

The Three Musketeers

by Alexandre Dumas

adapted by Carol M. Rice

The Three Musketeers

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Cast of Characters (in order of appearance)

Rochefort

Bicarat

Jussac

D'Artagnan

Bonacieux

Milady de Winter

Kitty

Porthos

Aramis

Musketeers 1&2

M. de Treville

Athos

Mme. de Lannoy

Mme. de Chevreuse

Guards 1, 2, & 3

King Louis XIII

Constance Bonacieux

Duke of Buckingham

Louisa de Osorio

Queen Anne

Grimaud

Planchet

Cardinal Richelieu

Man 1

Bar Maid

Man 2

Innkeeper

Nun

Patrick

O'Reilly

Lord de Winter

Landlord

John Felton

**Originally produced with a cast of 17 men and 9 women;
further doubling is possible.**

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THREE MUSKETEERS was originally produced by Theatre on the Hill at DeSoto Town Center Amphitheatre in DeSoto, TX July 12-28, 2006. It was directed by the playwright. Sets and Lighting were designed by Billy Mitchell. Costumes were designed by Celeste Rogers, Sound was designed by Jason Rice, and Fight Choreography was staged by Terry D. Seago. The opening night cast was as follows:

Rochefort - Steve Sanders

Bicarat - Chris Leshinski

Jussac - Micah Garrison

D'Artagnan - Mark Jeter

Bonacieux - Scott Pollock

Milady de Winter - Lissa Creola

Kitty - Emily Roberts

Aramis - Jason Rice

Musketeers - Billy Loomis, Stephen Hess

M. de Treville - Phil Harrington

Athos - Michael Roe

Mme. de Lannoy - Ann Covington

Mme. de Chevreuse - Jan Slade

Guards - Jon Bolduc, Billy Loomis, Stephen Hess, Jimmi Wright, Chris Leshinski

King Louis XIII - David Neal

Constance Bonacieux - Tamara Coghlan

Duke of Buckingham - Jimmi Wright

Louisa de Osorio - Rebecca Serna

Queen Anne - Cori Bollman

Grimaud - Lee Whitaker

Planchet - Ryan Alexander

Cardinal Richelieu - Eric Levy

Drunken Man - Micah Garrison

Bar Maid - Jennie Hutchinson

Men on the Road - Stephen Hess, Chris Leshinski, Steve Sanders

Innkeeper - Jon Bolduc

Nun - Pamela Schamberger

Patrick - Scott Pollock

O'Reilly - Jon Bolduc

Ball Guests - Jennie Hutchinson, Lee Whitaker

Lord de Winter - Billy Loomis

Serving Wench - Rebecca Serna

Landlord - Phil Harrington

Drunken Soldiers - Stephen Hess, Jon Bolduc, Jimmi Wright, Lee Whitaker

John Felton - Stephen Hess

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Act 1 Scene 1

A courtyard outside M. de Treville's apartment. Rochefort, Jussac and Bicarar are discovered passing by, but they are stopped by the sight of something off stage.

ROCHEFORT. Do my eyes deceive me or is that an orange horse?

BICARAT. Are you certain that it's a horse?

D'ARTAGNAN. *(From offstage)* You, boy. Look after my horse.

JUSSAC. He seems to think it's a horse.

ROCHEFORT. It bears a certain resemblance to a horse. Not one that I have ever owned, of course. *(They all laugh. D'Artagnan enters)* What is that color, do you suppose?

JUSSAC. It is quite astounding, sir.

ROCHEFORT. For a horse. *(They laugh again).*

D'ARTAGNAN. *(To Rochefort)* Excuse me, sir. Do you laugh at me, sir? Perhaps you can tell me what is so amusing and we will laugh together.

ROCHEFORT. I was not speaking to you.

D'ARTAGNAN. But I am speaking to you.

ROCHEFORT. *(Looks him over and crosses past him to get a better view of the horse.)* Perhaps the creature was once a buttercup. After all, that is a common color among flowers, but is until now unknown among horses. *(More laughter)*

D'ARTAGNAN. You laugh at my horse, but would you dare to laugh at his master?

ROCHEFORT. As you may ascertain from my appearance, I do not often indulge in laughter. However, I preserve the right to laugh when I please.

D'ARTAGNAN. You forgo that right when it displeases me.

ROCHEFORT. Really, sir! Well, how nice. *(He starts to cross back to Jussac and Bicarar but finds D'Artagnan's sword at his throat.)* Come, come, my dear boy. You must be mad.

D'ARTAGNAN. My father not only rode a sire of the horse you insult in battle, but in giving it me also gave me some excellent advice. He told me never submit to any indignity unless it proceed from the Cardinal or the King. You, sir, are far below these great men. *(D'Artagnan lunges, and Rochefort has to draw. They do little more circle each other. Bicarar and Jussac position themselves behind D'Artagnan. Jussac knocks him out with a big stick. A small crowd has gathers.)*

ROCHEFORT. A plague on these young Gascons! *(To Bonacieux, a member of the crowd who has knelt next to D'Artagnan to check his wounds.)* You there. Search him.

BONACIEUX. Sir?

ROCHEFORT. Do it! I want to find out who this devil is.

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BONACIEUX. *(As he looks through D'Artagnan's pockets.)* Twelve crowns...this one's empty...a letter addressed to M. de Treville...

ROCHEFORT. *(Snatching the letter.)* M. de Treville! Why would this hayseed have a letter addressed to the captain of the Musketeers? *(He starts to read it, but D'Artagnan stirs and Rochefort quickly stuffs it in his pocket. Milady enters with her maid, Kitty.)*

JUSSAC. Sir, Milady has arrived.

ROCHEFORT. Ah, yes. She is late. *(To Milady as they walk away)* You're late.

MILADY. My dear Rochefort, surely you don't think I would interrupt your little skirmish. I have been here for some time. Haven't you better ways to spend your time than to fight with insolent boys?

ROCHEFORT. I believe he may be a spy. He was carrying a letter to M. de Treville. But enough of him. We have more important matters to discuss.

MILADY. Ah, yes. What urgent message have you from his eminence today?

ROCHEFORT. The Cardinal commands you to return to England and notify him with all expedition whether the Duke has left London.

MILADY. *(Dripping with sarcasm)* Surely the Duke of Buckingham's activities could be better monitored by a lackey.

ROCHEFORT. *(Matching her tone)* But his eminence has such faith in you. *(Handing her a letter)* Additional instructions are outlined in this letter, which is not to be opened until you are on the other side of the Channel. That is all. I must return to the Cardinal posthaste.

MILADY. *(Offering her hand, which he kisses.)* Until we meet again. Come, Kitty.

KITTY. Yes, Milady. *(They exit. Milady drops a handkerchief. Jussac retrieves it.)*

ROCHEFORT. *(To Jussac and Bicarat as they all start to exit)* We, too, must go. Chastising this young whelp has taken too much valuable time.

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Who has risen unsteadily to his feet and drawn his sword.)* This "young whelp" is not yet done with you. Would you leave this business unfinished, coward?

JUSSAC. *(As Rochefort reaches for his sword, he is stopped by Jussac.)* Consider that the slightest delay could ruin us.

ROCHEFORT. True. As much as I would enjoy killing you, boy, we must be off. *(They exit quickly as D'Artagnan calls after them.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Coward! Wretch! Rascal! *(He nearly falls again. Bonacieux once again comes to his aid.)*

BONACIEUX. A wretched coward, indeed. Will you be all right, my young friend?

D'ARTAGNAN. I'll be fine. Thank you for your concern and pardon my haste, but I am to meet with M. de Treville. I have a letter of introduction...*(His letter is missing.)*

My letter! Where is my letter? *(He grabs Bonacieux.)* What have you done with it?

BONACIEUX. Not I! The stranger with whom you fought!

D'ARTAGNAN. What do you mean?

BONACIEUX. He wanted to find out who you were. He had you searched. When he found the letter addressed to M. de Treville he became greatly agitated, and I am quite sure he did not return it to your pocket.

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D'ARTAGNAN. (*Releasing him*) Then he is a thief. I will complain to M. de Treville, and he will lay my complaint before his majesty.

BONACIEUX. For one so new to Paris, your worship is acquainted with many men in high places.

D'ARTAGNAN. I'm going to be a musketeer.

BONACIEUX. Ah! Then you will need an apartment close by. I have a room for let above my shop which I'm certain would be pleasing to you. Just around the corner.

D'ARTAGNAN. I'm sure it will suffice. After I speak with M. de Treville I'll come to your shop and we can make the arrangements.

BONACIEUX. Splendid! I'll prepare it for you. (*He exits. D'Artagnan knocks on M. de Treville's door and is admitted.*)

PORTHOS. (*Entering with Musketeers. Referring to some gaudy item of clothing he's wearing.*) But it is the fashion. I know very well that it's foolish, but what can I do? Besides, we have to spend our money on something.

MUSKETEER 1. Your mistress' money, you mean. (*Laughter*)

PORTHOS. You offend me! Upon my honor, I bought it with my own money.

MUSKETEER 1. Money you got from your mistress.

PORTHOS. (*Half-joking*) Enough of this. Aramis, will you assist me in defending my honor in this matter?

ARAMIS. (*Aramis nods*) But only for the sake of your mistress.

PORTHOS. Rogue!

MUSKETEER 1. Have no fear, Porthos. Your honor, as well as that of your mistress, is intact. We wouldn't dream of crossing swords with you, even in jest.

MUSKETEER 2. I am agreed. It would be a pity for you to kill us, for we would stand no chance against you.

PORTHOS. And then Aramis would spend the rest of the afternoon with his confessor, and we have far too much to do for that.

MUSKETEER 2. How sad it is that you cannot yet follow your true vocation, Aramis, for you would make a marvelous priest!

