

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
"EPISODE THIRTEEN" TRANSCRIPT

Written by

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

A Little Lucky Production

PREVIOUSLY, ON "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"... 1

PIECES FROM EARLIER EPISODES. ALL OF THE MISFORTUNES THAT HAVE BEFALLEN HIGH SOCIETY ARE HIGHLIGHTED AS THE COUNT'S QUEST FOR JUSTICE. AND IT LEADS US TO ASK US THIS QUESTION:

"IS THIS VENGEANCE AND VIOLENCE ALL THAT THE COUNT IS MADE OF?"

INT. MORREL HOUSE - DINING ROOM 2

A QUIET EVENING. JULIE AND EMMANUEL SET THE TABLE FOR DINNER.

EMMANUEL: Do you think Maximilian will join us for dinner?

JULIE: I don't know. I feel like he hasn't eaten anything for days.

EMMANUEL: I think I saw him eat an apple. Or, at least a piece of it.

JULIE SIGHS.

JULIE: I am worried about him, Emmanuel.

EMMANUEL: Tell me more.

JULIE: I just... he hasn't been himself. And he won't tell me anything. I'm his sister. He should be able to confide in me.

EMMANUEL: Julie, you are a wonderful sister. Maximilian will confide in you when he is ready.

JULIE: I know you're right.

EMMANUEL: Yes. I'm very smart.

JULIE SNORTS. THE LEVITY BRIGHTENS HER.

JULIE: It is odd though. How much has happened within the year?

EMMANUEL: How so?

JULIE: It feels like there have been so many tragedies recently. The death of Valentine de Villefort. But, that whole family has died recently.

EMMANUEL: Except for the Crown Prosecutor and his father.

JULIE: Yes! There was that thief's break-in at the Count of Monte Cristo's --

EMMANUEL: Attempted thief.

JULIE: Who was an escaped prisoner. And he conspired with that Prince. The, um...

EMMANUEL: Andrea Cavalcanti.

JULIE: Also, an escaped convict!

EMMANUEL: Now that you mention it, the Count de Morcerf did shoot himself.

JULIE: That feels so long ago.

EMMANUEL: It does.

JULIE: And then his wife and son disappeared.

EMMANUEL: I wonder if Maximilian knows where they went.

MAXIMILIAN QUIETLY ENTERS.

MAXIMILIAN: Where who went?

JULIE AND EMMANUEL ARE STARTLED BY HIS SUDDEN ENTRANCE.

JULIE: Maximilian! We were just talking about how busy the past social year has been. (off his silence) Will you be joining us for dinner?

MAXIMILIAN: I am going on a walk.

JULIE: Would you like some company?

MAXIMILIAN: No. (beat) Thank you though.

JULIE: I will wait up for you. We can have tea when you return.

MAXIMILIAN: I do not know when that will be.

JULIE: I am very awake today.

JULIE IS RESOLUTE, DOES NOT BREAK.

MAXIMILIAN: Very well.

JULIE: Excellent. Enjoy your walk, little brother.

MAXIMILIAN: Mmhmm.

HE LEAVES. JULIE AND EMMANUEL WAIT FOR THE DOOR TO CLOSE BEFORE RETURNING TO THEIR CONVERSATION.

EMMANUEL: Progress?

JULIE: Let's see what time he returns home. Then we can celebrate.

THE TWO SIT DOWN.

EMMANUEL: If we're doing a tally, it does seem like there's a surprising amount of misfortunes.

JULIE: At least God is targeting everyone.

EMMANUEL: Did we miss somebody? The Count de Morcerf, his wife, the Vicomte de Morcerf. The Crown Prosecutor.

JULIE: Valentine. Madame de Villefort. Her son, Eduard.

EMMANUEL: The Marquis de Saint-Méran.

JULIE: And Marquise. Are we missing somebody?

EMMANUEL: The thief?

JULIE: Attempted thief.

EMMANUEL: Apologies.

JULIE: Prince Andrea. And, of course, Eugénie.

THEY THINK.

EMMANUEL: Did we say... ooh! Baron Danglars?

JULIE: You know, I don't think we did.

EMMANUEL: Hmm. Well. Congratulations to him. Nothing bad has happened.

JULIE: At least, not yet.

THE THEME PLAYS

INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOUSE - OFFICE 3

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO SITS SILENTLY AT HIS DESK. ASIDE FROM THE TWIRLING OF HIS PEN, IT IS QUIET.

