

# The Lion In Winter Script

Come for me!

You're gaining on it, Johnny.

Am I, father? Am I really?

Off you go now.

Run along and practice.

He'll make a good king.

He'll be ready.

That's the way.

Come on, my son!

Have you found religion,  
Henry?

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

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.

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

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.

And Rosamund?

- She's dead.
- And Eleanor.

The new Medusa,  
my good wife?

How is your queen?

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.

- 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.

If the queen refuses?  
Eleanor?

She wouldn't miss this  
for the world.

Richard.

Richard!

Hello, Richard.

Forward!

Forward!

Geoffrey?

Geoffrey.

Geoffrey!

Father wants to see me.

Your majesty.

There's to be  
a Christmas court.

Yes, madam.

Where?

At chinon.

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

It's going to be  
a jungle of a day.



If I start growling now,  
I'll never last.

You'll last.

You're like the rocks at  
stonehenge... nothing knocks you down.

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

You have more than you think.  
Are you one?

Has my willow  
turned to poison oak?

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

Not much.

I could give away your plans.  
You don't know what they are.

I know you want to disinherit  
Richard. 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.

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

Why can't you?  
Johnny wouldn't mind.

I do not like your Johnny.  
He's a good boy.

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

He's just     !  
He can't help the pimples.

He could have a bath!

It isn't such a dreadful thing  
to be queen of England.

Not all eyes will weep for you.

Will yours?  
I don't know.

Very likely.

All I want is not to lose you.  
Can't you hide me?

Can't I simply disappear?  
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?

Hey. What's the matter, lad? Nothing.

- Geoff!

- Johnny!

Is that for me?

I love Christmas.

What difference does  
my dowry make?

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

The vexin is a little county,  
but it's vital to me. And I'm not.

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.  
And you adored her.

Memory fails. There may  
have been an era when I did.

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.

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. Who? Mother.

She still want you to be king? We

are not as friendly as we used to be.



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

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

I'm father's favorite.  
That's what counts.

You hardly know me, Johnny, so I  
beg you to believe my reputation.

I am a constant soldier, a  
sometime poet, and I will be king.

Just you remember...  
father loves me best.

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

We love each other deeply. None  
of them has any love for you.

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 all at once.

I'm going to fight for you.  
Oh, fine.

How was your crossing?  
Did the channel part for you?

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. It's only for the holidays.

Like school, you keep me young.  
Here's gentle Alais.

No,  
greet me as you used to.

Fragile I am not.

Affection is a pressure  
I can bear.

Oh, 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.

Geoffrey.

Is Philip here yet?

Not yet.

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.

That will be Philip.

Where's Henry?  
Upstairs with the family whore.

That's a mean and tawdry way  
to talk about your fiancée.

My fiancée.

Whosever fiancée.

I brought her up, and she  
is dear to me and gentle.

He still plans to make John  
king. Of course he does.

My, what a greedy little trinity  
you are... king, king, king.

Two of you must learn to live with  
disappointment. Ah, but which two?

Let's deny them all  
and live forever.

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.

- My lord!

- Your grace!

Welcome to chinon.

Ah, that's better.

I was told you were impressive  
for a boy of .

- I'm Eleanor, who might have been your mother.

- queen Eleanor.

All the others here you know.

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

Sixteen years ago  
you made a treaty with us.

- It is time its terms were executed.
- I should think so.

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.

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.

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

True, but academic, lad.  
The vexin's mine.

By what authority? It's got my troops  
all over it. That makes it mine.

Now, hear me, boy.

I am a king. I am no man's boy. A king?

Because you put your ass

on purple cushions?

- Sir.

- Philip.

You haven't got  
the feel of this at all, lad.

Use all your voices.  
When I bellow, bellow back.

I'll mark that down.

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.

I've tutors of my own.  
Will that be all? Oh, think.

You came here for a reason. Don't you  
want to ask me if I've got an offer?

Have you got an offer? Not  
yet, but I'll think of one.

Oh, by the way,

you're better at this  
than I thought you'd be.

I wasn't sure you'd noticed.

Well, what shall we hang...  
the holly or each other?

Would you say, father, that I have  
the makings of a king? A splendid king.

And would you expect me, father,  
to give up without a fight?

Of course you'll fight.  
I raised you to.

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.

Did you hear what he  
called me? Clearly, dear.

Now, run along. It's nearly dinnertime.  
I only do what father tells me.



Go and eat.

Did I say something wrong?

I'm always saying something  
wrong. And don't pout.

I'm not pouting. And stand up straight!  
How often do I have to tell you?