ARAMIS. A trifling delay. Someday I will become a priest. As Porthos can attest, I am unswerving in my devotion to study.

PORTHOS. This is the truth, and I believe he'll do it eventually.

MUSKETEER 1. Why does he hesitate?

MUSKETEER 2. I think he's waiting until the queen has given an heir to the crown of France.

MUSKETEER 1. (*With a mocking laugh*) It is rumored that the Duke of Buckingham is in France.

PORTHOS. Let us not even jest on that subject, gentlemen.

ARAMIS. When it suits me, I shall become a priest. In the meantime I am a musketeer.

TREVILLE. (*An angry bellow from within*) Athos! Porthos! Aramis!

MUSKETEER 1. Though after your thrashing from M. de Treville, you may wish otherwise. (*Musketeers 1 & 2 exit as Treville enters, D'Artagnan follows after him.*)

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TREVILLE. Athos! Porthos! Aramis! (*He crosses to them.*) Gentlemen. Do you know what the King said to me just last evening? Have you any idea?

PORTHOS. Well, no sir. But we hope you will do us the honor of telling us.

TREVILLE. The Cardinal yesterday informed his majesty that a number of his musketeers had been found causing a disruption in a tavern and that several of his guards had been obliged to arrest the miscreants. Arresting musketeers! And you, sirs, were among them. Don't deny it; you were recognized and the Cardinal named you specifically. I am in disgrace. Aramis, why did you join the musketeers when a cassock suited you so well? And Porthos, a constant fashion plate, even now in such fine raiment. What a waste you both are. And then there's Athos. (*Pause*) Where is Athos?

ARAMIS. He is ill, sir. Very ill.

TREVILLE. Very ill, you say? What is he suffering from?

PORTHOS. (*Making a wild guess*) Smallpox?

TREVILLE. Smallpox! That's absurd. He's wounded, isn't he?

ARAMIS. Yes, sir.

TREVILLE. Damnation! Why do you feel it necessary to quarrel so readily with the Cardinal's guards? They would not allow themselves to be arrested, not they! A fine thing for the royal musketeers!

PORTHOS. (*Unable to hold it in any longer*) Sir, the truth is that we were attacked unawares. Two of our number were killed before we had time to draw our swords. Although Athos was severely wounded, he refused to yield. They left him on the battlefield to die, and we were dragged away by force, it's true, but we escaped.

ARAMIS. And I can assure you in addition that not all of the Cardinal's guards left the scene alive.

TREVILLE. (*His tone softening*) I see the Cardinal's version differs from the actual circumstances. I must speak with the King and enlighten him. (*Athos enters.*)

PORTHOS. Athos!

ATHOS. (*To Treville*) I understand you requested my presence. Have you any orders for me? I apologize for making you wait.

TREVILLE. My brave, foolish Athos. I was merely going to reiterate that I forbid my musketeers to risk their lives unnecessarily. The King needs brave men to serve as his musketeers, and I would hate to lose my best men in a bar room brawl.

ATHOS. Yes, sir.

TREVILLE. You three are dismissed. Athos, have your wound tended before you go. And all of you, please remember your first duty is to the King. (*They all bow and exit, leaving D'Artagnan alone with Treville.*)

D'ARTAGNAN. Um, sir?

TREVILLE. What? Oh, D'Artagnan! Pardon me, for I had entirely forgotten you.

D'ARTAGNAN. I understand. Your first duty is to the King, and that includes watching over his musketeers.

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TREVILLE. You're very discerning. But I should expect no less from your father's son. He is a good man. What can I do for you?

D'ARTAGNAN. As a memorial of your friendship with my father, I wished to ask from you the uniform of a musketeer. However, I realize that I am disadvantaged by the fact that my father's letter of introduction has been stolen from me.

TREVILLE. I had wondered why you undertook the long journey without such a recommendation.

D'ARTAGNAN. I promise you that when I next look upon the man who robbed me of my letter I will be avenged.

TREVILLE. Take my advice, D'Artagnan and do not go seeking duels.

D'ARTAGNAN. Sir, I came to Paris with my father's charge to fight whenever I can, never retreat. The scoundrel who stole from me shall pay dearly.

TREVILLE. I admire your courage and your candor. I am, however, unable to offer you a position in the musketeers at this time. His majesty allows no one to be received among the musketeers unless they have proven themselves in a campaign, performed certain brilliant actions or served for at least two years in a less favored regiment than the musketeers.

D'ARTAGNAN. Then I shall strive all the harder to be thought deserving of the musketeer's uniform.

TREVILLE. I have faith that you will achieve it. In the meantime, my friend, come see me at any time.

D'ARTAGNAN. Rest assured I will prove worthy. *(He bows)*

TREVILLE. Good day, D'Artagnan. I feel certain we shall meet again soon. *(He exits and D'Artagnan excitedly starts to run off, but he runs into Athos, who is entering.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Oh, pardon me. I didn't see you there. *(He starts off but is stopped by Athos' hand on his shoulder.)*

ATHOS. You didn't see me? And under that pretext you almost knock me over?

D'ARTAGNAN. I am sorry, and I did ask for your pardon. It is not as if I ran into you on purpose.

ATHOS. How rude! You are obviously a stranger here or you would be more polite.

D'ARTAGNAN. It is true I come from a great distance, but that does not grant you license to give me a lesson in manners.

ATHOS. I believe it does. Do you understand me?

D'ARTAGNAN. I do.

ATHOS. Behind the Luxembourg. Twelve o'clock. And take care that you do not make me wait on you.

D'ARTAGNAN. Rest assured that I will be on time. *(Athos leaves as Porthos enters with Musketeer 2. D'Artagnan rushes off and runs into Porthos, getting tangled in his cape, pulling it off.)*

PORTHOS. Are you mad that you throw yourself about this way?

D'ARTAGNAN. I must ask your forgiveness. It was an accident.

PORTHOS. Such an accident could only occur if you were running with your eyes closed!

D'ARTAGNAN. *(With a snicker)* Oh, my eyes are wide open, sir.

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MUSKETEER 2. As are mine. Perhaps an accident has befallen your shirt as well, Porthos. Such fine fabric!

PORTHOS. *(To D'Artagnan, aside)* You have caused me no small embarrassment with my comrade. You deserve a thrashing, boy.

D'ARTAGNAN. A thrashing? Your sentence is harsh.

PORTHOS. As becomes a man facing such impudence.

D'ARTAGNAN. Well, I can see that you wouldn't dare turn your back on it. *(Musketeer 2 snickers)*

PORTHOS. You bid the back of my hand with every word!

D'ARTAGNAN. Behind the Luxembourg then.

PORTHOS. One o'clock.

D'ARTAGNAN. Very well. One o'clock it is. *(Porthos and Musketeer 2 exit.)* Two duels! And I've not been in Paris a full day. *(Aramis and Musketeer 1 enter followed close behind by Mme. de Chevreuse and Mme. de Lannoy.)*

CHEVREUSE. Good morning, gentlemen.

ARAMIS. My dear Madame de Chevreuse. And the lovely Madame de Lannoy! How well you're both looking!

LANNOY. Oh, M. Aramis. Your compliments are too kind.

ARAMIS. How could I be anything but kind to ladies such as yourselves? How is her majesty, the Queen?

LANNOY. Ah, Monsieur! She is in excellent health.

CHEVREUSE. *(With a knowing laugh.)* And even better spirits.

ARAMIS. Please give her majesty my regards.

D'ARTAGNAN. Perhaps I should attempt to practice courtesy. From what I've seen of the musketeers, I should model myself after Aramis. He is obliging and even-tempered, yet no one would accuse him of being cowardly. *(As the ladies leave, Mme. de Chevreuse discreetly drops a handkerchief in front of Aramis. He puts his foot on it. D'Artagnan crosses to them.)* Good morning, gentlemen.

MUSKETEER 1. Good morning. *(They turn away from him.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Thinking the handkerchief belongs to Aramis, he retrieves it from beneath Aramis' foot (with some difficulty) and holds it out to him.)* I believe this is your handkerchief?

ARAMIS. You must be mistaken. I have my handkerchief here in my pocket.

MUSKETEER 1. *(Grabbing it from D'Artagnan)* What lovely embroidery! Which of your fine mistresses could this belong to?

ARAMIS. That is preposterous! I would never flaunt a lady's property with such flagrant disrespect!

MUSKETEER 1. And what a divine scent! I seem to recognize it. *(Aramis takes it.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Realizing he has made a mistake.)* Actually I didn't see the handkerchief fall from the pocket of M. Aramis. I only assumed it was his because he was standing on it.

ARAMIS. And you were in error. *(To Musketeer 1)* Strictly speaking, it could have fallen from your pocket just as easily as mine.

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MUSKETEER 1. It could have, but the scent of Madame de Chevreuse leads me to believe otherwise, and your face is quite red. *(He exits quickly)*

ARAMIS. That was a most ungentlemanly action, boy. Haven't you any breeding?

D'ARTAGNAN. I must apologize most profusely. I feel rather foolish!

ARAMIS. As well you should! You cannot think that people walk on handkerchiefs without good reason.

D'ARTAGNAN. You do me an injustice, sir, by refusing to acknowledge my apology. Do you seek a quarrel with me?

ARAMIS. Although I rarely quarrel, this is a serious affair, for you have compromised the reputation of a lady.

D'ARTAGNAN. Perhaps you would do better to conduct your love affairs in private.

ARAMIS. Such a saucy tone! You must learn how to conduct yourself better.

D'ARTAGNAN. So I've been told.

ARAMIS. Have you a favored spot where we can settle this matter?

D'ARTAGNAN. As you may gather, I am new to Paris. But I'm rather partial to the Luxembourg.

ARAMIS. Behind the Luxembourg at one o'clock.

D'ARTAGNAN. I've another appointment at one.

ARAMIS. At two then.

