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Jehanne: The Legacy of a True Heroine.

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Jehanne: The Legacy of a True Heroine

Thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of Honors

by
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The Honors College
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Thesis Completed _____

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Introduction

Joan of Arc is quite the mystery as there are so many myths surrounding her history. We are very lucky to still have some records of her existence as she lived so long ago. She is seen in many lights as a heroine, a saint, disturbed and there are some populations that have never heard of her. I admit that the only piece of information that I knew of Joan originally was that she was burned at the stake because she was accused of witchcraft. This sparked my curiosity and once I found that she was persecuted as young as she was, I had to know more. It is a divided issue as there are different opinions with both sides presenting evidence to support their findings. Was Joan just a disturbed young girl who seriously believed she was sent by God to save France or was she truly sent by God to save her country? One thing is for sure. She was the youngest of either sex to hold complete command of a country's military at the age of seventeen which is unbelievable to people of our time in the 21st century.

I wanted to know more about this fascinating young woman. I began researching her history before I had the idea of writing a play about her. I kept finding so many interesting pieces about her and looking at both sides of her story. I wanted to look at her life in her village, the history of both England and France, military strategies and many more parts of history that would be a major influence in her story. All of this interesting information can be found in a book on a library shelf, but how can I spread the incredible history of this young woman? I wanted to write a play about her. I wanted to inspire the world with her courageous story. It is a story that needs to be heard. I wanted to write a play about this young girl, but how was I going to fit a bunch of historical facts into one play? It was quite overwhelming thinking of all the battles, the parts of her life and then the trial. How could I fit all of these historical events that impacted her life into one play? Mark Twain had written a fictional novel about Joan titled *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* which told the story of Joan in all parts of her life through the eyes of her childhood friend, Sieur Louis de Conte. I had no idea he had written a book

about Joan because it is different than anything he had written before. Most people that I have talked to had no idea that Mark Twain had written a novel about Joan. This sparked my curiosity as well. I wanted to read this book. It was over 400 pages and I accepted that challenge. After reading the book, I was then hit by a bolt of creativity and knew that I wanted to adapt this novel into a play. Mark Twain captures the message I want to give to audiences so beautifully and just reading the book inspired me. This is the beginning of my creative journey to adapt a novel into a script intended to be performed for the stage.

This was a great challenge for me and I wanted to set the bar high for myself to accomplish something that I have always wanted to do. I have always wanted to write a play. I have written several things personally, but never intended for them to be performed. This script is different and I am seeking for it to be published one day. I would say the script was the most challenging, most time consuming part of this entire project. I began writing the script a year in advance in order to allow myself time to put all the effort I wanted to put into it without having to worry about time or any deadlines. I spent many hours of the night sitting at my computer thinking how I wanted this story to be told. I would refuse to write anything into the script if I wasn't feeling very motivated because I cared so much about the work I was putting into it. For me, writing this script was also a personal journey for me. I relate to Joan of Arc and I dedicated myself to this project to make sure her courageous story was told as she is such an inspiration for young women to always stay true to their beliefs and to be strong even when you feel like situations in life are hopeless. Joan's story constantly reminds me to have strength each day and to stay true to what I believe in and I hope that this script will continue to pass on that message to future audiences who see my script performed.

For this project, it is a capstone experience to sum up what I have learned in my four years of studying at East Tennessee State University and I feel like this was the most suitable choice for me. It sums up my experiences of four years of college and closely relates to my own story in some aspects,

but it also provides me with a challenge to achieve something great that I have never done before. It gives me this wonderful opportunity for a journey to inspire others with such an incredible story of a young girl who defied all odds to change the course of history and to save her country no matter what the sacrifice. It all begins with Joan of Arc.

Chapter 1: Before Joan

The Hundred Years' War was a conflict between the countries of England and France that began in 1337 and ended in 1453. The conflict began over who was to become successor to the French throne. The royal families, including the nobility of both countries, had intermarried over the past two or three centuries. The English kings also had possession of quite a bit of French land for they paid homage to the French kings. These close relations made both England and France alternately on and off both allies and enemies during the Middle Ages. England and France were both rivals in economics too. For example, in the 1300s, the English wool industry was competing with the Flemish wool producers as Flanders was under the control of the French.

France was going through a troubling time where the country was divided. The country was set into divisions which were controlled by different forces as some were controlled by the French and some by the English. Warner states in her book that “the French, English and Burgundians and the great lordships of Brittany, Foix and others each commanded separate loyalties” (Warner 33). A civil war began when the English had invaded France. This occurred when John the Fearless who was the duke of Burgundy assassinated Louis of Orleans, who was the Charles VII's uncle. Louis was made an enemy of John the Fearless even though he was John's first cousin. Louis was standing in the way of what John wanted and that was the “most luxurious court and establishment in France” (Warner 33). In Warner's book she writes “Louis was ambushed in Paris in 1407 by John's agents as he was returning home from dining with the queen, Isabella of Bavaria, his probable mistress and his brother's wife; his body was thrown into the street” (Warner 33). This angered some of the followers of Louis and these

French became known as the Armagnacs. They wanted to avenge his death. Their name came from the leader of their group, Bernard d'Armagnac. John the Fearless was assassinated twelve years later when he was having peace talks with Charles VII on a bridge at Montereau. He was murdered “under the very eyes of the Dauphin and by the Dauphin's closest associates” as an “axe blow through the skull killed him” (Warner 34).

The Hundred Years War was a continuation of the cruel conflict. There were soldiers called *Ecorcheurs*, “or flayers, lived off loot and terror” and they were “casual soldiers, disbanded when the fighting of the English or the Burgundians slackened, rejoining when it intensified again, they were a scourge, as their name justly indicates, of the countryside and of the peasants and smallholders who tried in the midst of the civil war to carry on farming” (Warner 34). The terror was so intense that monks tried to petition the pope to change their robes from white to a color for camouflage so they could evade these fierce soldiers. The soldiers would kill them off and continue to sack churches. This meant major trouble for France because if the war slowed down these paid, vicious soldiers would begin causing chaos. Many events to follow would also throw France into trouble. For France, things gradually began to get worse as “marshes that had been reclaimed for land were lost, vineyards were abandoned, population dropped sharply, until ghost villages were no longer surprising” (Warner 35). In Warner's book, she states that “in the Ile de France, the population was halved between 1348 and 1444” and that the Black Death, striking in 1348, had carried off thousands of victims” (Warner 35). This was not the only reason for France's suffering. The civil war's effects such as “intermittent plague, famine, massacres and dire poverty” were contributing to the suffering of France (Warner 35).

The war officially began when Edward III, the king of England, felt that he had a right and claim to the throne of France. Since the English and French kings could not reach some sort of solution to the problem, England invaded France. The first part of the war during 1337 to 1361, is known as a great defeat for the French at the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. In both of these battles, the French fell

to a great defeat by the English. The French could not compete with their mounted knights against non-noble English lowbowmen. At the end of this particular period, the English were running out of resources and the French lands were beginning to be terrorized by war and plague. The English and French kings both agreed to sign the Treaty of Bretigny in 1361 which halted the war for eight years. The second part of the war which occurred from 1369 to 1399 began with a revolt in French lands that were under English control. The French were able to force the English to retreat through some bad luck on the English side. When Edward's grandson, Richard II had died, the English had to withdraw from battle.

Then in 1415, the new Henry V continued the war. Henry V had gained the French crown by defeating the French in the Battle of Agincourt. This occurred at the wrong time for the French. Charles VI, the current king of France was suffering from fits of insanity and was aging. There was a brief period of peace between both countries due to the marriage of Charles VI's daughter Katherine with Henry. Henry was able to claim the throne after Charles due to the marriage contract. This marriage contract claimed that Henry would claim the throne after Charles which disinherited Charles' son, the future Charles VII. This also meant that Henry and Katherine's offspring could rule both England and France. Henry and Charles did not keep this agreement for long and the southern portions of France refused to acknowledge Henry or his heir's right to the French throne. Henry wanted the crown and saw "Agincourt as the God-given reward and proof of his just claim to France, just as his grandfather Edward III had done after his great victories of Crécy and Poitiers. It was believed that "God gives the victory to the most deserving" and this belief existed through medieval philosophy (Warner 53). Charles VII could not easily or quickly regain his right to the French throne from the English hands. When Joan of Arc, a young peasant girl, had arrived to greet Charles VII, she convinced him that there was still hope for France. Joan spoke with Charles VII and informed him that she had been given visions by God and that God told her that Charles VII had to become the rightful King of France. She

also claimed that God told her that Charles needed to allow Joan to lead an army to defeat the English.

Joan claimed it was “a voice from God, she said, told her to raise the siege of Orleans, help Charles recover his kingdom and drive the English out of France” (Warner 54).

Joan was eventually captured by the English and was imprisoned. She was then tried by the English and was pronounced a heretic as the French continued fighting against the English. In 1453, the Hundred Years' War had ended. The English armies had withdrawn and a final renunciation of the English king's right to the throne of France.

Chapter 2: Joan of Arc: Biography

Joan did exist. It is certain that she lived and “her existence is vouched for not only by contemporary chronicles, but by two primary documents which form the basis for any assessment of her life and character” (Lucie-Smith 3). The documents are from The Trial of Condemnation which were from the court proceedings in Rouen in 1431 and the Trial of Rehabilitation which were proceedings to correct the wrongs done by the previous court for a more fair trial. Joan of Arc or Jeanne d'Arc was born in 1412 to Jacques d'Arc and Isabel Romée in their small village of Domrémy. It is known that Joan only used one name according to letters and evidence from trials and that name is Jehanne la Pucelle. She always used this particular name for herself. The word *Pucelle* means “‘virgin’, but in a special way, with distinct shades connoting youth, innocence and, paradoxically, nubility” (Warner 22). The word *Pucelle* also is “equivalent of the Hebrew *'almah*, used of both the Virgin Mary and the dancing girls in Solomon's harem in the Bible” (Warner 22). The name meant that there was change geared toward a change in state which nothing was to be permanent. In Warner's book, she states that “in Old French, it was the most common word for a young girl; in Middle French, *damoiselle* began taking over” (Warner 22). Domrémy at the time belonged both Champagne and Barrois with her family being of Champagne peasant descent. Domrémy is “a very small village” and “stands on the border between Lorraine and Champagne” (Warner 39). It was located in an area that

suffered from fierce attacks from the English and the Burgundians and “saw more strife than anywhere except the Seine basin and Paris itself” (Warner 40). The Meuse, which is a river located between Lorraine and Champagne served as a border and it also functioned as a border between France and the Holy Roman Empire. As a result of changes in land, Joan's childhood was “spent in an atmosphere of bloody fights, and the war against the Anglo-Burgundians” (Warner 40). Conflicts such as these began happening all over France. Warner describes as “Domrémy accurately reproduces the overall image” and “from an early age Joan was well acquainted with the grief and ambiguity of warring loyalties” (Warner 39).

Joan's family was made mostly of farmers or village craftsmen and one of her uncles actually was a priest. Joan was raised on her family's farm and was illiterate. Her family raised her in a very religious environment. She was taught a few prayers and some legends. When Joan reached her adolescence, she began to have her visions, hear voices and often spoke to angels and saints that she claimed would visit her. During the trials in Rouen, Joan would describe her memories of the voices: “When she was thirteen years of age, she had a voice from God to help her know what to do. And on the first occasion she was much afraid. And this voice came about the hour of midday, in the summertime, in her father's garden...She heard the voice upon the right side, towards the church, and she rarely heard it without an accompanying brightness...And, after she had heard this voice upon three occasions, she understood that it was the voice of an angel” (Lucie-Smith 15).

Joan even states in reply to the churchmen that question her that “Everything I have done that was good I did by command of my voices” (Lucie-Smith 15). Soon after she began to hear these mystical voices and communicate with them, her area was hit really hard by the English kingdom's “misfortunes.” Since 1419, the countryside was destroyed by guerillas sent by Charles and Burgundian mercenary soldiers. In 1428, Anthony of Vergy, a Burgundian governor of Champagne, led a raid into the city of Vaucouleurs that drove the peasants to retaliate. Joan's family fled Domrémy and found

safety in Neufchâteau. At the time of the attack, Joan was between sixteen to twenty years old. This began her famous mission against the English.

After this attack, Joan began receiving messages from the saints and angels that would communicate with her. These mystical beings were telling her about Charles VII or the Dauphin, the French kingdom and that the English and the Burgundians must be driven out of France. At first, Joan was unsure of this mission and about leaving Domrémy. When the news came around about the siege of Orléans, this made her decision and she set out to free Orléans from English control. Before making her way to Chinon to meet with Charles VII, she had to travel to Vaucouleurs to meet with Robert de Baudricourt to gain forces to travel with her. After a couple of journeys to convince Baudricourt, he finally consented and granted her men-at-arms to travel to Chinon.

She set off February 23rd, 1429 and crossed Champagne and other cities without much trouble even though the areas were populated with forces of the English and Burgundians. She reached Chinon, the city where the French monarchy resided on March 6th and spoke with Charles VII two days later. When Joan arrived to see Charles VII, her voices are what guided her to recognize the king when she saw him and to let him know that she wanted to “wage war against the English” (Warner 55). Charles VII was heavily influenced by the clergy and relied on their advice. When Joan met with Charles VII in private she revealed to him the importance of her mission and gave him a “sign” as evidence that her mission was of truth. The “sign” that she revealed to Charles VII remains unknown, but myths include: Charles VII's legitimacy of birth and a possibility of assuring Charles VII ultimate victory in the war. After his audience with Joan, Charles VII requested the clergy to examine her. Joan was then examined by bishops, theologians and clerks of Parliament. They found no fault in the young girl and could not affirm her of being of any type of supernatural force. They released Joan when they confirmed that she was still a virgin. This occurrence was known to the clergy at the time to be “magically holy” (Warner 21). In Marina Warner's book, she writes “to be a woman, yet unmarked by woman's menstrual flow,

was to remain in a primordial state, the prelapsarian state of Eve, before sexual knowledge corrupted her” (Warner 22). Amenorrhea which is the lack of menstruation in a woman can be linked to the magical holiness that Joan possesses in the point of view of people back in her time. A witness to these odd occurrences in Joan states that amenorrhea which is evidence of innocence could also be connected to Joan's strength. This medieval medical “commentary” states that “such a failing of the menses happens on account of the power and quality of strength, which digests well and converts the nourishment from limbs until no superfluities remain, as it so happens amongst strong, mannish women who are called viragoes” (Warner 22). The clergy encouraged Charles VII to support Joan's mission for the welfare of the royalist cause. Charles VII gave Joan the forces she needed to relieve Orléans of the English. Joan had a talent to inspire people to follow her. It was really surprising to those around her at how easily she convinced people to follow her in her decisions. War had also destroyed the hopes of the French and had a major morale effect on the losing side. When Joan came around, she was their only hope to fight against the English so they depended on her. They believed her to be a miracle. After Joan met with Charles VII and announced her mission, the French believed that she would succeed and that Charles VII would become king.

When Joan left Chinon in order to lead her new forces to Orléans, the odds were in her favor. The enemy's situation was bad as they were losing numbers at the end of winter. The English supply difficulties along with sick and deserting men contributed to the loss of numbers. On April 29th, Joan and her forces entered Orléans. Joan did not know any information pertaining to combat in war, strategy or riding horses. Joan actually followed the advice of her voices in battle. They told her when to strike, when to rally her soldiers and many other tasks. Joan did not lead the men into war. She left it to her captains Dunois, Alencon and Richmond. Joan was also accompanied by a bunch of priests and monks that would dictate letters for her when she needed to deliver a message to the enemy. She sent letters to the English forces warning them to surrender and to recognize Charles VII as the ruling

sovereign. On May 8th, which was ten days after Joan entered the battle of Orléans, the siege was lifted. This had a major effect on the French forces as there was an intense morale effect.

In July of 1429, Joan leads Charles VII to Rheims in order to crown him as King of France. They made it safely to Rheims. On July 17th, 1429, Charles VII was crowned King of France. Joan had “persuaded Charles VII to go to Rheims for the ceremony which, in her view, would make him a true king” (Lucie-Smith 4). This task was risky, but it was accomplished. Joan and her army even claimed a few places back for France on their way to Rheims even Troyes “where, in 1420, France had been handed over to the English by a treaty between Henry V of England, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and Charles's own mother Queen Isabeau, acting on behalf of her mad husband Charles VI” (Lucie-Smith 5).

After Charles VII was crowned King of France, Joan wanted to keep winning back France from England. She set her eyes next on Paris which Charles VII discouraged, but reluctantly agreed. Joan's attack on the city of Paris failed. This began the downfall of the young girl because she was “wounded, and her credit at court was permanently damaged” (Lucie-Smith 5). Joan's army retreated to the Loire and in the winter of 1429, Joan fought again against the famous mercenary captain, Perrinet Gressart. Joan “succeeded in storming Saint Pierre-le-Moûtier, but failed against La Charité, which was Gressart's principal stronghold” (Lucie-Smith 5). The next March, Joan decided to leave Sully-sur-Loire where Charles VII was staying with his advisor, Georges de La Trémoille. Joan decided to leave “without the king's permission, and her aim was to campaign once more against the English and the Burgundians” (Lucie-Smith 5). Joan traveled to Lagny-sur-Marne where she gained the help of a small mercenary force under an Italian captain. Joan, with their help, won and captured the Burgundian, Franquet d'Arras. After her victory, she turned her eyes toward Compiègne which was being controlled by Anglo-Burgundian forces.

On May 13th 1430, Joan was fighting in Compiègne with some reinforcements. Ten days later,

while being forced to retreat, Joan was captured by the Burgundian forces. They gave her to John of Luxembourg who gave her to Bishop Pierre Cauchon who ruled over the diocese that she was captured in. John de Luxembourg took her to the castle of Beaulieu and after trying to escape, he transferred her to Beaurevoir. When Joan was imprisoned in Beaurevoir, she jumped out of the window in her cell with little injury. There is an argument about whether it was to kill herself or if she meant to escape from her English captors. The Great Trial of Joan of Arc began on February 21st 1431 and Bishop Pierre Cauchon presided over the trial. The goal of the men of the church was to prove this Joan of Arc was really a woman even though she had disguised herself as a young boy. By the end of the trial, the churchmen had trapped Joan on two different charges that lead her to her death. These charges include “the voices from God she claimed to have heard urging her to support Charles VII's right to the French crown against his English and Burgundian enemies, in fact, were false” and “she had dressed in men's clothing” (Films Media Group). On May 24th, Joan “made a public abjuration in the cemetery of the church of St. Ouen, and was taken back to her prison in Rouen castle” (Lucie-Smith 5). On May 28th, Joan was found in her cell once again dressed as a male. On May 29th, “the court reconvened and declared that she had relapsed into her former errors. Her execution followed” (Lucie-Smith 5). On May 30th, Joan was found guilty of heresy and witchcraft and was taken to the public square in Rouen to be burned at the stake. After she was burned, it is believed that “the executioners pulled the burning wood aside, fanned away the smoke, and allowed the surging crowd to see the genitals and the breasts, that the body was indeed a female” (Films Media Group). Some people spread rumors that Joan of Arc was actually a man, but it was “crucial to the authorities that she be seen to be a woman” (Films Media Group). That was an important part of her conviction. The fact that she was a woman that dressed in the opposite gender's clothing was a great offense in the Middle Ages. It was the Church's ticket to get rid of the young girl.

When Joan was burned at the stake, this signaled events of great importance. Joan was burned

“on the morning of 30 May 1431” in “the Place du Vieux-Marché in Rouen” (Lucie-Smith 1). For example, saints like Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine as well as “other heroines in the ranks of saints, could not have the physical life in them destroyed by physical means until it pleased God to allow nature to take its course” (Warner 28). Joan was different than these saints because she was burned at the stake in a public square for all who chose to watch this tragic event. Joan was surrounded by “an almost innumerable throng of spectators’, perhaps as many as ten thousand people” (Lucie-Smith 1). People came to watch as they weren't only people who lived in town, but they also came from outside the town. These people viewed this type of an event as public entertainment. The English wanted as many people as possible to see her execution. They wanted her “death to be witnessed by as many people as possible – the ignominious end of the supposed miracle-worker who had raised the siege of Orleans, who was held to be responsible for the rout of an English army at Patay, and who had led their enemy, Charles of Valois, to the anointing and crowning at Rheims which seemed to legitimize his claim to the French throne” (Lucie-Smith 1-2). This was an event where “the miraculous had to be present” and after the “crescendo of her innocence and her torments, it was not possible to release her into the banality of mortal law, where death claims the body and cannot give it back” (Warner 28). When Joan died chained to the stake, she died with the cross at eye-level and calling for her savior, Jesus. Those that stood in the public square that day watching a young girl being dealt a cruel execution, cried in sympathy. There have been many myths passed along over the ages regarding Joan's death. A witness named Isambart de la Pierre states that “an Englishman who had helped burn Joan was struck with horror after her death” and that “he realized he had burned a saint: for it seemed to this Englishman that he had seen a white dove flying from the direction of France at the moment when she was giving up the ghost” (Warner 28). The white dove stands as an important symbol for religion. It is a symbol of “the Holy Spirit, of love, of peace, of sanctity, served to exalt Joan at the moment of her death; and in the fact that the dove was seen by an Englishman to come 'from France' – that is, from the

Ile de France, not from the English-held Normandy – makes the point that the English had misinterpreted the will of God, who was now identifiably over the border, with the other side” (Warner 28-29). Pierre continues with his story and also identifies another myth. He mentions that “immediately after the execution, the executioner came up to me...he said and affirmed that, notwithstanding the oil, sulphur and charcoal that he had applied to Joan's entrails and heart, he had not found it possible to burn them or reduce them to ashes” (Warner 29). Another witness confirmed that this interaction occurred. A man by the name of Jean Massieu confirms Pierre's statement. Massieu told the tribunal “I heard from Jean Fleury, the bailiff's clerk and scribe, how the executioner had told him that when the body was burnt in the flames and reduced to ashes her heart remained intact and full of blood” (Warner 29).

Chapter 3: Mark Twain: Biography

Samuel Langhorne Clemens or Mark Twain was born in Monroe County, Florida, Missouri on November 30th, 1835. His parents “arrived there some months before from Virginia” where his father lived (Films Media Group). It was a small town which consisted of “less than 300 inhabitants” (Paine) and described as “the almost invisible village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri” (Powers 1). He became the sixth child of John Marshall and Jane Lampton Clemens. Soon after his birth, when he was four years old, his family moved to Hannibal, Missouri which was a poor town.

