

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by

(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by

(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)

Address

Phone Number

Worthington Hall: "Pilot"

TEASER

INT. BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

DARKNESS. The sound of a DOOR OPENING, and some SHUFFLING of feet. A MATCH is struck, and lights an oil lantern, illuminating a roomful of small cots of straw mattresses occupied by MEN of varying ages.

A WOMAN, late 30's and pretty, in a nightgown, hurriedly moves to one of the cots and shakes a sleeping young MAN.

WOMAN (MOTHER)

Bradley! Wake up!

BRADLEY

Rrmphllkuunnh? What is it,
Mother?

MOTHER

Get up, and hurry!

As she rouses him, an older MAN (PURCELL) pulls a duffel bag from beneath one of the cots and starts indiscriminately stuffing it with clothes from a dresser. Other sleepers start to awaken to the noise.

SLEEPING MAN

What's all this about? What are
you doing in here, Betsy?

PURCELL

Never you mind, Tom. Go back to
sleep.

MOTHER

We'll be out in a moment. Bradley,
get out of bed this instant!

At last, the young man, about 18 and exceedingly handsome, does as he's told. He starts dressing.

BRADLEY

(still yawning)
My sweater...

MOTHER

You can put it on outside.

Purcell ties the duffle shut and lifts Bradley, on his bed putting on boots, by the arm, pushing him through the door.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Sorry to disturb you all.

She blows out the lantern and they exit.

EXT. TUDOR HOUSE - SIDE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A MAN in sleeping clothes stands by torchlight holding a horse whose breath steams the scene. Purcell, Bradley, and his mother emerge from a door with long iron hinges.

Purcell takes the reins and dismisses the stableman. Bradley is still putting on a jacket, his hair a mess, looking confused. Mother looks sad and nervous at the same time.

MOTHER
Pack your horse, dear. You're
being sent on an errand for the
Duke, and it's urgent.

As Bradley straps his duffel onto the saddle, Mother and Purcell exchange a few HUSHED WORDS. Bradley sees her handing Purcell an envelope, which he stuffs into a pouch he carries.

Purcell now mounts his horse, and Bradley is about to do the same.

BRADLEY
Where are we going?

PURCELL
I'll explain on the way.

Mother seems oddly distraught at her son's departure, considering he's supposedly just being sent on an errand. Just as Bradley is about to mount, she rushes forward and hugs him.

MOTHER
Wait! Good-bye, my boy.

BRADLEY
I'll be back soon, Mother. Won't
I?

MOTHER
Yes, of course.

Bradley mounts his horse.

PURCELL

Hee-yah!

He kicks his horse and they gallop off into the darkness.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

TITLE CARD: "England, 1773"

Grey light and a low-lying fog diminish the splendor of the magic hour. Purcell and Bradley's horses walk in single file along a dirt road that curves through farmland. Bradley kicks his horse gently and it trots up beside Purcell's.

BRADLEY

Where are we going?

PURCELL

I'll tell you later.

BRADLEY

What's the errand?

PURCELL

You'll learn as you need to know.

Purcell trots his horse ahead a few steps.

EXT. VILLAGE - OUTSIDE AN INN - EVENING

The two men dismount and tie up their horses.

PURCELL

Listen, boy: You're not to speak to anyone of your purpose, your employer, or anything else. You don't even *know* the Duke, do you follow me?

BRADLEY

Alright, alright, I don't know the Duke. Come on, I'm cold.

They go in.

INT. INN - CONTINUOUS

Purcell leads them to the desk, behind which a MAN sits.

PURCELL

Need a room for the night, please.

The man GRUNTS something, reaches for a key and tosses it to Purcell without looking up.

Purcell and Bradley head up the stairs.

BRADLEY

It's not like you to keep something from me, Purcell. What was that envelope my mother gave you?

PURCELL

You're not to know more than necessary. Enough questions, now.

They've arrived at the door to their room. Purcell unlocks the door and tosses his bag in.

PURCELL (CONT'D)

Let's get something to eat.

Bradley tosses his bag, Purcell closes the door, and they head back down the hall.

INT. INN - PUB - LATER

A somewhat raucous atmosphere prevails. Purcell is drinking heavily. A couple of YOUNG LASSES notice Bradley in the corner, dejectedly stirring a bowl with a spoon. He gets up and brings his stew upstairs.

INT. INN - ROOM - LATER

Bradley lies clothed on top of the covers. Purcell enters and drunkenly stumbles onto the bed beside him, passing out.

Bradley springs out of bed: he wasn't sleeping. He gingerly unbuttons Purcell's coat to find the pouch worn around his neck, and from it fishes out the envelope given to Purcell by his mother. He starts opening the envelope but the CRACKLING sound it makes is too loud. So he moves to the door...

INT. INN - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The light out here is better anyway.

Among other papers, there's a letter addressed to "Edward Hatter, Butler, Worthington Hall." He opens it: His mother's voice-over indicates it's written by her:

MOTHER (V.O.)

"My dearest brother..."

BRADLEY

Brother!?

MOTHER (V.O.)

"As you are no doubt startled by who stands before you, I'm sure you are anxious that I come directly to the point: The eventuality which we long feared has come to pass, and circumstances demand that I send to you my son, in accordance with our prior arrangement. The secret of Bradley's ancestry has been revealed to those who would do him harm. I am trusting you to keep safe the enclosed document..."

Bradley halts and finds in the envelope another piece of paper. He unfolds it and sees an official seal at the top. It's a family tree.

At the top is "JOHN PRESTWICH, FIRST DUKE OF KENT, 1389-1423." He scans down past various names and years of births and deaths, till he reaches, via a direct line of descendance, "ELIZABETH HOGARTH, 1738- ". And beneath that is "BRADLEY" himself.

The young man looks up, stunned. And then he faints.

END TEASER.

ACT ONE

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Bradley and Purcell ride along.

CREDITS over shots of them riding past typical scenes: a village; a SHEPHERD driving sheep through a fence gate; LABORERS harvesting wheat and loading it onto carts; a mill using ox-power to cut timber.

EXT. OUTSIDE A GATE HOUSE - DAY

They arrive at a two-storey, brick, inverted-U shaped construction with iron gates filling the gap. Purcell pulls a rope which rings a bell inside, and a MAN appears at a window.

GATEKEEPER

Who calls?

PURCELL

Jack Purcell, on a professional errand to see Mr. Hatter.

The gates swing open by means of some invisible machinery.

GATEKEEPER

You're to use the side entrance to the house.

PURCELL

This is where I stop, lad.

BRADLEY

What?

PURCELL

I'm not going in. You're on your own now. You've got the letter and the, ah, other thing.

Bradley looks up the long gravel driveway toward the house, then back, warily, at Purcell.

