

ACT I

Scene 1 - The Arrival *A dock in Marseille, France (February 1815)*

{Song: The Pharaon's Home}

Wife #1 (spoken) Is it the Pharaon?
 Has she come home?

Dockworker #1 (spoken) It is, but she came to port slowly,
 As though there was death on board.

Wife #2 (spoken) Dear Lord, let it not be the pox.

Dockworker #2 (spoken) More likely an accident on board, Madam.

Wife #2 (spoken) Please spare my man.

Wife #3 (spoken) Pray, if you can.

Prostitute #1 (spoken) I'll help them drown their sorrows.

Danglars (spoken) Monsieur Morrell!

Morrel (spoken) Danglars, what has happened?

Danglars *Captain de Leclere is dead.*

Morrel (spoken) Leclere is dead?

Danglars *An unexpected day of dread.*

Morrel (spoken) How did he die, Danglars?

Danglars *He had a fever in the brain, he tossed in pain
 Went dark and never woke again.*

Morrel (spoken) Is the cargo hold secure?

Danglars *We lost a day, and needlessly, but
 The cargo's safe, yes, thanks to me.*

Men

*Trip the topsails, trim the line
We're home again, yes life is fine
The Pharaon's safe at port once more
With silk and gold and wine and more*

Women

*Please bring him home
I tire of being alone*

Chorus *Pharaon's home.
Thank the Lord,
The Pharaon's home.
She's home!*

Morrel (spoken) And where is Edmond Dantes?

Danglars *He took charge before the captain's death
In fact, before he took his final breath.
And though the crew accepts him admirably
He's young indeed.*

Morrel (spoken) Danglars, it was Dantes' duty to take charge as ship's mate.

Danglars *But was it his duty to delay*
Sailors *Quick, stow the line*
Danglars *At Elba, where Napoleon rots away*
Sailors *Pull, make it tight*
Danglars *We lost a day while he set off to shore*
Sailors *Fast, tie it right.*
Danglars *We should have come home, nothing more.*

Chorus *Pharaon's home.
Thank the Lord,
The Pharaon's home.
She's home!*

Morrel (spoken) If that is true, you are right to bring it to my attention,
Danglars. I will speak with Dantes directly.

(Morrell walks on to the ship, exiting off)

De Nortier *Good sir, is it true what I hear?
That our good captain's dead?*

Danglars *A tragedy sir, indeed
At the end, I was at his side,*

De Nortier *Then perhaps you were given a letter?
From the captain, addressed to me?*

Danglars *I was given no letter, though the first mate
May have the package that you seek.*

De Nortier (spoken) With my thanks.

Danglars (spoken) Who should I say requested it?

De Nortier (spoken) De Nortier, Monsieur De Nortier.

<u>Prostitutes</u>	<u>Men</u>
<i>A Captain dead, what a cost, I can help console the loss.</i>	<i>Lady mine!</i>

<u>Wives</u>	<u>Men</u>
<i>Survived the waves and braved the sea, Now in port, and home to me.</i>	<i>Lady mine!</i>

Chorus *Pharaon's home,
Thank the Lord!
The Pharaon's home!*

(Sailors enter, disembarking the ship. They run to spouses or prostitutes)

*Pharaon's home,
Thank the Lord!
The Pharaon's home.
She's home!*

(Song ends and Morrel enters. Music continues under dialog – The **Pharaon Underscore**)

Morrell Well Danglars, you need not fear. Your stop at Elba was for good cause. Dantes explained he was honoring Leclere's dying request. As you know, a request from a dying man is sacred. I find his reasoning acceptable.

Danglars Monsieur, if I may be so bold. With the Captain's passing, you will need a willing hand. I am at your service for whatever you require.

Morrel Yes, thank you Danglars. I accept your offer. Now that Leclere is gone, Dantes will need your help more then ever.

Danglars Monsieur?

Morrel Dantes is young, I know. But he is an able seaman, and will be a good Captain. The crew respects, and cares for him. He has integrity and has proven himself.

Danglars Speaking of our poor Captain, has Dantes given you a packet?

Morrel No.

Danglars I believe the Captain gave him a letter to deliver.

Morrel Well, I am sure if he has - he will make sure I receive it.

(Morrel exits. Mercedes and Fernand enter.)

Mercedes I have answered you a hundred times, Fernand, and you must be stupid to ask.

Fernand Well, repeat it, so that I may believe it.

Mercedes It was not I who encouraged you, Fernand. I have always said I love you as a cousin. Do not ask for more, for my heart belongs to another.

Fernand Yes, you have been cruelly frank. But it is not enough. Tell me for the hundredth time that you refuse my love.

Mercedes I love Edmond Dantes...

{Song: The One for Me}

Mercedes (sings) Fernand (sings)

<i>Like the breeze That gently stirs the trees In my arms I feel him touching me. Like snow, Coating upon the ground, I feel his love surround, Each part of me.</i>	<i>I'm the man for you I wait Each day for you I hope for love I'm standing here I long for you Why can't you see?</i>
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<i>He is my love He is my heart He is my soul</i>	<i>You are my love You are my heart You are my soul</i>
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(Dantes enters and sees Mercedes.)

Mercedes (sings) Fernand (sings) Dantes (sings)

<i>Can't you see? He's the one for me? Eternally.</i>	<i>Why wait for him? He can't love you He doesn't love you</i>	<i>Like the sun A warmth upon my face Seeing her Each movement perfect grace</i>
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<i>To hold Him in my arms again Feel his touch</i>	<i>I am the one for you I am your kind</i>	<i>As though Simple, calming peace My longing heart will cease</i>
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To feel his touch (spoken) You owe me *Upon her touch*

Dantes (shouts) Mercedes!

(Mercedes finally sees him.)

Mercedes (spoken) Edmond!

(They run to each other and embrace.)

Mercedes (sings) (Fernand is quiet) Dantes (sings)

*You are my love
You are my heart
You are my soul*

*You are my love
You are my heart
You are my soul*

(Song ends. – Music Continues under dialog. **The Pharaon Underscore - 2**)

Dantes I have missed you, my love. Ah, your pardon, I did not know that there were three of us.

Mercedes This is Fernand, my friend and cousin, the man whom, after you, I love best in the world.

Dantes Yes, of course.

(Dantes extends his hand. Fernand does not move)

(to Mercedes) I am sorry if I have offended.

Mercedes Offended? You have not offended. Fernand, my brother, will grasp your hand as a devoted friend.

(Mercedes gives a look to Fernand. Fernand begins to extend his hand, but stops and hastily rushes off)

Danglars (to himself) An enemy, if ere I saw one.

Camille (off) Edmond, my son Edmond!

Dantes Mother!

(Camille comes onstage and she and Dantes embrace. Camille cries in pain)

What is wrong, mother? Are you ill?

Camille No, no, my dear Edmond, my boy, my son! It is merely the joy of seeing you.

Dantes Come, come, they say joy never hurts. I am back again, and we are going to be prosperous and happy.