BERTUCCIO LIGHTLY KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

BERTUCCIO: Monsieur le Comte? (no answer) Monsieur le Comte.

STILL NOTHING. BERTUCCIO KNOCKS LOUDLY,
ONCE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes, Bertuccio.

BERTUCCIO: It is ten o'clock.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And?

BERTUCCIO: You planned to make your visit around eleven.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Oh. Yes. Thank you.

BERTUCCIO WAITS FOR THE COUNT TO RISE. HE
DOESN'T.

BERTUCCIO: I have prepared your carriage.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes, yes. I will go.

HE DOESN'T. BERTUCCIO, STILL, WAITS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (more like himself) I do not require an escort --

BERTUCCIO: Of course.

BERTUCCIO LEAVES, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND
HIM.

INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOUSE

4

RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF. HAYDEÉ
APPROACHES BERTUCCIO.

HAYDEÉ: How is he?

BERTUCCIO: Unlike himself.

HAYDEÉ: This is ridiculous.

BERTUCCIO: It has been a week.

HAYDEÉ: He has been working on this for years and now he --

BERTUCCIO SHUSHES HER. FROM INSIDE THE
OFFICE, THEY HEAR THE COUNT MOVING.
BERTUCCIO GUIDES HIM AND HAYDEÉ TOWARD
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

BERTUCCIO: (lowered voice) This is different. Eduard Villefort was a child.

HAYDEÉ: So was I! So was he.

BERTUCCIO: This is the first innocent life he has claimed.

THE COUNT LEAVES THE OFFICE. NEITHER HAYDEÉ OR BERTUCCIO NOTICE.

HAYDEÉ: That brat was hardly innocent --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Your voices still carry. Even from twenty feet away.

HAYDEÉ: Good. I do not have to speak twice.

SHE WAITS FOR THE COUNT TO CLAP BACK. HE DOESN'T.

HAYDEÉ: This reaction to the death of the boy is overblown. Everything has still happened to your design. There is no need to pout because one, minor thing has not.

BEAT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I did not foresee this consequence.

HAYDEÉ: We do not control consequences. They are the result of Providence. If people do not want bad things to happen to them, they should not do bad things in the first place. (off his non-response) People are responsible for their own fates. God gives us a rope, and we decide whether we build a ladder to light or hang ourselves in the dark. (beat) This death is not your burden. It is God's. Or, Madame de Villefort's.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Eduard Villefort was young. A child. He had time.

HAYDEÉ: What kind of God would take the life of an innocent?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The same one that would let Edmond Dantès sit wrongfully in a cell for fifteen years.

HAYDEÉ KNOWS NOT TO CHALLENGE HIM HERE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I am late for my appointment.

HAYDEÉ: Are you going to finish what you started?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I am.

HAYDEÉ: And then?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: We leave.

HAYDEÉ: And then what?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I don't know.

INT. DANGLARS HOME - OFFICE

5

DANGLARS AGAIN DOES MATH AT HIS DESK, SCRIBBLING.

DANGLARS: (mumbling) Wrong. That, here. With the percentage and tax. No. How...?

SERVANT KNOCKS, ENTERS.

SERVANT: (nervous) Baron?

DANGLARS: Total?

SERVANT: Well, um...

DANGLARS: Name the total in the account.

SERVANT TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

SERVANT: Seven hundred fifty two francs.

DANGLARS SEIZES.

DANGLARS: Run it again.

SERVANT: But, Excellency --

DANGLARS: Run it again!

SERVANT SCAMPERS OUT, BUMPING INTO SERVANT 2 (ALSO PLAYED BY SERVANT).

SERVANT 2: Excuse me.

SERVANT: (whispering) Did he ask you for the account totals?

SERVANT 2: (whispering) Yes.

SERVANT: Do not give it to him.

DANGLARS: What are you whispering about? Conspiring against me in my own home.

SERVANT 2: No, Your Excellency.

SERVANT 3 JOINS THEM. (ALSO PLAYED BY
SERVANT.)

SERVANT 3: Pardon, Your Excellency --

DANGLARS: What now! All of you, insolent!

SERVANT 3: The Count of Monte Cristo is here to see you, Your Excellency.

DANGLARS SEIZES AGAIN.

DANGLARS: Tell him I am out.

SERVANT 3: He remarked that your carriage is present, Baron.