PURCELL (CONT'D)

You'll be alright. Go along, now.

BRADLEY

Give my love to my mother, then.

GATEKEEPER

Alright, now, haven't got all day.

BRADLEY
Bye, Mr. Purcell.

PURCELL
Good luck, boy.

Bradley's horse trots through the gates.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - SIDE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley ties up his horse at a post outside a door and knocks. It's answered by a YOUNG MAN (LEONARD).

BRADLEY
Here for Mr. Hatter. My name's
Bradley Hogarth.

LEONARD
Come in, then.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Leonard leads him through a small anteroom into a kitchen abuzz with activity.

LEONARD
Wait here.

Bradley sits at a large wooden table and Leonard disappears.

There's the COOK and TWO MAIDS working (one folds linens, the other puts away pots and things) and other MEN and WOMEN come and go busily.

BRADLEY
(to Cook)
What are you making? Smells
delicious.

COOK
Nothing you'll be eating, so smell
all you can.

BRADLEY
I might, actually-- I'm to be
employed here.

MAID #1 (HELEN)
(dismissively)
Not till Mr. Hatter sees you,
you're not.

BRADLEY

Well, I would expect so, yes.

MAID #2 (BETSY)

Expect to work your fingers to the bone if you are; we've got two arrivals, today and tomorrow.

BRADLEY

Who is it? Where from?

HELEN

Hatter will tell you, if it suits him.

Leonard reappears.

LEONARD

Miss Worthington's just arrived!

Helen and Betsy stop what they're doing, rushing out.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Come along, we'll meet Hatter in front.

Bradley gets up and follows him out.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

A shiny black carriage is parked in a courtyard. The entrance to Worthington Hall features pruned hedges, statues of lions and a stone fountain at the center of the courtyard.

Leonard and Bradley appear from around a corner, slow their gait to a walk, and approach. They see a beautiful young blonde WOMAN (EMILY), 23, going in. Bradley is smitten.

LEONARD

You'll need to put a more bland face on, next time you see her.

Bradley emerges from his spell.

BRADLEY

What? No, I was...

LEONARD

("Yeah, sure")
Right. Come on, then.

Emily is greeted at the door by an older man dressed in black and white-- HATTER, the head butler. Emily goes inside and Hatter steps out, signaling to Leonard and Bradley.

HATTER
Let's get this carriage unloaded,
now, boys.

They start doing as instructed. A DRIVER assists.

HATTER (CONT'D)
(to Bradley)
Have you the letter of referral
from Mr. Bright's estate?

BRADLEY
I do, sir.

HATTER
Send him to my office when you're
through here, Leonard.

LEONARD
Yes, Mr. Hatter.

HATTER
(to driver)
And bring the lad's horse around to
the stables, Mr. Maddocks.

MADDOCKS
Yes, Mr. Hatter.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the goings-on of a town: people hawking goods, children playing, chickens clucking. A mixture of thatch and brick buildings-- we are on the cusp of the Industrial Revolution and the town reflects that ambiguity.

Settle on a large, red-brick factory building.

INT. FACTORY - OFFICE - DAY

Two MEN, one older and superior (HELMS, seated behind a desk), one younger and inferior, (JOSS, standing before him), are in an office.

JOSS

The Manchester coal shipment has been delayed, but that shouldn't impede our ability to fulfill the order.

HELMS

We're still ahead of schedule then?

JOSS

We are. I am concerned, though, that MacFarlane and Smith are manufacturing rifled bores. I hear they're very accurate.

HELMS

They're not practical for military use-- too slow to load. And no one has come up with a way of making them inexpensively, at least not inexpensively enough for the Crown. In fact, it's possible the Army will need more of our product, should the American colonists keep acting up, in which case the Army won't be able to afford a more costly musket.

JOSS

Do you think there will be trouble in America?

HELMS

I'm not sure whom to disdain more, the ungrateful colonists who wish not to pay their taxes, or the landed gentry who support the Crown they don't wish to pay to.

JOSS

I agree, sir. But any such conflict could only help the merchant class.

HELMS

In that, Mr. Joss, you are surely correct.

JOSS

Thank you, sir.

HELMS

That will do, now. Keep me abreast
of any developments.

JOSS

Indeed, sir. Good morning.

He exits.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - OUTSIDE HATTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bradley stands outside a door and knocks on it tentatively.
From the other side, a voice:

HATTER (O.S.)

You may enter.

Bradley does.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - HATTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He comes in and finds Hatter sitting behind a modest desk
writing on some paper with a quill.

HATTER

Be seated.

BRADLEY

(sitting)

Thank you.

A moment.

Hatter puts down the pen and lifts a sheet of paper.

HATTER

(looking down at it)

Your letter of referral from the
head of house at

(conspiratorial glance up)

Mr. Bright's country residence,
Blankenship, doesn't say whether
you can read. But I assume my
sister taught you?

BRADLEY

She did, sir.

HATTER

Good. But we'll keep that a
secret, shall we?

HATTER (CONT'D)

It would put you in rather high relief against the rest of the staff, were that to become known.

BRADLEY

Yes, sir.

HATTER

I must say I'm not very pleased with this arrangement my sister describes. I am supposed to...

BRADLEY

I know, sir. I've read it.

HATTER

Don't interrupt. This is putting me to quite a bit of trouble.

BRADLEY

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

HATTER

But one must do anything one can for family... Although that probably doesn't occur to you as always being the case, given your predicament.

Bradley ponders that one.

HATTER (CONT'D)

Your former employer was reputed to be increasingly impossible as he approached death's door, and not kind to his employees. Did you find that to be the case?

BRADLEY

Uh, yes, sir.

HATTER

No, you didn't. One does not speak ill of one's employer. If Lady Worthington asks, which she will, tell her he was fair-minded and kind.

BRADLEY

I understand.

HATTER

You were a footman for the Duke of Kent, so you are familiar with your duties: Waiting on table; chopping firewood and maintaining heat; assisting stablemen, drivers, and games-keepers as necessary. Chiefly, your station here will be to see to the needs of the guests, especially overnight guests. Mr. Stanton, of Buckingham Palace, will be arriving tomorrow, and, under Leonard's supervision, you shall be taking care of him and his valet. Clear?

BRADLEY

Yes, I understand.

HATTER

Very well then. You are dismissed.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - GUEST SUITE - DAY

Leonard and Bradley are preparing the suite of guest rooms for the visitors: making beds, sweeping, wiping windows, etc. Leonard is talking and gesticulating; Bradley, by contrast, is working and not really listening.

LEONARD

The Lord, see, is in with the King. It was his great-grandfather who ushered the King's great-grandfather over from Hanover, after the Stuarts were restored.

