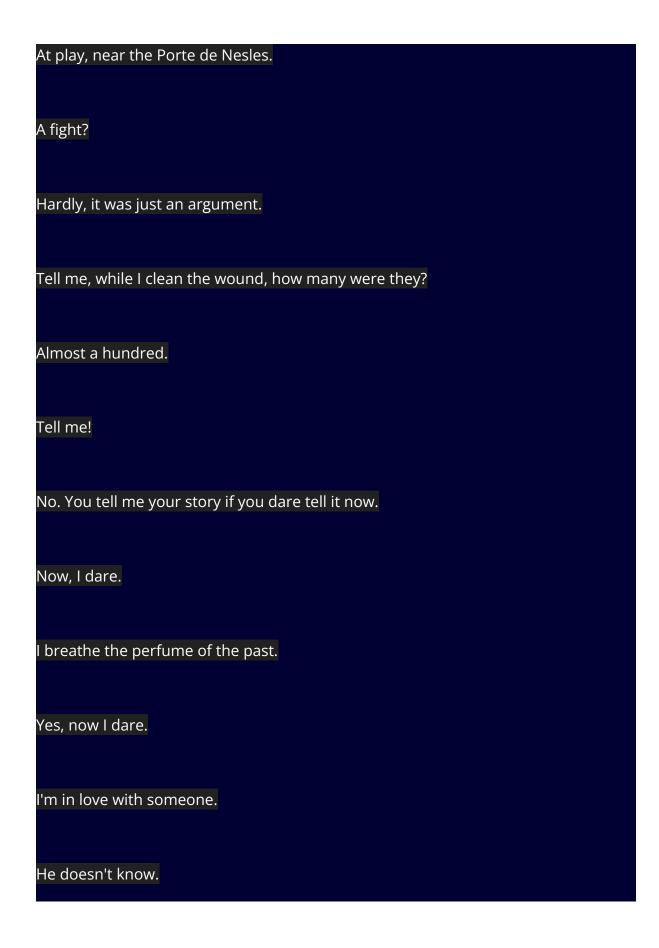








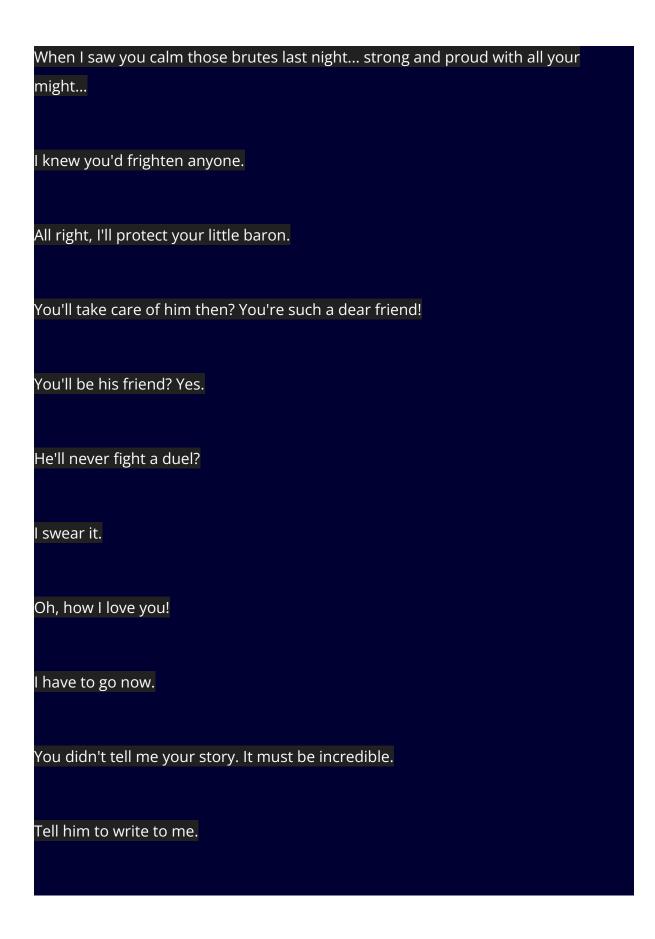




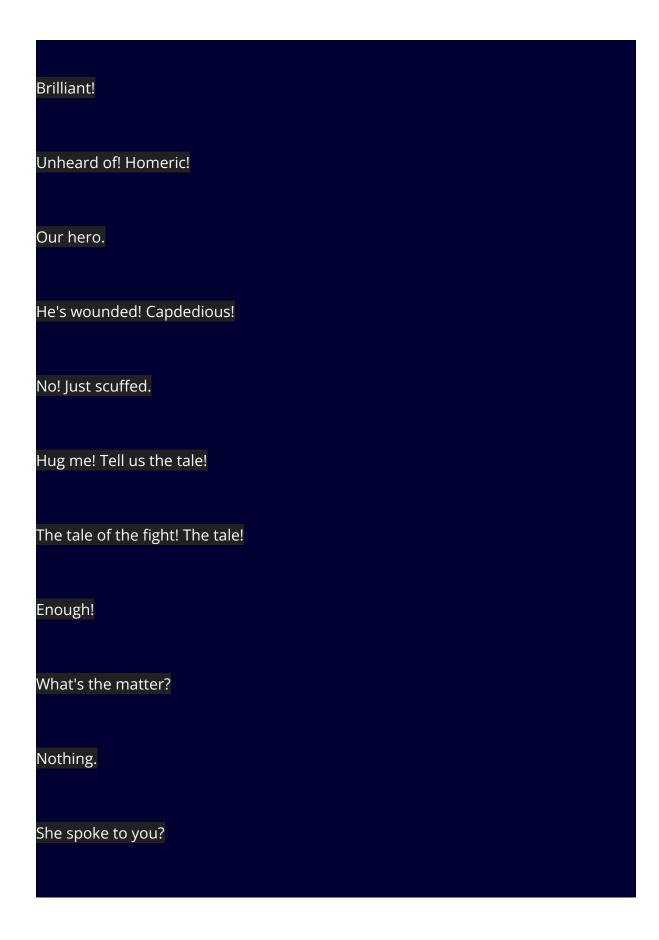


Nothing.
lt's just just my hand hurts.
Have you spoken? Never.
He's a cadet? In the Guards.
What's his name?
Christian de Neuvillette.
He's not in the Guards.
He is. From today on.
l've finished, sir.
Read the wrappers then!
My dear girl, you who love elegance and fine language what if he's a brute or
savage?

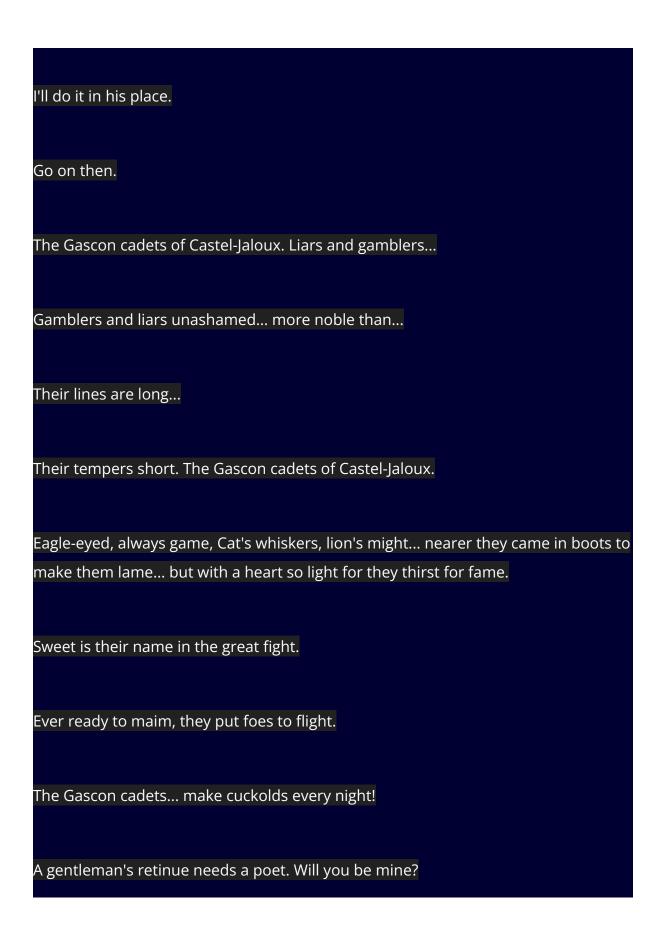
His curls are those of a classical hero.
His brains may be curly too, you know.
What if he's a fool?
l'll die on the spot.
I came here to be told this?
l don't see how it concerns me.
No Listen.
Someone told me about the Gascons in your company
And how we treat greenhorns such as he?
l'm scared for him.
So you should be.

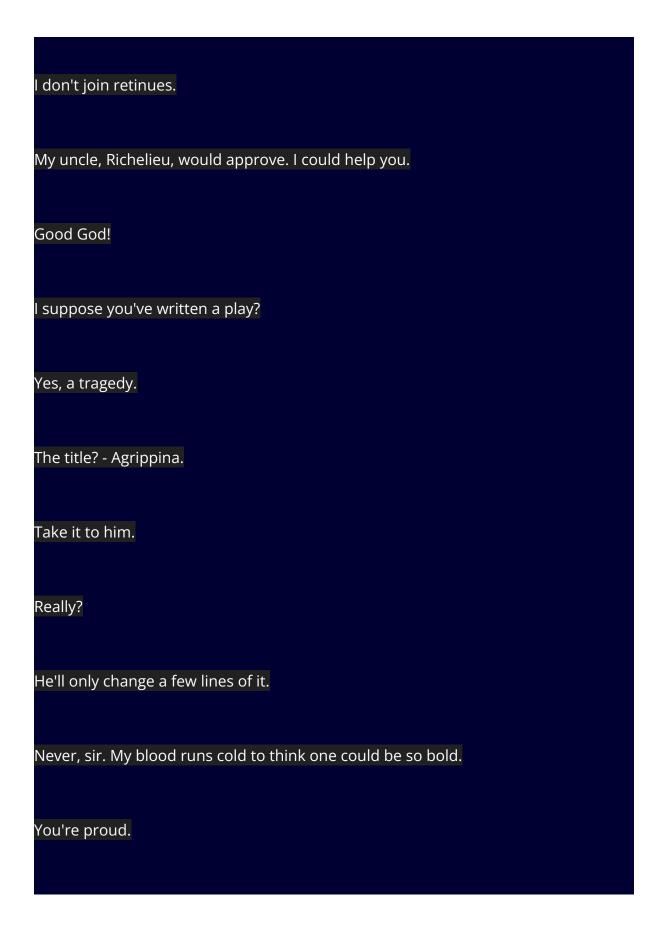


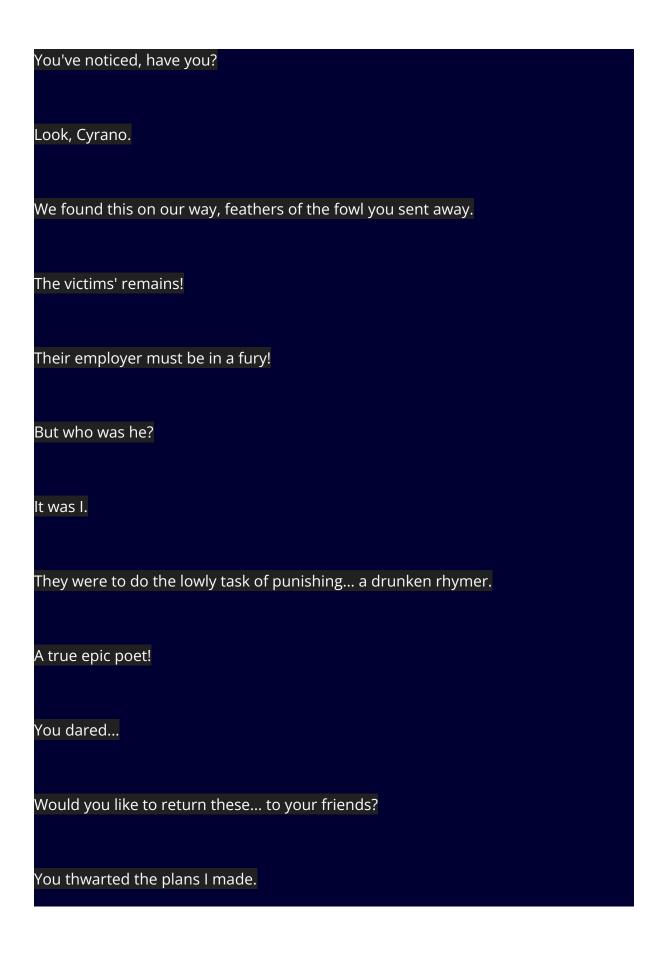
Oh, how I love you!
A hundred men?
Farewell. We're friends, aren't we?
He must write. A hundred men! You must tell me about it.
A hundred! What courage!
l've been braver since then.
He's here!
Incredible!
Wonderful!
Unbelievable!
Thirty wounded!
It was worthy of an epic poem!

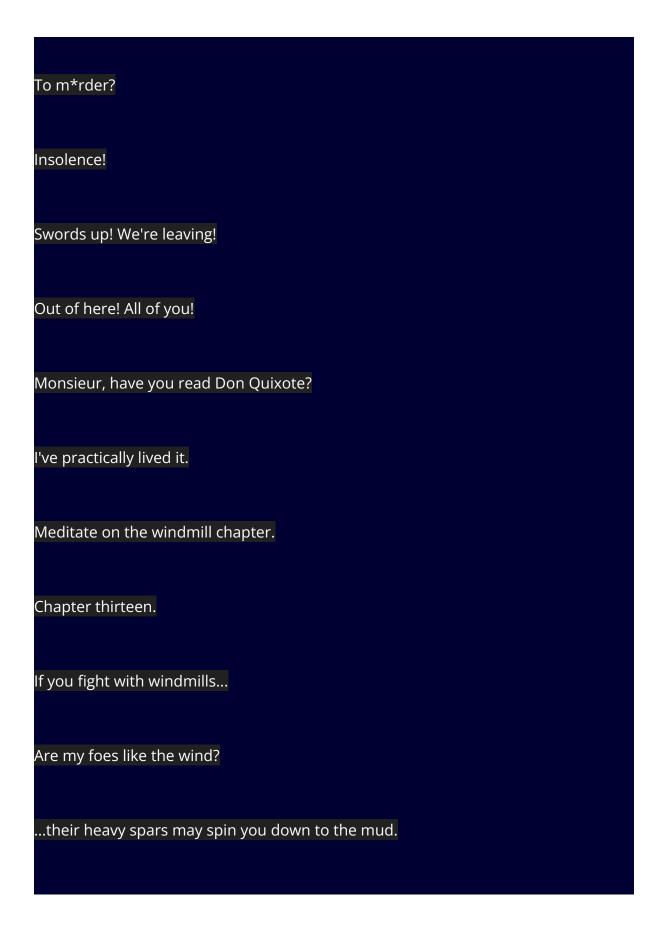


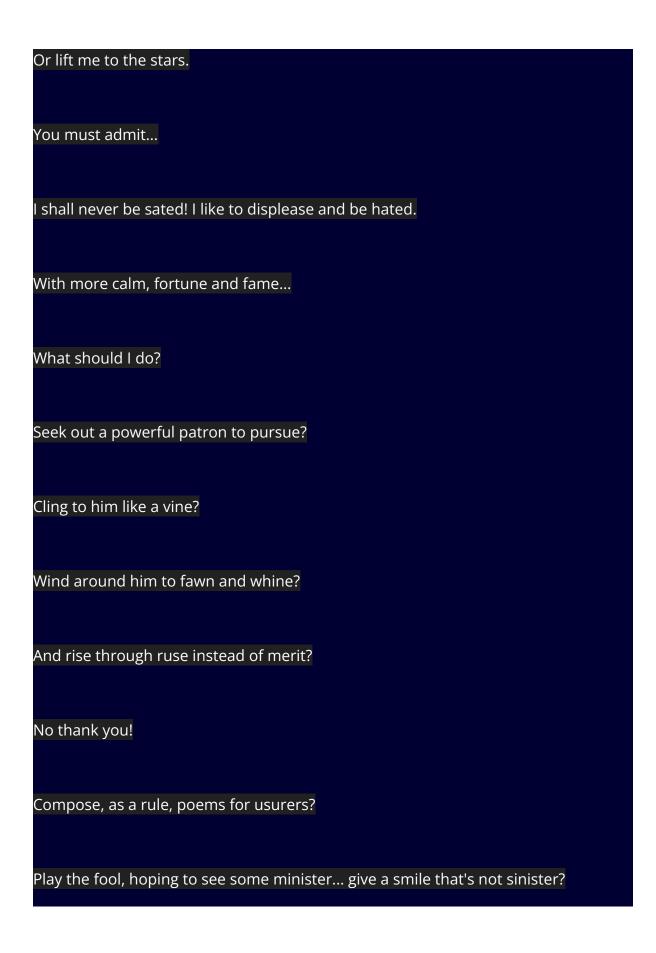
ls that true?
Bravo for this new feat. The word's spread wide.
There speaks an expert.
These gentlemen confirm the truth of it.
We were there.
We were there.
A hundred against one. Are you one of these mad Gascons?
A cadet. One of us!
These young men are the notorious
Captain?
Would you present the company to the count?
He's in a foul temper. Well?
Not today.











