From the full length play:
Les Miserables
Adapted from Victor Hugo by Tracy Wells

JEAN VALJEAN, *Criminal who tries to reform himself; male*

MONSIEUR MYRIEL, *Kind bishop who starts Valjean's reform; male*

AT RISE: VALJEAN wanders the streets after being released from prison.

VALJEAN

Where will I go? Who will take me in? Who will help a former criminal whose only dream is start anew…to make a new life for himself…to be a good man? You, Monsieur? Can you spare a few sou for a weary traveler? What about you, Madame? Do you have an empty room where I can pass the night? Not even a corner of your stable? I can spend the night on a bed of straw. Won't anyone help me? Am I not even human? A quiet convent. This is my last hope.

(Calls out)

Bonjour! Is anyone at home?

(MONSIEUR MYRIEL enters stage right and crosses to archway)

MYRIEL

Monsieur, it is late. What brings you to my door?

VALJEAN

My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict, I have been in prison for 19 years and I have just been sent free. I am on my way to Pontarlier to register for probation. I am hungry and tired but no one will take me in because of my yellow papers.

(Shoves yellow papers in MYRIEL'S hands, who looks them over)

MYRIEL

Madame Magloire, set another place. And put some sheets on the bed in the alcove.This is a house of God, Madame Magloire, and as we know from our teachings, God commands us to open our door to those in need.

(Turns to VALJEAN)

It is apparent to me that Monsieur Valjean is in need of our help. Isn't that so?

VALJEAN

It is.

MYRIEL

Then you are welcome to share our meal and take shelter in our home for the night.

VALJEAN

Thank you, sir.

(VALJEAN enters, takes off his coat and throws in on the ground and sits to eat, which he does so noisily.)

MYRIEL

(Chuckling)

My, you are hungry, aren't you?

VALJEAN

(With mouth full)

I sure am.

(Swipes across his mouth with his sleeve then resumes eating)

Read my papers and you will know what I have done.

(MYRIEL reads)

MYRIEL

Nineteen years in prison—five years for burglary with fourteen years added to his sentence for attempting to escape four times.What did you steal, Monsieur Valjean?

VALJEAN

Only a loaf of bread to feed my widowed sister and her starving children.

MYRIEL

This man is our brother, Madame Magloire. It is our duty to help him and help him we shall.

VALJEAN

You are too kind, Monsieur. You know I am a convict, yet you don't turn me away from your house.

MYRIEL

I am a priest and this is not my house—it is a house of God. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome.

VALJEAN

Oh noble priest! Thank you.

MYRIEL

Do not thank me. This is the house of no man, except he who needs asylum. Whatever is here is yours.

(Stands)

Now that your belly is full, you must be tired.

VALJEAN

I am.

MYRIEL

As am I. If you will excuse me, I am going to retire to my room.

(Indicates offstage)

MYRIEL (Cont.)

Your room is just through that door when you are ready. May you have a good night's rest

(Starts to exit)

VALJEAN

Good night, Father.

MYRIEL

(Turns)

I am not your father, but your brother.

(Exits)

VALJEAN

My brother? How can we be brothers when you are good and I am….not.

(Stands)

No matter what I do, the world will always see me as a criminal. How can I survive when the world turns its back on me?

(Looks down at the silver and picks up a fork)

This silver must be worth a fortune. And a fortune could change a criminal into a gentleman.

(Looks around nervously, then picks up coat and starts wrapping silver inside it, knocking candlestick to ground, making a loud crashing noise)

Whatever is here is yours—that's what the old priest told me after all.

(Looks down at his coat)

I guess Javert was right—a criminal can't change.