

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO  
"EPISODE TEN" 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**

SNIPPETS FROM EARLIER EPISODES, THAT SHOULD ESTABLISH THE IMPENDING WEDDING BETWEEN ANDREA CAVALCANTI AND EUGÉNIE DANGLARS. AS WELL AS THE SECRETS THEY BOTH ARE CARRYING...

**MONTAGE - PARISIAN RUMOR MILL 2**

GOSSIP IS FLYING THROUGH PARIS! AND THERE IS MUCH TO GOSSIP ABOUT...

SERVANT 3:           Somebody stole from the Count of Monte Cristo?

SERVANT 2:           I saw the police fly to his apartment. Nearly woke up the entire street.

SERVANT 3:           Who was the thief?

SERVANT 2:           Some low-life. Nobody knew him.

WOMAN 1:            The thief was bold enough to break in through the front door. If you can imagine. He thought the Count was away, but he wasn't. The fool.

WOMAN 3:            Monte Cristo already bested the Vicomte de Morcerf in a duel. The thief was no challenge.

MAN 1:              They dueled with rapiers through the entire first floor. The Count chases him through his own home.

MAN 2:              I thought it was two thieves.

MAN 3:              I heard it was five.

SERVANT 1:          All this while the Villeforts are dying.

SERVANT 4:          Is Valentine awake?

SERVANT 1:          No.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD:    Finally, the Crown Prosecutor seems affected by something.

BEAUCHAMP:         Fear for his life or fear for his daughter's?

LUCIEN DEBRAY:     It could have been the broken engagement.

WOMAN 2:            Who would poison Valentine de Villefort?

WOMAN 1:            Franz d'Epinay did reject her marriage proposal.

WOMAN 3:            Her father's marriage proposal.

WOMAN 2: I thought it was because of the poisoning?

WOMAN 1: It's not like she poisoned herself.

LOUISE: Was the poison to get out of marrying Franz?

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Believe me, it's tempting.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Of course the Villeforts are trying to take our spotlight. My daughter. The wife of an Italian Prince!

LUCIEN DEBRAY: An engagement feast for the ages.

CHÂTEAU-  
RENAUD: Let us hope no one dies during this one.

BEAUCHAMP: I should like *something* to entertain us.

CHÂTEAU-  
RENAUD: Your options are that the Count is robbed or a Villefort could die.

BEAUCHAMP: Well, when you put it that way.

MAN 1: It feels like our circles are falling apart.

MAN 2: Times are certainly more trying.

SERVANT 3: Satisfying, isn't it?

SERVANT 2: As long as it's not us.

WOMAN 2: The house of Morcerf, this robbery, the poisonings...

WOMAN 1: Dear God, who's next?

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

3

MAXIMILIAN KNOCKS NERVOUSLY. BERTUCCIO  
OPENS THE DOOR.

BERTUCCIO: Monsieur Morrel.

MAXIMILIAN: Monsieur Bertuccio. Good morning. I did not call in advance, but --

BERTUCCIO: I am sure he will see you. Wait here.

MAXIMILIAN NODS AS BERTUCCIO LEAVES.  
MAXIMILIAN IS AUDIBLY NERVOUS AND HIDING  
IT POORLY.

BERTUCCIO: Please, come in.

MAXIMILIAN: Thank you.

HE DOES.

**INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - OFFICE 4**

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO SITS AT HIS  
DESK.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: *Bonne journée, Maximilian.*

MAXIMILIAN: *Bonne journée, Count.*

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Please, sit.

MAXIMILIAN: No, I -- it is easier to stand. I may just pace around, if that is alright.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You are troubled.

MAXIMILIAN: Um. Yes. Very much so.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Are you injured?

MAXIMILIAN: No. Well, yes. Though I would not say physically injured? But it is still grave. A very grave matter indeed. Truly life and death. And I do not mean to, to burden you but your counsel is always wise and --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Your point. Please.

MAXIMILIAN: Have you ever been in love?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: In love?

MAXIMILIAN: Yes. And I do not mean in brotherhood or a familial bond. I mean love love. All-encompassing, world-absorbing, completely foolish and nonsensical love.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes.

