

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO  
"EPISODE SEVEN" TRANSCRIPT

Written by

Chloe Wilson

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

A Little Lucky Production

"The Count of Monte Cristo" contains mature content, including violence, suicide, discriminatory language, and other traumatic themes. Listener discretion is advised."

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

QUICK CUTS OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MOMENTS THAT HAVE LED US TO OUR MID-SHOW FINALE. WE FOCUS ON THE DUEL, AND HOW EITHER THE COUNT OR ALBERT WILL DIE.

AND WITH THAT...

**INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - PARLOR 2**

A FIRE BURNS IN THE FIREPLACE. THE COUNT SITS IN FRONT OF IT.

FROM THE HALL, BERTUCCIO WALKS IN FOLLOWED BY MAXIMILIAN.

BERTUCCIO: Monsieur le Comte, Maximilian Morrel is here.

MAXIMILIAN: Count. Monte Cristo. I came as soon as I heard. Tell me it's not true. You're not really dueling Albert at dawn?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: It is true.

MAXIMILIAN: But. You are friends. Are you not? Surely this can be worked out --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The Vicomte de Morcerf has thrown his glove at me. That cannot be undone. We must adhere to the societal rules that have been set.

MAXIMILIAN: I am not sure I agree. Surely, there are other ways that we can solve our disagreements.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The Vicomte challenged me. Not the other way around.

MAXIMILIAN: Yes, but the better marksman does not necessarily make the better man. I do not wish to see two friends, two of my friends, hurt each other. Let alone die.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Morrel. There are few good souls in Paris. Be fortunate to know that you are among them. Even if we disagree.

MAXIMILIAN: Would you allow me the honor to serve as your second in tomorrow's duel?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: That is much more of an honor to me than you, Maximilian.

MAXIMILIAN: Then we are settled. Even if we disagree.

MAXIMILIAN MOVES TOWARDS THE FIREPLACE,  
SITS WITH THE COUNT.

MAXIMILIAN: I did not take you for an absinthe drinker.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I generally am not.

HE DRINKS SOME ANYWAY.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You are welcome to it.

MAXIMILIAN: Ah. No. Thank you. I'm alright without.

THE FIRE CRACKLES BETWEEN THEM. THE COUNT  
IS LOST IN THOUGHT. MAXIMILIAN DOES NOT  
KNOW HOW TO BROACH IT.

MAXIMILIAN: Have you heard any news on the Crown Prosecutor, by chance?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Gérard de Villefort is well. But they do not know the poisoner.

MAXIMILIAN: It really was poison, then?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes.

MAXIMILIAN: What of the rest of the family? What of Mademoiselle Villefort?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Fine. They all are fine.

MAXIMILIAN: Oh. Well, that's good.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You need not console me, Maximilian. I shall be fine through tomorrow.

MAXIMILIAN: I am more concerned about after tomorrow, Count.

BEAT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: If you are to join me tomorrow you must rest. Take my carriage, you shall have it through the morning.

MAXIMILIAN: I -- (realizes arguing is futile) Yeah. Thank you, Count.

HE RISES.

MAXIMILIAN: I have faith that all will be well.

MAXIMILIAN LEAVES.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: A different kind of faith than I.

THE COUNT REMAINS IN FRONT OF THE FIRE, THE AMBIANCE OF THE ROOM OVERTAKING THE SOUNDSCAPE.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO IN FROM THE ROOM'S ENTRY.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Your offer to serve as my second means nothing if you do not return home, Morrel.

THE COUNT TURNS TO SEE MERCÉDÈS, NOT MAXIMILIAN, STANDING, PANTING.

MERCÉDÈS: What must I do to have you spare my son?

**THE THEME PLAYS.**

**INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - PARLOR 3**

RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF.

THE COUNT SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND MERCÉDÈS, WHO TAKES OFF HER CLOAK AND SITS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You should not have come.

