

PRE-TITLE:

1 EXT. LONDON RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1 1

A taxi pulls up outside a smart London restaurant. A beautiful woman in her late 20s, JEAN WALLOP, enters from the rain.

2 INT. LONDON RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1 2

JEAN enters the restaurant. She speaks with an American accent.

JEAN
Lord Porchester.

MAITRE D'
This way, Madam.

They walk through the large Quaglino's style restaurant. All London is there.

She is led to a table in the corner where 'PORCHEY' PORCHESTER gets to his feet. Ad-libbed greetings.

PORCHEY
You poor thing. Did you get soaked?

3 INT. LONDON RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1 3

PORCHEY and JEAN sit. Half-way through a stiff, fancy dinner. Two upper class country folk ill-at-ease with the metropolitan fanciness.

PORCHEY
Is it just me, or is this place faintly ridiculous?

WAITERS fussing. Showy DINERS dressed à la mode.

PORCHEY
Two of my great hates in life: "fine dining", and central London. I just thought it's the kind of "special occasion" place one came if one had a special question to ask.

PORCHEY produces a box. Slides it across the table.

PORCHEY
At this moment I wish I were a poet, not a horse-breeder. But I suppose even a poet would struggle to dress up what is ultimately a simple question...

JEAN opens the box. Inside a vast diamond.

PORCHEY
Will you marry me?

JEAN
Oh, Porchey.

PORCHEY
That sounds like a "no".

JEAN
Oh, no. It's not a "no". No. No. No.
No. No. No. No. No.

PORCHEY
It's twelve no's.

JEAN
I'd love to. On one condition.

JEAN looks at him.

JEAN
That you don't still hold a torch for
her.

PORCHEY
Who?

Then he realises.

PORCHEY
Oh. HER.

JEAN
I know how close you were. How close
your families still are. That you were
the one they all wanted. And that you
wanted HER.

PORCHEY
Look..

JEAN
Wait, let me finish. I'm serious,
Porchey. I would love to love you and
give you my life. But if your heart is
elsewhere, spare me, spare us both
that pain.

PORCHEY
It's true, she and I, we ARE close. I
was close to her father. I am close to
her sister. Our families are close. In
many ways, and I speak as a breeder
myself, it would have been a good
match.

JEAN
Perfect match.

PORCHEY
I won't deny it. Except for the fact
that it was never on the cards - for
her, there was only ever Philip.

JEAN
And for you?

PORCHEY takes her hand.

PORCHEY
There's only YOU.

JEAN smiles. Almost convinced.

4 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 4

ELIZABETH is in bed. Awake.

Thinking.

Worrying.

PHILIP'S bedroom is dark. Empty. He is away.

Presently the sound of an approaching car.

ELIZABETH goes to the window. Looks out to see.

MIKE PARKER'S car pulling up. PHILIP stumbles out. MIKE
screeches off, causing a passing SOLDIER to leap out of his
way, and sending PHILIP into gales of laughter.

PHILIP gets out.

ELIZABETH goes back to bed.

5 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - BEDROOMS - NIGHT 1 5

PHILIP appears in his bedroom.

Gets dressed.

He checks whether ELIZABETH is asleep. She feigns sleep.

He closes the door.

ELIZABETH'S eyes open. She is left awake. Thinking.

FADE TO BLACK:

5 CONTINUED:

5

FRONT TITLE SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 2 6

A brush mixes watercolour ink. Dabs on a canvas.
Greens, browns, blues, greys.
A painting is being painstakingly created.
Of a goldfish pond.

7 INT. CHARTWELL - DAY 2 7

The expressive face of CLEMMIE CHURCHILL: staring out of the window at her husband in the grounds.

She's on the phone.

CLEMMIE

All right, I'll let him know, thank you. I'm sure he'll be delighted.

8 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 2 8

CLEMMIE walks out to the goldfish pond.

Wrapped up, CHURCHILL sits by his pond. Painting. CLEMMIE approaches.

CLEMMIE

Are you winning?

CHURCHILL

There was a brief, tantalising moment, where I thought I had it. I went in for the kill. Then with one wrong brushstroke, it got away.
(stares at painting)
Eluded me. Again.

CLEMMIE

I just spoke to Jock. Your eightieth birthday.

CHURCHILL

Don't mention it.

CLEMMIE

Because it falls on the same day as the opening of Parliament, it's been decided to combine events and have a reception in your honour at the Great Hall.

CHURCHILL

My. That is an honour.

CLEMMIE

Unprecedented. But so, I believe, is a Prime Minister turning eighty while in office.

CHURCHILL

Actually Gladstone was eighty-three.

CLEMMIE

Oh, and it's to be Graham Sutherland.

CHURCHILL

Who?

CLEMMIE

The painter. To paint the portrait.

CHURCHILL

What portrait?

CLEMMIE

An official portrait. Commissioned by both Houses. Your present.

CHURCHILL

Sutherland. Never heard of him.

CLEMMIE

He has quite the reputation. A modernist.

CHURCHILL

I'm not sure I can trust a modernist with an English name. Continentals modernise so much better than we do. Because they NEED to. Give me a German modernist. Or an Italian. They're the ones who need to start over. Whatever would an Englishman want to change?

CLEMMIE

Anyway, he asked for ten three hour sittings.

CHURCHILL

Ten?

CLEMMIE

I went back with three. We settled on five.

CHURCHILL

That's still too many.

He resumes his painting..

CHURCHILL

It's the lesser form, you know. Portraiture. Landscape is the high church. Where a real artist prays.

9 INT. SUTHERLAND STUDIO - DAY 2

9

A brush on canvas. Similar murky daubs of paint. A HANDSOME MAN in his 50s is painting.

A WOMAN (KATHLEEN SUTHERLAND) enters. She looks over his shoulder.

KATHLEEN

I brought you some more books.

She puts them down on a table.

KATHLEEN

His autobiography. His journalism.

She looks over at the MAN.

KATHLEEN

Thought you might want to understand a little more about him.

SUTHERLAND

I don't need his writing.

The man, GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, paints murky daubs with his brush.

SUTHERLAND

I have something much more revealing.

SUTHERLAND is copying a picture; Churchill's 'Goldfish Pool at Chartwell' (1932).

SUTHERLAND

A pond.

KATHLEEN

A pond?

SUTHERLAND

Yes. A goldfish pond. He paints it again and again. Why?

KATHLEEN

Because it's on his doorstep?

SUTHERLAND

Maybe.

KATHLEEN

Because it's convenient. Because the light on the water is constantly changing with the seasons. Because it constantly challenges him technically?

SUTHERLAND

Maybe. But I'm starting to think there's more to it than that.

KATHLEEN

Are you looking for depths where there are only shallows?

SUTHERLAND continues to paint. Dark, troubling colours.

SUTHERLAND

There are no shallows in painting.

10 EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - DAY 3 10

A BOAC plane lands.

11 EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - DAY 3 11

ANTHONY and CLARISSA EDEN disembark from the plane to make a statement for the waiting photographers and reporters...

EDEN

It's grand to be home again after so long an absence. The surgeon who operated on me told me yesterday that all was well. I will have to have a further period of convalescence, put on some weight, but there is nothing else to worry about. As I say, it's grand to be back, and I look forward to being back at work again just as soon as possible...

EDEN steps away from the microphones to a chorus of respectful "Good luck, Sir" calls from the REPORTERS...

...and climbs into a waiting ministerial car.

12 EXT. EDEN'S FLAT - DAY 3 12

The Foreign Secretary's official residence in Carlton Gardens.

13 INT. EDEN'S FLAT - DAY 3

13

The plotters have gathered. SALISBURY, CROOKSHANK, etc.

