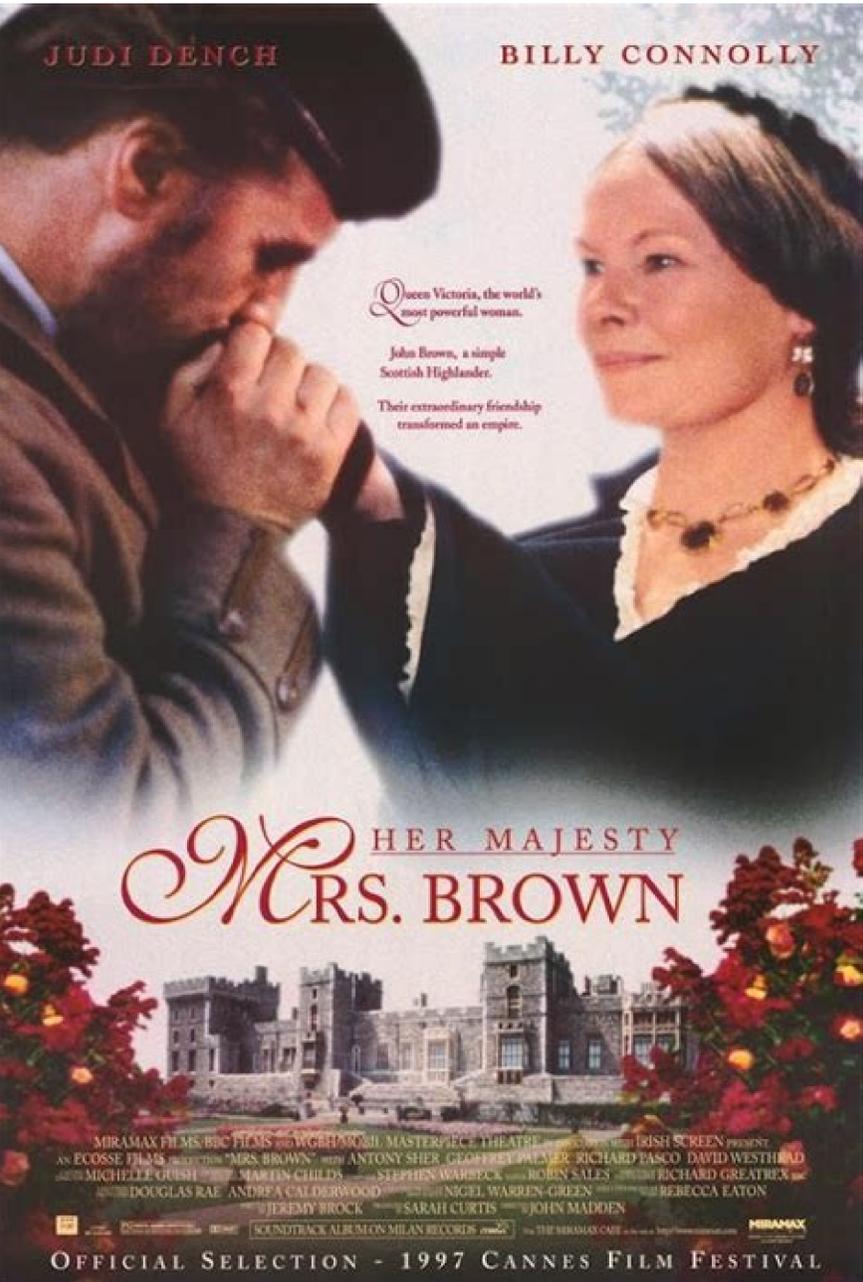
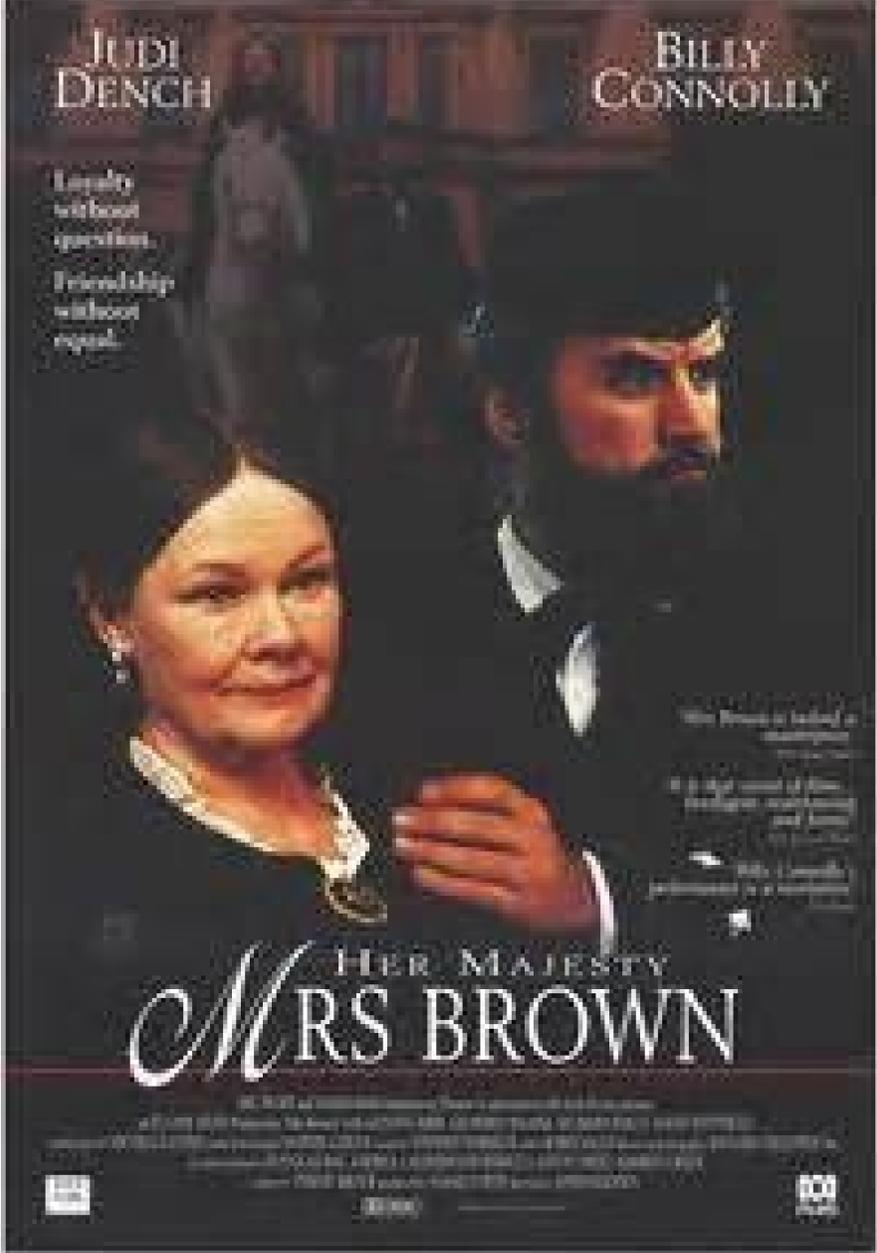


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ONSONBY over me. PONS ONBY We are all of us subject to forces beyond our control, Mr Brown, even you. PONS ONBY stars at him in silence. A beat. PONS ONBY will regret saying that. FADE TO BLACK. CAPTION: "1867" FADE IN: INT. THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY Chaos. The Tories are losing the vote as both sides of the house stand and shout at each other while the SPEAKER rises in his chair. SPEAKER (O.S) Order! Order! ORDER! A booming silence settles as the house sits for the vote. The COUNTERS approach the chair. SPEAKER (CONT'D) Result of the Bill to Disestablish the Irish Church. A murmur of excitement from the LIBERALS. SPEAKER (CONT'D) Order! A beat. COUNTER Ayes to the right, three hundred and thirty-two to the left, two hundred and sixty-five. By the time he reaches "sixty-five" his voice is drowned in cheers from the Liberal benches. DISRAELI and the rest of the front bench sit in stony silence. Somewhere on the Liberal back benches, a wild-eyed maverick, DILKE, rises to his feet shouting: DILKE Mr Speaker, I table a motion in furtherance of the Bill to Disestablish the Monarchy! A roar from the irate TORIES and chaos reigns again. SPEAKER Order! Order!!! ORDER!!! INT. THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LOBBY CORRIDOR - NIGHT An hour later the house is empty except for a few straggling MPs hurrying home. An exhausted DISRAELI stands in the corridor with STANLEY. DISRAELI We're going to lose. STANLEY You can't know that for sure. DISRAELI Gladstone's got his party facing the same way for the first time in years. We need help. (long beat) Where is the old girl? STANLEY Who? DISRAELI Mrs Brown. STANLEY It's questionable whether there's any advantage to be had from that direction. She's never been less popular. DISRAELI In the press, perhaps. (holding up Punch) But she's sold more copies of her Highland Journal in three months than Punch will ever sell in a year. Time to wheel her out. STANLEY She's refusing to leave Balmoral. DISRAELI What's her excuse this time? STANLEY The Princess Louisa is too ill to move. Frankly, the Queen's rather upset at the recent spat of bad publicity. (beat) You're smiling. DISRAELI I was trying to imagine "rather" upset. The elderly prelate, DEAN WELLSLEY, hurries in through the lobby doors. DISRAELI puts on a welcoming smile. DEAN WELLSLEY Forgive me, gentlemen. I'm late. DISRAELI Not at all, Dean. Good of you to spare the time. DEAN WELLSLEY I came as quickly as I could. DISRAELI You've seen the latest cartoon in Punch, I take it? DEAN WELLSLEY (completely lost) I beg your pardon? DISRAELI opens the copy of Punch and hands it to Dean Wellsley. The Dean clears his throat and starts to read. DISRAELI (as Wellsley reads) One of our madder brethren in the house was calling for disestablishment of the monarchy. Dean Wellsley looks up from the article, horrified. DEAN WELLSLEY Good Lord, STANLEY (playing the soft glove) I'm sure it won't come to that. DISRAELI (the hard glove) No. But it has now become a matter for our conscience. (beat) I was just telling Stanley how vital it is that the nation should feel the visible influence of the Sovereign. As