

# To Hell and Back

(Adapted from 'Les Miserables' by Victor Hugo and 'The Bishop's Candlesticks' )

## Scene 1

Narrator: XTC Juniors present, "To Hell and Back". 1815, Twenty-six years after the start of the French revolution. A King is once again on the throne of France. The living conditions of the poor far from improving have further deteriorated. Plagued by disease, hunger, famine and unemployment, injustice prevails all around. The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. But, all hope is not lost there are yet a few noble people who are working for the cause of injustice, helping the poor and serving the needy. Let us accompany Jean Valjean, a pathetic victim of this cruel system on his journey "To Hell and Back". The Juniors present "To Hell and Back"

(Jean sitting on stage, no food, no money, no work – two robbers enter with big loot)

Robber1: What a big catch we got today! Look at this loot. (Showing the bag)

Robber2: Oh, how we fooled him, the gullible fool!

Robber 1 : - (Looking curiously at Jean) what's your name, boy!?? (Jean doesn't respond – Robber 1 sees robber 2 eating something)

Robber1: Hey!! Give me some of it as well. (Jean looks hungrily – robbers notice him)

Robber2: Haha... Looks like someone's hungry!!

Robber1: You want some, boy!! Not so easy. You have to earn it. Come join us and you will get food, money and everything you want. (Jean looking confused...)

Jean: But... but who are you? (Robbers start laughing .....

Robbers: Who are we...!! Ha! Ha...!

(Song1 - Begins: Rowdy Robbers)

Rowdy robbers waiting in the dark, Earn ourselves a living, looting people in the park,

Rowdy robbers we get what we need, Stealing and deceiving, satisfying our greed,  
its only riches that will set you free. (2)

(Rich man passing by, attacked by the rowdy robbers, then song continues)

Rowdy robbers come and join the gang, Food and drinks and money in the bank,  
Once you're in, you'll never want to leave, this knife will give you pleasure and you'll never ever grieve,  
Crime alone can heal all your disease.(2)

Robber1: So are you in? Robber2: What's your name?

Jean: Jean Valjean

Robber1: So Jean, what's it going to be? Robber2: Do you not want wealth, food...?

Jean: No... I'm no thief, I'm no robber.

(Jean exits – Robbers look at each other astonished) Robber1: Were we thieves? Were we robbers?

Robber 2: Circumstances, my friend! Circumstances!

(The Bishop and his nephew are walking across)

Bishop : My dear nephew, Philip, have we got all the groceries we need.

Philip: Yes, Uncle we have!

(A few beggars looking miserable in the street, the bishop comes along and the people start singing  
Song 2 – “Do you hear”)

(The bishop comes along is obstructed by a beggar, he is affectionate to them, and distributes his groceries to them)

Song(Chorus) Do you hear the people sing, singing a song of noblemen?, Serving the poor , the hungry, giving them a chance to live again!, In the goodness of their heart, spreading their love to everyone, thanks to their work this earth will paradise soon become. (Song stops – They run out of food to distribute, bishop, accompanied by his nephew Philip, go to a vendor and offers to trade his watch for money)

Bishop: My son, take this watch and give me some money in return. (Nephew vehemently opposes)

Vendor : Sir , are you sure you want to sell this ? (Bishop smilingly nods, takes the money and gives it to a poor man nearby) (Song continues – the bishop comes and distributes the food among the poor)

Song (contd) : There are times when we are hungry, and our children starve to death. There are times when Kings and Rulers just ignore and do not help, (The police is shown roughing up the people). Our help comes from God who sends generous ones such as these. (The bishop intervening and helping)

Back to Chorus:

Song( 2nd verse) – We are often trampled and despised by high society, Deprived of work and living and also of liberty, The day is not far when we’ll live in a land that is free.... (Song ends with chorus. Bishop bids goodbye and the scene shifts to the house of the bishop)

### At the house of the Bishop

(The bishop and his nephew have just arrived home, his nephew seems rather concerned)

Philip : Oh, Uncle! It is hopeless, hopeless!. We shall have nothing left. Your estate is sold, your savings have gone. Your furniture, everything. You have become the dupe of every idle scamp or lying old person in the parish.

