



Scripts.com

# The Life of Emile Zola

By Norman Reilly Raine

It's no use, Emile.  
The place is like a sieve.  
It would take all the rags in Paris  
to stuff half its holes.  
Paris.  
Vast. Motionless.  
A gigantic mother brooding over her  
millions of children, good and bad.  
It's magnificent, Cezanne.  
You must paint it.  
As someday I shall write it.  
No, Zola. It's hopeless.  
You know that people don't want  
to see the stark face of truth.  
They would much prefer  
perfumed lights like these.  
They ought to be burned  
like something unclean.  
Why, Paul, that's splendid.  
Why didn't you think of that before?  
We shall have a fire!  
- We could sell them and...  
- What?  
And expose others  
to their stinking hypocrisies?  
No, my friend. We'll burn them...  
...and let their lying pages  
warm the bones of men of truth!  
There we are.  
Well, look at that. Even the old stove  
rebels at the vile trash.  
Close that window!  
- You want me to catch cold?  
- But we'll suffocate.  
That'll be better than perishing  
from a draft.  
Oh, you and your drafts.  
It's the concierge...  
...for the rent.  
- He'll kick us into the street.  
Don't let him in. Tell him I'm in bed.  
Some horrible disease.  
It's catching. Anything.  
- Who is it?

- It's Emile's mother.  
- Come in, Madame Zola.  
- Thanks, Paul.  
Emile, why are you in bed?  
Are you ill?  
It's tearing my heart out to see you  
living like this, and now it must end.  
Nonsense, Maman. I'm an  
independent gentleman of letters...  
...and soon the world will recognize me.  
Cezanne?  
- Alexandrine, come in.  
- Alexandrine, here? Where?  
Alexandrine! Darling.  
Oh, darling, we have  
wonderful news for you.  
- You have a job.  
- You have a job.  
A job?  
I have a job?  
Cezanne! Did you hear? I have a job!  
What kind of job?  
I'm not going to sell my talents  
to any lying...  
This is a job with La Rue,  
the great book publisher.  
You're to be a clerk. Oh, darling,  
we can get married now.  
That's marvelous!  
Now I shall have time to finish my book.  
Maybe even get La Rue to publish it.  
Cezanne, take Maman's coat.  
Paul, get meat and bread!  
- What is it?  
- Emile, I hate to trouble you like this...  
...but the butcher refuses us  
any more credit.  
- You told him we'd settle at month's end.  
- But he wants it now.  
And the landlord was very nasty  
about the rent again this morning.  
- Couldn't you ask for another advance?  
- I've already had two advances this month.  
- You're wanted in the office right away.

- Yes.

I'll do whatever I can.

Don't worry, dear.

This is the agent of police.

He has something to say.

Do you have a book called  
The Confessions of Claude?

- Yes.

- The public prosecutor is highly displeased.

- Why?

- It is a bad book.

- Badly written?

- It is an offensive book.

- It will do great harm to public morals.

- Keep quiet.

We've been watching your writings,  
young man.

You're a troublemaker. Your articles,  
attacking our leading men of letters...

...the arts, criticizing the civic authorities.

Perhaps there's something  
better for me to criticize?

I don't want any of your impudence.

You've got to stop it.

This is an official warning.

- I hope I won't have to come here again.

- You realize, monsieur...

...that his book was not published by me.

But it was written by your employee.

That makes you responsible under the law.

- Well.

- I didn't mean to get you into trouble.

Why do you write such muckraking stuff  
when there are many pleasant things in life?

And many unpleasant things.

That's not your business while you work  
for me. I should discharge you...

...but I'll give you one more chance.

- Thank you.

But from now on, you will tend strictly  
to your work and stop writing trash.

- What? Is that a bad exchange for a job?

- A very bad exchange, Monsieur La Rue.

Here is your pay

up to the end of the month.

Get out.

- I'm very grateful to you.

- What?

For allowing me to devote  
all my time to my writing.

Then go ahead with your scribbling.

And maybe a lean stomach  
will teach you better!

But a fat stomach sticks out too far,  
Monsieur La Rue.

It prevents you from seeing  
what's going on around you.

While you grow fatter and richer  
publishing your nauseating confectionary...

...I shall become a mole,  
digging here, rooting there.

Stirring up the whole rotten mess  
where life is hard, raw and ugly.

You will not like the smell of my books.

Neither will the public prosecutor.

But when the stench is strong enough,  
maybe something will be done about it.

Good day!

You there! Hold on!

- Hold on!

- Stop yelling and let us sleep.

A woman just jumped into the river.

She's better off than all of these.

- Why weren't the safety doors closed?

- Safety doors?

- They don't waste money on safety doors.

- Hey, you!

Get away from here and stay away.

It is true. All these things are true.

I saw them with my own eyes.

Print this about the uproar  
in the Chamber of Deputies.

The military clique howling Clemenceau  
down because he told them that...

...the army was honeycombed with graft and  
warned them not to provoke the Prussians.

I should bother.

They're only space-fillers at best.

I'll give you 10 franc for the lot.

Take it or leave it.

- But, monsieur, l...

- Ten franc.

Cecile! Antoinette! The police!

- Come on, get in there!

- Come on, get in here!

Out, out, out.

Quick.

Sit here.

- The...

- Come along, you.

Sit still. This lady's with us.

- Leave her alone.

- Then what is her name?

I tell you, the lady is our friend.

You have no right.

You are very clever, all of you,

but we'll meet again.

Have something with us.

- Me?

- Yes.

Cognac.

Are your eyes on sticks, then,

that they pop out so far?

Tell me, what is your name?

Satin in this district,

Lucille in Montmartre...

...and in Montparnasse,

I'm Georgette or Madeleine.

Does it matter?

Why do you ask? What do you want?

I have nothing.

We have something in common, then.

- What?

- Nothing.

But your accent isn't Parisian.

- Where are you from?

- From Artois.

Hedin.

- And I wish I was back there.

- Well, perhaps someday you can go home.

Me? Go home?

Look at me.

I can never go home.  
And I hate Paris.  
Cold and wet. Hunted like an animal.  
Starved. Beaten by the police.  
It's dirty, beastly. I hate it!

- Well?

- When did you first come to Paris?

A hundred years ago, when I was 17.  
You should've seen me then.  
I was lovely.  
Of course, I'm not bad now...  
...if you look quick  
and there's not too much light.  
You're charming.  
I was lovely then, really lovely.

- I wish I could tell you about it.

- Why don't you?

So you see...  
...he was not to blame either.  
There was just nothing else for me to do.  
Mademoiselle?  
Mademoiselle Nana?

- How did you know my name?

- Why, it's written here.

- What do you want, then?

- Why didn't he...?

Oh, don't ask me any more questions.  
Take all this stuff. All!  
All but this.

- The child, what happened to her?

- She died.  
Convent Saint Marie...  
...if it's any of your business.  
Emile.  
Emile.  
Paul, where's that sketch  
you made of her?  
That's magnificent. And a pencil.  
That's what I'll call my book.

- Have you everything you want, my dear?

- Yes.

Oh, I forgot. I want a copy of Nana.  
One doesn't read such books.  
It's not proper.

Madame.

Madame, your umbrella.

Thank you. And send me  
a copy of Nana to my address.

I certainly will.

How about a nice new umbrella,  
monsieur?

I can sell you a beauty for 2 franc, 50.  
And lose the privilege  
of arguing with my old friend?

No, thank you.

Umbrella! Umbrella!

- Is Monsieur Charpentier in?

- Yes. Jean?

- Yes?

- Monsieur Zola is here.

- Zola.

