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# Les Miserables

By Michel Audiard

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As long as ignorance and misery  
exist in this world,  
stories such as this one  
will not be told in vain

Victor Hugo

1802.

A chain of galley slaves on their  
way to the penal colony of Toulon.

The last galleys of the king  
had rotted long ago  
in the port waters.

But the last convicts remained  
for everybody galley slaves.

They were kept busy with  
hard labor, often of no use.

That's what they called  
"going to penal servitude."

Go ahead, fast.

You, move.

Father and son come to inspect.

Good morning, chief.

See this one? One couldn't tell,  
but he tried to escape two times.

Fire in the hole!

Watch it, you guys over there!

It's over for them.

They were here for life.

Now they are at peace.

Hey, there.

Stay there.

Come here. Lift your foot.

You've filed your chain,  
you bastard.

You want to escape?

You'll do three more years.

Meanwhile, off to the pontoon,  
double-chained to the bench.

Go ahead, take him away!

This convict

was called Jean Valjean.

He had been condemned

to five years of penal colony

for stealing one loaf of bread.

Jean Valjean tried  
two more times to escape...  
and when, at last,  
came the day of his release...  
Go ahead!  
He had served 19 years.  
Here are your things.  
You go to the shower,  
the hairdresser,  
the delouser.  
Here is your count.  
One hundred and nine francs  
and 15 sous.  
Sign here.  
No, it's not my count.  
I calculated, it is 140 francs.  
Less 24 francs  
for Sundays and holidays,  
and 5 francs of city taxes.  
Go ahead, sign.  
Here is your passport.  
You will have to go  
to the local police station  
wherever you go.  
Otherwise... you'll be arrested  
and sent back here.  
Understood?  
Hey... if you get caught  
stealing again, you'll get life.  
If you threaten with a knife,  
even with a stick--  
armed in any way--  
it's death penalty.  
Think about that, unless you  
want to come back and see us.  
Freedom. Yes, they were  
given back their freedom,  
but their old convict's passport  
that had to be stamped everywhere  
was bound to their steps  
like ball and chain.  
It was almost impossible  
for them to find work  
and the houses and the inns

remained closed for them.

Not far from there,  
in the little town of Digne,  
in the department of Basses-Alpes,  
a Carriage bearing the coat  
of arms of the papacy  
was coming on the place  
de I'Evch.

The visitor wanted to spend  
the night in the bishop's property.

They told him  
that Monseigneur Myriel  
had left the palace  
because it was going to be  
changed into an hospital,  
and that he was living over there.

The little house on the square.

- Is Bishop Myriel here?

- He went to do his visits.

He shouldn't be long,  
if you want to come in.

- Thank you.

- Look, here he comes.

- Where?

- On the donkey.

What? This poor little priest?

You are right, Father,  
we tell him often his sister and me.

His Grace doesn't  
take enough care of himself.

He never keep any money  
for himself.

If you could reason him  
a little bit...

Good evening.

- Your Eminence.

- Please, don't.

It is the first time I ever met  
a bishop with this sort of carriage.

Yes, I understand why Your  
Eminence would be shocked.

If you will allow me.

He trotted a fair amount.

You think a humble priest

shows too much pride  
by borrowing a mount which  
has been used by our Lord.  
But I do it by necessity,  
I assure you, and not by vanity.

- I don't doubt it.

- Come.

Come in, Your Eminence, come in.

He is hungry.

But maybe you are, too.

I wanted to stop in your house  
tonight with my people but

- I am afraid...

- Don't be afraid.

Your escort can go to the inn,  
but I insist on keeping you.

I have an excellent bed for you.

Can I have a look at it?

I have such a hard time to sleep.

- Please. Excuse me.

- Thank you.

The supper will be ready in a minute.

When there is enough for three,  
there is enough for four.

You would deprive me of  
a great honor if you refuse.

You know how proud I am.

- Here is my bedroom.

- Thank you.

Be careful, there is a small step.

Here you are.

We'll be neighbors.

It is stocked

with fresh oat straws.

It still smells like harvest.

Thank you,

but this trip exhausted me.

I need to rest.

If you don't mind,

I'll go to the Mayor's house.

- I am not a monk.

- As you wish.

We are serving the same cause  
but not in the same battalion.

The same night...

Come in.

Good evening.

I am sorry, they told me  
to come knock on this door.

Can I have some soup  
and a place to sleep?

Of course, come in.

My name is Jean Valjean  
and I come from the galleys.

Yes, lady, the galleys.

Come in.

I left Toulon three days ago.

Today I covered the miles on foot.

I am tired.

Give me your things.

Mrs. Magloire will  
put down an extra plate.

We will have supper in a moment.

We will make your bed  
while you'll have your supper.

- Come in.

- I have money.

I am not an innkeeper.

Keep your money, sir,  
you will need it.

You are the priest of the village.

I can't put anything past you.

Miss Baptistine, my sister,  
and Mrs. Magloire, my governess.

Go ahead, give this  
gentleman a chair!

Mrs. Magloire, go look for  
the silverware. We have a guest.

Silverware.

The same that would have  
been used for the cardinal.

How could they have better  
shown an unexpected guest

that here he was not  
considered a galley slave,

but a man?

These ladies are very happy  
to have you among us.

When we have a guest,  
we embellish daily life a bit.  
And we drink wine.  
- Can I serve the soup, Your Grace?  
- Of course.  
This gentleman  
said he was hungry.  
Give me a chair.  
I am not tall enough  
to reach the shelf.  
You are surprised to see this  
wealth in the house of a man  
who should be the poorest  
in the land?  
This silverware comes from my  
grandmother. I am attached to it.  
Ah, it's a weakness, I know it.  
In the name of the Father and the Son  
and the Holy Spirit. Amen.  
Could you give me  
the ladle, please?  
Give me your plate, sir. You are  
probably eager to go to bed.  
Mrs. Magloire... you will put  
white sheets on the alcove bed.  
The next day, as always,  
Monseigneur Myriel  
began his day  
by visiting his garden.  
He was leaving Mrs. Magloire  
responsible for the vegetables  
and taking care  
of the owers himself.  
He used to say that beauty  
is as important as utility,  
maybe more so.  
Monseigneur! Monseigneur!  
The silverware basket!  
I had put it away last night,  
but it disappeared!  
Do you know where it is?  
Yes, here it is.  
But it's empty!  
And the silverware, the big ladle--

where are they?  
This I don't know.  
It is the man from last night,  
the convict!  
He is not in his room anymore.  
I was bringing him a glass of milk.  
His bed is empty.  
Good thing I took the candlesticks  
up to my bedroom.  
Go ahead, move, go on!  
Monseigneur! Look what  
this man had in his bag.  
We called him out to check his  
passport and to search him.  
This is what he had.  
As we knew that last night  
you had him for dinner,  
well, we arrested him.  
What did you answer  
back to them?  
Nothing.  
Why didn't you tell these gentlemen  
that I gave them to you?  
You even forgot your candlesticks.  
I had given them to you with the  
silverware, why did you leave them?  
Mrs. Magloire, go look for  
this gentleman's silverware.  
Go ahead!  
Go ahead!  
- You had given them to him?  
- Of course.  
- So, we can let him go?  
- Yes. And give him back his goods.  
I'll obey if you say so,  
Monseigneur.  
Why Monseigneur?  
He is not the priest?  
No, it's Monseigneur  
the bishop. Here.  
Thank you, Mrs. Magloire.  
Can I offer you a glass  
of wine, Sergeant?  
I would hate to refuse,



Monseigneur.

Mrs. Magloire,  
show them the way.

- Follow me, sirs.

- I will be right there.

Thank you.

Wait!

You forget  
your candlesticks again.

Come on, take them.

Jean Valjean, my brother, I don't  
believe in the power of money.

But this could help you  
to become another man.

You don't belong to the bad  
anymore, but to the good.

It is your soul I am buying.

Jean Valjean left town  
as if he were running away.

He walked straight ahead all day  
and then he collapsed,  
exhausted, on a log.

He was feeling some kind of rage  
because he didn't understand  
the generosity of this man  
he had stolen from.

So this was the truth.

During twenty years  
at the penal colony,  
they had taught him  
a different one.

- What do you want?

- I don't want anything.

- Then why are you here?

- I was passing by.

So pass.

It's beautiful.

- My coin, sir!

- Go away.

- Give me my coin back!

- Go away.

- Give it back to me!

- Go away, I say!

Eh, listen!

Stop!

Thief. He was a thief.

He understood that he would pay  
for the silver coin his whole life.

Complaint of Pierre Burloz  
called Petit Pierre.

Armed robbery.

Dangerous recidivist.

Didn't have his passport  
stamped any more.

Wanted.

A few years later,  
the little town of Montreuil  
sur Mer in northern France  
rose unexpectedly.

A humble craftsman of  
mysterious origin, Mr. Madeleine,  
was applying a new craft process  
to the manufacture of jewelry.

Soon, he bought the most  
beautiful house in the region  
and transformed it into a hospital,  
while he came to live humbly  
on the other side of the square.

After your hospital, it was  
a pharmacy free of charge.

Then, an old people's home.

A school for boys.

Another for girls.

At last,

a help fund for the workers,  
which demonstrates

your endless generosity  
and your relentless commitment  
to the public welfare.

Your industriousness has brought  
prosperity to the entire region.

Your big heart is chasing misery,  
ignorance, and illness.

For these services,

despite your dislike of honors,  
in the name of His Majesty,

I appoint you

mayor of Montreuil sur Mer.

He had become Mr. Mayor.  
People said of him,  
this is a rich man who  
doesn't look pretentious,  
and this is a lucky man  
who doesn't look happy.  
When a little chimney sweep  
was coming into town,  
he asked to take him in  
and gave him some money.  
Word circulated,  
and many more came.  
But one day, another visitor  
came to Montreuil.  
All right. Thank you.  
Mr. Mayor.  
Mr. Mayor, I wanted to introduce  
myself as soon as I arrived.  
I am the new Police Inspector.  
I was waiting for you.  
You will be the head of the City Police  
under my supervision.  
- I will be proud of it.  
- What is your name?  
Inspector Javert.  
Javert.  
Yes. Javert.  
Here is my nomination.  
Thank you.  
What is your service record?  
I joined the police 10 years ago.  
I did three years in Montauban,  
four in Moulin, four in Bthune.  
I am hoping to be appointed  
in Paris after my stay here.  
I hope it for you. In the meantime,  
I hope we will get along.  
I got the best training.  
My father was the head locksmith  
of the penal colony of Toulon.  
I spent my youth  
among the worst rabble.  
We had the indomitable,  
the headstrong.

Mr. Mayor can't imagine.

- I imagine.

- No, you had to be there.

First of all, do you know  
the rabble, Mr. Javert?

It is simple.

First, there are honest people,  
established people,  
then the ones who have no work,  
no family, no home.

The first group makes up society  
and respects the law.

The others respect nothing  
and attack everything.

My duty is to defend the former  
against the latter.

- It is not difficult.

- Not so easy.

Mr. Mayor, there was an accident.

Old Fauchelevent  
just fell under his car.

Oh, my God,

I don't want to see this!

We have to go look for Mr. Mayor!

Good morning, Mr. Mayor.

