

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

KITTY

(Entering) It is in answer to yours, Milady.

MILADY

Impossible, no gentleman could write a letter like that after.... *(She stops suddenly)* Good God! Could he have seen?? *(She staggers slightly. Kitty reaches for her.)* What do you want. Let go of me!

KITTY

I thought you were faint.

MILADY

What do you take me for? A silly, weak, woman. No! When I'm insulted I strike back! Do you hear? I strike back! Go. Fetch me D'Artagnan. Bring him to me now! *(Lights Change.)*

ATHOS

Are you going?

D'ARTAGNAN

It would be unwise to ignore such a pointed invitation. She'd suspect something. And she might do anything to revenge herself.

ATHOS

As I expected. You cannot stay away from her.

D'ARTAGNAN

You yourself told me to be wary... *(walking away from Athos)*... I'm merely following your advice my friend...She's a dangerous woman and I will be careful...*(He crosses to Milady.)*

SCENE 22

CAPTION: Milady's Secret

She is sitting up in bed. Kitty stands to one side.)

MILADY

D'Artagnan.

D'ARTAGNAN

You are not well.

MILADY

My health is very weak. *(a small but charming cough)* I am at home to no one else, Kitty...Thank you, Kitty...That will be all, Kitty. *(Kitty exits.)*

D'ARTAGNAN

Perhaps I am tiring you. I should leave.

MILADY

No. Stay. I want you. I want you to stay with me. *(She pats the bed. He sits beside her.)* Have you ever been in love, D'Artagnan? *(He nods.)* I need to tell you something. Come close...*(drawing him to her then pushing him away)* No. I can't....*(Pulling him towards her, then pushing him away again)* Not while...

D'ARTAGNAN

Not while what?

MILADY

Not while I have an enemy, Monsieur D'Artagnan.

D'ARTAGNAN

You Milady? How could anyone be your enemy?

MILADY

A man who has insulted me cruelly. *(She begins to cry)* I cannot bear it a moment longer. *(D'Artagnan - hopelessly excited and confused - begins to comfort her).*

D'ARTAGNAN

Let me help. Let me do something.

MILADY

Can I count on you as an ally?

D'ARTAGNAN

You can. Of course. My life's your's.

MILADY

Oh, D'Artagnan. *(She pulls him to her again, kisses him deeply, then pushes him away)* NO, Monsieur... you must stop... as much as my heart says "Yes" - I must say "No" ...until you have served me in one, small task.

D'ARTAGNAN

Yes...?

MILADY

And when you have returned to me what shall I do for you?... You will name your reward then.

D'ARTAGNAN

I am ready! What is your task?

MILADY

You must kill the Comte de Rochefort.

D'ARTAGNAN

Rochefort?

MILADY

He stole a ring from me and you must get it back, my darling. ...You're not afraid?

D'ARTAGNAN

When shall I kill him?

MILADY

Today. Now. And return to me swiftly my dearest.....and bring to me your sword....the sword that has killed Rochefort.

D'ARTAGNAN

I'll return the sapphire to you by dusk, Milady.

MILADY

What did you say?

D'ARTAGNAN

The ring. I will return it to you by dusk.

MILADY

"The sapphire" is what you said. How do you know it is a sapphire?

D'ARTAGNAN

Ummm-well-um.

MILADY

Monsieur? (*Coquettishly*) How could you know? Tell me Monsieur. You know I love you, desperately.

D'ARTAGNAN

Well... I have a confession.

MILADY

And I am your confessor...

D'ARTAGNAN

I've got the ring. You see it was I who was here on Thursday night.

MILADY

(Pleasantly) It was you... *(Then)* YOU SON OF A BITCH!! *(She delivers a vicious right cross then leaps on him, all fingernails and kicking feet.)*

D'ARTAGNAN

Now, dearest...I know you can forgive me...

MILADY

You slimy piece of Gascon puke....

D'ARTAGNAN

Milady! *(In the fight that ensues, D'Artagnan grabs hold of the shoulder of her night dress and rips it, exposing a fleur de lis branded on her left shoulder.)*

D'ARTAGNAN

God in heaven! A fleur de lis...!

