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# Les Miserables

By Victor Hugo

"So long as poverty and misery  
still exist on earth,  
works such as this may not be in vain."

- VICTOR HUGO

**PART ONE:**

TEMPEST IN A SKULL

They ought to thank the man.

- A convict doesn't deserve it.

- It's bad enough having to feed him.

You're free.

Your shoulders

earned you that much.

The mayor asked

that you be rewarded

for your little exploit

with the town hall statue.

Your sentence was due

to end October 1st.

We're releasing you today.

Go change

and pick up your passport.

All right.

- Aren't you happy?

- I am.

"Jean Valjean, convict.

Released September 8, 1815.

**Profession:**

Sentenced at the age of 25 to five years'

hard labor on March 2, 1796,

for breaking and entering

and theft.

Additional sentences of 14 years

for four escape attempts.

This man is very dangerous."

Your passport must be stamped

in every town you pass through.

Is that clear?

They have to know who you are.

It's clear.

So it never ends?

After the chains

comes the passport.

Here's your due.  
120 francs and 15 sous.

Sign.

I counted 171 francs.

Yours is not to count.

The state counts for you,  
and it's never wrong.

Now sign.

**Remember :**

and you're back here for good.

I know. Thanks.

- How much?

- Four sous.

That's at least 15 years of pay!

Nineteen years.

And they cheated me.

There's two sous missing.

- Sorry.

Where you headed?

Pontarlier.

There's laboring work there.

It pays well, but it's far.

Far?

The farther, the better.

Nineteen years of hard labor!

I need to exercise these.

I need to walk.

Which way is it?

- Pontarlier?

Head north.

Pass by Grasse, then Riez,

until you get to Digne.

Then head for Brianon.

Once you get there,

ask the way.

- Is that Digne?

- Sure is.

Where's the town hall?

Behind the church.

You can't miss it.

No, thanks.

I have money.

Why can't I get

a meal or bed in this town?  
- No one would help?  
- They turned me out everywhere.  
Did you knock on that door?  
- Which one?  
- Over there.  
Knock on that door.  
They'll take you in.  
Come in.  
Come in, my friend.

**It's like this:**

My name is Jean Valjean.  
I'm a convict.  
I stole a loaf of bread  
from a bakery.  
I was caught and resisted arrest.  
I got five years.  
I tried to escape four times.  
I got another 14 years.  
I spent 19 years in prison.  
I got out four days ago.  
I walked 12 leagues today.  
No one will put me up around here  
due to my yellow passport.  
An old woman said  
you'd take me in.  
What is this here? An inn?  
I can pay.  
I have 109 francs and 15 sous  
I earned for 19 years of labor.  
I'm tired...  
and hungry.  
Can I stay?  
Mrs. Magloire,  
set another place.  
What?  
Didn't you hear what I said?  
I'm a convict  
just out of prison!  
Ever see this paper?  
It closes every door to me.  
Can you read?  
"Nineteen years of hard labor.

This man is very dangerous."  
You hear that?  
I'm very dangerous!  
Mrs. Magloire, make up the bed  
in the alcove with fresh sheets.  
Sir, we're just about  
to have supper.  
Your bed will be made up  
while you eat.  
You're letting me stay?  
A bed...  
with a mattress and sheets  
like ordinary people have?  
It's been 19 years  
since I slept in a bed.  
You invite me to supper  
and call me "sir"?  
Just who are you?  
I'm a priest who lives here.  
Set your things down, my friend.  
Mrs. Magloire,  
this lamp doesn't give much light.  
Do be seated.  
There seems to be something  
missing from this table.  
I'll show you to your room.  
Good night.  
Say, are you crazy?  
Putting me next door to you?  
A criminal?  
How do you know  
I'm not a murderer?  
That's the Lord's concern.  
The man's gone!  
He stole the silver!  
He's gone!  
He stole the silver!  
Was that wise, Monseigneur,  
taking in a man like that?  
Good thing  
he only robbed us!  
Good Lord!  
What a terrifying thought!  
Come in.

Monseigneur, we -  
"Monseigneur"!  
He's a bishop?  
You arrested this man?  
You've made a mistake.  
He's not a thief.  
The silver.  
I gave them to him last night,  
along with  
two silver candlesticks.  
He's terribly poor.  
I had nothing else to give him.  
Why didn't you take  
your candlesticks?  
Mrs. Magloire,  
go fetch them.  
He has employment  
in Pontarlier. Let him go.  
You mean  
we should release him?  
You must.  
Here you are, my friend.  
Go in peace.  
Should you pass this way again,  
you'll always be welcome.  
The front door is always unlocked,  
day and night.  
And now...  
I can wish you luck...  
because I know  
you will use this silver  
to become an honest man.  
I'm convinced of it.  
Good-bye, my friend.  
Mister, my coin.  
My coin, mister, please.  
Give me back my coin.  
My 40-sous coin!  
- What is it?  
- It's mine, mister.  
Give me my coin.  
I want my coin!  
It's under your foot.  
Take your foot away!

Run along, you little brat!  
What's this?  
Hey, boy!  
Hey, boy!  
Here's your 40 sous!  
Where'd you go?  
Hey, boy!  
Come back!  
Come back here!  
I can't keep your money!  
What have I done?  
What a wretch I am!  
Forgive me, Monseigneur.  
CONVICT'S PASSPOR The chains!  
The chains again?  
Enough is enough.  
You promised me  
the next quadrille.  
I promise.  
Twice with the same partner -  
how sinful!  
He's a nice dancer.  
Your little blonde's not bad-looking.  
I wouldn't mind trying my luck.  
No use, old man.  
She's virtuous.  
- She sent you packing?  
- I'll tell you if she does.  
She's the only one  
who won't allow familiarities.  
She comes here every Sunday  
with the other three seamstresses.  
She's saving herself  
for the man of her dreams.  
Believe me, I tried myself.  
I made a conquest,  
but he's got a long beard.  
Say, they can't take their eyes  
off you over there.  
Me? You think so?  
Just for a kiss,  
you'd have to promise to marry her.  
I'll promise her  
whatever she wants.

And if there's a child?  
You're so naive!  
Let me have your dance.  
Introduce me. What's her name?  
- Fantine.  
- Fantine what?  
Plain Fantine.  
She's an orphan from  
Montreuil-sur-Mer. She has no last name.  
Come on.  
Don't you think -  
Allow me to introduce  
one of our brightest law students,  
my good friend  
Felix Tholomys.  
He's begged me to let him  
have the next dance with you.  
Mr. Tholomys...  
Miss Fantine.  
Yes, I'll say it again.  
In five years, our little city  
of Montreuil-sur-Mer  
has been entirely transformed.  
A dying community in 1815,  
it now ranks with the most  
prosperous regions in the land.  
Thanks to whom?  
Thanks to that untiring worker,  
that man of integrity whose modesty  
explains his absence here today:  
Mr. Madeleine.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I have good news  
to share with you.  
The man who has just  
endowed the city  
with the splendid vocational school  
we are inaugurating today,  
our benefactor and friend,  
who last year refused a decoration,  
has finally accepted  
to serve as our mayor.  
What's the police view  
of all this, Mr. Javert?



Fine and dandy, my dear notary.

Fine and dandy.

We'll see how things progress.

For the past five years,

Mr. Madeleine has not only  
personified

social progress in our city.

He also made

a fabulous discovery

that has revolutionized

the glass jewelry industry in France.

Yes, it's gum lacquer.

Quite well done.

Simple enough,

but nobody ever thought of it.

In my country, we've been

working on it for 10 years.

Mr. Madeleine thought it up himself?

Where does he come from?

Wherever he came from,

he did it.

This same item, before he replaced

resin with gum lacquer,

cost three times as much.

It must have made his fortune.

He must be very rich.

Maybe.

How does he live?

Is that his chateau

near the woods?

Naturally.

Our Parisian again.

Quiet!

Your pay will be docked.

The chateau? Not at all.

Mr. Madeleine is rich now,

but he lives modestly

in a small house.

- He's an eccentric.

- He's a saint.

You're a saint, Mr. Madeleine.

You should have heard them

at the inauguration today.

You're a saint.

Don't utter that word,  
my dear school commissioner.  
I knew a real saint once.  
He died last week.  
Is it him  
you're in mourning for?  
The bishop of Digne.  
I'll read it.  
"Madame,  
no need to worry.  
Your little Cosette  
is happy and in well health.  
But she has no more things.  
We bought her a nice cloak  
for her sixth birthday,  
like you asked.  
Send 20 francs at once,  
along with the monthly board,  
which I'm forced to raise to 10 francs.  
So send 30 francs at once.  
Your devoted servant, Thnardier."  
That's it.  
Did he really write,  
"Your little Cosette  
is happy and in well health"?  
That's what he wrote.  
So what's your answer?  
Wait. Is this the sentence?  
"Your little Cosette  
is happy and in well health."  
That's it.  
"Your little Cosette  
is happy and in well health."  
Do you want to reply?  
Yes, sir.  
Write that I'm sending  
20 francs at once,  
but he'll have to wait a bit  
for the other 10.  
"Sir...  
I am sending you  
20 francs at once..."  
"But I must ask you  
to wait a bit

for the other 10."

