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Dramatic Publishing

The Three Musketeers

by
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Adapted for the stage
by
MAX BUSH



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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(THE THREE MUSKETEERS)

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To John S. Douglas

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This version of *The Three Musketeers* was commissioned by the Heritage Theater of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and opened there in November 1999, with the following cast and crew:

CAST

d'Artagnan	STEVEN C. SCHMIDT
Father, King	LOWELL GEORGE SEIBEL
Mother, Queen	SHERRYL DESPRES
Milady de Winter	TERRI HEFRON
Rochefort	TIMOTHY DOCTOR
Innkeeper, Beggar, 1st Ambusher	DON ZEIGLER
Innkeeper's Daughter, Madame Coquenard, Abbess	ERIN MERRITT
Porthos	JON D. MULL
Aramis	JONATHAN VICTOR
Athos	GLEN DANLES
Tréville, Stranger	JASON GRUTTER
de Jussac, Lord de Winter	MATTHEW T. ALLEN
Biscarat, Boisrenard, Count de Wardes, King's Guard	JEDEDIAH WEBER
Cañusac, 2nd Ambusher	CHRIS RAAB
Cardinal Richelieu	DAVID L. VANDERSCHUUR
Praying Woman, Queen's Maid	YOLANDA GRUTTER
Bonacieux, Felton, Executioner	JOHN S. DOUGLAS
Constance Bonacieux	GINA DAWE
Duke of Buckingham, Englishman	WILLIAM ALFORD
Kitty	KYLE CAPOGNA

PRODUCTION STAFF AND CREW

Director	LEA SEVIGNY
Director	MAX BUSH
Fight Choreographer	KATERI KLINE-JOHNSON
Stage Manager	CINDY DEWITT
Producer	KEITH OBERFELD
Producer / Set Design	JOHN A.C. DESPRES
Costume Design	SHARI HASKIN
Sound Design	STEVE NARDIN
Properties Design	CAROL HOEKSTRA
Properties Design	ALLISON HOEKSTRA-REYNOLDS
Lighting Design	VIC POLITES
French Language Expert	LINDA MAIRE
Props Assistant / Master of Arms	ERIN FRESHOUR
Running Crew	DAWN HIGHHOUSE, CHASYA ERSPAMER, BECKY STALZER, ERIN FRESHOUR
Costume Assistant / Refreshments	BLANE BLAKE

* * * *

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THE THREE MUSKETEERS

A Play in Four Acts*

CHARACTERS

D'ARTAGNAN	18-20
FATHER	40s
MOTHER	40s
MILADY DE WINTER	21-22
ROCHEFORT	early 40s
INNKEEPER	
INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER	
PORTHOS	25-28, a musketeer
ARAMIS	22-23, a musketeer
ATHOS	30, a musketeer
MUSKETEER	
TREVILLE	captain of the musketeers
DE JUSSAC	cardinal's guard
BISCARAT	cardinal's guard
CAHUSAC	cardinal's guard
BOISRENARD	cardinal's guard
KING	Louis XIII
CARDINAL RICHELIEU	36-37
PRAYING WOMAN	
BONACIEUX	51
CONSTANCE BONACIEUX	early 20s
QUEEN	26-27, Anne of Austria
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	35, George Villars
COUNT DE WARDES	25, a young gentleman
STRANGER	swordsman

2ND INNKEEPER
QUEEN'S MAID
PATRICK duke's servant
LORD DE WINTER. Milady's brother-in-law
ENGLISHMAN swordsman, nobleman
MADAME COQUENARD a lawyer's wife
KITTY. Milady's teenage handmaiden
BEGGAR
KING'S GUARD a soldier
FELTON 25, a puritan
1ST AMBUSER
2ND AMBUSER
2ND GUARD a soldier
ABBESS
EXECUTIONER
LORDS, LADIES, GUARDS, MUSKETEERS,
LADIES IN WAITING, SERVANTS

TIME: Spring to fall, 1626.

PLACE: Various locations in France and England.

