

THE  
C R O W N

Episode 410  
"WAR"

by  
Peter Morgan



**NETFLIX**

PRODUCTION **LEFT BANK Pictures** Series 4 Ltd, Elstree Studios, Άγ. Παναγιώτης, Βορέντσαμ, ΠΑΚΤΣ. WD6 1JG

**LEFT BANK PICTURES:** 7th Floor, 175 High Holborn, London, WC1V 7AA

All rights reserved. No part of this script may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system of any nature, or transmitted, in any form or by any means including photocopying and recording, without the prior written permission of Left Bank Pictures (Television) Limited, the copyright owner. Licences issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency or any other reproduction rights organisation do not apply.

THIS SCRIPT IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL AND MAY NOT BE DISCLOSED TO ANY PERSON OTHER THAN THE ADDRESSEE WITHOUT THE PRIOR CONSENT OF LEFT BANK PICTURES (TELEVISION) LIMITED.

If any unauthorised acts are carried out in relation to this copyright work, a civil claim for damages may be made and/or a criminal prosecution may result.

RECEIPT OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF ANY SORT.



5 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY 5

HOWE continues walking through the House. Greeting Tory COLLEAGUES.

6 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY 6

HOWE continues his progress through the House...

7 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CHAMBER - DAY 7

HOWE makes his way through the chamber. He passes the front bench.

THATCHER, sat at the despatch box, ignores him, as HOWE continues on. Makes his way up towards the backbenches.

HOWE takes his seat amongst the vanquished. The "wets". The former CABINET MEMBERS; forced out or fired. Nods to them politely.

Then stares down at MARGARET THATCHER as Prime Minister's Questions begins.

8 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CHAMBER - DAY (LATER) 8

The session now in full swing. The rowdy, combative sound of the debating chamber.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

I remind the house that a resignation statement is heard in silence and without interruption. Sir Geoffrey Howe..

A chorus of jeers and appreciative groans as GEOFFREY HOWE rises to speak.

THATCHER barely looks up. He's an irrelevance.

HOWE removes his revolver/speech. He addresses the House in a courteous, gentle monotone. The MPs hang on his every word.

HOWE

Mr Speaker, sir. I find to my astonishment that a quarter of a century has passed since I last spoke from one of these backbenches. Mr Speaker, I believe that both the Chancellor and the Governor are cricketing enthusiasts, so I hope that there is no monopoly of cricketing metaphors.

(MORE)

HOWE (cont'd)

Increasingly those of us close to the Prime Minister feel like opening batsmen being sent to the crease only to find, the moment the first balls have been bowled, that our bats have been broken before the game by the team captain.

Laughter in the house.

HOWE

The point, Mr Speaker, was perhaps more sharply put by a British businessman, trading in Brussels and elsewhere, who wrote to me last week. "People throughout Europe" he said, "see our Prime Minister's finger-wagging and hear her passionate, "No, No, No", much more clearly than the content of the carefully worded formal texts". "It is too easy" he went on, "for them to believe that we all share her attitudes; for why else" he asked, "has she been our Prime Minister for so long?". "This is" my correspondent concluded, "a desperately serious situation for our country". And sadly, Mr Speaker, I have to agree. The conflict of loyalty, of loyalty to my Right Honourable Friend the Prime Minister - and, after all, in two decades together that instinct of loyalty is still very real - and of loyalty to what I perceive to be the true interests of the nation, that conflict of loyalty, has become all too great. I no longer believe it possible to resolve that conflict from within this Government. That is why I have resigned. In doing so, I have done what I believe to be right for my party and my country. The time has come for others to consider their own response to the tragic conflict of loyalties with which I have myself wrestled for perhaps too long.

Push in on THATCHER.

9

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CORRIDOR - DAY

9

PHILIP, visibly animated, rushes along corridors.

Something's happened.

He opens a door. Checks inside.

PHILIP

Lilibet?

10 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY 10

PHILIP opens another door.

PHILIP

Lilibet?!

11 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, STATE ROOM - DAY 11

PHILIP opens another door, this time to one of the state rooms. A startled MAID, vacuuming, stares back.

PHILIP

The Queen?!

The MAID curtseys, indicates.

MAID

The Drawing Room, Your Royal Highness.

12 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 12

ELIZABETH is with CHARLES in a drawing room.

CHARLES

She has resumed her affair with Major Hewitt - with flagrant disregard for the agreement we made in our meeting with you. A meeting in which it's now clear she brazenly lied to your face. So I hope you agree it leaves me with no option but to start a formal separation.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Charles..

CHARLES

I am wretchedly unhappy. And yet, there is someone ELSE out there who would make me perfectly happy..

The door bursts open. PHILIP enters.

PHILIP

Quick! Switch on the television!

ELIZABETH

Why?

PHILIP

It's the Ides of March...it's Julius  
Caesar.

(corrects himself)

Or should I say Julia Caesar..

CHARLES

(frustrated gesture)

I'm sorry, we're in the middle of an  
important conversation...

PHILIP switches on the television.

PHILIP

(to CHARLES)

Shhhhhh.

ON TV: Breaking news plays analysis and footage of Howe's  
devastating speech.

13 EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 13

The prime ministerial car pulls into Downing Street. THATCHER  
gets out.

She walks to the door. JOURNALISTS barking questions. Sensing  
blood. THATCHER has her 'game-face' on.

Smiles. Acts as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened.