MAXIMILIAN: Are you familiar with the rumors regarding the Villefort home? And Mademoiselle Valentine?

THE COUNT DID NOT EXPECT THIS, BUT  
MAINTAINS HIS COMPOSURE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I cannot help you in this arena.

MAXIMILIAN: But -- surely there must be something that can be done --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You are asking me to save the life of Valentine de Villefort from the poison that has allegedly brought down other members of the Villefort house. Yes?

MAXIMILIAN: Yes.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: A poison that is rumored to be practically invisible?

MAXIMILIAN: See? You know things that I do not. Maybe there is an antidote or cure --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And you think I possess such a thing?

MAXIMILIAN: I don't know! Monsieur le Comte, I am desperate. I cannot see her. I cannot speak to her. All I know is that Valentine is dying but not yet dead and I would give my life to save her! (beat) You are the most intelligent person I know. You are resourceful and have much at your disposal. If, if there is anything that can be done, I know it would come from you. (beat) Is there?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You would be wise to disentangle yourself from the Villefort home.

MAXIMILIAN: Why?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Because the tragedies they experience are of their own making. No man can escape the machinations of Providence.

MAXIMILIAN: Valentine is the purest soul I have ever met. She does not deserve this.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Then perhaps she serves us best as a pawn in a larger game.

MAXIMILIAN: (instinctual) I will not let you speak about her that way.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Understood.

MAXIMILIAN: As is my request, I hope? You must help us. Please.

MAXIMILIAN WAITS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Does Mademoiselle de Villefort return your affections?

MAXIMILIAN: Yes.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And her family does not know.

MAXIMILIAN: Her grandfather, Monsieur Noirtier might? But he does not speak.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Hmm. (beat) Are you capable of doing nothing?

MAXIMILIAN: Doing nothing?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes. If I were to ask you to do nothing, would you?

MAXIMILIAN: If it would help Valentine, yes. Anything.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Then do nothing. Do not speak of this to anyone, do not pursue any additional action.

MAXIMILIAN: That means -- thank you, thank you Count.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Do not thank me.

BEAT.

MAXIMILIAN: I -- understood. I am glad I was right. To have hope in you. (beat) But I have wasted your time already. I will, uh, I will not call upon you later? I will just --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Leave, please.

MAXIMILIAN: Yes, of course. (beat) *Thank you.*

THE DOOR CLICKS SHUT BEHIND HIM.

NOW ALONE, THE COUNT GROWS ANGRY. IN A FIT OF RAGE, HE SWIPES HIS ARM ACROSS HIS DESK. ITS CONTENTS SMASH TO THE FLOOR.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: DAMMIT!

**THE THEME PLAYS.**

**INT. DANGLARS HOME - OFFICE**

5

DANGLARS SITS AT HIS DESK, REVIEWING RECENT RECEIPTS.

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

DANGLARS: What?

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Father. May I come in?

DANGLARS: Any requests for your engagement feast should be routed to your mother.

EUGÉNIE ENTERS ANYWAY.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I'm here for something else.

DANGLARS: Can it wait?

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Sure.

EUGÉNIE FLOPS INTO A CHAIR. DANGLARS SIGHS HEAVILY, DISTRACTED BY HER.

DANGLARS: What, Eugénie.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I have been thinking. About this marriage. And how you and *maman* have thrust this request upon me.

DANGLARS: It is not a request. You are getting married to Andrea Cavalcanti.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Yes. See, that. It's that directive. The forcing me into this arrangement bit. I feel... unable to obey.

DANGLARS: What.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Yeah.

DANGLARS: You feel. Unable. To obey.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Exactly. Like, he's fine as far as Italian princes go. I assume. But I really think I should have a say.

DANGLARS: Do you also feel unable to enjoy the comforts you have been provided? That I have provided you? The dresses. The outings. The music lessons --

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I have asked you for nothing.

DANGLARS: Yet you have everything.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Not by my request. If it's not your need to keep up appearances, it's *maman's*. If anything, I'm actually asking you for nothing. Since I don't want to get married and all that.