MERCÉDÈS: Why not? I have nothing else to lose.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You jeopardize us both by being here.

MERCÉDÈS: My son is headed toward his grave. And if it is not Albert who falls, then it is you. Either way my heart dies at dawn. Pity me, for there will be two deaths tomorrow, not one. (beat) Edmond. (beat) Say something, Edmond.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: That is not my name.

MERCÉDÈS: Will you not be honest with me for my final night? What remains of my heart will split from me tomorrow. Please. Mercy.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Do you know what that means? You have been no victim. Lost no life, have taken no action for or against and therefore have done nothing. You ask me for mercy? None of us deserves mercy. What we deserve is Providence. A higher power to guide the consequences of our own action or inaction. That is what is coming to pass. Providence is not fickle. Providence does not fly to another man when one has been wronged. Providence remembers, and it will balance the scales that have been so askew.

MERCÉDÈS: And is it Providence that has brought ruin to my house? To my son? Not you, who set this in motion?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Providence has chosen me to balance the scales. It is by my own design that I am up for the task.

MERCÉDÈS: A task that also brings ruin to me.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Do you know what happened to me? Do you know where I went?

MERCÉDÈS: I -- I tried to help. I tried to do something.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You married one of my ruiners.

MERCÉDÈS: I know not what you mean.

THE COUNT MOVES TO A DESK IN THE ROOM, ANGRILY YANKS A DRAWER OPEN. RIFLES THROUGH IT, PULLS OUT A PIECE OF PAPER. HANDS IT TO MERCÉDÈS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Read.

SHE DOES.

MERCÉDÈS: But this is false.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I know.

MERCÉDÈS: Is this why they...?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes.

MERCÉDÈS: Where did this letter come from?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Whom do you think?

MERCÉDÈS CONSIDERS THIS.

MERCÉDÈS: I will not tell you to not be angry. Or to not seek your vengeance. But it should be for Fernand and for me. Albert is innocent --

THE COUNT SCOFFS.

MERCÉDÈS: -- and has done no harm! He plays no role in this!

THE COUNT TAKES THE PAPER BACK FROM HER.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You could have petitioned two men tonight. You chose me. Yes?

MERCÉDÈS: (quiet) Yes.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Your mistake is thinking we are equals. Do you think we have lived the same tragedies? I lost everything. Everything I have now is because I fought to reclaim something for myself. For what remained of Edmond Dantès. Do not come to me upset that you have done nothing while I have acted. If you do not like the consequences of your own inaction, that is your burden. Not mine.

MERCÉDÈS: If you ever loved me. Please. Spare him.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I did not come to Paris to seek your consolations. The dignity of the mother will always win out.

MERCÉDÈS: I still love you, Edmond. I never stopped. And if you ever loved me. The way I still love you. You will not do this.

A LONG BEAT. NEITHER MOVES. ANYTHING  
COULD HAPPEN NEXT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You wish for no death.

MERCÉDÈS: Yes.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Then Albert will not die.

MERCÉDÈS EXCLAIMS WITH RELIEF, FALLS ONTO  
THE FLOOR.

MERCÉDÈS: Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

HER SOBS EVENTUALLY EBB.

MERCÉDÈS: I promise you, Edmond. We shall determine how to move forward. Together.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No.

MERCÉDÈS: What?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: There is no way forward. Together or otherwise. Your son publicly threw his glove at me. And we must adhere to the societal rules that have been set.

MERCÉDÈS: You do not care about societal rules.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You have my word that Albert will be spared. But there must be a duel. Which means I now must die.

**ACT BREAK**

**INT. MORCERF HOME - PARLOR**

4

ALBERT DE MORCERF SITS, MUCH LIKE THE COUNT, IN HIS OWN HOME WITH BEAUCHAMP.

BEAUCHAMP: Has your father returned?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: And face my mother? No. I doubt he will return tonight.

