THE MARRIAGE OF LADY JANE GREY.

Edward Longden

1. INT. ROYAL BEDROOM - MORNING

On a brisk, salubrious morning, within the confines of the royal palace, a young, thin, frail EDWARD VI lays on his King sized bed, whimpering, shivering.

JOHN DUDLEY, Duke of Northumberland sits beside him on a chair, taking in the morning breeze from the open window.

JOHN DUDLEY
Brisk, 't morning, Your Majesty.

Edward coughs and looks out the window.

EDWARD VI
All 't mornings meld as one, within my hollow eyes.

JOHN DUDLEY
Grand mornings to cum, Thy Majesty.

EDWARD VI
Little do I see in my future, Dudley. As 't mornings, they meld to one, cacophony.
(beat)
A shame all that I will miss, Dudley.

JOHN DUDLEY
The marriage in my mind, dearest.

EDWARD VI
Me blessing upon them, your son, Dudley, me cousin Jane. I dee trust the finances be sorted by this time?

JOHN DUDLEY
Yes, we thank yee dearly, Thy Majesty.

EDWARD VI
All the fabrics and sorts. Durham House is it?

JOHN DUDLEY
One of my estates, Durham House. Spacious place. We can start to get stuf 'tarted for the cere-

EDWARD VI
F'tarted? HA! Ha, ha.

JOHN DUDLEY
Infantile...

EDWARD VI
Watch thy mouth, Dudley! Ha, ha!

Edward coughs up some thick, phlegm like substance, yellow with a reddish tint.

John slowly passes him a towel by the bed and wipes his mouth.

JOHN DUDLEY
Margaret from kitchen had told me of yee recent doubtfulness, Your Majesty.

EDWARD VI
Eh?

JOHN DUDLEY
You're still worried for the heire. The lack of heires masles.

EDWARD VI
Ha, ha. T'was a worry months behind, Dudley. A woman is better than a Catholic. Too ill't care now.

JOHN DUDLEY
Margaret speaks too much, her head can't handle the words.
(beat)
Worry less. T'your cousin is betrothed to a good boy.

EDWARD VI
You see me Dudley, laying week. Thin, not but a yere left. Yee can tell your thoughts to me.

JOHN DUDLEY
Wat? Waat thoughts are left to verbalise, Your Majesty.

EDWARD VI
You see a fellow man heer, a boy. Longer than half yeer yeres. If I was prancing, aleeve for longer. Yee would stand on the edges of royalty like you are now.
(beat)
You see a man die before you. Are yee up set?

JOHN DUDLEY
Wh-

EDWARD VI
No.
(beat)
Speak that.

JOHN DUDLEY
Ey see such a el'quent boy before me. A sick one, however.

EDWARD VI
Would yee be more up set if it were Jane who lay here under this brisk morning?

JOHN DUDLEY
I would. My son would go un wed. You are simpel infant, cannot understand. Only fifteen yere. Men like me rest at little like the men like me b'fore.

EDWARD VI
Is there power yond lies in the hearts of men like you? Or is there power yond lies in the stomachs of men like you?
(beat)
Are thee hungry?

JOHN DUDLEY
Thee are but a child.

EDWARD VI
Ha. Ha, ha. I may be dead, however I am unwilted compared to you Dudley!

Dudley forces a small smile, then throws the towel away.

JOHN DUDLEY
Unwilted. Unlearned maybe.

Edward looks outside.

JOHN DUDLEY
That was what was plaguing your head, Your Majesty.

EDWARD VI
A gorgeous mor'ing. So lovely I wanteth not to wait for the sun to set.

Dudley turns away from the window.

EDWARD VI
Little sun in these early months. A viciously vain day for a wedding.

Dudley turns back and looks out the window.

JOHN DUDLEY
Hm.

I - THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE FLOW ABOVE AND BELOW AND THROUGH YOU.

2. EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

STILL SHOT ON THE GRAND ROYAL GARDEN

The wind moves the branches of the trees slightly, birds tweet and fly across the landscape.

There are radiant flowers scattered around, in formation however; the sun's light gleaming off them like a spotlight on Earth's most resplendent fruits.

Three peasant women enter, with baskets in their hands. They kneel down and inspect the flowers, then picking the most vibrant and healthy ones. They seem to be talking to one another.

JANE(VOICE OVER)
Praeteritum, praesens et futurum, supra et infra et per te fluunt.
(beat)
Deus mortem numquam patitur, solum transformationem.
(beat)
Labes accipit de praeteritis et futuris et in praesenti nutrit.

The women carry on picking the flowers, laughing with each other, probably gossiping.

3. INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We see a young, partially dishevelled JANE (16), reading a letter by her window. Her room is messy, with books and clothes scattered on the floor along with numerous flowers on her bed.

JANE
... Jane, mea vetustissima petra.

Jane looks up, then out the window. She turns the letter over, looking for a name.

She jumps to the ground and searches through the clutter for the envelope, finding nothing.

JANE
Mother!

As she begins to stand, she freezes in an awkward position, clenching her stomach, her face in shock.

JANE
Katherine! Katherine!

KATHERINE (OFF SCREEN)
They are fetching me dress, sister.

JANE
Where is mother?!

She looks to her bed, filled with flowers and discarded petals.

4. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

STILL SHOT OF THE GREAT HALL

The hall is palatial, with tall windows that let vast amounts of sunlight in.

We see many workers, setting up decorations and tables for the procession. Chattering is heard echoed through the hall between peasants.

Workers hang off the walls, fixing mile-long garlands and the greenest foliage to the walls.

5. INT. ATELIER - MORNING

Jane and her younger sister KATHERINE (12) are being fitted for their dresses by numerous workers. Their mother, FRANCES BRANDON, Duchess of Suffolk, and their younger sister, MARY (8), sits in the corner.

Jane looks at her mother with a stern expression.

KATHERINE
A fine day, isn't it mother?

FRANCES BRANDON
A day too ugly 't plant a smile on yer sister's face.

JANE
But mother, don't infantalize me. 'Tis a lot.

FRANCES BRANDON
A lot of joy, should be!

JANE
I am joyful.

KATHERINE
Henry proposed a holiday to France for Christmas, a dear.

JANE
Christmas? The day for Christ? 'way from your family?

KATHERINE
'e will be me family!

JANE
And mother's said okay.

FRANCES BRANDON
Will be her husband, Jane.

MARY
Mother, when am I to be wed?

FRANCES BRANDON
Oh, not to worry Mary, my dear. We're conjuring plans for thee.

One of the workers working on Jane's dress coughs, moving away too late.

FRANCES BRANDON
Spew onto 'er dress will ya?

JANE
Mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
SPEW! THE FUTURE QUEEN OF ENGLANDS?

JANE
MOTH'R!

WORKER
I'm vexed, Lady Frances.

FRANCES BRANDON
Eugh.

KATHERINE
Mother, should I be so frightened?

JANE
Dear sister, why shouldn't you?

KATHERINE
Mother, 'e hath asked.

FRANCES BRANDON
Fear not, Katherine. Fear only what babel will be brought about following the jointures.

KATHERINE
The jointures?

Katherine looks at her mother with a tint of tumult in her eyes. Mary looks at Katherine with a schadenfreude smile.

FRANCES BRANDON
Oh, don't beest so fell, after the jointures it's bliss.

KATHERINE
I am still young, moth'r.

JANE
Katherine shouldn't beest w'rrying about jointures.

FRANCES BRANDON
Hm.

Mary starts laughing.

KATHERINE
What? Mary?

MARY
Thee seem fusty, sist'r! Liketh a grandmother!

KATHERINE
Mother smack her! Behold at Jane, instead, fartuous dog!

FRANCES BRANDON
KATHERINE! Yond's the language of a jointess!

Mary laughs even more. Katherine looks at her dress.

KATHERINE
The dress...does seem fusty. OH DEAR, MOTH'R!

She looks at Jane's dress.

KATHERINE
Jane's dress. Jane's dress is so much pretti'r, mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
Kath'rine, thy sist'r's duty is full'r.

KATHERINE
Meaning what, so?

FRANCES BRANDON
His Majesty's priority is thy sister.

KATHERINE
Because that gent wishes to wed her?

FRANCES BRANDON
ME DAUGHTER WHO SPEAK SO FOULLY OF ROYALTY!

JANE
Katherine! Covetous git! Edward is a dear friend, nothing more!

Katherine falls to the floor and begins to sob. Jane breaks away from the maids and goes to comfort her.

JANE
Dearest.

KATHERINE
(sobbing, quavering)
When did thee prepare for marriage in youth? When did thee pick the robes for thy future children? At which hour did thee choose the jewellry f'r thy legacy??

FRANCES BRANDON
Me unsteady daughter, stand for the sickly seamstresses.

Jane comforts her sister.

JANE
(whispering)
Sist'r, the dress is yours during the reception.

KATHERINE
Wherefore?

Jane looks around, at her mother specifically, then back at Katherine.

JANE
Because t's so painfully uncomf'rtable, like a mistress's chain-mail.

Kathering chuckles through the tears. Jane joins in. Their collective laughs grow more hearty.

FRANCES BRANDON
Wherefore are thee laughing?

JANE
The burden's with thee then, sist'r.

They put their foreheads together and continue laughing. Jane then whispers something into her ear, playfully surveying the room while she does so.

KATHERINE
EUGH!

Katherine breaks down laughing.

JANE
'twill beest a bloodbath during the dance! A soaking rag!

Katherine falls into her sister's arms, guffawing without hesitation.

JANE
Liketh a mistress's hurlyburly! A battlefield!

Katherine begins to snort into Jane's dress.

FRANCES BRANDON
Girls!

JANE
Yes! Carryeth on, thy snot might loosen the lacing!

Katherine rolls onto the floor, her face red. Their mother comes over.

FRANCES BRANDON
Sit up, thee babies! Thy dresses shall be ruined!

She grabs Jane and Katherine by their arms and lifts them up, as they both chortle to their heart's content.

6. INT. GUILDFORD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The elfin son of the Duke of Northumberland and soon-to-be groom, GUILDFORD (18), stands in his bedroom, looking into a man-sized mirror, being fitted for his wedding gowns by an elderly tailor.

Atop his bed sits his brothers, ROBERT (20) and HENRY (19), lying on one another in boisterous waggishness.

Their eldest brother AMBROSE (20) sits in a chair beside the bed.

GUILDFORD
These robes art not fit f'r a king, only a s'rvant.

ROBERT DUDLEY
Oh cease your womanly puling, dram brother.

GUILDFORD
Father proposed jewels from His Majesty, no?

HENRY DUDLEY
They pr'sent as jewels, Guildford.

GUILDFORD
Jewels of royalty!

HENRY DUDLEY
Stand ho moaning, oth'rwise fath'r shall marry us to princess Elizabeth!

AMBROSE DUDLEY
Callow brother.

HENRY DUDLEY
(to Ambrose)
Go wed another whore, Ambrose.

Henry chuckles. Ambrose reaches over and smacks his brother.

AMBROSE DUDLEY
Foul, lamb-tongued fool.

HENRY DUDLEY
Ah aye?

AMBROSE DUDLEY
Thou art a distemperate scamp, Henry.

HENRY DUDLEY
Scamp?

AMBROSE DUDLEY
Father, Robert and I are soldiers, and father did breed thee to spoil his labour and legacy.

HENRY DUDLEY
I am a solider!

AMBROSE DUDLEY
And yet thee w're vacant at the square 'gainst the rebels on fath'r's land.

HENRY DUDLEY
I shall kill, Ambrose.

AMBROSE DUDLEY
I have killed!

HENRY DUDLEY
I shall kill more than thou!

There is a small silence.

HENRY DUDLEY
A solider couldst handle a juvenile jest.

Ambrose jumps at Henry, accidentally shoving Robert, and they all squabble.

AMBROSE DUDLEY
(straining)
Wouldst thee careth f'r a juvenile jest!

Ambrose pushes Henry's head into the bed and Robert attempts to kick Ambrose off it, by kicking repetitively.

GUILDFORD
BEEST QUIET, ANIMALS!

Henry pushes Ambrose off him. His face is red with laughter.

HENRY DUDLEY
Nay I haven't hath killed f'r mine own state bef're, but I couldst start with mine own lief broth'r...
(beat)
Ambrose!

Ambrose smiles, as he can now continue suffocating his brother. He does so, while Robert lifts himself from the two boys and stands by the side.

ROBERT DUDLEY
Square him, Ambrose! Like the peasants of Wymondham, Ambrose! He's revolting! He's revolting against your honour, Ambrose!

Guildford's face turns red.

GUILDFORD
(seething)
I WANT A KING'S ROBES!

His eyes water, his jaw tenses. Everyone in the room ceases moving.

GUILDFORD
WHERE...IS...FATHER? I...DESERVE... KING'S ROBES!

The brothers look at Guildford, whose head is turned away from them.

HENRY DUDLEY
Relax, Guildford.

A tear falls from Guildford's face. Ambrose stands.

GUILDFORD
Don't. Keep thy distance.

AMBROSE DUDLEY
Father wouldn't like thee to sully thy marriage robes.

GUILDFORD
Oh, marriage robes for what? A yeoman? Is yond how fath'r views me?

AMBROSE DUDLEY
'tis for father's convenience, no?

GUILDFORD
The knave...

He sniffles.

GUILDFORD
I desire to fall in love at mine own father's convenience...
(beat)
Better than ever he did.

HENRY DUDLEY
As do I! A wench I shall seek, t'night!

Henry laughs. The tailor freezes.

