

DEBORAH: Get some out of the laundry bag.  
 DANNY: You're going to wear dirty hose?  
 DEBORAH: I think I'm out of clean ones.  
 DANNY: So you're going downtown in dirty hose?  
 DEBORAH: Do you want me walking around with a naked la-la?  
 DANNY: If it makes you happy, Deb. I'm on the side of whatever makes you happy.

*Deborah retrieves dirty hose from bag and starts changing into them.*

DANNY: You make me very horny.  
 DEBORAH: It's the idea of the dirty panties, Dan. You're sick.  
 DANNY: I love your breasts.  
 DEBORAH: "Thank you." *Pause.* Is that right?  
 DANNY: Fuck you.  
 DEBORAH: No hard feelings.  
 DANNY: Who said there were?  
 DEBORAH: You know there are.  
 DANNY: Then why say there aren't?

## THE LION IN WINTER

by James Goldman

### ACT I, SCENE 2

The time is Christmas, 1183. The place is the court of Henry II of England. His queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, has been summoned from her fortress (where she has been held prisoner by Henry) to join the family for the holidays.

Initially a love match, the relationship between Eleanor and Henry has turned into a battle of wits and a struggle for power, land, and the allegiance of their three sons. The most recent conflict has focused on the succession to the throne. Henry fa-

vors his youngest, John, while Eleanor continues to scheme in favor of Richard, the eldest. Their middle son, Geoffrey, hopes to play both brothers against each other and come out the sole heir.

In the opening scene of the play we find Henry with his young mistress, Alais. Alais came to court as a child when she was betrothed to Richard in exchange for a valuable piece of French land, the Vexin. Alais is in love with Henry and does not wish to marry any of his sons, but, while Henry loves her, he does not want to return the property to her brother, the king of France.

In this scene, Alais has just left. Henry and Eleanor begin discussing their children and reminiscing about the past in a manner to which both have become very accustomed: taunting, treacherous, and full of deception at every turn. This is the facade that characterizes their relationship and often masks the mutual respect and admiration they have for each other.

HENRY, *rises, crosses to right of Eleanor:* She is lovely, isn't she?

ELEANOR: Yes, very.

HENRY: If I'd chosen, who could I have picked to love to gall you more?

ELEANOR: There's no one. *Moving to the holly boughs:* Come on; let's finish Christmassing the place.

HENRY, *following her:* Time hasn't done a thing but wrinkle you.

ELEANOR: It hasn't even done that. I have borne six girls, five boys and thirty-one connubial years of you. How am I possible? *Picks up three bunches of holly.*

HENRY: There are moments when I miss you.

ELEANOR, *gives Henry two bunches of holly:* Many?

HENRY: Do you doubt it?

ELEANOR, *rumpling his hair:* That's my wooly sheep dog. *Crosses left.* So wee Johnny gets the crown.

HENRY, *following her:* I've heard it rumored but I don't believe it.

ELEANOR, *turns to Henry:* Losing Alais will be hard, for you do love her.

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

**ELEANOR,** *placing holly on column downstage of left arch:* It was difficult in the beginning but that's past. I find I've seen the world enough. I have my maids and menials in my courtyard and I hold my little court. It suits me now. *Takes bunch of holly from Henry and places on column upstage of left arch.*

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

**ELEANOR,** *crossing back to Henry:* And I damn near won the last one. *Takes last bunch of holly from him and places it on column upstage left center.* 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. *Crossing downstage right:* Do you still need the Vexin, Henry?

**HENRY,** *following her:* Need you ask?

**ELEANOR:** My strategy is ten years old. *Eleanor picks up last bunch of holly and places it on downstage right column.*

**HENRY:** It is as crucial as it ever was. My troops there are a day away from Paris, just a march of twenty miles. I must keep it.

**ELEANOR,** *surveying the holly:* I'd say that's all the jollying this room can stand. I'm famished. Let's go in to dinner.

**HENRY,** *at right center, extending his arm:* Arm in arm.

**ELEANOR,** *taking it, smiling at him:* And hand in hand. You're still a marvel of a man.

**HENRY:** And you're my lady. *She crosses below Henry; they start to exit.*

**ELEANOR,** *stops:* Henry, dear, if Alais doesn't marry Richard, I will see you lose the Vexin.

**HENRY:** Well, I thought you'd never say it.

**ELEANOR:** I can do it.

**HENRY:** You can try.

**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:** Do you truly care who's king?

**ELEANOR:** I care because you care so much.

**HENRY:** I might surprise you. *Moves right; sits downstage edge of table:* Eleanor, I've fought and bargained all these years as if

the only thing I lived 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:** 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. There is, I tell you, nothing more important in the world. And now the French boy's big enough and I am sick of war.

**ELEANOR:** Come to your question, Henry; make the plea. What would you have me do? Give out, give up, give in?

**HENRY:** Give me a little peace.

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

**HENRY:** If you oppose me, I will strike you any way I can.

**ELEANOR:** Of course you will.

**HENRY,** *extending his arm as before:* We have a hundred barons we should look the loving couple for. *They stand regally side by side.*

**ELEANOR,** *smiling a terrible smile at him:* Can you read love in that?

**HENRY,** *nodding, smiling back:* And permanent affection.

**ELEANOR,** *as they start, grand and stately, for the left arch:* Henry?

**HENRY:** Madam?

**ELEANOR:** Did you ever love me?

**HENRY:** No.

**ELEANOR:** Good. That will make this pleasanter. *They exit.*