

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

D'ARTAGNAN 1

Lights up on stage, ATHOS is sitting, waiting. D'ARTAGNAN enters DSL as the clock strikes noon. ATHOS stands as D'ARTAGNAN approaches.

ATHOS: Sir, I have asked two of my friends to act as seconds, though they have not come yet. I'm surprised; it's not like them.

D'ARTAGNAN: I have come with no seconds, as I only know Monsieur de Treville.

ATHOS: You only know Monsieur de Treville? (*D'ARTAGNAN nods*). Then if you should die in this duel, I will seem like a child-killer...

D'ARTAGNAN: I don't think you will, sir, as you have done me the honor of crossing swords with a grievous wound that must seriously hinder you.

ATHOS: Indeed it does; you caused me great pain this morning. But I will use my left hand, as I can fence equally well with it. Oh! My shoulder! The pain is so much worse since you ran into me...

D'ARTAGNAN: With your permission, I have a miraculous ointment for wounds. I am sure it will heal you within three days, and we can resume our duel then.

ATHOS: There's a suggestion that pleases me! Not that I accept, mind, but you have a noble heart. Now what can be keeping those seconds of mine?

D'ARTAGNAN: If you are in a hurry and would like to dispose of me quickly, please feel free to do so.

ATHOS: There's another suggestion that pleases me! I like men of your kind, and I can tell that if one of us doesn't kill the other in this duel, I will take real pleasure in your company. Ah, here is one of my seconds now!

PORTHOS enters DSR.

D'ARTAGNAN: Monsieur Porthos is one of your seconds?

ATHOS: Yes, and here comes the other.

ARAMIS enters DSR.

D'ARTAGNAN: Monsieur Aramis is also one of your seconds?

ATHOS: You seem to be unaware that Aramis, Porthos, and I are always seen together in battle, at court, and in the musketeers, and that we are known as the Three Inseparables.

PORTHOS: Why, this is the gentleman I have a duel with.

D'ARTAGNAN: But not till one o'clock.

ARAMIS: And I also have a duel with him!

D'ARTAGNAN: But not till two o'clock.

ARAMIS: Why are you fighting with him, Athos?

ATHOS: I'm not too sure; he hurt my shoulder.

ARAMIS: And you, Porthos?

D'ARTAGNAN: We had an argument over clothes.

PORTHOS: And you, Aramis?

ARAMIS: I'm fighting him because of a theological matter.

ATHOS (*smirking*): Is that true?

D'ARTAGNAN (*also smirking*): Yes. And now that you're all together, let me apologize, in case I cannot pay my debt to each of you. You see, Monsieur Athos has the right to kill me first, making your claim far less valuable, Monsieur Porthos, and yours worth nearly nothing, Monsieur Aramis. For that, I do apologize.

ATHOS (*smiling and drawing his sword*): Shall we, then?

D'ARTAGNAN draws his sword and the two cross as if to begin.

PORTHOS: The Cardinal's Guards! Quick sheath your swords.

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D'ARTAGNAN 2

CONSTANCE then leaves down the aisle. D'ARTAGNAN begins to follow her, but she notices and cries out. D'ARTAGNAN catches her by the arm CS and CONSTANCE wheels around to face him.

CONSTANCE: You can kill me, but I won't tell you anything!

D'ARTAGNAN: I certainly don't mean to kill you; I simply saw you tap on my friend's window and wished to know the reason.

CONSTANCE: Your friend?

D'ARTAGNAN: Yes, Aramis is once of my closest friends.

CONSTANCE: Who's Aramis?

D'ARTAGNAN: The musketeer who lives just there.

CONSTANCE: A musketeer lives there?

D'ARTAGNAN: You did not come to see Aramis, then?

CONSTANCE: You saw yourself that I spoke with a woman.

D'ARTAGNAN: You are the most mysterious woman I have ever...

CONSTANCE: Does that turn you against me?

D'ARTAGNAN: On the contrary, I find you adorable. You've nothing to fear from one who loves you.

CONSTANCE: You are very quick to speak of love, sir!

D'ARTAGNAN: That's because love has come to me quickly, for the first time, and I am not yet twenty.

CONSTANCE: I am tired of this whole subject, sir.

D'ARTAGNAN: But think what would happen if you were arrested with that handkerchief, madame.

CONSTANCE: Why? The initials on it are mine, Constance Bonacieux.

D'ARTAGNAN: Constance Bonacieux! The same who was kidnapped and whose husband serves as my landlord!

CONSTANCE: Be quiet! If anyone should hear you, I'd be lost! I was kidnapped, but I escaped. The handkerchief bears my initials.

D'ARTAGNAN: Or those of Camille de Bois-Tracy.

CONSTANCE: Be quiet, sir! And now I ask that you please leave me. In the name of heaven, in the name of a soldier's honor and gentlemen's courtesy, leave me!

D'ARTAGNAN: I cannot refuse anything asked of me in such a way.

CONSTANCE: You won't follow me?

D'ARTAGNAN: I'll go straight home. Good-bye, madame.

CONSTANCE exits down center aisle, PLANCHET enters DSR.

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D'ARTAGNAN 3

CONSTANCE drinks from the glass. We hear D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS, ARAMIS, and PORTHOS off-stage right.

D'ARTAGNAN: Constance? Constance?

CONSTANCE: Oh my dear D'Artagnan? Is that you?

The FOUR enter DSR as CONSTANCE falls to the floor. She weakens over the next bit of dialog.