Bishop : If people lie to me they are poorer , not I.

Philip : But it is ridiculous you will soon have nothing left. You give away everything, everything!!!

Bishop: My dear fellow, there is so much suffering in the world and I can do little (sighs), so very little.

Philip: Suffering, yes, but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best. You are incorrigible. You’ll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop: (With real concern) No, no, not my candlesticks.

Philip : Oh ! Why not! They would pay somebody’s rent, I suppose.

Bishop : Ah, you are good to think of that, , but , but I don’t want to sell them. You see, dear Philip, my mother gave them to me on her deathbed and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them. But, perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them?

Philip: Oh, Uncle! Don’t say anything more!. Give me your blessing. I’m going to bed. Good Night.

Bishop : Good night, my dear nephew.

(Bishop comes to the table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks).

Bishop: They would pay somebody's rent..... It was kind of him to think of that.

(Bishop sits down to read, convict stealthily enters, has a knife and seizes the Bishop from behind)

Convict: If you call out you are a dead man!

Bishop : But my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out? Can I help you in any way?

Convict: (Hoarsely) I want food. I'm starving. I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, quickly, curse you.

Bishop (Eagerly): But certainly, my son you shall have food; I will ask my nephew for the keys of the cupboard.

Convict: Sit down!!! None of that, my friend! I'm too old a bird to be caught with childish tricks! You would ask your nephew for the keys, would you??! A likely story! You would rouse the house too, eh?! Come, come! I want no keys. I want FOOD!! Where is the food??

Bishop: But, my friend. I have just told you. The cupboard is locked, and only my nephew has the keys.

Convict: Okay, I'll risk it. But mind! Play me false and as sure as there are devils in hell I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop: You have your soul to lose my son; it is of more value than my heart. (Calling) Philip ! Philip! (The convict stands behind him with his knife ready)

Philip: Yes, Uncle!

Bishop: Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. Will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper.

Philip: (Within) What! At this time of the night?! A pretty business truly, are we to have no sleep now, but to be at the beck and call of every ne'er-do-well who happens to pass?

Bishop: But, Philip, the traveller is hungry .

Philip: Oh, very well, I am coming( Philip enters sees the knife in the convicts hand) ( frightened) Uncle, what is he doing with that knife ?

Bishop: The knife, oh well, you see, my dear chap, perhaps he may have thought that I- I had sold ours. (laughs gently)

Philip: Uncle , I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast.

Convict: Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself.

(Philip, opening the cupboard and getting some food. The bishop sings Song no.3 – "Come in sir")

Come in, Sir, for you are weary, and the night is cold out here. Though our lives are very humble, what we have, we have to share. There is wine here to revive you. There is bread to make you strong. There's a bed to rest till morning, rest from pain and rest from wrong.

Bishop: Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

(Convict cuts off an enormous slice which he tears with his fingers like an animal, then starts!)

Convict: What was that? (He looks at the door) Why the devil do you leave the window un-shuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in (Shutting them)

Bishop: That is why they are left open.

Convict: Well they are shut now!

Bishop: (Sighs) for the first time in thirty years.

Convict : You're not afraid of thieves ?

Bishop: I am sorry for them.

Convict: Sorry for them. Ha ! ha! (Drinks from bottle). That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha!  
Ha!(Drinks)(Suddenly) What the devil are you ?

Bishop: I am a Bishop.

Convict: Ha!Ha! Ha! A bishop. Holy virgin, a bishop. Well, I'm damned!

Bishop: I Hope you may escape that my son. Philip, you may leave us, this gentlemen will excuse you.

Philip: Leave you with -

Bishop: Please! My friend and I can talk more – freely then.

(By this time owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected the convict)

Convict: What's that ? Leave us?. Yes, yes leave us. Good Night. I want to talk to the Bishop. The Bishop!!!.

Ha!Ha! (Laughs as he drinks and coughs)

Bishop: Good Night, Philip.( Philip goes out)

Convict: (chuckling to himself) The Bishop. Ha ha ! Well I'm (suddenly very loudly) Do you know what I am?

