

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

AN ADAPTATION BY

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THEATRE BRITAIN©2017

CHARACTERS

(IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

PLANCHET (MAN SERVANT TO D'ARTAGNAN)

HOT TO TROT (D'ARTAGNANS HORSE)

D'ARTAGNAN

COMTE DE ROCHEFORT/LORD BUCKINGHAM

CAMAMBERT & BRIE (ROCHEFORT HENCHMAN)

ATHOS-COMTE DE LA FERRE

PORTHOS

ARAMIS

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

MILADY

QUEEN ANN

CONSTANCE

LOUISE XIII

Act one, Scene 1.

Music Cue #1 Opening

Gascony outside the stable of D'Artagnan. Enter Planchet, D'Artagnan's trusted man-servant and all round busy body. With a large shovel and bucket she is obviously looking for something big.

Planchet: Hot To Trot, get in here. You may be able to hide from me, you filthy filly, but there's no hiding that pong. I can see the obnoxiously smelly fumes from here. **(We hear a whinny of a horse, like a giggle)**. Playing funny are we. You are the only horse I know with a warped sense of humor. If I didn't know better, I would say you weren't a real horse at all. **(Planchet starts creeping around the stage and as she passes an open stable door, the horse creep out and starts following Planchet's every move as she continues walking around the stage)**. Dear Lord, help my nostrils from exploding. I know you are close, the whiff is getting whiffier. Come out come out wherever you are you four legged beastie. **(Behind you)**. I've got a horse's behind? You cheeky beggar. **(Horse behind me)**. Oh no, there isn't **(Oh yes, there is)** Oh no, there .. **(Thinks)** IS...OOOh there's a horse behind me and I bet I know which horse it is. **(Planchet jumps around and Hot To Trot kisses her)** Ughh. Nothing like horse snot in the morning. There you are Hot To Trot. Well, Hot To Trot, are you excited about today **(Trot dances then whinnies)**. I should what? **(Whinnies again)**. Tell this lot, why? **(Whinnies)** Because they are all thick and don't know what is going on. Ok then, Right. Hello everyone? **(Hello)**. It's very simple process, I say hello and you say hello really loudly right back at me. Ready. **(Yes)** Hello everyone. **(Hello)**. I'm sure practice will make perfect but I haven't got all day to stand here saying hello I have a story to tell. Today is a very auspicious day. My boss, Charles De Batz Castlmore D'Artagnan , other wise known as D. Boss, or as I call him

D'dashing, D'lightful, D'lovely or as I say to his handsome yummy face, D'Artagnan, well he is to go boldly where no Gasconian has gone before, to become a Muskateer. Aghhhh. I could swoon, but I know I would only faint, and as I am his **MANservant**, Planchet, Kate Planchet, I get to be at his beck and call and wash his 17th century frilly under things. Who said I'm not a man? Of course I'm not. I am a woman. I'm all here, there and everywhere baby. Then why am I a man servant? Because **he's** a man, I'm all woman, hence MAN SERVANT. You lot **are** thick. **(Oh no, we're not)** Oh yes, you are. Well maybe just you; as I was saying. **(Hot To Trot Whinnies and prances around the stage as D Enters)**

Enter D'Artagnan. A dashing lad with a flair for theatricals skips on but stops at the wings and yells.

D'Artagnan: Come here you ravishing creature you.

Planchet runs towards D'Artagnan arms open, as D'Artagnan runs passed her to the horse who is running around in circles. Planchet turns around and heads back toward D'Artagnan and the horse.

D'Artagnan: What would I do without my love? **(Kisses Hot and Hot Whinnies).**

Planchet: **(to audience)** He could do a lot more with me. That's enough horsing around, sire. **(To audience)** Couldn't resist!

D'Artagnan: **(Sees the audience)** Well hello fine people of Gascony. **(Hello).** I said Hello find people of Gascony. **(Hello).**

Planchet: They're a bit thick sire. Most of them are from Plano. I tried when I came on, but they're not going for it.

D'Artagnan: Nonsense. Listen up. Hello everyone **(Hello).** Not bad, Planchey. We might have a live crowd yet!

Planchet: Thanks a lot, panto peeps. I'll be watching you, especially you. **(Points to someone)**

D'Artagnan: I am so stoked everyone. Fired up, Raving to go, ready for anything, pumped.

Planchet: Anything? Raving to go, fired up, stoked, pumped?

D'Artagnan: Excited.

Planchet: Me too, oh me toooo. Pumped. What are you excited about?

Planchet: Today. The sun has risen has it not?

Planchet checks the sky.

Planchet: It has indeed. It's a bright golden day on the meadow, as they say.

D'Artagnan: Say who?

Planchet: They.

D'Artagnan: They who?

Planchet: They that say it, sire.

D'Artagnan: They that say what ?

Planchet: It's a bright golden day on the meadow.

D'Artagnan: Is it?

Planchet: So they say.

D'Artagnan: Say who?

Planchet: ***(to audience)*** This could go on all day. Sire, today is the day you have waited for, today you ride to meet the commander of the musketeers, M. de Treville.

D'Artagnan: I know, Planchey. I've been swooshing around all morning. Hardly had time to get dressed ***(he is donned to the nines in fancy garb)***. You should have seen me Planchey. ***(he starts swooshing around with this sword)***. Don't I look swell to you?

Planchet: ***(Planchet staggers away in the opposite direction)*** I daren't look sir.

D'Artagnan: Come on old girl; tell me how brilliant I look in this fancy garb or did I overdo it? I overdid it didn't I. Should I take them off?

Planchet: ***(to audience)*** No words, really no words.

D'Artagnan: Then it's time to meet Mr. M. de Treville to become a Musketeer

Music Cue #2 **Song: I become a Musketeer.**

D'Artagnan: What day is it?

Planchet: It's today.

D'Artagnan: What day is it?

Planchet: It's today.

D'Artagnan: Today's the day I've yearned to meet, it's here at last, I proudly greet,
I humbly fall down at its feet, I have no qualms or fear defeat
For today is the day is the day is the day, I become a Musketeer.

Talking to Planchet.

Come Man Servant. Sing along with me. Let me hear your dulcet upper tones intertwine with my lower baritone. Let us jingle our jangles together.

Planchet: ***(to the audience)*** I would love to intertwine with something lower. Sing, Me? What am I going to sing?

D'Artagnan: Just make it up as you go along, Planchey, It's easy. I'll follow you.

Planchet: I wish you would and I am easy.. ***(Planchet starts dancing around the stage and D'Artagnan follows)*** What day is it?

D'Artagnan: It's today, you silly wench.

Planchet: What day is it?

D'Artagnan: It's today, I just told you.

Planchet: A Musketeer you've longed to be,
Since you were half past nine & three
Sliced bread with ham and a cup of tea
One brass fog horn a cow and a knee
Today is the day is the day. You become a musketeer.

D'Artagnan: Interesting, Planchey. You intrigue me.

Planchet: I do? (*Becoming coy*) I made it up as I went along like you said.

D'Artagnan: Indeed. Let us conclude this ditty. Now you follow me.

Planchet: To world's end sire, to world's end.

Music Cue #3

D'Artagnan: What day is it?

Planchet: Dear lord, don't you know by now?

D'Artagnan: What day is it?

Planchet: It's today.

D'Artagnan: Today it is it's finally here.
All of the land will hear my cheer
Raise up your glass & swig your beer
There's nothing more that I hold dear
For today is the day is the day is the day,
I become a Musketeer.

Both: You / I become a Musketeer. Oh yeah.....

End Song.

D'Artagnan: I fine way to start this day. Planchey, fetch your horse and let us begin my destiny. (**Planchet fetches her wooden donkey**). I've never seen the anything like it.

Planchet: Get used to it. There's plenty more where this one came from. See you later boys and girls. Oh, join with me will you. Every time I leave with my donkey here, will you yell HI HO SPLINTER, AWAY! (**Yes**) You will? (**Yes**). Let's try, one two three. HI HO SPLINTER, AWAY! Not bad. Toody pip peeps. Hi Ho Splinter, Away! (**Gallops off followed by D'Artagnan & Hot To Trot**).

Act one Scene 2 **A small Inn outside of Paris**

Music Cue#4 **Rochefort entrance.**

Enter Rochefort, Camembert and Brie. They sit at a table at the Inn. Drinks are served, laughter is heard, and then D'Artagnan enters with Hot To Trot & Planchet & her donkey. D'Artagnan calls to the inn keeper to tend his horse. They stand waiting for the Innkeeper.

Planchet: Yoo Hoooo, Innkeeper. My ass needs attending to.

Camembert: Hey you, your horse is a bit ugly ain't she?

Brie: Camembert, where are your manners? (**Cam looks in his trousers**)

Camembert: Not in here.

Brie: That is so rude. He's not ugly; he's just a little homely. (**They laugh**)

Planchet: First and foremost, he is a donkey, not a horse; his name is Hoe T, Donkey Hoe T Woodypleasegofaster the 1st. Hoe T for short, and he is not ugly, you are.

Brie: Well she got that right.

Camembert: Got what right?

Brie: You're ugly.

Camembert: No I am not? **(Oh yes, you are)** No I'm not. **(Oh yes, you are)** Oh, shut your eyes why don't you?

Brie: Shut your mouth, Camembert.

Camembert: You shut your mouth, Brie.

Brie: It's not shut your eyes. It's shut your mouth.

Camembert: No it's not **(Oh yes, it is)**. No it's not, I wanted them to shut their eyes so they wouldn't see that I was ugly. **(aww)**. Thank you.

Rochefort: Enough of this trifling.

Camembert: Oh I love trifling, especially made with brandy.

