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A Tale of Two Cities

A Musical

by Jill Santoriello

Based on the Novel by
Charles Dickens

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**

FOUNDED 1830

NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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**Originally produced by the Asolo Repertory Theatre, Michael Edwards,
Producing Artistic Director, Linda DiGabriele, Managing Director.**

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VINCENT RUSSELL WILLIAM M. BRODERICK ALEX SANTORIELLO
in association with DAVID BRYANT SPENCER BRODY HARRY CASEY

present

A Tale of Two Cities

Book, Music and Lyrics by

JILL SANTORIELLO

Based on the Novel by CHARLES DICKENS

Featuring

JAMES BARBOUR CRAIG BENNETT BRANDI BURKHARDT KEVIN EARLEY
GREGG EDELMAN MICHAEL HAYWARD-JONES MILES KATH AARON LAZAR
KATHERINE MCGRATH LES MINSKI CATHERINE MISSAL NATALIE TORO NICK WYMAN

With

DREW ABER GREGORY BRANDT CATHERINE BRUNELL ALISON CIMMET JENNIFER EVANS
WILLIAM THOMAS EVANS RANDY GLASS KEVIN GREENE MICHAEL HALLING TIM HARTMAN FRED INKLEY
GEORGI JAMES JAY LUSTECK MACKENZIE MAUZY RAYMOND JARAMILLO MCLEOD JAMES MOYE
WALTER WINSTON ONEIL DAN PETROTTA DEVIN RICHARDS ROB RICHARDSON REBECCA ROBBINS
JENNIFER SMITH ANNE TOLPEGIN ERIC VAN TIELEN MOLLIE VOGT-WELCH ALISON WALLA

Scenic Design

TONY WALTON

Sound Design

CARL CASELLA
DOMINIC SACK

Orchestrations & Arrangements

EDWARD B. KESSEL

Casting

BARRY MOSS CSA, BOB KALE

Marketing Director

SHARON A. FORDHAM

Production Supervisor

CHRISTOPHER C. SMITH

Costume Design

DAVID ZINN

Hair Design

TOM WATSON

Additional Arrangements

BOB KROGSTAD

WENDY BOBBITT CAVETT

KEVIN STITES

Press Representative

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KIM VERNACE

Lighting Design

RICHARD PILBROW

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GREGORY MEEH

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Fight Director

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Associate Choreographer

PARKER ESSE

General Management

TOWN SQUARE PRODUCTIONS

Executive Producers

RON SHARPE & BARBRA RUSSELL

Music Supervision & Direction

KEVIN STITES

Directed & Choreographed by

WARREN CARLYLE

World Premiere produced by Asolo Repertory Theatre, Sarasota, FL, directed by Michael Donald Edwards

BROADWAY CAST

Dr. Alexandre Manette.....	Gregg Edelman
Lucie Manette.....	Brandi Burkhardt
Mr. Jarvis Lorry.....	Michael Hayward Jones
Miss Pross.....	Katherine McGrath
Gaspard/Ensemble.....	Michael Halling
Little Gaspard/Ensemble.....	Miles Kath
Jacques #1 And 2.....	James Moye, Devin Richards
Madame Therese Defarge.....	Natalie Toro
Ernest Defarge.....	Kevin Earley
Marquis St. Evremonde/Ensemble.....	Les Minski
Gabelle/Ensemble.....	Kevin Greene
Charles Darnay.....	Aaron Lazar
John Barsad.....	Nick Wyman
Jerry Cruncher.....	Craig Bennett
Sydney Carton.....	James Barbour
Stryver/Ensemble.....	Fred Inkley
Bailiff.....	Rob Richardson
Attorney General.....	William Thomas Evans
English Judge.....	James Moye
Crony #1 And 2.....	Walter Winston O'Neil, Tim Hartman
Little Lucie.....	Catherine Missal
French President.....	Raymond Jaramillo Mcleod
Young Man / Ensemble.....	Drew Aber
The Seamstress/Ensemble.....	Mackenzie Mauzy
Turnkey.....	Jay Lusteck
Number Keeper.....	Devin Richards

ENSEMBLE

Drew Aber, Catherine Brunell, Alison Cimmet, William Thomas Evans, Kevin Greene, Michael Halling, Tim Hartman, Fred Inkle, Georgi James, Jay Lusteck, Mackenzie Mauzy, Raymond Jaramillo Mcleod, James Moye, Walter Winston Oneil, Dan Petrotta, Devin Richards, Rob Richardson, Rebecca Robbins, Jennifer Smith, Anne Tolpegin, Mollie Vogt-Welch, Allison Walla

SWINGS

Jennifer Evans, Randy Glass, Eric Van Tienen

Opening Night September 18, 2008
Al Hirschfeld Theatre

CHARACTERS

DR. ALEXANDRE MANETTE – French doctor unjustly imprisoned in the Bastille for 17 years. Father of Lucie. (Bari/tenor sings to G.)

LUCIE MANETTE – Manette's young daughter. Thought orphaned as a child. Loved by Darnay and Carton. (Soprano sings to Bb)

MR. JARVIS LORRY - English banker who adopts the Manettes as a surrogate family. (non-singing)

MISS PROSS - Lucie Manette's no-nonsense English nanny and friend. (singing optional)

JACQUES #1 AND 2 / ENSEMBLE - 2 French peasants working toward revolution.

GASPARD / ENSEMBLE – French peasant whose child is run down by the Marquis St. Evremonde. (Baritone)

LITTLE GASPARD / ENSEMBLE – Gaspard's little boy, killed by the carriage of the Marquis.

MADAME THERESE DEFARGE – Patient wife of Defarge who supports his dream of revolution in France. (Strong belt; must belt/mix to E)

ERNEST DEFARGE – Manette's old servant. Wine merchant and budding revolutionary. (Bari-tenor sings to G / optional A)

MARQUIS ST. EVREMONDE / ENSEMBLE – Predatory, immoral French aristocrat. Uncle to Darnay. (Baritone sings to F#)

GABELLE / ENSEMBLE – Servant to the Marquis. Friend to Darnay. (Baritone)

CHARLES DARNAY aka **EVREMONDE** – Good-hearted, upstanding young French aristocrat. Marries Lucie. (Bari-tenor sings to Ab)

JOHN BARSAD – Turncoat English con-man and spy. In the pay of the Marquis. (Baritone)

JERRY CRUNCHER – English odd-job man for Mr. Lorry. Moonlights as a graverobber. (Baritone)

SYDNEY CARTON – Drunken, careless English lawyer in love with Lucie Manette. (Baritone low G to G, 2 octaves)

STRYVER / ENSEMBLE – Blustering senior barrister; Carton's employer. (Baritone)

ATTORNEY GENERAL / ENSEMBLE – Smug showman prosecutor in cahoots with Barsad against Darnay. (Bass/Baritone)

CRONIES # 1 AND #2 / ENSEMBLE- Jerry Cruncher's shovel wielding fellow graverobbers (solo singing)

MRS. CRUNCHER / ENSEMBLE – Jerry's prayerful, nervous spouse

LITTLE LUCIE - Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette's little girl. (solo singing)

FRENCH PRESIDENT / ENSEMBLE – Presides over the Tribunal in Paris

YOUNG MAN / ENSEMBLE – Early to late teens, young peasant mortally wounded by the Marquis. (Tenor sings to A)

SEAMSTRESS / ENSEMBLE – Timid, young woman unjustly condemned to die on the guillotine. (Lyric soprano sings to D)

TURNKEY / ENSEMBLE - Guard in the Parisian prison of La Force where Darnay is kept.

There are 11 Principal roles (7 Men, 3 Women, 1 Little Girl) and 9 Featured Ensemble roles. In addition to the Featured Ensemble roles listed above, the following smaller roles (some non-speaking) should also be cast from the Ensemble: **BAILIFF, JUDGE, SOLDIER, YOUNG WOMAN, MARQUIS' BROTHER, MARQUISE DE GARON, CHILD, NUMBER KEEPER.** (The actor playing **LITTLE GASPARD** can also play the **CHILD.**)

An absolute minimum of 4 Men and 4 Women are required for the ensemble and the preferred minimum is 6 Men and 6 Women to cover 3-part singing in places.

A NOTE ABOUT SETTING AND STAGING

The two cities of Paris and London are conceptually interchangeable – politics and location aside – so if your resources are limited you can exploit this concept in your design. If desired, the theme of universality can even be represented by having French and English characters share some locations. For instance, with just some subtle changes in lighting, Dr. Manette's garret apartment above the wine shop in Paris could become Sydney Carton's room above a tavern in London. Both locations can represent the figurative prisons and lonely existences of these two men. Likewise, by making small changes in the elements of the set and lighting you can affect figurative changes in location without necessitating literal ones.

