

GRANTAIRE enters with a bottle of wine, a plate of food, and a gun, and sits near the barricade.

GRANTAIRE: Looks like I'm not needed in there. With Marius weeping into a glass of wine, and that old girl tearing up sheets like she's a trained nurse, and the rest of them, including that new gent, making cartridges.

ENJOLRAS: This is not the time to drink!

GRANTAIRE: No, it's a time to celebrate. I haven't touched a drop since last night; I am as sober as a judge.

MARIUS also comes out, passing **ENJOLRAS** who heads into the tavern.

GRANTAIRE: So you took my advice Marius. I'm on wine, I can drink more of that and then I won't be thirsty. You need a stiff drink; this is absinthe. Much better for a broken heart. I hate the human race, well most of them. I ran into a girl I know a week ago. She's as lovely as a spring morning, and she was delighted because some poxed-up old banker had taken a fancy to her! A month ago, she was living in an attic, sewing metal eye holes into corsets and living with a flowerpot for company – she was happy then. Now she's a banker's doxy. And what's so disgusting is that she is just as pretty as ever, no sign of high finance on her face. There's no morality in this world, and you can't trust girls. I wouldn't weep over one again.