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Charles Dickens’
A Tale of Two Cities
A Theatrical Adaptation
by Mark Fitzgibbons

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES
#22042-B
The action of the play takes place in the courtyard of an English inn and on the balconies, stairways and in the passageways which surround it.

A small assortment of furniture and sculptural pieces are used throughout to fulfill the scenic requirements.

The time is the 1860's.

The audience is attending the inn's production of A TALES OF TWO CITIES. (In the original production, the audience was seated within the inn yard environment.)
CAST OF PLAYERS

INNKEEPERS/NARRATORS — (2 females, 2 males. They will be referred to in the script as the King and Queen of England and the King and Queen of France, which are the first of many roles they play as they narrate the story.)

MR. JARVIS LORRY
JERRY CRUNCHER
LUCIE MANETTE
ERNEST DEFARGE
MADAME DEFARGE
JACQUES I, II, III
MR STRYVER
MR. BARSAD (Solomon)
DR. MANETTE
CHARLES DARNAY
SIDNEY CARTON
MISS PROSS
GASPARD
MARQUIS ST. EVREMONDE
VENGEANCE
LITTLE LUCIE
PEASANTS

The play is performed in three acts.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES received its professional premiere at The Cleveland Play House, Cleveland, Ohio on January 28, 1983 under the direction of William Rhys with the following cast:

Innkeepers/Narrators . . . . Wayne S. Turney, Carolyn Reed, William Strzempek, Sharor Bicknell
Mr. Jarvis Lorry . . . . . . . . Richard Halverson
Jerry Cruncher . . . . . . . . . . Marcus Naylor
Lucie Manette . . . . . . . . . . Tracee Patterson
Ernest Defarge . . . . . . . . . . James P. Kisicki
Madame Defarge . . . . . . . . . Evie McElroy
Jacques 1 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Gregory M. Del Torto
Jacques 2 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Allan Byrne
Jacques 3 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Norir Berman
Jacques 4 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Peter Schiff
Mr. Stryver . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Allen Leatherman
Mr. Barsad . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Dan Westbrook
Dr. Manette . . . . . . . . . . . . John Buck, Jr.
Charles Darnay . . . . . . . . . Morgan Lund
Sidney Carton . . . . . . . . . . . Si Osborne
Miss Pross . . . . . . . . . . . . . Alden Redgrave
Gaspard . . . . . . . . . . . . . Kelly C. Morgan
Marquis St. Evremonde . . . . Paul Lee
Vengeance . . . . . . . . . . . . . Cassandra Wolfe
Little Lucie . . . . . . . . . . . Adrea Lund, Beth Kadlubak
Gaspard's Son . . . . . . . . . . . Todd LaRiche, Shannon James
Citizens of England and France . . Ladies and Gentlemen of the ensemble

Original Music, Arrangements, Musical Direction by David Gooding

Set and Lighting by Richard Gould

Costumes by Estelle Painter

Properties — James A. Guy

Stage Manager — Jack Doulin
A TALE OF TWO CITIES was originally produced at Kent State University, Kent, Ohio on May 16, 1974 with the following cast:

**INNKEEPERS/NARRATORS**

POLLY LAW. ....................... Queen of England  
PETER HINE. ....................... King of England  
MARCI MAULLAR .................... Queen of France  
BILL WHITMAN ..................... King of France

**CAST OF PLAYERS**

Jarvis Lorry ...................... GEORGE F. BUZA  
Jerry Cruncher .................... ERIC KORNFELD  
Lucie Manette ..................... BETH FINLEY  
Ernest Defarge .................... JOHN MLINEK  
Madame Defarge ................... WENDY KRISS  
Jacques 1 ........................ JIM CONTI  
Jacques 2 ........................ MARK PIERSON  
Gaspard ................................ JOHN MATSIS  
Dr. Manette ........................ TOM FREEBURN  
Mr. Stryver ........................ RICHARD BUNTS  
Charles Darnay .................... DAVID PRITTIE  
Barsad ................................ DAN EZSO  
Sydney Carton ..................... SCOTT STEVENS  
Miss Pross ........................ JOAN G. FOGARTY  
Jacques 3 ........................ HARRY ZIMMERMAN  
Marquis St. Evremonde ............ JEFF A. WARD  
Vengeance ........................ CHRISTINE B. GARGOLINE  
President of Tribunal ............. COLE FARMER  
Little Lucie ...................... JENNY CHANDLER  
Peasant Women .................... JULIE NERO  
LAUREN ESCHUK  
PATTI WAGNER
INTRODUCTION

A theatrical production of *A Tale of Two Cities* may sound like an expensive proposition, but in fact this script was originally produced on a university campus in 1974 with a production budget of seventy-five dollars; and it wasn’t reader’s theatre. This adaptation was conceived with a minimal budget in mind. However, what’s important is, rather than stifling the development of the adaptation, that seeming restriction was an inspiration.

In the mid-eighteen hundreds, when Charles Dickens was writing *A Tale of Two Cities*, the English inns were experiencing hard times. In an attempt to improve business, inexpensively produced entertainments were presented in the innyards. It should also be noted that Dickens’ novels were adapted for the stage even during his lifetime. Therefore, it’s not inconceivable that, in an effort to turn a profit, innkeepers may have selected for one of their innyard productions the popular, recently serialized novel — *A Tale of Two Cities*. (Incidentally, the play could not have been set at the time of the French Revolution, for Dickens wrote about those events from a distance. “It was the best of times. It was the worst of times...”) And so, the environment of an English innyard in the mid-eighteen hundreds became the setting for this adaptation. It was a theatrical and economical solution to the problem of literally representing the countless locations in this tale of London and Paris. Actually, Dickens suggests this solution in the second chapter of the second book of his novel. “...The Old Bailey (criminal court) was famous as a kind of deadly innyard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts.
and coaches on a violent passage into the other world.” However, the setting was not the only device inspired by the limited resources.

Dickens’ story calls for a cast of thousands. This adaptation can be produced with considerably less. In order to effectively suggest the crowded galleries at the Old Bailey and at the French Tribunal, the audience for the original production was seated on the balconies, stairs, and lofts (with their legs dangling over the edge) within the innyard environment, just as their counterparts would have been seated in the 1860’s. However, it was the introduction of the four Innkeepers, who wisely chose *A Tale of Two Cities* for their innyard production, which significantly reduced the cast size requirement. In their dual roles as the plays narrators and directors, they perform the parts of the story’s minor characters. In addition, the Innkeepers/Narrators solved another dilemma faced by the adaptor, which was to preserve as much of the novel’s narrative as possible.

