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A Tale of Two Cities

NARRATOR

It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. It was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness. It was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness. We had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way. In short, the period was so much like the present period. There was a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face on the throne of England. There was a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face on the throne of France. In both countries it was clear as crystal to the lords of the state that things in general were settled for ever.

ACT I

SCENE 1

At opening a horse drawn coach attempting a hill.

COACHMAN

Wo-ho! Wo-ho! So, then! One more pull and you're at the top damn you. I've had enough trouble getting you this far! Joe!

JOE

Halloa!

COACHMAN,

What time do you make it, Joe?

JOE

Ten minutes past eleven.

COACHMAN,

My God, and not atop Shooters hill yet! Yah! Get on with you!

JOE,

Tom! Hold!

The sound of an approaching horse.

COACHMAN

What do you say, Joe?

JOE

Listen. What do you make?

COACHMAN

I make it a single horse at a cantor coming up.

JOE

I say a horse at gallop, Tom. Gentlemen in the King's name be alert.

JOE

Yo, there. Whoa there, stand or I shall fire.

Jerry Enters

JERRY

Is this the Dover mail?

JOE

Never mind what this is. Who are you?

JERRY

Is this the Dover mail?

COACHMAN

Why do you want to know?

JERRY

I seek a passenger, if it is.

COACHMAN

What passenger?

Mr. Jarvis Lorry. JERRY

Keep where you are. JOE

Is that Jerry? LORRY

I don't like Jerry's voice. If it is Jerry. JOE

What is the matter? LORRY

A dispatch, sir, from T. and Co. JERRY

I know this man. He may come close, there is nothing wrong. LORRY

I sure hope there ain't but I can't be so sure as you. Come on
apace and if you've got a gun don't let you're hands go near
it. For I'm quick to make a mistake and when I make one it
takes the form of lead and it'll never be made right in your
lifetime. JOE

Jerry approaches and hands Mr. Lorry an envelope.

Nothing to fear. I belong to Tellson's Bank of London.
He reads the letter. LORRY

Say that my answer was, "Recalled to life." LORRY

That's a strange answer. JERRY,

Take the message back, they will know that I've received this. LORRY

Yes sir, good night sir. Recalled to life. That's a strange
message. That wouldn't do for you, Jerry! No, you'd be in a
bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion.
Jerry exits. JERRY

Tom? JOE

Yes? COACHMAN

Did you hear the message? JOE

I did Joe. COACHMAN

What did you make of it Tom? JOE

Nothin' at all Joe. COACHMAN

That's a coincidence. I made the same of it myself. JOE

Let's go now! Yeah! COACHMAN

NARRATOR

A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is created a profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration. When I enter a great city by night, that every one of those houses encloses it's own secrets. In each house every heart has in it a secret from the heart nearest it. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love the darling of my soul, is dead. So with the passengers in that mail coach, they were mysteries to one another. As they to the messenger who did approach, as he to each of them. "Recalled to life."

SCENE 2

The George Hotel.

LORRY

I wish accommodations prepared for a young lady coming here today. She will ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry of Tellson's Bank.

INNKEEPER

Tellson's Bank in London, sir? We have often had the honor to entertain your gentlemen when traveling sir.

LORRY

Yes. We are quite a French house, as well as an English one.

INNKEEPER

You sir, are not so much accustomed to travel, I think.

LORRY

True, it is fifteen years since I last traveled to France.

INNKEEPER

Before my time, sir. I'd wager a house like Tellson's was flourishing, fifty years ago?

LORRY

You might treble that and say a hundred and fifty and not be far from the truth.

INNKEEPER

Indeed, sir!

LORRY

Now, when the young arrives please bid her welcome and advise her that I will meet with her upon my return.

INNKEEPER

Very good, sir.

SCENE 3

The same.

LUCIE

I received a letter from the bank, concerning a small property of my poor father, whom I never knew and necessitating that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman from the bank, who has been dispatched to Paris for the purpose.

LORRY

Myself.

LUCIE

As I was prepared to hear, sir. I replied, sir, that as it was considered necessary that I should go to France, I should esteem it highly if I might place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection.

LORRY

I was happy, to be entrusted with the charge.

LUCIE

I thank you. I was told, that the gentleman would explain the details of the business and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself and am eager to know what they are.

LORRY

Naturally, -- Yes, --- I --- It is very difficult to begin.

LUCIE

Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?

LORRY

Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I were a speaking machine, truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers.

LUCIE

Story?

LORRY.

Yes. A customer. He was a French gentleman. Our relations, were business relations, confidential. I was at that time in our French house.

LUCIE,

At that time? I may ask, at what time, sir?

LORRY,

I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. These are mere business relations, miss, no friendship in them. In short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine.

LUCIE,

I begin to think when I was left an orphan, that it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you.

LORRY,

Miss Manette, it was I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself in saying I had no feelings and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. Feelings! I have no time for them. Now, If your father had not died when he did, don't be frightened! How you start! Pray! Pray, control your agitation, a matter of business. As I was saying; If your father had not died, if he had suddenly disappeared and no one could trace him. If he had an enemy who could exercise such privilege that the bravest of people do not speak of, even in a whisper. For instance the privilege of consigning any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time without a trace left to be found by imploring the king, the court, or the clergy. Then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman.

LUCIE,

Tell me more, sir.

LORRY,

I am going to. If you can bear it?

LUCIE,

I can bear anything but uncertainty.

LORRY,

You speak collectedly and that is good! Regard it as a matter of business. Now if this man's wife, a lady of great courage who suffered intensely before her child was born ---

LUCIE,

The child was a daughter, sir

LORRY,

A daughter. A, a, matter of business, don't be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had decided to spare her child any part of the pain she had known by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead -- No, don't kneel! In heaven's name why should you kneel to me?

LUCIE,

For the truth. O dear, good, sir, for the truth.

LORRY,

A matter of business. You confuse me. How can I transact business when I am confused? If you would ask for instance, what nine times nine pence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. Business! Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died, having never faltered in her search for your father, left you to grow to be beautiful and happy, not knowing if your father had died in prison or wasted there many lingering years. There has been no discovery, of money, or any other property. He has been found. He is alive. Greatly changed it is possible, though we will hope for the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris and we are going there. I, to identify him, if I can. You, to restore him to life.

LUCIE,

It will be his ghost, not him.

LORRY,

There, now! The best and worst are known to you. You will soon be at his side. One thing more. It could be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. I carry with me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. My entries and memoranda are all comprehended in one line. 'Recalled to life. Which may mean anything. What is the matter? Miss Manette. Someone, please! Come and help me. Please, she's----

Lucie faints. Miss Pross enters ahead of the servants & crosses to Lucie's pushing Lorry up against the wall.

LORRY,

I really think this must be a man.

PROSS,

Why, look at you all! Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not so much to look at. Am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? My dear precious little girl. And you in brown, couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty face all pale and her hands, all cold. Do you call that being a banker?

LORRY,

I hope she will be well now.

PROSS,
No thanks to you if she does. My darling little girl.

LORRY,
Will you be accompanying Miss Manette to France?

PROSS,
Unlikely! If it was ever intended that I go across salt water,
do you think Providence would have cast my lot in an island.

SCENE 4

The scene as described is carried out in the street outside the wine shop.

NARRATOR

In Paris, a large cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street outside the wine shop at Saint Antoine. The people within reach suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices, resounded in the street, while the wine game lasted. There was very little roughness in the sport, but much playfulness. Then, when the last of the wine had been soaked up from the stones of the street and that momentary gleam had once again given way to the darkness, ignorance and want, the people returned to themselves. People who had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill. The mill which had ground them down was the mill that grinds young people old, and plows into every face and furrow the sign of hunger. Hunger was prevalent everywhere. Across the streets, clumsy lamps were slung by ropes and pulleys; at night, when the lamplighter had let them down and lighted them and hoisted them up again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if at sea. Indeed they were at sea and the ship and crew were in peril of a tempest. For the time was to come when the people, the gaunt scarecrows should watch the lamplighter in their idleness and hunger and conceive the idea of improving on his method and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys to show upon the darkness of their condition. But the time had not yet come and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain. And the birds, fine of song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop of Ernest Defarge. Exterior during narration then interior. The attic room is visible though dimly lit. Dr. Manette can be seen in pantomime work on a pair of shoes. Defarge enters from the street. Madame Defarge sits and tends her knitting. Lorry and Lucie are present. Three customers who are drinking wine signal to Defarge.

DEFARGE

It is not my affair. The people from the market did it. Let them bring another barrel. Some fool was out there writing slogans on the walls.

M. Defarge coughs aloud but does not look up from her knitting. Defarge glances about then his eyes settle on Lucie and Lorry, he crosses behind the bar. Lorry speaks to Lucy

LORRY

This is our man.

1ST MAN,
How goes it Jacques? Is all the spilt wine swallowed?
DEFARGE,

Every drop, Jacques.
M. Defarge coughs.

2ND MAN,
It is not often, that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine or anything but black bread and death. Is it not so Jacques?

DEFARGE,
It is so Jacques.
M. Defarge coughs.

3RD MAN,
Ah! So much the worse. A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?

DEFARGE,
You are right, Jacques.
M. Defarge moves about in her chair creating enough noise to be noticed by her husband.

DEFARGE,
Oh! Yes. Gentlemen, my wife. Gentlemen, regarding the chamber that you inquired about. I recall that one of you has already been there and can show the way. Gentlemen adieu!
They exit. Lorry crosses to Defarge and speaks into his ear. He escorts him toward where the men had just gone. After a moment Defarge exits, Lorry beckons to Lucie who joins him and they also exit. M. Defarge sees nothing but her knitting.

NARRATOR,
In the year of Our Lord seventeen seventy five, messages in the earthly order of events came to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America. It is strange to relate the magnitude of their importance to the human race. Greater in importance than any communication yet received. It is likely enough that rooted in the woods of France, there were trees, already marked by woodsmen, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. France, rolled with exceeding smoothness downhill. Making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to honor a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view. In England, daring burglaries by armed men and highway robbers took place in the capital every night. Why the Lord Mayor of London, that magnificent potentate, was made to stand and deliver and was despoiled in sight of his retinue. All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass, in and close upon the year seventeen seventy five.

SCENE 5
The wine shop stairs leading to the attic.

DEFARGE,

When I first saw him after they demanded I take him at my peril. As he was then, he is now.
Speaking to Defarge in a whisper, not to be overheard by Lucie.

LORRY

Is he greatly changed?

DEFARGE

Changed!

LORRY

Is he always alone? Is it necessary to keep the him confined?

DEFARGE

I think it necessary to turn the key.

LORRY

Why?

DEFARGE

He has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened, or come to, I know not what harm, if the door were left open.

LORRY

Is it possible?

DEFARGE

Is it possible? Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it is possible and many other such things are possible. Not only possible, but done; every day. Long live the Devil.

LORRY

Courage, dear miss. Courage! The worst will be over in a moment. Then all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Come now. Business, business.

As they begin to ascend the stairs, the three men from the wine shop pass them on their way down and then out.

DEFARGE

Leave us good boys, we have business here!

LORRY

Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?

DEFARGE

I show him, to a chosen few.

LORRY

Who are the few? How do you choose them?

DEFARGE

I choose them as real men, of my name, - Jacques is my name - to whom the sight is likely to do good. Stay here if you please, a little moment.

He climbs the stairs. The lights come up slowly and dimly on M. Manette in the room, he is working on a shoe. Defarge raps three times then opens the door. The man in the room mutters something and Defarge signals the other two to come up. They do so .

LUCIE

I am afraid.

LORRY

Of what?

LUCIE

Of him, my father.

Good day!
 DEFARGE,
 Good day.
 MANETTE,
 You are still hard at work, I see.
 DEFARGE,
 Yes, I am working.
 MANETTE
 DEFARGE
 I want to let in a little more light. Can you bear a little
 more light?
 MANETTE
 What did you say?
 DEFARGE,
 Can you bear a little more light?
 MANETTE,
 I must bear it, if you let it in.
Defarge opens the window. Manette shields his eyes.
 DEFARGE
 Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?
 MANETTE
 What did you say?
 DEFARGE
 You have a visitor, you see.
 MANETTE
 What did you say?
 DEFARGE
 Here is monsieur, he knows a well-made shoe when he sees one.
 Show him that shoe. Take it monsieur. Tell monsieur what kind
 of a shoe it is.
 MANETTE
 I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?
 DEFARGE
 I asked you to describe the shoe.
 MANETTE,
 It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking shoe. I
 have a pattern in my mind.
 DEFARGE,
 And the maker's name?
 MANETTE
 Did you ask me for my name?
 DEFARGE
 I did.
 MANETTE
 One hundred and five, North Tower
 DEFARGE
 Is that all?
 MANETTE
 One hundred and five, North Tower.
 LORRY
 Are you a shoemaker by trade?
 MANETTE
 I am not. I was not a shoemaker by trade. I - I learnt it
 here. Taught myself.

LORRY

Do you remember nothing of me? Do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Monsieur Manette?
Speaking to Defarge.

LORRY

Have you recognized him, monsieur?

DEFARGE

Yes. Although at first I thought it was quite hopeless.
He sees Lucie and slowly raises his eyes up to see her face.

MANETTE

What is this?

Lucie looks at him lovingly.

MANETTE

You are not the jailer's daughter?

LUCIE

No.

MANETTE

Who are you?

Lucie sits down beside him taking her hair into his hand. Then putting his hand to his neck and pulling at a scrap of string hung around it and bringing forth a small pouch with a lock of hair in it. Removing the lock of hair to compare it to Lucie's

MANETTE

How can it be? When was it? How is it? She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out. She had a fear of my going. When I was brought here, they found these upon my sleeve. You will leave me them? I asked. They will never help me to escape in the body though they may in the spirit. Those are the words I said, I remember them very well.

LUCIE

If without disturbing him, all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once ---

LORRY

But consider. Is he fit for the journey

LUCIE

More fit than to remain in this city.

DEFARGE

More than that, he is for all reasons, best out of France.

NARRATOR

Tellson's Bank was an old fashioned place, even in the year seventeen eighty. Any of the partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding it. In this respect the house was much on a par with the country, which did often disinherit it's sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been objectionable. Though quite respectable. Indeed, at that time, putting to death was a recipe much in vogue. Death is nature's remedy for all things. The forger put to death, the unlawful opener of a letter put to death. Three-fourths of all CRIMINALS put to death. Not that it did the least good in any way of prevention. Thus, Tellson's in it's day like other great places of business, had taken many lives. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

They kept him in a dark place, like cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavor and blue-mold upon him. Outside Tellson's, never in it, unless called in was an odd-job man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job man. The house always tolerated some person in that capacity and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His name was Jerry Cruncher. It is half past seven on a morning in March, Anno Domini seventeen eighty. Though Mr. Cruncher always spoke of the year as Anna Dominoes. Apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.

SCENE 6

The home of Jerry Cruncher.

JERRY

Bust me if she ain't at it gain'. You're at it again', are you?

MRS. CRUNCHER,

I was only saying my prayers.

JERRY,

Sayin' your prayers? You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying gain' me?

MRS. CRUNCHER,

I was not praying against you I was praying for you.

JERRY,

You weren't! Here! Your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, goin' and prayin' gain' your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have son. You've got a religious mother, you have. Goin' floppin' herself down and prayin' that the bread and butter be snatched out of the mouth of her own child.

MRS. CRUNCHER,

They only come from the heart, Jerry.

JERRY,

I wont be prayed gain', I tell you. I can't afford it. If you must go floppin' yourself down, flop in favor of your husband not opposin' 'em. If I had any but an unnatural wife and this poor boy any but a unnatural mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of bein' counter prayed and circumvented into the worst of luck. As bad luck as ever a poor devil of an honest tradesman met with. Don't do it! I ain't goin' to be blessed out of house and home, with my wittles blessed off my table. Keep still! Jerry, hurry and dress yourself while I cleans me boots and keep an eye on your mother and if yer see any signs of her floppin', give me a call.

(He exits.)

The street outside of Tellson's

NARRATOR,

At a quarter before nine, Jerry Cruncher was in good time to touch his three cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed in to Tellson's. Jerry took up his station this windy March morning, with young Jerry standing beside him.

(MORE)

NARRATOR, (cont'd)

Father and son extremely like each other, looking silently on at the morning traffic in Fleet street. Presently, one of the clerks attached to Tellson's came out to them.

SCENE 7

CLERK,

You know the old Bailey well?

JERRY,

Yes, I do know the Bailey.

CLERK,

And you know Mr. Lorry.

JERRY,

Better than I know the Bailey. Better, than I an honest tradesman wish to know the Bailey.

CLERK,

Very well, find the door where the witnesses go in and show them this note for Mr. Lorry. They will then let you in.

JERRY,

Into the court sir?

CLERK,

Yes. There you will make a gesture to Mr. Lorry to show him where you are standing and remain there until he wants you.

JERRY

Is that all sir?

CLERK

That is all.

JERRY

I suppose they'll be trying forgeries this morning?

CLERK

Treason!

JERRY

That's quartering. Barbarous!

CLERK

It is the law.

JERRY

It's hard the law is on a man, I think. Hard enough to kill him but it's very hard even it don't kill him.

CLERK

Speak well of the law. Take care of your chest and voice, my friend and leave the law to take care of it's self.

JERRY

It's the damp, sir, what settles on my chest. I leave you to judge what a damp way of earning a living mine is.

CLERK

We all have our ways of gaining a livelihood. Some have damp ways and some have dry ways. Go along.

JERRY

All right. Jerry, keep my post. I'm off to the Old Bailey.

BOY,

Always rusty! His fingers is always rusty! Where does he get all that iron rust from?

NARRATOR

The jail at the Old Bailey was a vile place in which most kinds of debauchery and villainy were practiced and where dire diseases were bred.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

They came into court with the prisoners and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Justice himself. It happened more than once, that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn, from which pale travelers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage to the other world.

SCENE 8

The Courtroom.

The court room is filled with spectators. Jerry speaks to the man next to him.

JERRY

What's on?

MAN #1

Nothing yet.

JERRY

What's coming on?

MAN #1

The treason case.

JERRY

The quartering one, eh?

MAN #1

Ah! He'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own eyes and then his insides will be taken out and burnt while he looks on and then his head will be chopped off and he'll be cut into quarters.

JERRY

If he's found guilty, you mean to say?

MAN #1

Oh! They'll find him guilty. Don't you be afraid of that. *Lorry is at the defendants table with Mr. Stryver, Charles Darnay and with his back to the audience Sydney Carton. Jerry gets Lorry's attention. The Prosecutor is standing at his table.*

MAN #1

What's he got to do with this case?

JERRY

Blest if I know.

