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# Les Miserables

By Victor Hugo

[ Chattering ]

No previous convictions?

- Ah.

- No, sir.

Jean Valjean,

when you come into this court...

you are guilty

until you prove yourself innocent.

You have failed to do this...

and there is nothing for me to do...

but to pass sentence on you

according to the law.

Oh, I- I-

I didn't mean to steal, sir.

What-What was I to do?

Th-There's my sister and her family.

And I'm their sole support.

There was-There was no work...

no bread, no food.

I- I can starve, but-

but you can't let babies starve.

You-You can't hear a baby cry for food

and do nothing.

With all that, we've nothing to do.

The law is explicit.

The sentence is...

10 years in the galleys.

Ten years?

Ten years?

But you can't.

You can't send me to the galleys.

You don't know

what it means to be hungry.

You don't know what it means

to be out of work!

I've tried and tried!

I've walked 20 miles a day to find work!

No work! No bread.

[ Chuckles ]

I didn't mean to steal.

We were only hungry, I tell you!

Hungry!

- Hungry! You can't take me away!

- No!Jean!

- You can't take me away from her!

-Jean!

You can't take me away!

- [ Crying ]

- You can't!

Next case.

Remove the evidence.

[ Stamping ]

You should do well. Next.

'EmilJavert.

'EmilJavert, four years,  
Landrecy District.

'Record, good.

'Examination, not brilliant,  
but shows painstaking ability.

Application for promotion  
denied on account of''-

Javert, this is left to my discretion.

The higher authorities seem  
to have doubts about you.

You know what it says here.

You had a father who died  
as a prisoner on the galleys.

Well?

It's quite true, what it says there.

My mother was a tramp.

My father died in the galleys.

I, myself, was born in prison.

Well?

I swore to myself

that I would not be of that class.

I swore to get out of it,  
and I did get out.

I said to myself, there are only  
two classes of society-  
those who attack it  
and those who guard it.

The book of regulations are my bible.

Why, if you take this away from me...  
what is there left?

I beg you to believe, sir...

that never would I fail  
in my duty to the law.

It's my whole life.

Ever to fail would break me, sir.

Appointment confirmed. Next.

[ Stomps Foot ]

[ Man ]

2906.

[ Grunts ]

[ Gong Continues ]

Lean on me.

[ Gong Continues ]

[ Shouting ]

- Hold on.

- [ Shouting Continues ]

[ Creaking ]

[ Man ]

Hey. Hey! Hey!

Hey! Hey!

Do it up here then.

- Over there.

- Hey.

Got him.

[ Guard ]

All right.

We'll have to remove his collar, sir.

His neck's injured.

Sorry. Regulations.

Only the doctor can give that order.

- But the doctor's away ashore, sir.

- That's too bad. He must wait.

Whilst I'm in charge here, regulations-  
good, bad or indifferent-

must be carried out to the letter!

Take him out, give him what help you can,  
but the collar mustn't be removed.

[ Man ]

29 1 0!

29 1 1!

29 1 2!

Uh, hey. My food.

Too late.

Why, you-

Where's my bread?

- [ Chuckling ]

- Why, you-

[ Screaming ]

[ All Shouting ]

[ Man Shouts ]

Come on!

[ Shouting ]

Chain him up here!

[ Man ]

Hey. Wait a minute.

[ Shouting Continues ]

[ Whistle Blows ]

[ Men Coughing, Moaning ]

And we hope the punishment  
you've undergone...

has given you time to reflect upon  
the evil courses that you have pursued.

Now that you are free once more  
and going into the world again...

see that you endeavor to lead  
honest, sober, God-fearing lives.

Pray for guidance...

trusting always in his everlasting  
goodness and mercy.

Peace be with you, my sons.

Jean Valjean.

You'll report to Pontarlier.

You know the regulations.

Report to police headquarters twice a week  
for the first year, once a month for the second...

once every three months

for the third...

and thereafter, on the first of every year  
for the next 10 years.

Failure to report is a breach of the law  
and means immediate arrest.

Give him his passport and his money.

Next.

- My passport is yellow.

- That's for your attempt to escape three years ago.

Give him the money that's due to him.

Next.

Jean Valjean, 109 francs.

Oh, no. No, it should be 171.

109.

Don't you think

I've worked it out for myself?

Ten years' work, 3,652 days...

1 7 1 francs.

You've forgotten deductions  
for Sundays and holidays.

- Well, you- this-

- Are you going to take it or leave it?

- Making trouble already?

- No, I've-

Calm yourself, my son.

Calm yourself.

[ Accordion ]

It's a lie. No room, no food.

- There's plenty of food. My money's good, isn't it?

- That isn't it.

- What then?

- We don't want your sort around here, that's all.

I'm a free man. I don't owe you anything.

I don't owe anybody.

Why shouldn't there be a place for me?

There is- outside.

[ Men Laughing ]

[ Laughing Continues ]

[ Thunderclap ]

Get out of here! Leave me alone!

You leave me alone.

So they left you this, eh?

Who are ya?

You want to know who I am?

I'm a convict. Yeah.

I served my sentence.

Now my punishment begins, it seems.

Look, in prison

they gave me a bed of wood.

Now I have one of stone.

[ Laughs ] That's what they do

when they set you free.

[ Laughing ]

Well, call the police, why don't you?

Have me turned off this as well.

Have you tried to find shelter?

Shelter? I've knocked at every door.

- Have you knocked at every door?

- Yes.

Have you knocked at that one?

- No.  
- Knock there.  
[ Thunderclap ]  
If you ask me, we ought to shut,  
bolt and bar the doors.  
My brother would never  
have bolts on any door.  
But only for a few nights.  
An ex-convict, they say.  
A cutthroat with a horrible black beard  
and scabs on his arms.  
Well, we might all be murdered  
in our beds.  
Why, he'd have no respect  
even for a bishop's house.  
Oh, let me get a locksmith, please.  
But the door opens  
with a latch from the outside...  
and you know what a terrible habit  
the bishop has...  
of saying, ''Come in'' to anyone,  
even at midnight.  
[ Knocking On Door ]  
- [ Man ] Come in.  
- [ Door Opens ]  
[ Thunderclap ]  
Good evening.  
I was told to come here.  
Are you an innkeeper?  
Oh, I have money-  
my savings- 1 09 francs.  
It should have been 1 7 1 ,  
but they robbed me.  
Can I stay for the night?  
Why, of course.  
You're tired, hungry.  
Set another place.  
- Won't you sit down?  
- No, no, wait.  
I must tell you, I-  
I'm a convict.  
My passport is yellow.  
I'm ordered to go 200 miles and report  
on parole to the police at Pontarlier.