D'ARTAGNAN. Two o'clock. I shall not fail you. *(Aramis exits)* There is no escape. I am truly a condemned man. Three duels? I don't think my father intended for me to be quite this bold. Well, at least if I die I'll be killed by a musketeer.

Scene 2

Behind the Luxembourg. Athos is waiting for D'Artagnan, who after a pause enters, running breathlessly. The minute he enters, the clock strikes twelve.

ATHOS. I'm glad to discover you are punctual, although you look as if you've been running since I last saw you. My friends, however, are late. Surprising, since they are generally so conscientious.

D'ARTAGNAN. I have no seconds. Because I only arrived in Paris this morning I know no one.

ATHOS. I am sorry to hear it. I only wish my friends would arrive. Laggards!

D'ARTAGNAN. I don't object to the wait. As matters stand, you do me the honor to draw your sword against me while suffering from such a wound. It must be a great inconvenience.

ATHOS. Inconvenience? Upon my honor, it hurts like the devil! However, as I have done on many other occasions, I will use my left hand. I fight equally well with either, and if you aren't used to it, a left-handed opponent can prove quite trying.

D'ARTAGNAN. It is kind of you to acquaint me with these circumstances.

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ATHOS. Your manners are improving! If I don't kill you, we can look forward to a pleasant acquaintance. In the meantime, let us wait for... (*Seeing Porthos as he enters*) Ah, here is Porthos now!

D'ARTAGNAN. M. Porthos is one of your seconds?

ATHOS. Have you any objection to him?

D'ARTAGNAN. Of course not. (*Seeing Aramis as he enters*) Is that M. Aramis?

ATHOS. Ah, yes. He is the other of my seconds. We are called the Three Inseparables.

PORTHOS. (*To D'Artagnan*) I believe our appointment was for one o'clock. You are far too early, and I have other business to attend to right now.

ARAMIS. You have an appointment with this gentleman? He is who I am to fight.

D'ARTAGNAN. But not until two o'clock. I have two other duels scheduled before we can cross swords.

ATHOS. (*With a slightly amused air*) And mine is the first.

D'ARTAGNAN. And now that you are all arrived, permit me to offer my apologies.

(*Negative reactions.*) You misunderstand me. I wish to apologize because it's not likely that I shall be able to fulfill all of my obligations. M. Athos has the right to kill me first, which greatly decreases your challenge, M. Porthos, and makes yours, M. Aramis, practically worthless. That, gentlemen, is why I offer my apology. And now, M. Athos, I am at your disposal.

ATHOS. I shan't remove my doublet, for I do not wish to taunt you with blood from my earlier wound.

D'ARTAGNAN. That is most considerate. I will follow your example and fight in my doublet as well. (*He bows*) I am at your service.

ATHOS. As I promised you lessons in manners, the first must be brevity. Enough ceremony! On guard! (*They fight, Athos with his left hand. Both are good swordsmen, but Athos is clearly better.*) So you have faced a left-handed opponent before.

D'ARTAGNAN. My father, sir, was quite an accomplished swordsman and, as such, was equally skilled using both his right and his left hand, as well as....

ATHOS. (*He interrupts*) Lesson two: relevance in conversation. I don't care! (*They continue to fight. Athos loses the advantage. D'Artagnan drops his guard, concerned.*)

D'ARTAGNAN. My mother, known throughout Gascony for her remedies, has taught me of a poultice made of simple oils and herbs which I am sure....

ATHOS. (*Interrupting angrily*) Of this endless family tree, at least one must have warned you against dropping your guard. Lesson three: concentration! (*He lunges at D'Artagnan. They are pretty evenly matched, until Athos again succumbs to his wound,*

D'ARTAGNAN. (*Concerned*) Sir, I truly think it best were you to at least consider....

ATHOS. (*Incredulous*) What are you doing?

D'ARTAGNAN. Your arm, Sir. Obviously your wound is quite serious, and if you would allow me to look at it, perhaps....

ATHOS. (*Blowing up, completely exasperated.*) You suicidal lunatic! You are mad! Not only do you challenge the three best swordsmen in Paris, but you abandon your wits entirely

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while doing so! You simply cannot behave this way! You're in the middle of a fight! You are dueling! So duel! (*As Athos lunges, five of the Cardinal's guards, led by Jussac, appear.*)

PORTHOS. The Cardinal's guards!

ARAMIS. (*Overlapping*) Sheath your swords!

JUSSAC. Musketeers here! And in the midst of combat. You have forgotten the laws of this city?

ATHOS. You know we should not prevent you feuding in the same manner. Let us alone!

JUSSAC. I'm afraid you leave me no alternative. Sheathe your swords and come with me.

ARAMIS. M. de Treville has forbidden our accepting such indulgent invitations.

JUSSAC. We shall use force if you don't comply.

ATHOS. (*Aside to the others*) There are five of them, and we are only three. But I will die here ere I appear again before M. de Treville in disgrace.

PORTHOS. Agreed.

D'ARTAGNAN. You said you are only three. But I am a fourth.

PORTHOS. You're not one of us.

D'ARTAGNAN. I have not yet the uniform, but I have the heart of a musketeer.

JUSSAC. This doesn't concern you. I recommend you depart now.

ATHOS. (*After a short pause, during which D'Artagnan remains.*)

You, young man, are either very brave or very stupid. What is your name?

D'ARTAGNAN. D'Artagnan.

ATHOS. Well, then. Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, forward!

(*They fight. Aramis kills one man and fights off another. Porthos engages Bicarar.*

D'Artagnan takes on Jussac, and after wounding him goes to help Athos, who has been wounded again. They disarm his opponent about the same time that Aramis gains the advantage over his adversary. This leaves Porthos and Bicarar.)

PORTHOS. (*As the other three surround them*) Come now, Bicarar. You must know you are beaten.

BICARAT. Then here will I die.

JUSSAC. Surrender, you fool!

BICARAT. Never!

JUSSAC. Yield! Yield, I command you.

BICARAT. Oh, if you command me, that's different. One must obey one's commander. (*He sets down his sword.*)

ARAMIS. Now leave. All of you. (*The four left living limp off.*)

D'ARTAGNAN. And now, gentlemen, we can proceed.

ATHOS. What nonsense.

PORTHOS. I believe honor has been satisfied.

ARAMIS. We could not duel with one who has fought so bravely for us.

ATHOS. Come, let us go inform M. de Treville of our encounter with the Cardinal's guards before he finds out through other means. All for one!

ALL. And one for all! (*They exit*)

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Scene 3

A room in the castle. M. de Treville enters.

KING. My dear captain! Are you aware that his eminence has complained yet again about your musketeers? He's simply mortified. I must congratulate you!

TREVILLE. *(Somewhat surprised)* Thank you, your majesty.

KING. You are about to affirm that it is once again the Cardinal's guards who sought to quarrel with the musketeers, are you not?

TREVILLE. Well, sire, that is invariably the case.

KING. Tell me the facts of this last affair. Come now, a judge must hear both sides, and the Cardinal has told me his.

TREVILLE. Upon my honor, sire, three of my best soldiers, whom your majesty knows by name and who have often shown themselves wholly devoted to your service - three of my best soldiers, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, had made the acquaintance of a young volunteer, a Gascon I had introduced them to only this morning. They were arranging a party of pleasure - a picnic - near the Luxembourg when they were interrupted by Jussac, Bicarot and three other guards of the Cardinal. I leave your majesty to judge what five armed men could be doing in such a peaceful neighborhood.

KING. Hmm. And what were your men really doing there, Treville? Was it a duel?

TREVILLE. I cannot tell you that with any certainty. But sire, one of my men was wounded from a previous altercation, the Gascon was unknown to the Cardinal's guards and a mere boy at that.

KING. Indeed! Four men, of whom one was wounded, and another a boy.

TREVILLE. This boy held his own against five of the most formidable of the Cardinal's guards. Four of them were taken down, and it was he who wounded Jussac.

KING. Jussac was wounded by a boy? Impossible! Jussac is one of the best swordsmen in the realm!

TREVILLE. It seems Jussac has now found his master.

KING. What is this young man's name?

TREVILLE. D'Artagnan, sire. He is the son of one of my oldest friends, with whom I had the pleasure of serving the king your father in battle many years ago.

KING. Surely you brought these brave men with you so that I can receive them.

TREVILLE. They await your bidding in the antechamber.

KING. Bring them in. At once! *(Treville exits into the hall, returning with the musketeers and D'Artagnan.)* Come, my brave fellows! I must scold you! Four men brought down by your swords; at that rate, the Cardinal will have to renew his regiment every month. All of you have my deepest regard. I see an unfamiliar face in my midst. Come here, you, boy.

(D'Artagnan realizes he is being addressed and steps forward.) D'Artagnan, is it not?

(D'Artagnan nods) Are you the young man who gave that terrible wound to Jussac?

D'ARTAGNAN. I am, my lord.

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ATHOS. And if he had not rescued me from the hands of Bicarat, I would not be standing before your majesty.

KING. You are a brave man, D'Artagnan. I understand that the Gascons are always poor. *(He hands him a bag of money.)* Here is proof of my esteem. I look forward to offering you a musketeer's uniform someday.

D'ARTAGNAN. Thank you, your majesty!

KING. *(D'Artagnan and the musketeers forgotten.)* Come, Treville. Are you up for a game of chess?

TREVILLE. Sire, you know I look forward to our games with enthusiasm.

KING. *(As they exit)* Do not think, however, that I will be easy on you because of the accomplishments of your men. On the contrary, I feel somewhat bloodthirsty. *(Treville and the King are gone)*

D'ARTAGNAN. My friends, I am speechless! What a day this has been! I've never even seen such money!

PORTHOS. You must hire a lackey. And I daresay my tailor could do something about your wardrobe.

ARAMIS. You must also confirm your lodging. You mentioned a shopkeeper has a room for you?

