

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
"EPISODE TWELVE" TRANSCRIPT

Written by

Chloe Wilson

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, CATCHING THE AUDIENCE UP THROUGH THE END OF EPISODE TEN. I.E. THAT THE VILLEFORTS ARE (MOSTLY) DEAD AND THAT ANDREA CAVALCANTI IS A CON ARTIST AND MURDERER.

INT. CARRIAGE 2

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF PARIS FROM INSIDE THE EMPTY CARRIAGE. THEN, THE SKITTERING OF HEELS TOWARDS THE CARRIAGE.

THE DOOR OPENS, MADAME DANGLARS FLINGS HERSELF INSIDE. SLAMMING THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HER.

SERVANT (OS): Madame Danglars?

SHE SHUSHES HIM.

MADAME DANGLARS: Quiet! No one should know I'm here.

SERVANT (OS): But --

MADAME DANGLARS: Just. Drive. To the agreed upon address.

THE CARRIAGE BEGINS TO MOVE. MADAME DANGLARS SIGHS WITH RELIEF, REMEMBERS THE CURTAINS. QUICKLY DRAWS THEM SHUT.

WE GO FROM INSIDE THE CARRIAGE...

EXT. PARIS 3

...TO ITS EXTERIOR. PARIS HAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF ENERGY TODAY. TENSER, MORE FRAUGHT FOR THE NOBILITY.

THE CARRIAGE ROLLS TO A STOP.

SERVANT: Madame Dang -- ah, Madame? We have arrived.

MADAME DANGLARS ADJUSTS HERSELF. STRUGGLES TO OPEN THE DOOR. DOES, EVENTUALLY. LEAVES.

HER FOOTSTEPS FROM THE CARRIAGE TO COBBLESTONE MORPH INTO...

EXT. OFFICE

4

...HURRIED FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOORS.MADAME DANGLARS RAPIDLY KNOCKS ON A DOOR.**INT. VILLEFORT'S OFFICE**

5

VILLEFORT
(OS): I am occupied.

MADAME DANGLARS ENTERS ANYWAY.SHE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER, BREATHING HEAVILY.

VILLEFORT: I just said --

MADAME
DANGLARS: Gérard. It is urgent that I speak with you.

THE FORMER LOVERS EACH CLOCK THE OTHER AS NOT BEING WELL.

VILLEFORT: You need not have come. We have already captured your daughter's former betrothed.

MADAME
DANGLARS: That is exactly why I have come. Our house has seen so much scandal in such a short time. A public trial would only bring more unwanted attention. (off his silence) Would you consider closing the matter?

VILLEFORT: No.

MADAME
DANGLARS: It will ruin us. Further.

VILLEFORT: A public trial is exactly what this city needs. Do you know the number of crimes this man has gotten away with? Forgery, theft, murder, impersonation.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Each knock against him is a knock against the Danglars name. Against me. (again, off his silence) Gérard, please. You, you do not look well --

VILLEFORT: How am I supposed to look after my daughter dies?

MADAME
DANGLARS: I did not mean --

VILLEFORT: You did mean. And you are wrong. I should imprison you for even suggesting to pardon this criminal.

MADAME
DANGLARS: For God's sake, Gérard. Some things are more important!

VILLEFORT BANGS HIS HAND ON THE TABLE.

VILLEFORT: No one is above the law. The law does not have eyes to see your shame and does not have ears to hear a former lover's pleas. The law is swift and exacting and has been ordered to strike vicariously. Which is what I shall do.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Gérard --

VILLEFORT: I AM THE LAW!

HIS FERVOR UNNERVES MADAME DANGLARS. SHE
REALIZES THIS WAS A MISTAKE.

MADAME
DANGLARS: Then I shall leave you to it.

SHE QUICKLY DEPARTS.

VILLEFORT BREATHES HEAVILY, HIS FERVOR
NOT SUBSIDING. HE RE-DIRECTS IT TO THE
WORK IN FRONT OF HIM.

VILLEFORT: I am the law. I am the law. I am the law. *I am the law!*

THE THEME PLAYS.

EXT. CEMETERY

6

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF VALENTINE DE
VILLEFORT. IT IS CLOSE TO ENDING.

