

PROLOGUE

AT RISE: A single drum is heard in the darkness.
As the light rise, there is a gather
thundering of drums. Soon other
instruments join the drums. Actors with
minimal props and set pieces create a
tapestry medieval life.)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FIGHTING

COMPANY

WAR RAGES, A RAVAGING FIRE,
DEVOURING THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.
TURNING BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER
AS ENGLAND TURNS HER LANCE
TO CONQUEST.
THE CROWN OF ENGLAND AND OF FRANCE.

PEASANTS

SUN RISES AND WHAT DO WE HAVE?
ANOTHER DAY SHROUDED IN FEAR.
WE HAVE PRAYED FOR OUR SALVATION.
OUR HOMES AND FIELDS STILL BURN.
WE CRY OUT!
AND PLANT AGAIN THE SEASONS TURN.

COMPANY

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FIGHTING
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF WAR
NONE OF US REMEMBER PEACE.
TU RALURALU PATAPATAPAN
NONE OF US REMEMBER PEACE.
IT ELUDES US ALL THUS FAR.

DAUPHIN, LA TREMOILLE AND DUKE OF
BURGUNDY

KINGS PARLAY ON ROYAL ESTATES
IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE PEACE.
MAKING TREATY, UPON TREATY,
STILL HOPING STRIFE WILL CEASE.
KINGS MAKE WAR.
THE BLOOD OF PEASANTS MAKE THE PEACE.

SOLDIERS

BOLD SOLDIERS, IN SPLENDOR, WE FIGHT
FOR CAUSES THAT OFTEN ARE LOST.
WE HAVE SUFFERED FOR THE GLORY,
AND STILL WE FIGHT AGAIN,
TO TRIUMPH.

SOLIDERS (CONT'D)

AND END THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS.

LA TREMOILLE

KINGS WAVER, A COSTLY AFFAIR,
IN A NATION WHERE TURMOIL ABOUNDS.
MAKING FOLLY, UPON FOLLY,
I'VE LENT MY HAND TO RULE
THE KINGDOM.
A ROYAL FOOL IS STILL A FOOL.

THE DAUPHIN (Charles VII)

I, DAUPHIN OF ROYAL DESCENT,
HAVE DIVINE RIGHT TO ONE DAY BE KING.
I HAVE WAITED FOR THE MOMENT
WHEN THE BELLS OF RHEIMS WILL RING.
THEY CHIME OUT.
THE CROWNING OF THE GLORIOUS KING.

COMPANY

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FIGHTING
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF WAR
NONE OF US REMEMBER PEACE.
TU RULURALU PATAPATAAN
NONE OF US REMEMBER PEACE.
IT ELUDES US ALL THUS FAR.

CATHERINE DE LA ROCHELLE

MY VISIONS ENLIGHTEN THE WORLD.
SHOW ALL MEN THE WAYS OF OUR LORD.
I HAVE TOLD THEM HOW TO END WAR,
AND STILL THEY WILL NOT HEAR
MY MESSAGE.
THE WRATH OF GOD THEY'LL HAVE TO FEAR.

BISHOP CAUCHON

FALSE PROPHETS, ON IGNORANCE PREY,
LEADING FOOLS AWAY FROM OUR LORD.
IT'S A DARK PLAGUE TO BE WIPED OUT.
THE CHURCH WILL LEAD THE WAY
TO JUSTICE.
FALSE PROPHETS YOU SHALL HAVE TO PAY.

COMPANY

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR SAVIORS
TO LIGHT OUT DARKENED PATH.
THE TIME IS RIPE FOR SAVIOR
TO REEL THE SWORD OF WRATH.
A THUNDEROUS BLOW TO ENGLAND
USURPERS OF OUR LAND.
ACROSS THE CHANNEL DRIVE THEM.
ONE WOMAN TAKES A STAND.

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR SAVIORS
TO LIGHT OUR DARKENED PATH.
THE TIME IS RIPE FOR SAVIORS
TO REEL THE SWORD OF WRATH.
A THUNDEROUS BLOW TO ENGLAND
USURERS OF OUR LAND.
ACROSS THE CHANNEL DRIVE THEM.
ONE WOMAN TAKES A STAND.
ONE WOMAN TAKES A STAND.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FIGHTING
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF WAR
NONE OF US REMEMBER PEACE.
TU RALURALU PATAPATAPAN
NONE OF US REMEMBER PEACE.
IT ELUDES US ALL THUS FAR.

