

Elizabeth: The Golden Age

Written by

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(Dialogue printed in brackets to be translated and spoken in Spanish or German as appropriate, and sub-titled.)

1

EXT. TITLE SEQUENCE

1

Painted images of the Elizabethan age -

S/I CAPTION

A world divided by religious hatred.

The new Protestant faith is spreading.

Bodies burned on a pyre - men writhing under torture - a momentary half-recognisable face, gaunt and staring -
FATHER ROBERT RESTON.

S/I CAPTION

The most powerful ruler in Christendom, Philip of Spain, has sworn to return all Europe to the Catholic faith.

Images of rival monarchs Philip and Elizabeth in court paintings: stiff, formal, imperious.

S/I CAPTION

Only England stands in his way: a weak impoverished nation ruled by a woman.

Finally images of God in judgement, as if speaking to his chosen servant.

S/I CAPTION

Philip prepares to obey the will of his God.

2

INT. PRIVATE CHAPEL, ESCORIAL PALACE, SPAIN - DAY

2

An ascetic-looking man dressed in black kneels in a small plain chapel, in virtual darkness. PHILIP II, King of Spain bows his head low, abasing himself before his God.

S/I CAPTION:

Escorial Palace, Spain, 1585.

Now, slowly, he raises his head. His eyes open, and we see there the glow of a new certainty. God has spoken to him.

PHILIP

(I hear. I obey. My Lord and my God.)

3

INT. HALLWAY/SALON, ESCORIAL PALACE - DAY

3

Philip walks rapidly down a long corridor that opens out into a broader hallway, moving from the darkness of the chapel into ever brighter light and more visible glory. On his face the far shining gaze of a man who now knows his mission. Silent servants press themselves to the walls as he goes by. Through the hallway to a grand salon. COURTIERS fall silent and bow as he passes. So into the grandest salon of all, where his magnificent court is gathered; among them his 12-year-old daughter, the INFANTA. As he enters, all kneel.

His eyes scan his ministers and courtiers, all kneeling, heads bowed before him. His gaze falls on one who wears the plain black robes of a Jesuit priest: Robert Reston, the face we glimpsed in the opening montage. He speaks to all.

PHILIP

(God has made his will known to me. The time for our great enterprise has come.)

The Jesuit looks up and his eyes too show a powerful but disciplined satisfaction. He murmurs softly to himself.

RESTON

At last.

Cathedral bells ring out. The cheers of a crowd are heard through the open windows.

The king passes out onto the salon's first-floor balcony.

4

EXT. BALCONY, ESCORIAL PALACE - DAY

4

Hot sunlight. Philip stands gazing across the plaza at the great cathedral on the far side, as the bells ring out and the CROWD in the plaza below wave their hats and cheer. The Infanta is by his side. His MINISTERS cluster behind him. Lining the crowd on either side of the plaza stand columns of ARMED SOLDIERS: a formidable reminder of the king's power.

Philip does nothing, but his presence intoxicates the crowd. As their cries swell, wave upon wave, the king's eyes glow and he breathes in deeply, feeding on his people's adoration.

5

EXT. THAMES - DAY

5

A ripple of light on the water. A blur of approaching colour.

The ROYAL BARGE is gliding towards us, slowly taking shape: its hull gaily painted, its canopy adorned with colourful fabrics, its banks of oars rising and falling, casting bright shards of shining water in the sunlight.

People passing on the river bank point and wave, smiling, cheering. They see the Queen now. They call out.

Two young men walking arm-in-arm stare more intently than any; but they do not cheer or wave. There's something chilling in the way they track the distant figure of the Queen.

They are BABINGTON and SAVAGE.

Over this an insistent voice:

HOWARD (V.O.)

Why do you go among the people,
majesty? I tell you plainly, you
will be murdered! Every Catholic
in England is a potential
assassin!

6

INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

6 *

An agitated group is gathered in this room where the business of state is transacted. We catch glimpses of the Queen in their midst, preparing to leave, as her ministers try to persuade her of the seriousness of the situation: SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, 30s, an ambitious courtier; LORD HOWARD, 50s, a weathered old campaigner; and standing back from the rest, watching from the side lines, SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, the Queen's veteran friend and adviser.

*

HATTON

*

Be warned by the atrocities in France! God-fearing Christians murdered by Papist cut-throats inflamed by hatred of the truth!

*

*

*

*

HOWARD

*

We know the Catholics take their orders from Spain. The Spanish speak openly of Mary Stuart as Queen of England in waiting.

*

*

*

*

ELIZABETH

(sharply)

Mary Stuart is a Queen cast out by her own ungrateful nation.

*

HATTON

*

With respect, majesty - a Catholic Queen. Your loyal Protestant supporters don't understand why Mary Stuart lives under our protection, at our expense - very considerable expense -

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

ELIZABETH

*

Mary Stuart is my cousin. She is our guest. And she is under our control.

*

*

*

*

HOWARD

*

But while she lives, majesty, she is a beacon that draws our enemies' eyes and hopes.

*

*

*

*

ELIZABETH

*

While she lives?

*

HATTON

*

She is the poison at the heart of England. The poison must be cut out.

*

*

*

*

ELIZABETH
You'd have me make a martyr of
her. What is her crime?

*
*
*

7 EXT. THAMES - DAY

7

The Londoners on the river bank cheer and wave as the royal barge goes by.

HOWARD (V.O.)
Treachery, ma'am. All Catholics
are traitors! Their loyalty is to
the Pope of Rome.

*
*
*
*

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
How many Catholics are there in
England, sir?

HOWARD (V.O.)
Immense numbers, majesty!

*
*

HATTON (V.O.)
We believe half the nation clings
to the old superstitions.

*
*
*

8 INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 8 *

ELIZABETH *

What would you have me do? 'Cut out' half the people of England? *

HOWARD *

We must act, majesty. Our inaction is taken to be weakness. *

ELIZABETH *

If any of my people break the law, they will be punished. Until that day, I wish them to be let them alone. *

HATTON *

Until the day they rise in rebellion! Majesty, we have proven reason to fear every Catholic in the land - *

ELIZABETH *

Fear creates fear, sir. I will not punish my people for their beliefs. Only for their deeds. I am assured that the people of England love their Queen. My constant endeavour is to earn that love. *

9 EXT. ROYAL BARGE, THAMES - DAY 9 *

Londoners on the river banks wave and cheer. Elizabeth, seated on the royal barge, sees them with satisfaction. She gives an occasional slight inclination of her head in acknowledgement. *

Elizabeth sits with her favourite seated beside her, her youngest and prettiest maid of honour, BESS THROCKMORTON. Walsingham sits facing them, *looking sourly at the cheering spectators.* *

WALSINGHAM *

The people are agitated. *

ELIZABETH *

What people? *

WALSINGHAM

Your bishops are preaching that
God is showing his displeasure-
the Queen being still unmarried -
some are saying infertile -

*
*
*
*
*

ELIZABETH

What nonsense!

*
*

WALSINGHAM

Dangerous nonsense. Mary Stuart
has a son -

*
*
*

ELIZABETH

Why does everyone torment me with
Mary Stuart?

*
*
*

It's not her fault that she's
next in line to the throne.
(to Bess)
Don't hide your face.

*
*
*

She leans over to brush a stray lock of hair from Bess's face.

WALSINGHAM
So long as you have no issue.

*
*

Elizabeth looks back at Walsingham.

*

WALSINGHAM
Produce an heir and there'll be
no more talk of Mary Stuart.

*
*
*

ELIZABETH
Isn't it customary to obtain a
husband before producing an heir?
(to Bess)
We shall have to look out a
husband for you soon, Bess.

*
*
*
*

BESS
Not too soon, my lady.

WALSINGHAM
There are husbands to be had.

*
*

ELIZABETH
(to Bess)
Don't you want to be married?

*
*
*

BESS
I'll want the marriage if I want
the man.

WALSINGHAM
Austria. France. Sweden.

*
*

ELIZABETH
Why stop there? Turkey has a
Sultan. China has an Emperor.
(to Bess)
What sort of man do you want?

*
*
*
*
*

WALSINGHAM
I confine myself to the possible.

*
*

BESS
An honest man. With friendly
eyes.

*
*
*

ELIZABETH
 (to Walsingham)
 That's where you and I differ,
 Walsingham. I find the impossible
 far more interesting.
 (to Bess)
 And good legs. You'll want good
 legs.

*
*
*
*
*
*

BESS
 And sweet breath.

ELIZABETH
 So that you can kiss him without
 choking.
 (to Walsingham)
 There must be any amount of
 princes in undiscovered lands
 across the sea. Find me an honest
 one of those.

*
*
*
*
*

9A

INT. ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

9A

The royal party enters the Cathedral. Elizabeth and
 Walsingham advance into the wide empty nave, followed by
 the Queen's ladies and the guards. Bess is now back in her
 place among the ladies.

ELIZABETH
 Ship builders are being recruited
 in Spanish ports at double wages.
 The sea wall at Dover is
 cracking. There's no money to
 rebuild our defences. I don't
 need advisers to tell me my
 business.

WALSINGHAM
 They care for your safety,
 majesty. The threats to your
 person are real.

ELIZABETH
 And they know very well that if I
 fall, they all come tumbling down
 after me.

She goes on to the steps at the foot of the altar, and
 kneels to pray. As she kneels she holds out one hand behind
 her, not looking round. Bess steps forward, and taking her
 hand, kneels and prays with her.

ELIZABETH

Let's pray, Bess. May we have
wisdom not to fear shadows in the
night, and courage when the day
of danger truly dawns.

ON ELIZABETH as she prays.

10

OMITTED

10 *

11 EXT THE TYGER, ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 11 *

Raleigh is standing on the prow of a war-ship as it cuts through the water toward the white cliffs of Dover. The ship and its sailors have been at sea for many months, and it shows. *

Raleigh shouts to his Sailing-Master. *

RALEIGH *

Let England know we're back, Mr Calley. *

CALLEY *

Master Gunner, run out starboard and tie-off. A broadside from the bow. *

MASTER GUNNER *

Run out and prime. From the bow number one gun, on my word - discharge! Two -- Three-- Four. *

Canon fire echoes over the distant white cliffs. *

13 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT 13 *

ON ELIZABETH - Imperfectly reflected in a mirror in the soft candlelight. Her ladies are putting her clothes away. Bess begins the process of stripping away her make-up. *

Elizabeth studies her true face as it comes into view.

ELIZABETH

Lines round my mouth. Where did they come from?

BESS

Smile lines, my lady. *

ELIZABETH

Smile lines? When do I smile? *

With that she smiles, and sees Bess's answering reflected smile. *

ELIZABETH

Now you have smile lines too. *

Her smile fades. She gazes at her now naked face,
vulnerable in the mirror.

13A INT. QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

13A

The royal bed, immense and ornate. Elizabeth lies here
small, awake, and alone.

PHILIP

'Elizabeth! The angels weep for
you, Elizabeth! Why do you close
your ears to the voice of your
loving God?'

*
*
*

13B EXT. FOREST, SPAIN - DAY

13B

Foresters at work felling great trees, working
rhythmically, in pairs. From all round echoes the same
sound, of axe on timber.

PHILIP (V.O.)

'Elizabeth! You are leading the
souls of your people to Hell!
Turn back! Marry me, and save
England!' I spoke to her just as I
speak to you now.

Now we see the royal carriage riding through mature forest,
accompanied by a mounted entourage.

IN THE CARRIAGE - The king, Philip II, the Infanta and
Father Robert Reston.

PHILIP

But she did not listen. She made
me a speech about the virtues of
virginity. Me! Virginity! She has
brought this on herself.

Philip surveys the scene through the carriage window with a
shudder.

PHILIP

Every tree that falls hurts me. I
lose a part of myself. I am
cursed with sensitivity. I feel
too much.

We don't yet know what the felling of the trees portends.
But Reston does. To him, it's a glorious sight.

RESTON

Your majesty has a merciful soul.

PHILIP

I sacrifice my country's forests
to save the souls of a lost
nation. That is true mercy.
England is lost to darkness,
Father. I bring light.

WIDE NOW - We see the carriage and the royal party crest a hill, and there is revealed an awesome sight: the forest has been felled as far as the eye can see. Great piles of cut timber dot the ravaged landscape. Everywhere men are at work lopping branches from felled trees. Wagon teams haul immense trunks away. Fires burn stacks of lopped branches, and the smoke rises up into the empty sky.

IN THE CARRIAGE - On Reston's face as he stares at the fires. He speaks half to himself, out of the depths of his own fanatical certainty.

RESTON

The light of purifying fire.

He turns and fixes the king with his intent gaze.

RESTON

My time has come, majesty.
(Beat)
Send me home.

13C EXT. CHARTLEY HALL- DAY 13C *
Establishing wide shot of chartley Hall. *

14 EXT. CHARTLEY HALL, GARDEN - DAY 14
A small yapping Skye terrier is barking at a LAUNDRESS, who is handing over a letter, folded small, to a sharp-faced middle-aged French lady's maid, ANNETTE. The laundress curtseys and leaves.

15 INT. MARY STUART'S QUARTERS, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 15
The terrier scampers ahead of Annette to its mistress, MARY STUART, who sits embroidering a pink satin petticoat. She is a handsome but bitter woman in her mid-thirties. Round her stands her small retinue of three ladies and a chaplain.

MARY

This is so pretty I'm inclined to
send it as a present to my dear
cousin Elizabeth.

She holds up the delicate work to show her ladies. *

MARY (CONT'D)

It is an intimate garment, of course. But even Elizabeth must have the occasional intimate moment.

*
*
*
*
*

Annette reaches her mistress and kneels before her, holding out the letter.

ANNETTE

My Queen.

Mary lays down her needlework and takes the letter from her and reads it for herself.

MARY

Our friends write to give us hope.

ANNETTE

(low)

Soon England's true believers will rise up against the bastard usurper Elizabeth, and slit her throat, and throw her down to hell.

MARY

That's enough, Annette.
(But she loves it.)
Slit her throat? Please.

ANNETTE

And when the bastard usurper is dead, my lady will be queen.

The chaplain gives a sharp cough of warning.

The Warden of Chartley Hall, SIR AMYAS PAULET, enters the room. He is soberly dressed, but has charming manners, and is clearly susceptible to his handsome ward. Mary turns to him at once with a teasing smile.

*
*
*

MARY

Here's my noble jailer, come to smack my hand.

*
*
*

She holds out one hand to be smacked. The other hand holds the letter out of sight.

*
*

MARY

Have I sinned again, sir?

*
*

PAULET

No, no, my lady. Unless beauty is counted a sin.

*
*
*

(Kissing her hand)
I come to pay my respects.

*
*

MARY
Oh, you jailer. I don't trust
you.

*
*
*

PAULET
Not jailer, my lady, please.
Warden. Protector. Friend. You
are the Queen's guest.

*
*
*
*

Mary signs to her ladies. One of them brings her the
embroidery, discreetly receiving in exchange the hidden
letter.

*
*
*

MARY
See how I pass my time in my
lonely prison.

*
*
*

PAULET
Charming, ma'am. Distractingly
charming.

*
*
*

She holds the intimate garment against her body. Paulet
seems to be too fascinated by it to notice he is being
duped.

*
*
*

MARY
Such a pretty undergarment. But
for whose eyes?

