

EXT. LOW RENT STREET. PARIS. DAY

An eye slowly opens.

PORTHOS lies on the ground, slowly coming back to consciousness.

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. COURTYARD. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A group of MUSKETEERS stand around laughing and clapping.

PORTHOS smiles and nods at someone just ahead as he knocks back a gulp of wine.

ARTHOS and D'ARTAGNAN are with him.

ARAMIS looks over at them from the other side of the courtyard where he stands up against a post, balancing a large honeydew melon on his head.

He calmly straightens his moustache.

PATHOS grins back at him and pulls out his musket, then holds it up for all to see, kisses it and aims at the melon atop ARAMIS' head.

ATHOS

Don't worry. He's made this shot a hundred times.

D'ARTAGNAN

He's drunk.

ATHOS

He's never made it sober.

ARAMIS stands with his eyes closed, composing himself as PORTHOS aims.

EXT. LOW RENT STREET. PARIS. DAY

PORTHOS manages to open both eyes and lift his head.

He is lying on the muddy ground with his Musket lying nearby.

MUSKETEERS (V.O.)

Five, four, three, two, one ...

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. COURTYARD. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The melon on ARAMIS's head EXPLODES, sending pulp everywhere. ARAMIS grins. Cheers go up. ATHOS looks at PORTHOS who grins and sniggers, D'ARTAGNAN sips his wine.

ARAMIS is handed a small flagon of wine and drinks it as he walks over to PORTHOS.

He grins as he holds it out to PORTHOS.

PORTHOS
How about we try it blindfold?

The smile drops from ARAMIS's face.

EXT. LOW RENT STREET. PARIS. DAY

PORTHOS manages to pull himself half up onto his side, then turns and notices a whole melon lying in the mud alongside him.

He falls back onto his arms then turns to his other side where he sees the BODY OF A MAN: face-down in the mud a few feet away.

PORTHOS slowly pulls himself up.

A group of RED GUARDS turn the corner and see PORTHOS.

RED GUARD CAPTAIN
Take him!

PORTHOS reaches for his sword and musket, but neither are in his belt. He reaches down, grabs the melon and throws it at the RED GUARD heading his way.

They break into a fight, PORTHOS manages to grab the RED GUARD's sword and uses it to fight off the ensuing other RED GUARDS.

Suddenly more RED GUARDS appear from every corner and grab PORTHOS, whilst the others point their swords at him.

PORTHOS is well and truly out numbered.

The RED GUARD CAPTAIN strides over.

RED GUARD CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Musketeers.

He steps over the dead body.

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RED GUARD CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Always good for a little street
theatre.

He looks PORTHOS up and down.

PORTHOS
It's not what it looks like.

RED GUARD CAPTAIN
No? So what is it then? Hmm?

PORTHOS looks around bewildered.

TITLES

INT. CHATELET. CELL. DAY

A crowded cell.

PORTHOS, in chains, looks to ATHOS, ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN
stood on the other side of the bars.

ATHOS
You must remember something?

ARAMIS
The dead man? Do you know who he
was? Where you met him?

ATHOS
You didn't kill him!

PORTHOS has no answer.

D'ARTAGNAN
Is there anything you need?

PORTHOS
Decent lawyer?

ATHOS
There's been a misunderstanding.
We'll clear it up.

ARAMIS
And you never know. We ... we might
get lucky with the judge.

INT. CHATELET. MAIN COURT. DAY

The JUDGE.

JUDGE
I think it's quite clear what
happened here.

TREVILLE (O.S.)
Your honour ...

TREVILLE is up in the public gallery, next to ARAMIS,
D'ARTAGNAN and ATHOS.

TREVILLE
... if I might say something?

JUDGE
We'll come to you, Captain
Treville.

TREVILLE reluctantly steps back in line.

The JUDGE turns back to PORTHOS stood in front of him,
flanked by the RED GUARDS.

JUDGE (cont'd)
Well? What do you have to say for
yourself?

PORTHOS
It was my birthday.

EXT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. COURTYARD. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PORTHOS walks quite merrily down the stairs, he smiles at
various MUSKETEERS passed out from drink on his path.

PORTHOS (V.O.)
The party was over so I took a
walk.

He stands by the large table and has another drink, then
notices the large melon sitting on the table top.

He picks it up and walks off.

INT. CHATELET. MAIN COURT. DAY

The JUDGE looks down on PORTHOS.

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JUDGE

And what did you do on this 'walk'?

PORTHOS

I admired the beauty and the serenity of Paris after dark.

Everyone in the court room laugh, all but the JUDGE.

INT. 'THE WREN'. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The tavern is filled with drinking patrons.

A tired DRUNK WOMAN walks over to PORTHOS sat alone at a table.

DRUNK WOMAN

What brings your sort to this part of town?

PORTHOS

I grew up around here. It's my birthday.

He drinks.

DRUNK WOMAN

Many happy returns. How old are you?

PORTHOS

No idea. I don't know when I was born. This is just a day I picked when I was a kid. One day is as good as another to celebrate.

He sees her looking at his wine and nods to the BARMAN.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

Get this fine lady a drink.

She smiles her thanks.

JUDGE (V.O.)

What happened next?

INT. CHATELET. MAIN COURT. DAY

PORTHOS stands looking wretched in front of the JUDGE.

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PORTHOS
I don't exactly recall. I must have
fallen asleep.

JUDGE
To wake alongside a dead man with a
bullet in his head?

PORTHOS thinks hard.

PORTHOS
Yes.

TREVILLE, ARAMIS, D'ARTAGNAN and ATHOS watch with concern.

JUDGE
And you claim to have no idea how
that happened?

PORTHOS shakes his head.

Behind him, stood in the middle of the crowd, CHARON looks
out at the court.

INT. CHATELET. MAIN COURT. DAY

TREVILLE gives evidence on behalf of PORTHOS.

CAPTAIN TREVILLE
Porthos Du Vallon is a man of fine
reputation; a good soldier and a
musketeer of many years standing.

JUDGE
Du Vallon? Another of these fellows
who adopts a noble name so he can
play the gentleman?

CAPTAIN TREVILLE
I know many born gentlemen who
could not hold a candle to Porthos.

JUDGE
Let me tell you something that life
has taught me, Captain. You can
dress your dog in a fine suit but
once a mongrel, always a mongrel.

TREVILLE looks shocked.

PORTHOS' eyes flare with anger.

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JUDGE (cont'd)
A man lies dead. Murdered. An example must be made. Porthos 'Du Vallon', I find you guilty. And sentence you to death. Sentence to be carried out immediately.

Mutterings fill the court house, CHARON turns and leaves.

PORTHOS looks up shocked.

The other MUSKETEERS too.

CAPTAIN TREVILLE
This is irregular, sir! I will lodge an appeal with the King.

JUDGE
That is your right, Captain. Take this man to the gallows.

The RED GUARDS are on PORTHOS, he struggles to break free.

D'ARTAGNAN moves to defend him, but ARAMIS holds him back.

PORTHOS is stripped of his fleur de lis by one of the RED GUARD as he struggles to get away, then dragged off.

TREVILLE rushes over to the others.

TREVILLE
Delay them.

ATHOS, D'ARTAGNAN and ARAMIS hurry out.

EXT. CHATELET. OUTSIDE COURT. DAY

PORTHOS, in shackles and leg irons is dragged out struggling and crying out, through the pressing CROWD by the RED GUARD CAPTAIN and RED GUARDS and forced onto a waiting cart.

PORTHOS
No!

RED GUARD
Strap him to the cart.

As he climbs into it there is a movement in the CROWD and THREE SACK-MASKED FIGURES push their way through.

One hits the RED GUARD CAPTAIN over from behind with his club, knocking him to the ground, as another RED GUARD

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receives the same from another SACK-MASKED FIGURE, who then suddenly pulls out his musket and shoots one of the RED GUARDS stood by the wagon.

The CROWD scream.

INT. CHATELET. MAIN COURT. DAY

ATHOS, ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN are trying to force their way out through the bustling CROWD as they hear the shot. As one, they draw their pistols and push their way through.

EXT. CHATELET. OUTSIDE COURT. DAY

The THREE SACK-MASKED MEN move like lightning and rush at the cart, shooting and beating the remaining RED GUARDS.

One of them clambers on to the wagon, PORTHOS looks up at him.

PORTHOS

Athos?

The SACK-MASKED MAN strikes him across the head with a club. PORTHOS slumps.

One of the other MASKED FIGURES leaps onto the front and whips the horses. The wagon takes off at speed, leaving the RED GUARDS lying dead on the ground.

D'ARTAGNAN (O.S.)

Porthos!!!

D'ARTAGNAN rushes over to find the bodies.

MASKED MAN (O.S.)

Musketeers! Go! Go!

D'ARTAGNAN cries out to the cart as it disappears up the road.

D'ARTAGNAN

Hey!

He fires off a shot and one of the SACK-MASKED MEN falls to the ground.

D'ARTAGNAN runs over, ARAMIS and ATHOS close behind.

ATHOS pulls the Sack-mask off the dead man's head and reveals a fleur de lis tattooed on his neck.

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ATHOS
The mark of a criminal.

ARAMIS
I know where they're heading.

ATHOS looks at him and ARAMIS nods.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. DARK ALLEY. DAY

ARAMIS leads the way, followed by ATHOS and D'ARTAGNAN. BEGGARS and HOMELESS PEOPLE watch them with dull hostility. A slow drumming sound starts as POOR PEOPLE start to bang whatever comes to hand, cups, knife hilts, boots, etc against walls and window sills. D'ARTAGNAN looks around.

D'ARTAGNAN
Why are they doing that?

ARAMIS
It's a warning.

D'ARTAGNAN moves to draw his sword.

ARAMIS (cont'd)
Do nothing unless you're attacked.

D'ARTAGNAN
So where are we?

ATHOS
The Court of Miracles.

They stop and look around, the banging continues.

ARAMIS
This is too dangerous, we should
turn back.

ATHOS looks to ARAMIS who nods. They start to retreat.

D'ARTAGNAN
What about Porthos?

As they walk away, a group of more MASKED MEN gather behind them, all carrying various improvised weapons.

ARAMIS
He'll be safe for now. He has
friends here.

They make their way through the hostile crowd.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. CORRIDOR. DAY

PORTHOS, blindfolded, tied, dragged along a dark corridor.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

PORTHOS is dragged in and forced to the stone floor. A SECOND MAN rips off the sack over PORTHOS' head. His eyes adjust to the light.

A MASKED MAN stood in front of him pulls off his mask; it is CHARON - King of the Court of Miracles.

PORTHOS

Charon?

He tries to rise. The SECOND MAN kicks him back to the floor.

PORTHOS glares up at him.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

Do that again, I'll break your leg.

CHARON waves the man away.

CHARON

It's been a while, huh? Are you not glad to be back?

PORTHOS looks around, still slightly dazed.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

Yeah, course.

CHARON

Though, you forgot about us a long time ago.

PORTHOS

I didn't forget.

CHARON offers PORTHOS his hand, PORTHOS looks at it then takes it and CHAROS helps him to his feet.

CHARON

Do you really don't remember whether you killed that man?

PORTHOS

No more idea than you. You seem disappointed.

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CHARON

I have a reputation to think of.
People here believe I just saved
the life of a murderer.

PORTHOS

Then maybe you did.

CHARON smirks then holds out his arms to PORTHOS, who reluctantly steps forward.

CHARON embraces him, welcoming him back into the fold.

PORTHOS looks over CHARON's shoulder and sees something then smiles.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

Are you the king here now?

CHARON nods and turns to look at his throne.

CHARON

A king of sorts.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. ALLEY/CITY STREET. DAY

D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS and ARAMIS back out of the alley.

ATHOS

Porthos was an orphan; born and
raised here.

D'ARTAGNAN

Amongst thieves?

ATHOS nods.

D'ARTAGNAN

He never said a word.

ARAMIS

Little touchy about it.

D'ARTAGNAN looks around at the terrible place.

D'ARTAGNAN

So why do they call it the Court of
Miracles?

A ONE-LEGGED BEGGAR with an eye patch walks up to ATHOS holding out his begging bowl.

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ATHOS lifts the eye patch to reveal a perfectly good eye.

ATHOS
Because entering it opens the eyes
of blind men and ...

He then pulls out his dagger and reaches out behind the
BEGGAR.

ATHOS (cont'd)
... gives more cripples the use of
their legs ...

With his dagger he cuts a hidden piece of rope and releases
the struggling BEGGAR's fully functioning 'missing' leg tied
up under his coat.

ATHOS (cont'd)
... than Our Lord ever did.

D'ARTAGNAN looks on in amazement.

ATHOS drops a coin in the BEGGARS bowl.

ATHOS (cont'd)
Buy an instrument; you have the
hands of a musician.

The BEGGAR nods and hurries off.

ATHOS turns to the other two.

ATHOS (cont'd)
I'm going in to find him.

ARAMIS looks dubious. D'ARTAGNAN hesitates.

D'ARTAGNAN
Look, Porthos was drunk. I'm sure
it was an accident, but what if
he's guilty?

Suddenly ARAMIS grabs D'ARTAGNAN and pushes him against the
wall.

ARAMIS
This is Porthos. You understand?

D'ARTAGNAN nods.

INT. LOUVRE PALACE. KING'S QUARTERS. DAY

The CARDINAL and LOUIS pore over a large set of architectural plans. An irritable LOUIS stabs a red shaded area with his finger.

LOUIS

How do you propose to build a shining new city if we leave the filthiest part of Paris untouched?

CARDINAL

Sire, the Court of Miracles is a miniature kingdom of professional thieves, highway robbers, whores and beggars. The inhabitants of the Court are violent and feral. Persuading them to join the march of progress is no easy task. They remain strongly attached to their depravity.

LOUIS

Then they must be taught otherwise. The Court should be one of the first districts cleared for rebuilding.

CARDINAL

The matter is in hand, Your Majesty.

LOUIS

I'm glad to hear it.

He studies the plans with keen interest.

LOUIS (cont'd)

A modern capital city for a modern France. It will be my legacy to a grateful nation.

The CARDINAL regards LOUIS with disdain.

TREVILLE (O.S.)

Your Majesty!