SALISBURY

Good to have you back, Anthony.

EDEN

Thank you.

SALISBURY

You're rested, and fit again?

EDEN

Pain free. Pill free.
(taps head)
Clear as a bell.

SALISBURY

And still desire it? The top job.

EDEN's face: religious in its intensity.

EDEN

It's ALL I desire.

SALISBURY

Then in the name of the party we all love, and the country we all serve, you MUST move now. You've seen the latest polls. More than half of Conservative voters want him to go. Fifteen per cent of Labour voters said they would change course and vote Conservative if he did. You can't hide behind family loyalty any more.

EDEN

I have hidden behind *nothing*, Bobbety. What do you suggest?

SALISBURY

A meeting face-to-face. An ultimatum. Tell him that either he stands down now, or...

EDEN

Or what?

SALISBURY

Accept blame for the consequences. Mass resignations. Many even crossing the floor.

13A INT. PORCHEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3

13A

The phone rings. PORCHEY picks up.

PORCHEY

Hello?

ELIZABETH

Porchey? I hope I'm not disturbing.

PORCHEY

Goodness. Bit late for you.

13B INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT 3

13B

ELIZABETH in her bed. Alone. (We intercut as necessary).

ELIZABETH

Am I disturbing?

PORCHEY looks over at JEAN who is finishing getting ready for 'bed' in the bathroom.

PORCHEY

No.

ELIZABETH

It's Aureole. I think we're making a mistake. I think we should lead from the start.

PORCHEY

And I think you're wrong.

ELIZABETH

We both know he doesn't hold up naturally. We tried holding him up against Darius before. And Darius won.

PORCHEY

That was the 'Guineas', which is a mile. This is the King George's. A mile and a half.

ELIZABETH

Well, I worry he won't stay. He'll fade.

PORCHEY

Anything else?

ELIZABETH

Is he still coughing?

PORCHEY

Hardly at all. It's on the way out.

ELIZABETH

And eating?

PORCHEY
Doesn't leave an oat.

ELIZABETH
What will we do if he plays up before
the race?

PORCHEY
He always plays up. That's who he is.

ELIZABETH
You don't seem in the slightest bit
worried.

PORCHEY
I'm not.

ELIZABETH
Let me say it one more time. For the
record. I think we should start fast,
and run at a good clip.

PORCHEY
Noted.

ELIZABETH
Sometimes I'm right. You said
yourself. I have good instincts.

PORCHEY
You do. And I might well live to
regret it. That, and many other
things.

ELIZABETH
Such as?

JEAN enters. In sexy, diaphanous nightie.

PORCHEY
Good night.

He hangs up. ELIZABETH is left holding the receiver.

14 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 4 14

A car pulls up outside Chartwell House in Kent. SUTHERLAND
gets out. He looks at the house.

Looks at the gardens. Sees the pond.

15 INT. CHARTWELL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 4 15

SUTHERLAND is shown into the room by CHURCHILL'S BUTLER.

BUTLER
Mr. Sutherland, Prime Minister.

SUTHERLAND
An honour, Sir.

CHURCHILL
The honour is all mine.

CLEMMIE comes in.

CHURCHILL
Come in, dear. Graham Sutherland.

SUTHERLAND
How do you do?

CLEMMIE
How do you do?

CHURCHILL
Now. Where do you want me?

SUTHERLAND produces a camera.

SUTHERLAND
I'd like to start by taking some
photographs if I may. They will help
me as a reference when I get back to
my studio. In the chair, please, Sir.

CHURCHILL sits.

CHURCHILL
Will we be engaged in flattery or
reality? Are you going to paint me as
a bulldog or a cherub?

SUTHERLAND
Neither, Sir. I shall be aiming for
the truth.

CHURCHILL
Whose truth? Yours?

SUTHERLAND
No, Sir. Yours.
(to CLEMMIE)
There are, I believe, a great many
Churchills.

CLEMMIE
There are indeed..

SUTHERLAND
I intend to find the real one.

CHURCHILL

As you search for him, perhaps I can implore you not to feel the need to be too accurate.

SUTHERLAND

But accuracy is truth, is it not?

CHURCHILL

On the contrary. Accuracy is base. Coarse. Vulgar. For accuracy we have the camera. Painting is the higher art.

(a beat)

I paint a bit myself, y'know.

SUTHERLAND

I know, Sir.

CHURCHILL

And I never let accuracy get in the way of truth, if I don't want it to. If I adore a view and wish it didn't have a factory in the background, I leave the factory OUT.

CLEMMIE

And you, Mr. Sutherland. Tell me, I'm fascinated. What is your process?

SUTHERLAND

I will start by making some charcoal sketches. Some studies of the head. Hands. Then I will take those sketches and work them up. The actual painting will be completed in my studio at home.

CHURCHILL

Tell me, what pose are you thinking of?

SUTHERLAND continues taking photographs.

SUTHERLAND

Seated?

CHURCHILL

I could try standing -

CHURCHILL struggles to his feet.

CHURCHILL

Which might be more flattering. More dynamic. Might make me look younger.

SUTHERLAND

The picture is supposed to celebrate reaching a certain age.

CLEMMIE

Four score years, Winston.

SUTHERLAND

I think being seated is more senatorial.

CLEMMIE

I quite agree.

CHURCHILL

Cigar or no cigar?

SUTHERLAND

No cigar.

CHURCHILL

Garter robes or no garter robes?

SUTHERLAND

No finery, Sir. No grandiosity.
Dressed merely as a parliamentarian.

CHURCHILL

How prosaic.

CLEMMIE

I like it.

SUTHERLAND

And if we might start with you being kind enough to remove your shoes?
Sir.

CHURCHILL

My shoes?

SUTHERLAND

If you wouldn't mind.

CLEMMIE and CHURCHILL look at one another.

CHURCHILL

Socks?

SUTHERLAND

Please.

Churchill does so. Socks then shoes. Takes a bit of effort. His feet are small, stubby. Milky-white. Child-like, he wiggles his toes.

SUTHERLAND takes photographs.

CHURCHILL

Dare I ask why...?

SUTHERLAND

With portraiture, I find the greatest difficulty, when one returns to the studio - alone, unaccompanied - is the distinct and palpable sense of separation, distance. From the subject. It is my belief that the more one can do to retain the freshness of these encounters, their intimacy, the closer one will come to capturing the essence of their subject.

CLEMMIE

And, in your experience, Mr. Sutherland, does one's essence generally tend to reside in one's feet?

SUTHERLAND can't help but smile.

SUTHERLAND

If it helps, Sir, Somerset Maugham and Lord Beaverbrook were equally sceptical of my methods.

CHURCHILL

And how do we wicked old men of the Riviera compare...?

SUTHERLAND

Ah. Now, that really would be telling. I will say this: you've something of a pleasing symmetry, and the feet of a man half your age.

CLEMMIE

So. A flatterer, after all.

15A OMITTED

15A

15B OMITTED

15B

16 INT. CHARTWELL - DINING ROOM - DAY 4

16

CLEMMIE sits with CHURCHILL. ON TV: horse-racing.

CLEMMIE

I liked him.

CHURCHILL
I could tell. You were smitten.
Blushing like a little girl.

CLEMMIE
Well he is something of a 'wow'.

CHURCHILL
A 'wow'?

CLEMMIE
Tall, and handsome. And saturnine.
Quite the Heathcliff.

CHURCHILL
With dreadful affectations and
pretensions. All that nonsense with
the feet.

CLEMMIE
Refreshingly different.

CHURCHILL
And dangerous!