Things just did not work out for his family in Florida, Missouri. Hannibal is located near the Mississippi River. It is not described as a flashy town by any means. In the Films Media Group's film *Mark Twain: A Concise Biography*, the narrator says that “ordinary would be the best word to describe Hannibal today, but it is that very quality which made it in the middle of the 19th century just the place for such a boy as Samuel Clemens to grow up in” (Films Media Group). Hannibal, Missouri is an isolated town surrounded by many forests and water. In the biographical film, Hannibal is described as

“the banks are lined with forest to the water's edge only in the distance can we see fields and the turnpikes carrying today's traffic and even that traffic is light enough to emphasize the vast emptiness of much of the United States making the towns and villages quite isolated and cut off from each other” (Films Media Group). The Clemens family lived in a small, narrow wooden house that also had a white fence similar to the one used in the book *Tom Sawyer*. This shows that Twain uses inspiration from his childhood memories in his books. Twain's father, John Marshall, worked across the street from their house as a lawyer. John was also “a business man, property speculator, storekeeper and civic leader (justice of the peace and railroad promoter)” (Messent 1). John is described by Twain as being an “emotionally reserved and stern man, whose Virginian ancestry gave him an exaggerated sense of his own dignity” (Messent 1). The Clemens' never were successful in their business ventures, but they did have a nice, wooden home to live in. Twain's first love, Laura Hawkins also lived across the street from Twain. For the children of Hannibal, the real world may have seemed to them far and distant. In the biographical film, it mentions that to the children the “world must have seemed a secure and peaceful place, very much the spot for an ideal American childhood” (Films Media Group). Mark Twain's mother, Jane Lampton Clemens believed it was hard reining in her son. He was known to be difficult to deal with when it came to his own school work growing up. Jane Lampton Clemens believed that her son “wasn't easy to handle especially when it came to going to school” and that “he liked history books, but school rooms and any form of study he avoided when he could” (Films Media Group). Even though she thought he was difficult to deal with Twain had a special relationship with his mother. Twain was “much closer to his mother, Jane Lampton Clemens, and she was a key influence in his life” (Messent 1). There is no evidence to really track their relationship, but it was of great importance to Twain. When his older brother's wife, Mollie Clemens, had passed away in 1908, “Twain evidently asked that his letters to his mother – apparently 'almost four trunks' full – be destroyed” (Messent 1). Twain recalls happy memories of his mother. It is evidence of their close connection with each other. Words that

describe his mother include “warm, witty, outspoken, lively and – like her son – a good story-teller” (Messent 1). It is a possibility that Twain might have gotten his love of storytelling from his mother. Twain, like he did with *Tom Sawyer*, also recalled his childhood experiences of school. He used his memories of the classroom as the perfect inspiration for his book *Huckleberry Finn*. He actually had a friend in school who inspired his character of Huck. The inspiration for his books surrounded him as he used buildings that surrounded his house. The house that Huck supposedly resided in was located right behind Sam's house which was the basis of Tom Sawyer's house. The Mississippi River was also a playground area for Twain and his friends when they were children. When the Clemens family moved to Hannibal in 1839, black people were slaves. In fact, Twain's father owned slaves. There really wasn't a major problem with having slaves in this town because “it was the norm in Hannibal and if anyone questioned it they kept quiet about it” (Films Media Group). Even with that, Hannibal was a place that Twain could call home and provided him the comfort to grow up. Twain's childhood was a major influence in his life as it was “crucial for the influence it had on the very best of his fiction” (Messent 2). Twain used his childhood memories as material for his books such as “*Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson* and a series of other lesser-known texts are imaginatively located around that town and the life Twain lived there, the 'Matter of Hannibal'” (Messent 2). “Religious views were argued about since the town had twelve churches and they all had different views on the proper way to live life and to worship. Soon, the major obstacle hit the Clemens family that would affect them for a long time. The Clemens family began to have difficulties with their finances and that changed the way they lived. This involved them having to move out of their current house into some rooms that were located in the upstairs area of their local drug store in Hannibal. In the biographical film, it is mentioned that at this same area Twain lost his father when he was eleven years old. John Marshall Clemens died in 1847 “of pneumonia after being caught in a sleet storm while returning from a neighboring town” (Messent 1). His mother raised her four children after the death of her husband and

through financial trouble. Twain's older brother, Orion, was the main money earner in the family, “but his eccentricity, otherworldliness, and lack of business sense began a life-long series of stumbles from one unsuccessful career to the next (Twain would support him financially-for much of his later life)” (Messent 2).

This started the change in Mark Twain's life. He was then removed from school and arranged to work for the printer as an apprentice. Twain was sent to start “full-time work in 1848 or 1849 as an apprentice printer to Joseph Ament's *Missouri Courier*” (Messent 2). Orion who was about “ten years older than Twain” after hearing the news of his father's death returned home to his family after moving away (Films Media Group). He decided to move his ambitions to Hannibal and created his own newspaper for the town. The newspaper was called the *Hannibal Journal*. Orion's business wasn't exactly a success.

When Twain was fifteen, he decided to make another change in his life. He figured he had enough work experience which actually included writing and knowledge after working for his brother's newspaper. When Twain was seventeen years old he decided to move and leave Hannibal behind. His travels led him to places such as New York and Washington. In every place he traveled to, he would find work in newspapers. Later, he ended up running into Orion again in Keokuck, Iowa where Twain “worked helping to write and produce a newspaper” (Films Media Group). This marks the turning point in Mark Twain's life as he began from here his path to becoming a successful writer.

Twain had a restless personality which led him to dream of traveling as much as he could. He dreamed of traveling to all of these new places in the world and set his hopes for traveling to South America. In order to get to South America, he set a goal to make it to New Orleans and then from there reach his destination. Twain's plans got a bit side tracked as from there; he decided to work under a man by the name of Horris Bixby as a river boat pilot. He was taught the ways of the Mississippi River and became very familiar with it. He then was promoted to become a master river boat pilot after

traveling countless times up and down the river. In 1861, however, things began to change once again. The Civil War began and the Mississippi River was included in the battle grounds. In the biographical film, it mentions that Twain had his boat taken and “drafted into use by the southern confederacy armies” (Films Media Group). Along with Twain's river boat, other river boats were taken and converted into war ships for the confederate armies. Twain decided to join the local militia that was forming as a result of the north attacking and his group was involved in several small battles. Twain was then captured by northern troops and sent away to St. Louis. He managed to escape and decided to move out west.

Twain met up again with his brother Orion except this time Orion happened to get a position as “territorial secretary” (Films Media Group). He decided at this point in his life that he did not want anything more to do with the Civil War and would have no part of it anymore. Along with that, he left the riverboat pilot life behind him as well. Twain became fascinated with the west as people came to set up their own way of life. People came to establish governments and build towns. Twain found this journey quite interesting since he was never used to this process as he was from Hannibal which was surrounded by forests and water. He found a great interest in mining and was curious at how the activity motivated most people to move out west in the hunt for gold and etc. The film mentions that he joined up with two people who “were young lawyers Oliver and Clagget” (Films Media Group). They traveled and mined together. He was different than the people around him. Instead of being in the constant obsession of mining like the others around him, Twain used his experiences with these people and the mining world as fuel for his tales in the future. Twain believed that these experiences would be “wonderful for his pen in the future” and “a feast for his imagination and a deepening of his understanding of man” (Films Media Group). After a year of being unsuccessful, he decided he needed a change of scenery.

Twain decided to move to another area where mining was growing, Virginia City. There he

decided to do what he did best. He soon was hired by the Territorial Enterprise “on the strength of some humorous stories he had sent to the local newspaper” in August 1862 (Films Media Group). The story behind his pen name “Mark Twain” is that he took the name from his days working on a steam boat. According to the film, Twain had picked the name because “it had something to do with marking the depth of the water and it had also been used by an old captain writing for New Orleans papers” (Films Media Group). When he started working as he had “taken to calling himself 'Mark Twain' as a newspaperman in Nevada and California, after experimenting with such other pen names as Rambler, W. Epaminondas, Adrastus Blab, Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass, and Josh” (Powers 1). He was also known as certain names by his friends. A man by the name of Charles Henry Webb was Twain's friend and he knew Twain as “‘The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope' and 'The Moralist of the Main' among the other tags given him” (Powers 1). He wrote about the many occurrences around him which included battles. His talent for writing began to spread around and eventually reached the city of San Francisco which happened to be “the nearest large city” (Films Media Group). For five years, he learned underneath a man by the name of Joe Goodman who happened to be a friend that worked as an editor. Goodman greatly valued Twain as he worked with him. Twain's satire began to win over fans of his work and soon other newspapers in the area were requesting that Twain write for them including *The Californian*. This soon hit an obstacle as Twain's satire got him in trouble. He angered a rival newspaper editor and not thinking about what he was doing, he challenged the man to a duel which was illegal in Nevada at the time. He soon started at another paper which was located in San Francisco and began to embrace this lifestyle of writing for this paper as well as other projects. He was gradually building up his reputation and his fame was increasing. Twain's success increased greatly “by the publication of a story called *The Jumping Frog*” which was “published in the New York Saturday Press on November 18, 1865” and all over the east coast (Films Media Group). This was an important mark for him in his life. His name was gaining great success.

He began to write as he traveled from place to place adding humorous lectures for his readers. He also decided he wanted to make a trip around the world in order to write his letters to his readers. He first decided he would make a stop in New York just so he could set up his reputation there and move on. In the biographical film, it mentions that Twain “sailed on the ship *Quaker City*” and his letters were a huge success and as he returned he was asked to publish a book version of these letters called *Innocents Abroad*. While he was on the ship, he met a young man by the name of Charles Langdon. Twain quickly became friends Charles and Charles soon showed Twain a picture of his sister, Olivia Langdon. Olivia happened to be “the daughter of a wealthy businessman” (Messent 6). This part of his life was an important turning point for him. His relationship with Olivia had brought him into “the social and moral environment of the Langdon Elmira home (Jervis, Olivia's father, was a committed abolitionist before the War) and the lively intellectual life there, helped play a major part in Twain's rise in status and respectability in the period” (Messent 6). Twain most importantly wanted to please Olivia and was willing to go through changes to make her happy. He changed his lifestyle by “mixing in altogether more prestigious circles and, counseled by Joseph Twichell, the Congregationalist minister and new friend he had met while visiting the wealthy and artistic Hartford community, Twain looked to meet Olivia's expectations and reform his previous bohemian lifestyle” (Messent 6). He was determined to convince Olivia's parents that he was the right man for their “fragile and sensitive daughter” (Messent 6). He even tried to reform his former reputation “as 'the Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope', and to convince Olivia's parents that he could be a suitable match” (Messent 6). He finally was successful at convincing them. He married Olivia on February 2nd, 1870 after “some years of courtship during which *Innocents Abroad* was published in book form was selling no less than eighty thousand copies” (Films Media Group). They had a very happy marriage together and she was a perfect fit for him. Olivia's father gave them a house in Buffalo, New York which was convenient for Twain since he bought a newspaper there called the *Buffalo Express*. Olivia's father,

Jervis, made sure to give them a great start to begin their new lives together as he named Twain “co-owner and co-editor of the *Buffalo Express*” (Messent 6). Tragedy intervened in their new life as the couple “never really settled in that city and had to cope with a series of deaths (of Jervis, and Olivia's close friend, Emma Nye), and the poor health of their first child, Langdon (born 7 November 1870)” (Messent 6).

They didn't stay in this area for too long. In the biographical film, it mentions that Twain and Olivia's “stay lasted only a year and a half” which ended in “the sale of the house and the paper and the publication of his next big work, *Roughing It*, a novel about frontier life” (Films Media Group). This was another great shot for Twain as it quickly became a huge success. The couple then decided to take their lives to a new place that was located outside Hartford, Connecticut. After the couple moved there around late 1871, they were “marred by the death of Langdon in June 1872” and after that tragic portion of his life, the couple began “the happiest period in Twain's married life” (Messent 6). This was an important landmark in his life as he was destined to “enjoy a wonderful family life, to write some of his best loved books and to be lionized as the major luminary of American letters” (Films Media Group). Olivia gave birth to three daughters in this time at Hartford. The daughters were “Susy in 1872, Clara in 1874 and Jean in 1880” (Messent 6). According to the biographical film, Twain was a great father figure as “his family became the center of his life” (Films Media Group). Clara was training for a career involving music and Jean needed treatment for her “epilepsy – first evidenced in 1890 but undiagnosed until 1896” (Messent 7). The fact that he had such a supportive family and good atmosphere around them helped him in his inspiration to write some his best known works. He was able to write the books that surrounded the character of Tom Sawyer. He never lost interest in the idea of printing which was a new invention just coming into the world. He was determined to “extend himself on what would eventually prove to be too many fronts, establishing his own publishing company (Webster and Co.) in 1884, and sinking money into the development of the Paige Typesetting

Machine, the invention that would prove his financial nemesis” (Messent 7). In this endeavor, he lost a lot of money which totaled up to “hundreds of thousands of dollars” (Films Media Group). He made huge amounts of money just by writing successful works, but the money he earned from those ventures could not support him in this new business venture of printing. Twain's publishing business was suffering major losses and eventually it was “forced into bankruptcy in 1894” (Messent 7).

Unfortunately, it turned out to be a great failure, but he promised Olivia that he soon would be right on track. He promised her he would pay back all of the money that they had lost on the unfortunate adventure.

The couple decided that they would move to Europe because Twain believed he would have better luck there. He encountered extreme success in Europe as he was as about as popular there as he was back in the United States. Twain and Olivia had traveled as their “daughters Susy and Jean stayed behind with an aunt in Elmira, New York and daughter Clara traveled with them” (Films Media Group). Shock spread through the family when Twain lost his daughter Susie when she was twenty four years old. She had gotten ill and soon after passed away. Things were never the same for Twain as he was heartbroken. Susy was Twain's “eldest and best-loved daughter” and Twain even wrote to Rogers about this time in his life and described it as “All the heart I had was in Susy's grave and the Webster debts” (Messent 8). He kept writing and soon earned enough to pay all the amount he had lost in his printing venture back. This choice he had made had quite an effect on his career. As people saw that he paid all this amount back added to “the fame and the honor in which he was held” (Films Media Group).

Soon, the couple and their daughter moved back to New York in 1900 to join the rest of their family. At this time, Twain was able to live “in this house in New York and a life of a celebrity” (Films Media Group). Twain was eventually invited back to Hannibal to visit his childhood home which he had not seen for sixty years. Also, that same year Olivia “took ill and after two unhappy years of illness

she was dead” (Films Media Group). Olivia had been going through being “seriously ill with heart problems” and “Twain moved the family to Italy in 1904 in search of a better climate for her health, but she died in June, causing further heartbreak for the family” (Messent 8). It was hard for him because Olivia had been a great life partner for him. He was shattered as this was “a 'thunder-stroke' when, as he says, 'I lost the love of my life’” (Messent 8). This didn't stop his writing, but he had to have a change of scenery.

Twain decided to move to Connecticut and set up a house called Storm Field at Reading. This is where he remained during his final years so he could get away from the public exposure that he had been getting due to his success. Twain had now made it to the top as he was “firmly established as a national and international celebrity and enjoying much of the attention this brought him” (Messent 8). Twain, due to his great success in England and his loyal fans, during his final trip he was “given a doctorate degree by the University of Oxford” (Films Media Group). Along with him in receiving awards were legends such as “Rudyard Kipling, Auguste Rodin the sculptor and General William Booth of the Salvation Army” (Films Media Group). The family he had was the center of his world. Eventually, when Twain was seventy years old, his daughter Clara “married Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a concert pianist and the wedding was held at Storm Field” (Films Media Group). It happened to be the first wedding of the family. Jean, his other daughter, put importance in helping her father since she had lost her mother, her sister and now her other sister was married. In the biographical film, tragedy struck the family again when on December 21st, Jean “had gone to meet her father on his return from a trip to Bermuda, she died of a heart attack 2 days later” (Films Media Group). This tragedy became too much for Twain to bear.

Twain had decided to stop writing. He found no interest in it any longer. There have been arguments about his final years. For example, Hamlin Hill wrote a novel called *Mark Twain: God's Fool* which was published in 1973 and describes Twain as “an unpredictably bad-tempered old man,

vindictive, sometimes worse-the-wear for drink and with a faltering memory. Estranged from his two remaining children, Twain's interest centered on his 'Angel Fish', the group of young girls he gathered around him in what Hill calls a 'more than avuncular' way. This 'Mark Twain', despairing and pessimistic, showed 'the geriatric manifestations of a personality that had never been quite able to endure itself' (Messent 9). There is also another argument that appeared later to combat that opinion on Mark Twain. In 2004, Karen Lystra wrote a novel called *Dangerous Intimacy* which shows Twain as "an artist and a man who was still able to enjoy life and to write memorably, one who cannot be confined to a single dimension: 'a person of many moods, in and out of print – gloomy and pessimistic, but also cheerful, energetic and loving.' Lystra reads the 'Angel Fish' in terms of the 'compensatory gesture', Twain seeking to fill 'a deep emotional hole' with these 'surrogate children'. For the young girls may have reminded him of the dead Susy, perhaps recalled 'his own lost youth', or fed 'some lifelong nostalgia for the honesty and simplicity of childhood'" (Messent 9-10). There have been different accounts of his relationship with his daughters. Lystra writes that "the epileptic Jean was more or less banished from her father's house, while Clara, looking to establish a separate identity outside her father's powerful scan, took little part in the emotional life of the household, pursuing her career and separate life, often distancing herself physically from her father's presence" (Messent 10). Lystra also writes that "his relationship with his daughters was difficult and Jean in particular suffered from his neglect" (Messent 10). She also accounts that Twain felt great guilt for his actions and he would be "finally bringing her back to Stormfield to live with him, to act as his secretary and house keeper. But on Christmas Eve, 1909, Jean was found dead in her bath after an epilepsy attack" (Messent 10). After this loss, it was too much for him. He sent a telegram message to people who were well-wishers saying "I thank you most sincerely, but nothing can help me" (Messent 10). Even before the death of another daughter, there had been a rumor spread that Twain was dying. He decided to put it to rest. According to the biographical film, Twain decided to write to a newspaper "I heard the newspapers say I'm dying.

The charge is not true. I would not do such a thing at my time of life. I am behaving as good as I can. Merry Christmas to everybody” (Films Media Group). The letter to the newspaper was actually sent by his daughter Jean the day before she had died. He appreciated that he was being remembered by the many works and achievements he accomplished. He was proud of his achievements especially of the doctorate from Oxford he had earned. Twain was satisfied with his achievements and his life and “on 21 April 1910, he too would die – a victim of the heart trouble that had plagued him in his final year” (Messent 10).

As a result of many tough obstacles in his life, Twain managed to write a book that was not meant for commercial benefit. He wrote *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* in order to please his soul and his personal wishes on bringing a young girl he greatly admired to life. Twain, with the support of the family he loved, eventually published the book under his name. Twain wanted his account of Joan to be as historically accurate as possible. He used both French and English histories in order to get his historical facts in order for the book and also to see Joan through both English and French eyes. In some areas where historical facts were blurry or absent, he used his imagination to fill in the blanks.

This is why I chose Mark Twain's work to adapt into a play. I wanted to write a play that would educate audiences on the story of Joan of Arc. I want them to see past the legend and the fact that she was the woman that was burned at the stake. I admit that is all I knew of her when first learning about her before all of my research. I want them to leave the theatre with a new look at Joan and her inspiring story. I feel that is the effect that Mark Twain was going for along with pleasing his personal feelings. He wanted to educate audiences about Joan as well. He also wanted to portray Joan in a fair way by using both French and English histories. Through his research, Twain was able to make her as human as possible. I admire this of Twain's work because most accounts of Joan are not relatable and picture her as a legend. Joan is simply human. She may be a legend to people, but she is also a girl that was

executed at the stake at the age of nineteen. She experiences fear, anger, sadness and joy like any other human being. These are some of the reasons why I felt inspired to adapt the Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*.

Chapter 4: Mark Twain's Inspiration for *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*

A young boy found a random page from a book while walking on his way home. This particular page just happened to blow right into his path. The page happened to be from a historical account of Joan's life and this boy happened to be the young Mark Twain. Twain ran home to his family asking questions about who this Joan of Arc could be and if she could be a real person. He was inspired by this young heroine and set out to find more information about her. Joan's story had touched this young writer. This was the beginning of one of the most dear works of Mark Twain and even though critics would speak against it, Twain believes it was one of his best. In 1908, Twain speaks of his book, "I like Joan of Arc best of all my books, and it is best, I know it perfectly well" (Stone Jr. 205). In 1896, Twain decided he would "publish another historical novel set entirely in Europe, the book: *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*" (Messent 88). The book was roughly criticized because the novel easily "includes his attraction toward what has since become known as the cult of true womanhood (the belief that ideal womanliness consists in a submissive domesticity and the virtues of purity and piety)" (Messent 88). The story of Joan of Arc seemed to have sent the wrong message to his readers. In the book, they saw Joan "despite her air of authority and proficiency on the battle-field, Twain's Joan is a domestic angel...Willingly subject to male authority of all kinds...her self-sacrifice makes her the truest of True Women" (Messent 88). He was fascinated by Joan and he also had a love of history from a very young age. It is also a possibility that "Joan herself was so clearly modeled on his daughter Susy, who died so unexpectedly (and with a devastating effect on Twain and his family) in the same year as the novel's publication" (Messent 88).

When Twain first found this page, he had no idea who Joan could be and went home to his mother and his brother to find out if she was a real person. He was touched by her story and sought out to find more information about her. This book was different than Twain's other works as this time the book "was written out of personal, not commercial, considerations" (Stone Jr. 203). In a way, Twain also wanted to be remembered for more than just his satire. He wanted to be remembered for a more serious work. Howells remembers one night traveling with Twain to Harvard Square with the *Tom Sawyer* manuscript in Twain's hands. Howells recalls "I don't know what his misgivings were; perhaps they were his wife's misgivings, for she wished him to be known not only for the wild and boundless humor that was in him, but for the beauty and tenderness and 'natural piety'" (Goodman 166). Olivia had wished for her husband to be remembered in that way which led him to "anonymously publishing a serious book about a controversial saint, *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*" (Goodman 166). After a while, Twain felt better about his book on Joan of Arc and built up confidence in the response of his audience that he eventually wanted "*Joan of Arc* published under his name, not anonymously" (Willis 217). At first, Olivia disagreed with her husband about him putting his name on his work arguing that if audiences knew who really wrote the book they would not take the novel seriously. Twain did not follow Olivia's advice, but he did include a dedication for her at the beginning of the book. *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* also was "a book Susy heartily approved of" (Willis 190). Susy was so excited about her father writing this book about Joan that she even told her friend, Louise that "Papa is progressing finely with his Joan of Arc which promises to be his loveliest book" and that it was "perhaps even more sweet and beautiful than the *Prince and the Pauper*" (Willis 190). Susy goes on to describe Joan as "pure and perfect to a miraculous degree" and "hearing the M.S. (manuscript) read aloud is an uplifting and revealing hour to us all" (Willis 190). Twain began writing this novel at a time that was not financially convenient for him. He could not afford marketing a book that he wrote to please his heart. Times were tough for his family as "the omnivorous Paige typesetter,

and his publishing company and other business ventures were swallowing large portions of the Clemens fortune” (Stone Jr. 203). At this time, Twain was taking chances with his writing as the Panic of 1893 was about to occur and that would bring him really close to being bankrupt. Twain, in spite of this lingering problem, took a break from work that was more marketable such as *Tom Sawyer* to focus his attention on a story that would please him personally. He tried to delve into Joan's world in order to rid his mind of the financial issues at hand, but he had to come back to reality. He knew that “the book may not sell, but that is nothing – it is written for love” (Stone Jr, 210). *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* is also known as his most historical novel. Every page of the novel is evidence to much painstaking, careful research. The book also came after Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. He spent fourteen years of labor on writing this book about Joan. This included twelve years of research into her history and two years of actually writing the book. He researched many different books from authors on Joan. For his novel, Twain lists that he used six French biographies and three English biographies. The Mark Twain Papers contain many underlinings, comments in Twain's handwriting which is evidence of his close and critical reading. Even though Twain invested so much time into writing this book it is not well known. Twain wrote a letter to a man by the name of H. H. Rogers in January 1895 describing his experience of writing the book while he was finishing up the book in Paris. He told Rogers that he never had “done any work before that cost so much thinking and weighing and measuring and planning and cramming or so much cautious and painstaking execution” (Stone Jr. 210). Twain mentions during the process of finishing up the book:

“Although it is mere history – history pure and simple – history stripped naked of flowers, embroideries, colorings, exaggerations, inventions – the family agree I have succeeded...The first two-thirds of the book were easy; for I only needed to keep my historical road straight; and therefore I used for reference only one French history and one English one – and shoveled in as much fancy work and invention on both sides of the historical road as I pleased. But on this last third I have constantly used

five French sources and five English ones and I think no telling historical nugget in any of them has escaped me” (Stone Jr. 210).

