

# High School Reading Transcripts

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## Cyrano de Bergerac (1990)

Moderators: [Maskath3](#), [GabrielAlejo2341](#), [sidolanter](#)

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

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## Cyrano de Bergerac (1990)

Post

by [bunniefuu](#) » 10/13/20 19:04

15 sous! I get in free.

Royal Household Cavalry. You?

I don't pay!

I'm a musketeer.

It'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 I 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!

You're too kind. Quiet, you patron of the arts.

He supplies all of us on credit.

Being a poet myself...

Some have said it.

For a little ode or sonnet, I pay...

A tart?

A tartlet, say.

What did it cost you to come here tonight?

Four fruit flans, 15 cream puffs.

Cyrano's absent. I'm surprised.

Why?

Montfleury's performing. That ton of truffled pork?

He's playing Phedon.

Does it concern Cyrano?

Surely you know. Cyrano warned him to quit the stage.

He's not playing? He is.

Monsieur Cyrano's coming?

I'm betting on it.

You're going, Lignière?

Yes, I'm thirsty.

Stay a while longer. She'll come.

The lady's not coming today. The bottle calls, I'm on my way.

I'm a stranger in Paris. I must know her name.

Ask her then.

I daren't. The shame, the embarrassment...

Oh God, there she is!

Magdeleine Robin, known as Roxane.

One of these précieuses...

Oh no!

An orphan and cousin to the notorious Cyrano.

A strawberry mouth in peach-flesh.

So fresh, she'd give one cardiac rheumatism.

Who's that? Tell me, I'm scared.

That's the Comte de Guiche.

Her lover?

He wants to be. But one thing stands in his way.

What thing?

He's married to Richelieu's niece.

So he wants to see her married to that grim monsieur.

The Viscount Valvert, so indulgent.

Roxane says no but de Guiche is potent.

He tortures the poor bourgeoisie.

I wrote a song showing what an evil swine he is.

He must hate me for it.

The ending was cruel.

You're going?

Good night.

The play! 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! I 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...

I'm losing my temper.

Help me, gentlemen.

Carry on acting.

One word more, and I'll lambast your fat cheeks!

Enough!

Gentlemen, quiet please, or my cane will take its ease.

Montfleury! Continue!

Discontinue, unless he needs disembowelling!

Off with him!

Monsieur...

Lug your guts away, salami, or stay... and I'll remove you slice by slice.

In insulting me, you insult the Tragic Muse.

Montfleury! Montfleury! Throw Cyrano out!

Consider my scabbard, pray. She loves my sword, begs him stay.

Leave the stage!

Does anyone have anything to say?

Clorise! Play on!

Baro's play!

Sing that again, and there'll be a m\*ssacre!

You're no Samson!

Fall silent!

I hereby challenge you all.

I'll take names.

Step forward, young heroes, each in turn.

Come along...

Who wishes to head the list?

You, sir? No?

You?

No?

I'll give the first a funeral as his due.

Raise your right hand, all who wish to die.

My naked blade offends your eye?

No names?

No hands?

Good. Let me speak then.

I wish to see theatre cured... of this inflammation.

Here's the lancet!

My lords... ladies and gentlemen!

Flock of muttonheads!

Bravo! Good! Bravo!

Let's have no bravos.

The famed thespian whose paunch you love so much felt sick.

He had to leave.

Bring him back.

No! Yes!

What's your reason, sir? Why show... such enmity to Montfleury?

Two reasons, one will suffice.

Firstly, he's a terrible mouther... grunter, grimacer and posturer who weighs down heavy on his lines.

Secondly, well, that's my secret...

You deprive us without a scruple of a great play!

Old mule!

The work is worth less than nought. I silenced it without a thought.

Lord in heaven! Our Baro!

What of the money to pay back?

Bellerose, those are wise words.

I do not wish to see Thespis' robe full of tatters. Take this and go.

You're mad! That famous actor has the Duc de Candale as protector.

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?

Is 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!

Creteinous 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.

I 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.

You...

That thing of yours... is big... very big.

Very.

That's all?

Yes.

Nothing more? There are fifty score varieties of comment. Nay, more.

Just change the tone. For example:

Aggressive: "A nose in such a state, I'd amputate."

Friendly: "It must dip in your cup. You need a crane to hoist it up."

Descriptive: "A rock, a bluff, a cape!"

"No, a peninsula in size and shape!"

Curious: "What is that oblong?"

"A writing desk or am I wrong?"

Gracious: "Are you fond of birds? How sweet."

"You provide a gothic perch for them..."

"to rest their feet."

Truculent: "A smoker? I suppose..."

The fumes gush out from that nose like a chimney on fire."

Kind: "It will drag you in the mire head-first with its weight."

Tender: "I'll have an umbrella made to give it some summer shade."

Pedant: "The beast of Aristophanes, the hippocampocamalelephant..."

"had flesh and bone like that up front."

Drama: "It bleeds like the Red Sea."

