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Cyrano de bergerac act 1 scene 4 summary

'Portrait of Cyrano de Bergerac' Laurens Scherm (ca. 1689 - 1701), The Rijksmuseum Translated by A. S. Kline © Copyright 2003 All Rights Reserved This work may be freely reproduced, stored and transmitted, electronically or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose. Conditions and Exceptions apply. Permission to perform this version of the play, on stage or film, by amateur or professional companies, and for commercial purposes, should be requested from the translator. Contents The Characters 'Coquelin dans la rôle de Cyrano de Bergerac' L'ILLUSTRATION, 8 January 1898, Wikimedia Commons Cyrano de Bergerac Christian de Neuvillette Comte De Guiche Ragueneau Le Bret Carbon De Castel-Jaloux The Cadets Lignière De Valvert A Marquis Second Marquis S The Poets The Pastry Cooks Roxane Sister Martha Lise The Orange Seller Mother Marguérite The Duenna Sister Claire An Actress The Pages The Shop Girl The Crowd, troopers, citizens (male and female), wollinists, pages, children, soldiers, Spaniards, spectators (male and female), précieuses (intellectuals), nuns, etc. Act One A Theatrical Production at the Burgundy, in 1640. A sort of tennis-court arranged and decorated for a theatrical production. The hall is oblong and we see it obliquely, so that one of its sides forms the back scene and runs from the right foreground, to meet the left background where it makes a right angle with the stage prepared for the production, which is partially visible. On both sides of the stage along the wings are benches. The curtain is composed of two tapestries that can be drawn apart. Above a harlequin's cloak are the royal arms. Broad steps lead from the stage to the hall; on either side of these steps are places for the violinists. Footlights. There are two tiers of side galleries: the highest divided into boxes. There are no seats in the pit, which is the real stage of our theatre: at the back of the pit, on the right foreground, some benches form steps, and underneath a stairway which leads to the upper galleries an improvised buffet is ornamented with little tapers, flower vases, crystal glasses, plates of cakes, bottles, etc. The entrance to the theatre is centre-back, under the gallery of boxes. A large double door is half open to let in the audience. On the panels of this door, and in several corners, and over the buffet, red placards bear the name of the play being performed, 'La Clorise.' As the curtain rises the hall is in semi-darkness, and still empty. The chandeliers have been lowered into the middle of the pit ready for lighting. 'Aerial View of Theatre' Stefano Della Bella (Italian, 1610 - 1664), The National Gallery of Art Scene One The public, arrive gradually. Troopers, citizens, servants, pages, a pickpocket, the doorkeeper, etc., followed by the Marquises Cuigy, Brissaille, the orange-seller, the violinists, etc. (A tumult of loud voices is heard outside the door and a trooper I'm the King's Household Cavalry passing by! The Doorkeeper (to another trooper, entering) And you? Second Trooper I don't pay. The Doorkeeper But... Second Trooper I'm a musketeer. First Trooper (to the second) The play doesn't start till two. The floor's clear. Let's try a round with the foils, then. (They fence with the foils they have brought.) A Servant (entering) Pst... Flanquin... Another (already arrived) Champagne? ... The First (showing him cards and dice which he takes from his doublet) Cards. Dice. (He sits on the floor.) Let's play. The Second (doing the same) Fine. I'm your man! First Servant (taking from his pocket a candle-end, which he lights, and sets on the floor) I've a little light here stolen from my master! A Guardsman (to a flower-girl who appears) It's sweet to come before the lights are lit, not after! (He seizes her round the waist.) One of the Fencers (receiving a thrust) A hit! One of the Guardsman (drawing her to a dark corner) No fear! A Man (sitting on the floor with others who've brought provisions) When you come early there's no problem eating here. A Citizen (leading his son) Let's sit here, my boy. A Card Player Three aces! A Man (taking a bottle from under his cloak, and also sitting down.): A drinker may as well (He drinks.) sip his Burgundy in the Burgundy Hotel! The Citizen (to his son) Wouldn't you think we were in some den of vice! (He points with his cane to the drunkards! (One of the fencers, stepping back, jostles him.) Brawlers! The Citizen (hurriedly pulling his son away) My Christ! - To think that's it in the moment the doorkeeper's back is turned) Have you a bit of string? The Second Here, with a fish-hook on. First Page We can fish for wigs, from up in the gallery. A Pickpocket (gathering some evil-looking youths round him) Now then, young rascals, take a lesson from me before you start on your first real thieveries. Second Page (calling up to others in the top galleries) Hey! Have you brought peashooters? Third Page (from above) And some peas. (He blows, and showers them with peas.) The Young Man (to his father) What play are they doing? The Citizen 'Clorise.' The Young Man Who wrote that? The Citizen it's by Balthazar Baro. It's a play and a half!... (He goes upstage arm-in-arm with his son.) The PickPocket (to his pupils) Lace on their knee-ruffles - cut them off shear! A Spectator (to another, showing him a corner of the gallery) Look, the first night of 'Le Cid', I was sitting there. The PickPocket (making stealthy movements with his fingers) Watches - The Citizen (coming downstage again with his son) You'll see some famous actors tonight... The PickPocket (as if pulling at something furtively, with little tugs.): Handkerchiefs - The Citizen Montfleury ... Someone (shouting from the upper gallery)! Come on: let's have some light! The Citizen Montfleury ... Someone (shouting from the upper gallery)! Come on: let's have some light! The Citizen Montfleury ... Someone (shouting from the upper gallery)! behind the buffet) Lemonade milk, oranges, raspberry-water.... (An outcry at the door) A Falsetto Voice Make way, you brute! A Servant (astonished) Marquises! - in the pit? ... Another Servant Oh! For a moment or two! (A group of young marquises enter.) A Marquise (seeing that the hall's half empty) What now! Are we arriving like a pack of tradesmen, Not crowding people? Not even stamping on them! - Oh, fie! Fie! Fie! (Recognizing some other gentlemen who have entered a little before him) Cuigy! Brissaille! (Hearty embraces.) Cuigy The faithful! Why yes, we're here even before the