DANGLARS GROANS.

DANGLARS: What do I have -- what do I even pay you for? Go get him.

SERVANT: Who should go...?

DANGLARS: I don't care! Literally any one of you.

SERVANT: (to the others) This feels like a him problem.

DANGLARS SHARPLY BREATHES IN, ABOUT TO
EXPLODE, BUT:

SERVANT 3: I'll go, I'll...

THEY HASTILY LEAVE AS:

SERVANT: Do you require anything else, Your Excellency?

DANGLARS: Just get out!

THEY DO. DANGLARS TRIES TO CALM HIMSELF.

DANGLARS: It is fine. This will be fine. Nobody knows you have no money. Nobody knows that the best banker in Paris has somehow lost all of his money. It's fine. Everything is fine.

SERVANT LEADS THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
INTO HIS OFFICE. HE IS STILL IN HIS FUNK.

SERVANT: The Count of Monte Cristo, Your Excellency.

DANGLARS: Monsieur de Monte Cristo! What a pleasant surprise. May I offer you refreshment.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No. I will not be staying long.

DANGLARS: You won't?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No. I come to reclaim my initial investment of six million francs.

DANGLARS: Say again?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I am leaving Paris. I wish to close my account. Thus I require the six million francs I originally provided.

DANGLARS: Leaving Paris? So soon?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I have been here approximately one year. That is the length of time I intended to stay for.

DANGLARS: And do you feel that you have accomplished everything you intended to do whilst in Paris?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes. Is there a problem?

DANGLARS: No problem at all. In fact, I have those bills for you here. One moment.

DANGLARS DRAGS OUT THE PROCESS OF OPENING HIS DRAWER, PULLING OUT PAPER, AND WRITING THE CHECKS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Whilst I am here: my condolences on the failed engagement. It sounds like Paris has not seen such a scandal in quite some time.

DANGLARS: Indeed.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And how is Mademoiselle Danglars? I hear she has not been seen in society since.

DANGLARS: She has chosen to pursue the cloth. At a nunnery. Outside of Paris. France. Far, far away.

DANGLARS CONTINUES TO DRAW OUT THE PROCESS OF SIGNING THE CHECKS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Do you require assistance in writing out --

DANGLARS: No! (recovering, kinda) No, no. I would not be as renowned as I am if I did not have this attention to detail.

HE FINALLY FINISHES.

DANGLARS: See? Here.

DANGLARS EXTENDS THE CHECKS. THE COUNT ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THEM, DANGLARS CONTINUES TO GRIP THEM.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Baron.

HE LETS GO.

DANGLARS: Apologies.

THE COUNT REVIEWS THEM, POCKETS THEM. STANDS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I trust you will take care of the necessary paperwork.

DANGLARS: Of course. And should you return to Paris, I hope we may work together again.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You have performed exactly as I have expected you to. Good day, Baron.

THE COUNT SHOWS HIMSELF OUT.

DANGLARS WAITS. THE ANXIETY RISES, HIS BREATHING BECOMES RAGGED.

SERVANT KNOCKS LIGHTLY.

SERVANT: Your Excellency?

DANGLARS: What.

SERVANT: The orphanage has sent a representative to collect the promised donation from you.

DANGLARS: Tell him I am busy.

SERVANT: But --

DANGLARS: Leave!

THEY DO. DANGLARS' ANXIETY GETS WORSE.

DANGLARS: Injustice. Absolute injustice.

HE TAKES OUT A PEN AND PAPER.

DANGLARS: I never should have married. It has done nothing but cause me woe. Well. I'll show her woe.

HE BEGINS TO WRITE.

DANGLARS: "To my most dutiful wife..."

HE STOPS, STANDS. SLAMS HIS DOOR SHUT.

ACT BREAK

INT. OFFICE

6

LUCIEN DEBRAY DRAFTS A DOCUMENT AT HIS DESK.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: (sotto) No. Not that... should be "every man's"...

THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE FLIES OPEN. MADAME DANGLARS FOLLOWS, WAVING A PIECE OF PAPER.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Did you get one of these?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Hermine!

HE RISES, GOES TO SHUT THE DOOR.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: You cannot just barge in here. What would people say?

MADAME
DANGLARS: Lucien, did you get a letter or not?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: I didn't...

MADAME
DANGLARS: Read it.

