

Les Misérables

Episode 4

Written by

Andrew Davies

Shooting Script

1st February 2018

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

No part of this document or its contents may be disclosed, distributed or used in any way, stored in a retrieval system, disseminated or incorporated into any other work, without the express written permission of BBC Studios and Lookout Point. Any unauthorised use is strictly prohibited and will be prosecuted in courts of pertinent jurisdiction.



4/01 **INT. DORMITORY. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 45.** 4/01

It's very spartan: a dozen narrow iron framed beds with cupboards, and a dozen GIRLS getting out of their uniforms and into their nighties. Ages seventeen down to about thirteen. All very neat, very modest, but chattering and giggling at the same time.

GERMAINE

Look at Marie Claire, she can't wait till Friday!

COSETTE

What's happening on Friday?

GERMAINE

She's leaving, of course.

MARIE CLAIRE is smiling like the cat that's got the cream.

COSETTE

Oh. I didn't think it was so soon.

She's a little upset that her friend is being taken from her.

MARIE CLAIRE

Don't you wish you could, Cosette?

COSETTE

I don't know.

MARIE CLAIRE

Pretty dresses, parties...

GERMAINE

Dancing, falling in love...

MARIE CLAIRE

Getting engaged -

GERMAINE

And doing *that*....

MARIE CLAIRE

Germaine!

GERMAINE

Well I'm only saying.

MARIE CLAIRE produces a little miniature from her cupboard.

MARIE CLAIRE

Look. That's my cousin. Isn't he handsome? I'll be seeing him on Saturday.

GERMAINE

And holding hands with him, and
kissing...poor Cosette!

COSETTE

Why poor me?

GERMAINE

Well you're going to be a bride of
Christ, aren't you? Such a waste,
you're far too pretty for that.
Look!

She produces a mirror and holds it up. COSETTE looks at her reflection.

GERMAINE (CONT'D)

See? You could break hearts.

COSETTE looks at herself in the mirror. It's as if she's seeing herself for the first time. Perhaps she is beautiful. Perhaps she doesn't want to be a nun after all.

A big stern NUN appears in the doorway.

STERN NUN

Girls! No more chatter!

And they all hide the evidence and kneel at their bedsides with hands together, speaking their night time prayers under their breath.

4/02 **EXT. CLOISTERS. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 45.** 4/02

JEAN VALJEAN, outside his rooms, looking up at the lit windows of the dormitory, waits until the lights go out.

JEAN VALJEAN

Good night, little one.

And he goes inside and shuts the door.

4/03 **EXT. CLOISTERS. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 46.** 4/03

COSETTE coming across the grounds in her school uniform. She's frowning and preoccupied.

4/04 **INT/EXT. JEAN VALJEAN'S ROOM. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 46.** 4/04

JEAN VALJEAN has set the table with a cloth and flowers in a jam jar. All a bit primitive, but he's made an effort. He looks through the grimy window and sees COSETTE coming, her wavy, slightly distorted image, and he smiles. She's the heart of his happiness.

He goes to the door and opens it. When she arrives, he takes her in his arms and holds her tight. She still adores him, but there's something almost desperate in his need for her.

COSETTE

Papa! Not so tight, you'll squash all the breath out of me!

He loosens his hold, but still holds her, looking at her with love.

JEAN VALJEAN

Are you such a fragile little thing, then?

COSETTE

You forget your own strength sometimes.

JEAN VALJEAN

Forgive me. I cherish our Saturday afternoons so much.

COSETTE

So what have we got?

JEAN VALJEAN

I tried my hand at a stew. Come sit, take off your cloak.

4/05 INT. JEAN VALJEAN'S ROOM. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. 4/05
DAY 46. LATER.

COSETTE is eating, JEAN VALJEAN watching her fondly. She looks up at him. She doesn't know how to start.

JEAN VALJEAN

What is it? Come, speak.

COSETTE

Marie Claire has left school.

JEAN VALJEAN

Oh, yes?

He's only interested in one girl.

COSETTE

Her mother wants her to be a young lady in society now.

JEAN VALJEAN

Is that so?

A pause.

COSETTE

Papa, am I really going to take the
veil?

JEAN VALJEAN

That was what we discussed with the
Abbess and Sister Simplice. Have
you changed your mind?

COSETTE

No. I don't know. Don't be cross
with me.

JEAN VALJEAN

I could never be cross with you.

COSETTE

It's just I've seen nothing of the
world yet.

JEAN VALJEAN

You've seen the world. That inn at
Montfermeil. That family. Lies.
Violence. Cruelty. That's the
world.

COSETTE

I don't believe it's all like that.

She's being brave, she's standing up to him. He sighs.

JEAN VALJEAN

I thought we had found a home here
together. You would grow up here
and I would grow old here. You
would grow old here, and I would
die here - and we would never be
separated.

COSETTE

I'd be locked away. And I don't
want that, Papa. I'm not ready for
it. I'm - not sure I'll ever be
ready for it. I'm sorry, I don't
want to disappoint you.

He's struggling. His plans appear to be collapsing about him.

4/05A INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 47. 4/05A
(PREVIOUSLY 4/16)

Serried ranks of POLICE OFFICERS in their best dress uniform.
The PREFECT OF POLICE (formerly the CHIEF INSPECTOR from
Episode 2) on a stage.

PREFECT OF POLICE

The police force of Paris has established a standard of excellence that is an example not only for the rest of France, but for Europe and the world. It is with great pleasure that I call upon Inspector Javert of the Paris Police to accept the Medal of Honour for his exceptional achievements as a thief-taker. Inspector Javert.

JAVERT mounts the stage. Quite expressionless, he stands while the PREFECT OF POLICE pins the splendid medal and ribbon on his chest. He turns to face his MEN, who applaud with a thunderous drumming of heels on the wooden floor. Still he doesn't smile.

4/05B INT. JAVERT'S OFFICE. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 47. (PREVIOUSLY 4/17) 4/05B

JAVERT sits at his desk, stony-faced, drumming his fingers on the desk. RIVETTE is standing by the window.

RIVETTE

It's a great honour, sir. Reflects well on us all.

JAVERT

But I can take no pleasure in it, Rivette. Not while that man is free.

RIVETTE

I beg your pardon, sir - what man?

JAVERT

You know the man. Père Madeleine - Jean Valjean - whatever he calls himself now - that man!

He points to the poster still on his wall.

RIVETTE

One man out of hundreds - and that was a decade ago. He may have been dead for years.

JAVERT

No. I am convinced he is alive, and here in Paris. Laughing at us, Rivette. And I shall never be at peace until he is back in chains.

4/06 **EXT. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 47.** 4/06

We hear GILLENORMAND shouting.

GILLENORMAND
Marius! What is that boy doing?

4/07 **INT. DRAWING ROOM. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 47.** 4/07

MARIUS, now 21, and very good looking, is adjusting his collar, looking in a mirror.

MARIUS
Coming, Grandfather.

He smiles. Goes into the living room. There's old GILLENORMAND, who hasn't changed much in ten years, and NICOLETTE, doing a bit of light dusting.

GILLENORMAND
Here he is! And what have you been gussying yourself up for? As if I didn't know!

MARIUS
I'm just going to church, that's all, sir. It's been a while, I have been so busy with my studies...

GILLENORMAND
Church! Ha! A likely tale! He's got a little bird in a cosy nest somewhere, what would you say, Nicolette?

NICOLETTE
I'm sure Monsieur Marius is telling the truth, monsieur.

GILLENORMAND
Nonsense! When I was his age I was tomcatting all over Paris! Go on then, off with you, my boy!

MARIUS
(grinning)
I'll say a prayer for you, shall I?

He's on his way out.

GILLENORMAND
Too late for that, boy! Too late for that!

4/08 INT. ST SULPICE CHURCH. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 47. 4/08

MARIUS sits in the almost empty church. Someone is playing the organ quite quietly. MARIUS is listening and reflecting.

Across the aisle an old man, MABEUF, finishes his prayer, steps into the aisle to genuflect.

He struggles to get up, and MARIUS helps him with a hand under his elbow.

MABEUF

Thank you. It's Monsieur Pontmercy, isn't it?

MARIUS

Yes.

MABEUF

My name is Mabeuf.

MARIUS turns to leave.

MABEUF (CONT'D)

Monsieur Pontmercy! May we talk for a few moments?

MABEUF takes his arm, and leads him to a seat.

MABEUF (CONT'D)

It was from here that I used to watch a poor man, who came regularly to see his child - he had no other way, because of a family agreement. The little boy knew nothing of it. There was a rich old father-in-law, who threatened to disinherit the boy if the father had any contact with him. So the father always kept behind the pillar there. I would watch him gaze at his child and weep. Poor man! He adored that child.

MARIUS

Very touching, monsieur.

MABEUF

The father was one of Bonaparte's bravest colonels. He lived at Vernon. His name was... Pontmercy.

My God, thinks MARIUS. That was my father. And he cared about me!

