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SF PERUSALS

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

adapted for the stage by
Terence Rattigan and John Gielgud
from the novel by Charles Dickens.
Edited by Adam Spreadbury-Maher.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

This adaptation was first performed at the King's Head Theatre on 25th September 2013 with the following cast:

SYDNEY CARTON	Stewart Agnew
JARVIS LORRY	Paul Beech
CHARLES DARNAY	Nicholas Bishop
MADAME DEFARGE	Shelley Lang
LUCIE MANETTE	Jennie Gruner
MISS PROSS	Flaminia Cinque
DOCTOR MANETTE	John Hodgkinson
JERRY CRUNCHER	Giles Stoakley
DIRECTOR	Adam Spreadbury-Maher
SET DESIGNER	Christopher Hone
COSTUME DESIGNER	Jonathan Lipman
LIGHTING DESIGNER	Seth Rook Williams
CASTING DIRECTOR	Sophie Holland
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	Chloe Mashiter
FIGHT DIRECTOR	Zoe Swenson-Graham
COSTUME ASSISTANT	Rosie Stoward
COSTUME INTERNS	Ealeal Semel
	Sarah Hetherington
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Louisa Davis
STAGE MANAGER	Giles Stoakley
DEPUTY STAGE MANAGER	Toby Gauntlett
ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER	Kristina Jackson
PRODUCERS	Dominic Haddock
	Rachel Lerman
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER	Dan Leach
ASSISTANT PRODUCERS	Liz Aspinall
	Lianne Bloemen
PUBLICITY	Amanda Malpass PR
GRAPHIC DESIGN	Design by Minty
SOUND DESIGN	The 27 Club
	The Microdance

EDITOR'S NOTE

Terence Rattigan met John Gielgud as an undergraduate whilst performing in the Oxford University Drama Society's 1932 production of *Romeo and Juliet*. The already-established Gielgud directed the production, with Rattigan taking on one of the smaller roles of a character who discovers Juliet's body. The undergraduates played all of the male roles and professional actresses Peggy Ashcroft and Edith Evans played the female roles, with set design by the Motley Design Group. Rattigan's performance was received by the audience with embarrassing laughter as he failed to deliver his one line correctly night after night. But out of the production came a new friendship with the increasingly celebrated Gielgud, and subsequent integration into his theatrical and homosexual circles.

In 1934 Rattigan had slight success as a playwright with *First Episode*, co-authored with Philip Heimann. *First Episode* opened at Surrey's 'Q' Theatre, where it was received warmly and transferred immediately to the Comedy Theatre in London's West End. Although the transfer was not a financial success for Rattigan, his first taste of mild artistic success was enough for him to drop out of Oxford and move to London to commence a full time career as a playwright.

It was Gielgud's boyfriend John Perry who suggested he approach Rattigan as a potential collaborator for *A Tale of Two Cities*. Gielgud, having recently finished a highly successful tour of *Hamlet*, desired to play both the hero Sydney Carton and antagonist Marquis de St Evrémonde. In essence, Gielgud sought someone to write the dialogue for the adaptation whilst he would be responsible for the play's construction, taking a largely dramaturgical role.

Gielgud, following Perry's guidance, spoke to Rattigan. "I can't find anyone to do this *Tale of Two Cities*. You're not doing anything — I'm sure you're not doing anything. Would you like to do it?" Gielgud walked away, returning quickly to add, "I wonder if it's alright to have anyone without any experience?"

Whilst Gielgud's offer would have an undeniable impact on Rattigan's career, he was not primarily concerned with advancing Rattigan from his station of a one-time West End playwright of only moderate success. By comparison, at this time, Gielgud was a celebrated and sought-after theatrical star, his self-directed performances in *Richard II* and *Hamlet* having received global acclaim.

In the spring of 1935 the two began work together at Gielgud's home in Finchingfield, with Rattigan quickly writing the dialogue under his collaborator's supervision. Gielgud dictated the order and location of the scenes, keen for the adaptation to focus on the domestic relationships of the Manettes, Defarges and St Evrémondes, whilst avoiding exploration of the historical revolutionary settings in great detail. There is no storming of the Bastille; instead, the historical context of the novel and period are exposed through Rattigan's finessed yet straightforward dialogue.