Rochefort: Inn keeper, be done with that tired old nag and fetch us more to drink.

Planchet: Old nag? Hold me back, D'Artagnan, he's in for a fist full of florins with a sixpence right behind. **(Swinging her arms D'Artagnan grabs her around the waist as the whole table stands up to fight)**. Hold me tighter, D'Artagnan; **(moving his arms higher)** I might struggle loose. **(She leans against him)**.

Rochefort: Not you woman, the peasant's horse. **(Hot To Trot Whinnies)**

D'Artagnan: I know that manners become a man sir, so an apology I know is forthcoming.

Rochefort: Don't hold your breath; there will be no apology to you, boy.

D'Artagnan: It is not for me, Sir. The apology is for my horse. **(Hot To Trot giggles and prances around)**

Rochefort: You dare to mock me. **(He kicks back his chair)**

Camembert: Not a good sign, Brie. I'll be over there.

Brie: Not a good sign at all ,Camembert. I'll be over there with you. ***(He creeps away to the side with Camembert)***

D'Artagnan: En garde, you old fool. Ha, ha. Take that and that and a bit of that. ***(D'Artagnan goes into a fencing stance swooshing around a bit, his feet going ten to the dozen. Rochefort does the same then shoots him. D'Artagnan falls wounded)***

Camembert: Didn't see that coming.

Brie: Bit below the belt.

Camembert: That must have hurt ***(he covers his privates)***.

Planchet: O M G. D'Artagnan. my heart, my life. What has he done? ***(She is feeling him all over)***. What a waste. Come back to me. Come back to me. Shall I kiss him boys and girls? Shall I? ***(She puckers up then decides to lay fully over him giving mouth to ear or mouth to nose, anything but mouth to mouth)***

Rochefort: Out of my way, woman. He is not dead, though he soon will be. ***(He kicks her off and Rochefort aims again as Milady De Winter enter in a carriage carried by two henchmen)***.

Milady: May I see the man who foolishly thought he could kill Cardinal Richelieu's right hand man. ***(She looks out of the carriage at D'Artagnan as he stirs and starts to get up)*** Let him be, Rochefort, he is far too pretty to die. Today at any rate. Be wise with your adversaries. Your name, handsome?

D'Artagnan: D'Artagnan.

Planchet: And he's my handsome so don't go touchy feely on him or else. ***(Milady shoots her a glance)***.

Milady: D'Artagnan. Rochefort, the Cardinal awaits your arrival. ***(She exits all the while looking back at D'Artagnan.)*** Goodbye, handsome. I'm sure we'll meet again. ***(Exits)***

Rochefort: Yes, Milady De Winter. (***Turns back to Dart***) Another day you will not be so lucky. (***He exits along with Camembert and Brie.***)

Planchey: Don't hold your breath. Oh, she was unattractive wasn't she, D'Artagnan? Are you hurt, sire. May I kiss it better for you? Do I need to suck on anything? (***She puckers up walking around his body looking him up and down.***)

D'Artagnan: It was merely a flesh wound, Planchey. I will survive.

Planchey: Oh, and as long as I know how to love, I know you'll stay alive. Should we follow them, sire?

D'Artagnan: No, Planchey. We are already late. Let us gallop at full haste. Mount your stick and let's be off.

Planchet: He kills me. (***to audience***) Hi Ho Splinter, Away! (***Hi Ho Splinter, Away!***) Thank you, boys and girls. See you later. (***They exit.***)

Enter Camembert & Brie

Brie Have they gone boys and girls? (***Yes***) Are you quite sure? (***Yes***) Can you look around you anyway and double check? You see what we have to tell you be for your ears only.

Camembert: Aye and for your ears only.

Brie: I just said that.

Camembert: Said what?

Brie: For your ears only.

Camembert: What is?

Brie: What you said.

Camembert: What did I say?

Brie: For your ears only.

Camembert: My ears only what?

Brie: Thick if you don't listen up? I have something to relay to the boys and girls so that they understand what is going on behind the scenes.

Camembert: Ooohhh. What's going on behind the scenes, besides costume changes and proppy things?

Brie: You really don't know Camembert?

Camembert: No but I'm all ears Brie.

Music Cue # 5 Song Two Spies.

Brie: Two spies, me and him, two spies, me and him.
We'll tell **them** that and we'll tell **them** this.
We tell tall tales, but we never kiss
We back stab guys and we never miss
Two spies me and him, two spies, me and him.

Camembert: Two spies me and him two spies, me and him
We've caught Queen Ann telling porky pies.
Lord Buck the stud makes the Queeny sigh
A gift Ann bequeathed that seals the lie
She needs it to wear, oh how she'll try
Two spies me and him two spies me and him.

Chorus:

Both: Oh the Cardinal will send his guys, don't worry
For he yearns to seize the throne all for himself
So a Fete the Card will throw to catch the lovers
For that gift bequeathed is on Buck's bathroom shelf.
IN ENGLAND!

Brie: Two spies me and him, two spies me and him
Those musketeers must save the day
Before the Queen is put away
This is the game we love to play

Two spies me and him two spies, me and him.

End of Song.

Camembert: I don't get it.

Brie: What don't you get?

Camembert: What's going on?

Brie: We just sang it. Did you not hear what you were singing?

Camembert: No, I hummed the tune. It was very nice as I recall.

Brie: Shall I spell it out for you Camembert?

Camembert: Don't be silly, Brie. I can't read, so don't spell it out. That would be a waste of time.

Brie: I think you've lost the plot mate.

Camembert: That's what I've been trying to tell you. I don't know what's going on. My dad had a plot once, grew cabbage and the like.

Brie: The Queen is fooling around with Lord Buckingham, King doesn't know. Cardinal knows 'cos he told us, then we told anyone who would listen. King is having a party and wants Qwueeny to wear the jewels he gave her, but Buck has them in England. It's a right how's your father.

Camembert: Why does Buck have them and what's my dad got to do with it?

Brie: The Queen gave them to him.

Camembert: Why did the Queen give my dad something?

Brie: Leave your dad out of this. It's Lord Buck and the Queen. They are having a ... you know (*pause*) Dalliance.

Camembert: Oh. I had a dalliance once, broke down on 75.

Brie: Their heart strings are being pulled.

Camembert: I pulled a ham string once. **(Beat)** The pig came undone. HA HA

Brie: Think you're funny do you?

Camembert: I try not to think it hurts me noggin, but that was funny.

Brie: I'll hurt your blinking noggin if you don't wise up.

Enter Planchet on Woody.

Planchet: Whoa boy. Steady, steady. Hello boys and girls **(Hello)**. Just checking you hadn't left the building. **(Dancing around with Woody)** You two still here? I thought that fancy bird had you all running to the Cardinal. Who was that ugly wench anyway? All dolled up and nowhere to flaunt it.

Brie: Milady De Winter.

Planchet: No, I am not, but I am partial to the Milady bit. **(Takes his hand)** I'm Planchet, Kate Planchet, but you can call me Planchey, if you fancy. You're a bit rough but I can smooth you out. Rrrrr.

Brie: The lady in the carriage. That was Milady De Winter.

Planchet: Apt name. She seemed chilly and a little frigid around the edges if you ask me. Doesn't hold a candle to me though does she, boys?

Brie: Do I have to answer that?

Camembert: Why would she hold a candle to you, I don't get it.

Brie: You don't get much, do you Camembert.

Planchet: That makes two of us. And you are?

Brie: Camembert **(pointing to C)**

Camembert: and Brie.

Planchet: The other chap with the nasty scar and bad breath, who was he?

Brie: Comte De Rochefort.

Planchet: Is it just me or is this all a bit cheesy?

Brie: Cardinal Richelieu's right hand man.

Camembert: We're his left hand.

Camembert: We're his spies.

Planchet: I beg your whatsit. Come again ever so slowly. Spies you say?

Brie: Pies, pies.

Camembert: Porky pies.

Planchet: Pies, pies and porky pies. Is this another song? What have pies got to do with anything?

Brie: We make pies, don't we Camembert.

Camembert: Do we? (*Brie kicks him*) OWWW. What was that for?

Brie: Well it's been nice talking to you, Kate Planchet, but we have pies to make. Come on Camembert, to the Cardinal's kitchen. Chop, chop. (*They exit*)

Camembert: Pie, pie (*waves as he leaves*)

Planchet: Well, that was just plain weird. If I didn't know any better, I'd say those two were up to no good! I wish someone would be up to no good with me! What say you, boys and girls? Are they up to no good? (*Spies*) Really, pies? They don't make good pies? Ohhh. They are spies! Well blow me down with a French horn and pick me up again. Toot, toot. I'll have to keep my wits about me then. Until I come back on. See you all later. Hi Ho Splinter, Away!...(*exit*)

EXIT

Music Cue #6

**Act One. Scene
Three.**

Path in the woods.

Enter Athos stage left, D'Artagnan stage right. Athos is walking with another gentleman As D'Artagnan gallops across the stage and knocks him over. D'Artagnan dismounts and confronts Athos, Planchey enters and just gallops across the stage and exits.

D'Artagnan: Am I to be assailed by rudeness all day? Watch the duds, dude.

Athos: You wear it well young lad, proudly stated.

D'Artagnan: I meant you old man.

Athos: ***(laughs)*** Me? Old man?

I am Athos, Comte de le Fere, A noble man by birth
I have no time for disrespect, you take away my mirth.
Be wise with whom you argue boy
To strangers you've just met
You may have youth beside you
But there's age to guide me yet.

D'Artagnan: I have no time to argue your age, I am already late. Meet me at the Arch De Trumpety Trump at 1pm.

Athos: The Arch De Trumpety Trump eh? If you are not already dead, I will be there. Your name, young lad.

