

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
"EPISODE FOUR" TRANSCRIPT

Written by

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Adapted from the novel
"The Count of Monte Cristo" by Alexandre Dumas

A Little Lucky Production

WHERE WE LEFT OFF. MADAME DANGLARS AND
VILLEFORT SIT ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER.

MADAME DANGLARS: When you say who knows our secret, do you mean --

VILLEFORT: If the Count of Monte Cristo is regaling his guests with stories of -- of us, he obviously heard it from somewhere. And I swear on my role as Crown Prosecutor that I have not breathed a word of it to anyone.

MADAME DANGLARS: Nor I.

VILLEFORT SNORTS.

MADAME DANGLARS: I didn't!

VILLEFORT: Only two people know what happened in that room. And I am not the one with a reputation for scandal, Madame Danglars.

MADAME DANGLARS: The Count was correct about one thing, we stopped being subtle. We had drivers, servants, dressers, gardeners --

VILLEFORT: Regardless, I said nothing.

MADAME DANGLARS: So. Did. I.

THEY SIT IN SILENCE.

VILLEFORT: I will look into this.

MADAME DANGLARS: I cannot afford a mark against me, Gérard.

VILLEFORT: Do you take me for a clown? Parading our dishonors on the streets of Paris? Please. I have other methods of seeking out the truth. And eventually, justice. (beat) You should know that the Count's narrative was not entirely truthful.

MADAME DANGLARS: How do you mean?

VILLEFORT: I -- I would never -- the child. I did not --

MADAME DANGLARS: Oh. What happened to him?

VILLEFORT: I gave him to a servant, who placed him into adoptive care. Or something.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Still, too many details are now common knowledge. How did the Count --

VILLEFORT: It is not a question of how the Count knows. Again, it is why the Count of Monte Cristo would tell us? It is no coincidence. It is the same house with the same actors.

MADAME
DANGLARS: And you have an answer to this question?

VILLEFORT: No. But I intend to find out.

THE THEME PLAYS.

EXT. VILLEFORT HOME - GARDEN

2

IT IS EVENING. MAXIMILIAN AGAIN CREEPS THROUGH THE GARDEN (SMOOTHER THAN LAST TIME).

MAXIMILIAN: Valentine!

VALENTINE IS ALREADY THERE, WAITING.

VALENTINE: Maximilian!

MAXIMILIAN STICKS HIS HAND OUT, VALENTINE CLASPS IT.

MAXIMILIAN: You were faster than me this time.

VALENTINE: I was worried you would not come.

MAXIMILIAN: Never.

THEY CLUTCH EACH OTHER'S HANDS, SOAKING IN THE PRESENCE OF EACH OTHER.

MAXIMILIAN: Um. I heard Franz returns to Paris next week. Earlier than planned.

VALENTINE: Stepmother is very pleased. She is so eager to get rid of me.

MAXIMILIAN: Is there nothing that can be done?

VALENTINE: (voice breaking) Where would I even start?

MAXIMILIAN: There is still time. We can, we can think of something.

VALENTINE: I just wish... you know, Father did not even ask me.
(MORE)

He simply sat me down and said 'Valentine, you are to be married to Franz d'Epinay' and that was that. Nobody asked me what I thought. Nobody asked me what I wanted. That I might want a say in my own life.

MAXIMILIAN: It's not fair.

VALENTINE: And I know that others have it worse. I know that there are lesser men, lesser pairings, worse destinations for me to be shipped off to. But...

MAXIMILIAN: It is your life.

VALENTINE: It is my life! And I wish for it to be ours.

MAXIMILIAN DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND.
THEY SIT IN THE SILENCE.

VALENTINE: Eugénie Danglars would rather spend her entire life with her music tutor as opposed to a man. I cannot believe she and I and other ladies are considered worthless if we are not tied to one.

MAXIMILIAN: Maybe... I wonder if, no.

VALENTINE: What?

MAXIMILIAN: Perhaps there are learned men that I could confide in. That could help us find a solution.

VALENTINE: Father does not listen to me. And I don't know what Grandfather could do...

MAXIMILIAN: I meant outside of our families. Perhaps, say, the Count of Monte Cristo.

