

# The Trial of Joan of Arc at Rouen

*adapted from a radio play by  
Anna Seghers*

(1952)

**by Bertolt Brecht**

***Liberated from  
capitalist control  
to educate the masses  
by  
Socialist Stories***

The proceedings were recorded day by day in the Latin language. The original of the trial record was prepared for Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais and is preserved at the Chamber of Deputies in Paris. The radio play is based on these trial records as well as on the testimony and information furnished by contemporaries. Bertolt Brecht used the radio play for his dramatization for the Berliner Ensemble.

## CHARACTERS

JOAN OF ARC	JACQUES LEGRAIN
BISHOP CAUCHON OF BEAUVAIS	PEASANT
JEAN BEAUPÈRE	PEASANT WOMAN
JEAN DE LA FONTAINE	SON
JEAN DE CHATILLON (CHATON)	SISTER-IN-LAW
GUILLAUME ERARD	CHILD
NICOLAS MIDI	FISHWIFE
GUILLAUME MANCHON	DR. DUFOUR
JEAN D'ESTIVET	HIS TWO NIECES
JEAN LEFÈVRE	WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN
JEAN MASSIEU	LOOSE WOMAN
RAOUL DE RINEL	WINE MERCHANT
A CLERK	INNKEEPER
THE EXECUTIONER	YOUNG CURATE
NUNS	WAR CRIPPLE
AN ENGLISH OBSERVER	GRANDFATHER BREUIL and HIS
HIS ADJUTANT	GRANDSON
GUARDS OF JOAN OF ARC	CHILDREN
ENGLISH SOLDIERS	PEOPLE
TWO PEASANT GIRLS	

Autumn, 1430. For eight years war has been raging between England and France. Recently France has undertaken two bloody campaigns under the banner of a seventeen-year-old girl, Joan of Arc, in a desperate attempt to ward off the English conquerors who still occupy more than two-thirds of the country. A village in Touraine, in the unoccupied part of France, gets bad news.

*In front of a peasant house in Touraine two young girls are pressing grapes. Children are helping.*

YOUNG GIRLS (*singing*)

Oh wondrous maiden of Lorraine  
 Barely sixteen and daughter of a frugal hearth  
 Upon your shield the enemy strikes in vain.  
 War is your strength, your resting place the naked earth.  
 Your boldness has its equal in your guile  
 Your enemies fall back in panic fear  
 None dares to stand, they run full many a mile  
 And countless eyes look on from far and near.

SECOND GIRL (*to the children*) Don't eat them all.—They're worse than woodpeckers.

A BOY You haven't filled a single vat yet.

THE GIRLS (*sing*)

Many, it's true, are so cast down with woe  
 They cannot understand the Maid. For he  
 Who weeps is blinded. Though in the brightest glow  
 His eyes are powerless to see.  
 But many now have joined the Maiden's ranks

As though to dance they're marching off to fight  
 The Loire has shaken the enemy from its banks  
 The sun of France shines with a clearer light.

FIRST GIRL    Where's Jacques?

SECOND GIRL    Gone to town again.

FIRST GIRL    He ought to go easy on his leg.

SECOND GIRL    I can't hold him back.—How much more is there  
 to pick in the upper vineyard?

FIRST GIRL    Two acres.

THE GIRLS (*sing*)

Oh, all ye villains, traitors all  
 Suffered too long by this long-suffering folk  
 You who have fostered England's joy and France's fall  
 Her poverty and shame and captive yoke:  
 You have been fighting for an unjust cause.  
 It's not too late for you to mend your ways.  
 If you go on supporting France's foes  
 A bitter end will strike your evil days.

JACQUES LEGRAIN (*joins them*)    They've captured her, near Compiègne. They've put her in a cage and they're taking her to Rouen.

FIRST GIRL    No?!

LEGRAIN    Get my pack ready.

SECOND GIRL    Where are you going?

LEGRAIN    To Rouen, to buy a pound of mackerel.

## 2

February 21, 1431. In the market place of English-occupied Rouen a crowd looks on as English noblemen and French renegade churchmen lead the resistance fighter to her trial.

*Market place at Rouen. Among the crowd a peasant family (father, mother, sister-in-law, son, and child), a fishwife, Legrain with his pack, a well-dressed gentleman, a loose woman, a wine merchant, a physician, the executioner in his everyday clothes. Two English soldiers. Church bells and drumrolls.*

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN That's the Duke of Bedford.

FISHWIFE Look at his white horse. As sleek and fat as his master.

PEASANT WOMAN Hey, Johnny, are you sure she'll come this way?

SON Or is she already inside?

FISHWIFE Don't worry, madame, she's sure to come this way.

PEASANT WOMAN Eugene, have you got the food parcel?

CHILD Who's that all in silk?

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais.

DR. DUFOUR A French bishop walking behind an English duke! I'm surprised the Englishman hasn't got him on a leash.

LOOSE WOMAN (*sings in an undertone*)

Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais

Is an Englishman now, they say

On sentimental grounds

And for five thousand pounds.

FISHWIFE That's no joke for the Maid.

LOOSE WOMAN They say she has voices and visions. I wonder if it's true.

PEASANT WOMAN Did you hear that? She has visions.

PEASANT Ssh.

WINE MERCHANT The learned doctors will see about that.

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN The papal nuncio.

*(The peasant woman crosses herself)*

LOOSE WOMAN Look at his hat!

*(All laugh, including the peasant woman)*

SISTER-IN-LAW Too bad about the girl. Nobody likes the English.

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN I wouldn't say that too loud, madame, not today.

PEASANT She's always shooting her mouth off.

LOOSE WOMAN Johnny, there's somebody here that doesn't like you.

FISHWIFE Forget it, they don't understand French.

WINE MERCHANT Maybe it's all for the best. She was a trouble-maker.

FISHWIFE The English give you plenty of business, don't they?

DR. DUFOUR Well said!

*(Loose woman laughs)*

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN I beg your pardon!

PEASANT WOMAN *(to child)* Isn't it a lovely holiday, Jacqueline?

WINE MERCHANT I've already seen one of these witches burnt.

EXECUTIONER When was that?

WINE MERCHANT Four years ago, in Beauvais, in the spring of twenty-seven.

EXECUTIONER I see.

FISHWIFE That's Monsieur Dujardin, the executioner.

PEASANT WOMAN Where?

*(All turn around to look at the executioner)*

LOOSE WOMAN Dear me!

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN Seems like he's taking her measurements.

DR. DUFOUR Look, there are the doctors from Paris.

SON Why can't the English try her themselves?

DR. DUFOUR They'd rather let the French do it for them.

SON But the French have no reason to.

DR. DUFOUR All those doctors ought to be able to find one.

LEGRAIN As long as she answers boldly. That's the main thing.

SISTER-IN-LAW Boldly! How can a girl stand up against so many?

LOOSE WOMAN What did she have to stick her neck out for? Why didn't she stay home?

*(Well-dressed gentleman assents)*

LEGRAIN Because the English came to France. Because the English occupied all France as far as the Loire. Because they're gobbling up the whole country. Because they've dethroned the king. Because before she came along the king was too lazy to defend himself.

PEASANT WOMAN Because—because—because, is that a reason to get crazy ideas and run around in men's clothes in front of soldiers?

PEASANT Shut up!

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN She says she owes it to her country, madame.

DR. DUFOUR Country? What do you mean by country?

