

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

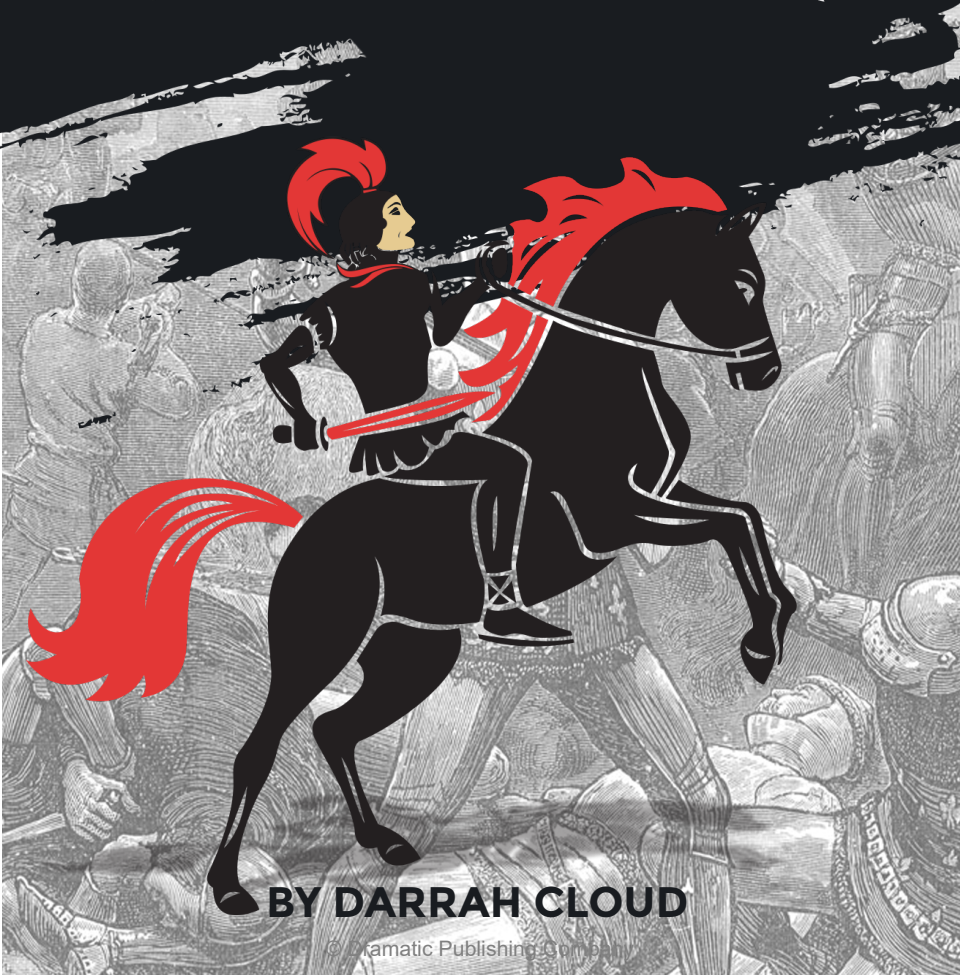
Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

JOAN

THE GIRL OF ARC



BY DARRAH CLOUD

© Dramatic Publishing Company

JOAN THE GIRL OF ARC

Drama. By Darrah Cloud. Cast: 3 to 6m., 2w. When Joan D'Arc, a shepherd in Domremy, France, 1420s, hears a voice while tending sheep one day, she can't believe what she's hearing. But the voice is joined by others who claim they're saints and ask her to go to war for France. She must convince everyone that she is telling the truth, but no one believes her. Finally, she sets out on her own and proves her visions to the leader of the French army. He helps her get to Paris, where the prince of France gives her the entire French army to lead against the British. In a suit of armor, she leads her soldiers to win the Hundred Years' War, using the wits of the real teenage girl that she was. But when she refuses to deny the voices she heard, she is sentenced to death. *Flexible staging. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: J74.*

Cover design: Cristian Pacheco.

ISBN: 978-1-61959-093-9



9 781619 590939 >

www.dramaticpublishing.com



Dramatic Publishing

Your Source for Plays and Musicals Since 1885

311 Washington Street
Woodstock, IL 60098
800-448-7469

© Dramatic Publishing Company

Joan the Girl of Arc

By

DARRAH CLOUD



Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXVI by DARRAH CLOUD

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(JOAN THE GIRL OF ARC)

For inquiries concerning all other rights, contact:
The Peregrine Whittlesey Agency
279 Central Park West
New York, NY 10024 • Phone (212) 787-1802

ISBN: 978-1-61959-093-9

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., of Woodstock, Illinois.”

