

**JEAN VALJEAN, OR,  
THE SHADOW OF THE  
LAW: IN FIVE ACTS**

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Jean Valjean, Or, The Shadow of the Law: In Five Acts by H. C. Fulton

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**H. C. FULTON**

**JEAN VALJEAN, OR,  
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LAW: IN FIVE ACTS**



# JEAN VALJEAN;

—OR—

## THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.

A DRAMATIZATION

OF

VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES."

*IN FIVE ACTS.*

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By H. C. FULTON.

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## CHARACTERS.

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JEAN VALJEAN, a convict.  
JAVERT, an inspector.  
THERNARDIER, a chop-house keeper.  
FATHER FAUCHELEVENT, a broken-down notary.  
MONSEIGNEUR BIENVENU, Bishop of D——.  
GRANDFATHER GILLENORMAND.  
MARIUS PONTMERCY, his grandson.  
ENJOLRAS, leader of insurgents.  
PETIT GERVAIS, a Savoyard.  
GAYROCHE, a gamin.  
BABIT, a bandit.  
DOCTOR.  
FANTINE.  
COSETTE, her daughter.  
MADAME THERNARDIER.  
EPONINE, her daughter.  
MADEMOISELLE GILLENORMAND, daughter to Gillenormand.  
MADEMOISELLE BAPTISTINE, sister to the Bishop.  
MADAME MAGLOIRE, housekeeper to the Bishop.  
SIMPLICE, a nud.

*Nuns, Bandits, Gendarmes, Insurgents, Servants,  
Soldiers, and Wagoners.*

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SCENE— *At and near Paris.*

TIME— *1816-32.*

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R, right of stage, facing the audience; L, left; C, center; 1 E, first entrance; U, upper; 1 G, first groove; etc.

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TIME OF REPRESENTATION, *three hours.*

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1918

# JEAN VALJEAN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Outside of THENARDIER'S inn. 2 G. Sign with a man carrying an officer through smoke, with inscription, "To the Sergeant of Waterloo." MADAME THENARDIER seated on bench at door. EPONINE playing. Enter FANTINE R, with child and heavy bag.*

*Fan.* You have a pretty child, Madame.

*Mad. T.* Yes. Sit down. [*FAN. sits on bench.*] My name is Madame Theuardier — we keep this inn.

*Fan.* I am a poor working woman. My husband—is—dead. I can get no work in Paris, and am going to look elsewhere.

*Mad. T.* What do you call your brat?

*Fan.* Cosette.

*Mad. T.* How old is she?

*Fan.* She is going on three years.

*Mad. T.* The age of mine.

*Fan.* Will you keep my child for me? You see, I cannot take her into the country. It is God who has led me before your door. The sight of your child has overwhelmed me. I said: there is a good mother; they will be like sisters; and then it will not be long before I come back. Will you keep my child for me?

*Mad. T.* I will think of it.

*Thenardier [Inside].* How much will you pay?

*Fan.* I will give you six francs a month.

*Then.* Not less than seven francs, and six months' pay in advance. Six times seven are forty-two.

*Fan.* I will give it. I have eighty francs. That will give me enough to get into the country. I will earn money there, and will soon come for my little love.

*Then.* Has the child any wardrobe?

*Mad. T.* That is my husband.

*Fan.* Certainly she has—the dear little thing—a fine one, and everything in dozens for the darling. They are in my bag.

*Then.* You must leave it here.

*Fan.* Of course, I shall give it to you. It would be strange if I should leave my child naked.

*Then.* [Entering C.] It is all right. [FAN. kisses child and hands it to MAD. T.; gives money and bag to THEN. Exit L, crying.] That will do for my note of one hundred and ten francs, which falls due to-morrow. There is money in this new brat; she can soon work, and we can get pay for keeping her. Husband! bosh! I guess I knew; she won't humbug me. I want money. The clothes will do for Eponine. Come, child, and try on your new clothes.

[Exit MAD. T. and EPO. C, leaving door open. Enter FATHER FAUCHELEVENT and GENDARME C. WAGONERS seen at table inside.]

*Gen.* What were you saying of this new bishop — Monseigneur Bienvenu?

*Then.* That he is a strange man.

*Fauche.* What strange things has he been doing now?

*Then.* He pretends to care much for the poor, and has given up his palace to the sick, and moved himself into the little, low, narrow one-story hospital.

*Gen.* And his housekeeper, Madame Magloire, says he lives very plainly, and gives almost all he has to the poor.

*Fauche.* This is very strange for a bishop.

*Gen.* Then, he trusts every one, and neither turns lock nor slides bolt. He had better have a care, though, or he will lose what little he has, and by the hand of such as comes yonder.

[Enter JEAN VALJEAN L, roughly clad, with stick and knapsack. He drags his left leg a little. GEN. observes him, and exits L.]

*Then.* What will Monsieur have?

*Jean.* Something to eat and drink.

*Then.* Nothing more easy — for pay.

*Jean* [Showing purse]. I have money.

*Then.* Then I am at your service. Seat yourself here.

*Jean* [Seated]. How soon will dinner be ready?

*Then.* Directly. [Writes on paper and beckons within. Enter PETIT GERVAIS C. THEN. whispers to him, and hands paper. Exit PETIT L.]

*Jean.* I say! is it most ready? I have walked all day, and am almost famished.

*Then.* Have you walked far?

*Jean.* Yes, and through the dry dust, too, and am almost choked; so hurry.

*Then.* In a moment. [To FAUCHE.] I have heard this new bishop is about to give up riding an ass, and has accepted from the Conseil-General three thousand francs for carriage expenses.

*Fauche.* Carriage expenses! in a town of less than four



thousand inhabitants! Avaricious like the rest, I fear. But time will tell. Give him a trial.