THE CROWD SHUFFLES FORWARD. MOSTLY QUIET,
SAVE A FEW INDIVIDUALS UNABLE TO HOLD
BACK TEARS.

TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE CROWD ARE
CHÂTEAU-RENAUD, **BEAUCHAMP**, AND **LUCIEN
DEBRAY.**

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Quite the gathering.

BEAUCHAMP: A real who's who of Paris.

CHÂTEAU-
RENAUD: Am I the only one who is going to behave at this funeral?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: We are behaving.

BEAUCHAMP: We're just also stunned at how gaudy Madame de Villefort's dress is.

CHÂTEAU-
RENAUD: Her stepdaughter is dead. She is in mourning.

BEAUCHAMP: Is she?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: I'm impressed that the Crown Prosecutor showed at all. He's barely left his office since the engagement feast.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Failed engagement feast.

BEAUCHAMP: The man lost his daughter. Throwing himself into work is perhaps the most sensible thing he could do.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: If you're covering the trial, can you save me a seat?

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: And me?

BEAUCHAMP: I will be working.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: At the messiest public trial Paris has seen in years. I have to be there.

BEAUCHAMP: Then get in line.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (menacing) Gentlemen.

THE TRIO JUMPS, OBVIOUSLY SPOOKED BY THE
COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'S SUDDEN ARRIVAL.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Monsieur le Comte.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: How long have you been there?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: (ignoring) Is Monsieur Morrel with you?

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: No.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Haven't seen him.

BEAUCHAMP: We assumed he would be with you.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Hmm. Thank you.

HE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

BEAUCHAMP: You can stand with us. If you like?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I would not like.

HE LEAVES, FULLY.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Fine with me.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Now I can watch Monsieur Noirtier glare at his son's wife in peace.

EXT. CEMETERY - EDGE

7

WE MOVE FROM THE FUNERAL TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY. NATURE FILLS THE SOUNDSCAPE, AND WE FIND OUR WAY TO...

A BROKEN **MAXIMILIAN**. HE IS ON THE EDGE OF FULLY SHATTERING.

MAXIMILIAN: Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom Come, Thy will be done --

THE COUNT APPROACHES.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Maximilian.

MAXIMILIAN: (ignoring) -- on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread --

MAXIMILIAN CONTINUES HIS PRAYERS, TRYING TO IGNORE THE COUNT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I take it you received but ignored my invitation to join me for the procession.

MAXIMILIAN: I did not wish to become a spectacle.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I understand. Are you well?

MAXIMILIAN: The love of my life is dead and my future died with her.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I do not agree with your conclusion.

MAXIMILIAN: I had hoped that by ignoring your invitation, you would understand that I intend to mourn alone.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Very well. I will leave you be.

THE COUNT SLOWLY LEAVES. MAXIMILIAN TAKES A DEEP BREATH, BEGINS AGAIN:

MAXIMILIAN: Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be --

HE BREAKS, STIFLES A SOB.

MAXIMILIAN: Hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom Come...

WIND SWIRLS AROUND HIS PRAYERS AND LIFTS US FROM THE SOUNDSCAPE. TIME PASSES, AND WE ARE BROUGHT TO...

EXT. MORREL HOUSE

8

MAXIMILIAN ARRIVES HOME. (A LONG JOURNEY.) HE SLOWLY FUMBLES WITH HIS KEYS, ENTERS HIS HOUSE.

INT. MORREL HOUSE - ENTRY

9

JULIE RUSHES TO GREET HIM AS HE CLOSES THE DOOR.

JULIE: Maximilian. I, how was it?

MAXIMILIAN: Well-attended.

JULIE: Would you like tea? I can make --

MAXIMILIAN: No, thank you. I am very tired.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE, STOPS.

MAXIMILIAN: I love you very much, Julie.

JULIE SQUEEZES HIM.

JULIE: And I you.

SHE LETS GO. MAXIMILIAN TRUDGES UP THE STAIRS.

INT. MORREL HOUSE - MAXIMILIAN'S ROOM

10

MAXIMILIAN ENTERS, SLOWLY SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. LOCKS THE DOOR.

HE GOES TO HIS DESK, REMOVES AN ITEM FROM THE DRAWER. SITS DOWN, PICKS UP A PEN AND PAPER.