Joan the Girl of Arc was commissioned and premiered by Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park in January 2014.

Cast:

JoanChelsea Harrison
Denise Shayna Schmidt
Daniel..... Jon Kovach
Joan’s Father/Captain Baudricort/High Priest Rico Reid
Father Moreau/DauphinJustin Weeks

Production:

Artistic DirectorBlake Robison
Managing DirectorBuzz Ward
Education DirectorMark Lutwak
DirectorKJ Sanchez
Set Design Christopher Boone
Costume DesignGordon Devinney
Sound DesignJeremy Lee
Properties DesignAnna Goller
Music..... Kim D. Sherman

Joan the Girl of Arc

CHARACTERS

The teens:

JOAN: A teenage girl.

DENISE: Her little sister.

DANIEL: Her best friend.

DAUPHIN: The Prince of France, also very young.

SINGERS: Four of them.

The adults:

JOAN'S FATHER

FATHER MOREAU

CAPTAIN BAUDRICORT

HIGH PRIEST

CASTING NOTE: All of the adult characters can be played by one actor if needed. The singers can be any or all of the actors.

SETTING

France, 1428:

Domremy, a small village

The battlefields

Paris

Joan the Girl of Arc

AT RISE: *Domremy, France, 1428. A pastoral village in a valley in central France. The SINGERS appear.*

SINGERS.

HOW I LOVE THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY
THEY COVER THE LAND I CALL HOME

(JOAN, 17, strides on, taking a break from herding sheep. She's filthy, her skirt torn a bit. She trips on it—and lands hard on the ground. She rubs her knee.)

JOAN. Owww ... stupid skirt! *(She sighs and breathes the air happily. Takes out her lunch.)*

EACH TIME THAT I SEE ONE, I THINK OF THAT PLACE
NO MATTER HOW FAR I ROAM

I'VE TRAVELED SO FAR AND I'VE CHANGED SO MUCH
AND ALL OF IT SO ALONE

BUT ONE DAY THE LILIES WILL COVER MY GRAVE
AND FINALLY I WILL BE HOME

FINALLY I WILL BE HOME

(JOAN is about to take a bite of her bread when she hears DANIEL.)

DANIEL *(offstage)*. Joan! ... Joan!

(DANIEL, also 17, runs on and is out of breath. He carries a small bouquet of lilies of the valley.)

JOAN *(startling)*. Daniel! What are you doing up here?

DANIEL. Claude L'Engle found his sheep slaughtered in the field behind his house.

JOAN. All of them?

DANIEL. Your father says move the herd.

JOAN. I just got them settled down here!

DANIEL. It was the English.

(JOAN jumps up.)

JOAN. No! *(She steps on her skirt. Falls over.)* Owwww ...

I hate this skirt! *(Rubs her elbow. Gathers her things and stands up.)* Did anyone see them? The English I mean?

DANIEL. It was sometime last night. We just got word.

JOAN. I'll move the herd right away.

(DANIEL thrusts the bouquet in her face.)

DANIEL. Here.

(She takes it.)

JOAN. Lilies of the valley! ...

DANIEL. They always make me think of you.

JOAN. Because people walk all over us?

DANIEL. That's not what I meant—

JOAN. What did you mean?

DANIEL. I meant ... forget it. Look, Joan, there's something I need to tell you.

JOAN. Go ahead.

DANIEL. It's not that easy.

JOAN. Why? I'm extremely reasonable.

DANIEL. You can't tell anybody.

JOAN. Who am I going to tell? The sheep?

(Beat.)

DANIEL. I'm joining up.

JOAN. You're ... what?

DANIEL. I'm joining the army.

JOAN. No!

DANIEL. You said you'd be reasonable!

JOAN. You're not! You won't come back! The war is terrible!
People are dying there in droves! They get hacked to pieces
by swords and trampled by horses!

DANIEL. A soldier stopped at our farm this morning. He was
headed to an encampment a day away. He said the army is
desperate for more men. Without a bigger army, we will lose
the war.

JOAN. Your parents are letting you do this?

DANIEL. ... I haven't told them yet.

JOAN. When were you planning on telling them?

DANIEL. I'm waiting till after dinner. They'll be in a better mood.

JOAN. They'll never say yes.

DANIEL. Then I'll have to run away. I can't stay here anymore,
Joan, plowing up the same old rocks out of the same old
fields and being a burden on my family. Not when there's a
war on. I want to help my country. I want to go and fight. So
that maybe someday the war will end.

JOAN. Oh, Daniel. The war will never end! The war has
always been!

