

THE MUSKETEERS III

Episode One

Spoils of War

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YELLOW PAGES SCRIPT

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1

EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. BATTLEFIELD. DAY 1.

1

Out of darkness: the boom of cannon, the clash of swords and shouts of fighting men. Growing louder, then hard cut into:

The chaos of battle - and we are right in the middle of it - kinetic, harsh, brutal - the shots come like musket fire.

Now through the smoke we see a MUSKETEER on horseback careering towards us, his uniform, scarred and torn - ATHOS is the rider, bloodied, muddy - grim determination - beside him sixty French Infantry soldiers charge towards the enemy with pikes and swords. The rest of the battalion, decimated, lie dead or wounded.

Three SPANISH CANNON, each with three loaders, announce their presence on a raised edge of the battlefield. In front of them the SPANISH TERCIO of ONE HUNDRED MEN, pikes at the ready, muskets picking off their FRENCH ATTACKERS. The cannon booms!

ATHOS

Forward!

The cannon booms again. The ground trembles. The impact behind the FRENCH ATTACKERS propels mud and debris into the air, which rains down onto the battlefield. ATHOS is thrown from his saddle amongst dead and dying MEN. He forces his head up, disoriented, bleeding. Sees TWO SPANISH PIKEMEN running straight at him. ATHOS takes the arm suddenly reaching down to him and is pulled up: D'ARTAGNAN. From nowhere, PORTHOS crashes in and takes out the SPANISH PIKEMEN.

ANGLE: the Spanish cannon roars. PORTHOS, D'ARTAGNAN and ATHOS retreat:

D'ARTAGNAN

The artillery have no ammunition -
no powder -

PORTHOS

Second battalion are gone. We have
nothing left to throw at them -

ATHOS grabs a riderless horse - mounts it. He turns the horse towards GENERAL LANTIER and the CHIEF ADJUTANT, who are on a ridge overlooking the skirmish.

PORTHOS (CONT'D)

Captain?

ATHOS

Hold your position -

ATHOS rides towards the ridge. PORTHOS glances at D'ARTAGNAN and they both look across at the cannon battery -

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. EDGE OF THE BATTLEFIELD. RIDGE. DAY 1.** 2

GENERAL LANTIER, a sly-looking individual with a weak chin. Beside him, the CHIEF ADJUTANT. ATHOS rides in - blood and anger clotted on his face -

GENERAL LANTIER
What the devil are you doing here?
Get back to your men.

ATHOS
My men are being butchered - you're
sending sword against cannon -

GENERAL LANTIER
You will hold your line at all
costs, Captain Athos. We have to
take the field.

ATHOS
Our cannon are useless - where is
the powder we were promised?

GENERAL LANTIER
The supply wagons did not arrive.
You will have to advance without
artillery support.

ATHOS
There won't be a man left alive -

GENERAL LANTIER
You are soldiers - the King's own
Regiment. Now go out there and DIE
for him.

That tips ATHOS over the edge - right in the GENERAL's face:

ATHOS
That is your strategy? To watch
good men slaughtered?!

GENERAL LANTIER
Return to your men Captain or I
will have you court-martialed -

With a look of angry disgust ATHOS turns his horse and rides back. The GENERAL shuffles uncomfortably -

CUT TO:

3 **INT. EDGE OF THE BATTLEFIELD. GENERAL'S TENT. DAY 1.** 3

Moments later. The GENERAL comes into the tent, takes a flask from his jacket and takes a long draught. *The pressure telling, he's feeling it* - then -

Stepping out of the shadows: a large man clothed in black, black eyes, face scarred and pock-marked like a landscape after a battle. *An angel of death.* The GENERAL drops the flask.

GENERAL LANTIER
Grimaud. Impossible. You can't be here -

A second man [VOISARD] steps into the tent behind him, cutting off his retreat. GRIMAUD steps towards LANTIER and violently grabs his arm. GRIMAUD reaches out and VOISARD hands him a MEAT CLEAVER. The GENERAL shrinks away in fear.

GENERAL LANTIER (CONT'D)
I will get you your money - I swear it -

GRIMAUD
You think you can hide from me?
Even on a battlefield I will find you -

He grabs the spluttering GENERAL, slams his hand onto the table and brings the MEAT CLEAVER down across the GENERAL's hand! [We don't see this - the speed, brutality and reaction should be quite enough]. Blood splashes the GENERAL's face as he cries out -

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. BATTLEFIELD. DAY 1.** 4

Meanwhile. The cannon booms again. ATHOS rejoins PORTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN -

ATHOS
Musketeers to me!

The remaining thirty FRENCH TROOPS muster around him.

ATHOS (CONT'D)
We are on our own. Knock out those cannon and the battle is won.

PORTHOS
We need a plan -

D'ARTAGNAN
ATTACK!

He charges towards the TERCIO and the cannon behind. PORTHOS looks at ATHOS.

ATHOS
I hate it when he does that.

And he and PORTHOS charge after D'ARTAGNAN -

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. BATTLEFIELD. CANNON BATTERY. DAY 1.** 5

Suddenly charging at the SPANISH line through the smoke and chaos: three men - D'ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS, ATHOS, swords raised - leading the last of the FRENCH INFANTRY.

The SPANISH can't believe what they are seeing. Are they insane? It's suicide! The Spanish muskets fire off a round. A few FRENCH SOLDIERS drop -

ANGLE: PORTHOS' shoulder pad takes a ball and flies off - but he's still coming - D'ARTAGNAN and ATHOS with him! The two opposing forces meet, pikes lock. D'ARTAGNAN ducks under the opposing pikes, slicing at the SPANISH PIKEMEN's legs. The SPANISH PIKEMEN go down in a line. PORTHOS smashes through the gap created, ATHOS follows - and they're in.

The remaining FRENCH INFANTRY engage the SPANISH TERCIO to the front while D'ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS and ATHOS, having broken through the rear, scale the earthen cannon emplacement.

D'ARTAGNAN throws himself onto the surprised GUNNERS of one of the cannon - sword flashing this way and that -

PORTHOS takes on the SECOND GUN TEAM and ATHOS the THIRD GUN TEAM.

ATHOS is trying to make a shot with his pistol - he's seen the powder barrels next to the gun emplacement - but the SPANISH SOLDIERS are attacking him. He shouts to PORTHOS:

ATHOS
The powder -

ANGLE: PORTHOS gets it. He looks around and sees a HUGE SPANISH SOLDIER holding a loaded rifle. PORTHOS lunges for him and the two men grapple, a battle of wills and brute strength over the rifle. At first the barrel is in PORTHOS' face - the SPANIARD's finger feeling for the lock - drawing it back ready to fire -

With a massive effort PORTHOS forces the barrel away from him and towards the powder. The SPANIARD can see what he's trying to do and tries to pull PORTHOS back. PORTHOS knocks him down with the butt of the rifle - swings around -

And shoots!

CRACK! The powder barrel explodes! A chain reaction of explosions.

WIDE: As the smoke clears, there are BODIES and MEN everywhere, the surviving SPANIARDS routed. PORTHOS is on his knees, exhausted, spent. ATHOS helps him to his feet -

ATHOS (CONT'D)
d'Artagnan?

ANGLE: a mound of five or six SPANISH bodies. ATHOS and PORTHOS drag them aside and D'ARTAGNAN looks out - grins. ATHOS and PORTHOS pull him up. We see the SPANISH GENERALS turn and leave the field -

ATHOS (CONT'D)
It's over.

Until the next time. Their relief is tempered with sadness as they look out over the battlefield - so many dead, dying.

ATHOS has found an intact bottle amongst the SPANISH supplies - he breaks off the neck - offers it to PORTHOS who takes a drink - immediately spits out the wine - *urgh!*

PORTHOS
Spanish.

D'ARTAGNAN and ATHOS can't help but smile - and we -

CUT TO: TITLES

6 **OMITTED** 6

7 **EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. BATTLEFIELD. DAY 1.** 7

We pick up ATHOS at the gun emplacement. His eyes are drawn down to the bodies on the battlefield and the carrion birds descending.

There's a figure standing there: hat down and black coat billowing in the wind, *a huge crow gloating over the dead.* ATHOS' eyes narrow -

Through the last wisps of powder smoke lingering in the valley, the MAN IN BLACK steps amongst the fresh and bloody bodies. He breathes in the scene. *This is my place.*

Lucien GRIMAUD is at home here.

Something shiny catches his eye. Chases off a rook and bends down over a broken body. Two rings on the man's open hand. *Enticing.* Deftly GRIMAUD slips the rings from the fingers and delicately wraps them in an expensive silk handkerchief -

Then he rises, a shadow against the sun, and turns directly towards the spy on the ridge:

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. EDGE OF THE BATTLEFIELD. RIDGE. DAY 1.**

8

ATHOS, blinded by the sun, cannot see the man's face. He blinks. *What kind of a creature is this?* The question hangs in his mind as he sees D'ARTAGNAN and PORTHOS helping lift bodies into the back of a cart for burial.

ATHOS

The man - on the field -

D'ARTAGNAN and PORTHOS look. Nothing but the dead.

PORTHOS

Only the crows have any business down there. Help me -

D'ARTAGNAN helps him lift a body into the cart.

D'ARTAGNAN

I'd give anything to be back in Paris right now -

And we sharply -

CUT TO:

9 **INT. PARIS. COUER DE LION INN. PARLOUR. DAY 1.**

9

Meanwhile. Crack! Fist crunches against the flesh and bone of a young MUSKETEER CADET's face [his name is CLAIRMONT]- a second blow - then another -

WIDE: the dingy room is filled with smoke and a highly animated crowd, some wearing RED GUARD shirts, others wearing the uniforms of CADET MUSKETEERS.