- Monsieur Charpentier, l...

I... Well, I have a favor to ask.

Monsieur Zola has a favor to ask.

And what is this favor, Monsieur Zola?

It's quite unusual...

...but could you advance me a few franc  
on Nana? I'm sure it will sell, monsieur.  
Monsieur Zola wishes the advance of a few  
franc because he is sure Nana will sell.

Isn't that magnificent?

You write a book about the gutter,  
you call it Nana...

...and you hope to make a little money.

Come with me.

I have just finished stamping  
and addressing it to you.

Well, open it and read.

"Nana sells 36,000...

...the first three days..."?

"Enclosed find check..."

For 18,000 francs?

Yes, well...

Why, I can't believe it. It's...

Thank you.

Thank you very much. I don't know how  
to thank you. Adieu. Goodbye.

Goodbye, monsieur.



Goodbye, madame.

- Monsieur?

- Yes, what is it?

Could you...? Could you still  
let me have a few franc? In cash.

I'll pay you back tomorrow.

Thank you, monsieur.

Thank you very much.

Thank you, madame. Thank you.

- Umbrella!

- Yes, of course. I'll have a dozen.

I'll have two doz...

No, I'll have one. Here.

- There you are.

- Umbrella!

New umbrella! Umbrella!

- Where are they going?

- To Berlin.

- Berlin?

- Haven't you heard? War's been declared.

Isn't it glorious?

Those dreadful Prussians,  
at the very gates of Paris.

There, there, Maman. Don't take on so.

We'll all be murdered in our beds.

It's disgraceful.

There's not a morsel of food  
to be bought anywhere in the whole town.  
Even the horseflesh has been sold out.

And the streets...

It's frightening, terrifying.

Never did I think I'd live to see France...

...groveling in the dust  
under the Prussian heel.

- How will it end, Emile?

- How does it always end?

In misery, suffering,  
in the blood of the people.

Those generals plunged us recklessly  
into a war for which we were unprepared.

Is it any wonder that we were  
disastrously defeated?

- Those are the fortunes of war.

- Those are indeed the fortunes of war.

The whole structure had to collapse  
before we could learn the truth.  
But France shall know why.  
I shall name her betrayers.  
She shall see who led her men  
to the slaughter...  
...who's responsible for her downfall.  
"During the entire war of 1870...  
...the execution of the campaign  
was lame, impotent...  
...and nullified by petty jealousies  
among the generals...  
...each of whom thought only of securing  
a field marshal's baton for himself.  
The army was governed by  
dry rot and slow paralysis.  
The general staff was mediocre,  
of an ignorance past belief...  
...rushing into the adventure  
of war with the confusion...  
...of a flock of sheep  
being led to the shambles."

- Good morning.

- Good morning, sir.

What is it? You seem disturbed.

Have you read the attack on the general  
staff in this book, The Downfall?

Book? Book? I never read books.

Who's it by?

A certain Emile Zola.

A civilian daring to criticize the army.

He wasn't exactly criticizing, sir.

I've read the book.

The war has been over for many years,  
but I've gathered, as Zola says...

...there were times in that campaign  
when our staffwork wasn't brilliant.

- What?

- We should admit our mistakes.

The army does not

make mistakes, Picquart...

...and it will not tolerate  
civilian criticism.

I suggest that you see

the chief censor about this book.

Tell him the army demands  
the punishment of this upstart.

Chief censor, over there.

- Monsieur.

- Mr. Zola...

...I sent for you because every book  
you've written has caused trouble.  
You attacked the Second Empire.  
You attacked the Third Republic.  
Germinal caused a furor and unrest  
among the miners that lasted for years.

- **Nana:**

- But true.

All of them stirring France  
to restlessness, angry passion.

And now this Downfall,  
attacking our army.

The army heads are furious.

Such a book makes the whole country  
lose confidence and respect.

Lose confidence in inefficiency?

Lose respect for cowardice and stupidity?

- That would be a pity, monsieur.

- You'll write no more such books.

Except, perhaps, one about the rascality  
of army-ridden politicians.

That's an idea.

To expose the government itself...

...with as much truth and accuracy  
as I put into The Downfall.

- A book that would show...

- No, no. I mean...

...you're a reasonable man,

Monsieur Zola.

We only want to do

what we think is best for our country.

You will do what is best for yourself...

...by leaving me strictly alone  
to write what I please, as I please.

Good day, monsieur.

That's the funniest thing I've...

It's good to be together again, Paul.

Just like old times.

Old times.

Oh, Paul, I want you to see the pearls  
Emile bought for me when we were in Italy.

- Albert.

- Yes, monsieur?

Make certain that all the windows  
are tightly shut.

- Emile, Emile. Still afraid of drafts.

- My chest, you know.

Oh, your chest is as strong as a barrel.  
It always was.

Paul, I've always... You know, I...

I want to show you something.

Look at this priceless bit of woodcarving.

I picked it up at Lodi,  
an extraordinary piece of craftsmanship.

And... Oh, now I have a real  
rare treat for you.

I have something here that  
you may have traveled the world over...

...and never have found its like.

This will simply leave you breathless.

This most exquisite majolica.

I chanced upon it in a little,  
out-of-the-way shop in Venice.

The work on this...

- Won't you sit down, Paul?

- No, I must go.

- It's goodbye.

- Goodbye?

Yes. I'm going south,  
back to the country.

You can't do that, man.

Why, Paris is the very center...

Paris isn't for me any longer.

Come, Paul.

We're old friends.

Out with it. What is it?

- You really want me to tell you?

- Why, of course.

You're wealthy now, world-famous...

...a member of the Legion of Honor.

You've come a long way from the days

when we starved together in an attic.

**And you shouted:**

"Burn the books of the hypocrites,  
the shams...

...and let their lying pages  
warm the bones of a man of truth."

Sometimes I'm tempted to give in  
and paint for...

No, Emile.

An artist should remain poor.  
Otherwise his talent, like his stomach,  
grows fat and stuffy.

I am sorry, Emile, but I had to say it.  
You're my oldest and my dearest friend.  
- I couldn't go without telling you this.  
- Paul.

Won't you stay?  
I need someone to remind me  
of the old, struggling, carefree days...  
...fighting for a foothold.

You can never go back to it,  
and I've never left it.

Paul.

- Will you write?  
- No.

But I'll remember.  
- What's the matter, dear? Tired?  
- No, no. Just thinking.

Cezanne's gone.  
- Back to Provence.  
- Yes, I know. I met him in the hall.  
- You didn't quarrel?  
- Quarrel? With Cezanne?

But he's taken something of me with him.  
- The last of my youth.  
- Oh, rubbish.

He said I was getting too famous  
and too fat.

Well, what if I have?  
I've fought my battles. I want calm, rest.  
- From now on, I could look only backward.  
- That's just idle talk.

Come, let's play a game of piquet.

Strange, isn't it?

Paul and I.

Well, life is tricky.

And I suppose we don't influence  
our fate.

While we're playing piquet,  
a starving mother and child...

...jump into the River Seine.

A servant forgets to extinguish a stove...  
...and someone suffocates.

Who knows whose fate  
may intermingle with ours.

Or when.

A shot is fired.

A letter is written.

- Rene, lay out my civilian suit at once.

- Very good, commandant.

Monsieur.

I want to see the military attaché?

Colonel von Schwartzkoppen.

Sorry, His Excellency went to Berlin,  
but he'll be back tonight.

- I'll leave this letter for him.

- Very good, monsieur.

- What is it?

- Look.

- Colonel von Schwartzkoppen?

- The German military attaché? Interesting.

- The commandant should see this.

- Now, wait a minute.