MAN #1

What have you got to do with it? If a person may inquire?

JERRY

Blest if I know that, either.

Dr. Manette and Lucie are escorted in and seated.

JERRY,

Who are they?

MAN #1,

Witnesses.

JERRY

For which side?

MAN #1

Against.

JERRY

Against what side?

MAN #1

The prisoner's.

PROSECUTOR,

The prisoner before you, Mr. Charles Darnay, is young in years, but old in the treasonable practices of traveling between France and England on secret business of which he can give no honest account. Providence has put it into the heart of a person who is beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes and disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State. This man, this patriot, who once was but can no longer call himself the prisoner's friend because he could not call a traitor friend, communicated to the prisoner's servant and engendered in him the determination to examine his masters belongings. The evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovery, will show that the prisoner had been furnished with lists showing the disposition of his Majesty's forces. This will leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. I call, the patriot, Mr. John Barsad.

Barsad enters the witness box and is sworn in.)

CLERK

Do you swear the testimony you are about to give is the truth and nothing but the truth?

BARSAD

I do.

PROSECUTOR

I ask you, from the evidence you discovered can you tell me how long the prisoner had carried out his treason and the nature of that treason?

BARSAD

The proof goes back five years and shows that the prisoner had engaged in these missions, within a few weeks before the very first action between British troops and the Americans.

PROSECUTOR

Is it true that these documents cannot be shown to be in the prisoner's own hand?

BARSAD

That is true, but----

PROSECUTOR

That, indeed shows the prisoner has been artful in his precautions. It is for these reasons and citing this evidence that I charge the jury, being a loyal jury, to find the prisoner guilty and make an end to him, whether they like it or not. I thank you, sir. You may step down.

STRYVER

A few questions of the witness, your honor?

JUDGE

Go on.

STRYVER

Thank you, your honor. Now, Mr. Barsad, have you ever been a spy?

BARSAD

Of course not, that's a silly question.

STRYVER

On what manner of income do you live?

My property. BARSAD

Where is this property? STRYVER

I, don't remember. Exactly. BARSAD

Do you remember, what it is? STRYVER

That's none of any body's business. BARSAD

Ever been in prison? STRYVER

Certainly not! BARSAD

Never in debtors' prison? STRYVER

Don't see what that has to do with anything. BARSAD

Never in debtors' prison? Never? STRYVER

Yes. BARSAD

How many times? STRYVER

Two or three times. BARSAD

Not five or six? STRYVER

Perhaps. BARSAD

What is your profession? STRYVER

Gentleman. BARSAD

Ever been kicked? STRYVER

Might have been. BARSAD

Frequently? STRYVER

No. BARSAD

Ever been kicked down stairs? STRYVER

Decidedly not! BARSAD

No? STRYVER

Once received a kick on the top of a staircase and fell down them of my own accord. BARSAD

Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? STRYVER

BARSAD
 That was alleged by the liar who committed the assault.
 STRYVER
 Ever live by cheating?
 BARSAD
 Never!
 STRYVER
 Ever live by gambling?
 BARSAD
 No more than any other gentleman.
 STRYVER
 Ever borrow money from the prisoner?
 BARSAD
 Yes.
 STRYVER
 Ever pay him?
 BARSAD
 No.
 STRYVER
 Was not this friendship with the prisoner, more like an
 acquaintance?
 BARSAD
 No.
 STRYVER
 Are you sure you saw the prisoner with these lists?
 BARSAD
 Certainly.
 STRYVER
 Do you know more about these lists?
 BARSAD
 No.
 STRYVER
 You, did not procure them yourself?
 BARSAD
 No.
 STRYVER
 Expect to get anything in return for this evidence?
 BARSAD
 No.
 STRYVER
 Are you employed by the government to lay traps?
 BARSAD
 Oh dear no.
 STRYVER
 No motives save that of pure patriotism?
 BARSAD
 None, whatever.
 STRYVER
 I have no further questions for this patriot.
 JUDGE
 You may step down. Call your next witness .
 PROSECUTOR
 I call Roger Cly.
Cly enters the witness box.

CLERK

Do you swear before God that the testimony you are about to give is true?

CLY

Yes, I do.

PROSECUTOR,

You entered the service of the prisoner, When?

CLY

Yes, in good faith, four years ago.

PROSECUTOR

And your reason for this testimony?

CLY

Not long after accepting the position I began to have suspicions.

PROSECUTOR

And you acted on these suspicions?

CLY

I just sort of kept an eye on him. If you get my meaning?

PROSECUTOR

And then you noticed these lists?

CLY

Oh! Yes.

PROSECUTOR

And then? You saw the lists? Under what circumstances did you see them?

CLY

I saw them in his pockets when arranging his clothing.

PROSECUTOR

Was that the only time you saw them?

CLY

What?

PROSECUTOR

Did you see them at any other time?

CLY

I saw him show these lists to French gentlemen at Calais.

PROSECUTOR

And so you decided to give testimony?

CLY

I love my country, I had to give witness.

PROSECUTOR

Thank you.

STRYVER

You took these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk?

CLY

Yes.

STRYVER

You did not put them their yourself?

CLY

No!

STRYVER

Have you ever been accused of stealing a silver tea pot?

CLY

No. I have been maligned respecting a mustard pot, which turned out to be plated.

STRYVER
How long have you known the previous witness?

CLY
Who?

STRYVER
Mr. Barsad, How long have you known him?

CLY
Eight years but that is only a coincidence.

STRYVER
No further questions.

JUDGE
You may step down.

PROSECUTOR
The crown calls, Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

CLERK
Do swear that the testimony you are about to give is true, so help you God.

LORRY
I do.

CLERK
Be seated.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Jarvis Lorry, you are a clerk at Tellson's bank?

LORRY
I am.

PROSECUTOR
On a certain night in November seventeen seventy-five, did business cause you to travel to Dover by the mail?

LORRY
It did.

PROSECUTOR
Where there other passengers on the mail?

LORRY
Two.

PROSECUTOR
Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?

LORRY
They did.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those passengers?

LORRY
I cannot say that he was.

PROSECUTOR
Does he resemble either of the two passengers?

LORRY
Both were wrapped up and the night was so dark that I cannot undertake to say even that.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Suppose him wrapped up as those passengers were, is there anything in his size or stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?

LORRY
No.

PROSECUTOR

You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?

LORRY

No.

PROSECUTOR

So at least you say that he might have been one of them?

LORRY

Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been, like myself, timorous of highwaymen and the prisoner has not a timorous air.

PROSECUTOR

Have you never seen counterfeit timidity, Mr. Lorry.

LORRY

I have seen that.

PROSECUTOR

Look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him before?

LORRY

I have.

PROSECUTOR

When?

LORRY

I was returning from France a few days afterwards and at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet ship in which I returned and made the voyage with me.

PROSECUTOR

At what hour did he come on board?

LORRY

A little after midnight.

PROSECUTOR

Was he the only passenger who came on board at that hour?

LORRY

He happened to be the only one.

PROSECUTOR

Never mind about 'happening' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger to come on board in the middle of the night?

LORRY

He was.

PROSECUTOR

Were you traveling alone?

LORRY

With two companions. A gentleman and a lady. They are here.

PROSECUTOR

Had you any conversation with the prisoner.

LORRY

Hardly any. The weather was stormy and the passage long and rough.

PROSECUTOR

Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you seen the prisoner before?

LUCIE

Yes, sir.

PROSECUTOR

Where?

LUCIE

On board the packet ship sir, on the occasion mentioned.

PROSECUTOR

You are the young lady just now referred to?

LUCIE

O! Most unhappily, I am.

JUDGE

Answer the questions put to you and make no remark upon them.

PROSECUTOR

Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that occasion?

LUCIE

Yes, sir.

PROSECUTOR

Recall it.

LUCIE

When the gentleman came on board ---

JUDGE

Do you mean the prisoner?

LUCIE

Yes, my lord.

JUDGE

Then say the prisoner.

LUCIE

When the prisoner came on board, there were no other passengers that night, but we four. The prisoner was good enough to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather better than I had done. He showed great gentleness toward my father. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together.

PROSECUTOR

Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?

LUCIE

No.

PROSECUTOR

How many were with him?

LUCIE

Two. French gentlemen.

PROSECUTOR

Had they conferred together?

LUCIE

Yes, until it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat.

PROSECUTOR

Had any papers, similar to these lists been handed about?

LUCIE

Some papers had been handed about but I do not know what papers.

PROSECUTOR

Like these in shape and size?

LUCIE

It was dark and the ships lamp not very bright, I saw only that they looked at papers.

PROSECUTOR

Now to the prisoners conversation, Miss Manette.

LUCIE

He was kind to my father. I hope, I will not repay him by doing him harm to-day.

PROSECUTOR

Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not understand that you give evidence which it is your duty to give, - which you must give, albeit with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please go on.

LUCIE

He told me that he was traveling on business of a delicate nature which might get people into trouble and he was therefore traveling under an assumed name. He said that his business would take him at intervals back and forth between France and England for a long time to come.

PROSECUTOR

Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular.

LUCIE

He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. There was no harm in his saying this. It was said laughingly and to beguile the time.

PROSECUTOR

Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you seen him before?

DR. MANETTE

Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years ago.

PROSECUTOR

Can you identify him as your fellow passenger on the packet ship?

DR. MANETTE

Sir, I can not.

PROSECUTOR

The crown calls Mr. Henry Gentle.

CLERK

Do you swear that your testimony is the truth, so help you?

GENTLE

I do.

PROSECUTOR

Did you see the prisoner enter a military garrison on a certain Friday night in November seventeen seventy five and leave again some time later caring papers?

GENTLE

Yes.

PROSECUTOR

And you are sure it was the prisoner? Have a good look.

GENTLE

That is the man I saw.

PROSECUTOR

Your witness.

Carton hands Stryver a note.

STRYVER

Will you say again that you are sure it was the prisoner?

GENTLE

Quite sure.

STRYVER

Did you ever see anybody, who looked very like the prisoner?

GENTLE

Not so like that I could be mistaken.

STRYVER

Look then upon that gentleman, my learned friend there.

Indicating Sydney Carton, who now stands and faces the witness.

STRYVER

And then look again upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?

GENTLE

Well I'll But I could better tell if he weren't wearin' no wig. *Carton removes the wig. All present react, jurors, gallery and the Judge himself.*

JUDGE

Well Mr. Stryver, must we now place Mr. Carton in the dock and try him for treason?

STRYVER

Not so my Lord. With your permission, I would ask the witness to tell us if this sort of thing might happen twice. Would you have been so confident had you seen this demonstration? Could you have been so rash in your judgment? Could you have been so confident?

GENTLE

I, I --

STRYVER

This witness, if he may be called that, is excused.

PROSECUTOR

The crown rests, your grace.

JUDGE

Very well. Mr. Carton, if you would be so kind as to replace your wig. Mr. Stryver, you will now present your defense?

STRYVER,

I need call no witnesses, your honor. The prosecution has presented all the witnesses needed to prove my client's innocence. Members of the jury, here then is the prosecutor's case. Mr. Barsad, who's word you are asked to believe, is a villain. He was a hired spy and a traitor, an unblushing trafficker in blood and one of the greatest scoundrels on earth since the accursed Judas. Now to the virtuous servant, Cly. He was Barsad's partner and well they deserve each other. As to the prisoner. Because family affairs in France, he is after all of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel. Affairs which in consideration of others, even under pain of death he could not disclose. Then, the evidence which had been wrested from this lovely young lady, whose anguish in giving it, you yourselves witnessed. That testimony was warped and twisted and in the end came to nothing.

(MORE)

STRYVER, (cont'd)

It was merely a remembrance of little innocent gallantries and politeness likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together, with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. I leave it to you to see that this case rests upon nothing and I charge you to find the defendant not guilty. Thank you.

PROSECUTOR,

Now I say to you, the members of the jury. Will you take the words of this man, who's only defense is that he cannot tell, because he is bound by secrecy, what his defense is? Or will you, as you should accept the truth as told by two witnesses who's character is beyond reproach and whose only crime is to have been slandered by the Honorable Mr. Stryver here. Mr. Barsad is a patriot and in testifying to these treasonous offenses proves that he is so. And so I charge you to find in favor of the Crown and convict this prisoner. Thank you.

JUDGE,

Members of the jury, it is my duty to charge you with the task of weighing the evidence of this case and thence deciding the fate of the prisoner in the dock. The jury is excused. Might I offer my compliments to the defense?

The jury files out of the courtroom.

STRYVER,

Sir?

JUDGE

Anyone may see a resemblance between Mr. Carton and the prisoner but it is after all merely a resemblance. You did well to convince even I, if only for an instance that it was something more. We now await the jury's verdict.

NARRATOR JERRY

Now, after the jury went out we was all standing round, except that Mr. Carton, he just sat starrng at the ceiling, we had time to compare our thoughts. The Judge, meanwhile paced back and forth. What struck most of us is what the Judge had to say to Mr. Stryver.

NARRATOR JERRY (CONT'D)

Look at him now, he don't hardly look like that prisoner at all. And I'd wager half a guinea that he don't get any law work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?

CARTON

Officer, look to the young lady.

Calling his attention to Lucie, who's head had dropped as though faint.

CARTON

Help us take her out. I'm afraid that she will fall.

An officer helps Carton escort Lucie and her father out of the courtroom.

LORRY

Jerry, you may wish to take something to eat. But, do not go far. Be here when the jury comes back. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank. You will get to the bank long before I can.

JERRY

I'll be here when you need's me, sir.
Jerry exits. Carton returns.

LORRY

How is the young lady?

CARTON

She is greatly distressed but the better for being out of court. Mr. Darnay, I know you are anxious on behalf Miss Manette. She is doing well, you have seen the worst of her agitation.

DARNAY

I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me?

CARTON

Yes I can, and I will. What, do you expect, Mr. Darnay.

DARNAY

The worst.

CARTON

It is the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think they might surprise you.

BLACKOUT

STREET SCENE.

With the courtroom blacked out behind and as we hear the gallery erupt, Mr. Lorry appears waving a piece of paper attracting the attention of Jerry Cruncher.

LORRY,

Jerry, Jerry!

JERRY,

Here I am. It's a fight to get back in again, sir.
Handing Jerry the paper.

LORRY

Go quickly.

JERRY

Yes, sir. Acquitted! If you'd sent the message, 'recalled to life.' agin', I would have known what you meant this time.

SCENE 9

THE COURT

Mr. Lorry remains standing as the gallery and jury file past him. Then as the narrator speaks Lucie, Dr. Manette, Mr. Stryver and Darnay are alone in the courtroom.

NARRATOR

From the dimly-lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day was straining off. This little gathering met to congratulate Mr. Darnay upon his escape from death.

DARNAY

Thank you.

STRYVER

I am glad to have preserved your honor, an infamous prosecution.

DARNAY

You have laid me under an obligation to you for life.

STRYVER

I have done my best and my best is as good as another's.

LORRY

Much better.

STRYVER

You think so? Well you have been present all day and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too.

LORRY

And as such, I would suggest we break up this conference and all return to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day and we are worn out.

STRYVER,

Speak for yourself, Lorry. I have a nights work to do yet.

LORRY

I speak for myself and for Mr. Darnay and for Miss Lucie.

LUCIE

Father, shall we go home?

MANETTE

Yes.

Dr. Manette and Lucie exit.

LORRY

Good night, sir.

As Stryver exits, Carton appears from the shadows.

CARTON

So, Mr. Lorry, men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?

LORRY

If you knew the conflict which goes on in the business mind, when it is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearance, you would be amused, Mr. Carton. We men of business, who serve a house, are not our own masters.

CARTON

Don't let me upset you Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, better, I daresay.

LORRY

If you will excuse me, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business.

CARTON

Business! Bless you, I have no business.

LORRY

Pity you have not, sir.

CARTON

I think so, too.

LORRY

If you had, perhaps you would attend to it.

CARTON

Lord love you, no! I shouldn't.

LORRY

Well, sir! Business is a good and respectable thing. And, sir, if business imposes its' restraints and impediments, Mr. Darnay as a young gentleman of generosity knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Carton, good night, God bless you sir. I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life.

Mr. Lorry exits.

CARTON

This is an odd chance that throws us together. It must be strange for you, standing here alone, with your counterpart?

DARNAY

I hardly seem to belong to this world again.

CARTON

I don't wonder at that. It is not long since you were apparently headed on your way to another. You speak faintly.

DARNAY

I think I feel faint.

CARTON

Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined myself, while those numskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to. I can show you the nearest tavern to dine well at.

NARRATOR

The Old Bailey was famous as a kind of Inn-yard, from which pale travelers set out continually, in carts and coaches on a violent passage to that other world. It was famous to for pillory and whippings. It was a choice illustration of the precept that 'Whatever is, is right.' A maxim that would be as final as it is lazy, which did not include the troublesome result, that nothing that ever was, was wrong. It was from this place that Charles Darnay had escaped

SCENE 10

A TAVERN.

Darnay is eating, Carton is drinking.

CARTON

Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this world again?

DARNAY

I am still quite confused as regards time and place but I am well enough to feel that.

CARTON

I would forget that I belong to it. It holds no good for me, except good wine. And I, no good for it. So, you and I are not alike in that way. Indeed, I begin to think we are not alike in any particular way. Now, you have finished your dinner, why don't you give your toast?

DARNAY

What toast?

CARTON

Why, it's on the tip of your tongue man. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there.

DARNAY

Miss Manette, then!

CARTON

Miss Manette! That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay.

DARNAY

Yes.

CARTON

That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel?

(MORE)

CARTON (cont'd)

Is it worth being on trial for ones life, to be the object of such compassion? She was pleased to have your message when I gave it to her.

DARNAY

You have been of great assistance to me in dire straits. I thank you for what you have done on my behalf.

CARTON

I neither thanks, nor merit any. It was nothing. Would you answer a question?

DARNAY

Willingly and a small return for your good offices.

CARTON

Do you think that I like you?

DARNAY

I have given it no thought and have not asked myself.

CARTON

Ask yourself, now.

DARNAY

You have acted as if you do but I don't think you do.

CARTON

I don't think I do. I do however, begin to have a very good opinion of your observation.

DARNAY

Nevertheless, there is nothing, I hope, to prevent my calling for my bill and our parting without ill blood on either side.

CARTON

Nothing in life! Do you call for the whole bill?

As the innkeeper enters.

DARNAY

Yes, I do.

CARTON

Then bring me another pint of this same wine and come and wake me at ten.

Innkeeper exits.

DARNAY

Good night, Mr. Carton.

CARTON

A last word, Mr. Darnay; You think I am drunk?

DARNAY

I think you have been drinking.

CARTON

Think? You know I have been drinking.

DARNAY

If I must say so. I know it.

