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Churchill's Secret

By Stewart Harcourt

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Mama.

Too close, he finds him a bore.

Smiling distance.

5 minute warning.

Nurse Appleyard!

- I've got to go Rosie, I'm late for John.

- Millie, please.

It's Mr Donaldson,

I don't know what's happening.

Get Dr Stroud, he'll be on his way out

heading for the Masons Arms on Praed Street.

And wear that.

Run, Rosie.

Signor De Gasperi.

In drinking to your health

and that of the whole Italian nation

I am mindful that the first people

to conquer these islands in 43 AD

we British have long memories, you know

were the Romans.

Men from your country

built a better way of law and order.

A land free from barbarism.

And gave us hot baths.

Which, throughout my long

and not uneventful life

I have, as my wife would confirm,

partaken twice a day.

Thank you.

I'm sorry you missed John.

He'll see more than enough of me

when we're married.

I dunno what I'm gonna do

when you're in Australia.

Well, I've not gone yet.

I just panicked in there.

Don't blame yourself.

We did everything we could.

Everyone has their time.

We who have lived

through two terrible wars

and now live in the precarious days

of the hydrogen bomb

understand the need to build
a lasting peace between nations.
Therefore, at the Bermuda conference
this summer, I will seek American support
for my personal approach to secure peace
with the new leaders of Soviet Russia
in this, in, in these...
Po...
Our po...
In uh, post...
Post-Stalin days.
And in the spirit of peace,
I give you Signor De Gasperi
and the nation of Italy.
Signor De Gasperi and the nation of Italy.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the Prime Minister invites you
to retire to the state drawing room.
- Prime Minister, are you alright?
- What?
Glass of water, perhaps.
- Would you excuse me for just one moment?
- Yes.
Was I laplump? Was I la...
- Were you what, sir?
- The sp, spe...
The speech went very well, sir.
Are you alright?
- Darling?
- Uh, yes, darling?
Would you excuse me a moment?
- Christopher, don't let the waiters in.
- Of course.
Winston, do you think
you're able to stand up?
- He needs an ambulance, Mama.
- He needs his doctor.
Get Lord Moran, Jock, make our excuses
to the Italians and clear the house.
What Italians?
Just hold my hand, Winston, hmm?
Just hold my hand.
Would you give his apologies to De Gasperi
and get them to leave.

Of course.

- Rab.

- Jock, what's going on?

We've got the Americans on the phone, Rab
and we could do with
clearing the house, actually.

Would you give Christopher a hand?

Thanks.

- Lord Moran.

- Jock.

We've been trying you all night, Charles.
Where the hell have you been?

Sussex. Just got your message
half an hour ago, what's happened?

Lord Moran, Prime Minister.

Good morning, Winston.

How are you feeling?

I was thinking about Bermuda.

Let's get you just sitting down, shall we?

- Where exactly is it?

- Not my subject, I'm afraid.

Just sitting, sitting on the edge.

On the edge, that it.

Good, good, gently.

- How are you feeling?

- Good, good.

Now, Winston, could you,
could you just grasp my fingers here?

Just here.

And with this hand,
with your left, that's good.

- Where are my cufflinks?

- You're wearing them, Winston.

Ah.

I'm sure it's just tiredness.

He's exhausted, Mary. He's 78.

And being Foreign Secretary as well
while Eden's ill.

- What's his first appointment?

- Cabinet at 11.

Cancel it.

I think we should wait
for Lord Moran's report.

- Could you raise both arms for me?

- If I must.
Raise them both, gently, good.
Both arms, Winston, both arms.
Both, yes, good.
Good. That's fine, now, just relax,
just drop. Now...
Do you remember a few years back
you found it difficult
to squeeze the paint out of the tubes?
- The Monte Carlo clutch, yes.
- Well, this could be the same.
Well, just give me a pill.
You put in up in Monte Carlo
with your red pills.
Yes, well, I'll give you something, but...
then you must rest up
'til we find out what's going on.
Very nice. I like to be serenaded
when I'm working.
Now the brain is a very delicate
and complicated thing.
Billions of connections.
Billions!
- Very precise, is that a medical term?
- No, behave.
If my brain's got billions of connections,
then quite a few will still be working.
I've only ever needed half a dozen
to take a cabinet meeting.
What did the Americans want last night?
Nothing serious.
Eisenhower wanted to go through
the social arrangements.
A little bird tells me Moran is here.
Yes. Just routine.
He's an old man, Chris.
We love him, but it's time he stood aside.
Let Eden take the strain,
for his own good, as well as the party's.
But Anthony's in no shape
to take over at the moment, is he?
He's in America,
getting his gall bladder fixed.
Your man's sicker than Winston.

He'll be alright after
he's been under the knife.

- And when is that?

- Tonight.

- Is the Bermuda conference first?

- Fourth, Prime Minister.

Korea first, then German elections,
then commercial television.

- Stay close.

- Let's let them in.

Is it another stroke?

That's what I suspect.

Now, he needs complete rest,
so this Bermuda trip next week is perfect.
Three weeks at sea, no distractions.

- I'll go and see him.

- I'm afraid he's taking cabinet.

- You let him take cabinet?

- I couldn't stop him.

He's your patient, Charles!

It's your job to stop him.

There was nothing I could do.

There was just one other thing.

He was singing.

- Singing?

- Yeah.

"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles".

The thing to stress in Bermuda,
Prime Minister,

is that your approach

will not be seen as unilateral.

If they see it as a personal crusade
by yourself, they'll block it.