Camille Yes, yes, my boy, so we will - so we will. Come, tell me all the good fortune that has befallen you.

Dantes Yes, my dear mother, in time. But, now that I see you and my dearest Mercedes, it seems even more urgent that I inquire as to the details of our wedding. A wedding that can no longer be delayed.

Mercedes Edmond?

Dantes I can think of nothing but my Mercedes, and the happiness that awaits us. Marry me tomorrow, in the square, in front of all our family and friends.

Mercedes Oh, Edmond. I will.

(They embrace.)

Camille So, the wedding is to take place immediately?

Dantes Today all preliminaries will be arranged, and tonight we will celebrate the betrothal festival here at La Reserve. My friends will be there, I hope; You are invited, Monsieur Danglars.

Danglars And Fernand? Fernand, too, is invited?

Dantes Yes, of course. My wife's cousin is my brother, and he should not be absent at such a time.

Danglars Today the preliminaries, tonight the feast! You are in a hurry, my good Dantes!

Dantes We are always in a hurry to be happy, Monsieur Danglars. But, yes, I must go to Paris.

Mercedes To Paris?

Dantes Yes, the last commission of our poor Captain; you know I must do this, Danglars.

Danglars Yes, yes, of course.

Dantes Until tonight then, adieu.

Danglars Until then.

(Dantes and Mercedes exit.)

Danglars (sings) *A ship, a wife*
 A future without debt
 And, though your days look full of promise
 You're not captain yet!

(Danglars exits as lights fade.)

Scene 2 - The Betrothal Feast
La Reserve, a tavern (evening of the same day)

(Lights come up on Danglars sitting at a table. Many wedding guests are already present, as Fernand enters.)

{Song: Danglars' Taunt}

Danglars *What's the matter, my good lad?
There's prosperity in the stars.*

Fernand (spoken) There's nothing there that can help me.

Danglars *Surely, things can't be as bad as that.*

Fernand *It is none of your concern, Danglars.*

Danglars *My, my, so hasty to show resistance,
To one who may be of some assistance?*

Fernand *Assistance never comes without a price.*

Danglars *Indeed, you are right.
Waiter, we're in need,
A large glass for my friend.*

(Song ends.)

Fernand I have no need of your friendship, and take my leave.

Danglars Am I to guess then that Dantes has won? (Fernand stops) I thought you were a Catalan, and I've been told that Catalans don't give up so easily.

Fernand There is nothing to be done.

Danglars Come then, let us drink their health. The health of Captain Edmond Dantes and his beautiful bride, Mercedes...

Fernand Hold your tongue.

Danglars I could...but my tongue may hold the end of Dantes. (A pause) Will you sit?

(Fernand slowly sits)

Danglars Unquestionably, Edmond will marry the girl -- and become Captain of the Pharaon, unless...

Fernand Unless we kill him.

Danglars Waiter -- pen, paper and ink.

Fernand You call for a pen, when a knife is preferred.

Danglars Ah, never underestimate the power of the written word. No, my dear Catalan, a knife is too quick and easy, and would surely be met with reprisals. We must take advantage of circumstances that present themselves, so that we can build our prospects.

Fernand Prospects?

Danglars Are you so short-sighted? Do you believe love alone will win your Mercedes?

(Fernand is silent. Danglars laughs and begins to write, using his left hand.)

Danglars Do you think that adoring glances and sweet words will supply you with the riches she requires? Good fortune is as important as good feelings, my friend, and if you are to get what you want, you must have both. Now then, our good captain Edmond has made a convenient stop at the Island of Elba. There he received a letter of some import to an agent of Napoleon himself, who is already here in Marseilles. Possession of this letter is, by itself, treason. One need but deliver this message to the king's deputy prosecutor and denounce Dantes as a traitor...

Fernand I will denounce him.

Danglars (he smiles) Indeed.

(Musicians enter, guests begin to enter.)

Danglars Go quickly, my Catalan friend, for the betrothal feast is upon us.

(He leaves. Morrel enters with Camille Dantes, as guests cheer.)

Morrel Save your energies. The blessed couple will be here shortly. In the meantime, let us begin the revelry with some music. Yes?

(Several more wedding guests enter, as the music begins. There is great deal of celebration and cheers during the dance. The dance concludes.)

Morrel I have such deep respect for you, Madam Dantes. You have raised a man of great faith and a tremendous sailor.

Camille Edmond has been blessed by your goodness, Monsieur Morrel.

Morrel Edmond has proven his worth, and he will be rewarded for it. Ah, Danglars, I am glad to see you here.

Danglars I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

(Edmond and Mercedes enter and guests cheer. Morrel addresses the crowd)

{Song: The Announcement}

Morrel *My good friends and neighbors.
It is with much honor and pleasure
That I present two beloved children
Who love each other beyond measure.
Two who join and share God's grace
A blessed union which they embrace
I know of none more deserving of each other's love.*

(All shout and cheer)

*Dear good friends and lovers
That is not all I have to share
You know that Edmond's a capable seaman
There's few beyond compare
His sureness and skill are not outdone
It's no surprise I treat him like a son
He is the one I've come to trust and rely on
Edmond Dantes will be the captain of the Pharaon.*

(A cheer from the guests, as the song ends.)

Dantes Captain? This cannot be.

Morrel She's yours, Edmond, if you want her.

Dantes With great honor and humility, sir, I humbly accept your offer.

Mercedes This is truly a gift, Edmond!

Dantes I am blessed beyond words.

Morrel Come everyone. A toast. To Edmond and Mercedes.

All (they toast) To Edmond and Mercedes...

(All dance in merriment and joyful celebration. At the peak, there is an interruption as there is pounding on the door. Gendarmes enter.)

Morrel What is this?

Gendarme Excuse this intrusion, Mssr Morrel. We seek an Edmond Dantes.

Dantes I am Dantes.

Gendarme In the name of the King's Prosecutor, you are under arrest.

Dantes Arrest? On what charge?

Gendarme I am unable to share the reasons, though I assure you, you will know soon enough.

Morrel There is doubtless some mistake, easily explained.

Mercedes Edmond?

Dantes Do not worry, my love. Monsieur Morrel is right. There surely is a mistake, and I will return soon.

Gendarme Come, Monsieur.

(They exit as the lights fade. Music for Scene Change: **The Betrothal Dance Underscore**)

Scene 3 - The Examination
Office of the Deputy Prosecutor (same evening)

(Dantes is brought in by two guards, stripped to the waist, searched and seated. Villefort enters reading a letter.)

Villefort Who and what are you?

Dantes My name is Edmond Dantes. I am first mate of the Pharaon, belonging to Messrs. Morrel & Son.

Villefort Your age?

Dantes Nineteen.

Villefort And what is the meaning of this cross on your shoulder?

(Dantes has a tattoo of a Caravaca Cross † on his arm.)

Dantes It is the cross of El Circulo de Cristo. I am a member of the third order.

Villefort El Circulo de Cristo is a Spanish order. How did you come to be a member?

Dantes There are many Spanish priests in France, Monsieur.

