



Scripts.com

A Tale of Two Cities

By Charles Dickens

Get up. Get up. Come on.
Get up. Get up.
Get up there, get up there.
Come on there.
Now push hard.
Get up. Push hard. Come on.
Come on, there. Come on, there.
Blimey.
Hey, Joe, what o'clock is it?
It must be nearly 11.
Eleven, and we ain't atop
of Shooter's Hill yet?
- Push.
- Come on, now. Hey.
Come on.
Aye, Joe.
What do you say it is, Tom?
Well, I'd say it's a horse
coming up at a canter.
Well, I say it's a horse
coming up at a gallop.
Gentlemen, in the king's name,
on guard, all of you.
Dover mail?
Are you the Dover mail?
Never mind what we are. What are you?
I'm a messenger from Tellson's Bank.
Stand! No nearer.
I wants Mr. Jarvis Lorry.
I've got a message for him from his bank.
Here I am. Is that Jerry Cruncher?
Right you are, sir.
Stop! Keep where you are.
It's quite all right. I know him.
Then step over and speak to him if
you must, but don't let him come no nearer.
You never know these days.
What is the message, Jerry?
The message is to wait at
the Royal George for mademoiselle.
She'll be at Dover.
Give this reply to the office, Jerry:
"Recalled to life. "
"Recalled to life. "

Right you are, sir.

- Did you hear the message, sir?

- I did.

- What did you make of it?

- Nothing at all.

That's a coincidence too.

That's what I made of it myself.

Now then, gentlemen,
all together, please.

- Hot gravy, sir?

- No, no.

The young lady you were expecting, sir...

...Miss Manette...

- Yes.

- She has arrived, sir.

- Good.

It's business. Strictly business.

Of course, sir.

I'm from Tellson's Bank in London,
and it is business.

Quite, quite.

I am Mr. Jarvis Lorry Jr.

Of Tellson and Company, bankers.

Your humble servant, miss.

Yes, I... I received a letter
from the bank, sir...

...informing me that some intelligence,
some discovery...

The word is not material, miss,
either one will do.

- Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?

- Miss Manette, I am a man of business.

Pay no more attention to me
than if I were a machine.

- I am not much else.

- But I know you. I'm sure I know you.

Yes. When you were a little girl...

...I was instrumental in bringing you
and your mother over to England.

No romance. Business, you know.

- No room for sentiment in business.

- Yes.

That was 17 years ago.

Yes. I speak, miss, of that time.

Our business today has to do
with your father, Dr. Manette.
- You knew him before he died?
- Before...?
Yes. Yes, he was a client
of Tellson and Company's Paris bank.
I am an arm of that bank.
That is how you will regard me.
A mere mechanical arm
of Tellson and Company.
Mr. Lorry, what have you
come to tell me?
Now, let us suppose
that your father had not died.
- Suppose...
- Don't be afraid, child.
Mr. Lorry, please do not
keep me in suspense.
What is it?
If your father had not died.
If he had suddenly
and silently disappeared.
If he had an enemy
who caused him to be imprisoned...
I entreat you, sir.
Pray... Pray, tell me.
No, no. Don't kneel, child.
In heaven's name,
why should you kneel to me?
For the truth,
oh, dear, good, compassionate, sir.
For the truth.
Mr. Lorry, is my father alive?
Yes, child.
- Where is he?
- You will find him greatly changed.
A wreck it is probable,
though we will hope for the best.
My father.
My poor, poor father.
Now you know the best and the worst.
You will see this poor,
wronged gentleman...
...then with a fair sea voyage,

and a fair land voyage...

What is the matter?

Miss Manette, my dear child.

What are you doing to my Ladybird?

I was just... I... I...

I had to tell her some news.

You took a fine manner of doing it.

You in brown, why couldn't you tell her
without frightening her to death?

See what you've done to her.

You call that being a banker?

- I tried to break it as gently as I could.

- Gently?

I'd like to see you break things roughly.

Oh, my pretty. My sweet.

Pross is with you now.

No one can harm you.

My darling.

- I assure you, madam, I had no intention...

- I am not "madam. "

I'm Miss Lucie's companion,
and I'm Miss Pross.

But, madam, I assure you that...

- I'm all right.

- Of course you're all right.

It was a shock.

The man has no sense blurting out
whatever he was blurting out...
...as if he were calling coals.

Please, Miss Pross.

Where is my father?

He has been imprisoned
at the Bastille 18 years.

Eighteen years.

Gracious creator of day.

To be buried alive for 18 years.

But I entreat you, sir, where is he now?

An old servant of his, De Farge,
is taking care of him.

- But where? Where?

- In his wine shop in Paris.

You must take me to him at once.

Well, why do you stand there
like a nincompoop?

You hear, don't you?
She wants to be taken to her father.
Isn't it natural she should
want to see her father?
Well, I will, but...
A toast to the king's health.
- There's mud in it.
- There's food in it.
Drink, little one.
Never mind the taste.
How can men bear such poverty?
Bear it? Look, they live within
the very shadow of the Bastille.
They have to bear it.
Don't do that, Jacques.
Well, there'll be blood flowing
in these streets before long, De Farge.
Yes, but keep that thought
in your heart, Jacques.
Don't waste it on the walls.
You're right, Jacques.
Jacques, where do you want this wood?
In the loft?
Jacques, 116 from Bordeaux.
Welcome, Jacques. Come inside.
A hundred and sixteen from Bordeaux,
my wife.
Well, Jacques, do you see the way
the spilt wine is being sucked up?
Every drop.
Not often those poor beasts
know the taste of wine...
...or of anything
but black bread and death.
It is so throughout all France.
Has he seen our tenant upstairs?
Not yet, but I'll show him.
Eighteen years imprisoned in the Bastille.
Wait till you see him.
The sight will burn into the souls
of all of the name of Jacques.
Strangers. The rose.
Madame De Farge?
Recalled to life.

Yes, yes. We have some
very fine old wine upstairs.
My husband will show you.
Come.
You were too young to remember me.
I was his servant.
Where...? Where is he?
Is he greatly changed?
Changed, mademoiselle.
Changed.
You lock him in? Why?
He's lived so long that way,
that an open door would...
Is it possible?
All things are possible in France today...
...just as all things
will be possible later.
Don't come in to him yet.
Let us go first.
Still hard at work?
Yes, I... I'm working.
These shoes must be done.
You have a visitor, you see.
A visitor.
Show your work to monsieur.
It is a lady's shoe.
It is a young lady's walking shoe.
It is in the present mode.
I never saw the mode.
I did it from a drawing.
Dr. Manette, do you remember me?
Come, come, now. Do you remember
an old friend in Tellson's Bank in London?
No.
No.
Who are you?
Who are you?
It is the same...
...but how can it be?
It is the same...
...but she is dead.
Yes.
My mother is dead, but I am...
Can't you feel who I am?

She had laid her head on my shoulder...
...and when I was brought
to the North Tower...
...they found hair like this...
...on my sleeve.
How was this?
Was it you?
I'm Lucie, her daughter.
Your daughter.
Do you think he's fit
to make a journey to England?
Get him out of France for his sake, and for
the sake of the Jacquerie who rescued him.
- What is this Jacquerie?
- One day you will know.
All France will know.
You're coming with me, Father.
Wait.
Wait.
Where is the place?
The brick was here by the bench.
It's gone.
- What's he looking for?
- Something he wrote in the Bastille.
And it was left in his cell?
No, we found it.
A reminder of such horror,
it's better he should never see it again.
Father, dear, we shall find it.
You're coming with me now. Home.
Home.
No one saw a coach leave here,
you understand?
Eighteen years in a cell without a trial...
...because an aristocrat chose
to brush the good doctor from his path.
Too bad we don't know
which aristo it was.
But I do know.
I have cause to remember.
His outrages against my own family
would never let me forget.
Then you have his name on your register?
He has the place of honor.

