

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO  
"EPISODE SIX" TRANSCRIPT

Written by

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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**

A MONTAGE OF IMPORTANT MOMENTS FROM THE FIRST FIVE EPISODES, WITH A FOCUS ON THE COUNT, THE MORCERFS, HAYDEÉ, AND THE BURGEONING MYSTERY OF EDMOND DANTÈS.

AND WITH THAT...

**THE THEME PLAYS.**

**INT. MORCERF HOME - DINING ROOM 2**

FERNAND DE MORCERF SITS FOR BREAKFAST, READING VARIOUS GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS. ALBERT DE MORCERF STRIDES IN.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Good morning, father!

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Albert.

ALBERT MOVES THE CHAIR NEXT TO HIS FATHER, AIMING TO SIT.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: You see my papers are there.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Oh, yes. Sorry. I was just going to read the news.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Take it. It is for fools anyway.

ALBERT MOVES A FEW CHAIRS OVER, SITS. A SERVANT BRINGS HOT WATER.

SERVANT: Tea, Vicomte?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Actually, I should like some coffee. Are you familiar with the Arabian custom?

SERVANT: I am not.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Well, do your best, please. I shall have Monte Cristo send instructions as to how to prepare it so I can drink it here without him.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (muttering, inaudible) Again with the idiot Count of Monte Cristo.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Did you say something, father?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I did not.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: But I thought --

FERNAND DE MORCERF: You thought wrong. Perhaps if your thoughts were elsewhere, the Morcerf household would be better off.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I'm not sure I follow?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: The first ball we have in months ends in disaster. No thanks to the son of a well-respected delegate. Who's known for gallivanting through Europe alongside this Count of Monte Cristo. No wonder Eugénie Danglars is not interested in marrying you. Disgraceful, dishonorable...

ALBERT DE MORCERF: What befell the Crown Prosecutor's family is a tragedy.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: It is an overreaction. The Marquise was old and likely died from that. Not poison. No doubt this is some design to destroy our reputation. (muttering) Like you and your mother and Danglars are already doing...

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Still. Poor mademoiselle Valentine. To learn about her grandmother that way.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (muttering) Poor this, poor that. Not even thinking of his father.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Father?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (to be heard) No one should be pitied for their inability to handle the world. Look at your mother, hiding in her rooms. All because she couldn't plan a party.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Mother hosted an excellent --

FERNAND DE MORCERF: You know nothing of the world, Albert. Or of being a man. And if your mother continues to coddle you, you never will.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I am not *coddled*. But, I am sorry?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Only cowards apologize.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I am not a coward, either.

FERNAND RETURNS TO HIS PAPERS. ALBERT OPENS THE NEWSPAPER, BEGINS TO READ.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I will spend today and tomorrow debating suitable matrimonial options for you. In the meantime, behave yourself. I cannot weather any more dishonor.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I would never dishonor your name, father.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: We will see.

THEY READ IN SILENCE. ALBERT SUDDENLY GASPS.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Albert...

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Nothing! Nothing at all. I just remembered I have an appointment. With the barber. For my hangnail. Excuse me.

ALBERT TAKES THE NEWSPAPER, RUSHES OUT.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (sotto) Foolish boy.

**EXT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - GARDEN 3**

BERTUCCIO SETS UP TARGETS FOR THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, WHO POLISHES HIS GUN.

ALBERT DE MORCERF (OS): Monte Cristo!

ALBERT ENTERS FROM THE COUNT'S HOUSE INTO THE GARDEN.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I did not expect you, Vicomte.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: (out of breath) I know. I came as quickly as I could. Have you seen today's paper?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I have not.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Look.

ALBERT MARCHES UP TO HIM, THRUSTS THE NEWSPAPER INTO THE COUNT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I do not understand.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: What? Here.

ALBERT SNATCHES THE PAPER BACK, READS FROM IT:

ALBERT DE MORCERF: "A correspondent writes from Janina! We have learned that the castles credited to defending our city were not conquered, but betrayed to the Turks. This betrayer was a French officer in whom the vizier had placed all his trust. This cowardly officer was named Fernand." Do you understand? (begins to mutter) My father is no coward. The real coward is a friend who would act like my enemy...

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Muttering is for cowards, Vicomte. Stand back. (to Bertuccio) Ready.

