

The Kings Speech

A screenplay by David Seidler

A
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OPEN ON:

1 INT. BATHROOM, YORK HOUSE, LONDON - DAY (MID-1930'S) 1

A shimmering surface of cold water - held in an immense, free standing, white enamelled bathtub with gilded lion's legs - bulges in SLOW MOTION to the chords of Handel's "Trumpet Volunteer".

A head emerges.

White gloved hands, in livery, rush to envelope the surfacing naked wet body in white towels.

2 INT. DRESSING CHAMBER, YORK HOUSE - DAY 2

The ritual continues with crisp military precision.

CLOSE ON the Royal Coat Of Arms stamped in gold: lion and unicorn embrace a shield divided into four quarters with harp, thistle, and more lions denoting England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The shield is surmounted by a crown.

This emblem is on a cuff-link fastened on a starched white shirt.

Trousers, pressed to a knife-edge, are held for stockinged feet and gartered legs to be inserted.

Mirror-polished boots are laced tight.

Jacket, held ready. Arms, shoulders, chest received.

Glistening medals attached to front of jacket create a dazzling field of ribbons and medallions.

Epaulets, edged with gold braid tassels, are adjusted.

Polished buttons are fastened.

Multi-coloured collar clasped shut.

White ostrich feathers, topping a tri-corner hat, are fluffed and placed upon brilliantined hair.

PAN DOWN to the handsome features of Albert, Duke of York, known to his family as **BERTIE**. He's in his late thirties, the second son of King George V, the reigning King of England. He conveys a sensitivity which appears in conflict with the manner in which he's been bedecked.

Reflected in a full length mirror, Bertie tells himself:

BERTIE

You look like a Christmas tree.

He smiles wanly.

3 EXT. INNER COURTYARD, YORK HOUSE, 145 PICADILLY - DAY 3

THE ROYAL STANDARD flaps atop a gleaming chrome grill.

Liveried footmen open the doors of a stately Austin Princess.

Bertie exits York House with his young wife - **ELIZABETH** - considered by all to be one of the loveliest women in the land, truly an English rose. Golden Labradors and Corgis appear from all directions, weaving between them, barking boisterously, creating a happy chaos.

Elizabeth and Bertie glance upwards and wave.

Two little girls, **LILIBET** and **MARGARET ROSE**, aged eight and four, wave back from their nursery window.

4 INT/EXT. AUSTIN PRINCESS, HYDE PARK CORNER - DAY 4

Bertie nervously lights a cigarette. Elizabeth pats his hand.

ELIZABETH

Buck up, Bertie. The BBC said it wouldn't rain.

BERTIE'S POV - Speaker's Corner with its assortment of orators, prophets, protestors, and onlookers gathered around soapboxes, agreeing, disagreeing, shouting comments. Others carry placards, sing protest songs. A miners' strike is the focus of the day.

A large, rather untidy workingman with a florid rosacea nose spots the passing Austin and stares at the occupants.

REVERSE ANGLE - Bertie's face stares back.

The first drops splatter against the glass. Elizabeth sighs.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Never trust the wireless.

Bertie's face is obliterated by the increasingly heavy downpour, which segues into a GARGLING sound.

5 INT. BBC BROADCASTING STUDIO - DAY

5

A gentleman in a tuxedo, carnation in boutonniere, is gargling while a TECHNICIAN holds a porcelain bowl and a towel at the ready. The man in the tuxedo is a BBC NEWS READER. He expectorates discreetly into the bowl, wipes his mouth fastidiously, and signals to ANOTHER TECHNICIAN who produces an atomizer. The Reader opens his mouth, squeezes the rubber bulb, and sprays his inner throat. Now, he's ready. He looks to the control room.

The FLOOR MANAGER begins a count-down: five... four... three... two...

BBC NEWS READER

Ladies and Gentlemen: good afternoon. This is the BBC National and World Programmes taking you to Wembley Stadium.

He speaks in flawless pear-shaped tones. There's no higher creature in the vocal world.

6 EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

6

ELEVATED SHOT looking down on a sea of dripping black umbrellas hiding the spectators from view.

Bertie and Elizabeth takes their places in a row of gilded chairs with the other dignitaries. They are:

KING GEORGE V - a barrel-chested man with Naval beard and uniform, accompanied by his wife.

QUEEN MARY - an elegant but icy grande dame.

DR COSMO LANG - a tall, unctuous, churchman with a high, domed, balding head, and a perpetual expression of moral superiority.

WINSTON CHURCHILL - a politician of sixty, as portly as Lang is lean. They are bantering rivals in ambition.

STANLEY BALDWIN - the Prime Minister of the day. Heavy-browed. His hair, as always, parted down the middle.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN - Chancellor of the Exchequer. Tall, thin, lugubrious, with the expression of a quizzical chicken hawk.

A BBC technician places a huge imposing microphone suspended on springs next to the stadium equipment. It looks frightening, even to us. Bertie's shoulders brace as though expecting a blow. Elizabeth sees his terror.

ELIZABETH
Why wasn't he told?

COSMO LANG
Ten million people listening around the
world, Mam. Possibly more.
(as though Bertie didn't
exist)
His brother, and father, have been
broadcasting since last year.

The King, growing impatient, hisses:

KING GEORGE V
Get on with it. Show what you're made of!

Bertie moves forward diffidently, without an ounce of
confidence, knowing deep within he's doomed. His stomach knots,
chest muscles contract, constricting his breath.

BERTIE
Luh-luh-lords, la-la-ladies, gen-tell-men.

It is a shock to realize this is a man with a profound stutter.
A man who cannot speak in public.

Lang whispers to Churchill. When Lang whispers, everyone can
hear.

COSMO LANG
I wouldn't miss His Highness' maiden voyage
for all the world. And on such an important
occasion.

Lang really is a piece of work.

For ease of reading, Bertie's stutter is not indicated from this
point on in the script.

BERTIE
No doubt you wish the Prince Of Wales was
standing before you today.

POV - a sea of dripping umbrellas. No response. This is going
to be a torment for him, and his audience.

7 INT. BBC BROADCASTING STUDIO - DAY

7

A glowing dial on the face of a studio radio. Everyone
listening intently.

BERTIE (ON RADIO)
(stuttering profoundly)
Be that as it may...my brother David is
attending to other duties in the furthest
parts of this vast Empire...

The radio falls silent. Eyes widen in concern.

8 EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

8

Bertie stands frozen, his mouth agape, jaw muscles locked. He knows he's considered by all, especially himself, unfit for public life.

Elizabeth is devastated.

KING GEORGE V
Just needs more practice.

9 EXT. HARLEY STREET - NEW DAY

9

TRACKING SHOT - rain splatters on brass plaques denoting Dr This or Dr That, specialists in various maladies. Halt at a plaque that reads: LIONEL LOGUE, SPEECH SPECIALIST.

10 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, LOGUE'S CHAMBERS, HARLEY STREET - DAY 10

Umbrella stand, coat rack, wooden waiting bench: that's all.

The door is flung open and Elizabeth enters, drenched, her hat decorated with white silk roses, now limp. A veil covers her features.

She waits. Coughs. No response. Calls imperiously:

ELIZABETH
Are you there?

From behind a door:

LIONEL (O.S.)
In the lav.

Princess Elizabeth is not used to this sort of thing. She's further appalled by the loud gurgling of a toilet being flushed, and startled by the entrance of - LIONEL LOGUE. He's in his forties, tall, with piercing eyes and charismatic features. His demeanor is friendly, but professional. The accent, although Australian, is not heavy, he is after all a speech therapist.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

"How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?"

ELIZABETH

Pardon?

LIONEL

Iago...world's greatest villain. Just wants
to be bad. Sorry, no receptionist.

He offers to shake hands. She doesn't take it, even though
she's gloved.

ELIZABETH

(with sang froid)

I'd be more comfortable in your office.

LIONEL

That's for clients. Where's Mister J?

ELIZABETH

He doesn't know I'm here.

LIONEL

That's not a promising start.

ELIZABETH

My husband's seen everyone. They were all
useless. He's given up hope.

LIONEL

A bit premature.

ELIZABETH

Because he hasn't seen you?

Lionel doesn't disagree.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You're very sure of yourself.

LIONEL

I'm sure of anyone who wants to be cured.

ELIZABETH

Of course my husband wants to be cured! His
position requires public speaking upon
occasion. A torment. I fear the requirement
may grow more frequent.

LIONEL

He should change jobs.

ELIZABETH

He can't.

LIONEL

Indentured servitude?

ELIZABETH

Something of that nature.

LIONEL

Well, have your 'hubby' pop by and give his personal history. I'll make a frank appraisal.

ELIZABETH

Doctor...

Logue tries to object but she over-rides.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

...I do not have a "hubby". We never talk about our private lives. Nor do we 'pop'. You must come to us.

LIONEL

Sorry, this is my game, played on my turf, by my rules.

The lady lifts her veil.

ELIZABETH

Perhaps you'll make an exception?

He recognizes her instantly, and is clearly impressed, yet refuses to be intimidated.

LIONEL

I thought the appointment was for "Johnson"?

ELIZABETH

A name used during the Great War, when the Navy didn't wish the enemy to know His Royal Highness was aboard.

LIONEL

I'm considered the enemy?

ELIZABETH

You will be, should you continue to be un-obliging.

LIONEL

For my method to succeed there must be mutual trust, complete honesty, and total equality. That process takes place in my consultation room. No exceptions.

ELIZABETH

In which case...

(re-lowering her veil)

I should have kept my pledge. I promised my husband I'd stop seeking "The Great Cure."
I've wasted your time. And mine.

She exits, closing the door firmly behind her.

LIONEL

Bloody hell, I buggered that.

WACK! The sound of something solid meeting leather.

11 EXT. SOUTH KENSINGTON STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 11

A foot kicks a ball. Lionel is returning home from work. He's a well-known fixture locally. Some lads are playing footie. One of them passes the ball to Lionel who, despite briefcase and rolled brolly, dribbles skillfully before passing the ball and entering a modest brownstone.

12 INT. LOGUE'S ENTRYWAY AND STAIRWELL - LATE AFTERNOON 12

As Lionel mounts the stairs he's set upon by three sturdy boys - VALENTINE, IAN, and PETER - with handkerchiefs tied around the lower portions of their faces and armed with broomstick swords.

VALENTINE

Stand and deliver!

LIONEL

(falling into the game)

'ow dares molest...Jack The Ripper?!

The boys scream with delight and a sword fight ensues - Lionel using his brolly.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Beware, Highwaymen, or I'll run yee through.

PETER

We're Swagmen, not Highwaymen, Dad.

LIONEL

Oh.

(then)

Beware, jolly Swagmen, I'll skewer yer gizzards.

Lionel wife - MYRTLE - appears at the head of the stairs; a sweet-faced, down-to-earth woman.

MYRTLE

You'll all hang from the gallows if you don't come for tea.

LIONEL

Boys, I think we'd best go up.

13 INT. LOGUE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

13

Logue, Myrtle, and the boys are finishing at the table.

LIONEL

Had a visit from a lady today.

MYRTLE

Another spoiled silly?

VALENTINE

May we be excused?

LIONEL

You must stay, bored stupid, listening to your parents' inane conversation.

THE BOYS

(grinning)

Thanks, dad!

LIONEL

And mum.

THE BOYS

And mum!

They start to leave.

MYRTLE

Take your plates.

The boys grab their plates and exit. After a moment...

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

No wonder about the silly. You're so good at what you do.

LIONEL

At what I do.
(then, deliberately being
'theatrical')
Twas a Lady with a capital L.

MYRTLE

Oh, Lionel, that'd get us home in grand
style wouldn't it?!

LIONEL

She came on behalf of her husband. Which is
not the proper way. I told her I was fully
booked.

Myrtle is clearly disappointed

LIONEL (CONT'D)

She was...too high and mighty. Know what I
mean.

She does. There's an unspoken code between them.

MYRTLE

We wouldn't want that.

Covers her letdown.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

Hard to feel sorry for that sort.

Silence, then:

LIONEL

Had a call. Wish me luck?

MYRTLE

Course, Lionel. Loads and loads.

14 INT. CHILDREN'S NURSERY, 145 PICCADILLY - NIGHT

14

Elizabeth, fashionably attired for an evening-out, is curled on
a bearskin rug reading "Peter Pan" to the girls.

ELIZABETH

"Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Nana rushed into
the nursery too late. The birds were
flown."

Bertie enters, handsome in a tuxedo. Elizabeth closes the book.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, Chapter IV, 'The Flight'.

The two little girls clap with joy.

MARGARET ROSE
Oh, to fly away!

BERTIE
Weren't they lucky.

Within his family, Bertie's stutter is virtually absent.

LILIBET
One would have to learn to fly properly of course.

MARGARET ROSE
Now a Daddy story!

BERTIE
Can I be a penguin instead?

He drops to his knees and waddles. In his tux he looks like a penguin. The girls giggle, but are undeterred.

LILIBET
The horsie story, please.

BERTIE
Ah well.

Called upon to perform, the stutter returns slightly. But the two girls listen raptly, ignoring their father's minor impediment, and it fades.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Once upon a time there were two horsies. A white horse that went clip clop clip clop through Hyde Park. And a black horse that went clip clop clip clop through Hyde Park. They met in the middle of Hyde Park. The white horse said "neigh". The black horse said, "neigh". The white horse continued on, clip clop clip clop through Hyde Park. The black horse continued on, clip clop clip clop through Hyde Park. And that's the end of the story. Now off to bed.

As the girls exit:

LILIBET
A silly story really. But Father tells it rather well.

The girls have gone.

BERTIE

David called. He said come round to The Fort on Friday and stay for dinner.

ELIZABETH

Will she be there?

BERTIE

I suppose.

ELIZABETH

Seriously?

BERTIE

Seriously, she'll be there.

ELIZABETH

I think I meant... is David serious?

BERTIE

About our coming?

ELIZABETH

About her!

BERTIE

A married American? Twice divorced? He can't be.

ELIZABETH

She can.

15 INT. STAGE OF A LONDON THEATRE - NEW DAY

15

Movements behind a curtain.

MUFFLED VOICE (UNSEEN)

Now?

From the auditorium:

DIRECTOR

Now!

Someone pushes through a gap. Its Lionel.

LIONEL

"Now..."

Falters, begins again.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of
York..."

His elocution is crisp and flawless. His acting, however, is unconvincing.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
"And all the clouds that lour'd upon our
house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths..."

DIRECTOR
(interrupts crisply)
Thank you. Beautiful diction...but I don't
hear the cries of a deformed creature
yearning to be King.

Lionel struggles to maintain a semblance of dignity.

LIONEL
What do you suggest?

DIRECTOR
Continue to do whatever you do, and hope it
gives you a great deal of satisfaction.

Crushed, Lionel retreats behind the curtain.

16 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NEW EVENING

16

Cold and austere mausoleum illuminated by floodlights.

