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Dramatic Publishing

**A TALE
OF TWO CITIES
...The Musical**

**Book by GARY PETERSON.
Music and lyrics by LARRY NESTOR.
Arranged by FRANK MANTOOTH.**

**Based on the classic story by
CHARLES DICKENS.**



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

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(A TALE OF TWO CITIES)

dedicated to:
Robert & Marjorie Peterson
and
John & Theresa Nestor

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
A Musical Drama

CHARACTERS

OSTLERS.....delivering wine
ERNEST DEFARGE.....a wine-shop proprietor
THERESE DEFARGE.....Ernest's wife
GASPARD.....a peasant
LE MARQUIS SAINT EVREMONDE.....an aristocrat
LUCIE MANETTE.....young French lady
JARVIS LORRY.....a banker
ALEXANDRE MANETTE.....a country doctor
THEOPHILE GABELLE.....a servant
MISS PROSS.....a governess
SYDNEY CARTON.....an associate advocate
C.J. STRYVER.....an advocate
JERRY CRUNCHER.....an honest tradesman
JOHN BARSAD.....a gentleman
JUDGE.....at Old Bailey's Court
BAILIFF.....for Old Bailey's
PROSECUTOR.....the Advocate-General
ROGER CLY.....a witness
MARIE GABELLE....Gheophile Gabelle's daughter
VENGEANCE.....a neighbor of the Defarges'
LUCILLE DARNAY.....a child
CAPTAIN.....a captain of the French army
PRESIDENT.....presides over high Court
SEAMSTRESS.....a French girl
FOREMAN.....of jury of French Court
BAILIFF.....of the French Court
EXECUTIONER.....for Republic of France
Guards, jurors, peasants, soldiers, citizens,
prisoners

PLACE: Various locales in London and Paris

TIME: Late eighteenth century

PROPERTIES

GENERAL:

ACT ONE

Scene One: Street outside wine shop, cobblestones.

Scene Two: Defarge's Tavern. Rude table serving as bar, rags, carafe of red wine, wine glasses, three tables, chairs.

Scene Three: Musty garret in Defarge's Tavern. Open doorway for illumination, window with shade, little bench.

Scene Four: The study of Marquis St. Evremonde. Desk, chair, bell, papers, writing tools, door, window that opens for Gaspard to enter and exit.

Scene Five: Manette's residence. Window L, door L, clock, wine cupboard, wine carafe, glasses, couch.

Scene Six: Anteroom of Old Bailey's. Large chair, table, large window.

Scene Seven: Courtroom of Old Bailey's. Has several sections. Dock for accused, witness stand, judge's bench, bell, jury-box, gallery for spectators if space permits, table with three chairs, table for defense with five chairs, legal documents for tables.

ACT II

Scene Three: At the gates of the Bastille. Drawbridge-like main gate R, halfway raised and in the process of opening.

Scene Four: Office of Tellson's. File cabinets, files, papers, boxes, satchels, door R.

Scene Five: Disreputable tavern. Tables, chairs, bottle of red wine, glasses, pack of playing cards.

Scene Six: Court of Republic of Paris. Large desk and chair for President, bell, jury-box.

Scene Eight: Prison cell in La Force. Heavy door, small table, chair, writing paper and tools, candle in a bottle, solitary window

Scene Ten: Open square in Paris: Shadow of Guillotine falls upon the backdrop of the city.

PERSONAL

OSTLERS: wine casks.

ERNEST DEFARGE: rumpled paper.

THERESE DEFARGE: knitting materials, flower, cap, revolver.

STRYVER: lawbooks.

4th MAN: coins.

GASPARD: dagger.

EVREMONDE: quill pen, ink, papers, bell, in Act I he wears billowing white shirt, discolored.

LUCIE MANETTE: wrap, hat, bag.

JARVIS LORRY: tricorne, powdered wig, coat, hat, letter, satches, bag, papers.

ALEXANDRE MANETTE: a lady's shoe, coat, hat.

CHARLES DARNAY: change purse, coat, hat, bindings, letter, pen.

