

A Tale of Two Cities

by Steph DeFerie



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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

A Full Length Adaption

By Steph DeFerie

SYNOPSIS: It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...Dickens' classic novel of love, sacrifice and the French Revolution comes to the stage in this faithful adaptation. Although written for middle-school performers, this version does not talk down in any way - it is simply a bit more accessible for younger actors and audiences. With almost 30 speaking parts and opportunities for any number of mob participants, this easy-to-stage epic is a great way to challenge your young performers, teach about a pivotal moment in history and introduce kids to the world of Charles Dickens.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 female, 15 male, 7 either, 1-10 extras; doubling possible, gender flexible)

QUEEN OF ENGLAND (f).....	(55 lines)
QUEEN OF FRANCE (f)	(37 lines)
MR. LORRY (m)	(101 lines)
INNKEEPER (m/f)	(3 lines)
LUCIE MANETTE (f).....	(82 lines)
MADAME DEFARGE (f).....	(51 lines)
MONSIEUR DEFARGE (m).....	(44 lines)
GASPARD (m).....	(4 lines)
JACQUES 1 (m)	(13 lines)
JACQUES 2 (m/f).....	(11 lines)
DR. MANETTE (m)	(44 lines)
JERRY CRUNCHER (m).....	(16 lines)
ATTORNEY GENERAL (m).....	(24 lines)
JOHN BARSAD (m)	(54 lines)
THE VENGEANCE (f)	(24 lines)
TRIBUNAL JUDGE (m/f).....	French Judge. (16 lines)
COACHMAN (m)	(3 lines)
SEAMSTRESS (f)	(6 lines)
ROGER CLY (m)	(3 lines)
GABELLE (m).....	(5 lines)
MR. STRYVER (m)	(31 lines)

MARQUIS ST. EVREMONDE (m)..... (19 lines)
JUDGE (m/f)..... English Judge. (10 lines)
CHARLES DARNAY (m)..... (85 lines)
SIDNEY CARTON (m)..... (82 lines)
MISS PROSS (f)..... (32 lines)
JAILER (m/f)..... (14 lines)
FOOTMAN 1 (m/f)..... (4 lines)
FOOTMAN 2 (m/f)..... (4 lines)

EXTRAS:

MOB (m/f)

SETTING: England and France

TIME: 1775-1793

SETS

The original production used two light-weight parallel-bar clothing racks (aka wheeled wardrobes) as "frames" for the scenery panels to hang on. Four background panels were painted - two for England (one town, one country) and two for France (one town, one country) - and hung on these racks, one on each side. These were placed upstage and could be individually turned by the Queens. This allowed the stage to represent England on one side (usually right) and France on the other (usually left) or either country across the entire stage. Small signs which could be turned and which read "England" on one side and "France" on the other were placed above the panels to further clarify where the action was taking place. Curtains on rods were sometimes placed on these frames thus turning the "backgrounds" into "views" seen through "windows" during some interior scenes. The French Tricolor was also hung on rods and placed on the frames for scenes in France after the Revolution.

As for furniture, there was a table and bench stage right and a table and bench stage left. Stools or chairs could be substituted for the benches. These benches and tables were moved around as needed. Two barrels and a plank served as the wine shop. A tall stool was brought on as needed for the English and French judges and the coach driver.

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The carriage was represented by two footmen holding and twirling large wheels in front of and behind the passengers who were seated on a bench (the Marquis in one scene, Lucie, Darnay, Dr. Manette and Lorry in the other scene). The driver sat in front of the passengers on a high stool holding the reins of the horse which was a painted cut-out mounted on a another rolling wardrobe.

The most important piece of furniture was the portable door unit placed on furniture pads for easy movement. It was constructed so that the door could be removed from the frame - this allowed the unit to function not only as a door but also as a doorway, a gallows (when a body was hung from it) and a guillotine (with the addition of the guillotine insert - a "blade" that rose and fell with a resounding thunk into a "wooden" bottom). The Tricolor was also hung on it at one point.

Although our cast was responsible for scene changes, it would probably be easier to have a set crew.

COSTUMES

Each character wears an appropriate period costume - France and England - late 18th century.

PROPS

- Tankards
- Wine Bottles
- Jug
- Traveling bags
- Handkerchief for LORRY
- Shoe
- Hammer
- Red chalk
- Clean rag for MONSIEUR DEFARGE
- Knitting
- Key
- Small rag containing strands of hair
- Papers for MR. STRYVER and ATTORNEY GENERAL

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- Silver pot
- Napkin
- Cup and saucer
- Whisk
- Small bundle or doll (GASPARD's child)
- Purse
- Coin
- Plate
- Wineglass
- Knife and fork
- Pillow
- Sheet
- Knife
- Full-sized dummy with hood over head (dressed the same as GASPARD)
- Shawl
- Book
- Boutonnière
- Veil
- Bouquet
- Flower petals
- Baby (Little Lucie)
- Tricolor Flag
- Clubs, muskets, knives, axes, pikes
- Decapitated head (QUEEN OF FRANCE)
- Pen and paper and envelope
- Briefcase
- Letter
- Bell
- Dr. Manette's confession letter
- Carton's passport
- Small bottle and cloth
- Small basket
- Small pistol

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The original production was staged by the Chatham Middle School Drama Club at Chatham High School, Chatham, Cape Cod, MA on May 15, 2010 with the following cast:

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.....	Cloe Murphy
QUEEN OF FRANCE, THE VENGEANCE	Rachel Wallace
JARVIS LORRY	Michael Couto
INNKEEPER, FRENCH JUDGE, COACHMAN	Rudy Fratus
LUCIE MANETTE.....	Meghan Brady
MADAME DeFARGE.....	Hope Stinson
MONSIEUR DeFARGE.....	Max Arvidson
MADAME GASPARD, ATTORNEY GENERAL, SEAMSTRESS	Emileigh Perkins
JACQUES 1	Vaughn Yerkes
JACQUES 2, ROGER CLY.....	Ben Mulholland
DR. MANETTE.....	Jonas Greenblatt
JERRY CRUNCHER.....	Steph DeFerie
BARSAD, GABELLE	Makayla Cussen
MR. STRYVER	Joseph Cromarty
MARQUIS St. EVREMONDE, ENGLISH JUDGE	Nick Matsik
CHARLES DARNAY	Liam Phelan
SIDNEY CARTON.....	John Mulholland
MISS PROSS.....	Ryan Leach
JAILER	Karen McPherson

The play was directed by Karen McPherson and staged managed by Caroline Couto. The sets were designed and built by John Kaar and painted by Maryalice Eizenberg. Betty Marshall was in charge of costumes. Jack Boucher ran lights and sound. Props were provided by helpful parents.

