

# The Lion In Winter

By James Goldman (1968)

Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn

EXT. ON A HILL. DAY.

Henry II and his youngest son John are practicing swordfight.

Henry II: Come for me!

You're gaining on it, Johnny.

John: Am I, father? Am I really?

Henry II: Off you go now.

Run along and practice.

Henry Plantagenet goes to his love Alais Capet.

Henry II: He'll make a good king. He'll be ready.

That's the way.

(seeing John practicing) Come on, my son!

Alais: Have you found religion, Henry?

Will you look down from heaven and see who's  
sitting on your throne?

Henry II: I must know before I die.

There's a legend of a king called Lear, with whom  
I have a lot in common.

Both of us have kingdoms and three children we adore,  
and both of us are old, but there it ends.

He cuts his kingdom into bits. I can't do that.

I've built an empire, and I must know it's going to  
last. All of Britain, half of France... I'm the  
greatest power in a thousand years, and after me  
comes John.

Alais: I'm going to lose you, Henry, aren't I?

Henry II: Alais, in my time I've known... contessas, milkmaids,  
courtesans... and novices, whores, gypsies, jades...  
and little boys, but nowhere in God's Western world  
have I found anyone to love but you.

Alais: And Rosamund?

Henry II: She's dead.

Alais: And Eleanor.

Henry II: The new Medusa, my good wife?

Alais: How is your queen?

Henry II: Decaying, I suppose.

No, don't be jealous of the gorgon. She is not among the things I love.

How many husbands do you know who dungeon up their wives? I haven't kept the great bitch in the keep for ten years out of passionate attachment.

(seeing a man) There's Captain Marshal.

William!

We will be holding Christmas court at Chinon.

We have asked the king of France to join us.

I want Richard there and Geoffrey. Go find my boys and tell them. Then go fetch the queen from Salisbury tower.

Marshal: If the queen refuses?

Henry II: Eleanor? She wouldn't miss this for the world.

EXT. AT AQUITAINE. DAY.

Two knights are jousting with lances. One of them falls off his horse.

Marshal: Richard. Richard!

Richard lost himself in fighting.

Marshal: Hello, Richard.

EXT. A SHORE IN BRITTANY. DAY.

Knight: Forward! ... Forward!

Marshal: Geoffrey? Geoffrey. ... Geoffrey!

Geoffrey: Father wants to see me.

INT. SALSBURY TOWER. DAY.

Marshal: Your majesty.

Eleanor: There's to be a Christmas court.

Marshal: Yes, madam.

Eleanor: Where?

Marshal: At Chinon.

INT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. DAY.

Alais: Henry, what if, just for once, I didn't do as I  
was told?

Henry II: It's going to be a jungle of a day.  
If I start growling now, I'll never last.

Alais: You'll last. You're like the rocks at Stonehenge;  
nothing knocks you down.

Henry II: In these rooms, Alais, on this Christmas, I have all  
the enemies I need.

Alais: You have more than you think.

Henry II: Are you one? Has my willow turned to poison oak?

Alais: If I decided to be trouble, Henry, how much trouble  
could I be?

Henry II: Not much.

Alais: I could give away your plans.

Henry II: You don't know what they are.

Alais: I know you want to disinherit Richard.

Henry II: So does Eleanor. She knows young Henry's dead.

The Young King died in summer, and I haven't named an heir. She knows I want John on the throne, and I know she wants Richard. We are very frank about it.

Alais: Henry, I can't be your mistress if I'm married to your son.

Henry II: Why can't you? Johnny wouldn't mind.

Alais: I do not like your Johnny.

Henry II: He's a good boy.

Alais: He's got pimples, and he smells of compost.

Henry II: He's just sixteen! He can't help the pimples.

Alais: He could have a bath!

Henry II: It isn't such a dreadful thing to be Queen of England.

Not all eyes will weep for you.

Alais: Will yours?

Henry II: I don't know. Very likely.

Alais: All I want is not to lose you.

Can't you hide me? Can't I simply disappear?

Henry II: You know you can't. Your little brother Philip's  
King of France now, and he wants your wedding or  
your dowry back. I only took you for your dowry.  
You were seven... two big knees and two big eyes,  
and that's all. How was I to know?

(hearing footsteps)

Hey. What's the matter, lad?

John: Nothing.

John goes outside and runs towards Geoffrey.

John: Geoff!

Geoffrey: Johnny!

John: Is that for me? I love Christmas.

INT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. DAY.

Alais: What difference does my dowry make?

Let Philip have it back. It isn't much.

Henry II: I can't. The Vexin is a little county, but  
it's vital to me.

Alais: And I'm not.

Henry II: It's been my luck to fall in love with landed women.

When I married Eleanor, I thought: "You lucky man.

The richest woman in the world... she owns the

Aquitaine, the greatest province in the Continent,

and beautiful as well." She was, you know.

Alais: And you adored her.

Henry II: Memory fails. There may have been an era when I

did. (arranging a wisp of her hair) Let's have

one strand askew; nothing in life has any business

being perfect. If I say you and I are done, we're

done. If I say marry John, it's John. I'll have

you by me, and I'll use you as I like.

EXT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. DAY.

Richard arrives on his horse.

Geoffrey: Ah, Christmas... warm and rosy time. The hot wine steams, the Yule log roars, and we're the fat that's in the fire. She'll be here soon, you know.

John: Who?

Richard: Mother.

Geoffrey: She still want you to be king?

Richard: We are not as friendly as we used to be.

John: If I'm supposed to make a fuss and kiss her hairy cheek, I won't.

Richard: What you kiss, little prince, is up to you.

John: I'm Father's favorite; that's what counts.

Richard: You hardly know me, Johnny, so I beg you to believe my reputation: I'm a constant soldier, a sometime poet, and I will be king.

John: Just you remember... Father loves me best.

Alais: Why John? John doesn't care for you at all.

Henry II: We love each other deeply.

Alais: None of them has any love for you.

Henry II: Because we fight? Tell me all three want the crown.

I'll tell you it's a feeble prince that doesn't.

They may snap at me and plot, and that makes them  
the kind of sons I want. I've snapped and plotted  
all my life. There's no other way to be a king,  
alive and fifty all at once.

Alais: I'm going to fight for you.

Henry II: Oh, fine.

EXT. A RIVERSIDE. DAY.

Henry II: How was your crossing? Did the channel part for you?

Eleanor: It went flat when I told it to; I didn't think to  
ask for more.

How dear of you to let me out of jail.

Henry II: It's only for the holidays.

Eleanor: Like school, you keep me young.

Here's gentle Alais.

(Alais bows) No, no; greet me as you used to.

(hugging her) Fragile I am not. Affection is a pressure I can bear.

(seeing three sons on top of the palace)

Oh, but I do have handsome children.

INT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. DAY.

Eleanor: John, you're so clean and neat. Henry takes good care of you.

And Richard. Don't look sullen, dear. It makes your eyes go small and piggy... and your chin look weak.

Geoffrey. Is Philip here yet?

Geoffrey: Not yet.

Eleanor: Let's hope he's grown up like his father... Simon pure and Simon simple... good, good, Louis.

If I had managed sons for him instead of all those little girls, I'd still be stuck with being Queen of France, and we should not have known each other.

Such, my angels, is the role of sex in history.

(hearing a fanfare) That will be Philip.

Where's Henry?

Richard: Upstairs with the family whore.

Eleanor: That's a mean and tawdry way to talk about your  
fiancee.

John: My fiancee.

Eleanor: Whosever fiancee. I brought her up, and she is  
dear to me and gentle.

Richard: He still plans to make John king.

Eleanor: Of course he does.

My, what a greedy little trinity you are: king,  
king, king. Two of you must learn to live with  
disappointment.

Henry II: (entering with Alais) Ah, but which two?

Eleanor: Let's deny them all and live forever.

Henry II: Tusk to tusk through all eternity.

Ah, my boys. The king of France and I will shortly  
have a tactile conversation, like two surgeons  
looking for a lump. We'll state positions, and  
I'll make the first of many offers. He'll refuse

it, naturally. I'll make a better one, and so on through the holidays until I win. For the duration of this joyous ritual you will give, to your father, your support.

EXT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. DAY.

The king of France Philip arrives with great fanfare.

Henry II: My lord!

Philip: Your grace!

Henry II: Welcome to Chinon.

They go into the palace and in front of the fireplace.

Henry II: Ah, that's better.

Eleanor: I was told you were impressive for a boy of seventeen. I'm Eleanor, who might have been your mother.

Philip: Queen Eleanor.

Eleanor: All the others here you know.

Henry II: I gather you're disturbed about your sister and  
her dowry.

Philip: Sixteen years ago you made a treaty with us.  
It is time its terms were executed.

Henry II: I should think so.

Philip: Our position comes to this: that you will either  
hold the marriage or return the Vexin.  
Alais marries Richard, or we'll have the county  
back at once.

Henry II: That's clear, concise and well presented.  
My position... well, frankly, Philip, it's a tangle.  
Two years ago, the queen and I, for reasons passing  
understanding, gave the Aquitaine to Richard. That  
makes Richard very powerful. How can I give him  
Alais too? The man she marries has you for an ally.

Philip: It's their wedding or the Vexin back.  
Those are the terms you made with Louis.

Henry II: True, but academic, lad. The Vexin's mine.

Philip: By what authority?

Henry II: It's got my troops all over it. That makes it mine. Now, hear me, boy.

Philip: I am a king: I am no man's boy.

Henry II: A king? Because you put your ass on purple cushions?

Philip: Sir. (turns on his heel and starts to go)

Henry II: Philip, you haven't got the feel of this at all, lad. Use all your voices: when I bellow, bellow back.

Philip: I'll mark that down.

