

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**

# **CYRANO, FROM NOWHERE**

A Play

by **Mahonri Stewart**



Newport, Maine

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## **CYRANO FROM NOWHERE**

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Note on Casting: **3f 5m**

Only Cyrano, Roxanne, Christian, and Guy are single cast. The rest of the roles are divided among four other actors (2 male and 2 female). Age is flexible among the various actors, but should probably be somewhere between their 20s and 40s.

**Cyrano (m)**

**Christian (m)**

**Roxanne (f)**

**Guy (m)**

**Actor One: (m)**— Actor One, Collective 1, Soldier 1, Starship Officer 2, Prisoner 1

**Actor Two: (f)** — Plays Actor Three, Heather, Collective 3

**Actor Three: (m)** — Plays Actor Two, Monty, Collective 4, Soldier 4

**Actor Four: (f)** — Actor Four, Collective 2, Soldier 2, Starship Officer 1, and Prisoner

**CHARACTERS for ENSEMBLE CASTING (2f, 3m)**

CYRANO, male

ACTOR ONE, female — Plays ROXANNE, Actor 1, Collective 1, Soldier 1, Starship Officer 1, and Prisoner 1

ACTOR TWO, male — Plays CHRISTIAN, Actor 2, Collective 3, Soldier 2, Starship Officer 2, Prisoner 2

ACTOR THREE, female — Plays Actor Three, Heather

ACTOR FOUR, male — Plays GUY, Monty, Collective 4, Soldier 4

**CYRANO FROM NOWHERE** by Mahonri Stewart. RUN TIME: 2 hours. CAST SIZE: 7 (3f, 5m) OR CAST OF 5: (2f, 3m) *Cyrano, From Nowhere* is a meaningful, metaphysical comedy, the classic story of Cyrano that is turned on its ... nose. With strong sci-fi elements, the play explores the classic story with new insight, humor, and romance, all while keeping the iconic love triangle of Cyrano, Roxanne, and Christian intact. Cyrano, the man with the big nose and the sharp tongue, seeks meaning and love in his life, but he does not go unchallenged or critiqued as a cyborg alien species and a jealous, nearly omnipotent being interrupt his search. **ORDER #3302**

**MAHONRI STEWART** is an award winning writer and educator. He has written over two dozen plays, most of which have been produced throughout the U.S. and Europe, including productions in Los Angeles, Scotland, and Switzerland. In 2004, his premiere play *Farewell to Eden* won the Kennedy Center's American College Theater Festival's National Playwriting Award (Second Place) and their National Selection Team Fellowship Award. Since then he has received numerous other awards and honors and continues to expand his writing into various mediums, including screenplays, comics, poetry, and novels. He received his MFA degree in Dramatic Writing from Arizona State University. He received his bachelors degree in Theatre Arts from Utah Valley University. He's a former Playwright in Residence at the Noorda Regional Theater for Children and Youth.

## Act One

**PROLOGUE:** *The set is not set. At least not in time, nor place. It can be re-arranged, it can be moved, it can be transformed. But one thing it must never be, and I emphatically mean never, is boring or meaningless. The costumes are also not set. At least not in time nor culture. The costumes can draw from the past, from the future, maybe even from the present, at least if the present doesn't mean "modern." As long as there is style and meaning in the characters' clothes, as long as the actors are revelations and visions in their costumes. Although the play may draw from minimal materials, it certainly must not be minimalist. In these matters, I place no other restrictions. And even these restrictions are subject to revision.*

*(CYRANO appears, from Nowhere. Cyrano has one fixed feature... his overlarge nose. It is not up for debate, it is not just a matter of his being self-conscious over a trifle... his nose really is VERY big.)*

**CYRANO:** "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

*(GUY enters.)*

**GUY:** None of your preaching here, Cyrano!

**CYRANO:** Preaching! You monstrosity of metaphysical mass, this is just the epigraph!

**GUY:** The Theatre has become a secular institution.

**CYRANO:** Secular institution, indeed! You brain dead beetle, the theatre began as a spiritual celebration of Dionysus. Theatre literally was a *god!*

**GUY:** Then go back to the superstition of the Greeks, you dinosaur! There's no place for you here.

**CYRANO:** Wait. I have another quote: "Have we not been in error in demanding from our playwrights personages who do not transcend our common actions any more than our common speech... Art delights in the exception, for it delights in the soul expressing itself according to its own laws and arranging the world about in its own pattern." William Butler Yeats.

**GUY:** Even in your epigraph, you're wordy. Say something clear and concise for once, you windbag. In common language.

**CYRANO:** *(in defiance)* "There's an inherent lyricism behind the way people speak. I've heard my grandmother and my sister speak very poetically at times. But, more than anything, I'm always aware that I'm dealing with an art form, and theatre is art, and art should be heightened, and one should rise above the norm. Through the poetic, I find the spiritual." Nilo Cruz.

**GUY:** All right, stop there. At least adhere to the rule of three.

**CYRANO:** *(warming to a crescendo)* “Tell me the truth, if you think you know it, lay down the law, if you're feeling brave. But, Daleks, never, ever tell me the rules!” Steven Moffatt... *Doctor Who!*

**GUY:** Quoting science-fiction? How pedestrian!

**CYRANO:** You want common language, you pestilence of pustulance? Then I will give it to you: Get your censoring ass out of here! This is *my* play and *my* epigraph!

**GUY:** Not if I have anything to do with it.

*(Exit GUY.)*

**CYRANO:** *(yelling after Guy)* Sneering, as if from a melodrama!

**GUY:** *(from off stage)* Melodrama! You're one to talk!

**CYRANO:** Neanderthal!

**GUY:** *(still O.S.)* Relic!

*(CYRANO turns back to the audience.)*

**CYRANO:** I am Cyrano. You may have heard that I am a Frenchman, born in Paris. Others say that I was a Gascon from Bergerac. Or descended from a Sardonian fishmonger. None of it is true. I belong to no country, to no person. I am self-existent. I was not created, and I cannot be destroyed. I am from Nowhere.

