



Scripts.com

The Scandalous Lady W

By David Eldridge

You wish to speak to me.
I will grant your wish,
on the condition that you
leave England at once...
.. and remain abroad in
France for four years.
You would send me into exile?
Why do you complain so?
I have lost everything.
And only you?
Shh...
I love you, Captain Bisset.
Seymour?
Where is Lady Worsley?
Where is she?
They say she's worth 100,000
to the man she marries.
I doubt there's a wealthier, more
eligible heiress in the land.
You are beautiful, madam.
You are kind, sir.
I have always believed, when I
meet my match, I shall know it.
I wish to marry for love.
- I have had many offers, sir...
- I'm sure you have!
- And when you marry, you wish
to marry only for love? - Yes.
Well, then, why not marry
a stable boy, or a footman?
Perhaps I will, sir.
A gentleman's title and connections
are plainly no more than a trifle,
as far as Miss Fleming is concerned!
If I am one day...
and before too long...
to promise myself to another, well...
.. then I would like him to pledge
his love and undying devotion to me,
for I will marry for no less.
Yes, you have impressed the point upon me.
What is it you wish for in a wife, sir?
When I marry, one day...
and before too long...

I must know in my heart that I
can trust my wife to do her duty.
I would do the bidding of any man I loved.
I am sure, sir, you will
meet your match soon.
And what man, except a fool,
would not love you, Seymour?
Seymour's not home. What
time did she leave?
She left with Captain Bisset
just after you did, sir.
Lady Worsley!
Where's that scoundrel's lodgings?
Sir!
Upon your honour, can you say
she is not in your house?
Sir, she is not in this house.
She was here, sir... with Captain Bisset,
but they was gone off,
about five this morning.
I did not see her, sir.
They have eloped.
We have been wed for
three months, Richard.
Are you weary?
No.
I...
You are my brother starling,
my love, my one.
I am yours, sir, to do with as you please.
Would you not wish for
me to bear you a son?
Seymour, I love you.
I am convulsed with passion for you.
How many unspoken desires toward you?
Might I speak them?
You would not mind?
- If it pleases you, then...
- Oh, my dear, it would please me greatly.
My mother did not tell me
that playing rantum-scantum would be thus.
It did not please you?
It was strange, but not unpleasant.
Seymour, I'm sure before long,

they will call me to serve His Majesty as Privy Counsellor. Perhaps it is my destiny that I might one day be Prime Minister. Well, if one day you are, I shall be very proud of you. You will be wreathed in the golden light that shines upon you from my honours and titles. I dare say when I achieve a rank within the Royal household, I shall be in court most of the time. And I shall be permitted to accompany you? When it is my wish. Madam, our marriage and our frolics are for us and us alone. Of course they are. I must know I can rely on you. Of course you can, Richard.

- Where is she?

- Sir?

Where is she, damn you! My mistress made me take an oath on my life not to say. Let me be plain, madam. If you do not answer me truthfully, this moment... .. you will be discharged from my service without a reference. You will be thrown out on to the street! I know not where they are... only that they are in London. I was awoken from my sleep at the midnight hour... Yes? .. and I was instructed to bring the child to Lady Worsley at Viscount Deerhurst's home. Right. You are to come with me. We've done it, George. I'm free of him! Now then, Seymour... I will never let you down. The world will take me for a scoundrel, but my heart is in your hand...

and I am a slave to your quim.
We will take breakfast privately...
and a bedchamber for my husband and I.
Married, my arse!
Forgive us, ladies. We were
resting from our travels.
Do not fret, my dear. He'll
never find us here.
I will be at ease when my Jane is with me.
All will be well with the child.
Don't call her "the child". - Shh.
Make up the bed chambers and be gone.
Lady Worsley is unhappy.
I'm sorry to hear that's so.
Many ladies of rank are
wont to selfishness.
Lady Worsley is a magnificent woman...
if I may say so.
Yes, you may.
You may.
Nay, never would I have known
that a woman of breeding
could be so wanton and so desires fucking.
Sir...
.. that is most extraordinary.
She says it is love that
fuels her passions.
Ah.
I jest not, my lord. The respite
would be most welcome.
She likes you.
You have my permission to try with her.
You ask too much of me, sir.
I am your wife and I love you.
It would not touch my love
for you, nor yours mine.
Richard, please...
You know, unless you do as I wish,
I suffer viciously with the horn colic.
- But I don't... - Why will
you not do my bidding?
You are my wife.
Are you not satisfied with looking
upon me through the keyhole?

No, I'm not.
All I wish for, sir,
is to be happy and in love
and with my husband.
All I wish for, madam,
is that you do my bidding.
You betray my love for you by asking...
It is not betrayal...
it is simply my wish.
You should wish to please me.
I won't.
I won't.
Then as you wish.
Why?
I've promised Deerhurst that you are game.
No.
Why, I say?
No.
You see, my lord, what hurts me greatly
is that she will not even try.
To think, I married a sour-faced prig!
I will be tender, madam.
You are the purest pure.
You are beautiful, madam.
And you are fair handsome,
sir... and that I am grateful.
Your husband is a damned fool.
But, fool such as he is...
.. this is his dearest wish.
Was Deerhurst not kind to you?
He was very kind indeed, sir.
And yet, you are displeased?
No.
I would not say I was displeased.
Are you happy now?
Yes. Yes.
And if Deerhurst came to
play rantum-scantum again,
you would not mind?
No, I would not mind, Richard...
if it would make you happy and
it would improve our union.
Thank goodness, Deerhurst, it is you.
Forgive my appearance, my dear.

Captain Bisset, I presume.

My Lord.

Is my Mary here with Jane?

Seymour, I'm sorry to bear bad news.

Sir Richard is already in London.

The Right Honourable Viscount Deerhurst.

Mr Farrar, my attorney.

- My lord.

- Sir.

So she sent you, we wondered
where you were about.

He always was her lap dog.

I'm charged with a message, sir.

Lady Worsley having for some
time past received many...

- slights and inattentions
from Sir Richard. - My lord...

Which she could bear no longer.

As she has had for some time past
a partiality for Captain Bisset,
she has taken the opportunity
of availing her self of it.

She is so resolved to abide by it that,
in case Sir Richard should
force her back again,
which as her husband he certainly
has the right to do,

Lady Worsley wishes you to know, sir,
she would do the same again
whenever she could.

Punk.

Common whore.

Well, if that is her
ladyship's fixed resolution,
perhaps she should give her assistance
towards obtaining a divorce.

I believe a divorce is what
Lady Worsley wishes for.

There will be no divorce.

Was Jane with him?

- Did you see my Mary?

- No, I did not.

Perhaps they remain elusive.

Seymour, he was with a lawyer.

What?

A lawyer?

Speak to Richard.

If you wish for a divorce, look him
in the eye and ask him for one.

I do not have to do anything

Richard bids me to do any more.

I do as I please.

I am happy now.

- He knows my wishes, you expressed
them. - Seymour, please.

I did my duty to him as his wife
and I obliged his every whim.

I will not go to him,
sir, he must let ME go.

Lady Worsley must understand
she now has a clear choice.

She may return home to us and
we undertake to forgive her.

If she does not, there will be a trial
and I will prosecute Captain Bisset.

He will pay and she will condemn
them both to a life of penury.

I see.

If I may, surely given the...
extraordinary intimacy of your
friendship with Captain Bisset,
you may meet with him and talk with him.

She is my wife and she
is mine and mine alone
and yet she has been taken from me
and fucked by that villain Bisset.

- Richard... - Furthermore, I
will seek compensation in law
from that scoundrel.

Compensation for all
that he has done to me
and the damage he's caused
to my rightful property.

In cases of this nature,
one would expect to ask
for 5,000 in compensation.

I will ask for 20,000.

20,000, sir?

- Why should the devil be left undisturbed? - Richard...
We should ask for 20,000 and then let's see how Captain Bisset likes it.
Richard, litigation will not restore Seymour's affections and it will be as costly for you as well as for the scoundrel Bisset.
It is my wish.
There will be public scrutiny of your private affairs, Richard.
It is my wish, sir.
Well, sir...
.. if it your wish then we must apply our efforts to obtaining proof of adultery.
We must catch them at it, sir.
Sir Richard and Lady Worsley.
I should think you mean to thank me for taking you as my wife.
I meant nothing by it.
You will recall, Seymour, I made a vow to love and cherish and you made a vow to love, cherish and obey.
Forgive me...
I am Mr Bisset. George Bisset.
I'm the new owner of Newton.
- You say you heard them screwing?
- Yes, I did, sir.
And you kept the sheets as I asked you to.
Yes, I have, Mr Farrar.
Foul state they was in as well.
Well, then...
This is Lady Worsley's riding crop.
See if she'll claim it and give her real name.
Why do you housemaids knock but not await an answer?
My lady, there's a riding crop left for a lady in this house and since there's no other ladies here, may I crave the favour of your name?

- A riding crop.
- Yes, my lady,
a riding crop and some other effects.
Is the person who left that
a woman servant with a child?
We're instructed not to part with
the crop or any other belongings
unless my lady gives her true name first.
Why I am Seymour, Lady Worsley.
Where did you get that from?
'You are insinuated in the criminality. '
Yes, sir.
You are implicated in the
desertion of your master...
and the wicked plot to abduct the
child that is rightfully his.
You have any objection to
seeing Lady Worsley again?
No, sir.
My loyalty is to my mistress.
But I understand Sir Richard is my master.
Good.
Do you know enough of Captain Bisset...
as to be certain of his
person if you saw him?
- Yes, sir.
- Well, then, Miss Sotheby.
'You are to go to Lady
Worsley's bedchamber...
'.. and if you should see Captain Bisset,
'you are to tell me. '
Enter.
Why did you not come as I asked?
Madam, I am come by Sir Richard's orders.
- Mary?
- Madam?
You come by Sir Richard's orders?
Yes, madam.
Where is Jane?
The infant is with her father.
But you must bring her to me.
So it's true then, madam.
You know why I am here.
I never believed you would've done it.

Oh, Mary.

You will not see me again, madam.

Mary!

Mary!

He will not give up the child.

He means to use Jane as a pawn
to try and force your return.

Seymour, you gave your actual
name to the housemaids.

- Mary has confessed to Richard. - No.

No, no. - He'll have me prosecuted.

Richard would never dare

put himself and us

through the humiliation of the courts.

- We have humiliated him!

- Hush now.

Did you not mark how my Mary was with me?

- If that bitch comes again I'll shoot
her. - You'll do no such thing.

Sh, sh, sh.

We have them.

Mary.

Does it not grieve you, you
do not see our daughter?

- Dear Seymour, please.

- Does it not grieve you, sir?

Sir?

George.

The infant was of our love begotten,
my dear Seymour, is a fact.

Richard took her for his own
and now she belongs to him.

A fact, George?

It was you who foolishly asked
your woman to bring her.

And it is you that foolishly
said we must leave without her.

- The child is better off with
Richard. - How can you say so?

The scandal will be great.

Richard knows it...

and he has us by the nutmegs.

We must be patient.

Deerhurst will go to him again.

He will be full of fury if
Deerhurst goes to him again.

- He will not, George. - If you provoke
him further, he may suggest a duel.
He may.

And I could not refuse.

Oh, my love.

- Sir, what do you mean by this?

- Maurice George Bisset.

Who is it that seeks him out?

You are served with a writ from
the Court of the King's Bench.

We've been fooled.

He has made a claim for 20,000.

I'll become a bankrupt
and live out my days in the Fleet Prison.

I have valued your wise council
and your unfailing loyalty
but I begin to wonder.

Wonder? Why, Prime Minister?

