

THE THRILLING TALE OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS

By Richard Gremel

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THE THRILLING TALE OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS

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SYNOPSIS: Queens have been prone to crazy acts for a very, very long time and in this brand-new comedic take on a classic tale, Queen Anne goes all in forcing the Duke of Buckingham to find her feline-loving son, Frederick, a bride...in three days. What's a duke to do? Geeky Prince Frederick lives, breathes and eats with cats! There's not a maiden in the kingdom that will say "I do." The only way out of the dungeon is to force his daughter, Constance, to marry Frederick, but she's in love with D'Artagnan, the lowly royal tailor. It is up to D'Artagnan to find two others to band together to stop the fearsome queen, save his love, and become the hero of our story. Those three are none other than the Musketeers. With a trusty narrator and a few outlandish commercial breaks, this fun show is full of laughs, adventure, love, and huge thrills!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(11-18 females, 7-11 males, 5-9 either, extras; gender flexible, doubling)

D'ARTAGNAN "ARTIE" (m)	The passionate musketeer. (216 lines)
PORTHOS (m)	The brave and strong musketeer. (99 lines)
ARAMIS (m)	The smart musketeer. (111 lines)
LADY CONSTANCE (f)	(135 lines)
QUEEN ANNE (f)	(165 lines)
PRINCE FREDERICK (m)	(40 lines)
THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (m)	(181 lines)
BERNARD (m)	The Duke's henchman. (94 lines)
CLAUDETTE (f)	The Duke's hench-woman. (85 lines)
THE PAGE (f)	(35 lines)
THE GUARD (f)	(29 lines)
THE CRIER (f)	(15 lines)
LADY 1 (f)	(13 lines)
LADY 2 (f)	(14 lines)
LADY 3 (f)	(12 lines)

LADY 4 (f)	(12 lines)
LADY 5 (f)	(13 lines)
PAPERBOY (f/m).....	(9 lines)
CITIZEN 1 (f/m).....	(6 lines)
CITIZEN 2 (f/m).....	(4 lines)
OPERATOR (f/m)	(15 lines)
NARRATOR (f/m)	(51 lines)
GUIDO (m).....	(7 lines)

COMMERCIAL 1: (ALL COMMERCIALS ARE OPTIONAL)

WITCH 1 (f)	(4 lines)
WITCH 2 (f)	(4 lines)
WITCH 3 (f)	(4 lines)
ROMEO (m)	(1 line)
JULIET (f)	(Non-Speaking.)
KING CLAUDIUS (m).....	(2 lines)
KING (m).....	Hamlet's father. (3 lines)
LADY MACBETH (f).....	(1 line)

COMMERCIAL 2:

SALESMAN (f/m).....	(5 lines)
MOTHER (f).....	(3 lines)
KID 1 (f/m)	(2 lines)
KID 2 (f/m)	(2 lines)
KID 3 (f/m)	(2 lines)
GUIDO (m).....	See line count above.
RATS (f/m).....	(Non-speaking)
PIED PIPER (f/m).....	(Non-speaking)

COMMERCIAL 3:

GUIDO (m).....	See line count above.
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COMMERCIAL 4:

MADAME MOONEY (f).....	(5 lines)
GIRL (f)	(5 lines)
COMMERCIAL PRINCE (m).....	(2 lines)

Doubling Suggestions:

The commercial actors can be doubled for each commercial. Ladies 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, the Paperboy, Citizen 1, 2 and the Operator can also play commercial characters.

PRODUCTION NOTE

The role of NARRATOR can be performed offstage with an actor speaking into a microphone or the actor can stand to one side of the stage visible to the audience. Either way, the NARRATOR should be performed live and not as a recorded voice-over.

DURATION: 90 minutes (Could be shortened by cutting the commercials)

SETTING

The setting for the play should be a castle interior. The set can be as elaborate or as simple as you want. However, at the very least, there should be two thrones for the throne room, a bush for the garden, and two windows for the telephone calls. Entrances and exits can be made through provided doorways or offstage curtains. The rest of the scenes can be played in front of the castle interior and can have simple set pieces to show new locations.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**ACT ONE**

SCENE 1: INTRO

SCENE 2: THE CASTLE OF QUEEN ANNE

SCENE 3: THE DUKE'S CHAMBERS, MINUTES LATER

COMMERCIAL 1

SCENE 3.5: ANOTHER SCENE IN THE PLAY WHERE WE HAVE YET
TO MEET THE MUSKETEERS

SCENE 4: THE ROYAL GARDENS

SCENE 5: THE ROYAL THRONE ROOM, MINUTES LATER

COMMERCIAL 2

SCENE 6: CONSTANCE'S ROOM IN THE CASTLE, LATER THAT
DAY

COMMERCIAL 3

SCENE 7: SOMEWHERE IN THE KINGDOM, EVEN LATER THAT
DAY

SCENE 8: MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE OF QUEEN ANNE

SCENE 9: SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT IN THE KINGDOM, NEARLY
4 HOURS LATER

ACT TWO

SCENE 1: WHERE WE LAST LEFT THE PLAY, 15 MINUTES LATER

COMMERCIAL 4

SCENE 2: THE ROOM OF LADY CONSTANCE, HOURS BEFORE
THE WEDDING

SCENE 3: SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE CASTLE, A BRIEF SCENE
CHANGE LATER

SCENE 4: ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE THAT BEARS A
RESEMBLANCE TO THE SCENE BEFORE

COSTUME NOTES

The costumes should be of the time period and suggest their character and wealth. The operator could be dressed in more modern clothes and wearing a headset to give the appearance of a stereotypical telephone operator. The matching costumes and wigs of Queen Anne and Constance do not need to be exact replicas, but should be similar in color.

At the beginning of ACT TWO, the Musketeers wear matching costumes. If this is not possible, you can omit the line to make it work for your production.

In the original production, the frog was suggested with a frog hat which was switched with a crown once the crème was applied.

PROPS

- ☐ Books
- ☐ Wallets
- ☐ Cat photos
- ☐ Royal Handbook
- ☐ Pen
- ☐ Cauldron
- ☐ Vials of poison
- ☐ Bushes
- ☐ Picture of the prince
- ☐ Flute
- ☐ Newspapers
- ☐ Cash
- ☐ Crème
- ☐ Swords

PRODUCTION HISTORY

This play was originally performed January 28-30, 2015 at Empire High School (AZ). The play included the following cast:

D'ARTAGNAN "ARTIE"	Chris Bohlman
PORTHOS	Evander Gaines
ARAMIS	Tim Wils
LADY CONSTANCE.....	Tina Evans
QUEEN ANNE	Kara Jellesma
PRINCE FREDERICK	Riley Zerbe
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.....	Miguel Macias
BERNARD	Connor Griffin
CLAUDETTE	Karly Marinas
THE PAGE	Kasey Lewis
GUARD	Emily Gates
CRIER/WITCH 1.....	Kaitlyn Fabry
LADY 1/KID 1/WITCH 2	Eileen McFadden
LADY 2/ LADY M/ KID 2.....	Taylor Thomas
LADY 3/ WITCH 3/ MOTHER.....	Savannah Hutchings
LADY 4/ MADAME MOONEY.....	Kyra Giordano
LADY 5/ KID 3/ GIRL.....	Ashley Schneider
PAPERBOY/ROMEO/	
PIED PIPER/COMMERCIAL PRINCE.....	Scott Hearn
CITIZEN 1/JULIET/ RATS.....	Alexis Roether
CITIZEN 2/ KING/ GUIDO	Tyler Sandles
OPERATOR/ SALESMAN	Harrison Haslem
NARRATOR/CLAUDIUS	Ted Rivard

ACT ONE, SCENE 1**INTRO**

AT RISE: *Scene should open with an adventurous song and should finish with the Musketeers ending in a tableau. As the Musketeers stand in the tableau, a NARRATOR'S voice plays over the speaker. When characters speak to the voice, they may move, but should then return to their frozen position.*

NARRATOR: *(Begins a variety of vocal warm-ups then...)* What? I'm sorry, what was that? Oh this mic is on right now? You want me to start? Oh, you want me to start. Got it. Sorry.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time...

ARAMIS: What are we in... a fairy tale?

PORTHOS: Well it is a tale. It says so in the title.

ARAMIS: Yeah it's a tale, but not a fairy tale. And only fairy tales start with "once upon a time".

NARRATOR: Fine, I'll try again. *(Singing.)* "Now sit right back and I'll tell a tale. A tale 'bout a fateful trip."

ARTIE: No, no, no, this isn't "Gilligan's Island."

NARRATOR: *(Singing.)* "Who lives in a pineapple under the sea?"

PORTHOS: Or Spongebob!

NARRATOR: "In west Philadelphia born and raised."

ALL: Hold it! That's not even the story. What are you doing?

NARRATOR: Sorry. What story are we doing again?

ARTIE: You're the narrator, shouldn't you know?

NARRATOR: I just got hired five minutes before this show started. They pulled me out of the lobby and asked if I would narrate this tale, so I said "Sure, what the heck, I'll give it a try!" Wait, I'll just look at my program.

PORTHOS: Just hurry it up.

NARRATOR: Oh, here I got it. Let's see... *(With epic narrator voice.)* In a land, by the name of France, long ago, there were three men, heroes of their time, who showed bravery, wisdom, passion, and very good Pokemon Go *(or other popular game)* skills. The first was Porthos. He was strong, brave and always looking for a good fight.

PORTHOS: Put up your dukes.

