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This Is Tom Jones!

Book, music and lyrics by

MARK BROWN

Music by

PAUL MIRKOVICH

From *The History of Tom Jones* by

HENRY FIELDING

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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Music by PAUL MIRKOVICH

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(THIS IS TOM JONES!)

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This Is Tom Jones! was premiered by The Human Race Theatre Company (Dayton, Ohio) in September 2023.

CAST:

MAN 1.....	Patrick Earl Phillips
MAN 2.....	Edwin Large
MAN 3.....	Eb Madson
MAN 4.....	Kyle Mangold
MAN 5.....	Jamie Cordes
WOMAN 1.....	Sara Mackie
WOMAN 2.....	Kelly Mengelkoch
WOMAN 3.....	Aleah Vassell
WOMAN 4.....	Melinda Porto

PRODUCTION:

Director	Emily N. Wells
Music Director	Steve Goers
Choreographer.....	Debbie Blunden-Diggs
Intimacy and Fight Director.....	K. Jenny Jones
Production Stage Manager.....	Mark Tynan
Scenic Director.....	Tamara L. Honesty
Costume Designer.....	Janet G. Powell
Lighting Designer	John Rensel
Sound Designer.....	Emily C. Porter
Technical Director.....	Mackenzie Perin
Carpenter/Charge Artist	Jeff Heater
Carpenters	Tim Judge, Adam Davis
Production Assistant.....	Erinmarie Suscheck
Dialect Coach.....	Christina Keefe
Costume Shop Manager.....	Victoria "Ori" Gifford
Run Crew	Isabella Meyers
Sound Engineer.....	Joseph Evans
Production Photographer	Scott J. Kimmings

BAND:

Guitar	Aaron Almashy
Guitar 2	Jay Brunner
Keyboard.....	Steve Goers
Bass	Bill Jackson
Percussion	Brian Malone

This Is Tom Jones!

CHARACTERS

Man 1:

PARTRIDGE: The narrator.

SQUARE: Philosophy tutor. A hypocrite.

BARBER: Partridge under a different name.

MAGISTRATE

Man 2:

SQUIRE ALLWORTHY: Tom's guardian. Lives up to his name.

GEORGE: One of Allworthy's servants.

HIGHWAYMAN: An outlaw.

FITZPATRICK: Married to Harriet. A hot-headed Irishman.

Man 3:

CAPTAIN BLIFIL: Bridget's husband. A conniving blowhard.

BLIFIL: Son of Captain Blifil and Bridget. A simpering, manipulative and annoying prig.

SUSAN: Employee at the Upton Inn. Surly, sex-crazed and quick to anger.

Man 4:

TOM JONES: Squire Allworthy's ward. Sexy. Charming.

Man 5:

SQUIRE WESTERN: Sophie's father. Foul mouthed. Lacks social graces.

DOWLING: Squire Allworthy's lawyer in ACT I.

SOLDIER #1

Woman 1:

BRIDGET ALLWORTHY: Squire Allworthy's sister. Not the prettiest girl on the block.

DOCTOR: Pretty much what it sounds like.

MISS WESTERN: Squire Western's sister. A know-it-all spinster.

MRS. WHITEFIELD: Owner of the Upton Inn. A bit of a nervous Nellie. Has a dark side.

LADY BELLASTON: Sophie Western's cousin. A high-society cougar.

SOLDIER #2

DOWLING: Squire Allworthy's lawyer in ACT II.

Woman 2:

DEBORAH WILKINS: Squire Allworthy's servant. Ribald and indelicate.

MOLLY: Black George's daughter. Lowest hanging fruit on the tree when it comes to shagging.

HONOUR: Sophie Western's handmaiden. Loyal and sassy.

CECILIA: Harriet Fitzpatrick's handmaiden. Loyal.

JANE: Lady Bellaston's servant. Sassy.

MASKED WOMAN #1 and #3

SOLDIER #1

Woman 3:

JENNY JONES: Tom Jones' presumed mother.

THWAKUM: Religion tutor.

MRS. WATERS: One of Tom Jones' lovers. Turns out to be Jenny Jones under a different name.

MASKED WOMAN #2

Woman 4:

SOPHIE WESTERN: Squire Western's daughter. Determined. Not easily pushed around. Pretty.

HARRIET FITZPATRICK: Sophie Western's cousin. Escaping a bad marriage.

TIME: 1750.

PLACE: England.

PRODUCTION NOTES

WOMAN 2 CASTING: Among others, Woman 2 plays four servant characters, DEBORAH, HONOUR, CECILIA and JANE, who are quadruplets. Also, if an older woman is cast as WOMAN 2, it won't work for her to play MOLLY. So you'll most likely have to cast someone younger just to play MOLLY.