On the parade ground, Grenadier Guards in red coats and black
bearskin busbies drill stiffly like toy soldiers. Viewing stands
are beginning to fill.

The King's voice is heard:

KING GEORGE V (O.S.)
Stride boldly up to the bloody thing, stare
it square in the eye, and talk to it as you
would to any decent Englishman.

17 INT. THE KING'S STUDY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - EVENING

17

The King's study resembles a naval captain's cabin. Both men
are uniformed for a state occasion. Bertie regards the BBC
microphone as though it were an alien.

BERTIE

I d-d-don't thu-thu-think I c-c-can.

In the presence of his father, Bertie's stuttering returns in full form, his breathing short and shallow, the muscles in spasms.

KING GEORGE V

Show who's in command. If you don't, this devilish device will change everything. Used to be, all a King had to do was look reasonable in uniform and not fall off his horse. Now we must creep cap in hand into people's homes that smell of boiled cabbage, and speak nicely to them. We're reduced to that lowest, basest of all creatures...we've become...actors! Don't give me a look of defeated pathos. This is a family crisis!

BERTIE

Father, we're not a family, we're a firm.

His father shoots Bertie a surprised look. Does the lad have a brain after all?

KING GEORGE V

We're the oldest, most successful, corporation in the world and sitting on thrones is our business! But any moment now we may be out of work. Your brother came to me the other day, livid a certain lady has been refused an invitation to my Silver Jubilee. I pointed out she wasn't a lady and most definitely wasn't his wife.

BERTIE

What did David say?

KING GEORGE V

She made him sublimely happy. I said: that was probably because she was sleeping with him. "I give you my word we've never had immoral relations." "As my son, as Prince of Wales, as my heir, do you solemnly swear your friendship with this woman is an absolutely clean one?" "I do", he said. "Look me in the eye," I said. "On my honour" he said. Stared straight at his father... *and lied.*

BERTIE

Oh my brother...

KING GEORGE V

When I'm dead that boy will ruin himself, this family, and this nation, within twelve months. Who'll pick up the pieces? David's friend, Oswald Mosley? His black-shirt British Union of Fascists are marching through London. Hitler terrorizing half of Europe, Stalin the other half. Who'll stand between us, the jackboots, and the proletarian abyss? You?

A red light attached to the mike begins a series of warning blinks.

BERTIE

What're you going to say?

KING GEORGE V

The usual guff. The Archbishop writes it. My people love to hear me say it. Spoken fluently, of course.

They're interrupted by the entrance of the BBC News Reader and Technicians.

KING GEORGE V (CONT'D)

That's the chap who taught me how to use this contraption. You touch your chin with your thumb and the 'thing' with the end of your little finger. Splendid fellow.

SQUISH. Assisted by the Technicians, the News Reader sprays his throat.

BBC NEWS READER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is the BBC, broadcasting direct from Buckingham Palace upon the occasion of the Royal Silver Jubilee. His Majesty: King George the Fifth.

KING GEORGE V

(to the mike)

"I can only say to you, my very very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depths of our hearts for all the loyalty and - may I say so? - the love with which this day and always you have surrounded us. I dedicate myself anew to your service for all the years that may still be given to me."

The News Reader, terribly moved, whispers to his Technicians:

BBC NEWS READER
That's how a King speaks.
(adds with splendid false
modesty)
I showed HM how to do it.

18 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT 18

The edge of the crowd is visible. One can sense a vast sea of humanity. When the glass doors of the upper balcony open the murmur becomes a ROAR. When the King steps out, it becomes tumultuous.

19 EXT. BALCONY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - CONTINUOUS 19

The King is joined by Queen Mary and the Archbishop of Canterbury, other Royals, and dignitaries. The noise is deafening. The King beckons impatiently for someone still inside to join them. It's Bertie, with Elizabeth.

BERTIE
They didn't come to see us, Father.

KING GEORGE V
Pretend.

BERTIE
Where's David?

KING GEORGE V
Bedding his American whore. Come, join the fun!
(aside to Elizabeth)
You'll have to do a lot more of this. I'm sending him to the Midlands. With all the factory noise they won't hear a word he says.

The King goes back to waving. Elizabeth is stunned at the prospect.

The ROAR of the crowd segues into the ROAR of machinery.

20 INT. MIDLAND FACTORY - NEW DAY 20

Huge industrial wheels whir in neutral. **WORKERS** are lined up dutifully to hear the visiting Royal. Bertie's lips move, but with the noise he cannot be heard. Elizabeth watches in relief.

Then a **FOREMAN**, trying to be helpful, signals. The machinery halts, the factory falls silent.

At first the momentum of speaking without being heard carries Bertie forward.

BERTIE

What's needed is cooperation...

Hearing his own voice reverberate through the cavernous factory brings Bertie's stutter back in full form.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

...buh-buh-between the cuh-cuh-classes...

One of the workers sullenly pulls a chain, releasing a blast from a steam whistle that drowns Bertie out.

21 EXT. AUSTIN PRINCESS DRIVING THRU HYDE PARK - NEW DAY 21

THE ROYAL STANDARD fluttering.

22 INT. AUSTIN PRINCESS - DAY 22

Elizabeth and Bertie in the back.

BERTIE

Is this necessary?

ELIZABETH

You know perfectly well.

As they pass a corner news stand, the headline chalkboard reads: PRINCE OF WALES TELLS MINERS "SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!"

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Neglects to tell them *what* must be done,
how its to be done, and *who's* to do it.

BERTIE

David has 'the touch'. They adore him.

As the Austin halts for lights, people stare to see who's inside. Some point.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

I'll wager they're saying: There's the
useless one who can't speak.

23 INT. LOGUE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 23

Bertie and Elizabeth enter. She explains in a whisper:

ELIZABETH
There's no receptionist.

Elizabeth glances nervously at the lavatory door.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(loudly)
The Johnsons.

From the inner office.

LIONEL (O.S.)
Not finished yet.

Elizabeth is relieved its not coming from the lav.

BERTIE
How'd you find this physician?

ELIZABETH
(poker-faced)
Classifieds; next to "Saucy model,
Shepherd's Market".

Bertie smiles despite his mood.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Comes highly recommended. Charges
substantial fees in order to help the poor.
(realizes)
Oh dear, perhaps he's a Bolshevik?!

BERTIE
I'm not sure I want to see this fellow.

ELIZABETH
I'm not sure he wants to see you.

The consultation room door opens and a working class young woman - ANNA - comes out; then realizes with a gasp who they are. She retreats rapidly back into the consulting room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Perhaps this was a mistake.

After an uncomfortable moment, Anna returns, attempting to be properly formal, and stutters:

ANNA
You can go in now, "Mr. Johnson".

BERTIE
I'm not actually Mr ...

ANNA
(whispers, terrified)
I know.
(then to Elizabeth)
Dr Logue says...

LIONEL (O.S.)
Lionel!

ANNA
Lionel says...wait here if you wish. Or, it
being a pleasant day, take a stroll.
(to the consultation room)
Was that alright?

LIONEL (O.S.)
Bloody marvellous.

ANNA
(choking up)
Thank you...Lionel.

Anna flees quickly.

LIONEL (O.S.)
Mr. Johnson, do come in.

The Yorks look at each other.

24 INT. LOGUE'S CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

24

A totally different universe from the Spartan waiting area. A world of books - piles of them spilling everywhere. Two slightly shabby, but comfortable armchairs. Well-worn Turkish rug. Hotplate and two chipped mugs. Model airplanes hanging from the ceiling. Recording apparatus. The walls are pearl grey and smoky blue.

BERTIE
My wife's favorite colours.

Here, in a doctor's office, Bertie's stutter returns.

LIONEL
Glad we have something in common.

Bertie's head bangs into one of the models.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
My lads build them. Make yourself comfortable.

BERTIE

Please...

LIONEL

What?

BERTIE

You're too close. Five paces is the rule of thumb.

LIONEL

That might be difficult in this office.

Bertie perches uneasily on the edge of an armchair.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Nice girl, Anna. Worried she wouldn't find a husband if she couldn't speak. Tried to convince her men will find her even more attractive as a silent partner. The perfect woman. Sorry, bad Australian joke. Why'd your wife change her mind and ask for an appointment?

BERTIE

I can't discuss that.

LIONEL

What can we talk about?

BERTIE

That's better. When speaking with a Royal one waits for the Royal to start the conversation and chose the topic.

LIONEL

Your joking. That won't work here.

BERTIE

I admit if one waits for me to start a conversation one can wait a rather long time.

Silence. They stare at each other.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

You call this making me comfortable?

LIONEL

You call this being forthcoming?

BERTIE

Aren't you interested in treating me?

LIONEL

Only if you're interested in being cured.

More silence.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Cuppa tea?

BERTIE

No thank you.

LIONEL

I need one.

Turns on the hot plate.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Any idea what you're letting yourself in for?

BERTIE

Apparently a great deal of rudeness, Doctor Logue.

LIONEL

Call me Lionel.

BERTIE

I prefer Doctor.

LIONEL

I prefer Lionel. My family calls me far worse. What shall I call you?

BERTIE

The Duke of York is appropriate.

LIONEL

Oh please.

BERTIE

Your Royal Highness then.

LIONEL

Much more informal.

BERTIE

Prince Albert? Or Frederick? Arthur? George? I've lots of names to choose from.

LIONEL

How about Bertie?

BERTIE
(flushes)
Only my family uses that.

LIONEL
That's what I'll call you then. We must be
true equals.

BERTIE
If we were equal I wouldn't be here, I'd be
at home with my family and no-one would
give a damn.

Bertie starts to light a cigarette from a silver case.

LIONEL
Don't do that.

Bertie gives him an astonished look.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Sucking smoke into your lungs will kill
you.

BERTIE
My physicians say it's good for stuttering,
relaxes the throat.

LIONEL
They're idiots.

BERTIE
They've all been knighted.

LIONEL
Makes it official then. House rules: no
smoking.

BERTIE
I thought here we're "equal".

LIONEL
As a monarchist I thought you'd appreciate
these are my digs and here I rule. No
smoking. What was your earliest memory?

BERTIE
I beg your pardon?

LIONEL
First recollection of the world?

BERTIE
(stutter growing in
intensity)
I'm not here to discuss personal matters.

LIONEL
Why're you here then?

BERTIE
(exploding)
Because I bloody well stutter! And you
bloody well can't fix it!!!

LIONEL
Temper.

BERTIE
One of my numerous faults.

LIONEL
Do you stutter when you think?

BERTIE
Don't be ridiculous.

LIONEL
One of *my* many faults. How about when you
talk to yourself?

BERTIE
I *don't* talk to myself!

LIONEL
Come on, everyone natters to themselves
once in a while, Bertie.

BERTIE
Stop calling me that!

LIONEL
Shan't call you anything else.

BERTIE
Then we shan't speak!

Silence. The jug has boiled. Lionel makes himself a cup of tea.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Must I pay for this?

LIONEL
Loads. Now: when you talk to yourself, do
you stutter?

BERTIE
Of course not!

LIONEL
Proving your impediment isn't a permanent
internal fixture.

BERTIE
When I give a speech...I bloody stutter!!!

LIONEL
Bet you a bob you can read flawlessly,
right here, right now.

BERTIE
(bitterly)
Easy money. You're on.

LIONEL
See your shilling then.

BERTIE
Royals don't carry money.

LIONEL
How convenient.

Logue fishes a coin from his pocket and puts it on the table.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
I'll stake you. Pay me back next time.

BERTIE
If there is a next time.

LIONEL
Correct, I haven't agreed to take you on.

During this, Logue has uncovered a piece of apparatus, a recording device with earphones. He sets a blank disc onto the turntable and positions a microphone, then hands Bertie an open book. Bertie glares at it defiantly.

BERTIE
I certainly can't read The Bard.

LIONEL
'Easy money'.

Bertie reads, stuttering badly and getting worse.

BERTIE
"To be or not to be, That is the question.
Whether it is wiser..." There!

Reaches for the coin.

LIONEL
Not so fast.

BERTIE
I proved I can't read.

LIONEL
You proved you can't listen.

Hands Bertie a pair of heavily padded earphones. Bertie doesn't want to take them.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
A princely bob is at stake.

Bertie reluctantly puts on the earphones. Logue turns a dial. LOUD MUSIC is heard. Bertie takes off the earphones. The music stops.

BERTIE
You're playing music.

LIONEL
I'm aware.

BERTIE
How can I hear what I'm saying?!

LIONEL
Bertie, you're Royal. Surely a prince's brain knows what its mouth is doing?

BERTIE
You're not well acquainted with Royal princes, are you?

LIONEL
I want to demonstrate that when you can't hear your voice, you don't stutter, thus proving your impediment is not innate.

BERTIE
Rubbish.

Bertie replaces the earphones. Again, the LOUD MUSIC. His lips move as he reads, but all that can be heard is the music. Finished reading the passage he takes off the earphones and the music ceases. He reaches for the coin, but Logue snatches it.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
I was terrible.

LIONEL
Flawless.

BERTIE
I know how I sound!

LIONEL
Would I lie to a prince of the realm to win
twelve-pence?

BERTIE
I've no idea what an Australian might do
for that sort of money.

Logue puts the record in a brown paper dust jacket and hands it
to Bertie.

LIONEL
Souvenir of our first and presumably last
encounter.

Bertie glances at the record.

POV - the label: HMV His Master's Voice.

25 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

25

Elizabeth, trying to be gracious, has been cooling her heels
with a working class **MOTHER** and her young son **WILLIE**.

LIONEL
I'm finished with your husband.

BERTIE
I'm *finished* with Doctor Logue!

LIONEL
Lionel.

They exit curtly.

WILLIE'S MUM
Was that...?

LIONEL
Certainly not. How's it going, mate?

WILLIE'S MUM
William isn't trying hard enough.

LIONEL
Willie?

WILLIE
Ddddddooooing ggggggggood.

LIONEL
Why am I not surprised?

26 INT./EXT. AUSTIN PRINCESS ON LONDON STREET - DAY 26

The Yorks are being driven home. As they pass Speakers' Corner, Oswald Mosley's blackshirt British Union of Fascists are out in full force.

BERTIE
The bloody man did parlour tricks and
cheated me out of a shilling.

In fury he rolls down the window and is about to throw away the record. Elizabeth stops him.

ELIZABETH
They'll see.

He quickly rolls up the window.

The sound of an approaching aircraft engine.

27 EXT. PRIVATE LANDING STRIP, SANDRINGHAM ESTATE - NEW DAY 27

A grass strip cut into the moors. Bertie waits beside a shooting break, the stiff breeze whipping his coat, as a small plane lands and taxis. The cockpit canopy slides back and the pilot leaps out, removing his leather helmet and goggles, revealing hair gleaming like gold, perfect teeth flashing a dentist's smile. This is - DAVID - the Prince of Wales, Prince Charming, the media's darling, a sun god descended from the skies accustomed to being worshipped by all.

DAVID
(teasing with a false
stutter)
Hello, B-b-bertie. B-b-been waiting long?