The Marquis St. Evremonde.
Killed.
Dead.
The child is dead, Excellency.
It's extraordinary to me that you cannot
take care of yourselves and your children.
One or the other of you
is forever in the way.
How do you know what injury
you might do to my horses?
Drive on, faster.
Irritating episode.
The marquis drives fast.
We'll drive him fast to his tomb.
My dear nephew,
what goes forward here?
I'm leaving. I'm going to England.
Really?
Monsieur Gabelle,
when you were my nephew's tutor...
...you shouldn't have encouraged him
to be so petulant.
You've made the name Evremonde
the most detested in all France.
I can't endure your cruelty.
There is a sickness these days
which labels itself humanitarianism.
You have no pity for those who suffer.
Pity, my dear boy,
is a diseased variety of sentimentality.
Do you pity the swine
whose flesh we eat?
The peasants are not swine.
That, my dear Charles,
is where you and I differ.
I'm very much afraid,
that you have taught my nephew...
...to take the new philosophy
of equality seriously.
Now, I enjoy Monsieur Voltaire and
these other modern philosophers, but I...
I take them lightly,
and merely as an exercise for the mind.
Most of our lands are stolen.

I intend to see them returned
to the peasants.

Really?

Thank your stars that you're related to me,
or you might find yourself in the Bastille.

Monseigneur, I pray you overlook
the impulsiveness of youth.

- I'm not frightened of anything you can do.

- Charles, I beg of you.

I'm not at all sure that it wouldn't be the
patriotic thing to imprison you, Charles...

...in spite of the pain

it would cause me personally.

By the bye, if you should run into
any difficulties in England, let me know.

The prisons, even in that utopia,
are very uncomfortable, they tell me.

A pleasant journey, Mr. Darnay.

What did he mean by that?

The steel hand in the velvet glove.

- But he's capable of anything.

- I'm not troubled, Gabelle.

Charles, let me go with you.

I can't take you now...

...but some day we'll be together.

God bless you, Charles.

On the boat to England,
you say, Morveau?

Do you think it can be done
on the boat to England?

Darnay will be arrested the day he lands.

You are ingenious, Morveau.

I like your plan.

- Proceed with it.

- Very well, Your Excellency.

The boy is capricious.

He needs correction.

Yes, Your Excellency.

Here we are, Dr. Manette,
safe in England...

...and you've borne the voyage
like a seasoned traveler.

It's been a pleasant voyage.

Your kindness has done me good,

much good.

It's nice to be one's self again.

Believe me, Miss Manette,

I'm sorry the voyage is ending.

And I... I can't tell you how glad I am
your hatbox fell into the water at Calais.

Really, Mr. Darnay.

Oh, I only meant that rescuing it gave me
the opportunity to meet you and your father.

And it gave me the opportunity

to hear your instructive discourse...

...on George Washington

and the rights of man.

Now you're making sport of me.

Oh, no, Mr. Darnay,

it was most edifying.

Ahoy, ashore.

- All right, hand me my luggage, my bag.

- Get back.

Sorry.

There we are. Hurry up, lad.

Good, that's it.

Bon voyage.

Barsad.

Now to find the carriage,
and then for London, eh, doctor?

I wonder, Miss Manette, if I may presume
to call upon you at your home?

On such short acquaintance?

Oh, Mr. Darnay.

Certainly a crossing from Calais in this fog
cannot be called short acquaintance.

Do let me see you again.

Lucie, dear, ready?

Yes, Father.

Thank you, Mr. Darnay,
for all your kindness.

- Goodbye then until Sunday.

- Sunday?

I told Father I was inviting you to sup
with us on Sunday at our house in Soho.

Goodbye.

Goodbye, young man, until Sunday.

Which one is Evremonde?

That's him there.
But he calls himself Darnay,
Charles Darnay.
I tell you, the marquis is going to make it
well worthwhile for the both of us.
Really, not working yet, Carton?
This is too much.
You've got to put your mind
on this case.
No, not possible.
They've got this Charles Darnay
up for treason.
I don't know Charles Darnay.
I hate treason, I hate Frenchmen...
For that matter, I hate Englishmen.
Yes, but Lorry
sent this case on to us...
...with a special request
for all my consideration.
It's not my consideration he wants,
it's yours.
Why don't you give it to him.
Of course, I count on you
for a little help.
You don't need me.
You're the great barrister Stryver.
Stryver of the King's Bench Bar.
Well, if I am, it's due to perseverance.
I had to get into the front rank.
I wasn't born there, was I?
I use my brains.
- You use mine, you mean.
- Well, if I do, I pay you for it.
Well, not enough to justify
your interfering with my drinking.
But this is a treason case.
It's a matter of life and death.
Well, so is everything else. What of it?
Carton, I beg of you,
have a look at this brief.
Really, with a man's life in your hands,
how can you hesitate?
- I don't hesitate.
- But I tell you, Darnay is lost.

We have to find a way to counteract
the evidence...
...of these witnesses, Barsad and Cly.
Barsad and Cly. Cly and Barsad.
Barsad and Cly.
A case like that
could be tried on mere sound.
What are you talking about?
Well, Barsad and Cly or Cly and Barsad...
...by the very sound of their names,
by the build of their syllables...
...are manifestly villains.
Just as the other fellow...
The... The defendant,
what was his name?
Darnay. Charles Darnay.
Equally, manifestly a gentleman.
But you can't convict a man on syllables,
on the sound of his name.
Barsad.
Barsad.
I seem to know that name.
Wasn't he involved in
a treason case once before?
Barsad. Yes, he was.
I believe we've uncovered
something here, Carton.
Well, Mr. Darnay, fate and Mr. Barsad
have it that I should handle your case.
Your life is in my hands.
I may lead you to fortune or the grave.
Who knows, and who cares?
I wish you'd stop drinking, or I wouldn't
give much for Mr. Darnay's fortune.
You know, I shouldn't wonder
but that Cruncher...
...Jerry Cruncher,
knows this fellow Barsad.
I think I'll call on Jerry.
I can't have you hobnobbing
with a fellow like him.
Why, he's a grave robber.
Now, a man who employs me
shouldn't be a snob.

But he's a grave robber.
You don't discern the facts.
The very pith and marrow escape you.
Do you know the most interesting
thing to me?
Saving an innocent man
from a horrible death.
No. It's that Cruncher probably knows
the tavern that Barsad drinks at.
That means I can pursue this case
in a congenial atmosphere.
You're in luck, Stryver.
I'll lay you a wager.
I'll drink you a victory.
Oh, dear Lord,
don't let him be a grave robber.
Have mercy on us.
Don't let him be a grave robber.
Oh, dear God...
Bust me if she ain't at it again.
Flopping yourself down
and praying against my prosperity.
Oh, Jerry, how can I keep from praying...
...now that I know
what your real business is?
Listen, Aggerawayter, I won't
have me wittles blessed off
me table by your praying.
A grave robber.
Don't say that word.
I'm a resurrectionist, that's what I am.
Doing a service for the medical profession,
besides making a bit of money for myself.
So that's why your fingers
is always rusty, Father.
Quiet, you.
You're an unnatural wife and
an unnatural mother, praying against me.
I wasn't praying against you,
I was praying for you.
And I tell you I won't be
took the liberty with.
You've got a fine mother, you have...
...praying that the bread and butter

be snatched out of the mouth of her child.

Father, I think she's flopping again.

- What, more flopping?

- No, no, no. I was meditating.

And I won't have you meditating neither.

Prayed against and meditated against
in me own home.

Jerry.

- How are you, Mr. Carton?

- Not rusty, huh?

- Oh, no, sir.

- Good.

- You'll never see them rusty again.

- Jerry, do you know a man called Cly?

Cly? No, I don't believes I do, sir.

Know anybody called Barsad?

Oh, Barsad. I knows him, sir.

- A great fellow for bowling.

- Where do I find him?

You might find him

bowling down at Puffey's.

Good.

But if you're going to meet him...

...you won't be keeping
very good company.

Neither will Mr. Barsad.

- Hey, whose idea was it?

- Mine.

I did all the brainwork.

Oh, I see.

Told them where to hold up the coach...

...and when to shoot the coachman.

And after doing all that for them,
what do you think they did, Barsad?

Run away with the swag?

Oh, oh, Barsad, where did you
learn so much of human nature?

In a really hard school of experience.

I don't believe in nobody,
and I don't trust nobody.

That's right.

Made up my mind, same thing.

Nobody. Never trust nobody.

