

ALAIS

(To PHILIP, as he raises his hand to strike her). Is this what you have become? Go on — take out your anger on me. Isn't that what I'm for? You are my King yet I held you when you were swaddled. I used to pretend that you were my child. I rocked you, so beautiful and sweet. Tell me, when a boy is crowned a King does he always lose himself and become as brutal as a feral dog? Your age is showing, my young lord. Love is the turnkey. Eleanor loves Henry, Henry loves me, I love Henry, Henry loves Eleanor. Richard, Geoffrey and John love power. This is the story that the chroniclers will tell. Now go. Go back to France without me. Do not ignite a war. Let their family destroy from within. My advice is pure and shouldn't be dismissed. I've watched the wanton bloodshed of this holiday. Dear brother, I do not want you to be drowned in a conflict that you cannot win. Leave as you first planned and enjoy their destruction from afar. Time is your friend, my youthful King. They will tear each other apart like peasants fighting over a scrap and you will win without a single blow. But, believe me, they will join together if they perceive a threat from elsewhere.