

Les Misérables

Episode 1

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Shooting Script

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**LOOKOUT
POINT**

**BBC
STUDIOS**

1/01

EXT. BATTLEFIELD. 19TH JUNE 1815. DAY 1 - DAWN.

1/01

The plain is strewn with bodies. Crows are wheeling above, and pecking at the dead soldiers.

Caption: ***Waterloo. 1815. The day after the battle.***

Close in on bodies, insects crawling on them.

In the half light, what looks like crabs or spiders scuttling amongst the bodies. Then we see it's ragged HUMAN SCAVENGERS, furtive, running bent over, stripping corpses of clothes and valuables.

Further off, indistinct, a BRITISH MILITARY PATROL, with guns. An indecipherable command. A volley of gunshots. One of the "human crabs" cries out and falls.

Now we are close on one scavenger, hearing his hot panting breath. The pockets of his tattered greatcoat are clinking with his loot. He is muttering to himself.

THENARDIER

OK, so far so good, let's see what we can get, rich pickings here. If I don't get shot.

He snatches up an abandoned military jacket and hat and looks fearfully over his shoulder. Scuttles down a slope so that he's out of sight of the patrol.

Here's a long ditch filled with several layers of bodies, men and horses. Bizarrely, an arm sticks up out of the pile, with a gold ring glittering on one finger. The body of a horse is hiding the rest of the man's corpse.

Our scavenger crouches, grabs the corpse's wrist, and pulls off the ring. He remains crouched and panting, like an animal, scanning the horizon. Then the hand grabs the skirt of his coat.

The scavenger (THENARDIER) cries out in terror and turns sharply. The hand relaxes and releases its grip. THENARDIER gasps, then laughs.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Ha! You gave me a fright, mon ami. Come on then. Let's have a look at you.

He pulls on the arm, grunts with the effort, and then the body slides free. An officer, a cuirassier with an armoured breastplate and gold epaulettes. A sabre wound across his forehead. He is wearing a silver cross on his breastplate. THENARDIER wrenches this off, then searches the body. Finds a watch, and pockets it. Finds a purse and pockets that. He starts pulling at the breastplate, and the "corpse" opens his eyes.

PONTMERCY
(feebly)
Thank you.

THENARDIER
You're not dead! You're a lucky
man, mon ami.

PONTMERCY
Who - who won the battle?

THENARDIER
The English, worse luck.

PONTMERCY
So it's all over. Look - look in my
pockets. You'll find a watch and a
purse. Take them, they're yours.

THENARDIER
Much obliged, monsieur.

He goes through the motions.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Nothing there.

PONTMERCY
I must have been robbed. I'm sorry.

We hear a drumbeat, not far off. THENARDIER starts up.

THENARDIER
They're coming. I'm off.

PONTMERCY grabs his coat again.

PONTMERCY
Wait - you saved my life. Who are
you?

THENARDIER
A Frenchman, like you, monsieur. If
they catch me, I'll be shot.

PONTMERCY
Name and rank?

THENARDIER
Thénardier, sir.

And awards himself the rank of:

THENARDIER (CONT'D)
Sergeant.

PONTMERCY

Sergeant Thénardier. I'll remember you. And you remember me. Colonel Pontmercy. If we both survive...you can call on me. I swear it.

He loosens his hold and falls back. And THENARDIER scuttles away. We hear a volley of shots, but he keeps running, veering left and right.

1/02 SCENE OMITTED 1/02

1/03 SCENE OMITTED 1/03

1/04 SCENE OMITTED 1/04

1/05 INT. CELLS. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 2 - DAWN 1/05

Crash! Crash! Crash! Crash!

JEAN VALJEAN wakes with a start as GUARDS come down the aisle banging with their sticks to wake the PRISONERS, groaning in their shackles.

GUARDS

Come on! Rise and shine! On your feet!

We can see the sores on the PRISONERS' legs where the shackles have chafed.

1/05A EXT. PRISON HULK HARBOUR/CITADEL. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 2 - DAWN 1/05A

JEAN VALJEAN and the CONVICTS are led off the ship and into Toulon.

1/06 EXT. STREET. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 2. 1/06

A working party of CONVICTS, shackled together in twos, shuffles down the street. JEAN VALJEAN is in amongst them.

TOWNSPEOPLE turn to look at them. One or two DEVOUT WOMEN cross themselves. The CONVICTS walk with their heads down. They are accompanied by GUARDS with whips, who shove them along, causing one or two to stumble.

A group of RAGGED KIDS, eight to ten years old, are having fun by darting as close as they dare to the CONVICTS. One very daring KID actually manages to get close enough to slap JEAN VALJEAN, who turns such a terrible look on him that the BOY skedaddles off in terror.

One of the GUARDS lands a heavy blow on JEAN VALJEAN's back.
The line shuffles on.

1/07

EXT. QUARRY. PENAL COLONY. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 2. 1/07

A large party of CONVICTS in shackles are breaking rocks with sledgehammers, many working from wooden ladders, chipping at the stones. Supervised by GUARDS below.

They are being watched by three men on horseback: JAVERT; his boss, the SUPERINTENDENT of the prison; and a visiting grandee, a CARDINAL with all the trimmings.

JAVERT

These men are the scum of the earth, your Eminence. The lowest of the low.

CARDINAL

But are we not taught that no man is beyond redemption?

PRISON SUPERINTENDENT

Forgive Javert, your Eminence, but these specimens are the exception that proves the rule. If you spent much time with them you would come to understand that they are practically another species.

CARDINAL

Well, I bow to your superior experience. Tell me: which would you say is the worst of them all?

PRISON SUPERINTENDENT

Javert! His Eminence the Cardinal asks which is the worst of these men.

JAVERT

That one there.

He indicates a strong, rough-looking convict on a ladder, hammering at a loosening boulder. This is JEAN VALJEAN, who senses that he is being watched, and sends a look of implacable hatred in JAVERT's direction.

CARDINAL

A remarkable monster, I agree. What did he do? Is he a murderer? A rapist? A corrupter of innocent children, perhaps?

JAVERT raises an eyebrow at the CARDINAL's notion of evil.

JAVERT

He stole a loaf of bread.

CARDINAL

Is that all? Then why do you -

JAVERT

A crime is a crime, monsieur. Once you go down that path you can never get off it. That one respects nobody and he fears nothing. Nineteen years. Three escapes, recaptured every time. Men like that are the most dangerous of all.

Someone shouts:

MALE VOICE

Look out!

There's a rock fall, clouds of dust, and clatter. JEAN VALJEAN's big boulder has fallen and trapped a GUARD by the leg, the same guy who hit JEAN VALJEAN earlier on.

As the GUARD writhes in pain, JAVERT rushes over, summoning other GUARDS to move the rock. JV climbs slowly down the ladder. With a superhuman effort he heaves up the boulder and rolls it out of the way. With a triumphant glance at JAVERT, JEAN VALJEAN releases the boulder, and turns away.

CARDINAL

Perhaps a brute like that is not entirely irredeemable after all.

JAVERT

I should be careful if I were you, monsieur. That man would kill you just like that, if he got the chance.

JEAN VALJEAN turns and sends a piercing look in his direction.

1/08

INT. CELLS. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1815. NIGHT 2.

1/08

The CONVICTS are chained and shackled, half sitting, half lying, in rows on either side of a long low-ceilinged room a bit like the hull of a ship. Dim, dark, dirty. Barely room to move. All the PRISONERS have shaved heads, some more stubbly than others.

JEAN VALJEAN broods in the dark. He hears a rat squeak and scuttle across the floor before disappearing behind the wooden bunk beside him. He follows the sound, stretches out, straining his chains, and reaches behind the bunk beside him. His fingers find a little hole in the wall.

From outside the hulk, we see him touch the hole and feels the breeze on his fingertips...

Just as JAVERT appears. The GUARD on duty stands up.

JAVERT
Unshackle two four six oh one. I
want a word with him.

GUARD
What for?

JAVERT
None of your business. Hurry up,
get on with it.

JEAN VALJEAN raises his head and glowers stonily at the GUARD. JAVERT's hand is on the pistol holstered to his side.

GUARD
On your feet!

The GUARD unlocks the chain that pins him to the wall and pulls him to his feet. The GUARD jerks on the chain, and hands him over to JAVERT.

JAVERT
Come on.

1/09 **INT. JAVERT'S OFFICE. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1815.** 1/09
NIGHT 2.

Just a partitioned off cubby-hole, really, with a built in bench. A shelf with a couple of well thumbed ledgers. Very claustrophobic - it feels like there is barely room for the two of them.

JAVERT
Well now. Two four six oh one.

JEAN VALJEAN
I have a name.