BEAUCHAMP: Pistol or sword?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Pistol. Monte Cristo excels with both. But I am best with pistol.

BEAUCHAMP: Better than Monte Cristo?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Probably not.

BEAUCHAMP: I will join you. Tomorrow at dawn. As your second, if you wish.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I cannot ask that of you, Beauchamp.

BEAUCHAMP: I am offering.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Thank you. (beat) Do you think word has spread to my father? That I am to duel for his honor?

BEAUCHAMP: (avoiding honesty) I could not find your father after he left the assembly chamber.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Maybe that is for the best.

BEAUCHAMP: He should be proud to call you his son.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Yes, well. He was not before so I don't know why he'd start now. Still. What does it mean, once you become disillusioned with one's parents?

BEAUCHAMP: I think that depends on you.

FROM THE HALL, MERCÉDÈS ENTERS THE HOUSE.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Father?

MERCÉDÈS: Darling. And Beauchamp as well.

BEAUCHAMP: I shall take my leave.

HE RISES.

BEAUCHAMP: Tomorrow, then.

HE LEAVES. MERCÉDÈS AND ALBERT WAIT FOR THE DOOR TO CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I thought you were Father.

MERCÉDÈS: I doubt your father will be home tonight.

MERCÉDÈS JOINS ALBERT.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: You are distressed.

MERCÉDÈS: I am.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Do not be afraid, Mother. I will return tomorrow and our family honor will be restored.

MERCÉDÈS: Our family has never had honor.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: What?

MERCÉDÈS: Oh, my darling.

MERCÉDÈS SIGHS, HEAVILY.

MERCÉDÈS: I must tell you a story.

THE NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT INCIDENT. WE ARE LED TO BIRDS CHIRPING, NATURE RISING.

DAY IS BREAKING.



**EXT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME**

5

MAXIMILIAN, IN THE COUNT'S CARRIAGE,  
ROLLS TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE COUNT'S  
HOUSE. HE STEPS OUT, APPROACHES THE FRONT  
DOOR. HE KNOCKS ONCE, BARELY.

THE DOOR OPENS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Exceptional timing, Maximilian.

MAXIMILIAN: Good morning, Count.

THE COUNT WALKS PAST HIM, DIRECTLY TO THE  
CARRIAGE. HAYDEÉ ENTERS THE DOORFRAME.

MAXIMILIAN: And to you, Mademoiselle Haydeé. Are you joining us?

HAYDEÉ: I am not indulging this foolishness.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (en route to carriage) You will be taken care of, Haydeé.

HAYDEÉ: You think that is my concern? Ridiculous. On every account.

MAXIMILIAN: I am not in favor of dueling either.

HAYDEÉ: You do not know the half of it.

SHE SHOVES A PIECE OF PAPER INTO  
MAXIMILIAN'S CHEST. HE LOOKS AT IT.

HAYDEÉ: His will. Revised last night and presented to me this morning.

THE COUNT STEPS INTO THE CARRIAGE.

MAXIMILIAN: I don't understand.

HAYDEÉ: He does not plan to survive this duel. He plans to die. (raising her voice so The Count can hear) And he thinks giving us his estates will soften the blow.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I am not listening.

HAYDEÉ: Obviously, you are. If you let yourself die I will take nothing you have left me in this will! I will throw every jewel into the Seine and burn every one of your precious paintings!

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: We will be late, Maximilian.

HAYDEÉ HEAVES WITH EXASPERATION, SLAMS  
THE FRONT DOOR SHUT.

MAXIMILIAN: I'm coming.

HE ENTERS THE CARRIAGE, SHUTS THE DOOR.

**INT. CARRIAGE**

6

IT BEGINS TO MOVE.

MAXIMILIAN: Is it true, Count? Do you intend to die today?

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Yes.

MAXIMILIAN: That is suicide.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: A duel only has one victor.

MAXIMILIAN: Still --

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: It has been decided, Morrel. And if God has other  
plans, he will reveal them to us in time.