The POLICEMAN opens the door. THATCHER heads inside.

14 INT. DOWNING STREET, STAIRS - DAY 14

THATCHER walks past the office..

..then upstairs..

..and up to the flat.

She enters. Closes the door behind.

15 INT. DOWNING STREET, FLAT, CORRIDOR/BEDROOM - DAY 15

THATCHER moves through to the bedroom. Closes the door.

16 INT. DOWNING STREET, FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY 16

THATCHER sits on the bed. Still calm. Still composed. Still  
with her 'public face' on.

Then, all of a sudden...a tiny crack, and she bursts into  
tears. She muffles her howl.

It's a completely devastating, shocking display of raw emotion and hurt.

Her face broken into a thousand pieces.

FADE TO BLACK:

FRONT TITLE SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

- 17 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY 17  
A dark green Jaguar XJS drives through country roads followed closely by a larger dark car.
- 18 INT. COUNTRY ROADS, DIANA'S CAR - DAY 18  
At the wheel: DIANA. Impeccably dressed in casual, winter clothes, but visibly tense.  
She's about to see *him*. She bites a nail anxiously.
- 19 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, PASSING PLACE - DAY 19  
DIANA pulls up into an off road passing place.  
Charles's Bentley is already there.  
DIANA gets out. A PROTECTION OFFICER escorts her to the Bentley.
- 20 INT. COUNTRY ROAD, CHARLES'S CAR - DAY 20  
DIANA gets in next to CHARLES.  
An icy silence. He doesn't even look at her. Charles's PROTECTION OFFICER sits in the front. The CHAUFFEUR starts the engine. They drive off leaving Diana's car and her PROTECTION OFFICER and his car behind.
- 21 EXT. LUDGROVE SCHOOL, GATES - DAY 21  
The Bentley turns off the road into a driveway, a sign reads 'LUDGROVE SCHOOL'.
- 22 EXT. LUDGROVE SCHOOL, DRIVEWAY - DAY 22  
The Bentley pulls to a stop in front of the large, beautiful school building.

PHOTOGRAPHERS and REPORTERS are there to meet it. Along with the HEADMASTER and his WIFE.

DIANA and CHARLES emerge, suddenly smiling and waving for the cameras, a picture of marital bliss. Handshakes.

OVER THIS: A whistle blows.

23 EXT. LUDGROVE SCHOOL, PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

23

A rugby game is in progress. 8-year-old BOYS. Among them WILLIAM. A REFEREE organises them into a scrum.

A crowd of PARENTS watch from the sidelines. DIANA cheering passionately. Excitedly. Uninhibited.

DIANA

Go on William! Well done, Johnny!

She chats familiarly with other PARENTS, she's a regular.

CHARLES stands apart, withdrawn, uncomfortable, out of place.

The scrum is engaged, the BOYS push back and forth, until the ball rolls out.

A boy - a very muddy WILLIAM - grabs it, makes a break and passes it to someone else, IVO, who sprints towards the end of the pitch, pursued by the others.

DIANA

Go on, Ivo!

DIANA cheers him on enthusiastically. CHARLES rolls his eyes at her.

IVO outruns the others and scores a try. The PARENTS cheer. DIANA roars with approval and pride. She hugs one of the other PARENTS.

CHARLES bristles at Diana's familiarity with the other PARENTS...the emotional display.

But he begrudgingly puts on a smile for the PHOTOGRAPHERS snapping away.

24 EXT. LUDGROVE SCHOOL, DRIVEWAY - DAY

24

More snapping from THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

CHARLES and DIANA are saying goodbye to a now cleaned up WILLIAM outside the school.

DIANA crouches down and hugs him closely.



DIANA

Goodbye my darling. Not long 'til the holidays. Love you.

She hugs him again and kisses him, then makes way for CHARLES's goodbye.

CHARLES

Well done today. I'll see you at Christmas. Goodbye.

He pats WILLIAM's shoulder, affectionate but restrained.

Then it's time to go.

As WILLIAM is escorted back to the school by a TEACHER, CHARLES and DIANA return to the Bentley.

They both smile and wave for the cameras as they get in.

And continue smiling and waving as it pulls away.

25 INT. COUNTRY ROADS, CHARLES'S CAR - DAY

25

Left alone: a morbid, toxic, hostile silence descends.

Charles's CHAUFFEUR drives. His PROTECTION OFFICER in the front seat next to the CHAUFFEUR. CHARLES averts eye contact. Then..

DIANA

Is that it? Are we not going to talk again, ever?

CHARLES

Since every time we DO talk it ends in an argument, I'd say silence was preferable.

DIANA's eyes close. Silence.

CHARLES

What's this I hear about a trip to New York?

DIANA

Oh don't look so surprised. The government requested it. Everyone knows I'm going.

CHARLES

No one knew you were going on your own. What an ugly, avaricious piece of self-advancement that is.

DIANA

I'd sooner be doing it with my husband  
by my side.

CHARLES

Doing what? The past few months you've  
barely been in a fit state  
psychologically to go to the  
hairdresser, much less represent the  
Crown. Although I gather you've still  
found time to see certain 'other'  
people.

DIANA stares at CHARLES, then looks away.

DIANA

I think this conversation has gone as  
far as it can.

CHARLES

You were the one who insisted on  
talking. I always said silence was  
preferable.

No one knows where to look.

26 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUADRANGLE - DAY 26

The prime ministerial car sweeps into Buckingham palace.

