

ELEANOR

MONOLOGUE #1: *(As she sweeps into the room and joins her sons.)*

Geoffrey — but I do have handsome children. 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. Have we seen the French King yet? Let's hope he's grown up like his father — simon pure and simon simple. Good, good Louis; if I'd 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. Is my hair in place? I've given up the looking glass; quicksilver has no sense of tact.

MONOLOGUE #2: *(To her sons; regarding Richard.)* Of course he's got a knife. He's always got a knife. We've all got knives. It is eleven eighty-three and we're still 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 government nor any other thing. We are killers; we breed war. 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?

ELEANOR

MONOLOGUE #3: *(To HENRY.)* Don't put it on my back. You've done what you have done and no one but yourself has made you do it. Pick it up and carry it. I can. My losses are my work. Lost your life's work, have you? Provinces are nothing: land is dirt. I've lost you. I can't ever have you back again. You haven't suffered. I could take defeats like yours and laugh. I've done it. If you're broken, it's because you're brittle. You are all I have ever loved. Christ, you don't know what nothing is. I want to die.