DUKE: *(Entering.)* What?

PORTHOS: No not you, Duke. You don't come on until the next scene.
I meant dukes, as in fists.

DUKE: Oh. Sorry.

NARRATOR: The second, was Aramis.

ARAMIS is busy reading and doesn't pay attention.

An intelligent young man who was always studying and devising great plans...I said an intelligent young man that was always studying and devising plans...An intelligent young man...Aramis!

ARAMIS: Huh?

NARRATOR: I said— (*Speaks quickly.*) an intelligent man that was always studying and devising plans.

ARAMIS: Oh, sorry I was just reading this book on the theory of relativity.

NARRATOR: See what I mean? Finally, there was D'Artagnan.

ARTIE: But most people just call me Artie.

NARRATOR: He was much more a lover than a fighter. The true romantic of the group.

ARTIE: Don't forget incredibly handsome.

NARRATOR: Sure. He always used his passion to save the day.

ARTIE: Look, I know I am supposed to be lovey-dovey and all, but could we move on, we're all getting tired of standing here frozen in these positions. Let's just act out the story instead of you talking about it.

NARRATOR: But it's more dramatic this way.

ARAMIS: It's also a pain in the back this way. Hurry it up.

NARRATOR: Fine...I'll be quick. Anyways, once in the 17th century, in France, there were three men known as the Three Musketeers!

ARTIE, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS: The what?

NARRATOR: The Three Musketeers.

PORTHOS: Why would we call ourselves that?

NARRATOR: Because that's what you call yourselves. This is "The Thrilling Tale of the Three Musketeers." So you call yourselves the Musketeers.

ARAMIS: We'll have to remember that for later.

ARTIE: Are we done here?

NARRATOR: Yes.

ARTIE, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS: Finally. *(They walk off.)*

NARRATOR: Why did I take this job?

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

THE CASTLE OF QUEEN ANNE

AT RISE: *The PAGE enters and makes an announcement.*

PAGE: The castle of Queen Anne. *(Exits as lights reveal the castle.)*

FREDERICK: *(Whining.)* But Mommy, I don't want to get married.

ANNE: Ridiculous.

FREDERICK: No, I'm Frederick.

ANNE: Yes I know that you are Frederick. I am saying it is ridiculous that you don't want to be married.

FREDERICK: Oh.

ANNE: Every young Prince in all the other kingdoms of this world want to get married. England, Spain, Denmark, all those Princes have found fine women to wed. Well, all except Denmark, *(To side.)* that Ophelia girl is a little kooky if you ask me. *(To FREDERICK.)* But all the others have found a wife.

FREDERICK: Well I'm not like the other princes.

ANNE: Yes, we can see that. Look, Mommy loves you and she is just looking out for you. All you have to do is find a pretty young maiden to take as your wife and make her into a princess. Then when that fateful day comes that I... *(Motions thumb across her neck.)*...well you get the picture.

FREDERICK: Kick the bucket?

ANNE: Yes. When "that" happens, you and your young princess can become King and Queen.

FREDERICK: But I'm happy being single.

ANNE: Really? Don't you get lonely?

FREDERICK: No. I have my 10 cats which keep me company. *(He pulls out his wallet and shows pictures of all his cats.)* There is Peanut, Fluffy, Jingles, Whiskers, Cuddles, Gushy, Mr. Mestopholies, Snuggles, Sir Raggle-Muffins, and Justin Bieber. *[Or other popular celebrity].*

ANNE: Cats are fine as pets but not as companions. Don't you know any nice girls that you might possibly be interested in?

FREDERICK: No. I'm too busy playing Dungeons and Dragons to pay attention to any girls.

ANNE: Look, it says in the Royal Handbook that you need to be married.

FREDERICK: Where?

ANNE: *(Yelling offstage.)* Bring in the Royal Handbook!

PAGE: *(Entering.)* Presenting the Royal Handbook.

The PAGE gives the handbook to QUEEN ANNE.

ANNE: Let's see... rules on raising taxes...rules on royal outfits... ah, rules about princes. Hmmm... hmmm... *(To PAGE.)* hand me a pen.

PAGE: Presenting the Royal Pen.

PAGE hands her a pen and ANNE writes in the book.

ANNE: All princes should be married by their 19th birthday, or face the consequences. *(She hands the pen back to the page and shows the book to FREDERICK.)* See, there. It's right there in the handbook.

FREDERICK: But you just wrote that in yourself.

ANNE: Well, I'm the Queen and I can do whatever I want. And now it says it in the book, so you are getting married and that is final.

FREDERICK: But my 19th birthday is three days from now. I'll never find a girl in that time.

ANNE: If you can't find a girl, then I will find one for you. *(To PAGE.)* You're a girl, don't you want to marry my son here?

PAGE: Me?! Um...you see... *(Calling offstage.)* What was that? You need me to make an announcement far away from here? *(To ANNE.)* You know I would love to stay and chat with you about this marriage thing, but duty calls...so, bye! *(She runs off.)*

ANNE: Well that didn't work. I'll just have to find you another girl. *(Calls offstage.)* Guard!

GUARD: *(Entering the room.)* Yes, Your Highness?

ANNE: Fetch me the Duke of Buckingham.

GUARD: Right away, Your Highness. (*Yells out door.*) Duke of Buckingham!

DUKE: (*Offstage.*) What?!

GUARD: (*Yelling.*) Queen Anne wants you.

DUKE: (*Offstage.*) Be there in a minute.

GUARD: He'll be here in a minute.

ANNE: I know. I heard him.

GUARD: Very well. (*Exits.*)

DUKE: Why hello, Your Highness. And might I say you're looking absolutely radiant today.

ANNE: Oh really?! (*She bats her eyes and poses.*) I did ask the Royal Tailor to fashion me some new robes. What do you think?

DUKE: I think the robes look beautiful and really bring out the most subtle of blue in your eyes.

ANNE: Yes, don't they—? (*She moves closer.*)

DUKE: They do. (*He moves closer.*)

ANNE: Why Duke you're making me blush. (*She moves closer.*)

DUKE: It just brings more color to those ravishing cheeks of yours.

ANNE: Thank you my little Dukey-wukey.

DUKE: The pleasure is all mine Queeny-weenie. (*They begin to rub noses.*)

FREDERICK: Ewwwww!

ANNE and DUKE break apart and act like nothing just happened.

DUKE: Well... um... so... You wanted to see me Your Highness?

ANNE: Right, yes... Duke, I have a mission for you. My little princy-poo needs a wife and I want you to find him one.

DUKE: Queen Anne, that is not an easy task. I mean... Look at him.

ANNE: What about him? He is the most handsome prince in this kingdom.

DUKE: He is the only prince in this kingdom.

ANNE: Listen Duke, I really need you to get me a wife for Frederick. (*She crosses to him and begins to flirt.*) You wouldn't want to disappoint me would you?

DUKE: No of course I wouldn't, but...

ANNE: Can't you do this one little favor for me?

DUKE: It really is a lot to ask your...

ANNE: Pretty please? *(She bats her eyes at him.)*

DUKE: I just don't think...

ANNE: *(Drops the flirting.)* Listen here. You either find a wife for my little Frederick here, or there won't be any more Dukey-wukey. There will just be dungeon-y wungeon-y. Get the picture?

DUKE: Yes, Your Highness.

ANNE: Good. Oh and you only have three days to do it.

DUKE: 3 days?!

ANNE: Yes, so you better get going.

DUKE: Yes, Your Highness.

ANNE: Oh and Duke?

DUKE: Yes, your highness?

ANNE: Don't disappoint me.

DUKE: You can count on me. *(He exits.)*

ANNE: Soon the Duke will return with a beautiful girl and you will have a wife.

FREDERICK: I hate you Mom. You're ruining my life. *(He storms out.)*

ANNE: Don't you walk out on me. I'm still the queen of this castle—

The sound of a door slamming is heard.

ANNE: Teenagers.

Lights out.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

THE DUKE'S CHAMBERS, MINUTES LATER

PAGE: *(Enters.)* The Duke's Chambers. *(Exits.)*

CLAUDETTE: I wonder what Queen Anne wanted with the Duke?

BERNARD: Probably wants him to do some crazy, outlandish thing which makes no sense, but the Duke will of course agree to do it.

CLAUDETTE: Yes, of course. Because the Duke will always do what Queen Anne wants. *(She begins to bat her eyes like the Queen.)* Oh, Dukey pudding pie. I just need you to do this one teensy-weensy crazy thing for me.

BERNARD: *(Acting as DUKE.)* Why Queeny-baleeny I will do whatever you want. I would climb to the highest hill or swim to the deepest sea.

CLAUDETTE: Oh, Duke you are just too sweet. I could just eat you right up.

BERNARD: Anything for you.

They begin to rub noses as ANNE and DUKE did earlier. While they do, the DUKE enters.

DUKE: What are you two doing?

CLAUDETTE and BERNARD: Nothing.

DUKE crosses and sits in his chair and puts his head in his hands.

CLAUDETTE: So, what did the Queen want?

DUKE: Oh, Claudette... Bernard... my life is over.

BERNARD: What crazy thing did she put you up to this time?

DUKE: I don't know why I say yes. There is just something about her that makes me lose all my common sense. But this time, I have really done myself in.

BERNARD: She isn't having you raise taxes again?

DUKE: No.

CLAUDETTE: Or lobby Congress to cut more educational funding?

DUKE: Not even close.

BERNARD: She isn't having you redecorate the castle?

DUKE: If only.