I have experienced two productions of this play and I believe that the key to a successful production is to reinforce whenever possible the concept that the Narrators are Innkeepers and the Innkeepers are storytellers and the play’s directors. It’s not merely because they’re first to appear on stage that the four Innkeepers are listed at the top of the “Cast of Players.” They are responsible for telling this story. Everyone else, whether it’s a Peasant or the individual playing Sidney Carton, is assisting them in their effort. They are friends, neighbors or aspiring thespians, who are anxious to help out.

Regarding the costume “design” for this period play,
the solution was a relatively simple one, when seen through the eyes of those Innkeepers. Without a budget for such things, they no doubt would have approximated or suggested the “look” of the period with clothing or portions of costumes, which they may have found in forgotten trunks or valises stored years earlier at the inn. In 1974, the university theatre costume shop provided a fair assortment of eighteenth and nineteenth century costumes. The absence of an apparent scheme to the costume design worked to our advantage. If they all appeared to have been from exactly the same period, or they all fit exactly right or they appeared to have been designed as a whole, they would have had a jarring effect on the overall concept.

As for the unit setting, the Innkeepers no doubt would have had it a little easier than we did in 1974. However, with the use of existing platforms and wood planking removed from the side of a barn (with the barn owner’s permission, of course) the innyard with its balconies, stairs and passageways was effectively suggested. Old wicker chairs discovered in the basement of a university building, which were positioned on the balconies, complimented the informal “loft” seating described above.

When most people think of A Tale of Two Cities, they think of the storming of the Bastille. But how could it be effectively yet economically presented on stage? Two weeks before the original opening all that existed of the scene was a page of the text with the typed words “Storming of the Bastille.” Blocking of the scene was scheduled for a Saturday afternoon. It was a beautiful warm spring
day. I moved rehearsal to a large grassy area on front campus. As we headed outdoors, we took with us a tarpaulin to approximate the indoor playing space. Something happened once we were in the open air. Whether it was the smell of freshly-cut grass or another sign that spring had arrived and the school year was almost over, we all began to dance and play and fall on the soft ground like children. Soon the gray-green tarpaulin became the billowing tricolor flag of the revolution; and ring-around-rosey became the dance of the Revolution — the Farandole. The product of that afternoon, which was documented by a passing staff photographer for the daily campus paper, became the Revolutionary scene as described in this text.

One final comment to directors of this play. I cannot over emphasize the value of putting yourself in the position of the Innkeepers. Ask yourself, “How would they have done it?” And keep in mind, as you make your own choices during the rehearsal period, that no matter how minimal your budget is, you probably have more to spend on your production than the Innkeepers had to spend on theirs.

MF
A TALE OF TWO CITIES

ACT ONE

Scene 1: Introduction

After preparing the innyard for their presentation, the four INNKEEPERS dress-up as the Kings and Queens of England and France, wearing makeshift wooden crowns and tricolor sashes. They perform the following scene in a spirit of playfulness.

For the purpose of abbreviation, the INNKEEPERS/NARRATORS will be referred to as K.E. (King of England), Q.E. (Queen of England), K.F. (King of France) and Q.F. (Queen of France).

As the house lights dim, K.E. and Q.E. are seated on stairs D.S.R.

K.E. It was the best of times.
Q.E. It was the worst of times.
K.E. It was the age of wisdom.
Q.E. It was the age of foolishness.
K.E. It was the epoch ofbelief.
Q.E. It was the epoch of incredulity.
K.E. It was the spring of hope.
Q.E. It was the winter of despair.
K.E. (reminiscing) We had everything before us.
Q.E. We had nothing before us.
K.E. We were all going direct to Heaven.
Q.E. We were all going direct the other way. (K.F. and Q.F. enter S.L.)

K.F. In short, the period was so much like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received in the superlative degree of comparison only. (referring to K.E.) There were a King with a large jaw...

Q.F. (referring to Q.E.) And a Queen with a plain face, on the throne of England. (She curtsies.)

Q.E. (referring to K.F.) There were a King with a large jaw... (She curtsies.)

K.E. (referring to Q.F.) And a Queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. (He bows gallantly. Q.F. flirts with him while Q.E. jealously looks on.)

K.F. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State that things in general were settled forever.

K.E. But rooted in the woods of France, there were growing trees, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it. (K.F. plays with a toy guillotine preset D.S.L, while peasants in the courtyard construct a large framework U.S. that resembles a guillotine. This structure will remain throughout the play serving a variety of functions including that of a doorway.)

Q.E. On land adjacent to Paris, there were rude carts, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which
the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. *(A group of peasants pull a cart into the innyard through a passageway U.S.L. They position it center stage. This cart will be used throughout as a coach, a carriage, tumbril, etc. K.E. and Q.E. begin to cross D.S.C.)*

K.E. But that Farmer...

Q.E. And that Woodman...

K.E. Though they work unceasingly... *(The lintel of the framework, which the peasants have been struggling with, suddenly falls into place with a bang.)*

Q.E. Work silently.

K.E. Forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake was to be atheistical and traitorous.

K.F. *(reciprocating K.E. and Q.E. insults)* In England...

Q.F. There was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. *(Q.F. and K.F. cross to K.E. and Q.E. standing D.S.C.)*

K.F. Daring burglaries by armed men took place in the capital itself every night.

Q.F. The highwayman in the dark was a city tradesman in the light.

K.F. The mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot down himself by the other four.

Q.F. After which the mail was robbed in peace.

K.F. And nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way.

K.E. Well, all these things...

K.F. And a thousand like them...

K.E. Came to pass in that dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five.
Q.E. While the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded... (Peasants in courtyard acknowledge remark.)

Q.F. (The two Queens join hands.) Those two of the large jaw...

K.E. (All four join hands C.S.) And those other two of the plain and the fair faces carried their divine right with a high hand. (All four lift their joined hands high in the air and then bow. After the bow, they all begin to remove their crowns and sashes.) But what of the myriads of smaller creatures? Well, they are the creatures of this play, forever proceeding along the roads that lay before them.

K.F. And, it was the Dover Road that lay before the first of the persons with whom this history has business.

Scene 2: Dover Mail

The two peasants who rolled the cart into the courtyard will be referred to in this scene as Joe and The Coachman. They have transformed the cart, which is positioned C.S., into the Dover coach. This is achieved by removing the sides of the tumbril, revealing a two-sided bench within.