(Lights fade as underscoring continues.)

ACT I

Scene I

AT RISE: Rouen, France 1431. The inquisition of
Joan of Arc has begun

CAUCHON

AS INQUISITOR OF THE FAITH
AND PROTECTOR OF THE DIOCESE,
JOAN OF ARC, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
SACRILEGE, SUPERSTITIONS, HERESIES,
AND UTTERANCES CONTRARY TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

(Lights rise on JOAN OF ARC downstage.)

JOAN

I submit only to the church in heaven.

INQUISITOR ONE

(Reads from a scroll)

JOAN OF ARC, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
USING SUPERSTITIONS,
CHARMS AND DIVINATION,
ENTRAPPING SOULS OF MAN.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR TWO

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
BOASTFUL PROCLAMATION,
ASSURING YOUR SALVATION,
THAT SAINTS REVEAL TO YOU.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR THREE

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
CONSULTING EVIL POWERS,
JUMPING FROM A TOWER,
TO ESCAPE THE WRATH OF GOD.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR FOUR

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
USURPING HEAVEN'S OFFICE,
SPILLING BLOOD IN MALICE,
BLASPHEME OF HIS NAME.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR FIVE

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
PUBLIC DECLARATIONS,
FRENCH IS ANGEL'S LANGUAGE,
AND ENGLISH SATAN'S TONGUE.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

Why should they speak English? They are for the French.

INQUISITOR SIX

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
SEEING INTO THE FUTURE,
CONTAMINATING THE PURE,
WITH MAGIC SELLS YOU CAST.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR SEVEN

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
PURSUING DOMINATION,
A GROSS ABOMINATION,
A WOMAN LEADING MEN.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR ONE

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
SPEAKING INCANTATIONS,
MISLEADING REVELATIONS,
YOU HEAR THE VOICE OF GOD.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR TWO

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
USING MAGIC MANDRAKE,
IN EVIL RITES YOU PARTAKE,
COMMITTING MORTAL SIN.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR THREE

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
SEEING APPARITIONS,
MOCKING CHURCH TRADITIONS,
FALSE PROPHETS HAVE TO PAY.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR FOUR

JOAN, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
SLEEPING WITH YOUR SOLDIERS,
A HARLOT, EVEN BOLDER,
YOU PROFESS TO BE A MAID.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

INQUISITOR FIVE

JOAN YOU ARE ACCUSED OF
DISSUADING CHARLES FROM TREATIES,
ATTACKING HELPLESS CITIES,
ON HIGH HOLY DAYS.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

JOAN

I DENY THIS.

(A man brings a Bible down stage for JOAN
to be sworn in.)

CAUCHON

On the holy gospel, do you swear to speak the truth in answer to the
questions put to you?

JOAN

I do not know what you wish to examine me on. Perhaps you might ask
such things that I would not tell.

CAUCHON

Will you swear to speak the truth upon those things, which are asked you concerning the faith, which you know?

JOAN

I will tell the truth on those things concerning this trial and nothing more.

(The inquisitors are stunned by this affront. They confer with each other for a moment.)

CAUCHON

What is your name?

JOAN

Joan of Arc.

INQUISITOR ONE

What are your mother and father's name?

JOAN

Jacques of Arc and Isabelle Romee.

INQUISITOR ONE

How old are you?

JOAN

Nineteen.

INQUISITOR TWO

Were you baptized?

JOAN

Yes, in the church of Domremy.

INQUISITOR ONE

Do you confess your sins once a year?

JOAN

Yes, to my own priest.

CAUCHON

When was the first time you heard the voices?

JOAN

(Irritated)

My voices are of no concern to this court.

CAUCHON

Your voices are of the greatest concern to this court, Joan. With your help, we might better understand the significance of them appearing to you. The court would greatly appreciate your sharing anything that you feel to be relevant.

JOAN

They came toward noon in my father's garden

CAUCHON

Do they appear to you as angels or directly from God?

JOAN

I will not tell you everything in this trial. (Beat) I'm more afraid of failing them than displeasing you.

INQUISITOR ONE

You are on trial for heresy and sacrilege, Joan of Arc. Punishment for such crimes is death by fire-- (*regaining his composure*) These are most serious crimes...(CAUCHON motions for him to be silent.)

CAUCHON

Under what circumstance would they appear to you?

JOAN

They came with the sound of bells...in a glorious light...when the bells rang out for vespers or mass. I would fall to my knees in prayer and they would appear.