And that's to be the king.  
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.

How nice for you. It's  
not as nice as being king.

We've made you duke of  
brittany. Is that so little?

No one ever thinks of crown  
and mentions Geoff. Why is that?

Isn't being chancellor  
power enough?

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?

Henry?

Hmm?

I have a confession.

Yeah?

- I don't much like  
our children.

Only you... the child I raised but  
didn't bear. You never cared for me.

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.

Rosamund's been dead  
for seven years.

Two months and      days.  
I never liked her much.

- You count the days?
- I made the numbers up.

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...

there is no sport in  
hurting me. It's so easy.

After all the years

of loving care,

do you think I could  
bring myself to hurt you?

Eleanor, with both hands  
tied behind you.

She is lovely, isn't she?

Yes, very.

Who could I have chosen  
to love...

to gall you more?

There's no one.

Time hasn't done a thing  
but wrinkle you.

It hasn't even done that. I've  
borne six girls, five boys...

and connubial years of you.

How am I possible? There  
are moments when I miss you.

Many? That's my wooly  
sheepdog. Do you doubt it?

So, wee Johnny gets the crown.

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

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

It's an old man's last  
attachment, nothing more.

How hard do you find  
living in your castle?

It was difficult in the  
beginning, but that's past.

I find I've seen  
the world enough.



I'll never let you loose.

You led too many  
civil wars against me.

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.

Arm in arm.

And hand in hand.

You're still

a marvel of a man.

And you're my lady.

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.

On Christmas eve.

Since Louis died, while Philip  
grew, I've had no France to fight.

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.

Do you still need  
the vexin, Henry?

It's as vital as it ever was. My troops  
there are one day away from paris.

That's a march of       miles.

I must keep it.

Henry, dear,

if Alais does not marry Richard,  
I will see you lose the vexin.

Well, I thought  
you'd never say it.

I can do it.

You can try.

We have a pack of barons we  
should look the loving couple for.

Can you read love in that?

And permanent affection.

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.

Do you truly care  
who's king?

I care because  
you care so much.

Don't fight me, Eleanor. What would you  
have me do... give out, give up, give in?

Give me a little peace.

A little?

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

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

Henry?

Madam?

Did you ever love me?

No.

Good. That will  
make this pleasanter.

Well, I've come.

I'm here.

What was it you wanted?

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.

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

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.

My love, of all things.

What would you want it for?

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

You will tell me  
when you're ready to.

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?

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.

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.

You'll never give me up,  
not while I hold the Aquitaine.

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

If I'm so devious,  
why don't you go?

Don't stand there  
gulvering in limbo.

Love me, little lamb,  
or leave me.

Leave you, madam?

With pure joy.

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

Mother! Hush, dear. Mother's fighting.

Father's finished working out  
the treaty terms.

How nice.

Where is your father?

Ah, there you are.

Well, have you  
put the terms to Philip?

Not yet, but we're shortly granting him  
an audience. I hope you'll all attend.

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

Not at all. The terms are... what are  
you giving to Philip, what of mine?

Whatever you've got goes to me. And  
what's the nothing Geoffrey gets?

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

All three of us can try.  
That's pointless now.

I want you to succeed me,  
Richard.

Alais and the crown...  
I give you both.

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

- I mean to do it.  
- What about me?

I'm your favorite.  
I'm the one you love.

I'm sorry, John.  
I can't help myself.

Could you keep anything I gave you?

Could you beat him in the field?

You could.

John, I won't be there.

I'm losing too.

All my dreams for you are lost.

You've led me on.

I never meant to.

You're a failure as a father.

You know that? I'm sorry, Johnny.

Not yet, but I'll do something

terrible, and you'll be sorry then.



Did you rehearse all this,  
or are you improvising?

Good God, woman,  
face the facts.

Which ones?  
We have so many.

Power is the only fact.

How could I keep him  
from the throne?

He'd only take it  
if I didn't give it to him.

No, you'd make me  
fight for it.

I know you. You'd never give me  
anything. 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?

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.

- Poor child.

- Poor John.

Who says, "poor John"?  
Don't everybody 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.

Let's strike a flint and see.

You're everything a little  
brother dreams of, you know that?

- I used to dream about you all the time.

- Ah, Johnny.

I'll show you, Eleanor.

I've not lost yet.

Well, mummy,

if you want me, here I am.

John's lost his chancellor,  
has he? And you've gained one.

It's a bitter thing  
your mummy has to say.

She doesn't trust me. 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.

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?

Why are you dropping John?

