THE MUSKETEERS III

Episode Ten

'We are the Garrison'

by Simon Allen

YELLOW PAGES SCRIPT

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INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. DAY 1.


Gently rests a Forget Me Not upon the lid amongst the other flowers.

We barely have time to register MILADY when the approaching clatter of boots against stone causes her to retreat.

She watches, undetected in the shadows, as the MUSKETEERS enter. ANNE and CONSTANCE with them. The MUSKETEERS raise the coffin to their shoulders. The Forget Me Not tumbles to the floor. Unseen by them. Like its donor –

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH. DAY 1.

Later. A SMALL CROWD of MOURNERS watch. ANNE and CONSTANCE amongst them as the MUSKETEERS bear TREVILLE’s COFFIN through the streets of the city he wanted them to save. Solemn. Reverential. Each man lost in his own private remembrance as they head towards the burial ground. TREVILLE’s final resting place...

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE’S TAVERN. NIGHT 1.

Later. A soldier’s wake. VETERANS drink with CADETS. D’ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS and CONSTANCE with a restless PORThOS -

D’ARTAGNAN
Grimaud knows we’ll come after him soon enough, Porthos.

CONSTANCE
Tonight we salute our friend.

D’ARTAGNAN
But tomorrow...

PORThOS not placated. BRUJON approaches with two empty jugs -

BRUJON
(to CONSTANCE)
We’re almost dry, Madame.

D’ARTAGNAN glances: more PEOPLE filing in to the Tavern.

D’ARTAGNAN
Half the city’s come.
ARAMIS meets CONSTANCE’S gaze –
ARAMIS
I keep expecting to see him walk in. Face like thunder. Barking orders -

CONSTANCE
He had a temper.

ARAMIS
An endearing temper.

PORTHOS looks at CONSTANCE and D’ARTAGNAN. They can’t help but smile -

PORTHOS
You knew where you were with him.

ARAMIS raises his cup to this. A beat. PORTHOS tips his. They drink as CONSTANCE gestures at BRUJON -

CONSTANCE
We’ll fetch more wine from the Garrison.

A fleeting goodbye between CONSTANCE and D’ARTAGNAN as she heads to the door with BRUJON. D’ARTAGNAN’s attentions move elsewhere -

D’ARTAGNAN
The Captain hasn’t touched a drop.

For the first time we see - ATHOS. Sitting on the other side. Away from the others. Undrunk wine before him. A heavy silence all around him that none dare disturb -

CONSTANCE and BRUJON reach the door where SYLVIE’s waiting, watching ATHOS. Heart breaking for him. CONSTANCE gestures for BRUJON to go out, then -

CONSTANCE
(to SYLVIE)
Tell him, Sylvie. (off her uncertainty)
We all need some good news.

SYLVIE
This is not the time. Or the place.

CONSTANCE smiles sadly. Squeezes SYLVIE’s arm encouragingly then follows BRUJON out. SYLVIE torn. Watches ATHOS for a moment more before leaving herself. Whatever it is, it’ll have to wait as -

PORTHOS hammers on the table. Stands. Looks round at all the attentive faces as they fall quiet before him -
PORTHOS
Treville gave his life for the country he loved. We will never forget his bravery. Or his sacrifice...

He says it like an order. ARAMIS nods. Approving as -

D’ARTAGNAN
He won out against the cowards who shot him down...

At the sound of this second voice ATHOS begins to stir. Looks as - D’ARTAGNAN stands. Charged. Emotional -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
But we few here owe him much more. We owe him everything that we are -

Now the MUSKETEERS have ATHOS’ attention. A growing affirmative murmur in the tavern as -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
He didn’t care if you came from a farm...

(glancing at PORTHOS)
... or the streets. All he saw was the man you could become. The soldier. He gave us a home.

D’ARTAGNAN and ATHOS lock gazes. Both men barely able to conceal their tears now -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
A family.

PORTHOS puts a hand on D’ARTAGNAN’s shoulder. And now ARAMIS joins them, standing -

ARAMIS
Whenever we doubted ourselves, he believed in us.

ATHOS moved. He’s being drawn back to his men. His brothers -

ARAMIS (CONT’D)
That belief? It made us into -

PORTHOS
(shouting)
MUSKETEERS!

MESS HALL CHEERS FILL THE TAVERN. CUPS RATTLE. ROARS OF APPROVAL. ARAMIS raises his cup. Adrenaline surging -

ARAMIS
(shouting)
TREVILLE!
Shouts of ‘Treville!’ D’ARTAGNAN lowers his cup to see -
ATHOS finally raising his as he speaks for the first time -

ATHOS
(quiet, whispered)
Treville.

Before ATHOS can drink - he hears movement outside.
Instinctively turns. PORTHOS looking to see - the WINDOWS SHATTER! Several GRENADES thrown in by a man we’ll later recognise as the ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT! As the grenades roll across the floor, PORTHOS screams -

PORTHOS
Down!

PORTHOS, ATHOS and D’ARTAGNAN overturn tables as a rain of PISTOL SHOTS riddle the tavern. CADETS and WAKE GOERS falling. But the massacre becomes annihilation when -

THE GRENADES EXPLODE. SPLINTERS and SMOKE everywhere. A numbing tinnitus SILENCE smother every other sound. The ringing intense. Sharp. Unbearable as we wonder if the MUSKETEERS have survived at all. Then they rise. Bloodied. Disorientated. Draw pistols. Stagger out -

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 3

EXT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE’S TAVERN. NIGHT 1.

Moments later. The MUSKETEERS burst out of the tavern. Coughing. Lungs full of smoke. Still reeling. No sign of their assailants as they struggle to recover -

ARAMIS
Grimaud. Marcheaux -

PORTHOS
We end this now.

ATHOS
Gather weapons.

His meaning clear: war. But - A HUGE SEISMIC EXPLOSION CLOSE BY. They look: DUST AND DEBRIS RISING OVER ROOFTOPS -

ARAMIS
The Garrison!
D’ARTAGNAN
(realising, quiet horror)
Constance.

D’ARTAGNAN sprints. The shell-shocked MUSKETEERS follow.
DISTANT FLAMES rasp higher. HIGHER. For the last time -

CUT TO: TITLES.

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. GATES AREA. NIGHT 1.

A screaming inferno. The iconic features we’ve come to love engulfed in flames. The STAIRCASE burns. ATHOS’ OFFICE decimated. BEAMS ablaze, poking from COLLAPSING WALLS. SMOKING DEBRIS. FIERY ASH rains down. A HORSE galloping out -

D’ARTAGNAN runs in towards the flames. PORTHOS, ARAMIS and ATHOS barely able to catch him as a HUGE EXPLOSION forces them back. D’ARTAGNAN screams -

D’ARTAGNAN
CONSTANCE!

PORTHOS stops him. Struggles. ARAMIS helping -

PORTHOS
(to D’ARTAGNAN)
If she was in there -

But D’ARTAGNAN gets free. INTO THE FIRE -

ATHOS
Stop him!

D’ARTAGNAN reaches the burning MESS HALL. ATHOS, ARAMIS and PORTHOS following him into Hell but -

ANOTHER EXPLOSION THROWS THEM OFF THEIR FEET! D’ARTAGNAN apparently taken out with it. As they scramble back up -

PORTHOS
That was the armoury -

ATHOS
d’Artagnan!

Only flames reply. Raging higher. ATHOS, ARAMIS and PORTHOS cut off. No way of going after him -

ATHOS (CONT’D)
(screaming)
D’ARTAGNAN!

ATHOS devastated. Then his gaze is drawn to -
A SPECTRAL FIGURE standing beside the STATUE on the HIGH CHURCH WALL that overlooks the disintegrating Garrison. Black cloak billowing in the smoke like the wings of a crow.

IT’S GRIMAUD.

Smoke obscures ATHOS’ view. When it clears - GRIMAUD has gone. ARAMIS sees MOVEMENT amidst the wreckage -

ARAMIS
There are still some alive!

PORTHOS and ATHOS follow ARAMIS’ gaze: two CADETS pinned down by a smouldering SUPPORT POST from the remains of the STAIRCASE. ARAMIS tears off his jacket. Runs to help -

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. STAIRCASE AREA. NIGHT 1.

Moments later. ARAMIS smothers flames with his jacket. Slides to his knees. Close enough now to see - both CADETS are bound and gagged. They stir. In pain. ARAMIS undoing CADET ONE’s gag -

ARAMIS
We’ll get you out of here.

ARAMIS holds up the gag to show PORTHOS and ATHOS. This was a well planned attack. PORTHOS lifts the SUPPORT POST. Heaves as -

ATHOS helps ARAMIS pull the CADETS out. PORTHOS straining. Struggling as they get clear, letting the post drop. A FURY OF SPARKS SNARLS AFTER THEM -

CUT TO:
EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. GATES AREA. NIGHT 1.

Moments later. Fire intensifying. WOOD HISSES AND SPITS as flame finds its sap. PORTHOS lays CADET TWO down. Clear.

Safe. ATHOS and ARAMIS rest the charred CADET ONE beside him. ATHOS noticing through the SMOKE -

Shapes... Several PEOPLE approaching. GRIMAUD again? ATHOS reaches for his sword. ARAMIS stops him -

ARAMIS
Look!

ATHOS sees - SYLVIE and several REFUGEES from the SETTLEMENT. ATHOS moved at the sight of her -

SYLVIE
(to the OTHERS)
Fetch water! Stop the fire from spreading!