Impressed: "What a sign for a perfumery."

Lyric: "Ah, Triton rising from the waters."

Naive...

"How much to view the monument?"

Warlike: "Train it on the cavalry!"

Practical: "Put that in a lottery for noses and it'll be first prize."

And finally, with sighs and cries... in language deeply felt: "O that this too too..."

"solid nose would melt."

That is what you could have said were you a man of letters... or had an ounce of wit in your head. But you've no letters... save the three required to describe you: S.O.T.

Had you the wit required... to serve me before the crowd a dish of words... so proud... not a phrase would have passed your lips.

For although the words may fit, I'd never let you get away with it.

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!

What is it now?

I must... relieve these cramps. It's lack of exercise.

Are you all right?

My sword has gone to sleep.

So be it!

With what joy... she awakens to that sound.

Poet, eh? Yes, a poet.

Even when rattling ironmongery...

I'll compose a ballade extempore.

A ballade?

I'll hit you on the final line.

"Ballade of a Fencing Bout...

"Between de Bergerac and a Foppish Lout."

What is that doggerel?

It's the title.

Silence! Quiet!

Wait. Let me choose my rhymes.

Good. Ready.

I bare my head from crown to nape... and slowly... reveal the fighting trim beneath my cape.

Then finally I strip my steel.

A thoroughbred... from head to heel.

Disdainful of the rein or bit.

I pull a lyric wheel, but at the poem's end...



I hit!

Come, be burst... you purple grape.

Come and lose your peel.

Show, you ribboned ape... the fat your folderols conceal.

A pretty peal.

Is that a fly?

Your blood will congeal.

For, when the poem ends, I hit.

I need a rhyme to hold the shape.

I'm going to wind the reel. My rod is ready to r\*pe.

The sharp tooth awaits its meal.

Not yet.

I stop a bit... awaiting the deal. The poem ends and I hit.

Envoy!

Prince, pray to God and kneel.

Will you quit?

I cut, parry... off you reel!

The poem ended... and I hit!

Where will your life lead you? You've so many enemies.

Wonderful.

You gave your gold away.

A year's pay.

All spent on one glorious day.

How will you live now?

I don't know.

A stupid action. But a glorious gesture.

What rules the life you lead?

I forced myself to play many parts. That was my way.

And now?

I'll take the simplest... excel in everything, be the best.

So be it. Now tell me why you hate Montfleury so much.

That paunch!

One night I saw him touch a lady with his eyes.

Like a slug slithering over a rose.

What? How can that be?

The one I loved.

The one I love.

You never said anything before.

Whom I love?

Just think a moment.

I can never be loved even by the ugliest.

My nose precedes me by fifteen minutes. Whom do I love?

It should be clear.

I love the prettiest far and near.

The prettiest?

The finest, the wittiest, the sweetest... the wisest.

It's clear now.

Diaphanously.

Your cousin?

Yes.

Roxane.

Wonderful! Tell her you love her!

Tonight you're with glory covered.

Look and tell me what exuberance I have with this protuberance.

I'm under no illusion. True... sometimes, bemused by the night...

I see far off in the silver light... a lady on the arm of her knight.

I dream of walking out in the silver glow... with a lady so.

I get carried away.

I pray.

I forget all then see my shadow on the wall.

My friend...

My friend... why should Fate allot... such ugliness, such loneliness?

You cry?

Oh no, that would be intolerable.

A tear on this nose, horrible!

I saw Roxane's face tonight. For your duel it was ghostly white.

Your skill and courage ravished her. Now dare to speak.

So she can laugh at me?

There's nothing I fear more.

Do they want you?

Her maid!

Sir, your cousin wishes to know... if you can meet in private tomorrow. She has things to say.

To me? Oh, my God.

After mass, where could you talk?

Where? I... er... Oh, my God.

Quickly please.

Patience! Where?

At Ragueneau's... the pastrycook.

Where?

In... oh, my God... in the rue Saint-Honoré.

She'll be there. You be there. At seven.

I'll be there.

She wants to see me!

So goodbye to sorrow?

It means I 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!



Grumblers, eh?

Why do they complain?

Lignière!

Cyrano!

What's wrong?

He's afraid to go home. Fancy that! Why?

A warning... a hundred men...

Because of a song I wrote... Going to get me when...

I go through the Porte de Nesles. It's on my way.

I'm hiding here. They've let me stay.

A hundred? You'll sleep at home.

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.

Arrange your poultry on the endless spit... in neat alternatives: the chickens there...  
the lordly turkeys here.

Make a pair of rhymes in opposition sweetly set.

Poultry can be poetry. Don't forget.

Crust is the body, sugar the wire. I thought of you.

A heavenly lyre!

Drink to my health.

Here comes my wife! Hide the money!

Do you like it?

It's ridiculous.

Paper bags? Well...

Thank you.

Heavens!

You've torn my books apart!

My friends' poetry, rent from my heart!