MAXIMILIAN: My father considered suicide. The day before his  
fortune was returned. Julie does not know, but our  
father. He... he called me into his office, his  
pistol was out on the desk. I didn't realize his plan  
until I was much older, but. Father brought me into  
his office and told me that he loved me very much.  
And he hoped I would grow into the man of honor he  
was teaching me to be. (beat) I do not quite agree  
with the idea of death before dishonor. I'd rather my  
father here, dishonored, than not at all. And I think  
I have done my part to honor him and his name. And,  
though we are not identical, I would think that you  
could redefine honor and how one should adhere to it  
if you chose to.

BEAT.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: This is my choice, Maximilian. It is the best one I  
have.

THE CARRIAGE ROLLS ON.

TEMPERED, OMINOUS MUSIC BRINGS US TO THE:

**EXT. DUELING GROUND**

7

BEAUCHAMP AWAITS, GLANCING AT HIS POCKET  
WATCH.

BEAUCHAMP: Where are they?

THE COUNT'S CARRIAGE ARRIVES.

BEAUCHAMP: First of two.

THE COUNT AND MAXIMILIAN STEP OUT, MAKE THEIR WAY TO BEAUCHAMP.

BEAUCHAMP: Monte Cristo. Morrel.

MAXIMILIAN: Beauchamp.

BEAUCHAMP: You are Monte Cristo's second.

MAXIMILIAN: Unless, peace can be made?

BEAUCHAMP: Unlikely. But I have not seen the Vicomte since last night, so. Who's to say?

AN AWKWARD SILENCE BETWEEN THEM. THE SOUNDS OF NATURE FILL THE AIR.

MAXIMILIAN: Paris will wake soon.

BEAUCHAMP: Paris is always awake. Its eyes are always open.

MORE SILENCE.

ALBERT'S CARRIAGE ROLLS IN.

BEAUCHAMP: (sotto) Finally.

IT STOPS. FOR A FEW MOMENTS, NO MOVEMENT. THEN, ALBERT QUIETLY STEPS OUT, BEAUCHAMP MOVES TO MEET HIM.

BEAUCHAMP: Albert. There is still time --

ALBERT DE MORCERF: No need. I shall take it from here.

HE BRUSHES PAST BEAUCHAMP, STOPS SHORT OF FULLY REACHING MAXIMILIAN AND THE COUNT.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Monsieur le Comte! I present myself, the Vicomte Albert de Morcerf for a duel I have initiated. I threw my glove to defend my family name and to regain the honor which it had lost. Your actions revealed my father, which tainted both my mother and myself. I present myself in hopes of reclaiming that honor, but. I have recently been made aware that there is no honor to reclaim. For behind this is another truth that proves the chasm between us is too wide to bridge. A truth in which you were made victim. So I arrive today, Monsieur le Comte, not to fight but to apologize. Because I am so very, very sorry.

MAXIMILIAN AND BEAUCHAMP ARE AGHAST. THE  
COUNT SAYS NOTHING.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: The chasm between us is too wide because there is no true recompense to recover what you lost at my house's expense. What happened to you was wrong. The way you have been treated was wrong. How my father acted in Marseille and Janina, and elsewhere in his life has been wrong. My father may be a coward, but I refuse his fate as my own. And, after today, I plan to live in hope that I may work to right his wrongs.

BEAUCHAMP: Albert, you --

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I am leaving Paris. To build my honor elsewhere. Under my mother's surname, I will enlist and attempt to restore her honor. And perhaps my own as well.

BEAUCHAMP: You have not thought this through.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: On the contrary. I have thought about this at great length. (more tender) You cannot dissuade me, Beauchamp. Though I implore you to forgive me. I have been a terrible friend to you.

BEAUCHAMP: Think nothing of it.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: And Morrel. You truly are the most honorable among us. I wish you a corresponding happiness.