We'll have to wait

15 minutes for a hoist!

Go look for a beam  
to use as leverage.

I will never be able to.

- You are going to hurt yourself.

- Take this.

Wait, you guys.

That's it, he is lifting it!

Come on, put the lever there.

Quickly, GUYS-

- Be careful.

- He is in a bad way.

It's nothing, buddy,  
you'll get out of it.

It's nothing.

- It's great, Mr. Mayor.

- God bless you.

I have known only one man

capable of doing what you did.

He was a convict at

the penal colony of Toulon.

His name was Jean Valjean.

So now

you know a second one.

Like in all the little towns,

there was in Montreuil sur Mer

a class of young men

who were nibbling on their private

income, being deeply bored

while they thought

they were having fun.

They had contempt for women,

were drinking, yawning,

smelled like tobacco,

were playing pool,

were not working,

didn't have any use at all.

They spent most

of their time at the caf,

summers... and winters.

- Spade.

- The doormat girl is ready to work.

She is probably

freezing her butt off.

- I bet you Louis is going.

- Goodbye!

- You've lost, buddy.

- Ah, the bitch. Stupid girl.

- Wait, it's going to cost her!

- Good luck!

Are you coming, darling?

Don't pretend to be shy.

Hey, we'll have a good laugh.

Bastard!

Don't touch me, brute!

Bastard! Swine!

Let me go, let me go!

It's the Magistrate's Court.

Here, sign.

You don't know to do it?

All right.

You're good for six months.

Take her away.  
Six months in jail!  
It's impossible!  
I have my little girl's  
boarding to pay!  
My little Cosette,  
what will happen to her?  
They will throw her outside  
in the winter's cold!  
There is nothing  
I can do about it.  
If I do this work,  
it is not by vice, I swear!  
I swear, I had no more money!  
I sold everything...  
I have a little girl in the countryside!  
She is sick!  
I need some money.  
Every where says the same thing.  
- Alas, it is almost always true.  
- Mr. Mayor...  
Ah, it's you, Mr. Mayor?  
You came to see your work.  
What I have become  
is because of you.  
Well, are you happy?  
I am going to jail!  
I was earning a living in your factory  
and you threw me out  
because I had a little girl  
without being married.  
What did she do to you,  
my little Cosette?  
She is not allowed to laugh  
and eat like the other children?  
I was not aware of all this.  
Why didn't you come to see me?  
Oh, it's so easy, what with  
the foremen who bar the way.  
A boss? What's the use?  
I don't know you, and you neither.  
All men are pigs!  
I have sold all my things,  
my furniture.

I have sold my hair!  
I have sold my teeth!  
And you know what they told me?  
Well, sell the rest!  
Well, look at her,  
look at the whore!  
Look at your work!  
Bastard!  
Give this woman  
back her freedom.  
Come now, Mr. Mayor,  
this woman has insulted you,  
and a moment ago  
she insulted a bourgeois.  
Regarding the bourgeois,  
I investigated.  
He was wrong, and a good  
policeman should arrest him.  
I am sorry to contradict Mr. Mayor,  
but this girl committed an offense  
on the public road.  
It's in the police report.  
I do my duty, and I am keeping  
the Fantine woman.  
She'll be punished as required  
by the law. It's not as bad as that.  
She won't go to the penal colony.  
She won't go to the penal colony  
and she won't go to jail.  
This concerns the City Police.  
I am your boss,  
and I ask you to release her.  
- I refuse.  
- I am asking you to obey.  
Get out.  
Thank you sir, am I free to go?  
Oh, forgive me.  
It is me who ask you to forgive me.  
Unfortunately, I don't always know  
what's going on in my town.  
One thinks he is acting for the best  
and there are still injustices,  
but you could have come to see me.  
You know I am a man to whom

you can explain everything.

- So, you have a little girl?

- Yes.

My little Cosette.

We'll take care of her both of us,  
you'll see. You'll be happy.

I don't think so.

I wish I had known.

I wish I had known.

I left Pan's five years ago.

I couldn't stay there no more.

You can probably guess why.

But I was filled with hope,  
the weather was so beautiful.

I wanted to go back home.

- Sir! Sir!

- Whoa!

- Can you take us for a little bit?

- Yes, of course.

Come up.

You're going far?

- To Montreuil sur Mer.

- To Montreuil sur Mer?

Where is that place?

- In the North.

- You're nowhere close to it.

- You're going to tire your legs.

- I'll find a way.

I'll bring you to the entrance  
of Montfermeil.

You'll surely find someone else.

So, you're going  
to see your daddy?

Yes, he is waiting for us.

Go on, whoa! Whoa!

No, no one was waiting for us.

I was not married,  
and Cosette's dad  
has abandoned us.

To arrive in Montreuil with  
a fatherless child was impossible.

I wouldn't have  
found work anywhere,  
I wouldn't have found a home.



This good farmer  
left us in Montfermeil.  
Montfermeil.  
I arrived near the Thnardier Inn.  
There were these huge wheels  
with a chain underneath.  
It was used to carry trees.  
It looked like a canon barrel.  
But a mother had found a way  
to make a toy of it for her kids.  
That's what made me trust them.  
Bring your white sheep in  
Let's go to the cottage  
The good farmer had told me,  
"Oh, I think they are honest.  
He used to be a soldier,  
a sergeant at Waterloo."  
You have two beautiful  
little girls, Madame.  
Yours is very cute, too.  
Look at them, they look  
like three sisters.  
Madame, the Good Lord  
brought me to your home.  
I can see you're a gentle mom.  
Say, would you want to keep mine?  
Keep her?  
Yes, her father died.  
I have no more work in Paris,  
I am going home, but...  
with a child,  
it's not easy to find work.  
When I have earned some money,  
I'll come back to pick her up,  
I will be able to give you  
six francs per month.  
If it helps you. Between women,  
we have to help each other.  
First, I have to talk about it  
to my husband.  
My darling. My little Cosette,  
you're going to leave your mommy.  
She says she would give  
six francs per month.

It's not enough. Seven.  
And six months in advance.  
Six times seven, forty-two.  
- Good morning, sir.  
- Good morning.  
Your wife spoke to you?  
You would agree?  
I am square in business  
and sharp about details.  
You have to pay in advance.  
Six months at seven francs.  
Six times seven is 42.  
I will give them to you.  
This is my count.  
I leave you to your calculations.  
My horses should be rested now.  
With all the water they drunk...  
- Which way are you going, sir?  
- Compigne.  
Compigne! It's on my way.  
Do you have a little place for me?  
- Of course he has a little place.  
- If that can help you.  
All right, goodbye.  
But hurry up, I am late.  
Send her to me right away.  
Ah, right away, right away.  
You'll give me 15 francs more  
for the first expenses.  
Forty-two plus 15 makes 57.  
I can give them to you.  
I have 80 francs.  
Go ahead, I am not watching.  
- She has some clothes?  
- Of course.  
You must give them to us!  
I wasn't going to leave  
my little treasure naked.  
They're in my baggage outside.  
So? If you want to leave,  
I am on my way.  
Yes, she's coming, right away!  
Don't worry.  
You can leave reassured.

Your little one  
will be like our child.  
What's the name of this cutie?  
- Cosette.  
- Cosette?  
It's pretty. Why not? And you?  
Madame... Madame Fantine.  
I'll have a letter written for you  
as soon as I arrive.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome. When one  
can help people... go with her.  
I left her there, my little Cosette.  
And I never saw her again.  
And they ask me for money,  
always more money.  
Don't forget the clothes.  
I have worked. I sold myself.  
I have no more strength.  
It's too late.  
Doctor.  
How is she, doctor?  
Still in the same condition.  
She asks for her little girl.  
She is going to see her soon.  
I hope even tonight.  
May be then she'll feel better but...  
it is the last step of phthisis.  
And now, it's probably  
going to go fast.  
All these girls,  
they end up like this.  
She's not the first one  
we've seen here.  
Don't be too hard, sister.  
Do we do always what we should  
for these unfortunate souls?  
Even you. Even me.  
So you see...  
Mr. Madeleine,  
I am so happy you came.  
When you are here, it seems  
to me everything is better.  
And... Cosette?

They went to look for her.  
When she'll be her, you'll  
feel better, I promise you.

Mr. Mayor.

What is it?

You are alone? And the child?

They refused to let her go.

Mr. Thnardier is asking  
another 500 francs.

But I think the more we give,  
the more he'll ask.

- I should maybe go.

- He won't give her up.

We have to ask for her before  
going to pick her up, otherwise...

Ask for the carriage to be  
made ready with a good horse  
for tomorrow morning,

**4:**

- She knows how to write?

- No, I don't think so.

Ask for a letter to be written,  
explaining that the child  
should be given to the carrier,  
and tell her to sign it.

Do what I asked and come  
to confirm it at my office.

Yes, Mr. Mayor.

I will be absent a few days.

Here are the orders  
for Spain and England.

See to it the fabrication  
starts right away.

Very well, Mr. Madeleine.

It's done, Mr. Mayor. The car will be  
ready at the time you asked.

Very well, thank you.

Here is a letter that Sister Simplice  
asked me to give you.

Thank you.

Come in.

Mr. Mayor, Inspector Javert  
wants to see you.

Send him in.

What's going on, Javert?

Mr. Mayor, a culpable action  
has been made.

An inferior officer was disrespectful  
with a superior magistrate  
in the gravest manner.

I am asking you to punish him  
as much as he deserves it.

- Who is this man?

- Me.

And who is the magistrate  
who has a complaint with you?

You, Mr. Mayor. I come  
to ask you to discharge me.

What are you talking about?

I could have given my resignation,  
but it is not enough.

A resignation is honorable,  
and I must be punished.

I have to be discharged.

Javert, you are a genius in the art  
of complicating things.

What did you do to me?

I denounced you to the police  
department of Paris.

You accused me of interfering  
with the laws of the police?

No. I accused you of being  
the convict Jean Valjean.

- Who?

- I didn't have any doubt.

I had known Jean Valjean  
at the galleys when I was a child.

I couldn't be wrong.

- You are crazy.

- That's what they told me.

You cannot be Jean Valjean  
because the real Jean Valjean  
has been arrested.

Arrested?

Yes, for a trifle.