But them swine,

did you get back at them?
Did I get ba...?
Did I fix something up on them.
- Did you plant something on them?
- Plant...
Oh, you got a brain, Barsad.
- You got a brain.
- What did you plant on them?
If I tell you where I last saw them...
...maybe you'll guess
what I planted on them.
Where did you see them?
Outside Newgate Prison.
Newgate?
With my own eyes.
First hung up and then quartered.
Drawn and quartered?
Like animals, drawn and quartered.
You guessed it, Barsad.
Now... Now, let that brain of yours...
...work out what I planted on them.
Treason. You got them for treason.
You're a great man, Barsad.
You guessed it.
- Treason, eh?
- Now, Barsad, match that if you can!
Right. I will match it.
If you'll take the trouble
to go to the Old Bailey tomorrow...
...you'll have the pleasure
of seeing a Frenchman...
...by the name of Darnay, up for treason.
Put there by no other
than your humble servant.
No. Oh, if that's true,
I take my hat off to you, Barsad.
Then doff it right now.
- Wait till I tell you how I did it.
- No, another drink first.
- There's plenty of time.
- No, no. Now, let me tell you.
Now, Mr. Barsad, will you please
tell us, in your own way...
...just what happened on the boat,

just how your attention was
attracted to the prisoner.
Well, sir, I was strolling about
having a bit of exercise...
...when I passed a cabin door
which happened to be open.
I looked down, and I noticed
some papers on the floor.
I thought they might be valuable.
So, thinks I to myself:
"Here's my opportunity to do
a good turn for some poor chap. "
You know, I... I likes doing
that sort of thing.
Do not delay, my good man.
Just get to the incriminating facts.
Yes, milord.
I picked up the papers, and imagine
my astonishment when I discovered...
...that they were lists
of His Majesty's forces, God bless him.
And what was your motive in turning
these papers over to the police?
- My duty, sir.
- Your duty to your country?
- Yes, sir.
- Your duty as a patriotic Englishman.
Your duty as a shining citizen.
I say, milord,
that were statues decreed in Britain...
...as they were in ancient Greece
and Rome to public benefactors...
...this noble citizen
would most assuredly have one.
Your Honor, I protest.
Must we have a statue or
would you be satisfied with just a bust?
Silence in court.
No levity, gentlemen.
That's all, Mr. Barsad.
Your witness.
"No questions now.
Later on, if you're
not too silly, we'll... "

No questions now. Beg pardon, milord.
Here are the lists,
if you care to examine them.
Have these been
in the prisoner's possession?
- Yes, milord.
- Oh, dear.
Can't be too careful, you know.
Jail fever. Very prevalent.
I now call Miss Lucie Manette.
Miss Manette,
have you seen the prisoner before?
Oh, most unhappily, yes.
Answer the questions put to you.
Make no remark upon them.
Where did you first meet him?
- When the gentleman came onboard, I...
- If you mean the prisoner,
say the prisoner.
The prisoner noticed that my father
was in a very weak state of health.
He was very kind and good to my father.
To us both.
I hope I won't repay him
by doing him harm today.
It's your duty to tell the truth,
the whole truth and nothing but.
The prisoner understands that, or should.
The prisoner was overheard
to make some remark about America.
What was it? Be particular.
He tried to explain to me
the quarrel between England and America...
...and said that it might have been avoided
had England been more understanding.
- Oh, he made treasonable remarks like that?
- There was no harm in the way he said this.
- It was said only to beguile the time.
- We'll leave that for the jury to decide.
That will be all, Miss Manette.
Your witness.
No questions, milord.
With your permission, milord,
I'd like to call the witness, Barsad, again.

Mr. Barsad, did you discuss this case with Mr. Cly last night?

Last night? Why, sir, I... I haven't seen Mr. Cly since last Sunday's services.

Services. My guess is he stole the collection box.

Where were you last night?

At home. Working.

Working, Mr. Barsad?

Just what is your profession?

- Gentleman.

- Retired, of course.

And on what do you live?

On my property.

Where is it?

Well, I... I haven't any just now.

Oh, then at present you're not living.

Silence in court.

Really, Mr. Stryver, I don't see that these questions are at all relevant.

- Mr. Barsad, have you ever been kicked?

- Certainly not.

Come, come, Mr. Barsad.

Weren't you one time kicked down stairs?

Well, once I was kicked at the top of the stairs...

...but I fell down the stairs of my own will and volition.

Wasn't that kick the result of your stealing a silver teapot?

I was maligned about a mustard pot, but it turned out to be only plated.

Oh, I see. You were maligned.

Do you know a French marquis?

- No, sir.

- No?

A relative of the prisoner's?

- No, sir.

- No?

And now, Mr. Barsad,

I want to ask you the vital question.

The attorney general has told us that his whole case rests...

...upon the identification of a certain man

whom you say is the prisoner.

A man whom you saw enter the cabin
on the Dover boat.

Now, I want you to be very, very careful.
After all, all we want is the truth.

Now, are you quite certain
that the man you saw was the prisoner?

- Yes, sir.

- Couldn't have made a mistake?

No, sir.

Couldn't have mistaken him for me,
for instance?

- Oh, no, sir.

- Or his lordship, perhaps?

Piffle.

No, sir.

Well then, could you have mistaken him
for my learned friend here?

Why...

Now you seem to think otherwise.

Will milord bid my learned friend
lay aside his wig for a minute?

I don't think it's necessary,
but if he doesn't mind...

...and won't catch cold in his head.

Now, Mr. Barsad...

...couldn't you have mistaken the prisoner
for Mr. Carton there?

No, I...

Well, sir, come to think of it,
as a matter of fact...

...it was not the prisoner at all, sir.

That's all, milord.

As far as I'm concerned,
it's quite sufficient.

Gentlemen... the jury will retire
and consider their verdict.

I'll never understand how
you got him to change his evidence.

I just have a way of getting
at the essence of the facts.

- The pith and marrow, as it were.

- Oh, really?

Oh, yes, quite so, quite so.

Oh, Mr. Carton,
if you'll excuse me.
Charles... Mr. Darnay
will be acquitted, won't he?
If the jury understands evidence, Charles...
Mr. Darnay will be acquitted.
Mr. Stryver's defense was brilliant.
Wonderful. If he does get off...
...it'll be entirely due
to Mr. Stryver, won't it?
Nothing to it. Mere professional claptrap.
Young sir, give credit
where credit is due.
Mr. Lorry, I would like Charles to know
we wish him well.
- Would you tell him for me?
- No, I better.
It wouldn't do for respectable businessmen,
especially bankers...
...to be seen talking to the prisoner.
- Might tell against the prisoner.
- Yes. Upstart.
Silence in court.
Gentlemen of the jury,
have you agreed upon your verdict?
- We have.
- What is your verdict?
Not guilty.
The prisoner at the bar,
the jury has found you not guilty.
Prisoner dismissed.
I'm so glad.
So very glad.
Charles. Charles, my boy.
- Glad to have got you off with honor.
- You saved my life.
Never any other outcome possible.
Barsad and Cly. Cly and Barsad.
I could have told from
the sound of their names...
...from the very run of the syllables,
that they were...
Well, anyway, it was
all very simple, really.

Well, Mr. Stryver,
shows you can't tell brains by appearance.
Barsad.
As between fellow artists,
why not try another country?
Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Carton,
I think I should love to travel.
Perhaps France.
Or you might like to go even further,
say, China.
Never trust nobody.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye, Miss Manette.
My boy, never for a moment
did I doubt your innocence.
So, Mr. Lorry, respectable men of business
may speak to Mr. Darnay in public...
...now he's acquitted.
- You mentioned that before.
We men of business must think of
the house we serve more than ourselves.
Yes, yes. Banking, of course,
imposes its own restrictions and silences.
And indeed, sir, I don't know
that it is any of your business.
- I have no business.
- And if you had, sir...
...perhaps you would attend to it.
- Lord, love you, no, I wouldn't.
Mr. Darnay,
you're a very fortunate young man.
I beg your pardon, sir.
Well, it's not long since you were well
advanced on your way to another world.
I'm... I'm very grateful to Mr. Stryver
and to you.
Would you...?
Would you care to dine with me?
No, I don't dine,
but I'll wine with you.
Well, Mr. Darnay...
...how does it feel to belong
to this terrestrial scheme again...
...to taste, to feel, to be alive?

It's very agreeable.

- I'm glad you find it so.

- Why, don't you?

I?

Matter of fact, Mr. Darnay,

I care for no man...

...and no man cares for me.

You seem to be rather bitter today.

I suppose you were up all night.

- All night.

- No sleep, I'll wager.

- Not a wink.

- Just drinking.

Very sad. Just drinking.

For no reason?

For no reason.

Well, pardon me, but...

But why do it?

You are smug, Mr. Darnay,

when you ask why people drink...