BERTIE
Three days. Where've you been?

Bertie stutters badly in the presence of his brother.

DAVID
I was busy.

BERTIE
So was I. Elizabeth has pneumonia.

DAVID
She'll recover.

Bertie shoots him a look.

BERTIE
Father won't.

28 INT./EXT. SHOOTING BREAK ON SANDRINGHAM LANE - CONTINUOUS 28

David drives. Badly.

DAVID
He's doing this on purpose.

BERTIE
Dying?!

DAVID
Some sod tipped him off Wallis is getting a quickie divorce and we're going to make our marriage a fait accompli. As an act of pure spite, Father's trying to depart prematurely in order to complicate matters.

The break almost careens off the lane.

BERTIE
You believe that?

DAVID
Wallis explained it. She's terribly clever.

29 INT. KING'S BEDROOM, SANDRINGHAM - DAY 29

The King is propped up in bed, wrapped in his favorite faded Tibetan dressing gown, hooked to an oxygen tank. He's surrounded by his wife, Queen Mary, his two eldest sons, his Secretary - CLIVE WIGRAM - his personal physician - DR DAWSON, and a NURSE.

Wigram presents a tray with papers and pen.

WIGRAM
The Instruments Of Succession, Your Majesty.

The King is so feeble he can barely make his mark. Glares at David.

KING GEORGE V
You're next? God help us.

He waves them out of the room, but beckons Wigram to come close, and whispers something in his ear.

WIGRAM

At the appropriate moment, Your Majesty.

The King nods.

30 INT. DINING HALL, SANDRINGHAM - NIGHT

30

Clear soup is being served at the immense table. Places set for five, but only Bertie and his mother are seated. The clinking of silver and china. Finally:

QUEEN MARY

I want my jewelry divided equally.
Elizabeth gets first choice. She's not greedy.

BERTIE

May I remind you, you're not the one who's dying, Mother.

QUEEN MARY

Where are the others?

BERTIE

Lord Wigram and Dr Dawson are making arrangements.

QUEEN MARY

What sort of arrangements?

BERTIE

They didn't say.

QUEEN MARY

And David? Fetch him.

31 INT. LIBRARY, SANDRINGHAM - CONTINUOUS

31

David, hunched over a table, appears to be sobbing. He doesn't hear Bertie's discreet knock.

Seeing his brother crying, Bertie is deeply moved, puts a comforting hand on his shoulder. David pulls away as though touched by a leper and covers the receiver in his hand.

DAVID

I'm on with Wallis!
(as though Bertie didn't
exist)
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know, darling, a talk, even a lovely long talk, is a poor substitute for holding tight and making drowsy. Nor making our own drowsies either, as we've had to do far too often lately.

(kisses the phone)

Til then, sweet love.

(hangs up)

Wally misses me terribly

BERTIE

Mother says you're late for supper.

David glares at a clock.

DAVID

Clocks set five minutes in advance, so as not to be late. When I'm King I shall set them back!

32 INT. DINING HALL, SANDRINGHAM - CONTINUOUS

32

Bertie and David enter to find Wigram and Dawson with their mother.

QUEEN MARY

Lord Wigram has requested permission to order the coffin.

Nobody wants to take responsibility. The Queen looks to David. He nods. They're interrupted by a BUTLER.

BULTER

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

DAVID

Who the hell invited him?!

QUEEN MARY

Nobody. Don't swear.

DAVID

Somebody should bloody well dis-invite him. Father swears.

WIGRAM

That would be rash.

QUEEN MARY

You're not your father.

WIGRAM

His Grace can be a persistent enemy. We need friends.

David knows he's referring to the Simpson affair.

DAVID

Show the toad in.

Lang is already sweeping towards them.

COSMO LANG

Whatever can I contribute in this dreadful hour?!

33 INT. LIBRARY, SANDRINGHAM - LATER

33

The men are huddled, with cigars and port, composing a news release. Bertie acts as secretary.

COSMO LANG

"Tranquilly"? "Serenely"?

WIGRAM

Peacefully.

The others nod.

COSMO LANG

"The King's life is moving peacefully to its..." "Termination"?

WIGRAM

Close.

COSMO LANG

"...to its close."

WIGRAM

As a man of letters you're heaven-sent to assist in the editing of our press communique.

Lang beams.

WIGRAM (CONT'D)

I'll telephone this through to the BBC and alert The Times to hold the morning edition. The problem is...if we're to keep to schedule...time is running out.

The clock is approaching midnight.

DAVID
Is my father late for death?

WIGRAM
We wouldn't want the news delivered by the
disreputable afternoon press, would we?

The brothers look at him. He explains:

COSMO LANG
Who knows what sensational side issues
those tabloids might report.

DAWSON
Perhaps a peaceful termination?

All eyes on David.

34 INT. KING'S BEDROOM, SANDRINGHAM - NIGHT

34

The nurse looks aghast as Dr Dawson administers an injection.

DAWSON
Three quarters of a gram of morphia and a
gram of cocaine injected into the distended
jugular vein.

NURSE
No! that's...

DAWSON
You may leave.

She does so, sobbing.

Everyone watches silently as the King's breathing slows, the
twitching jugular subsides, then all movement ceases.

Dawson takes the pulse, and consults his watch.

David sets the hand of the room's big clock back by five
minutes.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Time of expiration, 11:55 pm. On schedule.

Queen Mary curtsies in homage to the new King, taking her eldest
son's hand and kissing it. When she looks up...her eyes are
chilling.

QUEEN MARY
Long live the King.

35 INT. BERTIE'S STUDY - NIGHT

35

Bertie, in despair and grief, has been describing to Elizabeth what happened.

BERTIE
The look in mother's eyes, it
was...ghastly.

He notices something on his desk, the record Logue made.

POV: the label - His Master's Voice - stares up at him.

He releases his emotions in an outburst of anger.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
What's this bloody thing doing here?!

ELIZABETH
Bertie...

BERTIE
The man was a total fraud!

He picks up the record and is about to smash it against the edge of his desk, then realizes the mess that would make and tosses it into a waste paper basket. Then changes his mind.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Would you like to hear?

ELIZABETH
Not particularly.

BERTIE
Well I think you should. You should know
what goes on. Telling me he could help me
read flawlessly. Lying bastard! Listen to
this babble!

Bertie takes the record from the trash and walks to a Victrola stand, lifts the arm, places the steel needle, expecting to hear his stuttering voice. Instead, what he hears is flawless and flowing:

BERTIE'S RECORDED VOICE
"To be, or not to be, - that is the
question: -
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"
(the needle sticks)
(MORE)

BERTIE'S RECORDED VOICE (CONT'D)
"...sea of troubles, and by opposing end
them? And by opposing end them? And by
opposing..."

Bertie lifts the needle. He and his wife stare at each other;
there are tears in her eyes.

The ROAR OF A HUGE delirious crowd is heard, growing in volume.
The roar becomes chillingly recognizable: "Zeig Heil! Zeig Heil!
Zeig Heil!"

GO TO BLACK:

Hitler, giving one of his mass rally speeches, continues.

The brass numbers 10 appears on the blackness. It is:

36 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - NEW NIGHT 36

The black front door of the Prime Minister's residence. The
Fuhrer's tirade continues as CAMERA moves through the door into
10 Downing Street itself.

37 INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - CONTINUOUS 37

CAMERA explores the dwelling, during which Hitler grows louder
and more shrill, until:

38 INT. BALDWIN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS 38

The glowing light of an illuminated dial of a radio, listened to
by Churchill and Baldwin. They wear black armbands.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Turn that devil off!

The hysteria stops.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
If only one could do that so easily in real
life.

BALDWIN
Chamberlain thinks that Hitler can be
reasoned with.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Neville is an old woman.

BALDWIN

That's the direction its going, Winston.
You're out of step.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

We'll see who trips and falls.

BALDWIN

Enough pleasantries. I've asked you here
because you seem to be the only sensible
member of the King's camp.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Nice of you to say so, Stanley.

BALDWIN

Is he willing to be reasonable?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Depends on the definition.

BALDWIN

(bluntly)

Has he seen the light?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

He has.

Baldwin brightens.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Our Monarch basks in the warming rays of a
celestial orb. Her name is Wally.

Baldwin's face clouds once again.

39 INT. LOGUE'S CONSULTATION ROOM - NEW DAY

39

A headline screams: HITLER RATTLES SABRE.

Lionel is at his desk reading the newspaper as his sons sprawl
on the floor building a model airplane.

VALENTINE

Dad?

LIONEL

Mmmm?

VALENTINE

Time for a Shake, dad.

LIONEL
(pleased)
You sure?

THE BOYS
Shake! Shake! Shake!

Clearly this is a much loved ritual. Lionel disappears into a closet.

IAN
Bet its the Scottish Play.

VALENTINE
Othello!

PETER
Perhaps something with Falstaff?

Ominous thumps within the closet.

LIONEL (FROM INSIDE THE CLOSET)
"Art thou afeard?"

THE BOYS
Caliban!

Lionel lumbers out of the closet, a pillow stuffed into his jacket to create a monstrous hunchback. His acting, performed just for his children, is quite magical.

LIONEL
"Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight,
and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twanging
instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes
voices,
That, if then I had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in
dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show
riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again."

The lads are enthralled. The DOOR BELL RINGS. Lionel is not expecting anyone.

40 EXT. ENTRANCE TO LOGUE'S CHAMBERS, HARLEY STREET - DAY 40

The Austin Princess waits at the curb. Bertie is at the door. He rings the BELL again.

BERTIE'S VOICE
Doctor Logue?

41 INT. LOGUE'S CONSULTATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

41

Lionel is stunned, covers:

LIONEL
Must be a tradesman. Off you go, lads. Mum
should be home from work.

The boys gather their things, deposit the model plane on a chair, stow the building materials in a box, and exit the back way. Lionel goes to the door, but doesn't open it.

BERTIE'S VOICE
Logue...?

Logue, expressionless, doesn't respond.

42 EXT. ENTRANCE TO LOGUE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

42

Bertie is torn: part of him wants to flee, yet he desperately needs to be let in. He knows what must be done. This is a huge step for him.

BERTIE
Lionel...it's Bertie.

The door opens.

LIONEL
My condolences. I didn't expect you.

BERTIE
Thank you. I didn't expect to be here. May
I come in?

LIONEL
No.

BERTIE
What?

LIONEL
My wife doesn't think it's a good idea.

BERTIE
Your wife?

LIONEL
Myrtle.

BERTIE

Myrtle? Myrtle's never met me. I've never met Myrtle. May we discuss Myrtle in private? Its not proper talking about our women on the street.

Lonel gives him a look, but lets him him.

43 INT. WAITING ROOM TO LOGUE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

43

As they enter Bertie notices:

BERTIE

What happened to your shoulder?

Lionel hastily removes the pillow, tosses it away.

LIONEL

Sore back.

BERTIE

What's your Myrtle got to do with me?
Elizabeth doesn't much care for you either,
but here I am.

LIONEL

That woman has style.

BERTIE

Which is why she dislikes you. You're far
too familiar.
(referring to the
consultation room)
May we discuss this properly?

44 INT. LOGUE'S CONSULTATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

They enter:

LIONEL

You look dreadful.

BERTIE

Another example of exactly the sort of
thing you don't say to a Royal. And you're
too close.

LIONEL

But you're not Royal in this room.

BERTIE

Which is precisely why Elizabeth dislikes you.

He starts to sit.

LIONEL

Not there!

CRUNCH. A model airplane was nestling in the armchair.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Curtis bi-plane, now a Curtis mono-wing.

BERTIE

Oh I say, I'm terribly sorry. Tell your lads I'll buy a new one.

Lionel takes out the box of model building gear the boys left.

LIONEL

You don't have any money. I'll fix it. So, Bertie, what brings you here? Your father's death?

Bertie is silent.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Mine lay rigid, fists clenched angrily at his sides, daring the Reaper: take me, you bastard!

BERTIE

What was he angry about?

LIONEL

I was a great disappointment.

BERTIE

Thought he'd be proud of you.

LIONEL

So did I.

BERTIE

A man of stature?

LIONEL

A clerk.

BERTIE

Oh.

(pause)

(MORE)

BERTIE (CONT'D)

I was informed, after the fact, my father's last words were: "Bertie has more guts than the rest of his brothers put together."

(pause)

Couldn't say that to my face.

(then)

Your mother?

LIONEL

Coughed herself to death when I was young.

BERTIE

Oh.

LIONEL

I remember going to the theatre with her. Not real theatre...traveling players.

BERTIE

I've been to Australia.

LIONEL

Not where I lived.

BERTIE

(blurts)

My brother. That's why I'm here.

LIONEL

What's he done?

BERTIE

Can't say.

LIONEL

I'm going home now.

BERTIE

You must undersand, I can't puh-puh-puh...

His jaw and throat muscles constrict.

LIONEL

Try singing it.

BERTIE

Pardon?

LIONEL

Know any songs?

BERTIE

"Swanee River".

LIONEL

Very modern.

BERTIE

Happens to be my favorite.

LIONEL

Sing it.

BERTIE

Certainly not.

(fascinated by the plane
repairs)

May I help? Always wanted to build models.
Father wouldn't allow it. I had to collect
stamps. *He* collected stamps.

LIONEL

Only if you sing. Goes like this...

(sings)

"Way down upon the..."

BERTIE

I *know* the words!

(sings)

"Way down upon the Swanee River. ..."

Etcetera.

LIONEL

You didn't stutter.

BERTIE

Of course I didn't stutter, I was singing!
One doesn't stutter when one sings!

(realises))

Oh...

(then)

Well I can't waltz around on State
occasions warbling!

LIONEL

You can with me.

BERTIE

That's because you're peculiar.

LIONEL

I take that as a compliment. Cut some
struts from the balsa. Sorry, hard to show
you what to do at five paces. Would you
like a cup of tea?

BERTIE

No. Yes. Thank you.

Lionel fires up the hot plate.

LIONEL

You were about to sing an aria concerning
your brother.

BERTIE

I'm not crooning to the tune of "Swanee
River!"

LIONEL

Try "Camptown Races" then.

(sings)

"The Arch of C, he said to me, doo-dah doo-
dah..." That sort of thing.

BERTIE

I can't talk, or sing, about your future
King, doo-dah, doo-dah...

LIONEL

My future King? He's your future King too.
Did that cause friction? Knowing he'd grow
up to be King, but you wouldn't.

BERTIE

Certainly not. I've always looked up to
David. Water's boiling.

Lionel makes the pot.

LIONEL

Two lumps or one?

Bertie, a bit abashed, holds up three fingers.

BERTIE

I've a sweet tooth. To tell the truth...

LIONEL

Always preferable.
(referring to plane wing)
Cover it with tissue.

BERTIE

...it was a relief. Knowing I wouldn't be
King.

LIONEL

Why's that?

Lionel hands him a mug of tea. Bertie realizes it's chipped and
possibly none too clean.

BERTIE

I wouldn't have to give speeches!