Villefort True. You say you are a man of faith, and yet you are brought to me, why?

Dantes I know not.

Villefort Go on.

Dantes What would you have me say?

Villefort It is reported your political opinions are extreme.

Dantes My political opinions! Alas, sir, I have no opinions. The only opinion I know is that beyond my vow, I love my mother, I respect Monsieur Morrel, and I adore Mercedes. This, sir, is all I can tell you.

Villefort Sir, have you any enemies, at least, that you know.

Dantes None that I am aware.

Villefort You seem a worthy young man. Here, I will show you the paper denouncing you; do you know the writing?

Dantes I am sorry sir, but I cannot read.

Villefort You are denounced as a bonapartist and a traitor. Is there truth to this accusation?

Dantes No, sir. I swear by my faith, my honor as a sailor, by my love for Mercedes, and by the life of my mother, it is not true. I will tell you everything that transpired.

Villefort Go on.

Dantes When we left Naples, Captain de Leclere was dying. He called me to him. "My dear Dantes, swear to perform what I am going to tell you. Sail and disembark at the Island of Elba. Take this letter, and deliver it to the grand-marshal. In response, he may give you another letter, and charge you with delivering it. Do as he says, my dear Dantes." The following day he died.

Villefort And what did you do then?

Dantes I followed the good Captain's instructions. When we arrived at Elba, I ordered all to remain on board, and went ashore alone. After explaining my errand, I was instantly admitted and questioned as to the Captain's death. As I was forewarned, I was given a letter to carry on to a person in Paris. Had I not been arrested, I would have made way there tomorrow, after marrying my Mercedes.

Villefort If you have been guilty, it was naiveté and this imprudence was in obedience to the orders of your captain. Do you have this letter with you?

Dantes Yes, sir.

Villefort Give it to me, and then you may rejoin your friends.

Dantes I am to be free, then, sir?

Villefort Yes; but first give me the letter.

(Dantes gives him the letter, then begins to leave.)

Stop a moment. To whom is the letter addressed?

Dantes To Monsieur Nortier, Rue Coq-Heron, Paris.

Villefort Nortier?

Dantes Yes, do you know him?

Villefort No, a faithful servant of the king does not associate with conspirators. Have you shown this letter to any one?

Dantes To no one, on my honor.

Villefort Is there anyone who knows that you are the bearer of this letter?

Dantes No one, except the person who gave it to me.

Villefort (softly) And that was too much, far too much.

Dantes What is the matter?

Villefort Sir, I am no longer able, as I had hoped, to restore you immediately to liberty. I must detain you some time longer, but I will strive to make it as short as possible. The principal charge against you is this letter. And as you can see, I destroy it.

(Villefort burns the letter.)

Dantes Oh, you are goodness itself.

Villefort Should any one else interrogate you, say to him what you have said to me, but do not breathe a word of this letter.

Dantes I promise.

Villefort You see, it is destroyed; you and I alone know of its existence; deny all knowledge of it - deny it boldly, and you are saved.

Dantes I will deny it.

(Villefort rings. Villefort's Lieutenant enters. Villefort whispers some words in his ear, to which the he replies by a motion of his head.)

Villefort Follow him.

(Dantes and the agent exit.)

Alas, alas.

(Danglars enters)

Danglars Indeed, if the Prosecutor himself had been at Marseilles you should have been ruined. This accursed letter would have destroyed all of your hopes.

Villefort So, how did you know?

Danglars How did I know that your father, de Nortier was the letter's intended? That will remain forever secret, framed in detail in my journal - along with your efforts to jail a perfectly innocent man. I have no doubt Dantes will often wonder at this meeting, for as long as he can survive its resulting cruelty.

Villefort Now that you have saved me from certain shame, what do you want?!

Danglars Ah, we have yet to think of all the benefits.

Villefort We?

(Fernand enters)

Fernand Yes, you see someone has to do the dirty work.

Danglars (laughs) And I thought you were a "*burro*". You have restored my faith in the Spanish.

Villefort Ah, the deliverer of the note. Well, before you believe this is all one-sided, your roles in this conspiracy are punishable by death. I need but call the guards...

Danglars Ah, you already know that will not serve you, and I believe we have mutual interests.

Villefort How so?

Danglars I believe I can help you keep your family secret and find an appropriate way for you to compensate us for our troubles.

Villefort I'm listening.

Danglars We have our eye on a small shipping business here in Marseilles. Morrel & Sons. Do you know the good sir?

Villefort Morrel is Bonapart sympathizer.

Danglars Yes, another traitor. A man in your position could help ensure that his company assets are not wasted, and put to good use. I believe there is great potential for such a venture.

Villefort I see. And I am to...?

Danglars ...to watch our backs, so to speak. I assure you it's worth the cost.

Villefort Not quite. You see it will cost a great deal more to earn my trust. For instance, helping me get rid of this family problem will be a good start.

Fernand You mean, kill him?

Danglars (to Fernand) Hold your tongue!

Villefort That will provide some confidence that I'm working with men of means. With that done, my trust will require an ongoing investment as an equal partner of this shipping enterprise. I assure you, it's worth the cost.

Danglars I believe we can come to some equitable arrangement, Monsieur de Villefort (looking at Fernand). Shall we share a glass to seal our partnership? (He pours each a glass) A pact -- one that unites us in prosperity or ruin. Which shall we drink to?

Villefort I have no taste for ruin.

Fernand I am sick of poverty.

Danglars Indeed. Then we are agreed – to our health and prosperity. Long may it last.

{Song: Devil's Pact}

Danglars *A pact made this day,*

Danglars & Fernand *The devil will preside,*

All *Three men drawn together,
Our secret to confide.*

*A match made in blood,
On each other we rely.
We drink to each other,
Our secret till we die.*

Fernand *In time we will bask in luxury,*

Danglars *From this union born of necessity,*

Danglars & Fernand *Riches, power, comfort, control,*

Villefort *And the cost, just one poor soul.*

All

*A pact made this day
The Devil to preside
A pact from this day till death*

*When we think upon this hour,
As many years depart,
We will toast this fateful day,
In mem'ry of the start.*

*A pact made this day,
Will follow us till death.
A pact made this day,*

Danglars (spoken)

We drink to our success.

(They drink. Lights fade. Music for Scene Change: **The Devil's Pact Underscore**)

Scene 4- The Plea

The Chateau D'If and Office of the Deputy Prosecutor (the next day)

(Dantes arrives at the prison and is immediately thrown in with the general prison population in the courtyard.)

