

MARIUS AND COSETTE

MARIUS: Cosette, what's the matter?

COSETTE: My father; he- he said something has happened and we have to leave Paris, he said we must pack within a week and we are going to England.

MARIUS: And when will you be leaving?

COSETTE: In about a week; he didn't say.

MARIUS: And coming back?

COSETTE: He didn't tell me that either

MARIUS: Don't- *(his tone changes to icily abrupt)* Cosette, are you going?

COSETTE: I don't know. I haven't anywhere else to go, have I? Why is your tone so cruel?

MARIUS: I am simply asking if you are going?

COSETTE: There's nothing else I can do. *(She bursts into more tears)* Unless you come with us?

MARIUS: How can I possibly do that? Are you insane? It takes money to go to England, and I haven't got any. I already owe a friend a small fortune, I couldn't even afford a passport! *(Marius chokes up)*

COSETTE: Do you love me?

MARIUS: I adore you

COSETTE: Then don't cry, please

MARIUS: I have an idea; don't expect me here tomorrow

COSETTE: But why?

MARIUS: Cosette, I have never given anyone my word of honour because it frightens me to do so, but I give it to you now. If you leave, if we are forced to be apart, I will die. I love you so much. I have one idea that I can try, but I will need to be away tomorrow in order to do it.

COSETTE: What are you going to do?

MARIUS: Wait until the day after tomorrow.

COSETTE: Tell me what you're thinking, Marius, otherwise I won't be able to sleep tonight.

MARIUS: I am thinking this; God can't possibly mean for us to be separated. I shall be

here the evening after tomorrow.

COSETTE: I will be waiting for you; please don't be late.

MARIUS: I won't, my darling. Goodnight!