

Les Misérables

Episode 2

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Shooting Script

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**LOOKOUT
POINT**

**BBC
STUDIOS**

2/01 SCENE OMITTED 2/01

2/02 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 13. 2/02

We see a figure approaching from a long way off - a young woman with a toddler walking by her side, and carrying a heavy travelling bag.

It's FANTINE. Still very pretty, but a little worn now, a little shabby, and very tired. COSETTE however is wearing a very nice outfit.

They walk along a long empty road as the silhouette of Paris recedes into the background. It is starting to rain. COSETTE begins to cry.

2/03 EXT. MONTFERMEIL OUTSKIRTS. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 13. LATER. 2/03

FANTINE is walking through the outskirts of Montfermeil, carrying COSETTE. She has a bit of a cough.

She stops to get her breath, and coughs, and continues towards THENARDIER's inn.

2/03A EXT. THENARDIER'S INN. MONTFERMEIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 13. LATER. 2/03A

There's a huge rusted gun carriage outside the inn, covered with mud and some peeling yellow paint, with a rusty iron chain swinging beneath it. It looks both dirty and dangerous.

Two little GIRLS are sitting on the chain, using it as a swing. Their mother, MADAME THENARDIER, is sitting on a bench outside the inn - she holds a long rope attached to the chain, and she's pulling that - a nice lazy way of giving the GIRLS a swing.

She is singing in time to the swing.

FANTINE comes nearer. Smiles at the two little GIRLS - it's an idyllic scene.

As MADAME T pauses in her song:

FANTINE

You have two lovely children there,
madame.

MADAME THENARDIER

They are, they are, though I says
it as shouldn't. Eponine and
Azelma, they're my pride and joy,
ain't you, girls? But yours is a
pretty little thing too.

(MORE)

MADAME THENARDIER (CONT'D)

And such fine clothes! Why don't
you come and sit down, take the
weight off your feet?

FANTINE

Thank you, madame.

MADAME THENARDIER

Your little girl can play with
mine. What's her name?

FANTINE

Cosette.

FANTINE goes and sits by MADAME THENARDIER on the bench.
COSETTE goes and stands near EPONINE and AZELMA, too shy to
join in. EPONINE reaches out for her to join them.

MADAME THENARDIER

Have you come a long way, my love?
You look ever so tired.

FANTINE

From Paris. I'm on my way to
Montreuil, I've heard there's good
work to be had there.

MADAME THENARDIER

And what work do you do?

FANTINE

I used to be a seamstress, madame.

MADAME THENARDIER

And where's hubby?

FANTINE is tempted to tell all, MADAME T is so sympathetic,
but after a hesitation she chooses:

FANTINE

Dead.

MADAME THENARDIER

Oh, dear. So you've had a hard time
of it, I dare say.

FANTINE

Yes I have. But once I get back
into a steady job I'll soon be on
my feet again.

MADAME THENARDIER

Of course you will. Mind you, not
easy to hold down a job when you've
got a little one in tow.

FANTINE

No. Do you keep the inn here?

MADAME THENARDIER

That's right, dear. Thénardier's the name. See the sign there? That's my husband, he was a hero of Waterloo, he saved a colonel's life, carried him on his back, he did, through a hail of bullets. Was your hubby a military man at all?

FANTINE

No. A poet.

MADAME THENARDIER

That's very nice, though I don't suppose there's a lot of money in it. - Oh, will you look at that!

The three little GIRLS are clustered in an attitude of deep anxiety and rapture, around a big worm that's just emerged from the earth.

MADAME THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Children make friends in no time! Seeing them like that, you'd swear they were three sisters!

FANTINE looks at the three CHILDREN, so happy in their play. MADAME T is smiling and humming as she watches them too. FANTINE is thinking, what a nice woman, and suddenly, impulsively she takes her hand.

FANTINE

Could you look after my child for a while, madame?

MADAME THENARDIER

(startled)

Oh!

FANTINE

(going on quickly)

You see you were right, it's hard to get work when you have a child with you.

MADAME THENARDIER

Especially when you're on your own.

A moment between them.

FANTINE

Would you look after Cosette? Just for a while till I get settled?

MADAME THENARDIER

Well, we'd have to see...

FANTINE

When I saw your little ones looking
so pretty and well cared for, I
knew the good Lord had guided me
here. Will you? I could pay you -
six francs a month!

We hear a man's voice from inside the inn.

THENARDIER

Seven.

THENARDIER strolls out. In shirt sleeves but wearing his
three cornered hat.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Good morning, mademoiselle.

FANTINE

Monsieur.

THENARDIER makes a show of kissing his wife and fussing over
his kids.

THENARDIER

It'll have to be seven francs a
month, you wouldn't want us to have
to skimp on her meals. Seven francs
and six months in advance.

FANTINE

Oh, I'll be back for her before
then I'm sure, monsieur.

THENARDIER

In that case of course we'd refund
you, but those are the terms,
regrettably we can't make
exceptions, or where would we be?

MADAME THENARDIER

Six sevens, forty two.

FANTINE

I'll pay it.

THENARDIER

We'll have to think about initial
expenses too, of course - should we
say a nominal sum of fifteen
francs?

MADAME THENARDIER

Forty two and fifteen, fifty seven
francs.

A little look of dismay on FANTINE's face, then:

FANTINE

I'll pay it. I have eighty francs saved, I'll have enough to get to Montreuil. If I walk.

MADAME THENARDIER

And you'll be less burdened without the little one.

THENARDIER

Does the dear little thing have any clothes, besides what she has on her back at present?

FANTINE

Of course she has! A dozen of everything. All the best quality. And silk gowns like a lady! They're all in here.

MADAME THENARDIER

Ah, the little darling. You're like me, my dear, we neglect ourselves for our children, I sometimes think these men don't understand what we're prepared to suffer.

FANTINE

You will take care of her, and love her like your own?

MADAME THENARDIER

Bless you my dear, we love her already, don't we, Thénardier?

THENARDIER

Of course we do. How could we not? Believe me, mademoiselle, your little darling will want for nothing in our loving care!

FANTINE

Thank you monsieur, thank you madame, and God bless you both!

She goes over to COSETTE.

FANTINE (CONT'D)

Now you're to be a good girl, as good as gold, and this kind lady and gentleman will look after you for a while, and maman will be back for you very soon.

COSETTE is left holding MADAME THENARDIER's hand, the THENARDIERS both beaming, as FANTINE walks away with her heavy bag. When she's a little way off, she turns to wave. But COSETTE is now struggling to get away.

FANTINE (CONT'D)
Au revoir, Cosette! Be good!

MADAME THENARDIER
Wave to Maman, that's a good girl!

COSETTE breaks free and runs after FANTINE.

COSETTE
Mama! Mama! Wait for me!

She clings tight round FANTINE's legs.

FANTINE
I'll be back, darling. It's all for
the best, you'll see.

But now MADAME T, chasing after COSETTE, catches her round
the waist, prises her off by brute strength. COSETTE
screaming.

MADAME THENARDIER
There we are! Can't let them have
all their own way, can we? Come on,
darling!

And she drags COSETTE off, still protesting:

COSETTE
Mama! Mama!

2/04 **EXT. MONTFERMEIL OUTSKIRTS. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 13.** 2/04

FANTINE walking out of town with her bag. She is in tears.
A couple of HOUSEWIVES watch her curiously.

2/05 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 13.** 2/05

FANTINE walking through the rain, soaked and bedraggled.
She is overtaken by a PEASANT with a pony and cart, and he
stops to give her a lift.

2/06 **SCENE OMITTED** 2/06

2/07 **EXT. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14.** 2/07

FANTINE, now very weary, walking into town with her bag.
PEOPLE are staring, but she is oblivious to it.

A CROWD is gathering outside a nearby factory. Perhaps some ONLOOKERS are waving flags? It looks like a good day for the town.

FANTINE wanders up to them as the voice of a smart OFFICIAL carries over.

OFFICIAL

Monsieur Madeleine, Père Madeleine as he is known to many of you, came to Montreuil three years ago. On the very day he arrived, he rushed into a burning house and brought out two children, saving their lives without a thought for his own personal danger. He has brought new industry to the area, and his factory has turned the fortunes of our town around. We are all better off because of Père Madeleine - he has been a wise and generous employer. Ever reluctant to put himself forward, he has at last been persuaded by the grateful citizens to accept the office of Mayor of Montreuil. Mesdames et Messieurs: Monsieur Madeleine.

Applause as an imposing looking man comes out on to the steps and the CROWD falls silent. It's JEAN VALJEAN. He's no longer shaven headed. His suit is not fancily tailored - he looks more like a man of the people. He has tremendous presence but is clearly uncomfortable in the public eye.

JEAN VALJEAN

Citizens of Montreuil. My friends.

He clears his throat. This is hard work for him.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

I thank you all for your trust in me. Good day.

And he turns abruptly and goes in.

A bemused smattering of applause from the CROWD. But FANTINE is spellbound.

2/07A **EXT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14.**

2/07A

And now we are with FANTINE again. She rather timidly walks up to the factory entrance.

2/08

INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14.

2/08

It should look like a big undertaking: row upon row of FEMALE OPERATIVES working on items of black glass jewellery, maybe with a moving belt between the rows, on which they put the finished pieces. Close shots on concentrated faces, nimble fingers. They wear overalls and their hair is covered. In the background, burly MEN working vats of shellac - the resin used to give the jewellery its glossy finish.

In a curious open-plan arrangement, JEAN VALJEAN has his great desk in a room overlooking his work force. Big blotter, big inkwell, pens, paperweights. A couple of huge books. A massive die-sinker for sealing documents. Also a few samples of finished jewellery.

JV is looking through documents, making notes.

A grim faced female supervisor comes in and whispers in his ear. This is MADAME VICTURNIEN.

JV considers, then nods.

JEAN VALJEAN

Very well. I will see her.

MME VICTURNIEN turns and beckons, and FANTINE comes in, looking shy and apprehensive.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

Come. Come. Sit there. Nothing to be frightened of. Your name?

FANTINE

Fantine, monsieur, Fantine Thibault.

JEAN VALJEAN

And you are new to the town?

FANTINE

Yes, sir. I have been living in Paris.

JEAN VALJEAN

And what work did you do there?

FANTINE

I was a seamstress at a dressmaker's.

JEAN VALJEAN

This work requires nimble fingers too. You think you can learn it?

FANTINE

Yes, sir.

JEAN VALJEAN

It's hard work. Are you strong?

FANTINE

Strong enough, monsieur. If you take me, I'll work very hard, you won't regret it.

JEAN VALJEAN

Good. Now. What are your family circumstances?

His gaze is very intense. FANTINE can't help feeling uneasy.

FANTINE

I am alone in the world, sir.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

No husband?

FANTINE

No.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

No - lover?

She shakes her head.

MADAME VICTURNIEN (CONT'D)

No children?

A momentary hesitation. Should she blurt it? Better not.

FANTINE

As I said, monsieur, I am alone in the world.

JEAN VALJEAN

It's important to me, and to you, that you are completely honest with me, Fantine.

He's so intense. She's flustered. Has she done the wrong thing?

FANTINE

You don't believe me? Why should you care about my life anyway?

JEAN VALJEAN

I care about all my workers.

Again, the intense stare. He's giving her time to unburden herself. She doesn't.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

So: all alone in the world.

FANTINE
Yes, monsieur.

Another agonising pause. Then his face relaxes. Not quite a smile, but something on the way to it.

JEAN VALJEAN
I will take you on a month's probation. If you work well, you can prosper here.

FANTINE
Thank you, monsieur.

He nods gravely. She smiles tentatively. He remains serious, still looking at her intensely.

Then as if it's an effort, he snaps out of it.

JEAN VALJEAN
Madame Victurnien, take this young lady downstairs.
(to FANTINE)
You are able to begin at once?

FANTINE
Yes, Monsieur Madeleine.

JEAN VALJEAN
Good. Go now.

FANTINE
Thank you again, monsieur.

She follows MME VICTURNIEN out. JEAN VALJEAN watches her go, almost longingly.

2/09 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14.**

2/09

FANTINE sitting next to two other young factory workers, FABIENNE and SOPHIE, who are working and giggling about hunky JV in his eyrie while FANTINE struggles to fit clasps onto bracelets.

FABIENNE
His bedhead's supposed to be solid gold, carved angels with wings and everything...

MADAME VICTURNIEN heads over. FABIENNE and SOPHIE quickly decide to behave themselves and help FANTINE.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
Try again.

FANTINE does, gets it right this time.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
Not bad! And again.

FANTINE tries again - better.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
Good! You're getting the hang of
it.

MADAME VICTURNIEN nods, moves on. FANTINE glances up. JEAN VALJEAN is watching her from his eyrie. She gives him a quick smile. He looks away, as if caught out.

2/10 **EXT. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14 - DUSK.** 2/10

JEAN VALJEAN walking home through town, in a good mood. He greets and is greeted by PASSERS-BY.

PASSERS BY
Bonsoir, Monsieur Madeleine!
Bonsoir, Monsieur le Maire!

A few scruffy URCHINS run after him.

SCRUFFY URCHINS
Père Madeleine! Père Madeleine!

He pauses to ruffle a head here and there, and he distributes a few coins. He takes special care to make sure the smallest, frailest looking BOY has his share too.

JEAN VALJEAN
That's all now, off you go, and be
good!

JV arrives home and opens the door. It's not locked - maybe he got that from the Bishop!

As he goes in, a figure in a long black coat stands watching in the shadows. It's JAVERT.

2/11 **INT. LIVING ROOM. JEAN VALJEAN'S HOUSE. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14 - DUSK.** 2/11

Very simply furnished. Except for the Bishop's two silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece. JEAN VALJEAN looks to them. He is grateful for this new life.

Suddenly he hears laughter and giggles.

JEAN VALJEAN
Who's there?

SOPHIE and FABIENNE emerge, looking crestfallen.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
I know you, don't I?

SOPHIE
Yes, monsieur. Sophie and Fabienne.
We work in your factory.

JEAN VALJEAN
So to what do I owe the honour of
this visit?

SOPHIE
Nothing. That is to say -

FABIENNE
It was a dare, monsieur.

JEAN VALJEAN
A dare.

SOPHIE
We heard you had a wonderful bed,
monsieur, and Fabienne longed to
see it.

FABIENNE
So did you!

SOPHIE
We're very sorry, monsieur. We
haven't taken anything or made a
mess.

JEAN VALJEAN
And have you been in my bedchamber
and seen my bed?

SOPHIE
No, monsieur we were just going
upstairs when you....

JEAN VALJEAN
Would you like to see it now?

BOTH
(overlapping)
Oh, yes, monsieur!

JEAN VALJEAN
Come. Though I fear you will be
very disappointed.

2/12

INT. BEDROOM. JEAN VALJEAN'S HOUSE. MONTREUIL.
SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14 - DUSK.

2/12

JEAN VALJEAN shows the GIRLS upstairs into his bedroom.
Simple heavy furniture. No carved angels.

FABIENNE
(disappointed)
Oh...

JEAN VALJEAN
I wish I could have shown you
something equal to your
imagination. Well, now you know.

FABIENNE
Monsieur Madeleine.

JEAN VALJEAN
Yes?

FABIENNE
Aren't you lonely, living in this
big house all on your own?

Her tone is innocently seductive.

JEAN VALJEAN
Yes. But I deserve no better.

Such a heavy weight in that answer.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Best to go home now, girls. Go on.
Be off with you.

And they trip off down the stairs.

FABIENNE
Bonsoir, Monsieur Madeleine!

SOPHIE
Bonsoir, Père Madeleine!

2/13 INT. FANTINE'S ROOM. ROOMING HOUSE. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 14 - DUSK. 2/13

FANTINE in a bare gloomy little apartment.

She has her day's wages in one hand - puts half aside in a
little box and holds on to the rest.

2/14 EXT. STREET/LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 15. 2/14

FANTINE walking through the streets. Brisk, optimistic.
Things are going well.

She heads off down a side street into a roughish area of
town. WORKING CLASS PEOPLE coming home from work, WOMEN with
shopping.

But also BEGGARS, drunken SOLDIERS roaming the streets, and a few street PROSTITUTES. FANTINE goes past them all, turning her nose up disdainfully.

Eventually she reaches a narrow opening above which there is a sign in French that says 'Letters Written'.

2/15 INT. LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 15. 2/15

FANTINE with the LETTER WRITER, an elderly spectacled man in his little cubby-hole full of books and papers.

FANTINE
...and I hope this finds you well,
Monsieur and Madame Thénardier, and
that my Cosette has been a good
girl for you. Tell her Maman loves
her and sends her a thousand
kisses, and hopes to be able to
collect her very soon.

2/16 INT. THENARDIER'S INN. MONTFERMEIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 16. 2/16

We are with COSETTE looking out from under a table accompanied by a skinny mongrel. She is dressed in filthy rags. Someone (a pair of legs) walks past with big boots and she shrinks back; a peal of raucous laughter. Chink of glasses. COSETTE's round eyes watchful. She has bruises and scratches on her cheek.

A crust of bread falls on the floor and she grabs it and gnaws on it.

And now EPONINE and AZELMA are squatting and peering under the table.

EPONINE
Eeugh, look at her, dirty thing!

AZELMA picks up the poker from the grate and pokes at COSETTE with it. COSETTE dodges and snarls.

AZELMA
Mama! Mama!

MADAME THENARDIER
Well keep away from her - and you,
get out of it! Get in your kennel!

COSETTE retreats to the kennel she shares with the dog.

THENARDIER'S DRUNKEN MATES are boozing, laughing, and arguing in the background as THENARDIER reads the letter aloud to his wife.

THENARDIER

"Never mind her, listen to this:...Be assured, dearest Madame, of my most distinguished sentiments, and I remain your very humble etcetera, etcetera." Very fancy language, she must have got her fancy man to write it, ha ha.

COSETTE is listening from her hiding place, trying to understand.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Still she sent the money, sent a bit extra to buy the dear little thing some treats. Brings tears to your eyes... Well, that won't be happening. But if she's got enough to send a bit extra...I think it's time to raise the rates. What d'you think? Twelve francs? No, fifteen. I'll write to her today.

MADAME THENARDIER

I could do with a treat, Thénardier.

THENARDIER

And you shall have one, my little pigeon. All in due course, when things look up a bit. At the moment, any spare cash has got to go towards the bills. I don't know what it is, but whatever I do, nothing seems to prosper. The Wild Duck down the road gets plenty of custom, why not me? I'm beginning to think that someone up there has got it in for me.

A very dirty BABY crawls out from under the table.

BABY GAVROCHE

Mama.

MADAME THENARDIER

Get back under the table and out of my sight, you little beast!

She continues, reflectively.

MADAME THENARDIER (CONT'D)

It's a strange thing, Thénardier, but I've never been able to take to that one.

(MORE)

MADAME THENARDIER (CONT'D)
I'd do anything for my girls, but
that nasty little creature, he
doesn't bring out any maternal
instinct in me at all, isn't that a
funny thing?

THENARDIER
Born under a bad sign, nothing you
can do about it.

MADAME THENARDIER
(to COSETTE)
And you can take that look off your
face and all! Idle little scrap.

She pauses to reflect.

MADAME THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Thénardier? You know what you were
saying about how this place never
seems to prosper?

THENARDIER
Yes, my dear?

MADAME THENARDIER
Have you ever considered, my love,
that people talk? Like the coachman
might say you don't want to go in
there, sir, Thénardier waters the
beer and he short changes you into
the bargain! D'you know, my love,
I've often thought you might as
well put a sign up outside saying
come in here if you want to be
swindled.

She laughs a bit at her own wit.

MADAME THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Really it's no surprise the only
customers you ever get are your
pals over there who drink for free
anyway -

Whack! THENARDIER hits his wife hard across the face and she
reels away.

THENARDIER
Shut your mouth! When I want your
advice I'll ask for it!

COSETTE, alarmed, puts her hand to her mouth.

MADAME THENARDIER
What are you looking at? You want
some too?

MADAME THENARDIER starts to sob. EPONINE and AZELMA continue their game, a French version of 'Miss Polly Had A Dolly'.

2/17 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 16.** 2/17

JEAN VALJEAN at his desk. Signing papers.

MADAME VICTURNIEN comes in.

MADAME VICTURNIEN
Monsieur le Maire: the new
Inspector of Police is here to see
you.

JEAN VALJEAN
Show him up.

MADAME VICTURNIEN goes down, and brings up JAVERT. They recognise each other instantly. It's a huge shock for JEAN VALJEAN.

A pause before JAVERT speaks.

JAVERT
Monsieur le Maire. I thought we
should become acquainted. My name
is Javert.

Again, JV is shaken. JAVERT is pretending he doesn't recognise him. Or - might he really have forgotten him? JV will have to play along.

JEAN VALJEAN
Please take a seat, Inspector
Javert. Can I offer you anything to
drink?

JAVERT
No, thank you, Monsieur le Maire.
Forgive me - is that how you prefer
to be addressed? I have heard you
called Monsieur Madeleine, and I
understand you are also known as
Père Madeleine?

Yes, he's playing a cat and mouse game. He's come to torment JV, and they both know it.

JEAN VALJEAN
Monsieur le Maire will do.

JAVERT
You have a fine establishment here.

JEAN VALJEAN
I like to think so.

JAVERT

I am told that you have restored the prosperity of the town, by giving employment to all who are willing to work; consequently there is very little crime here, because there is no need for people to resort to such desperate means of getting their bread.

JEAN VALJEAN

I like to think that that is so.

JAVERT

But you and I both know that a thief does not steal because he is poor and desperate. He steals because he has a criminal mentality, because he is a degenerate, because he is, to put it simply....wicked.

JEAN VALJEAN

There I must tell you that we disagree.

JAVERT

Really.

JEAN VALJEAN

I believe that most of us are capable of both good and evil, and how we turn out depends very much on our circumstances and how we are treated.

JAVERT

And has your own experience led you to that conclusion?

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes; it has.

JAVERT

And mine has led me to the opposite one. Well, Monsieur le Maire, I look forward to many interesting discussions on this topic. But for now, let me assure you that as your Chief of Police I shall use all the powers at my disposal to seek out, apprehend and punish every single wrongdoer in your fine town.

JEAN VALJEAN

I am glad to hear it, sir. Though I don't think your task will be too demanding here in Montreuil.

JAVERT

Perhaps. On cursory inspection the citizens seem contented and well ordered: very little on the surface to trouble the police. Of course, Montreuil is a garrison town, and soldiers are disorderly on occasion, and you seem to have an inordinate number of prostitutes walking the streets, besides those in brothels. But that's all petty stuff, and not very interesting. Is it?

JEAN VALJEAN

So why would an ambitious man choose a post like this?

JAVERT

You deduce that I am ambitious. You are correct. I have dedicated myself to pursuing not only the obvious offences, but the hidden ones. Not only in the present, but the past. Sometimes, a man may be seen to be rich, successful, prosperous, virtuous, while all the time he may be harbouring a secret, something rotten in his past. Is it right that such a secret should remain hidden? Is it right that such a man should continue to enjoy the fruits of his wickedness, undiscovered, unexposed?

JEAN VALJEAN

You think there may be such a man in this town?

JAVERT

There are such men everywhere, Monsieur le Maire. That's what makes my work so fascinating. Of course, one must have incontrovertible proof of guilt. And that takes time...

He rises.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Well, I won't keep you. It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

JEAN VALJEAN

Likewise.

JAVERT

You know, I've been thinking as we talked: you remind me of someone I used to know rather well at one time, who stole from a child and never paid for his crime. I can't recall his name. Ah, well. Good night, Monsieur le Maire.

He exits. JV sits there, thunderstruck. His old enemy is here. Why has he come? It must be to do him harm.

Maybe hear thunder, or some ominous chord, as he remembers...

2/18 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. JULY 1816. DAY 12. (FLASHBACK TO EPISODE 1, SCENE 62.)** 2/18

The confrontation with PETIT-GERVAIS.

PETIT-GERVAIS

You've got it, haven't you? You've got my money. You're a dirty thief!

JEAN VALJEAN lets out a great roar and starts to run at the boy, who runs away, but turns to shout again:

PETIT-GERVAIS (CONT'D)

Dirty thief! A curse on you!

Then he goes out of sight.

JEAN VALJEAN turns and picks up the money.

The coin gleams in his palm.

2/19 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 16.** 2/19

JEAN VALJEAN lets out a shuddering groan and puts his head in his hands.

2/20 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 17.** 2/20

FANTINE at work, she's quite dexterous now, working next to FABIENNE and SOPHIE. MADAME VICTURNIEN parading round, pointing out errors and shortcomings.

FABIENNE

No one had ever been upstairs in his house before us.

They giggle.

SOPHIE

Bet he'd let Fantine in though.

FANTINE

Why me?

SOPHIE

Cos he likes you. We've seen him looking. Bet he'd let you in his room.

FABIENNE

Let you in his bed.

SOPHIE

Would you, if he asked you?

FANTINE

No!

SOPHIE

Hoity toity. Faby would, wouldn't you Faby?

FABIENNE

(giggling)

Shut up!

SOPHIE

Hey, what's that, Fantine? That's pretty!

FANTINE

It's nothing.

SOPHIE

It's a little bird! Look, Faby!

FABIENNE

Oh, that's nice - who's it for?

FANTINE

No one.

SOPHIE

Look out, it's Vicky.

MADAME VICTURNIEN looms up. FANTINE tries to hide the little glass bird, too late.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

What's this? Show me.

She examines it.

MADAME VICTURNIEN (CONT'D)

Who told you to do this?

FANTINE

No one, madame, but I'd finished my quota...

MADAME VICTURNIEN

You are not here to amuse yourself.
When you finish your quota you ask
for more work.

FANTINE

I'm sorry, madame.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

I've a good mind to dismiss you on
the spot.

FANTINE

Please, madame.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Consider this a final warning.

She goes off with the little toy.

SOPHIE

(sotto voce)

Nasty old bitch.

FANTINE looks up to see if JEAN VALJEAN has been watching,
but his desk is empty.

Now we go with MME VICTURNIEN as she patrols the ranks of
WORKERS. She stops. Opens her palm. Looks at the little toy.
Looks back at FANTINE, thoughtfully.

2/21 **EXT. STREET/LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 17.** 2/21

FANTINE walking. MADAME VICTURNIEN following at a distance.

FANTINE goes into the LETTER WRITER's.

MADAME VICTURNIEN is interested.

2/22 **INT. LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 17.** 2/22

The LETTER WRITER is reading out THENARDIER's letter.

LETTER WRITER

I know your little girl's health
and happiness is as dear to you as
it is to my dear wife and me. A
trifling sum - this fellow writes
abominably - a trifling sum of
fifteen francs a month -

FANTINE

Fifteen francs a month! I can't pay
that!

LETTER WRITER

Do you want to hear the rest, or
not?

2/23 EXT. LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. 2/23
DAY 17.

MADAME VICTURNIEN watches FANTINE come out, looking upset,
and goes in herself.

2/24 EXT. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 18. 2/24

JAVERT waiting as BASQUIAT, a middle aged functionary in the
police force, shuffles up to him. Then clears his throat.

BASQUIAT

You asked to see me, Inspector
Javert?

JAVERT

I did, Basquiat.

BASQUIAT mops his brow with a handkerchief.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Nothing to worry about. Unless you
have something on your conscience?

BASQUIAT

No - no, sir.

JAVERT

Good. I am pleased to hear it.

Pause.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Our Mayor is a remarkable man,
would you agree?

BASQUIAT

Yes, indeed. Well, he's -
transformed the town.

JAVERT

What do you know about him?

BASQUIAT

As much as anyone in Montreuil,
sir, which is to say, not all that
much.

JAVERT

He seems to be a man who likes to
keep his secrets to himself. What
do you think he's hiding?

BASQUIAT

All I know is he's done nothing but good since he came here. The factory, the hospital, the nursery, the almshouse, and he'll always help anyone in need.

JAVERT

Almost as if he's atoning for something. I wonder what. What are his weaknesses, Basquiat? Women? Drink? Does he avail himself of the town whores? Or do his desires run in another direction?

BASQUIAT

No one has heard anything of that kind. He lives alone, like a hermit, or a priest - or like yourself, Inspector, if I may.

JAVERT turns his head and gives him a terrible look.

BASQUIAT (CONT'D)

No offence intended, sir.

JAVERT

That'll be all, Basquiat.

BASQUIAT

Right, Inspector. Thank you, Inspector.

He goes. JAVERT broods.

2/25 **INT. WARD. INFIRMARY. MONTREUIL. SEPTEMBER 1819. DAY 18.** 2/25

JEAN VALJEAN is being shown around a new ward by a nun, SISTER SIMPLICE. It's nearly complete, but WORKMEN are bringing in bedside tables, nodding respectfully to JV.

SISTER SIMPLICE

And this is the new ward, nearly complete as you see, don't you think it looks bright and cheerful for the patients?

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes, very.

But he's frowning, preoccupied.

SISTER SIMPLICE

And all due to you, Père Madeleine! I thank God for your goodness every day. What would this town be without you?

JEAN VALJEAN

It would get along very well
without me, Sister!

SISTER SIMPLICE

Oh, monsieur! What a thing to say!
You know we all depend on you.

And we see his troubled reaction.

2/26 EXT. THENARDIER'S INN. MONTFERMEIL. OCTOBER 1819.
DAY 19.

2/26

MADAME VICTURNIEN gets down from the coach and looks around her. I think she's dressed up a bit for this excursion.

The 'AU SERGENT DE WATERLOO' sign swings and creaks.

2/27 INT. THENARDIER'S INN. MONTFERMEIL. OCTOBER 1819.
DAY 19.

2/27

MADAME VICTURNIEN with THENARDIER and his wife. They have dressed COSETTE for the occasion in a neat frock.

MADAME THENARDIER

There she is, the dear little thing! It's not her fault, is it? She didn't abandon herself, did she? Not but what she's cost us a great deal of trouble and expense, but what can you do? I can't bear to see a little child suffer, and I'm sure you're the same, madame.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

It was very good of you to take her in and look after her at your own expense.

She takes a sip of wine. It tastes like vinegar. She puts the glass down.

MADAME VICTURNIEN (CONT'D)

And the mother?

THENARDIER

Well she wasn't here five minutes, was she? Spun us some tale about her husband dying, but you could tell she was no better than she should be. Look after my little one, she said, and I'll send you some money by and by, but have we seen any of it? Ha! I'm too trusting, that's my trouble.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Shocking. And she was some sort of prostitute, you say?

MADAME THENARDIER

Well I don't like to speak ill of anybody, but yes, and no doubt her little girl was conceived in sin, and had become an encumbrance to her. Doesn't bear thinking of, does it? These people, they don't lead natural lives, do they? She's probably forgotten all about her little girl by now.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Yet she writes to you.

MADAME THENARDIER

Oh, yes, now and then, when she thinks of it, I hope you're looking after her proper, and so on, but what good does that do us or the little girl?

MADAME VICTURNIEN

I think you have been taken advantage of.

THENARDIER

You're right there, madame. By the way, were you thinking of staying a night or two? We have a lovely room on the front that's vacant just now.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

I've taken a room at the Wild Duck. The coachman recommended it.

THENARDIER

Ah.

His wife gives him a "told you so" look, and he glares back.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

I was one of the heroes of Waterloo, you know!

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Is that so?

THENARDIER

I rescued a Colonel, carried him on my back while bullets whistled past my head. Awarded the Légion d'Honneur by Napoleon himself!

(MORE)

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Would you care to examine it,
madame?

MADAME VICTURNIEN rises.

MADAME VICTURNIEN
No, thank you. And thank you for
your time. Good day to you.

And she goes.

THENARDIER
Miserable old cow. Tant pis! Vive
Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!

His DRINKING PALS raise their glasses.

MADAME THENARDIER is pulling the smart dress off COSETTE,
leaving her standing in her ragged drawers.

DRINKING PALS
Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!

2/28

**INT. DINING ROOM. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. OCTOBER
1819. NIGHT 19.**

2/28

GILLENORMAND is hosting a dinner for his elderly right-wing
ROYALIST PALS. MARIUS (now 8) is dressed up very smart for
the occasion, as are all the GUESTS.

GILLENORMAND
Napoleon Bonaparte did more harm to
France than all the armies of
Britain, Russia and Austria
combined!

GUESTS
Hear, hear, well spoken,
Gillennormand!

GILLENORMAND
A barbarian, a savage, and thanks
be to God, now a despised exile!
But really, the King is far too
indulgent, far too lax with these
Bonapartists and Republicans, he
should be sending them all to the
guillotine or the prison hulks,
every one of them! But does he? By
God, he's even letting some of them
into parliament! But here is a
young man who thinks in the right
way and can express himself with
verve and clarity. Ladies and
gentlemen: my grandson, Marius
Pontmercy!

MARIUS steps forward, and pipes up:

MARIUS
Napoleon was a traitor to his
country! And my father was a
traitor to his country too! I spit
upon them both!

And he does, with panache. Two spits.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Vive le Roi! Vive la France!

ASSEMBLED GUESTS
Vive le Roi! Vive la France!

And they give little MARIUS a round of applause and he basks in it. The SERVANTS standing round are wincing a bit.

NICOLETTE comes in and whispers to GILLENORMAND and hands him a letter.

GILLENORMAND
Well, young man, it seems your
father is on his deathbed. His war
wounds have opened up and the
doctors can do nothing for him.
What do you say to that?

MARIUS
Good!

GILLENORMAND
Haha! And so do I! Well, off you
go, my dear!

But she won't. She stands there giving him a stern look.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
Look at her! She can't bear to
leave my side - can you? Eh?

He puts his arm round her waist.

NICOLETTE
The boy should see his father
before he dies, monsieur. It's only
right.

GILLENORMAND
Hmph. Well, I won't forbid it, if
he wants to go.
(to MARIUS)
Do you?

MARIUS doesn't know what to say.

NICOLETTE

If you don't, you might be sorry
all your life. It's all right -
I'll go with you.

GILLENORMAND

Ha! Women! You have to love them,
don't you?

2/29

INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.

2/29

JEAN VALJEAN hard at work in his eyrie. He becomes aware of a scuffle downstairs - looks down and sees FANTINE and MADAME VICTURNIEN in some sort of confrontation. But then they are all shocked by the sound of a crash outside, a horse screaming, and people shouting.

A MAN comes running in.

MAN

Monsieur le Maire! Come quickly!

2/30

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.

2/30

A CROWD has gathered around a broken cart, with a MAN trapped underneath it. It's a big cart, heavily laden, and the ground is soft - the wheels are sinking further and deeper into the soft mud, and the cart is pressing on the man FAUCHELEVENT's chest.

FAUCHELEVENT

Help me, for God's sake!

JEAN VALJEAN arrives. JAVERT is calmly surveying the scene.

JEAN VALJEAN

Hold on, Fauchelevant. We'll get
you out!

JAVERT

We have sent for a jack from the
farrier's at Flachot.

The cart settles a little more, prompting an anguished cry from FAUCHELEVENT.

JEAN VALJEAN

That's twenty minutes away, he
could be crushed to death by then!

JV is staring at the cart. He has a terrible urge to see if he can lift it.

JEAN VALJEAN is breathing rapidly, weighing up the challenge.

The cart settles again, and FAUCHELEVENT cries out.

JEAN VALJEAN rushes to the cart, wriggles under, and appears to be getting crushed too. The TOWNSPEOPLE are gathered round shouting: 'Monsieur Madeleine!' 'Come out!' 'It's not safe!'

But with a great growl, JV manages to lift the whole weight of the cart.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Quick! Help!

A dozen men rush to support the cart, two more drag out FAUCHELEVENT, JEAN VALJEAN wriggles free, and stands panting, his clothes all muddy. PEOPLE are cheering.

JAVERT
I have only ever seen one man who
was capable of doing that.

JEAN VALJEAN turns to look at JAVERT, who is smiling now.

JAVERT (CONT'D)
He was a convict.

JEAN VALJEAN
Was he?

JAVERT
Serving a penal sentence at Toulon.

JAVERT continues to smile. A very tense moment.

JAVERT (CONT'D)
Congratulations, Monsieur le Maire.
Most instructive. And witnessed by
so many...

JEAN VALJEAN is in a state. He doesn't know what to say. JAVERT smiling like the cat who's got the cream, the TOWNSPEOPLE cheering and crowding round to congratulate him - he feels trapped and desperate.

JEAN VALJEAN
(agitated)
I have to go! I have work to do!

He rushes into the factory.

2/31 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.**

2/31

JEAN VALJEAN stomps up the stairs into his office. Sits at the desk, his head in his hands.

But he is to have no peace. Here comes MADAME VICTURNIEN, dragging a weeping FANTINE behind her.

MADAME VICTURNIEN
Monsieur Madeleine!

JEAN VALJEAN

Not now!

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Forgive me, monsieur, this is an urgent matter, it can't wait! This immoral young woman is a disgrace to the factory and the town!

FANTINE

(weeping)

That's not true, I'm innocent!

MADAME VICTURNIEN

I regret to say she is no better than a whore - she has a bastard child she abandoned in Montfermeil!

FANTINE

I never abandoned her! I send fifteen francs every month for her keep, more than half my wages! I go hungry so that she can be well fed and clothed! Please, Monsieur Madeleine, believe me, my Cosette is all I care about!

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Lying little whore! You're a disgrace!

She slaps the little glass bird down on the table.

MADAME VICTURNIEN (CONT'D)

This is what she does when she's supposed to be working! A toy for her little bastard I suppose!

FANTINE

Monsieur Madeleine, please!

She starts to cough.

JEAN VALJEAN

(roars)

Enough! Both of you!

They both fall silent.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

Fantine...Thibault?

FANTINE

Yes, monsieur.

JEAN VALJEAN

When you first came here, I
remember I asked you about your
family and you said you were alone
in the world.

FANTINE

I thought if I told you about my
little girl you'd turn me away.

JEAN VALJEAN

You lied to me.

FANTINE

There was no harm in it. I was
frightened of you.

MME VICTURNIEN

Don't listen to her, monsieur. She
is an immoral woman.

FANTINE

I am not!

JEAN VALJEAN

But the child is yours?

FANTINE

Is that a crime?

MME VICTURNIEN

And she abandoned it.

FANTINE

No! Believe me!

JEAN VALJEAN

I cannot. You are dismissed.

FANTINE

But what am I going to do?

JEAN VALJEAN reaches into his drawer.

JEAN VALJEAN

Here are fifty francs. I advise you
to leave town, mademoiselle.

FANTINE

But I can't leave town! I owe money
here!

JEAN VALJEAN

Then you must find some other
employment.

FANTINE

They said you were a good kind man.
I thought you were. But you are
not. You are a monster!

MME VICTURNIEN has had enough.

MME VICTURNIEN

That's enough! How dare you insult
our good Pere Madeleine? Out! Now!
This minute!

Then MADAME VICTURNIEN recovers herself and hustles FANTINE
back out the door.

2/32 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.** 2/32

FANTINE goes, head held high, face tear stained, past all her
former FRIENDS, who don't look sympathetic at all, apart from
FABIENNE.

BONG! A big bell tolling.

2/33 **INT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.** 2/33

JEAN VALJEAN at his desk. He looks stricken, as well he
might.

BONG!

2/34 **EXT. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.** 2/34

FANTINE walking through the town centre, head held high,
though painfully aware that the TOWNSPEOPLE are gossiping
about her.

BONG!

2/34A **INT. LIVING ROOM. JEAN VALJEAN'S HOUSE. MONTREUIL.** 2/34A
OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.

JEAN VALJEAN takes the bishop's candlesticks from the
mantlepiece and hurriedly puts them in his bag.

BONG!

2/34B **EXT. MONTREUIL OUTSKIRTS. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20.** 2/34B
(PREVIOUSLY 2/33A)

JEAN VALJEAN driving out of town. The signpost says 'Paris'.

BONG!

2/35 EXT. TOWN CENTRE/OUTSKIRTS. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 20. 2/35

We see JAVERT in a carriage heading out of town, fast.

2/36 EXT. PONTMERCY HOUSE. VERNON. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 21. 2/36

NICOLETTE and MARIUS get down from a cab, and knock on the door of a modest little house that has some nice window boxes of flowers.

A WOMAN opens the door and lets them in.

2/37 INT. PONTMERCY HOUSE. VERNON. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 21. 2/37

The room is very barely furnished. PONTMERCY lies on the bed, to all appearances dead already.

A PRIEST is in attendance, muttering prayers in Latin. MARIUS doesn't know what to do. He stands there with his hat in his hand.

NICOLETTE
(whispers)
Go to him.

MARIUS
But I don't know him.

NICOLETTE
He's your father. He wants to see you. Take his hand.

MARIUS drops his hat, which he's been holding in both hands.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)
Never mind that.

She prods him and he goes forward and takes the dying man's hand.

MARIUS
Mon père?

PONTMERCY opens his eyes.

PONTMERCY
You came. Good boy. Listen to me.
You...will be Baron Pontmercy now.
The honour was bestowed on me...by
Napoleon himself...at Waterloo. Now
it is yours by right.

He seems to be pegging out, but he revives enough to say:

PONTMERCY (CONT'D)

There's a man...called Thénardier.
He saved my life. If you ever meet
him...do the best...you can...for
him.

He closes his eyes. MARIUS'S eyes wide, as if in terror. He
turns to NICOLETTE and whispers:

MARIUS

Is he dead?