He stole an apple. He pretended  
his name was Champmathieu,

but was recognized  
at the penitentiary of Arras  
by an ex-convict  
who was with him in Toulon.  
As I thought I was holding him here,  
I wanted to see him to be sure.  
I went to Arras,  
they brought me Champmathieu.  
So what?  
Mr. Mayor, the truth is the truth.  
It was Jean Valjean.  
I recognized him.  
- You are sure about it?  
- Sure.  
And what does he say,  
this Champmathieu?  
He says he doesn't  
understand a thing.  
He plays it dumb, simpleminded,  
but his future is sealed.  
What punishment does he face?  
There is an old story of armed robbery  
on a young boy from Savoy.  
When he was arrested, he had just  
jumped over a wall to steal apples.  
For a child, it's a mischief,  
for a man, it's an offense,  
but for a convict, it's a crime,  
it's the galleys for life.  
All right, you can leave, Javert.  
Mr. Mayor, I remind you that  
you must discharge me.  
No, you thought it was your duty  
to do so, I am keeping you.  
I don't need your kindness--  
the kindness that makes you  
side with the prostitute  
against the bourgeois,  
with the policeman  
against the mayor.  
This kindness has no value.  
If I had not been  
mistaken about you,  
if you really were Jean Valjean,

be assured that I wouldn't have  
been kind to you.  
We'll talk about it later.  
- Javert!  
- Mr. Mayor?  
When is this Champmathieu  
going to be judged?  
In Arras, tomorrow.  
There is a scenery  
larger than the sea.  
It's the sky.  
There is a scenery  
larger than the sky.  
It's the depth of a soul.  
In the name of His Majesty,  
I appoint you Mayor  
of Montreuil sur Mer.  
What punishment does he face?  
For a child it's a mischief,  
for a man it's an offense,  
but for a convict it's a crime,  
it's the galleys for life.  
Jean Valjean comes back...  
and Mr. Madeleine will sink  
into scandal and shame.  
Is redemption impossible?  
After your hospital, Mr. Madeleine,  
it was a pharmacy free of charge,  
then, an old people's home,  
a school for boys,  
another one for gin's.  
At last, a help fund  
for the workers.  
After all, this  
Champmathieu is a thief  
recognized, condemned  
as Jean Valjean.  
I just have to stay quiet and  
Mr. Madeleine will be safe forever.  
Jean Valjean, my brother, [don't  
believe in the power of money.  
But this can help you  
to become another man.  
You don't belong to the bad

anymore, but to the good.  
It is your soul I am buying.  
When is this Champmathieu  
going to be judged?  
In Arras, tomorrow.  
Monsieur...  
the Royal Prosecutor...  
My little girl,  
what will happen to her?  
They will throw her out  
in the winter's cold.  
When you are there,  
everything seems to go better.  
Defendant, do you have something  
to add for your defense?  
Do you still deny being  
the convict Jean Valjean?  
My name is Champmathieu!  
Tell them, I was working at  
Mr. Baloup's as wheelwright.  
You can just ask.  
Gentlemen of the jury,  
I remind you that Mr. Baloup  
has been subpoenaed in vain.  
He was bankrupt  
and has not been found.  
The gentlemen of the jury will  
appreciate a system of defense  
that subpoenas for testimony  
people who cannot be found.  
You are really something.  
I have been in jail for three months.  
I have been pushed here and there.  
People talk against me.  
They tell me "answer."  
The gendarme pushes me  
and says "answer!"  
They always talk about Jean Valjean,  
but I don't know this person!  
Mr. President,  
we would like to call again  
to the bench the convicted  
Brevet, Cochepaille,  
and Chenildieu



to confirm their testimony on  
the identity of the defendant.

Get up! Come closer.

We are still doubting  
the testimony of idiots  
who have been offered a trip  
as witnesses for the prosecution.

Do you recognize the defendant  
as the convict Jean Valjean?

- Sure, it's him.

- It's him all right.

I recognize him well.

That's really something!

What are you saying?

I say it's something!

Mr. President! Are we going  
to tolerate longer such a comedy?

A comedy, indeed!

- Who is this?

- Mr. Madeleine, Mayor of Montreuil.

Mr. President.

Jean Valjean, criminal at odds  
with authority, ex-convict.

I am he.

Look at me carefully.

You don't recognize me?

Now you are witnesses  
for the prosecution!

You'll have done it all.

You, Brevet, you dirty little crook.

Do you still wear the wool suspenders  
you were wearing over there?

And you, Chenildieu?

You have a date tattooed  
on your left arm.

The Emperor's landing.

First of March, 1815.

Pull up your sleeve.

Cochepaille,

I don't ask to be thanked,

but do you remember

the quarry and the rockslide?

- Yes.

- And Montenet, chained next to me?

- Who was called the Professor?

- Yes.

You remember, now? He was making necklaces with shellac bought from the sailors going to penal servitude.

Of course!

He had them sold back.

He was making a good profit.

That's something!

Mr. Counsel General,

Mr. President,

this humble industry of a convict gave me the idea that originated my prosperity and that of Montreuil sur Mer.

I think you won't have any doubt left of my identity.

Now I have to leave,

I have several things to do.

You know whom I am,

where I go.

I wouldn't have come to give myself up if I wanted to avoid justice.

Have me arrested when you want.

You shouldn't sing like this, it hurts you.

I can sing now that Mr. Madeleine will bring me back my little Cosette.

Montfermeil is far from here.

He won't be back today.

Tomorrow or the day after.

Be patient

and everything will go well.

I am patient.

I have waited so long.

Five years.

My little girl is now... eight.

I cannot believe it. I still imagine her little, as when I left her.

Yes, I am patient.

There he is!

- No.

- Yes, listen!

I recognize his steps.

- It's Mr. Madeleine?

- Yes.

You see, he hurried up.

He knew I couldn't wait any longer.

And Cosette, how is she?

What's the matter?

- Back already?

- And the child?

I am not coming from Montfermeil.

I am afraid I won't be able to go.

It will be a cruel deception for her.

Good morning, Mr. Mayor.

Good morning, Mrs. Devos.

She comes

to see her grandmother.

Say good morning to Mr. Mayor.

- Good morning, beautiful.

- Good morning, sir.

Good morning.

Tell her that the child is here,

and that the doctor doesn't

want her to see her right away.

Don't count on me,

I cannot say this.

Sister Simplicie has never lied.

- Such a small lie, come on.

- There are no innocent lies.

A lie, it is a demon.

Very well.

And Cosette?

Where is Cosette?

Calm down. Calm down.

Calm down.

She is here, your child.

She's playing, you hear her?

Oh, she is here.

Oh, I want to see her!

No, not right away.

The doctor said you could

give her your illness.

You need a lot of rest,

a lot of calm.

In a few days when you're better,

you'll see your little girl.  
But I feel just fine.  
I don't hurt at all anymore.  
I am even... very hungry.  
You have no idea how much  
children help you to go on.  
So, you covered  
all this road by carriage?  
I know it well, I did it by foot,  
in the old days.  
Mr. Madeleine, save me!  
Don't be afraid.  
He is not coming for you.  
I see you didn't waste any time.  
Come on, quickly.  
- Come on.  
- Mr. Mayor!  
There is no more Mr. Mayor.  
- Listen, Javert.  
- Mr. Inspector...  
I am asking you three days to go  
pick up the child of this woman.  
You'll come with me if you wish.  
Do you take me for a fool?  
Three days to go pick up  
the child of this girl?  
Cosette isn't here? Mr. Madeleine,  
give me back my daughter!  
Give me back my little girl,  
Mr. Madeleine!  
There is no more Mr. Madeleine.  
There is Jean Valjean,  
thief and galley slave.  
No! Cosette! Cosette!  
Are you pleased with yourself?  
I would advise you  
not to disturb me now.  
I will take care of your child,  
I promise you.  
Now I am at your disposal.  
To be an ex-convict is  
sometimes an advantage.  
The same night,  
Mr. Madeleine's servant...

Mr. Madeleine!  
But I thought you were...  
In jail. As you see,  
I am not there anymore.  
I knew you were not a scoundrel.  
Did they let you go?  
Not quite. But listen,  
I never came here tonight  
and you never saw me.  
- Is that clear?  
- Yes.  
- Sister.  
- Mr. Mayor!  
There is no Mr. Mayor anymore.  
- Is it true, you have...  
- Yes.  
But then...  
To pick up her child,  
I needed my freedom, I took it.  
Take this money to bury her decently,  
the rest is for those without work.  
You must take it.  
It has been honestly earned.  
All my life, I only stole  
one bread and 2 francs.  
Thank you.  
And the little one,  
what will you do with her?  
I don't know.  
Javert will chase me.  
I hope the police formalities will allow  
me to get before him at Montfermeil.  
But after that...  
Go to Paris, 62 Rue de Picpus, at the  
convent of the sisters of Saint-Benoit.  
Tell the Reverend Mother  
that I am sending you.  
You will tell her... the name  
I abandoned 20 years ago.  
Eugnie de Blmeur.  
It will be enough.  
Excuse me, sister.  
The convict Jean Valjean,  
alias Madeleine, has escaped.

He stopped at his house  
a few minutes ago.  
He has been seen  
near the hospital.  
You have been here  
for a long time?  
Yes.  
And you haven't seen him?  
No.  
In Montfermeil,  
there was a very old belief.  
People said that  
in the forest near the village,  
the devil came on Christmas  
night to bury his treasures.  
But that night...  
one could have seen a strange  
hobo digging the ground.  
Well, me, if I was lucky enough  
to meet him digging a hole,  
I wouldn't escape.  
I would tell him... can we share?  
Don't be afraid my loves.  
If the devil comes,  
mommy will chase him.  
Work, you!  
- What? My horse didn't drink?  
- Cosette!  
You didn't give water to this  
gentleman's horse?  
Oh, yes, Madame,  
the horse drank a full bucket.  
A tiny thing  
like this who such big lies.  
It's not true.  
This is no way  
to speak to a client.  
Go, toad, go give something  
to drink to this horse.  
Yes, Madame.  
But, Madame,  
there is no more water.  
- Then pump it.  
- But the pump is broken.

So go to the source, go on.

- In the wood?

- Yes, hurry up.

Don't be afraid.

The devil won't eat you.

You want to buy it?

- No.

- Why? You have no money?

- That's it?

- Yes.

It's your mommy who sends you  
for the water so far away?

I think I have no mommy.

What do you mean,  
you think you don't have any?

- I never saw her.

- So who is this water for?

It's for my boss, Mrs. Thnardier.

Thnardier?

What's your name?

- Cosette.

- Cosette?

It's you, Cosette?

Well, it took you a while.

Madame, I found a sir  
who came to the house.

- Do you have a carriage, sir?

- No, I am walking.

It's this way.

He wants to eat.

Strange weather, hey?

Do you want a room?

No, it's for dinner only.

You must pay in advance.

I will pa)'-

- It's 40 sous.

- All right.

It's 20 sous, the price.

Not for the poor. It stains  
a house to have these people.

He's not even from around here.

Work a little bit instead of looking.

So, you have a good time,  
my loves?

Yes, Mommy.  
Look how her little hat suits her.  
Such little treasures.  
Your horse has enough to drink.  
He is like his master.  
Here you are.  
What does she do here,  
the little one?  
She's darning my socks, of course.  
She must earn her keep, poor thing.  
A child we took as charity.  
How much do you  
sell your socks for?  
Sir, my socks are not for sale.  
And if I were giving you  
a Louis for it?  
A Louis?  
Here.  
Here, sir, they are yours.  
- With the meal, we're even.  
- They are beautiful socks.  
You can keep them. But now...  
this child's time belongs to me.  
Have a good time, little one.  
She wants to take my doll.  
You are leaving, sir?  
I am coming back.  
- Look what he gave me.  
- Who is that man?  
It's Rothschild!  
We must make him spit out some  
more of them before he goes.  
He left.  
It's a good one, at least.  
On my way out,  
I met Santa Claus.  
He asked me if I knew  
a Mademoiselle Cosette,  
and if she was well behaved.  
I answered yes.  
I am not sure I was right.  
It's a banker!  
Well, my Cosette,  
this gentleman gives you a doll!