But it has to be presented

as a united diplomatic effort.

Obviously. What's next?

- They are onto Bermuda now.

- That's more than halfway through.

Seems to be going smoothly

as far as we can tell.

What's he got for the rest of the day?

We've cancelled the German trade lunch,
so Prime Minister's questions at 2

- which we hope he'll be alright for.

- What if he isn't?

What if he starts singing
in front of the whole house?

Charles is recommending
complete rest, so...

I'm taking him away today
to where he'll be properly looked after.

I suppose we could say he's gone
to Chequers early to prepare for the summit.

No.

You can't get away from anything there,
I'm taking him home.

Chartwell?

Millie, there's a policeman
from the special branch with Dr Strand.

- They want to see you.

- Me?

Where are we going?

Priorities on my desk
and the rest over there.

Hello? We've arrived.

Start putting the calls through.

Who are you?

Er, Nurse Appleyard.

Ah, yes.

Follow me.

We haven't much time I'm afraid.

Oh, thank you.

This is her ladyship's bedroom
and is strictly off limits
as is the library and the office beyond.
His studio's at the back where he paints
but I don't imagine he'll be
doing much of that this weekend.

Where who paints?

- You signed the Act?

- I don't know.

I signed something.

Those men wouldn't speak to me.

You signed the Official Secrets Act
which means that any discussion
of this assignment anywhere, ever
will be severely punished.

Do you understand?

Bedroom and study are through here.

- Do you want to see his bedroom?

- Excuse me, Mr er...

- Colville.

- Colville.

Who lives here?

The Prime Minister.

He'll be here within the hour.

The Prime Minister has had a mild stroke.

You're here to look after him for a few days.

Why me?

I've been asking myself
the same question, Miss Appleyard.

Wait.

I can't nurse him in here, it's too small.

I need to be able to get round
both sides of the bed.

I want the bed moved
into this bigger room.

Oh, God! Charles!

- Darling?

- Support his head, Clemmy.

- That's it, good.

- Darling.

Drive on quickly as you can, Sergeant,
we're almost there.

Any minute now.

You're gonna think I'm a bit daft.

What?

Will he mind I didn't vote for him?

- Nurse, quickly.

- Oh, take his weight.

Arm under his shoulder.

- Sergeant. There.

- Yep.

Mind his arm.

Gently with him.

I'll take his head.

Get his feet.

And round.

Thank you gentlemen, some privacy please.

- How bad is it?

- Shh.

- Charles.

- Heart is struggling.
Circulation is very poor.
He may not last the weekend.
Jock, will you give me a hand
with the boxes?
How is he?
- What?
- He, um... they had a difficult journey.
I'm so sorry, Mary.
- Have you told anybody?
- Nobody.
Why has his bed been moved in here?
It's easier for us to attend to him.
What happened, Charles?
I suspect he has had a more severe stroke.
And will he be alright?
Tell me the truth.
If he regains consciousness at all
he may suffer paralysis and brain damage
and there is also the risk
of heart failure.
Oh, Papa...
The Prime Minister wasn't
in the house this afternoon
because he is preparing
for his voyage to Bermuda, Stephen.
No, no, Lord Moran's
visit to Downing Street
was a routine check-up
before such a long journey.
Soames. Christopher Soames.
I don't know, I'll have to ask Mr Colville.
Thank you, Steve, one minute please.
Downing Street want to confirm
the travel arrangements to Bermuda.
He'll get back to you. Later on.
We need to let the Americans know first
he isn't making Bermuda.
The minute you do that,
everyone will know he's sick.
Moran thinks he's dying.
What?
We have to decide what we're
going to tell the press.

Mama.

Well, you've seen him?

Yes.

I want us all together, here.

I don't want the family
reading about it in the papers.

I'll telephone the others now.

Hello, Express?

Lord Beaverbrook's office, please.

I don't care, the Prime Minister wants
to speak to him, just put him through.

This is the Prime Minister's
parliamentary private secretary.

Which theatre?

The Savoy.

No, I'll do it myself, thank you.

Jock, which telephone can I use?

Er, you can use one of mine.

The message reads: "Urgent, the Prime
Minister requires your immediate presence
tonight at Chartwell."

Pimlico, double 3, double 2.

That's it. Thank you.

Piccadilly 8000 please.

The Savoy concierge.

Diana? It's Mary.

- What are you doing?

- His left side is very weak.

I feel that working the muscles might...

encourage better blood flow

and maybe improve his chances of recovery.

At the very least,

it must be comforting to be touched.

Christopher.

- "Operation Hope Not."

- His funeral.

What's this?

The only precedent

was the Duke of Wellington's.

It was the Queen's personal suggestion
that we base it on that.

Was the name your idea?

Afraid so.

Lords of the press.

We'll see them in the studio,
we don't want Lady Churchill disturbed.
Look at them.

Who?

The cronies.

Gathering at the deathbed of their leader.

Thank you. I'll sit with him now.

I won't go far.

I got your cloak-and-dagger summons, Jock
and I thought either Winston's
been a Communist spy all along
or he's dying. Which is it?

My lords, if you'd like to step this way
we can use the studio.

I'll just be a moment.

I live in fear of being given
one of his paintings as a gift.

Is Winston joining us?

No.

If Winston is dying, we'll have to pull
the morning editions, I need a telephone.

Max, please, at the moment
we don't know anything for sure.

We know enough.

I'm asking, we are asking, that you wait.

- We think that's what he'd want.