ATHOS. I believe the first order of business is a good dinner and some fine wine.

D'ARTAGNAN. I agree with you all. Let's to my apartment. You'll join me for dinner, gentlemen?

ATHOS. With pleasure. Shall we go? *(They exit, D'Artagnan the last to leave. Constance enters and is startled to find the room occupied. Their eyes meet and linger a moment before she regains her composure and rushes out. He exits. Constance peeks in again. She motions for the Duke to follow her into the room.)*

CONSTANCE. I know not who the man was, but I'm certain he is gone now, your grace.

BUCKINGHAM. I will risk his return. At long last I am here to see the Queen, and nothing will prevent my doing so.

CONSTANCE. She will be here presently. *(After a pause, during which she regards him curiously.)* You love her, do you not?

BUCKINGHAM. More than life itself.

CONSTANCE. I only hope that I will one day love as you do. *(Louisa de Osorio, peeks in and then enters.)*

LOUISA. Her majesty, the Queen. *(Anne of Austria enters followed by Madame de Lannoy. She and Buckingham lock eyes, much like Constance and D'Artagnan did earlier. Buckingham throws himself at her feet and kisses the hem of her gown.)*

BUCKINGHAM. At last!

ANNE. You must have learned by now that I did not send for you. The letter which you profess to have received was not by my hand.

BUCKINGHAM. I know that now. But what else could I believe? The lover has to believe that his love is requited or he must give up all hope.

ANNE. I have never said that I love you.

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BUCKINGHAM. Neither have you said that you do not love me.

ANNE. This is foolishness! Why do you remain in this city? Your life is in danger every moment you tarry!

BUCKINGHAM. The danger is not in vain since I have seen your face.

ANNE. The connection - this...bond you desire with me can never take place. We are separated by more than just an ocean and the enmity of nations, but also by the sanctity of my vows. What you are asking for is sacrilege!

BUCKINGHAM. Is it not sacrilege to keep apart two hearts that God meant for each other? It has been three years since I first saw you, and for three years I have loved you. Where else can you find a love like mine - a love which neither time nor absence nor hopelessness can extinguish?

ANNE. Please...

BUCKINGHAM. I can relate to you every conversation we have had, the detail of every dress you have worn in my presence, and it is these memories which sustain me between meetings. Anne, I have been in your company only four times, and only once alone. My fondest memory is with you in the garden at Amiens.

ANNE. My lord! I must ask you not to refer to that evening. It was a mistake.

BUCKINGHAM. (*Firmly, correcting her.*) It was wonderful, was it not?

ANNE. You must forget what happened that night!

BUCKINGHAM. Rather I must savor it! Do you not remember how lovely a night it was? The air was perfumed with sweetness, the stars were like innumerable diamonds against velvet, and you were leaning on my arm. As I bent my head towards you to catch every word from your beautiful lips, I felt your hair brushing my cheek and I trembled through every vein. I would gladly give all I have for another moment like that!

ANNE. My lord, it is possible that I was swayed by the ambiance that evening and that you took advantage of the thousand circumstances in your favor. But you have caused the King no end of resentment because of your imprudent actions toward me. He himself opposed your returning to Paris as ambassador to France! Please, stop this foolishness. For my sake.

BUCKINGHAM. You say that only because you do not love me, Madame.

ANNE. I am the Queen of France!

BUCKINGHAM. And would you love me if you were not? Oh, say that you would! Let me believe the only thing keeping us apart is the dignity of your rank, that if you were not queen, there might have been hope for us!

ANNE. Alas, you have misunderstood me!

BUCKINGHAM. If it is a dream, be not so cruel as to correct an error that brings me such happiness. I have had visions of late that do not bring me joy.

ANNE. I have also seen visions. I dreamed I saw you wounded, bleeding.

BUCKINGHAM. With a knife in my left side?

ANNE. Yes, yes! But who could have told you my dream? I've spoken of it only to God in my prayers.

BUCKINGHAM. Would God send us the same dream unless we loved each other?

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ANNE. Oh, my God! My God! This is more than I can bear! You must withdraw! I don't know whether I love you or not; but I do know that I will never break my wedding vows. Please, have pity on me and leave Paris! You can return as an ambassador, with your guards to protect you, and then I shall gladly see you without fearing for your life.

BUCKINGHAM. Promise me that the next time I am in Paris that you will receive me. Give me a pledge, something of yours that I may cherish as I cherish you.

ANNE. If I do this, will you quit France immediately and return to England?

BUCKINGHAM Yes, I swear. *(Anne removes a strand of 12 diamonds from her neck, which she places in a small casket as she speaks.)*

ANNE. Keep these as a memorial of me. As long as they are in your possession, let them also be your pledge to keep peace between England and France. *(She hands the box to him.)*

BUCKINGHAM. I would declare war on the civilized world for a glimpse of your face, but I will honor this pledge. Your hand, Madame, and I leave you. *(She gives him her hand, which he kisses.)* I will behold your face again soon, my lady.

ANNE. Constance. *(She steps forward and escorts the Duke out. As soon as he's gone, Anne faints and Louisa and Mme. de Lannoy go to her.)*

Scene 4

D'Artagnan's apartment above Bonacieux's shop. Athos, Aramis and D'Artagnan have just finished a large meal.

ATHOS. Excellent! Quite excellent. My dear D'Artagnan, based on your choice of lodging and your selection of food for our repast, you seem to have the instincts of a musketeer.

ARAMIS. Agreed. You'll find that living over a grocer will provide you with unlimited advantages.

ATHOS. Grimaud! More wine! *(His servant, Grimaud, jumps up and serves him.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. I wonder what could be keeping Porthos.

ATHOS. It is rare that he would miss such a feast.

ARAMIS. No doubt his rendezvous took longer than he expected. The more money he exacts from his mistress, the more time he must spend with her. *(Enter Porthos and Planchet.)*

PORTHOS. Gentlemen, my sincere apologies. Madame was not in a generous mood this evening. *(Aramis gives D'Artagnan a look and they suppress a laugh.)* However, I have hired your lackey, D'Artagnan! As I crossed the bridge of Latournelle on my way here, I saw this fellow spitting into the river. Naturally I hired him on the spot. His name is...

PLANCHET. Planchet, sir.

PORTHOS. Planchet. Planchet, meet your new master.

PLANCHET. But I thought I was to serve you, sir!

PORTHOS. Don't be ridiculous! A man of my stature without a lackey? Bah!

D'ARTAGNAN. You can begin by assisting Grimaud. Refill my wine; then you are welcome to the bits we left. You will sleep on the floor.

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PLANCHET. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. *(He takes to his duties)*

ATHOS. One would think you had commanded servants all your life. Well done! *(A knock.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Enter! *(Enter Bonacieux nervously.)* Yes?

BONACIEUX. M. D'Artagnan?

D'ARTAGNAN. What is it, man?

BONACIEUX. I come on an urgent matter. May I speak freely before your guests?

D'ARTAGNAN. Absolutely. Go on.

BONACIEUX. Based on your actions this morning, I believe you are a very brave young man. I...I have need of your help.

D'ARTAGNAN. Out with it! Speak!

BONACIEUX. Well, sir, I have a young wife who is employed by the Queen. This evening when I went to meet her, as is our arrangement, she did not appear. It seems my Constance has been abducted.

D'ARTAGNAN. Abducted! By whom?

BONACIEUX. I know not who stole her away, but I know on whose account.

D'ARTAGNAN. Whose? Tell me!

BONACIEUX. Sir, you have the air of an honorable man and I feel I can trust you. My wife has been entrapped because of an amour of a much more exalted lady than herself.

ATHOS. Do you mean....?

D'ARTAGNAN. Could it be....?

BONACIEUX. Yes! The Queen!

D'ARTAGNAN. And the other party?

BONACIEUX. George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham.

D'ARTAGNAN. The Duke of.... How do you know this?

BONACIEUX. I know it from Constance, sir - from my wife herself. Since her majesty is all but ignored by the King and plotted against by the Cardinal, she has taken my wife into her confidence. When she came home last week, she informed me of a secret - that the Queen fears her enemies have forged a letter in her name to the Duke of Buckingham.

D'ARTAGNAN. But why?

BONACIEUX. To entice him to Paris; then when he is here, they will lead him into a trap. The Queen believes Cardinal Richelieu is behind it.

ATHOS. What is your wife's part in all this?

BONACIEUX. They know how devoted she is to the Queen. I'm sure they will attempt to seduce her into serving as a spy, or at least intimidate her into betraying her majesty's secrets.

D'ARTAGNAN. Do you know anything else that might help us find her?

BONACIEUX. Upon returning home I found this letter. *(Hands D'Artagnan a letter.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. "Do not seek your wife; she will be returned to you when she has exhausted her usefulness. Should you attempt to discover her whereabouts, prepare for a trip to the Bastile."

PORTHOS. It is a threat, that's all.

BONACIEUX. But this threat frightens me. We Bonacieux are not cowards, but I do fear the Bastile.

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D'ARTAGNAN. Wait a minute! Your name is Bonacieux? I know that name! I do.

BONACIEUX. We met this morning, sir.

D'ARTAGNAN. Did we?

BONACIEUX. I am your landlord.

D'ARTAGNAN. Oh! I thought the gentleman looked familiar.

BONACIEUX. Indeed. Seeing as you are always surrounded by such bold musketeers, I thought to persuade you and your friends to achieve justice for the Queen, thereby returning my Constance to me.

PORTHOS. Do we really want to risk our lives for a grocer's wife?

BONACIEUX. *(To D'Artagnan)* I would forget about the rent for as long as you wish to remain here.

D'ARTAGNAN. Splendid! And...?

BONACIEUX. Would fifty pistoles be of interest to you?

D'ARTAGNAN. We shall begin our strategy at once.