MAXIMILIAN: Thank you, Albert.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Be well, friends. Or if not well, then better.

ALBERT TURNS, HEADS BACK TO HIS CARRIAGE.  
RIDES AWAY.

MAXIMILIAN: Count? You have said nothing.

BEAUCHAMP: It is a lot to process. Radical, truly.

MAXIMILIAN: Are you alright, Count?

BEAUCHAMP: Morrel, why don't you ride home with me. We shall give the Count a reprieve.

MAXIMILIAN: I think -- yes, thank you. (to the Count) I shall call upon you tomorrow?

THE COUNT DOES NOT RESPOND.

MAXIMILIAN: Until tomorrow, then.

MAXIMILIAN AND BEAUCHAMP LEAVE.

THE COUNT REMAINS IN PLACE. NATURE SOUNDS RETURN TO THE SOUNDSCAPE.

FINALLY, THE COUNT TAKES A LABORED, RELIEVED BREATH.

THE COUNT OF PROVIDENCE claims me once again. There is no doubt. I  
MONTE CRISTO: truly am its emissary.

**ACT BREAK**

**EXT. MORCERF HOME**

8

EARLY MORNING. A STILL DRUNK FERNAND DE MORCERF STUMBLES UP TO THE FRONT DOOR. HE HUMS A SPANISH DRINKING SONG UNDER HIS BREATH.

FERNAND BANGS ON THE DOOR.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Open up. (when it doesn't) Open the door.

HE BANGS, LOUDLY.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I am the master of this house and this door will open to me!

IT DOESN'T. FERNAND SIGHS, TAKES OUT HIS KEYS. STRUGGLES TO GET THEM IN THE LOCK. GOES BACK TO HUMMING, WHICH DIES OFF.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (muttering) Everyone betrays me. My own house does not recognize me. It should bow at my presence.

HE OPENS THE DOOR, CLUMSILY PUSHES IT OPEN. ENTERS.

**INT. MORCERF HOME - FOYER**

9

NOBODY IS THERE.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Servant.

HIS VOICE ECHOES THROUGH AN EMPTY HOUSE.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Servant! Where are you?

HE BUMPS INTO A TABLE, A VASE BREAKS.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Ehh. SERVANT! I need -- (coughs) water. Hello? Hellooo.

HE PACES HIS HOME, REALIZING IT IS EMPTY.

**INT. MORCERF HOME - PARLOR**

10

FERNAND ENTERS THE PARLOR, SEES TWO NOTES ON THE TABLE.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: What's this now.

HE PICKS UP THE NOTES, OPENS BOTH. FLOPS INTO A CHAIR.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (drunken struggling) Dear Husband. No doubt you find this letter --

**VO - MERCÉDÈS AND ALBERT'S LETTER**

11

MERCÉDÈS' VOICE OVERLAPS FERNAND'S EVENTUALLY TAKING OVER.

MERCÉDÈS: -- upon return to your house in the morning. By that time, Albert and I will have departed. We have taken only what we require and dismissed the servants. For years, you pushed us away. Now it is time we push ourselves from you.

I am not foolish enough to place all responsibility for our failures on you. I am proud we have raised a son better than ourselves. And I am proud of his decision to improve upon our faults. But I can no longer deny the harm I have caused. The harm we have both inflicted alongside each other. There is no other course of action other than to retreat from our spoils entirely. To finally face what I have, and have not, done.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Father. Mother has resigned herself to a hovel outside of Marseille. She says you know the place, but would not dare to seek her there. I pray you respect her decision and leave her be. I am to join the army. A regiment sets sail for Africa in two weeks, and that is where I will go. I do not know when I will return. I do not know what will happen.