Cajoling, encouraging, two figures stripped to the waist in a makeshift ring, bare-knuckle fighting -

Welcome to Paris.

The man pummelling CLAIRMONT is CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX of the RED GUARD. He takes another swing - to a huge roar from his supporters. The YOUNG CADET takes the punch and goes sprawling down. His bruised and battered face hits the wooden floor and blood spatters from his mouth -

Find: a roaring fire at the side of the room. Beside it a tall, thin figure sits up in a high backed chair, beside him a table with a large glass of port. At first we see only his boots: the right one built up slightly at the sole; the tip of an ebony cane tapping against it. Then to the table, as a hand flicks the jewel of a locket ring open. He taps the contents of the compartment - one last fine slice of opium resin - into the glass.

Governor PHILIPPE ACHILLE FERON, raises the glass to his lips and drinks off the wine. He takes the hit - his dark eyes register the faintest hint of relief as his hungry eyes eat up the carnage in the ring -

CLAIRMONT is being dragged to his feet by his friends, water thrown over him - dopey, punch drunk, staggering - he has obviously had enough -

MARCHEAUX meanwhile is eager to continue - held back by his own side. He turns to FERON. *The gladiator to his emperor.*

FERON

Finish him.

MARCHEAUX pushes forward and throws his punch -

And a hand interjects - holding MARCHEAUX's fist firmly in mid-air. The figure behind it steps forward: TREVILLE.

TREVILLE

You want to fight so badly - I can send you to the front -

And standing alongside him: CONSTANCE, her anger and indignation obvious -

CONSTANCE

Isn't there enough violence and brutality in the world without this?

FERON's disdainful look is barely disguised. TREVILLE pushes away CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX's fist. The crowd meanwhile continues to bay. FERON pulls himself to his feet, a little painfully. The crowd opens as he steps in. Everyone falls silent. TREVILLE sees him, shakes his head -

FERON

A little innocent amusement,
Minister Treville. Nothing more.

TREVILLE

I should have guessed you'd be
behind this Feron.

FERON

Come now - the Red Guard and the
Musketeers have always maintained a
healthy rivalry.

The CADETS help CONSTANCE with the battered CLAIRMONT.
Jeering from the RED GUARD.

CONSTANCE

(in FERON's face)
They are cadets! And you pit them
against trained soldiers!

FERON

(playing to the crowd)
This one really *does* need more
training. Run along boy and hide
behind the skirts of Madame
d'Artagnan -

Laughter from the RED GUARD. CONSTANCE is incensed.
TREVILLE's look to her is firm. *He'll deal with this.*

TREVILLE

Being Governor of Paris does not
give you the right to treat the Red
Guard as your personal brawling
bullies.

CONSTANCE

They terrorize and persecute the
people -

FERON

We are at war. This city breeds
rebellion and insurrection. The Red
Guard are all that stand between us
and anarchy.

(to CONSTANCE)

Now why don't you take your infant
Musketeers, go home and tuck them
in nicely. It must be near their
bed time.

Beat, as they eyeball each other. CONSTANCE and the YOUNG
CADETS help the beaten CLAIRMONT towards the door. TREVILLE
follows. The RED GUARD cheer. FERON smiles -

CUT TO:

10

INT. EDGE OF THE BATTLEFIELD. GENERAL'S TENT. DAY 1.

10

Later. ATHOS strides into the command tent, PORTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN with him. CHIEF ADJUTANT turns to them -

CHIEF ADJUTANT
What do you want here?

PORTHOS
(in his face)
We lost half our regiment because we didn't have the support we were promised -

D'ARTAGNAN
Good men - wasted -

CHIEF ADJUTANT
You don't understand -

ATHOS goes to the table: papers, everything splashed with blood.

CHIEF ADJUTANT (CONT'D)
He sent me for maps - to trace the route of the artillery supplies. Then I saw him riding away. I'm sure it was not of his own volition-

ATHOS turns to PORTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN -

ATHOS
Show us -

The CHIEF ADJUTANT gestures to the map on the table -

CHIEF ADJUTANT
The weapons transport was last reported on the road from Douai. It's only a few miles from here.

PORTHOS
Douai?

CHIEF ADJUTANT
The General rode in that direction.

D'ARTAGNAN has found something in the corner of the tent -

D'ARTAGNAN
Not all of him -

They look: the GENERAL's severed hand -

ATHOS
(to D'ARTAGNAN)
Find some horses -

PORTHOS
(stopping him)
Why are you so bothered about
Lantier? He didn't much care about
us - out there -

ATHOS
He is still our commanding officer.

PORTHOS doesn't like it. But he follows ATHOS and D'ARTAGNAN
to get the horses -

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. FOREST EDGE. DAY 1.** 11

Later. Amongst the trees and scrub of the mountainside, a
figure scabbles along an incline. A YOUNG MAN, 17, excited,
looks out over the valley:

LUC can see the aftermath of the battle below - *the promise
of adventure and heroism* -

Behind him a group of five CHILDREN (including a six year old
girl MARIE) - smudged faces, sticks in hands - scabble to
look out -

LUC
There - you can see the troops
moving. The battle is over. See the
banner there - a French victory!

The CHILDREN immediately start to play at 'sword fighting'
with their sticks. LUC stands up, laughing. We see now he is
wearing a roughly-made padded tunic in the military style
with a *fleur-de-lis* amateurishly embroidered on it -

LUC (CONT'D)
Who will you be, Marie?

MARIE
Porthos!

MARIE swings her stick, excitedly -

LUC
I'll be d'Artagnan -

LUC takes up a stick, bows his head in salutation and
playfully starts to do 'battle' with the other children -

Then pushing through the brush: a figure in a long sackcloth
robe. At first we only see him from behind - and witness the
effect his arrival has on the children.

They realise his presence and all stop playing, throwing down the sticks. All but LUC, who stands defiant -

REVERSE: ARAMIS stands before them, frowning -

ARAMIS
I told you not to come this way -

LUC
We wanted to see the battle -

ARAMIS
War is not a game. Come - all of you - quickly -

He is anxious to protect them. The CHILDREN join ARAMIS. ARAMIS sees LUC's tunic, shakes his head.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)
When we get back you will take that off.

LUC
Don't talk to me like I'm a child.

ARAMIS
Then don't behave like one. It is time for your lessons. Hold my hand, Marie -

LUC
How could you ever understand? You're only a monk.

Reluctantly, he joins ARAMIS and the CHILDREN and they walk back into the trees. LUC however hears something approaching on the road nearby. He hangs back -

CUT TO:

12 **EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. ROAD. DAY 1.**

12

Moments later he's looking out over the road, watching a wagon helmed by an ARMED GUARD making its way. He smiles. SOLDIERS. A weapons transport.

GENERAL LANTIER
Stop!

LUC is as amazed as the SOLDIERS to see a bedraggled figure appear on the road ahead of them. He is wearing the uniform of a General of the French army but seems to be in a bad way, pale, weak, staggering. Blood on his tunic and running down his arm from his badly bandaged hand -

GENERAL LANTIER (CONT'D)
No further -

The weapons transport halts and one of the accompanying troops - a SERGEANT - goes to speak to the GENERAL, salutes -

SERGEANT

General Lantier. What are you doing here Sir? We have the powder consignment - we broke a wheel on the road -

(sees his trussed up hand)

General, you're injured -

GENERAL LANTIER

Salute a superior officer!

(the SERGEANT does)

And the rest of you! Do as I say!

As the nonplussed SOLDIERS salute, LUC watches as a group of RAIDERS including VOISARD step forward from the cover of the treeline, pistols raised -

VOISARD and the RAIDERS shoot, cutting down the SOLDIERS. It's a massacre. LUC's mouth drops -

It's all over in a moment. Suddenly realizing the danger he is in, LUC starts to move away, but he slips and tumbles out into full view of the RAIDERS. VOISARD has spotted him, draws his pistol. LUC is paralysed -

Meanwhile, from the treeline, ARAMIS has returned. He sees the carnage and LUC standing in the open with VOISARD coming towards him. ARAMIS, mind turning, pulls back. Surely he's not going to leave him? But in a moment he has gone.

VOISARD walks towards LUC, pistol aimed squarely at him -

VOISARD

Don't move -

LUC stares, hypnotised. *He has seen what this man is capable of.* The tension reflected on his face. Then suddenly -

ARAMIS

There you are, Luc -

VOISARD and LUC look: ARAMIS, holding MARIE in his arms, stands at the edge of the trees with the CHILDREN.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

Excuse us gentlemen. I am sorry if the children's play has disturbed you.

VOISARD turns, looks for GRIMAUD. ARAMIS just catches sight of a figure standing in the shadow of the trees.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

We must return to the monastery. Quickly Luc -

LUC goes to follow -

VOISARD

Hold -

ARAMIS

They are so young and excitable.
They never pay attention to
anything that is going on around
them.

(pointedly)

They see nothing.

VOISARD lowers his pistol. LUC joins ARAMIS and the CHILDREN
and they start to move away, hearts in their mouths. Close:

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Look straight ahead. Slowly now,
don't run -

A tense, slow walk - past the watching RAIDERS - past the
bodies of the dead SOLDIERS. Finally they turn the corner -

GRIMAUD steps out of the treeline and watches them go. The
GENERAL, holding his agonizing arm, goes up to GRIMAUD -

GENERAL LANTIER

For God's sake - I have done what
you wanted. Take the weapons. Sell
them. I must have a surgeon -

GRIMAUD merely turns to VOISARD:

GRIMAUD

The monastery must be close. We
hide the powder there until I
contact the Spanish buyers -

VOISARD nods.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. ROAD [FURTHER ALONG]. DAY 1.