*It is permissible to produce just the first two acts, with a running time of approximately two hours. Acts I and II complete the affair of the diamond studs. When obtaining a license to produce this piece, please indicate to Dramatic Publishing whether you're doing only Acts I and II or the entire play.

ACT I

SCENE I

AT RISE: *We see a unit set with, center, an above with steps on either side leading down to a below. Left is a platform unit and right the stage is flat.*

The action of the play should run smoothly, with most scenes beginning as soon after the preceding scene as possible or actually overlapping the previous scene.

In front of d'Artagnan's home. D'ARTAGNAN enters followed by FATHER and MOTHER. She carries a pouch, as does the FATHER.

FATHER. d'Artagnan, you ought to be brave for two reasons: first, because you're a Gascon; and second, because you're my son. Never fear quarrels and seek adventures. Do not hesitate to act, or you may lose the chance that Fortune—in her wisdom—offers you.

D'ARTAGNAN. Yes, Father.

FATHER. I've taught you to use a sword. (*Taking off his sword and buckling it on his son.*) Fight duels on all occasions. Since duels are forbidden, it will take twice as much courage to fight one. Be worthy of your name, which has been worthily borne by your ancestors for over five hundred years. For your own sake and those

that belong to you—your relatives and your friends—tolerate no insults from anyone except the cardinal or the king.

MOTHER. Here is an ointment that a Bohemian woman taught me to make: it has the miraculous power to cure any wound that hasn't reached the heart. *(She gives him a pouch.)*

FATHER. I have nothing to give you but fifteen ecus, *(He gives D'ARTAGNAN a pouch.)* my yellow horse—

D'ARTAGNAN *(pained)*. Your yellow horse.

FATHER. —and to propose an example for you to follow. Monsieur de Tréville, who was my neighbor, began as you begin; now he is captain of the musketeers. Go to Tréville in Paris with this letter of introduction and take him as your model.

(FATHER kisses him on both his cheeks, steps back. MOTHER, crying, embraces him. They seem to refuse to let go. FATHER gently pulls MOTHER from D'ARTAGNAN. D'ARTAGNAN nods to FATHER, and exits.)

SCENE II

(Meung. MILADY and ROCHEFORT stand in front of the Franc Meunier Inn. ROCHEFORT has dark, piercing eyes, a pale complexion and a neatly trimmed moustache. MILADY is pale and blonde, with long, curly hair down to her shoulders. The INNKEEPER's DAUGHTER sweeps in front of the inn. MILADY and ROCHEFORT speak in hushed tones. INNKEEPER enters carrying a shovel.)

ROCHEFORT. Innkeeper.

INNKEEPER. Yes, Your Excellency?

ROCHEFORT. Have you saddled my horse?

INNKEEPER. Saddled and ready. Will you leave us so soon?

ROCHEFORT. You know I am, as I ordered you to saddle my horse. Make out my bill.

INNKEEPER. Very well.

(He turns to exit, but stops when he sees D'ARTAGNAN entering. MILADY sees him, smiles. ROCHEFORT looks at him, turns, says something inaudible to MILADY and INNKEEPER. They both laugh; ROCHEFORT smiles. D'ARTAGNAN hears this, moves toward ROCHEFORT with one hand on the guard of his sword.)

D'ARTAGNAN. You sir... Yes, you. Tell me what you're laughing at and we will laugh together.

ROCHEFORT. I was not speaking to you, sir.

D'ARTAGNAN. But I am speaking to you.

ROCHEFORT *(looks at him with a faint smile)*. Your horse is, or decidedly was, in its youth, the color of a buttercup. It is a color well known in botany, but, until now, rare in horses.

D'ARTAGNAN. There are people who laugh at the horse who would not dare laugh at the master.

ROCHEFORT. I don't laugh often, sir, as you may see from my face, but I retain the privilege of laughing when I please.

D'ARTAGNAN. And I will not allow anyone to laugh when it doesn't please me!

ROCHEFORT. Indeed, sir? *(After a moment.)* You are perfectly right. *(To INNKEEPER.)* My bill.

(He turns back to MILADY. INNKEEPER moves toward inn. D'ARTAGNAN draws his sword. INNKEEPER stops near his DAUGHTER.)