D'ARTAGNAN: Constance! Oh my God!

ARAMIS: Who poured this wine for you?

CONSTANCE: A friend of yours, d'Artagnan, or at least she said you were friends. D'Artagnan, what has happened? Why can't I see?

D'ARTAGNAN: She?

CONSTANCE: Yes... Lady de Winter...

The FOUR cry out and CONSTANCE slumps.

D'ARTAGNAN (to ATHOS): You don't think...

ATHOS: D'Artagnan, I can't bear to say what I think.

CONSTANCE: D'Artagnan?

D'ARTAGNAN refocuses on her, holding her in his arms.

D'ARTAGNAN: It's alright, we've sent for a doctor, you'll be fine.

D'ARTAGNAN holds her close. After a moment, CONSTANCE stops breathing, stops moving. ATHOS bows his head, ARAMIS crosses himself, PORTHOS buries his head in his hands, and D'ARTAGNAN weeps.

D'ARTAGNAN: Constance, my beloved Constance...

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ATHOS 1

D'ARTAGNAN: Athos, you look terrible... are you wounded?

ATHOS: No, I'm dead drunk, and no one ever did more to achieve that result that I've done. I must have emptied at least a hundred and fifty bottles!

D'ARTAGNAN: I wish I could say the same.

ATHOS: And why is that?

D'ARTAGNAN: Because I am obsessed with a woman who works for my enemy.

ATHOS: Madame Bonacieux? I thought she worked for the queen.

D'ARTAGNAN: No, not my dear Constance, I mean Milady, the woman I told you about from Meung. I saw her again in London, and again at the King's ball.

ATHOS: So now you are in love with her as you used to be in love with Madame Bonacieux.

D'ARTAGNAN: Not at all! I merely wish to know who she is.

ATHOS: You are right to abandon Madame Bonacieux. A woman who disappears with such frequency is not worth the effort.

D'ARTAGNAN: No, Athos, you're wrong. I love my dear Constance more than ever. But she has been kidnapped again, and all my efforts to find her have been for naught.

ATHOS: That's only a trifle.

D'ARTAGNAN: You wouldn't think so if you'd ever been in love!

ATHOS (*starting and a bit angry, then composes himself*): You're right, I've never been in love. Though a friend of mine has, and suffered worse than you. Would you like to hear the story?

D'ARTAGNAN: I've little else to do.

ATHOS: Very well. A friend of mine—I want it understood very clearly that this was a friend of mine and not myself—was one of the Counts of Berry, my native province. At twenty-five, he fell in love

with a beautiful blond girl of sixteen. She was more than attractive, she was intoxicating. She lived with her brother, who was such a pious man that no one questioned their morality. Now, my friend was a local lord, and could have simply taken her if he wished, but he was a gentleman and instead, he wooed and married her. The fool! The idiot!

D'ARTAGNAN: Why do you say that, since he loved her?

ATHOS: Because one day, when she was out hunting with her husband, she was thrown off her horse and knocked unconscious. Her clothes had fallen in such a way to bare her shoulder and can you guess what her husband saw?

D'ARTAGNAN: Tell me, Athos.

ATHOS: A fleur-de-lis! She'd been branded as a convicted criminal!

D'ARTAGNAN: That's horrible! What did the Count do?

ATHOS: The only sensible thing. He cut some strips of cloth from her clothing, tied them together, and hanged her from a tree.

D'ARTAGNAN: He murdered her!

ATHOS: Yes... I murdered her... That cured me of beautiful, poetic, amorous women. (*long pause*) I seem to be running out of wine...

ATHOS leans back and sighs, D'ARTAGNAN looks astonished. Lights out slowly on D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS, and GRIMAUD.

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ATHOS 2

ATHOS reenters DSL and approaches the room where MILADY is sitting.

MILADY: Who are you? What do you want?

ATHOS: Do you recognize me? (*MILADY peers at him, then leaps back in shock, terrified*). Good. I see you do recognize me.

MILADY: Comte de la Fere!

ATHOS: Yes, Milady, Comte de la Fere in person. I've come back from the next world for the pleasure of seeing you. Sit down and let's talk, as the cardinal says. (*They sit*) Are you a demon sent to earth? I thought I killed you the first time you crossed my path, but either I was mistaken or the devil resurrected you. I am rarely mistaken, so I assume the devil resurrected you, gave you a new name, and almost given you another face. But he can never cleanse your vile soul. You thought I was dead, just as I thought you were dead. The name of Athos hid the Comte de la Fere just as the name of Lady de Winter hid Anne de Breuil. That was your name when your brother arranged our marriage, wasn't it? And now we have only gone on living because each thought the other was dead. But I've had my eye on you. I know it was you who cut the tags on Buckingham's shoulder. I know it was you who hired soldiers to murder Monsieur d'Artagnan for shaming you, and I know that when that failed, you sent him poisoned wine that he thought was sent by his friends. And I also know that you have just come here in exchange for the cardinal's promise to let you murder d'Artagnan with impunity, because you deem it 'required for the good of France.'

MILADY: To know all that, you must be Satan himself!

ATHOS: Perhaps I am. But listen to me carefully. I don't care if you have the duke of Buckingham killed, as I do not know him and he is an Englishman. But d'Artagnan is my loyal friend, and I am devoted to him as much as he is to me. If you touch one hair on his head, I swear to you that you will not live to commit another crime.

MILADY: D'Artagnan has insulted me. He will die.