*
*
*

17 INT. ARMOURER'S SHOP, LONDON - DAY 17 *

A pistol is being loaded: a fiddly process involving a powder horn, wadding, and an iron ball the size of a hazelnut. *

ARMOURER (O.O.V.)
So what's it for, my young friend? Not for shooting rabbits, I'm guessing. *

SAVAGE
We live in dangerous times. *

ARMOURER
We do indeed. *

Savage moves close as if to study the loading process. We see the two of them talking from outside the window. *

SAVAGE
(very low)
The conspiracy gains strength. Tell our master one of the circle has already gained access to the court. *

The Armourer nods. He hands the pistol to Savage. Savage takes it and leaves. *

Immediately after, a man enters and walks up behind the now seated Armourer. The Armourer turns round. *

RESTON
I ask for your forgiveness. *

Moving with speed, he seizes the Armourer's head, twists it to one side, and snaps his neck. *

Reston walks quietly out of the store. *

18 EXT. WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 18

A crowd of eager SPECTATORS and WOULD-BE COURTIERS has gathered, held back by a line of guards, all hoping to attract the attention of the Queen when she appears. This is the route from the Presence Chamber to the Chapel Royal.

Every Sunday the Queen processes here, and crowds gather to see her. Two of Walsingham's men, AGENTS 1 and 2, mingle in the crowd: faces we'll see again.

Tom Babington stands unobtrusively at the back of the crowd. He carries a bag which may or may not contain a gun.

A bustle of activity, a ripple of anticipation - 'She's coming!' - and the palace doors open.

BABINGTON'S POV: the crowd, the wall of BODYGUARDS, the cluster of COURTIERS and LADIES, and in their midst, Elizabeth, almost completely masked as she passes by. Alongside the Queen, among her maids-of-honour, is Bess Throckmorton; behind her, Walsingham.

The people cheer, call out to the Queen, reach to touch her, fall to their knees.

CROWD

God bless your majesty - God love
you! - See her sweet face!

Others in the crowd are shouting more militant sentiments. *

CROWD *

Hang the Papists! - Look out for
traitors, Elizabeth! Mary Stuart
is the whore of Rome! *

Babington moves forward, easing his way to the front of the crowd. Nearby there stands another young man who is watching, not cheering: RAMSAY.

A WOMAN WITH A BABY pushes her way almost to the Queen, holding her baby before her. *

WOMAN WITH BABY *

Your blessing, majesty. My little
one, your blessing. *

BABINGTON'S POV- The Queen stopping to bless the little baby, smiling, putting out her hand to touch the baby's head. The mother bobs a curtsey. The Queen moves on, with her entourage. *

A sudden scuffle in the crowd. Babington turns to look.

A CLOAK SWEEPS THROUGH FRAME - dropping down to the ground - revealing as it passes the handsome smiling face of Raleigh, directly in the path of the Queen.

RALEIGH

A puddle in the way, majesty.

Elizabeth signs to the guards to stay calm. She stares at Raleigh, then she looks down at the cloak. No sign of any puddles. Bess Throckmorton watches, suppressing a smile.

Elizabeth looks back up, meets Raleigh's eyes with a cool appraising gaze. Then she walks on over the cloak, shaking her head.

ELIZABETH
A puddle...

*
*

The guards take up their positions once more. Bess throws Raleigh a quick smile as she follows the royal party. His answering shrug says: I tried. He picks up the cloak, and stands gazing after the Queen.

Elizabeth goes into the chapel, and the doors close behind her.

ROYAL SERVANT
The Queen is at her prayers!

18A INT. CHAPEL ROYAL - DAY 18A

The Queen at her prayers, her mind elsewhere; privately amused.

ELIZABETH
A puddle...

18B EXT. WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 18B

Raleigh puts an arm round Calley.

RALEIGH
She spoke to me. You have to give me that.

CALLEY
Oh, I do. The Queen spoke to you. One word - but she spoke.

RALEIGH
Two words.

CALLEY
You're made. A dukedom at the very least.

RALEIGH
Did you see the girl behind her? I've been at sea too long.

19 INT. GREAT HALL, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 19

The Great Hall is crowded with competing factions. A group of Spaniards, led by their Ambassador, DON GUERAU DE SPES, stand watching everyone else with haughty disdain.

An architect waits to present details of a building project. Petitioners wait vainly, in the hope of catching the Queen's eye. Howard and Hatton are in attendance. Walsingham stands by the Queen's side, briefing her in a low murmur for her ears only.

WALSINGHAM

Thousands are dying every day of famine in Ireland. Another rebellion is a distinct possibility.

A courtier is holding a portrait which he shows to the Queen.

COURTIER

Francis of Valois, majesty.

HATTON

Brother to the king of France, majesty.

WALSINGHAM

France is in religious turmoil. It would be unwise to engage with their instability.

ELIZABETH

(to Lord Howard)

You have the plans for the new docks?

HOWARD

Here, majesty.

Howard beckons the Architect forward to show his model. Elizabeth studies it. Walsingham murmurs on.

WALSINGHAM

We still need to keep France out of the arms of Spain.

ELIZABETH

Let me think on it.

(to Howard)

What if enemy ships should sail up the Thames? Can the docks be closed?

HOWARD

Not closed, majesty. But the gun positions here, and here, have full command of the channel.

The courtier displays a second portrait.

COURTIER

King Erik of Sweden, majesty.

ELIZABETH
What again?

*
*

WALSINGHAM
Still madly in love with you.

*
*

ELIZABETH
Still mad, you mean. (Looking
around). Where's Bess?

*
*
*

The courtier presents a third portrait.

*

COURTIER
Ivan, Tsar of all the Russias,
known as "The Terrible."

*
*
*

Walsingham merely shakes his head.

*

20

INT. ANTECHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

20

Bess Throckmorton is late. She comes running through the crowd of lesser petitioners who wait in the hope of gaining access to the Queen. She passes Calley, the two native Americans, and a group of sailors holding large hampers. Raleigh is trying to persuade the doorkeeper to let him past.

*
*

DOORKEEPER

You'll have to see the Lord Chamberlain, sir.

*
*
*

He indicates a portly man surrounded by petitioners, beyond the open doors to the inner rooms.

*
*

RALEIGH

How am I to see him if you won't let me through?

*
*
*

DOORKEEPER

You must wait for him to come out, sir.

*
*
*

RALEIGH

And when will he come out?

*
*

DOORKEEPER

There's no way of knowing that, sir.

*
*
*

The doorkeeper stands aside for Bess. She recognises Raleigh, and throws him a smile before rushing past.

*
*

RALEIGH

(as if to Calley)
I had less trouble than this boarding a Spanish ship! Everything is easier when you can kill people.

*
*
*
*
*
*

21

INT. GREAT HALL, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

21

Bess curtsays before Elizabeth; who shakes her head at her.

ELIZABETH

Late again, Bess.

BESS

I beg your majesty's forgiveness.

ELIZABETH

Given. Once.

BESS

The puddle man is outside,
majesty.

Elizabeth takes Bess's arm and turns with her to the portraits.

ELIZABETH
My suitors.

The Courtier has a fourth portrait. *

COURTIER
The Archduke Charles of Austria,
majesty. *

HATTON
The younger brother of Maximilian
II, the Holy Roman Emperor. *

WALSINGHAM
A cousin of Philip II of Spain. *

BESS
He's rather sweet. *

ELIZABETH
More your age than mine, Bess.
How old is he? *

HATTON
Young... I believe, majesty. An
Austrian alliance would keep
France quiet. *

WALSINGHAM
And it would put Philip on a
leash. *

Elizabeth looks across at the Spaniards.

ELIZABETH
I become almost enthusiastic.
(to Hatton) *
Send for him.
(to Bess)
Where is he, then?

Bess understands. She bobs and hurries to the door.

ELIZABETH
(to Walsingham)
How much longer do you think I
can play this game?

WALSINGHAM
Virginity is an asset that holds
its value well.

ELIZABETH
Diplomatically speaking.

Raleigh now enters with Calley, the native Americans and court servants carrying hampers.

One of the Spaniards recognises him and murmurs to the Ambassador; who speaks angrily to the Queen.

DON GUERAU
Majesty, this man is a notorious
pirate.

ELIZABETH
Indeed?

Don Guerau points to the hampers.

DON GUERAU
Spanish treasure, stolen from
Spanish ships. You will see.

Raleigh kneels before the Queen. Elizabeth gestures for him to rise.

ELIZABETH
Well, sir. Who are you?

RALEIGH
Walter Raleigh, your majesty.

ELIZABETH
Ah, yes. Raleigh. I've heard of
your voyage. What's your rank?

*
*

RALEIGH
A gentleman of Devon.

ELIZABETH
What do you want?

RALEIGH
The honour to be in the presence
of my Queen, whose radiant beauty
is the boast and glory of the
English people.

ELIZABETH
Yes, well, here you are.

RALEIGH
I'm just returned from the New
World, majesty. I have claimed
the fertile coast in your name,
and called it Virginia, in honour
of our Virgin Queen.

Elizabeth raises her eyebrows.

ELIZABETH
Virginia? And if I marry? Will
you change the name to Conjugia?

A royal joke. Her entourage laughs dutifully.

RALEIGH

I ask for your gracious
permission, majesty, to return to
the New World with your royal
warrant, to found a colony under
the laws and protections of
England.

Elizabeth's eye has fallen on the native Americans.

ELIZABETH

Who are they?

RALEIGH

Americans, majesty. They long to
be your newest subjects.

*

He beckons Calley to lead Wanchese and Manteo forward.

ELIZABETH

Have they no ruler of their own?

RALEIGH

None to match England's Queen.

Elizabeth gazes at the natives. She holds out her hand.
Unaware that he's meant to kiss the Queen's hand, Manteo,
takes it and shakes it. A gasp from the watching courtiers.
But Elizabeth accepts the courtesy.

ELIZABETH

These gentlemen are welcome. See
that they're treated well.

Calley hurries them away before worse happens.

RALEIGH

I also come bearing gifts for
your majesty, from the New World.

He beckons to the servants to bring the baskets. Don Guerau
steps forward.

DON GUERAU

The fruits of piracy, majesty.
The true property of the realm of
Spain.

ELIZABETH

Let's see, shall we?
(to Raleigh)
What do you bring me?

RALEIGH

Mud, and leaves.

Members of the court share suppressed smiles.

ELIZABETH
(amused)
Mud and leaves?

Raleigh throws open the first basket. Don Guerau peers inside suspiciously. It does indeed seem to be filled with mud.

Raleigh takes out a potato beneath the Ambassador's nose.

RALEIGH
Patata, majesty. You eat it. Very
nourishing.

He beckons forward the second basket, which is full of leaves. Again Don Guerau tracks his every move. He takes out a tobacco leaf.

RALEIGH
Tobacco. You breathe its smoke.
Very stimulating.

Now Don Guerau realises he's being laughed at on all sides. He draws himself up with angry pride, wrinkling his nose.

DON GUERAU
Forgive me, majesty, I find the
air has become stale. I am
sensitive to the smell of open
sewers.

A glare at Raleigh, a bow for the Queen, and Don Guerau leads his Spaniards out.

ELIZABETH
(to Raleigh)
Continue.

With a broad smile, Raleigh gestures forward the third basket. This one really is full of gold. He takes out a gold coin and presents it to Elizabeth.

RALEIGH
Gold. You spend it. Very
satisfying.

Elizabeth examines the fat gold coin, with its image of Philip of Spain. She tries not to smile.

RALEIGH
Courtesy of a Spanish ship, that
found itself unable to complete
its journey.

Elizabeth drops the gold coin back into the basket.

ELIZABETH

The fruits of piracy after all,
it seems.

*
*

RALEIGH

Philip of Spain is no friend of
England, majesty. The more gold I
take from him, the safer you will
be.

ELIZABETH

Well, well. A political pirate. A
logic-chopping pirate.

RALEIGH

And your majesty's most loyal
subject.

She gives him a long look.

ELIZABETH

But not my best dressed.

(Beat)

Welcome home, Mr Raleigh.

She turns her attention back to Hatton and the portraits.
Raleigh bows and withdraws, followed by his men. Walsingham
follows.

22

INT. HALLWAY, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

22

Raleigh comes out into the hallway with Calley by his side.

*

RALEIGH

What did you think of her?

*
*

CALLEY

Terrifying.

*
*

RALEIGH

But magnificent.

*
*

He moves on.

Raleigh's eyes fall on Don Guerau, the Spanish Ambassador,
passing near with his fellow Spaniards and a few English
courtiers and ministers, including Hatton. Don Guerau
stares at him.

*
*
*

The doors to the privy chamber open and the Queen's ladies
come swishing out in a tight chattering group, Bess beside
her friend MARGARET.

MARGARET

'Mud and leaves'! I nearly died!

BESS

'Patata! You eat it!'

They giggle as they go by.

MARGARET

She liked him. I could tell.

BESS

Well, wouldn't you?

They see Raleigh now, and the chatter ceases. The ladies come to a stop and curtsy. Raleigh gives a bow, his eyes singling out Bess.

RALEIGH

I'm glad to have the opportunity to thank you. Without your help, I'd still be in outer darkness.

BESS

I did very little, sir. You'd already caught the Queen's eye.

RALEIGH

Then I thank you for the very little.

The ladies go on their way and the laughing chatter resumes, with many a backward glance at the handsome Raleigh. No one pays attention to a figure in the shadows, another of Walsingham's men, AGENT 3.

23

EXT. WOOD - DUSK

23

Young Savage stands alone among trees, shivering, white-faced, half-mumbling, half-singing an endless prayer. He holds a pistol with which he means to kill himself. But he can't do it.

SAVAGE

(singing)

Salve regina, mater
misericordiae, vita dulcedo et
spes nostra salve...

In a clearing nearby three men sit round a fire. They are young Catholic fanatics - Babington, Ramsay, and FRANCIS THROCKMORTON. A fourth man stands before them, his back to us, watching Savage. At first we don't see who he is.

RESTON (O.O.V.)
His weakness endangers us all. He
can't go on with us. And we can't
leave him behind.

Now the man turns and looks **intently at Babington**, and we
see he is Robert Reston; no longer in the clothes of a
priest. *

RESTON
Who will help him?

Babington rises. Reston **nods his approval.** Babington goes
off through the trees. Reston and the others follow a
little behind. *

SAVAGE
(singing)
Ad te clamamus, exsulaes filii
Evae. Ad te suspiramus gementes
et flentes in hac lacrimarum
valle -

He sings on as Babington approaches him, seeming no longer
to know what's happening. Babington takes the pistol from
his hand.

BABINGTON
Make your peace with God.

Savage stares, and suddenly realises what Babington means
to do. Terror overwhelms him.

SAVAGE
No, Tom! Don't kill me! I don't
want to die!

Now he's blubbering with fear. Babington is shaken by this,
and can't shoot.

Reston begins to pray aloud.

RESTON
Si ambulam in medio umbrae
mortis, non timebo mala -

The others join **in** with the words of the well-known psalm.
Babington too joins in, now weeping. *

RESTON AND OTHERS
Quoniam tu mecum es, Domine.
Virga tua et baculus tuus, ipsa
me consolata sunt -

BANG! Savage falls dead.

24

INT. WALSINGHAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

24 *

Walsingham enters his private home, and gives his hat and cloak to his servant.

SERVANT

Visitor waiting, sir.

Walsingham frowns. He climbs the stairs to the door of his study. There, pacing nervously, is his younger brother WILLIAM, a middle-aged student. Walsingham's scowl disappears. He opens his arms wide. *

WALSINGHAM *

William! *

WILLIAM *

Hello, Francis. *

They embrace. Then Walsingham pushes him back to take a good look at him. *

WALSINGHAM

You look terrible. Don't they feed you in Paris? How are your studies? Learned the secrets of the universe yet?

