(PLANCHET runs off.)

TREVILLE (cont.)

What do you want, boy?

D'ARTAGNAN

I have come, monsieur, to join the King's musketeers.

TREVILLE

Oh, you have, have you...? All right, let's see it.

D'ARTAGNAN

See what, monsieur?

TREVILLE

Your letter of introduction. I don't see anyone without a letter of introduction.

D'ARTAGNAN

Yes, of course -- but I don't have one. It was stolen.

TREVILLE

Stolen.

D'ARTAGNAN

Oui, monsieur. You see, there was this man in the street...

TREVILLE

Planchet!

(No response. TREVILLE crosses to the door and opens it.)

Planchet!

(He looks around.)

Where is that man?

D'ARTAGNAN

You sent him away, monsieur.

TREVILLE

How the devil did you get in here? I don't see anyone without a letter of introduction!
D'ARTAGNAN
Yes, monsieur, and I had one, I swear...

TREVILLE
Get out!

D'ARTAGNAN
... a letter written by my father, Monsieur D'Artagnan.

(TREVILLE stops suddenly.)

TREVILLE
D'Artagnan? You say your father was Monsieur D'Artagnan?

D'ARTAGNAN
Oui, monsieur.

TREVILLE
From which province?

D'ARTAGNAN
From Gascony, monsieur – like yourself.

TREVILLE
D'Artagnan – my old friend and playmate... And you claim to be young D'Artagnan, his son?

D'ARTAGNAN
I claim it because it is true.

TREVILLE
And what proof do you have of this birthright?

D'ARTAGNAN
This potion I keep about my neck... My father made it from the herbs of our region.

(He pulls a vial from around his neck where it had been hanging from a leather cord. He hands it to TREVILLE who uncorks it and sniffs.)

TREVILLE
Ah, the smells of home. What is this potion’s purpose?

D'ARTAGNAN
It miraculously heals any wound that doesn’t reach the heart.
TREVILLE
Still, you might have purchased this off a gypsy, for all I know.

(He hands it back.)

What else?

(D’ARTAGNAN pulls out his wallet.)

D’ARTAGNAN
My wallet. That design there is my family crest.

(He hands it to TREVILLE, who holds it up to study it.)

TREVILLE
Easy enough to copy.

(He hands it back.)

What else?

D’ARTAGNAN
The letter of introduction my father wrote…

TREVILLE
That was conveniently stolen.

D’ARTAGNAN
It was not convenient to me! And when I meet that devil with the eye patch again, he will pay!

TREVILLE
Eye patch? Did you say this man wore an eye patch?

Oui.

TREVILLE

Left or right eye?

D’ARTAGNAN

Left.

TREVILLE

How tall was he?
D’ARTAGNAN

About my height. And he had no hair.

TREVILLE

(To himself)

Rochefort. I thought you were still in Brussels…

(To D’ARTAGNAN)

How did this man know you carried a letter to me?

D’ARTAGNAN

I may have mentioned it before we began to fight.

TREVILLE

Fight?! You mean you dueled with Rochefort?

D’ARTAGNAN

Oui, monsieur – if that is the devil’s name – and I would have won were I not distracted by the beautiful lady.

TREVILLE

Beautiful lady…?

D’ARTAGNAN

The most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

TREVILLE

What did she look like?

D’ARTAGNAN

She was… beautiful. Breathtaking. An angel whose eyes pierced my very soul…

TREVILLE

I was hoping for something less subjective. What color was her hair?

D’ARTAGNAN

The color of burnished copper. In truth, I have never seen its kind.

TREVILLE

Anything else unusual?

D’ARTAGNAN

She was English.
TREVILLE
I knew it! Lady de Winter – no doubt she and Rochefort are hatching some scheme... Did you hear what they discussed?

D'ARTAGNAN
No, monsieur. Unfortunately I was rendered unconscious at the moment of introduction. When I awoke, both were gone and my letter stolen. Monsieur de Treville, if you know where I might find this devil, tell me that I might avenge his duplicity!

TREVILLE
I will not, and if you had any sense you would avoid this man at all costs. He is dangerous.

(PLANCHET enters.)

PLANCHET
Monsieur de Treville, your Three Musketeers have arrived.

TREVILLE
Tell them to get in here!

(PLANCHET gestures off. TREVILLE turns to D'ARTAGNAN.)

Wait over there. This won't take long.

(D'ARTAGNAN moves out of the way. ATHOS, PORTHOS and ARAMIS enter. PLANCHET exits.)

ATHOS
You sent for us, monsieur?

TREVILLE
I certainly did. Which one of you gentlemen wants to tell me what happened last night?

ATHOS
Last night? Why... nothing of note.

ARAMIS
Athos and Porthos played chess – Porthos won, didn’t you, Porthos?