ATHOS stands up, pulls out a pistol, cocks it, and aims it at her head.

ATHOS: Give me the letter the cardinal wrote for you, or I swear I will put a bullet through your head. You have one second to make up your mind.

MILADY takes out the letter and puts it on the table.

MILADY: Take it and be damned!

ATHOS (*lowering his weapon and unfolding the letter, reading*): 'The bearer of this letter has acted under my orders and for the good of the State. Richelieu.' Now that I've pulled out your fangs, viper, bite if you can.

ATHOS exits DSL, lights out.

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ARAMIS and PORTHOS 1

ISAAC: What do you think of the story Chalais's equerry has told?

PORTHOS (*sitting?*): What has he been saying?

ISAAC: He says that in Brussels he found Rochefort, the cardinal's right-hand man, disguised as a Capuchin, and that with this disguise he was able to take in Monsieur de Laigues, like the fool he is.

PORTHOS: Are you sure the story is true?

ISAAC: I heard it from Aramis.

PORTHOS: You did?

ARAMIS: You know very well he did, Porthos. I told you the story myself only yesterday. It's not worth talking about.

PORTHOS: That's *your* opinion! Not worth talking about? The cardinal has Chalais beheaded on the stupid pretext that he wanted to kill the king and have the queen marry the king's brother! No one had the slightest inkling of that till you announced it yesterday, and now you tell us it's not worth talking about!

ARAMIS (*patiently*): Very well, then, let's talk about it, since that's what you want.

PORTHOS: Well, if I were Chalais's equerry, I'd make Rochefort wish he'd never been born!

ARAMIS: And then the Red Duke would make you wish the same.

PORTHOS: The Red Duke! Bravo, Aramis, that's a charming name for the cardinal! I've always said you were witty; it's a pity you couldn't follow your vocation, friend – what a fine priest you would have made!

ARAMIS: It's only a delay. I'll be a priest someday; you know I still study theology.

CHARLES: He's only waiting for one thing before he finally decides to put on the cassock he hangs behind his uniform.

MONTAREN: What is it he's waiting for?

CHARLES: For the queen to give an heir to the throne of France!

PORTHOS: Let's not joke about that, gentlemen, thank heaven the queen is still young enough for it.

CHARLES: Oh, come now, Porthos.

ARAMIS (*slyly*): They say the Duke of Buckingham is in France now.

PORTHOS: Aramis, you shouldn't have said that. If Monsieur de Treville heard you...

ARAMIS: Are you lecturing me, Porthos?

PORTHOS: Be a musketeer or a priest, but don't try to be both at the same time. Anyone can say whatever he likes about the king and the cardinal, but the queen is sacred. If you speak of her, say only good things.

ARAMIS: Porthos, you are unbearably pompous. You know I hate being lectured, except by Athos. And someone with a shoulder belt as yours is in no position to be sanctimonious!

PORTHOS: Aramis!

ARAMIS: Porthos!

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ARAMIS and PORTHOS 2 (start where appropriate)

Lights up on PORTHOS, MOUSQUETON, and D'ARTAGNAN DSL.

DUMAS: Porthos was in a rather bad state. He had been wounded in the duel—

PORTHOS: Dumas! I told you, I'm not wounded, I'm—

D'ARTAGNAN: You took a sword to the chest, Porthos, you may as well admit it. But you must be terribly bored, Porthos; why haven't you hired someone to take you back to Paris?

PORTHOS: Because I was terribly bored, you see, and there was a fellow who offered to play dice and... well...

D'ARTAGNAN: You lost it all?

PORTHOS: Well...

D'ARTAGNAN: Even your horse?

PORTHOS: Well...

MOUSQUETON (*to D'ARTAGNAN*): Best to let it go, sir.

D'ARTAGNAN: So you've taken hold of a room in the inn.

MOUSQUETON: Yes, sir!

PORTHOS (*brightening*): I'm like a conqueror in an occupied country, d'Artagnan! As you can see, I'm armed to the teeth in case of a counterattack. Speaking of which, Mousqueton!

MOUSQUETON: Yes, sir?

PORTHOS: Now that reinforcements have arrived, we'll be needing more food.

MOUSQUETON: Shall I bring more wine?

PORTHOS: Always.

Lights out on D'ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS, and MOUSQUETON.

DUMAS: Well, you can imagine the feast they enjoyed as d'Artagnan explained the events with the diamond tags. Porthos spared no expense, particularly when friends were about. But since Porthos

seemed to be doing fine, aside from his wound, and since there were still two other friends d'Artagnan had left behind, he decided to continue on his journey.

Lights up on D'ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS, and BAZIN CS.

DUMAS: Aramis's wound had nearly healed, but he showed little sign of leaving the inn at which we left him, let alone donning his musketeer's uniform.

ARAMIS: That is because I have decided to take holy orders, Dumas, and would appreciate it if you would not disturb me while writing my thesis.

D'ARTAGNAN: You're writing a thesis?

BAZIN: Of course he is!

ARAMIS: Part of the requirements of ordination.

D'ARTAGNAN: Ordination!

BAZIN: Oh yes, Monsieur d'Artagnan.

ARAMIS: You've heard me speak of it before.

D'ARTAGNAN: Yes, but I admit I thought you were joking.

ARAMIS: I never joke about such things, and besides, I'm not going into the Church, I'm returning to it. Didn't I tell you how I left seminary to become a musketeer?

