

Lancelot and Guinevere are caught – Act 2, Scene 6

Speakers:

LANCELOT

GUINEVERE

MORDRED

NARRATOR

You need to know....

Arthur's illegitimate son, Mordred, is determined to destroy him. Mordred convinces his aunt to trap Arthur in the woods, so he can set up Lancelot and Guinevere. When Lancelot and Guinevere think they are alone, they discuss running away together, and Arthur and Mordred walk in on them.

LANCELOT: (Desperately) Jenny, it's because we're here, here in Camelot that everything is so wretched.

GUINEVERE: No, Lance.

LANCELOT: Jenny, come away with me. To Joyous Gard. Let us have it open and above board at last.

GUINEVERE: Lance, I've told you a thousand times I shall never leave Arthur. Ever. Now, let us say no more about it.

LANCELOT: (Raging) But this agonizing torment! Day after day, year after year. Would God I had your talent for acceptance, your invincible English calm!

GUINEVERE: (Turning on him angrily) 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 heart-breaking solution is that?

LANCELOT: Forgive me, Jenny. I shall never mention it again. I swear. Nor shall I come to you again. I swear that, too. (He moves to leave)

GUINEVERE: Lance? (He stops') Have we no more tender words to say to each other?

NARRATOR: Five knights and Mordred tiptoe silently into the room.

MORDRED: (Quietly) Lancelot . . . Don't touch your dagger.

NARRATOR: LANCELOT whirls around. GUINEVERE turns, horror-stricken.

MORDRED: I accuse you of treason, and order you both to stand trial

for your crime. Surrender in the name of the King.

NARRATOR: LANCELOT walks toward MORDRED to surrender. Then suddenly he leaps forward and snatches the sword from MORDRED'S hand. For a second the Knights are too startled to move. MORDRED shrinks away in terror. LANCELOT backs up, his sword held high menacingly, and with his free hand, reaches for the outstretched hand of the Queen. The Knights spread out slowly to surround him, waiting for him to make the first move

LANCELOT: (To GUINEVERE) If I escape, I shall come and rescue you. If I am killed, send word to Joyous Gard. Someone will come.