I put the rubbish to use.

Sacrilege, woman! You insult our poetic Muse.

You defile verse. It's all it's good for!

What would you do with prose?

Ah, my boy.

What do you want? Three pies.

Here we are, good and hot.

Please... wrap them up.

In a bag?

Well of course. Wrap them up?

"Like Ulysses, the day he left Penelope..."

Not that one.

"Blond Phoebus..." No!

Make your mind up.

All right, all right!

Children...

Give me the poem and you'll take six pies home.

"Phyllis!"

Butter has smeared her sweet name.

"Phyllis..."

What time is it? Oh, my God!

Seven o'clock.

What a fight that was last night.

Which one? In verse!

Ah, the duel. In verse!

He's obsessed. "At the poem's end..."

Not again!

"I hit. At the poem's end..."

Lovely! "At the poem's end..."

The time? Two minutes past.

"I hit". What a ballade!

Have you hurt your hand? It's just a graze.

Some trouble or other? No trouble.

I think you're lying.

Can I be alone with someone here?

I'm afraid not. My poets are coming.

For their first meal!

You'll be all right here.

Here they are!

Brother poet!

Tell her, I can't...

Write to her then?

That's it. Write a letter and leave.

Eat your fill.

The lyre sustains the poet!

A recipe in verse. Listen my friends!

Yes, yes, we're listening.

Breakfast? Dinner.

"A Recipe for Making Almond Tarts.

Poised on steady legs, your poet begs several eggs.

Froth them to a mousse and introduce lemon juice.

Add milk of almonds sent down by Zeus.

Place your pastry, not too hasty, in your tart plate.

Lightly glide around the side.

Slowly pour your mousse into the pastry base.



Bake in the oven till blond. Melting mouths and hearts... you have...

Your almond tarts!"

Do you like cakes? Terribly so.

Good. Take a couple of sonnets... and fill them with eclairs.

Do you like cream puffs?

Yes!

Fresh pastries? I love them.

Now go and eat outside.

But...

Come back when you finish.

Roxane...

This is indeed a blessed moment.

Often you ignore whether I still breathe or not.

But now you've come... to say what?

First, thank you.

For what?

That viscount, that fop, from whom you made a pretty crop.

A lord in love with me...

De Guiche?

...wanted me to marry.

A feeble disguise.

I fought then, cousin, against such lies... not for my nose but your bright eyes.

The other thing is...

But before I mention it...

I have to rediscover the almost brother of our games... way back.

When you spent the summer in Bergerac.

Little Roxane was called Magdeleine.

Was I pretty then?

You weren't plain.

You'd hurt your hand up a tree...

I'd play mother and gruffly say: "What's this scratch, pray?"

Oh, what's this?

No! Put your hand flat.

Still, at your age? Where did you do that?

At play, near the Porte de Nesles.

A fight?

Hardly, it was just an argument.

Tell me, while I clean the wound, how many were they?

Almost a hundred.

Tell me!

No. You tell me your story if you dare tell it now.

Now, I dare.

I breathe the perfume of the past.

Yes, now I dare.

I'm in love with someone.

He doesn't know.

Well, not yet.

But he will know... very soon.

And he loves me too, but timidly... from afar, without a word.

Give me your hand. How hot it is.

Love is on those lips of his.

And just think, dear cousin... he's a soldier too, and in your regiment.

He's a cadet in your company!

He seems so intelligent and clever.

He's proud, young, brave and handsome.

Handsome?

What's wrong?

Nothing.

It's just... just... my hand hurts.

Have you spoken? Never.

He's a cadet? In the Guards.

What's his name?

Christian de Neuville.

He's not in the Guards.

He is. From today on.

I'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?

I'll die on the spot.

I came here to be told this?

I 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?

I'm scared for him.

So you should be.

When I saw you calm those brutes last night... strong and proud with all your might...

I knew you'd frighten anyone.

All right, I'll protect your little baron.

You'll take care of him then? You're such a dear friend!

You'll be his friend? Yes.

He'll never fight a duel?

I swear it.

Oh, how I love you!

I have to go now.

You didn't tell me your story. It must be incredible.

Tell him to write to me.



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!

I've been braver since then.

He's here!

Incredible!

Wonderful!

Unbelievable!

Thirty wounded!

It was worthy of an epic poem!

Brilliant!

Unheard of! Homeric!

Our hero.

He's wounded! Capdedious!

No! Just scuffed.

Hug me! Tell us the tale!

The tale of the fight! The tale!

Enough!

What's the matter?

Nothing.

She spoke to you?

Is 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.

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.

I'll do it in his place.

Go on then.

The Gascon cadets of Castel-Jaloux. Liars and gamblers...

Gamblers and liars unashamed... more noble than...

Their lines are long...

Their tempers short. The Gascon cadets of Castel-Jaloux.

Eagle-eyed, always game, Cat's whiskers, lion's might... nearer they came in boots to  
make them lame... but with a heart so light for they thirst for fame.