BRADLEY

I see.

LEONARD

Personally, I think the Commonwealth was the better form of government, but don't repeat that.

BRADLEY

I wouldn't.

LEONARD

Stanton, you see, the man coming tomorrow from Buckingham Palace, he's sympathetic to the independence movement in America.

BRADLEY

Mm-hmm.

LEONARD

Which is also how I feel. My cousins are in Philadelphia, they're working in the movement, see.

Nothing this time from Bradley.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Stanton is coming to talk to Lord Worthington about something; it can't just be a social call. And he must want something from him, else he'd have the Lord come see him in London.

BRADLEY

Makes sense, I suppose.

LEONARD

What's your feeling about independence?

BRADLEY

If there's anything I learned at my old job, Leonard, it's to stay out of politics.

LEONARD

(pause)

Probably smart, that... Not much fun, though!

They share a smile at that.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LADY W'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

LADY WORTHINGTON, a beautiful, voluptuous woman in her 40's, is being dressed by her personal maid, SARAH, 50's, plain.

LADY WORTHINGTON

I know you approve not of my dalliance, Sarah, but you are nonetheless expected to do your best to make me look beautiful when I am to make a call.

SARAH

Not that I don't approve, madam. A respected merchant of the town, such as he, is not judged by a maid such as I.

LADY WORTHINGTON

You know what I mean. You don't approve of my relations with him.

Sarah won't contradict her there.

LADY WORTHINGTON (CONT'D)

I'm not old yet and as you must know, a woman has needs. With Lord Worthington in London all the time, what am I supposed to do?

SARAH

I've been a spinster all my life, madam, so I wouldn't know whereof you speak.

LADY WORTHINGTON

You know exactly "whereof I speak," Sarah. You only call me "madam" when you're being condescending.

SARAH

Beg your pardon, madam?

LADY WORTHINGTON

It's the truth.

SARAH

With Lord Worthington returning tomorrow, madam, what needs, exactly, does your dalliance fulfill?

LADY WORTHINGTON

It makes me feel appreciated, Sarah, something Lord Worthington hasn't done since Emily was born. We only have one child, or hadn't you noticed?

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - GROUNDS - DAY

Bradley approaches a stone, two-storey outbuilding. He goes in.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carriages of various sizes and degrees of luxuriousness are parked within.

BRADLEY

Hello?

VOICE (CECIL)

That must be Bradley.

BRADLEY

It is.

Appearing on a stairway that leads to a door above him is a MAN, 30-ish. This is CECIL, the steward of the property. He comes down and shakes Bradley's hand.

CECIL

Pleasure. No trouble finding the carriage house, I trust?

BRADLEY

Leonard pointed me in the right direction.

CECIL

Good. He probably also explained that the job of the footman is to be able to do the job of everyone else on the estate.

BRADLEY

I learned that at Blankenship, sir, but yes, Leonard told me as well.

CECIL

Of course. Let me introduce you around, then. Do you know how to drive a carriage?

BRADLEY

No, sir. They said I was too young.

CECIL

Is that right? Well, unfortunately our chief driver is out at the moment, so let's move on to the carpenter's, shall we?

They head outside.

MONTAGE:
MUSIC UP.

EXT. SHACK - LATER

Cecil introduces Bradley to a MAN outside a wooden shack. There are saws and pieces of wood around. This is the carpentry of the estate.

INT. MASONRY - LATER

Cecil introduces Bradley to another MAN amid stones and bricks in various states of construction, a kiln, vats of mortar, etc. This is the MASON.

INT. DAIRY - LATER

A long, narrow, single storey building with tiles on the walls and floors houses a bunch of cows and several YOUNG WOMEN tending them, milking them, and mopping the floors. A few take note of the handsome young Bradley.

TESS, the top banana in here, is older and looks askance at him upon introduction.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - GARDENS - EVENING

MERRILL, the head gardener, stands outside in the gardens with Bradley, between a flower-bed and a pile of manure. Merrill scoops from the pile with a shovel, pours it at the base of a rosebush not in bloom, and tamps it down gently. Then he hands the shovel to Bradley, who does the same.
MUSIC DOWN.

MERRILL

Good. Like that. Now, do as many of these rose-bushes as you can before nightfall.

BRADLEY

Yes, sir, Mr. Merrill.

MERRILL

I'll come back in the morning, see how you've done.

BRADLEY

Very well, sir.

Merrill leaves. Bradley looks around: the magnificent house in the distance, Merrill walking away from him along a row of trimmed hedges, birds in the trees CHIRPING, the sun setting: it is a beautiful scene surrounding him.

Then he looks down at the pile of manure. Bradley pulls a handkerchief up over his nose and starts shovelling: scoop, pour, tamp, scoop, pour, tamp.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Bradley Hogarth Prestwich...

Scoop, pour, tamp...

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Twelfth Duke of Kent...

Scoop, pour, tamp...

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Shoveler of sh--

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - EVENING

ESTABLISH a large Georgian house in the town. A carriage-- not as grand as one seen in the carriage house earlier-- comes to a halt down the street. A FIGURE with a shawl, in dark clothes, emerges, steps down, and scurries around to the side of the house.

It's Lady Worthington, illuminated by lantern light coming through a window beside the door, before which she stands. She knocks on the door and is admitted.

INT. TOWN HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She removes her shawl and scarf while Helms waits comfortably on the bed.

HELMS

I was worried with the cloud cover,
there'd be not enough moonlight for
you to visit.

LADY WORTHINGTON

I was worried there'd be too much.

He stands and walks over toward her; she sees him in the mirror.

HELMS

Something the matter?

LADY WORTHINGTON

(sigh)

No.

Her face drops when he turns from approaching her, and moves to a side table, pouring himself some whiskey from a carafe.

HELMS

So when does the noble Mr. Stanton
arrive?

LADY WORTHINGTON

I don't know. Tomorrow sometime.

HELMS

Everyone knows he's plotting
against the Duke of Kent; I surmise
he will wish to learn where Lord
Worthington stands, since he split
with the Whigs.

She turns to him. He's now seated on the bed, removing his boots.

HELMS (CONT'D)

Where does he stand?

LADY WORTHINGTON

I stay out of politics, you know that.

HELMS

Although, why anyone cares what that relic, your husband, thinks is beyond me; if he were any older he would be presumed to be senile. And his class is on the way out in this country: the power in the next generation will lie with the merchants and manufacturers.

She is so not listening to this.

HELMS (CONT'D)

(undressing)

Stanton should be approaching me-- though he'd find no friend. I like the Duke.

LADY WORTHINGTON

It's not enough to share a bed with me-- you have to disrespect my husband to me, too? Well, I shan't stand for it.

She grabs her scarf and shawl and storms out of the room.