4/09 INT. DRAWING ROOM. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 48. 4/09

Old GILLENORMAND is browsing through a book of pornographic drawings when MARIUS comes briskly in.

GILLENORMAND

Ah, there you are - come and look at this!

MARIUS

I've arranged to go hunting with a few friends, grandfather. Would you mind if I was away for a day or two?

GILLENORMAND

Not a bit, take four! I know what sort of hunting you're talking about, you find yourself a nice ripe pippin and extract the juice, my boy, extract the juice!

4/10 INT. MABEUF'S BOOKSHOP. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 48. 4/10

MARIUS with a pile of books about Napoleon and the Republic and the Napoleonic wars. Names swim up into focus: Napoleon, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton...Liberty, Equality, Fraternity..."Gallantry of Colonel Pontmercy"...

MABEUF is there with him.

MABEUF

In those days young men took up arms to make their country a better place. I was for the revolution - not to destroy but to build a better world. What will you fight for?

4/11 EXT. GRAVEYARD. VERNON. MARCH 1832. DAY 49. 4/11

The gravestone marked 'Colonel Georges Pontmercy', with the dates. MARIUS kneeling to put flowers on the grave.

MARIUS

Papa, I'm sorry. I never knew.

4/12 INT. DINING ROOM. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. 4/12 NIGHT 50.

Old GILLENORMAND at table, eating and drinking wine. MARIUS on his feet, furious. NICOLETTE standing by.

MARIUS

You lied to me! You told me lies
about my father!

GILLENORMAND

I am your father!

MARIUS

Don't talk nonsense. I have
discovered that my father was a
humble and heroic man. He died
forgotten and neglected, because of
you! I never knew him, because of
you!

GILLENORMAND

And I never knew him, and never
wanted to! Or any of his kind! They
were all villains, murderers,
revolutionaries, and thieves! All
of them traitors who betrayed their
king!

MARIUS

Then I say down with the King!

GILLENORMAND has gone white with anger.

GILLENORMAND

What did you say?

MARIUS

I said: down with the King!

GILLENORMAND

Young man: I see that you and I
cannot remain under the same roof
any longer.

He stands up, quivering with rage, points his trembling arm
at MARIUS, and screams:

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)

Get out! I never want to see you
again!

MARIUS stands there for a moment, then turns and leaves.

NICOLETTE

Now what have you done?

GILLENORMAND is actually a bit worried.

GILLENORMAND

He'll be back! He'll be back with
his tail between his legs! You mark
my words!

She's looking at him accusingly. He can't stand it. He looks away, and gets on with his dinner.

4/13 **INT. ENTRANCE. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51.** 4/13

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE ready to leave with their few belongings packed into a couple of cases. SISTER SIMPLICE is there. She takes JV aside.

SISTER SIMPLICE

The world outside is changed. You must have seen the anger and unrest on the streets. Indeed, I fear for both of you. What about that police officer, the one who came here -

JEAN VALJEAN

Thank you for your concern, Sister. I will bear your warning in mind. Nevertheless....

He spreads his hands.

SISTER SIMPLICE

I see your mind is made up. We will miss you - both of you.

4/14 **EXT. CONVENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51.** 4/14

The convent door. The grille slides back, a pair of NUNLY EYES scans the street outside. Then the door opens, and JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE step through, to begin their new life.

4/15 **EXT. STREETS. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51.** 4/15

COSETTE looks excited but a bit shaken by the noisy world they've entered - PEOPLE rushing about their business, horse drawn carts and dog carts getting in each other's way, PEDLARS shouting their wares - a stall selling chickens and ducks, the ducks quacking loudly - a couple of CHOLERA VICTIMS carried off down the street - an argument between two YOUNG MEN develops into the early stages of a fight, the two YOUNG GUYS pushing each other roughly, a CROWD surrounding them, PICKPOCKETS taking advantage of the crowd to lift purses and pass them hand to hand, POLICE OFFICERS trying to break up the fracas and maintain order...

COSETTE alarmed. JEAN VALJEAN takes her arm.

JEAN VALJEAN

This way.

The POLICEMEN still struggling to take back control.

4/16 SCENE OMITTED (NOW 4/05A) 4/16

4/17 SCENE OMITTED (NOW 4/05B) 4/17

4/18 INT. LECTURE THEATRE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51. 4/18

STUDENTS coming in and taking their places, laughing and chatting. Some very studious ones, heads down and swotting already. MARIUS comes in at the back. A wild-eyed, scruffy little student called COURFEYRAC calls to him.

COURFEYRAC
Pontmercy! Over here!

MARIUS goes and sits by him.

COURFEYRAC (CONT'D)
You weren't here yesterday.

MARIUS
Did he spot it?

COURFEYRAC
No, when he called your name I
answered for you.

MARIUS
Thank you, Courfeyrac.

COURFEYRAC
Anything for a friend.

MARIUS
Well - I need another favour.

COURFEYRAC
Ask away.

MARIUS
I have to find new lodgings. The
cheapest possible.

COURFEYRAC
Oh? Baron Pontmercy goes slumming?

MARIUS
I've broken with the old man - he's
cut me off without a penny.

COURFEYRAC
Welcome to my world!

The lecture hall falls silent as a fierce looking OLD MAN in a gown strides in and takes his place at the lectern.

4/19 EXT. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51. 4/19

A quiet secluded road...JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE.

There's a walled garden with railings on one side, obviously a big property. Thick prickly bushes the other side of the railings, so the garden is hidden from sight.

JV stops them by a thick gate, glances round, inserts a key.

He unlocks the gate and shows her into:

4/20 EXT. GARDEN. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51. 4/20

A garden, very beautiful and romantic: a few mildewed statues, a stone bench, secret paths, a grotto, and foliage run wild, an abundance of roses climbing up the trees and bushes, and we can see a small house through the foliage.

COSETTE is enchanted and they enjoy a happy moment together.

COSETTE

Is it really ours, Papa?

JEAN VALJEAN

Come and have a look inside.

4/21 INT. DRAWING ROOM. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. DAY 51. 4/21

Inside the house is prettily decorated in the rococo style. (Hugo says it was originally a house where an 18th century judge kept his mistress.)

TOUSSAINT, an elderly female servant, beaming as COSETTE runs ahead of JEAN VALJEAN.

COSETTE

Oh, a piano!

She's so pleased.

JEAN VALJEAN

You like it?

She hugs and kisses him.

COSETTE

Thank you, Papa!

4/22 **EXT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. EVENING 52.** 4/22

Murky light. MARIUS and his friend COURFEYRAC. The chained dog in the wood yard is barking his head off. MARIUS, who's been spoilt all his life, looks askance at the place.

MARIUS

God. What a slum.

COURFEYRAC

Better apologise and make your peace with Grandad, then.

MARIUS

No. I shall never go back.

Two skinny, skimpily dressed GIRLS whisk past them like ghosts and vanish into the Gorbeau building, laughing and giggling. (It's AZELMA and EPONINE, but we don't know that yet.)

COURFEYRAC

There you are: all home comforts!

MARIUS

You're disgusting.

COURFEYRAC

I know, I know. Look, I've got to go. When you've settled in, why don't you come and meet my friends - we'll all be in the Café Musain later.

MARIUS

Thanks, Courfeyrac. You're a good friend.

COURFEYRAC claps him on the shoulder and heads off. MARIUS looks up at the Maison Gorbeau with some foreboding.

4/23 **INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. MARCH 1832. EVENING 52.** 4/23

It's grim, bare, and dirty. MARIUS stares round. MADAME RULLY is pleased to have a nice young gentleman tenant.

MADAME RULLY

Just the thing for a studious young gentleman, what is it you're studying at the university?

MARIUS

Law, madame.

MADAME RULLY

Well then you'll understand that as the principal tenant, I am empowered to see that you behave yourself - no young ladies in your room except by special permission, any cooking or dusting you need, don't be too shy to ask, now! I'm just at the end of the corridor! Well, I'll leave you now to settle in, bonsoir, monsieur!

She's being quite flirty with him as she toddles out. MARIUS sits down on the sagging single bed. The springs groan and wheeze. Through the walls we can hear a row going on, a MAN and a WOMAN shouting, then a door slamming that brings some flakes of plaster down from the ceiling.

4/24

INT. CAFE MUSAIN. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52.

4/24

MARIUS comes down the steps into a noisy basement full of laughter and argument - GIRLS carrying trays of drinks. COURFEYRAC spots him.

COURFEYRAC

Here he comes, large as life, our very own pet Royalist, Baron Pontmercy himself! Come on, join us - you know these fellows? Grantaire - Bossuet - Enjolras.

MARIUS

I have to say first, I'm not a Royalist any more. I've done some reading and I've seen the light.

ENJOLRAS

So what are you now then?

MARIUS

A Bonapartist and a democrat.

A bit of mock ooh-ahing.

ENJOLRAS

No, that's a step in the right direction. Napoleon was a defender of the Republic, before he made himself Emperor.