I've walked... about a hundred miles  
in three days.  
They've kicked me out  
of every tavern, every inn.  
No one will have me. No one.  
But I can pay for food,  
for a bed in your stable.  
Oh, no, not a stable.  
You're very welcome.  
Supper is ready, such as it is.  
A bed will be prepared for you.  
Won't you come to the fire?  
Put your things down.  
You won't drive me away?  
You're good people.  
Now, what's your name?  
You're no innkeeper.  
No, I'm not an innkeeper.  
I'm a priest.  
A priest?  
Well-  
[ Chuckling ]  
How stupid I am.  
And you won't want me to pay you?  
No, my dear sir. Of course not.  
You call me ''sir.''  
No one ever calls me that.  
You want to know my name?  
- My name is-  
- There's no need for you to tell me.  
- I know it.  
- You know it?  
To me, a priest, you are a brother.  
You understand? A brother.  
Come, have some supper.  
[ Thunderclap ]  
This table is bare.  
I seem to miss something.  
When we have visitors,  
we use the silver plates.  
[ Thunderclap ]  
This is your room. It is the best we can do.  
I hope you'll be comfortable.  
If you are cold, take this doeskin.



It'll keep you warm.

[ Laughing ]

She's afraid of me.

And no wonder.

[ Chuckles ]

How do you know I won't  
murder you in the night?

Well, how do you know  
that I won't murder you?

[ Scoffs ]

Yah.

You have faith in me, it seems.

Then I must have faith in you,  
mustn't I?

Good night.

[ Thunderclap ]

[ Sighs ]

[ Thunderclap ]

[ Screaming, Shouting ]

[ Man ]

2906, 1 09 francs.

- [ Screaming Continues ]

- 2906, one hundred-

- [ Voices Overlapping ]

- [ Valjean's Voice ] My passport is yellow.

- Yellow passport convict.

- [ Screaming ] Oh, God!

[ Screaming, Crying ]

[ Screaming, Shouting, Crying ]

[ Groaning ]

[ Shouts ]

Oh, my-

[ Thunderclap ]

[ Hinges Creaking ]

Your Eminence! Your Eminence!

Oh, the silver. The silver's gone.

That man! I told you.

He left without a word,  
and he's taken the silver.

- Now we have no silver plates.

- What plates?

Oh, the plates!

Yes, yes, of course. The plates.

Well, now, let's see.

Now, what use are plates?

We can eat just as well off tin plates.

- Tin tastes.

- Well, iron plates then.

- [ Knocking ]

- Come in.

Your Eminence, this man is Jean Valjean,  
a yellow passport convict.

We saw him running away.

We caught him and found that he had  
this silver with your crest on it.

Now, what is all this?

Come here, Jean.

I'm very happy to see you again, Jean...

because you forgot to take away  
the two silver candlesticks I gave you.

They're worth at least 200 francs.

How did you come

to leave them behind?

Didn't he tell you that the good priest with whom  
he spent the night gave him all his silver?

- He said so, but naturally we thought-

- That's very clever of you.

You do your duty well,  
but you're quite mistaken.

The silver is his.

Then we can let him go, sir?

Why, certainly, and give him  
his knapsack and passport.

Thank you. Good day, my friends.

I- Is it- Is it true?

I don't have to go back to the galleys?

You-You let me go free?

Free?

Where is a man free?

I wish someone would tell me.

Yes, you can go, Jean.

And this time, Jean, don't forget  
to take your candlesticks with you.

You-You-

You give them to me?

Long ago, Jean, I learnt that life  
is to give and not to take.

Let me give.

And in return, promise me  
that you will give also.  
My door is always open, Jean.  
Don't come in by any other way-  
furtively, by night.  
The door is the right way.  
And the right way, Jean,  
is always open to you.  
[ Choir Singing ]  
[ Arguing ]  
- Let's try here then.  
- Come on.  
Wait here.  
Number two furnace must be cleared.  
You see to it.  
Fifty gross packets, number four,  
to go to Paris tonight.  
- Yes, Monsieur Madeleine.  
- That's all. What is it?  
There's a question of the girl,  
Fantine Lesrolles.  
- It appears there's been  
some gossip about a child-  
-[ Knocking ]  
- Can you deal with the case yourself?  
- I can, certainly.  
Then please do. Come in!  
- Ah, good morning, Monsieur Madeleine.  
- Good morning.  
I have something of the greatest  
importance to discuss with you.  
You see, I, uh- I-  
Look here, Monsieur Madeleine.  
We want you to honor our town by accepting  
the position of mayor and magistrate.  
Yes, that's it.  
Me? Nonsense.  
[ Laughing ]  
A fine figure I'd make.  
Let someone else do it.  
Let old L'Estrange do it again.  
Yes! Of course,  
I- I could serve another year.  
No! We want Monsieur Madeleine.

I know nothing about politics.  
I've only been a little over five years  
in your town.  
I'm a plain man and not much of  
a speech maker, but I beg you to accept.  
It was you who built this obsolete factory  
into a thriving industry.  
Nobody pays better wages  
or looks after his workpeople like you do.  
And what's more, you've built yourself  
into the hearts of the people as well.  
How do you know  
the people really want me?  
I'll show you.  
- [ Chattering ]  
- My friends!  
We have invited Monsieur Madeleine to  
become mayor and magistrate of our city.  
[ Cheering ]  
[ Applauding, Cheering Continues ]  
Congratulations.  
Congratulations.  
Here's your money.  
Sign here.  
[ Cheering ]  
[ Cheering Continues ]  
We've come a long way together,  
haven't we?  
[ Door Bells Jingling ]  
[ Footsteps Approaching ]  
Monsieur Madeleine?  
You are Monsieur Madeleine?  
My name is Javert.  
I am the new inspector police  
assigned to this district.  
I arrived tonight, but, uh,  
would not intrude upon the festivities.  
At the same time, I thought it my duty  
to introduce myself at the first opportunity.  
You wished to see me?  
Only to, uh, report for duty  
to the new mayor...  
and pay my respects.  
- Fine pieces of work.