27 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY 27

THATCHER is with ELIZABETH.

THATCHER

One crisis rising above all the others  
today, Your Majesty..

ELIZABETH

Yes.

THATCHER

An inconvenience one would dearly like  
to avoid given the significant  
challenges this country already faces.  
The crisis in the Gulf.

ELIZABETH

(surprised)

Oh. That crisis.

THATCHER

That IS the predominant challenge  
facing us.

ELIZABETH

I thought you might be referring to matters closer to home..

THATCHER stiffens.

THATCHER

There are one or two minor domestic matters; some changes to fishing license conditions. But nothing I would want to waste your valuable time with.

THATCHER prepares to leave.

ELIZABETH

You don't think we should briefly discuss that speech?

THATCHER

Which speech?

ELIZABETH

The resignation speech made by Sir Geoffrey Howe which has caused such a stir.

THATCHER

Why would we want to discuss that?

ELIZABETH

Because a great deal of fuss is being made of it.

THATCHER

Poor Geoffrey. I had offered him the position of Deputy Prime Minister and he seems to have taken it rather the wrong way.

ELIZABETH

In the newspapers his speech is being seen as a direct challenge to your authority.

THATCHER

I think that all depends on which newspapers you're reading.

ELIZABETH

Not just newspapers. Television, too.

THATCHER

Or watching.

ELIZABETH

And as Sovereign, I must ask you. Do you expect a leadership challenge?

THATCHER stares. Expression inscrutable.

28 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 28

ELIZABETH and PHILIP are having dinner alone.

ELIZABETH

The Prime Minister came to see me today. To discuss the crisis in the Gulf.

PHILIP

What? Not the fact she'd just been knifed in the back by one of her longest-standing allies?

ELIZABETH

I did ask about that.

PHILIP

Did you really..?

ELIZABETH

Yes.

PHILIP

You are brave!! And what did she say?

ELIZABETH

She said the situation was unfortunate...

29 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 29

THATCHER with ELIZABETH.

THATCHER

But it amounts to little more than petty rivalries and resentments, being played out at the level of the schoolyard. I shall see them off in no time. And really, we should not dignify an insignificant...

30 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 30

Back in the dining room.

ELIZABETH

(mimicking Thatcher)

...internal party squabble with any more of our precious time.

On PHILIP, impressed.

PHILIP

Well!

31 INT. DOWNING STREET, FLAT - DAY 31

THATCHER, DENIS, INGHAM and POWELL are gathered together, waiting. THATCHER stares out of the window.

32 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, COMMITTEE ROOM 12 - DAY 32

In the large, ornately decorated committee room, voting in the Tory leadership contest is under way..

At a desk, CRANLEY ONSLOW, Chairman of the 1922 Committee, sits with several OFFICIAL SCRUTINEERS. As each MP comes forward, ONSLOW hands them a ballot paper. Crosses their name off a list.

One by one, the MPs cast their votes. Placing their ballots in a ballot box in the centre of the room.

All this intercuts with..

33 INT. DOWNING STREET, FLAT - DAY 33

A tense atmosphere. THATCHER paces. The telephone rings.

POWELL (ON PHONE)

Powell. Yes. Yeah.

As information is relayed to POWELL, on the telephone, the atmosphere in the room grows increasingly more tense, as it soon becomes clear the vote isn't going well..

POWELL (ON PHONE)

I see.

Eventually, THATCHER looks up to see POWELL give INGHAM a sad thumbs down.

POWELL (ON PHONE)

Thank you.

THATCHER

How many?

POWELL

Four short. Not enough to stop it going to a second ballot.

THATCHER

It is betrayal of the very worst kind. They owe their political LIVES to me.

INGHAM

It's despicable.

THATCHER

Those...little men. And you want me to get on my knees...? Never!

(she tails off)

Have them brought in to me, one by one.

34 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MEETING ROOM - DAY

34

A programme meeting is in progress. A chance for Charles's TEAM to liaise with Diana's about her upcoming engagements..

On one side of the table, Charles's people; a dozen or more ADVISORS, PALACE COURTIERS and other GREY MEN OF THE COURT - amongst them, EDWARD ADEANE, Charles's private secretary.

On DIANA's side, just herself, PATRICK JEPHSON and press secretary 'DICKIE' ARBITER. The pair dwarfed by the sea of cold, unsmiling faces sat opposite.

ADEANE

First item on the agenda is Her Royal Highness's forthcoming solo..

(almost spits the word)

...visit to New York..

(reading the schedule)

.. Looking at the itinerary, our concern would be..

(flicking through pages)

..that it seems to be... challenging.

Several appointments each day..

JEPHSON

It's just four days, Edward.

ADEANE

In multiple locations. We all know the toll that a schedule of engagements can take. And I'm sure no one here would wish to see the Princess of Wales.. overstretched. Certainly not at a risk...

(looks to his cohorts)

..to her own health.

JEPHSON

The Princess of Wales's health is exemplary.

ADEANE lets it hang in the air.

ADEANE

Mental health. Not to mention the amount of time she'd be separated from her children. And the 'distress' that might cause her.

ARBITER

The Princess of Wales is well aware of what's required of her and is very much looking forward to the trip.

DIANA hesitates. Looks at the array of cold expressions staring back at her.

35 EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY 35

A series of ministerial CARS bring ministers to Downing Street. Experts in that uniquely Tory art. Betrayal.