As the lights begin to change, Q.E. and Q.F. assist K.E. and K.F. as they change into heavy woolen capes, which should make the two men indistinguishable. K.E. and K.F. position themselves at the side of coach.
Lights continue to fade until the only visible sources of light are the two lanterns hooked to the sides of the bench on the cart. The light from those lanterns reflect upon the thighs of the travelers and Joe as they pantomime “walking” next to the coach up Shooter’s Hill.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry enters unobtrusively from U.S.R., and joins the others at the side of the coach. He begins to walk in place. Like the others, he is heavily clothed.

Q.E. On that November evening as a cold mist settled in, the passengers walked up a hill, not because they relished walking, but because the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy that the horses had three times already come to a stop. (Q.E. and Q.F. exit with crowns and sashes. The travelers cease to pantomime “walking.”)

COACHMAN. (He is seated on bench at the front of the coach.)

Joe! (Lights dimly reveal coach and its riders.)

Joe. Halloa!

COACHMAN. What o’clock do you make it?

Joe. Ten minutes good past eleven.

COACHMAN. And only now atop Shooters!

Joe. What do you say, Tom?

COACHMAN. I say there’s somethin’ movin’ in the brush, Joe! (He points his gun in the direction of the dark D.S.L. corner of the innyard.) Show yourself or I’ll fire. (At first we hear only a voice coming from a recess in the innyard D.S.L.)

JERRY’S Voice. Is that the Dover Mail?

COACHMAN. (frightened) Never you mind what it is.

JERRY’S Voice. I want a passenger, if it is.

Joe. What passenger?
JERRY’S VOICE. Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

JOE. Keep where you are. If I make a mistake, it won’t be set right in your lifetime. (He addresses coach passengers.) Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight.

LORRY. (with quavering voice) Who wants me?

JERRY’S VOICE. Mr. Lorry?

LORRY. (peering into the darkness) Is it Jerry?

JERRY’S VOICE. Yes, Mr. Lorry, its a dispatch sent after you from T. and Company.

LORRY. (to JOE) I know this messenger. May he come close? I belong to Tellson’s Bank. You must know Tellson’s in London. I’m going to Paris on business.

JOE. (to JERRY) Come on at a footpace. (JERRY appears D.S.L and crosses slowly towards coach C.S. The coach travellers — K.E. and K.F. — move away from LORRY as JERRY approaches. JERRY hands LORRY a written message.)

LORRY. (to JOE) I may read this? (JOE nods his head affirmatively. LORRY reads note, first to himself, then aloud.) “Wait at Dover for Mam’selle.” (to JOE and COACHMAN) You see, not long at all. Jerry, say that my answer was “Recalled to life.”

JERRY. That’s a blazin’ strange answer, too.

LORRY. Deliver that message and they will know that I have received this. (He turns to board coach and then turns back to JERRY.) Make the best of your way then. Good night! (JERRY crosses to a pool of light D.S.L All passengers board the coach.)

JOE. Tom?

COACHMAN. Hallo, Joe.

JOE. Did you hear the message?

JERRY. (speaking to himself) “Recalled to life?”
COACHMAN. I did Joe.

JERRY. That's a blazin' strange message.

JOE. What did you make of it, Tom?

COACHMAN. Nothing at all, Joe.

JOE. That's a coincidence, for I made the same of it myself.

JERRY. "Recalled!" Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinkin'! (Blackout)

Scene 3: The Preparation

The following is delivered in darkness except for a few candles in the windows of the innyard.

Q.F.'s Voice. A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when one enters a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts has in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it.

K.E.'s Voice. Mr. Jarvis Lorry! (Lights bump up. Q.E. and Q.F. are dressed as chambermaids. K.E. is dressed as the concierge of the Royal George Hotel. They are standing at the guillotine doorway U.S.R. welcoming the hotel's new guest, MR. LOFRY, who is stepping down from the coach. K.F. narrates from D.S.R.)

K.F. There was only one traveler left when the mail
arrived at the Royal George Hotel. He was greeted with some flourish of ceremony for a mail journey from London to Dover in winter was an achievement worthy of congratulations.

LORRY. I wish accommodations prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time today. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know.

K.E. Yes, sir.

LORRY. There will be a packetboat to France tomorrow?

K.E. Yes, sir. Bed, sir?

LORRY. I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom.

K.E. And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. (to the chambermaids — Q.E. and Q.F.) Show the gentleman to the Dover bedchamber. His valise and hot water to the Dover. Quickly! (Q.E. and Q.F. exit U.S.R. followed by LORRY. JOE and COACHMAN pull coach offstage through U.S.L. passageway. K.E. positions a small table and two chairs D.S.L. He stands next to the table with a menu in his hand.)

K.F. The Dover bedchamber was always assigned to a passenger from the coach. Those passengers always arrived heavily wrapped. Therefore, one kind of man was seen to go into the room, but all kinds of men came out of it. (LORRY re-enters from U.S.R. dressed appropriately for breakfast. He crosses through the guillotine doorway to his table D.S.L. K.E. gives LORRY the menu.)

K.E. Miss Manette has arrived from London, sir.

LORRY. So soon?
K.E. She would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

LORRY. Ask her if she would join me, please? (K.E. exits. To himself) A matter of business! (LUCIE MANETTE enters U.S.R. She stands for a moment in the guillotine "doorway." K.F., who has remained in the innyard, takes her hand briefly as she crosses D.S.L. to LORRY. LORRY stands to greet her.)

LUCIE. Mr. Lorry?

LORRY. Miss Manette. I kiss your hand. Pray sit down. Something to eat? (He motions for K.F.)

LUCIE. Thank you, no. (K.F. turns and exits.) Sir, I received a letter from the bank informing me that there had been a discovery respecting the small property of my poor father, who died before I was born. The instructions were that I should go to Paris to communicate with a gentleman of the bank, so good as to be dispatched to Paris for that same purpose.

LORRY. Myself.

LUCIE. I asked if I might be escorted on the journey by that gentleman...

LORRY. I shall be more than happy to execute the charge.

LUCIE. Sir, I thank you. I was told that you would explain to me the details of this business.

LORRY. Yes, I... It is very difficult to begin... This matter concerns one of our customers. A French gentleman. A scientific gentleman. A doctor.

LUCIE. Of Paris?