{Song: I Have Never Done Anything Wrong}

Dantes *I have never done anything wrong
Accused of a crime I could never commit
And yet I am here in the prison of the damned!*

Prisoners (mocking) *I have never done anything wrong
Innocent as the day I was born
I deserve better treatment
I am innocent too.*

Dantes *I have never done anything wrong
I swear it is true*

Prisoner #1 *I swear it is true*
Prisoner #2 *I'm more innocent than you*
Prisoner #3 *I'm the innocent one*

Dantes *But I haven't done what they said I have done*

Prisoners *I haven't done what they said I have done
I have never done anything wrong*

Dantes *A word with the Gov'nor is all it will take*

Prisoner #4 *I've been waiting ten years,*

Prisoners *It will be any day.*

Prisoner #5 *Is there hope for me?
Twenty-two years I rot in this place.
There is no God*

Prisoner #4 *There is no God*
Prisoner #3 *There is no God*

Prisoners *At least, not in this place!*

Dantes *They'll find out I'm innocent,
They'll get me released.
I'm not like you,
My soul is at peace.*

(Through the following, Dantes is grabbed by two jailers and escorted to his cell, one is carrying a whip. After arriving at his cell, he is stripped of his shirt, his arms roped up.

Prisoner #2 *There is nothing but despair,
Death, cold and faceless.
They give you a rag,
To hang yourself with.*

(In Villefort's office. Morrel and Mercedes are pleading with Villefort as lights come up. Fernand is also present.)

Morrel (to Villefort) *He's never done anything wrong,
I'm afraid you have made a mistake.
Monsieur, I entreat you,
He is an innocent man.*

<u>Mercedes (to Villefort)</u>	<u>Dantes</u>
<i>Where is he?</i>	<i>I have never done anything wrong!</i>
<i>My heart betrothed today?</i>	<i>I have never done anything wrong!</i>
<i>Please release The one I love, I pray My hope That he'll return to me Please send him back to me I beg you, please.</i>	
<i>He is my love He is my heart He is my soul He is my soul</i>	<i>They'll find a way They'll set me free Lord save my soul.</i>

(Music changes. During the following, Dantes is unchained and collapses to the cell floor.)

Villefort (spoken) *Madam, I perform my duties impartially,
I approach each judgment cautiously.
A man can be kind and trustworthy,
And betray his king irrevocably.*

Morrel (spoken) *I'm aware of that, sir.*

Villefort (spoken) *The charges were justifiable,
And the evidence undeniable.
His sentence was read,*

(The music stops momentarily)

Edmond Dantes is dead.

(A GONG sounds. The music continues are the following is spoken)

Mercedes (spoken) Dead? No. (she begins to weep)

Fernand (spoken) Come, Mercedes.

(There is one last look from Morrel and they all exit. Fernand helps Mercedes out. Lights go down on Villefort's office. Lights come up as Dantes is unchained and left in his cell. The following is sung.)

Dantes *I have never done anything wrong.*

Prisoners *He's as innocent as the day he was born.
A taste of the cord,
Ten lashes his reward.
He has never done anything wrong*

Dantes *But I swear!*

Prisoner #1 *He swears it is true*
Prisoner #2 *He swears it is true*
Prisoner #3 *He's innocent too*

Prisoners *He more than you*

Dantes (spoken) *I haven't done what they say I have done!*

(Lights fade on prison cell. Lights come up on Camille's bed. Camille is dying. Mercedes is kneeling at her side. Fernand is standing at a distance.)

{Song: Camille's Vision/Mercedes Lament}

Camille *Where is he?
My dear son, born today?
Small, sweet child,
In my arms you lay.*

*Sleeping sound,
Feet and arms so small,
Yet, he's not here at all
Where can he be?*

Mercedes (spoken) Quiet, Mother.

Camille (spoken) He is my son.

Mercedes (spoken) Sweet mother.

Camille (spoken) He is my one and only child!

Mercedes (spoken) No mother, he's gone!

Camille (spoken) No, he lives!

Mercedes (spoken) No, he was taken from us. They...

Camille (spoken) Small, sweet child, in the dark.
Hurt, frightened and forlorn
Pray my daughter that you can cope.
Pray that you never lose hope....

(Camille dies.)

Mercedes

*Quiet now, sweet mother,
You need no longer fear,
Your child is now there with you,
Safe, secure and near.*

*To Heaven, he has lead you,
Together you both shall be,
A least you have each other,
I'm left alone to grieve.*

*God in Heaven,
I need an answer to my prayer
Why'd you take him?
The one whose life I was meant to share
He was for me,
How selfish can you be?
To take my love from me?*

*God in Heaven,
I need an answer to my prayer
Why'd you take him?
The one whose heart I was meant to share
How can this be?
For he belongs to me.
How cruel can your plan be?*

*Help me now, sweet mother
For I can no longer pray
For I have but a weak desire to live
Love, blessed and kind,
Please pray, that I find
A reason to forgive.*

Fernand

*Dear sweet cousin,
I'm the answer to your prayer.
Strong and patient,
Just one left, just one to care.
Faithful and true,
Who else can help you through?
I'm here, I'm here for you.*

Mercedes

*Quiet now, sweet mother,
Rest for eternity,
For I am grim, dark and lost,
No hope is left for me.*

(Mercedes embraces Fernand as music continues. Mercedes stops and looks back at Camille. Then Fernand and Mercedes exits as lights fade. Music for Scene Change:
Mercedes Lament Underscore)

Scene 5 - The Abbe

The Chateau D'If, Dantes' prison cell (two years later)

(Dantes, alone in his cell, sits alone. There is a long moment as if he is in a trance, nearly motionless. Suddenly, a plate of food slides beneath the door. Dantes does not react. After a long wait, he slowly takes the torn shirt in his hand and begins to tie it around his neck. He looks up blankly as if to find a place in which to attach the shirt. There is none. He slowly looks down blankly. Suddenly, there is a scratching noise from the corner of the cell. Dantes looks toward the wall where the scratching is coming from. Scratching stops, and then begins again. Dantes moves toward the wall.)

Dantes (as scratching continues, whispering) Who is there?

(Scratching stops and doesn't resume.)

Are you there?

Voice Who are you?

Dantes An unhappy prisoner.

(The Abbe Faria pushes through a stone in the wall, and crawls into the cell. Dantes, deathly afraid, backs into a corner away from him. The Abbe looks around the cell.)

Abbe Alas. I took the wrong angle and find myself many feet from where I intended. I mistook the wall of your cell for the outer wall.

(Dantes doesn't move or say anything. Abbe notices the shirt around his neck.)

Ah, my good man. There is no despair worth one's life.

Dantes (whispers) Who are you?

Abbe A fellow brother. One who shares in your loneliness...one who understands your loss, your hopelessness.

(Dantes does not respond)

I am a brother who has made a horrible miscalculation. An old man with a flawed plan. But more importantly, I am a fellow brother in faith.

Dantes (wide eyed) Do you know me?

Abbe Ah, yes, you are right to ask. Do I know you? These walls cannot begin to reveal the true essence of a man. Only He can truly know a man's heart. Though, if it is your intent to keep yourself hidden,

you have failed. You see, I know you by your vow, the commitment revealed in the cross on your arm.

(Dantes looks blankly.)

Yes, as I am ordained as one of the order's priests. (He reveals the cross on his arm). I am #27, the Abbe Faria, imprisoned here since 1811. May God's peace be with you, my son, even in such a place as this.

(Dantes leans into the Abbe's arms and begins to sob.)