FISHWIFE Her voices told her to drive the English out of the country, Dr. Dufour.

DR. DUFOUR Country! What difference does it make to the country who's on the white horse that's trampling it into dust? The Duke of Bedford or the Duke of Orléans? What difference does it make to the country who gobbles up its wheat and its wine, its venison and fruit, its taxes and tithes? The Lord of Beauvais or the Duke of Gloucester?

FISHWIFE It's easier to give a French lord a piece of your mind. Those English gentlemen don't even understand our curses.

CHILD Is that the king?

SISTER-IN-LAW No, that's an English trumpeter.

*(Drumrolls)*

LOOSE WOMAN Here she comes! Here she comes!

ENGLISH SOLDIER Move back! Back, I say!

PEASANT WOMAN Careful with the eggs, Eugene!

LOOSE WOMAN My, she's little.

SISTER-IN-LAW Those chains must be heavy on her. No bigger than an apple.

*(The wine merchant laughs)*

LEGRAIN That little apple had the English on the run.

DR. DUFOUR The Duke of Bedford paid the Duke of Luxem-

burg twelve thousand pounds for that little apple.

PEASANT Why did he do that?

FISHWIFE To make his Englishmen stop running.

## 3

At the first session of the great ecclesiastical trial in the Chapel Royal of the castle, Joan cleverly eludes the trick questions of the churchmen who are out to convict her of heresy, and boldly reminds them of the wretched state of France.

*The Chapel Royal of the castle. The churchmen, Beaupère, Chation, La Fontaine, d'Estivet, Manchon, Midi, Lefèvre, Massieu, Brother Raoul and the clerk. Enter the English observer with his adjutant and the Bishop of Beauvais. The churchmen kneel.*

BISHOP Praised be the Lord.

ALL For ever and ever. Amen.

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER (*to the bishop*) Splendid crowd of doctors.

BISHOP Thank you.

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER Pleasant chapel, even if not one of the oldest.

BISHOP Nor one of the newest. Built by Charles the . . . (*He raises five fingers*)

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER Oh, the fifth, I see. Don't let me keep you.

(*All take their seats*)

BISHOP We, Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais, and our illustrious assessors, the noble lords and doctors here present, have gathered this day to conduct a trial which we hereby declare opened. Milord, have you conveyed to the accused the summons to appear before us and answer our questions in accordance with the law?

ADJUTANT Said woman has answered the summons and is wait-



ing outside. She requests, however, to be admitted to confession before the trial.

*(The bishop consults the assessors. They nod)*

BISHOP The request must be denied. In view of the gravity of the charges and the refusal of the accused to relinquish her male clothing. Monsieur Massieu, bring in the accused.

MASSIEU The accused may be brought in.

ADJUTANT Bring her in.

*(Joan is led in by two English soldiers)*

BISHOP This woman now appearing before us, Joan, popularly called the Maid, has been apprehended in the jurisdiction of our diocese. As a suspected heretic she has been turned over to us by our Most Christian Lord, the King of England and France. And inasmuch as rumors concerning her offenses against the faith have spread far beyond our diocese and indeed throughout France and the whole of Christendom, we have brought her before this court in order that she may justify herself. We admonish you, Joan, to touch these Most Holy Gospels and swear to reply truthfully to all questions. Monsieur Massieu!

*(At a sign from Massieu Brother Raoul brings the Bible)*

BISHOP Now swear by these gospels. Place both hands on the book.

JOAN But I don't know what you're going to ask me. Maybe you want to know something that I won't tell you.

BISHOP Come, come, just swear to tell the truth in all matters concerning the faith.

JOAN I'll gladly swear to tell you about my family and my home and anything that happened before I came to Chinon, but I will not say one word about my voices and revelations, not even if you cut my head off.

BISHOP Very well, Joan. We ask you only to tell the truth in matters of faith, as the law requires in proceedings of this kind. Go on.

JOAN *(kneels)* I swear to tell the truth in matters of faith. *(She sits down)*

BISHOP Tell us your first and last name.

JOAN At home they called me Jeannette and in France Jeanne. I know of no other name.

BISHOP    Where were you born?

JOAN      In Domrémy on the Meuse.

BISHOP    Who are your parents?

JOAN      Jacques d'Arc and Isabeau.

BISHOP    How old are you?

JOAN      About nineteen, I think.

BISHOP    Who instructed you in the faith?

JOAN      My mother taught me everything: the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and the Creed.

BISHOP    Say the Lord's Prayer.

JOAN      Hear my confession and I'll say the prayer.

BISHOP    In men's clothes? Come now, just say the Lord's Prayer.

JOAN      I will not say it unless you hear my confession.

BISHOP    Joan, we, your bishop, forbid you to leave the prison for whatsoever purpose except by our permission. To do so would be disobedience to the church and a grave offense against the faith.

JOAN      I can't accept that ruling. No one can accuse me of breaking my word if I escape, I haven't given it to anybody. What's more, I protest against these chains and shackles you've loaded me down with.

BISHOP    You have made several attempts to escape. Hence our severity.

JOAN      Naturally I tried to escape. Like any captive. I'd escape right now if I could.

BISHOP    Have your voices given you permission to escape from prison whenever you feel like it?

JOAN      I've asked their permission more than once, but never received it.

BISHOP    I see.

JOAN      But then they say that "God helps those who help themselves."

BISHOP (*to the English observer*)    With your permission, my lord.  
(*To the guards*) We enjoin you most urgently, you, John Grey, and you, William Talbot, to guard her closely and permit no one to speak to her.

GUARDS    Yes, sir.

BISHOP    Monsieur Jean Beaupère, Professor of the Faculty of

Theology at the University of Paris, you may question the accused.

BEAUPÈRE (*after having bowed to the English observer*) First of all, I must once again exhort you, Joan, to answer my questions with nothing but the truth. Have you learned a trade?

JOAN Yes. Sewing and spinning.

BEAUPÈRE What work did you do at home?

JOAN I did the housework. Sometimes I helped to drive the cows into the fortress to prevent the English from stealing them.

MIDI Monsieur Beaupère, may I interrupt? Are the people of Domrémy loyal to our Most Christian Lord, the King of England and France, or do they follow the man whom you call King of France?

JOAN I know of only one person in Domrémy who's in favor of the English. I'd gladly have seen his head cut off if it had so pleased the Lord.

(*Commotion among the assessors*)

BISHOP Monsieur Beaupère, pray continue.

BEAUPÈRE When did you first hear what you call your voices?

JOAN When I was thirteen I heard a voice that came from God. That was the first time, and I was really frightened. The voice came to me in my father's garden, one summer afternoon. I heard it somewhere behind me, from the direction of the church. A great light came with the voice.

BEAUPÈRE How could you see the light if it was somewhere behind you?

JOAN When I heard the voice for the third time, I knew it was the voice of an angel.

BEAUPÈRE What did it say?

JOAN It has always protected me. It told me to be good and go to church often. And two or three times a week it told me to leave everything and go to my king. It said I would raise the siege of Orléans.

BEAUPÈRE What was your answer?

JOAN I said: I'm a girl, I've never ridden a horse, I don't know a thing about war. But the voice pressed me cruelly and gave me no peace. It told me to go. So I went.

D'ESTIVET Question: Hadn't you left home once before?

JOAN Yes, when the English attacked our village, we all ran away, and then two weeks later we came back. Everything had been burned to the ground.

