

THE
C R O W N

Episode 210
"MYSTERY MAN"

by
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LEFT BANK Pictures

NETFLIX

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1 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 1

Daylight filters in through a crack in the curtain. PHILIP is lying in bed. Asleep. His VALET enters.

CAPTION: "APRIL, 1962".

VALET

Good Morning, Your Royal Highness.
Seven thirty.

Curtains open. Light floods in. PHILIP wakes. Then lifts his neck. Then flinches, holding his neck..

PHILIP

Ow!!!

2 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY 1 2

PHILIP is doing his military exercises. The exercises he does every morning. Sit ups. Squat thrusts. Star jumps.

PHILIP

Aargh! Christ!

It's his neck again. A sharp, muscular pain.

3 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 3

PHILIP is with JIM ORR, his private secretary...

PHILIP

Go on, man. Click it.

JIM

I can't, sir. This needs to be seen by a professional.

PHILIP

Don't be so wet! It just needs a good sharp..

"CRACK", PHILIP yanks his own neck, adjusts himself. A brutal noise. It's a disaster.

4 EXT. MEWS STREET - DAY 1 4

PHILIP's car, driven by JIM, drives into a mews in central London. PHILIP is now wearing a large neck-brace.

PHILIP

Doesn't fill one with confidence.

Wimpole Mews. An unprepossessing alley.

JIM

He comes very highly recommended.
Treats everyone. Winston Churchill,
Duncan Sandys. Lord Astor.

PHILIP gets out of the car, looking at the surroundings.
NEIGHBOURS peer through net curtains.

JIM rings the bell.

INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 1

PHILIP is being examined and treated by a rakish osteopath in
his late forties, (STEPHEN WARD).

PHILIP

I just woke up, turned my head and
there it was. Must have cricked it in
the course of the night.

WARD

It's possible. Sit up please, Your
Royal Highness.

PHILIP sits up.

WARD

People come to me with necks and
backs. Elbows and knees. But very
often it's nothing to do with the
symptoms. The real cause is something
else.

PHILIP

Such as?

WARD

Tension. Emotional strain.

"Click", he manipulates PHILIP skillfully.

WARD

Unresolved conflicts of one form or
another.

PHILIP

And how does one begin to treat those?

WARD

By first identifying them. Recognising
them. And by then treating not just
the physical symptoms, but changing
one's whole lifestyle.

PHILIP looks around the room. He notices pictures and
sketched portraits of attractive girls everywhere in the
apartment.

PHILIP

I used to have a fellow look after me
in that department. Who made sure
there was not too much tension in my
life.

WARD

Mike Parker?

PHILIP

Don't tell me you know the old rascal,
too?

WARD

I do.

PHILIP

Why on earth didn't you say? What's
your name, again?

WARD

Ward, sir. Stephen Ward. He always
talked about my getting you out for
the week end.

PHILIP

Where?

WARD

To a party or two. I enjoy putting
people together. As a matter of fact
it's going to be a fun group this week
end. If you were agreeable, we might
even find time for a quick portrait? I
dabble.

But PHILIP's attention is caught by a framed photo of a
brunette, (CHRISTINE KEELER).

PHILIP

Who's this?

WARD

Christine. She'll be there.

And another photo, of a blonde, (MANDY RICE-DAVIES).

WARD

Mandy will, too.

PHILIP looks at the photos.

PHILIP

My neck is feeling better already.

- 5A EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 1A 5A
- A darkened street. Except for one house. Lights in the windows, music leaking out into the night, PARTYGOERS spilling out onto the street even as OTHERS arrive.
- A hell of a party.
- A car pulls up opposite, into some shadows. PHILIP is at the wheel. He looks across the road.
- Another MAN leaves house, too absorbed in the GIRL on his arm to notice the figure in the darkened car opposite. We'll recognise him later as JOHN PROFUMO, and the girl as CHRISTINE KEELER.
- PHILIP stares at the entrance to the house. Beckoning him in.
- FADE TO BLACK:
- FRONT TITLE SEQUENCE.
- CUT TO:
- 6-22 SCENES 6 TO 22 OMITTED 6-22
- 23 EXT. SCOTLAND, COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 2 23
- A black government car drives through the gorgeous Scottish countryside.
- CAPTION: **"ONE YEAR LATER"**
- 23A INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2 23A
- A spartan interview room. CHRISTINE KEELER is led in by a POLICE SERGEANT.
- A uniformed CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT observes. On his epaulettes: the Crown, above a single Bath Star 'pip'.
- Two plainclothes DETECTIVES sit down opposite KEELER. She regards them coolly.
- 24 EXT. SCOTLAND, GROUSE MOOR - DAY 2 24
- "Bang", "Bang", "Bang". A glorious shooting party. Relics from a bygone age.
- HAROLD MACMILLAN, the Prime Minister, the DUKE and DUCHESS of ROXBURGHE, LORD HOME (ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME) and OTHERS. A gorgeous setting.

24A INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2 24A

The DETECTIVES pull out a file of photographs.

DETECTIVE 1 pushes a photograph towards KEELER. It is of a thickset man.

DETECTIVE 1

Do you know this man? Captain Eugene Ivanov. Soviet naval attache.

The SERGEANT takes notes of the interview. We notice some of the words: "Ivanov," "Soviet." KEELER lights a cigarette.

KEELER

No comment.

24B EXT. SCOTLAND, GROUSE MOOR - DAY 2 24B

A happy sense of competition. A great many guns. Another world. An unchanged, Edwardian social order.

DOGS and BEATERS. LOADERS and SERVANTS.

No expense spared. Imperial grandeur and excess. No concession to social change.

"Bang", "Bang", "Bang", "Bang".

Deferential remarks from LOADERS and SERVANTS. People are keeping score. It's neck and neck between MACMILLAN and the DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

"Good shot, sir", "Well done, Alec".

24C INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2 24C

DETECTIVE 1 pushes another photo across the desk.

DETECTIVE 1

What about this man? John Profumo, Minister of War.

The SERGEANT continues to write. "Profumo," "War."

KEELER

No comment.

25 EXT/INT. SCOTLAND, COUNTRYSIDE/GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY 2 25

The black government car continues on its journey.

Inside: JOHN PROFUMO, a serious-faced minister. Alone with his thoughts. Secrets behind his eyes.

25A INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

25A

A door opens. THREE MEN in dark suits join the CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT.

KEELER looks up. Her eyes meet those of the MEN IN BLACK.

DETECTIVE 1 pushes another photo. A party. Stephen Ward is there. So is Ivanov. DETECTIVE 1 points to a man with his back turned to the camera.

DETECTIVE 1
What about this one? The 'mystery man'?

A silence. The SERGEANT stops writing. "Mystery Man."

All eyes in the are room on KEELER.

DETECTIVE 1
Miss Keeler?

KEELER exhales a plume of blue smoke.

KEELER
No comment.

She stubs her cigarette.

26 EXT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE - DAY 2

26

The SHOOTING PARTY return in Land Rovers and on foot. Yapping dogs. Serfs and Lords.

The sound of chatter and laughter carried on the wind. A great haul of birds. The sun setting on a perfect day. A snapshot of an idyllic old Britain.

As the PROCESSION arrives back at the house...

The ministerial car pulls up. A tall, middle-aged MAN, (JOHN PROFUMO), conspicuous in dark city suit, gets out.