The most important consideration in staging *A Tale of Two Cities* is that the action be able to move swiftly from place to place and scene to scene. The musical is written with instant shifts in location and time, in a cinematic style. Unless you have a fluid design, like the concept created by Tony Walton for the original production, any attempt at literally depicting the various locations by moving large set pieces will invariably slow down the action. You should not feel compelled to recreate the size and scope of the Broadway production set. If desired, the story can be told and the locations clearly delineated in a simpler, more minimalist approach. One table and chairs can carry the day in a variety of scenes (Goats Guts Tavern, Old Bailey courtroom, Carton and Darnay post-trial Tavern etc.)

We spilled no wine on the streets (or stage) on Broadway. But if you want to go for a liquid effect, either with lighting or actual materials, then you should spill away. If you can build a Marquis' carriage and convincingly move it across the stage, terrific! If not, off stage sound effects can do the job.

On Broadway we had a literal Bastille structure for the start of the 2nd act. But the scenes can be played with or without a literal structure depicting that location. The text of the show will tell you where you are when you need to know. There's only one moment that needs to take place in the Bastille – when Defarge demands to be shown to Dr. Manette's old cell – and it takes place during a song with various locations so this moment might be achieved in a variety of ways.

If you can build and operate an effective guillotine, this is a wonderful effect. If not, a staircase leading to an unseen scaffold is also quite effective. Finally, offstage sound effects, a shadow of a guillotine cast on a wall and/or simply offstage sound effects of the blade slicing down the track and the landing of the blade can be more than enough.

The stairs at the end are crucial. If it's possible to have a moving staircase as on Broadway, Carton can begin his climb in profile and then after Dickens' immortal last lines, the stairs can turn a quarter turn allowing Carton to continue climbing up and out toward the audience. In the

absence of stairs, a few steps to a higher platform will suffice or maybe even a ramp. No doubt there are many different ways to achieve Carton's final moments.

AND CASTING

The notion of duality runs throughout Dickens' book, *A Tale of Two Cities*. There is both the notion of literal doubles or twins: (Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay and the twin Evremonde brothers) and also the notion of the alternate bad and good in everything – “the best and worst of times” as it were. In keeping with this concept, the musical *A Tale of Two Cities* can be performed with either a large cast or a smaller cast utilizing creative dou-bling. The Broadway cast featured 38 actors but the show could be done effectively with far less. Some of the featured roles can be doubled. For instance, with appropriate wig, makeup and costume, a Stryver in London could also play a Marquis in Paris. The principal roles that defy doubling – primarily because the characters must appear in both locations – are Lucie Manette, Dr. Manette, Charles Darnay, Miss Pross, Mr. Lorry, John Barsad, Jerry Cruncher and Sydney Carton.

AND ACCENTS

In any theatrical adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities* the question of whether actors should adopt French accents inevitably arises. If *A Tale of Two Cities* only dealt with transplanted Frenchmen in England, i.e. the characters of Charles Darnay and Dr. Manette, it would be logical for those actors to speak English with a French accent while in England. In this story, characters are moving between two countries and playing scenes with some characters who are bilingual and some characters who are not. As a result, having your cast adopt French accents draws attention to the unrealistic but necessary fact that everybody's speaking English - all of the time! Depending on how the French accents are executed, using them also runs the risk of distracting your audience and taking them out of the scene. To avoid such confusion, distraction and questions like “Why are uneducated French peasants in Paris speaking English to each other – with a French accent?”, it is strongly recommended that French accents not be used. At the very least, following this advice will guarantee that no one in your cast will ever sound like Inspector Clouseau!

For all French characters (including Darnay and Manette both in England and France) it's recommended that the actors speak with neutral American accents free of regionalisms. The more aristocratic French characters of the Marquis and Charles Darnay can use a slightly heightened American accent befitting their class and education. The English characters should speak with English accents fitting their class as well. Mr. Lorry, Miss Pross and Lucie should use standard British accents and Barsad and Cruncher and Cronies would use lower class Cockney accents.

SONGS BY CHARACTER

ACT I

Prologue.....	Dr. Manette, Lucie
The Way It Ought to Be...Mme. Defarge, Ernest Defarge, Men & Women	
Who Are You/You'll Never Be Alone.....	Dr. Manette, Lucie
The Argument.....	Marquis, Charles
Dover.....	Sailors, Pross, Cruncher
The Way It Ought to Be (London).....	Sydney Carton
No Honest Way.....	Barsad, Cruncher, Sydney, Scoundrels
The Trial.....	Att. General, Stryver, Cruncher, Barsad, Crowd
Round and Round #1.....	Drinkers
Reflection.....	Sydney
The Way It Ought to Be (reprise - Madame).....	Mme. Defarge
Letter From Uncle.....	Marquis
The Promise.....	Dr. Manette, Charles
Round and Round #2 (Bless This Fine Night).....	Carolers
I Can't Recall.....	Sydney
Resurrection Man.....	Cruncher, Cronies #1 and 2
Now At Last.....	Charles, Lucie
If Dreams Came True.....	Charles, Sydney
Out of Sight, Out of Mind.....	Mme. Defarge
Gabelle's Letter/I Always Knew.....	Gabelle, Charles
Prayer/Little One.....	Little Lucie, Sydney, Gaspard, E. Defarge, Men
Until Tomorrow.....	E. Defarge, Mme. Defarge, Men & Women, Sydney

ACT II

Everything Stays the Same.....	Mme. Defarge, E. Defarge, Men & Women
No Honest Way (reprise).....	Barsad
The Tale.....	Mme. Defarge, Manette, Young Man, Marquis, Men & Women
If Dreams Came True (reprise).....	Sydney, Charles
Without a Word.....	Lucie
The Bluff.....	Sydney, Barsad
The Way It Ought to Be (reprise - Carton).....	Sydney
Let Her Be a Child.....	Little Lucie, Sydney, Charles
If Dreams Came True (reprise #2/Carton's Letter).....	Sydney
Defarge Goodbye.....	E. Defarge
Finale.....	Seamstress, Sydney, Ensemble

ACT I - PROLOGUE

(PROLOGUE – London and Paris)

1. PROLOGUE / OPENING ACT I

(Theme sounds briefly.)

(Bastille prisoner DR. ALEXANDRE MANETTE is seated on corner of stage or a raised level writing.)

MANETTE.

THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT

(Double downbeat and flash up on a YOUNG WOMAN, dead – lights stay up on her.)

ARE GATHERED ALL AROUND.

(Double downbeat and flash up on MARQUIS standing over the YOUNG WOMAN.)

I START TO DOUBT MY REASON –

(Lights up on entire scene: dying YOUNG MAN slouches near his dead sister.)

(YOUNG DR. MANETTE trying to help the YOUNG MAN. YOUNG DR. MANETTE rises to face MARQUIS.)

WHAT IS REAL.

(Double downbeat as MARQUIS holds purse out to YOUNG DR. MANETTE. He refuses it, returns to YOUNG MAN.)

(As MANETTE sings:)

BEFORE I LOSE MY MIND

(MARQUIS comes toward YOUNG MANETTE with sword.)

(Thinking the MARQUIS is going to kill him, YOUNG MANETTE backs away.)

MANETTE. (*cont.*)

I'LL WRITE THIS MEMORY DOWN

(*Double downbeat as MARQUIS stabs the YOUNG MAN, killing him.*)

THE TALE THAT BROUGHT ME TO MY LIVING GRAVE

(*Double downbeat as MEN emerge from darkness, pull hood down over YOUNG MANETTE's head and drag him offstage.*)

IN THE BASTILLE...

(*Segue as one to...*)

1A. OPENING PART 2

(*Lights up on five year-old YOUNG LUCIE MANETTE, seen clutching the hand of MR. JARVIS LORRY, an English banker. They face MISS PROSS, English nanny.*)

MR. LORRY. Her father has been missing for five years. Probably dead. Now her mother is dead as well.

MISS PROSS. She never should have left England to marry that Frenchman.

MR. LORRY. As the agent of Dr. Manette's estate it falls to me to find a place for the child.

MISS PROSS. Well, Mr. Lorry, you've found it.

(*MISS PROSS crouches down in front of YOUNG LUCIE.*)

MISS PROSS. Lucie, I am Miss Pross. I helped to raise your mother from the time she was a little girl just like you.

MR. LORRY. She speaks no English yet. Worse than that, (*referring to YOUNG LUCIE's firm grip on MR. LORRY's hand or coat tail.*) I'm afraid she's become quite attached to me.

MISS PROSS. (*sizing him up*) The rest of you should be so attractive.

LORRY. Do not hesitate to contact me if there is anything to discuss. Of a business nature, of course.

(*LORRY lets go of YOUNG LUCIE's hand to find a business card for MISS PROSS.*)

(**YOUNG LUCIE** throws her arms around **LORRY**'s waist and hugs him. **LORRY** is frozen from the display and doesn't quite know how to react.)

LORRY. (startled) Oh dear, me, dear me. This is very unusual.