D'ARTAGNAN. Turn and face me, Master Joker, so I won't have to run you through from behind.

ROCHEFORT. Run me through? My young friend, you must be mad. *(Mostly to himself, as he removes his cape.)* Ah, these young Gascons. They take every smile to be an insult and every glance to be a challenge. What a godsend you would be for His Majesty who is always looking for brave men to recruit into his musketeers.

(D'ARTAGNAN lunges at him. ROCHEFORT deftly moves out of danger. Then he draws his sword, salutes his opponent and stands on guard. However, the INNKEEPER and his DAUGHTER suddenly attack D'ARTAGNAN with the broom and shovel, driving him back.)

INNKEEPER. Back, sir, we'll have no swordplay in Meung, today.

D'ARTAGNAN. Out of my way! Or I'll run you all through like birds on a spit!

ROCHEFORT. He must be the devil himself.

DAUGHTER. The guards will arrest you, sir, for fighting a great lord.

ROCHEFORT. A plague on these Gascons. Put him on his orange horse and send him back to Gascony.

INNKEEPER (*holding him back with the shovel*). Stay back, sir. I'm saving your life.

D'ARTAGNAN. If this were Paris and not Meung you'd have regretted it immediately.

ROCHEFORT. Then you must be some prince in disguise.

D'ARTAGNAN (*patting his pocket*). We'll see what Monsieur de Tréville thinks about this insult to one of his men.

ROCHEFORT (*suddenly attentive*). Monsieur de Tréville?

D'ARTAGNAN. I see you know the name. Coward! Out of my way!

(He lunges; having enough of this, the INNKEEPER hits D'ARTAGNAN in the stomach with the shovel, then slams him in the head, knocking him out.)

INNKEEPER. You are safe and sound, Your Excellency?

ROCHEFORT. Perfectly safe. Check his pocket.

INNKEEPER (*pulls out a letter*). It's a letter ... addressed to Monsieur de Tréville, captain of the musketeers.

ROCHEFORT. Are you sure? (*Motioning for INNKEEPER to give him letter, which he does. Once he has it he moves to MILADY.*) Could Tréville have sent that Gascon after me?

MILADY. He's young, but a sword thrust is a sword thrust; and a boy such as this would arouse less suspicion.

ROCHEFORT. A small obstacle is sometimes enough to destroy a great plan. (*To INNKEEPER.*) Make out my bill.

INNKEEPER. Yes, sir. (*To his DAUGHTER.*) Take his sword.

(DAUGHTER picks up D'ARTAGNAN's sword, then she exits with INNKEEPER.)

MILADY. His Eminence, then, orders me ...

ROCHEFORT. To return immediately to England and notify him if the Duke of Buckingham leaves London.

(D'ARTAGNAN opens his eyes.)

MILADY. Any other instructions?

ROCHEFORT. They're contained in this box. *(He hands her a small box.)* Do not open it until you have crossed the Channel.

MILADY. What will you do, sir?

(D'ARTAGNAN stirs, sits up.)

ROCHEFORT. I'm returning to Paris, Milady.

MILADY. What, without punishing that insolent boy?

D'ARTAGNAN. This insolent boy will punish you...if I can find my sword.

ROCHEFORT. Punish me?

D'ARTAGNAN. You wouldn't dare run away from me, before a woman. *(He looks for his sword.)*

ROCHEFORT. In conscience, I can't kill you. And yet ...

MILADY. Remember that the slightest delay may ruin everything.

(With a nod, they start off in different directions. INNKEEPER enters.)

D'ARTAGNAN. Where is my sword!

INNKEEPER (*calling after ROCHEFORT*). Your bill!
D'ARTAGNAN. Coward!

(*ROCHEFORT tosses some coins on ground; INNKEEPER goes for them.*)

INNKEEPER. Thank you, Your Excellency! (*Under his breath.*) For forcing me to grovel in the dirt like a pig.

(*MILADY, ROCHEFORT exit. D'ARTAGNAN stands.*)

D'ARTAGNAN. Miserable coward! False gentleman!
(*Looking one last time.*) What has happened to my sword? And my letter! Where is my letter?