They turn to see TREVILLE hurrying over.

LOUIS turns and smiles at him.

LOUIS

Ah, Treville!

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TREVILLE

One of my Musketeers is -

CARDINAL

Mistook a man's head for a melon
and shot it off? It is the talk of
Paris.

LOUIS grins.

LOUIS

Surely there are safer forms of
target practice, Captain?

He sniggers.

TREVILLE has to control his irritation.

A breathless COURIER hands the CARDINAL a message. Half
distracted as he reads. TREVILLE appeals to LOUIS.

TREVILLE

The facts of the case are as yet
unclear. Your Majesty, I'm here to
plead for a stay of execution,
until such time as I can prove his
innocence. I know Porthos, he did
not do this.

LOUIS

What do you think, Cardinal, about
this whole melon-choly business?

He stifles a giggle. The CARDINAL laughs, then looks more
serious.

CARDINAL

I think you should grant the stay,
Your Majesty, until such time as
this murderer can be retrieved from
the Court of Miracles, where he has
fled to escape justice.

He holds up the letter he has just read.

TREVILLE looks at him.

EXT. LOW RENT STREET. PARIS. DAY

A dagger digs into a dirty melon.

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A group of URCHINS eat chunks of the fruit solemnly as ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN look around the spot where PORTHOS and the body were found.

ARAMIS

Where is the blood? I saw a man take a musket ball in a street fight once. The contents of his skull painted a pretty picture all around.

D'ARTAGNAN

And yet there's not a drop of blood, or a shard of bone. He wasn't shot here.

ARAMIS

Perhaps we should pay a call on the victim himself, see what he has to say about it.

He moves off.

INT. MORGUE. PARIS. DAY

A corpse lies on a slab. D'ARTAGNAN and ARAMIS are taken over by POUPART.

POUPART

Here we wash the cadavers and remove the internal organs. After the body has been salted and stuffed with straw to prevent bad odours it will be put on display, until somebody identifies it. Not necessary in this case.

D'ARTAGNAN picks up a rolled metal object from the effects scrupulously laid at the young man's side.

D'ARTAGNAN

A Nuremberg egg. Portable time-keeping. Expensive.

He looks at the name engraved inside.

POUPART

Jean De Mauvoisin. A son of the nobility. A tragedy indeed.

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D'ARTAGNAN looks amongst the rest of the victim's pathetically small pile of effects. He finds a key and pockets. POUPART looks disapproving.

POUPART (cont'd)
Put the key down, it's evidence.

ARAMIS lifts the sheet and looks at the state of the corpse.

ARAMIS
One question: the victim was shot
in the head, right?

POUPART
Yes.

ARAMIS
Why carve him up?

POUPART
This is science. We can learn a
great deal from a fresh cadaver.

ARAMIS
Mm, I see.

He takes a closer look.

ARAMIS (cont'd)
The pistol was close.

POUPART
Conjecture.

ARAMIS
Based on extensive experience on
the battlefield.

POUPART
Hardly a clinical observation.

D'ARTAGNAN
Well killing is not an exact
science Monsieur, but a messy
business.

ARAMIS
And as soldiers it is our business.

He puts his hat back on, smiles and nods to POUPIER then he and D'ARTAGNAN head off.

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ARAMIS (cont'd)
The killer was no more than a foot
away when the shot was fired. This
was no accident. It was murder.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. STREET. DAY

A beggar hobbles along the street.

He stops to look around, it is ATHOS in disguise.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

CHARON and PORTHOS turn to see another MASKED FIGURE step up
towards them, then peels off the SACK MASK to reveal - FLEA.

PORTHOS
Flea? Is that you?

He grins at her.

FLEA
All these years; never one letter.

PORTHOS
How do you know I learned to write?
Hmm?

She smiles. CHARON puts a proprietorial arm around her.

PORTHOS (cont'd)
You two are together now?

FLEA looks uncomfortable and extracts herself gently from
CHARON's embrace.

PORTHOS smiles, awkward.

PORTHOS (cont'd)
Now it makes sense. I'm happy for
you.

CHARON
You had your chance, Porthos. If
you wanted Flea you should have
taken her with you.

PORTHOS
You think I didn't try?

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There is an awkward moment, quickly defused by PORTHOS sniggering.

CHARON
Rest now. Tomorrow, we'll get you
out of here.

PORTHOS looks at him in surprise. CHARON shrugs.

CHARON (cont'd)
Every minute you stay increases the
risk to us all.

PORTHOS nods.

A HENCHMAN appears in the doorway, motions for CHARON.

HENCHMAN
Charon ...

CHARON
I'll be back.

He leaves.

HENCHMAN
We've got a visitor.

FLEA walks up to PORTHOS.

FLEA
You forgot about us.

PORTHOS
I didn't fit here.

FLEA
We should get you out of those
clothes. Someone might mistake you
for a gentleman and slit your
throat.

As she turns, PORTHOS runs an admiring eye over her figure.

FLEA (cont'd)
And watch where you lay your eyes.

PORTHOS smiles.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. STREET. DAY

ATHOS lingers, looking around without drawing attention to himself, then steps out into the street.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. ENTRANCE. DAY

ATHOS turns the corner only to be greeted by a couple of MASKED MEN.

A fight breaks out between them, ATHOS finally manages to get the better of them, when suddenly CHARON steps out of the shadows with his gun aimed and ready.

ATHOS turns at the sound of the safety catch being withdrawn, to find the musket pointed right at him.

ATHOS
I'm looking for Porthos.

One of the MASKED MEN uses the opportunity to grab ATHOS and pin him up against the wall.

CHARON
He's safe.

ATHOS
Then take me to him.

CHARON
He doesn't want to see you.

ATHOS
Give him a message. Tell him his friends will clear his name.

CHARON
You left him to die. We saved him; his real friends.

ATHOS
Friends? You'd murder each other for the sake of a coin.

CHARON turns to his men.

CHARON
Escort him out of here.

His MEN shove ATHOS away roughly. CHARON calls after him.

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CHARON (cont'd)
Forget about Porthos. He's with us,
now.

INT. MUSKETEERS GARRISON. TREVILLE'S OFFICE. DAY

D'ARTAGNAN and ARAMIS report to TREVILLE.

TREVILLE
The De Mauvoisins were once amongst
the great families of France.
They've fallen on hard times of
late, but Emile De Mauvoisin is
still in the King's inner circle.
What was his son doing drinking in
a place like the Wren?

They look up as ATHOS enters, changed back into his uniform.

ATHOS
No trace of Porthos. But I ran into
a friend of his. He thinks that we
left him to hang, that we abandoned
him.

TREVILLE
Porthos fought harder than any of
us to become a Musketeer. He
wouldn't give us up that lightly.
Start by making a call on Monsieur
De Mauvoisin. Find out what kind of
company his son kept.

The MUSKETEERS leave.

EXT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. DAY

Establishing shot.

D'ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS and ATHOS make their way towards the
entrance.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

EMILE DE MAUVOISIN twists a silver rosary between his
fingers as he gazes at D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS and ARAMIS.

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DE MAUVOISIN
I can see from your faces this is serious business. Do you come on behalf of the King?

ATHOS
Our duty is of a more personal nature.

DE MAUVOISIN
Then, speak. Please.

D'ARTAGNAN holds out the Nuremberg egg.

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)
My son. My God. What has he done?

D'ARTAGNAN
It's not what he's done, sir.

DE MAUVOISIN
He's injured?

ATHOS
Dead.

DE MAUVOISIN is shocked, he slowly stands.

DE MAUVOISIN
How?

ARAMIS
He was shot. A musketeer stands accused of his murder. We believe him innocent.

ATHOS
Can you think of any reason why someone would kill your son? Any grudge or argument?

DE MAUVOISIN
Jean is ... was a man of conscience and honour. He had no enemies.

ARAMIS
May we see your son's rooms?

DE MAUVOISIN is struggling.

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DE MAUVOISIN

He did not live here. He took lodgings on Rue Calbert, a few months ago.

He sits.

ATHOS

If you think of anything at all, please let us know.

They exit.

DE MAUVOISIN looks down at the Rosary in his hand, D'ARTAGNAN places the Nuremberg Egg on the table top and leaves to join the others, passing the SERVANT at the door who watches him go.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

PORTHOS is sat with CHARON and FLEA.

PORTHOS

That boy. What if I did kill him?

FLEA

If I'd killed someone, I'd know.

CHARON

Either way, we have to get you out of Paris. It's that or you hang.

PORTHOS sighs.

PORTHOS

You know I'm grateful, but maybe I should stay here in Paris, clear my name.

FLEA

The risk is too great, for you and us - unless you don't care about this place anymore.

PORTHOS looks at her.

CHARON

You always did whatever Flea told you.

FLEA

Except when I begged him to stay.

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PORTHOS looks at her awkwardly, she stands and leaves.

PORTHOS sighs then looks at CHARON.

PORTHOS
Alright. I'll go. Thank you.

CHARON
I've ordered a celebration for tomorrow. The people here need a distraction from their misery. It's the perfect cover for you to slip away. Get out of France.

They knock back their drinks.

EXT. PARIS. RUE CALBERT. DAY

D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS and ARAMIS stop at a modest terraced residence.

D'ARTAGNAN
A bit down market for a De Mauvoisin.

ARAMIS
The family is bankrupt. They've been living off borrowed money for years.

They head for the door.

INT. PARIS. RUE CALBERT. DAY

The MUSKETEERS move into the silent house and come to a locked door. D'ARTAGNAN takes out the key he found amongst Jean's effects. He tries it, but it doesn't fit.

D'ARTAGNAN
No.

ARAMIS indicates he should move aside and then blasts the lock with his pistol.

D'ARTAGNAN
You could always try knocking.

ARAMIS
That is true.

He steps forward and kicks the door down.

INT. JEAN DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. LIVING SPACE. DAY

D'ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS and ATHOS enter.

The room has been ransacked, papers smouldering in the fire place.

ATHOS reaches in to save some of it.

INT. JEAN DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. HALLWAY. DAY

As ARAMIS walks along re-loading his musket.

He sees something in one of the rooms and stops to take a look, then hears the slight creak of a floor board nearby.

He looks up and catches sight of the reflection of a MAN IN A MASK step into the doorway and raise his musket.

ARAMIS swings round and fires at the MASKED MAN.

The MASKED MAN pulls back just in time and runs off. ARAMIS takes chase.

EXT. JEAN DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. DAY

The MASKED MAN jumps from the window and runs off up the street.

ARAMIS gets to the window a second too late and sees the MASKED MAN disappear round the corner.

ATHOS and D'ARTAGNAN join him at the window and stare out into the street.

INT. JEAN DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. LIVING SPACE. DAY

D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS and ARAMIS sift through the books on the shelves, piles of documents and charred pieces of paper rescued from the fire. ARAMIS lets a handful of blackened papers fall back to the hearth.

ARAMIS
Whoever he was, he was keen to
cover his tracks. Most of this is
burned beyond recognition.

ATHOS looks at a blackened piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATHOS

A page from a Protestant hymnal.

ARAMIS

What would a Catholic like De Mauvoisin want with that?

D'ARTAGNAN

Never mind about that. What did he want with six thousand pounds of gunpowder?

He holds up a docket rescued from within the pages of a bible.

D'ARTAGNAN (cont'd)

Bought from a mill outside the city three weeks ago. It carries his signature.

ATHOS takes a look.

ARAMIS looks again at the charred documents in the hearth.

ARAMIS

Sermons and prayers by Pastor Ferrand.

D'ARTAGNAN

Who's that?

ARAMIS

A well known Huguenot preacher.

ATHOS

Jean's father is known for his hatred of the Protestant faith.

ATHOS (cont'd)

Perhaps the boy was a radical? He was planning to blow up this Pastor's church.

ARAMIS

People have done worse in the name of religion.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

CHARON and PORTHOS laugh hysterically, both now completely drunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON

You, you were the best thief here.
And you enjoyed it.

PORTHOS

Maybe? Yeah the thrill, the
danger - the brotherhood. And then
I found those things somewhere else
... a brotherhood with honour.

CHARON

So there's no honour amongst
thieves?

PORTHOS

No, that's not what I meant.

CHARON

Your Musketeer brothers, where are
they? And where were they at the
Chatelet this morning?

PORTHOS shakes his head.

PORTHOS

They're my friends, Charon.

CHARON

Yeah, you believe that if it makes
you happy.

He drinks.

PORTHOS looks at him, then suddenly jumps up, rubbing his
head and staggering around.

CHARON (cont'd)

What's wrong?

INT. 'THE WREN'. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PORTHOS sits drinking with the DRUNK WOMAN who lies with her
head on the table in a drunken stupor.

PORTHOS looks up as he slowly becomes aware of the raised
voices and a commotion around the shadowy booth at the back
of the bar.

He sees JEAN DE MAUVOISIN involved in an argument with a
FIGURE in the booth - inaudible.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

PORTHOS paces, rubbing his forehead.

PORTHOS
I've remembered. Something from
last night.

He tries to think.

PORTHOS (cont'd)
The boy - the one who I ... who was
killed. He was there. At the Wren.
I saw him. Arguing with someone.

CHARON
Who?

PORTHOS cries out and punches the table with frustration.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. STREET. DAY

Someone tethers a horse, then turns to look around as he
adjusts his mask.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. CORRIDOR. DAY

At the entrance, TWO HENCHMEN GUARDS cheat each other at
cards.

The MASKED MAN walks towards them.

GUARD
Charon's busy. And lose your mask.

SUDDENLY the MASKED MAN is on them. With brutal efficiency
he stabs them both, then walks through.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

CHARON offers PORTHOS another drink. PORTHOS sits and shakes
his head.

PORTHOS
I need to clear my head. If I can
just remember what happened.

CHARON
Perhaps you don't want to. I mean,
if you did kill that boy ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTHOS

Flea's right. I would remember. No matter how much I drank.

CHARON looks up and sees something.

PORTHOS turns and they see the MASKED MAN step in through the doorway, raising his pistol and fires.

Instinctively PORTHOS throws himself at CHARON, knocking him out of the way. As they crash to the floor together, PORTHOS grabs CHARON's dagger and hurls it at the MASKED MAN but it misses and the MASKED MAN runs off.