BONACIEUX. I will fetch you the money. And thank you, M. D'Artagnan! *(He exits)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Think on these things, my friends! An innocent woman is carried off and probably threatened, perhaps even tortured, merely for the sake of her devotion to her royal mistress!

PORTHOS. I question a woman of such inferior means becoming a confidential servant to the queen.

D'ARTAGNAN. Perhaps her majesty is wise to seek assistance from such a humble source.

ATHOS. Take care, D'Artagnan, that you do not become too interested in the plight of Mme. Bonacieux. Woman was created for our destruction, and from her all our miseries arise.

(There is a loud noise outside the door and Bonacieux rushes in.)

BONACIEUX. Help me! Oh, gentlemen, you must help me! The Cardinal's guards are come to arrest me! *(Aramis and Porthos stand and start to draw.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Wait, my friends. Perhaps this predicament would be better handled with discretion.

PORTHOS. You cannot allow him to be imprisoned!

ATHOS. Be quiet, Porthos. D'Artagnan has proven he is a resourceful fellow. Let him do what he feels is best. I, for my part, D'Artagnan, will do whatever you say. *(Enter several of the Cardinal's guards, who hesitate as they see the armed musketeers.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Come in, gentlemen. Welcome. We are all loyal subjects of the King and the Cardinal.

GUARD 1. Then you will not prevent us from carrying out our orders?

D'ARTAGNAN. On the contrary, can we be of any assistance?

PORTHOS. *(Aside)* What is he saying?

ATHOS. *(Aside)* Don't be stupid! Silence!

GUARD 1. This man is a traitor. Our orders are to take him to the Bastile.

BONACIEUX. Oh, God! The Bastile!

D'ARTAGNAN. A traitor? By all means, take him away!

BONACIEUX. *(Aside)* But you promised to help me!

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D'ARTAGNAN. *(Aside)* We cannot assist you in prison, and if we attempt to defend you they will arrest us as well. *(To the guards)* Gentleman, I have no reason to protect this man. I saw him today for the first time - when he came to demand the rent. *(To Bonacieux)* You miserly knave! You come to demand money of me, a gentleman! I hope they keep you under lock and key for a very long time. Perhaps when you are released I will pay you. *(To the guards)* Take him away!

GUARD 1. *(As they carry off Bonacieux)* Monsieur, we are most thankful for your assistance.

D'ARTAGNAN. I would do anything to service the King and the Cardinal. *(They are gone)*

PORTHOS. What the devil have you done D'Artagnan? A miserable creature, who implored the assistance of musketeers, has been arrested in our midst!

ARAMIS. I realize that I am only repeating what others have already established, but you are stupid, Porthos! D'Artagnan, you are a great man. All I ask is when you are in a position of power one day that you procure me an abbey.

D'ARTAGNAN. If I should ever see that day, you have my word.

PORTHOS. Athos, do you, too, approve of what D'Artagnan has done?

ATHOS. I not only approve of it, but I congratulate him!

PORTHOS. Perhaps I am stupid.

ATHOS. You are, so be silent! We have much to do.

ARAMIS. D'Artagnan, I can add more to that Bonacieux fellow's story about the Queen's predicament.

D'ARTAGNAN. Tell us!

ARAMIS. A...dear friend of mine....

PORTHOS. Translation - mistress.

ARAMIS. If you feel it necessary to make insinuations, I will tell you nothing.

D'ARTAGNAN. Gentlemen, please! Can we forego indiscreet joking? Go on, Aramis.

ARAMIS. My friend, like Mme. Bonacieux, is intimate with the Queen and has also heard of the letter sent in her majesty's name to trap Buckingham. I know moreover that he was at the palace today.

D'ARTAGNAN. If Mme. Bonacieux has been carried off, perhaps the Duke was taken as well.

ARAMIS. I have it from my...from a reliable source that he is safely out of Paris.

D'ARTAGNAN. Thank you, Aramis. I am confident your information will help us in this affair. Gentlemen, it's late. We must retire. Be watchful, for we are now in contention with the Cardinal.

ATHOS. Agreed. Come Porthos, Aramis. Tomorrow, D'Artagnan. *(He motions for Grimaud to follow and they all exit.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Planchet, you are now in the employment of a future musketeer and will find that devoted service is rewarded.

PLANCHET. Thank you, sir.

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D'ARTAGNAN. I will warn you that being my lackey will not always be an easy task. I have a feeling that very soon we shall enter into.... *(He is interrupted by Mme. Bonacieux, calling from off stage.)*

CONSTANCE. Hello? My darling, where are you? Why is it so dark in here? *(She enters, and as she lights a lamp, she is overtaken by two guards who have followed her into the shop below D'Artagnan's room. She screams)* Help! Oh, someone please help me! *(D'Artagnan rushes from his room and easily defeats one of the guards, who staggers out while the other one runs for his life. Constance has fainted, so D'Artagnan kneels next to her, surprised when he recognizes her from the palace. She jerks back into consciousness and is startled again when she realizes she isn't alone. Her eyes widen further when she recognizes him.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. It's all right. They've gone. Are you hurt?

CONSTANCE. No, only frightened. Who are you?

D'ARTAGNAN. I am D'Artagnan, my lady, and at your service.

CONSTANCE. Allow me to thank you for coming to my defense.

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Helping her up)* I have only done what any gentleman would have done in my situation. You owe me no thanks.

CONSTANCE. But I do! And I hope to prove to you that this service has not been for naught.

D'ARTAGNAN. Your sweet smile convinces me of that. *(They are still clasping hands. She pulls away.)*

CONSTANCE. What did those men want with me? And where is my husband?

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Hiding his disappointment.)* Madame, those men were the Cardinal's agents. As for your husband, if he be M. Bonacieux, he was this night taken to the Bastille.

CONSTANCE. The Bastille! Oh, dear God! What can he have done?

D'ARTAGNAN. I believe his only crime is having both the good luck and the misfortune of being your husband.

CONSTANCE. Misfortune! Oh, then you must know....

D'ARTAGNAN. Your husband was kind enough to share with me a letter sent from your abductor. He had hoped I could be of some service in finding you. How did you make your escape?

CONSTANCE. I climbed out the window. I had intended, through my husband, to intimate my adventures to the Queen and determine whether it would be safe for me to return to the palace.

D'ARTAGNAN. Allow me to go in his place.

CONSTANCE. I could not ask you to do that.

D'ARTAGNAN. I will execute any charge in the service of the Queen. Use me, therefore, as a friend.

CONSTANCE. Thank you. I will. But what is to become of me while you are gone?

D'ARTAGNAN. You can conceal yourself in my apartment. Upstairs. Your husband let it to me just this morning. I give you my word that you will be secure there. I will leave my servant on guard.

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CONSTANCE. I trust you. Now you must depart. *(She writes a note during the following)* Present yourself at the Louvre, on the side of the Rue de l'Echelle. Tell them you are to present this letter to M. LaPorte, the Queen's valet, on my authority. I have written our watchword on the outside of the letter. *(Hands him the note)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Go upstairs. I will return shortly. *(She goes into his apartment and shuts the door)* Planchet! Tell no one of Mme. Bonacieux's return and allow no one to enter my apartment while I am gone.

PLANCHET. Yes, sir. *(Planchet settles outside the door as D'Artagnan leaves.)*

Scene 5

Richelieu's chamber, the next morning. Cardinal Richelieu is alone. After a moment Rochefort brings in Bonacieux.

CARDINAL. Is this the Bonacieux?

ROCHEFORT. Yes, my lord.

CARDINAL. Very well. Leave us.

ROCHEFORT. Your eminence. *(Rochefort bows and leaves.)*

BONACIEUX. *(Aside)* His eminence the Cardinal! I am surely doomed!

CARDINAL. *(After looking at Bonacieux for a moment.)* You are accused of high treason.

BONACIEUX. That is what they have told me, my lord! But I give you my oath, I know nothing about it!

CARDINAL. You have a wife, M. Bonacieux.

BONACIEUX. Yes, sir. That is to say, I had one. You see, someone has carried her off, sir!

CARDINAL. Where is she?

BONACIEUX. I have just told your eminence that she has been carried off.

CARDINAL. Yes, you have.

BONACIEUX. *(Realizing that the Cardinal is aware of her abduction.)* I am undone! Alas, my Constance must have committed some horrible crime and you suppose me to be her accomplice. Am I to be punished with her? If she is guilty of wrongdoing, I renounce her! Oh, my God, have pity on me! How I fear the Bastile!

CARDINAL. Your wife has escaped.

BONACIEUX. Escaped! Oh, the wretch! My lord, if she has escaped, I assure you it is not my fault!

CARDINAL. You have conspired with your wife, with Madame de Chevreuse and with George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham.

BONACIEUX. I can admit I have heard my wife mention those names.

CARDINAL. What has your wife told you? I advise you to tell the truth.

BONACIEUX. Oh, your eminence! I am ready to tell you the truth about everything! Everything, that is, that I know. Question me, I beseech you!

CARDINAL. *(Very slowly and patiently)* What has your wife told you?

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BONACIEUX. She has said...she has on several occasions said that Cardinal Richelieu was conspiring against the Queen.

CARDINAL. Has she?

BONACIEUX. She has also said that your eminence had enticed the Duke of Buckingham to Paris. She has said that you planned to destroy him and the Queen.

CARDINAL. *(Almost amused)* Good heavens. She said that?

BONACIEUX. Yes, she has said that, but, my lord, I told her that she must be mistaken, that I did not for an instant believe what she said. I know that your eminence is incapable....

CARDINAL. Hold your tongue. You are a babbling fool!

BONACIEUX. She has said that, too!

CARDINAL. Is it your belief that these accusations against me are fabrications?

BONACIEUX. Oh, absolutely, your eminence! Completely false!

CARDINAL. And you would go to any lengths to protect my good name?