Sometimes we must accept defeat.

Accept it in its bitter entirety.

You have been wronged and mightily so
but every wall has unseen eyes and ears.

What say you, then?

All of London is in an uproar
with talk of a cuckold
in my government and a whore for a wife!

I take it you are beyond reproach
in all these terrible misfortunes.

My reputation will remain intact.

Then good.

I will need every man
of mine and every vote.

We must be married and live
as one with our daughter.

But you are already married.

It is my fortune that has acquired
all of this. My fortune.

Why should I not determine
how I am to live?

We could live as four here.

- As moderns, Seymour.

- No. No.

It is my dearest wish that you and
I and our daughter live as one.
How it is my dearest wish, George.
Mr Farrar.

Mr Wallace.

She'll not be attending, will she?

No, sir, of course not.

All rise.

The Right Honourable Lord
Chief Justice Mansfield.

Order! Order! Silence in court!

Do you consent to her attending?

I have no objection, my lord.

Very well, then. We may proceed.

Sir Richard Worsley is
a selfless, God-fearing
and dutiful public servant
of the highest order.

A doting father, a loving
and dutiful husband
who has been wronged and subject
to an outrageous plot.

Sir Richard has a seat
in the House of Commons,
he is a privy counsellor and
governor of the Isle of Wight.

Mr Bisset, as he was commonly known,
became friends with the plaintiff
at the time of his election
to the House of Commons
and the greatest intimacy grew
between them there after.

Indeed, Sir Richard gave the defendant
a commission in his regiment.

The defendant had the confidence
and trust of the plaintiff,
both in friendship, as neighbours
and in military matters
until, that is, the unhappy
event took place.

The court calls Hannah Commander.

'Did they desire you to
prepare any bedchamber?'

'Yes, as near to the dining room

as possibly could be, sir. '

And what else do you recall?

Captain Bisset

as I didn't know him then for I took
him for her ladyship's husband.

- He was a scoundrel, sir.

- A scoundrel you say?

A proper mutton monger. He give
me a crown for my silence, sir.

- A mutton monger?

- Yes, sir. A mutton monger.

Will you kindly endeavour to
speak in respectful English?

I've kept the crown, my lord.

And how long did they stay?

For four or five days, sir.

And how did they pass?

As man and wife, sir.

But they was not a man and wife, sir,
and the state of the bedchamber,
sir, and the bedding, sir.

- Had they only one bed?

- Yes, my lord.

And they was at it under the sheets
when I came into the bedchamber
and they was naked, my lord, at one
o'clock in the afternoon as well.

How do you know who they were?

Because she answered to the
name of Lady Worsley, sir.

It was her.

The court calls Mary Sotheby.

Do you solemnly swear by almighty

God that the evidence

you shall give to the

court will be the truth,

the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

I was awoken at midnight, sir,

and asked to do my lady's bidding.

That is all.

You were privy and party

to this debauchery, madam.

Yes, you were privy and party to

the desertion of Sir Richard Worsley

- and his infant daughter.

- I was not, sir.

Pray tell me,

how old was the infant Jane
at the time of this most
heartless desertion?

She was four months old.

And yet you conspired to abduct the
infant from her father and her home.

Oh, you appear entirely
deficient of any morality.

Or of conscious, or of any
loyalty at all to your master.

Why, my lord, these are crocodile tears.

My lady only loves Captain Bisset.

Love?

And my lady loves her
daughter Jane dearly.

Then why, madam, did you lady desert her?

The court calls Captain Leversuch.

Do you recollect Captain Bisset
and Lady Worsley at a party
together which met at your house
the very night of the elopement?

Yes, my lord, I recall it
with the utmost clarity.

Captain Bisset played the
piano for our entertainment.

Bravo!

They make quite a pair, wouldn't you say?

It does your husband much credit
that he is no Othello.

They are so dear to me,
so very dear to me.

What lady could be more fortunate
to have a husband of such distinction
and a friend of such
devotion to both of us?