I am grateful that the Count of Monte Cristo revealed your true nature to Paris. And to me. Because now, when I am presented with the same choices you were, I will choose the opposite as you. Perhaps one day I will understand you better. But I do not think I will understand unnecessary injury by one to another. I vow to respect my fellow man, no matter my grievance against him, and to aspire to my most brotherly self. Humility, respect, and empathy do not ruin us. They are but how we learn to thrive.

MERCÉDÈS: With this letter, I ask nothing of you. We are both guilty of different failures.  
(MORE)

I hope for nothing as I finally face mine. But you, Fernand. You have lost your title, your honor, your legacy, and your wife. With only yourself at your disposal, I hope you do not cower when faced with --

FERNAND'S VOICE TAKES OVER.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: -- when faced with your own consequences. May God have mercy on our souls.

**INT. MORCERF HOME - PARLOR**

12

FERNAND CRUMPLES THE LETTERS, THROWS THEM INTO THE FIREPLACE.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: "Consequences." I will show them consequences.

HE GETS UP. POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK. PACES AS IT SLOSHES IN HIS GLASS.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I am no coward. I will prove it. Will show all of them. Fernand Mondego who came from nothing. Who fought and killed and betrayed and succeeded. And I won. They cannot take that away from me. I will reclaim that honor. Will take back what's mine. Starting with the Count of Monte Cristo.

FERNAND THROWS THE GLASS IN THE FIRE, STOKING THE FLAMES.

HE STORMS OUT OF THE HOUSE.

**MONTAGE - FERNAND'S RAGE**

13

MUSIC PULSES ALONGSIDE FERNAND'S RAGGED BREATH AS HE STALKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS.

HIS DRUNKEN RAGE SEEPS INTO THE SOUNDSCAPE. THE COMBINATION OF DIEGETIC AND NON-DIEGETIC SOUNDS TRANSFORMING INTO A SINGULAR TRACK. (AND AS FERNAND SPEAKS, IT SHOULD FEEL LIKE WE ARE WITNESS TO THE RISING HURRICANE OF FERNAND'S RAGE-FILLED, DANGEROUS THOUGHTS.)

FERNAND DE MORCERF (AD-LIBBING): The Count of Monte Cristo. There is no Count of Monte Cristo. That's what everybody said. He knows nothing. He's just jealous. Of everything I built. Everything I made for myself. He knows nothing. Nothing! Monte Cristo will rue the day.

**EXT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME**

14

FERNAND ARRIVES AT THE COUNT'S HOUSE. HE BANGS ON THE DOOR.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Monte Cristo. MONTE CRISTO! I KNOW YOU ARE HERE!

BERTUCCIO OPENS THE DOOR.

BERTUCCIO: Monsieur le Comte is busy.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Save it.

FERNAND PUSHES BY HIM, ENTERS.

**INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - FOYER** 15

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Where is he? Where is he who calls me coward? You are the coward, Monte Cristo! Hiding your face from me after everything you have done.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Which is what, Count Fernand de Morcerf?

THE COUNT APPROACHES HIM. HE IS NOT FLUSTERED IN THE SLIGHTEST.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Or can I no longer use that title?

FERNAND PULLS A GLOVE OUT OF HIS POCKET, SLAPS IT ONTO THE GROUND.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: A glove. Thrown down. We will duel. Today.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I have dueled once today. Another does not frighten me.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: It should. I know that you are not what you claim to be. Who everyone thinks you are. You did this to me. But I -- I never trusted you. "The amazing Count of Monte Cristo." "The fabulously wealthy Count of Monte Cristo." There isn't even a count of Monte Cristo. I looked it up. It's just some rock in the middle of the sea. You are no Count. You are -- you are --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Not drunk at dawn.

FERNAND DOES NOT HAVE A RESPONSE. HE RUSHES OVER TO A TABLE, THROWS IT (AND THE DECOR IT HOLDS) ONTO THE FLOOR.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (raging) I will destroy you! I will destroy you the way you have destroyed me. Do you deny? What you've done?



THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I deny nothing. All I add is that our scales are balanced.

FERNAND PAUSES, BREATH RAGGED.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: What?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Come now, Monsieur le Comte. I have been in Paris for months. Do you not recognize me?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (hiccupping) I recog -- recognize. You. Are the Count of Monte Cristo. You ruined me. That is all I recognize.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: So many years yet you only see what is in front of you. So many years and you have not changed. No. As wanton as ever yet no courage to honorably pursue what you want. So you turn to theft, murder, slavery to reap your rewards. Hiding behind them to avoid your consequences.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: You -- you are no better. You hide behind your fancy travel stories. And a title you bought for scraps.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I hide in plain sight, Fernand Mondego. I ask you again. Do you recognize me?

FERNAND IS QUIET, GENUINELY TRYING. BUT -

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No. I see that you do not. You do not recognize the man you once set out to ruin. The man you stole life and love from. The man whom, for a time, you succeeded in killing.

SILENCE.

THEN, IT CLICKS.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: No. (afraid now) No, it can't -- you can't be. You're dead.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Not anymore.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: But it was years ago. Years. You -- you waited? All this time?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: For as long as it requires.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: This -- it's -- impossible.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: It is possible, Fernand Mondego. Worse for you, it is true.

THE COUNT SLOWLY WALKS TOWARDS FERNAND,  
WHO SIMULTANEOUSLY RETREATS.

THIS IS THE MOMENT THE COUNT HAS WAITED  
FOR, THE MOMENT HE PLOTTED FOR DECADES.  
IT IS DELICIOUS, AND IT IS TERRIFYING.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO:

I am the man you wronged many years ago. I have returned from the dead. Graced by God, chosen to exact his Providence. To serve as the hand that balances the scales of justice. I am here to right wrongs and to redeem the irredeemable. I am the Count of Monte Cristo, but first I was the man that you sought to destroy. I AM EDMOND DANTÈS. AND I AM HERE FOR YOU.

FERNAND FALLS, PUSHES HIMSELF BACK WHILE  
STILL ON THE FLOOR. HE CANNOT FIND WORDS.  
HE IS TERRIFIED.

MUSIC KICKS IN AS FERNAND MANAGES TO FIND  
THE STRENGTH TO STAND. HE PROPELS HIMSELF  
OUT OF THE HOUSE, WRENCHING THE DOOR OPEN  
AND SLAMMING IT BEHIND HIM.

**EXT. PARIS**

16

WE FOLLOW FERNAND. BREATHLESS, AFRAID. HE  
SPRINTS HOME AS THE MUSIC BUILDS TO A  
PEAK.

FERNAND DE  
MORCERF (AD  
LIBBING):

Impossible. He was in prison. He was dead. He came back to find me? Why me? He will not stop. It has been years. And he is here. Why me? I cannot hide. It's not possible. It's not possible. He has returned for me.

**EXT. MORCERF HOME**

17

FERNAND SLAMS INTO HIS FRONT DOOR,  
STRUGGLES TO GET IT OPEN. DOES, RUSHES  
IN.

**INT. MORCERF HOME - FOYER**

18

FERNAND LOCKS THE FRONT DOOR, CONTINUES  
TO PANIC, TRYING TO RECLAIM HIS BREATH.  
HE IS UNSUCCESSFUL.

HE RUNS UPSTAIRS.

**INT. MORCERF HOME - FERNAND'S CHAMBER**

19

FERNAND BARRELS IN, HEADS TO A SIDE  
TABLE. FUMBLES WITH THE DRAWER, FUMBLES  
WITH THE BOX HE PULLS OUT.

DOES NOT FUMBLE WITH HIS PISTOL.

HE CHECKS FOR BULLETS, CLOSES THE  
CHAMBER, COCKS IT. POINTS IT AT HIS HEAD.

FERNAND DE  
MORCERF:

Death before dishonor.

HE FIRES. HE DIES.

**END OF EPISODE.**