13

ARAMIS takes a moment to look back. They are out of sight of
the RAIDERS. He hurries the children along -

LUC

(still shocked)

The soldiers - those men just shot
them down. We cannot leave them -

ARAMIS

Luc -

LUC

You may have no stomach for it -
but there might be men left alive -

ARAMIS

(firmly)

You are frightening the children.

LUC looks over at the CHILDREN, realises ARAMIS' priority. He nods and they hurry quickly on -

CUT TO:

14

INT. LOUVRE. COUNCIL CHAMBER. DAY 1.

14

Meanwhile. TREVILLE is standing at the council table in full flow. Several NS COUNCIL MEMBERS and MAGISTRATE BELLAVOIX (whom we shall see more of in Episode 2). The King's chair is noticeably empty.

TREVILLE

The Red Guard are out of control. They persecute and brutalize ordinary citizens while the real criminals run free. Governor Feron must impose discipline on his men and order on the streets -

The committee shuffle uncomfortably. Looming behind TREVILLE: FERON.

FERON

Am I late? Not as late as the King obviously.

(sits in the King's chair)

But then His Majesty seldom stirs before two these days.

It is difficult to get comfortable, every movement a small anguish.

FERON (CONT'D)

Please Treville - go on. You were saying something has to be done and I'm not doing it.

TREVILLE

The list of things you're not doing, Feron, gets longer by the day.

FERON

It is a little early to be challenged to a duel, Treville. Even of words.

(looking around)

Is there no refreshment? A man might die of thirst -

A ROYAL FOOTMAN brings wine and glasses on a tray -

MAGISTRATE BELLAVOIX

It's not just the Red Guard.

FERON shoots him a look. *Careful.*

MAGISTRATE BELLAVOIX (CONT'D)

Parts of Paris are becoming
ungovernable. Thieves, cut-throats,
usurers - and they describe
themselves as men of commerce.

Under the table FERON flicks open his locket ring. Nothing
inside. *Annoying.*

FERON

As long as they pay their taxes,
surely their commerce is their own
affair -?

TREVILLE

Even if it is extortion? Murder?

FERON

There is always a market for that.
As the King has once again decided
not to grace us with his presence,
I suggest we adjourn.

The other COUNCIL MEMBERS seem to agree. FERON gets up.

TREVILLE

I am not finished -

FERON

Perhaps not now but soon I'm sure.
Another day Treville. Another day.

And with a sly look FERON goes out. The other COUNCIL MEMBERS
follow. MAGISTRATE BELLAVOIX exchanges a wry look with the
fuming TREVILLE -

CUT TO:

15

INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CHAPEL. DAY 1.

15

Meanwhile. The room is spare and functional. ARAMIS is with
the ABBOTT.

ARAMIS

We should leave the monastery
immediately. For the sake of the
children -

ABBOTT

The children, yes. It is past the
hour for their lessons, brother.

ARAMIS

With the greatest of respect
Abbott, I do not think you realise
the danger -

ABBOTT

The children have lost their homes and their families, yet you seek to take their last refuge from them. The conduct of the war is no concern of ours.

ARAMIS

These men were not soldiers. What I saw on the road was cold-blooded murder. We cannot protect ourselves here. Not alone.

ABBOTT

We are never alone, brother. We have the best protection of all. God watches over us.

ARAMIS

I have seen violent men like this before -

ABBOTT

You live too much in the world. And in your own past.

ARAMIS

I have given my life to God -

ABBOTT

Yet you tend your beard as another might a rose bush. And here you are speaking like a soldier again.

ARAMIS

Forgive me, Abbott - you do not understand -

ABBOTT

I think I do. I have grown very fond of you over these last few years, Aramis. Your company pleases me. But your soul is still as restless and confused as it was the day you arrived here. You have been looking for something you may never find in a life of contemplation.

ARAMIS takes in his words. *He knows.*

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Trust in the will of God. You question it too easily. If these men come here then we shall welcome them with God's love. His will be done. Now attend to your charges.

ARAMIS holds the ABBOTT's look then turns away. *He cannot let this happen.*

CUT TO:

16

INT. LOUVRE. QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM. DAY 1.

16

Meanwhile. CLOSE: a small hand knocks down an entire regiment of wooden toy soldiers. The five year old DAUPHIN looks up at his mother, the QUEEN and her guest, TREVILLE. They are taking chocolate -

ANNE

No, no - that is not the way to play. Take care of your soldiers-

ANNE smiles, she can see TREVILLE's brooding on something -

ANNE (CONT'D)

There is something bothering you. Come, we are old friends - perhaps I can be of some assistance?

TREVILLE

The King has not attended the last five council meetings. We can't get anything done without his presence.

ANNE

I am afraid the King's mind is focussed entirely on our son.

DAUPHIN

PAPA!

LOUIS is at the door. TREVILLE stands, bows. The DAUPHIN runs towards the KING and throws himself into his arms. LOUIS falls back into a chair, next to the door -

LOUIS

How is my little man today? Have you defeated the Spanish?
(arch look to TREVILLE)
If only our own troops were as effective -

ANNE

Minister Treville had hoped to speak with Your Majesty -

FERON steps into the room behind LOUIS -

FERON

Let the King alone, Treville. Can't you see he has more important business at hand?

TREVILLE can't believe it. *Him again.*

LOUIS
Nothing is more important than my
son -
(to the DAUPHIN)
And what is the one thing every
good King must learn to do as soon
as he possibly may?

The DAUPHIN thinks - it's quite hard -

DAUPHIN
Ride!

LOUIS
That's it! You are so very clever
(to TREVILLE)
He takes after me -

LOUIS claps his hands, the doors swing wide and a SERVANT leads in a SMALL PONY. LOUIS takes the reins and hands them to the highly excited DAUPHIN. ANNE can't believe what she's seeing.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Isn't he a beauty? Your own little
charger -

ANNE
Please Louis - you can't bring that
animal in here -

LOUIS waves her away -

LOUIS
Nonsense.
(to the DAUPHIN)
You see, Philippe and I picked out
the very best one for you.

FERON's smug look infuriates TREVILLE. LOUIS leads the DAUPHIN and the pony outside -

TREVILLE
You cannot distract the King
forever Feron. Sooner or later I
will have my say.

FERON
That is your problem, Treville. You
never stop having your say. Is
anyone really listening?

TREVILLE bows to ANNE, withdraws quickly -

ANNE
Minister Treville - ?

FERON

Ah, chocolate - you must have known
I was coming -

He goes to help himself. ANNE stares after TREVILLE,
concerned.

CUT TO:

16A **EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. DAY 1.**

16A

GRIMAUD, VOISARD and his MEN approach the monastery gates
with the weapons transport carts.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. COURTYARD. DAY 1.**

17

Later. The hammering on the gates. ARAMIS looks out of the
door of the chapel and watches as the ABBOTT walks across the
courtyard, opens the peephole in the gate -

Outside: GRIMAUD, VOISARD and his MEN, with the weapons
transport carts.

GRIMAUD

We seek shelter, brother. We were
attacked on the road -

ABBOTT

(to two FRIARS)
Open the gates -

They draw the gate lock -

ARAMIS sees VOISARD come inside first with several RAIDERS -
he hurriedly withdraws behind the door, watching as best he
can through the crack in the door jamb - he sees only flashes
of a MAN IN BLACK, his head down and back to him, conversing
with the ABBOTT. Tantalizingly he never sees his face. *Who is
he?*

The carts are brought into the courtyard and the gates shut
behind them -

GRIMAUD

You have a room I can use?

ABBOTT

The monastery is at your disposal.

He gestures to a door off the courtyard, then sees the
RAIDERS, all holding rifles or swords -

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

I do not understand. You say you
were attacked. Have you any
wounded?

GRIMAUD fixes him with his cold stare.

GRIMAUD

There will be others coming.
Spanish soldiers.
(MORE)

GRIMAUD (CONT'D)

Keep your counsel, do as I say and
we will leave you in peace -

ABBOTT

What is the meaning of this
deception? What is it you are
carrying?

The ABBOTT draws back a corner of the tarpaulin looks in: the
barrels of gunpowder -

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

You cannot bring gunpowder into a
sanctuary of God. You must leave.
This moment. Open the gates -

But the FRIARS are stopped by armed RAIDERS.

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Stand aside. I will do it -

The ABBOTT steps forward. A flash of steel as GRIMAUD draws
his blade - and thrusts it hard under the ABBOTT's rib-cage -

From his hiding place ARAMIS watches in horror as the ABBOTT
slumps to the ground, dead -

GRIMAUD

(to VOISARD)

Detain the friars in the chapel. If
any resist, kill them. Bring the
General to me -

GRIMAUD strides towards the ABBOTT's quarters.

From his hiding place, ARAMIS watches. Still, he cannot see
GRIMAUD's face as goes inside. VOISARD brings forward GENERAL
LANTIER and pushes him towards the ABBOTT's quarters. The
other RAIDERS start to round up the FRIARS. ARAMIS turns -

LUC (now wearing only a rough, loose shirt, not the tunic) is
standing behind him. *Like a reproach.*

CUT TO:

18

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. COURTYARD. DAY 1.

18

Meanwhile. A cart filled with bags of vegetables and crates
of fruit has drawn up at the gate. CONSTANCE is arguing with
the TRADER who is making the delivery. CADET CLAIRMONT, his
face bruised and eye black, is at the stables on work detail
with another NS CADET.