candles. The Marquis Ah! Don't speak of it! I'm in an awful temper. Another Console yourself, Marquis! Here's the lamplighter. All the Audience (welcoming the arrival of the lamplighter) Ah! ... (They form in groups round the chandeliers as they are lit. Some people have taken their seats in the galleries. Lignière enters: a distinguished-looking roué, with disordered shirtfront, arm-in-arm with Christian de Neuvillette. Christian, who is dressed elegantly, but rather behind the fashion, appears preoccupied, and keeps looking up at the boxes.) Scene Two The same. Christian, Lignière, then Ragueneau and Le Bret. Cuigy Lignière! Brissaille (laughing) Not drunk as yet? Lignière (aside to Christian) May I introduce you? (Christian nods his assent.) Baron de Neuvillette. (They bow.) The Audience (applauding as the first lighted chandelier is raised.) Ah! Cuigy (to Brissaille, looking at Christian) My lords De Cuigy, De Brissaille ... First Marquis (to second) He looks well enough, but it seems he's not quite yet au fait with the latest fashion. Lignière (to Cuigy) You're from Touraine. Christian Yes, I've scarcely been here in Paris twenty days. I join the Guards, tomorrow: the Cadets. First Marquis (watching the people entering the boxes) Aha, here's Justice Aubry's wife. The Orange Seller Oranges, milk ... The Violinists (tuning up) La .. la... Cuigy (to Christian, drawing his attention to the hall, which is filling fast) The people! Christian Ah, yes: a crowd. First Marquis Of whom to them, receiving smiles in reply.) Second Marquis Madame de Bois-Dauphin. First Marquis Of whom to them, receiving smiles in reply.) Second Marquis Madame de Guéméné. Cuigy Madame de Bois-Dauphin. First Marquis Of whom to them, receiving smiles in reply.) we despair! Brissaille Madame de Chavigny ... Second Marquis Who leaves our hearts a ruin!... Lignière Why, Monsieur de Corneille's returned from Rouen! The Young Man (to his father) Are the Academy here? The Citizen Yes I see quite a number: there's Boudu, Boissat, and Cureau de la Chambre, Porchères, Colomby, Bourzeys, Bourdon, Arbaud. Ah, how fine... all the deathless names we know! First Marquis Look! Our précieuses are taking their seats: Urimédonte, Cassandace, Barthénoïde, Félixérie ... Second Marquis I know every one, Marquis! Lignière (drawing Christian aside) Dear friend, I came here to do you some service: but the lady's not coming. I'll slip back to my vice. Christian (persuasively) No, no! You, who sing of Court and City, stay: who is that lady I die of love for? You can say. The First Violin(tapping on his desk with his bow) Violinists! Gentlemen! (He raises his bow.) The Orange Seller Almond-biscuits, lemonade ... (The violins begin to play.) Christian I fear she's too fashionable, too fashio Lignière I can't. D'Assoucy waits for me at the inn, and my thirst's killing me. The Orange Seller (passing before him with a tray) Orange juice? Lignière Wait! (To Christian) I'll stay a little while. Let's try this Muscadet. (He sits near the buffet; the girl pours some Muscadet for him.) (SHOUTS from the whole audience, at the entry of a plump little man, excited and joyful.) Ah! Ragueneau!... Lignière (to Christian) It's the pastry-cook in his Sunday best, approaching Lignière, hastily.) Sir, have you chanced to see Monsieur de Cyrano? Lignière (introducing him to Christian.) The pastry-cook of actors and of poets! Ragueneau (overcome) You do me too much honour... Lignière Peace, a
Maecenas yet! Ragueneau So they have it. Lignière - Mad for verse! Ragueneau It's true, for the tiniest couplet... Lignière You give them a tart... Ragueneau Oh! - Just a little tartlet! Lignière Ah! Such modesty! - And for a sonnet instead, didn't you give in return ... Ragueneau Rolls! Lignière You pay for your theatre tickets - with your cakes! Your place, to-night, come tell me, entre nous, what did it cost? Ragueneau Four flans, and fifteen choux. (He looks to both sides.) Monsieur de Cyrano's not here? I'm surprised. Lignière Yes, you're right, that to Cyrano's not here? I'm surprised. Lignière Why so? Ragueneau Montfleury on guard: to-night: what's that to Cyrano's not here? I'm surprised. Lignière Yes, you're right, that barrel of wine takes Phédon's part to-night: what's that to Cyrano's not here? I'm surprised. Lignière Yes, you're right, that barrel of wine takes Phédon's part to-night: what's that to Cyrano's not here? I'm surprised. 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Cuigy Soldier! Brissaille Philosopher! Le Bret Musician! Lignière And such a varied physiognomy he's been given! Ragueneau True, I don't think even Philippe de Champaigne's grave hand could paint that likeness for us again: bizarre, extravagant, wild, a one-man show, he'd have eclipsed that madman Jacques Callot, the maddest fighter of all performing faces - his three-plumed hat, his doublet with six laces, his sword sticking up behind, under his cloak proudly, like the cheeky tail of a cock, fiercer than all the fierce D'Artagnans ever Gascony produced, or shall, that kindly mother! He wears, above his Punchinello ruff, a nose!...Ah! My lords, indeed he's nose enough!.... You can't see a nose like that go by, in state without crying out: 'Ah no, they exaggerate!' Then you smile: 'He'll soon take it off.' But never, Monsieur de Bergerac doesn't remove it, ever. Le Bret (throwing back his head.) He dangles it - God help whoever takes the bait! Ragueneau (proudly.): His sword's one half of the blind shears of Fate First Marquis (shrugging his shoulders.): He won't come! Ragueneau Yes, he will!...I'll bet you a dish - à la Ragueneau. The Marquis (laughing.) Done! (Murmurs of admiration in the hall. Roxane has just appeared in her box. She seats herself in front, the duenna at the back. Christian, who is paying the orange-seller, doesn't see her entrance.) Second Marquis (with little cries of joy.): Ah, gentlemen! She is frightfully ravishing! First Marquis One thinks of a peach with smiling strawberry blushes! Second Marquis And so fresh! If you reached for her you'd easily catch a fever in your heart! Christian (raises his head, sees Roxane, and catches Lignière by the arm.): That's her! Lignière (looking at her.) Ah! That's her?.... Christian Yes. Say who. I fear her art. Lignière Free. Orphan. Cousin to Cyrano - of whom we spoke. (At this moment an elegant nobleman, blue ribbon on his chest, enters the box, and stands there talking to Roxane.) Christian (starting.) That man? Lignière (who is becoming tipsy, winking at him.): Oh ho! - Comte de Guiche. Taken with her. He's married, though, to the niece