GRANTAIRES

(already drunk)

Have a drink.

COURFEYRAC
 Have a lot of drinks!
 (calling to one of the
 girls)
 Over here, Sylvie!

4/25 **INT. CAFE MUSAIN. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52.** 4/25

Same scene, later. They are all drunk, including MARIUS. One STUDENT is singing (in French) the song on page 610: 'Si César m'avait donné la gloire et la guerre'. As he finishes they all cheer.

GRANTAIRES
 I say - down with all nations!

They all cheer again except MARIUS, who looks a bit bewildered.

GRANTAIRES (CONT'D)
 And down with all kings! A king is
 a parasite, and has no right to
 rule!

More cheering.

MARIUS
 What about emperors?

GRANTAIRES
 Well, the same, of course! An
 emperor is a king by another name,
 only worse!

MARIUS
 No. I won't have that. Napoleon
 made this country great. He made
 all Europe tremble! And he brought
 great reforms with his conquests!
 What a joy, to serve under such a
 man as that! What could be greater?

ENJOLRAS grips his arm - we sense that he's in deadly earnest, unlike GRANTAIRES, who just loves the sound of his own voice.

ENJOLRAS
 To be free. I want to be a citizen
 of the Republic, not the subject of
 a king - or an emperor. And one day
 we shall all be fighting to the
 death about that, on one side or
 the other. And which side will you
 be on, my friend?

End on MARIUS, startled and shocked by ENJOLRAS's intensity.

4/26 **EXT. DESERTED STREET. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52.** 4/26

MARIUS and COURFEYRAC. They take a short cut through a deserted alley.

COURFEYRAC

Don't worry about Enjolras. He can be a bit extreme. Trying to live down his bourgeois origins. I don't see any of our little gang fighting to the death for the cause.

MARIUS

But - I mean - you have to have some principles.

COURFEYRAC

Do I? In that case my principle is to have as much fun as I can, so long as it doesn't hurt anyone else. And to hell with politics.

MARIUS

No, no, you don't really think that-

A couple of THUGS coming the other way, one wasp-waisted and dandyish, the other more obviously a ruffian. Let's call them MONTPARNASSE and CLAQUESOUS.

MONTPARNASSE

Salut, copains!

MARIUS

Bonsoir.

COURFEYRAC

Bonne nuit.

They carry on, we stay with the thugs.

CLAQUESOUS

Those two?

MONTPARNASSE

Nah. Students. Not worth it. Him, now.

CLAQUESOUS

Right.

A biggish PROSPEROUS LOOKING MAN on his own, his watch chain glittering.

As he passes, CLAQUESOUS gets an arm round his neck and drags him into the shadows. The MAN makes a muffled cry before MONTPARNASSE shockingly produces a knife and slashes his throat.

As they go through his pockets we can see MARIUS and COURFEYRAC walking on, chatting, oblivious to the murder they've left behind them.

4/27 INT. MARIUS'S ROOM/THENARDIER APARTMENT. GORBEAU HOUSE. 4/27
PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52.

MARIUS comes in, takes off his coat. He's getting ready for bed. He half sings, half hums, the song we heard in the Café Musain.

He's just about to get into bed when he hears:

FEMALE VOICE
Psst! Monsieur!

He stares about him.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Psst! Monsieur! Over here!

Still he has no idea where it's coming from.

Then three knocks on the wall.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Over here! Monsieur! Look through
the peephole!

Bewildered and apprehensive, he goes over to the wall. And there, partly obscured by the lurid pattern of the wallpaper, is a a peephole. He goes close and puts his eye to it - and sees another eye!

The eye draws back from the peephole, so that now we can see a girl in the dim light of a flickering candle. It's EPONINE. She's wearing a skimpy little shift, greasy and stained. She is very thin.

She starts to do a little dance, humming a tune as she does. It's artless, but captivating at the same time.

It's also quite provocative - she lifts her shift to show her skinny legs.

MARIUS gulps.

And then she starts to pull the top aside, almost but not quite showing her breasts.

EPONINE
You want to see more, monsieur?

MARIUS
No - I -

She blows the candle out. The room's in darkness.

EPONINE

Show's over. Nighty night!

Shaken to the core, MARIUS retreats to his bed and blows out his own candle.

4/28 INT. JAVERT'S APARTMENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52. 4/28

JAVERT lets himself in. Shoots the door bolts home top and bottom. Hangs his coat up on a hook.

The apartment is as bare as a monk's cell.

4/29 INT. JAVERT'S APARTMENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52. 4/29
LATER.

JAVERT sits at a small table eating his simple meal. He eats very meticulously, but without any apparent enjoyment.

4/30 INT. JAVERT'S APARTMENT. PARIS. MARCH 1832. NIGHT 52. 4/30

JAVERT gets into his single bed. Snuffs out the candle. Lies on his back. Stares at the ceiling.

4/31 SCENE OMITTED 4/31

4/32 INT. DRAWING ROOM. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. 4/32 EVENING 53.

COSETTE is playing the piano. She's dressed very conservatively, still very much the convent girl.

JEAN VALJEAN comes in, in workman's clothes. She breaks off playing and comes and kisses him.

COSETTE

Bonsoir, Papa.

JEAN VALJEAN

Come and sit with me.

They go and sit together on a sofa, and she takes his hand.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

So what have you been doing today?

COSETTE

I walked in the garden, I read my books, I made a drawing of a squirrel I saw, I did my piano practice...that's all.

JEAN VALJEAN

Good.

COSETTE

When are we going to go out in the world?

JEAN VALJEAN

We are in the world, my child.

COSETTE

Are we? It doesn't feel like it.

JEAN VALJEAN

Ah, Cosette.

A pause.

COSETTE

What was my mother like?

JEAN VALJEAN

Why this, now?

COSETTE

I had a dream about her last night.
She was walking ahead of me, and I
was trying to catch her up, but I
couldn't. I wanted her to turn
around so I could see her face.
What was she like?

A pause. He doesn't like to talk about FANTINE. It's too painful.

JEAN VALJEAN

When I first knew her...she was
full of life. Very pretty. And...

COSETTE

Go on.

JEAN VALJEAN

It pains me to talk about her.

A pause.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

She was damaged by the world.

Another pause.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

She was damaged by me.

COSETTE

How?

JEAN VALJEAN
Don't make me speak of it.

A pause. He's struggling with his feelings.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
She was one of my workers, and I
dismissed her.

COSETTE
What for?

JEAN VALJEAN
For nothing. For concealing the
truth.

COSETTE
What truth?

JEAN VALJEAN
About you. But what else could she
have done? And after that, she fell
into poverty, she was ill...I tried
to make amends, but it was too
late. She died.

A pause.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Now you see why I want to protect
you. I don't want you to suffer the
way she did.

COSETTE
So you keep me shut up here.

JEAN VALJEAN
No, no.

COSETTE
Yes. Papa, this isn't what we
talked about in the convent. Or did
I misunderstand?

JEAN VALJEAN
You don't know what the world's
like, Cosette.

COSETTE
Yes, you said that before. But I
want to see for myself. Papa, I'm
lonely here. It was better in the
convent! At least I had the other
girls to talk with!

JEAN VALJEAN
All right! All right! I understand!

He struggles to control himself.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Tomorrow we'll go to the Luxembourg
gardens.

She puts her arms round her neck and kisses him.

COSETTE
Thank you, Papa.

But he is full of dread.

4/33 **SCENE OMITTED**

4/33

4/34 **SCENE OMITTED**

4/34

4/35 **EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 54.**

4/35

COSETTE and JEAN VALJEAN walking. JV has smartened himself up a bit in an old fashioned frock coat. She's dressed very demurely and rather unfashionably, her hair hidden by a drab bonnet, but she's taking an eager interest in the fashionable YOUNG MEN and WOMEN parading about and riding in pony-carts.

She and JV are attracting interest too and a little amusement -look at the odd couple! A couple of YOUNG WOMEN whisper to each other and laugh. COSETTE frowns.

Here come MONTPARNASSE and CLAQUESOUS, sauntering along. They're off duty - they do their mugging after dark. MONTPARNASSE is rocking a splendid gold watch chain. (We've seen it before.)

He raises his hat to JEAN VALJEAN.

MONTPARNASSE
Monsieur.

JV gives a suspicious grunt of acknowledgement.

MONTPARNASSE (CONT'D)
Mademoiselle.

He has a mocking smile. They pass on.

COSETTE
Do you know them?

JEAN VALJEAN
I know their type.

They are walking towards a bench, with a young man on it reading a book. It's MARIUS.

JEAN VALJEAN doesn't really notice him - the bench is on COSETTE's side of the path - but he looks up at COSETTE as they come near, and she looks back at him.

He likes what he sees, and she is all of a quiver - she has never been looked at like that by a boy.

They hold the glance, and he stands when they've gone past. She manages to sneak a glance back, and he's still looking.

COSETTE

I need new clothes, Papa. Everyone here looks so smart, Papa.