CLAUDETTE: Or provide the entertainment at the next Royal Feast?

BERNARD: I've got it. She is going to have you construct a flying ship which we can take into space, to battle evil alien space creatures with weapons that shoot laser beams, and has epic music underscoring the entire voyage. *(They both stare at him.)* What? It would be cool. *(Pause.)* Too crazy?

CLAUDETTE: The only thing crazier than that would be if she wanted you to find a wife for Prince Frederick. Blahh!

CLAUDETTE begins to laugh. DUKE begins to cry. CLAUDETTE quiets her laughing and notices the DUKE'S tears.

CLAUDETTE: No!

DUKE: *(Crying.)* Yes.

CLAUDETTE: No!

DUKE: *(Crying harder.)* Yes.

CLAUDETTE: No!

DUKE: *(Upset now.)* Yes, okay! Yes. That is what she wants me to do. Find a wife for Frederick.

CLAUDETTE: No!

DUKE: Enough!

BERNARD: So let me get this straight: The Queen wants you to find a wife for Prince Frederick...

CLAUDETTE: Blahhhhh!

BERNARD: *(To CLAUDETTE.)* What was that? *(To DUKE.)* Nevermind, and if you don't find a girl to marry Prince Frederick...

CLAUDETTE: Blahhhhh!

BERNARD: *(Gives an awkward look to CLAUDETTE.)* ...Then the Queen will have you thrown in the dungeon? But, if you were to find a girl... she would become Princess, which means that she would be rich and famous. I'm not really seeing a dilemma here. It's simple, find a girl to marry Prince Frederick!

CLAUDETTE: Blahhhh!

BERNARD: Now why do you keep going "Blahhhh!" every time that I say the prince's name?

DUKE: You've never seen the prince have you?

BERNARD: No, why? *(CLAUDETTE shows the picture of the prince to BERNARD.)* Blahhhhhh!

DUKE: Now do you understand my problem?

BERNARD: Yep.

DUKE: Look, we have to find Frederick a wife and we have to do it soon.

BERNARD: What do you mean 'we'?

DUKE: Listen, if I don't find a wife, then I don't get to be Duke. And if I don't get to be Duke, you don't get to be my henchmen. And you know why?

CLAUDETTE: Why?

DUKE: Because we will all be rotting away in the dungeon!

BERNARD: When do we start?

DUKE: Now. We just have to think of a way to convince some girls to be a princess.

CLAUDETTE: We are talking about Prince Frederick. *(She shows the picture to the DUKE.)* Have you seen him?

DUKE: Blaaah! Yes, I know what he looks like...but they don't. I mean, Frederick has been so consumed with Dungeons and Dragons lately that he hasn't been seen in years.

BERNARD: So none of the girls will really remember what he looks like.

CLAUDETTE: And most girls would jump at a chance to be a princess, they just usually picture it with a handsome prince.

DUKE: So we will make them *think* they are going to marry a handsome Prince.

BERNARD: How do we do that?

DUKE: We have them picture a handsome prince, by telling them all that he is just mysterious and aloof.

BERNARD: How will that work?

CLAUDETTE: Nothing says handsome like mysterious and aloof.

BERNARD: Really? Where do I find myself some aloof?

CLAUDETTE: Anyways, how are you going to spread the word?

DUKE: First, we get them talking about the prince. And then, we tell them he is looking for a bride. All the girls will jump at the chance. Then we just find a decent one and get her to marry him.

CLAUDETTE: Just make sure that she doesn't see him until the wedding.

BERNARD: And you should probably post guards at the doors of the church, for when she does see him.

DUKE: This plan is foolproof! *(He evil laughs.)* Now to spread the word. Guard?!

GUARD: *(Entering.)* Guard here, at your service.

DUKE: Guard, I need you to find me the Town Crier.

GUARD: Right away sir. *(Yelling.)* Town Crier!

CRIER: (*Offstage crying.*) Yes?

GUARD: (*Yelling.*) The Duke of Buckingham would like to see you.

CRIER: (*Offstage crying.*) Where?

GUARD: Where would you like to see her, sir?

DUKE: Here, of course!

GUARD: Right. (*Yelling.*) In his chambers!

CRIER: (*Offstage crying.*) I'll be there in a minute.

GUARD: She'll be here in a minute.

DUKE: I heard her!

GUARD: Is that all, sir?

DUKE: Yes. Go away.

GUARD exits and CRIER enters crying.

CLAUDETTE: What's wrong with you?

CRIER: Nothing.

BERNARD: Then why are you crying?

CRIER: Because, I'm the crier.

CLAUDETTE: That doesn't mean you have to cry.

CRIER: Sure it does. I am a method actress and if the script says I need to cry, then I am going to cry.

BERNARD: But the script doesn't say that you cry.

CRIER: I am named the Crier, for *crying* out loud! Why wouldn't I be crying?

CLAUDETTE: Because crier, in this case, does not mean crying tears, it means you gossip a lot.

CRIER: It does?

CLAUDETTE: Yes.

CRIER: Oh. (*She stops crying and blows her nose on BERNARD'S shirt.*) So, what did you need Duke?

DUKE: Did you hear about Prince Frederick?

CRIER: No, what?

DUKE: I hear that he is mysterious and aloof. But, let's just keep that our own little secret.

CRIER: Oh yes. I wouldn't tell another soul. I'm great at keeping secrets.

DUKE: That's all.

CRIER: *(Exiting.)* Don't you worry, Duke. Your secret is safe with me. *(She mimes zipping her lips, locking them shut, and throwing the key.)* Bye. *(Exits.)*

BERNARD: Why did you tell her to keep it a secret? I thought you wanted her to spread the word.

DUKE: Because the best secrets are the best rumors. *(He begins to laugh evilly and Claudette and Bernard join in.)*

NARRATOR: Will the Crier spread the word? Will the girls buy what they're being told?

DUKE: Hey, I wasn't through with my evil laugh yet.

NARRATOR: Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. You can continue.

DUKE: Well it's too late now. I lost the momentum. *(They exit.)*

NARRATOR: Where was I? Will the Duke's plan be successful in finding a wife for the prince? Find out after this brief message.

COMMERCIAL 1

We see WITCHES 1, 2, and 3 gathered around a cauldron.

WITCH 1: Double, double, toil and trouble...

WITCH 2: Fire burn and cauldron bubble...

WITCH 3: Bubble, bubble, bubble over with savings at the 3 Witches Apothecary Shop.

WITCH 1: Are you in need of a poison that you can drink when you find your lover has taken a potion which makes her seem dead, even though she is still alive?

ROMEO: *(Holding JULIET in his arms.)* Come, bitter conduct; come, unsavory guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on the dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark! Here's to my love! *(Drinks.)* O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die." *(He dies.)*

WITCH 2: We've got just the thing.

WITCH 3: And, it's fast acting too.

WITCH 2: Do you need a poison to kill your brother, so you can marry his wife and take over his kingdom?

We see CLAUDIUS put poison in the KING'S ear.

KING: Hast thou just wet-willied me?

CLAUDIUS: No. Thou hast just poisoned you.

KING: But why, brother?

CLAUDIUS: So I can be king.

KING: Makes sense. (*He dies.*)

CLAUDIUS: Now I am king of Denmark. Where is thine sister-in-law, so we can be married? And how am I going to rid myself of that bratty nephew, Hamlet?

WITCH 1: We carry all sorts of poisons that will do the job.

WITCH 3: Or, maybe you just need a good spot cleaner.

LADY MACBETH: Out damned spot, out I say...

WITCH 2: We can take care of that, too.

WITCH 3: So come on down to the 3 Witches Apothecary Shop.

WITCH 1: Where your apothecary needs are one Shakespearean tragedy away.

End of commercial.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3.5

ANOTHER SCENE OF THE PLAY WHERE WE HAVE YET TO
MEET THE MUSKETEERS.

NARRATOR: When we last left our story, the Duke...

ARTIE: Hey, I don't mean to be a bother, but this play is about the Three Musketeers right?

NARRATOR: Right.

ARTIE: So shouldn't we see something about them soon?

NARRATOR: I guess you're right. Um...stay right there and we will do a scene now.

ARTIE: Okay.

NARRATOR: Cue the garden scene.

PAGE: (*Offstage.*) Cue the garden scene! Bring on the bushes.

Bushes are brought on and placed around ARTIE.

NARRATOR: Enter Constance.

PAGE: (*Offstage.*) Enter Constance!

CONSTANCE gets shoved onto the stage.

CONSTANCE: Hey!

NARRATOR: Cue the Page.

PAGE: (*Offstage.*) Cue the...Oh, that's me. (*PAGE runs on and says.*)
The Royal Gardens. (*Exits.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE 4
THE ROYAL GARDENS

ARTIE: Constance, I love you and I want to run away with you!

CONSTANCE: I love you too, D'Artagnan.

They embrace.

But I can't just leave the castle and get married?

ARTIE: Why not? We could leave right this minute.

CONSTANCE: You know I can't do that. My father would never let that happen.

ARTIE: I hate the Duke's rules!

CONSTANCE: Shhh! Don't let anyone hear you say that. It would be a one-way trip to the dungeon for you.

ARTIE: Well I do. He is always enforcing the Queen's ridiculous laws. Laws that are unfair to the people of France. The Queen is a mean and awful ruler, and your father is no better.

CONSTANCE: I don't really like her either, but she was once nice enough to name my father the Duke, and to take us in to live here in the castle.

ARTIE: Maybe I could just tell your father that we are in love and that I want to marry you.