Bishop: I think one who has suffered much.

Convict: Suffered(puzzled) suffered ? My God, yes!. (Drinks) But that's a long time ago.... That was when I was a man; now I'm a number , number 15729-- and I 've lived in hell for twenty years!!!.

Bishop: Tell me about it – about hell and the time before you went to hell.

(Convict breaks down weeping bitterly – for his nephew )

## Scene 2 – Memories of hell

(Beggars on the stage , two rich men passing by, one of the hungry, poor boys pleading for food)

Boy : Food! Food!! Sir , I haven't eaten for days . Please give me some food !

Rich Man : Get away from me you filthy creature.

(Group of beggars start singing – Song 4 -"Look Down")

Chorus:

Look down and see the beggars at your feet. Look down and show some mercy if you can.

Look down and see the sweepings of the street. Look down; Look down upon your fellow man.

We poor people work all day, Receive little that we can save, Struggle to feed our families, Plagued by disease and misery.

Oppressed by rich in society, They look at us without pity,, we live on crumbs of humble piety, tough on the teeth --but whom shall we tell?

Think you're rich, think you're free, slaves are we, no liberty.

Repeat Chorus

(Boy(Pierre), nephew – son of the brother of Jean Valjean, falls to the floor in excruciating pain, all surround him except the rich men)

Brother of Jean(Andre): (Shouting) Please, help us somebody! ! My son ! My son is dying. He needs some food. O, have pity!!(Beggars looking at each other helplessly)

Jean: Brother, you stay with Pierre . I will get us some food.

Brother of Jean: Be quick, Jean, he doesn't have much time.

(In the meantime some of the friends of the rich men join them)

Rich1: What took you so long !!!

Rich 2: Whats all the commotion about ?

Rich 1: Forget about them; its those no good scavengers.

Rich3: Are we gonna be standing here all day? We have a great big feast waiting for us. (All cheer !!)

Jean : Please sir. I Beg you, my nephew is dying. Sir, a loaf of bread. I beg you, Sirs. (Pleading at their feet)

Rich2: Why don't you pray to your God and he may give you your daily bread (mock him)

Rich3: Oh come on just ignore him, we're getting late!.

(Jean still pleading the security guard stops him)

Guard: Ah! Ah! Ah !! not so fast! Where do you think you're going!?! You a member? (sarcastic)  
exclusively for members (mockingly)

Jean : A loaf of bread is all I need. Sir, please help me. (Guard strikes him to the floor)

Guard : This is about all the help you are gonna get from me!

(Group of rich men start singing - Song 5 – "Masters of the house" )

(While the song is going on Jean is pleading with the guard, two more rich men are entering and Jean is pleading with them)

Masters of the house, doling out the charms, ready with a handshake and an open palm,  
drinking up the wine, finishing the meat, spending all our money on this great big feast!  
Don't care about any other, Just enjoy yourselves, brother, living to the fullest, spending all our money on ourselves.

Masters of the house, throwing all our cash, dancing and living up this great big bash, we're the noble men,  
the richest ones in town, we get what we want by all the gold we flash. Don't care about any other,  
just enjoy ourselves brother, living to the fullest, spending all our money on ourselves.

(As the song is about to end Jean brushes aside the guard and steals a loaf of bread)

Rich Men: Thief ! Thief ! Stop him! (Jean almost hilariously evading them, like a rugby match and is shown caught by the guard and the men)

Rich Man 2: You scoundrel you should be hanged for this.

Guard: Yes, sir! he is a dangerous criminal.

Jean: Please sir! My nephew, he is dying. Let me give him this bread, and I myself will surrender to you.

Rich Man 1: Guard, what are you waiting for? Take this villain to where he belongs- the prison cell.

(The loaf drops from the hand of Jean and he is dragged out of the scene, which now shifts focus to his brother and nephew)

Pierre : (Sighing, panting, groaning) Food ! food ! Father !