For all the drama club kids - my gaslight fairies

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ACT ONE**AT RISE:**

England, right. A table with a tankard and a jug and a bench.

France, left. The wine shop – a plank on two barrels forming the counter and also a table and bench. There are tankards and bottles on the counter and table. A chalk board listing prices and a piece of red chalk lean on one of the barrels.

A door center.

Enter QUEEN OF ENGLAND right, as she usually will. Enter QUEEN OF FRANCE left, as she usually will. They curtsy to each other.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It was the best of times.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It was the worst of times.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It was the age of wisdom.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It was the age of foolishness.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It was the epoch of belief.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It was the epoch of incredulity.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It was the season of Light.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It was the season of Darkness.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It was the spring of hope.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It was the winter of despair.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: We had everything before us.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: We had nothing before us.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: We were all going direct to Heaven.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: We were all going direct the other way.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: In short, the period was much like the present period.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: (*Indicating QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*) There was a queen with a plain face on the throne of England.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: (*Indicating QUEEN OF FRANCE.*) There was a queen with a fair face on the throne of France.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State that things in general were settled for ever.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: We begin in England.

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QUEEN OF FRANCE: The Royal George Hotel, Dover.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND and QUEEN OF FRANCE: 1775.

They curtsey to each other again and exit. Enter right through the door MR. JARVIS LORRY and INNKEEPER. The INNKEEPER carries a small traveling bag which he sets on the floor.

INNKEEPER: And here is your room, sir.

MR. LORRY: Thank you. I will require an additional room as well. I am waiting for a young Mam'selle to join me before we cross over to France tomorrow. She may ask for a Mr. Jarvis Lorry or simply for the gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Either way, I am that man.

INNKEEPER: But she is here already, sir, and waits on you.

MR. LORRY: Indeed! Please be so kind as to show her to me.

INNKEEPER: Very good, sir.

INNKEEPER exits. MR. LORRY paces nervously.

MR. LORRY: (*Nervous*) How should I put it so as not to frighten her into a faint? Such a shock could easily upset a person so much stronger than herself. Perhaps I am not the man for this.

A knock on the door.

Come in.

Enter LUCIE MANETTE. MR. LORRY bows.

Miss Manette. Mr. Jarvis Lorry of Tellson's Bank at your service. Pray, be seated.

LUCIE sits.

LUCIE: Sir, I received a letter yesterday, informing me that I should travel to Paris with the bank's representative in regard to some new intelligence of my family.

MR. LORRY: I am that representative, my dear.

LUCIE: Might you now explain to me the details of this discovery, Mr. Lorry? I confess I have a strong and eager curiosity as to its nature.

MR. LORRY: (*Passionately.*) I scarcely know how to begin! Recalled to life, as it were! Extraordinary!

LUCIE: Sir, forgive me, but...do I know you? You seem somehow familiar to me.

MR. LORRY: Do I? How singular! It was such a long time ago... (*He calms himself.*) But I am a man of business and this is simply a matter of business. I must not allow myself to get carried away. (*Gets an idea.*) Perhaps it's best that I tell you a story, my dear.

LUCIE: A story?

MR. LORRY: To maintain a certain distance, as it were, so as to keep things from becoming emotional. Twenty years ago, there was a customer of Tellson's Bank, a doctor he was...

LUCIE: Why, my father was a doctor...

MR. LORRY: ...a Citizen of France from Beauvais living in Paris with his wife and infant daughter.

LUCIE: Again, like my father.

MR. LORRY: And many other worthy gentlemen, I'm sure. I had the honor of knowing him well, as I was at that time working in our Paris branch. However, I knew him in strictly a business sense, you understand, as it doesn't do to mix personal feelings with business. At any rate, this poor fellow was rudely ripped from his family very suddenly and then just two years later his wife died. Their beautiful little daughter was left quite alone so she was taken to England and raised as a ward of the bank on a small property of her father's.

LUCIE: It is so very like my own story...Sir, were you the kind gentleman who took that child across the Channel after her mother's death?

MR. LORRY: (*Excited.*) I confess, Miss Manette, it was !! (*He calms himself again.*) Now, you may think this story is yours but whereas your father died, the father in this story did not. He had been spirited off so mysteriously and cleverly that no art could trace him. A very influential enemy had hidden him away in a most terrible prison. Although his wife implored the King, the courts and the clergy for any chance to save him, it was all for naught as the

man's enemy was too powerful. Do you wish me to continue or do you need a moment to collect yourself?

LUCIE: I assure you I am collected, sir. Pray go on. I find your...story ...most interesting.

MR. LORRY: Before her death, his wife, wishing to spare her child the agony of hope that she suffered, told the girl that her father was dead. After she herself died of a broken heart, no one told the child any different. So the girl grew into a beautiful young woman, believing herself to be an orphan.

LUCIE: How terrible.

MR. LORRY: (*Excited again.*) Exactly! But recently, I do not know why I am so excited by simple business news, recently, word has come that this man, this doctor, has been found alive!

MR. LORRY is about to keel over with excitement. LUCIE is also excited but more contained. She quickly rises and helps MR. LORRY to sit. She pours water from the jug into the tankard.

LUCIE: You are pale, sir. Pray, sit for a moment, take a few breaths and a sip of water.

MR. LORRY sits, mops his face with a handkerchief he has taken from his pocket and drinks the water.

MR. LORRY: How kind you are, my dear Miss Manette. I hope my cool and calm business manner has not upset you any. Men in my position do not excite easily, you understand. It does not mean that we are heartless, merely that we have learned to keep business separate from personal and hide our emotions.

LUCIE: I understand completely.

MR. LORRY: And now I am going to give you some news that may surprise you greatly. Perhaps you should sit... (*He tries to rise but falls back.*)

LUCIE: I believe you should remain seated a moment longer, sir. I assure you that I am most comfortable standing.

MR. LORRY: Very well. Would it amaze and astonish you, my dear, if I were to tell you that this story is your story after all and not someone else's?

LUCIE: I confess I guessed as much when you began to tell it and so have already begun to acquaint myself with this new knowledge. But what is my father's condition?

MR. LORRY: You must not let the fact that he is greatly changed by his ordeal frighten you. No matter how he has been affected, you must cling to the miracle that he is alive. He is alive! He has been taken in by an old servant in Paris, Ernest Defarge, and his wife and we are going there to collect him. And just as I took you to England eighteen years ago, so shall we take him and then you shall nurse him and love him and restore him to health, I have no doubt.

LUCIE: How strange...I feel I am going to meet his ghost and not his actual self.

MR. LORRY: Courage, Miss Manette. Take a page from my book and try not to let your emotions get the better of you.

MR. LORRY suddenly jumps up and hugs LUCIE.

MR. LORRY: He is recalled to life! Extraordinary!