SHE SLAMS THE LETTER INTO HIS CHEST. LUCIEN UNCRINKLES IT, HOLDS IT UP.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: "To my most dutiful...

THE VOICE FADES INTO THAT OF DANGLARS, RESULTING IN A SLIGHT OVERLAP.

LUCIEN DEBRAY/
DANGLARS: "...and most faithful wife. I am pleased to inform you that..."

VO - DANGLARS' LETTER

7

LIGHT SFX AND MUSIC ACCOMPANIES THE OBVIOUS VENOM THAT PERMATES THIS LETTER.

DANGLARS: ...by the time you receive this letter, you will no longer have a husband. Do not worry. I am still alive. You simply no longer have a husband in the same way you no longer have a daughter, by which I mean: I too have left France never to return.
(MORE)

You will be unsurprised to learn that when a client came to me to recoup his initial investment of six million francs I was unable to pay. Of course, he -- obviously The Count of Monte Cristo -- does not know this. And he will not until he attempts to cash the checks elsewhere. Leaving now allows me to escape the embarrassment of this revelation amidst our peers. I cannot say the same for you.

My most precious and loyal wife. You understand what I imply? We share the secret that you have dipped into my finances to gamble on stocks on the advice of your lover. And despite my warnings to leave my business be, you did not. I am not responsible for the majority of my finances disappearing. But I do take responsibility for letting your hobbies fester at my own expense.

I take no responsibility for our house falling to ruin. I leave you with the responsibility of explaining your newfound misfortune to the whole Paris. Adieu, Madame. And not that you had much before we wed, but may you enjoy the remains of your wealth, honor, and conscience.

Regards, your most...

INT. OFFICE

8

BACK TO THE PRESENT.

LUCIEN DEBRAY/
DANGLARS: "devoted husband. Baron Danglars."

THE GRAVITY OF THE LETTER AND ITS
IMPLICATIONS SINK INTO DEBRAY.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: It appears your husband knows about our relat --

MADAME
DANGLARS: *Of course he knows about our relationship!*

SHE SNATCHES THE LETTER BACK.

MADAME
DANGLARS: I am ruined, Lucien! How am I to simultaneously explain becoming poor and widowed whilst keeping this a secret? What are we to do?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: It does seem like you are in a predicament.

MADAME
DANGLARS: We. We are in this predicament.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Sure. (beat) Did the Baron take much with him before he left? Did he leave your room untouched?

MADAME He did.
DANGLARS:

LUCIEN DEBRAY: But your actual money is gone.

MADAME Right.
DANGLARS:

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Understood.

HE GOES TO HIS DESK. TAKES OUT A LEDGER
AND SOME BILLS.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: This can be settled quickly. My ledger shows that over the course of our partnership, we invested two million, eight hundred fifty thousand and thirty-two francs. This resulted in an overall profit of seven hundred thirty two thousand, one hundred ninety-two francs. You have already received part of that profit, five hundred sixty thousand francs. So I shall write you a check for the remaining one hundred seventy-two thousand, one hundred ninety-two francs.

HE DOES.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: And we may conclude our business.

MADAME But, but Lucien. This is hardly enough for the two of us to live on together.
DANGLARS:

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Together? Madame, I do not know what you imply.

MADAME What?
DANGLARS:

LUCIEN DEBRAY: (ignoring her shock, all business) Additionally, as you mentioned your husband left your belongings at home, you can sell what remains as to live comfortably amongst your friends in Paris. Should you choose to do so.

MADAME But I will have no income unless I remarry.
DANGLARS:

LUCIEN DEBRAY: You will have to find somebody who wishes to marry you then.

MADAME DANGLARS SPUTTERS. THIS IS WORSE
THAN HER HUSBAND LEAVING.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Now, if you will excuse me, I have many obligations today.

LUCIEN PHYSICALLY USHERS HER TOWARDS THE
DOOR.

MADAME DANGLARS: Lucien, please. It's me. I thought we, well, had something special.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Adieu, Madame Danglars. And note your current luck. Should you do this correctly, the rest of Paris will never know you have lost all your value.

HE SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

INT. HALLWAY

9

MADAME DANGLARS, STILL STUNNED FROM THE REJECTION, SOUEAKS IN DEFIANCE AND RAGE.

INT. MORREL HOUSE - PARLOR

10

MAXIMILIAN SITS IN FRONT OF A CRACKLING FIREPLACE. HE SIGHS.

