

The Three Musketeers

A Pantomime by Oliver Garwood

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PROLOGUE

France – the village of Volauvent some distance from Paris. It is 1625

A spotlight picks out a young man alone. This is D'ARTAGNAN, the hero of our story. As the light comes up he addresses the audience.

D'ART

Let me welcome you all to France in the year 1625. My name is Charles de Balz de Castelmore d'Artagnan. But everyone just calls me d'Artagnan. Except my Mother who insists on calling me Charley, which I hate, but that's mothers for you. This is the village of Volauvent – yes, I know, quite a mouthful – the people here are peace-loving folk who, like all French people love lots of things, but especially cheese.

Anyway, back to the plot! We are some distance from Paris, which is where I yearn to go, for I want to become a soldier. But not just any soldier. I want to become a Musketeer! The most famous soldiers in all France.

But we are a poor family, yes, very poor! My mother takes in laundry and my Father is a blacksmith. It's tricky to make ends meet. But one must and follow your dreams. I tell you what Ladies and Gentlemen boys and girls, would you help me achieve my dream? Whenever I am down and feeling sad I will say, 'I will never achieve my dream' and you say 'Have no fear, be a Musketeer'. Shall we give it a try? **(THEY DO)**

That's great! Well let's see how I get on. The story I am about to tell will reveal all. – the excitement, the laughs, the good, the bad and the pretty ugly! So join me as we join Market Day in the quaint village of Volauvent.

SCENE ONE

The Village Square of Volauvent. There are stalls – notably a cheese stall – but the main feature is the Blacksmith which is next door to the laundry. This is D'ARTAGNAN's home.

SONG – very joyous upbeat number with enthusiastic dancing.

- VILLAGER So, young d'Artagnan, you still planning to be a soldier are you?
- D'ART Not just any soldier M. Plankton. I want to be a Musketeer!
- VILLAGER Of course you do. A boy from this godforsaken place? One of the King's Musketeers?
- D'ART Oh dear I don't think I will ever achieve my dream
- AUDIENCE Have no fear, be a Musketeer.
- D'ART Oh thank you every one, that's the help I need!
- VILLAGER Well if you are going to be a Musketeer, you'll need more than a stick to fight with.
- VILLAGER And don't let your Mother near the real Musketeers or she'll eat them alive.
- VILLAGER Your poor Father looks so exhausted all of the time.
- VILLAGER I can't think why!
- (Much laughter)*
- D'ART You leave my parents out of this.
- VILLAGER I tell you what, if you do become a Musketeer, I'll put a dress on and dance to the National Anthem!
- VILLAGER And I'll swap places with my pig and eat my food off the ground.
- VILLAGER And I'll eat my hat. Every straw of it.
- D'ART It's easy to make fun of me, but just you wait and see! I will make it everyone, won't I?
- (AUDIENCE reaction)*
- D'ART Thank you
- (BELLE approaches D'ARTAGNAN through the crowd. She is blond and simple)*
- BELLE Oh, d'Artagnan, don't look so glum.
- You'll end up looking like your Mum

I love you more than words can say.

I love you now and every day.

D'ART Oh hello Belle **(to AUDIENCE)** This is Belle. She says she loves me. But, to be honest, I'm not that keen.

BELLE Do not let them grind you down.

You're the best in all the town.

What say we go for a walk?

We'll hold hands tight and have a talk.

D'ART **(to AUDIENCE)** Unfortunately, Belle always talks in rhyme, and expects me to do so too. It drives me mad. Do you agree? **(AUDIENCE reaction)** Yes, I agree! But I don't like to be rude!

BELLE Come on now, let's shake a leg

Don't say no, that's really neg.

We'll skip right down to the babbling brook

And in your eyes I'll deeply look.

D'ART **(Aside)** Oh, for crying out loud. **(to BELLE)** Yes, alright Belle.

BELLE No, in rhyme, you know you must.

Two lines or four, I'm not that fussed.

D'ART Right, ok, here goes.

I must go and help my Father now

And then I'll see to my old cow.

BELLE That's no way to speak of your Mum

I'll shout out loud and she will come.

D'ART No, please don't Belle. Look I'm sorry I am really busy and I don't have time for poetry.

BELLE Oh yes you have, it's me, your Belle.

I know you're mine. I can just tell.

The one I've loved for so long.

I'm your ding and you're my dong.

D'ART There's no answer to that!

ALF **(calling off)** d'Artagnan!

D'ART Just coming Father! Goodbye Belle

DAME I don't know, the horses around here are better shod than the humans. *(looks off into the wings)* Can I say shod? Look at what I have got to wear, no better than a couple of pieces of sack – hardly Jimmie Choo's are they? I mean this is the 17th Century, we're not in the Middle Ages now! Oh I don't know Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls, the life of a laundry woman in the early 1600's isn't a happy one. I want some excitement, some adventure, something to give me some get up and go! Maybe it's time I got up and went – DON'T ANSWER THAT!

Now, Charley when you have done the horse you can help me.

D'ART But Mother I am trying to do a thousand things.

DAME Welcome to my world.

D'ART But Mum, this isn't the world I want.

DAME It's not the world I want, but we're stuck with it! What can you do?

D'ART You can follow your dreams.

DAME What dreams?

D'ART To be a Musketeer!

DAME But I don't want to be a Musketeer! If I had followed my dreams I would have shacked up with Colin Firth years ago!

D'ART No, I want to be a Musketeer. I don't think I will achieve my dreams.

AUDIENCE Do not fear. Be a Musketeer.

D'ART Thank you.

DAME But you can't. Alf, did you hear that your little boy wants to be a Musketeer?

ALF I know.

DAME You know and you didn't tell me?

D'ART Oh please Mother, let me try!

DAME Don't be silly my little petit fleur Charley!

D'ART Please don't call me Charley. I am d'Artagnan!

ALF I brave name, the one I used when I was a Musketeer!

DAME You were a Musketeer?

D'ART You were a Musketeer?

DAME Are you having a laugh?

D'ART But that's wonderful Father.

DAME It's nonsense son.

ALF We shouldn't stifle the boys enthusiasm!

DAME I'll stifle you in a moment. I mustn't let my delicate boy fight with those brutish soldiers.

D'ART Oh please Mother! Father!

ALF I will give you a letter of introduction to the Captain of the Musketeers, Monsieur le Froufrou.

DAME Oh sacre bleu! Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls. Do you think I should let my little boy be a big ugly Musketeer?

(AUDIENCE reaction)

DAME Oh well I suppose I have no choice. Otherwise the Panto ends right here!

D'ART Then I can go to Paris?

DAME If you must!

D'ART Oh thank you Mother, Father. I will not let you down. I will make you proud. Hey Hercule, we are going to Paris! Thank you Boys and Girls, you have helped me to start my journey to achieve my dream. Hurrah!

(BELLE comes forward)

BELLE Oh my dearest love and only rock.
I'll miss your smile and your.....

D'ART Not now Belle. I am off to Paris!!!

(SONG – during this, DAME brings a pack for D'ARAGNAN'S horse, HERCULE, and ALF brings the letter he promised to give to D'ARTAGNAN. By the end of the song he is ready to go and is waved off by all the Villagers and DAME and ALF.)

CHARACTERS

D'ARTAGNAN

DAME DAPHNE D'ARTAGNAN

ALPHONSE D'ARTAGNAN

ATHOS

PORTHOS

ARAMIS

CARDINAL RICHLIEU

ROQUEFORT

MILADY DE WINTER

KING OF FRANCE

QUEEN OF FRANCE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

RENDEZVOUS

QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST

MONSIEUR BONBON

CONSTANCE

CAPTAIN LE FROUFROU

HERCULE – A HORSE

VARIOUS COURTIERS, VILLAGERS, GUARDS, PARISIANS

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