CLEMMIE
Why dangerous?

CHURCHILL
He has total control.

CLEMMIE
Any artist worth anything would insist
on that. You don't want some
flatterer.

CHURCHILL
Yes, I do.

CLEMMIE
No, you don't. You want someone who
will stand up to you. Challenge you.
Give the world something less obvious.
Besides, it's manifestly clear he's a
fan.

CHURCHILL
Don't be silly. You can smell the
socialism in him.

CLEMMIE
Even socialists acknowledge you saved
the country.

CHURCHILL
Through gritted teeth.

CLEMMIE

The way he looks at you. Talks to you.
I have all the protective instincts of
a loving wife. And I can tell you,
this one's not an assassin.

CHURCHILL

All right. I am reassured.

CLEMMIE

Enjoy him. Trust him.

CHURCHILL

I will.

CLEMMIE

Let him create a legacy for you. An
artist in your service is a good
thing.

ON TV: Aureole wins.

CHURCHILL

Well, well. A win for our Queen.

16A EXT/INT. ROYAL BOX - ASCOT RACECOURSE - DAY 4

16A

Aureole crosses the line in first position! He has won!

COMMENTARY (V.O.)

A win for the Queen!!

ELIZABETH leaps to her feet. PORCHEY is beside her. He leaps
to his feet, too.

ELIZABETH

Oh, well done, Porchey! Clever you!!
You were right!!

PORCHEY

Thank you, Ma'am.

MARGARET is there, too. Delighted. PHILIP is to one side,
clapping.

ELIZABETH, however, is quite euphoric. We have never seen her
like this before. Ecstatic.

At the back of the box is a long table, decked out with fine
food, champagne.

ELIZABETH

(laughing)

I won't say "Don't ever listen to me
again!"

PORCHEY

Haha!

ELIZABETH

You really are so clever! Clever,
clever you!

PHILIP watches her and PORCHEY laugh and celebrate. Hands touching arms. It's unprecedented. Quite exceptionally familiar.

MARGARET joins in. There is a natural intimacy and friendship and shorthand between them all. Laughter.

PORCHEY is just the glove that fits.

PHILIP sees this. A stab of jealousy. At the affection. And how 'inside' PORCHEY is. While he, PHILIP, is ever the 'outsider'.

PHILIP looks over at MIKE PARKER, who is hovering by the doorway, and the two men withdraw. Slip away. Passing the buffet and the champagne.

MARGARET notices this. ELIZABETH has not noticed.

17 EXT. SANDRINGHAM - DAY 5 17

Aureole returns to Sandringham - the victorious hero - welcomed by the entire stable STAFF.

ELIZABETH among them. Proud. Wreathed in smiles.

18 EXT. SANDRINGHAM - THE GALLOPS - DAY 5A 18

The next day. ELIZABETH and PORCHEY watch AUREOLE in the stables.

PORCHEY

I remember getting the phone call from
your father. When he was born. By
Hyperion out of Angelola.

ELIZABETH

We fed him his first milk, remember?

PORCHEY

Watching him grow up everyone thought
his elder brother would be the star.
But your clever Papa always had an
instinct for this one.

ELIZABETH

The underdog.

PORCHEY

And backed him. And an underdog became a star.

ELIZABETH

His favourite horse.

PORCHEY

So the question is: what's next for our champion?

ELIZABETH

We received an invitation to the Laurel International.

PORCHEY

(raised eyebrow)
America?

ELIZABETH

Yes. Next month.

PORCHEY

He's what, four? Already at the older end of the spectrum. If you were asking my opinion...

ELIZABETH

It's why I asked you here today.

18A EXT. SANDRINGHAM ESTATE - STABLES - DAY 5A

18A

ELIZABETH and PORCHEY are untacking AUREOLE.

PORCHEY

I'd consider retiring him now. At the top of his game. The best middle distance horse in Europe, with a sky-high market value. Let him earn you some proper money as a stud.

ELIZABETH

Really? I'm surprised to hear you turn down the opportunity to come to America.

PORCHEY

Why?

ELIZABETH

Isn't that where your girlfriend is from?

PORCHEY

Fiancée.

ELIZABETH

Fiancée?
(shocked)
Goodness.

PORCHEY

Yes, dreadful word, isn't it? To use
French at all while speaking English.
(clears throat)
Très bourgeois.

ELIZABETH

Be serious.

PORCHEY

Excuse-moi.

ELIZABETH

Who is she? Money, I hope. So you can
keep up the stables.

PORCHEY

Actually, she's a Portsmouth.

ELIZABETH

So no money.

PORCHEY

Some money. But horse mad. Well, she'd
have to be. You'd approve.
(a beat)
I think.

ELIZABETH

Can I meet her?

PORCHEY

If you promise you won't scare her.

ELIZABETH

Since when am *I* scary?

PORCHEY

You're the Queen.

ELIZABETH

Only some of the time.

PORCHEY

ALL the time. And that makes you
terrifying. And she's heard a lot
about you.

ELIZABETH

From whom?

PORCHEY

From me.

ELIZABETH looks. Her eyes meet PORCHEY's.

PORCHEY
Some of it nice, too.

19 OMITTED 19

19A EXT. SANDRINGHAM - DAY 5A 19A

MARGARET is out riding. A fast gallop. Free, uninhibited.

19B EXT/INT. STABLES - DAY 5A 19B

ELIZABETH - dressed for riding - watches as a STABLE HAND leads her horse out of its stable, saddled for riding.

O.S the HONK of a car: ELIZABETH looks up to see PORCHEY in his Land Rover, outside the stable. He waves, as ELIZABETH waves back.

MARGARET enters with her horse, as the Land Rover drives off. She turns, looks to ELIZABETH.

MARGARET
Who was that?

ELIZABETH
Hmm? Just Porchey.

MARGARET
'Porchey'!

ELIZABETH
Yes. Porchey.

MARGARET
The one you let get away.

ELIZABETH
What?

MARGARET
You know Papa was mad for him.

ELIZABETH
I don't know about that.

MARGARET
Mummy, too. He was the one everyone wanted. And he's always carried a torch for you, you know that.

ELIZABETH
Porchey? Absolute nonsense.

MARGARET

Told me so himself. One night when he was in his cups.

ELIZABETH

That doesn't count.

MARGARET

When a man's had a drink, that's when the truth comes out.

ELIZABETH

That's when the nonsense comes out.

MARGARET

Besides you've always liked him.

ELIZABETH

Liked yes.

MARGARET

A little more than liked, I'd say.

ELIZABETH

We have interests in common.

MARGARET

Horses aren't an interest for you. They're a passion.

ELIZABETH

True.

MARGARET

A passion your husband doesn't share.

ELIZABETH

He has other passions.

MARGARET

So I hear.

ELIZABETH

What's that supposed to mean?

MARGARET

"Wallop". That's her name, in case you're curious.

ELIZABETH

Whose?

MARGARET

Porchey's fiancée.

ELIZABETH

Wallop? I do hope it's her surname.

MARGARET

It is.

ELIZABETH

You never know with the Americans.

MARGARET

First name Jean.

ELIZABETH

"Jean Wallop"?

MARGARET

I hear they're VERY happy.

ELIZABETH

Good.

MARGARET goes. Leaving ELIZABETH thrown. She walks towards her horse, takes its reins and mounts it. She nods - thank you - to the STABLE HAND as she exits the stable.

20 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 6 20

A car pulls up. EDEN gets out.

21 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 6 21

CHURCHILL is in his studio, painting.

But we can tell it's not one of his paintings. He is painting in an altogether different style.

Dark prints and sketches of landscapes, in the style of Samuel Palmer. But more sinister. Brooding. Somehow primeval.