(Sung or spoken with sparse accompaniment.)

INQUISITOR TWO

DID YOU EMBRACE THEM?

JOAN

YES, AT THE FEET.

INQUISITOR ONE

DID THEY HAVE A SMELL?

JOAN

OH, PERFUME SWEET.

INQUISITOR TWO

DID THEY HAVE HAIR?

JOAN

LONG AND FLOWING DOWN.

CAUCHON

WERE THEY NAKED?

JOAN

DO YOU THINK OUR LORD
WOULD NOT DRESS THEM IN THE FINEST GOWNS?

CAUCHON

DID THEY HAVE SIGHT AND EYES?

JOAN

YOU WILL NOT LEARN THAT YET.
MEN ARE SOMETIMES HANGED FOR TELLING THE TRUTH.

CAUCHON

ARE YOU IN GOD'S GRACE?

JOAN

IF I AM NOT, MAY GOD PUT ME THERE
AND IF I AM, MAY GOD KEEP ME.
FOR IF I WERE IN A STATE OF SIN,
THE VOICES WOULD NOT COME TO ME.
AND THEN I SURELY WOULD BE DAMNED
FOR CREATING SUCH A FALLACY.

(beat) I wish everyone could hear the voices as well as I do. I was
about thirteen when the voices first came to me.

INQUISITOR ONE

Did you play in the fields with the other children?

JOAN

I went sometimes, but much of the time I wanted to be alone. I listen
and I waited for the glorious sound.

CAUCHON

What sound is that, Joan?
What sound is that?

(The underscoring of BELLS begins.
Lights fade on other characters and
remain up on Joan. Dressers ENTER and
change her costume to that of a young
shepherd girl. It is the summer of 1428.
The place is the village of Domremy.)

BELLS
JOAN

WIND WHISTLES THROUGH BIRCHES.
SUN DRIFTS THROUGH THE SKY.
GRASSY FIELDS PAINTED WITH FLOWERS.
A RIVER TO PURIFY.

SHEPHERDS TENDING THEIR LIVE STOCK.
PRIESTS WHO TEND TO OUR SOULS.
IN A TOWN SHELTERED FROM TURMOIL,
WE ARE BORN, LIVE AND GROW OLD.

THERE ARE BELLS THAT CHIME OUT,
RINGING OF VOICES.
BELLS THAT TAKE ME AWAY.
BELLS THAT ECHO OF ALL OUR TOMORROWS,
THE MEMORY OF YESTERDAY.
THERE ARE BELLS THAT CHIME OUT,
SINGING OF ANGELS.
BELLS AT VESPERS WE PRAY.
BELLS PROCLAIMING A NEW DAY IS COMING.
YOU'RE DESTINED TO LEAD THE WAY.

COWS GRAZE IN THE MEADOWS.
PEASANTS PLOWING THEIR FIELDS.
IN THE MILL, THEY'RE MAKING THE FLOUR.
THANK GOD WHO IS OUR SHIELD.

NUT TREES LADEN WITH CHILDREN.
MINSTRELS LADEN WITH SONG.
IN A TOWN WHERE TURMOIL GROWS CLOSER,
OUR FAITH IN GOD STAYS STRONG.

THERE ARE BELLS THAT CHIME OUT,
RINGING OF VOICES.
BELLS THAT TAKE ME AWAY.
BELLS THAT ECHO OF ALL OUR TOMORROWS,
THE MEMORY OF YESTERDAY.
THERE ARE BELLS THAT CHIME OUT,
SINGING OF ANGELS.
BELLS AT VESPERS WE PRAY.
BELLS PROCLAIMING A NEW DAY IS COMING.
YOU'RE DESTINED TO LEAD THE WAY.

JOAN (CONT'D)

BELLS THEY COMPEL ME.
THEY TELL ME OF FUTURES THAT I AM TO MOLD.
RESOUNDING WITH VOICES.
ASTOUNDING WITH CHOICES.
FORETELLING A STORY ABOUT TO UNFOLD.

(JOAN (CONT'D

THERE ARE BELLS THAT CHIME OUT,
RINGING OF VOICES.
BELLS THAT TAKE ME AWAY.
BELLS THAT ECHO OF ALL OUR TOMORROWS,
THE MEMORY OF YESTERDAY.
THERE ARE BELLS THAT CHIME OUT,
SINGING OF ANGELS.
BELLS PROCLAIMING A NEW DAY IS COMING.
YOU'RE DESTINED TO LEAD THE WAY.