CONSTANCE: He would never go for that.

ARTIE: Why not?

CONSTANCE: We are nobility and he sees you as nothing more than a lowly tailor. He would never let a peasant marry his daughter.

ARTIE: Well you don't think of me like that, do you? A peasant?

CONSTANCE: You know I don't. I love you just as you are.

ARTIE: Sometimes I wish I could be a hero and prove to your father that I am worthy of your hand. But good sewing skills will never make me a hero.

CONSTANCE: No, but your loving heart will.

ARTIE: What do you mean?

CONSTANCE: Some heroes are brave and strong, some are cunning and smart, and some are full of passion and love. You are that kind of hero.

ARTIE: I am?

CONSTANCE: I believe you are. And one day you will do something which proves it to the world.

ARTIE: Well I hope that day comes sooner than later.

CONSTANCE: And until that day comes, you will always be my hero.

They hug or kiss. Suddenly, a big commotion is heard offstage and LADIES 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 enter. As they talk, the DUKE, CLAUDETTE, and BERNARD enter from opposite sides of the stage.

LADY 1: I heard that he is mysterious and debonair.

LADY 2: I heard that he is incredibly strong and handsome.

LADY 3: I heard that he is brave too. He once slayed a fire breathing dragon.

LADY 4: I heard that too, but it was a two-headed dragon.

LADY 5: It was a two-headed dragon and he slayed it with his bare hands.

LADY 1: Oh, he sounds dreamy.

LADY 2: I wonder why no one has ever seen him?

LADY 3: I think that's what makes him so mysterious.

LADY 4: What I wouldn't give to just sneak into the castle and get one glance of his face.

LADY 5: That sounds a little stalker-ish.

LADY 4: I don't care. I bet he's gorgeous.

LADY 5: I guess you're right.

CLAUDETTE: It's working boss.

BERNARD: Yeah, all the girls of the kingdom are talking about the prince.

DUKE: What did I tell you? That was one brilliant plan.

ARTIE: What is going on here?

CONSTANCE: I'm not really sure, but I think my father might have something to do with it.

ARTIE: Let's ask him.

CONSTANCE: Like I said, my father is not a fan of yours. You stay here, and I will go ask him.

ARTIE: That's probably a good idea.

CONSTANCE: (*Crossing to the DUKE.*) What is going on?

CLAUDETTE: Only your father's best plan yet.

BERNARD: Yeah, it's foolproof.

CONSTANCE: What is it?

DUKE: Well, if you must know, Queen Anne issued a law that Prince Frederick must be married in three days and she put me in charge of finding him a wife.

CONSTANCE: But Prince Frederick is...Blaaah! (*She mimics throwing up.*)

DUKE: Sure, I know that and you know that...

BERNARD: And I know that.

DUKE: And he knows that...

CLAUDETTE: And I know that.

DUKE: And she knows that, but they don't know that. In fact, they think the prince is handsome, brave, debonair, mysterious, and aloof.

CONSTANCE: Why would they think that?

DUKE: Let's just say that rumors travel fast around here.

CONSTANCE: You didn't!

BERNARD: Nope, he didn't.

CLAUDETTE: The town crier did.

DUKE: But soon they will all be jumping at a chance to marry the prince.

CONSTANCE: But you are lying to these girls.

DUKE: It's not lying...It's stretching the truth. And here comes the best part now.

PAGE enters and stands center stage.

PAGE: Hear ye, hear ye. If you are here gather round. Her Royal Highness, Queen Anne, has decreed that Prince Frederick be married in the next three days. All eligible maidens will be considered. If you, or anyone that you know is interested, please see the Duke of Buckingham.

LADY 1: Are you serious? You cannot be serious!

PAGE: I am serious.

LADY 2: Prince Frederick is looking for a wife?

PAGE: That is what I said.

LADY 2: I am totally going to marry him.

LADY 3: You?! No way. That Prince is mine.

LADY 4: I want to marry the prince.

LADY 5: You don't deserve him, stalker.

LADY 4: Stalker?! You're one to talk.

LADY 5: What is that supposed to mean?

LADY 1: You two don't even stand a chance.

LADY 2: Oh, and you do?

LADY 1: *(Flipping her hair.)* Well I am the prettiest!

LADY 3: That's a laugh!

LADY 1: Oh no you didn't. *(She pushes LADY 3.)*

LADY 3: Don't push me.

LADY 2: Yeah, don't push her.

LADY 4: Stay out of it.

LADY 5: Why are you getting involved?

ALL LADIES begin to fight.

DUKE: Oh this is even better than I imagined.

CLAUDETTE: I know. If these five girls are that into him, imagine how the rest of the kingdom is going to react.

BERNARD: You are going to have maidens lining up outside your door.

CONSTANCE: I can't watch this.

ARTIE: *(Crossing to the fighting LADIES.)* Ladies, ladies. Stop! What are you fighting about?

LADY 1: We are fighting over who gets to marry the prince.

LADY 2: Anyone that brave, mysterious, and debonair deserves to have women fight over him.

LADY 3: And incredibly handsome, as well. Don't forget he's handsome.

LADY 2: Yeah, he's really handsome.

ARTIE: What prince are we talking about here?

LADY 4: Why, Prince Frederick, of course.

ARTIE: Prince Frederick? As in, the prince of France? As in, the son of Queen Anne? As in, the prince that lives here? That Prince Frederick?

LADY 5: That's the one. And I'm going to marry him.

ARTIE: Blaaah! Have you seen the prince?

DUKE: What is that tailor doing?

LADY 1: Well, no... But the word on the street is that he's everything a girl would want in a Prince.

CONSTANCE: He was here visiting me.

LADY 2: Yeah, a real prince charming.

DUKE: What have I told you about seeing him?

LADY 3: And he's available!

DUKE: He is nothing but a lowly peasant.

ARTIE: Listen ladies, I think you've received some false information.

LADY 4: What do you mean?

ARTIE: I'm the Royal Tailor and I've seen Prince Frederick. And, he isn't anything like what you've described.

CLAUDETTE: This does not look good.

LADY 5: Then what is the prince like?

ARTIE: Here, I have a picture of him right here. *(He pulls out the picture and shows the LADIES.)*

LADIES: Blaaah! *(Mimic throwing up.)*

LADY 1: Who would want to marry that?! *(Exits.)*

LADY 2: What a nerd! *(Exits.)*

LADY 3: And all those...cats? *(Exits.)*

LADY 4: I'm out of here! *(Exits.)*

LADY 5: *(Exits screaming.)*

BERNARD: I don't get it. I thought you said this plan was foolproof.

DUKE: It was.

CLAUDETTE: Then what happened?

DUKE: I didn't account for *that* fool. (*Crosses to ARTIE.*) What did you do?!

ARTIE: Oh, Mr. Duke of Buckingham, sir. You'll be happy to know that I stopped a riot just now, by letting those girls know they were given false information.

DUKE: You are such a...

ARTIE: Hero?

DUKE: FOOL!

ARTIE: What?!

DUKE: You have ruined my chance at staying the Duke, and have landed me a spot in the Royal Dungeon.

ARTIE: Well if you're not going to be Duke anymore, does that mean Constance and I could get married?

DUKE: Married to you?! Constance wouldn't marry you if you were the last soul on earth! You need to get out of here.

ARTIE: But I love her!

DUKE: I forbid you to see her. Go now, before I call the guards to haul you off!

ARTIE: Constance, I...

CONSTANCE: I'm sorry, Artie. Just go.

ARTIE: (*Exiting.*) I will be a hero. Just you wait and see. I'll be back!

DUKE: That fool boyfriend of yours has ruined our lives.

CONSTANCE: I don't understand.

DUKE: I either had to find the prince a wife, in the next three days, or I would be thrown in the dungeon.

BERNARD: And there is no way any woman in the kingdom would marry him now.

CLAUDETTE: Not once word gets round of that picture.

CONSTANCE: I'm sorry, Father. He was just trying to help.

DUKE: Some help.

CONSTANCE: Father I...

DUKE: Go!

CONSTANCE exits.

DUKE: *(Continued.)* Oh woe is me. I'm doomed, doomed I say. Doomed to spend the rest of my days in a dungeon cell with nothing to eat but bread and water. And nothing, but you two, to keep me company. Goodbye castle walls. Goodbye castle gardens. Goodbye fancy clothes, nice warm bed, elegant feasts, and goodbye riches.

BERNARD: I'm too young to rot in a dungeon!

DUKE: There is no hope for us. Our lives are over!

CLAUDETTE: You know, not all hope is lost.

DUKE: What do you mean?

CLAUDETTE: There is one girl who we could get to marry the prince.

BERNARD: Claudette, you would be willing to do that for the boss?

CLAUDETTE: Not me, you idiot. Constance.

BERNARD: Oh.

CLAUDETTE: Imagine. Not only would you stay the Duke, but your own daughter would be in line to share the throne.

BERNARD: You would truly be royalty.

DUKE: Princess Constance...It does have a nice ring to it.

CLAUDETTE: And think of all the riches that would come with being father to the princess.

BERNARD: Yeah, and the Queen probably wouldn't boss you around anymore.

DUKE: You two make some very good points. That's it...Constance, my little Princess, will marry Frederick. Quick, let's go inform the Queen of this great news. I am sure she will be overjoyed to hear that we have found a wife for the prince!