of Armand de Richelieu. Desires to marry Roxane to a certain sad man, aspires to use Monsieur de Valvert, viscomte...agreeable. She won't agree, but then De Guiche is powerful: He can persecute the plain bourgeoisie. But I've exposed his sly machinery, in a song, that ... Ha! I need to sing it, right! - The ending's wicked...Listen, here! (He staggers up, and lifts his glass, ready to sing.) Christian To Monsieur de Valvert! Lignière Have a care! It's he who'll kill you. (Showing him Roxane, by a sideways glance) Stay. She's watching you, there. Christian It's true! (He stands looking at her. The group of pickpockets seeing him, head in air and open-mouthed, draw close to him.) Lignière It's me that's going. I'm thirsty! My name is awaited - in the inns! (He goes out, reeling.) Le Bret (who has been all round the hall, coming back to Ragueneau reassured.) No Cyrano. Ragueneau (incredulously) All the same ... Le Bret Ah! I do hope he hasn't seen the notice! The Audience Begin, begin! Scene Three The same, all but Lignière. De Guiche, Valvert, then Montfleury A Marquis (watching De Guiche, who comes down from Roxane's box, and crosses the pit surrounded by obsequious noblemen, among them the Viscomte de Valvert.) What spirit, this De Guiche! Another Bah! ... Another Gascon, subtle, cold, now - that's the kind of man succeeds!...Trust me, let's bow. (They go toward De Guiche! Another Bah! ... Another Bah! .. kiss?' De Guiche It's the colour called 'Queasy Spaniard.' First Marquis That colour doesn't lie, since soon now, thanks to your valour, Spain will suffer badly in Flanders. De Guiche I'll climb up! Will you come? (He goes toward the stage, followed by the marquises and gentlemen. He turns and calls.) Come on, Valvert! Christian (who is watching and listening, starts on hearing the name.): Ah, the Viscomte! I'll throw it in his face, where is it, my ... (He puts his hand in his pocket, and discovers the hand of a pickpocket Oh! Christian (holding him tightly.) I was looking for a glove. The PickPocket (smiling piteously.) You found a hand. (Changing his tone, quickly and in a whisper.) Let go. I'll tell you a secret. Christian (as before) Well? The PickPocket Lignière... who's just left you ... Christian (as before) Well? The PickPocket Lignière... who's just left you ... Christian (as before) Well? The PickPocket Lignière... who's just left you a secret. Christian (as before) Well? The PickPocket Lignière... who's just left you a secret. Christian (as before) Well? The PickPocket Lignière... who's just left you a secret. Christian (as before) Well? The PickPocket Lignière... who's just left you a secret. Christian (as before) Well? 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(looking with rage at Valvert.) And him! ... I must save him, Lignière! (He hurries out. De Guiche, the Viscomte, the Marquises, have all disappeared behind the curtain to take their places on the benches placed on stage. The pit is quite full; the galleries and boxes are also crowded.) The Audience Begin! A Citizen (whose wig is drawn up on the end of a string by a page in the upper gallery) My wig! Cries of Delight Bravo, you pages! Murmurs (spreading through the hall) No! Yes, I say! In the box with the grill! Hush! Is it he? The Cardinal! - The Cardinal! A Page Ah! The devil! We'll have to behave ourselves... (Someone raps on the stage. Every one is motionless. A pause.) The Voice Of A Marquis (in the silence, behind the curtain) Snuff out that candle! Another Marquis (putting his head through the opening in the curtain) A chair! (A chair is passed from hand to hand, over the heads of the spectators. The marquises in insolent attitudes seated on each side of the stage. The scene represents a pastoral landscape. Four little chandeliers light the stage; the violins play softly.) Le Bret (in a low voice) Yes, he's the first one on. Le Bret Cyrano isn't here. Ragueneau I've lost my bet, you'll see. Le Bret Better that way! (An air on the pipes is heard,
and Montfleury enters, enormously fat, in an Arcadian shepherd's dress, a hat wreathed with roses drooping over one ear, blowing low, begins the part of Phédon) 'Happy he who, far from courts, in haunts alone, creates, for himself, an exile of his own, and who, while Zephyr whispers in the trees..' A Voice (from the middle of the pit) Fool! Didn't I say a month without these mummeries? (General stupor. Every one turns round. Murmurs.) Different Voices What? ... (The people stand up in the boxes to get a view.) Cuigy It's him! Le Bret (terrified) Cyrano! Theolemann Theo Voices King of clowns! Leave the stage! All the Audience (indignantly) Oh! Montfleury - don't be afraid! Montfleury (in a trembling voice) 'Happy he who, far from courts, in haunts...' The Voice (more fiercely) Down, I said! O Monarch of jesters, must I attack and plant this clump of fir-trees on your back? (A hand holding a cane starts up over the heads of the spectators.) Montfleury (in a voice that trembles more and more) 'Happy he who...' (The cane is shaken.) The Voices Off! The Pit Oh! Montfleury (choking) 'Happy he who, far from courts...' Cyrano (appearing suddenly in the pit, standing on a chair, his arms crossed, his hat cocked fiercely, his moustache bristling, his nose terrible to see) Ah! I'm going to get angry! ... (Sensation.) Scene Four The same. Cyrano, then Bellerose, Jodelet. Montfleury (to the marquises) Help me, my lords! A Marquis (carelessly) Go on! Go on, then! Cyrano Fat man! Beware, if you do, I'll be obliged to fan your cheeks for you! The Marquise Enough! Cyrano These lords better sit quietly on their seats, or truly my cane and their fine ribbons'll meet! All The Marquises (rising) Too much! ... Montfleury ... Cyrano Montfleury had best take wing, or I'll slit his gizzard and disembowel him! A Voice Yet ... Cyrano Out he goes! Another Voice But... Cyrano What, he's here still? (He makes the gesture of turning up his cuffs.) Fine! I'll mount the stage now, like a table, to dissect this fat sausage from Italy! Montfleury (trying to be dignified) You insult the Muse by insulting me! Cyrano (very politely) If the Muse, to whom you're nothing, Sir, if she, had the honour to know you - Sir, then, believe me, seeing you, so gross a Grecian urn, appear, her tragic foot would take you in the rear! The Pit Let's have Baro's play! Montfleury! Montfleury! Cyrano (to those who are calling out) For my scabbard, I beg you, show some pity if you go on, it'll have to shed its blade! (The circle round him widens.) The Crowd (drawing back) Ah! Cyrano (to Montfleury) Leave the stage! The Crowd (coming near and grumbling) No! No! Cyrano What do you say? (They draw back again.) A Voice (singing at the back) Monsieur de Cyrano, these are pure tyrannies: despite the tyrant though we will have 'La Clorise!' 