PORTHOS turns to CHARON, realising he has been hit in the arm.

CHARON

It's nothing. I'm fine.

PORTHOS

Why would someone try to kill you?

CHARON

How do you know it was me he was aiming at?

PORTHOS looks concerned.

INT. HUGUENOT CHURCH. DAY

ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN gaze on white-washed walls. ARAMIS looks around with distaste.

ARAMIS

Religion without art is so much less seductive.

PASTOR FERRAND (O.S.)

In this church we worship God, not beauty.

They turn to face PASTOR FERRAND.

ARAMIS

Well, at least the Catholic faith allows us a little joy before we die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASTOR FERRAND

But we Protestants will have joy eternal at God's right hand. While you -

ARAMIS

Roast in Satan's inferno?

PASTOR FERRAND

As all benighted heretics must.

They smile, an instant mutual respect. ARAMIS gestures to the rag curtains flapping in the wind.

ARAMIS

Surely even Huguenots believe in windows?

PASTOR FERRAND

The stained glass was removed. We do not have the money to replace it. If you wish to make a contribution, the collection plate is behind me.

ARAMIS is amused. He eyes the scar on PASTOR FERRAND's face.

ARAMIS

Where did you serve?

PASTOR FERRAND

Too many hell holes to recall.

ARAMIS

You killed Catholics?

PASTOR FERRAND

Not specifically. I fought for money.

ARAMIS

And then you found God.

PASTOR FERRAND

He found me.

D'ARTAGNAN

Did you know Jean De Mauvoisin?

FERRAND looks surprised and stuck for words.

D'ARTAGNAN (cont'd)

Well he's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERRAND looks badly shaken.

PASTOR FERRAND

The poor boy. I will pray for his soul. How did he die?

D'ARTAGNAN

He was shot. Did you kill him?

ARAMIS throws D'ARTAGNAN a look.

PASTOR FERRAND

Why would I do such a thing?

D'ARTAGNAN

Maybe because he was a Catholic who intended to blow your Protestant church to Kingdom Come.

FERRAND laughs at this.

D'ARTAGNAN (cont'd)

And why is that funny?

PASTOR FERRAND

Jean was not a Catholic. He was a committed member of this congregation.

D'ARTAGNAN

A Huguenot?

ARAMIS

Well his father is a prominent Catholic. A man who hates Huguenots and urges the King to act against them.

PASTOR FERRAND

Monsieur De Mauvoisin only converted to Catholicism to win favour at court. Before him the family were Protestant for generations. Jean didn't find selling his conscience as easy as his father did.

He walks off.

ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN leave. As they go ARAMIS puts a coin in the collection plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARAMIS

There's something he's not telling us.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. RECEPTION ROOM. DAY

DE MAUVOISIN prays at the table on which his son's body has been laid out

DE MAUVOISIN

It's hard for a man to see his son die before him.

ATHOS stands behind him.

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)

It strikes a blow forward into time. I had hoped to witness Jean restore our family's greatness ... and now ...

He pauses as he sees the document in ATHOS's hand.

ATHOS

A license for the purchase of gunpowder, signed by your son.

DE MAUVOISIN

What was Jean involved in?

ATHOS

It's possible he was plotting with other Huguenot fanatics to attack Catholics.

DE MAUVOISIN

My god. How many times did I beg him to break with Pastor Ferrand and that nest of vipers?

ATHOS

Perhaps he had second thoughts and broke with the other plotters.

DE MAUVOISIN

Whatever my son did, I forgive him.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. NIGHT

CHARON lies on the table, his shirt stripped away to reveal the wound in his arm. PORTHOS removes the blade of a knife from the flame of a candle.

PORTHOS

Now don't worry. I'm an old hand at this.

FLEA stands by CHARON's side, holding his hand as PORTHOS digs the bullet out with the hot knife.

CHARON cries out in pain.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

Suppose you're right and this shot was intended for me? Who'd go to all the trouble?

CHARON

The Cardinal. His Guards can't reach you so he sends a trained killer.

PORTHOS

A shooting in some low dive in the worst part of Paris. It doesn't add up.

CHARON cries out in agony as PORTHOS finally gets the bullet out and holds it up for CHARON to see.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. HALL. NIGHT

PORTHOS emerges from the chamber and approaches FLEA who stands on her own.

FLEA

Why did you abandon us, Porthos?

PORTHOS

I wanted more. Why didn't you come with me?

FLEA

I always felt right here. I belong. It wasn't like that for you. I saw that. So I let you go, because I loved you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTHOS
Me? You chose Charon.

FLEA
He feels the same way I do about
this place. And I admire him for
that.

PORTHOS
Admire? Oh? I thought you loved
him.

FLEA
One thing I've forgotten. What an
idiot you are.

She kisses him hard on the lips.

INT. HUGUENOT CHURCH. NIGHT

D'ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS and ATHOS walk through the dark and
silent church.

D'ARTAGNAN sees a door. It is locked.

ATHOS
Try that key again.

D'ARTAGNAN tries Jean's key, it fits; the lock opens
soundlessly. He looks at the others.

INT. HUGUENOT CHURCH. ROOM. NIGHT

They make their way down the steps into a small room stacked
with barrels and a dark wooden frame obscured by the shadowy
light. D'ARTAGNAN looks at ATHOS.

D'ARTAGNAN
A bomb-making factory?

ARAMIS looks closer, then sees a stack of documents on top
of the wooden construction. He looks more closely at the odd
contraption then shakes his head at D'ARTAGNAN.

ARAMIS
No. A printing press.

D'ARTAGNAN (O.S.)
Hey.

He opens one of the barrels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dark black liquid spills out.

ARAMIS

It's ink.

ATHOS eases the cork out of another barrel.

ATHOS

Not in this one.

Gunpowder trickles out.

D'ARTAGNAN

There's the gunpowder.

PASTOR FERRAND (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

The MUSKETEER swing round, swords drawn in unison. They see FERRAND stood behind them, his sword drawn, every inch the old soldier.

ATHOS

There are three of us, Pastor.

PASTOR FERRAND

Then you are outnumbered. I have God on my side.

D'ARTAGNAN

Oh I do hope he's good with a sword.

ARAMIS

You lied to us. You were in a conspiracy with Jean De Mauvoisin.

PASTOR FERRAND

Conspiracy? I have a large congregation. This printing press is the only way I can stay in touch with them.

The MUSKETEERS lower their swords.

ATHOS

Do you use gunpowder instead of ink?

PASTOR FERRAND looks surprised.

PASTOR FERRAND (V.O.)

As God is my witness ...

INT. HUGUENOT CHURCH. NIGHT

PASTOR FERRAND sits with the MUSKETEERS.

PASTOR FERRAND
... this has nothing to do with me
or my church. I preach
reconciliation, not hatred.

ARAMIS
Someone intended to blow up your
church, probably during a service.

PASTOR FERRAND
Catholics?

ARAMIS
Is it possible Jean was lying to
you about his beliefs? That he
infiltrated your church in order to
destroy it?

PASTOR FERRAND
Jean was no turncoat. And he was a
gentle, soft-hearted boy, not an
assassin.

ATHOS produces the invoice.