...but I'll tell you.

So that they can stand
their fellow men better.

After a few bottles

I might even like you.

You've been kind to me, and

I'll not reward you by taking offense.

There's a good fellow.

A toast then. Let's drink a toast. Drink...

...to the person

that's nearest your heart.

- To the person...?

- The one you're thinking of.

- But I don't know...

- Come now, man...

...it's on the tip of your tongue.

Very well. To Miss Manette.

Miss Manette.

There's a fair young lady to hand
to a coach in the dark.

There's a fair young lady to be pitied by
and wept for by.

Must be worth being tried for one's life...

...to be the object of such sympathy

and compassion.

Well, Miss Manette.

Oh, waiter, glass.

Tell me, Mr. Darnay,

do you think I particularly like you?

- I've not asked myself that question.

- Well, ask it now.

I thought you did,

but you're acting now as if you don't.

I begin to have a better opinion

of your understanding.

Waiter.

There is nothing to prevent

my settling for the dinner.

- Oh, nothing in the world.

- Let me have the record.

- You call the...? The whole dinner?

- I do.

In that case, waiter, another bottle.

- Thank you.

- Good night, sir.

Good night.

And don't let your sober face elate you.

You never know what it may come to.

Why treat the fellow like that?

Is it because he shows you

what you have fallen away from...

...what you might have been?

Change places with him.

Would you have been looked at

by those blue eyes as he was?

Come on, Carton, you're jealous.

Have it out in plain words.

You hate the fellow.

I've got to be getting home.

Christmas, you know.

Home? Where can you better find

the spirit of Christmas...

...than a good old English tavern?

But a tavern ain't a home.

No, at home you bicker and quarrel.

And here, it's all peace on Earth,

good will to men.

Drink up, gentlemen. Good will to men.

Merry Christmas!

Really, what can be keeping Mr. Darnay?

A man who would be late for Christmas services would be late for his own wedding.

Charles told me he had to see

Mr. Lorry about something.

Important indeed.

Anything can be more important to a young man than going to church.

For myself, I'm very sorry to see Mr. Darnay go into Mr. Lorry's bank.

You all think it was a great kindness on Mr. Lorry's part, but I don't...

...because I think Mr. Lorry is an atheist.

All bankers are atheists.

- Good evening, Mr. Darnay.

- Good evening.

- Merry Christmas, Charles.

- Merry Christmas, Lucie.

Merry Christmas, Miss Pross,

Dr. Manette.

Merry Christmas.

We've been waiting for you.

Will you forgive me

if I don't go to church?

I must speak to your father about...

- About something that has arisen.

- You're worried.

Oh, it's nothing serious, Lucie.

- If only I could speak to Dr. Manette.

- Certainly.

Mr. Lorry has sent Jerry Cruncher

to light you to the church.

We'll come back directly after the service.

You'll wait for us?

- Yes, I...

- Well, come along, Lucie.

Not going to church, indeed. Atheist.

Bankers and Frenchmen, all atheists.

May I remind you

that the port on the sideboard...

...is for the party after services

and not for haphazard consumption.

Oh, Pross, do come along.

Won't you sit down, Charles.
I will not delay disclosing to you
what I have to say, Dr. Manette.
I have just learned from Mr. Lorry
something that distresses me deeply.
It is a bitter irony, sir...
...that this man,
who did you such a dreadful injustice...
...should be my blood relation.
I'm very sorry.
Can you understand that I...?
That I had to tell you?
Yes, I understand you had to tell me.
I am an Evremonde,
but I love you and yours.
For you and Lucie I would give up my life,
if necessary.
Dr. Manette, can you find it
in your heart to forgive me?
You showed character, Charles,
in coming to me.
And I have no blame for you.
In suffering, one learns many things.
Among them,
not to punish the innocent.
I shall never forget your kindness.
- But you must promise me one thing.
- Anything.
- You must not tell Lucie.
- But I must. That would be...
You must let me tell her in my own way,
in my own time...
...or you may spoil not only
your own happiness, but hers.
Trust me, Charles.
I don't like Mr. Lorry sending dozens
of people to look after us we don't want.
If he's so anxious about us,
why didn't he come himself?
Oh, no, not himself, the old atheist.
Now, you know perfectly well
Mr. Lorry is the soul of kindness.
- Mr. Cruncher is his odd-job man.
- Odd-job man, indeed.

From what I can gather,
he's the oddest of odd-job men.

Wait.

Good evening, Mr. Carton.

- Merry Christmas.

- Thank you, Miss Manette.

Miss Pross, merry Christmas.

I'd say merry Christmas to you,
Mr. Carton...

...if it weren't plain to see
that you'd already had it.

Were you going to midnight service?

We're going. Do come with us.

Why not? Thank you, Miss Manette.

It's dangerous taking him to church,
Miss Pross.

He'll forget where he is
and call for a round of drinks.

Hold your tongue and hold that lantern
higher, or I'll bash you with this umbrella.

I'll light a candle for you.

Go along, my man. And I hope
you mend your ways in the future.

Lucie, my pet,
your father's waiting for you.

And as you know,
he doesn't like crowds of people about...

...especially on Christmas Eve.

Please tell him I'll come in
in just a moment.

Won't you come in too?

- We're having a little
Christmas celebration.

- Oh, I'm afraid not.

- Thank you, Miss Manette.

- You'll be very welcome.

I must tell you, Miss Manette, that when
you met me, I wasn't on my way to church.

I know.

My usual Christmas Eve,
going from tavern to tavern.

Well, I know, but... Well, we...

We can't always be at our best.

Won't you please come in?

Not like this.
If I may come some other time.
Please do.
I'd love to have you for a friend.
So... So would Father.
Merry Christmas.
You're making quite a tea drinker
out of me, Prossie. Aren't you ashamed?
I am Miss Pross. And as for being ashamed,
why should I be ashamed?
For giving you a decent home
to come to, I suppose.
For saving you
from the gallows, practically.
- Ashamed... indeed.
- Oh, Miss Pross...
...don't you think, at times, you're
inclined to exaggerate just a trifle?
One of Prossie's most endearing gifts.
That's why I love you.
I'll have you know, I'm not
one of those flibbertigibbetries
you can take liberties with.
No more liberties, Prossie.
And I'll thank you to call me Miss Pross
or not address me at all.
You know, I believe you've completely
captivated Pross.
She's part of the flavor
of this house to me.
I couldn't imagine it without her, no more
than without these paintings of yours.
- It's beautiful.
- Please don't look at it.
I know it's dreadful, but I do it.
That's like my drinking.
I know it's dreadful, but I do it.
There hasn't been quite so much
of that lately, has there?
With your influence...
Your visits here have meant so much to us,
to Father and me.
What do you think it's meant to me,
being able to come here and see you?

- Oh, if we've helped you, I'm glad.
- It's you. It's you who have done it.
I've always felt in you
such hidden possibilities.
- It seems such a pity to...
- To waste them? Don't be afraid to say it.
I have wasted them and myself.
It's only now, after knowing you...
...that I've told myself that perhaps
it's not too late.
I'm sure it's not.
After all, you're young.
Your whole life's before you.
- Anything you want to accomplish...
- Do you believe that?
Oh, I do.
- It makes it worth the trying.
- Thank you, Sydney.
That completes my happiness.
I wonder if you know how much
your happiness means to me.
Oh, of course I do.
You're my very dearest friend.
I must tell you.
What?
- Can't you guess?
- Guess?
I'm going to be married.
Charles Darnay.
Yes.
Aren't you going to wish me happiness?
Happiness, yes. Yes, of course.
All that you deserve.
Amen.
I join you together in marriage...
...in the name of the Father, and of the
Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen.
And now, for the first time, Mrs. Darnay.
All my congratulations, Dr. Manette.
Dear, dear. This is an occasion...
...that makes me speculate
on all I may have lost.
To think there might have been
a Mrs. Lorry any time these 50 years.

You were a bachelor in your cradle.
You were cut out for a bachelor
before you were put in your cradle.
I may have been so in my cradle,
but since then, let me tell you...

...there have been occasions...

- Mr. Lorry.

This is not the time or place
for such confidences.

But...

- Charles, have you seen Sydney?

- Why, no.

Well, I wonder why he didn't
come to my wedding.

Why, Sydney, why didn't you
come to the wedding?

Pleasant ceremonies, weddings.