BISHOP Let's get on.

LA FONTAINE (*intervenes*) Was it right to leave secretly? Are we not enjoined to honor our father and our mother?

JOAN Yes, but even if I'd had a hundred fathers and mothers, I'd have gone.

BEAUPÈRE What kind of clothes were you wearing when you arrived in Chinon?

JOAN I went to my king in Chinon in men's clothing. I had a sword, but no other weapons.

BEAUPÈRE Who told you to wear men's clothes?

JOAN Ask me something else.

D'ESTIVET Your Eminence, we must insist on being told who advised the accused to wear male attire.

CHATION Absolutely.

JOAN Ask me something else.

BISHOP Don't you know that the Scriptures say: The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment?

JOAN I had the best of advice and I trusted it.

BEAUPÈRE How did you get to this man whom you call your king?

JOAN No trouble at all. I arrived in Chinon around noon and went to an inn. After dinner I went to the castle. I recognized the king right away, with the help of my voice. I told him I wanted to go out and fight the English.

MANCHON May I interrupt?

BISHOP (*to Beaupère*) Monsieur Manchon!

MANCHON Did the king have voices too?

JOAN Ask him, maybe he'll tell you.

LEFÈVRE Question: How far away from the king were you standing?

JOAN About a lance's length, I think.

LEFÈVRE When you first saw the man whom you call your king was there an angel beside him?

JOAN God forbid, I didn't see one.

BISHOP (*to Beaupère, with contempt*) Monsieur Lefèvre!

D'ESTIVET Was there a halo around his head?

JOAN There was a splendid gathering of knights around him. Close to three hundred knights. And about fifty torches were burning, not to mention the spiritual light.

MANCHON By your leave. Do you still hear your voice?

JOAN Not a day goes by without my hearing it and I'm badly in need of it too.

LA FONTAINE What do you ask of your voice?

JOAN Victory for my side.

CHATON The day when you fought before Paris was a feast day.

JOAN Possible.

CHATON Was it right to fight on a feast day?

JOAN Ask me something else.

LA FONTAINE When you came to Compiègne, before you were taken prisoner, would you have gone on fighting if the voice had foretold that you would be captured?

JOAN With a heavy heart. I would always have done what it told me.

MIDI How long were you a prisoner in the tower of Beaulieu?

JOAN Four months. When I found out I'd been sold to the English and they were going to take me away, I became very downcast. My voices gave me no counsel and at first I was scared. But then I was more scared of the English, so I forced myself to jump.

MIDI Did you say at the time that you would rather die than fall into the hands of the English?

JOAN I'd certainly rather be in the hands of God than of the English.

BEAUPÈRE When was the last time you heard your voices?

JOAN Today.

BISHOP What did they say?

JOAN They said I should answer you judges boldly. You, Bishop of Beauvais, call yourself my judge. I don't know if that is true. But I must tell you that you will be putting yourself in great peril if you judge me wrongly.

BEAUPÈRE Was it saints that spoke to you, or angels, or God Himself?

JOAN Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret.

BISHOP Anyone else?

JOAN Saint Michael.

BEAUPÈRE Which was the last?

JOAN Saint Michael. He's the one who sent me to Chinon.

BEAUPÈRE What is he telling you now?

*(Midi is shaking with repressed laughter)*

JOAN Always to show you a friendly face and to answer you boldly.

MASSIEU Was Saint Michael naked?

JOAN Naked? Do you think God can't afford to clothe him?

LEFÈVRE Did he wear his hair cut short?

JOAN *(for the first time slightly impatient)* Why should Saint Michael have his hair cut short?

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER Let her be asked whether Saint Margaret speaks English.

ADJUTANT *(to Massieu)* My lord wishes to know whether Saint Margaret speaks English.

MASSIEU *(to Joan)* Does Saint Margaret speak English?

JOAN Why would she speak English when she's against the English?

*(The English observer laughs)*

CHATON How could you be sure it was Saint Michael and not the devil pretending to be Saint Michael?

JOAN By the way he spoke, and because he taught me a lot of good things.

CHATON What did he teach you?

JOAN Most of all that I must come to the help of my people, which so many have abandoned. And he told me about the great misery in France.

BEAUPÈRE I see. Did you wear a sword?

JOAN The sword from Vaucouleurs. I had a sheath made for it out of strong leather.

BEAUPÈRE Did you carry a flag?

JOAN I had a banner, snow-white.

LA FONTAINE Which did you like more, your sword or your banner?

JOAN My banner, much more. At least forty times more. Holding it high, I led the troops against the enemy. I never killed anybody myself.

D'ESTIVET Were you never present when Englishmen were killed?

JOAN (*laughing*) I sure was. You talk like a ninny. On battlefields there are dead people. They should have stayed home.

BEAUPÈRE Why did you never negotiate with the enemy?

JOAN My side sent word to the English that no delay would be tolerated, no postponement granted. They should clear out then and there. I shouted over to them myself to beat it on the spot, without bothering to dress, with no other baggage than their bare lives.

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER (*pushing the adjutant*) Go and tell him.

ADJUTANT (*aside*) Your Eminence.

BISHOP What's up?

ADJUTANT The Duke of Bedford will be angry; he specifically asked for a speedy trial. We consider this additional questioning superfluous.

BISHOP The Duke of Bedford will have to accept the fact that this is an ecclesiastical court, not a court martial. Not that the Duke of Bedford has anything to worry about.—Monsieur Beaupère!

MANCHON Question: What do you believe will happen to your side?

JOAN It will win. The English will have to give up every last shred of French soil. Not a single man will remain.

MIDI Remember where you are, girl.

BISHOP How can you know such things unless the devil told you?

JOAN The devil doesn't know anything. I know the English are out to kill me. They figure that once I'm dead they'll conquer the rest of France. But even with a hundred thousand more men, they will never get France.

(*The English observer rises*)

BEAUPÈRE That shouldn't be in the record.

MASSIEU It cannot be stricken. I protest, Professor Beaupère.

BEAUPÈRE Do you believe God hates the English?

JOAN Whether God hates or loves the English or what He may have in mind for their souls, I don't know. What I do know is that they're going to be driven out of France, except for the ones who die here.

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER Incompetent. (*Goes out with his adjutant*)

BISHOP D'Estivet! I wish the Duke would realize that this trial must proceed strictly according to law. The eyes of the world

are upon us. Monsieur Massieu!—Monsieur Beaupère, please continue!—Brother Raoul! Go and advise my lord that we have observers here from all over, from the council at Basel, from Rome, from every chancellery in Europe. (*Brother Raoul leaves*) Monsieur Beaupère!

BEAUPÈRE (*peevishly*) Did God command you to wear male attire?

JOAN (*lustily*) Why do you keep asking about my clothes?

Clothes are nothing, they don't matter at all. Why don't you say you want to burn me because I'm against the English?

BEAUPÈRE Did you receive the sacraments in male attire?

JOAN Unarmed, in men's clothes.

BISHOP Hm, in view of what we have just heard, we declare today's session closed. Monsieur Massieu, conduct the accused back to prison.

(*Joan is taken away*)

BISHOP Gentlemen, from now on we shall question the accused in her cell, myself and two assessors from our number; the public will be excluded. Make use of your time, gentlemen, and study the transcripts. And I remind you once more that no one is permitted to leave Rouen until the trial is over.—Praised be the Lord.

ALL Forever and ever. Amen.