What do you think of this?

Outrageous.

This should be examined  
by the chief of intelligence.

Excuse me, colonel.

This is inconceivable.

We must show it to the war minister.

Gentlemen, come with me.

I think that will be all, gentlemen.

- Pardon me, general.

- Yes?

This is most urgent.

- It's a bordereau.

- Yes.

A list of our secret documents.

"I am sending you..." What's this?

"Notes on the 120 mm gun,  
new plan on covering troops...  
...changes in artillery formation,  
Madagascar expedition...

...a new shooting manual for field artillery,  
very difficult to procure.

I am about to leave for the..."

This accounts for the leakage  
in army information.

- How did we get it?

- The usual channels, sir.

Our agent procured it  
at the German embassy.

Well, gentlemen, the man who wrote this  
is our traitor.

Now...

...who is it?

- He must be on the general staff, sir.

- One of us?

- Absurd.

Impossible.

Well, let's have a look at this roster  
of staff officers.

"Record of officers..."

Aaron D'Aboville." It's not you, I suppose,  
D'Aboville, is it?

- I'll swear it's not, sir.

- Marvelous.

- It's like a confounded novel.

- "Aaron Cedibini."

No, no, no.

"Dreyfus."

- You found something, colonel?

- I was just wondering about Esterhazy.

Ferdinand, Count Walsin-Esterhazy.

He's a foreigner.

- A foreigner?

- Yes.

He's of Hungarian descent.

But his father was a general  
in the French army.

Besides, Esterhazy's an infantry officer.

The man who wrote that is a gunner.

Gunner.

How about this fellow here?

"Dreyfus, Alfred."

I wonder how he ever became  
a member of the general staff.

That's our man.

Sandherr, take action on it at once.

Very good, sir.

Commandant, send a message to Dreyfus  
to report here first thing Monday morning.

Yes, general.

- Papa, the enemy advances.

- All right, fire.

- Don't forget, Maman, when the guns fire...

- I won't, dear.

- Wait, I'm not ready.

- Hurry, or your battalions will be repulsed.

Oh, not the French battalions, Papa.

All right. Here it goes.

Come in.

- A messenger from the war ministry.

- Show him in.

- Captain Dreyfus.

- Yes.

- A message for you, urgent.

- Thank you.

- What is it, dear?

- "Captain Dreyfus will present himself...

...tomorrow morning, 9:00,

at the office of the chief of general staff.

Civilian dress."

Civilian dress?

You know,

one of those general inspections.

But at that hour.

Isn't that strange?

Always worried.

- Captain Dreyfus reporting, commandant.

- Yes.

Just a moment.

Oh, no, no, gentlemen.

Experience has proved...

...that the 120 mm gun is...



Captain Dreyfus is waiting, sir.

- Seem upset?

- No, sir.

Evidently more of a scoundrel  
than we thought.

Inform Commandant Dort.

He knows what to do.

- Yes, sir.

- Well, as I was saying...

...the 120 mm gun

is the most serviceable...

- Captain Dreyfus is here.

- Oh, very good.

Hurry, Brucker. Hurry.

- Henry.

- Coming. Excuse me.

- See you tonight, my friend.

- As usual.

Go to office number five.

He's coming.

- Captain Dreyfus.

- Yes, commandant.

- I'm to report to the chief of staff.

- Who is busy just now.

- Did you hurt your hand?

- Yes.

I have an important memo to write  
for the chief of staff.

Would you mind, while you're waiting?

- Not at all. Gladly, sir.

- I'll dictate it.

Paris...

...the 15th of October, 1894.

- 1894.

- Monsieur...

- Monsieur.

...it is important that I regain...

...immediate possession...

...of the documents...

- Have you got that?

- Of the documents.

Which I gave you...

...before going on maneuvers.

What was that last word?

"Maneuvers," sir.  
Consisting of a note...  
Well, what's the matter, Dreyfus?  
Your hands are trembling.  
No, sir. My fingers are cold.  
It isn't summer...  
Keep your jokes to yourself.  
This matter is serious.  
- I don't understand, commandant. I only...  
- Repeat the last word.  
"Note."  
A note...  
...on the hydraulic brake...  
...of the 120 mm gun.  
- Gun.  
In the name of the law,  
you're under arrest.  
Arrest?  
- On what charge?  
- Treason.  
But... But... This is outrageous!  
I've devoted my entire life to the army  
and you dare to...  
Why, this is an insult!  
Satisfied?  
Perhaps you'll tell me the basis  
of this charge against me.  
Obstinate, aren't you,  
pretending you don't know?  
All I know is that I'm innocent.  
Your handwriting speaks against you.  
I've been instructed to offer you  
the usual alternative.  
No.  
I'm not so obliging, nor so stupid  
as to provide you with a perfect case.  
I shall live to prove my innocence.  
Take him away.  
Jeanne, get Papa's slippers  
and house jacket!  
I've got them.  
- There he is.  
- Papa! Papa!  
- Madame Dreyfus?

- Yes?

I am Commandant Dort,  
intelligence section of the general staff.  
Go to your room, darlings.

- Yes, Maman.

- Yes, Maman.

- Yes, commandant?

- I have orders to search this house.

I don't understand.

- My husband...

- Your husband is under arrest...

...in the Cherche-Midi prison.

- Why, you must be mad.

- My husband left here this morning...

- And is now in prison, charged with treason.

Now I know you're mistaken.

My husband has given 20 years  
of his life to his country's service.

A traitor? Why, how dare you.

- I'll call...

- You will call no one, madame.

You will serve your husband best  
by being quiet and saying nothing.

If you don't, things will go badly for him.

Search the house.

Brucker.

- You'll find nothing.

- Your husband is very clever, madame.

My husband is innocent, monsieur.

Dreyfus found guilty!

Dreyfus found guilty!

- Dreyfus found guilty!

- What a fuss.

The whole country's in an uproar  
over this Dreyfus.

Nice, fresh langoustes.

- Shall we get some?

- Shall we? I should say so.

These are not fresh-caught.

They're fish, cher monsieur.

All our goods are fresh.

Have I eaten lobsters for years for nothing?

Observe, my dear. His shell is slick.

He's a grand-pre, that one,

and long from the sea.

But here's a nice, juicy young bachelor  
whose shell is dry and rough.

He'll leap into your gullet and sing  
a chantey as he goes down.

- Am I right?

- Lf every customer was like him...

You'd never sell your old stock.

- Emile! Emile!

- Hello!

Charpentier!

Alexandrine, there's Charpentier  
and Madame Charpentier.

Alexandrine, you know Anatole France,  
don't you?

This is Monsieur Scheurer-Kestner,  
our last senator from Alsace.

Smell this. Smell this. Smell this.

Beautiful. We're having this bachelor and  
his whole family for dinner. Will you come?

Kill the traitor, Dreyfus! Kill the traitor,  
Dreyfus! Kill the traitor, Dreyfus!

Kill the traitor, Dreyfus!

Kill the traitor, Dreyfus!

Suppose Dreyfus is innocent, as he claims.

It would be too dreadful.

Impossible, madame. French justice  
today doesn't make mistakes.

Company... arms!

"In the name of the people of France...

...Alfred Dreyfus, captain

of the 14th regiment of artillery...

...having been found guilty of treason

by unanimous vote of the court-martial...

...is condemned to deportation for life.

The court-martial orders that prior

to this sentence being carried out...

...Captain Dreyfus shall be paraded

before the garrison of Paris...

...and publicly degraded

and dismissed from service...

...according to the code of military law...

...forfeiting his decorations

and privileges...