This allowed Joan to be pictured as realistic as possible for Twain's readers. I also wanted this for my play. I appreciated Twain's determination in writing this novel about Joan and trying to build this story around facts and putting a lot of thought in picturing her realistically. Many of the other writers allowed Joan's image to be affected by prejudice or they were too sympathetic. This is what I wanted to avoid when I wanted to write a play about Joan. I did not want to picture her as a legend. I wanted her to be relatable to an extent and for her to come across to audiences as being purely human. Twain wanted to bring historical truthfulness to Joan in his vision for the novel. The novel also did not possess the same humor audiences were used to when it came to his more popular novels such as *Huckleberry Finn*. As a result, *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* remained the “least known and least read of Twain's major novels” (Stone Jr, 204). Twain's family was very fond of this book that Twain had written about this remarkable young girl. In summer of 1885, “Olivia Clemens reported in her diary that thirteen-year-old Susy was reading Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* aloud to her and they were both finding it 'delightful’” (Stone Jr, 206). Also, soon after that, Twain had published *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* and he chose to read it out loud to his family where his daughter “Susy recorded, “To-night Joan of Arc was burned at the stake” and everyone in the room cried (Willis 212). Twain viewed Joan as an inspiration. When he was writing *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* he wanted to make sure that he achieved his vision for what he felt Joan was like. He viewed her quite differently than most other authors view her. She is often painted as a legend or as a woman who was burned at the stake for being pronounced a heretic. His image of Joan was more human. Twain also didn't write of sexual development in Joan in his book. Twain had a certain “skittishness about sex in his books” (Stone Jr, 209). This is also provides a clue to why Joan provided “strictly childish appeal for him” (Stone Jr 209). The fact that Joan remained in her life a child in both her body and her spirit

appealed to him as she retained that girlishness that Twain had a special fondness for. He had a fascination of Joan's girlhood and now had the chance to explore this idea. The novel "as an image of childhood the book is doubly significant, not simply as Twain's first and only novel about a young girl but also as his most extended exploration of the relations between children and adults in terms of religious experience" (Stone Jr, 204).

The page that blew into the path of the young boy that worked as a printer's apprentice in Hannibal, Missouri may have been from Michelet's fifth volume of *Histoire de France* which is titled separately as *Jeanne D'Arc*. This book that discusses the life of the young maid was released in 1841 and had already been translated into the English language. In 1845, it was published in America. Michelet seemed to be Twain's main source for writing his novel as Twain wanted a more realistic vision even though Michelet was known as a "Armagnac (French) sympathizer" (Stone Jr, 211). When Twain addressed his friend, H. H. Rogers, he explained "on internal and external evidence he is the "one French history" he used for the first two-thirds of his romance" (Stone Jr, 211). When Twain read Michelet's writings of Joan, Michelet describes that Joan "had the divine right to remain, soul and body, a child. She grew up strong and beautiful, but never knew the physical sufferings entailed on a woman" (Stone Jr. 209). It is mentioned in many accounts of Joan and is known to be a myth that Joan "never menstruated" (Warner 19). There is also another myth to the fact Joan never menstruated. It could have been she was anorexic because she did not eat much when in camp with soldiers. In this case with Joan, "the hypothalamus in the brain ceases to function. It normally controls the endocrine system, which in turn regulates menstruation" (Warner 21). In Marina Warner's book, she discusses some instances where Joan might have been anorexic. For example, Joan "even after battle, she only soaked some bread in a little wine" (Warner 21). Even a lawyer that was cross-examining her asked if she had been fasting which was true because it happened to be Lent. The fact that she did not eat much might have had an impact in the future for her. In the midst of the trial, it also mentioned that

Bishop Pierre Cauchon sent Joan a carp while she was imprisoned. Carp is known to be a “notoriously rich and greasy fish and, if she was a fastidious eater, might well have upset her stomach” (Warner 21). When she got sick, people thought that she may have been poisoned while she was imprisoned. Anorexics tend to have a “fear of food, nausea, horror of outside impurities entering the stronghold of the personal body” and “if they eat rich food, vomit it later” (Warner 21). Another thought mentioned by Michelet is that “the higher life absorbed her and suppressed her physical (sexual) development” (Stone Jr, 209). Twain put much thought into Joan's image in the book. The result didn't only satisfy him intellectually, but it also satisfied what he thought he believed Joan to be personally. Joan represented a few different things in Twain's mind including: purity, youth and power. It was of great importance that Joan remained this young girl in his novel. The remarkable fact of her history is that “she was the unique instance in history of the young girl whose innocence not merely *existed* but *acted* in the gross world of adult affairs” (Stone Jr, 207). Joan can also be related back to one of Twain's daughters, Susy Clemens. Susy and Twain had a special connection as father and daughter. Susy shared Twain's passion for writing and speech. She had an extraordinary talent for these things. Twain had a special place in his heart for his daughter and Joan could very well be a representation of Susy. Susy even wrote a biography of her father which made her father proud of her. Twain had met with a group of girls that were involved in a book club called the Saturday Morning Club where they would listen to pieces of Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*. Later, his fondness for young girls appeared in several different ways. In a biography that Paine wrote about Twain, he mentions that on a particular Bermuda holiday, Twain “spent largely in the company of Margaret Blackmer, aged twelve” (Stone Jr, 208). By this time Twain had suffered great tragedy by losing his wife, his favorite daughter and his son who was still an infant. He found a connection with Margaret and was fond of her to the point where he decided to create a club called The Angel Fish Club or The Aquarium. Twain “elected only himself and a dozen teen-aged girls who youthful beauty reminded him of the pretty tropical fish” (Stone Jr, 208).

In *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, the character Sieur Louis de Conte mentions that “the office of history is to furnish serious and important facts that *teach* (18, 63)” (Stone Jr, 211). This quote supports the reasoning that Twain also wrote *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* as a way to reach out to his audiences and to educate them about Joan of Arc. Twain, with his fondness for youth, seemed to direct this novel more toward young audiences.

Twain also writes himself into the book as Joan's close friend Sieur Louis de Conte. It was Twain's way to “introduce himself and his private feelings into the stream of history” (Stone Jr. 210). Twain took a character that had a minor role in her history in the book by Michelet and made him into “the central intelligence around which his story is constructed” (Stone Jr, 210). Twain also recognized the convenience of the initials Sieur Louis de Conte as it matched his very own initials for his name, Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Twain composed a story called “My Platonic Sweetheart” in 1898 which gives another clue to his fascination with girlhood. This story is basically about a recurring dream that Twain kept having in his life as an adult. Twain, pictured in this story as a boy of seventeen, yearns for his lover who happens to be a fifteen year old maiden. She is described as being “girlishly young and sweet and innocent” (Stone Jr, 208). Twain goes on to describe the both of them as a “pair of 'ignorant and contented children'” (Stone Jr. 208). Twain comments on his dream as:

“She was always fifteen, and looked it and acted it; and I was always seventeen, and never felt a day older. To me she is a real person not a fiction, and her sweet and innocent society has been one of the prettiest and pleasantest experiences of my life. I know that to you her talk will not seem of the first intellectual order, but you should hear her in Dreamland then you would see!” (Stone Jr, 208-209).

Another reason that Joan inspired Twain was that she “epitomized an age-old struggle of common folk against the twin institutions of cruelty and oppression” (Stone Jr. 207) which was the Crown and the Church.

Throughout history, Joan has been viewed in many different ways. In the 16th century, Joan was

reviled by Englishmen Holinshed and Shakespeare. In the 17th century, Joan was neglected by writers. In the 18th century, she was the topic of ridicule for Voltaire. In the early 19th century, Joan was idealized by writers such as Southey and Schiller. Joan actually became popular with writers starting in 1841. Again, what sets Twain apart in his writing of Joan is that this young girl simply touched him deeply as other writers sought to explore the legend and to give a biased view on the young maiden. Twain may have given his personal opinion of Joan, but he strived toward achieving a more human picture of Joan of Arc. He used resources from other authors in order to help him achieve this truthfulness in history that he wanted Joan to be. Joan seems real to audiences because “it is chiefly from Michelet that Twain derives the inspiration for what realism *Joan of Arc* possesses” (Stone Jr, 212).

Michelet's account of Joan's history becomes a key piece of information for Twain. Twain is drawn to him because Michelet is the author out of all the authors Twain has read that has a similar view of Joan. Michelet sees Joan as a “manifestation on the one hand of the medieval Virgin cult and on the other of the spirit of French nationalism” (Stone Jr, 212). Michelet also contributes to Twain's vision of *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* by stating his opinion of the nineteenth century as “rationalistic, anticlerical, nationalistic” (Stone Jr, 212). Twain uses these descriptions as a basis for his novel.

The English point of view is believed to come from a book by Janet Tuckey called *Joan of Arc, “The Maid”*. As his French source, Twain had to read this book very carefully so he could properly tell the English side's point of view. He wanted to get his historical facts correct on both sides. This book seemed to be “designed for a family, even a childish, audience” (Stone Jr, 212). Tuckey views Joan differently than Michelet as she sees Joan as “a less impartial and candid creation” (Stone Jr, 212). The details that are included in the history such as life for the military and other things appear less graphic for her audiences. The legends that are mentioned in the book are not criticized by Tuckey and Joan

becomes an angel in the book. As an angel, Joan's end is “a pathetic victimization of ideal innocence” (Stone Jr, 213). Janet Tuckey's novel can be described as “saccharine, churchly, genteel” (Stone Jr, 213). Twain also used Tuckey's view on Joan while creating his own story about the young maiden. These two books obviously lean toward opposing each other when it comes to the view on Joan. Twain recognized this issue, but he ultimately decided that he would use pieces of both books to bring his view of Joan to life. This choice that Twain made seemed to already fit his style of writing. Twain often includes his “twin tendencies toward sentimentality and realism which characterize virtually all of Twain's fiction” (Stone Jr, 213). These characteristics also seem to fit *Sieur Louis de Conte*. Twain wrote *Sieur Louis de Conte* “to be both blunt and gentle, pious and anticlerical, cynical and awe-struck” (Stone Jr, 213). Conte is a major part of the story as he is the narrator which a common style that Twain incorporates in all of his fictional books. Conte is also written similar to Twain's earlier books such as *Roughing It* and “*Old Times on the Mississippi*” as the narrators in both of those books were two roles at once. In *Personal Recollection of Joan of Arc*, Conte begins the novel at eighty-two years old, reflecting back on the events in the past. Then he launches into the story as if it were happening in the present and he is fifteen years old. The part that is between the beginning and the end can be described as a large flashback. There are times where this is different and the double role that is Conte's older and younger self is known. In the novel he says:

“My wound gave me a great deal of trouble clear into the first part of October; then the fresher weather renewed my life and strength. All this time there were reports drifting about that the King was going to ransom Joan. I believed these, for I was young and had not yet found out the littleness and meanness of our poor human race, which brags about itself so much, and thinks it is better and higher than other animals (18, 109)” (Stone Jr, 213).

In this paragraph, it can also be believed that there was more subtext. Twain could have also been having a conversation with his real self. In this case, he could have been talking to the young thirteen

year old Twain and telling him how the world really is. This also brings up a very interesting thought. Conte's personal journey throughout the novel is a total contrast to Joan's journey. While Joan grows in her loyalty and belief that God has sent angels to tell her what to do and to save France, Conte gradually grows into a bitter man who learns how the world truly is.

Twain may have turned part of Joan's history into fiction by inserting himself into it, but he also included realistic details from actual records. He includes the event of Joan's village of Domremy being invaded by Burgundian troops. Twain used both accounts from the histories taken from Michelet and Tuckey to build this scene in this book. Twain uses certain language to describe the scene of the invasion as "the 'wrecked and smoke-blackened' homes' to which Joan and her friends return to discover 'in lanes and alleys carcasses of dumb creatures that had been slaughtered in pure wantonness'" (Stone Jr, 215). There are also some parts of the story that Twain decides to create in order to add to his tale such as the lunatic that lives in a cage in the village and the animals. Twain often creates scenes in the story as "where the facts are hazier he gratuitously added scenes that were often lurid with passion, mystery, or sentiment" (Stone Jr, 217). The fact that Twain kills off the lunatic and he dies in a real gory death adds to a pattern of violence that is exposed to the young Joan and her friends. Throughout the entire novel, Joan really is exposed to major amounts of violence which is similar to other Twain novels such as *Huckleberry Finn*. When Conte speaks of Joan's childhood, he describes it in such a way that is "a mixture of pastoral idyll and a realistic, even gruesome, picture of medieval village life" (Stone Jr, 216). There is a big change in Conte's personality when he describes every detail in the village to when they are at Rouen. He grows into that bitter old man that soon describes everything in some perspectives as being melodramatic. Twain basically gives each character including minor characters a type. An example of this "typing" that Twain uses would be the description that he gives to the Bishop:

"I asked myself what chance an ignorant poor country-girl of nineteen could have in such an unequal

conflict; and my heart sank down low, very low. When I looked again at that obese president, puffing and wheezing there, his great belly distending and receding with each breath, and noted his three chins, fold above fold, and his knobby and knotty face, and his purple and splotchy complexion, and his repulsive cauliflower nose, and his cold and malignant eyes – a brute, every detail of him – my heart sank lower still (18 – 123-24)” (Stone Jr, 216).

It is evident that Twain is speaking his hatred of the English in this situation through Sieur Louis de Conte. It would also be evident that there is a difference in Conte's descriptions in the novel. At the beginning, he was seeing things through the eyes of a young boy and now he is seeing things through a young man that has matured and is being exposed to the world.

The goal of the novel in the “tensions between Twain's intellectual aims and his emotional predilections, the pull of “truthfulness” against the image of Joan as a “platonic sweetheart”, as it were, are everywhere evident in *Joan of Arc*” (Stone Jr, 217). Sieur Louis de Conte, even though he goes through a personality change in the view of the world still retains the fondness he has for Joan. The bitterness towards the world and the men in it that treat Joan the way they do also balances with his fondness for Joan. After Joan's death, the old man that Conte has become looks back on life and some even describe his perspective that he “has lost faith in mankind” (Stone Jr, 218).

Then the question rises as to if Joan was inspired by true spirits or if she was motivated on her own. In the novel, over time, Conte offers some explanations that could provide an answer. Conte first offers that Joan could have been “considered purely as the amanuensis of supernatural powers which, because of her heritage, her reliance upon saints and sacraments, and her allegiance to the Pope are to be regarded as specifically Christian and Catholic” (Stone Jr, 218). Even though the churchmen that reside at Poitiers declare her as being sent from Heaven, Conte does not admit that she has these supernatural powers that came from Heaven. The second explanation that Conte gives to those he shares the story with is “the child's mysterious mastery over the adult world derives, as Howells and

Michelet believed, from the people” (Stone Jr, 219). For example, the character by the name of the Dwarf was inspired by Joan after he had lost everything including his family. He saw Joan as his inspiration and to him she was France and she was worth fighting for. He saw hope in her courage and this motivated him to fight for her. Another example of the real world that Conte is exposed to in the novel is the instance of the Dwarf killing a Burgundian soldier that is holding a French soldier captive. Conte remembers the scene vividly by saying:

“The Burgundian's eyes began to protrude from their sockets and stare with leaden dullness at vacancy.

The color deepened in his face and became an opaque purple. His hands hung down limp, his body collapsed with a shiver, every muscle relaxed its tension and ceased from its function. The Dwarf took away his hand and the column of inert mortality sank mushily to the ground (18, 37)” (Stone Jr, 220).

Then Conte experiences another moment of intensity. He then speaks about the reaction of the French prisoner after he is freed from the Burgundian soldier. He is then exposed to human nature and the behavior of man-kind. He says:

“His crawling humbleness changed to frantic joy in a moment, and his ghastly fear to a childish rage.

He flew at that dead corpse and kicked it, spat in its face, danced upon it, crammed mud in its mouth, laughing, jeering, cursing, and volleying forth indecencies and bestialities like a drunken fiend. It was a

thing to be expected: soldiering makes few saints. Many of the onlookers laughed, others were indifferent, none were surprised. But presently in his mad caperings the freed man capered within reach of the waiting file, and another Burgundian promptly slipped a knife through his neck, and down he went with a death-shriek, his brilliant artery-blood spurting ten feet as straight and bright as a ray of light. There was a great burst of jolly laughter all around from friend and foe alike; and thus closed one of the pleasantest incidents of my checkered military life (18, 37)” (Stone Jr, 220).

In that moment, Conte experienced the feeling of revenge and how it can take over a person like a hunger and great desire. He was exposed to the dark side of human nature. The jolly laughter is a

strange incident as the soldiers may have been glad to be rid of the unstable man who became unhinged in reality and let loose his dangerous feelings toward the Burgundians. There might have been a moment of relief on both sides even though the two sides are enemies.

The third explanation that Sieur Louis de Conte provides for Joan's abilities is that “her power is not intellectual – it defies rational explanation by the best university minds, nor is it social – the people are a great beast, the Church simply a group of people. Her supernatural deeds must, then, emanate from some mysterious source anterior to reason and to human institutions” (Stone Jr, 221). No one can explain how she was guided to save her country. There is no rational explanation or evidence to prove that it was supernatural or that it was some strange impulse that she felt one day. It will be the same question:

“Who taught the shepherd-girl to do these marvels – she who could not read, and had had no opportunity to study the complex arts of war?...It is a riddle which will never be guessed. *I* think these vast powers and capacities were born in her, and that she applied them by an intuition which could not err. (17, 304)” (Stone Jr, 221).

The truth behind her knowledge and intuition will never be discovered. It will be a mystery as to if she really was guided by spiritual entities in war or if she had a strange impulse inside her that guided her through victories of war that she had no knowledge of. The only thing that can be proven is the words that Twain speaks about the young girl. He recalls Joan as “a mere child in years, ignorant, unlettered, a poor village girl unknown and without influence...laid her hand upon this nation, this corpse, and it rose and followed her” (Stone Jr, 221).

The Fairy Tree is a main symbol throughout the novel. It plays an important role in many scenes. It originally is a home for fairies that befriend Joan and her friends until they are banished from Domremy by the priest of the village. The Fairy Tree is also the place where she is visited by Michael, the archangel. The words of the hymn that the children sing to the tree are also entirely created by Mark

Twain. The lyrics of the hymn “evoke the mood of Joan's life” and the tree “plays so central a role in establishing the theme of *Joan of Arc*” (Stone Jr, 222). The hymn of the L'Arbe Fée de Bourlemont is the Song of the Children and the lyrics are:

“Now what has kept your leaves so green,

Arbre Fée de Bourlemont?

The children's tears! They brought each grief,

And you did comfort them and cheer

Their bruised hearts, and steal a tear

That, healed, rose a leaf.

And what has built you up so strong.

Arbre Fée de Bourlemont?

The children's love! They've loved you long:

Ten hundred years, in sooth,

They've nourished you with praise and song,

And warmed your heart and kept it young –

A thousand years of youth!

Bide always green in your young hearts;

Arbre Fée de Bourlemont!

And we shall always youthful be,

Not heeding Time his flight;

And when, in exile wand'ring, we

Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,

Oh, rise upon our sight! (17, 13-14)” (Stone Jr, 222).

This song plays an important part role in the novel as well as the play. In the novel, Conte speaks of the

tree and how sacred it is to the children of the village and how the fairies were banished. Many important events in the novel happen around the Fairy Tree. When adapting the novel, I wanted the Fairy Tree to remain an important part of the play. I wanted it to remain a symbol as it did in the book. In the beginning of the play, I wanted Conte at eighty-two years old to still be around the tree one day as if he is recalling her memory and when the play is over, he walks away leaving behind a gift of remembrance, maybe a flower of some sort. The Fairy Tree is what brought Joan and her friends together and they celebrated their love for their Fairy Tree. The Fairy Tree can also be identified as an important motif throughout the novel and the play. It can mean different things for the characters. Joan who made the ultimate sacrifice for her country and Conte who becomes a bitter human being at the age of eighty-two, the Fairy Tree still holds meaning for him as “childhood, happiness, unity with nature, the past” (Stone Jr, 223). I wanted to make sure when I wrote the play that the symbolism of the Fairy Tree was communicated to the audience. I wanted them to make the connection that the Fairy Tree in the beginning and the end symbolizes the past. He is remembering the past and the fact that he exits after his story is told, he is letting the past go and as he will also pass on from this world like Joan did. There is one touching scene that describes how much the Fairy Tree means to Joan and her friends and what it symbolizes. At the coronation of Charles VII, the King decides to surprise Joan with a song from home and it is the song that her and her friends sang to their beloved tree:

“Then out of some remote corner of that vast place there rose a plaintive voice, and in tones most tender and sweet and rich came floating through that enchanted hush our poor old simple song “L'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont!” and then Joan broke down and put her face in her hands and cried. Yes, you see, all in a moment the pomps and grandeurs dissolved away and she was a little child again herding her sheep with the tranquil pastures stretched about her, and war and wounds and blood and death and the mad frenzy and turmoil of battle a dream (18, 55)” (Stone Jr, 223).