#### 4

Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais visits Joan in the prison of La Tour des Champs and asks her a strange question.

*The prison of La Tour des Champs. Joan is lying on a cot. Two English guards are playing dice.*

FIRST GUARD Joan!

JOAN (*tired*) What is it now?

FIRST GUARD (*mocking her*) I'm Saint Catherine.



JOAN A very brave soldier, that's what you are.

SECOND GUARD I'm Saint Margaret.

JOAN You're a swine. Shut up!

SECOND GUARD It's me, Saint Michael.

*(Joan strikes him)*

SECOND GUARD The bitch. Did Saint Michael wake you like this? Did he hold you like this?

*(Enter Jean de la Fontaine)*

LA FONTAINE What's going on?

*(The guards let Joan go. She gets up)*

FIRST GUARD Halt! No one can come in here. It's forbidden.

LA FONTAINE I'm in charge of this interrogation.—Why are you crying, Joan?

JOAN I'm not crying. Leave me alone.

LA FONTAINE How have you been getting along since Saturday?

JOAN You can see for yourself how I've been getting along, Father. As best as I can. The bishop sent me a piece of carp, but it made me sick.

LA FONTAINE Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. *(He motions the guards to step aside)* Listen to me. You've got to accept my advice; don't be so obstinate. Several among us assessors wish you well. Do you understand?

JOAN No.

LA FONTAINE Get ready, Joan, the interrogation is about to start.

JOAN All over again?

LA FONTAINE You have no one but yourself to blame if it's taking a long time. Here is your bishop.

*(Enter the bishop, Massieu and the clerk)*

LA FONTAINE *(in a low voice to the entering churchmen)* The conditions here are intolerable. These English guards . . .

BISHOP Tush. The child is used to soldiers' company. I trust she can handle them. Monsieur Massieu!

*(At a sign from Massieu the guards and the clerk leave)*

BISHOP Well then. You have said that we, your bishop, would be putting ourselves in great peril if we called you to account. What did you mean? What would that peril be? For us, your bishop, and the others?

JOAN You'll find out soon enough.

BISHOP Did your voices tell you something about it?

JOAN    This has nothing to do with your trial. But it's quite possible that the people who want me out of the world will be leaving it before me.

BISHOP    Did your voices promise a turn for the better?

JOAN    I've answered that before.

BISHOP    When will it be?

JOAN    I don't know the day and the hour.

BISHOP    The year then.

JOAN    I won't tell you just yet.

BISHOP    Before Saint John's day?

JOAN    Ask me something else.

*(Massieu whispers in the bishop's ear)*

BISHOP    What did you say to Grey of the guards?

JOAN    That something might happen to them before All Saints' Day.

BISHOP    Monsieur La Fontaine.

*(At a sign from Massieu the clerk returns)*

LA FONTAINE *(stepping close to Joan)*    Have your voices promised that you would be rescued from prison?

JOAN *(with sudden gaiety)*    My voices promised me help. But I don't know if it means that I'll be rescued from prison, or not until the day of the execution, when a great turmoil will make it possible for me to escape. My voices keep telling me that a great victory will set me free.

LA FONTAINE    I take it you know that others have claimed to hear voices.

*(Joan is silent)*

LA FONTAINE    You have met a certain Catherine of La Rochelle, have you not?

JOAN    I have. She told me a white lady in a golden robe appeared to her; she said the lady commanded her to ask the king for heralds and trumpeters. They were to go from city to city proclaiming that anyone possessing gold or silver or hidden treasures must hand them over at once. She said she could tell who was holding back and find all the treasure anyway. Catherine said she'd use the money to pay my infantry.

LA FONTAINE    What was your answer?

JOAN    I told her to go home to her husband and take care of her house and feed her children. But to make perfectly

sure I talked it over with Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret and they said Catherine La Rochelle's talk was nonsense.

Nothing in it. I wrote my king a report, telling him just that.

LA FONTAINE Did you discuss anything else with her?

JOAN Oh yes. She wanted to go to the English and arrange for peace. I told her I didn't think they'd give us any peace except at lance's point.

BISHOP I see.

JOAN I also asked Catherine if her white lady came every night, because then I'd spend a night with her. I did. I stayed awake until midnight and I didn't see a thing. Then I fell asleep. In the morning I asked Catherine if the white lady had come. Yes, she said, while I was asleep. But she hadn't been able to wake me. I asked her if the lady would come the next night and she said yes. So I slept all day so as to stay awake at night. And I stayed awake all night but I didn't see a thing. I asked her several times if the white lady would come soon. Catherine always answered, yes, soon.

LA FONTAINE Then you believe you are in a state of grace?

JOAN If I am not, God will put me in it; if I am, God will keep me in it. I would be the unhappiest creature in the whole world if I knew I wasn't in God's grace.

LA FONTAINE But when you jumped from the tower, you wanted to kill yourself, did you not?

JOAN No. To escape.

LA FONTAINE (*with extreme insistence*) Then you believe you can never again commit a deadly sin?

JOAN I firmly believe in my salvation.

BISHOP If you are confident of your salvation, why then would you wish to confess?

JOAN A body can never keep her conscience clear enough, bishop.

LA FONTAINE (*no longer kindly, almost furious*) Wouldn't you say it was a deadly sin to capture a man by ruse, and then to kill him?

JOAN I never did any such thing.

LA FONTAINE You did not? What about a certain Franqué of Arras who was murdered in Lagny at your command?

JOAN Him? He deserved it. By his own admission he was a

scoundrel, a thief, and a traitor. I wanted to exchange him for one of our people, a good man, Monsieur de l'Ours in Paris. But the man died on us in the meantime. It would have been stupid to let that no-good Franqué go.

LA FONTAINE Did you give money to the man who captured Franqué?

JOAN I have no mint or treasury in France; how would I pay out large sums of money?

BISHOP Joan, in summation, we charge you as follows:

1. You fought before Paris on a feast day.
2. You jumped from the tower at Beaufort with intent to commit suicide.
3. You brought about the death of Franqué of Arras.
4. You have worn men's clothes.

LA FONTAINE Is it possible that you see no mortal sin in all this? Joan!

JOAN Bishop of Beauvais, you'd better watch what you're doing. This trial of yours is crooked. First, this thing about Paris—what if it was a feast day? Sin or not, it has nothing to do with this trial, the confessional's the place for it. Secondly, I jumped from the tower in hope and not despair.

BISHOP And the men's clothes?

JOAN As long as I'm here, I have to wear them. If you give me women's clothes and let me go back to my mother, I'll put them on and go home.

MASSIEU Joan, what would you prefer, to forgo mass or to attend it in women's clothes?

JOAN Dress me in women's clothes like any burgher's daughter, I'll even wear a long train and a big hat if that's the only way I can hear mass. When it's over I'll tear them off. But with all my heart I beseech you, let me be as I am.

BISHOP I have been told that your only reason for not removing your men's clothes is that you have heard of a plan to rescue you.

JOAN I won't answer any more questions. You'll find my answers in the record. *(She throws herself on the cot)*

BISHOP Very well. Let us close the proceedings. Transmit the bill of particulars to the court for engrossment.