HELMS

Uh-- but--

He starts to follow her, but he's not wearing any pants. He struggles to put them back on, but by the time he does he hears a door SLAM. He goes to the window and looks down:

She runs down the street toward the waiting carriage, and climbs in.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Bright morning sunshine. A carriage parks before the entrance, the driver comes around and opens the door, and a MAN gets out. He is greeted by Hatter and Cecil.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - GUEST SUITE - LATER

Leonard and Bradley unpack the visitor's things, and those of his VALET, who is present. Leonard takes a pair of riding boots from a bag and places them by the door.

VALET

What are you doing with those?

LEONARD

Boots are kept at the stable, so we can keep them polished before and after a ride.

VALET

(snootily)

We'll keep them here, thank you. Place them in the closet with the rest of Mr. Stanton's things.

LEONARD

As you wish.

VALET

I hope you have room for our carriage in your carriage-house.

LEONARD

I believe so.

VALET

I'm going to see to that now. I'll be back shortly.

He exits.

LEONARD

"Our" carriage? Always the valets think they're better than the rest of the servants.

BRADLEY

I think we're done here. Should we see about some lunch?

LEONARD

Yes, let's.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coming out of the visitor's suite, they run into Emily. They stop and move to the side of the hall to let her pass.

EMILY
Good day, Leonard.

LEONARD
Good day, Miss Worthington.

EMILY
Who's your friend?

LEONARD
This is Bradley. He's new.

EMILY
Hello, Bradley.

She extends her hand. He's surprised by the gesture, pauses, and then extends his.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Welcome to Worthington Hall.

BRADLEY
Thank you, Miss Worthington. It will be a pleasure serving you.

EMILY
I doubt that, but I appreciate your saying so.

She's kind of checking him out, eyeing him up and down.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be seeing you.

LEONARD
Yes, miss. Good day.

She walks off. Bradley is clearly taken aback. Leonard rolls his eyes slightly, and the two walk off in the opposite direction.

When Bradley turns his head to catch another look at Emily, Leonard physically turns his head to face front. Then he punches Bradley's arm.

When Leonard turns back to see if Emily saw, he sees her looking at them. He quickly faces forward again, and she smiles lightly at them.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LADY W'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah, the maid, is alone in the room seen earlier. She's straightening up, and as she lifts a handbag (a small bag made of fabric and embroidered, with silk corded drawstrings) from the bed, an envelope falls out of it.

Picking it up off the floor, she sees

INSERT: that it's addressed to Lady Worthington, from Helms.

Sarah frowns disapprovingly at the envelope.

She takes a key hidden beneath the mattress, and uses it to open the top drawer of a vanity.

Wrapped in ribbon there are a stack of letters. Sara unties the ribbon, and is about to add the last letter to the pile, but stops. She re-ties the stack with the ribbon, puts it back in the drawer, puts the key back under the mattress, and puts the new letter back in the handbag.

She moves to a door...

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LORD WORTHINGTON'S BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS

...leading to another room decorated in a more masculine style. She leaves the handbag on the bed. She looks at it again, reconsiders, and puts the letter on the floor with the handbag open on the bed above it so it looks like the letter fell out. She goes back through the door through which she entered.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

A stately-looking FELLOW (60s) sits in a large, high-ceilinged room with tall windows with expensive-looking drapes, and lots of chandeliers. This is LORD WORTHINGTON.

Hatter appears, throwing open some double doors.

HATTER

May I present Mr. Stanton, of
Buckingham Palace, sir?

He retreats a moment and stands by the doors. Through it enters MR. STANTON, a tall, broad-shouldered, confident looking man, graying at the temples (40s). Lord Worthington stands.

LORD WORTHINGTON
Welcome to Worthington Hall.

STANTON
Its reputation matches its stately
beauty, my lord, and the warmth of
my reception is most appreciated.

LORD WORTHINGTON
I'm pleased to hear it, Mr.
Stanton. Please, sit. Would you
like some tea?

They are seated.

STANTON
Thank you.

LORD WORTHINGTON
Hatter?

Hatter pours tea from some fine china. PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LADY W'S SALON - DAY

...and another pair of hands pouring another pot of tea, this
one for Lady Worthington and Emily.

LADY WORTHINGTON
How was your journey, my dear?

EMILY
Fine, Mother, thank you.

LADY WORTHINGTON
The condition of the roads?

EMILY
Fine, Mother.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Tell me about London. Did you meet
Mr. Winston while you were there?

EMILY
I did.

LADY WORTHINGTON
And?

EMILY
He's nice enough, I suppose.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Nice enough for what?

EMILY
For what you intend, certainly.
But I was introduced to a gentleman
I was quite fond of, a Mr. Harold
Mulhern.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Mulhern?

EMILY
You'd be rather fond of him,
Mother: He's charming, and worldly,
and handsome...

LADY WORTHINGTON
But his family is not nearly as
noble as that of Mr. Winston.

EMILY
I wouldn't be marrying his family,
would I? And nobility is not
something you take to bed with you.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Emily!

EMILY
Well, mother...Mulhern is a man of
the future, Winston a man of the
past. Anyway, this discussion is
irrelevant because I don't wish to
be married; I plan to pursue my
profession.

Lady Worthington raises her eyebrows in shock.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY
RESUME SCENE.

STANTON
I've been reviewing with the King
the status of the colonies,
particularly the American colony.
I've been advising him to begin a
process of letting them go.

LORD WORTHINGTON
Letting them go? How do you mean?

STANTON

Granting them independence.
Nationhood, on their own, beginning
with America.

LORD WORTHINGTON

This is a radical proposition
indeed, Mr. Stanton.

STANTON

The pamphleteers over there are
saying some astonishing things,
drawing on philosophies of Locke
and others, some Frenchmen, and I
fear that once these notions--
chiefly among them the idea that a
geographic region must be permitted
to govern its own affairs-- are
out, there's simply no stopping
them.

LORD WORTHINGTON

Surely that's not the sum of your
argument? I can't imagine a man
such as the King would be persuaded
by arguments of philosophy.

STANTON

You know him well, my lord. The
argument I've made to him is
economic in nature: It'll be
cheaper to let them go, in the long
run, than to fight to keep them.
Indeed, eventually it will be
profitable to have them as trading
partners, rather than enemies.

LORD WORTHINGTON

That may well be. But there aren't
many in government who take the
long view.

STANTON

No, there aren't. Indeed, chief
among the voices who have the
King's ear, and argue the opposite
point, is the Duke of Kent. He
doesn't believe there's any viable
form of government proposed by the
American independence movement.

