

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
"EPISODE NINE" 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

FROM HERE ON, EVERY EPISODE WILL HAVE A PRIMER AS TO REFRESH THE AUDIENCE ON THE IMPORTANT CHARACTERS OF THE EPISODE AND WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THEM SO FAR.

(BECAUSE, LIKE, LOOK. THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE HERE. LET'S MAKE SURE WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE BEFORE WE FURTHER THEIR STORY.)

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - PARLOR 2

VALENTINE AND NOIRTIER SIT QUIETLY. SHE PLAYS PIANO, HE WATCHES.

UNTIL HE GRUNTS.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Yes, Grandfather? Oh, here.

SHE STANDS, WIPES HIS FACE.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Something on your cheek.

HE GRUNTS AGAIN. VALENTINE SIGHS.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: I am well. The loss of Grandmother and my other grandfather is saddening. But I am managing.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS AGAIN, CHALLENGING HER WORDS.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: (smiling) You are as perceptive as ever, Grandfather.

SERVANT WALKS IN.

SERVANT: Mademoiselle requested lemonade?

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Oh, no. I did not. But thank you. You can leave it here.

THEY DO, THEN LEAVE.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: (hushed) The truth is, Grandfather. I have not heard from... a friend of mine since Grandmother's passing. I am worried that they have forgotten me. We had... plans to spend time together. And we did not do so, and I worry they are upset with me.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: I did try, Grandfather. I did make an effort, truly. But now, I worry I am stuck.

EDUARD'S PLAYFUL YELLING ECHOES IN FROM THE HALLWAY. HE RUNS INTO THE ROOM, CHASED BY SERVANT.

SERVANT: Master Eduard, please return my gloves.

EDUARD DELIGHTFULLY CACKLES, RUNNING IN CIRCLES.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT ENTERS.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Do not chase him like he is an animal.

SERVANT: Apologies, Madame.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: (raising her voice over Eduard's laughter) Are you not tired, *mon choux*?

EDUARD DE VILLEFORT: No!

MADAME DE VILLEFORT SIGHS HEAVILY.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Children are exhausting. (to Valentine) Have you seen your father?

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: No, Stepmother.

EDUARD BUMPS INTO A TABLE. A VASE FALLS AND SHATTERS.

EDUARD DE VILLEFORT: I didn't do it!

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Of course you didn't, *mon choux*. (to Servant) You, clean that! It is broken glass!

SERVANT: Apologies, Madame.

EDUARD GOES BACK TO GIGGLING, RUNNING WITH THE GLOVES.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Eduard! It is time for your lesson. Put the gloves down. Eduard?

SHE FOLLOWS HIM OUT. VALENTINE AND NOIRTIER ARE ALONE AGAIN, SHE SIGHS WITH RELIEF.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Finally, some quiet.

A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR. NOIRTIER GRUNTS.

THE SOUNDS OF SERVANT ANSWERING THE DOOR
SEEP INTO THE PARLOR. THEN, TWO SETS OF
FOOTSTEPS AS THE SERVANT ANNOUNCES...

SERVANT: Monsieur Maximilian Morrel for you, Mademoiselle --

MAXIMILIAN: Forgive me for intruding. But I noticed a scarf just outside of your door and thought that maybe it belonged to a lady of the house? So I completely unprompted thought I should knock and ask if the owner of the scarf still likes this scarf and would like it for the future.

IT IS A TERRIBLE LIE. BUT VALENTINE IS
CHARMED NONETHELESS.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: How very kind of you. Thank you for coming. With the scarf. I did miss it very much. And, despite everything, I hope my scarf will also want a future with me.

MAXIMILIAN: I am certain your scarf wants a future with you. Very much.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS LOUDLY, SPOOKING
MAXIMILIAN.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Grandfather, this is Monsieur Maximilian Morrel. A soldier.

MAXIMILIAN: Former soldier. I returned to Paris to assist my sister with our family business.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS WARILY.

MAXIMILIAN: It is an honor, Monsieur. Valentine - uh, Mademoiselle de Villefort, speaks so highly of you.

BARROIS, PANTING, ENTERS THE ROOM.

BARROIS: Monsieur. I have rearranged your room as requested and -- is this lemonade?