The tree, to Joan is also a symbol of home. It also serves as a place where she experiences these

mystical, mysterious qualities that she possesses that no one can even begin to understand. The Fairy Tree is also comfort to her. It is mentioned by some that the Fairy Tree can also symbolize “a pagan sign, not specifically Christian, being associated with children, fairies, open fields, and animals of the forest rather than with Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. Furthermore it signifies a Paradise existing eternally in the past, not a future Christian heaven” (Stone Jr, 224). It can be logically perceived that Joan and her friends were praising a pagan sign since it the Fairy Tree was once occupied by fairies. Twain paints a picture of the children and their “childish faith and love encompass both modes of grace” (Stone Jr, 224). It can also be believed that both of these visions can exist inside Joan's soul. In the novel, Joan is with the Fairy Tree when she speaks to Michael, the archangel. She also begins to have visions of the Fairy Tree while in the trial at Rouen and the Fairy Tree has a connection to the Cross. The Cross is given to her and raised to her at eye level when she is burned at the stake. The Fairy Tree remains a key piece to Joan's life. It appears at all of the major events that occur. In Twain's book it is like a cycle that she is sent by God to deliver the English out of France. In the novel, her death completes the cycle. Joan's journey in life had “begun by a pastoral childhood, continued through a heroic, miraculous career, and climaxed by the Passion at Rouen” (Stone Jr, 224). The important ending to Joan's life is the “sacrificial death like Christ's completes the cycle of the nature goddess” (Stone Jr, 224). The way this is written in the novel with this symbolism also relates to Twain's own religious nature. Twain's spiritual outlook is filled with “pessimism and nostalgia” (Stone Jr, 224) which is another point that relates him back to Sieur Louis de Conte in his older years. Joan still remains a young girl in the novel and the play with how she communicates with others and her actions, but throughout the novel and the play, she survives till her end with her “indestructible innocence” (Stone Jr, 225). Joan is a heavily religious girl and the fact that she was so loyal to her Voices put her in direct “opposition to that fallible institution the Church” (Stone Jr, 225). She possessed a connection the things natural due to her dedication to her beloved Fairy Tree. She was never really subjected to the

real world and its painful contradictions and the doubts that can poison the mind. This is what Sieur Louis de Conte experienced over time throughout the novel and even the play. He experiences all of these events and the death of his dear friend and that has made him jaded with life and makes him into a bitter man. A message that Mark Twain is communicating to his readers that pick up *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* is that Joan sacrificed everything for her country and it can be believed that the novel contains a theme about the “victimization of childhood” and that it also suggests that “the only form of life worth living and dying for” (Stone Jr, 225).

Chapter 5: The Script

I think that the biggest challenge for me during this entire project was adapting Mark Twain's novel *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* into a full length play. At first, I had no idea how I was going to achieve this or any way to go about adapting it since I have never done anything like this before. I knew I wanted to bring in as much history about Joan at different parts of her life as possible so I could entertain, educate and inspire audiences of her story. I knew I wanted to include major events of her life especially the trial in the story. I wanted to take the audience through Joan's life from her childhood all the way up to the moment she is burned at the stake. I want them to leave with learning a history lesson because events similar to what happened to Joan are still happening today in the 21st century. The novel *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* is divided into three parts of Joan's life. The first part is dedicated to her childhood and time spent in her village. Conte begins the book talking about how miraculous and special she was to everyone that knew her. Conte compares her to other people as being “true, pitying dignified, and courageous” (Gale 445). He also speaks about the fact her country left her to die sacrificing herself. Conte remembers life before he traveled to Domrémy. His family had been brutally murdered by Burgundians. He remembers the time they spent together as children in Domrémy. He talks of the peaceful times and also remembers the rough times when their village was invaded by Burgundians. Joan reveals to Conte that she has been speaking to these Voices

that she believes have been sent by God to guide her on a journey to save France from English control. The second part is about her time spent in battle and at war. She has been given forces by Robert de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs. She has traveled with her group to see the Dauphin of France and to convince him to give her an army so she can raise the siege of Orléans. She has to convince him first that she has been sent by God which she does by revealing a deep secret about him. He also commands the clergy to test Joan to see if she is pure and is true in her mission and she passes the test. The third part is based on her experiences in The Great Trial of Joan of Arc all the way to where she is burned at the stake. Conte and another of Joan's friends called Noël travel to Rouen and witness the trial. They see Joan every day of the trial fighting against the lies and the tricks the churchmen throw at her. She eventually is tricked into signing a document that sends her to her death. As the churchmen cleverly take her feminine clothes away and replace them with her regular garb. She is accused of going back on her agreement to stop wearing male clothing and is therefore sent to the stake to be executed.

The way the book was organized is what I wanted to bring to the script, except I would have to mold it into what I wanted to bring to the audience. I wanted it to be in chronological order, but I also wanted to share bits of her life so audiences can leave with learning something new about Joan. Sieur Louis de Conte is the narrator of the story. He is a fictional character that Mark Twain created as one of Joan of Arc's closest childhood friends that journeyed with her as her secretary and was with her to the end. This is why I ultimately decided to adapt his book into a play. Mark Twain tells this story of Joan of Arc so beautifully. He sees Joan the way I believe people should see her. She is a legend, but is also a human. In this novel, she is seen as a human and makes choices and mistakes as a human will do. She is not perfect and she feels all emotions that humans feel especially in the end. In the novel, right before she is burned at the stake, she has a mental breakdown due to despair and a feeling of hopelessness, but she gathers up her strength and accepts that she will die. I know had a plan for how I was going to approach turning this novel into a play.

First, I made an outline. I knew how I wanted the play to start and how I wanted the play to end. Now, it was all about filling in the bits in between and to connect it. I would go back to Twain's novel and see which parts of Joan's story needed to be told in order to fulfill my vision and what I wanted to bring to audiences. I had placed different narratives throughout the script for Sieur Louis de Conte to occasionally step forward to address the audience. I had included a lot of scenes throughout the novel that involved not really major events in order to provide comic relief, an insight to other events, reveal more of Joan's friends and establish more of a background of Joan personally. I ended up taking these things out because not only did they make my script unnecessarily long, but it added a lot of bits that slowed the action of the play down. I took out Sieur Louis de Conte's narrations throughout the script because it would slow down or stop the action of the play when it needs to continue to move. I kept the one in the beginning because it sets up the mood and atmosphere of the play very well and is crucial to the telling of the story. I also kept the one in the ending because it ties up the ending of the play so very well and it leaves the audience with an understanding of how this major event in history ended. In some plays, the action cuts off so fast to where an audience member can say, "What? It is over already? But what happened to that character?" I wanted to leave most of the questions I could answer, answered in the script, but otherwise I want to motivate them to do some research on their own about Joan of Arc.

While putting together the outline, I had to make sure I included all of the important parts of a plot. There are seven structural parts that are important to a plot and they are: leading character, the inciting incident, objective, obstacle, the crisis, the climax and the resolution. The leading character is what it is described. It is character that is central to the plot. The inciting incident is the event in the play that throws the character "out of balance" (Letwin 1). The objective is what the character wants and needs to get that balance back in their life. The obstacle is what is keeping the character from getting what they want. The crisis is "the toughest – and usually final – decision made by the leading character to overcome the obstacles" (Letwin 2). The climax is known as "the final showdown with the

obstacles that arise out of the crisis, during which the leading character either gains or fails to gain her objective” (Letwin 2). The resolution is where there is a new balance that is achieved after the climax. Other important parts I had to make sure that I included were the through-line objective, beats, scenes and acts. The through-line objective is what the character wants throughout the whole story or play. A beat is “the smallest unit of a character's intention with a beginning, middle, and end; several beats constitute a scene; and several scenes is an act” (Letwin 18). The through-line objective does not change once decided and it is “decided upon when the leading character is thrown out of balance” (Letwin 18). By the end of the play, the character, having pursued the through-line objective through the entire plot, will succeed or fail at obtaining the objective. Obstacles have to be overwhelming because “they provide great conflict and suspense, and are therefore very exciting. Second, they also aid in creating audience empathy. A drama is only as compelling as the forces blocking the leading character's objective make it” (Letwin 26). Obstacles can be internal such as a fear or they can be external such as an actual person like an antagonist.

Second, I ran into a challenge of which characters to include in the script and which characters to leave out. When I first wrote the script, I had around thirty characters in mind from the novel to include in the script which is clearly too many. This was a very difficult part of the process for me because with such an epic story with many people who were involved in the history, it is hard to leave people out of the script. I wanted to bring the audience truth in the history of Joan and not have to change anything about it. Along with the unnecessary scenes, there were also unnecessary characters that were not needed in telling the story of Joan in less than two hours and I knew the audience would not sit through a very long play. Each time I changed the script, I tried to cut down the characters. I had the number of characters down to twenty four which still seemed to be a little much. Then became the big challenge. How could I cut more characters without changing the script? I had the script how I had imagined it, but there were still so many characters and some scenes that depended on certain

characters. Also, around this time, the director was chosen and he was requesting the script at a specific deadline that was not far away. The pressure was on for me to make this decision. I sat down at my computer and thought things through for a long time on which characters I could live with being out of the script. I'm starting another re-write yet again to add to over seven re-writes. After a long night of thinking and being critical, I reduced the number of characters down to fifteen without changing the script too much. There were scenes that I had to change around and I also had to combine characters which in the end, will add more substance to characters and make for interesting bits for the plot. There were also scenes that I just ended up cutting to make things more simple for me and to speed up the action of the play. This script has to move and is meant to move or else the danger will be that the audience will begin to get bored or lose interest somehow.

When adapting the novel, I was bringing Twain's vision along with mine on how I saw these characters. I had to create some of my own that were not key characters mentioned in the book. I had to add characteristics as well as the actions these characters do in order to achieve their objective for these new characters in order to bring them to life like the other characters. The creation of characters is a difficult task because “in both real life and drama, the *essential nature* of a person is revealed not by her mental, physical, biological, psychological, and social *characteristics*, but by *her actions* in pursuit of an objective, which will result in tangible consequences” (Letwin 50). Why is an action more important than dialogue for a character? Sometimes people are all about talking and do not act upon their thoughts. A person can be assigned a certain characteristic by another person, but that does not mean that one person really fits that description. Those are just adjectives to describe a person when an actual action the person does out of making a decision dictates who the person is. Our actions and reactions define our true character. For example, “Mary can say she's generous, or people can describe her as such, but until she actually gives something – money, kindness – to someone needy, the truth of this claim will remain conjecture. Furthermore, actions taken when nothing is at stake reveal very little

about Mary's character, that is, her true nature” (Letwin 50-51). Letwin goes on to mention of Mary “if she is rich and shells out a buck or two to a street person, we mutter, 'Big deal!' But, if she is a young woman with an average income who has taken a genuine interest in a homeless family and wants to help them, goes to the bank and draws out her savings of \$15,000, and gives it to them as a jumpstart fund, we think of her as having a generous and loving nature” (Letwin 51).

In my play *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, I communicate to readers the characteristics of the characters and the actions of the characters determine their true nature. The character is judged by these actions that come from the decisions that they make. A character is “characterized by an objective analysis of what the author says about the person in stage directions, about what others say about her, and what she says about herself. External evidence can be used if the person is based on a historical figure. But keep in mind that there is a difference between the actual person and the fictionalized one” (Letwin 51).

Third, another challenge I ran into was the language. Mark Twain does a wonderful job of not really telling the story with sophisticated language. This helps when you are reading the book to understand what is happening due to the casually speaking language as opposed to a complicated language that will make the audience lose interest because they cannot understand the meaning of certain words. I can't really remove the names of the countries or locations that are mentioned in the script, but I can modify certain terms that can be translated into plain English for audiences to understand. That is something that I do have control over. I also have the duty to make words simpler for actors to say or else it becomes unnecessary “word vomit” which would take away from the play. It doesn't have to be complicated. I can achieve the same effect if I simplify the language. I also believe that the audience really doesn't pay much attention the language as much as they do the action. If they can understand what the characters are saying and the meaning then that will only bring them into the story even more rather than keeping them at a distance due to language restrictions.

I decided to follow the style of Mark Twain's book. It is obvious the story of Joan of Arc was to be a drama. In dramas “characters were individuals, not types”, “acting style was to be less artificial, especially in the convention of direct address to the audience”, “terrible situations were no longer hidden behind the scenes as in classical and neo-classical tragedy” and “strong emotions were not suppressed” (Letwin 105). Drama had developed over time and became more real to audiences. Performances evolved from this new development as “the performance was made to be “real” – to have certain verisimilitude – because 'only through such reality could the play penetrate the hearts of men with the author's stern, direct and very simple morality” (Letwin 105).

The official writing process began in October 2011. I had started adapting the novel and writing in *Sieur Louis de Conte's* narration in the beginning. This was a key part because I wanted the audience to be engaged in the action almost immediately. I wanted the play to start off with a battle. My plan for the plot line was two different time periods happening simultaneously throughout the script. There is the main story line which the present time starting with Joan's capture at the Battle of Compiègne leading all the way through *The Great Trial of Joan of Arc*. The second plot line that runs simultaneously with the present is the story of Joan's past. This side of Joan's story appears throughout the script in the form of flashbacks. These flashbacks begin with Joan as a young girl in her village receiving news of the English invasion of France and leads up to the critical moment when Joan realizes that there is no going back to her normal life after these battles and the only path to take is to sacrifice herself in order to save her country. I used a combination of plot forms in order to tell Twain's story of Joan. The two forms that I used are called “the dream form” and “episodic.” The dream form “has influenced and merged with more traditional plot structures, particularly in its use of non-sequential time. It goes backward and forward – as in a dream – and may represent both past and present in the same scene simultaneously” (Letwin 4). This form was used to tell audiences of Joan's past through flashbacks. The second form, episodic, extends “over a period of time that did not

conform to Aristotle's 'one revolution of the sun or depart only slightly from that rule'" and uses "lots of locations and characters and had multiple plot lines with many scenes and episodes" (Letwin 5).

Another important fact to remember about the episodic plot form is that "most scenes do not necessarily relate to the scene that came before or after" (Letwin 5). For example, Bertolt Brecht's *Modern Courage and Her Children* "has twelve scenes, the first starting in Dalarna in 1624, followed by other scenes in different times and places covering the Thirty Years War. Some of these scenes – for example, where the title character sings 'The Song of the Great Capitulation' – stand alone, unrelated in plot to its previous or following scene; some scenes – such as the death of Kattrin – could be played as a one-act play. Most of the episodes, in their internal organization, do, in fact, contain all of the seven parts of plot" (Letwin 5). That statement is important in my script because the events in the script whether in the past or present occur in chronological order. There are scenes that do not relate to the scene that came before or after. For example, in one scene, Joan is visited by the physician while imprisoned after passing out. When the doctor and the church officials leave her cell, she has a flashback to her past. In her flashback, she confronts the Dauphin or Charles VII and his advisor, Tremouille, in order to persuade them into aiding her to take Paris back from the English. These two events happen in the same scene and do not relate to each other. The dream form is represented through flashbacks and especially through the past and present episodes happening simultaneously in the same scene.

Chapter 6: The Journal

I had begun my journey to write an adaptation of Mark Twain's novel *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* in May of 2011. I didn't know where to begin. At first, I wanted to write a script from scratch, but the thought of all of the historical facts I wanted to include and taking it in one specific direction really overwhelmed me. I had major writer's block. All sorts of ideas were popping into my brain and I couldn't decide on one idea and didn't even know how to start off page one. I discussed my

ideas with my faculty advisor, Professor Bobby Funk over the summer trying to come up with a solid idea. He gave me a list of different books and ideas to look into. I came across Mark Twain's novel once again. I remember finding it on the internet because it is now public domain. I remember being surprised that Mark Twain would write a book on this topic as I'm used to the same writer that wrote *Huckleberry Finn* and other many popular works. I decided to buy the book and read it. Then, the idea hit me. This would work wonderfully as a play. I have always wanted to write my own play. It was a goal of mine and it would be even better if by chance I could get it published. I spent a couple of months reading through the book and deciding on a direction to go. One day, I actually had the vision of the first page pop into my brain. I wanted to start the play off with action right off so it would draw audiences in. I wanted to throw them right into battle. I also had to introduce Sieur Louis de Conte in some way because in the book he tells the story through his perspective. I decided that he would start the play off and ease the audience into the battle of Compiègne which is the battle where Joan is captured and taken into English hands. I had the vision of the scene playing in my head like a movie and hoped that this vision would come to life on a stage. I knew for certain that is how I wanted to start off the action. I didn't know where to take it next. Did I want to take action into chronological order or did I want to go back in time through flashbacks?

After much careful thought, in October 2011, I began to write in my journal a plot outline of how I wanted the story to play out. I figured out that I wanted Sieur Louis de Conte to be a part of the introduction with the battle. Then I wanted Joan to be thrown in a jail cell after trying to escape the tower. I felt like this flowed well from the battle scene and the audience could follow this course of action. I wanted the action to play in chronological order here so the audience could connect the events together. Joan's story is a complicated one so I had to make a solid decision to have a main story line which took place in the present while feeding the audience information from the past. I wanted to do the same thing Twain set out to achieve with Joan. He wanted to educate the audience about the real

Joan of Arc as a human being not just as a legend. I wanted to give the audience a message to leave the theatre with and that was the message that this young girl was an innocent pawn in a chess game played by politics. She had no control over her fate. I want to show them the Joan that Twain sees and want them to leave knowing something about this remarkable young woman. For the flashbacks, I decided to pick certain key moments in her life that had an impact on her journey. When I added these to it, there were so many moments that I thought were great for the story, but it soon became too much about the past. There were some events I included that weren't needed and it was making the length of the play unnecessarily long. It was also making the character list rather lengthy. That was an obstacle I knew I would run into because a lot of people had a hand in Joan's history and the way her life played out. I started to make a list of flashbacks that I did want to include and I would gradually narrow it down to the key points I wanted to hit so the audience wouldn't get lost in the action. When I listed these flashbacks I included page numbers and brief descriptions of what the flashback was and how it pertained to the plot development. On occasion, I would write pieces of the script in my journal if I was away from my computer. I have the beginnings of the script written at the beginning of my journal. While in the beginnings of plot development I've also balanced it with research into Joan's history. As I write the play, I'm doing background research to help me understand her history. It is almost like I am being taken on this journey of Joan of Arc and I don't know the outcome. I want the audience to experience that same feeling like they really are embarking on this epic adventure and they are gradually given pieces of this story and are putting the pieces together in order to understand Joan's journey to war and ultimately to her death. I want them to be there with Joan through her adventure to fight for her country. I just want them to be pulled into the story. Along with this, I became curious in how other mediums portrayed Joan. I began watching films and documentaries about her in November 2011 along with going to the library every other day. I found that no film had portrayed Joan the way Twain had seen her. Every film saw her as the legend and only that legend. I was disappointed with the

film *The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc* because I felt that they portrayed Joan as a whiny, demanding young girl. I felt like they painted her as a brat and I didn't feel like I was really on her side. I didn't like her from the beginning of the film and especially as she began ordering people around. The actress that played her made her seem like she was on edge all the time waiting for her temper to blow up. I knew this was not how I wanted Joan to be seen. If the audience doesn't like the heroine right off, you might as well stop. They aren't going to follow the action and they are going to get confused and turn off their attention. I took my notes while observing these films on how they saw Joan and the historical facts that they included. I also made note of whether these historical facts matched the ones that I found in the library.

Then I made an important change. I decided not to elaborate on each day of court in the Great Trial of Joan of Arc. Originally, I was letting the flashbacks happen during the days of court as Joan was giving her testimony of the events, but found these court scenes were becoming monotonous. I have to keep the action building and building to a climax or I lose the audience. My advisor suggested that I substitute the court scenes for actual flashbacks between scenes so it makes it a better transition from scene to scene. Now, I had to narrow down the flashbacks that best relate to the plot development, but also provide a convenient transition back into reality and help the story move. I wanted to introduce the audience to her village, Domrémy, her comrades that she fights with, life in camp, her experiences with her voices before her journey and other key moments that had a role in guiding her along her journey. I also didn't want to keep the whole play in one mood. I wanted to add some light hearted moments in order to give more dimension to Joan's life and not want to saddle the audience was so much drama. I wanted them to feel connected and relate to her and the people in her life. Twain had written this novel in seeing some of the characters as people in his own life and why couldn't the audience the same thing? It makes their experience more special. Characters sometimes remind us of people in our own lives.

In December 2011, I began to piece together scenes of how I wanted Act 1 and Act 2 to go. It started with what I called “the prologue” which is Sieur Louis de Conte speaking to the audience filling in the exposition and bringing them into the battle. Then bringing them chronologically into Joan being captured and imprisoned, Cauchon devising his plan, Conte and Noël thinking of a plan to save their friend and it continues on. The first flashback I decided to start off with was Domrémy receiving news of English invasion. I felt like it was a good point to start because again, it starts with an intense moment that will draw people in and show them what really started Joan's journey. From this point I figured out that I wanted the two plots together to do a complete circle. Conte would start the play older than he is in the story and that would take place long after Joan had passed. Conte would be remembering her memory at their favorite “meeting place” which was the Fairy Tree of Domrémy. Then while remembering her at the Fairy Tree, he turns to tell the story to the audience. He remembers her journey through each memory and eventually concludes the play with another speech of what happened after Joan passed and he leaves the Fairy Tree. The plot goes in full circle to help guide the audience along through the history. I also had Conte speaking between certain parts of the script, but was notified by my advisor that this slowed the action down a lot when the action should be continuously building. I decided to only allow Conte's speeches as a clear beginning and a clear ending with information that is crucial to understanding the story. I have made continuous lists in my notebook of the order I want the flashbacks to go. All through the month of December I've listed flashbacks in random orders, characters and other bits of the script so I could narrow down and organize my ideas. I kept experimenting with the order of the flashbacks so I could best match it up between the right scenes and how I wanted the transition to go. I was beginning to have ideas of how I wanted Act 1 to end exactly. The vision was already in my head I just had to bring the action to a slow for it to end the way I wanted to for Act 1. I had to figure out where I wanted to stop in the story and where I wanted to begin with Act 2. Along the way, I was trying to delete some characters that were not necessary and that only

had a few lines that really weren't important for the plot development. I also had to consider the locations of each scene. Was I including too many locations? I had to view it from a production perspective. I didn't want to make it too complicated. I kept scenes in some of the same locations to make it more simple and still tell the story. While I was coming up with a more simple list of everything I still had to consider a title for this play.

Then the process of combining began. Late into December, I was almost done with the script. I was aiming for a deadline to be done with my rough draft by January 13th, 2012. I wanted to arrive back at ETSU with a completed first draft of the script. In order to get to that point, I had to have the plot how I wanted the play to go. I needed to get the play to a point where a read through with actual actors could happen and after hearing it read out loud I could go back and make even more changes. I finally decided on a title. I decided to go with the same title as the novel, *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, since it is an adaptation and I wanted to stay true to as much Mark Twain as possible. It is a work that meant a lot to him and the title makes sense because it is told through “personal recollections” of Sieur Louis de Conte. Then I began to put characters under a “scene breakdown” which I listed the characters in each scene hoping to assign certain characters to each actor. I've seen some scripts do this if there were a lot of characters in the play. The playwright would assign for example: Actor 1 to play this part and then this part. I wanted to do that because at the time I had 24 characters in this play. I was trying to figure out which actor could play what characters in each scene. I was trying to make assignments. This became very complicated and time consuming. I played with this idea for a long time. I even took the idea into the first read through with me. I began to think where I was going to take this thesis idea as well. Why did I choose Joan? I began to make more lists of what I wanted to explore and what I wanted to learn as an outcome for this project. I wanted to explore why I feel drawn to Joan as a topic for an important task. I also began a small process of cutting unnecessary lines. I combined lines of characters I cut with more prominent characters. In the end, it makes roles

more “meatier” for the actors playing those roles. I made a list of character changes in my journal. I also began making a list of which characters appeared in the main plot line which took place in the present while some characters only appeared in the past in flashbacks.