And Sir Richard is the best
and most generous kind of man.

I dare say I thought no such
friendship could exist.

Oh, I've a terrible migraine.

Ale afflicts me so.

Sir, that is the claret.

Oh...

He is often afflicted with the migraine
and none so often as in the bedchamber.
You are wicked, madam. You are wicked.

Why is it wicked, sir, to
laugh and speak the truth?

Pope is a duddering ninny who
was fool enough to fall in love
with a woman who did not love him
and who was far his superior
in every respect.

I am familiar with the predicament, sir.
But most cruel.

It is said that Lady Montagu laughed
at Pope as he unfolded his heart.

It is a cold heart that's not
moved by the tragic beauty
of Pope's two lovers struck by lightning.

Pope's work does not compare to the
verses of Lady Montagu herself.

"The man who feels the dear disease,
"Forgets himself, neglects to please. "

Well, Pope is the greatest
poet that's ever lived.

I know they find me a terrible
bore, Mrs Leversuch,
but what I am to do but be myself?

Huh?

I'll see you out.

I cannot spend another
week in his company.

Then why do we not leave tonight?

Do you mean it, George?

I do but if you want
to go, we must go now.

And what of Jane?

We cannot take the child tonight,
the risk is too great.

- I cannot leave without her,
George. - Then we cannot go.

Listen to reason, Seymour.

If we take the child tonight,
he will know that we are leaving

and he will never allow that.
What are you two lovebirds
twittering over?
We must send word to
Mary, she can bring Jane
and all my belongings in the morning
to us and send word to Deerhurst.
Goodnight, my dears. Goodnight!
And you had no knowledge of this affair?
No.

I heard not a whisper, my lord,
of any relationship of that kind
between Lady Worsley and Captain Bisset.
And did Sir Richard Worsley know
of this adulterous relationship
- prior to the elopement?
- No, none at all, my lord.

He remained quite in
the dark as did we all.
Captain Bisset is a deceitful scoundrel
and myself and Mrs Leversuch are
entirely innocent of any knowledge
or involvement in this
most sordid elopement.

My lord,
far from being ignorant of Lady
Worsley's intimate friendship
with Captain Bisset,
Sir Richard Worsley openly
encouraged it, indeed, my lord,
intimate relations between a great
many gentlemen and ladies of rank
in the Southampshire Militia
were common knowledge.

Sir...
are you truthfully giving
evidence to this court
that you had no indication at all
that Lady Worsley and Captain
Bisset were, shall we say,
intimate friends?

No, sir.
And if I may say, my lord, I
was and remain deeply shocked

and alarmed by this whole affair
and if I may also say, my lord,
Sir Richard and Lady Worsley
were very happily married
and until she made the
acquaintance of Captain Bisset,
she always did her husband's bidding.

Thank you, Captain Leversuch,
that will be all.

How is it just that Richard
can paint such a false picture
of our marriage?

- Something must be done.

- Madam, what is to be done?

Captain Bisset is plainly proven
to be guilty of adultery.

We have put doubt in the
jury's mind as to whether
Sir Richard knew that the
relations between you were
established before the
elopement and perhaps...

the compensation could be
reduced, by half, to 10,000.

We have no means to pay
such compensation, sir.

10,000 and George still
ends up in the fleet.

And I... will never see my love again.

Where the adultery is proven,
the defendant cooperates fully
in all of society, that
is what is expected.

Now, the scandal is reduced by default.

Why can I not tell the whole truth?

Madam?

I am not worth 20,000.

- No, Lady Worsley...

- What if he may prove that

I was not worth 20,000 long
before I met Captain Bisset?

George would need not confess to anything.

But you would.

How so, madam?

