

JUSSAC SIDES (READING ROCHEFORT TEXT - NO NEED TO MIME THE SWORD FIGHT)

2.

ROCHEFORT

I do.

(The MOB murmurs as ROCHEFORT approaches D'ARTAGNAN.)

START

D'ARTAGNAN

Who are you?

ROCHEFORT

You don't know? You must be new to Paris.

D'ARTAGNAN

I have only just arrived from the country.

ROCHEFORT

As evidenced by your boorish dress and unrefined manner.

D'ARTAGNAN

I will not stand here and be insulted!

ROCHEFORT

Then by all means... take a seat.

(The MOB laughs. D'ARTAGNAN whips his sword around and places the point against ROCHEFORT's chest.)

D'ARTAGNAN

You will pay for that remark, monsieur.

ROCHEFORT

Put your sword away, boy – before I am forced to kill you.

(All eyes are on D'ARTAGNAN and ROCHEFORT. Suddenly the CRIMINAL tries to run for it.)

MOB

There he goes!/Get him!/Don't let him get away!

(The MOB catches the CRIMINAL.)

ROCHEFORT

Bring him here.

(The MOB drags the CRIMINAL to ROCHEFORT. ROCHEFORT turns to D'ARTAGNAN.)

ROCHEFORT (cont.)

You said you wanted proof – here it is.

(ROCHEFORT grabs CRIMINAL's left sleeve near the shoulder and rips it away, revealing a fleur-de-lis branded on his upper arm.)

You see the fleur-de-lis, branded here upon his skin?

D'ARTAGNAN

Yes.

ROCHEFORT

This man has been tried and found guilty of murder most foul. In a drunken rage, he slit the throats of his wife and child. This fleur-de-lis marks him for execution – death by hanging.

(The CRIMINAL tries to squirm away.)

CRIMINAL

No! No, please!

ROCHEFORT

(To the SOLDIERS)

Take him away.

(The SOLDIERS drags the protesting CRIMINAL off. The MOB follows. ROCHEFORT turns back to D'ARTAGNAN.)

Now be off with you.

D'ARTAGNAN

Not so fast, Monsieur. I have not yet answered your insults.

(D'ARTAGNAN draws his sword.)

ROCHEFORT

You try my patience, boy.

D'ARTAGNAN

I am no *boy*, as you shall soon see! Now, en garde!

(Annoyed, ROCHEFORT draws his sword.)

ROCHEFORT

I am already late for an appointment...

D'ARTAGNAN

As am I, but Monsieur de Treville will have to wait.

(D'ARTAGNAN lunges. ROCHEFORT parries.)

ROCHEFORT

Monsieur de Treville? Of the King's Musketeers?

D'ARTAGNAN

The very one.

(D'ARTAGNAN lunges again. ROCHEFORT parries.)

ROCHEFORT

What business does a boy like you have with the great Monsieur de Treville?

(ROCHEFORT lunges. D'ARTAGNAN parries.)

D'ARTAGNAN

I wish to join his musketeers.

ROCHEFORT

So does every boy in France. But Monsieur de Treville will see no one unless he has a letter of introduction.

(ROCHEFORT lunges again. D'ARTAGNAN parries.)

D'ARTAGNAN

It so happens that I carry such a letter in my wallet. A letter written by my father.

ROCHEFORT

Your father...?

(ROCHEFORT lunges again. D'ARTAGNAN parries.)

D'ARTAGNAN

Monsieur de Treville and my father were childhood friends.

(D'ARTAGNAN lunges. ROCHEFORT parries.)

ROCHEFORT

And your father's name?

D'ARTAGNAN

The same as mine – D'Artagnan.

(D'ARTAGNAN lunges again. ROCHEFORT parries.)

ROCHEFORT

So, Monsieur D'Artagnan wishes to fight for the King.

(ROCHEFORT lunges. D'ARTAGNAN parries.)

D'ARTAGNAN

That is correct. Which I shall do as soon as I dispatch you from this earth.

(MILADY DE WINTER enters behind D'ARTAGNAN's back, clutching a heavy purse. Upon seeing her, ROCHEFORT places his sword upon the ground.)

ROCHEFORT

Surely you wouldn't kill an unarmed man in the presence of a lady.

END

D'ARTAGNAN

What lady?

MILADY

Hello.

(D'ARTAGNAN turns and is stunned by her beauty.)

D'ARTAGNAN

Mon Dieu! You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

MILADY

Why, thank you, Monsieur...?

D'ARTAGNAN

D'Artagnan. Monsieur D'Artagnan, at your service.

(D'ARTAGNAN sweeps into a low bow. MILADY bludgeons him with the heavy purse. He falls like a rock. ROCHEFORT crouches next to him.)