INNKEEPER. The gentleman has stolen it.

D'ARTAGNAN (*starts after ROCHEFORT*). Thief! Coward!
(*He becomes dizzy and falls.*)

SCENE III

(*The streets of Paris. An old APPLE SELLER enters and approaches two CARDINAL's GUARDS. The QUEEN's MAID moves down the street. PORTHOS, ARAMIS and another MUSKETEER enter, move down street. The two CARDINAL's GUARDS approach them. There is a tense moment as they stop, then the GUARDS pass on.*)

PORTHOS, ARAMIS and MUSKETEER enter Monsieur de Tréville's anteroom and study and find a loud gathering of MUSKETEERS.)

PORTHOS. Come, then. (*He jumps half-way up the stairs, turns—sword drawn—to two or three other MUSKETEERS, including ARAMIS.*) Each time a man is touched he moves down one place on the waiting list for an interview with Monsieur de Tréville. The man who touches him, moves up one place. (*The others agree, draw, then attempt to go up the stairs while PORTHOS tries to prevent them. PORTHOS delivers a slight wound. The others laugh.*) I am now ahead of you, my friend.

(*D'ARTAGNAN enters, watches game. PORTHOS succeeds in defending his perch, until he slightly wounds another, then he slightly wounds ARAMIS. They all laugh wildly.*)

PORTHOS (*cont'd*). I'm ahead of you all!

(*TREVILLE enters above, calls to below.*)

TREVILLE. Monsieur d'Artagnan.

(*D'ARTAGNAN moves quickly past MUSKETEERS until he gets to PORTHOS who is on the stairs. PORTHOS hesitates, then steps aside, nods. D'ARTAGNAN goes up into study.*)

TREVILLE (*cont'd*). Welcome, young man.

D'ARTAGNAN. Monsieur de Tréville.

(*TREVILLE, unable to suppress his frustration a moment longer, gestures to D'ARTAGNAN to wait, then moves to*

stairs, and shouts, louder with each MUSKETEER's name:)

TREVILLE. Athos! Porthos! Aramis!

(PORTHOS and ARAMIS hurry up the stairs into study, stand together with their attention on TREVILLE, as he paces in front of them.)

TREVILLE (*cont'd*). Last evening, during the king's card game, the cardinal told how some musketeers, those fierce musketeers—he dwelt on these words with a sarcasm that made me hot—caused a riot in a tavern on the rue Ferou, and how a party of his guards—I thought he was going to laugh in my face—had been forced to arrest them. Arrest musketeers! You were there. *(They look at each other, question each other: You? Me?)* You, Aramis, and you Porthos, and Ath— Where is Athos?

ARAMIS. Sick, sir; very sick.

TREVILLE. And what kind of sickness does he have?

PORTHOS. We fear it may be smallpox, sir.

TREVILLE. At his age? He's probably wounded... *(He checks to see if this is true; the MUSKETEERS, lower their heads.)* Maybe even killed... *(They raise their heads; he is not killed.)* I won't have the cardinal's guards laughing at you!

PORTHOS *(who has finally heard enough)*. They surprised us! Before we had time to draw our swords, they killed two of us and gravely wounded Athos. Twice he tried to stand—for you know Athos—but he fell both times. We did not surrender! They dragged us away by force. We

escaped! And as for Athos, they believed he was dead, so they left him.

ARAMIS. I killed one of them with his own sword.

TREVILLE. I didn't know that. I see the cardinal was exaggerating.

(A pale ATHOS enters.)

PORTHOS & ARAMIS. Athos!

ATHOS. You sent for me, sir. What are my orders?

TREVILLE. I was about to say that I forbid my musketeers to risk their lives needlessly, for brave men are valuable to the king. *(They shake hands. ATHOS begins to faint.)* Bring him to a surgeon—mine, the king's! *(PORTHOS and ARAMIS help him out, and they exit.)* Pardon me, my fellow Gascon, but a captain is like a father. I respected your father very much. What can I do for his son?