I know what you're considering doing.
Seymour, you have already lost much.
As a consequence of your love
affair and your elopement,
you have lost your means,
your place in society...
You will never see your daughter
again, of that I'm certain.
If you choose this path, you may
not win. But whatever the outcome...
.. you will be shamed forevermore.
I do not want to lose George.
It will not touch my love for you.
I must have time to think.
What else may I do?
Go to Sir Richard.
Reason with him.
Lady Worsley is here.
What does she want of me?
She wishes to see the child, and
if you wished it, speak with you,
Sir Richard.
Richard, do you not think
it wise to hear her?
Sir Richard Worsley wishes
it to be known to Lady Worsley
that the child is not here.
And in any case, if the child were here,
Lady Worsley would not be
permitted to see the child.
For Lady Worsley has forgone
all her maternal rights
and Sir Richard is no longer
obliged, nor is he disposed
to grant them.
Furthermore, Sir Richard wishes
it to be known that Lady Worsley's
visitation is a further
cruel and vicious act
perpetrated upon his person
and he will inform the Lord
Justice in the morning.
I will have you, Richard Worsley!
I will have you for breakfast.

You will see. The whole of
London will know what you are!
We must tell the truth.
Then I will do as you wish, Seymour.
Though man is a damn fool.
The defendant is very ready
to admit that the plaintiff is
entitled to a verdict.
But I will prove to the
satisfaction of the jury
that the plaintiff is not entitled
to 20,000 of compensation.
Lady Worsley is not worth
the sum of 20,000.
I will prove this to be a fact, my lord.
The court calls the right
honourable Lord Deerhurst.
'Madam, our marriage and our frolics
are for us and us alone. '
Of course they are.
I must know that I can rely on you.
Of course you can, Richard.
On what year was your lordship first
acquainted with Lady Worsley?
We were introduced by Sir Richard
Worsley in the year 1779.
Hmm.
And you became an intimate of hers?
Yes, I was a most intimate friend.
You have had an intimacy of friendship.
But have you had any particularly
intimate connection with her?
In the bedchamber.
With your lordship's permission,
I decline that question.
It is improper for a gentleman
to admit whether he has had
many prior and intimate connections
with Lady Worsley, sir.
Certainly.
You have no right to
be asked that question.
The court calls the right
honourable Lord Peterborough.

How did your lordship first make
the acquaintance of Lady Worsley?

I was first introduced to her by Sir
Richard Worsley at Sadler's Wells.

What about that fly fellow?

How intimate were your relations
with the Lady Worsley?

Sir, you may decline that.

Sir, how many a gentleman admit
to the most intimate of relations
with Lady Worsley?

The court calls the honourable
Charles Wyndham, Esquire.

The court calls the right honourable
the Marquess of Graham.

The court calls Joseph
Bouchier Smith, Esquire.

Disgrace!

"This indifference, Richard,
so often you blame
"is not owing to nature,
to fear or to shame.

"I hate to be abused and never
will accept years of solitude
"and pitiful neglect. "

They are mine, Richard.

They are my most private things.

It's no more than the trifling
doggerel of an ungrateful shrew.

Please leave me in peace.

The court calls Dr Osborn.

Dr Osborn, in what condition
did you find Lady Worsley?

She had a number of complaints,
all of which, I fancy,
were the consequence of venereal disease.

And were you ever employed by Sir Richard
for complaints of a similar order, sir?

No, sir, I was not.

In your opinion, sir,
did Sir Richard and Lady Worsley
lie together as man and wife?

No, sir.

Not with any regularity, no.

And what, then, of the child, Jane?

In my opinion, sir, the child

Sir Richard says belongs to him

is a bastard.

The child is a bastard, you say?

Order, I say! Order! Silence in court!

I understood there was Deerhurst

and then there were others

to take the stand.

26, Seymour?!

I thought we lived as moderns, my love.

As moderns.

I see.

You think me a whore, too.

Forgive me, if I may.

I am Mr Bisset, George Bisset.

I am the new owner of Newton.

So, you are Mr Bisset? Pleased

to make your acquaintance, sir.

I am Sir Richard Worsley. May I present

to you my wife, Lady Worsley?

Mr Bisset, I understand you have

been our neighbour here a week,

and you have neglected to call upon us.