Blackout. MR. LORRY and LUCIE exit with bag, jug and tankard. DR. MANETTE enters right with a shoe and a little hammer. He turns door unit sideways and sits at the table. Lights up. Enter QUEEN OF FRANCE left. She turns "England" scenery right to "France."

QUEEN OF FRANCE: Saint Antoine, a suburb of Paris.

Enter MONSIEUR DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE left. MADAME DEFARGE sits, knitting.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: A wine shop owned by Ernest Defarge and his wife Therese.

QUEEN OF FRANCE exits. A noise off.

DEFARGE: *(Looking off)* What is that noise outside? It is not the Jacques beginning something they should not, is it? And what is that running red in the gutters?!

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MADAME DEFARGE: Calm yourself. A cask of wine has dropped from the delivery cart and split open on the street. Those who cannot afford even our small charge are soaking their handkerchiefs to enjoy the unexpected treat.

Enter GASPARD, JACQUES 1 and JACQUES 2 from left. GASPARD writes the word "blood" on the chalkboard with the red chalk. The JACQUES and GASPARD take tankards and drink.

GASPARD: But another red will soon run in its place.

JACQUES 1 and JACQUES 2 snicker.

DEFARGE: *(Wiping the word out with his rag.)* Gaspard, are you mad?! We wait for the right moment!

JACQUES 1: I am tired of waiting.

JACQUES 2: And when will it be, then, eh?

DEFARGE: Jacques, we will know it when it comes.

JACQUES 1: Will I live to see the day?

DEFARGE: Only God can answer that, my dear Jacques.

JACQUES 2: And God knows by the time the great day finally arrives, we may have forgotten all the injustice and injury we have suffered.

MADAME DEFARGE: *(Holding up her knitting.)* Fear not, good Jacques. I keep track of every sin. It is all accounted for and each will be answered.

JACQUES 1: Sometimes I despair that the day of our salvation will ever come at all.

MADAME DEFARGE: How long does it take to prepare an earthquake? *(Pause.)* Well?

JACQUES 2: A long time, certainly.

MADAME DEFARGE: But when it is ready, it grinds to pieces everything before it. So shall it be with us. If your spirit needs reinforcing, go and see the poor wretch.

GASPARD, JACQUES 1 and JACQUES 2 put down their tankards and cross to the door, peering in through a grill to stare at DR. MANETTE.

DEFARGE: Your patience and strength of purpose are a model for us all, my dear.

Enter MR. LORRY and LUCIE from left.

MR. LORRY: Monsieur Defarge? I am the gentleman from Tellson's.

DEFARGE: Bonjour, Monsieur.

MADAME DEFARGE: And this is his daughter?

LUCIE: Lucie Manette, Madame. It's true then, Monsieur? He is alive and he is here?

DEFARGE: It is true.

LUCIE: Is he greatly changed?

MADAME DEFARGE: *(With a snort.)* Changed! *(Exits.)*

DEFARGE: You shall see for yourself. Come, he is up at the top of the house in the back.

DEFARGE begins to cross to DR. MANETTE. LUCIE hesitates.

MR. LORRY: *(Putting his arm around her)* Courage, my dear. The worst will be over in a moment and no matter how he is, he is your father and he is...recalled to life!

DEFARGE, MR. LORRY and LUCIE cross to the door.

(As they cross.) You were a servant in his house before he was taken, were you not, Monsieur?

DEFARGE: *(Taking out a key.)* Yes, when I was a boy.

LUCIE: He is just out of prison and you lock him in?

DEFARGE: He has lived so long a captive that he would be frightened and tear himself to pieces if he did not hear a key rattle in the latch.

Lights up on Dr. MANETTE. HE is working at making a lady's shoe, tapping with his hammer. GASPARD, JACQUES 1 and JACQUES 2 are taking turns watching him through the grill in the door.

MR. LORRY: *(Shocked.)* Monsieur, you make a show of him?

DEFARGE: Only to those to whom the sight is likely to do good. He reminds the Jacques what they work against. *(To GASPARD.)*
Enough, now.

*GASPARD, JACQUES 1 and JACQUES 2 exit left. DEFARGE
knocks on the door, inserts the key, unlocks it, opens it.*

Bonjour, Monsieur.

DR. MANETTE: Bonjour.

DEFARGE: *(Crossing to DR. MANETTE.)* You are hard at work, I see.

DR. MANETTE: Yes, yes, I am working.

DEFARGE: You have a visitor. *(He motions MR. LORRY forward.)*
Here is a Monsieur who knows a well-made shoe when he sees it.
Show him the shoe you are making.

DR. MANETTE holds out the shoe. MR. LORRY takes it, hesitantly.

DR. MANETTE: It is a young lady's walking shoe.

MR. LORRY: Are you a shoemaker by trade, then?

DR. MANETTE: No... no... I learned it here. I asked leave...to keep myself busy.

MR. LORRY: And your name, Monsieur?

DR. MANETTE: One Hundred and Five, North Tower.

MR. LORRY: That is all?

DR. MANETTE: One Hundred and Five, North Tower.

MR. LORRY: *(Kneeling before him, very emotional.)* Doctor Manette, do you remember nothing of me? Is there no old banker, no old friend in an old time rising in your mind?

A pause. MR. LORRY stands, wipes his eyes. LUCIE crosses and kneels next to DR. MANETTE.

DR. MANETTE: Who is this? You are not the jailer's daughter.

LUCIE: No.

DR. MANETTE: Who are you?

DR. MANETTE touches her hair, takes out a scrap of rag, unfolds it, removes strands of hair. He holds them up to LUCIE's hair.

The hair – it is the same! But how can that be? My wife laid her head upon my shoulder the night I was taken. When I was brought to the North Tower, they found these strands of her hair upon my sleeve. I asked them, "Will you leave them? They can never help me to escape." They have been a comfort of sorts. Is it you? No, no. You are too young. What is your name?

LUCIE: *(Embracing him.)* Oh, sir, you shall know it but I cannot tell you at this time, in this place. *(To LORRY and DEFARGE.)* Can all be arranged for our leaving Paris at once?

MR. LORRY: But is he fit for the journey?

LUCIE: More fit than to remain in this city so dreadful to him.

DEFARGE: It is true. I shall hire a carriage immediately.

MR. LORRY: That's business and if business is to be done, I had better do it.

LUCIE: Then be so kind as to leave us here. I will take care of him until you return.

MR. LORRY and DEFARGE go through the door and exit left. A moment of LUCIE and DR. MANETTE alone together. Blackout. They exit right with shoe and hammer. The counter, tankards and bottles are struck. Lights up. Enter QUEENS. They turn all the scenery to "England." As they speak, the courtroom is set - there is a high stool for the judge and the door is removed from the unit and replaced with a low set of bars for the prisoner to stand behind. It is moved to the left of the stool.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND and QUEEN OF FRANCE: London. 1780.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: Five years later.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: The criminal courts of the Old Bailey, the case of the Crown versus Charles Darnay who is charged with treason, specifically with furnishing information about British forces in North America to our enemies, specifically the French.