ATHOS
Then why did he need a dozen
barrels of gunpowder?

FERRAND looks at the invoice.

PASTOR FERRAND
This is Jean's name. But it's not
his handwriting. It's his father's.

ATHOS looks to the others.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. FLEA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

PORTHOS and FLEA in bed together; tender and affectionate.
He holds her in his arms.

PORTHOS
All those years ago. You should
have told me the way you felt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEA

Would it have made any difference?
We were on different paths, even
then.

PORTHOS

So what's this, then, hmm?
Nostalgia?

She kisses him, then looks more serious.

FLEA

Charon can't know about this. I
don't want to hurt him.

She slips out of bed and dresses quickly.

PORTHOS watches her appreciatively. She looks back.

FLEA (cont'd)

I told you to watch where you put
your eyes.

PORTHOS

Too late for that.

They share a smile.

FLEA

Don't get ideas. After tomorrow
you'll be gone.

PORTHOS

There's a whole world out there,
you know? You'd be good in it.
You're the smartest woman I've ever
met.

FLEA looks at him, smiling but troubled.

FLEA

If I'm so smart, what am I doing
here with you?

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. NIGHT

CHARON, his arm bandaged, sits on his throne, the room lit
by torches.

He stares ahead, his hands tense on the arms of his chair,
his face heavy with suppressed fury.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. FLEA'S BEDROOM. DAY

PORTHOS lies in bed, alone, half-asleep.

INT. THE WREN. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PORTHOS holds onto the melon as he manages to drunkenly push himself up from the bench.

The DRUNK WOMAN lies asleep slumped against the table.

EXT. THE WREN. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PORTHOS staggers outside and sees JEAN DE MAUVOISIN lying in the mud just up ahead of him, the FIGURE of a well dressed man, seen from behind, leans over him.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. FLEA'S BEDROOM. DAY

PORTHOS suddenly opens his eyes.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. HALLWAY. DAY

The gaunt SERVANT opens the door to find the points of three rapiers pressed up against his heart as - D'ARTAGNAN, ARAMIS and ATHOS force their way in.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

ATHOS looks at a locked cabinet. He turns to the SERVANT.

ATHOS

Open it.

The SERVANT stares at him sullenly.

ARAMIS tears the door open to find piles of documents tied with ribbons inside.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

The documents have been spread across the desk. ATHOS, ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN look through them.

ATHOS

Treville needs to see this.

INT. LOUVRE. CARDINAL'S OFFICE. DAY

The CARDINAL pores over his map of Paris, with its red shaded area marking the Court of Miracles.

CARDINAL
Looking at this map is like gazing at a beautiful face with an ugly wart on it. It's hard to see the beauty for the imperfection.

EMILE DE MAUVOISIN stands opposite him.

DE MAUVOISIN
After today the blemish will be gone, forever.

CARDINAL
And you can rely on your agent in this?

DE MAUVOISIN
Completely. He hates the Court as much as I.

CARDINAL
What of its people?

DE MAUVOISIN
As many as possible will be exterminated. Those that survive may find some other hole to crawl into.

CARDINAL
Your ally within the Court is aware of your plan to kill its people?

DE MAUVOISIN
I have my own men to deal with that, besides, it is an act of mercy to put an end to their miserable existence.

The CARDINAL looks up with amusement.

CARDINAL
Your compassion for the poor brings tears to my eyes.

DE MAUVOISIN
Don't ask me to feel sorry for beggars and thieves. A hundred
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)
years ago my family was amongst the
greatest in the land. Now I can
barely afford to pay my butcher's
bill!

He struggles to control his bitterness.

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)
Once the Court is razed to the
ground the De Mauvoisin fortunes
will be restored overnight.

CARDINAL
And you will have the King's
gratitude by helping to build a new
model Paris. Assuming everything
goes as you expect?

DE MAUVOISIN
I have sacrificed too much to fail
now.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

A CROWD of ragged COURT INHABITANTS swell from the room and
pack the doors, swigging riotously from bottles of wine and
brandy. Most of them are already drunk, the mood raucous and
celebratory. A bewildered FLEA pushes through the crowd. She
sees CHARON standing by his throne handing out bottles to
the eager crowd. FLEA looks around in amazement.

FLEA
What's this?

CHARON
What's a celebration without
something to drink?

He takes a swig from an open bottle of brandy and offers it
to her. FLEA takes the bottle but looks at the label.

FLEA
This is good stuff. Where did it
come from?

CHARON
Friends.

FLEA
It must have cost a fortune.

He smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON
Where's Porthos?

FLEA
I don't know.

CHARON
I thought you might have seen him.
You two have got so much to catch
up on.

She looks at him with concern.

He turns and shouts at the crowd as he grabs FLEA by the arm
and hurries her out with him.

CHARON (cont'd)
Help yourselves! Drinks are on your
king!

Everyone cheers him.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

PORTHOS pushes through the crowd, many of whom are now
helpless with drink.

PORTHOS
Charon?!

He stops a DRUNKEN WOMAN and tries to make her focus on him.

PORTHOS (cont'd)
Where's Charon? Charon? Where is
Charon?

The woman shrugs.

PORTHOS looks around at the scenes of debauchery.

He walks up to a doorway and tries it but it is locked.

He pulls back some more drapes and finds a small room and
steps inside. Then stops and stares in wonderment at the
stack of barrels, up against the wall, each with a thick
fuse trailing out and joining together.

PORTHOS backs out of the room.

PORTHOS (cont'd)
Charon!!

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. FLEA'S BEDROOM. DAY

CHARON hustles FLEA into her room.

CHARON
Pack a bag. Now! You and I, we're
leaving this dung heap forever.

FLEA
Are you drunk? It's Porthos that's
leaving.

She turns to walk off but CHARON grabs her.

CHARON
Are you going with him? Is that
what you planned in bed together
last night? Or were you too busy
getting to know each other again?

FLEA
Charon. It's not what you think.

CHARON
I saved Porthos for this? To watch
him steal you from me?

FLEA
I don't belong to you! Or him!

CHARON
The Court is finished! By tomorrow
morning it'll be nothing but a heap
of ashes.

She stares at him in shock.

FLEA
What are you talking about?

CHARON
Flea, just trust me! We have to go.

They look up at the sound of footsteps and see PORTHOS in
the doorway, looking at them.

PORTHOS
You need to see this - both of you.

He walks back out, FLEA hurries after him, as does CHARON.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

TREVILLE stands with ATHOS, ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN, looking at the documents spread out on the desk.

TREVILLE

All of these are for houses inside the Court of Miracles. All bought for a pittance within the last few months. Hundreds of them.

ARAMIS

But no rents have been collected in the Court for decades. Why buy something that's worthless?

They don't notice the SERVANT stood listening just outside the open doorway.

TREVILLE (O.S.)

The land these houses occupy covers most of the Court.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. OUTSIDE STUDY. DAY

The SERVANT turns at the sound of someone approaching.

TREVILLE (O.S.)

The paper value is immense.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

TREVILLE continues to pore over the documents.

TREVILLE

If there was a way to make them pay.

DE MAUVOISIN (O.S.)

A business mind like yours is wasted in the Musketeers, Captain Treville.