No!

Out of the question!

If she thinks I'm going  
to give her credit -

That's not our style  
here in Montfermeil.

It's not hard for a good-looking girl  
like her to find money.

If she wants us to keep her child,  
she has to cough up!

Bring the writing desk.

Cosette!

Coming, ma'am!

Can't you answer  
when we call you?

These jugs should have  
been filled an hour ago.

And you didn't even sweep up,  
you good-for-nothing!

Take the writing desk  
to Mr. Thnardier.

You have to earn  
your keep here.

How about it, Cosette?

Go on!

Wait.

Go ask Mrs. Thnardier  
for the prescriptions  
the doctor made out  
for Eponine and Azelma.

- Prescriptions, sir?

- Don't you understand French?

The prescriptions  
you took to the druggist.

Sure.

You know, when me and Azelma  
had the measles.

Oh, yes.

"Cosette has caught the measles  
that have been going around.

She needs expensive drugs.

I enclose the prescriptions.

Send 40 francs by next week.

Otherwise, we can't answer  
for your child's health."  
Is this why you're late?  
Yes, ma'am.  
I had to find the money.  
Forty francs! They're mad!  
Where will I find that much?  
Whose child is it?  
- Mine, ma'am.  
- You're married?  
I was to marry a young Parisian,  
Mr. Tholomys. I loved him.  
But he abandoned me  
eight years ago when I was pregnant.  
I had no money,  
so I left my child in the care  
of innkeepers in Montfermeil,  
the Thnardiers.  
Go to your bench.  
I'll return your papers later.  
CherubINETTE  
took all her letters.  
At last!  
We'll be able to breathe again.  
Don't worry.  
It won't be long now.  
When CherubINETTE  
starts to clean house -  
Careful, Pa Fauchelevent!  
You're going to slip!  
- The inspector's over there!  
- Call him!  
Here he comes.  
I can't breathe!  
Get a jack, quick.  
Help me!  
- We'll get you out!  
- They've gone for a jack!  
- No jack?  
- They've gone for one, sir.  
- It's not here yet?  
- The blacksmith's 15 minutes away.  
- We can't wait!  
- We have to.

There's just enough room for a man  
to slip underneath and lift the cart.  
It's the only way.  
No one's tried?  
Five louis!  
Ten louis!  
- It could crush a man.  
No one will try?  
It's not the will that's lacking,  
Mr. Mayor. It's the strength.  
It takes incredible strength  
to lift a cart with your back.  
Hello, Javert.  
Who'll lift this cart?  
I know only one man  
who could do that.  
A former convict  
from the penal colony at Toulon.  
No volunteers?  
Pull him out!  
Let the doctor through.  
Here's the mayor's coat  
and hat.  
- Did you see Mr. Madeleine?  
- He risked his life.  
Who'd have thought  
he was so strong?  
Here you are, Fantine.  
Fifty francs.  
The mayor is very sorry.  
You've been here two years.  
He rarely dismisses a worker,  
but we can't keep you on.  
The mayor advises you  
to leave the region.  
But you just said -  
Dismissed? How will I manage?  
I owe 40 francs for my child  
and 30 for rent.  
The mayor is sorry.  
It's all he can do.  
Good-bye.  
You can leave immediately.  
Hand in your things

as you leave.  
This is horrible!  
My little girl is at death's door.  
I have to send 40 francs.  
I owe 30 for my room,  
but I have nothing.  
Just the 50 francs  
they gave me to leave.  
Sign here.  
Just make a cross.  
What did I do wrong?  
Why did they dismiss me?  
If you've done nothing,  
speak to Mr. Madeleine.  
He can't tolerate injustice.  
He's the one  
who had me dismissed.  
That's hard to believe.  
Did you see him?  
No, the supervisor told me.  
He wants me to leave the area.  
Ah, so it was her  
who told you.  
That witch!  
"To the Prefect of Police, Paris.  
A striking resemblance  
has raised my suspicions  
as to the identity  
of Mr. Madeleine..."  
MR. LEGRIS

**BUSINESSMAN:**

Come in.  
So there you are.  
Come in.  
Do you have it?  
Unfortunately, sir, I've just  
been dismissed from the factory.  
After I send 40 francs for my child,  
I'll have only 10 francs left.  
I'm sorry,  
but the rent must be paid.  
I don't give something  
for nothing.

I'm not a cruel man,  
but I must be paid  
one way...  
or another.  
You understand, my lovely?  
In that case, I'm sorry.  
You move out tomorrow.  
Please, sir.  
I love my Cosette so much.  
For her sake, I just couldn't -  
Enough!  
It's your problem now.  
You're a stupid girl.  
You won't find money  
anywhere.  
Yes, I will.  
I can find it. The barber offered me  
20 francs for my hair.  
Sure, you can sell your hair,  
and your lovely teeth too.  
And what then,  
after you've made 60 francs in all  
and no will look at you again?  
What will you sell then?  
When you're disfigured,  
what will you sell?  
When you only have  
three louis left.  
Her last three louis.  
And she asks for credit.  
And what else?  
The lady is afraid to prostitute herself.  
Who does she take us for?  
We'll sell Cosette,  
and in no time flat.  
I'll give her  
all the credit she wants.  
What?  
I'll just ask for 50 francs  
by return post.  
But you read her letter.  
These are her last three louis.  
Where will she find 50 francs?  
She'll find them.

Take it from me.  
Sure, she'll have  
to stoop a bit to pick them up.  
But she'll stoop,  
and once she starts -  
This is July.  
Just wait until winter.  
By Christmas our girls will be in fur.  
Take it from me.  
Just wait for winter.  
Wait for the first cold spell.  
What's this, Cosette!  
Letting the fire die?  
It's freezing in here!  
That's enough!  
Run your errands  
before the shops close.  
Yes, ma'am.  
I'm on my way.  
There you are!  
Were you cold? Go warm up.  
Cosette,  
let the poor dears get warm.  
Get going.  
The little darlings  
are shivering.  
I hope they don't get sick again.  
They can't last  
the winter in those dresses.  
- What about our furs, Papa?  
- That's right.  
The furs we were expecting  
by the first cold spell  
with the money  
from that slut in Montreuil.  
Well, the money's not rolling in,  
and winter's here.  
But it's not gone yet.  
A round loaf.  
Here you are.  
- Can you carry all that?  
- Yes, ma'am. I'm used to it.  
Poor little darling.  
Imagine letting a child



go out in rags like that.  
Sure, but it's hard  
on the Thnardiers too.  
They've sacrificed to raise  
Cosette with their children.  
Know who the mother is?  
A Parisian girl who abandoned her  
to live it up in Montreuil.  
She can't even pay regularly.  
- No!  
Anybody around?  
How about some service?  
Coming, sir.  
- What would you like?  
- Where's your mother?  
Why do you ask that, sir?  
Cosette, are you back?  
Serve the soup.  
We'll be right down.  
She's not your mother?  
Then who are you?  
Me, sir? I'm the maid.  
Say...  
if it isn't the Montreuil monkey!  
Hello there, monkey.  
How's business?  
Don't go.  
Let me admire your smile.  
Let me go, mister!  
What's that, princess?  
I'm a gentleman, my lovely.  
Let me by, mister.  
Got a cough?  
So even monkeys catch cold.  
And what have you done  
with your fur?  
You forgot your ermine, princess.  
Let me offer you  
another coat.  
Brute! Coward!  
Treating a woman like this!  
Who does this whore  
think she is?  
Whore?

Ruffian!

The streets aren't safe  
anymore at night.

You villain!

- It's Fantine!

- She's giving the dandy hell!

- Tear his ear off!

- Bite him!

Can't a person

even joke around now?

- If you'll come with us -

- Of course.

- Clear out!

- I didn't do anything.

You'll pay for this, you slut!

Who'll pay for my window?

You can't do this, sir.

You can't put me in prison.

I didn't do anything.

I don't know that gentleman.

He stuffed snow down my back.

I'm sick.

It gave me a shock.

I wasn't bothering him.

I didn't talk to him.

I ask you, sir...

does he have a right

to treat us that way?

Here's the mayor.

I heard it all.

I was in the caf.

- I was outside.

- I'll see about this.

It was like this:

The girl did nothing wrong, really.