## 5

## The weekly market in Rouen.

*Two stalls. The peasant woman and her son are selling cheese, butter, and eggs, the fishwife is selling fish. A war cripple is playing the bagpipes. Customers, among them Dr. Dufour and his two nieces.*

*An English soldier, already loaded down with merchandise, points at the wares in the peasant woman's stall. He makes her sell him twenty eggs, four cheeses, and two prints of butter. He allows the peasant woman to fish the money out of his purse.*

PEASANT WOMAN (counting) Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-four.

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER Stop.

A SHABBILY DRESSED WOMAN Two eggs, madame.

*(The soldier lumbers to the fishwife's stall and buys the biggest fish. He takes out his purse, the fishwife takes out the money)*

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER Stop. *(With a friendly grin he leaves)*

FISHWIFE Hope it poisons you. *(To Dr. Dufour)* Nice mackerel today, doctor.

DR. DUFOUR *(choosing one)* This one with the soulful eyes. No doubt she heard voices too. I suppose they advised her to take the bait.

FIRST NIECE *(from the peasant woman's stall)* Uncle!

PEASANT WOMAN People shouldn't joke about religion. The girl is a witch and that's that.

FISHWIFE Too bad she's a witch if she's against the English.

PEASANT WOMAN Her voices come from the devil.

FISHWIFE Bah, her voices seem to say what we're all saying. I mean, that the English should get out of France.

SON She's a saint.

PEASANT WOMAN You shut up!

DR. DUFOUR *(addressing his mackerel)* You may have been a saint

and you may have been a witch, but now you've been caught and you're going to be fried.

FISHWIFE    Very true, doctor, witch or not, she's being tried because the English want to swallow up the rest of France.

FIRST NIECE    Come along, uncle, you'll get into trouble. (*Leaves, anxiously looking over her shoulder*)

DR. DUFOUR (*with a negative gesture to his niece*)    Ah, madame, you're against the Maid because she's a witch. If she weren't a witch, Madame Braillard would be for her because she's a good Frenchwoman. Madame, I'm now going to buy one pound of your certified Catholic butter, and a minute ago you saw me buying a certified French fish from Madame Braillard. These opposites, dear ladies, will be united in my frying pan to make a mouth-watering dish.

FISHWIFE    You never change, Doctor Dufour.

DR. DUFOUR    Why should I change, Madame Braillard?

FISHWIFE    The Maid might be able to tell you why, Dr. Dufour.

SON    They say she's giving the court a hard time.

(*Four priests, Beaupère, d'Estivet, Manchon, and Lefèvre, in conversation, cross the market*)

MANCHON    Well, what's next?

BEAUPÈRE    It's all over.

MANCHON    What do you mean?

BEAUPÈRE    The report of the Paris faculty has come in.

D'ESTIVET    Fuel for the fire, crushing for the accused.

BEAUPÈRE    Schismatic and heretical on twelve counts.

LEFÈVRE    Of course people will say that Paris is occupied by the English, just as much as Rouen.

MANCHON    No, Paris is Paris!

LEFÈVRE    I understand there's another report from old Gerson —favorable to the accused. There's no denying that for years now the man has been Europe's leading luminary. His opinion has been decisive in all ecclesiastical trials.

BEAUPÈRE    The old fox has always made his decisions with an eye to the common people. In Constance he sent Hus to the stake, but this time it's a child of the people.

MANCHON    Child of the people, indeed! As subtle as ten theologians. How careful she is, for instance, not to say that her voices advised her to wear men's clothes. She knows that

would finish her, because it would show incontestably that her voices came from the devil.

LEFÈVRE Even then we wouldn't have been able to prove that she's in league with the devil. Maid who doth the devil see can no more a maiden be. I understand that Lady Bedford in person has established her virginity.

D'ESTIVET And I understand that her husband, our beloved Duke of Bedford, has done likewise, thanks to an aperture in the floor, made for that express purpose.

*(Laughter. They move on)*

*(Dr. Dufour has whispered to the war cripple. The latter nods and plays the well-known song lampooning Cauchon of Beauvais. Manchon drops him a coin, but is informed by d'Estivet that the song is not intended to be friendly)*

D'ESTIVET *(to the war cripple)* Scoundrel.

*(Indignantly the churchmen leave)*

FISHWIFE *(joins in the singing)*

Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais

Is an Englishman now, they say

On sentimental grounds

And for five thousand pounds.

## 6

May 9, 1431. In the armory of the royal castle. Joan is threatened with torture.

*Armory in the great tower of the royal castle. The Bishop of Beauvais, all the assessors, Brother Raoul, the clerk, the executioner, Joan, and the guards.*

BISHOP Praised be the Lord.

ALL Forever and ever. Amen.

BROTHER RAOUL Your Eminence, this is Monsieur Dujardin, the executioner.

*(The executioner kneels before the bishop and kisses the hem of his cassock. The bishop blesses him)*

BISHOP    Monsieur Jean de Chation, Professor at the Theological Faculty of Paris.

CHATON    Joan, in humility and moderation, with no thought of vengeance or punishment, solely intent on your salvation and instruction, we shall make a last attempt to save your body and soul.

JOAN      Just reel off your speech, then I'll answer you.

CHATON    Is that all you wish to say?

JOAN      Don't beat about the bush. Read the indictment.

CHATON    Joan, we have meticulously examined your acts and deeds as recorded in these minutes. We have found grave trespasses.

JOAN      How do I know what extra tidbits you've worked into the minutes?

CHATON    Do you mean to say that you do not recognize us as your secular judges appointed by the church?

JOAN      Exactly.

CHATON    Joan, if as you indicate you refuse to recognize the article *Unam Sanctam Ecclesiam Catholicam*, the court must send you to the stake.

JOAN      Even in the fire I couldn't say anything else.

CHATON    Joan, we have shown you how hazardous, nay dangerous it is to direct one's curiosity to things that transcend the capacity of human understanding, to place one's faith in new things and even invent new and unheard-of things, for the demons find ways of insinuating themselves into our curiosity. All the learned masters and doctors of the University of Paris have recognized your statements concerning your voices and apparitions to be pure lies. Heedless of our admonitions, you in your pride have deemed yourself worthy to receive voices and inspirations directly from God. Forgetting that God tempts prideful persons like you with diabolical visions, you yourself have invented these voices. We therefore exhort you to subdue your vanity and cast off your lies. If you will not submit to the church today your soul will be consumed by eternal fire and your body by temporal fire.



JOAN Do you think you can intimidate me with such talk and win me over to your side?

BISHOP Monsieur La Fontaine!

LA FONTAINE Joan, dearest sister. I beg you, don't let the worst happen. If you really heard voices, dear sister, accept the opinion of the University of Paris which declares your voices to be imaginings and nonsense. What would you have done if one of your soldiers had said, I refuse to obey the orders of my king's officers? So what can you think of yourself when you refuse to obey the representatives of your church? Abandon your resistance, dear sister, or your soul will suffer eternal torments. Moreover, I am very much in fear for your life. Submit, I implore you, in order that we may save your body and your soul.

JOAN I have submitted to God, isn't that enough?

LA FONTAINE You should know, Joan, that we distinguish the church triumphant from the church militant. The church triumphant consists of God, his saints and all redeemed souls; the church militant of the Holy Father, the cardinals, prelates, bishops, priests and all Christians. This church, congregated upon earth, led by the Most Holy Ghost, is infallible. Will you submit to it?

JOAN I won't answer any more questions.

BISHOP Joan, for the last time I ask you, will you submit to the church?

JOAN What *is* the church? No. I will not submit to you judges.

BISHOP Will you submit to the pope?