*Jean.* How much longer must a starving man wait for his dinner?

*Then.* In a moment. [*Enter PETIT L., hands paper to THEN. and exits C.*] Monsieur, I cannot receive you.

*Jean.* Why? Do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you.

*Then.* It is not that.

*Jean.* What then?

*Then.* I have no room.

*Jean.* Well, put me in the stable.

*Then.* I cannot.

*Jean.* Why?

*Then.* The horses take all the room.

*Jean.* Well, a corner in the garret; a truss of straw. We will see about that after dinner.

*Then.* I can give you no dinner.

*Jean* [*Rising*]. Oh, bah! but I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise. I will pay, and I want something to eat.

*Then.* I have nothing.

*Jean* [*Laughing*]. Nothing! and all those men in there eating?

*Then.* All that is engaged.

*Jean.* By whom? There is surely enough for one more.

*Then.* The wagoners have engaged and paid for it all in advance.

*Jean* [*Starting towards door*]. I am at an inn; I am hungry, and I shall stay.

[*Enter GEN. L.*]

*Then.* Go away.. [*JEAN turns.*] No more of that. Shall I tell you your name? Your name is Jean Valjean. Now, shall I tell you who you are? When I first saw you I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read? I am polite to all. Go.

*Jean.* They sent me from the other inn.

*Then.* And we turn you from this.

*Jean.* Where would you have me go?

*Then.* Somewhere else. [*Exit C, with FAUCHE, taking bench. Closes door.*]

*Gen.* You tried the other inn?

*Jean.* Yea. They said there was no room. I went to the prison; they said it was no inn, and told me to get arrested and they would take me. I have knocked at almost every door.

*Gen.* Have you knocked at that door? [*Pointing R.*]

*Jean.* No.

*Gen.* Knock there. [*Exit C; JEAN exit R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Bishop's dining-room. 4 G, very plain. MAD-  
MOISELLE BAPTISTINE and MADAME MAGLOIRE discovered,  
the latter setting table, C back. Silver plates and lamp on  
table.*

*Mag.* So Monseigneur has accepted the annual stipend for traveling expenses. He began with others, but he has found at last that he must end by taking care of himself. He has arranged all his charities, and so now here are three thousand francs for us.

[*Enter BISHOP L, and hands paper to MAD. BAPT.*]

*Bish.* I have arranged my traveling expenses. See they are carried out.

*Bapt.* [*Reading*]. "Carriage and traveling expenses: For beef broth for the hospital, fifteen hundred livres; for the Aix Maternal Charity Association, two hundred and fifty livres; for foundlings, five hundred livres; for orphans, five hundred livres; for the Druguignon Maternal Charity Association, two hundred and fifty livres. Total, three thousand livres."

*Mag.* But, your Greatness, to think that you should not use this money for what it is intended; and, instead, should continue to ride through your diocese on an ass. I am astonished.

*Bish.* I am not surprised at your astonishment. You think it shows a good deal of pride for a poor priest to use the same conveyance which was used by his Master. I have done it from necessity, I assure you, and not from vanity. The money is not mine, but belongs to the poor. [*Sits.*]

*Mag.* Your Greatness will at least put bolts on the outer door. There is now talk in the town that an ill-favored ruffian, a suspicious vagabond, has arrived, and is lurking about. You know the police is very bad.

*Bapt.* Brother, did you hear what Madame Magloire says?

*Bish.* I heard something of it indistinctly. [*Turning.*] Well! well! are we in any great danger?

*Mag.* Yes, your Greatness, for it appears this dangerous beggar is in the town. He applied to the inns, and they refused to receive him. He has a terrible-looking face.

*Bish.* Indeed!

*Mag.* Yes, Monseigneur. There will something happen in the town. Everybody says so, and I say, and Mademoiselle says, also,—

*Bapt.* Me! I say nothing. Whatever my brother says is well done.

*Mag.* I say we must have bolts, were it only for to-night, for a door which opens by a latch on the outside— [*Violent knocking at door C.*]

*Bish.* Come in.

[Enter JEAN C.]

*Jean.* [Loudly.] See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict. I have been for nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination. During these four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place, this evening, I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office. It was the same with all. They turned me away from the prison. I crept into a dog-kennel. The dog bit me, and drove me away, as though he had been a man. I went to another inn; they said "Get out." A man spoke to me, and said, "Knock there." I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money, my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money. I am tired, and so hungry. Can I stay?

*Bish.* Madame Magloire, put on another plate.

*Jean* [Coming forward]. Stop! not that. Did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict. I am just from the galleys. [Shows paper.] There is my passport—yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? There is what they have put in the passport: [Reading.] "Jean Valjean, a liberated convict. Has been nineteen years in the galleys: five years for burglary, fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous." There you have it. Will you receive me? Can you give me something to eat? A place to sleep? Have you a stable?

*Bish.* Madame Magloire, put some sheets on the bed in the alcove. [Exit M<sup>rs</sup> L.] Monsieur, sit down; we will take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while we sup.

*Jean.* True! What? Will you keep me? You don't drive me away? Me, a convict! You call me Monsieur, and don't say, "Get out, you dog!" Oh, I shall have a supper; a bed like other people, with mattresses and sheets. A bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. I beg your pardon, Monsieur Inn-keeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are an inn-keeper, are you not?

*Bish.* I am a priest, who lives here.

*Jean.* A priest. Then you don't ask for money. You are a curé, ain't you? Yes, that is it. How stupid I am. I didn't notice your cap. [Places stick, etc., R of door C.] You are humane, Monsieur Curé. You don't despise me. Then you don't want me to pay you?

*Bish.* No; keep your money. How much have you?

*Jean.* A hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous.