

**ALBERT:  
The Power Behind Victoria**

**Written by**

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. COBURG COURTYARD - DAY**

Prince ALBERT (20) is a tall handsome man, with the hair and bushy sideburns popular for the age. He is dressed in travelling clothes.

"COBURG, GERMANY - SEPTEMBER 1839"

He is stood in a snow-covered courtyard, his breath condensing in the winter chill. He rubs his hands to keep warm.

Approaching him is Baron STOCKMAR (52) his advisor and mentor. Behind them is ERNEST (21) Albert's older brother who is giving instructions to the servants carrying luggage.

ALBERT

(anxious)

I dread the crossing. You know how I get on boats.

STOCKMAR

Victoria certainly won't be interested if she sees the same sickly child from three years ago!

ALBERT

Why do you think she has summoned me? I thought she'd changed her mind about marriage?

Stockmar leans in to give Albert advice.

STOCKMAR

Your Uncle Leopold continues to present you as the most appropriate suitor. Just do your best to impress her. Smile. Play for her. Dance!

Albert gives Stockmar a withering look.

ALBERT

You make me sound like a travelling minstrel!

STOCKMAR

The important thing is...she has asked to see you.

On Albert looking anxious, as together they walk on.

**INTERCUT - EXT. CARRIAGE / EXT. WINDSOR WINDOW - DAY**

A carriage travels through the English countryside. Inside sits Albert and his brother Ernest. The carriage swerves round the gravel drive and we see Windsor Castle.

Albert glances to Ernest. He is anxious.

Queen VICTORIA (20) is young and pretty. She is looking out the window from inside, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Albert. Baroness LEHZEN (56), her former nanny and now formidable advisor is beside her.

The carriage comes to halt outside the front door. Albert mops his brow, still a bit sickly from the crossing.

In the window, Victoria turns to Lehzen and looks intrigued at what she sees.

Servants come out and open the carriage door and help Albert and Ernest step down. Albert straightens his hair.

The main door is opened by servants and Victoria comes to the top of the stairs outside the front door. She looks on wistfully at Albert.

Ernest gives Albert the nod of approval. Albert stands tall and turns on the charm with a smile.

ALBERT

(Bowing)

Your Majesty. So wonderful to see you again.

End on Victoria smiling.

**EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - DAY**

Albert is walking arm in arm with Victoria chatting away with smiles and coquettish body language.

Lehzen and Ernest walk behind. Other toffs and servants nearby.

Victoria pauses and Albert adjusts her shawl. There is a moment where they look each other in the eye. He turns away blushing.

Victoria scoops up his arm and they walk on.

In the group behind, Lehzen keeps a watchful eye.

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert and Victoria are sat playing a board game (fox and goose). Ernest is talking to Lehzen in the background. A servant stands by and other people are chatting in the room.

Albert surveys the board a moment, considering his next move. He looks up to see if Victoria knows what he is planning. She lifts her eyes to his, and smiles, expectantly. He smiles back

Albert takes his piece and jumps it over three of Victoria's pieces, knocking them over. She cries out in shock and delight.

VICTORIA

Oh no! You have me!

ALBERT

Forgive me, your Majesty.

VICTORIA

(playing with him)

Only if you'll give my geese  
another chance against your fox!

Lehzen approaches and leans down to Victoria

LEHZEN

Your majesty, might I suggest a  
short rest before dinner...

Victoria stands and excitedly pulls Albert up from his seat.

VICTORIA

(flirting)

Nonsense Lehzen! Albert, come and  
play something for me on the piano.

They walk off to the door, Victoria's arm through Alberts, leaving Lehzen looking on.

**INT. WINDSOR STAIRCASE - DAY**

Albert rushes down the stairs unfurling a roll of sheet music. He almost knocks a servant out of the way. Just before he reaches the door, he stops, sweeps his hair back with one hand and calms his breathing.

He knocks on the door.

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
Come in.

Albert enters.

**INT. WINDSOR SITTING ROOM - DAY**

CONT.

Victoria is sat by a window with Lehzen nearby. She is excited and expectant. She looks to the door as Albert enters.

Albert steps in and bows but remains by the door. He is unsure of himself and to what the queen wants.

ALBERT  
(hesitant)  
You sent for me your majesty?

VICTORIA  
Cousin Albert, please come in.

Albert tentatively shuts the door behind him and walks over to the queen. He stays standing.

VICTORIA  
Lehzen, would you mind ...

Lehzen nods, cordially, and leaves the room promptly.

Albert looks for the correct place to sit. Victoria indicates he's to sit next to her. She just looks at him, beaming.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
You must know why I asked for you?

Albert is nervous and flourishes his piano sheet music.

ALBERT

I brought one of my compositions  
your Majesty. Shall I...I play it for  
you...?

Albert goes to get up. Victoria places a hand gently on his arm.

VICTORIA

No no, you don't understand.

Victoria gently takes the music manuscript from Albert's hand and puts it to one side.

ALBERT

Would you like me to...

VICTORIA

(gently interrupts)  
Beloved Albert...

She takes hold of his hand and looks up at his face.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

It would make me happy if you would  
consent to my wishes...

Albert is totally perplexed. The penny is not dropping.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

...to marry me.

Albert is momentarily taken back. And then breaks out in a wide smile, though he struggles to speak.

ALBERT

Marry? Ich würde... Yes! I would... I  
would be very happy.

He rises to his feet awkwardly and pulls her up. He takes Victoria's hands and kisses them. Victoria looks up into his eyes, moved. They kiss gently on the lips for the first time.

#### **INT. TRAIN - DAY**

Albert is sat in the train carriage writing a letter

"LETTER TO BARON STOCKMAR"

ALBERT (V.O.)

I write to you dear Stockmar on one of the happiest days of my life to give you the most welcome news possible.

Albert writes then looks up to camera, and speaks to camera. He has a wide smile on his face.

ALBERT

(to camera)

Victoria is so good and kind. I am at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. At this moment I am too bewildered to say any more. My heart is swollen with bliss.

Albert looks wistfully out of the window.

**INT. PARLIAMENT BACKROOM - DAY**

We see MP Sir Robert PEEL (54), talking to an MP in a corridor of parliament. He spots Prime Minister Lord MELBOURNE (60) coming up the corridor walking with another man.

Peel finishes his conversation with his friend. He approaches Melbourne.

PEEL

Prime Minister, might I have a moment?

Melbourne shakes the hand of his colleague and approaches Peel.

MELBOURNE

Of course Sir Robert.

PEEL

(stirring)

Have you seen the morning papers? One hears rumour the Prince is not even a Protestant?

Melbourne has all this in hand.

MELBOUNRE

No need to worry Sir Robert. We have the Prince's faith on detailed authority.

PEEL

And what of his annuity?

MELBOURNE

The government proposes a sum of 50,000 pounds per year.

PEEL

I think I speak for both sides of the house and suggest a reduced sum should be offered. Shall we say 30,000 pounds? After all, it is just to cover the expenses of his household, which by its nature, will be small.

MELBOURNE

(resigned)

I fear Her Majesty will not be best pleased.

The two men walk on.

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert is sat at a desk writing a letter to a friend. He looks up and talks direct to camera.

"LETTER TO PRINCE WILHELM OF LOWENSTEIN"

ALBERT

(to camera)

The sky has darkened more and more. The Tories have cut off half my income and it makes my position not a very pleasant one. There are storms already in store. I believe my future lot is plentifully strewn with thorns.

He is resigned to a bumpy ride as future consort. He returns to writing the letter.



**INT. ST JAMES' S PALACE - DAY**

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Archive still imagery of the wedding of Victoria to Albert.

Victoria and Albert are married.

ALBERT (V.O.)