STANTON (CONT'D)

If the young nation collapses, there shall be no trade with it, he says, and France would likely take it over. He argues that as it stands now, we reap all the benefits of the considerable natural resources of not only the American continent, but also India and others.

LORD WORTHINGTON

Indeed.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LADY W'S SALON - DAY

LADY WORTHINGTON

Profession? You can't be serious.

EMILY

I'm quite serious, mother. I intend to read the law at Oxford, and to become a barrister.

LADY WORTHINGTON

There are no female barristers.

EMILY

Not yet.

LADY WORTHINGTON

They wouldn't even admit you.

EMILY

I've already found a supervisor.

LADY WORTHINGTON

Don't be ridiculous.

EMILY

I'm not.

LADY WORTHINGTON

You'll embarrass this family.

EMILY

I'll make it proud.

LADY WORTHINGTON

I'll not have you throw your life away on some quixotic effort.

EMILY

I'm not throwing it away.

LADY WORTHINGTON

You're already 23--waste much more time on this and you'll be practically unmarriageable. No man would ever marry a barrister.

EMILY

So you admit it's possible that I can become one?

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LORD WORTHINGTON

Mr. Stanton, what do you expect from me with regard to this matter? I'm sure you're aware that I am no friend of the Duke, but you must also be aware of the foolishness of making political calculations based on personal animus.

STANTON

I seek only your counsel, and I hope to learn your opinion, because as a member of the House of Lords, the King will weigh your opinion equally with that of the Duke. Whereas I, being from the merchant class-- he thinks I instinctually advocate for that which is new, and am equally opposed to everything old.

LORD WORTHINGTON

That can't be true-- you're fond of me, aren't you?

They share a chuckle at this.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LADY W'S SALON - DAY

LADY WORTHINGTON

Your friends in London, I'm sure, are impressed with your rhetorical flourishes, but I am not. As your mother, I forbid you to pursue this preposterous fantasy, and to wed, like a respectable girl of your class.

Emily fumes.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

LORD WORTHINGTON

I believe I understand you, Mr. Stanton, but I think it's far from certain that the plan you envision regarding the colonies is a sound one. To the contrary, it's quite radical. What's more, the Duke is powerful and influential, and to move against him without certitude of success would be rather flighty. I'm sure you are not so bold as to request my support at this early juncture, so let's leave it at that, shall we?

STANTON

I well understand your position, my lord, and I thank you for your audience.

LORD WORTHINGTON

Not at all. You may trust that our conversation shall remain in our confidence. I hope you will stay with us a few days, and we may speak further?

STANTON

Of course, my lord.

LORD WORTHINGTON

Now, let's speak of simpler matters: the reception upcoming which I have planned in your honor.

STANTON

My lord, I'm sure you needn't have gone to the trouble.

LORD WORTHINGTON

It's no trouble, and it will be my pleasure to introduce you to the locals. Country folk, quite unimpressive by your standards, but you'll forgive my taking advantage of the opportunity to parade before them an official of Buckingham Palace!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

An attractive young woman, ANNIE, 20's, is in bed, apparently nude beneath the covers. In the foreground is a man pulling on his pants.

ANNIE

I didn't mean to get pregnant.

(pause)

I'm already four months along and I still have my figure. I'll still be able to perform my duties, and I've found a boy in town who shall say it's his.

Reveal the man she's talking to is Helms, buttoning his shirt.

HELMS

I've said for some time you could stand to add some meat on your bones. I don't doubt your ability to perform the duties of a *maid*-- it's your other obligation to me which is of concern. You shall continue to serve me in this manner as long as I wish it, and resume after the child is born. I don't need to repeat my displeasure at your delay in informing me of your condition. Had you done so earlier, as I'm sure you suspect, I'd have insisted you do something about it while there was still time. You're fortunate I'm as generous a man as I am; one less so would care not for your health and arrange for termination. I'll see you tomorrow.

He leaves. After a moment, she lifts a porcelain figurine from the bedside table and throws it at the door, shattering it. She stuffs her head into the pillow, crying.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - STANTON'S SUITE - DAY

Stanton is looking out the window when there's a knock at the door.

STANTON

Come in.

The door opens: It's Bradley.

BRADLEY

This letter came for you, Mr. Stanton.

STANTON

Thank you.

He approaches and reaches for it. Bradley hands it to him, then stands at attention as Stanton opens and reads it.

STANTON (CONT'D)

I'll need some writing implements, please.

BRADLEY

Shall I fetch your valet to take dictation, sir?

STANTON

Thank you, but this matter is rather too delicate.

Bradley goes to a desk and takes from the drawers paper, a quill, an inkwell, and a blotter. He arranges them on the desk.

BRADLEY

Will that be all?

STANTON

Thank you, Bradley, yes.

Bradley exits. Stanton seats himself at the desk and begins writing.

STANTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dear Chancellor: I am in receipt of your letter of Tuesday. I have introduced the issue at hand to Lord Worthington. At this point it is difficult for me to assess on which side he will situate himself. Should he join us, we shall have little difficulty in convincing the King. If he remains neutral, we must continue as we have been. I am not prepared at this point to speculate as to our options should he join the Duke.

More aptly stated, I wish not to consider such an occurrence so contrary to our designs. Lord Worthington, on his own, lacks sufficient power in London to defeat us. But if the Duke gains allies other than Lord Worthington, which you suggest in your letter may already be transpiring, I fear we may be forced to resort to extra-legal means by which to remove him as an obstacle. I thank you, Chancellor, for advising me of recent developments, and you may be certain I shall do the same with respect to you. I remain, as ever, your faithful servant, et cetera et cetera, John Birley Stanton.

He takes a deep breath, lets it out, folds the letter, and places it in the pocket of his jacket.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - GARDENS - DAY

Lady Worthington, Sarah and Merrill the gardener are assessing the grounds as they walk. Lady Worthington points to various flora as she gives instructions pertaining to them.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Peonies over there with the
hydrangeas, I think, Merrill. Trim
the bougainvillea.

MERRILL
Yes, madam.

LADY WORTHINGTON
The eugenia needs to be cut back by
fall so the berries don't make a
mess on the path. Last year they
were trod through the house all
autumn, remember Sarah?

SARAH
It was a frightful mess, Lady
Worthington.

MERRILL
Sorry, madam.

LADY WORTHINGTON
It wasn't your fault. But let's
take care of it for this year,
shall we?

MERRILL
Yes, madam.

LADY WORTHINGTON
That will be all.

MERRILL
Thank you, madam.

He departs. Sarah and Lady Worthington continue strolling.

LADY WORTHINGTON
You know whose hydrangeas I envy,
Sarah?

SARAH
Why, no, Lady Worthington, whose?

LADY WORTHINGTON
Mr. Helms has the most delightful
purple ones on his belvedere; their
blossoms are as big as your head.