LORRY. Why, yes. Like your father, this gentleman was of repute in Paris. I was at that time in the French House of Tellson's Bank and had the honour of knowing him.
LUCIE. At what time are we speaking, sir?

LORRY. Twenty years ago. He married an English lady and I was one of the trustees.

LUCIE. Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?

LORRY. Miss Manette, I am a man of business. What I have to tell you is merely a matter of business. There is no friendship in it. No particular interest. Nothing like sentiment. Feelings? I have no time for them. I pass my whole life, Miss, in turning an immense pecuniary mangle.

LUCIE. But this is my father’s story, sir; and I begin to think that it was you who after my mother’s death brought me to England.

LORRY. So far, Miss, this is the story of your regretted father. But if your father had not died when he did... *(LORRY takes LUCIE’s hand to comfort her.)* if he had suddenly and silently disappeared... if he had an enemy who had the power to imprison anyone for any length of time... then this would be the history of your father.

LUCIE. I entreat you. Tell me more, sir!

LORRY. If this doctor’s wife had requested before her death that her child be reared in the belief that her father was dead. Courage, Miss Manette. There has been no discovery of money or property, but this doctor has been found. *(PEASANTS enter innyard and begin to set Paris street scene and Defarge Wine Shop. The cart is wheeled into the innyard. The coach bench has been replaced with wine barrels. PEASANTS position cart C.S. and begin to unload the barrels.)* He is alive. Greatly changed, probably; almost a wreck, possibly, though we will hope for the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant, Monsieur
Ernest Defarge and his wife Terese Defarge, living in Paris. (*DEFARGE enters U.S.L. and watches the peasants.*) With a fair sea voyage, and a fair land voyage, we will be soon at his dear side. I to identify him and you to restore him to life.

**Lucie.** I am going to see his ghost. It will be his ghost, not him.

**Lorry.** There now! The best and the worst are known to you. Only one thing more. It is best not to mention the subject of the imprisonment. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. My credentials are all comprehended in the one line "Recalled to life."

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**Scene 4a: St. Antoina**

*The wine barrels roll off the cart creating noise and chaos when they hit the street. The tall joker, GASPARD, paints with a wine-stained rag the word "blood" on the U.S.L. wall.*

**Defarge.** (to GASPARD) Say then my Gaspard, what do you do there? (GASPARD points to his joke with immense significance.) Are you a subject for the mad hospital? Why do you write in the public streets? Is there no other place to write such words? (GASPARD takes a nimble spring upward.)
Scene 4b: *The Wine Shop*

*DEFARGE enters his wine shop which is located S.L. The confines of the shop are established by a counter, a stool on which MADAME DEFARGE is seated and the table at which LORRY and LUCIE MANETTE have remained seated from the previous scene at The Royal George Hotel. JACQUES I and II are also present.)*

**DEFARGE.** *(to MADAME DEFARGE)* The people from the market are so careless. *(MADAME DEFARGE directs DEFARGE's attention to LORRY and LUCIE.)*

**JACQUES I.** *(to DEFARGE)* How goes it, Jacques? Any wine spilt?

**DEFARGE.** Almost, Jacques.

**JACQUES II.** Those miserable beasts wanted a taste of the wine. Is it not so, Jacques?

**DEFARGE.** Perhaps, Jacques. *(He is distracted by the presence of LORRY and LUCIE; to JACQUES I, II)* Regarding the furnished chamber you wished to see, come! *(DEFARGE, JACQUES I and II cross to wineshop entryway. DEFARGE points to partially covered stairway U.S.L.)* Follow that staircase to the fifth floor. Gentlemen, adieu. *(JACQUES I and II leave wine shop and ascend U.S.L. staircase. LORRY crosses to DEFARGE.)*

**LORRY.** Might I beg the favour of a word.

**DEFARGE.** Willingly, sir!

**LORRY.** *(softly)* “Recalled to life.”

**DEFARGE.** Come with me. *(DEFARGE takes lantern from under counter while LORRY returns to the table to assist LUCIE. DEFARGE, LORRY and LUCIE leave the wine shop and cross to U.S.L. staircase.)*
Lorry. (to Defarge) He is greatly changed?

Defarge. (at the foot of the staircase) You shall see. There are many stairs and it is very dark. It is better to begin slowly. (They begin to ascend the stairs as the lights in the inn yard fade out.)

Scene 4c: The Shoemaker

Q.E. (She stands D.S.L. in a pool of light.) The staircase was vile indeed to unaccustomed senses. Every little dwelling within the foul nest of the building left its own heap of refuse on its landing. Up this dark shaft of dirt and poison the way laid till at last the top of the staircase was gained. (The staircase leads to an U.S.C. garret or loft in the inn yard. Jacques I, II escort Dr. Manette on stage to a shoemaker’s bench preset in the garret. Dr. Manette begins to hammer the leather with his cobbler’s tools. Defarge, Lorry and Lucie reach the stairway’s top landing.)

Defarge. (to Jacques I, II) Leave us. We have business here. (Jacques I, II exit.)

Lorry. Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?

Defarge. I show him as you have seen, to a chosen few.

Lorry. Who are these few? How do you choose them?

Defarge. I choose them as real men, of my name, Jacques, to whom the sight is likely to do good. But enough, you are English. You would not understand
these things. *(He enters garret from landing. To DR. MANETTE)* Good day!

**DR. MANETTE.** Good day.

**DEFAR GE.** You are still hard at work, I see? I want to let in a little more light. You can bear a little more light?

**DR. MANETTE.** I must bear it, if you let it in. *(DEFARGE opens a shutter on the garret’s U.S. wall, while LORRY approaches DR. MANETTE.)*

**DEFARGE.** *(Referring to LORRY, he addresses DR. MANETTE.)* You have a visitor. Here is Monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, Monsieur. Tell Monsieur what kind of shoe it is and the maker’s name.

**DR. MANETTE.** It is a young lady’s walking shoe.

**DEFARGE.** And the maker’s name?

**DR. MANETTE.** Did you ask me for my name?

**DEFARGE.** Assuredly I did.

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

**DEFARGE.** Is that all?

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

**LORRY.** You are not a shoemaker by trade?

**DR. MANETTE.** No! I ... I taught myself. I ask leave to...

*(He resumes his work.)*

**LORRY.** Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me? Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old time rising in your mind? *(LUCIE crosses to DR. MANETTE and kneels at his side. DR. reaches for a tool from the bench. His hand touches LUCIE’s arm.)*

**DR. MANETTE.** What is this? You are not the gaoler’s daughter? Who are you? *(DR. MANETTE touches LUCIE’s hair. He removes a small leather pouch from a chain around his*
neck and compares strands of hair in the bag to LUCIE’s hair.) My loving wife laid her head upon my shoulder that night when I was summoned out. She had a fear of my going. When I was brought to the North Tower, they found these upon my sleeve. (to an imaginary guard) You will leave them? They can never help me to escape. (to LUCIE) How can it be? You are too young, too blooming. What is your name, my gentle angel?