His voice is rough and hoarse, as if he is not used to using it.

JAVERT
In here, sadly, you do not. What
was all that about, today?

JEAN VALJEAN
What?

JAVERT
Your strong man act. You save a
man's life. Why?

JEAN VALJEAN

No answer.

JAVERT

If you were trying to get yourself an earlier release, you tried in vain. No hope of that. No hope at all. Sorry to disappoint you.

Another pause. JEAN VALJEAN stares stonily back at him.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

What did you hope to achieve by it?

JEAN VALJEAN

No answer.

JAVERT

No answer. They tell me you've taught yourself to read. What for?

No answer.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

No answer. You know you fascinate me, two four six oh one. Some would call your actions sheer dumb animal stupidity, but I think you've set yourself against all authority, all justice, all order, all virtue. I'm right, aren't I?

JEAN VALJEAN

No answer.

JAVERT

No answer. Let me tell you something that might surprise you. I could have been a criminal.

He waits for a reaction, doesn't get one. Just that stony stare.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

I was born in prison. My parents were criminals. Men like us have only two choices: to prey upon society, or to guard it. You chose the former. I chose the latter. I can tell you, if I had chosen to be a criminal, I would have been a much more successful one than you have turned out to be. Anything to say to that?

JEAN VALJEAN looks as if he has a great deal he could say, but he contents himself with:

JEAN VALJEAN

No answer.

JAVERT

No answer. You have twelve months to serve. My guess: you'll be back in here before another year's gone by. And next time, it'll be for life. What's your guess?

JEAN VALJEAN stares him out.

He brings his face very close to VALJEAN's.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Whatever you think, you can never win.

JEAN VALJEAN stares back stonily.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Gambon!

The GUARD appears.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Take him back.

1/10

EXT. THENARDIER'S INN. MONTFERMEIL. JULY 1815. DAY 3.

1/10

A scruffy roadside inn. THENARDIER, in shirtsleeves, is supervising a heavily pregnant woman who is up a set of steps, hanging a new inn sign. This is MADAME THENARDIER.

THENARDIER

Steady...careful....that's it! Well done!

We see the sign hanging: 'AU SERGENT DE WATERLOO'. THENARDIER surveys his work with satisfaction, puffing a bit as if he'd hung it himself. The sign depicts a sergeant carrying a wounded officer on his back. It is crudely effective.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Work of art.

MADAME THENARDIER makes her way down the steps. A few ONLOOKERS are standing round, mostly kids and a couple of sceptical looking men.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

Good day to you! Welcome to the Sergeant of Waterloo! Under new management. Formerly The Sparrow's Nest, we have rechristened our inn to honour one of France's heroes.

(MORE)

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

The gallant Sergeant Thénardier,
who saved the life of Colonel
Pontmercy. And who proudly stands
before you today! Rosalie! My
jacket!

MADAME THENARDIER proudly passes his military jacket and hat.
THENARDIER puts them on. A silver cross glitters on the
jacket.

THENARDIER gestures to the inn sign.

THENARDIER (CONT'D)

You see?

MADAME THENARDIER

That was him, my husband, the hero,
the veritable Sergeant of Waterloo
himself! I'm so proud of him!

She snuggles up to him and he gives her a smacking kiss.

THENARDIER

My lovely wife.

MADAME THENARDIER

My Samson. My Achilles. I don't
mind telling you, gentlemen, I
adore him. I'm even a little bit in
awe of him.

He indicates the cross on his jacket.

THENARDIER

Légion d'Honneur. Awarded by
Napoleon himself. You're a brave
man, Thénardier, he said. I salute
you. And Colonel Pontmercy? I owe
you my life, Sergeant, he said.
I'll never forget this. Wherever he
is now, he'll never forget the
sergeant who saved his life.

1/11

EXT. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. JULY 1815. DAY 3.

1/11

Paris. A city defeated. Destitute VETERANS and starving
CHILDREN beg, a POLICEMAN roughly manhandles a MAN in the
street. The Tricolore comes down as Bourbon fleur de lys
flags are raised. PONTMERCY approaches a fine house in the
Marais. He should look a little shabby and down at heel, but
he carries himself with military dignity. He still has a
sabre scar across his brow.

He knocks on the door and an elderly MALE SERVANT receives
him.

PONTMERCY
Colonel Baron Pontmercy, to see
Monsieur Gillenormand.

1/12 INT. RECEPTION. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. JULY 1815. 1/12
DAY 3.

PONTMERCY stands about, looking at the portraits of generations of Gillenormands. We hear off:

GILLENORMAND (O.S.)
Pontmercy? Is he still alive? I
thought we were rid of him! What?
Oh, I'll see him all right, I'll
send him away with a flea in his
ear!

The door is flung open, and in comes a skinny old man dressed like a dandy from a previous age: wig, powder, knee breeches, buckle shoes, the lot.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
You dare to come here?

PONTMERCY
Good day, father in law.

GILLENORMAND
Don't you bring that up with me,
sir! I rue the day my poor daughter
ever set eyes on you. And now the
poor girl is dead, I thank God I
need never see you again. And yet
here you are!

PONTMERCY
I was hoping, sir, that we might
make up our differences.

GILLENORMAND
Were you? Were you? I marvel at
your insolence. Make up our
differences? You gave up all hope
of that when you allied your
fortunes with that Corsican brigand
Bonaparte!

PONTMERCY
I fought for France, sir! And
Napoleon was a great man. And he
still has my allegiance.

GILLENORMAND
Better not say that too loud, young
man. France has a king again, thank
God. It's your lot they're
stringing up from lamp posts now!
(MORE)

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)

How do you like that, now the boot's on the other foot? You're getting a taste of your own medicine now!

PONTMERCY

I never supported the excesses of the Terror, you know that.

GILLENORMAND turns away, chuntering to himself on autopilot.

GILLENORMAND

Bonapartist scum. You're a disgrace to your class!

PONTMERCY makes an effort.

PONTMERCY

Sir. I can see that you and I may never be reconciled. But will you at least let me spend some time with my little boy?

GILLENORMAND

Never! You will never set eyes on him! And I promise you this - if you break my prohibition, I'll disinherit him! All right? Understood?

PONTMERCY

Sir, I beg you, for Marius's sake, if not for mine. Reconsider.

GILLENORMAND

Reconsider? Never! He will be brought up to curse your very name, Pontmercy! Now leave my house! Go on! Get out! Get out!

1/13

EXT. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. JULY 1815. DAY 3.

1/13

PONTMERCY going away. Stops, turns, and looks up at the windows. There, on the second floor, a LITTLE BOY at the window looking down.

Then he disappears, as though pulled away from the window.

PONTMERCY is just walking sadly away, when a middle aged servant, NICOLETTE, runs and catches his sleeve.

NICOLETTE

Monsieur!

PONTMERCY turns.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

I take the child to church every Sunday at ten. You can see him there.

PONTMERCY

Thank you - which church?

She's already scuttling away as though terrified of being seen, but she has time to hiss:

NICOLETTE

St Sulpice!

PONTMERCY

(to himself)

St Sulpice.

He walks on. Coming towards him three young women walking three abreast. FAVORITE, ZEPHINE, and FANTINE. They are all in high spirits. Working class girls, seamstresses. FANTINE is the youngest, treated as a pet by the others. She's fair and ravishingly pretty.

FAVORITE

No, Fantine, you can't, you're too young, we won't let you!

FANTINE

But if I'm old enough to work with you?

ZEPHINE

Oh, let her come!

They've come level with PONTMERCY.

FAVORITE

Bonjour, monsieur!

She flashes him her best smile.

PONTMERCY

(amused)

Bonjour, mademoiselle.

They pass on. He can't help feeling cheerful. And at least he can see MARIUS in church.

Now we're with the girls again.

FANTINE

So what do you say? Favorite?

FAVORITE

Well...I suppose...

FANTINE lets out a squeak of excitement and hugs FAVORITE.

1/14 INT. DRAWING ROOM. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. JULY 1815. 1/14
DAY 3.

Old GILLENORMAND is looking down at the GIRLS from his first floor window. He lets out something between a sigh and a groan.

GILLENORMAND
Enchanting creatures. My God, that
little one....if only I
were...Nicolette! Nicolette!

He goes over to the bell and rings it vigorously.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
Nicolette!

He hurries back to the window and cranes to get a last view of the GIRLS. The servant, NICOLETTE, arrives a little out of breath.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
Come here.

NICOLETTE
Oh, monsieur, not now, I have my
work to do.

GILLENORMAND
Come here, I say!

He pulls her to him, his front to her back, pressing against her and fondling her breasts.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
Nature is an imperious mistress,
and her call can never be denied!