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Please, Barrois. Have some.

BARROIS: Thank you.

HE POURS HIMSELF A GLASS. DRINKS IT.

MAXIMILIAN: I did not mean to disturb you --

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: You did not.

MAXIMILIAN: Nevertheless I shall leave you be. Perhaps, I shall see you soon?

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Yes.

MAXIMILIAN: Mademoiselle. Monsieur Noirtier.

HE BACKS OUT OF THE ROOM, BUMPING INTO FURNITURE AS HE DOES.

MAXIMILIAN: Sorry, so sorry.

HE LEAVES.

THE FRONT DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM.
VALENTINE SIGHS, TURNS TO NOIRTIER.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: You've figured it out, Grandfather. Haven't you?

NOIRTIER SLOWLY GRUNTS. BARROIS SEIZES UP.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: I did mean to tell you. But with the engagement to Franz and the pressure from Stepmother I -- Barrois?

BARROIS BEGINS TO CHOKE. HE DROPS THE GLASS, GASPS FOR AIR.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Barrois! What is, what --

HE FALLS. VALENTINE RUSHES TO HIM.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Barrois! Look at me, look to me.

HE DOES, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. HE TAKES A FINAL BREATH, THEN STOPS.

VALENTINE TAKES HIS HAND, CHECKS HIS PULSE.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: So cold.

SILENT.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Grandfather... I think Barrois is dead.

THE THEME PLAYS.

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - PARLOR

3

A SHORT TIME LATER. VALENTINE AND NOIRTIER ARE JOINED BY MADAME DE VILLEFORT, EDUARD, AND VILLEFORT - WHO HAS CALLED IN A DOCTOR. THEY INSPECT BARROIS.

DOCTOR: Interesting.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Have you found something, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Monsieur Crown Prosecutor, you did well to summon me.

VILLEFORT: And why is that?

DOCTOR: Because the deceased shows the same symptoms as the Marquis and Marquise de Saint-Méran.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: What does that mean?

VILLEFORT: It means that all three died the same way.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Obviously. Do we know how they died?

DOCTOR: The lack of physical symptoms implies poison. Which is significant when put alongside all victims' proximity to this house. Crown Prosecutor, do you have any known enemies?

VILLEFORT: I am the Crown Prosecutor to His Majesty. Of course I have enemies.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: (rising hysteria) Gérard, this is ridiculous. How are we supposed to live in a house when we are so obviously unsafe! This cannot stand!

NOIRTIER GRUNTS, LOW AND SLOW.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: (continuing) Any one of us could be next! It could be me, or Eduard, or your father. Or you!

VILLEFORT: What would you have me do, Héloïse? People are already whispering about these deaths. Letting your character disintegrate in front of the doctor certainly won't help.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT QUIETS.

EDUARD DE VILLEFORT: I'm bored.

VILLEFORT: Silence, Eduard.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Do not snap at him!

VILLEFORT: I will do as I please in my own house!

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: The very house where you refuse your own son's safety!

NOIRTIER COUGHS UNDER THEIR BICKERING.
VALENTINE STANDS.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: Here, Grandfather.

SHE POURS NOIRTIER A GLASS OF WATER,
WALKS IT BACK TO HIM AS...

VILLEFORT: You are becoming hysterical.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: What an observation, Crown Prosecutor! Next will you tell me my own name?

VILLEFORT: If it would quiet you in any capacity, yes!

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: (to Noirtier) I am so sorry about Barrois, Grandfather. I know you were close.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: No!

MADAME DE VILLEFORT LUNGES OVER, SWATS
THE GLASS OUT OF VALENTINE'S HAND.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Foolish girl. The Doctor said there was poison here and you give your Grandfather an uninvestigated drink?

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: I'm sorry... I didn't think...

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Obviously. Unless, of course, you knew that he would be safe drinking this?

VILLEFORT: Let us not make baseless accusations.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: He said the poison was traceless! It could be anybody. I am simply putting two and two together.

DOCTOR: I did not say the poisoner was one of you, Madame.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Well. Water is dangerous. He should be drinking wine.

VILLEFORT: (sighing) Thank you, Doctor, for your quick response. And for your discretion.