ACT ONE, SCENE 5

THE ROYAL THRONE ROOM

PAGE: *(Enters.)* The Royal Throne Room. *(Exits.)*

ANNE: That Duke better have found a wife for you, Frederick. Two and a half scenes and a commercial have already past. That is more than enough time to find a girl.

FREDERICK: I told you I didn't want to get married.

ANNE: We are not arguing about this anymore. It is in the Royal Handbook, so you are getting married, and that's final.

PAGE: *(Entering.)* The Duke of Buckingham.

BERNARD: *(Poking his head in through the door.)* And us, don't forget about us.

PAGE: The Duke of Buckingham, and his two henchmen...

CLAUDETTE: *(Poking her head in through the door.)* I prefer hench-woman...

PAGE: Oh for goodness sakes... The Duke of Buckingham, his henchman Bernard, and his hench-woman, Claudette.

DUKE, CLAUDETTE, and BERNARD enter and the PAGE exits.

DUKE: Why, Your Highness, that throne becomes you.

ANNE: You think so?

DUKE: Oh yes. It makes you look so elegant.

ANNE: You are just too much, my little Dukey-wukey.

DUKE: Oh Queeny-weenie. *(They rub noses.)*

FREDERICK, BERNARD, and CLAUDETTE: Yuck!

DUKE and ANNE break apart and act like it didn't happen.

ANNE: Uh... Duke of Buckingham, you bring good news I hope?

DUKE: You hope correct, Your Highness. We have found a wife for Frederick.

ANNE: I knew you could do it.

BERNARD: Believe me, it wasn't easy.

ANNE: What do you mean?

BERNARD: Well we had a plan, but...

CLAUDETTE covers his mouth.

CLAUDETTE: Long story, don't mind him.

ANNE: All that matters is that you've found a wife for my little princy-poo.

FREDERICK: But, Mother...

ANNE: *(To FREDERICK.)* Zip it... *(To DUKE.)* So, who's the lucky lady?

DUKE: It's my daughter, Constance.

ANNE: Your daughter? Why would Frederick want to marry your daughter?

CLAUDETTE: She's sweet, kind-hearted, and beautiful.

BERNARD: A perfect match for Frederick. Besides, she's the only girl we could find.

ANNE: Constance? Hmmm...She is one beautiful girl. She reminds me a lot of myself. And who better to take care of my son, but a girl like me.

FREDERICK: But, Mom...

ANNE: I said, "Zip it!" (*To DUKE.*) So, your Constance was just biting at the chance to be the princess, huh?

CLAUDETTE: Well I wouldn't say biting...

ANNE: So she was dying to be Princess?

BERNARD: Oh, she'll be dying alright.

ANNE: I'm not sure I understand.

BERNARD: Well you see...

CLAUDETTE: The thing is...

DUKE: She doesn't exactly know.

ANNE: What do you mean, she doesn't know?

DUKE: I haven't told her.

ANNE: So you're just going to force her to marry?

DUKE: Aren't you doing the same thing with Frederick?

ANNE: True. I love it!

DUKE: Then it's settled?

ANNE: Yes, we will have to begin the wedding preparations. Frederick, go and clean yourself up, you need to look presentable for your new wife.

FREDERICK: (*Exiting.*) I can't believe this is happening. I'm going to my room.

ANNE: While you're in there, tidy up. That place is a pig sty. (*to the others*) Let's celebrate! Page, bring in the Royal Goblets! It's time we celebrate.

DUKE: Oh are we breaking out the good champagne?

ANNE: No.

CLAUDETTE: The finest wine?

ANNE: Nope.

BERNARD: Your best mead?

ANNE: I don't think so.

DUKE: Then what are we drinking to celebrate?

ANNE: Chocolate milk.

PAGE: (*Enters.*) Here you are, Your Majesty. The Royal Chocolate Milk.

ANNE: Let me make a toast. To marrying our kids without them wanting to get married, but we are doing it anyway!

ALL: To marrying our kids without them wanting to get married, but we are doing it anyway! Huzzah! (*They drink.*)

ANNE: (*To DUKE.*) Now, why don't we get Constance in here and let her know the news. I can't wait to tell her.

DUKE: (*Sarcastically.*) She's going to be thrilled.

ANNE: (*Calling offstage.*) Guard!

GUARD: (*Entering.*) Yes, your highness?

ANNE: Let Lady Constance know I want to see her.

GUARD: Got it... (*Yelling offstage.*) Constance!

CONSTANCE: (*Offstage.*) Yes?

GUARD: Queen Anne would like to see you in the throne room!

CONSTANCE: (*Offstage.*) Just let me finish up here in the garden.

GUARD: (*To ANNE.*) She's just finishing up in the garden.

ANNE: I could hear her. Why do I even bother asking for you when I could just yell for them myself?

GUARD: Beats me.

ANNE: That is all.

GUARD: Yes, your highness. (*Exits.*)

PAGE: (*Enters.*) The Lady Constance. (*Exits.*)

CONSTANCE: (*Entering.*) You wanted to see me, your highness?

ANNE: Ah Constance, so glad to see you're here. What can I do for you?

CONSTANCE: You sent for me, your highness.

ANNE: Did I?

CONSTANCE: Yes. Your guard just yelled for me a minute ago.

ANNE: Well, I guess you're right.

CONSTANCE: Hello Father.

DUKE: Hello darling.

CONSTANCE: Claudette.

CLAUDETTE: Hi there.

CONSTANCE: Bernard.

BERNARD: Sup?

ANNE: Enough chit chat...Let's talk.

CONSTANCE: Okay.

ANNE: How have you been?

CONSTANCE: I've been well. Why do you ask?

ANNE: Can't a Queen care about her loyal subjects?

CONSTANCE: Yes, I apologize.

ANNE: Not to worry. Now Constance, I have seen you from my tower and am very impressed by you. I see you each day in the Royal Gardens planting and caring for all the trees and flowers.

CONSTANCE: Yes, your highness.

DUKE: You might say she has a green thumb.

CLAUDETTE and BERNARD: Oh yes, a green thumb. I would definitely say that.

ANNE: You do? Show me your hands immediately. (*CONSTANCE displays her hands.*) Your thumbs look normal to me.

CONSTANCE: It's a metaphor.

ANNE: Oh. I see... I mean, I don't really know what a metaphor is, but it obviously means that your thumbs aren't really green, so that's good. Anyways, the trees, shrubberies, and flowers have never looked so beautiful.

CONSTANCE: Thank you.

ANNE: Not only have I noticed the beauty of the gardens, but I have also noticed the charm and beauty which you possess.

CONSTANCE: Thank you, your highness.

ANNE: Yes, a beauty which is good enough to make you a Princess.

CONSTANCE: A Princess? I don't understand.

DUKE: Just listen to the Queen and it will all start to make sense.

ANNE: I have brought you here to talk with me today, because I want you to marry my son, Prince Frederick.

CONSTANCE: Your highness, I am flattered, but Prince Frederick?

ANNE: Yes, my cuddly-wuddly baby boy. Here, let me show you a picture.

CONSTANCE: No that's okay, I know what he... (*ANNE shows a picture of the prince.*) Blahhhh!

ANNE: What was that?

CONSTANCE: Oh, nothing.

ANNE: (*Shows picture to BERNARD and CLAUDETTE.*) Isn't he just the cutest?

CLAUDETTE and BERNARD: Blahhhh!

CONSTANCE: Your Highness, I am truly flattered but I just couldn't marry...

ANNE: You would make a beautiful bride.

CONSTANCE: But I just couldn't.

ANNE: You could and you will. Marrying Prince Frederick would make you a princess. You would be rich and famous and you would have your own throne.

CLAUDETTE: And a tiara.

BERNARD: And big fancy dresses.

ANNE: Don't you want that?

CONSTANCE: To be honest, your highness, I am content just caring for the Royal Gardens.

DUKE: Now Constance, don't be silly.

CONSTANCE: I'm sorry, but I don't want to be Princess. Besides, I love someone else.

ANNE: You do? Who is he?

CONSTANCE: D'Artagnan.

ANNE: The Royal Tailor?

DUKE: I know. Isn't it just awful?

ANNE: Oh well don't you worry my dear. You will still get to see him.

CONSTANCE: I will?

ANNE: Sure...As he measures you for your wedding dress.

CONSTANCE: Your Majesty, I don't want to marry—

ANNE: Dear, dear Constance. I called you in here to kindly ask you to marry my son. But, I am not going to ask you anymore.

CONSTANCE: I appreciate...

ANNE: No, as your Queen, I order you to marry my son.

CONSTANCE: What? You can't do that.

ANNE: I just did. This Friday at sundown, you two will be married.

CONSTANCE: But your highness...

ANNE: No buts about it, Constance.

CONSTANCE: Father, you can't let her do this. Help me. Do something to stop it.

ANNE: Your father won't help you. This was all his idea. He's the one that said you should marry Frederick.

CONSTANCE: *(To the DUKE.)* You wouldn't!

DUKE: Oh, but I would. (*CONSTANCE goes to exit.*) Stop her!
(*BERNARD grabs her.*)

CONSTANCE: Let me go!

DUKE: Sorry Constance, but sometimes we have to make sacrifices to get what we want. And I want to be royalty.

CONSTANCE: I will never love Frederick.

DUKE: Who said anything about love? Did you hear anything?

CLAUDETTE: I didn't hear anything?

BERNARD: I didn't either.

ANNE: Nor, did I.

CONSTANCE: I will find a way to stop you two.

ANNE: I really doubt that.

DUKE: Bernard, take Constance to her room, lock her inside, and make sure that she doesn't escape.