SARAH
That would be the belvedere outside
his bedroom, madam?

LADY WORTHINGTON
Oh, stop it, Sarah. You needn't
disapprove any longer because I've
decided to end the affair.

Sarah looks worried, thinking about the letter.

LADY WORTHINGTON (CONT'D)
I thought you'd be glad?

SARAH
I just... Suddenly I find myself
thinking of Mr. Helms, and how sad
he must be to lose you.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Oh, Sarah, you are too kind.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The streets of the city are noisy and dirty, a flurry of activity, with horse-and-buggies, men on horseback, a large public carriage drawn by a team of horses, and pedestrians on the cobblestones.

Settle on a small, shiny black carriage making its way amid the throng.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

A pair of attractive YOUNG MEN, late 20's, well-dressed and dressed-up, occupy the passenger compartment of the coach. They look out the windows and occasionally glance at one another and smile lightly.

EXT. LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The carriage turns a corner onto a narrow, dark side street, and comes to a halt. The door opens and the men exit.

They look up and down the street: no one else is around.

So they knock on a door, one that has a little door at eye level, with bars on the opening, for viewing visitors. It opens.

A MAN is there.

MAN #1 (INSIDE)
"Is man a social animal?"

MAN #2 (OUTSIDE)
"Man was formed for society."

The little door closes, and the big one opens. The two men walk through it...

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...and find themselves in a long, narrow corridor.

MAN #1
Second door on the left.

They follow his instructions and go through the door, and down some stairs. As they do, sounds of TALKING and LAUGHTER get louder.

INT. BUILDING - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the stairs is another door, which they open, to find themselves in a large, well-lit and well-decorated cellar full of 40 or 50 people socializing and drinking. A string quartet plays in one corner.

As our friends walk through the crowd, we come to notice that they are all men. One of them approaches the duo.

MAN #3
Hallo, William!

MAN #2
Phillip, how are you do?

MAN #3
Fine, thank you! Who's your friend?

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sarah is walking past Lord Worthington's chambers. She stops and looks around. Seeing no one, she opens the door, seeing the letter on bed. She gives a look showing internal debate. She looks down the hall again.

The room is near a stairway landing so she leans over the railing to see if anyone's down there: the coast is clear. She's about to go into the room when a door down the hall CREAKS open and SLAMS, startling her. She looks in that direction:

It's Lord Worthington. He's coming toward her. She shows some distress and departs. He goes into his room.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LORD W'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

Lord Worthington comes inside to find the letter on the bed and the purse on the floor. He picks up the purse and sits on the bed. He looks at the envelope addressed to Lady Worthington. Yawns.

There's a knock at the door:

LORD WORTHINGTON

Come in.

It's his VALET, ETHAN.

ETHAN

Shall I fetch you a cup of tea, sir?

LORD WORTHINGTON

No, thank you, Ethan. I'm quite exhausted and I think I'll go straight to bed.

ETHAN

Very well, sir. Let me get you your nightshirt, then.

He goes into an anteroom and we follow him.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LORD W'S CHAMBERS - ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

He collects the nightshirt from a drawer.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LORD W'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

When he comes back, Lord Worthington is passed out on the bed in his clothes, the letter beside him. Ethan places it with the folded nightshirt beside the old man, and exits.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Leonard is in a dank, torch-lit cellar with a group of three other MEN (20s-40s), all, as revealed by their dress, of his class.

LEONARD

Our contacts in Philadelphia believe that war over the status of the American Colony is inevitable. Alright, Helms makes guns for the Army. Sabotaging his factory will make things very inconvenient and very expensive for the King, and the more so, the greater the chance for success of the independence movement. So here's the plan: Edmund, here, has told us where the furnace is, without which Helms can't forge steel. Henry has secured gunpowder from his employer. Once we've assembled, I'll drive the horses to the factory gate. Will, you take it from there.

WILL

We drive up with the supplies in the cart with us. I jump off with the pliers and torch, and run to the gate to cut open the lock, then around the corner to the lookout station.

LEONARD

Good. Edmund?

EDMUND

Henry and I jump off with the gunpowder sack and the wheelbarrow and start wheeling it to the door. Once inside, I prepares the fuse while Henry prepares the powder.

HENRY

I'm to keep an eye on the window we've designated where Will lights the torch if there's trouble.

WILL

You must be quick; I can't stay there all night or I'll be seen.

HENRY
We'll be quick.

EDMUND
Once the fuse is rolled out, we place it in the gunpowder sack beside the furnace. We light the fuse on the way out.

LEONARD
When you come out, I'll be gone, but one of the horses will be tied up in the alley just to the west-- that's a left turn out the door.

WILL
How will I know when I can leave?

EDMUND
When you hear the gate close.

WILL
Right.

LEONARD
Everything clear?

No further questions.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Right. Then see you tomorrow at midnight.

HENRY
Midnight it is.

The group stands and goes up the stairs, and out a door.

EXT. TOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's quiet and dark.

They button their coats, and Henry and Leonard walk off in one direction.

WILL
Going home, Edmund?

EDMUND
No, to my brother's, in the east end. He's borrowed a coat and I need it back.

WILL
Right. Well, then, see you
tomorrow.

EDMUND
See you tomorrow.

We follow Will walking in the opposite direction from Edmund.
He comes to a thatch hut nearby and goes in.

INT. THATCH HUT - CONTINUOUS

His WIFE, 20s, is trying to calm a crying BABY. By the
furnishings and their muslin clothes we can tell they're
poor.

WIFE
Where've you been?

WILL
Nowhere.

WIFE
At the pub?

WILL
The pub has been closed for hours--
smell my breath if you like.

WIFE
Then why won't you tell me?

WILL
Never mind, will you? How's
Frederick?

WIFE
He's still sick. We need that
medicine.

WILL
We haven't got any money, I told
you.

WIFE
I know what you told me, but he
needs something.

WILL
What about your mother's remedy?

WIFE

It's not working. Can't you ask Helms for an advance, or loan?

The baby CRIES loudly.

WILL

He doesn't do that; you've obviously never met the man.

WIFE

Can't you ask him for some extra work or something? Isn't there anything you can do to get some money?

We see him ruminating on this as he looks at his crying baby.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL ESTATE - STABLE - DAY

Establish the stables.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL ESTATE - STABLE - DAY

Bradley is getting instruction from the head groom, MR. PHIPPS (40's).

PHIPPS

You know how to groom and shoe a horse?

BRADLEY

I do.

PHIPPS

Good. If there's a riding party going out, or a carriage is needed, sometimes we'll need extra help from the footmen. Now this is where we keep the saddles;

(opens doors)

Residents' saddles are on the left-- note the monograms. Servants can use any one on the right. They're all oiled monthly, on rotation, so they can dry. Tackle is kept over here...

