

The Three Musketeers by Alexandre Dumas  
M/M R&D, SS, SmS

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS**

Adapted by Dale Anthony Girard

(Based on characters and content from *The Three Musketeers* by Alexandre Dumas)

Characters:

PORTHOS (a King's Musketeer)

MALFORT (an assassin with an eye-patch)

Scene: Chantilly, in the common room of an auberge (represented by a sign of St. Martin giving half his cloake to a poor man), around eight o'clock in the morning. The assassin, Malfort, is seated at the center table drinking mead and taking his breakfast. Porthos enters, as the others tend to the horses offstage.

PORTHOS

Good Keep, you must straight make ready our meal,  
And bring fresh horses to my men – post haste.  
And no beare, sir; we'll have your best champagne.  
It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,  
My Magna charta, Cor l'etificat,  
To drinke such balder dash, or bonny clabbee!  
Give us your finest wine, or best champagne,  
For wine is the word that glads a man's heart.

MALFORT

Here, here, Monsieur! To that I'll crush a cup.  
But you'll find no good champagne here within;  
Sir, they do scandall you, upon the road, here  
A poore quotidian rack of mutton, roasted,  
Drie, to be grated! and that driven downe  
With beare, and butter-milke, mingled together,  
Or clarified whey, instead of Claret!

PORTHOS

I thought as much; and told the others so.  
I say; do you hearken this goode man's words?  
A publique Inne; we'll all be wrought with fleas;  
S'death!

MALFORT

A long night on the road Monsieur?

PORTHOS

T'was, indeed! And for't only milke and beare.  
The innes in Paris would not serve such rot!

MALFORT

You ride from Paris sir?

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PORTHOS

Perhaps.

MALFORT

Indeed!

Then mayhaps you'll join me in a cup o' mead?

PORTHOS

Most gladly Monsieur.

MALFORT

To the Cardinal then!

PORTHOS

Richelieu? Very well, I'll give you your cheer;  
If, then, you'll join me in health to the King.

MALFORT

King sir? I know no King but the Cardinal.

PORTHOS

O' thou art drunk, sir!

MALFORT

You lie in faith sir!

There is only one King; t'is his Eminence.  
And for the lie, given in your throat;  
My sword shall answer that: Come, have at thee.

[MALFORT *draws his sword.* PORTHOS *draws inn response.*]

PORTHOS

We are found out. T'is an ambush; be gone!

[*They fight.*]

MALFORT

Well, well; Monsieur D'Artagnon. You fence well,  
For a Gascon dog.

PORTHOS

Monsieur D'Artagnon?

And what, you cur, makes you think I am he?

MALFORT

Well, betwixt us friends, I can tell you, sir,  
As I know it will die with you presently.  
From the Cardinal; A post, that came from him,  
Three hours 'goe, here, left it with the Tapster.

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Who is indeede a through o'fare of newes,  
Jack Jug, with the broken belly, a witty fellow;  
Said to expect you, and all of your train.

PORTHOS

Monsieur Cyclops; if you had t'other eye  
You might well see, I am no D'Artagnon.  
Nor a Gascon in breeding or fashion.  
But, if it is the Cardinal's coat you wear,  
I'll fight his fight for him; you best beware!

*[They fight again. MALFOR is disarmed.]*

PORTHOS

Ha! Now the hand is on t'other foote, sir.  
I have your sworde, and your life, you cur!  
Tell me, what lies ahead for my dear friends?

MALFORT

Nothing, Monsieur, but their miserable ends.

PORTHOS

Come, speak sir, and tell me all that you know.  
Will you be a man of conscience, and make  
Amends for your sins upon your death-bed?

MALFORT

Never, till the grave father one of us.

*[MALFORT knocks the blade aside and quickly regains his sword. The two go at it again. MALFORT wounds PORTHOS]*

MALFORT

Who e'er you are; you are not so subtle,  
Or halfe so skilled in sworde-play, as I tooke you.  
Come, come, you are no Phoenix, if you were,  
I should expect no miracle from your ashes.  
Take my advice; save sworde-play for the men!

PORTHOS

The wound of which you speak is but a prick;  
Not as deep as a well, nor a church door;  
But t'only fans the fire of our contest.  
Have a thee!

*[They fight once more, and PORTHOS is seriously wounded.]*

PORTHOS

Aughhh! My doublet. Look, t'is ruined!

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MALFORT

Zounds! You prat s'if you twere in a fence-school.  
Now, on your oath, sir, and by your valour;  
If not D'Artagnon, then who are you, sir?

PORTHOS

If you will, sir, I am Monsieur Porthos.

MONFORT

Not Monsieur D'Artagnon?

PORTHOS

No. On my oath.

MONFORT

If this is so, as I am sure it must be,  
Then, I must off. There are others to stop.

[MONFORT *hastily rushes off*]

PORTHOS

So tyrannous! and trecherous! I'm first to fall,  
To not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,  
Who has but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose!  
A mug, to stick me! who is, commonly,  
A log, a little of this side o' a signe-post!  
Or, at the best, some round growne thing! a Jug,  
Fac'd, with a snear; and yet – quite to the point.

[*He falls to the floor in a dead faint.*]