Henry II: This too. We are the world in small. A nation is a human thing; it does what we do, for our reasons. Surely, if we're civilized, we can put away the knives. We can make peace. We have it in our hands.

Philip: I've tutors of my own. Will that be all?

Henry II: Oh, think. You came here for a reason. Don't you want to ask me if I've got an offer?

Philip: Have you got an offer?

Henry II: Not yet, but I'll think of one.

(Philip starts off again) Oh, by the way...  
you're better at this than I thought you'd be.

Philip: I wasn't sure you'd noticed.

Philip exits.

Henry II: Well, what shall we hang? The holly or each other?

Richard: Would you say, Father, that I have the makings of  
a king?

Henry II: A splendid king.

Richard: And would you expect me, Father, to give up  
without a fight?

Henry II: Of course you'll fight. I raised you to.

Richard: I don't care what you offer Philip. I don't care  
what plans you make. I'll have the Aquitaine and  
Alais and the crown. I'll not give up one to get  
the other. I won't trade off Alais or the Aquitaine  
to that walking pustule! No, your loving son will  
not. (Richard exits)

John: Did you hear what he called me?

Eleanor: Clearly, dear. Now, run along. It's nearly dinner-time.

John: I only do what Father tells me.

Henry II: Go and eat.

John: Did I say something wrong? I'm always saying something wrong.

Henry II: And don't pout.

John: I'm not pouting.

Henry II: And stand up straight! How often do I have to tell you?

John exits.

Eleanor: And that's to be the king.

Geoffrey: And I'm to be his chancellor. Has he told you?

John will rule the country while I run it, that is to say, he gets to spend the taxes that I raise.

Eleanor: How nice for you.

Geoffrey: It's not as nice as being king.

Henry II: We've made you Duke of Brittany. Is that so little?

Geoffrey: No one ever thinks of crown and mentions Geoff.

Why is that?

Henry II: Isn't being chancellor power enough?

Geoffrey: It's not the power I feel deprived of; it's the  
mention I miss. There's no affection for me here.

You wouldn't think I'd want that, would you?

Geoffrey exits.

Eleanor: Henry?

Henry II: Hmm?

Eleanor: I have a confession.

Henry II: Yeah?

Eleanor: I don't much like our children. (to Alais) Only  
you... the child I raised but didn't bear.

Alais: You never cared for me.

Eleanor: I did and do, believe me. Henry's bed is Henry's

province: he can people it with sheep for all I care,  
which, on occasion, he has done.

Henry II: Rosamund's been dead for seven years.

Eleanor: Two months and eighteen days. I never liked  
her much.

Henry II: You count the days?

Eleanor: I made the numbers up. (to Alais) He found Miss  
Clifford in the mists of Wales... and brought her  
home for closer observation. Liking what he found,  
he scrutinized her many years. He loved her deeply,  
and she, him. And yet, my dear, when Henry had to  
choose between his lady and my lands...

Alais: There is no sport in hurting me. It's so easy.

Eleanor: After all the years of loving care, do you think  
I could bring myself to hurt you?

Alais: Eleanor, with both hands tied behind you.

Alais exits.

Henry II: She is lovely, isn't she?

Eleanor: Yes, very.

Henry II: Who could I have chosen to love... to gall you more?

Eleanor: There's no one.

Henry II: Time hasn't done a thing but wrinkle you.

Eleanor: It hasn't even done that. I've borne six girls,  
five boys... and thirty-one connubial years of you.  
How am I possible?

Henry II: There are moments when I miss you.

Eleanor: Many?

Henry II: Do you doubt it?

Eleanor: That's my wooly sheepdog. So, wee Johnny gets  
the crown.

Henry II: I've heard it rumored, but I don't believe it.

Eleanor: Losing Alais will be hard, for you do love her.

Henry II: It's an old man's last attachment; nothing more.  
How hard do you find living in your castle?

Eleanor: It was difficult in the beginning, but that's past.  
I find I've seen the world enough.

Henry II: I'll never let you loose. You led too many civil wars against me.

Eleanor: And I damn near won the last one. Still, as long as I get trotted out... for Christmas courts and state occasions now and then -- for I do like to see you -- it's enough.  
I'm famished. Let's go in to dinner.

Henry II: (extending his arm) Arm in arm.

Eleanor: (taking his arm) And hand in hand.  
You're still a marvel of a man.

Henry II: And you're my lady.

Henry II and Eleanor move to the Reception Hall.

Henry II: It's an odd thing, Eleanor.  
I've fought and bargained all these years... as if the only thing I had to live for was what happened after I was dead. I've something else to live for now. I've blundered onto peace.

Eleanor: On Christmas Eve.

Henry II: Since Louis died, while Philip grew, I've had no

France to fight. And in that lull, I've found how good it is to write a law... or make a tax more fair or sit in judgment to decide... which peasant gets a cow. I tell you, there is nothing more important in the world. Now the french boy's big enough, and I'm sick of war.

Eleanor: Do you still need the Vexin, Henry?

Henry II: It's as vital as it ever was. My troops there are one day away from Paris. That's a march of twenty miles. I must keep it.

Eleanor: Henry, dear, if Alais does not marry Richard, I will see you lose the Vexin.

Henry II: Well, I thought you'd never say it.

Eleanor: I can do it.

Henry II: You can try. We have a pack of barons we should look the loving couple for.

Eleanor: (smiling at him) Can you read love in that?

Henry II: And permanent affection.

INT. THE RECEPTION HALL. NIGHT.

The whole table burst into cheers.

Eleanor: My Richard is the next king, not your John.

I know you, Henry. I know every twist and bend  
you've got, and I'll be waiting round each corner  
for you.

Henry II: Do you truly care who's king?

Eleanor: I care because you care so much.

Henry II: Don't fight me, Eleanor.

Eleanor: What would you have me do? Give out, give up,  
give in?

Henry II: Give me a little peace.

Eleanor: A little? Why so modest? How about eternal peace?  
Now, there's a thought.

Henry II: If you oppose me, I'll strike you any way I can.

The king and the queen sit down to a dinner.

Eleanor: Henry?

Henry II: Madam?

Eleanor: Did you ever love me?

Henry II: No.

Eleanor: Good. That will make this pleasanter.

INT. ELEANOR'S CHAMBER. NIGHT.

Eleanor is wrapping Christmas presents.

Richard: Well, I've come. I'm here. What was it  
you wanted?

Eleanor: Just to talk.

We haven't been alone, the two of us, in...  
how long is it, lamb? Two years? You look fit.  
War agrees with you. I keep informed. I follow  
all your slaughters from a distance.  
Do sit down.

Richard: Is this an audience, a good-night hug with kisses  
or an ambush?

Eleanor: Let's hope it's a reunion. Must you look so stern?  
I sent for you to say I want your love again, but I

can't say it to a face like that.

Richard: My love, of all things. What could you want it for?

Eleanor: Why, for itself. What other purpose could I have?

Richard: You will tell me when you're ready to.

Eleanor: I scheme a lot, I know. I plot and plan.

That's how a queen in prison spends her time.

But there is more to me than that. Can't I say

I love a son and be believed?

Richard: If I were you, I'd try another tack. I've no  
dammed-up floods of passion for you. There's no  
chance I'll overflow.

Eleanor: You're a dull boy, dull as plainsong: la-la-la,  
forever on one note. I gave the Church up out of  
boredom. I can do as much for you.

Richard: You'll never give me up; not while I hold the  
Aquitaine.

Eleanor: You think I'm motivated by love of hills and dales?

Richard: I think you want it back. You're so deceitful,  
you can't ask for water when you're thirsty.

We could tangle spiders in the webs you weave.

Eleanor: If I'm so devious, why don't you go? Don't stand there quivering in limbo. Love me, little lamb, or leave me.

Richard: Leave you, madam? With pure joy.

Eleanor: Departure's a simple act. You put the left foot down, and then the right.

John enters in high spirits, followed by Geoffrey.

John: Mother!

Eleanor: Hush, dear. Mother's fighting.

John: Father's finished working out the treaty terms.

Eleanor: How nice. Where is your father?

They go out into the courtyard.

Eleanor: Ah, there you are.

Well, have you put the terms to Philip?

Henry II: Not yet, but we're shortly granting him an audience.

I hope you'll all attend.

Eleanor: Are we to know the terms, or would you rather  
tease us?

Henry II: Not at all. The terms are these.

Richard: What are you giving to Philip? What of mine?

John: Whatever you've got goes to me.

Geoffrey: And what's the nothing Geoffrey gets?

Henry II: My God, boys, you can't all three be king.

Richard: All three of us can try.

Henry II: That's pointless now. I want you to succeed  
me, Richard. Alais and the crown... I give  
you both.

Richard: I've no sense of humor. If I did, I'd laugh.

Henry II: I mean to do it.

John: What about me? I'm your favorite.  
I'm the one you love.

Henry II: I'm sorry, John. I can't help myself.  
Could you keep anything I gave you?  
Could you beat him in the field?

John: You could.

Henry II: John, I won't be there. I'm losing too.

All my dreams for you are lost.

John: You've led me on.

Henry II: I never meant to.

John: You're a failure as a father, you know that.

Henry II: I'm sorry, Johnny.

John: Not yet, but I'll do something terrible, and  
you'll be sorry then.

Eleanor: Did you rehearse all this, or are you improvising?

Henry II: Good God, woman, face the facts.

Eleanor: Which ones? We have so many.

Henry II: Power is the only fact. (indicating Richard)

How could I keep him from the throne? He'd  
only take it if I didn't give it to him.

Richard: No, you'd make me fight for it. I know you.

You'd never give me anything.