You know, Sydney, come to think of it,
you ought to get married.

Find yourself someone
to take care of you...

...some respectable woman
with a little property.

Landlady, lodging-house keeper.

Marry her against a rainy day.

Oh, must I spend my life listening to that
eternal blithering, pompous voice of yours?

Drives me mad.

You certainly are a funny fellow.

Never know how to take you.

Suggest marriage to you, and you fly up.

If you'd only seen
the joy in Lucie's eyes...

Why should that surprise me?

Why shouldn't she be happy?

Why shouldn't she be?

You are destined for more, Gaspard,
than revenge for the murder of your child.

You may light a spark
that will kindle all France.

I go.

He goes.

- "Henri Dupont, 42 francs, quit rental. "

- Not enough, Gabelle.

With what I get from these peasants,
I can hardly afford to pay my perfume bills.
- What about Roulet? Has he paid his rent?
- No, Your Excellency, nor will he.
Roulet died last week.
Now, that was impertinent of him.
He died with his rent unpaid.
- Oh, what did he die of?
- Hunger.
Hunger is an indulgence
with these peasants...
...as gout is with us.
It is an indulgence they would gladly
dispense with, Monseigneur.
Oh, I keep forgetting, Gabelle. You're a...
You're a humanitarian, aren't you?
You think that one person
is as good as another.
A naive notion,
so contradicted by the facts.
But speaking of...
Speaking of humanitarians...
...what has become of your disciple,
my nephew...
...in the year since he left
my tyrannical roof?
- Do you hear from him, Gabelle?
- Oh, yes. He is very happy.
He has taken a post at Tellson's Bank.
Frightfully bourgeois.
If it weren't that my sister, Charles'
mother, were quite beyond reproach...
...I should suspect that Charles
had tainted blood somewhere.
His conduct is so strange.
It's quite mystifying.
What was that, Gabelle?
What, Your Excellency?
I thought I saw somebody
at the window. Go and see.
Certainly.
There was nothing, Monseigneur.
Good night.
Gentlemen. Monsieur Gabelle.

Your forgiveness, gentlemen.
I'm certain you wouldn't have me
put promptness before gallantry.
It's of no consequence.
Believe me, no consequence.
Monsieur Gabelle here has been
trying to frighten us...
...with hobgoblins, werewolves
and mythical revolutionists.
Proceed, Monsieur Gabelle.
You may laugh, gentlemen,
but revolution is in the air.
Yet there is still time to remove
the cause of this unrest.
All the people ask is justice.
Only the Jacquerie, the extremists...
...are spreading the doctrine
of violence and bloodshed.
And what do you suggest, Gabelle?
That we double the police force?
Double the police? No.
Give the people bread.
Reduce their taxes.
Oh, I... I beseech you,
gentlemen, correct your errors
or the flood will come...
...a flood that may sweep us all
away forever.
His terror is genuine, gentlemen,
even if his philosophy is not.
Remember your own terror five years ago
when my master met his death?
And remember also, gentlemen, that the
Jacques who killed him is still at liberty.
Enough of this, Gabelle.
I have a new agent in Paris...
...a smart Englishman,
who will ferret out this murderer.
Our gracious king also has seen
the necessity for stronger measures.
He has brought German hussars
and Swiss infantry into Paris...
...to give your Jacques' a good drubbing,
Monsieur Gabelle.

Mercenaries to fight Frenchmen?
More delicate than to slaughter them
ourselves, don't you think?
Shall we rejoin the ladies, gentlemen?
How I loathe intellectuals
like this fellow, peasants who read.
I think he's right about the peasants.
How many thousands of these
foreign soldiers are they bringing in?
It doesn't matter how many.
It will do them no good.
It'll do them no good.
The starving people of Paris
might wait a long time...
...before rising up
to fight French soldiers.
But against hired foreign troops...
...any day, any hour.
- Any minute.
Want this wood in the loft?
Aristo spy. Used to be with Evremonde.
Name is Barsad.
Good day.
Cognac, the very best.
Never mind the cost.
These foreign soldiers are gonna fi...
They march well, don't they?
Very well.
You knit with great skill, madam.
What sort of things do you make?
Everything, mostly shrouds.
Shrouds?
- Business seems bad.
- Business is very bad.
People are so poor.
The unfortunate, miserable people.
And so oppressed too, as you say.
As you say.
Pardon me.
Certainly it was I who said so...
...but of course, naturally you think so.
- I think?
All we think here is how to live.
Good health, Jacques.

My name is Ernest De Farge.
De Farge?
Didn't you used to work for Dr. Manette?
- Yes.
- You know, I met him in England.
He has a charming daughter.
Little grandchild now too.
- Grandchild?
- Oh, yes.
His daughter married Charles Darnay.
You must remember him.
He's the nephew
of the Marquis St. Evremonde.
You must have known the marquis.
No. Why should I?
Well, when the marquis was killed
some years ago...
...his death was applauded
in this neighborhood.
You remember that, Jacques?
You make a mistake
when you call my husband Jacques.
His name is Ernest.
I don't want to make
a mistake in your name.
Are there two Ds in Barsad?
I don't believe it.
It can't be true...
...what he said of Mademoiselle Manette.
- No.
If he has said it, it's probably false...
...but it may be true.
- No, no, it's not true.
If it is, I hope for her sake that destiny
will keep her husband out of France.
Her husband's destiny will lead him
to the end that is to end him.
- That is to end him.
- I can't understand the doctor...
...permitting such a marriage.
- Or forgetting what the Evremondes did.
The doctor may forget,
and the doctor may forgive, but I don't.
We don't.

I don't believe there will be
a terror in France.
I count on the people's sanity
and good temper.
Well, the trouble is,
the aristocrats weren't firm enough.
They should hang hoodlums and that's all
the revolution there will be.
That's the kind of talk that cost us
the American colonies.
No comparison at all that I can see.
None. We lost the colonies because they fell
under the spell of that upstart Washington.
Well, the time may come
when the upstart Washington...
...will be a better remembered
Englishman than George III.
Oh, stuff and nonsense.
You businessmen never read anything
but your ledgers. You're badly informed.
- Oh, bless my soul.
- And as for the French aristocrats...
...they're so blind they can't see
the lightning in front of their eyes.
You mustn't make the mistake of thinking
that all aristocrats are alike.
- They differ as other classes do.
- I agree.
We of the younger generation
of Tellson's Bank...
...have been studying
the French situation closely.
- And we have come to the conclusion...
- Oh, Miss Pross...
...may I congratulate you on the dinner.
I know I express the sentiments of all
when I say that the roast tonight...
Is not up to your usual standard.
I suppose it not as good
as the taverns you are used to.
From what I hear, none of you
are strangers to taverns.
Mr. Carton, the infant has expressed
a desire to say good night to you.

The infant's desire shall be
gratified immediately, Prossie.
I suppose it's none of my business...
...but I wouldn't allow that fellow
to handle a child of mine.
As to that, you haven't got one.
And by the looks of you, you're not likely
to have one. Excuse me, gentlemen.
She wanted so badly to say
good night to you, but she fell asleep.
You're her favorite, Sydney.
And she's mine.
She accepts me without criticism.
Never asks me where I've been
or what I've been doing.
Doesn't even object to my drinking.
The perfect friend.
You know, Sydney, sometimes
it's the part of a friend to criticize too.
Well, when there's any hope of reformation,
yes. But with me it's hopeless.
I don't believe it. I refuse to believe it.
Oh, I admit that once when...
When I first knew you,
the sight of you and your home...
...stirred old shadows
that I thought had died out of me.
I had unformed ideas of striving afresh...
...beginning anew,
fighting out the abandoned fight.
A dream that ended in nothing,
but you inspired it.
Must it end in nothing?
I'm afraid so.
But for that inspiration
and for that dream...
...I shall always be grateful
to you, Lucie.
I feel in you still such possibilities.
No, they'll never be realized.
I am like one who died young.
I'll never give up my hopes
for you, Sydney. Never.
I know myself better.

But this I know too:
I would embrace any sacrifice for you...
...and for those dear to you.
Will you hold me in your mind as being
ardent and sincere in this one thing?
Think now and then that there is a man
who would give his life...
...to keep a life you love beside you.
Thank you, Sydney.
God grant it may never be necessary.
Look at the crowd rushing
to escape the storm.
Listen to the echoes.
You know...
...sometimes I've sat here
of an evening until...
Until I've made the echoes
out to be the echoes...
...of all the footsteps that are coming
by and by into my father's life and mine.