Sweet is their name in the great fight.

Ever ready to maim, they put foes to flight.

The Gascon cadets... make cuckolds every night!

A gentleman's retinue needs a poet. Will you be mine?

I don't join retinues.

My uncle, Richelieu, would approve. I could help you.

Good God!

I suppose you've written a play?

Yes, a tragedy.

The title? - Agrippina.

Take it to him.

Really?

He'll only change a few lines of it.

Never, sir. My blood runs cold to think one could be so bold.

You're proud.

You've noticed, have you?

Look, Cyrano.

We found this on our way, feathers of the fowl you sent away.

The victims' remains!

Their employer must be in a fury!

But who was he?

It was I.

They were to do the lowly task of punishing... a drunken rhymers.

A true epic poet!

You dared...

Would you like to return these... to your friends?

You thwarted the plans I made.

To m\*rder?

Insolence!

Swords up! We're leaving!

Out of here! All of you!

Monsieur, have you read Don Quixote?

I've practically lived it.

Meditate on the windmill chapter.

Chapter thirteen.

If you fight with windmills...

Are my foes like the wind?

...their heavy spars may spin you down to the mud.

Or lift me to the stars.

You must admit...

I shall never be sated! I like to displease and be hated.

With more calm, fortune and fame...

What should I do?

Seek out a powerful patron to pursue?

Cling to him like a vine?

Wind around him to fawn and whine?

And rise through ruse instead of merit?

No thank you!

Compose, as a rule, poems for usurers?

Play the fool, hoping to see some minister... give a smile that's not sinister?



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...

I was about to hit... a great man...

On the nose.

In the teeth...

Tooth for tooth!

Why should I stick my...

Nose.

Finger... in that pie?

For a man so great could break my...

Nose.

My fingers!

I thought: "On, son of Gascony."

I then found myself...

Nose to nose.

Face to face... with a hundred angry louts stinking of...

Nose-herb!

Onions and stale wine!

I pounced... Nose down!

I 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.

Hideous!

Come to my arms!

You're brave.

Very brave. Good.

Come on. I'm her brother.

Whose? Hers!

Roxane's!

Her brother?

Well, a fraternal cousin really.

Has she... Told me? Yes.

Does she love me?



Perhaps.

I'm so happy!

This is a change of heart.

Forgive me...

He is a handsome devil!

She wants a letter... from you.

Oh, no! It's impossible.

Impossible? Why?

Because I'm a brainless fool.

The way you tackled me was not brainless.

I can find words for an attack.

It's simple, military wit.

But... with women I become tongue-tied.

Their eyes look kindly on me.

But your words destroy you.

I can't talk.

I can.

But it's the looks I lack, see?

Oh, to speak with elegance!

Oh, to be a handsome musketeer!

Roxane is précieuse, demanding, charming. I need wit... and eloquence.

I'll lend you it!

And I'll borrow your good looks.

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?

It...

It...

would amuse me!

A tempting challenge for a poet.

Together as one, we can do it.

I'll be at your side, you my beauty, me your guide.

That letter she wants! I can't...

Here it is! It just needs signing.

Don't worry. You can send it.

In a poet's pocket, you often find the product of an active mind.

Take it, you'll see. Take it. It's very eloquent.

Will it suit her?

Like a pair of gloves.

Her love is such that she'll believe this is for her.

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.

All I have to do is copy it.

I'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.

If kisses could be sent by letter...

You could read my words... with your lips.

Far from this world... of brutal lies... is a land for lovers who despise... v\*olence,  
weeping for the lost, the lonely.

A land for lovers and for lovers only.

Roxane!

We have to go! We'll be late!

We'll miss the talk on the Tendre.

Stay outside!

I came to say goodbye.

You're leaving? For the w\*r.

This evening.

For the siege of Arras.

There's a siege?

My going leaves you cold.

Not at all.

I'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?

Sadness. Someone leaves for w\*r... someone one holds dear.

You never said such words before.

You say them as I go!

You want revenge on Cyrano?

Are you for him? No, against.

Do you see him? Seldom.

I see him everywhere.

Your revenge is to send him to the w\*r he loves!

That's banal.

I know what would hurt him more.

What?



Leave him in Paris with his precious cadets... while the others go off to w\*r.

The only way to hurt a man like him... is to strike at his pride.

Oh, woman!

Only a woman could dream up a scheme like that!

He'll eat his heart out in frustration.

You'll be avenged!

You love me then!

I should like to see this as a sign of love, Roxane.

It is one.

I have sealed orders to be given to the companies... within the hour.

This one for the cadets, I'll keep.

Cyrano! Ah, the battle-loving swine.

You play games then?

Sometimes.

I'm mad about you!

Tonight, I must be gone. But leave one so dear...

Near here, there's a convent to which I'll flee.

The monks will help me.

People will think I've left. But, in disguise...