GUILDFORD
At which hour shall thee all prepare f'r thy broth'r's wedding?
(beat)
PROCEED, TAILOR!

The tailor carries on working.

GUILDFORD
"And he shall go before him in the sprite & power of Helias to tourne the hertes of the fathers to the children, and the vnbeleuers to the wysdome of the iuste men, to make readye a perfecte people for the Lorde."

7. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

STILL SHOT OF GREAT HALL

A renaissance motet echoes through the great hall, now fully furnished, emanating from an Anglican choir by the front altar. A conductor is standing before them.

We see workers scurrying around.

8. INT. KITCHEN, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

STILL SHOT OF KITCHEN

The motet can be heard faintly through the walls. Many cooks, maids and a chef are in the kitchen; garnering, cutting and cooking ingredients. They are all women.

One of the cooks, JOAN (30s) is sorting through ingredients on the table, beside AGNES (50s)

AGNES
The duke done spill'd his venison soup all ov'r himself; His majesty, Henry didst a similar thing.

JOAN
Thee did cook f'r his majesty?

AGNES
Hm, didst I. A bacon-fed booz'r, that sot wast.

JOAN
Agnes!

AGNES
W'rry not, the walls art flood'd
with yond whoobub!

Joan picks up a single garlic leaf from a pile in a wooden crate and inspects it.

JOAN
This garlic leaf hast wilted, has't
not?
(beat)
Looketh.

Agnes inspects the leaf.

AGNES
Fine, Anne. Is't not? We art too
behind schedule to faff about the
shape.

JOAN
The ill colour too?

AGNES
Hm.

JOAN
Thee sure t's a garlic leaf?

AGNES
Leaf's a leaf, it all melds in
one's belly.

Joan takes the pile of garlic leaves from the wooden crate and places them on the cutting board.

9. INT. OFFICE, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

STILL SHOT OF ROOM

The Master of Revels, THOMAS CAWARDEN (40s), sits down with John Dudley in a barren-looking office.

THOMAS CAWARDEN
I desire to assure thee, sir duke,
all ent'rtainment is in motion.

JOHN DUDLEY
Alloweth's hie, I just came from
His Majesty's chamb'rs.

THOMAS CAWARDEN
How is the King?

JOHN DUDLEY
How is the King? At rest the King is. I am much too occupied for this back and forth.

THOMAS CAWARDEN
Well I shall beest vocal on our current issues. A jester for tomorrow evening's entertainment hadst a nasty fall off a carriage on his way from Chester, sir.

JOHN DUDLEY
The jouster for the joust following the procession?

THOMAS CAWARDEN
Precisely, sir, a wond'rful chap working f'r a many year, popular with the royals.

JOHN DUDLEY
Doth thee require a replacement?

THOMAS CAWARDEN
Aye, thee just has't to choose between...
(looking at paper)
Cuthbert from Wymondham and Edmund from Chester.

JOHN DUDLEY
Edmund. T's done.

THOMAS CAWARDEN
Good. Jane and Guildford shall beest did please.

JOHN DUDLEY
Hm. Royalty des'rve the most wondrous. Jane, future Queen of England.

10. INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

All dressed, awaiting a carriage to Durham House, Jane stands by her window, on top of the general clutter, attempting to lift up her dress. Her mother sits on her bed.

FRANCES BRANDON
Doth thee need mine own fing'rs, Jane?

JANE
Needeth not, mother.

She lifts her dress up and sticks her hand down. She then goes to sit on her bed, next to her mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
A smile th're shouldst beest. A one I've seen all these yeres.

Jane rubs her hand up and down, around her groin area. Her mother places a hand on her shoulder.

JANE
Mother, t's painful, t is.

FRANCES BRANDON
How is the dresse fitting? Was it a lie you told your sister?

Jane stops moving her hand and looks forward, out the window.

JANE
Twas. The dress is good-fitted.

She looks at her mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
Here, daughter.

Jane takes out a piece of cloth from her tights, stained with blood. She hands it to her mother, who folds it up and places it down beside her.

She leans into her daughter.

JANE
God frowns upon those who is't fib, mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
Thy sist'r wouldst appreciate the fib, Jane. The girl shall take comf'rt in t. As f'r God.
(beat)
Separateth plans God hast for thee.

JANE
Thee cullionly? Mother?

Frances kisses Jane on the forehead.

FRANCES BRANDON
God hast taint'd us. For all his defending from ails.

Jane looks at her mother.

JANE
Mother. He is our Lord. Our protecteth'r.

Frances looks at her daughter, sensing the glint of naivety in her eyes.

FRANCES BRANDON
The dress shall fit, Jane. For anon. As God sees fit.

Jane goes to rest on her mother's shoulder.

JANE
Mother, what doth thee bethink of Guildford and his family?
(beat)
Grateful I must beest for a fortune of opulence in royalty, mother thee shouldst'nt doubt mine own indebtedness. However, I shall feel desolate as an inoffensive jointress, mother. Beholden I am, mother, but I live not for love just yet. I liveth for intellectual dominion.

FRANCES BRANDON
Liketh a boy!

JANE
Like the mistress I wast hath raised. Like the mistress I am mother!

FRANCES BRANDON
A thing thee shall learn, Jane. In a life like this. A sweet life like this. All joy cometh from those who is't can giveth it. Those who can resonate with such joy. Those who live f'r joy, and importantly for a mistress like thee, the joy yond thee offer.
(beat)
Thou art to wield yond joy. Thou art to smileth, thou art to danceth, thou art to lounge and keepeth our England turning. Thou art to loosen the laces of all those who is't know what's most expedient for thee, Jane.
(beat)
Thee wilt trust those who mean well for thee.

Jane seems speechless...

JANE
But mine own head, mother. Mine own feelings, mother. What I wonder is...will my duties be joyous? Shalt I gain fulfilment from those who mean well?

FRANCES BRANDON
Wherefore doth thee need so much?

JANE
And wherefore shouldst I hark to thy apathetic words?

FRANCES BRANDON
Because, Jane. The past did prove me correct.

JANE
And did the future?

Frances stops and stares at her daughter. She looks back, sternly.

FRANCES BRANDON
Thee never wail doth thee? But thee eke never smile.

JANE
Can thee answer truthfully... what doth thee bethink of Guildford, and his family? His father? Is he a bawcock as the ambassadors preach?

Frances now looks forward, out the window. Jane grabs her arm, looking at her as a young cub would.

JANE
Shall I beest joyous? Mother?

Frances keeps looking...then snaps out of it. She scans the floor of the room and stands.

FRANCES BRANDON
Jane...this mess shall be cleared, aft'r the wedding. As a pig's den! The carriage is anon to arrive, my love.

JANE
Mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
Thee shalt take or thee shalt leave what I said, and unalike from times prior, I suggest thee take my words.

Jane watches as her mother leaves the room, shutting the door.

She turns back to the window, then to the floor where she picks up the letter she was reading by the window. She looks back to her door, sincerity plastered on her solemn expression.

II - GOD NEVER EXPERIENCES DEATH, ONLY TRANSFORMATION

11. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

STILL SHOT OF GREAT HALL

The hall is fully furnished, ready for a royal reception. The workers have scurried; it is deserted of life.

JOHN DUDLEY(VOICE OVER)
Mine son, mine own most precious. Anon, as a groom wouldst, thee wilt standeth tall, stout. Mine own greatest achievement are you.

12. INT. DUDLEY CARRIAGE - MORNING

Guildford is sat beside his father John in a carriage, dressed in the finest white silk, with frilled collars, gold accents and gems lined in patterns.

JOHN DUDLEY
Thy mother and brothers told me of thy tantrum this morning.

GUILDFORD
Tantrum? Me wanting the most finest for mine own own wedding is causing a tantrum?

JOHN DUDLEY
Callousness is lowly for a wedded gent.

GUILDFORD
Callousness?

JOHN DUDLEY
Thy must smile. Thy are tensed, my boy. 'tis nothing to regret. Thee shall beest doing the most honourable thing for our family. Thee shall beest known in history, Guildford.

Guildford looks out the window, still with a forbidding expression.

His father looks at him and cracks an ugly, grisly grin, proud.

JOHN DUDLEY
Those art His Grace's jewels 'round thy self. Thou art in the presence of His Grace at all times this hour.

GUILDFORD
And God?

JOHN DUDLEY
Hm. At highest consequence.

Guildford keeps his expression, but there is a wave of confidence that goes through him.

13. INT. GREY CARRIAGE - MORNING

Jane, caked in powder, sits in a more confined carriage, opposite her mother and father, HENRY GREY.

She is dressed in a gorgeously timely white and gold dress, laced with the finest gems, with a billement containing thirteen table diamonds set in black enamelled gold and a carcanet lined with seventeen of the finest pearls, with one diamond and one emerald hanging from the necklace.

HENRY GREY
To seeth a mistress so inconsolable, wouldst beest a second dagg'r through mine own heart.

FRANCES BRANDON
Mine daughters gained thou sappiness, dear.

HENRY GREY
And so forth, mine Jane. Her father hadst given firm permission at a very final hour. She ranneth to mine garden, her arms open. We married as soon as the moon fell.

Jane stares at her parents with puckered lips.

JANE
How must one smile without cracking this powder seeping into mine skin.

FRANCES BRANDON
Don't smile dear, simply behold joyous.

Jane looks at her mother, tensing her eyes.

HENRY GREY
Smileth, dear. F'r the simple fellows who is't cannot seeth beyond thy joy.
(beat)
I shall guide thee with pride.

14. INT. CHAPEL, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

An Anglican choir sings from the sides of the chapel; archaic hymns of passion.

Important people begin to pile into the hall, all dressed with utmost magnificence. They chatter amongst themselves as they find their way to their seats on the pews.

We see Guildford's brothers now enter.

JANE (VOICE OVER)
And so the Lord didst smiteth thee down into a wishful candle.
Thee did beg for more and so therefore He off'r'd thee His sandal.
'I give thee fruits, I give thee life, I give thee much to handle'
The Lord denounced, to large amounts, thee's wick then came untangled.

15. EXT. SKY - MORNING

Plump clouds move along the scene, the blistering sun piercing through them. They move out its way, allowing a purer light to overcome us.

FADE TO WHITE:

16. WHITE LIGHT

We hear the breathing of a girl from our left and the breathing of a boy from our right. They're almost inaudible at first, but become more intense.

The breathing gets louder and louder.

17. EXT. CHAPEL, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

The breathing stops immediately.

Katherine Grey stands facing the Earl of Pembroke, HENRY HERBERT, to the right of the altar. KATHERINE DUDLEY, Guildford's sister, stands facing HENRY HASTINGS, the Earl of Huntingdon's heir, to the left of the altar. They're all dressed spectacularly, but not as striking as the main event.

In the centre, we see Jane, a veil covering her face, and Guildford stand at the altar, a priest with them. The sun glistens off the jewels hanging from their clothing.

The many important people in attendance watch with encouraging eyes.

PRIEST
...and patience, and love, within our God's name. Our God's duty. Yond these two shalt beest conjoin'd in Holy matrimony and in the eyes of God, His son and the Holy Spirit.

Jane and Guildford attempt to look at each other, instead only gazing at each other's ears.

Jane moves to the side slightly, partially blocking the priest.

PRIEST
The groom shalt anon exchange his formal vows.

Guildford jolts up and looks around. He judders as a pearl of sweat drips from his forehead. He looks down.

GUILDFORD
M-m-mine dearest, Jane. I so gage to beest thy allying husband. I take thy hand in love. A love so dearest to last as soil in did grind, as water in the ocean. As a chant in ink, relaying through the stars. I, Guildford Dudley, taketh thee to beest mine own wedded wife, to has't and to holdeth from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death doth us part, and thereto I plight thee mine own troth.

He looks back up at Jane, who seems a still statue. The priest to the side slightly, now unblocked to the audience by Jane.

PRIEST
The bride shalt anon exchange hers.

Jane looks up at Guildford. An awful silence permeates the air as attendees watch in anticipation.

She looks down.

JANE
I take thee, Guildford, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part, and... I...

She looks around as she stutters, then back to Guildford's shoes.

JANE
I vow for you mine husband, to be both bonny and buxom in bed and board.
(stuttering)
For now, for the hour of mine death, and for mine privilege to the kingdom of God.

She looks up at him. He is looking down at her.

PRIEST
The groom shalt anon lift the holy veil.

His hand begins to shake as he begins to lift her veil.

PRIEST
I bless this marriage in the name of the Holy God, by kingdom of His Grace King Edward the sixth, these two shalt now proceed in holy matrimony.

A ring-bearer hands Guildford a modest ring and he awkwardly forces it on the fourth finger of Jane's right hand.

He looks at her once more.

18. EXT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

A lively orchestral composition echoes throughout the hall. Many are seated at a long table, with goblets of wine and plates of mostly eaten oxen meat and strange looking vegetables sitting before them. They converse with mirth.

The imperial ambassador, JEAN SCHEYFVE, a well-dressed, well-groomed man in his late thirties, sits and talks with another be-suited, moderately feminine gentleman. They're both eating like pigs.

JEAN SCHEYFVE
Those are a couple so homely for the coronet.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
Coronet?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
Edward is dying, hadn't thee hath heard?

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
Ambassador, forsooth, my dear.

Jean takes a big mouth full of food.