CONTENT WARNING: The novel *The History of Tom Jones* is bawdy. Very bawdy. “Sophia’s muff,” however, is integral to the plot.

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Company	

BAND NOTE: The smallest size band is 5 musicians and includes drums, bass, 2 guitars and a keyboard. Ideally, one of the guitarists should also play keyboard. There are a few songs that would benefit from a second keyboard, "London Town" in particular. There are keys, strings and horns on that song, and you will need all of them to get the lush sound.

This Is Tom Jones!

ACT I

(England, 1750—but there is a strong feeling of inspiration from England in the 1960s. In the darkness, we hear a rocking drumbeat. The lights come up, and PARTRIDGE enters and addresses the audience.)

(#1: “This Is Tom Jones”)

PARTRIDGE. Good evening. My name is Benjamin Partridge, and tonight we are going on a rollicking romp through the back roads and bedchambers of England. Are you ready?

(The cast enters, and they yell “yes,” “I am,” etc.)

PARTRIDGE (*cont’d*). Now let me ask you, is the show called *This Is Jane Eyre*?

ALL. No.

PARTRIDGE. Is it called *This Is Moby Dick*?

BLIFIL. Yes.

(The cast turns to him.)

ALL. No!

PARTRIDGE. Is it called *This Is the Vicar of Wakefield*?

ALL. No.

PARTRIDGE.

THEN WHAT’S THE NAME OF THE SHOW?

ALL.

I KNOW.

PARTRIDGE.

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE SHOW?

ALL.

I KNOW.

PARTRIDGE.

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE SHOW?

ALL.

I KNOW.

PARTRIDGE.

WHAT'S THE NAME?

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.

ALL.

THIS IS TOM JONES!

PARTRIDGE.

I WANT TO TELL YOU NOW
A STORY OF TWO YOUNG LOVERS
AND IF FATE WILL GO THEIR WAY

(DEBORAH WILKINS, a saucy maid, pushes PARTRIDGE out of the way. Thus begins the battle between PARTRIDGE and DEBORAH throughout the song.)

DEBORAH.

I WANT TO TELL YOU NOW
A STORY OF WANTON WOMEN
AND RANDY SCALAWAGS
AND BABY JUST FOR YOU
A MAN IN DRAG IN ACT TWO

ALL.

THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)
THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)
THIS IS TOM JONES

PARTRIDGE.

I, I WANT YOU TO KNOW
OUR STORY IS FULL OF HEARTACHE

ALL.

ONLY LOVERS KNOW

DEBORAH.

AND I (AND I)
I WANT YOU TO KNOW (TO KNOW)
OUR STORY IS SHAMELESS AND BAWDY

ALL.

JUST YOU WAIT YOU'LL SEE

DEBORAH.

TOM JONES IN THE BUFF
AND A PLOT POINT ABOUT SOPHIE'S MUFF

ALL.

THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)
THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)
THIS IS TOM JONES

DEBORAH.

THERE'S A COUGAR
AND THERE'S A LOSER

PARTRIDGE.

THERE'S A SINNER
AND THERE'S A WINNER

DEBORAH.
AND DID I MENTION

ALL.
DID YOU MENTION

DEBORAH.
DID I MENTION

ALL.
YES YOU MENTIONED

DEBORAH.
THERE'S A MUFF (THERE'S A MUFF)

ALL.
SOPHIE'S MUFF

PARTRIDGE.
I (AND I)
WANT TO TELL YOU NOW (YOU NOW)
A STORY OF ROMANCE AND DANGER

ALL.
AND DEBAUCHERY

PARTRIDGE & DEBORAH.
AND BABY WHEN IT'S DONE
(AND BABY WHEN IT'S DONE)
I REALLY HOPE THAT YOU HAVE FUN
(REALLY HOPE THAT YOU HAVE FUN)
FUN (FUN, FUN, FUN)

ALL.
THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)
THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)
THIS IS TOM JONES

DEBORAH.

ONE MORE TIME!

PARTRIDGE & DEBORAH.

THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)

THIS IS TOM JONES (TOM JONES)

THIS IS TOM JONES

ALL.

OH, THIS IS TOM JONES, AH!

PARTRIDGE. We begin in Somersetshire, at the estate of Squire Allworthy.

(SQUIRE ALLWORTHY, a man who lives up to his name, enters.)

PARTRIDGE (*cont'd*). There's Squire Allworthy returning home after being gone for three months.

(BRIDGET ALLWORTHY, more than a bit of an old maid, enters.)

BRIDGET. Brother.

ALLWORTHY. Sister.

(DEBORAH enters.)

ALLWORTHY (*cont'd*). Deborah.

DEBORAH. Squire.

BRIDGET. You're back.

ALLWORTHY. I am.

DEBORAH. Supper?