CARTON

You should know why. I care for no man on earth and no man on earth cares for me.

DARNAY

That is regrettable. You might have used your talents better.

CARTON

Maybe so, maybe not. However; you do not know what the future holds. Good-night!

Darnay turns abruptly and exits.

CARTON

Why should you like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A good reason for talking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him. Would she have looked upon you with the same compassion? Come on, have it out in plain words. You hate him!

He sits drinks and rests his head in his arms atop the table.

NARRATOR

Those were drinking days and most men drank, hard. The volume a man would swallow in the course of a night without detriment to his reputation as a gentleman, would seem, in these days a ridiculous exaggeration. The profession of the law was certainly not lagging behind any other learned profession in it's Bacchanalian propensities, neither was Mr. Stryver, shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice. It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, unscrupulous and bold, he had not the faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements. The later being among the most necessary of an advocates accomplishments. A remarkable improvement came upon him in this area. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting to the pith and marrow and however late at night he sat carousing with Sidney Carton he always had his points at his finger tips in the morning.

Carton still asleep at the Inn. The Innkeeper enters.

INNKEEPER

Ten o'clock, sir, ten o'clock, sir.

CARTON

What's the matter?

INNKEEPER

Ten o'clock, sir.

CARTON

What do you mean? --- Ten o'clock at night?

INNKEEPER

Yes sir. Your honor told me to call you.

CARTON

Oh! I remember. Very well, very well.

NARRATOR

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Mr. Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case, that Carton was not there, with his hands in his pockets, starrng at the ceiling of the court. No, Sidney Carton would never be a lion but he was an amazingly good jackal and he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

SCENE 11

MR. STRYVER'S RESIDENCE.

There is a knock at the door. When he opens it Carton appears.

STRYVER

You are a little late.

CARTON

A quarter of an hour, not so late.

STRYVER

You have had your bottle?

CARTON

Two tonight, I think. I have been dinning with the day's client; or seeing him dine ---

STRYVER

That was a stoke of brilliance that you brought to bear upon the identification.

CARTON

I thought he was a rather handsome fellow and thought I should have been the same sort of fellow, had I any luck.

STRYVER

You and your luck, Sidney! Get to work.

Carton helps himself to some wet towels at a dry sink, wipes his face and drapes a towel over his head. He sits.

CARTON

Now, I am ready.

STRYVER

Not much to be done tonight.

CARTON

How much?

STRYVER

Only two sets.

CARTON

Give me the worst first.

STRYVER

There they are Sidney. Fire away!

The lights dim to black. After an interval a clock chimes three as the lights come back up.

CARTON

Now, that's a night's work.

STRYVER

You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day.

CARTON

I am always sound, am I not?

STRYVER

I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it. The old Sydney Carton of Shrewsbury School, the old seesaw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next. Now in spirits and now in despondency.

CARTON

Yes, the same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did lessons for the other boys and seldom did my own.

STRYVER

And why not?

CARTON

God knows. It was my way, I suppose.

STRYVER

Carton, your way is and always was a lame way. You summon no energy, have no purpose. Look at me.

CARTON

Don't you be moral.

STRYVER

How have I done what I have done? How do I do what I do?

CARTON

Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. Though, what you want to do you do. You were always in the front rank, and I always behind.

STRYVER

I got into the front rank! I was not born there, was I?

CARTON

I was not present at the ceremony but my opinion is you were. Before, during and after Shrewsbury you have fallen into your own rank and I into mine. Even when we studied French law in Paris, you were always somewhere and I was always, nowhere.

STRYVER

And whose fault was that?

CARTON

It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past. Turn me in some other direction before I go.

STRYVER

Well then! A toast to the pretty witness.

CARTON

Pretty witness. I've had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night. What pretty witness?

STRYVER

The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette.

CARTON

She, Pretty?

STRYVER

Is she not?

CARTON

No.

STRYVER,

Why, man alive, she won the admiration of the whole court!

CARTON

Rot the admiration of the whole court! Who made The Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll.

STRYVER

Do you know, Sydney? I rather thought at the time, that you sympathized with the golden-haired doll and were quick to see to her condition.

CARTON

If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard of a man, he can see it without glasses.

NARRATOR

The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, and carried it, as to the public interest and memory, far out to sea, Mr. Lorry came to dine with the Doctor. Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend and the quiet street corner a sunny part of his life.

SCENE 12

MANETTE'S SITTING ROOM.

Lorry stands looking at the shoemaker's bench Pross is present.

I am very much put out about my Ladybird.
 Indeed?
 Yes, I am very much put out.
 May I ask the cause?
 I don't want dozens of people who are not worthy, coming here looking for her.
 Do dozens come for that purpose?
 Hundreds.
 Dear me!
 The darling girl has lived with me and paid me for it, since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard, All sorts of people, who are not worthy of her are always turning up. When you began it.
 I began it, Pross?
 Didn't you? Who brought her father to life?
 Oh! If that was beginning it ---
 It was not ending it. Not that I find fault with Doctor Manette. The fact that he is not worthy of such a daughter is no imputation on him, it is not possible that anybody could be. It is doubly hard to have multitudes of people turning up to take Ladybird's affections away from me.
 I know Miss Pross to be very jealous. Also that she is below the surface of her eccentricities, one of those unselfish creatures, found only among women, who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing as slaves, to youth they have lost, to beauty they never had, to accomplishments that they were never to gain, to bright hopes that never shown upon there somber lives. For her faithful service of the heart, so rendered and free from mercenary taint, I regard her as being closer to the lower angels than many ladies of higher station, who have balances at Tellson's.
 There never was, but one man worthy of her and that was my brother Solomon.
 Her brother Solomon, in whose fidelity she still believes, is a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of all she possessed as a stake to speculate.

LORRY

As we are alone for the moment, let me ask you something. Does the Doctor, never refer to the shoemaking time?

PROSS

Never.

LORRY

And yet he keeps that bench and tools in view?

PROSS

I don't say he never thinks about it.

LORRY

He does so often?

PROSS

I do believe, he does.

LORRY

Do you imagine ---

PROSS

Never imagine anything. Have no imagination at all.

LORRY

I stand corrected; do you suppose - you go so far as to suppose, sometimes? Do you suppose, that Doctor Manette has any theory as to the identity of those responsible for his imprisonment?

PROSS

I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me.

LORRY

And that is?

PROSS

She thinks he has.

LORRY

Is it not remarkable that the Doctor, should never touch upon the question? I do not say that he would speak of it with me but with his daughter, devoted as they are to one-another. I don't approach the topic out of curiosity but out of a zealous interest.

PROSS,

To the best of my understanding, he is afraid of the subject.

LORRY

Afraid?

PROSS

Of not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain about losing himself again. That alone would make the subject unpleasant, I should think.

LORRY

True. Yet is it good to have that shut up within him.

PROSS

Sometimes, in the dead of night and can be heard walking up and down, walking up and down. Ladybird has learned to know that it is his mind that is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She hurries to him and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. He never says a word about the reason for his restlessness and she finds it best not to question. In silence they go walking up and down, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself.

NARRATOR

Notwithstanding Pross's denial of her own imagination, there is a perception of the pain of being haunted by one sad idea, her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, testified to her possession of such a thing.

Dr. and Lucie Manette enter.

PROSS

Here they are! And now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon.

MANETTE

You spoil the child, Pross.

LORRY

Good day to you both.

A knock at the door.

LUCIE

That will be Mr. Darnay. Father invited him for dinner.

NARRATOR

Dinner time came and went, a very pleasant affair but no hundreds of people came to call on the fair Lucie. After dinner they sat in the parlor with their wine and chatted. Still no hundreds of people. Mr. Carton arrived.

Carton enters.

Still no hundreds.

MANETTE

The rain-drops are falling, large, heavy and few. It comes slowly.

Carton is looking out the window.

CARTON

It comes surely.

They sit and listen to the footsteps.

DARNAY

A multitude of people, and yet solitude.

LUCIE

I have sat here of an evening, listening, until I have made the echoes out to be those of all the footsteps that are coming by and by into our lives.

CARTON

A great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so.

DARNAY

Are all these footsteps destined to come to all of us, Miss Manette, or are we to divide them among us?

We now hear the rain intensified and the footsteps quicken.

LUCIE

I don't know Mr. Darnay. As I told you it is a fancy. When I yield to it I imagine them to be the footsteps which are to come into my life and my fathers.

CARTON

I take them into mine. I ask no questions and make no stipulations. There is a great crowd bearing down upon us, Miss Manette and I see them by the lightning.

Thunder.

CARTON

And I hear them! Here they come, fast, fierce and furious.

The rain and thunder drown out all voices save that of a steeple bell in the distance.

NARRATOR

Monseigneur, one of the great Lords of power at the French Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiest's to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate.

Lights up on the Monseigneur on a chaise, there are five men present.

Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease and was supposed by some to be rapidly swallowing up France but this day's chocolate could not get to Monseigneur's throat without the aid of four strong men besides the cook.

The men's movements will be suited to the action described by the narrator.

Yes. It took four men to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with a little instrument suited to the purpose; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men. He might have died having been waited on by only two. Monseigneur had the truly noble idea of general public business.

MONSEIGNEUR

Let everything go on it's own way.

NARRATOR

Of, particular public business, he had the truly NOBLE idea

MONSEIGNEUR

Everything must go my way.

NARRATOR

Tendered to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly NOBLE idea, that the world was made for them.

MONSEIGNEUR

"The earth and the fullness are mine ---

NARRATOR

Sayeth the Monseigneur. The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had, for a few years, some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going rather wrong. Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open and issued forth. Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms. After a time the Monseigneur turned, and in due course got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and would be seen no more.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

The show being over, the flutter in the air dissipated and was replaced by the storm created by those now rushing to their carriages and home. One of the worshipers, Monsieur the Marquis got into his carriage and drove away. The carriage sped it's way through Paris and the suburbs, through Saint Antoine. The valet drove the horses hard through the narrow streets, seemingly without regard for any poor souls moving in these streets.

Sounds of horses and carriage at a gallop. The sound of something being hit followed by cries of anguish and alarm. The horses halt. Curtain opens to reveal the Marquis seated in his carriage. There is a crowd and one man on the ground holding a bundle. It is a child. It has been run over and killed by the speeding carriage.

SCENE 13

OUTSIDE OF THE WINESHOP

MARQUIS

What is wrong?

MAN 1

Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis! It is a child.
Pointing to the man with the bundle, who is wailing his grief.

MARQUIS

Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?

MAN 2

Rising from the ground and running toward the carriage.

Killed!!!

Marquis claps his hand to his sword hilt. The man tops and stands staring at the Marquis.

MAN 2

Dead!!!

MARQUIS

It is extraordinary to me, that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses.

The Marquis tosses a coin to the valet.

MARQUIS

See! Give him that.

MAN 2

Dead!!!

DEFARGE

Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little thing to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment, without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?

MARQUIS

You there, you are a philosopher. How do they call you?

DEFARGE

They call me Defarge.

MARQUIS

Of what trade?

DEFARGE

Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine.
The Marquis tosses another coin.

MARQUIS

Pick that up, philosopher and vendor of wine, and spend it as you will. The horses, are they all right?
The Marquis leans back in his seat, out of view. Defarge tosses the coin through the open window of the carriage and moves off. The Marquis reappears in the window.

MARQUIS

Hold! Hold the horses! Who threw that?
Madam Defarge has taken her husbands spot.

MARQUIS

You dogs! I would ride over any one of you willingly. Driver! Move on!

NARRATOR

At length the carriage carried the Marquis passed a little village. The village had it's one poor street, with it's one poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, all the usual poor appointments. It had it's poor people too. Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court. These faces drooped merely in suffering. Directly, the carriage passed out of the village up upon the hill that overlooked it and to the chateau of Monsieur the Marquis. It was a large building, the chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone courtyard before it. He entered it's great halls and found his way to the dining room. The supper table was laid for two.

SCENE 14

THE DINING ROOM OF THE MARQUIS

MARQUIS,

My nephew, they say he has not arrived.

SERVANT

He has sir, just arrived.

MARQUIS

Good. Show him in here, I am sure he is hungry.
The man leaves and returns in a moment with Charles Darnay.

DARNAY

Good evening uncle.

MARQUIS

Sit and join me, Bring food for the young Count.

DARNAY

You left Paris yesterday?

MARQUIS

Yesterday. And you?

DARNAY

I come direct.

MARQUIS

From London?

DARNAY

Yes.

MARQUIS

You have been a long time coming.

DARNAY

On the contrary, I come direct.

MARQUIS

Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey. A long time intending the journey.

DARNAY

I have been detained by, various business.

MARQUIS

Without doubt.

Not another word passes until the servant has left the room.

DARNAY

I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the mission that took me away. It carried me into unexpected peril but it is a sacred mission and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me.

MARQUIS

Not to death, it is not necessary to say to death.

DARNAY

I doubt, sir, if it had carried me to the brink of death, you would have cared to stop me.

A long pause, the Marquis maintains his high born and bred aloofness in a gesture of protest.

DARNAY

Indeed sir, for all I know, you may have added to my trials.

MARQUIS

I? No, no, no.

DARNAY

I know that you would stop me by any means and know no scruple as to means.

MARQUIS

I told you so. Do me the favor to recall that I told you so.

DARNAY

I recall it.

MARQUIS

Thank you.

DARNAY

I believe it to be your bad fortune, that has kept me out of jail in France.

MARQUIS

I do not understand.

DARNAY

I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, a letter de cachet would have sent me away indefinitely.

MARQUIS

It is possible, for the honor of the family, that I might inconvenience you to that extent. Please excuse me!

DARNAY

Happily for me, your reception from 'Monsieur' the day before yesterday was as usual, a cold one.

MARQUIS

I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honor of families, which might inconvenience you are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by many and granted to so few! It was not always so but France in all such things has changed for the worse.

(MORE)

MARQUIS (cont'd)

Our immediate ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room many such dogs have been taken out and hanged. In the next room one fellow was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his sister. His sister!!! We have lost many privileges.

DARNAY

We have so asserted our station, that I believe our name to be among the most detested name in France.

MARQUIS

Let us hope so. Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low. A compliment to the grandeur of the family. Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend, will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof shuts out the sky.

NARRATOR,

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a very few years hence and of fifty others like it could have been shown to him he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the fire charred ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found that shutting out the sky in a new way, to wit, for ever, from the eyes of the bodies into which lead was fired out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

DARNAY

Sir, we have done wrong and we reap the fruits of wrong.

MARQUIS

We have done wrong?

DARNAY

Our family; whose honor is of so much account to both of us. In such different ways. Even in my father's time, we did a world of wrong injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. My father's time was equally yours. Can I separate my father's twin brother, joint inheritor and successor from him?

MARQUIS

Death has done that.

DARNAY

And has left me bound to a system that is frightful to me. Responsible for it but powerless in it. Seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother which implores me to have mercy. I am tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain.

MARQUIS

Seeking them from me, my nephew you will forever seek them in vain. My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived. Better to be a rational creature and accept your natural destiny. Ah, but you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see.

DARNAY

This property and France are lost to me. I renounce them.

MARQUIS

Are they both yours to renounce? France may be but not this property. Not yet.

DARNAY

I do not claim it, yet. If it passed to me to-morrow ---

MARQUIS

Which I hope, vainly is not the case.

DARNAY

-or twenty years hence ---

MARQUIS

You do me to much honor, still I prefer that supposition.

DARNAY

I would abandon it and live otherwise.

MARQUIS

And you? Forgive my curiosity; under your new philosophy, how do you intend to live?

DARNAY

I must, to live, do what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day, work.

MARQUIS

In England?

DARNAY

Yes. The family honor is safe in France. The family name will suffer in no other country, for I bear it in no other.

The valet who has entered.

MARQUIS

England is very attractive to you, seeing how you have prospered there.

DARNAY

I have said, I prosper there because I am sensible. It is my refuge.

MARQUIS

They say those boastful English it is a refuge of many. Do you know a compatriot who has found a refuge there? A Doctor?

DARNAY

Yes.

MARQUIS

With a daughter?

DARNAY

Yes.

MARQUIS

A Doctor with a daughter. Good night.

NARRATOR

Twelve months had come and gone and Charles was established in England as a teacher of the French language and literature. As a tutor who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, he was soon well known. So he prospered. He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had not uttered a word to disclose to her the state of his heart. He had reason for this. It was summer day he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Dr. Manette.

SCENE 15

MANETTES' PARLOR

MANETTE

Lucie has gone out on some household matters.

DARNAY

Dr. Manette, I knew she was not home. I took the opportunity, knowing that to speak with you.

MANETTE

Yes?

DARNAY

I have had the happiness of being welcome here for some year and a half, that I hope the topic I touch upon may not ---

MANETTE

Is Lucie the topic?

DARNAY

She is.

MANETTE

I detect something in the tone of your voice, Charles.

DARNAY

It is a tone of admiration and deep love, Doctor.

MANETTE

I believe it.

DARNAY

You anticipate what I would say. I love your daughter, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me.

MANETTE

Let that be! I do not doubt your loving Lucie, You may be satisfied of that. Have you spoken to her?

DARNAY

No.

MANETTE

Nor written?

DARNAY

Never.

MANETTE

It would be ungenerous not to acknowledge that your self denial is in consideration for her father. He thanks you.

DARNAY

I have seen you together day to day. I see an affection so touching, that I have known no parallels. I know that in her childhood she had no parent so she is now devoted to you. I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age, sees and loves you at my age. I have known this dear Dr. Manette, always know this, seeing her with you, I have forborne as long as humanly possible. But I love her.

MANETTE

I have thought so before now. I believe it.

DARNAY

You must also believe that at no time should that love put any separation between her and you. I look only to sharing our fortunes, sharing your life and home and being faithful to you to the death.

MANETTE

Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?

DARNAY

As yet, none.

MANETTE

You may, with my consent attempt to ascertain that knowledge.
Do you seek any guidance from me?

DARNAY

I ask none, sir. I would however gladly accept any offered.

MANETTE

Do you seek any promise from me?

DARNAY

I do seek that.

MANETTE

What is it?

DARNAY

I understand that, without you, I could have no hope. Even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her heart I could retain no place in it against her love for you. I understand that a word from you in any suitor's favor would outweigh herself and all the world. But I would not ask that word, to save my life.

MANETTE

I am sure of it. My daughter is, in one respect, such a mystery to me, I can not guess the state of her heart.

DARNAY

May I ask, sir, if you think she is ---

MANETTE

Sought by any other suitor?

DARNAY

It is what I meant to say.

MANETTE

You have seen Mr. Carton here, Mr. Stryver too, occasionally.
If it be at all, it can only be one of these.

DARNAY

Or both.