Reaches into his jacket for his cigarette case.

LIONEL

No smoking. What's the age difference?

While Logue isn't looking, Bertie surreptitiously wipes the rim of the mug with his handkerchief.

BERTIE

Eighteen months.

LIONEL

But for eighteen months you would've been King?!

BERTIE

We didn't think about it that way, doctor.

(sings)

Doo-dah doo-dah.

(then)

David and I were very close.

LIONEL

As you said: eighteen months.

BERTIE

As brothers!

LIONEL

How close?

BERTIE

Young bucks... You know.

LIONEL

I don't, or I wouldn't ask. Did you go after the same girls?

BERTIE

Upon occasion.

LIONEL

Princess Elizabeth?

BERTIE

(flares)

What an extraordinarily rude thing to say!

(quickly under control)

David did try to be her beau at one point.

Before I met her. She wouldn't have him.

(MORE)

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Not like my father...he and his brother,
when they were young, kept a girl in St
John's Wood and shared her on alternate
nights.

An uncomfortable silence. Too much has been said.

LIONEL

Now dope the other wing. Did David tease
you?

BERTIE

They all did. "Buh-buh-buh-Bertie". Father
encouraged it. "Spit it out, boy!" Thought
it would make me stop. Is this necessary?!

LIONEL

Otherwise the paint will eat through the
tissue.

BERTIE

I mean the damn questions!

LIONEL

Mandatory. Tell me more about your
storybook childhood. What was your earliest
memory?

BERTIE

You asked that before.

LIONEL

This time I'd like an answer.

BERTIE

Being born.

LIONEL

How can you remember that?

BERTIE

December 14th.

LIONEL

I don't understand.

BERTIE

"Mausoleum Day". Prince Albert departed on
that date. I was named Bertie to placate
Great Grandmamma Victoria. In return, she
hated me because it reminded her of her
grief.

(stutter growing in
intensity)

(MORE)

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Let's stick to medical history please. I'm naturally left handed, which was considered inappropriate.

LIONEL

And?

BERTIE

I was punished. Now I'm right handed.

LIONEL

Anything else?

BERTIE

Bandy legs. Also considered inappropriate.

Lionel waits.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Metal splints were made...worn night and day...very painful. Now I have straight legs. This is so...tawdry! I need your services as a Speech Therapist, not Grand Inquisitor. Are you available? Or will it be: "Myrtle says no?"

LIONEL

You sound angry.

BERTIE

Yes, I told you, I have a temper.

LIONEL

Angry at me, or at your brother?

Bertie remains stubbornly silent. Then blurts:

BERTIE

He's fallen in love!

LIONEL

How dreadful.

BERTIE

With the wrong sort of woman!

LIONEL

What's wrong with her?

BERTIE

She's American.

LIONEL

Some of them must be lovable.

BERTIE

This one's divorced. Twice. Mrs Wallis Simpson of Baltimore. I want David to be happy, but the family, the Church, the nation, won't have it.

LIONEL

Can't they fornicate privately like adults?

BERTIE

If only! David used to prefer married women because there was no possible attachment. But now...

LIONEL

"Queen Wallis of Baltimore"?

BERTIE

Please.

LIONEL

Does sound a bit iffy.

BERTIE

I made a smudge!

LIONEL

Touch it up.

BERTIE

You want me to beg for help?

LIONEL

I advise you never to beg. Especially if you might be King.

BERTIE

Don't say that!

LIONEL

I see. For reasons you cannot disclose, fearing ramifications you will not explain, you feel sufficiently anxious to embark upon a course of therapy in which you have no faith? You already owe me a shilling.

Bertie takes a coin out of his pocket, hesitates, then offers it to Logue.

BERTIE

I brought it along. You won, fair and square. I'll pay you generously.

Lionel pockets the coin.

LIONEL
I'll continue to ask questions.

BERTIE
That's what I was afraid of.

LIONEL
(admires the plane)
Nice job.

Bertie sees Lionel glance at his watch.

BERTIE
You've someone waiting?

LIONEL
I do now.

BERTIE
I'd apologize to them in person, but...

LIONEL
You don't wish to be seen? Slip out the back way.

BERTIE
After the funeral...it may be even more difficult. To remain unobserved.

LIONEL
You're having second thoughts.

Bertie's silence is confirmation.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
I ask too many questions?

BERTIE
Perhaps the wrong sort.

LIONEL
(writes an address)
We live in South Kensington, small apartment, but no one would see you.
(added incentive)
Lots of planes.

BERTIE
You know, Lionel, you're the first ordinary Englishman...

LIONEL
Australian.

BERTIE

...I've ever really talked to. Sometimes,
when I ride through the streets and see a
'bloke' I'm struck by how little I know of
his life, and how little he knows of mine.
Cuts both ways.

As Bertie is about to leave, Lionel requests casually:

LIONEL

And if you decide to come, bring the
Duchess. She might be helpful.

BERTIE

She might. If I asked. Very nicely.
(at back door)
And how will Myrtle take to our coming into
your home?

LIONEL

Not sure. She isn't speaking to me.
(pause)
Wants to go home.
(pause)
After the funeral then?

Bertie doesn't answer. Exits. Logue is left holding the plane.
He goes to the waiting room door.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

How're you doing, Willie?

WILLIE'S MUM

(speaking for her son)
Still can't say a sentence.

LIONEL

Willie?

WILLIE

Iiiiiiii'm much bbbbbb better.

LIONEL

Well done.

A drum roll is heard. Thrum. Another... Thrum! Thrum!

45 EXT. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE - NEW DAY

45

Funereal bagpipes wail, joining the measured drum-rolls.

On the balcony of the Castle, decorated with black bunting, is a huge BBC microphone, and arrayed in front of it a row of uniformed dignitaries wearing Naval hats of the Napoleonic Wars, replete with ostrich feathers.

One of the dignitaries reads a declaration:

DIGNITARY

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call
to His mercy our late Sovereign, King
George the Fifth of blessed and glorious
memory...

During this, INTERCUT to the REVERSE ANGLE, showing a massive military parade, mainly Navy personnel, wending its way through the main street of Windsor towards the Castle, accompanying a gun carriage on which rides the King's coffin, draped with the Royal standard, on which rests the Royal Crown topped by a Maltese Cross.

David is seen - very serious.

DIGNITARY (CONT'D)

...that the High and Mighty Prince Edward
Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick
David is now become our only lawful King.

Canons are fired.

Startled by the salute, a large flock of blackbirds rise up and streak across the wintry sky.

A MURMUR, then a shocked GASP, as the gun carriage transverses a tram track and tilts precipitously. Suddenly the Royal Crown tumbles and falls, knocking off the Maltese Cross.

COSMO LANG (O.C.)

Oh bloody Hell!

WINSTON CHURCHILL (O.C.)

A bad omen, Your Grace?

The Archbishop and Churchill are watching the events from the shadows at one end of the balcony.

Below - a scramble to restore the Cross to the Crown, and replace both atop the coffin.

COSMO LANG

Don't be disingenuous. For our late King's
crown to fall from his coffin is not a
fortuitous portent. What ever is going to
happen next?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Is that be the motto of the new reign?
Indeed, will there actually be "a new
reign"?

COSMO LANG

Winston! I'm deeply shocked.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

You don't look it.

COSMO LANG

My function requires me to appear serene.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

That may be increasingly difficult to
maintain. I've been informed by no less an
authority than the Prime Minister that our
populace has no objection to Royal
fornication, but will never tolerate
adultery.

COSMO LANG

Well, since we cannot acquire a new
populace, perhaps we need a new King?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

My turn to be profoundly shocked.

Neither look the slightest traumatized.

COSMO LANG

Scoff, Churchill! Go on... scoff! But you
more than others know full well we'll soon
be under siege from the forces of darkness.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

The winds of war...a gathering storm?

COSMO LANG

Oh, you do have a way with words. And who
would you suggest to rally the troops, the
nation, the Empire, the world?

INTERCUT to Bertie in the funeral cortege, looking frail and
pale.

COSMO LANG (CONT'D)

A man who cannot speak? In Nuremberg
stadium, Herr Hitler mesmerizes millions,
whilst the Duke of York cannot successfully
order fish and chips.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Would you prefer the next brother?

INTERCUT to Henry, the Duke of Gloucester.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
A bi-sexual former drug addict? The
unwashed moralistic populace will adore
that!

COSMO LANG
The youngest, perhaps?

INTERCUT to George, the Duke of Kent.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Now there's dimness.

COSMO LANG
I must admit...unburdened with brain.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Thus we're left with David, the rightful
heir, who speaks beautifully, even if he
talks nonsense.

Below, the coffin is entering the Chapel.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Come, let us bury one king, before we
attempt to bring another to his knees.

They exit.

46 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NEW DAY 46

Re-establishing shot. The Royal standard flies bravely.

47 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - CONTINUOUS 47

Bertie waits at a table with a group of immaculately attired courtiers and dignitaries. This is the Coronation Committee. The chair at the head of the table is empty, everyone waiting for its occupant.

He finally arrives. David. He gestures for Bertie to come into the corridor, but deliberately leaves the door open so the committee can hear snatches of Bertie's ensuing humiliation.

48 INT. CORRIDOR, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - CONTINUOUS

48

David has a habit of constantly fingering his tie.

DAVID

Hear you're taking elocution lessons, lad.

BERTIE

Pardon?

DAVID

Diction. Speechifying. That's the word around Town.

BERTIE

Merely trying to overcome my dreadful impediment...

DAVID (OVER-RIDES)

I'm the brother who speaks. Or do you wish to have a go?

BERTIE

Good lord no! I hope to...

DAVID

Replace me? Well...today's your chance.

He thrusts a document into Bertie's hands, then pokes his head into the conference room.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My brother will read the Coronation Plans.

BERTIE

(whispers urgently)

I'm not prepared!

DAVID

(whispers back)

As a Boy Scout...and you are one, aren't you, very much a Boy Scout...you must always be prepared. Nice and loud, so everyone can hear.

Bertie looks at the pages, his throat constricts, his chest tightens and his hands begin to shake.

BERTIE

I...I...I thu-thu-think we should tuh-tuh-table the document.

He attempts to return it to David, but his brother won't accept.

DAVID

Tell the others how Mrs Simpson is to be accommodated in a special alcove above the altar. Now I'll be off. See you at Balmoral this weekend, Buh-buh-Bertie.

In the room, they are appalled.

Bertie stands frozen and shattered.

49 INT/EXT. AUSTIN PRINCESS ON SOUTH KENSINGTON STREET - NEW DAY49

The lion rampant flutters on the bonnet of the Austin. Inside, Bertie, wearing a black armband, gestures for the driver to stop. Pulling his homburg over his brow, Bertie wraps his scarf around the lower portion of his face. Then catches his reflection in the rearview mirror. Tells his driver:

BERTIE

Wait down the road.

50 EXT. SOUTH KENSINGTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

50

Not wanting to draw attention to his destination, Bertie has disembarked several buildings away from Logue's address. He makes his way hurriedly.

WACK. A soccer football hits him on the back. He wheels around.

The group of local lads look at him unabashed.

LOCAL LAD

Kick it 'ere, aye, Guv?

Bertie kicks it. A fine high shot.

LOCAL LAD (CONT'D)

Nice one.

They go back to their game.

Bertie rings Logue's bell. A brief pause. Bertie glances nervously, hoping not to be recognized. Lionel opens the door.

LIONEL

To be honest, wasn't sure whether to expect you.

BERTIE

I wasn't sure either.

LIONEL
Something happened?

Bertie stares at his mentor. Nods.

BERTIE
(as they enter, referring
to his hat and scarf)
Do I look like a spy?

LIONEL
With a toothache.

They disappear inside.

51 INT. STAIRWELL, LOGUE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 51

Bertie has to pick his way through discarded toys and sporting equipment, explaining to Logue:

BERTIE
I was totally unable to speak.

LIONEL
You seldom stutter with me anymore.
(referring to the mess)
The boys are a bit untidy.

BERTIE
Because you're paid to listen!

LIONEL
Like a verbal geisha girl?

52 INT. LIVING AREA, LOGUE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 52

Bertie looks around the cluttered, but pleasant room: comfortable furniture a bit battered by the boys, antimacassars to hide the wear spots on the arms, family photos everywhere, well-used Turkish rug on the floor.

LIONEL
Home.

BERTIE
What more does a man need, eh?

Lionel stares, unsure if he's being patronized.

LIONEL
Coming from a man who's lived all his life
in castles and palaces.

BERTIE
Somebody has to live in them.

LIONEL
Somebody does.

Ushers Bertie into his study.

53 INT. LOGUE'S STUDY - NEW DAY

53

Bertie stands shattered, lost in his painful memory.

BERTIE
I couldn't say *anything*!

LIONEL
You could've refused. Don't you know any
rude words?

BERTIE
What a bloody stupid question! I just said
one. Bloody. Bloodybloodybloody!

LIONEL
Perhaps a touch more vulgar?

BERTIE
Certainly not.

LIONEL
To prove you know how.

BERTIE
Bugger!

LIONEL
A public school prig could do better.

BERTIE
Well bloody bugger to you, you beastly
bastard!

LIONEL
Hardly robust.

BERTIE
Shit then. Shit, shit, shit!

LIONEL
See how defecation flows trippingly from
the tongue? You don't stutter when you
swear.

BERTIE
Because I'm angry!

LIONEL
Get angry more often. Do you know the f-word?

BERTIE
Fornication?

LIONEL
Oh Bertie...

BERTIE
Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

LIONEL
Bravissimo! Now a resounding chorus of...

BERTIE
Bloody, bloody. bloody! Shit, shit, shit!
Bugger, bugger, bugger! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

A pounding on the wall.

MYRTLE (O.S.)
We have children...!

BERTIE
(whispers)
This is your fault!

LIONEL
Sorry, pet! Won't happen again!

MYRTLE (O.S.)
I should hope not!

BERTIE
Apologies, Mrs. Logue.

LIONEL
First time I've heard you laugh.

BERTIE
Royals aren't allowed emotions in public.

LIONEL
Which explains a lot.

Bertie is in no mood to be provoked.

BERTIE

What do you want me to do, dammit!? Stage my next public appearance as an obscene operetta?!

LIONEL

Your next public appearance should be very well rehearsed.

Without thinking, Lionel instinctively reaches out to pat Bertie supportively on the shoulder.

Bertie pulls back in offended shock. All the warning signals instilled in him are going off.

BERTIE

Don't take liberties! You're a dangerous man, Logue. Who sent you?

LIONEL

Anyone in mind?

BERTIE

The lurking shadows. Courtiers and peers...the whole panoply of a class which once ruled the nation which once ruled the world, afraid of losing their last vestige of privilege if the monarchy is further debased.

LIONEL

Your wife was the one who sought me out.

BERTIE

Because, dear sweet deluded woman, she believes in me!

LIONEL

But you don't share her belief? Why come here?

BERTIE

I'm beginning to ask myself that very same question. Your sailing close to the edge, don't push me, Doctor Logue.