PROSS. Not so very.

(**PROSS** takes **YOUNG LUCIE**'s hand.)

Come little one. Come with me.

(**PROSS** leads **YOUNG LUCIE** out of sight as music swells and instantly we jump ahead in time and see grown **LUCIE MANETTE**.)

PROSS. (handing her a letter) Lucie, there is no other way to say this so I will just say it. Your father...is alive.

LUCIE. (disbelief; looking at letter) Alive.

PROSS. He's been in prison, Lucie. In the Bastille.

LORRY. He's being cared for by a former servant named Defarge and his wife. We're going to Paris to get him.

(**JERRY CRUNCHER**, burly odd job man, appears beside

PROSS.)

This is my messenger, Jerry Cruncher. As traveling is dangerous he'll come with us to Paris as a bodyguard – for protection.

PROSS. (looking at him with distrust) Who's going to protect us from the bodyguard?

(They exit leaving **LUCIE** alone.)

LUCIE.

I NEVER KNEW HIM AT ALL.

HOW DO I KNOW WHAT TO FEEL?

ONLY A GHOST,

SHADOWS OF FORM,

WHISPERS OF VOICE

AND NOW YOU SAY HE'S REAL.

I HOPE HE CARES TO BE RECALLED TO LIFE...

(Segue as one to...)

1B. OPENING ACT 1 – PART 3

SCRIM: A TALE OF TWO CITIES (Logo)

ACT I / Scene 1
THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE
YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE

(Paris – streets. Defarge wine shop)

(We move to Paris and see a street scene in the slum of St. Antoine. MADAME DEFARGE sits on a high landing above her wine shop in Paris. She is knitting.)

MADAME.

FROM WHERE I SIT
 I SEE THE WAY THINGS ARE -
 THE WAY THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN.
 FROM HERE THE HEAVENS
 SEEM A LITTLE FAR
 IN THIS WORLD FILLED WITH SIN.
 AND WITH THESE HANDS I KEEP THE MEMORY
 OF THE THINGS WE'VE HAD TO BEAR.
 I MARK THE NAMES OF WHO WILL PAY
 WHEN WE ARE FREE.
 I KNIT A PICTURE OF THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE.

(GASPARD is carrying a wine cask as the carriage of the MARQUIS ST. EVREMONDE races through the streets. It narrowly misses running down his son LITTLE GASPARD. GASPARD snatches his son out of the way – dropping the cask in the process.)

(The cask breaks open on the pavement. From every house and alley, people rush to drink the wine from the street.)

GASPARD. The Marquis drives like the devil.

JACQUES #1. He'll kill one of us one day.

GASPARD. If we don't kill him first.

DEFARGE.

WHEN PEOPLE ARE THIRSTY
 AND READY AND WILLING
 THEN IT WON'T BE LONG
 TIL SOMETHING ELSE BUT WINE IS SPILLING.

SOME MEN.

THE BUTCHER IS IDLE
WHEN PEOPLE ARE STARVING.
BUT IT WON'T BE LONG
TIL THERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF CARVING.
LOOK INTO THE FUTURE
AND WHAT DO YOU SEE THERE?

(SOME MEN/SOME WOMEN join.)

AND IF WE DO NOTHING
CAN YOU GUARANTEE WE'LL BE THERE?

MEN.

STOP CALLING TO HEAVEN.
STOP PRAYING FOR ANSWERS.

ALL.

JUST KNOW THE DIVINEST INTERVENTION
IS THE HAND OF MAN!

*(GASPARD enters wine shop with TWO JACQUES and
LITTLE GASPARD.)*

GASPARD. These two want to see what you have upstairs.
They're both good patriots, Defarge.

LIL GASPARD. I want to see. I'm a good patriot too.

JACQUES. Is it true he was 17 years in the Bastille?

DEFARGE. Buried alive for no reason – and with no trial.

GASPARD. Only an aristocrat has the power to make a man
disappear like that.

LITTLE GASPARD. Was it the Marquis?

MADAME. He can't remember who it was.

*(Soldiers enter and roughly disperse the mob. They exit
on the other side. DEFARGE and others watch the scene.)*

GASPARD. They'd follow us now, Defarge. What are we wait-
ing for?

DEFARGE. We're waiting 'til we have guns of our own.

ALL.

BUT WHEN DOES IT FINISH?
JUST WHERE IS THE ENDING?
HOW FAR IS TOO FAR?
WHEN ARE WE PAST THE POINT OF BENDING?

ALL. (*cont.*)

LOOK INTO THE FUTURE
AND WHAT DO YOU SEE THERE?
AND IF WE DO NOTHING
CAN YOU GUARANTEE THAT WE WILL EVEN BE THERE?

DEFARGE.

YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THE WORLD IS BLACK AND COLD
AND HUMAN LIFE IS CHEAP.
YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN MOST MEN ARE OUT FOR BLOOD
AND GOD IS FAST ASLEEP.

MEN.

BUT YOU MUST KEEP THAT RAGE INSIDE YOU
AND REMEMBER EVERY WRONG

(**CRUNCHER** and **MR. LORRY** lead **LUCIE**, **MISS PROSS**
though the streets and among the peasants.)

ALL.

AND THEN IT WON'T BE LONG,
WHEN TOMORROW COMES
WE CAN MAKE THEM PAY.

AND THEN IT WON'T BE LONG,
WHEN TOMORROW COMES
WE CAN MAKE THEM BLEED.

ALL.

THEN WE CAN MAKE THIS WORLD
THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE!

GROUP.

WHEN WILL WE SEE THAT DAY?

ALL.

WHEN WILL IT BE THAT WAY?
THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE!

(**LUCIE**, **MR. LORRY**, **MISS PROSS** and **MR. LORRY**'s
bodyguard, **JERRY CRUNCHER**, *are standing in the*
doorway of the wine shop.)

LORRY. Madame Defarge? (*hushed and tentative*) I am Jarvis
Lorry from Tellson's Bank...in London... Is your hus-
band here?

MADAME. You have a message for him?

LUCIE. Yes. Recalled to life.

(DEFARGE has entered the wine shop.)

LORRY. M'sieur Defarge?

(DEFARGE sees LUCIE; goes to her and takes her hand gently.)

DEFARGE. (*reverently*) You wouldn't remember me. I worked for your father. (*trying to conceal his emotion*) Forgive me, Mademoiselle, but you look so much like your mother.

LUCIE. She told me he was dead.

DEFARGE. We thought that he was.

LUCIE. What happened to him?

DEFARGE. The doctor was called away one night. There'd been an accident and he was needed. He never came back.

LORRY. Is he greatly changed?

DEFARGE. He won't know you.

MADAME. He doesn't know himself.

DEFARGE. (*starts upstairs*) Come with me.

(LUCIE hesitates.)

LUCIE. (*to LORRY*) I've longed for him my whole life. Now he's here. And I'm afraid.

LORRY. Courage. I'll go first.

(LUCIE, LORRY follow DEFARGE upstairs.)

(MISS PROSS looks around for a suitable place to sit while MADAME DEFARGE watches indifferently.)

PROSS. (*looking around; disgusted*) I don't suppose they have a phrase in French for soap and water.

(Upstairs MANETTE sits on the bench working with a small leather shoe and a knife. He pays no attention to the visitors. DEFARGE approaches with LORRY. LUCIE hangs back.)

DEFARGE. Good day, m'sieur, you have a visitor. Can you tell this gentleman your name?

(MANETTE pauses slightly from his work.)

MANETTE. (*quietly*) My name?

DEFARGE. Yes.

MANETTE. One Hundred and Five, North Tower.

(**MANETTE** goes back to his work as **DEFARGE** and **LORRY** look at each other.)

DEFARGE. Can you name the man who's responsible for your trouble m'sieur?

(*looking around; MANETTE becomes agitated.*)

MANETTE. Where is it? Where did I put it?

DEFARGE. What are you looking for?

MANETTE. The letter. I had it here - I know I did.

DEFARGE. You left it in the Bastille - we had no time to find it. Don't you remember?

MANETTE. (*beat*) No.

LORRY. Dr. Manette.

(*The shoe drops to the ground. MANETTE appears deflated, confused by the mention of his own name*)

Dr. Manette. Do you remember me?

(**MANETTE**, holding only the knife, turns to look up at **LORRY** as **LUCIE** moves out from behind **LORRY**.)

2. YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE

(*Music starts as MANETTE sees her. He cannot believe his eyes. He's seen a ghost.*)

MANETTE.

WHO ARE YOU?

IT IS THE SAME.

BUT SHE IS DEAD.

HOW CAN IT BE?

SHE WAS LOST TO ME.

(**LUCIE** comes closer.)

MANETTE. *(cont.)*

SHE HAD LAID HER HEAD UPON MY SHOULDER
AND WHEN I WAS BROUGHT TO THE TOWER
I FOUND HAIR...