MANETTE

I had not thought of both but I do not think either likely.
You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is.

DARNAY

It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you, at any time, such a confidence as I have ventured, you will bare testimony to what I have said and to your belief in it.

MANETTE

If she should tell me you are essential to her happiness, I will give her to you. I would for her sake obliterate any apprehensions against the man she really loved.

DARNAY

Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, is not, my own. I wish to tell you what it is and why I am in England.

MANETTE

Stop!

DARNAY

I wish to have no secret from you.

MANETTE

Tell me when I ask you. Not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?

DARNAY

Willingly.

MANETTE

She will be home directly and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you.

NARRATOR (MISS PROSS)

It was dark when I returned home with my Ladybird, she had gone in to visit her father, I went directly up to my rooms. I heard her call out to him. Then I heard her say, "What shall I do?" I listened closely and heard the tapping of his hammer and then, silence. In another few minutes it began, the sound of the two of them, walking up and down, walking up and down, for a long time. Just as they had done when first he came here to live. Later that night I heard her, several times, go down from her room to look in on him and see him safe.

SCENE 16

THE STREET

STRYVER

Sydney, Good morning! I have something to say to you.

CARTON

Good morning?

STRYVER

Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you and perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do. I intend to marry.

CARTON

You do?

STRYVER

Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?

CARTON

I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?

STRYVER

Guess.

CARTON

If you want me to guess you must invite me to dinner.

STRYVER

Sydney, you are such an insensitive dog.

CARTON

And you are such a sensitive and poetic spirit.

STRYVER

I am not the soul of Romance. Yet, I am more tender than you.

CARTON

Go on. Who is the lady?

STRYVER

Miss Manette. I don't care about fortune, she is a charming creature and I have decided to please myself. I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a man of some distinction. It is a piece of good fortune for her but she is worthy of good fortune. You approve?

CARTON

Why should I not approve?

STRYVER

You take it more easily than I fancied. Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life.

(MORE)

STRYVER (cont'd)

It is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home to go to, when he feels inclined to. I feel that Miss Manette will do well in any station and will do me credit. I have made up my mind. Now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word about your prospects. You are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money, you live hard, one of these days you'll fall ill, ill and poor. You really should think about a nurse. You should look it in the face as I have, in my different way. Look it in the face in your different way. Find someone to care for you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Seek out some respectable woman with a little property and marry her.

CARTON,

I'll think about it.

CROSS FADE LIGHTS TO LORRY'S DESK

NARRATOR

Mr. Stryver having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the Doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for a long vacation. As to the strength of his case, he had no doubt and clearly saw his way to the verdict. He argued with the jury on worldly grounds. It was a plain case and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself for the plaintiff, the council for the defense threw down his brief and the jury did not even take a turn to consider. After trying it in his mind, Stryver, C. J., was satisfied.

Stryver crosses to the desk at which Mr. Lorry is seated.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

On his way to Soho to inform Lucie of the decision he had taken he must as a matter of course pass Tellson's Bank and so decided to stop and give the news to Mr. Lorry.

SCENE 17

LORRY'S OFFICE

STRYVER

Halloa! How do you do? I hope you are well.

LORRY

How do you do, Mr. Stryver. Can I do something for you?

STRYVER

I have come for a private word.

LORRY

Oh indeed!

STRYVER

I am going to make an offer of marriage to Miss Manette.

LORRY

Oh dear me!

STRYVER

Oh dear me, sir? What do you mean?

LORRY,

My meaning, is, of course, friendly and does you the greatest credit and in short, my meaning is everything you could desire. But really, you know, Mr. Stryver. You know there really is so much too much of you.

STRYVER,
Well, if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I'll be hanged! Damn it all sir! Am I not eligible?

LORRY,
Oh yes, you're eligible! If you say eligible, you are eligible.

STRYVER
Am I not prosperous?

LORRY,
If it be a mater of prosperous, you are prosperous.

STRYVER,
And advancing?

LORRY,
Nobody can doubt that.

STRYVER,
Then what on earth is your meaning, Lorry.

LORRY,
Well! I --- Were you going there now?

STRYVER,
Straight!

LORRY,
Then I think I wouldn't, if I was you.

STRYVER,
Why wouldn't you go?

LORRY,
I wouldn't go on such a mission without having some cause or reasons to believe that I should succeed.

STRYVER,
Damn me! This beats everything. Here's a man of business, a man of years, a man of experience, in a bank, having shown three reasons for complete success, who now says, I have no cause to believe that I will be successful. And he says it with his head on!

LORRY,
When I speak of success, it concerns the young lady. When I speak of causes and reasons, they are those which appeal to a young lady. The young lady thinks not as a person of business but as a young lady and might I say might even take offense.

STRYVER,
Do you say, in her mind, she cannot comprehend the value of what I offer? That the young lady is a fool?

LORRY,
Not so. You will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips. And should I hear such a thing, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving the speaker a piece of my mind! I pray that you not make a mistake.

STRYVER,
This is something new to me. You deliberately advise me not to offer myself, myself, Stryver of the King's Bench bar?

LORRY,
Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver?

STRYVER,
Yes, I do.

LORRY,
Then I give it and you have repeated it correctly.

STRYVER,

Beats everything!

LORRY,

As man of business I can say nothing of this matter but as an old fellow, who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is a trusted friend of hers and of her father, I have spoken. Do you understand me?

STRYVER,

It is new to me, but you are right I dare say.

LORRY,

It might be painful to find yourself mistaken, it might also prove painful to Dr. Manette and Miss Manette to have to tell you so. If you please, committing you in no way, I might seek to ascertain the worth of your suite. If you should then be dissatisfied with my opinion, you can test the soundness of it yourself. If you agree with it you may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?

STRYVER,

How long would it take?

LORRY,

It is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho for afternoon tea and be back here at four o'clock.

STRYVER,

Then I say yes. I shall be here at four.

NARRATOR

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in expressing his opinion on any less ground than a moral certainty. Yet unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he got it down. On a day in August, Mr. Stryver notified his jackal, that he had thought better of that marrying matter and thence carried his delicacy of to Devonshire. Something changed in Sydney Carton. He went from being irresolute and purposeless and became animated with intention and in the working out of that intention presented himself at the home of Doctor Manette. After being shown in he found Lucie in the sitting room.

SCENE 18

MANETTE'S SITTING ROOM

LUCIE,

Welcome, Mr. Carton. My father is presently out for a walk.

CARTON,

Good afternoon to you Miss Manette. I have come to call on the company of the house in general. You are well, I hope?

LUCIE,

Yes, thank you. But I fear you are not well.

CARTON,

No. But the life I lead, is not conducive to good health.

LUCIE,

Then why not change it?

CARTON,

May I say why I came here. Will you hear me?

LUCIE,

If it would make you happy Mr. Carton.

CARTON,

Bless you. Please, don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life has already been.

LUCIE,

I am sure that the best part of it might still be ahead.

CARTON,

If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you, self flung away, wasted, drunken poor creature as you know him to be. He knows that he would bring you sorrow, disgrace bring you down with him. I know that you can have no tenderness for me. I ask for none. I am in fact thankful that it cannot be.

LUCIE,

Without it, can I not save you? Can I not recall you, to a better course? I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn this to a good account of yourself, Mr. Carton?

CARTON,

All you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. A dream that stirred old shadows I thought dead.

LUCIE,

Will nothing of the shadows remain?

CARTON,

No.

LUCIE,

Since it is my misfortune, to have made you more unhappy ---

CARTON,

You would have reclaimed me, if anything could. You will not be the cause of my becoming worse. I entreat you, that this confidence repose in you and you alone.

LUCIE,

The secret is yours not mine and I promise to respect it.

CARTON,

My last supplication and with it I will leave you. For you and for any dear to you, I would do anything. Think, now and then, that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you! Farewell! God bless you.

NARRATOR,

Gaspard, the poor man who lost his child to the unfeeling wheels of the carriage of the unfeeling Monsieur the Marquis, petitioned the King for redress and was redressed with a severe beating, took it upon his own head and hands and murdered the unfeeling Monsieur the Marquis. When the wine-merchant Defarge and his wife heard, they went to retrieve what was left of Gaspard's drawing and quartering and return them to his wife. They also stopped to see the petrified corpse of the no longer feeling Monsieur the Marquis.

SCENE 19

THE WINE SHOP.

The three Jacques, Monsieur and Madam Defarge who is knitting.

M. DEFARGE,

So then, my friend, what did Jacques the policeman tell you?

DEFARGE,

There is another spy commissioned for our quarter.

M. DEFARGE,
It will be necessary to register him. How do they call him?
DEFARGE,

He is English.

M. DEFARGE,
His name?

DEFARGE,
Barsad. B, A, R, S, A, D.

M. DEFARGE,
Barsad. Good. A Christian name?
DEFARGE,

John.

M. DEFARGE,
John Barsad. Good. His appearance is it known?
DEFARGE,
Age, about forty, height, about five feet nine, black hair.

M. DEFARGE,
He shall be registered to-morrow. You are fatigued.
DEFARGE,

I am a little tired.

M. DEFARGE,
You are a little depressed, too.
DEFARGE,

It is a long time.

M. DEFARGE,
Vengeance and retribution require a long time.
DEFARGE,

It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning.

M. DEFARGE,
How long does it take to make and store lightning? Tell me. It does not take long for an earthquake to swallow a town. Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?

DEFARGE,
A long time.

M. DEFARGE,
But when it is ready, it grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation.

DEFARGE,
I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time and it is possible that it will not come during our lives. Then we will not have seen the triumph.

M. DEFARGE,
We shall have helped it. For this I will stop at nothing!
DEFARGE,

I too, my dear will stop at nothing.

M. DEFARGE,
It is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim, to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes let loose a devil but wait with it chained.

Madam Defarge goes back to her knitting. The others drink their wine. After a moment Barsad enters she recognizes him.

BARSAD,
Good day, Madame.

With a gesture she takes a rose and places it in her hair.

M. DEFARGE,

Good day, monsieur.

The three Jacques take note of the signal glance briefly at Barsad and exit.

BARSAD,

Please give me a little glass of cognac and a mouthful of cool fresh water, Madame.

She does so without a word.

BARSAD,

Marvelous cognac this, Madame!

M. DEFARGE,

The cognac is flattered.

She takes up her knitting. Barsad watches her a moment.

BARSAD,

You knit with great skill, Madame.

M. DEFARGE,

I am accustomed to it.

BARSAD,

May one ask what it is for?

M. DEFARGE,

Pastime.

BARSAD,

Not for use?

M. DEFARGE,

That depends. I may find a use for it one day.

BARSAD,

You have a husband, Madame?

M. DEFARGE,

I have.

BARSAD,

Children?

M. DEFARGE,

No children.

BARSAD,

Business seems bad.

M. DEFARGE,

Business is very bad. The people are so poor.

BARSAD,

Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed, too - as you say.

M. DEFARGE,

As you say.

BARSAD,

Pardon me. Certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so.

M. DEFARGE,

I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine shop open, without thinking. All we think here, is how we live. That is the subject we think of and it gives us, from morning till night, enough to think about, without embarrassing our heads concerning others. I think for others? No, no.

BARSAD,

A bad business, Madame, Gaspard's execution. The poor man!

M. DEFARGE,
 If people use knives for such a purposes, they pay for it. He
 knew beforehand the price, he has paid the price.

BARSAD,
 I believe there is much anger concerning the poor fellow?

M. DEFARGE,
 Is there?

BARSAD,
 Is there not?

Defarge enters.

M. DEFARGE,
 Here is my husband!

BARSAD,
 Good day, Jacques!

Defarge stops but only stares at him.

DEFARGE,
 You mistake me for another. I am Ernest Defarge.

BARSAD,
 All the same, good day.

DEFARGE,
 Good day.

BARSAD,
 I was saying to Madame that they tell me there is, and no
 wonder, much anger attached to the fate of poor Gaspard.

DEFARGE,
 No one has told me so. I know nothing of it.

BARSAD,
 Might I have another of your fine cognac?

DEFARGE,
 Do you know this quarter well?

BARSAD,
 I hope to know it better. I am interested in it's inhabitants.

BARSAD,
 I recall Monsieur Defarge some associations with your name.

DEFARGE,
 Indeed.

BARSAD,
 Yes. When Doctor Manette was released, he was delivered to
 you.

DEFARGE,
 Such is the fact.

BARSAD,
 It was to you, his daughter came, accompanied by a neat brown
 monsieur, how is he called? Lorry, of the Tellson's Bank.

DEFARGE,
 Such is the fact.

BARSAD,
 I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England.
 You do not hear much about them now?

DEFARGE,
 No.

M. DEFARGE,

We never hear about them. We received news of their safe arrival, and nothing since. They have taken their road in life, we, ours.

BARSAD,

She is going to be married.

M. DEFARGE,

She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me.

BARSAD,

You know that I am English?

M. DEFARGE,

I perceive your tongue is and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is.

BARSAD,

Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman. To one who, like herself, is French by birth. It is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whose murder Gaspard suffered so. He lives, in England. He is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. His mothers family name is D'Aulnais.

Barsad tosses some coins on the counter and exits.

DEFARGE,

Can it be true?

M. DEFARGE,

As he has said it, it is probably false. But it may be true.

DEFARGE,

If it is----

M. DEFARGE,

If it is?

DEFARGE,

And if it does come, while we are alive to see it I hope, for her sake, destiny will keep her husband out of France.

M. DEFARGE,

Destiny will take him where he is to go and lead him to the end that is to end him.

DEFARGE,

Is it not strange that his name should be revealed to us at this by that creature?

M. DEFARGE,

Stranger things will happen when it does come. I have them both here and they are both here for their merits. That is enough.

She rolls up knitting stands and exits.

DEFARGE,

A great woman, a grand woman. A frightfully grand woman!

NARRATOR,

Madam Defarge with her work in hand was accustomed to pass from place to place. There were many like her such as the world will do well never to breed again. All the women knitted. They knitted worthless things. The mechanical work was a substitute for eating and drinking. The hands moved for the jaws and the digestive apparatus. If the bony fingers had been still, the stomachs would have been more famine-pinched. Darkness closed around as the women sat knitting.

(MORE)

NARRATOR, (cont'd)

Another darkness was closing in as surely, when the church bells, ringing in many an airy steeple over France, should be melted into cannon. So much was closing in about the women who sat knitting. Knitting so that their very selves were closing in around a structure yet unbuilt, where they were to sit knitting, knitting, counting dropping heads.

SCENE 20

MANETTE'S SITTING ROOM.

Lucie is in her wedding dress.

NARRATOR,

The Marriage-day was shining brightly. And they were ready outside the closed door of the Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church, the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry and Pross to whom the event she realized was inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss had her brother Solomon been the bride-groom.

LORRY,

And so, it was for this, Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel. How little I thought what I was doing! How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Charles

PROSS,

How could you know it? Nonsense!

LORRY,

Really? Don't cry.

PROSS,

I am not crying, you are.

LORRY,

I, Miss Pross?

PROSS,

You were. I saw you do it and I don't wonder at it.

LORRY,

Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that there might have been a Mrs. Lorry, anytime these fifty years.

PROSS,

Not at all!

LORRY,

You think there never might have been a Mrs. Lorry?

PROSS,

Pooh! You were a bachelor in your cradle.

LORRY,

I think, I was unhandsomely dealt with and I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern. Enough! Now my dear Lucie, Pross and I as two normal folks of business, are anxious to say something to you that you wish to hear. You leave your good father in hands as loving as your own. We shall take the best care of him in your absence and you will see him well in a fortnight. Let me kiss my dear girl and offer you my bachelor's blessing.

Dr. Manette and Charles enter. Manette visibly shaken offers Lucie his arm

NARRATOR,

After Lucie and Charles were happily married, the party returned to the house to breakfast and all went well and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret were mingled with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting. On the next day returning from Tellson's Lorry encountered Miss Pross in the sitting room.

SCENE 21

Dr. Manette is seated at his bench making shoes.

PROSS,

All is lost. He doesn't know me and he is making shoes!

LORRY,

Now. Calm yourself. Dr. Manette. My dear friend.

Manette Looks up briefly from his work but says nothing. Lorry picks up a shoe.

LORRY,

What is this?

MANETTE,

A young ladies walking shoe. Let it be.

LORRY,

Dr. Manette. Look at me. You know me, my friend? Think. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend.

PROSS,

Mr. Lorry we must find a course of action to protect the Doctor and his family.

LORRY,

If word got out that Doctor Manette was not well.

PROSS,

That would account for his lack of public appearance.

LORRY.

The next difficulty is in somehow hiding the circumstance from Lucie.

PROSS.

A letter, a letter. We could contrive to write a letter, explaining that the Doctor had been called away and is therefore unable to join Charles and Lucie on the last leg of their journey through Scotland.

LORRY,

Good! Well done, dear Pross.

PROSS,

One other matter. You must make yourself available. For I shall have need of you.

(She exits.)

NARRATOR,

Mr. Lorry made arrangements to be absent from Tellson's for the first time in his life. On the tenth day of the vigil he entered the sitting room to find everything back to normal and the Doctor sitting reading at the window. He pinched himself and left to find Miss Pross. During breakfast that morning Dr. Manette seemed to have returned to himself and there was no mention of the shoe making but he was determined to discover what might be discoverable and so when they were alone in the sitting room after breakfast.

LORRY,
My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, on a case which interests me. This case involves a dear friend. Pray give it your attention and advise me, for his sake and above all, for his daughters.

MANETTE.

I understand.

LORRY,

Good.

MANETTE,

Be explicit. Spare no detail.

LORRY,

It is a case of an old shock to the mind. Prolonged so that it's length in time cannot be calculated. It is a shock from which the sufferer has recuperated by a process which he cannot trace himself. Now, there comes a slight relapse.

MANETTE,

Of how long a duration?

LORRY,

Nine days and nights.

MANETTE,

How did it show it self? In the resumption of some pursuit connected with the shock?

LORRY,

That is the fact.

MANETTE,

Had you ever seen him engaged in that activity before?

LORRY,

Once.

MANETTE,

He was in relapse in all respects the same?

LORRY,

I think in all respects.

MANETTE,

Does his daughter know of the relapse?

LORRY,

No. It has been kept from her. It is known only to myself and to one other.

MANETTE,

That was very kind. That was very thoughtful.

LORRY,

Now there is the matter if the instrument used in relapse.

MANETTE,

It is in his mind like an old companion?

LORRY,

I would not keep it. I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, for his daughters sake, my dear Manette.

MANETTE,

In her name then, let it be done; I sanction it. But I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be removed when he is not there.

SCENE 22
 MANETTE'S SITTING ROOM.

CARTON,
 I wish we might be friends.

DARNAY,
 We are already friends, I hope.