CONSTANCE

I'm not paying that!

TRADER

You don't understand how the market works -

CONSTANCE

Don't take me for a fool just because I wear a skirt. It's almost twice what I paid last week. This is no better than robbery.

TRADER

I got to make a living too. Pay my supplier -

CONSTANCE

Yes and I know who. Lucien Grimaud. Well, I don't want him or you anywhere near the Garrison. Take your goods and get out!

She turns away -

TRADER

You're making a mistake. You won't find anyone cheaper. Not now.

CONSTANCE

Are you still here? I said OUT!

She starts to usher him out. The TRADER leads the cart out of the Garrison gate and away. CONSTANCE turns -

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Clairmont? With me -

CLAIRMONT comes over -

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

We're going shopping.

CLAIRMONT nods -

CUT TO:

19

EXT. PARIS. STREET MARKET. DAY 1.

19

Later. The threadbare market stalls reflect the growing shortages - the threadbare PEOPLE queuing at shop fronts and stalls even more so. CONSTANCE and CLAIRMONT are making their way through the busy street -

CONSTANCE

Grimaud has a stake in all the Paris markets now. There must be someone left who won't pay his inflated prices.

CLAIRMONT
And if there isn't?

CONSTANCE
I won't let the Garrison starve,
Clairmont.

But CLAIRMONT's attention is drawn ahead of them. CONSTANCE follows his gaze:

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX and a group of RED GUARDS are pushing through the queuing PEOPLE outside a shop. CLAIRMONT bristles, a hand to his sword. CONSTANCE stops him.

CLAIRMONT
The Musketeers kept them in check
before the war.

CONSTANCE
Before the war seems a long time
ago. And you are not a Musketeer.
Not yet.

They watch as CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX pushes through the queuing PEOPLE. A SHOPKEEPER bringing a small barrel of apples from inside walks into MARCHEAUX, who strikes him down with his billy-club. The SHOPKEEPER crashes to the ground - the barrel falls, apples spill out across the street. PEOPLE start running for them, scavenging, but the other RED GUARDS push them out of the way, stamping on the fruit. Someone shouts 'PIGS!' CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX turns slowly -

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX
Which one of you spoke?

No one moves. CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX grabs an OLD BEGGAR WOMAN and strikes her. CLAIRMONT goes to help the OLD BEGGAR WOMAN while CONSTANCE gets into MARCHEAUX's face -

CONSTANCE
You are animals!

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX
Not that I'd touch you with a ten
foot pole. But open your mouth
again and I'll beat one person at a
time until you learn to mind your
own business.

CONSTANCE
You can't get away with this -

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX strikes down an OLD MAN in the crowd - and turns to CONSTANCE, hand to his ear - *say again?*

Shocked, CONSTANCE can see the way things are going. She has no choice, she turns away. CLAIRMONT follows. As she goes:

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX

Runs the Musketeers Garrison - wife
of a war hero - yet still she
causes trouble for you all.

(looking CONSTANCE up and
down)

Look at her. What kind of get-up is
that? She's forgotten she's a
woman!

A sullen murmur from the PEOPLE. They stand and watch
CONSTANCE walk away with CLAIRMONT - threat hangs in the air,
intense and ugly. Someone throws a rotten turnip. CLAIRMONT
gamely tries to protect her -

CLAIRMONT

They are wrong Madame -

But CONSTANCE hurries quickly away. On CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX
watching her go, smiling -

20

INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. ABBOTT'S ROOM. DAY 1.

20

Meanwhile. GENERAL LANTIER is on his knees holding his
agonizing arm. GRIMAUD stands over him, oozing menace. The
GENERAL can feel it.

GRIMAUD

My favorite part of the battle is
always its end. After the attack
and the counter-attack. When all
the destruction is done and the
smell of the powder smoke is
fading. When there's only the dead
left - with their secrets. That's
where the real struggle starts. The
fight for the spoils.

GRIMAUD's baleful eyes stare into the GENERAL's bloodless
face -

GRIMAUD (CONT'D)

Now General, are you spoils - or
just one of the dead?

GENERAL LANTIER

If you mean to kill me then do it.
But I am not going to beg for mercy
of you. You are no more than Paris
street trash.

GRIMAUD takes the GENERAL's head between his powerful hands -
pushing down -

GRIMAUD

Take a man's title and fine
clothes. Peel his skin away, little
by little.

He pushes down - harder -

GRIMAUD (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter if his blood is red
or blue - if he has respect, he
matters. I will have RESPECT!

He twists the GENERAL's head abruptly - the CRACK as his neck
breaks is nauseating. The GENERAL's body flops onto the
floor. GRIMAUD stands over him.

CUT TO:

21 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. DORMITORY. DAY 1. 21

Moments later. LUC looks up at the screams. He exchanges a
charged look with ARAMIS, who is standing with MARIE and the
CHILDREN -

ARAMIS
(whispered)
You remember the games of hide and
go seek we sometimes play? Well
we're going to play a game like
that now - but we all have to be
very quiet - no one can hear us -

ARAMIS puts his finger to his lips, leads the CHILDREN away -

CUT TO:

22 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CORRIDOR/CELLARS. DAY 1. 22

Seconds later. There are shouts and sounds of commotion
echoing close. Two RAIDERS push two FRIARS down the corridor
and out. Beat. ARAMIS looks out from a stairwell - signals
behind him.

He quickly ushers MARIE and the CHILDREN down the corridor
through a door. LUC starts coming but has to pull back into
the stairwell: VOISARD and two RAIDERS are coming -

ARAMIS ducks inside the door, signals to LUC to get back -

VOISARD
Take what you can find in the
kitchens. The men haven't been fed
since we left Paris.

VOISARD walks forward into the stairwell. LUC has gone.

CUT TO:

23

EXT. SCARPE VALLEY. ROAD. DAY 1.

23

Later. ATHOS, PORTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN have reached the spot where the ambush took place. Lying before their horses on the road: the twisted BODIES of the murdered SOLDIERS. The MUSKETEERS exchange a charged look. D'ARTAGNAN dismounts and examines the dead men -

D'ARTAGNAN
Shot from behind. This wasn't an
ambush, it was an execution -

Then in the distance - a church bell starts to ring -
insistent, an emergency.

PORTHOS
Sounds like trouble -

D'ARTAGNAN remounts and they ride away -

CUT TO:

24 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CELLARS. DAY 1. 24

Meanwhile. ARAMIS is with the CHILDREN looking for a place to
hide. He looks up at the sound of the bell nearby. Close:

ARAMIS
Luc -

CUT TO:

25 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. BELL TOWER. DAY 1. 25

Meanwhile. LUC is pulling hard at the bell rope - hanging off
it as it rides up -

VOISARD and two RAIDERS are hammering at the door, which LUC
has barricaded as best he could - another push and they are
in. LUC runs for the crypt steps.

VOISARD and the RAIDERS kick the barricade aside, look around
for LUC -

VOISARD
Search the place - find him!

CUT TO:

26 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CRYPT. DAY 1. 26

Moments later. LUC is dragging back a broken metal grille
over a narrow drainage duct in the wall. He quickly squeezes
himself inside and starts to scabble for the other end -

CUT TO:

27

INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CELLARS. DAY 1.

27

Meanwhile. Out of the gloom two RAIDERS - one carrying a lantern - make their way through the cellars. Both have their swords drawn.

There's a line of large barrels positioned against the wall. One thrusts his sword into the first barrel. Then the next - and the next. Nothing.

The other, carrying the lantern, looks out into the dark. Steps tentatively forward. As he does so to his left he sees in an alcove:

A large wine rack filled with bottles. The RAIDER smiles and pulls out a bottle -

Revealing the face of MARIE behind the rack. More interested in opening the bottle, the RAIDER does not notice the little girl as he takes a long draught. He passes the bottle to his comrade. Meanwhile a hand gently presses on MARIE's head and her face sinks down -

The two RAIDERS, drinking liberally, leave -

ARAMIS looks out from behind the wine rack and breathes -

CUT TO:

28

EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. WALLS. DAY 1.

28

Moments later. Muddy and wet LUC pushes up an iron cover about fifteen feet from the wall and pulls himself up and out of the drainage sump and runs for the trees -

CUT TO:

29

INT. LOUVRE. QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM. DAY 1.

29

Meanwhile. ANNE and FERON are taking chocolate together. FERON stands at the open casement doors looking out at:

LOUIS leading the DAUPHIN around on his pony -

ANNE

He grows older and the King reverts to the Nursery. I wonder sometimes which Louis is the child.

FERON suddenly leans his head against the window, draws a sharp intake of breath. He is in enormous pain; his knuckles whiten as he grabs the window frame -

ANNE (CONT'D)

You are unwell?

FERON struggles to answer her. A beat before he regains himself.

FERON

My stick-

ANNE picks up the stick and brings it to him.

FERON (CONT'D)

The family disease - the crumbling Bourbon spine. It sometimes - bothers me.

ANNE

I'm sorry. Louis was blessed to escape your father's illness.

FERON

Louis has always been blessed. His mother was Marie de Medici, mine was the Lady-in-Waiting.

ANNE

The question of your birth never bothered the King. He has a generous spirit. More sober councillors advised him to disown you but he is very fond of you.

FERON

(eyes bore into her)
You really don't look Spanish.

ANNE

You don't look like a bastard.

FERON

(smiles blithely)
We really must do this more often.

ANNE maintains her poise.