36 INT. DOWNING STREET, THATCHER'S OFFICE - DAY 36

THATCHER stares at a CABINET MINISTER standing before her.

THATCHER

I have only one question.. Will you support me?

CABINET MINISTER 1

Of course...you will always have my unconditional support.

37 INT. DOWNING STREET, THATCHER'S OFFICE/CORRIDOR - DAY 37

A series of flashcuts as one by one INGHAM and POWELL observe various CABINET MINISTERS being brought inside to speak to THATCHER...

They stand in front of her; some nervous, some resolute.

CABINET MINISTER 6

I am with you.

CABINET MINISTER 4

You can always count on me.

CABINET MINISTER 2

The problem is the numbers are against you..

CABINET MINISTER 3

..and your inability to unite the party behind you..

CABINET MINISTER 6

.. over Europe..

CABINET MINISTER 3  
.. over the economy..

CABINET MINISTER 4  
...over taxation...

CABINET MINISTER 6  
Perhaps if your methods were  
less..confrontational..

CABINET MINISTER 1  
...and if you'd consulted with cabinet  
rather than ruling by decree..

CABINET MINISTER 2  
Your rejection of core conservative  
values...of moderation...

CABINET MINISTER 4  
Compassion..

CABINET MINISTER 5  
...and your total disregard for the  
centre-ground..

CABINET MINISTER 1  
Leaves you vulnerable...

CABINET MINISTER 6  
Exposed..

CABINET MINISTER 2  
Isolated..

CABINET MINISTER 3  
.. I shall always defend you,  
Margaret. ALWAYS. But...

CABINET MINISTER 5  
..As a friend.

CABINET MINISTER 6  
As an ally.

CABINET MINISTER 2  
I think I speak for the majority when  
I say...

CABINET MINISTER 4  
...the time might have come for some  
new blood..

CABINET MINISTER 1  
...And that it would be in everyone's  
best interests for you to...

CABINET MINISTER 2  
Stand down..



38 INT. DOWNING STREET, FLAT - NIGHT 38

THATCHER is alone. Presently, a knock. DENIS enters. Tears in his eyes.

DENIS  
Bastards. The bloody lot of them.  
Murderers.

A beat.

DENIS  
So, is that it? Is that the end?

THATCHER  
No.

Determined. Deep in thought.

THATCHER  
I still have one card to play.

39 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUADRANGLE - DAY 39

A car pulls up. THATCHER gets out.

40 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY 40

THATCHER is with ELIZABETH.

THATCHER  
President Bush called to tell me he thought it "barbaric". Chancellor Kohl said it was "inhumane". Mikhail Gorbachev reminded me that ten years ago it was Britain holding democratic elections whilst Russia staged cabinet coups. Now it is the other way around. What they all agree on is that getting rid of me is an act of national self-harm. Which is why I have come to you, ma'am. That together, we may act in the national self-interest.

ELIZABETH  
How might I help?

THATCHER  
By dissolving Parliament.

ELIZABETH  
What?

THATCHER

We are on the brink of war. What kind of signal does that give to our enemies - to Saddam - if we were to change leadership now? It would make us look hopelessly weak and divided.

ELIZABETH

I agree, it's hardly ideal. Have you consulted Cabinet on this matter?

THATCHER

I have not, ma'am.

ELIZABETH

Surely that would be the normal course of action.

THATCHER

With all due respect, the decision to dissolve parliament is in the gift of the prime minister alone. It is entirely within my power to do this if I see fit.

ELIZABETH

You are correct. Technically, it is within your power to request this. But we must all ask ourselves when to exercise those things that are within our power and when not to. Your first instinct as a person, I think - is often to act. To exercise power.

THATCHER

That's what people want in a leader. To show conviction. And strength.  
(pointed)  
To 'lead'.

ELIZABETH

I am merely asking the question whether it is correct to exercise a power, simply because it is yours to use? Power is nothing without authority and at this moment, your cabinet is against you, your party is against you, and if the polls are to be believed, if you were to call a general election today you would not win, which suggests the country is against you. Perhaps the time has come for you to try doing nothing for once?

THATCHER

The difference is you have power in doing nothing. I will have nothing.

ELIZABETH

You will have your dignity.

THATCHER

There is no dignity in the wilderness.

ELIZABETH

Then might I suggest you don't think of it as that. Think of it as an opportunity to pursue other passions.

THATCHER

I have other 'loves'. My husband. My children. But this job IS my only true passion. And to have it taken away from me, stolen from me like this so cruelly..

(tailing off)

What hurts the most is that we had come so far - and now to have the opportunity to finish the job snatched away at the very last..

THATCHER stares blankly.

ELIZABETH stares at the shrunken figure before her. Taking no pleasure in her defeat.

41 INT. CONCORDE - NIGHT

41

Through a window we see the curvature of the earth in the distance.

We pull back to show DIANA, still fragile. Clutching the armrests. She hasn't touched the food in front of her.

42 INT. KENSINGTON PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

42

DIANA is with her equerry PATRICK JEPHSON.

DIANA

I'm in hell. And he just HATES me. And wants me to fail.

JEPHSON looks awkward.

DIANA

He tells everyone I'm mad. They treat me like I'm mad. And I'm starting to feel mad. Why did I agree to this trip?

43 INT. CONCORDE - NIGHT 43

Back on the concorde, JEPHSON, sits across from DIANA. A concerned look.