ALLWORTHY. Too tired.

(The ladies exit as ALLWORTHY crosses to his bed. He pulls back the covers of his bed to reveal a baby. A vertical bed is always funny.)

ALLWORTHY (*cont'd*). Ah!

(The ladies re-enter.)

BRIDGET. What is it?

ALLWORTHY. A baby.

BRIDGET. Where?

ALLWORTHY. In my bed.

DEBORAH. Congratulations.

ALLWORTHY. It's not mine.

DEBORAH. It's not your bed?

ALLWORTHY. It's not my baby. Where did it come from?

DEBORAH. Well, when a man and a woman love each other—

ALLWORTHY. I know that. Whose baby is it?

DEBORAH. Some easy pleasy's. Only a vile strumpet would lay her sins at an honest man's door. You are an honest man, aren't you?

ALLWORTHY. Of course.

DEBORAH. Then it must be some villainous hussy's baby.

ALLWORTHY. But who—?

DEBORAH. Jenny Jones.

ALLWORTHY. Jenny Jones?

(#2: “Harlot Jenny Jones”)

DEBORAH. Oh, she fits the bill.

SHE'S A TART, SHE'S A VAMP

SHE'S A FILTHY TRAMP

SHE'S A TROLLOP AND A VIXEN I SWEAR

IF YOU DON'T KNOW THIS GIRL JENNY JONES
SHE'S THE ONE WITH HER LEGS IN THE AIR

SHE'S PUBLIC GOODS
LYING IN THE WOODS
HER VOICE RINGING OUT THROUGH THE TREES
IF YOU DON'T KNOW THIS GIRL JENNY JONES
SHE'S THE ONE WITH THE SCUFFED-UP KNEES

(JENNY JONES, a woman who would be the first to wear a miniskirt while all the other women still wore maxi skirts, enters.)

ALL.

HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES

JENNY JONES.

YES IT'S TRUE, I BROUGHT MY CHILD TO YOU
STRAIGHT FROM MY WOMB TO YOUR BED
BEFORE YOU LAY BLAME, PLEASE LET ME
EXPLAIN
ALL THE THOUGHTS GOING 'ROUND IN MY HEAD
EVERYONE KNOWS YOU'RE A MAN OF
COMPOSURE
RELIABLE, CIVIL AND TRUE
MY ONLY WISH FOR MY CHILD IS THIS:
THAT HE GROWS UP TO BE JUST LIKE YOU

ALL.

HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES

ALLWORTHY.

JENNY JONES, THIS IS SERIOUS
AND YOU SHOULD PAY FOR YOUR CRIME
BUT YOU HAVE SPOKEN WITH TRUTHFULNESS
AND SO YES, I'LL RAISE HIM UP AS MINE

ALL.

YES I'LL RAISE HIM UP AS MINE
YES I'LL RAISE HIM UP AS MINE
YES I'LL RAISE HIM UP AS MINE

DEBORAH.

SHE'S A WENCH, SHE'S A HAG
SHE'S A FILTHY SLAG
SHE'S A TROLLOP AND A VIXEN I SWEAR
IF YOU DON'T KNOW THIS GIRL JENNY JONES
SHE'S THE ONE WITH HER LEGS IN THE AIR

ALL.

HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES
HARLOT JENNY JONES, AH!

ALLWORTHY. Now, all that remains is for you to tell me
who the wicked man was who seduced you.

JENNY JONES. I'm afraid I cannot tell you.

DEBORAH. Because she's slept with half the village.

JENNY JONES. Because I made a vow to God to conceal
his name.

DEBORAH. And you think a vow to God is going to stop
Squire Allworthy from finding out who—

ALLWORTHY. I cannot ask you to break that vow.

DEBORAH. What!?

ALLWORTHY. For the sake of the child and for your good name, I suggest you start a new life elsewhere. (*Pulls a coin from his change purse and holds it out to her.*) This is to get you started.

JENNY JONES (*takes the purse instead of the coin*). Thank you, sir.

(*JENNY exits.*)

DEBORAH. Slag.

ALLWORTHY. Now, whom do we suppose is the father?

DEBORAH. The schoolmaster. Mr. Partridge.

PARTRIDGE. Me? No.

DEBORAH. That trollop was your servant.

ALLWORTHY. She was?

PARTRIDGE. Yes, but—

DEBORAH. And you were seen walking with her.

ALLWORTHY. You were?

PARTRIDGE. I was teaching her Latin.

DEBORAH. More likely Greek.

PARTRIDGE. She wished to be educated.

ALLWORTHY. Evidently you educated her too much. For this crime you are hereby discharged of your duties as schoolmaster and banished from the village.

PARTRIDGE. What!? That seems awfully severe.

ALLWORTHY. There's always penal servitude.