You can't send me to prison,

my dear Mr. Javert.

You only earn

seven sous a day there.

How can I pay

for my little girl's board?

If I don't pay, they'll abandon her.

She'll die.

I have a little girl

in Montfermeil.  
She costs me a lot.  
I owe 100 francs  
to the Thnardiers,  
the innkeepers  
who look after her.  
It's true.  
I should have told you.  
You couldn't have known.  
You thought I was just  
a loose woman.  
But now,  
my good Mr. Javert,  
you understand.  
You do understand?  
If you want,  
I'll apologize to the gentleman.  
But I beg you,  
don't send me to prison!  
Let me earn enough  
to save my dear Cosette.  
Have pity, Mr. Javert.  
That's enough.  
I heard you out.  
Is that all?  
Get up.  
You'll get three months.  
Take her to the cells.  
Mr. Mayor, you're here?  
So you're the mayor?  
Inspector Javert,  
release this woman.  
Release me?  
Who said that?  
Surely not you!  
It's all his fault.  
He had me fired from his factory  
because some hussies  
told stories about me.  
That's why  
I've become what I am now!  
Else I could've paid the Thnardiers  
and got my little girl back.  
I did all this for her.

I have to feed my child.  
So I can go?  
Honest?  
You're letting me go?  
Thank you, sir.  
Arrest her!  
Who gives the orders here?  
I do.  
Mr. Mayor,  
you can't do this.  
- What?  
- This girl insulted a gentleman.  
I made inquiries,  
as you didn't.  
It's the gentleman  
you should have arrested.  
She insulted you.  
She has to serve three months.  
She won't serve  
so much as a day.  
I regret to contradict you,  
but this is a police matter.  
This woman is under arrest.  
I order you  
to release this woman.  
- Mr. Mayor, forgive me -  
- Not another word!  
- But -  
- Get out.  
I didn't know  
about any of this.  
Why didn't you come see me?  
Calm down.  
No one will hurt you ever again.  
I'll send for your child.  
If you need help,

**have no fear:**

I won't abandon you.  
Thank you!  
Take her to the hospital.  
For me?  
No, sir.  
For the inspector.

"From the Prefect of Police:  
Pursuant to your letter,  
our inquiries reveal  
that the convict Jean Valjean  
was apprehended during  
a new robbery attempt  
and has been incarcerated  
at the prison in Arras."  
Thank you, Sister.  
How kind  
everyone is to me now.  
How things change.  
Both lungs.  
What now?  
Sister, when will I see  
my dear Cosette again?  
Once you're cured.  
But I am cured.  
If she were here,  
I'm sure I could work right away.  
Tell Mr. Madeleine before he goes.  
Don't worry, Fantine.  
Mother Superior  
will speak to the mayor.  
Rest now.  
My darling little Cosette.  
Come here, Cosette.  
Come on.  
Don't be afraid.  
Come take a look.  
My dear child.  
Go ahead and feel it.  
- Can we wear them every day?  
- That's all we need!  
Your father slaves to clothe you,  
and you want to dress up  
on weekdays?  
- What if it's cold?  
- Then we'll see.  
Why are you  
standing there gaping?  
Go finish sweeping!  
And you two, run upstairs  
and lock your nice fur coats

away in the closet.  
What'd I tell you?  
Three hundred francs at one go.  
Fantine must've found  
some fool with deep pockets.  
We can't let go of that kid.  
Thnardier,  
you're such a genius.  
What are you  
daydreaming about?  
You left half the dust  
under the benches.  
Leave her alone.  
The kid's startin'  
to grow on me.  
I may be away  
two or three days.  
Poor Fantine isn't doing well.  
I'll personally go  
for her daughter in Montfermeil.  
I'll leave in the morning.  
Wait.  
Have Fantine sign this note,  
and bring it to me at home.  
Mr. Javert  
is still waiting to see you.  
He says it's urgent.  
Show him in.  
Well, what is it, Javert?  
Handing in my resignation  
wouldn't be enough.  
I must be relieved of my duties.  
I don't understand.  
Two weeks ago,  
after the incident with Fantine,  
I was furious  
and I denounced you.  
- Denounced me?  
- To the Paris police.  
For encroaching  
on police matters?  
As a former convict.  
I thought it was you.  
There was a resemblance.

Then there was  
the business with the cart.  
Your limp.  
Little things like that.  
I took you for an ex-convict  
named Jean Valjean.  
Who?  
A convict at the penal colony in Toulon.  
I was a warder there.  
After his release,  
he burgled a bishop's home  
and robbed a young Savoyard.  
We've been looking for him  
for the past seven years.  
I thought it was you.  
I informed the prefecture.  
- And what did they say?  
- That I was mistaken.  
Why?  
Because they found Jean Valjean.  
A fellow who calls himself  
Champmathieu.  
He was arrested this fall  
for stealing cider apples.  
He was jailed in Arras,  
where a convict named Brevet  
identified him as Jean Valjean.  
Champmathieu denied it.  
Among other things, we found out  
that some 30 years ago,  
he was living in Faverolles,  
just like Jean Valjean.  
So?  
So he was indicted.  
He stands trial tomorrow.  
As a former warder,  
I've been called as a witness.  
In fact, I have  
to leave tonight to testify.  
What does the man say?  
Oh, he's a crafty one.  
Another man would be done for,  
but he plays stupid.  
He says his name's Champmathieu

and sticks to his story.  
But the evidence is against him.  
He's as good as condemned.  
- You're leaving now?  
- Yes, Mr. Mayor.  
How long will the trial last?  
One session at most.  
The verdict will be in by evening.  
But I won't wait.  
I'll return here as soon as I've testified.  
All right. Thank you.  
You haven't told me  
your decision about -  
About what?  
My dismissal.  
We'll discuss it  
when you get back.  
I'll continue to exercise  
my functions until I'm replaced.  
The mayor asks that you sign  
a note for him right away.  
"Mr. Thnardier,  
Please entrust Cosette  
to the bearer of this letter.  
He will pay you  
all expenses due.  
Respectfully yours..."  
Is this to bring back  
my darling Cosette?  
Is Mr. Madeleine  
going to get her?  
When will he be back?  
Be good, Fantine.  
You mustn't get excited.  
I wouldn't want to tell a lie,  
but I think Mr. Madeleine  
will go for your child himself.  
In any case,  
it can't be done.  
He'll be sentenced  
tomorrow night.  
I won't have the carriage

**before 5:**



Can my horse manage it?  
Impossible.  
If I can get to Amiens,  
I can catch the post to Paris -  
My coin, mister, please.  
Give me back my coin!  
My 40-sous coin!  
That's all behind me!  
They can't hunt me forever.  
I'm a different man now.  
I'm Mr. Madeleine,  
mayor of Montreuil.  
I built all these factories.  
I did some harm,  
I did some good,  
but more good than harm.  
I have obligations  
toward my town.  
If God permitted all this...  
it means Jean Valjean is dead.  
Jean Valjean is dead.  
Yes, Jean Valjean is dead.  
For three apples  
stolen from an orchard,  
Champmathieu will be punished  
with a three-month sentence.  
For the crimes of Jean Valjean,  
repeat offender,  
he will be imprisoned for life.  
What's that?  
Who dared to say that?  
Jean Valjean is dead!  
Dead!  
There's nothing left  
of Jean Valjean!  
He's dead!  
What is it?

**It's 5:**

The carriage is outside.  
The carriage?  
I'll be right down.  
MR. LAFITTE, BANKER  
RUE VIVIENNE, PARIS

- He's had his oats?  
- Yes, sir.  
- A full ration?  
- Double.  
Can he do 20 leagues in one day?  
- Twenty leagues!  
He can, but -  
- Fine, fine.  
Twenty leagues?  
Where's he going?  
It's the mayor of Montreuil!  
He's gone mad!  
I fear another attack  
during the day.  
She could leave us  
without seeing her child again?  
I'm afraid so.  
Mr. Madeleine won't be back  
until tomorrow tonight.  
If she's still with us,  
couldn't the sight of her child?  
It's possible.  
But still -  
My baby?  
Did you say Cosette?  
Is she coming?  
- Yes, Fantine.  
But calm down.  
Has Mr. Madeleine left yet?  
When did he go?  
How long have I slept?  
Will he bring  
my little girl soon?  
Tell me he'll be here soon.  
Good Sister...  
is it true?  
Will he be here soon?  
You must ask the doctor.  
Yes, he'll surely  
be back tonight.  
Around midnight.  
Midnight?  
That late?  
What time is it?

10:

10:

He'll be back around midnight?

That's...

that's such a long time.

If I fall asleep,  
will you wake me up  
when she gets here?

Don't worry.

I'll know anyway.

I'll know when my little girl is here.