...and the right to bear arms forever."  
In the name of the French people,  
we deprive you of your rank.  
You are unworthy  
of wearing the uniform.  
I'm innocent.  
By my wife and my children,  
I swear I'm innocent.  
Long live France! I'm innocent!  
Gentlemen of the newspapers!  
Proclaim to the world that I'm innocent!  
I'm innocent!  
I'm innocent! I'm innocent!  
"I'm innocent. Long live France.  
I'm innocent," Dreyfus kept repeating  
over and over again while they reviled him.  
- All he needed was a crown of thorns.  
- Or 30 pieces of silver.  
After all, the man was found guilty  
of treason. And a traitor's a traitor.  
I know, Emile,  
but still, he's human, not a dog...  
...and that crowd,  
their faces like rabid beasts.  
Yeah, well...  
...human and animal skins  
are much the same thickness.  
You can't expect too much. You...  
My head, my head.  
How it rewards me,  
this ungrateful monstrosity...  
...that I've combed and fed for 50 years.  
You're killing me!  
Look.  
Look at this picture.  
He scarcely has the face of a traitor.  
Honest... Dreyfus, Dreyfus!  
Must we be eternally plagued  
by that name?  
You have a visitor.  
My glasses. I can't see  
without my glasses! Please!  
- Lucie.  
- Alfred.

Stay back.

- Can't we be alone?

- Orders are orders.

Oh, Alfred, darling...

...what have they done to you?

Never mind, dear.

If only you could give me the slightest inkling who the real traitor might be.

I don't know. I haven't the faintest idea.

It's all like a nightmare.

- Incredible.

- Be brave.

I'll spare nothing, our future, our lives, nothing to prove your innocence.

My conscience is clear.

No matter what they do to me,

I'll survive and prove it.

Yes.

You must.

For the children.

How are the little ones?

- You haven't told them?

- No.

I told them that you were called away by duty.

Duty! Duty!

Oh, Alfred.

- Time's up.

- Just one moment more.

- I'm sorry.

- Well, let me go to him.

Let me embrace him.

Let me touch him once.

- Let me say goodbye to my husband.

- No.

Are you not married? Have you no wife?

- Time is up.

- You can't separate us. You can't!

- Alfred, darling, don't let them!

- Please, dear, don't make it harder for me.

As long as we have each other and the children to love...

...perhaps in a little while

we'll all be happy again.

I love you.  
I love you.  
- Here are your belongings. On your way.  
- Where to?  
I am innocent! I'm innocent!  
I'm innocent! I'm innocent!  
I'm... I am innocent!  
It is true, sir.  
I have never been fully convinced  
of Dreyfus' guilt.  
Ever since I succeeded Sandherr,  
I've tried to find out the truth...  
...to find out the real traitor.  
And I've got him.  
- Who is it?  
- Count Esterhazy.  
- Esterhazy? On what proof?  
- I obtained specimens of his handwriting...  
...and compared it with the bordereau  
on which Dreyfus was convicted.  
Both of the writings are Esterhazy's.  
Look for yourself.  
- Dreyfus was guilty, just the same.  
- But I have new evidence, further proof.  
My agents got hold of a special  
message addressed to Esterhazy...  
...from the German military attaché?  
I tell you, general, Dreyfus is innocent.  
And I tell you that  
you've exceeded your duty.  
But, general, this is my duty.  
There must not be another  
treason trial in the army.  
Understand? It must not be.  
But what about Dreyfus  
rotting on Devil's Island?  
Dreyfus, Dreyfus.  
Will we never hear the last of the man?  
Listen. If it is admitted  
that a mistake has been made...  
...we, the general staff,  
will be at the mercy...  
...of every scandal paper in France.  
We owe it to the army to prevent that.

But you can't close a tomb  
over a living man.  
Can't we? If you say nothing,  
nobody will ever know.  
And you will say nothing,  
you understand?  
- I don't know, sir...  
- That is an official order.  
You may go.  
Can't we find a new post  
for our friend Picquart?  
It's very quiet here in Paris  
for such an energetic fellow.  
What about one of our  
African desert stations?  
It's a bit unhealthy, but...  
What about Esterhazy?  
We've got to do something  
before the public...  
We shall. Don't worry.  
Present arms!  
"In the name of France,  
the court-martial, having heard...  
...the charge of treason brought against  
Commandant Walsin-Esterhazy...  
...unanimously agrees that he was  
and is innocent of any suspicion of guilt.  
He is therefore acquitted of said charge  
and granted his immediate freedom."  
- Congratulations.  
- Congratulations.  
Thank you. Thank you, Will.  
This will teach Madame Dreyfus a lesson.  
I hope it'll discourage her  
and her confounded appeals.  
Nevertheless, we'll continue  
to have her carefully watched.  
"My dear Zola...  
...I'm certain you will be happy  
to learn I have succeeded...  
...in inducing my colleagues  
to consider you...  
...for membership in the French Academy.  
You need not fear their decision, for they



know that your imperishable works...  
...and your noble accomplishments  
entitle you above all others...  
...to be named among the immortals  
of France.

With assurances  
of my deepest sincerity...  
...Francois Coppee."

The academy, at last.

They can deny me no longer.

Now, my dear, there's nothing more  
for me to desire.

Pardon, monsieur.

There's a lady to see you.

- A lady?

- Madame Dreyfus, monsieur.

Dreyfus?

- You didn't tell her I was home?

- Yes...

You blockhead!

Why didn't you come ask me?!

- The lady will hear you, Emile.

- You knew I was busy.

- Well, well, well. Just ask her to come in.

- Yes, sir.

Madame Dreyfus, please.

- Madame Dreyfus?

- Yes, Monsieur Zola.

Please forgive me for intruding like this...

...but I had to see you,  
talk to you about my husband.

But, madame, what can I do  
for your husband?

He's innocent, monsieur.

I've absolute proof here.

But no one will listen to me. No one.

Naturally, as his wife,  
you believe him innocent...

...but he was lawfully convicted.

Lawfully convicted of a crime  
he did not commit.

Oh, Monsieur Zola...

...you're the only man in all of France  
who can make them listen.

All your life, you've stood  
for truth and justice.  
I'm hardly the man to help you. I...  
I'm just an ordinary citizen, and l...  
Besides, I have my work,  
my books to write. I can't...  
What is this new proof  
you say you have?  
- A certain Colonel Picquart...  
- Oh, that.  
It was all in the papers.  
Picquart came back from Africa...  
...and accused Esterhazy of writing  
the bordereau.  
Esterhazy was acquitted.  
Of course he was. Acquitted by the same  
army group that convicted my husband.  
But don't you see?  
They had to acquit Esterhazy...  
...to save the face of the general staff.  
They'll stop at nothing...  
...to protect themselves,  
even to sacrificing one of their own class.  
That's fantastic. Childish, madame.  
The general staff has more important work  
to do than...  
What do you mean,  
"sacrificing one of their own class"?  
Colonel Picquart has been arrested  
and imprisoned in Mount Valerien.  
They've arrested Picquart?  
Well, why?  
- What had he done?  
- Nothing.  
Nothing except speak the truth.  
But, madame, we must deal in facts,  
not irony.  
I have all the facts, Monsieur Zola. Here.  
These are letters written to Picquart  
by the assistant chief of staff...  
...proving beyond doubt  
that the general staff knows...  
...my husband is innocent  
and Esterhazy is guilty.