WILLIAM

Not yet.

WALSINGHAM

These are dangerous times to be questioning the ways of God. You must take care of yourself.

WILLIAM

My needs are simple.

WALSINGHAM

You'll dine with us? You'll lodge with us?

His daughter MARY appears at the top of the next flight.

MARY WALSINGHAM

William!

She comes tumbling down and into his arms. She's an eager innocent 20-year-old, much loved by her father.

WILLIAM

Look at you! All grown up.

URSULA, Walsingham's wife, appears as Mary leads William up the stairs.

URSULA
William. This is a pleasure.

WILLIAM
I've been away too long, ma'am.

MARY WALSINGHAM
You come with me, William.

Mary and William go on into the family's living rooms.
Ursula meets her husband's eyes.

URSULA
He's not still a student, is he?

26

INT. LIVING ROOM, WALSINGHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26

William is by the fire, listening to Mary playing the virginal and singing. Walsingham and Ursula are by the dinner table.

URSULA
Have you spoken to the Queen?

WALSINGHAM
I speak to her daily.

URSULA
You know what I mean. You've done enough. No man could do more.

WALSINGHAM
I can't leave court yet. The Queen needs me.

URSULA
So you're to die in harness like a pack horse, are you? And for what?

(calling)
Mary! William!

WALSINGHAM
These are difficult times-

URSULA
It's always difficult times.

Mary joins them, her arm in William's. Walsingham seizes the opportunity to change the subject.

WALSINGHAM
William, come and tell us all the new ideas in the University. Will the great breach in the church ever be healed?

*
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WILLIAM
I doubt it, brother. Compromise
is out of fashion. On both sides
they say there can only be one
truth, and one God.

*
*
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*
*

URSULA
Sit, sit.

MARY
Here by me, William.

WALSINGHAM
What do they say in Paris of the
Pope's call for holy war?

*
*
*

WILLIAM
Many welcome it.

*
*

URSULA
I don't understand why we must
all hate each other.

WILLIAM
Truth will always hate falsehood,
ma'am.

MARY
Why do we have to talk about war?
Tell us your nice news, William.
Are you married yet?

WILLIAM
(smiling)
Not yet.

MARY
Then we must find you a nice
sensible English wife.

WILLIAM
No, no. I won't be staying long.
I must go back to my studies.

WALSINGHAM
Not too soon, I hope. Every man
deserves a rest.

URSULA
Listen to him! When did you last
rest, I'd like to know?
(to William)
He won't listen to me. Not a
thought for his health. You tell
him, he's your brother. He'll die
at his desk, out of sheer
selfishness.

Walsingham shares a rueful smile with William that says, 'Women, eh?'. They take their seats for dinner.

27

INT. GREAT HALL, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

27

Elizabeth sits sumptuously gowned and jewelled at an ornately-dressed dining table, surrounded by her ladies, Bess among them; Walsingham discreetly in the background. They're listening to a young Austrian make a formal speech of love. The AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR stands to one side, mouthing the words to prompt him.

*
*

The ARCHDUKE CHARLES is still a boy: sixteen years old, slight, pale, trembling with shyness. He struggles through his rehearsed speech.

ARCHDUKE CHARLES

Your majesty's beauty is dazzling
to my eyes. Your learning is
famed throughout Europe. I see
before me perfection in human
form. Oh, Elizabeth! How blessed
am I to stand in your fabled
presence, warmed by your
greatness as by the rays of the
sun. Oh Elizabeth! To speak your
name is to hear celestial music.
May that sweet sound guide me
through my life to come -
Elizabeth! Elizabeth! I have
travelled here, to this
illustrious court, in the hope
that our two great nations might
be joined in love. But now that I
am bathed in the radiance of your
glory, I am overwhelmed. I am
conquered. I die. Only your love,
great Elizabeth, can restore me
to life.

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*

Courtiers exchange smiles at his efforts. The Spaniards sneer openly. But Elizabeth takes the charade with due gravity.

ELIZABETH

Your highness does me great
honour. Shall we eat our dinner?
It should prove almost as
restorative as my love.

*

Raleigh enters the Great Hall, trailed by Calley, as the dinner gets under way. They join the much larger group who simply stand and watch. Royal meals are in part a spectacle for the court. A JESTER moves from group to group, playing pranks on the guests.

*

Raleigh is now dressed in court fashion, and looks very well; as the glances of several court ladies show. He catches Bess's eye and they share a smile.

COURT LADY

So tell me, Mr Raleigh, in your sea battles - how do you sink an enemy ship? You shoot holes in its sides, I suppose.

RALEIGH

No, ma'am. A sunk ship is of no value. The object is to capture and command.

COURT LADY

And how do you do that?

RALEIGH

Surprise. Speed. Irresistible violence.

Calley, listening, rolls his eyes.

Elizabeth, at the table with the Archduke by her side, glances towards Raleigh, and sees him flirting with the court ladies. Then back to the young Archduke, who has hardly touched his food.

ELIZABETH

I think you're not as accustomed as I am to eating in public. I have a secret.

(lowering her voice)

I pretend there's a pane of glass - *eine Glasscheibe* - between me and them.

She moves one hand before her face, indicating an imaginary pane of glass. As she looks, she sees Bess staring at someone - follows her gaze - and is amused to find that the object of her attention is also Raleigh.

ELIZABETH

They can see me, but they can't hear me, or touch me. You should try it.

She beckons to Bess.

ELIZABETH

Bess.

Bess comes forward.

ELIZABETH

(low)

He interests me. Talk to him.

BESS

Him, my lady?

ELIZABETH

Him.

Bess turns and looks across towards Raleigh, as he flirts with the court ladies.

Elizabeth turns back to her guest.

ELIZABETH

His highness is tired after his journey.

The young Archduke, frozen with shyness, sits staring before him, trembling as he frames a proper reply.

ARCHDUKE CHARLES

No man can be tired in the presence of so lovely a Queen.

Elizabeth speaks so only he can hear, in German.

ELIZABETH

(You play the game very well, my young friend. But don't you sometimes feel an overwhelming desire to say what you're really thinking?)

*
*
*
*

The Archduke's eyes open very wide. He glances at Elizabeth, and sees on her face a conspiratorial smile.

ARCHDUKE CHARLES

(I daren't even think what I'm really thinking.)

*
*

ELIZABETH

(You're thinking, perhaps, that you would far rather be home.)

*
*

ARCHDUKE CHARLES

(You're very wise, madame.)

He's grateful to her, and his shy face shows it.

Raleigh is still being entertained by the court ladies.

*

COURT LADY

I adore the natives you brought back with you. I don't suppose you could get one for me? They're not dangerous, are they?

*
*
*
*
*

RALEIGH

That depends what you propose to do with them.

*
*
*

COURT LADY

I'd dress him up in mulberry-coloured silk and have him walk behind me, carrying my cloak.

*
*
*
*

Bess has now approached Raleigh.

BESS

The pirate is not too bored by
the vanities of the court, I
hope.

RALEIGH

A simple sailor, dazzled by the
bright lights.

Bess draws him away from the court ladies.

BESS

If you can bring yourself to
leave the dazzle of the bright
lights for a moment -

RALEIGH

Drawn away by the brightest light
of all.

BESS

That can only mean the Queen.

RALEIGH

I don't presume to raise my eyes
so high.

They both look at the Queen. She's **watching** Raleigh. He
bows.

*

BESS

It seems you've presumed after
all.

RALEIGH

It seems you're determined to
think the worst of me.

BESS

Tell me what it is you really
want.

RALEIGH

What every man wants. Money.
Fame. Love.

BESS

In that order?

RALEIGH

Each leads to the next. The money
will buy and equip ships for a
return voyage to the New World.
The success of my infant colony
there will make me famous. The
fame will bring me love.

BESS

It seems rather a long way round.

RALEIGH

There are benefits along the way.
It is something, after all, to
take a blank on the map and build
there a shining city.

BESS

Which you will no doubt name
after yourself.

RALEIGH
(smiling)
No doubt.

BESS
Well, then. I am answered.

RALEIGH
May I ask a question in return?

BESS
Of course.

RALEIGH
How am I to win the Queen's
favour?

BESS
Why should I tell you that, sir?

RALEIGH
I've little enough to offer, I
know. But whatever I have to give
- ask, and it's yours.

Bess thinks for a moment.

BESS
My advice to you is, say what you
mean to say as plainly as
possible. All men flatter the
Queen in the hope of advancement.
Pay her the compliment of truth.

She gives him her hand. He kisses it.

RALEIGH
I don't even know your name.

BESS
Elizabeth Throckmorton.

RALEIGH
A second Elizabeth.

BESS
Everyone calls me Bess.

She goes back to the Queen, as Elizabeth is rising to
leave. She speaks to the company.

ELIZABETH
His highness the Archduke informs
me that my charms overwhelm him.
He will retire to his private
quarters to rest.

This causes much amusement. Don Guerau sneers openly. The Archduke rises. All rise. The Archduke bows solemnly to the Queen, and leaves with his entourage. Elizabeth beckons to Walsingham, and speaks low to him.

ELIZABETH

He's a sweet boy. I don't want him hurt by your schemes.

28 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

28 *

Bess is reading to Elizabeth. Elizabeth watching her, her mind elsewhere.

ELIZABETH

I suspect him of being a professional charmer. Am I right?

BESS

He is certainly charming, my lady.

ELIZABETH

There are duller professions. And what is it he hopes to gain by his charms?

BESS

He hopes for glory in his New World. He dreams of building a shining city.

ELIZABETH

Which I'm to pay for, no doubt.

(Beat)

You like him, don't you?

BESS

It's refreshing to meet a man who looks to a world beyond the court.

ELIZABETH

So it is. We shall let him come again.

29 INT. MARY STUART'S QUARTERS, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY

29 *

Mary Stuart holds her pet dog in her arms, listening to Annette, who kneels before her.

PAULET

The Queen orders these measures
for your protection.

MARY

The Queen! Am I not a Queen too?
What if I wish to write a love
letter? Is Elizabeth to be sent a
copy? Is she so starved of lovers
that she must feed on mine?

PAULET

The Queen grieved when your
husband died, ma'am. As she
grieved when your second husband
died. And the third. If there is
a possibility of a fourth -

MARY

Tormentor! Is that Elizabeth's
order too? That you torment and
mock me?

She turns to go, but stops before leaving the room: bitter,
haughty, not deigning to look back.

MARY

They say she's a beautiful woman.
Is she so very beautiful?

PAULET

I don't presume to comment on the
Queen's person.

MARY

She's called the virgin queen.
Why is that, sir? Can it be that
no man will have her?

Mary changes mood again, thinking it more politic to keep
the Warden under her spell. She waves Annette and the
laundress away.

MARY

My friend, forgive me. You are my
friend, are you not?

PAULET

I am your servant, ma'am, and
your admirer.

MARY

I shall send no more letters. I
shall stay here quietly, in my
prison. With you.

30	OMITTED	30	
31	INT. ANTECHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY	31	*
	The same crowd of petitioners wait in vain for access to the Queen. The same door keeper. Raleigh enters, and this time the door keeper bows, and ushers him through the open doors.		* * * *
	Over this we hear Raleigh's voice telling of his adventures:		* *
	RALEIGH (V.O.) It begins with a journey. You must cross an ocean.		* * *
32	INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY	32	*
	Elizabeth listens attentively, her eyes looking far away into the distance, as Raleigh tells of his adventures.		* *
	RALEIGH Can you imagine - can you feel - what it is to cross an ocean? For weeks you see nothing but the horizon. All round you. Perfect, and empty. Your ship is small - tiny - a speck in such immensity.		* * * * * * *
33	INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY	33	*
	Walsingham is talking to Elizabeth about matters of state. We are on her face, and we can see that she hears nothing of what he tells her. Her mind is all on Raleigh's voice.		* * *
	RALEIGH (V.O.) You live with fear, in the grip of fear - fear of storms, fear of sickness on board, fear of the immensity. What if you never escape? How can you escape? There's nowhere to go. So you must drive your fear down, deep into your belly, and study your charts, and watch your compass, and pray for a fair wind - and hope.		* * * * * * * * * *
33A	INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT	33A	*
	Now Elizabeth is with Raleigh again, listening as he goes on speaking to her, now directly.		* *

RALEIGH
Pure naked fragile hope, when all
your senses scream at you, Lost!
Lost! Imagine it. Day after day,
staring west, the rising sun on
your back, the setting sun in
your eyes, hoping, hoping -

*
*
*
*
*
*

Sir Christopher Hatton enters.

HATTON
Majesty, the Archduke and the
court are waiting.

*
*

ELIZABETH
(sharply)
Let them wait!
(to Raleigh)
Go on, Mr Raleigh. You were
hoping.

Hatton bows and leaves, frowning.

RALEIGH
At first it's no more than a haze
on the horizon, the ghost of a
haze, the pure line corrupted.
But clouds do that, and storms.
So you watch, you watch.

34 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT 34

Elizabeth dances with Raleigh. As they dance, his voice
continues over; and Elizabeth seems to be listening to him.

RALEIGH (V.O.)
Then it's a smudge, a shadow on
the far water. For a day, for
another day, the stain slowly
spreads along the horizon, and
takes form - until on the third
day you let yourself believe. You
dare to whisper the word - land!

The music ends, and the dance finishes.

Elizabeth is seated now - it's later in time. Raleigh is
speaking intently to her, and she is captivated.

*
*

RALEIGH
Land. Life. Resurrection. The
true adventure. Coming out of the
vast unknown, out of the
immensity, into safe harbour at
last. That - that - is the New
World.

A short silence. Elizabeth is absorbing what he has told her.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
The Queen does not have a private
life.

*
*
*

35 INT PRESENCE CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

35

Elizabeth is on the throne. The Archduke Charles and his entourage face her. The court fills the room. Elizabeth makes her formal response to the young Archduke.

ELIZABETH
The Queen lives for her people.
You will therefore forgive me,
sir, if after much thought and
prayer I decline your offer of
marriage.

The Archduke, barely able to conceal his relief, turns to the Austrian ambassador.

ARCHDUKE CHARLES
(Can I go home now?)

Elizabeth inclines her head, trying not to smile.

ELIZABETH
(Go home, my friend. Don't be in
a hurry to grow old. Youth is so
very precious.)

Elizabeth rises and takes the Archduke's arm as they start to leave the chamber. Bess, in her wake, finds an opportunity to speak softly to Raleigh.

*

BESS
Well? Are you satisfied with the
Queen's favour?

*

RALEIGH
She listened as if she understood
me.

BESS
Then I shall expect some
gratitude.

RALEIGH
What do you want?

Their eyes meet, both aware of the current of mutual attraction.

BESS

*

I expect I'll think of something.

Bess hurries after the Queen. The Austrian entourage is just leaving as the Queen turns.

ELIZABETH

Mr. Raleigh.

35A INT QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

35A

Elizabeth and Raleigh walk together around the perimeter hallway, dwarfed by vast murals.

ELIZABETH

I like your immensities. Your ocean is an image of eternity, I think. Such great spaces make us small. Do we discover the New World, Mr Raleigh, or does the New World discover us?

RALEIGH

You speak like a true explorer.

ELIZABETH

I like you, Mr Raleigh.

RALEIGH

And I like you.

She stops and turns to meet Raleigh's eyes. She's not used to such direct replies. Bess is watching them.