- What's coming up?

- The Valjean case.

- I thought there was a child killer.

- That's already over.

The prosecutor is no slouch.

He had his death sentence in 15 minutes.

It's the Valjean case now.

All rise.

The court is in session.

- Is it far to Arras?

- Another league.

No, sir, I'm absolutely certain.

This man's name is not Champmathieu.

He's the ex-convict Jean Valjean.

He served 19 years for theft  
and tried to escape four times.

As a warder in Toulon,

I had a lot of trouble with him.

**I repeat:**

I formally recognize him.

The court thanks Inspector Javert.

You may step down.

The prosecution has the floor.

Gentlemen...

we have here  
not only a highwayman,  
but, we know now,  
an ex-convict,  
a hardened criminal.

In a word,

the terrible Jean Valjean,  
who has evaded  
the law for the past eight years.  
- Have my horse ready to leave in an hour.  
- An hour?  
Do as I say.  
The boy will take me to the courthouse.  
Poor thing.  
You can tell he doesn't do the trotting.  
I rest my case.  
You will recognize,  
gentlemen of the jury,  
that you must be  
rigorous to be just.  
The defense has the floor.  
Can't I say nothing?  
- You wish to make a declaration?  
- Do I ever!  
Speak, Champmathieu.  
What I got to say is this:  
I'm old Champmathieu.  
I used to be  
a cartwright in Paris.  
I worked for Mr. Baloup.  
I earned 30 sous a day.  
Not a whole lot  
when you're 52.  
My bosses  
took advantage of my age.  
On top of which,  
I had a daughter who did -  
who washed laundry  
down at the river.  
This gentleman wishes  
to sit in on the session.  
Show him in.  
The poor girl  
had never been dancing.  
She was a good girl.  
A very good girl.  
Just ask Mr. Baloup in Paris.  
Now you've gone  
and got me all mixed up!  
Order in the court!

Accused, the evidence  
against you is serious  
and could entail  
grave consequences.  
Have you anything  
of substance to tell us?  
If so, speak.  
First of all...  
This is counsel's chamber.  
That door over there  
leads directly  
into the courtroom  
behind the judge's bench.  
Mr. Javert recognized him  
on two occasions...  
This man is Jean Valjean.  
No doubt remains.  
Gentlemen, in all good conscience,  
you must find him guilty.  
Champmathieu never existed.  
Mr. Madeleine,  
don't abandon me!  
Where are you?  
Hear me before I go.  
My darling Cosette.  
Tomorrow she'll have no one.  
She'll be all alone.  
You promised, Mr. Madeleine.  
I entrust her to you.  
Have pity on her. Protect her.  
Love her.  
Love her, Mr. Madeleine.  
Do not be taken in,  
gentlemen of the jury,  
by this man's attitude.  
His stupidity is a faade.  
His bewilderment fools no one.  
You are obviously not  
Champmathieu.  
You are,  
without any doubt,  
the convict Jean Valjean,  
hiding under the name Jean Mathieu,  
Mathieu being your mother's maiden name.

You moved to the Auvergne.  
You lived in Faverolles.  
And you climbed into the Pierron  
orchard and stole their apples!  
That's not true!  
I didn't steal nothing.  
There are days I don't eat.  
I found a fallen branch  
with apples on it,  
and I picked it up.  
That's all!  
And for that I've been in jail  
for three months now.  
I picked up something  
lying on the ground. That's all!  
You say I'm Jean Mathieu,  
that I'm Jean Valjean.  
Never heard of 'em.  
I know Mr. Baloup,  
on the Boulevard de l'Hpital in Paris.  
You think you're clever,  
telling me where I was born.  
Not everybody's got a house  
to be born in.  
My pa and ma  
lived on the road.  
When I was little,  
people called me "my boy."  
Now that I'm old,  
they call me "old man."  
Those are my Christian names.  
Take that as you want!  
Sure, I was in Faverolles  
and the Auvergne.  
Does that make me  
a convict?  
My name is Champmathieu.  
I'm a cartwright.  
I know Mr. Baloup,  
and that's that!  
I'm fed up with all this!  
You'll make me lose  
my temper, damn it!  
Your Honor,

in view of the confused  
but cunning denials of the accused,  
who wishes to make us think him mad,  
but who will not succeed -  
Your Honor, I must protest  
against the intolerable insinuations  
of the prosecution.  
If you'll permit me, counselor,  
we ask the court to recall  
convicts Brevet,  
Cochepaille and Chenildieu  
to be questioned one last time  
as to the accused's identity.  
Summon Brevet,  
Cochepaille and Chenildieu.  
Brevet, your loss of civic rights  
prevents you from taking an oath.  
But even a man  
degraded by the law  
can retain  
a sense of honor and equity.  
It is that sense that I address  
in this decisive moment.  
There's still time to retract  
your testimony if you've made a mistake.  
Will the accused rise.  
Brevet,  
look closely at the accused.  
Think back and tell us  
in all good conscience  
if you still recognize this man  
as your former prison mate,  
Jean Valjean.  
Sure, Your Honor.  
I was the first to recognize him.  
It's him all right.  
I recognize him perfectly.  
If that don't beat all!  
Be seated.  
Accused, remain standing.  
Come forward, Chenildieu.  
You heard  
my question to Brevet.  
Do you recognize the accused

as your former prison mate Jean Valjean?  
Do I! We spent five years  
shackled together.  
He's Jean Valjean.  
Be seated.  
Huh?  
Come forward, Cochepaille.  
You heard my question  
to Brevet and Chenildieu.  
Do you recognize the accused  
as your former prison mate Jean Valjean?  
No doubt about it, Your Honor.  
It's Jean Valjean,  
alias "the Jack"  
due to his strength.  
Well, I'll be!  
Silence!  
Accused, is that all you have

**to say:**

Silence  
or I'll empty this courtroom!  
Brevet, Cochepaille and Chenildieu,  
look over here.  
Don't you recognize me?  
Members of the jury,  
release the accused.  
Your Honor, order my arrest.  
He's not the man you want.  
I am.  
I am Jean Valjean.  
Members of the jury,  
you all know,  
by reputation at least,  
the honorable Mr. Madeleine,  
mayor of Montreuil-sur-Mer.  
The strange  
and distressing incident  
that has just disturbed this court  
can only inspire a feeling  
that we needn't give voice to.  
What's taking so long?  
I've been waiting an hour.  
I have to be in Montreuil.



Will the Amiens coach wait?  
- You'll make it.  
Going to Montreuil?  
Ask my customer to take you.  
He just came from there.  
He won't dawdle.  
- Where did he go?  
- The courthouse.  
I understand how you feel,  
Your Honor.  
I understand you,  
and I thank you.  
But I'm not mad.  
You were about  
to make a terrible mistake.  
Release this man.  
I'm fulfilling an obligation  
in asking you that.  
I alone see clearly here.  
I speak the truth.  
I robbed Monseigneur Myriel.  
That's true.  
I robbed the Savoyard boy.  
That's true.  
But the fault may not  
have been all mine.  
Hear me out,  
members of the jury.  
A man who has sunk  
as low as I had  
has nothing  
to blame Providence for  
and no advice to give society.  
But, you see, the infamy  
I attempted to rise above  
can only be called...  
an abomination.  
It is jails that make jailbirds.  
Ponder that, if you will.  
In the desk of my study  
you'll find  
the coin I stole from  
the Savoyard boy seven years ago.  
You don't believe me?

Do those three  
still not recognize me?  
Well, I recognize them.  
Brevet, remember the checked  
woolen suspenders you wore?  
Chenildieu, there's a deep scar  
on your right shoulder  
where you burned it  
on a red-hot stove  
to erase the mark  
for "forced labor for life."  
But it's still legible.  
Answer me.  
Isn't that right?  
That's right.  
Cochepaille,  
in the bend of your left arm,  
there's a date in blue letters  
burned into your skin.  
It's the date of the emperor's  
landing at Cannes:  
March 1, 1815.  
Pull up your sleeve.  
As you can see,  
I am Jean Valjean.  
I won't disturb  
this court any longer.  
I have  
an important duty to fulfill,  
a pledge I made  
to a dying woman.  
I will not run away  
or kill myself.  
The prosecutor knows  
who I am and where to find me.  
He can have me arrested  
as he sees fit.  
Mr. Prosecutor,  
I remain at the court's disposal.  
Jean Valjean!  
What?  
They set you free?  
Of course!  
I'm old Champmathieu.