Andre : Hold on my son, your uncle will be here very soon. He will definitely get us some food. (Muttering in anguish to himself ) Come on Jean! Where the hell are you?. (Pierre gasping for breath and then dies. Andre trying to revive him)

Andre : Pierre ! Pierre ! Talk to me, my son ! Oh come on, say something! Pierre! (one of the beggars , checks Pierre)

Beggar: Andre ! We have lost him ! He has gone to a place much better than this hell that we live in!

(Andre weeping and the beggars start singing - Song 6 – "Castle on a Cloud" )

There is a castle on a cloud, I like to go there in my sleep. There is no sadness and no grief, not in my castle on a cloud.

I know a place where no one's lost. I know a place where no one cries, crying at all is not allowed, not in my castle on a cloud.

I know a place where no one's lost! I know a place where no one dies! There is no sadness and no grief, not in my castle on a cloud!!

### Scene 3

(Prisoners working very hard, loud groans, chopping wood and digging, policemen supervising them. Prisoner quietly tells the other)

Prisoner1 : When are we gonna get out of this place ?

Prisoner2 : Never! We are condemned to hell forever.

(The prisoners start singing the Song 7 – "Look Down")

Look down! Look down! Don't look them in the eye! Look down! Look down! You're here until you die!

No God above and hell alone below! Look down! Look down! There's twenty years to go,

I've done no wrong, sweet Jesus hear my prayer! Look down! Look down! Sweet Jesus doesn't care...

I know they'll wait, I know that they'll be true Look down! Look down! They've all forgotten you...

Look down! Look down! you'll always be a slave! Look down! Look down! You're standing in your grave!!

Policeman : (Policemen come in and hit them)\_Break it off ! Stop lazying around, and get to work !

(Looking in the direction of Jean)

Policeman : You! Prisoner no.15729, come here. (Jean leaves his implements and comes)

Now, Prisoner no.15729, looks like you have done your time in prison and you are about to be released on parole. Do you know what that means?

Jean: Yes! It means I'm a free man. (Policeman looks at him angrily, hands him papers and says)

Policeman: No! Here are your papers! This badge of shame will accompany you until you die. It warns that you're a dangerous man!

Jean: But I only stole a loaf of bread!!, My brother's child was almost dead (close to death), and we were starving.... (Policeman, not interested, already starts moving away – The song look down continues only the last line )

Song(Contd) : Look down! Look down! You'll always be a slave! Look down! Look down! You're standing in your grave!. – 2 times (and all the others move out of the scene, Jean is left alone staring at his papers and wondering about the future)

Jean : Freedom at last! how strange it tastes... Never will I forget the years that I have wasted. Nor shall I forgive them for what they have done. They are the guilty! Every single one of them! The day has begun and now let's see what this new world will do for me.

### Scene 4

(Approaches a man at the table)

Man 1: Yes, Can I help you ?

Jean : A days work ?

Man1: Your Papers (looks at the papers, nods his head)

Man 1: Sorry! No work here. (Jean goes to another person.

Man 2 looks at the papers and refuses , jean pleading , no dialogue)

(Jean goes quietly and sleeps, where a group of people are resting and warming themselves, two men are

conversing)

Man 3 : The night sure is cold, isn't it ?

Man 4 : It sure is. I'm glad we, at least, have this shelter and some fire at our disposal. (Man 3 looking suspiciously at Jean)

Man 3 : Well, well what do we have here, a suspicious character now, isn't he? Let's see your papers.

Jean : (Jean terrified and pleading) Please sir, I'll sleep in the stable. Just one night sir.

Man3: On your way. Get out! (A few of the men assault Jean)

Jean sitting at one corner of the stage, reflecting, Song is sung by backstage choir Song 8 – "I dreamed a dream)

( Andre and Pierre , dressed in angelic white appear in front of Jean, he is visualizing them happy and cheerful )

I dreamed a dream in time gone by, when hopes were high and life worth living,  
I dreamed that love would never die, I dreamed that God would be forgiving.  
Then I was young and unafraid, and dreams were made and used and wasted,  
There was no ransom to be paid, no song unsung, no wine un-tasted.

(Some shady characters covered in blankets coming and pulling them away)

But the shadows fell at night, and our lives darkness covers,  
As they tear our hopes apart, as they turn our dreams to shame.