D'ARTAGNAN: So you're really set on renouncing the world?

ARAMIS: Yes, forever. You're my friend today, but tomorrow you'll only be a shadow to me, or rather you'll no longer exist at all. The world is a tomb, nothing more.

D'ARTAGNAN: Well, if that's the way you see it, then I can just burn your letter.

ARAMIS: What letter?

D'ARTAGNAN: The letter that came for you while you were gone. I've brought it here, but it's probably just some duchess or other who will be nothing more than a shadow to you tomorrow, or no longer exist at

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all. Hmm, I seem to have lost it anyway, but that shouldn't matter as love means nothing to you.

ARAMIS: D'Artagnan, you're killing me! Have you really lost it?

D'ARTAGNAN: Ah, here it is.

ARAMIS grabs it, reads it, kisses the letter, then stands.

ARAMIS: Bazin!

BAZIN: Yes, sir.

ARAMIS: Gather our things, quickly.

BAZIN: But why, sir?

ARAMIS: Because we are leaving.

BAZIN: But sir, what about your thesis?

ARAMIS: Time enough for that later. Now polish my sword, shape my hat, brush my cloak, and load my pistols! We're going back to Paris!

Lights out on ARAMIS, D'ARTAGNAN, and a woeful BAZIN.

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DUMAS

Lights up on DUMAS on BOL; PLANCHET, GRIMAUD, MOUSQUETON, and BAZIN are lined up on stage with D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS from SR to SL. Lights up on D'ARTAGNAN and PLANCHET.

DUMAS: Over the next months, our four companions became fast friends. D'Artagnan found himself a house and a servant, Planchet. D'Artagnan was quite pleased with his fortune, while Planchet was quite pleased only until he saw the interior of d'Artagnan's house, after which he hoped his master would fall into some large income.

Lights out on D'ARTAGNAN and PLANCHET and up on ATHOS and GRIMAUD.

DUMAS: Athos, as you may have guessed, is older than the others, and also a very quiet man. He has no mistress, and never speaks of women. Athos does not much like noise when left to himself, and he has trained his servant, Grimaud, to respond only to gestures or the occasional movement of his lips. Grimaud both greatly respects and greatly fears his master, especially if he gets a sign wrong.

Lights out on ATHOS and GRIMAUD and up on PORTHOS and MOUSQUETON.

DUMAS: Porthos is different from Athos in nearly every way. He speaks not only a great deal, but also very loudly and cares little as to whether anyone actually listens. He enjoys women and often boasts about it. His servant, Mousqueton, mirrors his master perfectly, and is greatly satisfied with the deal they have struck.

Lights out on PORTHOS and MOUSQUETON and up on ARAMIS and BAZIN.

DUMAS: Aramis, as you know, is intending to join the priesthood. He speaks often enough, though always discreetly, as a lady's honor is usually involved. Aramis is known for having numerous mistresses in high places, though he never speaks of them. His servant, Bazin, always dresses as the servant of a holy man and often prays for his master to see sense and hang up his sword. Like Grimaud and Mousqueton, Bazin's loyalty to his master is unshakeable.

Lights out on stage, but still on DUMAS.

DUMAS: And now we must continue with our story. It has been several months, now, and d'Artagnan has grown accustomed to his new home. He had been thinking of his recent exploits when his landlord came to the door and demanded entry.

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MILADY and JOHN FELTON

DE WINTER exits DSR, FELTON leaves the room and locks the door. MILADY huffs. Lights dim, then come back up. FELTON enters holding a missal.

FELTON: Lord de Winter is a Catholic, like you. Not wanting to deprive you of the rites of your religion, he's decided to let you read your mass every day. Here's a book that contains it.

MILADY takes the book and FELTON turns to go. MILADY mouths the words 'your mass', then smiles to herself, composes herself, and speaks before FELTON has left entirely.

MILADY: My mass? (*FELTON stops*) Lord de Winter is a corrupt Catholic and has set this as some sort of trap for me.

FELTON: What is your religion?

MILADY: I'll tell you that when I've suffered enough for my faith.

FELTON turns back to her.

MILADY: As for that book, you can take it and use it yourself, for I have no need of it.

FELTON takes the book, disgusted. He puts the book aside, then resumes his usual post and takes out a book of his own prayers. MILADY listens at the door, then returns to her chair and begins to sing a Puritan hymn. FELTON freezes, looks up, and eventually ends up listening at the door. FELTON then flings open the door.

FELTON: Why are you singing like that, in such a voice?

MILADY: Excuse me, sir, I forgot that my Puritan beliefs are not accepted in this castle. Please forgive me, my offence was unintentional.

FELTON: You... you're... I... you're singing was...disturbing, yes.

MILADY: I won't sing anymore, then.

FELTON: No, no, that's not what I meant. Just sing a little less loudly, is all.

FELTON turns and leaves the room, shutting the door and locking it behind him. Lights dim again, then come back up. MILADY is on her knees, praying. FELTON enters the room quietly, not wanting to disturb her.

MILADY: God of vengeance, God of righteousness, wilt thou allow this to continue?

MILADY pretends to finish, then notices FELTON.

FELTON: I don't like to interrupt anyone's prayers. Please don't let me disturb you. Repentant sinners are sacred to me, however great their guilt.

MILADY: Then you think me guilty of a crime? It is true I am being held prisoner, but God sometimes allows the innocent to be punished.

FELTON: If you are a martyr, then you have all the more reason to pray and I will add mine to yours. But Lord de Winter is incapable of such acts.