They can't keep me here.  
But they didn't keep  
the other man either.  
What other man?  
Jean Valjean.  
They didn't believe him.  
Isn't that the funniest thing?  
- He's gone?  
- Sure is.  
They don't know  
their line of business too good.  
They don't believe nobody.  
I tell them  
I'm old Champmathieu,  
and they call me a liar.  
The other fellow says  
he's Jean Valjean,  
and they call for a doctor.  
But a fellow knows who he is,  
don't he?  
They're a bit dense.  
No, justice won't be  
flouted like this.  
They've issued a warrant  
to rearrest the man at all costs.  
They talking about me?  
Did they change their minds?  
If they find another fellow  
to confuse me with,  
they might arrest me  
all over again.  
I'm leaving.  
You don't get lucky every day.  
If they'd asked Mr. Baloup,  
none of this  
would've happened.  
Sister,  
it's Mr. Madeleine with Cosette.  
Where is Cosette?  
Calm down, Fantine.  
Go back to sleep.  
I was held up by another duty.  
I'm going to get Cosette.  
I'll care for her from now on.

I swear it.  
I have a warrant for your arrest,  
Jean Valjean.  
What is it, Mr. Madeleine?  
The farce is over.  
Come along.  
I'll go with you, Javert.  
But I warn you  
not to disturb me  
for the moment.  
Sweet Mother Mary  
right next to my stove  
I placed a cradle  
with ribbons interwove  
The Lord can give me  
his brightest star  
But I prefer the child  
you gave me by far  
Fantine, I swear.  
Do your duty, Javert.  
But nothing will prevent me  
from doing mine.  
Give this to the priest, Sister.  
He's to donate  
what I leave here to the poor.  
It's a very meager share.  
The rest is in Paris.  
It will be for Cosette.  
- Someone just came in here.  
- It was Sister Simplicie.  
- Let me by.  
- See for yourself.  
Too late!  
Leave me, Sister.  
Go and hide.  
What are you doing here, Sister?  
I came for a letter  
that Mr. Madeleine left for the priest.  
Are you alone in this room?  
Listen to me, Sister.  
I know you never lie.  
Isn't that right?  
But it's my duty to insist.  
There's no more Mr. Madeleine,

only a certain Jean Valjean,  
who just escaped  
from the Montreuil jailhouse.  
Didn't you know?  
We're looking for him.  
Have you seen him?  
All right.  
Excuse me, Sister.

**END OF PART ONE:**

"So long as poverty and misery  
still exist on earth,  
works such as this may not be in vain."  
- VICTOR HUGO

**PART TWO:**

**THE THNARDIERS:**

Cosette!  
Still here,  
you little guttersnipe?  
Get down to the spring right now  
and fill your bucket.  
You never change.  
When it comes to fetching water,  
you're never in a hurry.  
Maybe she's scared.  
- It's so dark, ma'am.  
- Then run, you brat!  
A clear conscience  
has nothing to fear.  
Don't forget the bread  
at the baker's.  
And mind you don't lose  
that 20-sous coin.  
I'd hate going for water  
in the dark.  
And now let's choose  
some pretty dolls, children.  
Would that big one  
cost too much?  
Want me to slap you?  
I can't, ma'am.  
I just can't anymore.

This bucket's too heavy for you.  
It is, sir.  
How old are you?  
Eight, sir.  
Your mother sent you  
to fetch water?  
No, sir. My mistress did.  
Did you lose your mother?  
I don't know, sir.  
Who's your mistress?  
Mrs. Thnardier.  
What does she do?  
She runs the inn.  
I was just on my way there.  
Take me there.  
What's your name?  
Are you the only servant  
the Thnardiers have?  
- Montfermeil is having a fair.  
- Yes, sir. It's Christmas.  
- Sir?  
- Yes, child?  
Can I have my bucket back?  
Why?  
If she sees you carrying it for me,  
she'll beat me.  
So there you are, you little scamp.  
You sure took your time.  
There's a gentleman here  
who wants a room.  
It's 40 sous.  
Fine.  
Give me that quick.  
I need it for my horse.  
I'd like supper.  
Serve the gentleman.  
What about the bread?  
Did you forget the bread?  
No, ma'am.  
The bakery was closed.  
You're lying.  
You forgot.  
Then give me back  
my 20 sous.

You lost it.  
You stole my 20-sous coin.  
No, I didn't.  
Excuse me.  
I found this coin on the ground.  
It's a 40-sous coin,  
but it may be the one.  
Yes, it is.  
Don't let it happen again!  
You'll be served in a minute.  
Let's dress him up.  
With a little hat!  
Look.  
Mama, look!  
This is going too far!  
You little thief!  
The nerve!  
And with her filthy hands.  
Here, take it.  
It's for you.  
Take it.  
That thing must've cost 30 francs.  
Watch your step and kowtow to the man.  
My little girl.  
The gentleman gave you a doll.  
You can play with it.  
It's yours.  
Aren't you going to play  
with your doll?  
Can I, ma'am?  
Naturally.  
The gentleman gave it to you.  
Really, sir? Is it mine?  
Ma'am,  
can I put it on the chair?  
Why, of course, my child.  
Can you pay now?  
That's the house rule.  
Four francs.  
It's got lace.  
The dress is velvet.  
The skirt is silk.  
Will you be going up  
to your room now?

In a while.  
What's that?  
That?  
That's me.  
Yes, you see...  
that's me.  
I saved a colonel's life  
at Waterloo.  
He even gave me his watch.  
He told me his name,  
but I didn't quite catch it.  
Something like Champmercy.  
Are you an art lover?  
I painted it in my leisure time.  
Perhaps you'd like to buy it?  
No, thank you.  
But I wouldn't let it go cheaply.  
It means a lot to me  
on account of the memories.  
But times are hard.  
We earn nothing.  
We have two little girls  
and a sickly 18-month-old toddler.  
Not to mention this young 'un  
we took in out of charity.  
The mother hasn't sent money  
in nearly a year.  
I reckon she's dead.  
But it ain't the child's fault, is it?  
So we keep providing for her.  
Suppose someone were  
to take her off your hands?  
Who? Cosette?  
Maybe I got carried away  
a moment ago.  
I'm real fond of the child.  
The missus is mad about her.  
She treats her rough at times,  
but we can't live without her.  
She's grown on us.  
Besides, you don't give  
a child away like that -  
no offense -  
to a perfect stranger.



It's late.  
Time for bed.  
You too, Cosette.  
The customers are almost all gone.  
I can serve.  
Go on, my dear Cosette.  
Good night, Papa.  
So how much  
do you want for the child?  
It'll cost you 1,500 francs.  
Fine. I'll pay you  
in the morning.  
Show me to my room.  
Are you crazy?  
We can get twice that!  
I'm sorry,  
but we don't have a deal after all.  
Cosette stays with us.  
My wife and me thought it over.  
We got no right to let her go.  
Her mother left her with us.  
I'm an honest man.  
The child's a sacred trust.  
I promised her mother to love her  
like my own. I can't forget that.  
We can't tear our hearts out  
for 1,500 francs.  
"Mr. Thnardier,  
please entrust Cosette  
to the bearer of this letter.  
He will pay you  
all expenses due.  
Respectfully yours, Fantine."  
Keep the letter. The mother  
gave it to me just before she died.  
Are you the guardian?  
Supposing you are  
the person in question.  
Let's talk figures.  
Here.  
There are clothes for you inside.  
Get dressed right away.  
Right away.  
Since Fantine's death,

you're owed for 10 months  
at 15 francs each.  
That makes 150 francs.  
Here's 1,500 francs.  
A 1,000-franc note,  
and another of 500.  
Plus 50 for my bill.  
Count it.  
I'm ready, sir.  
Mister whatever your name is,  
keep your 1,500 francs.  
Cosette stays here  
unless you pay 1,000 crowns.  
A thousand crowns,  
you hear?  
Let me have your doll.  
Let's go.  
We'll meet again, sir.  
Not even a good-bye kiss,  
the ungrateful wench!

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY:**

Where are you, Father?  
What are you thinking about?  
You, Cosette,  
when you were a little girl.  
I'm still your little girl.  
You're 16 today.  
What if I am?  
I've forgotten nothing.  
I still have that lovely doll  
from Montfermeil.  
I kept it at the convent.  
It wasn't easy, you know.  
I haven't changed.  
Have I?  
Has the air of Paris  
changed me?  
A little.  
That's for sure.  
How pretty  
mademoiselle has grown!  
Such a coquette!  
Sixteen.