DANIEL. Say you'll pray for me.

JOAN. I'll pray for you.

DANIEL. You're my best friend.

JOAN. You're my best friend ...

DANIEL. Say you'll marry me when the war is over.

JOAN. What?? *(She steps back on her skirt and falls.)* Owwww!

DANIEL. That wasn't the reaction I had hoped for.

JOAN. You're joking, right?

DANIEL. Joan, please ... don't make me go off to fight without knowing you'll be here for me when I get back.

JOAN. But Daniel—

DANIEL. I have to leave tomorrow night. So I can reach the encampment before the soldiers move on. Meet me in the churchyard after dinner. Give me your answer then.

JOAN. But Daniel—

(He runs off. She looks at the flowers still in her hand and presses them to her face. She then turns to start moving the sheep and hears a voice. Startles.)

JOAN *(cont'd)*. Daniel? ... Is that you? ... Here I am! ... Who's there?

(She looks around, sees no one, shrugs and settles down. She hears the voice again.)

JOAN *(cont'd)*. Where are you? ... Hello?

(No answer.)

JOAN *(cont'd)*. Show yourself! What do you want? *(She extends her piece of bread, offering her lunch.)* Are you hungry? Here. Take it. I can eat another time.

(JOAN startles again. She turns around and heads toward the voice.)

JOAN *(cont'd)*. I can hear you ... but I can't see you ...

(JOAN halts, having nearly collided with "it." She stumbles backwards.)

JOAN *(cont'd)*. Who ... Who are you? ... Catherine? *Saint Catherine?* I-I-I-I ... I am staying calm— *(She steps on her skirt and falls down.)* Owwww ... *(Looking up toward the*

voice, rambling on as if talking to a movie star.) All my life I've loved you! Ever since I first heard the story of how you heard saints and your family was rich but you left them to care for the poor and you wouldn't take no for an answer from anybody and—wait—what ... why are you talking to me? ... What? ... No! No! That can't be ... But ... wait—I thought God was siding with the English! ... It's obvious! We're losing! We've been losing for a hundred and fourteen years! It's so unfair! ... Of course I know where England is! It's that way ... (She points off in one direction and then turns to another as if told to.) ... That way? Really? ... No, I believe you. ... No, I don't know where the city of Orléans is either. ... That's why we're losing? ... That's terrible. But, what has that got to do with me?

(Warning bells start ringing from far down the mountain.)

JOAN (*cont'd*). I ... I'm sorry. I have to go. I'll get in big trouble if I don't move the herd. It was nice talking to you. Please come back.

(JOAN runs off.

The churchyard, that night. DANIEL waits. JOAN arrives, dreading this.)

DANIEL. Have you decided?

JOAN (*stalling*). What did your parents say?

DANIEL. I couldn't tell them. There's been more news of the war. They were so upset.

JOAN. Because the city of Orléans fell to the English?

DANIEL. How did you know that? We're the only ones who—

JOAN. England is over there, right?

DANIEL. Yes. Why?

JOAN. Across the sea. There's a sea involved.

DANIEL. Yes ...

JOAN. And the English think God's on their side, and we think God's on ours.

DANIEL. Where are you getting this information?

JOAN. What are they like, the English ... ?

DANIEL. My mother says they're primitive. They have bad teeth. And if they came to our village they'd burn it to the ground and kill us all.

JOAN. She's met one?

DANIEL. Why would she want to meet one? Every day they get further and further into France. They won't give up until they've murdered all the French who resist them. Which is all of the French.

JOAN. Why is this happening to us?

DANIEL. God has abandoned us!

JOAN. I never believe you when you say stupid things. I know you don't mean them.

DANIEL. I hear my parents whispering that to each other every night, after they think I've gone to bed. What if they're right?

JOAN. But, that's silly! God hasn't abandoned us. Look around you!

DANIEL. What if he has? What if God truly hates the French? Why else are we losing?

JOAN. We don't have enough soldiers. You said so yourself.

DANIEL. I'd leave right now if I knew where the army is actually camped ...

JOAN. They're camped near Vaucouleurs.

DANIEL. What?

JOAN. It's a small city in the center of—

DANIEL. I know where Vaucouleurs is—

JOAN. That's good, because *I* had no idea ... The captain of the Army is stationed there with them.

DANIEL. He is?

JOAN. He rides a black horse. The horse's name is Roi—

DANIEL. *How do you know all this?*

(Beat.)

JOAN. I heard it.

DANIEL. From who?

JOAN. Around.

DANIEL. Around ...

JOAN. In the air.

DANIEL. Joan—

JOAN. A voice.

DANIEL. ... Whose?