LUCIE. Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and of my poor father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. (to LORRY) If without disturbing him, all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once.

LORRY. But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?

LUCIE. More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city so dreadful to him.

DEFARGE. It is true. Doctor Manette is for all reasons best out of France. Shall I hire a carriage and post horses?

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

LUCIE. Then please leave us alone for a moment. You see how composed he has become. You need not be afraid to leave him with me. (LORRY and DEFARGE cross stage left. LORRY exits. DEFARGE waits on landing at top of stairs. LUCIE and DR. MANETTE remain alone together in the garret. After a few moments, LUCIE escorts DR. MANETTE to the stairs and then down to the innyard. DEFARGE follows with the shoemaker’s bench. JACQUES I, II wheel the cart into the courtyard. It again resembles a coach. A lamplighter walks through the courtyard carrying a single lantern. He attaches the
lantern to a rope, which is slung over the lintel of the guillotine doorway. He slowly hoists the lantern to the top of the door frame.)

Scene 4d: The Street

Q. E. (She appears on S.R. balcony.) In the street, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley. When the lamplighter hoisted it up, a feeble dim wick swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if it were at sea. And indeed, it was at sea, and the ship and the crew were in peril of tempest. For the time was to come when those who watched the lamplighter would conceive the idea of improving on his method by hauling up men instead. (LORRY enters inn yard. DEFAR GE puts shoemaker's bench on cart. DR. MANETTE and LUCIE approach coach and prepare to board it.)

LORRY. (to DR. MANETTE) I hope you care to be recalled to life?

DR. MANETTE. I can't say. (Blackout)

Scene 5a: Tellson's London

Lights reveal JERRY CRUNCHER sitting on D.S.R. steps in the inn yard, while Q.F. and K.F. stand on the U.S.C. loft.)
Q. F. (referring to JERRY CRUNCHER) Outside Tellson's Bank in London...

K. F. Never by any means in it, unless called in...

Q. F. Sat an odd-job man for the bank. He was never absent during business hours, unless of course he was upon an errand.

K. F. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his baptism, in the church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

Q. F. It was now the year Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty.

K. F. Mr. Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes; apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of that popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it. (to JERRY) Porter wanted! (JERRY stands and looks up at Q. F. and K. F.) Mr. Lorry is at the Old Bailey, and wishes to have a messenger on hand.

JERRY. Am I to wait in the court, sir?

K. F. Yes, and when you get inside attract Mr. Lorry's attention to show him where you stand.

JERRY. I suppose they'll be trying forgeries this morning.

Q. F. No. Treason!

JERRY. That's hangin', drawin' and quarterin'. Barbarous!

Q. F. Not at all. Speak well of the law. Go along now. (JERRY begins to climb the D.S.R. stairway to the balcony.)

K. F. But indeed, at that time, putting to death was a recipe much in vogue. Death is nature's remedy for all things, so why not legislations?
Scene 5b: A Disappointment

In the innyard, the Old Bailey courtroom is set up by PEASANTS. MADAME DEFARGE's bar from the wine shop is the judge's bench. It's positioned U.S.L. The defendant, CHARLES DARNAY, stands in the guillotine doorway. A board has been positioned horizontally across the opening at waist height for a hand rest. Additional benches are positioned on stage for the witnesses. Q.F. remains standing in loft.

Q.F. People then paid to see the play at the Old Bailey. At that time, it was a choice illustration of the English precept that whatever is, is right; an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy. Did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong?

JERRY. (He has reached the top of the S.R. stairway and stands on the balcony next to a PEASANT. He addresses the PEASANT.) What's on?

PEASANT. Nothing yet.

JERRY. What's coming on?

PEASANT. The treason case.

JERRY. The quartering one, eh? (LORRY enters courtyard and sits on bench. JERRY attempts to attract his attention. LORRY spots JERRY on balcony and waves.)

PEASANT. (referring to LORRY) What's he got to do with this case?

JERRY. Blest if I know.

PEASANT. What have you got to do with it then, if a person may inquire?

JERRY. Blest if I know that either. (MR. STRYVER is the
attorney for CHARLES DARNAY. K.E. is the attorney for the state. Both attorneys are seated at tables to the right and to the left of the judge's bench. Q.E. is the judge. She's humorously dressed in wig and robe. SIDNEY CARTON is seated next to STRYVER. BARSAD is in the witness box, which is to the immediate right of judge's bench. LUCIE and DR. MANETTE enter and sit next to LORRY. DR. MANETTE's appearance is vastly improved.

Q.E. Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded not guilty to an indictment denouncing him as a traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent and so forth, prince, our Lord the King of England, by reason of his having assisted the French King Louis, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth; by coming and going, between the dominions of England and those of the said French Louis. He is accused of traitorously revealing to the said French Louis what forces our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America.

JERRY. (He points to BARSAD in witness box.) Who's in the box?

PEASANT. Witness!

JERRY. For which side?

PEASANT. Against!

JERRY. Against what side?

PEASANT. The prisoner's. (Q.E. pounds her gavel.)

K.E. My Lord, this prisoner before you, though young in years, is old in the reasonable practices which claims the forfeit of his life. It is certain the prisoner has for some time been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England on secret business of which
he can give no honest account. Providence, however, has put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner’s schemes. This patriot, Mr. John Barsad, was a friend of the prisoner’s, but in an auspicious hour he detected his friend’s infamy. This engendered in him a holy determination to examine the prisoner’s table drawers and secrete his papers. After which, he resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. My Lord, the evidence of this witness coupled with these documents showing that the prisoner had been furnished with lists of his Majesty’s forces, will leave no doubt that he has conveyed this information to hostile powers. For these reasons, my Lord must positively find the prisoner guilty and make an end of him. For Englishmen could never again lay their heads upon their pillows, that they could never tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows, that they could not endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, there never more could be any laying of heads upon pillows at all until the prisoner’s head is removed.