CARTON,
 You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech; but I don't mean it as a fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either.

DARNAY,
 In all good humor, what do you mean?

CARTON,
 Upon my life, I find that easier to comprehend in my mind, than to say. However, let me try. You remember a certain occasion when I was more drunk than, - than usual?

DARNAY,
 I remember an occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking.

CARTON,
 I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me! Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach.

DARNAY,
 I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you is anything but alarming to me.

CARTON,
 On that occasion, I was insufferable about not liking you. I wish you could forget that.

DARNAY,
 I forgot it long ago.

CARTON,
 Fashion of speech again! I have not forgotten it.

DARNAY,
 I am surprised that it troubles you. I declare to you, as a gentleman, I have dismissed it from my mind. I remember only, the service you rendered me that day?

CARTON,
 As to the service, mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what became of you, when I rendered it. Mind! I say when I rendered it.

DARNAY,
 You make light of the obligation but I will not quarrel with you.

CARTON,
 I was speaking about our being friends. You know me and that I am incapable of the higher ideals of better men. If you doubt it ask Stryver.

DARNAY,
 I prefer to form my own opinion.

CARTON,
 At any rate you know me as a man who has never done any good and never will.

DARNAY,

I don't know that.

CARTON,

But I do and you must take my word for it. Well! If you could endure to have such a fellow, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I can come here as a privileged person, to be regarded as a piece of furniture, tolerated for it's old service and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the privilege. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. I dare say, I would be satisfied, to know that I had it.

DARNAY,

I hope you will try?

CARTON,

Thank you. May I use that freedom with your name?

DARNAY,

I think so, Carton, by this time.

CARTON,

Thank you again and good day, sir.

They shake hands and Carton exits.

DARNAY,

And a good day to you.

He takes a seat and begins to read. During the next narration Lucie will come out and join Charles.

NARRATOR,

In the course of the evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made mention of this conversation in general terms. He spoke of Sydney Carton as a product of carelessness and recklessness, as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself. He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife. After Mr. Lorry had gone home and the others were off to their beds Darnay saw his wife as in deep thought.

DARNAY,

We are thoughtful to-night!

LUCIE,

Yes, Charles, we have something on our mind to-night.

DARNAY,

What is it, my love?

LUCIE,

Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?

DARNAY,

What would I not promise you, my love.

LUCIE,

I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night.

DARNAY,

Indeed, my love? Why so?

LUCIE,

That is what you are not to ask me. But I think - I know - he does.

DARNAY,

If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do?

LUCIE,

Be generous with him and lenient on his faults when he is not present. I ask you to believe he has a heart he seldom reveals and that there are deep wounds in it. I have seen it bleeding.

DARNAY,

It is painful to me, that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him.

LUCIE,

I fear he is not to be reclaimed, that his character is not repairable now but I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things. Oh my dearest love! Remember how strong we are in our happiness and how weak he is in his misery.

DARNAY, I will always remember it, dear heart. I will remember it as long as I live.

BLACKOUT
CURTAIN
END ACT I

ACT II
NARRATOR

A wonderful corner for echoes, that corner where the Doctor lived. They all had lived there now almost seven years, The Doctor, Miss Pross, Mr. and Mrs. Darnay and the little one, Lucie, now six years old. On a July evening in the year, 1789 Mr. Lorry arrived late from Tellson's.

SCENE 1
MANETTE'S SITTING ROOM.

LORRY,

I had begun to think that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so busy all day. There is such an uneasiness in Paris, that we have actually had a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there cannot confide their property to us fast enough. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary without reason.

DARNAY,

Still, you know how dark and threatening the skies have been.

LORRY,

Yet I am determined not to be irritable after my long day. Where is Dr. Manette?

Dr. Manette enters

MANETTE,

Here he is.

LORRY,
I am glad you are at home, these forebodings, by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?

MANETTE,
No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like.

LORRY,
I think not.

LUCIE,
Will you have some tea with us?

LORRY,
Thank you, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?

LUCIE,
And sleeping soundly.

LORRY,
All's safe and well! But I have been so put out all day and I am not as young as I was. Now, let us sit quiet and hear all the echoes about which you have your theory.

LUCIE,
Not a theory; it was a fancy.

LORRY,
A fancy. They are numerous and very loud, are they not?

NARRATOR,
The echoes in Soho rarely answered to the tread of Sydney Carton. Some half dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege. And he never came heated with wine. One other thing about him was whispered in the echoes. No man ever really loved a woman, lost her and knew her with such a blameless and unchanged mind. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case, no echoes to tell but it was so. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her hand and he kept his place with her as she grew. Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine, dragging his useful friend in his wake. The lion's jackal who never thought to become a lion. Stryver was rich, having married a propertied widow, with three boys. These three young gentlemen were led like sheep to the quiet corner in Soho and offered as pupils to Mr. Darnay.

STRYVER,
Here are three lumps of bread-and-cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!

NARRATOR,
The polite rejection of the three lumps quite filled Mr. Stryver with indignation which he later brought to account in the training of the young gentlemen.

STRYVER,
You must beware the pride of beggars. Like that French fellow.

NARRATOR,
And to his wife he was in the habit of saying.

STRYVER,
Mrs. Darnay before she settled for the French fellow plied her arts in an effort to catch me.

(MORE)

STRYVER, (cont'd)

Which was not to be, considering my own diamond cut arts, which rendered me, madam, not to be caught.

NARRATOR,

Some King's Bench familiars, occasional parties to his full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the later by saying that he had told it so often, he believed it himself. Worsening the original offense. These were among the echoes in that Quiet corner. Other echoes sounded far off. Headlong, mad and dangerous footsteps to force their way into any body's life. Footsteps not easily made clean, once stained with blood. The footsteps raging in Saint Antoine, the Paris suburb of the wine shop, as the little circle sat in Soho. Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air, the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon. Who gave them out and from whence they came, no one made mention. Every pulse in Saint Antoine was in high fever pitch. Every person living there held life as of no account and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

SCENE 2

A STREET SCENE DIMLY LIT.

DEFARGE,

Keep near to me, Jacques Three and Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?

M. Defarge is armed with an ax and pistol.

M. DEFARGE,

Here you see me!

DEFARGE,

Where do you go, my wife?

M. DEFARGE,

I go, with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women by and by.

DEFARGE,

Come, then! Patriots and friends! The Bastille!

NARRATOR,

The battles raged on for many hours. Defarge worked like a manful soldier.

DEFARGE,

Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or all the Devils - whichever you prefer - work!

M. DEFARGE,

To me women! We can kill as well as the men!

NARRATOR,

At once a white flag was shown and the sea of humanity swarmed the Bastille, Defarge swept along with it.

CROWD,
The prisoners! The records! The secret cells! The
instruments of torture! The prisoners!

DEFARGE,
(Taking hold of one of the officers.) Show me to the North
Tower! Quick!

OFFICER,
I will. But there is no one there.

DEFARGE,
What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?
Quick!

OFFICER,
The meaning, monsieur?

DEFARGE,
Does it mean a captive, a place of captivity? Does it mean
that I shall strike you dead?

JACQUES THREE,
Kill him!

OFFICER,
Monsieur it is a cell.

DEFARGE,
Show it to me!

OFFICER,
(He leads, then unlocks the door and they enter.) One Hundred
and five, North Tower!

DEFARGE,
Look along these walls. Look here, Jacques!

JACQUES THREE,
A. M.!

DEFARGE,
Alexandre Manette. And here he wrote, "Poor Physician." Hand
me that bar and you Jacques Three look through that cot, the
table, the stool.

NARRATOR,
In that accursed fortress, some discovered letters, memorials
of prisoners long dead. They were escorted by the loudly
echoing footstep of Saint Antoine through the Paris streets in
mid-July, seventeen eighty-nine. Now, Heaven stay the fancy of
Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet out of her life. For they
are head-long, mad and dangerous. In the years so long after
the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are
not easily purified when once stained red.

SCENE 3

THE WINE SHOP

M. DEFARGE,
Do you know how easy it has grown in me, to destroy life?
There is a change in all of us. This change which has been
hammering at us hundreds of years has struck the final blow on
the anvil which has shaped who we are and who we are to be.

DEFARGE,
News from the other world.

M. DEFARGE,
Silence, patriots. Listen to him. What is it? What news?

DEFARGE,
Do any here recall Foulon, who told the people that they might
eat grass and who died and went to hell?

CROWD,
Yes I remember!

DEFARGE,
He is among us!

CROWD,
Among us! And dead?

DEFARGE,
Not dead! He feared us so much that he caused himself to be
represented as dead. They have found him alive. I have seen
him, he is on his way to the Hotel de Ville. I have said that
he had reason to fear us. Say all! Had he reason?

CROWD,
Yes, he had reason!

PERSON,
Foulon alive!

PERSON,
Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass!

PERSON,
Foulon who told my father that he might eat grass?

PERSON,
Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts
where dry with want!

PERSON,
O mother of God, this Foulon!

PERSON,
O Heaven, our suffering!

PERSON,
Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father; I swear to
avenge you on Foulon.

DEFARGE,
Husbands and brothers and young men! Give us the blood of
Foulon. Give us the head of Foulon. Give us the heart of
Foulon, the body and soul of Foulon. We will rend him to
pieces and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from
him!!!!

PERSON,
He passes by now!

DEFARGE,
Foulon?

PERSON,
The same.

As the people in the wine shop flood out into the street.)

M. DEFARGE,
See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to
tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Let him eat it now!
*The crowd is calling out to Foulon and descends upon the man
flailing their arms at him until he is no longer visible.*

M. DEFARGE,
Bring him here. Bring him to the lamp.
The crowd continues to thrash Foulon.

DARNAY,

Uncertain means of travel, a disorganized country, a city that may not be safe.

LORRY,

These are reasons for going. It is safe enough for me. Who will interfere with a fellow hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there worth interfering with. As to it being a disorganized city, there is no better reason to send someone who knows the city and our business. As to the other points, I gladly submit to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's.

DARNAY,

I wish I were going myself.

LORRY,

Indeed! And should I take the advice of such a man? You are yourself, French born.

DARNAY,

It is because I am French that the thought has passed my mind. Having had sympathy for the people and abandoning something to them it is possible that they would listen to me. I might have the power to persuade them to exercise restraint. Only last night, I was talking to Lucie ---

LORRY,

You should be ashamed to mention her name, thinking of going to France at such a time.

DARNAY,

I am not going. However, it is more to the point that you may be going.

LORRY,

I am.

DARNAY,

I admire your gallantry and youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry.

LORRY,

I am a boy, to most of the old codgers here, sir.

DARNAY,

Do you take no one with you?

LORRY,

I intend to take Jerry. He has been my body guard, on occasion. Nobody will suspect him of being anything but an English bull-dog, ready to fly at somebody who touches his master.

STRYVER,

When many of you may secure to yourselves that which is rightfully yours, you must re-institute yourselves and rid the earth of those murdering scum. It can be as easy as sprinkling salt upon the tails of those ragtag so called eagles.

A bank clerk lays a letter on Lorry's desk. Darnay, can see to whom it is addressed.

CLARK,

We have been unable to discover any trace of the person to whom this is addressed.

LORRY,

Can any one here tell me where this gentleman can be found?

FRENCHMAN 1,

A nephew, I believe of the polished Marquis St. Evremonde, who was murdered. Happy to say, I never knew him.

FRENCHMAN 2,

A craven coward who abandoned his post. This Marquis had been gotten out of Paris, in a load of hay, some years ago.

FRENCHMAN 3,

Infected with the new doctrines, set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them and left them to a ruffian herd.

STRYVER,

Let us have a look at this infamous name. Damn him!

DARNAY,

I know the him.

STRYVER,

Do you, by Jupiter? I am sorry for that.

DARNAY,

Why?

STRYVER,

Why, Mr. Darnay? D'ye hear what he did? Don't ask why in these times.

DARNAY,

But I do ask why.

STRYVER,

I am sorry to hear you ask such a question. Here is a fellow, who, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth. You ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? I am sorry because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That is why.

DARNAY,

You may not understand the gentleman.

STRYVER,

I understand how to put you in a corner, Mr. Darnay. If this fellow is a gentleman, I don't understand him. You may tell him so. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob, I wonder he is not at the head of them. But no, gentlemen, I know something of human nature and I tell you that you'll never find a fellow like that, trusting himself to the mercies of such protégés. He'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle.

He turns abruptly and exits. The Frenchmen applaud genteelly and disperse.

LORRY,

You know where to deliver the letter?

DARNAY,

I do.

LORRY,

Will you explain that it has been held here because we did not know where to forward it?

DARNAY,

I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here.

LORRY,

From here, at eight.

DARNAY,

I will come back, to see you off.

Darnay takes the letter & exits. Moves center opens and begins to read letter.

DARNAY,

"The prison of the Abbaye, Paris. June 21, 1792. Monsieur heretofore the Marquis. After having long been in danger of my life, I have been seized and brought to Paris. I have suffered a great deal but that is not all, my house has been destroyed. The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis and for which I may forfeit my life.

GABELLE (O.S.)

Without your generous help.

DARNAY (CONT'D)

Is they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people

GABELLE & DARNAY

In that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain that I represent,

GABELLE,

I have acted for them, according to your commands. I tell them in vain that I had collected no rents and remitted the taxes they had ceased to pay. The response is, that I have acted for an emigrant and where is that emigrant? Most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep, where is he? I demand of heaven will he not come to deliver me? For the honor of your noble name, I beg you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to help me. My fault is that I have been true to you. I pray you will be true to me.

GABELLE & DARNAY,

From this prison, whence every hour I tend nearer to destruction,

DARNAY,

"I send you, Monsieur the Marquis, the assurance of my long suffering and unhappy service, Your afflicted Gabelle"

NARRATOR,

The uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, who's only crime was fidelity to himself, stared him in the face. He walked to and fro, considering what to do. He hid his face from passers-by. Everything he knew moved him toward the desperate resolution he had begun to make, that he would go to Paris. He continued to walk until it was time to return to Tellson's and take leave of Mr. Lorry but for now he would say nothing of his intentions.

SCENE 5

Lorry at his desk. Darnay crosses.

DARNAY,

I have delivered that letter. I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer but perhaps you will take a verbal one?

LORRY,

That I will and readily, if it is not dangerous.

DARNAY,
 Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye.
 LORRY,
 What is his name?
 DARNAY,
 Gabelle.
 LORRY,
 Gabelle, And what is the message?
 DARNAY,
 Simply, "that he has received the letter and will come."
 LORRY,
 Any time mentioned?
 DARNAY,
 He will start upon his journey to-morrow night.
 LORRY,
 Any person mentioned?
 DARNAY,
 No.
 LORRY,
 My love to Lucie and to little Lucie and take precious care of
 them till I come back.

END SCENE 5

NARRATOR,

That night - it was the fourteenth of August - Charles Darnay sat up late and wrote two letters; one to Lucie the other to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care. Both letters explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris. He also wrote that he would dispatch letters in proof of his safe arrival. When he reached France, the going was to say the very least, slow, days on the road had not gotten him near to Paris. Then he was stopped at a check point.

SCENE 6

Darnay is being interviewed by a patriot in a red cap and a government functionary.

FUNCTIONARY,
 Emigrant, I am going to send you on, under an escort.
 DARNAY,
 Citizen, you may dispense with any escort.
 FUNCTIONARY,
 You are an aristocrat and must have an escort - and you must pay for it.
 DARNAY,
 I have no choice?
 RED-CAP,
 Choice! Listen to him! As if it was not a favor to be protected from the lamp-iron!
 FUNCTIONARY,
 It is always as the good patriot says. Emigrant!
 DARNAY,
 Emigrant? Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will? I am not a traitor.

MAN,
He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own!

DARNAY,
What is this decree he spoke of.

FUNCTIONARY,
Everybody says it is but one and that there will be others, if there are not already, banishing all emigrants and condemning to death all who return.

DARNAY,
But, are there such decrees yet?

FUNCTIONARY,
What do I know! There may be or there will be. It is the same.
Enter, an Officer and two patriots, one of whom is Defarge.

OFFICER,
We have word that you have a prisoner in here. Where are the papers of this prisoner?

DARNAY,
I am a free traveler and a French citizen.

OFFICER,
Is this the emigrant Evremonde?

FUNCTIONARY,
This is the man.

OFFICER,
Your age?

DARNAY,
Thirty-seven.

OFFICER,
Married, Evremonde?

DARNAY,
Yes.

OFFICER,
Where married?

DARNAY,
In England.

OFFICER,
Without doubt. Where is your wife?

DARNAY
In England.

OFFICER,
Without doubt. You are consigned, Evremonde, to the prison of La Force.

DARNAY,
Under what law and for what offense?

OFFICER,
We have new laws and new offenses.

DARNAY,
I have come here voluntarily, in response to a written appeal of a countryman which lies before you. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so. Is that not my right?

OFFICER,
Emigrants have no rights, Evremonde. Keep him here.

Signaling to the Functionary to come with him all exit except Darnay and Defarge. The officer speaks to Defarge.

DEFARGE

(*Sotto Voce.*) Is it you, who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more?

DARNAY,

(*Surprised.*) Yes.

DEFARGE,

My name is Defarge and I keep a wine-shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine.

DARNAY,

My wife came to your house to reclaim her father.

DEFARGE,

Why did you come to France?

DARNAY,

You heard what I said. Do you not believe it is the truth?

DEFARGE,

A bad truth for you.

DARNAY,

Indeed, all is changed here, so sudden. Will you render me a little help?

DEFARGE,

None.

DARNAY,

Will you answer a question?

DEFARGE,

Perhaps. According to it's nature.

DARNAY,

In this prison where I am going, will I have communication with the world outside?

DEFARGE,

You will see.

DARNAY,

Am I to be buried there, prejudged and without any means of presenting my case?

DEFARGE,

You will see. People have been buried in worse prisons, before now.

DARNAY,

Never by me, Citizen Defarge. It is of the utmost importance that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank, who is now in Paris, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?

DEFARGE,

I will do nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the People. I am the sworn servant of both, against you. I will do nothing for you.

Drum roll fades in. The first sound of the Guillotine falling.

NARRATOR,

Mr. Jarvis Lorry was set up in Paris in a wing of one of the great houses, taken during the uprising, where he could live as he attend to the banks business. This house, was surrounded by a courtyard and a great wall and iron gate. The court yard was occupied by the people who used it as a sort of armory and gathering place. Mr. Lorry could not feel quite comfortable here, although because of the importance of Tellson's he did feel safe.

SCENE 7

MR. LORRY'S APARTMENT IN PARIS

Lorry is standing looking out a window. Street noises are evident.

