

# 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*



# TOM JONES

Farce adapted by  
Mark Brown  
from *The History of Tom Jones,  
a Foundling* by  
Henry Fielding.

"Clever, lively and very funny. ... A thoroughly delightful farce full of delicious word-play ... quintessentially theatrical." —*Bradenton Herald*

"Brown's adaptation is a fast-paced, take-no-prisoners Monty Python-style farce." —*YourObserver.com*

# TOM JONES

Farce. Adapted by Mark Brown from *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling* by Henry Fielding.

Cast: 5 to 15m., 4 to 10w., 3 either gender. Unit set. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code: TUB.

The author of the wildly successful adaptation of *Around the World in 80 Days* has written a new adaptation of one of the greatest novels ever written. In this thrilling adventure of the heart, Tom Jones, a charming young man of questionable birth, is madly in love with Sophia Western. But when Sophia's father arranges for her to marry a loathsome man, she flees for her life. Aristocrats, wenches and scalawags abound in this bawdy and rollicking romp through the back roads and bedchambers of England. "Brown creates a comical tone filled with word plays and puns and a knowing nod to the audience. ... The pace is quick, the jokes breeze by, and if you miss one or two, there's another coming right up." (*Herald-Tribune*)

Florida Studio Theatre, Sarasota, Fla., featuring (top) Wilmary Myburgh, Matthew Goodrich, (bottom) Faith Sandberg and Eileen Ward. Photo: Cliff Roles. Cover design: Jeanette Alig-Sergel.

ISBN: 978-1-61959-009-0



9 781619 590090 >

www.dramaticpublishing.com



**Dramatic Publishing**

Your Source for Plays and Musicals Since 1885

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

© The Dramatic Publishing Company

# Tom Jones

Adapted by  
MARK BROWN

From the book by  
HENRY FIELDING



**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](http://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.
---

©MMXV by  
MARK BROWN

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(TOM JONES)

For inquiries concerning all other rights, contact.  
Eighth Square Entertainment  
456 South Ogden Drive  
Los Angeles, CA 90036 • Phone: (323) 469-1003

ISBN: 978-1-61959-009-0

## 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.”

*Tom Jones* received its world premiere at Florida Studio Theatre, Sarasota, Fla., from April 9 to June 1, 2014.

Cast:

Tom Jones ..... Matthew Goodrich  
Squire Western, First-Act Dowling..... Howard Kaye  
Bridget, Doctor, Miss Western, Whitefield,  
Lady Bellaston, Second-Act Dowling, .....Lisa McMillan  
Partridge, Square, Barber, Magistrate ..... Graciany Miranda  
Deborah, Honour, Cecilia, Jane, Molly .... Wilmari Myburgh  
Sophia Western, Harriet Fitzpatrick..... Faith Sandberg  
Allworthy, Black George,  
Highwayman, Fitzpatrick..... Ron Siebert  
Jenny Jones, Thwakum, Mrs. Waters..... Eileen Ward  
Capt. Blifil, Blifil, Susan..... Bruce Warren

Crew:

Director ..... Mark Shanahan  
Stage Manager ..... Kelli Karen  
Scene Design..... Bob Phillips  
Sound Design ..... Ryan Kilcourse  
Costume Design ..... Jeni Schaefer  
Lighting Design ..... Dave Upton

# Tom Jones

## CHARACTERS

Actor #1: Partridge, Square, Barber, Magistrate

Actor #2: Bridget Allworthy, Doctor, Miss Western, Mrs. Whitefield, Lady Bellaston\*, Soldier, Second-Act Dowling

Actor #3: Squire Allworthy, Black George, Highwayman, Fitzpatrick

Actor #4: Deborah Wilkins, Honour, Cecilia, Jane, Masked Woman #2, Molly, Soldier #1

Actor #5: Jenny Jones, Thwakum, Mrs. Waters, Masked Woman #3

Actor #6: Capt. Blifil, Blifil, Susan

Actor #7: Sophia Western, Harriet Fitzpatrick, Masked Woman #1

Actor #8: Tom Jones

Actor #9: Squire Western, Soldier #2, First-Act Dowling

\*It's possible that Actor #5 could play Lady Bellaston. However the characters in the Actor #2 line are all somewhat dowdy, and Lady Bellaston fits well with that line.