Despite my concerns for what lay ahead, on the 10<sup>th</sup> February 1840, my beloved Victoria and I were married at St James's Palace.

**INT. WINDSOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Albert and Victoria enter the softly lit bedroom dressed in night clothes. They are unaware that Lehzen is in the room faffing with the bed.

Albert closes the door as he takes Victoria tenderly in his arms - thinking they are alone for the first time. Just as he leans in to kiss her...

LEHZEN

(Clears throat)

Victoria pulls away.

Albert looks up to see Lehzen is preparing the bed. He is surprised and looks to Victoria as if to say 'what is she doing here?'

VICTORIA

(business-like)

Thank you, Lehzen. You may leave us.

LEHZEN

I will just be next door your Majesty.

(to Albert)

LEHZEN (CONT'D)

Your Highness.

Lehzen slips out of the door.

ALBERT

Now are we alone?

Victoria nods, smiling. Slowly, delicately, Albert takes her face in his hands, and kisses her tenderly.

ALBERT (CONT'D)  
Meine Liebling.

They kiss. Albert scoops up Victoria in his arms. She excitedly giggles and he lays her gently on the bed.

VICTORIA  
Dearest Albert, my Angel.

He caresses her hair, and her cheek, looking admiringly at every inch of her face, in chaste adoration. He kisses her passionately. Victoria does not resist.

**INT. WINDSOR BEDROOM - MORNING**

It is the day after the wedding night. It is already light. Albert lies in a dishevelled bed with Victoria.

Albert is asleep but Victoria is already awake, and studying him with obvious adoration.

He wakes and looks over to her. They smile

ALBERT  
Good morning Your Majesty.

Victoria smiles and moves some hair out of Albert's face. They kiss.

VICTORIA  
Good morning sweet husband.

Albert lovingly runs his finger over the contours of her face. They kiss again.

ALBERT  
I am most looking forward to our...  
...'honeymoon'? Where shall we hide  
ourselves away?

VICTORIA  
You forget, my dearest, I am the  
sovereign! Business waits for  
nothing.

ALBERT

But business will wait for you, if  
you ask it to.

VICTORIA

Something happens almost every day.  
I can't possibly leave London.

Victoria kisses Albert. But Albert looks a bit put out.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Two or three days will be long  
enough.

Victoria looks to be getting out of bed.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I think we'll have breakfast in  
here today.

Albert watches as Victoria gets out of bed. He is a little  
miffed. She doesn't even look back at him.

**INTERCUT - INT. CORRIDOR / INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY**

Albert is walking along the corridor, a letter of several  
pages in his hand. He is anxious. He arrives at the door to  
the Drawing Room and 'prepares' himself.

Inside Prime Minister Melbourne is chatting with the queen.  
He is warm and helping her with her papers.

Lehzen stands nearby. Having signed a form, Lehzen takes  
the document. Melbourne asks Lehzen for the next document,  
which she hands to Victoria. Melbourne now traces down this  
new document to show Victoria another key phrase.

Victoria looks up smiling, and Melbourne smiles back - a  
private joke. He indicates where to sign, and Victoria  
signs it.

Lehzen picks up the document, and adds it to the sheaf of  
papers in her hand.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

CONT.

Albert enters the room (no knock) where Lord Melbourne and Victoria are discussing state business. Lehzen is nearby. All three look up, startled.

VICTORIA  
 (surprised)  
 Albert, I'm not quite finished yet  
 my sweet.

Albert walks to the table holding the letter. He is calm but peeved. Victoria looks up from her work.

ALBERT  
 Victoria may I speak with you?

VICTORIA  
 (smiling but occupied)  
 We're quite busy my Angel...

Melbourne realises there is tension in the air and gathers the state papers.

MELBOUNRE  
 Your Majesty, I think I have  
 everything I need.

Melbourne scoops up the last page. Victoria gets up and approaches Albert.

ALBERT  
 (quietly)  
 Why am I being forbidden from  
 bringing my own staff from Coburg?

VICTORIA  
 Albert your people are...

ALBERT  
 ...I know nothing of this Mr Anson  
 save that I have seen him dance a  
 Quadrille!

Melbourne looks up on mention of Anson - he thinks Victoria might need his assistance.

VICTORIA  
 Mr Anson will be an excellent  
 private secretary for you. He is  
 modest, steady and a very well  
 informed young man.

ALBERT

But he is currently Lord  
Melbourne's own secretary. I will  
be seen as having a political bias  
if I take him on.

Melbourne gingerly approaches the couple.

MELBOURNE

Your Highness, if I may, we are  
entering into a situation where  
there have been very few  
precedents. The main object is to  
avoid any difference of opinion  
between your Serene Highness and  
Her Majesty.

VICTORIA

(placating)

The English are worried about any  
foreigner interfering in the  
government of this country. Some of  
the newspapers have already  
expressed a hope that you would *not*  
interfere.

Melbourne chips in.

MELBOURNE

As consort to the queen, it will be  
prudent that your highness should  
not take part in any political  
matters.

ALBERT

But as your husband I will...

VICTORIA

(soft but decisive)

Albert the decision has been made.

Victoria starts to walk back to her desk. The conversation  
is over. Albert is left standing...feeling impotent.

#### **INT. WINDSOR SALOON ROOM - DAY**

Albert and Stockmar (his mentor from Germany) enter the  
saloon. They talk as they walk to the fireplace where a  
toasty fire burns.

ALBERT

Everything is so strange here - the language, the customs, the food!

STOCKMAR

The Food! Uh. There's a lot to learn.

At the fireplace the two men now warm their hands

ALBERT

And the papers - you see what they call me? 'The Pauper Prince'!

STOCKMAR

It just takes time. Have patience. You just need to win the confidence of the Queen. Once you have that, you will have the respect of the nation.

ALBERT

If only it were that simple.

Stockmar puts a reassuring hand on Albert's shoulder.

STOCKMAR

You need to talk to Englishmen of experience. Become an expert in this land.

Albert is anxious. Stockmar drives on.

STOCKMAR (CONT'D)

When the queen is ready to turn to you, you will be prepared.

Albert is lost in thought.

ALBERT

(almost to himself)

But what if my views are not the same as hers...?

STOCKMAR

You must hold your ground. Don't deviate even for a moment just to please her. You may find that your bride cannot be coerced, but she might sometimes be...*persuaded*.

On Albert being concerned.

**INT. WINDSOR PIANO ROOM - DAY**

Albert and Victoria are sat at the piano playing together. He helping Victoria find the right notes, teaching her a piece. Both are giggling and singing little bits of the tune.

ALBERT

Try it... like this, meine liebchen!

Victoria plays the right hand, Albert the left.

Suddenly Lehzen enters without knocking, and walks across the room as if it were her own.

LEHZEN

Your Majesty, the Prime Minister  
has arrived.

Victoria rises from the piano immediately and walks towards Lehzen. Albert looks a little put out.

Lehzen passes Victoria some letters.

LEHZEN (CONT'D)

This morning's post.

VICTORIA

(now business-like)

Thank you Lehzen.

Victoria starts skim reading the letters with interest without a backward glance to Albert. She walks to the door, Lehzen following her.

Albert rises from the piano and hurries to follow. As he reaches it, Lehzen stands in the way.

LEHZEN

(unsmiling)

Her Majesty alone must manage her  
Sovereign duties.

Albert sees, past Lehzen, that Victoria has already left the room and is gone, without a backward glance.

Lehzen stands there until Albert backs away. She then goes through the door and closes it behind her.

Albert is left alone, not happy at all.

**EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS - DAY**

Albert is out in the palace gardens alone, poking around the fountain, pulling out bits of pond weed. There are gardeners nearby.

George ANSON (28) is Prince Albert's Private Secretary. Anson hurries through the garden carrying a net.

