

M a r y, Q u e e n o f S c o t s.

Original film-play

by

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Motto:

The normal human being is not the rule, but its great exception....the warped, monstrous, pathological being - man, the blunder and the erroneous work of Nature - is the "normal" human being and therefore the only one that has our esthetic interest and our moral sympathy.

(Egon Friedell)

Pictures of thistles, dissolving into one another. Moonshine.
Poetry. Romance.

The last of the thistle pictures dissolves into a silhouette of Holyrood Castle.

While these pictures are being shown a narrator says the following words:

It is a curious fact that one finds thistles in every place where Mary, Queen of Scots, has lived. Here Mary, very much in love, made the first steps on her dark and fateful road of passion, when in the year 1565, to the dismay of all, she let announce, " that the Queen had resolved in the face of the holy Kirk to wed with the noble and illustre Prince Henri Darnley and had ordained that he be named and stylit King....."

Happy wedding bells have begun ringing. Their chimes continue when the last picture of the thistles dissolves to the scene of Holyrood Castle and this to the first picture of the play.

As is the custom at a big wedding where nothing must be lacking, before the wedding the Catholic ecclesiastics consecrate the bridal bed. A priest, accompanied by one or two choristers, walks round the royal bed. We hear the last words of the benediction:

...to protect it from impurity. We pray Thou hallow the hearts and bodies of Thy servants who here shall be united. Bless (the priest makes the sign of the cross) and unite them in the true community of Devotion and Love. By Our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Whereupon he sprinkles the bed with holy-water.

Sweep to:

x
x x

On July the 29th at 6 a.m. the wedding between Mary and Henri Darnley took place in front of the door of the chapel belonging to Holyrood Castle in Edinburgh. Mary was wearing black crape over her white mourning. On her head she had the white widow's cap. But her face showed no trace of sorrow. She was "gay, bright, and happy."

Beneath the canopy the bride and bridegroom kneel contritely side by side in front of the door of the church, their train in a semi-circle around them. Standing in the door-way of the festively decorated church John Sinclair, the bishop, is seen performing the wedding ceremony. Behind the bishop one looks into the church where the soft twilight from the rose window in the upper part of the choir wall together with the glow of the many candles on the altar create an atmosphere of peace and harmony.

Near the bridal couple youthful clerks hold large candles swathed in silk ribbon.

The scene opens with a close-up of a graceful hand, Mary's hand

(Hands can tell a great deal about people and the picture of ~~this~~ this hand gives us the idea that it belongs to a sensitive and sensual woman)

The bishop has just blessed the wedding-ring and has put it on Darnley's finger. Now the ceremony is repeated with the bride: first of all he puts the ring on her thumb (in the name of the Father) - then on her first finger (in the name of the Son) - and at last on her second finger (in the name of the Holy Ghost). When the ring is on the second finger, he says, "Amen, and here it shall remain."

After the ceremony with the ring the bishop blesses the bride and the bride-groom. This is ~~done~~ as follows. The bishop and Darnley fold their hands and greet each other with a slight bow. Then they bend their heads towards each other so that their temples just meet. One of them lays his hands on the other's shoulder, while the other holds the former below the elbows. Then the bride-groom passes the peace-kiss on to the bride.

Darnley kisses Mary on the mouth and leaves the ceremony. He may not be present during the following bridal mass in the church. As he leaves, Mary's eyes follow him. The bishop makes a sign that the sacred ceremony continues and Mary, surrounded by candles, is led by the bishop into the chapel where music ^{from} of the organ

gushes towards her. After Mary comes her train, the latter consisting of the bridal couple's nearest Catholic friends.

(It is important that Darnley during the whole of the following scene makes a calm and sympathetic impression on us. His manner must convey to us an easy cordiality which cannot fail to charm us, for just as Mary mistakes him in the first instance, so do we. This impression must remain with us until his entrance into the banquet hall in a few minutes to come. Here for the first time we begin to doubt his true worth, which the following scenes reveal little by little.

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In the long banquet hall Darnley has to pass through to get to Mary's room, where he is to wait for the bride, the Protestant lords are assembled. Darnley passes them with such an air of pride and arrogance we can hardly believe it to be the same man we saw at the wedding not so very long ago. We immediately lose a little respect for him. The lords show no interest in him. Only one of them kneels and shouts aloud, "God bless his Grace," but no one else kneels down and he must answer "Amen" himself.

x

In the choir of the chapel there is a small stool at which Mary kneels. Here she is inaugurated in her calling as a wife by the bishop bestowing a special blessing on her:

We pray Thou look mildly upon Thy servant, who now is to be given into a man's power, that she may follow in the footsteps of holy women, and that she may become dear to her husband as...

x

Mary's room. Darnley is seen in the door-way calling for his servant, Taylor, whom he asks to get him some whisky. Taylor hesitates at first, but then hurries off to carry out the order.

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The chapel. Surrounded by young clerks carrying lighted candles, Mary leaves the chapel. The church bells are ringing joyfully.

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Mary's room. Taylor brings Darnley's whisky and pours it out. Darnley, who is a good imitator of animals, barks like a dog when the glass is full. He drinks eagerly.

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The banquet hall with the Protestant lords. When the Queen comes, the lords go down on their knees, but as Mary passes them, one by one they raise their heads and send her displeased, in some cases even hostile looks.

However, this makes no impression on Mary, who is full of her young love and who is only longing to come up to Darnley. One of the lords shouts, "God save the Queen." The others answer, "Amen", but in a low, unwilling tone. Mary nods at the lords kindly and straight - forwardly - - in a striking contrast to Darnley's arrogant manner.

x

Mary's room. Darnley empties his glass. Suddenly he hears voices and realizes that Mary is coming. He makes haste to give Taylor the empty glass.

At this moment Mary enters. Taylor sneaks out carefully behind her, while one of her four Marys, Mary Beaton, takes off the black veil, so that now Mary appears in dazzling white.

Darnley has risen to his feet.

(The mere presence of Mary seems to have a good influence on him. Once again he is the congenial young man from the wedding. Mary's strong personality and her love for him seems to be able to convey some of its fervour to him. And it's interesting to note that it is just when he is losing her interest and her love that his weak ~~and the good-for-nothing, shallow-natured~~ character truly comes out, showing him up as the good-for-nothing, shallow-natured fellow he is.)

For a moment Darnley is alone with Mary. She goes to meet him, gay and smiling, happy at being with him again and longing for his embrace. She has all the beauty and grace of a woman who for the first time has fallen seriously in love and who is experiencing her first true love-affair.

She lends over him to kiss him - but stops before their lips meet. She looks him in the eyes and with a voice, which is slightly reproachful but full of tenderneßs - more like a mother than an offended wife - she says:

Mary: You have been drinking.

She straightens herself without kissing him. Darnley smiles, but he is obviously ashamed.

There is a knock at the door and Beaton comes up to the Queen.

Beaton: May Riccio come ?

Mary: Of course.

Riccio enters. He bows for the Queen at the same time congratulating Darnley. He turns to the Queen pointing to Darnley.

Riccio: He came, he saw, he conquered.

Mary nods, smiles at Darnley, and gives him her hand. Once again Riccio addresses the Queen.

Riccio: The lords looked evil.

Mary nods, suddenly serious.

Riccio: They will never forgive Your Majesty marrying a Catholic.

Mary: I am a Catholic myself.

Riccio, who too is a Catholic and who has worked for this marriage, looks well-satisfied from one to the other.

Riccio: Of course we Catholics stick together.

But he grows serious, adding thoughtfully.....

Riccio: The lords won't give up, I know them. And if it comes to a fight.....

Mary: Then I will fight, they can't frighten me.

During the last words Maitland has entered unobserved. He now joins in the conversation.

Maitland: There is much at stake.

Mary turns to Maitland who has turned up behind her. She looks at him inquiringly and in surprise. Then to break the uneasy silence he speaks.

Maitland: The French and the English Ambassadors are here.
May they come in ?

With a gesture Mary gives her assent.

First of all the French Ambassador, Du Croc, comes. Mary receives him with great cordiality. He addresses the Queen first.

Du Croc: Votre Majesté - je Vous félicite de tout mon coeur d'avoir choisi le plus beau Prince de l'Europe.

Now he turns to Darnley:

Du Croc: Et a Vous j'envie la chance Vous avez eu de conquérir

Mary: (interrupts him laughing)..la plus belle Princesse de l'Europe.

Du Croc: Non: la plus belle femme du monde.

Mary: Ah, vous etes bien Francais.

Du Croc bows for Mary. Darnley takes him under the arm and leads him aside.

Darnley: Il-y-avait une chose que je voudrais vous demander.....

Simultaneously the English Ambassador enters, presented by Maitland. Mary, who was cordial towards the Frenchman, is noticeably cool towards the Englishman, who turns to Mary very seriously.

Ambass: Pray God your choice may be a happy one.

Riccio, who isn't always exactly tactful, cannot refrain from saying..

Riccio: At any rate - it is done, now it cannot be undone.

Maitland, obviously irritated at Riccio's bad manners, reprimands him sharply.

Maitland: The Ambassador was speaking to her Majesty, not to you.

Riccio: And I was speaking to the Ambassador, not to you.

With these words Riccio leaves. The Queen cannot help smiling. Now she turns to the Ambassador.

Mary: Was that all you wish^{ed} to tell me ?

Obviously the Ambassador doesn't quite know what to say. Darnley's presence evidently embarrasses him. However, he makes up his mind.

Ambass: No. Elisabeth, Queen of England, has asked me to tell you that she is seriously displeased with your marriage.

Mary demonstratively gives Darnley her hand.

Mary: The man I choose must be the man God gives me - I suppose.

The Ambassador bows his head and leaves. Maitland accompanies him out.

There is a screen to keep away the draft from the door through which the Ambassador leaves the room. Maitland is about to go out too. But, moved by some instinct, he stays between the screen and the door so that he is hidden from Mary and Darnley.

Mary sits down beside Darnley.

Mary: To-day is the happiest day of my life.

She stares in front of her smiling dreamingly. But as he makes no reply she looks at him.

Mary: Isn't it your happiest day too ?

Darnley gives away for a feeling of bad temper.

Darnley: It could have been.

Mary stares at him in surprise, but when she realizes he is serious her expression changes.

Mary: How do you mean ?

Darnley: (sulkily) I mean You could have made it so.

Mary: (frowns) How ?

Darnley: If you had made me King.

Mary: But you are ~~kalled~~ King.

Darnley: I won't be called King - I want to be King.

As the wiser of the two Mary has decided to bend to the storm, she will try to win him.

Mary: You are King - King of Mary.

Darnley: (still offended) Yes, but not King of Scotland.

Mary: (kneels in front of him) Isn't it enough that I bow down to you that I kneel at your feet ?

Darnley: No.....

He shakes his head as though to say she doesn't understand him

Darnley: I sit on the throne - but I am not King

Mary: What you aren't, you may become.

Darnley wears the expression of a child who knows the others are merely trying to quieten it.

Darnley: When ?

Mary: I don't know, but I know, if it happened now, it would make ill blood.

Darnley doesn't answer. Mary looks at him. Then she decides to treat the matter as a joke.

Mary: Am I allowed to rise ?

At first Darnley doesn't know how to act then he realizes it's wiser to enter into the spirit of the game. He assumes a royal look

and nods graciously.

Mary: Thank you, Your Majesty.

Mary gets up, walks behind him and forces his head backwards, looking into his eyes.

Mary: Fool.

She kisses him fervently. There is a blare of trumpets. They both run apart. Mary is the one who first regains her voice.

Mary: Hurry, we're expected at the banquet.

She smoothes his hair.

Behind the screen we catch a glimpse of Maitland hurrying to the door. Just as he has gone out, Mary Beaton comes in. She holds the door open, curtsying low for the Queen and Darnley who leave the room hand in hand.

x

The banquet hall. The lords have formed a procession. On entering Mary and Darnley walk to the head of the procession. Her two pages are holding a banner of silk (white) stretched between two rods. The bridal couple take their place behind the banner and now the procession moves forward. The camera glides backwards and we see the bridal couple walking towards us. Then our eyes move upwards to the banner which represents Mary and Darnley holding between them a roll of parchment on which is written, "That which the Lord hath joined, neither man nor death shall part." At last the banner fills the whole picture.

Dissolve to the following picture.

We see two men whose only thought is to seek to separate what God has joined. The two are Maitland and Morton. As if by accident they meet in the corner of the hall where the dancing is going on. We hear the music. We follow the two to the corner and listen to their conversation while they whisper together.

Maitland: They have already had their first quarrel.

Morton: You don't say ?

Maitland: (nods) Yes....on their wedding-day.

Morton: Fine.

Maitland: (after a short pause) If only we could find a black cat to run between them.

Morton: We'll find - a black cat.

Maitland: Of course.

They stop talking as the door in the corner opens and Riccio enters. He greets the two nobles, but with an air of arrogance. When he has passed, Maitland and Morton continues their conversation.

Morton: He prides himself.

Maitland: Yes, he is a great man.

Morton: He gets more insolent every day

Maitland: Yes, put a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil.

Now the couple part as accidentally as they met. We follow one of them, on our way passing the small dance orchestra.

The dance is a mask-dance called "On purpose" which Mary has brought with her from the French court. All the ladies weate masks and are in ~~the~~ men's clothes. Instinctively one feels that this

deep, rather perverse form for dance with its air of sensuality hardly suits the somewhat cumbersome Scots.

We begin by seeing a group of spectators - those dancing are not in the picture. Some of the former - mostly the young people - seem to like the dance. One hears them exclaim, "How charming, how graceful...."

But there are others who find it repulsive. From the latter there are cries of "What corruption, how indecent..." A voice with glip irony puts in, "No - it's Roman Catholicism."

The camera slides backwards so that we now ~~so that we now~~ look over the heads of the half circle of spectators, who are standing with their backs to us. Within the circle Mary and Darnley are dancing - she with a half mask. Mary is wearing a man's costume with tight-fitting breeches.

We move into a close-up and follow Mary and Darnley in the dance. There is an atmosphere of youthful sensuousness about the couple who seem completely to go up in the music and the dance.

Mary: Are you tired ?

Darnley: Not in the least.

Mary: How wonderfully you dance.

Darnley: (plumes himself)

Mary: (in a trance) Hold me tight, do...

Darnley holds her tighter during the dance. She looks at him with lightly parted lips, full of devotion. The whole of her attitude expresses her longing for him. With a slight quiver in her voice she speaks to him.

Mary: Let's leave...

Darnley, who like all other weak characters (at the last moment) loses all selfconfidence when face to face with a passionate woman, says with indiscision...

Darnley: Do you think we should ?

Mary: Yes, darling. (Smiles promisingly) I have something to tell you. You go first - then I'll come.

Darnley nods.

Once again we see the circle with Mary and Darnley dancing in the background. The dance over, the Queen curtsies to her partner, bending to the ground and springing to her full tallness again in a magical trice.

Darnley helps her up and leads her to the foreground. The spectators flock round them. While Darnley breaks through the ring and disappears into the foreground, we see the Queen being surrounded by her four Marys, she leaves the group of on-lookers and withdraws through a door in the background.

(We must have the impression that ~~the~~ sexually Mary is the more active of the two. Also sexually Darnley is weak - but, what is not unusual, this only has a still more inciting effect on a passionate woman, athirst for love, like Mary.)

x

Darnley's room. He enters. With a candle, which is already lighted, he lights the candles. Shortly afterwards Mary comes in. Flushed and radiant she remains standing for a moment inside the door, then she runs towards him, lays her arms round his neck and kisses him

fervently. Then she looks at him.

Mary: How exciting this is. It's almost as if you *had* run away with me.

They look at each other and laugh. Darnley sits down and looks her over admiringly.

Darnley: It suits you.

Mary: Maybe I should have been a man.

She sits down beside him. Once again they look at each other and laugh and he lays an arm round her. Compliantly she allows him to bend her backwards with his arm. He presses her to him covering her face and neck with kisses. He may well seem a little convulsive in his eagerness to keep up with Mary, for at such a moment a weak nature struggles more than it enjoys. Mary - passionate woman as she is - spontaneously enjoys the warmth of a man's presence. She breathes deeply and fervently and looks up at him in great happiness.

Mary: Do you love me ?

Darnley: Yes.

Mary: (smiles satisfied) That's good.

At the sight of this woman, weak in his arms - completely at the mercy of his will - he regains his selfconfidence. And as is characteristic for his shortsightedness and his stupidity he decides to use his momentary advantage. A fatal thought, for passion refuses to be made use of.

He suddenly turns to her and asks.

Darnley: You wanted to tell me something ?

Mary: (ardently) That I love you.

The expression on Darnley's face stiffens. Gently he frees himself from her and moves away.

Darnley: Nothing else ?

Mary watches him in surprise.

Mary: I can't make you out.

Darnley is silent.

Mary: What had you expected ?

Darnley: Oh, I don't know....

For a moment he thinks the matter over. Then he decides to go right to the point.

Darnley: You promised to make me King.

Mary: Yes, when the time comes.

Darnley: You ^{can} say that for ever.

Mary: Henri.

An expression of disappointment creeps into Mary's eyes, yet there is still patience and forbearance in her voice.

Darnley: I hang around and am nothing.

Mary: (seriously) Don't you think I'd give you what you ask for if I thought it wise - but I know it isn't.

Darnley: Then I am still nothing but my wife's husband.?

Mary: (with a faint smile) Is that so little ?

Darnley is silent. Mary looks at him as a tender mother looks at a peevish child. Then she bends over and whisper in his ear.

Mary: Sulky ?

Darnley: (snarling) No, I am not, but now I know you don't care for me.

For a moment Mary looks at him, then she leaves her seat with a start. It's as though a shadow passes over her face.

Mary: You could have spared me this humiliation.

Now comes a violent burst of temper. Mary feels that the woman in her is deeply hurt. Her repressed embitterment surges forth in tears and angry words.

Mary: Then you married me to be king? To be my husband meant nothing to you. It was the Queen you made love to, not the woman. ?

While saying this she has been looking him straight in the eyes. Now she adds - still angry, but more in sorrow.

Mary: You disappoint me.

She turns her back to him to go to the door, but Darnley, realizing he has made a blunder, jumps up and bars her way.

Darnley: Mary, don't go. Forgive me.

Mary has stopped, but her anger has not passed. She turns away from him.

Darnley: I didn't mean what I said.

Mary: Then why did you say it?

At last Darnley realizes the depth of his folly, he knows now he must humiliate himself if he wishes to gain Mary's forgiveness.

Darnley: Won't you forgive me?

Mary turns to him. One realizes she wishes to ~~forgive~~ make up, but that she has decided that he shall pay for the injury he has caused her.

Mary: Yes. Tomorrow. Good night.

Darnley: Are you going ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: Won't you give me a kiss ?