{Song: A Reason to Hope}

Abbe

*Be comforted by the touch, my son,
There is no longer reason to despair,
All may seem lost and hopeless,
But there is One who will always care.*

*Do not fear the darkness that surrounds you,
Do not allow your heart to turn to stone,
There is someone here to comfort you
Have hope, you are no longer alone.*

*In Him, we always have a reason to hope
Even when we feel the end is near.
Each day is a precious gift from above,
To live, to give, to pray, to love.*

*Do not grieve for a life once lived,
Do not give in to endless solitude,
There is yet a chance to gain days lost
To partake in life's joyful gratitude.*

*In Him, we always have a reason to hope
Even when we see our time is near.
Each day is a precious gift from above,
To live, to give, to pray, to love.*

*In Him we always have a reason to hope,
Even when we fear the end is near,
Each day is a precious gift from above,
To live, to hope, to love.*

(Dantes becomes quiet through the song. His breathing begins to become more even.)

Abbe (spoken) That's it, my son. Sleep, sleep my dear boy. Be at peace.
(Lights fade.)

Scene 6 - Two Prisoners

The Chateau D'If, Dantes' prison cell (the next day)

(Dantes awakes to an empty cell. He looks around but there is no one there. He moves toward the wall just as the stone moves in as the Abbe enters.)

Abbe Ah, you are awake. Good. I have brought you extra food to build your strength. Let me see if it is possible to remove the traces of my entrance here. (he replaces the stone. Considers it, then throws the stool in front of it) Well, that should suffice.

Dantes Who are you?

Abbe Yes, of course, you have forgotten. Your memory will improve with nourishment. I am the Abbe Faria, imprisoned here since 1811 and a fellow member of the order. I expected, as I told you, to reach the outer wall and throw myself into the sea.

Dantes Could you have swum so far?

Abbe Heaven would give me the strength, but now all is lost. I can tell from the bars on your door that the corridor connects to a courtyard filled with soldiers.

Dantes How far have you come?

Abbe More than 50 feet.

Dantes Good Lord.

Abbe Yes, but unfortunately it has all been in vain. It has taken me three years to get here and now I find I have gone in the wrong direction. It would take me more years than I have left to get to my destination.

Dantes But I will help you, father. I have the strength of two people and we can make greater progress with two of us digging.

Abbe Perhaps, perhaps. Now tell me who you are.

Dantes Edmond Dantes, a French sailor, beloved of Mercedes.

Abbe Your crime?

Dantes I am innocent.

Abbe To what are you accused?

Dantes Of having conspired to aid the emperor's return.

Abbe The emperor's return? Bonapart is no longer on the throne?

Dantes He abdicated in 1814, and was sent to the Island of Elba.

Abbe For what great and mysterious reason has it pleased heaven to abase a man so powerful. Well, enough of him. How old are you?

Dantes I know not, only that I was nineteen when arrested, February 28, 1815.

Abbe It has been twenty-four months.

Dantes Twenty-four months? It seems as if it's been twenty-four years. We will escape. And if we cannot escape, we will talk like father and son. I never knew my father, but I know he would have been like you, a man of faith.

Abbe In here, it is easy to lose faith. You can even lose your reason. But I have worked to keep myself sharp through my writings.

Dantes You are permitted the use of pens, ink and paper?

Abbe No, none but what I've made myself.

Dantes You made pen and paper?

Abbe Yes. You will pay me a visit in my cell, and I will show you an entire work, the fruits of the thoughts and reflections of my whole life; many of them meditated over in the shades of the Coliseum at Rome or at the foot of St. Mark's column at Venice.

Dantes And on what have you written all this?

Abbe On two of my shirts. I invented a preparation that makes linen as smooth and as easy to write on as parchment.

Dantes Would you teach me?

Abbe To make paper?

Dantes No, to read.

Abbe Ah, my dear young man. To read and write is a gift, and I will surely give you this gift. (His excitement grows) We will start in French, but you will need to move quickly to Spanish, English and Italian, using ancient Greek as the base. You will learn to write in

each, and then we will study the great writers, Plutarch, Titus, Dante, Shakespeare, for I have memorized many of their works.

Dantes You must be blessed indeed to possess the knowledge you have.

Abbe I take it from your words, that there is another lingering, yes?

Dantes Yes, my life, though short, has been inflicted with a great and undeserved misfortune.

Abbe And you are ignorant of the crime with which you are charged?

Dantes Yes.

Abbe Come, let me hear your story (he stops, then abruptly)...oh, good Lord.

(There is the sound of footsteps coming toward Dantes' door. The Abbe darts to the hole and covers the passageway, just as the Jailor enters. He is carrying a whip.)

Jailor #1 Happy Anniversary, #34.

(He slaps the whip against the wall, as lights fade.)

Scene 7 - The Illumination

The Chateau D'If, Abbe's prison cell (several months later)

(Dantes and Abbe enter from the hole, where they have been digging.)

Abbe That is enough for today, I must rest. I have had another thought about your imprisonment.

Dantes We have been through it. I fear I will never know.

Abbe We have already determined it was Danglars that wrote the letter and Fernand that delivered it.

Dantes Yes, but my innocence was certain. Even the deputy prosecutor believed it to be true.

Abbe Was the deputy young or old?

Dantes About one or two and thirty years of age, I should say.

Abbe So, old enough to be ambitious, but too young to be corrupt. And how did he treat you?

Dantes With more of mildness than severity.

Abbe Did you tell him your whole story?

Dantes I did.

Abbe And did his conduct change at all in the course of your examination?

Dantes He did appear much disturbed when he read the letter. He seemed quite overcome by my misfortune.

Abbe By your misfortune?

Dantes He burnt the letter, the sole evidence that could have incriminated me.

Abbe He burned the letter? Odd. To whom was the letter addressed?

Dantes I can't remember. Wait...yes. It was addressed to M. Noirtier, No. 13 Coq-Heron, Paris.

Abbe Noirtier? Noirtier! -- I knew a person of that name -- a Noirtier, who had been a Girondin during the Revolution! What was your deputy called?

Dantes De Villefort!

(The Abbe bursts into a fit of laughter, while Dantes gazed on him in utter astonishment.)

Is there something wrong?

Abbe The whole thing is clearer then ever. Poor fellow! Poor young man! And you tell me this magistrate expressed great sympathy for you?

Dantes He did.

Abbe And he destroyed your compromising letter?

Dantes Yes.

Abbe And then made you swear never to utter the name of Noirtier?

Dantes Yes, how did you know?

Abbe Why, you poor short-sighted fellow, can you not guess who this Noirtier was. Noirtier was his father.

Dantes His father?

Abbe Yes, his father. His right name is Noirtier de Villefort.

(Dantes cries out, and then staggers against the wall like a drunken man)

Dantes I must be alone to think this through.

(Dantes lies down on the straw, and there is a long moment)

Abbe I regret now, having helped you with this discovery.

Dantes (quietly) I wish not to speak of it.

Abbe Because it has instilled a new passion in your heart -- that of vengeance.