Various REFUGEES run out for water as -

ARAMIS
(to SYLVIE)
Help us look for survivors!

SYLVIE nods. Goes with ARAMIS. ATHOS watches her, admiring, then hears - panicked whinnying. Moans -

ATHOS
(to PORTHOS)
Did you hear that?

They tear off -

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. STABLES AREA. NIGHT 1.

ATHOS and PORTHOS fight through the malevolent, choking grit of the SMOKE. Coughing. Struggling. Barely able to see. PORTHOS fumbles. Finds - REINS torn from their housing. One panicking HORSE left. Straining to get free. PORTHOS calms it. ATHOS works at the reins -

PORTHOS
Easy... easy...

ATHOS manages to untether the horse but hears -

A muffled COUGH FROM SOMEWHERE CLOSE. Glances at PORTHOS who takes the reins as ATHOS pulls straw aside to find -

A gagged and bound CLAIRMONT, disorientated and seriously wounded from the initial blast -
ATHOS
Clairmont...
CLAIRMONT
(weak)
Captain?

CLAIRMONT stirs.

CLAIRMONT (CONT’D)
I’m sorry. We did everything you taught us -

ATHOS
Save your breath -

CLAIRMONT
We were overwhelmed -

ATHOS
Clairmont: you are not to blame.

ATHOS taking all this on himself. Helps CLAIRMONT up. Gestures at PORTHOS to lead the horse out through the tenebrous hell of the BLACKENING SMOKE -

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. GATES AREA. NIGHT 1.

Moments later. Several wounded, charred CADETS, all gagged and bound, now saved from the continuing inferno by ARAMIS and the HELPERS. ARAMIS runs to help ATHOS with CLAIRMONT. Laying the poor boy down as PORTHOS and SYLVIE get the terrified HORSE out to safety.

The MUSKETEERS regroup. Turn back to the snarl of the inferno. Glaring out at them -

ATHOS
This can’t be all -

ARAMIS
Nothing else could survive.

A charged look. It’s over. They’ve done all they can.

Flames roar from windows. Laying final claim to their home. The sting of defeat hanging in the air as we finally find a moment to mourn D’ARTAGNAN and CONSTANCE but -

THE MESS HALL DOOR CRASHES OPEN!

A blackened, bleeding D’ARTAGNAN BREAKS OUT! He’s carrying the semi-conscious CONSTANCE -

ATHOS, PORTHOS and ARAMIS run in to help them both. As they reach safety, D’ARTAGNAN collapses. Barely able to breathe -
D’ARTAGNAN
(gasping)
Brujon. Brujon’s still down there -

PORTHOS crashes back inside. ATHOS hurtling after him as -

ARAMIS lays CONSTANCE down. Starts checking her. D’ARTAGNAN coughing. Smoke in his lungs. ARAMIS trying to stir CONSTANCE. SYLVIE watching. Desperate -
SYLVIE

Constance...

Hearing SYLVIE, D’ARTAGNAN stirs. Looks and realises ARAMIS is getting no response. Rises -

D’ARTAGNAN

Constance - ?

A grave look from ARAMIS. CONSTANCE still. Silent. D’ARTAGNAN wipes soot from her face. No response.

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)

No...

CONSTANCE unmoving. ARAMIS lowers his head. D’ARTAGNAN trembling. Looks at SYLVIE, whose heart is breaking. ARAMIS puts a hand on D’ARTAGNAN’s shoulder. D’ARTAGNAN’s eyes meet ARAMIS’ whose say: it’s over. But -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)

No.

Strong now. Determined to deny -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)

She’s not dead, Aramis...

D’ARTAGNAN turns back to CONSTANCE. Speaks in a whisper -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)

She’s a Musketeer.

But there’s no answer. All is lost.

Then - CONSTANCE COUGHS!

D’ARTAGNAN raises his eyes heavenward. Thank God she’s alive. He takes her in his arms. Thank God. Thank God.

An emotionally exhausted ARAMIS puts a hand on D’ARTAGNAN’s shoulder, unsure whether to breathe or laugh or cry. But there’s hope at last. PORTHOS and ATHOS bring a shaken BRUJON from the burning STORES. As what’s left of ATHOS’ OFFICE collapses, ARAMIS finds water. Gives it to CONSTANCE -

BRUJON

(gasping for breath)

The explosion brought down part of the roof. I managed to drag us under the cellar door...

D’ARTAGNAN looks to the reluctant hero. Pride in his cadet -
D’ARTAGNAN
I won’t forget this.

PORTHOS claps BRUJON on the shoulder heavily. BRUJON coughing. CONSTANCE up. The enormity of it all hitting her -

CONSTANCE
(recovering, hoarse)
What have they done to us?

They watch the GARRISON take its last burning breath...

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT 1.

Later. GRIMAUD strides in. No sense of victory about him. Just pure fury as he finds MARCHEAUX waiting with the remaining ROGUE GUARDS. Drinking with the ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT. Triumphant but -

GRIMAUD
Only d’Artagnan is dead.

MARCHEAUX surprised but -

MARCHEAUX
They’re in no position to protect the Queen and her son from us.

GRIMAUD
(pure black rage)
THEY ARE ALIVE!

It’s not the volume of his voice that silences everyone but the hate in it -

MARCHEAUX
They have nothing. We have their powder. Enough to reduce Paris to ashes. Take our pick of the spoils -

GRIMAUD
We finish them.

MARCHEAUX
Half my men have already deserted me.

(qieter)
The rest have risked enough -

IN A FLASH, GRIMAUD’s DAGGER is at MARCHEAUX’s throat -

GRIMAUD
Your men?

CUT TO:
Meanwhile. The GARRISON just a skeletal husk now. No fabric left on its black bones. Only embers. Memories. ATHOS kicks through the ashes. Exhausted. Uniform blackened and charred. The last time we saw him this way was in Episode One.

On the battlefield. But he stirs as ARAMIS approaches with PORTHOS, D’ARTAGNAN, SYLVIE and CONSTANCE –

CONSTANCE
We’ve recovered two wagons.

SYLVIE
A few more horses.

ATHOS reacts. That’s something.

ARAMIS
We have no medical supplies left.

ATHOS
Weapons?

D’ARTAGNAN
The armoury was completely destroyed.

PORTHOS
But they must’ve taken some of our powder.
(off ATHOS’ look)
Garrison would’ve gone up twice as fast if it’d all been there.

ATHOS troubled by the thought but -

ATHOS
(to CONSTANCE)
Transfer the wounded to the Tavern.

BRUJON
We’re leaving the Garrison?

CONSTANCE
There is no Garrison, Brujon.

A painful stab of truth. ATHOS sees: they need lifting –

ATHOS
This was our home...

ATHOS climbs onto the charred remains of the Garrison Table –

ATHOS (CONT’D)
A place people came to for justice. Sanctuary. But it was only ever that. A place.
ATHOS kicks a blackened cup over. Couldn’t find the words at TREVILLE’s wake but he can find them now -

ATHOS (CONT’D)
This is not the Garrison. Wherever we draw breath? Make a stand? Save a life? That’s the Garrison.

The defiance of this idea registering with every face in front of ATHOS. BRUJON. D’ARTAGNAN. CONSTANCE. PORTHOS. ARAMIS. SYLVIE watching the man she loves. Heart soaring -

ATHOS (CONT’D)
We are the Garrison.

Fire and hope back in everybody’s eyes. Moved by ATHOS’ words, SYLVIE turns to CONSTANCE -

SYLVIE
We have blankets. A little food. We’ll bring it all to the Tavern.

CONSTANCE grateful -

CONSTANCE
(to BRUJON)
Ready the wagons.

ARAMIS looks up at ATHOS. His Captain. His leader -

ARAMIS
The Palace has provisions.

ATHOS
Go.

ARAMIS heads off as ATHOS sees D’ARTAGNAN with CONSTANCE -

D’ARTAGNAN
We’ll see to the wounded.

ATHOS smiles at the sight of everybody pulling together. His eyes meet PORTHOS’. A nod. The fightback has begun -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. DAY 2.

Later. SYLVIE returns. Organising various REFUGEES -

SYLVIE
Gather whatever you can. Hurry!

From a vantage point, GRIMAUD watches as the various REFUGEES scramble to find supplies. Notices - SYLVIE catching her breath. Bent double.
MADAME RASTOIL, an elderly woman, hurries over. GRIMAUD’s eyes narrow at the sight of MADAME RASTOIL comforting SYLVIE -

MADAME RASTOIL
You must rest, Sylvie -

SYLVIE
While our friends suffer?

Before MADAME RASTOIL can reply - screams. Shouts. Pistol fire as - MARCHEAUX and his ROGUE GUARDS appear. Brutally rounding up various REFUGEES. He grabs SYLVIE -

SYLVIE (CONT’D)
You are no longer the King’s Guard.
You have no authority!

GRIMAUD emerges. Stabs a fleeing REFUGEE, who falls dead at SYLVIE’s feet.

GRIMAUD
We need no authority.

SYLVIE
You murdering - [bastard]

SYLVIE lunges at GRIMAUD. MARCHEAUX holds her back. Amused by her spirit as GRIMAUD draws near. Looks her up and down -

GRIMAUD
Will he come for you? The Captain?

SYLVIE realises -

SYLVIE
You think you can use me as bait?