DIANA (V.O.)  
I'm going to fall flat on my face.

44 EXT. JFK AIRPORT, TARMAC - NIGHT 44

Cameras flash all around.

DIANA steps off the plane in a gorgeous outfit, she smiles unconvincingly for the PHOTOGRAPHERS, trying to put on a positive front.

JEPHSON  
All right?

DIANA  
I think so.

At the bottom of the steps, she's greeted by thirty DIGNITARIES. She starts shaking hands.

Picture, picture, picture.

Smile, smile, smile.

Nerves, nerves, nerves.

45 EXT/INT. NEW YORK STREETS/CAR - NIGHT 45

A nervous DIANA dressed for a black tie gala being driven in her motorcade.

46 EXT. NEW YORK, BUILDING - NIGHT 46

Diana's motorcade pulls up. DIANA emerges wearing a fabulous beaded, white and gold bolero dress. Projecting a picture of confidence.

Another huge, cheering CROWD greet her arrival.

PHOTOGRAPHERS taking pictures.

JEPHSON accompanies her inside.

47 INT. NEW YORK, GALA - NIGHT 47

A black-tie gala to celebrate British business in New York. Rich grey-haired GUESTS.

DIANA makes her grand entrance, descending a marble staircase. All eyes upon her. *God Save the Queen* plays.

The room quiets.

DIANA is shaky, but smiles.

On the outside, a superstar. Like Marilyn Monroe.

On the inside, a nervous teenager. Falling to pieces.

Picture, picture, picture.

Flash, flash, flash.

DIANA smiles. Sits at her table.

48 INT. PLAZA ATHÉNÉE HOTEL, SUITE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 48

Later, DIANA vomits in the bathroom.

49 INT. PLAZA ATHÉNÉE HOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT 49

DIANA cleans herself up. Stares at herself in the mirror.

50 INT. PLAZA ATHÉNÉE HOTEL, SUITE, BEDROOM - DAY 50

DIANA wakes up in her huge ornate hotel bed. She looks pale. Disorientated.

51 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY 51

Diana's motorcade drives through New York's working-class districts.

52 EXT. NEW YORK, HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT - DAY 52

A motorcade arrives. DIANA, accompanied by JEPHSON, gets out in a working-class neighbourhood. The CROWDS are there for her.

53 INT. NEW YORK, HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT - DAY 53

DIANA is shown around the homeless shelter in Alphabet City by VERONA MIDDLETON JETER. Numerous RESIDENTS, mostly women and children, surround them.

MIDDLETON JETER

..this is Linda Correa and her family,  
some of our residents.

She gestures to a nervous woman, LINDA CORREA, and her three CHILDREN. CORREA nervously curtseys.

CORREA  
Your Royal Highness.

DIANA  
It's lovely to meet you, Linda.

MIDDLETON JETER  
Linda first became homeless...tell the Princess...

CORREA  
When the block we used to live in was bought up for redevelopment...

DIANA listens intently as CORREA explains. It's a heartbreaking story.

DIANA's genuinely moved. As LINDA tells the story, (we don't hear all the details, we don't need to) DIANA's expression changes...

54 EXT. NEW YORK, HARLEM HOSPITAL - DAY 54

A huge CROWD. A New York REPORTER stands before a camera.

REPORTER  
A modest hospital on the wrong side of Harlem. Very few American politicians have ever thought to visit. But today this is the final stop on Princess Diana's whirlwind tour of New York...

A huge roar from the CROWD. She's arrived.

55 INT. NEW YORK, HARLEM HOSPITAL, PAEDIATRIC WARD - DAY 55

DOCTOR MARGARET HEAGARTY, a forthright, middle-aged doctor, shows DIANA around the paediatric ward. They're followed by a select few REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Surrounding them are beds occupied by young CHILDREN and BABIES, most are African American, many are emaciated, some have tubes running out of them. DIANA is offered a pair of surgical gloves to put on but she turns them down.

HEAGARTY  
We established the Paediatric AIDS Unit two years ago to deal with the rising problem of infants suffering with the disease.

DIANA stops at the bed of a young BOY.

DIANA

Hello.

HEAGARTY

Many of the children have been abandoned, or have parents who are addicts or sick with the virus. They desperately need foster parents but people are too afraid to take them.

DIANA

Why?

HEAGARTY

Because of the stigma. The fear of the disease.

This cuts DIANA to the core.

Her eyes tear up as she looks at the BOY. Then she crouches down and lifts him up into a hug.

Completely natural. Completely spontaneous. A moment of pure compassion.

56 EXT. MIDDLEWICK HOUSE - DAY

56

In another world, a muddy, boggy, rainy world in unglamorous rural England, (Gloucestershire). The Parker Bowles's home.

OVER THIS we hear:

ROVING REPORTER (ON TV)

Chants of "we want the Princess" could be heard in New York's Harlem neighbourhood today, as hundreds of residents turned out hoping to catch a glimpse of the Princess of Wales.

57 INT. MIDDLEWICK HOUSE, SNUG - DAY

57

A television plays. A ROVING REPORTER relays news of Diana's New York trip.

ROVING REPORTER (ON TV)

A triumphant end to a trip which has seen the Princess flying solo for the first time - hitting new heights *without* her husband, Prince Charles.

ON TV: vox pop reactions from New Yorkers on the street..

All raving about Diana.

NEW YORKER 1 (ON TV)

We love her! She's beautiful, she's warm..