(MANETTE reaches up.)

...LIKE THIS
UPON MY SLEEVE.
HOW WAS THIS?
WAS IT YOU?

(LUCIE kneels beside him.)

LUCIE.

SHE WAS MY MOTHER.
WEEP FOR YOUR WIFE
WHO COULD NOT BEAR TO LIVE
WITHOUT YOU BY HER SIDE.
SHE HID YOUR TORTURE FROM ME
AND SHE TOLD ME YOU HAD DIED.

CLOSE YOUR EYES
LET MEMORY FLY AWAY
YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN.

(She sits beside him.)

COME WITH ME
WE'LL FIND A BRIGHTER DAY
YOU'LL NEVER FEAR THE DARK AGAIN.

(During the following she takes his hands in hers and gently takes the knife away from him and lays it down.)

LUCIE.

WE BOTH WERE LOST.
BUT NOW THAT'S ALL BEHIND US.
ALL THE ENDLESS YEARS I NEVER KNEW YOU.
LAY DOWN...

MANETTE.

YOU HAVE HER VOICE.

LUCIE.

YOUR PAIN.

MANETTE. *(taking her hands in his)*

THESE ARE HER HANDS.

LUCIE.

THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

MANETTE.

YOUR EYES; SO WARM, SO TRUE...

LUCIE.

YOU HAVE SEEN THE VERY LAST OF WHAT YOU KNEW.

MANETTE.

I SEE HER HEART IN YOU.

LUCIE.

I'LL HELP YOU TO FORGET

THE EMPTINESS YOU'VE KNOWN.

YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN.

(MANETTE is momentarily lost again. He looks away.)

LUCIE.

TOGETHER WE'LL BEGIN

MANETTE.

THAT LIFE LOST LONG AGO.

LUCIE.

YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE

AGAIN

MANETTE.

YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE

AGAIN

LUCIE. We're going home.

(Applause Segue from "You'll Never Be Alone")

2A. MUSIC AS TRANSITION TO MARQUIS CHATEAU

ACT I / Scene 2
THE ARGUMENT

(The Chateau of the MARQUIS ST. EVREMONDE.)

(THE MARQUIS is immaculately dressed, handsome in a pinched, angular way, about 50. His servant GABELLE is cowed and tries to attend his master without ever actual meeting his gaze.)

MARQUIS. Be quick then, Gabelle. What is it today?

GABELLE. Your tenants, the Claudan family, excellency. Yesterday their youngest son was caught stealing one of your chickens.

MARQUIS. I trust he was punished appropriately.

GABELLE. Under your standing orders, excellency, the boys hands were cut off.

MARQUIS. So?

GABELLE. So the boy can't work. And they can't pay the rent.

MARQUIS. And now I suppose because this dog's been rightfully punished, I should be robbed again?

(CHARLES DARNAY has entered behind his uncle and listens unnoticed.)

MARQUIS. Evict them.

DARNAY. It's good to see you've lost none of your fabled compassion, uncle. The name of Evremonde may yet become the most hated name in France.

MARQUIS. A hatred shared by you no doubt. I hear you've even taken to using your mother's name, M'sieur Darnay.

DARNAY. Your spies are accurate, as always.

MARQUIS. And that you're going to England again.

DARNAY. For good this time.

MARQUIS. What about your responsibilities here?

DARNAY. If your land ever passed to me – I'd give it back to the peasants you've stolen it from.

3. ARGUMENT

MARQUIS. Take care nephew. I hear the Bastille is quite uncomfortable this time of year.

DARNAY. I wouldn't be the first innocent man you sent there, would I?

GABELLE. (*almost getting between them*) Excellency, please forgive him – he's young – he's outspoken...

MARQUIS.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I FORGIVEN HIM,
ALL THAT HE'S SAID AND HE'S DONE,
ALL BECAUSE HE'S MY FLESH AND BLOOD,
MY DEAR SWEET DEAD BROTHER'S SON?

DARNAY.

I ASK NO FAVORS...NOT ONE THING FROM YOU.

MARQUIS.

YOU ONLY WISH I WERE DEAD.

DARNAY.

I JUST WISH YOU COULD SEE THE POOR
AS MORE THAN SWINE THAT MUST BLED!

MARQUIS.

I WILL PROTECT OUR FAMILY POSITION.

DARNAY.

YOU WILL PROTECT YOUR POWER AND WEALTH.
LOOK IN YOUR HEART AND SEE HOW IT'S DYING...

MARQUIS.

MY HEART IS FINE -

IT'S YOU OUGHT TO MIND YOUR HEALTH.

DARNAY.

I'VE WATCHED YOU EVER SINCE MY FATHER DIED.
SHAMING THE FAMILY NAME.
FATHER WASN'T A SAINT,
BUT I BELIEVE HE TRIED
TO BE A DECENT MAN.

MARQUIS.

ISN'T A SON'S AFFECTION BEAUTIFUL?
JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER, HIS WIFE.

MARQUIS. (*cont.*)

DID HE TELL YOU THAT WE SHARED EVERYTHING?
YOU AND I MIGHT BE
CLOSER RELATIONS THAN YOU KNOW....

DARNAY.

YOU MARK MY WORDS AND REMEMBER THEM WELL -
YOU WOULD BE DEAD IF I THOUGHT THAT WERE TRUE!
TAKE YOUR INHERITANCE; SPEND IT IN HELL!
TAKE THE DAMN FAMILY NAME.
TAKE ALL THE LIES AND THE BLAME.
I RENOUNCE THE NAME EVREMONDE!

MARQUIS. Just say goodbye, Charles (*mocking*) Darnay. Show him out, Gabelle.

DARNAY. You can tell everyone I'm dead if you like.

(*Taking off a family ring and putting it down on the
MARQUIS' desk. DARNAY begins to exit.*)

MARQUIS. If you insist, Charles...But I'd really hate to have to lie to people.

(*Lights dim on MARQUIS.*)

(*DARNAY and GABELLE exit to the outer hallway*)

DARNAY. (*ironically – to GABELLE*) That went well...

GABELLE. You did everything you could Charles.

DARNAY. And now I'm asking you to do the rest. (*handing him papers*) I've signed everything I own over to you, Gabelle – everything my mother left me. Use it to take care of that family and anyone else who needs it.

GABELLE. But how will you live?

DARNAY. There's a radical new idea – called working. I thought I'd try it.

GABELLE. Good luck, Charles. Be careful.

DARNAY. You too, my friend.

(*They embrace and exit as lights up on BARSAD joining
MARQUIS.*)

BARSAD. It must be awfully embarrassing to have a nephew like that, your Markwess. And him your only living relative.

MARQUIS (*handing him papers*) For the timebeing. These papers should be enough to guarantee my nephew and I have no more unpleasant reunions. Don't disappoint me.

BARSAD. I never would, your Markwess.

(*SEGUE AS ONE to #4*)

4. DOVER

ACT I / Scene 3
DOVER

(Dover, England)

*(A sail descends as voices and singing transition us to a busy port. On singing **BARSAD** is seen scurrying cross the stage and disappearing. Sailors roughly toss luggage, barrels off the boat.)*

SAILORS.

WHEN YOU'RE FAR OUT TO SEA
AND YOU LONG FOR THE LAND
BUT THE JOURNEY IS
SO FAR FROM OVER,
CLOSE YOUR EYES
AND IMAGINE THE WAVES BREAKIN' SAND
WHERE THE SEA MEETS THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

*(**LORRY** crosses the stage quickly ahead of everyone and exits at the other side. He's followed by **PROSS** and **CRUNCHER** who carries all the bags.)*

PROSS.

NEVER MIND ALL THAT SINGING.
JUST HELP WITH THE BAGS,
AND THANK HEAVEN THIS TRIP'S NEARLY OVER.

CRUNCHER.

IT'S ENOUGH TO START SWINGIN'
THE WAY THAT SHE NAGS...
WE SHOULD HEAVE HER
AND LEAVE HER IN DOVER

*(**LUCIE** comes off the boat with **MANETTE**. **CHARLES DARNAY** catches up with them.)*

DARNAY. Dr. Manette, I wonder if you'd allow me to arrange a coach to take us all to London?

*(**LORRY** has re-entered.)*

LORRY. That's business young man. And since it is business I've taken care of it. Come Dr. Manette, the coach is waiting.

(LORRY and MANETTE exit.)

DARNAY. (*searching for an opening*) Miss Manette...Well, you had nothing to worry about. Your father came through the storm with no trouble at all.

LUCIE. Because you gave up your cabin to keep us out of the rain, Mr. Darnay.

DARNAY. I was glad to help.

(DARNAY sneezes, mortified, turns away and tries to recover.)

DARNAY. I beg your pardon, Miss Manette.

LUCIE. (*concerned*) Oh, you're not catching cold are you?