Time to blow out the candles.  
Two puffs.  
I'll marry within two years.  
How impatient  
you are to leave me.  
Mr. Fauchelevent,  
you're very mean to me.  
Even when I marry,  
I'll never leave you.  
Ever.  
You have to live with the fact.  
It's like a chain that binds us,  
Mr. Fauchelevent.  
Won't you be glad  
to see me living happily  
with a good husband?  
There's no hurry.  
Don't you want  
to be a grandfather?  
A grandfather?  
What's the matter with him?  
Maybe we hurt his feelings.  
- I haven't dared yet.  
- A big girl like you?  
It's not easy.  
I'll talk to him tomorrow.  
We may go to your awful house  
Sunday after vespers  
to see those poor people.  
The Jondrettes, my neighbors?  
But I'll still see you  
at the park at 4:00.  
Of course.  
Know where I'm going later?  
My grandfather's.  
Mr. Gillenormand? If he consents,  
I can tell my father. Watch out!  
- You know this popinjay?  
- Me?  
I've seen him  
hanging around our house.  
He smiled at you.  
- Did he?  
Get inside.

It's chilly out.  
Are you angry, Father?  
Are you?  
Will we visit  
the poor tomorrow?  
Shut the window  
and come sit down.  
I won't close your caf down  
if you answer me.  
- Hello, boss.  
- Mr. Marius.  
What's the matter, Mr. Musain?  
I'm being nosy. So sorry.  
What about him?  
Marius what?  
I don't know, Inspector.  
Everyone calls him Marius.  
Here's Pontmercy!  
He didn't spot the informer.  
Our good king  
doesn't trust us.  
We're official conspirators  
at last.  
Dangerous suspects!  
We're getting princely treatment.  
A top-rank inspector: Mr. Javert.  
Long live the republic!  
If Caesar were to offer me  
glory and war  
And I had to leave  
the mother I adore  
I would tell mighty Caesar  
Take back your scepter and chariot  
My dear mother means more  
My mother is the republic!  
Silence, gentlemen.  
Police spies or not,  
nothing can stop us now.  
They crushed  
the Revolution of 1830.  
That of 1832 shall triumph.  
We need only give the signal,  
and in four hours' time,  
80,000 patriots

could take up arms.  
Good work!  
We have to know  
where we stand.  
Tomorrow is  
General Lamarck's funeral.  
You know what that means.  
I must know that  
I can count on each of you...  
completely.  
You have three minutes  
to think it over and decide.  
- We're with you, Enjolras.  
- Think it over.  
Three minutes.  
I don't want any king.  
Three minutes,  
but then I'm off to see my grandfather.  
Not Gillenormand?  
Making up to that old throne-kisser?  
Playing grandpa's boy again?  
Turning traitor?  
- Are you crazy? Never.  
But the thing is, I need him.  
To pay your tailor.  
To play the fop.  
You've got  
your head in the stars.  
So, what's her name?  
Here, here!  
Laigle.  
- Ready.  
- Courfeyrac.  
- Ready.  
- Pontmercy.  
- Ready.  
Ready to leave.  
- Grantaire.  
- Ready.  
With patriots like that -  
Excuse me.  
Mr. Javert, I presume.  
Pleased to see you again.  
- You first.

- See you soon maybe?  
- Maybe.  
What cheek!  
What cheeks!  
Cheeks?  
What are you talking about?  
Monsieur has  
the softest skin in Paris.  
No one but the Baron Lecocq -  
Baron Lecocq?  
That scoundrel!  
That rascally ex-prefect  
of Bonaparte's!  
You shave him  
and then come touch my cheeks?  
How dare you taint me, wretch!  
Out of my sight!  
Never darken my door again.  
Very well, sir.  
Same time tomorrow?  
Yes. And don't be late.  
Baron Lecocq!  
What is it?  
Father, here she is.  
The new cook.  
Let's have a look.  
Turn.  
Fine.  
How do you make  
a Norman souffl?  
With apples and brandy.  
- What are your monthly wages?  
- Thirty francs, sir.  
- What's your name?  
- Olympia.  
You'll receive 50 francs  
and answer to the name Nicolette.  
She'll start tomorrow.  
What now?  
Will Monsieur  
receive Mr. Marius?  
Never! Where is he?  
In the salon.  
I'll go.

What are you doing  
in my house?  
Sir...  
What do you want?  
Are you here to apologize  
for your insolence?  
Are you ready  
to serve the king?  
Do you admit to your wrongs?  
- No, sir.  
Well then,  
what do you want?  
I only came to ask for one thing.  
Then I'll leave.  
Don't be a fool.  
Who said anything  
about leaving?  
As I'm not yet 25,  
I've come to ask  
for your consent to marry.  
Fetch my daughter.  
That's far enough.  
Your nephew's here.  
Greet him.  
Monsieur wishes to marry.  
That's all. Get out!  
What?  
You leave my home to live  
God-knows-where like a pauper.  
You reject me to go  
to your clubs to honor  
the memory of your idiot father  
who let himself get beaten  
with his Bonaparte at Waterloo.

**Exactly:**

Let himself get beaten.  
You become a window smasher,  
and now, four years later,  
just because you're penniless,  
you stop by to ask,  
as a mere formality,  
my consent for you to marry.  
And probably

to endow you as well.  
Well, Mr. Jacobin,  
who do you think I am?  
What do you take  
us royalists for?  
How much do you earn  
as a lawyer?  
Nothing.  
So the girl is wealthy?  
No more than me.  
No dowry, no expectations?  
Stark naked?  
And what does the father do?  
I don't know.  
What's her name?  
Miss Fauchelevant.  
Fauche-the-what?  
Please, sir,  
allow me to marry her.  
You figured,  
"I'll just go ask the old coot,  
who'll be delighted to see me.  
I'll say, 'You old fool,  
I want to marry Miss Nobody,  
daughter of Mister Nothing.  
We're both have-nots.'  
And he'll say,  
'Go on, my boy.  
Marry your Cut-le-vent,  
your Push-le-vent.'"'  
Never, sir.  
Do you hear?  
Never.  
Father...  
Yes, that's it.  
I'm your father.  
Tell me everything.  
- Father.  
Yes, call me Father.  
You'll see.  
So it's true, then,  
that you're penniless?  
You're dressed like a thief.  
Here's 100 louis.



Buy yourself a hat.  
I first saw her  
at the Luxembourg Gardens.  
I paid no attention, but now  
the thought of her keeps me awake.  
She was to ask her father.  
She turned 16 today.  
He doesn't know about us.  
I walk by their house  
every night.  
You have to speak to him.  
They might leave for England.  
He goes away  
without warning.  
I don't want to risk losing her.  
I'm mad about her.  
Is that all?  
I think so, Father.  
That's all.  
You ninny.  
Make her your mistress.  
I'll never ask you  
for anything again.  
He's leaving?  
Run after him!  
Bring him back! Help!  
What have I done?  
Good Lord, he's gone!  
I'll never see him again!  
Hey, Mr. Marius.  
Turning in so early?  
That you whistling, Gavroche?  
Just calling my sis.  
That's for Eponine.  
That's for Azelma.  
- And your folks?  
For them, I make an effort.  
I go upstairs.  
But I rarely see them.  
We're on the outs.  
We had a ruckus over principles  
a few years back,  
so I skedaddled.  
Anyway, I prefer the streets.

Long live liberty!  
Ain't that right, Mr. Marius?  
You got a funny look.  
Something wrong?  
Got problems?  
Some woman?  
No kidding. If it was me,  
I could understand.  
But not you.  
You gotta snap out of it.  
Wanna go to the cabaret?  
I can get you in  
the stage door.  
Eponine can wait  
until tomorrow.  
You're funny.  
See, you're feeling better already,  
because you've got grit.  
Eponine and me  
talked about it.  
She's a swell girl.  
Wild, like you and me.  
And she really likes you.  
Can I come in, Mr. Marius?  
It's me - Eponine.  
He's gone out.  
He spent the night out.  
I'm so hungry, Papa  
The cupboard is bare  
I'm so cold, Mama  
No coat to wear  
Shiver, Lolotte  
Weep, Jacquot  
Hello, Eponine.  
I came to tidy up your room.  
Just getting in at 2:00  
in the afternoon? Shame on you.  
Here.  
I saw your brother last night.  
He's coming to see you later.  
He's a good kid.  
We talked politics.  
What's so funny?  
He knows a lot about it.

You learn a lot in the street.  
Get my suit out, will you?  
The new one?  
Of course. It's Sunday.  
You look good  
with ruffled hair.  
You know,  
you're a good-looking boy.  
Still on the same page!  
You didn't study yesterday.  
That's bad.  
"General Baudoin  
received orders to take  
Hougoumont House,  
which stands in the middle  
of the Plain of Waterloo."  
I know about Waterloo.  
It's a battle.  
Papa was there.  
You're taking notes.  
I'd like to work with you.  
You can dictate to me.  
I can write too, you know.  
Eponine, time for vespers!  
I must go!  
I can't miss our clients!  
Not today, you can't.  
Two friends of mine  
may be coming to see you.  
How do you know that?