DEBORAH. That's what he's guilty of.

PARTRIDGE. Given the choices, I prefer discharge.

DEBORAH. That's obvious.

PARTRIDGE. Gotta go. Banished and all.

DEBORAH. Walk of shame. Walk of shame.

(PARTRIDGE exits.)

BRIDGET. Brother, I commend you on your charity. Now, whatever shall we name this blessed child?

ALLWORTHY. I don't know. He should be a Jones, though. How about Davy?

DEBORAH. Davy Jones?

BRIDGET. I don't think so.

ALLWORTHY. Brian.

DEBORAH. Brian Jones?

BRIDGET. Mmmm, I'm not crazy about that one either.

ALLWORTHY. I knew a man from Wales once. Lovely gentleman by the name of Tom.

DEBORAH. A Welshman named Tom Jones? That seems unusual.

ALLWORTHY. It's not unusual.

BRIDGET. Tom Jones it is.

DEBORAH. Suit yourself.

(ALLWORTHY and DEBORAH exit. PARTRIDGE re-enters.)

PARTRIDGE. Meanwhile, a lusty seaman by the name of Captain Blifil sets his sights on Squire Allworthy's sister, Bridget Allworthy.

(CAPTAIN BLIFIL, a conniving blowhard, enters from the other side of the stage.)

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. Thar she blows. *(Crosses to BRIDGET.)* My lady, I understand that since your brother has no family, your children will inherit his vast estate. I mean—I understand you're single?

BRIDGET. Indeed, some have gone so far as to call me an old maid.

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. And rightly so. I mean—how dare they.

BRIDGET. You make me blush, sir.

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. And you make me cringe. I mean—I want to marry you.

BRIDGET. In earnest?

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. No. I mean yes.

(They embrace.)

PARTRIDGE. A month later, they are married, and nine months after that Bridget Allworthy gives birth to a baby boy. Master Blifil.

(A baby is somehow produced onstage. Maybe thrown from the wings. Or maybe the actress can actually give birth eight times a week.)

CAPTAIN BLIFIL *(aside)*. Ha ha! All I need now is for Allworthy to die, and the estate will be mine.

PARTRIDGE. But unfortunately, at that very moment, the captain dies of apoplexy.

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. What!? I die of what!? Apoplexy!? Are you kidding me!? That's insane! How could I possibly die of apopleeeeeeeeexxxxxx—

(He dies. And somehow exits. Coming back onstage to die some more may be gilding the lily, but I like gilded lilies.)

PARTRIDGE. We now jump ahead several years. Tom and Blifil are young men. Blifil has grown to be the spitting image of his father and an annoying prig.

(BLIFIL, simpering and manipulative, sticks his head onstage.)

BLIFIL. I heard that.

PARTRIDGE. And Tom—

(MOLLY, a young woman enjoying her oat-sowing days, runs onstage, chased by TOM JONES. TOM is sexy and charming. Women want him, men want to be him. MOLLY trips and falls to the ground on purpose.)

MOLLY. Oh Tom, you've caught me. *(She plays the helpless victim.)* Again.

TOM *(gets on top of her).* I think you let me catch you.

MOLLY. You do, do you?

(They kiss and roll around. Think the From Here to Eternity beach kiss.)

PARTRIDGE. Well, that's Tom.

(PARTRIDGE exits.)

MOLLY. I heard you were caught stealing a pheasant.

TOM. A paltry crime.

MOLLY. And a pheasant mysteriously showed up at our door the other day.

TOM. Mysterious indeed.

MOLLY. I think—

TOM. I think, Molly, you need to do less talking and more snogging.

(They snog. There's a sound offstage.)

MOLLY. Did you hear something?

TOM. Only the sound of you not kissing me. *(He kisses her.)*

MOLLY. I think someone is here.

TOM. Don't be silly.

MOLLY. I have a reputation.

TOM. Which is why I'm here.

MOLLY. Tom.

TOM. OK OK, I'll look.

(#3: “The One”)

(He peers out. SOPHIE WESTERN enters. She's pretty, determined, and not easily pushed around.)

TOM (*cont'd*). Oh no. *(He ducks back down.)* Stay down.
Don't move.

(He peers out again.)

TOM (*cont'd*).

HERE COMES SOPHIE WESTERN
SHE'S THE GIRL NEXT DOOR
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS OUR WHOLE LIVES
BUT I WANT SOMETHING MORE
SHAGGING GIRLS IS SMASHING
BUT WHEN THESE DAYS ARE DONE

ALL.

SHE IS THE ONE

TOM.

MY HEART ADORES

ALL.

SHE IS THE ONE

TOM.

I KNOW IT, I'M SURE
EVERY NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT IN MY DREAMS
SHE'S THE ONE, YES SHE'S THE ONE FOR ME