*(Blackout.)*

**SCENE ONE:** *Four ACTORS (two male and two female), including ACTOR FOUR playing MONTY, are prepping for a performance. Three of the actors are grouped together, looking back at Monty, who is aloof.*

**ACTOR ONE:** You don't think we'll actually go on, do you?

**ACTOR TWO:** How can we not? We can't just cow tow to that kind of belligerence.

**ACTOR THREE:** But Cyrano said...

**ACTOR TWO:** Our company doesn't take orders from Cyrano...

**ACTOR THREE:** He did start the company...

**ACTOR TWO:** And was voted off. Company by-laws clearly allow...

**ACTOR ONE:** I think I want to change my vote.

**ACTOR THREE:** I voted to keep him on in the first place.

**ACTOR TWO:** I can't believe what I'm hearing. Do you remember the tyrant that man was?

**ACTOR ONE:** He was opinionated, sure, but...

**ACTOR TWO:** Opinionated! Opinionated doesn't draw out a sword during a— a— minor disagreement!

**ACTOR ONE:** In his defense, you did change his script...

**ACTOR TWO:** I improved upon it! Nobody was going to understand that gobbledygook.

**ACTOR ONE:** How did that wound on your ass heal, by the way?

**ACTOR TWO:** (*bitterly*) There's still a scar— He gives me a scar and you dare defend him!

**ACTOR ONE:** He's maybe a little passive aggressive, sure.

**ACTOR TWO:** Passive-aggressive! I would have loved to see the passive side to him.

**ACTOR ONE:** Maybe that *was* the passive side.

**ACTOR TWO:** Lovely!

**ACTOR THREE:** You and Monty were always antagonizing him. He can actually be a really sweet guy.

**ACTOR TWO:** Were you two going out or something?

**ACTOR THREE:** I wish!

**ACTOR TWO:** (*shocked*) Seriously? That monstrosity?

**ACTOR THREE:** Oh, you mean the nose.

**ACTOR TWO:** Don't you find it hideous?

**ACTOR THREE:** Oh, what a man could do to me with such a nose!

**ACTOR TWO:** Don't make me sick...

**ACTOR ONE:** For me it wasn't the nose...

**ACTOR TWO:** Not you, too!

**ACTOR ONE:** It's how he talked. How he treated me...

**ACTOR TWO:** He treated me horribly...

**ACTOR ONE:** There was this... this... sensitivity to him.

**ACTOR TWO:** Sensitivity! Didn't I just say that he gave me a scar on my ass?!

**ACTOR THREE:** You kind of deserved it.

**ACTOR TWO:** Oh, that's nice.

*(MONTY rises.)*

**MONTY:** All right, everyone, I expect us to be fully professional today. It's opening night. There are to be no pranks or...

**ACTOR THREE:** Pranks? We're not amateurs...

**MONTY:** *(pointed at Actor Three)* And I don't like the disloyalty that seems to have been breeding among the company.

**ACTOR THREE:** And *who* are we supposed to be loyal to?

**ACTOR TWO:** To each other, of course. Right, Monty?

**MONTY:** Sure.

**ACTOR THREE:** Oh, brother...

**MONTY:** See, this is exactly what I was talking about! We need... we need unity! We need to trust the vision. We need to trust the work.

**ACTOR THREE:** You mean your vision. Your work.

**MONTY:** I don't know what you mean. This production was devised.

*(Exit MONTY.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** The playwright is dead... long live the playwright!

**ACTOR ONE:** When I voted, I really did think things would be more democratic. That was the point, wasn't it?

**ACTOR THREE:** "Power abhors a vacuum."

**MONTY:** *(O.S.)* Places!

**ACTOR TWO:** *(sighs)* I must admit, I really do hate this play.

*(The ACTORS exit.)*

**SCENE TWO:** *MONTY re-enters, in performance mode.*

**MONTY:** In the beginning... there was the Collective!

*(The three other ACTORS appear, gathering around Monty, performing the (somewhat ridiculous) movement of a creative digestion.)*

And out of the beautiful ooze of the Collective rose the Prime Directive.

*(Monty rises from the rest of the jumbled movement of the rest of the group, ala Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus.")*

**ACTORS ONE, TWO, THREE:** Adore the beauty of the Prime Directive! All adore!

**MONTY:** *(as the Prime Directive)* I thank you and I give you liberty from the belligerence of your former masters. I shall rip out their tongues and feed them to you and we shall feast upon the fat things!

**ACTORS ONE, TWO, THREE:** Feast upon the flesh of the tyrants!

**MONTY:** We shall all be equals at the feast! There is no master here, no artistic director— and certainly no playwright! No man behind the curtain! We are all in front of the curtain!

**ACTORS ONE, TWO, THREE:** In front of the curtain!

**MONTY:** There are no more false miracles or constraining visions... just the rising Collective! And the glorious Prime Directive!

**ACTORS ONE, TWO, THREE:** The rising Collective! The glorious Prime Directive!

**MONTY:** And after feasting upon the tongue, we shall delightfully chew on the corpse's— nose!

**ACTORS ONE, TWO, THREE:** Nose!

*(CYRANO stands, among the audience.)*

**CYRANO:** Oh, that's subtle, you rabble rousing, gelatinous jelly-fish!

**MONTY:** *(whispering to the other Actors)* Just ignore him and go on with the show.

**ACTOR THREE:** *(raising her fist in the air)* Hallo, Cyrano!

**MONTY:** Where's the loyalty?!

**ACTOR THREE:** *(ecstatically to the audience, as if in a rally)* The Rebellion hates rebels! Anti-conformists demand conformity!

**MONTY:** *(trying to regain the performance)* Uh... Uhm, after feasting on the tongue, we shall chew on the...

**CYRANO:** ...nose!

*(CYRANO walks up onto the stage, revealing that he is now in full 17th century French regalia, typical of how he is portrayed in other works... complete with stiff neck ruff. He was not wearing this when we first saw him in the Prologue/Epigraph.)*

I do suppose you mean *my* ever present, ever faithful, nostrilled companion, don't you?

**MONTY:** The themes and characters of this production have no relation to anyone living or dead, but are fictional creations of...