As they turn, there's a silhouette backlighting at the stable doors.

EMILY

Good day, Mr. Phipps.

PHIPPS

Why Miss Worthington, what a pleasant surprise.

EMILY

Might I go for a ride?

PHIPPS

Of course, except there's no one to accompany you.

EMILY

Mr. Phipps, I'm as fine a rider as anyone in the county, and I needn't be escorted like a child.

PHIPPS

Certainly not, Miss, but if Lord Worthington or Mr. Hatter learnt I ever let a woman ride the estate on her own, they'd have my head.

EMILY

What about young Bradley here?

PHIPPS

Uh, well...

BRADLEY

I rode here from Surrey, I think I can handle myself.

EMILY

Might as well learn the run of the place, don't you think, Mr. Phipps?

PHIPPS

Alright, then, give me a moment to saddle up Shanty, and Bradley's horse.

EMILY

He must still be tired from the journey; why don't you give Bradley Swimmer?

PHIPPS

Swimmer it is, Miss.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL ESTATE - DAY

The two of them riding at a walk together, she side-saddle.

EMILY
How do you like being a footman?

BRADLEY
It's alright I guess.

EMILY
Any ambition to do anything else
with your life?

BRADLEY
I haven't much choice in the
matter.

They come to a wood. Once shrouded by the trees, she
dismounts.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

EMILY
Hold my reins a moment.

She hands them to him and the horse starts eating grass.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Don't let him eat! I'm going to
run him.

BRADLEY
On that saddle?

EMILY
On no saddle.

As advertised, she's unstrapping the saddle from the horse.
Bradley can't believe his eyes. She starts carrying it
toward a fallen tree. He dismounts and catches up to her.

BRADLEY
Here, let me help you.

EMILY
I can manage, thank you.

She stashes the saddle in a hollowed out section of the tree.
Bradley sees her horse is eating and runs to pull his head
up.

As Emily walks back, she tears off the coats and corset of her bottle-green riding habit (an outfit worn by women for riding which consists of a coat, skirt, white linen shirt, short corset, and waistcoat)-- down to her skirt, shirt and waistcoat. Now Bradley really can't believe his eyes.

She hangs most of the clothes in a tree, putting the waistcoat back on for warmth, and mounts bareback, kicking her horse to a trot.

BRADLEY
(mounting his horse)
Wait-- I can't go back without you!

EMILY
Enjoy your afternoon, then; explore
a little.

He kicks his horse to catch up with her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(going faster)
You're very kind, but I'd rather
ride alone.

BRADLEY
(following)
I know the rules, I won't let you
off by yourself.

EMILY
Your concern is charming, but I can
manage.

She goes into a gallop. He chases her. She's ahead. He keeps chasing her, around trees, jumping over logs. She's having fun; he would be but he's too nervous.

She comes to a river. Her horse wades in and starts to swim across. Bradley appears a few seconds later, but his horse stops abruptly at the edge, sending him over the horse's head and into the water. She LAUGHS wildly at this.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Bradley, I should
have told you: Swimmer doesn't
swim!

Shanty reaches the other side and Emily rides off laughing.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. HELMS FACTORY - DAY

A carriage drives through the gates and Lady Worthington gets out and walks up to the door.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

She enters upon a loud, large warehouse setting and looks around. Stairs on one side lead to a door and a lofted area behind frosted glass. She marches right up the stairs and through the door.

INT. FACTORY - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Joss is there, writing at a desk. Behind him is another door.

JOSS
(taken aback)
Good morning, madam. May I be of assistance?

LADY WORTHINGTON
I'm here to see Mr. Helms.

JOSS
Very well. Are you anticipated?

LADY WORTHINGTON
I am not.
(indicating door)
Is he through there?

Not waiting for a response, she strides in.

INT. FACTORY - HELMS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He's leaning back in his chair, looking at the ceiling. The noise from the factory in here is such that he wouldn't have heard the preceding exchange of words.

HELMS
(standing)
What are you doing here?

Joss appears behind her at the door.

HELMS (CONT'D)
Uh, why, Lady Worthington, what a surprise. Welcome.

Joss retreats.

HELMS (CONT'D)

Why don't you close the door?

She does.

LADY WORTHINGTON

I came to tell you something.

HELMS

Why are you doing this? You'll raise suspicions.

LADY WORTHINGTON

There is no longer anything to be suspicious of, Mr. Helms, because I am ending our affair.

HELMS

What? Why?

LADY WORTHINGTON

Why is of no importance. I no longer wish to continue our relationship as it currently exists. I appreciate your respecting my decision, and I hope that in the future, should our paths cross, we may treat one another with courtesy. Please excuse my interruption. Good day.

She strides out as confidently as she came in, leaving him dumbfounded.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - COURTYARD - EVENING

The entrance to the house is bedecked with flowers and torches.

Carriages line up in the driveway and MEN and WOMEN (30s-70s), dressed in their finest (which isn't as fine as if they were from London, but still), step out and walk up the steps to the door, to be greeted by Hatter and Cecil.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - BALLROOM - EVENING

A couple dozen GUESTS have already arrived, and are seated on benches along the windows and overstuffed couches, or standing and being served drinks by Leonard and Bradley and one or two other FOOTMEN. CHITCHAT is heard.

Stanton is here, being fawned over by a few GENTLEMEN encircling him.

Lord & Lady Worthington are making the rounds, greeting guests as they enter.

Emily makes an entrance in a magnificent gown that is a shade too risqué for the period. She draws lustful but politely-brief looks from the men, while some of the other women turn up their noses and look away, snootily.

Bradley looks at her a moment too long, which is noticed.

Helms and Joss are in a corner talking quietly to each other.

JOSS

Which way do you think the Lord will go?

HELMS

I could make the case in either direction, but I'm not ready to risk a guess.

JOSS

Perhaps there is a way of diminishing his standing, other than committing to an alliance at this point?

HELMS

Perhaps. But the correct choice would have the simultaneous benefit of elevating my own standing.

JOSS

Are you certain the Lady cares about matters such as these? Regardless of how he is favored in London, he'll still have his title and his estate.

HELMS

She has said she cares not about politics. But separate from my personal relations with the Lady, the situation with the Duke and Stanton represents an opportunity.

JOSS

Yet to choose wrongly would be a hazard.

HELMS

I didn't get where I am today by following the cautious tack which you so frequently recommend, Mr. Joss. Nor by often choosing wrongly.

JOSS

I doubt that not, sir.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - DINING ROOM - LATER

Everyone is seated at a long table with tall candelabra.

Emily stands and clinks her glass to get everyone's attention; the guests gradually quiet and look at her, at the center of one side of the table.