JEAN VALJEAN

(indulgently)

If you say so.

COSETTE is thrilled - she bursts into a delighted little run along the path and around a deserted bandstand. She looks back laughing at JEAN VALJEAN, he's thinking: what a lovely girl I've brought up...

MARIUS is watching from a little way off. He's captivated too.

4/36

SCENE OMITTED

4/36

4/37

INT. DRESSMAKER'S SHOP. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 54.

4/37

Ornate interior, lots of pink and gold, lots of mirrors. The DRESSMAKER is a woman of the world, well used to wealthy gentlemen buying outfits for their young mistresses.

JEAN VALJEAN sits uncomfortably in a pink velvet armchair.

DRESSMAKER

Now, Monsieur....

JEAN VALJEAN

Fauchelevent.

DRESSMAKER

Monsieur Fauchelevent, it has been such a pleasure for me to dress your young friend.

JEAN VALJEAN

My niece.

DRESSMAKER

Well, yes, your niece, of course she is.

(MORE)

DRESSMAKER (CONT'D)

Quite enchanting - and such a
 lovely figure - it would be a shame
 not to show it off, I'm sure you
 agree with me! I'll just go and see
 if she's ready. Mademoiselle?

She goes into the adjoining room, and comes back leading
 COSETTE, who is of course looking stunning.

And very shy.

DRESSMAKER (CONT'D)

There!

He's in a state of shock. Faced with the fact that his
 COSETTE is a beautiful young woman. He can't speak.

DRESSMAKER (CONT'D)

Turn. See your reflection.
 Exquisite.

And COSETTE thinks so too, shy or not.

COSETTE

Do you like it, Papa?

DRESSMAKER

Papa! That's so charming!

JEAN VALJEAN

I liked you better in your old one.
 But if it pleases you...

DRESSMAKER

Ah! Men! What do they know? So,
 shall we show him the others?

4/38

INT. DRESSMAKER'S SHOP. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 54.

4/38

A succession of shots of COSETTE going behind a screen,
 COSETTE emerging in a sequence of dresses and coats, all very
 becoming, and worryingly sexy. At one point JEAN VALJEAN
 finds himself looking at a reflection in one of the many
 mirrors that shows a view behind the screen - he looks away
 hastily.

JV's face. He's got problems.

4/39

EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 55.

4/39

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE walking, arm in arm. But this time
 we're seeing them from MARIUS's point of view.

He's following them from a distance. Not many people about on
 this path, just an old WAR VETERAN resting on a bench.

She's giving little glances back, she's aware of being followed.

A sudden gust of wind blows leaves down the path, and lifts COSETTE's dress "almost to the height of her garter". She swiftly pushes her dress down, and turns blushing to see if MARIUS has noticed - of course he has!

He turns away and pretends he wasn't looking.

As he passes the WAR VETERAN, the old VETERAN winks.

MARIUS is furious and walks on ignoring him.

Another gust of wind, and something else is getting blown away - a white handkerchief. MARIUS's opportunity!

He catches it as it whirls towards him in the wind.

Her handkerchief!

He raises it to his nose to sniff her heavenly fragrance.

And here she is, hurrying back towards him.

MARIUS
Mademoiselle.

She holds her hand out for the handkerchief.

COSETTE
Thank you.

Instead of handing it to her immediately, he holds it to his face again for a moment. She laughs.

COSETTE (CONT'D)
It's not mine, it's my father's.

MARIUS
Oh.

He's mortified. He holds it out to her.

COSETTE
Thank you again.

In the distance, JEAN VALJEAN is looking back at them, glowering. The sight of a POLICE OFFICER on duty puts JV on edge. COSETTE turns to go.

MARIUS
Wait - what's your name?

COSETTE
Cosette.

MARIUS

Marius - Marius Pontmercy.

He blurts it out like a declaration of love.

COSETTE

Goodbye.

She hurries to catch up with JV, and we go with her.

COSETTE (CONT'D)

There.

She hands him the handkerchief.

JEAN VALJEAN

There was no need to go chasing
after it. Who was that?

COSETTE

I don't know. Just a young man.

JEAN VALJEAN

Hmp.

He glares back suspiciously. MARIUS is sauntering after them, but turns his head as if to admire the scenery. A little later, COSETTE turns and gives him a quick smile.

JV starts to increase his pace a bit.

COSETTE

Papa? What's the hurry?

JEAN VALJEAN

It's turning chilly. Time to be
going home.

He's going faster and faster. MARIUS apparently not hurrying, but he's still there.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

And to tell the truth, I don't care
for the look of that young man.
Why's he following us?

COSETTE

He's just walking in the park,
Papa.

JEAN VALJEAN

I don't like people knowing my
business!

In the shadows, under the trees, a little group of shady characters. MONTPARNASSE and CLAQUESOUS. Three PROSTITUTES. And EPONINE and AZELMA, who are catching the attention of PASSERS-BY and thrusting letters in their hands.

Then EPONINE notices JEAN VALJEAN hustling COSETTE along, and MARIUS following. Her sharp eyes go from one to the other.

4/40

EXT. STREETS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 55.

4/40

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE leave the park, JV hustling COSETTE along, and turn sharp left and then left again.

Now we're with MARIUS, following them. He's quickened up too. But keeping a safe distance.

Back with JV and COSETTE. He glances back, sees MARIUS.

JEAN VALJEAN

Damned, insolent young....

He drags COSETTE down an alley.

Looks back, sees MARIUS at the entrance to the alley. Gives him a terrible look. MARIUS freezes.

MARIUS waits till they've cleared the alley, and then hurries after them.

4/41

EXT. STREETS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 55.

4/41

MARIUS emerges on to a little square, with several streets leading off.

No sign of JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE. They've eluded him.

4/42

EXT. GARDEN. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832.

4/42

DAY 55.

JEAN VALJEAN unlocks the gate and hustles COSETTE through it, shuts it behind them with a sigh of relief.

COSETTE is rubbing her wrist.

JEAN VALJEAN

What's the matter?

COSETTE

My wrist. It's sore. You were holding it so tightly.

JEAN VALJEAN

Forgive me - I had no idea. Here. Let me kiss it better.

COSETTE pulls her wrist away impatiently.

COSETTE

Why did you get into such a state?

JEAN VALJEAN

Come. Let's go in.

4/43 INT. DRAWING ROOM. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. 4/43
DAY 55.

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE. TOUSSAINT is serving them tea.

JEAN VALJEAN

Thank you, Toussaint.

TOUSSAINT goes out. COSETTE is sulking. JV can't bear it. He offers her the plate with cakes on. She shakes her head, turns her face away.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

Cosette. You have to understand that not everyone you meet has your best interests at heart.

COSETTE

But nor is everyone I meet a villain, surely.

JEAN VALJEAN

There are plenty of young men about, pleasant enough in appearance and manner, whose sole aim in life is to debauch young women.

COSETTE

Debauch? What does that mean?

JEAN VALJEAN

To lead them astray.

COSETTE

Well I don't think Marius was that sort.

JEAN VALJEAN

Marius? So you spoke with him, did you?

COSETTE

He told me his name and asked me mine, what's wrong with that?

JEAN VALJEAN

And you told him?

He's angry and alarmed.

COSETTE

Yes.

JEAN VALJEAN
You told him your name?

COSETTE
He didn't mean any harm.

JEAN VALJEAN
What makes you think you know that?
You know nothing of the world!

COSETTE
Because you want to protect me from
knowing anything!

JEAN VALJEAN
I'll tell you one thing: we won't
be going to the Luxembourg Gardens
for a while!

COSETTE
This house is like a prison.

JEAN VALJEAN
You have no idea what a prison is!

She gets up and storms out, slamming the door. We hear
another door slam, off.

JV puts his head in his hands.

4/44 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 55. 4/44

JEAN VALJEAN lurks indecisively outside COSETTE's door.

We can hear her sobbing inside.

JEAN VALJEAN
Cosette.

COSETTE (O.S.)
Go away.

And after a moment, he does.

4/45 EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 56. 4/45

MARIUS waiting in vain for COSETTE.

4/46 INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 56. 4/46

MARIUS comes in, dejected, and throws himself on the bed. The
springs groan mournfully.

We hear a little knock on the wall. And then again, and again.

EPONINE

Psst. Monsieur.

He pulls the blanket over his head.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Psst. Monsieur. What's the matter?
Why so sad? Come to the peephole
and tell me about it.

He ignores her.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Psst. Monsieur. Don't be like that.
Come and talk to me.

MARIUS

Leave me alone, damn you!

EPONINE

Oh, monsieur. That's not nice. I
thought we was friends.

He gets up and storms over to the wall. Scrunches up a wad of paper and jams it into the peephole to block it up.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Monsieur. Monsieur. Don't do that.
I never meant no harm.

Her voice is muffled now.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

I'll do you a dance again if you
like.

MARIUS

I don't want your damned dance. I
just want you to leave me alone.