NICOLETTE

Not yet. Not quite. Very soon
though. He was waiting till you
came, I think.

They all stand there. The PRIEST continues to mutter his
prayers.

2/38 **SCENE OMITTED** 2/38

2/39 **EXT. BANK. PARIS. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 22.** 2/39

A very grand entrance. JEAN VALJEAN goes in.

2/40 **INT. BANK. PARIS. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 22.** 2/40

JEAN VALJEAN sits at a table in the grand foyer with a BANK
OFFICIAL.

BANK OFFICIAL

Understood, Monsieur Madeleine.
Seventy thousand francs in cash...
May we help you with anything else
today?

JEAN VALJEAN

No. That's all. Could you attend to
it immediately?

BANK OFFICIAL

(jumping up)
Absolutely, monsieur. Corbeau!
Miramar!

Two UNDERLINGS scurry to do his bidding.

2/41 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 23.** 2/41

JEAN VALJEAN furtively trudging along a country road by a
wood, carrying a shovel with a chest under his arm. A local
PEASANT stops to look at him.

2/42 **EXT. FOREST. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 23.** 2/42

JEAN VALJEAN burying the chest and the candlesticks in the thick of the wood. He looks about him to make sure he's not seen.

2/43 **EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 23.** 2/43

A busy street. JAVERT crosses it, holding up an imperious hand to stop a cab, and goes towards the building, the skirts of his long coat swinging.

2/44 **INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 23.** 2/44

The CHIEF INSPECTOR, a big, heavily built man, behind his desk.

JAVERT

Chief Inspector, my name is Javert.
I have just taken charge in
Montreuil.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Inspector Javert. What are you
doing in Paris?

JAVERT

I have identified a dangerous
criminal. I have come to consult
you on how I should proceed.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Who is this man?

JAVERT

His name is Jean Valjean. I knew
him years ago in the prison hulks
at Toulon. A man of exceptional
strength and brutality. He is now
posing as the Mayor of Montreuil.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

You're mistaken.

JAVERT

I tell you I know the man - and I
have witnesses to his -

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Jean Valjean is in custody. He was
arrested four days ago in Ailly-le-
Haut-Clocher.

JAVERT is gobsmacked. Then he thinks:

JAVERT
Has this man confessed to being
Jean Valjean?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Not yet, but he will.

JAVERT
But monsieur -

CHIEF INSPECTOR
And bear in mind it's a serious
matter, making accusations against
important public figures. I'd
advise you to be more careful,
Inspector Javert.

JAVERT thinks about replying, decides not to, turns on his
heel and leaves. He is raging, he can't believe he has been
thwarted. What will he do now?

2/45 **SCENE OMITTED** 2/45

2/46 **EXT. ALLEY. MONTREUIL. OCTOBER 1819. DAY 24.** 2/46

JEAN VALJEAN pacing through town. He's muffled up and has the
air of someone who doesn't want to be observed.

He rounds a corner and comes face to face with JAVERT flanked
by two POLICE OFFICERS. Suddenly JV fears the worst.

JAVERT
Good evening Monsieur le Maire. I
hope you had a pleasant trip.

JAVERT and his cronies walk on and we are left with JEAN
VALJEAN - somehow he lives to fight another day.

2/47 **INT. FANTINE'S ROOM. ROOMING HOUSE. MONTREUIL. JANUARY** 2/47
1820. NIGHT 24A.

In FANTINE's lodgings there's just an orange box and a
mattress on the floor now.

FANTINE sewing. A candle burning.

She's straining to see, leaning close. She coughs.

Another thick grey flannel shirt to go on the pile. She
sighs, reaches for another one.

She catches sight of her reflection in a pane of glass, and
we see how tired she has become, her wasted body...

Perhaps we see a letter slipped under the door at the end of this scene to flow into...

2/48 INT. LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. DAY 2/48
25.

FANTINE with the LETTER WRITER.

LETTER WRITER
Back again, mademoiselle?

She thrusts a letter into his hands.

FANTINE
What does that say?

LETTER WRITER
The child has caught a miliary
fever, they're asking for money for
medicine.

FANTINE
Oh, my God, my poor child! How
much?

LETTER WRITER
Forty francs.

FANTINE
Oh, what am I to do?

LETTER WRITER
Why not go and fetch your daughter
here?

FANTINE
Now? And have her share my wretched
life? I don't want to bring shame
on her head. She's better off where
she is, at least I can make sure
she's happy, no matter what happens
to me. Though God knows how I'll
find the money for her keep now.

LETTER WRITER
Well. You're a very pretty young
woman. There's always ways for a
pretty young woman to make a
living, if you know what I mean.

It's clear that the LETTER WRITER might be a prospective
client. FANTINE looks at him with shock and disgust.

FANTINE
Bonsoir, monsieur.

She snatches the letter from him and goes out.

2/49 EXT. STREET/LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. DAY 25 - DUSK. 2/49

FANTINE walking through the streets with the letter in her hand. She puts on a brave face but she is sick with fear for her daughter.

2/50 EXT. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. NIGHT 25. 2/50

There's a fair in town. A STRONG MAN performing in the square.

And PEOPLE are crowding round a garishly painted caravan where a fat man in a gaudy suit is advertising his stock in trade.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
Come on, ladies and gents, move in close, that's it, I'm buying and I'm selling, I'm selling and I'm buying tonight, if you're bald and toothless you can change your life, you can have a lovely head of hair, I've got golden, I've got glossy black, I've got red, I've got auburn, I've got curly, I've got straight, I've got long and I've got short all personally fitted to your individual taste, here, have a feel of this one, is it soft as silk? It's better than real! And teeth! How'd you like to go home tonight with a lovely new set of teeth? And I'll take what you've got in part exchange! Can't say fairer than that now can I? Look at these!

He shows his own teeth in a gleaming grin.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER (CONT'D)
You too can have gnashers like mine! I'm selling and I'm buying tonight, ladies and gentlemen, messieurs et mesdames....oh, I say, here's a beauty! Make way, ladies, let her come through....that's it, my dear...

During this, FANTINE, as if in a trance, has come nearer and nearer, and she lets herself be helped up onto his makeshift stage.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER (CONT'D)
Now that is as lovely a head of hair as I've seen in a long while! Let it down, my dear.

FANTINE pulls out her hairpin and her lovely hair falls to below her waist. Quite an intake of breath from the CROWD.

One SCEPTICAL WOMAN says to her NEIGHBOUR:

SCEPTICAL WOMAN
She'll be part of the act, I expect.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
(softly)
Are you selling, dear?

FANTINE
How much?

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
Ten francs.

FANTINE
Is that all?

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
That's the top price, you won't get more anywhere. But if you was thinking of parting with those lovely white teeth, now...

FANTINE is horrified.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER (CONT'D)
Just the two front ones even. I could give you two napoleons for those. Forty francs. Fifty all together. Just five minutes work. What do you say?

She hesitates.

FANTINE
Not with all these people watching.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
No, no, we'll go inside my surgery, where it's private.

FANTINE
All right.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
Short intermission, ladies and gentlemen, I'll be with you again shortly, this way, my dear.

And he leads FANTINE inside.

2/51 INT. CARAVAN. TOWN CENTRE. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. 2/51
NIGHT 25.

Lots of wigs of various kinds hanging up, and shelves with sets of grinning dentures. An OLD CRONE sits in the corner, watching beadily.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
Sit yourself down there, my love.
What's your name?

FANTINE
Fantine.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
Lovely. Look at this, mother. We don't often see anything as good as this, do we? Now. Quite sure you want to go through with this? You're allowed to change your mind, you know.

FANTINE
I'm sure.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER
Here we go, then.

And he takes a substantial pair of shears, holds up her hair, and cuts it off - we can hear the shears crunching through it.

HAIR AND TEETH DEALER (CONT'D)
There we are. And it'll soon grow again, I dare say. Right. Come and help hold her still, mother.

The OLD CRONE scrambles over and pins FANTINE's arms behind her. FANTINE suddenly realises what's going to happen, her eyes widen in alarm, the DEALER takes up a scary looking pair of pliers, and....

2/52 EXT. STREETS. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. NIGHT 25. 2/52

FANTINE hurrying through the streets, keeping to the shadows - she has a scarf over her head and across her mouth and she has her hand pressed to her mouth.

2/53 INT. FANTINE'S ROOM. ROOMING HOUSE. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 2/53
1820. NIGHT 25.