- To gag us.

Only until the situation is clearer.

It is impossible to make a proper
diagnosis until he comes round.

And what if The Mirror sniffs something?

They'd be only too happy to report
a headless government in crisis.

That's why you're here,
to make sure that doesn't happen.

What about Eden?

- Do we know how his operation went?

- I've got a man at the hospital.

So have I but without Winston
and with Eden out of the running
you've got no-one.

Maybe a caretaker government for 6 months,
under Lord Salisbury?

Are you serious?

He'd have a general election in a week.
This is why the party
needs more time, Max.
Nurse! Nurse!
Nurse, he's choking!
He's swallowed his tongue.
Take a breath.
Right, let's get him up.
There you go.
What about the cabinet?
- Rab will inform them in the morning.
- And parliament?
- No plans to tell them.
- This is bullshit.
I know the constitution's not written down,
but you're trampling all over it.
Lord Moran, the Prime Minister's
regaining consciousness.
Would you excuse me gentlemen?
- Find out about Eden.
- Hmm.
I'm going to see Winston.
Latin, Winston?
To show my mind hasn't gone.
That's the last thing that will pack up.
Shall we just step outside?
No.
I... I want...
to know the truth.
Your heart is very weak
and there's a loss of sensation
on the left side.
You're vulnerable to further strokes.
Tell me.
Am I dying, Charles?
I don't know.
Max.
Max.
Yes, my friend.
How's Anthony?
We're finding that out now, Winston.
Give me time.
Give me time.
Please, for me.

- I'll talk to the others.

- Thank you.

How is he?

Conscious, but very weak.

His speech was hard to understand,
but his meaning was as clear as ever.

How's Eden?

There's no question of his returning
to public life before the autumn.

So, we'll need to keep quiet
about this for longer than a few days.

Maybe the whole summer
if Winston hangs on.

Ministries will still need decisions from the
Prime Minister. How will we handle that?

Rab will hold the fort with the cabinet.

As for decisions, Christopher and I know
what we want, I think we can make it work.

He was going on holiday
after Bermuda anyway
so if he pulls through, he can carry on.

And no-one will be any the wiser.

And do what exactly?

Drag himself back to Westminster
half-paralysed, slurring his words?

If he regains enough strength, Clemmy,

I know he still hopes

to lead the way

to the end of the Cold War.

What about his family?

We don't want a man crippled with illness
who's worked himself to death.

Don't you think we deserve
some time with him?

- Clemmy...

- No.

You've kept him propped up
on pills for years, Charles.

If you have any love for him,
if any of you do, you would get him to stop.

You would let him come home to his family.

Winston has two families,
one at Westminster...

He has one family, Max.

He's given enough, we both have.
We'll keep this quiet, one day at a time.
I think we all want the same thing here,
just time for him to recover
so he can make up his own mind.
Don't you agree?
A toast, to Winston...
- To Winston
- ...and our country.
Our country.
What's your name?
Nurse Appleyard, sir.
No, not your rank. Your name.
Millie.
Minnie?
- We'll talk in the morning.
- Fine, fine.
Running the world on our own, then?
So it would seem.
Do you have family?
Me Mum and Dad.
And my fiance.
Although he's not family yet.
What's his name?
John.
Well...
this is our family.
Diana...
Sarah...
Randolph.
And that's Mrs Soames.
No, Mary wasn't born then.
- When are you getting married?
- We're going to emigrate to Australia.
He's going in a few weeks and
then I'll join him. We plan to marry there.
And start your family?
In time.
Will someone help me
with this silly thing, it's stuck.
Diana?
Thank you.
How is he?
He's much better today, actually.

I thought Sarah was
supposed to be on that train.
She missed it, I'm afraid,
we're going to have to wait for her.
Where's Duncan?
He's away, of course.
I tried to telephone him first thing, but
he wasn't where he said he would be, and...
I was thinking, on the train,
should I have brought the children?
Better not.
I've been keeping
Nicholas and Emma out of the way.
Well, I did think about it.
- I'll take it.
- They shall think you're moving in.
I only just got back from Los Angeles,
I haven't had time to unpack.
I thought you'd both stay
with Christopher and me down at the farm.
I can't do that,
I've got to get back for the children.
Oh, I'm dreading this.
Thanks.
- Hello, Mrs Pearson.
- Shh! Mama's sleeping.
I'll let her know you're here.
Jock.
The spider emerges from his lair.
Diana.
Sarah.
Do spiders have lairs?
Let's just neaten you up a bit, shall we?
Make you presentable.
Oh, here they are.
He's expecting you.
Papa.
Papa...
It's Diana.
Puppy kitten...
Puppy kitten, yes.
And the mule is here, too.
Hello, Papa.
She only flew in from

America two days ago.
Children...
Children, no.
...aren't here?
No, I didn't bring the children.
It's only me. I thought
the children would be too much.
He wants to hold your hand.
We all hope to see you
up and about soon, Papa.
Amer...
Americ...
America? Oh, America was a great success.
Your husband?
Tony, oh, uh, Tony's doing okay,
he's directing television now.
Ah.
Ah, not a good time.
No, it's not.
I want to see him.
Come on, Diana.
We'll come back soon, Papa.
- We've only just arrived.
- Well, he wants to work.
See you later.
Well, it's past 12 and I need a drink.
What are you doing?
Making breakfast for Mama,
she was up all night. How is he?
He looked terrible and sounded worse.
Ooh, olives. Who wants a dirty martini?
- Yes, please.
- Ice?
- Try the dining room.
- It's here.
I've got the jug.
- Is Randolph coming?
- This afternoon.
I heard a very funny story about Randolph.
Sarah Macmillan had some
guests for the weekend and suddenly
one of them comes in and whispers
' Randolph Churchill's in the hall' so,
they all peer round the door to have a look

anyway, he's driven up, drunk as a skunk,
thought the house was an hotel
marched in and ordered a gin
from one of Sarah's guests.