NICOLETTE
May I say, monsieur...

GILLENORMAND
Anything you like, anything you
like.

He's nuzzling the back of her neck.

NICOLETTE
You're too harsh on the poor
colonel. He should see his son.

GILLENORMAND
Never, while I'm alive. Ha! You
feel that? Stiff as a poker!
Seventy five years old! What a man!

He starts pulling up her skirts.

NICOLETTE

(resigned)

Not in front of the window,
monsieur, everyone will see.

GILLENORMAND

Let them see! Let them watch and
marvel! No, perhaps you're right.
Over there. Lean over the chaise.
Quick, quick! We must strike while
the iron is hot!

1/15 **EXT. STREET. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 3.**

1/15

The CHAIN GANG on the march again, in a rough area, going
past a jeering CROWD. JAVERT looking on.

JEAN VALJEAN impervious, even when a WOMAN spits on him. He
stares straight ahead, plods on, strong, unbreakable. The
YOUNG GUY shackled to him is in a bad way, wheezing and
coughing. The shackles are digging deep into his ankles,
opening up his sores. At one point, he stumbles and almost
falls. He can't stop, though, because JEAN VALJEAN is
dragging him on, impervious to his troubles.

1/16 **EXT. QUARRY. PENAL COLONY. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 3.**

1/16

JEAN VALJEAN and other CONVICTS breaking rocks. JAVERT on
horseback, alone, this time. The GUARDS move up and down the
line with their whips.

GUARD

You! This isn't a holiday! Work
harder! Put your back into it!

He's picking on the YOUNG GUY, more slightly built than most,
who is almost fainting with the effort.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Come on, what's the matter with
you? I said put your back into it!

He lashes the YOUNG GUY with his whip. It's too much for the
YOUNG GUY. He turns, wrestles the whip away from the GUARD,
and lashes the GUARD across the face with it. The GUARD
screams with pain and anger. Two other GUARDS run over and
pile on to the YOUNG GUY.

On JEAN VALJEAN. Will he intervene? JAVERT is interested. But
JEAN VALJEAN turns his face away from the struggle, looks
straight at JAVERT, stony-faced. JAVERT smiles.

1/17 **EXT. YARD. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1815. DAY 3.**

1/17

The PRISONERS are lined up, shackled together.

GUARDS

Come on, come on! Move up, shuffle
up! Front row, on your knees! On
your knees and kneel up straight!
No talking! Silence!

When they're all set, the YOUNG GUY who attacked the GUARD is dragged on, and tied to a post. He is already badly beaten up, and can barely stand on his own.

JAVERT

Firing squad!

Six GUARDS with guns march into place.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Discipline must be maintained.
Otherwise, civilisation would
collapse. I am sure you all
understand this.

He says that quite quietly, almost conversationally.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Present arms! Take aim! Fire!

A volley of shots, and bullets rip into the YOUNG GUY, who slumps against the pole.

Silence. Nobody moves. JAVERT is looking at JEAN VALJEAN with interest. But JEAN VALJEAN gives nothing away.

Then we hear a three piece band playing a waltz, and we cut to:

1/18

EXT. INN. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. JULY 1815. NIGHT 4.

1/18

Tables outside under trees, PEOPLE are drinking and dancing - it's a popular place, WORKING CLASS PEOPLE in their best togs having a good time.

Our three seamstresses are at a table, laughing. We open close on FANTINE, her first time here, excited to be out with the older girls. She's so pretty, so eager, she feels her grown up life is just about to start. On the other side of the dancers, a table of UPPER CLASS YOUNG MEN. They are showing interest, trying to catch the girls' eyes.

At the girls' table:

FAVORITE

Rich boys. On the hunt.

ZEPHINE

Just like us!

FAVORITE

Look at Baldy there, in the blue.
He looks as if he wants to eat you,
Fantine!

FANTINE

I think he looks nice.

ZEPHINE

Oh, Baldy, it's your lucky night
tonight!

Now we're with the men. FELIX THOLOMYES is the one with receding hair, 30 years old, a perpetual student, dandyish, the leader of the group. His friends are FAMEUIL and BLACHEVELLE.

FELIX

What do you say, then, gentlemen?
Will they do?

FAMEUIL

I'd say they're ripe for plucking.

BLACHEVELLE

One or two of them have been
plucked before, I'd say. I like a
girl who knows her way around a
man.

FELIX

Then I stake my claim to the little
brunette. She's ravishing.

FAMEUIL

What if she prefers one of us?

FELIX

To me? Impossible. I am serious,
gentlemen. Keep off the grass.
She's mine.

But they don't make any move. They continue to look at the GIRLS, talking - we're observing them from a distance, between the DANCERS, and we're observing the GIRLS too, reacting - courtship displays.

Over at the girls' table, FAVORITE is getting impatient.

FAVORITE

Men. You could wait for ever. Come
on, Fantine.

She takes FANTINE's hand and drags her into the dance. They dance their way round till they're by the men's table, FAVORITE flashing her eyes everywhere except at the chaps at the table, FANTINE eyes down, very demure and sweet.

At the opportune moment, FELIX springs rather gracefully to his feet.

FELIX

No, no, no! I'm afraid we can't permit you to dance without partners. Felix Tholomyès, at your service. My friend Blachevelle. May we intervene?

FAVORITE

Thought you'd never ask, monsieur.

She's about to take him, but he adroitly passes her to BLACHEVELLE, and takes FANTINE's hand.

FELIX

May I ask your name, mademoiselle?

FANTINE

Fantine, monsieur.

And they join the other DANCERS. We follow them for a bit. FELIX is a good dancer, she's shy, but she loves the attention, and he's looking at her with tender admiration. FAMEUIL saunters over and claims ZEPHINE, so now they're all dancing.

The tempo of the music changes into something jolly like a polka, so they're all enjoying themselves, laughing, getting out of breath, whirling round....

1/19

EXT. INN. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. JULY 1815. NIGHT 4.

1/19

Later. The STUDENTS and the GIRLS together at one big table, laughing and drinking, the men toasting the girls.

BLACHEVELLE

To the beautiful girls of Paris!

FAMEUIL

To fine wine and fine women!

FELIX

To Mademoiselle Fantine, the loveliest and sweetest girl I ever saw.

He takes her hand, turns it over, and kisses her palm, looking deep into her eyes. She is thrilled to bits.

1/20

INT. DRESSMAKER'S WORKSHOP. PARIS. JULY 1815. DAY 5.

1/20

FANTINE, FAVORITE, ZEPHINE at work, hand-stitching fine garments. A number of OLDER WOMEN in the background, at the same job. It's a real sweatshop.

Dirty, overcrowded, the WOMEN look harassed and overworked - our beauties from the dance last night look quite different today in their work clothes.

ZEPHINE

So...are we going again next week?
So long as it's understood they pay
for everything, and take us there
and home again. Why not? Fantine?

FANTINE

Oh, yes! Of course!

ZEPHINE

Look at her! She's in love with him
already!

FANTINE

No, I'm not.

But she's pleased to be teased.

FAVORITE

Come here, pet.

She speaks to FANTINE quietly and seriously.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

You have to remember they're not
serious, these types. They're just
amusing themselves. They come to
Paris to learn how to be fine
gentlemen, and then they go home
and marry the girl their father
chose for them.

FANTINE

Maybe it's not always like that.

FAVORITE

Yes it is, it's always like that!

She says it so fiercely, we understand she was in FANTINE's shoes once.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

We're not like them, we're not
ladies, we're grisettes, we don't
matter, no one cares what becomes
of us. The ground we walk on, it's
not solid ground, Fantine, we could
fall through any time, we'd be down
in the gutter, and no one would
care. Plenty more where we come
from.

FANTINE

But why should it be like that?

FAVORITE
Because it is.

FANTINE
Maybe for you, maybe not for me.

FAVORITE
You think you're so special?

FANTINE does think she's special. She knows she's a beauty, she's been told it often enough.

FANTINE
Felix thinks I am.

A stern looking middle-aged woman SUPERVISOR comes in with a silk dress over her arm, and marches up to FANTINE.

SUPERVISOR
This won't do. See? The seam's crooked. Unpick it and do it again.

She dumps it in FANTINE's lap and marches out. We stay with FANTINE, while the work goes on around her. She's brought down to earth, but she's thinking: "I'm gonna get out of this place. I'm special."

1/21 **EXT. RIVER. JULY 1815. DAY 6.**

1/21

An idyllic scene: CHAPS in rowing boats with their pretty GIRLFRIENDS lolling in the back trailing their pretty fingers in the water - PEOPLE bathing, PEOPLE picnicking on the banks, it's like something out of Renoir or Seurat. Our little student gang are there, each with his *grisette*.