EPONINE

I know what you really want. I
could help you. Monsieur. Come and
talk to me. Come on. I'll be your
pal.

He can't shut her up. Nothing for it but to slam out of the room, which he does.

COURFEYRAC

Come on. Get that down you. Un,
deux, trois...

MARIUS drains his glass and they all cheer.

COURFEYRAC (CONT'D)

Any better?

MARIUS

Worse, if anything.

COURFEYRAC

Repeat the prescription, ad
infinitum. Does anybody know a
better cure for love?

ENJOLRAS

Revolution. Well, come on! Soldiers
who spilled their blood for France
are living as beggars... Your own
father was banned from entering the
city! And look at the poverty on
the streets, look at the slums,
look at the children starving while
a fat King sits on the throne.
Paris is a tinder box - it'll only
take one spark to set it off.

GRANTAIRE

(clapping MARIUS on the
back)

That's it - put your passion into
the fight for freedom! Then once
the regime has withered away,
equality for all! We can all take
turns with that nice girl of yours!

MARIUS instantly furious.

MARIUS

You dare say that to me?

GRANTAIRE

A joke! I apologise! Truly, I
sympathise! I have felt what you
are feeling now, that despair, that
emptiness, but we must struggle, we
must overcome these feelings!

MARIUS

But how?

COURFEYRAC

We could take him to the Chaumi  re
at Sceaux. The place where all the
lost women can be found! You might
even find yours there!

GRANTAIRE

Excellent idea - we'll all go!

ENJOLRAS

Count me out. I have better things
to do with my time, and so should
you!

MARIUS

Count me out too.

COURFEYRAC

No chance. You're coming if we have
to carry you there! Doctor's
orders! Get a hold of him,
Grantaire!

4/48

INT. LA CHAUMIERE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 56.

4/48

I imagine La Chaumière as a degenerate version of the places that Fantine and her friends visited in Ep 1. This place is where you go for a bit of rough, it's a haunt of LOW-LIVES, WHORES off duty and their PIMPS. Sort of half outside, under trees with lights in them, and half inside, more barn like, darker, more sinister.

PEOPLE are dancing, some quite normally - but one or two COUPLES are indulging in shameless frottage. There are several TRANSVESTITES, but we don't see this immediately.

As our STUDENTS go in, with MARIUS being borne along by his pals, it seems like a sea of smiling WOMEN surges towards them, and they are drawn on to the dance floor. The one that gets MARIUS is a bit old for him, a bit too formidable and experienced. MARIUS almost succumbs to her expert handling, but then he glimpses through the sea of heaving bodies - Cosette! Or is it? He has to find out. He struggles to detach himself.

MARIUS

Please! Mademoiselle! You must
excuse me!

He manages to wriggle free and pursue the supposed Cosette, who is moving away, on her own, seems about to go out. He struggles through the crowd, and catches up to her, touches her arm, and she turns...

And of course it's not Cosette. This GIRL has a knowing, experienced look about her.

MARIUS (CONT'D)

I beg your pardon.

FAUX-COSETTE

You want me? For you, I make a
special price.

When she smiles, she has a couple of teeth missing. MARIUS sees now he has emerged into a nastier, seedier area, thick with PROSTITUTES, their CLIENTS and PIMPS.

MARIUS

No - I'm sorry. I mistook you for someone else.

FAUX-COSETTE

Dommage. Au revoir.

She goes off into the darkness. MARIUS is cut off from his FRIENDS now, deep in the interior of La Chaumière. He finds an alcove, from which he can scope the scene.

We can see his FRIENDS among the DANCERS, and now we can fully register the louche dancing styles, and the SAME-SEX COUPLES, and also see PICKPOCKETS at work, male and female - a slender hand slips into a pocket, comes out with a wallet, the wallet is passed from hand to hand...

MARIUS'S shocked gaze.

But MARIUS is being observed as well. Quite nearby stand a couple of menacing heavies. One gives him a little smile and shows his knife.

MARIUS horrified. Is he being threatened, or is this dandyish thug inviting complicity?

FEMALE VOICE

Psst. Monsieur.

He turns, and there's EPONINE, holding his hand and smiling delightedly.

EPONINE

Who'd have thought to find you here?

MARIUS

You shouldn't be here.

EPONINE

Why not?

MARIUS

You're far too young. This place is full of - degenerates.

She's amused.

EPONINE

Don't worry about me, Monsieur Marius. I know all this lot. I can look after myself.

And she slips off through the crowd.

4/49 **SCENE OMITTED**

4/49

4/50 **INT. CORRIDOR. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT** 4/50
56.

MARIUS nervously negotiating the corridor. He's quite drunk, and not feeling too good. He lets himself in. From behind a neighbour's door we might recognise the voice of MADAME THENARDIER:

MADAME THENARDIER
Get out of here, you good for
nothing whelp!

GAVROCHE
All right, all right, I'm going!

MARIUS draws back as the door opens and a kid of 13 or 14 is shoved out into the corridor. He regains his balance and his self-possession. He's dressed in rags which he wears with style.

GAVROCHE (CONT'D)
All right, monsieur?

He walks jauntily down the corridor past MARIUS. And now MADAME RULLY's door opens.

MADAME RULLY
Everything all right, Monsieur
Pontmercy?

MARIUS
Yes, thank you, Madame. Good night!

And he unlocks the door to his room. She watches him fumble and stumble with disapproval.

4/51 **INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832.** 4/51
NIGHT 56. LATER.

Enough light to see MARIUS sleeping, rather restlessly. We go in on him.

4/52 **EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. PARIS. (MARIUS'S DREAM 1. DAY.)** 4/52

There's something curious about the light. MARIUS is following JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE.

JV is dragging COSETTE along, she's looking desperately back towards MARIUS, who is struggling to catch up, and now crowds of PEOPLE are coming in between - MARIUS has to force his way through them, and now he is catching up. And COSETTE turns, but when she turns, he sees that it's EPONINE...

4/53 **INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. (MARIUS'S DREAM 1. NIGHT.)** 4/53

MARIUS is alone with EPONINE in this shabby and dimly lit room. She is wearing the shabby chemise she wore to do her little dance. And now she's pulling her top aside, exposing one skinny breast.

EPONINE

Kiss it. Go on, you know you want to.

He bends to kiss her breast.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Oh, monsieur.

She exposes her other breast.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Other one. Other one.

He kisses it.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Oh, monsieur.

4/54 **INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 56. LATER.** 4/54

MARIUS wakes up suddenly, all sweaty and panting. He looks around the room. Nothing happened. It was only a dream. But something's wrong. Then he knows what it is. He's had a wet dream - about the wrong girl!

4/54A **INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 57.** 4/54A

JEAN VALJEAN paces nervously outside COSETTE's door.

4/55 **INT. COSETTE'S ROOM. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 57.** 4/55

COSETTE asleep. A heavy knock on the door. She bolts awake.

The door opens and JEAN VALJEAN comes in with a candle.

COSETTE

What is it?

JEAN VALJEAN

Nothing to alarm you. I'm thinking of walking out to watch the sun rise. I thought you might perhaps like to come with me?

COSETTE
To the Luxembourg Gardens?

JEAN VALJEAN
No...

She is cast down again.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Make ready. I'll wait for you.

4/56

EXT. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58 - DAWN.

4/56

Or, not quite dawn, Hugo says: a few constellations still there in the deep, pale heavens, the earth very black, the sky very white, a lark singing high above. The dark mass of the Val-de-Grace standing out against the steel-bright horizon.

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE are standing on the road, watching the clouds turn pink. She's nestled against him, holding his arm. Entranced by the view. He looks down at her tenderly. He's so moved he feels like crying.

COSETTE
What?

JEAN VALJEAN
Nothing. Just that I have missed
our walks together.

COSETTE
So have I.

Let's take our time and watch the sunrise with them.

Then we slowly become aware of a sound - a noise difficult to explain, Hugo says. A mixture of many dull clinking sounds, cart wheels, and slow hoofbeats. JV knows what's coming. He is resolved to tell COSETTE the truth about his past.

Then a dark mass appears. A thing of no recognisable shape, coming towards them.

COSETTE (CONT'D)
Papa. Are those - men?

She clutches his arm more tightly. She's dismayed by the sight.

JEAN VALJEAN
Yes. Those are men.

JV is reliving the misery he went through years ago.

The mass resolves itself into seven horse drawn carts, with CONVICTS chained to the carts and each other, so that they are all dragged along. The carts are so close together that the noses of the horses push against the cart in front of them. GUARDS with cudgels walk beside them, lashing out from time to time, eliciting cries and groans. A few STREET CHILDREN run alongside, taunting the CONVICTS: 'like a cloud of flies on these wounds', Hugo says.

As they come closer, we can see individual faces, thin and skeletal, all but dead. They wear sodden ragged clothes, with exposed patches of flesh, roaring with rage and foaming at the mouth.

Go close in as a cudgel blow lands on a PRISONER's back.