Once the prologue and first two acts were completed, Gielgud took the draft to Bronson Albery, for whom he was currently appearing in *Noah* at the New Theatre in the West End. Bronson was keen to impress Gielgud, and they had been working together for some time by this point. Bronson's response was extremely positive, promising to produce *A Tale of Two Cities* at one of his West End theatres that autumn, provided that the final act matched the quality of the material already written. A mere three weeks later, the third act was completed and submitted, after which it took only a fortnight for the suitably impressed Albery to programme a production for autumn 1935. Gielgud would get to play Sydney Carton and, perhaps more significantly, Rattigan's career as a West End playwright was set to be secured with his second production.

The Motley Design Group, who had worked on the 1932 OUDS production of *Romeo and Juliet*, were brought onto the project to design a breathtaking set for *A Tale of Two Cities* at the New Theatre and a cast was assembled, including Fay Compton as Lucie Manette and Martitia Hunt as Miss Pross.

Just before rehearsals were ready to commence, enter Sir John Martin-Harvey.

Martin-Harvey was a leading actor-manager of the day, who had been playing Sydney Carton in *The Only Way*, his own adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities*, since 1899. His adaptation was also a successful 1927 black and white silent film, starring Martin-Harvey alongside Madge Stuart and Betty Faire.

Gielgud received what he described as an "emotionally violent" letter from the 72-year-old Martin-Harvey, begging him to delay the premiere of his new adaptation until he had finished his own farewell tours of *The Only Way*. Gielgud took the letter to Bronson, who subsequently asked his fraternity of fellow theatre owners and critics at the Garrick Club for advice. To Gielgud's reported surprise, Bronson agreed with Martin-Harvey and the production was aborted. Gielgud set to work immediately devising an alternative production for the dates he had secured at the New Theatre, leading to a production of *Romeo and Juliet* in which himself and Laurence Olivier alternated in the roles of Romeo and Mercutio, whilst Peggy Ashcroft and Edith Evans reprised their roles from Gielgud's previous production at Oxford.

Gielgud broke the news to Rattigan with trademark nonchalance. "It's a pity about Martin-Harvey, isn't it? But it's lucky the design works for *Romeo and Juliet*, so we can do that instead. Larry says he'll do Mercutio. Isn't it marvellous?" It is reported that, upon returning to his room, Rattigan wept.

The Motley's set, designed and built for the now defunct *A Tale of Two Cities*, was modified only slightly for *Romeo and Juliet*. Photographs of the production are available in several publications and within the theatre collection of the Victoria and Albert museum in London. The images provide a powerful insight into what was surely a traumatic experience for Rattigan when he inevitably attended the premiere of Gielgud and Olivier's production, forced to watch a set and an actor originally intended for his own play.

Rattigan proceeded, of course, to become one of the most significant playwrights of the twentieth-century, with his seminal plays *French Without Tears*, *After the Dance*, *Flare Path*, *The Winslow Boy*, *The Browning Version*, and *The Deep Blue Sea* being just a few of his impressive oeuvre.

Perhaps because of the cruelty with which his *Tale* was cancelled, and the subsequent explosive success of his own original material, Rattigan paid no more attention to the collaboration with Gielgud in his lifetime. It was Rattigan's style to bury projects he deemed to be commercially and artistically unsuccessful, as he did with *After The Dance*, which, despite opening to ecstatic reviews, closed under the dark clouds of the Second World War.

Despite Rattigan's attempt to bury the piece, which included no publications, sparse references in literature and no professional productions, his *A Tale of Two Cities* has surfaced three times between its creation in 1935 and professional world stage premiere in 2013 at the King's Head Theatre in London. In 1950, schoolboys at St Brendon's College, Clifton, performed the play. A 70-minute radio adaptation was broadcast by the BBC in 1950, which starred Eric Portman as Sydney Carton and received favourable rather than overwhelming reviews. Tim Luscombe directed a one-night-only charity production of the play at London's Theatre Royal in 1988 with a total cast of 89 actors, featuring, amongst many other sterling actors, Christopher Biggins. Lastly, in February 2013, a production was staged at the East 15 drama school in London, performed by their third year acting students.