Mary: Tomorrow.

And she slips past him to the door where she turns to him.

Mary: Sleep well.

Then she goes. The door shuts behind her.

x x
 x

Sweep to:

A meeting of state a few days later. Present are some of the lords, among others Argyle, Morton, Maitland, Rothes. Mary is sitting at the head of a long table with various documents in front of her. The lords are standing or sitting around the table. In her immediate presence is Riccio, he has an arrogant look for the lords and a correct one for the Queen. To the right of the Queen there is an empty chair.

Some perfectly neutral matter is being discussed. The Queen takes an eager part in the discussion. Suddenly the door opens and Darnley comes in. Once inside the door, he stops for a moment and takes a view of the assembly. Then he walks to the empty seat beside the Queen. Here he remains standing and looks defiantly at the lords.

Darnley: Have you already begun ?

Mary: We have soon finished.

Darnley: Couldn't you wait till I came ?

Mary: How could we know when you would come ? They said you were out riding.

Darnley: Another time I wish you to wait for me.

The lords look at him without answering, which irritates him still more.

Mary: Shall we continue.....

The somewhat dry, business-like discussion is continued. Darnley's expression grows still darker, the reason for this being that the lords exclusively address themselves to Mary. All at once Darnley can no longer control himself. With childish, affected superiority he strikes the table.

Darnley: Don't you see I am here ?

The lords are still silent.

Darnley: All the time you speak to the Queen and pay no attention to me. I won't stand being overlooked.

With a slight bow and a smile Maitland says:

Maitland: Nor is that our intention, Your Grace, but it's the Queen, who rules

Darnley: Yes - and I am the Queen's husband and her adviser in all things.

Again the lords observe complete silence, and their silence makes Darnley obstinate and grumpy.

Darnley: I repeat, I will not stand being left out.

Morton, his anger at the conceited fellow rising, puts in.

Morton: As yet you are not king.

Darnley: But I will be, and then I promise you things will be different.

During these speeches one sees Riccio bending down to whisper a few words in Mary's ear. Mary nods, rising at the same time, and with a smile as if to excuse Darnley's behaviour a little, she turns to the lords with an apologetic gesture.

Mary: I think we must adjourn for to-day. I know that my husband like myself, is only thinking of his country.

She looks apologetically at Darnley, wishing to make amends.

Mary: Aren't you ?

Darnley, feeling he has gone too far, is glad at being helped out of an unpleasant situation, and he makes haste to nod in acquiescence.

Then Mary leaves together with Darnley and Riccio. The lords stay behind.

When the door has shut behind the Queen, the lords begin discussing Darnley's peculiar behaviour.

Argyle: If that fellow comes to power he will be dangerous

Roths: If only we could part them before she makes him king.

Morton: We need a black cat.

Maitland: He will come. I have no great fear of Darnley. He will soon make himself impossible. I am more afraid of someone else.

Morton: Riccio ?

Roths: Yes, he is behind everything.

Maitland: The Queen and he ^{are} ~~is~~ planning something.

Morton: What ?

Maitland: I think a Catholic plot.

Roths And we ? What do we do ?

Maitland: For plot the only remedy is Plot
 Morton nods assent.
 Sweep to:

x x
 x

The Queen's room. Mary and Darnley are sitting opposite each other at a table playing cards. On each side of her Mary has one of her two Marys, who are watching the game with interest. Darnley is obviously in a bad temper because he is losing. From the expressions of the two Marys we see they are admiring the Queen's wise play, at the same time often shaking their heads because Darnley makes a wrong rash move. Mary takes one trick after another.

Mary: This is mine...and this...and this...

Darnley: ...is yours too. Take it all.

Mary: I almost think I have enough.

Darnley: No wonder. You have all the good cards.

Mary: (teasing him good-heartedly) And then I play them better. That is mine too....

Darnley: Take the rest. I can't be bothered to play any more.

He throws the cards across the table so that they land over at Mary's side. She looks at him shaking her head kindly - like an unwise mother, who well knows the faults of her spoiled child, but who bears over with them hoping the child will improve in time. There is a knock at the door. One of the two Marys goes to the door, the other one collects the cards quickly and takes them away.

Mary, who has been smiling indulgently at Darnley, gets up.

Mary: You are a child....

She bends over him kissing him lightly on his temple or on his cheek, merely as a spontaneous sign of affection, she adds.

Mary: ..But a dear child.....

The first of the two Marys has returned to announce that Maitland wishes to see the Queen. The Queen goes to her work-table. Now Maitland enters, greets Darnley, who rises and walks with him over to the Queen.

Mary has taken her seat at the table. Maitland hands the Queen a large document

Maitland: It's the letter for England.

Mary is immediately absorbed in studying the letter. Darnley bends over her shoulder to read it, but it's not long before we realize that it bores him. He passes over to Maitland, laying his hand on the latter's shoulder to attract his attention. Maitland turns politely to Darnley.

Darnley: Tell me - can you bleat like a goat ?

Maitland: (surprised but polite) No...

Darnley: I can...(and he bleats like a goat)

Mary looks up at Darnley with an indulgent shake of her head. All Darnley does is to lower his voice when he again speaks to Maitland.

Darnley: Can you grunt like a pig then ?

Maitland: (with a formal smile) No...

Darnley makes a gesture to show that he can, after which

he grunts like a pig.

Mary looks up again. She can't help smiling at his foolish tricks, on the other hand she would like peace.

Mary: You know - you ought to go for a ride.

Darnley: Yes, I think I will. Won't you come too ?

Mary: I haven't time.

Darnley goes to the door. Mary calls him back.

Mary: Oh, - just sign this before you go.

Darnley goes to her . She hands him a ~~peper~~. He signs without reading through what he signs. Then he goes. In the door-way he turns and barks like a dog.

When the door has shut behind him, Maitland looks at the Queen and remarks.

Maitland: He will be a good King of Scotland.

Mary sends him a look, showing she is not in the humour to put up with anyone making disparaging remarks about her husband. She answers sharply.

Mary: I am sure he will.

Then she concentrates again on the letter from Spain. For Mary's anger soon passes over.

Riccio has entered and comes up to the Queen. Maitland notices him and takes the opportunity to change the subject. He tries to stare Riccio down.

Maitland: Don't you see I am conferring with Her Majesty. ?

Mary looks up with a quick glance from one to the other then she says kindly to Riccio.

Mary: Wait outside, but you mustn't go. I need you.

Riccio bows to the Queen and leaves followed by Maitland's malicious looks. When Riccio is out of hearing, Maitland turns to the Queen:

Maitland: May I give Your Majesty some advice ?

Mary nods in agreement.

Maitland: Riccio....

Mary: I know what you are going to say. Yes he is an upstart, and he is illmannered, and he is Italian, but he has one good point....

Maitland looks inquiringly at the Queen.

Mary: He is Loyal.

Mary stares Maitland in the eyes. Maitland looks back without flinching, only a slight movement of the eyelids shows he feels himself hit. He collects himself quickly, however.

Maitland: Is there any more ?

Mary: No, thank you.

Maitland bows.

Mary: Please ask Riccio to come in.

Maitland: Yes.

He withdraws. When he opens the door we see how he ²becons Riccio in with a ~~shar~~ quick gesture.

Riccio comes to the Queen, who looks up at him kindly.

Mary: He is not fond of you, Riccio.

Riccio shrugs his shoulders and lays some papers before the Queen.

x

On the way to his council room Maitland passes through a

corridor. Suddenly he hears a sound, ~~xxxxxx~~ he turns round and out of a window niche steps Darnley. He draws Maitland into the niche having assured himself that no one can hear them.

Darnley: Maitland, you are pretty sharp...

Maitland: (smiles reserved)

Darnley: Can you tell me why the Queen ^{still} ~~will~~ puts off making me King? Are You against it?

Maitland: How can you think that?

Darnley: (after a moment's hesitation) Can't you speak to the Queen?

Maitland: I have just done so.

Darnley: (happily surprised) What did she say?

Maitland: As far as I understood, it's Riccio who is against it.

Darnley: Riccio?

He frowns thoughtfully. Maitland bows and goes.

x x
 x

Sweep to:

Moray, Morton, and Maitland - the three great M's - meet to lay the plan for the contra-plot.

Moray: Then what have you found out?

Maitland: That they want war with the Protestants.

Morton: Then it will be war to the knife.

Maitland: France has shown us what that means.

Moray: Murder and bloodshed.

Maitland: I see no way unless we chop at the very root.

Moray: You are thinking of Riccio.

Maitland: Yes.

Morton: With him out of the way, the power is again in our hands.

Maitland: True, for at the moment their policy crosses ours.

Moray: Whom can we get on our side ?

Morton: I will speak to Douglas and Lindsay.

Maitland: And Ruthven.

Morton: Yes.

Moray: But go quiet.

x x
 x

Sweep to:

A month or six weeks after the wedding. The courtyard of Holyrood Castle. One hears horses' hooves - and a moment later Mary gallops in on horseback with a small train of followers. Nimbly she jumps off the horse before any of those accompanying her can get time to assist her. With rosy cheeks and out of breath after the swift ride she pats the horse.

One of the Marys - Seton - runs to meet her. It is clear that she has good news for the Queen.

Seton: Your Majesty - the present for your husband has just arrived.

Mary: (happily) Has it ?

Seton: Yes, It's so exciting.

Mary: Let's hurry. Come.

The scene is imagined seen from the entrance hall of the Castle.
Now we see the two women enter the castle.

x

Mary's room. On the Queen's work table lies a case. The picture begins with a close-up of this case. Then the picture glides away and the whole ^{room} comes in. The Queen and Seton enter and go towards the table. Mary takes the case and sits down with it in her hand, so that when she opens it to look at its contents, we cannot see it. Seton bends over to look too.

Seton: Oh.

Mary: Isn't it lovely?

Seton: What a surprise for him.

Mary seizes a pen and prints a couple of words on a card which she lays beside the case or inside it.

Mary: I will go down to him at once.

Then she runs through the little door leading to the small spiral staircase, which connects her room with Darnley's.

x,

We see her running quickly down the spiral staircase.

x

Darnley's room. The small door corresponding to the one in Mary's room opens carefully and the Queen tip-toes in. Surprised she stands still just inside the door, for from somewhere in the room which we cannot see voices are heard - Darnley's and a woman's voice. We glide further into the room with Mary until she stops. From here we can see Darnley, but he can't see her.

She stands dumbstruck at the sight which meets her eyes.

Darnley, who obviously has been drinking - this the whisky and the glass bear witness - is bending over one of the young ladies of the court whom he has forced down onto a couch - a "lit de jour" - and is trying to kiss her.

The young woman defends herself and we understand by her exclamations that she is protesting and making as much resistance as she dares.

There is a dejected look about Mary when she understands what's happening. It's as though in this one fatal moment her whole life falls to ruins.

Darnley continues his struggle with the young lady in waiting who ardently exhorts him to leave her in peace.

Don't... I tell you, let me go...think of the Queen

Darnley: (drunk, ruttishly) The Queen - she is nothing..
..only my wife.

The lady in waiting goes on worrying him to leave her alone.

No, no. I won't, I won't. Go, go.

Darnley: Don't be silly - come on.....

She hits his chest with her fist, shouting:

No, no. I'll scream.

At this moment Mary takes a few more steps into the room so that she can be seen by the two others. When Darnley sees his wife, his face stiffens, he gives an embarrassed, stupid laugh. The young lady gets up and we see her for the first time, for before she was hidden behind the cushions on the couch. She is desperate, terrorstruck.

In a tearful voice she wails.

The Queen - oh my God.

Scared she runs out of the room, past the Queen who pays no heed to her.

The Queen is straggely composed. One would have expected an outburst - but she seems cold, stonelike. Indifferently she hands the case to Darnley who accept it, reluctantly and awkwardly - without ~~xx~~ knowing what to do or say, bewildered by her calmness.

Mary: I came to give you this.....

Darnley tries to treat the matter lightly.

Darnley: Oh, thank you so much....

He goes up to her and attempts to put his arms round her. But she pushes his hands away, ~~and~~ a hard, ominous look coming into her eyes.

Mary: Don't touch me.

Then she turns and walks quietly out of the room.

x

One of the corridors of the castle. The lady in waiting, who was in Darling's room, is crying and confiding in an older lady of the court. Riccio, on his way to the Queen, stops to hear the reason for the young woman's distress. She is inconsolable.

The older woman turns to Riccio, explaining.

It's Darnley... the Queen walked in on them.

Riccio folds his hands in consternation.

Riccio: What a shame for the Queen. I will go to her at once.

Riccio walks on, while the older woman looks after the younger one, leading her away. We follow them. Further along the corridor Maitland and Morton are talking together, no father^r off than one can assume that they have heard everything. We let the two women walk out of the picture and remain with Morton and Maitland.

Morton: (evilily) I think that's the beginning of the end of Darnley.

Maitland: You are right - but Riccio is still plotting..

X

Mary's room. Riccio enters. Without seeing Mary we hear her crying - a quiet sobbing. Very worried Riccio goes up to the Queen. He bends over her respectfully.

Riccio: I know what's happened....

Mary still cries.

Riccio: You mustn't cry....

Mary cries still more.

Riccio: He is so young, he will change....

Mary lifts her tear-stained face staring into the room with an empty look.

Mary: Too late, too late. He is not a man - he is a lout. And I am the unhappiest woman on earth, because.....

Riccio: Because ?

Mary: (quietly) Because I am going to have a child with - a man I despise.

She gives in and cries - then she looks up, anger and hate behind her tears.

Mary: I despise him - and I despise myself... but for the sake of the child I must endure him.

Riccio, deeply moved, says with naive sincerity...

Riccio: I am sorry for you...

Mary takes his hand, and slightly smiling through her tears, she says....

Mary: You are now my only friend, the only one I can trust. Riccio, try to be worthy of the faith I have in you.

Riccio: I will.

x

Darnley's room. He has still not come over the unpleasant experience he has had. Suddenly he remembers the case. He opens it. It contains one of these elaborate "surprises" the epoch was so rich in and so proud of - a small clock, built into a golden skull. He finds the note Mary had put in beside the clock, and reads it. It says, "To my darling Henri - to count our happy hours. Mary." He sets the clock on the table and remains sitting, staring at the note, while the camera moves in on the clock into a large close-up. At the same time as the clock gets bigger and bigger the sound of its ticking grows louder and louder, until it fills our ears.

Sweep to:

x x
x

The conspirators are secretly at work. Morton is busy persuading Lindsay and Douglas.

Morton: Well, what do you say ?

Douglas: Yes, I am for it. I think it's a good thing.

Morton: (to Lindsay) And you ?

Lindsay: (scratching his ear doubtfully) Well, you see...

Morton: Aren't you a member of the true Kirk and the true faith ?

Lindsay: Well, yes - but....

Morton: Don't you see it's God's will - that God in his mercy will rid us of this idol-worshipper, this monster, who threatens to bring ruin to our religion ?

Lindsay: Yes, but.....

Morton: And hasn't the Lord said that the enemies of the true Kirk and its faith are to be driven out with fire and sword.

Lindsay hesitates and looks at Douglas, who with a stimulating gesture helps the irresolute Lindsay to make a decision. Without a word the latter suddenly gives Morton his hand.

Morton: I knew you would.

x

A woman servant brings them a message. They rise and follow her to Ruthven who is in bed ill, looking more dead than alive. A pair of fanatic eyes glow in the gaunt face.

Morton: (to Ruthven) You are no better ?

Ruthven: No, you can soon dig my grave.

Douglas: Oh, there is no haste. We need you.

Ruthven: What for ?

Lindsay: You know Riccio ?

Ruthven: ~~Godxgranz~~ May God send him a short end.

Morton: That's just what we're come to speak to you about.

x

x

x

Antichamber to the Queen's room. It is full of people seeking audience, among them many of the dissatisfied lords. They are sitting along the walls or standing round about in small groups. We move about among the groups listening to what they are saying and what they are grumbling about. We catch the following remarks.

Who is it, who is so long with the Queen ?

Riccio of course.

Who else ?

Soon he is the only person she sees.

Soon he decides everything.

Anyway nothing happens without him.

And he takes no notice of us.

We have reached the corner with the door leading to the Queen's room. It opens and Riccio appears. He claps his hands to attract attention before speaking.

Riccio: I regret, but the Queen receives no one else to-day.

One of the lords, obviously angry, goes up to Riccio.

The lord: I have been waiting for three hours.

Riccio shrugs his shoulders to say he is sorry.

Riccio: I am sorry, but we have important business, and it will take the rest of the day.

As the lords withdraw, they do not hide their displeasure.

Riccio disappears again into the Queen's room. In the door-way he passes one of the four Marys - Mary Beaton - on her way out. Immediately outside the door she bumps into Darnley.

Darnley: Who is with the Queen?

Beaton: Riccio.

Darnley: No one else ?

Beaton: Yes - Bothwell, but he is leaving now.

She hurries on. At the same time the door opens and Bothwell comes out. There is an atmosphere about him of manfulness and strength^h physically as psychically. He passes Darnley without greeting him - not out of arrogance or insolence, but merely because he has not seen Darnley. The latter shouts to him.

Darnley: Oh, Bothwell.

Bothwell turns and sees Darnley. He greets him good-heartedly and in an easy manner though without paying him much attention.

Darnley: Where are you off to ?

Bothwell: ~~Whaxthaxx~~ To the border.

Darnley: What there ?

Bothwell: I have been given command of the border-troops.

Darnley: Have you ?

Bothwell: Yes - but I must go, I am busy.

Bothwell goes. Darnley remains where he is, his face hardening - taken off his guard and at the same time exasperated. Then he pulls himself together and goes into the Queen's room.

x

The Queen's room. The Queen's pregnancy is becoming apparant. She is sitting at her table surrounded by piles of documents. Darnley goes straight to the point.

Darnley: You have given the command of the border-troops to Bothwell ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: Why did you do that ? You knew my father wanted it.

Riccio has approached the Queen with a paper to be signed. Now he juts into the conversation - with his usual lack of tact.

Riccio: Your father is not a soldier.

Darnley: (sharply) I wasn't talking to you..(to the Queen)
At least you could have asked me.

Mary: I didn't need to. I know the border better than you....(to Riccio) What have you got there ?

Riccio: It's the Hamiltons' letter of pardon.

Darnley, who has already turned away so as to come over his annoyance, turns to the Queen again.

Darnley: Are the Hamiltons to be pardoned ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: I know nothing about that.

Mary: Then you know now.

Darnley: You know I can't stand them ?

Mary signs - quite unaffected by Darnley's protests.

Darnley: I refuse to sign.

Mary: That is not necessary. We do it for you.

From Riccio Mary takes a stamp with Darnley's initials and impresses^{it} under her own name.

Darnley: What is that stamp ?