VALENTINE: Could, would he help us?

MAXIMILIAN: I do not know. But he is wise and well-traveled. He seems to be able to do anything.

VALENTINE: If he saved us, it would be a miracle.

MAXIMILIAN: I can ask. I will. I'll try. Every day I hear more about his amazing feats or his unending wealth. Surely he knows something that we do not.

VALENTINE: (unsure) I see.

MAXIMILIAN: I do not mean to frighten you.

VALENTINE: You could never. It is what I love most about you. How unlike the the other men in Paris you are.

INT. DANGLARS HOME - OFFICE

3

DANGLARS SITS AT HIS DESK, RIFLING THROUGH PAPERS.

DANGLARS: (grumbling) That to there. No. That can't be...

SERVANT WALKS IN, CARRYING A STACK OF PAPERS.

SERVANT: Baron Danglars. The receipts you requested.

DANGLARS: Put them there. And take these. The totals are incorrect.

SERVANT: Ah, no, your Excellency.

DANGLARS: The math is wrong, take them away. The account balances are much too low.

SERVANT: I have triple checked them, your Excellency. They are correct.

DANGLARS PAUSES, SEETHING.

DANGLARS: You think you know more than me?

SERVANT: I -- no.

DANGLARS: They are my accounts. It is my money.

SERVANT: I only meant --

DANGLARS: 'I only meant.' Tsch. Get out of my office. I do not want to see you again.

SERVANT DOESN'T MOVE.

DANGLARS: Are you deaf?

SERVANT SCAMPERS OUT.

DANGLARS SPREADS OUT THE RECEIPTS, SCRIBBLES OUT SOME MATH. IS DEEPLY FRUSTRATED BY THE RESULTS.

DANGLARS: That -- no, impossible. How could -- but where did it all go?

HE KEEPS GOING, GROWING INCREASINGLY FRUSTRATED.

SERVANT: Monsieur de Baron?

DANGLARS: What?

SERVANT: There is someone here to see you.

DANGLARS: You are aware I am in the middle of something?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI STRIDES IN.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Baron Danglars!

DANGLARS: (mood shifting) Prince Cavalcanti. What a delightful surprise.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I hope you do not mind *una visita a sorpresa*.

HE FLOPS INTO THE CHAIR ACROSS FROM
DANGLARS.

DANGLARS: Not at all.

DANGLARS IMMEDIATELY SWIPES THE RECEIPTS,
HIDING HIS FINANCIAL FAILINGS.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I am still settling into Paris and require a banker. Monte Cristo was *generosa* and gave me your address.

DANGLARS: I shall thank the Count next time I see him.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Perhaps we shall all dine together.

DANGLARS: Perhaps. Now, are you interested in investing with me?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: *Si*. My father's passing means his estate has been left to me. I wish to divest it. It is foolish to have forgone its potential for millions in profit for so long.

DANGLARS: Of course.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: And so, I thought to myself: 'Andrea. You must visit the Baron so he can guide you through this process.'

DANGLARS: Yes, well. Liquidation is a specialty of mine.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: *Fantastico!* We shall do excellent business together.

DANGLARS: Anything you require, your Majesty. I am at your disposal.

ANDREA BARKS OUT A LAUGH.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Careful, Baron! I may rope you into my search for a wife.

DANGLARS LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, THINKS.

DANGLARS: Prince Cavalcanti, are you occupied the remainder of the day?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Not at all.

DANGLARS: Perhaps you could join my daughter and me for tea.

INT. OFFICE

4

VILLEFORT AT WORK. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

VILLEFORT: Enter.

A SERVANT WALKS IN, HANDS A FILE TO VILLEFORT.

SERVANT: The information you requested, Crown Prosecutor.

VILLEFORT: Anything notable?

SERVANT: The Count of Monte Cristo had no acquaintances prior to arriving in Paris save for two men. The first, an Italian priest named Abbé Busoni. And the second, a British noble by the name of Lord Wilmore.

VILLEFORT: And they are both in Paris?

SERVANT: They are. Would you like me to call upon them?

VILLEFORT: No, no. This must be discrete. Separate of my station. There is only one man who can be trusted with this. And he will find what he's looking for.