ANSON  
Your net Sir.

ALBERT  
Thank you Anson.

Albert takes the net and starts scooping around in the fountain. But his mind is not really on it.

Anson notices Albert is distracted.

ANSON  
(digging for details)  
Did she shut you out again?

ALBERT  
The moment Melbourne arrives,  
Lehzen swoops in, grabs Victoria in  
her talons and takes her off, like  
some sort of... Dragon!

Anson tries to make light of the moment

ANSON  
Or perhaps a parrot? I've watched  
her, head cocked to one side so her  
sharp little ears might catch the  
slightest whisper.

Albert smiles. They sit on a nearby bench in the garden. He is frustrated but trying to make light of the situation

ALBERT  
She encourages Victoria to keep me  
away from any public affairs.  
(mimics Lehzen)  
*"Her Majesty alone must manage her Sovereign  
duties"*



Anson reacts to the mimicry.

ANSON  
 (laughs)  
 Spot on Sir!

Albert is frustrated (not angry).

ALBERT  
 All I am allowed to do is blot her  
 signature on the government papers.

ANSON  
 I feel the queen may be more  
 influenced by the baroness than she  
 realises.

ALBERT  
 I agree. With Lehzen around, I am  
 only the *husband* and not the master  
 of the house!

Albert stands up, net in hand and gets back to working on  
 the fountain.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert is setting up chess board. He looks to camera.

"MEMO TO GEORGE ANSON"

ALBERT  
 (to camera)  
 I'm bored with chess every evening.  
 I want to invite some literary or  
 scientific individuals to dine with  
 us, but Victoria has no fancy to  
 encourage such people. She would  
 not like any conversation in which  
 she could not take her fair share.

Albert goes back to the chess pieces and knocks over the  
 queen, resigned to a boring and dull evening, again.

**EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE STABLES - DAY**

Albert and Anson are at the stables. The horses are being  
 groomed. Servants area active in the background.

Albert and Anson are checking their horse bridles.

They mount up and head off for a late afternoon ride.

**EXT. LONDON SLUMS - NIGHT**

LATER

Albert and Anson arrive by accident at the slums of the Seven Dials district. While Anson follows behind, it is Albert who stops. He can't believe what he sees and dismounts. Anson too gets off.

Albert looks on over a full-on Dickensian scene of squalor and hardship.

A Prostitute sits in the gutter and calls out to him.

A man lies in the street - dead or asleep?

Albert hands his horse reins to Anson and walks among these filthy people.

A fight breaks out in the distance.

Filthy children run through the streets. A child sits with a begging bowl and reaches out to Albert

A group of men walk past on their way home - with blackened faces from soot. They eye up Albert with distain.

Albert catches a whiff of something real bad and brings out a handkerchief to hold to his nose and mouth.

Albert turns to Anson. Albert is horrified.

"LETTER TO ALBERT'S BROTHER ERNEST"

ALBERT (V.O.)

How is it that England has palaces and slums side by side? My heart cannot fail to sympathise. The danger of poverty is the principle evil. Means must be found to make facilities for the poor...

**INT. WINDSOR BEDROOM - DAY**

Victoria has her head in a basin and is being sick. Albert holds her hair back. He cares for her calmly and confidently.

"MARCH 1840"

A servant enters with some towels and flannels. Albert takes them and wets a flannel to wipe his wife's forehead.

VICTORIA

Oh dear god Albert, make it stop!

Lehzen enters and sees Victoria with the sick basin

LEHZEN

I'll call the doctor your Majesty.

Albert is dismissive but not rude.

ALBERT

We'll be fine. Thank you Lehzen.

Lehzen pauses and waits. She is expecting an answer from Victoria. Victoria looks up and waves her away. Lehzen departs.

VICTORIA

This is the thing I dreaded the most.

Victoria looks up to Albert with yearning in her eyes.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

(clearly peeved)

I wanted more time just the two of us. Now my wings will be clipped.

ALBERT

Let me...help you? At least until you feel stronger?

Victoria smiles acknowledging Albert. She is happy for his help.

He looks on as she turns back to her bowl...

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Victoria is asleep on the sofa. There is a cosy fire burning.

Albert is sat nearby reading official papers and looks up to camera.

"LETTER TO BARON STOCKMAR"

ALBERT  
(to camera)

I have come to be extremely pleased with Victoria during the past few months. She has handed me a stream of interesting papers to read, and only twice had the sulks. Day by day she puts more confidence in me.

He returns to reading the official papers.

**EXT. WINDSOR GARDEN - DAY**

Victoria (now 4 months pregnant) is walking in the garden with Albert. They are chatting and smiling. Albert has a handwritten set of notes he is referring to.

ALBERT (V.O.)  
In June 1840, I was invited to perform my first official public duty - a speech at the World Anti-Slavery convention.

They come to a seat and sit. Victoria takes the page from Albert and reads but then scribbles something on it and passes it back to him.

ALBERT  
I want to say here that this trade in human beings is - not bad, not terrible... the German is more powerful: scheußlich.

VICTORIA  
Atrocious?

ALBERT  
That's it! Atrocious. So, then, I start from the beginning

He starts to read out his speech, but struggles with some of the words.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I deeply regret that... what is the word you have translated here?

VICTORIA

Benevolent

ALBERT

(struggles)

Ben-elephant?

VICTORIA

(laughs)

Ben-evolant

ALBERT

(clears throat)

I deeply regret that the benevolent and perse... persev...

VICTORIA

Per-Ser-Veering...and you are persevering, darling, beautifully!

Albert continues.

ALBERT

...persevering exertions of England to abolish that atrocious traffic in human beings...

VICTORIA

Better! But chin up, like this. That's it.

Victoria lifts his chin, playfully. Albert raises his head, and puffs out his chest.

ALBERT

...have not led to any satisfactory conclusion.

Victoria applauds and holds his hands and looks into his eyes.

VICTORIA

Well done my angel.

During the hug, Albert feels her arms.

ALBERT

You have goose pimples? I think we  
have worked long enough.

VICTORIA

Race you back to the house!

Together they run like young lovers hand in hand back to  
the house.

**INT. LARGE MEETING HALL - NIGHT**

Albert is stood at a lectern, his hat propped on the stand.  
Hi is speaking to a large group of people who listen to him  
intently.

Albert is mid speech which he is now delivering confidently  
and fluently. In the crowd is Stockmar, Anson and Peel.

ALBERT

I deeply regret that the benevolent  
and persevering exertions of  
England to abolish that atrocious  
traffic in human beings have not as  
yet led to any satisfactory  
conclusion...

CROWD

Cheers

ALBERT

...This great country should not  
relax in its efforts, until it has  
finally and for ever put an end, to  
this state of things so repugnant  
to the spirit of Christianity and  
the best feelings of our nature.

CROWD

Cheers

Albert smiles and acknowledges the crowd.

Peel is in the audience and is heartily clapping and  
smiling. Peel turns to a dignitary next to him.

PEEL

I may have underestimated the young  
Prince...

**EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY**

Albert and Victoria are riding in their horse drawn carriage through the park. They are happily chatting.

ALBERT (V.O)

My speech was a success. It seems  
the British people were finally  
warming to me.

Onlookers wave to the couple and they smile and wave back.

ALBERT

Did you see the letter from  
Uncle Leopold?

VICTORIA

Yes - a healthy baby girl.

Albert gently touches Victoria's tum.

A young man (Edward OXFORD, 20) is seen lurking in the crowd. He shucks off his overcoat...to reveal he is holding two pistols.

ALBERT

Soon we will have our own new  
arrival.

Victoria smiles back.

Stepping out from the crowd Edward Oxford raises one pistol, aims...and fires.