- Meat.
- Yes, meat.
- Stop it.
- Stop it.

Why do you endure it?
Why do you have to endure it?
Why?
Why?
Careful.

- Aristos.
- Children of aristos.
- Evremonde's lackey.
- Living on the blood of peasants.
It's not true.
I've always fought for the people.
I taught Charles Darnay
to love the people. Ask him.

- Then why isn't he here?
- Why isn't he here to testify for you?
Citizen Gabelle...
...we know Citizen Darnay's views,
that he's a friend of the people.

- His word could save you.
- But he's in England.

Why doesn't he return to testify for you?
Lf, as you say, you have taught him
the views he holds...
...he should be willing
to do that for you.
Write him.
His answer will be the test.
He will come.
I'm sure he will.
Pen. Paper.
Thank you, Citizen Gabelle.
Thanks for giving us an aristocrat.
His last will and testament.
I congratulate you
on your ruse, citizens...
...but I beg of you, I implore you...
...no matter what you do to me,
spare Charles Darnay.
He is your friend.
The revolution will need friends.
Remember a child that was killed
by the coach of your master...
...the Marquis Evremonde?
Why, yes.
Was that your child?
- My child.
- Oh, that was a dreadful thing, citizen.
Do you see this hand? This is the hand
that struck your master down.
- Well, you can't blame me.
- You lived with him. You're his friend.
I see.
I'll not plead for justice for myself...
...but I implore you
not to send that letter.
Charles Darnay is your friend.
He feels your sufferings.
He will feel them better and so will you.
Hurry up, you.
Come on here with that there mail.
What's been keeping you?
What's all the row, Father?
Lots of foreigners about today.
Frenchies over here to save

their heads and skins.

From what I hear, France would be a fine place just now for a resurrectionist.

You're developing too fast, me lad.

And stay off my stool.

So we landed here without a silver...

- Letter for you, Mr. Darnay.

- Thank you, Jerry.

Where do I arrange for a loan?

Understand, I want this loan

on the house in the Rue St. Germain.

Everything will be attended to,

but it takes time.

- You can't hurry this house.

- I demand immediate action.

My dear sir, young Mr. Tellson

will see you, but you'll have to wait.

- I want to see old Mr. Tellson.

- No, no, no.

Mr. Tellson Sr. Hasn't

seen anyone in 15 years.

But here comes Mr. Tellson Jr.

Mr. Tellson, sir. Aren't you going to pay any attention to my loan?

Indubitably.

- Good morning.

- Good morning, sir.

If you advise the bank to loan money to these aristocrats...

...you'll ruin Tellson's.

- This is the best opportunity...

...for business in years.

These people are so anxious to get loans, they'll put up twice the value for security.

Seems twice the value to you,

but it's no security at all.

This business in France

is a real revolution.

These people are putting up securities they won't own.

I was thinking along

those same lines myself.

- Well, Darnay.

- Hello, Carton.

- Lucie still in the country?

- Yes, yes.

You seem upset. Is everything all right?

Yes, of course.

Mr. Stryver, you see

we are besieged for loans.

Our Mr. Lorry is in Paris

reviewing the situation.

Advices are delayed.

Shall we advance any money at all,

Mr. Stryver?

I shouldn't.

This is a real revolution in France,

Mr. Tellson...

...and these securities, in my opinion,
are no securities at all.

- Don't you think so, Carton?

- Indubitably.

Well, Mr. Carton, even though

you do agree with Mr. Stryver...

...I shall still risk his judgment.

Good day, sir.

- Jerry.

- Yes, sir?

- When does the coach leave for Dover?

- In half an hour, from

the Golden Cross Inn.

- Does it meet the packet for France?

- Yes.

- Reserve space for me

immediately, will you?

- Yes, sir.

"I know you will understand
my obligation to my old tutor.

His life is at stake

and I cannot deny his appeal. "

Isn't that just like Charles...

...to drop everything

and go to the aid of...

Father, what is it? What's the matter?

I should have told you before,

perhaps, Lucie.

- What?

- About Charles.

He is an Evremonde, nephew
of the notorious Marquis St. Evremonde.
The man who...?
Father, the same man who...?
Yes, it was Charles' uncle
who had me imprisoned in the Bastille.
Why didn't you tell me?
That is all past.
It is the present that troubles me.
- Charles' danger.
- Danger?
I heard only today that they've passed
a new law in France...
...that the lives of all aristocrats
who return to France...
...are forfeit to the revolution.
What are we going to do?
- We must follow him.
- Yes. Yes, of course we must.
Miss Pross.
- Father, I'm frightened.
- Yes, madame?
- Send Miss Pross to me.
- Yes, madame.
You needn't be frightened.
As a victim of the aristocrats,
I shall be welcome in France.
Yes. Yes, of course you will be.
How strange that I,
who suffered by an Evremonde...
...must go to save an Evremonde.
Come, Father.
Charles Darnay?
Pass, Evremonde.
- Take Evremonde to La Force Prison.
- Take him away.
Wait. Prison? Under what law?
For what offense?
We have new laws, Evremonde,
and new offenses since you were here.
But isn't there...?
Will you...?
Will you permit me to communicate
with Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank...

...who is now in Paris?
I will do nothing for you.
Take him away.
- Can he see us, Father?
- I'm sure he can.
You may kiss your hand towards
that highest row of windows up there.
I do so, and I send my soul with it.
Goodbye, my dear. I must go now
and try to arrange for Charles' trial.
If he sees us,
why doesn't he come down?
He will, darling...
...if we wait long enough.
Mummy, something white up there.
Yes, darling, he sees us. Wave.
Former Count D'Etournelle,
anything to say in your defense?
Nothing I could say
would make any impression on you.
I prefer the dignity of silence.
He prefers the dignity of silence.
Vote, jury.
- Guilty.
- Guilty. Guilty.
Death within 48 hours.
Buy a guillotine? Guillotine?
Buy a guillotine?
- What is your profession?
- I am a seamstress, citizen.
You are accused of consorting openly
with Pierre Cot...
...who spoke slightly
of the revolution.
He was my friend, citizen.
I grew up with him in the country.
You shouldn't have such friends,
citizens.
Vote, jury.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
Death within 48 hours.

The Marquis St. Evremonde,
called Darnay...
...suspected as an enemy
of the republic.
Let him have the guillotine.
You're accused under the decree
which forbids...
...the return of all aristocrat emigrants
under pain of death.
I am not an emigrant
in that sense of the word.
- Why not?
- I relinquished my title...
...before the revolution began.
For what reason?
I felt I would rather live
on my own industry in England...
...than on the already overburdened
people of France.
A lot he cares about that.
Then why did you come back to France?
I came to save a friend of the people,
who was unjustly accused.
I hope that is not criminal
in the eyes of the republic.
No. No. No.
And the name of that citizen?
Citizen Gabelle.
- Is he here?
- I don't know.
Citizen Gabelle!
Citizen Gabelle!
Citizen Gabelle.
He's not here.
- Well, why is he not here?
- L... I don't know.
Did you hear that, jury?
The man he came to save isn't here,
and he doesn't know why he's not here.
Have you any other proof of equal value?
Dr. Manette will speak for me.
I'm sure he'll be able to influence them.
Dr. Manette, we all know you as one
of the sufferers under the old regime.

What do you know of this prisoner?
You all know of my long imprisonment...
...how I was released by the aid
of my good friends, the De Farges.
Citizens, I know the prisoner well.
The last few years,
we became very close friends.
I know where his sympathies are...
...they are with you, the people,
they always were.
He is a true citizen of the republic.
- Words are easy.
- What better proof can I give you...
...than when he asked for my only
daughter's hand in marriage...
...I gave my consent gladly.
Bad judgment.
- He wants to spy on you.
- No doubt about that.
Citizens, for 18 years...
...I suffered unspeakable tortures
in the Bastille.
Could I have given my only daughter...
...to a man whose sympathies
are with those who tortured me?
No. No. No.
There is very little left for me
in this life, citizens...
...only my daughter's happiness...
...which is now in the hands
of the prisoner.
I have suffered enough
from my enemies.
From you, who are my friends,
to whom I owe my liberty...
...may I not ask a final blessing?
May I not ask the liberty
to enjoy what is left in peace?
Free.
- Not guilty!
- Not guilty!
- Stop.
- Silence.
Citizens, you're out of order.