MISS PROSS: silver tray, teapot, cups.

SYDNEY CARTON: hat, cloak, exit papers, overcoat, handkerchief, bindings.

JOHN BARSAD: coins, business card, ring of keys.

JUDGE: gavel, wig.

PESANTS: axes, scythes.

SOLDIERS: muskets.

CAPTAIN: sword.

PRESIDENT: bell.

SEAMSTRESS: bindings.

CHARACTERS

CHARLES DARNAY: A brisk upright gentleman about thirty, walks confidently and has a distinct air of self-command.

MISS PROSS: A governess. Wears heavy skirts.

JOHN BARSAD: Wide faced, eyes set close, a very short man.

LUCIE MANETTE: A very attractive lady of twenty.

ALEXANDRE MANETTE: Old looking, has long hair and beard in Act I.

SYDNEY CARTON: Similar in looks to Charles Darnay. (Note: They need not be identical twins, just alike in hair-coloring and height and wear similar suits.)

SEAMSTRESS: Long haired woman.

PEASANTS: Bedraggled, wear ragged, torn clothing.

THE SCENES:

ACT ONE:

- One: A street in Paris, November, 1782
- Two: The Defarge Wine Shop, immediately after
- Three: A musty garrett, immediately following
- Four: Study of Marquis St. Evremonde, next day
- Five: Manette home, London, the next spring
- Six: Anteroom to Old Bailey's, later that year
- Seven: Old Bailey's court, one hour later
- Eight: The anteroom, a few hours later
- Nine: Study of Evremonde, a month later
- Ten: Manette home in London, two months later

ACT TWO:

- One: Defarge Wine Shop, Summer, 1788
- Two: Manette home in London, early 1789
- Three: Before gates of Bastille, July 14, 1789
- Four: Paris offices of Tellson's, month later
- Five: Tavern in Paris, ten minutes later
- Six: Court, Republic of France, two days later
- Seven: Manette apartment in Paris, same day
- Eight: Cell in La Force, that night
- Nine: Manette apartment, Paris; next morning
- Ten: Open square in Paris, immediately after

THE SONGS:

ACT ONE:

OVERTURE: Orchestra.

TODAY WE DRINK THE WINE: Peasants, Madame
Defarge, Defarge, Gaspard, Vengeance.

WORK: Charles and Evremonde.

YOU ARE MY LULLABY: Lucie.

IT WAS 'IM! : Roger Cly, Stryver, Barsad,
Carton.

MUST I FAVOR HIM?: Carton.

MY HEART WON'T LET ME: Jarvis Lorry and Miss
Pross.

HOLD ME IN YOUR MIND: Carton.

ACT TWO:

ONE NIGHT WITHOUT YOUR LOVE: Charles and Lucie

CARMAGNOLE: Orchestra.

LE MARSEILLAISE: Peasants and Soldiers.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY: Madame Defarge
and gallery.

HOLD ME IN YOUR MIND (reprise): Carton.

WHEN WILL WE MEET AGAIN?: Charles.

REQUIEM POUR LA GUILLOTINE: Orchestra.

SOUNDS

NOTE: Audio may be on a pre-recorded tape.

clatter of wheels on cobblestone

creaking cell door

mob sound

slamming door

clatter of horse's hooves

music

drum beat

approaching storm

cell key in lock

ACT I

SCENE ONE

("OVERTURE")

A street in Paris in the 1780's. (The music continues under.) The street outside Defarge's wine shop is filled with wretched, starving people, living as they may, in squalor and poverty. Their clothing is torn and their faces are sad. Two OSTLERS approach the shop carrying a huge barrel filled with wine. One of the men turns an ankle on an uneven cobblestone and the cask falls to earth, splitting open and unleashing a flood of wine. There is a shout of joy from the crowd and many throw themselves down into the street, striving to get a taste of the free wine.