JOAN Take me to him and I'll tell him.

BISHOP Will you submit to the Council of Basel?

JOAN The Council of Basel? What's that?

LEFÈVRE It is an assembly representative of the entire church. In other words, it includes members of the English party as well as your own.

JOAN I think I'd rather submit to them.

CHATION Basel!!

LEFÈVRE She has every right to do so.

CHATION It's out of the question.

BEAUPÈRE What an idea!

BISHOP Who has been advising her since our last session?

MASSIEU No one.

MANCHON Why, then, is she being asked?

CLERK Can her submission be recorded as final?

BISHOP No, wait.

JOAN You're not letting him record anything in my favor.

BISHOP Be still!—Inasmuch as you, Joan, are unresponsive to our admonitions and continue to deny the truth, we are obliged to subject you to torture. Monsieur Massieu, show the accused the instruments.

*(The guards lead Joan to the table where the instruments are displayed)*

MANCHON Pray answer us, Joan!

LEFÈVRE Pray submit!

D'ESTIVET Won't you give in, girl?

LA FONTAINE You're not helping anyone.

CHATION Joan, the torturers are ready to lead you to the truth by force, for the salvation of your soul.

*(Joan faints; she is brought front stage again)*

JOAN If you break my bones with these instruments and squeeze my soul out of my poor body, I will not say anything different. And if I do say something different, I'll say afterwards that it was torn from me by force.

MASSIEU *(in an undertone)* Should we?

LA FONTAINE *(in an undertone)* Let us spare her.

BISHOP *(in a loud voice)* In view of the obstinacy of the accused and the insolence of her answers we, the judges, fear that torture can no longer benefit her. We shall therefore dispense with it. Take her back to prison.

*(Joan is dragged out)*

## 7

Sunday in the prison of La Tour des Champs. Joan hears a song, but does not understand the words.

*Prison. Joan is lying on the cot. The two English guards. In the distance a bagpipe is playing "Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais."*

JOAN Why are the people so gay?

GUARD Because it's a holiday. Why shouldn't people be gay?

JOAN Yes.

## 8

Joan thinks the people have forgotten her. But in the markets and taverns they are beginning to understand her.

*The "St. Peter's Catch" tavern. The peasant family from the outskirts are eating their lunch. A young, shabbily dressed curate. The loose woman. The well-dressed gentleman. The innkeeper. Bagpipe music.*

LEGRAIN I see there are decent people here. Anybody who can read?

YOUNG CURATE What is it?

LEGRAIN It's a copy of the letter she wrote to the English before she raised the siege of Orléans. I don't know if you'd care to read it.

YOUNG CURATE Does my cassock look as if it were paid for by English money? (*He reads*) "Jesus Mary! You, King of

England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourselves regents of the kingdom of France, and you, William Pole, Earl of Suffolk, John Talbot, Thomas Lord of Scales, who call yourselves lieutenants of the said Duke of Bedford: render His due to the King of Heaven and give back the keys of all the fortified cities of France which you have taken and ravished. The Maid has come in the name of God. She is ready to make peace as soon as you leave France and pay for your presence here. And you, all the rest of you, archers, soldiers, and so on, who are here before our city of Orléans, go back to your country, in the name of God. If you do not, you may expect the Maid, who will visit you very soon to your great grief."

LOOSE WOMAN    She's good.

YOUNG CURATE    "King of England, wherever I find your men on France's soil, I will drive them away, whether they will or not. And if they will not, I will have them all killed. Wherever we find you we will strike you and raise a clamor the like of which has not been heard in France for at least a thousand years. Written this day, Tuesday of Holy Week . . .

Joan."

Unconquerable.

ENGLISH SOLDIER (*comes in and demands a drink*)    Evening. Some wine!

YOUNG CURATE    Praised be Jesus Christ.

PEASANT (*tipsy, plants himself in front of the English soldier*)    If you are a servant of the Duke of Bedford, then listen to this: the Duke of Bedford's a drunk.

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN    Come along, Blanche. (*They leave the tavern*)

PEASANT WOMAN    Guillaume!

PEASANT    He drinks from morning to night, and all he ever thinks of is hitting us with taxes and grinding down the people.

(*The English soldier leaves, looking back over his shoulder. A roar of laughter*)

YOUNG CURATE    Give me the letter.

## 9

In the chapel of the graveyard of Saint-Ouen. Threatened with the stake and worn down by a feeling of utter forsakenness, Joan signs a recantation. It is May 24, 1431.

*The chapel of the graveyard of Saint-Ouen. La Fontaine. Joan is carried in. Guards and an English officer. Church bells and the noise of a crowd are audible while Joan is being carried in.*

LA FONTAINE Joan, you are in the chapel of the graveyard of Saint-Ouen. Collect yourself, dear sister. Out on the square the stake is ready.

JOAN (*barely audible*) Saint Michael.

LA FONTAINE (*steps up to her*) Believe me, Joan, it is not too late for your salvation.

*(Enter the bishop, Maître Erard, Massieu, Beaupère, Brother Raoul. Once more bells and the noise of crowds are heard)*

BISHOP Maître Erard, we are obliged to you for postponing your journey. You say you had a better impression of her yesterday?

MAÎTRE ERARD God will help.—Her physical condition is not of the best. She keeps asking how the people are reacting to her trial—with sympathy or indifference. Attempts by her partisans to communicate with her have been thwarted. She is upset because her voices have abandoned her. Has it been sufficiently impressed on her that today . . .

LA FONTAINE She was told at five o'clock this morning.

MASSIEU Here are the three documents. This is the sentence in case she recants. (*Hands it to the bishop who gives it to Brother Raoul*) This is the sentence if she fails to recant. (*He keeps it*) This is the recantation. (*Gives it to Maître Erard*) Bid her sign the recantation in order that this sentence (*the document in his hand*) may not become effective.

BISHOP    Maître Erard! Monsieur Massieu!

MAÎTRE ERARD    The ground has all been covered, dear sister. Your king is a heretic; moreover, he has forgotten you. Your apparitions are illusions; the professors have said so and they know; you know nothing. You may as well take off your male attire, nobody has come with a horse to set you free. Your voices have deceived you, and what's more, they have stopped coming. I know they have. Were they here today? Did they come yesterday?

JOAN    No, not yesterday.

MAÎTRE ERARD    And the day before, my child?

JOAN    No.

MAÎTRE ERARD    You see, they have abandoned you, but the stake is ready. And here I have a document; if you submit and sign and recant, you will be released from prison.

JOAN (*in tears*)    I have done nothing wrong.

MAÎTRE ERARD    If you don't recant, it will be the fire, dear sister. (*At a sign from him the door is thrown open and the bells and the noise are heard*)

MAÎTRE ERARD    Would you not rather stay with your mother, the church, for it is written, "The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine."

(*Joan does not answer*)

MAÎTRE ERARD    Joan, it's to you I am speaking.

(*At a sign from Massieu the door is closed*)

MASSIEU    Forgive me if I should be mistaken, but I believe I heard her say "Then I will."

(*All gather around Joan*)

MASSIEU    She says that if the Council at Basel decides she must sign she will do so.

BEAUPÈRE    No, dear sister, you must do it now.

JOAN    I can't get up.

BEAUPÈRE    I'll help you.

CHATON    Sign here.

JOAN    I can't write.

LA FONTAINE    I'll guide your hand.

CHATON    Quick, sign.