FANTINE comes in, lights a candle, goes to the mirror, takes off her scarf. Short scruffy hair. A mess. And when she opens her mouth, a bloody gap where her two front teeth were.

She opens her palm. Two Napoleons and a ten franc piece.

2/54

INT. THENARDIER'S INN. MONTFERMEIL. JANUARY 1820.
DAY 26.

2/54

Two Napoleons and a ten franc piece in THENARDIER's palm.

THENARDIER

That's more like it! She must be
rolling in it! I don't think we've
been asking for enough, what d'you
think?

We can see COSETTE in rags, but perfectly healthy, on her
knees scrubbing the floor.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

The poor little girl's at death's
door, and the doctor's
demanding...what do you reckon? A
hundred?

2/55

INT. LETTER WRITER'S SHOP. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820.
DAY 27.

2/55

FANTINE is wearing a cap to hide her shorn hair. Nothing to
be done about the teeth.

FANTINE

Tell them I'll send it as soon as I
can.

LETTER WRITER

You've got a very expensive child
there, mademoiselle. Are you sure
they're not diddling you, this kind
couple in Montfermeil?

FANTINE

I have to believe them - what else
can I do?

LETTER WRITER

And how are you going to raise the
money?

FANTINE

I've sold my hair and my teeth. I
might as well get on with it and
sell the rest.

LETTER WRITER

Ah, mademoiselle - what a shame!

FANTINE

You think so? Why?

LETTER WRITER

You've gone about it the wrong way round, my dear. You should have gone on the game before you sold your pretty hair and your lovely white teeth. Who's going to take you looking like that?

2/56 **EXT. BACK ALLEY. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. NIGHT 27.** 2/56

FANTINE is being shagged against a wall by a SOLDIER while half a dozen of his MATES look on.

Spectating SOLDIERS stamping their feet, slapping themselves and cheering each other on.

The SOLDIER is not a gentle lover. FANTINE bangs against the wall with every thrust. She endures it.

2/57 **EXT. BACK ALLEY. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. NIGHT 28.** 2/57

FANTINE standing in the rain on her own, three other PROSTITUTES in a group further along. She makes a tentative move towards a MAN hurrying by with an umbrella but he hurries on.

2/58 **EXT. BACK ALLEY. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. NIGHT 28.** 2/58

FANTINE shivering in a flimsy dress on a cold night. She starts to cough, and can't stop. She puts her hand over her mouth. And it comes away bloody.

2/59 **EXT. BACK ALLEY. MONTREUIL. JANUARY 1820. NIGHT 29.** 2/59

Another night. A few flakes of snow are falling. FABIENNE and SOPHIE come by, and see her:

FABIENNE

Fantine? Is that you?

She can't bear to be seen by her old friends, turns away and goes up an alley.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)

Fantine?

2/60 **EXT. BACK ALLEY. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT 30.** 2/60

It's a cold and windy night, and snow is falling and starting to settle.

FANTINE takes up her stand alongside other shivering SEX WORKERS. They regard her with disdain, discussing her amongst themselves. She's got a bad cough.

MARGUERITE

That's her. Hoity toity. Always used to look down her nose at us. And look at her now. Hey, you! Move further down! You'll give us all a bad name! Go on! Get out of it!

FANTINE moves her position.

MARGUERITE (CONT'D)

Further off! Go on! Further still!

Here comes a group of young men about town, provincial DANDIES who fancy themselves. Their leader is an oafish young fellow called BAMATABOIS, very fancy trousers, big side-whiskers.

BAMATABOIS

Evening, ladies! Lovely night for it!

WHORES

Bonsoir, Monsieur Bamatabois!

He spots FANTINE.

BAMATABOIS

Oh my God, what have we got here? What a sight! And how much are you charging, baldy?

FANTINE

Whatever you think it's worth, monsieur.

BAMATABOIS

How about nothing, then?

He's pleased with his wit.

BAMATABOIS (CONT'D)

You hear that, gentlemen? How about nothing? That's all she's worth!

FANTINE

But I have to live, monsieur, the same as you.

BAMATABOIS

The same as me? Cheeky cow! Did you ever hear the like of it?

She turns on him.

FANTINE

You think I do this for fun? I do it to feed my little girl! So if you don't want business, do me a favour and get lost!

BAMATABOIS

Ah! I stand rebuked. Mademoiselle, I humbly beg your pardon.

He makes her a fancy bow.

BAMATABOIS (CONT'D)

May I ask your name, mademoiselle?

FANTINE

Fantine.

BAMATABOIS

Bonsoir, Fantine. I hope I am forgiven.

FANTINE

Bonsoir, monsieur.

They move away, then BAMATABOIS stoops and scoops up a handful of snow - she doesn't see him do it.

BAMATABOIS

Watch this. Fantine - something for you!

He shoves the snow down the back of her dress. He and his PALS laughing fit to bust. She turns in rage.

FANTINE

You....!

She attacks him hitting him with both fists - his FRIENDS are helpless with laughter. He loses his footing and falls on his back in the snow. She jumps on him, beside herself, scratching his face, forcing her thumbs into his eyes, growling and snarling like an animal. He's really frightened now.

BAMATABOIS

Help! Get her off me!

They make ineffectual efforts, slipping about in the snow, then a dark shadow appears.

It's JAVERT, in his long black overcoat. He parts the crowd that has gathered. He grabs her by the back of her dress and jerks her to her feet.

JAVERT

You! Come with me!

All the fight goes out of FANTINE. She allows herself to be led away. BAMATABOIS struggles to his feet, retrieves his hat, puts it on, and makes his escape with as much dignity as he can muster, though the WHORES are jeering and his FRIENDS are still laughing.

2/61 SCENE OMITTED

2/61

2/62 EXT. TOWN CENTRE/POLICE STATION. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT 30.

2/62

A CROWD is following as JAVERT marches FANTINE towards the police station.

FABIENNE is in the CROWD, concerned for her former friend. She has an idea and darts away.

JAVERT meanwhile seems possessed with a quiet fury.

JAVERT

This is an outrage that cannot be tolerated. A respectable property owning citizen attacked by a common prostitute!

FANTINE

He attacked me first.

JAVERT

Be silent. You have no say here. Take this whore to the cells. You've got six months.

FANTINE

Six months! But what about my child? She'll starve if I can't work!

JAVERT

That's no concern of mine. Take her away.

A SOLDIER takes her arm, but she breaks free.

FANTINE

Please, Monsieur Javert! Have pity on me! I wasn't always like this! I was a good girl!

She throws herself at his feet, clinging to his trousers.

FANTINE (CONT'D)

Have mercy on me and I'll do anything for you!

JAVERT

What could you do for me? Take her away. She stinks of degradation.

The SOLDIER starts trying to drag her off - she's sobbing and coughing.

Suddenly JEAN VALJEAN appears with FABIENNE.

JEAN VALJEAN

One moment.

JAVERT

Monsieur le Maire.

JAVERT is furious at this intrusion, but keeps a lid on his anger.

FANTINE turns, stands up, and walks over to JV.

FANTINE

Monsieur le Maire? Ha!

She spits in his face. The SOLDIER is very shocked.

JAVERT

Seize her, you fool!

JEAN VALJEAN wipes his face.

JEAN VALJEAN

Set this woman free.

JAVERT stares. FANTINE turns to JAVERT.

FANTINE

You see this man here? You see this monster here? That you call Monsieur le Maire? It's all his fault! He's supposed to be so good, what did he do? He threw me out on the street, and why? Because I tried to care for my little girl! I used to have lovely long hair, I used to have pearly white teeth! All gone, because of him, this monster of a mayor! You understand now? You'll let me go now? I'll be a good little whore now, they can do what they like with me and I won't complain, all I want is to be able to work to feed my child and fetch her from Montfermeil! Please, Monsieur Javert! I haven't been well, Monsieur Javert, I can't breathe, feel it.

She takes JAVERT's big hand and puts it on her chest.

FANTINE (CONT'D)

There, don't be afraid, you feel it there?

JAVERT

This is none of my concern. Take her away.

JEAN VALJEAN

No. I will take her into my care. She needs medical attention and nursing.

(to FANTINE)

You are right. It was wrong of me to dismiss you. Perhaps it's too late, but let me try to make amends. I will pay your debts, and send for your child so that you can be together. You need never work again. I will take care of you, I promise. Let me take you to the infirmary, where the nuns will care for you.

JAVERT is stunned - why is JV taking her side?

FANTINE

You mean it? It's not a joke?

She takes his hands and kisses them, but coughs up blood.