Henry II: True, and I haven't. You get Alais and the kingdom,  
but I get the thing I want most. If you're king,  
England stays intact. I get that. It's all yours  
now... the crown, the girl, the whole black business.  
Isn't that enough? (He exits)

Alais: I don't know who's to be congratulated.  
Kings, queens, knights everywhere you look, and  
I'm the only pawn. I haven't got a thing to lose.  
That makes me dangerous. (She exits)

Eleanor: Poor child.

John: Poor John. Who says, "poor John"? Don't every-  
body sob at once! My God, if I went up in flames,  
there's not a living soul who'd pee on me to put  
the fire out.

Richard: Let's strike a flint and see.

John: You're everything a little brother dreams of.  
You know that? I used to dream about you all  
the time.

Eleanor: Ah, Johnny.

John: I'll show you, Eleanor. I've not lost yet.

(He runs away)

Geoffrey: Well, Mummy, if you want me, here I am.

Eleanor: John's lost his chancellor, has he?

Geoffrey: And you've gained one.

Eleanor: It's a bitter thing your Mummy has to say.

Geoffrey: She doesn't trust me.

Eleanor: You must know Henry isn't through with John.

He'll keep the Vexin till the moon goes blue from  
cold. And as for Richard's wedding day... we'll  
see the second coming first; the needlework  
alone can last for years.

Geoffrey: I know. You know I know. I know you know I know.

We know Henry knows, and Henry knows we know it.  
We're a knowledgeable family. Will Richard take  
me for his chancellor or won't he?

Eleanor: Why are you dropping John?

Geoffrey: Because you're going to win.

Eleanor: I haven't yet.

Geoffrey: You will, with me to help you. I can handle John.

He'll swallow anything I tell him, and I'll take  
him by the hand and walk him into the trap you set.

Eleanor: You're good. You're first class, Geoff. You'd  
sell John out to me, or me to John, or... you can  
tell me... have you found some way of selling  
everyone to everybody?

Geoffrey: Not yet, Mummy, but I'm working on it.  
I don't care who's king, but you and Henry do.  
I want to watch the two of you go picnicking on  
one another.

Eleanor: You have a gift for hating.

Geoffrey: You're the expert; you should know.

Eleanor: Dear Lord, you've loved me all these years.

Geoffrey: Oh, God forgive me. I've upset the Queen.

Eleanor: We need you. Help us.

Geoffrey: What? And miss the fun of selling you?

Eleanor: Be Richard's chancellor.

Geoffrey: Rot.

Geoffrey walks away. Richard comes up to Eleanor.

Eleanor: Well, that's how deals are made.

We've got him if we want him. He'll sell us all,  
you know; but only if he thinks we think he won't.

Why did I have to have such clever children?

Eleanor and Richard begin to stroll. The sound of a church  
bell comes borne on the wind.

Eleanor: What's the matter, Richard?

Richard: Nothing.

Eleanor: It's a heavy thing, your nothing. When I write  
or send for you or speak or reach, your nothings  
come, like stones.

Richard: Don't play a scene with me.

Eleanor: I wouldn't if I could. I'm simpler than I used  
to be. I had, at one time, many appetites.  
I wanted poetry and power and the young men who  
create them both. I even wanted Henry, too, in  
those days. Now I've only one desire left...  
to see you king.

Richard: The only thing you want to see is Father's vitals

on a bed of lettuce. You don't care who wins as long as Henry loses. You'd do anything. You are Medea to the teeth, only this is one son you won't use for vengeance against your husband.

Eleanor: How my captivity has changed you. Henry meant to hurt me. He's hacked you up instead.

(touches Richard's chin with one hand) Men coveted this talon once. Henry was eighteen when we met, and I was Queen of France. He came down from the North to Paris with a mind like Aristotle's... and a form like mortal sin.

We shattered the Commandments on the spot. I spent three months annulling Louis, then in May, in spring, not far from here, we married... young Count Henry and his Countess. But in three years' time I was his Queen, and he was King of England. Done at twenty-one... five years your junior, general.

Richard: I can count.

Eleanor: There was no Thomas Beckett then, or Rosamund... no rivals, only me. And then young Henry came, and you, and all the other blossoms in my garden. Yes. Had I been sterile, darling, I'd be happier today.

Richard: Is that designed to hurt me?

Eleanor: What a waste. I've fought with Henry over who comes next, whose dawn it is... and which son gets the sunset, and we'll never live to see it. Look at you. I loved you more than Henry, and it's cost me everything.

Richard: What do you want?

Eleanor: I want us back the way we were.

Richard: No, that's not it.

Eleanor: All right, then. I want the Aquitaine.

Richard: That's the mother I remember.

Eleanor: We can win. I can get you Alais. I can make the marriage happen, but I've got to have the Aquitaine to do it. I must have it back.

Richard: It's mine, and I'll never give it up.

Eleanor: Shall I write my will? "to Richard, everything."  
Would you believe me then? Where's paper?

Richard: Paper burns.

Eleanor: I love you.

Richard: You love nothing. You're incomplete.

The human parts of you are missing. You're as  
dead as you are deadly.

Eleanor: Don't leave me.

Richard: You were lovely once. I've seen the pictures.

Eleanor: Don't you remember how you loved me? We were  
always hand in hand. (thrusting her hand in his)  
Here's how it felt.

Richard: As hot and coarse as that.

Eleanor: This won't burn. I'll scratch a will on this.  
(bares her forearm, with a small knife suddenly  
in her other hand, and draws the blade across the  
flesh) "To Richard, everything."

Richard: Mother!

Eleanor: Remember how I taught you numbers... and the  
lute and poetry? See? You do remember. I  
taught you dancing, too, and languages... and  
all the music I knew and how to love what's  
beautiful. The sun was warmer then, and we  
were every day together.

INT. THE RECEPTION HALL. NIGHT.

Henry II: William, tell the French king I'll see him in  
the parlor.

Marshal: Yes, my lord.

Henry II: In half an hour.

Philip is playing chess with Geoffrey.

Philip: Half an hour. Good.

Geoffrey: Of course, you know there's not a word of truth  
to Henry's terms.

Philip: If that's a warning, thank you.

Geoffrey: What if it's an offer?

Philip: "What if" is a game for scholars. What if  
angels sat on pinheads?

Geoffrey: What if I were king?

Philip: It's your game, Geoff. You play it.

INT. JOHN'S CHAMBER. NIGHT.

Geoffrey: John.

John: I made this for Father. All the pieces work.  
It took months. I'm not a fool.

Geoffrey: I know. Now, here's my plan.

John: I read three languages. I've studied law.  
What plan?

Geoffrey: We've got to make a deal with Philip.

John: Why?

Geoffrey: Because you're out, and Richard's in.

John: And what kind of deal?

Geoffrey: A war. If we three join and fight now, we can  
finish Richard off.

John: You mean destroy him?

Geoffrey: Hmm.

John: And Mother too?

Geoffrey: And Mother too. Now, do we do it?

Is it on?

John: I've got to think.

Geoffrey: You haven't time. We are extra princes now.

You know where extra princes go?

John: Down.

Philip: Well, does John want a war or doesn't he?

Geoffrey: Do you? If John asks for your soldiers, will

he get them?

Philip: If John wants a war, he's got one.

Geoffrey: John, you hear that?

John: I'm still thinking.

Geoffrey: Let me help. It's either Richard on the throne

or you.

John: Do you think we'd win?

Philip: I know it.

Geoffrey, John and Philip join hands.

INT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. DAY.

Henry is walking to the parlor.

Alais: Henry! But you don't understand.

Henry II: I would appreciate a little quiet confidence.

I've enough nits picking at me.

Alais: But you've promised me to Richard!

Henry II: Good God, you don't think I meant it?

Alais: So that whole scene, all you said to John...

Henry II: You think I'd ever give him up when I've mothered

him and fathered him and babied him? He's all

I've got! How often do you people have to hear

it? Every supper? Should we start the soup with

who we love and who we don't?

Alais: I think you like passing me from hand to hand.

What am I to you... a collection plate? Or am

I all you've got, like John?

Henry II: I've got to get the Aquitaine for John.

Alais: I talk people, and you answer back in provinces!

Henry II: They get mixed up. What's the Aquitaine to Eleanor?

It's not a province. It's a way to torture me.

That's why she spent the evening wooing Richard,

wheezing on the coals. She'll squeeze it out of

him. My God, I'd have loved to eavesdrop.

(doing Eleanor) "I taught you prancing, lamb,

and lute and flute... "

Eleanor enters, carrying a pile of Christmas boxes.

Eleanor: That's marvelous; it's absolutely me. I thought

as long as I was coming down, I'd bring them.

Henry II: Whatever are you giving me?

Eleanor: You're such a child: you always ask.

Henry II: (reading from a package) "To Henry."

Heavy. It's my tombstone! Eleanor, you spoil

me.

Eleanor: I never could deny you anything.

Henry II: (to Alais) Don't go. It nettles her to see  
how much I need you.

Alais: You need me, Henry, like a tailor needs a  
tinker's dam. Oh, I know that look.  
He's going to say he loves me.

Henry II: Like my life.

Alais turns sharply and exits.

Henry II: I talk that way to keep her spirits up.  
Well, how'd you do with Richard? Did you break  
his heart?

Eleanor: You think he ought to give me back the Aquitaine?

Henry II: I can't see why he shouldn't. After all, I've  
promised him the throne.

Eleanor: The boy keeps wondering if your promises are  
any good.

Henry II: There's no sense asking if the air's good when

there's nothing else to breathe.

Eleanor: Exactly what I told him.

Henry II: Have you got it? Will he give it back?

Eleanor: No Aquitaine for John.

Henry II: I have to give him something. Isn't some agreement possible?

Eleanor: Love, in a world where carpenters get resurrected, anything is possible.