In January 2012, another real obstacle began. I had to set a day for some actors to get together to read through my script. This was one of the greatest challenges I had to face yet. I needed at least 6 actors to meet all at once and with the conflicting schedules even at the beginning of the semester proved a great challenge. I tried to set it for morning because that is when most of them weren't busy and sometimes I couldn't get in contact with actors at all. I finally got my group and set the day for Wednesday, January 25th 2012 at 8:30 am. I had extra scripts printed off and highlighted for the actors. Only 3 of the actors showed up out of the 6. This presented another challenge. I assigned 24 characters to 3 actors which was very interesting, but at least I got to hear the script. A consistent problem the entire read through was the pronunciation of words, especially the French ones and the fact that some sentences just seemed difficult to say and were awkward to the actors. After the read through, I knew the mistakes I needed to fix and I knew I had to cut down the number of characters. That was beginning to be a problem. There were some lines that just weren't necessary and seemed pretty long. I cut parts of lines in order to make the pacing speed up. The first draft seemed to contain a lot of monologues. I also caught a few typos. There were some spelling errors as well that probably had a role in being difficult to pronounce words. My thesis advisor, Professor Funk was present for this read through and also provided me with notes on the script. I had that information combined with the notes I had taken just by listening to the actors read the script out loud. After the read through, I went back and changed the script according to my notes and also looking at my advisor's notes. I made a list of all the corrections my advisor had for my first draft. He listened to the read through while writing his notes down on a copy of the script. I fixed each issue going note by note through the advisor's copy of the script. After the read through, I managed to get some research done on the Agincourt battle which was a

key moment between France and England. It was an awful moment for France which was being beaten to death and slaughtered by the English forces. I also submitted my play for some play competitions hoping to get selected even if it was my first draft.

Next, I had to look into the other research I'd have to do. I needed to do more research into Joan of Arc's history. I also needed to do a lot of research on Mark Twain so I'd know why he decided to write a book about Joan of Arc as some people find it hard to believe he'd write such a book. I was also curious as why he chose Joan and what attracted a popular writer of satire like Mark Twain to a virgin warrior. It didn't seem like a topic he'd be interested in. I had trouble locating those books on Mark Twain for months in the library. When I had no luck, I'd do more research on Joan of Arc.

The next step, was allowing other eyes to see the script. My advisor, Professor Funk then requested copies of the script to let the rest of the theatre department faculty look at it and maybe have it produced by the department. They all had their own suggestions as to things that needed to be fixed for the script. There were some things that I agreed needed some repair and some that I thought didn't, but it is very nice to receive such different perspectives on your work because you are getting a response on how others perceive it. I enjoyed hearing the opinions by the different professors because I want to know how it affected them overall. I want to engage the audience and I want to leave them with an important message. After some careful repair in the script, I believe that I have the right combination of scenes and flashbacks that move at a good pace to where this script will be successful in leaving the audience with what I want to leave them with. Another lesson I learned while listening to the opinions of the different professors was that you can't please everyone. That applies very much to a playwright because your choices in the script are most important. People may have different opinions on how they see a certain thing and you can choose to listen and maybe change a part of the script. Then you can also choose to say you had a reason for putting that in the script and your reason for having that certain bit in the script overrides that opinion. In the end, the playwright needs to choose what is best for the

script and what best suits their vision for the play.

In May 2012, I once again had to make some changes to the script. I had to sit down and decide which characters would remain the original gender I had them as or they would switch genders to suit the casting situation. It would be more convenient instead of the cast being heavy either way. It was difficult to decide which characters that I would be okay with being the opposite gender because I have spent so much time with the script. I know what the characters should originally be and it is hard to decide the gender when you want to be true to the actual historical situation that Joan was in. My problem revolved around the men of the church especially. In *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, Joan is surrounded by men wherever she goes when she is imprisoned and that plays a major factor in her story. It was so dominant in the court and she was nowhere near another woman while imprisoned. At the end of May, I officially handed the script over the student directing my play for his own thesis in directing. He took the script with him during the summer months to mark blocking and to plan out his concept before returning in the fall. I stayed up to date with his progress and he was making good progress in planning out where he wanted the script to go.

In the Summer 2012, I began my research again in June. I kept finding more and more interesting things about Joan and things were beginning to remain consistent with myths and information about her. I'm getting a more solid idea of who she was now that I'm finding similar things about her in each source I look at. That is very comforting. In July, I finally found the collection of Mark Twain books that has been hiding in my search. There are many books on his style of writing and life. I found a source that speaks of his connection with Joan of Arc and how she is his inspiration. I feel it is the missing piece of my puzzle.

In August 2012, the director was back in town and we met to discuss how we were going to approach auditions and what exactly he needed from me to continue his process. Auditions were scheduled on September 4th, 2012 at 5:00 pm until 7:30 pm at the campus ampitheater at East

Tennessee State University. The audition was cold readings from the script. The scenes included in the cold read were: Joan and Conte, Pierre Cauchon's monologue, the Dwarf monologue and Joan and Beaupere. The show was cast that evening and an email was sent out the next day to notify those who were cast. Rehearsals officially began on September 7th, 2012 at 5:30 until 6:45 pm. They also were scheduled on Mondays and Wednesdays until it opens later on December 3rd, 2012 at 7:30 pm.

Chapter 7: Conclusion

Throughout this process I have learned a lot about playwriting, researching historical figures and allowing myself to take on a challenge. I wanted to write a successful play about a figure in history whose journey and ambitions inspired me deeply as a human. I wanted to reflect Mark Twain's message of Joan of Arc to audiences that would be able to see a performance or read my play. I want people to understand that Joan is not just this legendary heroine we may have heard of in history books, I want people to be inspired that this young girl whether or not she heard voices, at the age of seventeen was out in the world leading the armies of France. She wanted to free her country of its troubles and make things right and acted upon that. She wanted to make a difference and even sacrificed her life to do what she felt was right. I want audiences to get that message out of the play and let it affect their lives somehow whether it is to do a good deed for someone one day or other things. I want individuals to know that whenever they do feel small or incapable of greatness, that they can achieve their goals and desires and defy those that tear them down. In writing this play, I felt that I have achieved that and feel satisfied that I have brought such a grand subject into a play that makes me happy. My next goal is to see it get published and hopefully performed one day. I feel that the journey of writing this play has had a major impact on my life. In the beginning, I sought out to find more information about Joan, but in the end I also learned so much about myself. This play gave me a wonderful opportunity to inspire others with such an incredible story of a young girl who defied all odds to change the course of history and to save her country no matter what the sacrifice. It really all began with Joan of Arc.

Chapter 8: Bibliography

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Chapter 9: *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* by: Kacy Tiller

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc
by: Kacy Tiller

Adapted from the novel written by: Mark Twain

Kacy Tiller
ETSU Fine and Performing Arts Scholar
ETSU Honors Thesis

Cast of Characters

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JOAN OF ARC, a brave, brilliant, youthful French leader in her late teens. A peasant girl of Domrémy.

SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE, a Domrémy playmate of Joan's, then page, then secretary and soldier. He begins and ends the play at the age of eighty-two.

BISHOP PIERRE CAUCHON, an implacable, power hungry, deceitful enemy of Joan of Arc. A pro-English bishop.

NOËL RAINGUESSON, a Domrémy playmate of Sieur Louis de Conte and constant companion.

JEAN BEAUPÈRE, a wily doctor of theology.

NICOLAS LOYSELEUR, a tall, handsome, faithless priest from the University of Paris.

JACQUES D'ARC, Joan's father.

GUILLAUME MANCHON, a brave, considerate priest who Conte works for as assistant.

MAN (SERVANT, PHYSICIAN, EXECUTIONER), plays multiple roles in the play. He represents the people in the towns, a random citizen.

GUARD, a man who is sent to guard Joan during her imprisonment.

THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE, the son of Charles VI, King of France.

THE DWARF, an enormous, brave soldier who deserts Joan's army before Orléans.

GEORGES DE LA TRÉMOUILLE, Constantly treacherous and craven chief minister and advisor of Charles VII.

FRENCH SOLDIER

ENGLISH SOLDIER

Setting

Place

The action takes place in the midst of the Hundred Years War between France and England.

Time

1400s. France.

ACT I

[At rise. An elderly man of about eighty-two enters visiting the old Fairy Tree in Domrémy that was precious to Joan in her childhood. This is where she first heard her Voices and was a special part of her memory. It is also a place where he and Joan spent most of their childhood memories, in the fields of Domrémy. This man is SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE. A childhood friend of Joan's and also her page and her secretary in the great wars. He is alone as his friends have passed from this world. He brings a flower to lay at this tree in memory of Joan, a dear friend that he lost many years ago. He turns to the audience to speak.]

CONTE. It is 1492. I am eighty-two years of age. The things you are about to see are things I saw myself as a child. All of the histories of Joan of Arc which you read are made by me. My name is Sieur Louis de Conte. I was her page and her secretary. I was with her from the beginning until the very end. We were dear friends, Joan and I. I was raised in the same village as her and we played together. Now that her name fills the world, it is true, just as I say. I fought beside her charging at the head of the armies of France. I was with her to the end. When that black day came when France stood idle and sent no rescue, my hand was the last she touched in life. She was the most noble life that was ever born into this world save only One. This is her story. Along the way, as I remember our time together, you will begin to see all of our memories come to life. I remember that day at Compiègne. The 24th of May, 1430. Joan set out at the head of the last march of her life.

[A battle that is already underway begins. It is a flashback to that time. JOAN enters with her FRENCH SOLDIERS, one of them being NOËL RAINGUESSON, one of Joan's childhood friends. They stop for a moment as Joan moves to stand in front of them to prepare them for a charge.]

[Joan raises her sword in the air to sound the charge. She looks her men in the eyes.]

JOAN. Sound the charge! If there is but a dozen of you that are not cowards, it is enough -- follow me!

[ENGLISH SOLDIERS enter. Joan and her soldiers run to fight them. Joan is injured. She continues to

fight. The English are outnumbering and taking down Joan's men.]

[Noël goes to Joan and is trying to pull her away from battle.]

Joan! We must retreat! Compiègne is lost!

JOAN. What!? Sounding the retreat! NO!

[Noël grabs Joan and forces her out of battle. She moves toward the enemy again and remains with a few soldiers that are gradually being killed around her. As the enemy advances, soldiers retreat, including Noël thinking Joan is behind her. They run offstage to the gate.]

[commands the soldiers to close the gate.]

NOËL. Close the gate!

[This leaves Joan with a few soldiers outside to fight the English. They are quickly being defeated. Joan realizes this and attempts to retreat. She runs toward the gate offstage, but realizes that it was shut behind her. A cheer from the enemy as they move to the gate. Joan rushes toward the enemy again and tries to fight them off herself. The English soldiers grab Joan and drag her offstage forcefully. They exit.]

CONTE. Joan of Arc. A prisoner. My dear friend, will march no more.

[He exits.]

SCENE 1

[A dungeon in Rouen in the evening. Joan's cell. A few days after Joan's capture. JOAN appears battered and bruised. She has just attempted

escape from her tower. She is roughly treated by the English soldiers that serve as her guard. A GUARD drags Joan into her cell. Joan struggles.]

GUARD. Well! Why, isn't this the famed Maid of Orleans! Trying to escape! HA!

JOAN. Please! I should be in the hands of the Church!

GUARD. No. You will remain in this cell. You will not escape again. Don't make us have to get rough with you.

[The Guard has a moment of laughter. This comment triggers a fire inside Joan. She moves toward the Guard, but he grabs her and pushes her down.]

JOAN. I will tell you this. You should consider that you are in great danger if you continue to keep me here in this prison.

[The Guard exits. Joan is left inside her cell, praying. The scene freezes as Joan ventures into her memory of Domrémy. It is the afternoon. JACQUES D'ARC enters, working on his farm. Joan goes to help him. A MAN enters carrying a black flag. He is out of breath, he falls to his knees still holding the flag. He attempts to speak.]

MAN. (*Catching his breath.*) Black news is come. A treaty is has been made at Troyes between France and the English and Burgundians. By it France is betrayed and delivered over, tied hand and foot, to the enemy. It is the work of the Duke of Burgundy and that she-devil the Queen of France. It marries Henry of England to Catherine of France--

JACQUES. Is it not a lie? Marries the daughter of France to the Butcher of Agincourt? It is not to be believed.

MAN. If you cannot believe that, Jacques d'Arc, then you have a difficult task indeed before you, for worse is to come. Any child that is born of that marriage—if even a girl--is to inherit the thrones of both England and France!

JACQUES. Now that is certainly a lie.

MAN. There is but this to tell. Our King, Charles VI, is to reign until he dies, then Henry V of England, is to be Regent of France until a child of his shall be old enough to--

JACQUES. That man is to reign over us--the Butcher? It is lies! All lies! What becomes of our Dauphin? What says the treaty about him?

MAN. Nothing. It takes away his throne and makes him an outcast.

JACQUES. Our King would have to sign the treaty to make it good; and that he would not do, seeing how it serves his own son.

MAN. I ask you this. Would the Queen sign a treaty disinheriting her son?

JACQUES. That viper? Certainly. Nobody is talking of her. Nobody expects better of her. There is no villainy she will stick at, if it feeds her spite and she hates her son. Her signing of it is of no consequence. The King must sign.

MAN. I will ask you another thing. What is the King's condition? Mad, isn't he?

JACQUES. Yes, and his people love him all the more for it. It brings him near to them by his sufferings and pitying him makes them love him.

MAN. You say right. Well, what would you of one that is mad? Does he know what he does? No. Does he do what others make him do? Yes. Now, then, I tell you he has signed the treaty.

JACQUES. Who made him do it?

MAN. You know, without my telling. The Queen.

[The Man and Jacques d'Arc exit. The flashback ends. The scene resumes. The Guard returns with one of the churchmen, JEAN BEAUPÈRE.]

BEAUPÈRE. I come to offer you freedom. If you promise not to fight the English, I will set you free.

JOAN. Name of God, you but mock me. I know that you have neither the power nor the will to do it.

BEAUPÈRE. You simple girl! What fool does not take freedom when it is offered? Choose wisely. Promise to abandon your quest and choose not to pursue the English and we will give you your life.

JOAN. I know that the English are going to kill me, for they think that when I am dead they can get the Kingdom of France. It is not so. Though there were a hundred thousand of them they would never get it!

[The Guard, infuriated by her defiance, draws his dagger and flings himself at her to stab her. BEAUPÈRE stops him with a gesture.]

BEAUPÈRE. Very well, then. You will be alone in your defense. You will be tried by the English court and you are to be your own witness. We'll see what it really takes to break your spirit.

JOAN. There must be an equal number. Where are the priests of the French? In all fairness.

BEAUPÈRE. The Bishop Pierre Cauchon commands you yourself are responsible for your defense.

[He exits followed by the Guard.]

[A bell tolls. Joan wanders into another memory of Domrémy. It is dusk. Jacques d'Arc and a Man enter carrying torches or some form of light. Joan stands next to her father. An ENGLISH SOLDIER enters and stands holding parchment that he reads from.]

ENGLISH SOLDIER. (*Glaring at the villagers.*) People of Domrémy! Your old mad King is now dead! You, the crown and all of France are now the property of the English baby in London. Give that child your allegiance, be servants and well wishers! You shall now have a stable government at last. In very little time, the English army will begin their last march to claim what is left of what is rightfully theirs! God grant long life to Henry, King of France and England, our sovereign lord!

[An uproar. Joan, as a young girl, approaches the soldier in her sober, earnest way.]

JOAN. I would I might see thy head struck from thy body! (*She crosses herself.*) If it were the will of God.

[Then Jacques d'Arc and a Man are approached by two ENGLISH SOLDIERS. The two English soldiers

seize them and take them offstage. They exit. Joan makes her way back to the bed in her cell during the chaos. She wakes up in her cell in Rouen as though from a nightmare, curled up, alone. Louis de Conte enters and sits against a wall.]

SCENE 2

[Louis de Conte is sitting in Compiègne leaning against a wall lost in thought, waiting. He may also be writing. It is morning. He is trying to stay strong, he may take time to pray. Noël enters. Conte stands and goes to his friend. As they speak there is a slight awkwardness as neither of them want to speak of Joan's name.]

CONTE. Noël! What news?

NOËL. The Burgundians, the French traitors, sold her to the English. They sold her! The bastards of Satan. And D'Aulon was with her to the end. Old D'Aulon lies dead in the field with her Standard in his hands. They tore it from his dead hands, their precious prize!

CONTE. But they haven't it now. A month ago we risked our lives to regain it. Now it sits safely in Orleans. D'Aulon died trying to protect her. He is at peace. He did his duty.

NOËL. Yes, God be with him. No word of ransom from the King?

CONTE. There have been reports of it, but France has made no move.

NOËL. After everything Joan has done for him and raising the siege of Orleans to make that coward a King!

CONTE. What of the English?

NOËL. I have heard reports that they plan to use the Church to try to condemn Joan. Bishop Pierre Cauchon is set to preside over her trial. It seems he has his eye on the title of Archbishop, if he is victorious.

CONTE. Right into the hands of the enemy.

NOËL. France stands thankless and says nothing. What did Joan say? Nothing.

CONTE. She is too great to place blame upon another. You know that. They say she is going to be taken to Rouen for the trial.

NOËL. Rouen?

CONTE. Yes, right into the heart of the English.

NOËL. Oh, Joan.

CONTE. It would give me peace to see her. Even to see the walls of the fortress they have her in.

NOËL. Shall we go to Rouen? There has to be a way we can reach the city undetected.

[They exit.]

SCENE 3

[Rouen. Evening, the same day. The chapel where the trial will take place. BISHOP PIERRE CAUCHON sits at his desk accompanied by a Guard. He is working in haste looking through books, papers, etc. A knock is at the door. It is NICOLAS LOYSELEUR, a church official. He enters.]

LOYSELEUR. You sent for me, sir?

CAUCHON. Yes, I have prepared the processes verbal. It contains all the charges against that witch. She has committed sin against God and all that fall under her influence. I have sent for the records of her trial at Poitier. I have also sent someone to her village to gain information about her history and her character. But it is about the same report that was sent back to Poitiers. You see, this will prove her innocent. She must not have anyone defending her. She must defend her own name. What information have you gained from your visits to her cell?

LOYSELEUR. She confessed her heart to me. She believed that I was a patriot from her own country. In return, I gave her advice on how to approach her trial. We'll see how she fairs. Have you gathered any valuable information from the hole in her cell?

CAUCHON. Yes, from what I have overheard, we now have much of the information needed. The University of Paris has also sent an Inquisitor for her to be tried by forms of the Inquisition. I have also gathered clergymen from all around to assist in this trial.

LOYSELEUR. French?

CAUCHON. No. They are English.

[Enter Man as a servant with GUILLAUME MANCHON.]

MAN. Sir, the Inquisitor from Paris.

[The Man exits.]

CAUCHON. What news do you have for me?

MANCHON. I must say, Bishop, that this trial cannot take place.

CAUCHON. Why must you say this? You are a man of scholarly reputation. You cannot stand in between the Church and the sinner. This young girl has sinned and must answer to the Holy Father for all of the sins she has committed.

MANCHON. You have no power to preside over this trial. The trial has already taken place at Poitier and the girl was found innocent. The Archbishop of Rheims presided over her trial. You are not qualified to preside.

CAUCHON. What are you to tell me these things?

MANCHON. Rouen is not in your diocese. The young girl was not arrested in her village and you are the prisoner's outspoken enemy. You are not able to continue with this trial.

CAUCHON. I have taken care of this. These obstacles will not obstruct the path of the Church any longer.

MANCHON. You can not do this!

CAUCHON. (*Revealing the letters.*) I have the letters from the territorial Chapter of Rouen to tell me otherwise.

MANCHON. You cannot hide your evil deeds behind the face of the Church. You cannot use the Church as a puppet for your own wrongdoing. You must stop this, Bishop.

CAUCHON. Take him away.

MANCHON. The girl is innocent! God will punish you for this!

[Manchon is taken away by the Guard. As they exit, he struggles.]

CAUCHON. A sinner must be punished. The Church will see to that.

[Cauchon and Loyseleur exit.]

[A couple of days later. Conte and Noël have finally made it to the city of Rouen and have found a place to stay while in the city. It is the home of a peasant family. A Man enters leading Conte into a room.]

MAN. Welcome to Rouen.

CONTE. Thank you.

[The Man exits.]

[Conte sits down and begins to write. There is a knock at the door. Manchon, the chief recorder of the trial enters, burdened with bad news.]

MANCHON. It has been decided that the trial will begin at eight o'clock tomorrow. You must be ready to assist me.

CONTE. Oh, Joan.

MANCHON. I am sorry.

CONTE. What news of the trial?

MANCHON. It will be public. It will be set in the chapel of the fortress that they keep her in.

CONTE. Very well, then. I must go to tell my friend of this so we can prepare to leave for the chapel in the morning.

[Conte begins to walk toward the door. Manchon puts his hand on Conte's shoulder. Conte stops.]

MANCHON. There is still hope. You must not forget that.

[Conte looks at Manchon, he nods. They exit.]

SCENE 4

[Another flashback is taking place. Joan is remembering the day when she heard her Voices in Domrémy. Joan enters and sits underneath the Fairy Tree. Hands loosely in her lap, head bent toward the ground, lost in thought. Conte enters and sees Joan. He tries to approach her when a white shadow glides across the grass to the Fairy Tree. When Conte sees this great shadow, he hides behind a tree. The wood becomes silent. It is of grand proportions - a robed form, with wings. The

whiteness is so brilliant, it blinds Conte, who hides behind a tree. The birds begin to sing as if in worship. Joan casts herself on her knees, her head bent low and crosses her hands upon her breast. The shadow reaches her and clothes her in the brilliant light. She rises and stands, head bowed a little. After a moment, she raises her head and looks up as if to a tall figure. She clasps her hands, lifts them high and begins to plead.]

JOAN. But I am so young! Oh, so young to leave my mother and my home, and go out into the strange world to understand a thing so great! Ah, how can I talk with men, be comrade with men? -soldiers! It would give me over to insult, and rude usage, and contempt. How can I go to the great wars, and lead armies? - I, a girl, and ignorant of such things, knowing nothing of arms, nor how to mount a horse, nor ride it... Yet- if it is commanded--

[Her voice sinks a little and is broken by sobs. A noise is heard. Conte may have stepped on a twig, etc. Joan is startled, looking around. Joan calls for Conte.]

--Louis?

[He believes he is still dreaming from what he just witnessed. He crosses himself in order to break the "enchantment." Joan is approaching, cautiously.]

--Louis? Is that you?

[He steps out from behind the tree. Joan is not crying as before. Her spirits are high and her heart is not burdened.]