JULIE RAPS ON THE ENTRYWAY, JOINS HIM.

JULIE: Is it not too warm for a fire?

MAXIMILIAN: I have exhausted being outside. And if I am to stay inside, I require something to look at.

A LOG BREAKS ON THE FIRE, SENDING SPARKS UP THE CHIMNEY.

JULIE: Maximilian. I know something is troubling you. And, when you are ready, I hope you remember you can always open up to me.

MAXIMILIAN: You do not need to worry about me.

JULIE: I'm your sister.

MAXIMILIAN: You have always succeeded in your sisterly pursuits.

THEY SIT IN SILENCE. JULIE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

JULIE: Well. As long as you know.

MAXIMILIAN: I do.

THE FIRE CRACKLES.

JULIE: Also, you have a letter.

SHE HANDS HIM A PIECE OF PAPER. MAXIMILIAN SITS UP, TAKES IT.

JULIE: It's from the Count of Monte Cristo.

MAXIMILIAN: And it is open.

JULIE: Consider it part of my sisterly pursuits.

MAXIMILIAN TAKES OUT THE LETTER, SCANS IT.

MAXIMILIAN: Oh.

JULIE: I thought you would be pleased to travel with the Count.

MAXIMILIAN: I am. I assumed we would leave together.

JULIE: Is Haydeé not good company?

MAXIMILIAN: She is fine, but she is no --

HE CAN'T SAY 'VALENTINE' OUT LOUD, STOMACHS IT.

MAXIMILIAN: Us meeting him in Marseilles will be fine.

JULIE: Good. (relaxing into her seat) What a life the Count lives. From Paris to Italy to Marseilles.

MAXIMILIAN: Yes.

JULIE: I wonder what kind of business the Count has in Rome?

WITH THAT, A TRANSITION LEADS US FROM A PARISIAN HEARTH TO...

EXT. ROME

11

...THE BUSTLING STREETS OF ROME (A.K.A THE SOUNDSCAPE FROM EPISODE ONE). WE LATCH ONTO A CARRIAGE ROLLING BY.

THE CARRIAGE SLOWS TO A HALT. THE SERVANT, DRIVING THE CARRIAGE, KNOCKS TOWARDS THE CARRIAGE'S RIDER.

SERVANT: Baron Danglars. We have arrived.

SURE ENOUGH, BARON DANGLARS STEPS OUT. STRETCHES.

DANGLARS: Very good.

DANGLARS STRIDES INTO A NEARBY BANK.

INT. BANK

12

THE SPACE CARRIES THE QUIET INTENSITY THAT ESTABLISHED MONEY TYPICALLY HAS.

DANGLARS APPROACHES A CLERK. DINGS THEIR BELL.

CLERK: *Buongiorno, signore. Come posso assisterti?*

DANGLARS: *Parli francese?*

THE CLERK SIGHS.

CLERK: From where are you visiting?

DANGLARS: Paris. I am here to open a line of credit.

DANGLARS TAKES A HANDFUL OF CHECKS FROM HIS PERSON, SLIDES THEM TO THE CLERK.

DANGLARS: This should suffice for funding.

CLERK: *Molto bene.* We will speak to your references and let you know --

DANGLARS: I prefer an advance. In cash. (off the Clerk's silence) The paperwork should be more than sufficient, but should you doubt the banks listed...

CLERK: I did not intend to insinuate. We will of course honor this request. What amount are you seeking?

DANGLARS: Six million. In piastra.

CLERK: *Bene, un momento.*

THE CLERK BEGINS TO PROCESS THE ASK.

EXT. BANK

13

DANGLARS EXITS THE BANK, COUNTING HIS NEWFOUND RICHES.

DANGLARS: (muttering) Ten thousand for the travel, twenty for accommodations. Another ten to reach Venice, and then additional costs. I do that by Monday, the truth arrives by Tuesday at the earliest. They will seek to reclaim their funds on Wednesday but I will have gone.

DANGLARS' MOOD PERKS UP AS HE RELISHES IN HIS PLAN. HE REACHES HIS CARRIAGE, BEGINS TO CLIMB IN.

DANGLARS: (to Servant) We are done here. You have the address for the inn I provided earlier?

DANGLARS DOES NOT NOTICE THAT PEPPINO NOW DRIVES THE CARRIAGE.

PEPPINO: Yes, your Excellency.

DANGLARS: Good. We leave now.