FELIX of course has FANTINE in his boat. He's not rowing very hard.

FANTINE
Come on, Felix, we're getting left behind.

FELIX
I don't care. I just want to look at you.

FANTINE
Do I look very nice then?

FELIX
You look like an angel. You are an angel.

FANTINE
Favorite says I shouldn't believe a single word you say.

FELIX

Of course she wants to protect you, she's a good friend. But she has no need to worry, Fantine. I would never deceive you, or do you any harm. You know you are the one with the power in this situation. I'm utterly at your mercy.

He seems intensely sincere. She gives a little nervous laugh.

FANTINE

I don't believe you.

FELIX

Let me prove it.

FANTINE

(smiling)

How are you going to prove it?

FELIX

You will see.

The boat is drifting towards the bank of a less populated part, with shady nooks, etc.

1/22

EXT. SHADY NOOK. JULY 1815. DAY 6.

1/22

The boat is moored by the bank, and FELIX is laying a blanket in a nice secluded shady spot.

FELIX

Come.

He takes her hand and helps her on to the blanket.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Fantine, I want to be completely honest with you. Before I met you, I sought nothing but my own selfish pleasures. Now I want to dedicate my life to you. I am a poet, and hope to be famous one day. You will be my muse. One day the world will know and wonder at the words I will write for you. Think of that. Long after we are laid to rest, lovers will whisper to each other the verses that speak the love of Felix and Fantine.

FANTINE

I don't like thinking about being dead.

FELIX
Nor should you. Nor should you.
Think of life. Think of love.

FANTINE
Do you really love me, Felix?

FELIX
I loved you the first moment I set
eyes on you. I thank God for
putting you in my way. Lovely
creature.

He's stroking her hair.

FELIX (CONT'D)
I wonder if you know how I'm
suffering. Are you going to be
merciful, Fantine? Are you going to
have pity for me?

FANTINE
I don't want you to be sad.

FELIX
Then...?

FANTINE
You promise you'll be good to me?

FELIX
On my life.

FANTINE
(whispers)
All right then.

And they kiss, and he draws her down on the blanket.

1/23 **INT. DINING ROOM. GILLENORMAND HOUSE. PARIS. JULY 1815. 1/23**
NIGHT 6.

LITTLE MARIUS (4) is sitting up at the table in his high chair with old GILLENORMAND. As old GILLENORMAND is still living in the C18 with his powdered wig and old fashioned clothes, it would be nice if LITTLE MARIUS is dressed like one of those kids in Chardin paintings.

GILLENORMAND is drinking wine, and LITTLE MARIUS has his cup of whatever. NICOLETTE stands by, long-suffering.

GILLENORMAND
Napoleon was a scoundrel! What was
he?

LITTLE MARIUS
Scoundrel.

(Any attempt will do.)

GILLENORMAND

Very good! Clever boy! Yes! A little jumped up corporal who had the effrontery to call himself Emperor! What did he call himself?

LITTLE MARIUS

Emperor.

GILLENORMAND

Emperor, indeed. Think of that. Called himself Emperor; nothing but a scoundrel. Drink up!

He has a good swig himself, and motions to NICOLETTE to refill his glass, which she does.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)

And your Papa, I am sorry to say, is a scoundrel too!

NICOLETTE gives him a look.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that, I speak the truth! A traitor to his class! And that is why he will never be welcome at this table! He should be rotting in prison, or in exile, like his master! It is an outrage that he is free to walk the streets! And you know he had the effrontery to come here, and ask to be received! Scoundrel!

LITTLE MARIUS

Scoundrel.

GILLENORMAND

Quite right, good boy. Drink up! Here's to the King! To order restored. Now everyone knows their place again.

LITTLE MARIUS

The King!

GILLENORMAND

Good boy! You know, Marius it gives me no pleasure to speak of your father in these terms. A boy should be able to respect his father. Never mind: your grandpapa is here to show you the right path in life. All done? Good boy. Take him away, Nicolette.

(MORE)

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
And no more of those sullen looks,
or you'll feel the back of my hand!

NICOLETTE lifts him out of his high chair, and starts to lead him off.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
Wait! Come and give your Grandpapa
a kiss.

He bends down and indicates his cheek and the little boy gives him a kiss.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
That's a good boy. Good night.
Sleep tight. Mind the fleas don't
bite. You'll be taking him to
church in the morning?

NICOLETTE
Yes, monsieur.

GILLENORMAND
All right, off you go.

NICOLETTE leads LITTLE MARIUS away. GILLENORMAND reaches for the decanter.

GILLENORMAND (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Damned Napoleonist scoundrel.

1/24 **INT. ST SULPICE CHURCH. PARIS. JULY 1815. DAY 7.** 1/24

Some fine singing going on: it's a choral mass. We start on LITTLE MARIUS in the care of NICOLETTE.

PONTMERCY is there too, on his own; but with an old man, MONSIEUR MABEUF, sitting nearby.

PONTMERCY scans the congregation. Then he sees NICOLETTE. She gives him a little look of recognition, then makes sure LITTLE MARIUS is situated so that his father can get a proper look at him.

MABEUF catches sight of PONTMERCY looking at his son.

The music will express some of PONTMERCY's yearning to be close to his son; he's so near, and so far away.

1/25 **INT. CELLS. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1816. DAY 8.** 1/25

Crash! Crash! Crash! GUARDS waking PRISONERS once again.

Caption: *One year later.*

JEAN VALJEAN is staring into the face of a GUARD.

GUARD
On your feet! No, not you! You!

1/26 INT. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1816. DAY 8. 1/26

JEAN VALJEAN being hustled along.

1/27 INT. RELEASE ROOM. PRISON HULK. TOULON. JULY 1816. DAY 8. 1/27

JEAN VALJEAN stands in the middle of the room. GUARDS surround him. His ankles are shackled together, and his arms are shackled behind his back.

JAVERT is observing him.

JAVERT
(quietly)
Unshackle him.

The GUARDS unlock the shackles and drag the chains away.

GUARD
Take off your things.

Slowly JEAN VALJEAN takes off his red jacket, steps out of his trousers, unbuttons his rough shirt, and stands naked except for his drawers.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Trousers. Shirt. Jacket. Cap.
Shoes. Put them on.

The shirt and jacket are yellow ochre in colour, the trousers blue. JV starts putting them on.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Come on, hurry up! What's the matter with you? Don't you want to leave us?

JEAN VALJEAN
What about my savings? One hundred and seventy one francs.

JAVERT
(softly)
One hundred and nine.

JEAN VALJEAN
One hundred and seventy one! I kept a record in my head!

JAVERT

(softly)

A common error. The prisoner calculated the sum from the number of days of imprisonment, not the number of working days. After deductions for days not worked, that is to say Sundays and public holidays, and contributions to the annual Christmas dinner, the sum comes to one hundred and nine francs. Spend it wisely.

He hands a purse to the GUARD, who hands it to JEAN VALJEAN.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Here is your passport. You are required to show it to the authorities in every town or village you pass through. You have your name again, Monsieur two four six oh one. I wonder if you can remember what it is.

JEAN VALJEAN

Jean Valjean.

His voice is hoarse and throaty.

JAVERT

Quite sure of that?

JEAN VALJEAN

(roars)

Jean Valjean!

1/28 **SCENE OMITTED**

1/28

1/29 **EXT. DISTILLERY. GRASSE. JULY 1816. DAY 9.**

1/29

JEAN VALJEAN walking down a country road. He has a knapsack on his back, and his cap pulled down well over his eyes.

Ahead is a big cart loaded with bales. A few MEN unloading the bales under the direction of a FOREMAN.

FOREMAN

Come on! Come on!

JEAN VALJEAN approaches.

JEAN VALJEAN

Need another man?

FOREMAN

All right. You look strong enough.
Get to it.

1/30 **EXT. DISTILLERY. GRASSE. JULY 1816. DAY 9. LATER.** 1/30

JEAN VALJEAN has his jacket off, most of the bales are off the cart, he's handling the heavy loads with ease.

A GENDARME arrives, goes over to the FOREMAN and they talk.

FOREMAN

You. Over here. Papers.

JEAN VALJEAN produces his yellow passport. The GENDARME looks the documents over and hands them back.

JEAN VALJEAN goes back to his work.

1/31 **EXT. DISTILLERY. GRASSE. JULY 1816. DAY 9. LATER.** 1/31

The FOREMAN is sitting at a trestle table, while the MEN queue to collect their pay.

When it comes to JEAN VALJEAN's turn, the FOREMAN puts a few coins in his hand.

JEAN VALJEAN

Five more. The rate's thirty sous.
This is twenty five.