Stark. Modernistic.

A knock at the door. A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

The Foreign Secretary is here, Sir.

CHURCHILL continues painting.

SERVANT

Shall I show him in?

CHURCHILL

No. Not here.

21A INT. CHARTWELL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 6 21A

EDEN stands by a fire. CHURCHILL enters.

CHURCHILL

Sorry to have kept you waiting.

EDEN hears the words, can't help smiling.

EDEN

Ha! As apposite as ever.

CHURCHILL

I didn't mean it like that.

EDEN

No, of course not.

CHURCHILL

There's ugliness in the air, Anthony.

EDEN

That is because I have nothing of
beauty to say.

CHURCHILL

Then say what you must, deposit your
ugliness, and go. I have more
important things to do.

EDEN

At some point every leader must ask
himself whether by staying in office
he is giving to the country or taking
from it. Helping or harming. I would
suggest that you have been taking and
harming for some time, therefore in
the name of the party and the country
I have come for the last time to bid
you stand down.

CHURCHILL

I will in good time. The right time.

EDEN

The right time was nine years ago.
When you lost us the election.

CHURCHILL

I have since avenged the defeat by
winning us the last election.

EDEN

I won us that, Winston. People voted
Conservative in the expectation that
YOU would give way to ME.

CHURCHILL

They voted Conservative because they
had no stomach for socialism.

EDEN

But thanks to you they are finding their appetite again now. Inflation is spiralling. The balance of payments is suffering. And with every utterance you make, with every misjudgment, with every miscalculation the appetite to return to the left grows..

CHURCHILL

Be careful. Too much excitement is not good for one so soon after an operation.

EDEN

Spoken by a man who just a few months ago was effectively dead.

CHURCHILL

That makes two of us.

EDEN

The difference is I have recovered.

CHURCHILL

That's not what I hear. I hear you're a shadow of your former self. I hear that when you walk the pills rattle within you.

EDEN

I have something in my pocket that you will never again see.
(producing doctor's note)
A clean bill of health.

CHURCHILL

Stalin said the same. He died grovelling on the floor.

EDEN

And with that, the Russians got rid of their Uncle Joe. It's time we got rid of ours!

CLEMMIE enters.

CLEMMIE

Mr. Sutherland is here.
(surprised to see EDEN)
Hello, Anthony.

CHURCHILL

Anthony was just leaving.

EDEN

Yes, I am leaving, Clemmie. But this one...must GO.

EDEN turns, and goes. CHURCHILL is left alone.

CLEMMIE
They're outside.

CHURCHILL
'They'?

CLEMMIE
Mrs. Sutherland is here, too.

CHURCHILL nods. He and CLEMMIE step out into the garden, where GRAHAM and KATHLEEN SUTHERLAND are waiting.

CHURCHILL
Goodness, a vision.

SUTHERLAND
I hope you don't mind. My wife,
Kathleen. She assists me sometimes.

CHURCHILL
Not at all. Delighted.
(gestures to door)
Shall we?

21B EXT. CHARTWELL - GARDEN - DAY 6 21B

SUTHERLAND, KATHLEEN, CHURCHILL and CLEMMIE cross the garden to the studio.

22 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 6 22

SUTHERLAND, KATHLEEN, CHURCHILL and CLEMMIE enter.

CHURCHILL
My sanctuary.

SUTHERLAND looks around. Takes in CHURCHILL'S paintings - among them one or two 'ponds'.

SUTHERLAND
The easel over there, please.

KATHLEEN places the easel in the intended position. She begins to fasten the canvas to its frame - well practised at the task.

SUTHERLAND
And you over there, Sir. Please.

CHURCHILL walks over to a seat.

SUTHERLAND
Today I'd like to work a little on the sketches I began in my studio at home.

CHURCHILL
Very well. What are you working with?

SUTHERLAND
Pencil.

CHURCHILL
Which kind?

SUTHERLAND
(shrugs)
Four-B, I think. Or six-B. And charcoal.

CHURCHILL
And your paper? I favour heavy-weight cotton paper, cold pressed with deckle edges and sized with gelatine.

SUTHERLAND
It's... drawing paper.

CHURCHILL
I see. And when will you commit to paint?

SUTHERLAND
In a month or so.

CHURCHILL
I see.

CHURCHILL watches SUTHERLAND.

CHURCHILL
How many paintings does your husband complete in an average year, Mrs. Sutherland?

KATHLEEN
Three or four?

SUTHERLAND nods, affirming.

CHURCHILL
Would you like to know how many I average?

KATHLEEN looks at the canvasses everywhere.

KATHLEEN
Ten? Fifteen?

CHURCHILL
Sixty! But I am just a hobbyist. An enthusiast. Not a 'major artist', like your husband. Who needs time.
(a beat)
(MORE)

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

I did a little reading about you after our first session. Interesting. Because from what I read, this is all very new.

(indicates)
Portraiture.

SUTHERLAND

I don't believe anyone starts out wanting to be a portraitist.

CHURCHILL

But in the search for your *métier*, Mr. Sutherland, you've tried a bit of everything. Engineering. Engraving. Sculpture.

SUTHERLAND

It's true I came to painting late in life. But now that I've found it..

CHURCHILL

You'll never leave. I quite understand. Painting is the highest art of all. It heals the mind and unburdens us. Removes the pain or heartache of the day and restores one's poise.

(to KATHLEEN)
Do you paint, Mrs Sutherland?

KATHLEEN

I do. We were at art school together.

CHURCHILL

I owe everything to painting. On more than one occasion...it has quite saved me.

KATHLEEN

And if painting saved you, and you then saved the world, what does it say about the redemptive power of art?

CHURCHILL

What do you paint?

KATHLEEN

Landscapes mostly.

CHURCHILL

Landscapes have that great advantage as a subject - nature is innocent and doesn't express opinions. I save all my kindness for landscapes and all my cruelty for portraits.

SUTHERLAND
Self-portraits, too?

CHURCHILL
Particularly self-portraits. The whole
purpose of art is to escape oneself.

SUTHERLAND
(to himself)
Or understand oneself.

CHURCHILL
Self-portraits seem to be an
insufferable imprisonment.
(craning neck)
How is it?

KATHLEEN
(looks at it)
I'd say...it has truth.

CHURCHILL
Am I to be allowed a peek?

SUTHERLAND
No, Sir.

CHURCHILL
Why? I could give you some advice.
After all I know this face better than
you do. If you've made the neck too
thick or the arms too long, I could
tell you.

SUTHERLAND
But is your image of yourself what
people want to see?

CHURCHILL
Certainly. Don't I understand myself
better than anyone else? I have lived
with myself for eighty years.

SUTHERLAND
I find in general people have very
little understanding of who they are.
In order to get through life at all,
we have to turn a blind eye to so much
of ourselves.

CHURCHILL
And you see it as your responsibility
to bring all that into the open?

SUTHERLAND
Yes. The good things as well as the
bad.

CHURCHILL

Just concentrate on the good, and all will be well. Remember you're not just painting ME. You're painting the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and everything that great office represents. Democracy. Freedom. The highest ideals of government and leadership.

23 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM - DAY 6 23

ELIZABETH is at her desk, when a PAGE comes in.

PAGE

Telephone for you, Ma'am. Lord Porchester.

ELIZABETH

Oh, thank you.

24 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SWITCHBOARD - DAY 6 24

The CHIEF TELEPHONIST gets to his feet. We intercut.

CHIEF TELEPHONIST

Lord Porchester, your Majesty.

ELIZABETH

Thank you. Porchey?