MILADY

So... Now you know my secret. And now you shall die. *(She lifts up her dress and removes a knife from a sheath on her right leg.)*

D'ARTAGNAN

Now, now... Milady... *(She hurls the knife at D'Artagnan. He ducks, the blade quivers in the wall. He starts for her.)* That'll do, my beauty...*(She lifts her dress and pulls a knife from a sheath on her left leg.)* Uh..oh. *(She throws again, he ducks. The blade quivers in the wall.)* Well, that's the end of your knives, I fear...*(Milady reaches into her bosom.)* Oh, no. *(Milady withdraws a third knife. She leaps upon him. They fight like alley cats.)*

D'ARTAGNAN

Stop! I'll carve another fleur de lis on you...

MILADY

I'll see you in hell first! *(She kicks him in the crotch. He drops to the floor.)*

D'ARTAGNAN

Let go of the knife! Let go of it. *(He has her wrist, now. She bites him. He pulls away and knocks her back with a hard right jab. She collapses. He hobbles to the door, shaking his hand, and flees. Kitty appears in the doorway. She crosses to her mistress.)*

KITTY

Milady!

MILADY

(Recovering) You had something to do with this, my girl!

KITTY

(In terror) I didn't know it would end like this.

MILADY

End? *(She grabs Kitty by the hair and stands behind her)* It's only just begun. *(She whips the knife across Kitty's throat. The scene revolves off as lights immediately rise on Athos:*

CAPTION: The Fleur de Lis

D'ARTAGNAN

crosses to him.) Milady has a Fleur de Lis on her shoulder... *(Athos looks at him horrified, then touches his left shoulder)* Yes, her left shoulder.

ATHOS

Fair?

D'ARTAGNAN

Yes.

ATHOS

Emerald eyes?... And beautiful?

D'ARTAGNAN

As beautiful as the dawn...

ATHOS

I must see her.

D'ARTAGNAN

No! My God! Have you ever seen her in a rage?! The devil incarnate. Oh, Athos, I'm afraid I've made a terrible enemy.

ATHOS

Your life, D'Artagnan... and mine... are not worth a sou now. It's a good thing we leave tomorrow for La Rochelle... Tell me where she lives. I only want to see her once.

D'ARTAGNAN

You tried to kill her. She'll want revenge for that.

ATHOS

As a girl, D'Artagnan, you've never seen such beauty. Let her try to kill me. This world's not such a wonderful place. *(They exit as:*

SCENE 23

D'ARTAGNAN: I'll return the sapphire to you by dusk, Milady.

MILADY: What did you say?

D'ARTAGNAN: The ring. I will return it to you by dusk.

MILADY: "The Sapphire" is what you said. How do you know it is a Sapphire?

D'ARTAGNAN: Ummm-well-um.

MILADY: Monsieur? (Coquettishly) How could you know? Tell me Monsieur. You know I love you, desperately.

D'ARTAGNAN: Well...I have a confession.

MILADY: And I am your confessor...

D'ARTAGNAN: I've got the ring. You see it was I who was here on Thursday night.

MILADY: (Pleasantly) It was you... YOU SON OF A BITCH!! (She hauls off and delivers a vicious right cross then leaps on him, all fingernails and kicking feet.) (PC-She slaps or puches him, then instantly tackles him to the floor. She's on top of him holding him pinned to the floor.)

D'ARTAGNAN: Now, dearest...Now, my dove...I know you can forgive me... (PC-He rolls them over half way through his line, now having her pinned to the floor.)

MILADY: You slimy piece of Gascon puke... (PC-she struggles to get him off, the soulder off whatever she is wearing is lowered to reveal the tattoo.)

D'ARTAGNAN: Milady! (In the fight that ensues, D'Artagnan grabs hold of the shoulder of her night dress and rips it, exposing on her left shoulder, a branded fleur de lis.) (PC-She struggles to get him off, the soulder off whatever she is wearing is lowered to reveal the tattoo.)

D'ARTAGNAN: God in Heaven! (PC-Shocked he stands up and backs away from her)

MILADY: So...Now you know my secret. And you shall die. (She lifts up her dress and removes a knife from a sheath on her right leg.)