MACMILLAN sees PROFUMO's arrival. He breaks off his conversation. Turns to the DUKE OF ROXBURGHE..

MACMILLAN
Excuse me.

ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME watches MACMILLAN walk towards PROFUMO.

MACMILLAN
Thank you for coming, John.
(indicates house)
Shall we?

DOROTHY watches the two men go. Exchanges a look with A.D-H.

27 INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 27

DOROTHY and MACMILLAN are getting ready for bed.

DOROTHY

What was John Profumo doing here?

MACMILLAN

I asked him to come and see me so we could have a frank conversation. Man to man.

28 INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, SNOOKER ROOM - DAY 2 28

A roaring fire. We're in a large snooker room. The TWO MEN are mid conversation, and mid-game. A tense atmosphere. MACMILLAN chalks a cue.

MACMILLAN

I'll tell you what worries me, John. It's that the many and significant achievements of this government are being overshadowed by scandal and rumours...

PROFUMO

Rumours too irresistible for newspapers to bother with anything as inconvenient as the truth.

MACMILLAN lines up a shot.

MACMILLAN

And that's all I'm after, John.
(takes his shot)
The truth.

A red ball rolls to a halt near the edge of a pocket. Close.

PROFUMO

Then I shall confirm for you what I told your Private Secretary and what I subsequently told the House. I have nothing to hide. Nothing to answer for.

29 INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 29

MACMILLAN with DOROTHY.

MACMILLAN

I told him to think carefully about what he was saying. That we were friends. And could speak in confidence.

(MORE)

29

CONTINUED:

29

MACMILLAN (CONT'D)

That there are fault lines in most marriages. And I could admit to mine.

DOROTHY stares at MACMILLAN. MACMILLAN stares back.

30

INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, SNOOKER ROOM - DAY 2

30

MACMILLAN

Think carefully about what you're saying. There are fault lines in most marriages. I will admit to mine.

PROFUMO stares at MACMILLAN.

PROFUMO

But none in mine. You have my word there have been no call-girls. No impropriety. Nor breaches of national security.

MACMILLAN stares at PROFUMO.

PROFUMO

Come on, Harold... I didn't come to you on bended knee six years ago, begging to serve in your government only to make a fool of you.

31

INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

31

DOROTHY and MACMILLAN continue.

DOROTHY

Do you believe him?

MACMILLAN

In the course of my life, I've learned to recognise the face of a liar. Their features are somehow drawn differently.

MACMILLAN stares at DOROTHY.

MACMILLAN

Something in the eyes.

(beat)

What other option is there? To distrust those close to me? Those that profess to love me...

32

INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, SNOOKER ROOM - DAY 2

32

MACMILLAN stares at PROFUMO.

33 INT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

33

MACMILLAN stares at DOROTHY.

MACMILLAN

That would be too painful.

DOROTHY averts her eyes.

DOROTHY

And the photograph?

MACMILLAN

Which photograph?

DOROTHY shows MACMILLAN a newspaper. On the front page, an article about a sex scandal engulfing Britain. A photograph of a shadowy figure and a headline reading: "WHO IS THE MYSTERY MAN?"

DOROTHY

At a party hosted by one Stephen Ward. Society osteopath. A call girl and a Russian spy in the foreground. In the background....

DOROTHY indicates a shadowy figure.

MACMILLAN

A shadow.

DOROTHY

A shadow in Profumo's likeness.

MACMILLAN scrutinises DOROTHY.

MACMILLAN

If you say so. I say there is reasonable doubt.

DOROTHY

You credulous, trusting fool.

DOROTHY turns off the light.

34 EXT. SCOTLAND, GRAND HOUSE - DAY 3

34

Bemused press PHOTOGRAPHERS, JOURNALISTS and TELEVISION CREWS have been called to the windswept house in Scotland.

MACMILLAN, hunting dogs running around his feet, stands in his tweeds and flat cap, pipe in hand.

Four GAMEKEEPERS stand with him, holding rifles.

MACMILLAN

Thank you all for coming at such short notice. I'd like to say a few words about the rumours surrounding the Minister of War, John Profumo.

Dogs yap. JOURNALISTS continue to write.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 3

The television is on, playing highlights from MACMILLAN's press conference.

MACMILLAN (ON TV)

In my six years as Prime Minister, I have had to face many grave and baffling difficulties. This is one such occasion. I would like to make it clear that I believe John Profumo is entitled not only to the support but also the sympathetic understanding and confidence of the House and of the entire country.

ELIZABETH is with PRINCESS MARINA (56, in twin-set and pearls). On a table several newspapers.. "WHO IS THE MYSTERY MAN?".

MARINA

It was bad enough when it was just the music and shouting. At all hours. Day and night.

ELIZABETH

Margaret's always been high spirited.

MARINA

But this building work is unbearable. Unbearable. Two years already. And no sign of it ending. A new roof now.

ELIZABETH

Yes, so I gather.

MARINA

Banging and hammering and drilling. Sometimes even at weekends. And it's not just me that's suffering. I know it's driven the Gloucesters mad, too.

ELIZABETH

Everything irritates the Gloucesters.

A KNOCK at the door. A uniformed EQUERRY enters.

EQUERRY

Sir John Weir, Your Majesty.

35

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

MARINA and ELIZABETH stand.

ELIZABETH

(to MARINA)

Don't worry, Aunt Marina. As Head of
the Family it's what I'm here for.
I'll have a word with Margaret.

MARINA curtseys, goes. DR. SIR JOHN WEIR enters.

WEIR

Your Majesty.

ELIZABETH

Sir John.

WEIR

As you know we took the samples
yesterday, we've had the results back,
and I am delighted to confirm that you
are expecting.

ELIZABETH

(taken aback, thrilled)

Oh!

35A INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CORRIDORS - DAY 3A

35A

A beaming ELIZABETH walks through the palace. FOOTMEN
scatter.

ELIZABETH skips happily down the stairs. Towards Philip's
study.

35B INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, PHILIP'S STUDY - DAY 3A

35B

ELIZABETH reaches Philip's study. Knocks and enters.

ELIZABETH

(beaming smile)

I hope you're sitting down, I have
some news that might ...

She stops. No sign of Philip.

ELIZABETH

Philip?

Philip's VALET appears.

VALET

His Royal Highness is away, ma'am.

35B

ELIZABETH

Oh? Where?

VALET

At a house party. For the week end.

ELIZABETH

Week end? It's Wednesday. He never mentioned anything.

The VALET avoids eye contact.

VALET

It was all very last minute.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

VALET

Ma'am.

ELIZABETH leaves. Her mood entirely deflated.

36

EXT. MEWS STREET - DAY 4

36

The same mews street as earlier. Two POLICE CARS drive into the mews.

Net curtains part. PEOPLE look out.

The POLICE DETECTIVES go to STEPHEN WARD'S mews house, and ring the doorbell.

NEIGHBOURS continue to watch from behind curtains as..

WARD emerges with the POLICE DETECTIVES and is driven away in one of the cars.

37

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 4

37

CHRISTINE KEELER emerges from a police station (following interrogation) and is shown to a police car.

As she is about to get into her car, the two cars that collected STEPHEN WARD arrive.

WARD gets out of the car. He sees CHRISTINE KEELER as she is about to get into her car.

Their eyes meet. His hopeful, expectant. Hers cold. Unsentimental. Detached.