Mary: One I had made. You are never here when we need you. We can't let things wait until it suits you to come.

Darnley: Why do you keep things away from me ?

Mary: In the first ~~way~~ place because these things

don't interest you and secondly they are not in your line.

Darnley: No, one must evidently have petticoats to understand politics.

Mary: (with a faint smile) Try.

Darnley: Try what ?

Mary: Wearing petticoats.

Darnley leaves in a temper. Riccio laughs noisily.

Sweep to:

X X
X

The lords conspire more eagerly than ever. More and more take part in the plot. We are present at a meeting in which besides Morton, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Douglas are Glencairn, Rothes, Grange, and Bedford.

Morton: He is a danger to our religion.

Ruthven: (in an outburst of temper and impatience) Oh, to hell with religion! Surely we don't need to fool ourselves. Let's be frank: we will no longer be ruled by a woman, we will no longer dance as she pipes - she shall dance as we pipe.

Morton: In aiming at Riccio we hit her.

Ruthven: Oh yes, yes - you have said all that a hundred times, but why don't you get to work ? Months have gone, still I see nothing but delay from day to day.

Douglas: Ruthven is right. For heaven's sake let's be quick about it.

Morton: I know, I know. But we must be patient and go carefully. We must try to kill two

birds with one stone.

Maitland puts his head into the picture.

Maitland: Or three....

Morton frowns, not understanding.

Morton: Who is the third ?

Maitland: Darnley. If we could get him on our side .

Morton: (astounded) Against the Queen ?

Maitland: Yes.

Roths: Against his own wife ?

Maitland: Yes

Killigrew: How will you do that ?

Maitland: If only we had that black cat.

Ruthven: Oh - you and your black cat.

Sweep to:

x x
 x

The Queen, Darnley, and some of the lords and ladies of the court are invited to supper at the house of a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh. We see the Queen in the middle of a group. Darnley comes towards them. He shouts to one of the waiters.

Darnley: Is there more whisky ?

The Queen turns to him.

Mary: You shouldn't drink any more.

Darnley, who has received a decanter, pours himself out a glass.

Darnley: I drink as much as I please.

Mary: But it's not good for you.

Darnley overhears her remark and is going to pour out a glass for Riccio, the latter refuses, Darnley presses him.

Mary: Stop pressing him when he doesn't want it.

Darnley: Then I drink for him too.

He pours himself out another drink, apparantly mostly to annoy Mary.

Mary: Henri..... you shouldn't.

Darnley: Mind your own business.

With an apologetic smile Mary turns to those sitting nearest her

Mary: My husband is always like this when he has got too much in his hat.

Darnley steps in front of the Queen

Darnley: Then I am still your husband ?

Mary: Yes, God forbid.

Darnley: Have you anything to complain about ?

The Queen meets his gaze undaunted.

Mary: Oh yes, indeed, I think I have.

Mary holds his gaze. Darnley, becoming irritated and bad-tempered at her fearlessness, walks close up to her, bends over her and bores his eyes into hers.

Darnley: I think I have more to complain of. For example, I would like to know where you spend your nights and with whom ? Anyway it's not with me.

Mary starts up, stares him in the eyes for a moment, then she speaks.

Mary: You know I bear a child within me, and that

it's your child.

In his fuddled condition Darnley struggles to preserve a superior manner.

Mary: Perhaps you will think of that child. Wouldn't it be a shame if your hate for me should harm the child ?

Darnley himself is impressed by his ready wit when he answers.

Darnley: Oh by God, should anything happen to it, we ~~xx~~ could always make a new one.

Mary opens her mouth to answer him back, but stands dumbstruck, her eyes wide open. One is expecting her to slap his face, but instead she turns away hiding her face in her hands. By the small spasms of her back we realize she is crying - not a sound is heard. Darnley looks on perplexed - shameful and foolish.

Ricció has got up. He goes up to Darnley

Riccio: Shame on you.

Mary has risen. Her face is wet with tears but there is a hard look in her eyes. She sends Darnley a look full of hate and contempt.

Mary: You good-for-nothing.

Then she gives a sign that she wishes to leave. A couple of her four Marys help her. An oppressive silence reigns.

We glide with the camera into a corner of the room where Maitland and Morton have found each other. Maitland bends over to Morton saying in a low voice.

Maitland: At last, we have our black cat.

Morton looks at Maitland in surprise. What does he mean ?

Then suddenly it strikes him. His face lights up in a smile.

Morton: Oh - I see -

Maitland: And now we can put the shoulder to the wheel

Sweep to:

The Plot.

Fade in.

Darnley's room. Darnley at the door giving instructions to Taylor, his servant. Taylor is to stand outside the door and see that no one comes in.

Darnley: You understand? No matter who comes, say I will not be disturbed.

Taylor: What if the Queen....

Darnley: (briefly) The same to her.

Taylor: Very well.

Taylor goes out and locks the door. Darnley goes back into the room, we see now he has a meeting with Lindsay, Douglas, and Morton; all drinking whisky. The lords send him encouraging looks. Morton even claps him on the shoulder. It's obvious that the kindness of these influential lords greatly increases Darnley's self-respect.

Morton refers to Darnley's categorical order to Taylor about the Queen.

Morton: Yes - you are right.

Darnley: It's time she understood who's master of the house. I am still her husband.

Morton: (flatteringly) And soon her king.

Darnley: You think so ?

Morton: We are doing all we can for you.

Darnley: I know.

Morton: We think it's for you to rule - not for her.

Darnley, obviously flattered, suddenly catches sight of Douglas and Lindsay, their heads close together.

Darnley: What are you whispering about ?

Douglas and Lindsay turn to him in feigned surprise.

Lindsay: May we be blunt ?

Darnley: Ofcourse.

Darnley walks over to Douglas and Lindsay.

Darnley: You see

Morton has joined them. Lindsay stops Douglas.

Lindsay: Better Morton explain

Morton: (with sham sincerity) It's rather a delicate matter but....

He breaks off so as to keep Darnley's in suspense. Then continues

Morton: You have been blind too long..... we are your friends, we will open your eyes.

Darnley: (alarmed) What is it ?

Morton: It's Riccio.

Darnley: What about him ?

Douglas and Lindsay come closer.

Morton: There is gossip.

Darnley: About whom ?

Douglas: About Riccio - and the Queen

Darnley: I don't understand.

Lindsay: The Queen should think of her reputation.

Morton: She is shut in with him all day.

Douglas: And he is with her all hours of the night.

Darnley: Are you sure ?

Douglas: We only tell you what we have heard.

Darnley: And what is that ?

Morton: That the Queen and Riccio not only share board but also - bed.

From Darnley's expression we see he is suspicious and disconcerted, though his self-respect is hurt more than his feelings for Mary. Therefore he hardly knows how to behave. Morton sees to it that his thoughts are led in the right direction.

Morton: (earnestly) Your honour is at stake.

Darnley: (more or less to himself) Then it's due to him I spend my nights alone.

Morton: (soothingly) What has happened is no discredit to you.

Darnley: I have been a fool.

Morton: It happens to the best of men.

Darnley: I must find out how to deal with this.

Morton: Whatever you decide we are ready to help you.

Darnley: Thank you. But how do I find a proof that this is true ?

Morton: Take my advice.

Darnley: Yes ?

Morton: Ask Her Majesty to give Riccio notice.

Darnley: And if she will not turn him out ?

Morton shrugs his shoulders and looks at Lindsay and Douglas.

Morton: Then we are here to support you. We do not wish our King to be dishonoured.

Darnley: Thank you. I'll speak to her to-morrow.

Douglas: Why to-morrow ?

Lindsay: Why not to-night ?

Darnley: Very well. I'll go to her immediately.....
(empties his glass)

The others applaud Darnley's decision, and Darnley walks to the door. On the way he stops and turns.

Darnley: She thinks I'm a fool - but she's mistaken.

Morton: That's it.

Darnley knocks at the door. Taylor opens. Full of pride at his own strength of mind, Darnley walks out of the room. He doesn't see the others' mocking looks. Morton bends over and whispers to the others.

Morton: I think we will get him.

Then he makes a sign to them, after which they all leave - to await the result of Darnley's talk with the Queen in Morton's council room.

The Queen's chamber. Mary is writing a rough copy of a letter. Her desk is covered with letters and documents, showing how engrossed she is in state affairs. Mary Livingstone is helping her. Darnley enters, goes straight to the table. Mary sends him a hasty look.

Darnley: I wish to speak to you.

Mary: (without looking up) Well.

Darnley: Alone

The Queen gives Mary Livingstone a nod. She ~~goes~~ leaves them. The Queen and Darnley are alone. Mary is writing and continues doing so, quite unaffected by Darnley's presence.

Darnley: Is Riccion your lover ?

Mary: Why ?

Darnley: Is he your lover ?

Mary: And if he were ?

Darnley: I ask you: Is he your lover ? - yes or no.

Mary: No.

Darnley: So much the better.

Mary: Anything else ?

Darnley: Yes. I wish you to dismiss him.

Mary: You wish ?

Darnley: Yes.

Mary: And why ?

Darnley: Because people talk.

Mary: ~~Of what?~~ About what ?

Darnley: About you and Riccio

Mary makes no answer,

Darnley: You should think of your reputation.

Mary still doesn't answer but buries herself in her work. Suddenly leans across the table and snatches the pen out of her hand.

Darnley: I'm speaking to you.

The Queen rises to her feet with a jerk

Mary: What the.....

They stand face to face for a time.

Darnley: Is Riccio your lover ?

Mary: I told you no.

Darnley: I don't believe you

Mary: Then you must do without.

Darnley: We are still married, though you pay me but little attention.

Mary: For that you have yourself to blame.

Darnley: Will you swear that Riccio isn't your lover ?

Mary: No.

Darnley takes a step towards her, lifting his hand as though about to hit her. There is a wild expression in his eyes and-for a moment - a manly strength in his bearing, which she can't but notice. She is more surprised than angry. For the first time in many months Darnley is behaving towards her like a man - the man she has longed for. This doesn't fail to make a certain impression on the woman in her. For a few seconds the old desire between them is awakened.

Darnley: Will you swear that Riccio isn't your lover ?

But Darnley is fighting against a strong, self-willed character, which will not allow itself to be beaten. For another few minutes it looks as if Darnley has a chance to win her back - but Mary changes her mind.

Mary: No, I tell you. The mere question offends me. How simple you are. If there really was something between Riccio and me, do you think I would sit alone with him here in my room night after night - don't you think I would avoid everything that would arouse suspicion ?

And Darnley breaks down. The man in him as if blown away - all that's left is a poor creature, who plagues and beseeches her.

Darnley: Mary, couldn't we start all over again ?

Mary shakes her head. Unmistakable scorn is seen in her eyes.

Mary: No, my dear, we are now too far apart.

Darnley: I promise, I'll try to be as you would like me.

Mary: That you have promised before.

Darnley: This time I mean it.

Mary : No, I wont let myself be fooled into believing you.

Darnley: Once you cared for me.

Mary: Yes, I cared for what I thought you were. But now I see you as you are.

Darnley: You are the only one I care about.

Mary: My dear Henri, you are incapable of caring for any one but yourself. (Pause) No, let us speak no more of Love.

Darnley nears his face to hers. He implores, begs.

Darnley: Mary, ~~you are the only one I care about~~. I love you

Mary pushes him aside, gently but firmly.

Mary: Go away now, Henri - you stink of whisky.

Darnley, who, once his self-pity is aroused, cries easily, lets himself fall on to a chair, sobbing. Mary looks at him - but is unmoved by his tears.

Mary: (irritated) Oh, stop crying. I hate to see men cry.

His sobs cease, his tear-stained face looks up at her. Now and then he sniffs.

Darnley: (beseechingly) Mary, let me stay with you.

Mary: No, I tell you.

Darnley : I promise.....

Mary: (harshly) No, no, don't you understand that the mere thought of you touching me makes me sick.

Darnley's expression changes, a wicked look creeps into his eyes.

Darnley: You loathe me, do you ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley gets up, walks a few steps across the floor, and watches Mary, an evil expression on his face.

Darnley: And he is not your lover ?

Mary doesn't answer him.

Darnley: And you will not dismiss him

Mary gives no answer.

Darnley: Then I know what I am to believe.

He walks to the door, there he turns.

Darnley: But if you go your way, I go mine.

Mary remains standing her head held ~~right~~ high, without answering. She looks at him indifferently.

Shortly after Darnley's has closed the door behind him, Livingstone comes in and goes to the Queen. The two women stand looking at each other. The Queen is about to speak, when the door is again opened, and Darnley puts his head in.

Darnley: Good-night - whore.

He slams the door.

When we see Mary again the icy calmness has left her eyes, something wild and desperate has taken possession of her - all her disappointed passion, her hatred of Darnley, and her despair over their unhappy marriage surges through her.

Livingstone, who is still present, stares at the Queen aghast. Never before has she seen such an expression on her face. Mary notices her stare - she is desperate and can no longer control herself, suddenly she rushes up to her lady-in-waiting and strikes her hard and maliciously in the face.

Enraged Mary leaves her victim and paces down the floor in violent passion.

Livingstone has sunk down on a chair, trying to control her sobbing, her face hidden in her hands.

Mary: (irritated) Stop crying.

As suddenly as her anger came, just as suddenly does it disappear. She looks at Livingstone, goes up to her, and kindly strokes her head.

Mary: I'm sorry ... don't cry, please...

Livingstone looks up, smiling through her tears.

Livingst: It's nothing....

She dries away her tears.

Darnley is on his way down the spiral staircase when he hears foot steps coming from below. He runs up the stairs again to the lobby of the Queen's room, where he hides himself in a window niche. Here, seeing but unseen, he watches Riccio coming up the stairs with a lantern or a candle in his hand, He hurries towards the Queen's door and knocks. One hears a voice - Livingstone's - from inside asking who it is. Then the door is opened, and Mary Livingstone is visible. She lets Riccio pass and walks herself through the lobby to the stairs.

Once again Darnley's jealousy is aroused, now he is more certain than ever. Riccio's late visit to the Queen has confirmed his suspicion. With an expression of bitterness and revengefulness he walks towards the stairs.

The Queen's chamber. Riccio is explaining the reason of his visit to the Queen.

Riccio: Bothwell has just arrived.

Mary: Bothwell ? From where ?

Riccio: From the border. He must speak to Your Majesty, so he says.

Mary: Now, this evening?

Riccio: Yes.

Mary: It's too late.

Riccio: He says it's urgent.

Mary: Very Well - when does he come ?

Riccio: He will be here shortly.

Morton's council room. Darnley enters quickly. Morton, Douglas, and Lindsay study his face eagerly trying to guess the issue of his talk with the Queen. Darnley announces the decision he has taken.

Darnley: I know now that I am married to a whore and now I come for your help

One by one the three lords - Morton last - seize his hand and press it heartily.

Morton: We are having a meeting to-night. Will you join us ?

Darnley: Yes, I will.....

The Queen's chamber. Bothwell has arrived and Riccio leads him to the Queen. During the following speeches we notice how her nerves are on edge after the quarrel with Darnley.

Mary: It's late.

Bothwell: I've had sixteen hours on horseback...

Mary: (ironically) It must be very important then.

Bothwell: It is. I have received a hint that something is brewing.

Mary: In what way ?

Bothwell: A conspiracy or a coup or.....

Mary: What do you know about it ?

Bothwell: Nothing positive. But I smell treason.

Mary: Nonsense. Who could that be ?

Bothwell: Anyway, I prefer to stay here to be at hand should anything happen.

Mary: And I prefer you return until I send for you.

Bothwell: (quietly but firmly) I prefer to stay.

Their eyes meet. Hers hard and angry - his just as firm but boyant. There is something invincible and unflinching about him, he seems to rest harmoniously in a sense of strength, which gives him an assurance no one - not even the Queen herself - can take from him.

Mary: You disobey ?

Bothwell: Yes

Mary hardly knows how to handle this form of loyal disobedience. So she says curtly.

Mary: Good-night.

Bothwell: Good-night

Bothwell bows, in a manner neither servile nor submissive - merely as a gentleman for a woman. He goes.

Fade out

Fade in.

A considerable group of conspirators. The new-comers are the lords Boyd and Ochiltree and the Earl of Argyle together with Thomas Scott and Henry Yair. They are assembled round a large table. Maitland presides at the head of the table. The atmosphere is strangely solemn. All wait in great expectation. Then Morton enters quickly. All look at him.

Morton: He will be here soon. (he lowers his voice) He fell into the trap.

The lords look at him admiringly.

Argyle: (in a low voice) Is it wise to let him into our plan ?

Morton: Why not ?

Argyle: He is a greenhorn - one can't tell him anything without him immediately running to the Queen.

Morton: This time he will hold his tongue.

Ruthven: (doubtfully) When the Queen starts snivelling he will get shaky in the knees. I know him.

Morton: I will answer for him.

Morton makes a sign to them to be quiet. At this moment Darnley enters, followed by Douglas and Lindsay. The lords kneel down. Darnley walks to the table and bids the lords rise.

Morton: (to Maitland) Mylord is ready to sign.

Darnley: (before looking at the document) There is one thing I want to know

The lords look at him inquiringly.

Darnley: (continues) You make me your king - but for how long ? For life ?

The lords answer in Chorus: "Yes, yes."

Darnley: Also if the Queen dies ?

The lords hesitate and look at Maitland, who answers for them.

Maitland: Yes.

Darnley: Very well...(he picks up the document, handing Maitland a copy)

Maitland: (reading) We lords vow to crown Prince Henri king and furthermore we vow not to spare our lives in doing so.

He has finished reading. Now Darnley reads his copy aloud.

Darnley: I, Darnley, vow to help the lords punish wicked and ungodly men who guide the ~~Queen~~, and to defend and protect them should any harm befall them.

The lords nod, showing they agree.

Darnley signs hesitatingly - like the weak-willed man he is. Even when he no longer can draw back, he is hesitant and afraid - instead of firmly standing by his decision. The lords stretch their necks and look from Darnley to Morton, who nods at them reassuringly.

Morton: (solemnly) King Henri - you know what to expect if you betray us ?

Darnley looks intently at Morton, then at the others, then says in a solemn voice.

Darnley: I swear to be loyal to this agreement and to you, mylords.

Morton glances round triumphantly.

Douglas: And now to work.

Roths: How do we catch Riccio ?

Douglas: In the morning - in bed.

Darnley: No, I wish him to be taken in the presence of the Queen.

Grange: Wouldn't it be better to do it out of her presence?

Darnley: No. She must be bent. (He describes the movement with his hand)

Boyd: Remember she is with child.

Glencairn: The chock might kill her .

Darnley shrugs his shoulders cynically as if to say that this is a matter only fate can decide. The lords look at him, horrified but appreciatingly. Darnley has rolled his paper together and is preparing to go. With the look of a king, he makes a farewell remark.