- Who's this?

- Randolph at the Macmillans'.

- He thought it was an hotel.

- What happened?

Oh, he sat in the hall, drank it,
left a tip and drove off.

Why didn't anybody say anything?

- They're all petrified of him.

- I'm petrified of him.

Just like the old man.

I dread what life's

going to be like without him.

To Papa.

To Papa.

Mama?

Room service.

Darling Mama.

Darlings...

- Is Randolph here?

- No, not yet.

- When did you get back?

- Two days ago.

You must be exhausted, darling.

She missed the early train,
so she can't be that exhausted.

How's your father this morning?

He seemed more interested
in seeing Christopher than us.

- It was frightening last night.

- Why, what happened?

- That nurse saved his life.

- No, no.

He just had a little trouble
breathing, that's all.

I don't know what Christopher's doing,
Duncan doesn't even know that Papa's ill.
He was told with the cabinet this morning.

But it's important that we
keep this to ourselves.

What about the papers?

Your father spoke to Max last night.

- Don't get crumbs on the bed, darling.

- Oh, sorry.

Oh, I love Mrs Lace's marmalade.

I want best behaviour, everyone.

Your father must not be upset,
not when he's like this.

I will have no raised voices
in this house, understand?

I gave a professional medical opinion,
not a party press release
that you can fiddle with
like some groggy little...

- That is what?

- The disturbance of the cerebral circulation

- that was the phrase I used.

- It was felt to be too strong, politically.

Felt by who? By you?

Politicians.

"The Prime Minister has had no respite for
a long time and is need of complete rest."

Well, it's piffle! It's no news that
the Prime Minister has been overdoing it.

He's been overdoing it his entire life!

If you want the Daily Mirror to smell
a rat, well, here's the cheese!

Is that funny?

Such a silly thing to say.

Cheese?

This is what Butler and Salisbury
wanted to put out.

Well, I disassociate myself completely.

It misrepresents my professional opinion.

Where are you going?

Fresh air.

This is from President Eisenhower.

"Dear Winston,

I'm deeply distressed to hear
your physicians have advised you
to lighten your duties

I look upon this as a temporary deferment
of our meeting in Bermuda."

Ah.

"Your health is of great importance

to the world."

Millie.

What do you mean?

Eisenhower.

Eisenhower.

Ike, he never wanted the conference.

He doesn't believe that we can
talk our way to peace with the Russians.

Say it again.

Eisenhower.

And again.

Eisenhower.

Leave that, we haven't finished.

Oh, I'm sorry.

I don't imagine you'd like one of these.

- No, thank you.

- What's your name?

Nurse Appleyard.

What's he calling you?

- Millie.

- Millie.

Yes, I suppose you're in love with him.

This house is normally crawling with Millies,
all busy with their little fantasies.

- I should take this to him.

- I'm sorry.

Don't be embarrassed.

I'm not. But I should take this to him.

Did you ever think of getting divorced?

That's quite a question

to ask your mother.

Sorry.

I did think of not marrying him.

When I finally accepted his proposal
he promised he'd keep it a secret
until I'd told my mother.

Within 5 minutes,

he told his whole family.

I realised then that it was
always going to be all about him.

And it's Wardle to Hassett
on the fifth ball of this over.

Easily pushed out towards the Pavilion End.

And the umpire's signalling a four.

For those of you who've just joined us
in this second test here at Lords
the sun is shining on a capacity crowd...
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
Randolph.
Good of you to come.
Why are you thanking me
for turning up to my father's deathbed?
How's Eden?
- It's touch and go.
- Well, why don't I know about this?
Why doesn't the party know
the two pillars of government are down?
- The situation is being handled.
- Bugger is it, it's being sat on.
By greasy little
margarine-eaters like you.
- Why is the house so silent?
- Your family are in the garden.
Okay, you can go now.
Enjoy the cricket.
Hello, Randolph. Your father's very tired,
I've just been with him.
Could you wait
until he's slept a little...? No.
Sir, he's too tired
to see anyone at the moment.
- I'd like to be alone with him now, please.
- He needs to rest.
You don't know who I am, do you?
I don't care if you're the Queen of Sheba,
you're not going to disturb my patient.
I'll sit. I shan't say a word.
Has he been asking after me?
Are you Randolph?
Yes, he has.
Marriage is like a garden.
You have to work it through the winter
or you don't get that gorgeous month
of rhododendrons in May.
Or three weeks of... well.
I trust you're appreciating the metaphor.

I've sometimes felt more married to him than I have to either of my husbands.

- That's silly.

- No, it's not.

There is no hiding from the world who my father is.

- So when did you get down?

- About an hour or so ago.

He seems quiet peaceful.

Colville was being preposterous as always.

Why? He's just doing his job.

It was simpler when we were children.

But the minute we had our own ideas, our own lives

and we stopped worshipping him, everything changed.

- He loves you, he loves all of you.

- No, he loves you because he needs you, I don't know how much he needs the rest of us.

Sarah...

- So, where did you stay there?

- Nicholas took that time...

