

~~DANTES:~~

~~Only my own scribbled writing on the walls of the previous cell.~~

~~FARIA:~~

~~Come then - come to my cell.~~

~~DANTES and FARIA climb through the hole - they crawl for while before emerging in Faria's cell.~~

Scene 10: Seat of Learning

FARIA:

Welcome... to paradise!

DANTES looks around. It is another cell - slightly larger than his.

FARIA:

A joke, Edmond. Do you remember laughter?

DANTES and FARIA hold their nerve for a moment before laughing. The laughing become more manic - eventually DANTES weeps and FARIA scoops him into his arms.

FARIA:

Shh... shh. Listen to me, Edmond. We have each other now - two heads, two minds, two stubborn hearts. Look at me - dry your eyes, Edmond. We will escape this place. If it takes me another ten years and I dig a passage right to the Warden's privy - we will leave this place.

DANTES nods and calms. He looks around the cell with more scrutiny.

DANTES:

You... you have been writing. How?

FARIA:

The charcoal from my fire. **cough**

DANTES:

Is.. this is poetry, no? "Through discipline comes freedom".

FARIA:

After a fashion - it is Aristotle.

DANTES:
Who?

FARIA:
Ari- I'm sorry - what?

DANTES:
Is he a poet?

FARIA:
Were you schooled Edmond?

DANTES:
Somewhat - but I had to sail from a young age, as my father was unwell.

FARIA:
Hmmp.

DANTES:
I know my letters and basic mathematics.

FARIA:
I won't be acquainted with the ill-educated, Edmond.
Mathematics - multiply seven, seven further times.

DANTES works the cogs of his mind.

DANTES:
Forty nine.

FARIA:
Correct - slow, but correct. Logic - what is greater than God, more evil than the Devil, the poor have it and the rich need it - and you will die if you don't have it.

DANTES:
...

FARIA sits on his meagre bed and waits.

~~CHORUS:~~
Food?

Money?

~~Oooh - good one.~~

~~I'm stumped.~~

DANTES:
Nothing? The answer is nothing.

FARIA:
Yes!

~~CHORUS:~~
~~Huh?~~

~~Idunno?~~

FARIA:
Tell me why you arrive at that answer?

DANTES:
Nothing is greater than God, or more evil than the Devil. The poor have nothing and the rich need nothing. And, as well you and I know, if you eat nothing, you will die!

~~CHORUS:~~
~~Ooooooh!~~

FARIA:
Correct! Edmond Dantes - you have promise. Naturally clever but not honed in any way of course. Culture - who wrote The Maid of Orleans?

DANTES:
I... as I said... I know my letters...

FARIA:
Voltaire. *cough cough*

DANTES:
Are you well, M'sieur?

FARIA:
It's nothing. Very well - I accept your help to see us free of this miserable rock.

DANTES:
-But I hadn't-

FARIA:
- Come now - we cannot dig during the day for fear we will be heard. What time does your Jailor visit.

DANTES:
Twice - Once in the morning and again in the evening.

FARIA:

Mine also - a routine that has never changed in ten long years. So after the evening visit, we dig. Between the jailor visits we will sleep - and... you will learn! That will be my payment for your hard labour. I will teach you mathematics, physics, history and three or four of the modern languages - I predict two years to give you a good grounding.

DANTES:

You think I can achieve all of this in two years!?

FARIA:

You have somewhere else to be?

DANTES:

I take your point. What will you teach me?

FARIA:

Everything!

~~FARIA leads DANTEs to some of the writing on the wall.~~

Learn

Eat

Dig

Learn

Eat

Dig

~~FARIA pulls the legs out of a stool and they fence.~~

~~FARIA:~~

~~Prime, second, tierce, quart, quint, six, septime, octave. Good, again. *cough cough cough* Quicker - build what strength you have!~~

Learn

Eat

Dig

Cough