NEW YORKER 3 (ON TV)

She's perfect. If they don't want her there, we'd love to have her here. Am I right?

NEW YORKER 1 (ON TV)

The way she hugged that boy in the hospital. Nearly broke my heart.

NEW YORKER 5 (ON TV)

Prince Charles is a lucky man. Know what I'm sayin'?

NEW YORKER 3 (ON TV)

Princess Di thank you for bringing love and vitality to Harlem! She knows how to make people feel good and that is a God-given talent. Am I right?

CAMILLA watches. Diana everywhere. Smiling. Golden. Perfect.

58 INT. MIDDLEWICK HOUSE, KITCHEN/MORNING ROOM - NIGHT 58

CAMILLA is alone. Drinking. Thinking.

CAMILLA (V.O.)

If you care about me as much as you say you do, sir..

59 EXT/INT. HIGHGROVE, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 59

CHARLES is with CAMILLA...

CAMILLA

Then you will let go of these ideas about breaking up with Diana.

CHARLES

Why? Don't you want us to be free? To live our life in the open?

CAMILLA

I do. But I want to be humiliated and attacked even less. That's what will happen if you put me in a popularity contest against her. I will lose. I am an old woman. I'm a married woman. Nowhere near as pretty. Nowhere near as radiant. Someone who looks like me has no place in a fairytale. That's all people want, is a fairytale.



CHARLES

If people knew the truth, about our feelings for one another, they would have their fairytale.

CAMILLA

No. To be the protagonist of a fairytale, you must first be wronged. A victim. Which, if we were to become public, we would make her. In the narrative law of fairytales versus reality - the fairytale always prevails. She will always defeat me in the court of public opinion.

CHARLES

What IS all this, my darling? What's got into you today?

CAMILLA

It's reality. Sir. She is the Princess of Wales, a future queen, the mother to a future king. And I am just..

CHARLES

My one true love.

CAMILLA

A mistress. Mistress to the Prince of Wales, just like my great-grandmother, Alice Keppel, was mistress to the Prince of Wales, your great, great-grandfather.

CHARLES

And he loved her til the end.

CHARLES's expression darkens.

CHARLES

Leave this with me.

60 EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

60

THATCHER leaves Downing Street for the last time. INGHAM and POWELL look on as she speaks to the PRESS on the steps of Number Ten.

We INTERCUT WITH:

61 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DRAWING ROOM - DAY

61

ELIZABETH watching television.

ON TV: THATCHER is leaving Downing Street for the last time.

THATCHER (ON TV)  
(voice breaking slightly)  
Ladies and gentlemen. We are leaving  
Downing Street for the last time after  
eleven and a half wonderful years...

ON TV: Thatcher's PROTECTION OFFICER helps her into her car with DENIS. A close-up on Thatcher's face as her eyes fill with tears.

ELIZABETH watches. Lost in thought. Then goes to a telephone..

ELIZABETH  
Martin. Could you ask the Prime Min..  
(corrects herself)  
Could you ask Mrs Thatcher to come and  
see me?

62 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUADRANGLE - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER) 62

THATCHER, in the back of a black taxi pulls in to Buckingham Palace.

63 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, STATE ROOM - DAY 63

EQUERRY enters, followed by THATCHER and CHARTERIS.

The two women are seated. A silence. ELIZABETH thinks. Wants to mark the moment. For it to be special. Intimate. Not sure how to do this.

ELIZABETH  
When I ascended the throne...I was  
just a girl. Twenty-five years old.  
And I was surrounded by stuffy, rather  
patronising, grey-haired men  
everywhere telling me what to do. And  
I wanted to say, the way you dealt  
with all YOUR stuffy, rather  
patronising, grey-haired men  
throughout your time in office, and  
saw them all off..

THATCHER  
Well, they've had their revenge now.

THATCHER drifts off into a frightening darkness.

ELIZABETH  
I was shocked by the way in which you  
were forced to leave office - and  
wanted to offer my sympathy...not just  
as Queen to Prime Minister,  
but...woman to woman.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
Throughout the time we worked together people tended to focus on our many differences. Which was lazy, and misleading I think. And overlooked the many things we actually have in common. Our generation. Our Christianity. Our work ethic. Our sense of duty. But above all our devotion to this country we both love. So, with that in mind...

ELIZABETH reaches into a drawer. Pulls out a small box.

ELIZABETH  
The Order of Merit is not awarded by some faceless committee - it comes at the personal discretion of the Sovereign and is in recognition of exceptionally meritorious service. It is limited to just twenty-four recipients - no matter their background. You could be the daughter of a duke, or a greengrocer. What matters is your accomplishments. And nobody can deny that this is a very different country now to the one inherited by our first woman Prime Minister. Now, it's normally handed over in the box but if you would allow me.

ELIZABETH pins the Order on THATCHER.

ELIZABETH  
Congratulations.

THATCHER, eyes filling, bows, deeply...

Then turns and goes. ELIZABETH watches.

64 EXT./INT. KENSINGTON PALACE, WALES'S APARTMENT, DRAWING ROOM 64  
DAY

DIANA stares out of the window watching CHARLES arrive.  
Hopeful.

65 INT. KENSINGTON PALACE, WALES'S APARTMENT, DRAWING ROOM - 65  
DAY

DIANA makes herself ready. CHARLES enters.

DIANA  
It's kind of you to come.

CHARLES  
Why would you say that?