(Peasants whistle and stomp their feet.)

Q.E. Mr. Solicitor-General, you may examine the witness.

Stryver. (to Barsad) Have you ever been a spy yourself?

Barsad. No! I scorn the base insinuation.

Stryver. What do you live upon?

Barsad. My property.

Stryver. Where is your property?
ACT I

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

BARSAD. I don’t precisely remember where it is.
STRYVER. Where was it?
BARSAD. No business of anybody’s.
STRYVER. Did you inherit it?
BARSAD. Yes, I inherited it.
STRYVER. From whom?
BARSAD. Distant relatives.
STRYVER. Very distant?
BARSAD. Rather.
STRYVER. Ever been in prison?
BARSAD. Certainly not.
STRYVER. Never in debtor’s prison?
BARSAD. Come once again.
STRYVER. Never?
BARSAD. Yes.
STRYVER. How many times?
BARSAD. Two or three times.
STRYVER. Not five or six.
BARSAD. Perhaps.
STRYVER. Of what profession?
BARSAD. Gentleman.
STRYVER. Ever been kicked.
BARSAD. Might have been.
STRYVER. Frequently?
BARSAD. No.
STRYVER. Ever kicked downstairs?
BARSAD. Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase and fell downstairs of my own accord.
STRYVER. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice?
BARSAD. Something to that effect was said by the intox-
icated liar. *(PEASANTS laugh.*) But it was not true!

**Stryver.** Ever borrow money of the prisoner?

**Barsad.** Yes.

**Stryver.** Ever pay him?

**Barsad.** No.

**Stryver.** Was not this intimacy with the prisoner in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets?

**Barsad.** No!

**Stryver.** About these lists, you know no more about them?

**Barsad.** No.

**Stryver.** You had not procured them yourself, for instance?

**Barsad.** No!

**Stryver.** Expect to get anything by this evidence?

**Barsad.** No.

**Stryver.** Not in regular government pay and employment to lay traps?

**Barsad.** No! I love my country. I had to give the information.

**Stryver.** No further questions your lordship.

**Q.E.** The witness may step down. *(BARSAD steps down from the witness box.)*

**K.E.** My Lord, I desire that Mr. Jarvis Lorry be called.

**Q.E.** Would the individual just now mentioned please take the stand? *(MR. LORRY takes the stand.)*

**K.E.** Mr. Lorry, you are a clerk at Tellson's bank?

**Lorry.** Correct.

**K.E.** Five years ago, in November of the year one
thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, on a certain
Friday night, did not business occasion you to travel be-
tween London and Dover by coach?

LORRY. It did.

K.E. Were there any other passengers on the Mail?

LORRY. Two.

K.E. Did they alight on the road in the course of
the night?

LORRY. They did.

K.E. Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Does he
resemble either of those two passengers?

LORRY. Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so
dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake
to say even that.

K.E. Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Sup-
posing him wrapped as those two passengers were, is
there anything in his stature to render it unlikely that he
was one of them?

LORRY. No.

K.E. You will not swear then, Mr. Lorry, that he was
not one of them?

LORRY. No.

K.E. So at least you say he may have been one of
them?

LORRY. Yes. Yes! He may have been one of them, just
like anyone in this room... (to K.E.) Just like you may have
been one of them.

K.E. Mr. Lorry, have you seen the prisoner to your cer-
tain knowledge before?

LORRY. Yes, I have.

K.E. When?
LORRY. I was on the return trip from France a few days afterwards. The prisoner came on board the packet boat which I was on.

K.E. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?

LORRY. No, I did not. It was a very stormy passage. I lay on my sofa almost from shore to shore.

K.E. Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry?

LORRY. No. A gentleman and a lady accompanied me. They are present today.

K.E. No further questions, My Lord.

Q.E. Mr. Solicitor-General?

STRYVER. No questions your Lordship.

Q.E. The witness may step down. (LORRY steps down from witness box.)

K.E. My Lord, I desire that Miss Lucie Manette be called.

Q.E. Would the individual just mentioned please take the stand? (LUCIE takes the stand.)

K.E. Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you seen him before?

LUCIE. Yes, sir.

K.E. Where?

LUCIE. On board the packet ship just now referred to, sir.

K.E. You are the young lady just now referred to?

LUCIE. Oh, most unhappily, I am.

K.E. Just answer the questions put to you. Had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?

LUCIE. Yes, sir.

K.E. Recall it, please.
ACT I  A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Lucie. When the gentleman came on board...
K.E. Do you mean the prisoner?
Lucie. Yes, my Lord.
K.E. Then say the prisoner.
Lucie. When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father was in a very weak state of health. He expressed great kindness for my father's state, and assisted me in any way he could. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together.
K.E. Had he come on board alone?
Lucie. No.
K.E. How many were with him?
Lucie. Two French gentlemen.
K.E. Had they conferred together?
Lucie. Yes, until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat.
K.E. Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?
Lucie. Some papers had been handed about, but I don't know what papers.
K.E. Now to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette.
Lucie. The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me as he was kind and useful to my father. I hope I may not repay him by doing him harm today.
K.E. Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence, which it is your duty to give, with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on.
Lucie. He told me that he was travelling on business
of a delicate and difficult nature which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come.

K.E. No further questions my Lord.

Q.E. Mr. Solicitor-General?

Sryver. No questions your Lordship.

Q.E. The witness may step down. (*LUCIE steps down from the witness box.*)

K.E. My Lord, I deem it necessary as a matter of precaution to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette.

Q.E. Would the individual just now mentioned please take the stand? (*DR. MANETTE takes the stand.*)

K.E. Dr. Manette, can you identify the prisoner as your fellow passenger on board the packet?

Dr. Manette. Sir, I can not.

K.E. Is there any particular reason for your being unable to do so?

Dr. Manette. There is.

K.E. Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country?

Dr. Manette. A long imprisonment.

K.E. Were you newly released on the occasion in question?

Dr. Manette. They tell me so.

K.E. Have you no remembrance of the occasion?

Dr. Manette. None. My mind is a blank from a time
when I employed myself in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here.

K.E. Thank you, Dr. Manette.

Q.E. Mr. Solicitor-General?

Stryver. No questions, my Lord.

Q.E. The witness may step down. (Throughout this scene, Q.F. has remained on U.S.C. loft.)