JEAN SCHEYFVE
(mouth full)
And of course I am becometh the foe in such an nonce.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
And why so?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
(mouth full)
As appointed.
(swallows)
As appointed, I'm innately perturbed for their longevity. A wedding so resplendent all in the matter of weeks. Three marriages at once, all in the matter of weeks!?
(whispering)
With Lord Guildford, I envision a ghastly duke sitient for nobility. A couple cursed with a tender age.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
Didn't thee just call them homely, ambassador?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
(normal voice)
Of course. But the majority doubt mine own scepticisms.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
The consummation?

The gentleman coughs.

JEAN SCHEYFVE
Hm. 'tis vital they remain non-consummated for the days to come.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
Is yond so? For their tender age?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
Nay. It's because I trust not John Dudley and his wishes. He doesn't show confidence in his prevailing over Catholicism, over the country even so. A belly so filled with avarice. Hm. Lest the country will consume itself.

The gentleman looks at Jean, perplexed.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
And what of Jane's parents?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
The female party is never the concern. The lady's in an eternal grasp.

The gentleman drinks his wine.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
And Dudley wast did please with it?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
Nay, the Duke did want his son to swive. But he eventually didst concur, against his own pernicious ego.

They continue eating.

GENTLEMAN AT TABLE
(mouth full)
Do you wish for their annulment, ambassador?

JEAN SCHEYFVE
(mouth full, chewing)
Yond's a query for our future selves to answer. Now, their virginity is simply some measureth of security.

Jean continues eating, looking down at his plate.

A drunken noblewoman and drunken socialite, both in their early-twenties, sit beside each other and chat while eating.

NOBLEWOMAN
How many people were to take the throne?

SOCIALITE
Darling, I couldst've bethought of four females all with did improve facial symmetry.

The noblewoman laughs.

SOCIALITE
Nay, I bid thee seriously. Since at which hour is royalty like a toad?

They look at Jane.

NOBLEWOMAN
Guildford couldst naileth me to his codpiece.

SOCIALITE
His broth'r c'rtainly couldn't.

NOBLEWOMAN
Brother?

They stop eating. The socialite looks around. Then catches Henry Dudley down the table, beside his brothers. He is laughing and chatting amongst them.

SOCIALITE
The Midsummer celebration feast last yere. Henry attended and stumbled upon me while his brothers and father were fighting Robert Kett's rebellion in Norwich. Stumbled drunkenly and besotted-

NOBLEWOMAN
Perhaps, duck, leave the story for now.

The noblewoman continues eating.

SOCIALITE
Pardon mine own vulgarity.

The socialite continues eating as well. They both chew in silence.

SOCIALITE
(mouth full)
But the story is that Henry desired mine own that from which we speak open.

The noblewoman snorts.

NOBLEWOMAN
I shan't pardon aught!

They both giggle.

Jane sits beside Guildford at the table. There is some distance between them, as if they were strangers to one another. Guildford slumps on his chair, as if he were trying to seem brooding, but instead he comes off as sullen. They have barely touched their food.

Jane incessantly flashes smiles to people sat around the table. One conversation not far from her mentions her name.

JANE
Sorry?

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Mine Jane! Where didst all yond flesh cometh from? Thee were a baby at which hour I last did lay eyes on thee!

JANE
Is it so?

She smiles at the androgynous wedding guest. Guildford picks at his nails, then takes a big quaff of his wine, cringing as he swallows.

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Doth thee rememb'r mine own wrinkled visage?

Jane smiles and squints her eyes, as to think.

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Mine boy! That Guildford! Guildford!

Guildford looks up.

GUILDFORD
Care what, sire?

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Don't thee fill up on wine, boy!

JANE
Thou art mother's cousin? From Hatfield?

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Oh Jane I wouldst behold after thee in youth.

JANE
Oh? How old wouldst I has't been?

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Ummmm.

GUILDFORD
Must speak up?

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
The wine, mine boy.

GUILDFORD
Is mine own father giving orders?

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
The dance awaits you, my boy?

GUILDFORD
Is. Mine. Own. Father. Giving.
Orders?

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Three 'round, thee wouldst've been.
Sharp as a nail.

JANE
Oh quite quaint.

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Frances must be proud.

JANE
Mother's at each moment hath been
very adamant about mine own
prominence.

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Consider mine own comments as
suggestions for thy owneth well-
being, Lord Guildford.

Guildford takes his chalice and finishes his wine. He tries desperately hard not to, but recoils in disgust, afterwards looking around to see if anyone caught his reaction.

GUILDFORD
Mine own well-being is anon the
hands of the French! Art thou
French?

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
My mother descends from Artois.

GUILDFORD
And you have my well-being at
heart?

GUILDFORD'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Forsooth, Lord.

GUILDFORD
Then what reason is th're to not trusteth the French?

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Can thou speak a language other?

JANE
Hm. Around four. Latin, Greek, perhaps the Arabic and Italian.

JANE'S GUEST AT TABLE(OFF CAMERA)
Art thou clever!

She flashes a smile again.

Guildford lifts up his chalice and realizes it's empty. He looks down the table, Jane's side.

Like a shy child, he looks at Jane and taps her on her arm.

GUILDFORD
(to Jane)
Passeth the wine, prithee.

Jane turns to look at him.

JANE
Aye, sure.

She partly stands and reaches for a sizeable bottle of French wine. She gives it to Guildford.

He takes it quickly, almost dropping it, and pours it into his chalice, until it almost overflows. He places the bottle down in front of him and takes the smallest sip of his chalice, barely any liquid swallowed.

The two both sit awkwardly again, as their separate conversations had conveniently finished simultaneously.

They look around at their own leisure, then Guildford turns to Jane.

GUILDFORD
Thou parched? A drink for thee?

Jane looks at him.

JANE
Nay, thanketh.

GUILDFORD
Hm.

Jane looks around, and smiles forcefully.

19. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Many gather under the striking sun and cloudless sky on the grass in a large courtyard. John Dudley stands with other men, all with similar menacing qualities.

A group of musicians begins to play a dramatic tune as many gather watching. Jane stands patiently with the Dudley family, Guildford about two metres away from her. He stands with his brothers.

Amidst the chatter of the crowd, two masked jousters on horses charge toward each other. The whole crowd turns to them. They miss each other at first, and turn around to charge again. Everyone watches intensely.

Guildford, already drunk, steps out from the crowd.

GUILDFORD
Britain's biggest fetishists!
Knocketh thy pride in the nameth of
God!

Ambrose pulls Guildford back. Jane turns her eyes to look at him, not a change in expression, she would detest to give him the satisfaction.

The jousters charge once more. The audience is silent in anticipation. They do not hit each other again, some in the crowd sighs.

Jane peers around, then to the sky; blazing. The jousters turn around once more. They stand stationary. The audience still. They charge, yelling from the top of their voices. One hits the other in the left lung and plunges off their horse, onto their neck. The audience lets out an audible groan.

Jane turns her head quickly. Guildford looks at her, then to the injured jouster on the floor.

GUILDFORD
(slurring)
What dram presence of a sir! Yond
might not but beest thy image to
us, sir!

Jane slowly walks away, passing through the crowd as they shout.

She turns back to the commotion, but instead catches a group of three girls off to the side, all in their early-twenties. They sit on the floor, dressed wonderfully, chatting.

20. INT. CHANGING ROOM, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Jane stands with a stylist in a room overlooking the courtyard; robes, dresses and general clothes lay on the floor and hang on the walls. She stretches her arm out as the stylist fits Jane's afternoon outfit.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Art the festivities to thy liking, Lady Jane?

JANE
Oh, so much.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
What a dreameth to beest drenched in white and gold!

There is a silence. We can hear slight commotion occurring through the many walls.

JANE
Has't thee seen mine own sisters?

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Nay, Lady Grey. I'm here to style thee.

The stylist pulls Jane's dress down. A letter falls from her breast area. The stylist picks it up and hands it to her, quickly as if it were on fire.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
I'm vexed, Lady Jane.. Doth thee wish to keep it against thee?

Jane looks at her, perplexed.

JANE
I'm did vex.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Pardon?

A small pause.

JANE
I know not who is't t's from.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
A wedding gift?

JANE
It hath seemed to jolt thee. Keep against mineself?

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
A distaff tradition. Many keepeth such trinkets against them, never letting wend as to avoid lacking valor luck.

JANE
I may alloweth it wend as thee put on the dress.

The stylist places it down on a small table beside her. Jane watches her as if she had just peeled her skin off.

JANE
It's not lacking valor luck is't?

The stylist resumes removing her dress.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Nay. Luck hast no eyes.

She chuckles. Jane smiles, letting out an audible exhale from her nose.

21. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

A tame English folk song can be heard from inside the town house.

Some attendees stand around the courtyard talking, basking under the sunlight. We see the jouster being attended to by a single royal doctor in the background.

A door to Durham house opens. Little Mary Grey runs out holding a small, white rabbit with blue eyes.

She runs to a small corner of the courtyard, on a patch of grass under an apple tree, and places the rabbit down. Far behind her, we see the jouster still being attended to.

She gets on the floor, dirtying her ritzy dress; a dress many girls like her would die for.

The rabbit holds its head up, looking around as one does, then turns its head down and begins hopping around.

MARY
Lady White, worry not, thee shall find the way home.

Mary strokes the rabbit.

MARY
Has't thee ev'r seen a royal wedding? Mine own sisters art wedded, Lady White.

Mary looks around and sees the group of three girls far down the courtyard, on their own.

MARY
Lady White, I hope thy fond of people.

She picks the rabbit up and walks over to the group of girls, carefully. The girls lie on the floor, some with their shoes off.

Mary stops, scared. She stands still until one girl with a slightly domineering presence, MARGARET, sees her. Her jaw drops. Sitting beside her is JULIET and AMPHELISIA.

MARGARET
(gasps)
What can be that creature? That adorable thing?

AMPHELISIA
Oh Juliet look.

Margaret looks up at Mary.

MARGARET
Mary Grey, you are?

JULIET
How beauteous.

Mary seems shy.

MARGARET
Here.

Margaret holds her hands out. Mary hands the rabbit to her, as gently as she can. Margaret places the rabbit on her lap, Juliet and Amphelisia both begin stroke it.

AMPHELISIA
She seems old, but frail.

MARY
I named her Lady White.

MARGARET
Where didst thee find her?

MARY
I hath left to the river. She wast prancing 'round by the gardens overlooking.

JULIET
Behold her blue eyes.

Amphelisia bends down to see the rabbit's eyes, pushing Margaret's arm and nudging Lady White.

MARGARET
Beest care full, Amphelisia. She's frail as thee spoke.

22. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

The large banquet table is being moved away in the background in preparation for the grand dance, while music is played by a small orchestra.

JANE DUDLEY, wife of John and mother of Guildford, sits with John, Henry Grey, Katherine Dudley, Henry Hastings and Hasting's father FRANCIS HASTINGS, all at a large table. They drink from chalices.

Henry Hastings strokes the hand of his new bride, the delicate Katherine, while she sits beside her presiding father.

FRANCIS HASTINGS
People has't not to beest intellectuals to beest able to... square for their state.

JOHN DUDLEY
Of course they do, otherwise those gents turn their back on their foe and forget they're there.

HENRY GREY
And thee must keep these convictions with the Catholics, John.

There is silence. Henry is stern.

JOHN DUDLEY
The Catholics, Henry?

HENRY GREY
Mary, I believe the lady's currently at her residence in Hunsdon.

HENRY HASTINGS
Mary can't beest a threat, can the lady father?

He squeezes Katherine's hand. She slumps on her chair, bored.

FRANCIS HASTINGS
Nay, son. A war with the governing body, the privy council shalt daunt her enow to hide.

John laughs.

JOHN DUDLEY
Catholicism shalt never beest governing. I hest England stand tough against yond company.

23. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Mary Grey now sits with the group of girls, all coddling the rabbit as it now sits on Juliet's lap.

JULIET
Father didst did rid our estate of such animals. 'T wast a-

Amphelisia begins rubbing the back of its neck.

AMPHELISIA
Oh so soft, below its nape.

JULIET
'T wast a...it did cause one squabble between me and him.

MARGARET
Juliet, thou art father's a yeoman, isn't he?

Mary looks up at the girls, almost admiring them.

JULIET
He is. A yeoman, a demanding pricketh. Loathsome at the worst of times.

MARGARET
Mineth mother didst work with a yeoman, his pricketh wast all the lady remembered.

The girls laugh.

MARGARET
Over eating mother insinuated, while father tamed the Spanish mistress hath sent over to marry his nephew.

JULIET
Goodness oh, I remember this.

AMPHELISIA
Hush 'round the mistress White,
Mary and of course.

Margaret turns to Mary.

MARGARET
Are you to be married soon, Mary?

Mary looks up to Margaret, slightly intimidated. She freezes for a brief moment.

MARY
I am. I am to be elope-

JULIET
Whom to?

Mary freezes again?

JULIET
Doth thee knoweth?

Mary looks down and goes to stroke the rabbit. Juliet takes her hand and guides it to between its shoulder blades.

JULIET
Here. Feel yond.

Mary keeps stroking, Juliet watching.

MARY
Arthur, mine cousin.

No one reacts or responds. Mary yawns.

24. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Everyone continues chatting around the table. Katherine seems exhausted to death.

JANE DUDLEY
Katherine, dearest. How dost thou,
Katherine?

Katherine sits up. John sits up and wraps his arm around her.

JOHN DUDLEY
Oh, mine own prepossessing
daughter, making thy father quite
honourable.

KATHERINE DUDLEY
At which hour is the dance?

She slumps onto her new husband.

HENRY GREY
Where be Jane?

Henry looks around.

HENRY GREY
Must she mingle?