25 INT. SANDRINGHAM STABLES - STABLE OFFICE - DAY 6 25

PORCHEY, visiting the stables, uses the manager's office.

PORCHEY

What a palava.

ELIZABETH

What is?

PORCHEY

Getting through to you. One exchange to another, one switchboard to another. I picked up the phone to you just after nine this morning. It's now gone Midday.

ELIZABETH

(smiles)

No need to exaggerate. But yes - I know, it's infuriating.

PORCHEY

You asked me to come up with some figures with regard to Aureole. Although I am numerically dyslexic...runs in the family I'm afraid, like the high forehead... I have done the sums, see if this helps you with your decision.

ELIZABETH

Fire away.

PORCHEY

In the course of his lifetime as a racehorse, Aureole has earned you just over forty thousand pounds.

ELIZABETH

Goodness.

PORCHEY

BUT if you were to put him out to stud, he could make you far more. He's a recognized champion, with a top-notch pedigree. You could stand him at Wolferton Stud for top dollar.

ELIZABETH

Well that's a decision then.

PORCHEY

Is it? Good.

ELIZABETH

In the meantime, I'll ask if I can get you a direct line. A few people are trusted with them.

PORCHEY

To you?

ELIZABETH

Yes, to me. Why? Was there anyone else you wanted to speak to here?

PORCHEY

No.

26 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - BEDROOMS - NIGHT 6

26

ELIZABETH is getting changed for bed. PHILIP is getting dressed to go out.

PHILIP

What is "top dollar"? I need numbers.

ELIZABETH
Four hundred.

PHILIP
A 'pop'?
(hesitates)
A 'shot'?
(hesitates)
Sorry, trying to find a less
onomatopoeic expression. For what is
ultimately...

ELIZABETH
I know what it is.

PHILIP
A shag.

ELIZABETH
A 'cover'.

PHILIP
A 'cover'?

ELIZABETH
That's the proper name for...

PHILIP
A horse hump?

ELIZABETH
Yes.

PHILIP
So what might that work out at in the
course of a year?

ELIZABETH
In one year alone, Aureole might cover
forty mares, bringing in sixteen
thousand pounds.

PHILIP
Good for him.

ELIZABETH
Over his lifetime in the Stud, he
might sire five or six hundred foals,
making me over two hundred thousand
pounds.

PHILIP
And create an entire generation of
offspring.

ELIZABETH
Yes.

PHILIP

Father to all the foals in our stables. And any other stable that could afford him.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

PHILIP

Before long every horse out there would be related somehow to Aureole.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I suppose so.

PHILIP

Like old man Carnarvon.

ELIZABETH

Who?

PHILIP

Your friend Porchey's father.

ELIZABETH

Porchey.

PHILIP

No, I just said. His father.

ELIZABETH

They're both called Porchey.

PHILIP

Wasn't that the rumour?

ELIZABETH

What?

PHILIP

That he'd had so many affairs an entire generation of British aristocrats was related to him. An illegitimate "Porchey" in every great house in the land.

(gestures)

High foreheads everywhere.

ELIZABETH

(to herself)

And numerical dyslexia.

PHILIP

What?

ELIZABETH

Nothing.

MIKE PARKER appears in the doorway. The two MEN go.

26A INT. SUTHERLAND STUDIO - DAY 7 26A

SUTHERLAND flicks through a variety of Churchill's paintings - across biographies, books of prints, postcards, etc.

He spots something, and pulls a painting out: Churchill's POND at Chartwell.

26B INT. CHURCHILL STUDIO - DAY 7 26B

CHURCHILL browses through samples of Sutherland's work. He too finds something of interest: Sutherland's PASTORAL.

27 INT. SUTHERLAND STUDIO - DAY 7 27

SUTHERLAND is sketching away at the portrait.

28 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 7 28

CHURCHILL is painting something else. Something unlike his normal work.

29 INT. SUTHERLAND STUDIO - DAY 7 29

SUTHERLAND continues to sketch CHURCHILL.

30 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 7 30

CHURCHILL is copying from something.

31 INT. SUTHERLAND STUDIO - DAY 7 31

SUTHERLAND continues to sketch - finishing the hands.

32 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 7 32

CHURCHILL is painting - dark powerful colours. An ominous mood to the work.

33 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 8 33

SUTHERLAND arrives in his car.

He gets out for the third sitting. This time alone. He unpacks his artist's equipment.

34 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 8

34

CHURCHILL enters the room where SUTHERLAND is preparing his easel and chair. Ready for the sitting.

CHURCHILL
No wife this time?

SUTHERLAND
No, Sir. I asked her not to come.
Since this will be our final sitting I
wanted to be all alone with you.
(a beat)
In silence, preferably.

CHURCHILL
Oh.

35 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 8 (LATER)

35

Later: SUTHERLAND is sketching.

CHURCHILL
I quite understand the need for
concentration.

Silence.

CHURCHILL
Painting a picture is like fighting a
battle. A bloody battle, where there
can only be one victor. A painting
succeeds or fails. It is either good,
or bad. In a gladiatorial battle to
the death, either Art wins, or the
artist.

Silence.

CHURCHILL
Are you winning?

SUTHERLAND
I hope so.

CHURCHILL
Will I like it?

SUTHERLAND
That may be too much to ask for, but I
take heart from the fact that your own
work is so honest and revealing.

CHURCHILL
Which work are you referring to? My
self-portraits?

SUTHERLAND

Actually I was thinking of the Goldfish pond. Here at Chartwell.

CHURCHILL

What about it? It's just a pond.

SUTHERLAND

It's very much more than a pond. As borne out by the fact you have returned to it again and again. More than twenty times.

CHURCHILL

It eludes me. Technically.

SUTHERLAND

Or perhaps you elude yourself, Sir. And in that sense it is more revealing than any self-portrait.

CHURCHILL

Nonsense. It's the water. The trickery of the light.

SUTHERLAND

I just think all our work is unintentionally revealing. And I found it especially so with your pond. In that work beneath the tranquility and light playing on the surface, beneath the elegance, I saw honesty. And pain. Terrible pain. Beneath the muted colours, the framing immediately suggested to me there was something in the water that you wanted us to see. That there in the water - deep below - there was great despair. Hiding. Like a Leviathan. An ocean-dwelling monster.

CHURCHILL

You saw all that?

SUTHERLAND

I did, Sir.

CHURCHILL

Does that say more about you, Mr. Sutherland? Or me? May I ask a question in return?

SUTHERLAND

Please.

CHURCHILL

One work of yours in particular leapt out at me; entitled "Pastoral."

SUTHERLAND's expression changes.

CHURCHILL

All that gnarled and twisted wood.
Great ugly dabs of charcoal. Something
malevolent and sinister about that
forest.

SUTHERLAND

That is very perceptive. Those were
difficult times. Our son, John, passed
away aged two months.

CHURCHILL

I am sorry.

SUTHERLAND

I'm afraid Kathleen remains immovable
on the subject of trying again. Some
pain is too much. I refer to my
paintings as my 'children' now. You
have five, no?

CHURCHILL

Four. Marigold left us aged two years
and nine months. Septicemia.

SUTHERLAND

I had no idea.

CHURCHILL

We settled upon the name 'Marigold' on
account of her wonderful golden curls.
The most extraordinary burnt orange.
Regretfully, but perhaps mercifully, I
was not present when she died. When I
came home, Clemmie roared like a
wounded animal. We bought Chartwell a
year after Marigold passed. That's
when I built the pond. But one
persists, Mr. Sutherland. Despair
merely fuels one's appetite for peace.
It is the paradox of grief. Indeed
perhaps of life. Without hopelessness
there can be no hope.