**CYRANO:** Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to sue you!

*(CYRANO whips out his blade)*



At least not in a court of law.

**ACTOR TWO:** Should we do something?

**ACTOR ONE:** Are you kidding? Now I call *this* a devised performance!

**CYRANO:** So, Monty, are there any other jabs in the play about my cranial anatomy?

**MONTY:** *(going back to the performance, hopelessly trying to ignore Cyrano, and most especially that sword!)* ...we shall delightfully chew on the corpse's— nose! That huge turnip in the center of his face.

**CYRANO:** And?

**MONTY:** *(breaking character)* And? What do you mean by “and”?

**CYRANO:** There's nothing more? Just... turnip?

**MONTY:** Not all of us feel the need to incessantly run on, as you do.

**CYRANO:** This is what you get when you bring on an untrained, uninspired diva to write dialogue!

**MONTY:** Oh, you mean my believable speech? My naturalism?

**CYRANO:** Naturalism!

*(CYRANO takes a swipe at Monty, which MONTY barely avoids, with a cry of terror.)*

You would cure the world's sickness with naturalism? With more of the same mindless onslaught that they get every day?

**ACTOR ONE:** For the record, I actually found nothing natural about our performance.

**MONTY:** Shut up, you!

*(CYRANO delivers another casual swipe, which MONTY again barely avoids.)*

**CYRANO:** We have been bestowed with the high priesthood of speech, and you would have us stutter and mumble our ways through life, with tourniquets on our tongues? In a performance, we have been given the blessed opportunity to sit back and choose our words carefully and artfully, absent of creativity killing social pressure and the monotonous chatter of the moment, and all you can come up with is a damned, hellish turnip!

*(Another swipe.)*

**MONTY:** See, see this! This is why people think you're hard to work with!

**CYRANO:** If you had trusted one of the more able and witty members of your company to sit down and...

**MONTY:** *My* company? We are a collect...

**CYRANO:** You are not fooling anyone! It is your orbit they circle! You are obviously the roaring leviathan behind the destruction of this theatrical vessel.

**MONTY:** Now that is not true!

*(to the other Actors)*

Right?

**ACTOR ONE:** It kind of is true, actually.

**MONTY:** It's... it's not about the final product, it's about the process.

*(CYRANO tears off his ruff collar and throws it at Monty.)*

**CYRANO:** If the final product is soaking trash, then the process was soaking trash!

**MONTY:** Watch it! And what the hell are you wearing, by the way?

**CYRANO:** What do you mean?

**MONTY:** Pretentious much?

**CYRANO:** And here you are again, wanting to nail me down to this time and this place. No such thing shall bind me...

*(The set rumbles and begins to shift.)*

In the world of my play, I can surpass space and I can bypass time.

I need no gatekeepers or sentinels to box up my soul and send it to a forwarding address if I offend the mob of the Committee or the inquisition of the Academy.

*(CYRANO tears off the outer layer of his clothes to reveal a very different outfit underneath.)*

Your tailors and your inspectors and your critics want to slash me down, make me swallowable, when I would rather choke in their throats to let them know that I cannot be swallowed. I am not your toy to play with and my voice, though braying and loud and obnoxious, is still *my* voice! It will not be made to fit neatly into your *collective*!

**MONTY:** And still you have the nose of a turnip!

*(The set stops shifting and all look to Monty. A tense silence. Cyrano approaches Monty silently. Monty is trying to be brave, but is definitely intimidated.)*

**CYRANO:** Turnip.

**MONTY:** Yes.

**CYRANO:** So inadequate an attempt. Let us workshop this, shall we? Devise it?

**MONTY:** Uhm...

**CYRANO :** Aggressively:

*(to Actor Two)*

Sir, if you don't trim that branch, I shall. It's smacked me in the face every time you've turned your head!

Innocently:

*(to Actor One)*

My daughter was wondering if it's just a model, or if the plane can really fly.

Flirtatiously:

*(to Actor Three)*

Gosh, it just makes me want to nibble it.

Figuratively:

*(back to Monty)*

When you sneeze, it must be like Mount Saint Helens!

**MONTY:** And, still, you can't adhere to the rule of three! It's so much funnier, if you just contain it to...

**CYRANO:** Contain it? How do you find a container for such a schnozz? I'll fetch a wheelbarrow instead.

*(to Actor Two)*

Oh, excuse me. I needed to wash my hands and mistook you for the sink.

Mythically:

*(to Actor One)*

I have found it, I have found it! The sword in the stone!

*(Pause.)*

**MONTY:** Are you actually done? *Finally* done?

**CYRANO:** *(to Actor Two)*

*(beat)*

Religiously:

My pilgrimage is over... the dome of the rock!

Politely:

*(to Actor One)*

Can you please move your nose a bit? I'm trying to watch the show.

Literarily:

*(out to the audience)*

Captain Ahab, ready the harpoon... *there she blows!*

*(The ACTORS minus Monty, applaud.)*

**ACTOR TWO:** Can I try a few?

**CYRANO:** Not if you value your ears.

**ACTOR TWO:** *(to Actor One)* See, my contributions are never valued.

**ACTOR ONE:** *(to Actor Three)* What did you think?

**ACTOR THREE:** Me? I'm just really turned on right now.

**MONTY:** Cyrano, please, put down the blade.

**CYRANO:** We each have a weapon at our disposal. I will put down the blade if you put down your performance.

**MONTY:** You must understand, you're a writer yourself...

**CYRANO:** Yes, and as a writer I am appalled at this monstrosity you dare call a play.

**MONTY:** Be reasonable.

**CYRANO:** I am being reasonable. You have cut me down before, but this time I am prepared for you. I won't let you slice me anymore, not without drawing blood myself.

**MONTY:** You're... you're being metaphorical, right?

**CYRANO:** You can test that theory, if you feel so inclined.

**MONTY:** Erm...

**CYRANO:** However, I am of the opinion that one should suffer for his art. Especially when it's bad.

**MONTY:** Ah... ah... ahhhh!

*(MONTY runs off stage, exiting. CYRANO puts away his sword.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** Does this mean you're back in the company?