D'ARTAGNAN. It was my intention to ask you for the uniform of a musketeer, but now I understand what an enormous favor I would be asking.

TREVILLE. His Majesty has decided, regretfully, that no one can become a musketeer without first serving in several campaigns, or by performing certain brilliant actions, or by serving two years in a regiment less favored than ours.

D'ARTAGNAN. Two years! I see now how much I miss my father's letter of introduction.

TREVILLE. I'm surprised you should undertake such a long journey without one.

D'ARTAGNAN. It was stolen by a supposed nobleman, at an inn in Meung.

TREVILLE. Strange.

(ROCHEFORT crosses below. D'ARTAGNAN sees him out a window. He moves to get a clear look. PORTHOS and MUSKETEER enter below.)

D'ARTAGNAN. He won't escape me this time! *(He moves to stairs.)*

TREVILLE. Who?

D'ARTAGNAN. My thief! *(He runs down the stairs.)*

TREVILLE *(as he exits, to himself)*. The boy is a madman.

(Just as D'ARTAGNAN reaches the bottom of the stairs, ATHOS enters and D'ARTAGNAN collides with him, hitting ATHOS in his wounded shoulder. PORTHOS and MUSKETEER stand away.)

D'ARTAGNAN. Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry.

ATHOS *(seizing D'ARTAGNAN)*. You're in a hurry? So you run into me, say "Excuse me" and you think that is sufficient.

D'ARTAGNAN. I didn't do it intentionally. I said "Excuse me" and I think that is enough.

ATHOS. You are not polite, sir. *(He lets go; D'ARTAGNAN moves quickly away.)* It's easy to see you come from a distant place. *(This stops D'ARTAGNAN.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. *Morbleu*, monsieur. However far I may have come, it is not for you to give me a lesson in good manners.

ATHOS. Perhaps I will.

D'ARTAGNAN. If I weren't running after someone...

ATHOS. Monsieur Man-in-a-Hurry, you can find me without running.

D'ARTAGNAN. Where?

ATHOS. Near the Carmes-Deschaux monastery.

D'ARTAGNAN. When?

ATHOS. Noon.

D'ARTAGNAN. I'll be there.

ATHOS. Do not make me wait, or I shall run after you and cut off your ears.

(ATHOS exits. D'ARTAGNAN starts off again. ARAMIS enters with two CARDINAL's GUARDS, DE JUSSAC and CAHUSAC, talking quietly. D'ARTAGNAN tries running between PORTHOS and the MUSKETEER and runs into PORTHOS, becoming entangled in PORTHOS' cloak.)

PORTHOS. Do you always forget your eyes when you run?

D'ARTAGNAN. Pardon me. *(He tries to go around PORTHOS; PORTHOS steps in front of him.)*

PORTHOS. If you continue to run into musketeers in this fashion, you will be thrashed.

D'ARTAGNAN. Thrashed? *(He starts off, PORTHOS grabs him and holds him back.)*

PORTHOS. Hold, sir.

D'ARTAGNAN. Not now. *(Moving around PORTHOS.)*

PORTHOS. At one o'clock then, behind the Luxembourg?

D'ARTAGNAN. At one o'clock, then.

(PORTHOS and MUSKETEER exit. D'ARTAGNAN frantically searches for ROCHEFORT but can't find him. He

gives up his search, looks back for PORTHOS and ATHOS.)

D'ARTAGNAN (*cont'd*). What a fool I am. That brave Athos was wounded on the very shoulder against which I must run, like a ram—the pain must have been atrocious. I'm astonished he didn't strike me dead at once. As for Porthos, are people to be run against without warning? Friend d'Artagnan, if you escape with your life, and there is not much chance in that, I would advise you to practice perfect politeness in the future. (*He turns to ARAMIS.*) Look at Aramis; no one would ever dream of calling him a coward.

(Unseen by the GUARDS, ARAMIS drops a richly embroidered handkerchief, then puts his foot on it. D'ARTAGNAN moves to ARAMIS, bends down, pulls the handkerchief out from ARAMIS' foot, offers it to him.)