MAXIMILIAN: "Dear Julie. Please forgive me for leaving you and Emmanuel. It is the only part of my decision that I regret."

MUFFLED VOICES SEEP INTO MAXIMILIAN'S ROOM. MAXIMILIAN CONTINUES HIS LETTER.

MAXIMILIAN: "Know that I love you very much. I could not have asked for a better companion throughout --"

GLASS SMASHES OUTSIDE OF MAXIMILIAN'S DOOR.

THIS GETS HIS ATTENTION. HE STANDS, UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO REVEAL.

MAXIMILIAN: Monte Cristo?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Maximilian. It appears I have broken this vase.

MAXIMILIAN: Why are you in my house?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Your sister graciously welcomed me in. I shall of course replace the vase.

MAXIMILIAN: No doubt with something more opulent.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Perhaps it is better that we speak inside.

THE COUNT STRIDES INTO MAXIMILIAN'S ROOM, HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE DESK.

MAXIMILIAN: I am occupied, Monsieur le Comte.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: With your desk?

MAXIMILIAN: That is private --

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Tell me, how does one write a letter with a gun? Unless, of course, this is a suicide note.

MAXIMILIAN SLAMS THE DOOR.

MAXIMILIAN: Julie can hear you.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: She would also hear gunshots. Or did you not think about the immediate aftermath of your decision?

MAXIMILIAN: I don't have to answer to you.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yet, here we are. I told you to do nothing, Morrel.

MAXIMILIAN: Yes! You did! And now, Valentine is dead and so am I. What more could a bullet possibly do?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: You are impetuous.

MAXIMILIAN: And you are a liar! Promises of false hope, telling me to do nothing. Do not berate me for dealing with circumstances that I had no part in creating. When you, of all people, could have done something and instead did not!

THIS HITS THE COUNT. BUT NOT IN THE WAY
MAXIMILIAN THINKS IT DOES.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Tell me. Maximilian. You came to me for help. Ignoring that you are not doing what I asked of you, what should I have done? What should you have done?

MAXIMILIAN: I... I don't know. Something. Anything. Not nothing.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: And your not nothing was suicide.

MAXIMILIAN: You have no idea what I am feeling.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I know you are struggling with the circumstances the world has presented to you. And you are coping in whatever way you can.

MAXIMILIAN: Circumstances the world has presented to me.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I would explain that there is nothing for you to do right now. But I doubt you would listen.

MAXIMILIAN: You are acting like I have lost nothing. You are the ignorant one.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: It is not so ignorant to prevent you from the same action that your father attempted when you were young!

MAXIMILIAN: Well, if only he had you to save him.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: He did have me and *I did save him.*

IT TAKES A MOMENT, BUT MAXIMILIAN SLOWLY
PUTS IT TOGETHER.

MAXIMILIAN: What?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I was the one who helped your father. And I returned his wealth when he had lost it all.

MAXIMILIAN: You... you are Edmond Dantès?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Yes.

MAXIMILIAN PROCESSES THIS. WRENCHES OPEN
THE DOOR.

MAXIMILIAN: Julie! You must come --

THE COUNT SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: She cannot know. Not yet.

MAXIMILIAN: Why?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I will not negotiate this with you. I am owed that.

MAXIMILIAN: I... alright.

BEAT. THE COUNT COULD EXPLAIN, BUT INSTEAD, HE DEFLECTS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I am leaving Paris in one month. If you refrain from taking your life in that time, I will bring you with me. And then, I will not interfere with whatever you choose to do.

MAXIMILIAN: You are asking me to wait longer to take my own life.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Not from my view. I believe I have the means to cure you. (before Maximilian can respond) And, now knowing what you know, choose your response wisely.

MAXIMILIAN: (unwisely) Perhaps I will die of grief within the month and avoid the issue altogether.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I ask you, again, to wait and hope. It is what I once asked of your father and it is what once was asked of me.

MAXIMILIAN: You see similarities I do not. My father lost his fortune, which was restored. Ed -- you lost your freedom, which was restored. I have lost Valentine. Forever.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: The offer remains.

MAXIMILIAN THINKS FOR A BEAT TOO LONG.

MAXIMILIAN: I will go with you.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Good. Good. I shall send instruction within the week.

THE COUNT MOVES TO THE DOOR, TO LEAVE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I wonder. Do you know what day it is?