The Beverly Hills Carlton Hotel, oh, Diana it's just marvellous.

It had these hourglass pools, parties every night.

- Oh, darling, you must come.

- I'd love to.

What are you two wittering on about?

- You, Randolph.

- Are you?

- I'm only asking.

- Charles has been there.

He's been more than that, Christopher's only trying to help.

I'm only asking, I'm only asking.

Thank you, Mrs Lacey.

Mrs Lacey has gone to great trouble in the last two days.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Well done for doing your job.

Do you have to be so rude, Randolph?

I think it'll be easier
for everyone if he dies.
Well, Sarah can go off and marry any old
low-life she likes it'll be easier for you,
you can move out of Downing Street
you can sell this place, which you hate.
- And you bugger off to the south of France.
- That's a wicked thing to say about your father.
I love my father, it was a wicked thing
to say about you. Get it right, dear.
All the opportunities he's given you, all
the times he's helped to campaign for you!
Not that you needed any help
losing elections, Randolph.
And I suppose cos you've appeared in a
couple of films that no-one's even heard of
that makes you an authority on success.
Sarah received
very good notices for her...
Well, we've all seen the notices
of Sarah in America, drunk in the street...
Be quiet, Randolph.
Brings disgrace on Papa.
My mistakes reflect on me, not on Papa.
You really are thick.
Everything we do reflects on him.
Everything he does
reflects on us, we are...
We're moons to the big planet,
we're one being.
And now with him sick in there,
sick and dying
with him near the end...
with him near the end,
with him near the...
I promised myself I would not cry
in front of you people.
That's enough drink, Randolph.
I'd really like to see you
try and stop me.
- I know you would.
- You never stopped him drinking, did you?
No, you just sit by.
You sit by, that's what you do.

And you watch the disasters unfold
like the lives of these two intellectuals.

- Don't be so foul to Mama.

- Oh, Mrs Soames, shut up, Mrs Soames!

And then you have the audacity to say...

Randolph, please, none of this
is Mama's fault, you can't blame her

- Isn't it?

- Oh, Diana, don't.

Because she could have mothered us,
only she was too busy mothering Papa.
He was her surrogate baby.

And how is your psychoanalyst, Diana?

- May I go and visit him?

- Not now, my darling.

Look, here's the proof.

Have you seen the photographs of them?
This one and this one and oh, this one.
The adoring gaze, almost every picture
but, it's the way a mother
looks at her child.

- Sit down, Diana.

- No.

- ...children, who we marry...

- You see what you've done?

Sarah's marriage to Vic you dismissed.

You called him a...

"a ridiculous little tinkerbelle of a man."

That was the man she wanted to spend
her life with! Who cares what you think?

I don't even know

what "tinkerbelle of a man" means.

It means he's a fairy you half-wit.

That's what she said

about the man you loved, Sarah.

- Actually, it was Papa who said that.

- No!

Well done for remembering something.

I remember all of it Randolph,
every bit of it and so do you.

Every bit of criticism,
every look of disappointment...

I remember every single day.

- Diana, this is not the time.

- Then when is the time, Sarah?

When?

I've been trying to say
these things for years now
but nobody ever listens to me
I don't care what you say about me,
I really don't
but your father is lying next door
very sick, very sick.

- Have some respect for him.

- She's just defending her baby again now.

And what about everyone else
in this house?

Do you want them to hear all this?

Ooh, I wouldn't worry about them,
they'll love a bit of excitement
they can scribble it in their diaries.

Will you stop fiddling around, Mary.

- They know not to keep diaries.

- Of course they...!

Open your eyes!

We need to stop this.

I'll go and find Sergeant Murray.

- I think you should leave.

- I know you do.

- Jock will get you a...

- I don't need Jock to get me a bloody taxi!

I think you do.

Ooh, there's quite an audience here.

Sarah, you can come and do your Desdemona.

Randolph, please keep your voice down,
your father is sleeping in the...

- I know where he is!

- Randolph.

If you're going back to London,
let me drive.

Tell Papa I love him.

He knows you do.

He'll kill himself
if he drives in that state.

- Are you alright Mama?

- Mmm.

Go after them.

Randolph, let me take you back.

Get a taxi.

Come on darling. Come on, don't be silly.

Get off, get off.

- Jock.

- Don't let him drive.

Get out of the way!

This is ridiculous!

Randolph...

Out of the way!

- Get that gate!

- Randolph!

Open the gate, open the bloody gate!

Get out of the way! Get out of the way!

Get out of the bloody way!

Come on, darling, come on.

- Have you got him?

- That's it, sir.

Yes.

Do you think he heard anything?

I don't think so.

Nurse said he slept through.

They are who they are.

What's the phrase?

"There's a price to pay for greatness
but the great seldom pay it themselves."

- How are you bearing up?

- I wish people would stop asking me that.

Are you hungry? Mrs Lacey's summer pudding
has been shamefully neglected.

I think it was Napoleon who said that there
are three different kinds of courage.

Did he now?

Yes he did and I'm going to tell you
what he thought was the greatest.

He called it the 3-in-the-morning courage.

When everything is dark and cold
and all seems lost.

Winston says Napoleon taught him the
dangers of fighting on more than one front.

A lesson I don't seem to have learned.

You know what he says?

KBO.

"Keep Bugging On".

His answer to everything.