LIONEL

Lionel.

BERTIE

I came here because I was taught from childhood to serve a purpose, and that purpose is to serve. Duty is our sole justification for privilege.

(MORE)

BERTIE (CONT'D)

I came here because I was under the illusion you might help me perform that function!

LIONEL

Not to worry. They say the King can do no wrong.

BERTIE

He can bugger things up! And I am *not* the King. Mrs. Simpson is seeking a divorce. The Coronation is set for the 12th of May. Her decree becomes final on the 27th of April. That gives them two weeks to marry and put this issue to rest.

LIONEL

And if Mr Baldwin stops them?

BERTIE

That would be a tragedy. I pray to The Almighty they succeed. I'll do anything within my power to keep my brother on the throne.

LIONEL

Does that include debasing yourself?

BERTIE

If necessary!

LIONEL

Your brother knew perfectly well by giving you a document without warning...

BERTIE

Are you saying he wanted me to fail?

LIONEL

Are you insisting he didn't? In the future we can parse any document into manageable phrases. You can sing them, swear them, rehearse them til you get the rhythm and flow; that, combined with your growing confidence...

Bertie doesn't want to hear.

BERTIE

Growing confidence? Growing dread!!! You're a wicked man, Lionel Logue, trying to get me to thrust myself forward as an alternative to my brother. Trying to get me to commit treason!

LIONEL

Trying to get you to realize you need not be governed by fear. Again, why did you seek me out? To take polite elocution lessons so you could attend posh tea parties?!

BERTIE

How dare you! I'm the brother of a King...the son of a King...back through untold centuries. You presume to instruct me on my duty? A jumped-up jackeroo from the outback? The disappointing son of an embittered clerk! You're a monster, Doctor Logue. I'm going to Balmoral to spend a pleasant country weekend with my beloved brother. And these sessions are over!

54 INT. STAGE OF SMALL REGIONAL THEATRE - NEW DAY

54

Closed curtains. Someone fumbles behind it.

LIONEL (BEHIND CURTAIN)

Now?

Lionel pushes his way through the gap in the curtain. A PROVINCIAL DIRECTOR replies from a seat in the auditorium. (Not the same Director as in the earlier audition scene.)

DIRECTOR

Were you told? We aren't for London. Playing the provinces.

LIONEL

Outer Mongolia?

DIRECTOR

Available, are we?

LIONEL

Nothing prevents.

DIRECTOR

I believe that's called "desperate for a part!" Previous experience?

LIONEL

Australia.

DIRECTOR

You *have* played the provinces. Righto! Let's hear what you can do.

LIONEL

Caliban?

DIRECTOR

Make him deformed. Audiences like that.

LIONEL

Of course.

(rallies himself)

"Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight,
and hurt not."

As magical as Lionel was when he performed for his boys, here he's stiff and painfully stilted.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

"Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes
voices..."

DIRECTOR

(interrupts)

Thank you! Don't abandon your day job.
Next!

Logue bows his head.

55 INT. LOGUE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

55

Lionel enters and sits dejectedly at the table. Myrtle and the boys eat in silence. Finally:

LIONEL

You may leave.

VALENTINE

Haven't finished yet, Dad.

(realizes)

Oh! Right!

THE BOYS

Thanks, Dad. Thanks, Mum.

They exit. Myrtle knows something has happened.

MYRTLE

Lionel?

Lionel takes five slim folders out of his jacket pocket and puts them on the table in front of Myrtle. She studies them, stunned.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)
Tickets? *Home?*

LIONEL
First class.

A long pause as Myrtle digests this.

MYRTLE
What about your...

LIONEL
Willie's a problem...not much progress. The others have been referred.

MYRTLE
What'll you do when we get home?

LIONEL
Try not to act the toff. Teach perhaps.

MYRTLE
You could...

LIONEL
No! I'm not good enough!

MYRTLE
You gave it a try, Lionel.

LIONEL
Yes, I had a go. Thanks to your patience.
(grief overwhelms him)
I just bloody well wasn't good enough!

MYRTLE
(studying the tickets)
Oh Lionel! This must've cost you.

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! The sound of an axe.

56 EXT. GROUNDS AND TERRACE, BALMORAL - NEW DAY

56

A woodsman's axe CHOPS into the thick trunk of a massive tree.

Nearby, a bulldozer cuts into the green turf and rich soil.

The felling and earth removal are being watched by Churchill and Lang from a distant terrace. In the background a jazz band in white tuxedos syncopates pertly.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Five hundred year old oaks! Part of the hill! Removed to improve the view!

COSMO LANG

How ever does she do it?

Inside the ballroom, seem through open French doors, an afternoon dance is being held. Churchill and Lang look in.

57 INT. BALLROOM, BALMORAL - CONTINUOUS

57

At the epicenter, a dashing couple: David, the very picture of insouciance, and clinging to his arm, dripping in jewelry, a rather small, angular, dark haired woman, with a high brow and square jaw - MRS WALLIS SIMPSON. Her most attractive physical feature is her back, displayed fully by a dress that plunges to her nates. Surrounded by their entourage, they are the apex of chic.

Watching from the sidelines:

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Erotic sexual techniques beyond polite imagination? I realize of course, that may be outside your personal experience.

Winston exchanges his empty champagne flute for a full one from the tray of a passing footman.

COSMO LANG

You've the Devil in you today.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

If anyone should know, it would be Your Grace.

COSMO LANG

All aspects of mankind are within my venue. Did you know, HM has trouble with his glands?

Churchill almost chokes on his champagne.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

I'd not appreciated Your Grace was so well versed concerning things testicular!

COSMO LANG

They were severely damaged by the measles when HM and his brother were naval cadets.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
A veritable encyclopedic font of
scatological information.

COSMO LANG
Apparently it affects the quality, although
not the quantity, of HM's endeavors.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
And the brother?

COSMO LANG
Unscathed. Two daughters. I shepherd my
flock in all matters, Winston, including
multiplication.

They make their way inside. In the distance an Austin Princess
can be seen making its way up the stately tree-line avenue.

58 INT. AUSTIN PRINCESS, BALMORAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS 58

Bertie and Elizabeth are dressed for the party.

BERTIE
We must try to be pleasant.

ELIZABETH
Your father not dead six months, and That
Woman throws, "A garden potty." P-o-t-t-y.
She's sleeping in your mother's bedroom.
And I know perfectly well she calls me 'the
Dowdy Duchess", and "Cookie".

59 INT. BALLROOM, BALMORAL - DAY 59

At the buffet table Churchill helps himself copiously.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Has it occurred to you, as it has only
occurred to me, that a Monarch with a gland
problem, who realizes he cannot produce
issue, might not wish to be King...?
knowing his lack of issue may well become a
major issue indeed.

COSMO LANG
A dazzling concept...beautifully phrased.

A FOOTMAN announces:

FOOTMAN

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess
of York.

Wallis sweeps forward to greet them, but Elizabeth sails past,
announcing to no one in particular:

ELIZABETH

I came at the invitation of the King.

David turns and bows formally. Elizabeth cursties in return.
Wallis quickly returns to David, taking him forcefully onto the
dance floor. The Yorks go in the other direction.

To the side, Churchill and Lang watch David and Wallis do a
brisk Turkey Trot.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

According to the F.B.I.... she is, after
all, one of their citizens...our Monarch
does not possess exclusive rights to Mrs.
Simpson's sexual favours. Hitler's
Ambassador, Count von Ribbentrop, has been
sending her 17 carnations every day...one
for each time they've slept together.

COSMO LANG

Good Lord, Winston, we must see to it this
Empress of the Night does not become Queen
of England!

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Vividly put.

Churchill has spotted Elizabeth in a side room.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Allow me to test new waters.

60 INT. PORTRAIT GALLERY, BALMORAL - CONTINUOUS

60

Churchill makes his way to Elizabeth, who is standing in front
of a portrait of George IV.

ELIZABETH

I don't need to be told I behaved badly.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

On the contrary, Mam. Court etiquette
decrees royalty must be greeted by the
official host. In this case: the King. You
behaved impeccably. As always.

(MORE)

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
(referring to the
painting)
A relative?

ELIZABETH
Distant.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
(referring again to the
painting)
You're well aware, of course, George IV's
wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, was very common
indeed...and previously married. She signed
an agreement that she could never become
Queen, and their children could not be
Royal. A rather sensible morganatic
arrangement.

ELIZABETH
That was a very long time ago. You're
stirring with a rather large spoon,
Winston. Keep in mind, I'm also a distant
relative of Lady Macbeth.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
I would disremember at my peril.

David is coming briskly down the corridor, struggling to open a
champagne bottle, followed by Bertie determined to catch up.

Elizabeth and Churchill leave the brothers alone.

BERTIE
David...

DAVID
Wally wants more champagne. *I* have to fetch
it. She prefers that.

BERTIE
Been trying to see you...

DAVID
Been terribly busy.

BERTIE
Doing what?

DAVID
Being King.

BERTIE

Where did you get that American accent?
David...Father's not dead six months, yet
you've put Mrs. Simpson in the suite used
by our mother?

DAVID

Mama's not still in bed, is she?

BERTIE

That isn't funny.

DAVID

Ssssssorry, d-d-dear b-b-oy!

BERTIE

Please. No more of that.

A moment of silent confrontation. David backs down. Sort of.

DAVID

Didn't realize you cared.

BERTIE

This could end in disaster.

DAVID

This will end splendidly. With Wallis as my
wife.

BERTIE

Whatever will she call herself?

DAVID

Queen of England, I suspect. Kings do
marry. Empress of India. The whole bag of
tricks.

BERTIE

David! The upper classes are terrified
anything which clouds the monarchy makes
their situation more dangerous. Hunger
marchers are singing the "Red Flag" in
front of Westminster...demanding a
republic...I've seen them...

DAVID

Herr Hitler will sort that out.

BERTIE

Who'll sort out Chancellor Hitler?

DAVID

He's much maligned. By the Jews, according to Wallis. And she's very clever about politics.

BERTIE

The man's a monster! Our position must remain clear.

DAVID

Why's that, old chap?

BERTIE

We are a German family!

DAVID

Didn't bother anyone during WWI. And Kaiser Willie was our uncle.

BERTIE

Because we took an English name! *Windsor*. Because we are England. We are the heart and soul of this nation. That must never change.

DAVID

Are you already in charge?

BERTIE

I'm trying to warn you.

DAVID

Am I being threatened?

BERTIE

David, your role is to consult and to be advised.

DAVID

Sounds like you've studied our wretched constitution.

BERTIE

Sounds like you haven't.

DAVID

I won't be a lackey to an unwashed politician like Stanley Baldwin!

BERTIE

He's your Prime Minister.

DAVID

And I'm his King!

BERTIE

If you refuse to listen to our Government,
they have no choice but to resign.

DAVID

I'll form another. There's Winston. He'd
love to be P.M. We'll create a King's
Party.

BERTIE

To fight a general election in which your
marriage is the only topic?

DAVID

I'd risk anything and everything for
Wallis. Don't I have rights?

BERTIE

Privileges.

DAVID

Not the same thing.

BERTIE

No.

DAVID

Yet an ordinary man may marry for love.

BERTIE

We're not ordinary men, David! We were bred
to be profiles on a coin. If you were
ordinary, on what basis could you possibly
claim to be King?!

DAVID

What's the point then? Just to look posh?
You know...your speech is much improved
tonight. Hardly a hesitation. Yearning for
a larger audience, are we?

BERTIE

Don't say such a thing!

DAVID

Is my young brother trying to push me off
the throne? Sounds positively medieval.

BERTIE

I beg of you, don't do this to my wife, my
daughters, to me.

DAVID

The politicians will give in. See you at my
Coronation...*Bertie*.

The champagne cork finally POPS. He strides off.

61 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - NEW DAY

61

Establishing shot of the Prime Minister's residence.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (O.S.)

Nice of you to invite me to your digs,
Stanley.

62 INT. BALDWIN'S STUDY, 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

62

Baldwin and Churchill are alone together. No love lost between
these two men.

BALDWIN

As you may have guessed...

Churchill is silent. Baldwin waits, then:

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

...I intend to resign. The Royal scandal
has weakened my position considerably.

Churchill, on the edge of his seat, can't suppress an
anticipatory grin. Baldwin takes pleasure in deflating it.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

No need to volunteer your services,
Winston. Neville Chamberlain will take my
place, once this Royal matter is settled.
As Chancellor of the Exchequer he already
lives next door.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

My opportunity to redecorate will come soon
enough, Stanley.

BALDWIN

Will it? Well, enough chit-chat. The
question of a morganatic marriage, as a
possible solution, has been put to the
Dominion Prime Ministers. After all, HM *is*
their King too.

Baldwin has a sheath of telegrams in hand.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Australia: no.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

David feels there aren't that many people in Australia.

BALDWIN

Canada: no. Union of South Africa: an inappropriate marriage would create a permanent wound. The Irish Free State: states it is not really their affair, and, bluntly, our English King may marry any whore he wants, they'll be well out of it.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Bloody Irish.

BALDWIN

New Zealand...wavers.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Ah, the Kiwis!

BALDWIN

Being rather remote, they've not even heard of Mrs Simpson. Hardly a winning hand.

Silence.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

This is not about true love, Winston. This is about who's in charge. Does the King do what he wants, or what his people want him to do? Does the King own his nation, or does the nation own their Monarch?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

He won't budge.

BALDWIN

Nor will we.

63 INT. PLAYROOM, YORK HOUSE - NIGHT

63

Winston Churchill is incongruously inspecting a rocking horse. Unable to resist, he sits on it gingerly, rocking back and forth lost in a reverie. Eyes closed he extends his right arm as though holding a cavalry saber. Bertie enters startling him.

BERTIE

Don't dismount.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Good of you to see me at this late hour.

BERTIE

Thought you were in David's camp?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

I was.

(takes a piece of paper
from his pocket and
reads)

"I am now free to tell you how I was
jockeyed out of the Throne."

BERTIE

Good Lord! My brother wrote that?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Wallis wrote it for him. I'll burn it. I
fear your brother is like the child in a
fairy story, given everything in the world,
but they forgot his soul. Quite happy to
bring his nation to the brink of civil war
just as we face global conflict.

BERTIE

We're not coming to that?!

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Oh, there'll be war, alright.

(takes out another piece
of paper)

Your brother held conversations with the
Duke of Saxe-Coburg, your cousin, a ranking
member of the Nazi party. I have the
Scotland Yard intercept: "Who is King here?
Baldwin or I? I myself wish to talk with
Hitler, and will do so here or in Germany."
I doubt England is ready to return to
absolute monarchy.

BERTIE

Surely his motives are misunderstood?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

"If I don't get my way, when the war comes,
Hitler will crush everyone, including the
Americans. The British may not want me as
their King, but I'll soon be back as their
leader." His intent seems crystal clear.

BERTIE

Winston?! Don't take him seriously!

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Mugs for his cancelled Coronation will soon be on clearance sale.