Q.F. A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object being to show that the prisoner and an accomplice had taken the Dover Mail on that evening five years before, that they got off the mail in the night and travelled back a dozen miles or more to a garrison and dockyard where they collected important military information. (K.F. crosses to the witness box.) A witness was called to identify the prisoner as having been at that precise time in the coffee-room of a hotel in the garrison and dockyard town. (SIDNEY CARTON passes a note to STRYVER.)

Stryver. (As he stands, he reads CARTON’s note. To K.F.) You say again you are quite sure that it was the prisoner?

K.F. Yes.

Stryver. And yet it has been determined in the previous testimony of Mr. Lorry, by the Honorable Attorney General, that these men were heavily wrapped. Following my colleague’s own line of questioning, are there not a great many people right here in this room with a similar stature to that of the prisoner’s? Look well upon that gentleman, my friend, Mr. Sydney Carton, and then look well upon the prisoner. With a wrap and a muffler would
they not look very much alike? I would ask the witness whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner. (LUCIE faints.)

CARTON. Look to that young lady! She’s fainted! (PEASANTS make considerable noise. After a moment, LUCIE is assisted from courtroom by LORRY and DR. MANETTE. Q.E. pounds her gavel.)

STRYVER. My Lord, let us review Mr. Attorney General’s case. His evidence, the patriot Barsad. The testimony that he warped and wrested from that young lady, amounting to really nothing, and the result of which we have just witnessed. (referring to K.F., who is still on stand) And then this gentleman ... This clearly indicates that the indictments brought against my client rest upon nothing, save that vile character of evidence too often disfiguring these cases.

Q.E. (to K.E.) Mr. Attorney General, your evidence having been heard, hath your Lordship anything more to offer in arrest of judgement?

K.E. No, My Lord.

Q.E. In the name of our serene, illustrious, excellent...

Q.E., Q.F., K.E., K.F. And so forth...

Q.E. The accused, Charles Darnay is found not guilty. (PEASANTS cheer as they begin to clear innyard of courtroom benches.)

LORRY. (He crosses hurriedly to S.R. stairway.) Jerry!

JERRY. (He is descending S.R. stairway.) Here, sir.

LORRY. Take this message to Tellson’s.

JERRY. What message?

LORRY. “Acquitted.”
JERRY. If you’d said “Recalled to life,” I’d know what you meant this time. (JERRY exits.)

Scene 5c: Congratulatory

LUCIE and DR. MANETTE re-enter D.S.L. DARNAY crosses toward them.

DARNAY. (to LUCIE) I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of this lady's agitation. (He kisses her hand.)

stryver. (He crosses D.S. to LUCIE, DR. MANETTE and DARNAY.) I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, but not the less likely to succeed.

DARNAY. I'm obliged to you for life.

stryver. I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's.

LORRY. (He joins the others D.S.L) Much better. (He shakes DARNAY's hand.)

stryver. You think so? Well, you are a man of business. You ought to know.

LORRY. And as such, I will appeal to Dr. Manette to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks tired. Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day. We are worn out.

stryver. Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry. I have a night's work yet to do.

LORRY. I do speak for myself. Miss Lucie, do I not
speak for us all?

Lucie. Shall we go home, Father?

Dr. Manette. Yes, my dear. (Lucie, Dr. Manette, and Lorry exit followed by Stryver. Darnay glances back at guillotine doorway, which is all that remains in the innyard. He turns to exit S.L. Carton appears in guillotine doorway. Darnay turns to have another look.)

Carton. Well, Mr. Darnay, it is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night for you, standing alone here with your counterpart?

Darnay. I hardly seem yet to belong to this world again.

Carton. 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 why the devil don't you dine? Come!

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Scene 5d: Fleet Street

Carton leads Darnay D.S.R., where Peasants position a table and two chairs. Carton and Darnay sit.

Carton. Do you feel yet that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?

Darnay. I am rightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that.

Carton. It must be an immense satisfaction. As for
me, the greatest desire I have is to forget that I belong to it. There is not much good in it for me, except wine like this, nor am I much good for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I. Why don't you give your toast, Mr. Darnay?

DARNAY. What toast?

CARTON. Why it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there.

DARNAY. Miss Manette, then.

CARTON. Miss Manette, then! That's a fair young lady to be pitied by!

DARNAY. Yes.

CARTON. How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of such sympathy and compassion?

DARNAY. I must thank you for your assistance today.

CARTON. I neither want any thanks, nor merit any. In the first place, it was nothing. In the second place, I don't know why I did it. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question.

DARNAY. Willingly.

CARTON. Do you think I particularly like you?

DARNAY. Really, Mr. Carton. I have not asked myself the question.

CARTON. Then ask yourself the question now.

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

CARTON. I don't think I do either. I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding.

DARNAY. Nevertheless, there is nothing in that, I hope,
to prevent our parting without ill-blood.

**Carton.** Nothing in life! A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?

**Darnay.** I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton.

**Carton.** Think! You know I have been drinking.

**Darnay.** Since I must say so, I know it.

**Carton.** Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.

**Darnay.** Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better. *(He stands.)*

**Carton.** Maybe so, Mr. Darnay; but maybe not. Don’t let your sober face elate you, you don’t know what it may come to. *(Darnay exits U.S.L.)* Good night! *(to himself)* Do you particularly like the man? Why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like. A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow. *(He takes another drink, rests his head on the table and falls asleep. Fast fade out.)*

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**Scene 6: The Jackal**

*During the blackout, the same table is dressed with items appro-
private for STRYVER's desk — books, pens, tablecloth, etc. As the scene changes, CARTON is still resting his head on the table. STRYVER enters D.S.R. with a basin of water and towel.

STRYVER. You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney.

CARTON. Two tonight, I think. I have been dining with today's client; or rather drinking, it's all one.

STRYVER. That was a rare point that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it?

CARTON. I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow if I had had any luck.

STRYVER. (laughing) You and your luck, Sydney! Let's get to work, shall we?

CARTON. (After steeping the towel in the basin of water, he places it on his head in a hideous manner.) Now I am ready!

STRYVER. Not much boiling down to be done tonight.

CARTON. Give me the worst first.

STRYVER. There they are, Sydney. Fire away! (They begin to work. SYDNEY sinks back in his chair. They occasionally exchange papers. Q.F., dressed as Stryver's housemaid, appears in the inn yard's peripheral shadows.)

Q.F. Sydney Carton was Stryver's great ally. Stryver never had a case in hand that Carton wasn't there. It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was glib and unscrupulous, he lacked that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements, which is
among the most necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But a remarkable improvement came upon him. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at the pith and marrow. However late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had the essential points at his fingers' ends in the morning. At last, it began to get about, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal.