I'll come back to you, sun of my skies!

But your reputation...

And the siege...

Who cares? Say yes.

No! Say it!

You have your duty.

Go now.

Christian stays.

I want you for my hero, Antoine!

Heavenly words!

You love... I'm trembling.

I'm going.

Happy?

Yes, dear friend.

We're going to be late!

Don't worry. They'll wait.

Cousin!

Ah, Cyrano...

Who are you looking for?

What?

Are you looking for someone?

Yes, I'm looking... for Christian.

He writes all day but, on seeing me, runs away.

Oh, help me, please.

What does he write about? Love.

His passion stirs my mind. His words leave me blind.

Come, quickly.

Coming.

Oh, how I love him!

Is 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!

I want to hear words to charm my ear.

I want to hear him say the sweet words he wrote today.

Come on!

I must go.

The monkeys are waiting.

Look, the knocker's muffled.

It's silenced so its bevel won't disturb us... the little devil.

Ready your memory to be wreathed in glory.

What's that?

The words you'll say.

She wishes to hear you.

There's no time to waste. Learn this. Make haste.

Learn it!

I won't learn a thing!

I'm tired of using your words. I know she loves me.

I'll speak alone.

Really?

I can do it. I'm not stupid!

You've taught me a lot. I'll manage.

Anyway, I know enough to take her in my arms.

You're on your own!

Wait! Don't go!

Mouth, a marvel when you smile.

Mouth, whose words are honey-cake.

Leave the admiring world awhile.

Kiss the dreaming gods awake.

Lovely eyes whose precious glance Sets hearts shimmering like a lake.

Mirror of the stellar dance, Light the dreaming gods awake.

Lips, the marvel of all lips, Flowers that the bee-mouth sips.

Mouth whose breath is summer bliss.

Store of pearled perfection, this Was made to kiss, to kiss, to kiss.

Are you there?

It's me.

No, wait...

The air is sweet.

Night is here.



We're alone.

Come on.

Sit down.

Speak.

I'll listen.

I love you.

Yes. Talk to me of love.

I love you.

That's your theme.

Embroider it.

Embroider it.

Embroider it!

I love you so much.

Yes. And then?

And then...

I'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!

I love you! Again!

No...

I don't love you.

That's better.

I worship you!

Oh, no!

Sorry! I'm so stupid!

It displeases me as much as if you were ugly!

Recover your eloquence.

Yes, I know. Please...

You love me. I know. Now go!

Bravo!

Good night.

Who's there?

Who's throwing stones?

It'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.

That's better!

Love grows, rocked in my soul as I fret.

And that cruel child took it for...

A bassinet!

That's better!

But since it's cruel... should you not have stifled it in its cot?

I did try... the young child to seize.

But the new-born babe is a little...

Hercules.

Much better!

His first act was to hound out two snakes...

Pride and...

Doubt.

That's excellent.

But why are your words so hesitant? Why?

It's dark...

They grope in the darkness... looking for... your ear.

My words have not that problem.

It's normal they should find their way.

For it's upon my heart they prey.

My heart is large, whereas your ear is small.

Besides, your words slip down speedily along the wall.

Mine are heavy like fruit on a bough.

They're arriving faster now.

They're used to the exercise.

I'm standing here in the skies!

One harsh word from so high could make my heart die.

I'll come down. No!

Climb up here!

No! Why... no?

Let us stay near... but talk without seeing each other...

Without seeing?

It's quite wonderful... in darkness.

You see a cloak of blackness.

I see a dress of summer white.

I'm but a shadow. You are a light.

I'm using my true voice.

Indeed, it is altered.

In this dark night... which protects me, I can be myself.

And I dare...

Where was I?

I don't know... all this...

Forgive my emotion.

It's this sweet, new sensation.

New, you say?

Yes, new. I can be honest.



Fear of mockery gripped my breast.

Mockery?

For my feelings!

My heart, in modesty, cloaks itself in art!

Ah, "art". How I hate that in love!

It's a crime, in love, to play this pantomime.

There always has to come a moment...

And I pity those who know it not.

...when we a noble love attain... but each pretty word causes pain.

So what word will you find for us when that moment comes?

All those, all those... which come. Everything, I throw away.

I'm stifling!

I love you. This is no game!

My heart cries your name!

I've loved you every passing day.

Last year, on the twelfth of May, you changed the style of your hair.

I was dazzled... by its bright flare.

Do you understand? Do you realize?

Do you feel my soul rise to the skies?

Everything tonight is so wonderful, so sweet.

I speak, you listen.

Me, at your feet!

Even in my sweetest dreams, I 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.

I 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!

What? What do you ask?

Yes... I...

Too hasty!

Make the most of it!

Yes, true, I did ask...

For heaven's sake!

I know now I was too bold.

So... No!

Grant me not a kiss.

Why? Quiet, Christian!

What did you say?

I'm grumbling at myself for going so far. I 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.

A secret with the mouth as its ear.