ACT BREAK**INT. DANGLARS HOME - PARLOR**

5

TEA IS POURED AS ANDREA CAVALCANTI AND DANGLARS LOUNGE IN THE PARLOR.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: *Grazie, grazie.* In Italia, we have mastered coffee in every way. But tea, not so much.

DANGLARS: Then our relationship will be beneficial on many accounts. Financial, cultural. Matrimonial.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: *Si, si. Claro.* What an eye for art you have! And this portrait - *bellissima.*

DANGLARS: Yes. Commissioned last year.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I assume this is the baroness?

DANGLARS: It is.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: You are *un uomo fortunato*. A lucky man, Baron! And next to her, your son?

DANGLARS: My daughter.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Oh.

TWO SETS OF HEELS ECHO FROM THE HALLWAY.
EUGÉNIE DANGLARS ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY
LOUISE.

DANGLARS: Ah! Eugénie, there you are. And your music tutor.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Her name is Louise, father.

LOUISE: Good afternoon, Baron.

DANGLARS: This is Prince Andrea Cavalcanti. He is new to Paris and a new client of mine.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: *Enchanteé, bella signora.*

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: What an interesting accent you have.

DANGLARS: Eugénie. I was telling his majesty how you have been progressing in your vocal lessons.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Yes. Louise has been a most generous instructor.

DANGLARS: Perhaps you would like to show his majesty what you have been practicing.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: If you insist. Louise? Would you --

LOUISE: *Oui, mademoiselle.*

LOUISE SHIFTS, SITS AT THE FORTEPIANO.
SHE PLAYS OPENING CHORDS TO "SON VERGIN
VEZZOSA," FROM THE OPERA "I PURITANI."
EUGÉNIE BEGINS TO SING:

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: AH SÍ.

SHE IS AWFUL.

SON VERGIN VEZZOSA IN VESTA DI SPOSA;

SON BIANCA ED UMILE QUAL GIGLIO D'APRIL,

HO CHIOME ODOROSE CUI CINSER TUE ROSE --

DANGLARS: Thank you, Eugénie!

SHE AND LOUISE ABRUPTLY STOP. ANDREA
CLAPS WITHOUT IRONY.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: *Bravisimma, signora.* Thank you for gracing us with your beauty *e talento*.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: *Merci, Monsieur.* I have been asking my father to permit me to spend more time with Louise. For lessons.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: An excellent idea! Your talent must be refined! It is a rare gift. *Dono raro*, as we say.

DANGLARS: So it should.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Do you hear, Louise? More lessons for us! Perhaps next he shall buy us matching green dresses.

DANGLARS: (confused) You may have whatever dresses you wish, Eugénie.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Well. We shall return to rehearsing. In my room, should you need us. But please knock first.

DANGLARS: As you wish.

LOUISE: Your excellencies.

THEY CURTSY, THEN SCURRY UP THE STAIRS,
GIGGLING.

DANGLARS: Women.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: They are a difficult breed to wrangle. Women and money, man's two great vices.

DANGLARS: I find money is easier to master.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: A banker of your stature? I hope so. Monte Cristo told me of a man, one of your delegates? A fisherman who went to war. Came back staggeringly wealthy and with a title.

DANGLARS: Interesting.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: So, if one can go to Greece and return a Count, our wealth and brains combined should be able to do much more.

DANGLARS: The Count of Monte Cristo told you of this?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Certo. We are very close, he and I.

DANGLARS: I am curious to know where Monte Cristo's wealth comes from.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Bah, I do not know! I have not asked.

DANGLARS: So it is a secret.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: No, no. Nothing is a secret until one asks the appropriate questions.

EXT. PARIS

6

PARIS IN THE AFTERNOON. THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE IMPLIES IT IS A POORER, MORE MODEST PART OF THE CITY.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE HOBBLER DOWN THE COBBLESTONES WITH HIS CANE. HE APPROACHES HIS DESTINATION, RAPS LOUDLY ON THE DOOR.

IT CREAKS OPEN.

BERTUCCIO: *Bonsoir.*

INSPECTOR
ZACCONE: Is this the residence of the Abbé Busoni?