BERTUCCIO MOVES AWAY FROM THE TARGETS. THE COUNT FIRES HIS PISTOL THRICE. ALBERT JUMPS, NOT EXPECTING IT.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: What was that?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Practice.

BERTUCCIO GATHERS THE TARGETS, BRINGS THEM OVER TO THE COUNT.

BERTUCCIO: Excellently shot, Monsieur le Comte.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: You... your targets are playing cards?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The aces.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: And you have hit each in its center. Miraculous. (remembers why he has come) No, not the point. This article, Count, is why I am here.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And why is that?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Because my father is being slandered! This "Fernand" that the article references is obviously my father!

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Is it obvious?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I know you are not familiar with Parisian society, Count, but I assure you. Anyone who reads this paper will know that it calls him specifically a traitor. And this paper is read by all of Paris!

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And you have come to me to exact your revenge?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Yes. (beat) On Beauchamp. It is his newspaper. No article is published without his say-so. If he were a friend, he would have stopped the article or warned me or let it known that it was false.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Then what are you to do?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Challenge him to a duel, obviously.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I see. Well, *bonne chance*. (to Bertuccio) Another round with the twos --

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Will you be my second, Count?

THE COUNT PAUSES. A FEW MOMENTS OF SILENCE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: What? Why? I count no other friend more loyal than you.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Then you have misjudged me, Vicomte.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: The honor of the Morcerf name is at stake!

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No, it is the honor of this "Fernand" that is called into question. Not your own.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: But --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I cannot step into a disagreement that I am not implicated in. I am confident you have many other friends willing to defend your father's honor.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I, I suppose. (muttering) Only if they all have not turned against me like Beauchamp. Maybe Franz, or Château-Renaud...

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I shall leave you to your muttering. Bertuccio! The cards.

ALBERT TURNS, WALKS AWAY.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I will challenge Beauchamp, regain my honor!

BERTUCCIO: Ready, Monsieur.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Then father will understand. He will thank me for saving his reputation and for restoring honor to our name.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Ready!

BERTUCCIO STEPS BACK. THE COUNT FIRES THRICE.

**ACT BREAK****INT. OFFICE**

4

BEAUCHAMP IS SCRIBBLING AT HIS DESK. FROM OUTSIDE THE OFFICE, WE HEAR...

SERVANT (OS): Monsieur, you cannot go in there.

ALBERT DE MORCERF (OS): Let me in! I demand to see him!

BEAUCHAMP: What's going on?

THE DOOR OPENS SLIGHTLY.

SERVANT: Nothing to worry about --

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Beauchamp!

THE DOOR BURSTS WIDE, ALBERT STORMS IN.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I demand we duel at dawn!

BEAUCHAMP: What? Why?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Why?!

HE SLAMS THE ARTICLE ONTO BEAUCHAMP'S DESK.

BEAUCHAMP PICKS IT UP, SCANS IT.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: (muttering) A liar and a traitor and a terrible friend.

BEAUCHAMP: You sound like your father.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Which should be an honor! But you have slandered him in your paper. And me as a result!

BEAUCHAMP: And you want to duel me? Over this article?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Of course I do! You betrayed me!

BEAUCHAMP: No, I didn't. And you clearly have not thought this through. Sit down.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I will not sit down!

HE KICKS OVER A CHAIR, ANGRILY PACES.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I am not interested in your chairs and your faux hospitality! (muttering) Obviously a ploy to lull me into a sense of calm. Just to betray me again --

BEAUCHAMP: I did not betray you! You are incensed, I understand. But dueling would be foolish.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Perhaps I shall ruin your family's honor, and we will see how you feel!

BEAUCHAMP: I didn't -- look. This correspondence names a 'Fernand' and 'Janina.' Nowhere in here does it name Morcerf. Nowhere does it name you or your mother or -- what was your father's birth name?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Mondego.

BEAUCHAMP: Also not listed.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: You could have told me! You could have stopped the article!

BEAUCHAMP: I tried! I could not!

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Why?

BEAUCHAMP: Because it is true!

ALBERT STOPS.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: It cannot be true. My father is an honorable man. My mother is an honorable woman. I am --

BEAUCHAMP: Partially correct. I will explain why, but in the King's name, sit down!

HE DOES.