JEAN VALJEAN

Come.

JAVERT

No. I forbid it. She has been sentenced and she must go to prison. Take her to the cells.

JEAN VALJEAN

Don't touch her. Monsieur Javert, in municipal matters, I outrank you. Consult the regulations, Article 81. I warn you, do not cross me over this.

A pause.

JAVERT

What, exactly, is this woman to you, Monsieur le Maire?

It's a calculated insult. JV doesn't rise to it.

JEAN VALJEAN

Someone who needs my help.

JAVERT

A common whore? This woman is the lowest of the low, would you risk your good name to help a creature like that? Monsieur le Maire, you astonish me.

JEAN VALJEAN

She is one of God's creatures, Inspector. She has suffered grievously and through no fault of her own. I have injured her myself, and now I want to make amends if I can. Now stand out of my way!

FANTINE faints and collapses in JV's arms, and he picks her up and carries her away towards the hospital.

But perhaps we linger on JAVERT at the end of the scene. Can JEAN VALJEAN's conscience be turned against him?

2/63

INT. WARD. INFIRMARY. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT
31.

2/63

A couple of days later. FANTINE is in bed, asleep. JEAN VALJEAN stands at the foot of the bed, his eyes on the crucifix on the wall above FANTINE's head.

SISTER SIMPLICE, comes and speaks softly to JV.

SISTER SIMPLICE

Here again, Père Madeleine? I promise you, we are doing everything to make her comfortable.

JEAN VALJEAN

Thank you, Sister Simplicie. But I'll stay a while nonetheless.

FANTINE opens her eyes.

FANTINE

What are you doing here?

JEAN VALJEAN

Praying for you. And for myself.
You have been very unwell for days.
(after a pause)
How are you feeling now?

FANTINE

Better, I think.

She sounds very weak.

FANTINE (CONT'D)

Will you send for Cosette?

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes. Don't worry about it. If necessary I'll go for her myself.

FANTINE

I've been a sinner, but when I have Cosette with me it will mean that God has forgiven me.

She seems a little agitated.

JEAN VALJEAN

Rest now. Everything will be taken care of.

She closes her eyes.

Here comes SISTER SIMPLICE.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

Yes, sister?

SISTER SIMPLICE

Inspector Javert is here, Monsieur le Maire.

JEAN VALJEAN

Very well. I'll see him.

2/64 **INT. OFFICE. INFIRMARY. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT** 2/64
31.

JAVERT is standing in the office when JEAN VALJEAN comes in.

JEAN VALJEAN

Sit down, Inspector.

He sits down behind the desk.

JAVERT

Thank you, Monsieur le Maire, I prefer to stand.

JEAN VALJEAN

As you wish. What can I do for you?

JAVERT

I have come to report a serious misdemeanour by an officer of the police.

JEAN VALJEAN

Which officer?

JAVERT

Myself. I have come to offer my resignation.

JEAN VALJEAN

For what reason?

JAVERT

I denounced you to police headquarters in Paris. I suspected you, wrongly, as it turns out, to be a notorious felon, once known to me as Prisoner Number 24601. A man named Jean Valjean.

JV goes very still. JAVERT is watching him closely.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

This Valjean was a man of great strength, as you are, Monsieur le Maire. I once saw him lift a great boulder, as I saw you singlehandedly lift Fauchelevent's cart. And you bore a close resemblance to the man - though he was a brute, and your features show nothing but wisdom and kindness. But the more closely I observed you, the more sure I was that I had my man.

JEAN VALJEAN

But you were wrong.

JAVERT

Yes. It seems that I was.

JEAN VALJEAN

What...what made you change your mind?

JAVERT

Monsieur le Maire, the real Valjean has been found.

JEAN VALJEAN

What?

JAVERT

He's about to stand trial in Arras for a number of offences, including the theft of a coin many years ago from a child who went by the name of Petit-Gervais.

JEAN VALJEAN

Petit-Gervais?

JAVERT

Petit-Gervais. Does the name mean anything to you, Monsieur le Maire?

JV doesn't answer. He's wrestling with his conscience.

JEAN VALJEAN
This man. Has he confessed?

JAVERT
No. But no doubt his lies will be exposed in court, and he'll be sentenced to penal servitude for life.

JEAN VALJEAN
But he might be telling the truth.

JAVERT
But I have seen him with my own eyes, Monsieur le Maire. I have visited him in his cell and personally assured the authorities they have found the right man ...

He knows what this is doing to JV. And he continues to twist the knife:

JAVERT (CONT'D)
It's all over for him. The trial is tomorrow. I'm taking the coach to Arras tonight. And that will be my last duty as Police Inspector. Goodnight, Monsieur le Maire.

Is there a faint hint of a smile? Then he goes. The heavy door closes behind him like the knell of doom.

Once alone, JV shows the strain of his moral dilemma. What is he to do? He's caught in a trap.

He's wrestling with this when there's a knock on the door.

He jumps like a guilty man. Then decides to face whatever it is.

JEAN VALJEAN
Come in.

SISTER SIMPLICE enters.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Yes, Sister, what can I do for you?

SISTER SIMPLICE
Our patient, the prostitute - Fantine Thibault.

JEAN VALJEAN
Don't call her that.

SISTER SIMPLICE

The doctor wanted you to know that she is very weak. She has very little time left on this earth. And she speaks constantly of seeing her child.

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes, yes, I know that!

SISTER SIMPLICE

The doctor said - if she is to see her little girl before she dies, the child should be fetched without delay.

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes - yes. Of course. I will attend to it. There is another journey I may have to take first....

Again he's wrestling with himself. SISTER SIMPLICE is puzzled.

SISTER SIMPLICE

There may not be time for that, Monsieur Madeleine.

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes! I understand!

He's raised his voice, alarming her.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

I beg your pardon, Sister. Thank you. Do your best for her. Now there are things I have to do. Excuse me.

He almost rushes to the door, goes out, we hear his footsteps and the main door slam.

2/65 **EXT. STREETS. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT 31.**

2/65

JEAN VALJEAN walking fast, thinking furiously.

2/66 **INT. LIVING ROOM. JEAN VALJEAN'S HOUSE. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT 31.**

2/66

JEAN VALJEAN comes in, slams the door behind him, bolts it.

The candles are lit. The fire is burning in the grate.

He's breathing hard. He paces up and down.

A thought suddenly strikes him.

He goes over to the panelled wall. Fumbles in his pocket, produces a penknife. He eases this into the panelling, and a section of it comes out, revealing a secret cupboard. He pulls out his old convict's trousers, and the yellow jacket he wore on his release, his yellow identity papers, and the stout hawthorn stick he was carrying when he robbed PETIT-GERVAIS.

He puts the clothes on the fire. He snaps the stick over his knee, and tosses that on too. The fire blazes up.

JEAN VALJEAN

Now. If I do nothing, I am safe.
And if I go to Arras, I am done
for.

In the grate, the clothes have gone to nothing, but the coin he stole from PETIT-GERVAIS gleams from the ashes. He remembers the day he stole it, and thinks of the Bishop with his candlesticks.

He puts his hands to his head and roars like an animal. It's as if he's trying to drown out the voice of his conscience.

2/67 EXT/INT. LIVING ROOM. JEAN VALJEAN'S HOUSE. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. NIGHT 31. 2/67

One lighted window. We can see JEAN VALJEAN's silhouette as he paces up and down, up and down, like a caged beast.

2/68 EXT. JEAN VALJEAN'S HOUSE. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. DAY 32 - DAWN. 2/68

The door bursts open, almost as if JEAN VALJEAN has had to force his way out.

And he stands there, wild-eyed.

And walks off, fast.

2/69 EXT. FACTORY. MONTREUIL. FEBRUARY 1820. DAY 32 - DAWN. 2/69

MADAME VICTURNIEN is taken by surprise by a tap on her shoulder.

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Oh! Monsieur Madeleine!

JEAN VALJEAN

I have an errand for you, if you'd
be so kind. You remember Fantine
Thibault, who worked in the
factory?

MADAME VICTURNIEN

Indeed I do!

JEAN VALJEAN

She's in the hospital, very ill. I
want you to go to Montfermeil and
fetch her little girl. I'd go
myself, but there is somewhere else
I have to be.

Before the end of this, we cut to:

2/70 **EXT. MONTREUIL OUTSKIRTS. FEBRUARY 1820. DAY 32 - DAWN.** 2/70

JEAN VALJEAN riding hell for leather - to Arras.

END OF EPISODE TWO.