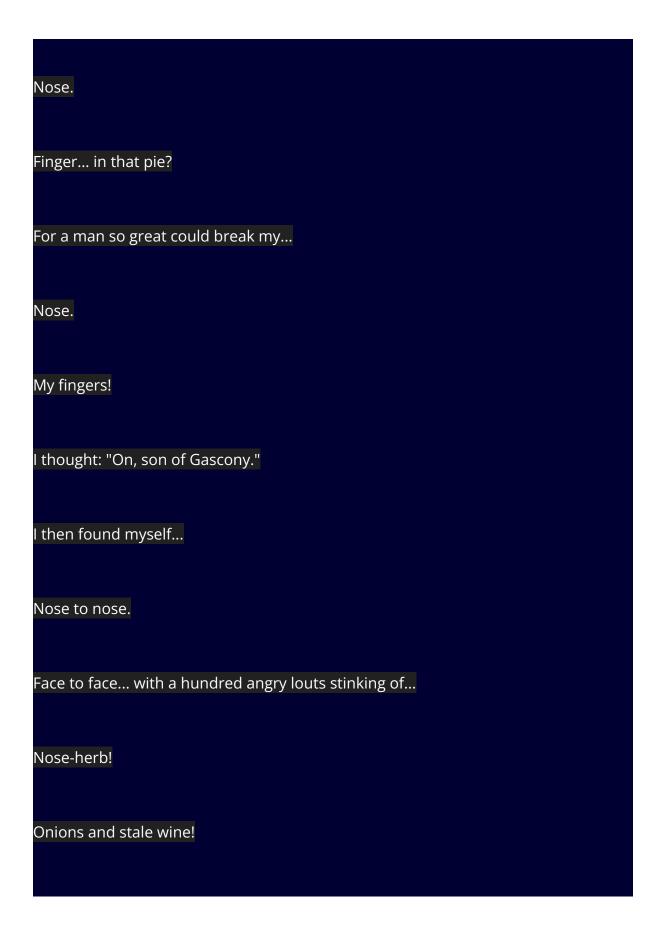
No thank you!
Breakfast off a toad? Grovel on the dirty road?
Wear the knees of my breeches through?
And kiss feet too?
No thank you!
Find genius in imbeciles?
And let out shrill squeals of regret when my name is missing from some gazette?
No thank you!
Be scared of being thought paltry?
Prefer social visits to poetry?
Write placets and be introduced?

No thank you! No thank you!
But sing, dream laugh move on be alone have a choice have a watchful eye
and a powerful voice wear my hat awry fight for a poem if I like and perhaps
even die.
Never care about fame or fortune and even travel to the moon!
Triumph by chance on my own merit.
Refuse to be the clinging ivy nor even the oak or the lime.
Perhaps I'll not get far.
But I'll get there alone.
You act proud and bitter.
But I know that she refused your love.
Quiet.
The tale of the fight!

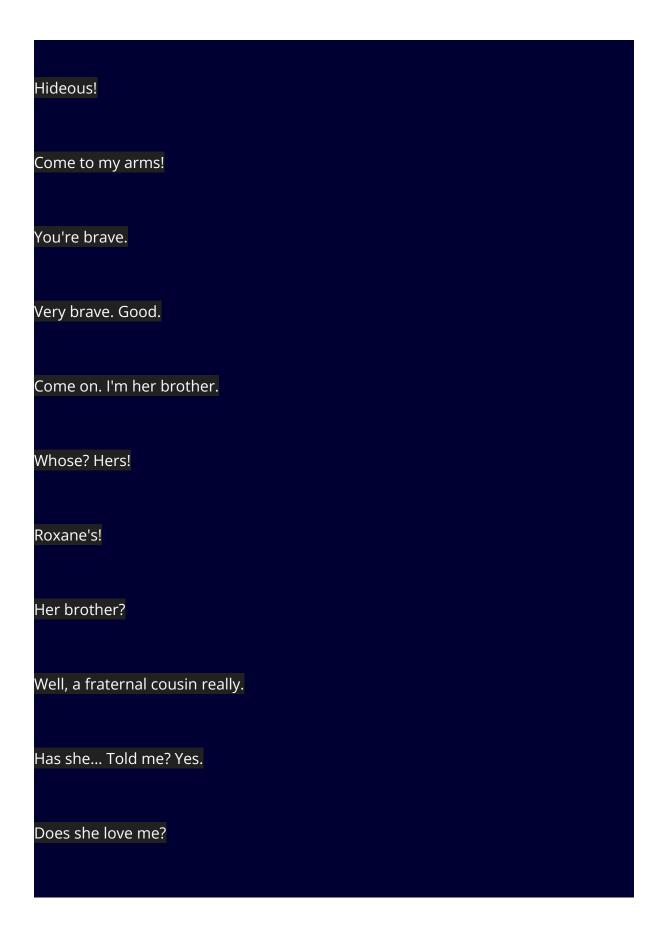
Later. No, now!
There's a thing you should never mention like a rope in a house where a man has
hanged himself.
Look at me.
You understand?
Oh, his
A word not to say if you wish to live another day.
Even a gesture can anger him.
Using a handkerchief puts you in a coffin!
Captain!
How do we tackle boastful Gascons?
Show them Northern courage.

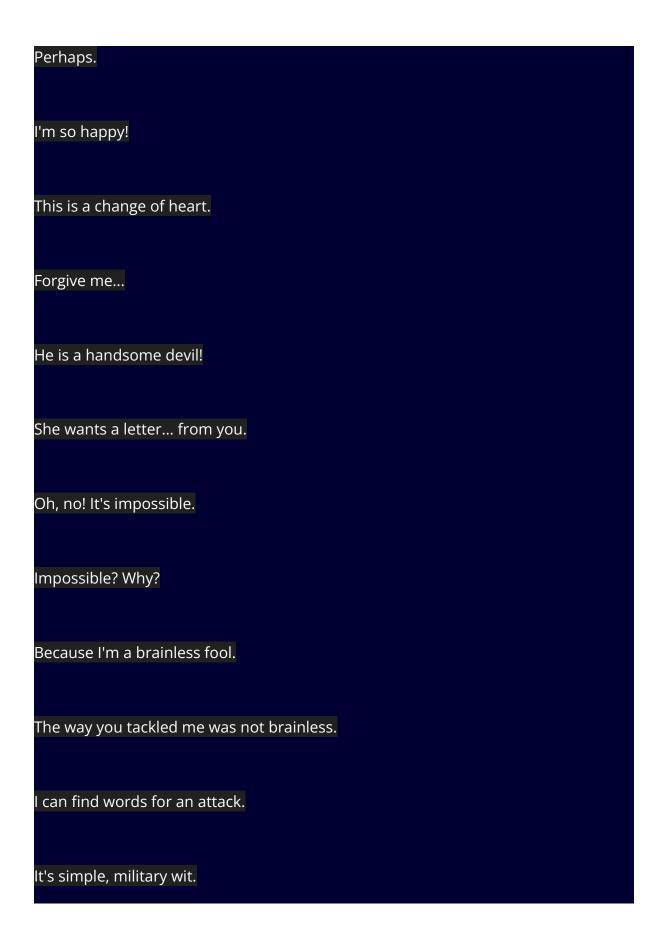
The tale at last.
Well, towards midnight, I was on my way to meet them.
The moon was like a watch up in heaven.
But, suddenly, a watchmaker long forgotten pushed a light cloud of cotton over
the silvery case of the round clock.
Darkest darkness fell on the dock.
The gloom was hiding my foes.
You could see no further
Than your nose.
Who is that man?
He arrived this morning. Really?
Baron Christian de Neuvil

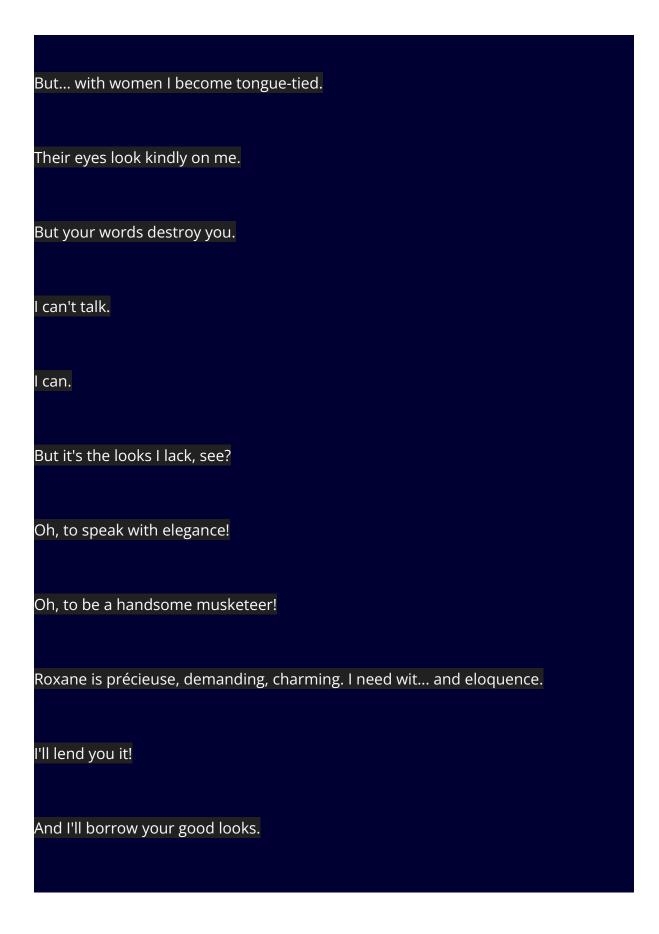
Good	
I	
Good	
Where was I?	
Mordious!	
You couldn't see your toes.	
I was thinking that, for some drunken poet	
6	
l was about to hit a great man	
On the nose.	
In the teeth	
Tooth for tooth!	
Why should I stick my	



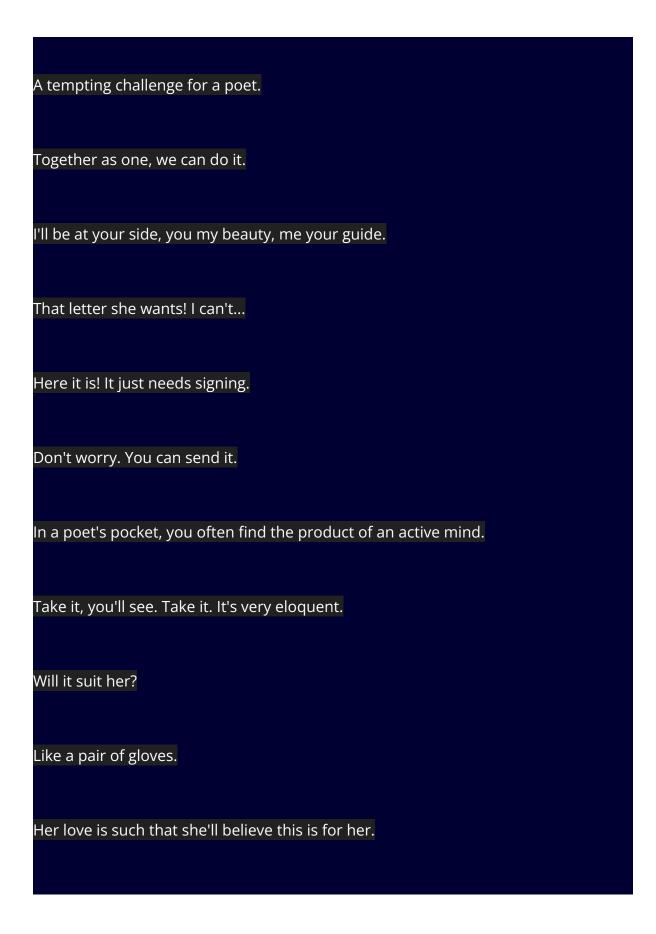
l pounced Nose down!
l disembowelled two!
Impaled a third!
A sword went "sneet". I replied
"Snout!"
Damnation!
Everyone out!
The tiger awakes!
Leave me alone with him!
He'll hack him to bits!
Terrifying!
Crumbs of cadet.



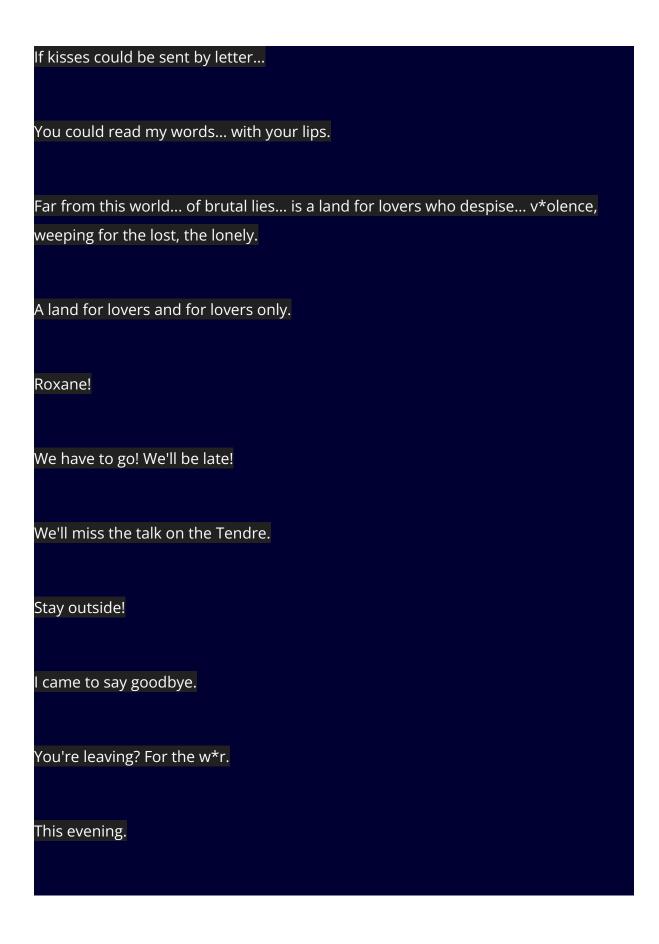




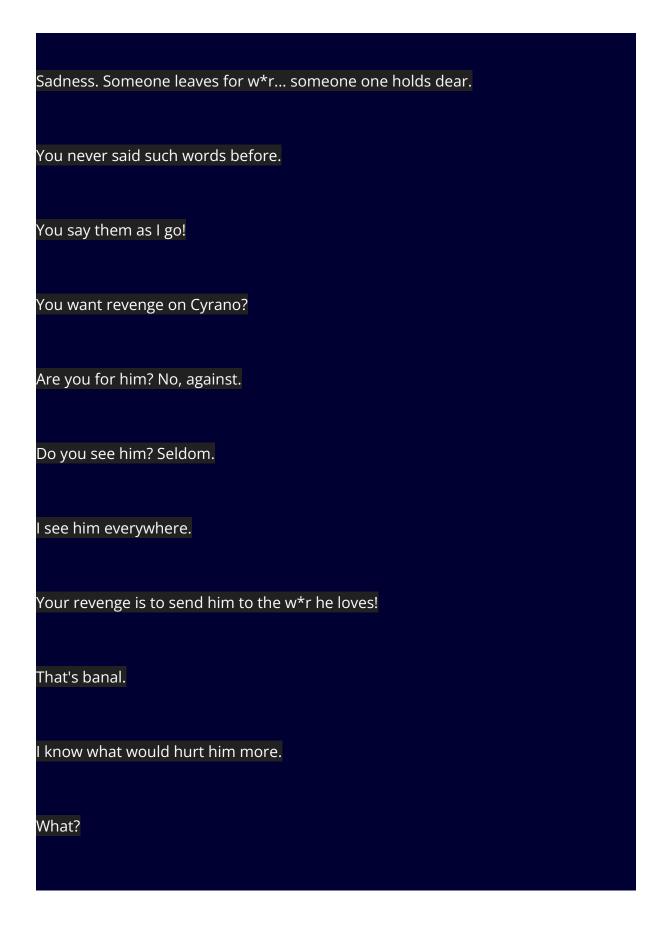
We'll be a hero for storybooks.
What?
Can you learn by heart what I teach?
You mean
You fear chilling her heart
Will you or won't you?
Your look scares me.
Will you?
What's in it for you?
lt
lt
would amuse me!