Take it, it's yours.  
What do you say  
to the gentleman?  
She doesn't need  
to tell me anything.  
I am just the messenger.  
Now it's may be time  
to put these little girls to bed.  
If Monsieur doesn't mind...  
holidays are work days for us.  
This cutie has to get up early.  
Go to bed, my lovelies.  
Say something, you, for God's sake.  
Yes, darling, we are going to bed.  
Eponine, Azelma,  
come too, my darlings.  
I am going to call her Catherine.  
It's also time for us to go to bed.  
You are waited for in your place.  
It's one hour  
you haven't drunk anything.  
Come on, go out.  
We haven't paid!  
Never mind. It's not  
Christmas every day.  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
I'll put it on your account.  
Drink this. It's the wine I sell to  
the customers, a good one.  
Monsieur gives me a great honor.  
So you are coming  
from far away?  
- Paris.  
- Ah.  
Not a lot of people  
for a Christmas night.  
Ah, Monsieur, times are hard.  
We don't have a lot  
of bourgeois in our region.  
If we didn't have rich and generous  
travelers from time to time...  
You have a little servant  
who doesn't cost you too much.

A fortune, she costs us.  
It's small, but it eats.  
It's incredible, how much it eats.  
And it's not strong.  
It cannot do much hard work.  
We keep her because  
she has no family.  
By charity. And she needs  
clothes. Winters are cold.  
And I have two more little girls,  
not to mention the very last one,  
a boy who came I know not how.  
Because of the cold.  
All of this costs money.  
And if someone would help you  
by taking her away?  
Taking who? Cosette?  
Ah, Monsieur, take her, keep her,  
eat her, and be blessed  
by the Virgin Mary  
and all the saints in Heaven.  
Very well, go look for her.  
I am taking her with me.  
- Right away?  
- Right away.  
- I am going.  
- One moment.  
Go to the kitchen, I have to discuss  
all of this with Monsieur.  
I truly adore this child.  
I noticed.  
We are not rich, but one has  
to do something for the Lord.  
I have bread for her.  
I love this little one.  
My wife has a temper,  
but she adores her, too.  
No, I cannot accept.  
We would miss her.  
I need to hear  
babbling in the house.  
Or... it's 1,500 francs.  
Go look for her.  
- Here you are.

- Thank you.  
You're missing  
all the good opportunities.  
Fifteen hundred francs!  
He is stinking rich.  
You are right.  
- Here are your 1,500 francs.  
- What does that mean?  
I keep Cosette. I thought about it,  
and I cannot do this.  
It's her mother  
who entrusted her to me.  
I can only give her back  
to her mother.  
Or... it's 5,000 francs.  
You won't have one franc more.  
You mention her mother.  
You're right.  
Do you know this signature?  
It's a good imitation.  
Well, all right.  
Why you didn't show me  
this in the first place?  
Because I have my reasons.  
I have to think about this.  
Ah, no, I have to leave  
right away.  
You have time. You will  
leave tomorrow morning.  
All right. Show me my room.  
I am sure we will reach  
an agreement.  
Sergeant of Waterloo.  
Keep the carriage  
and watch the door.  
You, go behind the house  
and wait for me.  
I am coming in. Come.  
- Police.  
- Oh, my God.  
You are keeping the daughter of  
a so-called Fantine. She is still here?  
- Everybody is asking for her today.  
- Everybody?

Everybody, indeed. A man came  
with a paper from the mother.

- He left?

- No, he is upstairs.

- We come just in time.

- You are not going to arrest him!

- He owes me money.

- Shut up, take us to him, quietly.

Be careful, he is dangerous.

Dangerous? I follow you, then.

You, stay here.

It's his room.

You're caught!

Nobody.

I don't understand.

I took him here myself.

Shut up.

We have to search all rooms.

Not here, it's a married couple.

Be careful, watch the doors.

Don't be afraid. I am taking you  
with me. You want to?

Quietly or the Thnardiers  
would take you back. Come.

- Come on.

- And Catherine?

Where did you leave her?

Downstairs?

Hide here, I'll go look for her.

There is this. It leads to the stable.

She may have gone that way.

He cannot escape.

He is trapped. I am going.

- Show me the way.

- Nothing is burning!

If you are here, say it,  
we'll negotiate.

What a surprise.

Let's share and I'll shut up.

There is no one in the stable.

He didn't go this way.

Virgile!

And this room, what is it?

My little girls' room.

I was just there.  
I am downstairs, where are you?  
What's the matter? You have him?  
What are you doing downstairs?  
Wait.  
Come on my shoulders. Go on.  
Some horses  
and a carriage, quickly!  
Go to Paris. 62 Rue de Picpus,  
at the convent  
of the sisters of Saint-Benoit.  
Tell the Reverend Mother  
that I am sending you.  
You will tell her... the name  
I abandoned 20 years ago.  
Eugnie de Blmeur.  
The convent's groundskeeper  
was wearing on his knee  
a bell that was  
chasing the nuns away,  
because they were forbidden  
to look upon a man, even from far.  
Cosette! Come!  
Come!  
I am sorry, Mother.  
Don't apologize, Mr. Fauchelevent.  
Fatherly love is blessed by God,  
but nevertheless...  
You shouldn't distract her  
from her studies.  
First, she has to forget  
she has been very unhappy.  
Where would be better  
than here to forget?  
You know, life is so hard.  
Here, she'll be safe, away  
from the world's temptations.  
She'll become  
a good servant of God.  
In any case, she'll be ugly.  
Not far from there,  
another groundskeeper  
was also dreaming  
while taking care of his owers.

He used to be  
an officer of Napoleon,  
Colonel Pontmercy.  
Since the Restoration,  
he was getting half his pay  
and was forbidden to wear  
his Legion of Honor.  
He was only allowed  
to show his scars.  
His father-in-law,  
an ultra-royalist, had told him,  
"I will raise your child.  
He will be my heir,  
but on one condition:  
that you disappear."  
The officer was poor. For his  
son's sake, he had accepted.  
Marius Pontmercy  
had become a man  
without having seen  
his father again.  
Mr. Marius's grandfather asks for  
Mr. Marius in the living room.  
After 50 years in this house,  
I change servants very often,  
and their name is Nicolette.  
It's more practical  
to keep the same name.  
Your name will be Nicolette and you  
will have 50 francs per month.  
For the service, you will ask  
for Mademoiselle Gillenormand,  
my daughter.  
What is your nephew doing?  
Go check.  
In the room of this young man?  
The height of prudery  
is to multiply defenses  
in the places least likely  
to be attacked.  
- Yes...  
- You asked for me?  
Marius!  
Your father writes to us. He says

he is sick, he wants to see you.  
You want me to go there?  
I know what you think,  
my poor child.  
It's not your fault if you are the son  
of one of these scoundrels  
who killed our king and bled France.  
But it's our duty to defend  
the family's traditions.  
It looks serious. It's not him  
who writes, it's the doctor.  
It's your father.  
Even if he was in the galleys,  
you would have to go.  
You will take the stagecoach  
tomorrow morning at six.  
This letter has been in my pocket  
for two days already.  
When he arrived in a dark room,  
he found three men.  
One was standing up.  
One was sitting down.  
And a third one was laying down  
and didn't wait for him anymore.  
And facing this deceased man,  
Marius learnt who was his father.  
Simple soldier, one arm broken  
fighting beside General Kleber,  
Second Lieutenant in Lodi,  
Legion of Honor in Austerlitz,  
one of the three survivors  
of the Eylau cemetery.  
Captain in Friedland  
for his 12th wound,  
Colonel at Waterloo.  
The Thnardiers  
were also at Waterloo.  
The wife was canteen keeper  
and he was sergeant.  
Can I come out?  
Is there any danger?  
- No.  
- And what's going on?  
The English are still resisting.

Wait. I want to see this.  
Come! It seems to be going  
badly for the Emperor.  
Each of these lines is a regiment?  
And these others who walk  
and shine under the sun,  
it's the white cuirasses.  
It's at least 60,000 Prussians.  
And they are all fresh.  
The guard!  
Lay down or you'll go to your death  
if the officer sees you!  
- It's his last reserve, he is done.  
- Be quiet.  
Tomorrow, sweetie,  
we'd better become royalists.  
Close the ranks!  
Close the ranks!  
Close the ranks!  
Close the ranks!  
Hold firmly!  
And the night fell  
on 60,000 corpses.  
Great, an officer.  
Who won?  
The English.  
I have a broken leg.  
Don't let them take you.  
Me, I am done,  
but you, go away.  
They don't scare me.  
I'll get you out of here.  
I could even find a carriage,  
but I need money.  
- Your name?  
- Sergeant Thnardier, and you?  
Colonel Pontmercy.  
I will never forget.  
Don't worry.  
There.  
For my son.  
At Waterloo, a man saved my life.  
His name is Thnardier.  
I could never find him again.



If my son meets him, he has to be  
as generous as possible with him.  
The Emperor made me  
a Baron on the battlefield.  
The Restoration  
is contesting me this title.  
My son will take it,  
and he will carry it,  
and he will deserve it.  
Baron! You are baron, now?  
What does that mean?  
My father bequeathed me this title,  
earned with his blood.  
And I will be proud to carry it.  
Your father? It's me!  
My father is a man who  
gloriously served the Republic,  
the Emperor, and France.  
And he made only one mistake:  
to love too much two ingrates,  
his homeland and myself.  
Marius! Abominable child!  
All these people were rogues,  
murderers, red bonnets!  
Thieves! Baron!  
You are about as much  
a baron as my slipper!  
All bandits who betrayed their king  
and served Robespierre  
and Bonaparte!  
All cowards who ran away  
from the English and  
the Prussians at Waterloo.  
Traitors and cowards,  
all of them!  
All of them, you hear?  
Down with the Bourbons,  
and this pig, Louis XVIII.  
A baron like Monsieur  
and an old emigrant like me  
cannot stay under the same roof.  
I am asking you  
to leave this house today.  
I'll be thrilled to do so.

Father, you are quite right.  
Daughter, you are  
an ermine of stupidity  
without one stain of intelligence.  
Marius, without any money,  
went to live in a shack,  
not far from the gate of Italy...  
not far from the district  
of the horse market.  
Without quitting his law studies,  
he started doing translations  
to earn his living.  
But his neighbors  
didn't respect his work.  
Are you going to shut up?  
One cannot work here!  
You'll see, if I lose my temper!  
Only their daughter, Eponine,  
seemed to be interested in him.  
Here you are, finally.  
It took you a long time.  
Next time you'll hire me  
a hackney-coach.  
How she speaks to her dad,  
this one!  
My legs are killing me.  
I went up and down the floors, and  
everywhere it smelled like cooking.  
Everywhere the same answer:  
we have our poor.  
Here. 20 sous. That's all I got.  
And he wanted to caress my hands.  
To caress your hands, 20 sous?  
The world has fallen real low.  
I'll read you something  
that may be bring us more.  
Listen.  
"Mrs. Comtesse de Montvernet,  
9 Rue Cassette."  
Cassette. It means big bucks.  
What a load of lies.  
"I am an unfortunate  
mother of six children.  
The last one is only

three months old.  
Abandoned by my husband, ill,  
in bed in the worst misery.  
I send you my oldest daughter,  
hoping you'll have a good heart,  
with my deepest respect.