DANGLARS: Marriage is not about affection or if your husband is your "ideal." It is a business contract. Signed for commercial and financial reasons. Your marriage is not about you, it is about my business.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: You can marry him if you like.

DANGLARS SLAMS HIS FIST ONTO THE DESK.

DANGLARS: Enough jokes! Eugénie, this marriage is imperative. I... A banker's success lies in his ability to acquire credit which my accounts have been lacking in, as of late.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: So I need to get married so you can get some coins?

DANGLARS: You need to be married so I can get the dowry of three million which your new husband will invest with me.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Well. At least I know my value.

BEAT.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Marriage is so odd. A man gives up his daughter so another might gain a wife.

DANGLARS: This marriage is happening.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Yes, yes. (heavy sigh) I can see you will not change your mind.

EUGÉNIE STANDS.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Goodbye, father.

DANGLARS: Get out, Eugénie.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I'm going, I'm going. As per your request.

SHE LEAVES, HER FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN THE HALLWAY. DANGLARS SIGHS.

**INT. VILLEFORT HOME - VALENTINE'S ROOM**

6

VALENTINE LIES IN BED, DISTRESSED FROM THE POISON. SHE WAKES, SEES NOIRTIER SITTING BY HER SIDE.

VALENTINE: Grandfather... you are still here?

NOIRTIER GROWLS.



VALENTINE: You do not need to watch over me. I am feeling better.

A LIE. NOIRTIER KNOWS IT.

VALENTINE: Just you wait. I will be back on my feet soon. Everything will go back to normal.

SERVANT KNOCKS.

SERVANT: Monsieur Morrel to see you.

MAXIMILIAN ENTERS, CARRYING A SMALL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS. SERVANT TAKES THE CUE TO CLOSE THE DOOR, LEAVES.

MAXIMILIAN: *Bonne journée.* I was walking. Um, I was walking by and saw these flowers near your gate? And thought they were most likely for you? So I knocked on the front door and --

NOIRTIER GRUNTS SHARPLY.

VALENTINE: He knows, Maximilian.

MAXIMILIAN: (immediately more flustered) I worried I had given us away.

NOIRTIER GROWLS, VALENTINE CHUCKLES.

VALENTINE: We do not need to hide anymore. Isn't that wonderful?

SHE BEGINS TO COUGH. IT WORSENS.

MAXIMILIAN: Valentine! I -- here.

HE LUNGES FOR A NEARBY PITCHER. NOIRTIER GRUNTS IN ADMONISHMENT.

MAXIMILIAN: I don't understand.

VALENTINE: Grandfather has been very particular lately. About what I eat and drink. He does not trust --

SHE COUGHS AGAIN.

VALENTINE: -- anything.

MAXIMILIAN PUTS DOWN THE PITCHER, FLOWERS. GOES TO NOIRTIER.

MAXIMILIAN: Monsieur Noirtier de Villefort. I know that you do not know me. But I give you my word that I will protect your granddaughter with all my being.  
(MORE)

And I will love her with all my heart. From now until the day I meet my end. And then, still after.

BEAT. NOIRTIER GROWLS CAUTIOUSLY IN APPROVAL.

VALENTINE: I am so glad for you two to know each other.

SHE BEGINS TO COUGH AGAIN.

MAXIMILIAN: Valentine. You are not well. Please. (to Noirtier) Permit me to get her something? I can drink it first to ensure its safety. Or, I could get you anything? I am not skilled but I can go down to your kitchen so someone you trust oversees your meals and --

NOIRTIER GRUNTS, CUTTING HIM OFF.

VALENTINE: He just wants you to like him, Grandfather. As do I.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. SERVANT OPENS IT.

SERVANT: Monsieur Noirtier. The Abbé is here to see you.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS.

SERVANT: I don't know what that means.

VALENTINE: You may take him to his meeting.

NOIRTIER GRUNTS TO VALENTINE. A REQUEST TO ADD...

VALENTINE: And you may show Monsieur Morrel out. But, be prepared to show him in tomorrow?

NOIRTIER GRUNTS IN APPROVAL.