Lord and Lady Worthington glance at one another, not expecting this.

EMILY

Esteemed guests: It is with great pleasure that I, on behalf of my mother and father, welcome you all to Worthington Hall. We are tremendously honored tonight by the presence of Mr. Stanton of London, one of the most important personages at Buckingham Palace.

A MURMUR of "here-here"s and a smattering of APPLAUSE.

Stanton acknowledges the compliment, raising his glass.

EMILY (CONT'D)

However, this evening is a most memorable occasion, for me at least, for an additional reason. For I wish now to announce my engagement, and introduce to you all my betrothed, Mr. Harold Mulhern.

Some are stunned; the more liquored-up are gleeful. Lord and Lady Worthington are definitely in the former category. Bradley, who is waiting on table, too.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Harry, please stand.

On the other side of the table stands a YOUNG MAN: it's the gay dandy from the party in London. Polite APPLAUSE ensues; Harry sheepishly acknowledges with nods and smiles all around.

Emily appears exceedingly pleased with herself, looking at her mother.

Lady Worthington returns the look with a fast glare, then just as suddenly switches over to fake smiles and acknowledgments of the congratulations coming from the guests seated near her.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - SALON - LATER

The ladies of the party are talking quietly after dinner; some seated, some standing and passing by Emily, offering congratulations.

Lady Worthington approaches.

LADY WORTHINGTON
Emily, may I have a word with you a moment?

EMILY
Certainly, Mother.

LADY WORTHINGTON
(to the others)
So sorry to take away the lady of the hour...

WOMAN
Not at all...

They walk to the door and out into the hall.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As soon as they're out of sight of the guests, Lady Worthington's countenance alters drastically to rage.

LADY WORTHINGTON
What in the name of King George do you think you're doing?

EMILY
I'm getting married, Mother, just as you asked. Aren't you pleased?

LADY WORTHINGTON

This is not how a lady of this family announces her engagement. But you know that, don't you?

EMILY

Oh, Mother, you're so old-fashioned.

LADY WORTHINGTON

Don't be silly. I suspect this has something to do with your preposterous plan involving Cambridge, does it not?

EMILY

Nothing of the sort, Mother; you're so suspicious.

LADY WORTHINGTON

And I'm sure I have every reason to be. How dare you make this announcement without consulting your parents. And what kind of man would agree to such a farcical announcement? Or was he as surprised as I?

EMILY

I told you about Harry; he doesn't believe in tradition for its own sake.

LADY WORTHINGTON

I forbid you to marry this man, at least without following the proper social procedures first.

EMILY

Mother, would you really risk humiliation by cancelling our engagement?

This time it's Lady Worthington left fuming.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The men of the party are together in the more masculine-style library. Books line the shelves, twice as high as any man, and curiosities such as butterflies and skeletons of small mammals behind glass in standing cases.

Bradley stands by the door, holding a tray, waiting to be told to do something.

Stanton, holding a glass, looks in his direction and sees that Bradley is alone. He excuses himself from a group of guests and walks toward the door.

As he passes Bradley:

STANTON
We know who you are. Follow me.

Bradley is shocked. He does as instructed.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two of them look around to see no one is there. Bradley is frightened.

STANTON
(quietly)
Don't be afraid, boy; we are your friends. We are acting in your interest now. Say nothing to anyone; we'll keep you advised as necessity dictates.

(MORE)

Some other guests come out of the library. Stanton places his glass on Bradley's silver tray.

STANTON (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Here you are, boy. Thank you.

He walks off.

Bradley takes the glass in the other direction, and is unable to resist the urge to look back, in disbelief at what just happened.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HALL - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Establish a wooden outhouse, set off a ways from the house.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Bradley is in the cramped space, by candlelight, writing furiously on a scrap of paper.

BRADLEY (V.O.)
Dear Mother-- I have been found out.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

A Mr. Stanton of Buckingham Palace is visiting here, and took a moment alone with me to tell me "We know who you are." I don't know who "we" is. He said he is a friend, and acts in my interest. There was no time for more discussion. I said nothing, admitted nothing. He told me to tell no one of what he'd said, and that I would be contacted again. Of course I had to tell you; I fear for myself, given the haste with which you made me leave home, and for you, and wonder if you know anything more. I may know more by the time you receive this, as I don't yet know how to deliver correspondence to you safely and discreetly. Indeed, Mr. Hatter told me not to let on that I am even literate. Please write to Hatter acknowledgment of your receipt herewith, and tell us if you know anything more. I remain, as ever, your loving son, Bradley.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - LADY W'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lady Worthington comes in and begins removing her jewelry, placing it on the vanity. She pulls a silk rope to call her maid. Looking in the mirror, she is startled to see her husband in it, sitting on the bed.

LORD WORTHINGTON

I came upon a letter addressed to you. It's on the dresser.

Lady Worthington looks to the dresser and sees the letter from Helms.

EXT. TOWN - HELMS' FACTORY - NIGHT

Establish Helms' factory.

A cart drawn by two horses approaches. Leonard is at the reins. Will, Edmund, and Henry jump off the back of the cart.

Will goes to the gate carrying a large cutting tool and unlit torch, and breaks the gate's chain.

Edmund and Henry lift a wheelbarrow and a large sack from the cart, placing the sack in the wheelbarrow and pushing it through the gate, towards the door.

Will has taken his position around the side of the building by the window, as planned. He peeks around the corner to see Edmund and Harry go inside. When he sees Leonard drive the cart away and out of sight (now with one horse pulling it), Will runs off, abandoning his post.

INT. WORTHINGTON HALL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside Stanton's suite of rooms. Stanton's valet stands in the open doorway; Bradley stands before him, in the hall outside.

Emily can be seen peeking out her door at them; one bare shoulder is visible.

VALET

No, thank you, Bradley. We require nothing further from you this evening.

BRADLEY

Very well. Good night, then.

VALET

Good night.

The valet retreats into the room and shuts the door. He starts to walk away when he hears a voice behind him.

EMILY (O.S.)

(whispering)

Bradley.

Bradley halts, not sure he's not imagining it.

He's not: Emily's head sticks out her doorway, turned toward Bradley's back.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(whispering louder)

BRADLEY.

Bradley turns around. Seeing her, he furtively glances around to see that they're alone.

She beckons him with one finger.

He hesitates.

She repeats the gesture: it's an order.

He approaches slowly down the hall.

She disappears, leaving the door open.

When he gets to the doorway, his eyes lowered, he looks into the room:

Her bare feet and legs walking away from him. She lies down on the bed, face down, nude, and turns back to give him the seductive look of a temptress.

On Bradley, indecisive.

CUT TO BLACK.

END SHOW