KEELER drives off. WARD is led inside.

38

OMITTED

38

39 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - DAY 4

39

Busy newspaper offices. We pick up one REPORTER, on his phone, listening.

REPORTER

Right.

(listens)

Thanks for letting us know.

The REPORTER hangs up, gets to his feet. He walks hastily through the crowded newsroom, and enters an open door..

40 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES, EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY 4

40

The REPORTER enters the office of his EDITOR who is mid-meeting with one of his PHOTOGRAPHERS...

REPORTER

Just heard that Stephen Ward..

(tails off)

Sorry to interrupt...

(continues)

..has been interviewed by police and has confirmed everything. Introducing Profumo to the call girls. The Russian Spy. Everything.

EDITOR

Well, well, well.

REPORTER

I think we can confidently expect Profumo's resignation any minute.

EDITOR

And the government to fall apart shortly thereafter.

The EDITOR turns to the PHOTOGRAPHER opposite him.

EDITOR

You'll have to excuse me, I'd better get to work.

We now see the photographer. It's TONY SNOWDON.

TONY

All right. So is it a 'yes', to Paris?

EDITOR

If you must.

TONY

I must.

EDITOR

Though didn't you just come back from an assignment in New York?

TONY

I did.

EDITOR

And Tokyo before that? You don't think some time at home would be good?

TONY

It would if it were a home. But it's a building site. Her Royal Highness has decided to embark upon a major refurbishment of our apartment.

EDITOR

I just thought I'd heard a happy rumour she might be expecting another baby?

TONY

You did. She is. But in any marriage it's important to find things that really bind you together. As a couple.

EDITOR

And yours is?

TONY

Same as yours, dear. Absence.

TONY shoots an enigmatic smile at the EDITOR, and goes.

40A INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 4

40A

A PAGE enters. ELIZABETH looks up.

PAGE

Sir John Weir, Your Majesty.

DR. WEIR enters.

WEIR

Your Majesty.

ELIZABETH

Sir John. Back so soon? Is everything all right?

WEIR

It's nothing to worry about ma'am. We've undertaken some further tests, checking iron levels, vitamins, minerals... And I'm happy to say the results came in normal.

(MORE)

WEIR (CONT'D)

(hesitates)

Just slightly on the lower end of normal. And in one case, iron, below normal and a *possible* indicator of mild anaemia. It's just worth bearing in mind when you had your first child, you were twenty-two years old. The second followed two years later. It was then ten years before you conceived again, and now, four years later, you will have your fourth child, aged...

ELIZABETH

Yes, I think we can all work out my age. You're saying I'm old?

WEIR

Older, ma'am. And we are just respectfully asking that you take this into consideration this time round. Blood pressure typically increases with age. Iron levels can drop. Diet, and rest, become increasingly important...

ELIZABETH

Meaning?

WEIR

We'd like you to be extra careful. Really take things easier this time. I'd be happy to see a reduction in the number of forthcoming engagements. As I say, nothing to worry about too much. Just worth being vigilant. Extra vigilant.

ELIZABETH nods - thrown.

41 INT. WEST END THEATRE - NIGHT 4

41

A packed West End theatre. DOROTHY MACMILLAN and her lover BOB BOOTHBY enter the theatre..

They squeeze past other THEATREGOERS to their seats.

DOROTHY

Excuse me... so sorry... thank you.

DOROTHY and BOOTHBY take their seats.

DOROTHY

Now, what exactly is it that you have brought me to see?

41 CONTINUED:

41

BOOTHBY

A group of clever young men who have the courage to say in public what the rest of us have been thinking in private for some time.

The four "BEYOND THE FRINGE" satirists come on stage: PETER COOK, ALAN BENNETT, DUDLEY MOORE and JONATHAN MILLER, to loud and enthusiastic applause.

42 INT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 5

42

MACMILLAN is with a wide-eyed, euphoric DOROTHY.

DOROTHY

Oh, it was wonderful! If they weren't sending up toffs they were targeting government corruption! Or the hypocrisy of our bishops! Or having a dig at the British war effort. At one point, they even turned on the Queen!

MACMILLAN

The QUEEN?

DOROTHY

It was really VERY funny.

MACMILLAN

Oh?

43 INT. WEST END THEATRE - NIGHT 4

43

The satirists are mid performance. PETER COOK is mimicking a reverential BBC newscaster..

COOK

(BBC voice)

And we go now to Sandringham, for the Queen's Christmas address to the nation.

The lights come up on DUDLEY MOORE, wearing pearls.

MOORE

(mimicking Elizabeth)

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you all. My husband and I send an especially warm welcome this year to the people of London's East End, what we have recently visited. Prince Philip particularly enjoyed learning some rhyming slang from the locals.

PETER COOK impersonates Philip.

43

COOK
(mimicking Philip)
I truly Adam and Eve that Christmas is
a special time, when we can all enjoy
a right bubble bath with our china
plates down the battlecruiser.

MOORE
(mimicking Elizabeth)
We are also much enthused about our
forthcoming tour to India and
Pakistan. Prince Philip tells me he is
looking forward to taking me up the
Khyber Pass.

BOOTHBY roars with laughter.

COOK
(mimicking Philip)
They like a visit from the baked bean,
don't they? I mean, to me she's just
her indoors, the trouble and strife,
the fork and knife, the Duchess of
Fife. But they turtle dove her. Know
what I mean?

44 INT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 5 44

DOROTHY continues..

DOROTHY
Then they came onto you.

45 INT. WEST END THEATRE - NIGHT 4 45

The SATIRISTS are cruelly mimicking Macmillan. Loud laughter
in the audience.

COOK
(mimicking Macmillan)
In my position as Prime Minister of
this great country, I am frequently
visited by many great men. They tell
me a great many things, and often ask
me about what I am most afraid. My
answer? 'Events, dear boy, events...'
(beat)
Rain showers. Test matches. Autumn.
The arrival of the newspapers in the
morning.

LAUGHTER as the SATIRIST continues to reel off increasingly
bizarre 'events'...

46 INT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 5

46

DOROTHY smiles as she remembers..

DOROTHY

I could try to replicate it, but I
wouldn't be doing it justice.

MACMILLAN

Was it cruel?

DOROTHY

Not "cruel", no.

MACMILLAN

Were people laughing?

DOROTHY

Yes.

MACMILLAN

Did Boothby laugh?

Her expression changes.

DOROTHY

Who said anything about Boothby?

MACMILLAN

I'm assuming it's who you were there
with.

(a beat)

Did he laugh?

DOROTHY

Yes.

MACMILLAN

Did you?

DOROTHY

(unflinching)

Yes.

MACMILLAN turns and walks away.

46A EXT. KENSINGTON PALACE, WINDOW - DAY 6

46A

A piercing DRILLING noise. PRINCESS MARINA pulls back a
curtain and looks out of her window. Frowns.

46B EXT. KENSINGTON PALACE, ANOTHER WINDOW - DAY 6

46B

The din continues. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE pulls
back a curtain and looks out of her window. Glares.

47 EXT. KENSINGTON PALACE - DAY 6 47

A royal car pulls up alongside all the builders' vans outside Apartment 1A..

ELIZABETH gets out. The BUILDERS stand to attention. Remove hats.

48 INT. KENSINGTON PALACE, APARTMENT 1A, KITCHEN - DAY 6 48

A DESIGNER is showing MARGARET (also pregnant) a catalogue. ELIZABETH walks into the kitchen. The DESIGNER bows, then stands there awkwardly.