Because you're going to win. You will,  
with me to help you. I haven't yet.

I can handle John. He'll  
swallow anything I tell him.

I'll take him by the hand and  
walk him into the trap you set.

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?

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.

You have a gift for hating.

You're the expert.  
You should know.

Dear lord.

You've loved me  
all these years.

Oh, God forgive me. I've upset  
the queen. We need you. Help us.



What... and miss the fun  
of selling you?

Be Richard's chancellor.

Rot.

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?

What's the matter, Richard? Nothing.

It's a heavy thing,  
your nothing.

When I write or send for you  
or speak or reach,

your nothings come,  
like stones.

Don't play a scene with me.

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.

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.

How my captivity has  
changed you.

Henry meant to hurt me.  
He's hacked you up instead.

Men coveted this talon once.

Henry was        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 ... five years  
your junior, general.

I can count. 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.

Is that designed to hurt me?  
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.

What do you want?

I want us back the way we  
were. No, that's not it.

All right, then.

I want the Aquitaine.

That's the mother I remember.

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

Shall I write my will,



"to Richard... everything"?

Would you believe me then?

Where's paper? Paper burns.

I love you.

You love nothing.

You're incomplete. The human  
parts of you are missing.

You're as dead  
as you are deadly.

Don't leave me.

You were lovely once.

I've seen the pictures.

Don't you remember  
how you loved me?

We were always hand in hand.

Here's how it felt.  
As hot and coarse as that?

This won't burn.  
I'll scratch a will on this.

"To Richard... everything. "

Mother!

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.

William, tell the french king  
I'll see him in the parlor.

Yes, my lord.  
In half an hour.

Half an hour. Good.

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

If that's a warning,  
thank you.

What if it's an offer?

"What if" is  
a game for scholars.

What if angels  
sat on pinheads?

What if I were king?

It's your game, Geoff.

You play it.

John.

I made this for father.  
All the pieces work.

It took months. I'm not a fool.

I know. Now, here's my plan.

I read three languages.

I've studied law.

What plan?

We've got to make a  
deal with Philip. Why?

Because you're out, and Richard's  
in. And what kind of deal?

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

You mean destroy him?

Hmm.

And mother too?

And mother too.

Now, do we do it? Is it  
on? I've got to think.

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

You know where  
extra princes go?

Down.

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

Do you? If John asks for your  
soldiers, will he get them?

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

John, you hear that?  
I'm still thinking.

Let me help. It's either  
Richard on the throne or you.

Do you think we'd win?

I know it.



Henry!

But you don't understand. I would  
appreciate a little quiet confidence.

I've enough nits picking at me.  
But you've promised me to Richard!

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

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

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?

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?

I've got to get  
the Aquitaine for John.

- I talk people, and you answer back in provinces!
- 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.

"I taught you prancing, lamb,  
and lute and flute... "

That's marvelous.

It's absolutely me.

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

Whatever are you giving me?

You're such a child.  
You always ask.

"To Henry. "

Heavy.

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

I never could  
deny you anything.

Don't go. It nettles her  
to see how much I need you.

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.

Like my life.

I talk that way  
to keep her spirits up.

Well, how'd you do with  
Richard? Did you break his heart?

You think he ought to  
give me back the Aquitaine?

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

The boy keeps wondering  
if your promises are any good.

There's no sense asking if the air's  
good when there's nothing else to breathe.

Exactly what I told him.

Have you got it?

Will he give it back?

No Aquitaine for John.

I have to give him something.

Isn't some agreement possible?

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

You bore him, damn it.

He's your son!

Oh, heavens, yes.

days I bore him.

I recall them all.

You'd only just found Rosamund.

Why her so damn particularly?

I've found other women.

Countless others.

What's your count?

Let's have a tally of the  
bedspreads you've spread out on.

Thomas Beckett's.

That's a lie.



I know.

You still care what I do.

I want the Aquitaine for John!

I want it, and I'll have it.

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?

I have the documents,  
and you will sign.

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.

I adore you.

Save your aching arches.  
That road's closed.

I have an offer for you,  
my dear.

A deal? A deal?

I give the richest province on  
the continent to John for what?

You tell me,  
mastermind, for what.

Your freedom.

Oh.

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.

- You're good.

- I thought it might appeal. You always fancied traveling.

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.

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

The queen is free, John gets the  
Aquitaine, and Richard marries Alais.

Yes, let's have it done.

I'll sign.

On one condition.

Name it.

Have the wedding now.

What's that?

Why, I've surprised you.

Surely it's not sudden.