CONTE. Ah, Joan, I've got such a wonderful thing to tell you about! You would never imagine it. I've had a dream, and in the dream I saw you right here where you are standing now, and--

JOAN. --It was not a dream.

CONTE. Not a dream?

JOAN. I suppose not. I think I am not.

CONTE. Indeed you are not. I know you are not. And you were not dreaming when you cut the mark in the tree.

[After a moment, he begins to realize he witnessed something not of this world. He was in the presence of an angel with his feet upon holy ground. He begins to move quickly away, affected by fear. Joan follows him.]

JOAN. Do not be afraid; there is no need. Come with me. We will sit by the spring and I will tell you my secret.

[They sit. Conte with a question already in his mind.]

CONTE. Tell me one thing now. What was that great shadow that I saw?

JOAN. Do not be disturbed. You are not in danger. It was the shadow of an archangel--Michael, the chief and lord of the armies of heaven.

[Conte crosses himself again, fearing he did step upon holy ground.]

CONTE. You were not afraid, Joan? Did you see his face—did you see his form?

JOAN. Yes. I was not afraid, because this was not the first time. I was afraid the first time.

CONTE. When was that, Joan?

JOAN. It is nearly three years ago, now.

CONTE. So long? Have you seen him many times?

JOAN. Yes, many times.

CONTE. Why did you not tell us about it?

JOAN. It was not permitted. It is permitted now, and soon I shall tell all. But only you, now. It must remain a secret a few days still.

CONTE. Has none seen that white shadow before but me?

JOAN. No one. It has fallen upon me before when you and others were present, but none could see it. Today it has been otherwise, and I was told why, but it will not be visible again to any.

CONTE. It was a sign to me, then--and a sign with a meaning of some kind?

JOAN. Yes, but I may not speak of that.

CONTE. Strange--that that dazzling light could rest upon an object before one's eyes and not be visible.

JOAN. With it comes speech, also. Several saints come, attended by hundreds of angels, and they speak to me. I hear their voices, but others do not. They are very dear to me--my Voices, that is what I call them to myself.

CONTE. Joan, what did they tell you?

JOAN. All manner of things--about France I mean.

CONTE. What things have they been used to tell you?

JOAN: (*Sighing.*) Disasters--only disasters, and misfortunes, and humiliations. There was naught else to foretell.

CONTE. They spoke of them to you beforehand?

JOAN. Yes. So that I knew what was going to happen before it happened. It made me grave--as you saw. It could not be otherwise. But always there was a word of hope, too. More than that, France was to be rescued, and made great and free again. But how and by whom--that was not told. Not until today. But today I know. God has chosen me for this work, and by His command, and in His protection, and by His strength, not mine, I am to lead His armies, and win back France, and set the crown upon the head of His servant that is Dauphin and shall be King of France.

CONTE. You, Joan? You, a child, lead armies?

JOAN. Yes. For a one little moment or two the thought crushed me. I am only a child. A child and ignorant, ignorant of everything that pertains to war, and not fitted for the rough life of camps and the companionship of soldiers. But those weak moments passed, they will not come again. I am enlisted. I will not turn back, God helping me, till the English grip is loosed from the throat of France. My Voices have never told me lies, they have not lied today. They say I am to go to Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and he will give me men-at-arms for escort and send me to the King. A year from now a blow will be struck which will be the beginning of the end, and the end will follow swiftly.

CONTE. Where will it be struck?

JOAN. My Voices have not said, nor will it happen this present year, before it is struck. It is appointed me to strike it, that is all I know and follow it with others, sharp and swift, undoing in ten weeks England's long years of costly labor, and setting the crown upon the Dauphin's head--for such is God's will; my Voices have said it and shall I doubt it? No. It will be as they have said, for they say only that which is true.

CONTE. Joan, I believe the things you have said, and now I am glad that I am to march with you to the great wars--that is, if it is with you I am to march when I go.

JOAN. It is true that you will be with me when I go to the wars, but how did you know?

CONTE. I shall march with you, and so will your brothers, Jean and Pierre, but not young Jacques.

JOAN. All true-- it is so ordered, as was revealed to me lately, but I did not know until today that the marching would be with me, or that I should march at all. How did you know these things?

CONTE. You have said them. You don't remember?

JOAN. (*Stunned.*) No. Please keep these revelations to yourself for the present. I leave before dawn. No one will know it but you. I go to speak with the governor of Vaucouleurs as commanded, who will despise me and treat me rudely, and perhaps refuse my prayer at this time. I may need you in Vaucouleurs, for if the governor will not receive me I will dictate a letter to him, and so must have someone by me who knows the art of how to write and spell the words. You will go from here tomorrow in the afternoon, and remain in Vaucouleurs until I need you. Goodbye for now.

[She exits. Conte watches her leave. After she is gone, he speaks.]

CONTE. I swear by all that is holy I will do whatever you need me to do.

[He exits.]

[The morning of the trial. Manchon, Louis de Conte and Noël enter and are finding their way to their seats inside the chapel. Townspeople enter to take their seats. An excited chatter fills the room as they await for the trial to start. After a moment, Pierre Cauchon, Jean Beaupère and Nicolas Loyseleur enter and take their places. The chapel is filled with people all except for a small bench isolated on one side of the room in the view of everyone. It is a wooden bench with no back and is guarded by the Guard escorting her in morion, breast plate, steel gauntlets wielding halberds on each side of the bench.]

CAUCHON. Produce the accused!

[Silence overcomes the room. All faces turn towards the door leading to the dungeon. Everyone awaiting the embodied prodigy, the legend. Then far down the corridors, a vague slow sound is heard. The sound of chains being dragged. Joan enters escorted by a Guard. She is dressed in male attire, doublet and hose, all black. She is pale and weak, being weighed down by heavy iron chains. She walks to her bench. She sits with chains in her lap.]

CAUCHON. You must kneel and make oath to answer with exact truthfulness to all questions asked you.

JOAN. No. For I do not know what you are going to ask me. You might ask of me things which I would not tell you.

CAUCHON. With the divine assistance of our Lord we require you to expedite these proceedings for the welfare of your conscience. Swear, with your hands upon the Gospels, that you will answer true to the questions which shall be asked you!

[With the last sentence, he slams his hand on the table.]

JOAN. As concerning my father and mother, and the faith, and what things I have done since my coming into France, I will gladly answer; but as regards the revelations which I have receive from God, my Voices have forbidden me to confide them to any save the King –

[She is interrupted by angry outbursts of threats and expletives. She fixes her eye upon Cauchon.]

--and I will never reveal these things though you cut my head off!

[The judge and half the court jump to their feet, shaking fists and storming. An uproar. This

*lasting for a few moments while Joan sits
untroubled in front of them. This angers them.]*

JOAN. Prithee speak one at a time, fair lords, then I will answer all of you.

CAUCHON. You must take the oath!

JOAN. I shall not.

CAUCHON. What is your name?

JOAN. Jeanne d'Arc.

CAUCHON. How old are you?

JOAN. Nineteen.

CAUCHON. Where were you born?

JOAN. Domrémy.

CAUCHON. How much education have you had?

JOAN. I have learned from my mother the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, and the Belief. All that I know was taught me by my mother.

CAUCHON. Did you learn any trade or occupations at home?

JOAN. Yes, to sew and spin. I helped my mother in the household work and went to the pastures with the sheep and cattle.

*[Cauchon then motions for Jean Beaupère, a church
official, to step forward and begin to ask his
questions. Jean Beaupère, a sly man with a talent
in tricks and great knowledge in theology comes*

forward to speak.]

BEAUPÈRE. When did you first hear these Voices?

JOAN. I was thirteen when I first heard a Voice coming from God to help me to live well. I was frightened. It came at mid-day, in my father's garden in the summer.

BEAUPÈRE. From what direction did it come?

JOAN. From the right--from toward the church.

BEAUPÈRE. Did it come with a bright light?

JOAN. Oh, yes. It was brilliant. When I came into France I often heard the Voices very loud.

BEAUPÈRE. What did the Voices sound like?

JOAN. It was a noble Voice, and I thought it was sent to me from God. The third time I heard it I recognized it as being an angel's.

BEAUPÈRE. Could you understand it?

JOAN. Quite easily. It was always clear.

BEAUPÈRE. What advice did it give you as to the salvation of your soul?

JOAN. It told me to live rightly, and be regular in attendance upon the services of the Church. And it told me that I must go to France.

BEAUPÈRE. Did the Voice seek you often?

JOAN. Yes. Twice or three times a week, saying, "Leave your village and go to France."

BEAUPÈRE. Did your father know about your departure?

JOAN. No. The voice said, "Go to France"; therefore I could not abide at home any longer.

BEAUPÈRE. What else did it say?

JOAN. That I should raise the siege of Orleans.

BEAUPÈRE. Was that all?

JOAN. No, I was to go to Vaucouleurs, and Robert de Baudricourt would give me soldiers to go with me to France; and I answered, saying that I was a poor girl who did not know how to ride, neither how to fight. I finally got the soldiers that I needed and began my march.

BEAUPÈRE. How were you dressed?

JOAN. I wore a man's dress, also a sword which Robert de Baudricourt gave me, but no other weapon.

BEAUPÈRE. Who was it that advised you to wear the dress of a man?

[Joan is suspicious. She does not answer.]

BEAUPÈRE. Answer. It is a command!

JOAN. Passez outre. Pass on to matters which you are privileged to pry into.

BEAUPÈRE. Did the Voice always urge you to follow the army?

JOAN. My Voices required me to remain behind at St. Denis. I would have obeyed if I had been free, but I was helpless by my wound, and the knights carried me away by force.

BEAUPÈRE. When were you wounded?

JOAN. I was wounded in the moat before Paris, in the assault.

BEAUPÈRE. Was it a feast day?

JOAN. Yes, it was a feast day.

BEAUPÈRE. (*Skeptical.*) Now, then, tell me this: did you hold it right to make the attack on such a day?

JOAN. Passez outre.

[Joan rises and stands, facing toward Cauchon.]

(*to Beaupère.*) Take care what you do, my lord, you who are my judge, for you take a terrible responsibility on yourself and you presume too far.

CAUCHON. If you don't obey and speak truthfully, you face threat of instant condemnation!

[Joan, still standing, proud and undismayed answers back.]

JOAN. Not all the clergy in Paris and Rouen could condemn me, lacking the right!

[A great applause erupts from the crowd. Joan sits back down.]

I have already made oath. It is enough. I will tell what I know, but not all that I know. I came from God. I have nothing more to do here. Return me to God, from whom I came.

CAUCHON. Once more I command you to –

JOAN. --Passez outre.

[Cauchon, steaming with anger, signals Beaupère to take over the questioning.]

BEAUPÈRE. When have you heard your Voice?

JOAN. Yesterday and today.

BEAUPÈRE. What did the Voice say?

JOAN. It told me to answer boldly and that God would help me. (*to Cauchon.*) You say that you are my judge; now I tell you again, take care what you do, for in truth I am sent of God and you are putting yourself in great danger.

BEAUPÈRE. (*ignoring her threat.*) Has it forbidden you to answer only part of what is asked you?

JOAN. I will tell you nothing as to that. I have revelations touching the King my master and those I will not tell you. (*Stirred by great emotion.*) I believe wholly--as wholly as I believe the Christian faith and that God has redeemed us from the fires of hell, that God speaks to me by that Voice!

*[A flashback is beginning. The scene freezes.
Conte enters. Joan joins him away from the trial.
They are in a field in Domrémy. It is a place
where they've spent so much of their time.]*

CONTE. Joan, I have been thinking it all over and have concluded that we have been in the wrong all this time. That the case of France is desperate. That it has been desperate ever since Agincourt, and that today it is more than desperate, it is hopeless.

JOAN. The case of France is hopeless? Why should you think that? Tell me.

CONTE. Let us put sentiment and patriotic illusions aside, and look the facts in the face. One has to see that the French house is bankrupt, that one-half of its property is already in the English sheriff's hands and the other half in nobody's--except those of irresponsible raiders and robbers confessing allegiance to nobody. Our King is shut up with his favorites and fools in inglorious idleness and poverty in a narrow little patch of the kingdom. No authority, not a farthing to his name and he is not fighting. There is one thing that he is intending to do--give the whole thing up, pitch his crown into the sewer and run away to Scotland! There are the facts. Are they correct?

JOAN. Yes, they are correct.

CONTE. Then it is as I have said. One needs but to add them together in order to realize what they mean.

JOAN. What--that the case of France is hopeless?

CONTE. Necessarily. In face of these facts, doubt of it is impossible.

JOAN. How can you say that? How can you feel like that?

CONTE. How can I? How could I think or feel in any other way, in the circumstances? Joan, with these fatal figures before you, have you really any hope for France—really and actually?

JOAN. Hope--oh, more than that! France will win her freedom and keep it. Do not doubt it.

CONTE. Joan, your heart, which worships France, is beguiling your head. You are not perceiving these important figures. France is already lost, France has ceased to exist. What was France is now but a British province. Is this true?

JOAN. (*her voice is low, touched with emotion.*) Yes, it is true.

CONTE. Very well. Now add this fact. When have French soldiers won a victory? Since eight thousand Englishmen nearly annihilated sixty thousand Frenchmen a dozen years ago at Agincourt, French courage has been paralyzed. And so it is a common saying today, that if you confront fifty French soldiers with five English ones, the French will run.

JOAN. It is a pity, but even these things are true.

CONTE. Then certainly the day for hoping is past.

JOAN. France will rise again. You shall see.

CONTE. Rise?--with this burden of English armies on her back!

JOAN. She will cast it off. She will trample it under foot!

CONTE. Without soldiers to fight with?

JOAN. The drums will summon them. They will answer and they will march.

CONTE. March to the rear, as usual?

JOAN. No, to the front--ever to the front--always to the front! You shall see.

CONTE. And the pauper King?

JOAN. He will mount his throne--he will wear his crown.

CONTE. Why, if I could believe that in thirty years from now the English domination would be broken and the French monarch's head find itself hooped with a real crown of sovereignty--

JOAN. --Both will have happened before two years are sped.

CONTE. Indeed? And who is going to perform all these sublime impossibilities?

JOAN. God.

[The flashback ends. The scene continues.]

BEAUPÈRE. Why doesn't the Voice speak to the King itself, as it did when you were with him? Would it not if you asked it?

JOAN. I do not know if it be the wish of God. Without the Grace of God I could do nothing.

BEAUPÈRE. Are you in a state of Grace?

JOAN. If I be not in a state of Grace, I pray God place me in it; if I be in it, I pray God keep me so.

CAUCHON. (*Exasperated.*) This session is closed. We are finished for the day. You are forbidden to attempt escape from prison, upon pain of being held guilty of the crime of heresy.

JOAN. I am not bound by this prohibition. If I could escape I would not reproach myself, for I have given no promise, and I shall not.

[Joan rises to leave the trial with the Guard. She turns to Cauchon, full of pride.]

It is true I have wanted to escape, and I do want to escape. It is the right of every prisoner.

[The Guard escorts her offstage. As she walks out of the room, her eyes meet those of Louis de Conte and Noël, but her face betrays no emotion. They exit. After they leave, Manchon, Loyseleur and the rest of the court exit. Only Cauchon and Beaupère remain.]

CAUCHON. We can not let her win this trial.

BEAUPÈRE. So far we have tried everything, but it seems she has avoided every trap we have set for her.

CAUCHON. There has to be some way we can cage her. She has a clean record for her involvement in battles. The girl bleeds innocent blood. But we can see how much she truly knows her religion. Or, we can devise some trick that she will overlook.

BEAUPÈRE. If only we can get her to say something that can be twisted. Then we'll have her cornered.

CAUCHON. I know there is opportunity for her male attire. We can continue that path. That witch is making us look like fools in the trial. We have made no progress!

BEAUPÈRE. Her visions are another opportunity.

CAUCHON. Everyone knows and believes that she has had these visions. These miracles do not simply just happen. She knew of these things before they occurred.

BEAUPÈRE. But what we don't know for sure is where they are coming from.

CAUCHON. Ah, true. She claims that they be from God. HA! Knowing that witch, her visions can be from devil. We need to stay true to this pursuit. How can she prove that they are from God?

BEAUPÈRE. We will see.

[They exit.]

[Another flashback is beginning. Joan's memory now brings forth the battle of Orleans. Conte enters and steps out getting ready to dictate a letter for Joan to the enemy. Joan enters.]

CONTE. Ready, Joan.

[Joan paces back and forth, occasionally glancing towards the direction of the enemy as she speaks.]

JOAN. King of England, and you Duke of Bedford who call yourself Regent of France, William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and you Thomas Lord Scales, who style yourselves lieutenants of the said Bedford--do right to the King of Heaven. Render to the Maid who is sent by God the keys of all the good towns you have taken and violated in France. She is sent hither by God to restore the blood royal---

[She is interrupted by the sounds of a struggle.]

(facing the field.) What is he that is bound, there? *(to Conte.)* Send for that officer.

[Conte exits. After a moment, a FRENCH SOLDIER enters. He salutes Joan.]

Who is he?

FRENCH SOLDIER. A prisoner, General.

JOAN. What is his offense?

FRENCH SOLDIER. He is a deserter.

JOAN. What is to be done with him?

FRENCH SOLDIER. He will be hanged, but it was not convenient on the march, and there was no hurry.

JOAN. Tell me about him.

FRENCH SOLDIER. He is a good soldier, but he was asked to leave to go and see his wife who was dying, he said, but it could not be granted; so he went without leave. Meanwhile the march began, and he only overtook us yesterday evening.

JOAN. Overtook you? Did he come of his own will?

FRENCH SOLDIER. Yes, it was of his own will.

JOAN. He is a deserter! Name of God! Bring him to me.

[The French Soldier exits. After a moment, a prisoner, a man known as THE DWARF, with hands tied is brought to Joan. The French Soldier brings him in.]

Hold up your hands.

[The prisoner raises his hands. There is a tense

moment as Joan raises her sword, the prisoner closes his eyes. Joan lays her sword to his bonds, the French Soldier is surprised.]

FRENCH SOLDIER. Ah, madam!--my General!

JOAN. What is it?

FRENCH SOLDIER. He is under sentence!

JOAN. Yes, I know. I am responsible for him.

[She cuts his bonds. His bonds have lacerated his wrists.]

Ah, pitiful! Blood--I do not like it. Give me something, somebody, to bandage his wrists with.

FRENCH SOLDIER. Ah, my General! It is not fitting. Let me bring another to do it--

[The French Soldier starts to exit, but Joan stops him. He hands her some cloth and material that be used as bandages. Joan begins fixing the prisoner's wrists.]

JOAN. --Another? De par le Dieu! You would seek far to find one that can do better than I, for I learned it long ago among both men and beasts. And I can tie better than those that did this; if I had tied him the ropes had not cut his flesh.

[She has finished bandaging his wrists.]

There, another could have done it no better--not as well, I think. Tell me--what is it you did? Tell me all.

DWARF. It was this way, my angel. My mother died, then my three little children, one after the other, all in two years. It was the famine, others fared so. I buried them. Then when my poor wife's fate was come, I begged for leave to go to her. She was all I had. I begged on my knees. But they would not let me. Could I let her die, friendless and alone? So I went. I saw her. She died in my arms. I buried her. Then the army was gone.

[She turns to the prisoner.]

JOAN. It sounds true. If true, it were no great harm to suspend the law this one time. (*Suddenly.*) I would see your eyes--look up! (*to the French Soldier.*) This man is pardoned. Give you good-day, you may go.

[The French Soldier exits.]

(*to the prisoner.*) Did you know it was death to come back to the army?

DWARF. Yes, I knew it.

JOAN. Then why did you do it?

DWARF. Because it was death. She was all I had. There was nothing left to love.

JOAN. Ah, yes, there was--France! The children of France have always loved their mother--they cannot be left with nothing to love. You shall live--and you shall serve France--

DWARF. --I will serve you!

JOAN. --and you shall fight for France--

DWARF. I will fight for you--

JOAN. You shall be France's soldier--

DWARF. I will be your soldier!

JOAN. --You shall give all your heart to France--

DWARF. I will give all my heart to you--and all my soul, if I have one--and all my strength, which is great--for I was dead and am alive again; I had nothing to live for but now I have! You are France for me! You are my France, and I will have no other.

JOAN. Well, it shall be as you will.

[Joan and the Dwarf exit.]

Scene 5

[Rouen. It is morning. The chapel. Another day of the trial. Townspeople enter. Conte, Noël and Manchon enter and take their seats. Cauchon, Beaupère and Loyseleur enter and are in the same positions as the earlier session. Joan is escorted to her bench once again by the Guard.]

CAUCHON. Take the oath.

JOAN. I refuse to take your oath. But as to the matters set down in the processes verbal, I will freely tell the whole truth -- yes, as freely and fully as if I were before the Pope.

[The judges see their chance. Cauchon jumps at the opportunity.]

CAUCHON. Which one do you consider to be the true Pope?

JOAN. *(deflecting the accusation, innocently.)* Are there two?

[The crowd laughs, but the judges are not amused. This irritates Cauchon.]

CAUCHON. Which Pope do you consider the right one?

JOAN. I hold that we are bound to obey our Lord the Pope who is at Rome.

CAUCHON. Do you acknowledge that you own the document which proclaims that you summon the English to retire from the siege of Orleans and vacate France? Truly quite a fine production of an unpracticed girl of seventeen..

JOAN. Yes, except that there are errors in it. Words which make me give myself too much importance. For instance, I did not say, "Deliver up to the the Maid", I said "Deliver up to the King". And I did not call myself "Commander in Chief". All those words which my secretary substituted. or may hap he misheard me or forgot what I said.

CAUCHON. Do you acknowledge that you dictated this proclamation?

JOAN. I do.

CAUCHON. Have you repented of it? Do you retract it?

JOAN. No! Not even you. Not even you can chill the hopes that I uttered there. And more!
(she stands.) I warn you now that before seven years a disaster will smite the English, oh, many a fold greater than the fall of Orleans! And ---

CAUCHON. --Silence! Sit down!--

JOAN. --and then, soon after, they will lose all of France!

CAUCHON. How do you know that those things are going to happen?

JOAN. I know it by revelation. And I know it as surely as I know that you sit here before me.

[Cauchon signals Beaupère continues with his questioning.]

BEAUPÈRE. Why did you take the dress of a man?

JOAN. It is a trifling thing and of no consequence. And I did not put it on by counsel of any man, but by command of God.

BEAUPÈRE. Do you think you did well in taking the dress of a man?

JOAN. I have done nothing but by the command of God.

BEAUPÈRE. Was there an angel above the King's head the first time you saw him?

[On this comment, Joan is exasperated and losing patience.]

JOAN. By Blessed Mary!--- *(calming down.)* If there was one, I did not see it.

BEAUPÈRE. What revelations were made to the King?

JOAN. You will not get that out of me this year.

BEAUPÈRE. How did you know that there an ancient sword buried in the ground under the rear of the altar of the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois?

JOAN. I knew the sword was there because my Voices told me so; and I sent to ask that it be given to me to carry in the wars. It seemed to me that it was not very deep in the ground.