ELIZABETH

You know, of course, that when I like a man, I reward him.

RALEIGH

I have heard that.

ELIZABETH

And what have you to say about it?

RALEIGH

Reward my mission, majesty, not me.

ELIZABETH

Is the mission not the man?

*

RALEIGH

Leave me free to like you in return. That can be my reward.

ELIZABETH

Go on.

*

RALEIGH

I think it must be hard for so
great a Queen to know the simple
pleasure of being liked for
herself.

Elizabeth stares. This is a little too close to the truth.

ELIZABETH

Now you become dull.

35B EXT. WINDSOR GREAT PARK - DAY

35B

*

Horses racing, hoofs pounding over the grass, manes flying -
Two riders hurtle between the trees, down a woodland ride,
neck and neck-

Elizabeth and Raleigh are racing against each other, faces
glowing, laughing, abandoned to the breakneck speed of the
moment.

Raleigh is winning now, first by a head, then by a length.
At the end of the ride he slows his horse to a walk.

RALEIGH

Mine!

Elizabeth shakes her head, unable to speak.

ELIZABETH

(out of breath)

You have - the stronger horse.

RALEIGH

Yours carries the lighter load.

ELIZABETH

The Queen does not give way to
others.

*

*

*

Raleigh stops his horse. Elizabeth rides on up to him and
then past him. Raleigh secretly spurs his horse. The horse
springs forward, ahead of her.

*

*

*

RALEIGH

Whoa! Whoa!

(at Elizabeth, reigning
in the horse)

Forgive me, majesty. My horse
doesn't know his place yet

*

*

*

*

*

*

Elizabeth looks at him, amused, intrigued.

*

ELIZABETH
Have you ever known your place,
Mr. Raleigh?

She urges her horse forward, forcing Raleigh to catch up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm surprised you're not married
yet.

RALEIGH
I'm a sailor, majesty.

ELIZABETH
And can sailors not be lovers?

RALEIGH
(with a smile)
Must lovers be husbands?

ELIZABETH
Ah, I see. You like love better
than marriage. That I understand.

RALEIGH
Your majesty is not eager to be
married?

ELIZABETH
When I marry, I marry for my
country.
(looking at Raleigh)
When I love, I love for myself.
(pause)
You have had many loves, I think.

RALEIGH
(with a smile)
Some...

ELIZABETH
You've yet to meet your equal?

Raleigh hesitates. She understands him.

RALEIGH
I would want someone who knows me
as I am.

Now it is Elizabeth who hesitates. He understands her as
well.

ELIZABETH
You want a friend, not just an
equal. You want someone to share
your joy when you're happy.

Someone to cry with when you're
sad. Someone to talk to when
there's nothing to say. Someone
to find by your side when you
wake in the night. Someone who
remembers what you once were,
when you've grown old.

*
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*

She turns to him with a smile.

*

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

*

Ah yes. I know all about it.
There. I'm rested now.

*
*

She turns her horse around in the direction from which they
came. Raleigh follows.

*
*

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

*

We can be something to each
other, I hope, Mr. Raleigh.

*
*

She spurs her horse, and suddenly she's racing away, back
across the park to the distant band of mounted courtiers
and Queen's ladies, including Bess. Raleigh spurs his horse
to follow, also fast, but this time careful to keep a
distance behind.

*
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*

As they near the courtiers, Raleigh splits off. Bess
watches as Elizabeth turns and looks after him as he rides
away.

*
*
*

36 INT. BESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 36

Bess creeps out of her bedroom, pulling on a cloak.

37 INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT 37

Bess makes her way down the dark palace corridor, stepping
over sleeping courtiers as she goes. Margaret watches her
from the shadows.

38 EXT. LONDON ALLEY - NIGHT 38

Cloaked and hooded, Bess passes quietly down an alley,
stepping over more sleeping forms. London's homeless.

She finds a door, checks a note she holds, glances round to
be sure no one sees her, knocks and enters.

39 INT LONDON HOUSE - NIGHT 39

*

A man closes the door behind his visitor. Bess shakes off
her hood. It's George Throckmorton, one of the
conspirators. They embrace.

*
*
*

BESS

George! What's wrong? Is your father alright?

THROCKMORTON

He's old. He won't live long now. Thank you for coming, dear Bess.

BESS

I was worried. You must send me no more letters. You know what would happen if I was caught.

THROCKMORTON

I need your help.

BESS

Do you need more money?

THROCKMORTON

My father is a tired old man. We don't want to hide like this anymore. We both want to get back to court.

BESS

You are known Papists.

THROCKMORTON

The Queen loves you. Speak to her.

BESS

I cannot betray the Queen.

THROCKMORTON

You are not betraying her. My father and I will embrace the new faith.

Bess is suspicious and starts to leave.

BESS

Don't put me in danger like this.

THROCKMORTON

Cousin Bess, we've known each other all our lives. I would do nothing to harm you.

BESS

I'm sorry.

THROCKMORTON

If they catch us, they will kill us. Our lives are in your hands.

40 INT. HALLWAY, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 40

A group of the Queen's ladies make their way down the hallway, Bess among them. The others are gossiping in low whispers as they go. Bess is silent with anxiety.

Then she looks ahead, and her face fills with fear. Walsingham is coming down the hallway towards them. The ladies curtsy. He nods, and throws a glance at Bess. The ladies move on.

Bess looks back. Walsingham is also looking back, and seems to be watching her.

41 INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 41

Bess hurries ahead of the others through the Privy Chamber to the Queen's private quarters. *

42 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY 42

Bess passes ladies organising the Queen's wardrobe. She finds the Queen laughing with Raleigh - not alone, but unusually informal.

ELIZABETH

Don't tease me, Mr Raleigh.
There's nothing I'd like to do
more.

RALEIGH

So why don't you?

ELIZABETH

Alright, then. I will.

He blinks: caught by surprise.

ELIZABETH

See! You lie! You don't want me
on your ship at all.
(turning towards Bess)
You're a liar! *

Elizabeth now takes in Bess. *

ELIZABETH
Would you like to go to sea,
Bess?

BESS
Majesty?

RALEIGH
I'm afraid that's not possible.
Women bring bad luck on board
ship.

ELIZABETH
Oh, do they?

RALEIGH
Lock up a hundred men in a space
smaller than this room, for
months at a time - Men have
needs. A beautiful woman like you
would drive us all mad.

ELIZABETH
(amused)
Men have needs?

Once again Elizabeth meets Raleigh's eyes. Then she breaks
away, feeling the contact is dangerous.

ELIZABETH
Then let them stay on land and
see to their needs.
(to Bess)
Mr Raleigh is eager to sail away
to his infant colony, Bess. We
must persuade him to stay a
little longer, mustn't we?

42A

INT. HALLWAY, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

42A

Raleigh is leaving. Walsingham has been waiting for him. He
falls into step beside him.

WALSINGHAM
Mr Raleigh. A word of advice. The
Queen chooses to show you favour.
You naturally wish to take
advantage of that.
(Beat)
Don't ask for too much.

RALEIGH
You think all I want is money.

WALSINGHAM
I hope all you want is money.

*
*

*

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*

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*

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*

*
*

RALEIGH

You think I'm a cynical
adventurer, with little breeding
and less education. You're wrong.
I'm a cynical adventurer with
little breeding and an excellent
education.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

WALSINGHAM

I begin to see why the Queen
likes you.

*
*
*

43 INT/EXT. LONDON HOUSE - NIGHT

43

A soft knock on the door. Francis Throckmorton goes to the window and looks out.

THROCKMORTON'S POV - In the street outside, a woman with her head covered.

He unbolts the door.

THROCKMORTON

Bess?

Two men burst in and seize him. They are Agents 4 and 5. Beyond, the woman - not Bess - is hurrying away.

Throckmorton struggles. A single sharp blow, and he folds to the ground.

44 REPOSITIONED AS SCENE 35B

44 *

44A-B OMITTED

44A-B *

45 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

45

Multiple images of Elizabeth, naked. Strange misty refracted glimpses of her face, her body.

A bath of steaming hot water has been placed in the Queen's private quarters, and screened by mirrors. The Queen is in the bath, being washed by her ladies.

Bess Throckmorton has the job of holding the Queen's hair out of the water as she's washed. She strokes the soft tresses as she holds them, unaware that Elizabeth can see her in the mirror.

Then she looks up and catches Elizabeth's eyes, and stops in confusion.

ELIZABETH

No, don't stop. I like it.

Bess returns to her gentle caresses, and Elizabeth to her thoughts.

ELIZABETH

Is it true, Bess? That I've never known the simple pleasure of being liked for myself?

BESS

I hope you believe that I like you for yourself, my lady.

*
*

ELIZABETH

Is anybody ever liked just for themselves? Are you? I doubt it. Men like you because you're pretty. And because you have the ear of the Queen.

BESS
No doubt, my lady.

ELIZABETH
Him too. He likes you because he
wants my favour. You do realise
that?

BESS
Yes, my lady.

ELIZABETH
And the other thing too, of
course. But all men want that.
Male desire confers no
distinction.

Bess strokes Elizabeth's hair in silence. Then she sees
Elizabeth gazing at her in the mirror.

ELIZABETH
I envy you, Bess. You're free to
have - what I can't have. You're
my adventurer. Don't be afraid.
It's all over so soon.

46

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

46

A man who looks like a shop assistant sits grabbing a quick
lunch. He's the TORTURER. Nearby on a blood-stained bench
lies a huddled half-naked figure, trembling uncontrollably.
It's Francis Throckmorton. He's neither manacled nor
guarded. His body is so broken it's not necessary.

Walsingham enters. The torturer jumps to his feet.
Walsingham goes to Throckmorton. He gazes at him, shaking
his head. He's getting too old for this dirty business.

WALSINGHAM
Still nothing to tell me, Mr
Throckmorton?

Throckmorton struggles to lift his head.

THROCKMORTON
My soul will go free soon.

WALSINGHAM
I know about the Enterprise. I
need names. But if you won't help
me, perhaps your father will.

He signs to the torturer. The torturer goes into an
adjoining cell.

WALSINGHAM

He's been questioned, as you
have. I do have to know, you see.

The torturer and a guard enter, dragging between them the
broken but living body of OLD THROCKMORTON.

THROCKMORTON

No!

Old Throckmorton looks up, eyes blank with suffering.

THROCKMORTON

Enough! You want a name, I'll
give you a name.

WALSINGHAM

Well?

Walsingham comes close to hear. Throckmorton chokes out
something we don't hear, but the torturer hears, and his
eyes open wide.

46B INT. HALLWAY, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

46B

Elizabeth passes down a hallway at a brisk pace, Hatton by her side, her ladies hurrying behind her.

*
*

HATTON
Another letter has come from Mary Stuart, majesty. Asking to meet you.

*
*
*
*

ELIZABETH
Filled with declarations of love?

*
*

HATTON
As always.

*
*

ELIZABETH
If she wants my love, let her deserve it. Refused.

*
*
*

47 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

47

Elizabeth enters her private quarters, now moving with regal dignity once more, but the flush on her cheeks gives her away. Her ladies follow.

There stands Raleigh, waiting for her.

ELIZABETH
Mr Raleigh. I've kept you waiting.

RALEIGH
You have more important concerns than me.

*
*
*

ELIZABETH
There is always other business. But I have been waiting too.

*
*
*

Walsingham enters.

WALSINGHAM
Majesty.

Elizabeth turns on him with a frown of irritation.

ELIZABETH
Yes, Walsingham?

WALSINGHAM
The traitor has talked, majesty. The traitor Throckmorton.

A flash of fear in Bess's eyes.

ELIZABETH
(to Raleigh)
Forgive me, sir. As you see, my
time is not my own.

Elizabeth moves away so that Walsingham can talk to her in confidence. She listens to his murmured words, and anger shows on her face.

48 EXT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

48

The torturer, now off duty, is standing in the open doorway to empty his bladder. He's unlacing his britches, when he hears footsteps approaching behind.

TORTURER

Harry?

The torturer begins to piss, with evident pleasure.

TORTURER

You'll never guess what I heard -

A knife at his throat. A quick slash.

The killer, Agent 3, waits one more moment, to be sure the job is done. The torturer slumps, still standing, against the wall.

Agent 3 slips away.

On the flag stones, blood trickles down to mingle with the urine.

49 INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

49

Now there are guards everywhere. The whole palace is on heightened alert.

Elizabeth sweeps out of the Privy Chamber into the Great Hall, accompanied by the Spanish Ambassador on one side and Walsingham on the other. Her entourage scuttles behind.

ELIZABETH

What do you know of the
Enterprise of England,
Ambassador?

DON GUERAU

The Enterprise...? Forgive me,
your majesty...

ELIZABETH

It's a plan for the invasion of
my country. Two armies landing on
the coasts of Sussex and -

WALSINGHAM

Norfolk.

ELIZABETH

And Norfolk. Mary Stuart is to be
set free, and placed on the
English throne.

I am to be assassinated. Does any
of this sound familiar?

DON GUERAU

I know nothing of any invasion
plans.

ELIZABETH

I refer to this plan as the
Enterprise of England. It should
more accurately be called 'la
Empresa di Inglaterra', because
it's a Spanish plan. The plan of
your king, my one-time brother-in-
law, Philip II, to attack my
country.

The Ambassador decides the best form of defence is attack.

DON GUERAU

Attack? It is my country that is
under attack! Your so-called
pirates attack our merchant ships
daily! Do you think we don't know
where their orders come from? The
whole world knows that pirates
sail up the Thames all the way to
the royal bed!

ELIZABETH

(exploding)

You will leave my presence, sir!
Go back to Spain! Tell Philip
that I don't fear him, or his
priests, or his armies. Tell him
if he wants to shake his little
fist at us, we're ready to give
him such a bite he'll wish he'd
kept his hands in his pockets.

Don Guerau sees no point in further pretence. He speaks
with pride and contempt.

DON GUERAU

You see a leaf fall, and you
think you know which way the wind
blows. But a wind is coming,
madam, that will sweep away your
pride.

He bows and turns to go. Elizabeth's words blaze after him.

ELIZABETH

I too can command the wind, sir.
I have a hurricane in me that
will strip Spain bare, if you
dare to try me!

Shivering with rage she turns round, and there's Raleigh.
Her fury overflows onto him.

ELIZABETH

What are you staring at? Lower
your eyes! I am the Queen!

She sweeps past him without a further glance.

ON RALEIGH - Watching Elizabeth go. A shake of his head.
Enough.

50

EXT. SHIPYARD, SPAIN - DAY

50

Immense stacks of cut timber as far as the eye can see.
Skeletons of new ships, big ships, rising in the great
yard. Hundreds of ship-builders at work.

This is what the forests were felled for: a brand-new fleet
is being built.

Tiny figures in the wide scene: the royal party appears.
Philip has come to see progress for himself. As he and his
entourage tour the construction site, one of his ministers
briefs him on the latest developments in England.

SPANISH MINISTER

(It can't be denied that we've
lost the advantage of surprise. A
large part of our plans has come
into their hands.)

PHILIP

(The Jesuit is still at liberty?)

SPANISH MINISTER

(We understand so, majesty.)

PHILIP

(He knows his business. We've
lost nothing.)

The workmen kneel to Philip as he passes.

PHILIP

(Tell the carpenters to go on
working. No one is to stop for
me. The fleet must be ready to
sail in a month.)

SPANISH MINISTER

(Impossible, majesty!)