**That's right:**

the philanthropist and the girl.  
Do you know them?  
Sure, the young lady is pretty.  
I'm going.  
Do I have to come get you?  
I'm here!  
Have I ever let you down?  
Listen, try to get  
the philanthropist.  
What's in it for me?  
A new dress.  
But he has to cough up.

That's your job.  
Hear that?  
You anemic, you!  
Your sister at least tries  
to help her old father.  
You layabout!  
Now, how'd I sign that appeal  
to the philanthropist?  
I think you wrote "Jondrette."  
Now I remember.  
If we only get our hands  
on that one!  
Is that the ticker?  
It's not broken.  
It's solid stuff.  
I remember when I lifted it  
along with the purse  
off that colonel at Waterloo.  
It was dark.  
I thought he was dead.  
Suddenly he opened his eyes.  
I thought I was done for.  
But I couldn't finish off  
a wounded man.  
But the fool thought  
I was tending to him.  
"Thank you, kind friend.  
You can have the purse  
and timepiece in my tunic."  
I already had 'em!  
I've heard it a thousand times.  
So what?  
I'll never forget  
the battlefield at Waterloo.  
Look, Father.  
It's the Jondrette girl.  
She looks so pale today.  
How is your family?  
Not well, kind sir.  
Mama is almost paralyzed,  
and Papa didn't find  
work this week.  
Give me your address.  
I'll come by shortly.

It's not far.  
I can take you.  
Just give me the address.  
I'll take my daughter home,  
then come right over.  
52 rue des Vignes St. Marcel.  
Can't I come see  
these unfortunates?  
It's no place for you.  
It must be a hovel.  
It is too a place for me.  
I want to come.  
52 rue des Vignes St. Marcel.  
Well?  
He's coming... in a cab.  
A cab?  
It's Rothschild himself!  
- What'd you say?  
- That Mama's paralyzed.  
Hear that?  
Go lie down.  
This place looks too fancy.  
Faster, Mama, into bed!  
Azelma, break a window.  
Are you deaf?  
Break a window, I said.  
What is it?  
Now look what you've done!  
She cut herself.  
Good.  
Just as I planned.  
Did you give him  
the exact address?  
He wrote it down it front of me.  
House number, street and floor.  
The door on the left.  
Left, I said. Down this hall.  
Come here.  
Do come in,  
my dear benefactor.  
Come in,  
my pretty young lady.  
I'm so ashamed to have  
no decent chair to offer you.

By tomorrow morning  
there'll be nothing left.  
I'll be turned out of house and home  
along with my bedridden wife,  
my eldest daughter,  
who's coughing her lungs out,  
and my youngest, who had her arm  
mangled at the workshop.  
Alas, we are hounded  
by misfortune.  
You must be in pain, miss.  
Do you need anything?  
I owe 60 francs in back rent,  
so they're evicting us  
tomorrow at dawn.  
Does it hurt,  
dear wife of mine?  
Take a look at the man.  
Have you tried finding work  
at the local town hall?  
Have I tried?  
Dozens of times,  
my dear benefactor.  
I spend my days there.  
But what can  
a weary, old, arthritic actor do?  
Here's five francs.  
Just five?  
But tomorrow -  
It's all I have on me.  
I came to see your needs.  
I'll take my daughter home first.  
I'll be back at 7:00.  
I'll see what I can do then.  
Honestly?  
Can I count on it?  
You can count on me.  
It's a terrible thing.  
Let's go.  
Take a good look at him.  
We can't pray enough  
to thank you for your goodness.  
I'll see you to your cab.  
No need, Mr. Jondrette.

I'll be back soon.  
See you at the Luxembourg.  
Where are you going, Cosette?  
Go downstairs.  
I'm sure, I tell you.  
I recognized him.  
It's really him?  
You sure?  
It's been eight years,  
but I recognized him.  
I've got that thief now.  
Run along, you two.  
Go on!  
She can finish  
bandaging you up on the stairs.  
Warn Claquesous  
and Gueulemer.  
Stay near the house.  
I need everyone tonight.  
If all goes well, at 7:00,  
you won't get one dress -  
you'll get 10!  
Give me your hand!  
Take the young lady  
to 87 rue de Babylone.  
Not rue de l'Homme Armé?  
I'll get some money  
and come back here.  
Don't wait for me for supper.  
I won't be home before 8:00.  
Do you live here?  
I should. I'm the son.  
But the doctor prescribed fresh air,  
so I sleep outdoors.  
I was at the Jondrettes' -  
I know.  
I saw you go upstairs.  
You must be their benefactor.  
Who else lives on their floor?  
A friend of mine.  
Mr. Marius.  
A serious fellow.  
If it's about  
your daughter, relax.

They'd make a swell couple.  
He's a nobleman's son  
who went republican.  
He's a real man.  
What's up?  
No time to talk!  
We have to get the gang.  
- Patron-Minette?  
- Right. We'll be rich at 7:00.  
This smells fishy.  
Want to know something?  
My fortune's made.  
Want to know why?  
Because that pretty young lady -  
What about her?  
That pretty young lady... it's her.  
That thing?  
That tramp,  
wallowing in silk,  
in clothes worth 200 francs,  
while my girls go barefoot?  
If it's her,  
do what you want.  
I'd like to grind my heel  
into her guts.  
Your friends are in trouble.  
- I'll warn them.  
- Good.  
Forget the rue de Babylone.  
Take me  
to Luxembourg Gardens.  
I'm through choosing between  
bread on the table and a fire in the hearth!  
I've had my fill of poverty!  
We've got Croesus hooked.  
Keep it down.  
He can hear you next door.  
Our neighbor?  
That nincompoop?  
Anyway, he's out.  
Like I said - he's out.  
Listen good. It's all set.  
The gang's due here.  
Our man comes back at 7:00.



The neighbor will be out.  
The girls will stand watch.  
You'll help out. He'll pay up.  
- And if he doesn't give it to us?  
- We'll give it to him!  
- At last.  
- Where's your father?  
- You're interested in him now? Why?  
- Because -  
To meet your grandfather.  
- No, listen.  
- You didn't see him?  
I did, but it's not that.  
- Did he say yes?  
- Later.  
Tell me what he said.  
He said no.  
But we're wasting time.  
You say it so lightly?  
I may be going away  
for who knows how long.  
Why do you want  
to see Father?  
You don't know where he is?  
He never tells me anything.  
What is it?  
- We need the police.  
The police?  
What is it?  
The Jondrettes plan to rob your father.  
Maybe worse.  
I can't tell you everything  
I overheard after you left.  
So that's what upset you.  
Can you save him?  
I vaguely know an inspector.  
- Come back quick.  
- Rue de l'Homme Arm?  
That's right. No.  
I won't be there tonight.  
I'll be at rue de Babylone.  
It's another house  
where we stay sometimes.  
I couldn't tell you about it.

That must seem strange to you.  
It is to me too.  
Meet me at the garden door,  
12 rue Plumet.  
We never use it.  
I'll let you in.  
All right. I'll be there  
as soon as I can. Good-bye.  
Are you angry?  
Because I held something back?  
Is that it?  
I had no right to tell you.  
Don't be angry with me.  
No, I was being stupid.  
Forgive me.  
I love you.  
I won't lose you.  
You'll be my wife.  
You'll be mine.  
So now you have  
all the facts, gentlemen.  
Yeah.  
Interesting.  
Okay. Shake on it.  
We'll be there at 7:00.  
Now sit down.  
Let's talk business.  
- Who's there now?  
- The missus.  
Did you catch the names  
of any accomplices?  
I think so. Claquesous, Gueule -  
- Gueulemer?  
Zounds!  
The Patron-Minette gang.  
If you help us nab that bunch,  
we'll overlook a lot.  
What about this benefactor?  
What kind of man is he?  
A decent but secretive man  
who lives with his daughter  
at 7 rue de l'Homme Arm.  
Mr. Fauchelevant.  
Fauchelevant?

Ah, yes, Fauchelevant.  
An old carter  
from Montreuil-sur-Mer.  
He finished his days as gardener  
at the Picpus convent.  
What's this man look like?  
Small? Big?  
Very big, very strong.  
7 rue de l'Homme Arm.  
If that gang is involved,  
it must be something big.

**It's 5:**

We have just enough time.  
Slip back into your room  
and wait until things get underway.  
There must be an attempt  
to commit a crime.  
But as soon as things get nasty,  
fire a shot out the window  
and leave the rest to us.  
We'll be there.  
Take these toys.  
Careful, they're loaded.  
- Careful, it's sharp.  
- Do we need it?  
We have to do things right.  
If we don't use it,  
you can cut a roast with it.  
Is everything packed?  
The trunks ready?  
We have to move fast  
afterward.  
It's all set.  
See for yourself.  
Good.  
You thought of everything.  
Very good.  
Very good.  
And you... you look good.  
You inspire confidence.  
You forgot the best part.  
If this doesn't jog his memory,  
then we pull out all the stops.