(SONG: "TODAY WE DRINK THE WINE")

- 1st WOMAN. Come, share the good fortune!
1st OSTLER. The cask was not made well!
2nd OSTLER. It shattered on the pavement,
Just like a walnut shell!
1st MAN. No one cares about the vintage,
Only that it's from the vine.
MANY VOICES. No, we may not drink tomorrow,
But today we drink the wine.
2nd MAN. Scoop it with your hands, now,
Or use a broken cup;
3rd MAN. Dip down in the puddle,
And you can sip it up--
2nd WOMAN. Only God knows we are thirsty,
3rd WOMAN. The aristocrats are blind!
MORE VOICES. No, we may not drink tomorrow,
But today we drink the wine.

4th WOMAN. Think of the nutrition,
Forget the sand and mud!
5th WOMAN. You're bound to feel better,
When it gets in your blood!
1st MAN. Come suspend what you are doing;
2nd MAN. We've a lot of leisure time!
MORE VOICES. No, we may not drink tomorrow,
But today we drink the wine.

ALL. Poor people of Paris
Awaken from your naps!
Don't be discontented;
There's more to life than scraps!
Let this wine, sweet and refreshing
Flowing blood-red, be our sign!
No, we may not drink tomorrow,
But today we drink the wine.

(DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE enter from their shop to see what the commotion is.)

1st OSTLER. The aristocrats are dining now,
In all their gala splendor:
2nd OSTLER. Coq au vin!
3rd WOMAN. Steak Bordelaise!
3rd MAN. A mutton roast so tender!

DEFARGE. Yet when I look around me,
It seems the worst of times;
MME. DEFARGE. Hunger; deprivation;
DEFARGE. These are the worst of crimes!
MME. DEFARGE. Oh, the dogs that rich men keep,
Have so much more on which to dine!
ALL. No, we may not drink tomorrow,
But today we drink the wine.

DEFARGE. Don't jostle each other;
You've all an equal claim!
Save some for your brother,
And he will do the same!
Sip it slowly from your fingers;

MME. DEFARGE. Drink it quick like greedy swine!

ALL. No, we may not drink tomorrow,
But today we drink the wine!

Wine for ev'rybody!

This was no accident!

Wine for ev'rybody!

It's heaven's main intent!

Say a prayer while you are kneeling;

Praise the Keeper of the Vine!

No, we may not drink tomorrow,

But today we drink the wine.

Poor people of Paris

Awaken from your naps!

Don't be discontented;

There's more to life than scraps!

Let this wine, sweet and refreshing

Flowing blood-red, be our sign!

No, we may not drink tomorrow,

But today we drink the wine.

(Fade out.)

SCENE TWO

DEFARGE and MADAME DEFARGE enter Defarge's Tavern, then go behind a rude table which serves as a bar. DEFARGE is wiping a wine glass with a dirty rag while his wife knits, her eyes sternly watching over the tavern and her ear open to the noise just outside. There is one drunken man passed out at one of the three tables, and there are several at the doorway, watching the proceedings. The noise outside dies down, then is recharged as two OSTLERS bring a second cask into the wine shop. One or two follow the cask in, then others will straggle in as the wine outside the door depletes.

DEFARGE (to OSTLERS). Hey, you there, careful!

We don't want another disaster!

1st OSTLER. Yes, Monsieur Defarge.

(PEOPLE are coming in from the street, wine-stained and savagely jovial.)

1st MAN (entering with a chuckling WOMAN on his arm). Ah, Defarge, the day is beautiful!

GASPARD (entering). You should charge that little for your wine all the time! (Many laugh.)

3rd MAN (sticking his head in). Is there more wine in here?

MME. DEFARGE (sternly). Yes, at two sou the glass!

3rd MAN. Oh! (Withdraws into the street.)

(A 4th MAN approaches the bar and quietly addresses DEFARGE.)

4th MAN. Perhaps wine is not the only red that will stain the streets of Paris (Smiling.) eh, Jacques?

MME. DEFARGE. Amen to that.

DEFARGE. May I fill your glass, Jacques?

4th MAN. I thank you. I can tell it is not often that these people know the taste of wine, (His glass is filled.) only black bread and death. Is that not so, Jacques?