BERNARD: (*Exiting with CONSTANCE.*) You got it boss.

DUKE: Claudette, go to the royal printers and have them send out invitations for the wedding. Then see that the chef is preparing for the wedding feast and the baker is working on the cake.

ANNE: Oh...have him make a seven layer cake. And make sure it is chocolate.

CLAUDETTE: I'll get right on it. (*She exits.*)

DUKE: (*To ANNE.*) As for you and I, we have a wedding to plan.

They both evil laugh as the lights fade to black.

NARRATOR: What will happen to Lady Constance? Will she be able to find a way out of the evil wedding plans set forth by Queen Anne and her father, the Duke? Will there be a royal wedding this Friday? Will the cake truly be chocolate? And will Artie ever become the hero he longs to be? Find out after this short commercial break.

COMMERCIAL 2

SALESMAN: Do you have a problem with rats?

GUIDO: (*Enters with rats all around.*) Oh, my. Rats, rats everywhere!
How can I cook with rats in the kitchen?

SALESMAN: How about a problem with brats?

MOTHER enters with KIDS 1, 2, and 3.

KID 1: I want a new toy!

KID 2: Are we there yet?

KID 3: Suzie pinched me!

KID 1, 2, and 3: Mom?!

MOTHER: Brats, brats everywhere! I just need a break.

SALESMAN: Well, you're in luck. We have a simple solution to take care of all your ratty and bratty needs. Just call Pied Piper Exterminating. We will get rid of your problems in one little tune.

PIED PIPER passes by playing his flute and all the rats and brats exit.

MOTHER and GUIDO: Thanks Pied Piper Exterminating! *(They exit.)*

SALESMAN: Your problems will go, go, go and we guarantee our prices are low, low, low. That's Pied Piper Exterminating. Don't wait for your problem to get out of hand. Call us now!

MOTHER: *(Entering.)* Um...I just needed a short break. So, I will get my kids back right?

SALESMAN: No. *(To audience.)* Call today! *(Exits.)*

MOTHER: *(Running after SALESMAN.)* Wait... Where does he take them?! Hey, come back here!

End of commercial.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

CONSTANCE'S ROOM IN THE CASTLE, LATER THAT DAY.

PAGE: *(Enters.)* The Room of Lady Constance.

CONSTANCE: Get out of my room!

PAGE: Sorry. *(Starts to exit, then returns.)* Later that day.

CONSTANCE: Go!

PAGE: *(Exiting.)* Going.

CONSTANCE: I can't believe I am being forced to marry Prince Frederick...Blahhhh! There has got to be some way out of here. Oh Guard?!

GUARD: *(Entering.)* Yes, Lady Constance?

CONSTANCE: I really could use a glass of water, so I am going to go down to the kitchen and get one, okay?

GUARD: Nope. I was told not to let you leave this room. So I will call the kitchen and get you that water.

Starts to yell offstage, but CONSTANCE stops her.

CONSTANCE: Nevermind... because I need to go to the bathroom, so...

GUARD: Nope.

CONSTANCE: Look when you've got to go, you've got to go. So, please let me go.

GUARD: Fine.

CONSTANCE starts to exit but is stopped by BERNARD.

BERNARD: Where do you think you're going?

CONSTANCE: The bathroom.

BERNARD: I don't think so. Your father told me to make sure you stayed right here until the wedding, this Friday, so you aren't going anywhere.

CONSTANCE: But, I really need to go.

BERNARD: Tuff. Hold it. Come on guard. *(To CONSTANCE.)* And don't try any more of your tricks.

They exit.

CONSTANCE: What am I going to do now? I know! I will call D'Artagnan and tell him everything that's going on and he can come up with a plan to rescue me.

Windows are brought onstage and she goes to the window and calls out.

Operator?! Operator?!

From the opposite side of the stage a window appears and the OPERATOR appears in the window.

OPERATOR: Hello, this is the Operator. How may I direct your call?

CONSTANCE: Give me D'Artagnan please.

OPERATOR: Constance, is that you?

CONSTANCE: Yes?

OPERATOR: Oh hey girl! How's it going?

CONSTANCE: Fine.

OPERATOR: Word is around the kingdom that you're getting married.

CONSTANCE: Yeah, that is what...

OPERATOR: That is so great! Did you hear about that Romeo and Juliet?

CONSTANCE: No I...

OPERATOR: He totally called on her while she was out on her balcony. That is so romantic. I bet they're going to be together, like, forever. They will grow up, get married, have kids, and live happily ever after. I mean what could possibly go wrong?

CONSTANCE: That's great... Look can you just put me through to D'Artagnan. It's kind of an emergency.

OPERATOR: Oh yeah. Sure thing. Good luck with the wedding, Constance. Or should I call you Princess? That is just so great. Here he is. *(Exits.)*

GUIDO: Hello. Venice Kitchens, where we like-a to serve you the Italian food. This is Guido, what would you like-a to order?

CONSTANCE: Who is this?

GUIDO: This is Guido.

CONSTANCE: Sorry. Wrong number.

GUIDO: Oh, okay-a. Ciao.

CONSTANCE: Operator?! Operator?!

OPERATOR: Oh hey girl.

CONSTANCE: You gave me the wrong number.

OPERATOR: I did? Oh, my bad. Let me patch you through.

ARTIE: Hello?

CONSTANCE: D'Artagnan!

ARTIE: Constance?

CONSTANCE: Yes, it's me. I desperately need your help. My father and Queen Anne are forcing me to marry Prince Frederick... Blahhh! And become the princess.

ARTIE: But they can't do that. Don't they know that we are in love?

CONSTANCE: It doesn't matter. I tried to tell them, but they have ordered me to get married. And to top it all off, the wedding is this Friday. Hold on I'm getting another call.

GUIDO pushes ARTIE out of the way and appears in the opposite window.

ARTIE: Hey!

GUIDO: Hello, this is Guido. What would you like-a to order?

CONSTANCE: I told you it was a wrong number.

GUIDO: I'm sure you will like-a the food. Just order. How about-a the spicy meatball?

CONSTANCE: Goodbye!

GUIDO exits.

CONSTANCE: *(Continued.)* Anyways, where were we... Oh yeah. I have to be married this Friday.

ARTIE: You should just run away.

CONSTANCE: I can't. I'm locked in my room.

ARTIE: Hold on, I will be there soon.

He crosses the stage to CONSTANCE and the windows go offstage.

I'm here.

CONSTANCE: That was fast.

ARTIE: Well, it was just walking across the stage.

CONSTANCE: Artie, what am I going to do?

ARTIE: All I know is that we must find a way for you to get out of here, immediately.

CONSTANCE: What's your plan?

ARTIE: My plan? Well, I don't know that. I just found out you have to marry the prince like 10 seconds ago. I haven't had time to come up with a plan. It takes at least 20 minutes to come up with a decent plan, much less a good one.

CONSTANCE: Look, D'Artagnan, I love you very much, but you're not the sharpest tool in the shed and you're not very strong or brave either...

ARTIE: Hey!...okay, well you've got a point.

CONSTANCE: But you have lots of heart and passion, and I know that you can get me out of this situation, but you have to act fast. You have two days to get me out of here, or I have to marry Prince Frederick.

ARTIE: Blahhhh! Are we not doing that? ...I thought we did that... sorry.

CONSTANCE: Do whatever it is that you need to do, D'Artagnan, but do it quickly.

ARTIE: I will. Don't worry Constance, I will figure this out.

ANNE: (*Entering.*) Constance...Oh look, the Royal Tailor is here just in time to get your dress fitted for the wedding.

CONSTANCE: Yes, your highness.

ANNE: Would you excuse us a minute, Constance?

CONSTANCE: Yes, your highness.

ANNE: Why don't you go and start putting on the dress, we will be there in just a minute.

CONSTANCE: Yes, your highness.

ANNE: And no funny business, I have guards posted at all the exits.

CONSTANCE: Yes, your highness.

ANNE: Oh you can quit with the "Your highness" stuff now, Constance. You're going to be family. Call me mom.

CONSTANCE: Yes, your...

ANNE: Uh-uh-uh!

CONSTANCE: Mom. (*Exiting while speaking to ARTIE.*) Please hurry, Artie!

ANNE: As for you, D'Artagnan...

ARTIE: Most people just call me Artie.

ANNE: Fine, Artie. I know that you are Lady Constance's little loverboy and that you're here to try and get her out of this marriage to my son.

ARTIE: I have no idea what you're talking about. I am just here to do the dress fitting.

ANNE: Now you listen to me. If you do anything to ruin this wedding for me, I will have you, Constance, and the rest of your family all thrown into the dungeon and you can live out the rest of your miserable little lives there.

SFX: THUNDER while ANNE laughs evilly, but speaks to ARTIE nicely.

Is that clear?

ARTIE: Yes, Mother.

ANNE: No, you don't call me mother, Constance does.

ARTIE: Then what do I call you?

ANNE: You still call me "Your highness."

ARTIE: Yes, your highness.

ANNE: Now, as for you tailoring the dress, I've brought in a fashion designer from Italy so we won't be needing your service. I trust that you can see yourself out.

ARTIE: I think I can find the way.