BEAUPÈRE. Were you wearing it when you were taken in the battle at Compiègne?

JOAN. No, but I wore it constantly until I left St. Denis after the attack upon Paris.

BEAUPÈRE. Was the sword blessed? What blessing had been invoked upon it?

JOAN. None. I loved it because it was found in the church of St. Catherine, for I loved that church very dearly.

BEAUPÈRE. Which did you love best, your banner or your sword?

JOAN. I loved my banner best--oh, forty times more than the sword! Sometimes I carried it myself when I charged the enemy, to avoid killing any one. I have never killed anyone.

[A flashback is beginning. The scene freezes. It is the battlefield of Troyes after a surrender. A FRENCH SOLDIER is being taken by an ENGLISH SOLDIER. They enter. The prisoner is groaning and desperate, begging for his life. Joan and the Dwarf enter approaching the English Soldier with his hostage.]

ENGLISH SOLDIER. No. You may not stop me. He is my prisoner.

[He begins to leave with the prisoner. They block his exit. He draws his knife and puts it to the

prisoner's throat.]

I may not carry him away, you say--yet he is mine, none will dispute it. Since I may not convey him hence, this property of mine, there is another way. Yes, I can kill him; not even the dullest among you will question that right. Ah, you had not thought of that—vermin!

FRENCH SOLDIER. *(through tears and desperation.)* Please! I have a wife and children! Please, let me return home to them. Please! I beg you. PLEASE!

[At this moment, the Dwarf steps forward to address the soldier.]

DWARF. *(to Joan and her men.)* Prithee, young sirs, let me beguile him, for when a matter requiring persuasion is to the fore, I have indeed a gift in that sort, as any will tell you that know me well. *(to the English soldier)* You smile, and that is punishment for my vanity, and fairly earned, I grant it to you. Still, if I may toy a little, just a little. The Maid, out of her good heart will prize and praise this compassionate deed which you are about to--

[Right before he finishes, the English soldier interrupts.]

ENGLISH SOLDIER. *(he spits.)* The Maid of Orleans? HA!

[At this moment, Joan's friends spring forward, but the Dwarf stops them and brushes them aside.]

DWARF: *(to Joan's friends.)* I crave your patience. Am not I her guard of honor? This is my affair.

[After he says this, the Dwarf shoots his right hand out and grips the English soldier by the throat and holds him upright on his feet. He addresses the English soldier in a grave and earnest manner.]

You have insulted the Maid and the Maid is France. The tongue that does that earns a long furlough.

[There is a muffling sound of cracking of bones. The English soldier goes limp and he collapses to the ground when the Dwarf releases him. At that moment, the French soldier leaps to his feet and begins to take revenge on the English soldier's body. It is childish rage. He kicks it, laughing, cursing like a drunken fiend. As the freed man celebrates, another ENGLISH SOLDIER enters and approaches him and slips a knife through the French soldier's neck and he goes down with a death-shriek. Joan turns to address her men. The English soldier exits.]

JOAN. You have right upon your side. It is plain. It was a careless word to put in the treaty and covers too much. But ye may not take these poor men away. They are French and I will not have it. The King shall ransom them, every one. Wait till I send you word from him and hurt no hair on their heads, for I tell you, I who speak, that that would cost you very dear.

[The flashback ends. The Dwarf exits and the corpses of the prisoner and the English soldier disappear. Joan returns to the trial and is seated at her bench. The scene resumes.]

CAUCHON. You have said that you recognized these Voices as being the voices of angels the third time that you heard them. What angels were they?

JOAN. St. Catherine and St. Marguerite.

CAUCHON. Whose was the first Voice that came to you when you were thirteen years old?

JOAN. It was the Voice of St. Michael. I saw him before my eyes; and he was not alone, but attended by a cloud of angels.

CAUCHON. Did you see the archangel and the attendant angels in the body, or in the spirit?

JOAN. I saw them with the eyes of my body, just as I see you; and when they went away I cried because they did not take me with them. I will say again, as I have said before, many times in these sittings, that I answered all questions of this sort before the court at Poitier, and I would that you would bring here the record of that court and read from that. Prithee send for that book--

CAUCHON. --What promises did they make you?

JOAN. That is not in your processes, yet I will say this much: they told me that the King would become master of his kingdom in spite of his enemies.

CAUCHON. And what else?

JOAN. They promised to lead me to Paradise.

BEAUPÈRE. In the final assault at Orleans did you tell your soldiers that the arrows shot by the enemy and the stones discharged from their catapults and cannon would not strike any one but you?

JOAN. No. And the proof is, that more than a hundred of my men were struck. I told them to have no doubts and no fears; that they would raise the siege. I was wounded in the neck by an arrow in the assault upon the Bastille that commanded the bridge, but St. Catherine comforted me and I was cured in fifteen days without having to quit the saddle and leave my work.

BEAUPÈRE. Did you know you were going to be wounded?

JOAN. Yes, and I had told it to the King beforehand. I had it from my Voices.

CAUCHON. Why did you jump from the tower of Beurevoir by night and try to escape? Did you not say that you would rather die than be delivered into the power of the English?

JOAN. Yes, my words were, that I would rather that my soul be returned unto God than that I should fall into the hands of the English.

CAUCHON. We have it that you were in an angry disposition after jumping from the tower. We have reason to believe that you blasphemed the name of God.

JOAN. *(interrupting.)* It is not true. I have never cursed. It is not my custom to swear.

CAUCHON. This session is closed.

[Joan is taken away by the Guard. After Joan and the Guard have exited, all the rest exit except for Cauchon, Beaupère and Loyseleur. Cauchon furiously starts shuffling through his papers and records and paces back and forth. A moment later, Beaupère and Loyseleur join him.]

CAUCHON. She is making us look like fools out there! The witch!

BEAUPÈRE. We have to do this quick. Every moment wasted on useless questions will let the witch win over a judge with her witchcraft.

LOYSELEUR. Everything that we have done so far can be ruined.

CAUCHON. I believe I have a solution to this problem. The judges must be fatigued by the many days

spent on this trial. Why can't the trial be held with but a handful of judges? We will let all but a handful go. You both must find the strictest and fearless judges of the court and ask them to stay. We cannot afford to have lambs in our court. My clerks must sift through her answers in the trial and find information that can be used against her. These sittings will now be private and held away from public eye. We will win this trial.

[They exit. Another flashback begins. It is the castle of the Dauphin, Charles VII, in Chinon. The Dauphin and Trémouille enter. After a moment, Joan enters and moves forward to speak to the Dauphin and Trémouille. She kneels in front of the Dauphin.]

DAUPHIN. You shall not kneel to me, my matchless General. But you must not stand. You have lost blood for France and your wound is yet green--come. What shall be your reward? Name it.

JOAN. Oh, dear and gracious Dauphin, I have but one desire--only one. If--

DAUPHIN. Don't be afraid, my child. Name it.

JOAN. *(almost standing.)* That you will not delay a day. My army is strong and valiant, and eager to finish its work--march with me to Rheims and receive your crown!

DAUPHIN. To Rheims--oh, impossible, my General! We march through the heart of England's power?

JOAN. Ah, I pray you do not throw away this perfect opportunity. Everything is favorable—everything. Seeing us hesitate to follow up our advantage, our men will wonder, doubt, lose confidence, and the English will wonder, gather courage, and be bold again. Now is the time--prithee let us march!

[Trémouille steps forward to offer his opinion.]

TRÉMOUILLE. Sire, all prudence is against it. Think of the English strongholds along the Loire, think of those that lie between us and Rheims--

[Joan cuts him off.]

JOAN. *(to Trémouille.)* --If we wait, they will all be strengthened, reinforced. Will that advantage us?

TRÉMOUILLE. Why—no.

JOAN. Then what is your suggestion? What is it that you would propose to do?

TRÉMOUILLE. My judgment is to wait.

JOAN. Wait for what?

TRÉMOUILLE. Matters of state are not proper matters for public discussion. *(to Trémouille.)* --If we wait, they will all be strengthened, reinforced. Will that advantage us?

JOAN. *(placidly.)* I have to beg your pardon. My trespass came of ignorance. I did not know that matters connected with your department of the government were matters of state.

TRÉMOUILLE. I am the King's chief minister, and yet you had the impression that matters connected with my department are not matters of state? Pray how is that?

JOAN. Because there is no state.

TRÉMOUILLE. No state!

JOAN. No, sir, there is no state, and no use for a minister. France is shrunk to a couple of acres of ground, a sheriff's constable could take care of it, its affairs are not matters of state. The term is too large.

[The Dauphin lets out a hearty, careless laugh. Trémouille is angry. He starts to speak, but the Dauphin stops him by raising his hand.]

DAUPHIN. There--I take her under the royal protection. She has spoken the truth, the ungilded truth--how seldom I hear it! Joan, my frank, honest General, will you name your reward?

JOAN. Dear and noble Dauphin, give me the one reward I ask. The dearest of all rewards--march with me to Rheims and receive your crown. I will beg it on my knees.

[He puts his hand on her arm to stop her.]

DAUPHIN. No, sit. You have conquered me. It shall be as you--

[Trémouille interrupts, warning the King.]

TRÉMOUILLE. Well, well, we will think of it, we will think it over and see. Does that content you,

impulsive little soldier?

[Joan is delighted at first, but by the end of the speech, she is insulted. She speaks with terrified impulse.]

JOAN. Oh, use me! I beseech you, use me--there is but little time!

TRÉMOUILLE. But little time?

JOAN. Only a year--I shall last only a year.

TRÉMOUILLE. Why, child, there are fifty good years in that compact little body yet.

JOAN. Oh, you err, indeed you do. In one little year the end will come. Ah, the time is so short, the moments are flying, and so much to be done! Oh, use me, and quickly--it is life or death for France.

[The flashback ends. The Dauphin, Trémouille and Joan exit.]

ACT 2

SCENE 1

[A flashback begins. The Coronation of Charles VII at Rheims. The Dauphin, Trémouille and Joan enter. After a moment, a servant enters bringing the crown. Anthems are heard as the Dauphin takes his oath. The Dauphin reaches for the crown and hesitates. The Dauphin smiles at Joan and takes the crown in his hand and sits it upon his head. All exit.]

[Another morning of the trial. The chapel. The sessions are now private. Manchon and Conte enter. Cauchon, Beaupère and Loyseleur enter.]

CAUCHON. Bring her in!

[Joan once again is escorted by the Guard from the

hallway leading to the dungeon to her bench. She looks much worse than she did at previous sittings. She is tired, weak and dazed.]

Do you believe St. Catherine and St. Marguerite hate the English?

JOAN. They love whom Our Lord loves, and hate whom He hates.

CAUCHON. Does God hate the English?

JOAN. Of the love or the hatred of God toward the English I know nothing. But I know this -- that God will send victory to the French, and that all the English will be flung out of France but the dead ones!

CAUCHON. Was God on the side of the English when they were prosperous in France?

JOAN. I do not know if God hates the French, but I think that He allowed them to be chastised for their sins.

CAUCHON. Do you think it was right to go away to the wars without getting your parents' leave? It is written, one must honor his father and mother.

JOAN. I have obeyed them in all things but that. And for that I have begged their forgiveness in a letter and gotten it.

CAUCHON. Ah, you have asked their pardon? So you knew you were guilty of sin in going without their leave!

JOAN. I was commanded of God, and it was right to go! If I had had a hundred fathers and mothers and been a king's daughter to boot I would have gone.

CAUCHON. Did you never ask your Voices if you might tell your parents?

JOAN. They were willing that I should tell them, but I would not for anything have given my parents that pain.

[Another flashback is beginning. The scene freezes. Jacques d'Arc enters. Joan runs to her father at the Coronation.]

JOAN. Father!

[He grabs her and holds her close. He speaks with great difficulty.]

JACQUES. There, hide your face, child, and let your old father humble himself and make his confession. I--I--don't you see, don't you understand?--I was afraid, as remembering that cruel thing I said once in my sinful anger. Oh, appointed of God to be a soldier, and the greatest in the land! And in my ignorant anger I said I would drown you with my own hands if you unsexed yourself and brought shame to your name and family. You understand it now, my child, and you forgive?

JOAN. Yes, father.

JACQUES. I don't understand it. You are so little. So little and slender. When you had your armor on, today, it gave one a sort of notion of it, but in these pretty silks and velvets, you are only a dainty page, not a league-striding war-colossus, moving in clouds and darkness and breathing smoke and thunder. I would God I might see you at it and go tell your mother! That would help her sleep, poor thing!

JOAN. Ah, poor mother.

JACQUES. Yes, your mother. She wakes nights, and lies so, thinking--that is, worrying, worrying about you. And when the night-storms go raging along, she moans and says, "Ah, God pity her, she is out with her poor wet soldiers."

JOAN. *(tearfully, a slight laugh.)* Mother.

JACQUES. And when the lightning glares and the thunder crashes she wrings her hands and trembles, saying, "It is like the awful cannon and the flash, and yonder somewhere she is riding down upon the spouting guns and I not there to protect her!" The only thing she cares to know is that you are safe. When there is news of a victory and all the village goes mad with pride and joy, she kneels in the dirt and praises God as long as there is any breath left in her body. She always says, "Now it is over--now France is saved--now she will come home"--and is always disappointed, and goes about mourning.

JOAN. Don't, father, it breaks my heart. I will be so good to her when I get home. I will do her work for her, and be her comfort, and she shall not suffer any more through me.

JACQUES. Our village is proud of you, dear. Yes, prouder than any village ever was of anybody before.

[The flashback ends. He exits. Joan returns to the trial and is seated at her bench. The scene resumes.]

CAUCHON. Would you escape if you saw the doors open?

JOAN. Yes -- for I should see in that the permission of Our Lord. St. Catherine has promised me help, but I do not know the form of it. What my Voices have said clearest is, that I shall be delivered by a great victory. *(she raises her head.)* And they always say, "Submit to whatever comes; do not grieve for your martyrdom; from it you will ascend into the Kingdom of Paradise."

[Beaupère addresses Joan.]

BEAUPÈRE. As the Voices have told you you are going to Paradise, you feel certain that that will happen and that you will not be damned in hell. Is that so?

JOAN. I believe what they told me. I know that I shall be saved.

BEAUPÈRE. Do you think that after that revelation you could be able to commit mortal sin?

JOAN: As to that, I do not know. My hope for salvation is in holding fast to my oath to keep my body and my soul pure.

BEAUPÈRE: Will you submit to the determination of the Church all your words and deeds, whether good or bad?

JOAN. I will submit them to Our Lord who sent me. It would seem to me that He and His Church are one, and that there should be no difficulty about this matter. *(to the judge.)* Why do you make a difficulty where there is no room for any?

BEAUPÈRE: There is but one Church. Will you not submit those matters to the Church Militant?

JOAN. I am come to the King of France from the Church Triumphant on high by its commandments and to that Church I will submit all those things which I have done. For the Church Militant I have no other answer now.

BEAUPÈRE. You have said to my lord the Bishop that you would answer him as you would answer before our Holy Father the Pope, and yet there are several questions which you continually refuse to answer. Would you not answer the Pope more fully than you have answered before my lord of Beauvais? Would you not feel obliged to answer the Pope, who is the Vicar of God, more fully?

JOAN. Take me to the Pope. I will answer to everything that I ought to.

CAUCHON. This session is closed! Take the prisoner away!

[The Guard approaches Joan quickly. Joan stands and moves feebly away, dragging her chains escorted by the Guard. They exit. Beaupère, Loyseleur and Conte exit. Cauchon and Manchon remain. Cauchon approaches him as he is about to leave the trial. He is reluctant to take part in the trial. Cauchon is showing him the processes from the trial.]

CAUCHON. What is your opinion of this trial?

MANCHON. After reviewing the processes that you have given me, I believe that this trial is null and void.

CAUCHON. What?

MANCHON. The trial was secret. The people present for this trial were not granted freedom of speech and action. It was not possible for those attending the trial. The trial touched the honor of the King of France and he was not summoned to defend himself in trial, nor anyone appointed to represent him. The charges against the prisoner were not communicated to her. The young prisoner was required to defend herself alone without the help of a counsel notwithstanding she had so much at stake.

CAUCHON: *(containing his fury.)* This is ridiculous! You cannot take the side of this witch! You would be damned to hell as she would! She is against the Church and against the English and plans for a great attack upon us! You are wrong if you do not wish that she rot in her cell or be burnt at the stake! She has committed mortal sin. You live in sin as well if you take her side. I swear that I should have you drowned!

[Cauchon is steaming with fury and tries to attack Manchon. Manchon defends himself.]

MANCHON. No, Bishop. It is you that should burn in hell. For condemning a young innocent girl to her death.

CAUCHON. Remove him!

[The Guard re-enters and starts to take Manchon away.]

(to the Guard.) Send for Beaupère and Loyseleur.

[The Guard exits with Manchon.]

I will not give up. I will burn that witch and her soul will be damned to hell. She will not stand in my way. The Maiden of Orleans will not leave the dungeon or walk free.

[He exits.]

SCENE 2

[Rouen. The dungeon. Evening. Outside Joan's cell. Cauchon, Loyseleur and Manchon enter followed by the Man as a servant. Cauchon stops Beaupère.]

LOYSELEUR. What is it, sir?

CAUCHON. We must appoint a commission to reduce the number of articles as a new attempt. We must try to get her to submit her mission to the church militant.

[They enter Joan's cell. She is weak and sickly.]

CAUCHON. We ask you again to consider to submit your mission to the examination and decision of the church militant.

JOAN. I will not.

MANCHON: *(sympathetically.)* Would you be willing to let your case go before the Council of Basel? The numbers of the English and French parties are equal.

JOAN:

Yes! I would gladly go before a fair tribunal.

CAUCHON. *(to Manchon.)* Shut up, in the devil's name!

MANCHON. Shall I enter Joan's submission to the Council of Basel?

CAUCHON. No! It is not necessary.

JOAN. Ah, you set down everything that is against me, but you will not set down what is for me.

CAUCHON. We will move to our new indictment - the Twelve Articles. You have asserted that you have found your salvation, you refuse to submit yourself to the Church. You have threatened with death those who would not obey you and you declare that all you have done was done by command of God. You claim you have never committed any sin. Wearing male dress is a sin and you pretend that St. Catherine and St. Marguerite spoke French and not English and were French in their politics.

[Joan is about to respond. She passes out.]

CAUCHON. *(to Servant.)* Send for Beaupère! Send for a physician!

[The Man, as a servant runs off.]

MANCHON. She needs rest.

CAUCHON. Rest? No, I will see to it that she delivers the truth first.

MANCHON. She has had no rest! Barely any food or water. She is sick! We must let her rest if she is to give you the truth you need. Perhaps after the physician is finished with her.

CAUCHON. You forget your place. She is but a prisoner. The needs of a prisoner are not my business.

*[Cauchon, Beaupère, Loyseleur and Manchon exit.
Beaupère and the Man as a Physician enter.]*

BEAUPÈRE. Now then, mind you cure her.

*[The Physician goes to check on Joan. As the
Physician begins to examine her, Joan wakes.]*

MAN. What has made you ill?

JOAN. The Bishop of Beauvais sent me a fish and I believe it was that.

BEAUPÈRE. *(moves toward Joan.)* You fool! You are charging the Bishop with poisoning you! Be wise about what you say.

MAN. She needs to rest. My lord, may I have a word?

[They leave Joan's cell. They move away from the cell and begin to exit. After a moment, Joan exits.]

MAN. She has a high fever, we may need to bleed her.

BEAUPÈRE. Be careful about that. She is smart and is capable of killing herself.

MAN. I will, my lord. *(to the Guard.)* Take her out of this cell so we may bleed her.

BEAUPÈRE. Doctor, mind you take good care of her. The King of England has no mind to have her die a natural death. She is dear to him, for he bought her dear, and he does not want her to die, save at the stake.

[They exit. Another flashback begins. The castle of King Charles VII at Chinon. Trémouille enters with the "Dauphin".]

TRÉMOUILLE. Sire, I have word that the Maid has arrived. She requests an audience with your majesty. I warn you, sire, remember these delicate matters which you are attending to.

DAUPHIN. Yes, very well, bring her to me.

[Trémouille nods and moves toward the door, but Joan enters marching forward to the court, and confronts Trémouille and the Dauphin.]

JOAN. Your majesty, every sane man--whose loyalty to his King is not a show and a pretense--knows that there is but one rational thing before us--the march upon Paris!

[Trémouille turns a shade of white with anger. He forces a smile to Joan.]

TRÉMOUILLE. Would it be courteous, your Excellency, to move abruptly from here without waiting for an answer from the Duke of Burgundy? You may not know that we are negotiating with his Highness, and that there is likely to be a fortnight's truce between us, and on his part a pledge to deliver Paris into our hands without cost of a blow or the fatigue of a march thither.

JOAN. This is not a confessional, my lord. You were not obliged to expose that shame here.

TRÉMOUILLE. Shame? What is there shameful about it?

JOAN. One may describe it without hunting far for words. I know of this poor comedy, my lord, although it was not intended that I should know. It is to the credit of the devisers of it that they tried to conceal it--this comedy whose text and impulse are describable in two words.

TRÉMOUILLE. Indeed? And will your Excellency be good enough to utter them?

JOAN. Cowardice and treachery!

[The King laughs a hearty laugh.]

TRÉMOUILLE. Out of charity I will consider that you did not know who devised this measure which you condemn in so candid language.

JOAN. Save your charity for another occasion, my lord. Whenever anything is done to injure the interests and degrade the honor of France, all but the dead know how to name the two conspirators-in-chief.

TRÉMOUILLE. Sire, sire! This insinuation--

JOAN. --It is not an insinuation, my lord. It is a charge. I bring it against the King's chief minister and his Chancellor.

DAUPHIN. Sit--and be patient. If these are offenses, I see no particular difference between them, except that she says her hard things to your faces, whereas you say yours behind her back.

JOAN. O my King, I would that you would be persuaded! We took Orleans. We could have been in Rheims six weeks ago! Once more we have our opportunity. If we rise and strike, all is well. Bid me march upon Paris. In twenty days it shall be yours, and in six months all France! Speak the word, O gentle King--speak but the one--

TRÉMOUILLE. --I cry your mercy! March upon Paris? Does your Excellency forget that the way bristles with English strongholds?

JOAN. That for your English strongholds! Whence have we marched in these last days? From Gien. And whither? To Rheims. What bristled between? English strongholds. What are they now? French ones--and they never cost a blow!

[There is an applause to her speech. This angers Trémouille.]

Yes, English strongholds bristled before us, now French ones bristle behind us. What is the argument? A child can read it. The strongholds between us and Paris are garrisoned by no new breed of English, but by the same breed as those others--with the same fears, the same questionings, the same weaknesses, the same disposition to see the heavy hand of God descending upon them. We have but to march!--on the instant--and they are ours, Paris is ours, France is ours! Give the word, O my King, command your servant to--

TRÉMOUILLE. Stay! It would be madness to put this affront upon his Highness the Duke of Burgundy. By the treaty which we have every hope to make with him--

JOAN. Oh, the treaty which we hope to make with him! He has scorned you for years, and defied you. Is it your subtle persuasions that have softened his manners and beguiled him to listen to proposals? No, it was blows!--the blows which we gave him! The way is open, Paris beckons, France implores. Speak and we--

TRÉMOUILLE. Sire, it is madness, sheer madness! Your Excellency, we cannot, we must not go back from what we have done, we have proposed to treat, we must treat with the Duke of Burgundy.