Henry II: You bore him, damn it. He's your son!

Eleanor: Oh, heavens, yes. Two hundred eighty days I bore him. I recall them all. You'd only just found Rosamund.

Henry II: Why her so damn particularly? I've found other women.

Eleanor: Countless others.

Henry II: What's your count? Let's have a tally of the bedspreads you've spread out on.

Eleanor: Thomas Beckett's.

Henry II: That's a lie.

Eleanor: (laughs) I know. You still care what I do.

Henry II: I want the Aquitaine for John! I want it,  
and I'll have it.

Eleanor: Is that menace you're conveying? Is it to be  
torture? Will you boil me or stretch me, which?  
Or am I to be perforated?

Henry II: I have the documents, and you will sign.

Eleanor: How will you force me to? Threats? "Sign  
or I refuse to feed you." Tears? "Oh, sign  
before my heart goes crack." I'm like the  
earth, old man; there isn't any way around me.

Henry II: I adore you.

Eleanor: Save your aching arches; that road's closed.

Henry II: I have an offer for you, my dear.

Eleanor: A deal? A deal? I give the richest province  
on the continent to John for what? You tell me,  
mastermind, for what?

Henry II: Your freedom.

Eleanor: Oh.

Henry II: Once Johnny gets the Aquitaine, you're free.

I'll let you out. Think: on the loose in London,  
winters in Provence, impromptu trips to visit  
Richard anywhere he's killing people. All that  
for a signature.

Eleanor: You're good.

Henry II: I thought it might appeal to you. You always  
fancied traveling.

Eleanor: Yes. I even made poor Louis take me on Crusade.

How's that for blasphemy? I dressed my maids  
as amazons and rode bare-breasted halfway to  
Damascus. Louls had a seizure, and I damn near  
died of windburn, but the troops were dazzled.

Henry, I'm against the wall.

To be a prisoner, to be bricked in when you've  
known the world... I'll never know how I survived.

These ten years, Henry, have been unimaginable.

And now, you offer me the only thing I want...

if I give up... the only thing I treasure.

Henry II: Sign the paper, and we'll break the happy news.

The Queen is free, John gets the Aquitaine, and

Richard marries Alais.

Eleanor: Yes, let's have it done. I'll sign. On one condition.

Henry II: Name it.

Eleanor: Have the wedding now.

Henry II: What's that?

Eleanor: Why, I've surprised you. Surely it's not sudden.

They've been marching down the aisle for sixteen years, and that's a long walk. John can be best man. That's a laugh. And you can give the bride away. I want to watch you do it.

Henry II: Alais... I can live without her.

Eleanor: And I thought you loved her.

Henry II: So I do.

Eleanor: Thank God. You frightened me. I was afraid this wouldn't hurt.

Henry II: What a tragedy you are.

Eleanor: I wonder... do you ever wonder... if I slept with  
your father?

Henry II: My father?

Eleanor: It's a lie. But there are rumors. Don't you  
ever wonder?

Henry II: Is it rich, despising me? Is it rewarding?

Eleanor: No.

Henry II: Then stop!

Eleanor: How? It's what I live for.

Henry: I'll show you. By christ, I will. I'll do  
it. (opening the door) Where's a priest?  
Somebody dig me up a priest! You! Fetch me  
a bishop!

Eleanor: Get old Durham. He's just down the hall.  
Ask him to meet us in the chapel.

Henry II: John, Richard, Geoffrey!

John: What's wrong? What's happened?

Eleanor: Richard's getting married.

John: Getting married? Now? He's getting  
married now?

Eleanor: I never cease to marvel at the quickness of  
your mind.

John: You can't hurt me, you bag of bile.  
But you can, Father. Why?

Henry II: Because I say so.

Marshal: My lord, the bishop's waiting in the chapel.

Henry II: Good. Let's get this over with.

Eleanor: You'll make a lovely bride. I wonder if I'll cry.

Alais: You sound as if you think it's going to happen.

Eleanor: I do.

Alais: He's only plotting. Can't you tell when Henry's  
plotting?

Eleanor: Not this time.

Alais: He'll never give me up.

Henry II: You think I won't?

Alais: Because you told me so.

Henry II: You're not my Helen. I won't fight a war to  
save a face. We're done.

Alais: I don't believe you!

Henry II: Wait ten minutes!

They are moving to the chapel.

Alais: Please! Richard, Richard, we're not...  
honestly, we're not! Please! We love each  
other.

Henry II: Come on!

Alais: It's lunacy! I won't do it! I won't!  
Lunacy! Let me go, Henry. Richard, no!

Henry II: Come on!

Alais: I won't say the words! Not one of them!  
It makes no sense! Why give me up?  
What do you get? What are you gaining?

Henry II: Why, the Aquitaine, of course.

Richard: What's that again?

Henry II: Your mother gets her freedom, and I get the  
Aquitaine. (to Eleanor) That is the  
proposition, isn't it? You did agree.

Richard: Of course she did. I knew it. It was  
all pretense. I believed it all.

Eleanor: I meant it all.

Richard: No wedding. There'll be no wedding.

Henry II: But, my boy, look. Durham's waiting. Marry  
her, for my sake. It isn't much to ask.

Richard: Never!

Henry II: But I promised it to Philip. Think of my  
position.

Richard: Damn the wedding and to hell with your position.

Henry II: You don't dare defy me.

Richard: Don't I?

Henry II: (to Philip) You're the king of France, for  
God's sake. Speak up. Do something.

Richard: (to Philip) Make a threat. Come on,  
frighten me.

Philip: Duncel!

Richard: Am I?

Philip: He never meant to have the wedding.

Henry II: Come again?

Philip: You're good at rage. I like the way you play it.

Henry II: Boy, don't ever call a king a liar to his face.

Philip: I'm not a boy... to you or anyone!

Henry II: Boy, you came here asking for a wedding or the  
Vexin back. By God, you don't get either.  
It's no to both.

Philip: You have a pact with France!

Henry II: Then damn the pact and damn France.  
She never marries, not while I'm alive.

Philip: Your life and never are two different times.

Henry II: Not on my clock, boy! (Philip exits)

Richard: Ha, ha, ha! Listen to the lion! Come on,  
flash a yellow tooth, and frighten me.

Henry II: Don't spoil it, Richard. Take it like a  
good sport.

Richard: How's your bad leg?

Henry II: Better, thank you.

Richard: Your bad back? You're getting old. You'll have  
me once too often.

Henry II: When? I'm fifty now. My God, boy, I'm the oldest  
man I know. I've got a decade on the Pope.

(looks at the priest, who nods)

What's it to be? The broadsword when I'm eighty-  
five?

Richard: I'm not a second son now. Your Henry's lies in  
the vault, you know.

Henry II: I know; I've seen him there.

Richard: I'll have the crown.

Henry II: You'll have what Daddy gives you.

Richard: I am next in line!

Henry II: To nothing!

Richard: Then we'll only have the broadswords now.

Henry II: This minute?

Richard: No, on the battlefield!

Henry II: So we're at war?

Richard: Yes, we're at war. I have two thousand men at  
Poitiers.

Henry II: Can they hear you? Call and see who answers.  
You're as close to Poitiers as you'll get.

Richard: You don't dare hold me prisoner.

Henry II: Until we're all agreed John comes next, I can  
and will. You're a king's son, so I treat you  
with respect. You have the freedom of the castle.

Richard: The castle doesn't stand that holds me. Post  
your guards. (He exits)

John: My God, I'm king again. Fantastic.

Are you happy for me, Geoff?

Geoffrey: I'm happy for us both.

John and Geoffrey exit together. So do the priests.

Eleanor: You played it nicely. You were good.

Henry II: Yes, I was. I fooled you, didn't I? Oh, God,  
but I do love being king.

Eleanor: Well, Henry, liege and lord, what happens now?

Henry II: I've no idea. I know I'm winning, and I know  
I'll win, but what the next move is... you were  
scared, weren't you?

Eleanor: No.

Henry II: (to Alais) I think you were.

Alais: I was. You mustn't play with feelings, Henry.  
Not with mine.

Henry II: It wasn't possible to lose you. I must hold  
you dearer than I thought.

(to Eleanor) You've got your enigmatic face  
on. What's your mood, I wonder?

Eleanor: Pure delight. I'm locked up with my sons.  
What mother does not dream of that?  
(moves to go, then stops) One thing.

Henry II: Yes?

Eleanor: May I watch you kiss her?

Henry II: Can't you ever stop?

Eleanor: I watch you every night. I conjure it before  
I sleep.

Henry II: Leave it there.

Eleanor: My curiosity is intellectual. I want to see  
how accurate I am.

Henry II: (to Alais) Forget the dragon in the doorway.  
Come. Believe I love you, for I do. Believe  
I'm yours forever, for I am. Believe in my  
contentment and the joy you give me. And  
believe... (to Eleanor) You want more?  
(to Alais) I'm an old man in an empty place.  
Be with me. (they kiss)

Eleanor stands in the doorway, watching.

INT. ELEANOR'S CHAMBER. NIGHT.

Eleanor: How beautiful you make me. What might Solomon

have sung had he seen this? I can't. I'd turn  
to salt. I've lost again. I'm done for this  
time. Well, there'll be other Christmases.

(picking up a necklace) I'd hang you from  
the nipples, but you'd shock the children.

They kissed sweetly, didn't they? I'll have  
him next time. I can wait.

(picking up a crown) Ah, there you are;  
my comfort and my company. We're locked in  
for another year: four seasons more. What  
a desolation, what a life's work.

(putting it on as Geoffrey enters) Is it  
too much? Be sure to squint as you approach.  
You may be blinded by my beauty.

Geoffrey: Merry Christmas.

Eleanor: Is that why you're here... to tell me that?

Geoffrey: I thought you might be lonely.

Eleanor: (holding out the crown) Here, chancellor.

Try it on for size.

Geoffrey: It's puzzling. I remember my third birthday.

Not just pictures of the garden or the gifts,  
but who did what to whom and how it felt. My  
memory stretches that far back, but never once  
can I remember... anything from you or Father  
warmer than indifference. Why is that?

Eleanor: I don't know.

Geoffrey: That was not an easy question from me, and I don't  
deserve an easy answer.

Eleanor: There are times I think we loved none of our  
children.

Geoffrey: Still too easy, don't you think?

Eleanor: I'm weary, and you want a simple answer, and I  
haven't one. I'm so sick of all of you.

John enters.

John: I thought I'd come and gloat a little.

Eleanor: Mother's tired. Come stick pins tomorrow  
morning. I'll be more responsive then.

John: It's no fun goading anyone tonight.

Richard enters.

Richard: The bastard's boxed us up.

Eleanor: What's that, dear?

Richard: We're his prisoners, if that interests you.

Eleanor: Why should it? I'm his prisoner anyway?

Richard: It was... correct me if I'm wrong, but it was  
my impression that you wanted Henry's throne  
for me.

Eleanor: We can't win, Richard. We've lost it this time.

Richard: You think I'm finished, do you?

Eleanor: So I do. I've suffered more defeats than you  
have teeth. I know one when it happens to me.  
Take your wormwood like a good boy. Swallow  
it and go to bed.

Richard: I will be king.

Eleanor: So you will, but not this year!

Oh, leave it, Richard! Let it go for now.

Richard: I can't.

John: It's not so hard. Try saying after me:

"John wins, I lose."

Richard: And what if John died? (draws his dagger)

John: You wouldn't dare! A knife.

Richard: Why wouldn't I?

Eleanor: He's got a knife! Of course he has a knife.

He always has a knife. We all have knives.

It's 1183 and we're barbarians. How clear we

make it. Oh, my piglets, we are the origins

of war. Not history's forces, nor the times,

nor justice, nor the lack of it, nor causes,

nor religions, nor ideas, nor kinds of govern-

ment, nor any other thing. We are the killers.

We breed wars. We carry it, like syphilis,

inside. Dead bodies rot in field and stream

because the living ones are rotten. For the

love of God, can't we love one another just a

little? That's how peace begins. We have so

much to love each other for. We have such

possibilities, my children. We could change

the world.

Geoffrey: And while we hugged each other, what would Philip do?

John: Oh, good God, Philip! (to Geoffrey) We're supposed to start a war. If father finds out, I'll be ruined.

Geoffrey: Steady, John. Don't panic.

John: Some adviser you are. (He exits)

Geoffrey: Don't do anything without me. Let me handle it.

Eleanor: He's made a pact with Philip. You advised John into making war. That fearless boy... he's disinherited himself. When Henry finds out... when I tell him what John's done, I need a little time. Can you keep John from Philip till I say so?

Geoffrey: Anything you say. (runs out of the room)

Eleanor: Richard, I want you out of here before this breaks. And that needs Philip. Go to him, be desperate, promise anything... the Vexin, Brittany. Once you're free and John is out of favor, we'll make further plans.

Richard: You see Philip. You're the diplomat.

Eleanor: You're a friend. You know him, I don't.

And Richard! Promise anything.

Richard closes the door.

Eleanor: Oh, I've got the old boy this time. The damn

fool thinks he loves John. He believes it.

That's where the knife goes in... Knives,

knives... Where is that mirror? I'm Eleanor,

and I can look at anything. My, what a lovely

girl. How could her king have left her?

INT. PHILIP'S CHAMBER. NIGHT.

Geoffrey: (knocking at the door) Philip? Philip!

(entering) It's working out. By morning, I can

be the chosen son. The crown can come to me.

Are you still with me?

Philip nods.

Geoffrey: We'll have to fight them all. They'll band

together once this happens. Have I got your

word?

Philip: Do I have yours? All England's land in France  
if I support you?

Geoffrey: Are we allies, then?

Philip: We were born to be.

Geoffrey: I should say something solemn, but I haven't the  
time. I'm off to Father with news that John's  
a traitor. After that...

Suddenly John appears from behind the tapestry.

John: You stink! You know that? You're a stinker,  
and you stink. I'll kill you! (reaches for  
a candlestick, and stumbles) Ah!

Geoffrey: Lump. If you're a prince, there's hope for  
every ape in Africa. I had you saved.  
I wasn't on my way to Father, but he was.  
He would have gone to Henry and betrayed you.  
Look, it's in his face.

John: It's true. I don't know who my friends are.

Knocking at the door.

Voice: Philip?

Geoffey: (indicating the tapestry) May we?

Philip: That's what tapestries are for.

John: I'll never learn. I'll ruin everything.

Philip: Richard? Hello, Richard.

Richard: You're halfway to bed. I'll wait for morning.

Philip: Come in.

Richard: Mother sent me.

Philip: Come in anyway.

Our alchemists have stumbled on the art of boiling  
burgundy. It turns to steam, and when it cools,  
we call it brandywine. (fills glasses)

Richard: I'm Henry's prisoner. You find that charming?

Philip: No.

Richard: Then why the charming smile?

Philip: I thought, I can't think why, of when you were  
in Paris last. Can it be two whole years ago?

Richard: It can. I need an army.

Philip: (handing him the brandy) It'll take the cold  
away.

Richard: I must have soldiers.

Philip: Have I aged? Do I seem older to you?  
They've been two fierce years. I've studied,  
and I've trained to be a king.

Richard: I'll have your answer... yes or no?

Philip: (cold) You'll have it when I give it.  
You see? I've changed. I'm not the boy you  
taught to hunt two years ago. Remember? Racing  
after boar, you flying first, me scrambling  
after, all day into dusk...

Richard turns to leave.

Philip: Don't go.

Richard: I must know. Will you help me?

Philip: Sit and we'll discuss it.

Richard sits down at table.

Philip: You never write.

Richard: To anyone.

Philip: Why should I make you King of England? Aren't I better off with John or Geoffrey? Why have you to fight when I could have the cretin or the fiend?

Richard: Would we fight?

Philip: We're fighting now. Good night.

Richard: You're still a boy.

Philip: In some ways. Which way did you have in mind?

Richard: You haven't asked how much your help is worth.

Philip: You'll tell me.

Richard: You can have the Vexin back.

Philip: And what else?

Richard: All of Brittany.

Philip: That's Geoffrey's.

Richard: Does that matter?

Philip: Possibly to Geoffrey. And what else?

Richard: That's all your help is worth.

Philip: And in return, what do you want from me?

Richard: Two thousand soldiers.

Philip: And what else?

Richard: Five hundred knights on horse.

Philip: And what else?

Richard: Arms and siege equipment.

Philip: And what else?

Richard: I never wrote because I thought you'd never  
answer. You got married.

Philip: Does that make a difference?

Richard: Doesn't it?

Philip: I've spent two years on every street in hell.

Richard: That's odd; I never saw you there.

Philip takes Richard's hand.

Richard: You haven't said you love me.

Philip: When the time comes. (they start moving to  
the bed)

Knocking at the door.

Philip: Shh. (opens the bed curtains)

Philip opens the door.

Henry II: It's not too late at night?

Philip: I'd hoped you'd come.

Henry II: Good! We couldn't leave negotiations where  
they were. Ah! I keep looking for your father  
in you.

Philip: He's not there.

Henry II: I'll miss him.

Has Richard or the Queen been here to see you?

Philip: Does it matter? If they haven't yet, they will.

Henry II: I want to reach a settlement. I left you with  
too little earlier.

Philip: Yes. Nothing is too little.

Henry II: I'm sorry you're not fonder of me, lad.  
Your father always said, "be fond of stronger  
men."

Philip: No wonder he loved everyone.

Henry II: I've come to you to offer peace.

Philip: Piss on your peace.

Henry II: Your father would have wept.

Philip: My father was a weeper.

Henry II: Fight me, and you'll lose.

Philip: I can't lose, Henry. I have time. Just look  
at you. Great heavy arms. But each year they  
get a little heavier. The sand goes pit-pat  
in the glass. I'm in no hurry, Henry. I've  
got time.

Henry II: Suppose I hurry things along. Suppose I say  
that England is at war with France.

Philip: Then France surrenders. I don't have to fight  
to win. Take all you want... this county, that  
one. You won't keep it long.

Henry II: What kind of courage have you got?

Philip: The tidal kind... it comes and goes.

Henry II: By God, I'd love to turn you loose on Eleanor.  
More brandywine?

Philip: You recognize it?

Henry II: They were boiling it in Ireland before the  
snakes left. Well, things look a little bleak  
for Henry, don't they? You'll say yes to Richard  
when he comes... arms, soldiers, anything he asks.

Philip: I'd be foolish not to.

Henry II: Yeah. And withdraw it all before the battle ever  
started.

Philip: Wouldn't you, in my place?

Henry II: Why fight Henry when his sons will do it for you?

Philip: Yes, exactly.

Henry II: You've got promise, lad. That's first-class thinking.

Philip: Thank you, sir.

Henry II: (emptying his glass) Good night.

Philip: Good night? You're going? But we haven't settled anything.

Henry II: We open Christmas presents at noon. Till then.

Philip: You can't be finished with me.

Henry II: Oh, but I am. It's been most satisfactory.

Philip: What's so satisfactory?

Henry II: Winning is. I did just win. Surely you noticed.

Philip: Not a thing. You haven't won a damn thing.