JOHN DUDLEY
Fitted for her evening outfit, I presume. As is Guildford.

JANE DUDLEY
Yond boy wilt beest chattering. Or asleep on the wine.

JOHN DUDLEY
Wend through those, find him, mine love.

Jane takes a sip of her chalice.

JANE DUDLEY
Guildford is a man anon. He is immune to his mother.

Elsewhere in the hall, Guildford, in a new outfit, stands with his brothers Ambrose, Robert and Henry; along with some other boys of similar ages. They tower Guildford, who seems vulnerable and intemperate due to his intoxication, but self-assured. They all hold chalices.

AMBROSE DUDLEY
...and a fine mistress the lady is, cloddish however.

GUILDFORD
Cloddish?

HENRY DUDLEY
Oh and so graceless, she strolled, blinded thy eyes to it, Guildford.

GUILDFORD
You say what?

Guildford looks at them, heatedly.

GUILDFORD
I did wed mine own wife, with grace, the lady did wed me with grace.

The boys laugh.

ROBERT DUDLEY
Thee did see not yond stumble onto the altar. The lady didn't know where to stand!

Robert begins mocking Jane, moving side-to-side awkwardly. Henry joins in, other boys start laughing, Ambrose smiles.

GUILDFORD
Enough. Foul clotpoles. Dirt skulls!

AMBROSE DUDLEY
Oh she's attractive, simply uncoordinated.

Guildford pushes Ambrose.

GUILDFORD
Art thee so heartless, so idiotic as to FLEER mine own bride on mine own wedding?

He pushes Ambrose again, who doesn't react back.

HENRY DUDLEY
Go to your bride, Guildford. She wouldst beest hath lost without her master.

GUILDFORD
Leave?

HENRY DUDLEY
T's simply unlike a gentleman to stay without one's bride during the festivities of one's wedding.

Some boys sneer under their breath.

GUILDFORD
I shall.

HENRY DUDLEY
Art thee fearful? Mine own broth'r fearful of a mistress?

Robert laughs.

GUILDFORD
Gleek not.

HENRY DUDLEY
Then wend seeth thy consort!

Henry laughs.

GUILDFORD
I shall. I shalt, thee filthy rodents! Maketh not me fell!

HENRY DUDLEY
Nay problem, brother.

Guildford looks at each one of the boys standing around him.

GUILDFORD
All thee aren't men.

There is a small silence. Guildford is seething, clenching his fist in rage. He looks at all of them once more, all older and taller than him.

He drops his chalice in rage, a small amount of wine spilling out, then flounces away.

ROBERT DUDLEY
His bride is certainly one.

They all snicker.

AMBROSE DUDLEY
She is most coarse.

25. INT. CHANGING ROOM, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Lady Jane is being dusted by the stylist, a final measure before her afternoon appearance. She is pale with make-up, and her hair is pinned-up.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Oh I love the royal weddings, I told him. I've worked for royalty, I can attain what I desire, I told him further. What a gift of life.

JANE
What's the gift, for you?

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
What doth thee saying?

JANE
Well, the ceremony, the matrimony... The love?

The stylist smiles.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Whatever lasts. In heart and mind, mine Jane.

JANE
Art thee a learned child?

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
In which sense?

A small pause. Jane looks around the room, at all the dresses and such.

JANE
'tis pushing against mine own waist slightly.

She stops. The stylist loosens the waist.

STYLIST OF DURHAM HOUSE
Here. Look in the mirror.

Jane looks at herself in a tall mirror in the corner of the room.

JANE
Splendid.

She then turns to the window and walks over to it. She looks out at the courtyard. We do not see what she is looking at specifically, but it captures her.

26. INT. HALLWAY, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Music from the great hall can be heard. Jane strolls gracefully, in a frilly dress, down a hallway.

A stubby man enters the scene, walking opposite to Jane. He sees her and stops.

MAN IN HALLWAY
Oh Lady Jane! I bid thee congratulations on your marriage!

JANE
Thank thee, kindly.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

MAN IN HALLWAY
How the spectrum of colour and nature art mirrored in thy image.

He smiles and continues walking forward. Jane continues as well and wipes her hand on her dress.

27. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

STILL SHOT OF ENTIRE GREAT HALL

We now see a small band of musicians playing music. The extensive dining table has been removed, now people stand and some sit at smaller tables, talking, laughing and drinking.

We see Jane enter the hall, totally insignificant. She looks around and traverses the scene. We see some turn their heads to her, and others don't bat an eye.

A man walks rapidly, as if he were going to approach her. He instead edges around her as if she were an obstacle and leaves the hall.

She gradually makes her way to the other end of the hall, like a ghost, as if she were attempting to avoid the looks of people around her.

Standing solus in the corner stands an elderly servant. Jane catches a glimpse of him and ambles toward the corner.

JANE
May I ask the directions to the courtyard, prithee.

SERVANT
Oh down yond corridor, door on the right.

JANE
I thank thee.

She takes off and strides to the servant's direction. He continues standing, motionless.

Having blended in with the attendees of the wedding, we see Guildford emerging from a group of people, having just discerned Jane. He treks toward her, keeping a fair distance.

28. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

Mary, Margaret, Amphelisia and Juliet all now lie on the grass, watching the rabbit as it hops.

MARGARET
Mother didst work for Henry at when he reigned. At which period people from Egypt arrived. One did stay at one of our properties by the moorfields, and the lady hadst gifted mine own mother some paintbrush for ones thy cheeks. From some three thousand years before.

JULIET
As thick as stone, wast t not?

MARGARET
Doth thee remember Amphelisia? We'd apply paint to our cheeks, then father did burst in telling us we need it not to behold like royalty.

AMPHELISIA
Hm. Instead we did look like a jester.

MARY
Wherefore... wherefore didst women colour their cheeks?

MARGARET
Because they bethought it did look pleasing.

They stroke the rabbit some more.

Jane walks over. Mary sees her.

MARY
Oh Jane! Behold who is't I hath found.

They all look up at Jane.

MARGARET
Oh Lady Jane. My felicitations for your marriage.

JULIET
Oh my... Jane?

Jane sees the rabbit. She smiles and sits on the floor.

JANE
What's her name?

MARGARET
Lady White.

MARY
Aye, I name her Lady White.

Jane begins stroking the rabbit, gently.

JANE
Hail and well met, Lady White. How graceful she is.

Jane looks up at the three girls, then back down to the rabbit.

AMPHELISIA
Oh aye, I remember yond brush!

Jane looks back down at the rabbit.

MARGARET
Hm. I doth cherish yond brush. I once did hadst a dream where I wast living in Egypt all those years ago, having just did colour my cheeks and lined my eyes. I didst feel as myself, but eke as those women.

AMPHELISIA
Where is brush anon?

MARGARET
Oh it's almost did destroy. One light grip shall turn it to ashes.

AMPHELISIA
Oh, such an inconvenience.

MARY
I bethink I hath heard mother shouting thy name, Jane.

JANE
Wherefore?

Mary shrugs.

JANE
Mother's bothering me, speak not of me to her.

MARGARET
Oh Lady Jane, may I say thee behold most beautiful, winded me almost.

Margaret gets closer to Jane, as to look at her dress.

JULIET
Hm. I am enamoured.

JANE
Oh, thou art much too soft-hearted.

MARGARET
Doth thee know the name of the dressmaker?

Margaret begins to feel Jane's dress.

JANE
I don't, but the lady might not but has't the finest hands.

MARGARET
Oh yes. Such silk is putting me to rest.

AMPHELISIA
May I feel?

JANE
You may.

Amphelisia goes to feel the dress. She smiles. Jane continues stroking the rabbit.

MARGARET
Doth thee know at which hour the galliard is, Jane?

JANE
Nay.

JULIET
Oh, behold.

Margaret and Amphelisia look up. Jane continues petting the rabbit.

JANE
May I hold her?

MARY
Thee wilt ask her.

Jane bends her back to look the rabbit in the eye.

JANE
Lady White, wouldst thee like to lay on mine own lap?

Margaret laughs.

JANE
(to Mary)
What did she say?

MARY
I'm unsure.

Guildford enters the scene and saunters to Jane, standing tall over her. An awkward air unrolls.

MARGARET
Greetings.

GUILDFORD
(slurring)
How beest thee fine ladies?

Jane turns around.

JANE
Greetings, Guildford.

Guildford kneels down.

GUILDFORD
How farest thou mine finest wife?

He looks at her, closely. She looks back and smiles.

JANE
I fare well, how dost thou?

Guildford looks at the other girls, who look back flashing subtle smiles. He sees the rabbit on the floor, which hops to his feet.

GUILDFORD
Oh, what fair creature. Escapee from the kitchen?

Guildford laughs, Juliet does so too.

JANE
Mary did found her.

Mary seems shy, looking up at Guildford briefly, then back down.

GUILDFORD
Is yond so?

He looks at the rabbit, as the others do. A thick silence fills the air.

GUILDFORD
Thee know, one of my father's farms in Norwich, one wise farmer did teach me how to handle rabbits and check for whether its male or female.

There is an audible gasp from some of the girls as he swifly snatches the rabbit, holding its chest with one hand and its lower back with the other. He looks down at its genitals.

GUILDFORD
Ah. Seeth, did bury underneath this fur.

He kneels down and drops it on the floor, from a distance.

GUILDFORD
'tis a boy, not one girl. Rather large plums.

He dusts his hands.

MARGARET
Oh, Mary hadst hath called it Lady White.

GUILDFORD
Well, urrr, Sir White, Lord White... King White. Many thee can decide upon.

He turns to Jane.

GUILDFORD
Jane, our parents bethought it wouldst beest a high idea if we were to wend for a stroll before dinner.

JANE
A stroll? Thee want to converse?

A wave of clement anger overcomes Guildford, but he stays composed.

GUILDFORD
Converse, stroll, a peace away from the deafening clamour.

JANE
Just with thee?

Guildford stands.

GUILDFORD
Here.

Jane looks up at him and takes his hand. She turns to the girls.

JANE
Fare well, ladies.

MARGARET
We'll seeth thee later, Jane.

JULIET
Fare well.

Jane walks away with Guildford but the uneasiness remains. The girls are quiet.

MARY
I shall still name her Lady White.

The girls all laugh. Margaret reaches out for the rabbit.

MARGARET
Here, may I hold her?

29. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

STILL SHOT OF GREAT HALL

Among attendees standing and chatting, Guildford and Jane walk across the scene together.

GUILDFORD
I at each moment hest to find for the virtue in people.

JANE
As do I.

GUILDFORD
and… and the visage of a goat wouldst hold more weight. But it wast such a fanciful cloak. He hath said the leather wast farmed with Venetian techniques. Did sounded painful.

She giggles.

JANE
You've heard the Venetian ambassadors have made appearances?

GUILDFORD
Oh aye, and I wouldst've never known. That is what is most frightening.

She laughs.

GUILDFORD
I hear they did suggest to mine own father the masked ball. Face-less farming. Genius if I doth say so.

She continues laughing.

JANE
Oh hush, Guildford.

A figure under an immense bed linen enters the hall and walks to the centre. Some people notice it, looking in confusion, but most don't.

The linen is removed, revealing a petite male performer, under five foot, wearing a modest, harlequin inspired outfit.

HARLEQUIN PERFORMER
Hark thee crowd so regal! HARK!
HARK THE WORD OF THE PEOPLE!

The whole hall goes quiet. Guildford and Jane quickly turn their heads to see the performer, as do everyone else.

HARLEQUIN PERFORMER
SHHHHH, alloweth those folk speech.

A lengthy silence fills the hall.

Having blended in with the attendees, a tall woman with a painted moustache at the other side of the hall rips her dress off to show a full knight's armour. She walks to the centre of the room.

KNIGHT PERFORMER
I wouldst professeth mine own love to mine own damsel, it be true the lady hadst not did marry the castle's dragon!

Another performer emerges from the other side of the room, a male with slim legs wearing an extended maid's outfit.

MAID PERFORMER
And I wouldst've alloweth mine own love to sweep me off the ground I walk on. Instead I sweepeth the ground his mistress doest!

People giggle. Jane smiles, Guildford is stern.

HARLEQUIN PERFORMER
How couldst this befall? A knight and maid so drenched in fancy. So poor yet so rich with avidity. How wilt they overcome their foul luck?

Another man, also under five feet, enters from the crowd with a lute, wearing traditional wedding garments, however with hair resembling that of a monk. He begins playing a simple tune.

HARLEQUIN PERFORMER
(singing)
To some's dismay, a widow's day is gloom and doom and lies
In the castle they, to God's dismay, would want to fill their...

KNIGHT PERFORMER
...Pies!

Scattered laughter.

KNIGHT PERFORMER
(singing)
I am but a lowly rat, with wealth
to filleth a grain
To the King I spat, as I found mine
hat, but yet to findeth mine brain.

The knight takes a helmet from under a table and places it on, backwards. More laughter springs.

MAID PERFORMER
(singing)
He went for gold, and still I
served a maid and not his grace.
It can't hath been legal,
But his eyes seemed so regal,
So I yerked him in the
face...AHHHHHHH.

The maid brings out a knife and charges toward the crowd. The music stops.

KNIGHT PERFORMER
Alloweth me saveth thee!

The knight, with helmet on backwards, charges toward the middle also. The maid and the knight clash and they fall onto the floor, knocking down the harlequin performer also. The lutist stops playing.

The whole room, including Jane and Guildford, erupt with laughter.

The lutist starts playing again.