MILADY: A friend of the devil's disciple is capable of anything.

FELTON: The devil's disciple? Explain yourself.

MILADY: That description fits more than one man in England?

FELTON: George Villiers? The Duke of Buckingham?

MILADY: Who else but Satan himself? Help me escape him. Allow me a knife that I might use it. I only need it for an instant, you can pass it to me from outside.

FELTON: You plan to kill yourself!

MILADY: I've told you my secret! I am lost!

FELTON backs away, nervous. He shuts the door, locks it, and sinks to the ground in front of it. MILADY smiles. Lights dim, then come back up. FELTON is sitting in his usual spot. MILADY is standing on her chair with an impromptu noose. FELTON enters her room, hearing odd noises. MILADY hops down, trying to hide the rope.

FELTON: What is this?

MILADY: Nothing...

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FELTON: Why were you standing on that chair? And what is this rope? You know our God forbids suicide more than any sin you might have committed before.

MILADY: Why should you care if your prisoner lives or dies?

FELTON: It is my duty to guard your life, and a guard always performs his duties. As long as you are my prisoner, I cannot let you escape. As long as you are alive, and cannot let you take your own life.

MILADY: And yet you would deliver me to the Duke of Buckingham? To the Antichrist? Have you any idea what he has done to me?

FELTON: Has done? What has he done?

MILADY: You wouldn't believe me if I told you, it is too horrible for words. And you would deliver me into his hands.

FELTON: No! Never! *(Pause)* What would you have me do?

MILADY: If you will not let me die, then let me live. Help me to escape so that I can exact my revenge on that hateful creature.

FELTON: You will live, but allow another to exact that revenge.

LORD DE WINTER *(off)*: FELTON!

FELTON: I will return. You will live. On my honor as a gentleman, I swear you will live.

FELTON exits DSR, lights dim, then come back up as nighttime.

FELTON taps at the window USL and MILADY goes over to him.

MILADY: You came!

FELTON: I gave you my word. Are you ready?

MILADY: How far down is it?

FELTON: Quite far. I'll be with you, though. On my honor, I will not let you fall.

The two climb out the window USL and down. Lights out. Curtain closes.

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GRIMAUD, PLANCHET, BAZIN, and MOUSQUETON

Scene 1:

Lights up as D'ARTAGNAN runs on stage from DSL in a flowered dress, large bonnet, and short cape. He is in bare feet. He runs to ATHOS's house BOR and bangs on the door, which is answered by GRIMAUD.

GRIMAUD: What do you think you're doing, miss?

D'ARTAGNAN (*pulling off the bonnet*): You fool, I'm d'Artagnan, don't you recognize me? Where's your master?

GRIMAUD: You're Monsieur d'Artagnan? Impossible!

ATHOS enters in a dressing gown.

ATHOS: Grimaud, I believe you've taken the liberty of speaking.

GRIMAUD: Yes, sir, but—

ATHOS: Silence.

GRIMAUD points to D'ARTAGNAN. ATHOS bursts out laughing.

Scene 2 (reactions)

Lights up on DUMAS on BOL; PLANCHET, GRIMAUD, MOUSQUETON, and BAZIN are lined up on stage with D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS from SR to SL. Lights up on D'ARTAGNAN and PLANCHET.

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LORD DE WINTER and DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Lights out on DUMAS and up on stage. MILADY is in a room that is locked from the outside SL. She is pressed up against the door, talking with JOHN FELTON (who is on the SR side of the set).

MILADY: Where am I? Why am I here? If I am free, then why is the window barred? If I am prisoner, then what crime have I committed?

FELTON: My orders were to take you from the harbor to this castle. What happens next will be decided by someone else.

MILADY: Who is that someone else? What is his name?

LORD DE WINTER enters DSR and opens the door.

MILADY: You!

DE WINTER: Yes, me.

MILADY: Then this castle...

DE WINTER: Is mine.

MILADY: I'm your prisoner?

DE WINTER: More or less. Now, let's have a calm, sensible family discussion. Thank you, Felton, you may go now.

FELTON leaves DSR and DE WINTER closes the door. DE WINTER sits, MILADY seethes.

DE WINTER: Why have you come back to England? You hate this country.

MILADY: How did you keep such close watch to know my exact date and time of arrival?

DE WINTER: What did you intend to do in England?

MILADY: I came to see you.

DE WINTER: To see me?

MILADY: Yes. What's so surprising about that?

DE WINTER: Nothing. I am touched by your affection, dear sister-in-law.

MILADY (*changing tactics*): Was that the Duke of Buckingham I saw on the pier when I arrived?

DE WINTER: Yes, I do apologize, as I know he's a great enemy to your friend the cardinal.

MILADY: My friend the cardinal!

DE WINTER: Yes, but that's not important at the moment. I know you must feel lonely here. Tell me how your household was arranged with your first husband and I will provide all you need.

MILADY: My first husband!

DE WINTER: Yes, your French husband. I am not referring to my brother, of course. If you need a reminder, I can write to your first husband and ask him, since he is still alive.

MILADY (*rushing at him*): You insolent—

DE WINTER (*catching her*): I know you are used to murdering people, but I'll warn you that I will defend myself against you to my last. I know what mark you bear.

MILADY rages against him, but doesn't strike.

DE WINTER: Rage all you like. I have my best man standing guard.

DE WINTER leaves the room.

DE WINTER: Felton!