Eternity in the instant the bee sips.

A flower-scented host.

A way to know the other's heart and touch the portals... of his soul!

Stop, please!

Yes, I shall stop, madam.

Up you go!

I don't think I should...

Are you still there?

Mount, you animal!

Yes? What?

Magdeleine Robin... Does she live here?

Yes, I'm her cousin. What is it?

I have a letter for her.

What is it?

A letter.

You, here?

Who could write so late?

A sacred matter no doubt as a holy man...

De Guiche!

He dares?

I've stayed here for this night with you, my dear.

I'll come in secret. Wait...

I hope the lips which smiled of late...

Father!

Listen carefully to this...

Richelieu must be obeyed, whatever you may say or do.

That is why I send this note to you... with this holy, intelligent and discreet brother.

He is to perform the marriage ceremony at once.

Marriage? To whom?

At once.

Idiot. She's making it up.

You must marry Christian.

I know you don't like him. Try to be brave.



Courage, child!

I was not afraid. A holy matter thus made.

It'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?

Yes or no?

I think so.

Hurry. De Guiche is coming.

You've fifteen minutes to do the wedding!

You'll be my witness. Hurry.

On your feet!

Witness to what?

Hurry! Candles! A cloth!

A crucifix!

The 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?

I'm confused.

I fell down from the moon!

Really!

I fell.

If you say so.

A madman, perhaps.

I don't mean metaphorically.

A century or a minute withal, how long was my fall?

I was in that saffron-coloured ball.

What continent is this?

Be honest. Keep nothing from me.

God in Heaven! Are you all black down here?

What?

Is this Algeria? This is a mask.

So I'm in Venice, or Genoa!

A lady awaits me. This is Paris then!

Amusing, isn't he?

You laugh.

Yes, but I want to pass.

So here I am in Paris.

I was brought by the rain to this.

I came through ether to get here.

My eyes are full of star-dust.

My spurs bear some planet's crust.

Here, on my doublet, a hair from a comet's tail!

I slipped by Neptune's fork... and fell onto Libra's scales. See? They point to my weight!

Go to hell, sir!

By heaven, do you doubt my word?

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!

I'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!

I 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.

A fine couple, my son, thanks to you.

Take leave of your husband.

What?

Your regiment's about to go.

For w\*r?

Doubtless.

Not the cadets.

They're going.

Here's the order. Run and deliver it, baron.

Those drums are for us.

Obey, sir!



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.

I'll try...

Make sure he doesn't catch cold.

I'll do my best.

Make him faithful. Well...

Make him write to me.

That, I can promise.

Wounded?

No. They're used to missing me every morning.

You're mad to risk death every day for a letter.

I promised he'd write.

But don't tell him.

If she knew he's starving... but still handsome.

Go and sleep.

Don't grumble. I told you:

I cross the Spanish lines when they're drunk.

You could bring back food.

I can't. I have to travel light.

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!

Richelieu feasts in Paris.

Send for a partridge.

I'll have veal!

Stewed mutton!

Braised beef!

Black pudding!

Duck pâté!

Beans! Pancakes!

With ham and mushrooms!

I'm hungry!

Food! That's all you think about.

Come here, Bertrandou, shepherd that you were.

Play a tune from back home, just for me.

A tune to set memories free.

Listen, Gascons... with the pipe to his mouth he takes us... back to the South!

It's the tune the goatherd fingers...

The hill where mist still lingers...

Listen...

There's the glade, the heath, the forest way...

The little shepherd with his red beret.

The green of spring on the Dordogne.

Listen, Gascons.

It is all Gascogne.

You're making them cry.

Homesickness! A nobler hunger... than the hunger of the flesh!

You'll weaken them.

Really?

See? A roll on the drums is enough.

Alas, a Gascon.

A false one. Gascons are supposed to be mad.

A sane Gascon is dangerous.

He's pale. He's hungry, poor devil.

He's not suffering though!

Take your cards, pipes and dice. I'll read Descartes.

He's green.

Skin and bones.

I'm mocked here. I know it, gentlemen.

You southern petty seigneurs have no respect for commanders.

Enough! I scorn your renown.

My battle tactics are known. Yesterday with my men...

I charged three times.

And your scarf?

You heard then?

At the third charge, I was forced towards enemy lines.

I was in danger of being musketted.

When I had the idea of dropping the scarf... showing my rank.

Thus, I was able, unnoticed, to leave the Spaniards... attack again and beat them with my men.

What do you say to that?

That Henri IV would never, against such odds, have let fall his white panache.

The attack was a success.

But you gave up the honour of being a target.

Had I been there - but our courage is different -

I'd have taken the scarf up myself.

A vain Gascon boast!

A boast?

Lend it to me and I'll charge with it tonight.

A vain offer.



You know the scarf was left in the g\*n-blasted enemy sector.

Where no one... can fetch it!

Here it is.

Thank you!

I can give the signal I was reluctant to send.