The DAUPHIN runs in -

FERON (CONT'D)

Here's our little man. Come - give your poor *uncle* Philippe a kiss -

The DAUPHIN runs up to FERON, who tickles and kisses him. As the DAUPHIN wrestles with him playfully, ANNE notices FERON wince in pain -

FERON (CONT'D)

Where's Papa?

The DAUPHIN points towards the window. FERON and ANNE exchange a look.

ANNE

Show me -

The DAUPHIN leads ANNE to the open casement. They look out and see:

LOUIS lying on the grass outside. TREVILLE walking quickly towards him from the Palace -

CUT TO:

30

EXT. LOUVRE. GARDENS. DAY 1.

30

Moments later. LOUIS is lying on the lawn, his eyes closed. TREVILLE is with him. The PONY nibbles at the shrubbery nearby. ANNE comes out with the DAUPHIN and FERON.

ANNE

(kneeling beside him)
Louis? What is happening?

TREVILLE

Your Majesty, can you speak?

LOUIS opens one eye and grins. He seems perfectly relaxed, even indolent. ANNE helps him sit up. He takes a slow breath -

ANNE

You frightened us -

LOUIS

I have quite exhausted myself
leading my little soldier around on
his charger. He's a natural. Born
horseman. His courage is
remarkable.

The DAUPHIN runs into LOUIS' arms and they laugh. ANNE notices FERON's lip curl darkly. As LOUIS holds his boisterous son, only TREVILLE notices he is struggling to get his breath.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

No more, no more - Philippe will
play with you now.

FERON fixes his smile - through gritted teeth:

FERON

With the greatest pleasure, Your
Majesty.

The DAUPHIN runs to him. TREVILLE looks down at LOUIS lying exhausted on the grass. *Is something wrong with the King?*

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. ARDENNES. MOUNTAIN FOREST. ROAD. DAY 1.** 31

Meanwhile. ATHOS, PORTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN ride up; they can see the monastery in the distance.

As they go to ride on - suddenly from nowhere a figure staggers from the undergrowth and stands before their horses - They halt just in time. D'ARTAGNAN dismounts and rushes over -

LUC
(pointing back)
Help us -

D'ARTAGNAN catches him before he falls, exhausted -

CUT TO:

31A **EXT. ARDENNE. MOUNTAIN FOREST. ROAD. DAY 1.** 31A

Moments later. D'ARTAGNAN is giving LUC water from his canteen. ATHOS and PORTHOS with them.

LUC
The men who killed the soldiers
have taken the monastery - the
Abbott is dead -

He is frightened, distressed. D'ARTAGNAN exchanges a charged look with ATHOS and PORTHOS.

D'ARTAGNAN
Can you show us the way -?

LUC nods. ATHOS shapes to leave. PORTHOS stops him.

PORTHOS
We should go back and report what's
happened here. We're soldiers.

ATHOS
We're also Musketeers.

We are needed. PORTHOS nods -

CUT TO:

31B **EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. OUTSIDE THE CRYPT. DAY 1.** 31B

Later. LUC leads ATHOS, PORTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN into the crypt.

CUT TO:

32

INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CRYPT. DAY 1.

32

D'ARTAGNAN helps PORTHOS out of the narrow aperture under the wall. This is whispered, urgent:

PORTHOS

Next time we use the front door -

They join ATHOS and LUC, who shows them through the crypt -

D'ARTAGNAN

Who else knows about this way in?

LUC

Only the children and I. We use it sometimes to avoid lessons. This way leads into the cellars -

ATHOS

The men that came here were definitely the ones you saw on the road?

LUC

I will not easily forget it. They said they were from Paris.

PORTHOS

Why would they come all this way to steal gunpowder? Plenty of that in Paris.

ATHOS

The General is mixed up in this somehow. Perhaps when we find him he can enlighten us.

He nods to LUC who leads them into the gloom -

CUT TO:

33 **INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. ABBOTT'S ROOM. DAY 1.** 33

Meanwhile. In a corner, the body of GENERAL LANTIER. GRIMAUD is washing his hands and face in a bowl as VOISARD comes to the door.

GRIMAUD
The bell. Who rang the bell?

VOISARD
The boy we saw on the road earlier.
He got away. Should've finished him
then.

Wiping his face in a cloth, GRIMAUD looks over at VOISARD.

GRIMAUD
You really want to argue with my
orders?

His eyes are chilling. Beat. VOISARD shakes his head.

GRIMAUD (CONT'D)
Put men outside the walls. No one
else escapes. And bring around my
horse. I'll ride out to meet the
Spanish buyers at the border.

VOISARD nods, goes.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CELLARS. DAY 1.** 34

Meanwhile. Peeking into the darkness ATHOS can make out the brick cellar walls and a line of barrels against one of the walls. An alcove beside them is a black pool of shadow. He signals to D'ARTAGNAN and PORTHOS to spread out - they do so, creeping into the cellar.

Suddenly two barrels stored one on top of the other fall forward -

ATHOS manages to avoid them - a dark FIGURE makes a break from the alcove -

D'ARTAGNAN
There -

PORTHOS heads him off, forcing the FIGURE back. D'ARTAGNAN behind him -

A strange kind of cat and mouse in the half-light - as the FIGURE darts one way then another, deft and clever -

But the three MUSKETEERS suddenly have him cornered, swords pointed right at him -

The figure raises his hands and his head, stepping forward: ARAMIS! The realisation between them is mutual incredulity -

LUC
Stop! Not him. This is -

D'ARTAGNAN
Aramis.

D'ARTAGNAN embraces ARAMIS. LUC is puzzled. *You know him?*

ARAMIS
It is not possible -

ARAMIS can hardly comprehend as he looks at the others.

ATHOS
Seems you still have a knack for getting yourself into trouble -
Brother.

ARAMIS embraces ATHOS. Laughter between them all. *Old comrades together again.* He turns to PORTHOS -

ARAMIS
Porthos -

The hug is a little awkward, tentative from PORTHOS.

LUC
Your name is Porthos? After the hero in the stories?

PORTHOS
Stories? I was named for my mother's father -

LUC can't quite take this in.

LUC
You are the Porthos?

ARAMIS
And this is Athos -

PORTHOS
Captain Athos -

ARAMIS smiles, nods. *Of course.* LUC turns to D'ARTAGNAN.

D'ARTAGNAN
d'Artagnan -

LUC's jaw drops. *They're real - the stories were real.* He can't take it in.

LUC
The stories were true.

ATHOS
Our reputation proceeds us.

ARAMIS laughs, excitement and genuine pleasure spilling out. He still can't quite believe it.

ARAMIS
God moves in mysterious ways.

D'ARTAGNAN
It's not that mysterious. We have been stationed in the valley below.

PORTHOS
A little thing called the war -

ARAMIS
We know all about the war here.

He goes over to the barrels, leans inside one and lifts out MARIE. Then one at a time a CHILD's head bobs up -

ARAMIS (CONT'D)
Now we have to get them to safety -

CUT TO:

35 INT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. MESS ROOM. DAY 1.

35

Later. TREVILLE enters to find Constance.

TREVILLE
Constance? What's the urgency?

CONSTANCE throws his Musketeer jacket at him -

CONSTANCE
I think you're going to need this -

TREVILLE
What are you up to now?

CONSTANCE replies with an enigmatic smile -

CUT TO:

36 **INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. STAIRWELL. DAY 1.** 36

At a window looking out: PORTHOS and ATHOS -

GRIMAUD - back to them, a dark figure in the failing light - rides out to the West.

ATHOS

I swear that's the same man I saw on the battlefield earlier.

PORTHOS

We need to get out of here. They might be going for reinforcements.

ATHOS spots VOISARD below them.

VOISARD (O.S)

Keep watch outside the wall. No one leaves.

ATHOS

We wait until dark. If we can keep the children hidden until then we have a chance -

CUT TO:

37 **INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CELLARS. DAY 1.** 37

Later. The CHILDREN are hidden behind the barrels, ARAMIS is quieting them. PORTHOS on watch. LUC whispers to D'ARTAGNAN and ATHOS:

LUC

Was he [ARAMIS] one of you - I mean a Musketeer?

D'ARTAGNAN

The best shot in the army.

LUC stares at ARAMIS, taking in this news -

ATHOS

One of the finest soldiers I have ever known -

LUC is suddenly seeing ARAMIS in a whole different light -

One of CHILDREN, MARIE, walks nervously up to PORTHOS. Stands looking at him. ARAMIS goes to gather her with the others. MARIE whispers something in his ear. He turns to PORTHOS:

ARAMIS

She wants to know if you're a giant.

PORTHOS
(looking down at MARIE)
I won't eat you. I'm not very
hungry. Yet.

He smiles. MARIE eyes him suspiciously, then kicks him in the leg and hurries away to hide behind the other CHILDREN. PORTHOS looks indignant -

ARAMIS
I think she likes you.

PORTHOS
Funny way of showing it.

ARAMIS
It really is good to see you again,
my friend. It's been too long.

He goes to embrace him, but PORTHOS moves away. ATHOS watches, listens -

PORTHOS
That wasn't my choice.

ARAMIS
I could not go to war with you,
Porthos.

PORTHOS
We were comrades. I never needed to
look around because I knew you
would be there.

ARAMIS
I made a promise to God.

PORTHOS
And what about your promise to us?
One for all. What about that? Four
years is a long time. We've learned
to get along without you.

ATHOS watches as PORTHOS stalks off. ARAMIS is stunned, hurt.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. PARIS. OLD BATH HOUSE. EVENING 1.

38

Later. Foreground: CONSTANCE and TREVILLE (in his Musketeer jacket) with CADET CLAIRMONT watch from a distance as CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX and three of his RED GUARDS walk into a ramshackle building across the road.