**Signed:**

They wouldn't have any heart.  
I hope to get at least  
three francs out of it.  
Here Gavroche, take this.  
You'll say your sisters are sick.  
- No.  
- That's how you speak to your dad?  
In the days of the Emperor, they  
would have straightened you out.  
You would be in the army,  
and they would teach you life.  
I said no. I am fed up  
with begging everywhere.  
If you wanted, you could work.  
I am not a man who does  
just any kind of work.  
- I used to be in the military.  
- Well, military salute, then.  
Beat it or I'll knock you out!  
There is someone next door,  
a student.  
A student!  
He should go to work.  
Good morning, Mr. Marius.  
Good morning.  
As many students, Marius was  
coming to work in the Luxembourg.  
He noticed the young girls  
looking at him.  
It used to make him  
at once shy and furious.  
He thought they were looking  
at him for his old clothes,  
and that they laughed about it.  
But they were looking at him  
for his charm,

and dreamt about him.  
One day...  
on the next bench...  
One day,  
the eyes of a young girl  
have the power  
of creating in a soul  
this dark ower filled  
with perfume and poison  
that one calls love.  
He was missing a button  
and his shoes were dirty.  
He didn't dare follow her.  
The man and the young girl lived  
in a remote house in the Rue Plumet,  
where they were known as  
Mr. Fauchelevent and his daughter.  
And often, they saw him gardening.  
From a fellow student,  
richer than he,  
Marius borrowed a frock  
some gloves, and a hat.  
And she was wearing a new dress.  
She is looking at me.  
If I dared, I would get up  
and walk in front of her.  
She is looking at me, too.  
I would like to be handsome, to wear  
the war cross, to be on a horse.  
I am ridiculous.  
That young man  
looks very knowledgeable.  
- This young man?  
- Yes.  
Cosette.  
What are you thinking about?  
Nothing.  
Mr. Fauchelevent  
took a different path,  
but Marius followed them.  
So, Fauchelevent came alone.  
The next day,  
the bench remained empty.  
And the next day.

And the following days.  
And all the other benches  
where he had seen her sitting.  
Not far from him, another man seemed  
to be also looking for someone.  
It was Javert,  
looking for Jean Valjean.  
The weeks passed, and Marius  
didn't again see this young gin',  
whose name was  
still unknown to him.  
But facing him were coming events  
that were going to shatter his life  
and inflame the heart of Paris.  
Down with Louis-Philippe!  
Down with Louis-Philippe!  
Wait a little bit!  
Oh, my God, the Reds!  
We'll go to all the schools!  
END OF THE FIRST PERIOD

**SECOND PERIOD:**

The 1830s Revolution didn't  
bring forth the Republic  
but Louis Philippe instead,  
and France was restless.  
Citizens, General Lamarque is ill.  
They say he's going to die.  
He was the last defender of  
our liberties at the Assembly.  
If we lose him,  
we must fear the worst.  
Everything will reverse  
back to before '89.  
Marius had made friends among  
the Latin Quarters generous youth.  
Thus, he started spending time  
with revolutionary groups.  
The Friends of the ABC met in  
the back room of the Caf Musain,  
on the Place Saint-Michel.  
Gentlemen, here's your new friend.  
Their leader was named Enjolras.  
We're glad to have you among us.

You've come a long way  
to get here, I think.

Bahorel.

Sir.

Joly.

You know General Lamarque  
is very ill.

If he dies, the Republicans will stir  
and so will the Bonapartists.

The rabble will try to take advantage  
to plunder and kill.

Anywhere there is lead in Paris,  
roofs, monuments, gutters,  
that lead is being torn down  
to be made into bullets.

That's right.

Keep an eye on it and put a stop  
to it when the time comes.

Each one of you will be assigned  
to a local police station.

Here are the files on the suspects.

Javert, you'll be at  
the Val-de-Grce station.

Some students there belong  
to the Friends of the ABC;  
some rabble-rousers I'd like  
to see behind bars.

The Claquesous Gang.

I know them.

Take care of them.

In the hovel where he lived,  
Marius dreamt less of the Republic  
than of that young woman  
met in the Luxembourg and  
whose name he didn't know.

Come on in.

Hello, Mr. Marius.

Don't you recognize me?

We know each other, though.

We meet everyday in the stairwell  
and in the hallway.

You don't notice me.

I'm your neighbors' daughter--  
the Jondrettes.

The room next door.  
You must hear us, though.  
A mirror!  
Look at me. No wonder  
you don't notice me.  
May I?  
What can I do for you?  
I was bringing a letter.  
- A letter?  
- Yes, from my father.  
No need to read it.  
He says the same thing to everyone;  
he's asking for money.  
It's all a joke.  
But we did used to have an inn  
in the countryside.  
Then, bankruptcy.  
Now, we eat when we have time.  
May I?  
It's good.  
It's hard, it breaks your teeth.  
We're used to it.  
We can't complain, though; last  
winter, we slept under bridges.  
We huddled together  
so we wouldn't freeze.  
My sister was crying.  
Sometimes, I felt like  
drowning myself.  
When I looked at the water,  
I thought it was too cold for that.  
I, too, had some rough times.  
I write copies at night.  
I unloaded bags in the Halles.  
You?  
You have nice hands, though.  
They're white.  
You're quite handsome, Mr. Marius.  
You're not any richer than us  
to live in such a hovel.  
But destitution is  
what we're fighting against.  
To each according to his needs.  
We would like bread

and work for everyone.  
You know that General  
Lamarque is dying?  
- Who is he?  
- Our last defender.  
- Then we are doomed?  
- No, since we're here.  
We're preparing the revolution.  
The Republic.  
My father always tells us  
about the Emperor.  
That's all he talks about.  
That's not going to feed us.  
I still have this.  
I already had lunch.  
Louis the Eighteenth!  
Long live the King!  
A few days later,  
the young woman, hungry,  
walked by a bakery  
and succumbed to temptation.  
Thief! Stop her! Thief!  
- What is it?  
- Thief! Stop her!  
- Stop her!  
- She stole a loaf of bread!  
- What's going on?  
- A girl stole a loaf of bread.  
I'll take you to the police.  
Go get a police officer.  
No need to get a police officer.  
- Will you pay for the bread?  
- Of course.  
It's all well and good,  
but she's still a thief.  
She didn't rob the whole bakery.  
A loaf won't bankrupt it.  
Come on.  
Here.  
At this price, I'll sell  
you bread every day.  
Here.  
It's good. Meanwhile,  
the others go hungry.



I knew you would be  
thinking about them.  
Let's bring them a nice meal, if  
you'd like. With two bottles of wine.  
My father is taking care of it.  
Miss? They just brought in  
the new dress.  
Do you want it?  
No!  
Take it. It'd make me happy.  
We're about the same size.  
Usually,  
rich people aren't like that.  
They give you old things  
and make speeches,  
and put their hands on you.  
They give you crumbs, like a dog.  
I'd like to bite them.  
But you... you're different.  
Shall we go?  
I gave her my dress.  
You did good.  
See? There are worse things  
than heartache.  
I brought a rich man!  
With his daughter.  
They saved me from prison.  
They gave me a dress!  
They're bringing food!  
We took a hackney coach!  
I think I had too much to drink.  
A rich man?  
- You, go to bed.  
- Why?  
You're ill. Lie down.  
- You, break a pane.  
- A pane?  
- Break a pane!  
- What for?  
To look pitiful.  
- Don't play tricks on them!  
- Shut up!  
So, are you breaking this pane?  
- I'm bleeding!

- That's nothing!  
Illness, cold, blood--perfect.  
Careful.  
Who did you tell him I was?  
- My father.  
- What name?  
- I didn't give a name.  
- Well...  
I am... Honor Fabantou, actor.  
Go meet them!  
Are you done?  
This is our home.  
Come on in, young lady.  
Come on in, dear sir.  
My daughter told me  
what you did for her.  
The wretched kid, who stole a loaf  
of bread while her mother is ill!  
I raised her like an artist.  
And she's talented, sir.  
Don't worry, once you're gone,  
She shall pay for it.  
Let me get this for you, young lady.  
Bring a chair.  
Not this one.  
Bordeaux wine?  
It's baby Jesus in silk drawers.  
Take this.  
Sit down, Miss. Excuse the chair,  
we're very poor.  
You must be blessed  
with such a fine young lady.  
I, too, am bringing mine up  
religiously, to be honest and kind.  
They better believe in God  
or I'll smack them.  
You don't want to sit down?  
No, thank you. We won't stay long.  
Don't leave so soon. I should  
have welcomed you better,  
but my poor wife is ill.  
She's ill.  
Look at that man.  
Do you recognize him?

Why? What's wrong?  
Look at him.  
And whimper, for God's sake!  
Shortness of breath.  
Comes from her age.  
And my other daughter is injured.  
It's broken. She's shy.  
She had an accident  
while working at the factory.  
Her arm was almost torn off.  
- My God!  
- Don't listen to him!  
The pane is broken.  
The fire is out. What misery!  
You don't work?  
I'm an artist, sir.  
I can't just do anything.  
I enjoyed some success.  
Yes, I know you well.  
I can't go near a theater  
dressed like this.  
And I owe four quarters  
to my landlord.  
He gave me until tomorrow.  
If I don't pay, he'll throw us  
out on the street,  
with my sick wife and  
my child with her wound.  
You won't end up on the street.  
I don't have the money on me;  
I'll take my daughter home and return.  
I'll be back around eight.  
Come on.  
Thank you.  
So, I'll be here at eight o'clock.  
Thank you, my benefactor!  
Thank you, Miss.  
See you later, dear sir,  
and thank you again.  
You are like Providence.  
You are God.  
Will we go see him  
when he plays somewhere?  
You won't have the opportunity

to see him again, my child.  
19 Rue Plumet.  
Follow that coach!  
It's 40 sous an hour.  
- I will pay on returning.  
- Payment in advance.  
It's beautiful!  
Will you let me borrow it?  
It won't fit you, you're too skinny.  
Don't touch it  
with your filthy hands!  
Father, she won't let me borrow it.  
Don't worry.  
Tomorrow, you'll have  
a satin dress and silk boots.  
- What?  
- You're crazy.  
You didn't recognize him?  
Poor old woman, she's blind.  
Who is it?  
All I can say is he must be richer  
than the Finance Minister.  
Too much money for one man.  
We'll tell Claquesous,  
he'll warn the Gang.  
Don't do that. It's not your style.  
Don't worry, this man  
doesn't like the police.  
You get it?  
Eponine!  
Where did she go?  
What are you doing here?  
I'm looking at myself.  
You don't notice anything?  
No.  
What's wrong?  
- Are you sad?  
- Yes.  
- Is the General dead?  
- No.  
You're not ill, are you?  
You were kind to me the other day.  
Now it's my turn. Can I help you?  
I'd like to.

- Listen...

- Yes, talk to me.

The gentleman and his daughter  
who came by your house...

You saw her. You like her.

You find her beautiful.

Beautiful...

Do you know where she lives?

No.

- But you can find her.

- I don't think so.

Here! To your health, Mother!