- What else is there?
- Does it never occur to you
that there ought to be something other
than bugging on?
None of us would be here without him.
- And he wouldn't be here without you.
- He'd be here whatever.
No, trust me,
he's only flesh and a little bone.
You're his rock, he knows that.
He always has.
"He stood
and heard the steeples
sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four
to marketplace and people,
it tossed them down.
Strapped..."
"Noosed, nighing his hour
he stood and counted them, cursed his luck
and then the clock collected in the tower
its strength, and struck."
Brain still works.
I learnt it at school,
but I'm not sure I could do that now.
The box on the desk, my cigars.
I'm not gonna do that.
I don't want a debate.
Good, cos you're not gonna get one.
Get Colville, would you.
Not if you're gonna ask him for a cigar.
Get my secretary. I'm the Prime Minister.
I need to know what's happened.
- Mr Colville.
- Yes.
The Prime Minister is awake,
he wants to speak to you.
Oh.
Thank you.
Prime Minister.
- How are you feeling?
- Get me a cigar, would you?
Of course, sir.
It's very good to see you awake, sir.

Indeed.

Have you, have you rescheduled Bermuda?

- November.

- Ah, good.

Mmm.

But that's after Margate, sir.

Good, that's good.

We need to start work on the speech.

- Are you sure?

- Of course I'm sure.

- Get me a whiskey, will you?

- Yes, Prime Minister.

Ah, Millie, pass me the ashtray would you?

He's not seriously thinking
of going to party conference?

According to Jock, he's already
drafting the speech for it.

If he is well enough to attend,
it'll be a good time for him to step aside.

How is Anthony? Is he fit to take over?

He's building up his strength.

He very much wants to.

- And there's been nothing in the press?

- Not a peep.

As far as the public is concerned,
Winston is taking a well-earned rest.

Mary, can the children
come up from the farm today?

Of course, Mama.

I want Chartwell to feel like
a family home again.

Somewhere to catch him when he realises
he won't be going back to Downing Street.

What I care about now is peace above all.

A time of peace.

"What I care about now is peace above all,
a time of peace."

- Do we have to do this again?

- Yes, we do.

I've lived a life like a man
who has pursued peace.

- Have you got that?

- Yes, you're a man who's pursued peace.

Like a ferret does a rabbit.

You're looking at me
as if that's not very good.
Well, it's not.
Mrs J Arthur Rank, please.
Yes, it's Mrs Christopher Soames.
Arthur! Hello, yes, it's Mary Soames.
Arthur, my parents were wondering,
would it be possible for you
to send a film down to Chartwell,
like you used to?
That Hamilton Woman?
No, we've seen that
with him a thousand times.
Do you have anything more recent, Arthur?
"My lords, ladies and gentlemen
I am sure you will be relieved
by the news from British Guiana."
I can't hear you.
What?
The Tory party are
a bunch of deaf old folk.
If I can't hear you,
they haven't got a chance.
- I'm sure...
- What?
I'm sure!
Oh, bugger!
Lost my place now.
Where was I?
Just start again.
"My lords, ladies and gentlemen..."
I can't squeeze it, I can't!
Why can't I use my right hand?
Don't shout at me.
I'll shout if I bloody well want to!
If you rely on your right side
to walk and pick things up
then your left side will never recover.
You'll walk like a listing ship.
"A lisping shit"?
A listing ship! Wash your ears out
and your mouth, too.
- Are you this nasty at St. Mary's?
- Yes, I am.

That was good.
Imagined it was you I was hurling.
I tried to imagine it was Herman Goering,
but that didn't make me angry enough.
Well, it was your best yet.
Millie...
You must be careful about
pushing Sir Winston too fast.
Oh, it's not me pushing, ma'am, it's him.
He wakes up every morning with a plan,
he calls it "action this day".
Yes, he would.
He's a remarkable man, Lady Churchill.
That's why he's making progress.
He is brave, yes, but this is
not a cavalry charge or a desert.
This is age itself he's up against.
He needs hope.
I've seen it before.
Hope is what makes the difference.
Millie...
my husband's ambition runs people over
and it comes at a cost.
Often to those closest to him.
If he fails and gets low, as only he can
it will not be you who has to pick him up.
You'll be in Australia
with your young man.
Yes, ma'am.
- He must be missing you.
- Oh, John?
No, he's happy, he's on his way.
And when do you follow?
In a month. Although I won't go,
not if Sir Winston needs me.
You must be excited.
Well, it's John that's pushed it, really.
He says it's full of opportunity.
Well, there is opportunity there.
For him.
But I like my job.
I'm proud of the NHS and...
not sure I want to be stuck on the other
side of the world, being just a wife.

I'm sorry, it's...
It's hard to explain.
But the closer it gets to going,
the more I think...
I don't know why
I'm putting his dreams before mine.
You can get that bloody thing
out of here right now!
I could always carry you.
Grandpapa, grandpapa, grandpapa!
Well done, well done, sir!
Winston, Nicholas and Emma
have been making biscuits all afternoon.
How delicious!
Did you make them yourself?
Yes.
- Who put all the sugar in?
- I did.
You did? Good man.
- And who cracked the eggs?
- Me.
Wow!
Mrs Lacey, you're out of a job.
Come on, if you could all take your seats.
- Oh, God.
- Let me help.
I hope we're not watching
Wuthering Heights.
No.
Alright everyone, lights out.
Where's Millie?
Jock, can you see where she is?
What's this one about, then?
It's about an old clock
which keeps breaking down.
Is it called Winston?
Miss Appleyard.
The Prime Minister's asking
for you downstairs.
Is something wrong?
No, he wants you to watch the film
with the family.
You can stop working for a moment.
You're one to talk.