They've been marching down the aisle  
for     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.

Alais...

I can live without her.

And I thought you loved her. So I do.

Thank God. You frightened me.

I was afraid this wouldn't hurt.

What a tragedy you are.

I wonder...

do you ever wonder...

if I slept

with your father?



My father?

It's a lie.

But there are rumors.

Don't you ever wonder?

Is it rich, despising  
me? Is it rewarding? No.

Then stop!

How?

It's what I live for.

I'll show you.

By christ, I will.

I'll do it.

Where's a priest?

Somebody dig me up a priest!

You!

Fetch me a bishop!

Get old Durham.

He's just down the hall.

Ask him to meet us in the  
chapel. John, Richard, Geoffrey!

What's wrong? What's happened?

Richard's getting married.

Getting married? Now?

He's getting married now?

I never cease to marvel at  
the quckness of your mind.

You can't hurt me,  
you bag of bile.

But you can, father.  
Why? Because I say so.

My lord, the bishop's waiting in the  
chapel. Good. Let's get this over with.

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

You sound as if you think  
it's going to happen. I do.

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

Not this time.

He'll never give me up.

You think I won't?

Because you told me so.

You're not my helen. I won't fight  
a war to save a face. We're done.

I don't believe you!

Wait ten minutes!

Please! Richard, Richard,  
we're not...

honestly, we're not!

Please!

We love each other.

Come on! It's lunacy!

I won't do it! I won't!

- Lunacy! Let me go, Henry. Richard, no!

- Come on!

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?

Why, the Aquitaine,  
of course.

What's that again?

Your mother gets her freedom,  
and I get the Aquitaine.

That is the proposition,  
isn't it? You did agree.

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

I meant it all. No wedding.

There'll be no wedding.

But, my boy, look.

Durham's waiting.

Marry her, for my sake. It  
isn't much to ask. Never!

But I promised it to Philip.  
Think of my position.

Damn the wedding and to hell with  
your position. You don't dare defy me.

Don't I?

You're the king of France, for  
God's sake. Speak up. Do something.

Make a threat. Come on,  
frighten me. Am I? Dunce!

He never meant  
to have the wedding.

Come again. You're good at  
rage. I like the way you play it.

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

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

Boy, you came here asking  
for a wedding or the vexin back.



By God, you don't get either. It's no  
to both. You have a pact with France!

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

Your life and never  
are two different times.

Not on my clock, boy!  
Listen to the lion!

Come on, frighten me. Don't spoil it,  
Richard. Take it like a good sport.

How's your bad leg?  
Better, thank you.

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

When? I'm now. My God,  
boy, I'm the oldest man I know.

I've got a decade  
on the pope.

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

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

I know.

I've seen him there.

I'll have the crown. You'll  
have what daddy gives you.

I am next in line!  
To nothing!

Then we'll only have the  
broadswords now. This minute?

No, on the battlefield!  
So we're at war?

Yes, we're at war. I have  
men at poitiers. Can they hear you?

Call and see who answers. You're  
as close to poitiers as you'll get.

You don't dare hold me prisoner. 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.

The castle doesn't stand that holds me. Post your guards.

My God, I'm king again.  
Fantastic.

Are you happy for me, Geoff?  
I'm happy for us both.

You played it nicely.  
You were good.

Yes, I was.

I fooled you, didn't I?

Oh, God, but I do love  
being king.

Well, Henry,

liege and lord,

what happens now?

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?

No.

I think you were.

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

It wasn't possible  
to lose you.

I must hold you dearer  
than I thought.

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

Pure delight.

I'm locked up  
with my sons.

What mother does not  
dream of that?

One thing.  
Yes?

May I watch you kiss her?

Can't you ever stop?

I watch you every night.

I conjure it  
before I sleep.

Leave it there.

My curiosity  
is intellectual.

I want to see  
how accurate I am.

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...

you want more?

I'm an old man  
in an empty place.

Be with me.

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.

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.

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.

Is it too much?

Be sure to squint  
as you approach.

You may be blinded  
by my beauty.

Merry Christmas.

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

I thought  
you might be lonely.

Here, chancellor.

Try it on for size.

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?

I don't know.

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

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

Still too easy,

don't you think?

I'm weary, and you want  
a simple answer,

and I haven't one.

I'm so sick  
of all of you.

I thought I'd come  
and gloat a little.

Mother's tired. Come stick  
pins tomorrow morning.

I'll be  
more responsive then.

It's no fun goading anyone  
tonight. Bastard's boxed us up.

