

SIDE 5 – D'ARTAGNAN & CONSTANCE

- 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 The King's guards have been replaced by the Cardinal's men.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.