- Uh- Oh, not in my line.

No, I expect not.

I've, uh, only one line.

- The law, eh?

- The law.

I hope to take all that side off your shoulders,  
Monsieur Madeleine.

Give me a free hand, I promise you there'll soon  
be very few criminals in this community.

- You think so?

- I'm certain.

Once I start work on a case, I never cease  
until the culprits are under lock and key.

You never temper justice with mercy?

No. We might as well understand  
each other, Monsieur Madeleine.

I administer the law. Good, bad  
or indifferent, it's no business of mine.

But the law to the letter.

Well, I'm sure we shall all feel safe and secure  
while you are about.

Thank you.

- Good night, Monsieur Madeleine.

- Good night, Inspector.

[ Bell Tolling ]

My good woman,

all this is beyond my jurisdiction.

- But, Monsieur Javert-

- You boarded your child out at an inn.

You agreed to pay them a fixed price.

You lost your job at the factory.

You can't pay the people.

They won't give up the child.

I don't know as I blame them.

However, it's no good coming here  
with your troubles.

You can raise the question in court in the  
proper forum, get your child back that way.

How can I? I have no money. Will- Will you  
take me to see Monsieur Madeleine, please?

It's no use intruding  
on Monsieur Madeleine.

He'll only reaffirm my decision.

But why did he dismiss me?

Why? Why?

And don't go making  
a public disturbance...  
or you'll find yourself  
under lock and key.

Take her away.

Well, there's the lot.

Oh, and, uh, see that this subscription  
goes to the, uh...

Convent PetitJean in Paris.

- One thousand francs.

- Monsieur le Maire, you usually send 500.

Yes, but I had a long letter from the  
sister superior, and they need funds badly.  
Thank goodness I can afford it.

The factory is booming.

The more I stay away, the better it booms.

Do you know what you've done to me?

Do you know what you've done?

Oh, go on! Have me arrested!

What do I care?

- You won't stop me. I'll kill him!

- No, no. Wait!

Stand back, Javert.

What is it? Step aside.

- What do you mean?

- You and your charities.

You and your noble deeds!

Why don't your charities begin  
in your own factory?

You throw me out. You ruin my chance  
of ever getting another job.

- And for what? For nothing!

- I haven't the slightest idea  
what you're talking about.

I wasn't respectable enough  
for your spotless factory...

with its lying gossips.

They told you I had a child I daren't own,  
so you threw me out without a chance to explain.

What does it matter to you?

You don't know what it is to be hungry,  
what it is to be out of work.

I don't care for myself,

but it's cost me my child.

You-

[ Spits ]

- Come here!

- No, no. Wait, Javert! Wait!

- There's no case against her yet.

- No case?

- [ Coughing ]

- An assault on an official's a prison offense.

- You needn't bother. I'll handle it.

- First we must investigate.

Investigate? No, a breach of the law  
has already been committed.

- I make no charge.

- That makes no difference. The law demands it.

What's the law got to do with a woman  
who's out of her mind with grief?

- Monsieur Madeleine-

- From what I've heard,  
this is not a case for the law.

It's a case for justice.

Whatever is wrong will be put right,  
law or no law.

Would you-Andre, call the doctor.

- Order my carriage.

- Yes, Monsieur le Maire.

Well, Monsieur Madeleine  
has no respect for the law, it seems.

[ Laughing ]

- When did he first come here?

- About five years ago.

- Where did he come from?

- From Marseilles, I think.

- Came from Lyons, didn't he?

- No.

Now I come to think of it,  
we always thought he-

Well, that's funny.

Where did he come from?

It doesn't matter.

It's of no importance.

I- I was just wondering.

Monsieur Madeleine...

I was mad to attack you.

I didn't know what I was doing.  
I could only think of my little girl.  
Would it make you happier  
if you had her with you?  
Oh, monsieur.  
More than anything in the world.  
Then you shall have her.  
What was the name of that inn?  
The Brave Sergeant, at Montfermeil.  
It has a sign.  
A sergeant on a white horse.  
On a white horse.  
Heave! Heave.  
[ Groans ]  
[ Shouts ]  
Got caught, apparently,  
trying to fix the axle.  
Wheels slipped and sank in the mud.  
The cart's crushing him.  
[ Grunting ]  
- Well, tip the cart over.  
- Can't. Crush his feet as it tips.  
Then we must lift it.  
I'm going to get underneath.  
I'll use my back as a jack.  
- No, you'll be crushed!  
- We can't leave him there.  
All of you, heave when I shout.  
Heave!  
Heave! Heave!  
[ Grunting ]  
Pull him out! Pull him out.  
- [ Groaning ]  
- Pull him out.  
- All right.  
- [ Panting ]  
[ Grunts ]  
Well, that was amazing,  
Monsieur Madeleine. Amazing.  
I didn't know anybody could do that.  
You must be stronger than I thought.  
- That must weigh almost a ton.  
- [ Clears Throat ]  
Do you know,



the only men I've ever seen...  
with muscles of the back  
developed enough to do a thing like that...  
were those who served a term  
in the galleys.  
They get it just there...  
from the oars.  
A wonderful effort, Monsieur Madeleine.  
Wonderful.  
You'll go to Lyons.  
Make all inquiries, get me the fullest  
details of the past career of-  
Monsieur Madeleine?  
You'll do the same at Marseilles.  
I want full, detailed...  
accurate information.  
[ Cheering, Chattering ]  
[ Chattering Continues ]  
[ Crowd Laughing ]  
- Water for my horse and a bed for the night.  
- We have no room.  
Put me where you will, but I stay.  
I charge 40 sous in advance.  
[ Coins Clattering ]  
Where is that little brat?  
Cosette! Cosette!  
Get water for his horse!  
Quick! Get it! And hurry back.  
Let me help you.  
- How old are you?  
- Eight, I think.  
Don't you know?  
Don't you have birthdays?  
No. The others do.  
- What's your name?  
- Cosette.  
- Is that woman your mother?  
- Oh, no.  
My mother isn't like her.  
- Where is your mother?  
- She's far away.  
And your father?  
My father's in heaven.  
You're a very lovely little girl, Cosette.