What's that, dear? We're his  
prisoners, if that interests you.

Why should it?  
I'm his prisoner anyway?

It was... correct me  
if I'm wrong...

but it was my impression that  
you wanted Henry's throne for me.

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



You think I'm finished, do you? 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.

I will be king. So you  
will, but not this year!

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

I can't.

It's not so hard.

Try saying after me:

John wins, I lose.

And what if John died?

You wouldn't dare! A  
knife. Why wouldn't I?

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

We all have knives. It's  
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 government,  
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.

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

Oh, good God, Philip!

We're supposed to start a war. If  
father finds out, I'll be ruined.

Steady, John. Don't panic.  
Some adviser you are.

Don't do anything without me. Let me  
handle it. 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?

Anything you say. Richard, I want  
you out of here before this breaks.

And that means 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.

You see Philip. You're the diplomat.  
You see him, you talk to him.

You're a friend.

You know him, I don't.

And Richard!

Promise anything.

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?

Philip?

Philip!



It's working out. By morning,  
I can be the chosen son.

The crown can come to me. Are you still  
with me? We'll have to fight them all.

They'll band together once this  
happens. Have I got your word?

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

Are we allies then?  
We were born to be.

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...

you stink! You know that?

You're a stinker, and you stink.

I'll kill you!

Ah!

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.

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

Philip?

May we? That's what tapestries are for.

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

Richard?  
Hello, Richard.

You're halfway to bed. I'll  
wait for morning. Come in.

Mother sent me.

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.

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

No. Then why the charming smile?

I thought,  
I can't think why,

of when you were

in paris last.

Can it be two whole years  
ago? It can. I need an army.

It'll take the cold away.  
I must have soldiers.

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.

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

Don't go. I must know. Will you help me?

Sit and we'll discuss it.

You never write.  
To anyone.

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?

Would we fight? We're  
fighting now. Good night.

You're still a boy.

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

You haven't asked how much your

help is worth. You'll tell me.

You can have the vexin back.

And what else?

All of brittany. Does that  
matter? That's Geoffrey's.

Possibly to Geoffrey. And what  
else? That's all your help is worth.

And in return,  
what do you want from me?

Two thousand soldiers.

- And what else?
- Five hundred knights on horse.



- And what else?
- Arms and siege equipment.

- And what else?
- I never wrote because I thought you'd never answer.

You got married.

Does that make a difference? Doesn't it?

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

That's odd.

I never saw you there.

You haven't said  
you loved me.

When the time comes.

Shh.

It's not too late  
at night?

I'd hoped you'd come.  
Good!

We couldn't leave negotiations  
where they were.

Ah!

I keep looking for your  
father in you. He's not there.

I'll miss him.

Has Richard or the queen  
been here to see you?

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

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

Yes.

Nothing is too little.

I'm sorry  
you're not fonder of me, lad.

Your father always said,  
"be fond of stronger men. "

No wonder  
he loved everyone.

I've come to you  
to offer peace.

Piss on your peace.

Your father would have wept.

My father was a weeper.

Fight me, and you'll lose.

I can't lose, Henry.

I have time.

Why, 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.

Suppose I hurry things along. Suppose I

say that England is at war with France.

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.

What kind of courage  
have you got?

The tidal kind...

it comes and goes.

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

You recognize it? 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.

I'd be foolish not to.  
Yeah.

And withdraw it all before the battle  
ever started. Wouldn't you, in my place?

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

Yes, exactly.

- You've got promise, lad. That's  
first-class thinking. - Thank you, sir.

Good night. Good night? You're  
going? We haven't settled anything.

We open Christmas presents at noon.  
Till then. You can't be finished with me.

Oh, but I am. It's been most  
satisfactory. What's so satisfactory?

Winning is. I did just  
win. Surely you noticed.



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

Hmm.

I found out the way your mind  
works and the kind of man you are.

I know your plans  
and expectations.

You've burbled 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.

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.

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

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?

Richard finds his way  
into so many legends.

Let's hear yours  
and see how it compares.

He found me first

when I was .

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.

- No! It wasn't like that!

- But it was.

You loved me.

Never.

Get out. Please.

I don't want you here.

It's no great pleasure  
to be here.

So the royal corkscrew  
finds me twisted, does he?

I'll go tell your mother. She'll  
be pleased. She knows. She sent me.

How completely hers you are.

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?

He was the eldest.

He came first.

Christ, Henry,

is that all?

You went with Eleanor.

You never called me.

You never said my name.

I'd have walked. I'd have  
crawled. I'd have done anything.