DARNAY. Oh no, of course not. (*He sneezes again; double mortification.*)

LUCIE. Bless you Mr. Darnay. You *are* catching cold.

(LUCIE offers DARNAY her handkerchief. He accepts it gratefully and with a hint of extra meaning and then sneezes one more time.)

PROSS. Lucie! Come away from that Frenchman before you catch some foreign disease!

(PROSS bustles LUCIE away from DARNAY as SAILORS tease him.)

SAILORS.

WHEN YOU'VE SAILED ON THE CHANNEL
YOU'LL KNOW THE OLD TALE
ABOUT COUPLES WHO MEET CROSSING OVER.
ONCE THEY'VE STARED AT THE STARS OVER ANY SHIP'S SAIL
THEY'LL BE LOVERS FOR SURE
NEARLY MARRIED OR MORE
ONCE THEY'VE STEPPED ON THE SHORE
BACK AT DOVER!

DARNAY. (*catching up again*) Miss Manette, I wonder, may I see you again?

PROSS. Oh I do hope this collecting of stray people is not turning into a habit.

LORRY. Lucie, we have to go. Your father's waiting.

PROSS. It's time for you to go home now, Mr. Darnay.
Goodbye.

DARNAY. But I was hoping I might....

PROSS. We'll see you on Sunday. Now go away.

(BARSAD has entered with CONSTABLE and TWO SOLDIERS.)

DARNAY. Sunday?

LUCIE. I was hoping you might join us for supper.

BARSAD. *(pointing to DARNAY)* There he is. That man! He's a spy!

(TWO SOLDIERS seize DARNAY. Upon seeing BARSAD, whom he obviously recognizes, CRUNCHER decides he doesn't want to be recognized himself. He turns his back and pulls the brim of his hat over his eyes.)

DARNAY. *(fighting them off)* What?

BARSAD. He's a spy! A French traitor. He dropped those highly incriminating papers just a minute ago!

(BARSAD points to papers CONSTABLE is holding)

DARNAY. He's lying! Those aren't mine.

BARSAD. He's obviously a traitor against our glorious King George the Third, God Bless Him!

CONSTABLE. Alright, bring him along.

(SOLDIERS dragging DARNAY offstage.)

DARNAY. But I haven't done anything. You have to believe me, Miss Manette.

(DARNAY is gone.)

BARSAD. *(to LUCIE etc.)* Foreigners – you can't believe a word they say.

(BARSAD exits.)

LUCIE. Mr. Lorry, please do something.

LORRY. I can't get involved – I'm on official business for Tellson's Bank.

LUCIE. But he's not a spy. He can't be.

CRUNCHER. Excuse me, Mr. Lorry – but I know that fella what accused Mr. Darnay – his name’s John Barsad – and he ain’t an honest type.

LORRY. (*off LUCIE’s pleading look*) Oh very well. I’ll speak to my attorney Mr. Stryver as soon as we get back to London.

(**LORRY** and **LUCIE** *exit off.*)

CRUNCHER. Don’t you worry, Miss Pross – Miss Manette’s friend ’ill be all right. Mr. Stryver always hands off all the work to his associate, Mr. Carton. And when Mr. Carton’s too drunk to work, I help him out in a certain capacity.

PROSS. That is good to know, Mr. Cruncher. Then, I don’t expect we’ll be seeing Mr. Darnay ever again!

(*Segue to*)

5. THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE – LONDON

ACT I / Scene 4
THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE - London

(London legal office)

(We travel to the London Legal office of C.J. STRYVER and his associate, SYDNEY CARTON. CARTON has a hangover – he holds a cold towel to his head. He lounges drunkenly in a chair behind a desk. He flips through the contents of three oversized books. In the bottom book he finds what he’s looking for: he pulls a bottle out of the hollowed out insides of the book. He pushes the three books onto the floor with the back of his arm, puts his feet up on the desk and takes a drink.)

(JERRY CRUNCHER, having entered carrying a large heavy bag, sees the books hit the floor.)

CRUNCHER. Work getting in the way again, Mr. Carton?

CARTON. Absolutely not. The problem has been solved.
(uncorking bottle) As all problems are solved, Jerry.
(drinking)

(CRUNCHER sits down in other seat and pulls out his own bottle.)

CRUNCHER. Don’t get me wrong...I like my three or four bottles a day the same as the next fella...but how do you get anything done?

CARTON. It’s the only way to get anything done. This is the ablest assistant I know. It improves the sight, the smell and the taste of everything.

IF YOU ASK ME

THE WORLD COULD USE A SHOT

OF WHISKEY IN ITS GLASS.

I’VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO JUDGE -

I’VE LEARNED A LOT

OBSERVING ON MY ASS.

THIS LITTLE BOTTLE KEEPS MANKIND AT BAY

AND FAR AWAY FROM ME.

AND WHEN I’M BLIND WITH DRINK

I LIKE THE WORLD I SEE.

CARTON. (*cont.*)

I EVEN THINK THE WORLD'S
THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE.

CARTON. (*leaning back to enjoy*) What more could we want out of life, Jerry? For two free Englishmen with two full bottles – (*toasting*) it's the best of times.

(**STRYVER** enters carrying newspaper, a pompous, blustering figure about 35)

STRYVER. Confound it Sydney! This is a legal office, not a tavern.

CARTON. And it's the worst of times....

STRYVER. We're defending that Frenchman for treason tomorrow. (*taking his wig off*) How do you expect to get Darnay off, sitting around getting drunk with *Him*!

CARTON. Keep your wig on Stryver.

STRYVER. (*off CRUNCHER's laughing at him*) Get out of here Cruncher.

CRUNCHER. I'll meet you outside, Mr. Carton. (*lifting the bag again*) I just gotta drop this fella off at the medical college next door – (*leaning in confidentially to STRYVER*) students are expecting him.

(**CRUNCHER** exits. **STRYVER** watches him, appalled.)

CARTON. You never let me have any friends.

STRYVER. You could find more distinguished company you know. The man's a graverobber.

CARTON. Call him oversensitive, but he prefers the term "resurrectionist."

STRYVER. You don't suppose he really had anyone in that bag?

CARTON. I took a peek and it did look a lot like our last client.

STRYVER. You better start taking things more seriously, Sydney. Have you learned anything yet about this witness against Darnay – this Barsad?

CARTON. Not a thing.

STRYVER. But we've got to get this Frenchman acquitted. That lovely Miss Manette wants me to save him.

CARTON. You'll have no chance with that little doll if you save the handsome Frenchman.

STRYVER. Don't be ridiculous. Do you honestly think she'd choose a poor French teacher over an advancing attorney like me? She's only helping Darnay out of pity. She's one of those people who does things for others without expecting anything in return. What do you call them?

CARTON. Imaginary.

STRYVER. (*reading*) They're just lucky they all got back from Paris in one piece. Did you see how the Dover coach was held up again? (*laying paper down*) These are dangerous times, Sydney.

CARTON. I know. It's not even safe to go to the corner to throw up anymore.

STRYVER. Honestly Sydney – you're a mess.

CARTON. Thank you. (**CARTON** *finishes the bottle and puts on his hat.*)

STRYVER. Where are you going now?

CARTON. I'm going to find a way to do research for our case in a more jovial atmosphere. Jerry Cruncher happens to know of several taverns at which Mr. Barsad likes to drink.

STRYVER. How convenient for you.

CARTON. And if we're lucky he won't be at the first five or six we try.

(*SEGUE TO...*)

6. NO HONEST WAY

(*...as CARTON exits.*)

ACT I / Scene 5
NO HONEST WAY

(Later; the Goat's Guts, a rough, seedy London Tavern down by the river. JERRY CRUNCHER and JOHN BARSAD are playing [and cheating] cards at one of the tables. CRUNCHER's 2 CRONIES with shovels and other scoundrels populate the tavern.)

BARSAD.

WORKING HARD IS A CURSE

CRUNCHER.

EARNs A MAN AN EARLY HEARSE.

BARSAD.

SLAVING DAY AND NIGHT'S NO WAY TO LIGHTEN MY LOAD.

CRUNCHER.

WHY SHOULD WE ALL WORK AN HONEST JOB?

BARSAD & CRUNCHER.

WHEN IT'S EASIER TO CHEAT AND ROB?

(CARTON appears behind BARSAD with two bottles and slaps him on the back.)

CARTON.

LET SOME LAW ABIDING SIMPLE SLOB
TAKE THE HIGH ROAD.

ALL.

THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY!
THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY!

BARSAD. Where have you been?

CARTON. I thought you looked especially thirsty, my friend
– so I brought you *(showing)* Two bottles!

BARSAD. I'm waiting to hear more about your exploits.
Cruncher, your friend here is a genius.

CRUNCHER. Has he been braggin' again? Did you tell
him about the poor bugger you set up on the forgery
charge?

CARTON. I did indeed.

CRUNCHER. Fella got hanged for that.

BARSAD.

THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN THRIVE
AND KEEP HONESTY ALIVE

CARTON.

TRY TO SCALE THE MORAL PEAK
AND NEVER BACKSLIDE.

CRUNCHER.

THOSE WITH ALL THE POWER IN THEIR HANDS
GET THE LAW TO BOW TO THEIR DEMANDS,

CRUNCHER, CARTON & BARSAD.

AND THE LAW ABIDING MAN JUST LANDS ON HIS BACKSIDE.

SCOUNDRELS. (including CRUNCHER's CRONIES)

THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY
THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY!

CRUNCHER.

AND IF YOU GO TO COURT TOMORROW

SCOUNDRELS. (ALL but BARSAD and CARTON) (pointing to BARSAD)

HE'LL BE ON THE STAND.

CRUNCHER.

A CERTAIN FRENCHMAN'S UP FOR TREASON

SCOUNDRELS. (ALL but BARSAD and CARTON)

PUT THERE BY HIS HAND!

(BARSAD tries to shush them – embarrassed at this pronouncement.)

SCOUNDRELS. (sung at a whisper under following dialogue)

THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY.
THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY.

CARTON. (pulling BARSAD down in his seat – handing him a glass) You've been holding out on me. Now, what are you up to tomorrow?

(The drinking and cheating at cards continues.)

BARSAD. I can't say.

CARTON. You're all talk, Barsad. I don't believe you're really a scoundrel at all. After all, I got a man hanged! What did *you* ever do?

BARSAD.

THOUGH I'M NOT THE TYPE TO TOOT MY HORN
I BELIEVE IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN
I'LL BEAT ANY THING YOU'VE DONE
IF YOU'RE SWORN TO SILENCE.

(CRUNCHER and CARTON lean in.)

BARSAD. *(confidentially)*

THERE'S A MARKWESS
QUITE GRAND
WITH A NEPHEW HE CAN'T STAND -
SO GOOD HEARTED ANY NORMAL CHAP WOULD HATE HIM.
BUT TOMORROW WITH A WORD FROM ME
HE'LL BE FRAMED JUST LIKE THE MONA LEE
AND THEY'LL TAKE 'EM OUT AND CLEANLY DE-
CAPITATE HIM!

*(Looking a tad unsteady. CARTON stands up and toasts
BARSAD to the crowd.)*

CARTON.

AND WITH NO HONEST WAY
IT'S HARD TO KEEP FROM DOING WRONG!

SCOUNDRELS

AND WITH NO HONEST WAY
WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT GO ALONG

*(CARTON passes out and sprawls on the floor or col-
lapses on a table.)*

*(BARSAD sees an easy mark as other SCOUNDRELS
gather around.)*

BARSAD.

LOOK AT HIM; LIKE A TOT.
SHOULD WE WAKE HIM?

SCOUNDRELS (ALL).

NAH. *(various)*

BARSAD.

BETTER NOT.
WHAT'S THIS POKIN' FROM HIS POCKET?
WHAT'S THIS TOKEN THAT HE'S GOT?

BARSAD. (*cont.*)

WHY'S HE LOADED DOWN WITH ALL THIS WEALTH?
HE'D BE HAPPIER WITH JUST...

SCOUNDRELS (ALL).

HIS HEALTH...

BARSAD. (*admiring their harmony*) Very nice.

(**BARSAD** takes **CARTON**'s watch; whistling, pockets it.)

BARSAD. (*softly*)

THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY.

(*As SCOUNDRELS all begin their exits*)

SCOUNDRELS (ALL).

THERE'S JUST NO HONEST WAY.

THERE'S JUST NO DECENT, LAW-ABIDING, HONEST WAY!

WAITER. Closing time.

(*Underscore through scene. BARSAD is exiting.*)

CRUNCHER. (*calling*) See you in court, tomorrow, Barsad.

(**CRUNCHER** waits until **BARSAD** is gone.) Did you get
what you needed, Mr. Carton?

(**CARTON** bolts upright, suddenly awake and coherent.)

CARTON. Yes, Jerry. I think so.

CRUNCHER. You want me to get your watch back?

CARTON. No. That's my ace. Let him keep it. (*beat*) Besides,
it wasn't mine anyway.

(*SEGUE TO...*)

7. THE TRIAL

(*As CRUNCHER checks for his own watch, realizes
BARSAD has it and exits with purpose.*)

ACT I / Scene 6
THE TRIAL

(London – Courtroom)

(Music as STRYVER enters and gives CARTON black robe and wig. CARTON puts them on and sits at a table as the courtroom takes shape around him. THE ATTORNEY GENERAL is standing center and CHARLES DARNAY is in the dock. There is a JUDGE and GALLERY watching the proceeding. DR. MANETTE, LUCIE, MR. LORRY, CRUNCHER and PROSS are also in the audience.)

BAILIFF. The case of his Majesty King George against the Frenchman, Charles Darnay.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

YOUR HONOURABLE LORDSHIP,
THE PRISONER YOU SEE HERE
MUST BE OF NO EARTHLY GOOD
OR ELSE HE WOULDN'T BE HERE!

WHILE HE WAS ABOARD SHIP
HIS TRAITOROUS MISSION
WAS NOTICED BY MANY
THROUGH HIS SHAMELESS EXHIBITION.

BAILIFF. The court calls Miss Lucie Manette.

(LUCIE leaves her father and walks to the witness stand. STRYVER can barely contain his excitement and the CROWD is very interested in her. Even CARTON adjusts his wig ever so slightly to get a better look.)

CROWD.

THANK GOD FOR LAW AND ORDER!
THE MOST DRAMATIC DEMOCRATIC SHOW IN TOWN!
THE STENCH AND HEAT ARE FREE TO ALL!
THOUGH EACH TIME SOMEONE SNEEZES SOME DISEASE
IS SPRAYED ON SHORT AND TALL.
WE'D RISK A PLAGUE TO SEE HIS FATE!
WE JUST CAN'T WAIT TIL THEY DECAPITATE
AND STICK HIS HEAD ON LONDON GATE!

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Miss Manette? Did you see the prisoner have a conversation with someone before he joined you on the boat?

LUCIE. Yes, my lord.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Was the man by any chance a... French gentleman?

LUCIE. I believe he was.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Were any papers passed between them?

LUCIE. I think I saw papers.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Did they look anything like... *(with a flourish; holding them aloft)* THESE papers?

(CARTON gives STRVYER a shove or a kick to get an objection out of him.)

STRYVER. *(objecting)* Objection! All papers look like *those* papers, mi lord.

JUDGE. Overruled.

LUCIE. They could have been anything.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Just answer the question yes or no, Miss Manette; did they look anything like these papers?

LUCIE. They looked like papers.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Yes or no, Miss Manette.

LUCIE. Yes.

(Loud murmurs from the crowd.)

ATTORNEY GENERAL. And one thing more, Miss Manette. Did you have a conversation with the prisoner?

LUCIE. Yes.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. *(aha!)* You did?

LUCIE. He was very kind to my father and myself. I hope I won't repay him by doing him harm today.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Now, did the prisoner make any reference to the treasonous American general, George Washington?

LUCIE. That was a joke.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. What did the prisoner say?

LUCIE. I can't remember.

CROWD. (*various – take your pick, make up your own!*) She's protecting him! What did he say? She remembers! She doesn't wanna say!

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Your Honor, please remind the witness that she is under oath – and that the penalty for perjury is Death!

DARNAY. (*immediately shouting out*) I said that...George Washington – may gain a greater name in history...

(**THE CROWD** listens...)

DARNAY. (*a little less bravado*) ...Than King George The Third.

(**CROWD** erupts at the outrageousness. **LUCIE** sits down reluctantly.)

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Thank you, Miss Manette. That should be more than enough.

GALLERY CROWD.

THIS FELLA'S A GONER.

HE'LL NEVER GET LET OFF.

CRUNCHER.

AND NOW IT'S AN EASY BET

THEY'LL GET TO CUT HIS HEAD OFF..

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

I CALL MR. BARSAD,

A WITNESS TO TREASON,

A MAN WHO IS HERE

FOR PURELY PATRIOTIC REASON.

(**BARSAD** heads for the stand, waving to his fans.)

CRUNCHER.

HE'S THE BIGGEST CHEAT IN TOWN,

TESTIFYIN' FOR THE CROWN,

HE'LL BE LYIN' UP AND DOWN!

CROWD.

THANK GOD FOR MR. BARSAD!

THANK GOD HE DID HIS BEST,

CROWD. (*cont.*)

WITHSTOOD THE TEST
AND GAVE IT ALL HE HAD.

WOMEN.

A FINE EXAMPLE TO US ALL!

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

WHY, IF WE ENGLISH LIKE THE ROMANS
HONORED MEN OF PUBLIC GOOD,

CROWD.

HE'D HAVE A STATUE
TWELVE FEET TALL!