DOCTOR: Of course. I am honored by your confidence. But I would advise you to be wary of those you keep close. I would hate to pay another, unfortunate visit.

EXT. PARIS

4

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, ANDREA CAVALCANTI LEAVES HIS HOUSE IN A HURRY.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (faded accent) Ten minutes past, should be right on time...

A PASSERBY (MAN 1) SEES ANDREA.

MAN 1: Good day, Prince Cavalcanti!

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (accent back in full force) *Buongiorno, amico mio!* I wish you *una bellissima giornata!*

ANDREA CONTINUES ON, PICKS UP HIS PACE.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (sotto) Need to get out of this arrondissement.

ANDREA WINDS HIS WAY THROUGH THE CITY, THE SOUNDS BLENDING TOGETHER AS HE SHIFTS FROM ONE AREA OF THE CITY TO ANOTHER, THEN ANOTHER.

THE SOUNDSCAPE SETTLES AS ANDREA NEARS THE EDGE OF PARIS, IN THE SEEDIER ARRONDISSEMENT. HE APPROACHES A QUIET BUILDING, KNOCKS TWICE, ONCE, THEN THRICE.

CADEROUSSE (OS): No need for secrecy here.

ANDREA QUICKLY OPENS THE DOOR, SLIDES IN.

INT. BAKERY - BACK ROOM

5

HE SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. CADEROUSSE IS SEATED AT A TABLE INSIDE.

CADEROUSSE: It's only me.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (accent floundering) It's not about you, Caderousse. It's about me being seen here. It could be a problem.

CADEROUSSE: Well. At the very least, you can drop the accent. I'm not one of your noble friends you need fool.

BEAT. ANDREA SIGHS.

ANDREA (accent completely gone) On that, we can agree. Here.
CAVALCANTI: HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, PULLS OUT AN ENVELOPE, PUTS IT ON THE TABLE.

ANDREA Your 'monthly allowance,' as requested.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: With interest?

ANDREA Don't get greedy.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: Come now, Andrea. Or must I call you by that in here?

ANDREA In the decrepit back room of an abandoned bakery?
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: S'not so bad if you haven't been coddled. I even brought wine and cheese and bread.

ANDREA (under his breath) Day-old bread.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: Have the finer things made you soft, Andrea?
ANDREA RESTRAINS A SIGH, RIPS OFF A PIECE OF BREAD. IT'S STALE, TOUGH TO CHEW.

CADEROUSSE: See? Two old friends, breaking bread.

ANDREA Hmm.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: Years ago, you'd've been grateful for a meal like this.

ANDREA Years ago, we were in prison.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: Still, this could be finer. If only I had a little extra income.

ANDREA It was wrong of me to call you greedy. I should have called you a glutton.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: I prefer opportunist. There is always more to get. It just tends to go to a different class of man than mine. Why shouldn't I take what I can?

ANDREA Because you're taking it from someone else.
CAVALCANTI:

CADEROUSSE: And you're so different? Prancing through Paris as an Italian prince. Which you aren't, last I checked.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Had you been presented with the same opportunity I had, you would be doing the same.

CADEROUSSE: Not sure I follow.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I... I received a lead.

CADEROUSSE: A lead.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: A letter. With a large sum. That promised more if I pursued the specific scheme that I am undergoing now.

CADEROUSSE: Which is?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: To visit Paris under the guise of the Count of Monte Cristo's expected but not yet known guest: Prince Andrea Cavalcanti. And as the Count does not know what the Prince looks nor acts like, "there is an opportunity to usurp the identity of this Prince and use it to your advantage."

CADEROUSSE: How lucky you are, to have this Count of Monte Cristo.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: He carries enough respect in Paris as to eliminate any errant questions I might have otherwise received.

CADEROUSSE: And you have received much. Wealth, an apartment. And, if the rumors are true, a marriage contract with Eugénie Danglars?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Almost.

CADEROUSSE: Well, I look forward to the engagement feast. (slowly, thinking out loud) No doubt you'll get access to Danglars accounts after you marry his daughter. And, as he's an old friend. Stands to reason he wouldn't mind if you were to, say, double my monthly allowance.

ANDREA CHOKES.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Double? That is obscene.

CADEROUSSE: Seems fair to me. I am the keeper of your true identity.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: If you keep asking for more, I will have nothing left!

CADEROUSSE: Not sure how that's my problem.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: It will be, if you keep at it.

CADEROUSSE: Now, now. No need for threats. If you have trouble with your own coffers, I'm sure you could access someone else's. Say, the Count of Monte Cristo?

BEAT.

CADEROUSSE: S'not like he would notice.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I don't want to steal from the Count --

CADEROUSSE: Have you gone soft?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: -- because I think he might be my father.

CADEROUSSE BURSTS OUT IN LAUGHTER.

CADEROUSSE: The Count? Your father?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: This is why I didn't tell you.

CADEROUSSE: You've not changed one bit since we shared a cell.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: It is a plausible theory! (over Caderousse's laughter) I'm not a fool! I know how "lucky" I am to receive the Count's patronage. What, what nobleman would accept a stranger under his wing without knowing anything about him? Obviously the Count of Monte Cristo knows I am not who I say I am, so he must have a very good, secret reason for doing so. You know I was abandoned by my father, who I know was noble. So. It stands the Count could be my father. And that societal expectation forbids him from saying so.

BEAT.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Oh, now you have nothing to say?

CADEROUSSE: The Count barely knows his own wealth. Stands to reason he wouldn't know his own child.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Exactly.

CADEROUSSE: Still, though. What's to stop me from telling any of my old friends? I'm sure your father-in-law would be very interested in this information.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: You wouldn't.

CADEROUSSE: Well, not when we have a withdrawal to plan. And when I say withdrawal --

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: You mean steal from the Count of Monte Cristo.

CADEROUSSE: Do we have an arrangement?

BEAT.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: We do.

CADEROUSSE: Excellent.

CADEROUSSE SLIDES A PAPER AND PEN ACROSS
THE TABLE.

CADEROUSSE: Let's start with a map of the Count's *appartement*.

ACT BREAK

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - OFFICE

6

VILLEFORT SCRIBBLES ON PAPER.

VILLEFORT: "Messieurs. Esteemed delegates. This case is..."

SERVANT KNOCKS.

VILLEFORT: What?

SERVANT: A letter for you, Crown Prosecutor.

THEY HASTILY PUT IT ON VILLEFORT'S DESK,
THEN LEAVE. VILLEFORT OPENS IT, READS IT.

VILLEFORT: What?!

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - PARLOR

7

MADAME DE VILLEFORT WATCHES EDUARD RUN IN
THE PARLOR. VALENTINE LIGHTLY PLAYS THE
PIANO.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Eduard, *mon choux*. Sit here. Our guests will arrive soon.

EDUARD DE
VILLEFORT: No!

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Come now, pet. (much sharper) Valentine, play something less drab, would you? It's an afternoon tea, not a cemetery.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: Yes, Stepmother.

SHE SWITCHES TO A LIVELIER TUNE.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: (still unhappy) Better.

VILLEFORT STORMS IN, WAVING THE LETTER.

VILLEFORT: Are you happy? Are you happy now?

HE THROWS THE LETTER AT MADAME DE
VILLEFORT, WHO BEGINS TO READ IT.

VILLEFORT: Franz d'Epinay has canceled the engagement.

VALENTINE STOPS PLAYING.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: What?

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Why?

VILLEFORT: Why do you think?

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Does he know about the deaths?

VILLEFORT: Obviously he knows about the deaths.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: This is a disaster. How will we marry off Valentine now?

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: If I may --

VILLEFORT: (ignoring her) There are plenty of suitable families in Paris. But you. You must refrain from speaking to anyone about what is happening in this house.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: You blame me? I want nothing more than for Valentine to be married!

VILLEFORT: You are the one causing scenes in the centers of ballrooms!

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Because that is where you found me!

SERVANT ROLLS NOIRTIER INTO THE PARLOR.
HE GRUNTS HELLO.

VILLEFORT: Not now, Father. We are busy!

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: What is that? In your hand, what is that?

VILLEFORT STALKS OVER, SNATCHES A LETTER FROM NOIRTIER'S FIST.

SERVANT: Another letter, Crown Prosecutor. It arrived the same time as the other --

VILLEFORT: Why are you communicating with a notary?

BEAT.

VILLEFORT: Answer me!

BEAT.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: He cannot speak, father --

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Quiet, you stupid girl. Give me that.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT TAKES THE SECOND LETTER, READS IT.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: You are changing your will *again*?!

VILLEFORT TAKES IT BACK.

VILLEFORT: "Should my granddaughter, Valentine de Villefort be married without my explicit approval, as determined by a notary and Valentine de Villefort herself, all remaining funds and properties in my name will be donated to local charities." This is outrageous.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Lest you forget your grandson.

A GLASS BREAKS. EDUARD CACKLES.

VILLEFORT: *This* is why Franz d'Epina y cancelled the engagement. You communicated this to him, did you not?

NOIRTIER GRUNTS IN CONFIRMATION.

VILLEFORT'S ANGER BEGINS TO RISE. BUT - HE QUELLS IT, TURNING IT TO A NEAR SILENT SEETHING.

VILLEFORT: (leaning in, whispering) All I have done to protect you, and this is how you repay me? Interfering in my affairs with your frivolities? I am the good fortune that keeps you alive. Lest I remind you how easily you could reside in the Chateau d'If.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS LOWLY IN RESPONSE.

VILLEFORT TEARS THE LETTER INTO PIECES.

VILLEFORT: (to Madame de Villefort) Do nothing, say nothing. I will handle this.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: But --

VILLEFORT: I will handle this!

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Indeed.

FROM OUTSIDE THE ROOM, WE HEAR A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. SERVANT LEADS MADAME DANGLARS AND EUGÉNIE DANGLARS INTO THE PARLOR.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Oh, Héloïse! Valentine! The most wonderful news. Eugénie is engaged to Prince Andrea Cavalcanti!

BEAT.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Dreadful timing, darling.

A MUSICAL TRANSITION BRINGS US TO...

EXT. VILLEFORT HOME - GARDEN

8

VALENTINE AND EUGÉNIE GIGGLING IN THE BACK OF THE GARDEN. AWAY FROM THEIR MOTHERS, THEY FEEL COMPLETELY FREE.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: ...so Andrea brings me into the parlor. And my father's there. But then he says: (terrible Italian accent) "Eugénie. Would you do me the honor of becoming *la sposa più bella che Parigi abbia mai visto?*"

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: What does that mean?

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: No idea. But I heard "bella" and thought, I am beautiful, aren't I?

VALENTINE GIGGLES.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: How wonderful for you to be engaged.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Ugh, I hate the idea. Who wants to live based on the whims of a man?

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: I think marrying somebody you love sounds rather nice.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: I would rather fill my days with Louise and music and traverse the world together. We would start with Italy.
(MORE)

Attend the Opera, study at the feet of master painters. Weep upon viewing 'The Creation of Adam.' Valentine, you look pale.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Oh, no. I'm fine. I'm just going to sit.

SHE DOES.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: Don't stop on my account. Regale me with tales of your future.

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS: I wish it was my future. I'd rather be a starving artist as opposed to somebody's wife.

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: An Italian *prince's* wife. A (her "best" Italian accent) *sposa più bella che Parigi*.

THEY LAUGH.

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS: All I mean, really. Is that I don't need "this" to be happy.

THEY SIT AND LET THE CALMING SOUNDS OF THE GARDEN OVERTAKE THEM.

FROM AFAR, MADAME DANGLARS AND MADAME DE VILLEFORT EXIT THE HOUSE.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT (OS): Valentine! Tea is ready!

MADAME DANGLARS (OS): No, no, you were not loud enough, here. (louder, shriller) Eugénie! Come inside!

MADAME DE VILLEFORT (OS): (louder) Valen-TINE! Come in-SIDE this INSTANT!

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS: Maybe if we stay here they shall shout themselves hoarse.

THEY SNICKER.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT (OS): Valen-TINE!

MADAME DANGLARS (OS): Eugénie!

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS: How can you stand it?

VALENTINE DE VILLEFORT: We should return.

SHE STANDS, IMMEDIATELY WAVERS.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Valentine! You are not well.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: I am fine, Eugénie.