D'Artagnan: You will know it soon enough. See you later OLD MAN. ***(all exit)***

Enter Porthos with a lady, walking. Beautifully dressed and with tankards. D'Artagnan enters and gallops across the stage knocking into Porthos and the lady. The tankards fly.

Planchey enters and again just gallops across the stage and exits.

Music Cue 7 Charge of the Light Brigade.

Porthos: In a hurry boy? Perhaps I should stop you permanently.

D'Artagnan: I am in a hurry, but it would seem that the elderly are determined to halt my progress. Perhaps I should halt yours forever, beefcake. Meet me at the Arch De Trumpety Trump at 2pm.

Porthos: Beefcake. I like it. Catchy. The Arch De Trumpety Trump eh? Wait, do my ears deceive me, you challenge mighty Pathos?

D'Artagnan: Maybe not so mighty as flighty

Porthos: I am Porthos, a man of valor, my physique speaks for itself. From the way I dress, you can well observe I douse myself in wealth. ***(To the audience)*** Hello ladies.

D'Artagnan: And gents. ***(They circle each other)***

Porthos: Finery becomes me as do looks & charm & poise
So come again, what did you say, repeat your burbling noise.

D'Artagnan: Deaf as well as senior.

Porthos: Ha! My ears and years have been good to me. Yours will be short lived. 2pm it is then, whippersnapper. I look forward to it. Where did you say to meet?

D'Artagnan: The Arch De Trumpety trump.

(They all exit)

Music Cue 8 Charge of the Light Brigade.

Enter Planchey first galloping across the stage.

Planchey: Have I won yet? ***(Exits)***

Enter Aramis and D'Artagnan at the same time, both on horses. Only D'Artagnan should have the two-person horse, everyone else a hobby horse. D'Artagnan scares Aramis' horse which bucks him off. D'Artagnan dismounts once again.

D'Artagnan: Good sir, is this place over run my imbeciles? Did you not see me? I'm right here. Hello!

Aramis: I see you, sir, but I fear it is your eyesight that fails you. I am Aramis, a man of the faith; maybe prayers should be in your mind. Your arrogance, rudeness and overall couth truly make you one of a kind. You must admit that it was you whom struck my stead and therefore unseated me. At least be a gentleman and admit that, be careful how you reply to thee.

D'Artagnan: I admit nothing when nothing urges me to admit it. I see by your countenance you desire recompense. As you will. Meet me at the Arch De Trumpety Trump at 3pm. I may be a tad tired by then, but I will prevail, and what's up with the thee thing. So middle ages. Rather like you then I guess.
(D'Artagnan laughs)

Aramis: As your end is nigh. I have not much to say to your peacock attitude. The Arch De Trumpety Trump eh? Built by a fool so quite fitting that you, young man, with your foolish arrogance should die there. 3pm it is..... peacock. ***(They exit)***

Music Cue # 9 **Richelieu entrance.**

Enter Cardinal Richelieu and Milady De Winter.

Cardinal: Hello, you sniveling rug rats. **(Boo)**. Boo? Is that all you can do? **(Boo)**. I smell it Milady De Winter. I smell it so bad.

Milady: I do too. It's the rug rats. ***(Heading into the audience) (Oh no, it isn't) Oh yes, it is (Oh no, it isn't) (sniffing at the kids)***. Well something stinks. Who said you do? ***(Looking around and***

treading carefully). There seem to have been a lot of horses running through here lately, Cardinal.

Cardinal: The throne. I smell the throne and it smells of me. If I have to kill that sniveling little Louise XIII, then so be it, I will. Oh yes, I will. **(Oh no, you won't)** Oh yes, I will. **(Oh no, you won't)** Believe you me, there is plenty of room in the Iron Maidens & dungeons for a few you peasants to enjoy. Oh yes, there is **(Oh no, there isn't)**. Don't make me come out there and select a few of you. This could get ugly. Who said you are ugly? Silly child, I just selected you as my first guest! Oh yes, I did **(Oh no, you didn't)** Oh yes, I did. Boo to you too. **(Boo)**. Ah, it's so good to be bad. Oh yes, it is **(Oh no, it isn't)**. Oh believe you me it is.

Milady: The fête is in two days' time, Cardinal Richelieu. I believe as you do that Queen Ann will possibly lose her life if the pearls are not adorned around her skinny little throat. Oh what a day that will be. **(they both laugh)**

Cardinal: The King will be heartbroken. Boo hoo and I will be his loyal servant who will aid him in his *non*-recovery. Ha Ha Ha. **(Boo)** Boo all you like, it just feeds my ego. **(Boo)** You are sure they are in England?

Milady: They left France four days ago. I saw to it myself that Lord Buckingham still had them on his person.

Cardinal: How so?

Milady: A gentleman should never ask a woman her age, her weight or her murderous intentions. Ha ha ha ha ha.

Cardinal: I could kiss you, but you can kiss my ring instead. **(He offers her his hand and she kisses it)**. You must get a message to Lord Buckingham. Send our spies. Let the English believe that the King knows of his wife's infidelity, is seeking revenge and war with England is close at hand. Those pearls must never ever be seen around the Queen's scrawny neck again.

Milady: Oh how the plot thickens, Cardinal and how gently we stir the contents. HA HA HA. **(Boo)**

Cardinal: When this is all said and done and I reside on the throne of France, what is it that you desire Milady?

Milday: What all women desire Cardinal Richelieu.

Cardinal: And that would be?

Music Cue #10: Cottage by the sea.

Flowers on the windowsill
Sunbeams greet at morn
Daffodils upon the hillside
Toasted bread still warm.

Cardinal: Really?

Milady: Puppies playing in the front yard
Birdsong on the wing
Quotes from Shakespeare, yes the bard
To hear the Beiber sing.

Cardinal: Dear lord not the Beiber.

Chorus:

Milady: Silk and satin sheets and pillows
Babies cooing , weeping willows
Skipping gaily, feeling free
Laughing at the table daily
In my cottage by the sea

Cardinal I would never have guessed. You seem so....

Milady: ***Milady stops him with a finger to the lips***

Piano keys that play a love tune
Violins that tug the heart
Ice cream cones from May to late June

Fresh made lemon tart.

Cardinal: I am **(blustering)** going to vomit.

Chorus: Blooming roses, Sweet pea flowers
March winds blow and April's showers
People watching through my window
Neighbors waving at me daily,
In my cottage by the sea.
In my cottage by the sea.

Cardinal Are you sure?

Milady: In my cottage by....the....sea. **(end)**

Cardinal: Really.

Milady: Don't be silly. No. I want the musketeers hung, drawn and quartered and a humongous castle built for me in Flower Mound. Use Plano as the moat. I really like Flower Mound.
(Exits)

Cardinal: That's my girl. What a wonderfully nice pleasant lady she is, boys and girls. Ha. Oh yes, she is **(Oh no, she isn't)** Oh yes, she is **(Oh no, she isn't)** who cares what you think. I certainly don't
When all this is said and done, when the Queen has lost her life, when Lord Buckingham is disgraced and banished, when those meddlesome Musketeers have all gone the way of the dodo and that stupid King somehow disappears, I will be ruler of France. HA HA HA . Oh yes, I will **(Oh no, you won't)**. I will and you lot will be the first to enjoy my hospitality. In the Trump tower! **(exits laughing)** HA HA HA HA HA HA **(Boo)**.

Music Cue #11 Charge of the Light Brigade.

Enter D'Artagnan , then Planchey, who gallops ahead of him and exits again. D'Artagnan stops as he hears voices and hides behind a tree. Enter Queen Ann & Constance.

Queen Ann: I fear I may be too late, Constance. The King grows ever more doubtful of my loyalty, yet Lord Buckingham is just a dear friend. How easy it is to subvert honesty to dishonesty. Cardinal Richelieu sniffs at our throne as I speak. I will not let that evil man rule my country or sniff my throne again.

As Constance reels off the list of ways to be tortured, they should both react to each one.

Constance: There must be someone brave enough who will rush to England, but then face treason, torture by starvation, the rack, the Iron Maiden, the Judas Cradle, Pear of Anguish, Iron chair, Head Crusher, knee splitter, Brazen Bull, Lead Sprinkler, tongue tearer, thumb screw, crocodile shears, Spanish donkey, the guillotine, the really ouchy ouchy ouchy thing and possible death by lack of breathing, who will try and return the pearls for you your highness?

Queen Ann: Whom can I trust? The Cardinal's men are everywhere. Nothing gets past them or him. There are spies on every corner, every street and the port is crawling with pirates and scallywags. Milady De Winter is not to be trusted at any cost. What am I to do, Constance? What am I to do?

Constance: Leave it to me, Your Highness. I will get a message to Lord Buckingham asking him to return your gift, if it is the last thing I do.

Queen Ann: Brave words, my sweet Constance. May you be successful for all of our sakes? ***(Exit Queen)***.

Constance: Brave words from me indeed. Where on earth will I find such a person who would dare to undertake this venture? Oh hello, boys and girls. **(Hello)** I know we've only just met, but I don't have time for pleasantries. Would any of you out there be brave enough to help? ***(Hopefully someone will say me)***. Really? Oh I can't send you; I'd be in trouble with child labor department, but thank you, young man. I see a valiant knight in you one day. Anyone else?

Stepping out from behind a tree.