MAXIMILIAN: Thank you. Thank you, Monsieur. I very much look forward to visiting. Both of you. Tomorrow.

MAXIMILIAN STARTS TO LEAVE.

MAXIMILIAN: Please also know that I am working on something to fix things. I cannot say what, but trust me. I am preparing for a happy future.

VALENTINE: I know, Maximilian. I know.

SHE BREAKS INTO A COUGH AGAIN.

**ACT BREAK**

## INT. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S HOME - OFFICE 7

THE COUNT, AGAIN, AT WORK. BERTUCCIO  
LEADS ANDREA CAVALCANTI INTO THE ROOM.  
(HE HAS FULLY RETURNED TO HIS ROLE.)

BERTUCCIO: Prince Andrea Cavalcanti, Monsieur le Comte.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I have only just returned home.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Forgive me, Monsieur le Comte! I simply was too excited to wait to see you next.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You may leave, Bertuccio.

HE DOES.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: How can I assist you, Prince Andrea?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Can a soon-to-be married man simply not call upon his friend?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: He can. Ideally with notice.

ANDREA IS FLUMMOXED BY THE COLD WELCOME.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Well, I... wanted to see if you are attending the engagement feast.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I have already stated I would.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: *Eccellente!* You are double confirmed, then! Still, I am in your debt. I would not be marrying Mademoiselle Danglars were it not for your sponsorship.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I assume you are excited for the personal coffers of Baron Danglars.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (covering, badly) Well, it is a nice sum. Nothing compared to my own coffers of course. Though, receiving a dowry of three million is... *eccellente*. Am I to receive it as soon as the contract is signed?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: That tends to be the custom.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: *Bene, bene. Molto bene.*

HE LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, SIGHS WITH PLEASURE.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: What a journey this has been.  
(MORE)

*Sia lode a Dio* that I was introduced to Lord Wilmore who graciously introduced me to you. Truly my life is almost complete.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Almost?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Yes. There is the matter of my... father. We have lost touch after some time apart. And I am hoping to reconnect with him. Soon. In the near future.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Did your father not die?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (whoops) Yes. *Si. Claro.* I mean, figuratively. For now, it would be *perfetto* to have, say, a father figure present on my behalf.

THIS IS WHY ANDREA IS HERE: HE WANTS THE COUNT TO "CONFESS" TO BEING HIS FATHER.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Why?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Well... are we not the results of our elders? Who would not want to know their own influences? The reasons why they are the way they are.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (blunter than usual) You remove your own agency, Prince Andrea. You are you because you decided you are.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: You think I am in control of how the world has made me who I am?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Grounding one's choice in the decisions of others' lessens everyone involved. A fool's approach to the way the world turns.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: I see.

BOTH MEN WAIT FOR THE OTHER TO BREAK THE SILENCE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Did you require something further?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: No. I would have asked you to dine with me, but I can see that you are otherwise occupied.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: That is correct. I will attend tonight, as promised. All of Paris will be present. You will find me alongside them.

A MUSICAL TRANSITION CARRIES US OUT OF THE SCENE AND INTO...

## INT. DANGLARS HOME - BALLROOM

8

THE ENGAGEMENT FEAST. NO EXPENSE HAS BEEN SPARED AS DANGLARS AND MADAME DANGLARS GREET GUESTS.

WOMAN 1: Madame Danglars! You must be so relieved.

MADAME DANGLARS: Excited is a more appropriate term.

MAN 2: Has Monte Cristo arrived yet?

MAN 1: I don't know if he is attending.

WE ZIP OVER TO --

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Any news on Mademoiselle Villefort?

BEAUCHAMP: Still bed-ridden.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: And where is Maximilian?

BEAUCHAMP: Not sure.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: It appears we are dropping like flies.

AND AGAIN, WE ZIP TO --

MAN 3: Prince Andrea! You need a drink!

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Ah, yes. Perhaps a little later. Once the contract is signed.

MAN 3: Tell me, do you really get five hundred thousand francs tonight after you sign?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: (laughing nervously) Who can think of money when one is gaining a wife?