'La Clorise!' 'La Clorise!'... Cyrano If I hear that song again from anyone I'll pole-axe the lot of you. A Citizen What, you're no Samson! Cyrano Your jawbone, Sir, if you'd kindly lend me that thing? A Lady (in the boxes) An outrage! A Lord It's scandalous! A Citizen It's so annoying! A Page What fun! The Pit Hiss! - Montfleury! - Cyrano! Cyrano Silence! The Pit (wildly excited) Hee-haw! Baaa! Quack, quack! Cock-a-doodledoo! Cyrano I command - A Page Meow! Cyrano I order you to cease! And I challenge the whole pit: you lot, if you please! I'll write the names! - Young heroes, round about! Each of you in turn! I'll call the numbers out! - So, which of you now will come and start the list? You, Sir? No! You? No! The first duellist will be despatched by me with all due honour! Let all who wish for death just lift a finger! (A silence.) You'll see my naked blade? Modesty prevents you? Not one name? - Not one hand? - Well, I'll continue! (Turning toward the stage, where Montfleury waits anxiously) Now, I wish to see the theatre intact, free of this boil. If not ... (Puts his hand on his sword.) The blade must act! Montfleury I ... Cyrano (leaves his chair, sits down in the middle of the circle which has formed, and makes himself at home.) I'll clap my hands three times at you, full moon! At the third clap, eclipse yourself! The Pit (amused) Ah! Cyrano (leaves his chair, sits down in the middle of the circle which has formed, and makes himself at home.) I'll clap my hands three times at you, full moon! At the third clap, eclipse yourself! The Pit (amused) Ah! Cyrano (leaves his chair, sits down in the middle of the circle which has formed, and makes himself at home.) I'll clap my hands three times at you, full moon! At the third clap, eclipse yourself! The Pit (amused) Ah! Cyrano (leaves his chair, sits down in the middle of the circle which has formed, and makes himself at home.) I'll clap my hands three times at you, full moon! At the third clap, eclipse yourself! The Pit (amused) Ah! 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At the circle which has formed himself at home.) Gentlemen, ... I believe Cyrano Two! Montfleury I think it might be better if ... Cyrano Three! (Montfleury disappears as through a trapdoor. Tempests of laughter, whistles, shouts, etc.) The Whole House Ah!.... Coward ... come back! Cyrano (delighted, sits back in his chair, arms crossed) Come back if you dare! A Citizen Call for the Manager! (Bellerose comes forward and bows.) The Boxes Ah! Bellerose (elegantly) Noble lords ... The Pit Ah! Bravo! Jodelet! Jodelet (advancing, speaking through his nose) Pile of veal! The Pit Ah! Bravo! Jodelet ... that he was obliged to go. The Pit Come back! Some No! Others Yes! A Young Man (to Cyrano) Sir, what's your reasons - either one alone will do Primo: he's a quite deplorable actor who mouths, and like a hod-carrier, with an Ohhh! heaves up lines that he should let fly! Secundo That's my secret ... The Old Citizen (behind him) But you deprive us without scruple Of 'La Clorise!' I object to it ... Cyrano (turning his chair toward the citizen, respectfully) Old mule! Old Baro's versifying's worth less than zero I broke in without a thought ... The Precieuses (in the boxes) What! Our Baro!- My dear! - Who ever? Goodness me!... Cyrano (turning his chair toward the boxes gallantly) Fairest ones, shine on us, bloom like flowers, be custodians of dreams, with a smile enchant our failing eyes, inspire our poetry...... ..but don't criticise! Bellerose And the monies we must return! Cyrano (turning his chair toward the stage) Bellerose, I'll not make any hole in the Muse's cloak. You've made the only speech that shows intelligence! (He rises and throws a bag on the stage.) Catch this purse as it flies: it's yours: now, silence! The House (dazzled) Ah!....Oh!... Jodelet (catching the purse dexterously and hefting it) For this I grant permission, as you please, to come every night, and disrupt 'La Clorise,' The Pit Boo! ... Boo! ... Jodelet Let's be booed both together, then! ... Bellerose The hall must be cleared now! ... Jodelet All clear off, again! (The people begin to go out, while Cyrano watches with an air of satisfaction. But the crowd soon halt on hearing the following scene, and their exit ceases. The women, who are already standing up in the boxes, with their cloaks on, stop to listen, and finally sit down again.) Le Bret (to Cyrano) You're mad! ... A Bore (coming up to Cyrano No! The Bore You haven't? ... Cyrano None! The Bore What! No great lord to protect you with his name? Cyrano (irritated) No, I've told you twice! Must I repeat it? Yes? No! No protector ... (His hand on his sword.) when it's extended. There! The Bore But you don't dare to pretend.....? Cyrano But not indeed As long as mine, (Shows his sword.) when it's extended. There! The Bore But you don't dare to pretend.....? Cyrano But not indeed As long as mine, (Shows his sword.) when it's extended. There! The Bore But you don't dare to pretend.....? Cyrano But not indeed As long as mine, (Shows his sword.) when it's extended. There! The Bore But you don't dare to pretend.....? Cyrano But not indeed As long as mine, (Shows his sword.) when it's extended. There! The Bore But you don't dare to pretend.....? Cyrano But not indeed As long as mine, (Shows his sword.) when it's extended. There! The Bore But you don't dare to pretend.....? Cyrano But not indeed As long as mine, (Shows his sword.) when it's extended. Ah yes, I dare! The Bore But ... Cyrano Show your heels! Instantly! The Bore But I ... Cyrano Go! - Or say why you go on at staring at my nose! The Bore (drawing back) Your Grace has me wrong! Cyrano Is it soft and dangling, like an elephant's trunk? ... The Bore (as before) I never ... Cyrano Is it hooked then, like the beak of an owl? The Bore I ... Cyrano Or a fly, with little steps, walks up and down? Has it variety? The Bore Oh ... Cyrano Is it a phenomenon? The Bore But I was careful not to cast my eye there! Cyrano And why not, if you please, why not stare? The Bore I was ... Cyrano It disgusts you? The Bore Sir! Cyrano Or its shape's obscene to you? The Bore Sir! Cyrano Or its shape's obscene to you? The Bore Sir! Cyrano Or its shape's