Doesn't it seem strange to you that your mother should go so far away and leave you?

She didn't want to leave me.

Really, she didn't.

But, you see, my mother is very poor.

She has to work so she can send money to pay for my keep.

Sometimes you're very lonely for her, hmm?

Yes. I am.

Cosette! Bring a bucket full of water here! Quick!

Oh, please. Please, let's hurry!

She'll beat me.

She'll beat you?

We'll see about that.

Until you're well enough to look after her yourself...

my housekeeper will see that she has everything she wants.

Oh, Monsieur Madeleine.

You give everything.

It's nothing. Nothing at all.

She's ready. She looks lovely and doesn't know it.

She's so thrilled with her new dress...

but terrified that she'll do the wrong thing at table.

- [ Laughing ]

- [ Chuckling ] Ah, don't laugh at her.

- Treat her like a grown-up.

- [ Door Opens ]

[ Sobbing ]

Crying? You're not unhappy?

No. No.

[ Crying ]

It isn't that...

kind of crying.

- I move here.

- And I move here and here and here.

- You win. You win.

- Inspector Javert is here.

He wants to talk with you privately.

I asked him if I could take a message...

but he said it concerns you only.

He spoke in such a peculiar way.

[ Cosette ]

Will you finish the game with me?

Good evening.

I'm, uh, sorry to disturb you at this hour,

Monsieur Madeleine...

but I have a duty-

an urgent duty to perform.

- Yes?

- As soon as I was sure, I had to act at once.

Monsieur Madeleine,

a criminal act's been committed.

An agent of the government's committed a crime,

a crime against a magistrate.

- Who is the agent?

- It is I.

- Who is the magistrate?

- You.

You must prefer charges against me.

You have the right.

Charges?

I, who demand justice for others,

must demand it for myself.

You see, uh...

I, uh, denounced you

to the prefect of police.

As a mayor having encroached

upon the police?

As a former convict.

Well?

Uh, after that trouble

with the woman Fantine...

I began to ferret out your past by studying

the records of escaped criminals...

and, by an exhaustive process

of elimination...

I finally became convinced that you were

an ex-convict named Jean Valjean...

who had failed to report for parole.

- What was that name?

-Jean Valjean.

Although I had

no positive identification...

I was so sure you were the man,  
I reported you to the prefect.  
What, uh-What answer did you get?  
Oh, that I was mad.  
I must have been mad  
to have made such a mistake.  
Worse, I was a fool...  
for the real Valjean's been found.  
Yes, they arrested him  
last week at Arras.  
He goes by another name,  
Champmathieu.  
Well...  
I made the mistake.  
I allowed a personal grievance  
to interfere with my duty.  
I must be dismissed.  
Oh, no. No, you did your duty.  
It's your place to suspect.  
No, there's more to it than that!  
I, too, have my creed,  
Monsieur Madeleine.  
I've always said to myself...  
'Yes, you're hard.  
You're ruthless when you're in the right.  
But look out. One day you, yourself, will trip.  
Then will you be just?''  
Well, I swore I would.  
That time's arrived, Monsieur Madeleine.  
I've caught myself.  
I have committed a crime.  
What I've always demanded for others-  
the law, good or bad,  
but the law to the letter-  
I now demand for myself!.  
- I make no charge against you.  
- You must!  
If you don't, then I must!  
You have your creed, Javert.  
I have mine.  
I refuse to accept your resignation.  
I order you to think it over.  
You're too lenient.  
But I'll do as you say.

When and where  
is this Jean... Valjean to be tried?  
Arras, Monday.  
Tomorrow?  
There's no doubt about the case?  
No, everything's clear.  
He'll be convicted.  
You may go, Inspector. Good night.  
Thank you.  
Good night, sir.  
Toussaint.  
Toussaint!  
Order my carriage.  
If I am to get to Arras tomorrow,  
I must start at once.  
Arras? A long road.  
A long road.  
A long road.  
[ Cosette Laughing ]  
Oh!  
[ Laughing Continues ]  
[ Laughing Continues ]  
Toussaint. Cancel the carriage!  
I'm not going!  
Jean Valjean is dead!  
Dead! Dead, you-  
[ Toussaint ]  
Did you call?  
Did you say something  
about canceling the carriage?  
No.  
No, I'll, uh- I'll go to Arras...  
at once.  
Uh, Monsieur Madeleine,  
the court is full...  
but I gave the judge your card,  
and he said to bring you in this way.  
- There's a place for you.  
- No. Wait.  
The, uh, case of Champmathieu,  
the old ex-convict- Is that over yet?  
Oh, no, no. It's on now.  
What sort of person is he?  
Oh, a half-stupid, hopeless case.

[ Chuckles ]

Nothing can be done for people like that.

They're better off back in prison.

Thank you.

Uh, I'll be- I'll be in in a moment.

Very well, monsieur.

[ Chattering ]

[ Gavel Rapping ]

[ Man ]

Counsel for the prosecution.

[ Counsel ]

Gentlemen of the jury...

this is not merely a question of theft.

The prisoner is an ex-convict

who has failed to report on parole.

Why has he failed to report?

Why, because- because he wished

to evade police supervision.

Had he not been a convict...

we might have believed

this story of his.

This story that he did not steal

the branch of apples...

but found it at the roadside.

But remember,

at the time he left the galleys...

he was described

as a very dangerous man.

His passport was yellow.

What may be a small crime today...

may turn out to be something

very much worse tomorrow.

The prisoner denies his identity...

yet we are ready to produce

witness after witness...

who will identify him at once.

I submit that there can be no doubt whatever

in the minds of the jury...

that the prisoner

is none other than Jean Valjean.

- [ Spectators Murmuring ]

- [ Gavel Rapping ]

Have you anything to say

in your defense?