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

I only wanted you.

No, my crown. You want my  
kingdom. You keep your kingdom.

That I will.  
I hope it kills you.

Thank God I have another son.  
Thank God for John.

And who shall we thank for  
Geoffrey? You don't think much of me.

"Much"? I don't think  
of you at all.

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.

You think I'd ever  
make you king?

You'll make me king  
because I'm all you've got.

I was to be his chancellor.  
Ask him why. I've heard enough.

For moving John  
to treason.

I don't doubt he offered,  
I don't doubt you tried,

and I don't doubt  
John loves me.

Like a glutton  
loves his lunch.

You turd.

Well, John?

It isn't what you think.  
What do I think?

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

I know.  
You're a good boy.

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

Couldn't you wait? Couldn't  
you trust me? It was all yours.

Couldn't you believe that?  
Will you listen to the grief?

Who do you think I built  
this kingdom for? Me!

Daddy did it all for me.

When can I have it, daddy?  
Not until we bury you?

- I loved you.
- You're a cold and bloody bastard, you are.

And you don't love anything.

I'm it.

I'm all that's left.

Here, father.

Here I am.

My life, when it is written,  
will read better than it lived.

Henry fitz-empress, first  
plantagenet, a king at

the ablest soldier  
of an able time.

He led men well, he cared

for justice when he could...

and ruled, for years, a state  
as great as charlemagne'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!

My boys are gone.

I've lost my boys.

You dare to damn me,  
do you?

Well, I'll damn you back.

Goddamn you!

My boys are gone.

I've lost my boys.

Oh, jesus.

All my boys.

Henry?

*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*

*The Christmas mass*

*Is over now*

*The Christmas prayers  
are done*

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.

Henry isn't here. Good, we  
can talk behind his back.

What happened?  
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?

It's your room just as much as  
mine. We're both in residence.

Packed in like the poor,  
three to a bed.

Did you love Henry...

ever?

Ever? Back before the flood?

As long ago as Rosamund.

Ah, that's prehistory, Lamb. There  
are no written records or survivors.

There are pictures. She was  
prettier than you. 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.

And you hate her  
even now.

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.

And so  
you had her poisoned.

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.

I've tried feeling pity  
for you,

but it keeps on turning  
into something else.



Why pity?

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?

I left him years ago.

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?

Most likely.

Child, I'm finished, and I've come

to give him anything he asks for.

Do you know what I

should like for Christmas?

I should like  
to see you suffer.

Alais, just for you.

Alors, ma petite.

J'ai peur, maman.  
No, no.

The sky is pocked with stars.

What eyes the wise men must have  
had to see a new one in so many.

You look cold. I've mulled some wine.

I wonder...

were there fewer stars then?

I don't know. I fancy

there's a mystery in it.

What's this?

Warm wine.

Why, so it is.

You are as beautiful

as I remembered.

Off you go.

My widow wants to see me.

She came to find out what  
your plans are. I know.

She wants you back.  
Go to your room.

So, you want me back.

She thinks I do.

She thinks the need  
for loving never stops.

She has a point.

I marvel at you.  
After all these years,

still like a democratic drawbridge,  
going down for everybody.

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

To your interminable health.

- Well, wife, what's on your mind?
- I've just seen Richard.

Splendid boy.

He says you fought.

We always do.

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

I fancy I'll relent.

Don't you?

I don't much care.

In fact, I wonder, Henry,  
if I care for anything.

I wonder if I'm hungry  
out of habit.

I could listen to you lie  
for hours.

So your lust is rusty.

Gorgeous.

Henry, I'm so tired.

Sleep then. Sleep and  
dream of me with croutons.

Henri a la mode.

- Henry, stop it.
- Eleanor, I haven't started.

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. In exchange for what?

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.

You have my oath.

I give my word.

Oh, well.

Well, well.

Would you like a pillow?

Footstool? How about a shawl?

Your oaths are all profanities, your words a  
curse, your name on paper is a waste of pulp!

I'm vilifying you, for  
God's sake! Pay attention!

How,

from where we started,

did we ever reach  
this Christmas?

Step by step.

What happens to me now?

That's lively curiosity  
from such a dead cat.

If you want to know  
my plans, just ask me.

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.

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

Come on, man, I'll sign the thing  
in blood or spit or bright blue ink.

Let's have it done.  
Let's not.

No, I don't think I want  
your signature on anything.

You don't?

Dear God,

the pleasure I still get  
from goading you.

You don't want John to have  
my provinces? Bull's-eye.

I can't bear you when  
you're smug. I know, I know.