See JEAN VALJEAN wince. He has a doomy, sinking feeling: That's my fate. That's all I deserve.

The noise of the carts louder and louder.

COSETTE

But who are these men?

JEAN VALJEAN

Convicts.

COSETTE

Where are they going?

JEAN VALJEAN

To the prison hulks.

COSETTE

Can they really be men?

JEAN VALJEAN

They are men. Men, like me. Cosette

-

COSETTE

(interrupting)

If I ever crossed paths with one of those men, I think I would die. Just from looking him in the face.

JV shocked and distraught.

The carts are pretty much past by now, and some of the PRISONERS start to sing, in harsh tuneless voices. They are singing a version of 'The Vestal Virgin' by Desaugiers.

This provokes a volley of blows and shouts from the GUARDS, as the procession trundles on into the distance.

4/57 **INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832.** 4/57
DAY 58.

MARIUS's room. He's lying asleep.

We hear a gentle tapping at the door.

He opens his eyes. The door opens and EPONINE comes in. She's dressed in her flimsy chemise and she is barefoot.

EPONINE

Bonjour, Monsieur Marius.

MARIUS

What are you doing here? What do you want?

EPONINE

Brr, it's chilly in here. Can I get in with you?

MARIUS

No!

EPONINE

Only joking.

She wanders about the room, fiddling with things. She poses in front of a mirror, flirting with herself, then wanders to the book case.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

You've got a lot of books.

She pulls one out and opens it.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

I can read, you know!

She reads aloud from the fat volume she's selected:

EPONINE (CONT'D)

"General Bauduin received orders to capture the chateau of Hougoumont, which stands in the middle of the plain of Waterloo..."

She breaks off.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Waterloo! I know about that. My father was there. He was a hero, well he says he was. I can write as well as read, you know. We've had some education, my sister and me. We haven't always been the way we are now. We used to have lovely clothes and everything. All gone!

(MORE)

EPONINE (CONT'D)
Where did it go? Who knows, who
cares?

And she starts to sing a jaunty little song about poverty
(see page 668, but in French).

She finishes with a little flourish, posing for MARIUS.

EPONINE (CONT'D)
You really are very good-looking,
did you know that?

MARIUS looks at her properly. She's terribly gaunt. Dark
circles under her eyes. Her collar bones very prominent. She
looks so unloved and un-looked after. He feels a rush of
tenderness.

EPONINE (CONT'D)
What?

He shakes his head.

EPONINE fishes in her chemise.

EPONINE (CONT'D)
I got a letter for you.

MARIUS
Really. Who from?

EPONINE
My dad.

MARIUS
Give it here.

She wanders across the room and produces it from under her
chemise - a rather grubby letter, sealed with red sealing
wax.

MARIUS sits up and opens the letter.

MARIUS (CONT'D)
Jondrette. Is that your name?

EPONINE
Sometimes it is.

MARIUS
He says your family is starving. Is
that true?

EPONINE
We don't eat very often, monsieur.

MARIUS

He's asking me for money. He must know I haven't got any. I'm practically starving myself.

EPONINE

I told him that. But he said it was worth a try.

MARIUS

When did you last have a proper meal, Eponine?

EPONINE

Um...day before yesterday, I think it was.

MARIUS

Get my purse. There, on the table.

She brings it to him. He opens it and takes out a coin.

MARIUS (CONT'D)

Here. I can spare that much.

EPONINE

You don't have to. He tries it on with everyone.

MARIUS

That's for you, not him.

EPONINE

Thank you.

She drops a little curtsey.

MARIUS

How do you live, Eponine?

EPONINE

What d'you mean? I live like this. Get what I can, how I can. I go out in the evenings, and sometimes I don't come home at night. D'you know what I mean? You know, last winter it was worse. We lived under the bridges, all huddled together so as not to freeze. You know when you haven't eaten it feels all peculiar, you hear things like barrel organs, and when you stand up everything's spinning, spinning...it's very peculiar.

And she looks at him as if unable to express it more fully.

MARIUS opens his purse again. A shining five franc piece and some little coins. He takes out the five franc piece.

MARIUS

Here.

She takes it, amazed and joyful.

EPONINE

Five francs! A shiner! You're a star! Are you sure?

MARIUS

I'm sure.

EPONINE

What a gent!

She takes his face in her hands and kisses him.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Merci, monsieur! Millefois!

She bows theatrically.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Just wait till I tell the old man!
Au revoir, monsieur!

She is going out, stops as she sees a crust of bread on the dresser. She knocks it on the dresser.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

This is too stale for you, can I have it?

MARIUS gestures yes, smiling.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

And she goes, crunching into the crust as she goes.

On MARIUS. His feelings for EPONINE have changed. Before he felt a mixture of guilty lust, irritation, and distaste. Now he feels tender and protective, and fond, like a big brother.

4/58

INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

4/58

Quite large, with lots of protrusions and angles and dark recesses. All filthy and fetid. A fireplace with a cooking pot, a rickety table, a chair with a frayed straw seat. A coloured engraving, torn at the edges, celebrating Napoleon. Two filthy pallets to serve as beds. On one of them sits AZELMA, half naked Hugo says, with bare feet. She looks about 12 but is 15 or 16.

MME THENARDIER is squatting by the fireplace, wearing a chemise and a patched woollen skirt.

THENARDIER sits at the table, laboriously composing a letter. He wears a woman's chemise, ragged trousers and boots with his toes sticking out of them. He has a grey beard now - long, Hugo says, but I would say a scruffy short one.

We go in with EPONINE, who is of course very pleased with herself.

EPONINE

You know what? Monsieur Marius is a gem!

THENARDIER

What d'you get then?

EPONINE

(triumphantly)

Five francs!

She bangs it on the table.

THENARDIER

I knew that letter was a good 'un.

EPONINE

Wasn't your letter that done it. I done it. I told him my tale and he took pity on me. He likes me, Monsieur Marius.

AZELMA

Did he do you then?

EPONINE

No, he's not like that, he's all pure at heart.

THENARDIER

Come here. Come on, come here, there's a good girl.

She comes close and he grabs her wrist.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

What you got in that hand?

EPONINE

Nothing.

THENARDIER

Come on, open up.

MADAME THENARDIER

Show your Pa what you got!

He forces her hand open and takes the coin from her.

EPONINE

That was for me, not you!

He smacks her across the face, and she cries out.

THENARDIER

Thieving whelp!

EPONINE

You're a thieving old bugger, I
hate you!

She goes and sits by AZELMA.

THENARDIER

Any more of that and you'll really
get one.

EPONINE

I'm not scared of you.

He gets up and makes to come for her and she screams in
panic.

4/59

INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832.

4/59

DAY 58.

MARIUS jumps out of bed and rushes to the peephole. What he
sees:

4/60

INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL

4/60

1832. DAY 58.

THENARDIER standing over the cowering EPONINE with his fist
raised. But he relents, and lowers his fist slowly.

THENARDIER

All right! You been a clever girl.
You done well. Just don't get above
yourself. Right. Here we are.

He goes back to the table, reads from another letter.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Charitable benefactor: I send my
daughters to you in the hope,
etcetera, etcetera...get him here,
can you do that? Eponine? Azelma?

AZELMA

The old fellow with the young
daughter?

THENARDIER

That's the one. I have high hopes of him. "As poet to patron, may I thank you in advance and dedicate to you my very next work of art, in the sure and certain hope that you will relieve my poor family's suffering, with my most respectful compliments, I remain yours truly, Genflot, man of letters." That should do it. Well, we can hope. Scum! Scum, the lot of them! Swanning around in golden coaches, what about me, suffering here in squalor?

MADAME THENARDIER

Don't take on, pet, God will look after us.

THENARDIER

Well, he'd better get a bloody move on, that's all I can say. Here you are, Eppy.

She comes over and he gives her the letter.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

And don't come back without an answer!

EPONINE snatches up the coin (her coin) from the table and is out of the door before he can stop her.

4/61

EXT. RUE PLUMET. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

4/61

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE walking, both haunted in different ways by what they've just seen and heard.

COSETTE

Those terrible men. To think of the things they must have done, to be punished so. Why did you take me there? Was it because you were angry with me? Did you want to frighten me?

JEAN VALJEAN

No, Cosette! Please, listen -

A ragged girl runs up to them. It's EPONINE.

EPONINE

Monsieur, mademoiselle.

Paranoid JEAN VALJEAN whirls round.

EPONINE (CONT'D)

My poor father has written you a letter. Please read it, and take pity on us.

JEAN VALJEAN

A letter for me?

EPONINE

Yes, he knows you are a kind man.

We see JEAN VALJEAN react to this.

JEAN VALJEAN

Give me the letter.

She does, and as he's reading it, the two girls look at each other, sort of furtively. COSETTE well wrapped up with her fur hat and her muff, EPONINE in her revealing rags. EPONINE hugs herself, stamps her bare feet and shivers.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

And you have nothing more than this to wear?

EPONINE

No, monsieur. This is it.