(Jean gets up and starts singing)

I stole some bread to feed the child, the child he died because of hunger,  
In prison I spent all my life, All my dreams and hopes (were gone again) I keep no longer.

(The choir sings) And still I dreamed we'll all be free, that we will live in joy forever,  
but there are dreams that cannot be, and there are storms we cannot weather ,

(Jean sings in a very melancholic manner) I had a dream my life would be , so different from the hell I'm living, so different now from what it seemed , now life has killed the dream I dreamed !

### Scene 5 – Back to the Bishop's house

(Scene begins with convict weeping bitterly)

Convict: For 20 years!20 years....!! Oh God ! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place. Then I was set free, free to starve.

Bishop: To starve ?

Convict: Yes, to starve. They feed you in hell, but when you're released from it, you starve....

Bishop : My son, you have suffered much, but there is hope for all.

Convict: Hope ! Hope ! ha! Ha! (laughs wildly)

Bishop: You have walked far, you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there and I will get you some coverings.

Convict: And if anyone comes ?

Bishop: No one will come, but if they do, are you not my friend?

Convict: Your friend (Puzzled)?

Bishop: They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict: The bishop's friend... (Scratching his head, utterly puzzled)

Bishop: I will get the coverings.

Convict: (Looks after him. Scratches his head) The Bishop's friend! (He goes to the fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks. He looks around to see if he is alone and takes them down weighing them) Silver, by God and heavy. What a prize! (He hears the bishop coming and in haste drops one candlestick on the table) (Enter the bishop – Sees what is going on but goes to the couch with coverings)

Bishop: Ah! You are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. They are all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now? (Convict looking puzzled)

Convict: Why the devil are you kind to me

Bishop: Goodnight, my son! (Convict pretends to be sleeping and waits till the bishop has left)

### Scene 6

(Convict waits till the Bishop is off, then tries the Bishop's door)

Convict: No lock of course. Curse it. (Looks around and sees the candlesticks again). Hmph! I'll have another look at them. (He takes them up and toys with them) Worth hundreds I'll warrant. The old boy's fond of them, too...., said his mother gave him them.... He was kind to me, too – but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you?! Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God! Wouldn't my chain mates laugh to see 15729 getting soft. Good! Ha! Ha! Oh my God, good! ha! ha! 15729 getting soft?. That's a good one. No, I'll take his candlesticks and go., If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preachings too. Here goes! (He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat and cautiously exits. As he does the door slams.)

Philip: (without) Who's there? Who's there, I say? Am I to get no sleep tonight? (Enter Philip) Who's there I say? I'm sure I heard the door shut. (Looking around) No one here. (Sees the candlesticks have gone) The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Uncle! Uncle, come out! Fire, murder, thieves!

Bishop: What is it, Philip, what is it? What is the matter?

Philip: He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone and he has taken your candlesticks.

Bishop: Not my candlesticks, Philip! Surely not those...! (He looks and sighs) Ah that is hard, very hard, I, I – he might have left me those. They were all I had. (Almost breaking down)

Philip: Let us inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop: You are right, Philip. It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Philip: Oh, nonsense! Led him into temptation indeed! The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw him. Let us go and inform the police. (Going—but the Bishop stops him.)

Bishop: And have him sent back to prison.? (very softly) sent back to hell...?? No, Philip. It is a just punishment for me. I set too great a store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just, but O God! It is hard, it is very hard. (He buries his head in his hands.)

Philip: If you will not tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my uncle and my Bishop and the best man in all France, but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness abused. I shall go and inform the police (Going)

Bishop: Stop, Philip. The candlesticks were mine; they are his now. It is better so. He has more need of them than I, My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Philip: But -



Sergeant: (Great knocking without) (Without) Monseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you may we enter ?

Bishop: Enter , my son.(Enter sergeant and three police with convict bound. The sergeant carries the candlesticks)

Philip: Ah so they have caught you,villain , have they ?

Sergeant: Yes , sir, we found this scoundrel slinking along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin !! Isn't he strong and didn't he struggle ? While we were securing him these candlesticks fell out of his pockets. ( Philip seizes them) I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them and then we'll lock him up.( The Bishop and the Convict have been looking at each other . The convict with dogged defiance.)