PORTHOS
In fourteen moves!

ATHOS
I believe it was fifteen.
ARAMIS
He's bleeding again.

ATHOS
It's my fault – the Cardinal – it's my fault...

TREVILLE
There, there, my friend. I understand now. All is forgiven.

(To PORTHOS and ARAMIS.)

Take him to my personal physician – hurry!

(PORTHOS and ARAMIS carry ATHOS out. D'ARTAGNAN steps forward from the shadows, where he's been watching.)

D'ARTAGNAN
Monsieur de Treville.

TREVILLE
You! Why are you still here, boy?

D'ARTAGNAN
I had hoped there might be a position in your musketeers...

TREVILLE
I'm still not convinced you are who you say you are. For all I know you are one of Richelieu's spies.

D'ARTAGNAN
If I was, monsieur, I would not likely admit it to you.

TREVILLE
Then we are at an impasse. Now if you would be so kind, I have much work...

D'ARTAGNAN
Monsieur, one more moment, please. When you and my father were boys, you liked to swim off the banks of the River Douze – am I right?

TREVILLE
It is a well-known spot for swimming.
D’ARTAGNAN
For young boys, especially—and boys being boys, it was not unusual for the two of you to swim without bathing costumes—which is how my father first noticed your birthmark.

TREVILLE
Birthmark...?

D’ARTAGNAN
The one on your derriere, monsieur—the one in the shape of a heart?

TREVILLE
How dare you!

(TREVILLE pulls his sword. D’ARTAGNAN doesn’t flinch.)

D’ARTAGNAN
I hesitated to bring it up earlier, knowing it might embarrass you, but you left me no choice. I am the son of D’Artagnan. Knowledge of your birthmark is my proof...Indeed, I think it may even supersede a letter of introduction, no?

(TREVILLE starts to laugh and lowers his sword.)

TREVILLE
I swore your father to secrecy.

D’ARTAGNAN
And a secret it shall remain.

TREVILLE
Merci, Monsieur D’Artagnan.

(He holds out his hand. D’ARTAGNAN shakes it eagerly.)

And now, having established your identity once and for all, let us discuss your commission in the King’s musketeers...I cannot offer you one.

D’ARTAGNAN
What?

TREVILLE
The honor of belonging to the King’s Musketeers must be earned. Any man wishing to join must first prove himself worthy.
D'ARTAGNAN
You want me to steal the Cardinal's ring.

TREVILLE
What?!

D'ARTAGNAN
You said earlier that any man brave enough to rip the Cardinal's ring off his fat finger...

TREVILLE
Yes, yes – but I don’t really expect anyone to do it. That would be suicide – Richelieu would rather cut out his heart than lose that ring. No, I’m afraid you’ll have to earn your position like everyone else – through hard work and dedication. There is an opening in the King’s guards. It lacks the prestige of the musketeers, but...

D'ARTAGNAN
Thank you, monsieur – thank you! I will work very hard – harder than anyone – and you will soon see that I am deserving of a place in the musketeers.

TREVILLE
Very well, then.

*(TREVILLE crosses to his desk, writes quickly on a piece of paper.)*

Take this letter to the Captain of the Guard. He will see to your commission and make certain you are outfitted properly.

*(TREVILLE sign the paper and hands it to D'ARTAGNAN.)*

D'ARTAGNAN
Merci, monsieur.

TREVILLE
Where are you staying?

D'ARTAGNAN
I've not yet made arrangements for lodging.

TREVILLE
I thought as much. There is a man I know, a landlord – Monsieur Bonacieux. Here is his address...

*(He scribbles something on another piece of paper and gives it to D'ARTAGNAN.)*
TREVILLE (cont.)
I also included a short introduction. He should be able to accommodate you.

D’ARTAGNAN
Again, my thanks, monsieur.

TREVILLE
Make haste, my young friend – my letter will do you no good if there are no positions left to be had.

D’ARTAGNAN
Yes, of course, Monsieur. I shall go there at once – and this time, no one will stop me!

(He runs off. TREVILLE watches him go.)

TREVILLE
Ah, to be young again…

(Music under as the scene shifts to the streets outside. ATHOS enters in a hurry. A moment later, PORTHOS and ARAMIS enter behind him.)

PORTHOS
Athos, slow down!

ARAMIS
The doctor said you must rest that shoulder…

ATHOS
Not until I find Jussac and take my revenge!

ARAMIS
Why bother? Monsieur de Treville said all was forgiven.

ATHOS
It is very good of Monsieur de Treville to forgive me – but I cannot forgive myself. I should have killed Jussac before he could report back to Cardinal Richelieu.

PORTHOS
You were wounded!

ATHOS
Because I made a mistake – a mistake I have no intention of repeating.