QUEENS exchange looks. Enter MR. STRYVER and CARTON. They sit on the bench at the table left. Throughout the following,

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CARTON pays no attention to the proceedings until LUCIE testifies. Enter LUCIE, DR. MANETTE and MR. LORRY. They stand behind STRYVER and CARTON. Enter ATTORNEY GENERAL. He stands by the table right. Enter ROGER CLY who stands behind the ATTORNEY GENERAL. Enter BARSAD. He stands to the right of the JUDGE. This is the witness "stand." Enter JUDGE. He sits up center on the stool. He has a gavel and base to bang it on. Enter CHARLES DARNAY. He stands behind the bars in the "dock" on the JUDGE's left. Enter JERRY CRUNCHER left at a run. He stands between the QUEENS.

JERRY: Am I late?

QUEEN OF FRANCE: For what?

JERRY: The treason case. That's a quartering offense, that is. If he's found guilty, he'll be half-hanged and then taken down and sliced open before his own face and his insides will be taken out and burnt while he looks on and then his head will be chopped off and he'll be cut into quarters!

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It's hard of the law to spoil a man so. It's hard enough to kill him but it's very hard to spoil him.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It's only just begun. That's the Attorney General prosecuting and Mr. Stryver for the defense.

JERRY: Who's the fellow next to him?

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Sidney Carton.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It has been noted that while Mr. Stryver is a glib man and an unscrupulous, ready and bold man, he has not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements which is the most necessary of a lawyer's talents.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Fortunately, he has Mr. Carton, for Sidney, the idlest and most unpromising of men, is his greatest ally. Although he is a prodigious drinker, Sidney can well do what Mr. Stryver can not. Sidney will never be a lion but he is an amazingly good jackal.

QUEENS exit. JERRY crosses to MR. LORRY.

JERRY: Mr. Lorry? You sent to Tellson's for a messenger and so here I am.

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MR. LORRY: Jerry Cruncher, good. I may need you during the proceedings and when there's a verdict, you must run back to the bank with it as fast as you can.

JERRY: You may depend on me, sir. What have I missed?

MR. LORRY: The Attorney General has presented evidence of incriminating documents and is just now finishing the questioning of his witness Mr. Barsad.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Then, in summing up, if I may. You were a friend of the prisoner's but when you detected his infamy, you resolved to do your duty and report him, thus putting your country's good ahead of your friendship.

BARSAD: Well put, sir.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: No further questions, My Lord.

JUDGE: Mr. Stryver? Cross examine?

MR. STRYVER: Mr. Barsad. Have you ever been a spy yourself?

BARSAD: No.

MR. STRYVER: Ever been in prison?

BARSAD: Certainly not.

MR. STRYVER: Never in debtor's prison?

BARSAD: Don't see what that has to do with it.

MR. STRYVER: Never in a debtor's prison?

BARSAD: Yes.

MR. STRYVER: How many times?

BARSAD: Two or three.

MR. STRYVER: Not five or six?

BARSAD: Perhaps.

MR. STRYVER: Ever been kicked?

BARSAD: Might have been.

MR. STRYVER: Frequently?

BARSAD: No.

MR. STRYVER: Ever been kicked down stairs?

BARSAD: Decidedly not.

MR. STRYVER: No?

BARSAD: Once received a kick on the top of a staircase and fell down of it of my own accord.

MR. STRYVER: Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice?

BARSAD: Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault but it was not true.

MR. STRYVER: What do you live on?

BARSAD: My property.

MR. STRYVER: And also by gambling?

BARSAD: Sometimes.

MR. STRYVER: Cheating at gambling?

BARSAD: Never!

MR. STRYVER: Ever borrow money from the prisoner?

BARSAD: Yes.

MR. STRYVER: Ever repay him?

BARSAD: No.

MR. STRYVER: And you're sure you saw the prisoner with this information?

BARSAD: Yes.

MR. STRYVER: You did not procure this information yourself?

BARSAD: Certainly not.

MR. STRYVER: Did you expect to get anything by bringing forth this evidence?

BARSAD: Not at all.

MR. STRYVER: You're not in regular government pay to spy and lay traps?

BARSAD: No!

MR. STRYVER: Thank you, you may step down.

BARSAD crosses and sits at table right.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Call Mr. Jarvis Lorry to the stand.

MR. LORRY takes the stand.

Mr. Lorry, you are a clerk at Tellson's Bank?

MR. LORRY: I am.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: On a certain Friday night in November 1775, were you compelled to travel by coach from London to Dover?

MR. LORRY: By business I was.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Were there any other passengers in the coach?

MR. LORRY: There was one.

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ATTORNEY GENERAL: Please look upon the prisoner. Was he that passenger?

MR. LORRY: I cannot say for the night was so dark and the fellow was so wrapped up against the weather that it is impossible to state for certain.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: But he might have been?

MR. LORRY: Certainly. Just as you might have been.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Look at him again. Have you ever seen him to your certain knowledge before?

MR. LORRY: As I was returning from France a few days later, he boarded my packet ship at Calais.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Had you any conversation with the prisoner?

MR. LORRY: Hardly any. The weather was so stormy and the passage so rough, I lay upon a sofa from shore to shore.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Were you traveling alone?

MR. LORRY: I had two companions. A gentleman and a lady.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Thank you. That is all.

JUDGE: *(To MR. STRYVER.)* Any questions?

MR. STRYVER: No, My Lord.

MR. LORRY returns to his spot.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Call Miss Lucie Manette to the stand.

LUCIE takes the stand.

Miss Manette, have you ever seen the prisoner before?

LUCIE: Yes, sir. On board the packet ship just now referred to by Mr. Lorry on the same occasion.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Did you have any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?

LUCIE: Yes, sir. When the gentleman came on board...

JUDGE: Do you mean the prisoner?

LUCIE: Yes, my Lord.

JUDGE: Then say "the prisoner."

LUCIE: When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father was in a very weak state and he was kind enough to help me with him.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Had he come on board alone?

LUCIE: No. Two French gentlemen were with him. They talked together until it was necessary for them to return to shore as our ship was about to sail.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: (*Holding up some papers.*) Were there any papers handed amongst them similar to these?

LUCIE: There were some papers, that is all I can remember.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Now as to your conversation with the prisoner...

LUCIE: (*Almost crying.*) He was kind to me and my father. I hope I may not repay him by doing him any harm today!