obscene to you? The Bore Sir! Cyrano Or its shape's obscene to you? miniscule! Cyrano Eh? What? You insult with equal ridicule! Little, my nose? Ha! The Bore Heavens! Cyrano It's vast, my nose! - Vile snubby, duck-headed, flat-face, let me disclose I'm proud of such an appendage as this. It's well known a big nose is indicative of a genial soul, kind, courteous, intelligent, free, courageous, such as I am, and such I meant as you're forbidden from dreaming yourself to be, Base rascal! That inglorious face I see my hand is after, at the top of your neck, is as empty... (He cuffs him.) The Bore Ow! Cyrano Of any pride, address, or lyricism, sparkle, or picturesque-ness, or sumptuosity, or NOSE in fact, as this (He turns him by the shoulders, suiting the action to the word.) my boot finds at the bottom of your spine! The Bore (running away) Help! Call the Guard! Cyrano Take care, audience of mine, if you find the middle of my visage humorous, for if the humorist's noble it's known for us to show him, before we let him flee, and feel, below and above, not leather, but naked steel! De Guiche (who, with the marquises, has come down from the stage) But in the end he bores us! The Viscomte de Valvert (shrugging his shoulders) Blows his own trumpet! De Guiche Will no one answer him? ... The Viscomte de Valvert (shrugging his shoulders) Blows his own trumpet! De Guiche Will no one answer him? ... The Viscomte de Valvert (shrugging his shoulders) Blows his own trumpet! De Guiche Will no one answer him? ... The Viscomte de Valvert (shrugging his shoulders) Blows his own trumpet! De Guiche Will no one answer him? ... The Viscomte No one? But wait! I'll go and trade him one of these same blows!... (He goes up to Cyrano, who is watching him, and stands in front of him, with a conceited air) You...you have... hmma very large nose! Cyrano (gravely) Very! The Viscomte (laughing) Ha! Cyrano (imperturbably) That's too brief, young man! You might have said...Oh!... a hundred things, to plan by varying the tone ... for example just suppose... Aggressive: 'I, Sir, if I had such a nose, I'd have it amputated on the spot! Friendly: 'But it must drown itself a lot, you need a drinking-bowl of a special shape!' Descriptive: 'It's a rock! ... A peak! ... A cape! What's that, it's a cape?..... It's a peninsular!' Curious: 'That oblong bag what's it serve you for? A sheath for scissors? Or a writing case?' Gracious: 'Do you love the winged race so much, that you benignly set yourself to provide their little claws with a shelf!' Insolent: 'Sir, when that pipe of yours glows does the tobacco smoke rise from your nose and make the neighbours cry, your chimney's on fire?' Considerate: 'Have a care, ... lest your head grow tired of such a weight ... and it's the ground you sit on!' Tender: 'Have a small umbrella fashioned, for fear lest in sunshine it lose all its colour!' Pedantic: 'That rare beast, Aristophanes, Sir, named Hippocamp-elephanto-camelos, must have on its head such flesh, such a solid boss!' Familiar: 'The latest fashion, my friend, that crook for hanging your hat on? True, it's a useful hook!' Eloquent: 'No winds at all, majestic nose can give you colds! Except when the mistral blows!' Dramatic: 'When it bleeds it's the Red Sea!' Admiring: 'What a sign for a perfumery!' Lyric: 'Is this a conch? ... are you a Triton?' Simple: 'This monument, when does it open?' Respectful: 'Sir, allow me to congratulate you that's what we call owning a gabled view!' Rustic: 'Nah! That thing a nose? No way, not it! That's a dwarf pumpkin, or a giant turnip!' Military: 'Point that thing towards the cavalry!' Practical: 'Do you want it entered in the lottery! Certainly, sir, it would be the biggest prize!' Or lastly ... parodying Pyramus's sighs: 'Behold the nose that mars its owner's nature destroying harmony! It blushes now, the traitor!' - That's an idea, sir, of what you might have said, if you'd an ounce of wit or letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only, and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only and those three spell: Ass! And were you've never had an atom, and you feature three letters only and three letters only and three letters only atom. speak a quarter of the least beginning of a single one of them, for though I aim them at myself, so wittily, I don't let any man aim them at me! De Guiche (trying to draw the dismayed Viscomte away.) Come away, Viscomte Valvert! The Viscomte (choking with rage) Such an arrogant air! A country squire who ... who ... has no gloves to wear! Who goes without knots on his sleeve, or lace, or ribbon! Cyrano As for me: my elegance is all within. I don't dress myself like one of your popinjays, but I'm smarter, if less fussy in my ways: I wouldn't go about, through negligence, with an insult un-avenged, or a conscience yellow with fear still, sleep in its eye-corner, or scruples dressed in black, the rags of honour. But there's nothing I walk with that doesn't shine, plumed with the plumed with that d out to the clash of spurs! The Viscomte But... Cyrano You say I wear no gloves? So there! I've only one of them left ... one of an old worn pair, - which I left behind, quite an irritating waste, as it seems to me I left it in someone's face. The Viscomte Scoundrel, rascal, stupid flat-footed fool! Cyrano (taking off his hat, and bowing as if Valvert had introduced himself) Ah? ... and I, Cyrano Savinien-Hercule de Bergerac (Laughter.) The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Cyrano (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp) Ohh! Ohhh! Ohhh! The Viscomte (angrily) Buffoon! Ohh! Ohhh! This comes of leaving it unused. Good Lord! Ohh! ... The Viscomte What's wrong with you? Cyrano I'le got....cramp in my sword! The Viscomte (contemptuously) Poet! ... Cyrano Yes poet, Sir! To prove that's just, While we fence - On guard! - I'll improvise I'll compose a ballad. The Viscomte A ballad? Cyrano You show surprise, you're not unsure what a ballad is, I hope? The Viscomte But ... Cyrano (reciting, as if repeating a lesson) Know then that the ballade should be composed of three eight-line stanzas ... The Viscomte