Henry II: Hmm. I found out the way your mind works and the kind of man you are. I know your plans and

expectations. You've bumbled every bit of strategy you've got. I know exactly what you will do and exactly what you won't. And I've told you exactly nothing! To these aged eyes, boy, that's what winning looks like! Dormez bien.

Philip: You... you made my father nothing. You were always better. You bullied him, you bellied with his wife, you beat him down in every war, you twisted every treaty, you played mock-the-monk, and then you made him love you for it. I was there. His last words went to you.

Henry II: He was a loving man, and you've learned nothing of it.

Philip: I learned how much fathers live in sons. A king like you has policy prepared on everything. What's the official line on sodomy? How stands the Crown on boys who do with boys?

Henry II: Mm. Richard finds his way into so many legends. Let's hear yours and see how it compares.

Philip: He found me first when I was fifteen. We were hunting. It was nearly dark. My horse fell, I was thrown. I woke to Richard touching me. He asked me if I loved him. "Philip, do you

love me?" And I told him, "yes." Do you know why I told him yes? So that one day I could tell you all about it. You cannot imagine what that "yes" cost. Imagine snuggling to a chanced whore... and bending back your lips into something like a smile, saying, "yes, I love you, and I find you beautiful." I don't know how I did it.

Richard: (charging from the bed) No! It wasn't like that!

Philip: But it was.

Richard: You loved me.

Philip: Never.

Richard: (to Henry II) Get out. Please.  
I don't want you here.

Henry II: It's no great pleasure to be here.

Richard: So the royal corkscrew finds me twisted,  
does he?

Henry II: I'll go tell your mother. She'll be pleased.

Richard: She knows. She sent me.

Henry II: How completely hers you are.

Richard: You've had four sons. Who do you claim? Not Henry. Not my buried brother. Not that monument to muck, that epic idiot. Why him? Why always him and never me?

Henry II: He was the eldest. He came first.

Richard: Christ, Henry, is that all?

Henry II: You went with Eleanor.

Richard: You never called me. You never said my name. I'd have walked. I'd have crawled. I'd have done anything.

Henry II: It's not my fault. I won't be blamed.

Richard: I only wanted you.

Henry II: No, my crown. You want my kingdom.

Richard: You keep your kingdom.

Henry II: That I will.

Richard: I hope it kills you.

Henry II: Thank God I have another son. Thank God  
for John.

Geoffrey: (stepping from behind the tapestry) And who  
shall we thank for Geoffrey? (to Henry) You  
don't think much of me.

Henry II: Much? I don't think of you at all.

Geoffrey: Nurse used to say I had your hands. I might  
have had more of you. Try seeing me. I haven't  
Richard's military skill, but he was here  
betraying you, not I. I haven't John's...  
God knows what you see in John... and he's  
betrayed you, too.

Henry II: You think I'd ever make you king?

Geoffrey: You'll make me king because I'm all you've got.  
(indicating Richard) I was to be his chancellor.  
Ask him why.

Henry II: I've heard enough.

Geoffrey: For moving John to treason.

Henry II: I don't doubt he offered, I don't doubt you tried,

and I don't doubt John loves me.

Geoffrey: Like a glutton loves his lunch.

(pulls the tapestry from in front of John)

John: You turd.

Henry II: Well, John?

John: It isn't what you think.

Henry II: What do I think?

John: What Geoffrey said. I wouldn't plot against  
you, ever.

Henry II: I know; you're a good boy.

John: Can I go now, please? It's late. I ought to  
be in bed.

Henry II: Couldn't you wait? Couldn't you trust me?  
It was all yours. Couldn't you believe that?

John: Will you listen to the grief?

Henry II: Who do you think I built this kingdom for?

John: Me! Daddy did it all for me? When can I have

it, daddy? Not until we bury you?

Henry II: I loved you.

John: You're a cold and bloody bastard, you are,  
and you don't love anything.

Geoffrey: I'm it, I'm all that's left. Here, Father.

Here I am.

Henry II: My life, when it is written, will read better  
than it lived. Henry Fitz-Empress, first  
Plantagenet, a king at twenty-one, the ablest  
soldier of an able time. He led men well, he  
cared for justice when he could... and ruled,  
for thirty years, a state as great as Charle-  
magne's. He married, out of love, a woman out  
of legend. Not in Alexandria or Rome or Camelot  
has there been such a queen. She bore him many  
children, but no sons. King Henry had no sons.  
He had three whiskered things, but he disowned  
them. You're not mine! We're not connected!  
I deny you! None of you will get my kingdom.  
I leave you nothing! And I wish you plague!  
May all your children breach and die!  
(moving unsteadily toward the door)  
My boys are gone. I've lost my boys.

A dog follows Henry.

Henry II: (to his sons) You dare to damn me, do you?

Well, I'll damn you back. God damn you!

My boys are gone. I've lost my boys.

Oh, Jesus, all my boys.

Henry waddles over to his chamber, where Alais is sleeping.

Alais: Henry?

Henry goes out of his room.

INT. HENRY'S CHAMBER. NIGHT.

Alais is adding spices to a pot of mulled wine.

Alais: (singing) The Christmas wine is in the pot,

The Christmas coals are red.

I'll spend my day

The lover's way

Unwrapping all my gifts in bed.

(Eleanor appears behind her)

The Christmas goose is on the spit,

The Christmas prayers...

Alais senses someone and turns.

Eleanor: No one else is caroling. It might as well be Lent. When I was little, Christmas was a time of great confusion to me. The Holy Land had two kings... God and uncle Raymond. I never knew whose birthday we were celebrating.

Alais: Henry isn't here.

Eleanor: Good, we can talk behind his back.

Alais: What happened?

Eleanor: Don't you know? There was a scene with beds and tapestries, and many things got said. Spiced wine. I'd forgotten Henry liked it. May I stay?

Alais: It's your room just as much as mine: we're both in residence.

Eleanor: Packed in, like the poor, three to a bed.

Alais: Did you love Henry... ever?

Eleanor: Ever? Back before the flood?

Alais: As long ago as Rosamund.

Eleanor: Ah, that's pre-history, lamb. There are no written records or survivors.

Alais: There are pictures. She was prettier than you.

Eleanor: Oh, much. Her eyes, in certain light, were violet, and all her teeth were even. That's a rare, fair feature... even teeth. She smiled to excess, but she chewed with real distinction.

Alais: And you hate her even now.

Eleanor: No, but I did. He put her in my place, you see, and that was very hard. Like you, she headed Henry's table. That's my chair.

Alais: And so you had her poisoned.

Eleanor: No, I never poisoned Rosamund. Oh, I prayed for her to drop... and smiled a little when she did. Why aren't you happy? Henry's keeping you. You must be cleverer than I am.

Alais: I've tried feeling pity for you, but it keeps on turning into something else.

Eleanor: Why pity?

Alais: You love Henry, but you love his kingdom, too.

You look at him, and you see cities, acreage,  
coastline, taxes. All I see is Henry. Leave  
him to me, can't you?

Eleanor: I left him years ago.

Alais: And I thought I could move you. Were you always  
like this? When I was young and worshipped you,  
is this what you were like?

Eleanor: Most likely. Child, I'm finished, and I've come  
to give him anything he asks for.

Alais: Do you know what I should like for Christmas?  
I should like to see you suffer.

Eleanor: Alais, just for you.

Alais throws herself into Eleanor's arms.

Eleanor: Alors, ma petite.

Alais: J'ai peur, maman.

Eleanor: No, no.

(singing softly)

The Christmas wine will make you warm...

The Christmas logs will glow.

Henry appears behind them.

Henry II: The sky is pocked with stars. What eyes the  
wise men must have had to see a new one in  
so many.

Eleanor: You look cold.

Alais: I've mulled some wine.

Henry II: I wonder... were there fewer stars then?  
I don't know. I fancy there's a mystery in it.

Alais hands him a cup of wine.

Henry II: What's this?

Alais: Warm wine.

Henry II: Why, so it is. (touching her hair) You are  
as beautiful as I remembered. (briskly) Off  
you go. My widow wants to see me.

Alais: She came to find out what your plans are.

Henry II: I know.

Alais: She wants you back.

Henry II: Go to your room.

Alais exits.

Henry II: So, you want me back.

Eleanor: She thinks I do. She thinks the need for loving  
never stops.

Henry II: She has a point. I marvel at you. After all  
these years, still like a democratic drawbridge,  
going down for everybody.

Eleanor: At my age, there's not much traffic anymore.

Henry II: To your interminable health. (he drinks)  
Well, wife, what's on your mind?

Eleanor: I've just seen Richard.

Henry II: Splendid boy.

Eleanor: He says you fought.

Henry II: We always do.

Eleanor: It's his impression that you mean to disinherit  
them.

Henry II: I fancy I'll relent. Don't you?

Eleanor: I don't much care. In fact, I wonder, Henry,  
if I care for anything. I wonder if I'm hungry  
out of habit.

Henry II: I could listen to you lie for hours. So your  
lust is rusty. Gorgeous.

Eleanor: Henry, I'm so tired.

Henry II: Sleep then. Sleep and dream of me with croutons.  
Henri a la mode.

Eleanor: Henry, stop it.

Henry II: Eleanor, I haven't started.

Eleanor: What do you want? You want my name on paper?  
I'll sign anything. You want the Aquitaine for  
John? It's John's. It's his, it's yours, it's  
anybody's.

Henry II: In exchange for what?

Eleanor: For nothing, for a little quiet, for an end to  
this. For God's sake, sail me back to England,  
lock me up... and lose the key and let me be

alone.

Henry applauds, louder and louder.

Eleanor: You have my oath. I give my word.

(sinking, bone-weary, into the chair)

Oh, well. Well, well.

