

ARTHUR

Proposition: If I could choose, from every woman who breathes on this earth, the face I would most love, the smile, the touch, the voice, the heart, the laugh, the soul itself, every detail and feature to the smallest strand of hair-- they would all be Jenny's. Proposition: If I could choose from every man who breathes on this earth a man for my brother and a man for my son, a man for my friend, they would all be Lance.

(His bitterness mounts)

Yes, I love them. I love them, and they answer me with pain and torment. Be it sin or not sin, they betray me in their hearts, and that's sin enough. I see it in their eyes and feel it when they speak, and they must pay for it and be punished. I shan't be wounded and not return it in kind. I'm done with feeble hoping. I demand a man's vengeance!

(He moves violently, then controls himself)

Proposition: I'm a king, not a man. And a civilized king. Could it possibly be civilized to destroy what I love? Could it possibly be civilized to love myself above all?

LANCELOT

I am irritating. I always will be. Even when I was a child I irritated the other children. I wanted to play their games, but I knew I could not. Even then I was filled with a sense of divine purpose. I'm not saying I enjoy it. All my life I've locked the world out. An, you know, when you lock the world out, you lock yourself in.

GUENEVERE

This path has never led to happiness. Did we really believe we would be the first for whom it would? That we would all magically escape with hearts unscathed? How exciting! How romantic! *(After a beat)* How foolish.

You think you're the only one in torment. I'm just as tortured, just as anguished as you. But what would you have us do to this man we both love? Run away! Leave him! Make him publicly miserable! Force him to declare war on you, where either one of you, if not both, would be killed as well as hundreds of others. What sort of heartbreaking solution is that?