Darnley: We meet later.

He leaves the lords' company. The lords kneel down and remain kneeling. Darnley goes to the door leading to the spiral staircase. One sees him walk down it. Shortly after he has disappeared we see a man coming up from below. It is a man in the clothes of a clergyman of the Reformed Church. The prelate is John Knox, who now speaks to the lords. His eyes and voice are those of a fanatic's. He begins.

Knox: Your decision is a work worthy of all praise.
For the Lord hath commanded us to chastise all Catholics and other idol worship persons.

The lords: Amen, amen.

Knox: ...With the blessings of the Lord shalt thou scourge them...

Lords: Amen, amen.

Knox: ...but lift thee the scourge then thee must also
let it fall, for yeldeth thee in the hour of
chastisement then thee will be worthy only of
contempt.

Lords: Amen, amen.

Fade out.

THE MURDER OF RICCIO.

Fade in:

Mary's chamber March 9th., 1566 about 7 p.m. Mary is having a small party for some of her nearest friends. Mary, obviously pregnant (she is in her 6th month) is sitting as the centre of an intimate group. There are her step-sister, the Duchess of Argyle, the Laird of Creich, Robert Beaton, the Queen's French apothecary, M. Arnault. At the window is Mary's brother, Lord Robert Stuart, Captain of the life guards, Arthur Erskine, and the young Anthony Standen.

Behind a buffet at the other end of the room Mary's French cook is preparing some steaming dishes.

Everyone is engaged in listening to Riccio, who is singing, accompanying himself on his lute. A page is holding a candle to enable him to see the notes. Riccio sings a little French song composed by himself with words by Mary Stuart.

Riccio: Las' en mon doux printemps
 Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
 Toutes les peines sens
 D'une extreme tristesse
 Et en rien n'ai plaisir.
 Qu'en regret et désir.

When he has finished, there are cries of "beautiful," "wonderful voice" etc. The Queen, happy and full of fun, rises .

Mary: Let us dine. Come Riccio.

The party breaks up. One goes in to dinner. They chatter and laugh. Waiters begin carrying dishes round. The Queen passes a piece of pie to Riccio.

Suddenly there is silence. Darnley has entered through a small

door leading from the spiral staircase. Darnley walks to the empty seat beside the Queen and sits down. She lets him do so. The waiter holds out a dish to him, but Darnley refuses it.

Mary: (surprised) Won't you have anything to eat ?

Darnley: (evasively) No...

Mary: You have had dinner ?

Darnley: Yes.

Mary: So early :

Darnley: Yes - I dined with Lindsay and Ruthven.

Mary's surprise still hasn't disappeared when she notices the others gazing at the small door. She follows their eyes and sees the curtain being lifted, whereupon Ruthven comes into sight. He is wearing a damask dressing -gown - as if he had just got up from a sick-bed - which he has. In his hand is a sword. He looks even thinner than last we saw him, and his eyes glow fanatically. He is pale and yellow with anaemic lips - an awe-inspiring phantom. That he is a man out of his mind is evidently also Mary's impression.

Mary: I thought you were ill ?

Ruthven: So I am.

Mary: Then what do you want here ?

Ruthven: To talk to Riccio .

Mary: At this hour ?

Ruthven: (after an interval) We will no longer suffer him.

Mary: Who are "we" ?

Ruthven: Ask your husband.

Mary turns to Darnley.

Mary: What is all this ?

Darnley: I've no idea.

He looks away to avoid her searching gaze. Mary turns to Ruthven again. Imperiously she demands him to go

Mary: Be gone - do as I say.

Ruthven: Not before I have spoken to Riccio.

Ruthven moves forward from the door-way, behind him we now catch sight of two soldiers and Douglas, who follows him in. Ruthven proceeds towards Riccio. The latter jumps up and hides himself in a window niche behind the Queen.

Ruthven: (sneering scornfully) Coward.

Douglas, who by now has come up along side of Ruthven, tries to help his friend by pulling the table away. It turns over. As it falls, the Duchess of Argyle seizes a candlestick, lifting it above her head, and by the glimmering light of the candle the following scene is played.

While this is going on, Ruthven steps in front of the Queen. Erskine and Arnault, the doctor, get in his way, but he shakes them off, threatening them with wild, gleaming eyes.

Ruthven: Don't touch me, I tell you.

He walks a few steps towards the Queen, behind whom Riccio is seeking cover. Mary herself is undaunted.

Mary: Do you ask for my life ?

Ruthven: No, madam, I will have out that gallant.

He strikes at Riccio with his sword, but Mary puts herself between them. Riccio, realizing they are serious, begins wailing.

Riccio: Madama, io sono morte.

Mary: (consolingly) Have no fear.

And as she looks at Darnley.

Mary: My husband will not allow anyone to harm you.
Will you ?

Darnley is silent.

At this moment a din of voices is heard from the lobby. Soldiers' raw voices shout the Douglas' war cry: "A Douglas, a Douglas." The door of the lobby is thrown open. Morton enters together with Belenden and Kerr of Fauldonside, followed by a hord of armed men; one has the impression that there are still more outside. Some of the men carry candles and lanterns. Morton remains where he is, viewing the situation. With complete calm and self-control he gives his orders. First of all he addresses Mary's guests.

Morton: No one must be in here.

None of them make any move to leave.

Morton: Move out of here. Nothing will be done to you.

At a sign from Morton the soldiers have come nearer.

Morton: Come along now.

Mary's guests - with the exception of Riccio - are led out, one by one. One of the soldiers takes over the candle from the Duchess of Argyle. During all this Darnley has been standing as if he didnt know what to do. Morton now turns to the group of which the Queen is the centre.

Morton: Come on, let's get him out.

Darnley: (to the Queen) Better step aside, so that nothing happens to you.

Mary: (indignant) I wont let you touch him.

Morton: We must have him.

In an attempt to win time the Queen tries to negotiate.

Mary: I promise you that if he has done anything wrong he shall be punished.

Morton: This is only wasting time. Hand him over.

Riccio clings to Mary's gown, beseeching her out of the agony of his soul.

Riccio: Giustizia, giustizia.

Bellenden, who has a rope in his hand, goes up to Riccio and shows it to him.

Bellend: Justice ? Here you are, here is a rope.

Kerr: Come on out, so that we can hang you.

Once again Riccio implores the Queen.

Riccio: Madam, save my life, for God's sake.

Ruthven, who during the previous speeches has been circling round Mary searching for a chance to strike at Riccio without harming the Queen, now - unseen by Mary - gives Darnley a sign, at which the latter slips in behind Mary and throws his arms around her. She tries to hit out and bite, but Darnley has a tight grip round his pregnant wife. Mary resisting wildly, is slowly forced, inch by inch, away from the window. Riccio clings convulsively to the Queen's gown. One of the men have to bend his fingers back to make him let go.

Mary hears him fighting for his life, but is unable to help him. Darnley holds her tight,. In her rage she cries.

Mary: Let me go. Let me go.

The men have begun dragging Riccio out.

Bellend: Let's take him outside, there is more room.

Riccio resists furiously, though already wounded by the stabs of several daggers. But the men drag him towards the door.

Mary has ceased kicking, biting, and scratching Darnley, instead her rage gushes out into a stream of words. Turning her head, she hisses into Darnley's face.

Mary: You traitor and son of a traitor - how cowardly - and cheap - how I hate you - hate you

In the meantime the men have dragged Riccio to the door, here he clings to the door post. Ruthven, who has followed them, hits him over the fingers with the hilt of his sword.

At last they get him through the door, which they leave open behind them. With great interest the guard follows what's taking place, while we hear sounds from outside. We hear the ring of steel against steel, the hoarse groans of the victim, and the oaths of the conspirator's fighting. Then all is quiet, for one short moment - we hear a roar - like an animal in the agony of death. Again quiet. Morton goes out, shutting the door behind him. In the following silence we hear a woman burst into tears. It is Mary, weeping over the loss of her loyal subject - weeping more, maybe, in sorrow and rage at the humiliation to herself as a woman and as a queen.

When the Queen's crying has gone on for a time, the door opens and Ruthven stumbles in, evidently completely crushed with excitement and weariness. He listens to the crying, and looks inquisitively at Mary, and stands a moment as though weighing something over in his mind. Then he opens the door and speaks to one of the soldiers in a pitiful voice.

Ruthven: Get me some wine.

He then stumbles to a chair, on to which he lets himself fall, not far from the Queen, who is doubled up, crying, her face in her ~~man~~ hands. Darnley is standing beside her, a picture of perplexity and helplessness. Ruthven seems about to faint. Drops of sweat roll off his forehead, all is black in front of his eyes. Now one of the Queen's French servants brings him a glass of wine. Ruthven drinks greedily.

Mary's crying has stopped. She lifts her tear-stained face. It's as though her determination has returned. She looks at Ruthven, ~~then~~ then speaks in an expressionless voice.

Mary: Is he dead ?

Ruthven: There is no more need to speak about Riccio.

Mary hardens and turns to Darnley with icy scorn.

Mary: This is your work.

After a pause.

Mary: Judas.

She lifts her hand to her neck as tho' to dry off his kiss. One understands she wishes to begin a discussion.

Mary: Why have you done this.

Darnley: I had many reasons.

Mary: What reasons ?

Darnley: From the very day he entered this house you have entirely ignored me. With him you could play cards far into the night, but you couldn't come to me.....

Mary: A woman shall not go to her husband - he shall come to her.

Darnley: There was a time when you came to me.

Mary: Yes - there was. But that is over. And if you

t think you can get me back this way, then you are mistaken. I will no longer be your wife.

Ruthven, who seemed past taking an interest in anything, now partakes in the conversation.

Ruthven: You can't do that.

Mray turns to Ruthven.

Mary: What can't I do ?

Ruthven: You cannot run away from your husband like that.

Mary rises and walks over to Ruthven.

Mary: Why not? Your wife ran away from you.

Ruthven: Yes, she did - but not because she had been unfaithful to me.

Mary: Nor have I been unfaithful to anybody.

Ruthven: Oh no ? What about Riccio ?

Mary: Riccio - poor Riccio...(sharply to Ruthven)
His blood shall be dear to some of you.

In the lobby of the Queen's chamber. Bothwell, who has remained faithful to the Queen, walks quickly thro' the lobby, which is packed with soldiers. Nevertheless none of them stop him before he reaches the door leading into the Queen's room. Here an officer stops him, addressing him with due respect.

Soldier: No one is allowed in here.

Bothwell: Do you want your head cut off ?

Soldier: (timorously) It's an order....

Bothwell: Knock at the door.

The Queen's chamber. A loud knocking is heard at the door. Ruthven rises, beckoning to Darnley and the Queen to stay where they are. With unsteady steps he walks to the door.

Ruthven: Who is there ?

The answer comes to Ruthven through the closed door: "The Earl of Bothwell!"

The Queen lifts her head and listens tensely as she hears the name Ruthven, who during the following scene is calm, opens the door ajar. We see Bothwell standing outside, surrounded by lances.

Bothwell: I wish to speak to the Queen - now.

Ruthven: That can't be done.

Bothwell: (his temper rising) Tell me, what's going on here?

Ruthven: Everything is done at Lord Darnley's orders.

Mary, guarded by Darnley, sends him a hasty look. Then she shouts.

Mary: Help me Bothwell. Riccio has been killed and I....

Ruthven, alarmed at Mary's cry, quickly shuts the door in the face of Bothwell.

Outside. Bothwell hammering on the door with clenched fists. Unexpectedly Morton arrives on the scene. Morton is very determined.

Morton: Who has given you permission to leave your room?

Bothwell: Permission ?

Morton: Yes. You may consider yourself our prisoner, therefore you are to return to your room and stay there till we tell you

Bothwell realizes he is caught in a trap. He looks round as though hoping to escape. He takes a step towards the staircase -

immediately the lances are around him. He gives in, shrugs his shoulders and allows some soldiers Morton has chosen to lead him away.

The Queen's chamber. Ruthven standing in the middle of the floor. He looks at the Queen and at Darnley. Evidently he is longing to return to bed. He speaks to Darnley.

Ruthven: I think we had better bid the Queen good-night.

He bows to the Queen. She takes no notice of him. Then Darnley goes up to her.

Darnley: Good-night....Mary.

Mary: Good-night, Henri. Thank you for to-night. I shall never forget.

Darnley goes to the door where Ruthven is waiting for him. They go out together, Ruthven supporting himself on Darnley. As soon as the door has shut behind them, the Queen runs to the small door leading out onto the spiral staircase. She opens it quickly - but is met by 4-5 armed soldiers. She doesn't lose her head, however, even though the soldiers bar her way.

Mary: Move out of my way.

Soldier: You may not leave here.

Mary: I'm going down to my husband's room to fetch something.

Soldier: Not this way.

Mary: I'll be back immediately.

Soldier: We have our orders, madam.

And the soldier, with whom Mary has exchanged these remarks, draws the door to and locks it,. The Queen is a prisoner in her own castle -

yes, in her own chamber.

Bothwell's room. A door is opened. We see Bothwell surrounded by a flock of lances. The door is shut behind him, a key turned in the lock.

The Queen's chamber.

Shut in her room, far from all her friends, Mary paces restlessly up and down the floor like an animal in a cage. With a determined expression she suddenly goes to the door of the lobby. She knocks. A soldier answers her.

Soldier: What is it ?

Mary: Please ask one of my ladies to come - Mary Beaton - or Mary Livingstone.

Soldier: We mustn't let any one in.

Mary: Well then, one of my chambermaids. I must have some one to help me.

Soldier: We can't do that either. We mustn't let a soul in.

Mary continues her weary *pacing*.

Bothwell's room. Bothwell has opened the window and is leaning out, partly to judge the height, partly to see if there are any people about.

A picture is inserted in which we see the wall from the outside, taken from the ground, so as to show the height of the window. In the window we see Bothwell leaning out.

In the room again. Bothwell is up on the window sill and jumps out boldly.

Mary walks up and down, filled more with rage than fear - pondering how she is to win back her freedom. She walks towards the camera, then away from it again. When she is a little distance off, with her back to the public, we suddenly see her stop. It looks as though her legs no longer will obey her. She looks for support, but finds none. She looks round helplessly, presses her hands against her stomach, and with a wailing cry sinks down onto the floor. Groaning with pain she curls herself up. Now she wails again - this time louder than before.

Mary has fallen a couple of steps from the small door next to the winding stair-case. It's now opened and the same soldier as before peeps in. He goes carefully towards the Queen, who continues moaning. The other soldiers come to the door to look in.

Soldier: Anything wrong ?

Mary doesn't answer, merely shakes her head. The man bends down to help her up.

Mary: No, leave me.

Soldier: Can't I do anything ?

Mary answers in broken sentences, with intervals between.

Mary: My husband... ask him....to come...

The soldier nods that he has understood and that he'll fulfil her wish. He goes out quickly and down the stairs.

Bothwell jumps over the wall around the castle gardens.

The Queen's chamber. Mary has pulled herself half up, her one

hand resting on the floor. Darnley arrives. He is worried. Troubled, he kneels down beside her, she goes on wailing.

Darnley: What happened?

Mary: Oh dear... I think...

Darnley: (sympathisingly) What do you think ?

Mary: ...that it's the child.

Darnley: It's far too soon, isn't it ?

Mary: Yes, but it's probably all the upset this evening.

She groans again. Darnley, who at this moment feels true pity for her, strokes her hand. She looks gratefully up at him.

Mary: I'd like to lie down, will you help me up ?

He lifts her up with great care and helps her to her bedroom.

Darnley: Lean on me.

Mary: Yes.

And she puts an arm round his neck. Now and then she stands still, biting her lips to keep back the pains. In one of the intervals between the birth-pains she turns to him, despair in her eyes.

Mary: Henri - if the child should die...

Darnley: (moved) We pray to God it doesn't.

Mary: Yes.

They reach the bed-chamber and Mary sits down on the bed.

Mary: Thank you - you are sweet.

She smiles a weary, pathetic smile at him.

Darnley: Wouldn't it be better if you went to bed ?

Mary: No. I'll just lie down.

She lies down. Darnley lifts her feet up.

Darnley: Are you feeling better ?

Mary makes no answer, as she feels new pains are on the way. When the colic comes over her, she curls up, setting up a heartrending wail. Darnley looks helplessly around him. When she has quietened down a bit he bends over her. She turns her pained face towards him. Her voice is scarcely audible.

Mary: The midwife must come.

Darnley: The midwife.

Mary: Yes.

When Darnley seems to be considering the idea, Mary turns her beseeching face up to him.

Mary: Henri - I am your wife and you are my husband - it's to you to look after me - I have only you now.

Mary's words falls like soothing rain on Darnley's heart, for they show him that Mary has decided to obey him and to look up to him as her husband. At last she has been bent as he wished. Now it's she, who asks, and he, who protests. When she now so openly shows her change of mind, he is willing to please her. He claps her hand.

Darnley: I'll see the midwife comes.

Mary nods at him with a happy, grateful smile, and when he rises to go, she keeps him back a moment.

Mary: Will you be back ?

Darnley: Yes, - if you want me.

Mary's eyes smile at him while she nods, but the pains are over her again. She throws him a look meaning "Oh, hurry". Darnley hurries off.

As he runs through the Queen's room we hear her groans once again, they make Darnley quicken his steps.

In Darnley's council room the conspirators have met to decide Mary's fate.

Morton: She must yield all rights....

Moray:unconditionally.....

Ruthven: She will never do that of her own free will.

Morton: Then she must be forced.

Roths: How ?

Morton: Imprisoned.

Moray: Until she gives in.

Maitland: Loneliness softens the heart.

There is a sudden silence, for Darnley has entered. He goes up to the group of lords who because he looks worried, watch him expectantly.

Darnley: The Queen is sick.

Maitland: What is the matter with her ?

Darnley: She is in labour.

Granges: What of it ?

Darnley: It may be dangerous, so I sent her the midwife.

Douglas: You might have asked us first.

Darnley: (sharply) You can't refuse to help a woman in labour. We are no brutes - are we ?

Moray: No -

~~Morton: Keep loyal - for your own sake.~~

Morton, who during the previous speeches has been secretly studying Darnley's face, now leans over to him.

Morton: Keep loyal - for your own sake.

Darnley, slightly offended at Morton's insinuation, replies in a cool voice.

Darnley: I always keep my promises.

Morton shrugs his shoulders, as though to say that then everything is in order, after which Darnley leaves the room. When he is out of the room, the lords look at each other. Some of their faces express doubt as to Darnley's stability.

Glenc: I hope he keeps firm.

Ruthven: Weak men are always dangerous.

Morton: (confidentially) This time we run no risk.

Maitland: He knows the axe is near.