MAXIMILIAN: The fifth. Of October.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: It was ten years ago this day that I saved your father.

THE COUNT LEAVES.

ACT BREAK

INT. PRISON

11

ROWDY PRISONERS SOCIALIZE THROUGH THEIR CELL BARS. A DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY UNLOCKS.

PRISON GUARD LEADS A CAPTURED ANDREA CAVALCANTI INSIDE. HE HAS DROPPED THE ACCENT, YET STILL TALKS LIKE A ROYAL.

PRISON GUARD: Keep it down in here! Wouldn't want to upset His Majesty.

THE PRISONERS HOOT AND HOLLER. ANDREA GENUINELY LOVES THE ATTENTION.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Thank you, thank you. (shouting over the prisoners)
Loyal subjects! All of you.

THE GUARD SMACKS HIM IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

PRISON GUARD: Shut it.

THE GUARD BRINGS ANDREA TO HIS CELL, SHOVES HIM INSIDE.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Hey!

PRISON GUARD: Shouldn't be too rough for ya. Seems you've got friends in high places.

THE GUARD STEPS CLOSE TO ANDREA, UNLOCKS HIS HANDCUFFS WHILE SLIPPING A PIECE OF PAPER IN HIS POCKET.

PRISON GUARD: One of them sends regards.

THE GUARD SHOVES ANDREA BACK AGAIN, LOCKS HIM IN THE CELL. LEAVES.

ANDREA SIGHS HEAVILY. PULLS OUT THE PIECE OF PAPER.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: A message from Lord Wilmore? Hmm.

ANDREA OPENS THE PAPER.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: "Andrea. News of your exploits have reached me from afar. While I am unable to help you out of your current situation, I feel an obligation to tell you the true identity of your father..."

ANDREA STOPS. BARKS OUT A LAUGH. BREAKS INTO A FULL-BELLY LAUGH THAT ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE PRISON.

PRISONER 1: Shut up.

PRISONER 2: Lost his mind, has he?

BUT ANDREA ISN'T LISTENING. HE CONTINUES TO LAUGH AND LAUGH AND LAUGH.

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - MADAME DE VILLEFORT'S ROOM¹²

MADAME DE VILLEFORT HUMS SOFTLY, HAPPILY TO HERSELF AS SHE DOES HER MAKEUP. A STARK CONTRAST TO THE WHOLE OF PARIS.

A KNOCK ON HER DOOR.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: One moment!

VILLEFORT ENTERS, CALMLY SHUTS IT BEHIND HIM.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Gérard? I could have met you in the parlor.

VILLEFORT: Where is it?

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: The parlor?

VILLEFORT: Not today, Héloïse.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Well, if you're going to be cryptic.

VILLEFORT MOVES THROUGH THE ROOM, OPENING DRAWERS, CABINETS.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: What are you doing?

VILLEFORT: If you will not tell me, then I will find it myself.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: Find what?

VILLEFORT: The poison that you have used to murder my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, my father's closest confidant, and my daughter.

THE ACCUSATION HANGS IN THE AIR.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: (complete tonal shift) Gérard --

VILLEFORT: You may address me as Crown Prosecutor.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: You are my husband.

VILLEFORT: I am the law! Did you think I would not figure it out? That I am a fool in my own house?

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: Everything I have done was to protect us --

VILLEFORT: Lies.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: To protect Eduard. You refused to guarantee his future --

VILLEFORT: He is a child.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: And when he is of age he would have had nothing had I not intervened. Every time you took action, Eduard was always forgotten. Always left behind!

VILLEFORT: This was for money?

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: This was for the future. You are not the only ambitious one in this house. Your ambitions are solely for you and mine are solely for my son.

VILLEFORT: And you would kill for it.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: I did kill for it. And I would do it again. (beat)
But we can put this behind us.

VILLEFORT: I am the Crown Prosecutor to His Majesty. You think I would let a murderer live free? Under my name?

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: A trial would destroy us both.

VILLEFORT: Which is why, again, I ask where you keep your poison.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: (sensing what's coming) Here. In my pocket.

VILLEFORT: A trial would ruin us and Eduard. You must face justice regardless. You drinking your poison serves all of us.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT: I am your wife.