CLAIRMONT
Marcheaux and the Red Guard
regularly use the old Bath House.
(MORE)

CLAIRMONT (CONT'D)

They can drink and gamble there all night. Amongst other things.

CONSTANCE

It has everything we need?

CLAIRMONT

Everything.

CONSTANCE nods, CLAIRMONT slips away. CONSTANCE turns to TREVILLE -

TREVILLE

Constance, I am a Minister of the Crown -

CONSTANCE

For one night you can be a Musketeer again. We will show Feron and his Red Guards we are not to be humiliated.

TREVILLE stares over at the Drinking Den.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. PARIS. OLD BATH HOUSE. NIGHT 1.** 39

Later. CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX takes a drink at a table as the other RED GUARDS lower themselves into a large Roman-style bath.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. PARIS. OLD BATH HOUSE. ROBING ROOM. NIGHT 1.** 40

Meanwhile. Close: RED GUARD uniforms snatched from their hooks by grasping hands.

A moment later the uniforms are dumped in a pile on the floor and we see CONSTANCE dousing them in lamp oil - she drops a lighted candle - the oil and cloth burst into flames -

CUT TO:

41 **INT. PARIS. OLD BATH HOUSE. NIGHT 1.** 41

Later. Smoke begins to seep into the room. CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX is drinking. The other RED GUARDS are the first to spot it -

A voice shouts 'FIRE!' And we can see flames licking at the doorway -

The RED GUARDS jump up out of their baths, start to throw water towards the flames. CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX runs for the door, but is beaten back by the flames. Suddenly a hooded figure appears at the side door. CLAIRMONT cries out:

CLAIRMONT

This way!

He ushers the CAPTAIN one way, then opens another door for RED GUARDS and, still naked, they run through -

They continue quickly down the stairs, throw open the side door and run through - into:

CUT TO:

42 **EXT. PARIS STREET. NIGHT 1.**

42

A busy street. The door slams behind them.

There's a whoop of laughter. The RED GUARDS are appalled to see a CROWD of people (some of whom we saw abused earlier) standing with torches, laughing at them. CONSTANCE and the CADETS are standing at their head, birch twigs and leather straps in their hands.

CONSTANCE

Not quite so cocky now...

The RED GUARDS protect their modesty as best they can.

And CONSTANCE and the CADETS step forward. The RED GUARDS run the gauntlet through the crowd, receiving blows across their bobbing behinds from the twigs and belts wielded by CONSTANCE and the CADETS. As they run on yelping, a hail of mud and rotting vegetables rains down on them from the jeering CROWD -

CUT TO:

43 **INT. PARIS. OLD BATH HOUSE. CELLAR ROOM. NIGHT 1.**

43

Moments later. A single taper lights the way. CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX peers into the gloom looking for the way out.

- and TREVILLE steps from the shadows -

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX

Minister Treville. What's all this about?

TREVILLE

I thought it was time you picked on someone your own size -

And he swings a punch into:

Black.

CUT TO:

44

INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CRYPT. NIGHT 1.

44

Meanwhile. The dark entrance to the escape duct. PORTHOS is with D'ARTAGNAN clearing some of the debris from it. LUC and the CHILDREN looking around for lengths of cord or rope. ARAMIS and ATHOS are sitting apart tying what they find together to make one long line.

ATHOS

You have a right to lead any kind of life you wish. We all do.

ARAMIS

If it is for the right reasons -

ATHOS

I know that guilt brought you to this place.

ARAMIS

Perhaps guilt is a kind of cowardice. Though God knows I have plenty to be guilty about.

ATHOS is intrigued.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

Adele - Isabella - Marguerite. They are dead because they made the mistake of loving me. Even the Queen -

(he stops)

I could not put her and the Dauphin in danger again. That is why I gave my promise to God.

ATHOS

The world is a dangerous place. You sought only to protect. That is what you have always done.

ARAMIS

I have spent four long years in reflection. In that time, I've tended so many dying soldiers and tried to bring comfort to grieving children. My own troubles, most of which I brought upon myself, seem unimportant now.

(ATHOS nods, understands)

The Abbot would call it God's will. He did not believe me ready to take orders, even after so long.

(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I never had a problem with poverty -
not even with celibacy -

ATHOS is amused -

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

It was the obedience I could never
take to.

ATHOS laughs, ARAMIS too.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

It is good to see you, my friend -

PORTHOS breaks the moment curtly -

PORTHOS

The light has gone. We need to move
- now -

He still has a problem. ATHOS whispers to ARAMIS -

ATHOS

Give him time.

ARAMIS looks to PORTHOS, then passes D'ARTAGNAN the rope -

ARAMIS

Luc, the children -

LUC gathers the CHILDREN together. D'ARTAGNAN makes ready at
the entrance -

D'ARTAGNAN

I'll go through first. When I pull
on the rope send the first one
through -

He starts to drag himself into the tunnel, leading the rope
behind him -

CUT TO:

45

EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. WALLS/TREELINE. NIGHT 1.

45

Moments later. D'ARTAGNAN reaches the cover, pushes it up and
peeks out:

Three RAIDERS have a fire going under the wall and are
sitting around it -

D'ARTAGNAN has to pull back as a RAIDER walks past, close to
the cover. Beat. Then he peeks out again -

The RAIDER returns to his comrades by the fire.

CUT TO:

46

INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CRYPT. NIGHT 1.

46

Moments later. ATHOS and PORTHOS are at the entrance to the duct - the rope is tugged twice -

PORTHOS

Now -

ARAMIS and LUC are with the CHILDREN -

ARAMIS

Luc - you first - help the children
at the other end -

LUC nods, heads down into the tunnel, following the rope.
ARAMIS turns to the CHILDREN.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)

You are each going to go through
one at a time. When you reach the
end d'Artagnan will help you out.
Run to the trees. Luc will be
waiting -

The CHILDREN are nervous, unsure. MARIE is next to go. She
stands beside PORTHOS who is holding the rope -

PORTHOS

We friends now?

MARIE nods, the rope is tugged and PORTHOS lifts MARIE into
the tunnel. ATHOS turns to ARAMIS:

ATHOS

Porthos and I will deal with this -
help the friars -

ARAMIS nods, heads out. PORTHOS watches MARIE crawl away into
the gloom -

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. WALLS/TREELINE. NIGHT 1.** 47

Later. In the foreground: the RAIDERS are sitting around
their fire drinking and laughing, their backs to:

The cover opens and D'ARTAGNAN lifts out one of the CHILDREN,
who runs for the trees where LUC is waiting for them with
MARIE and some of the others -

CUT TO:

48 **INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CHAPEL. NIGHT 1.** 48

Later. A RAIDER GUARD standing outside the chapel door steps
inside and looks around. The FRIARS are kneeling, heads down
with their backs to him, chanting softly: "Christe eleison...
Kyrie eleison imas". The RAIDER GUARD withdraws.

Then one of the hooded figures looks around: ARAMIS. He turns to the other brothers, puts a finger to his lips and gestures towards the steps to the crypt -

CUT TO:

49 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CRYPT. NIGHT 1. 49

Later. PORTHOS helps a monk down the tunnel. ARAMIS and ATHOS with him.

ATHOS
(to ARAMIS)
You are next -

ARAMIS
You will follow?

ATHOS exchanges a look with PORTHOS -

ATHOS
We have matters to attend to here.
Head for the mountains, we will
find you there -

ARAMIS hesitates. *He should stay.*

PORTHOS
Your brothers are waiting.

The irony is not lost on ARAMIS. He heads into the tunnel -

CUT TO:

50 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 51A) 50

51 EXT. ARDENNES. MOUNTAIN PATH. DAY 2. 51

Later. B/G: the stunning vista of the Ardennes mountains in the early morning sun. In the foreground ARAMIS, with LUC, leads a line of CHILDREN along a small mountain path winding around the mountain. The FRIARS bring up the rear of the column. A couple of the smaller CHILDREN start to run around and off the path -

ARAMIS
Children, stay in line - the path
gets difficult here -

As LUC and ARAMIS help the CHILDREN along:

LUC
Why didn't you tell me the stories
you told us were true? You were one
of them. A Musketeer.

ARAMIS
I renounced that life when I joined
the monastery -

LUC
And now?

ARAMIS won't be drawn. He is obviously still in some turmoil.

CUT TO:

51A INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CHAPEL. DAY 2. 51A

Later. The RAIDER GUARD comes in. The hooded figures kneeling
at the alter are conspicuously silent. The RAIDER GUARD goes
over to them, pushes one -

And the cassock falls away - revealing a statue of Christ and
prayer cushions -

CUT TO:

52 EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. COURTYARD. DAY 2. 52

Meanwhile. The gates are open. VOISARD with four RAIDERS on
foot -

VOISARD
They can't have got far. Follow me -

REVERSE ANGLE: VOISARD and the RAIDERS run out. At a window
behind them PORTHOS watches -

CUT TO:

53 INT. HOTEL DE VILLE. FERON'S OFFICE. DAY 2. 53

Later. FERON - pale, sweaty, in great discomfort - pours
water into a bowl. MARCHEAUX is with him, bruised and beaten.
FERON throws him a cloth.

FERON
Clean yourself up.

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX
Treville's a disgrace to France -

He splashes his face with water -

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX (CONT'D)
What kind of soldier puts *that*
woman in charge of the Garrison
mess?

FERON

Perhaps he's warming her bed while
her idiot husband is away at war -?

