

## **Side: Anne and Diana**

**DIANA:** Of course you must portray Elaine, Anne. I would never have the courage to do it.

**ANNE:** Well, that's something Elaine must have. Imagine she has lost her Lancelot forever. She knows she will never see him again, see the one true love of her life. So she gets into her barge, kills herself and allows the river to carry her body back to Camelot and her beloved—

**DIANA:** It might be romantic, but I know I could never lie still. I'd keep popping up every few seconds to see where I was and to check that I hadn't drifted too far out. No, if anyone is going to portray the dead Elaine, it should be you.

**ANNE:** Of course, it's so ridiculous to have a red-headed Elaine. She supposed to be fair with "long, golden hair streaming down." It's quite hopeless. A red-headed person simply cannot be a lily maid. And yet, better than a fidget, I guess.

**DIANA:** You know, Anne, I don't believe your hair is quite as red now as it once was. It could almost pass for auburn now, in some lights.

**ANNE:** Thank you. Now, you must pretend to be my faithful servant and friend. You can push off the boat and watch from the shore.

**DIANA:** I brought my mother's black shawl as you asked.

**ANNE:** Perfect. (*Lies down in the boat.*) Now cover me with the shawl. Should I cross my arms or...?

**DIANA:** Crossed looks much more dead.

**ANNE:** Fine then, crossed it is. (*Lays motionless*)