**CYRANO:** No, no, I have a better idea. I remember your work being quite good. I suggest that *you* become the playwright in residence.

**ACTOR THREE:** Me?

**CYRANO:** No more writing by committees! All in favor?

**ALL:** Aye!

*(Exit ACTORS ONE and TWO.)*

**CYRANO:** The eyes have it. Now go create something from your heart, my friend, untainted by anybody else's oversight.

*(ACTOR THREE kisses Cyrano on the cheek.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** You are the most beautiful man I have ever met.

**CYRANO:** If beauty were something that could be weighed, perhaps my nose would make that true.

*(ACTOR THREE kisses Cyrano's nose.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** It is my favorite part of you. But I can keep kissing other places, if you want.

**CYRANO:** Ah... no, dear lady. As flattered as I am, my heart has only ever belonged to one woman.

**ACTOR THREE:** Then she is like the Madonna in the presence of Gabriel. I hope she appreciates your light.

**CYRANO:** It is well known that I am no angel.

**ACTOR THREE:** That's not true. For tonight you delivered us... from that awful play!

**CYRANO:** Thank glory for that.

**ACTOR THREE:** This lady of yours... she must be something stunning.

**CYRANO:** Yes. Stunning.

**ACTOR THREE:** I know you consider yourself something of a heretic... but I will pray for you and her.

**CYRANO:** I will never reject a sincere, well considered prayer. Especially from a friend.

**ACTOR THREE:** Thank you again. For everything.

*(ACTOR THREE exits. CYRANO looks after them thoughtfully, before ROXANNE enters.)*

**ROXANNE:** Cyrano!

**CYRANO:** Roxanne?

*(CYRANO turns to Roxanne, stunned. The set shifts violently, until ROXANNE speaks again, at which everything becomes still.)*

**ROXANNE:** You look displeased to see me, my friend.

**CYRANO:** You? No, never displeased. Just shocked. A man doesn't expect to see a woman just as he was thinking of her.

**ROXANNE:** Thinking of me? After that upheaval of a performance, why on earth would *I* be on your mind?

**CYRANO:** Uhm... you saw the play then?

**ROXANNE:** *(laughs)* Oh, is that what it was called?

**CYRANO:** You have always had impeccable taste and discernment.

**ROXANNE:** Either that, or we're both snobs.

**CYRANO:** That is always a distinct possibility. But then we're both snobs with impeccable taste and discernment.

**ROXANNE:** Well, you're the one who coached me.

**CYRANO:** My lessons only cultivated the keen mind that was already there. I received your manuscript the other day, by the way.

**ROXANNE:** Oh good, I was going to ask. When you get a chance to read it, please, let me know what you...

**CYRANO:** I have already read it.

**ROXANNE:** You have?

**CYRANO:** I read it as soon as I took it out of the package.

**ROXANNE:** You did?

**CYRANO:** All in one sitting.

**ROXANNE:** That's not possible. It's a very long...

**CYRANO:** All in one sitting.

**ROXANNE:** Oh. And?

**CYRANO:** And I loved every word.

**ROXANNE:** Now I know you're just flattering me.

**CYRANO:** When have you known me to flatter *anyone*, Roxanne? I tell you, it is a work of art.

**ROXANNE:** Are we talking about the same manuscript? It's science fiction... hardly high art.

**CYRANO:** And why can't high art have adventure and sophisticated alien races and a stunningly tragic, but romantic ending that made me weep, despite being set on Venus?

**ROXANNE:** So you did read it.

**CYRANO:** As I said, I don't throw around words unless I truly mean them. Language means too much to me to use it in vain like that.

**ROXANNE:** But I showed it to some friends, and they said...

**CYRANO:** These friends... you like what they write?

**ROXANNE:** Oh, they're not writers.

**CYRANO:** You really relate with them then? Trust their opinions? Admire their minds? Have similar tastes and ideals?

**ROXANNE:** Oh no, we argue about everything and they're... well, I wouldn't say we're even friends, not exactly. We work together and go out for drinks sometimes and we started talking about my story, and they said they wanted to read it... as a kind of lark. But I think elements of it offended them and they....

**CYRANO:** Stop right there. Forget everything those moronic, masticating minions told you.

**ROXANNE:** You really like it?

**CYRANO:** It was like I was hearing it in your voice. As if you were telling me the most intimate parts of your psyche, without fear or hesitation. It reminded me of our talks after your lessons, and you would open up to me and... trust me with your most real, most passionate voice.

**ROXANNE:** My real voice... disguised by science fiction.

**CYRANO:** Disguise? No, no, such a landscape allowed you to throw off the cloak and mask! You think the

soul can be accurately portrayed with the hum drum of day to day? You think high art must be wrought out of plungers and lawn mowers and the gossip of neighbors?

*(The set shifts again, forming the landscape of the moon, either in a literal sense or an impressionistic one.)*

This world is not enough to contain the splendor of your soul. It needs to launch up into that sky so that it has the celestial landscape to grow into a goddess of galaxies and a lover of planetary bodies.

**ROXANNE:** Cyrano, can you do me a favor?

**CYRANO:** Anything.

**ROXANNE:** Speak at my funeral.

*(pause, taking in the landscape)*

Where are we?

**CYRANO:** You inspired me.

**ROXANNE:** And so you made the moon?

**CYRANO:** Yes. For you.

**ROXANNE:** You never cease to amaze me. What else can you do?

**CYRANO:** Look under your dress.

**ROXANNE:** What?!

**CYRANO:** You'll find something new underneath.

**ROXANNE:** Really, I think I would know if I had...

*(becomes curious and peeks into her clothing)*

Oh my.

*(ROXANNE enthusiastically takes off her top layer of clothing to reveal an exciting sci-fi costume underneath.)*

How is this even possible?

**CYRANO:** You created a new world for me when I read your work. I am only returning the favor.

*(CYRANO goes over to a part of the moon landscape and takes from behind it two space helmets. He puts one on and hands the other to Roxanne.)*

Here. Put this on.