Here you are. Where were you?

I needed you.

Tonight, we'll go visit your  
gentleman and his daughter.

Where do they live?

I don't know.

What do you mean?

I met them in the street.

- And your dress?

- She had just bought it.

- And where's all this coming from?

- They bought it for you.

Go back to the store and ask,  
they must know him there!

- No.

- What?

I don't want you to hurt these people.

Is that how you talk to your father?

Don't touch me or I'll scream!

Don't count on me to help you  
with your nasty tricks!

Your plan is ruined.

I won't let that pest ruin my plans.

Leave! You're always underfoot,  
not working, not talking!

- Where do you expect me to go?

- Out! Come back tomorrow.

Tonight, I want to be free. Go!

It's been several years,  
but I recognized him at once.

That scoundrel

hasn't changed much.

Some people never age, I don't  
know how they manage it.

He didn't recognize me  
because of my beard.

And you know what?

The beautiful young lady  
he calls his daughter...

- No!

- Yes, it is she!

- That one?

- That one!

Dressed like a princess  
when my daughters

don't have a gown to wear!

I'd like to jump on her stomach  
with wooden shoes!

Don't worry. Tomorrow your girls  
will look like princesses  
and you'll wear a fancy dress  
that will turn young men's heads.

And we'll eat chicken!

But not charity chicken.

I'm tired of misery.

I want to have my turn now,  
before I rot!

I, too, want to be  
a bit of a millionaire.

Not so loud. The neighbor...

That long-legged ass?

Listen, we'll tell Claquesous.

He'll warn the Gang.

The other one comes at 8,  
the house will be empty.

The student will be out  
for his politics.

The hunters will be alone  
with the pigeon!

He'll have to make a sacrifice!

Come in.

Inspector, a man is bringing us  
an interesting case.

- Political?

- No...

but it could help us

catch the Claquesous Gang.

- Mr. Marius Pontmercy?

- Yes.

Thanks for warning us. We've been  
after these villains for a while.

You promise to catch them in  
the act, but they're dangerous.

- Are you afraid?

- Not more than you.

I suppose that you're armed?

No, why?

In that case, take this pistol.

Conceal yourself in your room,

Let them think you're out.

Observe. We'll be posted  
around the house.

We'll let the men go by.

Let them do their thing,  
but not too much.

Enough so that we can  
catch them in the act.

When you think it's time,  
fire one shot in the air.

- I'll take care of the rest.

- Understood.

One word of advice, Mr. Pontmercy.

In the next few days,

avoid your young friends

who want to change the world in  
the back room of Caf Musain.

My ideas concern no one but me.

Give me back the pistol later.

I hope they're on time.

- There's no one next door?

- He's out.

With his politics, he's never  
back before midnight.

Let's make sure of it. Go check.

No one's here!

A hackney coach!

Hurry up!

Block the door if need be.

Yes?

Come in, my benefactor.

It's so good of you to have  
come one more time.  
I told you I'd be back around 8.  
It must be 8, then. We don't know;  
I don't have a watch anymore.  
How is your wife?  
She's dying. But she's so brave.  
She's not a woman, she's an ox.  
Your daughters aren't here?  
No, the wounded one had to go  
to the hospital to be bandaged up;  
her older sister went with her.  
Did my benefactor  
bring the rent money?  
- Yes.  
- Thank you.  
- Here.  
- Thank you.  
Sit down, dear sir.  
Sit down with me;  
I have a proposition for you.  
Here. Paris is no good for you.  
You'll never lead the honest life  
you deserve here.  
Too many actors like you  
and not enough tickets sold.  
- That's true.  
- Isn't it?  
I thought you'd need a new country.  
I'll buy you and your family  
a trip to the Americas.  
I'll set you up with some money  
so that you can wait for...  
the acting parts that'll suit you.  
Some money? How much?  
A thousand Louis.  
A thousand Louis?!  
Sweet Jesus.  
Shut up!  
Excuse me, sir, but women  
only think about money.  
For us men, the heart talks.  
I love Paris.  
I can't live away from Paris.



I can't breathe.  
Two leagues away  
from the Seine and I'm breathless.  
It'd take a lot to forget Paris.  
I said, a lot.  
You're making a mistake.  
You should leave rapidly  
with what I offer you.  
Your future would be brighter.  
My future or yours?  
I'd like to show you something  
that explains why I love France.  
It's a picture, but a masterpiece.  
I'm attached to it.  
But if you're interested,  
I'll be willing to part with it.  
We're in such poverty...  
Take no heed.  
It's just a neighbor.  
His face is black  
because he's a coal worker.  
People come and go here;  
It is God's house.  
It's a very valuable picture.  
David painted it.  
He got his inspiration  
from my own story.  
"To the Sergeant of Waterloo."  
I'm the Sergeant.  
I'm saving a Colonel,  
pulling him from under corpses.  
That's the moment  
when I'm saving his life.  
The picture doesn't ring a bell?  
You haven't seen it anywhere?  
No.  
If I could sell it for enough money,  
I might leave France.  
What value do you set upon it?  
Three francs.  
We're all here, we can start now.  
First, look at me.  
Don't you recognize me?  
Like this, without the beard.

The inn at Montfermeil, with the sign  
of the Sergeant of Waterloo.  
Don't you remember?  
Thnardier.  
I am Thnardier.  
What do you mean?  
I don't know you.  
You don't remember?  
You don't know who I am?  
I do. You're a bandit.  
That's how rich people call us!  
We're hungry, so we're bandits.  
You eat truffles, asparagus  
and green peas in January.  
When you want to know if it's  
cold, you look at the thermometer.  
But for us bandits,  
our skin is our thermometer!  
Step aside.  
Let us work a little.  
Don't let him escape!  
Don't hurt him. Sit him down.  
Pick up the table,  
it'll be more proper.  
Pick up the table.  
There.  
What is he waiting for?  
Let's go see.  
No papers, no money.  
You think you're so smart?  
But you'll give us your address,  
dear sir.  
You don't know it? I'll tell you.  
See how nice he is.  
Where do you live?  
On the Vendme Column.  
Bastard! Wait, I'll make you talk.  
Bring me the brazier!  
Good, good.  
You'll be good  
and give us the address.  
Then we'll go get  
your beautiful little lady.  
When she's here, you'll be happy

to give us all the money we want  
so that we don't hurt  
your little treasure.  
Go ahead and shrug.  
You don't want to talk?  
Wait, he's gonna yell.  
No, the gentleman won't yell.  
He doesn't want  
the cops to show up.  
When he came to get  
the girl in Montfermeil,  
the cops were already  
chasing him.  
So, are you gonna  
give us the address?  
No.  
Do you remember  
knocking me out in my attic?  
You think you can make me say  
what I don't want to say?  
Here, look.  
You're not men enough.  
The old man is too tough for you.  
If one of you doesn't mind the heat,  
let him come closer.  
So? You, the brave Sergeant.  
And you, the Terror.  
You might be vicious,  
but you're weak!  
Let me take care of him!  
- Having fun, my friends?  
- Javert!  
Don't worry, I'm not alone.  
You're 6, we're 15. Let's not fight.  
Hi, Montparnasse.  
Hi, Gueulemer.  
The whole Claquesous Gang.  
Right, kill me. My men will  
get you and in three months...  
I surrender.  
That's good.  
All I'm asking is that I get tobacco  
in solitary confinement.  
Granted.

Take them all away!  
Let's go! Don't forget the Missus.  
Bitch! She pinched me.  
Cowards! You're no men.  
You claim to be free  
and you get caught like chicks!  
Watch these two!  
Jean Valjean! Stop him!  
General Lamarque is dead.  
Read all the details.  
Read The Constitutional;  
General Lamarque is dead.  
Read General Lamarque's  
last words before his death.  
Thank you.  
My friends...  
may his death be the opportunity  
for the Republic to be reborn.  
His last word was... "Motherland."  
His motherland...  
our motherland...  
is the Republic.  
France and freedom are but one.  
General Lamarque's funeral  
will take place in 3 days.  
All the citizens of Paris will go  
with him for his last trip.  
Gentlemen...  
that day, we'll show  
if we're ready to lead a free life...  
Or die.  
Mr. Marius, there's someone  
for you next door.  
- Me?  
- Yes.  
One breaded chop!  
Are you asking for me?  
You don't recognize me? Eponine.  
I'm in disguise because  
the cops are after me.  
Don't count on me to help you.  
You don't think I was in on it, do you?  
I saw you bring them to your father.  
You're a well-organized family.

You have no right to say that!

If I had wanted to, the young lady,  
right now, would be...

But I didn't want to reveal the  
address.

My father was furious.

I was itching to, but I didn't give it.

- Are you telling the truth?

- Yes.

- You know the address?

- Yes.

Why didn't you give it to me?

- Because.

- Because why?

If you can't guess,

I have nothing to say.

I have better things to do  
than play charades.

If I give it to you,  
will you believe me?

If I give you the address right now,  
will you believe me?

What will you give me for it?

A kiss for New Year's Day?

Rue de Plumet, number 19.

The gated house.

With a garden.

Are you happy?

Rue Plumet. Jean Valjean  
was abruptly leaving the house  
for an overnight trip.

He had made a grave decision.

He knew that this retreat  
was no longer safe.

That sooner or later, the ghosts of  
his past would come through the gate,  
along with that young swain  
Cosette dreamt about.

"O Spring, you're a letter! Write  
her.

Tell her I sigh and yearn,  
away from her.

And I wanted to die  
because I had lost her.

O, may the garden, the house,  
the limb, the leaf,  
may everything become a soul  
and tell you about me.  
You hold my hand  
when I walk in the shade  
And the rays of light  
come from your eyes.  
If I were King, I'll give  
my kingdom, my scepter  
And my people on their knees  
For a kiss from you  
That I will take tonight."  
Tonight...  
That night, in the woods  
of Montfermeil,  
a peasant woman thought she saw  
the Devil unearth his treasure.  
Meanwhile, Rue Plumet...  
The next day, Paris was  
burying General Lamarque.  
Are you coming with us,  
Mr. Maboef?  
We're going  
to topple the government!  
- I'm in!  
- It will get rowdy.  
- That's good!  
- Sabers and gunshots, Mr. Maboef!  
- That's good!  
- Even cannons fired!  
That's good!  
Get in the procession.  
All right, Chief.  
Present arms!  
Stop!  
Let us through!  
Let us through!  
The Army with us!  
Let's honor General Lamarque!  
Lamarque at the Pantheon!  
Lamarque at the Pantheon!  
Lamarque at the Pantheon!  
Lamarque at the Pantheon!

Lamarque at the Pantheon!  
Unharness the horses!  
Lamarque at the Pantheon!  
Lamarque at the Pantheon!  
At the Pantheon!  
At the Pantheon!  
Let's not fight on open ground.  
Let's go to the center of Paris.  
- We have to get weapons!  
- Let's go!  
I have a rifle and bullets!  
- Let's go!  
- I'm in!  
They fired on the people!  
We're powerless here!  
We need guns!  
- You'll ruin me!  
- The Revolution will pay you back!  
- Now, to the barricades!  
- To the barricades!  
- Hey, friends!  
- Over here, guys!  
- We're coming, guys!  
- We're hiring for the Republic!  
Come on, students!  
We'll control Rue St Denis  
with our weapons.  
They won't dare come close.  
Tomorrow, we'll be the assailants.  
Let's go, friends!  
Let's go!  
"Au raisin de Corinte?" No "H"?  
A wine shop; I like it.  
Enjolras is the king of strategists!  
Hi.  
Good! Put this over there.  
We'll put the injured here.  
Upstairs will be our citadel.  
The floor is very sturdy,  
the bullets will hit it like a hammer.  
- I have an idea, sir.  
- What is it?  
Let's have a glass or two  
to the Republic's health.