ANOTHER ZIP --

LOUISE: (hushed whispers) Eugénie, should we bring --

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS: Everything's arranged, Louise. Just meet me after.

DANGLARS: Thank you so much for coming. (leaning into Madame Danglars) Is that everyone? Can we begin?

MADAME DANGLARS: I am not keeping tabs on who arrives when.

DANGLARS: Then what function do you serve?

MADAME DANGLARS TAKES A DEEP BREATH,  
QUELLING HER RAGE.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Heartless as ever, darling.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT ARRIVES.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: Baron Danglars.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Oh, Héloïse!

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: And Hermine. Thank you for the invitation. Gérard is tied up at the moment but will arrive late if he can.

DANGLARS GRUNTS IN RESPONSE.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: Come now, Baron. One would think you are not happy to have your daughter married. I know I would be.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Yes, how is dear Valentine?

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: She is in excellent health! Generally speaking.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Of course.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: Of course. She is just so conscientious of Eugénie's special day. She worried her presence would overshadow Eugénie and did not want to draw the guests' attentions.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Oh, what a foolish notion!

MAXIMILIAN ARRIVES. COUGHS TO GET THE  
HOSTS' ATTENTION.

MAXIMILIAN: Good evening, Baron Danglars. Madame Danglars.

DANGLARS: Who are you?

MAXIMILIAN: Maximilian? You invited me! I know Eugénie.

NOBODY REMEMBERS HIM.

MAXIMILIAN: I guess I will get a drink?

HE LEAVES, BUMPS INTO ANDREA WHILE DOING  
SO.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Careful! You'll ruin my suit. (to the Danglars) Have either of you seen Eugénie?

DANGLARS: No.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Not recently.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Well, no matter! I am sure she is anxious to sign.  
Like I am. Have all the guests arrived?

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Mostly.

DANGLARS: We are not beholden to them.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: We invited half of Paris. Let that half of Paris  
arrive.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: I am not concerned if there are some stragglers.  
Though, I have not seen the Count of Monte Cristo? He  
was, is the man who brought us together. I would hate  
for him to be absent for such an, ah -- "*una good-a  
moment-a.*"

DANGLARS: A what?

THE DOOR OPENS FOR THE COUNT AND HAYDEÉ.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: There he is!

DANGLARS: About time.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Monsieur le Comte! And Mademoiselle Haydeé. Thank you  
for joining us.

AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME, THE CROWD  
QUIETS. IMMEDIATELY STARTS PAYING  
ATTENTION.

HAYDEÉ: We would not have missed this.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: And now that you are here, we can start tonight's  
ceremonies!

MADAME  
DANGLARS: (ignoring him) We are deeply sorry to hear of your  
house's misfortunes, Count.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Misfortunes?

MADAME  
DANGLARS: The, um. (leaning in) The *burglary*.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Oh. Hardly a misfortune.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Would you like a drink, Count?

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: No. If you will excuse us.  
HE AND HAYDEÉ LEAVE, ANDREA IS BUTT-HURT.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Well.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Indeed.  
ELSEWHERE, MAXIMILIAN SPOTS THE COUNT.  
RUSHES TOWARD HIM.

MAXIMILIAN: Excuse me. *Pardon, pardon.* Count! Monte Cristo!  
HE REACHES HIM AND HAYDEÉ. THE COUNT  
SIGHS.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: What, Morrel?

MAXIMILIAN: I, um, how are you?

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Say what you mean and do not waste my time.

MAXIMILIAN: I... I wanted to follow up on my request from  
earlier.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Was I not clear in my needs from you?

MAXIMILIAN: You were, but --  
THE COUNT WALKS OFF INTO THE PARTY.

MAXIMILIAN: Wait! (to Haydeé) Did I do something wrong?  
HAYDEÉ SNORTS.

HAYDEÉ: This is how he truly is. You are only seeing it for  
the first time.  
SHE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

HAYDEÉ: I will find you after my task.

MAXIMILIAN: Your task?  
BUT SHE'S GONE.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Everyone gather round! We will begin in a moment.