BONACIEUX. Yes, my lord! I am your devoted servant!

CARDINAL. *(After a moment when the Cardinal appears to give the matter some thought.)* My friend, you have been unjustly suspected in this business. Give me your hand, and accept my apology. Forgive me.

BONACIEUX. You're taking my hand and calling me friend and I am to forgive you, my lord?

CARDINAL. Yes, my friend, yes. You are a worthy fellow.

BONACIEUX. Worthy? I? But you had every right to have me arrested, and I deserve to be kept here and tortured, hanged! Forgive you? You cannot mean that!

CARDINAL. *(Magnanimous)* Ah, but I do. You, M. Bonacieux, are most generous to feel that way. *(Handing him a bag filled with money)* Please, you must take this bag, and then you will not leave here displeased over your harsh treatment. Are we in agreement?

BONACIEUX. *(Looking into the bag)* Oh, your eminence! I am at your command!

CARDINAL. And perhaps this will console you in the absence of your dear wife. I fear that she is being sadly misled, and I, like you, am concerned for her wellbeing. I do hope that you will share with me the comforting news of her safe return. You will find that loyalty is well rewarded.

BONACIEUX. I can see that! I swear to your eminence that the Cardinal has my undying loyalty.

CARDINAL. Excellent. Farewell until our next meeting.

BONACIEUX. *(Bowing and backing out of the room, his words fading down the hall.)* Thank you, your eminence! Oh, thank you! I have been touched by the hand of the great man himself! Long live his eminence, the Cardinal! *(Richelieu shakes his head, then goes to another door. He opens it and speaks to the unseen person there.)*

CARDINAL. I hope you were not inconvenienced having waited for me, but I have just acquired a very devoted informant. *(Enter Milady)*

MILADY. Yet another on an endless list.

CARDINAL. It is refreshing, however, to deal with one of intelligence. I often underestimate your cleverness because it is so perfectly masked by your beauty.

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MILADY. Shamelessly veiled compliments? Richelieu, you waste my time and I have other engagements.

CARDINAL. You have returned much sooner than I expected.

MILADY. The excursion to London was unnecessary. They have met.

CARDINAL. The Queen and the Duke? (*She nods.*) Already? Where?

MILADY. At the Louvre. Madame de Lannoy, as you well know, is completely devoted to your eminence. She is also a trusted reference of mine.

CARDINAL. How did this meeting come to pass?

MILADY. Queen Anne was with her ladies when she was brought a message from the Bonacieux woman. The Queen visibly paled and asked all but Mme de Lannoy and that Spanish woman to leave her. They went to one of the receiving rooms and the Duke was waiting.

CARDINAL. We have been beaten then.

MILADY. Not entirely. The Duke took with him a small rosewood casket containing a certain strand of twelve diamonds.

CARDINAL. Those were given to her by the King on behalf of the people of France. Excellent! This means I still have the means to ruin the Queen in the eyes of the King. His majesty shall discover I am simply indispensable to him. I will triumph!

MILADY. Unless this manly display requires my demure admiration, I shall be on my way.

CARDINAL. By no means. You, my dear, must return to our original plan and set off for England.

MILADY. To what purpose?

CARDINAL. Be present at the first ball the Duke attends upon his return. He will be wearing the diamonds. Your charge is to get close to him and cut off two of them.

MILADY. Not an easy task, your eminence. The Duke of Buckingham regards me as an adversary.

CARDINAL. (*Touching her cheek somewhat seductively*) You have made colder men your victims. As soon as the diamonds are in your possession bring them to me.

Scene 6

The Louvre, later that afternoon. M. de Treville and King Louis XIII enter in good spirits.

KING. I say, Treville, what an excellent hunt! I had feared after your miserable loss to me at chess yesterday that you were losing your touch, but I am relieved to discover I was mistaken.

TREVILLE. My lord, I admit to being distracted when we played, what with all the trouble between my men and the Cardinal's guards.

KING. Of late I hear only fine reports of the musketeers.

TREVILLE. Thank you, sir. I have also been informed that the shopkeeper who houses young D'Artagnan was arrested late last night but that D'Artagnan and his friends are not involved in the matter.

The Three Musketeers

KING. That young man strikes me as the sort who would not allow himself to get involved with the petty problems of his landlord.

TREVILLE. *(He knows the whole story and his agreement is a little too strong.)* I quite agree, sire! I am pleased that you hold him in such high esteem. *(Enter Musketeer 2)*

MUSKETEER 2. Your majesty, Cardinal Richelieu is here.

KING. Splendid! Ask him to join us! *(Musketeer 2 exits)*

TREVILLE. Sire, I don't wish to intrude....

KING. Nonsense! *(Musketeer 2 enters with Cardinal Richelieu)*

MUSKETEER 2. Cardinal Richelieu. *(He exits)*

KING. My dear Richelieu! How is your poor Jussac? I heard he took quite a beating from M. de Treville's new protégé.

CARDINAL. *(Seething)* He shall soon be recovered, my liege.

KING. I am glad to hear it. Treville, I wanted to reassure you of Jussac's health before you left. I know it was of concern to you.

TREVILLE. *(Bowing, subtly enjoying Richelieu's embarrassment.)* Thank you, your majesty. Good day to both of you. *(He exits)*

CARDINAL. Sire, now that we are alone, I have some serious news. The Duke of Buckingham has been in Paris for five days and left it only this morning.

KING. *(A complete change of countenance)* The Duke of Buckingham in Paris! What business has he here?

CARDINAL. He has no doubt been plotting with your enemies.

KING. Plotting, rather, against my honor with Mme. de Chevreuse and Anne's other confidantes.

CARDINAL. Oh, Sire, what an idea! The Queen is devoted to you.

KING. Ha! I should have banished Marie de Chevreuse from Paris altogether rather than merely dismissing her from the Queen's household. And I shall. At once!

CARDINAL. Nevertheless, I maintain that the Duke's motives are entirely political.

KING. And I am just as certain that he came here for personal reasons involving the Queen.

CARDINAL. I find the mere suspicion of such a thing quite repugnant. But if you insist, we must consider it. Madame de Lannoy did inform me that the Queen has today been writing letters.

KING. That confirms it! She is writing to him. Richelieu, I must read those letters.

CARDINAL. How can we possibly obtain them?

KING. I shall order her rooms searched and if nothing is found, her person.

CARDINAL. Your majesty, we are discussing Anne of Austria, Queen of France!

KING. That only makes her deception more serious. I will have those letters!

CARDINAL. Shall I call one of my guards to carry out this search? M. de Bicarat was my escort today and awaits me in the antechamber.

KING. Send for him immediately. *(The Cardinal goes to the door and calls)*

CARDINAL. Bicarat! The King is in need of your services. *(Bicarat enters and bows)*

BICARAT. What is your will, my lord?

The Three Musketeers

KING. Send the Queen to me. Inform her first that in my name you are to search her rooms for her papers.

BICARAT. I will, sire.

KING. If none are to be found, you must return here and seek them upon her person.

BICARAT. As you wish. *(He bows and exits to get the Queen.)*

CARDINAL. Your majesty, the Queen may refuse to obey.

KING. She would not dare to refuse my orders! *(Musketeer 2 enters and begins to announce the Queen.)*

MUSKETEER 2. Her majesty, the....

ANNE. *(He is interrupted by the entrance of the Queen and Mme. de Lannoy.)* What is the meaning of this man's examination of my papers? Do you believe I conceal secret documents? I have nothing in my apartment which I would be ashamed to show your majesty.

KING. Hmmph! *(Bicarat enters, followed by Louisa de Osorio.)*

BICARAT. Your majesty, I found nothing.

KING. Then you must make the principal search. *(He turns away from them)*

ANNE. And what is that?

CARDINAL. His majesty believes you have written a letter that has not yet been forwarded to its destination. As it was not to be found in your apartment, it must be on your person. M. de Bicarat has orders to retrieve it. *(He joins the King.)*

ANNE. *(To Bicarat)* Would you dare to lay your hand upon your queen?

BICARAT. I am a faithful subject of the King, madame and today an instrument of his royal will. Anything his majesty may order, I shall execute. I seek my lady's pardon, but I must have the letter.

ANNE. The Cardinal's spies have served him faithfully. I have written a letter today. It is here. *(She indicates her bosom.)*

BICARAT. I am authorized to seek this document on the person of your majesty. The King commands it.

ANNE. No, I will not endure it! I would rather die!

BICARAT. Then you must be more compliant, madame. *(Anne looks defiantly at him, and Bicarat, after a hesitant glance toward the King who remains with his back to them, starts to reach for the Queen's bosom. At the last minute she removes the paper from her bodice.)*

ANNE. Take it! Take the letter from me and so too from your loathsome presence. *(She staggers into the arms of Mme. de Lannoy and Louisa de Osorio as Bicarat delivers the letter to the King, who eagerly reads it.)*

KING. Well, Richelieu, you were right and I was wrong. This is a letter to her brother, the King of Spain, asking him to declare war on France and to make your dismissal a condition of peace. Be assured that everyone mentioned in this letter shall be punished as they deserve - even the Queen herself.

CARDINAL. God forbid that her majesty should be harassed on my account! You should rather be pleased, Sire, that you have obtained proof of her innocence.

KING. She is still my enemy, and yours, and has caused me to become decidedly angry.

The Three Musketeers

CARDINAL. The Queen may be my enemy, but she is not yours. She is, on the contrary, your devoted wife. You must admit to her that you were wrong to suspect her of impropriety.

KING. I make the first overture?

CARDINAL. *(He appears to think for a moment.)* What better way to heal this breach between you than giving a ball in her honor! You know how much the Queen loves to dance.

KING. Such entertainments bore me.

CARDINAL. The Queen will be that much more grateful. It will also enable her to wear those beautiful diamonds, which you gave her. She has, after all, had no opportunity to wear them.