Darnley returns to the Queen's room. One of the guards at the door on the small staircase let him in. Darnley asks him.

Darnley: Is the midwife with the Queen ?

Soldier: Yes.

Just as Darnley approaches the bed-chamber the midwife comes out. He stops her.

Darnley: How is she ?

Midwife: I have given her something to relieve the pain.

Darnley: Is it serious ?

Midwife: Yes it is.

Darnley: May I see her ?

Midwife: Yes. She is waiting for you.

Darnley enters the bed-room to see Mary sitting up in bed with a pile of pillows behind her. She is still weak.

When she sees him, she stretches her hand out to him and drags him smiling down to her, holding up her cheek for him to kiss. He can hardly believe this is true. He then puts an arm round her and squeezes her. She frees herself gently, and he seats himself facing her.

Darnley: Have you no more pains ?

Mary: Not just now. They have gone.

She smiles at him thanking him for his care of her.

Evidently there is something worrying her + something she feels she must speak to him about, even if it is difficult for her to begin. At last it comes.

Mary: Henri : I have been thinking so much about us.

She hesitates in a way that tells us she is struggling with herself to make a confession. She bows her head and very simply confesses.

Mary: I know I haven't been to you what I should....

Darnley is obviously moved - satisfied that now at last he has her where he wants her.

Darnley: Do you mean that ?

Mary, a candid expression in her eyes, offers him her hand.

Mary: Yes... can you forgive me ?

Darnley seizes her hand and meets her look.

Darnley: I knew I should get you back.

Mary: Will you begin all over again with me ?

Darnley nods. He is still very moved.

Mary: And you still love me - do you ?

Darnley: (sincerely) Yes Mary

He has got up, alive with desire. Mary looks up at him. Very simply and very quietly the words come.

Mary: How wonderful to hear you say such things - again.

She stretches out both her hands to him, and he pulls her up to him. For a moment they stand face to face. We are expecting her to give him her mouth to kiss - but she doesn't do so. Instead she lays her head on his shoulder. Together they walk towards the window, where Mary sits down. The moon shines on their faces.

Mary: (sadly) We talk about love and the future as if we were free. (interval) Just as we found each other, we shall probably have to part - and die.

Darnley bows his head, he feels Mary's words like an accusation.

Mary: I know they won't let me live.

Darnley: Can you forgive me ?

Mary looks at him inquiringly. Ashamed and uncomfortable he makes his confession.

Darnley: I wanted to revenge myself, you understand, because

Mary: Yes, and the others took advantage of that.

Darnley, pleased that Mary sees the matter in this for him favourable light, nods in acquiescence.

Darnley: Yes, yes.

Mary: I see it all clearly now. You are a victim just as I am.

Darnley: How do you mean ?

Mary: They made you set a trap for me - and you were caught in it yourself.

Darnley listens. His brain is working rapidly, trying to see things from Mary's point of view.

Mary: We are both their prisoners.

Darnley sends her a hasty look. One understands that Mary's words have turned everything upside down for him.

Mary: They want power, they wish to rule - and so they won't give up before we both lie dead. First me - then you.

Mary shrugs her shoulders as though to say that's not worth discussing. After a pause Darnley speaks.

Darnley: Struth, how blind I have been - what are we to do.

Mary: It depends.

Darnley: On what ?

Mary: You have a choice: either you can join them against me - or join me against them.

Darnley: (hesitating) All is as before between us, isn't it.

Mary: I hope so.

Darnley: Well, Mary - then I am not in doubt.

Mary: But do you know what this means ? Have you the strength of mind ?

Darnley: If you believe in me - yes.

Mary: I do.

Darnley: Then I will prove to you that you can rely on me.

She looks at him full of admiration and lays her cheek to his. He kisses her lightly on one temple. She tries to get up, but is im-

mediately overcome by new pains. She moans. Darnley looks at her, ~~is~~
troubled.

Darnley: Now again ?

Mary: It's not so bad. Come...

He supports he while she gets up.

Mary: You had better send for the midwife.

He leads her to her bed. She sits down and takes a breath before speaking to him again, Darnley - her co-conspirator against the conspirators.

Mary: But listen now what to tell them downstairs.

X X X

Darnley's council room. The lords are still assembled. They are all rather excited - on account of the successful coup.

Roths, Boyd, and Ochiltree are talking together as Morton comes up to them

Ochilt: (to Morton) I was just saying to Boyd: What luck that Bothwell is here and not at the border.

Roths: Yes, he could have tilted the whole applecart for us.

Morton: Anyway he can't do us any harm where he is now.

Boyd: Where is he ?

Morton: He is in his room - under guard.

Darnley has entered. His manner is more confident. He places himself so that the others form a semicircle round him.

Darnley: The Queen and I have been reconciled.

Ruthven, who is standing right beside Darnley, puts in.

Ruthven: What about us ?

Darnley: She wishes to come to an agreement with you too.

Morton: That sounds far too good to be true.

Darnley: It is nevertheless.

Dauglas: What is the reason for this ? For there must be a reason.

Darnley: Yes, the reason is that she is quite another woman.

Maitland: How do you mean ?

Darnley: She is not bent - she is broken, tamed. Her pride has gone.

Moray: Then Riccio did not die in vain.

Roths: You say she wishes to come to terms. What does she promise us ?

Darnley: That everything shall be forgotten, as though it had never happened.

Moray: And who shall rule ?

Darnley: I am to be King - but you shall rule.

Maitland: May we have that in writing ?

Darnley: If you will draw up a document, then I will get her to sign it.

Moray addresses the lords.

Moray: What do you say ?

Ruthven: I say: be careful. When the crocodile sheds tears -

Boyd: If the Queen will put her name to what she has promised, then I think we should accept.

Darnley: She will.

Morton: I would like to speak to the Queen myself.

Darnley: What if you and Moray and Maitland came with me while the others drew up the document.

The three look at each other, as though silently consulting each other - then they agree to accompany Darnley to the Queen.

We remain a while with the lords, stopping at Ruthven. Very quietly, as though thinking aloud, he mumbles to himself.

Ruthven: When the crocodile sheds tears.....

x

The Queen's chamber. On entering Darnley and the three lords are met with a sorrowful sight - a poor, humble woman, worn out with sickness and pain, comes towards them from the bed-room, leaning on the midwife's arm. She surveys the lords, who cannot but feel pity for her. In a weak, faltering voice the Queen now addresses the three lords.

Mary: I am glad you have come, for I must appeal to you. I am your prisoner, and you may do what you please with me. If you wish my death, then I will accept it. God's will be done. But if you let me live, then I beg you grant me conditions worthy of a Queen.

Moray: What do you demand ?

Mary: Oh, a prisoner does not "demand" - a prisoner "pleads". And I plead to you to take away those soldiers outside my door. What good do they do? Do I look as if I could escape ? I can hardly stand.

Morton: You have nothing to do with the soldiers. They are outside.

Mary: I know, but they quarrel and shout. I cannot sleep. Why must they be there, tramping up and down outside my door ? Can't I have peace ? That seems to me a trifle.

Maitland: Anyway it must be included in the agreement

your husband has spoken of.

Mary: That makes no difference to me.

Morton: You were willing to forget the past ?

Mary: Yes. I'll forget.

Maitland: You think you can ?

Mary: Yes.

Morton: And Riccio ?

Mary: (with a melancholy smile) Riccio - fate was against him.

Moray: You promise never to take revenge ?

Mary: Have I ever been revengeful ?

Moray: No, but.....

Mary: I'll sign any agreement you wish.

Morton: You are wise. Then we will remove the guard as soon as you have signed.

Mary: No - before I sign.

Maitl: Before ?

Mary: Yes, I must be free when I sign, and as long.....

Words fail her, as a new fit of pain doubles her up. Greatly startled Darnley calls for the midwife, who has been waiting in the bed-room all the time, should she be needed. She hurries in and helps Mary up, the Queen half faints into her arms. Crying and moaning Mary lets herself be led into the bedroom. The midwife closes the door of the bed-room behind her. The lords follow Mary with their eyes.

Morton: I think she is really ill.

Maitland: She can't run away in that state.

Morton: I don't think we risk anything removing the guard.

Darnley: She only asks it removed from these doors.(points)

Moray: I'm for moving them.

Maitland: Politically, it would be wise, then no one would say she acted under pressure.

Moray: (to Morton) What do you mean ?

Morton: Let's go down to the others. They must be finished now.

They go.

x

The previous picture changes into a close-up of the document.

A hand is writing the last line.

Dissolve to

x

D Darnley's council room. All the lords are present - Darnley, Moray, Maitland, and Morton too. A smaller group are standing round the writer, who is finishing the last line

Moray: It's almost ready.

Darnley: Good. Then I'll get it signed. But what shall I say about the soldiers ?

Moray: I'm for taking them away.

Ruthven: I'm against. As long as she is shut up, we are free,. If we let her out, then we get shut up.

Boyd: Not if she signs.

Darnley: And she won't as long as she's a prisoner.

Roths: We must be sure she doesn't escape.

Moray: Roths is right. What if we asked Darnley to keep an eye on her ?

Darnley: With pleasure. I give my word: she shall not escape.

Roths shrugs his shoulders as though to say, "That ofcourse is another matter."

Darnley: But then the guard must be removed.

Moray: (looks at Morton) Then we agree ?

Morton goes over to Darnley.

Morton: Yes - then you are responsible.

Darnley: I am.

Darnley turns to Kerr of Fauldonside.

Darnley: Are you coming with me ?

Fauldonside accompanies Darnley. They leave.

When they have gone, then Moray addresses the lords.

Moray: The Queen's signature, and the power's in our hands.

Morton: That's worth a toast. I invite you all to supper at my house to-night.

All faces express great pleasure at the invitation. It will be good to relax after all the excitement.

x

Lobby outside the Queen's chamber. Darnley and Fauldonside enter. The soldiers make way for Darnley as he passes through to the door, which one of the men opens for him. Fauldonside, however, quietly speaks to the officer in command. The latter now turns to his men and gives them an order, after which they march off.

x

The bedroom. Mary resting on her bed. For the moment she seems without pain. Darnley enters with the paper, which he doesn't hand to Mary immediately on account of the presence of the midwife. Therefore Mary dismisses her.

Mary: Jane, you can go now. I'll send for you if I need you.

Jane: Yes, Your Majesty.

When they are alone, Darnley triumphantly hands her the document.

Darnley: Here you are. And the soldiers are gone.

Mary: ~~NOY~~ Are they ?

Darnley: Yes .

Mary: Well done.

Mary's appreciation of him obviously pleases Darnley.

Now Mary bends over towards the light so as to study the paper.

Darnley: They are waiting.

Mary nods. x

x

Darnley's council room, where the assembled lords are beginning to grow impatient.

Moray: Where's he got to ?

Morton: I'm hungry.

Ruthven: So am I.

Maitland speaks to Douglas, who is standing near him.

Maitland: I say, do go up and fetch that paper.

Douglas goes.

x

The bed-room. Mary has finished reading the document and lays it aside. Darnley looks at her in surprise.

Darnley: Aren't you going to sign ?

~~She shakes her head, smiling.~~

Mary: has ~~NO~~. laid her head back on the pillows and is gazing dreamly up at the ceiling.

Mary: No.

She shakes her head, smiling.

Darnley: Why not ?

Still with a mystical smile Mary again shakes her head.

There's a loud knock at the door. Darnley is startled, Mary, however, seems unmoved.

Darnley: It's probably from the others downstairs. What shall I say ?

Mary: Say what you please. Tell them: early tomorrow morning.

Darnley: Signed ?

Mary: Yes - signed.

Darnley leaves the bed-room.

x

Lobby. Once again Douglas knocks at the door of the Queen's bed-room. Darnley opens. He puts a finger on his lips, telling Douglas not to make a noise.

Douglas: Has she signed ?

Darnley: No, but I have read it for her and she thinks it excellent.

Douglas: Why hasn't she signed then ?

Darnley: She had another fit of pain and had to go to bed.
- now she's asleep.

Douglas: Maybe she'll wake up

Darnley: Where are you this evening ?

Douglas: At Morton's.

Darnley: Then I'll let you know - otherwise tomorrow early.

Douglas: Can we be sure of that ?

Darnley: Quite sure.

As Douglas seems reluctant to return empty handed, Darnley feels it necessary to reassure him.

Darnley: Tell them I give my word.

Then Douglas leaves and Darnley returns to Mary.

x

The bed-room. Darnley back again. Mary looks at him inquiringly.

Mary: Well ?

Darnley shrugs his shoulders.

Darnley: It was Douglas. I gave him my word of honour.

Mary looks at him admiringly. Possibly there is a tone of scorn in her voice, but Darnley doesn't observe it.

Mary: That was big of you.

Darnley answers seriously.

Darnley: Do you think so ? You know, I believe there isn't one dishonourable thing I wouldn't do, if you asked me.

Mary: Thank you. - Did he say anything else ?

Darnley: That they were going to supper to Morton's.

Mary: Go to the window and see if they do.

Darnley goes to the window.

Darnley: Yes, there they come.

Mary: I must look too.

At one jump she is out of bed and at the window looking down.

x

The cobbles of the court-yard seen from above. Talking together

together in groups the lords leave the castle.

x

The bed-room. Mary and Darnley in the same position at the window.

Mary: Would one think they were a pack of murderers ?..

Douglas shakes his head - without feeling hit. For some time they watch the lords. Then Mary draws away from the window and begins arranging her dress and her hair.

Mary: (starts humming)

Darnley looks at her in astonishment, surprised at the change in her.

Darnley: Have you no more pains ?

Mary begins collecting little things from her draws.

Mary: No, they are gone.

She continues finding odds and ends - all the little things a woman needs for her toilet. She wraps them into a scarf, which she finally ties into a bundle. Darnley moves about behind her, talking to her. All the time she has her back to him.

Mary: And soon we are gone too - you and I.

Darnley: What do you mean ?

Mary: There are horses waiting for us.

Darnley: Where ?

Mary: At the churchyard.

Darnley: Who has seen to that ?

Mary: The midwife.

Darnley: (not understanding). The midwife ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: And where are we going ?

Mary: To Dunbar.

Darnley: Why Dunbar ?

Mary: Because Bothwell's there with troops.

Darnley: Who told you that ?

Mary: The midwife,

Darnley: Does Bothwell know we're coming ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: Who...

Mary: The midwife.

It suddenly dawns on Darnley.

Darnley: Then that's why I had to fetch the midwife ?

Mary: Yes

Darnley: Then perhaps you haven't had any birth-pains at all ?

Mary: No.

Darnley: Then you were just pretending ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: You made a fool of me ?

Suddenly Mary turns round to him and says seriously and with great emphasis.

Mary: Yes. To save your life - and mine.

For a moment she stands face to face with Darnley. Then she seizes her bundle - the only luggage she is taking with her on her flight.

Mary: Come along...

She goes. Darnley follows.

x

The spiral staircase. A door opens opens carefully. Mary comes into sight. Behind her we see Darnley. She feels her way down the stairs, without making a noise. The silence is almost uncanny. Darnley and Mary dare hardly breathe.

x

The vaults of the castle. The two fugitives steal through wine vaults and through the kitchen into a long passage from which they emerge into a pantry in connection with the kitchen. From here a door leads out into the open. It is half open, but is in so bad repair, it can neither be opened nor shut. They succeed in squeezing through.

The moon is shining and in the shadow of the wall of the churchyard six saddled horses are waiting for them. One of them - a powerful gelding mounted by a captain of the Queen's guards - has a saddle-cloth. Mary is helped up behind him. The midwife is present and hands the Queen her little bundle. Darnley and Robert Stuart have a horse each. They are followed by three soldiers only. The riders start off, soon breaking into a gallop. The midwife stands watching them.

x

The lords at the revels at Morton's house. Their gait is uproarious. They have eaten and drunk heavily. The air of the room is heavy with heat and smoke.

A standard bearer suddenly enters and hurries towards Moray,

to whom he whispers something, which obviously makes an impression on Moray. The lords grow interested. Moray tells them the news.

Moray: The Queen has escaped.

Exclamations of surprise from the lords: "When - how?" Moray asks them to be silent.

Moray: Together with Darnley.

In complete silence they receive the news. They are speechless and look at each other, dumb with fury at Darnley's treachery. A peal of laughter from Ruthven breaks the oppressive silence.

Ruthven: What did I say ?

He looks at Morton.

Ruthven: And you answered for him.

Morton: (threatening) He'll get paid for it.

The same standard bearer as before enters again, this time accompanied by a soldier, who evidently brings the latest news from the castle. Moray rises to his feet.

Moray: Bothwell has escaped too .

Douglas: Still worse.

Roths: What shall we do ?

Moray: I say: stay and take what comes. I am sure the Queen will pardon us.

Morton: Maybe you, but not me.

Ruthven: Nor me.

Douglas: Or me.

Morton: I'm off. Who's coming with me ?

Ruthven, Douglas, Lindsay, Bellenden, and Fauldenside

shout at once, "I - and I - and I - and I." At the same time they line up behind Morton. The latter begins saying good-bye to the rest of the lords. He comes to Moray, who is standing beside Maitland. The three great M's exchange a few last words before their flight.

Morton: You two will have to bear the brunt of all this.

Moray: Yes, we have to begin all over again.

Maitland: We are beaten this time - next time we'll beat them.

X

X

X

In the moonlight the Queen and her followers are riding towards Dunbar. Darnley rides beside the Queen, who is clinging to the man in front of her. Suddenly a little way off Darnley observes some men on horse back coming out of the edge of a wood. He thinks they are enemies sent by the lords to catch them and, lashing Mary's horse, he shouts to her and the captain.

Darnley: Hurry - they are behind us.

Mary is thinking of the child she bears.

Mary: I daren't ride faster.

Darnley: They will murder us.

Mary: I must think of the child.

Darnley: You had better think of yourself and of me.

Mary looks at him in astonishment. Quivering with rage she cries to him.

Mary: Ride on then - and think of yourself.

Darnley: Yes, I will.

And he rides off at full speed. We watch him for a while, seeing him increase the distance between himself and the Queen more and more.

We return to the Queen on her saddle-cloth behind the captain. A group of strangers, Bothwell leading, reaches the Queen. As Bothwell draws up beside her, Mary recognizes him.

Mary: Oh, - it's you.

Bothwell: Yes, you are safe now.

Mary: My life is saved. Now for my honour.

x

Dissolve to

The great hall at Dunbar Castle. One by one the lords file in through the door, on each side of which stand Bothwell's troops, who symbolically frame the whole scene.

We follow the lords into the hall, which is prepared for the reception. In the foreground a semicircle of soldiers with lances, their backs to the audience. The lords are gathered within the ring - they too turn their backs to us. They are obviously uncomfortable. They avoid each other's eyes, stare either down onto the floor or up into the ceiling. None of them say a word. - On the far wall hangs a very plain canopy.