DANGLARS SHUTS HIMSELF INSIDE THE CARRIAGE.

PEPPINO: Of course. Your Excellency.

PEPPINO SNAPS THE REINS. THE CARRIAGE ROLLS OFF.

EXT. ROME

14

ROME'S OUTSKIRTS ENVELOPS THE SOUNDSCAPE, WHICH THEN SHIFTS TO THE ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE.

DANGLARS: (from inside the carriage) Are we there yet?

THE CARRIAGE ROLLS ON. DANGLARS OPENS HIS WINDOW, STICKS HIS HEAD OUT.

DANGLARS: What is -- where are we?

PEPPINO: We are almost there, your Excellency.

DANGLARS: This is not where I directed you to go! Stop the carriage!

PEPPINO: I cannot, Excellency!

DANGLARS: Turn this carriage around. Now.

PEPPINO: I said I cannot! If you wish, you may exit while the carriage continues.

DANGLARS: Don't be ridiculous. Jumping out of a moving carriage.

HE RETREATS INSIDE, THE HORSES RUSH ON.

THE CARRIAGE SLOWS AS IT REACHES ITS FINAL DESTINATION...

EXT. ITALY - CAVE ENTRANCE

15

PEPPINO SLOWS THE CARRIAGE, DISMOUNTS. HE IS APPROACHED BY TWO BANDITS AND LUIGI VAMPA.

LUIGI VAMPA: He is there?
 PEPPINO: As requested.
 LUIGI VAMPA: Grazie, Peppino.

LUIGI VAMPA KNOCKS ON THE DOOR OF THE CARRIAGE. WAITS. KNOCKS AGAIN.

LUIGI VAMPA: Baron Danglars?
 DANGLARS: Who's asking?
 LUIGI VAMPA: On your travels into Italy, have you heard tell of the great bandit Luigi Vampa?
 DANGLARS: I have.

VAMPA SNAPS HIS FINGERS, ONE OF THE BANDITS WRENCHES OPEN THE CARRIAGE DOOR. REVEALS A SCARED DANGLARS, WHO HAS PLASTERED HIMSELF TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE.

DANGLARS: I haven't got any money.

THE TWO BANDITS REACH IN, FORCE DANGLARS OUT OF THE CARRIAGE.

DANGLARS: Let me go!
 LUIGI VAMPA: We all know that's not true.
 DANGLARS: Unhand me! I am Baron Danglars. The best banker in France --

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. LUIGI VAMPA LAUGHS AS DANGLARS IS BROUGHT INTO THE CAVE.

ACT BREAK**INT. CAVE**

16

THE TWO BANDITS THROW DANGLARS INTO A CELL, LOCKING HIM IN.

DANGLARS: Release me at once! I haven't done anything to deserve this.

THE BANDITS AND LUIGI VAMPA LAUGH.

LUIGI VAMPA: Also not true, Baron Danglars. Peppino, take care of our guest.

PEPPINO: Of course.

EVERYONE, SAVE DANGLARS AND PEPPINO, LEAVES.

DANGLARS: Quickly, give me the keys. Let me out of this godforsaken cell.

PEPPINO: I regret to inform you that I cannot oblige.

DANGLARS EXCLAIMS WITH FRUSTRATION. PACES, RETURNS TO THE BARS.

DANGLARS: At least bring me something to drink.

PEPPINO: There is water behind you.

DANGLARS GOES TO IT.

DANGLARS: This is a bowl. For dogs.

HE THROWS IT ON THE GROUND.

PEPPINO: Well, I'm not bringing another. So.

PEPPINO STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

DANGLARS: I am owed something to eat! I'm starving!

PEPPINO: No, you're not.

PEPPINO LEAVES. DANGLARS IS ALONE.

DANGLARS GRUMBLES UNINTELLIGBLY, SITS ON A ROCK IN HIS CELL. HE HITS IT TOO HARD. STANDS, LOWERS INTO A "COMFORTABLE" SEAT.

AND WAITS.

A SFX TRANSITION (NOT UNLIKE WHAT WE HEARD IN EPISODE 11, IN THE CHATEAU D'IF) CARRIES US FORWARD IN TIME.

INT. CAVE - LATER

17

DANGLARS PACES HIS CELL, RESTLESS. HE MUMBLES TO HIMSELF, AGAIN, INAUDIBLY.

DANGLARS: Hello? Helloooooo. Is anyone there? Hellooooooooooooo.

