

BICARAT/BONACIEUX SIDES (USING TREVILLE TEXT)

24.

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.)

START

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. **END**

(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.)