a reminder that Parliament, indeed my own ministry, depends on the will of the Queen. DEAN WELLSLEY nuds his head gravely. Over his shoulder, STANLEY is gaping at DISRAELI's silky distortion of the party political maneuver into a moral imperative. DEAN WELLSLEY I couldn't agree with you more, but I am only Dean of Windsor. I don't understand what ... DISRAELI interrupts. DISRAELI We hear from Balmoral that Mr Brown is interesting Her Majesty in some of the forms of worship associated with ... low-church Presbyterian. Silence. DEAN WELLSLEY'S face is a picture of unrestrained horror. Low-church. Presbyterian. DEAN WELLSLEY What can we do? DISRAELI Ah, several things. INT. BALMORAL CASTLE, QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM - DAY Some days later. Queen VICTORIA sits at her desk while Henry PONS ONBY stands in front of her, holding a copy of The Times. VICTORIA Read it. PONS ONBY Again? VICTORIA Read it! PONS ONBY coughs once and begins again. PONS ONBY "The Times wishes to join the rest of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in expressing its deep joy at the news that the Queen is soon to come out of her mourning." VICTORIA glowers at him. VICTORIA Who told them that? PONS ONBY I have no idea. VICTORIA Why not? PONS ONBY I - forgive me, ma'am, I am no wiser than yourself. Suddenly, VICTORIA's temper goes and she shouts at him. VICTORIA No-one should think themselves wiser than me! (beat) It is not for any of the Queen's subjects to presume to tell Her Majesty when and where She should come out of mourning. It is the Queen's sorrow that keeps her secluded! It is Her overwhelming amount of work and responsibility, work which She feels will soon wear her out entirely! PONS ONBY Your Majesty - VICTORIA (cutting right through him!) Is it not enough that She is uncheered and ungladdened that She should also have to suffer these malicious rumors?! (a pause, more quietly) I am not a fool. (beat) I know there are those in the establishment too afraid to attack me and so they attack my dearest friends. Sometimes - I feel that Brown is all I have left of Albert. (beat) And now they attack Brown too! She looks up, eyes blazing. VICTORIA (CONT'D) I will not give him up to them! INT. BALMORAL CASTLE, ROOM ADJOINING DRAWING ROOM - DAY BROWN is guarding the door to the drawing room while the balding BERTIE mopes up, eye ball to eye ball. BERTIE I wish to see my mother. BERTIE Convey her a message. BROWN She's away to Windsor tomorrow. Talk to her there. BERTIE Tell her the Prince of Wales wishes to speak with her urgently about matters concerning the press. BROWN Are you deaf as well as stupid? A split-second. BERTIE gushes at him. BERTIE What did you say? BROWN I said, are you deaf as well as stupid? BERTIE Do you know who you address, sir? BROWN Who you address, BERTIE The future King! A beat. BROWN Well, everyone's entitled to their opinion. BERTIE Out of my way! Foolishly, BERTIE tries to barge his way past. Suddenly BROWN loses it completely. He grabs the Prince of Wales by the shoulders and pins him back, shouting right into his face. BROWN LEAVE US ALONE, WHY DON'T YOU!!! For a split-second, BROWN's eyes flicker as he senses he has gone too far. A look of pure venom in BERTIE'S face, then ... EXT. WINDSOR CASTLE, QUADRANGLE - NIGHT Weeks later. In a room of hooves and wheels, the Royal Carriage sweeps into the huge quadrangle. JOHN BROWN stands rigid on the box, glowering at all the world. CAPTION: "WINDSOR" INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - NIGHT A pair of doors open out onto a torchlit driveway as a mass of SERVANTS rush in and out, ferrying bags on trunks. BROWN marches in, still charged-up from the strain of the journey's watchfulness. He spots an UNDER-PORTER snatching a break. BROWN You! What's your business here? UNDER-PORTER (jumping to) Under-porter, sir. BROWN Well, don't stand where you shouldn't! The UNDER-PORTER scrambles up the stairs. A few SERVANTS exchange looks. BROWN seems more determined than ever to exert his control. EXT. WINDSOR CASTLE, STABLES - NIGHT That night. Carrying an old storm lamp high over his head, BROWN walks towards the stables. EXT. THE GROUNDS OF WINDSOR CASTLE - DAY The next day. BROWN is on horseback, riding with VICTORIA through the grounds. He is still jumpy, eyes flicking left and right, searching for intruders. They are being followed at a distance by two EQUERRIES on horseback. VICTORIA frowns peevishly. VICTORIA Must they always follow us? BROWN I ordered it. It's for your own safety. VICTORIA Dear me, you'll be telling me to watch what I eat next. BROWN doesn't react. A beat. VICTORIA (CONT'D) Am I not safe enough with you, John? BROWN Aye. (looking away) But there are Fenians reported on the mainland. VICTORIA (tutting irritably) The threat from the Irish is greatly exaggerated. I'm sure. BROWN (snapping back) I'll decide when it's exaggerated. BROWN chuck's his horse on, bringing a firm halt to the conversation. A beat. He pulls up suddenly, staring at the shadows in the copse. VICTORIA Is anything the matter, John? (beat) John? He stares for along moment and then lets it go. BROWN Nothing's the matter. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, STABLES - NIGHT BROWN marches down the line of horse boxes. A stable-lad, DISRAELI, is feeding the horses. He looks twitchy. BROWN Hey, Barney. BARNEY Mr Brown, sir - BROWN Barney's cold out there tonight, Barney. Reaching his pony, BROWN stops and smiles. The animal lifts its face to him and he softly strokes his muzzle. BROWN (CONT'D) Yeah, there's a good girl. (to Barney) Have you had a look at this hoof? She was limping badly. I think there might be a stone in it. BARNEY Yeah, yeah, I did. BROWN Good man. And is she all right? BARNEY Yeah. BROWN Good. She's a lovely girl. Aren't you? Yeah, she's a lovely girl. And you know the Queen's riding tomorrow? BARNEY Yeah. BROWN (beat) Are you all right, Barney? BARNEY twitches again and BROWN realizes too late. The split-second he turns, he sees THREE MEN. BROWN (CONT'D) Oh, aye... The MEN pile onto him and he collapses under their weight. As he falls, BROWN manages to yank himself round, bang up a fist and fling the others off him. But the FIRST MAN is up again, twisting on an arm round his neck and tugging him back. The others grapple his arms down, but BROWN is incredibly strong. Even now, grunting and scrabbling, he makes them fight to force him back. BARNEY stands transfixed in horror. Dumping BROWN against the wall, the men step back and start kicking the shit out of him. BROWN curls into a ball, jaw locked, hands over his head. Not a sound. Finally, they back off, panting hard. The FIRST MAN pulls out a bottle of whiskey, yanks back BROWN'S head and dribbles down his throat. It spills over his face and dribbles down his neck. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, QUEEN'S SITTING ROOM - DAY The next day. VICTORIA is standing at the windows. The door opens and LADY ELY walks in. VICTORIA Well? LADY ELY Mr Brown is unable to attend today. VICTORIA Why? LADY ELY I believe he is unwell, ma'am. VICTORIA Unwell? LADY ELY I understand he was in a fight. VICTORIA Has he been hurt? LADY ELY I believe not, ma'am. I understand - he'd had rather too much to drink. VICTORIA walks away and steps behind her desk. VICTORIA You may go. LADY ELY bows and walks out. VICTORIA stares at the desk a moment, then picks up her pen and tries to work. She cannot. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, BROWN'S QUARTERS - DAY BROWN sits on the edge of the bed in only his undergarments. His face, arms, legs and fingers are livid with bruises, but he sits there, stiff-backed and gritting his teeth, while ARCHIE crouches in front of him, tending to his wounds. BROWN And she sent no word down? ARCHIE They said you were drunk. (beat) Why don't you tell her the truth? BROWN She'll think it's her fault for keeping me. ARCHIE completes one of the dressings when BROWN suddenly reaches back and starts trying to put on his shirt. ARCHIE What are you doing? BROWN I'm getting dressed. ARCHIE You've got three broken ribs, man! BROWN I've got my duties to attend to. ARCHIE Don't be an idiot! You're in no fit state to go anywhere. BROWN She'll be worried about me. ARCHIE She'll get over it. BROWN I can't let her down now, Archie. ARCHIE And when was the last time she put herself out for you? Look, John, whatever she says to you now, in the end you're still a servant. BROWN Oh, I'm much more than that. ARCHIE Aye, she may say that to you, but the woman can say what she wants. BROWN You watch your tongue. ARCHIE Come on, man, I'm telling you what you already know. BROWN You know nothing about her! ARCHIE When are you gonna see it, John? She doesn't give a damn about you. BROWN lunges for the bedside drawer and pulls out a card showing a picture of a pretty woman. However, he reads out the inscription. BROWN (CONT'D) My lips may give a message better of Christmas love than e' on this letter. (beat) To his best friend, J.B. from his best friend, V.R. (he trusts it in his brother's face) BROWN She means it. ARCHIE She'll drop you. When she's done with you, she'll drop you. BROWN Get out. (beat) Out! DISRAELI steps back but BROWN roars at him. BROWN (CONT'D) OUT! ARCHIE steps outside and BROWN is left alone. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, QUEEN'S SITTING ROOM - DAY The next day. VICTORIA sits at her desk. PONS ONBY hands her letters to sign. PONS ONBY ... to be followed by a visit from Lady Bridport. She is keen to secure a place for her niece as Maid of Honor. VICTORIA signs the last letter and sits back. VICTORIA I am tired. PONS ONBY coughs. PONS ONBY There is one other matter. VICTORIA What is it? PONS ONBY I have a letter, ma'am. VICTORIA From whom? PONS ONBY From Princess Helena and other members of your family. VICTORIA (stiffening defensively) My family is quite capable of communicating with the Queen in person. PONS ONBY does not reply. Finally, VICTORIA is obliged to ask. VICTORIA (CONT'D) What do they want? PONS ONBY They are demanding the dismissal of John Brown on grounds of drunkenness. VICTORIA stares through the window, expressionless. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, CHAPEL - DAY VICTORIA walks through the ornate chapel, nervously fingering her handkerchief. Waiting for her, smiling softly, is the Dean of Windsor, DEAN WELLSLEY. DEAN WELLSLEY You wished to see me, ma'am? She holds his eyes for a moment, then nods. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, CHAPEL - DAY A few minutes later, VICTORIA and DEAN WELLSLEY are seated in a corner of the chapel, talking softly. She cannot bring herself to look at him and so does not notice how carefully he is watching her throughout the interview. This is incredibly hard for her to say, but she struggles to be as honest as possible. VICTORIA My husband tried always to make me think more subtly. Of course he taught me so much and I can never repay my debt to him, or the love I feel, even now. But, in truth, I think I am someone who can only feel things while they are alive inside me. For that reason, I know I do not have a subtle mind. I know that. But I work hard and I try to do my duty. (she hesitates, she is struggling now) However, I have noticed of late that my feelings of grief are not so strong and - that I find myself leaning more upon the comfort of living friends. (beat) Friends close to me now. She stops herself. She is crying. DEAN WELLSLEY watches her a moment, then speaks close, choosing his words carefully. DEAN WELLSLEY Your Majesty, a settled resignation is more lasting proof of affection than active grief. If the good Lord sees fit to bring one into contact with congenial fellow beings, one should not analyze one's reaction too deeply. To allow oneself to be comforted by someone else need not imply any disloyalty to the memory of the loved one. Silence. VICTORIA stares into the long, dark chapel. Gradually, as she takes in the tone of his remarks, her disappointment turns to anger. INT. WINDSOR CASTLE, QUEEN'S SITTING ROOM - DAY The next day, VICTORIA stands at the far window and her back to the room. Lined up against the wall are BERTIE and his siblings. VICTORIA Sir Henry, PONS ONBY steps forward. PONS ONBY Ma'am? VICTORIA Please tell the Princess, and other signatories to this letter, that the Queen will not be dictated to, or made to alter, in any way, what she has found to answer for her comfort. (beat) Do I make myself clear? PONS ONBY Ma'am. A beat. VICTORIA You may go. They all file out. EXT. THE GROUNDS OF WINDSOR CASTLE - DAY A few days later. BROWN and VICTORIA are riding on horseback. Although better than he was, BROWN'S face is still badly bruised. They turn a corner banked by trees. BROWN is watching the Queen closely. She stops. VICTORIA I would like to get down. Without a word, BROWN dismounts and helps her off her horse. VICTORIA (CONT'D) John? BROWN Yes, ma'am? VICTORIA I was told you were in a fight. BROWN Yes, ma'am. VICTORIA Has someone seen to those bruises? BROWN Yes, ma'am. A beat. BROWN (CONT'D) Ma'am? VICTORIA Yes? BROWN Having considered