FOREMAN

Twenty five's enough for you.

The GENDARME is standing by. This gives the FOREMAN courage.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You want to go back where you came from? Take your wages and go.

JEAN VALJEAN hesitates another second, gives the FOREMAN a baleful look - will he do something violent? - but then he takes the money and walks away.

1/32 **EXT. NARROW ALLEY. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 10.** 1/32

Noisy, slummy, sewage running down gutters, everyone looks poor and deprived, as FELIX walks briskly along, holding a handkerchief to his nose.

A LEGLESS BEGGAR on a little cart reaches out to him. FELIX brushes him off with an expression of disgust, then as an afterthought tosses him a coin.

Flicking real or imaginary dirt off his splendid trousers, FELIX turns into a courtyard on the left.

1/33 **EXT. COURTYARD. FANTINE'S BLOCK. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 10.** 1/33

Quite idyllic in a run down sort of way - lots of little rooms and apartments opening on to this courtyard. FELIX looks up towards one that has a bird cage in the window, and smiles. He goes in.

1/34 **INT. FOYER. FANTINE'S BLOCK. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 10.** 1/34

A toothless crone with a wooden leg, the CONCIERGE, sits in the entry. We might notice a BABY by her side, in a makeshift crib - an old orange box.

CONCIERGE

Ah, monsieur, good evening, she will be happy to see you, in your magnificent trousers.

He gives her a coin and goes upstairs.

1/35 **INT. LOVE NEST. FANTINE'S BLOCK. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 10.** 1/35

FANTINE opens the door to FELIX and pulls him in eagerly, covering his face with kisses.

FELIX

All right, all right, steady on!

FANTINE

Well I've missed you.

FELIX

Oh, my darling, have you? So many calls upon my time. Never mind, I'm here now. In our little paradise.

FANTINE

Are you hungry, or shall we...?

FELIX

(smiling)
The latter, I think.

1/36 **INT. LOVE NEST. FANTINE'S BLOCK. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 10. LATER.** 1/36

FELIX and FANTINE, post-coital.

FELIX sighs.

FANTINE

What is it, Felix? You're not yourself today.

FELIX

Ah, you know me. I get these silly fancies.

FANTINE

What sort of fancies?

FELIX

That one day I'll come round and you'll tell me it's all over, you've found a new lover.

FANTINE

I love *you*, silly.

FELIX

But you're far too beautiful for me.

FANTINE

Are you fishing for compliments? Well here's one: I think you're very handsome. So there.

FELIX

Perhaps I was handsome, once. Ah, Fantine, I was past my prime before I ever saw you. Isn't that a melancholy thought?

FANTINE

I think you talk a lot of nonsense.

FELIX

But we've had fun, haven't we? I wouldn't harbour any grudges if you abandoned me now for a younger lover.

FANTINE

I'll never abandon you. You're the love of my life. So you can stop worrying.

FELIX

You say that now. Tomorrow, who knows? But I'll never hold it against you, never. I know youth must have its day.

FANTINE

I wish you'd stop talking like that. I don't like it.

FELIX

All right. Change of subject.
Listen: my friends and I have
arranged a surprise for you, and
your friends. Next Sunday. A
special outing. All day.

FANTINE

All day? Oh, you're so good to us!

She kisses him affectionately.

1/37

INT. INN. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. JULY 1816. NIGHT 10.

1/37

FELIX and his FRIENDS.

BLACHEVELLE

Did you tell her?

FELIX

About the outing? Of course I did.
She's beside herself with
excitement. Matter of fact I'm
keenly looking forward to it
myself. We've been spending too
much time cooped up indoors.

FAMEUIL

With a little bird like that in
your cage, who could blame you?

BLACHEVELLE

And what about the rest of it?

FELIX

D'you know, I feel quite melancholy
thinking about it.

BLACHEVELLE

You didn't tell her?

FELIX

No, of course I didn't tell her. I,
ah, I did try to prepare her for
it, as best I could.

FAMEUIL

To what effect?

FELIX

Hm. Not sure. Ah, to hell with it.
Let's have another bottle.

1/38 **INT. DRESSMAKER'S WORKSHOP. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 11.** 1/38

FANTINE has dressed up for this visit to be admired by her mates. And they are checking her out, feeling the material.

ZEPHINE

That's a lovely bit of satin. Can't say he's not good to her, can you?

FANTINE preening.

FAVORITE

So how does it suit you, being a kept woman?

FANTINE

It suits me very well, thank you. Felix is so good to me.

FAVORITE

Make the most of it.

FANTINE

I do. So are we all going on this picnic on Sunday?

ZEPHINE

I should say! The old gang together again!

The SUPERVISOR comes in.

SUPERVISOR

Come on, back to work, this isn't a tea party! And good day to you, Miss, thought you'd be too grand for the likes of us now!

FANTINE

Not at all. I may even give you my custom one of these days. Bye, girls! See you Sunday!

And off she goes.

1/39 **EXT. DIGNE. JULY 1816. DAY 11.** 1/39

JEAN VALJEAN walks into town, uphill up a narrow street. PEOPLE are keeping away from him, gossiping about him in doorways.

He is followed at a safe distance by a little group of CHILDREN.

They watch him stop and drink deeply from the fountain in the market place. Quite a little CROWD has gathered, looking sullen and hostile.

JV turns and stares at them for a few moments, then crosses to the inn on the other side of the square.

1/40 **SCENE OMITTED** 1/40

1/41 **INT. INN. DIGNE. JULY 1816. DAY 11 - DUSK.** 1/41

JEAN VALJEAN enters. The bar is half full, people eating and drinking. They turn and stare at JV. He sits down at a vacant table. The INNKEEPER comes over.

INNKEEPER
Bonsoir, monsieur.

JEAN VALJEAN
I want a plate of food and a bed
for the night. And a bottle of
wine.

INNKEEPER
Can you pay?

JEAN VALJEAN
Yes.

He produces his purse and shakes it so we hear the coins chink.

INNKEEPER
Fair enough.

A BOY runs in with a note, and gives it to the INNKEEPER, who reads it and turns back to JEAN VALJEAN.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)
Sorry, I can't serve you.

JEAN VALJEAN
Why not? This is an inn. What are
you for?

INNKEEPER
I don't want any trouble, monsieur.
Just be on your way.

JEAN VALJEAN
I ask you again, why?

INNKEEPER
This note says you are a danger to
the public. I have my customers to
think of. All right? Now be off
with you before I call for the
police.

JEAN VALJEAN
Where am I to go?

INNKEEPER
I don't care where you go. Anywhere
but here.

After a long pause, JV gets up and goes out.

1/42 **EXT. DIGNE. JULY 1816. DAY 11 - DUSK.** 1/42

JEAN VALJEAN walking up the street, a small CROWD following him at a distance. All the way up the street, PEOPLE are banging their doors shut and closing their windows.

JV turns and goes up a narrow alley leading out of town.

The CROWD slowly melts away.

One NAUGHTY BOY throws a stone, and is pulled away by his MOTHER.

1/43 **SCENE OMITTED** 1/43

1/44 **EXT/INT. KENNEL. DIGNE. JULY 1816. DAY 11 - DUSK.** 1/44

Just enough light to see JEAN VALJEAN stealthily enter a yard where there's a small hut (actually a large kennel). JV crawls in - there's just enough room for him to curl up and compose himself to sleep.

As soon as he shuts his eyes, he's startled awake by a low rumbling growl. A huge mastiff is claiming ownership of the kennel.

JEAN VALJEAN
Ah, god. All right, all right.

1/45 **EXT. DIGNE. JULY 1816. NIGHT 11.** 1/45

At the top of the street there's another square, with a church. JEAN VALJEAN limps into the empty square, stands looking at the church, and shakes his fist at it.

There's a bench outside, and he goes over and lies down on it.

Close on JV, huddled like an animal.

Then an OLD LADY hobbles out of the church. She's very disabled - her body is twisted and hunchbacked.

She sees him, stops, and goes over.

OLD LADY

What are you doing there, my friend?

JEAN VALJEAN

Trying to sleep, what do you think?

OLD LADY

Why don't you go to an inn?

JEAN VALJEAN

I did. They wouldn't take me.

He's sitting up now.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

No one would take me. They all shut their doors against me.

OLD LADY

Did you try knocking at that door?

JEAN VALJEAN

No.

OLD LADY

Knock there.

He looks at her, weighing up the pros and cons.

1/46

INT. BISHOP'S HOUSE. DIGNE. JULY 1816. NIGHT 11.

1/46

The BISHOP is working at the table, making notes from a big book. His servant, MADAME MAGLOIRE (60), is trying to lay the table around him, as it were.