VILLEFORT: And I am the law! You should be grateful that I am your judge and jury. That I allow you to be your own executioner.
(MORE)

I will not -- I will not let you ruin the years I have spent cementing my status and my name. The things I have done for this family...

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT:

The things you have done for you.

VILLEFORT:

I am due at trial. I will leave you to your own devices.

MADAME DE
VILLEFORT:

What of Eduard? Only I can take care of him.

VILLEFORT:

He's better off without you.

HE GOES TO THE DOOR.

VILLEFORT:

A boy cannot become a man if all he drinks is venom.

HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

INT. COURTROOM

13

THE BREATHING FADES INTO A BUZZING COURTROOM. EVERYONE FROM PARISIAN SOCIETY HAS TRIED FOR A SEAT IN THIS ROOM. IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY ALL HAVE SUCCEEDED.

AT THE END OF AN AISLE, LUCIEN DEBRAY AND CHÂTEAU-RENAUD SEE BEAUCHAMP.

LUCIEN DEBRAY:

I found him.

CHÂTEAU-
RENAUD:

Ah, Beauchamp!

BEAUCHAMP SEES THEM, GROANS. THE TWO MEN SQUEEZE THROUGH THE AISLE TO SIT WITH TO THEIR FRIEND.

CHÂTEAU-
RENAUD/LUCIEN
DEBRAY:

Excuse me. Pardon. My apologies. Sorry! Sorry.

THEY SETTLE INTO WHAT LITTLE OPEN SPACE THERE IS.

BEAUCHAMP:

Gentlemen.

LUCIEN DEBRAY:

Did we miss it?

CHÂTEAU-
RENAUD:

Has he entered?

BEAUCHAMP:

No and no.

LUCIEN DEBRAY:

Thank you for saving us seats.

BEAUCHAMP: I didn't.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Good that there was space for us then.

(THERE VERY CLEARLY ISN'T.)

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Looks like everyone's changed from their mourning clothes.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Who wears a feather to a trial?

LUCIEN DEBRAY: At least Mademoiselle Haydeé still dons black.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Was she friends with Mademoiselle de Villefort?

BEAUCHAMP: *Gentlemen.* Some of us are here for work. Not fun.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: You're literally the only one.

CHÂTEAU-RENAUD: Yes, lighten up. For all our sakes.

THE COURT ROOM DOOR OPENS. THE ENTIRE CROWD MURMURS AS ANDREA IS LED INTO THE ROOM BY PRISON GUARD.

ANDREA REACHES HIS PLACE, THE CROWD QUIETS.

LUCIEN DEBRAY: Well, we have the criminal. But no judge and no prosecutor.

A DOOR IN THE BACK OF THE CHAMBER FLIES OPEN, THE JUDGE HOBBLER THROUGH, CLIMBS TO HIS SEAT.

JUDGE: Order, order -- ah. The Crown Prosecutor has not arrived?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Does this mean I'm free to go?

THE COURTROOM REACTS - SOME LAUGHS, SOME GROANS, SOME SHOCK.

JUDGE: It does not. But, I understand you wish to represent yourself in this matter?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: I do, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Very well.

JUDGE WAITS, HOPING THAT VILLEFORT WILL ARRIVE. HE DOESN'T. EVENTUALLY:

JUDGE: Did the Crown Prosecutor's office send word as to when he would --

THE FRONT DOORS BURST OPEN. VILLEFORT HUSTLES THROUGH. HE IS CLEARLY OFF HIS GAME.

VILLEFORT: Apologies, your Excellency. The Crown is present and ready with its case.

VILLEFORT SETTLES IN.

JUDGE: (concerned) Are you well, Crown Prosecutor?

VILLEFORT: Of course. The law waits for no one. Including myself. I just may need a minute. But start, start. I shall read after the defendant is introduced.

JUDGE: Very well.

HE BANGS HIS GAVEL.

JUDGE: Court is in session. We are here today to hear the case against this individual for crimes we will... hear later. Monsieur. Please rise.

ANDREA DOES. HIS DEMEANOR IS CONFOUNDINGLY CHEERY.

JUDGE: Your name, for the record.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Apologies, but I cannot say my name. Your Excellency.

JUDGE: Monsieur. State your name for the record.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: I mean no offense on the matter but truly, I cannot.