BEAUCHAMP: And retract your demand to duel.



ALBERT DE MORCERF: (mumbling) I do not wish to duel you at dawn.

BEAUCHAMP: Thank you. This correspondence about a Fernand in Janina was anonymous. We discussed what to do with it and decided that it was worth an investigation. Which was completed recently. Everything in this article was found to be true and I could not stop it from being printed.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: You could have warned me.

BEAUCHAMP: I am a journalist, not a gossip! And I will remind you, you are not mentioned in this! At all!

ALBERT DE MORCERF: This is a disaster. (beat) You said the source was anonymous?

BEAUCHAMP: The source for this correspondence was anonymous, yes.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: How am I to restore my family's honor?

BEAUCHAMP: Perhaps you need not do anything. You are not named in this correspondence --

ALBERT DE MORCERF: "This correspondence, this correspondence." You make it seem as if there are dozens.

BEAUCHAMP'S SILENCE IS TELLING.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Beauchamp. (off further silence) Beauchamp! Tell me there is not more correspondence.

BEAUCHAMP: Not correspondence. The results of our investigation.

ALBERT WAILS.

BEAUCHAMP: Count Fernand de Morcerf is a respected Delegate -

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Not anymore! Why would you let this go to print?

BEAUCHAMP: (equally passionate) Because it is true, Albert! I fact-checked every centimeter of ink myself and was going to tell you when I was absolutely sure.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Sure of what?

BEAUCHAMP: Everything your father is about to be accused of. Every source I could find and record I could read. Every accusation that will be brought against your father is absolutely, unequivocally true.

**MONTAGE - THE NEWSPAPER PRINTS**

5

NEWSPAPERS FLY OFF THE PRESS, ARE TIED INTO BUNDLES, PUT INTO CARRIAGES. THE CARRIAGES DRIVE THROUGH PARIS, TO NEWS STANDS AND THE SHOP OWNERS THAT HAWK THEM.

THE PAPERS BEGIN TO SELL, QUICKLY. WHICH SERVES AS THE NATURAL TRANSITION TO...

**MONTAGE - PARISIAN RUMOR MILL**

6

EXTRA, EXTRA! TODAY'S MILL RUNS ON MORE FACT THAN FICTION.

THE NEWS ABOUT FERNAND SPREADS LIKE A FIRE. NEWSPAPERS FLY, WOMEN GOSSIP, POLITICAL RIVALS CHORTLE OVER GLASSES OF PORT.

(LIKE OTHER MONTAGES IN THE SERIES SO FAR, THE SOUNDSCAPE SHOULD HAVE A MUSICAL QUALITY TO IT.)

SERVANT 3: Is that him? Is that the traitor?

SERVANT 2: He was too afraid to fight on the battlefield. He snaked his way into the vizier's trust instead.

SERVANT 3: What a coward.

SERVANT 2: He did not even actually declare war!

MAN 1: Disgraceful.

SERVANT 3: He is more a thief than a veteran.

MAN 1: An embarrassment to the nobility.

MAN 2: If he was too afraid to fight, why did he enlist in the first place?

MAN 3: A blemish on all who have fought for France.

WOMAN 1: Then, he sold the wife and daughter into slavery.

WOMAN 2: And he represents us?

WOMAN 1: We were at his house. Recently.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: His poor wife. Her virtue, ruined forever.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: I always knew that Albert's wealth came from dishonest means. I just did not know how dishonest.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: And to think that we have associated with them by choice for so long.

MADAME DANGLARS: What an abhorrent scandal.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Dishonorable man. Despicable.

**EXT. PARIS**

7

FERNAND, NONE THE WISER, WHISTLES ON HIS WAY TO WORK.

**INT. ASSEMBLY CHAMBER**

8

FERNAND ENTERS, THE ROOM IS QUIET.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Good morning, gentlemen.

DELEGATE 1: Count de Morcerf. Are you well?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Quite.

DELEGATE 1: Oh, good. Ah, very good. Good day.

HE SCURRIES OFF. FERNAND WALKS TO HIS SEAT, SITS IN IT.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (muttering) Peculiar man. Always darting here to wherever.

DELEGATE 2: Fernand. I am surprised you are here.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Why?

DELEGATE 2: The newspaper?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Which of us has time for newspapers?