MARGARET
(shooing out the DESIGNER)
Go on.

The DESIGNER hurries out.

ELIZABETH
Goodness.

MARGARET
What?

ELIZABETH
The dining table in the same room as
the kitchen.

MARGARET
Yes!

ELIZABETH
I'm not sure quite what to make of
that.

MARGARET
It's modern.

ELIZABETH
It's odd.

MARGARET
And egalitarian.

ELIZABETH
(under her breath)
You're the least egalitarian person I
know.

MARGARET
That's not a nice way to congratulate
me. That IS why you're here?

ELIZABETH
Congratulate you for what?

MARGARET

Mummy didn't tell you? I'm..

MARGARET gestures: pregnant.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Margaret. Are you? How lovely.

MARGARET

Due a few weeks after you.

ELIZABETH

That's wonderful.

(they embrace)

But no. That's not why I'm here. I'm here to ask if, on your way to building this great bright modern 'egalitarian' home for your growing family you might have a little more consideration for your neighbours.

MARGARET

In terms of what?

ELIZABETH

I'm assuming noise. And general disruption.

MARGARET

Oh, I see. And who sent you on this ugly little mission? Marina? She would do well to remember her place, and that she is lucky to be accommodated here at all.

ELIZABETH

I rest my case about egalitarian. Actually, not only her.

MARGARET

Alice? That cantankerous old bat.

ELIZABETH

And the Kents. And the Gloucesters.

MARGARET

Oh, I see. The whole nasty jealous circus, cooped up in this ridiculous compound. Furious that we got the largest apartment.

ELIZABETH

No one is furious about the apartment.

MARGARET

Excuse me... incandescent. Positively constipated with fury.

ELIZABETH

They are furious about the noise.

MARGARET

Because it represents rejuvenation,
modernisation and change.

ELIZABETH

Because it's inconsiderate, selfish
and deafening.

MARGARET

Why are you doing this? Interfering
like this? Taking THEIR side?

ELIZABETH

I just said I'd gently ask the
question. As Head of the Family.

MARGARET

You know how much I love it when you
pull that particular card.

ELIZABETH

There, it's done. Let's not fight over
this. So how's the baby so far?

MARGARET

Uncomplicated, surprisingly. Yours?

ELIZABETH manages a brave smile.

ELIZABETH

Complicated. They've asked me to take
it easy this time.

MARGARET

Then may I politely suggest you do.
Tell Philip to take some of the
strain. How is he?

ELIZABETH

Fine. Why?

MARGARET

Would you like to know a rumour Tony
and I heard?

ELIZABETH

No.

MARGARET pulls out a newspaper. Indicates the picture of
"MYSTERY MAN".

MARGARET

Just a rumour, of course. But you
can't deny. There is a similarity.

48

ELIZABETH

That's the Minister of War. He's just admitted it.

MARGARET

Profumo admitted the affair. But denied the photograph.

(looks at photo)

There's something of Philip in the shoulders. Not just the shoulders.

ADEANE appears in the doorway. ELIZABETH notices.

ELIZABETH

I...I must go.

The deafening sound of drilling recommences. ELIZABETH goes.

49

EXT. KENSINGTON PALACE - DAY 6

49

ADEANE and ELIZABETH walk back towards the car.

ADEANE

The Prime Minister has asked to see you, ma'am, as a matter of urgency..

49aA

EXT. WHITEHALL BUILDING, STEPS - DAY 6

49aA

PROFUMO stands on a set of stone steps. A throng of JOURNALISTS thrust cameras and microphones towards him.

PROFUMO

Good morning. Thank you for coming. Some weeks ago I gave an assurance to the Prime Minister, to my constituents, and to the country, that in my association with Christine Keeler there had been no impropriety. I am ashamed to say that this assurance was false. I lied. My conduct has been indefensible, but I would ask you to consider my actions from the point of view of a man who was attempting, in vain, to protect his wife and family from the pain he had inflicted upon them with his mistakes. Of course I will face whatever consequences should befall me. I have compromised the honour of my office, humiliated my family, caused shame and embarrassment to my colleagues in the Government, and demonstrated that I am not fit to discharge my duty to my country.

(MORE)

PROFUMO (CONT'D)

I have therefore informed the Prime Minister of my intention to vacate my seat in the House of Commons, and to resign from this government with immediate effect. Thank you.

Flashbulbs explode as the JOURNALISTS shout questions at PROFUMO.

JOURNALISTS

Mr Profumo! If you're not the 'mystery man' then who is? / Can you tell us who the 'mystery man' is? / Who's the 'mystery man,' Mr Profumo?

49A EXT. OLD BAILEY - DAY 6

49A

CROWDS wait outside the Old Bailey. Among them, JOURNALISTS hungry for outrage.

A car arrives. CHRISTINE KEELER and MANDY RICE-DAVIS get out. Shouts and questions from the JOURNALISTS as they make their way into the court.

JOURNALISTS

Miss Keeler! What secrets did Profumo give you? / Did you pass them on to the Russians? / How much did you earn from selling your story? Was it more than you earned as a call-girl? / Is Stephen Ward a Russian agent too? Or is he just a pimp? / Is Mr Ward a Communist?

50 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY 6

50

MACMILLAN sits in the Private Audience Room. We've not seen him like this before. He looks devastated. A broken man.

Several newspapers on a table with the Profumo resignation splashed across all of them.

MACMILLAN

It's the very worst kind of betrayal. By somebody I never expected capable.

ELIZABETH

I'm so sorry. This dentist clearly has a lot to answer for? Mr. Ward.

MACMILLAN

Osteopath, ma'am.

ELIZABETH

He seems to have orchestrated it all.

MACMILLAN

He may have orchestrated it, but read the newspapers you'd think it's all MY fault. And for that reason I think it's only right that I offer you my resignation.

ELIZABETH looks up.

ELIZABETH

What?

MACMILLAN

The integrity of your government has been compromised. As Prime Minister I must accept responsibility. I can't go on.

ELIZABETH

Oh, you can, Mr. Macmillan, and you MUST. I would urge you to go back, unite your cabinet and your government. Take charge of this country. Promptly, decisively, and with a strong hand. The country needs stability. As your Sovereign I need it too, more than ever because...

MACMILLAN

Ma'am?

ELIZABETH

I am myself going to be taking a leave of absence for several months. The Duke of Edinburgh and I are expecting again...

ELIZABETH taps her stomach.

MACMILLAN

Congratulations, ma'am.

ELIZABETH

But the situation is not without complications. And the doctors have made it quite clear they'd like me to rest. Completely. To safeguard the pregnancy. Step away from the front line. That's why I need you to hold the fort for the time being. For both of us. While I am in Scotland. The Queen Mother will deputise in ceremonial matters until the child is born. Is that all right?

MACMILLAN

(thrown)

Of course.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, Prime Minister. It would mean a great deal to me. Personally.

MACMILLAN puts on a brave face, but is haunted.

50A EXT. MEWS STREET - DAY 7A

50A

STEPHEN WARD is led out of his house by POLICE OFFICERS, past a crowd of PHOTOGRAPHERS, and into a waiting police van.

OVER THIS:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Today marks the final day of the trial of Stephen Ward, who stands accused of living off the proceeds of vice.

The van drives away.