GRIMAUD
Will he come?

SYLVIE tries to deflect -

SYLVIE
You’re wrong, Grimaud. The Captain doesn’t care about me.

GRIMAUD studies her. His black gaze trying to burn out the truth from her skull. Then -

GRIMAUD
Either way: you’ll both be dead soon.

SYLVIE spits in his face. MARCHEAUX throws her to the floor. SYLVIE involuntarily holds herself. MADAME RASTOIL runs to help her. GRIMAUD notices as MADAME RASTOIL puts a protective hand on SYLVIE’s abdomen. As MADAME RASTOIL helps SYLVIE along, GRIMAUD turns to MARCHEAUX -
GRIMAUD (CONT’D)
Bring that old woman to me.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUVRE. PALACE STORES. DAY 2.

Later. ARAMIS, uniform charred, helps PALACE SERVANTS load a CART with essential supplies. Stirs at the sight of ANNE coming down the steps. SERVANTS surprised to see her down here. Retreating -

ARAMIS
(to ANNE)
The Garrison is destroyed. Many cadets are dead. Injured -

ANNE
And the others?

ARAMIS
We were fortunate -

ANNE
My son and I are fortunate.

ANNE touches his sleeve -

ANNE (CONT’D)
To still have you.

A beat. ARAMIS gently lifts her hand. Pushes it away -

ARAMIS
Forgive me.

ANNE interprets this as rejection. He sees her hurt -

ARAMIS (CONT’D)
My hands. They’re dirty.

ANNE shows him. Soot from his uniform on her fingertips -

ANNE
Mine are too.

ARAMIS nods. Goes back to his work. ANNE watching as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. SYLVIE and several other REFUGEES are bound together by MARCHEAUX and his ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT as the other ROGUES hold everybody at pistol point. SYLVIE startles at the sight of MADAME RASTOIL. Bruised. Beaten -
SYLVIE
Madame Rastoil?

MADAME RASTOIL
I’m so sorry, Sylvie.

MADAME RASTOIL runs to SYLVIE. Embraces her. Protective. GRIMAUD watching this display of concern with hatred. Pulls MADAME RASTOIL away. She struggles so he stabs her. She falls, dead -

SYLVIE
No!

SYLVIE struggles against her bonds as MARCHEAUX finishes tying them -

MARCHEAUX
Calm yourself. You are in no condition to fight.

GRIMAUD’s gaze falls upon MADAME RASTOIL’s corpse -

GRIMAUD
The midwife betrayed you.

SYLVIE realises - they know.

SYLVIE
What made you so cruel?

With sudden force, GRIMAUD grips SYLVIE by the throat -

GRIMAUD
Why would you bring a child into this world?

SYLVIE
Don’t you know? (off his look, realising)
You don’t... do you?

A trace of pity in SYLVIE’s eyes. GRIMAUD is stabbed by this fleeting insight. Releases her and gestures at MARCHEAUX to drag out MADAME RASTOIL’s body as we -

CUT TO:}

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EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 2.

Later. D’ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS and PORTHOS gently rest three injured CADETS alongside CLAIRMONT onto a horsedrawn WAGON.

D’ARTAGNAN
(to CLAIRMONT)
Madame d’Artagnan will look after you at the Tavern.
D’ARTAGNAN gestures at BRUJON who’s watching CLAIRMONT with concern from the wagon’s helm -
D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
We’ll meet you there.

BRUJON snaps the reins. D’ARTAGNAN moving off as the WAGON goes. When it’s out of sight REVEAL -

THE ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT ON HORSEBACK. [N.B. Doesn’t see D’ARTAGNAN]

Before anyone can react, The ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT dumps a BODY from his horse. Gallops off. PORTHOS runs over and we see -

It’s MADAME RASTOIIL. *Her body has a note pinned to it.* PORTHOS takes it up as ATHOS and D’ARTAGNAN join him. ATHOS looks at the body -

ATHOS
She was a friend of Sylvie’s.

ARAMIS
What does the note say?

PORTHOS starts to read. Stops. ATHOS takes it. Recognises -

ATHOS
It’s in Sylvie’s hand.

The others share glances as ATHOS reads. Lowers the note. Looks at PORTHOS -

ATHOS (CONT’D)
(to PORTHOS and ARAMIS)
If we do not go to the Camp before noon, Grimaud’s going to execute refugees one at a time...

PORTHOS takes the note. Reads -

PORTHOS
Starting with Sylvie.

The scale of the problem facing them is overwhelming but -

ARAMIS
At least we know where he is now -

D’ARTAGNAN
We’ve fallen into one of his traps before -

PORTHOS
This time we’ve got the advantage.

All look to PORTHOS questioningly -
PORTHOS (CONT’D)
(to ATHOS and ARAMIS)
The note’s addressed to three of us...

PORTHOS gestures at D’ARTAGNAN. Fire in his eyes -

PORTHOS (CONT’D)
Grimaud thinks d’Artagnan’s dead.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE’S TAVERN. DAY 2.

Later. A hum of momentum about the tavern which has become a makeshift field hospital for the wounded of the fire. CONSTANCE organising BRUJON. Off to the side - D’ARTAGNAN and ATHOS are checking weapons at a table. ARAMIS and PORTHOS bring some recovered MUSKETS. Add them to the meagre arsenal as PORTHOS hands D’ARTAGNAN a couple of daggers -

PORTHOS
Take out as many as you can but keep it quiet. All the time they think you’re dead, we have the upper hand. Their eyes’ll be on us.

ARAMIS
Make it count.

D’ARTAGNAN nods. Then ARAMIS’ gaze meets CONSTANCE’s. She’s with CLAIRMONT, who’s barely conscious now. Needs help. ARAMIS goes over -

CONSTANCE
Pistol shot.

ARAMIS looks to CLAIRMONT’s leg. It’s bad.

BRUJON (afraid, to ARAMIS) ARAMIS (to BRUJON) *
Will he live? Fetch water. *

CONSTANCE takes CLAIRMONT’s hand as BRUJON runs off and we -
CHANGE ANGLE - ATHOS, PORTHOS and D’ARTAGNAN watching this sudden, critical fight for survival erupting in their midst.

ATHOS
(to D’ARTAGNAN)
Does it change things? Knowing that every time you fight it is not just your life that you risk?

D’ARTAGNAN
It changes everything.

ANGLE - CLAIRMONT in pain. BRUJON unable to look. CONSTANCE holding CLAIRMONT’s hand. ARAMIS fighting to dig out the shot. Fighting for CLAIRMONT’s life as we hear -

D’ARTAGNAN (O.S.) (CONT’D)
It is the greatest cause you’ll ever have. Greater than any enemy’s. Makes you fight harder.

ARAMIS finally gets out the shot. Nods at CONSTANCE who washes the wound. Relief that CLAIRMONT has been stabilised -

ARAMIS
(to BRUJON)
He’ll sleep. Stay with him.

BRUJON
A Musketeer is never alone.

ARAMIS smiles at the sound of his own words from Episode 3.

ANGLE - D’ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS and ATHOS moved -

ATHOS
(to D’ARTAGNAN)
All these years and I never asked you...

D’ARTAGNAN slides the daggers into his belt then notices -

D’ARTAGNAN
Elodie..?

PORHOS spins to see - ELODIE, from Episode 7, entering. Bewildered by the sight of all the chaos. Her BABY GIRL swaddled in her arms. Off PORTHOS startled as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE’S TAVERN. DAY 2.

Later. A few HORSES recovered from the Garrison stabled close by. PORTHOS holding the BABY. Admiring her.
A natural affinity between the two of them that draws a smile from ELODIE -

    ELODIE
    I think she remembers you.

    PORTHOS
    What did you call her?

    ELODIE
    Still haven’t decided.

    PORTHOS
    There’s time.

PORTHOS taken with the child. Now he looks at ELODIE -

    PORTHOS (CONT’D)
    Why Paris?

    ELODIE
    You’re here.

PORTHOS reeling. Before he can reply ATHOS, D’ARTAGNAN and ARAMIS emerge from the tavern with CONSTANCE. Geared up. Ready to go. PORTHOS rises. Gives the BABY back to ELODIE as D’ARTAGNAN kisses CONSTANCE. ELODIE seeing the intensity between them. Like a goodbye.

    PORTHOS
    (to CONSTANCE)
    This is Elodie. She needs somewhere to stay.

CONSTANCE follows his gaze to ELODIE. Sees the BABY. It’s going to be difficult but -

    CONSTANCE
    Of course.

PORTHOS grateful as we -

CUT TO:

19A EXT. PARIS. SQUARE CLOSE TO DOCKS/ALLEWAY. DAY 2. 19A

Later. A sense of destiny about ATHOS, ARAMIS and PORTHOS as they stride through the square close to the docks. A reckoning is coming.

    PORTHOS
    All this time, we’ve fought Grimaud by our code of honour. Our rules. But when the time comes...
ARAMIS
(understanding)
No rules.

ARAMIS and PORTHOS look to ATHOS. A question posed -

ATHOS
And no honour.

A grim understanding between them all as they turn down an alleyway, which leads to -

CUT TO:
Moments later. The narrow street is oppressively silent. ARAMIS looks round. No sign of any REFUGEES. The place is like a ghost town.