You don't want Richard, and you  
don't want John. You've grasped it.

All right, then,  
shatter me!

Let me have it.  
What do you want?

A new wife.

Oh.

So,

I'm to be annulled.

Well,  
will the pope annul me,

do you think?

The pontiff owes me one  
pontificate. I think he will.

Out Eleanor,

in alais.

- Why?

- A new wife, wife, will bear me sons.

That is the single thing...

of which I would have thought  
you had enough.

I want a son.

We could populate...

a country town with country

girls who've borne you sons.

How many is it?

Help me count the bastards.

All my sons are bastards.

You really mean to do it.

Lady love, with all my heart.

Your sons are part of you.

Like warts and goiters,  
and I'm having them removed.

We've made them.

They're our boys.



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.

Don't share John with me.

He's your accomplishment.  
And Richard's yours.

How could you send him off  
to deal with Philip?

I was tired.

I was busy.

They were friends.

Eleanor, he was the best.

From the cradle on, you cradled  
him. I never had a chance.

You never wanted one. How  
do you know? You took him.

Separation from your husband  
you could bear, but not your son.

Whatever I have done,  
you made me do.

You threw me out of bed  
for Richard.

Not until you threw me out  
for Rosamund.

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

I adored you.  
Never.

I still do.

Of all the lies,  
that one is the most terrible.

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

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

Deny us what you will,  
we have done that.

Do you remember when we met?

Down to the hour  
and color of your stockings.

I could hardly see you  
for the sunlight.

It was raining,  
but no matter.

There was very little talk,  
as I recall.

Very little.

I had never seen  
such beauty.

I walked right up  
and touched it.

God, where did I find  
the gall to do that?

In my eyes.

I loved you.

No annulment.

What? There will be no annulment.

Will there not? No, I'm afraid  
you'll have to do without.

Well, it was  
just a whim.

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

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?

You are.



You're no part of me. We  
do not touch at any point.

How can you lose me?  
Can't you feel the chains?

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

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.

What is this?  
I'm not moldering.

My paint's not peeling. I'm  
good for years. 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,

rickett-ridden, milky,

wizened, dim-eyed,

gammy-handed, limpy line

of things will you beget?

It's sweet of you to care.

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.

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

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

You're not that cruel.

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

Eleanor, what do you want?

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.

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.

I am not moved to tears.

I have no sons. You have too  
many sons. You don't need more.

Well, wish me luck.

I'm off.

To rome? That's where  
they keep the pope.

You don't dare go!

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!

You go to rome,  
we'll rise against you!

Who will? Richard, Geoffrey,  
John and Eleanor of Aquitaine.

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

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.

- All of you at once?  
- And Philip too. He'd join us.

Yes, he would.

Now how's your trip



to rome?

Oh, I've got you,  
got you, got you.

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

Bluff away.

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

Have I? How?

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.

You wouldn't keep your sons  
locked up here.

Why the devil wouldn't I?  
You wouldn't dare.

Why not? Let them sit in  
chignon for a while. I forbid it.

She forbids it. Did your father  
sleep with me, or didn't he?

No doubt you're going to tell me  
that he did. Would it upset you?

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

Don't leave me, Henry. I'm at rock  
bottom. I'll do anything to keep you.

I think you think you  
mean it. Ask for something.

Eleanor, we're passed it, years  
passed. Test me. Name an act.

There isn't one! About my  
fornication with your father.

Yes, there is. You can expire. You first,  
old man. I only hope I'm there to watch.

You're so afraid of dying. You're  
so scared of it. Ah, poor Eleanor.

If only she'd lied. She did. She  
said she never loved your father.

I can always count on you.

I never touched you without  
thinking, "Geoffrey, Geoffrey. "

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

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

Am I supposed to care?

I'll kill you if you leave me.

You can try. I loved your  
father's body. He was beautiful.

It never happened. I can see his  
body now. Shall I describe it?

Eleanor, I hope you die!  
His arms were rough,

with scars here.

No!

I can feel his arms!

I feel them!

I feel it!

What?

Have I hurt you?

Let me finish!

You were in the next room  
when he did it!

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?

William!

Up! Up!

When the king is off his ass,  
nobody sleeps!

Up! Up!

Up! Up!

Tell her to pack. She  
leaves when it's light.

Up, up!

- Henry?  
- We're packing up and moving out.

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

Nothing, for a change.  
Would you believe it?

Where have you been all night?  
What for? Making us an entourage.



We're off to rome  
to see the pope.

He's excommunicated you again.