THE NOTARY SETS UP THE CONTRACT FOR  
SIGNATURE. GUESTS NOTICE, MURMUR AS THEY  
BEGIN TO CROWD THE AREA.

WOMAN 1: I need a better view.

CHÂTEAU-  
RENAUD: Maximilian! Here, with me.

WOMAN 2: Where is Mademoiselle Danglars?

MAN 1: Did you nudge me?

MAN 2: Sorry.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Find Eugénie. Now.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Shall I stand here?

NOTARY: I require a pen.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Yes. Oh, yes. Somebody get him a pen!

THE ROOM QUIETS. OFF THE SUDDEN  
SILENCE...

NOTARY: I am not set up yet.

THE CROWD GRUMBLES.

HAYDEÉ: Madame de Villefort.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: Mademoiselle Haydeé.

HAYDEÉ: Will your husband be joining you tonight?

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: He is, ah, caught up with work, I'm afraid.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: And on such an auspicious occasion!

MADAME DE VILLEFORT STARTS TO RESPOND,  
THE COUNT CUTS HER OFF.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: I believe I owe the apology, Madame Danglars. This  
was most likely my doing.

MADAME  
DANGLARS: Your doing?

THE CROWD QUIETS AGAIN. ALL EYES ON THE  
COUNT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I assure you no offense was intended.

NOTARY: The contract is ready to be signed.

THE DANGLARS AND ANDREA JOIN THE NOTARY.  
EVENTUALLY, EUGÉNIE DOES AS WELL.

MADAME DANGLARS: (under her breath) *There you are.*

EUGÉNIE DANGLARS: *Maman. I love you so much.*

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: The Crown Prosecutor is a busy man. Of course no offense was intended --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes. But as a previously private matter, I am happy to explain the situation now in public to avoid further doubts.

THE CROWD IS FULLY FOCUSED ON THE COUNT,  
NOT THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT TO BE SIGNED.  
THE COUNT IS AWARE OF THIS, INTENTIONALLY  
BAITING THE CROWD.

DANGLARS: I will sign.

HE TAKES THE PEN, SCRIBBLES HIS NAME, AS  
THE COUNT BEGINS:

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (louder, wanting the attention) You see, I required the Crown Prosecutor at my residence earlier today. I am certain it is common knowledge that there was an attempted robbery on my apartment on the Champs-Elysee.

DANGLARS: (to Madame Danglars) *Hermine. Sign.*

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I assumed it was a petty criminal who did not know what he undertook. However, after the police arrived and searched his person - that is when the Crown Prosecutor's presence was required.

HE PAUSES, DRAMATICALLY.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Uh... why, Count?

DANGLARS: (hissing) Where is Eugénie?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Well. Though the Crown Prosecutor must still conclude his formal investigation --

DANGLARS: Where did she go?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: -- it appears the thief was linked to a much larger crime.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Oh?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Granted, the thief is dead. But on his person he had two letters. The first named his true murderer, Not I, but a man with whom he once shared a prison cell. It appears that man lives in Paris and is undertaking a scheme of his own.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: *Scusi. Un momento.*

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The second letter on the thief's person was a confession. That his murderer hides amongst us! Within our social circle under a new persona. Putting all of us in danger.

THE CROWD GASPS.

MADAME DANGLARS: Are we safe?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: That is for the Crown Prosecutor to decide. All I know is that the thief now lies in a cemetery and will be judged by God. His gravestone will mark his birth name - Gaspard Caderousse. (beat) Do you know it, Baron Danglars?

THE POLICE BURST IN. THE CROWD PANICS.  
SEVERAL GUESTS HEAD FOR THE EXIT.

LEAD COMMISSAIRE: *Attention! Restez calme, s'il vous plaît!* (above the clamor) Block the entryways. Let no one in or out!

DANGLARS: What is the meaning of this?

LEAD COMMISSAIRE: Baron Danglars. I deeply apologize, but this is a matter of great importance.

MADAME DANGLARS: This is our daughter's engagement feast!

LEAD COMMISSAIRE: No doubt you have heard about last night's attempted theft on the Count of Monte Cristo. We believe the thief to be a former prisoner who has broken his parole. He now masquerades as a foreign prince by the name of Andrea Cavalcanti.