JUDGE: It is your duty to tell the truth, nothing more or less.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: What did he tell you about himself?

LUCIE: He told me that he was traveling on business of a delicate and difficult nature which might get people into trouble and therefore was traveling under an assumed name. He said this business had taken him to France and might at intervals take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular.

LUCIE: He tried to explain to me how the quarrel with America had arisen and he said that so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third.

Consternation from ALL.

JUDGE: Order, order in the court!

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Thank you, Miss Manette. No further questions, My Lord.

JUDGE: Mr. Stryver?

MR. STRYVER: No questions, My Lord.

LUCIE returns to her spot.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Call Dr. Manette.

DR. MANETTE takes the stand.

Dr. Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?

DR. MANETTE: Once. He called at my lodgings in London some three years ago to ask after my health.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on the packet?

DR. MANETTE: I cannot.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Is there any particular reason for your being unable to do so?

DR. MANETTE: There is. It was my misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment without trial or accusation in my native France. I was newly released on that occasion and my mind is blank from my release until I found myself living in London with my dear daughter months later.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Nothing further, My Lord.

JUDGE: Mr. Stryver?

MR. STRYVER: No questions, My Lord.

DR. MANETTE returns to his spot.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: The Crown rests, Your Lordship.

JUDGE: Very good. Mr. Stryver? The defense case, if you please.

MR. STRYVER and CARTON confer – MR. STRYVER is worried.

LUCIE: I fear he has no strong defense of Mr. Darnay. How can he refute all of that dreadful evidence against him?

CARTON gets an idea and whispers to MR. STRYVER.

MR. LORRY: *(Excited.)* You must not give up hope, my dear. Mr. Stryver's friend there seems to have an idea.

MR. STRYVER: I should like to recall the waiter from the Bell and Compasses, Mr. Roger Cly, to the stand.

ROGER CLY takes the stand.

I would remind the witness that he is still under oath. Now, let me lay this out clearly. It has been asserted that the prisoner took the coach to Dover that Friday night in November five years ago and collected information from a co-conspirator he met in the coffee room of the Bell and Compasses Hotel. He then traveled to France and returned on the packet ship. You, Mr. Cly, being a waiter in that hotel, have identified the prisoner as having been in that coffee room at the precise time required. Is that correct?

CLY: Yes, sir.

MR. STRYVER: You had never seen the prisoner before on any other occasion?

CLY: No, sir.

MR. STRYVER: Have you ever seen anyone very like the prisoner?

CLY: Not so alike as I could be mistaken.

MR. STRYVER: And yet Mr. Lorry testified that the man he saw in the coach that night was so wrapped up against the weather that he could not identify him. Look well on my learned friend who sits with me and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they not very much like each other? Wrapped up so well against the weather, might you not easily mistake one for the other?

CARTON takes off his wig. There is uproar in the court.

JUDGE: Remarkable! Charles Darnay, you have been found...not guilty! Court is adjourned!

LUCIE faints.

CARTON: Look to the young lady! She swoons!

MR. LORRY and DR. MANETTE help LUCIE to sit on the bench.

MR. LORRY: You heard him, Jerry! Off with you!

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JERRY exits left. Exit JUDGE, CLY, ATTORNEY GENERAL and BARSAD. The high stool and the low set of bars in the door unit are removed. The empty door frame remains. Enter QUEEN OF ENGLAND with two tankards and a bottle which she places on table right and then exits. MR. STRYVER crosses to DARNAY. MR. LORRY and DR. MANETTE stand by LUCIE who is still sitting on the bench left, DR. MANETTE looking at DARNAY curiously. CARTON stands apart down right.

MR. STRYVER: Congratulations, Mr. Darnay! You are a free man once again!

DARNAY: How can I thank you, sir? You have laid me under an obligation to you for life.

MR. STRYVER: I have done my best for you and my best is as good as any other man's, I believe.

DARNAY crosses to LUCIE. MR. STRYVER crosses to CARTON.

DARNAY: Miss Lucie, how are you feeling?

LUCIE: Much better, thank you, Mr. Darnay.

DARNAY: *(Kissing her hand.)* I'm sorry that you have been so distressed by these proceedings and that I have been the cause of them. I hope you will not hold it against me.

LUCIE: Not at all, sir. *(Noticing DR. MANETTE who looks troubled.)* I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me as I think it best that I take my father home.

DR. MANETTE: Yes, home.

MR. LORRY: Let me see you to a carriage.

MR. STRYVER: I'd best be going along myself. Still have a night's work to do. Good afternoon, all.

Exit LUCIE, DR. MANETTE, MR. LORRY and MR. STRYVER left.

CARTON: It is an odd chance that throws us together, is it not? It must seem strange to you, standing here with your twin outside the Court.

DARNAY: I hardly seem to belong to this world again.

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CARTON: I don't wonder at it. It's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly.

DARNAY: I begin to think I am faint.

CARTON: Then you must join me in a drink.

CARTON and DARNAY cross to the table and bench right and sit, drinking from the tankards.

CARTON: Give us a toast, Darnay.

DARNAY: What toast?

CARTON: Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be.

DARNAY: To Miss Manette, then.

CARTON: Miss Manette!

THEY drink.

Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of so much sympathy and compassion from such a lovely creature?

DARNAY: I don't know that she has given me any.

CARTON: Oh, I think she has.

DARNAY: I thank you for your help today.

CARTON: I neither want any thanks nor merit any. In truth, I don't know why I did it. Let me ask you - do you think I particularly like you?

DARNAY: You have acted as if you do but I don't think so.

CARTON: I don't think so, either.

DARNAY: Nevertheless, there is no reason to prevent us parting on good terms, on my side at least.

CARTON: Darnay, do you think I am drunk?

DARNAY: I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton.

CARTON: You know I have been drinking. And so you shall know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth and no man cares for me.

DARNAY: That is much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better.

CARTON: Maybe so, sir, maybe not.

DARNAY: Good night, Mr. Carton.

DARNAY exits through doorway.

CARTON: *(Looking at his reflection in the bottle.)* Do you like the man? Why should you particularly like a man just because resembles you? He only shows you what you might have been. Change places with him and would you have been looked at by those pretty eyes as he was and cheered that agitated face as he did? Come and have it out in plain words - you hate the fellow.