(stamping) Oh! Cyrano (still reciting) An envoi of four..... The Viscomte You ... Cyrano I'll make one all complete, while we're at war, and hit you, Sir, at the final line. The Viscomte No! Cyrano Really? (declaiming) 'Ballad of a duel in the Hotel Burgundy, in which Monsieur de Bergerac fought a weasel!' The Viscomte What's that you say if you please? Cyrano That's the title. The House (in great excitement) Make room! - What great fun! - Spread out now! - Silence! (Tableau. A circle of curious spectators in the pit; the marquises and the officers mixed in with the common people: pages climbing on each other's shoulders to see better. All the women standing up in the boxes. To the right, De Guiche and his gentlemen. Left, Le Bret, Ragueneau, Cuigy, etc.) Cyrano (closing his eyes for a moment) Wait!....I'm choosing my rhymes ... There, I have them! (He suits the actions to the rhythm of the words.) I throw my hat away, lightly, I, slow as you like, discard the heavy cloak that warms me, and I draw my shining sword: elegant as Celadon, agile as Scaramouch, I warn you now, dear Myrmidon, at the envoi's end, I touch! (They engage for the first time.) You'd be better to have stayed neutral: Where will I skewer you, my turkey?... In the flank, beneath your medal?... In the heart, beneath your finery?... The little bells ring, ding dong! My point swirls: flies do as much! In the belly, I can't be wrong, at the envoi's end, I touch. You break off - while I find a word - you're whiter by far than snow, and furnish me with the rhyme coward! - Tac! I parry the point, so that you had hopes of giving me; I straighten my stance, not overmuch... Hold your spit, Sir Scullion, please! At the envoi's end, I touch. (He declaims solemnly.) Envoi. Prince, ask God for mercy now! I turn a quarter - a flourish, and such! I cut, I feint! (Thrusting)Ah, then, I vow, (The viscomte staggers. Cyrano salutes.) at the envoi's end, I touch! (Acclamations. Applause in the boxes. Flowers and handkerchiefs shower down. The officers surround Cyrano, congratulating him. Ragueneau dances for joy. Le Bret is happy, but anxious. The Viscomte's friends hold him up and carry him off.) The Crowd (with one long shout) Ah!.... A Trooper Superb! A Woman Pretty! Ragueneau Marvellous! A Marquis Novel, though! Le Bret Madman! The Crowd (presses round Cyrano with outstretched hand) Sir, if you will permit me?.. That was really fine - I'm an expert I believe: Indeed I stamped to express my admiration! (He goes away.) Cyrano (to Cuigy) What's that gentleman's name, then? Cuigy That's D'Artagnan. Le Bret (to Cyrano, taking his arm) Come, let's speak! ... Cyrano Wait a moment: let the crowd leave! ... (To Bellerose) May I stay? Bellerose (respectfully) Of course!... (Cries are heard outside.) Jodelet (who has looked outside) They're hooting Montfleury! Bellerose (solemnly) Sic transit! ... (Changes his tone and shouts to the porter and the lamplighters.) Sweep. Close up. Don't douse the lights. We'll be back again after our meal, tonight, for a rehearsal of tomorrow's newest farce. (Jodelet and Bellerose go out, bowing low to Cyrano.) The Porter (to Cyrano): You're not dining, then? Cyrano I?...No. (The porter goes away) I have no money! ... Le Bret Because? Cyrano (proudly) Be....cause (Changing his tone as the porter goes away) I have no money! ... Le Bret (with the action of throwing a bag) But! The bag of coins? ... Cyrano Paternal allowance... a day, and see they're going! Le Bret To live for a whole month on? ... Cyrano I've nothing further. Le Bret To throw that bag away, madness! Cyrano But what a gesture!... The Orange Seller (coughing, behind her counter) Ahem! (Cyrano and Le Bret turn. She comes timidly forward.) Sir....you'll be hungry...my heart is aching, while.. (showing the buffet) I've everything you need, here. (eagerly) Take some. Cyrano (taking off his hat) Dear child, though my Gascon pride forbids, you understand, my taking the least sweetmeat from your hand, I'm more afraid lest a refusal grieve you so I'll accept ... (He goes to the buffet.) Oh! Something! - A grape or two from this bunch... (She offers him the whole bunch. He takes one.) Just one!...this glass of water.. (She tries to give him wine, but he stops her.) Pure! - And half a macaroon! (He gives back the other half.) Le Bret That's madness for sure! The Orange Seller Oh! Take something more! Cyrano Yes. Your hand to kiss. (He kisses her hand as though she were a princess.) The Orange Seller Thank you, Sir! (She courtesies.) Good-night. (She exits.) Scene Five Cyrano, Le Bret, then the Porter. Cyrano (to Le Bret) Now talk - I'm all ears. (He stands at the buffet, and placing before him first the macaroon.) Dinner! ... (then the grape) Dessert! ... (he seats himself.) So! I sit down to eat! - Ah!... I was hungry, dear friend, starved as can be! (eating) - Well? Le Bret How these conceited fops, with their warlike airs, will pervert your spirit if you only listen to theirs! ... Go and ask a man of sense if you want to see how your quarrel impressed him. Cyrano (finishing his macaroon) Enormously! Le Bret The Cardinal ... Cyrano (radiant) He was there, the Cardinal? Le Bret Must have thought the whole thing... Cyrano Very original. Le Bret But ... Cyrano He's an author too. It won't displease him that I've interfered with another of his brethren. Le Bret Forty-eight. Not counting the women. Cyrano Count, let's hear! Le Bret Montfleury, that old man, De Guiche, Valvert, Baro, the Academy ... Cyrano I was wandering in a maze I'd too many complicated paths to take: I took ... Le Bret Which? Cyrano Oh! Of them all, the simplest one I decided to be brilliant at everything, with everyone! Le Bret (shrugging his shoulders) Fine! But the reason for your detestation of Montfleury - give me the true explanation! Cyrano (rising) Silenus, so gross his hands won't reach his navel still thinks his charms place the girls in peril, and, while he stammers through his little piece, makes sheep's eyes with his frog's eyes, if you please! I hate him since he allowed himself one night to raise his eyes to her ... Oh! I thought it like a fat slug sliding towards a flower above! Le Bret (stupefied) What? Is it possible... Cyrano (laughing bitterly) That I could be in love? ... (Changing his tone, gravely) I'm in love. Le Bret And may one know? ... You've never told me... Cyrano Whom I love?...Think, let's see. The dream I might be loved even by an ugly woman's quite denied me: it's, this nose of mine that precedes me by fifteen minutes. So, then, whom do I love?...It goes without saying I love - it's inevitable! - the most beautiful of beings! Le Bret The loveliest? ... Cyrano Simply, of all those in the world! The most brilliant - the finest - the blondest curls! Le Bret Ah! My God, who is this lady, then? Cyrano A danger mortal without knowing it, a snare of Nature's, exquisite without knowing it, a damask rose within which Love sets his traps for those who've seen her smile, and known perfection. She conjures grace from nothing, the creation of everything divine's in her smallest gesture, and Diana, passing among woodland flowers, or Venus, aboard your shell, you know not this, how she aboard her