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.

Oh, be serious.  
I am.

It seems that you and I  
are getting married.

By the pope himself.

You mean it?

Shall I kneel?

It's not another trick? The bridal  
party's drilling on the cobblestones.

- She'll find a way to stop us.

- 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.

If she doesn't stop us,  
Richard will.

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?

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?

Henry, you can't ever  
let them out.

You've lost me. Let who out? Your sons.

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

Do I now? If they're free when you die,

it's the dungeon  
or the nunnery for me.

But, Henry,  
what about the child?

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

If they're free,  
they'll kill it.

And I will not live to see  
our children murdered.

Henry!

Are you going down?

To let them out  
or to keep them in?

Could you say  
to a child of yours,

"you've seen the sunlight  
for the last time"?

Can you do it, Henry?

I shall have to,

shan't I?

He's here.

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

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

When the fall is all there is,  
it matters.

My barge is sailing

with the tide.

- I've come to say good-bye.
- Does Henry know you're here?

I've brought you each a little something. What's he planning?

Is he going to keep us here? For God's sake, mother. I picked it out especially.

- How heavy is the outside guard?
- That's taken care of.

The courtyard, the gates? They're putting Henry's train together, and it's chaos.

You can walk right out. We'll go



to poitiers. He'll expect that.

But we'll meet him with an army  
when he comes. You stick close to me.

When you run, run hard. Why run  
at all? I think we ought to stay.

Stay here? Till Henry comes.  
He will come, won't he?

And he'll come alone.

I count three knives to  
one. You think we could?

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

- Where are you going?

- Up for air.

Don't stop her. You don't  
think I'm gonna let this happen.

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.

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

Warn him, it's the end of us. You  
warn him not, it's the end of him.

It's that clear.

Take the knives and run.

No, Geoffrey's right.

You're not an assassin.

Look again.

Richard.

Spare me that. You brought these  
things. You want him dead? You do it.

You unnatural animal.

Unnatural, mummy? You tell  
me, what's nature's way?

If poison 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.

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

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? Young. I don't know.

How many battles did I watch? But those  
were battles, not a knife behind a door.

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

You. I did it all for you!  
Of your unnatural animal?

You wanted father dead.  
No, never that.

You tried to kill him.  
Why? What did you want? Yes!

I wanted Henry back.

Liar!

I wanted Henry.

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

Dear, dear, whatever  
shall we do with mother?

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.

You look dreadful.  
So do you.

I underslept a little.

We can all rest  
in a little while.

There, that's better.

Bright and clear,  
just like the morning.

Fine looking boy.

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

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

You were the best.

I told her so.

You, I loved.



You're going to keep us here.

You can't ever let me out.

You know you can't.

I'll never stop.

I can't stop either.

Brave boys...

that's what I have.

Come for me.

What's wrong?

You're Richard, aren't you?

But you're Henry.

Please, take me back.

Can't we try again?

Again?

We always have before.

Oh, yes,

we always have.

Go on!

Execute him.

They're assassins,  
aren't they?

This was treason, wasn't it?

You gave them life.  
You take it.

Who's to say it's monstrous?  
I'm the king. I call it just.

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 .

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.

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

I couldn't do it, Eleanor.

Nobody thought you could.

Come rest.

I want no women in  
my life. You're tired.

I could have conquered europe,  
all of it,

but I had women in my life.

Go on, get out.

Go on.

I should have  
killed you years ago.

You put me here. You made me  
do mad things. You've bled me.

Shoulder it yourself.

Don't put it on my back.

Pick it up and carry it.  
I can.

My losses are my work.

What losses?

I'm the one with nothing.

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.  
No, you don't.

I want to die.  
I'll hold you.

Henry, I want to die.  
Eleanor.

I want to die.

Let me hold you.

I want to die.

You will, you know,  
someday.

Just wait long enough,  
and it'll happen.

So it will.

We're in the cellar,  
you're going back to prison,

my life is wasted,  
we've lost each other,

and you're smiling.

It's the way

I register despair.

There's everything in life

but hope.

We're both alive.

And for all I know,

that's what hope is.

We're jungle creatures,

Henry,

and the dark  
is all around us.

See them...  
in the corners?

You can see the eyes.

And they can see ours.

I'm a match for anything.

Aren't you?

I should have been  
a great fool...

not to love you.

You'll let me out  
for easter?

Come the resurrection,  
you can strike me down again.

Perhaps next time  
I'll do it.

And perhaps you won't.

You know,  
I hope we never die!

So do I.

You think there's  
any chance of it?