Blackout. CARTON exits right with tankards and bottle. Lights up. Enter QUEENS. QUEEN OF ENGLAND holds a silver pot and QUEEN OF FRANCE holds a small whisk. THEY turn all the scenery to "France." MARQUIS ST. EVREMONDE enters left and sits on the bench right. Enter FOOTMAN 1 and FOOTMAN 2 from left. FOOTMAN 1 is carrying a napkin and a dainty cup and saucer. Enter COACHMAN right. HE removes the right table.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: Witness now the Marquis St. Evremonde in his Paris apartments taking his morning cup of chocolate.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: It took four men, all ablaze with gorgeous decoration, to conduct the chocolate to his lips. *(Holding up the pot.)* One lackey carried the chocolate pot into the bedroom.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND crosses to QUEEN OF FRANCE.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: The second frothed the chocolate with a little instrument he bore for that function. *(Whisks the chocolate in the pot.)*

FOOTMAN 1: The third presented the favorite napkin. *(Presents the napkin to MARQUIS.)*

FOOTMAN 2: The fourth poured the chocolate out.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND gives the pot to FOOTMAN 2 who "pours" the chocolate into the dainty cup held by FOOTMAN 1 who then presents the cup and saucer to MARQUIS. MARQUIS sips his chocolate.

FOOTMAN 1: It was impossible for the Marquis to dispense with even one of these attendants and hold his high place under the admiring heavens.

FOOTMAN 2: Deep would have been the blot upon his honor if his chocolate had been presented by only three men.

FOOTMAN 1 and **FOOTMAN 2:** He must have died if there were only two.

COACHMAN enters right, leading a horse. FOOTMAN 1 and FOOTMAN 2 set up the "carriage" center behind the horse facing left. The tall stool is placed directly behind the horse for the COACHMAN to sit on. The left bench is set behind the stool for the MARQUIS to sit on. A small wheel is set between the bench and the stool and a large wheel is set behind the bench. These wheels are held and spun by FOOTMAN 1 and FOOTMAN 2. A small bundle is secretly laid behind one of the wheels. FOOTMAN 1 and FOOTMAN 2 take their places at the wheels.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: The Marquis was one of the great lords in power at the French Court. He had one truly noble idea of general public business which was to let everything go on its own way. Of particular public business, he had the other truly noble idea that it must all go toward his own power and pocket.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Of his pleasures, general and particular, he had the other truly noble idea that the world was made for him.

Finished with his chocolate, MARQUIS hands the dainty cup and saucer to QUEEN OF ENGLAND, crosses to the carriage and sits on the bench facing left.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: It was always agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses and often barely escaping from being run down.

The carriage starts – although it does not go forward, the FOOTMEN spin the wheels, the COACHMAN and MARQUIS sway and jounce about a bit.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: His man drove as if he were charging an enemy and the complaint had been sometimes made that in the narrow streets without footways, this fierce custom of hard driving endangered and maimed vulgar pedestrians in a barbarous manner.

QUEENS exit with the right bench. The carriage moves faster. Enter a CROWD including GASPARD, MONSIEUR DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE. She is knitting furiously. They react to the following.

FOOTMAN 1: With a wild rattle and clatter, the carriage dashed through the streets and swept round corners. Women screamed before it, men clutched children out of its way, and swooping around a corner, one of the wheels came to a sickening little jolt...

There is a jolt to the carriage.

FOOTMAN 2: ...and there was a loud cry from a number of voices and the horse reared and plunged.

HORSE rears. The carriage stops suddenly. CROWD roars, surrounds coach and horse.

FOOTMAN 1: The carriage probably would not have stopped but there were twenty hands at the bridle and so the frightened coachman got down in a hurry.

COACHMAN gets off his stool, looks under wheel.

MARQUIS: *(Looking out)* What has gone wrong?

GASPARD pulls out the small bundle from behind the wheel. He sobs over it.

COACHMAN: Pardon, Monsieur le Marquis, it is a child!

MARQUIS: Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his?

COACHMAN: Such a pity. It is.

GASPARD holds the bundle up over his head.

GASPARD: Oh, my son, my son! Killed!

The CROWD looks menacingly at MARQUIS and grumbles threateningly.

MARQUIS: *(Taking out his purse.)* It is extraordinary to me that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or another of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done to my horse? *(To COACHMAN.)* Check him. *(With a sigh.)* Here is a coin for your trouble.

COACHMAN checks the horse. MARQUIS throws out a coin.

GASPARD: Dead!

DEFARGE: *(Comforting GASPARD.)* Be brave, my dear Gaspard. It is better the poor little plaything died so than to live such a wretched life. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?

MARQUIS: *(To COACHMAN.)* They are well? Excellent. Proceed.

COACHMAN retakes his seat. DEFARGE picks up the coin and throws it at MARQUIS.

MARQUIS: Hold the horse! Who threw that?

Silence.

You dogs! I would ride over any of you very willingly and exterminate you from the earth! Drive on!

The CROWD, DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE slowly exit with the bundle. GASPARD crawls under the bench.

Drive on, I say! Run them all down if you must!

The carriage finally “moves on.” QUEENS enter left with bench which they place by the table. Enter GABELLE left. He places plate, wine glass, knife and fork on the table left.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: And so we leave Paris behind...

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: ...and venture out to Monsieur le Marquis' country chateau.

COACHMAN: Whoa there!

The carriage stops. GABELLE crosses and helps the MARQUIS from the carriage.

MARQUIS: Gabelle. Has my nephew Charles arrived from England yet?

GABELLE: He is expected any time, Monsieur le Marquis.

MARQUIS and GABELLE cross left to table. MARQUIS sits on bench, eats, drinks. GABELLE exits right. GASPARD crawls out from under "carriage" bench and hides behind it. COACHMAN and FOOTMEN exit left with stool, wheels and horse. As all this happens...

QUEEN OF FRANCE: The chateau was a stony business - a heavy mass of building with stone balustrades and stone urns and stone flowers and stone faces of men and stone heads of lions in all directions.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: All of which perfectly reflected the stony heart of its owner.

Exit QUEENS. Enter GABELLE and DARNAY right.

GABELLE: Your nephew, Charles Darnay. *(Withdraws a bit.)*

MARQUIS: So you have taken your mother's name.

DARNAY: Yes. You and my father...

MARQUIS: *(Toasting with the wine glass)* My twin brother, God rest his soul.

DARNAY: ...have so asserted the twisted power of your station that I believe our name to be the most detested one in all of France.

MARQUIS: Let us hope so. Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.

DARNAY: You and my father have done a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between you and your pleasure. My father's death has left me bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it but powerless in it. Now I seek to execute the last request of my dear mother and redress those wrongs.

MARQUIS: You will forgive me if I tell you that I will die perpetuating the system under which I have lived. And to maintain that system, I would interfere even with you.

DARNAY: Perhaps you already have. Know you a man named Barsad?

MARQUIS: I do not believe so.

DARNAY: Of course not. I tell you now that this family, this property, this France are lost to me. I renounce them all!

MARQUIS: Are they yours to renounce? France may be but the property?

DARNAY: If it passed to me from you tomorrow...

MARQUIS: Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable...

DARNAY: ...or twenty years hence, I would abandon it and live otherwise and elsewhere.