Albert hears the crack of gunshot and protectively bundles Victoria to the carriage floor.

The horses rear up. The coachman fights to get them under control.

Albert glances up to look around and then back down to his wife. Victoria is trembling.

The man holds up the second pistol and fires again

ALBERT  
(shouting)  
Drive on!

The carriage lurches forward and drives off.

As Albert glances back, a crowd descends on the man and knock him to the floor.

LATER

Albert and Victoria ride out again in the carriage, this time they are much less smiley and much more wary, looking around them.

As they pass people, there are shouts of 'God Save the Queen' and spontaneous applause.

Nervous smiles start to break out on the faces of Victoria and Albert - The people like them.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE STAIRCASE - DAY**

Albert is walking along flanked by Stockmar and Anson. There is the air of urgent, confidential talk between them. The group is conspiring as they walk up the stairs

ALBERT  
I'm worried that despite her condition, Victoria spends so much time reading her state papers, and still insists on seeing her ministers.

Avuncular Stockmar thinks he has this in hand.

STOCKMAR  
I will speak to the Queen and advise that sleep and stillness are now essential for the health of the baby.

From behind, Anson pipes up

ANSON  
Of course, if you are to advise her majesty during this time, you will need access to her state papers.

Albert looks interested in the idea.



ALBERT

For that my friend I will need a key to the dispatch box.

STOCKMAR

You have been a patient man Albert, but you must now push forward. Her majesty must see that she can completely rely on you.

Albert is keen on this plan of action.

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Albert is writing at his desk.

ALBERT (V.O)

With Victoria now in confinement, she has at last agreed to allow me to help with her state business.

He looks up and talks to camera.

"LETTER TO ALBERT'S FATHER"

ALBERT

(to camera)

I always commit my views to paper, and then communicate them to Lord Melbourne. He seldom answers me, but I often have the satisfaction of seeing him act entirely in accordance with what I have said.

He looks back down and continues writing

**INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY**

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Archive imagery of the christening of Princess VICKY.

ALBERT (V.O)

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of November, 1840, our first child is born. Victoria the Princess Royal, or Vicky to us.

**INT. WINDSOR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert is holding the baby (VICKY) and talking 'baby talk' to her. Victoria working with Anson to dress the Christmas tree.

The NURSE MAID is nearby. Servants scuttle around helping out.

Albert is a doting father and Victoria looks on with pride.

Albert blows raspberries on the baby's tummy. They are having a fun time. As the clock strikes four, Anson approaches Albert.

ANSON

Sir I'll just go and see how the gift tables are coming along.

ALBERT

Thank you Anson - We'll have them in here next to the tree.

Anson leaves. Victoria walks to Albert who is still bouncing the baby.

VICTORIA

Albert you're wearing her out. Pass the little frog to Miller and come read to me.

Albert gives baby to the Nurse maid who takes her out. He then rushes over to flamboyantly sweep up his wife and spin her around in his arms.

VICTORIA

(giggling)  
Put me down you rogue.

ALBERT

(laughing)  
I am but your servant your majesty.

Albert gently places Victoria on the sofa. Victoria kisses him.

VICTORIA

(deep sign)  
Oh for the pleasures of a quiet merry life alone with my husband.

She hands him a book from a side table. We see the front cover is Charles Dickens 'Nicholas Nickleby'.

ALBERT

An excellent choice my love.

Albert sits next to her, she places her legs on his lap and he settles in to read from the book.

ALBERT

(reading from Dickens)

There once lived, in a  
sequestered part of the county  
of Devonshire, one Mr. Godfrey  
Nickleby..

LATER

Victoria is now asleep on the sofa. Albert carefully puts down Nicholas Nickleby and lifts her legs off him to place them back on the sofa.

He then heads over to the nearby desks and opens the red dispatch box with his own key. He carefully (almost reverentially) lifts out the papers.

He is now deep in concentration reading the government papers.

**INT. PARLIAMENT BACKROOM - DAY**

Sir Robert Peel is stood chatting with Anson in the corridors of power.

Albert and Prime Minister Melbourne walk up the stairs in quiet conversation. Melbourne sees Peel and Anson and introduces Albert to Peel.

MELBOURNE

May I introduce Sir Robert Peel,  
Leader of the opposition.

Peel bows.

PEEL

Your Highness, I very much admired  
your speech on anti-slavery last  
year.

Albert is pleased.

ALBERT

You are most kind Sir Robert.

The four men walk on down the corridor.

MELBOURNE

I fear the Commons is balanced on a knife edge. I can't see my party lasting the year. When the time comes, Her Majesty must be *encouraged* to invite Sir Robert to form a new government, despite her feelings against the Tories.

PEEL

(earnest)

If I were to take office as Prime Minister, it would give me great pleasure to appraise your royal highness of any new legislation - or indeed any matters in which you might wish for more information.

ALBERT

That would be most welcome Sir Robert.

The two men shake hands. An alliance has been struck.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Albert is looking out the window in thought. He turns and talks to the camera.

"LETTER TO ALBERT'S FATHER"

ALBERT

(to camera)

I study British politics with great interest and speak with ministers on all subjects. The Whigs want change before change is required, but the Tories resist change long after the time has demanded it! I will try to form my own opinions and be as much use to Victoria as I can.

Albert looks out window.

**INT. WINDSOR SITTING ROOM - NIGHT**

Lehzen and Victoria are in quiet conversation sat on the sofa. Victoria is involved with needle point. The fire is stacked with coal but not lit.

Lehzen has a sherry. She is chewing caraway seeds.

Albert enters rubbing his hands trying to keep warm. He notices the fire is stacked with coal but not alight.

ALBERT

My Love aren't you cold? Is no one  
going to light the fires tonight?

Lehzen spits out the seed husks into a handkerchief. Albert makes a face.

LEHZEN

(jumping in)

As you know your highness, it is  
the Lord Steward who brings the  
fuel, but the Lord Chamberlain who  
lights the fires. The Lord  
Chamberlain's staff must be  
delayed.

Lehzen carries on eating the seeds.

ALBERT

But why can't the task be completed  
by one person?

VICTORIA

Darling that is the way it has  
always been

ALBERT

The rooms are freezing. The nursery  
is even worse.

VICTORIA

If you're worried about the  
children then perhaps we should..

LEHZEN

(interrupts)

The staff will be along shortly.  
Might I suggest a blanket?

Albert is about to respond but Victoria fears a confrontation. She takes Albert warmly by the arm and guides him to the piano.

VICTORIA

Albert play something for me - that should keep you warm.

At the piano Victoria sits next to Albert and cuddles up to him. As he starts to play, she is all smiles but Albert shoots daggers at Lehzen who continues chewing the seeds.

**EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - DAY**

Albert is out hunting pheasant with a small group of men including Anson and Stockmar. He aims and shoots.

ANSON

Good shot sir.

Albert hands the gun back to the servant for reloading. Anson looks on for the pheasant quarry.

LATER

Albert, Anson and Stockmar are walking back with their servants who carry the shotguns broken over their arm having been on the shoot.

Anson follows on behind Stockmar and Albert, but pipes up, digging for information.

ANSON

Might I ask Sir, did your fire get lit last night?

ALBERT

Far too late - I was frozen to the bone.

(annoyed)

I can't bear her any longer. But anything I say about the Baroness, Victoria takes so much to heart!

STOCKMAR

(putting his nose in)

I get the impression her Majesty may have more fear than love for her old governess. I suspect she might be happier without her.

ALBERT

But how can we get rid of her?

The three men ponder the challenge and walk on.

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Albert and Victoria are working at their two desks which are set opposite each other. Victoria is now fully recovered from childbirth.

Albert takes out a paper from the Dispatch box and reads it.

Lehzen enters without knocking.