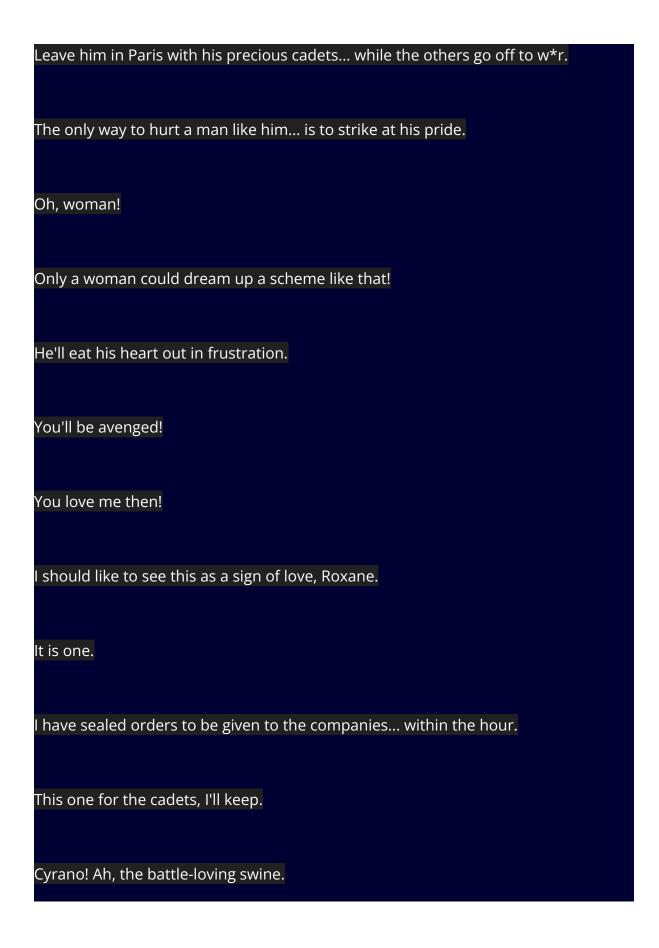


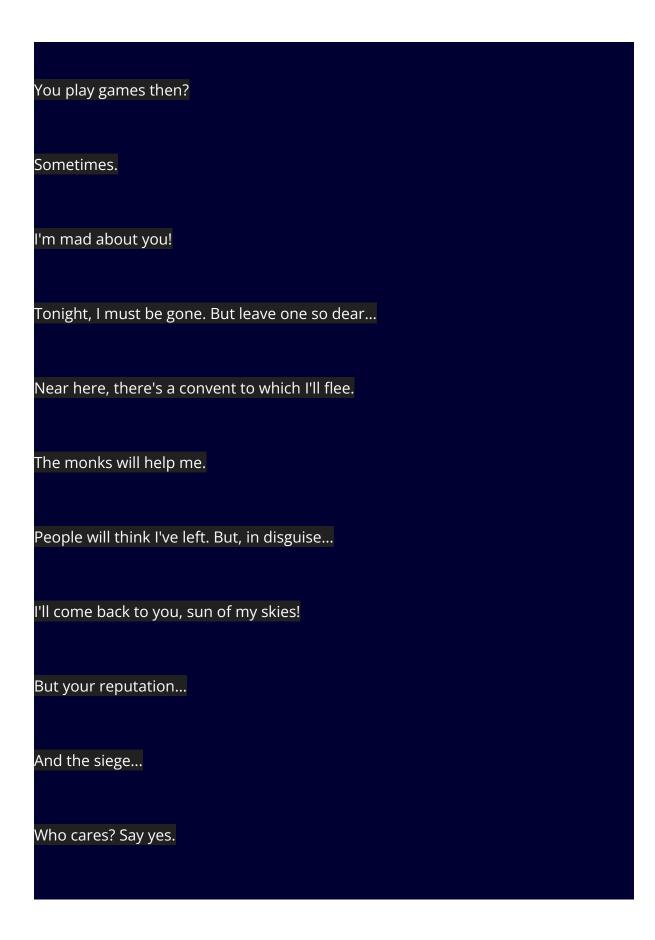
Dear friend!
Well?
Most surprising.
We can mention your nose now?
A letter of love composed in my mind to you a lady so kind. My soul next to the paper I sit.
paper i sia
All I have to do is copy it.
l'm in your hands.
This paper is my voice.
This ink, my blood.
This letter is me.
In your presence confusion grips my heart. My tongue is in a fetter.



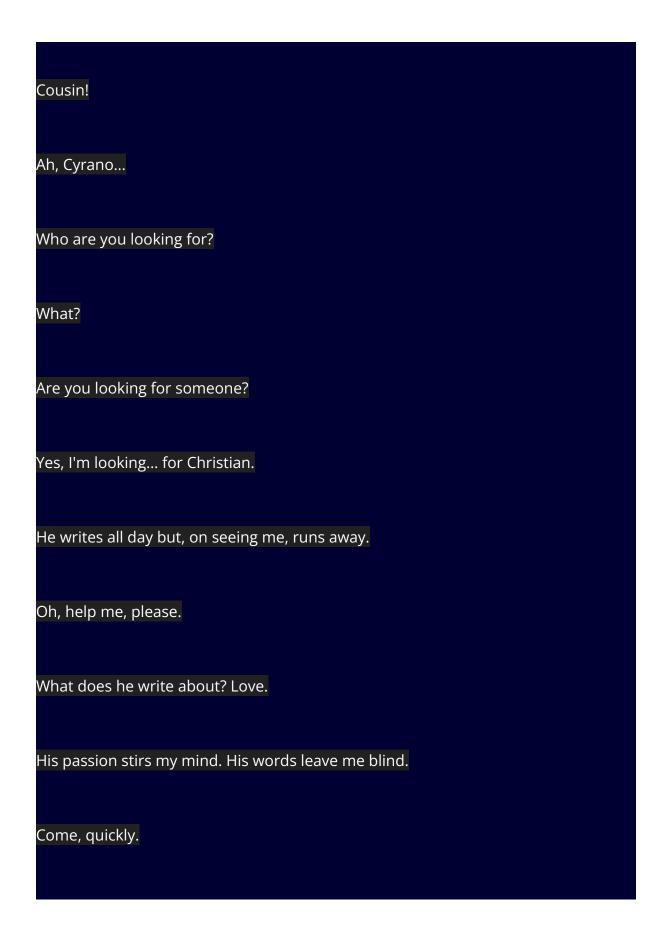
For the siege of Arras.
There's a siege?
My going leaves you cold.
Not at all.
l'm afraid it does.
Shall I see you again? And when?
Did you know I'm now colonel?
Of the Guards. The Guards?
Your boastful cousin's regiment. I'll avenge myself there.
The Guards are going?
Of course.
What is it?



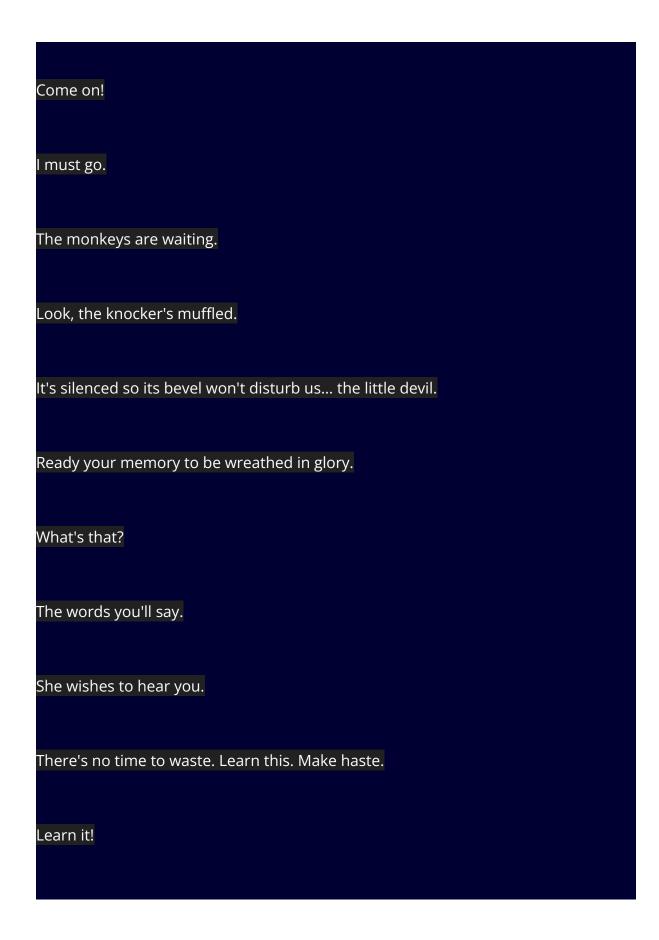




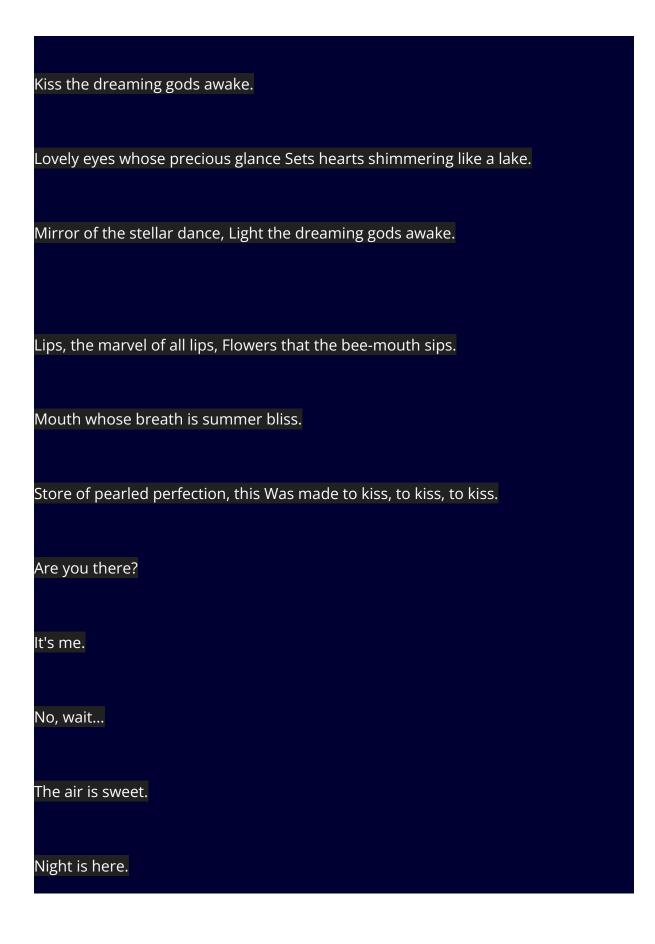
No! Say it!
You have your duty.
Go now.
Christian stays.
l want you for my hero, Antoine!
Heavenly words!
You love I'm trembling.
l'm going.
Нарру?
Yes, dear friend.
We're going to be late!
Don't worry. They'll wait.



Coming.
Oh, how I love him!
ls he so eloquent? More than you.
An expert in words of love?
An expert, sir, inspired from above.
Lysimon!
Oh, Félixérie.
Barthénoïde!
Dearest Uranie!
Go and find him!
l want to hear words to charm my ear.
I want to hear him say the sweet words he wrote today.





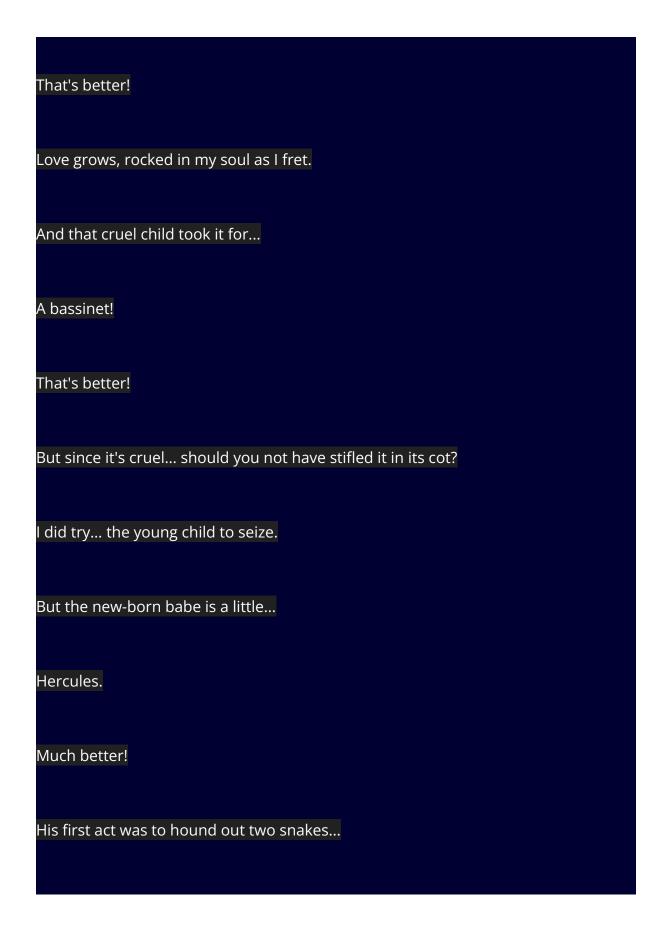


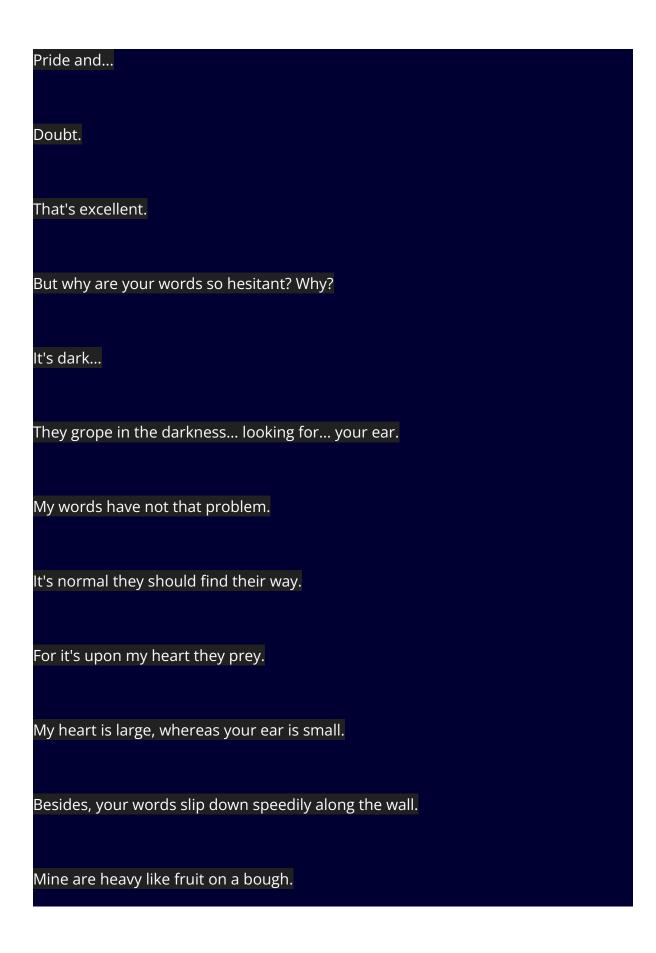
/e're alone.	
ome on.	
t down.	
oeak.	
l listen.	
ove you.	
es. Talk to me of love.	
ove you.	
nat's your theme.	
mbroider it.	
mbroider it.	

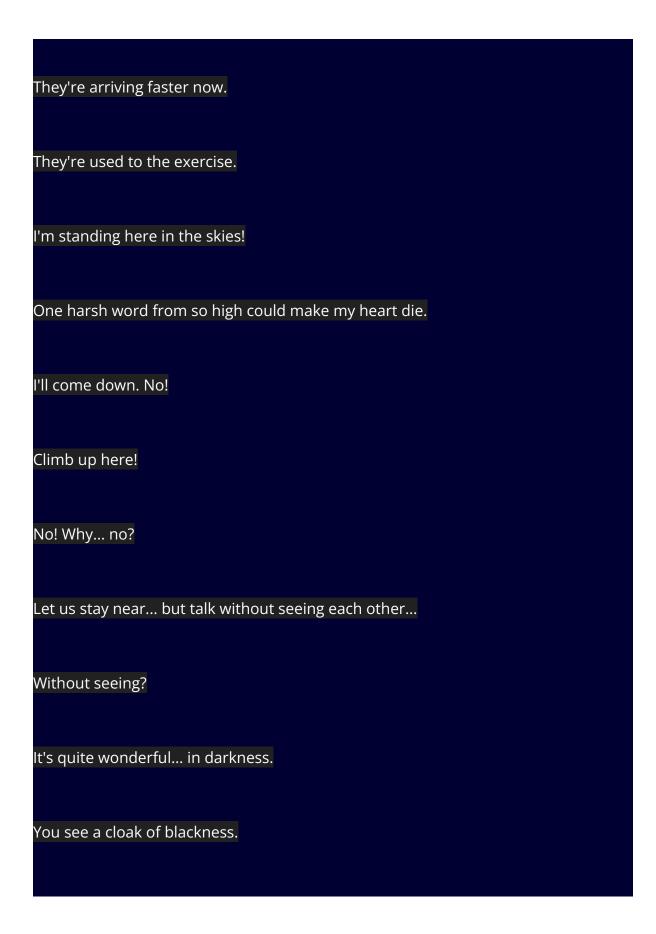
Embroider it!	
I love you so much.	
Yes. And then?	
And then	
l'd love you to love me.	
Tell me you love me.	
You give me milk instead of cream.	
Say how you love me.	
I love you so much.	
Unravel your feelings!	
Your throat! I want to kiss it!	
l love you! Again!	