PEPPINO RETURNS.

PEPPINO: You've summoned me, Your Excellency?

DANGLARS: I am hungry.

PEPPINO: Okay.

DANGLARS: So bring me something to eat.

PEPPINO: (faux thinking) Hmm...

A LONG BEAT.

DANGLARS: Well? What are you waiting for?

PEPPINO: I don't think we have a menu at the ready.

DANGLARS: A menu? I will tell you what I want.

PEPPINO: No, no, no. That's not how this works... I will investigate and report back to you.

DANGLARS: Good. Be quick about it.

PEPPINO LEAVES. DANGLARS SIGHS WITH RELIEF.

DANGLARS: First sane thing that has happened here.

ANOTHER SFX TRANSITION. HOURS HAVE PASSED.DANGLARS' STOMACH RUMBLES, LOUDLY.

DANGLARS: Where is that idiot --

PEPPINO RETURNS.

PEPPINO: Your Excellency! I have brought you your dinner.

DANGLARS: I did not give you my order.

PEPPINO: It's all taken care of.

PEPPINO UNCOVERS A PLATTER.

DANGLARS: What is that.

PEPPINO: A chicken, your grace.

DANGLARS: It's rancid.

PEPPINO: Yet it is the only thing on the menu tonight.

DANGLARS: I will not eat that.

PEPPINO: Very well.

HE RE-COVERS THE CHICKEN, LEAVES.

DANGLARS: Where are you going?

PEPPINO: I've nothing else to offer you.

HE STOPS.

PEPPINO: Unless, you have changed your mind?

DANGLARS: Bring it here.

PEPPINO DOES. DANGLARS REACHES OUT TO TAKE IT, PEPPINO PULLS IT BACK.

PEPPINO: Ah ah. That will be one million piastra.

DANGLARS: Wha -- for the chicken?

PEPPINO: Indeed.

DANGLARS: That's preposterous.

PEPPINO: Quality ingredients are rare this far outside of *Roma*.

DANGLARS: You are expecting me pay for that?

PEPPINO: You are good for it.

THE TENSION LINGERS. FINALLY:

DANGLARS: You cannot outwit me. I refuse to play your game.

PEPPINO: It's not really outwitting if you're just refusing to play. (beat) I thought bankers were supposed to be good at this sort of thing.

PEPPINO EXITS. DANGLARS' STOMACH GRUMBLES AGAIN, LOUDER. HE SIGHS.

ANOTHER SFX TRANSITION, MORE TIME (BUT LESS THAN YOU THINK!) HAS PASSED.

INT. CAVE - LATER

18

DANGLARS NOW LAYS ON THE FLOOR OF HIS CELL. MOANING.

DANGLARS: I am dying. This is how I'm going to die.

PEPPINO RETURNS, HEARS PART OF THIS.

PEPPINO: So soon? You just got here.

DANGLARS: I have not been fed. I wither away. There are no windows, no light. No water.

PEPPINO: You arrived this morning and spilled your own water.

DANGLARS: Bring me something to eat.

PEPPINO: I could bring you another chicken?

DANGLARS STOMACH GRUMBLES.

PEPPINO: And perhaps a bottle of wine.

DANGLARS: I will eat anything.

PEPPINO: Wonderful!

IN REAL TIME, WE STAY WITH DANGLARS AS
PEPPINO LEAVES. HE RETURNS WITH THE
PROMISED MEAL.

PEPPINO: Alright. One chicken and one bottle of red wine.

DANGLARS: Give it to me.

PEPPINO: That will be six million piastra.

DANGLARS: Six million piastra?! Last time it was one million.

PEPPINO: That was a different chicken.

DANGLARS: Where is Luigi Vampa?

PEPPINO: So, you don't want the chicken?

DANGLARS: Bring back your leader so he may speak to me!

PEPPINO SIGHS DRAMATICALLY.

PEPPINO: Very well.

HE WALKS AWAY.

PEPPINO: I get another chicken.

AND HE'S GONE.

IT'S TOO LONG FOR DANGLARS' LIKING.

DANGLARS: Hello? Not this again. (shouting) I demand to speak to whomever is in charge here! (louder) I SAID I DEMAND --

LUIGI VAMPA
(OS): Yes, yes, We have heard you.

LUIGI VAMPA APPROACHES, FOLLOWED BY
ANOTHER MAN.