ANNE: Good. Oh and Artie? (*Overly sweet.*) I hope you received an invitation to the wedding because we would love to have you there. But you must bring a gift wrapped in fancy wrapping paper. See you soon. (*Exiting.*)

ARTIE: I don't know how I am going to figure this out. I am not smart enough to come up with a plan of my own and I am clearly not strong or brave enough to take her by force. All I have is a big loving heart and surprisingly good sword skills. I guess I must think about it... ummm... ahhhh... ohhh... if two plus two is four and green is the color of the grass and birds fly south for the winter then that means...yes, that's it! I will find someone who is smart enough to come up with the plan and also equally strong enough to execute it. And together, the two of us, we will umm...well I haven't figured that part out yet. (*Exiting.*) Oh well, first things first...

NARRATOR: Will our D'Artagnan...

ARTIE: (*Offstage.*) It's Artie!

NARRATOR: Will Artie be able to come up with a plan to stop the wedding? Will Constance be forced to marry that ugly Prince Frederick? Will this play ever get to the part where the Three Musketeers meet? Find out after this brief commercial break.

COMMERCIAL 3

GUIDO: (*Enters.*) Do you all like-a the spaghetti? How about-a the lasagna? What about-a the spicy meatball-a? Well then you are in luck-a. Because down at the Venice Kitchens we give you the best in Italian Cuisine! And if you come by and tell them Guido sent you, you can get half-a priced appetizers. Oh yeah, you can also try-a our food on Friday because we will be catering-a the royal wedding. So come-a to the Venice Kitchens Restaurant where you're not just someone eating our food-a, you're family!

NARRATOR: Now back to our play!

ACT ONE, SCENE 7

SOMEWHERE IN THE KINGDOM

PAGE: Somewhere in the kingdom. (*Exits.*)

PAPERBOY: Extra, extra read all about it. Royal wedding this Friday.

CITIZEN 1: Did you say a royal wedding?

PAPERBOY: Sure did.

CITIZEN 2: Excuse me, but did I hear there's going to be a royal wedding?

CITIZEN 1: That's right. It says it right here on the front page.

PAPERBOY: Extra, extra Prince Frederick set to marry Lady Constance.

CITIZEN 1: I can't wait to see her dress.

CITIZEN 2: I can't wait to eat all the food at the royal wedding feast.

PORTHOS begins to cross the stage.

PAPERBOY: Extra, extra, D'Artagnan looking to find someone brave, strong, and smart to stop the royal wedding and save Lady Constance.

PORTHOS stops at the sound of this.

PORTHOS: Can I get one of those papers?

PAPERBOY: Yes, sir. *(Hands a paper to PORTHOS.)*

PORTHOS: Thanks.

PAPERBOY: Extra, extra see the engagement photos right here.

CITIZEN 1: Engagement photos?!

CITIZEN 2: Where are those?

PAPERBOY: Page 7. *(The citizens quickly turn the pages of their papers.)*

CITIZEN 1: Oh Lady Constance looks so lovely.

CITIZEN 2: But where is Prince Frederick?

PAPERBOY: Right there. *(Points out FREDERICK in the paper.)*

CITIZEN 1 and CITIZEN 2: Blahhh! *(They run off stage sick.)*

PAPERBOY: Extra, extra, read all about it. Sight of Prince Frederick makes citizens ill! *(Exits.)*

ARTIE enters the scene and is searching around the stage.

ARTIE: I have been looking everywhere for someone who is brave enough, strong enough, and smart enough to help me save Constance. I even put an ad in the daily paper and hung signs all over the kingdom. I guess there's no hope.

PORTHOS: En Guard!

ARTIE: What?!

PORTHOS and ARTIE begin to sword fight. An epic battle ensues until PORTHOS knocks ARTIE'S sword away.

PORTHOS: That's it! I have won. *(He begins to Cha-Cha dance.)*

ARTIE: What are you doing?

PORTHOS: The Cha-Cha.

ARTIE: Those were some excellent sword skills.

PORTHOS: Thank you. Now, are you the one known as Monsieur Artie?

ARTIE: Yes. What do you want, who sent you?

PORTHOS: Why, you did. My name is Porthos and I am simply answering your ad in the paper.

ARTIE: That's how you find me, Porthos? By sneaking up on me and sword fighting me?

PORTHOS: Well, you had to see that I'm brave and strong, no?

ARTIE: I guess you're right. You are a very skilled sword fighter.

PORTHOS: And you, Artie, are surprisingly skilled at sword fighting yourself.

ARTIE: That is very true. But the question is, are you brave and strong?

PORTHOS: I once fought a man twice my size because he looked at me the wrong way. I jumped off a cliff into a raging river just to see how deep it was. I shave my face with my sword. And, my middle name is Danger.

ARTIE: You *are* brave and strong.

PORTHOS: And don't forget dashing. I am quite dashing. All the ladies think so.

ARTIE: Well, that really doesn't matter as long as you are brave and stro...

PORTHOS: Don't believe me? *(Calls off.)* Hey ladies.

LADY 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 run on screaming.

LADY 1: OMG, is that Porthos?

LADY 2: You're so dashing.

LADY 3: I love you Porthos.

LADY 5: You're so brave and strong.

LADY 4: I just want to place my hand upon your brow and wipe the sweat off. Then I will put that droplet of sweat in a bottle and wear it around my neck.

LADIES 1, 2, 3, and 5: What?!

LADY 4: Sorry, too weird?

LADIES 1, 2, 3, and 5: *(Exiting.)* You always ruin it. What were you thinking? That is just strange.

PORTHOS: See what I mean?

ARTIE: Yes. I think with your strength and bravery and my heart...

PORTHOS: Your what?

ARTIE: My heart.

PORTHOS: O-kay.

ARTIE: Anyways, the both of us together can save Constance.

PORTHOS: Save whom?

ARTIE: Lady Constance. Wasn't that clearly explained in the newspaper ad?

PORTHOS: I don't actually know how to read.

ARTIE: Then how did you know I was looking for help?

PORTHOS: I got that from the pictures you drew along with the ad. They were very helpful.

ARTIE: I see. Well, anyways, Lady Constance is being forced to marry against her will, and it is up to us to go and save her. But if we do not succeed, then it is very likely we will be thrown into the dungeon.

PORTHOS: Oh, that sounds very dangerous...I like it.

ARTIE: You're not scared?

PORTHOS: No, I'm very brave. Didn't I explain that just a minute ago?

ARTIE: Yes, I guess you did.

PORTHOS: Why do you care so much about this Lady Constance?

ARTIE: Because I love her and she loves me.

PORTHOS: I see and who is forcing her to get married?

ARTIE: The Duke of Buckingham and Queen Anne.

PORTHOS: Queen Anne?! You want to take on Queen Anne?!

ARTIE: That's right.

PORTHOS: This just keeps getting better and better. So, where are they holding your Lady?

ARTIE: The castle.

PORTHOS: Don't worry, Artie. I will make the Queen hand over Constance and will return soon. Goodbye, my friend! *(He quickly exits.)*

ARTIE: Wait, do you even have a plan?! I'm coming with you! *(Exits and comes right back on.)* Well, he's gone. I guess he was strong enough, but clearly not smart enough to help me. I will have to try and find someone smart this time.

ACT ONE, SCENE 8

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE OF QUEEN ANNE

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at the castle of Queen Anne.

PAGE: *(Enters.)* The Castle of Queen Anne.

NARRATOR: I just told them that.

PAGE: Look, I only have a few jobs in this play and announcing the scene is one of them. Don't take that from me! *(Exits.)*

NARRATOR: Sorry.

ANNE: *(Entering stage with newspaper.)* I can't believe this. This is an outrage. I have to find some way to stop this. Guard?!

GUARD: *(Enters.)* Yes, your highness?

ANNE: Get me the Duke right away.

GUARD: Yes, your highness. *(Yelling offstage.)* Duke of Buckingham, the Queen would like to see you right away. *(To ANNE.)* Is that all, your highness?

ANNE: Yes.

GUARD exits while DUKE enters with BERNARD and CLAUDETTE.

DUKE: Hello, your highness.

ANNE: There is no time for hellos. Can't you see I'm in crisis mode here?

DUKE: What is the problem, my little Queenie-weenie?

Goes to rub noses, but ANNE puts her hand up to stop his face.

ANNE: Don't Queenie-weenie me. Have you seen today's paper?

CLAUDETTE: Sure, there was a lovely article about the royal wedding.

BERNARD: And it looks like the Cubs beat the Cardinals 4-2. *[Or reference a local sports team score.]*

ANNE: Yes, yes, yes. That's all fine, but I'm talking about this. *(Shows the paper to DUKE.)* That's an ad in the paper by that good-for-nothing tailor, D'Artagnan. He is trying to put together a team to come here and stop the wedding.

DUKE: He is just a fool, your highness. I am sure there is nothing to worry about. There's no way he could succeed.

ANNE: Fool or not, I want him stopped. And I want you and your duo of misfits here to stop him.

BERNARD and CLAUDETTE: Hey?!

ANNE: Nothing personal.

BERNARD and CLAUDETTE: Okay.

DUKE: What do you want us to do?

ANNE: I don't care what you do, just go find him and keep him from being the hero of this story.

DUKE: Yes, your highness.

ANNE: Well?

DUKE: Well what?

ANNE: Aren't you going to go?

DUKE: Oh...now?

ANNE: Yes, now.

DUKE: Oh. *(They exit.)*

ANNE: This is not going to end well.

ACT ONE, SCENE 9

SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT IN THE KINGDOM,
NEARLY 4 HOURS LATER

PAGE: Somewhere different in the kingdom. *(Exits.)*

ARTIE: I don't know what to do. I've been searching for nearly four hours and have yet to find someone smart enough to come up with a plan. *(He sees the Duke, Bernard, and Claudette offstage)* Oh no. The Duke and his henchmen are coming this way. I can't let them know my plans of trying to rescue Constance. I must hide. *(He hides in a place where it is easy to be seen.)* This spot should be perfect.