FERON is amused but MARCHEAUX does not find that funny. He
rubs at his face with the cloth - too hard - he opens a cut -

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX

There's something unnatural about
the bitch - she's got the cunning
of the devil -

FERON sees the blood running down his face, takes the cloth
and dips it in the water, then tenderly dabs MARCHEAUX's face
and temple, stopping the bleeding - as he does it:

FERON

And yet you've let her turn the Red
Guard into a laughing stock -?

Close: MARCHEAUX looks up into his eyes. Beat.

FERON (CONT'D)

This undermines my authority
Georges - it can't happen again -

MARCHEAUX understands, nods. FERON feels a sudden shooting
pain, takes a sharp breath, closes his eyes.

CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX

Governor -?

FERON drops the towel and staggers for his chair - in agony.
CAPTAIN MARCHEAUX steps forward to help him -

FERON

Don't touch me!

MARCHEAUX steps back. Breathing hard, FERON eases himself
into his chair, breathes. A moment of reflection.

FERON (CONT'D)

Look at us, Georges. We make quite
a pair. Fit only for the infirmary.

He waves MARCHEAUX away. The CAPTAIN withdraws.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. ABBOTT'S ROOM. DAY 2.** 54

Meanwhile. D'ARTAGNAN looks inside. Signals to PORTHOS and ATHOS who join him -

The GENERAL's smashed, dead body lying on the floor -

ATHOS turns away, his face grim, resolute -

CUT TO:

55 **EXT. ARDENNES. MOUNTAIN PATH. DAY 2.** 55

Meanwhile. ARAMIS, LUC, the FRIARS and the CHILDREN are making their way up the mountain path winding alongside the tree line -

LUC meanwhile is looking out: from this vantage point he can see RAIDERS riding towards them -

LUC
They're coming -

ARAMIS looks around - as a shot rings out. One of the FRIARS falls. The CHILDREN start to panic, running and screaming -

ARAMIS
Quickly!

ARAMIS and LUC usher the CHILDREN and FRIARS into the forest-

CUT TO:

56 **EXT. ARDENNES. MOUNTAIN FOREST. UNDER A BRIDGE. DAY 2.** 56

Moments later. The CHILDREN are squatting under a bridge. LUC and the FRIARS cover them with leaves and brush. ARAMIS removes his monk's habit so he can move more easily. He has a simple shirt, breeches and boots beneath. He turns to the FRIARS -

ARAMIS
(to the FRIARS)
Now quickly - hide where you can.
Go!

The FRIARS scatter into the trees. ARAMIS looks out: he can see four RAIDERS making their way through the trees, slashing at the undergrowth with swords.

ARAMIS (CONT'D)
(to LUC)
Stay with the children. You are
their protector now.

LUC
What are you going to do?

But ARAMIS has disappeared into the forest -

CUT TO:

57

EXT. ARDENNES. MOUNTAIN FOREST. DAY 2.

57

Moments later. RAIDER 1 coming through the trees - followed by RAIDER 2. Swords drawn.

Rustle of undergrowth nearby. RAIDER 1 looks around -

A figure in FRIAR's attire darts between the trees. RAIDER 1 looks to his companion and gestures a circle - they'll surround him. RAIDER 2 heads off into the trees -

RAIDER 1 stealthily makes his way towards the spot. He pauses - looks across at the fallen tree trunk - nothing moves -

And suddenly from above: ARAMIS swings down on a branch and kicks RAIDER 1 to the ground! Suddenly a cry nearby:

ARAMIS looks around: RAIDER 2 has found one of the FRIARS. ARAMIS is horrified to see RAIDER 2 run the MONK through in cold blood -

In his anger, ARAMIS takes up RAIDER 1's sword and runs at RAIDER 2 - they clash. ARAMIS' anger makes him careless and RAIDER 2 cuts him across the arm - the pain increases his fury and he thrusts, slashes and twists - disarming RAIDER 2, knocking him to the ground and holding his sword to his throat -

It is a moment of truth: he is on the verge of running the man through - stops - his guard drops. *Can he do this?*

RAIDER 1 exploits ARAMIS' confusion and grabs at a dagger in his boot, thrusting it at ARAMIS, who parries the blade and automatically thrusts his sword into RAIDER 1 who falls back dead.

ARAMIS stands holding the sword, trying to comprehend what is happening. *Is this then who I am?* Then a cry:

LUC
Get away from them!

ARAMIS spins around, running towards the fallen tree -

Two RAIDERS have their swords drawn, LUC is holding them off with a branch -

RAIDER 3 slashes at LUC, forcing him back as RAIDER 4 kicks at the brush and discovers the cowering CHILDREN. He grabs little MARIE by the arm - triumphant - he holds up his sword -

And suddenly ARAMIS is there - sword in hand -

ARAMIS
Take your hands off her!

And RAIDER 3 and 4 come at ARAMIS - they fight -

LUC watches, amazed, as ARAMIS takes on the two RAIDERS. He's rusty and he knows it, but his spirit and skill are still intact. He is fighting like a man possessed - blade flashing this way and that - finally he slashes down RAIDER 3 and runs through RAIDER 4 -

ARAMIS stands over the dead RAIDERS, breathing hard.

VOISARD (O.S.)
Don't move -

ARAMIS looks around. VOISARD is standing twenty feet away with a blade to LUC's head. Calmly ARAMIS leans down and takes up a loaded pistol from the body of RAIDER 4. He points it at VOISARD -

VOISARD (CONT'D)
I'll kill him!

A stand off between VOISARD and ARAMIS, LUC between them. Tense, nervy.

VOISARD (CONT'D)
So the man of God was once a soldier? You've been wearing a cassock too long -

VOISARD pushes the blade into LUC's chest. LUC flops forward -

ARAMIS' eyes register horror then anger - he shoots!

Half of VOISARD's forehead is suddenly red and black and most of it is missing. The blade drops from his hand and he slumps down. ARAMIS runs to LUC -

ARAMIS
Luc -

LUC looks up at him -

LUC
You are a Musketeer -

ARAMIS is amazed. *You are unhurt?!* LUC pulls aside his shirt to reveal: his padded tunic, straw stuffing hanging out of a long gash, revealing wooden stays like armour -

LUC (CONT'D)
I'm not so sure I want to be a soldier any more -

ARAMIS hugs him -

CUT TO:

58 **EXT. ARDENNES. MOUNTAIN PATH. DAY 2.** 58

Minutes later. ARAMIS leads LUC, the remaining FRIARS and the CHILDREN towards the mountain road. As they look through the trees, ARAMIS can see along the valley:

Twenty SPANISH soldiers, some on horseback, heading towards the monastery. Through the branches, ARAMIS catches glimpses of the man in black [GRIMAUD] riding alongside them - tantalizingly, he still does not see the man's face -

ARAMIS
Spanish soldiers. I have to warn
the others -
(to LUC)
Stay hidden.

ARAMIS crashes into the trees and back towards the monastery - LUC watches, itching to follow him -

CUT TO:

59 **EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. COURTYARD. DAY 2.** 59

Later. A RAIDER LOOK-OUT is watching for GRIMAUD and the SPANISH from the monastery walls. He turns and signals to the others -

RAIDER LOOK-OUT
Open the gates -

Only a handful of RAIDERS - nine, including himself - come running. Two of them open the gates -

RAIDER LOOK-OUT (CONT'D)
Where are the others?

Puzzled, he looks back to his men in time to see them grabbed from behind, disappearing into the shadows -

Close: on RAIDER LOOK-OUT as he realises:

RAIDER LOOK-OUT (CONT'D)
Musketeers! They're inside!

The RAIDERS draw swords - all attention -

And a shot rings out - the RAIDER at the main gate falls -

ARAMIS runs in taking the Arquebus from the dead RAIDER and discarding the spent pistol.

NEW ANGLE: framed in the arches of the cloisters, ATHOS -
tosses aside his smoking pistol -

PORTHOS steps out from beside the church -

D'ARTAGNAN from the stables - then -

Suddenly arriving at the gate -

ARAMIS. They draw their swords in unison - and attack!
Together again. They're back!

WIDE: we swoop in as side by side, the MUSKETEERS engage the surprised RAIDERS sword to sword -

ANGLE: one of the RAIDERS comes running and manages to get off a shot - D'ARTAGNAN fires back - the RAIDER falls. Another comes at him and they clash swords -

ANGLE: ARAMIS is fighting hard against a RAIDER, twists, hooks the RAIDER's sword from his hand - and lunges -

ANGLE: ATHOS fights off two RAIDERS at a time - he takes a cut but slashes out, cutting one down. He sees a RAIDER running for the gunpowder cart -

ATHOS

Porthos - stop him -

PORTHOS fights off a RAIDER and runs to intercept another, who has managed to hitch the traces to the cart -

The horses rear and lunge forward towards the gates as PORTHOS fights the RAIDER, falling into the back of the cart -

ARAMIS sees the horses come forward and goes to grab the reins and stop them - he leaps into the driving seat of the cart -

The horses gallop for the gates as ARAMIS tries to bring them under control -

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. FOREST ROAD. DAY 2.**

60

Meanwhile the SPANISH TROOPS, GRIMAUD alongside them, can now see the battle in the monastery and ARAMIS in the cart careering away. The SPANISH horsemen break off and go after the wagon -

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. ROAD. DAY 2.**

61

PORTHOS finally manages to get the better of the RAIDER and flings him off the wagon.

PORTHOS now takes the reins and control of the cart from ARAMIS, while ARAMIS works his way from the horse to sit beside PORTHOS on the driver's seat - ARAMIS catches sight of the SPANISH TROOPS in pursuit -

PORTHOS

Spanish - they can't be allowed to
get the powder -

ARAMIS looks under the covering of the wagon. Besides the powder for the artillery there are also grenades - ARAMIS picks one up - he and PORTHOS both have the same thought - nod at each other.