my position here at court, I have come to the conclusion that it is in the best interest of Your Majesty that I should resign. VICTORIA I do not accept it. A beat. BROWN I had foreseen that you would not. But Your Majesty should understand - that my mind will not be changed in this. I leave for Desside - VICTORIA (cutting in) The Queen forbids it. (beat) I cannot allow it because I cannot live without you. Without you, I cannot find the strength to be what I must be. Please. She takes his hand to her mouth and kisses it gently, then looks at him, utterly helpless. VICTORIA (CONT'D) Promise me you won't let them send me back. A long silence. BROWN holds her hand tight. BROWN I promise. FADE TO BLACK. CAPTION: "1868" FADE IN: EXT. LOWLANDS - DAY A few weeks later. A tiny horse-drawn carriage creeps across a huge Highland landscape. DISRAELI (V.O.) Yesterday, Gladstone talked for three hours on the Irish Church Bill ... I am as glibly as the rest of underestimating his reforming zeal. ... no prime may be numbered, but I fancy there yet remains one last hope of deliverance. Whosoever the blame lies, we must now close ranks and defend Mrs Brown's England. As for my interminable journey to the land of Calvin, outcakes and sulphur ... EXT. 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VICTORIA But I lack your prose, Mr Disraeli. VICTORIA gives him a tiny smile. DISRAELI acknowledges it, then steers the conversation back. DISRAELI Of course I understand your concern. You miss your people. (a pause) And they miss you. VICTORIA registers a slight flicker of defensiveness at the implied criticism. VICTORIA Then they may read about me. DISRAELI Indeed, and for that they are eternally grateful. VICTORIA Is that not enough? DISRAELI In so many ways ... and yet it is your presence they crave. A figurehead, VICTORIA has the measure of him. VICTORIA I never thought to be bullied by you, Mr Disraeli. You, I thought, understood a widow's grief. DISRAELI Forgive me, ma'am, I cannot speak for the nation, only for myself. As Prime Minister I confess I miss your presence, but that is only an expression of my own selfish desires and I should not burden you with it. The Household wails. Has he clawed himself back? VICTORIA acknowledges his apology. Her voice drops and she talks directly to DISRAELI, straight from the heart. VICTORIA I stay here because I am happy. (beat) Is that such a terrible crime? DISRAELI No, ma'am. At this moment the far door opens and BROWN walks in. BROWN Time for your walk. Without a word, VICTORIA rises from her chair and starts following him out. As they pass DISRAELI, she stops. VICTORIA This is my good John Brown. DISRAELI (taking him in) Yes. VICTORIA I have asked him to show you a little of Highland life while you are with us at Balmoral. BROWN measures DISRAELI suspiciously. BROWN What brings you here? DISRAELI A man can refuse only so many invitations from his Queen. It was remiss of me not to come earlier. VICTORIA smiles. BROWN stares. BROWN What do you know about the Highlands? But Your Majesty should understand - that my mind will not be changed in this. I leave for Desside - VICTORIA (cutting in) The Queen forbids it. (beat) I cannot allow it because I cannot live without you. 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