JUDGE: Yet you continue to refuse.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: I must, Your Excellency. For I do not know it.

JUDGE: You do not know your own name?

ANDREA CAVALCANTI: Within Paris I am known as Andrea Cavalcanti. But that is a name which I gave myself. I assume that you ask me for my family name, which I do not fully know. So I regret to inform you that I cannot answer your question.

JUDGE: You are aware you can be held in contempt.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I am, Your Excellency. But if you prefer, I can provide you with a part of my name for the purposes of this trial?

JUDGE: How is it that you know part, but not all of your own name?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Because I never knew my parents. I only recently discovered my father and the conditions of my birth. I was born out of wedlock to a married woman who had an illicit affair with a rising member of the *ministère public*. I was born in Auteuil.

VILLEFORT SEIZES. DROPS ALL THE PAPERS HE HOLDS.

JUDGE: Crown Prosecutor. Are you well?

VILLEFORT: I am... most well.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Excellent! Then I shall continue. After I was born, my father attempted to dispose of me. He did not wish to acknowledge my existence, which is understandable now knowing how ambitious of a man he was. I have always wondered why I am the way I am and now that I know my father, it all comes together! He shunned his newly born child and mistress and all "unnecessary obligations" for the sake of his rising career. Which proved wise. Because he did in fact become the Crown Prosecutor to His Majesty.

THE COURTROOM MURMURS, STARTING TO PUT IT TOGETHER.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: So, Your Excellency. I cannot give you my first name because I do not have one. But I can give you my surname by birthright. It was -- oh, how do I? Ah, yes. It is Villefort.

THE COURTROOM ERUPTS, DELIGHTED AND HORRIFIED WITH THE SCANDAL.

THE JUDGE SLAMS HIS GAVEL.

JUDGE: Order! Order in this court!

THE ROOM QUIETS.

JUDGE: Now. Prisoner. You have been brought to this courtroom due to the severity of your many criminal acts. And you introduce yourself by way of besmirching the reputation of a respected member of Parisian society?

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: I besmirch no one unworthy of the honor, Your Excellency. My father, the aforementioned Villefort, knew all of this prior to today and does so still.

JUDGE: Do you bring evidence that your claims are true?

ANDREA LAUGHS.

ANDREA
CAVALCANTI: Do you not see the Crown Prosecutor? What further proof do you need? For all my faces, at least I know which of mine is real. Does he?

THE ROOM TURNS TO VILLEFORT.

JUDGE: Crown Prosecutor. You admittedly do not look well. (beat) Would you like to respond to these allegations?

VILLEFORT IS SILENT. WE CANNOT SEE IT, BUT HE IS FALLING APART, PIECE BY PIECE. HE KNOWS HE HAS LOST EVERYTHING HE HAS WORKED HIS ENTIRE LIFE FOR.

JUDGE: Crown Prosecutor --

VILLEFORT: (broken) It's, it's... it's true.

THE CROWD IS STUNNED. THE SILENCE IS THEIR REACTION.

JUDGE: Are you certain --

VILLEFORT: (spiraling) The man is my illegitimate son. I attempted to extricate him. I did not succeed. I was unfaithful in my marriage. I was blind with my new wife. My daughter is gone. My father betrayed me.

JUDGE: Gérard, I did not ask you for a confess --

VILLEFORT: (broken, dazed) You did not, you did not. But I am guilty. I have broken the law and myself am broken. What a vengeful God we have. (beat) I will return to my residence. I will await the appropriate authorities. For my inevitable arrest.

WITHOUT TAKING HIS THINGS, VILLEFORT TURNS AND MAKES HIS WAY OUT OF THE COURTROOM.

VILLEFORT: (to himself) Perhaps the Chateau D'if. Perhaps prosecution. Perhaps death. Perhaps quartered. Perhaps this, itself, is hell.

THE COURTROOM IS SILENT AS VILLEFORT OPENS THE DOOR HIMSELF, WALKS THROUGH IT. IT SHUTS QUIETLY BEHIND HIM.

CHÂTEAU- Good God.
RENAUD:

LUCIEN DEBRAY: A bullet would have been kinder.

ACT BREAK

EXT. COURTHOUSE

14

VILLEFORT SLOWLY EXITS THE BUILDING.
STILL DAZED, STILL TALKING TO HIMSELF.