LEHZEN

Lord Melbourne is here your majesty.

VICTORIA

Thank you Lehzen, we will be along shortly.

LEHZEN

I have shown him into the reception room.

Victoria and Albert stand. Albert starts to pack the papers back into the box

LEHZEN

(stirring up trouble)

Now that your majesty is out of confinement, would it not be right and correct for you to see the Prime Minister... alone?

ALBERT

Baroness, I don't think...

Victoria is now unsure, but takes her lead from Lehzen.

VICTORIA

Lehzen does have a point my dear. Maybe things should return to the way they were. I would hate for my ministers to think I was relying on you.

LEHZEN

Allow me to take the despatch box.

Lehzen swoops in and takes the box from the table and stands waiting for Victoria. She gives Victoria a look and glances at the Dispatch box.

VICTORIA

And I suppose I should have the key back.

Albert is lost for words. But with both Lehzen and Victoria now staring at him waiting, he reluctantly hands over his key.

The two ladies walk off. Albert slumps back down.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Melbourne is stood waiting for the arrival of the Queen. Albert and Anson enter.

"AUGUST 1841"

The two men greet Melbourne.

ALBERT

Lord Melbourne, I was sorry to hear the news.

MELBOURNE

Nothing is permanent Your Highness. It was clear my time as Prime Minister was coming to a natural conclusion.

ALBERT

Now that you have stepped down, might you *encourage* Victoria to turn *once again* to me for advice?

Melbourne is about to reply when...

Victoria enters (6 months pregnant) with Lehzen. Victoria has been crying. Melbourne bows, Victoria runs to Melbourne and takes hold of his hands.



VICTORIA

Lord Melbourne...I cannot believe it.  
 (lost for words)  
 You've been such a devoted friend  
 all these years.

For a moment, Victoria is overcome. She just looks at Melbourne, tears in her eyes. Melbourne, too, is moved.

MELBOURNE

You are too kind Your Majesty.  
 These events, while disagreeable,  
 are unavoidable.

Melbourne squeezes her hands affectionately. His sadness now builds.

MELBOURNE (CONT'D)

But it is a great consolation to me  
 that I leave you in safe hands.

Melbourne makes a significant gesture and puts his hand on Albert's shoulder.

MELBOURNE (CONT'D)

Your Majesty can do no better than  
 to rely on his Royal Highness with  
 complete confidence.

ALBERT

Thank you Lord Melbourne.

Lehzen gives a look of disdain. She steps forward to whisper a protest to Victoria but Victoria anxiously interjects.

VICTORIA

(not wanting to let go)  
 But...But what if I need help...

Melbourne puts his hand on Albert's arm.

MELBOURNE

Put your trust in Albert. Let him  
 help you.

Victoria blubs. Albert comforts her.

**INT. WINDSOR CONSERVATORY - DAY**

Albert is sat with a box of pinned beetles. He is affixing one particularly large specimen into the display

"16<sup>th</sup> JANUARY 1842"

Anson runs through the Saloon room looking for Albert. He is frantic in his searches. He launches out into the conservatory and sees Albert.

ANSON  
(urgent)  
Sir, you must come quick.

Albert realises the urgency, puts down his beetles and leads off followed by Anson.

**INT. WINDSOR SITTING ROOM - DAY**

CONT.

Albert and Anson rush through the house to arrive at the Sitting Room. They enter. The Nurse maid is sat cradling a very limp Vicky (14 months old).

Albert drops to his knees to feel the child's forehead. She is burning up.

ALBERT  
(to Anson)  
Get Victoria. Now!

Anson legs it out. Albert studies the child and holds her hand. He takes out his handkerchief and dabs her glistening forehead.

Victoria enters. Albert looks up to see Victoria...but she is followed by Lehzen.

ALBERT  
(seething)  
Get that woman out of here. I don't want her near my children

LEHZEN  
(shocked)  
But I...

ALBERT

You have nothing to say that I care  
to hear.

Albert stands up and takes Victoria by the arm and leads  
her (protesting) out of the room.

**INT. WINDSOR ANTEROOM - DAY**

CONT.

Victoria pulls away from Albert.

VICTORIA

(building in anger)  
You will not speak to Lehzen like  
that. I won't stand for it.

ALBERT

(controlling himself)  
She has poisoned the child with  
Calomel and half-starved her. If  
she dies, it is you who will have  
it on your conscience.

Lehzen has come out of the room and stands agog at the  
warring couple.

VICTORIA

How dare you speak to me like  
that...

ALBERT

(seething)  
She has shown utter incompetence  
and you refuse to see it. You  
defend her...

VICTORIA

I defend her because she has been  
my companion long before you  
stepped foot on these shores. And  
yet all you do is criticize her.

ALBERT

I will sacrifice my own happiness  
in silence, but not the welfare of  
my children.

LEHZEN  
 (in tears)  
 Your highness I...

Albert walks off. Victoria chases.

VICTORIA  
 (apoplectic)  
 Do not walk away from me. Albert!  
 Do not walk away from your Queen.

Turning on her, Albert jabs a finger towards Lehzen.

ALBERT  
 (shouting back)  
 We will never be happy as long as  
 that woman is running the house.  
 She has to go!

Albert storms off. Victoria storms back into the room.  
 Lehzen is left mortified at the whole scene.

**INT. WINDSOR LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Albert is sat alone reading on the sofa. Victoria enters sheepish. He looks up, and closes his book. He is hoping the quarrel has ended.

VICTORIA  
 Albert, I'm...I'm sorry.

He moves so she can sit next to him. The tension is subsiding.

ALBERT  
 (softly)  
 I did not mean to lose my temper.  
 You fly into such a rage and accuse  
 me of being envious and suspicious  
 - I feel overwhelmed.

VICTORIA  
 I know. There is an irritability in  
 me which makes me say hateful  
 things which I know hurt you. It  
 makes me miserable.

Albert places his hand on hers. She snuggles in to him.

ALBERT

My darling sometimes you are just too hasty and excitable for me to speak of my own worries. For the sake of our family, we must live only for one another.

Victoria leans in to lie against Albert. She submits to him - he is right.

**INT. WINDSOR CONSERVATORY - DAY**

Albert is sketching a picture of a tree landscape. He looks up to camera.

"MEMO TO ANSON"

ALBERT

(to camera)

Those who tried to keep me from being useful to the queen have been completely foiled. They tried to prevent her from giving me anything of importance to do, by creating distrust. Victoria's good sense has seen that I have no other purpose in all I seek, but a means to her Majesty's good.

He returns to his sketching

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

A daguerreotype camera is being set up. Albert (now 22) is sat on a chair with a backdrop behind him. The PHOTOGRAPHER is preparing the camera on a tripod.

ALBERT (V.O.)

Along with my state work, I have been invited to see new innovations.

Albert looks away from camera.

The photographer fires the picture mechanism.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY**

Albert and Victoria are sat in a plush train carriage. Victoria is excitedly looking out of the window.

Albert looks on adoringly to his wife

ALBERT (V.O)

With Brunel's Great Western Railway now up and running, in June 1842, I convince Victoria to take her maiden train journey.

**INT. DRAUGHTSMAN ROOM - DAY**

Albert is leaning over a DRAUGHTSMAN as the person sketches designs, given direction on the sketch.

ALBERT (V.O)

Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel has even asked me to oversee the interior decoration of the newly rebuilt, houses of parliament.

**INT. BIRMINGHAM WORKSHOP - DAY**

Albert (now 24) is in an industrial looking workshop room with Peel (now 55) and other gentlemen. They are being shown a machine by an INDUSTRIALIST. Other dignitaries are standing nearby.

"NOVEMBER 1843"

The industrialist is demonstrating an electroplating machine. The man disconnects the machine and brings out a spoon from the liquid. It is half covered in bright silver.