A Spaniard, my spy, who'll tell them by and by.

He's most useful and, indeed... this very night, I'll lead my men to Dourlens for supplies.

You will stay.

But the Spanish...

They know. And at dawn... they'll attack.

Hold them back for us an hour or two.

But to do that...

Kindly lay down your lives.

So this is revenge?

Take it to mean I serve my king and vent my spleen.

Thanks for such candour.

You fight a hundred singlehanded. You should be delighted.

Gascony cadets, farewell.

What's that?

Nothing.

You're lying. Show me.

Really?

Yes, show me!

It'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.

It so excites you, you risk death...

For you.

No! For her!

You never told me!

I understand...

You don't. You're wrong, Christian.

What's that circle?

A circle?

It's a tear!

The poet charms himself.

This letter, it was so moving. I cried as I wrote it.

Come back!

We need a g\*n. Take Le Bret and four or five men.

Where are you going? Vimy.

He's mad.

During mass, we'll steal their food.

We'll die, but not of hunger.

Take this.

Hey, it's hot!

We've got the roast.

Coming? Go without me.

How did you get here?

Via Vimy and the forest.

Madness!

The siege is so long.

You can't stay. Why not?

He's right. Don't stay. Spain is coming this way.

Let's fight! You must go.

I want to see a battle.

I'm hungry.

The air is sharp.

What is there to eat?

Chicken, wine and pies. Could you bring me that?

We have none.

All right. Quail, trout, ham... Anything.

But where from?

My coach.

We must serve and carve.

I have a valued man with me.

Go closer, gentlemen, go and see.

The bundles... are full of partridges! Catch!

Each case is a little larder.

Red or white? Bread for Monsieur de Carbon.

Drink a little.

Why are you crying?

It's too good.

Is our précieuse a heroine?

Monsieur de Bergerac, I am your cousin.

Hail, Gascony, hail!

Where are the cadets?

Unbelievable! Have they deserted?

To your stations!

What's wrong with you?



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?

This lady is in danger!

Give him something to eat!

Food?

We've all had some.

I won't eat your leftovers!

You're improving.

I'll fight hungry.

Hear that Gascon accent?

Me?

He's one of us!

Stay here. Wait for me.

Why did you come?

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.

I was yours. Your love burned.

Forgive my frivolity of loving first your beauty.

Later, your spirit charmed me and I loved both.

And now?

One side has beaten the other.

I 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.

I just want to be loved for...

For what you've always been loved. This is better.

It used to be.

You don't understand. I love you for what you are.

Less handsome...

I'd love you still. Even without beauty.

Don't!

I mean it.

What? Ugly?

Ugly, I swear.

You're pale!

She loves me no more.

It's you she loves.

All she loves is my soul.

That means you. And you love her.

Me?

You do.

It's true.

Madly.

More than madly.

Tell her! No!

Why? Look at me.

Tell her! No!

Stop tempting me!

I'm tired of being my own rival.

I want her to choose one of us.

You. I hope so.

What is it?

Nothing. Get inside!

What did he say? He's going!

Perhaps he thought I lied.

And did you?

No. I'd love him...

Are you afraid to say it?

I don't mind. If he were ugly?

Even if he were ugly.

Even deformed?

Even deformed.

Were he ridiculous and grotesque, would you love him?

More than ever.

My God.

So, perhaps, after all, happiness...

What?

Listen, Roxane... I want to...

He's not dead.

I told her everything. It's you she loves.

Get her away!

Stay with me!

The fight is on!

His letter...

You alone knew him.

Wasn't he a marvellous spirit?

A supreme, lovable poet?

A 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?

I'm here.

Sister Marthe stole a plum this morning!

That's very wrong.

Calumny is a sin.

It was tiny.

I'll tell monsieur Cyrano.

I've made him an angel cake.

He's a bad Catholic.

We'll convert him.

I forbid you to meddle with that matter.

Don't torment him. He may stop coming.

But God...

Don't worry. God knows all about him.

He says, every Saturday: "Sister, I ate meat yesterday."

He says that? Every time.

Last Saturday, he hadn't eaten for two whole days.

Even dead, you love him?

It seems only part of him is dead.

Our hearts are together.

His love is alive, around me.

Ah, here's Le Bret.

Does he come often?

Your grace...

He won't be here until seven.

Who won't? Cyrano.

Oh... him.

How is he?

Not well.

He exaggerates.

I 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.

Farewell. I'll show you out.

Sometimes, I envy him.

When your life has been a success... without having any real sins... you feel a slight disgust within but no real remorse.

Just a faint discomfort.

The ducal robes of fur sweep up the stairs of state... with a rustle of lost illusions... and regret.

You're philosophical.

Monsieur Le Bret. May I have a word?

No one dares attack him, but he's hated.

Someone said to me yesterday: "Cyrano could die by accident."

Warn him to be careful and stay indoors.

A doctor, monsieur! Get a doctor!