FELTON enters DSR.

DE WINTER: Guard this room with your life.

FELTON nods, DE WINTER locks the door and leaves DSR. MILADY sits down in a huff. Lights down.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

ROCHEFORT and CARDINAL RICHELIEU

Lights out on DUMAS and up on ROCHEFORT, CARDINAL RICHELIEU, and RICHELIEU's SERVANT BOR.

ROCHEFORT: They've seen each other.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: The queen and the duke?

ROCHEFORT: Yes.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: Where?

ROCHEFORT: In the Louvre.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: Are you sure?

ROCHEFORT: Absolutely.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU (*cursing under his breath*): We've had a defeat; now let's try to make up for it.

ROCHEFORT: I'll do everything I can to help you, Monseigneur.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: What happened?

ROCHEFORT: At half-past midnight, someone brought the queen a handkerchief. She showed great emotion and disappeared for three quarters of an hour, taking a small rosewood box with her. She returned without the box.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: Do you know what was inside it?

ROCHEFORT: Yes, the diamond tags His Majesty gave the queen.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: Good, Rochefort, we haven't lost yet!

ROCHEFORT: What are your orders, Your Eminence?

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: Don't breathe a word about what has happened; I want the queen to feel absolutely safe. For now, I will write to Milady, asking her to go to the next ball attended by the duke. He will be wearing the diamond tags. I will instruct her to cut off two of them and notify me once they are in her possession. I will then suggest that the king throw a ball to make up for his neglect of the queen and that he suggest she wear the diamond tags he gave her.

ROCHEFORT: Which will be in London...

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: Save for the two, which Milady will bring to me and I will produce at that moment when the queen cannot produce the diamond tags.

ROCHEFORT: It is brilliant, Your Eminence.

ROCHEFORT bows as RICHELIEU goes to write the letter. Lights out on ROCHEFORT and RICHELIEU and up on DUMAS CS.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

MONSIEUR TREVILLE and KING LOUIS XIII

Curtain opens, lights up on stage. LOUIS XIII is pacing CS while TREVILLE stands DSR, waiting and nervous. CHESNAYE is DSR, awaiting orders.

LOUIS XIII: So you maintain that His Eminence's guards picked a quarrel with your musketeers?

TREVILLE: Yes, sire, as always. The musketeers involved were some of my best men, Athos, Porthos and Aramis. You've heard of their loyalty before. They were accompanied by the young Gascon I mentioned, intending to have a picnic when they were accosted by Jussac and his men, who certainly can't have come there without unlawful intentions.

LOUIS XIII: They came to fight amongst themselves?

TREVILLE: I am not accusing them, I am simply leaving you to wonder what five men might be doing in such an isolated spot.

LOUIS XIII: Ah yes. But your musketeers weren't alone? There was the young man with them?

TREVILLE: He's really only a boy, Sire, and one of my musketeers was badly wounded. So two able-bodied musketeers, a wounded musketeer, and a boy not only held their ground against five of the cardinal's best guards, but left four of them lying on the ground, one of them for good.

LOUIS XIII: That's a victory! A complete victory! *(Pause)* And the boy?

TREVILLE: A youth, I suppose. He fought so well that I shall take the liberty of commending him to your attention, Sire.

LOUIS XIII: What is his name?

TREVILLE: D'Artagnan, sire. He was in civilian clothes, and they offered to let him leave. He answered that he was a musketeer at heart, was devoted to his king, and would stay to fight.

LOUIS XIII: A fine young man!

TREVILLE: It was he who gave Jussac the terrible wound that has made the cardinal so angry.

LOUIS XIII: He wounded Jussac so? But he is a mere child! Jussac is one of the best swordsmen in the country!

TREVILLE: Yes, Sire, and he met a better one.

LOUIS XIII: I wish to see these musketeers of yours. And the youth.

TREVILLE: They are downstairs, Sire, and with your permission, La Chesnaye will bring them up.

LOUIS XIII nods to CHESNAYE, who leaves DSR and comes back with ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS, and D'ARTAGNAN.

LOUIS XIII: Come here, my brave men, and take your reprimand! The four of you have killed or wounded seven of His Eminence's guard in the last two days! That's too many, gentlemen. At this rate, His Eminence will lose all his guards within three weeks and will have to recruit new ones, and I will be forced to enforce the edicts. I don't mind one or two from time to time, but seven in two days?

TREVILLE: Yes it is too many, Your Majesty, which is why they have come to you contrite and repentant—

LOUIS XIII: Contrite and repentant? I'm not so sure. And I see one of them is a Gascon face. Come here. *(D'ARTAGNAN steps forward)*. He is but a child, Monsieur de Treville! Is it really he who wounded Jussac so seriously?

TREVILLE: The very same.

LOUIS XIII: He's a real demon! Tell me, Treville, Gascons are still poor, aren't they?

TREVILLE: No one has yet found any gold in our hills, Sire.

LOUIS XIII: La Chesnaye, go and search my pockets for money, and if you can find forty pistoles, bring it to me.

LA CHESNAY: Yes, Sire.

La Chesnaye leaves DSL.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

LOUIS XIII: But that's enough, gentlemen, enough! You've had your revenge for what happened on Rue Ferou, be satisfied with it!

TREVILLE: We are satisfied with it if you are, Sire.

LOUIS XIII: I *am* satisfied with it! And here's proof of it!

CHESNAYE returns DSL with a purse and hands it to LOUIS XIII, who hands it to D'ARTAGNAN. The FOUR bow and exit DSR.