On the table are other items that have been electroplated which he passes to Albert and Peel.

ALBERT (V.O)

A trip with Sir Robert to Birmingham lets me see the future potential for industrial Britain.

Albert is fascinated and takes the spoon to closely examine it.

ALBERT

So using electricity, you can now  
bind silver or gold to base metal?

PEEL

They can also scale up the process  
- imagine coating cast iron  
machines with zinc to prevent  
rusting!

ALBERT

What an innovation! Well done sir!

Albert shakes the inventor by the hand. He holds the spoon  
aloft.

Albert takes Peel aside while other dignitaries look over  
the machine in the background.

ALBERT

I wonder whether we should be  
*championing* British industry?  
Perhaps showing off innovations  
like this to the world?

Peel raises his eyebrows in a 'nice idea' sort of way.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY**

CONT.

Victoria is sat with Albert and Peel in the train carriage

VICTORIA

I'm so pleased your excursion was a  
success.

ALBERT

(excited)

You should have seen it. Such  
machines! But it was the enthusiasm  
of the labourers that, how do you  
say it..*bowled me over*.

PEEL

The labourers regarded your visit  
as a show of great confidence in  
them.

VICTORIA

It sounds as though you forged a bond with the working classes of Birmingham.

PEEL

Your Majesty, if I may say, they looked up to his royal highness as a man of unquestionable status.

Albert has something else on his mind.

ALBERT

These people have the most toil and yet the least enjoyments of this world. They live in such terrible conditions.

VICTORIA

Dear Angel, you have such large views of everything.

Albert takes her hand and squeezes it. He is filled with a new confidence.

ALBERT

We must encourage those with wealth and education to help the poor.

Victoria looks at him with new appreciation.

**INT. OSBORNE HOUSE DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Osborne House on the Isle of Wight. Albert is busy at work at his small desk with a view looking out to the gardens.

Victoria (7 months pregnant) is asleep on the sofa and snoring.

"OSBOURNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT 1846"

ALBERT (V.O.)

With four children and a fifth on the way, I have continued to take on Victoria's state work.

Albert reads a memorandum, turns the page, and looks over to Victoria. She still lies sleeping, covered with a blanket.



He takes the paper and a pen and walks over to her.

ALBERT  
(tapping her hand)  
Victoria...Victoria...

VICTORIA  
(waking)  
Sorry my Angel, I must have dozed  
off. What were you saying?

ALBERT  
I just need your signature my  
sweet. It's another set of railway  
acts.

VICTORIA  
(not really listening)  
Dear Albert, what would I do  
without you?

Victoria signs the documents. She looks weak and wan.  
Beside her, Albert is brisk and efficient.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Really when one is so happy and  
blessed, I feel politics must take  
second place.

ALBERT  
Don't let your ministers hear you  
say that!

Victoria holds his hand and stares lovingly at him. He  
kisses her.

As Albert gets up to return the papers to the dispatch box.  
Their son (and heir) BERTIE (5) runs in.

ALBERT  
Hello.

BERTIE  
Papa papa, come and play.

VICTORIA  
Bertie dear I'm sure your father  
has work to do...

Albert is all smiles. He puts down his papers.

ALBERT

Come on then - I'll race you to the fort!

Victoria rolls her eyes. They run off leaving Victoria to close her eyes.

**INT. OSBORNE HOUSE SITTING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert is playing with his children, trying to organize them into putting on a play. Anson is standing by with costumes in his arms.

The royal children look up adoringly to their father. VICKY (6) is stood poised as the lead character of the play. ALICE (4) is sat playing with her robe. Bertie (5) is dressed as a roman soldier and running around.

Victoria is sat on a sofa sketching a picture of Albert.

ALBERT

Vicky you look perfect, my love.  
You are playing the part of  
Athalie, the widow King of Judah,  
the most difficult part.

Vicky smiles (she knows she is best). Albert's new secretary PHIPPS (47) enters and extracts some letters from a brief case.

PHIPPS

Sir, I have those letters you requested

ALBERT

Thank you Phipps - I'll attend to those in a moment. Now where's Bertie?

Bertie is wielding his wooden sword runs fast towards an unsuspecting Victoria who is still sat drawing, and jumps onto the sofa next to her, screeching with laughter.

VICTORIA

(scolding)

Don't do that, Bertie! Can't you see I am trying to draw?

Bertie runs off and rolls around on the floor. Vicky still stands serene. Alice is picking her nose. Warm family chaos.

Phipps hands her a fake beard.

PHIPPS

You'll be needing this if you're a  
to be the priest.

Phipps helps Alice put on the beard. She plays with it and continues to pick her nose.

Albert corrals Bertie to stand next to his sister.

ALBERT

Bertie my love, you are a roman  
soldier. Please stand guard next to  
your sister. Alice, the High Priest  
would not stand there picking their  
nose....

Albert is full of energy and positions the children. He is a maestro directing the action.

Bertie runs off again and jumps on the sofa next to Victoria. It jogs her pencil.

VICTORIA

(cross)

For heaven's sake Bertie, will you  
behave! Now go and do as papa tells  
you.

Victoria is sat on the sofa continuing her drawing. But the noise is very distracting. She looks cheesed off.

Albert leaves the children to practice under the watchful eye of Anson and Phipps. He slumps down next to Victoria, exhausted at the morning's activity.

ALBERT

We'll soon have this merry troupe  
licked into shape! Look at dear  
Vicky...she excels at everything.

Albert notices Victoria's face is like thunder. She is clearly giving him the cold shoulder.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Darling, is there something wrong?

VICTORIA

(sighing)

Do you have to spend so much of the day playing with the children?

ALBERT

But this is all part of their education.

The children are mucking about cheerfully, putting on different costumes, shepherded by Phipps and Anson. Victoria is quietly seething.

VICTORIA

Albert, I just want the company of my husband. Alone!

ALBERT

(gently)

It is a pity that you find no consolation in the company of your children. But then how is it possible to be on friendly terms with them when you continually scold them?

Albert gets up and returns to the children and leaves Victoria to stew on his words.

#### **EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Albert is stood at the door of the royal train, waving to a large crowd. He steps off on to the platform and readies himself to address the crowd.

"SPRING 1848"

ALBERT (V.O.)

I have been using the new railways to travel the country, spreading my ideas on how to help improve the lives of the workers.

Albert is confident and eloquent. He is a man in his element.

He talks to the gathered crowd.

ALBERT

Poverty, malnutrition, poor housing  
- this is the dark side of  
Britain's rapid and dramatic  
industrial advance.

The crowd cheers.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Together with improved housing, we  
need education for children,  
allotments to grow food, and  
benefits societies for the  
labouring classes. I shall not  
cease to promote these objects  
wherever and whenever I can.

Crowd Cheers.

**EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY**

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Archive paintings of the launch of SS Great Britain.

Archive paintings of Albert with the first Penny Farthing.

Archive paintings of Albert with 'industry'.

ALBERT (V.O.)

On my travels I once again bear  
witness to incredible British  
innovation.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Henry COLE (41) and Sir Robert Peel (61) are sat at a  
table. Cole is showing Peel drawings of industrial  
machines.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE - JUNE 1849"

Albert enters with Phipps. Peel and Cole stand.

ALBERT

Gentlemen, thank you for coming.

Albert shakes hands with Cole and Peel.

COLE

Your highness if it helps, I  
brought some illustrations from the  
Paris fair.

Cole hands Albert the images and artwork. Albert is fired  
up. He pores over the images picking out different machines

ALBERT

Yes Yes, this is the sort of thing.

Albert rummages through the drawings and passes them round  
to the other men to see.

COLE

There are devices here that make  
domestic life easier. And look at  
this!