Henry II: Would you like a pillow? Footstool? How about a shawl? Your oaths are all profanities, your word's a curse, your name on paper is a waste of pulp! I'm vilifying you, for God's sake!  
Pay attention!

Eleanor: How, from where we started? Did we ever reach this Christmas?

Henry II: Step by step.

Eleanor: What happens to me now?

Henry II: That's lively curiosity from such a dead cat.  
If you want to know my plans, just ask me.

Eleanor: Conquer China, sack the Vatican, or take the veil.  
I'm not among the ones who give a damn. Just let me sign my lands to John and go to bed.

Henry II: No, you're too kind. I can't accept.

Eleanor: Come on, man. I'll sign the thing in blood or spit or bright blue ink. Let's have it done.

Henry II: Let's not. No, I don't think I want your signature on anything.

Eleanor: You don't?

Henry II: Dear God, the pleasure I still get from goading you.

Eleanor: You don't want John to have my provinces?

Henry II: Bull's eye.

Eleanor: I can't bear you when you're smug.

Henry II: I know, I know.

Eleanor: You don't want Richard, and you don't want John.

Henry II: You've grasped it.

Eleanor: All right, then, shatter me! Let me have it.  
What do you want?

Henry II: A new wife.

Eleanor: Oh... So, I'm to be annulled.

Well, will the pope annul me, do you think?

Henry II: The Pontiff owes me one Pontificate. I think  
he will.

Eleanor: Out Eleanor, in Alais. Why?

Henry II: A new wife, wife, will bear me sons.

Eleanor: That is the single thing... of which I would have  
thought you had enough.

Henry II: I want a son.

Eleanor: We could populate a country town with country  
girls who've borne you sons. How many is it?  
Help me count the bastards.

Henry II: All my sons are bastards.

Eleanor: You really mean to do it.

Henry II: Lady love, with all my heart.

Eleanor: Your sons are part of you.

Henry II: Like warts and goiters, and I'm having them

removed.

Eleanor: We've made them. They're our boys.

Henry II: I know, and good God, look at them. Geoffrey...  
there's a masterpiece. He isn't flesh, he's  
a device. He's wheels and gears. And Johnny...  
was his latest treason your idea? I caught him  
lying, and I've said, "he's young." I found  
him cheating, and I've said, "he's just a boy."  
I've watched him steal and whore and whip his  
servants, and he's not a child. He's the man  
we made him.

Eleanor: Don't share John with me. He's your accom-  
plishment.

Henry II: And Richard's yours. How could you send him  
off to deal with Philip?

Eleanor: I was tired. I was busy. They were friends.

Henry II: Eleanor, he was the best. From the cradle on,  
you cradled him. I never had a chance.

Eleanor: You never wanted one.

Henry II: How do you know? You took him. Separation  
from your husband you could bear, but not

your son.

Eleanor: Whatever I have done, you made me do.

Henry II: You threw me out of bed for Richard.

Eleanor: Not until you threw me out for Rosamund.

Henry II: It's not that simple. I won't have it to be  
that simple.

Eleanor: I adored you.

Henry II: Never.

Eleanor: I still do.

Henry II: Of all the lies, that one is the most terrible.

Eleanor: I know. That's why I saved it up for now.

They throw themselves into each other's arms.

Eleanor: Oh, Henry, we've mangled everything we've touched.

Henry II: Deny us what you will, we have done that.

Do you remember when we met?

Eleanor: Down to the hour and color of your stockings.

Henry II: I could hardly see you for the sunlight.

Eleanor: It was raining, but no matter.

Henry II: There was very little talk, as I recall.

Eleanor: Very little.

Henry II: I had never seen such beauty. I walked right up  
and touched it. God, where did I find the gall  
to do that?

Eleanor: In my eyes.

Henry II: I loved you. (They kiss)

Eleanor: No annulment.

Henry II: What?

Eleanor: There will be no annulment.

Henry II: Will there not?

Eleanor: No, I'm afraid you'll have to do without.

Henry II: Well, it was just a whim.

Eleanor: I'm so relieved. I didn't want to lose you.

Henry II: Out of curiosity, as intellectual to intellectual,  
how in the name of bleeding Jesus can you lose  
me? Do we ever see each other? Am I ever near  
you? Ever with you? Am I ever anywhere but  
somewhere else? Do I write? Do we send messages?  
Do dinghies bearing gifts float up the Thames to  
you? Are you remembered?

Eleanor: You are.

Henry II: You're no part of me. We do not touch at any  
point. How can you lose me?

Eleanor: Can't you feel the chains?

Henry II: You know me well enough to know I can't be  
stopped.

Eleanor: I don't have to stop you. I have only to delay  
you. Every enemy you have has friends in Rome.  
We'll cost you time.

Henry II: What is this? I'm not moldering; my paint's  
not peeling off. I'm good for years.

Eleanor: How many years? Suppose I hold you back for one;

I can -- It's possible. Suppose your first son dies; ours did -- it's possible. Suppose you're daughtered next; we were -- that, too, is possible. How old is Daddy then? What kind of spindly, rickets-ridden, milky, wizened, dim-eyed, gammy-handed, limpy line of things will you beget?

Henry II: It's sweet of you to care.

Eleanor: And when you die, which is regrettable but necessary, what will happen to frail Alais and her pruney prince? You can't think Richard's going to wait for your grotesque to grow?

Henry II: You wouldn't let him do a thing like that?

Eleanor: Let him? I'd push him through the nursery door.

Henry II: You're not that cruel.

Eleanor: Don't fret. We'll wait until you're dead to do it.

Henry II: Eleanor, what do you want?

Eleanor: Just what you want... a king for a son. You can make more, I can't. You think I want to disappear? One son is all I've got, and you can blot him out and call me cruel? For these

ten years, you've lived with everything I've lost, and loved another woman through it all, and I am cruel? I could peel you like a pear, and God himself would call it justice.

Henry II: I will die sometime soon. One day I'll duck too slow, and at Westminster, they'll sing out "long live the king" for someone else. I beg you, let it be a son of mine.

Eleanor: I am not moved to tears.

Henry II: I have no sons.

Eleanor: You have too many sons. You don't need more.

Henry II: Well, wish me luck. I'm off.

Eleanor: To Rome?

Henry II: That's where they keep the Pope.

Eleanor: You don't dare go!

Henry II: Say that again at noon. You'll say it to my horse's ass. Lamb, I'll be rid of you by Easter! You can count your reigning days!

Eleanor: You go to Rome, we'll rise against you!

Henry II: Who will?

Eleanor: Richard, Geoffrey, John and Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Henry II: The day those stout hearts band together is  
the day that pigs get wings!

Eleanor: There'll be pork in the treetops come morning!  
Don't you see you've given them a common cause:  
new sons? You leave the country, and you've  
lost it.

Henry II: All of you at once?

Eleanor: And Philip, too. He'd join us.

Henry II: Yes, he would.

Eleanor: Now how's your trip to Rome? Oh, I've got you,  
got you, got you.

Henry II: Should I take a thousand men-at-arms, or is  
that showy?

Eleanor: Bluff away.

Henry II: Ah, poor thing. How can I break the news?  
You've just miscalculated.

Eleanor: Have I? How?

Henry II: You should have lied. You should have promised to be good while I was gone. I would have let your three boys loose. They could have fought me then.

Eleanor: You wouldn't keep your sons locked up here?

Henry II: Why the devil wouldn't I?

Eleanor: You wouldn't dare.

Henry II: Why not? Let them sit in Chinon for a while.

Eleanor: I forbid it.

Henry II: She forbids it.

Eleanor: Did your father sleep with me, or didn't he?

Henry II: No doubt you're going to tell me that he did.

Eleanor: Would it upset you?

Henry II: What about the thousand men? I say be gaudy and to hell with it.

Eleanor: Don't leave me, Henry. I'm at rock bottom.

I'll do anything to keep you.

Henry II: I think you think you mean it.

Eleanor: Ask for something.

Henry II: Eleanor, we're past it, years past.

Eleanor: Test me. Name an act.

Henry II: There isn't one!

Eleanor: About my fornication with your father.

Henry II: Yes, there is. You can expire.

Eleanor: You first, old man. I only hope I'm there to  
watch. You're so afraid of dying. You're so  
scared of it.

Henry II: Ah, poor Eleanor. If only she'd lied.

Eleanor: She did. She said she never loved your father.

Henry II: I can always count on you.

Eleanor: I never touched you without thinking, "Geoffrey,

Geoffrey."

Henry II: The day you hurt me, I'll cry out.

Eleanor: I've put more horns on you than Louis ever wore.

Henry II: Am I supposed to care?

Eleanor: I'll kill you if you leave me.

Henry II: You can try.

Eleanor: I loved your father's body. He was beautiful.

Henry II: It never happened.

Eleanor: I can see his body now. Shall I describe it?

Henry II: Eleanor, I hope you die!

Eleanor: His arms were rough, with scars here.

Henry II: No!

Eleanor: I can feel his arms! I feel them!

I feel it!

Henry II: AAH! AAH!

Eleanor: Have I hurt you?

(hurling it after him as he exits) We did it!

You were in the next room when he did it!

Henry stumbles out into the corridor.

Eleanor: Well, what family doesn't have its ups and downs?

I'm cold. I can't feel anything. Not anything

at all. We couldn't go back, could we, Henry?

INT. THE PALACE AT CHINON. NIGHT.

Henry II: William!

Henry and Marshal, bearing flaming torches, go to the room where soldiers are sleeping.

Henry II: Up! Up!

When the king is off his ass, nobody sleeps!

Up! Up!

Up! Up!

Marshal and his men imprison three princes.

EXT. THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE. DAWN.

Henry II: (to Marshal) Tell her to pack. She leaves  
when it's light.  
(to people) Up, up!