SUTHERLAND

Nor light without shadow.

CHURCHILL

Precisely.

36 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 8

36

SUTHERLAND has finished. He is leaving Chartwell.

CHURCHILL

What remains?

SUTHERLAND

I have finished my work with you, I
must now finish my work in paint.

CHURCHILL

Thank you for making it a pleasure.

SUTHERLAND

Thank you for your understanding, and
trust.

CHURCHILL

Good luck. I look forward to seeing
it.

36A INT. STABLES - SANDRINGHAM - DAY 9

36A

ELIZABETH is in the stables offices. She looks up and sees a
car arriving and PORCHEY gets out.

ELIZABETH watches as PORCHEY exchanges words and advice with
passing RIDERS and TRAINERS. A popular and respected figure.

ELIZABETH stares at PORCHEY. MARGARET's words still in her
ears.

STABLE EMPLOYEE

Lord Porchester is here, Ma'am.

ELIZABETH turns.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

37 EXT. SANDRINGHAM - STABLES - DAY 9

37

Pouring rain: PORCHEY and ELIZABETH walk towards the stables,
PORCHEY holding an umbrella, chivalrously.

PORCHEY

Given this is Aureole's debut, and we
want to leave nothing to chance, I
called in three different mares.

38 INT. SANDRINGHAM - STABLES - DAY 9

38

They enter the stables. PORCHEY shakes the umbrella dry.

PORCHEY

Very rarely does a forced tryst make a
fruitful tryst.

(MORE)

PORCHEY (CONT'D)

If one wants the perfect foal, then one needs to be prepared to wait for the perfect pairing. Shall we?

INSIDE STABLE BAY NUMBER 1:

PORCHEY

Meet Neocracy.

ELIZABETH

The Aga Khan's horse.

ELIZABETH strokes Neocracy.

PORCHEY

Indeed. Recently retired. With a good record as a winner.

ELIZABETH

Lovely temperament, too.

PORCHEY

My only concern would be: is she perhaps a little too...

ELIZABETH

Bashful?

PORCHEY

I worry that if we leave it to these two, nothing will ever happen. Which is why I also called in..

INSIDE STABLE BAY NUMBER 2:

PORCHEY

Turkish Blood.

ELIZABETH approaches Turkish Blood. We immediately see she is a different kind of horse. More twitch-y, more animated.

PORCHEY

As you can see, an altogether different proposition.

ELIZABETH

Indeed.

PORCHEY

Strong. Wilful. And with a terrific track record herself. In many ways it would be breeding the best with the best.

ELIZABETH

I'm sensing a 'but'.

PORCHEY

From memory your Aureole is something
of a sensitive soul -

ELIZABETH

Yes.

PORCHEY

I'd hate him to be intimidated or come
unstuck with a fiery warrior like
this. On his first outing.

ELIZABETH

How very considerate of you, Porchey.

PORCHEY

Which is why I've a good feeling about
our third candidate. Feast your eyes
on...

INSIDE STABLE BAY NUMBER 3:

PORCHEY

Temple Bar. A hot thoroughbred on a
winning streak herself. A little on
the young side, perhaps - just three.

ELIZABETH

Well we don't mind that, do we.

PORCHEY

But look at that coat.

ELIZABETH

(stroking Temple Bar)
Oh yes...

PORCHEY

And that immediate engagement.

ELIZABETH

I like this one, I have to confess.

PORCHEY

It would appear the feeling is mutual.

39 EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 10

39

A large birthday cake is being delivered to Downing Street.
Huge floral arrangements, too.

40 INT. DOWNING STREET - CHURCHILL'S BEDROOM - DAY 10

40

CHURCHILL wakes his eyes. Tries to focus. CLEMMIE is there,
smiling at him.

CLEMMIE
Happy birthday, my darling.

CHURCHILL realises; the mist clears.

CHURCHILL
"Pray do not mock me: I am a foolish,
fond old man. Fourscore years on this
earth, I fear I am not of perfect
mind."

CLEMMIE smiles, kisses her husband on the forehead.

CLEMMIE
I'll see you shortly.

CLEMMIE goes. CHURCHILL tries to get up.

He struggles. And strains. But is unable to get himself out
of bed.

He stares. Incapacitated. Suddenly realising his age.

His frailty.

Presently, the door opens. Someone walks in.

VALET
Shall we get dressed?

CHURCHILL stares.

CHURCHILL
Thank you.

The VALET helps him out of bed.

41 INT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 10

41

CHURCHILL, dressed in his parliamentary clothes, (morning
coat, etc) appears downstairs and is greeted by the entire
STAFF. A huge three-tier birthday cake with eighty candles.

Spectacular floral displays. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" is sung with
gusto and affection.

STAFF MEMBERS
Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday
to you, happy birthday dear Prime
Minister...

42 INT. WESTMINSTER - GREAT HALL - DAY 10

42

A drape is drawn back by a MAN in overalls, to reveal
CHURCHILL and CLEMMIE.

Behind them, the near-empty hall. Only a few STAFF putting out programmes and TELEVISION CAMERAMEN adjusting their hulking TV cameras.

CHURCHILL and CLEMMIE see the painting for the first time (we do not).

A deafening silence.

CLEMMIE

It's brave.

CHURCHILL

It's monstrous. The man is no painter.
He is INDEED an assassin.

CLEMMIE

No.

CHURCHILL

But one who has fired his shot. I
still have mine left.

CLEMMIE

Winston...

Behind them, PEOPLE start filing into the hall. The great and the good of the British Establishment.

CLEMMIE

(urgent)
Winston. Come.

She steers him by his elbow towards a door.

42A OMITTED

42A

42B OMITTED

42B

42C INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - ELIZABETH'S STUDY - DAY 10

42C

ELIZABETH is in her study. ADEANE knocks on the door.

ELIZABETH

Is it time?

ADEANE

It is, Ma'am.

ADEANE switches on the TV just as..

42D INT. WESTMINSTER - GREAT HALL - DAY 10 42D

CHURCHILL enters, to the sound of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance". Everyone gets to their feet, applauding.

CHURCHILL almost loses his footing. CLEMMIE catches him. EDEN and SALISBURY exchange looks.

We see a large drape hanging over what is clearly a painting. We realise it's the Sutherland portrait.

CHURCHILL reaches a wooden lectern, and microphone.

CHURCHILL

Thank you. I am deeply honoured to be here today. No politician has ever received such a honour before. Of course I am aware that, having served my country for fifty-four years, "resignation" is a word that hangs in the air. And how the stage is set. The audience is assembled, ready for a final valediction. Only one problem. The lead actor has forgotten his lines. And instead of standing down, is taking an encore.

Laughter from the crowd. CHURCHILL grins back gamely. EDEN shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

42E INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - ELIZABETH'S STUDY - DAY 10 42E

ELIZABETH is watching.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear. He's playing with them all.

42F INT. WESTMINSTER - GREAT HALL - DAY 10 42F

CHURCHILL continues.

CHURCHILL

And now I look forward to unveiling this painting. When your political colleagues are kind enough to give you a portrait by an "ambitious modernist" one has to ask oneself: is that a gift, or is it a curse? The artist, Mr. Sutherland, and I, spoke a great deal during the many sittings. I reminded him of the stakes involved. That he was painting not just for himself, but for the country. That the portrait is not just of me, but of the office I represent. And therefore the whole system of government.

(MORE)

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

So, let us see how an ambitious artist
of the left sees us.

The portrait is unveiled. The curtains drawn back. Noticeable
gasps. CHURCHILL turns to look at the portrait, and stares.