Forgive me, sir, madam.

I have a card for you and was

to deliver it to you tomorrow.

- Do you believe this cheeky fellow?

- I assure you, it is the truth.

And you are to stand in the

by-elections, for Newport?

- What of it? - I wish you to

know that you will have my vote.

That is all.

Hmm!

Gentlemen, whilst some in Parliament

may baulk to call themselves

a Tory, I am proud to do so.

It has been an honour to offer

myself for you as a candidate

for your favour. And gentlemen, know this.

If I should have the honour of being

freely elected by you, I shall,

when your service requires it,

be at your service for ever more.
I give you, my lady, the
honourable member for the seat
of Newport in the county of Hampshire.
Mm-hm!

I am most remiss, my dear. - Richard?
- I've been keeping Mr Bisset
from you. - Why, Richard!
I wanted him for myself.
I'm sure his talents know no bounds.
I've been thinking of
rewarding him, Seymour.

Mm?

Why, sir, you are too generous.
I think you will look rather dashing,
a commissioned officer of
the South Hampshire Militia.

Wh...

I wish it could be so that
Richard were away for a month.
So do I.

You are like no other
woman I have ever met.

Though some may say that what you
do for your husband makes you
no more than a common
whore. But you are not.
You're just doing your best for him.
You have done your duty.
It is how I have kept my husband happy.

You make me feel as if a new
kind of future may exist.
A meeting not just of lovers,
but of a new kind of love,
based upon liberty, free will.

That we may have a life
together, as moderns.

Am I your love?

You are, George.

My true love.

Good. Because you are mine.

I love you, Seymour.

My lord, these 26 lovers
are no more than a fiction,

concocted by the defendant,
Lady Worsley, and her friends.

Not one independent witness
has corroborated these
implausible tales.

For how much longer will Sir Richard
Worsley be tormented in this manner?

Sir, what say you?

My Lord?

Are we to hear any more
evidence for the defence?

- What is your name?

- Mary, madam.

My maid's name is Mary.

'What is your name?

'Mary Marriott, sir.

'Uh-huh.

- 'And you are a bathing
woman? - Yes, sir. '

Do you know Sir Richard and Lady Worsley?

Yes, I do.

How do you know them?

Lady Worsley came to the bathhouse
when they was in Maidstone, sir.

Did she come on her own?

No, sir, she came with Sir
Richard and Captain Bisset.

All three, together.

...Sir!... Shh!

- Richard! - Seymour, Seymour! Bisset
would like to do something. - What?

Bisset would like to watch you.

I would like Bisset to watch you.

And you are sure that you heard
Sir Richard suggest this?

Yes, he did.

And it was him that asked Lady
Worsley to open her legs
and place her hand upon her quim.

Pray, Mary, is this true?

It is, my lord.

Titled folk hop and skip
around what they can
and can't be expected to say,

for the sake of manners.

But I've always been a plain-speaking
working woman and I tell the truth.

So help me, God.

It is proven that Sir Richard
Worsley is not entitled
to damages of 20,000.

In fact, I would venture Sir
Richard Worsley is not entitled
to any compensation at all and that
his litigation may be dismissed,
for it was Sir Richard Worsley himself
who debased and devalued his wife.

My lord, gentlemen of the jury...

"If a plaintiff encourages or is
privy to, or consenting at all,
"or contributing to the debauchery
of his wife, or joined in it,
"he will not recover a verdict. "

So says the law of this land.

I rest my case.

Order, order!

I will have this court cleared
if there is not order!

Silence in court! Silence in court!

Sir, does the plaintiff have your verdict?

Yes, he does, my lord.

A clear breach of legality occurred,
when the defendant eloped
to the Royal Hotel, London
with the plaintiff's wife,
and he shared her bed.

Then, sir, there is the
question of compensation.

The plaintiff is making
a claim of 20,000.

What damages, sir, do you consider
proper in this case?

We consider, my Lord, that
the defendant, Captain Bisset,
should compensate the plaintiff,
Sir Richard Worsley,
the total sum of...