BERTIE

You're willing to go along with this?!
Changing horses in mid-stream is a perilous maneuver!!!

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Depends how badly the horse you're on stumbles.

BERTIE

It's not too late, Winston, you could form a government on his behalf.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

I must decline. Reluctantly.

The rocking horse CRACKS. Churchill gets to his feet.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(starts to exit, then)

I've written a new speech for him.

BERTIE

I don't want to hear it! Ever!

WINSTON CHURCHILL

It does have a rather nice turn of phrase.

64 EXT. MONTAGE OF BRITISH STREETS - DAY

64

It is December 11th, 1936. If practical use the actual recorded broadcast (truncated). In London, Birmingham, Edinburgh, country hamlets and cathedral towns...the streets are deserted. Stragglers hurry indoors to be near:

THE GLOWING DIAL OF A RADIO

DAVID (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. Until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak. A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor.

65 INT. PLAYROOM, YORK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

65

Bertie and Elizabeth listening to the radio with the two princesses royal sitting at their parents' feet. Bertie battles his emotions.

DAVID (V.O. RADIO FILTER)
Now that I have been succeeded by my
brother, the Duke of York, my first words
must be to declare my allegiance to him.

MARGARET ROSE
(whispers)
Daddy, who broke our rocking horse?

BERTIE
(whispers)
A giant.

Elizabeth holds a finger to her lips: shush.

DAVID (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

This has been made less difficult to me by
the sure knowledge that my brother has one
matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of
you, and not bestowed on me -- a happy home
with his wife and children.

66 INT. LOGUE'S PARLOUR - NIGHT

66

The glow of a radio dial. Lionel and Myrtle sit in armchairs,
the radio on a side-table between them.

DAVID (V.O. RADIO FILTER)
I have found it impossible to carry the
heavy burden of responsibility and to
discharge my duties as King as I would wish
to do without the help and support of the
woman I love.

Lionel gets up to turn it off as David's voice concludes:

DAVID (V.O. RADIO FILTER) (CONT'D)
We all have a new King. I wish him and you,
his people, happiness and prosperity with
all my heart. God bless you all! God save
the King!

Logue strokes Myrtle's hair.

LIONEL
I too "married the woman I love."

MYRTLE

You married a shop girl.

LIONEL

A wonderful lass. Someone I can talk to heart to heart.

MYRTLE

Using simple words and short sentences. I'm very ordinary.

LIONEL

That's why we're suited. I'm just an ordinary bloke.

MYRTLE

Ordinary? You're a man with wild dreams, Lionel. Mine are so very small. A job, a husband, a home. Raising our sons. That's all I ever wanted.

LIONEL

Me too.

MYRTLE

Is that why, every day, you've spent hours with a man who's about to be King?

LIONEL

That relationship is now past tense.

MYRTLE

Yet, for as long as you could, you did what you wanted.

LIONEL

I wanted to be a great actor. That's what I wanted.

MYRTLE

And failing that...

LIONEL

I certainly failed!

MYRTLE

A great healer. Always... 'great'. Where does a shop girl fit in?

LIONEL

Very snugly, into my heart! Always have, always will.

MYRTLE

Trouble is, Lionel, when you say that, I
still believe it.

67 INT. INNER COURTYARD, YORK HOUSE - DAY

67

The Royal standard on a gleaming car's bonnet.

Bertie stands uneasily in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet
as the driver opens the door. Bertie realizes it's a Rolls.

BERTIE

Where's the Austin?

DRIVER

The Palace changed it, Your Highness.

BERTIE

I liked the Austin.

DRIVER

So did I, sir.

The two girls wave from their open playroom window, and call:

MARGARET ROSE

You look like a chicken.

LILIBET

A rooster.

He waves, and gets in.

68 EXT. ST. JAMES PALACE - THAT DAY

68

A formal voice announces:

MASTER OF THE COUNCIL (O.S.)

His Majesty will address the Accession
Council and take his oath.

69 INT. ANTECHAMBER, ACCESSION COUNCIL - CONTINUOUS

69

Bertie looks at himself in a full length mirror, making last
minute adjustments to his uniform. Staring at his reflection:

BERTIE

How did this happen to you?

70 INT. ACCESSION COUNCIL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

70

Bertie walks to the podium like a man to the gallows faced with an array of the Privy Councillors, members of the House of Lords, the Lord Mayor of the City of London, the Aldermen of the City of London and the High Commissioners of the Commonwealth countries.

All the old symptoms reappear: the tightening of the neck muscles, the protruding Adam's apple, the jaw locking.

BERTIE

My Lords, members of the Accession Council,
I meet you today in circumstances which are
without parallel in the history of our
Country...

Its going to be a terrible performance. He bows his head in humility. And shame.

71 INT. PLAYROOM, YORK HOUSE - THAT DAY

71

Elizabeth is playing quietly with her daughters when the door opens and Bertie appears, still in full regalia, straight from the Accession Council. He holds his arm out, expecting them to run to him for a hug and kiss, his solace after the ordeal. They remain where they are.

BERTIE

Daddy's home.

They curtsy formally.

LILIBET & MARGARET ROSE

Your Majesty.

Bertie is devastated. Elizabeth takes him quickly out into the corridor.

72 INT. BERTIE'S STUDY, YORK HOUSE - DAY

72

BERTIE

I don't want to lose you.

ELIZABETH

How could you possibly?

BERTIE

Being what we both dread most.

ELIZABETH

Dear, dear, man, I refused your first two marriage proposals because, as much as I loved you, I couldn't abide the thought of living in the Royal gilded cage. Then I realized...you stuttered so beautifully...they'd leave you alone.

She takes his face in her hands tenderly.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

If I must be Queen, I will be a good Queen.
The wife of a very great King indeed.

(then)

You know what you must do.

73 INT. LOGUE'S CONSULTATION ROOM & WAITING ROOM - NEW DAY 73

Logue is working with Anna. She's reading smoothly and with great intensity.

ANNA

"Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths
Enwrought with golden and silver light, The
bbb..."

Gets stuck.

LIONEL

We haven't much more time together. Give it
a go.

The doorbell RINGS. Logue is annoyed.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

There weren't any more appointments today.

The bell RINGS again. He yells:

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Piss off!
(gently)
Anna?

ANNA

"The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light..."

The door opens and Bertie enters the waiting area. Hearing Anna he stops outside the consultation room and listens.

ANNA (CONT'D)

"I would spread the cloths under your feet,
But I, being poor, have only my dreams.
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my
dreams."

Silence.

LIONEL

(softly)

Read it to him. If he doesn't profess his
love, he's not a man.

Anna nods earnestly.

ANNA

Thank you...Lionel.

She exits via the Waiting Room and almost runs into Bertie. On
recognizing him, she bobs her head.

BERTIE

That was lovely. Don't take any guff.

ANNA

Can I tell my Harold that's what you said?

BERTIE

I'd be honoured.

She dashes off.

Logue comes to the door of the Waiting Room, in effect blocking
Bertie's way in.

LIONEL

Johnson, isn't it? Have you an appointment?

BERTIE

Want me to beg?

LIONEL

I told you, Kings don't beg.

BERTIE

I believe this time a bit of begging might
be required. Elizabeth says I must eat
humble crow.

LIONEL

Its "crow" or "humble pie". Take your pick.

BERTIE
(gathering resolve)
I was frightened and took refuge in being
'Royal'. What I said was unforgivable.
And...

LIONEL
And?

BERTIE
(blurts out)
What's the one essential thing a King must
do? He must *believe* he is King. How can I
possibly do that? For pity sake, Lionel, I
beg you: get me through! I'll pay you
another shilling.

LIONEL
What're friends for?

Logue steps aside, letting Bertie in.

BERTIE
I wouldn't know.

74 INT. LOGUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

74

The double bed is piled high with clothing, a suitcase at its
foot. Myrtle is sorting. She hears Lionel enter behind her. At
first, she doesn't turn. Lionel remains silent.

MYRTLE
I've got the boys sorting their things.
Your office will be a chore...

Realizing something is amiss, she turns, and knows instantly
what Lionel's going to tell her. Her hand goes to her mouth to
stifle her emotions.

75 INT. BERTIE'S STUDY - DAY

75

Bertie is with visitors: Churchill and Lang. There's a slight
but discernible change in his demeanor.

COSMO LANG
We asked to see Your Highness because
there's the urgent question of what to call
your brother. Aside from the obvious.

Bertie is not pleased with His Grace's joke, but lets it pass.

BERTIE

What do you suggest?

COSMO LANG

Mr. Edward Windsor? All he deserves.

BERTIE

What has my brother given up on his abdication, other than the throne?

They look at each other, unsure.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be a good idea to find out before coming to me? He cannot be *Mister*, as he was born the son of a Duke. Which makes him a Lord at the very least.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Very well, Lord E.W. it is.

BERTIE

And as a Lord of the realm, he's entitled to be elected to the House of Commons. Heading a King's Party.

COSMO LANG

Unacceptable!

BERTIE

So you prefer he takes a seat in the House of Lords? Again, on behalf of a King's Party? Is that acceptable?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Certainly not.

BERTIE

But if he's made a Royal Duke, and called His Royal Highness, he cannot stand for Parliament. Nor may he speak or vote in the House of Lords.

COSMO LANG

(realizing)

Oh I say...

BERTIE

The Duke of Windsor it is. Gentlemen.

He exits abruptly.

Churchill and Lang gather their things stunned.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Not exactly a dummy, is he?

76 EXT. FACADE OF D.HENRY LTD. LEATHERGOODS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY6

Myrtle is in the shop window, arranging handbags, luggage, and briefcases.

77 INT. D.HENRY LTD. - CONTINUOUS

77

In the store Myrtle can be seen dressing the window, while in his glass office the OWNER, a portly bald gentleman with a Dickensian air, is deep in concerned conversation with a man in trench-coat. The Owner keeps glancing worriedly in Myrtle's direction.

The two men nod, shake hands. The fellow in the trench-coat leaves. The owner beckons another shop-girl over and whispers something to her. She heads towards Myrtle.

BERTIE (O. S.)
"Let's go gathering hearty heather with the
gay brigade of grand dragons."

78 INT. LOGUE'S STUDY AND PARLOUR - DAY

78

A wall divides the study from the living area, allowing the action in both spaces to be viewed.

IN THE PARLOUR: Elizabeth waits, ill at ease.

IN THE STUDY:

LIONEL
Splendid. Here's another. "She sifted seven
thick-stalked thistles through strong thick
sieves." At home, twenty-five times, in
rapid succession.

BERTIE
Those are my hardest sounds.

Lionel gives him a look.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Oh.

LIONEL
Shall we invite your wife in now?

Logue goes to the door and starts to open it. He shuts it quickly.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
I wasn't expecting Myrtle for several hours!

IN THE PARLOUR: Myrtle has entered, definitely unhappy. Seeing Elizabeth, she's even less happy, and flabbergasted.

MYRTLE
Milady?

ELIZABETH
"Your Majesty", the first time. After that, "Ma'am". Not Malm as in Palm, Mam as in ham. I'm informed your husband calls my husband Bertie and my husband calls your husband Lionel. I trust, however, you won't attempt to call me Liz.

IN THE STUDY: Lionel stands listening, ear to the door.

BERTIE
How're they getting on?

LIONEL
As to be expected.

IN THE PARLOUR: Myrtle announces:

MYRTLE
You may call me "Madam Logue".

Myrtle's at a loss knowing what to do with a Duchess.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)
May I offer you a cup of tea, Ma'am?

ELIZABETH
Thank you, Madame Logue, but I'm waiting to be summoned.

Silence.

MYRTLE
You don't like my husband. That's what I was told.

ELIZABETH
I was told the same.

IN THE STUDY:

BERTIE
Do we remain in hiding?

LIONEL
I'm not going out there!

IN THE PARLOUR:

MYRTLE
What do you dislike about my Lionel?

ELIZABETH
I don't wish my husband to be demeaned.
What don't you like about mine?

MYRTLE
I don't want my Lionel getting hurt.

ELIZABETH
There's only one thing can save him now:
success.

IN THE STUDY: the men are growing increasingly nervous.

BERTIE
We're being cowards.

LIONEL
Of course. We're sensible men.

BERTIE
You should go in.

LIONEL
Me? You.

BERTIE
Why me?!

LIONEL
You're the Royal.

BERTIE
Being a monarchist, I recognize these are
your digs. Therefore: here you rule.
Therefore: you go in.

Urged by Bertie, Logue opens the door.

IN THE PARLOUR: Logue enters, pretending total innocence and surprise, followed by Bertie, also trying to keep the pretense.

LIONEL

*Oh! Hello, Lady Elizabeth! Oh! Hello,
Myrtle darling! What a pleasant surprise.*

Myrtle stares at him and takes her revenge.

MYRTLE

Will the Yorks be staying for dinner?

Logue and Bertie look panic-stricken. Elizabeth comes to the rescue.

ELIZABETH

A previous engagement.

LIONEL

Some other time, love.

Logue ushers Elizabeth into the study, giving Myrtle a nervous little wave. She glares and exits.

IN THE STUDY:

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Glad you had a chance to meet Myrtle.

Bertie stifles a snort. Elizabeth glares at him.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

(to Elizabeth)

Good of you to come.

ELIZABETH

Harley Street is far too public. What is my function here?

LIONEL

For me to show you how to pitch in.

ELIZABETH

Oh dear, I may not be a 'pitch in' type.

LIONEL

Piece of cake.

(to Bertie)

Please assume a supine position on the floor.

ELIZABETH

What?!

LIONEL

Firm support is needed.

Bertie dutifully lies on the floor.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Breathe deeply...expand your chest... now
your stomach...deep into the diaphragm.
Splendid. How do you feel?

BERTIE
Full of hot air.

LIONEL
Well on your way to becoming a qualified
political speaker. Again...

Bertie inhales deeply.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
... and hold. Now, Princess Elizabeth, be
so kind as to sit on your husband's
stomach.

ELIZABETH
Good grief.

LIONEL
Gently of course.

Elizabeth sits gingerly on Bertie's stomach, asking
solicitously:

ELIZABETH
Are you alright, Bertie?

Bertie nods.

LIONEL
Now exhale slowly...down goes Princess
Elizabeth...inhale slowly...nothing rushed,
expanding your chest fully, extending the
column of air til it hits the
diaphragm...and...up comes Princess
Elizabeth. Exhale...down goes Princess
Elizabeth...inhale...up comes Princess
Elizabeth. You get the idea. Doesn't have
to be Princess Elizabeth of course, but I
thought you'd prefer your wife to one of
the staff. Now comes the fun part.

ELIZABETH
There's actually more?

Bertie springs to his feet while Logue opens a window.

LIONEL

You will now shout the vowel sounds, all five of them, as loudly as possible, each to last no less than 15 seconds. There's poor coordination between your larynx and diaphragm. Princess Elizabeth, you can be the official timer.

ELIZABETH

Vowel sounds? Shouted at an open window? On a public street?