SHE TRIES TO WALK, BUT STUMBLES AGAIN.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: Perhaps I should... sit.

EUGÉNIE TRIES TO SUPPORT HER BUT CAN'T,
AS VALENTINE SINKS TO THE GROUND.

VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT: (losing consciousness) Maybe... could you get...
Grandfather...?

SHE PASSES OUT.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Valentine? Valentine!

VALENTINE DOES NOT WAKE.

EUGÉNIE
DANGLARS: Help! Somebody help!!

ACT BREAK

EXT. PARIS

9

PARIS AT NIGHT. AND, ANDREA CAVALCANTI
AND CADEROUSSE ARE WALKING THROUGH A
RESIDENTIAL AREA, IT IS QUIETER THAN
EXPECTED.

CADEROUSSE: Nice night for a stroll.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: (shushing him) Someone will hear you!

CADEROUSSE: I've nothing to hide.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Someone could see me. And we are about to rob a
house.

CADEROUSSE: So worried about appearances.

THEY KEEP WALKING.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Here.

THEY STOP.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: This one.

CADEROUSSE: Grander than I thought. And no lights on. Well done, Prince Andrea.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: (snorting) All I did was give you a day the Count would not be at home.

CADEROUSSE: Do you remember the signal?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Obviously.

CADEROUSSE WAITS. ANDREA SIGHS, PROVES HE KNOWS THE SIGNAL BY EMULATING A BIRD CALL (POORLY).

CADEROUSSE: Just like old times.

CADEROUSSE WALKS OFF.

CADEROUSSE: If you leave, I'll find you.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Believe me, I know.

EXT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME

10

CADEROUSSE APPROACHES THE HOUSE. PICKS UP A ROCK, SMASHES A FRONT WINDOW.

CADEROUSSE: Like a charm.

CADEROUSSE CLEANS OUT THE GLASS, CLEARS AN OPENING FOR HIMSELF.

HE HOISTS HIMSELF UP, THROUGH.

INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - PARLOR 11

CADEROUSSE LANDS IN THE PARLOR. STANDS, INSPECTS THE ROOM.

CADEROUSSE: Caderousse, you've done it again.

HE HUMS TO HIMSELF HAPPILY AS HE STARTS TO PICK UP, POCKET VARIOUS TRINKETS.

SUDDENLY, A CANDLE LIGHTS. CADEROUSSE JUMPS AT THE NOISE.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Some light for your activity.

CADEROUSSE: You're not the Count of Monte Cristo. But... how do I know you?

ABBÉ BUSONI: I am the Abbé Busoni. And you are Gaspard Caderousse. I once visited your inn.

CADEROUSSE: Yes, in Marseille. (pivoting) How wonderful to meet an old friend at the home of another mutual friend we both share.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Would you lie to a man of the cloth?

CADEROUSSE: (pivoting again) Forgive me, father. I have sinned by simply being human.

ABBÉ BUSONI: A generalization, I think.

CADEROUSSE: And how have you come to be in this house? Lurking in the dark?

ABBÉ BUSONI: I keep many counsels. Including the man you are trying to steal from. But come, sit. My bones are weary and you are not much older than I.

CADEROUSSE LAUGHS.

CADEROUSSE: My age is my age, but it is my livelihood that keeps me young.

ABBÉ BUSONI: And what livelihood is that? Tell me, what of the man I met in Marseille? Did he not have a good life?

CADEROUSSE: Oh, he had a fine life. Begging for scraps and depending on generosity to get from month to month. S'no way to make an income, especially when for some men, the world's unfairly theirs for the taking.

ABBÉ BUSONI: And take it you did.

CADEROUSSE: S'true. But I did my time. Released on good behavior and all that.

ABBÉ BUSONI: I would not call this good behavior. Nor is falsely claiming that you have fully served your time.

CADEROUSSE: Well then. Guess we know what's hiding under that priestly robe. All the secrets of Paris.

ABBÉ BUSONI DOESN'T LAUGH. CADEROUSSE SIGHS.

CADEROUSSE: I won't apologize for seizing the opportunity I was gifted. France never looked so beautiful than on the day I left.

ABBÉ BUSONI: A blessing.

CADEROUSSE: Sure.