Well, why weren't these used  
in the Esterhazy court-martial?  
Colonel Picquart's a good soldier.  
He kept silent at the command  
of his superiors.  
You mean they knew...  
...and ordered him to suppress the truth?  
Why, that's monstrous.  
Oh, Monsieur Zola, you will help,  
won't you?  
How can anyone help you?  
All France believes your husband guilty,  
hates him as a traitor.  
They would destroy any man  
that would dare champion him.  
There must be some way  
to right this wrong.  
Your husband's case is closed.  
There's nothing that can be done.  
Nothing.  
Unless some fool were to publicly  
accuse the general staff...  
...and get himself dragged into court  
on a charge of libel.  
Then, possibly, they would...  
I've lived my life.  
I've had enough of fighting...  
...turmoil, strife. I'm happy,  
contented here. Why should I...  
I'm sorry, Monsieur Zola.  
It was only my despair  
that brought me here.  
I was thinking of my husband,  
condemned to suffer a living death.  
I dared to hope that perhaps  
if you would...  
Madame, if I could...  
Madame Dreyfus!  
Madame Dreyfus!  
- Hello, Clemenceau.  
- Labori.  
- Why has Zola called us here?  
- I know no more about it than you.  
Hello.

How do you do, Madame Dreyfus?

Do you know...?

- I asked him for his help, but maybe...

- Why involve Zola in this hopeless mess?

Absolutely useless, beyond all remedy.

Oh, here he is.

- Oh, hello, Emile.

- Hello, Anatole.

Labori.

- You're going to be busy.

- What are you going to do?

- Explode a bomb.

- A bomb?

Thank you for coming, all of you.

- What is it?

- A letter...

...to the president of the republic.

"Mr. President of the republic...

...permit me to tell you

that your record without blame so far...

...is threatened with a most shameful blot:

This abominable Dreyfus affair.

A court-martial has recently, by order...

...dared to acquit one Esterhazy,

a supreme slap at all truth, all justice.

But since they have dared,

I too shall dare.

I shall tell the truth.

Because if I did not...

...my nights would be haunted

by the specter of a man...

...expiating, under the most frightful

torture, a crime he never committed.

It is impossible for honest people

to read the bill of accusation...

...against Dreyfus

without being overcome with indignation...

...and crying out their revulsion.

Dreyfus knows several languages. Crime.

He works hard. Crime.

No compromising papers are found

in his apartment. Crime.

He goes occasionally

to the country of his origin. Crime.

He endeavors to learn everything. Crime.  
He's not easily worried. Crime.  
He is easily worried. Also a crime.  
The minister of war,  
the chief of the general staff...  
...and the assistant chief never doubted  
that the famous bordereau...  
...was written by Esterhazy...  
...but the condemnation of Esterhazy  
involved revision of the Dreyfus verdict...  
...and that the general staff  
wished to avoid at all cost.  
For over a year, the minister of war  
and the general staff have known...  
...that Dreyfus is innocent...  
...but they have kept this knowledge  
to themselves.  
And those men sleep...  
...and they have wives  
and children they love.  
One speaks of the honor of the army.  
The army is the people of France  
themselves...  
...and the Dreyfus affair is a matter  
pertaining to that army.  
Dreyfus cannot be vindicated without  
condemning the whole general staff.  
That is why the general staff  
has screened Esterhazy:  
To demolish Dreyfus once more.  
Such, then, Mr. President,  
is the simple truth.  
It is a fearful truth.  
But I affirm, with intense conviction...  
...the truth is on the march,  
and nothing will stop it.  
Mr. President...  
...I accuse Colonel Dort of having been  
the diabolical agent of the affair...  
...and of continuing to defend  
his deadly work...  
...through three years  
of revolting machination.  
I accuse the minister of war

of having concealed decisive proofs...  
...of the innocence of Dreyfus.  
I accuse the chief of staff  
and assistant chief of staff...  
...of being accomplices in the crime.  
I accuse the commander of the Paris  
garrison of the most monstrous partiality.  
I accuse the war office of having  
viciously led a campaign...  
...to misdirect public opinion  
and cover up its sins.  
I accuse the first court-martial  
of violating all human rights...  
...in condemning a prisoner  
on testimony kept secret from him.  
And finally...  
...I accuse the Esterhazy court-martial...  
...of covering up this illegality by order,  
thus, in turn...  
...committing the judicial crime  
of acquitting a guilty man.  
In making these accusations,  
I am aware that I render myself...  
...open to persecution for libel,  
but that does not matter.  
The action I take is designed  
only to hasten...  
...the explosion of truth and justice.  
Let there be a trial  
in the full light of day.  
I am waiting."  
The reputation of the army is in danger  
if we overlook this attack of Zola.  
We can't allow him to go on.  
I'll see to that.  
Brucker, Montaigne, Marsac.  
I have special work for you.  
A fine state our country is in...  
...if a fellow like Zola dares to tell us  
how our army is rotten.  
Stop that!  
What are you doing?! Stop it!  
Burn the traitors Dreyfus and Zola!  
- There's Zola himself.

- Let's get him.  
- Emile, what's happened to you?  
- A big crowd. They were after me.  
- Is it because of...?  
- Yes. My article, "I Accuse...!"  
No matter what happens... But I'm afraid  
there will be more serious trouble for you.  
Monsieur Zola.  
This man has been waiting  
for you all afternoon, Emile.  
There it is.  
It's the court summons.  
"You are accused..."  
- accused of having,  
in a newspaper article...  
...defamed the members  
of the Esterhazy court-martial...  
...in acquitting Esterhazy  
by order of the high command.  
Down with Zola!  
Down with Zola!  
Quiet!  
Quiet, please!  
If there is any further demonstration,  
I'll have the court cleared.  
Mr. Advocate General, you may proceed.  
The defense will restrict itself  
to the single fact...  
...that Zola accused the court-martial  
of acquitting Esterhazy...  
...by order of the high command.  
But that's intolerable.  
Zola's accusations cover a wide field...  
...yet you are allowed to confine us  
to six lines of his complete article.  
Zola's accusations were intended  
to reopen the Dreyfus case...  
...regardless of the evil effect  
it might have on the country.  
That case was closed four years ago  
and won't be reopened.  
How can you defend Zola  
unless the Dreyfus case is discussed?  
One is interlocked with the other.

Are you asking my advice  
on how to conduct your defense?

- That is not my business.

- Then it must be mine.

You won't be permitted  
to introduce a closed case.

- Who is your first witness?

- The minister of war.

The minister of justice declines to allow  
the minister of war to testify in this case.

I will call the chief of general staff.

The chief of staff regrets that the  
minister of war won't allow him to testify.

The assistant chief of staff, then.

The assistant chief of staff regrets  
that the chief of staff...

And Colonel Dort?

He regrets that duties imposed upon him  
by the assistant chief of...

Officers are not an exempt class,  
and I insist on their testifying!

I demand that this court be recessed  
until my applications...

...to introduce the Dreyfus case  
and call military witnesses is agreed upon.

You will submit your request in writing  
in the usual form. The court is recessed.

Quick! Give Brucker the signal.

Down with Zola!

Gentlemen, the court!

Military witnesses may be called...

...provided the defense does not violate  
their professional secrecy.

Attendant, conduct the witnesses  
to their room.

- What about the Dreyfus case?

- Referencing it will not be allowed.

Mr. President,

if Dreyfus was justly condemned...

...a full inquiry now would give  
that condemnation increased weight...

...and we would lose our case.

If the prosecution does not fear  
what a reopening would reveal...