DELEGATE 2: Perhaps you should make time.

HE SLIDES A COPY OF THE NEWSPAPER TO FERNAND.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: For what, some light reading? (clears his throat) "As a follow-up from our correspondence with Janina, L'Impartial can unfortunately confirm reports that the traitorous French officer is none other the Count Fernand de Morcerf, who has served for years in our Assembly..."

THE MINISTER STRIDES INTO THE ROOM.

MINISTER: Good day, good day. I will waste no time in calling us to order.

THE ASSEMBLY SETTLES IN.

MINISTER: Despite our predetermined agenda, there is a larger matter to address: the recent allegations surrounding the Count de Morcerf.

FERNAND GULPS.

MINISTER: I move for an official inquiry in two hours' time, this afternoon. All in favor?

EVERYONE: Aye.

MINISTER: All opposed?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (quietly) Nay.

THE MINISTER BANGS THEIR GAVEL.

MINISTER: It is decided. This assembly will review the accusations against Count Fernand de Morcerf and, pending a resolution, will hold him accountable for his crimes.

**ACT BREAK****INT. OFFICE**

9

BEAUCHAMP IS PACKING UP HIS DESK WHILE ALBERT WATCHES.

BEAUCHAMP: Under different circumstances, I would invite you to lounge in my office while I am reporting. But, as I am headed to your father's hearing --

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Obviously I am going to follow. Or, you could tell me whom your sources are and I could pester them instead.

BEAUCHAMP: Anonymous sources are, shockingly, anonymous.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: You would act the same in my position.

BEAUCHAMP: I would not be in your position at all. (beat) Apologies, that was uncalled for.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Only cowards apologize.

BEAUCHAMP: You know what? Fine.

BEAUCHAMP RETURNS TO HIS DESK, RIFLES THROUGH HIS PAPERS.

BEAUCHAMP: This was not submitted anonymously and I did not use it as a source. Here.

BEAUCHAMP SLAMS A LETTER ONTO HIS DESK. ALBERT TAKES IT.

BEAUCHAMP: This letter was completely separate from the original source. From somebody in Paris who knew everything about your father and then told us. Obviously with the intent that we might publish.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I don't understand.

BEAUCHAMP: Oh, now you don't understand? For somebody who has degraded the morality of honorable investigation, I am shocked at the confusion regarding your next step.

ALBERT DOESN'T GET IT. BEAUCHAMP PACKS UP, WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR.

BEAUCHAMP: You want another investigation? Do it yourself!

HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

**INT. DANGLARS HOME - PARLOR**

10

DANGLARS AND ANDREA CAVALCANTI SIT, WHILE A SERVANT POURS COFFEE.

DANGLARS: Last visit, you mentioned you prefer the Italian custom of coffee over tea. I took the liberty of ordering some in hopes you would call again.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Ah, *sei troppo gentile*, Baron Danglars! I must make a point to return the favor.

DANGLARS: Please, enjoy.

ANDREA TAKES A SIP OF THE NOW-POURED COFFEE. IT IS AWFUL.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Just like home.

DANGLARS SIPES FROM A CUP AS WELL. HE DOES NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

DANGLARS: I must say, the timing of your visit, Prince Cavalcanti, is highly opportune.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: (too innocent) *Non dici?*

DANGLARS: (too obvious) You may have heard the rumors that my daughter, Eugénie, was to be married soon.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: I had heard that. From someone. I do not remember who.

DANGLARS: I assure you that those rumors are completely unfounded.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Oh?

DANGLARS: Indeed. You may be surprised, but I am disappointed. You see, I have been very eager to find myself a son-in-law who can add to the Danglars name. An equitable arrangement, so to speak.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: No doubt you seek a man with stature. A man with wealth to match your own. A true *re tra gli uomini*.

DANGLARS: Precisely. Yet, this kind of person has been very difficult to find in France. Unless, perhaps, you know of someone?

ANDREA STARTS TO SPEAK, BUT IS CUT OFF BY ALBERT BURSTING IN.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: Baron Danglars! I demand that we duel at dawn!

SERVANT RUSHES IN AFTER HIM.

SERVANT: I tried to stop him --

DANGLARS: (to Servant) And yet. (beat) Say again, Vicomte?