JOAN    I've got to think it over.

BEAUPÈRE    The executioner is outside. He's got his torch ready.

LA FONTAINE Sign! Sign!

JOAN I feel sick.

LA FONTAINE Courage, Joan.

CHATION You must sign.

JOAN Where? I can't see.

*(La Fontaine guides Joan's hand. She signs)*

JOAN I'd sooner sign than be burned.

BISHOP A great day, my girl. Your body and soul are saved. *(To Brother Raoul)* Give me the sentence.

BEAUPÈRE Your voices led you astray, my child.

JOAN Yes, I guess they deceived me.

BISHOP Give the prisoner women's clothes.

*(Two nuns have entered. A screen is brought in. The nuns dress Joan, who is tottering, in female clothes)*

BISHOP Brother Raoul, send a message to my lord that she has recanted. *(Reads the sentence very quickly)* You, Joan, having been repeatedly and patiently admonished by us, have now recanted your errors by word of mouth and publicly abjured them. Consequently, you are hereby readmitted to the church. However, since you have most gravely sinned against the church, we condemn you to imprisonment for life, to the bread of sorrow and the wine of tears, albeit constantly in the shelter of our compassion. This is the final decision of the court.

*(The English observer and the adjutant have come in)*

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER Goddam! The witch has to be burned at once!

ADJUTANT What's going on here?

BISHOP She has recanted.

ADJUTANT This is high treason.

BISHOP I'm being insulted. I demand satisfaction.

ADJUTANT You're letting the girl get away.

BISHOP That's a lie.

ADJUTANT The girl must be executed at once.

BISHOP That decision rests with me.

THE ENGLISH OBSERVER No. *(Goes out with his adjutant)*

MASSIEU Where is she to be taken?

BISHOP Same place you took her from. *(Out)*

MASSIEU Take her back to prison. *(Out)*

JOAN    But you said I would be free!

GUARD    Just come along quietly, little girl. How pretty you look  
in your nice dress.

## 10

In the graveyard of Saint-Ouen an expectant crowd  
hears of Joan's recantation.

*Market place in Rouen. A crowd, waiting. English soldiers.*

WAR CRIPPLE    Are they going to burn her today or not?  
*(An English soldier shrugs)*

SECOND SOLDIER    The time it takes. Do they expect us to eat our  
dinner out here?

FIRST SOLDIER    Goddam!

SISTER-IN-LAW    You can't get her down, can you? She holds her  
head high.

LITTLE GIRL    Why have the bells stopped?

PEASANT WOMAN    Don't know.

FIRST SOLDIER    The "Red Lion" costs more, but at "St. Peter's  
Catch" they cook with garlic.

SECOND SOLDIER    They cook with garlic because they don't want  
us.

*(A third English soldier joins the other two and tells them something.  
They laugh)*

SISTER-IN-LAW    What are the English soldiers laughing about?  
*(The soldiers go off, laughing)*

LOOSE WOMAN    Henry, what's happened?

FIRST SOLDIER    You can all go home. Your Maid has recanted.

SECOND SOLDIER    Not that she is one.

LEGRAIN    Some new piece of skulduggery.

LOOSE WOMAN    It's all over. The bells have stopped ringing.

SISTER-IN-LAW    You mean they're not going to burn her after  
all?



SON How can she recant the truth? How can she betray us like this?

WAR CRIPPLE She's recanted all right.

INNKEEPER To save her skin.

PEASANT WOMAN Is this the end of it all?

PEASANT She's recanted. Let's go home.

PEASANT WOMAN Eugene.

WINE MERCHANT Ha, ha! Not that she is one. Ha, ha, ha! (*He is jostled by the son*)

FISHWIFE What can they have done to the girl?

## 11

At the "St. Peter's Catch" tavern, opinions are divided.

*The "St. Peter's Catch" tavern. The innkeeper. The fishwife. The well-dressed gentleman. The loose woman.*

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN I'm not for the English. I only said that it's no good trying to crack a nut with a sledgehammer—you might need the nut. The tripe vendors and sewer workers are full of patriotic fervor, that's fine. Jostling the English guards, splendid. But what will it lead to? After all, there's no great difference between the door of a guardroom and the door of my hotel. The English are boors, not much culture, they've blundered unforgivably in their dealings with the population, I grant you that, but for the moment they are responsible for law and order.

LOOSE WOMAN (*to fishwife*) Law and order, he says. I like that. He hasn't paid my rent in weeks.

FISHWIFE (*calms her*) Take it easy, Blanche.

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN We've got to keep cool. What I say is: everything in its place. I don't ask my butcher to cook my supper.

LOOSE WOMAN Pay my rent.

LEGRAIN (*enters*) Monsieur François, un petit blanc! There's been a riot in the harbor. The stevedores have refused to unload two siege machines from the corvette "Glorious." The Duke of Bedford has let loose his watchdogs, but the dockers are fighting back.

INNKEEPER Maybe I'd better close the place. They've already smashed it up once.

FISHWIFE (*laughs*) What will the bishop do now?

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN How can you laugh, madame? I've had as much as I can take. I'm telling you straight: This town has got to be cleaned up. Sneers, whispering, dirty looks. Pretty soon it won't be safe for a man to show himself in a clean shirt.

LOOSE WOMAN Especially if the laundress hasn't been paid.

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN There you have it! Insurrection.

LOOSE WOMAN You mean you won't pay?

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN These people are taking me for all they can get.

INNKEEPER Say!

LOOSE WOMAN You aren't that pretty. You think going to bed with you is a pleasure? And listening to your hogwash day and night? Pay up and clear out. A peasant girl! What does that make me? A dockside whore, I suppose. Pay if you want to have fun, pay, pay, pay!

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN Suppose I haven't got it?

LOOSE WOMAN Pluck your hat and sell the feathers, you sissy.

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN Let me explain . . .

LOOSE WOMAN Don't explain, pay!

WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN That's the last straw. There's only one thing to be done with you scum, your Maid included: root out, burn to the ground, drown in blood, hang, crush underfoot, exterminate. (*The loose woman slaps his face. He leaves*)

FISHWIFE You shouldn't have done that. He'll give you a bad name in the taverns.

LOOSE WOMAN All this is getting me down.

INNKEEPER You're not the only one, mademoiselle. You're not the only one.

## 12

Rioting in Rouen. The Bishop of Beauvais receives distressing news.

*In the bishop's house. The bishop at dinner. Massieu.*

BISHOP Those English blockheads don't realize how well I've served them. They may know all about invading France, but they fail to understand the French mind.

MASSIEU Thanks to your great skill they have one less enemy, and the church has lost a martyr.

BROTHER RAOUL (*entering*) Your Eminence. The city is in a turmoil. The people are crowding into the harbor and beating up the English sailors. Several guard posts have been attacked. The English are demanding satisfaction.

BISHOP I can't be bothered with street brawls. The English can reinforce their guards.

BROTHER RAOUL Your Eminence, they're putting the blame on us and the way we conducted the trial. I hear the Duke of Bedford is sick with rage.

BISHOP The Duke of Bedford has all the doctors he needs. Besides, he's always had trouble with his liver. It's the life he's been leading. Anything else?

BROTHER RAOUL The English report that she put on men's clothes this morning.

MASSIEU She must have heard about the riots on her account.

BISHOP (*aghast, puts his napkin down*) Water!