ATHOS looks up - the windows of each building are dark. Empty. No sign of ROGUE GUARDS -

Ahead of them - SYLVIE’s SHACK. Silently, the three of them draw pistols. Head in as we -

CUT TO:

Meanwhile. At the opposite end of the settlement, D’ARTAGNAN quietly climbs over the gates. Stealthy. Low and out of sight. Looks round. Ahead - a ROGUE GUARD sentry covering the street with his MUSKET. D’ARTAGNAN draws his dagger -

CUT TO:

Moments later. ATHOS, ARAMIS and PORTHOS emerge from Sylvie’s shack. No sign of GRIMAUD or his captives. They keep moving. Keep looking until they see -

The BLACKSMITHS SHOP, where several REFUGEES and SYLVIE are held by four ROGUE GUARDS and MARCHEAUX, who are all pointing pistols. A stand off -
MARCHEAUX
Were you really foolish enough to
walk in here alone, Captain?

ATHOS
You left us with nothing –

GRIMAUD (O.S)
Then we’re almost even.

GRIMAUD comes down the steps. Moves out to face them as we –

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. ALLEY/VANTAGE POINT. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. The ROGUE GUARD sentry’s eyes widen in pain. He
slumps as D’ARTAGNAN quietly lowers his body to the floor.
Then sees – ANOTHER ROGUE GUARD sentry just ahead. D’ARTAGNAN
withdraws his dagger. Moves towards his next target as we –

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. BLACKSMITHS. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. GRIMAUD studies the MUSKETEERS. Savouring the
sight of his outgunned enemies. Gestures at their pistols –

GRIMAUD
Weapons.

ATHOS
Hostages.

GRIMAUD glances at two ROGUE GUARDS. They put pistols to
SYLVIE’s head and that of another HOSTAGE –

GRIMAUD
(to ATHOS)
Now.

ATHOS stands firm. MARCHEAUX, his ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT and
ANOTHER peel off. Jabbing pistols at the MUSKETEERS –

MARCHEAUX
You heard him!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. ALLEY/VANTAGE POINT. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. Another ROGUE GUARD sentry collapses. D’ARTAGNAN
quietly lowering his body.
He’s close enough to see the BLACKSMITHS now. MARCHEAUX and the ROGUE GUARDS closing in on ATHOS, ARAMIS and PORTHOS who are lowering their weapons -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. SYLVIE’S SHACK. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. PORTHOS glares at GRIMAUD, MARCHEAUX and the ROGUE GUARDS -

PORTHOS
Which one of you started the fire? Attacked that Tavern? Come on! Why don’t you fight me man to man - ?

The ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT stirred by the offer. Steps up -

PORTHOS (CONT’D)
You, was it?

GRIMAUD
(to the ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT)
Execute Porthos and Aramis. (to MARCHEAUX)
Bring the Captain to me.

MARCHEAUX grabs ATHOS. Gestures at other ROGUE GUARDS to muscle in on PORTHOS and ARAMIS, forcing them away under the ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT’s supervision as -

PORTHOS
Never took you for a coward, Grimaud!

ARAMIS
(to GRIMAUD)
And you call your mother weak?

GRIMAUD reacts to this slight but it doesn’t stir him from the business at hand as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. ALLEY/VANTAGE POINT. DAY 2.

D’ARTAGNAN watches as ARAMIS and PORTHOS are dragged off round the corner by the ROGUE GUARDS. Follows -

CUT TO:
Meanwhile, MARCHEAUX pushes ATHOS forwards. GRIMAUD drags SYLVIE to her feet, her hands bound -

SYLVIE
(to ATHOS)
You shouldn’t have come.
ATHOS
Let her go, Grimaud. You have me where you want me.

GRIMAUD
Not yet.

SYLVIE struggles as GRIMAUD draws his dagger. Presses its tip against her throat. Now MARCHEAUX holds ATHOS while GRIMAUD holds SYLVIE. ATHOS stays strong. Contains his fear -

GRIMAUD (CONT’D)
I want you to watch as she dies, Athos.

ATHOS
She’s no more afraid of death than I am.

But ATHOS can see something’s wrong with SYLVIE as -

GRIMAUD
She may not be afraid of her death...

GRIMAUD moves his blade to SYLVIE’s belly. As ATHOS’ eyes widen in horror we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. SIDE ALLEY. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. ARAMIS and PORTHOS, hands bound, are lined up against a wall. PORTHOS looking at the ROGUE GUARDS with disgust as they load their pistols -

PORTHOS
(to the ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT)
What are you now then? A mercenary? Outlaw? You should turn that pistol on yourself. If you ever load it -

ARAMIS
He’d never get through basic training in the Musketeers -

PORTHOS
Get on with it!

The ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT finishes. ARAMIS swallows and gives PORTHOS a ‘too hasty’ look as their captors raise pistols -
ARAMIS
(to the ROGUE GUARDS)
Whatever happened to the last request of the condemned man?

PORTHOS
(to the ROGUE GUARDS)
Don’t listen to him – he’ll only want to pray. Shoot –

ARAMIS
I was thinking more of the hearty repast? Or a little female company? Please, gentlemen. It’s traditional –

They’re stalling the bemused ROGUE GUARDS – as suddenly –

D’ARTAGNAN DROPS DOWN! Runs ROGUE GUARD 1 through. Pushes him against then ROGUE GUARD LIEUTENANT who PORTHOS then punches to the ground! The ROGUE LIEUTENANT rallies but PORTHOS finishes him with a dagger. A moment’s triumph as –

D’ARTAGNAN grabs their enemies’ pistols. Throws them to PORTHOS and ARAMIS. They’re about to go but ARAMIS stops them. Takes two pistols. Fires twice –

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. BLACKSMITHS. DAY 2.

Moment later. ATHOS’ head snaps round at the sound of the two shots. Are his friends dead? Turns back to the horror unfolding before him as –

MARCHEAUX
(to SYLVIE)
Tell him.

But nothing more needs to be said as SYLVIE’s eyes lock with ATHOS’ –

SYLVIE
I’m sorry.

It’s true. ATHOS is going to be a father. He’s caught between elation and terror –

ATHOS
You have nothing to be sorry for.

GRIMAUD studies his enemy. Wanting to see the pain. The devastation. ATHOS full of conflict. It’s a revelation he never thought he’d experience and it’s come at the worst of all possible times. ATHOS helpless. Appeals to GRIMAUD –
ATHOS (CONT’D)

Please...

Pitiless, GRIMAUD puts his blade to SYLVIE’s throat but -
D’ARTAGNAN APPEARS, STABBING GRIMAUD IN THE SHOULDER!

FAST - ATHOS elbows MARCHEAUX in the gut. Runs to SYLVIE -

MARCHEAUX
(to ROGUE GUARDS 3 and 4)
SHOOT THEM!

ROGUE GUARD 3 and ROGUE GUARD 4 abandon their hostages but before they can open fire - PORTHOS and ARAMIS shoot them both, but - MARCHEAUX shoots PORTHOS, who falls as -

ARAMIS
PORTHOS!

ARAMIS grabs his friend while GRIMAUD rises, only to be stabbed deep in the shoulder by D’ARTAGNAN! MARCHEAUX watches - wide-eyed - as GRIMAUD gasps - MARCHEAUX reeling, as if he never really thought he’d see GRIMAUD hurt -

ARAMIS pulls at PORTHOS’ armour. Looking for the entry wound as -

FAST - GRIMAUD hacks at D’ARTAGNAN with his sword. But D’ARTAGNAN evades. Draws his second dagger. Slashes at GRIMAUD, catching his ARM. Blood sprays in an arterial burst. GRIMAUD roars with monstrous ferocity. Then D’ARTAGNAN buries the second dagger in GRIMAUD’s gut. GRIMAUD staggering back as -

MARCHEAUX recovers his senses. Fires a second pistol at D’ARTAGNAN whose uniform is spattered with GRIMAUD’s blood. The pistol ball shatters a nearby post. The distraction enough for GRIMAUD to charge D’ARTAGNAN over. Escapes in the direction of Sylvie’s shack -

ATHOS finishes untangling SYLVIE. Checks her over frantically. Kissing every inch of her face but she breaks -

SYLVIE
We’re alright. We’re safe. Go. Go!

ATHOS grabs a sword. Runs after GRIMAUD as D’ARTAGNAN clambers to his feet. Shapes to follow but -

ATHOS
(shouting)
Get Marcheaux!

D’ARTAGNAN snaps round - MARCHEAUX sprinting in the opposite direction to GRIMAUD. Tears after him -

CUT TO:
Moments later. MARCHEAUX rounds a corner. Runs to the STAIRCASE that leads out of the SETTLEMENT only to find -

Several REFUGEES waiting, weapons raised. MARCHEAUX spits at his misfortune then spins: D’ARTAGNAN is closing in on him -

D’ARTAGNAN
Surrender.

MARCHEAUX
To you?

D’ARTAGNAN
(raging)
YES TO ME!

MARCHEAUX draws his sword. D’ARTAGNAN glad of his defiance. Raises his own -

CUT TO:

Meanwhile. ATHOS runs. Tracking globs of GRIMAUD’s blood in the dirt and dust. A red HANDPRINT on a post. Another on the edges of a wagon. ATHOS rounds a corner. The globs on the ground growing thicker. Heavier. He emerges from the alleyway, only to find -

THE TRAIL ENDS SUDDENLY.