BISHOP

All right, all right, I'll move.

MADAME MAGLOIRE

Have you heard what people are saying, Monseigneur? All the town's talking about it.

BISHOP

About what?

MADAME MAGLOIRE

The bad man that's roaming the town. Everyone's barring their doors and shutting their shutters. Shouldn't we do the same?

BISHOP

Are we in such terrible danger, then?

He doesn't seem in the least disturbed.

MADAME MAGLOIRE

They said he was a desperado, with
a terrible face.

BISHOP

Well, I dare say a man can't help
his face.

MADAME MAGLOIRE

But could we at least lock the
door, Monseigneur, you are the
Bishop after all -

Suddenly, a thunderous knock on the door. MADAME MAGLOIRE
gasps - she is terrified.

BISHOP

Come in.

The door is flung open violently, and JEAN VALJEAN steps into
the room. MADAME MAGLOIRE nearly passes out. She takes a
couple of steps back, crossing herself.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

What can we do for you, my son?

JEAN VALJEAN

I want something to eat, and a bed
for the night. I have money. I can
pay. A woman told me I should knock
on your door.

His tone is angry, almost violent.

BISHOP

(gently)

You've come to the right place, my
friend. We have a bed for you, and
we were just about to eat. Would
you set another place at the table,
Madame Magloire?

JEAN VALJEAN

Look. You'd better know. I've come
from the prison hulks in Toulon.
There's my passport.

He gets it out and brandishes it.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

It gets me chucked out, everywhere
I go. See? Jean Valjean. Nineteen
years in chains. This man is very
dangerous. So what do you say now?

BISHOP

I say: sit down, monsieur, and warm yourself by the fire. We'll have supper very soon, and there'll be a bed ready for you when you've eaten. And there won't be any charge. You're a guest, an honoured guest. Come, sit down, monsieur. I can see you've had a hard day of it.

JEAN VALJEAN sits down very warily, as if there's a trap.

JEAN VALJEAN

(to himself)

"Monsieur."

He stares into the fire for a few moments, rubbing his hands, then turns and looks intently at the BISHOP.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

What are you?

BISHOP

I'm a priest, my friend.

JEAN VALJEAN

Hm.

He looks into the fire again.

1/47

INT. DINING ROOM. BISHOP'S HOUSE. DIGNE. JULY 1816.

1/47

NIGHT 11.

Later. JEAN VALJEAN is eating. The BISHOP is eating too. Out of prison habit, JV puts his arm around the dish. MADAME MAGLOIRE watches wide eyed.

Splendid silver candlesticks on the table and on the mantel above the fireplace. Glittering silver cutlery.

BISHOP

Good?

JEAN VALJEAN

Yes, good.

BISHOP

You were very hungry, I think. Let me pour you some more wine.

He refills JV's glass.

JEAN VALJEAN

You're a funny sort of priest. We had priests in prison.

(MORE)

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
They weren't like you. You say I
don't have to pay for this?

BISHOP
What is mine is yours, monsieur.

JEAN VALJEAN
I have money. A hundred and nine
francs, and twenty five sous.

BISHOP
And how long did it take you to
earn that?

JEAN VALJEAN
Nineteen years.

BISHOP
Nineteen years.

JEAN VALJEAN
The twenty five sous I earnt
yesterday. Should have been thirty.
I was cheated. Yellow passport.
People take advantage.

His angry, bitter tone alarms MADAME MAGLOIRE. Not the
BISHOP, though.

BISHOP
I think you have suffered a great
deal, my friend.

JEAN VALJEAN
Nineteen years' hard labour, bare
boards to sleep on, chained and
shackled night and day. Beaten for
a word, beaten for a look, beaten
for nothing. For nineteen years.
And now the yellow passport.
They've still got me.

Then, as if suddenly realising his present situation.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
But this is different. This is like
I'm dreaming. Is it a trick?

MADAME MAGLOIRE
Monsieur, the bishop treats
everyone the same.

BISHOP
God tells us to love our fellow
men.

JEAN VALJEAN

How can I love my fellow men when they treat me worse than a dog? It's all right for you. You can afford to be kind and gentle. You can afford to share your food and wine. Am I right?

BISHOP

Of course you are, you're absolutely right, it's easy for me. But consider: even if the world has done you a great injustice, does it really serve you to have a heart full of bitterness and hatred?

JEAN VALJEAN

(roars)

How could I not be full of bitterness and hatred? I'd like to see how you would be after nineteen years in the hulks! So you can stop preaching God and love to me.

BISHOP

I beg your pardon, monsieur. Forgive me. I should have considered your feelings.

JEAN VALJEAN

How could you know what it is to be me?

BISHOP

You don't think it's possible that kindness and love can change a man?

JEAN VALJEAN

No. In any case, there's not enough of it about.

BISHOP

I'm afraid that's true, brother.

JEAN VALJEAN

You call me brother.

BISHOP

Why should I not? Do you not like it?

JEAN VALJEAN considers.

JEAN VALJEAN

I like it.

1/48 **INT. BISHOP'S HOUSE. DIGNE. JULY 1816. NIGHT 11. LATER.** 1/48

The BISHOP leads JEAN VALJEAN through his house carrying a candlestick with a lit candle. They pass through the BISHOP's bedroom, which has a narrow bed, and also a big chest into which MADAME MAGLOIRE is putting the silver cutlery. JV notes this. MADAME MAGLOIRE is still frightened of JV, looks fearful and edges away from him.

BISHOP

This is my bedroom here, and this is where you will sleep. And tomorrow morning, you'll have a cup of warm milk, straight from our own cows.

JEAN VALJEAN

Thanks.

He suddenly turns on the BISHOP.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)

I don't understand it! What are you playing at? You give me a bed here, right next to yours? Are you crazy? How do you know I'm not a murderer?

The BISHOP smiles.

BISHOP

That's the Good Lord's business, not mine. Or to put it another way, I'll take my chance with you, my friend. Good night now, and sleep well.

He goes out and closes the door to the alcove.

With a great sigh, JV snuffs out the candle (with his nostrils, Hugo says!) and flings himself down on the bed fully dressed.

1/49 **SCENE OMITTED** 1/49

1/50 **INT. BISHOP'S HOUSE. DIGNE. JULY 1816. NIGHT 11. LATER.** 1/50

Dong! The stroke of the cathedral clock.

Just enough light to see:

JEAN VALJEAN bolts upright, waking from a bad dream. He sits panting.

Dong! The clock strikes two.

He swings his legs out of bed and sits on the bed.

He stands, and tiptoes to the door. He pushes the door gently with one finger. The BISHOP has left it ajar.

He picks up his knapsack, pushes the door again. The hinge creaks. He freezes.

Now he can see the BISHOP in bed, peacefully asleep.

He pushes the door again. Another creak. Again he freezes. The BISHOP sleeps peacefully on.

He steps through the door, and stands over the BISHOP as he sleeps.

"He looked as if he were about to crush that skull or kiss that hand."

He glances toward the wall where a reflection of the moon picks out a crucifix.

Then he goes quickly to the chest. The key is in the lock. He takes out the basket of cutlery, and goes out of the room.

In the next room, he opens the ground floor window, climbs over the sill, and he's gone.

1/51 **EXT. GARDEN. BISHOP'S HOUSE. DIGNE. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/51

The BISHOP is strolling in his garden. Birdsong.

MADAME MAGLOIRE comes running out of the house.

MADAME MAGLOIRE
Monseigneur! Monseigneur!

BISHOP
What is it?

MADAME MAGLOIRE
The silverware basket! It's gone!

BISHOP
No, there it is, look! In the
flower bed.

And indeed it is.

MADAME MAGLOIRE
What's it doing there? And what
about the silverware?

BISHOP
Ah. Now there I can't help you.

MADAME MAGLOIRE

Lord save us! It's been stolen!
That man who was here last night,
he must have stolen it!

She runs back into the house. The BISHOP strolls about humming. Within seconds she's out again.

MADAME MAGLOIRE (CONT'D)

Monseigneur, the man's gone! With
our knives and forks!

She goes to the garden wall.

MADAME MAGLOIRE (CONT'D)

Look, that's where he got out!
There's his footprint! The
ungrateful beast, after all your
kindness!

BISHOP

Well. When you think about it, was
all that silver ours in the first
place?

MADAME MAGLOIRE

Yes it was! Of course it was! And
more to the point, what are we to
eat with now?

1/52

INT. DINING ROOM. BISHOP'S HOUSE. DIGNE. JULY 1816.
DAY 12.

1/52

The BISHOP having breakfast at the table. MADAME MAGLOIRE bustling about.