...why does it not take  
this easy means to defeat us?  
You have heard the ruling of the court.  
Who is your first witness?  
Colonel Picquart.  
Attendant,  
call Colonel Picquart to the stand.  
Colonel Picquart.  
- Your name?  
- Georges Picquart, Mr. President.  
Take the oath.  
Do you swear to tell the truth  
without hatred or fear?  
I swear.  
What do you wish to ask the witness?  
I'd like to ask him the circumstance  
under which he first suspected...  
...that Esterhazy, and not Dreyfus,  
was the author of the bordereau.  
You have heard the question. Answer it.  
In May 1896,  
while I was chief of intelligence...  
...I received parts of a torn letter  
addressed to Esterhazy...  
...from the representative  
of a foreign power.  
I obtained Esterhazy's letter  
and compared it with the bordereau.  
Both writings were Esterhazy's.  
This was confirmed  
by Esterhazy's banker.  
I was convinced that Esterhazy  
had written the bordereau.  
I gave this proof of Esterhazy's guilt  
to the general staff.  
Was Esterhazy informed  
that Colonel Picquart suspected him?  
Naturally.  
And the warning originated from a certain  
intelligence officer of the general staff.  
Stop!  
You're lying!  
Silence. Silence!  
Now I will tell everything. I will tell

why I was sent to North Africa.  
Gentlemen of the jury, I will tell why  
men like Colonel Henry...  
...have made the most vile accusations  
against me without proof.  
Gentlemen, if you but knew why  
all this is being done!  
La patrie! La patrie!  
You disgrace me!  
Gentlemen! Well, I...  
Silence. Silence!  
- May I?  
- Certainly, general.  
The whole campaign of the defense  
is extraordinary.  
But the most deplorable spectacle of all to  
me, as commander of the garrison of Paris...  
...is that of an officer still wearing  
the French uniform...  
...who slanders his superiors  
and his comrades.  
- Long live the army!  
- But not its generals!  
Silence! Silence!  
I cannot tolerate in silence  
these accusations...  
...that the law was violated  
by court-martial officers...  
...who shed their blood  
on the battlefields of France...  
...while others stab her in the back.  
Each serves his country

**in his own way:**

One with a sword,  
the other with a pen.  
Posterity will choose  
between your name and mine.  
I will not stand these insults to men  
intent only on doing their duty!  
Gentlemen of the jury,  
it is outrageous, traitorous...  
...to deprive the army of confidence  
in its chiefs in the day of danger!

And, believe me,  
it is nearer than you think!  
Gentlemen, it is your sons who will be  
called on to defend France...  
...while Monsieur Zola will stay at home  
and write a new Downfall.  
He will continue to make France famous  
throughout the world.  
- A France that will have ceased to exist!  
- Long live the army!  
Bravo. Bravo. Well acted, general.  
Although there is no war  
nor danger of war...  
...you gave a very good performance.  
But you did not utter a single word  
to prove that Esterhazy was not guilty.  
You cannot stop me from showing how he  
tried to work on the sentiment of the jury!  
I'll say what I have to say  
if this trial lasts six months!  
Monsieur Labori, address the court.  
The general staff spoke as it pleased...  
...the commander of Paris  
influenced the jury...  
...but the defense can say nothing.  
Never has such a thing been seen.  
What's your next question?  
What is Colonel Picquart's  
present address?  
Mount Valerien fortress,  
under military arrest.  
Did he know that  
by exposing Esterhazy...  
...he was jeopardizing his army career  
and might end up in an army prison?  
Not at first. I did later.  
Did he know that by attempting  
to secure justice for Dreyfus...  
You cannot put that question.  
The Dreyfus case is closed.  
That heat.  
Madame Dreyfus.  
Quiet. Quiet!  
- Your name, please.

- Lucie Dreyfus.
- Your occupation.
- Captain's wife.

Never mind.

What question do you wish to put?

Will she tell us

under what condition...

...she learned from Commandant Dort  
of her husband's arrest?

The question will not be put.

What was Dort's attitude  
on that occasion?

Did he threaten her to say nothing  
of what occurred?

The question will not be put.

Will she kindly tell us her opinion...

...of the good faith of Zola  
in bringing these charges?

That is irrelevant to this case.

The question will not be put.

I demand for my client the right granted  
even to assassins and thieves:

To have my witnesses speak.

Questions relating  
to a closed case are prohibited.

Madame Dreyfus,  
you may leave the stand.

Mr. President, I protest!

They wouldn't let me speak  
of my husband's innocence.

Not even a word of my gratitude  
to Monsieur Zola.

My husband doesn't want to be thanked.

- Who will be your next witness?

- Commandant Esterhazy.

Before we hear his testimony,  
the courtroom will be cleared.

Commandant Esterhazy.

- I'm not going in there.

- Shut up, you fool.

This has gone too far  
for you to let us down.

It's not a question of Dreyfus now,  
it's all of us. So watch yourself.

Don't do anything foolish,  
even if they provoke you.  
Wait a minute.  
You haven't got a gun, have you?  
Do you swear to speak the truth  
without hatred or fear...  
...the whole truth  
and nothing but the truth?  
I swear.  
Ask your first question.  
Did he write the secret document...  
...containing coded military information  
known as the bordereau?  
- I shall not answer.  
- How did he enter the French army?  
I will not answer him.  
Didn't he first offer his services  
to the Turkish army?  
Didn't Commandant Esterhazy  
write this letter?  
"I would be happy to die  
sabering Frenchmen...  
...as a captain of German uhlans."  
Didn't he try to have a perfectly sane  
secret service agent certified as insane...  
...because he described the commandant  
as visiting a foreign military attach?  
Did Commandant Esterhazy  
not have dealings...  
...with the military attach? Colonel von Schwartzkoppen?  
I will not permit that question.  
It involves our foreign policy.  
I'll put it differently.  
Didn't he admit to newspaper reporters  
negotiating with von Schwartzkoppen?  
The question will not be put. France's  
honor and security mustn't be touched.  
I see.  
The honor and security of France...  
...permit an officer to do things  
but not discuss them.  
Did he tell an English journalist  
that if Zola was acquitted...  
...the streets of Paris would be strewn

with 100,000 corpses?

Mr. President.

- Colonel Henry, you wish to take the stand?

- Lf you please.

We've tried to honor the court  
and exclude the Dreyfus affair...

...but the defense makes it impossible.

They claim they want light.

Very well.

Now they're going to have it.

We've long had final, positive proof  
that Dreyfus was guilty of treason.

A secret document unknown at the time  
of the Dreyfus trial fell into our hands.

It was written by one foreign military  
attach?to another, containing the words:

"Don't tell anyone of your connection  
with this office or deed."

Every time a general officer takes  
his hat off, a secret document pops up.

Dreyfus was sacrificed to one.

My client is threatened with another.

Give this to Monsieur Labori.

Will Colonel Henry

produce that document?

It will endanger relations with foreign  
powers if secret documents were revealed.

- Where is it?

- My word should be sufficient.

Words are no longer good enough.

Where is that document?

You have already been told  
it cannot be brought here.

Call your next witness.

I will not proceed

until that document is produced.

- Call your next witness.

- No, no and no, Mr. President!

Not until this court rules

or that document is produced.

It is not in my power to produce it.

Perhaps the chief of staff.

May I add further information  
on this subject?

Certainly, general.

Please take the stand.

I confirm in every point the deposition of Colonel Henry about that document.

It absolutely proved Dreyfus' guilt...

...and it is too dangerous to reveal in public.

You of the jury, you represent the nation.

If that nation hasn't confidence in us...

...the heads of the army,

at this critical time, then I shall resign.

- I have no more to say.

- But I have.

I wish to recall Colonel Picquart to the stand.

- No, don't go. Stay here, please.

- Colonel Picquart, please take the stand.

Will Colonel Picquart tell us what he knows about this mysterious secret document?