ARAMIS pulls the wagon to a sudden halt on the flat sided bridge where he hid the children earlier. With haste, ARAMIS climbs down and reaches to undo the bolt that hitches the traces to the cart. He releases the horses from the wagon and quickly leads them away to safety.

PORTHOS takes hold of the grenade - he skillfully ignites the slow match of the grenade using the flintlock of his pistol.

GRIMAUD and the SPANISH TROOPS are still chasing - gaining on them.

With the fuse growing shorter on the grenade, PORTHOS goes to the rear of the cart and puts his back to the tail gate - he pushes with all his strength - the heavy laden wagon rolls slowly towards the steep drop at the side of the bridge -

ARAMIS runs back past PORTHOS towards an elevated earth mound on the approach to the bridge - he is loading the Arquebus he took from the RAIDER as he runs - it is second nature - it doesn't go unnoticed by PORTHOS.

ARAMIS

You need some help with that?

PORTHOS

Just shoot straight!

ARAMIS fires a shot towards GRIMAUD and the approaching SPANISH TROOPS, which halts their progress - enough time for PORTHOS who, with a final supreme effort, propels the cart over the edge of the bridge - it crashes into the valley floor, spilling its lethal cargo -

The SPANISH TROOPS return ARAMIS' fire - pistol balls pock the rocky ground and the trees around the two MUSKETEERS -

With a grin the size of the Grand Canyon, PORTHOS tosses the grenade with barely any fuse visible into the wreckage below -

ARAMIS fires again at the SPANISH TROOPS before running pell mell to join PORTHOS on the opposite side of the bridge -

ARAMIS and PORTHOS crash to the ground in unison - sliding in the dirt -

A beat -

The gunpowder EXPLODES!

Through the smoke and falling debris the SPANISH TROOPS can be seen turning away on their mounts - their prize lost -

PORTHOS (CONT'D)

Now are you going to try and tell
me you didn't enjoy that?

ARAMIS grins and they begin to howl with laughter at their near escape. From the forest: GRIMAUD watches them. He can hardly contain his anger, his black eyes brimmed with grim malevolence. He jerks his horse away savagely and rides into the trees.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. DOUAI MONASTERY. COURTYARD. DAY 2.

62

Later. In the B/G the CHILDREN stand with the FRIARS. ATHOS, D'ARTAGNAN and PORTHOS lead out the horses. LUC comes over to them.

LUC

Thank you for all you have done -

MARIE runs up to PORTHOS. He leans down to her -

PORTHOS
You be good now. Look after the
brothers -

MARIE grabs PORTHOS around the neck, holding him. He picks her up, hugs her then gently sets her down. We can see he's touched by the gesture - desperate not to show it.

D'ARTAGNAN
So do we need three or four horses?

ATHOS looks towards the chapel -

CUT TO:

63 INT. DOUAI MONASTERY. CHAPEL. DAY 2.

63

Moments later. ATHOS comes to the door of the chapel. ARAMIS is kneeling before the altar looking up at the icon of Christ hanging over it.

ARAMIS
I thought I understood your plan.
Now you seem to be showing me
another path. In the middle of all
the danger and excitement today,
you were closer to me than at any
time in all my years here. I never
felt so - alive.
(stands)
This is what you made me. A
Musketeer.

He crosses himself, turns, sees ATHOS standing at the door.
He walks up to him with a wry smile -

ATHOS
You are many things Aramis, but a
monk is not one of them.

ARAMIS
You can't argue with God -

Shared laughter as they walk out together -

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED

64

65 **EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE. RIDGE. DAY 2. MONTAGE.** 65

Later. The four MUSKETEERS gallop through. A sense of freedom and the old camaraderie. PORTHOS takes a drink from a wine bottle, nods to D'ARTAGNAN. *French. Good.* He passes the bottle to ARAMIS who takes a draught, passes it to ATHOS - All smiles as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

66 **EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING PARIS. DAY 3. MONTAGE.** 66

The MUSKETEERS draw up their horses and take in their first view of Paris in four long years -

The city spreads out before them like a dark bruise on the valley floor - somehow both exciting and ominous -

The MUSKETEERS exchange looks. *Home.*

Then exhilaration as D'ARTAGNAN digs in his heels and gallops away - "HAAA!" PORTHOS and ATHOS laugh and follow, galloping hard. ARAMIS holds back slightly, looks out. *This is where he is supposed to be.* He smiles and, "HAAA!" -

CUT TO:

67 **INT. HOTEL DE VILLE. FERON'S OFFICE. DAY 3.** 67

Later. P.O.V. [FERON]: blurred, in and out of focus we see clouds and what looks like angels reaching down - and down. Then a foggy figure in black -

GRIMAUD

I have what you want -

A face coming into focus: GRIMAUD - the shock forces us to:

NEW ANGLE: FERON, lying prostrate on a table in his breeches - his torso trussed up in bandages -

GRIMAUD standing over him, his back to a Rubenesque painting depicting the heavenly host and the fall of mankind. GRIMAUD pours a few slices of opium resin from a paper into a glass of wine -

FERON

Where have you been? I needed you -

GRIMAUD

Calm yourself. Our plans were ruined by interfering Musketeers.

GRIMAUD helps FERON raise his head - and FERON screams, crying with the agony as he is moved. GRIMAUD seems to actually enjoy that -

GRIMAUD (CONT'D)

Drink it down and it'll all be better -

FERON drinks down the proffered wine greedily.

FERON

I - I - can't stand the pain,
Grimaud - I can't live with the pain -

GRIMAUD watches him squirm balefully -

GRIMAUD

Let the medicine work -

FERON lies back, face wet with painful tears - and slowly the opium takes effect -

GRIMAUD (CONT'D)

There. Better now.

Beat. FERON enjoys the moment as the pain dissolves.

FERON

You can't ever go away again -

GRIMAUD stares -

GRIMAUD

I have everything I need in Paris.

FERON lies back, eyes on the painting. *Heaven...*

CUT TO:

67A INT. LOUVRE. TREVILLE'S QUARTERS. DAY 3.

67A

Later. TREVILLE is working at his desk, head down. The door goes. Assuming it's his secretary, he doesn't look up -

TREVILLE

I need these ordinances sent over to the military supply depot at Bagneux immediately -

ATHOS
I'll need a fresh horse -

At the familiar voice TREVILLE looks up:

ATHOS (CONT'D)
- we've ridden a very long way -

TREVILLE grins, then laughs. He gets up and goes to them -

TREVILLE
You should've sent word - I had no
idea - Athos - Porthos -

He hugs each of them in turn -

TREVILLE (CONT'D)
Aramis - you've come back to us?

ARAMIS
It seems I never really went away -

He smiles. TREVILLE looks suddenly alarmed:

TREVILLE
And d'Artagnan? He's not - ?

PORTHOS
He had some important business to
attend to at the Garrison -

TREVILLE nods, of course -

CUT TO:

68 INT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. D'ARTAGNAN'S QUARTERS. DAY 3. 68

Meanwhile. As CONSTANCE walks up the stairs she finds a trail of dusty and dirty garments strewn. Mutters to herself -

CONSTANCE
Cadets...

She picks up the breeches and then the filthy boots - first one - then the other - then the jacket -

Suddenly it occurs to her these clothes cannot belong to a cadet -

Then she finds the shoulder pad with the fleur-de-lis of a fully-fledged Musketeer and, beside it, an amulet she recognizes -

She drops everything she's just picked up and careers into her living quarters -

In time to see a half-naked figure look up from drying his face in a towel. He grins.

D'ARTAGNAN
Did you miss me?

And through laughter and tears she THROWS herself into his arms -

CUT TO:

69

INT. LOUVRE. ROYAL LIBRARY. DAY 3.

69

Later. TREVILLE is talking with PORTHOS, ATHOS and ARAMIS.

ATHOS
The plot against the General
originated in Paris.

TREVILLE
Corruption and violence has become
a way of life here. The Red Guard
treat the city as their own
personal domain. I need men I can
trust. Men who can't be bought. I'm
going to get the King to
recommission you. I need you here.

ATHOS and PORTHOS don't look too sure about that.

PORTHOS
The war is still to be won.

TREVILLE
There is a war going on here too. A
war we have to win. If Paris falls,
France falls.

ATHOS exchanges a look with PORTHOS. *He's serious.* Meanwhile FERON enters.

FERON
Treville -

TREVILLE looks.

PORTHOS
Who's that?

TREVILLE
The Marquis de Feron. Governor of
Paris, Commander of the Red Guard.

FERON
I see you've found a few grown-up
Musketeers after all, Treville.

ATHOS comes over with ARAMIS and PORTHOS -

TREVILLE

Governor, you haven't met Captain Athos, Porthos and Aramis.

FERON

Ah, the war heroes. Not quite as impressive in the flesh. But stories tend to exaggerate everything. Even courage.

TREVILLE

You will be seeing a great deal more of Captain Athos and his men, Feron. They are to be stationed in Paris. Effective immediately.

FERON

You're not returning to the front? Perhaps it's for the best. We need men in their prime fighting for France - not worn-out dregs -

The MUSKETEERS bristle. FERON stands firm.

FERON (CONT'D)

The world has changed since you've been gone. Paris is *my* city now.
(darts a look to TREVILLE)
Cross me and you'll live to regret it.

He leaves. The MUSKETEERS watch him go. There is suddenly a sense of a different war beginning...

CUT TO:

CREDITS