ALL PERFORMERS
(singing)
We, all peasants, enamoured with
thy presence
But still with want of brain
We do lack loyalty but wisheth for
royalty
So God saveth Guildford and Jane!

The lutist stops playing and runs off. All the performers now lie dead as applause breaks out, echoing through the hall. Jane and Guildford clap enthusiastically, but Jane's smile has faded slightly.

The harlequin performer sits up suddenly, like a puppet. The room goes silent.

HARLEQUIN PERFORMER
But wilt we forget the Katherines
and the Henrys?
I can't waiteth for their dance.

I named mine own knave Henry and
mine own wench Katherine,
So I couldst has't one fighting
chance...

The harlequin performer lies back down, dead, now with his tongue sticking out his mouth.

30. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

The sun begins to descend over the vacated courtyard. We hear music coming from inside the walls of the building.

31. INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Music is heard from afar. A woman with her dress lifted up sits on one of the six privies in the dreary room with a strange, out of place mirror in the corner, clenching her stomach, rocking back and forth. She wears a mask.

In comes Jane, who goes to sit one away from the woman. She lifts her dress and removes a piece of bloody cloth from her crotch, folding it. The woman turns to Jane.

WOMAN IN PRIVY
(cacophonously)
Thee beest Lady Jane!

Jane looks at her.

WOMAN IN PRIVY
In mine own mature age, I do long
for a god to behold like me. Thou
art so tender, so fragile. I hath
heard the will of Edward, and I
must say to thee, Jane. You, I
thank most highly. what thee has't
done, what thou art doing and what
thee shall doth, shall inspire
courage in the many. I thank thee,
Lady Jane.

Jane continues looking. There is a small pause.

JANE
Thou art welcome.

Jane gets up and leaves.

32. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

An grand opening to a sweet-sounding composition for a pavane begins playing. The hall is filled with with all the wedding guests, most coupled up, wearing masks.

The band by the front of the hall includes a lutist, citole player, clavichord player, two flautists, two violinists and two drummers.

People stand around, waiting. The music gets louder, and the people start standing back to create a great circle in the middle.

Guildford emerges from the crowd and stands in the circle, wearing an eccentric and overly elaborate black and gold Venetian mask. He holds his hand out for Jane.

Jane inches out next, ever so timorously. She is wearing another overly elaborate Venetian mask, this time in white and gold, with silver lace and pearls to look like a tiara.

She takes his hand. Soon, all the couples on the floor join hands and follow behind Guildford and Jane. Katherine Grey and Henry Herbert are second in line and Katherine Dudley and Henry Hastings are third.

Guildford and Jane move off and they parade around the hall engaging in the pavane to the slow music; strolling for a bit, then bowing to each side, then continuing.

They seem to grow tiresome after their first lap. During their bow, Guildford decides to bow the other way, looking Jane in the eyes. She snorts laughing. They continue on normally.

He does it again. Jane laughs. The next time he doesn't do it, but the time after, he does it and Jane pulls a face. He bursts out laughing, but contains himself. She laughs quietly, but his smile oddly fades away quickly.

He clenches his stomach, groaning. Jane assumes he's attempting another joke, so smiles as he does so. His eyes widen, as if his pain had turned serious, but he stands tall and carries on.

JANE
(under breath, smiling)
What ails your grace?

Guildford does not entertain her. He stands tall, with a straight face. He takes deep breaths through his nose.

They dance around the hall for a bit longer, then Guildford clenches his stomach again and begins silently groaning, only audible to Jane.

JANE
(whispering)
Guildford?

GUILDFORD
(whispering, coarsely)
Remaineth did hush for the ambassadors. Witness naught.

33. INT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Away from the ceremony, Guildford rests on the floor, his face within a wooden bucket. Jane stands, bending down beside him, caressing his back. He has removed his mask, Jane still has hers on.

He spews violently into the bucket, his whole body twitching as he does so.

JANE
There, expel it there, mine repugnant sot.

He chucks up again.

GUILDFORD
(coarsely)
Wine, it's not. Wouldst has't hath left mine own cold corse by this hour.

JANE
Thee aren't dead yet.

GUILDFORD
Perhaps the food. Didst gust did rot at when I hath tried it.

Jane rubs his back.

JANE
I didst not like the food either. Haply it wast mine own belly running in circles.

GUILDFORD
And I did hate dealing with all those conversations by people I've never hath met.

JANE
Aye! It's so frustrating. Much so tedious.

GUILDFORD
I feel mine own blood drain away at each second. Haply wherefore I feel so defunct and weak and ill.

JANE
The present day's a day did fill with presumptions. And esteem 'mongst the adults. Thee not feel yond?

Jane sits.

JANE
I agnize the privilege. But their eyes art piercing, thee not bethink? They make me want to run. I can see it in thee as well. The fear.

Guildford looks up at her.

GUILDFORD
Thee wish to run from thy own wedding?

Jane seems taken back. She assumed she was on the same page as Guildford.

JANE
Nay. Yond's mine prerogative. But it's frightful, is't not?

GUILDFORD
Mine own father wast to beest hath killed at which hour he wast seven, as his father wast executed following Henry's accession. But that gent hath tried. And that gent combated as any valorous soldier wouldst doth. That gent wast restored in name and blood under Henry, and he stormed on. At seven yere old. And I wouldst has't never been born.

JANE
Guildford…

GUILDFORD
SO DON'T, UNDER THE TITLE OF CHRIST, SPEW ON HIS WISHES AGAIN!

JANE
Guildford, what did ail thee between then and now?

He is silent, with his head in the bucket.

JANE
Keep thy good character, prithee I.

GUILDFORD
Thee wish not to marry.

JANE
I doth.

GUILDFORD
Doth not.

JANE
What hath occurred? Between here and inside?

Guildford looks up at her, saliva dripping from his lip.

GUILDFORD
Thou art a mistress hath sent to spite me.

JANE
Guildford.

GUILDFORD
Thou art a sir wearing fancy raiment! Remove thy mask, Jane.

She takes off her mask. She seems disappointed.

GUILDFORD
Art thee a sir? Art thee here to marryeth me or jest at me? Aye?

JANE
And mine own day wast getting better.

GUILDFORD
and 'twill beest better. More than better. I aught to consummate with thee to show how much better 'twill beest!

There is an air of silence, almost drowning out the music coming from the great hall.

GUILDFORD
Shouldst I kick the bucket and thee can marry how thee wish? Verily, I say!

He looks up to her, almost as if he were pleading.

JANE
Guildford, mine own husband. Thou art unwell and besotted. I shall find a doctor for thee.

Another silence. Guildford's eyes widen, as if he were just shot in the chest. He realizes what he had just said.

GUILDFORD
I do apologize, Jane. I am. All mine own life hast been such a struggle. Cater-cousins with stories of anguish, families thundered by tensions. It all builds up on myself, 'tis wherefore I drink. I lose my temper so oft.

JANE
I see.

Guildford holds her legs.

GUILDFORD
Oh mother. What mine mother would do for me at a similar affair. Oh mine mother. Where is mine mother? Oh I beg of thee, mother.

JANE
I know not, Guildford.

GUILDFORD
Shall thee care for me? All while I'm unwell, in heart and mind.

JANE
I shall.

She strokes his hair, her face undisturbed by Guildford's plea for sympathy. He begins to sob, Jane stands looking down at him, attempting at some commiseration.

He falls to the ground fully, lying facing the sky.

JANE
Shall I find one doctor?

GUILDFORD
Stay with me, in affection.

He holds out his hand, she lightly touches it.

34. INT. HALLWAY, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Jane walks down an empty, unlit hallway, mask in her hand. Her footsteps echo dramatically, accompanying the music from the great hall, which seems to have gotten more lively.

She looks around, and puts her mask on.

35. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

The music playing is more lively, however still slow. People walk around the hall, still masked, waiting for the music to become more vivified.

We see Frances Brandon with Henry Grey, holding hands. They walk with the crowd, smiling in anticipation.

Katherine Grey and Henry Herbert hold hands and follow everyone else, a twinkle in their eyes.

Katherine Dudley and Henry Hastings move around quickly, holding hands.

The music starts speeding up, and people begin moving faster.

36. INT. PRIVY CHAMBER, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Margaret, Amphelisia and Juliet are all stood in front a tall mirror placed in the chamber. They are all masked, adjusting their dresses and picking at their faces.

JULIET
I'd has't never hath believed.

AMPHELISIA
Lacking such grime as wouldst beest did expect. How convenient.

MARGARET
'Tis about the right time a woman were to design a privy chamber.

JULIET
Hm.

MARGARET
Any masle varlots has't hath caught thy eyes, girls?

JULIET
Thee guinea hen, Margaret.

Margaret chuckles.

MARGARET
Care wherefore? I desire a dance.

JULIET
Art the boys of Spain seeking a harlot?

Amphelisia bursts out laughing.

MARGARET
Thee shalt bide here, I shalt vaunt about mine own talents!

A long but comfortable pause.

JULIET
Horse riding.

Juliet and Amphelisia start laughing. Margaret chuckles some more, and lightly slaps Juliet's arm.

MARGARET
Fusty biddies!

The door opens.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
Oh, colours me.

MARGARET
Nay, enter through.

Jane hesitantly goes to sit on a toilet, sniffling. The three girls continue to look at themselves in the mirror.

MARGARET
What troubles thee, mine baird?

Jane does not reply.

JULIET
(whispering to Margaret)
Shall the lady beest sick? One repellent miasma.

Margaret looks back and sees Jane.

MARGARET
Ah.

She goes to sit next to her, and places her hand on Jane's knee.

MARGARET
Lady Jane?

She removes her mask. Jane does so to.

JANE
How beest thee all?

MARGARET
We're all preparing for the Galliard. How plenty of use is a mirror here?
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)
(beat)
Oh Jane. What beest thy troubles?

JULIET
Amphelisia and I shalt meet both thee at the hall.

Juliet and Amphelisia leave.

MARGARET
Does the ceremony bode well with thee?

JANE
I didst enjoy the pavane. Guildford is unwell, the colour of chalk.

MARGARET
Many art. There wast something in the food.

Margaret rubs her hand.

JANE
What a food to beshrew me, then.

MARGARET
Art thee due to heave?

JANE
An instinct of disrelish, perhaps.

MARGARET
Wait out a small while, before going back. Keepeth thy belly settled.

A small pause between them, as Margaret delicately strokes Jane's hand.

Jane looks up.

JANE
When I hadst came over to thee. Thee were speaking of a story of a brush. A dream thee did dreamt of hath said brush. I ask what wast the context of yond story?

MARGARET
Well, an Egyptian tenant did gifted mine own mother with a brush from thousands of years ago.
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)
The brush did apply paint to ones cheeks, did accompany by paint to the linings of ones eyes and so forth. I simply hadst a dream I wast a lady in those times, applying paint to mine own face.

JANE
Didst thee feel beauteous like them?

MARGARET
More than such.

CLOSE UP ON MARGARET

MARGARET
I hath felt venust. I eke hath felt proud. Not just because I hath felt quaint, but because I hath felt did connect. The touch of a woman's craft on mine own face, is as her soft, fleeting embrace. I did wake up yond morning, I did hold the brush, and I hath felt all of those mistresses, wives. All of those who is't hadst hath used it, and all who is't shall. And belike they bethought a thing similar.

Jane looks at Margaret with an understanding gaze.

JANE
Yond makes sense to me anon.

MARGARET
It needeth not to, Lady Jane.

Jane feels her own breast area, pinching the dress and rubbing. We hear the rubbing of paper, so she stops.

MARGARET
In time due...
(yawns)
Thee shall discover our abstruse competence.

37. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

The music has gotten more lively, and people are speeding up. Some start falling, others start raucously laughing. Suddenly, the music starts mellowing out and eventually stops.

A burly blow of a horn plays and reverberates off the walls. Everyone begins to throw their masks off and with little build-up, the music starts playing again, at the tempo it was prior. The Galliard has begun.

The music is lively. All the couples turn around to start facing one another and begin dancing in turns, the males first and females second.

Katherine Grey dances enthusiastically with Henry Herbert, Katherine Dudley with Henry Hastings, Frances Brandon with Henry Grey and finally John Dudley with Jane Dudley.

ARTHUR GREY (12), a cousin of Jane, stands beside his father WILLIAM GREY, a gaunt, bearded man. William stands at the walls, along with other gaunt men. He laughs with them. Arthur surveys the room.

ARTHUR GREY
Doth thee assume the lady is chasing tinged moths, father?
(beat)
Father?

William turns to his son.

WILLIAM GREY
What thee say?

ARTHUR GREY
Has't thee seen Mary?

WILLIAM GREY
Nay.

ARTHUR GREY
Some irksome dram girl.

WILLIAM GREY
Arthur, yond's not meet. Tameth yond tongue.

ARTHUR GREY
But where can the lady beest?

WILLIAM GREY
How's a mistress did suppose to submit to thy grasp with such a foul tongue?

ARTHUR GREY
With one firmer gripeth.

Arthur continues surveying.

Everyone dancing does so as if the floor was a cauldron on an open fire;

jumping frantically like infants on outlawed stimulants.

Into the hall comes Margaret and Jane, both holding hands. Margaret stands on her toes, in attempts to seek out her friends. Jane, who is taller than her, does so too.

Guildford's brothers Ambrose, Henry and Robert stand by the side with other boys of similar ages. They all converse amongst one another, all drinking wine from chalices.

BOY #1
Some frightful thighs, I seeth.

BOY #2
Some fruitful bearers?