- D'Artagnan: A musketeer that's who and that brave little guy/girl if he/she wants to tag along (***pointing at the kid***). I was joking. Sit down. I see your dad was willing to see you go. I saw you put his hand up for him. Nice one, dad. Willing to let your son go through the ouchy ouchy ouchy thing and possible death by lack of breathing. Shame on you.
- Constance: Are you done berating an audience member, sir?
- D'Artagnan: Em. Yes?
- Constance: Right answer. How long have you been ear dropping?
- Dart: I must confess to hearing it all and I will be that man who will venture to England, risk life and limb and lack of breath, to return what is the Queen's to save her life and the throne of France. (***To the man in the audience***). This could have been you dicing with death for a fair maiden. Who's the smart one now? (***me***). I think you might be right there.
- Constance: (***to the audience***). This seems a tad easy. Who are you?
- D'Artagnan: Charles Ogier De Batz de Castelmore, Comte D'Artagnan, or as my friends call me D'Artagnan. (***He bows deeply looks up and grins wildly at her***).
- Constance: What gives you the right to offer your life to France, Charles De Batz Castlmore D'Artagnan?
- D'Artagnan: The right of a musketeer, the King's guards and (***all sappy***) I love the way you say my name.
- Constance: Then already you lie. The King's guards have been replaced by the Cardinal's men. The musketeers are no more.
- D'Artagnan: That is not so. I am on my way to M. D. Treville to become a musketeer as we speak. I put on me best outerwear especially

for the occasion and me clean undies. That goes without saying.

Constance: Then you lie again.

D'Artagnan: I assure you they are clean!

Constance: You are not yet a musketeer. Are you trying to impress me with your flair for lying?

D'Artagnan: My apologies, Constance. My wish to become a true musketeer is merely overshadowed by my already being one in my heart.

Constance: Oh. **(Stifling a smile then getting stern again)** And you called me Constance!

D'Artagnan: Is that not your name, beautiful, lovely, gorgeous lady?

Constance: Mademoiselle Bonacieux is my name and mind your use of eloquent words. You seem rather forward for one so young...and handsome....and dashing and debonair...

D'Artagnan: And single. Forgive me, Mademoiselle Bonacieux. You are a delight to look upon. My tongue ran away with the thoughts in my head. I will still it **(he sticks his tongue out and bites it and tries to say "see")** thsee

Constance: You can call me Constance. **(Stifling a small laugh).**

D'Artagnan: Now you trifle with me. In earnest I will return what is the Queen's but before I do, I must. **(Pause, remembering his fights to come)** it doesn't matter.

Constance: What must you do before you leave? There is surely nothing more demanding of your time than to save the Queen of France and its throne?

D'Artagnan: You are right of course, Mademoiselle Bonacieux. **(Looking into her eyes)** Has anyone ever told you that you have the

most mesmerizing two eyes? I mean blue eyes. I could fall into them.

Constance: Watch you don't trip over your silver tongue.

D'Artagnan: I don't think I'm tripping, I think I'm falling.... (*Constance touches his lips with her finger*)

Constance: I think it best you leave now. (*Handing him a small note he takes it and holds onto her hand*) Take this with you. It will prove that you come with the Queen's blessing (*she kisses him*) and with mine.

Music Cue # 12 **Song To see your face again is my reward.**

D'Artagnan: Nothing good will ever come from sitting idly by
For risk is but a word for life and that I daily try
Though I know this trip is laden down with doubt of my return
Keep me in your loving thoughts won't you?

Across the seas
Across the seas
From France to England, England back to France
Across the seas
Across the seas
To see your loving face is my reward.

Constance: Knowing that you risk your life, not sitting idly still
My heart will yearn for you I know it will.
Yes I know this trip is laden down with doubt of your return
So I'll keep you in my loving thoughts, it's true

Across the seas
Across the seas
From France to England, England back to France
Across the seas
Across the seas
To see your face again is my reward.

Together: Though our time apart is measured by the waning of the sun
 In our hearts the time will seem eternal, just begun
 We must come back to each other for it's fate that brought us
 here.
 So we'll keep each other in our thoughts its true

Together Across the seas
 Across the seas
 From France to England, England back to France
 Across the seas
 Across the seas
 To see your face again is my reward. *(kiss)*

D'Artagnan: Constance.

Constance: D'Artagnan. *(kiss)* Come back to me....

D'Artagnan: I'll be back.

Both exit. Enter Cardinal & Milady De Winter. Close Curtain.

Music cue #13

Cardinal: **(Boo)** Boo boo boo. Keep it up, sniveling peasants and I'll be
 boo booing over your sorry selves in my dungeons. Oh yes, I
 will, **(Oh no, you won't)** Oh yes, I will. Cease. I must continue
 the story or we will be here all night. Oh yes, we will! So
 Milady De Winter. A would be Musketeer and a wench with a
 heart. Makes me want to wretch a little in my throat. They
 must be stopped at all costs.

Milady: Our two spies, Camembert and Brie, are already at the port.
 No one will get past them. **(Oh yes, they will)** Oh no, they
 won't. They will cross to England and hand the note to Lord
 Buckingham; sealing the land's fate, the death of the
 treasonous musketeers should they ever reach him, and your
 succession to the throne. Constance will be a little harder to
 dispense of, but if it were always easy, what would be the fun

in that? Consider it done, Cardinal. I will rid you of that meddlesome maid & crush another musketeer's sappy heart.

Oh yes, I will (**Oh no, you won't**). Oh yes, I will, mark my words.

Cardinal: I could kiss you, but kiss my ring instead (**she does**). (**They exit**).

Act one scene 5 Arch De Trumpety Trump

Music cue #14

Enter D'Artagnan, Planchey.

D'Artagnan: If I live to see another day, curb my enthusiasm, Planchey I must be held back at all costs from my zealousness. Today I must thrust and lunge three times until I am sated. (**Practicing with his sword as he says all this**)

Plancey: (**to audience**) no words again. Look out D'Artagnan, a musketeer approaches. Oh and he's a big one, sir. Curb my womanly desire, douse the fire, curb the sweats. Dear lord. I think I'm having my own weather moment. I know a lot you ladies out there get what I mean. He's still a big boy though.

Enter Athos .

D'Artagnan: Good sir, you arrive on time. For that I am eternally grateful. I am not a fan of lateness.

Athos: You too are on time and I therefore thank you for being on time to **be** late.

D'Artagnan: As I am not late and will not **be** late, may I be so bold as to say it is you who will soon be **late** by being on time.

Athos: You need not thank me for being on time nor ready to be late, for late I will not or could not be. I always finish early for me to be late.

D'Artagnan: Then maybe you will be late for the first time and therefore your coming early should have been a time to be late.

Planchey: **(to audience)** anybody else confused.

Athos: Though I must confess I wait for my seconds who are a tad late themselves.

Enter Aramis & Porthos spotting D'Artagnan at once.

Together: You! Are we all here to teach this young upstart a thing or two?

Athos: Ha. It would seem that way. I, however will see him done, so sit down and rest your laurels Porthos and Aramis, this shall not take long. En garde. Your name, for I must utter it once I relieve you from you earthly bonds.

D'Artagnan: Gentleman, for I know you all are, it pains me to see you here before me. I must apologize in advance for your demises. In other circumstances, we might have been friends, but alas I must finish what we agreed upon and in haste, for I, D'Artagnan is my name, am disgracefully late for an appointment to ...

Athos lunges before D'Artagnan can finish. They sword fight for barely a few moments before the Cardinal's men see them fighting.

Music Cue#15 Guards Entrance.

Guard 1: Drop your weapons at once or face the consequences.

Porthos: Should we drop our weapons boys and girls **(no)**. Then that's settled. No.

Athos: Who asks?

Guard 2: Cardinal Richelieu and the King's guards.

Aramis: The Kings guards, eh? I think not.

Guard 3: Yes we are.

Athos: The King's guards are the musketeers. They are not musketeers, are they boys and girls? **(no)**. Then that's settled then.

Guard 4: By royal decree, the musketeers have been disbanded.

D'Artagnan: No, never!

Guard 1: Never again more like it. **(All guards laugh)**. I ask you again to drop your weapons or face the consequences.

Athos: If you will just give us a few seconds to confer.

They huddle like a rugby huddle

Aramas: We have conferred and the answer is.

All: No.

Guard 1: Then you leave us not choice. Drop your weapons or ...

Porthos: Come make me, boys. **(Flexes his muscles)**

Athos: You drop your weapons.

Guard 3: What! Says who?

Musketeers: Say we. The Three Musketeers. All for one and one for all.

Planchey: And a bit for me. **(Points a weapon up)**

Guard 1: You are outnumbered, fools.

D'Artagnan: **(standing with the Musketeers)**. You need more men. Planchey this is not place for a manservant. Take your leave.

Planchey: Must I? So many men, so little time.

Guard 2: You need a good lesson, my boy.

Planchey: I've offered.

D'Artagnan: Planchey, not now.

Planchey: Later then? *(exits)*

Music Cue#15: Fight music.

Fight ensues, guards are driven off. Three musketeers to one side and D'Artagnan on the other. Swords all drawn on D'Artagnan, the circling him.

Porthos: Seems a shame to run him through now doesn't it.

Aramis: It does indeed. Shall we run him through, boys and girls? **(no)** Are you sure. **(yes)**. Then that's settled then.

Athos: Your name again, boy.

D'Artagnan: D'Artagnan.

Porthos: Where are you going in such a rush that three musketeers were lined up to end your life.

D'Artagnan: I was rushing to be one of you. I, too, wish to be a musketeer like my father before me.

All swords come down.

Athos: It would seem that we are a dying breed by the news from the Cardinals' guards, but musketeers cannot be disbanded. It's in here **(points to his heart)**. Even in death, we are and always will be musketeers.

Aramis: There must be something afoot for the Cardinal to disband the musketeers. The King knows we have his back.

Porthos: ***(Showing his muscles again)*** and his front and sides.

Athos: I wonder what it could be? Tis a mystery.

D'Artagnan: Um, I think I may know.