50B INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 7A

50B

WARD stares at the impassive POLICE SERGEANT sitting opposite him.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But it is Ward's links to scandal in high places that have made the headlines, and prompted speculation about the extent of the moral decay at the top of British public life.

50C EXT. POLICE VAN, LONDON STREET - DAY 7A

50C

The police van carrying Stephen Ward drives up a London street.

51 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BEDROOMS - DAY 7

51

PHILIP is busy supervising his cases being packed by his VALET and a PAGE. ELIZABETH enters..

ELIZABETH

Oh, hello. That's nice.
(indicating bags)
You're coming?

PHILIP

Coming? No, I'm going.

ELIZABETH

Where to?

51

PHILIP
St. Moritz.

ELIZABETH
How 'mysterious'.

PHILIP
You?

ELIZABETH
Balmoral. Separate countries.
(a touch of ice)
How apposite.

PHILIP
What does that mean?

ELIZABETH
Appropriate, suitable, fitting, apt.

PHILIP
I know what 'apposite' means.
(terse, snaps)
I mean what are you trying to say?

ELIZABETH
Don't you worry about that. You just
enjoy the mountains, dear.

ELIZABETH goes.

51A INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 1B 51A

A hand moves rapidly across a sketchpad. Thick, black lines. Abstract shapes. As STEPHEN WARD begins a portrait.

51B INT. WEST END, THEATRE - EVENING 0A 51B

The tightly-bound feet of a BALLERINA. Soft satin wrapped around feet. A human spinning-top.

51C INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 1B 51C

WARD continues to sketch. Less abstract now. A figure is emerging on the pages. A man.

51D INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 8 51D

Hands search diligently through draws and filing cabinets. The tips of fingers, scanning through pages, documents, photographs. Finally, they find something. A SKETCH.

- 51E INT. WEST END, THEATRE - EVENING 0A 51E
The BALLERINA's feet continue to spin. Faster and faster now.
- 51F INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 7C 51F
The SKETCHES are placed into an envelope. Sealed. The envelope is handed over to another MAN. He takes it in his hands. Money is placed in another envelope, and handed over.
- 51G INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CORRIDOR - DAY 7D 51G
Feet across a polished floor. Walking with purpose. But quiet. This MAN could be a ghost.
- 51H INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, STAFF QUARTERS - DAY 7D 51H
Click-click. A knob is turned on a safe's door. The door swings open. The envelope (containing sketches) is placed inside by a pair of hands.

REVERSE ON: In soft focus, the (unseen) MAN stares back at us. Then, he closes the door - plunging us into darkness.
- 52 EXT. ROYAL TRAIN / COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 7 52
The ROYAL TRAIN roars through countryside, on its overnight journey to Balmoral.
- 52aA INT. PRINTING PRESS - DAY 7 52aA
Printing presses roll. On the front pages: screaming headlines. "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN THIS COUNTRY:"
- 52A EXT. OLD BAILEY - DAY 7A 52A
Crowds wait outside the Old Bailey. Some hold placards: "FILTHY ANIMAL," "TRAITOR." Others hold placards with a different target: "TORIES OUT," "WARD IS INNOCENT."

A SHOUT goes up. A section of the CROWD surges towards a POLICE VAN as it arrives outside the court.

The doors to the van open and STEPHEN WARD is led out, blinking against the daylight.

Snarling PROTESTORS try to break through the line of POLICEMEN. Other PROTESTORS try to pull them back.

A FIGHT breaks out. POLICE charge in, truncheons raised, to break it up.

52A CONTINUED:

52A

OVER THIS:

BARRISTER (V.O.)

We have come from the very depths of
lechery and depravity in this case.
Prostitution, promiscuity, perversion.

52B INT. WEST END THEATRE - NIGHT 7B

52B

MACMILLAN and a couple of BODYGUARDS/AIDES, arrive in the
theatre and take their place in the audience.

BARRISTER (V.O.)

You will not convict the Defendant
just because he was at the centre of
all this depravity...

53 INT. ROYAL TRAIN - DAY 7

53

ELIZABETH is reading newspapers with screaming headlines.
"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN THIS COUNTRY?"

BARRISTER (V.O.)

...but because he was the orchestrator
of it. Be in no doubt, he is a
thoroughly filthy fellow.

Outside, the Scottish countryside streaks past. Majestic,
beautiful and gentle. A million miles from London.

53A INT. OLD BAILEY - DAY 7A

53A

STEPHEN WARD is in the dock, listening as the prosecuting
BARRISTER publicly eviscerates his character.

BARRISTER

It is therefore in the highest public
interest that you do your duty, and
return a verdict of guilty on this
indictment.

54 MOVED TO 56A

54

55 MOVED TO 56B

55

56 INT. WEST END THEATRE - NIGHT 7B

56

The "BEYOND THE FRINGE" satirists come on stage. Start doing
their routine.

COOK
(mimicking MACMILLAN)
Good evening. I believe that it is essential to the national interest that the British Prime Minister is represented on all the world's most important golf courses.

MACMILLAN looks around the theatre, as COOK continues. A few PEOPLE turn to look at him - MACMILLAN smiles nervously..

COOK
(mimicking MACMILLAN)
In America, I had a very interesting meeting with President Johnson, at which he personally assured me of his commitment to Britain's increasing irrelevance on the world stage. I thanked him on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen, then replaced his divot and raked his bunker.

MACMILLAN tightens his grip on the programme in his lap - now folded into a tightly-coiled tube.

COOK
(mimicking MACMILLAN)
In France, President de Gaulle was equally illuminating. At dinner, he confided in me that he would like the lamb and a bottle of the forty-four Chateau Mouton Rothschild.

More LAUGHTER. MACMILLAN's knuckles turn white, as he grips tighter and tighter.

PETER COOK, still in character as MACMILLAN has now seen the Prime Minister..

COOK
Wait!! Do my eyes deceive me? Is that really who I think it is, staring back at me?

A vast ripple of movement, as the entire AUDIENCE appear to turn around in their seats to face MACMILLAN.

COOK
(mimicking MACMILLAN)
"I've come to the theatre tonight because I'm told that some cheeky young satirists are making a living by doing impressions of me, which is handy because I'm told I leave a terrible impression wherever I go."

- 56 CONTINUED: (2) 56
- Loud laughter in the theatre. MACMILLAN looks around the auditorium: a sea of mocking, hateful faces stare back at him.
- 56A EXT. BALMORAL - DUSK 7 56A
- ELIZABETH'S CAR comes to a stop outside the castle.
- She gets out, to greet the RESIDENT FACTOR. Behind them, a large row of STAFF have lined up; GARDENERS and MAIDS, COOKS and CLEANERS.
- 56B INT. BALMORAL, QUEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7 56B
- ELIZABETH sits on her bed. A remarkably humble, stark bedroom. But ELIZABETH is happy. Content. Exhales.
- 57 EXT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 8 57
- A large pack of PHOTOGRAPHERS outside the mews house we saw earlier.
- OVER THIS: the sound of a ringing telephone.
- 58 INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 8 58
- Camera tracks slowly across a row of framed photographs.
- Beautiful women, smiling faces, politicians, aristocrats, actors, models, ballerinas..
- Grand houses, pool parties. Idyllic days of sunshine, laughter and happiness.
- Finally our camera reaches..
- A pair of staring eyes. STEPHEN WARD'S body, inert, lies on the floor. The party is over.
- The sound of a ringing phone continues.
- 59 EXT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 8 59
- Uniformed POLICEMEN hold back the PRESS, as an unconscious WARD is wheeled outside on a stretcher by AMBULANCE STAFF.
- He is bundled into the back of the AMBULANCE, which tears off down the street. FLASHBULBS pop in its wake.