JEAN VALJEAN

We'll come. Tell your father we'll be there in half an hour. As it happens, I know the house.

EPONINE

Thank you, sir, you're very kind. Pa will be so happy when I tell him! See you soon!

She drops a curtsey and runs off.

COSETTE

Papa.

JEAN VALJEAN

What?

COSETTE

I don't think we should go.

JEAN VALJEAN

Why not?

COSETTE

That girl - I don't know. I just have a bad feeling about her.

JEAN VALJEAN

Her family needs help, Cosette, and
I can give it. There's nothing to
worry about.

4/62 SCENE OMITTED

4/62

4/63 SCENE OMITTED

4/63

4/64 INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58. 4/64

THENARDIER, MADAME THENARDIER, AZELMA. Suddenly EPONINE runs panting into the apartment.

EPONINE

They're coming!

THENARDIER jumps up.

THENARDIER

Douse the fire, Rosalie!

MADAME THENARDIER takes a cracked jug and pours water on the fire.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

You! Break the window!

AZELMA goes to the window, hesitates.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Go on, put your fist through it!

She closes her eyes and does. The glass shatters, cutting her, and she cries.

4/65 INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58. 4/65

MARIUS hears the window smash and runs over to the peephole.

4/66 INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58. 4/66

MADAME THENARDIER concerned about AZELMA.

MME THENARDIER

(going to her)

Don't cry, Azelma love, you'll only
make your father angry!

THENARDIER

On the contrary, bawl the place down, we want him to see suffering! Get her into bed! God, it's cold in here, he'd better come soon, the old fool, and bring a big fat purse with him! Or we're done for!

4/67

EXT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

4/67

JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE approaching the house. The chained dog is barking.

COSETTE

Papa, I don't like this. I'm sure I've been here before - that awful dog - or did I dream it?

JEAN VALJEAN

Nothing to worry about.

But he looks apprehensive too.

4/68

INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT/MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. 4/68 PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

We hear a tap on the door. EPONINE hurries over and throws the door open.

THENARDIER

(from the shadows)

Ah! Welcome, welcome, sir, to my humble abode! And your charming daughter too! Come on, come in!

And in they come, COSETTE flinching a bit. JEAN VALJEAN carries a parcel under his arm.

Cut to MARIUS, looking through the peephole. He gasps when he sees COSETTE. She's more of a vision of loveliness than ever.

COSETTE takes off her fur hat and puts it on the table. EPONINE sidles up to it, and strokes it furtively. She gets an impulse she can't resist. She puts it on, and glances over to the peephole, then takes it off and replaces it. No one has noticed except MARIUS.

JEAN VALJEAN

Monsieur: in this parcel you'll find some clothes, woollen stockings, and blankets.

THENARDIER

Our angelic benefactor is more than generous. A thousand thanks, kind sir.

(MORE)

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

I wish woollen stockings could pay
the rent. But I thank you with all
my heart.

He approaches them, coming out of the shadows. THENARDIER and VALJEAN look at each other, and recognise each other. Fucking hell!

COSETTE recognises him too.

COSETTE

(whispers)

Papa!

But JEAN VALJEAN takes charge.

JEAN VALJEAN

I see you are greatly to be pitied,
Monsieur....

THENARDIER

Fabantou.

JEAN VALJEAN

Did you not sign your letter with
the name Genflot?

THENARDIER

My name is Genflot-Fabantou,
monsieur.

JEAN VALJEAN

Of course.

THENARDIER

You see, monsieur, all I have to
cover myself is an old chemise of
my wife's. How can I go out like
this? And my wife sick, and my
daughter injured. And six months'
rent in arrears. Sixty francs! If
it's not paid by tonight, we're all
out on the street. Once I was a
respected man, monsieur. A hero of
Waterloo! I owned my own licensed
premises! But one day a man came
and stole my daughter away, and
I've had nothing but bad luck ever
since. If I could meet that man
again, I'd have something to say to
him! Do you know what I'm saying?

He turns to COSETTE, leering.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Ah, mademoiselle, it's such a shame
for such a one as you to be exposed
to such unpleasantness.

JEAN VALJEAN

Here is five francs. That's all I have about me now.

THENARDIER

Five francs...There's people in this city would pay a lot more than that to see you, I'm sure.

JEAN VALJEAN

I'll take my daughter home and return this evening at six o'clock, with sixty francs.

(takes COSETTE by the arm)

Come along.

As they are at the door:

EPONINE

Don't forget your coat, monsieur.

JEAN VALJEAN

I'm not forgetting it. I'm leaving it. It's yours, monsieur.

THENARDIER

My benefactor! Allow me to see you out, monsieur.

He puts the coat on.

4/69

INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832.

4/69

DAY 58.

MARIUS abandons the peephole and rushes out.

4/70

EXT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

4/70

The cab stands outside. THENARDIER assisting JEAN VALJEAN and COSETTE in.

JEAN VALJEAN

At six this evening, then.

THENARDIER

Noble sir! We'll be expecting you!

And the cab goes off.

MARIUS tries to hail another cab, but it goes past without stopping. In despair, he stares after the disappearing cab with COSETTE in it.

4/71 INT. CAB. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

4/71

COSETTE and JEAN VALJEAN.

COSETTE

You're not really going back there?
Not to that man!

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes.

COSETTE

Please, papa! Don't go back. I'm
sorry if it's my fault, for being
upset with you before -

JEAN VALJEAN

Don't worry about me, Cosette. This
is something I have to do.4/72 EXT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

4/72

As he goes in, MARIUS sees THENARDIER in conversation with a couple of VILLAINOUS-LOOKING TYPES outside. We will recognise MONTPARNASSE and CLAQUESOUS.

4/73 INT. CORRIDOR. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58. 4/73

MARIUS meets EPONINE in the corridor.

EPONINE

Ooh, you're in the dumps. What's
the matter?

MARIUS suddenly realises she can help him.

MARIUS

Look - you brought them here,
didn't you? - the old man and the
girl?

EPONINE

That girl you're sweet on? Yes,
what about it?

MARIUS

So you know where they live?

EPONINE

I don't know their actual house,
Monsieur Marius.

MARIUS

Could you find it out for me?

EPONINE

Depends. What do I get?

MARIUS

Anything you want.

EPONINE

Well, anything for you, Monsieur
Marius...but he may not live very
long, the old chap.

MARIUS

What d'you mean?

EPONINE

My Dad's up to no good. Got to go.

She shoots into the Thénardier apartment a second before
THENARDIER comes along the corridor.

THENARDIER

Evening, monsieur. All right? Oh -
if you hear a bit of noise later
on, don't worry. We're having a
little party for a few friends.
Bonsoir, m'sieur.

He goes in, and we go in with him.

4/74 INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT/MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. 4/74
PARIS. APRIL 1832. DAY 58.

THENARDIER

Right! Tonight's the night! If he
thinks he can get away with sixty
francs...he's got millions stashed
away!

He starts pacing up and down.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

We'll put the screws on him and get
the lot. He thinks he can lord it
over us, he's got another think
coming. He's not as clever as he
thinks. He didn't know me! That's
the beard done that. Master of
disguise! You two! Clear out! I
want you out of the way.

EPONINE and AZELMA get up.

MADAME THENARDIER

With that bad hand of hers?

THENARDIER

Fresh air'll do it good.

EPONINE
In bare feet, in the cold?

THENARDIER
You'll have fur-lined boots
tomorrow. Go on, hop it.

And out they go.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Did you recognise him then?

MADAME THENARDIER
Him?

THENARDIER
Him! The one that took the girl.

MADAME THENARDIER
Oh my God. So that horrible fine
young lady that looked at my girls
with pity in her eyes.....?

THENARDIER
Her. Has to be.

MADAME THENARDIER
Ooh, I'd like to give her a good
kick in the guts with my clogs on,
I would!

THENARDIER
Well if she comes back with him you
may, my dear, with my blessing. Got
a couple of pals coming round.
We'll have some fun with them. And
then we'll get his money. All of
it.

MADAME THENARDIER
And then what?

THENARDIER
I think we'll have to do him in, my
dear.

MARIUS, appalled, turns away from the peephole. What's he
going to do? Of course. The police!

MARIUS going up the steps.

4/76 INT. LOBBY. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. 4/76
DAY 58.

A POLICEMAN ushers MARIUS into an inspector's office.

4/77 INT. OFFICE. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. PARIS. APRIL 1832. 4/77
DAY 58.

MARIUS sits opposite an OFFICER with his back turned away.

OFFICER

The Gorbeau tenement, you say?

MARIUS

Yes.

OFFICER

The room at the end of the corridor?

MARIUS

Yes. Do you know the place?

OFFICER

I do.

The officer turns away from the wall - it's JAVERT!

JAVERT

Go home. Hide in your room. Keep watch. Let them carry on for a while. We have to apprehend them while they are in commission of a crime. You say you're a lawyer, you'll understand that.

MARIUS

I'm just a law student, Inspector.