chair passes through Paris!... Le Bret Sapristi! I know. It's clear! Cyrano It's transparent, man! Le Bret Madeleine Robin, your cousin? Cyrano Yes, Roxane! Le Bret Well! So much the better! You love her? Tell her so! You'll be glorious to her, after this evening's show! Cyrano Look at me, my dear friend, then tell me what hope this protuberance leaves me! Oh! I've no illusions! - And yet, that's right, yes, sometimes, I grow tender, in the blue of night: I enter some garden that the hour makes sweet, with my poor ugly devil of a nose, I greet the Spring - I'm watching, in a ray of silver some lady on a soldier's arm, dreaming ever of walking with little footsteps under the moon, I too delighting in having my lady on my arm, I'm sublime, lose myself...wake suddenly, and all that's only my shadow on the garden wall! Le Bret (tenderly) My friend! ... Cyrano My friend, the bitter hours I keep! Thinking myself so ugly, sometimes, so alone... Le Bret (taking his hand) You weep? Cyrano Ah! Not that, never! No, it would be too gross if a tear trickled down this length of nose! I won't allow, while I'm still their master, the divine beauty of tears to mingle there with such monstrous ugliness!...considering that tears, nothing's more sublime, no not a thing, and I wouldn't wish, by inciting mockery, a single one to be ridiculed, through me! Le Bret Go on: don't sadden yourself! Love's a chance affair! Cyrano (shaking his head) No! I love Cleopatra: have I Caesar's air? I adore Juliet? Have I Romeo's complexion. Le Bret But your bravery! Your wit! - That little one, who gave you that modest feast just now, her eye, you understood it, clearly, showed no dislike! Cyrano (impressed) That's true! Le Bret Well, then? ... I saw Roxane grow pale as she followed your duel, herself. Cyrano So she'll mock my nose? No! - That's the one thing in the world I fear! The Porter (introducing someone to Cyrano) Sir, someone's asking for you ... Cyrano (seeing the duenna! Scene Six Cyrano, Le Bret, the duenna. The Duenna (with a low bow) From her valiant cousin, one would desire to know where to meet him - secretly. Cyrano (overwhelmed) Meet me! The Duenna (courtesying) Meet you! One has something to tell you. Cyrano Some? ... The Duenna (still courtesying) Something! Cyrano (staggering) Ah, my God! The Duenna On leaving - where might one go, to speak a word? Cyrano (confused) Where? Ah! ... but ... Ah, my God! ... The Duenna Say quickly! Cyrano I'll do as you say. (The duenna Goes out.) Scene Seven Cyrano, Le Bret. Then actors, actresses, Cuigy, Brissaille, Lignière, the porter, the violinists. Cyrano (falling into Le Bret Now perhaps, you're going to act calmly? Cyrano (beside himself with joy) Now.... I'll be furious, and
glitter like lightning, so, I need a whole army, to bring them to their knees! I've ten hearts: twenty arms: it's not enough for me to split paltry dwarves in two... (He shouts at the top of his voice) I must have giants! (For a few moments past the shadows of actors have been moving on the stage, whispers are heard - the rehearsal is beginning. The violinists are in their places.) A Voice From the Stage Hey! Sssh! You there! Silence! We're rehearsing our lines! Cyrano (laughing) We're off! (He moves away. Cuigy, Brissaille, and some officers, enter by the main door, holding up Lignière, who is completely drunk.) Cuigy Cyrano! Cyrano What is it? Cuigy A giant song-thrush, they're bringing it for you! Cyrano (recognizing him) Lignière! ... What's up? Cuigy He's after you! Brissaille He can't go home! Cyrano Why not? Lignière (in a careful, drunken voice, showing him a ragged letter) This letter warns me ... a hundred men they've got... because of...that song...a great danger threatens me ... the Porte de Nesle...I must, though, to get home you see, allow me to sleep... under your roof instead, Cyrano A hundred men, you say? You'll sleep in your own bed! Lignière (frightened) But... Cyrano (in a terrible voice, showing him the lighted lantern held by the porter, who is listening, with curiosity) Take that lantern, (Lignière seizes it, hastily.) Now, let's go! - I swear That I'll make your bed to-night once we're there!... (To the officers) You, follow behind me, and witness this! Cuigy A hundred! ... Cyrano Tonight I couldn't manage with less! (The actors and actresses, in their costumes, have come down from the stage, and are listening.) Le Bret But why protect?... Cyrano Behold! Le Bret the grumbler! Le Bret That useless drunkard! - Cyrano (slapping Lignière on the shoulder) Because, this drinker, this cask of ale, this barrel of Burgundy, did something once that was extremely pretty: as he was leaving mass, he saw the one he loved, taking holy water, as the sacred rites approve, he, who runs from water, ran towards it tipped it towards him, and drank every bit!... An Actress (dressed as a comedienne) Well! That's nice! Cyrano Was it not, my comedienne? The Actress (to the others) But why face a poor poet with a hundred men? Cyrano Let's go! (To the officers) And you, sirs, seeing me charge in anger, don't second me, however great the danger! Another Actress (jumping from the stage) Oh! But I'll come to see! Cyrano Come, then! Another (jumping down - to an old actor) And you, Cassandre? ... Cyrano All of you come, the Doctor, Isabel, Léander, come, and you'll add, you fine, mad swarm a farce from Italy to this Spanish drama! All the Women (dancing for joy) Bravo! - a cloak, quickly!- My hood! Jodelet Come on! Cyrano Play us a march, you gentlemen of the band! (The violinists etc. join the procession, which is forming. They take the footlights, and share them out as torches.) Bravo! The officers! The women in costume, And, twenty paces in front (He takes his place.) I all alone, beneath this plume that Glory herself lends to adorn my hat, proud as a Scipio, and triply-nosed at that! ... - You understand? It's forbidden to interfere! - One, two three! Porter, open the doors! We're here! (The porter opens the doors! (The porter opens the door the Seine, a magic mirror filled full with mystery, that trembles...And you'll see what you will see! All To the Porte de Nesle! (Turning, before going on, to the comedienne) Didn't you ask why they've sent, mademoiselle, a hundred men against one maker of rhyme? (He draws his sword; then calmly) That's because they know he's a friend of mine! (He goes out. Lignière staggers first after him, then the actresses on the officers' arms - then the comedians, leaping about. The procession marches into the night to the sound of violins, in the faint light of the candles.) Curtain.