I first discovered the existence of the play in 2011 during Rattigan's centenary celebrations, whilst London was awash with brilliant Rattigan revivals and the world premiere of *Less Than Kind*. In the summer, whilst working at The Cock Tavern in Kilburn, I began my search for a piece for the theatre to produce as part of the 100th birthday party making its way across London. The only parameter to be met, a result of my own imposed artistic policy, was that selected piece had to be new. *A Tale of Two Cities* was vaguely referenced on Wikipedia, in Rattigan's two biographies and the introduction to his collected works. Excited and intrigued, I contacted the Rattigan estate for a copy of the script. After reading it I requested a licence for performance for 2011, but the play had already been optioned by another much larger and richer (subsidised) theatre, scheduled for production during Charles Dickens' 2012 bicentenary. In this David and Goliath battle, I lost. For the time being.

I remained in contact with the wonderful Sarah McNair at Alan Brodie Representation for the following 18 months, and suggested a staging with a London drama school to see the script in performance. Phil Weaver at East 15 showed immediate interest at the prospect of his students working on the project, and so a second amateur production was staged in the Corbett Theatre with a group of 14 talented and enthusiastic actors on the eve of their graduation. Stewart Agnew played Sydney Carton, the role originally intended for Gielgud, and made his professional debut as Carton in the King's Head Theatre production, for which I am writing these notes. The six-week rehearsal process at East 15 offered the time needed to unstitch the process by which Rattigan and Gielgud adapted Dickens' novel in amazing speed in 1935, resulting in an invaluable, intimate knowledge of the adaptation.

Immediately after the successful production at East 15 the editing process began, which would ultimately take the script from three and a half hours and 40 actors down to two and a half hours and eight actors. Following the work at East 15, the script went through months of further development, plus several readings with many generous actors, before being submitted to Rattigan's representation for approval. At last, the script reached production and publication.

It was so important to me that what I helped in delivering to the world for the first time, in print and on stage, was an adaptation of which both the estates of Rattigan and Gielgud can be immensely proud, a script that was completely true to the work of Dickens, Rattigan and Gielgud, but that is also a play for today, both in terms of its artistic merits and style, coupled with the economic austerity we currently live in. Of the 2013 King's Head season, Paul Taylor of the *Independent* newspaper wrote, "...a skilfully filleted melodrama that focuses on the sharp emotional symmetries of this study of doubleness and renunciation, while avoiding a full-blooded epic approach to the turmoil of the French Revolution", continuing with a summation of the production as, "always alive and provocative, and in the closing scenes very moving, and it's not just for Rattigan completists." It would seem that my ambition to deliver a play about the late eighteenth-century French revolution, written in 1935 and not produced until 2013 was

indeed resonating successfully with contemporary theatrical tastes. Michael Billington of the *Guardian* newspaper closed his favourable review by saying, "[this script] confirms the young Rattigan was a skilled craftsman."

Many people from both Gielgud's and Rattigan's life attended our world premiere season at the King's Head, including the newly established Terence Rattigan Society. During their visit and subsequent post-show discussion, chaired by Rattigan's legendary biographer Michael Darlow, Stewart Agnew had the opportunity to meet Major General Derek Crabtree, who played the original Sydney Carton in the 1950s St Brendan's College production. It was an evening to remember.

A Tale of Two Cities is the world's most successful novel, having sold over 200 million copies. There are eight film adaptations and five for television. And now for the very first time here is the adaptation that marries, for the one and only time, Sirs Terence Rattigan and John Gielgud, alongside the master novelist Charles Dickens. It has been my proud honour and privilege to have been involved with this script and project for several years, and I thank all the actors, producers and audiences who have been an integral part of this journey. I hope it may be enjoyed for many more years to come.

Adam Spreadbury-Maher
Editor & Director
A Tale of Two Cities
November 2013

This play is for a cast of eight actors:

1. SYDNEY CARTON
Also COACHMAN and MARQUIS DE ST EVREMONDE.

2. JARVIS LORRY
Also JUDGE and ROAD-MENDER.

3. CHARLES DARNAY
Also GUARD and ERNEST DEFARGE.

4. MADME DEFARGE
Also PASSENGER 2, RUNNER, EDWARD STRYVER, CLERK and GUARD 2.

5. LUCIE MANETTE
Also PASSENGER 1, CHILD and FRANCOIS.

6. MISS PROSS
Also SOLICITOR-GENERAL, GABELLE, WOMAN and SEAMSTRESS.

7. DOCTOR MANETTE
Also GASPARD.

8. JERRY CRUNCHER
Also JOHN BASARD, MAN and GUARD 1.

Prologue

The Dover road, November, 1785. Night.

