

FANTINE AND JAVERT

JAVERT: As for you, you're under arrest. Soliciting, drunken brawling, attacking a respectable gentleman... You'll be lucky if you only get six months.

FANTINE: Wha- what?

JAVERT: Six months in prison. Come on, MOVE!

FANTINE: But you can't! Monsieur, I have a daughter and I have to pay for her keep; I can't do that from prison. Monsieur, have mercy; I am not a prostitute by choice. If I can't pay for my daughter they'll turn her out on the streets! She's still ill! Seven sous a day in prison? It is not enough and I still owe a hundred francs to the Thénardiens! I can prove it; I have letters at my room from my friends to prove it. Please Monsieur! If you had seen how it happened you would know! I swear by God it was not my fault.

JAVERT : You keep making that amount of noise and disturbance, and it will be a year. There's no excuse for you not having a respectable job and working hard to keep your daughter.

FANTINE: But Cosette has nowhere else to go! J

JAVERT: Is she in this town? FANTINE: No Monsieur, she's in Montfermeil

JAVERT: Then it is outside my jurisdiction. Move, I said!