If-

- I don't know.

- [ Spectators Laughing ]

I- I-I-I can't explain.  
I never studied.  
I'm a poor man, Your Honor.

I- I just picked off the ground  
the thing that was there...  
and now you all say I stole it.

I- Now, you talk and talk about this Valjean.  
[ Coughs ]  
I don't know such people.  
I've been in the places you say...  
but- but can't a man be in such places  
without being a man called Valjean?

- [ Gavel Rapping ]

- [ Spectators Laughing ]

Then who, and what, are you?  
Who were your parents,  
and where were you born?  
[ Chuckling ]  
Not all people can have houses  
to be born in.  
[ Coughing ]  
See, we-we lived in the open.  
When I was small,  
they used to call me-  
call me ''Little Man.''  
Little Man.  
Now- Now they call me ''Old Man.''  
That-That's who I am.  
I'm just-just Old Man.  
[ Laughing Continues ]  
[ Gavel Rapping ]  
Bring in the witnesses.  
[ Chains Rattling ]  
Well, Brevet, do you know this man  
from the galleys?  
I'd know him anywhere.  
That's him, all right.  
- Cochepaille?  
- That's him.  
We used to call him ''the jack.''  
- Chenildieu?

- Ten years on the same chain.  
You don't recognize me, Jean?  
Well, you should.

- Genflou.

- [ Chains Rattling ]  
Hello, Jean.  
So they caught you, huh?  
[ Chuckling ]  
Your Honor, there is no doubt.  
Four witnesses  
have identified this man...  
as Jean Valjean.  
[ Spectators Murmuring ]  
You all-You all know me...  
and you recognize me.  
Well, good.  
I say good!  
[ Laughs ]  
All right.  
All right, send me to prison!  
Might as well,  
for all the chance they ever give me.  
If that's justice, I say send me away!

- [ Gavel Rapping ]  
- Go on! Send me away!  
Go on! Send me aw-  
[ Coughing ]  
[ Spectators Murmuring ]  
Your Honor, gentlemen, forgive me.  
I apologize.  
A-A great injustice-  
These witnesses are mistaken.  
This is not the man.  
I am Jean Valjean.

- [ Spectators Murmuring ]  
- [ Man ] What?  
What?  
But it's Monsieur Madeleine.  
It's absurd!  
Why, yes, of course.  
Monsieur Madeleine, everyone knows you.  
You must be ill.  
Monsieur Madeleine, we appreciate  
that you have been deeply moved...



and we understand  
your sympathetic effort to save this-  
Yes, I understand.  
You think I'm mad, gentlemen.  
But, believe me, my mind is clear.  
Very clear. I'll show you.  
Brevet, you had number 1 3 place.  
You paid the warder 1 0 francs  
to change it to number 1 2.  
Cochepaille, your right arm- a date  
in blue letters put on with burnt powder.  
Chenildieu,  
your left shoulder is burned.  
You tried to efface the marks of  
the branding iron. Lift up your sleeve.  
- How are you, Genflou?  
- [ Chuckling ]  
Monsieur Madeleine!  
No, there is-  
there is no Monsieur Madeleine.  
There's only Jean Valjean.  
The law has a case against me.  
I shall be ready.  
You know where I'm to be found.  
Just come when you want me.  
What is it?  
Why, you're going out?  
Yes, dear. I'm going away.  
For long? For-  
Can't I go with you?  
No. I can't take you.  
Why? Why?  
Is it my fault?  
Have I done anything wrong?  
No, dear, never.  
How could you do anything wrong?  
I thought you were turning me out.  
I get so scared.  
I thought I might have to  
go back to the inn...  
to those people.  
No, darling.  
You'll never have to do that.  
- I promise you.

- Then you'll come back?  
You'd like me to?  
Like you to?  
Why, tonight I fell asleep wishing...  
everything could go on and on...  
just as it has  
ever since I came to you.  
You wished that?  
Then you go to sleep again...  
wishing it with all your might.  
I'm wishing.  
I'm wishing.  
Waken her.  
Is it urgent? She is very ill.  
Oh, Monsieur Madeleine.  
Is it morning yet?  
No. No, it's midnight.  
Fantine, I may have to be away  
for some time.  
Take this package. Keep it to yourself.  
Don't show it to anyone.  
It'll make sure that you and Cosette  
will be taken care of.  
- 20,000 francs.  
- There's something wrong, Monsieur Madeleine.  
Jean Valjean!  
I arrest you by order of the court!  
Get up and come along with me!  
Monsieur Madeleine.  
Monsieur le Maire.  
Maire? Maire?  
I see no maire here.  
I only see Jean Valjean,  
convict and galley slave...  
saintly, forgiving Christian...  
who forgave the poor, humble inspector  
when he made a mistake.  
Get on with you. Get on!  
Is it because of this, Monsieur Madeleine?  
- What do you got there?  
- Money for Fantine and her child.  
All money must be confiscated...  
until it is settled  
whether or not it is stolen property.

But I promised that they'd  
both be provided for.

You promised?

Do what you like with me, but in common  
humanity let her have this money.

I can't alter the law. You know that.

Javert, I gave myself up  
to save a man from injustice.

Now you expect me to leave  
these two people destitute.

There are institutions for such people.

- There's the child.

- Let her go back to the place she came from.

[ Murmuring, Slurred ]

Cosette. Cosette.

[ Nun Whispering Prayer ]

[ Nun Continues Whispering Prayer ]

You did it.

Your very presence killed her.

So, Cosette shall go  
to an institution, eh?

It's the law, is it?

But there's an old law.

Older than yours!

Cosette.

- You ready, dear?

- Yes, I'm ready.

See if the carriage is at the back.

Yes, it's there.

[ Banging ]

Round the back way.

[ Banging Continues ]

Break it open!

- Where are we going?

- To Paris!

If we get there.

Get to the horses!

Take the other road!

Take the other road!

- [ Knocking ]

- Shh. Shh.

I don't like that old lady.

She asked me a lot of questions  
this morning.

- She'd sell us out for a sou.

- I think so too.

Must be some way I can get you to a place  
where you'll be safe and looked after.