The stage is pitch black; faces can only be seen by handheld lanterns. Three passengers walk beside a coach without lanterns; the COACHMAN *and* GUARD *carry lanterns, the* GUARD *walking behind with a blunderbuss. The* COACHMAN *is encouraging the horses.*

COACHMAN

Not much further, gentlemen. We're nearly on top of Shooter's now. Joe, can you hear anything?

GUARD

(Listening) Sounds like a horse at a canter.

COACHMAN

At the gallop, Joe. At the gallop and coming this way. Listen!

GUARD

You're right. *(Jumping onto his perch and seizing his blunderbuss)* Inside, ladies and gentlemen.

PASSENGER 1

(Hesitating) Do you think—could it be a highwayman?

GUARD

It could.

PASSENGER 2

Oh no. Oh dear! What shall I do? I haven't a pistol.

LORRY
Is your blunderbuss loaded?

GUARD
Never mind about my blunderbuss. Get in the coach, sir.

LORRY
But I have nothing for him to take.

GUARD
Only your life.

The PASSENGERS *get into the coach.*

(Shouting) Hi there! Stand or I fire.

A VOICE
Is that the Dover Mail?

GUARD
Who are you?

VOICE
I want a passenger.

GUARD
Which passenger?

VOICE
Mr Jarvis Lorry.

GUARD
What's your business with Mr Jarvis Lorry?

VOICE
I've a message for him.

One of the passengers sticks his head through the window.

LORRY
My name is Jarvis Lorry.

GUARD

Very well, sir. You'd better get out. *(Shouting)* Mr Lorry is here. You can come on slowly. But remember, I've got a blunderbuss here and it's aiming at your head.

LORRY

What's the matter? Who is it? Is it Jerry?

JERRY

(Appearing) Yes, Mr Lorry, it's me. *(To* GUARD*)* All right, you. You can put that blunderbuss of yours away. Mr Lorry knows me. I'm no ruddy highwayman.

LORRY

Yes, yes, guard. That's right. His name is Jerry Cruncher. He's a messenger at Tellson's Bank in London, where I work myself. Well, Jerry, what is it?

The two men are given a degree of privacy.

JERRY

I've a message from the bank, sir. They told me to say *(Reciting)* you are to meet the young lady at the George Inn at Dover. She will be accompanied by her governess, a Miss Pross. Passages have been reserved for you on the night packet to Calais.

LORRY

(Impatiently) Yes, yes, I know all that. What else?

JERRY

(Conspiratorially) The place you've to go to is *(Reading from a piece of paper)* Defarge's Wine Shop, Place of St Antoine, Paris.

LORRY *takes the paper, repeats the address, then gives* JERRY *a coin.*

LORRY

Thank you, Jerry. Here's half a crown for a drink.

JERRY

Thank you, Mr Lorry. Shall I give any answer?

LORRY

Answer? Yes. Three words, Jerry. Don't forget—just say: "Recalled to life".

He gets into the coach.

JERRY

Recalled to life? *(To* GUARD*)* Now, ain't that a blasted queer answer?

GUARD

Blasted queer. *(To* COACHMAN*)* All right, Tom. Whip 'em up.

The COACHMAN *shouts to the horses.*

End of scene.

Act One

Scene One

The place of St Antoine, Paris. Defarge's Wine Shop.

MADAME DEFARGE *is knitting behind the counter, when* LUCIE, MISS PROSS *and* LORRY *enter.* LORRY *looks round timidly.*

LORRY

(To MADAME DEFARGE*)* Good day, Madame. Is this the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge?

MADAME DEFARGE *nods.*

Where may I find Monsieur Defarge? I have some business to discuss with him of a rather confidential nature.

MADAME DEFARGE *points to the bench, where they sit down.*

(To LUCIE*)* Not a very talkative lady.

LUCIE

(To MADAME DEFARGE*)* I see you had an accident with a cask, Madame.

MADAME DEFARGE *raises her head and then continues her knitting, never once looking up.*

LORRY

I trust your husband will not be long, Madame.

MADAME DEFARGE *shrugs her shoulders.*

MISS PROSS

What's the matter with you, miss? Have you lost your tongue?