BISHOP

And really, there's no need even
for a wooden fork or spoon to dip a
piece of bread in a bowl of milk.

MADAME MAGLOIRE

That's all very well, but to think
what might have happened last
night! Letting a wild beast like
that into your house, we're lucky
all he did was steal!

A thunderous knock at the door.

BISHOP

Come in.

Three GENDARMES are holding JEAN VALJEAN. A SERGEANT enters and gives the BISHOP a military salute.

SERGEANT
Monseigneur.

The BISHOP rises.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
This man was arrested ten miles
away with a quantity of silverware
in his knapsack, which I believe to
be the property of the church.

BISHOP
Ah, thank you, Sergeant, for
bringing him back to me. Welcome
back, I'm glad to see you. You
forgot to take the candlesticks,
didn't you?

JEAN VALJEAN, who has resigned himself to another five or ten
years in prison, is baffled.

JEAN VALJEAN
What?

BISHOP
Didn't he tell you I said he could
have the silverware?

SERGEANT
He refused to answer when
questioned, Monseigneur.

BISHOP
Well, that was his right. But no
harm done. Of course you were doing
your duty. But all's well, you can
go now.

SERGEANT
Let him go free?

BISHOP
That's right. And thank you for
your trouble. You may go now.

SERGEANT
If you say so, Monseigneur.

BISHOP
I do. Good day to you.

The GENDARMES leave.

The BISHOP takes two silver candlesticks from the
mantelpiece, and hands them to JEAN VALJEAN.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

There you are. Put them in your knapsack.

MADAME MAGLOIRE

Monseigneur, what does this man want with our candlesticks?

BISHOP

I assume he'll sell them for as much as he can get.

He comes close to JEAN VALJEAN and speaks softly.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Don't forget, never forget, you promised to use the proceeds to become an honest man.

JEAN VALJEAN is baffled. Could he have said that?

JEAN VALJEAN

I don't remember any of that.

BISHOP

Nevertheless, it's what you want, isn't it? To lead a good life?

JEAN VALJEAN

No. I don't know.

BISHOP

Jean Valjean, my brother, you don't belong to evil any more, you belong to good. I've bought your soul with that silverware and these candlesticks.

JEAN VALJEAN

No!

It's as if the thought terrifies him.

BISHOP

Nothing to be done about it, I'm afraid. You belong to God now, Jean Valjean. Go in peace, God be with you.

JEAN VALJEAN makes an incoherent sound, half a groan, half a roar of anger. He raises a fist as if to knock the BISHOP's lights out, then turns and runs to the door. Wrenches it open. Rushes out.

We watch him rushing down the street, with one fearful look back, and then he's gone.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
 (very calm and matter of
 fact)
 Well, that's that. I've done what I
 can. It's up to Jean Valjean now;
 and to God.

1/53 **EXT. ST CLOUD PLEASURE GARDENS. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/53

A grand city park with PARISIANS promenading up and down.

Hugo says FANTINE is more decorously dressed than the others: their dresses are low-cut and revealing, hers has transparent bits. Anyway, they all look delicious.

ZEPHINE
 Come on, let's have a race! Round
 the chestnut tree and back!

FAVORITE and ZEPHINE pick up their skirts and run over the grass, cheered on by their BOYFRIENDS. There are lots of PEOPLE about, some posh, some rough types, and they get involved, shouting: 'Go on, Ginger!' 'My money's on the big one!'

FANTINE doesn't join in; she's clinging to FELIX's arm as he strolls along in even more splendid trousers than last time we saw him, very wide at the bottom, almost loon pants. He's smoking a cigar.

The GIRLS have turned round and are on the way back, laughing, panting, bosoms heaving.

ZEPHINE wins in a close finish. Plenty of ONLOOKERS applaud.

FELIX
 Zéphine wins, but all should have
 prizes! Ice creams all round!

ZEPHINE
 What about her? She didn't even
 run!

FELIX
 Fantine wins a prize for...being
 Fantine.

1/54 **EXT. ST CLOUD PLEASURE GARDENS. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/54

The GIRLS are sitting on benches at a stall, daintily spooning ice cream into their mouths, feeding their BOYFRIENDS, or refusing to share, all very jolly and flirty and carefree.

FELIX

Now. How about...donkey rides! On me!

1/55 **EXT. ST CLOUD PLEASURE GARDENS. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/55

The three GIRLS riding side saddle on donkeys, their BOYFRIENDS strolling behind. FELIX shelling out money to the DONKEY MAN.

BLACHEVELLE

You're pushing the boat out a bit today, Felix.

FELIX

Well. You know.

ZEPHINE

Fameuil!

FAMEUIL

What?

ZEPHINE

Is this the surprise? You said there would be a surprise!

FAMEUIL

No, this isn't the surprise!

BLACHEVELLE

The surprise comes later!

1/56 **EXT. WOODS. ST CLOUD PLEASURE GARDENS. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/56

Now they are walking in a wooded bit, in couples. BLACHEVELLE with FAVORITE.

BLACHEVELLE

So do you love me, Favorite?

FAVORITE

Of course I do, Blachevelle darling. I adore you!

Her tone is laying it on a bit thick. ZEPHINE giggles.

BLACHEVELLE

So what would you do if I stopped loving you?

FAVORITE

Oh, no, don't say that even as a joke!

(MORE)

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

I'd go crazy, I'd come after you
and scratch your eyes out, I'd have
you arrested!

BLACHEVELLE

Truly? You'd have me arrested?

FAVORITE

Well I'd make a terrible fuss.
You're a pig to even think of it!
You don't want to break my heart,
do you?

BLACHEVELLE

No.

FAVORITE

Well. No more of that talk.

She clings to his arm.

ZEPHINE

Favorite.

FAVORITE

What?

ZEPHINE comes up to her and whispers.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

Good idea. Fantine, come with us.

And they head off into the wood.

FAMEUIL

What's all that about?

BLACHEVELLE

It's all right, Fameuil, they're
not leaving us, they're just going
to make a little music.

FAMEUIL

What? Ah.

BLACHEVELLE

So...

And the three CHAPS choose a tree each to piss against.

1/57

EXT. WOODS. ST CLOUD PLEASURE GARDENS. JULY 1816.
DAY 12.

1/57

Now we are with the three GIRLS, squatting.

ZEPHINE

What you said just then about
Blachevelle - you don't really
adore him, do you?

FAVORITE

I detest him. He's too fond of
himself. And he's stingy. There's a
boy down our street I'm in love
with, so good looking, lovely
manners. Thing is, he only makes
twenty sous a day. So...what are
you going to do? Oh, don't look at
me like that, Fantine. I know you
love your Felix. And he's not
stingy, I'll give you that, setting
you up in your own place. All done?
Let's get back to them.

1/58

EXT. ST CLOUD PLEASURE GARDENS. JULY 1816. DAY 12.

1/58

In a clearing in the wood, there's a swing suspended from a
branch, and the GIRLS are taking turns being pushed high in
the swing, while the young GENTLEMEN sit below looking up
their legs, as in Boucher, Fragonard, Watteau, etc.

A montage of: ZEPHINE and FAVORITE in the swing.

FELIX sings a song, sort of flamenco style:

FELIX

(sings)

Soy de Badajoz, amor me llama, toda
mi alma es en mi ojos, porque
enseñas a tuas piernas!

(Rough translation: I'm from Badajoz, my name is love, all my
soul is in my eyes, because I'm studying your legs.)

FAVORITE

Come on, Fantine, your turn!

FANTINE

No, thank you.

BLACHEVELLE

Ah, come on, why not?

FANTINE

Because I don't care for you lot
looking up my legs.

FELIX

That told you, Blachevelle. Now:
who's hungry?

Cries of: Me, me!

FELIX (CONT'D)
 Well, luckily I've booked us
 somewhere excellent and very near
 here!

Cries of: Hurrah!

ZEPHINE
 Is *that* the surprise?

FELIX
 Wait and see.

1/59 **INT. BOMBARDA'S RESTAURANT. PARIS. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/59

A large private dining room. It's late afternoon with a magnificent July sunbeam glancing across the windows.

Two tables, one holding a pile of hats, shawls, and posies. At the other, our three COUPLES.

FELIX is drinking and smoking another cigar, FAMEUIL is blowing a toy trumpet, ZEPHINE is laughing at him, FANTINE is smiling serenely, BLACHEVELLE is all over FAVORITE, who endures him patiently.

FAMEUIL
 Waiter! Another bottle! Two more!

He blows a fanfare on his toy trumpet.

FELIX
 Ladies and gentlemen! A little decorum if you please. Let's bring some dignity to the banquet.

BLACHEVELLE
 Oh, leave us alone, Felix!