There must be.

What'll I do if they find you?

They mustn't.

You're so kind, and I love you.

Well, then I'll find a way...

for both of us.

[ Bell Tolling ]

Cosette...

we have it at last.

[ Bell Continues Tolling ]

Monsieur Madeleine

has been most generous to us.

His last request was a godsend.

He asks us

to look after your little girl...

and to give you a position

as gardener here.

Is that possible?

We will do anything

for Monsieur Madeleine.

And in helping you...

we shall feel that in some way...

we are repaying him

for his goodness to us.

The gardener's cottage

is down the garden.

See him about it,

and I'll talk to him later.

Now, Cosette,

say good-bye to your father.

I- Please.

I shall be able to see him sometime,

shan't I?

During playtime, certainly.

- [ Sobbing ]

- Oh.

She's very fond of you, isn't she?

[ Sobbing Continues ]

Go along now, dear. Go along.

[ Organ ]

Confirmation day again.

Procession'll go by here.

Go on working, of course, but you'll be able to get a glance at your daughter.

[ Continues ]

- You'll be taking her away soon.

- Yes, that's right.

She should have a chance in the world.

- [ Whispering Prayer]

- [ Continues ]

[ Girls Singing In Latin ]

Five years ago Monsieur Madeleine gave me this package...

with instructions to give it to you when my daughter left the convent.

It's for the expenses of her education.

Monsieur Madeleine

must be a very good man.

He asks us to do him a favor

and then pays us for it.

She's very beautiful.

- You must take good care of her.

- She's all I have.

Good-bye, Mother.

Thank you. Thank you so much.

God bless you, my child.

Good-bye.

- Where are we going? What are we going to do?

- You'll see.

I've planned everything.

- What are they?

- Convicts.

But where are they going?

To the galleys.

Poor, unfortunate wretches.

Must they treat them that way?

God is just...

but men, sometimes, are unjust.

- Cosette. Are you ready?

- Yes.

What? Another new cape?

- You're getting to be more

the boulevard dandy every day.

- What's more, I like it.

Has anyone ever told you  
that you're very beautiful?  
No. But I hope it's true.  
Many people have told me  
I have a very handsome escort.  
What are you thinking?  
May it go on and on like this forever.  
[ Applause, Cheering ]  
What's that?  
We, too, are all  
for law and order and justice.  
But the government takes no heed of  
the constant cry of the people for reform!  
[ Applause, Cheering ]  
Let's stop here.  
Driver, stop here a moment.  
Make no mistake, my friends.  
We are not here advocating  
unlimited freedom for criminals...  
nor the abolishment  
of a rigid penalty for the guilty.  
Quite the contrary. We believe the guilty  
should pay for their crimes.  
We are even in favor of a more strict  
control of crime than now exists.  
But we do protest against  
the monstrous sentences inflicted...  
and the inhuman prison system  
as it stands today.  
Men are given life sentences  
for stealing a sheep.  
They are sent to the galleys  
for thefts amounting to a few francs.  
[ All Cheering ]  
Let's get out and listen.  
I wouldn't go too far  
from the carriage if I were you.  
There may be trouble.  
- If you're interested, sir.  
- Thank you.  
We're not revolutionaries, sir.  
Politics are not our business.  
I myself am a student of the law.  
I have known something of the horrible

sentences inflicted on young men.  
On boys, even.  
Every day we see them sent to the galleys.  
It's all so senseless.  
No man, once branded, has a chance  
of becoming a good citizen again.  
You won't believe that, sir, but it's true.  
To degrade men and women to the level of  
beasts, and then turn them loose without even a-  
without even a chance to make good...  
is neither good justice, good morals  
or even good business...  
because there's nothing left for these fellows  
to do but commit further crimes in order to live.  
You won't believe that. You're good people and  
don't realize how these poor wretches suffer.  
But we want your aid  
and the aid of all good citizens.  
Our address is there if you feel  
you'd like to help. We need funds.  
- Come on!  
- [ All Shouting ]  
Run away! You'll be hurt!  
Driver.  
Break it up! Come on!  
It's a dangerous game  
these young students are playing.  
The government's very down on them.  
- Two hundred enough?  
- Oh, yes.  
Still, I, uh-  
I think they're sincere.  
Well, I'm sure he is.  
He looked sincere.  
I'll post it right away.  
[ Knocking Continues ]  
[ People Conversing, Faint ]  
Oh, I thought you were the police.  
Is Monsieur Marius in?  
Come in.  
You have a letter. You may leave it.  
I want to deliver it personally,  
if I may.  
Oh. All right, come on.

Don't keep him long. He's busy.  
It's late, and we're all hungry.  
[ All Laughing ]  
[ Door Slams ]  
[ Men Whistling Melodies ]  
When will you be speaking again?  
Tomorrow, in the park.  
Will you be there?  
I shall be there.  
Good-bye.  
Good-bye.  
- Who was she?  
- Oh, just a sympathizer.  
Oh. I can see that.  
Marius, listen.  
I've had enough work for tonight.  
I'm chock-full of it.  
But I still have room for a good meal.  
- Forget it for once and let's go out tonight.  
- Sorry. Too busy.  
Too busy?  
[ Laughing ]  
If that thing on your face is a smile,  
take it off and get on with your work.  
Another thousand to do before supper.  
Tomorrow, mademoiselle?  
Tomorrow, monsieur.  
Tomorrow, Cosette?  
Tomorrow, Marius.  
Darling, may I speak  
to your father tonight?  
No, darling.  
I want to tell him myself.  
Please let me. It's best.  
Well, he'll probably want to know  
everything there is to know about me-  
who I am, who my parents were  
and where I come from.  
So, even though you haven't  
asked me yourself...  
I might as well tell you the gloomy details  
and get the whole thing over with.  
I am 22 years old, I have dark hair...  
I'm a little under six feet...



my eyes are brown...

and my irresistible virtue  
is that I love you very much.

Darling.

- There they are.

- So that's the young fool, eh?

The two of them meet every day.

At first I thought

she was a go-between...

an agent who was passing him money from  
some rich supporter in the background.

- Yes?

- Well, I've watched them now for three weeks.