JOAN. Catherine's. Saint Catherine's.

DANIEL. A saint spoke to you.

JOAN. Yes. And she just went on and on and on—

DANIEL. Joan. You're hearing things.

JOAN. Not things! A voice!

DANIEL. Only crazy people hear voices!

JOAN. Well I heard her, and I'm not crazy. Am I?

DANIEL. What did she sound like?

JOAN. Bossy!

DANIEL. How do we know what she told you is the truth?

JOAN. Saints don't lie!

DANIEL. And you're sure she's the one who told you all that?

JOAN. How else would I know it? You're the one who went to school, not me.

DANIEL. Why you? Why would a saint speak to you?

JOAN. Why not me?

DANIEL. Anything else? Did she say anything else?

JOAN. I can't marry you, Daniel.

DANIEL. Why not?

JOAN. Saint Catherine said—

DANIEL. I don't want to hear it! (*He stalks off, upset.*)

JOAN. Wait—Daniel! Daniel— (*She steps on her skirt trying to follow him and falls.*) Owwww ...

(She tries to rip the hem, groaning in utter frustration, but it holds. Hearing the voice, she startles and jumps up, looking around.)

JOAN (*cont'd*). Here I am! I'm here ... I would do anything for you, Saint Catherine. What ... what is it you want? ... *What?* ... That's ridiculous!... Because—I'm a *girl!* ... No one will *really* believe me if I say *that!* Papa says all I'm good for is leading sheep. I'm sorry. I don't know who you think I am but ... I can't do what you ask. I can't ... Because ... because my parents won't let me. And I can't argue with them. They always win ... But I don't want to leave home! What would my sister do without me? ... But ... if our soldiers have really lost faith—then why would they ever have faith in me? ... This is *not* who I am! I don't *know* who I am!

(She runs home.

In her bedroom a while later. JOAN sneaks into the room and wakes DENISE.)

JOAN. Denise? ... Denise! Wake up.

DENISE (*waking*). Go away! You're wrecking my dream!

JOAN. Please. Help me.

DENISE (*sitting upright*). Are you all right?

JOAN. Yes. No.

DENISE. What's the matter?

JOAN. I'm in trouble.

DENISE. Did Papa catch you sneaking out to meet Daniel?

JOAN. Worse.

DENISE. You're not ...

JOAN. What?

DENISE. You know.

JOAN. No. What?

DENISE. Forget it. You don't know.

JOAN. Don't know what?

DENISE. What's wrong, Joan?

(Beat.)

JOAN. I heard a voice.

DENISE. A voice?

JOAN. Yes.

DENISE. Like ... *a voice?*

JOAN. Yes.

DENISE. I'm telling Papa! *(She gets out of bed, terrified.)*

JOAN. No! You can't tell him!

DENISE. This is really strange, and I don't like it!.

JOAN. The voice was good! You've got to believe me!

DENISE. Make me.

JOAN. All right. Pretend you're me. Except be you. *(She hides.)* "Deni-i-ise! ... Deni-i-ise?"

DENISE. I'm scared!

JOAN. "Do-o-on't be scared—"

DENISE. You can't tell me not to feel what I feel—

JOAN. Just talk to the voice. Please?

DENISE. Who are you? What do you want?

JOAN. "I need your help!"

DENISE. Go away!

JOAN. “Why?”

DENISE. Because you scare me because I can’t see you!

JOAN. “You don’t have to see me.”

DENISE. What if you’re a monster?

JOAN. “I’m not a monster.”

DENISE. That’s what monsters always say!

JOAN (*emerging, back to her own voice*). Why didn’t I think of that? I never think of these things at the right moment ...

DENISE. That’s why I’m scared!

JOAN. But I wasn’t. Not at all. I was perfectly calm. What does that mean?

DENISE. This ... this is exactly what happened?

JOAN. I’m not lying to you, if that’s what you think.

DENISE. Oh, I don’t think that. Whenever you even try, your eyes bulge out and your hands shake and your face gets all puffy. Really, you can’t.

JOAN. I just don’t like to. It feels bad.

DENISE. What ... what did you say to ... the voice?

JOAN. Her. I ... we ... had a conversation.

DENISE (*loudly*). With a *monster*?

JOAN. Shhhhhhhh! She’s a saint!

DENISE. A *saint*? You want me to believe you heard the voice of a *saint*? *Are you serious*?

JOAN. Yes.

(*Beat.*)

DENISE. Which one?

JOAN. Catherine.

DENISE. Catherine? Saint Catherine spoke to you? ... I *love* her!

JOAN. I do too!

DENISE. She was so thin!