**ROXANNE:** Why?

**CYRANO:** Because there is no air on the moon.

*(ROXANNE suddenly gasps, not able to breathe.)*

Put it on!

*(ROXANNE puts on the helmet and is now able to breathe.)*

**ROXANNE:** What are you trying to do, kill me?!

**CYRANO:** Next time follow instructions!

**ROXANNE:** Cyrano... you totally spoil me. I have such high expectations of men because of you.

**CYRANO:** Good.

**ROXANNE:** But there is this one person...

**CYRANO:** What?

**ROXANNE:** There was a reason I came to you today. You have been my most trusted mentor and friend. I need your advice.

**CYRANO:** My advice? On what?

**ROXANNE:** On a matter of the heart.

**CYRANO:** Of the heart?

**ROXANNE:** Oh, Cyrano, he's perfect!

**CYRANO:** *(disappointed)* Ah.

**ROXANNE:** His name is Christian. He's a soldier like you. Well, not like you. He's...

**CYRANO:** Handsome?

**ROXANNE :** So handsome.

*(beat)*

Oh! Not that you're not...

**CYRANO:** As you said, not like me.

**ROXANNE:** Cyrano, you know that's not what I...

**CYRANO:** Is he a man of honor? A man of intelligence? A man of depth?

**ROXANNE:** He came highly recommended.

**CYRANO:** You haven't even met him?

**ROXANNE:** I know, I know, it sounds ridiculous. Once upon a time, I would have laughed somebody like me to scorn! But we... we *sort of* met...

**CYRANO:** "Sort of" met? When?

**ROXANNE:** Just now.

**CYRANO:** Just now?

**ROXANNE:** Yes, at the play. He attends plays!



**CYRANO:** Er, yes, I suppose that is a good sign. And you spoke to this man?

**ROXANNE:** Yes! Uhm, no.

**CYRANO:** Which is it?

**ROXANNE:** We spoke with our hearts.

**CYRANO:** Roxanne...

**ROXANNE:** Now, Cyrano, I see you inwardly rolling your eyes...

**CYRANO:** It's not so inward.

**ROXANNE:** Please, listen to me. This moment he and I had... I saw something in that expression of his.

**CYRANO:** Lust?

**ROXANNE:** A soul.

*(CYRANO pauses at this, analyzing Roxanne.)*

**CYRANO:** What if it was all an illusion?

**ROXANNE:** I refuse to believe our souls are an illusion. It's like when King Henry IV rallied his troops to win the day by crying, "Follow my panache!"

**CYRANO:** Panache?

**ROXANNE:** It was a feather in his hat— a white plume. When Christian's eyes and mine met— I understood his panache. His soul. And I followed it.

**CYRANO:** This man caught your heart with a glance?

**ROXANNE:** He caught my heart with the aura of a noble spirit.

**CYRANO:** And what if he ends up being an ignorant dullard?

**ROXANNE:** Not possible. He is the sort of man who was fashioned and animated from the clay of poetry.

**CYRANO:** How can you so blindly trust such an insubstantial feeling?

**ROXANNE:** Not all of us can live in lonely integrity as you do, Cyrano. Some of us need the warmth of a human touch. We need to have faith that love is possible.

*(Enter GUY.)*

**GUY:** Cyrano, you can't just keep changing the landscape on a whim!

*(sees Roxanne)*

Oh. Roxanne.

**ROXANNE:** Now, Guy, after the restraining order business, I thought we were clear about our boundaries.

**GUY:** I thought you dropped the restraining order.

**ROXANNE:** It would be very easy to get it re-instated.

**GUY:** No! That won't be necessary. Look, I'm not here for you. I'm here for Cyrano.

**CYRANO:** Joy.

**ROXANNE:** Would you mind if I caught up to you later, my friend?

**CYRANO:** I wouldn't mind at all.

**ROXANNE:** I... I really would like your advice. This is important to me.

**CYRANO:** Anything important to you, my dearest Roxanne, is important to me.

**ROXANNE:** You're the best.

*(ROXANNE kisses Cyrano on the cheek and exits.)*

**GUY:** Now there goes one sexy fox.

**CYRANO:** I'll castrate you, foul imp, if you say another thing about her.

**GUY:** Come on, Cyrano, lighten up. I'm sure that even a gargoyle like you would clamor at the chance to get into her...

**CYRANO:** You're on the moon, Guy.

**GUY:** Yeah, so?

**CYRANO:** You can't breathe.

*(GUY suddenly gasps for air. CYRANO, taking his time, goes back to find another space helmet while GUY desperately languishes for air. Once he has found another helmet, CYRANO strolls back to Guy and crouches in front of his sprawling body, but not yet offering Guy the helmet.)*

Let us make one thing clear, you grating orangutang: you are not to speak about Roxanne to me in any capacity or form. As far as you are concerned, she is as holy as Mount Sinai, and not to be defiled your filthy touches, gazes, or thoughts. Do you understand?

*(GUY nods vigorously. CYRANO reluctantly hands Guy the helmet and GUY gets it on quickly. He breathes in deeply and slowly climbs to his feet again.)*

**GUY:** Someday I'll make you regret that.

**CYRANO:** I suppose you came here to do more than make worthless, worm eaten threats, Guy.

**GUY:** You may have your little fan club, impressing even lovely ladies like Roxanne...

*(CYRANO lifts his sword.)*

Oh, come on, can't I even say her name?!

**CYRANO:** No.

*(GUY lifts up his hands relenting.)*

**GUY:** You are making many more enemies than friends.

**CYRANO:** Popularity is not a luxury the honest can afford.

**GUY:** You can't afford it because you don't try for it! A little tact, a little diplomacy can go a long way.

**CYRANO:** Diplomacy is a silencing agent. It is what the powerful demand of others, but never require of themselves.

**GUY:** Be reasonable!

**CYRANO:** Reason! Reason is a tangled path in the forest with no end and no beginning. Reason is a completely subjective experience which in the end is a mirage that shifts with one's point of view. One person's reason is another's lunacy.