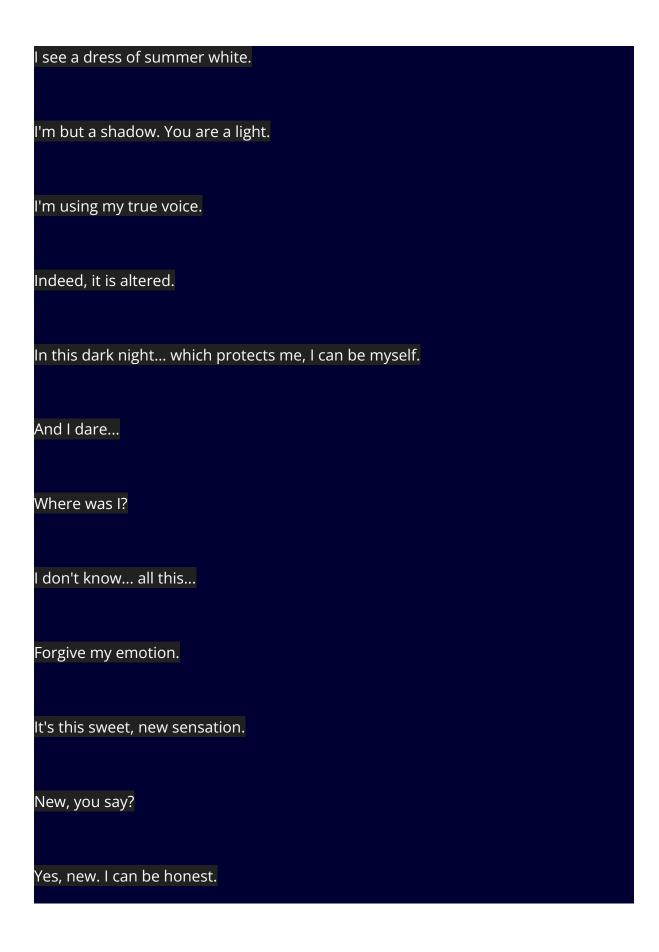


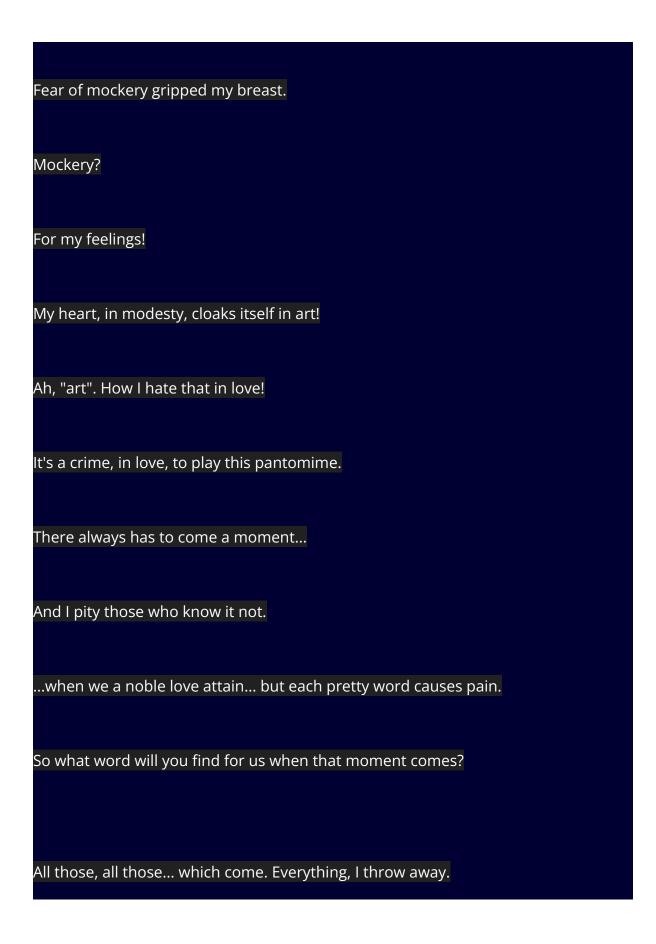
Good night.	
Who's there?	
Who's throwing stones?	
lt's me.	
Who?	
I wanted to Oh, you	
I want a word.	
You have no words.	
I beg you	
That would be fatal to our love!	
You love me no more.	
Heavens, you say that when I love more.	

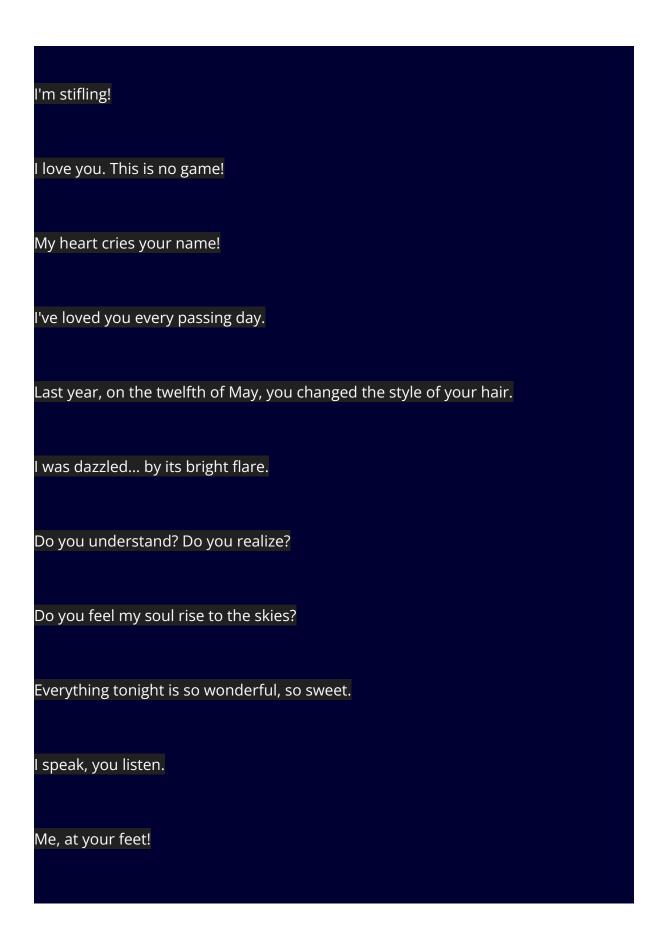




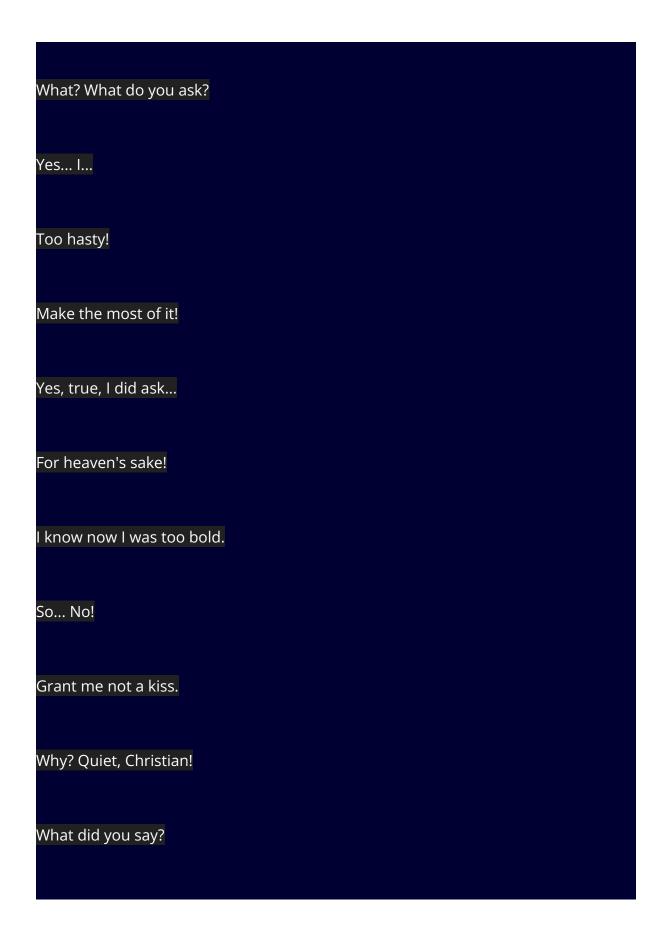




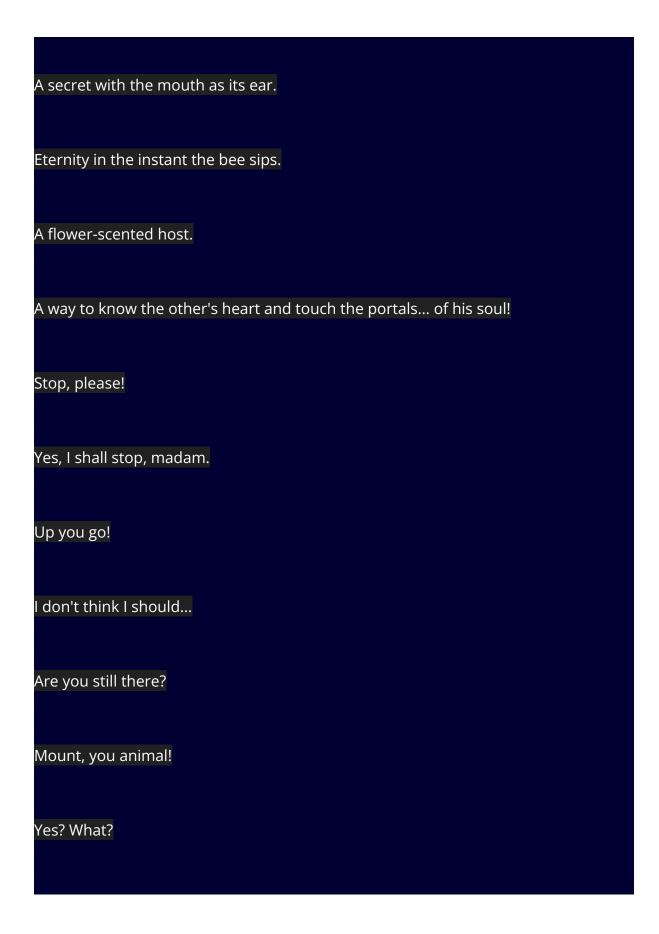


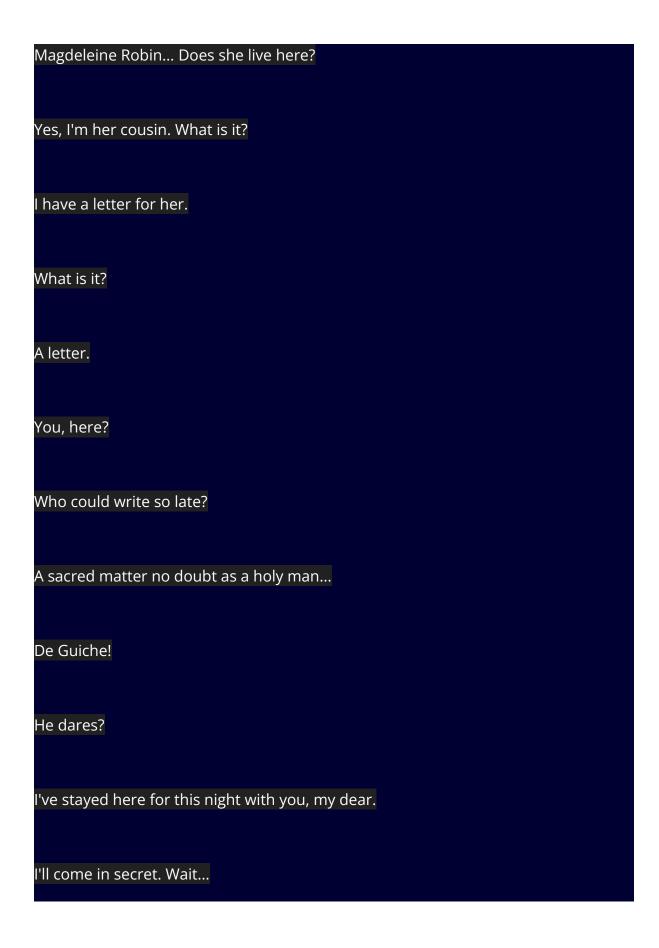


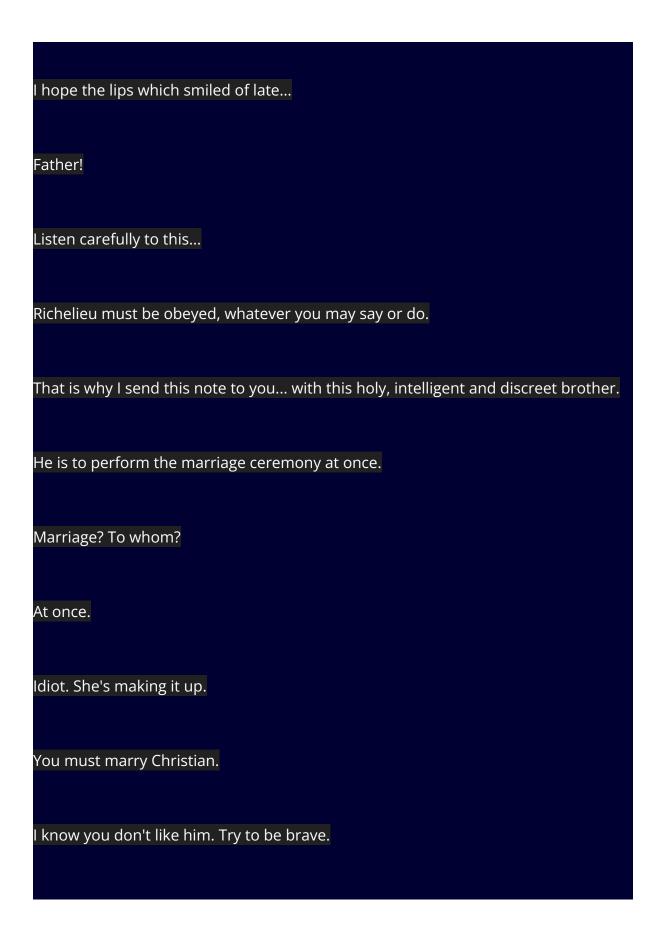
Even in my sweetest dreams, l never planned on this.
Now I must die.
My poem makes her tremble in the boughs.
I can feel the shaking of your hand come down along this jasmine strand.
I tremble and weep.
l love you.
You have bewitched me.
Death may come for me.
This bewitchment is my doing.
I have done this!
I ask only one thing
A kiss!



l'm grumbling at myself for going so far. l said:
"Quiet, Christian."
Wait.
Get that kiss!
Patience!
Where are you?
We were talking of a kiss.
Yes, the word is so sweet.
Be silent!
How shall we define a kiss?
The seal set on a promise. A promissory note on the bank of love.
The O of love on waiting lips.



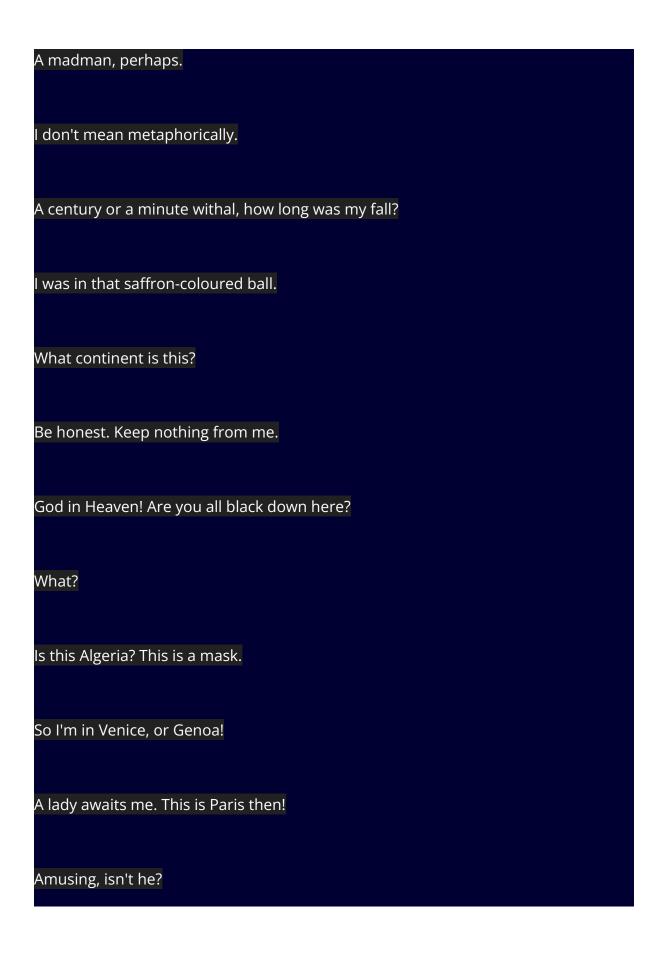


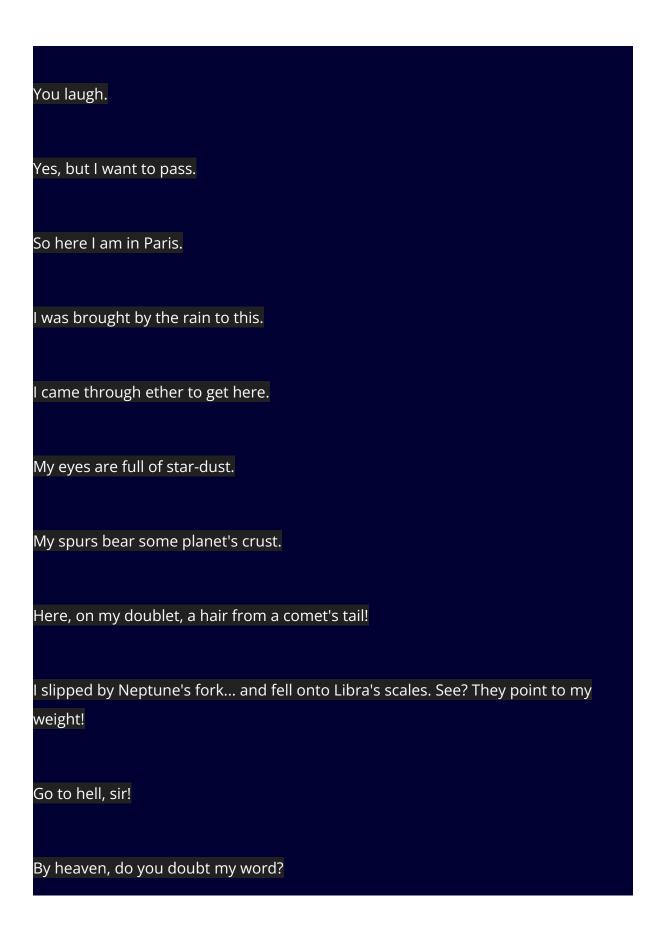


Courage, child!
I was not afraid. A holy matter thus made.
lt's terrible!
Is it you? Him.
He doesn't seem so terrible. Are you sure?
Postscript: Give the convent 120 pistoles.
What a holy man!
Resign yourself!
I am resigned.
We must marry.
We must obey.