Dantes Let us talk of something else.

(Abbe shakes his head, and contemplates.)

Abbe Within a few years, I can teach you just about everything I know.

Dantes (rising with renewed energy) Yes, I want to learn. Everything.

Abbe. I can give you the knowledge, but knowledge is confined within very narrow limits; and when I have taught you mathematics, physics, history, and the three or four modern languages with which I am acquainted, you will still need to learn how to apply this knowledge for good. How to love again, how to forgive.

Dantes That will have to wait. Yes, you should teach me everything. I am in a hurry to begin. I want to learn.

Abbe Yes, everything.

(Lights fade.)

Scene 8 - The Escape

The Chateau D'If, Abbe's prison cell (twelve years later)

(The Abbe is chained to the wall, his shirt has been removed, and there are stripes on his back. The Jailor is in the process of whipping him.)

{Song: A Jailor's Lot: Ten Sou a Day}

Jailor #1 *Ten sou a day,
Ten sou a day.
That's all your worth to me,
Is ten sou a day.*

(He strikes Abbe)

*Lazy, stupid, sleeping pup,
Twenty lashes'll wake you up.
Don't worry about the pain,
It'll keep you from going insane.*

(He strikes Abbe)

Jailors *Ten sou a day,
Ten sou a day.
That's all your worth to me,
Just ten sou a day.*

(He strikes Abbe)

Jailor #2 *At least you have some straw, water and bread to eat,
What else could a prisoner possibly need?
Jailor #3 *I have a bleeding sore for a wife
There's more then one way to waste a life.
Ten sou a day is all you're worth.**

(He strikes Abbe)

Jailor #4 *Whipping is such a chore,
It makes your hands all sore.
Jailor #2 *You'd be complaining too,
For just ten sou for you.**

(He strikes Abbe)

Jailor #4 *Ten sou a day.
You make me sick,
But this'll do the trick,
Just one more lick.*

(He strikes Abbe)

Jailors *Ten sou a day,
Ten sou a day.
That's all your worth to us,
Just ten sou a day.
Ten sou a day.*

Jailor #4 (spoken) And he arn't worth that!

(The Jailor unshackles the Abbe, he drops to the floor. He throws him his shirt and leaves. Dantes appears from the opening in the cell carrying digging instruments. There is a dramatic change in Dantes appearance. He is clearly older, and hair now extends down his back and his beard is very long. Though tired, he enters with some exuberance.)

Dantes We are almost there. A few more days and we will have reached the common area. From there, we can wait for dark and slip through the front entrance -- avoiding the guards, with God's grace.

Abbe I am afraid that is no longer possible for me, my son.

Dantes You will recover, as you always do. It's been fourteen years. In a few more days, we will be free. When it is time, you will have enough strength to make the attempt.

Abbe Alas my friend, even if I were to get past the guards, I would never survive the swim. I have lost all my remaining strength and can no longer hope for escape.

Dantes That is nonsense. I will help you.

Abbe Quiet. For there is little time and there is a matter of great importance that I must convey to you. I must tell you of the existence of a great treasure.

Dantes A treasure?

Abbe Yes, a great fortune. The last bit of knowledge that I pass on to a worthy student.

Dantes You are sick and seeing visions.

Abbe No, be assured, my mind is clear and I am not mad. This treasure exists. Listen, and believe what I tell you.

Dantes Tomorrow, I will hear your story, but today I must care for you.

Abbe On the contrary, we must talk of it now. I am dieing, my dear Edmond. Who knows if tomorrow will come for me?

Dantes You will not die.

Abbe Oh, my dear friend, indeed I will. And I look forward to seeing my good Lord in heaven. Silence now, for there is little time. I was the secretary and intimate friend of Cardinal Spada, the last of the princes of that name. Upon his death having no heirs, he bequeathed to me everything he possessed: his family papers, his library and his breviary, along with a few Roman crowns, on condition that I would draw up a genealogical tree and history of his house. This I did scrupulously, discovering in the process an immense fortune that had been lost many generations before -- unknown to my dear friend. Please read this, for I have shown it to no other living soul.

Dantes "This 25th day of April, 1498, fearing that my lord wishes my death, I declare to my nephew, Guido Spada, that I have buried in the caves of the small Island of Monte Cristo, all I possess of ingots, gold, money, jewels, diamonds, gems; which may amount to nearly two millions of Roman crowns, and which he may find on raising the twentieth rock from the small creek to the east in a right line. This treasure I bequeath and leave entire to him as my sole heir. Caesar Spada."

Abbe I resolved to set out and discover the horde, but my hasty departure raised suspicions. I was arrested at the very moment I was leaving Rome.

Dantes Can this be true?

Abbe Yes, my dear Edmond. Two millions of Roman crowns, nearly thirteen millions in today's francs.

Dantes Impossible...

Abbe The Spada family was one of the oldest and most powerful families of the fifteen-century. Such accumulations of gold and jewels were not rare. The last Count of Spada made me his heir, bequeathing to me everything. And I now give this treasure to you, my dear son. I have given to you everything I know, and now I give you everything I have left.

Dantes If this treasure does exist, it belongs to you and to you only. I have no right to it. I am no relation of yours.

Abbe You are my son, Dantes. You are the child of my captivity. God has sent you to me, to me - a man who could not be a father, and a prisoner who will never be free.

Dantes But we are so close. You will live to see your freedom.

Abbe That chance has passed, Edmond. I am at my end.

Dantes No, I will save you. Help, help!

Abbe Silence or you are lost. My dear friend, I wish you all the happiness and all the prosperity you so well deserve. My son, I bless thee! Adieu, adieu!

Dantes Oh, no, -- no, not yet. Do not forsake me!

Abbe Monte Cristo, forget not Monte Cristo!

(Abbe dies. Edmond leans over his friend, his hand applied to his heart. When he is certain the Abbe is dead, Dantes sings.)

{Song: A Reason for Hope REPRISE}

Dantes *Rest here now, sweet comforter and friend,
Your long captivity is at an end.
And though it seems that we'll be apart
You'll always have a place within my heart.*

*In you, I'll always have a reason to hope,
Even when the darkest hours are here.
Each day is a precious gift from above...*

(The song is interrupted by a loud sound from the corridor. Dantes rushes to the opening and closes it behind him just as the jailor pushes food under the door. He waits for a response. There is nothing.)

Jailor #1 Come on, #27. Get to it. (There is no response. The jailor opens the door and enters.) Get up you! (He kicks the body, but there is no response). Well, well. Claude!

(Jailor #2 enters with a canvas sack)

It appears our good priest has gone to his maker!

Jailor #2 I have a winding-sheet. I guess #48 can wait a bit longer.

(He throws the sack next to the Abbe.)

Jailor #1 They can both wait. My supper is calling, and these stiffys won't be missing theirs. Dealing with death is always easier on a full stomach.

(They exit. Dantes emerges from the tunnel. Looking upon his dear friend, an idea dawns on him. He drags the corpse into the opening and returns closing the opening. He puts himself into the canvas sack, closing it up from the inside. The Jailors return.)