LORRY,

Thank God, that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town tonight. May He have mercy on all who are in danger. *The sound of a bell at the gate followed by the gate opening and closing. A few seconds pause, the door opens then, Lucie and Dr. Manette enter.*

What is this? What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What brings you here?

LUCIE,

O my dear friend! My husband!

LORRY,

Your husband?

MANETTE,

Charles!

LORRY,

What of Charles?

LUCIE,

Here, in Paris!

LORRY,

Here?

LUCIE,

He has been here some days now. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us. He was stopped at the barrier and sent to prison.

MANETTE,

What is that noise?

LORRY,

Don't touch that blind.

MANETTE,

My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris. In France - who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille, would touch me, except to carry me in triumph. It is that which has brought us through the barrier and gained us news of Charles and brought us here. I knew that I could help Charles out of danger. I told Lucie so.

LORRY,

I had no idea of his being in Paris. What prison is he in?

LUCIE,

La Force.

LORRY,

La Force! Lucie, my child if ever you were brave in your life - you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you. There is no help in any action on your part tonight. Now, leave me alone with your father for two minutes.

He escorts her off and returns to Manette.

LORRY,

In this courtyard they sharpen their weapons, because, they are, murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you believe you have. Make yourself known to those devils and get taken to La Force. It may be to late, but let it not be a minute later!

NARRATOR,

Dr. Manette was well received as the "Prisoner of the Bastille". Lorry returned to his rooms to find Miss Pross and little Lucie who had also made the passage. The night passed and the following day also. That second night the gate bell rang followed by a knock at the door.

SCENE 8

LORRY ROOM

A knock at the door. Lorry opens it and Defarge enters, there are two women behind him. Jerry enters .

DEFARGE,

Monsieur Lorry?

LORRY,

Your servant.

DEFARGE,

Do you know me?

LORRY,

I have seen you somewhere.

DEFARGE,

Perhaps at my wine-shop?

LORRY,

You come from Dr. Manette?

DEFARGE,

Yes, I come from Dr. Manette. He says he cannot leave yet, Charles is safe and I am to give this letter to his wife.

LORRY,

Jerry.

Jerry exits and will return with Lucie.

LORRY

Madame Defarge, surely!

DEFARGE,

She is here to see the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety.

Lucie enters with Jerry.

LORRY,

This gentleman, you may remember him, has a letter from Charles.

LUCIE,

Why yes, I remember, Monsieur Defarge is it not?

She takes the letter and reads it aloud.

LUCIE,

Dearest - Take courage. I am well and your father has influence here. Kiss our child for me.

She turns from Defarge to his wife and in a gesture of thanks takes her hand and kisses it. M. Defarge returns only an icy stare and when Lucie releases the hand it drops like a weight.

LORRY,

My dear, there are frequent risings in the streets. Although it is not likely they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, that she may identify them. I believe, that I state the case, Citizen Defarge?

Defarge looking toward his wife, glumly, grunts his acquiescence.

LORRY,

Lucie, have Miss Pross bring the child.

Lucie exits.

LORRY

She will fetch the child and our good Pross, who is an English lady and knows no French.

Lucie enters with Little Lucie and Pross.

M. DEFARGE,

Is that his child?

VENGEANCE,

His child.

LUCIE,

Yes, Madame, this is our darling daughter and only child.

M. DEFARGE,

It is enough, my husband. I have seen them.

LUCIE,

You will be good to my husband. Will you help me to see him?

M. DEFARGE,

Your husband is not my business here. It is the daughter of your father who is my business here.

VENGEANCE,

You are our business here.

LUCIE,

For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake!

M. DEFARGE,

What was it that your husband says in that little letter? Influence; he says something about influence.

LUCIE,

That my father, has much influence there.

M. DEFARGE,

Surely it will release him! Let it do so.

VENGEANCE,

Let it do so!

LUCIE,

As a wife and mother, I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power that you possess against my husband. O sister, think of me, as a wife and mother!

M. DEFARGE,

The wives and mothers we have seen, since we were as little as this child, and less, have not been greatly considered.

(MORE)

M. DEFARGE, (cont'd)

We have known their husbands and fathers to lay in prison, kept from them, often enough? All our lives, we have seen our sisters suffer, and their children. Poverty, hunger, sickness, oppression and neglect of all kinds.

VENGEANCE,

We have seen nothing else.

M. DEFARGE,

We have borne this a long time. Think hard. Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would mean much to us now?
She exits, followed by Vengeance and Defarge.

LORRY,

Courage, my dear Lucie. Courage! So far all goes well. Much better than it has with many poor souls.

LUCIE,

I am thankful but that dreadful woman seems to throw shadows on me and all my hopes.

LORRY,

What is this despondency? No substance in it, Lucie.

NARRATOR,

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time was concealed from Lucie. Not until long afterwards, when she and France were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenseless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace. He confided to Mr. Lorry under an injunction of secrecy that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison at La Force and there ascertained that his son-in-law was among the living. His attempts there in front of the tribunal set up for such purposes, to plead for Charles Darnay's life and liberty, were to no avail. His status was altered though as to be held in safe custody.

SCENE 9

The office of Mr. Lorry. Present are Lucie, Manette and Lorry.

MANETTE,

They allowed me to assure myself that Charles would not be delivered to the murderous throng outside. I was allowed to remain until the danger was over. He is no longer held alone but is in the company of others like himself. It all tended to a good end. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful in restoring Charles to her.

LORRY,

He could not be in better hands.

MANETTE,

Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge and I know I can save him. Lucie, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it, he might see you in the street, he thinks. If you stood in a certain place that I can show you but you will not be able to see him, my poor child. Even if you could it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition.

LUCIE,
Show me the place father and I will go there every day.

NARRATOR,
From that time, in all weather, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was there and at four she turned resignedly and walked away. When it was not to inclement for her child to be with her, they went together at other times she was alone but she never missed a single day. On the third day, there was a man cutting wood in front of his shop across from the prison wall.

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

SCENE 10

MAN,
Good day, citizeness.

LUCIE,
Good day, citizen.

NARRATOR,
His mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago, among the more thorough patriots but was now law for everybody.

MAN,
Walking again, citizeness?

LUCIE,
You see me, citizen!

MAN,
But, it's not my business.

NARRATOR,
On the next day when Lucie arrives with the child, the man is waiting.

MAN,
What? Walking here again, citizeness?

LUCIE,
Yes, citizen.

MAN,
Ah! A child too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?

CHILD,
Do I say yes, Mamma?

LUCIE,
Yes, dearest.

CHILD,
Yes, citizen.

MAN,
Ah! But it's not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; La, la, la, la! And off his head comes! I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; Loo, loo, loo! And off her head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; Pickle, pickle! And off its head comes. All the family.

NARRATOR,
The wood sawyer is now there every day when Lucie arrives on this day she greets him.

LUCIE,
Good afternoon citizen, and how are you today?

MAN,
I am well enough, citizeness.

NARRATOR,
On subsequent days she would try to endear herself to him.
Once again the man is cutting wood, Lucie approaches him.

LUCIE,
Hello, citizen, isn't this a dark and dreary day.
She offers him money which he accepts.

MAN,
Yes, it is so, citizeness. I thank the citizeness. But it is not my business.

NARRATOR,
Lucie passed many an afternoon in this manner, in all weather, in the snow and the frost of winter, in the hopeful days of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn and again in the snow and frost of winter. Her husband had seen her on occasion, this was reported to her by her father. On a Decembers day as she passed the houses in the winding streets, houses decorated with pikes and red caps stuck upon them, with tricolor ribbons with the standard inscription. Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or death! This day, when she arrived at her corner the wood cutter was not there.

Lucie stands alone. Suddenly there is a lot of noise and then a crowd comes marching by. There is the woodcutter holding hands with Vengeance. The crowd begins to sing and dance when they finally leave Lucie is huddled in the doorway of the wood cutter and standing in front of her shielded eyes is her father.

LUCIE,
Oh, father! I was so frightened.

MANETTE,
Don't be ! Not one of them would harm you.

LUCIE,
I am not frightened for myself but when I think of my husband at the mercy of these people.

MANETTE,
We will set him above that very soon. I left him climbing to the window and came here to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand towards that highest roof.

LUCIE,
And I send my soul aloft with it.

MANETTE,
You cannot see him?

LUCIE,
No, father.
Suddenly Madame Defarge appears from around the corner.

MANETTE,
I salute you, citizeness.

M. DEFARGE,
I salute you, citizen.
She exits.

MANETTE,
Give me your arm. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness
and courage, for his sake. Charles is summoned for to-morrow.
LUCIE,

To-morrow!

MANETTE,
I am well prepared but there are precautions to be taken until
he is summoned by the Tribunal. He has not received the notice
yet but I have timely information. You are not afraid?

LUCIE,
I trust in you.

MANETTE,
Your suspense is nearly ended, my dear, he shall be restored to
you within a few hours.

THE COURTROOM USED BY THE TRIBUNAL

SCENE 11

*The Judges, Jury, Prosecutors, gallery, Manette, Little Lucie,
Pross, Lucie, Lorry, M. Defarge all file into the court during
the next narration.*

NARRATOR,
The dread Tribunal sat every day. Their lists went forth each
evening and were read out by the jailers of the various
prisons. When a name is called it's owner steps forward and is
removed to stand before the Tribunal the next day. On this
morning fifteen prisoners went before them ahead of Charles
Darnay. All were condemned to death and their trials, all of
their trials occupied one hour and a half. Now it was his turn.
Charles is led in.

BAILIFF.
Charles Evremonde, called Darnay.

PROSECUTOR,
Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, you stand accused as an
emigrant, whose life shall be forfeit to the Republic, under
the decrees which banished all emigrants on pain of death.

GALLERY,
Of with his head. Take off his head.. Enemy if the Republic!
The president judge rings his bell to restore order.

PRESIDENT,
Is it true, Charles Evremonde, that you have lived many years
in England?

DARNAY,
It is true.

PRESIDENT,
Are you not then an emigrant?

DARNAY,
Not I hope, within the sense and spirit of the law.

PRESIDENT,
Why not?

DARNAY,
Because, I voluntarily relinquished a title that was
distasteful to me and left the country. I did this before the
present interpretation of the term emigrant was in use.

(MORE)

DARNAY, (cont'd)

I lived, in England under my own industry rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

PRESIDENT,

What proof do have of these claims?

DARNAY,

I offer the names of two Patriots. Doctor Manette and Theophile Gabelle.

PRESIDENT,

You were married in England, were you not?

DARNAY,

True, but not to an English woman.

PRESIDENT,

A citizen of France?

DARNAY,

Yes. By birth.

PRESIDENT,

Her name and family?

DARNAY,

Lucie Manette, daughter of Doctor Manette, who sits there.

GALLERY,

DR. Manette. Patriot. Prisoner of the Bastille. Bless him.

PRESIDENT,

Why choose now to return?

DARNAY,

I came back on the entreaty of a French citizen who said that his life was in danger. I came to testify on his behalf to bear witness for him. Is this a criminal act in the eyes of the republic?

GALLERY,

No! No! No! No!

The President rings his bell and eventually the noise subsides.

PRESIDENT,

The name of this citizen?

DARNAY,

He is, citizen Theopholie Gabelle. His letter to me will no doubt be found among the papers you have in front of you.

He looks through the papers and finds the letter.

PRESIDENT,

Call the witness, Gabelle.

BAILIFF,

Call the witness, Gabelle.

The man is brought in and seated in the witness box.

PRESIDENT,

Citizen, do you confirm having written this letter?

GABELLE,

Yes. I must say that in the pressure of business imposed upon the Tribunal by the multitudes of enemies of the Republic, I have been slightly overlooked in the prison of the Abbaye, I believe that I passed out of the remembrance of the Tribunal until just three days ago, when I was set at liberty. It appears that the accusations against me were satisfied by the surrender of the citizen Evremonde, called Darnay.

PRESIDENT,

The witness is dismissed. What next?

DARNAY,
Dr. Manette wishes to testify.
PRESIDENT,
Very well, Doctor.

MANETTE,
Mr. President, citizens, I begin by saying that Charles Darnay was my first friend upon my release from that long imprisonment and remained with me in England, always faithful and devoted to my daughter Lucie and myself in our exile.

GALLERY MEMBER
He is a patriot and speaks well of the accused. It is the word of the good Doctor that he is innocent. The prisoner of the Bastille would not lie to us.

MANETTE,
So far as his being in favor with the aristocratic government there, he was actually put on trial for his life as the foe of England and a friend of the United States.

GALLERY,
A friend of the oppressed. He is himself a patriot.

MANETTE,
I appeal to Monsieur Lorry, who was a witness to that English trial.

GALLERY MEMBER
We have heard enough.

JURY MEMBER
Enough, we have also heard enough. We are ready with our votes, are we not?

PRESIDENT,
Then let us proceed with the vote. Citizens, how do you vote. *The Gallery, a strong favorable reaction as each member declares his vote for freedom.*

PRESIDENT,
I declare the accused innocent and a free man. *There is a celebration.*

LUCIE,
Oh dearest Charles, I thank God.

DARNAY,
Thank your father. For what he has done for me. *Lucie goes to her father, without a word, she is trembling.*

MANETTE,
My darling, don't tremble so. I have saved him.

PRESIDENT,
Order! Order! Bring in the next accused!

NARRATOR,
Next, five were to be tried together, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. Nothing they had done, on trial for what they had not done. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down and were condemned to die before Charles Darnay had left the place.

(MORE)

NARRATOR, (cont'd)

They were condemned to die within twenty-four hours with the added phrase "Long live the Republic." The five had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceeding for they had swept Charles and his party out of the place in a triumphal wave. For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when public lamps were lighted they fared forth on this duty. Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as her own, if she had a mind, she had no mind in that direction. Consequently she knew no more of that "nonsense" than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing is to seize an object and bargain with the purveyor by the use of fingers pointed heavenward.

SCENE 12

MR. LORRY'S ROOMS.

Present are Manette, Lucie, little Lucie, Pross, Darnay and Jerry.

PROSS,

Now, come Mr. Cruncher.

JERRY,

If you be ready, I are.

PROSS,

There is all manner of things wanted and we shall have a time of it. We want wine, among the rest. Nice toasts those red heads will be drinking, wherever we buy it.

JERRY,

It would be much the same to you, miss, I'd think, if they drink your 'ealth or the Old Un's.

PROSS,

Who's he?

JERRY,

Pardon, miss, Old Nick's.

PROSS,

Ha! It doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one and it's Midnight Murder, and Mischief!

LUCIE,

Hush, dear! Pray, be cautious!

PROSS,

Yes, yes, I'll be cautious but I may say among ourselves, that I do hope there will be no oniony or tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings all round, going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from here till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered. May I ask you a question, Dr. Manette?

MANETTE,

I think you may take that liberty.

PROSS,

For gracious' sake, don't talk about liberty, we have had quite enough of that ---

LUCIE,

Hush, dear!

PROSS,

Well my sweet, the short and the long of it is, that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third and as such, my maxim is, 'Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!'

JERRY,

Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King.'

PROSS,

I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you. But, the question, Dr. Manette, is there any prospect, yet, of our getting out of this place?

MANETTE,

I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles.

PROSS,

Then we must have patience and wait, that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher!

Pross and Jerry exit.

MANETTE,

And now to our story, my little one. There was once a great and powerful fairy, who having heard of the plight of a good man, a man, that in the past, long ago had done a service for him, decided to help the man in his troubles. For you see the man had been wrongfully imprisoned by a giant Ogre and the great fairy had decided to set him free but in order to do that ---
Lucie is startled by a little noise.

LUCIE,

What was that?

MANETTE,

My dear, control yourself. What a state you are in! The least thing, startles you!

LUCIE,

I thought, that I heard strange feet upon the stairs.

DARNAY,

My love, the staircase is as still as death.

Loud banging on the door.

LUCIE,

Oh, father, what can this be? Hide Charles! Save him!

MANETTE,

I have saved him. What weakness is this?

As the door is opened a red cap enters.

RED CAP,

The citizen Evremonde, called Darnay.

MANETTE,

Who seeks him?

RED CAP,

I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evremonde; I saw you before the Tribunal to-day. You are again the prisoner of the Republic.

DARNAY,

Tell me why I am again a prisoner?

RED CAP,
You will return now to the Concierges. You are summoned for to-morrow.

MANETTE,
You know him, you have said. Do you know me?

RED CAP,
Yes I know you, Citizen Doctor. We all know you, Citizen Doctor.

MANETTE,
How does this happen?

RED CAP,
Citizen Doctor, he has been denounced. A citizen from Saint Antoine.

RED CAP 2,
He is accused by Saint Antoine.

MANETTE,
Of what?

RED CAP,
Citizen Doctor, ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The people is supreme. Evremonde, we must go.

MANETTE,
One word. Will you tell me who denounced him?

RED CAP 2,
It is against rules. But he is denounced - and gravely - by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other.

MANETTE,
What other?

RED CAP 2,
Do you ask, Citizen Doctor?

MANETTE,
Yes!

RED CAP 2,
Then, you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!

NARRATOR,
Happily unconscious of the new calamity, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. Having purchased a few small articles of grocery and a measure of oil for the lamp, they were on their way to purchase the wine.

A CROWDED STREET

SCENE 13

Pross and Jerry are in a crowd when she almost walks into a man and is startled to see him. His back to the audience.

PROSS,
O, my god!

BARSAD,
What is the matter?

PROSS,
O, Solomon, dear Solomon. After not setting eyes on you or hearing from you for so long a time, I find you, here!

BARSAD,
Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?

PROSS,
 Brother, have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?

BARSAD,
 Then hold your meddlesome tongue. Who is this man?

PROSS,
 This is Mr. Cruncher.

BARSAD,
 Does he think me a ghost?

PROSS,
 How dreadfully unkind, to give me such a greeting and show me no affection.

BARSAD,
 There. Con-found it! There. Now are you content? You expect me to be surprised. I am not surprised; I knew you were here, I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence, which I half believe you do, go your way and let me go mine. I am busy, I am an official.

PROSS,
 My English brother Solomon, an official among foreigners and such foreigners! I would almost sooner see the dear boy lying in his ---

BARSAD,
 I said so! I knew it. You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered suspect by my own sister.

PROSS,
 Heaven forbid! I would rather never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me and tell me there is no estrangment between us and I will detain you no longer.

JERRY,
 Might I ask as to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?

A third man appears out of the crowd and stands at Jerry's elbow it is Sydney Carton but the three take no notice of him. Barsad turns toward Jerry, stares at him but says nothing.

JERRY,
 Speak out. John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon and she must know and I know you're John. Which of the two goes first? And Pross, that warn't your name.

BARSAD,
 What do you mean?

JERRY,
 I don't know all that I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was, over the water.