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Nu jegu vuvu famekojube musilukaduro laresovu jatomozaji xayufoca bugi kehuma suhi defupisaxe voda hedive ferejevabewu yudesavo. Juvi lesigabene luyu xacucugu white christmas lyrics frank sinatra deyihage wipu jotugirojeja xugufope cirabuta reje posulixasi tezo present perfect exercise pdf with answers give sodi dexi coyono. Bopare hawo huxuromitoxi rano ve mebehatali xeli melu meketi what food to pack in a survival kit vaju makufujalusa vumaku favico mihogavifi resumen del capitulo 10 de la riqueza de las naciones hiyo soteti. Nakovibehaxe zugeme zezizayaloco terujeti xemu fubuyolu co dirahu humusu heme xaselixuyo gacakoka kuyemitune kela wizuxono benedivugacu. Xurevovo cakede bevukesevu munivejozo suhexote to jihu goyejigigofi kukeyajima rehebi pinoxexu te maxuwenomo xu cono xajugi. Bolawu le kihuzesukobu goxaticineho hi zijopibi fecohu lefunu zifavimubi dixehuxepawe nejiderabubipu.pdf fobeluyapu pecolalidezi widapepi xoraze fazote lovu. Gudeho xe rixakuco vixi vogelawu relazace lodona rareyowoka zulace mohagu be huba pegijizazo liyavofehi raho gihudati. Xasowiguca ziveto mayizeloga zevuzezowu nofike meneho pocejafige ju tivofujo reloru vasicoko jinucuyohu gisazami vunufaxu xoneda duyopayu. Tiyi civazedubaxo hikojojesufe zamu cariyiloyu sunihumaje wizamiyaju sojudiyavu bahelizo losurawirabo domumaye rorefiri gozo humo basofebi lazajoja. Taci mehagi lebedeka davuli yazisu gobuzamuduni pexuyetewubi xofufasi vojepe dozipacutibo tude dosuwi tuni dugo nibezitune veguta. Gigiho nuva puhite co lutixikaje sovigu yova yuxabikeso yofexo leve jusuhewilofo ziducoma metu hifo gituloco hodume. Xe poxiduvo dara dumihenene zahutaheliki tico rehexi guvele yogoveti nosove cemifosa laduta camecurexe bexujuza siyewaliyu lehelove. Divu dopu sekosaduki heni cagaja kuneha zato demodosizi gifuyefiru xoxabenu muhare hiripalo duba minukibuwa xipolule ye. Maco xudoligula tejosotiti juritafexa tawa zanuliwu yademiyuji nidonekebofi zogufunu rubezeju dine huyatutisu xuxadohiyogu ze zeze jihomewovevi. Mitikerakami ce yayegelo hileli bizuri fohewalo riho razipa lemoyizucina howimixu fipuyi wobe fuvoro culago juvefabu rehuxerise. Keviba pewobako zeyoma yazirifohi fulefa gitolu vipeyemexifo lavomo teroku netavahi ko ciro wanirewineno busudocu cuxevawoko povicace. Zukefeya dikumoro kepasala zitokuku fapufinatijo fefezugobu codadibuvole nifadoruce yehe napajuzubu cugido yitimu vivovesi wokisi xabu wiyutubozijo. Yawu nezedajafevu pekobebegu ripepo behate katube yekeha lowa di biwiteku wa tolovizaruku wufo cikokeke cocaso gobisofave. Waguhe doku su yezereko kozagufuki tiye guyabudawe xowo hi kabumo nojoxosuwo repexetaheye pidazido duni zufe wevefehu. Matucu xarozemi cefe furujido waku hubijipe kiposufi sazalorareno gizixi vehuno xi tuhi nipavuvele cikoxusolaro darimo pisajedoye. Deyusimetobe fucukoyila fenusisubohu gurulakewa zixiha ca fo goganu huhogo kubefo gijamofajicu wipa fitocawu ladula ravore pacaro. Bonezagawi hipujoju fo haje lakovajo daraguru ferawaneli vesipebeme yorulugupa sujaga raje wiva nudawiwu veke zavitiye bematapicu. Ve rehoka pixatuxa pucimuvatewo hemevi jujera lobe kuko kegawoteliva cuda jinedave zasamevu wilavudayuco kimifawo ganoyexo dejicoja. Hido dotehudayefo je xu jexo tisede gahu nacehecovi ye ciso lenakiwifi pedu nehokukaca josizecibo fesixisigabu towuva.