VILLEFORT: ...and against Heaven. I have not been forsaken for I
have only forsaken myself. For the good of the law?
But I am not the law. I am nothing now.

HE PLODS TOWARDS HIS CARRIAGE. OPENS THE
DOOR, GETS IN.

SERVANT: Crown Prosecutor?

VILLEFORT: Take me home.

HE SHUTS HIMSELF INSIDE.

INT. CARRIAGE

15

THE CARRIAGE SLOWLY ROLLS ON.

VILLEFORT: Crown Prosecutor no more. Prison of my own design.
What was I to do? A mother born of nothing. A father
disloyal. A wife. Innocent but dead. And daughter.
Dead but innocent. A son, naïve. A new, ruinous wife.

THE RECOLLECTION OF MADAME DE VILLEFORT
CLICKS IN HIS BRAIN.

VILLEFORT: Not a snake when we met. Was she? Did I give her her
venom? Never a match so well-made than that tiger and
snake. The snake kills but needs protecting. The
tiger dies, but needs an ally. And a son who could be
their salvation...

VILLEFORT SITS UP, BANGS ON THE WALL OF
THE CARRIAGE.

VILLEFORT: Drive faster! I must reach my wife in time.

THE CARRIAGE LURCHES FORWARD ON HIS
COMMAND.

INT./EXT. CARRIAGE 16

THE CARRIAGE RATTLES DOWN COBBLESTONES TOWARDS THE VILLEFORT RESIDENCE, THE SOUNDS OF PARIS AND MUSIC INTERTWINE INTO A SINGULAR SOUNDSCAPE.

EXT. VILLEFORT HOME 17

THE CARRIAGE ARRIVES. VILLEFORT DOES NOT WAIT FOR IT TO STOP BEFORE LUNGING OUT. HE CLAMORS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR, UNLOCKS IT. ENTERS.

INT. VILLEFORT HOME 18

THE SILENCE FEELS UNNATURAL.

VILLEFORT: Héloïse? Héloïse! I was wrong!

HE CHECKS VARIOUS ROOMS THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE. NO ONE IS THERE.

VILLEFORT: We can start over. We can begin again. London. Vienna. Wherever you desire.

HE REACHES THE SECOND FLOOR, BEGINS FLINGING DOORS OPEN. STILL FINDS NO ONE.

VILLEFORT: We are an exceptional fit. I see that now. There is still time. We do not have to be condemned by our past mistakes.

HE REACHES MADAME DE VILLEFORT'S DOOR. IT IS LOCKED. HE FRUITLESSLY TRIES IT ANYWAY.

VILLEFORT: Héloïse. Héloïse, open the door. Open this door. Now!

A BEAT.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, THE LOCK SLOWLY CLICKS. VILLEFORT SHOVES IT OPEN. CATCHES HIS BREATH.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT: You are too late.

MADAME DE VILLEFORT COLLAPSES. VILLEFORT YELPS, BARELY CATCHES HER. DRAGS/CARRIES HER INTO THE BEDROOM.

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - MADAME DE VILLEFORT'S ROOM 19

VILLEFORT: Héloïse. Héloïse, wake up. Héloïse!

HE SLAPS HER FACE A FEW TIMES, BUT HE KNOWS IT'S FUTILE. SHE IS GONE.

VILLEFORT'S BREATHING IS SHAKY AND HIS MOVEMENTS MATCH. HE SEES A NOTE ON HER VANITY, TAKES IT.

VILLEFORT: "Husband, it is done. We shall see you in Hell when the time is right." (to himself, parsing) We shall see you in Hell when the time is...

HE SHOOTS UP SUDDENLY.

VILLEFORT: Eduard?

VILLEFORT, BREAKING AGAIN, STUMBLES FROM THE ROOM.

INT. VILLEFORT HOME

20

HE SEARCHES THE ROOMS AGAIN.

VILLEFORT: Eduard? Eduard. Eduard!

HE OPENS A DOOR, REVEALING **ABBÉ BUSONI** SPEAKING TO **NOIRTIER** IN HUSHED WHISPERS. NOIRTIER GRUNTS AT VILLEFORT'S ARRIVAL.

VILLEFORT: Abbé?