PHILIP

(If this is God's work, God will
make it possible.)

SPANISH MINISTER
(Only a miracle -)

PHILIP
(A miracle, then. Let it be
done!)

51 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN, TYGER - DAY 51

CLOSE ON pen and paper - a letter being written in haste.

Raleigh at a ship's table littered with charts. He's
writing a letter to the Queen.

Calley enters. *

CALLEY
Visitor for you, sir. *

51A EXT. DECK, TYGER - DAY 51A *

The Tyger is in dock. Raleigh emerges from his cabin to
find Bess waiting for him. *

RALEIGH
The Queen has sent you to me. *

BESS
Yes - *

RALEIGH
Tell the Queen that I will
trouble her no more. As soon as
my ship's repairs are complete I
will ask permission to sail. *

BESS
The Queen asks me to assure you - *

RALEIGH
I need no assurances. I'm no
courtier and never have been.
I've lost my appetite for playing
games that it seems I'm too
stupid to understand. *

BESS
That is unfair - *

RALEIGH
You call *me* unfair! *

BESS
Let me speak! *

Raleigh is taken aback by Bess's sudden anger.

BESS

The Queen shouts at you once, and
you sulk like a child. I thought
you more of a man than that. And
I thought you a better friend to
the Queen. Her every move is
watched by a hundred eyes.
Assassins plot to kill her.
Enemies prepare to overwhelm her
country. And you say she's
playing *games*?

Raleigh is watching her as she speaks, and he's impressed.
Anger suits her.

RALEIGH

Very well. What is my Queen's
command?

BESS

Go to her, sir. As her friend.

52 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

52

Elizabeth is pacing, disturbed, Raleigh's letter open in
her hand.

The doors open. Raleigh enters. Elizabeth waits for the
servants to close the doors behind him. Holds up the
letter.

ELIZABETH

You ask permission to go.

RALEIGH

Yes, majesty.

ELIZABETH

You plan to return to the New
World. To your colony. For two,
or three, or four years.

RALEIGH

If your majesty grants me your
royal warrant.

ELIZABETH

That is a long time.

RALEIGH

There's nothing left for me to do
here. At sea I know what I'm to
do, I know the risks, I know the
rewards. Here -

A shrug. What can he do?

*

ELIZABETH

But you're quite wrong. You are needed here. I have decided to appoint you Captain of my personal guard.

RALEIGH

Captain of your - !

ELIZABETH

Kneel.

He kneels. She taps him on the shoulder with one hand.

ELIZABETH

Rise, *Sir* Walter Raleigh.

He rises, but keeps his eyes on the ground.

*

ELIZABETH

Well? You may express your gratitude.

*

*

*

RALEIGH

This is too great an honour.

*

*

ELIZABETH

If it's such an honour, why are you staring at your boots?

*

*

*

RALEIGH

You know why.

*

*

He raises his eyes, but he still doesn't look at her.

*

ELIZABETH

Now you stare at the wall. Am I so old and hideous that you can't even look me in the face?

He turns now, and looks her in the face.

*

RALEIGH

Why do you talk like a fool when you're anything but a fool?

This stops her in her tracks. For a moment she can't trust herself to speak. Then:

ELIZABETH

My friend, forgive me. I'm a vain and foolish woman. At court it's all a game. I like to be admired. I require it. I grow accustomed to it. But it's all - nothing.

You come here as if from another
world, and I - You have real
adventures, you go where the maps
end. I would follow you there if
I could, believe me.

*

Raleigh looks long into her eyes. If anything, he admires
and loves her all the more now.

*

*

ELIZABETH

*

The storm clouds are gathering,
my friend. Please don't leave me
now.

*

*

*

53 EXT. GALLOWS - DAY

53

CLOSE ON Throckmorton as the noose is tightened round his
neck. His face is ravaged by the tortures he's endured, but
he holds his head high, ready for death. Round him an
unseen crowd bays for blood.

CROWD (O.S.)

Hang! Hang! Hang!

RESTON (V.O.)

Lord have mercy on the soul of
your servant, who gives his life
for your eternal truth...

54 INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

54

A candle-lit cellar, where Reston and the conspirators pray
for the condemned man, heads bowed.

Babington bursts in.

*

BABINGTON

*

Francis is about to die! We must
act!

*

*

RESTON

He enters heaven as a soldier
returns home victorious from war.

*

*

BABINGTON

Why don't we strike? What's he
dying for? Is this part of your
plan?

Reston puts his hands on Babington's shoulders and gently
but irresistibly forces him down to pray with them.

*

*

RESTON

Lord, be with us as the end
approaches.

We will not fail in our duty. We
look beyond death, to eternity.

55 EXT. GALLOWS - DAY 55

Throckmorton drops. His body flails. His neck breaks. A
roar of bloodlust from the crowd.

55A (RENUMBERED- SEE SCENE 51A) 55A *

55B INT. PRIVATE CHAPEL - NIGHT 55B *

Bess is on her knees before the simple altar, her head
bowed in prayer. *

Raleigh enters through the rear doors. He stands in
silence, watching her as she prays. He hears her sigh. *

He takes a step towards her. She hears, startled. Turns and
sees him. *

BESS
Oh! It's you! *

RALEIGH
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
disturb you. *

BESS
My prayer's done. *

She rises to her feet. *

RALEIGH
Something has distressed you. *

BESS
And I thought I prayed in
silence. *

RALEIGH
So you did. *

She turns away, unable to look him in the eyes. *

BESS
A man was hanged today. A Papist.
I knew him well. He was my
cousin. He died because I gave
information. I gave information
to prove my loyalty. Because I
was afraid. *

RALEIGH
That's necessity. That's the
world we live in.

BESS
He told me he wanted to change.
Become part of the new England. I
was afraid that he was lying to
me. But what if - what if it was
true?

He sees the horror in her eyes, at the thought that she has
sent an innocent man to his death. Tears rise to her eyes.

BESS
What if I was his last hope? What
if I was the one person he
thought he could trust?

RALEIGH
If you knew him well, you will
have sensed the truth.

BESS
I thought so.

RALEIGH
He was hoping to use you. You did
what you had to do.

She can no longer hold back the tears.

RALEIGH
There, now.

He wipes away a tear from her cheek. In desperate need of
comfort, she throws herself into his arms. He holds her
close as she sobs.

RALEIGH
We're all mortal, Bess. We do
what we can.

He strokes her cheek. She meets his eyes, filled with
gratitude. She takes the hand that touches her face and
moves it to her lips. She kisses it, still holding his
eyes. He draws her back into his arms, and they kiss.
Suddenly they're kissing eagerly, greedily, their long pent-
up passion released at last.

57 EXT. CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 57

A brewer's wagon, pulled by two dray horses and carrying beer barrels, crosses the ancient bridge over the moat and pulls up by the gates.

The brewer, a big ugly man called BURTON, looks down at the GUARDS. Beside him, taking care not to draw attention to himself, sits Ramsay.

BURTON
Morning. Another filthy day on
God's stinking earth.

GUARD
Morning to you.

It's a familiar ritual. The guards search the wagon.

58 INT. CELLAR, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 58

Burton, standing outside, rolls the barrels through a trap door and down a chute into the cellar, where they are caught by the CELLARMAN, and stacked. Another GUARD stands and watches.

BURTON
Last cask!

The cellarman takes it, then closes the trap door. The guard watches as the cellarman empties the beer barrels into open vats; leaving the bungs on one side. The barrels are then thrown on a fire.

CELLARMAN
Nothing but beer. Satisfied?

59 INT. CELLAR, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 59

CLOSE ON the bungs, unnoticed on a side shelf.

A FEMALE HAND picks up one of the bungs. Fingers probe. A cavity opens. Inside, tightly folded pages.

60 INT. HALLWAY, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 60

Annette, Mary Stuart's maid, walks calmly up to the GUARD outside the doors to her mistress's apartments. She nods at him, and he unlocks the doors, letting her through.

61 INT. MARY STUART'S QUARTERS, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 61

Once inside, Annette abandons her calm manner, and hurries through the apartment.

ANNETTE
Madame! Madame!

Mary Stuart comes to meet her. Annette removes the crumpled papers from her undergarments. Mary crosses herself, takes the letter to a lamp, and devours it with eager eyes.

MARY
(to herself)
The gentlemen are ready. It will be soon now.

ANNETTE
Blessed Mother of God pray for us!

MARY
Bring me pen and paper, Annette. They wait on my reply. Hurry, now, hurry!

62 EXT. RIVER/DEE'S HOUSE - DUSK 62

The moon seen through a sextant.

A strange figure stands on the flat roof of a riverside house, studying the night sky. He's tall, with a long pointed beard and a skullcap: the famous magus DR JOHN DEE.

A hiss and splash from the night river. He turns to look. Out of the mists and shadows comes the lights of an approaching barge.

ON THE ROYAL BARGE - Elizabeth and Walsingham, wrapped against night chill, being rowed up river. Over this, lines led from the next scene:

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Well, Dr Dee. Here I am again,
back to consult the wisdom of
your charts.

*
*
*

63 INT. DEE'S HOUSE - DUSK 63

The finest library in England. The greatest array of scientific instruments. Part study, part laboratory, part magician's lair, Dr Dee's house is crammed with the evidence of his wide-ranging curiosity.

The magus sits at a table before an astrological chart, while Elizabeth and Walsingham look on.

DEE

The alignment of the planets is most unusual this year. Mars is due to take the ascendant three days after the anniversary of your birth - your majesty was born on September 7th - and I see that twelve days before the anniversary of your birth -

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He transfers his attention to a different, astronomical chart.

DEE

- there will be a full moon - the moon which -

*

He moves back to the astrological chart.

DEE

- governs the fortunes of all princes of the female gender.

ELIZABETH

Princes of the female gender.

DEE

I mean to say, a prince who is also a woman.

ELIZABETH

Yes, Dr Dee. I am following you. So what does it all mean?

DEE

It means the rise of a great empire, majesty. And it means convulsions, also. The fall of an empire.

Elizabeth listens, a faraway look in her eyes. She knows nothing of the planets, but she feels it deep within herself: her moment of destiny is near.

ELIZABETH

Which empire is to rise, and which is to fall?

DEE

That I can't say. Astrology is, as yet, more an art than a science.

Walsingham has been idly examining the scientific instruments. He speaks now as if his question is casual.

WALSINGHAM

Nothing more, Dr Dee? No more specific calamities that we can guard against?

ELIZABETH

He means, Will I be assassinated?

WALSINGHAM

Queens are mortal.

Dr Dee smiles as he gently contradicts him.

DEE

Elizabeth is mortal. The Queen will never die.

ELIZABETH

You see, Francis? This is a mystery.

(to Dee)

He has no patience with mysteries.

WALSINGHAM

What I don't know, I can't use.

DEE

And yet mysteries have power. Have you not learned that?

ELIZABETH

Francis. Leave us for a moment.

Walsingham leaves. Elizabeth turns to Dr Dee. Now for a short private moment the Queen becomes a woman.

ELIZABETH

And the private life of this prince of the female gender, Dr Dee? What do the stars foretell there? Or is this too a mystery?

DEE

These are matters of state, majesty.

ELIZABETH

Do the stars not foretell matters of state?

DEE

For such a prediction, I must look in a different chart.

He means her face. He murmurs to himself as he studies her features, reading her character.

DEE

Wonderful... Out of such suffering, to have forged such strength... You will need all your strength in days to come... And love... So much love...

But as he looks, he finds something more that disturbs him. *

DEE *

But you doubt yourself, my child... I've not seen fear in your face before. *

ELIZABETH *

Have I reason to fear? *

DEE *

Something has weakened you... There is danger, yes... Your strength lies in your spirit. Nothing else matters. There are hard days coming. You must trust the power of your spirit. *

Elizabeth is shaken by these words. Dee turns to look out once more at the night sky. *

DEE *

But I'm no prophet. I see no more than the shadows of ghosts. *

ELIZABETH *

An art, not a science. I understand. *

64 EXT. THAMES - DUSK 64

The royal barge returns down the night river. Elizabeth sits in silence, gazing into the darkness, deep in her own thoughts.

65 INT. RALEIGH'S HOUSE - DUSK 65

Raleigh and Bess make love.

66 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT 66

Elizabeth stands before a long mirror, alone in her dressing chamber, illuminated by lamp light.

She wears a plain shift. She loosens the ties of her shift and lets it fall to the floor, leaving her naked.

She gazes at her own naked body in the mirror.

67

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

67

Reston sits at the table, writing by candle light. Burton the brewer enters. Reston leaps to his feet, very tense.

RESTON
You have it?

Burton hands him the letter. Reston opens it and reads it at speed. Then he hands it to a man we don't see.

RESTON
What do you think? *There must be clear and valid authority.*

*
*

He gazes at the unseen man, waiting on his verdict.

WILLIAM (O.O.V.)
No. It won't do.

*

Reston nods agreement. He returns to the table and dashes off a letter, muttering as he does so.

RESTON
We wait on a direct order.

*

He completes the note and gives it to Burton.

RESTON
One more journey, my friend. Then
-
(fiercely)
consummatum est! It is finished.

*

67A

INT. BESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

67A

*

Bess lies restlessly asleep. Suddenly she gives a start and wakes. She stifles a scream with her hands. On the far side of the room, sitting watching her in silence, is Walsingham.

BESS
Please! I'm innocent! I've always been a loyal servant of the Queen. I'd never betray the Queen, never -

WALSINGHAM
But you have, my dear. And you do. We both know that.

Bess knows he means her affair with Raleigh. Now she's too terrified to speak.

Walsingham rises.

WALSINGHAM

Keep me informed, and all will be well. I don't like surprises.

He leaves.

68

INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

68

DANCING MASTER

Jump!

The dancing master is instructing Bess in the dance called La Volta, watched by the Queen, her ladies and courtiers. A trio of musicians plays a jaunty tune.

DANCING MASTER

(to Bess)

When I push like this, my lady, give a jump into the air.

ELIZABETH

Let him throw you round, Bess. You can trust him.

The dancing master spins Bess round and lifts her up into the air. Her feet fly out as she spins. It's a bold, even risqué dance, and the onlookers laugh to see it.

DANCING MASTER

And round - and round - and round
- and down!

He lowers Bess to the ground. She loves it. As the spinning begins again, Raleigh enters.

ELIZABETH

La Volta, Mr Raleigh. The jump. I require all my ladies to learn it. You see how fearless Bess is.

Raleigh watches Bess dance.

RALEIGH

You like your ladies to jump at your command?

ELIZABETH

Sometimes. Do you think that wrong?

RALEIGH

No, no. You're the Queen. You are to be obeyed.

ELIZABETH

To tell you the truth, Mr Raleigh, there are times when I'm tired of being always in control.

RALEIGH

Nonsense.

ELIZABETH

What?

RALEIGH

You don't mean a word of it. You eat and drink control.

ELIZABETH

Do you say so?

The exercise ends. All clap.

ELIZABETH

Bess, you must try a dance with Mr Raleigh. He's eager to show us his skill.

RALEIGH

No skill at all, majesty. I don't know the steps.

ELIZABETH

Oh, it's very simple.

She goes to Bess to demonstrate, holding her by the waist.

ELIZABETH

You stand like this, with your hands firmly clasped here - and when she jumps, on the eighth step, you swing her round - once, twice, three times - and you're back to the beginning. What could be simpler?

DANCING MASTER

Your majesty knows the dance better than I.

ELIZABETH

So come, Mr Raleigh. Take your position. I am to be obeyed.