THE CROWD GASPS IN HORROR. MADAME DANGLARS FAINTS.

DANGLARS: That... that cannot...

LEAD  
COMMISSAIRE: We are here for his arrest. Is he here?

DANGLARS: He, he's...

DANGLARS FADES, REALIZING.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: He's gone!

DANGLARS: Where are they?

BEAUCHAMP: Where is Eugénie?

DANGLARS: Where are they?! (to the Lead Commissaire) Find them. Find them now. You find them both and return them back here immediately!

**ACT BREAK**

**INT. DANGLARS HOME - SERVANT ENTRY**

9

ANDREA RUNS THROUGH THE BACK HALLWAYS OF THE HOUSE, PANICKED. HE BUMPS INTO VARIOUS SERVANTS AS HE DOES.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Out of the way. Get out - out of my way!

HE FLINGS OPEN A DOOR AND...

**EXT. DANGLARS HOME**

10

...SPRINTS THROUGH THE GROUNDS TOWARDS THE STABLES.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Okay, okay. I have some money, clothes. I can get out of Paris. I just need... a horse. I just need a horse.

HE JOGS TOWARDS THE STABLES.

**INT. STABLES**

11

ANDREA FLINGS THE DOOR TO THE STABLES, SPOOKING THE HORSES AND...

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Louise?

SURE ENOUGH, LOUISE IS THERE.

LOUISE: Prince Cavalcanti? What are you doing here?

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: I require a horse.

LOUISE: So do we.

EUGÉNIE SPRINTS INTO THE STABLES.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I am here! I had to -- (to Andrea) What are you doing here?

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: I could ask you the same.

A BEAT, AS THEY DECIDE - SHOULD THEY  
TRUST EACH OTHER?

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Uh. Mademoiselle Eugénie. I find that our marital arrangement no longer suits me.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: On that, we can agree. (to Louise) Did you find the bag?

LOUISE: I did. And Haydeé gave me the passports. Here.

EUGÉNIE TAKES ONE, GIGGLES WITH DELIGHT.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Fantastic!

LOUISE: And we don't owe them anything?

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I tried to pay them. Even just as a thank you. They both insisted there was no cost. Though Haydeé did list some recommendations.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: What is this. What's happening.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: We're running away. Obviously.

EUGÉNIE GOES TO TAKE TWO HORSES.

LOUISE: Eugénie and I are leaving for Italy.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Two women traveling together? You'll never make it.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS (OS): That's why I'm cutting my hair.

SHE RETURNS WITH TWO HORSES AND SHEARS.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: It'll match the passport. (to Louise) Do me the honor?

LOUISE: You're certain?

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: More than anything.

LOUISE CLEANLY SLICES EUGÉNIE'S HAIR.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: How do I look?

LOUISE: Like my cousin. Who is escorting me to el Teatro Olimpico Vicenza.

THEY LAUGH. THEY KISS. IT IS THE PUREST  
MOMENT OF LOVE WE WILL HEAR IN THIS  
ENTIRE SERIES.

THE LOVERS BREAK, MOUNT THEIR HORSES.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I should say that I will miss you and think of you fondly. But, I will not.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Eh. Can I take a horse?

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: I don't care.

ANDREA MOVES TO TAKE A HORSE.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: But don't follow us to Italy.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: I've had enough Italian.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: And your scheme? The same, wherever you go?

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: I know little else.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: We are not doomed to become them, you know. Their mistakes don't have to be ours.

ANDREA SNORTS IN RESPONSE. EUGÉNIE SIGHS  
HEAVILY.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Well, I tried. (to Louise) Shall we, Mademoiselle d'Armilly?

LOUISE: I think we shall, Mademoiselle Danglars.

EUGÉNIE  
DANGLARS: Well. Goodbye, Prince Andrea. And goodbye Mademoiselle Danglars. For the Danglars have a daughter no longer! Hyah!

THE HORSES BOTH NEIGH LOUDLY, EUGÉNIE AND  
LOUISE GALLOP AWAY, INTO THEIR HAPPILY  
EVER AFTER.