JOAN. And we will!

TRÉMOUILLE. Ah? How?

JOAN. At the point of the lance!

[The court rises in roaring applause. The Dauphin rises and takes his sword by the blade and places the hilt in Joan's hand.]

DAUPHIN. There, the King surrenders. Carry it to Paris.

[The Dauphin and Trémouille exit. The flashback ends. After a moment, Joan realizes that she is back in the present and still in her cell. The scene resumes. Joan sits in her cell. Cauchon, Loyseleur and Manchon enter with the Guard.]

CAUCHON. I have come to offer you another chance to redeem yourself in the eyes of God. Your answers endanger religion. You are ignorant and have no knowledge of the scriptures. I have brought some good, wise men to instruct you, if so you desire it. We are churchmen and disposed by our good will as well as by our vocation to procure you the salvation of your soul and your body, in every way in our power, just as we would do the like for our nearest kin or for ourselves. In this we but follow example of Holy Church, who never closes the refuge of her bosom against any that are willing to return.

JOAN. I thank you for this, but I seem to be in danger of death from this malady; if it be the pleasure of God that I die here, I beg that I may be heard in confession and also receive my Savior; and that I may be buried in consecrated ground.

CAUCHON. Then if you want the Sacraments, you must do as all good Catholics do, and submit to the Church.

JOAN. I have nothing more to say.

CAUCHON. *(threateningly.)* The more you are in danger of death, the more you ought to amend your life. I will refuse the things you beg for unless you submit to the Church.

JOAN. If I die in this prison I beg you to have me buried in holy ground; if you will not, I cast myself upon my Savior.

CAUCHON. Fool! You must submit all your deeds to the Church!

JOAN. Let come what may, I will neither do nor say any otherwise than I have said already in your tribunals.

CAUCHON. The Church calls upon you to submit; disobey, and she will abandon you as if you were a pagan!

[He starts to exit. Joan stops him as she speaks.]

JOAN. *(turning away from him.)* I am a good Christian born and baptized, and a good Christian I will die.

CAUCHON. If you do not submit to the Church you will be pronounced a heretic by the judges and burned at the stake!

JOAN. *(with courage.)* I will not say otherwise than I have said already; and if I saw the fire before me I would say it again!

CAUCHON. I will get the truth out of you. There is the rack. You will reveal all, now, or be put to the torture. Speak.

JOAN. I will tell you nothing more than I have told you; no, not even if you tear the limbs from my body. And even if in my pain I did say something otherwise, I would always say afterward that it was the torture that spoke and not I.

[Cauchon walks out of Joan's cell followed by Loyseleur, Manchon and the Guard. They walk away from her cell.]

CAUCHON. She must be punished. I need answers. I can send her to the rack.

MANCHON. We cannot torture the girl! She is too young!

CAUCHON. You speak out of place. I need her to confess.

MANCHON. You heard what she said. She will lie to us then as well!

CAUCHON. She will eventually confess. We have to break her spirit. Once we take all hope from her, what is left? She'll have no choice but to confess all to save her own life.

[They exit.]

SCENE 3

[Rouen. Morning. The chapel. The atmosphere is tense as everyone awaits Joan's sentence. Cauchon, Beaupère and Loyseleur enter and are arranged as a normal day of the trial. Conte and Manchon enter.

Everyone is seated in the same positions as before. Joan is brought in led by the Guard that has escorted her through the trial. She sits in her spot at the bench. Cauchon has prepared a speech.]

CAUCHON. This court is composed of holy and pious churchmen whose hearts are full of benevolence and compassion toward you. We have no wish to hurt your body, we only desire to instruct you and lead you into the way of truth and salvation. This court, recognizing your untaught state and your inability to deal with the complex and difficult matters which are about to be considered, have determined, out of our pity and our mercifulness, to allow you to choose one or more persons out of our own number to help you with counsel and advice!

JOAN. I decline.

CAUCHON. *(hiding his satisfaction.)* Very well. You must answer straightly to every accusation or risk being cut off from the Church if you fail to do that or delay your answers beyond a given length of time.

[Cauchon signals Loyseleur to step forward to read the document listing the charges against Joan.]

LOYSELEUR. Do you admit to the charges that are held against you now? The charges are as follows: sorcery, false prophet, an invoker and companion of evil spirits and a dealer of magic, a person ignorant of the Catholic faith, a schismatic--

JOAN. --That is not true.

LOYSELEUR. You are found to be sacrilegious, an idolater, an apostate, a blasphemer of God and his saints. Scandalous, seditious, a disturber of the peace. You incite men to war and to the spilling of human blood--

JOAN. --Passez outre.

LOYSELEUR. You discard the decencies and properties of your sex by irreverently assuming the dress of a man and the vocation of a soldier--

JOAN.--No! I have answered that before! Let the clerk read it in his record!

LOYSELEUR. You beguile both princes and people. You usurp divine honors and have caused yourself to be adored and venerated, offering your hands and your vestments to be kissed.

[Loyseleur moves to join the rest of the court.]

JOAN. I refuse to have my mission examined and tried by the earthly Church. I am not guilty of idolatry. I merely seek men's homage. If any kissed my hands and my vestments, it was not by my desire, and I did what I could to prevent it. And when one receives the sacrament, the manner of his dress is a small thing and of no value in the eyes of Our Lord. I would rather die than be untrue to my oath to God. As to the charge of doing men's work in the wars, I believe in the matter of women's work, there's plenty to do it.

CAUCHON. It appears that this mission of yours which you claim you had from God, was to make war and pour out human blood. You were aiming for your enemies, the Burgundians and the English. You intended to make war upon them as whole.

JOAN. To begin with I demanded that peace should be made. If it was refused, then I would fight. I made a clear distinction between these two enemies. One being French and one being English. The Burgundians are French are therefore entitled to less brusque treatment than the English. As to the Duke of Burgundy, I required of him, both by letters and by his ambassadors, that he make peace with the King. As to the English, the only peace for them was that they leave the country and go home. If they had listened to me, they would have done wisely. Before seven years they will see it themselves.

CAUCHON. What of your male attire? If you discard this attire, you may have a better opportunity to not be in danger.

BEAUPÈRE. Yes, if you but discard your attire, you could walk free. You have to only promise you will take upon the dress of a woman.

LOYSELEUR. You should promise. You have freedom waiting if you but discard your male attire. Any fool would promise this for freedom!

JOAN. Peace! Without the permission of God I will not lay it off though you cut off my head
(*Praying.*) Most dear God, in honor of your holy passion I beseech you, if you love me, that you will reveal to me what I am to answer to these churchmen. As concerns my dress I know by what command I have put it on, but I know not in what manner I am to lay it off. I pray you tell me what to do.

CAUCHON. The University of Paris has rendered its decision concerning the Twelve Articles. We have found you guilty upon all counts. You must renounce your errors and make satisfaction or you will be abandoned to the secular arm for punishment.

[Cauchon signals Loyseleur to step forward again to read the document to Joan.]

LOYSELEUR. The court encourages you to save your life and your soul by renouncing your errors and to surrender to the Church. You should make a wise decision as to submit to the church. Save your life. If you choose to remain obstinate, the damnation of your soul is certain, the destruction of your body is probable.

JOAN. If I were under sentence, and saw the fire before me, and the executioner ready to light it -more, if I were in the fire itself, I would say none but the things which I have said in these trials; and I would abide by them till I died.

[A deep silence. Cauchon turns to Loyseleur.]

CAUCHON. Have you anything further to say?

LOYSELEUR. Nothing, my lord.

CAUCHON. Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to say?

JOAN. Nothing.

CAUCHON. Then the debate is closed. Tomorrow, sentence will be pronounced. Remove the prisoner.

[The Guard removes Joan from the trial. They exit. After Joan and the Guard have exited, the rest of the court exit.]

*[Another flashback is beginning. Meung-sur-Loire.
Noël enters along with Conte. Joan joins her
friends in the midst of camp in her tent.]*

NOËL. Joan, I want you to talk to me.

JOAN. What is in your mind?

NOËL. This. I scarcely slept last night for thinking of the dangers you are running into. One of your men told me how you made the Duke stand out of the way when the cannonballs are flying all about, and so saved his life.

JOAN. Well, that was right, wasn't it?

NOËL. Right? Yes, but you stayed there yourself. Why would you do that? It seems such a risk.

JOAN. Oh, no, it was not so. I was not in any danger.

NOËL. How can you say that, Joan, with those deadly things flying all about you?

JOAN. *(Laughing.)* No, I--

NOËL. --It was dangerous and it could not be necessary to stay in such a place. I want you to make me a promise. I want you to promise me that you will let others lead the assaults, if there must be assaults, and that you will take better care of yourself in those battles. Will you?

JOAN. I will not make a promise that I cannot keep.

NOËL. Joan, are you always going to be a soldier? These wars are so long. They last forever.

JOAN. *(tearfully.)* This campaign will do all the really hard work that is in front of it in the next four days. The rest of it will be gentler--oh, far less bloody. Yes, in four days France will gather another trophy like the redemption of Orleans and make her second long step toward freedom!

NOËL. Joan, tell me--how is it that you know that? For you do know it, I think.

JOAN. (*dreamily.*) Yes. I know. I know. I shall strike--and strike again. And before the fourth day is finish I shall strike yet again.

[Joan falls silent. She is in a trance. She looks at the floor and her lips begin to move, but uttering nothing. After a moment, these words come, barely audible.]

And in a thousand years the English power in France will not rise up from that blow.

[Noël does not realize that Joan is in a trance. She speaks happily. Conte realizes something strange is happening.]

NOËL. Oh, I believe it, I believe it, and I am so glad! Then you will come back and bide with us all your life long, and we will love you and honor you!

[A small perceptible spasm flits across Joan's face and her trance voice speaks.]

JOAN. Before two years are sped I shall die a cruel death!

[Noël starts to scream, but Conte rushes to cover her mouth. Joan exits. Conte pulls Noël aside.]

CONTE. (*aside to Noël.*) Do not speak of this. To anyone. She is asleep. She is dreaming.

NOËL: (*nods to Conte.*) Oh, I am so grateful that it is only a dream! It sounded like a prophecy.

[The flashback ends. They exit.]

SCENE 4

[Rouen. St. Ouen at dawn. The churchyard. Townspeople enter. Conte and Manchon enter and are positioned on a platform. Next to it is a larger platform decorated with carpet and comfortable chairs. Upon this platform a bigger chair. Cauchon enters and takes his place in the chair. Loyseleur, Beaupère and a servant enter and join Cauchon on the platform. In front of this platform

*sits another platform. A stake rises out of it.
About the platform, firewood is piled. A Man
enters as the executioner and takes his place at
the base of the platform. After a moment of
silence, Joan enters, escorted by the Guard and is
seated on the platform. After she is seated,
Cauchon stands to read from the parchment in his
hands.]*

CAUCHON. You have asserted that you have found your salvation, you refuse to submit yourself to the Church. You have threatened with death those who would not obey you and you declare that all you have done was done by command of God. You claim you have never committed any sin. You pretend that St. Catherine and St. Marguerite spoke French and not English and were French in their politics. O France, how hast thou been abused! Thou hast always been the home of Christianity; but now, Charles, who calls himself thy King and governor, endorses, like the heretic and schismatic that he is, the words and deeds of a worthless and infamous woman!

*[Joan raises her head, her eyes begin to burn and
flash.]*

(to Joan.) It is to you, Joan, that I speak, and I tell you that your King is schismatic and a heretic!

JOAN. *(firing back.)* By my faith, sir! I make bold to say and swear, on pain of death, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the best lover of the faith and the Church!

CAUCHON. Make her shut up!

*[The crowd begins to laugh. The Guard looks to
Joan and has a weapon in hand.]*

(to Joan.) You must submit to the Church.

JOAN. As to that matter, I have answered my judges before. I have told them to report all that I have said and done to our holy Father the Pope - to whom, and to God first, I appeal. I have acted by command of God in my deeds and utterances.

CAUCHON. What of the King and the soldiers you marched with?

JOAN. I charge my deeds and words upon no one, neither upon my King nor any other. If there is any fault in them, I am responsible and no other.

CAUCHON. Would you not recant those words and deeds that have been pronounced evil by your judges?

JOAN. I submit them to God and the Pope.

[As the crowd begins to grow impatient, Cauchon shows Joan a written form. It has been made all ready beforehand.]

CAUCHON. Will you abjure? If you submit you shall go free from captivity.

[There is an explosion of applause from the crowd. This angers the Cauchon.]

JOAN. Abjure? What is abjure? I appeal to the Church universal whether I ought to abjure or no!

CAUCHON. You shall abjure instantly, or instantly be burned!

[For a moment, Joan glances up and sees the coals and firewood. She staggers out of her seat as one lost in a dream, not knowing where she is. The priests crowd about her trying to get her to sign the paper. The following dialogue should be said simultaneously.]

LOYSELEUR. Sign! Do as I told you - do not destroy yourself!

JOAN. Ah, you do not do well to seduce me.

LOYSELEUR. Oh Joan, we pity you so! Take back what you have said, or we must deliver you up to punishment.

CAUCHON. Joan, according to the indictment and the charges held against you on pain of death, you are guilty of heresy. You are sentenced to burn at the stake and be cast from this world in eternal damnation.

[Joan's strength is spent. She stands looking about her, bewildered. She slowly sinks to her

knees, and bows her head.]

JOAN. I submit.

CAUCHON. Then you must sign.

[Cauchon brings forth the paper. Joan goes to sign it.]

JOAN. I do not know how to write.

CAUCHON. Send forth a servant.

[The Man, as a servant helps guide her hand to sign the paper.]

CAUCHON. She shall be restored to the priviledges of worship. And that she may repent of her crimes and repeat them no more, she is sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of affliction and the water of anguish!

[Joan stands stunned. She turns to the body of priests with a sad resignation.]

JOAN. Now, you men of the Church, take me to your prison, and leave me no longer in the hands of the English.

[She gathers up her chains and prepares to move.]

CAUCHON. Take her to the prison whence she came!

[Joan stands paralysed, betrayed. The rumbling of a drum is heard. Joan's guard approaches her. Joan begins to sway and rock slowly. Her heart broken, unwordable pain. She exits with her face in her hands, sobbing bitterly. Conte and Noël exit. After she exits, there is a moment of silence. Then the crowd breaks into a fury of rage. Charges of treachery begin to fly simultaneously. During the chaos, Beaupère loses his temper.]

BEAUPÈRE. By God, you are a traitor!

CAUCHON. You lie!

BEAUPÈRE. The King of England is being treacherously used! That witch is going to be allowed to cheat the stake!

CAUCHON. Give yourself no uneasiness, my lord. We shall soon have her again.

*[The townspeople begin to cast stones toward
Cauchon, Loyseleur and the servant as they exit.
The townspeople exit.]*

*[Louis de Conte and Noël enter. It is later that
night. They are walking the streets of Rouen.]*

CONTE. Where is the rescue? Joan believes that her Voices promise her a rescue by force at the last moment.

NOËL. Do you think it is true?

CONTE. I trust Joan and I hope that it is.

NOËL. I do not see any of our comrades in disguise, no familiar faces.

*[A Man enters, running through the streets. He is
a town crier.]*

MAN. Joan of Arc has relapsed! The witch's time has come!

[Conte stops him.]

CONTE. Excuse me, what is going forward?

MAN. Scaffolds and the stake. Don't you know that the French witch is to be burnt in the morning?

[The Man exits. Conte and Noël exit.]

[Rouen. The dungeon. Joan's cell. The Guard enters with Joan. He throws her onto the floor. Joan sits in the corner in male clothing once again in chains. Cauchon, Beaupère and Loyseleur enter followed by a servant. She remains silent. Manchon enters and steps forward to address Joan.]

MANCHON. There is something suspicious about this. How could it have come about without connivance on the part of others? Perhaps something even worse?

CAUCHON. Thousand devils! Will you shut your mouth?

[The Guard points the lance at Manchon.]

GUARD. Traitor!

[Manchon cowers away behind the other church officials. Cauchon steps forward to address Joan.]

CAUCHON. Why have you resumed this male habit?

JOAN. I have resumed it on my own.

CAUCHON. But you have have promised and sworn you would not go back to it.

JOAN. I have never intended and never understood myself to swear I would not resume it. But I had a right to resume it, because the promises made to me have not been kept - promises that I should be allowed to go to mass, and receive the communion, and that I should be freed - but I am still here, as you see.

CAUCHON. Nevertheless, you have abjured, and have especially promised to return no more to the dress of a man.

JOAN. I would rather die than continue so. But if they may be taken off, and if I may hear mass, and be removed to a penitential prison, and have a woman about me, I will be good, and will do what shall seem good to you that I do.

CAUCHON. Have your Voices spoken to you since Thursday? Remember your abjuration.

JOAN. Yes, they have spoken to me about it. My Voices told me I did very wrong to confess that what I had done was not well. But it was the fear of the fire that made me do so.

CAUCHON. Do you still believe that your Voices are St. Marguerite and St. Catherine?

JOAN. Yes, and that they come from God.

CAUCHON. Yet you denied them on the scaffold?

JOAN. I never had any intention to deny them. If I had made some retractions and revocations on the scaffold it was from fear of the fire, and was a violation of the truth. I would rather do my penance all at once; let me die. I cannot endure captivity any longer.

CAUCHON. Alright. It is confirmed.

*[They exit her cell. When Cauchon exits her cell,
he lets out a shout of celebration to his
officials.]*

CAUCHON. *(laughing.)* Make yourselves comfortable! It's all over with her!

[They all exit except Cauchon and servant.]

CAUCHON. *(to servant.)* Deliver a message to Manchon. I want Manchon to visit this cell in the morning to prepare the witch for her death.

[The servant runs off. Cauchon exits.]

SCENE 5

*[Rouen. The dungeon. It is morning. Joan's cell.
Conte and Manchon enter followed by the Guard.]*

MANCHON. Joan.

JOAN. *(looking up at him with a little start, a small smile.)* Speak. Have you a message for me?

MANCHON. Yes, my poor child. Try to bear it. Do you think you can bear it?

JOAN. Yes.

MANCHON. I have come to prepare you for death.

JOAN. *(a small shiver.)* When will it be?

[A muffled sound of bells tolling is heard.]

MANCHON. Now. The time is at hand.

JOAN. It is so soon - ah, it is so soon!

[After a long silence.]

What death is it?

MANCHON. By fire!

JOAN. Oh, I knew it! I knew it!

[She springs to her feet, hands wound in her hair, and began to writhe and sob.]

Oh, cruel, cruel, to treat me so! And must my body, that has never been defiled, be consumed today and turned to ashes? Ah, sooner would I that my head were cut off seven times than suffer this woeful death. I had the promise of the Church's prison when I submitted, and if I had but been there, and not left here in the hands of my enemies, this miserable fate had not befallen me. Oh, I appeal to God the Great Judge, against the injustice which has been done me.

[She goes to Conte and grabs his hand in a quick clasp.]

JOAN *(aside to Conte.)* Up! Do not peril yourself, good heart. There – God bless you always!

[Cauchon and Loyseleur enter.]

JOAN. *(to Cauchon.)* Bishop, it is by you that I die!

CAUCHON. Ah, be patient, Joan. You die because you have not kept your promise, but have returned to your sins.

JOAN. Alas, if you had put me in the Church's prison, and given me right and proper keepers, as you promised, this would not have happened. And for this I summon you to answer before God!

[Cauchon winces slightly, then exits. Joan looks up to see Loyseleur who had come in with Cauchon.]

JOAN. *(to Loyseleur.)* Where shall I be this night?

LOYSELEUR. Have you not good hope in God?

JOAN. Yes, and by His grace I shall be in Paradise.

[Loyseleur is pained. He exits.]

MANCHON. Joan, it is time. We must go.

JOAN. May I confess to you? And receive the sacrament? Please.

[Manchon turns to the Guard. He nods.]

MANCHON. Very well.

[They exit.]

SCENE 6

[Rouen. St. Ouen. The churchyard. It is morning. Cauchon, Beaupère and Warwick enter and take their seats. Conte and Noël take their seats. All platforms are in place as before. Townspeople are

present and are responding to the situation. Joan appears in a cart like a felon wearing a mitre-shaped cap which she wore: HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, IDOLATER. In the cart with her sits Manchon. Many of the townspeople respond to her as she is being led towards the platform. The people may want to reach out desperately to touch her. The people begin to kneel as she begins to make her way to the platform. The ones who do not kneel are the Guard, the church officials and the Man as the executioner. After a moment a frantic man, lamenting and wailing, dressed in a priest's garb tears through the crowd and flings himself on his knees by Joan's cart. He put his hands up in supplication. It is Loyseleur.]

LOYSELEUR. O, forgive, forgive!

JOAN. I forgive you.

[Cauchon steps forward to deliver a sermon to Joan.]

CAUCHON. When a branch of the Church becomes diseased and corrupt, it must be cut away or it will become corrupt and destroy the whole vine. Joan of Arc, through her wickedness, is a peril to the Church's purity and holiness. Her death is necessary. *(to Joan.)* Joan, the Church can no longer protect you. Go in peace! Keep in mind, your wickedness and repent of them, and think of your salvation. You are now excommunicated and cut off from the body of the Church. I now deliver you over to the secular arm for judgment and sentence.

[Joan, weeping, kneels and begins to pray. Cauchon signals to Warwick to do his duty, Warwick has forgotten his duty from being disturbed by the earlier events.]

BEAUPÈRE. *(to the Guard.)* Take her. *(to the Executioner.)* Do your duty.

JOAN. May I have a cross?

[A guard breaks a stick in two, crosses the pieces and ties them together. He gives this cross to

her. She kisses it and puts it to her chest. A few moments later, Manchon returns with a consecrated cross, she kisses it, and presses it to her chest. With the cross in hand, she climbs the steps to the platform with Manchon at her side. The executioner chains her to the stake. And returns to the base of it to do his duty.]

JOAN. Oh, Rouen, Rouen, must I die here, and must you be my tomb? Ah, Rouen, Rouen, I have great fear that you will suffer for my death.

[A whiff of smoke sweeps upward past her face. A moment of terror seizes her.]

JOAN. Water! Give me holy water!

[After a moment, her fears are gone. Suddenly, the sound of crackling flames are heard as immediate distress hits her. She begs Manchon to leave the platform. He returns to the base of it.]

JOAN. Please! Leave me! Take this and I beg you raise it toward my face and let my eyes rest in hope and consolation upon it until I enter into the peace of God. Now keep it always in my sight until the end.

CAUCHON. I am come, Joan, to exhort you for the last time to repent and seek the pardon of God.

JOAN. I die through you!

[Blackout. He exits.]

END OF PLAY