A door in the background is opened. The Queen enters, walks to her place beneath the canopy, and here she remains standing - a woman alone, facing her rebellious lords, who are all kneeling, their

heads bowed, waiting for their judgement. In her hand she holds a paper roll. She speaks.

Mary: I have decided to forget and forgive. We have fought, and who was the strongest? I wish to live in peace with you- but you are difficult people. Loyalty you do not know, and obedience you have never learnt. You are always making trouble. All you want is power. But if you want to live in peace with me, then remember this: It is for me to command - for you to obey. I have no more to say.

Mary has finished her speech. Moray rises, walks to the Queen, and bows ^{down} before her. She hands him the document, the letter of pardon, he receives it, and withdraws bowing. The Queen retires through the door, by which she came in. The ceremony is over. The lords rise.

x

The Queen has gone into a room beside the hall, where Bothwell is waiting for her. He walks to meet her and helps her onto a seat behind a table she has chosen as a work table.

Bothwell: You gambled - and won.

Mary: Thanks to you, Bothwell.

Bothwell: Thanks to your courage.

He continues in a voice implying admiration but not flatterly.

Bothwell: You have a man's heart....

Mary smiles. Bothwell continues.

Bothwell:when there's danger.....

Mary looks up at him.

Bothwell: But when the danger has passed

Mary: What then...

Bothwell: Then you are a woman again.

Mary: What do you mean by that ?

Bothwell: Today you were too - tender.

Mary: I do not want too many against me. By the way have you further news of Morton ?

Bothwell: Yes, unfortunately he and his pack have crossed the border.

Bothwell is about to go but stops and turns to Mary again.

Bothwell: And Darnley ?

Mary: I have finished with him.

Bothwell: Divorce ?

Mary shakes her head regretfully.

Mary: My child must have a father.

Bothwell: Appearances must be kept up ?

Mary nods with a smile. Bothwell prepares to go. Mary stops him.

Mary: I need a strong man near me - a man I can trust and that must be you

Bothwell: Thank you, Your Majesty.

He goes. At the door he meets Darnley. When the door has shut behind Bothwell, Darnley goes to the Queen. He tries to put an arm round her, but she pushes him somewhat roughly aside.

Mary: Don't....

Darnley: Is this your thanks ?

Mary: My thanks....for what ?

Darnley: For what I did for you

Mary: For betraying the traitors ?

Darnley: You forget quickly.

Appendix.

to page 52 (of the 77 pages that were sent first)

The last picture of the scene showing the lords' submission at Dunbar Castle.

dissolve to

Pictures of thistles blowing in the sun.

We hear the commenter's voice saying.

For a few months Mary had peace. While Bothwell faithfully guarded her kingdom, Mary gave birth to a son.

New pictures of thistles waving in the sun.

Dissolve to.

The scene of the birth.

Mary: Not your Judas' kiss.

Darnley: The others you can forgive. Me you condemn.

Mary: You have condemned yourself.

Darnley: You promised that everything should be between us as before.

Mary: I promised you - yes. But I promised myself something else.

Darnley: What ?

Mary: That I once and for all would cure you of conspiring against me. And I have succeeded. In the future no one will believe you. No one will listen to you. People will turn their backs on you. Neither I nor the lords will have anything to do with you. You have placed yourself between two stools, and there you shall stay. Now please don't disturb me.

For a moment Darnley stands looking at her furiously. He then turns away sharply and goes out.

x

The hall. Darnley comes out from the Queen. Outside the lords are standing in small groups. When they catch sight of Darnley, they turn their backs on him or send him mocking, contemptuous looks. He walks off in great rage.

Fade out.

x

x

x

The Birth.

Fade in.

When the time for Mary's delivery grows near, she retires to the strongly fortified Edinburgh Castle, where the birth takes

place on June 19th, 1566.

The first picture shows a large basin of water standing on the floor, - it is the bath water for the new-born child. According to the belief of the times the qualities of the water could be passed on to the child. Onto the picture comes a woman's hand dropping a silver coin into the water. While this happens we hear a faint cry growing louder and shriller. Then onto the picture come the arms of a woman, carrying the new-born child, which is dipped into the water. The babe - a boy - screams perseveringly.

x

A lobby - or one of the corridors of the castle. Small groups of courtiers and ambassadors. Mary Beaton comes running along in great excitement. She shouts the joyful news to all she meets.

Beaton: A son is born !

x

One of the rooms of the castle a billiard table is set up. Darnley, alone - playing billiards with himself - a sort of training game. The door behind him is torn open and Beaton shouts to him.

Beaton: A son is born !

Darnley, just in the middle of a difficult drive, does not allow himself to be disturbed, but merely nods to show he has heard her. Beaton looks at him, a little surprised, then goes on to spread the great news. After finishing his game Darnley goes to visit his wife - it is obviously no pleasure to him.

x

The queen's chamber. Mary is half sitting, half lying, not on her own bed, but on a special low childbed. She is propped up by pillows. Her face has become narrower and more refined, her hands slimmer. She has still difficulty in breathing after the arduous, longdrawn birth. Jane, the midwife, enters with a basin of water. She dips a cloth in the water and wets the patient's face underneath her hair and in between her lips. Mary, who till now has been lying with her eyes closed, opens them and looks inquiringly at Jane. She speaks in a frail voice.

Mary: It is a....

Jane: It's a boy.

Mary: Let me see him.

Jane fetches the child and holds it in front of the Queen. The child is swaddled. The Queen lifts the cloth covering the child's face. She studies it carefully, but shows no sign of mother love - more a feeling of loathing,^{of} disgust. She speaks, as though ~~spe~~ talking to herself.

Mary: How horribly like his father - the same eyes....

She pushes the child away from her. Jane takes it.

Mary lies back on her pillows and shuts her eyes.

X

From a distance we see that the lying-in room, according to the custom of the times, is full of visitors, mostly women, as the men are first allowed in now. Now Darnley comes in. No one seems to take any notice of him. He goes up to Mary's bed, awkward and shy. To attract her attention he takes hold of her hand. She opens her

eyes and looks up at him, as though she doesn't know him, but when she realizes who it is, then she pushes his hand away from her. She is so weak she can scarcely breathe, and it is clearly an effort for her to talk, especially as her words are vehement and bitter.

Jane goes up to Darnley and hands him the child. He takes it shyly. Mary turns her face to him.

She makes an effort to speak loudly so that everyone can hear what she says and later be able to testify her words.

Mary: I declare before God, and I will repeat^{it} on the day of judgement, that this child is yours and no others.

Darnley, well understanding the hidden meaning in Mary's words, doesn't know what to answer. In his embarrassment he bends over the child and kisses it.

Mary continues in a lower voice.

Mary: He is so much your son that I fear it one day will be his misfortune.

Darnley is hurt by Mary's merciless words.

Darnley: Must you always rake up the past?

Mary: I can't help thinking, if something had happened to me that night, what would have become of ~~the~~ child and of me ? and where do you think you would have been.....

Darnley: All that belongs to the past now.

Mary: Yes, let it be forgotten.

And she turns away to show he no longer is wanted. She lays her head back on the pillows, shutting her eyes. Darnley leaves her room in silence. He feels as though he's running the gantlet between two rows of scornful and malicious looks.

fade out.

The Ambassador Scene.

Fade in.

The Queen is sitting in her room having a meeting with the lords Maitland and Moray. She is busy reading a letter in which Maitland is pointing out details to her. She shakes her head in surprise.

One of the Marys - Mary Fleming - comes in and says something to the Queen.

Fleming: It is the French Ambassador... he says it's urgent.

After sending the others a questioning look, Mary makes a gesture that they show him in.

Du Croc enters, he greets the Queen and the lords. One feels the Queen approves of him and that he has her confidence.

He starts explaining his errand.

Du Croc: It is..... well your husband.

The Queen interrupts him with a smile.

Mary: We know.

Du Croc: What do you know ?

Mary: Everything.

Mary: He has been a little foolish again.

Du Croc: He is plotting against you....

Mary: I know.

Du Croc: He will have you imprisoned.

Mary: I know.

Moray points at himself and at Maitland.

Moray: And we are to be hanged ?

Maitland: And he to be king.

Du Croc: Do you also know....

Mary: (interrupts) Yes.

Du Croc: That what...

Mary: That he thinks of going away.

Moray: To Flanders.

Du Croc: What to ~~then~~ do then ?

Mary: To complain.

Moray: And get help.

Mary: He is a constant danger.

Du Croc: He is nothing - but as your husband....

Maitland: He can be used by others - yes.

Moray: That's why we keep an eye on him.

Du Croc: By the way... he asked for an interview.

Mary: Alone?

Du Croc: Yes. Shall I go to him ?

Mary: Yes - certainly. And when you have finished - then make him come up to me ?

Maitland: And you come and talk to me.

Moray: We must make him give up that journey.

Du Croc takes leave hastily and goes out.

Maitland signs to the Queen and to Moray that he has an idea.

They lean towards him.

Maitland: Now listen.....

X

Darnley's room. Darnley walks restlessly up and down the floor. Taylor comes in and announces the French Ambassador. Darnley

signs to him to show him in. Enter du Croc, he greets Darnley, who receives him with exaggerated cordiality very different from the ambassador's cool, formal politeness. Mutual greetings over, the ambassador goes straight to the point.

Du Croc: You have.....

Darnley: Yes, I wanted to ask you.....

Du Croc: About what

Darnley: To speak to the Queen.

Du Croc looks at Darnley in ^{sharp}~~sharp~~ surprise.

Du Croc: Have you any complaints ?

Darnley: Yes.

Du Croc: What ?

Darnley: I want the position I once had.

Du Croc: When ?

Darnley: When I got married.

Du Croc: You can't expect the Queen to agree to that.

Darnley: Why not ?

Du Croc: After what has happened ?

Darnley: The past is dead and gone.

Du Croc: For you, not for her.

Darnley: Surely grass can grow on that.

Du Croc: That takes time.

Darnley: Then things will never be well between us :

Du Croc: I don't think they will

Darnley: Why not ?

Because

Du Croc: Because you will not understand.

Darnley: What ?

Du Croc: That you are defeated.

Darnley: (scornfully) Oh.

Du Croc: Yes, admit it - and pay in silence.

Darnley: Blot myself out ?

Du Croc: No....but be wise, and keep quiet - and wait.

Darnley: I am not as wise as that.

Du Croc makes a gesture as though to say that then there is no need to discuss the matter. First of all Darnley sends him an irritable look, then suddenly he becomes more reasonable.

Darnley: What do you think I should do ?

Du Croc: ~~KKKXXGMM~~ (Dryly) Pry God change your mind.

Darnley: (gain irritated) And then ?

Du Croc: Show your wife that you are changed.

Darnley: It must wait until she sends for me.

Du Croc: That you mustn't expect her to - not many wives would send for their husbands in such a case.

Darnley: I have come to her so often.

Du Croc: Did you come in the right way ?

Darnley shakes his head irribably. Du Croc looks at him for a moment, then goes up to him, lays his hand on Darnley's shoulder, and speaks to him in a friendly, persuading voice.

Du Croc: You should go to her now.

Darnley: To be humiliâated again ?

Du Croc: That you must put up with. You can't buy

forgiveness cheaper.

Du Croc is prepared to leave. He offers Darnley his hand.

Darnley: All right, I'll make a last effort.

Du Croc gives him an encouraging nod and goes. Darnley stands for a moment irresolute, then he too goes

x

Mary's chamber. Mary is now alone. She is embroidering. Mary Fleming enters.

Mary: (looks up) Anything there ?

Fleming: Yes, Bothwell.....

Mary: He must wait.

Fleming goes out. Shortly afterwards Darnley comes in. He goes up to the Queen - evidently willing to make friends. Mary, on the contrary, is antagonistic from the beginning.

Mary: What is it ?

Darnley is immediately hurt.

Darnley: What it is ?

Mary: Yes, I have not asked you to come.

Darnley is now in a pugnacious mood.

Darnley: I come when I please and go when I please.

Mary doesn't answer him. Too late Darnley realizes he has gone too far. He tries to make up for it and changes quickly into a more friendly tone.

Darnley: Mary....

Mary: (interrupts him) I won't have anything to do with you.

Darnley is about to lose his temper again, but controls himself.

Darnley: Why not ? What's wrong with me ?

Mary: You are no good.

Darnley: How am I no good ?

Mary: As a man.

Darnley: I am not wicked.

Mary: But weak, that's worse.

Darnley: You could make me strong.

Mary: I ?

Darnley: Yes, by trusting me.

Mary makes no answer, but smiles sarcastically.

Darnley: Be guided by me.

Mary: By a weather-cock ?

Darnley: One day you'll realize I was the stronger.

Mary: You, who sways like a reed ?

Darnley: Then you will be sorry.

Mary: For what ?

Darnley: That you didn't believe in me.

Darnley waits for her answer. There is a pause, then it comes in the form of a casual question.

Mary: When are you going to Flanders ?

Taken aback Darnley blurts out.

Darnley: Who told you that ?

Mary, teasing.

Mary: You did - just now.

For a moment Darnley has lost his equilibrium, but he pulls himself together quickly. There is no need to be alarmed before Mary

shows how much she knows of his plans. Therefore he answers calmly.

Darnley: Yes, I really think of going away.

Mary: Why ? Are you afraid ?

Darnley: doesn't answer.

Mary: Is it fear ?

Darnley still doesn't answer.

Mary: Is it your conscience ?

Darnley still doesn't answer.

Mary: What do you fear ?

Darnley: I fear nothing.

Mary: Why are you leaving then ?

Darnley: Because I refuse to live as a shadow.

Mary: What do you want then ?

Darnley: Us to live together as before.

Mary shakes her head. Darnley flares up.

Darnley: Surely you can't expect.....

Mary interrupts him, soothingly hushing him.

Mary: Sh....sh... Nor do I : - but find someone else.

Darnley: Some one else ?

Mary: There are women enough..

Astounded and incredulous, Darnley stares at Mary, who merely nods in affirmation.

Mary: I leave you free.

Darnley: To be free yourself ?

Darnley seeks for a new argument and finds one.

Darnley: You don't think of the child.

Mary: (sharply) Did you think of it ?

Darnley bites his lips, having no answer.

There is a short pause. Mary breaks the silence with a casual, almost accidental question.

Mary: What do you want in Flanders ?

Darnley: Nothing in particular. I just want to get away from here.

Mary nods, seemingly satisfied with the answer. Rising she puts down her embroidery

Mary: Is there any more to talk about ?

Darnley: No.

Mary gives him her hand.

Mary: Good luck for your journey.

Darnley: Thanks.

He prepares to go.

Mary: I'll follow you out.

Together they walk towards the door of the lobby.

x

When Darnley - accompanied by Mary - enters the lobby, his eyes grow round with surprise, for out here he suddenly runs into the lords and the French ambassador. He cannot free himself from a feeling of being caught in a trap.

Darnley looks at Mary with an expression of mistrust, but Mary behaves as though nothing has happened. She sits down in an arm chair which seems to have been put there for her, keeping Darnley at her side. Seating herself she addresses the lords.

Mary: My husband thinks of leaving the country.

Mary, who has now sat down, looks up at Darnley.

Mary: He is displeased with things here. Aren't you ?

Darnley, feeling he has been taken by surprise, would like to protest, but dares not, and resorts to the passive weapon -silence.

The Bishop of Ross, John Leslie, has got up. He goes to Darnley and speaks kindly and persuasively to him.

Leslie: Why do you want to leave us ?

Mary presses him from the other side, catching hold of his hand.

Mary: Have I given you any reason, then say it for God's sake.

Without answering Darnley stands staring angrily in front of himself.

Mary: Speak out.

Darnley presses his lips still tighter together - and remains silent.

Mary: Don't spare me.

Darnley, sulky and silent, continues to stare into the air. Mary has taken her hand back. Now she folds her hands and stretches them out to him as though in prayer.

Mary: Say if you have any complaint.

But Darnley feels no wish to speak in this gathering of lords, who all are antagonistic to him.

Leslie: You can speak freely. You are among friends.

Darnley is sullen as before but cannot control an ironical smile after Leslie's remark. Now Maitland gets up and goes up to the

other side of Darnley.

Maitland: (points at the lords) Have we treated you badly?

Darnley, feeling himself between the devil and the deep sea, has but one answer: stubborn silence. Maitland, at the corner of whose lips we see a mocking smile, continues.

Maitland: For then you must say so.

Darnley remains silent. One realizes he feels very stupid and only wishes he could get away. Maitland persuades him further.

Maitland: Don't mind us .

Darnley's silence becomes more and more oppressive. Now the ~~the~~ French ambassador, Du Croc, rises, goes over to Darnley and speaks to him in a warm, friendly voice.

Du Croc: Remember that by leaving the country you can't but harm the Queen.

Darnley's convulsive rigidity is disappearing. He is beginning to master his feelings again. All the kindness he meets makes him uncertain. The strained look in his face makes room for a calmer one.

Du Croc: You know, if talk starts, some of it always sticks.

Maitland, realizing that Darnley's mood is improving, puts in a word, but absent-mindedly he speaks in French.

Maitland: Donc, si Sa Majest   vous fait du tort, il vaut mieux d'en parler franchement.

At last Darnley breaks the silence.

Darnley: Vous parlez trop bon le Francais pour moi.

Maitland and Du Croc exchange a discrete smile. Maitland

repeats his remark in English.

Maitland: If the Queen has been unjust then say so.

Darnley pulls himself together, gives them a look full of scorn and now he answers the questions and warnings they have showered on him.

Darnley: All this... is of no use. I have nothing to complain about and I have no plans of leaving the country.

Mary smiles and the lords smile. Everyone is relieved. The goal is reached: in the presence of witnesses it has been established that Darnley has no cause for complaint, and therefore no reason for flight. Darnley has been proved to be in the wrong. The effect of this scene depends on us knowing that neither party is acting in good faith. But the hypocrisy has a certain purpose, for the farce isn't over yet.

When Darnley has spoken, Mary, triumphant, turns to the lords.

Mary: I think we can be satisfied with this answer.

A murmur of applause is heard from the lords.

But now Mary addresses Darnley himself speaking to him in a scornful, mocking tone.

Mary: Before you go listen to my advice. When next time you conspire against me then do it more carefully.....

Maitland has brought a pile of letters, which he hands ^{to} the Queen.

Mary: Look here - we have copies of all the letters you have written to the King of Spain and the Pope.

She hands Darnley the whole pile.

Mary: Here you are - take them. You may keep them.

We have others.

Darnley is full of shame and rage at this new defeat. He hardly knows what to do with the letters, keeps them, however, in his hand. Suddenly he pulls himself together and makes a slight bow for the Queen.