Aramis: Out with it boy. Is the King in danger?

D'Artagnan: No. The Queen is. I overheard the Queen and her lady speaking.

All: and

D'Artagnan: To quote her majesty (***In the Queen's voice off stage***) "I fear I may be too late, Constance. The King grows ever more doubtful of my loyalty, yet Lord Buckingham is just a dear friend. How easy it is to subvert honesty to dishonesty. Cardinal Richelieu sniffs at our throne as I speak. I will not let that evil man rule my country or sniff my throne again."

Musketeers: Vive La France!

(All must do the same actions as the Queen and Constance did before).

D'Artagnan: To quote Constance (***in Constance voice off stage***) "There must be someone brave enough who will rush to England, but then face treason, torture by starvation, the rack, the Iron Maiden, the Judas Cradle, Pear of Anguish, Iron chair, Head Crusher, knee splitter, Brazen Bull, Lead Sprinkler, tongue tearer, thumb screw, crocodile shears, Spanish donkey , the guillotine, the really ouchy ouchy ouchy thing and possible death by lack of breathing, who will try and return the pearls for you your highness."

Porthos: I'm really impressed with your impressions but I'll be even more impressed by the idiot who agrees to those terms. Even a brave musketeer must pick his battles. (***starts laughing***)

Aramis: Ha! , Idiot indeed.

Athos: A raving loony! (***now all laughing heartily***)

D'Artagnan: Not even with this? **(He shows them the note, the musketeers drop to their knees)**

Aramis: Where did you get this?

D'Artagnan: I agreed to go.

Porthos: Sorry for calling you an idiot. But...

Athos: Me also for the looney bit, but..

Aramis: A brave idiot you are, D'Artagnan.

D'Artagnan: Constance gave me this for safe passage and to give to Lord Buckingham when I reach England.

Aramis: Who is this Constance?

D'Artagnan: My love. My life, my all.

All: **(mocking)** Oh, my love my life my all.

Athos: You never told us you were married, boy. Any more secrets up your frilly sleeve?

D'Artagnan: I am not. We just met, um...a couple of minutes ago, but she has ensnared my heart.

Athos: As all women do, then they pierce that ensnared heart with a dagger and leave you bleeding in the dust. They bash you against the rocks of despair, then bash you a little bit more for the fun of it.

Porthos: Here we go again. Never mind Athos, D'Artagnan. His love story is what nightmares are made of. May you be luckier.

Aramis: Be not so quick to judge, Porthos. I believe Athos has a right to air his views about his late wife. Tell us how you feel Athos.

Athos: **(very Shakespeare like and over the top)** I will not speak of my wife, that woman who bears the Fleur de Lis on her right shoulder, right about here **(pointing)**. Who hid that mark from

me until it was too late. That woman who was marked a tea leaf without my knowing. At least she escaped in death. I live still. I still live, I still live. I'm still here.

D'Artagnan: Blimey. What's a fleur de whatsit?

Aramis: Another time D'Artagnan. I wish not to offend Athos, but I fear another lady needs our help at this time and this story is getting a bit dire. It's a panto not a tragedy.

Porthos: I thought it was a comedy? (**Beat**) That's settled then.

All: What is?

Porthos: To England, lads. Let's all get tortured together. (**Raises his sword**). All for one.

All: (**not Dart**) and one for all.

D'Artagnan: I cannot ask you to do this?

All: You didn't, we offered. No more to be said.

Planchey enters at full gallop.

Planchey: 3 erect men. I may never recover. Did I miss something?

Aramis: God sent me a vision.

Planchey: He did indeed and here I am.

Aramis: Last night in my sleep.

Planchey: Keep it clean, we've a bucket full of kids here. Hello handsome. Come to mummy...

Aramis: I dreamt that we would be called upon and when the time was right, we would act. That time is now.

Planchey: I'm with you. Let's start acting now for the people's sake. It's our last show, we can't give refunds! Up the stakes everyone, please.

Pathos: We must first procure passage on the DownSheGoes.

Planchey: **(just looks at the audience)** I didn't write this. I merely emerge from the pages looking glorious in every passage.

Athos: We have much to do. **(Turns to Planchey)** Manservant.

Planchey: That be me. How much can I do you for? I mean what is it you want of me, I have it, just ask and it's yours. I've nothing to lose. Take it all. Take it. No, please take it.

Athos: I want your ass.

Planchey: Exusez-moi , merci bucket?

Athos: Your mule. Your donkey. Your fine ass.

Planchey: You want all three?

Porthos: Just your ass, manservant, is ample enough. Let us not be greedy.

Aramis: Yes, your ass will do nicely. Laden your beast down with all of our wares for our journey.

D'Artagnan: Mr. Woodygofaster Planchey. They want Woody.

Planchey: They want woody, eh?

Aramis: Time, my friend is of the essence. To the dock. We meet at 6pm. I trust we will be successful in our crossing. **(Exit the Musketeers)**

Planchey: Did I miss something?

D'Artagnan: We are to England at 6pm.

Planchey: England, Oh D'Artagnan. I've always wanted to go England. I've heard that men are men and women are not, plus they bathe every third week whether they need it or not. I can smell them now. Now I know why they call them Slimeys.

D'Artagnan: I hear the ladies shave their legs, Planchey. Ha. Can you believe it? That I must see.

Planchey: Ughh. How uncivilized. By the time I take these hose off, I could knit a sweater. **(Sidling up to D'Artagnan)** Stroke that hairy thigh. Thank heavens for us sophisticated sexy French women. We have it all and we keep it forever, except when we give it away. **(she has wrapped her leg around him)**

D'Artagnan: And away we must. Come, Planchey, to England to save France. **(He has to fight to get her leg off then he exits)**

Planchey: Never thought I'd hear those words in my life time. Are you ready boys and girls? Hi Ho Splinter, Away!

(She exits)

Act one Scene 6

Music cue #16 A fog horn blares.

The docks. Camembert & Brie are there.

Camembert: Oh, that was loud.

Brie: You could at least say "Excuse me".

Camembert: What for?

Brie: That slip you just had.

Camembert: Slip?

Brie: It's a polite word for, you know?

Camembert: No, I don't.

Brie: Just keep your eyes peeled.

Camembert: That would hurt, but I can keep a look out. Who are we looking for again, Brie?

Brie: Anyone that looks suspicious, shifty or like a musketeer.

Camembert: Why?

Brie: We must stop them leaving France.

Camembert: Why?

Brie: Because the Cardinal will have our heads if we don't. We must not let anything distract us from our duty. We must be highly alert. Have you still got the note?

Camembert: La. La La La (**City of Stars from La La Land musical**). La la la la la la la la.

Brie: La La La La what?

Camembert: That's a note, isn't it? La La La La La.

Brie: **The** note. The note from Milady De Winter you dolt.

Camembert: Don't yell at me, I'm sensitive (**he reaches into his trousers**).

Brie: You can't miss it, it's a big note.

Camembert: (**looking in this trousers**) There's nothing big in here. (**Fumbles some more**) Oohhh what is that?

Brie: Look in your pocket. It's our ticket to England and back.

Camembert: Is this it? (**Big musical note then another**)

Brie: How many notes have you got in there?

Camembert: Quite a few, I always carry a tune. (**Slaps his leg**) Now that was funny. (**He hands over a large piece of paper**).

Brie: Give it me; now be on your guard for anyone out of the ordinary.

Enter Planchey in a real nice dress, cape and hood, leading Mr. Woodygofaster.

Followed by the three musketeers dressed as nuns.

Brie: Stop, who goes there?

Planchey: Who goes there where?

Brie: There where you are.

Planchey: Where I am?

Brie: Yes, where you are.

Planchey: I be here.

Camembert: You be where?

Planchey: Here, in all my glory. ***(Takes of the hood)***. Hello chaps. Ready to board when you are. All aboard who are coming aboard.

Music cue #18 Fog Horn blows again.

Planchey: I beg your pardon.

Brie: Not so fast. Step forward and reveal yourselves.

Planchey: You first, you saucy sailor, and mind your words I have the sisters of The Abbey Foolinyahere to guide my lost soul across the briny to limey land.

Brie: Sisters?

Camembert: Sisters?

Planchey: Never were there such devoted sisters. Margaret, Bernadette & Phyllis.

Musketeers: ***(waving at Brie & Cam)*** Hello. Blessings are on you and yours.

Camembert: Oh, I think Phyllis fancies me, Brie.

Brie: Do you have passage today?

Planchey: Early morning usually. Bit personal isn't it?

Brie: What takes you to England?

Planchey: That ship I hope. You have some odd questions.

Brie: Your reason for travel.

Planchey: To get to England. Are you thick?

Camembert: I've never been to England. I've heard it's right nice.

Brie: Your reason for going to England, madam.

Planchey: Ah... ***(Bringing the boys forward so the musketeers can stand behind them and dance)***

Music Cue #19 It's The Food.

(Talking through the background music)

What is it that brings the throngs to good old England?
Is it the sights, the sea, the shore, the rugged rocks?
Could it be the mounded green grass of distant hills?
Home-made sweaters, cardigans and itchy wooly socks.

Or

Maybe the smell of horses grazing brings nostalgia
The way a distant tune can tug an aged old cold heart
Could it also be that England has a million Castles?
That few Englishmen will leave or better still depart
Can the melancholy music be the reason
That the masses flock to England's pastures green?
Then again perhaps the music, songs or Shakespeare theatre
As it's the best the world apparently has seen.
NO! It's the food. It's the food, the English food.

All join in. Nuns at the back dancing.

All: Bubble & squeak, Jam roly poly
Shepherd's pie & scones
Jellied eels and spotted dick

Planchey: We all love one of those.