LIONEL

Anyone who can stand at an open window vibrating loudly in full view of the world can learn to give a public speech.

ELIZABETH

They can also be considered quite dotty. Don't even contemplate it!

BERTIE

Sorry, dear, doctor's orders.
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa...

(stops)

She's right, those two chaps are staring at me.

ELIZABETH

They're always looking at you.

LIONEL

(startled)

You're followed?

ELIZABETH

Royal scrutiny, Doctor, best get used to it.

BERTIE

...aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyy...
...eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...

(to Elizabeth)

Are you timing this?

iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo...
uuuuuuuuuuuuu.

The family eat in tense silence

VALENTINE
May we be excused?

LIONEL
No.

The unhappy meal continues.

PETER
(mumbles)
We don't want to hear you fight.

LIONEL
We're not fighting. Your mother isn't talking.

MYRTLE
You wish me to speak my mind?

LIONEL
Boys, leave.

THE BOYS
Thank you, Dad! Thank you, Mum!

They exit hurriedly.

MYRTLE
Lionel...without warning, I arrive home to find the Queen in my parlour.

LIONEL
A Duchess, she hasn't been crowned yet.

MYRTLE
Lionel, don't quibble!

LIONEL
What'd you think of her?

MYRTLE
Does it matter!? *She's* the Queen and *he's* the King forgodsake! What're they doing here?!

LIONEL
Why'd you come home so early?

MYRTLE
Lionel...

LIONEL
They came for help.

MYRTLE

What role are you auditioning for now?
Royal saviour?! Who's going to help us?!
This will bring us down, Lionel. You know
it will.

LIONEL

When that poor chap first walked into my
office, he was a slim, quiet man with tired
eyes and all the outward symptoms of the
person upon whom a habitual speech defect
has set the sign. You saw him today; once
more there was hope.

MYRTLE

You're not listening to me!

She gets up angrily and starts carrying dishes to the kitchen.
He follows her back and forth.

LIONEL

Myrtle, I love you.

MYRTLE

You say that, but you don't listen when I
say, in so many ways, how desperately I
want to go home, how I never, ever,
intended to stay here. This was to be a
holiday trip to see 'Mother England', and
you turned it into quite something else.
What happened, Lionel? We went to Wembley
Stadium, next thing...you'd cashed in our
tickets.

He's silent.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

Very well, I shan't talk of this ever
again. I will, as always, be supportive of
your endeavours.

LIONEL

Myrtle... I don't deserve a wonderful woman
like you.

MYRTLE

How right you are.

LIONEL

But why'd you come home so early?

MYRTLE

Lionel...I was let go.

He's stunned.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

Inquiries were made...Mr Falkoff wouldn't say who...afterwards it was: 'With your hubby treating a personage that high and mighty, you won't be needing employment with us, will you, Mrs Logue?'

LIONEL

(anguished)

Why?!

MYRTLE

They're frightened, Lionel. Of what seems so far above them. I sympathize. I'm frightened too.

LIONEL

Oh, Myrtle. My love...

80 WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NEW DAY

80

Establishing shot of this architectural icon.

COSMO LANG (O.S.)

Winston, you do read the newspapers?

81 INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY

81

A massive cavern of stone statuary and stained glass. The center piece of this particular section is the throne of Edward the Confessor. Scaffolding is in the process of being erected to supply lighting for the Coronation. Archbishop Lang and Churchill inspect it with satisfaction.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Only the vulgar ones.

Churchill pours two nips of whiskey into metal cups nested in a hip flask.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

To our new King.

COSMO LANG

Let's sincerely hope.

They look at each other in silence.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Is this a 'slightly pregnant pause'?

COSMO LANG
They say he is dim.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Demonstrably untrue.

COSMO LANG
They say he has epilepsy.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Patently erroneous.

COSMO LANG
Fragile, prone to illness...

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Some correctness in that.

COSMO LANG
...and will die prematurely. They predict
he'll be unable to complete the Coronation.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
What do you propose? Shorten the ceremony?
Or no ceremony at all?

COSMO LANG
My idea exactly!

WINSTON CHURCHILL
I believed so. But what we need is a
pageant of pomp and pomposity to impress
the world.

COSMO LANG
What we need, and what we'll get, may be
two rather different things. Did you hear
his pathetic attempt at the Accession
Council? He'll never be able to speak in
public.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
So, we plonk a tinsel crown on his head and
lock him in a closet? Who then will
spiritually lead this great nation into
war? Who will address the far flung corners
of the Empire, rallying all to our defense?

COSMO LANG
Well...

WINSTON CHURCHILL
The Head of our Church? Is that what you
have in mind?

COSMO LANG
Would it be such a calamity?

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Best ask our new King.

Bertie has entered with Logue. Lang spins around.

COSMO LANG
Your Majesty.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Excuse me, sir, duty calls.

He exits quickly. Cosmo continues nervously as they walk through the Abbey, the Archbishop pointing out the preparations in progress, particularly a booth for broadcasters.

BERTIE
Is this the scene of the crime?

COSMO LANG
What a peculiar thing to say.

BERTIE
Referring to my assault upon the ears of the listeners.

COSMO LANG
Ah, yes, wireless is indeed a Pandora's Box. I have, however, categorically said no to the BBC's new "radio-with-pictures" gadget. Imagine, the unwashed viewing us as we blow our noses or scratch our bottoms.

BERTIE
Radio with pictures?!

COSMO LANG
It is called..."television". Happily, with a transmission range of only fifteen miles this "TV" thing has no future. We shall, however, be forced to permit cinema; the product of which I shall personally edit.

BERTIE
That'll keep you busy, removing all my stops and starts.

COSMO LANG
Unless of course you'd prefer a quiet ceremony?

BERTIE

What exactly do you mean?

COSMO LANG

Something...discreet...private. We could pre-record an edited version to be broadcast to the world. Or even find an actor with a similar voice.

Logue has arrived and comes out of the shadows.

LIONEL

A King based upon deception?

Cosmo takes Bertie aside.

COSMO LANG

If your gentleman from Security would give us space, we could discuss this in private.

BERTIE

You mean my bodyguard, "Crusher?"

Giving Lionel a scathing look, Lang continues speaking to Bertie confidentially.

COSMO LANG

Fret not. As I assured our nation in my recent broadcast: "When his people listen to their new Monarch they will note an occasional momentary hesitation in his speech. But to those who hear it, it need cause no sort of embarrassment, for it causes none to him who speaks." You see, I've paved the way. But should you wish to avoid further stress...

LIONEL

Why not paint him pink and cover him with sequins?

COSMO LANG

Pardon?!

LIONEL

If you wish to call attention to his anxiety.

COSMO LANG

Does your bodyguard know to whom he's speaking? He certainly doesn't know his place!

BERTIE

Doctor Lionel Logue, my speech therapist.

COSMO LANG

Therapist?! I'd no idea! Had I known Your Majesty was seeking assistance I would've made my own recommendation.

BERTIE

Dr. Logue is to be present at the Coronation.

COSMO LANG

Impossibly to find room. Even for a Doctor.

LIONEL

Just Lionel.

BERTIE

Behind the chair of Edward the Confessor.

COSMO LANG

The Royal Box!? Your Family will be seated there.

BERTIE

Which makes it most suitable.

COSMO LANG

Perhaps I might be able to add a very small stool.

BERTIE

Two comfortable chairs. One for Madam Logue. She's a close friend of my wife. The Queen.

COSMO LANG

I'll have someone attend to it.

LIONEL

And now, if you don't mind, we need the premises.

COSMO LANG

My dear fellow, this is Westminster Abbey! The Church must make preparations.

LIONEL

So must Bertie.

COSMO LANG

Bertie?! We do not call the King: "Bertie"!

LIONEL

I do. During waking hours we'll need the facilities. It'll be a closed set. No observers.

BERTIE

Those are my wishes, Your Grace.

Lang nods curtly and exits.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

You've made a dangerous enemy.

LIONEL

Wouldn't want him as a friend.

BERTIE

And don't **ever** call me Bertie in public.

A moment of confrontation. Lionel knows he's overstepped.

LIONEL

Tell me...

BERTIE

I sense one of your dreadful questions on the horizon.

LIONEL

Do you really want to be King?

BERTIE

Knew it! *I haven't any choice.*

LIONEL

You can be a wounded King who stumbles through his Coronation. Or, as the Arch of C so archly suggests, no Coronation at all. Always a choice.

BERTIE

What's this, you wait til Westminster Abbey, then ambush me?

LIONEL

I'm simply asking questions... which you seem unable to answer.

BERTIE

I'm a sacrificial lamb being led to slaughter! Damn you!

LIONEL

Quite possibly. But at least I know what I want. You haven't the foggiest.

BERTIE

(explodes)

I WANT TO BE HEARD!

His words reverberate through the empty abbey.

LIONEL

That's quite different. Let's get down to work then, shall we?

Bertie glares at him.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

As soon as you and Elizabeth enter the West door, you'll be greeted with the hymn "I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me." You won't actually be that glad, because they sing it for a great long time.

Bertie follows Logue deep into the bowels of the 'Abbey'.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

You'll then show yourself to the various sides of the Abbey as the Archbishop announces four times in a loud voice, "Sirs, I here present unto you..." Have you decided your name for when you become King? For when you become a different person?

BERTIE

George.

LIONEL

Like your father?

BERTIE

Like my father.

LIONEL

Not Albert?

BERTIE

Given the current situation...too Germanic.

LIONEL

"Sirs, I here present unto you, GEORGE, your undoubted King!"

"George, your undoubted King!" echoes through the Abby.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 INT. AN OFFICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT

82

Lang is on the phone. The door is open. While talking he watches the work preparations. On the phone he tells someone:

COSMO LANG
I've made inquiries.

83 INT. LOGUE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

83

Logue enters and sits at the table. Myrtle serves him.

MYRTLE
A bit dry. Tried to keep it warm.

LIONEL
Mmm... Kedgerees! Lovely.

MYRTLE
You look done in.

LIONEL
I've news for you. You're coming to the Coronation.

MYRTLE
I've news for you. I'm not!

LIONEL
You must.

MYRTLE
Stand in the rain hoping for a glimpse?

LIONEL
Royal Box. You and I.

Stunned silence, then.

MYRTLE
Lionel...I'd need a new dress.

LIONEL
Rather thought you might.

Valentine calls from the next room:

VALENTINE (O.S.)
Dad! Phone! For you!

LIONEL
Won't be a sec.

He exits. Myrtle waits. Looks at herself, bemused, reflected in a glass-fronted cabinet. Even does a curtsy.

84 INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - THAT NIGHT

84

The last of the preparation crew are being scurried out by Lang. He gives a final, satisfied, look at the cavernous space, like a director preparing the stage for a final scene. He quotes Shakespeare, extremely pleased with himself:

COSMO LANG
"The play's the thing, wherein I'll catch
the conscience of a King."

He exits.

THE CAMERA explores various elements:

The Throne of Edward the Confessor.

Beneath it, a large rough-hewn stone: The Stone Of Scone.

Leaning against the Throne, a huge sword, set there for the next Coronation rehearsal.

Majestic stained glass windows of saints, kings, and martyrs.

Rows of pews, worn with centuries of use.

Graves of the mighty: kings, poets, and statesmen.

This Abbey holds the history of a nation.

Footsteps resonate.

Lionel enters. Trips over one of the gravestones.

LIONEL
Bertie? Blast! Stepped on Lord Byron.
Bertie...?

Lights snap on skewering Lionel. Bertie steps into view wearing a coat against the night chill of the stone cathedral.

BERTIE
This is not a rehearsal, "Doctor" Logue.

LIONEL

Ah, the Star Chamber inquisition. I wondered when that would happen. And I'd promised Myrtle a new frock.

BERTIE

(barely controlled)

"Just call me Lionel"! Never did you call yourself 'Doctor'. We did that for you. No diploma, no training, no credentials. Just a great deal of nerve.

LIONEL

Want to hear my side of the story?

BERTIE

There isn't a "your-side-of-the-story". This is *my* story. And you've ruined it! Its not just the Coronation, terrifying enough, its the radio speech to millions afterwards, and the speech after that, and for the rest of my failed miserable life!

LIONEL

(softly)

Wembley Stadium...

BERTIE

You dare remind me?!

LIONEL

I was there.

BERTIE

Then you knew from the start I was hopeless?!

LIONEL

My son, Valentine, asked, "Could you help that poor man?" I replied, "He's too old for me to manage a complete cure, but I could very nearly do it, I'm sure of that."

BERTIE

Lying bastard!

LIONEL

I knew I could help you. You refuse to believe?

BERTIE

In *you*?!

LIONEL
In yourself.

BERTIE
Who the hell do you think you are?!

LIONEL
A failed actor.

BERTIE
Actor?

LIONEL
Father wanted me to be a doctor, but I
couldn't cut flesh. So I worked in the
mines, recited in pubs...

BERTIE
An actor?!

LIONEL
When the war came, by the time I was ready
to be shipped out, the first casualties
were limping home. Poor buggers, broken in
bone and spirit. 'Lionel, you're good with
your mouth, see if you can help these poor
sods.' The shell-shocked were the saddest.
Most stuttered profoundly. Far worse than
you. Muscle therapy helped somewhat, but I
found I had to go deeper, as you might well
imagine.

BERTIE
I know nothing of those poor men!

LIONEL
I think you do. They had cried out, and the
universe had not listened. So they'd lost
faith in their voice. My job was to make
them shout in righteous anger: "*I have the
right to be heard!*"

BERTIE
I suppose that helped them, did it?

LIONEL
Make inquiries.

BERTIE
Inquiries have been made! No credentials.

LIONEL
But a lot of success. No training was
given.

(MORE)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Not in Western Australia, not at that time. I simply knew what to do. When the war was over I kept being a therapist to earn a living. When the lads were old enough, I thought, "Alright Lionel, you've always wanted to be an actor, one last go." I pretended it was our trip home to Mother England, the Great Australian Pilgrimage.

BERTIE

To Harley Street?!

LIONEL

Cashed in our return tickets. I had three months rent.

BERTIE

So you set yourself up on Harley Street as an actor? Harley Street, don't you know, is for doctors!

LIONEL

The plaque says, 'L. Logue. Speech Specialist'. No mention of a medical degree. No mention of any degree. Some of the diggers I'd helped had come to England. They made referrals. My practice flourished. My acting, however, did not.

BERTIE

Well enough to deceive me.

LIONEL

Lock me in the Tower.

BERTIE

I would if I could!

LIONEL

What crime?

BERTIE

You've saddled this nation in its moment of peril with a voiceless King. Destroyed the happiness of my family...all for the sake of ensnaring a star client you knew you couldn't possibly assist!

Lionel sits down on the chair of Edward the Confessor. Leaning against it is the great two-handed sword of St. George.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

What're you doing? Get up!

LIONEL

I'm tired.

BERTIE

You can't sit there!

LIONEL

Why not? It's a chair.