Darnley: Good-bye, it'll be some time before you see my face again.

Then he turns to the lords.

Darnley: Good-bye, mylords.

He walks to the door - past the hostile and the scornful looks and past the patronizing smiles. In his hand he carries the copies of his secret letters - secret for all but Mary.

When he is out of the door, the Queen rises.

Mary: I am sorry for him. He has a heart of wax.

She goes to the door of her chamber, having reached it, she turns to the lords.

Mary: I thank you. Good night.

Then she goes into her room. The lords break up slowly and leave in groups.

x

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x

xxx Mary Seduced. xxx

When the Queen returns to her room two of her Marys are waiting for her - Fleming and Livingstone. Fleming is lighting a large candle.

The Queen is in a blithe mood, happy that she has rid herself of Darnley for a time at any rate, and she shows her joy by being copquettishly kind to her two Marys.

Fleming comes towards the Queen to remind her that Bothwell is waiting for an answer.

Fleming: Bothwell - shall I.....

Mary: Let him come.

Fleming goes.

The Queen turns to Livingstone, who is holding a book she has been reading. As she shuts the book, the Queen notices a ring she hasn't seen her with before.

Mary: You have a new ring ? - it's beautiful.

The Queen, who has been studying the ring, smiles up at Livingstone.

Mary: Who gave it to you ?

Livingstone doesn't answer, but looks down shyly. Mary smiles at her.

Mary: Well - keep your secret.

After a short pause the Queen adds.

Mary: And good luck - better than mine.

Hardly realizing it herself, she stretches her hand out for the

book Livingstone was holding and begins turning over the pages mechanically. More to herself than to Livingstone she says.

Mary: From now on I'll do without men.

Just then a faint sound of thunder is heard. The Queen, lost in her own thoughts, livens up. She walks to the window, Livingstone follows her cautiously. When they reach the window there is a flash of lightning. Livingstone shutters.

Livingst: How awful - I hate thunderstorms

Mary stares out at the lightning.

Mary: I love them.

Livingst: Your Majesty - you shouldn't stand so close to the window.

Mary overhears Livingstone's remark. All alert, she watches the storm approaching. She enjoys Nature's great play; it excites her physically and mentally.

Livingst: Do you need me any more ?

Mary: No. Go to bed. Good-night - and don't be afraid.

Livingstone leaves the room. Another peal of thunder. Mary is still at the window.

Just as Livingstone reaches the door, Bothwell knocks at it. Livingstone holds it open for him and passes out. A flash of lightning. During the following scene peals of thunder alternate with flashes of lightning - still at a distance.

Mary turns round and walks towards Bothwell. She seems excited, there is something almost magnetic about her. She gives Bothwell her hand.

Mary: It gets closer and closer.

Bothwell: It cleans the air.

She turns away from him and walks through the room. She puts some little things straight - there is something extremely vivacious about her excitement. She stands, her back half turned to him.

Mary: You wish to speak to me ?

Bothwell: Yes, I have to go to the border.

Mary: (uninterested) Why ?

Bothwell: Some rebels..... I have to...

Mary: Oh yes - I know. When do you think you will have cleared the border?

Bothwell: It will take some time.

Mary: (interested, but more out of politeness) What is your plan ?

Bothwell: ~~if you had a map~~ Well - if you had a map

Mary: I have.

She walks over to some piece of furniture, finds a map of the border, and gives it to him. Bothwell, having sat down, begins studying the map by the light of the candle. The Queen stands beside him, bent over him so as to follow his explanation of the map. To point out the names of places, Bothwell pulls out a long dagger he always wears and lets the point of it glide along the lines of the map.

Bothwell: You see... here is Jedburgh and here Hermitage.. and here live the Johnstones, here ^{the} Elliots - no here... and here the Armstrongs... and here the Kerrs... My plan is to send a force here - and comb the woods myself from this side....

Mary listens, only half paying ~~interest~~ attention.

Suddenly her eyes light upon a scar at the back of Bothwell's ear. She shivers and makes a grimace.

Mary: What's that ? What's that scar behind your ear ?

Bothwell: I got in the way of a lance.

He answers absent-mindedly, engaged in the map.

Mary smiles, and she, who soon makes companions of men, lets her finger glide with feminine tenderness and curiosity along the scar on his neck. Her expression is one of interest mingled with disgust.

Mary: How curious...

At first Bothwell hardly notices anything, he is so engaged in the map. But slowly he becomes conscious of the slight provocation in her touch. (On Mary's part it is merely an expression of the coquetry, which she - when happy - finds so difficult to repress) Slowly his head turns round to Mary, there is a sudden desire in his eyes. It's as though he sees her for the first time - for the first time as a woman - as some one of interest to his sensuality.

First his eyes look into hers, then they pass down her body. Once again he looks into her eyes. The smile on her face disappears.

Mary: (with a troubled expression) What is it ?

He doesn't answer, but he lays his dagger aside and gets up. The map falls to the floor. For a moment he and the Queen stand looking into each other's eyes. Then he catches hold of her and tries to kiss her - not abruptly but slowly, almost automatically, like a man guided entirely by his instincts. She makes a violent effort to resist him, and succeeds in escaping his mouth - a moment later she

strikes him hard in the face. He merely laughs - unshaken, unmoved.

From now on we follow her in gliding close-ups. In her face the following scene is pictured as if in a mirror. From her reactions we guess Bothwell's.

The storm comes nearer and nearer, thunder following quicker upon the lightning, which flashes into the room.

Mary has pulled herself together.

Mary: Go - go immediately.

From Mary's expression we gather that Bothwell goes to the door. She follows him with her eyes. One hears his faint steps and a curt laugh. We hear him turn the key in the lock. Mary rushes towards him.

Mary: How dare you - unlock that door again.

We gather that, having locked the door, he goes towards her. She retreats a few steps, then runs to one side and presses herself up against the wall.

Mary: Go I tell you.

We understand that he is following her closely. She backs away from him, still pressed against the wall and wards him off with her hands. Once his hands come into the picture and seize her, but nimbly she frees herself.

Mary: (desperately) You shall hang for this, I promise you.

Suddenly she makes an unexpected dart from the wall over to the opposite corner of the room. Here she grabs the dagger Bothwell has

left on the table and goes towards him. She is white in the face - with terror and anger.

Mary: Go - or I.....

A few more steps. From the expression on her face and the direction of the blade of the dagger in her hand we realize that she intends to defend herself. But, just as she is about to strike. Bothwell's hand comes into the picture. He grips her round the wrist, forcing her hand to open, so that the knife falls to the floor.

She protects herself - now more in fear than in anger. The catch in her breath is like that of an animal fighting for its life. Bothwell, however, is the strongest. He has hold of both her hands, and in his iron clasp her last resistance is broken. She is pressed against the wall. Now we see Bothwell slide in in front of her. His broad back, which is turned to us, covers her completely. She feels his arms around her and is still struggling when he violently presses his mouth against hers. Her clenched fists come into sight, one on each side of his neck. They hit where they can; on his back, at his head. Little by little they become powerless, weak. They open, and soon after they clasp gently round his neck. Slowly her one hand glides up to the curled hair at the nape of his neck. By his back we see that he lifts her up. She nestles into him, her head on his arm. Her face is turned to us, her eyes shut. A thin stream of blood trickles down from the corner of her mouth over her chin and down her neck. There is an expression of desire and bliss on her face with the lightly parted lips. As he carries her away, she whispers.

Mary: You won.....

A flare of lightning. Thunder.

The picture glides to the candle and its stick and stops there. While lightning follows upon lightning, closer and closer, and thunder rolls so loudly we realize the storm must be overhead, the candle is burning down, for many hours have passed. Now the candle is almost burnt down, and the thunder and lightning are further off. The picture glides towards the window; dawn is breaking and the soft light of ^a clear, cloudless sky floods the scene. The storm is over.

Mary comes to the window, calmly, slowly. She leans against it - we see her silhouette against the dawn. There is peace and a gentle quiet in her face. She is changed, she looks different. Her eyes are filled with tears, but the tranquillity of mind portrayed on her face does not leave her. She is happy.

Bothwell comes to her. During the following scene not once must he put on languid looks or be sentimental. He must appear what he is: a male. His emotional speeches must be made with a slight touch of irony, showing that he doesn't acknowledge them himself, but says them because Mary expects him to and because he knows they will please her. At this moment Mary is only an adventure to him - doubly exciting because she is a Queen - an adventure to be repeated maybe, but by no means a matter putting him under any obligation.

When he sees the tears in Mary's eyes then he lifts her face up to him.

Bothwell: Tears ? Why ?

Mary: It's nothing.

Bothwell: What is it ?

Mary: (smiling through her tears) I don't know....
I think it's joy.

Bothwell: (satisfied with himself) Do you ?

Very simply and quietly Mary takes his hand, lifts it to her lips, and kisses it.

Bothwell laughs.

Bothwell: You are born for love, dear. To love and to be loved.

Mary: (quietly) How strange - I feel I have changed -
It's as if Life is just beginning.

Bothwell: (laughing) And the Queen ?

Mary: (smiles) Gone. Just a woman left...your woman.

She throws herself into him and clings to him passionately.

Bothwell allows this, but after a few minutes time he frees himself from her.

Bothwell: I think it's time....

He looks out of the window to see how early it is.

Mary: You mustn't go,

Bothwell: I must - you know....

Mary: (decisively) Then I'll go with you.

Bothwell: No, it's no job for a woman,

Mary: Then stay a bit.

Bothwell: Why ?

Mary: Oh - so many thoughts come.....

Bothwell: What thoughts ?

Mary: (earnestly) Haven't you thought what a terrible thing it is we are doing. You are married - and I am married - sin upon sin..... What will be our punishment ?

Bothwell: Do you regret ?

Mary: No, no - and that's just what makes me afraid. I know it's a sin - but I have no regrets. It's as though I had two consciences,

Bothwell frowns. That type of introspective thinking is very foreign to him.

Mary: Somethings tells me that the way we go leads to damnation and dishonour, to hate and contempt - nevertheless I wish to go it because you have given me something I cannot be without.

Bothwell: Drop those silly thoughts. Nobody need know about this.... but I must go now.

Mary: Yes, I know.

She takes his cap out of his hand and puts it on his head.

Then she lays her arms round his neck

Mary: Good-bye - and take care of yourself. Your life is everything to me.

She kisses him.

Mary: If I lost you, I would lose myself.

Bothwell promises with a nod and a smile. On his way to the door he stops at a call from her.

Mary: Oh.....you forgot....

She picks up the dagger from the floor and gives it to him.

Mary: I need it no more.

A flippant look in his eyes, Bothwell says.

Bothwell: Sure ?

Mary suddenly clings to him again. Her voice is serious.

Mary: Come back - as quick as you can - I'll count
 the hours.

He nods and goes. She goes up to the candle and looks at it
thoughtfully for a moment. Then she bends down and extinguishes it
between two gentle fingers.

Fade out.

x

x

x

Fade in:

We see a bible and a man's hand raised to take the oath:

I swear to speak the truth and nothing but the truth.

While he speaks the picture glides backwards, including the whole room, and we realize that we are present at a court of justice. the Queen is seated under a canopy and near her are the lords, Maitland, Moray, Huntley, and Argyle. Besides these, judges, prosecutors, clerks, and others who belong to a court of justice.

(We imagine the court being held in Jedburg in a house hired for the purpose. On the ground floor in a large room servants gather round a fire. Above them is a hall, which has been made into a law-court. Leading out of this are two or three smaller rooms. From the hall goes a left-hand spiral staircase up to the second floor with the Queen's bedroom and an adjoining lobby. Above the Queen, in the attic, the four Marys have their room.)

The man before the judge looks to be about fifty. He is sturdy, with a weather-beaten face, shaggy hair and beard, and a pair of eyes glowing with defiance and insubordination. When he has taken the oath, the judge addresses him.

The judge: Her Majesty has come in person hereto for the purpose of holding this assize and punishing all you riotous borderers who by your forays and feuds have reduced the whole district to anarchy.

The judge turns to the Queen.

Judge: Your Majesty has heard the accusation. This man is one of the most dangerous border-rebels, a notorious outlaw, one of the lawless foresters who constantly are disturbing the peace.

Now we see the Queen and the lords. Moray turns to the Queen.

Moray: He can only understand one argument: The gallows.

Mary, whose face seems to radiate a peculiar tranquil happiness and whose whole manner seems buoyant and emancipated, is silent for a moment before she speaks.

Mary: No. I'll have no hanging.

The accused stares at the Queen in surprise.

Mary: I'll try with clemency. Fine him 30 pounds or 60 - as much as you please - but no hanging.

The judge fines the accused 60 pounds.

x

The picture of the court-room is replaced by a picture of the square outside the house. A horseman gallops in. From his expression we see he is on an important errand. He jumps off his horse, and without giving himself time to tie it, runs towards the entrance, on both sides of which are soldiers. They evidently know him, for he is allowed to pass without difficulty.

The rider: The Queen ?

A soldier: Upstairs.

x

The law court. The judge is dictating to the clerk and has just finished.

The judge: Well - next one in.

The accused is led out and a new man is shown in. At this moment the door opens and the horseman enters, quickly walking up to the Queen who, like the others, turns in surprise to the man who, dusty and soiled after his ride, is forcing his way in. Realizing he

has something to tell, she becomes visibly anxious.

Mary: What is it ?

Rider: Your Majesty.....

Mary: What is it ? Speak.

Rider: The Earl of Bothwell has been wounded.

Mary: Seriously ?

Rider: Mortally.

The Queen has the greatest difficulty in controlling herself.

Mary: How do you know ~~that~~ ?

Rider: The doctor says so.

Mary: Says what ?

Rider: That he hasn't long to live.....

The Queen has got up from her seat and stands as though paralyzed. Her face is white, her eyes empty and moving from one object to another. Suddenly she shuts her eyes and faints - on the spot. Great commotion in the court. A couple of the lords - Huntley and Argyle - hurry to help her. They lift her up and carry her out between them. The camera follows her to the door, then glides to Moray & Maitland, who have remained where they were, and we hear their conversation.

Maitland: Curious.....

Moray: What ?

Maitland: That she took it so much to ~~her~~ heart

Moray: What is in your mind ?

Maitland: Only what anyone with eyes in his head must be thinking.

He walks to the window, speaking with his back to Moray.

Maitland: Well - that was the end of Bothwell.

Moray: Sometimes fate really seems to act at the right moment.

Maitland: Anyway (smiling) we need not weep.

Moray: (also smiling) No.....

x

Mary's room. Mary has been put to bed. She is still unconscious. Her French doctor, M. Arnault, Mary Beaton, and Mary Fleming are with her. M. Arnault has examined her. He shakes his head.

Arnault: I can't understand it.....

The two Marys look at him inquiringly.

Arnault: There is no sign of illness.

Now they all three look at Mary, who is coming to. She opens her eyes and looks about her, bewildered. She is very weak. Then she suddenly remembers where she is. She looks at those around her.

Mary: Is it true ?

Not understanding, the doctor looks at the two Marys. Beaton whispers to him.

Beaton: She is thinking of Bothwell.

Mary repeats her question more forcibly.

Mary: Is it true ?

The doctor and the two Marys look at each other, ~~bewildered~~ not knowing what to answer. Resigned the Queen lowers her eyes.

Mary: It is true.

She closes her eyes. It's as though something has snapped within her, as though she has lost all courage and strength.

Two tears make their way down her cheeks. There is an air of self-abandonment about her as she sinks back in her bed.

The doctor beacons to Fleming, after which both of them with worried looks tip-toe out of the room, while Beaton sits down a little away from the bed where Mary cannot see her. When the room is quiet, we glide into a close-up of Mary. She is pressing her folded hands against her breast, looking like a stone figure on a sarcophagus. The tears are running from under her closed eyelids. When she speaks there is something exalted about her.

Mary: Mercyful God, how could you do it ? How could you ? My life was just beginning - and now all is over. Let me die, please. He is dead so I will no longer live. Let me die, die. M
 Mercy on me God, and let me die. I wish to die.
 Can you hear me - let me die.

Her voice grows weaker and weaker losing itself in an exalted, monotonous whisper, while compulsively, entreatingly she stretches her folded hands up to God. Suddenly she becomes quiet, heaving a sigh or two. Then once again one hears her whisper.

Mary: If only I were dead - if only I were dead.....

After this she is perfectly silent. The quietness spreads - an uncanny silence, a silence of death.

Sweep to:

x

The lobby of Mary's room. It is late at night. Only one candle lights the room. On a table are basins and other utensils the doctor has used. Mary Livingstone is wringing some bits of cloth, sobbing quietly. Mary Beaton comes out of the sick-room with a basin, which she begins washing. She too is fighting against her tears.

Now Maitland appears in his dressing gown. In a low voice he enquires about the Queen.

Maitland: How is the Queen ?

Beaton: She is dying.

Maitland: (amazed) What did you say ?

Beaton nods crying.

Now the doctor comes out of the bed-room. The sleeves of his shirt are rolled up - he looks tired and as though he has had no sleep. He nods at Maitland - and having shut the door behind him, he says.

Arnault: I give up - I can do nothing.

To Mary Livingstone....

Arnault: You had better ask the father come.

Livingstone hurries out to fetch the Queen's confessor, who always accompanies Mary when travelling.

Maitland: Is it so serious ?

Arnault: Yes.

Maitland: But what is wrong with her.?

Arnault: I don't know. There are no physical symptoms - and yet she is dying.

Maitland: Curious.

While they are speaking, Beaton goes to the Queen. Now the doctor follows suit.

x

Mary's room. Beaton is bending over the Queen who looks as if she were dead. Beaton stands aside for the doctor. The Queen's

eyes open, but they have a strange absent look, and she speaks in a husky far-away voice.

Arnault: How are you feeling ?

Mary: All will soon be well.

Now the father-confessor enters, accompanied by an assistant. As he comes into the room the church bells from the village begin ringing. The padre goes to the bed and sprinkles the ~~bed~~ patient with holy-water saying the usual prayer.

X

Sweep to:

X

The hall below, the next morning. The sun is shining through the window where the four lords are sitting together, very solemn, with bowed heads and some of them with folded hands. Huntley in particular finds difficulty in hiding his feelings - the tears are running down his cheeks.

X

Argyle: They say there is no hope.

Huntley: A pity - to die so young.

Moray: And so suddenly.

Argyle: She was a lovely queen

Maitland: Yes - sweet.

Huntley: Kind.

Moray: Good.

Argyle: Gracious.

Huntley: How about her husband now ?

Argyle: Without her - he is less than nothing.

Moray: What are we to do now ? What is our next step ?

Maitland: We need no next step. We are at the goal. The power is again in our hands.

From the courtyard in front of the house sounds are heard.
Huntley looks out of the window.

Moray: What is it ?