FAMEUIL
 Down with the tyrant! Bombarda, Bombance, and Bamboche!

They are all pretty drunk, including FELIX.

FELIX
 Friends! I appeal to you! There must be a limit, even to a meal like this one has been! Gluttony punishes the glutton. And remember, all our passions, even love, can die through over-indulgence. Moderation is the watchword. Moderation in all things. Yes.

He can barely stand upright; he has to steady himself against the table. But he recovers enough to take a sip of wine.

BLACHEVELLE

Hear hear! Good speech. Now sit down and shut up.

FELIX

I haven't finished, not by a long way. Some advice: the wisdom of a life lived to the full. Ladies! Don't marry. It's a form of grafting that can take well or badly. My advice, don't risk it. As you are, you can bring delight to many. Why imprison yourselves? Be as free with yourselves as the birds! Gentlemen! Make conquests! Steal each other's partners! There are no friends in matters of love. Let your passions be unconfined!

FANTINE

He doesn't mean it. He talks this sort of nonsense all the time, don't you?

FELIX

Indeed I do. You're quite right. Down with wisdom! Forget everything I said. A toast to merriment! Life is good! Everything is beautiful! I'm surrounded by beauty! Kiss me, Fantine!

He misses her and kisses FAVORITE.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Oops, sorry! Wrong girl. Beg your pardon. Try again.

He gets FANTINE this time. A good long kiss; and his FRIENDS applaud.

FELIX (CONT'D)

That's better.

FANTINE

Now come and sit down, and be sensible.

FELIX

No: the moment has come. It's time....for the surprise! Gentlemen?

All the CHAPS get up. Each one kisses his mistress's forehead. Then, with their fingers to their lips, they head for the door.

FAVORITE

At last the surprise! What's it going to be?

FANTINE

Don't be too long!

ZEPHINE

I wonder what they're going to bring us. Something pretty?

FAVORITE

Gold necklaces! I don't think. Still, they've been very good to us today. One treat after another.

An elderly WAITER approaches carrying an envelope.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

What's that? Where are the gentlemen?

Catch FANTINE's dismayed expression.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

Give it here.

She takes it from his hand, and the WAITER plods off.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

It says: this is the surprise.

ZEPHINE

Well go on then, open it!

She does and spreads it out.

FAVORITE

Good job one of us can read. Right, here we go.

She reads aloud from the letter.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

O loving mistresses! At last it is time to remind you that we have parents, we have estates far away in the country, and we have duties to perform. Our fathers are calling their prodigal sons home, and killing fatted calves for us. By the time you read this, three galloping horses will be carrying us home to our mamas and papas. We are leaving. We have left. We are sacrificing ourselves to duty. Lament us briefly and replace us rapidly.

(MORE)

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

For nearly two years we have made you happy. Do not hold it against us. Signed Felix, Blachevelle, and Fameuil. P.S. The meal is paid for.

Silence for a moment.

ZEPHINE

Well. What a cheek!

FAVORITE

It's a good joke, though! We were promised a surprise and we got one!

ZEPHINE

Not as if we were expecting it to last for ever, was it?

FANTINE

No, not really.

She is trying to bear up in front of her friends, but her world has collapsed.

FAVORITE

And at least they paid for the meal. So here's to our long gone lovers! And whoever comes after them!

She raises her glass.

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

Old lovers and new ones!

They all say: Old lovers and new ones, and drink the toast.

FAVORITE leans in and asks FANTINE:

FAVORITE (CONT'D)

You're all right, Fantine?

FANTINE

Course I am!

She manages a brave smile.

1/60

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. JULY 1816. DAY 12.

1/60

JEAN VALJEAN walking fast, hardly looking where he's going...he wants to escape the thoughts the BISHOP has stirred in him....

He sees:

The kindly face of the BISHOP at the table the previous night...

The crucifix on the wall lit by the reflection of moonlight.

He groans and growls as he walks.

He remembers:

Morning in the hulks: the WARDERS going down the line whacking at the feet and ankles of the sleeping PRISONERS.

JAVERT'S sardonic gaze.

The YOUNG PRISONER being shot.

Now, in the present. He flings himself down on the grass with a groan, and closes his eyes.

We hear birdsong.

And then, faintly, the sound of a MOTHER crooning a lullaby in French:

JEAN VALJEAN'S MOTHER (O.S.)
A la claire fontaine, m'en allant
promener; j'ai trouvé l'eau si
belle, que je m'y suis baignée; il
ya a longtemps que je t'aime,
jamais je ne t'oublierai.

As she sings, JEAN VALJEAN remembers, or dreams:

1/61 **INT. COTTAGE. (JEAN VALJEAN'S DREAM 1. 1772. DAY.)** 1/61

JEAN as a baby, big enough to try to stand up, his MOTHER holding him as he tries to clamber up her, she's very gentle and tender with him.

JEAN VALJEAN'S MOTHER
Ah, Jean, mon petit Jean, mon petit
trésor, oh que j'adore....

She tickles him and he laughs and gurgles.

1/62 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. JULY 1816. DAY 12.** 1/62

In the present, JEAN VALJEAN opens his eyes.

What he sees: the blue sky, white clouds moving across it.

Then, the sound of a young boy humming and whistling.

PETIT-GERVAIS (O.S.)
Cadet Rousselle a trois maisons,
Cadet Rousselle a trois maisons,
qui n'ont ni poutres ni chevrons,
qui n'ont ni poutres ni chevrons...

And so on. JEAN VALJEAN sits up.

PETIT-GERVAIS is ragged, cheerful, with a hurdy-gurdy at his side and his marmot cage on his back. He's jingling some coins as he walks and he stops near JEAN VALJEAN to play knuckle-bones with the coins, tossing them up and catching them on the back of his hands. JEAN VALJEAN is hidden from his sight, the other side of a bush.

PETIT-GERVAIS goes on humming and singing as he tosses the coins, then interrupts the song with:

PETIT-GERVAIS (CONT'D)
Oh, la la!

As one of the coins goes flying and rolls down hill to where JEAN VALJEAN is sitting.

JEAN VALJEAN puts his foot on it.

PETIT-GERVAIS walks down and confronts JEAN VALJEAN.

PETIT-GERVAIS (CONT'D)
Did you see my forty sous,
monsieur?

JEAN VALJEAN
No.

PETIT-GERVAIS
It rolled this way.

JEAN VALJEAN
I never saw it.

PETIT-GERVAIS
Will you move your foot, monsieur?

JEAN VALJEAN
What's your name?

PETIT-GERVAIS
Petit-Gervais. Will you move your
foot now?

JEAN VALJEAN
No! Get out of it! Get lost!

PETIT-GERVAIS
I earned that money! Forty sous!
Come on! Move your foot!

JEAN VALJEAN
Get out of it, I said! Get lost, or
I'll tear your head off your body!

He gets up and makes a threatening gesture.

PETIT-GERVAIS jumps back to a safe distance.

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.

Suddenly it strikes him.

JEAN VALJEAN
Ah, God, what have I done?

He turns and calls after the boy.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Petit-Gervais! Petit-Gervais!

Nothing. He shouts at the top of his voice.

JEAN VALJEAN (CONT'D)
Petit-Gervais!

We hear it echoing. But the boy doesn't come back.

JEAN VALJEAN stares at the coin glinting silver in his palm.

Then he curls up into a crouch and falls to his knees.

He's feeling a maelstrom of emotions. The BISHOP's unearthly kindness, his own conflicted response to it, his own long-suppressed memories of early childhood, and now this perversely cruel treatment of PETIT-GERVAIS.

He starts to sob, great racking sobs that wrench his body. He beats the turf with his fists. It goes on for a long time.

1/63

INT. FOYER. FANTINE'S BLOCK. PARIS. JULY 1816.
EVENING 12.

1/63

FANTINE comes in. The CONCIERGE is sitting there, with the BABY still by her side in its orange box crib.

CONCIERGE
Here's maman!

FANTINE lifts the BABY out of the orange box.

FANTINE
Was she a good girl?

CONCIERGE

Good as gold, and I hope you were
too, mademoiselle!

FANTINE

(over her shoulder)
Aren't I always?

1/64

INT. LOVE NEST. FANTINE'S BLOCK. PARIS. JULY 1816.
EVENING 12.

1/64

FANTINE lays her BABY, COSETTE, in her cot, and throws herself on the bed and starts to sob.

After a few seconds, COSETTE in her cot starts to cry.

FANTINE gets up, goes over, lifts her out, and walks about the room, singing softly to her, with tears still running down her own cheeks.

FANTINE

Oh, Cosette, Cosette, whatever are
we going to do now?

END OF EPISODE ONE.