STRYVER. You were very sound in the matter of those crown witnesses today.

CARTON. I always am sound, am I not?

STRYVER. I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some brandy to it and smooth it again. Your behavior this evening reminds me of the Sydney Carton of Old Shrewsbury School. The old seesaw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next; now in spirit and now in despondency!

CARTON. Ah, yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then I did exercises for other boys and seldom did my own.

STRYVER. And why not?

CARTON. God knows. It was my way, I suppose.

STRYVER. Carton, your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me.

CARTON. Oh botheration! Don't you be moral.

STRYVER. How have I done what I have done? How do I do what I do?

CARTON. Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. You were always in the front rank, and I was
always behind.

**Stryver.** I had to get into the front rank. I was not born there, was I?

**Carton.** I was not present at the ceremony, but my opinion is that you were. Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury, you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine.

**Stryver.** And whose fault was that?

**Carton.** Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. But it is a gloomy thing to talk about one's own past, with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go.

**Stryver.** Well then! Pledge me to the pretty witness. Are you turned in a pleasant direction?

**Carton.** Pretty witness. I have had enough of witnesses today, who is your pretty witness?

**Stryver.** The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette.

**Carton.** She pretty?

**Stryver.** Is she not? Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole court.

**Carton.** Rot the admiration of the whole court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll.

**Stryver.** Do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathized with the "golden-haired doll," and were quick to see what happened to her!

**Carton.** I'll pledge you that, but I deny the beauty. I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed. Good night! *(He stands and begins to exit.)*
Stryver. Good day! (Carton crosses U.S.L. Lights fade out on Stryver's table D.S.R. The early morning light, pouring through the U.S.L. passageway, first silhouettes Carton, then consumes him as he exits in its direction.)

Q.F. Sadly, sadly, the sun rose. It rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercises, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and yet resigning himself to let it eat him away. (Blackout)
ACT TWO

Scene 1a: Hundreds of People

The following scene takes place in the Manette’s parlor. However, as the scene begins, the only furniture in the innyard is the shoemaker’s bench D.S.L. The guillotine doorway serves as the Manette’s front door. Q.F. enters innyard carrying a small candleabra with one candle lit. She blows that candle out. Simultaneously, house lights black out; stage lights bump up.

Q.F. The waves of four months had since rolled over that trial for treason. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday, Mr. Jarvis Lorry was on his way to visit with Doctor Manette. Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor’s friend, and the Manette’s home on that quiet street corner in London was the sunny part of Mr. Lorry’s life. (LORRY appears at doorway. He knocks on framework. Q.F. crosses to doorway.)

LORRY. (to Q.F.) Doctor Manette at home?
Q.F. Expected home.
LORRY. Miss Lucie at home?
Q.F. Expected home.
LORRY. Miss Pross at home?
Q.F. Possibly at home, but it is certainly impossible for a handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross.
LORRY. Well, as I am at home myself... (He crosses
through guillotine doorway, passes Q.F. and stops D.S.L to look at cobbler's bench.)

Q.F. The Doctor occupied this large still house with his daughter and her long-time nursemaid, Miss Pross. He received patients here who had heard of his old reputation as a physician. This brought him into moderate request and earned for him as much as they all needed.

LORRY. I wonder that he keeps that reminder of his suffering about him!

MISS PROSS. (She enters D.S.L.) And why wonder at that?

LORRY. I should have thought...

MISS PROSS. Pooh! You'd have thought! How do you do today?

LORRY. I am pretty well, I thank you, and how are you, Miss Pross?

MISS PROSS. I am very much put out about my Luciebird.

LORRY. May I ask the cause?

MISS PROSS. I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of my Ladybird to come here looking after her.

LORRY. Do dozens come for that purpose?

MISS PROSS. Hundreds!

LORRY. Dear me!

MISS PROSS. There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird, and that was my brother Solomon.

LORRY. Indeed! Let me ask you — does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never yet refer to the shoemaking time?
Miss Pross. Never. But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself.

Lorry. Do you imagine....

Miss Pross. Never imagine anything — have no imagination at all.

Lorry. I stand corrected. Do you suppose — you go so far as to suppose?

Miss Pross. Now and then.

Lorry. Do you suppose that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, relative to his oppression?

Miss Pross. I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me.

Lorry. And that is?

Miss Pross. That she thinks he has. To the best of my understanding, he is afraid of the whole subject.

Lorry. Afraid?

Miss Pross. It's plain enough, I should think. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. And that alone would make the subject unpleasant, I should think.

Lorry. True. Yet is it good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him?

Miss Pross. Can't be helped. Touch that string and he instantly changes for the worse. Sometimes he gets up in the dead of night and will be heard walking up and down in his room. She hurries to him, and they go on together walking up and down. But he never says a word of the true reason for his restlessness, and she finds it best not to hint at it.
Q.F. This street corner was often mentioned as a won-
derful corner for echoes. And it began to echo resound-
ingly to the tread of coming feet.

Miss Pross. Here they are now! We shall have hun-
dreds of people pretty soon! (She exits U.S.L. PEASANTS set
the scene with a few essential furniture pieces — two wicker chairs,
a bench and a sideboard, while LORRY stands D.S.L. at the cobb-
ler's bench.)

Q.F. It was such a curious corner in its acoustical pro-
erties. Not only would the echoes die away, as though
the steps had gone; but echoes of other steps that never
came would be heard in their stead, and would die away
when they seemed close at hand. (PEASANTS exit. LUCIE
and DR. MANETTE enter U.S.L. through doorway. LORRY
greets them. Q.F. places candelabra on sideboard U.S.C.) The
hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Dar-
nay presented himself, but he was only one. (DAR-
NAY enters U.S.R. Q.F. lights one of the candles. All greet him.
MISS PROSS enters U.S.L. with tea service.)

Miss Pross. Tea time! (Upon seeing DARNAY, she exits
abruptly. Everyone sits down.)

Darnay. Pray, Doctor Manette, have you seen much of
the Tower of London?

Dr. Manette. Lucie and I have been there, but
only casually.

Darnay. I came by there this afternoon. I have been
there, as you may all remember, before. And I was not in
a position that allowed one to see much of it. But they
told me a curious thing when I was there.

Lucie. What was that?

Darnay. In making some alterations, the workmen
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