RALEIGH

As your majesty wishes.

Raleigh takes his place with Bess.

ELIZABETH

Hold her tight. I don't want her
dropped.

(to the musicians)
Play!

The dance begins again. Bess jumps, and Raleigh swings her round and round, finding the knack after an awkward start. Elizabeth watches, smiling, nodding to the beat. She can see the faces of the dancers; and so long as she controls the intimacy between them, she's excited by it.

Walsingham enters and stands by her side, watching.

ELIZABETH

(low)

Leave her alone, Walsingham. I
want both of them left alone.

69 SCENE RENUMBERED- SEE SCENE 67A 69 *

70 INT. MARY STUART'S QUARTERS, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY 70

Mary Stuart is praying, but under cover of her bible, she is writing a secret letter. Sir Amyas Paulet enters, with three men. Mary closes the letter in her bible.

MARY

Am I a danger to England even
when I pray?

PAULET

As always, ma'am, my concern is
for your safety.

MARY

I pray for my cousin Elizabeth.
Do you think she prays for me?

71 INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY 71

Mary's latest letter is now in Reston's hand. Babington and Ramsay sit staring at Reston. This time the Jesuit is pleased. He reads the letter aloud to the unseen man.

RESTON

'If our forces are in readiness,
both within and without the
realm, then your Queen commands
you to set the gentlemen to
work.'

(with quiet steely
satisfaction)

I think we have it.

He hands the letter over. For the first time we see who it is: William, now revealed as one of the conspirators. William reads the letter for himself.

WILLIAM

(nodding agreement)

This is the spark that will set
England ablaze.

Reston takes out pistols, and hands one to Ramsay, one to Babington.

RESTON

We've been patient long enough.
Let God's work begin.

72

INT. STUDY, WALSINGHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

Walsingham is at work at his desk. A knock on the door. Walsingham does not look up from his papers.

William enters, wrapped in a cloak, one hand concealed.

WILLIAM

It's me. William.

WALSINGHAM

(still not looking up)

Where have you been? We haven't
seen you for days.

WILLIAM

I met up with some old friends.

WALSINGHAM

From Paris, no doubt.

WILLIAM

Yes.

WALSINGHAM

And now you've come back.

He looks up at last.

WALSINGHAM

Do you know, I can still remember
the day you were born?

He smiles, but there's sadness in his eyes.

WALSINGHAM

I was eleven years old. And you,
this helpless bundle. I looked at
you in your crib, with your
little wrinkled face, and I loved
you from the first. I vowed then
to look after you. I watched you
grow up with your head in the
clouds, always a dreamer. I
couldn't follow you there. And
now I've failed you, haven't I?
Forgive me if I haven't loved you
enough.

*
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*

Clink. Something falls from William's hand to the floor.
His face has gone grey.

WALSINGHAM

Did you really think I didn't
know?

On the floor - a dagger.

William opens his mouth to answer, but no sound comes out.
Walsingham raps twice on his desk. The door opens, and
Agents 4 and 5 enter.

WALSINGHAM

Was it for money? At least tell
me you got a good price.

William shakes his head.

WALSINGHAM

What then? What would you murder
your own brother for?

WILLIAM

(whisper)
Eternal life.

Walsingham stares at him. A great sadness building.

WALSINGHAM

Eternal life. The bribe no man
can refuse.

73 OMITTED (INCORPORATED INTO SCENE 71)

73 *

74 EXT. WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

74

CLOSE ON Elizabeth, surrounded by courtiers and bodyguards,
as she processes from the Presence Chamber to the Chapel
Royal. As before, the way is lined with eager supplicants.

CLOSE ON Babington and Ramsay, forcing their way through the crowd to the front line.

Elizabeth disappears from view into the Chapel.

ROYAL SERVANT

The Queen is at her prayers!

The chapel doors begin to close.

BABINGTON

Now!

Ramsay hurls himself forward, shouting -

RAMSAY

God for Mary! England's true
Queen!

The guards run to seize him, opening up a momentary space -

Babington sprints through it for the closing chapel doors -

75

INT. CHAPEL ROYAL - DAY

75

Babington bursts into the chapel, sees a line of ladies kneeling, masking the figure in front of the altar - he pulls out a pistol -

BABINGTON

Elizabeth!

Elizabeth turns and rises to confront the assassin's gun. Babington stares at her, hypnotised by her fearlessness. Then he pulls the trigger.

Bang!

Elizabeth still stares at him. She's unhurt.

Babington lets out a cry of anguish, and crumples to the ground. Elizabeth stares on into space, frozen by the moment, magnificent.

76

INT. MARY STUART'S QUARTERS, CHARTLEY HALL - DAY

76

Mary paces impatiently in her room, trailed by her little dog. She hears the sound of bells. Joy floods her features.

Pounding feet. She turns to see Sir Amyas Paulet hurrying towards her, through a gate in the wall.

MARY

You bring news?

PAULET

The Queen has been attacked -

MARY

Yes?

PAULET

The assassin seized -

MARY

Yes?

PAULET

The Queen unharmed -

MARY

Unharmed?

PAULET

And you, ma'am, are under arrest.

He has led up to this deliberately, and now stands smiling at her utter confusion. The man who looked like a fool has been playing his own game all along.

MARY

Me? What has any of this to do with me?

Paulet makes a sign. Burton the brewer comes through the gate: Walsingham's man after all.

PAULET

That's the trouble with intrigue, isn't it? With so many secrets, you can never quite tell who's on who's side, until the game ends.

He takes the hollow bung out of one pocket and admires it.

PAULET

My own invention. Theatrical, but effective. My master has every letter you've written.

MARY

Your master?

PAULET

Walsingham.

Now she knows it's over. She begins to weep.

MARY

Traitors. I'm surrounded by traitors. Who am I to trust?

She picks up her little dog, weeping bitterly.

MARY

Only my little one...

77

INT. PRISON - DAY

77

Walsingham has a lamp in his hand. He moves slowly along a passage, bowed down by a sense of failure.

He directs the light of his lamp through cell bars onto a face. The Jesuit. Reston looks back, unafraid.

WALSINGHAM

Ready to die, I see, Jesuit.

RESTON

I have done what I was sent to do.

WALSINGHAM

Why was the gun not loaded?

Reston doesn't answer. Walsingham gazes at him a moment longer. Then he moves the lamp along. There, shackled and white-faced, sit Babington and Ramsay. Walsingham studies their faces.

Walsingham carries his lamp down the passage and shines it into the next cell. Here lies a man in chains, huddled on the floor. He looks up as the light falls on him. William.

Walsingham looks down on the pitiful sight.

WALSINGHAM

What was the Jesuit sent to do?

WILLIAM

To kill the Queen. You know it. You know everything.

WALSINGHAM

Not quite everything.

WILLIAM

I've told you all I know. Go ahead and kill me. Take what's left of me. I don't care any more. All my life you've had everything and I've had nothing. So finish it. There's a better world waiting for me. We'll all be judged in the end, brother. Even you.

Walsingham gazes down on this pitiful show of pride.

WALSINGHAM

You're no martyr. You weren't
even much of a murderer. Go back
to France. **Back to your dreams.**
Never let me hear of you again.

*

Walsingham turns away. As he goes we see what he won't show
William: that the hurt of the betrayal is almost more than
he can bear.

He goes back up the passage. As he passes Reston, the
Jesuit calls out softly.

RESTON

Send me home.

78 INT. ESCORIAL PALACE, SPAIN - DAY

78

Philip sits listening intently, staring into space, the
Infanta by his side. Don Guerau de Spes is briefing him.

DON GUERAU

(They have letters in Mary
Stuart's own hand. All England
cries out for her death.)

Philip nods as he listens. All goes to plan. He turns to
the Infanta.

PHILIP

(My dearest, how would you like
to be Queen of England?)

79

INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

79

Elizabeth sits deep in thought, Bess by her side. Shadows all round.

ELIZABETH

They say she's taller than me.
Her hair is chestnut in colour.
Her eyes are hazel. They say
she's beautiful. But people lie.
They say I am beautiful.

*
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*

A dismissive shrug. Clearly she does not think herself beautiful.

*
*

BESS

She plotted to kill you.

*
*

ELIZABETH

Yes, it's true. I've read her
letters. I too was a prisoner
once. I've feared for my life.
I've done terrible things - just
to live.

*
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BESS

So do we all.

*
*

ELIZABETH

I can be merciful. But she
protests her innocence, and that
is a lie. Why will she not admit
she has wronged me?

*
*
*
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*

BESS

She'll go on lying til you cut
out her traitor's heart.

*
*
*

Elizabeth stares at her in surprise.

*

ELIZABETH

You used to be gentler, Bess.

*
*

BESS

I used to be quieter, majesty.

*
*

80

INT. GREAT HALL, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - DAY

80

Mary Stuart sits before her accusers in the Great Hall of this sombre castle, her new prison. She wears black, but she is proud, composed, and beautiful. She is faced by a commission of lords, appointed to try her.

MARY

Who are you to sit in judgement
on me? By what authority do you
condemn a Queen? God alone has
made me what I am. He is my only
judge. Raise your law above God's
law, and what law remains? In
your vanity and ignorance you set
loose the monster of misrule. You
know neither who you are nor what
you do. But I know who I am. I
die as I have lived - trusting in
the mercy of my God - a Queen.

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81

INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT

81

Elizabeth raging at Walsingham.

ELIZABETH

Must die? Mary Stuart must die?
Where is it written? Who dares to
give orders to the Queen?

*
*
*

WALSINGHAM

Majesty, this is no time for
mercy -

ELIZABETH

Don't preach at me, old man. Look
at you! You can hardly stand. Go
home to your wife. Go home to
your bed.

WALSINGHAM

The law must have its way.

ELIZABETH

The law is for common men, not
for princes.

Walsingham sees there's no point in persisting. He bows and
withdraws.

*
*

82

INT. HALLWAY, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY

82

Raleigh comes hurrying towards the Queen's quarters. Bess
sees him approaching and comes out to meet him. They speak
low, not wanting the ever-present guards to hear them.

BESS

Thank God you've come. I've never
seen her so distressed. She's
been alone in her rooms since
morning. She'll see no one.

RALEIGH

Has she asked for me?

BESS

No. But she needs you. I know she
does.

Raleigh takes Bess's hand in his, discreetly.

BESS

Go to her.

Elizabeth sits alone, deep in thought.

Raleigh enters, and comes before her. She doesn't look round, but she knows it's him.

RALEIGH

My Queen.

ELIZABETH

My friend.

Still she doesn't turn to him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Did Bess bid you come? Have you
too come to tell me I must murder
a Queen?

*
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*
*

RALEIGH

No. You don't need me to instruct
you in your duty.

ELIZABETH

My duty? Was it my father's duty
to murder my mother? I would be
loath to die so bloody a death.

*
*
*
*

RALEIGH

Since when were you so afraid?

Now she looks at him.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I am afraid. I am always
afraid.

Raleigh looks back at her in silence for a long moment.
Then -

RALEIGH

You fear your soul will be
touched. Royalty is close to
immortality. Kill a Queen - and
queens are mortal.

ELIZABETH

You understand me well.

RALEIGH

We mortals have many weaknesses.
We feel too much. Hurt too much.
And all too soon, we die. But we
do have the chance of love.

Elizabeth closes her eyes.

ELIZABETH
Do we? Do we really?

She nods, her eyes still closed.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I owe England my life. Don't ask
for my soul.

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*

84

INT. MARY'S QUARTERS, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - NIGHT

84

Mary Stuart at supper, feeding titbits from the table to her little dog.

Sir Amyas Paulet enters. Mary sees at once from his face that he brings grave news.

MARY

Your face tells me. It's decided.

PAULET

Tomorrow morning. At eight.

Annette, her maid, bursts into wailing sobs. Mary herself goes very still. She's starting to carry out her final strategy.

MARY

Please don't cry.

*

85 INT. GREAT HALL, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - DAY 85

The great timbered hall of the castle has been specially prepared for the execution. A stage has been constructed in the centre, and around the stage are chairs upon which DIGNITARIES and MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT are already sitting.

The block dominates the stage. Beside it, the hooded EXECUTIONER with his axe. The DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH in his clerical robes.

There are more chairs in the body of the hall, occupied by members of the public. They are all waiting for the performance to begin.

Mary enters.

The people crane their necks to see her. She doesn't disappoint. She is wearing a black velvet gown, her luxurious auburn hair tied in a bunch. Her LADIES, following her in procession, show signs of weeping and distress, but Mary herself glides to the platform with a regal bearing.

On her face there is a look that is almost ecstatic.

86 INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 86

Elizabeth, alone. She knows what's happening. She can't rest or be at peace. She tries to sit, then paces, becoming more and more agitated.

87 INT. GREAT HALL, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - DAY 87

As Mary mounts the stage, the executioner kneels.

EXECUTIONER

Forgiveness, your grace.

MARY

I forgive you with all my heart,
for now, I hope, you will make an
end of all my troubles.

She stands, smiling still, and holds out her arms to let
her ladies disrobe her.

88 INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 88

Now deeply distressed, Elizabeth suddenly bursts out of the
Privy Chamber into the great Presence Chamber, tears
welling into her eyes. Bess close behind her.

She hardly notices the people around her, until she sees
Raleigh.

ELIZABETH

I want it stopped!

89 INT. GREAT HALL, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - DAY 89

Mary's black dress falls to the ground, revealing
underneath a petticoat of dark red silk - the colour of
martyrdom. There is a collective gasp from the spectators.

90 INT. GREAT HALL, WHITEHALL - DAY 90

Elizabeth is hysterical, shouting in Raleigh's restraining
arms.

ELIZABETH

No! It must be stopped!

91 INT. GREAT HALL, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - DAY 91

Mary kneels, puts her head on the block.

MARY

Into your hands, O Lord, I
commend my spirit.

She stretches out her arms as a signal. The axe comes down.

92 INT. GREAT HALL, WHITEHALL - DAY 92

Elizabeth cries out, as if the axe has fallen on her neck.
Then she sinks sobbing to the ground, supported by both
Raleigh and Bess; and for a moment, the three are united in
a single embrace.

EXECUTIONER (V.O.)
God save the Queen!

93 INT. GREAT HALL, FOTHERINGAY CASTLE - DAY 93

ON THE FACES of the awed spectators. We see, FOREGROUND, the scarlet-clad torso of the executed Mary. A gasp of horror from the spectators. The dead woman's skirts are moving.

Out from under her skirts creeps her little dog. The dog looks round, not understanding, and whimpers softly.

Annette takes the dog into her arms.

95 INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, ESCORIAL PALACE - DAY 95

The sound of cheering crowds outside in the plaza calling out the one Spanish word: 'War! War! War!'

Philip enters from the balcony, walking briskly, holding the Infanta by the hand. He comes to a stop before his assembled ministers. His eyes shine.

PHILIP

(A sweet and Christian lady lies
martyred, slain by a- Godless-
childless- BASTARD! Blood must
pay for blood! We have just and
holy cause! I call the legions of
Christ to war! Elizabeth! Blood-
soaked virgin Elizabeth! You will
pay with your country- your
throne- and your life!)

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96 INT. HALLWAY, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT 96

ON WALSINGHAM - As he walks through the palace.

WALSINGHAM (V.O.)

Forgive me. In my weakness and my
vanity, I have failed you.

97 INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 97

Walsingham on his knees before Elizabeth, abasing himself in shame. Elizabeth is in control once more.