Do you so wish it?	
es or no?	
think so.	
Hurry. De Guiche is coming.	
ou've fifteen minutes to do the wedding!	
ou'll be my witness. Hurry.	
On your feet!	
Vitness to what?	
Hurry! Candles! A cloth!	
A crucifix!	
he rings!	
What rings?	

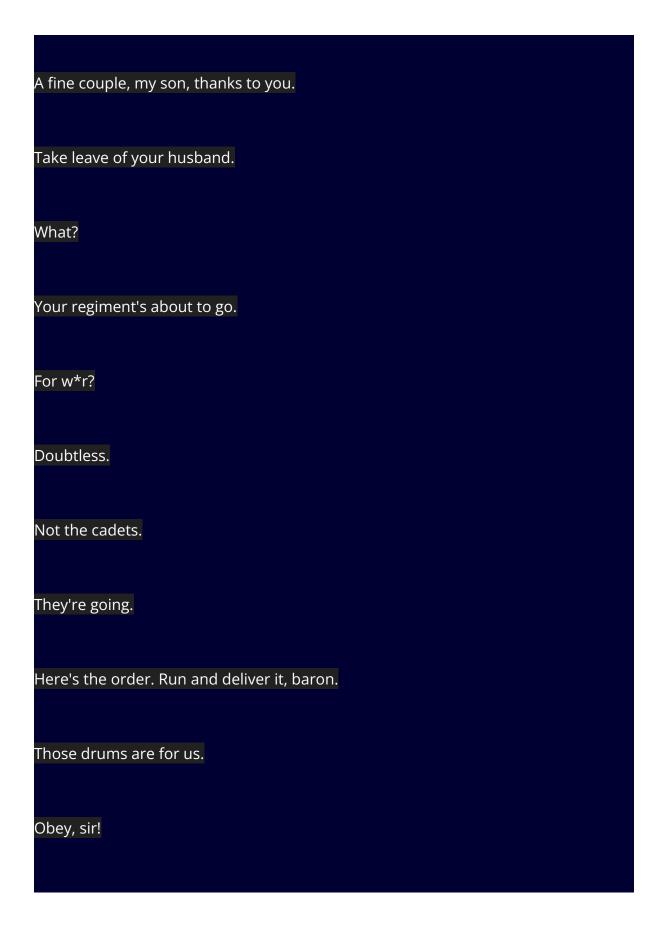
And blessed laurel!
Who is this? Where did he fall from?
The moon!
What time is it, earthman?
Who is it? I can't see. Is he mad?
What time? What land? What day? What season?
l'm confused.
I fell down from the moon!
Really!
l fell.
If you say so.



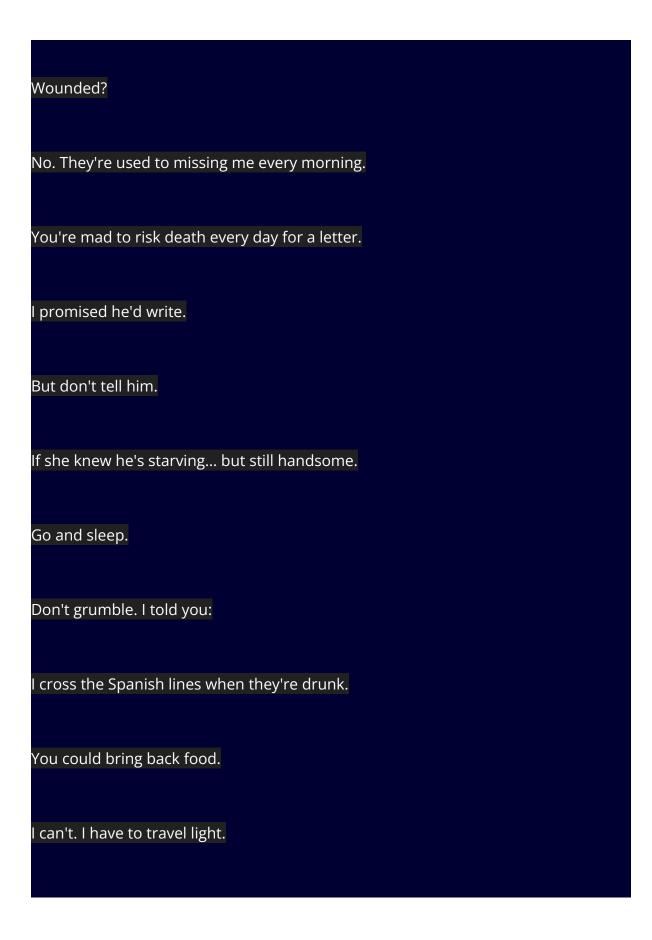


He's here!
Oh, my God!
Hurry, father!
Why should I hurry a prayer?
That's enough!
Take that off!
My mask!
No more mask!
l'll tell you about the moon and the inhabitants of its rotundity.
Can you tell how I got there, by means lighter than air?
Guess!

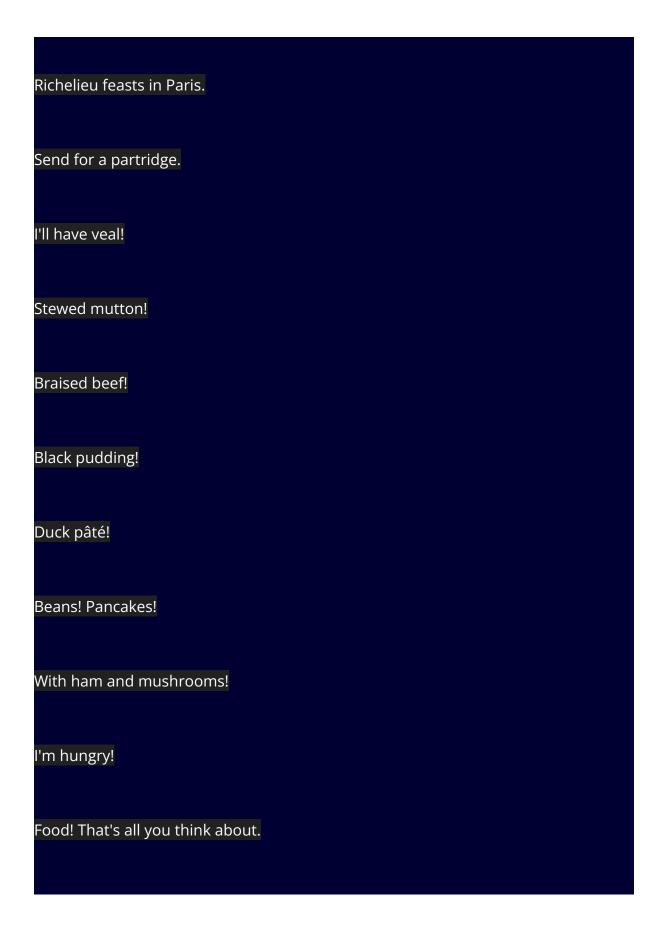
He's a madman.
The tide!
The moon pulls the sea so wide!
I lay on the sand after a dip.
The moon had my head in its grip, for the air holds water in.
I rose straight up in the air, like a cherubin.
I know that voice!
l must be drunk!
Fifteen minutes are over. I'll let you go.
The wedding's done.
Open up, it's Cyrano!
They've just exchanged rings.

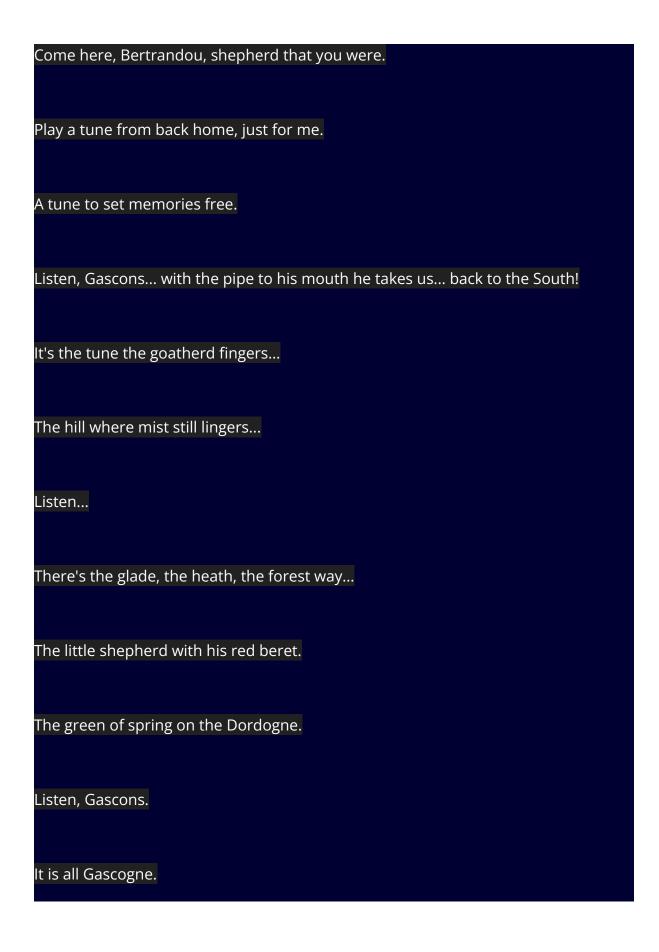


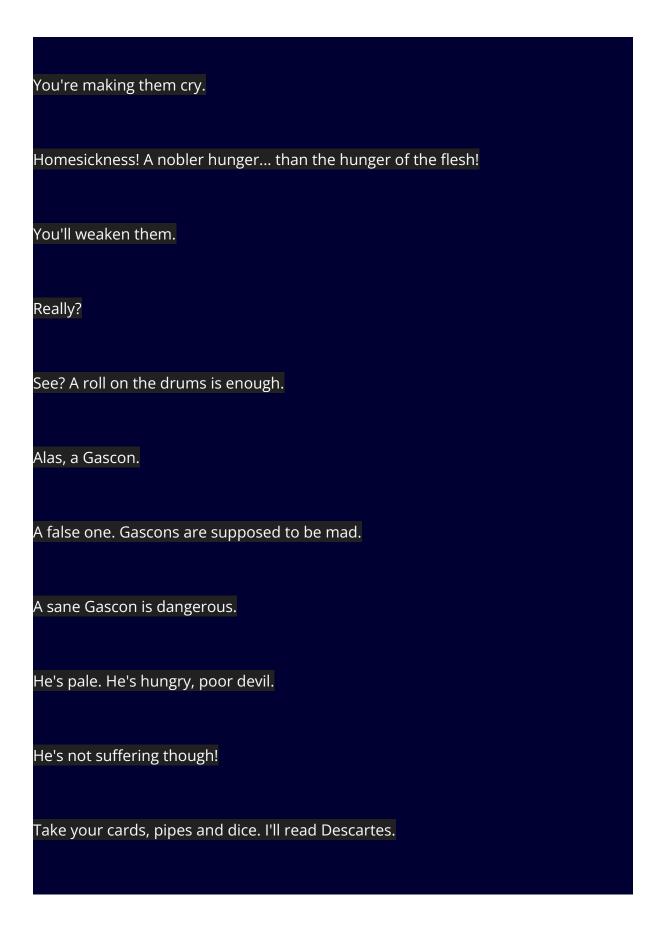
What are you waiting for?
Hurry up.
The wedding night can wait!
My sorrow is not too great.
You're leaving too!
Promise me you'll keep him out of danger.
l'll try
Make sure he doesn't catch cold.
l'll do my best.
Make him faithful. Well
Make him write to me.
That, I can promise.

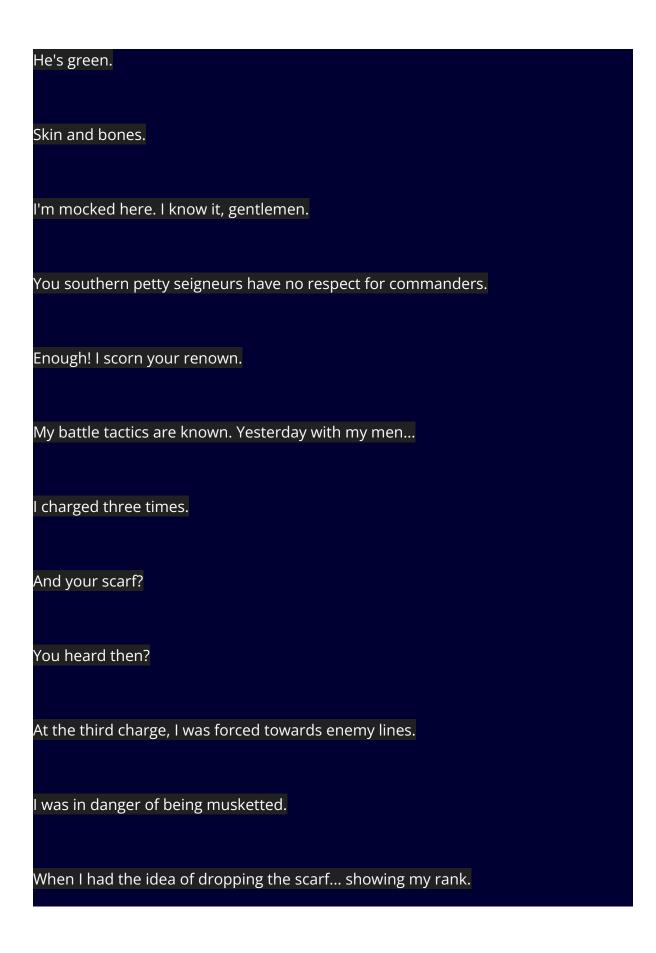


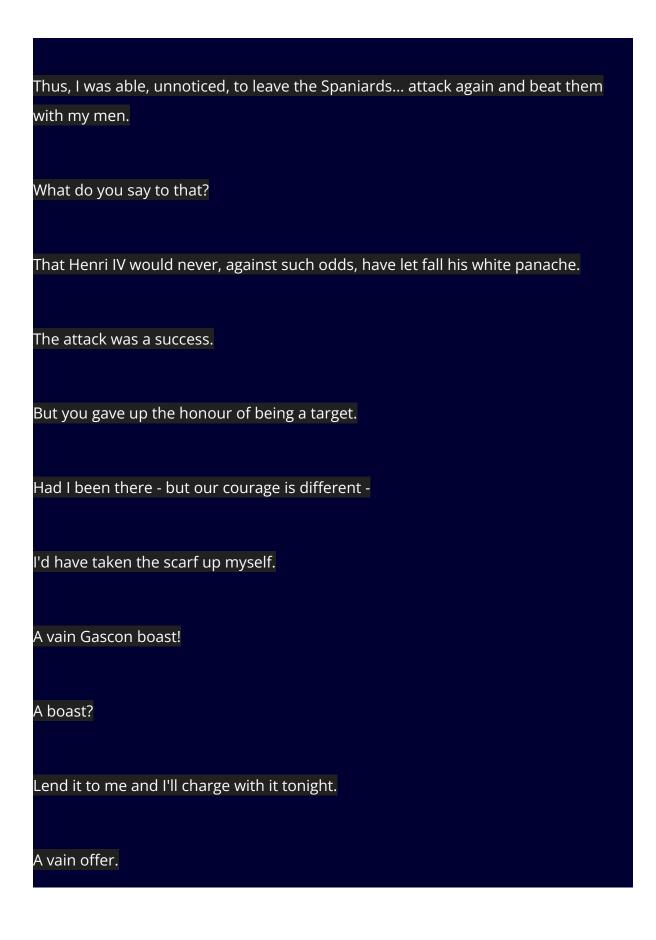
We, the besiegers, are now the besieged.
The shame of it!
Will you get some sleep?
When I finish.
What?
Another letter.
Calm down, lads!
Stop it! That's enough!
What is it? They're hungry.
So am I.
My ears are rumbling.
Your stomach has no ears!