(shows an image)

Inventions that make one pair of  
hands do the work of many!

PHIPPS

What do you have in mind Mr Cole?

COLE

Could we perhaps put on an  
exhibition of *British* ingenuity?  
Not just machines from the fields  
and factories, but inventions, and  
scientific breakthroughs?

Albert starts to see his vision.

ALBERT

(frenzied plotting)

I think we must also embrace  
*foreign* machines. Its scope must be  
global - the first *international*  
exhibition.

Peel buys in to the idea.

PEEL

It would show how countries working  
*together* can advance the Human  
race.

COLE

But it needs to be a showcase of  
science *and* art.

ALBERT

Spot on Cole. While science reveals  
the laws of nature, it's art that  
gives our constructions form.

Smiles all round

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, we will make this the  
Greatest Exhibition the world has  
ever seen.

**INT. TRAIN - NIGHT**

Albert is on the train and is writing a letter. He pauses  
and rubs his tired eyes. He looks up and talks to camera.

"LETTER TO BARON STOCKMAR, JUNE 1850"

ALBERT

(to camera)

The opponents of the exhibition  
continue to work people into a  
panic. Some call it a great  
absurdity and there's a move to  
drive us out of Hyde Park.

Albert looks out the window to the dark countryside passing  
by outside.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Now death has snatched Peel from us  
- He was to lead our defence! We  
are on the verge of having to  
abandon the exhibition altogether.

**EXT./INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY**

A section of a vast glass and steel structure, clad in  
scaffolding with workers busy all around.

Albert and Cole are standing inside talking animatedly.

Building materials are being ferried through. Busy sounds  
of workmen hammering and sawing. A hive of activity

ALBERT (V.O.)

Despite strong opposition, in July 1850 work finally begins...on the Crystal Palace.

Albert and Cole are joined by Joseph PAXTON and he is pointing out features and then looking back at his designs.

While Cole is all smiles, Albert has a face of a man under pressure.

Albert and Cole stop at a table within the building site and start pouring over the plans. Albert is checking every detail.

Victoria arrives outside with her daughter Vicky (10) and her governess. Albert does not notice their arrival and continues talking to Cole and directly instructing the workmen.

Phipps is already outside and sees Victoria, and walks to meet them.

PHIPPS

Your Majesty,  
(to Vicky)  
your Royal Highness, please be careful where you step.

VICTORIA

(in awe)

Thank you Phipps. My word - Mr Paxton's crystal palace is certainly taking shape. I remember seeing his glasshouse at Chatsworth but this is ...Isn't it beautiful Vicky?

Vicky too is in awe and looks up at the giant structure.

PHIPPS

It's going up with great speed your Majesty. His royal highness insists on being across every detail.

Inside the building, Albert still does not notice his wife and moves to another engineer to discuss a matter.



VICTORIA

(proud)

In such a hive of activity, you will always find my husband centre stage.

Albert now turns, and notices his wife. He immediately comes out of the building and sweeps over to her.

As he draws nearer, we see he is clearly exhausted. He smiles at Victoria wearily, takes her hands and kisses them. He kneels down to kiss his daughter.

ALBERT

My Darling...Dear Vicky. You must be careful of the workmen. Come and see our plans.

Victoria hands Vicky over to a governess who leads her off to see Cole who has now also exited the building.

VICTORIA

You've made such progress.

Albert looks exhausted.

ALBERT

Thank you Meine Liebling.

VICTORIA

(concerned)

My Angel, you look tired. Can others not take the burden for a while?

ALBERT

If only they could.

Cole is now approaching the couple. Albert calls out to him.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

What do they still call it Cole?  
"The greatest trash, the greatest fraud"?

COLE

(with a smile)

I hear Mathematicians have calculated the crystal palace will blow down in the first gale.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

And doctors predict such a gathering of different peoples will spread the Plague.

ALBERT

(laughs)

Some Religious scholars call it a second 'Tower of Babel' and that it will draw the vengeance of an offended god!

COLE

(smiling at the ridiculous)

Your Highness, I can give no guarantee against such perils...

They all give a wry laugh. Mr Phipps catches Cole's eye.

PHIPPS

Mr Cole...

Cole excuses himself from the Royal couple and joins Phipps.

Victoria looks Albert straight in the eye.

VICTORIA

Albert my love, you will prevail.

Victoria leans in and kisses him. Genuine warmth. But she is concerned.

#### **INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY**

The Crystal Palace is a hive of activity, with hundreds of exhibits.

A throng of people are excitedly looking at all the displays of machinery and innovation.

"MAY 1851"

Victoria and Albert are deep in conversation with Cole and Paxton.

Dignitaries walk through. People are aghast.

In the centre of this particular gallery is the Koh-i-Noor diamond mounted on a display flanked by policemen.

Albert and Victoria excuse themselves from Cole and Paxton and approach the diamond.

ALBERT

What do you think? It still doesn't sparkle as much as I hoped. Maybe I will have it recut.

VICTORIA

I think it is magnificent.

Victoria looks up to her husband all smiles. She couldn't be prouder. While they are still surrounded by people and hubbub, we share a special moment between them and the hubbub dies away.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Albert, your Crystal Palace is a triumph. You have raised the monarchy to the highest pinnacle of respect.

ALBERT

Thank you, my Little Wife.

They kiss. This is a proud moment. All the stress and strain has been worth it.

**INT. WINDSOR ROOM - NIGHT**

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Albert (now 35 - but prematurely aged) is with his man Phipps (now 53) working.

"1854"

Albert sat at his desk studying large maps spread out across them. He is studying the war on the Crimea

ALBERT (V.O.)

We are at war with Russia over the Crimea. I have taken it upon myself to aid her majesty's armed forces in whatever ways possible.

Archive imagery of Florence Nightingale meeting Albert.

Archive imagery of the battles.

Albert writing memoranda at his desk.

Albert sketching the Victoria Cross on his desk.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY**

The Scottish highlands. A deer wanders through. Streams bubble away.

ALBERT (V.O.)

With the war over, I find chance to  
escape.

Walking through the forests, Albert (38) is out with his highland ghillie John BROWN (31).

"BALMORAL, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - SUMMER 1857"

The two men come to a clearing where logs are stacked up. A damaged fence is nearby.

ALBERT

John, would you pass me the saw.

John hands across the two-handed saw and the two get sawing back and forth.

Unknow to them, Victoria is riding up the path to the two men. John sees her over Albert's shoulder and nods with his eyes to get Albert's attention.

VICTORIA

Hello Brown. I see you are keeping  
my husband busy. When will you be  
finished dear?

Albert smiles and has stopped sawing and turns to Victoria. He pats the horse and looks up to her.

ALBERT

(warm)

Nearly done my love. Just a few  
more logs should do it.

VICTORIA

(a little needy)

Well do hurry back won't you.

She turns and heads back the way she came.

Albert picks up the saw and him and John get active again.

**INT. BALMORAL DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

LATER

Albert is working at his desk. He takes a dispatch paper out of the Dispatch box and starts reading.

His daughter Vicky (now 17) is sat nearby writing on a paper. She finishes her last answer and quietly walks over and hands the paper to her father. He looks up and smiles to her.

ALBERT  
Excellent Vicky!

Albert gives the paper a few ticks like he is marking homework. He looks through a selection of books on his desk.

ALBERT (CONT'D)  
Why don't we swap French vocabulary  
for History?

Vicky smiles. She is the apple of his eye and loves to be with Daddy. Albert picks up a book. He flicks through the pages and lands at a chapter.

ALBERT (CONT'D)  
Take a look at this - there was a  
huge controversy about the  
accession.

Victoria enters the room, cross and petulant.

VICTORIA  
(miffed)  
Why didn't you tell me you were  
back? I've been waiting an age.