LOUIS XIII: There is no vacancy in the musketeers, Treville, and we have already set out requirements in place. I therefore want you to place that young man in the company commanded by your brother-in-law, Monsieur des Essart. Ah, Treville, I can't wait to see the cardinal's face! He'll be furious, but I don't care! I'm within my rights.

*LOUIS XIII dismisses TREVILLE, who exits DSR as lights go out.
Curtain closes*

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

CONSTANCE

CONSTANCE then leaves down the aisle. D'ARTAGNAN begins to follow her, but she notices and cries out. D'ARTAGNAN catches her by the arm CS and CONSTANCE wheels around to face him.

CONSTANCE: You can kill me, but I won't tell you anything!

D'ARTAGNAN: I certainly don't mean to kill you; I simply saw you tap on my friend's window and wished to know the reason.

CONSTANCE: Your friend?

D'ARTAGNAN: Yes, Aramis is once of my closest friends.

CONSTANCE: Who's Aramis?

D'ARTAGNAN: The musketeer who lives just there.

CONSTANCE: A musketeer lives there?

D'ARTAGNAN: You did not come to see Aramis, then?

CONSTANCE: You saw yourself that I spoke with a woman.

D'ARTAGNAN: You are the most mysterious woman I have ever...

CONSTANCE: Does that turn you against me?

D'ARTAGNAN: On the contrary, I find you adorable. You've nothing to fear from one who loves you.

CONSTANCE: You are very quick to speak of love, sir!

D'ARTAGNAN: That's because love has come to me quickly, for the first time, and I am not yet twenty.

CONSTANCE: I am tired of this whole subject, sir.

D'ARTAGNAN: But think what would happen if you were arrested with that handkerchief, madame.

CONSTANCE: Why? The initials on it are mine, Constance Bonacieux.

D'ARTAGNAN: Constance Bonacieux! The same who was kidnapped and whose husband serves as my landlord!

CONSTANCE: Be quiet! If anyone should hear you, I'd be lost! I was kidnapped, but I escaped. The handkerchief bears my initials.

D'ARTAGNAN: Or those of Camille de Bois-Tracy.

CONSTANCE: Be quiet, sir! And now I ask that you please leave me. In the name of heaven, in the name of a soldier's honor and gentlemen's courtesy, leave me!

D'ARTAGNAN: I cannot refuse anything asked of me in such a way.

CONSTANCE: You won't follow me?

D'ARTAGNAN: I'll go straight home. Good-bye, madame.

CONSTANCE exits down center aisle, PLANCHET enters DSR.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

QUEEN ANNE, KITTY, ABBESS, DE BOIS-TRACY

Lights down on DUMAS and up on KING LOUIS XIII and QUEEN ANNE DSR.

LOUIS XIII: Madame, there will soon be a ball at the city hall. I want you to attend in full ceremonial dress wearing the diamond tags I gave you for your name day. You have yet to wear them in public.

QUEEN ANNE (*shocked and also horrified, but trying to hide it*):
But... Sire...

LOUIS XIII: You'll come to the ball?

QUEEN ANNE: Yes...

LOUIS XIII: With your diamond tags?

QUEEN ANNE: Yes...

LOUIS XIII: Good. I'll expect you to be there.

QUEEN ANNE curtsies as LOUIS XIII leaves DSL. CONSTANCE enters slowly DSR, but QUEEN ANNE doesn't notice.

QUEEN ANNE: I'm lost! I'm lost... oh my God, I am lost...

CONSTANCE: Is there anything I can do for Your Majesty?

QUEEN ANNE: Constance! I did not see you there...

CONSTANCE: These diamond tags the king asked you to wear, they are with the Duke of Buckingham, are they not? (*QUEEN ANNE nods*)
Then we must get them back.

QUEEN ANNE: But how?

CONSTANCE: By sending someone to him. I know a man loyal to the Duke, a Monsieur d'Artagnan who offered his services to His Grace the night of your visit. Write a letter to the duke, and Monsieur d'Artagnan will ensure its delivery.

QUEEN ANNE: And he can be trusted?

CONSTANCE: He is the most trustworthy of men.

QUEEN ANNE: Then I will write the letter. And here, take this ring. I doubt your Monsieur d'Artagnan will have funds enough to get to

London and I am told this ring is worth something. He can sell it for the journey.

Lights out on stage.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

MAGISTRATE

Lights out on DUMAS and up on ATHOS, BONACIEUX, MAGISTRATE, and MAGISTRATE'S GUARDS CS.

MAGISTRATE (to ATHOS): Monsieur D'Artagnan, describe the conversation that took place between you and Monsieur Bonacieux.

BONACIEUX: But that's not Monsieur D'Artagnan!

MAGISTRATE: What? It isn't?

BONACIEUX: No! I don't know who he is.

MAGISTRATE (to ATHOS): What is your name?

ATHOS: Athos.

MAGISTRATE: That is not a man's name; it's the name of a mountain!

ATHOS (*remaining calm throughout*): It is my name.

MAGISTRATE: But you said your name was D'Artagnan!

ATHOS: No I didn't. The guards said to me "Monsieur D'artagnan?" and I said "You think so?" They said they were sure of it, and I let them have their way because I didn't want to irritate them. Besides, I couldn't be sure I wasn't mistaken.

MAGISTRATE: Sir, you are insulting the majesty of the law!

ATHOS: Not at all.