- 60 INT. MEWS HOUSE - DAY 8 60
- Uniformed POLICE and plain-clothed DETECTIVES are looking through the premises.
- Photographs, paintings.
- Presently one DETECTIVE sees something. His expression changes. He pulls down something (we do not see it), staring at it.
- Now we reveal what it is. A portrait of Philip. Drawn by Ward.
- 61 INT. BALMORAL, ADEANE'S OFFICE - DAY 8 61
- ADEANE is on the telephone.
- ADEANE
- I see.
- (listens)
- Right. And this was found where?
- (listens)
- Yup. Understood.
- ADEANE: making notes. Troubled by what he is hearing.
- 62 INT. BALMORAL, CORRIDOR - DAY 8 62
- ADEANE walks along a corridor. Visibly grave.
- 63 INT. BALMORAL, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 8 63
- ELIZABETH relaxes in the drawing room. ADEANE enters.
- ELIZABETH
- Michael?
- ADEANE
- Your Majesty.
- ADEANE stops. Hesitating--
- ADEANE
- We're making it perfectly clear, to all that enquire, that you are taking an extended period of rest. But sometimes people insist. The British Horse Society for example, ma'am. They're still struggling with approval of their--

ELIZABETH
(heard it a thousand
times)
Charitable status.

ADEANE
Yes. They thought your intervention
might speed things up?

ELIZABETH
Fine. Give me the paperwork.

ADEANE hands over a large file of papers.

ADEANE
Then one or two urgent royal warrants
that require your assent.

ELIZABETH
Is that it?

ADEANE hesitates again.

ADEANE
I'm afraid not, ma'am. One more thing.
A little delicate. The man at the
centre of the Profumo scandal. Stephen
Ward.

ELIZABETH
The osteopath?

ADEANE
Yes. Has taken his own life.

ELIZABETH
I see. And what bearing does this have
on us?

ADEANE
At his practice, his home, the police
found certain items. Among them a
portrait. A hand-drawn portrait, done
by Mr. Ward himself..
(he hesitates)
Of...

ELIZABETH looks up.

ELIZABETH
Of?

ADEANE
His Royal Highness the Duke of
Edinburgh.

ELIZABETH
What?

ADEANE

The police also have witnesses who saw the Duke arriving at Ward's house on several occasions.

ELIZABETH

How is that possible?

ADEANE

We were all at a loss for how to link them, then it became clear they were members of the same lunch club, ma'am.

ELIZABETH's eyes close.

ADEANE

There is now some concern about whether there were other portraits, not to mention all the studies for the portrait, and that those might fall into the wrong hands.

ELIZABETH

I see.

ADEANE

We'll manage the situation, of course. Fight it off. Hold any press back. But I just thought you should be aware.

ELIZABETH

(visibly shaken)

Thank you.

ADEANE bows from the neck and goes.

64 EXT. BALMORAL ESTATE - DAY 9

64

ELIZABETH walks silently with PORCHEY. The pair weave through woodland and ancient pine forests. There's a real stillness here. A tranquility.

PORCHEY

Norris, our new stud groom, is settling in well. Likes the place. Thinks it has potential.

ELIZABETH

And the foals?

PORCHEY

Coming on nicely. I'd especially like you to see the Ribot filly - she really fills the eye and has a fabulous walk - strides out just like her mother.

(MORE)

PORCHEY (CONT'D)

And I have one or two precocious mares
I'd like Aureole to cover...

EXT. BALMORAL ESTATE, RIVERSIDE - DAY 9

ELIZABETH and PORCHEY walk by a river.

PORCHEY

...we should decide which of the
yearlings you'd like to retain and
which to sell. My suggestion would be
to keep and train all the fillies and
just one of the colts. I must let you
see him. He's been showing his heels
to the rest of them in the paddock.
Really lovely action...

The pair reach a wooden fence, and climb over. PORCHEY helps
ELIZABETH over, protectively, then notices ELIZABETH is
crying, blinking away tears.

PORCHEY

Are you all right?

ELIZABETH

It's nothing. Silly of me.
(hesitating)

But sometimes, when it all gets a bit
much, I don't mind telling you, I long
to..

PORCHEY

You're not allowed to say it, ma'am.
Not even allowed to THINK it. You'd
hate it, too.

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't. I'd adore it.

ELIZABETH looks up. Their eyes meet.

ELIZABETH

(looks around at the
beautiful solitariness
and the silence)

People used to laugh at my
grandfather. He would retreat to a
gamekeeper's cottage for days on end
with his stamp albums and do nothing
all day long except shuffle and stick
in his stamps. They were his best
friends. Little scraps of paper from
all around the world, bearing the
heads of other lonely monarchs. And
Queen Victoria used to vanish into
these forests for months at a time.

ELIZABETH tails off. She motions to a plain, stumpy, estate manager's cottage, now visible in the background. Not very pretty, and rather humble. Cut off from the world.

ELIZABETH

I'm sure each of us has a single image or dream that defines us. Who we are. What we want. What we dream of. That's mine. A sensible sized house. Miles from anywhere, no round-the-clock duty. No armies of staff. Just me, living in that cottage, a simple countrywoman. It's the life...

ELIZABETH stops. Can't quite say it.

PORCHEY

You were actually BORN to live?

ELIZABETH

Yes.

Their eyes meet. PORCHEY's hand reaches over to touch hers in a comforting gesture. But the spell is broken as she looks over his shoulder, and sees...

ELIZABETH

Oh, no.

A convoy of LAND ROVERS in the distance driving urgently towards them.

ELIZABETH

When they come in a pack like that it's not normally a good sign.

The cars come to a halt. ADEANE gets out.

ADEANE

Sorry to disturb you, ma'am. It's the Prime Minister.

64B EXT. BALMORAL CASTLE - DAY 9

64B

Through a window of the castle, we see into ADEANE's office where he receives a phone call.

ADEANE

I see.

(beat)

And what time is the Prime Minister scheduled in surgery?

(beat)

Do you really think that's necessary?

(beat)

I understand. Thank you, Mr Bishop.

65 INT. AEROPLANE - DAY 9

65

ELIZABETH sits in a DeHaviland Heron plane, grave-faced, reading a handwritten letter ADEANE has given to her.

ELIZABETH
Resignation?

ADEANE
Yes. Sent in the...mistaken belief his
life was in immediate danger.

ELIZABETH looks up.

ADEANE
A subsequent biopsy of the tumour
revealed it to be benign. But the
Prime Minister has had a difficult few
months. The impression I get is...that
he's lost the appetite somewhat.

ELIZABETH
(still not understanding)
What for?

ADEANE
To go on.

ELIZABETH's expression changes. The worst words one could
ever say to her.

66 EXT. KING EDWARD VII HOSPITAL - DAY 9

66

A royal car pulls up outside the Harley Street hospital.

ELIZABETH gets out of the car, enters the hospital.
PHOTOGRAPHERS and TELEVISION CREWS take pictures of her.

67 INT. KING EDWARD VII HOSPITAL - DAY 9

67

ELIZABETH is shown into the boardroom. Presently another door
opens, and MACMILLAN is wheeled in on his bed.