BOY #1
In diligence.

BOY #3
Phoenician carved breasts by the citole player.

All the boys turn their heads. We do not see the woman. Ambrose can be see curled over slightly, as if he were in pain.

BOY #1
A wench did colour is such a sacrifice for thee?

BOY #3
Aye, especially if it be true her father hast wage to spareth.

Henry overhears.

HENRY DUDLEY
Who is't art we talking about?

BOY #3
The tanned mistress, anon by the flautist.

Henry looks and sees.

HENRY DUDLEY
Shall thee approach her?

BOY #3
Nay, nay, nay. The lady seems too timid for mine hand.

BOY #2
Art thee to make a fist only?

Boy #3 smacks Boy #2.

BOY #3
The lady can pass mine own legacy, just after mine own drink.

He sips his wine.

Jane and Margaret traverse the crowd of dancing aristocrats, holding each other's hands, bumping indiscriminately into people.

They find Juliet and Amphelisia, dancing as a romantic couple would. Margaret taps them on their shoulders. They look at her and Jane, and smile. Jane seems animated beyond expectation.

MARGARET
Do as I doth, Jane. Loosen thy braces.

She takes Jane's hands and begins dancing with her, only leisurely.

JANE
Haply I hadst ate too much…

MARGARET
Forget thy belly, moveth with thy hips.

Their dancing becomes more spirited, as Jane begins to loosen herself.

MARGARET
Forget, mine own Jane.

Jane cracks a grin and watches Margaret twirl and bend to the ground. Jane's grin turns to a full chortle.

As people grow bored, they become less ceremonious with their dancing. People begin to break away from their couples and join others in dancing. Margaret, Jane, Juliet and Amphelisia all join arms and begin dancing in synchronization.

Jane seems overly pleasured, a blissful beam turned to full on belly laugh out of no where, like a lunatic. As they dance, Juliet misses a step and loses her balance. The other girls hold her up, preventing her fall and she regains her balance. They all burst into laughter.

From the side, the Dudley brothers and their friends watch the people, specifically the four girls dancing.

BOY #3
A light lift of the right leg…

BOY #2
Which one?

BOY #3
The one farthest left.

BOY #1
Thee've gone off the Phonecian carved beaut?

BOY #3
For anon. The wench dancing with her cater-cousins there, however. Behold! Ripened for tilling, the lady is!

The girls continue dancing arm in arm. Margaret looks off into the distance and her face turns neutral. Her dancing becomes less ardent, which reflects back on the other girls.

The others think nothing of it and continue the lively cavort. Margaret joins in, appearing joyous again.

BOY #3
I shall wend if we all doth.

BOY #2
I take the one next to yours, adequate and plaited and fine for me.

Boy #2 lightly spanks Boy #1 on the shoulder.

BOY #2
Join us, plagued beast.

BOY #1
I stand not for pox-givers.

BOY #2
Then she shan't stand for thee.

A small pause.

BOY #1
The porridge beside Jane?

BOY #2
Yes.

Boy #1 examines his prey.

Margaret, Jane, Juliet and Amphelisia all begin frolicking to the music, holding each other by their waists like a conga line.

The music gets faster, and so does the dancing of everyone in the hall. The performers from earlier join in; prancing provocatively.

One performer, a young Spanish looking gentleman dressed luminously, joins the girls briefly. They welcome him, and they all dance in harmony, all of their bodies mangled together.

He leaves briskly but the girls keep dancing, grins on their faces.

Totally unbeknownst to Jane initially, the three boys from the side of the room proceed toward the girls, as if they were taming a beast. One goes with Margaret, one with Juliet and another with Amphelisia. Naturally, Jane gets pushed aside. Her smile perseveres however.

Jane, now isolated, observes her new friends dancing lasciviously, for back then, with the slightly older boys. She looks around the room, as to not seem awkward.

She leaves her friends, now traversing her way out of the crowd.

Propping her head up, she sees Guildford. He ambles into the room, saliva around his mouth. They catch a glimpse of each other…

Prolonging, with a subtly of melancholy shining off their skin, they turn away and carry about with their business.

Three women approach the Dudley brothers at the side, and invite them to dance. Henry and Robert proceed to dance with their respected wives, however Ambrose turns down his, and gallops out of the hall.

Jane leaves the room. We focus on Margaret, Juliet and Amphelisia, all dancing with those unnamed boys. The boys make abstruse attempts to advance upon the girls. Some times the girls let them, sometimes they don't.

38. INT. HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Within an empty hall on the lower level of the town house, Mary sleeps by a window, under the intense moonlight. The music and dancing can be heard from the great hall.

There are others in the room; drunkards who've passed out, people having muffled conversations on their own affairs, and some fast asleep.

Jane enters, breathing heavily, all red and sweaty. Some eyes in the room turn to her. She sees her sister by the window and walks toward her. Lifting her dress, she kneels next to her and begins to stroke her hair.

MARY
(eyes closed, unmoved)
Where is mother? I want my sleep chamber.

Jane smiles and looks at her younger sister.

JANE
Dancing with father, I presume.

MARY
Bid with her, Jane. I want to go home.

JANE
Has't thee did dance? It's most remarkable excitement.

MARY
Oh Jane. I wish rest. I'd hath lost Lady White.

JANE
Oh. I'm vexed for thee. With utmost pity, Mary.
(beat)
Where didst thee last seeth her?

Mary lightly snores. Jane remains stroking her hair.

JANE
Art thee asleep, Mary?

MARY
(almost sleep talking)
Ugh. Eugh.
(beat)
Lady White did pass, Jane. She did pass.

JANE
Nay, Mary. Has't thee seen her corpse? Didst thee gaze her death? Lady White merely... hopped away. Awaiting, like every person else.
(beat)
Beest in comfort as thee doze off, mine own sister.

Mary lightly snores. Jane looks out the window, the moonlight on her face.

39. EXT. DURHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

STILL SHOT OF DURHAM HOUSE

A few hours later, the party continues inside, but people begin to leave for the night, in order to prepare for the next day of celebrations. Carriages are parked outside. People drunkenly exit the hall, saying their goodbyes to others.

The Spanish gentleman in his sixties, dressed in heavy red, along with his family consisting of his wife, children and sickly, elderly mother, all exit the building, about to enter a carriage. A few men lift the elderly mother on a chair, as she covers her mouth with a handkerchief. *They speak in Spanish.*

SPANISH GENTLEMAN
(drunk, slurring)
Mother, are your ears hurting?

SPANISH GENTLEMAN'S MOTHER
I feel so terribly ill.

SPANISH GENTLEMAN
Oh she feels ill, come on everyone hurry.

They lift her into the carriage.

SPANISH GENTLEMAN
Italy's gone under as well. The English declaring war once more?

There is scattered laughter.

We focus on Juliet, who stands by the wall, completely exhausted and partially inebriated. She stands with the youthful, camp Spanish performer she had briefly encountered earlier.

She attempts to stand on one leg, holding her hand against the wall for support and placing her injured foot on the ground at irregular intervals as to not lose composure.

SPANISH PERFORMER
(with heavy accent)
Cartagena, I reign.

JULIET
You reign?

SPANISH PERFORMER
Art those the...urrr correct words?

JULIET
If it be true thou art the king, then aye.

They both laugh.

SPANISH PERFORMER
I can beest king for the night.

JULIET
Aye? Thee can be?

SPANISH PERFORMER
Hm. And thee...

JULIET
...Thee can be...

BOTH
...Queen?

They share another laugh. She puts her foot down.

JULIET
(under breath)
Ow!

She lifts her foot up again.

JULIET
I may doze, by your leave.

SPANISH PERFORMER
When?

JULIET
When?

SPANISH PERFORMER
When shall thee leave?

JULIET
Your leave!

SPANISH PERFORMER
Oh.

She chortles, he does so too.

SPANISH PERFORMER
Oh I may not catch a rest. Your England is so bitter cold, cold.

JULIET
'Tis wherefore we has't blankets.

SPANISH PERFORMER
Oh no, these blankets won't suffice, I need something warmer.

Juliet giggles.

JULIET
Oh I beg, may I seeth thee tomorrow?

SPANISH PERFORMER
How much shall thee...urrr beg?

JULIET
Just to the point where I shalt seeth thee. Just yond point.

He chuckles.

SPANISH PERFORMER
I am here tomorrow, only by orders of the Master of Revels.

Juliet points at his forehead.

JULIET
Now I order thee!

They burst into laughter.

SPANISH PERFORMER
I shall beest wearing a mask!

JULIET
So shall I!

The performer stops laughing, Juliet carries on, stuck in her own world.

STILL SHOT OF DURHAM HOUSE

We see crammed carriages pulling out and riding away. The lights and music is still operating inside.

40. EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The full-moon shines heavily in the foreground of spotted darkness; ever so subtly, some stars are going out and a few are coming to light.

41. INT. GUILDFORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guildford lies in bed, sweating. His face is pale like the moon shining on him. He holds a wooden bucket. His caring mother Jane is beside him. She pats a wet flannel on his clammy forehead.

GUILDFORD
(hoarse)
Oh mother. Doth not stay awake for me.

JANE DUDLEY
I wilt, mine own brave son. Thee shall beest healthy for the duration of thy wedding.

Guildford looks at his mother with loving eyes. His adoration carves a hint of a grin onto his festering face.

GUILDFORD
Oh mother. Thee may beest the only mistress for me. All mine own life, mine own carer. Thee were born to care for me I discern so.

JANE DUDLEY
Guildford.

She strokes his hair.

GUILDFORD
I doth wisheth I couldst marry thee, mother.

She giggles, he joins in.

JANE DUDLEY
Sleep anon. Beest not spoiled.

He grabs her hand and rubs it with his thumb.

GUILDFORD
Father must be proud for having tamed the perfect female.

He smiles.

JANE DUDLEY
Sleep, anon. We all art.

GUILDFORD
The others aren't.

JANE DUDLEY
Thee knock how thou art brothers art.

GUILDFORD
Hm.

42. INT. GREY MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry Grey and Frances Grey lie in bed, all lights off.

HENRY GREY
I didst seeth the chap. High-lone. She hath left him, Frances.

FRANCES BRANDON
I care not for their affair, Henry. Jane may has't been overwhelmed.

HENRY GREY
We didst not nurture her to possess such disloyalty.

FRANCES BRANDON
I know, Henry, I know.

HENRY GREY
We wilt push her. We wilt push all our children as we did agree to doth since the birth of our Jane.

FRANCES BRANDON
I know, Henry. We did thrust our children for greatness. Urge them for their success. Jane's behaviour this present day, we never tolerated.

HENRY GREY
...We never tolerated.

FRANCES BRANDON
No. But I am tired.

Silence. Henry looks at his wife, her eyes now closed. He realizes she's said everything, then goes to wrap his arm around his wife. He closes his eyes.

43. INT. DUDLEY MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

John Dudley and Jane Dudley lie in bed, all lights off. The moonlight highlights their moist faces. John's arm is around Jane's while he caresses her face.

JOHN DUDLEY
(slurring)
Let me bid thee what I bethink, dear. I am so very proud of Guildford and Katherine.

JANE DUDLEY
So am I, John.

JOHN DUDLEY
He will bring great gratification to our kin. Our crest.

JANE DUDLEY
Hm.

JOHN DUDLEY
How is he?

JANE DUDLEY
If it be true I shalt beest honest, he shall beest too ill for the celebrations tomorrow.

There is a silence as John freezes. His wife has displeased him.

JOHN DUDLEY
I wish not to be irked anon.

He turns over and they lie still. He then realizes his wife may be cold, so he turns around and wraps his arms around Jane. She opens her eyes briefly, then closes them. They both fall asleep.

44. INT. KATHERINE GREY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Katherine Grey lies asleep in her bed, mildly snoring.

45. INT. MARY GREY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mary Grey lies asleep, holding a thick woollen blanket.

MARY
(sleep-talking, whispering)
My daughters on the wall... My grandchildren on my wall, my children...on my wall. They... On my wall.

46. INT. HENRY HASTINGS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katherine Dudley's now father and mother-in-law, FRANCIS HASTINGS and CATHERINE POLE, both lay in their bed. Half of his torso is atop his wife as they rest.

47. INT. AMPHELISIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amphelisia sleeps like a plagued child in a cramped room. She snores heavily.

48. INT. JULIET'S ROOM - NIGHT

Juliet lies on her front on her bed, fast-asleep, while still in her dress and heels. Her hair is partially dishevelled.

49. INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret sits by a mirror in her room, lit by a single candle only. We hear her pick some jar off from the ground and checking the contents.

She opens one of the jars, filled with a reddish powder. She looks around and reaches for a horse-hair paintbrush. She sticks the brush into the jar, to apply some powder to the brush.

After one last look in the mirror, she lightly rubs the powder into her cheeks. She places the brush down and rubs the powder in with her hands. She smiles.

MARGARET
(to herself, whispering)
Oh, what a fool I am.

She exhales sharply.

50. INT. GREY MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frances is wide awake, while Henry lightly breathes into her ear. She hears a creak from the corridor and ever so slightly shoves her husband off her, to then stand up and walk out the room.

51. INT. HALLWAY, GREY HOUSE - NIGHT

With the only luminosity coming from the moon and stars outside, Francis walks down the corridor barefooted.

52. INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY HOUSE - NIGHT

Francis enters the living room to see a dark figure by the window.

JANE
(guttural)
Mother?

Francis sees that it is Jane, her legs close to her chest, her face sombre.

FRANCES BRANDON
Rest, Jane.