- I defy the bell.

- What?

I accuse the man, Evremonde,
one of the family of tyrants...

...who used their privileges
for the oppression of the people.

- Your witnesses?

- Three.

- Ernest De Farge, Therese De Farge...

- Yes? Yes?

...and Dr. Manette.

I protest, it is a lie. Who dares to say
that I denounce this man?

I do, that you denounce him in words
that can never be taken back.

Look, citizens...

...the record of Dr. Manette's sufferings
in the Bastille and the cause of them.

- I make no accusations.

- How can you say that...

...when it is there in black and white?

Let me read it. Look.

"For all that the Evremondes
made me suffer...

...for all that they have made
the people suffer...

...I, Alexandre Manette, do,
on this last night of the year...

...and in my unbearable agony,
denounce the family of Evremonde...

...them and their descendants,
to the last of their race. "

- When was that written?

- This was written in prison...

...by Dr. Manette himself,
in scrapings of soot and charcoal...

...mixed with his own blood.

Cut his head off.

Dr. Manette has told you
that he spent 18 years...

...in solitary confinement in the Bastille.

This letter tells you why.

It tells how, as a young doctor, he was
summoned to the bedside of a dying girl...

...dying because she'd been outraged
by the Evremondes.
It tells how her young brother
was cut down...
...for daring to come to the defense
of his sister.
It describes the agonies
of those two innocent, young people.
That boy is dead. That girl is dead.
All that peasant family but one...
...died through the cruelty and oppression
of the Evremondes.
All but one, a sister.
That sister was hidden from them
and she lives.
She lives today.
I am that sister!
And I demand the life of the last
of the Evremondes! I demand it!
- But this boy had nothing to do with that.
- Citizens! Vote.
Guilty. Guilty.
Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.
Guilty.
The accused is found guilty
of being an enemy of the republic.
Citizen president,
the citizens of the republic...
...demand the death of the prisoner.
Granted. Death within 48 hours.
Charles! Charles!
Charles! Charles!
Now, my good doctor,
save him if you can.
Oh, merciful Creator,
have pity on thy servant Charles.
He came here to save a life...
...save his.
"Louis Bach, merchant of Metz. " Pass.
"Maria Fontanni, singer. "
Singer.
Pass.
"Sydney Carton, English advocate. " Pass.
Right. Pass.

But it's incredible that the
De Farges should have turned
against Manette like that.
He regarded them
as his best friends in Paris.
Every revolution breeds fanatics
like Madame De Farge...
...but how anyone could be cruel
to Lucie I cannot understand.
Tell me, how is she?
How do you imagine she is
with her husband condemned to die?
Why do you take up my time
asking these questions?
What...? What good are these questions?
Forgive me if I notice
you are affected.
I shouldn't respect your sorrow more
if you were my own father.
From that misfortune, however,
you are free.
Indeed, that is one thing
to be grateful for, I suppose.
When is the...?
The execution to take place?
Within 24 hours.
You're remaining long in Paris?
No, I've done all the good I can do here.
You're going to Lucie's, I hope.
She must be very desolate tonight.
And she has such a strong attachment
to you and reliance on you.
I'll be going directly.
I shall venture to go and see her later.
Perhaps there is something
she would like me to do for her.
There's nothing for you to do
that I can see.
I shall let her tell me so.
Perhaps we shall meet at Lucie's then.
Perhaps.
Hello, Mr. Carton. How are you?
Hello, Jerry.
Better than the stool I had

in London, eh, Mr. Carton?
Belonged to a duke, they say.
I paid two shillings for it.
- What are you doing here?
- I arrived with documents for Mr. Lorry.
So I'm going to stay here
and do his errands like I did at home.
I suppose you heard about Mr. Darnay?
- Yes.
- Very sad.
You know, that couldn't happen
in England, Mr. Carton.
The other day,
I was talking about this case...
...with an old friend
of yours, Mr. Barsad.
- Is he here in Paris?
- Is he here? And very important.
He goes in and out of prisons
as if he was high and mighty.
- He goes in any place.
- He does, does he?
If you ask me,
I think he's a sort of official...
...a spy of the prisons.
And he's very prosperous, is Barsad.
Whatever you say about him,
he's talented.
Put him anywhere, he'll get along.
You say a spy on prisons,
what prison, for example?
- Mostly La Force Prison.
- La Force.
That information may be useful.
- Good, sir.
- All right, Jerry.
Glad to see you sitting
on the last throne left in Paris.
- Very fitting.
- Thank you, sir.
I implore you to have pity on me.
You have such power.
It is still not too late for you to help me.
As a wife and mother, I appeal to you.

We are wives and mothers,
and did they think of us?
All our lives we suffered,
and our children suffered...
...poverty and nakedness,
hunger, sickness, death.
No one showed us mercy.
Why should the troubles of one wife
and mother mean anything to us now?
But I am not an aristocrat.
I'm the daughter of a country doctor.
- I'm one of the people, just as you are.
- I don't trust those members...
...of the people who marry aristocrats.
I see that I can hope
for nothing from you.
You have no pity, no pity.
No, citizeness, none.
I'll thank you to leave the child alone.
And what's more,
don't grin at me, boldface.
Yes, there are still Evremondes.
Here, Ladybird, drink this.
No.
Sydney, there is still hope, isn't there?
- You think so, don't you?
- Of course there's hope.
But Father's been gone for hours.
It might take a long time
to see a man so important as Danton.
- He would be able to see him, wouldn't he?
- Sure.
Your father's reputation
would affect that easily.
And Danton could save him
if he wanted to, couldn't he?
Yes, Danton could save him.
Where did you get this, Lucie?
A nice old lady gave it to me
at the wine shop.
What wine shop
is the child talking about?
The D... The Defarge's.
We went there to...

You mean to say
that the De Farges saw the child?
Merciful heaven.
What is it? Why are you whispering?
Father.
Father.
Have you...? Have you seen him?
Have you seen Danton?
What...?
What name did you say?
Dan...
My work...
What have you done with my work?
My bench, tools, thread.
- Haven't you any thread?
- Father...
...have you seen him?
You left to see Danton.
How can I make my shoes
if you don't give me any thread?
Father. Don't you know me?
Charles. You left to save Charles.
It's no use, my dear.
He doesn't understand you.
I'll take him to his room.
Not just now.
Say it.
Why not say it?
There's no hope now.
Where is Father? Didn't you say
he was going to bring back Father?
He's been delayed. He'll be here soon.
I want my father.
Come with Pross. Come, come.
I want my father.
It's going to seem
such a long time, Sydney.
Afterwards...
If only I could see him.
Just once.
I can't even do that.
Lucie, your father's calling for you.
Is there nothing we can do?
I think... I know I can get

to see Charles once.

You can? How?

Oh, I know of a man.

A way we drinking fellows have,
we always know of a man.

I spent the afternoon with him.

But what earthly good would it do
if you did see him?

You have your permit to leave Paris?

Yes.

And Lucie and the doctor, Miss Pross
and Jerry, they have theirs.

Oh, you'd have to move fast.

But why? These passes
are valid for any time.

- Until canceled.

- Canceled?

From what you've told
of Madame De Farge...

...the permits will be canceled.

- But the doctor, Lucie,
they're in no danger.

They are in great danger.

The doctor is suspected.

His behavior at the trial.

It's death for anyone
to sympathize with the condemned.

And to that tiger, Madame De Farge,
even the child...

Little Lucie? It's unthinkable.

Look. Take the doctor's permit...

...and the others.

And here's mine.

Keep it for me until tomorrow.

- I don't understand.

- Do as I ask.

Take the word
of a drinking man for once.

What do you want me to do?

At 8:

...have your horses ready.

Start definitely at 8.

If Lucie hesitates, you must force her.

Tell her that it's Darnay's wish...
...that she leave Paris
before the execution.
Do I wait for you?
Wait for nothing
but to have my place occupied.
And then for England.
You don't wish to tell me
anything more?
Carton...
...if I've misunderstood you before,
believe me, I regret it.
You never misunderstood me, sir.
You were right.
Yours is a long life
to look back on, Mr. Lorry.
I'm 78.
Long life. Useful one.
Solitary bachelor.
Nobody will weep for me.
Wouldn't she weep for you?
Yes, thank God.
I didn't quite mean what I said.
It is a thing to thank God for, isn't it?
Tell me, if you looked back
on that long life...
...and saw that you had gained
neither love...
...gratitude nor respect
of any human being...
...it would be a bitter reflection,
wouldn't it?
Why, yes, surely.
Would you mind if I borrowed that coat?
Certainly not.
Don't let anything she may say
change your plans.
I hope to do my part faithfully.
And I hope to do mine.
- Good night, Louis.
- Good night.
Sleep well. Pleasant dreams.
Hey there.
You work late, Mr. Barsad.