ANDREA GETS UP ON HIS HORSE WITH  
SIGNIFICANTLY LESS FANFARE.

ANDREA  
CAVALCANTI: Nor they a prince for a son-in-law.  
HE, TOO, RIDES AWAY.

**EXT. DANGLARS HOME**

12

THE SOUND OF HORSES GALLOPING MORPHS INTO  
CARRIAGES AND HEELS ON COBBLESTONES,  
MURMURING AMONGST DEPARTING GUESTS.  
ANOTHER BALL HAS ENDED IN SCANDAL, THOUGH  
THIS ONE FEELS MUCH CLOSER THAN THE REST.

WOMAN 1: How devastating.

MAN 1: To think, we all knew him.

WOMAN 3: His accent was always suspicious.

CHÂTEAU-  
RENAUD: Something to write about tomorrow?

BEAUCHAMP: Tomorrow, the day after, the day after that...

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: We always suspected that he was not who he claimed to be. That's why I declined his marriage proposal for Valentine! A shame, really, that the Baron was fooled.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Morrel.  
WE ARE WITH MAXIMILIAN. HE JUMPS AT THE  
THE SOUND OF THE COUNT.

MAXIMILIAN: Monsieur le Comte! How... are you feeling?

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Fine.

MAXIMILIAN: You seem as unmoved as ever.

HAYDEÉ: Yes.

MAXIMILIAN: (weirded out) Okay.

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Do you require a carriage?

MAXIMILIAN: Oh, no. I was going to ask Château-Renaud... though I don't know where he went.

HAYDEÉ: You will ride with us.

MAXIMILIAN: I --

HAYDEÉ: There is something to discuss with you.

MAXIMILIAN: Alright. Thank you. Both.

AMIDST THE FRAY, A CARRIAGE SPEEDS UP  
PAST THE OTHERS. A SERVANT HOPS OUT,  
JOINS THE GUESTS.

SERVANT: *Pardon.* Madame de Villefort? Where is -- Madame?

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: Calm down, I am coming.

SERVANT: Please, Madame. Time is of the essence.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: What now?

SERVANT: The Crown Prosecutor has asked for you to come quickly --

MAXIMILIAN: (overhearing) Has something happened? Is it Valentine? Is she alright?

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: Morrel --

SERVANT: (stammering) She, um --

MAXIMILIAN: Is she still ill?

SERVANT: She is dead.

MAXIMILIAN: She's dead? She's, no...

MAXIMILIAN BREAKS. ETTIQUETE LOST, HE  
HOWLS.

MADAME DE  
VILLEFORT: (to Servant) Ugh. Take me home. Away from this.

THEY LEAVE. THE CROWD GIVES MAXIMILIAN A  
WIDE BERTH. HAYDEÉ AND THE COUNT REMAIN  
CLOSE BY.

HAYDEÉ: Morrel, you must come with us.

MAXIMILIAN: Valentine... she is --

THE COUNT OF  
MONTE CRISTO: You are making a scene --

MAXIMILIAN: A scene?

HE RISES, TURNS ON THE COUNT.



MAXIMILIAN: The woman I love is dead and you think I care about a scene? I trusted you. I came to you for help and... and... Did you do this?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Morrel...

MAXIMILIAN: You told me to do nothing and I listened to you. Is this what you meant when you said you would intervene.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Let us take you home, Morrel.

MAXIMILIAN: **No.** I don't... you hate society. You hate *them*. But I thought... how could I have.... how could you?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Morrel --

MAXIMILIAN: I know you do not like the Villeforts or the Morcerfs or anyone in this city. You barely tolerate me. But Valentine was innocent! And you told me to wait because you would help and now she is dead. I never want to see either of you ever again.

HAYDEÉ: You are a fool, Morrel.

MAXIMILIAN: I'm the fool? I'm the villain? Look in a mirror. Both of you. Because I can live with myself knowing that I did everything I could. Can you? Can you do that? Or will you struggle to find any satisfaction with all of the blood on your hands?

MUSIC RISES, AND...

**END OF EPISODE**