MAGISTRATE: You're Monsieur d'Artagnan.

ATHOS: You think so, too?"

TREVILLE barges in from DSR.

TREVILLE: What is the meaning of this? Who gave you orders to arrest this man?

MAGISTRATE: That is none of your concern, Sir.

TREVILLE: Someone has wrongly arrested one of my best musketeers with no indication that he has committed a crime. It is very much of my concern, *Sir*.

MAGISTRATE: Then you must take it up with the Cardinal; my orders came directly from him.

Lights out on ATHOS, BONACIEUX, MAGISTRATE, TREVILLE, and MAGISTRATE'S GUARDS and up on DUMAS BOR.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

MONSIEUR BONACIEUX

Lights up on D'ARTAGNAN, PLANCHET, and BONACIEUX on BOR.

BONACIEUX: I apologize for the intrusion, but I have heard you spoken of as a brave young man, and I am in need of help. My wife is the queen's linen maid, and...

D'ARTAGNAN: Go on.

BONACIEUX: My wife was abducted yesterday.

D'ARTAGNAN: What? Who abducted her?

BONACIEUX: I don't know, but I suspect... I suspect it was because of the love affairs of a great lady...

D'ARTAGNAN: You don't mean Madame de Bois-Tracy?

BONACIEUX: Higher.

D'ARTAGNAN: Madame de Chevreuse?

BONACIEUX: Higher, much higher!

D'ARTAGNAN: You can't mean the que—

BONACIEUX (*whispered*): Yes sir.

D'ARTAGNAN: And who could she be having an affair with?

BONACIEUX: Who else but the Duke of...

D'ARTAGNAN: The Duke of...

BONACIEUX: Yes sir. But the cardinal suspects, and so he spies on the queen. He has been pursuing her more and more recently and now the queen thinks that a letter has been sent to the Duke of Buckingham in her name.

D'ARTAGNAN: In the queen's name?

BONACIEUX: To make him come back to Paris and fall into a trap here.

D'ARTAGNAN: And do you have anything, any details about your wife's kidnapping?

BONACIEUX: I have only a letter that says I must not look for her. But I have noticed you tend to enjoy the company of three musketeers and hoped that perhaps the four of you could help my wife and, if need be, the queen.

ARAMIS, ATHOS and PORTHOS enter DSL and go to the "door" DSR.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

EXECUTIONER

MILADY: I defy you to find the court that passed that sentence on me!
I defy you to find the man who carried it out!

EXECUTIONER: Silence! That is for me to answer.

The EXECUTIONER removes his hood and MILADY cowers before him.

MILADY: The executioner from Lille!!!!

EXECUTIONER: Yes, it is I. This woman was once a nun in the Benedictine convent at Templemar. She seduced the convent priest and convinced him to steal the sacred vessels and run away with her. They were caught and arrested, but she escaped a week later having seduced the jailor's son. The young priest was sentenced to be branded and held in jail for ten years. As executioner, I was ordered to carry out the punishment on the young man, who, gentlemen, was my brother! I swore that the woman who had shared in the crime deserved to share in the punishment, so I found her and branded her in the same way I had been forced to brand my brother. The day I returned to Lille, my brother escaped. I was accused in complicity and held in his place. He was unaware of my plight and rejoined this woman. They moved to Berry, where he became a priest and she passed herself off as his sister. The lord of the estate met her and fell so deeply in love that he proposed to her. She abandoned her first victim, married her second, and became the Countess de la Fere. *(ATHOS nods in affirmation)* My brother went back to Lille in despair, learned of my plight, and took my place in prison. That same evening, he hung himself in his cell. I accuse her of all these crimes.

Audition Scripts for *The Three Musketeers*

EVERYONE ELSE (read for Montaren, Charles, and Isaac)

Lights up on Treville's antechamber and office. MUSKETEERS, ARAMIS, and PORTHOS are lounging about, some playing dice, others drinking wine. ALL are conversing. TREVILLE is in his office, working as LA CHESNAYE waits behind him. D'ARTAGNAN enters nervously, is approached by SERVANT and consults with him. SERVANT then retires to TREVILLE's chamber and relates D'ARTAGNAN's message. PORTHOS is standing with a gold belt, proudly showing it off as ARAMIS hides a smile.

PORTHOS: I have a cold, you see, and so I felt it better to wear my cloak. The belt is foolish, I know, but it's the fashion these days. And besides, I have to do something with my share of my father's estate...

MONTAREN: Come, now, Porthos, don't expect us to believe that came from your father's generosity: it must have been given you by the veiled lady I saw you with last Sunday, near the Porte.

PORTHOS: No, on my honor as a gentleman, I purchased it myself, with my own funds.

CHARLES: Yes, just as I purchased this purse with what my mistress put in my old one.

PORTHOS: What I said is true! I paid twelve pistoles for this belt, isn't that right, Aramis?

Aramis nods, slightly indifferent.

ISAAC: What do you think of the story Chalais's equerry has told?

PORTHOS (*sitting?*): What has he been saying?

ISAAC: He says that in Brussels he found Rochefort, the cardinal's right-hand man, disguised as a Capuchin, and that with this disguise he was able to take in Monsieur de Laigues, like the fool he is.

PORTHOS: Are you sure the story is true?

ISAAC: I heard it from Aramis.

PORTHOS: You did?

ARAMIS: You know very well he did, Porthos. I told you the story myself only yesterday. It's not worth talking about.