*(Brother Raoul hands him the bowl to wash his hands in)*

## 13

The prison of La Tour des Champs. Joan has heard the voice of the people and resumes her struggle.

*Prison. Joan, again in men's clothes. Enter the Bishop of Beauvais and La Fontaine.*

BISHOP You are wearing men's clothes again!

LA FONTAINE Why have you caused us this sorrow? Dearest sister, it's too late to save you. You've broken your promise; you've relapsed, now you're lost forever.

JOAN What did I promise you?

BISHOP Have you heard your voices again?

JOAN Yes.

BISHOP And they told you . . .

JOAN That I betrayed my cause.

BISHOP But you have publicly recanted.

JOAN Yes. Because I didn't know what a public recantation meant. I only recanted because I was afraid of the fire. In battle I was never afraid of fire, because I wasn't alone, I had my men around me. But then I doubted the people; I thought they wouldn't care if I died, and would just go on drinking their wine. But they knew all about me the whole time, and nothing I did was in vain.

BISHOP What does it matter what the coopers and fishwives know?

JOAN Bishop, a day will come when the vintners of Touraine and the sailors of Normandy will sit together, and you people won't be here any more.

BISHOP In other words you are obstinate and guilty of a relapse.

JOAN I am.

BISHOP Joan, you have reverted to your old errors and trespasses as a dog returns to its vomit. The church can no longer defend you. Farewell, farewell! (*Goes out with La Fontaine*)

## 14

On May 30, 1431, Joan is handed over to the executioner.

*Prison. Joan. In the background the executioner, a nun, an English officer, English soldiers, the two guards. Enter Massieu.*

MASSIEU Joan, the Bishop of Beauvais has sent me to prepare you for death.

JOAN Yes.

MASSIEU Are you afraid of death?

JOAN Yes, very much afraid.

MASSIEU Then you repent?

JOAN No.

MASSIEU Joan, in the face of death do you persist in considering your voices true?

JOAN Yes.

MASSIEU But, Joan, haven't those voices promised that you would be freed from prison forever?

JOAN Won't I be freed from prison forever today?

MASSIEU Joan, did they not foretell your impending release?

JOAN Am I not being released from the fear of death? Am I not being released from fear of the powerful?

*(Solemn entry of the Bishop of Beauvais with all the judges and assessors of the trial)*

BISHOP We have come to the end. Joan, have you anything more to say?

JOAN Yes. If the fire were to be lit right now and the faggots were burning and the executioner fanning the flames, I would say nothing different from what I have always said.

BISHOP Conduct her to the stake.

*(The executioner steps forward)*

MASSIEU    This is irregular, my lord. You must proclaim the reasons for your order.

BISHOP    Take her away, take her away!  
*(The executioner takes Joan away)*

## 15

In the market place of Rouen, in the presence of an immense crowd, the Maid is burned at the stake.

*Market place in Rouen. A large crowd. English soldiers.*

SISTER-IN-LAW    She looks so little among the men.

PEASANT WOMAN    Lift the child up!

SON *(to the curate)*    Do you think she's afraid?

YOUNG CURATE    We are afraid, she isn't.

CHILD    It's daylight. Why has that man got a torch?

OLDER NUN    That's the executioner, little girl. He's ready with his torch to light the fire for the witch.

FISHWIFE    Look at the Duke of Bedford, he's laughing and enjoying himself. Those twelve thousand pounds for the Maid have paid off.

SON    Cardinals and dukes, birds of a feather. English and French lords, birds of a feather.

PEASANT    Hold your tongue.

SOLDIER    Who was that?

FISHWIFE *(drops her basket to cover up the flight of the young peasant)*  
 My fish, my mackerel!

WINE MERCHANT *(to the soldier)*    Someone pushed me from behind.

YOUNG CURATE    That's right, I saw it myself.

LOOSE WOMAN    Henry, go home.

BISHOP'S VOICE    We, Bishop of Beauvais, hereby declare you, Joan, a heretic and relapsed sinner and by this same declara-

tion excommunicate you. At the same time we pray that divine judgment upon you may be mitigated after your death and the imminent destruction of your body.

FIRST SOLDIER Took a long time!

*(Church bells)*

SECOND SOLDIER Don't push. The wood's piled high enough, everybody can see her.

FISHWIFE Swine! They've piled it high to make her suffer more.

SECOND SOLDIER Why do they let the people come so close?

FIRST SOLDIER Don't worry, you've got a pike. Let them get a taste of the smoke.

LOOSE WOMAN Now!

*(Nuns recite the Hail Mary)*

FIRST SOLDIER It's all over, let's go home. What are you people gaping at? She can't do any more than burn.

PEASANT *(to his wife)* Don't cry now. She can't feel anything now.

LOOSE WOMAN She's still screaming.

SECOND SOLDIER Got to sound off to the bitter end.

SISTER-IN-LAW She's stopped screaming.

## 16

Five years later the ultimate liberation and unification of France is initiated by the revolt of the people in Paris. At the head of the popular movement walks the legendary figure of little Joan of Arc.

*The village in Touraine. Jacques Legrain is hammering a wine barrel. Grandfather Breuil, an old man from a neighboring village, steps up, leading a child by the hand.*

GRANDFATHER BREUIL Well, Jacques, that was a long visit you had with François at the "St. Peter's Catch." Something like five years.

LEGRAIN One thing led to another, Grandfather Breuil.

BREUIL A man sets out for Rouen and ends up in Paris, hein?

The English are there too, I suppose.

LEGRAIN Not any more, grandfather, not any more.

BREUIL What do you mean, not any more?

LEGRAIN The artisans from the suburbs, the drapers and tanners, the vegetable women from the market have driven them out.

BREUIL And fellows like Jacques Legrain, I daresay. I suppose they're still in Compiègne?

LEGRAIN Not there either. Nor in Rheims or Châlons. They're still in Calais, though, and down in Bordeaux; but not for long.

BREUIL (*to the child*) Did you hear that? The French are making themselves at home in France.

CHILD Did you see her, Monsieur Legrain?

LEGRAIN I saw her burn, Pierre.

BREUIL She led France.

LEGRAIN Yes, but France led her as well.

BREUIL I thought she was led by voices.

LEGRAIN Yes, our voices.

BREUIL What do you mean?

LEGRAIN Well, it was like this: First she led the people against the enemy, that's how she was captured. Then when they locked her up in the tower in Rouen, she didn't hear from us and became weak like you and me. She even recanted. But when she recanted, the common people of Rouen got so angry at her that they went to the docks and beat up the English. She heard about it, nobody knows how, and her courage came back. She realized that a law court is as good a battleground as the earthworks before Orléans. So she turned her greatest defeat into our greatest victory. After her lips were silenced, her voice was heard.

BREUIL Well, well. The war isn't over yet.

CHILD Will the English soldiers come back, grandfather?

BREUIL I doubt it. How's the wine at your place this year?

LEGRAIN I wasn't there last year, but the girls say it's as sweet as in twenty-eight.

(*The girls are heard singing as they pick the grapes*)



GIRLS (*singing*)

The Maid stood trial for half a year  
All France was waiting until May.  
And those she spoke to did not hear.  
Then she was taken out into the day.  
And as they dragged her to the stake  
As torches hissed and the wind blew shrill  
She cried out: Frenchmen, Frenchmen, wake  
And fight for France, for the soil you till!

LEGRAIN They're singing that song in both halves of France  
now, ours and theirs.