Character notes: If you want more actors in your production, it's easy to break up the Actor #2, #3 and #6 line of characters. Actor #1, #4, #7, #8 and #9 should remain as written.



## PRODUCTION NOTES

Music: For the world premiere, we used the actual recording of Tom Jones singing “It’s Not Unusual.” For all of the transitional music, we had a harpsichord playing Tom Jones’ songs, but it wasn’t always evident right away that they were Tom Jones’ songs. At the top of the second act, we used a piano version of “I Who Have Nothing.” The transition from the dance into Bellaston’s flat was a harpsichord version of “She’s a Lady.”

Substitution suggestions: For a less-bawdy, high-school appropriate production, suggestions for language substitution are provided in the back of the book on page 102.

# Tom Jones

## ACT I

*(PARTRIDGE, the narrator of the show, enters.)*

PARTRIDGE. Your majesty, your majesties, your royal highnesses, Mr. President, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen *(He points to someone in the audience.)* and you. Welcome to our production of *Tom Jones*.

*(Tom Jones-like music starts to play. In the world premiere, we used "It's Not Unusual.")*

PARTRIDGE *(cont'd)*. No, no, not that Tom Jones.

*(The music stops.)*

PARTRIDGE *(cont'd)*. This Tom Jones.

*(Harpsichord music plays. It's fairly boring. DEBORAH WILKINS enters.)*

DEBORAH. Oh dear, look at the disappointment on their faces.

PARTRIDGE. What are you doing here?

DEBORAH. So many of them poised to hurl their knickers onstage the second Tom Jones appears.

PARTRIDGE. Excuse me.

DEBORAH. And then to discover it's a different Tom Jones. Well I say hurl them anyway. Our Tom Jones is just as randy and cheeky as the other Tom Jones.

PARTRIDGE. Miss Wilkins, one usually doesn't interrupt the narrator at the top of the show.

DEBORAH. Oh it's not unusual. *(And she exits.)*

PARTRIDGE. Anyway, we begin our story in Somersetshire, at the estate of Squire Allworthy.

### Allworthy's Estate

*(SQUIRE ALLWORTHY enters.)*

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

*(BRIDGET ALLWORTHY 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.

*(DEBORAH and BRIDGET exit as ALLWORTHY crosses to his bed. He changes into his night shirt. [Possibly some tear away suit for an incredibly fast change.] He pulls back the covers of his bed to reveal a baby. In the world premiere, we used an upright bed so it stood vertical. It was as if the audience was on the ceiling looking down. Sort of.)*

ALLWORTHY *(cont'd)*. Ah!

*(DEBORAH and BRIDGET 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 this baby come from?

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

ALLWORTHY. I know that. Whose baby is it?

DEBORAH. Some wicked slut'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 whore's baby.

ALLWORTHY. But who—?

DEBORAH. Jenny Jones.

ALLWORTHY. Jenny Jones?

DEBORAH. Oh she fits the bill.

ALLWORTHY. Send for her immediately.

DEBORAH (*yelling offstage*). Jenny Jones!

(*JENNY JONES enters and crosses to ALLWORTHY.*)

DEBORAH (*cont'd*). Make way. Here she comes. Slut coming through.

JENNY. I'm Jenny Jones.

ALLWORTHY. Miss Jones, is this your child?

JENNY. It is.

DEBORAH. Filthy scrubber.

ALLWORTHY. That's enough, Mrs. Wilkins.

DEBORAH. Sorry, sir.

ALLWORTHY. Miss Jones, please explain yourself.

JENNY. Sir, I left my child here so he could have a better life than I could provide. You are the kindest and wealthiest man I know. Surely my child will grow up to be just like you—a fair and decent gentleman.

ALLWORTHY. As magistrate, I have the power to punish you for laying your sins at my door.

DEBORAH. Here comes the hammer of justice.

ALLWORTHY. Be that as it may, I shall provide for this child.

DEBORAH. What!?

JENNY. Bless you, sir.

ALLWORTHY. Now tell me, who is the wicked man who seduced you?

JENNY. I'm afraid I cannot tell you.

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

JENNY. Because I made a vow to God to conceal his name but will reveal it at another time.

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

ALLWORTHY. I cannot ask you to break that vow.