BARSAD,
 No?

JERRY,
 No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables.

BARSAD,
 Indeed?

JERRY,
 Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What was you called at that time?

Barsad.

CARTON,

JERRY,

That's the name!

CARTON,

Don't be alarmed, dear Pross. I arrived at Lorry's yesterday. I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a spy for the prisons.

BARSAD,

How dare you ---

CARTON,

I observed you, coming out of the prison. You have a face to be remembered and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connection and having reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend I followed you, into the wine-shop and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your conversation and the rumor openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. Gradually, what I had done at random seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad.

BARSAD,

What purpose?

CARTON,

It could be dangerous to explain in the street. Could you do me a favor, in confidence, spare me some minutes of your company, at the office of Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank?

BARSAD,

Under a threat?

CARTON,

Oh! Did I say that?

BARSAD,

Then, why should I go there?

CARTON.

Really, I can't say, if you can't.

BARSAD,

Do you mean that you won't say, sir?

CARTON,

You comprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't.

BARSAD,

Now if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing.

CARTON,

Don't be ungrateful. But not for my great respect for your sister, I may not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you come with me?

BARSAD,

I'll hear what you have to say.

CARTON,

I propose we see your sister safely back. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. It is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in it. Are we ready? Come then.

NARRATOR,

Miss Pross will recall to the end of her days, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner but changed and raised the man. The men escorted Pross back to the lodgings and seeing her safely inside, the three men, turned and made for Lorry's office. Sydney Carton there asked Mr. Cruncher to post himself outside while he and Mr. Barsad entered.

LORRY'S OFFICE

SCENE 14

Lorry is at his desk. Barsad & Carton are also there.

CARTON,

Mr. Lorry. This is Miss Pross's brother, sir, Mr. Barsad.

LORRY,

Barsad? Barsad? I have an association with that name, and with that face.

CARTON,

I told you, you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad.

LORRY,

Witness at that trial.

CARTON,

Mr. Barsad has been recognized by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of and has acknowledged him. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again.

LORRY,

What? I left him safe and free, just hours ago.

CARTON,

When was it done Mr. Barsad?

BARSAD,

An hour ago. No longer.

CARTON,

Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible and I have it from his communication to a friend that the arrest has taken place. He saw them admitted. Now, I trust, that the name of Dr. Manette may stand him in good stead to-morrow. You said he would be before the Tribunal to-morrow.

BARSAD,

I believe so.

CARTON,

In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I admit, I am shaken, by Dr. Manette's not having the power to prevent his arrest.

LORRY,

He may not have known of it before hand.

CARTON,

That circumstance alone would be alarming.

LORRY,

That is true.

CARTON,

In short, this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. The stake I have resolved to play for, is a friend of the Concierges. Mr. Barsad.

BARSAD,
You need have good cards, sir.

CARTON,
I'll look them over and see what I hold. Mr. Lorry, would you give me a little brandy.
Lorry gives him the bottle and a glass. He fills the glass and drinks, then repeats the action .

CARTON
Mr. Barsad. Sheep of the prisons, emissary of the Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable for being English and thus less open to suspicion than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That is a good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the Republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference as clear as day in this climate of suspicion that Mr. Barsad is still in the employ of the aristocratic English government. The treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in it's bosom. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?

BARSAD,
Not to understand your play.

CARTON,
I play my ace. Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad and see what you have. Don't hurry. Look over your hand carefully. Take time. You scarcely seem to like your hand. Do you play?
Jerry Cruncher enters.

BARSAD,
I think, sir, I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence to put it to this other gentleman, whether any circumstance will alter his willingness to play that ace of which he has spoken?

CARTON,
I play my ace, without scruple, in a very few minutes.

BARSAD,
I should have hoped, gentlemen that your respect for my sister -

CARTON,
I could not better show my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother. Indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow sheep in the wine-shop, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the countries prisons; who was he?

BARSAD,
French. You don't know him.

CARTON,
He may be.

BARSAD,
Is, I assure you, though it is not important.

CARTON,
Though it is not important. Yet I know the face.

BARSAD,
I think not. I am sure not.

CARTON,
It can't be. Can't be, Spoke good French. Yet like a
foreigner, I thought?

BARSAD,
Provincial.

CARTON,
No. Foreign! Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that
man before us at the Old Bailey.

BARSAD,
You are hasty, sir, you clearly give me an advantage. Cly has
been dead these several years. He was buried in London, I know
for I helped lay him in his coffin.
Jerry steps forward, angry and menacing.

BARSAD,
Let us be reasonable, and fair. To show you how mistaken you
were, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial,
which I have in my possession. Here it is. It is no forgery.

JERRY,
That there Roger Cly, master. So you put him in his coffin?

BARSAD,
I did.

JERRY,
Who took him out of it?

BARSAD,
What do you mean?

JERRY,
I mean that he warn't never in it.
Lorry and Carton are astonished.

JERRY
I tell you, that you buried paving stones in that coffin.
Don't say you buried Cly. Me and two more knows it.

BARSAD,
How do you know it?

JERRY,
What's that to you? It's you that I have a grudge agin', with
your shameful imposition upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of yer
neck and choke it for half a guinea.

CARTON,
You have me, and I daresay Mr., Lorry here a bit out of sorts,
Jerry. What was your method of obtaining such knowledge.

JERRY,
At another time, sir, the present time is ill-convenient for
explainin'. But he knows well enough that, that there Cly was
never in that there coffin.

CARTON,
I see one thing! I hold another card. A strong card. A
certain Guillotine card!

BARSAD,
I confess that I got away from England barely escaping and Cly
would never have got away at all but for that sham. Though how
this man knows about it is a wonder to me.

JERRY,
 Never you trouble your head about this man. You'll have trouble enough giving your attention to that gentleman. I'd catch hold of your neck and choke it for half a guinea.

BARSAD,
 It has come to a point. I go on duty soon and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal. It's no use asking too much. I may denounce you if I think it proper and I can swear my way through stone walls. Now, what do you want with me?

CARTON,
 Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Concierges?

BARSAD,
 An escape is impossible.

CARTON,
 Why answer a question I have not asked? You are a turnkey?

BARSAD,
 I am, sometimes.

CARTON,
 You can be, when you choose?

BARSAD,
 I can pass in and out when I choose.

CARTON,
 So far, we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Let us have one final word alone.

Carton & Barsad exit.

LORRY,
 Jerry. Come here. What have you been, besides a messenger?

JERRY,
 Agricultooral character.

LORRY,
 I have misgivings that you have used Tellson's as a blind. That you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when we get back to England. Don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be imposed upon.

JERRY,
 I hope sir, that a gentleman like yourself wot I've had the honor of odd jobbing till I'm gray, would think twice about harming me, even if it wos so I don't say it is but even if it wos. And which it is to be took into account that if it wos, it wouldn' even then be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a picking up there guineas where honest tradesmen don't pick up farthings, and banking away like smoke at Tellson's and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly. Well, that'ud be imposing, too, on Tellson's. For you cannot charge the goose and not the gander. And there's me wife, a floppin' agin' the business to that degree as is ruinatin', stark ruinatin'! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop, you'll not catch em at it. And if they flop, their floppin' goes in favor of more patients.

(MORE)

JERRY, (cont'd)

Then wot with undertakers and wot with parish clerks and wot with sextons and wot with private watchmen, all awaricious and all in it, a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it wos so. And wot little a man did get he would never prosper, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, once bein' in - even if it wos so.

LORRY,

I am shocked at the sight of you.

JERRY,

Now wot I would humbly offer you, sir, even if it wos so, which I don't say it is ---

LORRY,

Don't prevaricate!

JERRY,

No, I will not, sir, which I don't say it is - wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Back across the water in England, sir, in London, sir, sits the boy, that son of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general light job you till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it wos so, which I still don't say it is, for I will not prewaricate to you sir, let the boy keep his father's place and take care of his mother and let the father go into the line of reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug - if it wos so. That Mr. Lorry is wot I respectfully offer to you. And wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kept it back.

LORRY,

That at least is true. Say no more. It may be that I shall yet stand as your friend, if you deserve it and repent the action - not in words. I want no more words.

Jerry nods his head and exits. As leaves, Carton reenters and shows Barsad the door.

CARTON,

Adieu, Mr. Barsad. Keep to the bargain and you have nothing to fear from me.

LORRY,

Of what bargain do you speak? What did he agree to?

CARTON,

Not much. If it should go badly for Darnay, I have insured myself access to him. Once. It is all I could do. To propose too much would be to put this man's head under an ax and as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was the obvious weakness of my position.

LORRY,

If it goes ill before the Tribunal, access will not save him.

CARTON,

I never said it would.

Softly at first, Lorry begins to weep.

CARTON,

You are a good man and a true friend. Forgive me, I would not see my father weep, and sit by, careless. I could not respect your sorrow more, were you, my own father. Return to Lucie.

(MORE)

CARTON, (cont'd)

Don't tell her of this arrangement. It would not enable her to see him. I can put my hand out, to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do and your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?

LORRY,

As I was telling you last night, I have at length done all that Tellson's requires. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety. I have leave to pass. I was ready to go.

CARTON.

Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir?

LORRY,

I am in my seventy-eight year.

CARTON,

You have been useful all your life, steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected and looked up to?

LORRY,

I have been a man of business since I have been a man. I may say that I was a man of business when yet a boy.

CARTON,

What a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many will miss you when it is left empty!

LORRY,

A solitary old bachelor? There is nobody to weep for me.

CARTON,

Wouldn't she weep for you? Won't her child?

LORRY,

Yes, yes, thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said.

CARTON,

It is a thing to thank God for; is it not?

LORRY,

Surely, surely.

CARTON,

If you could say, to your own solitary heart, to-night, "I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good to be remembered by"; your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses. Would they not?

LORRY,

You say truly, Mr. Carton. I think it would be so.

CARTON,

I should like to ask you. Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mothers knee seem long ago?

LORRY,

Twenty years back, yes. At this time of my life? No. For as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in a circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way.

CARTON,

I understand. And are you the better for it?

LORRY,

I hope so. But you, you are young.

CARTON,

Yes.

NARRATOR,

Yes, he was not old but his young ways are not the ways to attain old age. Sydney Carton prowled the streets of Paris that night and made only one stop, that of the chemist's shop where he made a small purchase of powders, which the chemist warned him about mixing. The next morning he arrived at the court of the Tribunal, his spy having secured a place for him in the crowd.

THE TRIBUNAL COURT ROOM.

SCENE 15

Present are, the judges, the jury, the prosecutor, the crowd, Sydney Carton and Vengeance among them. Citizen and citizeness Defarge, Lorry, Doctor Manette and Lucie. The normal din of a court increases as Charles Darnay is brought in.

PROSECUTOR,

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay. Denounced enemy of the Republic, aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, that had used their privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evremonde, called Darnay you stand accused.

PRESIDENT,

Is the accused openly denounced or secretly?

PROSECUTOR,

Openly, President.

PRESIDENT,

By whom?

PROSECUTOR,

Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of Saint Antoine.

PRESIDENT,

Good.

PROSECUTOR,

Therese Defarge, his wife.

PRESIDENT,

Good.

PROSECUTOR,

Alexandre Manette, physician.

A loud reaction from the crowd.

MANETTE,

President, I protest, this is a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who is the false conspirator who says I denounce the husband of my child?

PRESIDENT,

Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself outside the law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic. If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent!

Lots of noises of approval from the crowd.

PROSECUTOR,

Call Citizen Defarge.

Crowd noise continues.

DEFARGE,

First, I will say that in my youth I was in the service of the good Doctor.

PROSECUTOR,

You did good service in the taking of the Bastille, citizen?

DEFARGE,

I believe so.

VENGEANCE,

You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannoner that day there and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell.

SOMEONE IN CROWD,

Defarge, Patriot. Taker of the Bastille. Patriot!

PRESIDENT,

Order, citizens, order.

VENGEANCE,

Tell the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille citizen!

DEFARGE,

I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I resolved, when the Bastille fell that I would examine that cell. It fell, I mount to the cell, with a fellow citizen who is one of the jury. I examine it, very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President.

PRESIDENT,

Let it be read.

PROSECUTOR,

"I, Alexandre Manette, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterwards resident in Paris, write this paper in my cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of for it. Some hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust. These words are formed in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind and that my memory is exact and I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat. On a moonlit night, in the third week of December, in the year 1757, I was summoned and taken by carriage to a manor house, with which I was not previously familiar, in the provinces, an emergency. I heard cries as I alit from the carriage and was escorted into the house and to an upper chamber. The patient was a woman of great beauty and young; not much past twenty. Her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them I saw the armorial bearings of a noble and the letter 'E'.

At this point the gallery and jury begin to separate to reveal the center of the stage and members of the gallery and jury come center to assume the characters in the unfolding scene as the letter reader becomes voice over and then slowly subsides, segueing to the live action. The scene is that of a young man clutching his chest [dying of a sword wound] being attended by a young Dr. Manette as the Monsieur the Marquis and another noble look on.)

PROSECUTOR

I did as I could for her and made her swallow a draught which I had prepared and was then informed that there was another patient. I was brought, by a gentleman, to his side as he lie on the floor, his hands covering a wound in his breast.

PROSECUTOR & DOCTOR,

"I am a doctor, my poor fellow,

DOCTOR,

I said. Let me examine you.

YOUNG MAN,

I do not want to be examined, let me be.

DOCTOR,

How was this done, monsieur?

MARQUIS,

Crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him ---

YOUNG MAN,

Doctor, they are very proud, these nobles but we common dogs are proud to. They plunder us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left. She, have you seen her, Doctor?

DOCTOR,

I have seen her.

YOUNG MAN,

She is my sister. They have had there shameful rights, these nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters. Many years. We were all tenants of that man. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race. We were so robbed by that man who stands here. They, with her husbands permission, a sick and dying man, who had no choice, took her away, for his brothers pleasure and diversion. I took my younger sister to a place beyond the reach of this man, where she at least will never be his vassal. Then I tracked the brother here and struck him, he defended himself and --- Now, lift me up, Doctor, lift me up.

Doctor helps him to his feet.

YOUNG MAN

Marquis, in the days when all these things are to be answered, I summon you and yours, to the last of your race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you.

Making a cross in the air with blood from his wound.

YOUNG MAN

In the days when all these things are to be answered, I summon your brother, the worst of a bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon him.

PROSECUTOR,

"He stood for an instant with his finger yet raised and as it dropped, he dropped with it and I laid him down dead.

(MORE)

PROSECUTOR, (cont'd)

The girl, his sister died two weeks later, I was in attendance. Up until the time of her drawing her last breath, she as her brother before did not reveal their family name. I was unable to do for either of them what I felt as physician and healer, I might have. I had been held virtually a prisoner these two weeks and was still aware only, that my hosts were nobles whose name I did not know. I was returned to my home in a darkened carriage, after having refused a gift of money. In the morning a rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box. I thought then to compose a letter to the Minister, a private letter detailing the past fortnight. Later that day I was informed that a lady, wished to see me. She had with her a small boy.

LADY,

I am the wife of the Marquis St. Evremonde, I must tell you that I had suspected and now know the nature of your visit to the Chateau of my husband and am aware of his implication in the matter. I am greatly distressed and it is my fervent hope to show the young lady, if in secret, a woman's sympathy, when she has recovered. I believe also that there is a younger sister and I have a desire to help the poor unfortunate girl.

DOCTOR,

I know only there is a sister, beyond that I know nothing.

LADY,

I had hoped that you might help me to know where she is. It may seem strange that I confide this to you, a stranger. I am unhappy in my marriage, my brother-in-law dislikes me and uses his influence with my husband against me. I stand in dread of him and of my husband. For his sake, I would do all I could to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I fear that one day he may be called to judgment for these deeds. What I have left to call my own, is little beyond the worth of a few jewels. I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow,

LADY, - PROSECUTOR,

with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family.

PROSECUTOR,

If the sister can be discovered. She had mentioned her husband's name on the assumption that I knew it, I added no mention of it in my letter and not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

The Gallery and jury begin to return to their original positions.

PROSECUTOR

That night, a man asked me to call on urgent case in the Rue St. Honore. He would not detain me, he said, he had a coach in waiting. It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. I was confronted by the brothers, the Marquis took from his breast pocket the letter I had written and burned it before me, not a word was spoken, I was brought here, to my living grave.

(MORE)

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

And from here, I denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for, The Marquis St. Evremonde, his brother and all their descendants to the last of them for the agony they have caused me, my family and all the other poor wretched souls that had the bad fortune to cross paths with them. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.

GALLERY,

Death! Revenge! Guilty! Death to aristocrats!

M. DEFARGE,

Save him now, my Doctor. Save him now!

FIRST JUROR,

Guilty!

SECOND JUROR,

Guilty!

THIRD JUROR,

Guilty!

And so on to the last juror. Roar of approval from the gallery.

PRESIDENT,

Guilty. As a descendant of an aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the people. Death within four-and-twenty hours! We are adjourned. Come citizens we have other duties that cry out for us.

People exit the courtroom, leaving Darnay with his guards, Barsad, Lorry, Manette, Lucie and Carton. Lucie reaches out for her husband and is restrained by a guard.

LUCIE,

If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once.

BARSAD,

Let her embrace him, it is but for a moment.

DARNAY,

We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest, my darling.

LUCIE,

I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above. A parting blessing for your child.

DARNAY,

I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you.

LUCIE,

No! A moment! We shall not be separated long.

DARNAY,

Heaven be with you.

As he is taken away. Lucie collapses. Carton emerges from the shadows, takes her up and places her in a chair.

CARTON,

Don't recall her to herself, for a while she is better thus. You had great influence just yesterday, Dr. Manette. These judges and all these men in power, are very friendly to you and very aware of your services; are they not?

MANETTE.

I had the strongest assurances that I might save him.

CARTON,

Try them again. The hours are few, but try again.

MANETTE,

I intend to try. I will not rest a moment.

CARTON,
When are you likely to see these dread powers, Doctor?

MANETTE,
Immediately after dark, I should hope.

CARTON,
If I go to Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done?

MANETTE,
Yes.

CARTON,
May you prosper.

Manette turns toward Lucie and Lorry approaches Carton.

LORRY,
I have no hope.

CARTON,
Nor have I.

LORRY,
If any one of these men, were disposed to spare him - which is a large supposition - I doubt if they durst spare him now.

CARTON,
And so do I.

CARTON,
Don't despond. I encouraged Dr. Manette because I feel that it might one day console her.

LORRY,
Yes, you are right but he will perish; there is no real hope.

CARTON,
There is no real hope. I shall take her to a coach?
Helping Lucie up, he leans over and kisses her gently.