BERTUCCIO: It is.

INSPECTOR
ZACCONE: I am Inspector Zaccone. I come with a matter of great importance and must speak with the Abbé at once.

BERTUCCIO: The Abbé is preoccupied, Monsieur. Perhaps, you would call another time.

INSPECTOR
ZACCONE: It is a matter of utmost urgency.

BERTUCCIO SIGHS.

BERTUCCIO: Very well. You may wait.

HE PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN, ZACCONE ENTERS.

INT. ABBÉ BUSONI'S HOME - PARLOR

7

BERTUCCIO LEADS ZACCONE INSIDE. HE SITS.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: When will the Abbé be available?

BERTUCCIO: The Abbé has a prior engagement. He will come to you when he is ready.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: It is a matter of utmost urgency.

BERTUCCIO: So you have said, Monsieur.

BERTUCCIO LEAVES.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE WAITS, IMPATIENTLY. HE TAPS HIS FINGERS, THEN HIS CANE. THE FRUSTRATION STEADILY RISING.

FROM THE HALLWAY, SOFT FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE TOWARDS THE PARLOR.

ABBÉ BUSONI ENTERS.

ABBÉ BUSONI: *Buongiorno.* Inspector Zaccone?

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Yes. Thank you for seeing me.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Of course, of course. I apologize for the delay.

ABBÉ BUSONI SLOWLY SHUFFLES ACROSS THE ROOM, SITTING AS FAR AWAY FROM ZACCONE AS POSSIBLE. HE SPEAKS LIKE A SLOTH.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Please do not move on my account. My bones are weary, and this chair is my favorite.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: I myself have a cold. This distance between us aids us both, I think.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Quite, quite. (beat) What aid can I provide to you, monsieur?

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: I have been tasked by powers higher than myself to investigate a mysterious man. He has recently come to Paris, and my employer considers him to be a man of utmost suspect. I speak, of course, of a man you have been rumored to be acquainted with. The Count of Monte Cristo.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Ah. Yes. The Count of Monte Cristo. I have heard this name before.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Do you know this man?

ABBÉ BUSONI: As well as one knows any parishioner. Forgive me, Inspector. I am old. And occasionally forgetful. But I have committed no crime.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: I do not accuse you of such. But I must know everything you know about this Count of Monte Cristo.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Oh.

ZACCONE WAITS FOR HIM TO RESPOND, STARTS TO SPEAK, BUT --

ABBÉ BUSONI: I see.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Where does the Count hail from? Does he have family? What line of business was his father in?

ABBÉ BUSONI: So many questions.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: And all of them, important.

ABBÉ BUSONI: The Count of Monte Cristo has called upon me twice. Wait. It was... it was, um. Thrice. Apologies.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: And what did you speak of? What of his history, personal, professional?

ABBÉ BUSONI: A man's confessions are between him and God.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: I would not press on the matter if it were not of the utmost importance.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Yes. You have said this much already.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Can you at least tell me his name?

ABBÉ BUSONI: His name?

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Yes.

ABBÉ BUSONI: He is the Count of Monte Cristo.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: His family name.

ABBÉ BUSONI: I believe it is Zaccone.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: That is my name.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Ah. I knew it felt familiar.

INSPECTOR (more frustrated) Any information you could provide
ZACCONE: about the Count of Monte Cristo would be greatly appreciated, monsieur Abbé. Anything that was provided to you outside of a confessional.

A LONG PAUSE.

THEN, A SLIGHT SNORE.

INSPECTOR Monsieur Abbé? Monsieur --
ZACCONE:

ABBÉ BUSONI: Yes, yes. I am here. Merely, thinking.

HE WASN'T.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Ah. Yes. I... forgive me, Inspector. I am old. And occasionally --

INSPECTOR Forgetful. Yes. Do you have any other information
ZACCONE: that would be pertinent to my investigation?

ANOTHER LONG PAUSE.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Only...

INSPECTOR Yes?
ZACCONE:

ABBÉ BUSONI: His enemy.

INSPECTOR Enemy?
ZACCONE:

ABBÉ BUSONI: A Lord Wilmore. His greatest enemy. There were rumors that they have come to blows many, many times. Before either sought my counsel.