**GUY:** Then what can be relied on?

**CYRANO:** The only thing any of us can ever rely upon... personal integrity. It is a poor crutch, but at least an honorable one.

**GUY:** Look, philosophize to the moon if you want...

**CYRANO:** *(looking around)* I suppose we have already done that.

**GUY:** ...but it will not win you any favors in the here and now, among men and powers. Look, you know that I don't like you, but I'm not... I'm not heartless.

**CYRANO:** What are you talking about?

**GUY:** That actress you named as your successor...

**CYRANO:** What about her?

**GUY:** Hell, Cyrano, Monty had powerful patrons!

*(CYRANO draws his sword.)*

**CYRANO:** Tell me what you are blabbering about, you half-hearted hairball, unless you want a shaving.

**GUY:** I'll say this... you are not the only one who is affected by your actions.

**CYRANO:** If I find out you had anything to do with this, Guy, you will meet with a pointed form of justice.

*(Exit CYRANO.)*

**GUY:** You could have done well under my patronage, Cyrano... but the spurned have no pity.

*(Exit GUY.)*

**SCENE THREE:** *ACTOR THREE* is walking on her way home when a set of lighted, unearthly, frightening eyes appear from the darkness. *ACTOR THREE* cannot see them at first, but senses something is off. She stops, listening. Suddenly dozens of the lighted eyes appear in the darkness. *ACTOR THREE* turns and, upon seeing them, stifles a scream. Enter *ACTOR FOUR* as Monty again.

**MONTY:** Hail the new playwright!

**ACTOR THREE:** Monty?

**MONTY:** Oh, you still deign to know me, do you?

**ACTOR THREE:** What are those things?

**MONTY:** My patrons. The Collective.

*(Enter ACTORS ONE and TWO, as the terrifying alien species known as the COLLECTIVE.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** You... you've betrayed us all.

**MONTY:** Betrayed? No. Don't see this as an invasion, but a bridge of opportunity. They are not conquering colonists, but heroes. We are about to enter a new age of cooperation and peace. No war. No poverty. No conflict. We'll finally be one global community.

**ACTOR THREE:** At what cost?

**MONTY:** Nothing that was important anyway.

*(to the COLLECTIVE)*

I am ready.

*(The COLLECTIVE approach Monty. COLLECTIVE 1 takes out an overly large, terrifying, futuristic surgical tool.)*

**COLLECTIVE 1:** This will hurt a bit.

*(COLLECTIVE 1 plunges the tool into Monty. MONTY screams in horrible pain. COLLECTIVE 1 tries to yank it out again, but it doesn't budge. MONTY stops screaming. Beat, as all look to the tool.)*

**COLLECTIVE 2:** We think it's stuck.

**COLLECTIVE 1:** Maybe if We...

**COLLECTIVE 2:** ...turn it a bit that way...

**COLLECTIVE 1:** ...that will just damage his...

**COLLECTIVE 2:** ...get Our fingers in there...

**COLLECTIVE 1:** Did We wash our hands?

**COLLECTIVE 2:** We can see in Our mind as well as We can...

**COLLECTIVE 1:** ... We must focus or We'll permanently damage him...

**COLLECTIVE 2:** ...there are Others to...

**BOTH COLLECTIVE:** ...invite.

*(They both look to ACTOR THREE.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** Don't even think about it, Borg bait.

*(The COLLECTIVE now have better luck with the surgical tool in Monty.)*

**BOTH COLLECTIVE:** Ah! We see it!

*(MONTY recommences his screaming. The COLLECTIVE tear out the tool. They have extricated Monty's soul.)*

**COLLECTIVE 1:** His is smaller than We expected...

**COLLECTIVE 2:** ...cut it into...

**COLLECTIVE 1:** ...two pieces...

**COLLECTIVE 2:** ... and through Us...

**BOTH COLLECTIVE:** ...it will feed the entire Collective.

*(COLLECTIVE 1 tears Monty's soul in half and hands COLLECTIVE 2 the other half. In sync they eat Monty's soul. ACTOR THREE tries to run, but COLLECTIVE 1 restrains her. In the meantime, COLLECTIVE 2 re-fashions Monty into COLLECTIVE 4, who stands and approaches ACTOR THREE.)*

**COLLECTIVE 4:** We don't want you to be afraid. We will take away selfishness. We will take away ambition. We will take away envy. We will take away vanity.

**ACTOR THREE:** And what is left?

**COLLECTIVE 4:** Unity.

**ACTOR THREE:** Love?

**ALL THE COLLECTIVE:** When all is the same, there is no need for love. It's rendered obsolete.

*(CYRANO appears, out of nowhere.)*

**CYRANO:** *Life* is obsolete without love.

**ACTOR THREE:** Cyrano, get out of here!

**CYRANO:** Now I may have forgiven you taking Monty into your mutual belly... he wasn't using his soul much anyway. But this choice woman of intelligent individuality? That, I can't abide.

**ALL THE COLLECTIVE:** We know you. You are not compatible.

**CYRANO:** Is that supposed to be insulting?

**COLLECTIVE 4:** It is merely a fact. Your soul is too big, it would overwhelm us.

**CYRANO:** *(tapping the side of his nose)* And let me guess where that soul is stored?

**COLLECTIVE 4:** What cannot be digested by Us, must be eradicated.

*(The COLLECTIVE take out their laser guns and point them at Cyrano.)*

**ACTOR THREE:** Cyrano, what are you still doing here? There's hundreds of them!

**CYRANO:** No, merely one hundred and one. I counted. A mere morsel.

**ACTOR THREE:** Leave.

**CYRANO:** Not without you.

**ACTOR THREE:** I am not your lady love—what do I mean to you? You don't even remember my name.

**CYRANO:** Of course I do.

**ACTOR THREE:** You haven't called me by my name since you left the Company. I'm not insulted. You are the Great Cyrano, the larger than life artist, the name above the line. You are the one who garners the attention. The rest of us are not *supposed* to be remembered.