JAVERT

You'll have to do.

MARIUS looks nervous, so JAVERT opens his desk drawer and takes out two pistols.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Take these. When it's gone far enough, fire a shot. In the air. You understand?

MARIUS

Yes.

JAVERT

Are you frightened?

MARIUS
A little nervous.

JAVERT
Everything depends on you. Six
o'clock, you said.

MARIUS
Yes.

JAVERT
Good. Go home now. And good luck.

MARIUS gets up, holds out his hand to shake hands. JAVERT looks at him with contempt. He shuffles out, embarrassed.

4/78 INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT/MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. 4/78
PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.

THENARDIER comes in, wearing JEAN VALJEAN's coat, and lays a heavy chisel on the table.

THENARDIER
All set?

MADAME THENARDIER
All set.

THENARDIER
The mouse-trap's open. The cats are in place. What's the time?

MADAME THENARDIER
Nearly six.

THENARDIER takes the chisel and thrusts its blade into the brazier.

THENARDIER
Warm it up a bit for our guest.

THENARDIER sets some chairs straight. Takes a folding cutthroat razor from his pocket, flicks it open, tests it with his thumb, puts it back in his pocket.

MARIUS cocks his pistol. It makes a sharp click.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
What's that?

He listens for a moment.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Getting nervous. Can't have that.

4/79 **INT. MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.** 4/79

We go back to MARIUS, holding his breath as we hear the sound of church clock chiming six, and carriage wheels outside.

4/80 **EXT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.** 4/80

JEAN VALJEAN arrives in a cab, gets out and goes into the building.

JAVERT and his TEAM (two POLICE and two SOLDIERS) are lurking in the shadows.

4/81 **INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT/MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.** 4/81

Footsteps outside, and a tap on the door.

THENARDIER

This is it.

MADAME THENARDIER opens the door and JEAN VALJEAN comes in. An "air of serenity" about him.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Ah, I knew you wouldn't let us down! God bless you, sir!

JV looks around.

JEAN VALJEAN

Where's the child who was injured?

THENARDIER

Her sister's taken her to the doctor, we thought it best. More expense. Children, they're a hole in your wallet.

JEAN VALJEAN lays four gold coins on the table.

JEAN VALJEAN

That will cover your rent and your immediate needs. But there's more where this came from. Paris isn't the right place for you and your family. You need to move to the countryside. Good work, good food for your family. I could help you with that.

THENARDIER

Very thoughtful of you, monsieur.
 We'll certainly consider your kind
 offer. Have a chair, monsieur. Are
 you interested in paintings?

As he speaks, a MAN with a soot-blackened face slips in through the door and sits cross-legged on the bed.

JEAN VALJEAN

Who's that?

THENARDIER

Just a neighbour. As I was saying,
 if you're interested in art, I have
 a painting I might be induced to
 sell, to the right buyer.

Two more men, MONTPARNASSE and CLAQUESOUS, slip in silently and sit on the other bed.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Just neighbours.

JEAN VALJEAN

Neighbours.

THENARDIER

That's it. Now, monsieur, feast
 your eyes on this!

He takes a square of wood, which was facing the wall, turns it round. It's the old inn sign from the pub at Montfermeil.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

A masterpiece! By my own hand!
 Depicting Sergeant Thénardier, the
 hero of Waterloo! And where is this
 hero now? Here, in this very room!
 Reduced to penury by a cruel world!
 It was I, Thénardier, who saved the
 life of Colonel Pontmercy, and
 never had so much as a word of
 thanks for it!

Cut to MARIUS at the peephole, shocked by this revelation.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

And you're the bastard who stole my
 little girl! Seize him! Tie him
 down, boys!

Three more THUGS come in through the door. MADAME THENARDIER joins in grabbing JEAN VALJEAN by his hair. THENARDIER keeps well back but pulls the chisel from the fire and brandishes it at him. His men get JV down on the table and tie his arms and legs to the legs of the table. He doesn't put up much resistance.

JEAN VALJEAN
So what do you want with me?

THENARDIER
Not that much. I'm a reasonable man. I don't want the lot. Two hundred thousand francs would do it. Come on. I've got a feeling you won't be telling the police about our little meeting. And you wouldn't want no harm coming to your pretty granddaughter, would you? Is that what you call her?

Cut to MARIUS at the peephole, highly alarmed.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
My friend Montparnasse here could slip up behind her in the park and cut her throat as easy as that. It's his speciality. He loves it, don't you, Montparnasse?

MONTPARNASSE
I do, monsieur, I can't deny it. I'd slit yours, too, for two sous.

JEAN VALJEAN
You dare to threaten my Cosette?

He wrenches his arm free. Then the other arm. Then one leg - we see the ropes fray and tear. Then the other. He stands free. They back off warily.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
You miserable scum! You think that anything you could do would impress me? Look!

He pulls the chisel from the brazier - the blade is red hot - and he lays it across his wrist. We can hear it sizzling. No one can watch it without wincing.

He throws it through the window.

4/82

EXT. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.

4/82

JAVERT, outside, sees the weapon smash through the window and silently orders his MEN to bust in.

4/83

INT. THENARDIER APARTMENT/MARIUS'S ROOM. GORBEAU HOUSE. 4/83 PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.

JEAN VALJEAN cornered but fearsome, his burn still smarting.

JEAN VALJEAN
Now do your worst.

MARIUS finally fires the pistol and the police come rushing in.

JAVERT
Throw down your weapons and
surrender!

But the GANG are making desperate efforts to escape - there's a blur of a struggle, after which the minor VILLAINS are in handcuffs, some standing, some lying on the floor with POLICEMEN's knees in their back. JEAN VALJEAN glimpses JAVERT as he makes a swift exit through the broken window.

THENARDIER is cowering in a corner, behind MADAME THENARDIER, who has raised a huge paving stone above her head.

MADAME THENARDIER
Come any closer and I'll bash your
brains out!

JAVERT
I see you're braver than your
husband. Come on then.

He moves confidently towards her. With a roar she throws the paving stone. JAVERT ducks and with a swift move has her arm twisted behind her back. THENARDIER still cowering.

JAVERT (CONT'D)
Cuffs.

Two POLICEMEN swiftly handcuff THENARDIER and MADAME T.

JAVERT (CONT'D)
Now. Where's the other gentleman?

Silence.

He's not in the room. The window gapes wide open.

JAVERT (CONT'D)
Pity. I should dearly have liked to
have a word with him. Nevertheless.
A good haul. Take them away and
lock them up.

GAVROCHE is lurking outside watching as the THENARDIERS and their CRIMINAL ASSOCIATES are loaded into the closed carriage. EPONINE and AZELMA are already in the cart. JAVERT turns and GAVROCHE gets a good look at him.

GAVROCHE
 (softly, to himself)
 Bye, Ma. Bye, Pa. Sweet dreams.

GAVROCHE strolls back into the house as the closed carriage goes off.

THENARDIER, through the bars.

THENARDIER
 You missed the real prize,
 Inspector, what a shame!

JAVERT is left thinking, what does he mean?

4/85 INT. CORRIDOR. GORBEAU HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 4/85
58.

GAVROCHE encounters MARIUS, who is in the doorway of the Thénardier apartment, looking in at the scene of destruction.

GAVROCHE
 Hello. Seen you before. You're the student my sister's sweet on.

He sticks his hand out.

GAVROCHE (CONT'D)
 Gavroche. The son and heir. Reckon they kicked me out just in time. You won't find much to nick here, if that was what you was thinking.

MARIUS
 I'm not a thief.

GAVROCHE
 Ain't you? I am, when I get the chance. If no one else is going to help you, you have to help yourself, don't you?

He's picking up some stuff and bundling it up.

GAVROCHE (CONT'D)
 Well, I'm off.

MARIUS
 Where will you go?

GAVROCHE
 Ah, you don't have to worry about me. I got friends all over the place. So long, Monsieur Marius. Good luck with your sweetheart. Yeah, I know about her too!

And he starts humming a mocking little love song, which continues, louder, as he goes off down the corridor and out of the house. (We could use the one on page 736, but in French.)

4/86 SCENE OMITTED

4/86

4/87 INT. DRAWING ROOM. RUE PLUMET HOUSE. PARIS. APRIL 1832. 4/87
NIGHT 58.

COSETTE at her piano.

Suddenly JEAN VALJEAN crashes in and on to the floor, and we see COSETTE, terror-stricken, run to her father's aid.

4/88 INT. CORRIDOR. JAIL. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.

4/88

JAVERT's footsteps echo as he walks down a dark and dingy corridor, jingling his keys. He opens a cell door.

4/89 INT. CELL. JAIL. APRIL 1832. NIGHT 58.

4/89

The door swings shut. JAVERT is alone with THENARDIER, who is cowering apprehensively on a bench in the corner of the room.

JAVERT

Now, my friend. I hope you're quite comfortable? You and I are going to have a little talk; and you are going to tell me *everything*.

END OF EPISODE FOUR.