INSPECTOR I see. (to himself, his accent gone) The Count of
ZACCONE: Monte Cristo has an enemy. No doubt from unscrupulous business dealings.

ABBÉ BUSONI: *Scusi?*

ZACCONE STANDS.

INSPECTOR (with accent) Thank you, monsieur Abbé, for your
ZACCONE: assistance today. I shall call upon you again if your insights are further required.

ABBÉ BUSONI: I shall be here.

ZACCONE DOESN'T LISTEN, PROMPTLY SHOWS HIMSELF OUT.

ABBÉ BUSONI WAITS FOR THE FRONT DOOR TO OPEN, THEN CLOSE BEHIND HIM. HE SHOOTS UP OUT OF HIS CHAIR.

ABBÉ BUSONI: (more forceful, accent waning) Bertuccio!

BERTUCCIO ENTERS HURRIEDLY.

AND AS THE ABBÉ SPEAKS, HIS VOICE RETURNS TO A TENOR THAT WE RECOGNIZE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Ready the carriage. We have a surprise visitor we must be prepared to meet.

ABBÉ BUSONI IS THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

ACT BREAK

EXT. LORD WILMORE'S HOME

8

ZACCONE RAPS ON THE DOOR. THERE IS NO RESPONSE. HE RAPS MORE, HARDER, UNTIL --

BERTUCCIO SWINGS THE DOOR OPEN. MUFFLED SHOUTING AND METALLIC CLASHES COME FROM INSIDE.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: *Ciao, bongiorno.* Is this the residence of, ah. You seem familiar.

BERTUCCIO: I am but a humble servant who dutifully serves their master.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: We would not have met. Is this the residence of Lord Wilmore?

BERTUCCIO: It is. However, Lord Wilmore is --

LORD WILMORE (OS): Hi-YAH!

BERTUCCIO: -- occupied.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: I must speak with him on a matter of great importance. It pertains to his enemy.

ZACCONE LEANS IN.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: The Count of Monte Cristo.

LORD WILMORE (OS): Monte Cristo?

LORD WILMORE RUSHES FROM INSIDE HIS HOME TO THE FRONT DOOR, PRACTICALLY KNOCKING BERTUCCIO OUT OF THE WAY.

LORD WILMORE: Did *he* send you?

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: No. I have been tasked with seeking information on his person --

LORD WILMORE: Look no further!

LORD WILMORE YANKS ZACCONE INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR.

LORD WILMORE: I shall tell you everything.

HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

INT. LORD WILMORE'S HOME - STUDY

9

LORD WILMORE SHOVES OPEN THE DOORS TO A CLUTTERED STUDY. ZACCONE SETTLES INTO A CHAIR. LORD WILMORE PICKS UP A SABRE AND BEGINS TO SWING IT LIBERALLY.

LORD WILMORE: So! How has this deviant wronged you?

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Pardon?

LORD WILMORE: Surely you would not take up an investigation against the Count of Monte Cristo without a personal score to settle? He is not an enemy for the faint of heart!

LORD WILMORE PARRIES AN INVISIBLE ENEMY, ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF WITH LOUD EXCLAMATIONS.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Not I, Lord. My employer requires information that I am wont to seek.

LORD WILMORE: And as you should! The Count of Monte Cristo is a worthy adversary, but an adversary nonetheless! I have hated him ever since that fateful day at the Dahlet Qorrot.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: What happened there?

LORD WILMORE: Our first duel.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: And you did not hate him prior?

LORD WILMORE: My hatred grew after that wretch met me on the dueling grounds! It ended with a draw, but only because I showed mercy! I will not make the same mistake again. As they say, it is in the fifth duel where a man must truly die.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: You have dueled four times?

LORD WILMORE: Indeed. I am obviously the better fighter, but the Count is a better shot. And a faster runner. It is how he has evaded his demise at my hand for all of these years.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: So he is a coward.

LORD WILMORE: Of the highest order!

LORD WILMORE SLICES THE AIR.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Are you the reason he has come to Paris? Has he followed you here?