MACMILLAN
Your Majesty.

He is a shocking sight. His smart white silk shirt with ratty
brown cardigan only accentuates how sick he looks.

An ORDERLY places a container under the bed, connected to a
tube draining bile from his gut. A colostomy bag hangs from
the bed, connected via another tube. He is woozy from
morphine.

ELIZABETH
How are you Prime Minister?

MACMILLAN

All the better for no longer BEING one. I hope you've not come to dissuade me. The situation is quite hopeless.

ELIZABETH

That's not my understanding. The doctors told me the tumour was benign.

MACMILLAN

It was the size of an orange!

ELIZABETH

And that while it means discomfort and inconvenience...

MACMILLAN

(flinches dramatically)
That's not the half of it.

ELIZABETH

Largely it means you're fine.

MACMILLAN

I will still require a long period of convalescence and not be in a fit state to undertake the arduous duties as PM. I'm afraid my decision to resign is final.

OFF ELIZABETH - cold. Unsympathetic.

ELIZABETH

That is disappointing. Especially after our conversation.

MACMILLAN

(ignoring this)
As to who should succeed me? As Sovereign you have the prerogative to consult, but there's only one man in my opinion. The Earl of Home.

ELIZABETH

Alec? Obviously we're all very fond of him..

INT. DOUGLAS-HOME HOUSE - DAY 10

ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME is dressed by his VALET in front of a mirror.

MACMILLAN (V.O.)

He's the right man. A decade younger than me, steel painted as wood and the old governing class at its best.

69 INT. KING EDWARD VII HOSPITAL - DAY 9

69

Back to the hospital.

ELIZABETH

But what about Hailsham, Butler, Maudling?

MACMILLAN

We don't have the time for a contest...

ELIZABETH

Due process.

MACMILLAN

...or the instability that would bring. The country needs leadership. Experienced leadership. I would call Alec to the Palace right away, ma'am. No use dragging things out.

ELIZABETH

Is that an order, Mr. Macmillan?

MACMILLAN

It would be my advice. Ma'am.

ELIZABETH goes to the door. Then stops, turns.

ELIZABETH

You know, I've been Queen barely ten years. In that time I've had three Prime Ministers. Ambitious men. Clever men. Brilliant men. Not one has lasted the course. They've either been too old, too ill, or too weak. A confederacy of elected... quitters.

She turns and goes.

70 EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 10

70

ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME arrives at Downing Street. Waving to the PEOPLE.

COMMENTATOR (V/O)

Here is Alec Douglas-Home, a member of the 'Sandringham Set' and a known friend of the Royal Family. People are now openly questioning the Queen's impartiality, and asking whether she has simply chosen her favourite candidate, and whether she can be trusted to have any involvement in politics...

71 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAIN GATES - DAY 11 71

PHILIP's CAR drives through the Palace gates, past a large crowd of PHOTOGRAPHERS and CIVILIANS - some with placards.

Inside the car: PHILIP looks up at the roof. The royal standard is not flying. The flagpole is empty.

PHILIP and JIM turn to look at one another.

71A EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUADRANGLE - DAY 11 71A

PHILIP's car pulls up behind MARGARET'S royal Daimler, already parked.

PHILIP and JIM hurry into the Palace.

72 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CENTRE ROOM - DAY 11 72

PHILIP enters the room, followed by JIM ORR. TONY and MARGARET are at a window, overlooking the PROTESTORS outside.

PHILIP

What are you doing here?

MARGARET

I could ask you the same question in reverse. What are you NOT doing here? In case you hadn't noticed, your wife just appointed a close family chum as Prime Minister on the advice of a man who had no right to give that advice since he was no longer in office. It's blown up in her face somewhat. We came to see if she was all right. But she's already left, bolted back to the safety of Scotland.

MARGARET and TONY walk off, then TONY comes back.

TONY

Where were YOU, you "Mysterious" fellow? St. Moritz at one point, I heard.

PHILIP

Yes.

A knowing look.

TONY

That was careless. Use me next time. I'd always cover for you, you know. Boys' honour.

72

CONTINUED:

72

TONY winks, catches up MARGARET. OFF PHILIP as TONY'S appraisal of him sinks in.

72A

EXT. BALMORAL ESTATE - DAY 11

72A

ELIZABETH makes her way along the path to Craigowan, this time alone except for her BLACK LABRADORS.

As she walks, it begins to rain. She carries on, oblivious.

INTERCUT:

73

INT. TRAIN - DAY 11

73

PHILIP'S train rattles along through rainy countryside. JIM sits across from him. PHILIP reads NEWSPAPERS.

73A

EXT. BALMORAL ESTATE - DAY 11

73A

PHILIP walks away from the castle through the estate towards Craigowan Lodge. The same route taken by Elizabeth and Porchey.

74

EXT. CRAIGOWAN LODGE - DAY 11

74

ELIZABETH is in the garden of the Lodge. Rain falls - but ELIZABETH seems oblivious.

PHILIP arrives.

PHILIP

Here you are!

ELIZABETH

The idea was to be alone.

PHILIP

And 'hello' to you, too. Fine. If you want me..

ELIZABETH

(under her breath)

No danger of that.

PHILIP

I'll be in the main house.

75

INT. BALMORAL, TELEVISION ROOM - NIGHT 11

75

PHILIP is being served food on his knee. Alone in the castle.

Watching television. More analysis of how the Queen has been used.

75

REPORTER
(on TV, over images of
DOUGLAS-HOME)

Alec Douglas-Home is Britain's new Prime Minister. But his appointment is not without controversy. There is widespread belief that the rightful successor, Mr. Butler, was unfairly passed over, with some even calling it "a right royal conspiracy," in favour of a close personal friend of the Queen Mother, suggesting the Queen herself gave momentum to Lord Home's leadership bid...

'Click'. PHILIP turns off the television.

75A INT. CRAIGOWAN LODGE, ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 11 75A

ELIZABETH gets into bed. She turns out the light. Closes her eyes.

76 INT. BALMORAL - DAY 12 76

PHILIP eating breakfast. Reading newspapers. The newspapers still wildly critical of ELIZABETH.

77 MOVED TO 73A 77

78 EXT. CRAIGOWAN LODGE - DAY 12 78

PHILIP approaches the lodge, calls out, "Hello". No sign of life.

PHILIP

Hello?

He enters the lodge.

79 INT. CRAIGOWAN LODGE - DAY 12 79

PHILIP enters. There she is looking at family photographs spread out over a large table.

PHILIP

This is most unlike you.

ELIZABETH

On the contrary. This is the most like ME I've been in years.

PHILIP looks at her.

PHILIP

I understand. Really I do. The Prime Minister's resignation, and all that.

ELIZABETH

It's not just the Prime Minister.

PHILIP

And your mother. And your sister. And the children. And the extended family. And the Church. And the Commonwealth. And the Country. And the whole ghastly relentlessness of it all. The fact it never stops. Not for a minute. I understand all that.

ELIZABETH

Do you?

PHILIP

I do. But is it not possible that among all those problems and all those things that are driving you mad, there are also some people who are there for you, come what may.

ELIZABETH

Hah. If only.

PHILIP

What's that supposed to mean?

ELIZABETH

Exactly that. Hah, if only.

A silence.

PHILIP

What? Don't punish me with silence. If you have a charge to make, c'mon, be a grown up, make it.