MARQUIS: May one inquire how and where?

DARNAY: Why, as others of my countrymen do, of course - by good, honest work. And as to where, England.

MARQUIS: I hear that you have found a compatriot there - a doctor? With a daughter?

DARNAY: Yes.

MARQUIS: Ah. A doctor with a daughter. How interesting. I'm sure you are fatigued from your journey. Gabelle will show you to your room.

DARNAY: I will not spend a minute more in this dreadful place. I shall travel to Paris immediately and return to London.

MARQUIS: So it is good night, nephew.

DARNAY: It is goodbye, uncle.

GABELLE and DARNAY exit right.

MARQUIS: A doctor with a daughter. How amusing.

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GABELLE enters right with pillow and sheet.

I shall walk a bit before retiring.

GABELLE: Certainly, Monsieur le Marquis.

MARQUIS slowly strolls across the stage, watched by GASPARD. GABELLE moves the left bench and makes it up with the pillow and sheet. He then collects plate, glass, knife and fork and exits left.

MARQUIS: He is clever to suspect me of Barsad. But where shall his cleverness get him when the doctor with a daughter discovers his true name? Ah, well, I am cool now and may go to bed.

MARQUIS crosses to bench, lies down on it, pulls the sheet over himself, falls asleep. GASPARD creeps out from behind the other bench. He silently crosses to where the MARQUIS lies. He pulls out a knife, stands over him.

GASPARD: Drive him fast to his tomb! This from Jacques!

GASPARD drives the knife down into the MARQUIS. Blackout. A scream! In the darkness, GASPARD and MARQUIS exit with pillow and sheet and a body is hung from the frame center. Enter DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE left. They set up their counter left and move the bench from center to left by the left table. MADAME knits. Lights up. Enter BARSAD left.

BARSAD: Bonjour.

MADAME DEFARGE and DEFARGE: Bonjour.

BARSAD: A glass of your finest house red, Jacques.

DEFARGE: (*Pouring BARSAD a glass.*) As you like, Monsieur. But you have made a mistake. My name is not Jacques. It is Ernest.

BARSAD: That is funny. You look like a Jacques to me.

DEFARGE: And yet my mother named me Ernest. You must take it up with her.

BARSAD sits at the table.

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MADAME DEFARGE: What a dreadful spy! He is so obvious. Does the English halfwit actually believe that he can fool us into taking him into our confidence?

DEFARGE: Knit him into your register and we will keep a watch on him.

Enter JACQUES 1 and JACQUES 2 left.

MADAME DEFARGE: Jacques. What news from the countryside?

JACQUES 1: What we feared is true, every word.

DEFARGE: *(Nodding at BARSAD so the OTHERS are aware of him.)* He is caught, then? Our friend Monsieur Gaspard?

MADAME DEFARGE: Call him Jacques, for he is all of us and has only done what we should like to do and has paid for all.

JACQUES 2: Yes, he has paid for all - with his all.

Lights up on the hanging body. There is a hood over the head, the hands tied behind.

JACQUES 1: The gallows were assembled in the town square, over the village well.

JACQUES 2: He was hanged there 40 feet high and is left there still, poisoning the water.

JACQUES 1: It is frightful! How can the women and children draw water? Who can gossip of an evening under that shadow?

BARSAD: *(Joining the OTHERS.)* It is terrible, is it not? What the aristocracy's gold allows the law to get away with?

DEFARGE: I do not know what you mean, Monsieur. The law is the law and should be respected. We do not condone lawlessness here. If that is how you feel, please leave my shop.

BARSAD: As you wish. *(Exits left.)*

DEFARGE: How shall the poor man be registered?

JACQUES 2: Registered?

DEFARGE: My wife keeps a list of all the wrongs done to us stitched there in her knitting. What say you, wife? How shall this be registered?

MADAME DEFARGE: (*Holding out her knitting.*) The chateau and all the race. Extermination!

Blackout. JACQUES 1 and 2, DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE dismantle counter and exit left with table. Lights up. Enter QUEENS. Throughout the following, they turn the scenery to "England," remove the hanging body, bring the two benches center and place them beside each other.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: Twelve months have come and gone.

Enter DR. MANETTE right with a PATIENT. He examines PATIENT silently.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Doctor Manette has quite recovered his wits and his profession and receives such patients as his old reputation brings him.

Enter LUCIE left. She kisses DR. MANETTE on the cheek.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: Miss Lucie is as happy and bright a young woman as you could wish to see and dotes on her father and does everything in her power to keep him quite contented.

Enter DARNAY through the doorway.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Mr. Charles Darnay is established in London as a teacher of the French language...

QUEEN OF FRANCE: ...and also as a regular visitor to the home of Dr. Manette and Lucie...

LUCIE crosses to DARNAY and brings him down to the benches. They sit and talk silently.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: ...not forgetting Lucie's old nurse Miss Pross.

Enter MISS PROSS right. Seeing LUCIE and DARNAY together, she quickly crosses and squeezes onto the benches between LUCIE and DARNAY. During the following, DARNAY winks at LUCIE behind MISS PROSS' back. LUCIE silently speaks to MISS PROSS who exits left. DARNAY and LUCIE sit together again. MISS PROSS enters with a shawl which she drapes over LUCIE. DARNAY takes great care in wrapping LUCIE up in the shawl and ends the motion by hugging LUCIE and keeping his arm around her. Frowning, MISS PROSS remains standing behind the bench.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: With great perseverance and untiring industry, Darnay prospered in affairs of business...

QUEEN OF FRANCE: ...and affairs of the heart as well.

MR. LORRY enters through the doorway. Since DR. MANETTE is engrossed in his PATIENT and LUCIE and DARNAY are engrossed in each other, it is left to MISS PROSS to cross to MR. LORRY to greet him.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Mr. Lorry had also become a regular visitor, having renewed his friendship with the doctor. Unfortunately, he was not quite as welcome by the nurse.

QUEENS exit.

MISS PROSS: I am very much put out about my ladybird.

MR. LORRY: Indeed? May I ask the cause?

MISS PROSS: I do not want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of her to come knocking at the door.

MR. LORRY: Do dozens come?

MISS PROSS: Hundreds! I have looked after the dear since she was ten years old and I do not like how things have changed. I hold you responsible.

MR. LORRY: Me?

MISS PROSS: You began it, did you not? You brought her father back to life and although I have finally decided that he is worthy of her, all these others most definitely are not.

MR. LORRY: What others?

MISS PROSS: *(With a tilt of her head.)* Him, for one.

MR. LORRY: Mr. Darnay?

MISS PROSS: Must you speak only in questions? It's so vexing!

MR. LORRY: But what is wrong with...I mean...I see nothing wrong with Mr. Darnay.