ATHOS spins. No sign of where GRIMAUD could have gone. Just his bloodied cloak lying in the dust. ATHOS picks it up. Looks round, troubled by the mystery as we -

CUT TO:

Meanwhile. MARCHEAUX trying to keep D’ARTAGNAN at bay -

MARCHEAUX
How many of your cadets did we burn in that fire?

MARCHEAUX SWIPES. D’ARTAGNAN evades -

MARCHEAUX (CONT’D)
Perhaps it was for the best?

Another SWIPE. D’ARTAGNAN parries. MARCHEAUX can see he’s rattled. Pushes harder. SWIPES again -
MARCHEAUX (CONT’D)
I doubt many would’ve made
Musketeer.

A sting of grief in D’ARTAGNAN’s eyes. Then -
They were all Musketeers.

And with these words -

D’ARTAGNAN launches into a SAVAGE FRENZY of THRUSTS and SWIPES. A power and purpose we’ve never seen before. MARCHEAUX backing away. Trying to parry, but D’ARTAGNAN’s rage and intensity is too great. With one POWERFUL ATTACK he clatters MARCHEAUX’s sword from his grasp. MARCHEAUX holds his breath. Expecting death but -

D’ARTAGNAN throws down his own sword.

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
I know what you are, Marcheaux.

MARCHEAUX shapes to retrieve his sword but D’ARTAGNAN punches him. MARCHEAUX staggering back -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
Now you can no longer hide yourself behind Feron.

Another punch. MARCHEAUX bloodied. Disorientated -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
Or Grimaud.

Another punch. MARCHEAUX clatters against a CART -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
You... are nothing.

Enraged, MARCHEAUX draws his DAGGER. SWIPES it at D’ARTAGNAN, who evades. Grabs a HORSE WHIP from a CART. CRACKS IT. MARCHEAUX howling in agony -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
That is for Sylvie.

MARCHEAUX tries to attack with the dagger but - SNAP! D’ARTAGNAN cracks the whip again -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
That is for my cadets.

MARCHEAUX dropping the dagger. D’ARTAGNAN CRACKS the WHIP one more time - MARCHEAUX GRIPS IT. HANDS BLEEDING AS HE PULLS D’ARTAGNAN CLOSE BUT -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
This is for me.

D’ARTAGNAN KICKS MARCHEAUX SQUARE IN THE CHEST -
He falls back. Impaled on a RUSTING HOOK. Clasps at it. Spitting blood between the desperate jumble of his last breaths and his final words -

\[ MARCHEAUX\]
\begin{quote}
You were right... it is not... honourable.
\end{quote}

D’ARTAGNAN watches MARCHEAUX’s head slump. Despite his anger, we still see a glimmer of the same compassion that’s always been in his eyes for any man, friend or foe.

Then he notices - ATHOS approaching. A question in D’ARTAGNAN’s expression. ATHOS shakes his head. Holds up GRIMAUD’s cloak. Blood on his hands. Got away -

CUT TO:

34 EXT. PARIS. DOCKS/GUTTER. DAY 2.

Meanwhile. As a horse-drawn WAGON passes -

GRIMAUD falls from where he’s been clinging to its underside. Drags himself through the dirt. Rolls into a gutter full of straw and shit. Lungs filling with blood.

Bracing himself, he grips the hilt of D’ARTAGNAN’s first dagger in his shoulder. Tries to pull it out. Pain is too great. Falls back, hands closing over the hilt in his gut. Blood inkblots out from the wound, between his knuckles like a dark tide rising beneath pebbles...

His breathing is a wind symphony of percussive rasps and rattles. Without warning, it stops. His head falls back. Eyes close as he seems to leave the world without a soul noticing [N.B. the audience must feel like he is dead] -

CUT TO:

35 EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. BLACKSMITHS. DAY 2.

Later. The other hostages free now. D’ARTAGNAN and ATHOS have rejoined a patched-up PORTHOS, ARAMIS and SYLVIE -
SYLVIE
(to ATHOS)
I wasn’t sure how to tell you -

ATHOS
I am terrified.
(off her look)
And elated.

SYLVIE can scarcely contain her joy -

ARAMIS
We’re all elated. For both of you.

PORTHOS
All three of you.

D’ARTAGNAN
No child could wish for better parents -

PORTHOS
Or uncles.

D’ARTAGNAN
If it’s a boy, we’ll teach him how to fight.

SYLVIE
And if it’s a girl?

ATHOS
We’ll teach her how to fight off boys.

SYLVIE grins at the thought of ATHOS as the protective father. Then -

SYLVIE
We need to get those supplies to Constance.

ATHOS
You need rest -

SYLVIE
I’m with child, Athos. Not without use.
(to ARAMIS and D’ARTAGNAN)
Come on you two.

ARAMIS and D’ARTAGNAN go to help. ATHOS chastened. He turns to PORTHOS -
ATHOS
Thank you.
(off PORTHOS' look)
Your plan saved their lives.

PORTHOS grips ATHOS' shoulder. The realisation of his impending fatherhood a huge moment for them both. PORTHOS smiles. Embraces his friend as we -

CUT TO:

36
INT. LOUVRE. ANTE ROOM NEAR KING’S CHAMBERS. DAY 3.

Next day. SERVANTS in the background, emptying the KING’S BEDROOM of its bed and furnishings. ATHOS with ANNE -

ATHOS
Grimaud has no men. He’s mortally wounded -

ANNE
Yet you’re still looking for him?

ANNE senses the unrest in ATHOS. The mortal torment of that defeat in Episode 6 and everything that’s come from it...

ATHOS
Until I see his body I have to assume he is still out there. I’ll find him, Majesty.

ANNE
Or perhaps he will become a story with which mothers frighten their children?

ATHOS smiles at the thought. ANNE sensing he has something to tell her on this subject but he snaps back to business -

ATHOS
Majesty, I’d like to recommend Porthos for a promotion. His courage has never been in question but his tactical instincts? They saved us all.

ANNE
Not for the first time. Recognition is long overdue, Captain.

A shared smile that fades as -

ANNE (CONT’D)
It was not so long ago that another stood beside me as you do now.
They both reflect on their loss. Then -

ANNE (CONT’D)
Tomorrow there will be a blessing ceremony for my son. And to remember those who died protecting him. But it will not be attended solely by Generals and dignitaries. Everyone has been invited. No matter who they are. Where they’re from. My Regency will mark a new era.

ATHOS
Treville’s legacy will be that he left the world a more just place than he found it.

ANNE nods. Pleased at the thought -

ANNE
He also left a vacancy.
(off ATHOS’ look)
You’d be a worthy successor?

ATHOS falls silent. ANNE sensing his reluctance -

ANNE (CONT’D)
Athos?
(off his reticence)
Speak freely. We are friends.

ATHOS
Whilst I am greatly honoured, it seems to me that the Musketeer Aramis would be far better suited...

ANNE unsure where this going -

ATHOS (CONT’D)
My knowledge is merely military but his is also... ecclesiastic.

ANNE
I suppose that is worth considering -
ATHOS
Then there is his charm. A great asset -

ANNE
Athos -

ATHOS
With those prickly ambassadors.

A smile between them. They understand each other.

ANNE
Thank you for your advice.
(beat)
Captain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 4.

Next day. Hand-drawn CARTS being wheeled in and out as various HELPERS shift wreckage out of the Garrison. We find - PORTHOS surveying the devastation. Notices - ELODIE. Sees she’s carrying a trug of carpentry tools. She notes his reaction -

ELODIE
I built our village. I’m sure I can rebuild a Garrison.

A shared smile. PORTHOS’ fades as -

PORTHOS
Elodie... I could never give up soldiering.

ELODIE
I’d never ask you to.
(off his surprise)
France needs you, remember?

PORTHOS watches her go about her work. Full of admiration as we -

CUT TO:
Meanwhile. Calm now. The worst is over. But we find - BRUJON nursing CLAIRMONT, who’s clearly breathing his last. CLAIRMONT’s eyes briefly open. Register BRUJON -

CLAIRMONT
Did we win, Brujon?

BRUJON
We won.

CLAIRMONT
Then we’ll get to wear the uniform.

BRUJON
One day, brother.

CLAIRMONT comforted. Closes his eyes -

CLAIRMONT
One day...

BRUJON smiles but sees - he’s gone. Silent. Still. Tears sting BRUJON’s eyes. He notices - CONSTANCE approaching.

BRUJON
(barely able to speak, to CONSTANCE)
I really thought he was getting stronger...

CONSTANCE
No, Brujon. You’ve become stronger.

CONSTANCE embraces him. They break. She indicates for him to go. Stays strong as she draws a sheet over CLAIRMONT. Then goes to a STORE ROOM -

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE’S TAVERN. STORE ROOM. DAY 4.

Moment later. CONSTANCE closes the door. Rests against it and finally allows herself to grieve away from the sight of her CADETS. Tears streaming. But she steadies herself as she becomes aware of a FIGURE IN BLACK -
CONSTANCE
What are you doing?

The figure jerks round: GRIMAUD. Pale, cowed. Hardly recognizable. Eyes wild. Bloodshot. Breathing painful. Only alive through the sheer force of will -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
You’re hurt, Monsieur -

She steps forward. GRIMAUD tense. Then realises - she doesn’t know who he is.

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
Were you in the attack?

GRIMAUD remains silent but it’s clear he’s in agony.

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
I’ve only brandy now. You were looking for something stronger -?