I'm convinced that

it's only an ordinary love affair.

Of course, if you like

we can have them all arrested.

It's no use roping in a few harebrained  
students and confiscating a printing press.

What we want is the power behind them.

Nothing at their headquarters.

Oh, he has a young girl.

She calls herself his secretary.

She makes various trips at night  
to Monmartre and so on.

I have followed her,

but there's nothing definite.

She may be more important  
than you think.

Javert, in order that we may be absolutely  
certain we're leaving no stone unturned...

I want you to follow this girl.

Find out who she is, where she lives.

- She lives with her father.

- Exactly. Find out who he is.

- Find out all about him  
and report to me tomorrow.

- Very good, sir.

Cosette, let me come around  
tonight after dinner.

I'll face it out like a soldier.

All right.

And I'll make it easy for you, dear.

I wouldn't be at all surprised

if she were gun shy.

[ Chuckles ]

Look at her feet!

She isn't worth

half the price of the other one.

- Oh, aren't they lovely?

- Which do you like best?

- This one, of course.

- You would choose that one.

He may be all wrong,

but I think he's all right. He likes me.

[ Man ]

Woman's instinct. Always right, sir.

But a woman's instinct told her

it was a he, and it's really a she. However-

Well, mademoiselle, what I say is...

if a dog likes you, that's the lot.

- You take her.

- That is right, isn't it?

- Aren't you listening?

- Come in, quickly.

Well-

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

- Did he recognize you?

- I don't think so.

Come. Start packing.

[Javert ]

What do you want?

I- I came to pay a call.

Anybody send you?

Mademoiselle asked me to call.

- Nobody's here.

- They're out?

Gone away.

- Didn't they leave any word for me?

- Left no message for anybody.

- Have you the address?

- Not yet.

Well, I must find them.

- My name is-

- I know your name, and I know your address.

If you know what's good for you,

you'll get out of here. Go on. Get out of here.

[ Chattering, Shouting ]

Attention! Everybody listen!

Listen now! Good news!

We've just received word from Lyons!

[ Cheering ]

Students uprising at all universities!

Demonstrations everywhere!

Are you awake or deaf or what?

There's a big demonstration

arranged for tomorrow night.

We've littered the place with handbills.

What's the matter?

Are you with us or against us?

Yes, yes, I shall be with you.

Of course.

With a little more enthusiasm, I hope.

You'll need it.

Listen, we believe the police have

got wind of our plans already.

We'll be lucky if we're not behind bars

by this time tomorrow.

If you want my advice-

which you don't-

you'll give up this whole idiotic business

and go back to your studies.

[ Man ]

Let the police come, I say!

What's the use of talking?

Talking's done nothing.

The pamphlets are no good either!

- What we want is action!

- [ Cheering, Affirmations ]

Action'll tell 'em we mean business.

We'll create a demonstration that'll be heard

from one end of France to the other.

We'll tear up the streets of Paris!

If they've got bayonets, we've got knives!

[ Cheering, Shouting ]

[ Ringing ]

[ Crowd Murmuring ]

- You've got the coach?

- Yes, monsieur.

- You're sure of your man?

- I had to pay him 200 francs. Too much, I know.

That doesn't matter.  
Pay him his price. Four horses, mind.  
Yes, with relays  
at Amiens, Abbeville, Cam-  
Here's the advance.  
Five hundred more  
if we reach Calais safely.  
- There are just the two of you?  
-Just the two of us.  
[ Crowd Murmuring ]  
I thought you were never coming.  
Terrible night. Police everywhere.  
Street fights and whatnot.  
But the letter- the letter to Marius.  
Did you deliver it?  
The office was smashed up.  
The police had raided it.  
And Marius?  
He escaped.  
Then he didn't get it.  
You didn't deliver it.  
He doesn't know where I am,  
and there's no means of telling him.  
No, wait. As I was inquiring for him,  
a strange girl came up. She took the letter.  
- Said she'd give it to him.  
- A girl?  
Said her name was Eponine...  
that you'd know her.  
His secretary.  
Eponine.  
Oh.  
[ Whispering, Indistinct ]  
[ Crowd Murmuring, Shouting ]  
- Don't open the door for anybody until I tell you.  
- Yes, monsieur.  
Well, the coachman's safe.  
That's one thing.  
He's just rounding the corner.  
Are you all packed?  
Almost.  
But we can't go with all  
this fighting in the streets.  
That's good. Don't you see? It's the ideal time.

The police will have their hands full.

- How far are we going?

- England.

- England?

- Mm-hmm.

- England.

- We shall be safe there.

- Yes, but-

- But what?

- It's a long way.

- That's all the better.

They won't follow us there,  
and we shall be safe, you and I.

I can't go.

I can't leave him.

- He doesn't know where I am, and he'll think-

- Who?

Marius. We'll never find him.

Marius? What does he mean to you?

I love him.

Oh, you-you can't have seen him  
twice in your life.

Oh, yes, I met him often.

I didn't tell you,  
but we were going to tell you.

He was coming to see you last night.

You didn't tell me.

You didn't tell me.

- Why should you keep this from me?

- I didn't mean to.

It was just a little adventure at first,  
and then-

And now you think you love him, eh?

He's all the world to me.

I can't leave him.

And me.

Me!

Have you nothing...

for me?

But you're my father.

I mean,

I always think of you as my father.

I know you're not really.

But don't you see,

with Marius it's different.  
It isn't just that lovely sense  
of companionship I have with you.  
It's- It's-  
Well, it's the way every girl feels  
for the man who's going to marry her.  
You always knew I should have to  
leave you one day, didn't you?  
No one forgets that.  
It's hurt you, hasn't it?  
Hurt you horribly.  
You're the last person  
in the world I'd ever hurt.  
Well, it's-  
it's natural that  
you should want to leave me.  
Oh, but I didn't until this happened.  
I never thought of leaving you.  
No one could have been happier than I.  
Oh, please.  
I'll go to England.  
I'll forget him somehow.  
I will. I swear I will.  
You mean that?  
I'd be a poor thing...  
if I couldn't do this for you,  
after all you've done for me.  
It's the one thing you want, isn't it?  
If I could do anything for him, I would.  
You know I would.  
But I can't.  
We don't even know where he is.  
If we stay here, they'll arrest me.  
Heaven only knows  
what'll happen to you.  
No, no. We can make all inquiries  
about him from England.  
Now, that's best, isn't it?  
Yes. Of course it's best.  
Now, you-you finish packing.  
[ Door Bell Jingling ]  
Well, that- that's the coachman.  
[ Door Bell Continues Jingling ]  
[ Gasps ]

Who are you?