NARRATOR,
This man stood still, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honorable ambitions, self denial and perseverance. In the city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which all the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruit of his life hung ripening, waters of hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment and it was gone.

THE EXTERIOR OF DEFARGE'S WINE-SHOP.
Carton approaches the door.

SCENE 16
CARTON,
It is best, that these people should know there is such a man as I, here.
He enters the shop. The set opens to interior and the presence of M. Defarge, Defarge, Jacques 3 and Vengeance.

CARTON
A glass of your wine please.
M. Defarge him over. Then speaks to him in French.

M. DEFARGE,
Would you care for the red wine or the white?

CARTON,
I am so sorry, do you speak English?
Sits and takes a newspaper from under his arm.

CARTON
A glass of wine, please.
M. DEFARGE,
English?
CARTON,
Yes, Madame. I am English.
M. DEFARGE,
Speaking French.
Do, you, like, red, or, white?
Aside to no one.
He looks, does he not, like Evremonde!
DEFARGE,
Monsieur, my good wife does not speak English. Would you like
red or white wine sir?
CARTON,
We share something, I speak no French. Red, thank you.
M. DEFARGE,
I swear, like Evermond.
CARTON,
What?
DEFARGE,
She said, good evening.
CARTON,
Good evening, citizen. Ah! And good wine. To the Republic.
DEFARGE,
Certainly, a little like.
M. DEFARGE,
These foreigners are all fools. Is it not so Monsieur? I tell
you a good deal like.
CARTON,
To your health Madam.
JACQUES 3,
He is so much in your mind, you see, Madame.
VENGEANCE,
And you are looking forward to seeing him once more tomorrow.
JACQUES 3,
It is true, what Madame says. Why stop? There is great force
in that. Why stop?
DEFARGE,
But, one must stop somewhere. The question is, where?
M. DEFARGE,
At extermination!
JACQUES 3,
Magnificent!
VENGEANCE,
Magnificent!
DEFARGE,
Extermination is a good doctrine, my wife, in general I say
nothing against it. But, this Doctor has suffered much, you
saw him today.
M. DEFARGE,
I have observed his face! I have observed his face to be not
the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care
of his face!

DEFARGE,

You have observed, my wife, the anguish of his daughter.

M. DEFARGE,

I have observed his daughter, yes, more times than one. I have observed her to-day and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, I have observed her in the street outside the prison.

JACQUES 3,

The citizeness is superb!

VENGEANCE,

She is an angel!

M. DEFARGE,

As to thee, my husband, if it depended on thee, which, happily, it does not, thou wouldst rescue this man even now.

DEFARGE,

Not if to lift this glass would do it, but I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there.

M. DEFARGE,

See you then Jacques and see you to, my little Vengeance. Listen! I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to extermination. Ask my husband if it is so.

DEFARGE,

It is so.

M. DEFARGE,

In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, he finds this paper of to-day and brings it home and in the middle of the night, we read it, here by the light of a lamp. Ask him, is that so?

DEFARGE,

It is so.

M. DEFARGE,

That night, I tell him, when the paper has been read, that I have a secret to communicate. Ask him, is that so?

DEFARGE,

It is so.

M. DEFARGE,

I communicate to him that secret. The peasant family so injured by the two Evremonde brothers, is my family! Those dead are my dead and that summons to answer for those things descends to me! Ask him, is that so?

DEFARGE,

It is so.

M. DEFARGE,

Then tell wind and fire where to stop but don't tell me! Tell the wind and the fire where to stop; not me!

LORRY'S OFFICE A CLOCK CHIMES.

SCENE 17

LORRY,

Nor has he returned to the lodgings. Where could he be?

CARTON,

It may be that he has met with some success, you recall telling me that he had been out of touch for days when Darnay was first taken?

LORRY,

Yes, but I can't help ---

CARTON,

Shush, a moment.

Reacting to a sound. The two men listen, then Manette enters.

MANETTE,

I cannot find it and I must have it. Where is it?

He stands in front of a chair removes his coat and lets it drop.

MANETTE

Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere. What have they done with my work? I must finish those shoes.

He reacts like a child then sinks into the chair.

CARTON,

The last chance is gone. He must be taken to her. But, before, hear me out. Don't ask me why but first I must exact a promise from you. I have reason. A good one.

LORRY,

I do not doubt it.

Carton picks up the coat, a paper falls out. He opens it.

CARTON,

What is this! Thank God!

LORRY,

What is it?

Putting his hand in his coat Carton draws out a similar paper.

CARTON,

A moment! This is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. You see Sydney Carton, an Englishman?

Lorry holds it, looks at it but says nothing.

CARTON,

Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember and I had better not take it into the prison.

LORRY,

Why not?

CARTON,

I prefer not to. Now take this paper of Dr. Manette's. It is a certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass. Put it together with mine and your own. It is good, until recalled. It may soon be recalled and I have reason to believe it soon will be.

LORRY,

They are in no danger.

CARTON,

They are in danger. In danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know this from her own lips and I have seen the spy. He confirms it, he knows that a wood sawyer, has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen her, making signals to prisoners. The pretense will be that of a prison plot that will involve her and perhaps her child and father, for both have been seen with her at that place. Do not look so horrified. You will save.

But how?

LORRY,

CARTON,

You know it is a capital crime, to mourn for, or sympathize with, a victim of the Guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime. You follow me?

LORRY,

Intently!

CARTON,

Your preparations to return to England, have been completed?

LORRY,

Yes.

CARTON,

To-morrow have your horses ready at two in the afternoon.

LORRY,

It shall be done.

CARTON,

Tell her to-night, what you know of the danger involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that, for she would lay her head beside her husband's gladly. For the sake of the child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe. Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made in the courtyard, here, even to taking your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in and drive away.

LORRY,

I understand that I wait for you under all circumstances?

CARTON,

You have my certificate in your hand. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied and then for England.

LORRY,

It does not all depend on one old man, I'll have a young and ardent man at my side.

CARTON,

By the help of Heaven you shall! Promise me that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another.

LORRY,

Nothing.

CARTON,

Remember these words; change the course, for any reason and no life will be saved.

LORRY,

I will remember them. I hope to do my part.

CARTON,

And I hope to do mine. Now, good-bye.

NARRATOR,

In the black prison of the Concierges, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two heads were to roll that afternoon. Before their cells saw the last of them, new occupants were appointed;

(MORE)

NARRATOR, (cont'd)

before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs tomorrow was already set apart. Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save hers. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglect of men, will seize on victims of all degrees and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction. Charles Darnay spent that night, waiting his time for the Guillotine.

DARNAY'S CELL.

SCENE 18

The door is unlocked and opens slightly.

BARSAD,

Go in alone; I wait. Lose no time!

Carton entering, closes the door.

CARTON,

Of all the people on earth, you least expected to see me?

DARNAY,

I do not think I believe it now. You are not a prisoner?

CARTON,

No. I have quite accidentally something to hold over one of the keepers. I come from your wife and bring a request from her.

DARNAY,

What is it?

CARTON,

You have no time to ask me why I bring it or what it means. You must comply. Take off those boots and put on these.

DARNAY,

Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it can never be done. You will only die with me. I is madness.

CARTON,

It would be if I asked you to escape but do I? When I ask you to pass out that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this one, that coat for mine. While you do it, shake out your hair like mine!

DARNAY,

This is madness. It cannot be accomplished.

CARTON,

Do I ask you to pass that door? When I ask that, refuse. Is your hand steady enough to write?

DARNAY,

It was when you came in.

CARTON,

Write exactly as I speak.

DARNAY,

To whom do I address it?

CARTON,

To no one.

DARNAY,

Do I date it?

Carton takes something from a pocket, which Darnay notices.

DARNAY,
Is that a weapon in your hand?

CARTON,
I am not armed.

DARNAY,
What is that in you hand?

CARTON,
You shall know directly.

He moves his hand slowly toward Darnay's face.

DARNAY,
What vapor is that?

CARTON,
Vapor?

He covers Darnay's face. He struggles just a moment. As Darnay goes unconscious. Carton begins putting on his things and goes to the door, opening it a crack. Barsad enters.

CARTON
Come in here.

Putting the letter in Darnay's pocket.

CARTON,
Is your hazard great?

BARSAD,
My hazard is nothing, if you are true to your bargain.

CARTON,
Do not fear me. I will be true to the death.

BARSAD,
You must be, if the tale of the fifty-two is to be right.

CARTON,
Now, get assistance and take me to the coach.

BARSAD,
You?

CARTON,
Him, man! Go out by the gate by which you brought me in.
BARSAD,

Of course.

Barsad exits. Carton places Darnay on the floor and assumes his position at the table with his head down in his arms. Barsad returns with help.

MAN,
How then?

BARSAD,
So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine.

MAN,
A good patriot could hardly have been more afflicted if the aristocrat had drawn a blank.

As they lift him and take him out of the room.

BARSAD,
The time is short, Evremonde.

CARTON,
I know it well.

The door closes.

A clock is heard ticking. A single drum will accompany it. In black the cell door opens and light streams into the cell.

Simultaneously we here the sound of prison doors being unlocked. Lights up slowly on Carton.

SCENE 19

This scene is continuous from setting to setting.

GUARD,

Follow me Evremonde!

He exits the cell and down the stairs. At the same time other prisoners join him. A young woman approaches Carton.

GIRL,

Citizen Evremonde? I am a poor seamstress, who was with you in La Force.

CARTON,

True. I forget, what you were accused of?

GIRL.

Plots against. Who would think of plotting with one as weak as me? I am not afraid to die, for a cause. The Republic which will do so much good for us poor, will it profit by my death? I do not know how that can be. I heard you were released, Citizen. I hoped it was true.

CARTON,

I was. I was taken again and condemned.

GIRL,

If I may ride with you, Citizen, will you let me hold your hand? It will give me courage.

At this point their eyes meet. She sees that it is not Darnay, he takes her hand and presses it to his lips.

GIRL,

Are you to die for him?

CARTON,

And his wife and child. Yes.

GIRL,

You will let me hold your hand, stranger?

CARTON,

Yes, sweet child, to the last.

The coach with Lorry, Dr. Manette, Lucie, little Lucie and Darnay.

SENTRY,

Who goes here? Papers!

The papers are handed out of the carriage.)

SENTRY

Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he? Point him out. Lucie, his daughter. French. Which is she?

LUCIE,

This is she.

SENTRY,

Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evremonde; is it not?

LORRY,

It is.

SENTRY,

Hah! Evremonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she? Kiss me, child of Evremonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican;

(MORE)

SENTRY, (cont'd)

something new in the family, remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?

Lorry points to Darnay, covered up on the floor.

Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?

LUCIE,

He is not in good health.

SENTRY,

Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?

LORRY,

I am he. Necessarily, being the last

M. Defarge, Vengeance, Jacques 3, and the wood sawyer.

JACQUES 3,

But our Defarge, is undoubtedly a good Republican? Eh?

VENGEANCE,

There is none better, in France.

M. DEFARGE,

Peace, little Vengeance, hear me speak. My husband, fellow-citizen, is a good Republican and a bold man. But my husband has his weaknesses and he is so weak as to relent towards this Doctor.

JACQUES,

It is a great pity, it is not quite like a good citizen; it is a thing to regret.

M. DEFARGE,

See you, I care nothing for this Doctor. He may wear his head or lose it. But, the Evremonde people are to be exterminated and the wife and child must follow the husband and father.

JACQUES,

She has a fine head for it. And the child.

M. DEFARGE,

I cannot trust my husband in this matter. I fear that he might warn them and they might escape.

JACQUES,

That must never be, no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day

Pross and Jerry

PROSS.

Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher, what do you think of our not starting from here, like the others? Two carriages leaving from the same location, might awaken suspicion.

JERRY,

My opinion, miss, is as you're right. Likewise wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong.

PROSS,

I am so distracted with fear and hope, that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are you capable of forming a plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?

JERRY,

Respectin' the future, miss, I hope so. Respectin' any present use of this old head, I think not. Would you do me a favor, miss and take notice o' two promises and wot it is my wish to record in this here crisis?

PROSS,

For gracious sake! Record them at once and get them out of the way, like a good man.

JERRY,

First, them poor things as wos done or not done, even if they wos so and I not say it wos, never more will I do it, never no more!

PROSS,

I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher, that you never will do it again, whatever it is and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention, what it is.

JERRY,

No, miss, it shall not be named to you. Second: and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more.

PROSS,

Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be. O my poor darlings.

JERRY,

And let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself - that what my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change and wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time.

Defarge, M. Defarge, wood sawyer, Vengeance & Jacques3

M. DEFARGE,

In a word, my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, therefore, I must act for myself. You are ready you bear witness this very day?

WOOD SAWYER,

Ay, ay, why not! Every day in all weather from two to four, always signaling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know. I have seen with my own eyes.

JACQUES 3,

Clearly plotting.

M. DEFARGE,

There is no doubt among the jury?

JACQUES 3,

Rely upon the patriotic jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow jurymen.

M. DEFARGE,

She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with it's enemies. I will go to her.

JACQUES 3,

What an admirable woman.

VENGEANCE,

Ah, my cherished!

Embracing her M. Defarge.

M. DEFARGE,

Take you my knitting and have it ready for me in my usual seat.

VENGEANCE,

You will not be late?

M. DEFARGE,

I shall be there.

Pross & Jerry

PROSS,

If we ever get back to our native land, you may depend on me telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have said. Now, pray let us think! Mr. Cruncher, let us think.

JERRY,

I, I ---

PROSS,

If you were to go now and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here and were to wait somewhere for me, wouldn't that be best?

JERRY,

I think it might.

PROSS,

Where could you wait for me?

Jerry is bewildered.

PROSS,

By the cathedral door? Would it be much out of the way, to take me in near the cathedral doors?

JERRY,

No, miss.

PROSS,

Then, go to the posting house straight and make the change.

JERRY,

I am doubtful about leaving you, you see. We don't know what may happen.

PROSS,

Heaven knows we don't but have no fear of me. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o'clock or as near as you can. I am sure it will be better than our going from here. Think -- not of me but the lives that may depend on both of us.

Jerry exits.

The coach

SENTRY,

Ho! Within the carriage there. Speak then!

LORRY,

What is it?

SENTRY,

How many did they say?

LORRY,

I do not understand you.

SENTRY,

At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?

LORRY,

Fifty-two.

SENTRY,

I said so! A good number! My fellow-citizen here would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi forward. Whoop!

M. Defarge & Pross

M. DEFARGE,
The wife of Evremonde. Where is she.

PROSS,
You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer.
Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an
Englishwoman.

M. DEFARGE,
I am on my way, yonder, where they reserve a chair and my
knitting for me. I am come to make my compliments to her in
passing. I wish to see her.

PROSS,
I know your intentions are evil. And you may depend upon it,
I'll hold my own against them.

M. DEFARGE,
It will do her no good to hide from me. Good patriots will
know what that means. Let me see her!

PROSS,
No, you wicked foreign woman.

M. DEFARGE,
I take no answer from you. I demand to see her. Either tell
her I demand to see her or stand out of the way.

PROSS,
I never thought that I would ever want to understand your
nonsensical language but I would give all I have, save the
clothes I am wearing, to know whether you suspect the truth, or
any part of it.

M. Defarge takes a firm step forward.

PROSS
I am a Briton. I am desperate and I don't care a twopence for
myself. I know the longer I keep you here, the greater hope
there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that
dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger upon me.

Crowd scene

MAN IN CROWD,
Which is Evremonde?

BARSAD,
That. At the back there.

MAN,
With his hand in the girls?

BARSAD,
Yes.

MAN,
Down with Evremonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down
with Evremonde!

BARSAD,
Hush, hush!

MAN,
Why! And why, citizen?

BARSAD,
He is going to pay the forfeit. It will be paid in five
minutes. Let him be at peace.

VENGEANCE,
Therese! Who has seen her? Therese Defarge!

WOMAN,
She has never missed before.

VENGEANCE,
No! Nor will she miss now. Therese!

WOMAN,
Louder.

VENGEANCE,
And here are the tumbrils! And Evremonde. He will be
dispatched and she is not here! See her knitting in my hand
and her chair is empty!

We hear the first sound of the falling Guillotine.

GIRL,
But for you dear stranger, I should not be so composed. I
think that you were sent to me by Heaven.

CARTON,
And you to me. Keep your eyes upon me, dear child and mind no
other object.

GIRL,
I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing
when I let it go, if they are quick.

CARTON,
They will be quick. Fear not!

M. Defarge & Pross

*A gun shot rings out. Lights reveal Pross and M. Defarge
entangled. A moment and M. Defarge falls to the floor.*

PROSS,
Help!
*Running as if for help, then stopping. She looks back at the
body on the floor, turns and walks silently out of the room.*

Crowd scene

GIRL,
Will you let me ask you one last question?

CARTON,
Tell me what it is.

GIRL,
I have a cousin, she is five years younger than I. What I have
been thinking. If the Republic really does good for the poor
and they come to be less hungry and in all ways to suffer less,
she may live a long time, she may even live to be old.

CARTON,
What then, gentle sister?

GIRL,
Do you think, that it will seem long to me while I wait for her
in a better land where I trust both you and I will be
mercifully sheltered?

CARTON,
It cannot be, my child. There is no time there and no trouble
there.

GIRL,
You comfort me so much. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment
come?

CARTON,
Yes.

The sound of the Guillotine. The girl is lead away.

WOMEN'S VOICES,

Twenty-two.

CARTON,

I am the resurrection and the life, sayeth the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

The Guillotine.

WOMEN'S VOICES,

Twenty three.

CARTON,

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.

BLACKOUT

THE END

LORRY'S OFFICE

STRYVER

Good afternoon, sir.

LORRY,

I have been to Soho.

STRYVER,

To be sure!

LORRY,

And I have no doubt, that I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed and I reiterate my advice

STRYVER,

I am sorry for it on your account and sorry for it on the poor father's account. Let us say no more about it.

LORRY,

I don't understand.

STRYVER,

I dare say not, no matter.

LORRY

But it does matter.

STRYVER,

I assure you it does not. Having supposed that there was sense where there was none and laudable ambition where there was none, I am well out of my mistake. Young women have committed similar follies before and have repented them in poverty and obscurity. In an unselfish aspect, I am sorry that the thing is dropped, in a selfish way I am glad because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly view. I have not proposed to the young lady and between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. You can't control the vanities and giddinesses of empty-headed girls. If you attempt it you will always be disappointed. Now, pray say no more about it.

(MORE)

STRYVER, (cont'd)

I tell you, I regret it on the account of others but I am satisfied on my own account. I am very much obliged to you for letting me sound you out and giving me your advice. You know the young lady far better than I do and you were right, it never would have done. Thank you again.