They look up as DE MAUVOISIN walk over to them.

DE MAUVOISIN

You're right. If the Court wasn't there that land would be worth a King's ransom. Who knows when it might prove a wise investment? And by the way, this search is illegal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)
I suggest you leave before I inform
the Cardinal.

ATHOS picks up a burnt property deed.

ATHOS
Did you forge this in your son's
name?

DE MAUVOISIN says nothing.

ATHOS (cont'd)
It's a simple matter to compare the
two signatures. I'll ask you again.
Is this your handwriting?

DE MAUVOISIN
Yes.

TREVILLE
Acquiring gunpowder without a valid
license is an act of sedition
punishable by death.

He steps forward and looks DE MAUVOISIN in the eye, who
suddenly looks less confident.

ARAMIS
At first we thought this was about
attacking Protestants. The
fanatical convert proving his
loyalty to a Catholic King.

TREVILLE
But it never had anything to do
with religion, did it? This was
about greed, pure and simple.

ATHOS
You're planning to destroy the
Court of Miracles.

D'ARTAGNAN
Then he must have had help on the
inside. No one could have moved
that amount of gunpowder into the
Court without being seen.

ATHOS
When is the plan to be executed?

DE MAUVOISIN
At midday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVILLE nods to the MUSKETEERS who run out.

DE MAUVOISIN smirks and looks at TREVILLE.

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)
You are too late. My men are
already at the court.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. ALLEY. DAY

A torch is lit, the man holding it is DE MAUVOISIN'S SERVANT.

He pulls his mask down over his face and nods to four other MASKED MAN.

SERVANT
I'll light the fuses; keep guard
and kill anyone that gets in our
way.

They nod and head off towards the entrance to the court.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. WAREHOUSE. DAY

PORTHOS leads FLEA and CHARON over to the barrels of gunpowder.

FLEA
Gunpowder?

PORTHOS
Yeah. The fuses have all been
primed. Someone was going to blow
this place to hell.

FLEA
The Cardinal?

PORTHOS
Perhaps.

FLEA
But there are hundreds of people
living here. Women, children ...

PORTHOS turns to CHARON.

PORTHOS
There's something else, Charon. I
didn't kill that boy.

EXT. THE WREN. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PORTHOS staggers outside.

PORTHOS (V.O.)

When I left The Wren he was already dead. The killer was standing over him.

PORTHOS sees JEAN DE MAUVOISIN lying in the mud just up ahead of him, the FIGURE of a well dressed man, seen from behind, leans over him.

He taps the FIGURE on the shoulder and the man starts to stand up.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. STREET. DAY

ATHOS, D'ARTAGNAN and ARAMIS turn into the street, all seems quiet.

The sound of screaming and gunfire can be heard up ahead.

The three MUSKETEERS draw their weapons and make their way cautiously towards the sound of fighting.

EXT/INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

DE MAUVOISIN, stares out over the city. TREVILLE behind him.

TREVILLE

It was you who planted the gunpowder in Pastor Ferrand's church.

DE MAUVOISIN

Ferrand poisoned my son against me.

TREVILLE

Poisoned?

DE MAUVOISIN

Thanks to him, Jean lacked the resolve to do what had to be done. He was too worried for his precious soul. He refused to buy the gunpowder. I had to obtain it in his name.

TREVILLE

You deliberately incriminated him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE MAUVOISIN
He betrayed his family! He actually
felt sorry for that filth in the
Court.

TREVILLE
Who really killed him?

DE MAUVOISIN looks TREVILLE in the eye, without apology.

DE MAUVOISIN
I did.

EXT. THE WREN. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The figure turns round to face PATHOS - it is

EMILE DE MAUVOISIN.

PORTHOS looks at him with drunken confusion as someone steps
up behind him and clubs him over the back of the head.

PORTHOS drops to the ground, unconscious.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. WAREHOUSE. DAY

PORTHOS looks at CHARON, while FLEA watches them both.

PORTHOS
When I find out who the old man
was, I can prove my innocence. I
can't leave Paris now.

He doesn't notice the guilty on CHARON's face.

PORTHOS (cont'd)
Let's get these fuses cut, make the
gunpowder safe.

He and FLEA bend down by the barrels.

CHARON
Step away.

They turn in surprise to see CHARON, a pistol now aimed at
PORTHOS.

FLEA
Charon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON
You were in the wrong place at the
wrong time, Porthos.

EXT. THE WREN. PARIS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PORTHOS is clubbed on the back of the head and slumps to the ground.

CHARON (V.O.)
Why did you have to go back to The
Wren?

CHARON lowers the club and looks down at PORTHOS lying at his feet.

CHARON (V.O.) (cont'd)
The old man, he argued with his
son. He shot him.

CHARON looks at DE MAUVOISIN.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. WAREHOUSE. DAY

CHARON keeps the gun pointed at PORTHOS.

CHARON
And there you were; the perfect
scapegoat.

PORTHOS
So why save me from the noose?

CHARON
We ran these streets together. So
much changes. Everything becomes
... complicated and compromised.
But not that, not brotherhood.
Loyalty. No, I couldn't leave you
to hang.

FLEA
But, what does the gunpowder have
to do with any of this?

CHARON
The old man bought up all the land
here. He paid me to smuggle it in.
And there's more after the job's
done. A lot more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEA looks shocked.

PORTHOS

You were going to blow this place up?

CHARON ignores him and looks at FLEA in appeal.

CHARON

I deserve better than this, Flea. I just need a bit of money, a fair chance, like everyone else.

FLEA

But this is our home.

CHARON

I'm sick of it, the ... the dirt, the disease, the poverty, human beings rooting in filth like animals.

FLEA

They're poor, that's all!

CHARON

This court is finished! The people here are doomed. I don't want to leave you here, Flea. Come with me.

FLEA

If you love me, don't do this.

CHARON

Last chance. Him or me?

He points his pistol at PORTHOS.

FLEA

That's not a choice.

He looks at her bitterly.

CHARON

You always loved him. I was just all that was left.

FLEA

No.

She reaches out and grabs the pistol as CHARON fires.

FLEA falls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTHOS turns to her and kneels by her side. CHARON looks down on them.

FLEA looks up at PORTHOS, tears streaming down her face, as she shakes from the pain.

CHARON turns and runs.

PORTHOS looks down at FLEA.

FLEA (cont'd)
Go ... go. I'll be fine.

Reluctantly, PORTHOS stands and chases after CHARON.

PORTHOS
Charon!!!!

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. STREET. DAY

ATHOS, ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN see FIVE SACK-MASKED men standing guard.

ATHOS
De Mauvoisin's men! Get them!

They start firing in on the MASKED MEN as the locals all run and hide.

Bodies are already strewn around.

D'ARTAGNAN manages to shoot one of the MASKED MAN.

ATHOS (cont'd)
They mustn't get to the gunpowder!

They head on towards the entrance.

ARAMIS stops and manages to shoot one of the MASKED MEN in the leg as he tries to scurry up a ladder.

ARAMIS rushes up and rips the mask from his head.

ARAMIS
Where is Porthos? Where is he!!

The MASKED MAN doesn't know, so ARAMIS leaves him and heads on.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. CORRIDOR. DAY

ANOTHER MASKED MAN runs down the steps, but D'ARTAGNAN is close behind and leaps on him, forcing him to the ground.