(ISABELLE, Joan's mother, enters from
the upstage dwelling with a large basket.
She is closely follow by Joan's two
brothers, Jean and Pierre.)

ISABELLE

JOAN! JOAN!
GET YOUR HEAD OUT THE CLOUDS!
THERE IS MUCH HERE ON EARTH
WE HAVE TO ATTEND TO.
HEAVEN CAN WAIT FOR ANOTHER ANGEL.
YOU HAVE CHORES THAT ARE WAITING FOR YOU.

THERE'S THE SPINNING,
ENDLESS MENDING,
ALWAYS CLEANING,
THEN THE COOKING,
CLOTHES NEED WASHING,
BREAD IS BAKING,
FROM THE BREAK OF DAWN
TILL DARKNESS CLOSES IN
A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER THROUGH

LOOK AT YOU, YOU'RE ALMOST A WOMAN.
YESTERDAY, YOU WERE MY LITTLE GIRL.
ALMOST GROWN UP
GETTING MARRIED
RAISE A FAMILY
BEFORE I KNOW YOU'LL BE SPREADING YOUR WINGS
AND FLYING AWAY

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF ALL SORTS OF DANGER
I'LL PROTECT YOU AS LONG AS I CAN.
BE A GIRL FOR A WHILE LONGER.
ENJOY YOUR CHILDHOOD.
YOU'LL SOON BE THE WIFE OF A DECENT YOUNG MAN.
DON'T ASPIRE TO BE MORE THAN YOU CAN.

(Jacques enters.)

JACQUES
JOAN! JOAN!
JACQUES
I'VE JUST HAD THE MOST UNSETTLING DREAM.

ISABELLE
WHAT WAS IT, HUSBAND?

JACQUES
JOAN HAD GONE OFF WITH AN ARMY OF SOLDIERS.

ISABELLE
OH, MY, HOW DISTURBING.

JACQUES
THAT'S NOT ALL I'M SORRY TO TELL.
SHE DRESSED IN ARMOR.
SLEPT WITH SOLDIERS.
FOUGHT IN BATTLES.
UNREPENTANT, UNASHAMED
JUST LIKE A MAN

JOAN
FATHER!

JACQUES
DON'T SPEAK A WORD!
I'LL HAVE NO HARLOT FOR MY DAUGHTER.
IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU SLEEPING AROUND,
I WILL DROWN YOU IN THE RIVER,
WITH MY OWN HANDS,
COMMEND YOUR SOUL TO OUR LORD
UNREPENTANT, UNASHAMED.
I WOULD RATHER SEE DEAD AND BURIED
THAN TARNISH MY NAME.

ISABELLE
JACQUES IT WAS ONLY A DREAM?

JACQUES
DREAMS HAVE A WAY OF COMING TO LIFE.
HAVE A WAY OF COMING TO HAUNT YOU.
THIS ONE I TELL YOU, IT CUTS ME LIKE A KNIFE.

LOOK AT YOU NOW YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.
STILL INNOCENT AND SHELTERED FROM HARM
ALMOST GROWN UP

JACQUES (CONT'D)

GETTING MARRIED
RAISE A FAMILY
BEFORE I KNOW YOU'VE BE SPREADING YOU WINDS
AND FLYING AWAY.

JACQUES AND ISABELLE

THIS WORLD IS FILLED FULL OF ALL SORTS OF DANGERS.
I'LL PROTECT YOU AS LONG AS I CAN.
BE A GIRL FOR A WHILE LONGER.
ENJOY YOUR CHILDHOOD.
YOU'VE SOON BE THE WIFE OF A DECENT YOUNG MAN.
DON'T ASPIRE TO BE MORE THAN YOU CAN.

(JACQUES cross to the little hut up stage
and slams the door. The two boys follow
him they chant as the go.)

JEAN AND PIERRE

WE WILL DRAWN YOU IN THE RIVER.
WE WILL DRAWN YOU IN THE RIVER...

ISABELLE

Get! Such brats. (*To Joan*) The hour is late. Go. Go, herd the sheep
in. (*Joan hesitates*) Go ahead. Don't concern yourself with your father.
A bit of indigestion, I'd say. Go on.

(Joan begins to move off to the right.
Lights fade on the rest of stage and come
up on the COUNCIL OF VOICES upstage that
sing a Gregorian chant while echoing Joan
of Arc's name. The voices represent
three saints, St. Michael, St. Catherine
and St. Margaret.)