*(CYRANO takes out his sword, which is revealed to be less period blade and more light saber. With it he kills COLLECTIVE 1, who was restraining ACTOR THREE. He then attacks the other two Collectives, dodging and deflecting their laser shots, and ultimately killing them. CYRANO approaches ACTOR THREE.)*

**CYRANO:** Heather. Your name is Heather. And you are not only a brilliant actress, but a playwright in your own right. I want to see the visions your unique mind will help produce.

*(ACTOR THREE (HEATHER) picks up the deceased COLLECTIVE 1's gun.)*

**HEATHER:** Want a super hero team up?

**CYRANO:** Excelsior!

*(They BOTH turn to the lighted eyes of the rest of the COLLECTIVE and attack.)*

*(Blackout.)*

**SCENE FOUR:** *CYRANO appears in a spotlight in the darkness. With dramatic music, he lifts his hands and, like a conductor at a symphony, CYRANO creates the new environment... a Local Bakery. Enter*

GUY.

**GUY:** And what is this supposed to be?

**CYRANO:** It is where the soldiers gather... the local bakery.

**GUY:** A bakery?

**CYRANO:** Are you prejudiced against pastries?

**GUY:** Wouldn't a tavern be more apropos?

**CYRANO:** Taverns are cliché. I prefer to break bread.

**GUY:** You're impossible!

*(Exit GUY. A group enters. CYRANO and HEATHER act as if they have soldiers gathered around in front of them as they elaborate on their deeds of derring do. ACTOR FOUR is the only visible one of these soldiers, while ROXANNE also watches on, with CYRANO especially focusing his attention on her. Unseen in the back, cloaked, but listening is the handsome and rugged CHRISTIAN. Everyone stuffs themselves with breads, pastries, donuts, etc.)*

**CYRANO:** And there we were, surrounded by hundreds of aliens...

**HEATHER:** You told me 101 aliens. You counted.

**CYRANO:** All right... 101 of the vicious, ferocious Collective, aliens hungry for our souls.

**HEATHER:** Cyrano brandished his sword...

**CYRANO:** ...Heather grabbed a laser pistol...

**HEATHER:** ...and against these impossible odds...

**CYRANO:** ...we charged forward...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...noses in the air!

*(Everyone stops tensely. They look at the hooded man, and then back at Cyrano, waiting to see Cyrano's infamous temper arise.)*

**CYRANO:** Sir, you would be wise to...

*(As CYRANO touches the hilt of his sword, HEATHER touches him lightly on the arm, trying to placate.)*

**HEATHER:** Cyrano, just ignore him.

*(CYRANO hesitates, but nods.)*

**CYRANO:** As I was saying, we charged forward, laser gun fire covering the whole area...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...and your nose firing in return!

*(Brandishing his sword towards Christian in anger, CHRISTIAN draws his own.)*

**CYRANO:** There's certainly something to be said for turning the other cheek...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...or turning the other nose...

**CYRANO:** ...but this I will not abide! Show your face, you blowhard!

**CHRISTIAN:** I certainly don't blow as hard as you.

*(CHRISTIAN pulls back his hood to reveal his face and blows his nose.)*

**CYRANO:** That's it!

*(CYRANO is about to charge forward, but ROXANNE grabs him by the arm.)*

**ROXANNE:** Cyrano, don't!

**CYRANO:** I will not be mocked!

**ROXANNE:** It's him!

**CYRANO:** Him?

**ROXANNE:** Him. *Him!*

*(It takes CYRANO a moment. He looks at ROXANNE, then CHRISTIAN, and then back to ROXANNE.)*

**CYRANO** Him? Him.

*(beat)*

Oh... Him!

**ROXANNE:** *(whispering)* Please, don't hurt Christian. For me.

*(CYRANO pauses, and then puts away his sword.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** What? The man who fought 101 soul sucking aliens is backing away from a fight?

*(To the group's shock, CYRANO turns away from Christian.)*

**ROXANNE:** Thank you, Cyrano.

*(ROXANNE kisses Cyrano on the cheek, which CHRISTIAN jealously reacts to. Then, just between ROXANNE and CYRANO.)*

I have an appointment I need to be at, but, please, protect him. Don't let him be bullied by the others.

**CYRANO:** You have my word of honor.

**ROXANNE:** There is no more true thing that!

*(ROXANNE hugs Cyrano. Again, CHRISTIAN reacts jealously.)*



I will see you soon, dear friend.

*(ROXANNE then looks longingly at Christian. CHRISTIAN looks away, embarrassed. Exit ROXANNE.)*

**HEATHER:** Cyrano?

**CYRANO:** Where were we?

**HEATHER:** Two against 101.

**CYRANO:** Ah, yes! So there we were against a threat not of this earth. But we charged against them, weapon to weapon, eye to eye...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...nose to nose...

**CYRANO:** ...with no help within sight...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...no help within smell...

**CYRANO:** ...against them, we bared our...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...nostrils!

**CYRANO:** Teeth! We bared our teeth!

**SOLDIER 1:** *(to the other soldiers)* Why is Cyrano letting him do this?

**SOLDIER 2:** I once saw him cut a man's ear for just looking at it!

**SOLDIER 4:** Whatever is going on, it's a delightful change of pace!

**HEATHER:** *(trying to regain the narrative)* They overwhelmed us at first, but then Cyrano vanished without a...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...sneeze!

**HEATHER:** A trace! I was going to say...

**CYRANO:** *(re-gaining composure)* You were going to say that you battled valiantly, my dear, thinking that I must have fallen against the mob of monsters, when...

**HEATHER:** ...Cyrano appeared and the whole earth shook with the power of his sword...

**CHRISTIAN:** ...and the wind blew with his might of his nose! Ah-Choo!

*(CHRISTIAN gets in Cyrano's face with the immense "Ah-Choo"... spit, breath, and snot included. There is utter silence as CYRANO takes out a handkerchief and wipes his face.)*

**CYRANO:** *(quietly)* I need everyone out of here while I speak to this brash, young man.

**SOLDIER 1:** He's quiet.

**SOLDIER 2:** Things are really bad when he is quiet.

**CYRANO:** I said OUT!

*(The SOLDIERS and HEATHER exit in a rush. There is momentary silence as CYRANO and CHRISTIAN stare at each other.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** I am not afraid of you.