ALBERT THROWS THE LETTER IN THE AIR BETWEEN THEM.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: I have seen your insults against my father and demand we duel at dawn!

SILENCE. DANGLARS BREAKS INTO A MOCKING LAUGHTER.

DANGLARS: Have you gone mad?

DANGLARS REACHES FOR THE PAPER.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: I, I am not mad. (beginning to mutter) I am here for vengeance and to regain my family honor.

DANGLARS: Enunciate, boy. If you are going to threaten somebody, at least sound like you mean it.

DANGLARS REVIEWS THE PAPER.

DANGLARS: If we duel, you will lose. Regardless. I have no reason to duel with you so I will not.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: But, but, but you have insulted my father's honor! You asked L'Impartial to investigate him!

DANGLARS: No, I simply shared the truth with other parties on the chance they would be also interested. If sharing secrets were criminal, Paris would be empty.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Well said.

DANGLARS: Besides. I am not the only person to have known about your father.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Who else knows?

DANGLARS: Why, the Count of Monte Cristo. He mentioned it to us both, did he not?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Si, he did.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Do not deflect! The Count of Monte Cristo has nothing to do with this! It was all you. It had to be. You were threatened! By me and my father! You besmirched our names to dishonor us!

DANGLARS: Your father is no more of a threat than a fly. What reason have I to lie to you?

ALBERT IS STUNNED BY THE BETRAYAL.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: The Count of Monte Cristo is my friend.

DANGLARS: Friends will be your undoing. The Count is no different from the rest of us.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: You lie.

DANGLARS: A useless expenditure of my energy. (beat) Unless you still wish to duel?

ALBERT DE MORCERF: I do not. Good day.

STILL STUNNED, ALBERT LEAVES THE ROOM.

DANGLARS: The poor boy. He must be ill.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: (shaken) *Si. Certo.*

DANGLARS: You will find, Prince Cavalcanti, that few men threaten my livelihood and live to tell the tale. Do you understand me?

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Of course.

DANGLARS: Good, good. Then perhaps we now can discuss an equitable partnership.

**INT. ASSEMBLY CHAMBER**

11

THE MINISTER BANGS A WOODEN GAVEL. THE BUZZING ASSEMBLY QUIETS.

MINISTER: Order, order! We will resume our hearing in response to allegations against Count Fernand de Morcerf. Namely, his disgraceful actions that stain the integrity of this governing body. We have reviewed the investigations as published by L'Impartial --

FERNAND COUGHS OBVIOUSLY.

MINISTER: -- as published by L'Impartial. We will now open the floor to --

FERNAND COUGHS AGAIN.

MINISTER: Count de Morcerf. Do you wish to address the matter?

FERNAND DE  
MORCERF: I do. Thank you, Minister, for the opportunity.

HE STANDS, MOVES TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. FOR A MUTTERER, HE IS SURPRISINGLY ELOQUENT.

FERNAND DE  
MORCERF: My fellow delegates. We are residents of Paris. We know how the rumor mill churns. I admit I am dismayed that my peers would believe these rumors over my good standing.

DELEGATE 2: They aren't rumors. It's a published investigation.

FERNAND DE  
MORCERF: Semantics, no? One man's word against another's is a waste of this honorable assembly's time.

DELEGATE 1: Do you deny the accusations?

FERNAND DE  
MORCERF: Monsieur, do I look like a war criminal to you? A plunderer? I am a true nobleman! And I have tirelessly served this assembly because I believe in the ideals this country is built on.  
(MORE)



Ones that support our king today! (beat) Besides, these rumors are just one's word against another. How are we to substantiate these claims?

MINISTER: Despite the haste in declaring this hearing, a witness has stepped forward to address these claims.

THE DOORS OPEN. A WOMAN SLOWLY WALKS TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: (muttering) Impossible.

THE WOMAN REACHES HER PLACE, STOPS.

HAYDEÉ: My name is Haydeé. I am the former Princess of Janina. And it is my family that was betrayed by Count Fernand de Morcerf.

THE ASSEMBLY ERUPTS. THE MINISTER BANGS HIS GAVEL.

MINISTER: Order, order!

THE ASSEMBLY SETTLES INTO AN EERIE SILENCE. HAYDEÉ TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND BEGINS, CONFIDENTLY:

HAYDEÉ: My father was known throughout Europe as Ali Tebelen, Pasha of Janina. The Turks trembled in his presence and at the sound of his name. I learned of our conflict with them when I was three years old. And I was four when my life changed forever.