All: Periwinkles, Lavabread
Stargazy Pie & pickles
Beef Wellington, Toad in the hole

Planchey: We all love one of those.

Brie: Offal, dripping

Camembert: Bread for dipping.

Planchey: Trifle, Bakewell tart.

Brie: Custard, Crumble

Camembert: Beans on Toast.

Planchey: We know they make you fa...

Brie: Artichokes, Hobnobs chocolate

Camembert: Scampi, shortbread,

Brie: Ploughman's lunch, a huge fat sausage

Planchey: We all love one of those.

All: Pie and mash, corn beef hash
Cornish pasty, Eccles cakes
Sticky pudding, FISH AND CHIPS

Planchey: They're England's finest.

All: Roast beef, Yorkshire, spuds a roasted,
Most English meals are burnt or toasted,
For there's nothing like the taste of English food
You know we're right.
It's the food; it's the food, the English food. YUM!
To ENGLAND!

End song;

At the end of the song, they all go to board the ship together.

Planchey: All aboard the Downshegoes! See you later boys and girls. Hi Ho Splinter, Away!

Act 1 Scene 7 Fluorescent scene. Crossing the English Channel.

Music Cue#20

End of Act 1

Music Cue# 21

Act 2 Scene 1 Palace courtyard. Louis XIII and the Cardinal. Louis has an odd lisp.

Music cue#22

Louis: Oh I do wove a good knees up, don't you boys and girls **(Yes)** You do? **(Yes)** Ow goody, goody because it's party time and you are all invited becwaze I'm the King of France and I say so. Ha de ha de ha.

Cardinal: Oh no, they are not **(Oh yes, we are)** Oh no, you're not. **(Oh yes, we are)** I hope you choke on the cheese balls you sniveling wretches.

Louis: I'm sow excited. All my smelly pweasant peasants will be here along with my humble stinky servants and pongy kitchen staff.

Cardinal: And your wife your Majesty.

Louis: Don't be wude, she doesn't smell, Cardinal. My queeny is the sweetest smelling, scwummy creature. Talking of wifey. Where is my buxom fwench wench?

Enter Queen Ann & Constance

Queen: Always where you need me to be, Your Majesty, right by your side.

Louis: Oh Queeny, tomowow is our huge party. I can hardly wait I am so excited. Tomowow will come so quickly.

Queen: That is my fear.

Cardinal: I beg your pardon, Your Majesty.

Queen: Can't wait for it to be here. **(Very slowly)** Yay!

Cardinal: It has been decided that tomorrow will be a day of pomp and pageantry. We must don ourselves from head to toe in our refinery and pearls. Nothing like pearls is there, Your Majesty.

Louis: Peawrls. Oh, I Love peawrls. Queeny, I gave you peawrls. Will you wearw them tomowow? Oh please, pwetty please, say you will.

Queen : I will of course wear them. Why would I not.

Cardinal: Why would you not? Perhaps we should fetch them so that we can make sure they are all present and accounted for and not missing. I think we should do that.

Louis: Missing, but I had to sell Bordeaux and parts of nice Nice to buy them for you. You do have them still don't you? I shall be vewy vewy cwoss if you don't

Queen: I assure you I have them, but they are being cleaned in preparation for tomorrows ball, aren't they boys and girls **(Yes)** you see.

Cardinal: How convenient.

Louis: Well I for one am satisfied. Let's go and get weddy for tomowow. Oh what fun it is going to be. Come Queeny.

Queen: Yes, Your Majesty. **(King exits Queen stops at the Cardinal)** Whatever it is you are up to, you will not win. **(Everyone exits except the Cardinal).**

Cardinal: I can assure you I will not lose. **(Oh yes, you will)** Oh no, I won't **(Oh yes, you will)**. I could lose a few of you. Now listen up.

Music Cue #23 The King must go.

For thirty years the war has raged
The Huguenots have plagued me
Thwarting all my plans and plots
Whatever they may be
It's close at hand, my time is now
To be at war with England will help
For to see me sit upon France's throne
I must dispose of this wretched whelp.

Chorus: The king must go, that's all I know.
Take a fall, a plunge, a trip off yonder cliff
The king must go, that's all I know.
Perhaps he'll self-combust, oh only if.
How to do it there's the rub
Should I drown him in a tub?
Can I hold him in an arm lock till he chokes?
Run him over on a horse
No horse would be injured, you know of course
Lock him in the Iron Maiden with all those pokey pokes.
Toss his body into quick sand
Let him sink beneath the goo
Tie his hands behind his back
And flush him head first down the loo?

Talking:

That would be fitting for Looooeee...get it? Ah shut up

Singing:

He must go, that's all I know.
The King must go.

Cardinal: Oh yes, he will. **(Oh no, he won't)** Let's just wait and see.

End. Cardinal exits laughing.

Act 2 Scene 2

Music Cue #24

The Wood. Camembert, Brie & Planchey enter. Cam and Brie are retching.

Brie: It's the English food.

Planchey: Nothing wrong with the English food. That spotted dick went down a treat. I loved the way it was spotted *and* green.

Camembert: Remind me never to eat pig's trotters again.

Planchey: Why are you too well heeled? Ha. Get it? Trotters, heels, Never mind. You never told me that customs would rifle through my delicate under things. I was mortified when he held up my smalls for the entire world to see. So glad I had washed those four weeks ago and had only worn them for 6 weeks in a row, twice on Friday, aired on Saturday then back on for Sunday best. You should have seen them boys and girls. Oh wait; I have a pair on me. ***(Brings out a pair of huge knickers)*** They're a bit stiff. I bought them at Knickersknackersknockers.com or was it Youreyesdecieveyou.com?

Brie: It worked.

Camembert: They aren't small, they are huge ***(stretched his hands out)***, really really really huge.

Planchey: Are you insinuating that I have a large derriere?

Camembert: No, but you have a bloody big bum, missus.

Planchey: You are cruising for a bruising, cheesy boy. I should land you a Gouda one on ya. That's a cheese joke. Bound to come in somewhere.

Brie: Don't mind him, Planchet. He is little slow.

Planchey: Slow? If he was any slower he'd be going backwards. Talking about woods, looks like we are in one, and what happened to the musketeers?

Brie: Did you say musketeers?

Planchey: No, silly, I said nuns, nuns with the beards.

Camembert: I liked them nuns, beards and all. Right sexy.

Brie: Customs took so long with your smalls; they said they would meet you at the meeting place, wherever that may be.

Planchey: Why are customs meeting me at the meeting place? Are they still after my knickers?

Brie: The musketeers will meet you at ...

Planchey: Ah, a certain establishment that I believe is through yonder woods, and may I ask where you two bright sparks are going?

Lads: A certain establishment that we believe is also through yonder woods as well.

Camembert: Looks right spooky.

Brie: Right spooky.

Planchey: Really, really spooky, but in we must go. (**Woody dances around**) Whoa boy. He's spooked.

All: By what?

Planchey: Well if my memory doesn't fail me, which it doesn't, and if I am right, which I always am, and if I recall from a previous visit, which I do or this would be déjà vu all over again, these woods are haunted.

Lads: Haunted?

Planchey: By a particular ghost.

Camembert: Why is it particular?

Brie: Perhaps he or she's a tad fussy about being, you know...not here.

Camembert: I wish he she wasn't. I'm scared Brie.

Brie: Me too. My knees won't stop banging together.

Planchey: Are you sure that's your knees? Anyway, this wood is haunted by the ghost of Nighty Mare.

Camembert: Oh, she sounds wicked and horrible and kinda scary.

Brie: Why is she called Nighty Mare?

Planchey: How should I know, I've never seen her. Well whatever got the wind up Hoe T's tail, we are still going in.

Lads: After you.

Planchey: Chivalry is well and truly dead and walking right behind me. In To The Woods, girls. Oh that's a great name for a musical.

Act 2 Scene 3 **Ghost scene.**

Music Cue #25 **Ghost music**

End Ghost Scene lads run off and Planchey is left with Hoe T.

Planchey: Now I know why she's called Night Mare, because that's what I'll be having for weeks! Ho Ho Splinter, Away!

Exit

Act Two Scene 4 ***Lord Buck's house. Enter Musketeers on their horses.***

Music Cue #26

Athos: Here we are, boys and girls, in England. Isn't it smashing? Well time is of the essence men; let us not tarry than is longer than necessary.

Porthos: That's settled then. May I? (*Flexing his muscles and strutting*).

Athos: By all means Porthos, do your thing.

D'Artagnan: Wait. Shouldn't we talk about a plan of attack or something? I mean who knows what's waiting behind that door.

Aramis: D'Artagnan has a valid thought. What if Lord Buckingham knows we are coming and waits on the other side of that door with intent to do harm? He's a shifty blighter so I've heard.

Athos: The only way to find out is to knock. We have the note from the Queen as our invite. I have it right here.

Porthos: That's settled then. May I (*flexing and strutting*).

Athos: By all means, Porthos, do your thing.

D'Artagnan: Wait. Perhaps two of us should go around the back. You know, just in case.

Aramis: To what end D'Artagnan?

D'Artagnan: Lord Buckingham does a runner after he sees Porthos prancing around like a bantam cock.

Athos: I'd do a runner if I saw that. (*They all laugh*). Come men, let the cock knock on the door.

Enter Planchey at full speed on Hoe T. Brie & Camembert hide behind a tree.

Planchey: Did I really hear what I heard? Am I too late?

D'Artagnan: Planchey. About time, what kept you?

Planchey: It's a long story. Did you miss me? Oh say you did. I've had rough day so far. Say something smoothing.

D'Artagnan: I did miss you, Planchey old gal.