(Secretively.) I was told by a certain fellow, also called Jacques---

DEFARGE. Sh! Not yet...(He studies the MAN.) Four o'clock. (He indicates stage left with his eyes.) Up that stairway. (Louder.) Why don't you have a seat, Monsieur, and rest yourself at our Inn?

4th MAN (just as loud). Thank you, I will. (He takes two coins from his pocket and places them on the bar, where DEFARGE gets them; then he goes to an empty chair at one

of the tables.)

MME. DEFARGE. I hope our back room is missing its guest by four o'clock.

DEFARGE. The letter promised that they would come today for him, the poor wretch. Feel for him, Theresa, he has spent eighteen years in the Bastille.

MME. DEFARGE. I know; but it is dangerous...

DEFARGE. No more dangerous than our meetings.

MME. DEFARGE. You were once his servant, Ernest! (She detests the word servant.)

DEFARGE. Yes, and if ever there was a better bond between master and servant, I'd like to hear of it! He treated me with respect and love, and (Lighter.) if it weren't for him, I'd not have met you, my sweet wife. (He moves to touch her.)

MME. DEFARGE. Stop! (Sternly.) Today he goes, whether they come for him or not. (Nodding towards MEN at one table.) Look to your customers. (He moves to go.) And see they have ready money! (DEFARGE goes to the table, carrying a carafe of red wine. He will do some business with the MEN at the table, pouring them wine and collecting their coins. Suddenly, there is a great cry from the street, offstage. ALL in the tavern look to the door, with one or two standing and rushing to it.)

EVREMONDE (offstage). Drive on! I said drive on, Coachman! (There is the clatter of wheels on cobblestone heard behind the din of the crowd.)

DEFARGE (to 1st MAN, nearest the door). What is it? What's the commotion?

1st MAN. Someone's been hit. Run down by a carriage.

DEFARGE. Who?

1st MAN. I cannot see, the crowd is too great. I think...I think it is a child.

MME. DEFARGE (looking up sharply to the MAN). Did you see the coach? Did you see who did this?

(The 3rd MAN, having arrived from the street, is now at the door.)

3rd MAN (sadly). Evremonde. The Marquis St. Evremonde.

MME. DEFARGE (venemously). Evremonde!

1st MAN. Oh, poor child! It is a young boy, Defarge. (DEFARGE by this time has reached the door himself and looks out.)

DEFARGE. The coach is gone, Theresa. He did not even stop. Oh, good Lord, Gaspard! Gaspard, it is your son. (GASPARD rises from his chair slowly and with great composure.)

GASPARD. My son? My little boy? (In a sudden move, GASPARD runs to the door past the men blocking it, tears in his eyes and voice.) I will kill him--kill him, I swear it! (He exits.)

1st MAN (very sadly). Oh, it is too late. The boy is dead.

DEFARGE (taking charge). Come, everyone, let us take our chairs. There is nothing to be done.

4th MAN (hotly). There is plenty to be done. (MANY shout in agreement.)

DEFARGE (quietly commanding). The meeting stands at four o'clock. The others will come and we will discuss it then. There is nothing to be done, now.

1st MAN (leaving). There is consolation, and pity.

DEFARGE (holds his head down momentarily, then stops the MAN). Send Gaspard my most deep regrets. (1st and 3rd MEN leave. DEFARGE approaches the bar again.) A terrible thing, a terrible thing to happen, Theresa.

MME. DEFARGE (quietly). Not all so bad. We can turn this last misfortune into a very powerful argument against the aristocracy. Don't look at me like that! Many people that were on the fence about our cause will now come over.

DEFARGE. But, how can you--

MME. DEFARGE. While the aristoes have all the rights and we have none, one must have a hard heart. You'll see. There will be faces here at four o'clock you'd never thought would come.

(They talk quietly, while LUCIE MANETTE and JARVIS LORRY enter from the street. LORRY removes his tricorne to show the white powdered wig of a business man. LUCIE follows him closely.)

LUCIE. Are you certain this is the address, Mr. Lorry?

LORRY. Very certain. The instructions in the letter were explicit. I'm sorry, Miss.