The portrait is a harsh, unflattering rendition of an old
brute. Angry flesh. A tyrant and his walking stick.

CHURCHILL

A fine, patriotic piece of modern art.

Cruel laughter from the audience. SUTHERLAND is dying in his
seat. Humiliated.

42FA INT. CLARENCE HOUSE - QUEEN MOTHER'S DRAWING ROOM - DAY 10 42FA

The QUEEN MOTHER, a drink in her hand, stares open-mouthed at
the television.

42FB INT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 10 42FB

STAFF, with cups of tea and pieces of Churchill's birthday
cake, stare in silent horror at the television.

42G INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - ELIZABETH'S STUDY - DAY 10 42G

ELIZABETH stares at the TV.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear. I spend a fair amount of
time wishing I could be someone else.
But I'm not sure I'd want to be Mr.
Sutherland.

43 EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 11 43

SUTHERLAND's car pulls up. He looks at the house. Takes a
deep breath.

This is not going to be easy.

44 INT. CHARTWELL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 11 44

SUTHERLAND and CHURCHILL..

CHURCHILL

Why have you come?

SUTHERLAND

To appeal to you.

CHURCHILL

First you appal me now you appeal to me.

SUTHERLAND

I hear you have rejected the painting -

CHURCHILL

I have.

SUTHERLAND

On what grounds?

CHURCHILL

That's not a painting, it's a humiliation. "How do they paint one today?"

He indicates the portrait.

CHURCHILL

"Sitting on a chair, producing a stool. A sorry old creature, squeezing and squeezing."

SUTHERLAND

That's not how it's being seen.

CHURCHILL

Well, that's how it is. And I will not accept it.

SUTHERLAND

Rejecting it is not wise. The painting was commissioned by the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons as a sign of respect.

CHURCHILL

Then they should have commissioned an artist who is respectful instead of a Judas with his murderous brush. Why didn't you paint what they wanted to see?

SUTHERLAND

I did, Sir.

CHURCHILL

A dignified representation of the office of Prime Minister and the system of government and great United Kingdom he represents? There really is no need to debate this. Look at it.

(indicates portrait)

This broken, sagging, pitiful creature?

(MORE)

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Is that really the lion that saved Europe? Is THAT Britain? The greatest country on earth?

SUTHERLAND

I say, Yes.

CHURCHILL

And I say it is a betrayal of friendship, and an unpatriotic, treacherous, cowardly assault from the 'individualistic' left.

SUTHERLAND

With regard to the friendship...

CHURCHILL

Clearly there is none.

SUTHERLAND

I accepted this commission because I admire you, and came out of the process admiring you more. It was neither vindictive. Nor cruel. It is art. It is NOT personal.

CHURCHILL

Do you make monsters of everyone you admire?

SUTHERLAND

I showed sketches throughout the process to your wife. She remarked how accurate it was.

CHURCHILL

You are a lost soul, a narcissist without direction or certainty and have used me for profit and notoriety.

SUTHERLAND

What profit?

CHURCHILL

A thousand guineas you have been paid. A princely sum for an artist of such modest achievements. No one knew you before this. Now, thanks to me, you have an international reputation.

SUTHERLAND

A reputation left in tatters after your public cruelty. When we talk about humiliations...

CHURCHILL

Can you blame me?

SUTHERLAND

Please don't over-react. Give it time.
I think only those that are totally
without physical vanity can disguise
their feelings of shock and revulsion
when they are confronted for the first
time with a reasonably truthful
painted image of themselves.

CHURCHILL

But that's the point. It is not a
reasonably truthful image of me.

SUTHERLAND

It IS, Sir.

CHURCHILL

It is NOT. It is cruel.

SUTHERLAND

Age IS cruel. If you see decay it's
because there IS decay. If you see
frailty it is because there IS
frailty. I cannot be blamed for what
is. And I will not remove or disguise
what I see. If you are engaged in a
fight with anything, it is not with
me, it is with your own blindness.

45 INT. CHARTWELL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 11

45

CHURCHILL watches through a window as SUTHERLAND drives away.

He is lost in thought.

With difficulty, CHURCHILL gets to his feet, and walks to his
studio.

46 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 11

46

CHURCHILL goes into his atelier.

Inside: a vast collection of paintings; watercolours,
landscapes, etc.

CHURCHILL goes to a painting on an easel. An unfinished work-
in-progress - an idyllic landscape.

Then he looks at several photographs that are close by - of
the same landscape.

Clearly visible are factories. The realities of industrial
working class life.

Which CHURCHILL has painted out.

He looks at a series of other paintings..

And, in each case, the photographs that he has used as references for those paintings.

Car parks, factories, tower blocks, have all been 'airbrushed' out.

Leaving a distorted reality. An idealised reality. An inaccurate reality.

An untruth.

47 INT. DOWNING STREET - NIGHT 11

47

CHURCHILL sits with CLEMMIE in their private apartments.

CHURCHILL

He's right. I AM the man on the canvas. Wretched and decaying. I cannot go on.

CLEMMIE

You've said this before.

CHURCHILL

This time I mean it. I am tired.

CLEMMIE

You've had enough?

CHURCHILL

I have, my love. This time I really have.

CLEMMIE

Good.

47A INT./EXT. CHURCHILL'S CAR - THE MALL - DAY 12

47A

Reflections on a car window - the trees of The Mall.

CHURCHILL sits in the back as the car approaches Buckingham Palace. Contemplating the end of a career. Of a life.

48 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY 12

48

ELIZABETH's face: devastated.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear.

Opposite her is CHURCHILL. She struggles to compose herself.

ELIZABETH

Of course one knew it was coming. And if one's being frank, there were one or two moments where one might even hoped for it, too.

CHURCHILL

Prayed! No doubt!

ELIZABETH

But now it's come. The emptiness one feels - at once. The loneliness. And fear. Like a bereavement.

CHURCHILL

Don't say that.

ELIZABETH

It's true. You have been the most remarkable servant to this country.

CHURCHILL

Thank you, Ma'am.

ELIZABETH

No, Winston, on behalf of us all, thank YOU. You wish Mr. Eden to take over?

CHURCHILL

I do.

ELIZABETH

That will make him happy.

CHURCHILL

For a day or two. He might even stop cursing me. Then he will be overwhelmed by a job in which no man can ever succeed and will curse me again for having left it to him.

ELIZABETH

Might be an idea NOT to tell him that before he starts.

CHURCHILL

No, Ma'am.

ELIZABETH

So this is our last audience?

CHURCHILL

I will still have to come and officially request your permission to resign. But, yes.

ELIZABETH
However shall I cope?

CHURCHILL
You will be fine. I have nothing left
to teach you. You are ready. Which is
why it is time for me to go.

49 OMITTED

49

50 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 13

50

ELIZABETH with her MOTHER.

QUEEN MOTHER
What about a Dukedom?

ELIZABETH
I thought of that. But it would
prevent him from standing as an MP in
the next election. I know for a fact
he wants to die while still serving in
the Commons.

QUEEN MOTHER
A statue?

ELIZABETH
I gather several are already planned.

QUEEN MOTHER
Renaming London Airport.

ELIZABETH
I wanted something more personal.

QUEEN MOTHER
What about dinner?

ELIZABETH
Where? Here?

QUEEN MOTHER
No, there.

ELIZABETH
Downing Street?

QUEEN MOTHER
Yes. Go there to dinner.

ELIZABETH
Would that be special?

QUEEN MOTHER

I don't think it's ever been done before. It would be quite a compliment. You going to HIM.

ELIZABETH

But I can't do that. Just invite myself.

QUEEN MOTHER

I believe we have people that could do that for you.