THE SOUNDSCAPE SHIFTS TO MATCH HAYDEÉ'S STORY. WE ARE BROUGHT TO JANINA, INSIDE THE PALACE WALLS.

HAYDEÉ: One night, I was awoken by my mother. We heard the soft steps of intruders. Our own men, turned against us. Here to capture my father. My mother took me and as many handmaidens as she could to the water. A boat had been prepared. We were to flee.

HAYDEÉ'S MOTHER (VASILIKI) PUTS YOUNG HAYDEÉ INTO A BOAT.

HAYDEÉ: Across the water, there was another boat. It was my father, the great Ali. My father was no coward and never would flee. Yet, the great Ali Tebelen steered his own ship alongside ours with no soldiers to accompany him.

I did not learn until later that the entirety of the castle garrison had shifted allegiances against my father.

(MORE)

The commander-in-chief promised my father that if he stepped down quietly, there would be no bloodshed and my mother and I would be safe. We believed him. So we left suddenly. The only sanctuary I had ever known, gone forever.

VASILIKI, YOUNG HAYDEÉ AND THE  
HANDMAIDENS ARE LOCKED IN A ROOM.

HAYDEÉ:

We agreed to stay locked away until our allies arrived. They would provide us safe passage out of Janina. So we waited for the man we thought would save us. Instead of days, it took weeks. Our room became more and more like a cell. We tired, we starved. I barely saw my father. And when I did, all he said is that help would come. Help was on the way.

Finally, our ally approached. But not with an empty boat. It was full of soldiers disloyal to us. I did not understand, but my father and mother did.

Our ally was a French soldier. My father's most trusted advisor, whom he had sent abroad for assistance. This man had spent years with us. Eating our food, sleeping under our roof. We trusted him completely because he swore his loyalty. Loyalty to his vizier. Loyalty to his vizier's wife. Loyalty to me.

My mother did as told. We hid as soldiers advanced on my father. He did not fight. He stood boldly as his betrayer cowered behind his soldiers until the last possible moment. It was when my father was fully cornered, that our betrayer felt safe to enter.

SOLDIERS STORM THE HOUSE. THEY ASSEMBLE,  
THEN PART TO FORM AN OPENING.

FERNAND'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY HEAD  
TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

HAYDEÉ:

My father's most trusted advisor stood in front of my father, a dagger in his scarred hand. He had soldiers pin him down and he slit my father's throat --

THE KNIFE SLASHES SKIN.

HAYDEÉ:

I never forgot that face. He was not the Count de Morcerf then. Just a humble soldier who wheedled his way into our graces and stole them from us. He took our jewels, gold, our prominence. Had he not been a coward, it would have been given to him freely. As a friend. But no. This soldier, this weakling. He was not a count then. He was Fernand Mondego, the nobleman you call your peer and equal!

THE ASSEMBLY ERUPTS IN OUTRAGE.

MINISTER: Order! Order!

IT DOESN'T WORK.

HAYDEÉ: (now matching the passion of the crowd) Fernand Mondego directed his band of traitors to find us! He took every item we had! And when there were no more - he signed us into slavery! And as we were carted out of our cell, my mother --

HAYDEÉ STOPS, SUDDENLY OVERCOME WITH EMOTION. SHE FIGHTS BACK THE TEARS. THE ASSEMBLY QUIETS ITSELF TO HEAR HER.

HAYDEÉ: Fernand Mondego had moved my father's head to a pike. Placed at the entrance of our former home.

VASILIKI SEES THE PIKE, RUSHES TOWARDS IT. SOBS.

VASILIKI: (hysterical) No. No, my husband. Ali. What have they done to you. No!

HAYDEE: As a sign of his triumph.

SILENCE.

HAYDEÉ: My mother died then and there. (regaining her authority) My sale remained intact. I was traded by man after man after man like cattle. Yet I never forgot who betrayed my father, who killed my mother, and who tried to ruin me.

THE ASSEMBLY IS SILENT NOW. THE SOUNDSCAPE MOVES BACK TO THE PRESENT.

MINISTER: You speak well, mademoiselle. But your claims... how are we to know that what you say is true?

HAYDEÉ: I have evidence! Evidence of my own story.

THE CROWD MURMURS.

HAYDEÉ: A certificate of my birth and baptism. Signed by my father and his advisors. Here is my bill of sale. You will see that my mother and I were sold for four hundred thousand francs. And you will see the coward who profited from our sale.

MINISTER: This... is the Count de Morcerf's signature.

THE ASSEMBLY ERUPTS AGAIN.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: Lies! All of this, lies! A scheme against me! She is a liar and a whore!

MINISTER: SILENCE!

HE BANGS HIS GAVEL AGAIN.

MINISTER: Count de Morcerf. Do you recognize this woman? (off his silence) Morcerf. What say you?

FERNAND DOES NOT RESPOND.

MINISTER: Perhaps additional inquiries need to be made --

HAYDEÉ: Then make them. All you will uncover is everything I have said. Every word I say is true. However. (beat) If you require further proof, look towards your Count's right hand. The coward who betrayed my father has a scar that runs from his finger to his wrist. (to Fernand) You say you are not a traitor. You say that I lie. Show us your hand and prove it.

BEAT.

FERNAND DE MORCERF: No.

THE ASSEMBLY MURMURS.

MINISTER: Monsieur de Morcerf. Your right hand. Please.

FERNAND COMPLIES. HE TAKES HIS HAND OUT OF HIS POCKET, SHOWS IT TO THE MINISTER.

MINISTER: It is as described.

THE ASSEMBLY ROARS.

MINISTER: (over the din) It runs from his finger to his wrist. Monsieur de Morcerf!

THE ASSEMBLY QUIETS.

MINISTER: Would you like to request that a commission visits Janina for further investigation? Do you have any response to this woman's claims? Did you really do all of the things she claims you have done?

FERNAND DE MORCERF: I... I...

FERNAND BREAKS. HE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM. NOBODY FOLLOWS HIM.

MINISTER: Gentlemen. Based on the evidence in front of you and what you have witnessed today. Does Monsieur de Morcerf stand convicted of felony, treason, and conduct unworthy of this house?

EVERYONE: Yes!

MINISTER: It is decided.

THE MINISTER BANGS HIS GAVEL A FINAL  
TIME. THE SESSION ENDS.

**EXT. ASSEMBLY HOUSE/PARIS**

12

HAYDEÉ TAKES A DEEP BREATH - RELEASING A  
YEARS-LONG WEIGHT FROM HER SPIRIT.

THE COUNT APPROACHES.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: How do you feel?

HAYDEÉ: I... I thought I would feel relieved.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: It will evolve with time.

HAYDEÉ: Do you think they will uphold their decision?

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Even if they do not, his name has been tarnished. It  
will spread across France. And even back to Spain, to  
his foundations in Catalonia. Everyone will know.

HAYDEÉ: Good.

THE DOORS TO THE BUILDING OPEN BEHIND  
THEM. ALBERT FLIES OUT.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: Monte Cristo!

HE CATCHES UP TO HIM AND HAYDEÉ.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: You did this. What happened -- in there --

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: The only person responsible for your father's actions  
is your father himself.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: Nobody knew! He was -- I was safe! I will never be  
able to enter society again.

HAYDEÉ: Perhaps that is for the best.

ALBERT DE  
MORCERF: You are no better. (muttering) Neither of you. All  
your talk of betrayal. The only betrayers I see here  
are you. (to The Count) And I trusted you. You were  
my friend. You saved me, gained my trust. I welcomed  
you into my home. And all this time, you were  
planning this. Do you deny it?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I do not.

ALBERT TAKES OFF HIS GLOVE, THROWS IT AT THE COUNT. HAYDEÉ GASPS.

ALBERT DE MORCERF: A duel. At dawn.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Done.

ALBERT STARTS TO SAY SOMETHING IN RESPONSE, BUT SPUTTERS. HE TRIES A FEW MORE TIMES, MANAGES:

ALBERT DE MORCERF: Until then.

AND LEAVES.

THE COUNT KNEELS TO PICK UP THE GLOVE.

HAYDEÉ: Count --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The Vicomte has thrown his glove. There is nothing that can be done. I will duel Albert de Morcerf at dawn. And one of us will die.

END OF EPISODE.