- Oh...

- Sorry, darling.

Is it really serious?

Do you think you can fix it?

I don't know, I can try. It'll take hours.

Ambrose, Ambrose wait a minute!

Good night, Lady Churchill.

Oh, God...

What happened?

I need to go to London!

Sir, please, sir, you need

to go back to bed now!

...don't do yourself! I need to go to London,

I need to go, I need to see, to see it...

Just let me help you.

Was I, was I talking rubbish then?

A bit.

There is no need to tell my wife.

Nor that defeatist quack of mine.

Growing old is not for cowards.

It's certainly not.

Such a strange thing to happen

to a little boy.

Have you nursed many people

at the end, Minnie?

Yes, I have.

What scares me is

getting to the end before I finish.

L'Attaque. What's that one?

That's my colonel.

- No, it isn't.

- Yes, it is, I've got two

and it beats your captain.

Just keep it still.

L'Attaque.

It's a bomb, so bye bye.

What's next, Jock?

Next is a report on

the safety of helicopters.

Not safe, that's obvious.

- That's what the report's addressing.

- Hmm.

- Use your left.

- No.

L'Attaque.

- That's just a scout.

- Better, Winston.

Bye bye.

I will leave a precis of the report
in the box overnight.

Thank you, Jock.

There's no point in rushing succession
with Eden ill.

If that's the case, then you'll have
no choice but to continue.

Quite right.

Circumstances may well convince me
of my indispensability.

L'Attaque!

That's a bomb, bye bye.

- Morning, Rab.

- Jock.

How was Greece? I see you got a tan.

It's difficult being in Eden's company
and not getting a tan.

- When's he due back in England?

- A week or so.

- Ooh!

- Ah!

Outmanoeuvred by a 5-year-old!

- No, use your left hand.

- Use your left.

Left hand, Papa.

That was a silly shot, grandpa.

Be quiet.

Will Winston be well enough for Margate?

The party wants a public coronation.

"The King is dead, long live the King",
you know, that sort of thing.

But he's not dead,

he's making good progress.

Some days he's stronger
than others, of course.

He doesn't have to dance and sing,
just pass on the crown.

And there's his pride, Rab, he doesn't
want to be seen in a wheelchair.

Foul ball, Nicholas, take the shot again.

That's not fair!
Ah, here's the real enemy, Nicholas.
I hope you don't think of me
as an enemy, Prime Minister.
I don't think of you at all, Rab.
How's my Foreign Secretary?
- Fighting fit.
- Jolly good.
I expect you were disappointed
not to find me ranting in a storm
like King Lear with a lisp.
All I wish is that your health
improves quickly, Prime Minister.
I wish that too.
Pick up the ball, Nicholas.
Nicholas, why don't you let grandpa do it?
What?
Oh, alright...
- Prime Minister...
- No, no, no, no, please!
Just let him try.
Get his stick.
Back.
Now...
Look at that, lovely.
Emma's turn now.
Very sad.
I want you to stop this pretence
that you can go on forever.
I have one more task, Clemmy.
Oh, Winston!
There's always one more thing.
I can try to make those terrible bombs
obsolete before I die.
Everyone else has gone,
I'm the only one left.
Can't my last victory be one of peace?
It's time to stop.
- My darling Clemmy...
- Don't "darling" me.
I want time with you
while you're still you.
While I'm still me.
The children need time with you.

They're not children anymore.
They are desperate for you.
I begged you to retire after the war.
You only stopped because they voted you out.
The people didn't understand.
The people were exhausted!
So was I, and I am now.
Clemmy...
Clemmy...
You asked me once
who was in the photograph by his bed.
The little girl.
Her name was Marigold.
It's Marigold's song he's been singing.
Diana taught her the words
and she was so proud of remembering them.
She died just before her third birthday.
She'd had a cold all summer.
What child doesn't have
a summer cold, Millie?
But...
it wasn't cold, it was septicaemia.
And I wasn't there.
They were at the seaside
with their governess.
By the time we got to her...
It was too late to do anything.
Winston and I sat
with her for... two days.
Neither of us slept.
We sang nursery rhymes with her
and told her stories.
He'd never had the time
to tell her stories before.
At the end...
she asked me to sing that song.
And I did.
But she stopped me.
She was tired, she said.
Then... she asked me
to finish it in the morning.
But that was it.
Her last breath is in that song.
We never talk about it.

We never talk about her.

Do you like Henley?

He was Stephenson's model
for Long John Silver.

- I bet you didn't know that.

- I did.

He was my father's favourite poet.

What does your father do?

He was a shop steward at the pits.

And he was no fan of yours, not since
you sent the army in on the Welsh miners.

Well, at least he's got
good taste in poets.

This one's his favourite.

He wrote it just before
having his leg cut off.

It's about hope.

"Out of the night that covers me"

"black as a pit from pole to pole"

"I thank whatever Gods may be"

"for my unconquerable soul."

Millie... I need some hope.

Good, that's good, well done.

And another, not too fast, you're fine.

Just keep your weight on me.

There you go.

Winston?

Good.

Good.

I'm going to take my hands away now.

Dickens used to walk from his home in Kent
to London almost every week.

- Did you know that?

- No.

I did, my dad told me that.

Her father's a sort
of literary trade unionist.

- If such a thing is possi... oh!

- Oh!

Are you alright?

Yes, I am.

- Does it hurt?

- No.

- Let's try slowly.