LUIGI VAMPA: You refuse my hospitality, Baron Danglars.

DANGLARS: Is this what you call hospitality?

LUIGI VAMPA: Few men appear in front of me and remain unscathed.

DANGLARS: Unscathed?! I have been thrown into a cell with no water, no light. No food.

LUIGI VAMPA: You have been offered food.

DANGLARS: Rotten food. For an unreasonable price.

LUIGI VAMPA: Esteemed banker Baron Danglars could not possibly lack for piastra. Unless, your name does not carry the weight it once did?

DANGLARS IS TOO PROUD TO ADMIT THIS. SO,
HE GRUMBLES.

LUIGI VAMPA: You are in a cell with nothing to sustain you. Any deal you are offered is a good deal. (beat) We are more similar than you think, Baron. No one in here is a "good man" but we do not pretend to be. You clutch your riches and claim you are honest. You are in a cage of your own making.

BEAT.

DANGLARS: (knowing he's right) Mercy. Please. Have mercy.

LUIGI VAMPA BARKS OUT A LAUGH.

LUIGI VAMPA: (to his companion) What say you?

THE OTHER MAN JOINS LUIGI VAMPA. IT IS
THE COUNT.

THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO: Do you repent?

DANGLARS: Repent? Repent for what?

THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO: Everything.

LUIGI VAMPA: Your lies. Your greed. Your betrayals.

DANGLARS: Yes. Yes, I repent. I regret it all.

LUIGI VAMPA: And you will not repeat yourself.

DANGLARS: No. No, I -- I will change. I will be better.

LUIGI VAMPA: (to the Count) Is he lying?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I don't know.

DANGLARS: Wait. I recognize you. You're --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes, yes. (beleaguered) I am the Count of Monte Cristo. And I am also Edmond Dantès. Whom you put into the Chateau D'if out of jealousy and hate.

DANGLARS: That was a misunderstanding --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (to Luigi) My business with him is finished.

THE COUNT BEGINS TO LEAVE.

DANGLARS: How can you be both men? Who are you? Really?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I don't know.

THE COUNT DISAPPEARS INTO THE CAVE.

LUIGI VAMPA: The piastra, Baron Danglars.

DANGLARS: Yes.

DANGLARS, STUNNED AND DAZED, HANDS IT TO HIM. LUIGI VAMPA COUNTS IT, IS SATISFIED.

LUIGI VAMPA: Peppino!

PEPPINO JOINS. VAMPA THROWS HIM THE KEY.

LUIGI VAMPA: Let him back into the sun.

AS PEPPINO BEGINS TO UNLOCK THE CELL:

DANGLARS: You have taken all I had. What will I do now?

THE CELL OPENS, PEPPINO GRABS DANGLARS, FORCES HIM OUT.

LUIGI VAMPA: Whatever it is, may it be worth the mercy you have been granted.

PEPPINO AND DANGLARS LEAVE. LUIGI VAMPA FLIPS THROUGH HIS MONEY. CHUCKLES.

INT. MORREL HOUSE

19

A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR. JULIE ANSWERS IT, REVEALING:

JULIE: Mademoiselle Haydeé.

HAYDEÉ ENTERS.

HAYDEÉ: There are no titles amongst friends. How is he?

JULIE: Not well. He tells me nothing but -- are you sure that the Count can help him?

HAYDEÉ: The Count has helped all of us. In his own way.

MAXIMILIAN DESCENDS THE STAIRCASE.

MAXIMILIAN: Are we leaving?

JULIE: Where is your trunk?

MAXIMILIAN: I do not require one.

JULIE: Should we wait for Emmanuel?

MAXIMILIAN: I saw him earlier. I have made my goodbyes.

HAYDEÉ UNDERSTANDS HIS ALLUSIONS. JULIE DOESN'T. BUT SHE EMBRACES HIM ANYWAY.

JULIE: I love you so very much.

MAXIMILIAN: (stoicism breaking) I could not have asked for a better companion in this life than you, Julie.

EVENTUALLY, THEY PART.

MAXIMILIAN: I am ready.

MAXIMILIAN STRIDES OUT OF THE HOUSE.
HAYDEÉ BEGINS TO FOLLOW, BUT --

JULIE: Promise me, Haydeé. Promise me that Maximilian will be alright.

HAYDEÉ: I cannot. The only person who can make that promise is Maximilian himself.

END OF EPISODE