LUCIE. No matter, if it means reuniting with my father.

LORRY. You must understand, Miss Manette, that your father may be *changed* from his years in captivity.

LUCIE. In any event, we shall take him home to England where he may rest and be safe.

LORRY (spotting DEFARGE serving the wine). Ah, that must be the fellow. (LUCIE stands just a bit apart. To DEFARGE.) You are Monsieur Defarge?

DEFARGE. I am. Who...?

LORRY. I am Jarvis Lorry, representing Tellson's Bank in London. You wrote me concerning...

DEFARGE. Ah, yes, quite so. I had hoped you would arrive today. Then this must be Little Lucie!

LUCIE. Why, yes, monsieur.

DEFARGE. I should have guessed. I can almost recognize you, even after so many years. You were just a very little girl when...it all happened. You will not, of course, remember me.

LUCIE. I understand you were one of our servants.

LORRY. We are so very grateful to your

loyalty, Monsieur Defarge.

DEFARGE. My wife does not understand, or share it, however.

LUCIE. Where is my father?

DEFARGE. Ah, that is a hard question. The body of the man once known as Doctor Alexandre Manette is in the back room. His mind, though...

LORRY. So you said in your letter.

DEFARGE. He does not yet even realize he has left the Bastille.

LUCIE. Shall we not go to him now?

DEFARGE. Certainly. I just wanted to prepare you. He is...(A beat.) Come, follow me.
(They exit L. Fadeout.)

SCENE THREE

The door to a musty garret cell creaks open and DEFARGE, followed by LORRY and LUCIE, enters the dismal room. Some lantern light comes into the room from the open doorway, illuminating the little room somewhat.

MANETTE, its sole inhabitant, sits silently in a dark corner, apparently laboring over some unseen handiwork. His hair is pure white and he wears a long white beard.

DEFARGE. Good day. (Looking.) Still hard at work, I see.

MANETTE (after a long pause). Yes...I am working. (LORRY and LUCIE stand apart, watching in horror.)

DEFARGE. I want to let in a little more light. Do you think you can bear a little more light?

MANETTE (as DEFARGE opens a window shade, and some daylight warms the scene). I must bear it, if you let it in. (MANETTE covers his eyes from the light and so stops his work for a moment.)

DEFARGE (to LORRY). Can you recognize him, monsieur?

LORRY. Yes, I think so, barely. Heaven, yes, that's Doctor Manette.

DEFARGE (to MANETTE). You have some visitors today.

MANETTE. What did you say?

DEFARGE. Some visitors...(Thinking.) They wish to see your handiwork.

MANETTE (holding it close). My shoes?

DEFARGE (aside to LORRY). Step over here now.

(To MANETTE.) Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe that you are working on. (To

LORRY.) Take it, monsieur. (LORRY takes the shoe slowly from MANETTE'S grasp. To MANETTE.)

Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is and the maker's name.

MANETTE (slowly). It is a lady's shoe. A lady's walking shoe, monsieur.

DEFARGE (coaxing). And the maker's name?

MANETTE (a pause, then). One Hundred and Five, North Tower.

LORRY. What was that?

MANETTE. One Hundred and Five, North Tower.

DEFARGE (to LORRY). That was the number of his prison cell. That's how they are known in the Bastille. To MANETTE.) Is that all your name is?

MANETTE. One Hundred and Five, North Tower.

(LUCIE, in a rush of emotion, moves forward quickly to her father's side, sitting on the little bench beside him.)

MANETTE. What? What is this? You are not the jailer's daughter! Who are you?

LUCIE. Oh, my dear, dear... Soon you shall know my name and more beside. You will soon know my father's name and also the name of my poor bereaved mother. But I cannot tell you here and now. Oh, let me hold you. (MANETTE sinks into his daughter's arms and presses

against her.) All you need know now is that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you away from it; that we are going now, right now, to England, where you may at last find peace and rest! (MANETTE hugs her tightly. To LORRY and DEFARGE.) Oh, Gentlemen, he understands me! He knows! Thank God! (Blackout.)