Henry enters the room where Alais is asleep.

Alais: Henry?

Henry II: We're packing up and moving out.

Alais: Is there a war? What's happened?  
Henry, what's the matter?

Henry II: Nothing, for a change. Would you believe it?

Alais: Where have you been all night?

Henry II: Making us an entourage.

Alais: What for?

Henry II: We're off to Rome to see the Pope.

Alais: He's excommunicated you again.

Henry II: No, he's going to set me free. I'm having  
Eleanor annulled. The nation will be shocked

to learn our marriage wasn't consummated.

Alais: Oh, be serious.

Henry II: I am. It seems that you and I are getting married. By the Pope himself.

Alais: You mean it?

Henry II: Shall I kneel?

Alais: It's not another trick?

Henry II: The bridal party's drilling on the cobblestones.

Alais goes to the window and opens the curtain.

Alais: She'll find a way to stop us.

Henry II: How? She won't be here. We're launching her for Salisbury tower when the winds change. She'll be barging down the river by lunchtime.

Alais: If she doesn't stop us, Richard will.

Henry II: Not anymore, I've corked him up. He's in the cellar with his brothers and the wine. The royal boys are aging with the royal port. You haven't said "yes." Would you like a

formal declaration?

(kneeling, giving her his profile) There,  
my finest angle; it's on all the coins.

Sad Alais, will you marry me? Be my Queen.

We'll love each other, and you'll give me sons.

Let's have six. We'll do Eleanor one better.

We'll call the first one Louis, if you like.

Louls le Premier: how's that for a king of  
England?

Alais: Henry, you can't ever let them out.

Henry II: You've lost me. Let who out?

Alais: Your sons. You've put them in the dungeon,  
and you've got to keep them there forever.

Henry II: Do I now?

Alais: If they're free when you die, it's the dungeon  
or the nunnery for me. But, Henry, what about  
the child?

Henry II: Don't bother me about the child. The damn  
thing isn't born yet.

Alais: If they're free, they'll kill it. And I will  
not live to see our children murdered.

(Henry moves to go)

Henry! Are you going down? To let them out  
or to keep them in?

Henry II: Could you say to a child of yours, "you've seen  
the sunlight for the last time"?

Alais: Can you do it, Henry?

Henry II: I shall have to, shan't I? (He goes)

INT. IN FRONT OF THE CELLAR. DAWN.

Eleanor's retainer kills the guard.

Then there are sounds of the cellar door opening.

Richard: He's here. He'll get no satisfaction out of me.  
He isn't going to see me beg.

Geoffrey: Why, you chivalric fool, as if the way one fell  
down mattered.

Richard: When the fall is all there is, it matters.

Eleanor appears, carrying a large covered breakfast tray.

Eleanor: My barge is sailing with the tide. I've come  
to say good-bye.

Geoffrey: Does Henry know you're here?

Eleanor: I've brought you each a little something.

Geoffrey: What's he planning?

Richard: Is he going to keep us here? For God's sake,  
Mother.

Eleanor drops the tray on the table.

Eleanor: (removing the cover) I picked it out especially.

Geoffrey: How heavy is the outside guard?

Eleanor: That's taken care of.

Richard: What about the courtyard and the gates?

Eleanor: They're putting Henry's train together, and  
it's chaos. You can walk right out.

Richard: We'll go to Poitiers. He'll expect that,  
but we'll meet him with an army when he comes.  
(to his brothers) You stick close to me, and  
when you run, run hard.

Geoffrey: Why run at all? I think we ought to stay.

John: Stay here?

Geoffrey: Till Henry comes. (to Eleanor) He will come,  
won't he? And he'll come alone. (to Richard)  
I count three knives to one.

Richard: You think we could?

John: I'd only do it wrong. You kill him, I'll watch.

Richard: Where are you going?

Eleanor: Up for air. (moves to go)

Geoffrey: (to Richard) Don't stop her.

Eleanor: You don't think I'm gonna let this happen.

Geoffrey: If you tell, there'll be a rash of executions,  
and you don't want that. No, you don't want to  
lose one of us, not even me.

Eleanor: You're clever, but I wonder if you're right.

Geoffrey: Warn him, it's the end of us. You warn him not,  
it's the end of him. It's that clear.

Eleanor: Take the knives and run.

Richard: No, Geoffrey's right.

Eleanor: You're not an assassin.

Richard: Look again.

Eleanor: Richard.

Richard: Spare me that. You brought these things.

You want him dead? You do it.

Eleanor: You unnatural animal.

Richard: Unnatural, Mummy? You tell me, what's nature's

way? If poisoned mushrooms grow and babies

come with crooked backs, if goiters thrive

and dogs go mad... and wives kill husbands,

what's unnatural? Come, here stands your lamb.

Come cover him in kisses. He's all yours.

Eleanor: No, you're not mine. I'm not responsible.

Richard: Where do you think I learned this from?

Who do you think I studied under? How old

was I when you fought with Henry first?

Eleanor: Young. I don't know.

Richard: How many battles did I watch?

Eleanor: But those were battles, not a knife behind  
a door.

Richard: I never heard a corpse ask how it got so cold.  
What were you thinking when you fought him?

Eleanor: You.

Richard: Of your unnatural animal?

Eleanor: I did it all for you!

Richard: You wanted Father dead.

Eleanor: No, never that.

Richard: You tried to kill him.

Eleanor: Yes!

Richard: Why? What did you want?

Eleanor: I wanted Henry back.

Richard: Liar!

Eleanor: I wanted Henry.

Geoffrey: Don't trust her. She'll warn him if she gets a chance.

Geoffrey points a knife at Eleanor.

Eleanor: Dear, dear, whatever shall we do with Mother?

There are sounds of the door opening, and Henry appears, carrying an armful candles. Alais follows.

Henry II: It wants light. What we do in dungeons needs the shades of day. I stole the candles from the chapel. Jesus won't begrudge them, and the chaplain works for me.

Eleanor: You look dreadful.

Henry II: So do you.

Eleanor: I underslept a little.

Henry II: We can all rest in a little while.

(the candles are lit) There, that's better.

Bright and clear, just like the morning.

Fine looking boy.

Richard: What do you want from us? You must be mad.

Why did you have to come here? Damn it, why did you come?

Henry II: You were the best. I told her so.

(to John) You, I loved.

Richard: You're going to keep us here. You can't ever let me out. You know you can't. I'll never stop.

Henry II: I can't stop either.

Richard dashes to the tray and grabs a knife. Henry also levels his knife at Richard.

Henry II: Brave boys... that's what I have.

Come for me. What's wrong? You're Richard, aren't you?

Richard: But you're Henry.

John: Please, take me back. Can't we try again?

Henry II: Again?

John: We always have before.

Henry II: Oh, yes, we always have.

John runs toward Henry, arms outstretched.

Eleanor: Go on! Execute him.

They're assassins, aren't they?

This was treason, wasn't it?

You gave them life. You take it.

Henry II: Who's to say it's monstrous? I'm the King.

I call it just. (to his sons) Therefore, I,

Henry, by the grace of God, King of the English,

Lord of Scotland, Ireland and Wales, Count of

Anjou, Brittany, Poutou and Normandy, Maine,

Gascony and Aquitaine, do sentence you to death.

Done this Christmas day in Chinon in God's year

1183.

Henry moves to Richard, sword raised. He swings the sword through the air and brings it down on the shoulder.

Henry II: Surely that's not what I intended.

Children. Children. They're all we have.

Go on. I'm done. I'm finished with you.

You and I are finished.

John, Geoffrey and Richard exit.

Eleanor: You spare the rod, you'll spoil those boys.

Henry II: I couldn't do it, Eleanor.

Eleanor: Nobody thought you could.

Alais: (to Henry) Come rest.

Henry II: I want no women in my life.

Alais: You're tired.

Henry II: I could have conquered Europe, all of it, but  
I had women in my life.  
Go on, get out. Go on.

Alais exits.

Henry II: I should have killed you years ago.  
You put me here. You made me do mad things.  
You've bled me.

Eleanor: Shoulder it yourself. Don't put it on my back.  
Pick it up and carry it. I can. My losses  
are my work.

Henry II: What losses? I'm the one with nothing.

Eleanor: Lost your life's work, have you? Provinces are  
nothing. Land is dirt. I could take defeats  
like yours and laugh. I've done it. If you're  
broken, it's because you're brittle. I've lost.

You won. And I can't ever have you back again.

You're all that I have ever loved. Christ, you don't know what nothing is. I want to die.

Henry II: No, you don't.

Eleanor: I want to die.

Henry II: I'll hold you.

Eleanor: Henry, I want to die.

Henry II: Eleanor.

Eleanor: I want to die.

Henry II: Let me hold you.

Eleanor: I want to die.

Henry II: You will, you know, someday. Just wait long enough, and it'll happen.

Eleanor: (smiling) So it will.

Henry II: We're in the cellar, you're going back to prison, my life is wasted, we've lost each other, and you're smiling.

Eleanor: It's the way I register despair. There's  
everything in life but hope.

Henry II: We're both alive. And for all I know, that's  
what hope is.

Eleanor: We're jungle creatures, Henry, and the dark  
is all around us. See them? In the corners,  
you can see the eyes.

Henry II: And they can see ours. I'm a match for  
anything. Aren't you?

Eleanor: I should have been a great fool... not to  
love you.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PALACE. DAY.

Eleanor: You'll let me out for Easter?

Henry II: Come the Resurrection, you can strike me  
down again.

Eleanor: Perhaps next time I'll do it.

Henry II: And perhaps you won't.

Henry helps Eleanor to get onto the boat.

Henry II: You know, I hope we never die!

Eleanor: So do I.

Henry II: You think there's any chance of it?

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!

END