JANE
Mother...

FRANCES BRANDON
What did turn in thy face?

JANE
I feel did disturb.

She takes out the letter.

FRANCES BRANDON
Thou art overwhelmed, like a bride did should.

Frances goes to sit next to her daughter.

JANE
Mother, doth thee knock who did sent me this letter?

She gives the letter to Frances, who attempts to read it briefly.

FRANCES BRANDON
A gift for the wedding?

JANE
Hm.

FRANCES BRANDON
I know not, daughter. And I cannot read these words.

JANE
It's Latin.

FRANCES BRANDON
The sender didst not give a name?

JANE
Nay.

Frances looks at Jane as they share a comfortable air of stillness.

FRANCES BRANDON
What doest it say?

Jane looks at the letter.

JANE
A liturgy of sorts: "The past, present and future flow above and below and through thee. In such mirror-less light as this, God never experiences death, only transformation...
(beat)
As thunder weeps for grace, there lives slithers of the past and future, nurturing themselves in the present."

Frances seems puzzled.

FRANCES BRANDON
What couldst yond translate to? Is't a poem?

JANE
Aye.... The paper doth feel heavy, costly.

FRANCES BRANDON
Jane, rest anon. We has't a grand day tomorrow.

Jane looks at her mother.

JANE
Doth thee like this poem? Shouldst I has't thrown it away?

FRANCES BRANDON
It seems juvenile. I prefer poetry with intellect, observations nay one's discovered. I bethink I've hath heard something like yond once.

JANE
Whither?

FRANCES BRANDON
I knock not. It just doesn't awake aught new in me.

JANE
Oh.

FRANCES BRANDON
Keep it on thee, and fall asleep, mine Jane.

JANE
I am not tired.

FRANCES BRANDON
You will be tomorrow, Jane. Fall asleep anon instead of at the lunch with the ambassadors foreign tomorrow.
(beat)
Art thee excited?

JANE
The day wast much more pleasant than anticipated, mother. I formed new friends, mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
I did see.

JANE
Aye?
(beat)
Doth thee think those ladies did like me mother?

Frances smiles.

JANE
I hope they didst.

FRANCES BRANDON
My daughter so pure never did desire to be desired.

A pause

JANE
Of course I doth.

FRANCES BRANDON
Everyone's second goal at a wedding is to converse with the bride and groom. They art the stars of such an event.

JANE
So they didst it merely because I wast the bride?

Frances looks down.

JANE
Thee believe they art not good-natured?

FRANCES BRANDON
Oh they may beest good-natured, of course.

JANE
But deep within themselves?

FRANCES BRANDON
What's of import is who is't lasts. Who is't shall beest by one's side at which hour the wedding ceases. At which hour the festivities fizzle. Such covetous socialites won't be there at the time of one's death. Your death.

JANE
And mine own death I shalt beest did surround by people who were always there?

FRANCES BRANDON
Indubitably.

JANE
Always there regardless of mine own wishes?

There is a pause in the newly established air of contentiousness.

FRANCES BRANDON
Thy husband must beest did treat kinder. And this heedlessness shalt only lead thee to a death did surround by those who is't may not has't did love thee.

JANE
I am much disquieted when I bethink about mine future, mother.

FRANCES BRANDON
Then bethink in the present. Seeth how far yond doth take thee.

Jane clenches the letter.

FRANCES BRANDON
Sleep when thee wish to.

Frances stands up and walks away. Jane does not look at her as she exits the room, instead at the letter.

III - THERE LIVES SLITHERS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE, NURTURING THEMSELVES IN THE PRESENT

53. EXT. SKY - MORNING

Faded clouds are pierced by a glaring sun. We hear the singing of birds and the subtle howling of a brisk wind.

54. EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

STILL SHOT ON THE GRAND ROYAL GARDEN

The wind moves the branches of the trees slightly, birds tweet and fly across the landscape. Vibrant flowers grow in formation

Three infant girls enter, with miniature baskets in their hands. They kneel down and inspect the flowers, then picking the most vibrant and healthy ones. They chatter to each other.

55. INT. GREAT HALL, DURHAM HOUSE - MORNING

Lively music plays as many sit at tables lining the walls of the hall, before hearty trays of food. The Dudleys all sit together, except for Ambrose who is missing like his brother Guildford, and the Greys do too. Katherine Grey sits with Henry Herbert, Katherine Dudley with Henry Hastings, and finally Mary Grey with Arthur Grey.

The foreign ambassadors sit at the table as well, as does the imperial ambassador.

From the side of the halls, female dancers emerge, all dressed in white and gold as many of the attendees are. They skirt the whole room, twirling and whirling lasciviously under the noses of many of the diners.

56. INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

At a lengthy table overlooking the courtyard, Jane, with heavy eyes, sits with the Venetian ambassador, the Spanish ambassador, the French ambassador, John Dudley, two marchionesses and the Imperial ambassador, Jean.

They eat a hearty meal of venison.

VENETIAN AMBASSADOR
(heavy accent)
Jean, mine own fruit of a departing tree, we were at each moment in contention.

JEAN SCHEYFVE
Oh ambassador, with a tongue yond demands to beest did dance.

JOHN DUDLEY
I say this rising tension is a conference for another dinner.

VENETIAN AMBASSADOR
Hm. The dinner in purgatory.

The ambassador laughs.

SPANISH AMBASSADOR
(heavy accent)
Only God decides in Heaven.

JOHN DUDLEY
I hadst a conversation similar to this at the wedding of one of mine own sons. I remember he hadst did argue for his denomination of Christianity, then afterwards gifted me one painting of his newborn son.

VENETIAN AMBASSADOR
Expect not yond of me, Duke of Northumberland. But I doth yearn we engage in good faith.

JOHN DUDLEY
Then we shalt.

Jane looks around the room. Everyone continues eating.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
(heavy accent)
With liberty, I wilt state the quietude of one newly did marry bride.

The French ambassador looks at Jane with a porcelain grin. Jane doesn't realize he's talking about her, then looks at him.

JANE
Oh mine own ears, so blocked with yesterday's music, I apologize. Um.
(looks down at plate)
I'm famished.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
A charmed figure, maintain thy strength, Lady Jane.

JOHN DUDLEY
One monarch so young must stand with twice as much pride for this did ground, Jane. A wash of war is to cometh.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR
Twice as much pride?

JOHN DUDLEY
Such a belly of unrest in our Englands, Ambassador. Such a covetous nation.
(beat)
Mine own Guildford wast did breed with fury through his skin, woven. Quite quaint Jane, to sit and smile.

A small pause.

JANE
If it be true I am to rule, I am to doth as I can. With fury.

VENETIAN AMBASSADOR
Good.

John stares at Jane with an adulterous smirk. The table continues eating in silence. Jane looks to John.

JOHN DUDLEY
That chin up.

While staring, John lifts his head up slightly. Jane does so too.

JOHN DUDLEY
Good girl.

Jane, with her chin high, look down to her plate and continues eating.

JOHN DUDLEY
Fine posture is something one adapts to. 'As one's mother before her,' I say to mine own daughters.

SPANISH AMBASSADOR
How be the King, John? I wast did prepare for his presence at the wedding.

JOHN DUDLEY
His Grace is...in such compelling fighting force.

ALL AMBASSADORS
Good...

They all resume stuffing their faces.

57. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE - DAY

The sun beams on Amphelisia, who lies on the grass by herself, surrounded by guests attending the buffet table meticulously laid out.

She picks at the grass beneath her and relaxes under the heat.

We hear Mary shout. Amphelisia looks to the buffet table to see her, Frances and Henry Grey at the buffet table. Frances is serving up a plate for Mary, who is petulantly bossing her mother around.

Amphelisia watches them as if they were celebrities, with her hand covering the blinding sunshine.

Jane hurries into the scene and sits down with Amphelisia.

JANE
Amphelisia, good day.

She hugs her.

AMPHELISIA
Oh, bouncing Jane.

Jane chuckles.

JANE
I hadst hoped yond nickname wouldst've dwindled by anon.

AMPHELISIA
I wouldst become a traitor to be bouncing.

Jane giggles.

JANE
Where be the others?

AMPHELISIA
I know not. Margaret's not made an appearance yet...
(beat)
Oh, Juliet's belike with that performer she wast talking to yesterday.

JANE
Performer?

AMPHELISIA
After thee hadst gone, he hadst hath asked her to dance and she tripped on his ankle.

JANE
(small chuckle)
Oh...oh, shall the lady beest well enow?

AMPHELISIA
The most fortunate sprained ankle she'd ever received, she told me.

Jane smiles.

AMPHELISIA
Where were thee for lunch?

JANE
I was to dine with the ambassadors.

Amphelisia laughs.

AMPHELISIA
Oh, what damnation.

JANE
Yep.

AMPHELISIA
A curse.

JANE
A generously aching experience.

AMPHELISIA
Where be Guildford?

JANE
Poorly.

AMPHELISIA
As of today, even?

JANE
Even so.
(beat)
I doth wish he were here.

AMPHELISIA
Awww.

JANE
Oh, girl. Simply so I wouldn't has't to suffer those wrinkled tarts by myself.

Amphelisia bursts into hysterics, falling backwards onto the grass.

AMPHELISIA
Such a wench.

JANE
And what of it?

Jane joins in on the hysterics.

JANE
Oh, oh, oh. I want not to enter back inside.

AMPHELISIA
Do not. I'll take thy position.

JANE
I do wish so.

AMPHELISIA
Doth thee want to switch dresses?

They look at each other.

58. EXT. COURTYARD, DURHAM HOUSE (LATER) - DAY

The food table still stands, although devoid of food. Lively music begins playing and people congregate into the centre of the courtyard to dance.

Amphelisia and Jane enter the scene, having switched dresses. They dance playfully with each other. We see hints of some people around who've clocked the switch. Some seem displeased, others seem jubilant.

59. EXT. SKY - DAY

A shot of the sky, the sun glistening almost.

JANE(VOICE OVER)
I believe I know what's right for me.

UNNAMED WOMAN(VOICE OVER)
You believe... You do not know.

JANE(VOICE OVER)
It's...it's a quick refresh.

UNNAMED WOMAN(VOICE OVER)
Refresh where, Lady Jane?

JANE(VOICE OVER)
Mine own husband is not present. Therefore I need not to be summoned hither.

UNNAMED WOMAN(VOICE OVER)
What do you want?

JANE(VOICE OVER)
A simple walk. In a park.

UNNAMED WOMAN(VOICE OVER)
Change thy dress.

60. EXT. PARK - DAY

Jane walks through a public park, now wearing her dress. People walk past her, peeking at her carefully.

She looks up a hill.

61. EXT. HILL, PARK - DAY

Birds chirp atop a tree high above the city. Jane holds her shoes in one hand and climbs up the hill barefoot.

She sits on the grass, then lies on her back and looks into the sky. She breathes slowly but rhythmically.

62. EXT. SKY - DAY

Within the frame of a quaint, blue, clement day, clouds of various sizes enter and exit. We hear Jane's breathing, which becomes intertwined with the sounds of the wildlife and nature surrounding her.

A soft but omnipresent chord plays, almost underneath the already clustered sound-scape.

Gradually, the screen and mind begin to converge; the sky is paraded with ever so subtle flashes of colour, like if one were to be rubbing their eyes extensively. The chord grows more dissonant, but fuller.

With much leisure, the sky begins to grow darker. The noises surrounding Jane, Jane's own breathing and the singular chord begin to shift and transmogrify into a strange but ambient musical composition, with Jane's breathing still at its heart.

The flashes of colour on the screen, accompanying the darkening of it, all conjoin and move with the composition; moving in accordance with Jane's breathing pattern.

The screen now completely darkens from a light blue to a pitch black. The music lowers in volume and intensity. Now only a soft instrument plays, accompanied by Jane's now muffled and barely audible breathing.

One by one, stars begin to appear in the void. The music becomes more lively and more instruments are added. We zoom past the many stars, all just bright dots, causing them to move in our vision. More and more fill the screen until some start to generate colour when fixed on top of others.

The music grows more dynamic and we start to see galaxies forming. We start to hear faint conversations between people, completely indecipherable.

We see extreme close-ups of stars expanding, rocks forming to generate planets and matter being summoned, all with the music and breathing conducting it.

With an explosion of colour and climaxing of the music, we instantly cut to two galaxies intending to collide. Dead silence.

Then...a car indicator. We hear an audio from a moving car. Amy Winehouse's 'Love is a Losing Game' plays ever so quietly on the radio.

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
(singing)
Da da, dada da. Dada da. Dada da. Da da, dada da. Dada da. Dada da. Da dada dada dada. Da dada dada dada. Da dam dada da. Dada da. Dada daaaaa.

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Do you want me-

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
(now shouting)
DA DA, DADA-

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Baby, you want me to turn the radio off?

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
Um. Um... Mummy?

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Yes.

A pause. The song is over and the radio DJ starts to speak. The galaxies begin to move together.

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
Mummmy-

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
What is it?

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
Did you... How long is left?

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Oh, not long. It's only what... ten minutes?

The child huffs.

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
Ten minutes!? But I could...I could do everything I wanted to in ten minutes.

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Could you?

The car indicator goes again. A sniffle in the car is heard.

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Anything you wanted, eh?
(beat)
Did you like that song that just played.

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
The song? On the radio?

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
Yes.

CHILD(VOICE OVER)
But I don't know that song, mummy.

MOTHER(VOICE OVER)
No, I know. Mummy used to listen to it when she was young.