Jailor #2 Well, what do you know? Looks as though someone else is finally doing some work around here.

Jailor #1 Come on, let's finish this.

(They grab both sides of the sack and begin to carry it off. Lights fade on the cell. Lights come up on the top platform to the sounds of storm and a turbulent sea, as two jailors carrying a sack heave it off the cliff. Lights fade. Music begins (**Scene 8 Underscore**) and denotes a turbulent storm and crashing waves as the music becomes calmer. Lights come up on Dantes asleep on the shore of the island of Tutilon. He stirs and awakes center stage.)

{Song: I am Free!}

Dantes *I can see, I can hold, I can feel, sand in my fingers
I can see, I can feel, I can sense heat on my face
Is it fake, is it real, I don't care, I can feel
Is it true, can it be, am I free?*

*I can hear, I can feel, I can sense wind at my temples
I can hear, I can feel, I can see clouds in the sky.
Can I trust, do I dare, just for now, I don't care
Is it true, help me see, am I'm free?*

*Oh sweet God, I am free!
Feel it now, sweet liberty!
It's hard to believe but oh
Can it be that,
I am free?*

*No more chain, binding or strapping or clamping my ankles
No more whip, thrashing or flailing or striking my back
No more walls, no more cells, no more fears, no more smells
Am I done, can it be, am I free?*

*Oh Sweet Lord, I am free!
Loose my mind liberally
It's hard to conceive but oh
Can it be that
Nothing to heed or impede or concede*

I am free!

*No more bars, holding or scolding or taunting my daytime
No more yells, piercing or beating or splitting my nights
Is it home, is it she, it's my love, Mercedes
I'll be home, not alone, am I free?*

*Oh my love, I am free
Free my heart anxiously
It's hard to perceive but oh
Can it be that, I am free
Beat my heart tirelessly
Its nice to believe, and its
Plain to see that,
I am free.*

(Lights fade. Music for Scene Change: **Scene 8 Underscore - 2**)

And the rest of life is easy.

Smuggler #5 *I'm as strong as a bull, you know
Though I am just a pup
But I can whip you...*

(Jaco slaps her on the back)

Jaco *...sure you can,
If you can still stand up.*

(Smuggler #5 falls as two other smugglers catch her)

Smuggler #3 *What do you do with a sailor
Who cannot hold his liquor?
Jaco *You put him in the hold, of course
Smuggler #3 *Then sleep with his buxom sister.***

All *Oh, high dee, diddly day
It's a smugglers life we lead
Barrels tarred, heavy with rum
A few sou is all we need*

*High, dee diddly die
A seaman's life in't kind
But find a pint and a pretty lass
And the rest of life is fine.*

Smuggler #1 *A pox
Smuggler #2 *A pox
Smuggler #3 *A pox
Smuggler #4 *A pox
All *On the King and all his men*****

Louis (spoken) *Hey, there now,
A blessing on the king.
It's Louis and the crown of France,
Louis/Jaco (singing) *That makes our pockets sing.**

(A great cheer. They conduct the sword dance)

All *Oh, High dee, diddly day
It's a smugglers life we lead
You've got your sails and you've got the wind,
And your mates are all you need.*

*High, dee diddly die
A seaman's life in't kind*

*But find a pint and a pretty lass
A bag of gold and bottle of gin
A nighttime drop and then home again
And the rest of life is fine.*

Smuggler #1 *Find a pint and an pretty girl*
Smuggler #2 *Maybe one*
Smuggler #3 *Maybe two*
Smuggler #4 *Maybe three*
Smuggler #5 *Maybe four*
All *And the rest of life is fine.*

(Dantes enters above them.)

Dantes Good evening, friends.

(The smugglers are surprised and reach for weapons, though Louis is calm and does not move.)

Louis You are quick to call us friend, sir. Though based on your attire, you may be in great need of them.

Dantes There I have been lacking, I must confess.

Louis Ah, and lacking good food and drink from the look of you.

Dantes True again. Anything you can spare would be welcomed and make me a very grateful man.

Louis Indeed, as you can see, we have much to spare. But unfortunately, sharing a meal with a dead man is a waste. Particularly with a vintage of this quality (he takes a drink).

Dantes Dead man?

Louis Yes, you see, since no one outside our band knows of this place or our dealings here, we have no choice but to kill you.

(Louis pulls his pistol)

Dantes Killing me may prove to be a very unwise decision.

Louis Perhaps, but I really have no choice. You see there are precautions we must take and in this case there are no options. I am truly sorry for though we have just met, I can tell you are a good fellow.

Dantes Then I will join you. I assure you; I am an able seaman and could handle your Lugger with my hands tied.

Louis Join us? Unfortunately, we have no openings at the moment.
(After a thought) Unless... you have something valuable enough to replace an existing member - and then I will kill one of them.

(He waves the pistol casually around the men to indicate whom he is talking about. The men scatter behind boulders and other set pieces)

Dantes How kind.

Louis I am a kind fellow, though one that has great needs. Well, is there something you can offer me?

Dantes Indeed, for I am a very wealthy man.

Louis (laughs, the smugglers join in) Of course, I must be blind. How could I have missed the Prince before me, the cut of your robes, the blush of your cheek should have been my guide. Forgive me, your grace, for not recognizing your greatness. (The smugglers laugh)

Dantes Prince? No, but one with resources, nonetheless. I have a small fortune on an island off the Italian coast.

Louis Indeed, well this is quite surprising.

Dantes And if you are kind enough to take me too it, I am happy to share a small but generous part of it with each of you.

Louis Well, this is gracious of you.

Dantes Does that mean you accept?

Louis No. But if what you say is true, then I can no longer shoot you. You have been too kind. Jaco will do it!

(Louis hands Jaco the pistol.)

Dantes You are willing to give up part of a fortune?

Louis If you tell us where the fortune is, I promise that Jaco will make it a quick death.

Dantes I am sorry, but that I cannot do.

Louis Very well, then.

(Louis nods to two smugglers who rip Dantes' shirt off of him and blindfolds him with it. Louis notices the symbol on his arm.)

Wait! It cannot be. How do you explain this tattoo on your arm?

Dantes Why? Do you recognize it?

Louis The sacred cross! You are French, no?

Dantes Yes.

Louis (grabs the other pistol from his belt and aims it squarely at Dantes' face) Then how did you come to get it? Is this some sort of joke? Explain this immediately.

Dantes I was a student of Father Alejandro of CaraVaca, who resided in Marseilles for nearly ten years. He was my mentor and teacher. He encouraged me to join the order shortly after my 18th birthday.

(Louis has lowered the pistol, looking intently at Dantes. Then, abruptly, he hugs Dantes with a big bear hug. Dantes still has his hands tied behind him.)

Louis My family grew up with priests from CaraVaca. This is truly a blessed order. You must be a very holy man.

Dantes Does this mean that I can join you?