They both manage to stand and draw their swords. The MASKED MAN is a good swordsman but D'ARTAGNAN is better and finally wins the fight.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. WAREHOUSE. DAY

The fifth and last MASKED MAN clutches his flaming torch as he approaches the barrels of gunpowder.

FLEA manages to pull herself up to a sitting position.

The MASKED MAN gets closer.

ATHOS (O.S.)

Hey!

The MASKED MAN turns to see ATHOS behind him. They break into a fight, ATHOS using his sword and the MASKED MAN using the torch.

FLEA watches then shuffles along the floor towards the barrels.

MASKED MAN and ATHOS continue to fight, ATHOS desperately trying to keep the torch away from the gunpowder just behind him.

The MASKED MAN lunges towards ATHOS but ATHOS manages to swivel round and with his back to him, pins the MASKED MAN up against the wall.

FLEA watches with terror.

The MASKED MAN struggles but ATHOS finally manages to swing round and drive his knife into his assailant's chest.

He collapses to the floor - dropping the torch inches from the fuse. ATHOS coolly kicks it away, kneels down and pulls off the mask to reveal DE MAUVOISIN'S SERVANT.

ATHOS

You!

The wounded FLEA looks at him frantically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEA

Porthos followed Charon towards the main Chamber.

ATHOS grabs a rag and quickly puts out the torch flame then he turns to FLEA to check her wounds.

FLEA (cont'd)

I'll be fine. Save Porthos.

He runs out, just as D'ARTAGNAN and ARAMIS appear.

ATHOS

That way.

They all run off together.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

DE MAUVOISIN stares out of the window. Somewhere in the house, a clock strikes midday, then the last flicker of hope slowly dies in his face.

TREVILLE walks over to him.

TREVILLE

Twelve o'clock and no explosions.
There won't be any now, Monsieur.
It's over. You murdered your son in vain.

DE MAUVOISIN looks destroyed.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

PORTHOS enters the chamber to find CHARON waiting for him.

CHARON

Welcome to my Empire of Dust.

PORTHOS watches him warily.

CHARON (cont'd)

Flea loves this place. I never understood it. Who'd settle for this? You didn't.

PORTHOS

You should have come with me all those years ago, Charon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON spins round and holds his dagger out. PORTHOS steps back.

CHARON

I wanted Flea! I thought with you being gone, that she'd be mine. But she never was, not really.

They circle each other, PORTHOS keeping a watchful eye on the knife.

PORTHOS

I don't want to fight you, Charon. Leave now, I won't come looking.

CHARON suddenly hurls himself at PORTHOS and the two men grapple desperately. PORTHOS is the bigger and stronger, but CHARON is wiry and agile, and driven by hatred. At first CHARON has the upper hand but PORTHOS drives him back finally managing to knock the knife from his hand, then punches CHARON hard, knocking him to the ground.

He bends down and pins CHARON to the floor, his fist at the ready and pure fury in his face, ready to pummel CHARON.

Then after a moment he stands up.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

I'm not like you, Charon. That's why I left ... I'm a Musketeer.

He turns and walks away.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. CORRIDOR. DAY

ARAMIS, ATHOS and D'ARTAGNAN make their way towards the chamber.

ATHOS

Porthos!

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRANDE COESRE. DAY

CHARON cries out as he leaps up and grabs his knife.

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES. CORRIDOR. DAY

PORTHOS steps out and sees the others up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARAMIS

Look out!

CHARON runs up behind PORTHOS with his dagger poised just as PORTHOS ducks out of the way and ARAMIS runs him through with his sword.

CHARON looks at him then starts to fall forward but PORTHOS catches him and holds him in his arms and slowly lays him on the ground.

CHARON looks up at him.

CHARON

I told you, Porthos? I told you, I was get ... getting out.

He dies.

PORTHOS looks back at the others.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. STUDY. DAY

DE MAUVOISIN finishes writing a letter and signs it. He sprinkles blotting sand on the wet ink. Blows it away, melts some candle wax and seals the letter shut.

He looks up at TREVILLE standing over him.

DE MAUVOISIN

My full confession; completely exonerating your Musketeer.

TREVILLE takes the document and glances at it.

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)

I have a brother who will inherit my place as head of the family. Perhaps he will do a better job than me of restoring this once noble house.

TREVILLE

Emile De Mauvoisin, it is my duty to arrest you.

DE MAUVOISIN

That won't be necessary. You will lend me your pistol?

TREVILLE looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE MAUVOISIN (cont'd)
 Whatever you may think of my
 actions, I am a gentleman.

TREVILLE draws his pistol. Cocks it then places it on the desk top and walks out of the room. DE MAUVOISIN stares down at it.

INT. DE MAUVOISIN RESIDENCE. OUTSIDE STUDY. DAY

TREVILLE waits outside the study, the confession in his hand. After a second there is the crack of a pistol shot from behind the closed study door.

EXT. COURT OF MIRACLES. STREET. DAY

PORTHOS walks with FLEA, he nods to her injured shoulder, which is bandaged under her ragged blouse.

PORTHOS
 You alright?

FLEA
 I'll survive.

PORTHOS
 Charon um, he didn't want to kill
 you. He loved you.

She smiles her thanks. They stare at each other awkwardly.

FLEA
 What now?

PORTHOS
 You could come with me.

FLEA
 You could stay here.

PORTHOS smiles. FLEA shakes her head.

FLEA (cont'd)
 We live in different worlds, you
 and me. I belong with my friends
 and ... you with yours.

PORTHOS looks around at the dark world of the Court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTHOS

You know it's doomed, this place?
It's only a matter of time before
the Cardinal gets around to
destroying your world.

FLEA

And that's not true of yours?

He smiles at this, acknowledging its truth.

FLEA (cont'd)

Let's just enjoy what we have,
while we have it?

She reaches up and kisses him gently.

FLEA (cont'd)

Goodbye, Porthos.

She turns and walks away.

PORTHOS

Maybe I'll come and ... walk
amongst the beggars and the whores
sometime.

FLEA

Then you better watch your purse.

She holds out a small purse of money.

PORTHOS looks bewildered and reaches for his purse. It's not there.

He smiles and mutters to himself.

PORTHOS

Ah, she's good.

He walks off up the street until he sees ATHOS, ARAMIS and D'ARTAGNAN sat on horseback, waiting for him.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

You took your damn time getting
here.

ATHOS

We would never let you hang.

PORTHOS

Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARAMIS

And if we had, the funeral would have been beautiful.

ATHOS

We came looking. Charon said you were having such a good time you didn't want to see us.

PORTHOS

Be honest. Did any of you think I did it?

ATHOS and ARAMIS look at D'ARTAGNAN who is embarrassed and indignant.

D'ARTAGNAN

Never even crossed my mind.

ARAMIS looks shrewdly at his old friend.

ARAMIS

Did you ever think we'd abandoned you?

PORTHOS

Never.

He smiles up at them, they smile back.

PORTHOS (cont'd)

Come on. Let's get the hell out of here.

The three men ride off, PORTHOS turns and takes one last look down the street, smiles and follows the others.