STRYVER.

AS FUNDS ARE TIGHT THIS YEAR
IT DOES APPEAR HE'LL ONLY GET A BUST.
WE TRUST THAT HE WILL JUST
MAKE DO.

(**JUDGE** *banging gavel for order.*)

BARSAD.

ON DECK I WAS STROLLING,
I NOTICED THIS FRENCHMAN
AND HE DIDN'T SEEM LIKE
ANY ORDINARY HENCHMAN.
HE LOOKED VERY HONEST
BUT I WOULD DISCOVER
THAT HE WAS A BOOK
WHERE YOU MUST LOOK
INSIDE THE COVER,

HE LAID DOWN HIS TOP COAT
AND OUT OF HIS POCKET
CAME TUMBLIN' THE PAPERS
WHICH HAVE SENT HIM TO THE DOCKET.
I THOUGHT I'D BE HELPFUL,
BENT DOWN AND RETRIEVED 'EM.
'ME EYES BEHELD SUCH A SIGHT
I THOUGHT THE NIGHT DECEIVED THEM.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

THEY WERE MILITARY LISTS -

BARSAD.

TROOP POSITIONS, STRENGTH AND PLANS.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

YOU COULD NOT IMAGINE HOW
THEY WERE FOUND IN FOREIGN HANDS.

BARSAD.

I'M A SIMPLE SORT OF MAN,
JUST A TRUSTING TYPE OF GUY,

ATTORNEY GENERAL/BARSAD.

BUT IT SEEMED TO HIM/ME THIS MAN
WAS THE FOULEST KIND OF SPY!

GALLERY GROUP.

HANG THE TRAITOR! HANG THE TRAITOR!
NOW WE CAN ALL WATCH HIM DIE!

CROWD.

THANK GOD FOR EXECUTION!
THOUGH IT'S A PITY THAT THE PRETTY WITNESS
WILL NOT GET HER WISH.
OFFENDERS MUST NOT GO SCOTT FREE!
GIVE US SOME JUSTICE
AND GIVE US THIS FRENCHMAN GUTTED LIKE A FISH!
THE LADY SHOULD NOT SHED A TEAR,
WE WOULD NOT WANT TO DOUBT HER LOYALTY.
GREAT BRITAIN MUST BE FREE
FROM FOREIGN TYRANNY.
HOW COULD SHE DISAGREE?

ATTORNEY GENERAL & BARSAD.

THERE ISN'T A LOYAL BRIT WITH HALF A WIT
WHO'D DARE TO DISAGREE

CROWD.

WITH THAT!!!

(BARSAD triumphantly acknowledges the affection of the crowd by waving and otherwise hamming it up. BARSAD steps away from the witness stand.)

STRYVER. Wait just a minute, Mr. Barsad. Just a couple of questions. If you don't mind.

BARSAD. Not at all. Not at all. (*flashes a concerned look at the ATTORNEY GENERAL*)

STRYVER. Where were you last night, Mr. Barsad?

BARSAD. I was at home. Readin' me bible.

STRYVER. You weren't out drinking at the Goats Guts Tavern on Old Kent Road – and bragging about framing Mr. Darnay for treason?

BARSAD. (*shocked*) Absolutely not.

STRYVER. Are you absolutely sure Mr. Darnay was the man who dropped these treasonous papers on the boat from France?

BARSAD. Absolutely.

STRYVER. Couldn't have mistaken him for another man who looked a bit like him? Say for instance, my learned colleague there, Sydney Carton?... May Mr. Carton stand up, your honor?

JUDGE. If he can.

(**CARTON** *stands.*)

STRYVER. May my colleague lay aside his wig for a moment, your honor?

(**JUDGE** *agrees.*)

(**CARTON** *turns to face BARSAD squarely while removing wig.*)

(**CARTON** *gives BARSAD a little wave.*)

Now, Mr. Barsad. Take a good look at Mr. Carton. Doesn't he look every bit as familiar to you as the prisoner?

(**CARTON** *waves again at BARSAD. BARSAD is flabbergasted.*)

Take your time. (*adding quickly*) After all, we don't execute people for making a simple mistake. (*with increasing bombast*) For perjury, on the other hand...or stealing a watch!

BARSAD. (*panicked*) Now that I think about it – I made a mistake! It wasn't him! I'd like to take back my testimony, please.

(General uproar in the courtroom.)

STRYVER. Certainly, you may, Mr. Barsad. The witness has recanted your honor – we request that the charges be dropped.

JUDGE. *(banging gavel)* Case dismissed.

(Crowd is disappointed; generally heaping abuse on BARSAD as he tries to get out of the court. BARSAD passes CARTON on the way out.)

CARTON. Tough luck, Barsad.

BARSAD. I don't know how you have the gall to speak to me, sir. I mean I knew you were a criminal – but a lawyer? Ain't you ashamed?

(LORRY, STRYVER, LUCIE, MANETTE, PROSS and CRUNCHER gather around DARNAY. CARTON takes out his flask.)

DARNAY. *(shaking STRYVER's hand)* Thank you all so much. *(DARNAY takes LUCIE's hand and kisses it.)* Miss Manette. Thank you.

LUCIE. I'm so relieved, Mr. Darnay. I was afraid of saying something that might harm you.

DARNAY. And I was afraid you *wouldn't* say it – which might have harmed you... *(Still holding her hand – he kisses it again.)*

LORRY. Well, it never could have come to that – with a man as brilliant as Stryver handling the case.

(STRYVER puffs up and accepts the praise as LUCIE touches CARTON's shoulder.)

LUCIE. And let's not forget Mr. Carton. Thank you for your part in saving Mr. Darnay.

(CARTON stands and faces her. She offers her hand to him.)

LORRY. *(surprised)* From what I can gather all the fellow did was...stand up!

CARTON. *(toasting himself)* A feat of heroic proportions.

LUCIE. Well, I'm very glad Mr. Carton stood up when he did. (*She turns back to DARNAY.*) And now that Mr. Darnay has been rescued you must all come over some afternoon to celebrate.

(STRYVER inserts himself between DARNAY and LUCIE;
just slightly over-eager!)

STRYVER. What an excellent idea. When?

LUCIE. ...Well...we sometimes have guests on Sunday.

STRYVER. Sunday it is. Excellent.

7a. Optional Lucie/Manette underscore

(as LORRY notices MANETTE has stepped away from the group.)

LORRY. Dr. Manette, are you all right?

(LUCIE instantly turns and goes to MANETTE, taking her father's hand.)

LUCIE. Father what is it?

MANETTE. Nothing. I'm fine, Lucie.

LUCIE. Father, are you sure?

MANETTE. Yes, of course.

LUCIE. We should go. Goodnight, gentlemen.

CARTON/STRYVER/DARNAY. Goodnight.

(LUCIE and others exit leaving CARTON, DARNAY and STRYVER.)

(DARNAY is pre-occupied, watching LUCIE as she goes.)

CARTON. (*draping himself over the Judge's chair*) I thought they'd never leave.

STRYVER. You made a nice impression as usual.

CARTON. That's my motto. Always leave a dent.

STRYVER. Well, mind your manners next time. That beautiful young lady could end up being my wife one day. If she's lucky.

CARTON. Was she beautiful?

STRYVER. You wouldn't have noticed her unless she had a tray with a bottle on it.

(**CARTON** *drinks as STRYVER finishes gathering his papers.*)

STRYVER. (*cont.*) Pay no attention to him Darnay. Most disagreeable chap in the world. Really, Sydney, just because your parents didn't like you do we all to have to suffer for it?

CARTON. No, you've got it all turned around – It's me who didn't like them. (*to DARNAY*) Terrible people – my parents. Always nagging: mind your muddy shoes, no whiskey before breakfast. It was horrible.

STRYVER. I'll see you at the office later.

CARTON. (*drinking again*) Much later.

STRYVER. Goodnight Darnay.

DARNAY. Goodnight. Thank you again.

CARTON. (*on STRYVER's exit*) Give my love to mother.

(**CARTON** *offers his bottle to DARNAY.*)

8. Round and Round #1

DARNAY. No thank you, Mr. Carton. I should be going myself.

CARTON. That's right, Mr. Darnay. Don't be seen standing around with me. You have your future to think about.

DARNAY. (*considering*) Thanks to you. I'm very grateful.

CARTON. No, don't thank me. I honestly couldn't have cared less what happened to you. It's just my job.

DARNAY. Well then, I'm glad you care about your job.

CARTON. I'm sure you are. Now, if you really want to thank me – you'll buy me a bottle.

DARNAY. It's the least I can do, I suppose.

CARTON. No, the least you could do is buy me a glass...

(*They exit together.*)

(**Underscore #8** *continues into next scene*)

ACT I / Scene 7
ROUND AND ROUND
REFLECTION

(London— Tavern)

*(Music as Interior of tavern is revealed: drinkers, diners
and wait staff mill about.)*

TAVERN FOLK.

ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND YOU GO
HAVE ANOTHER ROUND YOU GO
HAVE ANOTHER SPLASH
ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND YOU GO
STRAIGHT INTO THE GROUND YOU GO
WITH A POUNDING CRASH

*(Crowd parts to reveal CARTON and DARNAY at a table
with a bottle and two glasses. Round and Round contin-
ues under the scene.)*

CARTON. Well then, Mr. Darnay, how do you like my home?

DARNAY. Your home?

CARTON. Of course. This is where I live.

*(As A FEMALE REGULAR comes to the table and puts her
arms around CARTON.)*

And these people are my family.

DARNAY. Forgive me, Mr. Carton – but is this any kind of a
life for you?

CARTON. It's the only kind of life for me, Mr. Darnay. We
all have to play the cards we've been dealt.

DARNAY. Don't you believe a man can change his destiny?

CARTON. Absolutely not. You were cut out for your destiny
in your cradle. And I was cut out for mine. Now then,
Mr. Darnay, will you give your toast?

DARNAY. A toast? To what?

CARTON. To the only thing there is. Why it's right there on
the tip of your tongue. I'll swear it's there.

DARNAY. To Miss Manette then. *(He drinks.)*

(Music out.)

CARTON. Ahhhhhhhhhh. To Miss Manette then. There's a sweet face. A sweet compassionate heart. Was it worth almost losing your life to have someone like that...so concerned for you?

(DARNAY is silent.)

And what chance do you think someone like me might have with someone like that?

(The FEMALE REGULAR returns and begins hanging on DARNAY.)

CARTON. I don't understand you Mr. Darnay. Here, I share my sister with you and you won't even put a good word in for me with your little doll, Miss Manette...

(DARNAY stands up.)

DARNAY. I owe a debt to you sir, but I won't have the young lady spoken of in that tone.

(CARTON stands with some difficulty.)

CARTON. *(facing him down a bit)* You won't?

DARNAY. *(facing him right back)* No, Mr. Carton. I won't.

CARTON. *(leaning forward more threateningly)* Very well, then. *(collapsing back in his chair)* I won't either.

(DARNAY lays some money on the table and walks out.)

Waiter...Another.

9. REFLECTION

CARTON.

YOU WERE AN ASS AGAIN...

BUT YOU'RE CONSISTENT.

WHY SHOULD YOU TREAT THE MAN LIKE THAT?

JUST BECAUSE

HE'S BETTER THAN YOU?

HE CAN'T HELP IT.

APPARENTLY, IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT

TO BE BETTER THAN YOU.

WOULD SHE HAVE LOOKED THAT WAY AT YOU

CARTON. (*cont.*)

IF YOU'D BEEN STANDING IN HIS PLACE?
OH WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE MAN?
SHE'S JUST A DOLL –
NO SOUL BEHIND THAT LOVELY FACE.

(*Slow ascending chord progression. CARTON climbs the stairs to his home – a room above the tavern.*)

AND YET THAT LOVELY FACE WILL HAUNT YOU
AND FOLLOW YOU TO BED.
AND WHILE YOU'RE TRYING TO FORGET HER
SHE'LL STEAL INSIDE YOUR HEAD.
AND THEN SHE'S HOLDING YOU SO CLOSE
AND THERE IS NOWHERE YOU CAN HIDE.
YOU CANNOT FIGHT HER; YOU MUST INVITE HER
TO COME INSIDE.

AND THEN YOU'RE DREAMING SHE'S BESIDE YOU
AND YOU BELIEVE SHE'S REAL.
AND IN HER ARMS YOU CAN'T REMEMBER
THE PAIN YOU USED TO FEEL.
AND NOW THE WORLD'S NOT TOO UNKIND;
AND EVERY DOLL'S NOT MADE OF STONE.
BUT WHEN THE DAWN COMES; AND YOU AWAKEN
YOU'RE STILL ALONE.

NOTHING REAL,
JUST A DREAM,
JUST A DOLL.
AND YET, DOLLS CAN BE BEAUTIFUL.
THEY LIVE WITHIN A DIFFERENT WORLD.
SO EASY ON THE EYE.
BUT CAREFUL NOT TO TOUCH.
IT WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU TO TOUCH
OR COME TO CLOSE
AT ALL.

(*Lights down on CARTON / Segue from REFLECTION
#9 To...*)

9A. WAY IT OUGHT TO BE - REPRISE (MADAME)

ACT I / Scene 8
THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE Reprise - Madame
LETTER FROM UNCLE
THE PROMISE

(Paris – Non Literal location)

(London – City Streets and MANETTE home)

(“Way It Ought to Be” music as MADAME DEFARGE is seen in a pin spot, separate and apart from any reality of the London scene occurring simultaneously. She is knitting – while onstage time and seasons pass and DARNAY and LUCIE are seen together.)

MADAME.

THERE ARE A HUNDRED TALES THIS KNITTING TELLS
 AND ALL OF THEM ARE TRUE.
 AND IF THE MEMORY FAILS, THEN THIS DOES WELL
 TO MARK THE THINGS MEN DO.

(The MARQUIS is seen, separate from MADAME DEFARGE and separate from the London action.)

SO I REMEMBER FOR THE ONES WHO DIE,
 THE ONES WHO CANNOT SPEAK.
 UNTIL THE JUDGMENT COMES,
 THAT DAY THEY’LL NEVER SEE,
 I KNIT A PICTURE OF THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE.

(NOTE: optional to cut preceding Madame solo)

Segue as one from 9A

10. LETTER FROM UNCLE

(“Letter from Uncle” vamp as CHARLES DARNAY moving through the crowded streets of London. DARNAY tries to read a letter while being jostled and bumped by the crowd. In DARNAY’s mind’s eye we see the MARQUIS, somehow separated from the London scene, and watching DARNAY.)

MARQUIS.

MY DEAREST NEPHEW CHARLES DARNAY
I HOPE THIS LETTER FINDS YOU WELL
I HEAR YOU HAD A LOVELY STAY
INSIDE THE WALLS OF LONDON'S FINEST PRISON
I ALSO HEAR IT'S QUITE A MINOR MIRACLE
THAT YOU SURVIVED AT ALL
AMAZING IN FACT
THAT YOU'RE STILL INTACT

(Lights down on MARQUIS as LUCIE runs out eagerly to meet DARNAY hoisting a sprig of mistletoe above her head.)

DARNAY. Merry Christmas Lucie.

LUCIE. Merry Christmas, Charles.

DARNAY. *(disappointedly as PROSS enters)* Merry Christmas Miss Pross.

PROSS. We'll be late for church. No time for pleasantries.

DARNAY. Lucie, would you mind if I didn't go with you tonight? There's something I'd like to speak to your father about.

LUCIE. Charles, is everything all right?

DARNAY. Yes. I just need your father's advice about something.

LUCIE. I'll tell him you're here.

PROSS. Who are we going to get to escort us through the streets at this hour?

DARNAY. I believe Mr. Lorry has arranged something for you Miss Pross.

(CRUNCHER emerges from crowd with TWO CRONIES carrying shovels.)

CRUNCHER. Merry Christmas everybody!

PROSS. Sweet merciful heavens. *(reconsidering)* I suppose we should be grateful that you're going to church. I only pray there's a very strong chain on the collection box.

(Lights up on MARQUIS as PROSS and CRUNCHER exit. On MARQUIS' singing, DARNAY waits anxiously while LUCIE goes to speak to MANETTE.)

MARQUIS.

I FURTHER HEAR YOU'VE MADE
SOME INTERESTING FRIENDS
A DOCTOR WITH A DAUGHTER
I WONDER HOW THEY VIEW YOUR PRIVILEGED PAST
OR IF THEY KNOW OF IT AT ALL

(LUCIE has returned to DARNAY. MANETTE watches them together as DARNAY helps her on with her coat.)

MARQUIS.

LEGEND HAS IT HE WAS QUITE UNJUSTLY
SENT TO PRISON
BY MEMBERS OF YOUR VERY OWN CLASS
AND THEN HE LOST HIS WITS
WHAT A SHAME...
I WONDER IF HE'D RECOGNIZE YOUR NAME...

(Segue as one to...)

11. THE PROMISE

MANETTE.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS FACE.
THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T TRUST.
A MEMORY I CAN'T PLACE FROM LONG AGO.

AND YET HE'S BEEN SO KIND.
TO DOUBT HIM IS UNJUST.
FOR LUCIE'S SAKE
I'LL PUT IT FROM MY MIND...I MUST.

(LUCIE and PROSS have exited. DARNAY approaches MANETTE; shakes his hand.)

DARNAY.

THERE ARE NO WORDS I KNOW
TO SAY THE WAY I FEEL.
WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH
TO SHOW YOU I'M SINCERE.
I'VE HELD THIS IN
AS LONG AS I COULD STAND.

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