DIANA

Well, I think even my sternest critics would concede that my first solo trip has not been a disaster - that I didn't fall totally flat on my face. So I can only imagine - hope - that you've come here to apologise, to eat your words..? And congratulate me.

CHARLES

Your capacity for self-delusion never ceases to amaze me. We're all glad you're back where you belong without too much damage having been done. You have two sons that need you.

DIANA

Our sons have easily survived me being away four days.

CHARLES

I'm not sure one can say the same for the rest of us. The exquisite selfishness of your motives and the calculated vulgarity of the antics - knowing full well the headlines they would get.

DIANA

"Antics"?

CHARLES

Grandstanding like that... You think WE couldn't do that, too? Theatrically hug the wretched and the dispossessed. And cover ourselves in glory all over the front pages?

DIANA

I doubt it. You barely find it in yourselves to hug your own.

CHARLES

I hug who I want to! I hug who I love. Particularly when they are affected by the selfishness of others, and need cheering up.

DIANA

Who are you referring to?

CHARLES

Camilla.

DIANA

Why would I care about her?

CHARLES

Because I care about her. Morning, noon and night I care about her. And you've hurt her. And if you hurt her, you hurt me. Camilla is who I want. That is where my loyalties lie. That is who my priority is.

DIANA

Not the mother of your children?

CHARLES

Don't bring the boys into this.

DIANA

All right. Not the woman who you married?

CHARLES

I refuse to be blamed any longer for this grotesque misalliance. I wash my hands of it. If you have a complaint about not being loved or appreciated in the marriage, I suggest you take it up with the people who arranged it.

CHARLES turns and walks out.

66 INT. KENSINGTON PALACE, WALES'S APARTMENT, DIANA'S BATHROOM 66  
DAY

DIANA, deeply distraught, goes to the bathroom.

She gets on her knees, is about to purge, to vomit, but then she stops herself.

Shoulders shaking. Knowing her survival depends on this. On finally saying "Enough".

67 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 67

ELIZABETH and PHILIP arriving..

Then MARGARET arriving.

The QUEEN MOTHER arrives with LADY FERMOY. ANNE arrives with TIMOTHY LAURENCE, ZARA (9) and PETER PHILLIPS (13). ANDREW. SARAH FERGUSON and BEATRICE (16 months). DAVID (29) and SARAH ARMSTRONG-JONES (26). EDWARD..

GLOUCESTERS and KENTS.

One by one their cars pull up. They move inside.

- 68 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 68  
CHARLES arrives. Followed by a royal car loaded with presents. He gets out of his Aston Martin - looks up at the house, then enters.  
STAFF unpack the presents and his many, many bags and cases.
- 69 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 69  
Finally, DIANA approaches Sandringham House in a car. With WILLIAM and HARRY. A car containing her PROTECTION OFFICER follows behind.  
They pull up, and the young boys get out of the car, warmly welcomed by PHILIP.  
They run in. Feeling immediately at home.  
DIANA follows. Alone.
- 70 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 70  
Christmas Eve:  
The ROYAL FAMILY heads out for hunting. DIANA is left behind.
- 71 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE ESTATE - DAY 71  
Post-hunt drinks. DIANA joins the ROYAL FAMILY. Everyone in tweedy hunting/country gear, talking excitedly.  
DIANA conspicuous in townie gear. Is ignored.  
PHILIP, on the edge of the group, sees this. Sees that ELIZABETH, like everyone else, is shutting DIANA out.
- 72 INT. HANGING ROOM - DAY 72  
Pheasants are hung up on spikes.
- 73 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE ESTATE - DAY 73  
ELIZABETH is out walking with her dogs and ANNE. They talk easily, freely, laughing together.
- 74 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 74  
ELIZABETH and ANNE come back, still talking. Then run into DIANA.

DIANA

Ah. There you are.

ELIZABETH and ANNE's smiles fade. They fall silent. DIANA curtseys to ELIZABETH.

DIANA

Mama..

ELIZABETH flinches. That name again.

DIANA

Well I'm sure no one told you...but I made a request through my office for us to find a moment to speak together, in private.

ANNE's eyes widen in horror.

ELIZABETH

I hope you're not wanting to talk here.

DIANA

No. Not here.

ELIZABETH

Or now. The dogs need feeding.

DIANA

The dogs?

ELIZABETH

Yes. The dogs. So if you don't mind. We'll have to find another time.

ELIZABETH and ANNE go in one direction. DIANA is left crushed.

75 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, PRIVATE SITTING ROOM - DAY 75

ELIZABETH finishes feeding the dogs. Happy. In her element. She leaves the dogs to their food.

76 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, ELIZABETH'S STUDY - DAY 76

ELIZABETH enters her private study. Closes the door. Happy to be alone.

Then she stops when she sees. CHARLES has been waiting.

ELIZABETH

What are you doing here?

CHARLES

I hope you don't mind. I thought we might find a moment, alone.

ELIZABETH sighs.

ELIZABETH

Honestly, both of you..

CHARLES

Both of us?

ELIZABETH

You and your wife. Ambushing me everywhere I go. With anxious looks in your eyes. Wanting to talk.

CHARLES

I do want to talk, Mummy. NEED to talk.

ELIZABETH

Fine, let's talk. But might I request we do it like Privy Councillors.

(gestures)

On our feet.

(a beat)

To keep it brief.

CHARLES gets to his feet.