GRIMAUD blanches. Slumps. Beaten. CONSTANCE comes close. We see - he’s pulled out the dagger from his belly. Crudely staunched the blood loss. But in his shoulder -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
The blade point has broken off.
It’s still in there.

She reaches out. He stops her hand. Their eyes lock.

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
You do not have to suffer -

GRIMAUD
Suffering makes us strong.

CONSTANCE shakes her head at this idea. Gently puts her fingers across the wound - he flinches. A beat. Then he grabs her wrist -

GRIMAUD (CONT’D)
Do it...

Using tongs, CONSTANCE reaches into the wound. GRIMAUD’s eyes roll. Body twists, like a lover: perverse ecstasy through the agony. CONSTANCE removes the small bloody piece of metal, holds it up. GRIMAUD slumps back. His breathing rattling badly now. CONSTANCE realising: he’s dying.

CONSTANCE
You need to stay here. With us.

GRIMAUD bewildered by her compassion -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
I can find a priest?
GRIMAUD hardens with disgust at this. CONSTANCE doesn’t push. Takes up a bottle of brandy -

GRIMAUD
Why would you help me?

CONSTANCE
Why wouldn’t I?

GRIMAUD cannot answer. Doesn’t understand. CONSTANCE splashes the wound -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
I’ll stitch your wounds. Then find you a bed -

GRIMAUD grips her hand.

GRIMAUD
I will never lie down.

CONSTANCE sees the determination of a dying man. The steel. Lets him take the bottle.

CONSTANCE
Today is a new beginning, Monsieur. There’s hope for us all again. However bad things may seem.

GRIMAUD drinks. She turns her back. GRIMAUD watching intently as she looks for bandages and thread -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
But I want you to stay here.

CONSTANCE finds what she’s looking for - thread and a large needle -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
We can make you comfortable.

She turns - GRIMAUD has gone.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUVRE. DAUPHIN’S BEDROOM. DAY 5.

Next day. SERVANTS move ANNE’s furniture into the KING’S BEDROOM as - two LADIES IN WAITING dress the DAUPHIN in his finery. ANNE watches. Moved by the sight of her son preparing to fulfill his destiny. A LADY IN WAITING holds up a handsome waistcoat but ANNE shakes her head, rejecting it -

ANNE
The other one.
The LADY IN WAITING begins to put the DAUPHIN in a far less ostentatious waistcoat. ANNE smiles at her son -

ANNE (CONT’D)
We only have all this by God’s Grace. Without the love of his people? A King is nothing.

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT
Majesty? The carriage is ready.

ANNE reaches for the DAUPHIN’s hand. Smiles as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH. DAY 5.

Meanwhile. REFUGEES and other ORDINARY PEOPLE gather along the approach to the impressive CATHEDRAL, keen to catch a glimpse of their new Regent and King. Flowers. Garlands. D’ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS and ARAMIS organise a nervous BRUJON and the few remaining CADETS -

BRUJON
(to D’ARTAGNAN)
What shall I do if Her Majesty speaks to me?

PORTHOS glances at ARAMIS. Mischief in his eyes -

PORTHOS
Well I’d be very careful what you say. One wrong word? She’ll have you executed.

ARAMIS
(playing along)
It’s true. She’s a fearsome tyrant.

PORTHOS
Terrible temper.

BRUJON alarmed but -

D’ARTAGNAN
Just do your job, Brujon.

ARAMIS and PORTHOS grin as BRUJON goes off, gesturing at the other CADETS to form a welcoming guard -

CUT TO:
Meanwhile, ATHOS watches as various DIGNITARIES and OFFICIALS file past into the Cathedral. He sees SYLVIE entering with them. A smile passes between them as a flurry of applause causes ATHOS to turn. He walks out to join the other MUSKETEERS and CADETS as the QUEEN's CARRIAGE arrives -

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. QUEEN'S CARRIAGE. DAY 5.

Moments later, ANNE with the DAUPHIN as their carriage comes to a halt at the Cathedral approach. CHEERS and SHOUTS outside -

ANNE
(to the DAUPHIN)
Are you ready?

The DAUPHIN nods. ANNE smiles at her son sweetly.

ANNE (CONT'D)
This is the beginning of a new life. For both of us.

ANNE breathes deep. Readies herself for their first public engagement as Regent and King. Takes her son's hand. Then -

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL APPROACH. DAY 5.

Cheers as - ANNE and the DAUPHIN alight. ATHOS, D'ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS, ARAMIS, BRUJON and the CADETS form a box-like escort around them and they walk towards the Cathedral. PEOPLE applauding. The DAUPHIN waving as we find - ELODIE and CONSTANCE in the crowd. ELODIE holding her BABY. Trying to get a glimpse of ANNE and the DAUPHIN as they draw near -

ELODIE
(seeing ANNE)
She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. But in the country few speak well of her...

CONSTANCE smiles.

CONSTANCE
Many things will change after today.

ELODIE smiles at the thought but it fades at the sight of - a FIGURE watching the ROYAL PARTY from the side.
ELODIE
That man...

CONSTANCE follows her gaze to see - GRIMAUD entering the CATHEDRAL by a SIDE DOOR -

CONSTANCE
He was at the Tavern. You know him?

ELODIE
The Musketeers came to my home looking for him.

Off CONSTANCE, realising -

INTERCUT:

45
INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. CRYPT. DAY 5.

From above - the din of excited VOICES as the CROWD awaits the Queen’s arrival. In the low gloom, we can just make out -

GRIMAUD. Attaching a fuse to several GUNPOWDER BARRELS nearby. His breathing heavy. Full of broken wheezes. His hateful determination more powerful than ever.

INTERCUT:

46
EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH/ENTRANCE. DAY 5.

CONSTANCE tries to force her way through the CROWD. But ANNE and the DAUPHIN are nearing the entrance. Too far to reach. D’ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS and ARAMIS with them. Unaware as -

CONSTANCE
d’Artagnan!

Her voice barely audible above the CHEERS and APPLAUSE -

CONSTANCE (CONT’D)
(shouting)
D’ARTAGNAN!

CONSTANCE’s helpless desperation rising -

INTERCUT:
GRIMAUD finishes attaching the FUSE LINE cord. We see that it runs from the side door through the CRYPT then splits into three, each line leading to a BARREL OF GUNPOWDER next to a PILLAR -

**INTERCUT:**

CONSTANCE scrambles. *Can’t get through.* Ahead - the MUSKETEERS, ANNE and the DAUPHIN getting closer and closer to the Cathedral. She eventually reaches D’ARTAGNAN -

D’ARTAGNAN
What’s wrong?

CONSTANCE
Grimaud.

His expressions darkens - MASSIVE.

D’ARTAGNAN
Where?

CONSTANCE points to the CATHEDRAL -

**INTERCUT:**

With a torch GRIMAUD lights the MAIN FUSE LINE. Watches as it SPITS and SPARKS into life -

**INTERCUT:**

A breathless ARAMIS reaches ANNE and the DAUPHIN first -

ARAMIS
We have to stop, Your Majesty -

ATHOS, PORTHOS, D’ARTAGNAN and CONSTANCE with him.

ANNE
Aramis? What’s happened?

ARAMIS
He’s inside.

ARAMIS doesn’t have to say who. ANNE takes in his words -
PORTHOS  
We’re missing half our powder from the Garrison. If he’s got it...

ATHOS looks round at all the PEOPLE. Horror in his expression as the scale of the potential devastation dawns on him.

ATHOS  
We need to get everybody away from here -

CONSTANCE  
Everybody?

ATHOS  
(to PORTHOS/CONSTANCE)  
Do it. Now!  
(to ARAMIS)  
You and the cadets stay with the Queen. d’Artagnan – with me -

PORTHOS and CONSTANCE run into the church. D’ARTAGNAN and ATHOS down into the Catacombs -

INTERCUT:

OMITTED MOVED TO SCENE 52A

INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. INNER ENTRANCE. DAY 5.

PORTHOS and CONSTANCE run in. SYLVIE, waiting with many DIGNITARIES and ordinary PEOPLE, sees them -

CONSTANCE  
All of you: with us! Now!

SYLVIE  
The Queen -

PORTHOS  
MOVE!

SYLVIE doesn’t argue. Helps usher OTHERS out -

INTERCUT:

INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. CRYPT. DAY 5.

GRIMAUD watches the spark eat its way towards along the line with malevolent glee. Turns and goes -

INTERCUT:
ATHOS and D’ARTAGNAN run through the Cathedral in search of GRIMAUD, carrying torches. They spot a door and run towards it, entering the crypt. Can’t see anything at first, then notice the glow of a torch in a darkened doorway to one side of the CRYPT. Then hear -

GRIMAUD’S FOOTSTEPS as he retreats. They’re about to follow the sound when -

D’ARTAGNAN

Athos!

ATHOS follows D’ARTAGNAN’s gaze to the spent trail of grey powder. As they pursue its path -

INTERCUT:

D’ARTAGNAN and ATHOS have yet to arrive but we see -

The sparks divide into the three FUSE LINES now. Drawing ever closer to the GUNPOWDER BARRELS, their destiny about to be fulfilled -

INTERCUT:

ARAMIS desperately trying to get ANNE and the DAUPHIN back down the procession route and clear of danger. The DAUPHIN falls. ARAMIS scoops him up immediately, saving him from being trampled, but we register a moment between them as father and son make contact for the first time -

ARAMIS
(to the DAUPHIN)
I’m Aramis.