ELIZABETH

How have you failed me? What am I
to forgive you for?

WALSINGHAM

Philip of Spain is a God-fearing man. He cannot make war without just cause. He sent the Jesuit to kill a Queen. But not you.

ELIZABETH

Not me!

WALSINGHAM

The Jesuit's mission was to draw Mary Stuart into the murder plot. He knew I was reading her every letter. He waited until she wrote the words that sealed her guilt.

Now Elizabeth gets it.

ELIZABETH

(slowly)

And I ordered her execution. I murdered God's anointed Queen. And now God's most dutiful son makes holy war to punish me.

WALSINGHAM

Forgive me, majesty. Let me go.

Elizabeth hardly hears him any more. She realises the end game is upon her.

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ELIZABETH

Yes... Go...

*

Walsingham leaves. Elizabeth never even looks at him. She's looking into the distance, preparing herself for what must now come.

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98

INT. LISBON CATHEDRAL - DAY

98

The great Standard of the Armada, bearing the image of the Virgin, is carried into the cathedral.

Philip follows, leading a column of Spain's noblest GRANDEES and PRINCES of the church.

The ARCHBISHOP sprinkles holy water onto the Standard, and makes the sign of the Cross over it.

ARCHBISHOP

Exurge, domine et vindica causam tuam. Amen.

Philip kneels to kiss the blessed Standard - which is then thrust aloft again, into the vast spaces of the Cathedral.

And at once there is a great outpouring of emotion, the congregation applauding, many weeping at the sight.

99

INT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

99

Elizabeth is alone, pacing slowly, reading a book - the Consolation of Philosophy, by Boethius. She reads, pauses, looks into the far distance; then reads and walks again.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

'Think you that there is any certainty in the affairs of mankind, when you know that one swift hour can destroy the greatest among us?'

She turns, and there is Raleigh. She holds up her book.

ELIZABETH

Boethius.

RALEIGH

The Consolation of Philosophy.

ELIZABETH

Thank you for coming at this late hour.

She closes her book and puts it away.

ELIZABETH

We're at war. Who knows when we'll meet again. If we'll meet again.

RALEIGH

May the Lord God preserve England's Queen.

ELIZABETH

The same God in whose name Philip wages his holy war. Philip is a righteous man, and righteous men love to destroy. They burn whole worlds to make them pure, and leave behind - ashes.

RALEIGH

He'll not burn England.

ELIZABETH

He may. His Armada is invincible, they say. If London falls, I fall. If England is lost, I am lost.

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*

RALEIGH

Never!

ELIZABETH

Never? It's night. My thoughts
turn dark. Don't you ever think
that one day, perhaps one day
soon, you too will die?

RALEIGH

The closer I come to death, the
more I want to live. The hungrier
I am for life.

His defiant energy breaks Elizabeth's morbid mood.

ELIZABETH

You're right. We must live while
we can.

RALEIGH

Why be afraid of tomorrow?
Today's all we have, and all we
know.

ELIZABETH

Today. Tonight.

RALEIGH

Now.

They hold each other's eyes.

ELIZABETH

I wish -

But she can't say it.

RALEIGH

I've never known a woman like
you.

ELIZABETH

In some other time, in some other
world, could you have loved me?

RALEIGH

I know only one world. In this
world, I have loved you.

Elizabeth smiles a small smile.

ELIZABETH

Then there's... something you
could do for me - something I've
not known for a very long time -
if you felt so inclined -

*

Raleigh intuits what she wants. He comes closer as she speaks.

ELIZABETH

Something not to be spoken of
afterwards - to be forgotten -
but just for now -

She lifts her head to his. She meets his eyes.

ELIZABETH

A kiss?

He takes her in his arms, and they kiss. One kiss to hold all that might have been, all that they both know can never be.

When at last they part she turns away from him, head bowed, eyes still closed, holding on to the sweet moment.

100 EXT. LISBON HARBOUR - DAY 100

CLOSE IMAGES as the Armada standard is carried in procession to the flagship, and hoisted into position on the ship's towering prow. Cannons fire a booming salute.

As the standard billows in the breeze, beyond it we see the forest of masts that make up the great Armada.

101 INT. ANTECHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 101

The palace is galvanised by the invasion threat. Armed men go by at the double, passing servants hauling out trolleys bearing valuables, as the court prepares for the worst.

Raleigh and Howard stride fast across the Guard Chamber, the first of the sequence of great rooms. They are deep in war talk.

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Bess appears ahead, and beckons him to a secluded corner.

RALEIGH

Bess, I've been ordered to my
ship -

Bess stops his mouth with one finger.

BESS

I'll be quick. I have something
to tell you. But I ask for
nothing. Is that understood? Your
life is your own. Nothing will
change.

RALEIGH
What is this, Bess?

Two court officials hurry by. Bess lowers her voice.

BESS
I'm -

Her hand touches her waist.

RALEIGH
You're pregnant?

BESS
No one knows. My plans are made.
I shall ask the Queen for
permission to leave court. I
shall live quietly in the country
with - with my child. The Queen
must know nothing.

Raleigh stares at her, stunned. More people are passing.
This is no place for displays of strong feeling.

RALEIGH
Where will you go?

BESS
To my mother's house.

RALEIGH
You can't go!

*

BESS
I'm a ward of the Queen. I can't
court a man without her
permission. I can't marry without
her permission. As for having a
child -

Another official passes by.

RALEIGH
When were you planning to leave?

*

BESS
As soon as I'm allowed.

Raleigh finds himself caught in an impossible situation.
His internal struggle shows itself in the twists and jerks
of his body.

RALEIGH
Am I not to see you again? What's
to become of the child? Bess -

BESS

Hush! We've no choice. You know it as well as I do.

RALEIGH

All I know is nothing's as it should be.

BESS

Please listen. You once said to me, 'Whatever I have to give, ask and it's yours.' Do you remember?

RALEIGH

Of course I remember.

BESS

I ask that you forget me. Go to your ship. Do your duty. Forget me.

Raleigh gazes at her, deeply moved.

RALEIGH

Oh, Bess...

The Queen's ladies come hurrying by. Margaret calls to Bess as they go.

MARGARET

Bess! We're summoned.

BESS

I'm coming.
(to Raleigh)
Goodbye.

She runs after the ladies.

Raleigh walks slowly after them down the hall. On his face a new look forms. He knows now what he's going to do.

102 OMITTED 102 *

103 EXT. SEA - DAY 103

An empty horizon.

Then, on the very line of the horizon, the ghost of a movement. Far away, too small to make out, something is coming.

104 INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDCHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT 104

Elizabeth starts up in bed, calls out in sudden fear.

ELIZABETH
Air! I must have air!

Her servants hurry in, and open the window.

Elizabeth goes to the open window and breathes in deeply.
She looks up at the moon.

RALEIGH (V.O.)
With this ring I thee wed. With
my body I thee worship...

105 INT. PRIVATE CHAPEL - NIGHT 105

Raleigh and Bess are being married in secret by a PRIEST.
The only witness is Bess's fellow maid of honour Margaret.

Raleigh makes his vow tenderly and lovingly, his eyes on
Bess throughout.

RALEIGH
... and with all my worldly goods
I thee endow.

He places the ring on her left thumb.

RALEIGH
In the name of the father -
He moves the ring to her forefinger -

RALEIGH
And of the Son -
To her index finger -

RALEIGH
And of the Holy Spirit.
And finally onto her ring finger.

RALEIGH
Amen.

106 INT. MAP ROOM, WHITEHALL PALACE - DAY 106

A room in which a map of Europe is inlaid in the floor. A
table strewn with maps stands in the centre. Elizabeth is
imperious, back in control.

ELIZABETH

This Spanish Armada is at sea
carrying an army of ten thousand
men.

(indicating on the map)

The Duke of Parma has fifteen
thousand men on the French coast.

*
*

WALSINGHAM

They plan to cross the Channel in
barges, under the protection of
the Spanish fleet, and sail up
the Thames.

*
*
*
*
*

ELIZABETH

But they don't yet have enough
barges at Calais. We have a
little time.

*
*
*
*

WALSINGHAM

(surprised)

That is so.

*
*
*

ELIZABETH

Our forces defend the Thames
entrance at Tilbury. How many
men?

*
*
*
*

HATTON

We have three, possibly four
thousand, majesty.

*
*
*

WALSINGHAM

If the Spanish fleet reaches
Calais in strength, the combined
armies will be beyond our power
to resist.

*

ELIZABETH

Therefore, the Spanish fleet must
not reach Calais.

*

HOWARD

Majesty, this vast Armada will
surely smash through our naval
defences. We must be prepared for
the worst.

*
*
*

Elizabeth walks briskly through the great public rooms back
to her quarters, with Walsingham by her side and her
entourage following behind.

WALSINGHAM

How did you know about the numbers of the Dutch barges, majesty? I don't recall supplying you with that information.

ELIZABETH

You may observe, Walsingham, that I don't see my way with only one eye. Nor do I hop along on only one leg. Why then would I rely on only one source of information?

She sweeps into her quarters. Her ladies, waiting there, jump up in haste. She scans them.

ELIZABETH

Where's Bess?

Her eyes coem to rest on Margaret. She sees that Margaret knows something.

*
*

ELIZABETH

Where is she?

*
*

108 EXT. THE LIZARD, CORNWALL - DUSK

108

We are on the very tip of England.

A watch-tower has been built, and next to it a large beacon of wood. A YOUNG MAN is minding the watch.

He stares out to sea, catching sight of something. Over the rim of the world has appeared the long line of the Spanish fleet, like a floating wall, black and menacing.

He runs down the steps from the tower. He lights a bundle of sticks and thrusts them again and again into the beacon.

The beacon catches fire. As the flames rise into the sky, so a second beacon erupts into flame on the next headland. And then a third on the next, a fourth on the next, a fifth, disappearing around the coastline.

109 INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - DUSK

109

Doors burst open and Elizabeth comes storming out, barely containing a powerful rage.

*
*

ELIZABETH

Bess! Bess Throckmorton!

*
*

Bess comes running from the far end.

BESS
Here, my lady!

ELIZABETH
Tell me! Is it true? Are you
married? Are you with child? Are
you WITH CHILD?

Bess stands before her with her head bowed.

BESS
Yes, my lady.

Elizabeth falls on her with uncontrolled rage, striking out
at her, beating her about the head, shrieking out the words
that so inflame and wound her. Bess takes the blows in
silence.

ELIZABETH
You traitress! You dare to have
secrets from me! I am your Queen!
You ask my permission before you
rut - before you *marry* - before
you *breed*! My bitches wear my
collars! Do you hear me? *How dare*
you be with child!

Walsingham comes hobbling up.

WALSINGHAM
Majesty, please! Dignity - mercy -

But Elizabeth is too far gone. She turns on him, eyes
blazing.

ELIZABETH
This is no time for mercy! That's
what you said to me. I don't
forget. But you showed mercy,
Walsingham! Go to your traitor
brother, and leave me to my
business!

Walsingham turns white. Elizabeth is back berating Bess.

ELIZABETH
Is it *his* child? Tell me! Say it!
Is the child his? Tell me! Say
it! *Is it his?*

Bess responds to the Queen's hysteria with dignity.

BESS
Yes, my lady. It is - my
husband's child.

Her gaze reaches beyond the Queen. Elizabeth turns.

Raleigh has come up to them unnoticed. He has seen and heard all. He speaks to Elizabeth quietly, sadly.

RALEIGH

This is not the Queen I love and serve.

Elizabeth stares at him. He meets her eyes. His gaze is so unflinching that slowly the madness drains out of her. When she speaks next, she is her proud self again.

ELIZABETH

This gentleman has seduced a lady under my care. This lady has married without my consent. These are offences punishable by law.
(to Walsingham)
Arrest him.

*
*

110 OMITTED 110 *

111 EXT. ENGLISH COAST - DUSK 111

From way up high we see beacon after warning beacon bursting into flame, the light from them describing the contours of England.

As they rush on, they suddenly divide, some continuing along the coast, others racing inland.

112 RENUMBERED- SEE SCENE 112B 112 *

112A INT. DEE'S HOUSE - DUSK 112A *

Dr Dee watches as Elizabeth prowls his cluttered rooms, releasing the tension that has swelled to bursting point within her.

ELIZABETH

The fall of an empire, you told me. Did you mean the English empire? Because by God, England will not fall while I am Queen! If that's your prophecy, sir, prophesy again!

DEE

You want me to tell your majesty only what your majesty chooses to hear?

ELIZABETH

I will not be a toy of the fates!
Have I not faced an assassin's
bullet and lived?

She turns to Dr Dee and sees his quizzical gaze on her, and she lets her rage pass.

ELIZABETH

Just tell me there's no
certainty. The shadows of ghosts,
you said. Any outcome is
possible. Give me hope.

DEE

The forces that shape the world
are greater than all of us,
majesty. How can I promise you
that they'll conspire in your
favour, even though you are the
Queen? But this much I know. When
the storm breaks, each man acts
in accordance with his own
nature. Some are dumb with
terror. Some flee. Some hide. And
some spread their wings like
eagles and soar on the wind.

Elizabeth understands. She draws herself up, finding now the self-belief she needs for the battle to come.

ELIZABETH

You're a wise man, Dr Dee.

DEE

And you, madam, are a very great
lady.

112B INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT

112B

Elizabeth stares out of the window, watches as the last beacon is kindled not far away, and bursts into flame.

Behind her stand her ministers: Hatton, Howard, and Walsingham.

She turns to face the others. All littleness has dropped away. She sees only her nation's hour of destiny, and her own duty.

ELIZABETH

My lords, I can offer you no
words of comfort.

*
*
*

If this Armada succeeds there *
will be no more freedom in our *
land, and England will be no *
more. We cannot be defeated. *

113 EXT. SEA - DAY 113

The unending line of Spanish ships advances over the water.
Still far away, but scary in power and reach.

RALEIGH
What news? Is the fleet at sea?

SERVANT
Yes, sir. May God preserve them.

114 INT. TOWER OF LONDON - DAY 114 *

Raleigh lies awake and fully dressed on the bed in his *
prison room. The room is furnished for a gentleman, but the *
walls are thick and the windows barred. *

The door opens, and a servant brings in a tray of food. *
Raleigh sits up. *

RALEIGH *
What news? *

SERVANT *
The Spanish are off Portland. *

RALEIGH *
And the fleet? *

SERVANT *
Still at Plymouth, joined by *
Drake and all the rest. *

RALEIGH *
(bitter) *
All but me. *

115 EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 115

The white cliffs of England, seen from the Channel.

INTO FRAME sweeps a SPANISH ENSIGN, streaming from a mast.
And another, and another. Mast after mast, straining sails,
shivering ropes, and the FLAGS of the enemy - flying from
the top-gallants of a hundred ships - so near to England
now that they seem to have been planted already on
England's white cliffs.

116 INT. ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

116

The Queen, Sir Christopher Hatton, Walsingham and her entourage, all now heavily armed, enter the great vaulted nave of St Paul's. As they make their way towards the altar, Elizabeth issues commands.

*

ELIZABETH

The bells are to ring in every church in the land.

Hatton bows to show he has received the order.

*

ELIZABETH

Labourers are to leave the fields and take up arms. The harvest must wait.

Hatton bows and leaves. Elizabeth continues up the nave, now followed only by Walsingham. She turns to him with another order.

*
*
*

ELIZABETH
Release all prisoners. England is
their country too.

She moves forward again. Walsingham follows, waiting, knowing there's more. Elizabeth turns to him one last time.