- Alright.

Slowly, slowly, slowly.

Here, lean on the stick, that's right.

Okay, one, two, three, and...

- Let's get the wheelchair.

- No wheelchair!

I'm not being carried into the party
conference looking like a bloody maharajah.

What was Winston's mood like
when you were last with him?

Winstonian, as you would expect.

But physically,

he knows he can't carry on.

I mean, he can barely get out of his
wheelchair and pick up a croquet ball.

I think he'll be relieved.

You'll have to be firm with him.

Of course.

We've waited long enough, Anthony.

Here you go.

Jock, bring me an unfinished canvas.

I want Anthony to think

I've been doing this all afternoon.

Where shall I hide the wheelchair?

Put it right here, next to me.

Get rid of that chair.

Thank you.

I didn't know you painted so much.

My great distraction, Millie.

Did you know that Turner

Painted better the worse his eyes got?

So there's hope for you yet.

They're here.

Good luck.

- Rab.

- Jock.

Hello, Anthony.

After you.

Good afternoon, Prime Minister.

Anthony, my boy

thank you for driving down, come take a seat.

Make yourself comfortable.

Come on.

It lifts my heart to see you

out and about again, Anthony.

Thank you, Winston.

We were very concerned.

Well, we were concerned about you
and it's encouraging to see you
not confined to bed anymore.

July and August

can't have been easy for you.

I did not enjoy July, but in August,
I believe we beat the Australians.

By eight wickets, I hear.

For the first time in years,
the Ashes will remain at home.

Like you?

- We should talk about Margate.

- Well, yes, of course.

Now, I'll understand if, due to your
grave illness, you wish to step down.

Margate might be a good time
to make the announcement.

If that's what you're thinking of doing.

Winston, that's not
what I was thinking of doing.

Oh, well, as you were then,
Anthony, you and I.

PM and Foreign Secretary, the best team.

So in other words, Winston,
you got me all the way down to Kent
to tell me you wish to continue?

Beautiful countryside, isn't it?

He has no intention of resigning at all.

He even asked if I was going to resign
at Margate because of my own health.

Did he stand while you were with him?

- No.

- Well, then.

What Winston intends to do
is no longer important.

I thought Anthony
was looking well, if a bit thin.

Clemmy, if I'm wrong
and I can't get through Margate
then I'm all yours.

That's my promise.

If I fall, there's nowhere I want to fall
except in your arms.
You've made promises
to me before, darling.
I... I know, but...
And broken them.
But not anymore.
Margate, then.
Jock, are all three suitcases in the car?
Yes they are. We need to get going,
Lady Churchill, it's two hours to Margate.
Come in.
Sir, did you climb the stairs?
Don't fuss.
I know, I know it's part of being a nurse.
Tell me, when are you sailing?
Er, on Friday. I've got two days
in Yorkshire with my mum and dad.
Oh, yes, take a brolly.
I couldn't have got through this
without you, Millie.
I've written in it.
"I thank whatever Gods may be
for your unconquerable soul."
Thank you.
I will treasure it.
Well, I hope this very gloomy looking
young man knows how to treasure you.
He does.
I hope so.
Thank you, Mrs Lacey.
I say with great pleasure that I hope
not to see you again in a long time.
Come on! I don't know why
you're saying such grand farewells.
You could be back here next week!
- Do you like the slogan?
- Is it one of yours?
He suggested "Keep Bugging On",
Lady Churchill
but I toned it down when I passed it on.
Rab suggests you might deliver your speech
sitting on a high stool.
I'm addressing the Tory party, not singing

"White Christmas" in a cocktail bar!

Onward!

Last month, we did not have quite so big a surplus in our balance... but in fact, things were a little better than I had anticipated.

Because this is the time of year when we purchase our main products on the dollar market.

Tobacco, which might be of some interest to some of you.

It's certainly of interest to me, the exchequer.

And there is conversation therefore, between...

- Where will you be sitting?

- Close.

Thank you.

Come on everyone, off you go.

Good luck, Papa.

Thank you.

Good luck, Winston.

Oh, switch that off, will you?

I told them to put some flowers in here to brighten it up a bit.

Asked for these especially.

Marigolds.

Yes.

I love you.

Face them down, Winston.

I can face anything with you.

The Tories, Russians even death itself.

Come on.

Working together, achieving these new settlements for public finances, for our financial services and for fairness in Europe will help us secure...

- How are you feeling?

- Good, good.

...for us all.

I thought I might just

sum up what I feel...

No-one expects a long speech, if you feel you can't get through it, just cut to the end.

...and I look forward over the coming years to working with you to make that happen.

Do you mind?

Of course.

And so I have great pleasure in welcoming to conference the Prime Minister, and leader of the Conservative and Unionist Party Sir Winston Churchill.

My lords, ladies and gentlemen...

had the United States taken before the First World War, or between the wars

the same interest and made the same sacrifices then there might never have been a first war

and there would certainly never have been a second.

With her mighty aid, I have a sure hope, there will not be a third.

I'm sure you would be relieved by the new...

By the...

By the news from British Guiana.

I don't often do that.

Well, not at conference anyway.

One word personally about myself.

If I stay on for the time being, bearing the burden at my age

it is not because of love of power or office.

I've had an ample share of both.

If I stay, it is because

I have a feeling that I may, through things that have happened

have an influence on

what I care about above all else

the building of a sure and lasting peace.

Let us then go forward together
with courage and composure,
with resolution and good faith
to the end which all desire.