Instinctively, the DAUPHIN throws his arms round ARAMIS’ neck. ARAMIS glances at ANNE.

ARAMIS (CONT’D)
Your people look to you, Majesty.
Calm...

ANNE understands: stop the panic. Smiles at the DAUPHIN. Walking slowly. CONSTANCE, PORTHOS, SYLVIE and the others following suit as we -

INTERCUT:
INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. CRYPT. DAY 5.

ATHOS and D’ARTAGNAN enter, having followed the trail to find
The SPARKS devouring the three FUSE LINES. At the GUNPOWDER BARRELS NOW. The PILLARS ABOUT TO EXPLODE but that doesn’t stop either MUSKETEER from sprinting towards them —

INTERCUT:

57

EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH. DAY 5.

A numb silence as ARAMIS carries his son. Closer now at the end than they have ever been —

INTERCUT:

58

INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. REFUGE NEAR CRYPT. DAY 5.

Seconds until everybody dies. In the darkness, GRIMAUD, clutching his torch, has found refuge by a WATER COURSE. Breathes slow. Closes his eyes. Anticipating the explosion but...

... NOTHING COMES.

ANGLE - in the CRYPT we see that D’ARTAGNAN and ATHOS have just put out the FUSE LINES! They move towards GRIMAUD’s location as —

ANGLE - GRIMAUD sees the approaching glimmer of their torches. Furious, he puts out his own. Plunging everything into DARKNESS. Drawing his sword as —

ANGLE - ATHOS and D’ARTAGNAN approach. Split up. Using their torches to try and see their enemy —

ANGLE - GRIMAUD sees the passage of the two torchlights through the gloom. Waits until ATHOS has gone one way then goes after D’ARTAGNAN —

ANGLE - D’ARTAGNAN shining his torch. Looking. Turns only to find —

GRIMAUD, driven by a last stab of pure hate, running at him. SLASHES at D’ARTAGNAN, cutting his face. He staggers back as —

ANGLE - ATHOS spins, seeing D’ARTAGNAN’s torch clatter to the ground. Runs to him as —

ANGLE - D’ARTAGNAN gets a retaliatory jab in at GRIMAUD, who retreats into the dark as he collapses only for ATHOS to arrive —

D’ARTAGNAN struggling to get up. Bleeding. ATHOS tries to help him but D’ARTAGNAN smarts at the pain —

ATHOS

Stay here.
ATHOS about to go into the shadows after GRIMAUD but -

D’ARTAGNAN

Athos?

D’ARTAGNAN grips his friend’s arm. Their gazes lock.

D’ARTAGNAN urging -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
I will not raise your child.

ATHOS understands: survive. Takes D’ARTAGNAN’s sword and puts out his own torch. Levelling the ground between him and his enemy -

Off D’ARTAGNAN, watching ATHOS go into the darkness. Wondering if he’ll ever see his friend again -

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. CATACOMBS. DAY 5. 59

Moments later. ATHOS scanning the shadows that surround him -

There’s no sound but the relentless DRIP-DRIP-DRIP of old rainwater as it works its way down from above, along the walls and onto the cold stone beneath his feet.

GRIMAUD (O.S)
(calling)
You will not survive me, Athos.

GRIMAUD’S VOICE ECHOING. ATHOS spins round. Looks towards what he thinks is the source of GRIMAUD’s voice -

GRIMAUD (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(calling louder)
Love has made you weak.

ATHOS spins again. Stalked by GRIMAUD’s voice, which seems to surround him. Catches - a flicker of movement across a tiny rogue shaft of DAYLIGHT ahead. Moves towards it -

GRIMAUD (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Don’t you know that every man dies alone?
GRIMAUD’s VOICE CLOSE NOW.

ATHOS turns - GRIMAUD’s BLADE SLICES INTO HIS SIDE. GRIMAUD withdraws his sword but -

ATHOS
He doesn’t have to live alone.

GRIMAUD sees ATHOS has the TWO SWORDS! With one, ATHOS disarms GRIMAUD. Then, ignoring his own pain, he sinks the other into GRIMAUD’s SHOULDER! Withdraws it -

GRIMAUD screams in rage. Staggers back. ATHOS charges, pushing them both into -

A WATER COURSE. Both men disappearing into the shimmering dark that’s accumulated there.

A beat. Then -

Both men resurface. GRIMAUD trying to rise but he can’t stand properly. He’s broken. Bloodied. Breathless. Coughing. Looking up at ATHOS who towers over him now -

Every inch of ATHOS is exhausted as he rests his palm on GRIMAUD’s head like he’s comforting a child. GRIMAUD rails again but he’s too weak to resist as ATHOS pushes his head down beneath the water. Holds him there. GRIMAUD’s hands beating against his arms. Soldiers brought him into the world. Now a soldier is taking him out of it -

No pleasure in ATHOS’ eyes. Just strength. The cold determination of necessity as he holds GRIMAUD down for dear life. A mercy killing -

Soon GRIMAUD stops struggling but ATHOS keeps holding him down. Doesn’t let go. Can’t let go.
D’ARTAGNAN

Athos?

ATHOS keeps holding GRIMAUD down. Lost in the ferocity of the moment. His all-consuming desire to end this -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)

(shouting)

ATHOS?

ATHOS looks - a recovered D’ARTAGNAN standing at the water’s edge.

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)

It’s done. He’s gone.

ATHOS finally releases GRIMAUD’s lifeless body. Watches, almost mournful, as it sinks into water that’s as black as GRIMAUD’s dead eyes.

All of ATHOS’ doubt and pain dissolving and dying in the darkness with it -

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. DAY 5.

Later. ANNE stands before the CONGREGATION of rich and poor all united around their Regent. Her gaze passes over SYLVIE, CONSTANCE, BRUJON...

ANNE

Today our faith was rewarded. Faith in one another.

... rests upon the MUSKETEERS.

ANNE (CONT’D)

In our friends. But I want to restore our faith in the future.

ANNE looks out over the PEOPLE. Speaks with the confidence and power of a true leader. A ruler -

ANNE (CONT’D)

You are our future. The people of Paris. And you will always find justice in her walls. I swear it. A Queen has many protectors, but for too long you have had none. That is why I am disbanding my Musketeers...

The MUSKETEERS share looks of surprise and shock -
ANNE (CONT’D)
And reforming them as your Musketeers. Their depleted ranks will be redrawn from the very streets they are to protect. And under their watchful gaze, Paris will always be safe.

The CROWD cheers as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH. DAY 5.

Later. The MUSKETEERS escort ANNE and the DAUPHIN back to their carriage. ARAMIS helps the DAUPHIN up the step. A smile between them. The DAUPHIN taken with him -

DAUPHIN
Are you my new servant, Aramis?

ARAMIS laughs.

ARAMIS
He’s funny.
(to the others)
Takes after his father.

ARAMIS realises what he’s just said. ANNE breaks the awkwardness -

ANNE
Porthos?

PORTHOS bows -

ANNE (CONT’D)
You will return to the Front as General Du Vallon. Show our soldiers they fight for a country where any man can rise if his talents merit it.

ANNE’s words echo those TREVILLE once said to PORTHOS. He bows as -

PORTHOS
You honour me, Majesty.

ANNE
The honour is mine.

PORTHOS smiles at his friends who are proud of him. But his smile fades when he sees - ELODIE in the distance. Realises what this means as ANNE turns to ATHOS -
ANNE (CONT’D)
Rebuild the Garrison, Captain.
Exactly the way it was.

ATHOS
The office was always a little...
small.

D’ARTAGNAN
And the Mess Room, come to mention it.

ANNE smiles. Nods as they go but -

ANNE
Aramis?
(ARAMIS stalls)
Will you take Treville’s place at my side?

ARAMIS shocked -

ARAMIS
I don’t think that would wise -

ANNE
That’s why you’re perfect for the position.
(before he can reply)
Take time. Consider.

ARAMIS follows her glance back at the DAUPHIN. Full of conflict as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS. STREET NEAR THE GARRISON. DAY 6.

Next day. PORTHOS walks with ELODIE -

PORTHOS
I’ve made arrangements. Anything happens to me? My pension will be paid to you.

ELODIE
But I’m not your wife -

PORTHOS
Better marry me before I go then.

A beat. ELODIE can’t believe what he just said. Then she nods. They kiss, two people discovering each other. Break then -
PORTHOS (CONT’D)
Marie-Cessette.
(off ELODIE’s look)
We’ll call our daughter Marie-Cessette.

ELODIE smiles as PORTHOS takes her hand and we –

CUT TO:

INT. LOUVRE. TREVILLE’S OFFICE. DAY 6.

Later. The office still full of all TREVILLE’s possessions and papers. ARAMIS moves through, wondering. Stirs as ATHOS enters –

ARAMIS
Am I this man, Athos?

ATHOS draws close. Glances at the uniform.

ATHOS
From Monk to Minister? Quite a journey.

ARAMIS
Perhaps I’ll remain a Musketeer.

They share a smile. ARAMIS’ fades –

ATHOS
You’ll always be a Musketeer, Aramis. But if you accept Her Majesty’s offer, you’d be able to watch over your son. All the days of your life.

ARAMIS
As his Minister. Not his father.

ATHOS looks round at their former leader’s room...
ATHOS
Treville guided each of us. As men. Musketeers. He was always there. Saw us grow...