D'ARTAGNAN: Now, now...Milady...(She hurls the knife at D'artagnan. He ducks, screaming, the blade quivers in the wall. He starts for her..) That'll do, my beauty...(she lifts her dress and pulls a knife from the sheath on her left leg.) Uh..Oh. (She throws again, he ducks. The blade quivers in the wall) Well, that's the end of your knives, I fear... (Milady reaches into her Bosom) Oh, no. (Milady withdraws a third knife. She then leaps upon him. They fight like alley cats.)

D'ARTAGNAN: Stop! I'll carve another fleur de lis on you...

MILADY: I'll see you in hell first! (she kicks him in the crotch. He drops to the floor.)

D'ARTAGNAN: Let go of the Knife! Let go of it. (He has her wrist, now. She bites him. He pulls away and knocks her back with a hard right jab. She collapses. He hobbles to the door, shaking his hand, and flees.

The Three Musketeers - Milady and d'Artagnan

Milady: Come in.

Milady: Are you afraid, dear Monsieur d'Artagnan?

d'Artagnan: You cannot think so, dear love! but now, suppose this poor Comte de Wardes were less guilty than you think him?

Milady: At all events, he has deceived me, and from the moment he deceived me, he merited death.

d'Artagnan: He shall die, then, since you condemn him!

d'Artagnan: I am quite ready, but in the first place I should like to be certain of one thing.

Milady: And what is that?

d'Artagnan: That is, whether you really love me?

Milady: I have given you proof of that, it seems to me

d'Artagnan: And I am yours, body and soul!

Milady: Thanks, my brave lover; but as you are satisfied of my love, you must, in your turn, satisfy me of yours. Is it not so?

d'Artagnan: Certainly; but if you love me as much as you say, do you not entertain a little fear on my account?

Milady: What have I to fear?

d'Artagnan: Why, that I may be dangerously wounded--killed even.

Milady: Impossible! you are such a valiant man, and such an expert swordsman.

d'Artagnan: You would not, then, prefer a method, which would equally avenge you while rendering the combat useless?

Milady: Really, I believe you now begin to hesitate.

d'Artagnan: No, I do not hesitate; but I really pity this poor Comte de Wardes, since you have ceased to love him. I think that a man must be so severely punished by the loss of your love that he stands in need of no other chastisement.

Milady: Who told you that I loved him?.

d'Artagnan: At least, I am now at liberty to believe, without too much fatuity, that you love another, and I repeat that I am really interested for the count."

Milady: You?

d'Artagnan: Yes, I.

Milady: And why YOU?

d'Artagnan: Because I alone know--

Milady: What?

d'Artagnan: That he is far from being, or rather having been, so guilty toward you as he appears.

Milady: Indeed? explain yourself, for I really cannot tell what you mean.

d'Artagnan: Yes; I am a man of honor, and since your love is mine, and I am satisfied I possess it--
for I do possess it, do I not?

Milady: Entirely; go on.

d'Artagnan: Well, I feel as if transformed--a confession weighs on my mind.

Milady: A confession!

d'Artagnan: If I had the least doubt of your love I would not make it, but you love me, my beautiful
mistress, do you not?

Milady: Without doubt.

d'Artagnan: Then if through excess of love I have rendered myself culpable toward you, you will
pardon me?

Milady: Perhaps.

Milady: This confession, what is this confession?

d'Artagnan: You gave de Wardes a meeting on Thursday last in this very room, did you not?

Milady: No, no! It is not true!

d'Artagnan: Do not lie, my angel, that would be useless.

Milady: What do you mean? Speak! you kill me.

d'Artagnan: Be satisfied; you are not guilty toward me, and I have already pardoned you.

Milady: What next? what next?

d'Artagnan: De Wardes cannot boast of anything.

Milady: How is that? You told me yourself that that ring--

d'Artagnan: That ring I have! The Comte de Wardes of Thursday and the d'Artagnan of today are the
same person.

(sees the fluer de lys)

d'Artagnan: Great God!

Milady: Ah, wretch! you have basely betrayed me, and still more, you have my secret! You shall
die."

d'Artagnan: Well, beautiful lady, very well, but, PARDIEU, if you don't calm yourself, I will design
a second FLEUR-DE-LIS upon one of those pretty cheeks!

Milady: Scoundrel, infamous scoundrel!