Louis No. I am sorry my friend. Any compromise to our code could mean sacrificing our lives, and this we cannot do. (Struggling with what to do) But, it would be wrong for me to kill you.

Dantes True.

Louis I have it. I will leave it up to God. You will fight Jaco for your life. If you survive, then it is God's will. If not, ce la vie. Do you accept?

Dantes Do I have a choice?

Louis No. But I ask out of respect you understand.

Dantes I see. Well, having a chance is better than having none.

Louis True. Though Jaco is one of the best I have ever seen with a knife. You will have very little chance of surviving, though he will make sure it is not quick as to extend us all a good show before it is done.

Dantes How generous.

(He takes his knife and throws it to Dantes.)

Louis Begin.

(Jaco immediately lunges, and Dantes is able to parry. The fight continues moving around the stage. Jaco clearly has the upper hand, as Dantes is still weak. In one swift move, Dantes is able to put Jaco on his back and he positions his knife at Jaco's neck.)

Louis Very Good. God has made his choice, and you are to live. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Louis Vampa, smuggler from Perpignan and captain of the Young Amelia. This is Jaco, from Corsica, who you know quite well now.

Dantes I am Zaccone, from Malta.

Louis Welcome aboard. Oh, and this is the first mate, Caderousse, from Marseilles. He is the most capable seaman on our crew.

Dantes (extends his hand) Very nice to make your acquaintance?

Caderousse Monsieur. (holding his hand) Have we met before? You seem familiar.

Dantes Forgive me, no senor. Though I have some familiarity with Marseilles, I have spent little time there.

Caderousse Forgive me, Monsieur. I must be mistaken.

(Caderousse slowly steps back and finds a rock on which to sit. He looks at Dantes sporadically and inquisitively during the rest of the scene.)

Louis Enough. You will know everyone in time. But we must be very careful when entering France, my friend. My patron does not take kindly to new recruits. Danglars is very suspicious and has spies in every port.

Dantes Danglars?

Louis Yes, surely you have heard of the Baron with the famous black book - the man most feared of any in France. They say even the gendarmes quake upon his passing.

Dantes Do you work for him?

Louis Yes, though the money is hardly adequate. I am a small part of his business; he controls me and every smuggler going in and out of France. He keeps detailed descriptions on all of our interests. He

keeps it in a black book carefully hidden away in some secret place. If this information were to find itself in the hands of the King's Prosecutor, I could find myself behind bars or dead.

- Dantes Certainly, he cannot manage this on his own?
- Louis No, some say he has help within the court. That and a brute for a partner, the Count de Morcerf, the wealthiest bandit in Marseilles.
- Dantes Bandit?
- Louis They say he has the luck of the devil, and I believe there is more that keeps him out of the prisons. Some call him by his common name, Fernand Mondego, as I believe he is a Catalan.
- Dantes Fernand.
- Louis He fronts as a merchant, and indeed, he works diligently to remove any competitors.
- Dantes Do you know of one named Mercedes, a cousin of Fernand.
- Louis (laughs) You mean the wife of Fernand. The Countess de Morcerf (whistles), and one that caught many a man's eye. (Smugglers agree)
- Dantes (almost to himself) Wife?
- Louis Yes, by the fruits of their labors – they have a son, Albert de Morcerf.
- Dantes (in shock) No.
- Louis Yes, not a bad fighter, though a bit proud, if you know what I mean. It's as if he believes his family is really from royalty, though many know he is the son of the most ruthless crook in Marseilles. You know of the family then?

{Song: Vengeance, Act I Finale}

- Dantes *Is this true what I hear?
Can stones shed real tears?
Can news stop a beating heart?
Can life end before it starts?*
- Mercedes *God in heaven,
This is the answer to my prayer.
Joy and gladness,*

A life, a love, a child to share.

Dantes *How can this be?
Could you not wait for me?
Could you not stay 'til I was free?*

Mercedes *You're a ship,
You're lost upon the sea.
Thrashing waves,
Forever lost to me.*

Trio *A pact made with care,
Puts profits in the bank.*

Danglars *Fortunes are made,
With just one man to thank.*

Camille *You can never lose your hope, my son*

Dantes *Without her, what can remain?*

Abbe *His love and forgiveness never ends.*

Dantes *Without her, who quells the pain?*

Both *We are always here beside you.
You are never alone.*

Dantes *Love, I longed for you each day,
Can you just turn away?
Like seconds creeping, so fleeting.*

*Joined, our souls connected,
Then simply rejected.
Like snow flakes forming, then melting.*

*How can you say have hope,
When life's sweet love has ended.
How can you say have trust,
When life's cruel spite's descended.
Everything I've lived for,
Is gone with the wind.
Like a storm that kills
Then feigns it's never been.*

(The following is spoken.)

Louis My friend. Are you alright? Perhaps you should sit down?

Dantes Would Danglars or Fernand know you by sight?

Louis No. My dealings are always transacted through others.

Dantes What if I were to tell you that I had the means to free you from Danglars' will, and make you a wealthy and powerful man all at once.

Louis I'd say my original thought about you was right! Your loco!

Dantes I assure you my friend, all of this is true.

Louis You are serious?

Dantes There can be no doubt in my sincerity, for it is all that is left me.

Louis It will not be easy.

Dantes I have thought of nothing else for fourteen years, it will – it must – work.

Dantes (sings) *Guilt, no room left for remorse
Is hate the only course?
It breaks the surface, my purpose.*

All *Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, vengeance.*

Dantes *They thought me lost, they think me dead,
Gone with the refuse, strewn with the dregs.
Though time has been lost, no need for denials.
My youth was the cost, but there's time for reprisals.*

*With each moment,
My purpose seems clear.
To seek my vengeance,
Without fear.*

*To teach essential rules of life
For each and everything you do,
There is a price.*

Smugglers *Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, vengeance.*

Dantes *No room for understanding,
No room to be kind.
Only hate my companion,
All mercy left behind.*

*I will unleash the storm,
Let loose the mighty flood.
There is no greater prize,
Then a debt paid in blood.*

*Only anger left, only might,
Only revenge to make things right.
I will not stop nor will I tire,
Just vengeance left to quench this fire.*

(The following is sung in unison.)

Dantes	Camile	Mercedes	FVD	Abbe	Chorus
<i>Judged, I'll set a victorious course, a hard relentless force. And now...</i>	<i>My son do not loose hope</i>	<i>What's begun, can I protect my son? I am lost...</i>	<i>Our fortune's set.</i>	<i>I pray you have a change of heart my son. That somehow you believe His plan is done...</i>	

ALL (Including Chorus) *It's plain to see, its destiny.*

Dantes	Camile	Mercedes	FVD	Abbe	Chorus
<i>Now, revenge my only friend, my life is at an end And now...</i>	<i>I fear I've lost my son, He is gone...</i>	<i>Not for me, there's nothing left for me. One sweet child.</i>	<i>With no regret</i>	<i>Do not let the darkness surround you Think of me and I will be your guide...</i>	<i>AH.....</i>

ALL (Including Chorus) *It's plain to see, its destiny.*

End Act I