CHARLES

It's the marriage.

ELIZABETH

Yes. I had a horrible idea we would be going in this direction.

CHARLES

I have done my best. My very best. And I am suffering.

ELIZABETH

No, you are not suffering. WE are all suffering having to put up with this. Let me make something clear. When people look at you and Diana they see two privileged young people who through good fortune have ended up with everything one could dream of in life. No one, not a single breathing living soul ANYWHERE, sees cause for suffering.

CHARLES

They would if they knew.



ELIZABETH

Knew what? They know that you betray your wife and make no attempt to hide it. They know that thanks to you she has psychological problems and eats or doesn't eat, or whatever it is she does or doesn't do. They know you are a spoilt, immature man endlessly complaining. Unnecessarily. Married to a spoilt, immature woman endlessly complaining. Unnecessarily. And we are all heartily sick of it. All anyone wants is for the pair of you to pull yourselves together, stop making spectacles of yourselves and make this marriage, and make your enormously privileged positions in life, work.

CHARLES

And if I want to separate?

ELIZABETH

You will not separate. Or divorce. Or let the side down in ANY way. And if one day you expect to be king..

CHARLES

I do.

ELIZABETH

Then might I suggest you start to behave like one.

ELIZABETH goes to her desk and to her boxes. Meeting over.  
CHARLES goes. Devastated.

77 INT. SANDRINGHAM, LIBRARY - NIGHT

77

The ROYAL FAMILY is gathered for Christmas celebrations. A grey-haired PHOTOGRAPHER and his ASSISTANTS are there - setting up the camera.

Pre-dinner drinks. Laughs. Jokes. Good-natured teasing. Someone puts on a record.

78 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, STAIRS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

78

CHARLES goes down the stairs. Followed, from another room, by PHILIP. They look at one another. PHILIP stops. CHARLES continues down the stairs and enters the library to join the family.

79 INT. SANDRINGHAM, LIBRARY - NIGHT

79

CHARLES joins the royal party as a record is put on.

80 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, DIANA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

80

DIANA is alone in her room. A knock.

DIANA

Come.

PHILIP

Hello.

DIANA gets to her feet. Curtseys.

PHILIP

Please don't. I came to see if you were all right?

(looks around)

D'you know, I don't think I've ever seen inside this room.

He looks at DIANA, softens..

PHILIP

We can be a rough bunch in this family... I'm sure on occasion to a sensitive creature like you it must feel like...

(looks up)

Well, let me ask. What does it feel like?

DIANA

A cold, frozen tundra.

PHILIP

Right. Like that, then.

DIANA

An icy, dark, loveless cave with no light. No hope. Anywhere. Not even the faintest crack.

PHILIP

I see. He will come around. Eventually. When he realises he can never have the other one.

(a beat)

Would it help you to realise we all think he's quite mad?

DIANA

That might have reassured me once. But I worry we're past that point now.

(assertive)

Sir.

PHILIP notices the change in tone.

DIANA

And if he, if this family, can't give me the love and security that I feel I deserve, then I believe I have no option but to break away, officially, and find it myself.

Now it's PHILIP's turn to darken.

PHILIP

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

DIANA

Why not...?

PHILIP

Let's just say... I can't see it ending well for you.

DIANA

I hope that isn't a threat, sir.

A knock at the door. An EQUERRY enters.

PHILIP

(snaps, barks)

Not now! Out.

The EQUERRY disappears. Terrified.

DIANA

Although we are both outsiders who married 'in', you and I are quite different.

PHILIP

Yes. I can see that now.

PHILIP moves closer. Compassion and menace in equal measure.

PHILIP

You're right to call me an outsider. I was an outsider the day that I met the thirteen-year-old princess who would one day become my wife, and after all these years I still am. We all are. Everyone in this system is a lost, lonely, irrelevant, outsider apart from the one person, the only person that matters. She is the oxygen we all breathe. The essence of all our duty. Your problem, if I may say, is you seem to be confused as to who that person is.

Another knock. PHILIP calls out..

PHILIP

Come!

The EQUERRY enters. Still terrified.

EQUERRY

Just to say, Your Royal Highnesses..

(a beat)

The photographer is ready.

PHILIP

Thank you.

PHILIP goes. DIANA is left alone.

81 INT. SANDRINGHAM, STAIRS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

81

DIANA is coming down stairs. Hears music from the drawing room and pauses.

Raised voices. Raucous laughter. DIANA continues on down.

Enters the room...

82 INT. SANDRINGHAM, LIBRARY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

82

...to witness the laughter. No one pays her any attention.

The music continues as PHILIP tries to rally the FAMILY into position for the annual photo.

ELIZABETH is at the heart of it. At the heart of everything. The one person - the only person that matters.

PHILIP irritably directs the GRANDCHILDREN to the front, MARGARET and ANNE watch with wry amusement.

DIANA takes her place.

On the fringe of the group.

No one talks to her.

No one looks at her.

She is persona non grata.

Everyone else jostles for advantage and position - CHARLES, ANNE, TIM, LADY FERMOY, QUEEN MOTHER, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, ANDREW, FERGIE, EDWARD, are all jostling to get closer to the centre.

PHOTOGRAPHER

The merriest of Christmas smiles,  
three, two, one...

THE CROWN 410 - Peter Morgan

DIANA defiantly looks up, her mind made up.

She is going to war.

"FLASH", the photograph is taken.

FADE TO BLACK.