Bishop: But, but I don' understand, this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant: Your friend , Monseigneur ! ? Holy Virgin!

Bishop: Yes, my friend. He did the honour to sup with me tonight and I - I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeant: (Incredulously) You gave him your candlesticks? Holy Virgin!

Bishop: (Severely) Remember my son that she is holy

Sergeant: (Saluting) Pardon me Monseigneur.

Bishop: And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant: But he won't show me his papers, he won't tell me who he is. Bishop: I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant: Yes, that's all very well, but -

Bishop: He is your Bishop's friend, surely that is enough

Sergeant: Well but -

Bishop: Surely ? (A pause . The sergeant and the bishop look at each other)

Sergeant: I – I – hmph! (to his men) Loose the prisoner.(They do so) Right about turn, quick march. (Exit)

Convict: ( Very slowly, as if in a dream) You told them you had given me the candlesticks , given them , by God!

Philip: ( Shaking his fist at him and hugging the candlesticks) Oh you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel, you come here and are fed, and warned, and – and you thief, steal from your benefactor?!!. Oh you blackguard!

Bishop: Philip, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Philip: What?! And leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered?! . No, I will not!!

Bishop: (with slight severity) Philip, leave us, I wish it (He looks hard at him)

Philip: Well, if I must go at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop: (More severely) Philip, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Philip: ( Defiantly) I will not.

Bishop: (Loudly with severity) I, your bishop, command it. (Reluctantly exits)

Convict: (Shamefacedly) Monseigneur. I'm glad I didn't get away from with them, curse me! I am.... I'm glad.

Bishop : Now won't you sleep here ? See, your bed is ready.

Convict: No ! (looking at the candlesticks) No ! I daren't, I daren't. Besides I must go on. I must get to Paris. It is big and I – can be lost there, they won't find me there and I must travel at night, do you understand?

Bishop: I see - you must travel by night.

Convict: I – I – didn't believe that there was any good in the world, one doesn't when one has been in hell , but somehow I – I know you're good and , and it's a queer thing to ask but – but could you, would you bless me before I go – I – I think it would help me I - (Hangs his head very shamefacedly)

Bishop : Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property (Giving him the candlesticks)

Convict : You mean me – you want me to take them?

Bishop: Please, they may help you. (The convict takes the sticks in absolute amazement.) And my son,

there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage that leads to Paris; it is a very lonely path. And I have noticed that my good friends the police do not like lonely paths at night.

(The bishop sings the song (tune of song 3) (contd) )

But remember this my brother, see in this some higher plan. You must use this precious silver, to become an honest man., By the witness of the martyrs, by the Passion and the Blood, God has raised you out of darkness, I have saved your soul for God.

Convict: Ah, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur, I – I – ( he sobs) Ah! I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that – that is just as if something had come into me – as if I were a man again and not a wild beast.

Bishop: (Putting his hand on his shoulder) Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the living God.

Convict: (With great awe) The temple of the living God, I'll remember.

(Bishop moves out slowly – Convict sings Song no.9 – “ Stars – Conversion song”)

Lord! What have I done, in sin was I living, fallen from God, Fallen from grace, God be my witness, I never shall wrong, till we come face to face(2)

I know not my way in the dark; revenge is all that I have sought; into stone my heart has become, I've got no reward. And if I fall as Lucifer fell, the flame,, the sword.

Stars in your multitudes, Scarce to be counted, filling the darkness, with order and light, you are the sentinels, silent and sure, keeping watch in the night (2)

You know your place in the sky, you hold your course and your aim, and each in your season returns and returns, and is always the same.

And now a change in my life must begin from bad to good.

And so it must be, for so it is written, on the doorway to Paradise, that those who falter and those who fall, must forgive and rise.

Lord, let me find you, that I may start anew, a new story start.

Never will I sin again! This I swear, this I swear by the stars.

(The song no. 2 – “Do you hear” is sung as finale and ends the play with all the characters on stage, singing in unison.)

End of Play