... now ATHOS’ eyes meet ARAMIS’.

ATHOS (CONT’D)
Do you remember him as nothing more than your Captain? Or your Minister?

ARAMIS understands as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 6.

Later. The yard clear of debris now. PORTHOS approaches BRUJON -

PORTHOS
Brujon? Get me a horse. I’m going to the Front.

BRUJON nods. About to go but -

PORTHOS (CONT’D)
And get one for yourself. (off BRUJON’s look) You’re coming too.

BRUJON
I’m not a Musketeer, General.

CONSTANCE
No?

BRUJON looks as CONSTANCE, D’ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS, ATHOS and SYLVIE approach. His eyes widen as D’ARTAGNAN produces a set of EPAULETTES. Gives them to BRUJON, whose eyes sting with tears. He glances at CONSTANCE, who nods. Proud of her boy. But the moment is broken by -

PORTHOS
(to BRUJON)
What are you waiting for?

BRUJON
General!

BRUJON runs off. PORTHOS turns to the others -

PORTHOS
This is goodbye then.
ARAMIS
Only for now.

One by one they embrace PORTHOS until finally it’s just him and D’ARTAGNAN.

PORTHOS
Only take the best, understand? Anything less and you’ll disgrace our regiment.

D’ARTAGNAN frowns as PORTHOS goes off. Turns to ARAMIS -

D’ARTAGNAN
What did he mean by that?

ARAMIS
You’ll be responsible for recruiting and training the new Musketeers.

D’ARTAGNAN
That is the Captain’s responsibility -

ATHOS nods. Their meaning dawns on D’ARTAGNAN -

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
I cannot accept -

ATHOS
Are you refusing my last order?

D’ARTAGNAN conflicted.

SYLVIE
Athos is taking a leave of absence to fulfill a mission of great importance.

SYLVIE takes ATHOS’ hand. Presses it against her belly. D’ARTAGNAN cannot help but smile -

D’ARTAGNAN
(to ATHOS)
You will return?

Just a smile from ATHOS. It’s enough.

D’ARTAGNAN (CONT’D)
We’ll discuss this again.

ATHOS
I don’t doubt it.

ATHOS slips his arm inside SYLVIE’s. D’ARTAGNAN watches the lovers about to embark on their next great adventure as CONSTANCE comes up beside him.
CONSTANCE
Seems we’ve got work to do, Captain?

ARAMIS watches CONSTANCE and D’ARTAGNAN move off. Then SYLVIE and ATHOS. Then finally ELODIE and PORTHOS.

Stay on ARAMIS as he looks at all his friends. Each of them happy. Each of them with the woman they love -

CUT TO:

INT. LOUVRE. KING’S QUARTERS. DAY 6.

Later. ANNE sits behind her desk. She’s speaking to someone. Formal. Steely -

Anne
This is the name.

She pushes a folded paper across the desk. REVEAL - MILADY sitting opposite her. Opens the paper. Reads -

MILADY
Majesty... who knew you could be so... practical?

Anne
I assume this will not trouble you unduly?

MILADY is almost offended -

MILADY
Treville did not doubt my skills -

Anne
Treville is gone. From now on you report to me. And me alone.

MILADY rises. Bows. Then -

MILADY
A word of warning, Majesty. Deciding if a man lives or dies..? (off ANNE’s look) Conscience makes a cruel companion. (smiles) You are indeed alone now...

Their eyes lock. An understanding. MILADY exits as we stay on ANNE. MILADY’s words stinging her. Composes herself and rises. Goes through the doors into the COUNCIL CHAMBER where -

CUT TO:
Moments later. Various COUNCIL MEMBERS already wait. They stand as ANNE enters -

ANNE
Please accept my apologies for the delay...

ANNE’s voice tails at the sight of -

ARAMIS in his MINISTERIAL UNIFORM. Time seeming to stop as -

ARAMIS
Majesty.

ANNE momentarily struggling to recover her breath then -

ANNE
Minister.

ANNE takes her seat. MINISTER ARAMIS and the other COUNCIL MEMBERS follow suit, MINISTER ARMIS at her right hand. The ghost of a smile between ANNE and ARAMIS. She is not alone -

CUT TO:

Next day. GASTON alights from his horse. Full of hateful conspiracy and malevolent intent, he passes through the MAIN DOORS to find -

MILADY waiting for him. Just standing there. Confident. Assured -

GASTON
Who are you?

MILADY
Later.

GASTON
What are you doing here?

MILADY
Trying to make a decision. Perhaps you can help me? Tell me Duke: which would you prefer?

With one hand she produces a DAGGER -

MILADY (CONT’D)
The blade?

With the other a PISTOL -
MILADY (CONT’D)
Or the bullet?

GASTON can scarcely believe her audacity -

MILADY (CONT’D)
It’s been such a long time I really
can’t decide?

GASTON draws his sword. Moves to engage but -

MILADY raises her pistol. GASTON drops his sword. Turns and runs towards us but -

MILADY THROWS THE DAGGER, catching him right between the
shoulder blades! GASTON collapses. MILADY reacts like the
question has been answered but then he starts crawling -

MILADY (CONT’D)
Both then.

GASTON desperate to escape as MILADY calmly walks towards
him. He rolls onto his side. His wild, panic-stricken eyes
meeting MILADY’s as -

GASTON
Please... I’ll give you anything.

MILADY unimpressed.

GASTON (CONT’D)
Everything!

MILADY raises her pistol -

MILADY
You already have, Your Grace.

GASTON
(rasping, agony)
Who are you?

Beat.

MILADY
I am Milady De Winter.

And with one ear-piercing SHOT it’s over -

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. BRIDGE. DAY 8.

Next day. ATHOS and SYLVIE lead a small horse-drawn CART over
the bridge. The open road before them with all its
uncertainties and possibilities -
SYLVIE
We’ve saved Paris. What lies ahead for us I wonder?

ATHOS
It really doesn’t matter.

SYLVIE brings the cart to a halt. Looks at him -

SYLVIE
‘Doesn’t matter?’

ATHOS
Not if we face every challenge the way we always have...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. ATHOS’ OFFICE. DAY 8. (MONTAGE)

D’ARTAGNAN walks in to the Captain’s Office. Finds - a hat! Puts it on. Notices - CONSTANCE watching. They share a smile -

ATHOS (O.S./CONT’D)
... with a steady hand. A true heart...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS/MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 8. (MONTAGE)

PORTHOS kisses ELODIE and baby MARIE-CESSETTE goodbye. A wedding ring on ELODIE’s finger. She watches her husband go to BRUJON, who’s waiting by the horses -

ATHOS (O.S./CONT’D)
... courage. No matter how many enemies lie in wait for us...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUVRE. GARDENS. DAY 8. (MONTAGE)

MINISTER ARAMIS watches the DAUPHIN play in the distance. Moves off to find - ANNE waiting for him behind the privacy of a tree. Without warning, she kisses him -

ATHOS (O.S/CONT’D)
... faith ... that we will always find daylight in the dark...

CUT TO:
Finally SYLVIE. Moved by ATHOS’s words -

SYLVIE
And love?

Beat. ATHOS almost unable to believe how much his life has changed -

ATHOS
Above all else.

They kiss. Their new chapter together finally about to begin -

CUT TO:

Later. D’ARTAGNAN and CONSTANCE walk through, arms linked. Surveying the various PATRONS as they barter with STALL HOLDERS -

D’ARTAGNAN
The city’s full of men who are either too old or too young.

CONSTANCE
Who says we’re looking for men?

D’ARTAGNAN grins. Then sees they’ve arrived at a familiar MARKET STALL. The very place they first met. Takes CONSTANCE’s arm -

D’ARTAGNAN
I’ll give you five livres to kiss me.

CONSTANCE remembers these words. Smiles -

CONSTANCE
Let go... you degenerate.

They’re about to kiss but - the sound of a disturbance close by stops them.

STALL HOLDER (O.S.)
Thief! STOP HIM!

D’ARTAGNAN and CONSTANCE turn to see - a handsome YOUNG MAN sprinting away from several STALL HOLDERS. The YOUNG MAN is quickly cornered. Armed only with -

The APPLE he’s just stolen.

Various STALL HOLDERS lunge at him with cudgels. He evades their attacks with dexterity -
CONSTANCE glances at D’ARTAGNAN: not bad.

The vengeful STALL HOLDERS gather round the YOUNG MAN. He bites the apple, holding it with his mouth, then grabs a broom. Disarms them all with incredible skill. Escapes! As he runs off D’ARTAGNAN’s gaze meets CONSTANCE’s again. He realises what she’s thinking -

D’ARTAGNAN

No. No -

CONSTANCE

He has skill -

D’ARTAGNAN

He’s a thief -

CONSTANCE

You were a wanted man when I met you -

D’ARTAGNAN

I was innocent! He is clearly not -

CONSTANCE

Better show him the way to the Garrison then, hadn’t you?

(off D’ARTAGNAN’s look)

You are Captain of the Musketeers after all.

D’ARTAGNAN grins. Kisses her. Then runs after the YOUNG MAN who could be destined to become their first recruit. CONSTANCE watches her husband go. Heart full of love and pride as -

We PULL UP above the busy MARKET SQUARE...

Away from Paris...

Away from our friends...

Their story left where we first found it.

CUT TO: CREDITS

END OF EPISODE 10 AND SERIES THREE