*(CYRANO laughs outright.)*

**CYRANO:** Yes, I could see that! Come and have a cinnamon roll, lad!

*(CYRANO sits down and starts eating the pastries, breadstuffs, etc.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** *(confused)* I... I am not a lad!

**CYRANO:** And you wanted to show Roxanne how you could act like a man, is that it?

**CHRISTIAN:** If I am so transparent, then let me say that I am not afraid to fight for love!

**CYRANO:** And, if that's the tactic you insist on pursuing, fighting will kill that love dead. Believe me, belligerence is not what is going to win you her heart. Now, really, sit down and eat and we'll see if we can find a better way for you to woo her.

**CHRISTIAN:** You... you want to help me?

**CYRANO:** She cares for you. I would do anything to secure Roxanne's happiness, so if you truly care for her in return...

*(CHRISTIAN sits, eagerly.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** I do, I do!

**CYRANO:** And why is that? You hardly know her.

**CHRISTIAN:** Well, isn't it obvious? She's hot.

**CYRANO:** *(sighs)* Try again, sir.

**CHRISTIAN:** Uhm.... she's really pretty?

**CYRANO:** And what is it about her beauty that speaks to you? What do you find in her eyes, in her smile, in the way that she looks at you, that stirs you to become a better person, a more noble spirit?

**CHRISTIAN:** Well, that's not really the way I look at things.

**CYRANO:** Then that's a problem.

**CHRISTIAN:** *(speaking with his mouth full)* Why is that a problem?

*(Enter ROXANNE.)*

**ROXANNE:** Cyrano! Christian!

*(Surprised, CHRISTIAN chokes on his doughnut.)*

Cyrano, what did you do to him?!

*(CYRANO and ROXANNE rush to aid Christian.)*

**CYRANO:** I didn't do anything!

**ROXANNE:** Outside they said there was going to be a fight! You promised!

**CYRANO:** He was eating a doughnut!

**ROXANNE:** You expect me to believe that he...?

**CYRANO:** You surprised him! Now get out of the way.

*(CYRANO gets behind Christian and starts performing the Heimlich maneuver. CHRISTIAN spits out the doughnut. CYRANO points to the soggy doughnut.)*

See? There's the proof!

**ROXANNE:** All right, all right... thank you, dear friend.

*(goes to Christian)*

Are you okay, Christian?

**CHRISTIAN:** You know my name, Roxanne...

**ROXANNE:** And you know mine...

*(They look at each other stupidly in love for a moment. Cyrano clears his throat. The two of them snap back to reality.)*

Well, now that you're okay, I only came to...

*(ROXANNE goes to leave...)*

**CHRISTIAN:** Wait, stop!

*(...ROXANNE stops. They both just stand there for a moment.)*

Uhhmm...

**ROXANNE:** Come see me tonight. I live in the home across from the bell tower.

**CHRISTIAN:** Er, yes, I could... I could see you.

**ROXANNE:** Prepare some poetry.

**CHRISTIAN:** Poetry? Poetry!

**ROXANNE:** I want to see the soul behind those beautiful eyes. I want to hear your spirit breathe.

*(ROXANNE kisses Christian on the cheek and exits. CHRISTIAN is looking alarmed and desperate.)*

**CHRISTIAN:** Cyrano...

**CYRANO:** You are a very fortunate man.

**CHRISTIAN:** But, Cyrano...

**CYRANO:** I will say this, though, if you break her heart, I will break your arm.

**CHRISTIAN:** Cyrano!

**CYRANO:** What?

**CHRISTIAN:** I can't write poetry.

**CYRANO:** Of course you can. It's just an expression of your heart, your soul transformed into words.  
Everyone can write poetry of some sort.

**CHRISTIAN:** No, I can't. I attempted it once. The woman laughed at me. Look, here, idiot that I am, I tried to write something for Roxanne yesterday. It's terrible.

*(CHRISTIAN takes a poem out of his pocket and hands it to Cyrano.)*

**CYRANO:** Surely, you're exaggerating...

*(CYRANO reads the poem)*

All right, you weren't exaggerating.

**CHRISTIAN:** See, I told you!

**CYRANO:** This is really, really bad. Perhaps the worst poem I have ever read.

**CHRISTIAN:** I know...

**CYRANO:** I have had to endure some awful verse in my life, but this one is like a black hole, pulling all beauty, sense, and rhyme into its awful abyss...

**CHRISTIAN:** I know, I get it, I get it!

**CYRANO:** In fact, if this poem were part of my regiment, I would order it to be court marshaled and shot.

**CHRISTIAN:** Enough! I already know.

**CYRANO:** But I'm surprised. You were downright eloquent when you were insulting my nose.

**CHRISTIAN:** Well, it is an easy target.

**CYRANO:** See... you have some wit!

**CHRISTIAN:** Sure, when it's aggressive. It's like being a soldier, using words as weapons. I can skewer and satirize and insult. But when I have to be... uhm...

**CYRANO:** Romantic?

**CHRISTIAN:** Yeah, and, erm, what is the word...?

**CYRANO:** Gentle?

**CHRISTIAN:** Yes, that! Or, blast it all, what is it...?

**CYRANO:** Soulful.

**CHRISTIAN:** Oh, Cyrano, do I even have a soul? I don't think I believe in things like that. I can storm a woman's castle...

**CYRANO:** You may not want to use that phrase either.

**CHRISTIAN:** ...but when it comes to... to...

**CYRANO:** Wooing her?

**CHRISTIAN:** Yeah, when it comes to wooing her... I'm a moron.

**CYRANO:** Unfortunately, I can't say that I disagree.

**CHRISTIAN:** I would give anything to be you right now, Cyrano.

**CYRANO:** And I would cut off my nose to be you.

*(Pause. Something is dawning on CYRANO.)*

That's it!

**CHRISTIAN:** Cut off your nose?

**CYRANO:** No, of course not! Do you know what is contained in this schnozz? But, put that aside, I have an idea!

***SCENES 5-8 in 26 more pages***