DEBORAH. What!?

JENNY. Bless you.

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

JENNY (*takes the purse instead*). That you, sir. (*She exits.*)

DEBORAH. Slag.

BRIDGET. Brother, I commend you on your charity.

ALLWORTHY. It seemed the decent thing to do.

BRIDGET. This is the most fortunate baby known to man.

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. Good day. *(He exits.)*

DEBORAH. Walk of shame. Walk of shame.

BRIDGET. Brother, you get to change your first diaper.

ALLWORTHY. Oh, I thought that smell was Deborah.

*(ALLWORTHY and BRIDGET exit. PARTRIDGE immediately enters.)*

### **Deborah and the Lusty Seaman**

PARTRIDGE. Meanwhile, a lusty seaman—

DEBORAH. Pardon?

PARTRIDGE. A lusty seaman—

DEBORAH. A what?

PARTRIDGE. A lusty seaman.

DEBORAH. Ha. I heard you the first time. It just makes me giggle when you say it. *(She exits.)*



PARTRIDGE. Meanwhile, a lusty seaman—

*(DEBORAH giggles from offstage.)*

PARTRIDGE *(cont'd)*. By the name of Captain Blifil sets his sights on Squire Allworthy's sister, Bridget Allworthy.

*(CAPTAIN BLIFIL and BRIDGET enter from opposite ends of the stage. He sees her.)*

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. Thar she blows. *(He crosses to her.)* 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—want to marry you.

BRIDGET. In earnest?

CAPTAIN BLIFIL. No. I mean—yes.

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. In the world premiere, PARTRIDGE grabbed the baby from the wings and threw it to BRIDGET. They coo over the baby, and then BRIDGET exits.)*

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 apopleeeeeeeexxxxxx— *(He dies and somehow exits.)*

PARTRIDGE. We now jump ahead several years.

*(CAPTAIN BLIFIL enters and dies some more. Then he exits. For good.)*

PARTRIDGE *(cont'd)*. 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 sticks his head out onstage.)*

BLIFIL. I heard that.

PARTRIDGE. And Tom—

*(MOLLY runs on, chased by TOM JONES. She trips and falls to the ground but does so on purpose.)*

MOLLY. Oh Tom, you've caught me. *(She rolls over and does a spread eagle.)* Again.

*(TOM gets on top of her.)*

TOM. 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. *(He 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 you need to do less talking and more kissing.

*(They kiss.)*

BLACK GEORGE *(from offstage)*. Tom. Tom.

MOLLY *(slightly panicked)*. That's my father. I'm supposed to be doing chores.

TOM. And I'm supposed to go hunting with him today. I completely forgot.

*(They kiss some more.)*

TOM *(cont'd)*. Go. I'll see you tonight.

MOLLY. I don't think so.

TOM. What?

MOLLY. I know your heart lies elsewhere. And that's fine because mine does as well. But you have been a brilliant casual shag.

BLACK GEORGE *(off)*. Tom.

*(MOLLY blows TOM a kiss and runs off.)*

TOM. Here I am, George.

*(BLACK GEORGE enters. He carries two guns.)*

BLACK GEORGE. I thought you forgot.

*(He hands a gun to TOM.)*

TOM. Never.

BLACK GEORGE. Have you seen Molly?

TOM. No.

BLACK GEORGE. She's forgotten to do her chores again. I swear I can't control that girl. If some man's been putting his man cannon into her—

TOM (*changing the subject*). Oh look. Partridge.

(*TOM and BLACK GEORGE shoot.*)

TOM (*cont'd*). You got it! (*Starts to run off.*)

BLACK GEORGE. Wait. It's on Squire Western's property.

TOM. So?

BLACK GEORGE. Squire Allworthy has given me strict orders never to go hunting on Squire Western's property.

TOM. But you weren't on the property when you shot the bird.

BLACK GEORGE. He said I'd lose my job.

TOM. I'll be fast.

(*TOM runs off. He comes back, bird in hand.*)

TOM (*cont'd*). You see? No one is the wiser.

WESTERN (*offstage*). Why, you weevil eating harbour hogs.

BLACK GEORGE. Oh no. That's Squire Western. I can't afford to lose my position.

TOM. I won't give you up.