Silence. The child rattles around in the car. We hear her breathing, and the mother in the front driving.

The galaxies collide, creating a blast of colour. A kaleidoscope of light in the most mathematical, complex and expressive patterns. We hear the child ejecting her seatbelt, then clicking it back in.

The audio from the car begins to fade into the sound of Jane's breathing.

63. EXT. HILL, PARK - EVENING

Jane peacefully rests on her back atop the hill, almost as if nothing could ever wake her.

The now dimmed sky behind her is plagued with gorgeous clouds of an orange-pink, with depth like a landscape painting. Chirping can still be heard, as well as the occasional hushed gust of wind.

FADE TO BLACK

64. INT. ART GALLERY (A COUPLE WEEKS LATER) - DAY

We focus on a Renaissance portrait of a naked woman in a forest, probably Eve from Genesis. We hear people walking around the gallery on the wooden floors and muttering quietly.

We focus on a portrait, similar to 'Madonna of the Cherries'; a Mary-like figure holding a naked child.

We now focus on a painting, similar to 'Judith and Holofernes' by Giorgio Vasari; a woman holding a saber over a grizzled, bearded man who is knelt down, about to behead him.

We hear two pairs of shoes walk, and a large shadow forms over the painting.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
John Dee at each moment spake of the enshielf power behind paintings. Or the explicit power before them.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
Who be John Dee?

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
Mine own tutor in youth.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
And what didst he say?

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
Well. How interpretations... of life, in turneth make more life. It captures a point in time and transcends it to elevated levels.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
As in?

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
As in wherefore doth thee think this wast did paint?

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
Excitement.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
(giggle)
How juvenile, but all in faith that is good. All interpretations further it to new dimensions. Art is the link between soil and God.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
What doth thee seeth?

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
Hm. I seeth a mistress who is't did love a man very much. But that man didst not love her.
(MORE)

GUILDFORD (CONT'D)
So the lady removes her robes and threatens to behead the sir. But he pleads and begs, so the lady doest not doth it.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
You believe she doest not swing?

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
Aye, but I eke believe the lady can't. The lady loves the man too dearly. If the lady hadst did want to kill him, it wouldst've been too late.

A pause.

JANE(OFF CAMERA)
I bethink the lady may behead him. Only so yond the lady can die.

We see Jane and Guildford, standing as a couple in the small gallery, staring at the painting.

GUILDFORD
How do you mean?

JANE
A mistress's fate is far bloodier than yond, but not ugly.

GUILDFORD
She seems remorseful.

JANE
Hm.

They walk off.

JANE
I am deathly tired. Can we go back?

GUILDFORD
Yes.

65. EXT. GARDEN, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

We focus on radiant flowers; peonies, orchids, daisies and welsh poppies. The sky is blue, but clouded laboriously.

66. EXT. WOODS, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

A pond, surrounded by wood life and viciously green plants, sits peacefully in the dense woods outside the estate.

67. INT. LIVING ROOM, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

Jane lays in an armchair, her legs up, reading a book in Latin. We hear the birds outside and people scurrying around in other room.

68. INT. BEDROOM, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

Guildford enters the marital bedroom and meanders around. He walks to a chest of drawers, looking around the room when he gets there. He opens it and takes out a pile of letters from underneath clothes.

He looks at them, attempting to read them, but gives up and places them back. He seems alarmed.

He begins to breath heavily out his nose, then stamps his foot quickly, the sound reverberating like a gun shot. He looks out the window, then rushes back to the chest of drawers.

He takes out the letters and flips through them, throwing each one of the floor.

We hear footsteps outside. Jane enters.

JANE
Is everything well, mine love?

Guildford does not reply. Jane advances into the room and sees the letters on the ground.

JANE
Oh.

GUILDFORD
Everything is quite right, Jane.

JANE
Oh Guildford, what has't thee done?

GUILDFORD
Oh, simple accident.

JANE
Mine writings, Guildford.

Guildford begins sobbing.

JANE
What does ail thee?

Jane goes to comfort him.

GUILDFORD
I... I fear for mine pride. I fear for mine own pride and confidence, Jane.

JANE
Wherefore?

GUILDFORD
Who is't doth thee address? Wherefore wilt thee write in a tongue different from mine?

JANE
I address only mine own husband.

GUILDFORD
I cannot read any of thy writings, Jane. Is this a purposed act?

JANE
Nay, Guildford. Prithee, mother is to beest arriving anon. I desire not her to intrude on our squabbling.

GUILDFORD
Your mother is arriving? At which hour?

JANE
Midday.

GUILDFORD
Well. Good.

JANE
I might not but prepare the estate.

Jane turns around.

GUILDFORD
Mine own loyal wife, doth thee bethink thou art clever than me?

Jane turns back to Guildford.

JANE
Clever?

GUILDFORD
Hm. I think so, and it turns me unhappy to think so.

Jane approaches Guildford to comfort him.

JANE
Guildford, everyone talks about how cunning thou art. How quick-witted thou art. Stop pestering your fears.

GUILDFORD
Read one out for me, I beg of thee.

Jane picks a piece of paper off the ground and begins to read.

JANE
Something I wrote on the way here: 'Green loins at the eyes of plenty, blue mouths at the minds of none.'

Guildford puts his head in his hands.

GUILDFORD
(almost crying)
I bethink not I couldst conjure something like yond.

Jane places her hand on his back.

JANE
Of course thee couldst.

GUILDFORD
Nay.

He begins sobbing.

GUILDFORD
I cannot speak other languages. I cannot write in other languages. I am inferior to thou.

JANE
Guildford, stand ho this talk.

GUILDFORD
And yond wouldst beest easy for thee? A mind so cherished.

JANE
'tis not.
(beat)
'tis hard for me.

GUILDFORD
Oh, good. How decorous is to seed venom!

JANE
Pardon thee?

Jane takes her hand off his back and looks at him. He does not look up.

JANE
Look at me. Look at me. BEHOLD!

She removes his hands from his face and he looks at her, a face red as sin.

JANE
T's not easy f'r me. Edward is gravely ill and I am to beest queen before I know it. Before I couldst ever comprehend the possibility. And yond's meant to beest easy?

GUILDFORD
Aye. A Queen is complete authority. It fires mine own blood when I hear thee beest ungrateful for such a position.
(beat)
A QUEEN!

Jane jumps and walks back.

GUILDFORD
I wouldst end nations for such a title!

JANE
I know thee wouldst. Oh I know thee wouldst, Guildford.

GUILDFORD
What with such tone?

JANE
How couldst nature love thee? How couldst God love thee when thee threaten to destroy his creations at every second comment?

GUILDFORD
Because it's mine own given right as appointed by God! He hath chosen me! He hath chosen you! To rule England!
(beat)
The Catholics art rising, war is writ into the future of this ground. And thee sit and whine and wend against God's wishes!

Jane starts quivering.

GUILDFORD
Thy humour is filth, as much as thou art a mistress of God. Thee learn like a sir, with a mind of a sir. Of an intellectual. Thou art not a mistress. Thee doth not cherish. Thee doth not love. I bethink not thee can love.

Jane begins crying.

JANE
I can love, I just doth not coil around it.

GUILDFORD
How sagacious! And what shalt last? our love or these Latin brain farts thee so regularly arouse?

She turns back, to him.

JANE
IF IT BE TRUE THEE VALUED A GOOD, QUIET MISTRESS, THEE SHOULDN'T HAS'T DID MARRY A QUEEN! Thou art but an infant, and at every moment shall beest!

GUILDFORD
AYE! A QUEEN DEVOID OF MORAL VALUES AND DIVINE ESSENCE! A QUEEN OF IGNORANCE! Thee has't nay pain. Thee doth not wish to defend our state against the foe!

JANE
WHERE IS BEAR PAIN I MAKE UP FOR WITH VICTORY...
(beat)
Where you bear no pain you make up for with conquest.

GUILDFORD
Conquest? It's not about conquest, but about legacy.

JANE
Oh, legacy!

GUILDFORD
Aye, legacy! Legacy is what actuates human beings!
(beat)
What more couldst thee want to beest known for?
(MORE)

GUILDFORD (CONT'D)
(beat)
In a hundred years, many shall did shed tears of sorrow for thee!

JANE
I want not those folk to!

GUILDFORD
Wilt thee beest faceless in time, Jane? One blank sheet for people to imprint upon?

JANE
I shall beest dead, but mine own mother is arriving as lief as she left.

There is a silence after the storm.

GUILDFORD
Your mother, aye.

Jane stamps out the room, Guildford watching with a tamed face.

69. EXT. GARDEN, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

An enraged, barefooted Jane enters the garden and walks into the dense woods.

70. EXT. WOODS, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

The pond sits still amidst the glistening wildlife. Jane disrupts this stillness, and storms to it, sitting right by it.

She dips her toes into the water, then goes to submerge her feet. She looks up and basks in the uncombed sun, still overwhelmed.

She hears rustles in the leaves, but thinks nothing of them. Slowly, she begins to submerge hers legs into the murky pond, then soon her whole body. Only her head breaks the surface.

Like Ophelia, she lays on her back in the pond, staring into the sky. More rustles are heard, and finally footsteps.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
(laughs)
Thee must has't gotten heated.

She turns to him, then waves her arms about as if she were swimming on her back.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
What art thee doing?

She carries on moving her arms.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
(laughing)
Jane?
(beat)
Jane? Must thee regress to some infant anon?

She smiles.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
At every moment, thee speak of mine own immaturity. And behold at thee.

She splashes him. We hear him moving back.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
Ah! Wilt thy splashes beest so political?

JANE
Thy repugnance is political!

She splashes him again, then reaches to grab his leg.

GUILDFORD(OFF CAMERA)
God shall never allow thee catch me!

Her smile fades. She now watches Guildford with eyes of a hunter.

But with a running jump, Guildford leaps into the pond, grabbing Jane around the waist. She screams and he laughs.

GUILDFORD
Thee can't contest, thee can't contest!

She kicks him in the balls and he reacts dramatically. She then attempts to swim away, but he grabs her once more.

GUILDFORD
Doth thee contest me, Jane?

She looks at him, smiling.

GUILDFORD
DO YOU CONTEST ME, JANE?

She laughs.

JANE
Nay.

He lets go. They look at each other in the eyes.

GUILDFORD
I may love thee, Jane.

A long pause as they gather their thoughts.

JANE
I may always love thee, Guildford.

Guildford smiles and turns on his back, beside Jane, looking up at the sky with her, both out of breath.

GUILDFORD
Dear Jane, I didst not cometh here to chase thee, I'm afraid.

She looks at him.

GUILDFORD
George told me, just as thee stormed out. Thy mother isn't coming.

Jane stays still.

JANE
How come?

GUILDFORD
I wast not told. Illness perhaps, it's frequently illness.

JANE
Oh.

GUILDFORD
Nay bother, Jane. We shalt see her at the coronation.

Guildford smiles.

JANE
Poor Edward. I find dram humour in his passing, Guildford.

Guildford turns to himself, annoyed. They both think to themselves for a bit, then Guildford examines the sky.

GUILDFORD
This seems like the last sunny day of this month.

Jane looks up as well.

71. INT. BEDROOM, COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

Jane, soaking wet, stands by the window looking out. Guildford is behind her, getting dressed.

Looking out the window, she sees two small white rabbits on the lawn.

JANE
Guildford! Look!

Guildford looks out the window, without trousers.

GUILDFORD
Rabbits?

JANE
There are many.

GUILDFORD
Hm. They're pests, Jane. They hadst consumed a quarter of George's crops last season.

JANE
Oh.

GUILDFORD
Worry nay, Jane.

He walks away from the window, but she keeps looking. He picks a letter from off the ground and give it to Jane.

GUILDFORD
What doest this one say?

Jane takes it and reads it.

JANE
'Domum vineis operiet sed non perdet humum suam'

GUILDFORD
Aye, what doest is say?

Guildford goes back to get changed.

JANE
And he... who swings at vines...may one day rid the land of them.

GUILDFORD
I like that.

Jane looks at the piece of paper, Guildford not having realized it was folded. She unfolds it to present the English translation, written in sloppy handwriting:

'He will cover the house with vines but will not destroy its soil'

She scrunches the piece of paper.

CLOSE UP ON JANE

She watches wistfully out the window, a movement not breaking the surface of her face.

A symphony starts playing. We OVERLAY a shot of the two rabbits on the lawn ONTO the shot of Jane. Now we see more rabbits, some babies, join the two rabbits.

She stares, longing.

FADE TO:

72. INT. NATIONAL GALLERY (MODERN DAY)

The symphony stops suddenly. We see before us 'The Execution of Lady Jane Grey', the painting by Paul Delaroche, hanging in the National Gallery.

People's mutter, the occasional cough and gradual footsteps on the wooden floors are heard. Some stop and stare at the painting, some move on.

Finally, we see a mother pushing a pram and her child, at preschool age, walk into the scene. The mother stops and stares, then bends down to talk to her daughter, who is initially distracted.

We do not hear what she says, but her daughter turns to look at the painting.

The mother stands and strolls further down the room with the pram. The child remains however, staring deep at the painting.

CLOSE UP ON THE PAINTING

We see the painting close up now. A man is guiding a blindfolded Jane to the block where she is to be executed.

CLOSE UP ON JANE

Jane seems confused, distraught.

MOTHER(OFF CAMERA)
Come on, baby.

We hear the subtly skipping of a child, muddled in with the general noises of the gallery. Jane stays put however. Forever hanging in paint... In pain but never in solitude.

THE END