MISS PROSS: He is French to begin with...

MR. LORRY: ...and...

MISS PROSS: ...he is French to end with.

MR. LORRY: Is that all?

MISS PROSS: That is enough.

PATIENT exits right.

MR. LORRY: She seems to forgive him that.

MISS PROSS: My ladybird is too young to understand that what is best for us is not necessarily what we like best.

Enter CARTON through the doorway. He sees LUCIE and DARNAY together and so crosses to DR. MANETTE and speaks silently to him.

MR. LORRY: Perhaps you approve more of Mr. Carton.

MISS PROSS: Perhaps I do not! He is melancholy and has no force, no impetus. He is here almost as much as the French fellow and my ladybird is as kind as can be to both of them and it's all a body can do to hold her tongue.

MR. LORRY: I must admit I feel a bit of sympathy towards Carton. From what I hear, he might have made a name for himself once but some disappointment or weakness in his youth robbed him of purpose and he has been thus ever since.

MISS PROSS: I wouldn't feel sympathy towards him if he was knocked into the Thames and drowned. *(Quieter.)* Although he drinks enough to drown without bothering the Thames at all.

DARNAY crosses to DR. MANETTE.

DARNAY: Hello, Carton.

CARTON: Darnay.

DARNAY: Might I have a word alone with the Doctor?

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CARTON: By all means.

CARTON crosses to LUCIE and sits beside her. They talk silently.

DARNAY: Dear Dr. Manette, please forgive me for coming straight to the point but I love your daughter fondly, dearly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her.

DR. MANETTE: I do not doubt it.

DARNAY: Believe me when I say that I would never put any separation between you and her.

DR. MANETTE: Have you any reason to feel that Lucie loves you?

DARNAY: I have.

DR. MANETTE: And so you wish for my blessing and permission to marry her.

DARNAY: I do.

DR. MANETTE: If she tells me that you are essential to her perfect happiness, I will give her to you.

DARNAY: Thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart. *(He pauses.)*

DR. MANETTE: There is something else?

DARNAY: Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. Darnay is my mother's name and not my own. I wish to tell you my father's name and why I am in England.

DR. MANETTE: *(Holding up his hand.)* Please! If Lucie accepts you, tell me on the morning of your wedding.

DARNAY: If that is what you wish.

DR. MANETTE: If there are any reasons, new or old, against the man she loves, they will all be obliterated for her sake. She is everything to me, more than suffering, more than wrong. Give me your hand.

DARNAY and DR. MANETTE shake hands.

LUCIE: I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton.

CARTON: No. But the life I lead is not conducive to health.

LUCIE: Forgive me but is it not a pity to live no better life?

CARTON: God knows it is a shame.

LUCIE: Then why not change it?

CARTON: It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall only sink lower and be worse.

LUCIE touches his cheek, wiping away a tear.

LUCIE: A tear? I've never seen you so softened and distressed.

CARTON: Pray forgive me. I break down before the knowledge of what I wish to say to you. Will you hear me?

LUCIE: If it will do you any good, sir, I shall and be very glad to do so.

CARTON: God bless you for your sweet compassion. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been.

LUCIE: No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be. I believe that you could be much, much worthier of yourself.

CARTON: Although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better, I shall never forget you said so. If it were possible that you could have returned the love of the poor drunken, wasted creature you see before you, he would have been conscious that he would have pulled you down with him, disgraced you and blighted you. I know you can have no tenderness for me.

LUCIE: Oh, but...

CARTON: I ask for none. I am thankful you cannot.

LUCIE: May I in no way recall you to a better course? Might I not save you?

CARTON: I'm afraid not. *(Now he wipes a tear from her cheek.)* Be comforted! I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. One word more and I shall never refer to this conversation again. For you, and for anyone dear to you, I would do anything. I ask only that you remember now and again that there is a man who would give his very life to keep one that you love beside you. Farewell! God bless you!

CARTON gets up and exits through the doorway. LUCIE touches her cheek where CARTON had touched it. Blackout. ALL exit. Lights up. Enter QUEENS. Throughout the following, they put up some flower garlands on the doorway and move the benches to their original places right and left and place a shoe, hammer and book behind the bench right.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: And so came the day that everyone expected.

MISS PROSS enters right and stands on the right side of the doorway as maid of honor. She loudly blows her nose.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: For Miss Pross, there were tears that her ladybird was now a woman.

MR. LORRY enters left and stands on the left side of the doorway as best man.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: For Mr. Lorry, happiness that he had had a small part in creating happiness.

Enter DARNAY through the doorway. He stands there as groom and fumbles with his boutonnière.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: For Darnay, there was the usual nervousness.

CARTON enters right and stands apart.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: For Carton, although he would not admit it to anyone, even himself, there was envy and sadness.

DR. MANETTE and LUCIE enter right and cross to DARNAY. LUCIE wears a veil and carries a small bouquet.

QUEEN OF FRANCE: For Dr. Manette, there was the bittersweet feeling of giving away a daughter to her joy. And for Lucie, there was only pure delight.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND: But before the sacred ties could be bound, there was one important chore that had to be done.

DR. MANETTE and DARNAY cross down. QUEENS exit.

DARNAY: Sir, you will recall that I once touched upon the subject of my name. You asked that the subject not be raised again until the morning of Lucie's wedding. Will you hear me now?

DR. MANETTE: If you wish.

DARNAY: There should not be any secret between us. Darnay is my mother's name. I have quit my father's family as they are members of the cursed aristocracy and I have sworn that I want nothing further to do with them. This is easy because my parents are dead and my only living relative is my father's twin brother, the Marquis.

DR. MANETTE: (*Mentally readying himself.*) And your father's name?

DARNAY: St. Evremonde.

DR. MANETTE is struck by the news but retains his composure with some effort.

DR. MANETTE: St. Evremonde...

DARNAY: I hope this changes nothing between us.

DR. MANETTE: It does not. I thank you for your honesty and ask only that this be kept between us. Will you give me your word?

DARNAY: If it is important to you, certainly.

DR. MANETTE: We shall speak of it no more. I welcome you into my family.

THEY shake hands and return to their places. DR. MANETTE takes LUCIE's hand and gives it to DARNAY.

DR. MANETTE: Take her, Charles. She is yours.

DR. MANETTE kisses LUCIE on the cheek. DARNAY kisses LUCIE on the other cheek. MISS PROSS and MR. LORRY toss some flower petals. MISS PROSS and MR. LORRY Hip hip hurrah! LUCIE turns and tosses the bouquet. MR. LORRY catches it and embarrassed, tosses it to MISS PROSS. There is laughter. MISS PROSS and MR. LORRY give the happy couple their congratulations. LUCIE catches CARTON's eye and then he exits right. LUCIE gives her father a hug.



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