What's the time  
according to the colonel?

**6:**

Is he coming by cab?  
Good thing  
it's almost dark out.  
Take the lantern and go downstairs.  
Open the street door.  
When the carriage arrives,  
show him up.  
Once he's up here,  
go down and dismiss the cab.  
The money.  
Here.  
The neighbor!  
Eponine let him up.  
What's she up to?  
Don't move.  
Not even a little hello  
for your neighbors?  
Afraid to disturb us  
on a Sunday?  
Come in a minute.  
Get downstairs.  
Won't you come in?  
I have something to tell you.  
We weren't expecting you  
home so early.  
You usually come in

**about 11:**

Of course, that's your right.  
The thing is,  
we're having visitors tonight,  
so I figured  
on borrowing your room.  
Would you mind very much  
taking a walk for an hour or two?  
You do mind?  
Maybe you have work to do?  
It's a bother.  
I'll tell you why.  
These are some American cousins

who may help us out.  
I wanted to make a good impression -  
but I can't here.  
Ah, when you have  
to count on others...  
Take him there.  
If only I'd met up  
with him again,  
I'd probably be a millionaire.  
It's a colonel  
I saved on the battlefield  
at Waterloo.  
I never saw him again.  
He gave me his watch.  
You don't believe me?  
Take a look.  
It even has his initials engraved.  
"G.P."  
You saved  
this colonel at Waterloo?  
Is that so hard to believe?  
I don't look like the heroic type?  
- And your name's Jondrette?  
- What is all this?  
Is my name  
any of your business?  
Damn, he's here!  
Too bad.  
Back to your room.  
And keep your mouth shut  
about what you hear  
or we'll shut it for you.  
Not a sound.  
You can run for it.  
You couldn't stop him from coming?  
But Gavroche said -  
Get ready.  
The coast will be clear.  
You can make a run for it.  
"At the battle of Waterloo,  
a sergeant saved my life.  
His name is Thnardier.  
Of late, he's been running  
an inn in Montfermeil.

If my son should meet him,  
may he show him every kindness.  
Colonel Georges de Pontmercy."  
Do sit down,  
my dear benefactor.  
Here you are.  
A hundred francs  
for the rent  
and more pressing needs.  
We'll see about the rest.  
- God bless you.  
- I sent the cab away.  
Mrs. Jondrette seems better.  
She's dying, my kind sir.  
But she has such pluck.  
She's not a woman,  
she's a bull.  
In better days,  
she took it easy.  
She was a connoisseur  
of the fine arts.  
She came across this painting,  
a masterpiece.  
A depiction by David  
of the Battle of Waterloo.  
Sadly, I'd let it go for very little.  
Come take a closer look.  
Don't mind them.  
Just some friends.  
Get out!  
You have the key.  
That's why  
I came to your room.  
I'm afraid for you.  
You know too much.  
Yes, it's quite good.  
Very good.  
But I'm not interested.  
That's surprising.  
Think back.  
Doesn't it remind you of anything?  
Don't I remind you of anyone?  
- Not a thing.  
- Really?

Thnardier.  
The innkeeper at Montfermeil.  
Your name's Thnardier?  
I don't see  
what you're getting at.  
You've confused me  
with someone else.  
That's funny.  
Think hard.  
Don't remember who I am?  
Yes, I do.  
I remember quite well.  
You're a scoundrel.  
I may be a scoundrel,  
but you're a child stealer.  
You stole Cosette  
for 1,500 francs.  
But we can work things out.  
Here's another offer:  
Buy this painting  
for 200,000 francs.  
Peanuts for a millionaire.  
If not, we snatch the girl.  
We know where to find her.  
Then we deal with you.  
Think it over.  
I'm generous.  
I'll give you five minutes.  
Weigh the pros and cons.  
Stop him!  
Don't let him jump!  
They'll kill him!  
What's he up to?  
Why doesn't he shoot?  
It's over!  
I couldn't do anything.  
He's my father.  
But you could've warned the police.  
- Quiet!  
Well?  
Now what?  
What do you want?  
To rob me?  
Here!

Search me.  
You won't find a cent. I'm no fool.  
You think you can scare me?  
You don't know  
where Cosette is.  
You think  
you can make me talk?  
Look.  
So there!  
Stop this nonsense.  
Let's not waste any more time.  
Let's be serious.  
Let's talk.  
Or else kill me now.  
But you've bungled it.  
That's all I have to say.  
You'll get nothing out of me.  
Come on.  
I can still  
get you out of here.  
Come on.  
What about you?  
You can't get through.  
- Yes, I can.  
You fellas make me laugh.  
Seven against one,  
and you're afraid to call his bluff.  
I'll make him talk.  
- Get him, Montparnasse!  
- You're all yellow.  
- No more than you.  
- We're right behind you.  
- Let him try.  
The girl's address!  
Let me go down.  
I'll tell them to let you out.  
It's too late.  
I warned the police.  
They're outside.  
Still playing tough?  
But the bulls  
haven't come up yet.  
There's still time  
for them to get away.



The bulls are here!  
Stop!  
The bulls are here!  
What's that?  
The bulls!  
Eponine!  
Quick, the rope ladder!  
Throw it here!  
- What about the guy?  
- Stick him!  
Take them away.  
You thug!  
You bastard!  
Mistreating a woman!  
- Shut the shrew up.  
I won't talk.  
My conscience speaks for me.  
Me, a shrew?  
Be quiet.  
The truly innocent remain silent.  
Take him away.  
Greetings, Gueulemer.  
- Are you hurt?  
- It's nothing. Look!  
Trying to hide?  
Where's our man?  
Where'd he go?  
He's a crafty one.  
Damn! He must've been  
the best of the lot.  
Load them all up.  
He's not the one we want.  
He's just some buffoon.  
Search the courtyard.  
Let go of me  
before I tear your eyes out.  
Calm down.  
Forgive these gentlemen.  
They don't know  
who they're dealing with.  
Get me a cab  
on the boulevard.  
7 rue de l'Homme Arm.  
Well, I'm an orphan again.

- You got away?  
- You still here?  
That was embarrassing.  
Our folks are hopeless.  
They'll never come to no good.  
You eating?  
Sure. Why?  
Let's share.  
Stick that in your craw.  
- What about you?  
I'm on a diet.  
Some folks prefer drivin'  
They got no time to lose  
But I prefer arrivin'  
By wearin' out my shoes  
Mr. Fauchelevant?  
That's me.  
Why did you run off like that?  
I was looking forward  
to meeting you.  
But I haven't been out  
since this morning.  
To whom do I have  
the honor of speaking?  
Inspector Javert.  
This is an outrage, sir.  
You're quite a strong man.  
I know only one man  
as strong as you.  
An ex-convict  
named Jean Valjean.  
He was also  
mayor of Montreuil,  
under the name of  
Mr. Madeleine.  
We've been looking for him  
for eight years now.  
You look a lot like him.  
No one ever told you that?

**I repeat, sir:**

You're making a mistake.  
My name is Ursule Fauchelevant.  
I've lived here for 14 years.

I'm in the National Guard.

Here are my papers.

Men!

- At last!

- Your father's safe.

Thank God. I know.

Toussaint just came from  
the other house with a note, but -  
But?

- We're leaving for England.

- When?

Don't be angry.

Let me explain.

When do you leave?

- Maybe tomorrow.

- Tomorrow?

I'll give you the address.

Join us.

In England?

With what money?

I'm in debt to Courfeyrac,  
my landlady, everyone.

I've broken  
with my grandfather for good.

Listen how you speak to me.

Don't cry, Cosette darling.

I love you.

I can only be happy with you.

Don't just tell me.

Tell your father.

Get out, sir.

No, Father! You don't know  
what he just did for you.

I know the harm  
he can do me. Get out.

- It's your right.

- I'm yours.

You won't see her again.

I have nothing  
but respect for you, sir.

You're Cosette's father.

But we love each other,  
and you can't change that.

If my mother were still alive,

she'd be  
more understanding than you.  
Do you know  
this young man's parents?  
He has only his grandfather,  
Mr. Gillenormand.  
Where does he live?  
6 rue des Filles du Calvaire.  
Very well.  
I'll go see him.  
But are we still going  
to England?  
Not anymore.  
Thank you, Father!  
I love you so!  
Yes...  
you love me so.  
Father, look over there.  
You see that?  
What are those wagons?  
Who are those people?  
It's a convoy of convicts.  
Where are they taking them?  
To the penal colonies.  
The poor things!  
But Father...  
are they... still human?  
Sometimes.

**END OF PART TWO:**