ALBERT  
(genuinely taken aback)  
Sorry my dear, it was time for  
Vicky's lessons, and then today's  
Dispatch Box arrived.  
(to Vicky)  
Why don't you have a read and we  
can continue in tomorrow's lesson?

Albert kisses Vicky's hand. Vicky smiles. She takes the book and departs.

Victoria drops the petulant act and becomes more soulful and yearning.

VICTORIA

(needy)

Darling you spend every spare moment out with John or teaching Vicky, and now your head is in state business! There's never any time for us.

ALBERT

But I have so much to get through...

VICTORIA

It cannot take so long! When did you last play for me? Or read to me...

Albert is weary of being pulled in all directions. He reaches to get his pen and flinches with stomach pains.

ALBERT

(in pain)

There are always pressing matters which require my attention! Would you have me neglect them?

VICTORIA

You are so wrapped up in your own affairs you can't spare a moment to help keep my spirits up.

Despite the discomfort, Albert gets on with work, but looks up to Victoria.

ALBERT

(stern)

Dear child, it is mostly your affairs that occupies my time. If you will not do your duty, then I must.

Victoria looks annoyed, but turns to leave him to it.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert (now 42) is writing. He takes a page from the dispatch box and signs it. He doesn't look well. He is looks very much older than his years.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SUMMER 1861"

He grimaces dealing with continued stomach pains

ALBERT (V.O.)

My workload never seems to let  
up. I find myself like the  
treadmill donkey at the mill at  
Osborne.

Albert takes a letter which he has written and folds it into an envelope. He seals the letter and puts a penny black stamp on it.

Phipps (now 60) enters with a blanket and offers it to Albert. He drapes it carefully around Albert's shoulders.

ALBERT

Thank you Phipps.

Phipps stands attentive.

PHIPPS

Sir, I hear that Mr Cole wants to  
expand the South Kensington site.  
They're calling it 'Albertopolis'.

Albert turns back to more letters.

ALBERT

A new museum of natural history.  
It's for Richard Owen to house his  
collection of animals and fossils,  
and ...erm...

(searches for the word)

PHIPPS

'Dinosaurs'?

ALBERT

That's it.

PHIPPS

I'm sure Mr Darwin might have some exhibits to add to the display, so long as he and Owen are back on speaking terms.

Albert grimaces again. He rubs his stomach as a pain strikes him.

PHIPPS (CONT'D)

Can I get you something sir?

ALBERT

I'm all right. It will pass.

PHIPPS

Should I call the Doctor?

Albert takes up his pen and looks to Phipps.

ALBERT

No I'm fine.

(disgruntled but resolute)

I dare not stop. Like the hawk I must not sleep but be forever on the watch.

Albert Continues writing. Phipps leaves him to it.

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

Albert is alone, writing. He looks quite sickly and is uncomfortable with stomach pains. He looks up and talks (in some pain and sadness) to the camera.

"NOTE WRITTEN TO VICTORIA"

ALBERT

(to camera)

I do not cling to life and set no store by it. I should be quite ready to die tomorrow. I'm sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once. I would not struggle for my life.

He goes back to writing his note



**INT. TRAIN - DAY**

Victoria and Albert are sat in the plush royal train carriage. The world blurs pass the windows.

Albert is clearly not well, with pallid skin and sweating.

ALBERT (V.O.)

While my eldest son Bertie is stationed at Sandhurst, we receive some unflattering reports about his behaviour.

Albert is pale and pasty and has a cold. The couple speak in hushed tones.

ALBERT

Did you read the letter from his commanding officer?

Albert coughs and splutters. Victoria puts a hand on his arm.

VICTORIA

His idleness and disregard for everything is enough to break one's heart.

Albert looks out the window, heartbroken at his failure as a father.

ALBERT

He seems to take no interest in anything except clothes and the latest boot fashions. Despite my lessons, I fear his intellect pales in comparison to his Sister.

Victoria takes up Albert's hand in hers.

VICTORIA

Why doesn't he listen to you?

They look out the window...in despair.

**EXT. WINDSOR GARDEN RAINY PATH - DAY**

It is a bleak grey day. Rain falls.

Albert and Bertie (now 21) are walking and talking in the garden.

ALBERT

Your behaviour has caused me the deepest pain. What if the girl fell pregnant? You have wilfully plunged into the lowest vice.

Bertie looks dejected but prepared to mount a defence.

BERTIE

Papa I...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(cuts him off)

I am still your loving father. But when I consider that you will someday take over the reins of an empire where the sun never sets, my mind becomes confused by the very idea.

Albert coughs violently. He is in serious discomfort.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You must not, you dare not be lost. The consequences for this country will be too dreadful.

Bertie hangs his head in shame. The two men walk on in the rain.

**INT. WINDSOR BEDROOM - DAY**

Albert is propped up in bed. His daughter Alice (now 18) is sat next to him with a book (she has been reading to him - Walter Scott's 'The Talisman').

Servants enter and exit the room. The DOCTOR is stood in the corner.

Victoria enters with some soup. She sits by the bed and feeds him a spoonful.

VICTORIA

You need your strength my angel.

Albert can't stomach it and pushes it away. She is his nurse maid. She wipes his mouth and mops his brow.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
 Just rest then. The doctor says  
 you'll soon be up and out again.

She looks up at the Doctor who tries to give a reassuring nod smile. Victoria knows the truth.

**INT. WINDSOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

The darkened hallway of Windsor Castle. We hear footsteps rapidly approaching. We see feet running.

"14<sup>th</sup> DECMEBER 1861"

The feet belong to the royal Princess Alice who is dressed for bed but with a shawl wrapped round her. She has a candle lamp in her hand.

Alice is anxious with tears in her eyes.

Alice is running with determination down the corridor of Windsor Castle. She calls out, searching.

ALICE  
 Mama! Mama!

Alice continues searching for her mother.

**INT. WINDSOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CONT.

Albert lays in bed drifting in and out of consciousness. He is sweaty and pale and now at death's door.

He is tended to by a doctor who is taking his pulse. Phipps stands nearby plus his sons Bertie and ARTHUR (11) who look worried.

Victoria enters followed by Alice. They have tears in their eyes. Victoria kneels next to the bed and takes his hand in hers.

VICTORIA  
 I'm here my Angel.

Victoria dabs at the sweat on Albert's forehead

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Es ist kleines Frauchen einem kuss  
bitten

*[it is your little wife asking for  
a kiss]*

Albert's eyes flutter open and he stares into Victoria's eyes. He smiles weakly. She leans in and kisses his hand. Victoria starts to sob.

VICTORIA

(whispers)

Please don't leave me. What would I  
do without you?

Albert's breathing becomes laboured. Alice stands with her mother and can no longer keep back the tears.

The doctor looks at his pocket watch. It says 1045.

Albert breathes his last. Tears flow from all in the room.

Victoria cries out as she holds his hand.

**INT. WINDSOR DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

Victoria is dressed in full mourning dress sits at a window looking out. She is lost. Phipps stands nearby.

VICTORIA

(to the window)

Albert's wishes, his plans, his  
views are to be my law, and no  
human power will make me swerve  
from what he decided and wished. I  
live on with him and for him.

PHIPPS

Very good ma'am.

Phipps departs and leaves Victoria all alone.

Victoria now speaks to herself. She stares out of the window lost in her own thoughts.

VICTORIA

(tears build)

I prayed we would die together.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Why do I survive? How will I be  
able to go on, to live, to move, to  
help myself in difficult moments?  
Pleasure and joy - all is gone  
forever.

Tears now fall.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

He was the light in our home, the  
best father who ever lived, and a  
blessing to the country. There will  
be nobody ever again to call me  
'Victoria'...

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**