The document came to my attention while I was chief of the intelligence service.

Inasmuch as it was secret,

it was my duty to say nothing about it.

As it has been openly mentioned here by my superior officer...

...that restriction no longer applies, and I shall speak.

The chief of staff was right upon one point.

That secret document is too dangerous to bring here, but not in the way he means.

It is too dangerous to the prosecution.

They dare not produce it

because that document is a forgery...

...committed by an intelligence officer in this room...

...to seal Dreyfus' fate

and save the face of the general staff.

This is irrelevant to the present trial.

- I protest this court's partiality.

- For the last time, I warn you!

These generals, substituting

for arguments their uniform...

...come to the stand,

even address the jury...  
...violating or invoking professional  
secrecy as they find convenient...  
...saying what they please.  
But when I wish to question these  
exalted beings and expose the truth...  
...the court bars my questions  
before it knows what they are.  
I shall not tolerate  
this insult to justice.  
And I will not tolerate  
the partiality of this court!  
Officers are allowed to say  
what they please.  
Newspapers hostile to Zola are permitted  
to threaten and intimidate the jury.  
Crosses mark their doors for the vengeance  
of the mob if Zola is acquitted, but if I...  
You cannot go on!  
I'll say what I have to say  
if this trial lasts six months!  
Court is adjourned.  
Bravo, Zola!  
As prefect of police,  
I insist you leave by the side door.  
Otherwise, I cannot guarantee  
your safety.  
I think he's right.  
Thank you very much,  
but I shall leave like anyone else.  
Has the jury gone out yet?  
No, the advocate general  
is still speaking.  
And Zola sought only publicity.  
That, gentlemen, is the true picture  
of their fight for humanity, right and truth.  
It rests with you, gentlemen, to answer  
this insulting challenge to our army.  
Zola must be punished,  
and all France awaits your verdict.  
Down with Zola!  
Quiet. Quiet! Quiet!  
Mr. President, Monsieur Zola requests  
that he be allowed to speak.



Permission granted.  
Gentlemen...  
...in the House of Deputies  
a month ago...  
...to frantic applause,  
the prime minister, Monsieur Maline...  
...declared that he had confidence  
in you 12 citizens...  
...into whose hands he had bestowed  
the defense of the army.  
In other words...  
...you are being instructed,  
by order, to condemn me...  
...just as, in that other case...  
...the minister of war  
dictated the acquittal of Esterhazy.  
Down with Zola!  
The prime minister gave  
no such order to this jury.  
His words made his intention  
to coerce justice unmistakable.  
And I denounce them  
to the conscience of honest men.  
Confine yourself to the facts.  
However...  
...my profession is writing,  
not talking.  
But from my struggling youth  
until today...  
...my principal aim  
has been to strive for truth.  
That is why I entered this fight.  
All my friends have told me that it  
was insane for a single person...  
...to oppose the immense machinery  
of the law...  
...the glory of the army  
and the power of the state.  
They warned me that my actions  
would be mercilessly crushed...  
...that I would be destroyed.  
But what does it matter  
if an individual is shattered...  
...if only justice is resurrected?

It has been said that the state  
summoned me to this court.  
That is not true.  
I am here because I wished it.  
I alone have chosen you as my judges.  
I alone decided that this abominable  
affair should see the light...  
...so that France might at last know all  
and voice her opinion.  
My act has no other object.  
My person is of no account.  
I'm satisfied.  
But my confidence in you  
was not shared by the state.  
They did not dare say all  
about the whole undividable affair...  
...and submit it to your verdict.  
That is no fault of mine.  
You saw for yourselves how my defense  
was incessantly silenced.  
Gentlemen, I know you.  
You are the heart,  
the intellect of my beloved Paris...  
...where I was born  
and which I've studied for 40 years.  
I see you with your families  
under the evening lamp.  
I accompany you into your factories,  
your shops.  
You're all workers and righteous men.  
You will not say, like many:  
"What does it matter if an innocent man  
is undergoing torture on Devil's Island?  
Is the suffering of one obscure person  
worth the disturbance of a great country?"  
Perhaps, though, you've been told  
that by punishing me...  
...you will stop a campaign  
that is injurious to France.  
Gentlemen, if that is your idea...  
...you are mistaken.  
Look at me.  
Have I the look of a hireling?  
A liar? A traitor?

I'm only a free writer  
who has given his life to work...  
...and who will resume it tomorrow.  
And I am not here defending myself.  
Tremendous pressure  
has been put upon you.  
"Save the army.  
Convict Zola and save France."  
I say to you, pick up that challenge!  
Save the army and save France...  
...but do it by letting truth conquer.  
Not only is an innocent man  
crying out for justice...  
...but more. Much more.  
A great nation is in desperate danger  
of forfeiting her honor.  
Do not take upon yourselves a fault...  
...the burden of which  
you will forever bear in history.  
A judicial blunder has been committed!  
The condemnation of an innocent man  
induced the acquittal of a guilty man.  
And now, today,  
you're asked to condemn me...  
...because I rebelled on seeing our country  
embarked on this terrible course.  
At this solemn moment,  
in the presence of this tribunal...  
...which is the representative  
of human justice...  
...before you gentlemen of the jury...  
...before France,  
before the whole world...  
...I swear that Dreyfus is innocent.  
By my 40 years of work,  
by all that I have won...  
...by all that I have written  
to spread the spirit of France...  
...I swear that Dreyfus is innocent.  
May all that melt away.  
May my name perish  
if Dreyfus be not innocent.  
He is innocent.  
Down with Zola!

This is no punishment,  
just a precaution.  
Gentlemen, the court!  
Emile Zola...  
...the jury has found you guilty.  
You are hereby sentenced  
to one year's imprisonment...  
...and 3000 francs' fine.  
Cannibals.  
Once before,  
the centuries reversed a judgment.  
That too was a closed case.  
- Emile, you must leave France immediately.  
- Leave France?  
Yes. Go into hiding. England,  
any place where they can't get at you.  
Run away like a common criminal?  
Do you know what you're saying?  
You're out of your mind.  
My husband couldn't do such a thing.  
It's entirely unworthy of his character.  
- What will people say?  
- What would you expect them to say?  
"Zola condemned, Zola in cowardly flight."  
I'd be denounced by my friends  
as well as my enemies.  
It's true.  
In prison, you'd be a martyr...  
...an object of sympathy  
for the entire world.  
But helpless to do anything.  
In London, you are all-powerful.  
You can still fight for Dreyfus,  
write smashing articles, pamphlets...  
...keep on pricking at  
the conscience of the world.  
Emile, there are times when it is  
more courageous to be cowardly.  
Alexandrine...  
...pack me a few warm things.  
It must be cold in London.  
Zola in England.  
London police on the lookout.  
Zola in England.

Here you are, governor. Thank you.

Zola in England.

London police on lookout.

Zola in England.

- Are you alone?

- Yes, go in.

- Well, what is it?

- Well, it's come.

- What?

- The new war minister has summoned me.

- You've been what?

- I'm on my way there now.

- Admit nothing.

- "Admit nothing."

With that cursed Zola still writing,  
still stirring up trouble...

...the whole world screaming  
for the truth...

...duels, newspapers...

...everyone at each other's throats.

You can't hold it off much longer.

You can't, I tell you.

You got me into this.

You've gotta stick by me.

Understand?

Do as I tell you. Admit nothing.

Then come back

and tell me what they say.

I'll be waiting for you.

I want the truth.

The whole truth, Colonel Henry.

Speak up!

But, Your Excellency,

the honor of the army...

I'll hear no more from you  
about honor.

- You're a common forger.

- Your Excellency, I swear I'm not.