(*They spit in their hands and shake on it. BLACK GEORGE exits. TOM stuffs the bird in his pants.*)

WESTERN. What are you doing on my land?

TOM. I—uh—I thought I saw a butterfly—a rare one—flitting about—

WESTERN. And you shot it?

TOM. No, I didn't shoot it.

WESTERN. You shot something. And you're with someone. I heard two gunshots.

TOM. Maybe it was someone else hunting.

WESTERN. Don't lie to me.

TOM. I'm not lying.

*(WESTERN notices the bulge in TOM's pants.)*

WESTERN. What's that in your pants?

TOM. My pants? Nothing.

WESTERN. Shuck your pants.

TOM. I will not shuck my pants.

WESTERN. What's in your pants?

TOM. I told you, there's nothing in my—

*(WESTERN lunges for TOM.)*

TOM *(cont'd)*. Hey, hey, what are you doing?

*(And pulls the bird out of TOM's pants.)*

WESTERN. Ah ha! Not hunting? Not on my property? And I suppose this bird just flew into your pants.

TOM. Maybe it's a wayward bird.

WESTERN. We'll see what Squire Allworthy has to say about this.

*(WESTERN grabs TOM and drags him offstage.)*

### **Allworthy's Estate**

*(ALLWORTHY, THWAKUM, SQUARE and BLIFIL are discovered onstage. TOM and WESTERN enter.)*

WESTERN *(cont'd)*. Ho, there. Your no-good bastard was shooting on my property. He said he wasn't but then I found this in his pants. *(He holds up the bird.)*

ALLWORTHY. In his pants?

WESTERN. Frontal area.

ALLWORTHY. Is this true, Tom?

TOM. Yes, sir.

WESTERN. But that's not all. There were two gunshots. But he won't tell me who was poaching with him.

ALLWORTHY. Was anyone with you?

TOM. No one, sir.

WESTERN. Liar. Two gunshots.

ALLWORTHY. Who was the other person?

TOM. It was only me.

ALLWORTHY. I have no patience for this game, Tom. Who was with you?

TOM. It was only me, sir.

ALLWORTHY. Mr. Thwakum.

THWAKUM. Yes sir?

ALLWORTHY. Perhaps you'll have more success.

*(THWAKUM raps his cane in his hand.)*

THWAKUM. Oh I'll get the truth out of him.

ALLWORTHY. Squire Western, may I interest you in a drink?

WESTERN. Does a blind man fart in the dark?

*(WESTERN and ALLWORTHY exit.)*

THWAKUM. Tom, you are living proof that since the fall of man, mankind is nothing but a sink of iniquity.

BLIFIL. Until purified and redeemed by God.

THWAKUM. I've taught you well, Master Blifil.

BLIFIL. Yes you have, Mr. Thwakum.

SQUARE. I believe Tom is living proof that vice is a deviation from our nature.



BLIFIL. Because human nature is the perfection of all virtue.

SQUARE. I've taught you well, Master Blifil.

BLIFIL. Yes you have, Mr. Square.

TOM. I'm curious, when you speak aloud, do you listen to yourselves?

THWAKUM. Master Blifil, you best not see this.

BLIFIL. On the contrary, Tom's pain is my pain. Each lash shall purify our souls.

THWAKUM. Now who was the other person?

*(THWAKUM canes TOM.)*

THWAKUM *(cont'd)*. Confess.

*(THWAKUM canes him again.)*

SQUARE. Tom, spare yourself the rod and tell the truth.

TOM. I am telling the truth.

THWAKUM. Liar.

*(THWAKUM canes him again. ALLWORTHY enters.)*

ALLWORTHY. Mr. Thwakum, that's enough.

BLIFIL *(to himself)*. Oh it was just getting good.

ALLWORTHY. Tom, my boy, my suspicions have wronged you. I'm sorry you've been so severely punished on this account. There's a new pony in the stable. I want you to have it.

TOM. Oh sir, you are too good to me. I don't deserve it.

THWAKUM. No you don't. Another beating will get to the truth.

ALLWORTHY. No. He has suffered enough. If he's concealing the truth, his only motive is a mistaken point of honor. Mr. Thwakum, Mr. Square, please join me for drinks.

*(ALLWORTHY, THWAKUM and SQUARE exit.)*