ELIZABETH

All right.

ELIZABETH turns, faces him.

ELIZABETH

Stephen Ward.

PHILIP

Who?

ELIZABETH

The osteopath.

PHILIP

Dreadful man. What about him?

ELIZABETH

While examining his home, in the aftermath of his suicide, detectives found these..

She indicates several PORTRAITS.

ELIZABETH

Portraits painted by him... of YOU.

PHILIP looks up.

PHILIP

I have no explanation for that.

ELIZABETH

They had to be found, and reacquired. At great expense. Can you imagine what would have happened had the newspapers got hold of them first?

PHILIP

They must have been done from photographs. Not private sittings.

ELIZABETH

But you don't deny knowing him.

PHILIP

He treated my NECK. It's what osteopaths do.

ELIZABETH

And procure women.

PHILIP

Not for me!! I saw him a couple of times as a patient. He talked the most ludicrous nonsense about tension and emotions so I went to an old navy fellow instead who slapped me about and sorted it out straight away.

ELIZABETH

He never invited you to spend the week end?

PHILIP

He may have. I certainly never went.

ELIZABETH

So the "Mystery Man"? In the newspapers? That isn't you?

PHILIP
Don't be ridiculous!

ELIZABETH
Why? You ARE a mystery man to me. Half of the time I don't know where you are or what you're doing.

PHILIP
All you need do is ASK.

ELIZABETH
I'm strong. You know that. I can cope with the truth. I just demand to KNOW the truth. It's when people DON'T tell me the truth I can't bear it.
(beat)
Your recent trip to Switzerland. Which you claimed was in aid of-

PHILIP
Dolphins!

ELIZABETH
Do you really expect anyone to believe that? Switzerland is landlocked. St. Moritz is a winter playground to millionaires and harlots.

PHILIP
(stares at her)
Switzerland also happens to be the headquarters of the World Wildlife Fund, of which I am a patron and founder. But I can see this is all a question of appearance and reality.

ELIZABETH
There are some things that can only be perceived one way, because they only have one meaning.

PHILIP
Such as?

ELIZABETH walks up to a drawer and opens it. She produces the photograph of the ballerina which she found in PHILIP's study.

PHILIP stares at her - unflinching.

PHILIP
(quietly)
There are two types of people in life. Those whom one imagines to be trustworthy and reliable, who turn out to be treacherous and weak. Like Mr. Macmillan.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And those who appear to be complex and difficult who turn out to be rather more dependable than anyone thought.

ELIZABETH

I have a feeling I know where this is going.

PHILIP

Like me!

ELIZABETH

(under her breath)

Surprise.

PHILIP

I know the job I'm expected to do, your father made it perfectly clear. You are the job. You are the essence of my duty. So here I am. "Liege man of life and limb". In not out.

ELIZABETH

Philip. We're both adults. And both realists. We both know marriage is a challenge under any circumstances. And I can understand if sometimes... in order to let off steam... in order to stay 'in'... you need to do what you need to do. I can look the other way, you know.

PHILIP

I know you can. You've raised looking the other way to an art form. I'm saying you don't need to. You can look this way.

ELIZABETH looks up. Scrutinising him.

PHILIP

I am all yours. IN. And not because you give me a title, or a regiment, or a uniform or a crest. Not because you bribe me or come to an arrangement or a pact or deal. But because I WANT to be. Because I love you.

A silence. ELIZABETH weighs it up.

PHILIP

Now will you please come back to the big house? Or am I to spend the next few months with you in this dreadful place?

ELIZABETH

Doesn't need to be months. Just a few days? Without anyone else?

PHILIP

Fine.

ELIZABETH

We could even finish these albums together. I've got as far as Malta.

PHILIP tentatively pulls up a chair beside ELIZABETH..

PHILIP

Ah, Malta.

ELIZABETH allows him to look.

ELIZABETH

The Garrison Ball, remember?

PHILIP

Yes.

ELIZABETH

And the whaler race?

PHILIP

Which I won!

ELIZABETH

Not you alone, dear. I think there were others, too.

PHILIP

One or two.

ELIZABETH

And Anne's birth.

PHILIP

Which I dashed back for.

ELIZABETH

And then promptly spent drinking.

PHILIP

Would you really want me there?

ELIZABETH

No.

PHILIP

Quite right. The birthing chamber is no place for a man. I'd just get in the way. Or faint.

79A OMITTED 79A

80 OMITTED 80

80A OMITTED 80A

80B EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, GATES - DAY 13 80B

March 1964. CROWDS gather at the gates of the Palace, as they did for the birth of Prince Andrew.

81 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BELGIAN SUITE - DAY 13 81

ELIZABETH is in labour, surrounded by DOCTORS, MIDWIVES, OBSTETRICIANS, giving birth to her fourth and last child, EDWARD.

Yes, and PHILIP is there, too.

PHILIP watches with a mixture of pride, horror and disbelief as his third son is delivered.

DOCTOR
 Congratulations, your Majesty.
 (to PHILIP)
 Your Royal Highness.

82 INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, PRIVATE CHAPEL - DAY 14 82

May 1964. The christening of PRINCE EDWARD. The entire Royal Family is brought together.

ELIZABETH and PHILIP, their CHILDREN, the QUEEN MOTHER, MARGARET and TONY, their CHILDREN, the GLOUCESTERS, the DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCESS MARINA.

The DEAN OF WINDSOR dips EDWARD'S head in the "Lily Font" (used in royal Christenings since Queen Victoria's first child).

DEAN
 Edward, I baptise thee in the name of
 the Father, and of the Son, and of the
 Holy Ghost. Amen.

The DEAN makes the sign of the cross on EDWARD'S forehead.

DEAN

We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. *Amen.*

ALL

Amen.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CENTRE ROOM - DAY 14

CECIL BEATON is lining up a grand family photo.

BEATON

We're ready for you your Majesties,
Your Royal Highnesses..
(he sees ARMSTRONG-JONES)
Tony.

As the ROYAL FAMILY MEMBERS take their places..

MARGARET

Is that it for you?

ELIZABETH

Yes. Four is quite enough. Any more, I think Philip would just pack up and leave.

MARGARET

I've heard about his new role.

ELIZABETH

As head of the family? I think he'll do it very well.

"FLASH", as BEATON takes the photographs...

BEATON

This way please, everyone. Yes, that's wonderful, thank you.

(quotes)

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, this paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war..."

OVER THIS: The BABIES, SARAH and EDWARD, start to scream.

PRINCESS MARINA rolls her eyes.

The KENTS jostles for position.

The GLOUCESTERS crane their necks, trying to find their place.

MARGARET reaches for a drink.

The QUEEN MOTHER closes her eyes, hating every minute.

TONY's eyes catch those of a handsome FOOTMAN.

PHILIP is losing patience.

The CHILDREN run about, making noise.

ELIZABETH listens to the cacophony, and suddenly...

PHILIP
(bursts out)
SHUT UP!!!!!!

Everyone freezes. Except ELIZABETH, who allows herself a first, quiet smile. That's her husband. Her liege man.

ELIZABETH
Thank you.

BEATON
"...This happy breed of men, this little world,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England."

Unseen by anyone, out of sight of the camera, ELIZABETH takes PHILIP's hand. "FLASH", the photos continue.

BEATON
Quite magnificent! Thank you!

FADE TO BLACK.