LORD WILMORE: Nay, I followed him! My honor demanded it. Here, I will finally vanquish him in every capacity! I shall crush his name and assert myself as his superior! His honor will be demolished. And I will maintain my absolute dominance over him in every arena of battle!!

HIS CRY CULMINATES IN A COMPLEX-SOUNDING SERIES OF SLASHES.

THE SABRE SLIPS FROM LORD WILMORE'S HAND. IT KNOCKS INTO A VASE, WHICH SHATTERS.

LORD WILMORE: That was intentional.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: Do you know why the Count has come to Paris?

LORD WILMORE: Monte Cristo is an insect of flight. He flutters from industry to industry never truly establishing himself in any. Presently, he is involved in railroad speculations, or something of the sort.

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: What of his property? Do you know why he would maintain a residence outside the center of Paris?

LORD WILMORE: Ah. You are seeking the mineral spring!

INSPECTOR ZACCONE: The what?

LORD WILMORE: There was a rumor in England prior to my travel here.
(MORE)

It tells of an untapped mineral spring within Auteuil that produces the freshest mineral water in all of Europe. I was set to buy it, but I was outbid at the very last moment. Wait. Are you telling me that this property is now in the hands of the Count of Monte Cristo?

BEAT.

INSPECTOR
ZACCONE: Yes.

LORD WILMORE EXPLODES INTO A RAGE,
DESTROYING MANY OF THE ARTIFACTS IN HIS
ROOM.

LORD WILMORE: That thieving scoundrel! No good, pompous, arrogant! He thinks he can take what is rightfully mine! The coward, the fool! Fraudulent! Kleptomaniacal! Piratic coward who knows not what he touches!

AS HE SHOUTS, INSPECTOR ZACCONE RISES.

INSPECTOR
ZACCONE: I will leave you, Lord Wilmore. Thank you for your service today.

LORD WILMORE: (not listening) He shall know better than to steal what is rightfully mine! I am his sworn enemy! I duelled him once, I shall do it again!

INSPECTOR
ZACCONE: Goodbye.

ZACCONE LEAVES THE ROOM.

LORD WILMORE: I duelled him twice, and I was almost champion! I duelled him a third time and tasted victory! I duelled him a fourth time and found myself closer than ever to success! When I duel him the fifth time, it shall be the last!

LORD WILMORE STOPS, OUT OF BREATH.
BERTUCCIO RETURNS.

BERTUCCIO: He has left.

LORD WILMORE SIGHS, BEGINS TO REMOVE HIS
DISGUISE. MORPHING BACK INTO...

THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO: Were you suspected, Bertuccio?

BERTUCCIO: I was not. Nor you, I presume. Shall I dispose of the disguises?

THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO: Not yet. They may prove useful down the road. Though I suspect Inspector Zaccone will not need to visit Abbé Busoni or Lord Wilmore for some time.

BERTUCCIO: How do you mean?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I mean, Inspector Zaccone is also not who he claims to be.

WE CROSS-FADE INTO...

INT. OFFICE

10

INSPECTOR ZACCONE HOBBLER INTO AN OFFICE, THE DOOR CLOSES SOFTLY BEHIND HIM.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. INSPECTOR ZACCONE SCRAMBLES TO REMOVE PART OF HIS ATTIRE.

THE DOOR OPENS.

SERVANT: Crown Prosecutor! Apologies, I did not know you had returned.

VILLEFORT: Here.

VILLEFORT HANDS THEM HIS RECENTLY DISCARDED DISGUISE.

VILLEFORT: Dispose of these.

SERVANT: Shall I have these garments cleaned?

VILLEFORT: I said, dispose of them.

SERVANT: Very well.

VILLEFORT: And prepare the carriage. I will need it after I complete my correspondence.

VILLEFORT SITS DOWN AT HIS DESK, BEGINS TO WRITE.

INT. DANGLARS HOME - MADAME DANGLARS' CHAMBERS 11

MADAME DANGLARS SITS AT HER VANITY, STYLING HER HAIR. LUCIEN DEBRAY, MEANWHILE, FLIPS THROUGH A NEWSPAPER.

MADAME DANGLARS: What do you think? Lucien! What do you think? Fully up or part way?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: I think either is stunning on you, Hermine.

MADAME DANGLARS: Oh, you tease. But you are so far away. And reading?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: I am considering where best to invest your money.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Perhaps you should consider over here.

LUCIEN PUTS DOWN HIS PAPER, COMES TO HER.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Over here?

MADAME
DANGLARS: Exactly.

THEY KISS PASSIONATELY, BEGIN TO UNDRRESS.

AND ARE INTERRUPTED BY A RAPID, INCESSANT
KNOCKING.

MADAME DANGLARS STANDS, LUCIEN STUMBLES.
SHE MARCHES TOWARDS THE DOOR. RIPS IT
OPEN.

MADAME
DANGLARS: I asked you not to disturb me!

SERVANT: Apologies, Madame Danglars --

MADAME
DANGLARS: What part of 'Monsieur and I are to be left alone' do you not understand?

DANGLARS STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY.

DANGLARS: Hermine.

MADAME DANGLARS IS FLUSTERED.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Husband! Lucien and I were just discussing the stock market.

DANGLARS: Of course. (to Servant) Escort Monsieur Debray out of my house.

SERVANT: *Oui, Baron.*

LUCIEN HASTILY PUTS HIS JACKET BACK ON,
HUSTLES OUT.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: *Au revoir.*

DANGLARS: (gloating) *Au revoir, Monsieur Debray! We look forward to hosting you again.*

DANGLARS STEPS INSIDE THE ROOM, GENTLY
CLOSES IT BEHIND HIM.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Actions like that are what fuel the gossip of servants.

DANGLARS: My actions are the least of your problems, Madame Danglars. Or do you prefer Hermine? It is difficult to tell these days.

MADAME
DANGLARS: I am your wife.

DANGLARS: In name alone, it seems. A letter came for you. From Crown Prosecutor Gérard de Villefort.

HE HOLDS IT OUT TO HER.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Oh. Then I shall have it.

SHE REACHES FOR IT, DANGLARS PULLS IT BACK.

MADAME
DANGLARS: You are a child.

DANGLARS: It says "all is well."

MADAME
DANGLARS: And what else?

DANGLARS: There is no else.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Then we have nothing more to discuss.

DANGLARS: I disagree. You are in need of a reminder as to which of us leads the other. I do not know what this letter is regarding nor do I care. I find your extramarital affairs insipid and your indulgences foolish. Normally, neither is worthy of my attention and so I tolerate them. Yet I will not tolerate any attempts to disparage my reputation and that of my money.

MADAME
DANGLARS: I do not know what you mean.

DANGLARS: The negative balance in our shared accounts? I am not a fool, Hermine.

MADAME
DANGLARS: It is for investments.

DANGLARS: With what math? What advisement other than your idiot lover?

MADAME
DANGLARS: (flailing) Well. There are current trends and past trends in addition to many other factors --

DANGLARS: I know Lucien passes financial information to you before it is published.
(MORE)

When you cannot act independently, you feebly attempt to relay these insights to me. But I do not act on them because I am smarter than both of you and can recognize a good investment without your input.

MADAME
DANGLARS: You did not complain when I doubled our profits overnight.

DANGLARS: Because now they are shrinking by the day! You forget that you can act without consequence only because I permit you to do so. You are cushioned by the prominence of my name in business. In society. "Danglars" is what allows you to spend needlessly on horses. "Danglars" is how Eugénie will marry an Italian prince. And if you jeopardize my stature any further you will begin to suffer your own consequences.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Is that so?

DANGLARS: I can find a new wife easier than you can find a new husband.

DANGLARS LEAVES, LEAVING MADAME DANGLARS SHAKEN, ALONE.

INT. DANGLARS HOME

12

DANGLARS HEADS DOWNSTAIRS, HUMMING TO HIMSELF.

SERVANT: *Pardon, Baron.*

DANGLARS: What?

SERVANT: An unexpected caller. The Count de Morcerf. He says he is here for both business and pleasure.

DANGLARS GRUMBLES.

DANGLARS: Show him to my office.

SERVANT: He is there already, Excellency.

DANGLARS: Why do I bother.

DANGLARS STALKS OVER TO HIS OFFICE.

INT. DANGLARS HOME - OFFICE

13

DANGLARS ENTERS, FINDS FERNAND DE MORCERF WAITING.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Baron Danglars!

DANGLARS: Count de Morcerf. It's quite late.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: The hour is irrelevant for friends such as us. Join me.

DANGLARS DOES. THEY SIT ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER.

DANGLARS: Well? What brings you here?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: You and I have long spoken of the friendship between our families. It is no secret that Albert is of marrying age. As is Eugénie. I say, it is high time to formalize the great union between our houses. (beat) I speak of an engagement between Albert and Eugénie.

DANGLARS: Obviously.

A LONG BEAT.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: We have discussed an engagement between them for some time now.

DANGLARS: A potential engagement.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Since they were small.

DANGLARS: So you have.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: So I have? We have -- I do not like this game, Danglars.

DANGLARS: You will address me as Baron.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Even though I have known you since you were a deckhand? Before you bought your title?

DANGLARS: You would be wise to keep the secrets of the past to yourself.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Then let us move into the future together. With the engagement.

BEAT.

DANGLARS: I heard a rumor today about a delegate who used to be a fisherman. He joined the army, fought in Greece. And returned a wealthy Count. Initially, I thought this was the Count of Monte Cristo. But I realize now. It's you.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: Many noblemen profit from war.

DANGLARS: Yet few let their history fuel the rumor mill of Paris.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: Neither of us would benefit from dredging up our shared history. *Baron.*

DANGLARS: Which is why I am no longer interested in an engagement between our houses.

BEAT.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: We have talked of this marriage for years!

DANGLARS: Circumstances change. You should know that better than anyone.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: It would be advantageous for both of us.

DANGLARS: What benefit could you offer me?

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: (stumbling into his rage) The benefit is that I keep our shared history between ourselves.

DANGLARS: If you do not, you destroy us both.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: It would be worth it.

DANGLARS: You don't have it in you.

BEAT. FERNAND IS THE LESSER OF THESE TWO,
BUT IS STILL SET ON TRYING TO WIN.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: You will agree to this engagement. Or I will tell all of Paris exactly what kind of man you are. Every strategy you used to attain your wealth. Every dealing that wrongfully doubled your profits. And I will start by telling them exactly what you did to Edmond Dantès.

DANGLARS: What I did?

HE STANDS.

DANGLARS: You forget, Fernand Mondego, who it was that set that boy's fate in motion.

FERNAND DE
MORCERF: I am the Count de Morcerf.

DANGLARS: You will always be Fernand Mondego to me.
(MORE)

A cowardly fisherman whose only profits were what he stole from war. Whose life only blossomed in Edmond Dantès' ashes. (beat) Let's say you did tell someone what happened, what we did. Who would you tell? Your wife? Aside from her, who would care? Who would pay attention?

FERNAND IS SILENT.

DANGLARS: Perhaps you *should* start with Mercédès. To see if after all these years --

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I am not bluffing, Danglars! I will do it! I will ruin us both!

DANGLARS: You are not listening, Fernand! Do you think that we are the only ones with secrets? All our peers have something to hide. You are the only fool who thinks that it's just our past that is noteworthy. All of us are guilty, and all of us profit.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: The truth of Edmond Dantès would ruin you.

DANGLARS: I do not fear the dead, Mondego. If the specter of Edmond Dantès hangs over you, that is your burden.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I shall give you one last chance. To agree to the engagement.

DANGLARS BARKS A LAUGH.

DANGLARS: Absolutely not. You think this will convince me otherwise?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (trying to be brave, failing) You will rue this day, Danglars.

DANGLARS: *Baron* Danglars. But we are old friends and do not need titles, Fernand Mondego. You have not changed much since those days in Marseille. So you should remember that I am not to be trifled with. Unless you would like to try?

FERNAND STANDS, AFRAID. QUICKLY LEAVES.
HE DOES NOT CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.
FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS ECHO BACK INTO THE
ROOM.

DANGLARS: Oh, Fernand Mondego. Nobody threatens me and survives.

END OF EPISODE.