DUKE: Come on you two, that fool D'Artagnan has to be around here somewhere.

BERNARD: I don't know why you're so worried, boss. D'Artagnan could never come up with a plan good enough to counter your evil plan.

CLAUDETTE: The boss is worried because D'Artagnan is looking for someone who is smart enough.

DUKE: Exactly.

BERNARD: But even if he did find someone smart enough, he wouldn't be able to find someone strong enough to take on the royal guards.

CONSTANCE: He does have a point there.

DUKE: Look, D'Artagnan may not be smart, and he may not be strong, and he may be a fool...

ARTIE: Hey! Oops.

DUKE: (*Looking around.*) Who said that?

ARTIE: (*Makes bird noises.*) Ca-caw.

DUKE: Anyways, D'Artagnan might not be smart or strong, but he has enough heart that he could manage to save the day. Come on, let's go check over there. (*They exit.*)

ARTIE: So, they know about my plan to try and save Constance. I have to act fast before those three catch up with me. Wait, that's it. Three! We will add up to three. The smart guy, the strong guy, and me! I don't need one person that's strong and smart. I need one that is strong, like Porthos, one that is smart, and me. Now if I could just find the smart guy.

ARAMIS: (*Entering speaking to himself.*) What an outstanding book. I never knew so much about science, math, and the making of good plans to rescue damsels in distress before reading it.

ARTIE: Excuse me, sir.

ARAMIS: Ahhh! You frightened me.

ARTIE: Didn't you see me standing here?

ARAMIS: Obviously not. If I had seen you standing there, I wouldn't have been frightened.

ARTIE: Well then, who were you talking too?

ARAMIS: No one, I was just talking to myself. I do it, quite often, while I am thinking.

ARTIE: I see. My name is Artie, nice to meet you.

ARAMIS: My name is Aramis.

ARTIE: Wait! Did you say you were thinking? Does that mean you're smart?

ARAMIS: I like to think of myself as smart. I have a very high I.Q. and scored very well on my SAT's, which helped me get into a very prestigious university.

ARTIE: Oh, what university?

ARAMIS: Well...I didn't actually attend because I was scared of going to a school that large.

ARTIE: You are scared easily aren't you?

ARAMIS: Unfortunately, yes.

ARTIE: That's what I thought. I am never going to free Constance.

ARAMIS: Who is this Constance you speak of?

ARTIE: She is the love of my life. But she is being forced to marry against her will. I was out searching for someone who was strong and smart enough, to come up with a plan, and then free her from the castle. I found someone strong enough, but they were not very smart, and ran off without a plan.

ARAMIS: Well, I'm not strong or brave, but I am very good at making plans.

ARTIE: Great. With your plans, I am sure the two of us could save Constance.

ARAMIS: Right. Now, since you are brave and strong, you will take the castle by force.

ARTIE: No, I'm not the brave and strong one. I'm the one with heart.

ARAMIS: With what?

ARTIE: Heart. You know, Heart, love, passion, etc...

ARAMIS: Oh, heart... yeah...we might have a problem.

ARTIE: What do you mean?

ARAMIS: In order for any heroic rescue to happen, you need someone who is brave and strong.

PORTHOS jumps onto stage.

PORTHOS: Did you say brave and strong?

ARAMIS: AHHHHH! Here take my wallet, I know it's not much, but please don't hurt me. *(He throws his wallet at PORTHOS.)*

PORTHOS: Don't worry, I'm not here to take your money.

Takes some cash out and pockets it and then throws it back to ARAMIS.

PORTHOS: *(Continued.)* Well, not all of it.

ARTIE: Porthos, I thought you were a goner. I'm so glad you're back.

ARAMIS: Who is this?

ARTIE: Did you storm the castle? Did you rescue my love while showing the evil Queen Anne who's boss? Where's Constance?

PORTHOS: You see, Artie. I got about halfway to the castle before I realized, I had no plan and didn't know what this Constance chick looked like. That's a common problem I have.

ARTIE: Not to worry. That's where he comes in. Aramis, this is Porthos.

ARAMIS: Nice to meet you.

ARTIE: Aramis is very smart and good at making plans.

PORTHOS: I could've used you a couple of scenes ago.

ARTIE: Men, I've come to the realization that it will take all three of us to save Constance. It will take your strength and bravery, Porthos.

PORTHOS: No problem. *(He strikes a muscle pose.)*

ARTIE: And it will take your brains, Aramis.

ARAMIS: Indubitably. *(Strikes a thinking pose.)*

ARTIE: And it will take my heart. *(Puts hands on his heart.)*

PORTHOS and ARAMIS: Your what?

ARTIE: My heart.

PORTHOS: What does heart have anything to do with it?

ARAMIS: Yes, I also struggle to see where heart is going to help rescue a girl.

ARTIE: I have heart, you know passion and love. I let that drive my actions.

PORTHOS: Okay, whatever you say.

ARTIE: Look, if we all band together, I believe the three of us could stop that wedding.

ARAMIS: Wait— *(He does some math in his book.)* Yes, I do believe that would work. If we band together, the possibilities are endless.

PORTHOS: And maybe we can have some cool name to call ourselves.

ARTIE: Why?

PORTHOS: I've always wanted to belong to a group of heroes who have some cool name.

ARAMIS: And a catch phrase!

ARTIE: What?! Why would we need a catch phrase?

ARAMIS: It makes us more marketable.

ARTIE: Fine. What are we going to call ourselves?

PORTHOS: How about 5 Seconds of Summer? (*Aramis holds up five fingers.*) No... The Jackson 5? (*Aramis holds up five fingers.*) Hmm, Maroon 5? Nope. Still five. Oh, I've got it, the *Three Amigos*!

ARTIE: Maybe if we were in Mexico.

PORTHOS: Right.

ARTIE: What about the Three Musketeers?

ARAMIS: You mean like the candy bar?

ARTIE: No, like the famed keepers of the kingdom. Their legend has been told in many fables.

PORTHOS: (*Pause.*) Lame!

ARAMIS: Yeah we could be something way cooler than that. Like, The Dangerous Trio of Crime Fighting Heroes.

PORTHOS: I like that.

ARTIE: Okay, you're right, the Three Musketeers does sound rather silly.

NARRATOR: Hold it, that's what you call yourselves. The Three Musketeers.

PORTHOS: Really?

ARAMIS: Not the crime fighting heroes?

NARRATOR: No you call yourselves the Three Musketeers.

ARTIE: But why?

NARRATOR: Because that's the name of the play and it would cost too much to change the posters and programs now.

ARTIE, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS: Oh, okay. Right, I forgot. Very well. (*Etc.*)

ARTIE: Okay, we are the Three Musketeers!

ARAMIS and PORTHOS: Huzzah!

ARAMIS: Now for the catch phrase.

ARTIE: Really? We need to go save Constance.

ARAMIS: We can, right after we've come up with a catch phrase. Just imagine, we save Constance, become the heroes, and then when all is said and done, we yell out our catch phrase for all to hear. It would be so cool!

PORTHOS: He has a point.

ARTIE: Fine.

ARAMIS: I've got it. "All for three and three equals six!"

PORTHOS: I don't think so, how about, "Our feet don't smell that bad!"

ARTIE: Um, no. But I've got one that is sure to work. Bring it in...

They huddle and whisper, "Oh I like that, yes, yes," etc.

Ready?!

ARAMIS: Brains... *(He puts his arm in the huddle.)*

PORTHOS: Strength... *(Adds his hand to the huddle atop Aramis.)*

ARTIE: Heart... *(Adds his hand.)* When our powers combine we become the...

ARTIE, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS: Three Musketeers!

ARTIE: We'll have to work on it. Maybe we can figure one out during intermission.

ARAMIS: Good idea. *(They exit.)*

DUKE: *(Entering with BERNARD and CLAUDETTE.)* So, D'Artagnan thinks he has figured out how to stop our evil plans. Well no one is going to stop me from being part of the royal family. Especially no band of Three Misfits.

BERNARD: I think it's Three Musketeers.

DUKE: I know what it is, I was making fun of them!

BERNARD: Oh, right.

CLAUDETTE: What are you going to do to stop them?

DUKE: Well I'm going to...

BERNARD and CLAUDETTE: Yeah?!

DUKE: I'm going to...

BERNARD and CLAUDETTE: Yeah?!

DUKE: I'm going to...

BERNARD and CLAUDETTE: Yeah?!

DUKE: Yeah I got nothing. But when I do think of something you can guarantee it will be *evil* and will stop those Musketeers.

DUKE starts to laugh but is interrupted by BERNARD.

BERNARD: Mwahahahaha.

DUKE: Bernard! I do the evil laugh and then you follow.

BERNARD: Sorry. Go again.

DUKE starts to laugh but is interrupted again by BERNARD.

Mwahahahahaha.

DUKE: Bernard!

BERNARD: Sorry, I just get so excited. I promise I won't laugh this time. Go ahead.

DUKE: *(Starts to laugh, but stops.)* Forget it. You ruined the moment. Let's just go figure out a plan. *(They exit.)*

NARRATOR: Will the Duke be able to stop the Three Musketeers? Or, will the Musketeers be able to save Constance? Will the Musketeers figure out a good catch phrase? Find out after this intermission.

END OF ACT ONE

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