I've run halfway across Paris...

with all the police in France

on my trail.

- There's a couple more waiting around the corner.

- Well, who are you?

- I've come to see a girl called Cosette.

- Why?

I- I have a message for her.

You can give it to me.

I'm her father. Who is it from?

- It's from Marius.

- Marius?

[ Laughing ]

Yes!

I have to bring messages of his  
undying affection to another woman!

I, who love him.

Funny, isn't it?

- [ Laughing Continues ]

- Brandy!

Where-Where-

Where is this boy Mar-

Where is Marius now?

Fighting for his life

in the Faubourg St-Germain.

Police all around him. He and his stupid  
students getting themselves slaughtered.

And for what?

I could have kept him out of it...

only when he didn't hear from his sweetheart,  
he didn't care what happened to him.

Now he's in it- trapped in a blind alley,  
determined to die for his silly cause.

Oh, aren't men fools!

Here. Here, take this.

Now, when will this Cosette be back?

I must give her the message.

It was his wish. It may be his last.

She's here now.

I'm trying to get her

to go to England tonight.

- To England?

- Yes.

Then he may never see her again,  
perhaps.

But if we tell her where he is...

she'll want to go to him.

She couldn't get there.

You might, but she couldn't.

- Why should I go to him?

- Don't you want to save him for your daughter?

Why should I? She's all I have.

What's this boy to me

that I should risk my life for him?

I know just how you feel.

His message to her

was that he loved her...

that if he came out of this alive,

he'd follow her to the ends of the Earth.

It seems they love each other.

What are we going to do

about this, you and I?

That defeats us both, doesn't it?

You don't want to give her up,

and I don't want to-

Give.

Give.

Will you tell her, or shall I?

[ Door Bell Jangling ]

Will you show me the way?

Can we get him out?

I know a way in, but heaven knows

if we'll ever get out.

- The coach is waiting. The horses are ready!

- Cosette. Cosette!

- We've found Marius. We're going to get him now.

- Let me go with you.

- No, that's not possible. You must stay here.

- But the coach, monsieur-

Send it back. We're not going until later.

Come along.

But, monsieur, it's terrible out there.

LieutenantJavert!

A girl just come out of the house,

and a man with her!

Valjean!

Through that door! We'll lose him!



[ Explosion ]

- Where's Marius?

- On the barricade.

- Who's this?

- Friend.

Who are you?

What'd you say?

Spy?

Police!

- I might be a spy, and I'm certainly the police!

- [ All Shouting ]

- Tie him up!

-[ Man ] Police spy!

Wait here.

- String him up! String him up!

- No, wait!

Let me! Let me!

This man has persecuted me for 20 years.

I'll do it the way they did it in the galleys.

- Police!

- Gendarmes!

- Police!

- Fire!

Now, Javert...

the hunt ends.

End it, then.

It had to be one of us.

You've hounded me...

pursued me.

You and your law.

Do your part. I've done mine.

I stand by everything I've done.

- [ Gunfire, Explosions Continue ]

- [ Shouting Continues ]

What are you doing?

What are you doing?

Now go on.

Do you think

I'd take my freedom from you?

Shoot!

Go ahead!

Shoot!

You're a fool!

You know what'll happen.

I'll take you in the end!  
You know I will!  
You know I must!  
Why?  
[ Shouts ]  
Eponine! What are you doing here?  
Go back! You'll be killed!  
Come with me. I found Cosette.  
She's waiting for you.  
- [ Screams ]  
- [ Gunshot ]  
Marius!  
Is he hurt badly?  
No, no.  
He'll be all right.  
[ Whispers ]  
Thank you.  
[ Whispers ]  
Javert.  
Javert?  
You're here.  
I know it.  
Where are you?  
Where are you?  
I'm ready.  
All I ask...  
is a few moments...  
to say good-bye.  
The law allows you nothing.  
Here. Here, see.  
It isn't me. It's nothing to do with me.  
It's the law that wants you.  
It's the law, see.  
Well, you go ahead. I'll wait.  
Feeling better, eh?  
Yes, thank you.  
You brought me here.  
I know what you  
must have gone through...  
and I'm very grateful.  
Oh, it's nothing.  
Nothing at all.  
Cosette...  
I must say good-bye.

I'm leaving. Now.  
Leaving? Now?  
Why? Where?  
For England.  
The coach is at the door.  
There's no time to be lost.  
I must hurry.  
You can't go like this. You can't!  
We'll go with you.  
Won't we, Marius?  
Oh, no. No.  
It's better that I, uh- I go alone.  
See, there are reasons.  
After all,  
England isn't so very far away.  
I'll write you every week.  
Every day.  
- And you'll write me too.  
- Yes, but-  
And then someday- someday you  
and Marius will come and visit me.  
But you'll be alone, all alone.  
Oh, no, my dear.  
I'll have you right here...  
always.  
See, you're young.  
You and Marius have your...  
whole lives ahead of you.  
[ Marius ]  
Please, let me-  
- I'll never be able to repay you.  
- You owe me nothing.  
Nothing.  
For all I've ever done for you, I-  
I've been well repaid.  
[ Sobbing ]  
Remember...  
love each other always.  
There's scarcely anything else in life  
but that.  
Let her be as precious to you...  
as she's been to me.  
She is.  
I must go now, darling.

Keep these always.  
Silver, they say.  
But they're more than gold to me.  
Remember...  
as was once told me...  
life is to give...  
not to take.  
Father of all...  
I've done what I could.  
Take what you will.  
[ Choir Singing ]  
[ Man Shouting ]  
No, don't, sir! Don't!  
[ Men Shouting ]  
Look.  
[ Continues ]  
[ Ends ]