MADAME DEFARGE *pays no attention.*

Surly baggage. No manners, the French. *(She sits down with* LUCIE *and* LORRY.*)* Look at her, I ask you. Would you like to run into that on a dark night if you had half-a-crown in your purse?

LUCIE

Sh, Prossie.

MISS PROSS

(Glares at MADAME DEFARGE*)* Ugh! I hate the French. The sooner we're out of this country and back on English soil the better for all of us.

LORRY

That may be tomorrow, if all goes well.

LUCIE

Then you really believe my father is here?

LORRY

The wine shop of Monsieur Defarge, at St Antoine's, Paris. That was my message. There can be no mistake about it.

LUCIE

It doesn't seem possible.

MISS PROSS

(With a sniff) Your father's dead, child. Has been for nearly twenty years, as I very well know.

LORRY

My dear Miss Pross, you don't seem quite to realise what the Bastille is.

MISS PROSS

It's a prison, isn't it? Only French.

LORRY

Yes, it's a prison.

MISS PROSS

Then if Dr Manette was there for twenty years he must have done something very wicked, and I for one don't believe it.

LORRY

(Impressively) We are in France, Miss Pross. Men can be thrown into the Bastille prison and rot there for the rest of their lives, and the only offence they committed might be a rash word against the King, or a slight to some great noble.

MISS PROSS

Anything's possible in France, I admit. But you'll never get me to believe your story, for all that. Dr Manette is dead.

LUCIE

(Restrainingly) Prossie.

LORRY

(Simultaneously) I did not invent this story. I only know what I have been told by the manager of Tellson's Bank himself, that Lucie's father did not die twenty years ago, as we all imagined, but was imprisoned in the Bastille. He has only lately been released, and he is being sheltered here by a man called Defarge. That is all I have been told.

MISS PROSS *is growing impatient.* DEFARGE *appears at the door.*

LORRY

Monsieur Defarge, I believe?

DEFARGE

Yes.

LORRY

I've some business I'd like to discuss with you. *(In a low voice)* It concerns someone who has been recalled to life.

MADAME DEFARGE *looks up quickly.*

DEFARGE
(Sharply) Ah. You're from Tellson's?

LORRY
Yes.

DEFARGE
(Glaring at LUCIE*)* And the lady?

LORRY
His daughter.

DEFARGE
Does she know?

LORRY
Yes.

DEFARGE
I'm happy to meet you, mademoiselle.

LUCIE
(Eagerly) Monsieur Defarge. My father—is he here?

DEFARGE
Yes, mademoiselle.

LUCIE
He is alive and well?

DEFARGE
He is alive, mademoiselle. *(To* LORRY*)* Did may people see you come here? You should have come at night.

LUCIE
Why? Is my father still in danger?

DEFARGE
I am in danger, mademoiselle, for sheltering him.

LUCIE

It is kind of you, monsieur.

DEFARGE

A long time ago I was his servant. He was good to me. I am glad to help him now.

MADAME DEFARGE *brings over a key.*

DEFARGE

This is my wife.

LORRY

We have already had some conversation with Madame Defarge.

MADAME DEFARGE *returns to her seat.*

LORRY

Well now, Miss Pross, I think perhaps you had best wait here while we go with monsieur.

MISS PROSS

With her for company? *(She jerks a thumb at* MADAME DEFARGE.*)* I'm going to have a gay time.

MISS PROSS *sits down as* DEFARGE *ushers* LUCIE *and* LORRY *into a passage where a staircase leads up to the attic.*

DEFARGE

Shall we go up?

LUCIE *and* LORRY *move slowly towards the stairs.*

I'll lead the way.

He begins to climb the staircase. LORRY *supports* LUCIE *up the stairs.* DEFARGE *reaches the top and opens a door. A knocking can be heard.*

LUCIE

What is that knocking?

DEFARGE

Come along, mademoiselle, and be careful.

LUCIE *climbs the rest of the stairs, supported by* LORRY. *The knocking becomes louder.*

The room to which they are being led is seen. DR MANETTE *sits stooping over a cobbler's last and hammering at a pair of shoes.* DEFARGE *enters but* DR MANETTE *takes no notice.* DEFARGE *beckons to the other two and they come in.*

DEFARGE

(Loudly) Good day.

DR MANETTE

(Raising his head for a second, faintly) Good day.

DEFARGE

Still hard at work, I see.

DR MANETTE

Yes.

Pause. He continues to work.