Will you stay with him?

I'll be back.

The clock's struck. He should be here.

He'll come. He always does.

There he is!

I'm running out of wool.

These faded colours! How can I match them?

Late for the first time in fourteen years.

I know. It makes me mad.

I was delayed, in fact, by an importunate visitor.

An annoying one?

Yes, but not unexpected.

You sent him away?

Yes, I said:

"Sorry but today is Saturday.

"I have a regular appointment to keep.

"I dare not miss it. Come back in an hour."

He'll have to wait. I won't let you go... until it's dark.

I may have to leave earlier.

No teasing Sister Marthe?

Sister Marthe, come here!

Those lovely downcast eyes!

What's wrong?

Nothing.

I 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. I promise I'm not.

Tell me the news of the week.

It's time for my gazette.

Saturday the nineteenth...



After eight helpings of ginger... the King, by the lancet, was put out of danger.

Sunday, the Queen gave a ball and burned... seven hundred and sixty-three white  
wax candles.

Our troops vanquished John of Austria on Monday.

Four witches were hung.

The same day, Madame d'Athis's dog had an enema...

That will do!

Tuesday... nothing.

Lygdamire has a new lover.

Thursday... the court was in Fontainebleau.

Friday the twenty-fifth...

La Mancini, the dark one... said "no" at dawn and "yes" at dusk.

And Saturday... the twenty-sixth...

Don't worry, it's nothing.

Come on.

It's my wound from Arras... sometimes... you know...

My poor friend!

It's nothing.

It will go.

It'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.

His letter!

Didn't you say that one day... you'd let me read it?

You really want to? His letter?

I want to... Today...

Here you are.

Can I open it?

Open it.

Read it.

Roxane, farewell, for I must die.

Out loud?

Later today, I think, my dove.

My heart is heavy with unexpressed love.

And I'm dying!

Never more, never more will my captivated eyes... that gaze...

How you read it! which adored such moments, will no longer embrace... your every movement.

I can see one now you often make... when you brush your hair away.

I cry out...

You read it in such a way...

And now I cry out: "Goodbye".

You read it...

My dear, my darling... with a voice... my love... with a voice... which I've heard somewhere before.

My heart never left you for one second.

I am and will be in the next world... the one who loved you with all his soul.

The one...

How can you read now? It's dark.

It's dark...

It was you.

The way you said my name...

No! It wasn't me!

It was you!

I swear...

I can see your generous imposture.

The letters were yours. No!

The dear, mad words, yours.

The night voice.

I swear not!

That soul was yours!

I didn't love you! You did!

It was him. You loved me!

You're less sure now.

No, no, my dear love, I 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!

Good evening, my friends!

He k\*llled himself to come.

That weakness earlier?

That's right, I didn't finish my gazette.

On Saturday the twenty-sixth, one hour before dinner...

Monsieur de Bergerac was foully and ignobly m\*rder\*d.

What have they done to you?

Fate's a jester.

I always wanted to die in battle.

And here I am k\*llled in an ambush... from behind, by lackeys... with a beam.

So be it. I made a mess of everything, even... my death.

Don't cry so, Ragueneau.

Go and get help!

No, no. Don't go. When you... come back, I'll be gone.

What do you do now, fellow poet? No more cakes?

No, I work for Molière. My friends ruined me...

And your wife left you.

Molière?

What do you do for him?

I snuff out the candles.

I'm leaving him though.

I'm so angry!

Yesterday, during Scapin, a scene was by you.



All of it!

Yes, the famous monologue.

Molière stole it!

He did well...

Was the scene a success?

They laughed and laughed!

My life's work has been to prompt others... and be forgotten.

Remember that night when Christian came to your balcony?

That moment sums up my life.

While I was below in the dark shadows... others climbed up to kiss the sweet rose.

It's only fair.

I say, as death has me in its hooks...

Molière has genius... and Christian had good looks.

Sister! Sister! Help!

No! Don't call anyone!

Let them pray. The bell is ringing.

I've made you so unhappy.

I have! I have!

You? Of course you haven't.

I knew not womanly sweetness.

My mother found me ugly.

I had no sisters.

Later, I feared the mistress with mockery in her eye.

But thanks to you, I have had...

a female friend.

Thanks to you, a dress crossed my life's path.

I love you!

Live!

It's too late, cousin.

I must go up... to the opaline moon.

Many of those I love are in exile up there.

I'll see Socrates... and Galileo.

Philosopher and scientist... poet, musician and duellist... and traveller in space.

Witty conversationalist... and lover too, too unlucky in love...

Here lies Hercule-Savinien... de Cyrano de Bergerac... who was all... and who was nothing.

I'm leaving now.

Sorry...

I 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?

It's useless? I know.

A man doesn't fight to win.

It's better when the fight is in vain.

Who are they all?

There's a horde of them.

Ah, I know you. All my old enemies!

Falsehood.

Cowardice.

Compromise.

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.

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