Planchey: Old? Well that wrinkled me. Why are we all gathered around the door waiting? Knock already. **(She does)** Yoo whooo anyone home? I need a tinkle.

Lord Buck: **(stepping out)** Only me, are you here for afternoon tea?

All: NO food, please!

Lord Buck: Well that's a shame, I've got a cake on the stove and its rising nicely.

Planchey: I'd like a bun in the oven. Hello. Fancy a tart?

D'Artagnan: Lord Buckingham?

Lord Buck: Who asks?

Athos: The King's Guards. All for one and one for all.

Planchey: And a bit for me, please.

Brie/Camembert: We thought they looked familiar, it's the Nuns. We've been flambéed! Sacré blue

Brie: I knew those beards weren't lady like.

Camembert: I liked them.

Lord Buck: Louis' Lads eh?

Porthos: The same. We bring a note from the Queen. **(He hands it too Lord Buck)**

Lord Buck: Tis her seal and her little kissy kisseys on the back.

Camembert: **(Stepping out from behind the tree and talking really loud so all can hear)** Oh, I've got a note in here somewhere **(he looks in his trousers)** It's huge. **(Keeps looking)**

Porthos: ***(Porthos drags them from behind the tree. Cam still looking in his trousers.)*** You have a note? Out with it.

Planchey: Be careful what you ask for, Porthos. Perhaps I can help you. ***(A bit of slapstick here as she lunges into his trousers and pulls out a chicken or a ball or bat then a huge white note.)***
It's blank.

Brie: What happened to the note, Camembert?

Camembert: I lost it in the woods.

Planchey: Spare us the details. What was on it?

Brie: I thought you said spare us the details.

Planchey: What was on the original note and don't get smart with me?

Camembert: No chance of that.

Brie: I forget.

Aramis: At this point, it matters not. We are here to aid her Majesty, Queen Ann.

Lord Buck: Does she ail still?

Planchey: Don't be silly, she only drinks wine. Oh I like you, Bucky boy.

Athos: We are in need of the pearls. I fear the Cardinal has insinuated to the King that the pearls were a gift to you from the Queen for, well, being more than a friend. We know that not to be true.

Cam & Brie: Oh the Cardinal's a big fibber. We've been royally had.

Planchey: You lucky boys.

Lord Buck: Aha he suspects a dalliance.

Camembert: I had a dalliance once ...

Brie: Not now Camembert. We'll be off then. Bye bye.

Lord Buck: **(stopping them with his sword)** You don't look like musketeers to me?

Aramis: I repeat, they matter not. We will deal with them later. Time is of the essence, Lord Buckingham, and we must ask you to hand over the pearls.

Lord Buck: Just like that?

Musketeers: Just like that?

Lord Buck: Why should I?

Athos: To save the Queen and stop France and England going to war.

Lord Buck: Good enough reasons, but let's say for fun, I want you to do something for them.

D'Artagnan: Like what?

Lord Buck: Oh, I don't know. Sing?

Musketeers: Sing? **(Over each other)** Ha. He hasn't heard Porthos sing. Speak for yourself. Never. Ok. You must be joking.

Lord Buck: Entertain me somehow and the pearls are yours. If I am not entertained, then ...

Camembert: Oh, I have a tune in here somewhere **(he takes out all the notes)**. I knew they would come in handy one day.

Porthos: May I suggest a ditty?

Athos: Be quick about it, we have yet to return to France before it's too late to even save the Queen.

Porthos: I will sing it first, and then you can join in.

All: Ok.

Porthos: It's an interactive ditty & if you fail to complete the song correctly, you, Lord Buck, will hand over the pearls. Do we have an accord?

Lord Buck: I am intrigued. We have an accord, but only if those two dance whilst you sing. They look like my court jesters.

Aramis: Consider it done. Camembert & Brie, start dancing.

Music Cue #27 Smart Fellows.

They do a really silly dance to the music, Camembert enjoying it much more.

Porthos: Four smart fellows they felt smart
Three smart fellows they felt smart
Two smart fellows they felt smart
One smart fellow he felt smart
They all felt smart together.
Join with me.

All: Four smart fellows they felt smart
Three smart fellows they felt smart
Two smart fellows they felt smart
One smart fellow he felt smart
They all felt smart together.

Have three kids come up and try and sing it. Give them a gift for trying. You can keep this going as long as you like and have the other characters try it and fail.

Lord Buck: Oh, I'd like to try. Me, me, me. Are you ready?
One fart smellow drats.

D'Artagnan: The pearls. (***Buck hands them over***). Thank you Lord Buckingham.

Buck: Will you stay for tea now? I have a spotted dick that's been ready for a while now.

Planchey: A man after me own heart. I'm in!
All: We have no time to waste. To France!
All: To France.
Planchey: Foiled again. I shall miss England, especially the food. See you later, boys and girls. Hi Ho Splinter, Away!

(They all exit)

Act 2 scene 3.. The docks back in France

Music Cue#28

Constance is seen looking out to sea. Milady sidles up beside her.

Milady: They never left France. You know this, don't you.

Constance: Oh, you startled me. *(beat)* I know nothing of the sort Milady.

Milady: You know too much, Constance, and we can't be having that. *(She circles her)* . No, no, no. Now, what am I to do with you?

Constance: I know as much as I need to know and you don't scare me, old lady. Besides I have all the boys and girls to help me. Don't I, boys and girls? **(Yes)** Thank you.

Milady: Well, you should be scared after that comment. You hurt my feelings and I have your fate in my hands. All the loose ends must be tied up so the future of France is secure.

Constance: And you believe the Cardinal will spare your life once he has the throne, is that it. She's wrong isn't she, boys and girls? **(Yes)**.

Milady: No, I am not. **(Oh yes, you are)** Oh no, I am not. **(Oh yes, you are)**. I'll deal with you lot later. What would you know about the future of France?

Constance: That the musketeers will prevail, the pearls will return and the throne will be safe from the likes of you, won't it boy and girls? **(Yes)** So do with me what you will. You will end up in the dungeons along with all of the cardinal's minions, won't she boys and girls? **(Yes)**. So there.

Milady: This is going to be soooo easy. Time to shut you up. **(Milady lunges at her with a knife but is bested by Constance after a nice little scuffle)**.

Constance: Easy eh, you fight like a girly. I fight like a musketeer!

Milady: **(slyly trying to win Constance over)** I loved a musketeer once. **(Sob)** I was young and foolish, just like you.

Constance: My youth does not make me foolish, but I'd say bitterness has nibbled away your happiness to its core.

Milady: Have it your way, your heart will be broken. **(beat)** Say they did make it to England. I have spies that have specific instructions to, well let's just say, dispose of those meddling musketeers. Oh yes,, I do. **(Oh no, you don't)** .

Constance: Then your old age has made you foolish if you think your spies can so easily dispose of the finest of the King's Guards. **(Beat)** You loved a musketeer?

Milady: Loved. It's a past tense isn't it?

Constance: Then you still love him?

Milady: A wasteful fancy.

Music Cue #29 **Song: Seems so long ago.**

Milady: I met him in our early years

Constance: I met him on Thursday.

Milady: Our love was filled with laughter and tears

Constance: Then he went away.
Milady: Our love was doomed because of what I'd done.
Constance: Our love is new and only just begun.
Milady: I replay the day it all came undone.

Both: Seems so long ago.

Constance: He stole my heart with just one look
Milady: He stole mine too it's true
Constance: Our fleeting encounter was all it took.
Milady: What was I to do?
Constance: I yearn the day that he comes back to me
Milady: I yearn for him, but it will never be.
Constance: I know he left across the sea.
Both: Seems so long ago.
Constance: On his return I'll run to him
Milady: On his return, I'll flee.
Constance: I'll hold him tight and never let go.
Milady: For me that will never be.
Constance: I'll kiss him so when he gets here.
Milady: Your futures bright, mine so unclear.
Constance: I kissed him once, I hold that dear.

Both: Seems so long ago.
Seems...so....long....ago.

End. At the end of the song Musketeers, Planchet, Brie & Camambert enter just as Milady lunges at Constance again but is stopped by the hand of D'Artagnan who pushes Milady to the floor. Athos steps towards Milady. D'Artagnan kisses Constance.

D'Artagnan: My love.

Constance: D'Artagnan.

Planchey: I can't stand this. Hold me, Camembert & Brie. Let's make a cheese cuddle sandwich. ***(They cuddle and watch)*** tighter...is that a note in your pocket?

Milady: ***(sees Athos, whispering)*** Athos.

Athos: I thought you were ...

Milady: Wished it more like.

Athos: I would never wish that on you. You should have been honest with me.

Milady: I was in love, Athos.

Athos: All the more reason to be honest with your husband.

Milady: I did not hide it from you.

Athos: Neither were you forthcoming with it. Had I seen the mark you bear? ***(Silent)***

Milady: What now?

Porthos: We have a ball to get to. Athos, this must wait. France and England. Stop a war. You know. The reason for going too England.

Athos: The ball can wait.

Aramis: Her Majesty cannot, Athos. You know this to be true.

Milady: Do what you will with me? I'm ready.

Planchey: I should try that line.

Athos: Brie, Camembert if you wish not lose your lives, escort the lady. Musketeers, to the palace.

All exit except Planchey .

Planchey: In case you are all thick and have lost the plot. Milady was accused of being a tea leaf in her youth so she was branded with the fleur de lis on her shoulder. It's the mark of one that has nimble fingers and an eye for free things and ill-gotten gains. All in all a nasty wench who will get her comeuppance. Athos, her hubby didn't know she was a tea leaf until after he married her, so milady had to go the way of the dodo. Apparently she didn't, though, 'cos she's still breathing. With me now? Good. Time to have a ball. Hi Ho Splinter, Away!