ELIZABETH

Yes. It's rather a good idea. Thank you.

51 EXT. SANDRINGHAM - ROUTE TO STABLES - DAY 13

51

PHILIP and ELIZABETH walking out to the stables.

PHILIP

Dinner? At the haunted house? Why not?

ELIZABETH

What are you talking about?

PHILIP

You must know the rumours? Downing Street. It's haunted.

ELIZABETH

By what? With whom?

PHILIP

A ghost. Rumoured to be Spencer Percival. The only Prime Minister to have been assassinated while in office, leaving a widow and twelve children. TWELVE!

(a beat)

Now there was a real stud!

52 EXT. SANDRINGHAM - STABLES - DAY 13

52

PHILIP and ELIZABETH reach the stables. A horse is led out.

PHILIP

Is she a looker, do you think?

PHILIP tilts his head.

PHILIP

I mean, if I were a stallion...would I fancy her?

ELIZABETH
Attraction is not measured by looks.
So much as smell.

PHILIP
You think she smells good?

ELIZABETH
We'll soon find out.

AUREOLE enters the enclosure.

PHILIP
Here he is. Our boy.

The horses circle one another for a moment. Then Aureole moves behind the mare.

PHILIP
Look! Here we go.

ELIZABETH
Sssshhh.

The horses begin to mate. PHILIP and ELIZABETH watch.

PHILIP
Is that it? They paid two thousand guineas for that?

PHILIP indicates the OWNERS who are talking to PORCHEY, congratulating him, shaking his hand.

ELIZABETH
As long as he did what he needed to do. As long as it bears fruit, I don't mind.
(calls out)
Well done, Porchey!

PHILIP
Indeed! Well done, Porchey!

PHILIP's face: staring at ELIZABETH.

PHILIP
I hear he's been given a direct line.

ELIZABETH
Who?

PHILIP
Porchey. So he can call straight in? I know only because I tried to get one for Mike and was refused.

ELIZABETH
Yes.

PHILIP

My private secretary. On account of
him not being a family member.

ELIZABETH

Porchey is like family.

PHILIP

Is he?

ELIZABETH

Part of the furniture.

PHILIP

Well, as long as you don't SIT on him
anytime soon.

PHILIP goes as PORCHEY approaches with the owners of Temple
Bar.

PORCHEY

Well, that all seemed to go well.

ELIZABETH: still frozen. Furious.

ELIZABETH

Yes. Didn't it?

PORCHEY

You all right?

53 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

53

ELIZABETH is getting ready for dinner. All her finery.

PHILIP is in the background.

ELIZABETH is as ice-cold as we have ever seen her.

ELIZABETH

(to BOBO)

Will you leave us?

BOBO

Yes, Ma'am.

She turns to face PHILIP. Stares.

ELIZABETH

I have nothing to hide from you.
Nothing. Porchey is a friend. Yes,
there are those that wanted me to
marry him; indeed a marriage with him
might have been easier. Might even
have worked better.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

But to everyone's regret and
frustration I only ever loved you.
Now, can you honestly look me in the
eye and say the same?

PHILIP stares at ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Can you?

PHILIP, shockingly, is unable to answer.

ELIZABETH turns, and walks out.

54 INT. DOWNING STREET - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 14

54

A packed dining room. The entire British political
establishment. All in white tie.

ELIZABETH gets to her feet. Addresses the room.

ELIZABETH

My Lords and Ladies, dear Winston, and
Lady Churchill. My confidence in Mr.
Eden is complete and I know he will
lead the country on to great
achievements, but it would be useless
to pretend that either he or any of
those successors who may one day
follow him in office will ever, for
me, be able to hold the place of my
first Prime Minister, to whom I owe so
much and for whose wise guidance
during the early years of my reign I
shall always be so profoundly
grateful.

ELIZABETH's eyes scan the great many important people in the
room - then come to rest on PHILIP's eyes.

ELIZABETH

I will remember you always for your
magnanimity, your courage at all times
and for your unfailing humour, founded
in your unrivalled mastery of the
English language.

PHILIP gestures to ELIZABETH - mimes, "I'm sorry".

ELIZABETH

I take comfort from the fact that in
losing my constitutional adviser I
gain a wise counsellor to whom I shall
look for help and support in the days
which lie ahead. May there be many of
them.

54 CONTINUED:

54

Cheers and applause around the table. CHURCHILL gets to his feet, with difficulty, and acknowledges the QUEEN's toast.

But ELIZABETH's eyes are only on PHILIP.

55 OMITTED

55

55A OMITTED

55A

55B EXT. CHARTWELL - DAY 15 (LATER)

55B

CLEMMIE watches as a REMOVALS MAN props the portrait up against a trestle.

He lights a rag. Looks at her. "Are you sure?"

Silently, CLEMMIE nods. Then turns and walks back towards the house.

Behind her, the painting and the frame erupt in flames...

In SLOW MOTION: Her husband's face warps and blisters as it burns.

CLEMMIE turns and watches silently. Seen from afar, the flames wrap around her own face, too.

56 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY 15

56

CHURCHILL emerges from the Palace and gets into his car. As he drives off, EDEN's car sweeps in.

CHURCHILL and EDEN's cars pass.

57 I/E. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - CHURCHILL'S CAR - DAY 15

57

CHURCHILL asks his driver to stop.

CHURCHILL

Stop!

CHURCHILL gets out.

58 I/E. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - EDEN'S CAR - DAY 15

58

EDEN gets out. The two MEN walk towards one another.

A meaningful moment. No words necessary.

They shake hands. Then turn and go their separate ways.

CHURCHILL with a heavy heart. It's all over.

EDEN with a smile. HIS moment at last.

Then the two men go their separate ways.

EDEN into the palace.

CHURCHILL drives into retirement.

59 EXT. SUTHERLAND HOUSE - DAY 15 59

SUTHERLAND arrives at his house. Gets out of the car.

60 INT. SUTHERLAND HOUSE - DAY 15 60

SUTHERLAND walks in, calls out for his wife.

SUTHERLAND

Darling?

61 INT. SUTHERLAND HOUSE - DAY 15 61

SUTHERLAND looks for his wife.

SUTHERLAND

Kathleen?

SUTHERLAND looks over to his studio.

62 INT. SUTHERLAND STUDIO - DAY 15 62

SUTHERLAND walks in to a darkened room to find KATHLEEN sitting there.

The portrait is projected against the wall.

SUTHERLAND

What are you doing?

She stares at it.

KATHLEEN

It's the greatest thing you have ever done. And they burned it.

SUTHERLAND

What?

KATHLEEN

Broke it into pieces and put it into an incinerator.

SUTHERLAND

The fool. The vain, delusional fool.

Silence descends. Then..

KATHLEEN

So I was thinking. Landscapes for a while.

SUTHERLAND

Why not?

KATHLEEN

Trees and hills. They don't talk back.

63 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 15 63

SUTHERLAND and his WIFE are painting side by side. In nature.

64 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 15 64

Elsewhere: a brush dabs dark colours.

CHURCHILL is in his studio painting.

The colours are darker than they've ever been. Deeper than they've ever been.

He paints eyes. A nose. A human face.

CHURCHILL is painting a self-portrait.

Staring at himself in a cracked mirror.

Never has his canvas been so full of horrors. And monsters.

65 INT. CHARTWELL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 15 65

CLEMMIE watches from the main house. Her face concerned.

She sees her husband alone in his studio.

She lets the curtain drop.

66 INT. CHARTWELL - STUDIO - DAY 15 66

CHURCHILL continues to paint. Alone with himself.

FADE TO BLACK: