

# THE MUSKETEERS III

## Episode Ten

'We are the Garrison'

by Simon Allen

**YELLOW PAGES SCRIPT**

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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 smothers 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:

4	<b>OMITTED</b>	4
5	<b>OMITTED</b> CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 3	5
6	<b>EXT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE'S TAVERN. NIGHT 1.</b>	6

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.**

7

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. GATES AREA. NIGHT 1.**

7

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:

8

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. STAIRCASE AREA. NIGHT 1.**

8

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:



9

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. GATES AREA. NIGHT 1.**

9

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:

10

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. STABLES AREA. NIGHT 1.**

10

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:

11

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. GATES AREA. NIGHT 1.**

11

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:

12

**INT. PARIS. SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT 1.**

12

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.  
(quieter)  
*The rest have risked enough* -

IN A FLASH, GRIMAUD'S DAGGER is at MARCHEAUX'S throat -

GRIMAUD  
*Your men?*

CUT TO:

13

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 2.**

13

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:

14

**EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. DAY 2.**

14

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:

15           **INT. LOUVRE. PALACE STORES. DAY 2.**

15

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:

16           **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. DAY 2.**

16

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:

17

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 2.**

17

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.

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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 RASTOIL. *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:

18

**INT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE'S TAVERN. DAY 2.**

18

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)  
Will he live?

ARAMIS  
(to BRUJON)  
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..?

PORTHOS 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:

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/ALLEYWAY. 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:



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:

23      **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. ALLEY/VANTAGE POINT. DAY 2.**      23

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:

24      **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. BLACKSMITHS. DAY 2.**      24

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:

25      **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. ALLEY/VANTAGE POINT. DAY 2.**      25

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:

26

**EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. SYLVIE'S SHACK. DAY 2.**

26

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:

27

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

27

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

CUT TO:

28

**EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. BLACKSMITHS. DAY 2.**

28

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:

29

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

29

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:

30

**EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. BLACKSMITHS. DAY 2.**

30

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 untying 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 clammers 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:

31 **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. DAY 2.**

31

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:

32 **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT. ALLEYWAY/AREA CLOSE TO DOCKS. DAY 2.** 32

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:

33 **EXT. PARIS. SETTLEMENT (DEAD END STREET). DAY 2.**

33

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 -

D'ARTAGNAN

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

You were right... it is not...  
*honourable.*

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.**

34

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.**

35

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.**

36

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:

37

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 4.**

37

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:

38

**INT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE'S TAVERN. DAY 4.**

38

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:

39

**INT. PARIS. CHRISTOPHE'S TAVERN. STORE ROOM. DAY 4.**

39

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 staunches 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:

40

**INT. LOUVRE. DAUPHIN'S BEDROOM. DAY 5.**

40

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:

41 **EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH. DAY 5.**

41

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:



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.**

45

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.**

46

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:





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:

51 **OMITTED** MOVED TO SCENE 52A 51

52 **INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. INNER ENTRANCE. DAY 5.** 52

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:

52A **INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. CRYPT. DAY 5.** 52A

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

INTERCUT:



56

**INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. CRYPT. DAY 5.**

56

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.**

57

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.**

58

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:

59

**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. Staggered 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:

60

**INT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. DAY 5.**

60

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:

61

**EXT. PARIS. CATHEDRAL. APPROACH. DAY 5.**

61

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:

62

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

62

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:

63

**INT. LOUVRE. TREVILLE'S OFFICE. DAY 6.**

63

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:

64

**EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 6.**

64

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:

65

**INT. LOUVRE. KING'S QUARTERS. DAY 6.**

65

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:

65A INT. LOUVRE. COUNCIL CHAMBER. DAY 6.

65A

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 ARAMIS at her right hand. The ghost of a smile between ANNE and ARAMIS. *She is not alone -*

CUT TO:

66 EXT. LOIRE VALLEY. GASTON'S HOUSE. DAY 7.

66

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:

67

**INT. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. BRIDGE. DAY 8.**

67

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:

68           **INT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. ATHOS' OFFICE. DAY 8. (MONTAGE)**           68

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:

69           **EXT. PARIS/MUSKETEERS GARRISON. DAY 8. (MONTAGE)**           69

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:

70           **EXT. LOUVRE. GARDENS. DAY 8. (MONTAGE)**           70

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:



71           **EXT. PARIS OUTSKIRTS. BRIDGE. DAY 8. (END OF MONTAGE)**           71

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:

72           **EXT. PARIS. MARKET SQUARE. DAY 8.**           72

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**

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