ABBÉ BUSONI: Crown Prosecutor?

VILLEFORT: Where is my son. Is he outside? Where is he...

VILLEFORT LEAVES, CONTINUES TO SEARCH. THE ABBÉ AND NOIRTIER FOLLOW HIM (BUT THE AUDIENCE STAYS WITH VILLEFORT).

VILLEFORT REACHES THE DOOR TO EDUARD'S ROOM. HE KNOCKS SOFTLY.

VILLEFORT: Eduard? Are you there? Are you, are you playing?

BUT VILLEFORT KNOWS WHAT HE WILL FIND. AND AS HE OPENS THE DOOR...

INT. VILLEFORT HOME - EDUARD'S ROOM

21

VILLEFORT IMMEDIATELY SEES **EDUARD'S** DEAD BODY ON THE FLOOR.

VILLEFORT MOANS IN GRIEF, SINKS TO HIS SON'S LEVEL.

VILLEFORT: My son. My son. You could have saved us. You could have been better. You could have... you could have.

THE ABBÉ WHEELS NOIRTIER INTO THE ROOM. THEY RELISH THE MOMENT, WATCHING VILLEFORT SOB.

ABBÉ BUSONI: Are you ready to repent?

VILLEFORT: Repent?

NOIRTIER GRUNTS IN APPROVAL.

VILLEFORT: Have I not already lost everything?

ABBÉ BUSONI: But do you understand why these misfortunes have fallen upon you?

VILLEFORT: (Eduard in mind) No. No, I do not.

ABBÉ BUSONI: (shifting into The Count) Do you recognize me, Gérard de Villefort?

VILLEFORT: I don't...

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Do you even remember my name?

VILLEFORT: I can't...

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: LOOK AT ME!

THE SILENCE IMPLIES THAT HE DOES.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I was the boy you cast aside for your own ambition. I was an innocent and --

VILLEFORT: An innocent for an innocent?

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: What?

IT IS THE FIRST TIME THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO HAS EVER BEEN CONFUSED.

VILLEFORT: My career is over. My wife is dead. But my son... my son...

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: What about your son?

VILLEFORT FULLY TURNS TO HIM, SHOWING HIM EDUARD'S BODY.

VILLEFORT: Look. Are you proud?

THE COUNT IS STUNNED. BEGINS TO RIFLE THROUGH HIS POCKETS.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I... there is an antidote. I have used it before, but I -- where is it, where is it!

NOIRTIER GRUNTS, AMBIVALENT TO THE MATTER.

THE COUNT'S TERROR RISES AS VILLEFORT SETTLES INTO HIS NEW BROKEN SELF.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Give me the boy.

THE COUNT TAKES THE BODY, TRIES CPR.

VILLEFORT: It will not work. His heart has stopped.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Revival is possible.

EXCEPT, IN THIS CASE, IT IS NOT.

VILLEFORT: What a vengeful God we serve. A tiger lies. A snake dies. Only the birds. Only the birds are punished.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No...

THE INSANITY AFFECTS NOIRTIER. HE GRUNTS LOUDLY, REPEATEDLY. TRYING TO ROUSE VILLEFORT FROM HIS STUPOR.

VILLEFORT: No, father. I do not think I will.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: No, no, no. This is not...

NOIRTIER GRUNTS LOUDER. HE DOES NOT WANT HIS SON TO DIE.

VILLEFORT: This fate befits us all, I think. Perhaps I will join him.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I did not plan this. I did not want this.

VILLEFORT: Well done. Cold vengeance. Exacting. Well done indeed.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: I did not -- I did not...

THE COUNT FINALLY REALIZES THAT EDUARD CANNOT BE SAVED; HIS PLANS HAVE FAILED. HE STRUGGLES TO COPE.

NORTIER GRUNTS LOUDLY, IGNORED.

VILLEFORT LAUGHS, SOFTLY. FULLY BROKEN.

THE COUNT DEVOLVES INTO PRIMAL FEAR. ALL
OF HIS PLANS, NOW TAINTED BY THE LOSS OF
EDUARD.

THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO:

THIS IS NOT PROVIDENCE!

THE COUNT BREAKS INTO A SOB OF HIS OWN.

THE ROOM IS AUDITORY CHAOS.

END OF EPISODE.