Now, Mr. Carton,
what is it you want, sir?
You know what I want.
Mr. Carton, I told you this afternoon
that it can't be done.
No one's ever escaped
from one of them prisons.
- It can't be done.
- Yes, yes. I believe that...
...but there is something
that can be done.
You can get me an interview
with the prisoner.
One interview is all I want.
And what good will that do you?
You leave that to me.
I'll tell you that presently.
Well, Mr. Carton, you know
I don't like getting mixed up in things.
You can't trust these foreigners.
They'll cut your head off quicker
than you can say Jack Robinson.
How long do you think your head
would stay on your shoulders...
...if I told the Committee
of Public Safety you were a spy...
...of the Marquis St. Evremonde?
Don't say that.
I won't...
...provided you do
what I tell you now.
I'll... I'll do as you say, Mr. Carton...
...but remember now,
we can't trust nobody.
Very well. Now...
Oh, Citizen Barsad.
Citizen Victor.
The... The Evremonde cell,
which is it?
Third on the left.
- Ten minutes, no more.
- Right.
Wait.
Carton. Of all people on earth...

You least expected to see me.
- What are you doing?
- I bring a request from Lucie.
She begs you to do exactly as I say.
Yes, but... Carton, I don't know
what you have in mind, but it's useless...
...to attempt any form of escape.
It will involve all of you.
I have a plan that won't.
Now, write what I dictate. Hurry.
- What's the plan?
- No, no, write, quickly.
You will remember...
...the words...
...that passed between us...
...on a certain occasion.
- What occasion?
- Never mind. Write.
I am grateful...
...the time has come...
...when I can prove them.
That I do so...
...is no subject...
...for regret or grief.
- What's that?
- Nothing.
Something queer, queer smelling.
- No, take the pen and finish. Hurry.
- L...
- I'm faint.
- No. Quick, write.
I said that if ever...
...I could do anything...
...for you...
...or those dear to you...
Carton...
Citizen Victor. Twenty-one, eh?
Looks like that sharp female,
La Guillotine...
...is going to have
a very busy day tomorrow.
- Tell me, what's Evremonde's number?
- Evremonde is 23.
Twenty-three.

Tell me, Citizen Victor...
...what time do you take them
to the room for the last call?
Early in the morning.
Aristos have a good time in there.
They play cards, have mock trials.
- It's just like a club.
- Club?
That's a club that I don't wanna join.
Barsad.
It looks like my friend is ready.
Here, Citizen Victor, hop it
and buy yourself a bottle of cognac.
I'm afraid we're not going to
pull this through, Mr. Carton.
Do as you're told, and we will.
There's got to be a number 23 here
in the morning.
There will be. Now help me.
Mr. Carton, you couldn't pay me
to do what you're doing, sir.
I dare say you've got your price
for even this.
Oh, no, not me, Mr. Carton.
Now remember, you must get him
to Mr. Lorry's by 8:00.
Very good, I will.
Wait.
Now help me to get him to his feet.
All right, call your friend.
Victor. Victor, come on.
Give us a hand here.
- What's this?
- He's fainted.
- Take hold of his shoulders.
- I noticed he staggered
a bit as he came in.
Yes. When he saw Evremonde
had drawn a prize...
...in the lottery of St. Guillotine,
it bowled him over.
Well, let's get him out.
- Mr. Cruncher. Mr. Cruncher.
- Aye.

Come up and help carry
Mr. Darnay down. Hurry.
Hurrying, Miss Pross. Hurrying.
Today, citizeness,
your years of waiting end...
...when Master Evremonde
spits in the sack, eh?
It is not the end.
He is not the last of the Evremondés.
The wife must follow the husband.
The child must follow the father.
I'll go to them now. They'll be frantic.
They'll denounce the justice
of the republic and then...

And then:

Take this.
Have it ready for me at my usual seat
by the guillotine this afternoon.
You can stop wind and fire, but not her.
And don't let anything delay you,
Miss Pross.
I pray he gets my Ladybird
and her family out of France.
- Mr. Cruncher, don't dally.
- Don't beat the willing horse, Miss Pross.
If I ever get out of this
here crisis alive...
...I'll make a vow I'll never stop
me old woman from flopping.
- She can even meditate when convenient.
- I am not interested in
your family situation.
I must go fetch
the other two small bags from the house.
Citizen doctor.
- Oh, no, you don't.
- Let me pass.
Never. I know what you want.
I know what you're after.
I thank heaven I'm put here to stop you,
for stop you I will.
- In the name of the republic, I...
- In the name of no one, you evil woman.

You've killed many innocent people.
No doubt you'll kill many more.
But my Ladybird
you shall never touch again.
No? Do you know who I am?
You might, from your appearance,
be the wife of Lucifer...
...yet you shall not get the better of me.
I'm an Englishwoman. I'm your match.
Pig, get out of my way
or I'll break you in pieces.
Break away then. I don't care
an English tuppence for myself...
...and I know that
the longer I keep you here...
...the greater hope there is
for my Ladybird.
You're sick. I'll give you
your just dessert.
God save the king.
English pig.
"Citizen doctor, Lucille Manette and child,
Sydney Carton, advocate. "
Seems overcome. "Mr. Lorry, banker. "
All in order. You may go.
Pleasant journey.
Citizen Evremonde.
Come with me.
- Evremonde, 23.
- Evremonde, 23.
Citizen Evremonde,
do you remember me?
I was condemned
the same day you were.
They accuse me of plotting.
But is it likely?
Who would think of plotting
with a poor little seamstress?
I have nobody in all Paris.
No friends even.
Can you help me, Citizen Evremonde?
Can you explain to me how
the republic can profit by my?
My death?

I don't understand. I don't understand.
My poor child.
It isn't understanding we need now,
it's courage.
Oh, you're not...
You're going to die in his place. Why?
He is my friend.
You're so brave, and...
When we go to the guillotine,
will you let me hold your hand?
That might give me courage too.
Yes. I'll hold it to the last.
To the last.
"One, the Vicomte de Maillet. "
"Two, Monsieur Rochefoucault. "
"Three, the Vicomte de Bovez. "
But I... I don't want to die.
Why must I die?
Come, man, assume an air.
Don't let the rabble see us like this.
You're right. You must forgive me.
Oh, my dear. My dear, we must be brave,
as your father would have wanted.
"Thirteen, the Duchesse de Richelieu. "
And forgive them their outrages,
even though they fail to forgive ours.
"Twenty-two, Mademoiselle Fontaine,
the seamstress. "
"Twenty-three,
the Marquis St. Evremonde. "
Twenty-three. Twenty-two. Hurry.
Steady.
I'm not afraid now.
But I have a sister in the south,
and she knows nothing of this.
Wouldn't they let you write to her?
I never learned how to write.
Well, perhaps that's a blessing.
Isn't it better that she doesn't know?
I love her so.
- Will it seem long to me to wait for her?
- No.
No, there's no time there.
And no trouble.

The guillotine, Evremonde, the guillotine.

- Don't, citizen, don't.

- Why?

He's going to pay the forfeit.

In just a few minutes, it'll be paid.

Let him be at peace.

Therese.

Therese De Farge, where is she?

She's not here.

- And they're up to 17.

- And Evremonde will be up soon too.

- His number's 23.

- Yeah.

- She never missed before.

- She'll not miss it. This is her day.

Therese.

I dropped a stitch.

Cursed aristocrats.

Keep your eyes on me.

Mind nothing else.

I can bear it, so long as I am near you.

But when I go, will they be quick?

They will be.

You're not afraid.

The others are only pretending,

but you...

It's almost as if you welcomed it.

Perhaps I do.

Perhaps in death

I receive something I never had in life.

I hold a sanctuary

in the hearts of those I care for.

Twenty-two.

Goodbye.

God bless you.

Twenty-three.

It's a far, far better thing I do

than I have ever done.

It's a far, far better rest I go to...

...than I have ever known.