ABBÉ BUSONI: And this is how you show gratitude for your blessing? Squandering the opportunity for a better life?

CADEROUSSE: Not sure an Abbé would understand what life is like for a former convict.

ABBÉ BUSONI: I do know what life is like for a former convict.

CADEROUSSE: Then you would know that life's just not fair, is it? S'not like I have some mysterious sponsor who sets me up to live the life of an Italian prince. I got out of prison and had to deal with the world as it was when I left! 'Cept worse.

ABBÉ BUSONI: At least you are free.

CADEROUSSE: AWanting more for yourself is properly acceptable. 'Specially when other men have more. Here, see this thing?

CADEROUSSE PICKS UP A TRINKET FROM A NEARBY TABLE.

CADEROUSSE: Monte Cristo wouldn't even miss this. (off Abbé Busoni's silence) Because it will stay exactly where it is.

ABBÉ BUSONI: I am perplexed, Gaspard Caderousse.

CADEROUSSE: How's that?

ABBÉ BUSONI: You were blessed, yet claim you were cursed. You are free, yet claim to be caged.

CADEROUSSE: World's a cage, innit?

ABBÉ BUSONI: One you have made yourself. Gilded bars of greed and gluttony.

CADEROUSSE: If it keeps me satisfied, don't really see the problem.

ABBÉ BUSONI GIVES A LIGHT SIGH.
CADEROUSSE SHIFTS HIS POSITION, QUIETLY.

ABBÉ BUSONI: It is my bones that are tired, not my eyes.

CADEROUSSE: I, I don't --

ABBÉ BUSONI: You move towards a knife in your pocket. Would you truly kill a man of the cloth?

CADEROUSSE LEAVES THE KNIFE HIDDEN,
STANDS.

CADEROUSSE: Perhaps I'd best be on my way.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Perhaps you should.

CADEROUSSE: (lying, badly) If I wanted to speak with you again, where could I find you?

ABBÉ BUSONI: You could not. But trust I will keep your secrets.

CADEROUSSE: An old friend indeed.

CADEROUSSE WALKS BACK TO THE WINDOW.

CADEROUSSE: I'll just leave the same way I came out then.

HE DOES, CLUMSILY. WE STAY WITH CADEROUSSE AS HE...

EXT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME 12

...LANDS ON THE GROUND WITH A THUD. HE WINCES, STRETCHES.

CADEROUSSE: Better luck next time.

BEGINS TO HEAD BACK TO ANDREA.

EXT. PARIS 13

CADEROUSSE REACHES ANDREA, SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH.

CADEROUSSE: There you are. Here's what happe --

CADEROUSSE IS STABBED. BY ANDREA. HE FALLS TO THE GROUND.

CADEROUSSE: Why... you...

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I am sorry, old friend. But I cannot allow you to jeopardize my success.

CADEROUSSE: What? But, I don't --

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: (leaning in) *Arrivederci.*

ANDREA STARTS TO HUSTLE AWAY, BUT TURNS BACK.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Almost forgot.

HE GOES THROUGH CADEROUSSE'S POCKETS, FINDS NOTHING.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: You didn't even manage to steal anything. What a fool.

NOW, HE LEAVES.

CADEROUSSE LIES ON THE STREET, PANTING.
WITH AS MUCH STRENGTH AS HE CAN MUSTER:

CADEROUSSE: Help! Someone! HELP!

IN THE DISTANCE, A SOFT PATTERN OF FEET.
IT EDGES CLOSER, IT IS BERTUCCIO.

BERTUCCIO: Can you stand?

CADEROUSSE: No. I don't think so.

BERTUCCIO: Here.

BERTUCCIO LIFTS HIM, HOISTS HIM ONTO HIS
SHOULDER. CARRIES/DRAWS HIM TOWARDS THE
COUNT'S HOUSE.

INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - ENTRYWAY¹⁴

BERTUCCIO OPENS THE DOOR, BRINGS
CADEROUSSE IN. AFTER A FEW STEPS, LOWERS
HIM ONTO THE FLOOR.

CADEROUSSE: What's this? Can't you give me a chair?

ABBÉ BUSONI: (accent wavering) That will do, Bertuccio. Thank you.