Show him the document that played such  
an important part during the Zola trial.

Take it up. Take it up. Look at it.

Read it!

"Don't tell anyone...

...of your connection with the..."

I didn't write it!  
I had nothing to do with it, I swear!  
You're lying.  
The secret agent who was your accomplice  
confessed everything before killing himself.  
I give you one last chance  
to tell the truth.  
Did you forge this letter?  
Yes.  
I did it for the army.  
I did it for the honor of the army.  
You're under arrest.  
Captain Guignet,  
have him taken to the prison.  
- I want a signed confession.  
- Not now, sir. I beg you.  
Later, I'll tell everything.  
I can't stand anything more now.  
I want a signed confession.  
Take him away.  
Our army no longer has room  
for men of your kind. Understand?  
Yes, Your Excellency.  
You'll be confined to barracks  
until you leave. That's all.  
I think you're making a grave mistake,  
Your Excellency.  
The army always has to consider the...  
You'll have my resignation  
in the morning.  
Good morning, captain.  
- How's Colonel Henry?  
- He did nothing but scream all night.  
Something about the honor of the army.  
But he seems to be quiet now.  
Suicide.  
Good morning, Mr. Zola.  
Oh, it's you. Good morning.  
Where's your papa? Will he come back  
from the village with my newspapers?  
- He'll be along presently.  
- Presently?! Presently!  
The whole world is seething,  
nations are crashing to their doom...

...and he'll be along presently.  
Oh, you cold-blooded English.  
You'll be the death of me.  
Emile! It's happened.  
It's happened! Look.  
Listen. The Times:  
"Colonel Henry confesses  
Dreyfus forgery, then kills himself."  
The Daily Telegraph:  
"Chief of general staff resigns.  
Colonel Dort expelled from army.  
Esterhazy in flight."  
The Manchester Guardian:  
"Zola's fight for truth  
vindicated at last."  
And Dreyfus?  
"Dreyfus case revision inevitable."  
Truth is on the march...  
...and nothing will stop it.  
"The criminal code of cessation has entered  
a request for revision of your court-martial.  
You hereby cease to be subject  
to penal regime."  
The Cruellesfax will carry you back  
to France. Sentries, dismissed.  
- Whatever induced Esterhazy to confess?  
- The money the newspaper paid him.  
After that, no one could deny you  
the right to come home.  
What a triumph. Don't you feel...?  
I feel neither the desire  
nor the need for triumph.  
My reward?  
I have it. Every time I think we saved  
an innocent man from a living death.  
The thought of seeing him free...  
...of pressing his hands in mine  
for the first time...  
...that will be reward enough.  
But our fight is only half won.  
We must work, my friends, work.  
By speech, by pen, by action.  
We of France, who gave the world  
the boon of liberty...

...shall we not now give it justice?  
Listen. The very wheels are crying:  
"Justice, justice, justice, justice."  
Please, Emile. It's past midnight, dear.  
You've done enough.  
What's become of my military dictionary?  
You know, the big green one.  
Why, Emile...  
...isn't this it?  
Why, so it is.  
Must you drive yourself like this  
day and night?  
I must. I must, Alexandrine. I must.  
There's so much to do  
and so little time to do it.  
I see it all clearly now:  
The cause and the effect.  
The roots and the tree.  
- But, darling...  
- Wait. Wait a minute.  
The cause and the effect.  
The roots and the tree.  
I can use that.  
What were you saying, my dear?  
I said, I can't understand  
all this frantic hurry.  
- There's always tomorrow.  
- Always? I wonder.  
I wonder if in the middle  
of my most important work...  
...there will always be a tomorrow.  
Darling, you're tired.  
What matters the individual  
if the idea survives?  
Now, you must get some rest.  
You have to be up early  
for the Dreyfus ceremony.  
Yes, Dreyfus. Yes, tomorrow  
he will be restored to the army.  
You know, it's a queer thing,  
this Dreyfus affair.  
Before it, I thought my work was done.  
I could sit back and dream a little.  
Cezanne was right.



I was getting smug and complacent.  
Then suddenly came the Dreyfus explosion,  
and I'm alive again...  
...my head bursting with ideas!  
This new book is bigger than anything  
I've ever dared before.  
The world about to hurl itself  
to destruction...  
...the will of nations for peace,  
a powerful break, stopping it on the brink.  
You don't believe it? Wait.  
"To save Dreyfus, we had to challenge  
the might of those who dominate the world.  
It is not the swaggering militarists.  
They're but puppets that dance  
as the strings are pulled.  
It is those others,  
those who would ruthlessly plunge us...  
...into the bloody abyss of war  
to protect their power."  
Think of it, thousands of children  
sleeping peacefully tonight...  
...under the roofs of Paris, Berlin,  
London, all the world...  
...doomed to die horribly  
under some titanic battlefield...  
...unless it can be prevented.  
And it can be prevented!  
The world must be conquered...  
...but not by force of arms,  
but by ideas that liberate.  
Then can we build it anew.  
Build for the humble and the wretched.  
That's good.  
I must remember that.  
- Good night, my darling.  
- Good night, dear.  
There...  
- but by ideas that liberate.  
Then can we build.  
Build for the humble...  
...and the wretched.  
"The court of revision,  
having unanimously agreed...

...that Alfred Dreyfus was and is  
innocent of the charges against him...  
...have, in acquitting him, reversed  
the verdict of the former court.  
The French government has ordered  
a proclamation of his innocence...  
...to be posted in every French town,  
in every village, in every colony.  
And he is hereby reinstated,  
promoted to the rank of commandant...  
...and confirmed in all honors previously  
held by him in the army of France."  
Commandant Dreyfus,  
in behalf of the president...  
...the people of the republic,  
and by virtue of the powers vested in me...  
...I knight you a member  
of the Legion of Honor.  
Close the ceremony.  
- Long live Dreyfus!  
- Long live Dreyfus!  
Long live Dreyfus!  
- Congratulations, commandant.  
- General Picquart, thank you.  
- This is a proud day for France.  
- My deepest congratulations.  
Didn't Zola come?  
Zola found dead!  
Zola found dead!  
Zola found dead!  
"Zola dead.  
Carbon monoxide gas  
kills famous writer."  
Let us not mourn him.  
Let us rather salute that bright spirit of his,  
which will live forever.  
And, like a torch, enlighten a younger  
generation inspired to follow him.  
You who are enjoying  
today's freedom...  
...take to your hearts  
the words of Zola.  
Do not forget those who fought  
the battles for you...

...and bought your liberty  
with their genius and their blood.  
Do not forget them and applaud  
the lies of fanatical intolerance.  
Be human.  
For no man  
in all the breadth of our land...  
...more fervently loved humanity  
than Zola.  
He had the simplicity of a great soul.  
He was enjoying the fruits  
of his labor...  
...fame, wealth, security...  
...when suddenly,  
out of his own free will...  
...he tore himself from  
all the peaceful pleasures of his life...  
...from the work he loved so much...  
...because he knew that there is  
no serenity save in justice...  
...no repose save in truth.  
At the sound of his brave words,  
France awakened from her sleep.  
How admirable is the genius  
of our country.  
How beautiful the soul of France...  
...which for centuries taught right  
and justice to Europe and the world.  
France is once again today  
the land of reason and benevolence...  
...because one of her sons, through  
an immense work and a great action...  
...gave rise to a new order of things  
based on justice...  
...and the rights common to all men.  
Let us not pity him  
because he suffered and endured.  
Let us envy him.  
Let us envy him because his great heart  
won him the proudest of destinies.  
He was a moment  
of the conscience of man.