You're dead-drunk.  
Go away, you're a disgrace.  
I didn't drink it all,  
there's still some left.  
Take these bottles upstairs,  
we can use them as projectiles.  
Give me that.  
I don't mind dying for the Republic,  
but I don't want to die of thirst.  
Your idea, then?  
Over there, working.  
See the bald man over there?  
He's a spy.  
Are you sure?  
Just last week, he almost  
ripped my ear off  
for taking lead to make bullets.  
I know him as well;  
I dealt with him not long ago.  
Wait.  
- Who are you?  
- I see what this is.  
- A spy?  
- Inspector Javert.  
Let's take him in the wine shop.  
If things go wrong, we'll shoot him.  
Right now, let's not waste bullets. Go.  
You again. You still haven't  
returned my pistol.  
Meanwhile, Jean Valjean,  
having packed all his belongings,  
was preparing to leave France.  
While waiting for his passports,  
he was going to a secluded  
apartment he had rented in Paris.  
Are you coming?  
We should be in London in 8 days,  
after we get our passports.  
7 Rue de l'Homme Arm.  
"My Beloved...  
We are leaving for England  
and I'll die if I lose you.  
Rue de l'Homme Arm,  
number 7."



Eponine knew that whatever  
events were unfolding in Pan's,  
the night would bring her Marius.  
Cosette?  
Cosette?  
No, not Cosette.  
You?  
- Are you disappointed?  
- What are you doing here?  
I was waiting for you.  
She's gone.  
I saw them lock the house.  
They won't be back.  
Gone? Do you know  
where they went?  
I heard the man tell the young lady  
they'd be in London soon.  
London?  
It's far away, isn't it?  
She didn't leave anything for me?  
A note, a message?  
No.  
Where are you going?  
We're fighting in Paris.  
Remember what I told you.  
The great upheaval has begun!  
I used to be afraid of dying.  
Now, it doesn't matter to me.  
I almost wish for it.  
Let me come with you.  
We'll have a laugh.  
Watch out.  
Let's go around,  
there's a passageway.  
Listen.  
It's the bell of Saint-Merri.  
Mr. Enjolras!  
The soldiers are approaching!  
Disperse!  
Otherwise, we'll charge!  
Wait!  
Soldiers, listen to me!  
The night hides you,  
but I know your faces.

You could be my sons!  
In '89, I too was 20 years old.  
But I was fighting against  
the Bastille, for the Republic!  
Join us!  
Let each of us defend  
this dead old man  
as he would defend his living father.  
His garment will be our flag.  
Watch out! Line up!  
Aim properly.  
Don't waste your bullets.  
Forward! Get rid of this rabble!  
Fire!  
Fire!  
Give me your weapons!  
Forward! Show no mercy!  
Stay calm!  
Get rid of this rabble!  
Take this away!  
Here, Marius!  
Stand firm!  
Surrender!  
Show no mercy!  
- Surrender!  
- No mercy!  
Watch for the Powder keg!  
Run away or you'll blow up!  
- Victory!  
- Long live the Republic!  
They ran away like rabbits!  
Reload your weapons!  
Tend to the wounded!  
Without you, I'd be dead.  
Bravo, Mr. Marius!  
Mr. Marius...  
Mr. Marius...  
I'll take you. We'll fix you up.  
I'm in too much pain.  
Leave me here.  
It's no use.  
Stay with me.  
I saw you throw yourself  
in front of the musket.

Why did you do that?

Why?

I saw they were aiming at you,  
I couldn't...

We will meet again.

Is it true?

Will we meet again?

Yes.

But if everyone  
meets again up there,  
it must be the same drama  
as down here.

True.

I have a letter  
for you in my blouse.  
I found it on the bench.  
I didn't want to give it to you.  
But that's funny,  
I can't see you unhappy.

Do you remember  
when I gave you the address?  
I asked you what you'd give me.  
A kiss on New Year's Day.  
But it's only June.

- Promise me...

- What?

- Promise?

- I promise.

When I'm dead,  
you'll kiss me for real.

Yes.

I think I was a little bit  
in love with you.

Eponine was laid to rest  
next to Father Maboef,  
and Gavroche understood  
what family could be.

Immobile, Javert was waiting  
for his fate to be sealed.

The dead  
were lined up in the street.  
There they were, next to  
each other, made to get along,  
but society had turned them

against one another.  
Grantaire had managed  
to find something to drink.  
Gavroche was playing.  
Marius was finishing a letter.  
Will you do something for me?  
Something? Anything!  
I'd like you to deliver this letter.  
It's too early for the post office.  
Exactly. Miss Fauchelevent,  
Rue de L'Homme Arm, number 7.  
Right away.  
"L'Homme Arm"?  
I like it. The name fits.  
Better leave my belt, it doesn't  
look like a mailman's bag.  
Rue de L'Homme Arm,  
Jean Valjean wasn't sleeping.  
He knew there was  
fighting in Paris,  
but that's not what was  
keeping him awake.  
He had ed the police,  
but he sensed another danger  
against which he felt powerless.  
As soon as they arrived, Cosette  
had retired to her bedroom.  
She refused to have dinner.  
"Beloved... To England...  
Will die if I lose you."  
Finally!  
Does Miss Fauchelevent live here?  
What do you want from her?  
None of your business.  
I need to see her.  
You're bringing her a letter?  
Can't you tell?  
From the student?  
You know Mr. Marius?  
Yes, he's a friend.  
I have to give it to her.  
She's asleep now.  
Give it to me, I'll give it  
to her tomorrow.

Tomorrow's today.  
There might be a reply.  
Give it to me, I'll wake her up.  
Hurry up, I have to go  
back to the barricade.  
Barricade?  
What do you think we do  
while you're all sleeping?  
I'm waiting.  
"My Beloved, farewell. I'm going  
to die with my friends.  
When the sun rises,  
my soul will be near you."  
Marius.  
What if he kept the letter?  
The man would die and  
she would never know. Ever.  
He only had to let it be.  
"You'll forget him  
and I'll keep you."  
I think I fell asleep.  
Is the young woman awake?  
There's a reply, but I'll  
take it myself. Lead me there.  
It could be our last morning,  
Enjolras.  
- Any regrets?  
- No.  
Not of dying, but of killing.  
Leave the officer for me.  
What a shame to kill this young man.  
He could be your brother.  
He is.  
Aim... Fire!  
Soldiers, let's take this out.  
Forward! To your bayonets!  
Let's go, firemen!  
- To your bayonets!  
- Aim!  
Fire!  
- Don't step back!  
- Hurry, it's started, over there.  
Fire!  
Cease-fire!

- Victory!  
- Long live the Republic!  
Another one of these victories  
and we'll run out of bullets!  
It is said that Gavroche  
heard that sentence.  
I was born in Nanterre,  
'Tis the fault of Voltaire;  
And not in Palaiseau  
'Tis the fault of Rousseau.  
Gavroche!  
We have to change the Ministry,  
'Tis the fault of Voltaire;  
The cops and the dogs  
'Tis the fault of Rousseau.  
Come back!  
Soldiers exaggerate,  
'Tis the fault of Voltaire;  
The sparrows are to blame,  
'Tis the fault of Rousseau.  
I'm not an owner,  
'Tis the fault of Voltaire;  
I'm a little bird,  
'Tis the fault of Rousseau.  
I have fallen to the earth,  
'Tis the fault of Voltaire;  
With my nose in the gutter  
'Tis the fault of...  
I got hit! Take the bullets.  
Let's go!  
- He's dead.  
- Give him to me.  
- Let's put him near the others.  
- Where?  
This way.  
- What about Prouvaire?  
- Taken prisoner.  
Aim...  
To France!  
To the future!  
It's Prouvaire.  
Your friends have just been shot.  
The last one alive  
will break your head.

- You want me to do it?  
- You?  
Yes.  
- Do you know him?  
- Yes.  
If you don't mind,  
I'll take him outside.  
Do as you will.  
Your situation  
is no better than mine.  
You, here. It figures.  
Get up.  
Take your revenge.  
You go first.  
Attention!  
At the ready!  
A clasp-knife. You're right,  
that suits you better.  
There, you're free.  
There's a palisade at the end  
of the street. Go that way.  
And if I come out alive, you'll find me  
7, Rue de l'Homme Arm.  
I don't understand.  
You never understood anything.  
So...  
Aim!  
Fire!  
Reload!  
Let's go, firemen!  
To the bayonets!  
Let's go! Forward!  
- Fire!  
- Bayonets!  
Don't back down!  
Don't back down!  
No mercy!  
Inside the wine shop!  
Let's go inside the wine shop!  
Go, go!  
Axes! Bring axes!  
Tear down the door!  
- No more bullets. What do we do?  
- Quick, the bottles!

Line up!  
Wait!  
I'm one of them.  
You can't leave without me.  
- Who are you?  
- No one.  
Aim...  
Fire!  
Stand down.

**JEWELRY:**

During the first riots,  
the generous citizens had  
opened the prison doors.  
Along with the innocents,  
the worst bandits came out.  
Well, there!  
This is my home.  
I've been robbed.  
Take him to the barracks!  
I'm not a revolutionary.  
I'm an honest man.  
My hands are clean.  
They don't smell like gunpowder.  
- We'll see.  
- Watch out, shots fired!  
Well, this is bad.  
A riot strengthens the government  
it doesn't topple.  
It tests the Army,  
concentrates the bourgeoisie,  
stretches the muscles of the police.  
We only have to track the survivors.  
Some might have fled  
through the sewers.  
But where will they go?  
In 15 minutes, all the exits  
will be covered.  
The Army has patrols  
at each collection point.  
If fugitives go up the sewer lines,  
they'll end up in the Catacombs.  
No one ever came out of there.  
If they go down,



they'll end up at the Seine.

Good.

Congratulations to our friend Javert  
for escaping the insurrection.

But take care of

closing the gates yourself  
and have them under surveillance.

Yes, sir, don't worry. We'll catch  
them or they'll die like rats.

At the center of the city,  
Jean Valjean had escaped the city.  
He went from daylight to darkness,  
from uproar to silence.

From thunderous explosions  
to stagnant tomb.

The labyrinth had a thread:  
its slope.

Following the slope would lead  
to the river, to salvation.

Did you hear that?

Something's moving over there.

Hey, over there! We're the 6th line.

Sergeant Lachenal, 24th patrol.

You should be more careful.

You almost fired at us.

- We saw something.

- A rat?

You had too much to drink, right?

Chief...

Good golly!

I know now why  
the cops are after you.

That's great work.

And you called me a bandit!

Nasty word.

So, good deal?

Don't touch.