BERTIE

It's the Chair of Edward The Confessor! The throne upon which every King for six and a half centuries has been crowned.

LIONEL

It's falling apart. People have carved their initials into it. Needs a stone to keep from blowing away.

BERTIE

That's the Stone of Scone! The Stone of Destiny that was once Jacob's pillow.

LIONEL

You believe such ballocks I don't care how many royal backsides have sat on it, it's a building block with handles attached. You're just like me, an actor with tawdry stage props you choose to believe are real.

BERTIE

Listen to me... !

LIONEL

Listen to you?! By what right?

BERTIE

Divine right, if you must! I'm your King!!!

LIONEL

Noooo you're not! Told me so yourself. Said you didn't want it. So why should I listen to a poor stuttering bloke who can't put one word after another? Why waste my time listening to you?

BERTIE

Because I have a right to be heard!

LIONEL

Heard as what?!

BERTIE

A man! I HAVE A VOICE!!!

LIONEL
(quietly)
Well then...you're cured.

BERTIE
Stop trying to squirm off the hook.

LIONEL
Bertie, you'll make a bloody good king. *And you know it.*

Bertie stares at him.

A familiar voice is heard from the shadows.

VOICE
Your Majesty?

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

COSMO LANG
You'll be relieved to learn I've found a replacement specialist. Impeccable credentials.

There's a long silence.

BERTIE
That won't be necessary.

COSMO LANG
The matter's already been settled. For your own well-being.

BERTIE
What did you say?

COSMO LANG
Your Majesty's function is to consult...and to be advised. You didn't consult, but you've just been advised.

BERTIE
Now I advise you, so listen carefully.
...in this personal matter I will make my own decision.

COSMO LANG
May I remind you, you do not place the crown upon your own head.

BERTIE
And may I remind you, it is my head upon which the crown is placed!

COSMO LANG
This will end badly.

Lang turns on his heel.

Lionel ignores what has just happened.

LIONEL
In hushed tones the BBC commentator paints a picture for the world, as you stand at the altar divested of your robes. Trumpets echo through the Abbey. The incessant rain clears miraculously as a shaft of sun streams through the stained-glass window catching your golden tunic and bathing you in light like a mediaeval knight. And you are King!

The faint CLICKING WHIR of a film projector is heard.

85 INT. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S SCREENING ROOM - NEW DAY 85

On the screen: archive footage of the Coronation, capturing the pomp and ceremony. Cigar smoke rises up. The voices of Churchill and Lang can be heard.

COSMO LANG (O.S.)
I was much moved

WINSTON CHURCHILL (O.S.)
There were tears in my eyes too, Your Grace, particularly when I saw you and the Dean of Westminster cannoning into each other.

COSMO LANG (O.S.)
That's been edited.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (O.S.)
More tears when our new Monarch started towards his throne, only to be brought to an abrupt halt owing to one of the Bishops treading on his robe.

COSMO LANG (O.S.)
To the world, all went splendidly.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Amidst a vitrine of glittering jewels, bobbing tiaras, and heaving bosoms.

The footage freezes momentarily.

COSMO LANG (O.S.)

Now, Winston, I have something which *will*
bring tears to your eyes.

The archive footage continues, but it is not of the Coronation. David and Wallis visiting the Fuhrer in Germany: Hitler gallantly kissing Mrs Simpson's hand while Goring and the Duke of Windsor beam; David giving the Nazi salute. FREEZE FRAME. The lights come on. For once, Churchill is speechless.

COSMO LANG (CONT'D)

There's no doubt: David is planning a comeback. And will succeed if our King continues to falter. Though Bertie miraculously survived the Coronation he continues to stumble very badly indeed. Soon he must broadcast to the world. Hitler will be listening. David will be listening. Stalin and Roosevelt will be listening. **Everyone** will be listening. God help us.

BERTIE (V.O.)

(stuttering very badly)

"In this grave hour... "

86 INT. LOGUE'S CONSULTATION ROOM - NEW DAY

86

Bertie and Logue are rehearsing.

BERTIE

"In this grave hour... " Sorry.

LIONEL

Try again.

BERTIE

"In this grave hour... "

LIONEL

Turn the halts into pauses, during which you say to yourself, "God save the King".

BERTIE

I say that all the time, but apparently no one's listening.

LIONEL

Use the silence. Long pauses add solemnity to great occasions.

BERTIE

Then I'm the solemnest king who ever lived. Lionel, I can't do this!

Logue tries to protest, Bertie over-rides.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

If I am to be King...where is my power? May I form a Government on my own, appoint or dismiss a Prime Minister, chose an Ambassador, levy a tax or declare a war? None of these things. Yet I am the seat of all authority. Why? Because the Nation believes when I speak, I speak for them. Yet I cannot speak!

Logue totally ignores the outburst.

LIONEL

Take it from the top. "In this grave hour..."

BERTIE

(hesitates, then)

"In this grave hour, p-p-perhaps..."

LIONEL

Go on...

BERTIE

The letter 'P' is always difficult.

LIONEL

Get a running start, put the words all together. 'Perhaps-the-most-fateful...'

BERTIE

"In this grave hour...perhaps-the-most-fateful...in our history..."

LIONEL

Beaut.

BERTIE

"... I send to every household of my peoples...both at home and overseas..."

LIONEL (SINGS)

Doo-dah, doo-dah.

BERTIE

"...this message... "

LIONEL (SINGS)

Five miles long...

BERTIE

"...spoken with the same depth of feeling
for each one of you... as if I were
able..."

LIONEL

In your head, now: "Bugger, bugger, bugger!
Damn, damn, damn! All those bloody
blighters are going to have to listen to
me!" Can you dance?

BERTIE

What?

LIONEL

Helps relax the body.
(goes to record player)
Waltz?

BERTIE

I prefer pipes.

LIONEL

Thought you might.
(starts a bagpipe record
of "Scotland The Brave")
Dance with me. One, two, one-two-three-
four. One, two, one- two-three-four. "For
the second time..." one-two-three-four "...
in the lives of most of us..." one, two,
one-two-three- four "... we are at war."
Three, four.

Dancing at arm's length with Logue, Bertie repeats:

BERTIE

"For the second time... in the lives of
most of us... we are at war." One-two-
three. (continues on)
"Over and over again... we have tried to
find a peaceful way... out of the
differences... between ourselves... and
those who are now our enemies." Bugger,
bugger, bugger! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

LIONEL

You'll be ready.

BERTIE

(pause)
The shilling you won... still have it?

LIONEL

Of course.

Bertie holds out his hand, demandingly. Somewhat hurt, Lionel hands it over.

BERTIE
I'll return it.

Bertie leaves with the shilling, exiting the back way.

Logue opens the waiting room door.

LIONEL
Willie! Where's your mum?

WILLIE
(stuttering painfully)
She had to work.

LIONEL
You've been waiting here, alone, all this time?

Willie nods again. Then, haltingly:

WILLIE
I heard the King.

LIONEL
Did you?

WILLIE
He sang. And shouted rude words.

LIONEL
He did.

Willie beams.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Would you like to sing, dance, and shout rude words?

WILLIE (NO STUTTER)
I would!

LIONEL
Why am I not surprised?

87 INT. KING'S STUDY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NEW NIGHT

87

The dreaded BBC microphone.

The room has been transformed into an ad hoc broadcasting studio for this all-important occasion.

The BBC News Reader and Floor Manager are there, along with a small cluster of technicians putting finishing touches to their equipment.

FLOOR MANAGER
Think he'll manage?

BBC NEWS READER
I've heard he may not even show.

The Floor Manager tries to warn him with his eyes.

Bertie has entered with Elizabeth and Logue. The Reader wishes he could sink into the floor. Bertie says nothing, but approaches the looming microphone, while Logue and Elizabeth watch nervously.

BERTIE
'Walk up to the bloody thing boldly, stare
it square in the eye, man to man.'

BBC NEWS READER
(placating)
If you'll be so kind, to let me show you...

BERTIE
I already know. My father taught me.

He spreads the fingers of one hand, touches the apparatus with the little finger, thumb to chin.

The Reader scurries off and tells the others.

BBC NEWS READER
His father taught him. *I* taught his father.

BERTIE
(testing the microphone)
Bugger bugger bugger...bloody bloody
bloody...

ELIZABETH
Bertie, do make sure that's not switched
on!

LIONEL
You're going to be splendid. And
if you're not?

BERTIE
They'll bloody well have to listen to me
anyway. Right?

LIONEL
Bloody right.

Lang and Churchill have entered. Elizabeth forces herself to greet them graciously.

ELIZABETH
Mr. Prime Minister, Your Grace, how kind of you to join us.

COSMO LANG
Wouldn't miss this for the world.
(to Churchill)
Congratulations. Neville didn't last long, did he? Talking to Hitler.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
My tenure will be shorter, if the King fails tonight.

Bertie and Logue speak privately.

BERTIE
No matter how this turns out, I wish to thank you. For asking such dreadful questions. What can I do in recompense?

LIONEL
(lighty...yet seriously)
I've always wanted to be knighted.

BERTIE
Sorry. That would raise too many questions.

LIONEL
(pause, then)
Understood.

Bertie takes something from his pocket.

BERTIE
Your shilling. Told you I'd give it back.

LIONEL
Keep it for good luck.

BERTIE
No, you won this, fair and square.

The object is a silver medal. Bertie pins it to Logue's jacket.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Made from the melted coin. Designed it myself, hope you like it, Lionel old friend. May I call you that?

LIONEL

My greatest honour, Bertie.
(then)
One final question.

BERTIE

Oh dear.

LIONEL

Do you believe you're King?

A very long pause.

BERTIE

Almost.

The red light on the microphone starts to blink. Logue joins the others.

The Reader is at a smaller microphone near the ad hoc 'broadcast booth. Five, four, three, two...

BBC NEWS READER

Good evening, this is the BBC National and World programme, broadcasting from Buckingham Palace. His Majesty, the King.

During this, Bertie's hands begin to shake, the pages of his speech rattle like dry leaves, his throat muscles constrict, the Adam's apple bulges, his lips tighten...all the old symptoms reappear.

Several seconds have elapsed since the Reader finished. It seems an eternity.

Elizabeth grasps the sides of her chair with white knuckles.

Lang's eyes roll heavenward.

Churchill studies the situation, ready to leap into the breach.

Bertie and Logue stare at each other.

Logue smiles, perfectly calm, totally confident in the man he's worked with. His confidence is contagious.

Bertie takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. His hands grow steady, his throat muscles relax...all the things he's practiced.

88 INT. LOGUE'S PARLOUR - NIGHT

88

The luminous dial of a wireless. Unbearable silence. Then:

BERTIE (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

In this grave hour, perhaps the most
fateful in our history, I send to every
household of my peoples, both at home and
overseas...

This is being listened to by Myrtle and the boys. The boys look
at their mum. Suddenly they explode with cheers as the radio
address continues:

89 INT./EXT. MONTAGE OF VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN ENGLAND AND AROUND THE
WORLD - NIGHT OR DAY, DEPENDING ON LOCATION

In homes, pubs (where we see the man with the rosacea nose),
clubs, hotels, boarding houses, factories, mines, prisons, a
shearing shed in New Zealand, cattle station in Australia, sites
in India, South Africa, loci around the Commonwealth and Empire.
China. Japan. The Kremlin. The White House. Hitler's mountain
top wolf den. The South of France (where David and Wallis listen
dolefully.)

During this, the address continues, with dramatic pauses to be
sure, but no real hesitations.

BERTIE (V.O. ON RADIO)

...this message spoken with the same depth
of feeling for each one of you as if I were
able to cross your threshold and speak to
you myself. For the second time in the
lives of most of us we are at war. For we
are called, with our allies, to meet the
challenge of a principle which, if it were
to prevail, would be fatal to any civilized
order in the world. It is the principle
which permits a State, in the selfish
pursuit of power, to disregard its treaties
and its solemn pledges; which sanctions the
use of force, or threat of force, against
the sovereignty and independence of other
States. Such a principle, stripped of all
disguise, is surely the mere primitive
doctrine that might is right, and if this
principle were established throughout the
world, the freedom of our own country and
of the whole British Commonwealth of
Nations would be in danger.

(MORE)

BERTIE (V.O. ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
But far more than this - the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of the security of justice and liberty among nations would be ended. This is the ultimate issue which confronts us.

End the montage with a return to the exterior of Buckingham Palace. Outside, stand solemn crowds, listening to the speech on loudspeakers. PAN THEIR FACES, the faces of England, stalwart and resolved.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world's order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge. It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas, who will make our cause their own. I ask them to stand calm, firm, and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God.

90 INT. THE PRINCESSES PLAYROOM - NIGHT

90

The two girls listen to their father on the radio.

BERTIE (V.O. ON RADIO)
If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail.

Lilibet's expression tells it all - she can hear it, her father is truly King.

91 INT. KING'S STUDY/BROADCAST ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE -
CONTINUOUS

91

Bertie, in his quiet way is totally in command, and utterly magnificent. Everyone in the room is awed as he concludes:

BERTIE (CONT'D)

We may all find a message of encouragement in the lines which, in my closing words, I would like to say to you: 'I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied, "Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light, and safer than a known way.'" May the Almighty Hand guide and uphold us all.

IN THE AD HOC 'CONTROL BOOTH' AREA - the Manager makes a 'cut' gesture to Bertie, he's off the air, the red light on the microphone goes out. The Manager points, and the red light on the Reader's microphone goes on.

BBC NEWS READER

This concludes the BBC broadcast of the King's Speech.

Another 'cut' gesture from the Floor Manager, the red light goes out and the transmission is concluded. The Floor Manager looks to the Reader.

BBC NEWS READER (CONT'D)

(softly)

He wasn't perfect.

(barely controlling his
tears)

Not perfect... But by God... He moved me.

AT THE MAIN BBC MICROPHONE - Bertie waits for the verdict of his peers. Churchill first:

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Couldn't have said it better myself.

The ultimate compliment. Lang next.

COSMO LANG

I'm speechless.

ELIZABETH

(softly)

Thank God.

She goes to Bertie and kisses him tenderly on the cheek, takes his hand, then Logue's.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Well done, Bertie. Well done...
(for the first time)
...*Lionel*. Well done.

She leaves the two men together.

LIONEL
I always called you Bertie. Today, I call
you King.

He offers his hand. But instead of taking it, Bertie takes him by the shoulders and gives him a hug. This is a long way from the five pace rule. The last barrier has fallen.

Scroll:

CARD 1 - KING GEORGE VI RALLIED HIS NATION DURING WWII, UNITING THE COMMONWEALTH, REFUSING TO LEAVE LONDON DURING THE BLITZ. HE DIED ON FEBRUARY 6TH 1952. HE WAS KNOWN AS 'THE GOOD KING'.

CARD 2 - LIONEL LOGUE PASSED AWAY SHORTLY AFTER HIS FRIEND BERTIE. HIS STORY REMAINS UNKNOWN. EVEN IN AUSTRALIA.

THE END