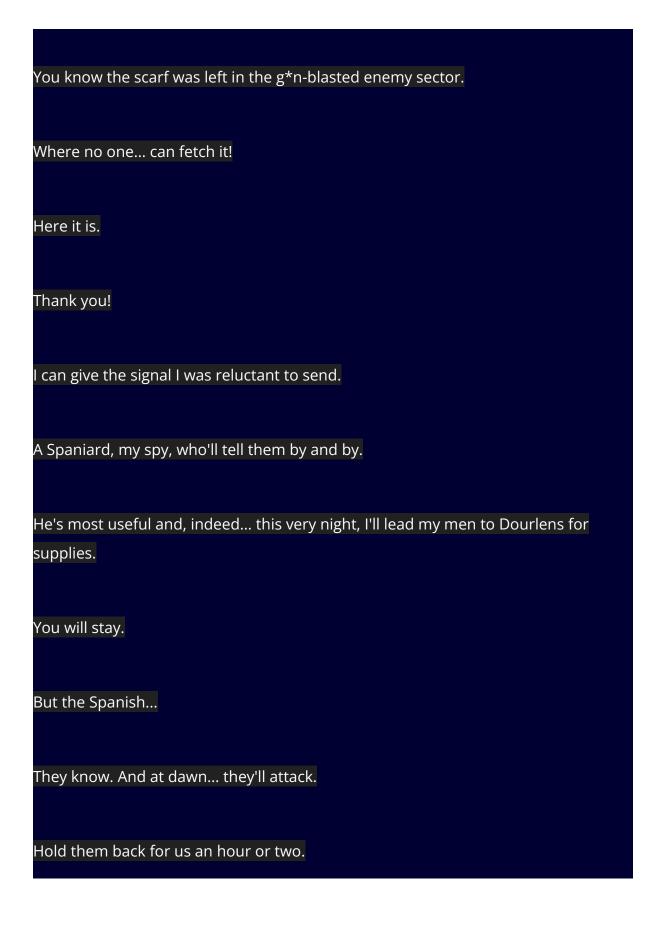


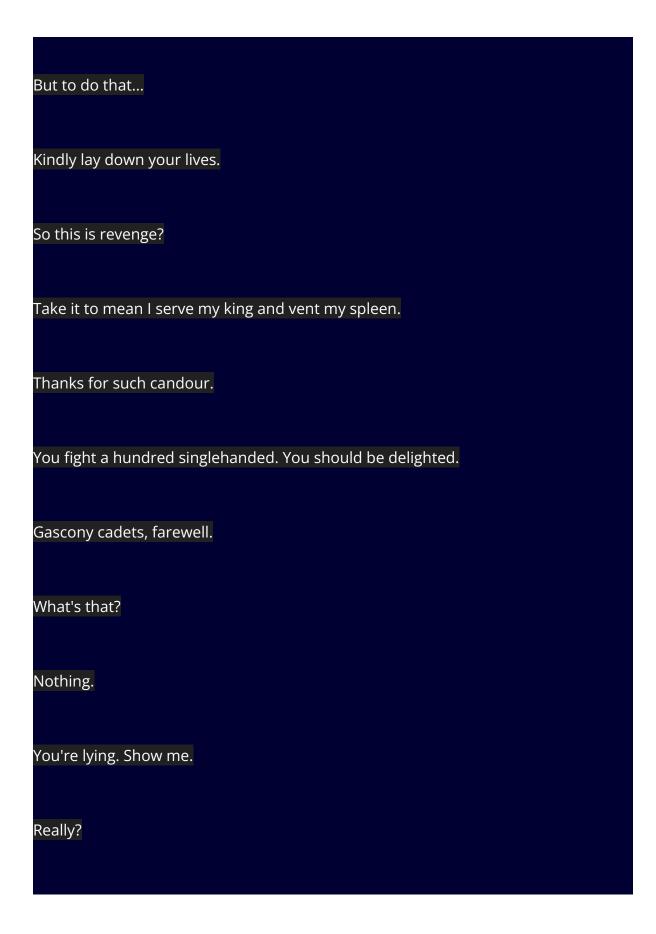






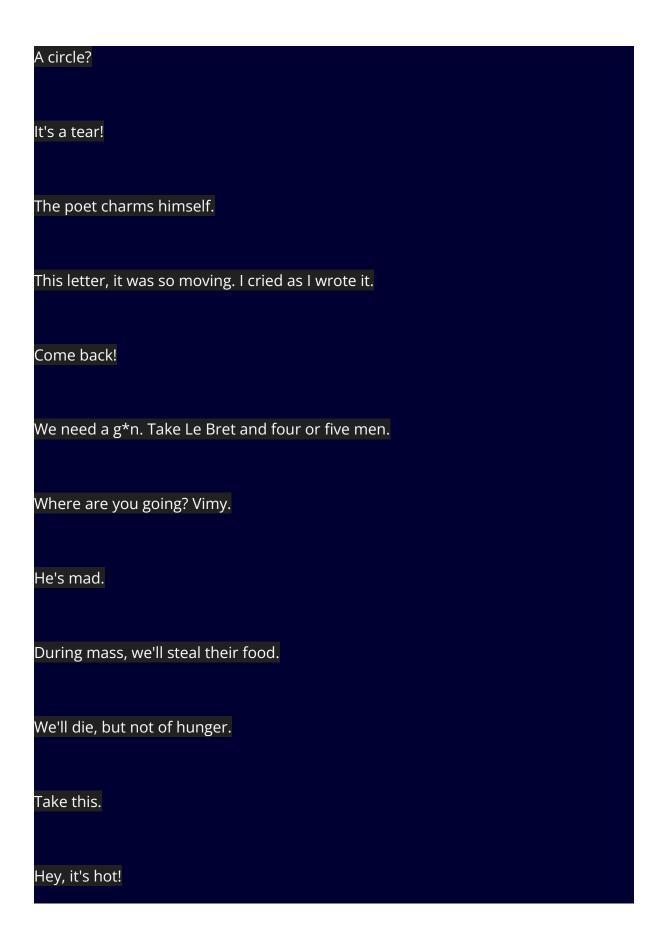


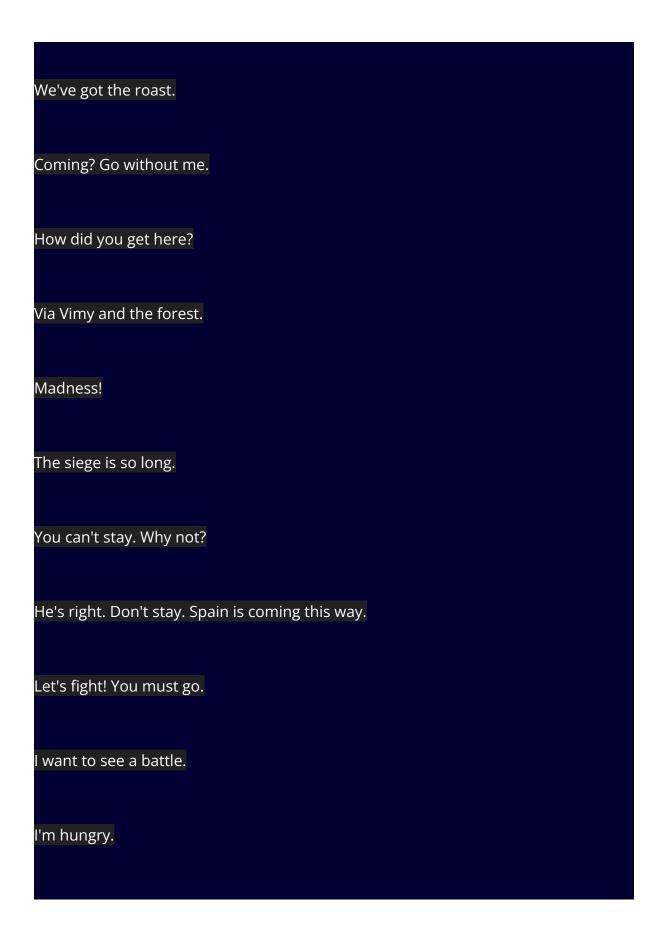


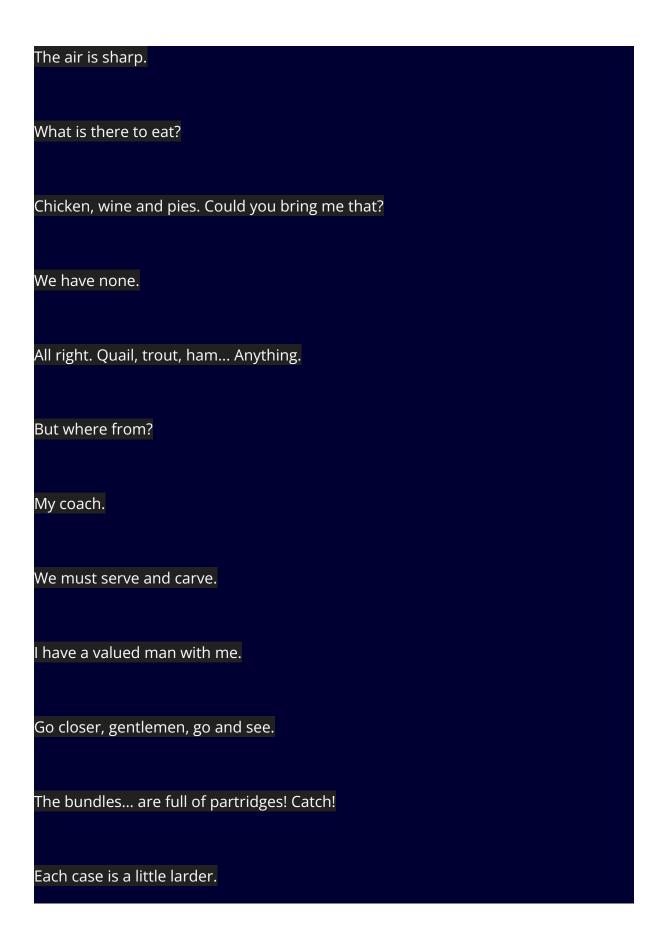


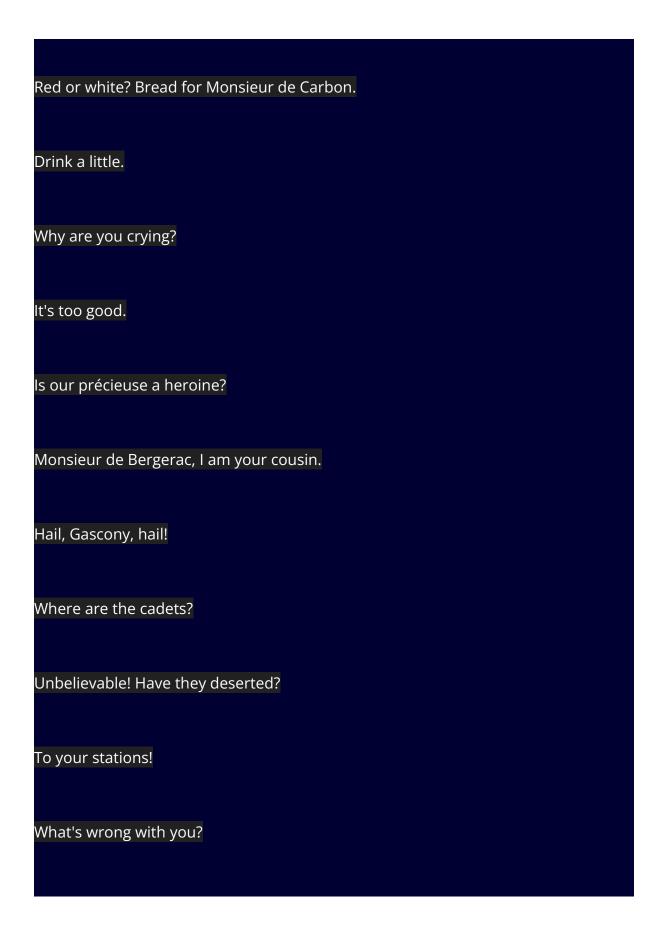
Yes, show me!		
lt's your final letter.		
To Roxane?		
Who else?		
Oh yes!		
You've a winged messenger?		
You can cross as far as Vimy.		
Impossible.		
You've been?		
Yes At night.		
Often?		
More than you think.		

Every day?		
Answer me!		
Yes, every day.		
Twice.		
lt so excites you, you risk death		
For you.		
No! For her!		
You never told me!		
l understand		
You don't. You're wrong, Christian.		
What's that circle?		

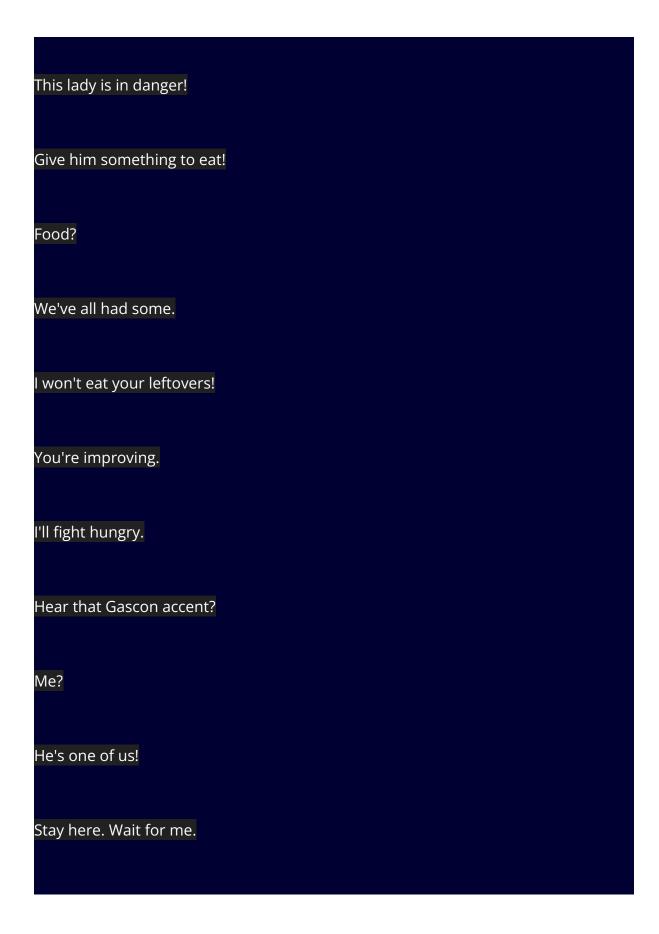








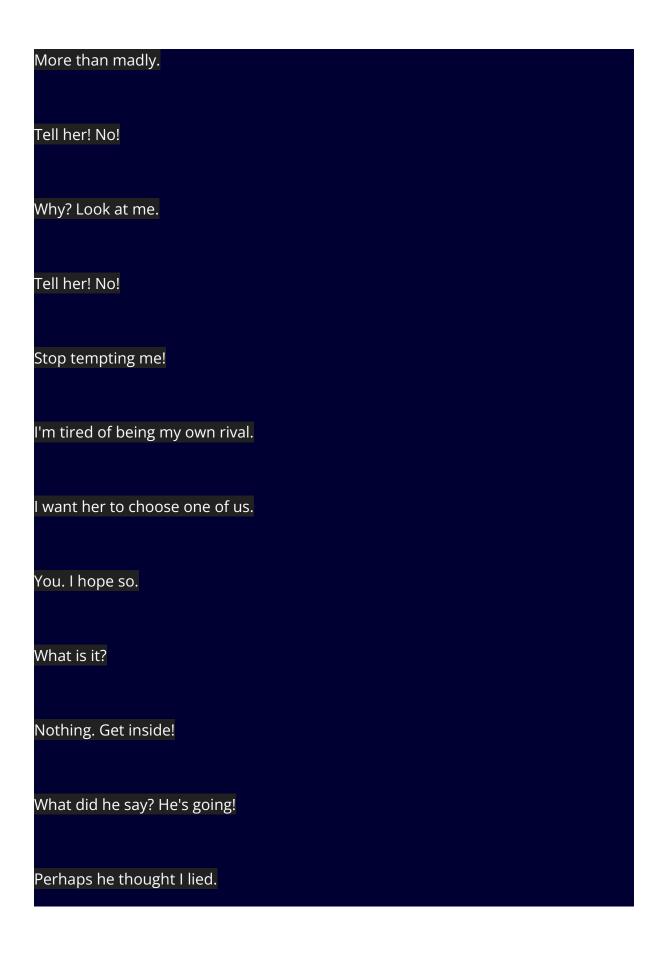
It's the thought of battle.
They're drunk!
Who? Us?
Get up! Battle stations!
Thank you, sir So kind
What have they drunk? They're all mad!
Shoulder arms! Attention!
Leave at once!
Never!
Will you stay?
Very well. Bring me a musket.
What?

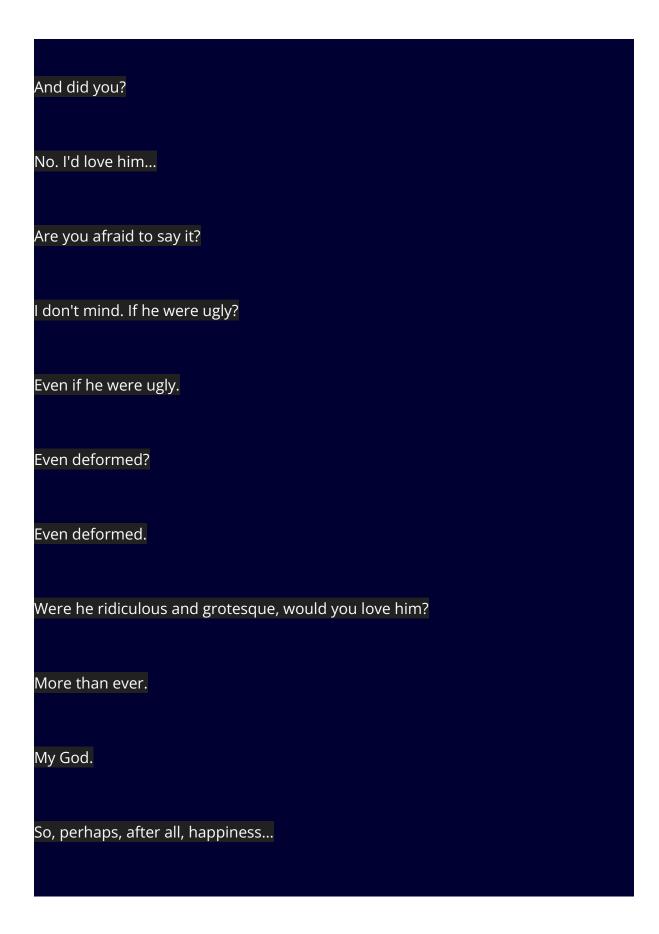


Why did you come?
Value lattara A fallinarda
Your letters. A few words
Quiet. You wrote so many. Beautiful ones, deny it you might.
God, I love you since that night when, in a voice unknown your soul came forth.
Those letters this month, you see, were you talking to me.
I read them and swooned.
l was yours. Your love burned.
Forgive my frivolity of loving first your beauty.
Later, your spirit charmed me and I loved both.
And no. 2
And now?
One side has beaten the other.

l love you for your soul.
Your beauty drew me towards the true reality.
Can't you see this as a victory?
You just can't believe it.
l just want to be loved for
For what you've always been loved. This is better.
It used to be.
You don't understand. l love you for what you are.
Less handsome
l'd love you still. Even without beauty.
Don't!
l mean it.

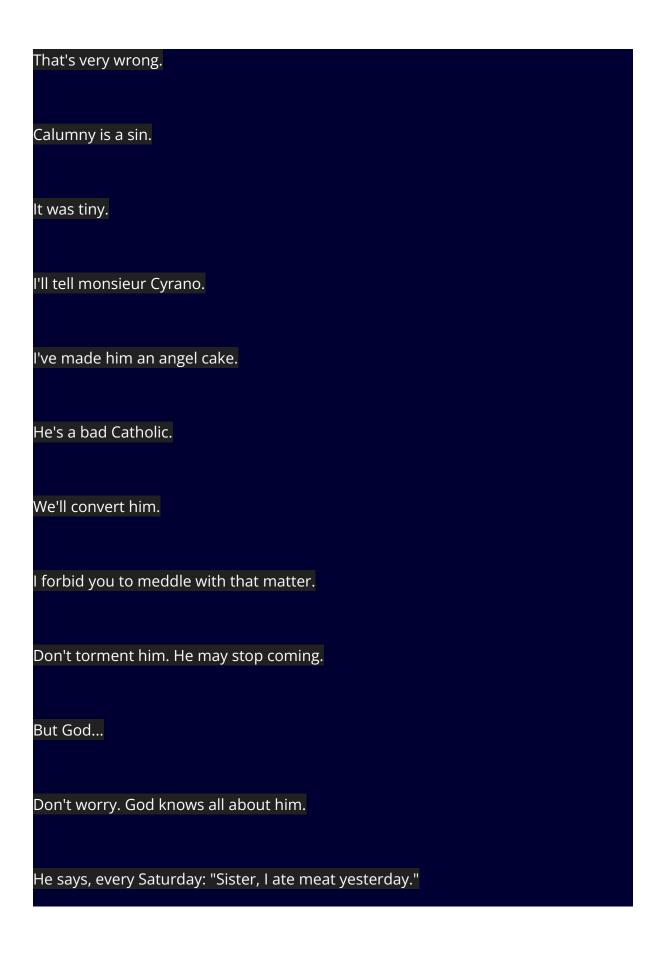
What? Ugly?
Ugly, I swear.
You're pale!
She loves me no more.
lt's you she loves.
All she loves is my soul.
That means you. And you love her.
Me?
You do.
lt's true.
Madly.

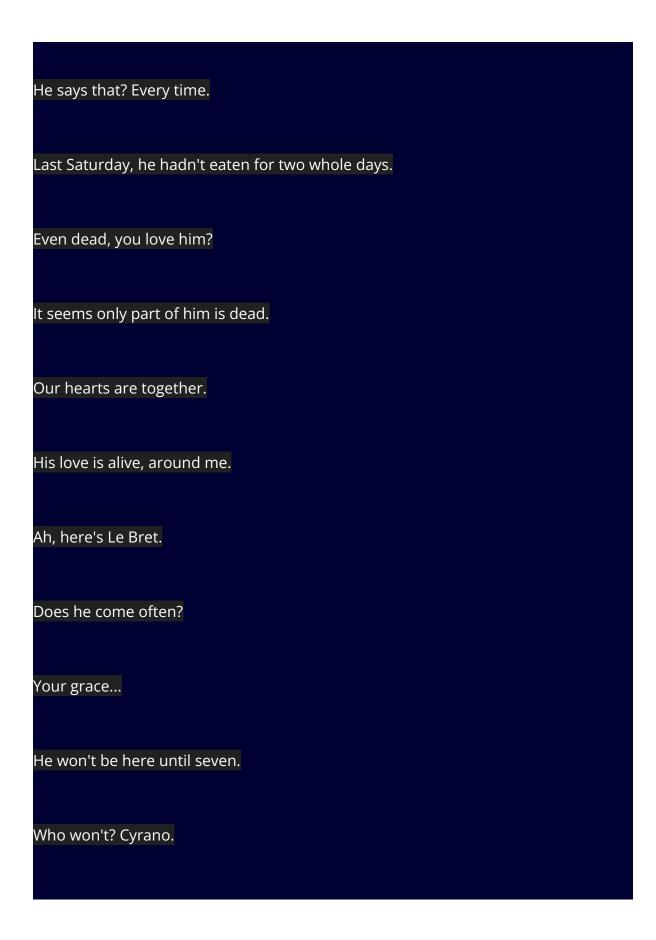




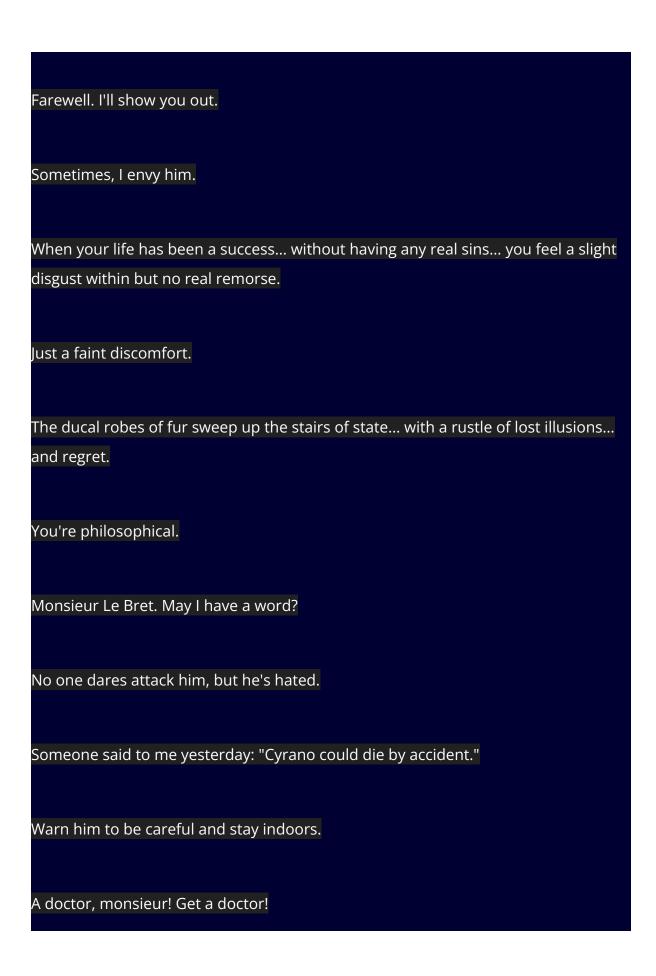
Vhat?	
isten, Roxane I want to	
le's not dead.	
told her everything. It's you she loves.	
iet her away!	
tay with me!	
he fight is on!	
lis letter	
ou alone knew him.	
Vasn't he a marvellous spirit?	
supreme, lovable poet?	
sublime being?	

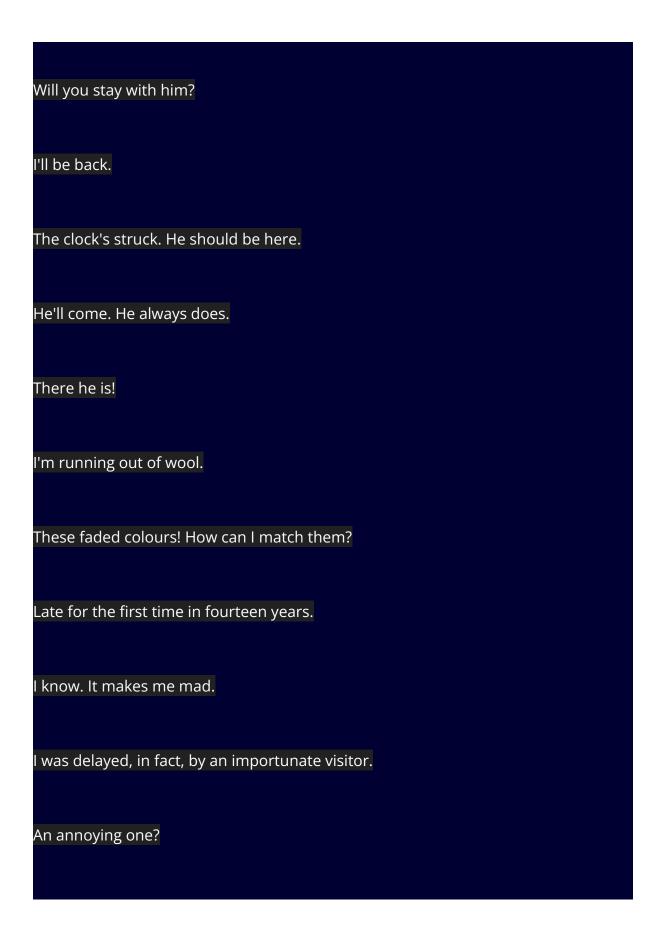
A deep, saintly heart, a magnificent and pure soul?
He's a duke now.
And a marshal.
He hasn't been for months.
Still in mourning?
As ever.
Still faithful?
That too.
Have you forgiven me?
l'm here.
Sister Marthe stole a plum this morning!

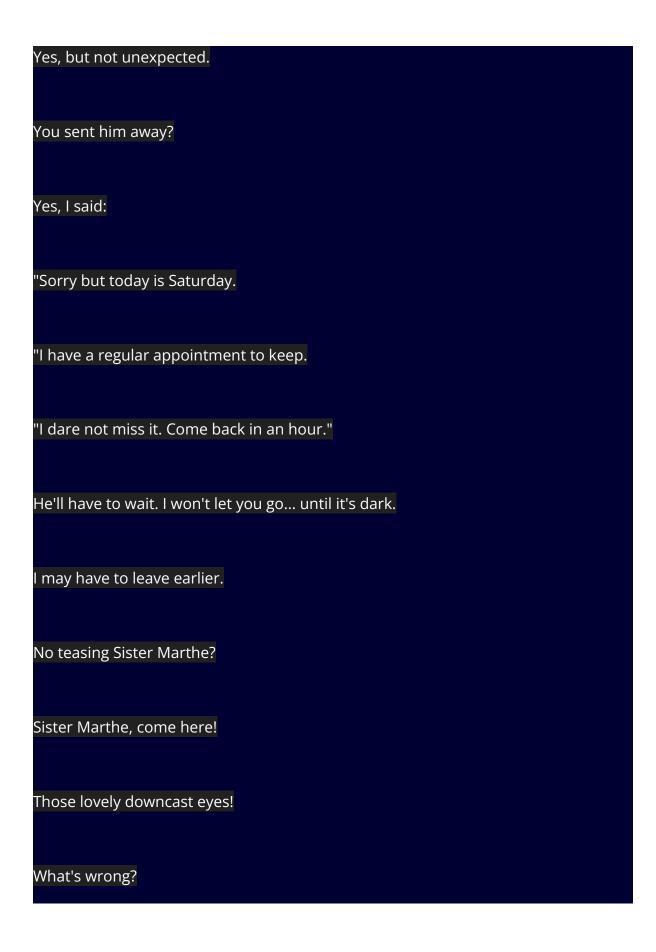




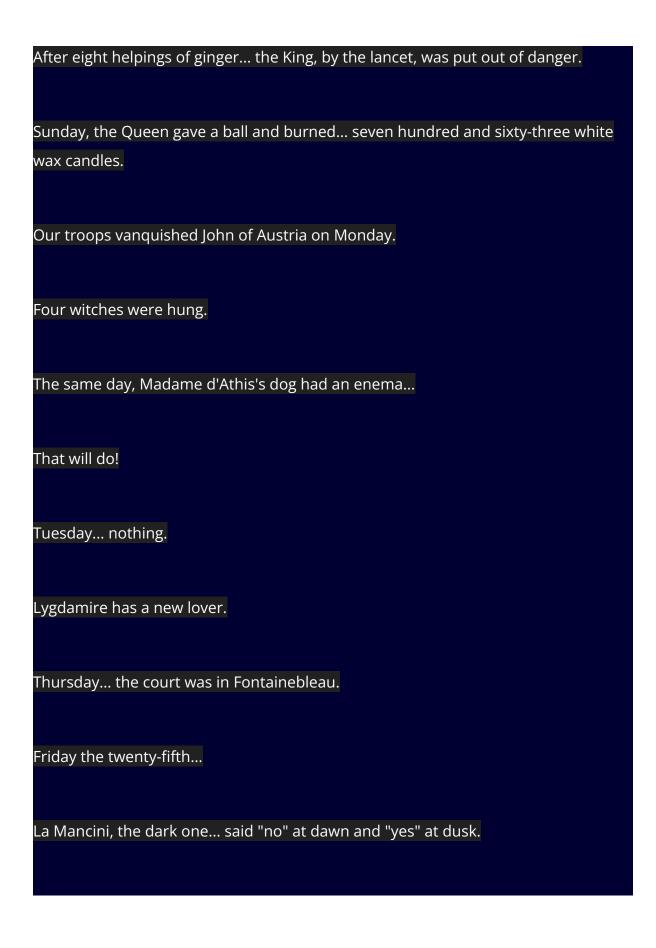
Oh him.
How is he?
Not well.
He exaggerates.
l foresaw it all: loneliness, misery!
His pamphlets make new enemies.
He att*cks snobs and hypocrites cowards and fools. Everyone in fact!
His sword inspires terror.
Don't pity him.
He knew no allegiance, a free man in thought and deed.
I know. I have everything, he nothing.
But I'd gladly shake his hand.



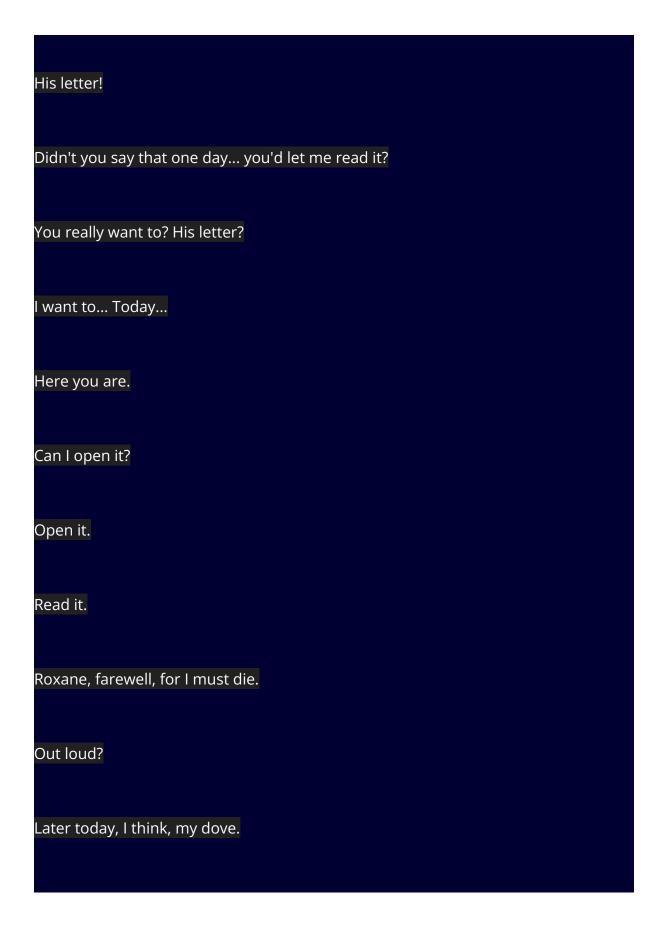


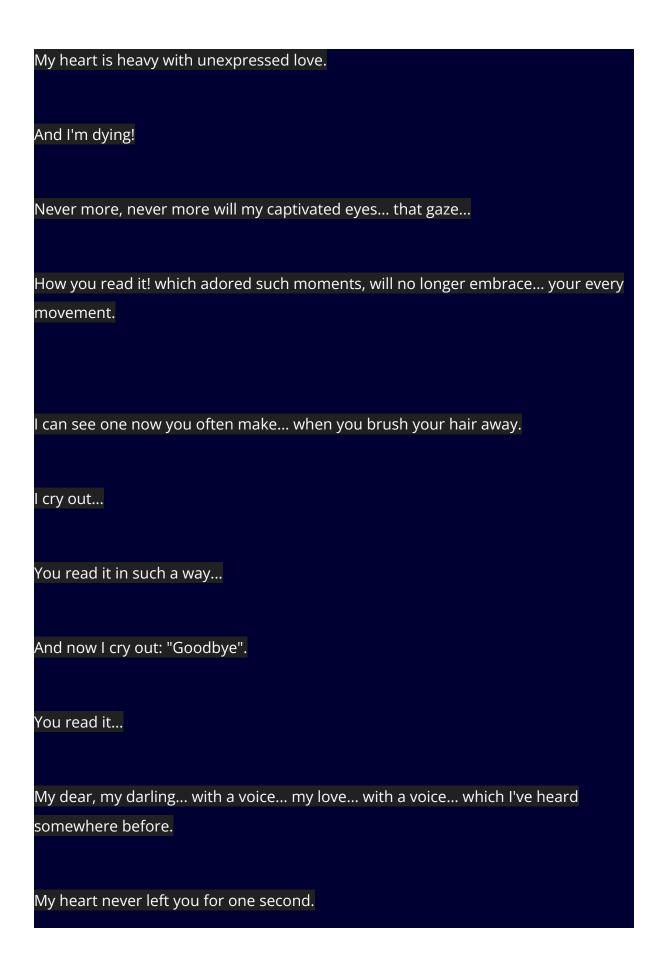


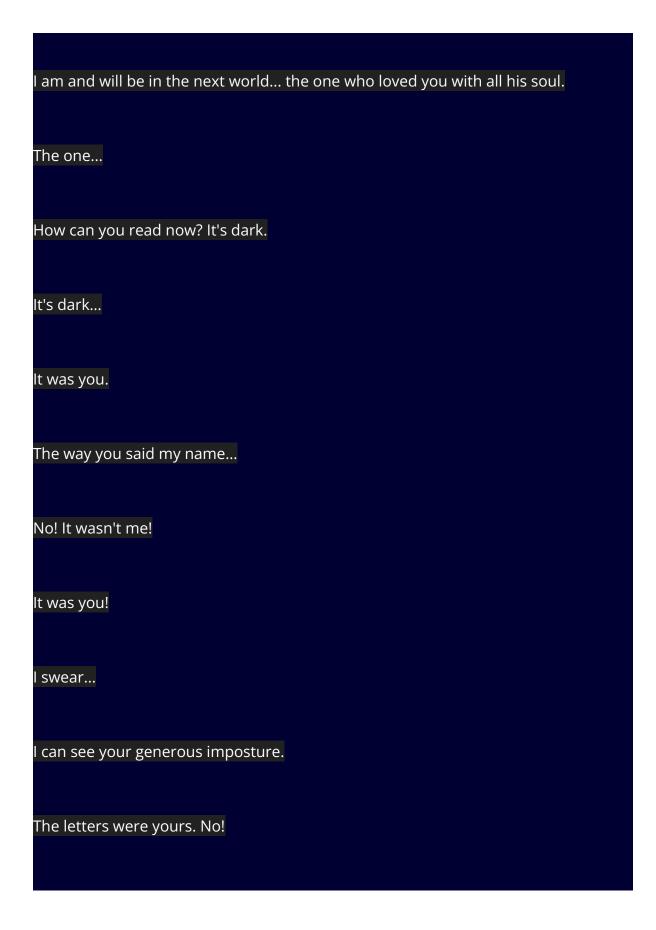
Nothing.
l ate meat yesterday.
I know.
Yet you're so pale.
Come to the refectory later for a bowl of soup.
You will?
Is she converting you?
Oh, no. l promise l'm not.
Tell me the news of the week.
It's time for my gazette.
Saturday the nineteenth



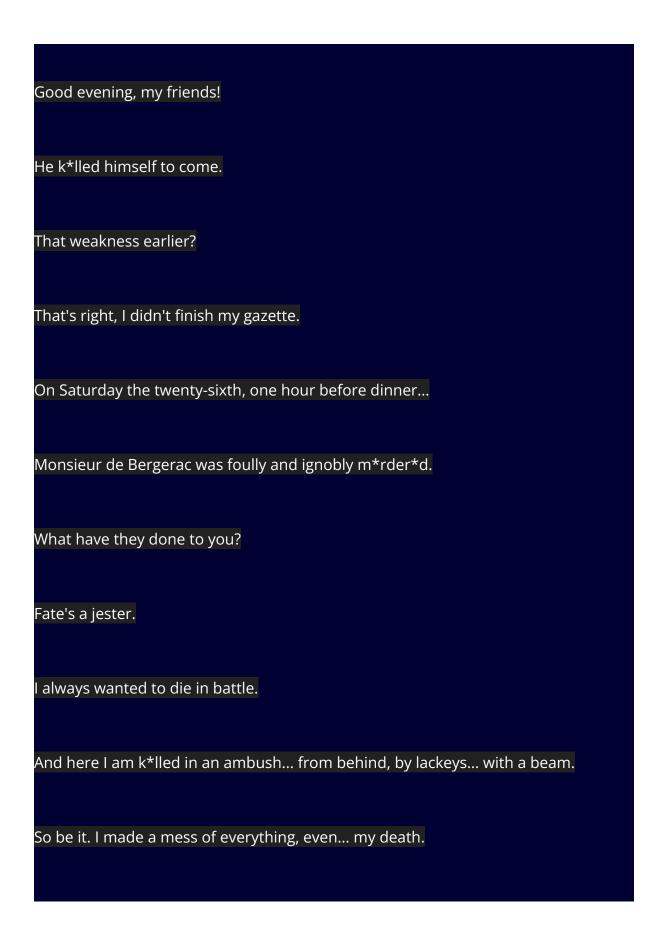
And Saturday the twenty-sixth
Don't worry, it's nothing.
Come on.
lt's my wound from Arras sometimes you know
My poor friend!
lt's nothing.
lt will go.
lt's over.
We all have our wounds.
I have mine.
The old wound is still here, so keen.
The paper of his last letter has yellowed but still bears his tears and blood.

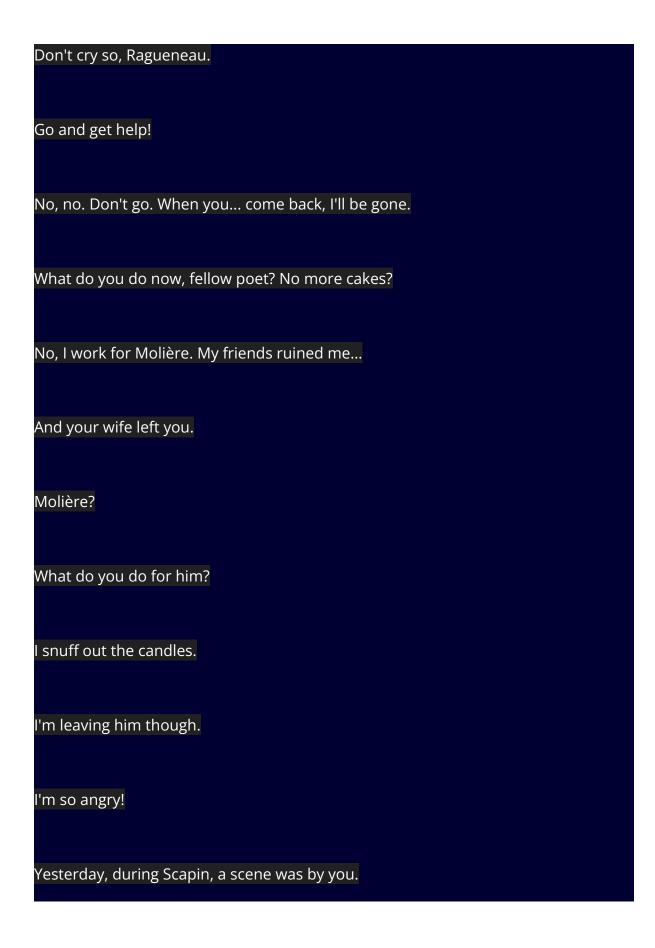


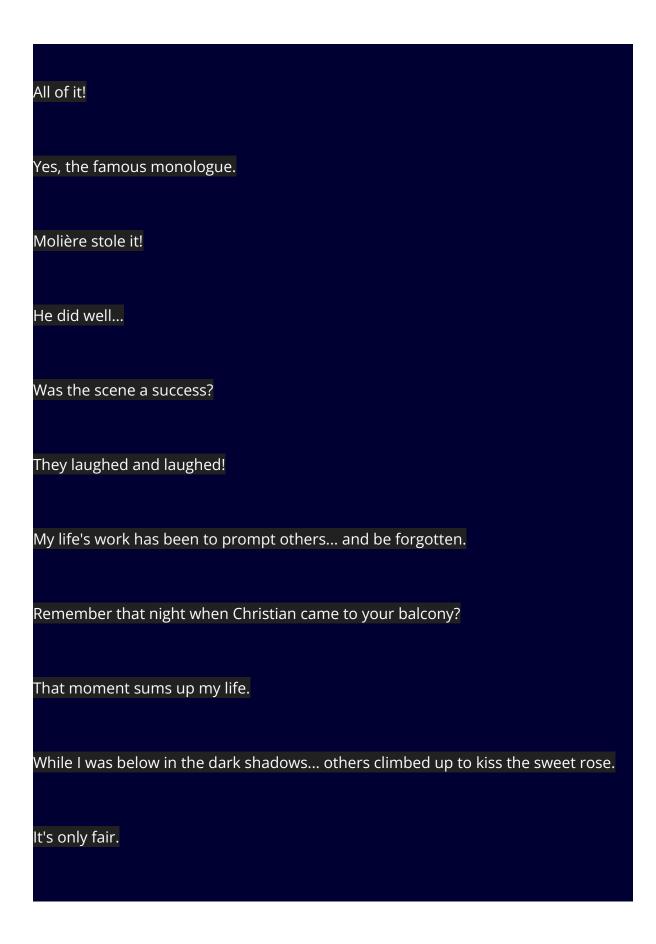


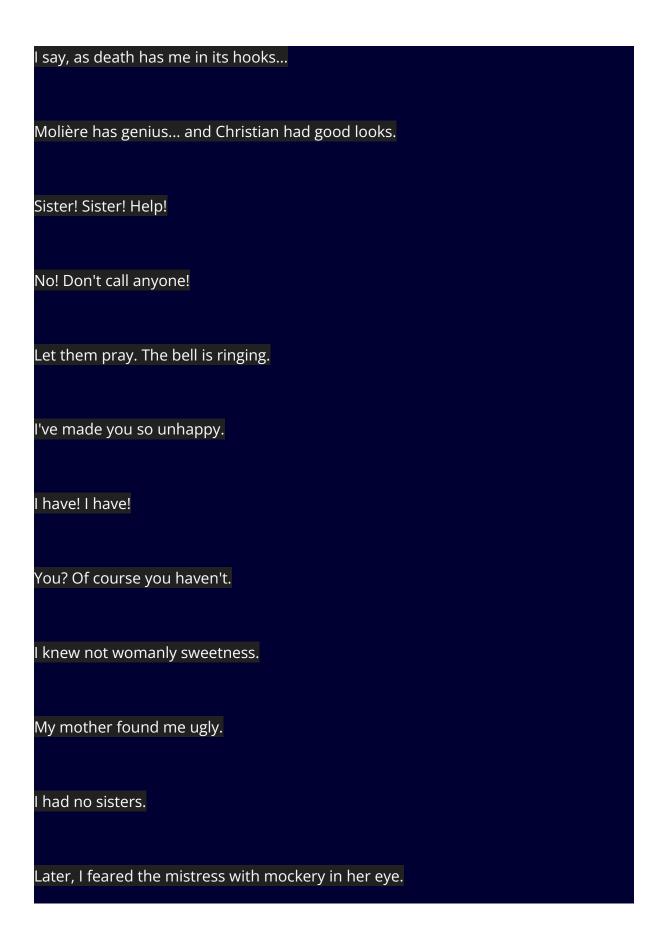


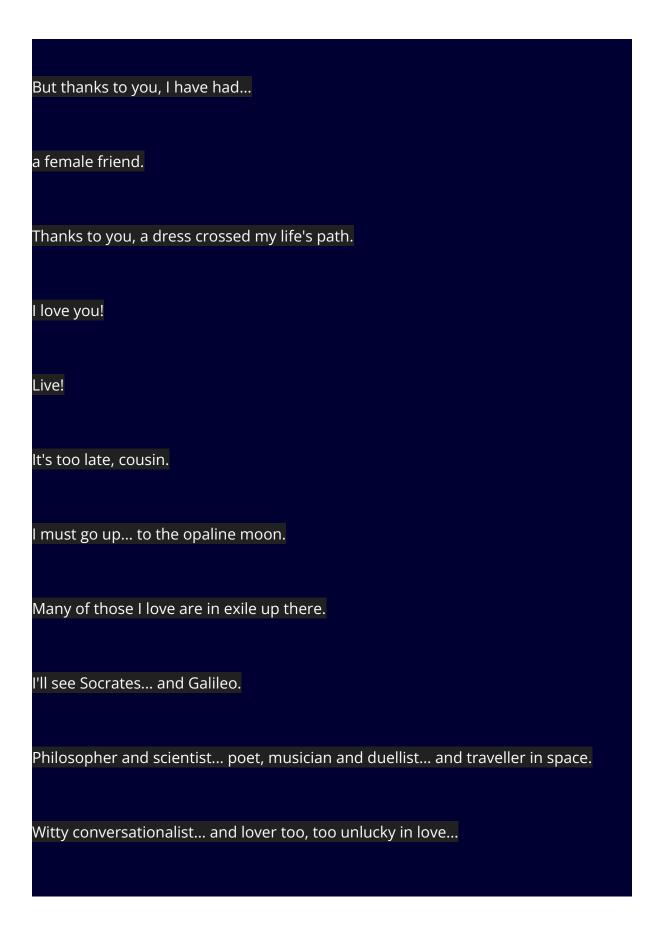
The dear, mad words, yours.
The night voice.
I swear not!
That soul was yours!
l didn't love you! You did!
It was him. You loved me!
You're less sure now.
No, no, my dear love, l never loved you!
So many things fade away to be reborn.
Why keep silent for fourteen years since on that letter the tears were yours?
The blood was his.
Cyrano! You're here!











Here lies Hercule-Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac who was all and who was
nothing.
I'm leaving now.
Sorry
l can wait no more.
See?
The moon beam is here at my door.
No one must help me!
Only
Only the trees!
He's coming.
I feel myself shod in marble.

Gloved in lead.
As he's on his way, I shall go to meet him sword in hand!
What?
lt's useless? I know.
A man doesn't fight to win.
lt's better when the fight is in vain.
Who are they all?
There's a horde of them.
Ah, l know you. All my old enemies!
Falsehood.
Cowardice.
Compromise.

Lineary you'll get the upper hand
I know you'll get the upper hand.
Never mind.
I'll fight on, and on, and on!
You take everything the laurel and the rose too!
Go on, take them!
But, in spite of you, one thing goes with me now
And tonight, when I at last God behold my salute will sweep his blue threshold
with something spotless, a diamond in the ash which I take in spite of you and
that's
My panache.
Тор
1 post • Page <b>1</b> of <b>1</b> Return to "High School Reading"
Recurr to Tright School Reading
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