

2 INT. CENTRE ROOM - BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME TIME 2

But there is one person who is happy about this.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, the 21-year-old heir to the throne, who waits in a neighbouring room..

She stares out of a window. A window etched with raindrops.

Looking out into the Mall. The real world. A world she barely knows. The Royal Standard fluttering in the wind.

Presently, from next door, the sound of doors opening. The dark rumble of male voices and laughter.

ELIZABETH goes to the door. Walks out into the corridor.

3 INT. CORRIDOR - PALACE - DAY 3

She sees all the white-haired men emerging from the investiture in conversation.

Walking off together. Familiar to one another. Friends. Members of the same club. Finally PHILIP emerges.

Handsome and immaculate. Naval uniform. Garter sash. Medals. But something unmistakably dangerous about him, too.

Not part of the 'club'.

ELIZABETH stares at him. Still the swooning fourteen year old girl with a rebellious crush she was the day she met him.

ELIZABETH
How was it? "Your Royal Highness?"

He lights a cigarette.

PHILIP
They got through it. I got through it.

He looks at her. The blunt humour. The hint of danger.

PHILIP
Think they'd all have preferred a nice, pink-faced Marquis with a grouse moor in the Scottish Borders.
(feigns seriousness)
Are you sure you wouldn't have preferred one of those?

ELIZABETH watches PHILIP inhale deeply.

ELIZABETH
Must you smoke? You know how I hate it.

PHILIP

Pity. Because I love it so very much.
And like a great many other things,
I'm going to give it all up...for you.

He takes a last puff. Savours it. Eyes closed. Then breaks into a smile, and stubs it out.

ELIZABETH

You've still got twenty-four hours to
change your mind.

PHILIP

No. You'll be marrying a non-smoker.

ELIZABETH

I meant about everything.

PHILIP

What? You think I can still change my
mind, now?

He indicates his Garter sash. His medal. His 'rewards'.

PHILIP

I've signed myself away.

ELIZABETH

Or won the biggest prize on earth.

PHILIP

That's certainly what they think.

He looks at her. His face softens.

PHILIP

It's what I think, too.

He kisses her on the forehead.

PHILIP

See you tomorrow. Try to get some
sleep.

ELIZABETH

You, too.

PHILIP

A naval officer's stag night? Chance'd
be a fine thing.

He goes.