D'ARTAGNAN (*cont'd*). I believe, sir, that you would be sorry to lose this handkerchief.

(CAHUSAC snatches handkerchief from his hand, sniffs it and reads embroidery.)

CAHUSAC. Ah, ah! Will you persist in saying, discreet Aramis, that you're not on good terms with Madame de Bois-Tracy, when that gracious lady has the kindness to lend you her handkerchief? (*Gives handkerchief to ARAMIS.*)

ARAMIS. You're mistaken, gentlemen. This handkerchief isn't mine and I cannot understand why this gentleman

offered it to me rather than one of you. (*Gives handkerchief to D'ARTAGNAN.*)

D'ARTAGNAN. The fact is I didn't see the handkerchief fall from the pocket of Monsieur Aramis. He had his foot on it. So I thought "He has his foot on it. It must be his." (*Gives handkerchief to JUSSAC, then moves away, still searching.*)

JUSSAC (*taking handkerchief*). If the handkerchief didn't come from you, as you pretend, I'd have to claim it myself, because, as you know, Bois-Tracy is my friend, and I couldn't allow the property of his wife to be sported as a trophy.

ARAMIS. If you are a friend of Bois-Tracy, as we know you are, the handkerchief could have come from your pocket.

JUSSAC. No, upon my honor. (*Holds out handkerchief to ARAMIS.*)

ARAMIS (*taking handkerchief*). One of us has lied. Let us each take a half.

JUSSAC. Excellent! King Solomon's judgment!

(They all laugh, shake hands. ARAMIS, pocketing the handkerchief, walks away. The GUARDS remain on-stage, talking to themselves. D'ARTAGNAN catches up to ARAMIS.)

D'ARTAGNAN. I hope you will excuse me.

ARAMIS. I suppose, sir, that you're not a fool and that you knew very well, even though you've just come from Gascony, that people do not tread on handkerchiefs without a reason.

D'ARTAGNAN. I'm from Gascony, that's true, and when Gascons have apologized once—even for a foolish mistake—they're convinced they've done twice as much as they should.

ARAMIS. Why did you give me the handkerchief?

D'ARTAGNAN. Why did you drop it?

ARAMIS. It did not fall from my pocket!

D'ARTAGNAN. And there you have lied twice, sir, because I saw it fall from your pocket!

ARAMIS. I am a musketeer only for a time—soon I will join the priesthood—I fight only when I'm forced. But this is serious; a lady is compromised by you. I fear I must teach you manners, Gascon.

D'ARTAGNAN. Then draw your sword!

ARAMIS. Not here. The cardinal's guards ... I have a fondness for my head which I believe suits my shoulders. You needn't worry, I will kill you, but in a discreet place where you won't be able to boast of your death to anybody.

D'ARTAGNAN. Bring that handkerchief, whose ever it is; you may need it.

ARAMIS. At two o'clock, I'll have the honor of meeting you at Monsieur de Tréville's house. There I will indicate the best place. *(They bow to each other. ARAMIS exits.)*

D'ARTAGNAN. Well, Father. "Tolerate no insults from anyone but the king or the cardinal." At least if I am killed, I'll be killed by a musketeer. *(He runs off.)*

SCENE IV

(The cardinal's chamber. A choir is heard in a further room. Kneeling, facing U, a young woman with long hair, quietly, fervently, prays. We hear her, but cannot distinguish any words. She will continue throughout the scene. The CARDINAL stands near her, watching her. He has greying hair, mustache and beard. He is physically weak but mentally shrewd. He is also surprisingly gallant. ROCHEFORT enters, bows. CARDINAL keeps his eyes on the woman.)

ROCHEFORT. Your Eminence.

CARDINAL. Three days ago the Duke of Buckingham unexpectedly left London for an unknown destination. He may already be in Paris.

ROCHEFORT. Congratulations, Your Eminence.

CARDINAL. Find him. Arrest him. Deliver him to the Bastille. If anyone questions you, *(Handing ROCHEFORT a letter.)* show them my authorization.

(ROCHEFORT bows and exits. The CARDINAL slowly runs the hair of the praying woman through his fingers.)