*
*

ELIZABETH
Release Raleigh. He is
forgiven... As I too pray to be
forgiven...

Walsingham leaves. Elizabeth goes forward to stand before the altar alone.

*
*

ELIZABETH
Leave me. All of you.

The remainder of her entourage bow and withdraw. Elizabeth goes on down the nave to the altar, and there, at the foot of the steps, sinks to her knees. She does not bow her head.

ON ELIZABETH - Alone in the great space, staring at her God as at an equal.

PAN UP to the blazing coloured light of the stained glass window -

117 INT. ESCORIAL PALACE - DAY 117

DOWN from high windows to see monks praying for the success of the Armada. Their chant has a driving war-like rhythm, that carries over the following scenes.

118 INT. ESCORIAL PALACE, SPAIN - DAY 118

SPEED TRACK down a palace corridor, urged on by the beat of the chant, into Philip's cell.

TRACK IN to the flame of a single candle: its bright heart seems to be the source of the pounding chant.

119 EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 119

The chant powers on.

SHIPS' BOWS slice the water, racing towards us.

120 INT. PHILIP'S CELL - DAY 120

ON PHILIP as the chant drives on, murmuring his own prayer.

PHILIP

Tu es Deus qui facis mirabilia
solus. Notam fecisti in gentibus
virtutem tuam...

120A INT. TOWER OF LONDON - DAY 120A *

CLOSE ON RALEIGH - A Royal Official has just handed him a
letter. He reads it and then looks up. *

RALEIGH *

Tell the Queen I will join my
ship. *

121 EXT. ENGLISH CAMP, TILBURY - DAY 121

The chant continues -

TRACKING THROUGH English troops to the Queen's tent -

121A EXT PLYMOUTH HARBOUR - DAY 121A

The English fleet sets sail and leaves Plymouth harbour.

122 INT. QUEEN'S TENT, TILBURY - DAY 122

The Queen's advisers mill round Elizabeth. Walsingham is
seated in the background. *

ELIZABETH

Are our ships at sea? Has the
fleet left Plymouth? That can't
be so hard to know.

ADMIRAL WINTER enters, out of breath, clutching the latest
reports. *

ADMIRAL WINTER *

The enemy has been engaged,
majesty.

He reads as he speaks. The news is not so good after all.

ADMIRAL WINTER *

A brave action. Two ships lost.

ELIZABETH

With what gain?

HATTON

The enemy continues to advance.

123 EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

123

FOREGROUND - Floating wreckage, and the bodies of English sailors. Beyond, the long line of the Spanish fleet, advancing, firing. The Spanish ships are monsters, much taller than the English ships.

124

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN, ARK ROYAL - DAY

124

Lord Howard bent over a mass of charts with his commanders round him: HAWKINS, DRAKE, FROBISHER and Raleigh. The boom of Spanish cannon shakes the air. Flashes of fire light the faces of the English officers.

DRAKE

We must attack! What choice do we have?

*
*
*

HOWARD

We're decisively outgunned, Drake. We are losing too many ships. We must defend the coast.

*
*
*
*

DRAKE

(studying the chart of the Armada's progress)
There has to be a way of getting inside this crescent formation.

*
*
*
*
*

RALEIGH

Our ships may be smaller but they're nimbler. We should use the strengths we've got.

*
*
*
*

HOWARD

I tell you, we're out-gunned. Do you want to lose the whole fleet?

*
*
*

RALEIGH

Break their formation and we have a chance.

*
*
*

HOWARD

We can't get near them.

*
*

125

INT. QUEEN'S TENT, TILBURY - DAY

125

Elizabeth among her advisers. An air of mounting panic.

WALSINGHAM

The Spanish are barely a day away, majesty.

*

HATTON

It would be wise to withdraw to safer ground.

*

WALSINGHAM

I beg you to appreciate the gravity of the situation, majesty. There is very little time.

Elizabeth turns on him, calm and defiant.

ELIZABETH

Then we must act.

126 EXT. ENGLISH CAMP, TILBURY - DAY

126

A low distant beat as we TRACK THROUGH the English camp. The soldiers are a citizen army, no hardened professionals. We pass a troop busy sharpening their pikes; an older soldier in quiet prayer; a band sharing drinks; a youth rubbing down a horse.

Now they hear the distant beat approaching. One by one they look up, surprised, uncertain.

Now they hear it loud and clear: the beat of an army on the march.

CLOSE ON tramping feet. An advancing force. Horses' hooves beating the ground.

ON THE SOLDIERS' FACES - Staring, half afraid, half expectant - then filled with a surge of sudden hope -

SOLDIERS' POV - English flags rising over the low brow of the hill.

127 EXT. HILL ABOVE THE ENGLISH CAMP - DAY

127

In the midst of the advancing array of banners and flags, riding a white horse, dressed in silver armour, holding a silver staff - Elizabeth - transformed into a goddess of war.

The thousands of gaping soldiers sink awe-struck to their knees.

ON ELIZABETH as she surveys her rag-tag army. The army lets out a cheer.

The Queen cries out to ~~her~~ army, her voice echoing in the chill air.

ELIZABETH

My loving people! We see the sails of the enemy approaching. We hear the Spanish guns over the water.

*

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*

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*
*

Soon now we will meet them face
to face. In that encounter,
England lives, or England dies. I
am resolved in the midst and heat
of the battle to live or die
amongst you all!

*
*
*
*
*
*

A cheer from the men.

*

ELIZABETH

While we stand together no
invader shall pass. Let them come
with all the armies of Hell, they
will not pass.

*

The crowd gives another mighty cheer.

ELIZABETH

So let us sound the advance and
go forward, together, you and I.
I myself will be your general,
judge and rewarder of every one
of your virtues in the field.
When this day of battle is ended,
we meet again in heaven, or on
the field of victory.

*
*
*
*

The greatest shout of all.

SOLDIERS

Aye!

128 INT. DEE'S HOUSE - DUSK 128

Dr Dee studies his charts.

129 INT. PHILIP'S CELL - DUSK 129

Philip sits staring at the flame of the candle. The whole
world waits.

130 EXT. ARK ROYAL - DUSK 130

A ship's lamp sways in the window. A sailor notes the
movement.

SAILOR

Wind change!

High in the rigging above, a sail flaps and bellies in a new direction.

The sound of a rising storm.

131 INT. QUEEN'S TENT, TILBURY - DUSK 131

Elizabeth looks around her as the tent shudders in the rising wind.

132 EXT. SPANISH SHIP - DUSK 132

The vast Armada is being buffeted by the storm, but still it comes on. The sea is in turmoil, lightning streaks across the darkening sky.

*
*
*

SPANISH OFFICER
(Drop Anchor!)

*
*

2ND OFFICER
(Our orders are to stay in formation.)

*
*
*

SPANISH OFFICER
(If we don't drop anchor, we'll be smashed on the rocks!)

*
*
*

133 EXT SPANISH SHIP - DUSK 133

Spanish sailors furl the sails, haul in ropes. An anchor crashes into the sea.

134 EXT. ARK ROYAL - DUSK 134

Raleigh and Drake hurry along the deck in the whipping wind and spray. Drake is watching the Spanish fleet, and shouting above the noise of the storm.

*
*
*

DRAKE
They've dropped anchor. These Spanish monsters can't handle our English seas.

*
*
*
*

RALEIGH
We have the wind in our favour. Do we go?

*
*
*

DRAKE
We go.

*
*

Drake embraces Raleigh. Action at last.

*

DRAKE (CONT'D)
God speed, my friend. And don't
forget to jump.

*

*

*

135 INT QUEEN TENT, TILBURY - DUSK

135

The tent is full of commotion, soldiers and ministers come
in and out.

ADMIRAL WINTER
Under whose orders is he acting?

*

HATTON
He was told not to risk any more
ships of the fleet.

Elizabeth is distant from the general hubbub.

136 EXT THE TYGER - DUSK 136

Raleigh at the helm of the Tyger gazing intently ahead.
Before him, the might of the Spanish Armada. Behind him,
men move down the ship with barrels, pouring pitch over the
decks. Calley lights a torch and hands it to Raleigh.

*

137 EXT. SPANISH SHIP - DUSK 137

Spanish sailors watch in horror as the spreading flames of
the fire-ships move inexorably toward them.

138 EXT. SPANISH SHIP - DUSK 138

A Spanish officer reacts to the danger and shouts commands.

*

SPANISH OFFICER
(Raise anchor! Quickly! No - cut
the ropes! Cut the ropes!)

*

*

*

Ropes are slashed by flailing axes and cut away from the
capstan.

*

*

139 INT PHILIP'S CELL - DUSK 139

Philip stares in horror at the flickering candle. The far-
off sound of the storm wind.

140 OMITTED 140 *

140A INT. QUEEN'S TENT, TILBURY - DUSK 140A *

Elizabeth's entourage look at the maps stretched out on the
tables. Hatton enters.

*

*

WALSINGHAM
How many Spanish ships are
burning?

Hatton murmurs a figure.

*

WALSINGHAM

Not enough.

ON ELIZABETH- Staring out, as if to sea.

*

ELIZABETH

One empire will rise, and one
will fall...

141 EXT THE TYGER - DUSK 141

Raleigh on the prow of the Tyger as it sails towards the Spanish fleet. He holds a flaming torch, and calmly surveys his target. He lights the fuses on the prow and tosses the torch behind him. The pitch on the deck bursts into flame. He runs to the side of the ship and scales down the rigging.

142 EXT. SPANISH SHIP - DUSK 142

Chaos and panic amongst the Spanish sailors as the fire-ship approaches. Men wildly fire off their muskets and the cannons boom.

143 EXT. TYGER - DUSK 143

Cannonballs crash into the side of the flaming Tyger. Certain now of the ship's course, Raleigh finally leaps into the water. As seen from underwater, Raleigh swims away from the ship.

*
*

144 EXT TYGER - DUSK 144

The pre-laid fuses amongst the Tyger's cannons ignite, as the Tyger smashes into the side of the Spanish ship. From beneath, we see the hulls collide.

145 EXT SPANISH SHIP - DUSK 145

The Tyger's cannons explode causing devastation on the Spanish deck. Sailors run for cover. A horse rears and jumps over the side.

146 EXT ENGLISH CHANNEL - DUSK 146

From underneath, men leap into the water. A horse swims past, lit from flames above.

146A EXT ROOFTOP, JOHN DEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 146A *

John Dee stands on his roof, looking at the sky through a sextant. *

146B EXT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN, ARK ROYAL - DUSK 146B *

Raleigh, singed and wet from his exploits, is with Drake in the cabin. *

RALEIGH *

How many ships are burning? *

DRAKE *

Four. *

RALEIGH *

Not enough. *

He turns his face towards the coast of England. He speaks as if to her, a quiet heart-felt prayer. *

RALEIGH (CONT'D) *

May God be with us all tonight. *

147 INT PHILIP'S CELL - DUSK 147
 The candle flickers. A clap of thunder, and the candle goes out.

147A EXT HILL ABOVE THE ENGLISH CAMP 147A *
 Elizabeth looks out to sea. The wind roars, the clouds race, the lightning flashes. *

148 EXT ENGLISH CHANNEL - DUSK 148
 Images of the beginning of the destruction of the Armada: Philip's portrait is covered by water inside a sinking cabin; a Madonna statue floats; a Spanish battle flag burst into flame.

149 OMITTED 149 *

150 RENUMBERED- SEE SCENE 147A 150 *

151 EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT 151
 Raging waves, black sea. The howl of the storm, the rending of breaking timbers, the screams of drowning men. Somewhere out there, tiny in the vast seascape, the Armada is being smashed into oblivion.

152 EXT HILL ABOVE THE ENGLISH CAMP- NIGHT 152
 Elizabeth stands there drinking in the tempest, the wind lashing her clothes and hair, but she loves it, lives it, breathes it. This is her storm - her victory.

153 INT. CHAPEL, ESCORIAL PALACE - DAY 153
 The space that echoed before to the chants of war is silent now.
 Philip and the Infanta come down the nave. Philip's face is set, expressionless.
 Philip reaches the steps at the foot of the altar. He goes down on his knees. Then he drops further down, to abase himself on the hard stone floor. The cardinals turn their backs to him.
 The Infanta remains standing beside him, impassive, staring at nothing. She throws down her Elizabeth doll.

WILLIAM
What does he want?

AGENT 3
He asks your forgiveness.

WILLIAM
My forgiveness?

On William: he stares. Then he understands. Fear brings sudden tears to his eyes.

A gasp. Walsingham's man has plunged a knife into his heart.

160 INT. WALSINGHAM'S BEDROOM, LONDON - DAY 160

Walsingham speaks to his Queen with difficulty.

WALSINGHAM
I have served your majesty - in
all things...

ELIZABETH
I know it, old friend. Don't
leave me now.

Walsingham's eyes open. A weak smile.

WALSINGHAM
You don't need me any more.
Permission - to go -

Elizabeth looks tenderly down on him, shaking her head.

ELIZABETH
You always did do as you pleased,
whether I wanted it or not. I've
no doubt you'll do as you please
now.

He lets his eyes close. She stoops down and kisses his cheek.

161 INT. RALEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY 161

We see Raleigh from behind. He's holding something, and dancing slowly about, and crooning a low song, in the oddest way.

Beyond him, half-glimpsed, an inner room, where Bess is resting on a bed.

Now in his solitary dance Raleigh turns, and we see he's holding a new-born BABY BOY. He kisses the baby's little bald head, and sings his wordless song.

Footsteps outside. The door opens, and a royal servant enters, followed by other servants and guards.

ROYAL SERVANT
Her majesty the Queen!

Elizabeth enters, in formal style. She stands and takes in the scene - Raleigh holding his baby son - the room beyond - *Bess rises at once and comes through to make her curtsy to the Queen. Elizabeth seems not to see her.*

*
*

A regal wave at the servants and guards. They withdraw.

Elizabeth stalks round the room. No reason to suppose her displeasure has passed.

ELIZABETH
When was the birth?

RALEIGH
Four nights ago.

ELIZABETH
The mother is well?

RALEIGH
Thank God.

Now Elizabeth turns to Bess, and their eyes meet. The Queen puts out her hand and touches Bess lightly on one cheek. A silent forgiveness.

*
*
*

ELIZABETH
And the child?

RALEIGH
My son is well.

Now for the first time she looks at the baby.

ELIZABETH
Your Elizabeth has a child. You must be proud.

*

RALEIGH
Yes.

Elizabeth moves away, unable to bear seeing the baby.

ELIZABETH
And fulfilled?

*

RALEIGH
As any man can be.

*

*

Elizabeth looks at him in silence for a long moment.

*

ELIZABETH
And do you still dream of your
shining city, your New World?

*

RALEIGH
More than ever.

*

She turns to go. But before she reaches the door, she stops.

ELIZABETH
I'd like to give your son my
blessing.

RALEIGH
I would be honoured.

Elizabeth takes the baby in her arms. She holds him carefully. She finds herself more moved than she had expected. She bends her head over him, and turns her back on Raleigh.

Raleigh watches and waits. And waits.

ON ELIZABETH: her cheek pressed to the baby's head. Her eyes closed.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
I am called the Virgin Queen. And
yet I have many children... You
are all my children. There is no
jewel, be it never so rich a
prize, which I put before this
jewel: I mean, your love. I want
no more wars. England is enough
for me. I want no lordship over
your souls. Only a free people
can love.
(Beat)
And in your love - is my life.

*

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END TITLES

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