DEFARGE

Do you mind if I let in a little more light? Could you bear it?

DR MANETTE

What did you say?

DEFARGE

Could you bear a little more light? *(Pulls back a curtain)* Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes today?

DR MANETTE

I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know.

LORRY *comes forward to* DR MANETTE'S *side.* DR MANETTE *looks up, puzzled, then resumes his work.*

DEFARGE

This gentleman has come to visit you.

DR MANETTE *looks up at* LORRY *again.*

He's come to see your work. He knows all about shoe-making. Show him the shoe you're working at now. *(To* LORRY*, in an undertone)* Take it, monsieur.

DEFARGE *takes the shoe and hands it to* LORRY.

Tell the gentlemen what kind of shoe it is, and who made it.

DR MANETTE

(After a pause) I forget what it is you asked me. What did you say?

DEFARGE

The gentleman would like to know what kind of shoe that is.

DR MANETTE

It's a lady's shoe—a young lady's walking shoe. I made it from a pattern.

DEFARGE

And now tell him who made it.

DR MANETTE

Did you ask for my name?

DEFARGE

Yes.

DR MANETTE

One hundred and five, North Tower.

DEFARGE

Is that all?

DR MANETTE

One hundred and five, North Tower.

DEFARGE *shrugs his shoulders and steps back.*

LORRY

You are not a shoe-maker by trade?

DR MANETTE

No. I—I learnt it here. I asked leave to teach myself, and after a long time they gave it me. So I have made shoes ever since.

LORRY

Dr Manette, do you remember nothing of me? In Paris, twenty years ago, don't you remember? And this man. *(Holding* DEFARGE'S *arm)* Don't you remember? He was your servant.

DR MANETTE

(After a pause) Do you like that shoe? May I have it back?

LORRY

(Handing it back) Yes, yes, it is very well made.

DR MANETTE *takes it and resumes his work on it.* LORRY *steps back.*

DEFARGE

(To LORRY*)* Can you recognise him?

LORRY

I couldn't have believed it possible. It's—it's appalling.

DEFARGE

I suppose it is—to an Englishman. We Frenchmen find it hard to be appalled these days.

LUCIE *steps forward quietly to her father's side. He continues to work until his eyes catch her dress, then he looks up, a shoe-maker's knife in his hand.* LORRY *and* DEFARGE *start forward, but she quietly motions them back.*

DR MANETTE

Who are you?

LUCIE *makes no reply.*

You don't work here, do you?

LUCIE *shakes her head.*

Who are you?

LUCIE *sits beside him. He recoils from her. She lays her head on his shoulder. He looks at her, puzzled.*

Was it you? *(He touches her hair.)* Was it you?

She makes no reply.

I think she laid her head on my shoulders that night when they came to take me away. I didn't know they would take me to the North Tower. It was you, wasn't it?

He points the knife at her, with no intention of violence. LORRY *and* DEFARGE *step forward.*

LUCIE

Stay where you are, please, and don't speak.

DR MANETTE

Whose voice was that? It was hers, I think. I wish I could remember. *(After a pause)* Who are you? What IS your name?

LUCIE

One day I'll tell you my name. Not now, not now.

After a pause DR MANETTE *goes to return to his work.* LUCIE *gently takes the knife out of his hand.*

DR MANETTE

May I have that, please? I need it for my work.

LUCIE

You don't have to work any more, now. You're coming away with me to a place where you won't have to make shoes any more.

DR MANETTE

Am I to leave the North Tower?

LUCIE

(To LORRY *and* DEFARGE*)* We must take him away at once.

LORRY

But is he fit for the journey?

DEFARGE

Mademoiselle is right. The sooner he is out of this country, the better for him.

LORRY

I'll go now and hire a carriage and post-horses. *(To* LUCIE*)* We'd better go at once. Come, my dear.

LUCIE

I must stay with him.

LORRY

You're not afraid to be here alone?

LUCIE

Afraid—with him?

DR MANETTE

Why am I to leave the North Tower?

LUCIE

Because you're free now.

DR MANETTE

Free?

LUCIE

You're going on a long journey with me to a country where you'll forget about the North Tower, and where you'll be very, very happy. Oh god, may that be true.

DR MANETTE

Am I to go with you?

LUCIE

Yes, you're to go with me. Oh, I hope you care to go with me. I hope you care to be recalled to life.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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