Don't touch!

You're too strong. You're hurting me.

You're looking for the exit?

I have a master key.

- How?

- Look, the key to freedom.

But you have to share.

All right. But you can't  
leave your big shot here.  
Throw him in the Seine.  
- I'll do it.  
- You need help?  
- No.  
- Selfish man.  
I already told you  
I was your prisoner,  
but first let me  
take him to his house.  
Marius Pontmercy  
is one of their leaders.  
He belongs to the military justice.  
- He already paid for it.  
- But he's not dead.  
Here. He had this on his person.  
"Please carry my body to my  
grandfather's, Mr. Gillenormand,  
Rue des Filles du Calvaire,  
number 25."  
Summon a hackney coach!  
What is it?  
What is it?!  
- Mr. Gillenormand?  
- Yes.  
We're bringing him his grandson.  
Mr. Marius!  
Lay him there.  
Dear God!  
What happened to him?  
He went to the barricade.  
We're bringing him back.  
Marius! My son!  
He let himself be killed at the  
barricade through hatred of me.  
Go fetch the doctor, you idiot!  
He did it against me.  
That's the way  
in which he returns to me.  
Woe of my life! He's dead!  
No, he's not dead.  
After you.  
Marius, Marius!

Son, you're alive!  
He's alive.  
Grant me one thing more.  
Let me go home for a moment.  
Then do with me what you please.  
7 Rue de l'Homme Arm.  
Wait for me, it won't take long.  
One moment.  
Why did you save  
my life this morning?  
You don't know why?  
No.  
I pity you.  
Jean Valjean  
wanted to tell Cosette  
that nothing could  
prevent her happiness  
if the man she loved  
recovered from his injuries.  
The street was empty.  
Javert was gone.  
Life had regained its course.  
Hope and love were  
regaining their place.  
At Mr. Gillenormand, grandfather  
and grandson had made peace,  
and every afternoon,  
they received the same visitors.  
Aren't they adorable,  
the both of them?  
Everything would be  
so much better if I could know.  
Know what?  
My memory is fuzzy.  
Someone was carrying me.  
We were in the dark.  
Who is this man who saved me  
and wants to remain anonymous?  
The wedding  
was the following day.  
What happened? Are you hurt?  
I cut myself while chopping wood.  
You know how clumsy I am.  
Clumsy? You? Let me see.

It's nothing. I'll tend to it myself.

I...

Sick and feverish after his injury,  
Jean Valjean was unable  
to be present for the ceremony.

I'm late.

You'll be all alone.

Are you sad?

We'll come see you tomorrow.

Am I beautiful?

Very beautiful.

- Are you happy?

- Very happy.

Well, then, laugh!

"You hold my hand

when I walk in the shade

And the rays of light

come from your eyes."

If I were King, I'll give my kingdom,

my scepter and my people

On their knees to feel

your eyes on me, Cosette.

- I'm not Cosette anymore.

- Who are you?

My name is Marius, Mrs. Marius.

Come in!

Sir! I'll let the Mademoiselle-- I mean  
the Madame-- know you're here.

Don't disturb her, Toussaint.

I wish to talk to Mr. Pontmercy.

Good morning.

Cosette will be glad

to see you're better.

Your absence yesterday

surprised us.

- Please, sit down.

- No, thank you.

I wanted to tell you something.

I'm an ex-convict.

I didn't hurt my hand.

I was never in pain.

I pretended to be hurt so

I wouldn't have to sign anything,

so as not to commit a forgery.

What does this mean?

I spent 19 years at the galleys  
and was then  
sentenced to them for life for  
a second offense--in absentia.

I am an escaped convict,  
and my name is Jean Valjean.  
I've had doubts for a while now.  
Something awful was hiding  
behind you.

But I was afraid.

I kept my eyes closed.

Why are you telling me this today?

Because Cosette told me  
we would live as a family,  
and I can't belong to any family.  
For her sake, as long as  
she only had me in her life,  
I had to accept the danger  
of my presence.

Now, I gave her to you.

She's happy.

I hope so, at least.

I need to vanish from her life.

I'm only asking for your promise  
that she won't know a thing.

I promise.

Thank you.

I have one last favor  
to ask of you.

May I come see her  
every now and then?

I got her when she was little,  
and you probably understand  
how one can love a child.

Even a man like me.

I could stop by while I'm in the area,  
say hello to her.

I don't think that's a good idea.

Each time you'd come here,

I would be worried about her.

It's better if she forgets about you.

But for many years,

I was all she had.

I'm afraid that,  
if she doesn't see me at all,  
she won't understand  
and will be very unhappy.  
You don't believe so?  
You think that for her, everything  
that isn't love has ceased to exist?  
Where are they?  
Father! You're here.  
No one told me.  
I came to bid you farewell,  
my child.  
Farewell?  
- I'm leaving for England tomorrow.  
- Again with England?  
I abhor England! It wishes to keep  
me away from my loved ones.  
He's been wanting to go there  
for a while.  
But now that you're rid of me,  
you shall take advantage.  
You'll be able to travel.  
I'm planning on  
settling there forever.  
Forever? Impossible.  
You'll die of boredom over there.  
I heard that it's always raining.  
- Will you write us?  
- Of course.  
Father was afraid of your opposition.  
Me? Why?  
Just a thought.  
Madame is served.  
Madame...  
Well, I'll leave you too alone.  
Farewell, Cosette.  
"Farewell"? Goodbye!  
Goodbye.  
Pity for the unfortunate,  
but indulgence for the fortunate.  
An old woman with rheumatism  
and nothing else to do  
but look out her window,  
noticed the strange outings

of a man  
who seemed to be getting  
older before her very eyes.  
Cosette!  
Marius was obsessed  
with the thought  
of that man who saved his life  
but had never come forth.  
The person is waiting.  
"Monsieur le Baron...  
If the Supreme Being  
had endowed me with talents,  
I might have been Baron Thnard,  
member of the Institute,  
but I am not so.  
I merely bear  
the same name as he.  
I am also in possession of  
a secret concerning a person.  
This person concerns you.  
I await in the anteroom.  
Respectfully, Thnard."  
Thnard.  
Could you give me a moment?  
- This person... is it a woman?  
- No.  
Let him in.  
I've had the honor  
to meet Monsieur le Baron.  
I believe it was  
at the Countess of Bagration's.  
I don't know Madame Bagration.  
Ah? Then it must have been  
at Chteaubriand's.  
I know him very well.  
He's very affable.  
And?  
Monsieur le Baron  
didn't read my letter?  
I have a secret to sell you.  
What secret?  
Monsieur le Baron,  
you have in your house  
a robber and assassin.

In my house? No.  
Assassin and robber.  
I'm not speaking  
of long-forgotten facts  
which might be erased  
by prescription.  
I'm speaking of recent facts,  
still unknown to justice.  
This man has crept  
into your confidence,  
and almost into your family,  
under a false name.  
I'll tell you his real name,  
and tell it to you for nothing.  
His name is Jean Valjean.  
I know it.  
But what you don't know  
is that he's an ex-convict.  
I know it.  
Monsieur le Baron surprises me.  
But you can see  
that I'm well informed.  
But what I have to tell you  
is known by myself alone.  
It is an extraordinary secret.  
I'll sell it for 20,000 francs.  
I know that secret  
as I know the others.  
10,000 francs and I'll talk.  
You have nothing to tell me.  
Still, I must have dinner tonight.  
I know everything, even your name.  
That's not difficult, I had the honor  
of writing it to you. Thnard...  
- ...dier.  
- What?  
- Thnardier.  
- Thnardier?  
Also known as Jondrette,  
the poet Alvares, Fabantou the actor.  
Father of Eponine and Gavroche.  
You hurt me there.  
I lost my oldest daughter,  
my poor little boy.



They died for the Republic.  
Monsieur le Baron, you're right,  
I am Thnardier.  
See? I know as much as you do.  
Jean Valjean is a robber. He was  
sent to the galleys for robbery.  
A small robbery, I must add.  
Still, Jean Valjean  
is a robber and an assassin.  
- Explain yourself.  
- That's easy.  
On June 6th, the day of the riots,  
I, for personal reasons,  
unconnected with politics,  
was hiding in the sewer.  
- The sewer?  
- That leads to the Seine.  
Sometimes, circumstances lead  
an honest man to step into...  
dirty water.  
And I saw someone I knew well;  
I had met him a few times.  
- It was our man.  
- Jean Valjean?  
Himself. And he wasn't alone.  
He was carrying  
someone on his back.  
A young man covered in blood.  
A flagrant case of assassination,  
were there ever one.  
The robbery was the motive  
for the crime, of course.  
That young man  
didn't have any money.  
Come on!  
Jean Valjean offered me  
half of what he'd taken  
out of the young man's pockets  
for me to let him out.  
He's a man of terrible strength;  
I couldn't refuse him.  
You came to accuse a man;  
you have justified him.  
Mr. Thnardier,

you are a Scoundrel!  
- The word is strong.  
- I saw you in action.  
But I have a debt to repay  
that you know nothing of.  
Maybe you've never even deserved it.  
You want to go to America.  
Come back tomorrow,  
I'll give you what you need.  
Thank you, Monsieur le Baron,  
but I don't understand.  
I don't ask you to understand,  
I ask you to get out.  
As you please, Monsieur le Baron.  
- You said tomorrow, right?  
- Get out!  
We should have him  
taken to the hospital.  
He doesn't have any servants.  
I can't always watch after him,  
I have to mind my lodge.  
Too late for the hospital.  
He's a worn-down old man  
who must have lost someone  
close to his heart.  
One dies of this condition.  
Will you come back, Doctor?  
I'd rather it be someone else...  
Father! You're ill!  
Why didn't you say anything?  
It is you, my child; you came.  
How nice of you, my little girl.  
You came too?  
Please forgive me.  
Now I know everything,  
and so does she.  
Come with us, you'll be happy.  
We'll never leave you again.  
I'll come to get you  
tomorrow morning.  
It's too late now.  
No, it's not too late.  
Don't cry, my child.  
I was so worried I wouldn't

see you again, and then you came.  
I'm so happy.  
Do you remember Montfermeil  
and the wood?  
When I took your bucket and  
held your hand for the first time?  
And the large doll?  
You know it is still here?  
And the convent, when you  
put cherries on your ears?  
My child, the moment has arrived  
to tell you your mother's name.  
It was Fantine.  
Remember this name-- Fantine.  
She knew as much misery  
as you have known happiness.  
She loved you dearly,  
and she suffered terribly.  
My children...  
I must confess, Marius...  
that I did not always like you...  
and I ask your forgiveness.  
Love each other dearly and always.  
Because in the end, only one thing  
matters in this world:  
Love.  
Love.  
Take these  
two candlesticks with you.  
I hope the man who gave them  
to me is satisfied with me.  
I have done what I could.

**Another thing:**

Don't forget that I'm a poor man,  
and when I'm gone,  
have me buried  
under a simple stone,  
no name on it.  
That is my will.  
You're here, my child. I'm happy.  
He sleeps. Although his fate  
was very strange, he lived.  
He died when he had

no longer his angel.  
The thing came to pass simply,  
of itself,  
as the night comes  
when day is gone.

**THE END:**