.. one shilling.

Order, order!

Order!

Clear the court! Clear the court!

Whore!

We have done it, George.

We have our life together now.

How exactly is that, madam?

Madam?

He will let me go now. Richard...

- Seymour...

- Richard!

You wish to speak to me?

I wish for us to be divorced,
and to have Jane... she belongs to
George and I. She is our daughter.

And I want all that
rightfully belongs to me.

You have...

exposed and...

humiliated me.

- And you have wilfully betrayed the
trust we shared. - Please, Richard.

- After all that has happened
and passed between us. - No.

- Richard, I beg of you, let us
put an end to this. - I said no.

You are mine, Seymour, and
you will always be mine.

I will never do as you wish.

I will never grant you a divorce.

You belong to me and you
will always belong to me.

I may be your lawful property...

but I will never be yours.

Compensation has been ordered,
and you, sir, shall have it!

There!

Have it!

You bastard, George.

Prime Minister.

I do not require you to resign, sir.

The government has not yet fallen.

I must, my lord.

I'm... filled with shame.

Richard...

torment yourself no further.

Be done with her and divorce her.

Lady Worsley will no more give
up her pursuit of independence
than will the American colonies.

These sweet williams are
pretty, aren't they, George?

Very pretty, I think.

What is it, my love?

Let us find a new home,
away from England, where we
may hold our heads up high,
and there we can live a life free
of all this oppression and gloom.

No, I won't run away from him. I won't.

- No?

- No.

"No, sir Thro' every change I went
"But ne'er could find to keep content... "

"All different, those poor garbage were
"Some fat, some lean, some
brown, some fair... "

"Had you seen me on his breast reclined
"Lips glued to lips and limbs
with limbs entwined... "

"With oft repeated acts of dalliance spent
"My lust quite sated My heart content... "

"Sir Richard Worse-than-sly
"Cursed the charms that gave
him once a virgin to his arms

"But, sir, those charms
you cannot justly blame

"For were't not THOU the
author of thy shame?"

Wonderful. Wonderful...

Seymour, we have no money.

George, we have lots of money.

Richard has it, and I'm his lawful wife...
so I can spend it as I wish.

You think?

Blue?

Richard has asked me to go to him.

Perhaps these verses shall

be the last, my dear.
What a triumph your love
of poesy has become.
Someone has to ensure we
do not starve, George.
When I'm finished with it, you
can take me to bed if you wish.
My love for you has declined.
But Richard wishes to see me.
I know he does.
I did everything for you.
I know you did.
Why are you doing this, George?
I thought I could live
like this, but I can't.
Are we not moderns?
Not if living like this is being a modern.
This is because I cannot
give you a legitimate heir.
No, Seymour...
I do not love you any more.
I'm very sorry.
Very sorry indeed.
My daughter was taken
from me because of you.
What will you do?
I don't know, George.
Go back to Richard.
You were never mine.
Nay...
he'd take you back for a farthing.
I belong to no man...
and while it is my misfortune
to live in an age of men,
I will never belong to any man ever again.
You wish to speak to me.
I will grant you wish,
and return your clothes and jewels...
and I will pay you a generous allowance,
on the condition that you
cease all expenditure
and that you leave England,
at once, and remain abroad
in France for four years.

You would send me into exile?
There is peace with France.
I'm sure you'll be most content there.
And what of Jane?
I acknowledged her as mine,
and she will remain with me.
- But it's unfair to...
- You left us, Seymour.
It is the law. You have...
forfeited all rights to her...
- Richard, I'm her mother...
- .. no more than a stranger to her.
You're not too old to have
another babe, Seymour.
You have George...
you are free to breed as many
bastards with him as you wish.
You wish me to depart for four years?
Why do you complain so?
I have lost everything.
And only you?
I'm tired.
Of this.
Yes.
And so am I.
Then we are agreed.
I loved you, Richard...
and I obeyed you, but
you never cherished me.