Act 2 scene 4

Music Cue #29 The Palace.

Enter Cardinal, King, Queen, Rochefort and Guards. Planchet, Brie & Camembert head to the dance floor unseen and start do dance. Take a couple of minutes to have them dance around and enjoy themselves. Planchey gyrates past the king and winks.

King: It's such spiffy wiffy party wifey. Look at that clown. Who ordered the clown?

Queen: I believe that is one of your guests, Your Majesty.

King: Weally. I shall have bad dweams for days. Fancy a jig, Queeny?

Queen: Sounds delightful, but I'll pass, for now.

Cardinal: May I say you look resplendent in your chosen gown, Your Majesty.

Queen: Why thank you, Cardinal. I hope I haven't over dressed for the occasion?

Cardinal: On the contrary. You have underdressed, haven't you?

King: Weally, how so?

Cardinal: Was it not your wish for all guests to be donned head to toe in their finery?

King: Wewll, yes it was. Your point and make it qwick. I want to jig.

Cardinal: I believe Her Majesty has forgotten the pearls you specifically asked her to wear today.

This stops the music and the dancing. Planchey and the boys continue on to their own beat.

King: Oh, weally Queeny. My pwearls. Have them fetched for you at once whilst I stand here and sulk and stomp by feet a little. Stomp, stomp, stomp I wwill.

Queen: I ...

Cardinal: Yes, Your Majesty?

Queen: I ...

Constance enters with the pearls.

Constance: Forgive me, Your Majesty. I failed to adorn them around your neck. You left in such a hurry to dance with the king.

Cardinal: What is the meaning of this?

Queen: Meaning of what Cardinal?

Cardinal: Are you trying to make a fool of me?

Queen: I believe you are doing a fine job of that yourself, Cardinal.

Cardinal: Where did you get those pearls?

Constance: From the royal chamber.

Cardinal: Oh no, you did not.

Constance: Oh yes, I did, didn't I boys and girls? **(Yes)**.

Cardinal: Did not.

Constance: Did.

Cardinal: Not.

Constance: Did.

Cardinal: Not.

Constance: Did

Cardinal: Did not.

King: Did not what?

Cardinal: Did not do what I should have done years ago. It's my throne you, froggy twerp. Time to end your reign and begin mine. **(he pulls out a dagger and lunges for the King who dodges and runs around screaming)** Rochefort. Arm your men and seize the palace. **(The king runs away into the front row hiding with the kids)**

King: Shield me peasants. Shield me.

Enter Musketeers & D'Artagnan.

Musketeers: Over our dead bodies, Cardinal Richelieu

D'Artagnan: And mine also.

Planchey: And mine if anyone wants this body. **(Looking around)**
Anyone? I can't even give it away.

Cardinal: As you wish you meddlesome trio. Guards!

Melee ensues. Cardinal is bested by D'Artagnan. Rochefort by Athos, all the other Guards should be fighting with Aramis and Porthos. Camembert and Brie are fighting each other. Milady slips away unnoticed. Queen & Constance follow her. At the end D'Artagnan is standing over Cardinal Richelieu. Other guards are standing being held by others. King skips around and stands by D'Artagnan.

D'Artagnan: Over your dead body, Cardinal Richelieu. Be careful what you wish for.

Cardinal: It was merely a figure of speech.

Planchey: My figures speaks volumes, but no one is listening. It's a sin I tell you.

Cardinal: Must it be this way?

Planchey: No, it can be anyway you like. At my age ...

Cardinal: Are we talking about the same thing?

D'Artagnan: No, I assure you, you are not. Stand and face your future.

King: So, you beastly individuwal. What am I to do with you?

Cardinal: Are you really asking me?

King: Yes, do you not see my mouth moving.

Cardinal: Well as you ask, and might I say very decent of you Your Majesty. My vote is to let me go. Don't you agree boys and girls? **(No)**. Have mercy on this frail old man. **(No)**. I'm coming after you lot, just you wait and see. Oh yes, I am.

Musketeers: Never!

King: Shssh Muskatweers. Put your swords down whilst I do my kingly thing. What are my options?

Porthos: I say throw him off a roof.

King: I couldn't do that to tell the truth.

Aramis: Why not to the lions feed?

King: Too much blood indeed.

Athos: Let's toss him off the nearest tower

King: Oh, is that really in my power?

D'Artagnan: Perhaps his fate is already set.

King: And who are you, have we met.

Muskettiers: D'Artagnan from Gascony.

Athos: He was on his way to become a musketeer.

Porthos: When fate intervened.

Aramis: We owe him gratitude of debt, yet met.

King: I see, I think. Qweeny explain in plain French.

Queen: It is I who owe him a debt, yet met.

King: Why Qweeny?

Queen: He unraveled unjust lies and saved France from a war with England.

King: Ow, I don't like the English. They smell. I mean rweelly smell and their fwood is to die for.

All: Literally.

Cardinal: It was merely a misunderstanding, Your Majesty. I am so misunderstood.

King: There wwiwill be no more miss understanding. To the tower, as it's in my power.

All: Hurrah!

Cardinal: Mercy your Majesty. It was all Milady's idea. **(Two guards start dragging him off)**. Athos you know this to be true, look what she did to you.

(All look around for her).

Athos: We will never know for sure will we, Cardinal?

Queen: Maybe we will. Look who we found slinking off into the sunset.

Constance; Not so special now are you, Milady de Winter?

Milady: This isn't over by a long shot. Do with me what you will. I am ready.

Planchey: That is really going to be my motto.

Queen: May I suggest Milady rooms with the Cardinal seeing as he did put the blame squarely on his shoulders.

Milady: He did what?

Constance: I told you the Cardinal would throw you in the dungeons.

Milady: I will have my revenge. **(Oh no, you won't)** Oh yes, I will. **(Guards take her off)**. You haven't seen the last of me.

King: You two **(pointing to Camembert & Brie)**. I wove the way you dance. Would you be my court jesters, by chance?

Camembert: No, we are spies. Really good ones.

Brie: Pies, pies. We bake pies.

King: Oh I wove pies. Go to my kitchen and rustle up a spotted dick. It's my favorite thing from England.

Planchey: Mine too! Oh, and D'Artagnany boy. I love my D'Artagnany boy.

Constance: Ahem.

Planchey: In a motherly way. You know. Constance, you be good to my boy. I'll be watching you.

Constance: There are times, I can assure you, you will not be Planchey.

Crosses to D'Art

Musketeers: Your Majesty, there is only one important task we feel you should endeavor to complete before day's end. ***(Pointing to D'Artagnan)***

King: Of course. What do I need?

Queen: Your sword.

Porthos: Your Majesty. ***(hands him the sword)***

King: Step Fwoward D'Artagnan and repeat after me. ***(Everyone on their knees and bow heads)***

The world is an uncertain realm, filled with danger.

D'Artagnan: The world is an uncertain realm, filled with danger.

King: Honor undermined by the pursuit of power.

D'Artagnan: Honor undermined by the pursuit of power.

King: Freedom sacrificed from weak, or oppressed by the strong.

D'Artagnan: Freedom sacrificed from weak, or oppressed by the strong.

King: But there are those who would oppose these powerful forces. Who dedicate their lives to truth, honor and freedom.

D'Artagnan: But there are those who would oppose these powerful forces. Who dedicate their lives to truth, honor and freedom.

All stand

All: These men are known as **musketeers.**

King: Rise Charles Ogier De Batz de Castelmore, Comte D'Artagnan. You are now one of my gwards and a Musketeer.

Planchey: It's a mouthful I know.

Musketters & D: All for one and one for all.

Planchey: And a little bit for me PLEASE.

King: Now let the ball begin in earnest. Everyone get jiggy with it.

Everyone has to jig with the King at the end they all exit do your walk down. Then everyone exit again except Planchey. Then the cast should all come out one by one and stand behind Planchey during this speech at Theatre Britain's Swansong.

Planchey: Well what an end to a glorious couple of days. I know it only feels like hours to you, but that's just suspended animation of your brain, so don't blame me. So, my D'Artagnan became a musketeer and found a woman with a heart. Cardinal & Milady hit the dungeons of the Bastille, the spies are really baking pies now & have opened up a bakery called I know It's Cheesey. Plus England and France are not at war. Well, when I came in here they weren't. The musketeers are off guarding the kingdom and I am here all alone. That's not true. I have you lot don't I ? **(Yes)**. I do? Good. So let me ask you. Did you enjoy the show? You did? Well you're easily pleased I must say. Well if you really did, please tell your friends and family to come on out and see this wonderful panto that is the THREE MUSKETEERS.

(They really should as this is Theatre Britain's swansong and you know what that means? You don't? Well I don't want you to leave here feeling a tad ignorant. It means these are our final performances before we close the door on what has been the greatest journey of ours. From Theatre Britain's humble

beginning way back when to what can only be described as an incredible journey to where we are now. To the myriad of people that have stayed the course, not only within Theatre Britain, but outside and beyond our theatrical walls, we thank you. We cannot thank you enough actually. To the board, we thank you. To the critics, the actors, the crew, we thank you, but nothing could have been done to this extent of excellence throughout the years without the hard work, dedication, vision, perseverance, grace & humility of two of the most amazing people ever to walk the boards, Sue & Ian Birch. Theatre Britain would be nothing without these two exceptional human beings. Not only are we closing this chapter of Theatre Britain's book, but Sue and Ian will be leaving us to start, what we can only wish, hope and pray for, is the next fantastic chapter of their lives, back home in England. We love you and we will miss you greatly. Bon Voyage friends. Bon Voyage. The theatre community are losing a couple of sparkling gems & a wonderful story is closing that is called Theatre Britain.)