KING. *(He thinks, then goes to Anne.)* Anne, I must chide you for such a letter.

ANNE. Sire, please tell me what is in your heart. What have I done? What crime have I committed? It is impossible that you should make all this disturbance about a letter to my brother.

KING. Madame, I have decided to give a ball in your honor. I desire your presence at this ball, adorned in your finest and wearing the diamond studs given you on behalf of the people. That is my answer.

ANNE. How...lovely. I am honored, sire. When...when shall this ball take place?

KING. *(Looking to the Cardinal for assistance.)* Very soon, Madame.

CARDINAL. Two weeks from now. And I so look forward to seeing the diamonds I and all of France have heard so much about. I only fear they will lack brilliance compared to your beauty.

ANNE. Thank you, Your Eminence.

KING. Well, that is that! Thank you, Madame. *(He exits, Richelieu following after a knowing look to the Queen.)*

ANNE. I am lost! The Cardinal knows everything.

LANNOY. Can I do anything to help, my lady?

ANNE. Leave me, both of you.

LOUISA. But your majesty....

ANNE. Go, I beg you! *(They bow and leave her. She begins sobbing uncontrollably. After a moment, Constance enters. She sees the Queen and rushes to her.)*

CONSTANCE. Is your majesty quite all right?

ANNE. Who is there? *(Recognizing her)* Constance! How relieved I am that you are safe! And Buckingham? Did he....

CONSTANCE. He is on his way back to England.

ANNE. *(Losing control)* Oh, my God! My God!

CONSTANCE. It is the diamonds, is it not? Has the King discovered that they are missing?

ANNE. No, but the Cardinal knows all. I am undone! Surrounded by traitors on all sides! *(Grabs Constance)* Let me look into your eyes. May I trust in you?

CONSTANCE. Oh, Madame! Doubt me not. By the blessed name of the Virgin, I swear to you that there is no one more devoted to your majesty than I. Have confidence in me.

ANNE. What is to be done?

CONSTANCE. Someone must be sent to the Duke. You must have the diamonds.

The Three Musketeers

ANNE. But who? Who? I can trust no one!

CONSTANCE. The young gentleman who escorted me to the Louvre this afternoon is an honest, faithful servant of your majesty. He will do anything I ask in your name.

ANNE. I must entrust my reputation, my honor, my very life to your hands?

CONSTANCE. You must, Madame. I would die for your sweet sake.

ANNE. Your young man must set out immediately.

CONSTANCE. He will depart within the hour. *(The Queen goes to a desk and writes. Hands her the letter.)*

ANNE. This letter must be delivered to my Lord Duke of Buckingham in London.

CONSTANCE. It shall be given to no one but himself.

ANNE. Do this and you will have saved my life and my honor.

CONSTANCE. Oh, your majesty! Do not exaggerate the service I have the privilege to render you. I am your servant, Madame, and it shall be done. *(She bows and exits.)*

Scene 7

D'Artagnan's apartment above Bonacieux's shop Bonacieux is putting his bag of money into a cabinet when D'Artagnan enters.

BONACIEUX. Such haste! What has happened?

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Surprised to see him.)* M. Bonacieux! You have escaped?

BONACIEUX. *(Proud of his association with Richelieu.)* Escape was not necessary. I was released by the Cardinal himself.

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Instantly on his guard.)* The Cardinal!

BONACIEUX. He told me that my wife has been conspiring with the Queen against him. That is the reason she was arrested.

D'ARTAGNAN. He told you that?

BONACIEUX. He did. He informed me that she has escaped! He fears for her safety.

D'ARTAGNAN. As you do, I am sure.

BONACIEUX. *(Flustered)* Yes! As I do! Of course! *(Attempting cleverness.)*

Had you made any progress in locating her while I was imprisoned?

D'ARTAGNAN. Although my friends and I have made numerous inquiries, we have learned nothing. And I am afraid that for the next fortnight, we will be unable to assist you in your search. We shall be visiting the waters of Forges. Athos' health, you see. But perhaps when we return....

BONACIEUX. I feel certain the Cardinal shall discover her whereabouts before that time. His...our concern for my dear wife is great. I miss her so. He gave me this bag of money to console me in her absence. *(Caressing the bag.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Mildly sarcastic)* Indeed. With so much well-placed concern for your wife, her fate is assured. Well, if you will pardon me, I must prepare for our journey. *(He goes to his room to find Aramis waiting. Planchet is asleep in the corner.)* Aramis, my friend! *(Handing him a letter from Treville, during which time Bonacieux also exits.)*

The Three Musketeers

ARAMIS. What is this?

D'ARTAGNAN. It is from M. de Treville. The leave of absence which you requested.

ARAMIS. I requested no leave of absence. What does this mean?

D'ARTAGNAN. It means you must look agreeable and take it. Pack what you may want for a fifteen days' journey, for we must be gone.

ARAMIS. I cannot leave Paris at present! D'Artagnan, you remember the lady whose honor you compromised - was it only yesterday?

D'ARTAGNAN. Is this lady the same friend with connections to the Queen?

ARAMIS. It is.

D'ARTAGNAN. Marie de Chevreuse, is it not?

ARAMIS. I know not how you are acquainted with that information, but I must ask you, since you know so many things, do you know what has become of her?

D'ARTAGNAN. I must presume she has fled Paris.

ARAMIS. Without saying anything to me?

D'ARTAGNAN. She was probably in fear of being arrested and dared not involve you. There is in all likelihood a letter awaiting you explaining the circumstances of the King's newfound wrath toward her.

ARAMIS. D'Artagnan, you give me new life! I must go at once and see if the letter you predict awaits me.

D'ARTAGNAN. When you return, we shall set off for England.

ARAMIS. For what reason?

D'ARTAGNAN. You shall soon know the reason, Aramis, but for the present, I shall imitate your discretion.

ARAMIS. I will put my trust in you. *(After a pause.)* You haven't mentioned my connection with Mme. de Chevreuse to anyone, have you?

D'ARTAGNAN. To no one in the world. *(Aramis seems about to express his appreciation when Athos enters.)*

ATHOS. Can you explain to me the meaning of this letter I received from M. de Treville?

D'ARTAGNAN. Regarding your fortnight leave? It means you must go with me.

ATHOS. I take it we are not going to the waters of Forges. Is this journey in the King's service?

D'ARTAGNAN. Either his or the Queen's. Are we not servants of both?

PORTHOS. *(Entering)* When did M. de Treville begin granting leave to the musketeers without their asking for it?

D'ARTAGNAN. Since they acquired friends who ask it for them.

PORTHOS. Ah! Something's afoot, is it not?

D'ARTAGNAN. Is it? We must be off.

PORTHOS. But where are we going?

D'ARTAGNAN. To London.

PORTHOS. Whatever shall we do there?

D'ARTAGNAN. I cannot tell you that, gentlemen. You must simply trust me.

PORTHOS. But to go to London requires money, and I at present have none.

The Three Musketeers

ARAMIS. Nor I.

D'ARTAGNAN. Be easy, my friends. *(They go downstairs and D'Artagnan takes the money Bonacieux received from the Cardinal).* The Cardinal has thoughtfully provided us with the means for our journey. Let us divide what is here. *(They begin to divide it out.)* This should be quite enough to go to London and back. But I fear not all of us will reach London.

ATHOS. We are about to undertake a rather dangerous campaign, then.

PORTHOS. Since we'll be risking our lives I, for one, would like to know the purpose of this expedition.

D'ARTAGNAN. Does the King give you reasons? He tells you to go and fight and you go. I can promise you that it is for a noble cause, but gentlemen, do not trouble yourselves with the reasons.

ATHOS. D'Artagnan is right. M. de Treville has granted our leaves of absence and we have three hundred pistoles. Let's go and be killed! Is life worth so many questions?

ARAMIS. D'Artagnan, we are at your command.

D'ARTAGNAN. I am the bearer of a letter. I have not, and cannot make, three additional copies of this letter since it is sealed, so we must travel together. The letter is here, in this pocket. *(He points to the pocket.)* If I am killed, one of you must take it and continue the journey, and so on. As long as one of us arrives, that is all that is necessary.

ATHOS. Let us travel fully armed and arm our servants with pistols as well.

ARAMIS. That sounds an excellent plan.

D'ARTAGNAN. Meet at Athos' house in half an hour and we shall set off. *(Athos, Porthos and Aramis exit. D'Artagnan runs upstairs.)* Planchet! *(Planchet jerks awake and jumps up.)*

PLANCHET. Yes, sir? Did I miss something, sir?

D'ARTAGNAN. We leave for England in half an hour.

PLANCHET. Half an hour? England! But why...?

D'ARTAGNAN. There is no time for questions. Just get the rest of my things together. *(Planchet does so. D'Artagnan runs back downstairs as Constance enters.)* Constance! You should not be here!

CONSTANCE. I do still live here, sir, but if you must know, I wanted to be sure you departed safely.

D'ARTAGNAN. Your safety is of more concern to me at present. Constance, your husband.... *(He pauses, not wanting to inform her that her husband is a traitor.)* Your husband....

CONSTANCE. He is dead, is he not? They killed him on my account! *(She starts to go a little hysterical.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Oh, no! Your husband lives. In fact, he has been released.

CONSTANCE. Released? But how?

D'ARTAGNAN. I know not how to tell you other than to blurt it out. Your husband is a traitor to the Queen.

CONSTANCE. I don't believe you!

D'ARTAGNAN. *(Showing her the Cardinal's bag.)* The Cardinal gave him 300 pistoles for his loyalty.

The Three Musketeers

CONSTANCE. My husband, a cardinalist. The Judas!

D'ARTAGNAN. You are not safe here, Constance. I fear your husband would have no qualms about turning you back to the Cardinal's guards.

CONSTANCE. What is to become of me? *(During D'Artagnan's next line, Bonacieux returns, hiding and listening.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. I swear by my love for you that you will be safe. Three of the King's musketeers and I will be departing for England in minutes. We shall deposit you at the Louvre. You must inform the Queen of your predicament here.

CONSTANCE. Perhaps her majesty knows of a place where I can go into hiding.

D'ARTAGNAN. And you can leave word at the palace where I may find you when we return.

CONSTANCE. I will. Depend upon it; her majesty will not prove ungrateful for what you are about to undertake. Always remember that you serve the Queen.

D'ARTAGNAN.

The Queen, and you! Be assured, my beautiful Constance, that I shall return worthy of her gratitude. But shall I return worthy, also, of your love? *(She hesitates a moment and then nods. They kiss, tenderly. As they break, looking soulfully into each others' eyes, Planchet rushes down the stairs.)*

PLANCHET. D'Artagnan, sir! We must be off! *(He pauses when he sees Constance.)* Good day, Madame. Um, sir?

D'ARTAGNAN. Right you are, Planchet! Come, my lady. What fun to save the Queen with the Cardinal's money! *(They exit. Bonacieux rushes to the cabinet where the money was.)*

BONACIEUX. Aagh! My money! You faithless whore! Thief! It will serve you right when the Cardinal has you arrested. And there will be no escape this time! I must go tell his eminence of this young upstart's trip to England. *(He exits.)*

Scene 8

An Inn. The room is empty, save one man alone at a table. He appears to be drunk. The four gentlemen enter.

MAN 1. Good day to you, gentlemen.

ARAMIS. And to you, sir.

PORTHOS. You, wench! Bring us wine! *(A nervous looking young girl serves them drinks. Toasting the drunk man.)* To your health, sir!

MAN 1. And to yours! *(They all drink.)* Let us drink to the Cardinal's health!

PORTHOS. I should desire nothing better, providing, sir, that you will drink to the King's health.

MAN 1. I recognize no King but his eminence.

PORTHOS. You, sir, are a drunken ass.

MAN 1. I? An ass? *(He draws his sword. The bar maid screams and runs off.)* You shall regret that!

The Three Musketeers

ATHOS. Porthos, that was foolish! Finish this quickly and follow us as fast as you can. Come, gentlemen. *(They exit as Porthos and the man fight. Porthos is eventually wounded.)*

Scene 9

The Louvre

CONSTANCE. So you see, your majesty, why I do not wish to let my husband know where I am.

ANNE. LaPorte tells me that since your return he has been inquiring after you several times daily. I believe your fears regarding his loyalties are legitimate. He no doubt intends to help Cardinal Richelieu add to his circle of spies by entrapping you.

CONSTANCE. Oh, my lady! I shall never allow that to happen!

ANNE. I shall not allow it, either. Let me contact my friend, Mme. de Chevreuse. She will assist us in eluding the Cardinal to place you safely in a convent. Until that time, you shall see no one but Louisa de Osorio and me. I no longer trust any of my other ladies.

CONSTANCE. Thank you, your majesty.

Scene 10

On the road, not far from the inn where Porthos was left.

ARAMIS. But why did that man attack Porthos, rather than the rest of us?

ATHOS. Porthos, being more verbose than anyone else, was taken for the leader.

D'ARTAGNAN. He would have joined us by now if all had gone well.

ATHOS. It is my opinion that, in the combat, the drunkard grew sober. Now we are three. *(Some men, apparently working on the road, stop them.)*

MAN 2. The bridge is washed out ahead. You may not pass.

D'ARTAGNAN. We are in haste. Surely there is a way across.

MAN 2. You did not comprehend me. You may not pass. *(They fire their muskets.)*

ARAMIS. It is an ambush! D'Artagnan, you and Athos get the horses and carry on! *(D'Artagnan and Athos exit quickly while Aramis fights as best he can until he is wounded by a musket ball.)*

Scene 11

Just outside of Paris. Mme. de Chevreuse is pacing alone. She starts when Constance enters.

CHEVREUSE. Madame Bonacieux?

CONSTANCE. Yes, and you are Madame de Chevreuse. I recognize you from your visits to the Louvre.

The Three Musketeers

CHEVREUSE. Alas, I have been unable to visit the Queen in some time, since the King banished me from Paris. How does she? I have only her letters which are smuggled to me.

CONSTANCE. Her majesty is well, but sad, I think. All the people she loves and trusts are being taken from her.

CHEVREUSE. And you are another, poor child. Come, we must leave here. We are expected in Bethune, where a convent of Carmelites awaits you. *(They exit.)*

Scene 12

Another inn, the next morning. D'Artagnan, Athos, Grimaud and Planchet finish their breakfast and prepare to set off again. The innkeeper tidies the room.

D'ARTAGNAN. Planchet, go see to the horses. Athos and I shall settle with the innkeeper and join you momentarily.

PLANCHET. Yes, sir. *(He exits.)*

ATHOS. *(To the innkeeper.)* You, sir. This is a fine establishment. I commend you sir! *(He hands him some money.)* This should be more than adequate to compensate you for our stay.

INNKEEPER. It is indeed, sir! I am most appreciative! *(He looks closely at the money, turning it over in his hands.)* You thieving wretch! These coins are false!

D'ARTAGNAN. What?

INNKEEPER. I shall have you arrested! You and your companions are passing forged coins! *(He pulls his sword.)*

ATHOS. You rascal! I will cut off your ears! *(Athos and Grimaud attempt to fight back but the innkeeper manages to push them into the cellar. As Athos closes the trap door to fend off the innkeeper's blows, he calls to D'Artagnan.)* I am seized! Away with you, D'Artagnan! Ride on! Ride on! *(D'Artagnan exits.)*

Scene 13

The convent at Bethune.

CHEVREUSE. It is here that we must say good-bye.

CONSTANCE. Oh, Marie! *(The two ladies hug.)* Please promise you will write to me!

CHEVREUSE. I promise.

CONSTANCE. I am afraid to write to her majesty for fear of being discovered here, but I hope to hear of her through you. Please give her my love.

CHEVREUSE. I shall. You are very dear to the Queen. Your knowledge of her affairs coupled with her affection for you justifies the secrecy surrounding your stay here. I only hope all of our efforts to protect you are not in vain. *(A nun enters.)*

NUN. Mistress Bonacieux?

CONSTANCE. I am she.

NUN. Come with me, my dear.

The Three Musketeers

CONSTANCE. Good-bye, Marie! Let me hear from you! Often! (*Mme. de Chevreuse exits.*)
NUN. What an ordeal you have been through, my dear! Rest assured that you will be safe here.

Scene 14

The harbor at Calais. D'Artagnan is upset and Planchet is trying to calm him down.

PLANCHET. But, sir, if the captain says that he cannot take you on board without an order signed by the Cardinal, there is nothing you can do about it.

D'ARTAGNAN. There must be a way to acquire one of those permits. Let me think for a moment.

PLANCHET. My philosophy is that the head and the heart are ruled by the stomach. You will think better after a meal, sir. We haven't eaten all day. If it pleases you, M. D'Artagnan, I'll be off in search of some nourishment for us.

D'ARTAGNAN. Thank you, Planchet. That is an excellent idea. (*Handing his money bag.*)

PLANCHET. Thank you, sir. I shall return shortly. (*He exits.*)

D'ARTAGNAN. To make it this far only to be foiled by the Cardinal after all! A signed order needed to cross over to England! (*He hears voices off stage and hides. It is Rochefort and Jussac, entering.*)

JUSSAC. I look forward to meeting this Gascon again, Rochefort. I owe him a sound scourging for embarrassing me with the Cardinal.

ROCHEFORT. If you had allowed me to finish him off during our first encounter, Jussac, we would not be in this position. (*D'Artagnan reacts upon hearing their names.*)

JUSSAC. True, but it will be nice to see Milady again. Of late, I have not had the pleasure of her company nearly as often as I would like.

ROCHEFORT. This is no time for one of your liaisons! In case you have forgotten, I must escort Milady back to Paris posthaste, and your orders are to stop D'Artagnan from reaching England.

JUSSAC. I have not forgotten. My duty is always first to his eminence.

ROCHEFORT. Good. There she is. I thought that was her ship docking as we arrived. (*D'Artagnan tries to see who they are referring to, but Milady is cloaked and he can't see her face. She enters.*)

MILADY. How charming! Two of the Cardinal's most handsome guards here to greet me! I understood you would be alone, Rochefort.

JUSSAC. Are you not happy to see me?

MILADY. On the contrary, I am delighted! The journey back to Paris may prove to be an adventure of a different sort.

ROCHEFORT. Jussac will not be accompanying us at this time.

MILADY. Pity. May I ask why?

ROCHEFORT. A young Gascon is on his way to Buckingham, we believe to retrieve the Queen's diamonds. Jussac is to ensure that he does not reach London.

The Three Musketeers

MILADY. While I was in London visiting my dear brother, I danced with the Duke of Buckingham. *(She produces a small box, which she opens for them. It is two diamonds.)* A souvenir. I hear they once belonged to a queen.

ROCHEFORT. Two of the diamonds. Excellent! The Cardinal will be pleased. Come, we must be off.

MILADY. As you wish. *(To Jussac, giving him her hand.)* Jussac, I invite you to call on me when you return to Paris.

JUSSAC. I would be honored. *(Kisses her hand.)* Until then.

ROCHEFORT. Inquire after him here in Calais. If he has been here, board the next boat for England. Do you have the Cardinal's permit? *(D'Artagnan, who is still listening, shows a deeper interest.)*

JUSSAC. *(Patting his pocket.)* I do.

ROCHEFORT. Find him! *(Milady and Rochefort exit one way and Jussac watches them go. Then he starts off the other direction. D'Artagnan follows him, wielding a big stick much like the one Jussac used to knock him out in the first scene.)*

END OF ACT I

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