BERTUCCIO BACKS AWAY.

CADEROUSSE: Abbé! Abbé, I have been stabbed. I need a doctor.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Stabbed, you say?

CADEROUSSE: It's not your blood, is it?

ABBÉ BUSONI COMES CLOSER, KNEELS DOWN.

ABBÉ BUSONI: This is a deep wound. Time is of the essence.

CADEROUSSE: Yes, yes.

ABBÉ BUSONI: You must confess.

CADEROUSSE: What?

ABBÉ BUSONI: Here.

ABBÉ BUSONI PULLS A PEN AND PAPER OUT OF
HIS CLOTHES.

CADEROUSSE: I don't, I don't understand.

ABBÉ BUSONI: You say you were stabbed. Confess your truth on the page.

CADEROUSSE STRUGGLES, BUT TAKES THE PEN
AND PAPER.

CADEROUSSE: 'Spose I can write it down.

HE DOES. HANDS THE PAPER BACK TO ABBÉ
BUSONI.

ABBÉ BUSONI: And now, the other.

CADEROUSSE: The other?

ABBÉ BUSONI HANDS HIM ANOTHER PIECE OF
PAPER.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Earlier, you said that Andrea Cavalcanti is not who he purports to be.

CADEROUSSE: I did, but --

ABBÉ BUSONI: Confess, Gaspard Caderousse. It is a burden you will carry no longer.

A BEAT. THEN, CADEROUSSE WRITES ON THE
SECOND PAGE. HANDS IT BACK.

CADEROUSSE: Here.

ABBÉ BUSONI READS WHAT WAS WRITTEN, NODS
IN SATISFACTION.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Very good. Bertuccio, take these.

BERTUCCIO COMES OVER, TAKES THE LETTERS.
RETREATS.

CADEROUSSE: Abbé. Now, may I confess my sins? So I may enter heaven?

BEAT.

ABBÉ BUSONI: If God would pardon you for all your crimes, then you would not lay dying.

CADEROUSSE: What a strange priest you are. Offering despair --

ABBÉ BUSONI: All I offer is God's providence. Tell me, even as you lie here dying, do you think of yourself? Or getting revenge on the man who stabbed you?

CADEROUSSE: I...

ABBÉ BUSONI: It is alright. This is expected when a man is given a rope.

CADEROUSSE: I do not understand you.

ABBÉ BUSONI: (accent shifting) I mean only that you are getting what you deserve. Do not worry, Andrea Cavalcanti's time will come. As yours has now. Remember you chose to be here tonight. That choice is why you lay dying.

CADEROUSSE: Your, your voice...

ABBÉ BUSONI: Do you recognize me yet? Not as the Abbé Busoni. But as somebody else. Somebody you once knew.

CADEROUSSE: You... you are the Count of Monte Cristo.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (no longer hiding) Yes, Caderousse. But who else? Think now.

CADEROUSSE: I don't understand.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO LEANS IN.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I am the Count of Monte Cristo. And I am the Abbé Busoni. I am even the Lord Wilmore who gave Prince Andrea his lead. But before I was them, I was someone else. Someone your greed consumed and left to die. I am Edmond Dantès and I have waited for this for decades.

SILENCE.

CADEROUSSE BEGINS TO LAUGH, GROWING IT INTO THE DEEPEST BELLY LAUGH HE CAN MUSTER, BUT ENDS IN A COUGHING FIT.

CADEROUSSE: If nothing else, I die knowing that there is a God. And assuredly, justice.

CADEROUSSE DIES. THE COUNT BREATHES HEAVILY, FINDING A CALM IN THIS HEIGHTENED MOMENT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Bertuccio. The letters.

BERTUCCIO HANDS HIM THE LETTERS. THE COUNT SLIPS THEM ONTO CADEROUSSE'S PERSON.

BERTUCCIO: Should I summon the police?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes. Leave the body here. I will change and return with my rapier. It was self-defense. I will take the blame.

BERTUCCIO: Oui, Monsieur le Comte.

BERTUCCIO LEAVES THE ROOM. THE COUNT STANDS, LOOKS DOWN AT CADEROUSSE.

THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO:

Two down, two to go.

END OF EPISODE.