Huntley: It looks like.....

Maitland suddenly has a strange feeling of anxiety.

Maitland: Who is it ?

Huntley: I can't see the face. Oh - yes - it's Bothwell.

All of them run to the window to see if he is right. There are cries of wonder and surprise.

For a moment Maitland stands scowling, deep in thought. His following remark is made more or less to himself.

Maitland: This may change things a lot.

Then he goes out. - goes down to receive Bothwell.

x

The drive in front of the house. Bothwell is lying on a litter hanging between two horses. He has a bandage round his forehead and over his right eye, his left arm is in a sling and his left leg supported by a splint, his clothes are still blood-stained. He is pale from loss of blood. His voice is husky and cracked - like the voice of a man who has been seriously ill. But there is evidently nothing wrong with his vitality, for one impatient outburst after another is heard from him. The litter is being unstrapped.

Bothwell: Hurry up - get a good grip. I am not made of glass.

He shouts to one of the soldiers.

Bothwell: Go and tell the Queen I have arrived.

He doesn't notice the expression on the man's face, because he is engaged in ordering his people about. Now the litter is carried to the entrance of the house. At the same time Maitland comes out of the door to greet Bothwell.

Maitland: We were not expecting you .

Bothwell: Why not ? Hadn't I promised to come ?

Maitland: Yes, but...(with exaggerated kindness) I can't tell you how glad I am to see you safe and sound.

Bothwell: (briefly) Thank you. Any news ?

Maitland: Yes - bad news.

Bothwell: What ?

~~Maitland: The Queen is dying - if not dead.~~

Bothwell is seized by a violent fit of coughing, so that he has to hang his head out over the side of the litter to spit. The coughing over, Maitland speaks very earnestly, all the time watching Bothwell to see how he takes the news.

Maitland: The Queen is dying - if not dead.

Bothwell: (taken aback) God heavens. What from ?

Maitland: Nobody knows - not even the doctor.

Bothwell: (to his carriers) Take me up to the Queen - at once.

Maitland: I am afraid it's too late.

Bothwell: (commanding) Take me to the Queen.

The litter is lifted up and carried through the front door.

The Queen's room. The Queen is lying deathlike, thin and pale in the face. Arnault and two of the Marys are near the bed. Beaton has put her hands in under the blanket at the foot of the bed.

Beaton: Her feet are like ice.

Arnault holds a mirror in front of the Queen's mouth.

Arnault: She no longer breathes.

Fleming is taking the Queen's pulse.

Fleming: This very minute her pulse has stopped.

Arnault shakes his head. He examines the Queen very carefully.

Arnault: Strange - she is dead and yet there are signs of life.

Now the door opens, and to the astonishment of all present, Bothwell's litter is carried in. At a word from Bothwell they set it down beside the bed. Fleming and the doctor come to his assistance. While they all look on greatly moved, Bothwell stretched out his arm and catches hold of Mary's hand. He sends her a powerful, piercing look.

Bothwell: Your Majesty, your Majesty....

It's as though his mere touch brings her back to life. She opens her eyes, slowly turning her head to him. For a few moments she stares at him - as though she scarcely realizes it is him - and then she looks away from him again. Then suddenly life seems to return to her, filling her eyes with expression, they become soft and full of feeling - maybe even a single tear runs down her cheek. She speaks, though her voice is weak and she has difficulty in forming the words.

Mary: It can't be true.

Bothwell: It is. I am all-right - except for.....

He laughs, pointing at his bandaged arm and bad leg. Mary speaks again, this time with greater strength, still looking up into the ceiling.

Mary: ~~I thought I should never see you again.~~
No, it can't, it can't....

She looks at him, hovering round her mouth is a smile which any moment can turn to tears.

Then the reaction comes. The tears stream down her face. Bothwell turns to the doctor and the two Marys, letting them understand that he wishes to be alone with the Queen. When they have gone, Mary lifts his hand to her lips, covering it with kisses.

Mary: I thought I should never see you again.

Bothwell: What is wrong with you ?

Mary: I don't know - I only know it's good to see you again.

After a pause in which she seems to be gathering strength, she continues.

Mary: I couldn't have lived without you.

She smiles up at him.

Bothwell gets another fit of coughing. When it's over, Mary says with great tenderness....

Mary: Come to me.....

He moves nearer to her. With a limp hand she caresses the bandage hiding his right eye.

Mary: Take care of yourself - for my sake.

Bothwell: You take care of yourself.

Mary: Oh - I'll soon be all-right.

Bothwell smiles as a man would smile to a babbling child.

Mary: ...and then I will nurse you - I'll stay with you day and night untill you are well.

Bothwell smiles as a man would smile to a babbling child.

X

Sweep to a series of new pictures.

X

A week later.

One of the rooms next to the hall below the Queen's room has been prepared for Bothwell. Bothwell is lying on his litter with a rug over him. The bandage round his head and the splint on his leg has gone, but his arm is still in a sling. He is shaved and has changed his clothes. On his forehead is a scar - one he had all his life. A table is set beside his litter so that Bothwell can sign the documents and letters Maitland is handing him.. While he is alone with Bothwell Maitland makes use of the opportunity to air a matter which means a great deal to the lords.

Maitland: I want to ask for your support.

Bothwell: For what ?

During the following scene Bothwell calmly goes on with his work of reading and signing documents.

Maitland: Morton is in despair of being in exile.

Bothwell: Oh.

Maitland: He wants to come home.

Bothwell: Oh.

Maitland: Couldn't the Queen be moved to pardon him ?

Bothwell: I don't know. Ask her.

Maitland: That I have done.

Bothwell: Oh, what did she say ?

Maitland: She said no.

Bothwell shrugs his shoulders as if to say that then there is no more to be said.

Maitland: Won't you try to persuade her ?

Bothwell: I never ask the Queen to do anything which would not be to her good.

There is a pause. Maitland is seeking for a new argument.

Cautiously he says.....

Maitland: Look here Bothwell - you remember those monestry lands we both think we have a right to ?

Bothwell: Well, what about them ?

Maitland: Now, if I grant you certain consessions.....

Bothwell cuts him off sharply.

Bothwell: I thought you knew me.....

Maitland: What do you mean ?

Bothwell: I thought you knew I couldn't be bought.

Having signed the last paper, Bothwell hands Maitland the whole pile.

Bothwell: Here you are.

Maitland withdraws. At the door he stops.

Maitland: When do you leave ?

Bothwell: As soon as my horse is ready.

Maitland: Good luck.

Bothwell: Thank you.

x

The hall. Here Maitland meets Moray. Maitland is furious and

gives vent to his anger.

Maitland: He is utterly intolerable. Riccio has never more insolent that he is now.

Moray: Yes, and I see now way of getting rid of him.

Maitland: I do.

Moray: How ?

Maitland: But for the present we must let him have his way.

Moray: You mean give him more power ?

Maitland: Yes.

Moray: He has too much already.

Maitland: No, he hasn't enough. He is the sort of man power isn't good for.

Moray is appreciative, but nevertheless sceptical.

Moray: Isn't that dangerous ? Maybe he won't give up the power again.

Maitland: We will take care to stop him in time.

They stop talking, as the Queen comes into sight on the spiral staircase. She ~~appears~~ appears to have regained strength and health even though her gait is rather more unsteady than usual. Her face beams with joy and happy anticipation. Maitland walks towards her.

Maitland: What a pleasure to see you so well.

Mary passes him with a smile and goes into Bothwell's room. Maitland stands still looking at her thoughtfully.

x

Bothwell's room. Mary enters, goes to him, lays her arms round his neck, and kisses him passionately. During this scene there is great affection and tenderness in her voice and manner - she is

his altogether. As for Bothwell, one must feel that he finds her hanging on to him a bit of a nuisance.

She rises, and humming, she puts his bandage right.

Mary: What is it like to be nursed by a Queen ?

Bothwell answers her with a certain earnestness, which is more taken of his wish to advise her than of anxiety.

Bothwell: You should think a little more of - the Queen.

Mary: What do you mean ?

Bothwell: Well - people talk....

Mary: (~~Yes~~ thoughtfully) Yes, we may have been seen too much together..... (suddenly changing) Anyway I don't care. ~~Why~~ shouldn't we be happy like other people ?

Bothwell: As a Queen you have more duties than others.

Mary, who has been walking about the room, now sits down at Bothwell's side and speaks seriously to him.

Mary: Do you think I am a bad woman ?

Bothwell: No.

Mary: Yes, I am sure you think I am loose.

Bothwell: No, but imprudent. Remember you are married - and that you have a husband.

Mary gets up and the dreamy look gives way for one of bitterness and disgust.

Mary: Oh, don't remind me of him. I am always thinking how I can get away from him.

Bothwell: But I too am married.

Mary: I will see that you get a divorce.

Bothwell looks up at her in surprise and says quite openly.

Bothwell: And if I don't want one ?

Mary takes this as a joke which she ~~disagrees~~ disregards.

Mary: Of course you do. I won't share you with anyone.
She laughs, laying her head close to his

Mary: How wonderful it will be. We will always be together. I will follow you on your journeys -
I will learn to know your life.

It's obvious that Mary bores him. This she realizes herself.

Mary: I bore you - you had better rest.

Bothwell: (seizes the opportunity) Yes, I think I will.

Mary: I'll be quiet.

Bothwell: You ^dneen't stay.

Mary caresses him and sits down beside his litter, She begins reading a book she finds on the table - it's a book on strategics. There is a moment's complete silence.

Suddenly the sound of horse's hooves and a loud whinny is heard from below. Bothwell sits up quickly.

Bothwell: Oh, that's my horse.

Mary: (surprised) Are you leaving ?

Bothwell: Yes.

Mary: You haven't said a word.

~~xBothwellxxxI forgot~~. Bothwell makes a apologetical gesture, at the same time reaching for her arm to pull himself up.

Bothwell: I forgot.

Humping around on one and a half legs he collects various odds and ends, stuffing them into his pockets.

Mary: Must you go now ?

Bothwell: Yes. Got a lot to do.

Mary: When will you be back ?

Bothwell: In a day or two - I think.

Mary: Will you write if you don't come ?

Bothwell: Yes, yes.

Mary: You promise ?

Bothwell: Yes, yes, - of course.

The way Bothwell says this betrays his insincerity. But Mary ~~has~~ doesn't notice it - or will not notice it, She puts her arm round his neck and kisses him.

Mary: My love.

There is a knock at the door leading to the stairs. Gently Bothwell frees himself from Mary's embrace and shouts, "Come in" - at the same time asking Mary.

Bothwell: Are you coming down with me ?

Mary nods. Bothwell's servant, Paris, has come in. Hastily Bothwell gives him orders to take a box and a travelling bag after which, leaning on Mary's arm, he humps to the stairs. The door shuts behind them.

x

The hall. Moray and Maitland are going through the documents Bothwell has signed. Suddenly Moray lifts his head, listening. He goes to the window and looks out, shakes his head and smiles.

Moray: Hm....

Maitland: What is it ?

He too gets up and goes to the window. They both look out.

X

We see what they see. The drive in front of the house. Bothwell is being helped onto his horse,. At the same time his escort mount their horses.

The Queen is standing beside Bothwell. He gives her his hand, bidding her good-bye. The way she takes ~~it~~ his hand clearly shows her affection for him. Then Bothwell rides off. Mary waves to him and watches him ride away.

X

The hall. Moray and Maitland turn ~~from~~ the window, They are both highly indignant, but at the same time one understands that Mary's imprudence suits their plans well.

Moray: Think of a Queen behaving ~~that~~ like that.

Maitland: She is a woman like other women.

Moray: She has learnt nothing.

Maitland: No, and that is our chance, for if she goes on ~~it~~ so, she will play into our hands.

Moray and Maitland have sat down to their work again.

X

Sweep to the next scene.

X

We see a ninepin-alley at the ~~at the~~ very moment when the ball spins along overturning the pins, or a few of them. We follow the ball on its return and see the players. They are Bothwell and his cronies. The candles flicker and the wine runs freely. We are at some

castle or another, where Bothwell is guest.

A door joining the ninepin-alley with one of the corridors of the castle, opens. Bothwell's servant, Paris, comes into sight. Bothwell goes up to him and Paris whispers a message.

Paris: The Queen has just arrived.

Bothwell: (to himself) Damn it.

Bothwell stands brooding. Paris is about to go.

Bothwell: Wait a minute...(gets an idea) Tell her that I left a few hours ago - for the border.

Paris: (dispirited) But.....

Bothwell: Do as I say.

Paris: But if she doesn't believe me M

Bothwell: (sharply) Do as I tell you.

Paris leaves and Bothwell returns to the game. Just as this is at its highest, the door opens. We hear a cry of alarm from Paris, though we cannot see him, then the Queen enters. She remains standing in the doorway. There is a strained look about her - as much as we can see of her in the poor light. During the following scene we cannot but notice that she seems more mature, more a woman than ever. She has found what she has been longing for all her life - and her anxious excitability shows that, without realizing it herself, she fears she has already lost it. This is her tragedy.

Bothwell's exquisite - and conscious - insolence towards her in denying himself to be at home normally would have made her irrevocably angry. Think, if it had been Darnley who had permitted himself such behaviour. But instead of flaring up she merely re-

mains standing, silent, abashed, with a look almost of disaster.

A few seconds she is unobserved, then one of Bothwell's friends discovers she has entered. He sighs to the others. They all jump to their feet. Bothwell, who has foreseen the situation - or anyway, who ought to have foreseen it - is perhaps hardly as quick as his companions.

Now the Queen addresses Bothwell.

Mary: It's you I came to speak to.

Bothwell hastily excuses himself from the others and follows the Queen out.

x

We see them walking beside each other through the corridor of the castle. They don't speak. Paris, who has run in front, opens the door of Bothwell's room for them. As soon as they are alone, she goes up to him. The expression in her eyes is hurt, but without anger.

Mary: With you it seems to be : out of sight out of mind. You promised to come back - but you didn't. You promised to write - but you didn't. And now your servant lies to me. Why ?

Bothwell: All this must come to an end,

Mary: How dare you treat me like this ? I am your Queen.

Bothwell: Then you should behave like a Queen.

Bothwell turns his back on her, walks to the table and pours himself out a glass of whisky. Mary watches him. Something desperate comes into her eyes - she clenches her fists. She knows she ought to leave, but she cannot let him go. In her powerlessness she stamps her foot, her eyes fill with tears.

Mary: I hate you....

She runs towards him as if to hit him.

Mary: I hate you.....

But when she stands in front of him it's as though she melts in the fire of his eyes, she weakens before his invincible strength. Now she glides - or rather droops into his arms. Her arms grope their way round his neck - her voice is on the verge of tears as she whispers -

Mary: I love you.....

Bothwell frees himself of her embrace and helps her towards a chair, where a small puppy is lying curled up. With a careless movement he catches hold of it and flings it onto the floor. It turns a somersault in the air before landing on the floor. Startled, it runs off. Mary observes it. With a faint smile and in a biting voice, she says.....

Mary: That's how you treat me too - you took me, and now you ~~have~~ cast me aside.

Bothwell becomes suddenly irritated.

Bothwell: What's wrong with me ?

Mary: Nothing (with a smile) -: except that you have not kissed me yet.

She stretches her arms up to him, but he remains immovable and emotionless as a rock. Mary lets her arms sink and says quietly.

Mary: And you don't care to either.

Bothwell: No, for I know what you are aiming at. You want to spin - to spin ~~upon~~ thread upon thread - until I am caught in your net. But you will not

Bothwell: (continued) succeed. This must stop now.

There is a sudden fear in Mary's eyes - as though now for the first time she understands the meaning of his words. She gets up and runs to him.

Mary: You are not serious ?

Bothwell: (calmly) I am.

He frees himself from her, and goes ~~to~~ a few steps back, and lets himself fall into a chair. She looks at him in dismay.

Mary: How can you be so cruel ?

Bothwell: I am not cruel. I am merely speaking the truth.

Mary: I'll give you everything you wish for.

Bothwell: I have everything.

She goes up to him and falls on her knees before him - to beg and beseech him for the love that she cannot live without. There is something ~~exagger~~ exorcizing about the way she speaks to him.

Mary: No one can love as I can - I will do anything for you - I will live for you - and die for you - if you turn away from me, then there is only death left.

Bothwell has been listening to this lengthy torrent of words with an expression of extreme distaste. Now he loses his patience. He lifts up up his hands to the heavens and shakes his head in despair.

Bothwell: Oh, stop it. What is it you want ?

Mary is aglow with eagerness to convince Bothwell. She bends towards him and speaks into his face.

Mary: I want to tie you to me - and me to you.

Bothwell: We can't tie ourselves when ~~we~~ are not free.

But Mary overhears his remark and goes on in her own trend of thought.

Mary: I am willing to pay any price - whatever you ask - no matter what.

Evidently Bothwell hasn't a notion how to end this painful discussion. At the same time Mary's brain is working feverishly - she is fighting to keep him - now the means are nothing to her. She has got up, now she walks behind his chair. Here she remains ~~xx~~ standing, and then suddenly she says right out - almost carelessly.-

Mary: Would you like to be king ?

The question stays in the ~~xxx~~ air, vibrating in the silence of the room. For a moment neither of them speak. Bothwell sits staring in front of him. It takes a moment or two before he really realizes what Mary has said. He turns round, looks searchingly into her eyes, and then stares in front of him again. Then a large smile breaks out on his face.

Bothwell: This is madness.

Mary: Why ?

Bothwell: You have ~~xxhusband~~ your husband.

For a moment Mary is silent. She has to admit that him ~~xxx~~ she hasn't thought of. She is so eager about her discision to carry ~~through~~ through what seems to be impossible that even now she will not give up. Spredding out her hands, she expresses her unconscious thought -

Mary: There are always ways and means.

Bothwell says nothing, her merely sits looking in front of him - but one realizes that the idea of becoming king has taken root in his mind and has already become a wish, which will drive him on to

the realization of the idea, even if he must resort to crime to reach his goal. He gets up and crosses the floor to the table, where he takes a draught of whisky. He stands in his own thoughts, his glass in his hand. Mary goes up to him. Smiling, inciting, seductive, she looks at him. Then he suddenly turns round to her -- looks deep into her eyes and throws his arms around her, kissing her in uncontrollable vehemence.

Sweep to next scene:

x

A short time afterwards the Queen is together with her council at Craigmillar Castle. It is early in the morning. All are still in bed or about to get up.

We see a pair of list slippers lying in front of a bed. Two feet get out of bed and slip into the slippers, after which we see the owner of the feet putting ^{on} a dressing gown on. The feet leave the bed and walk cross the floor. They belong to Maitland.

In the other end of the room Moray is sleeping. Now we see Maitland at full length, going to Moray's bed. Moray is still fast asleep. Maitland shakes him awake. Moray wakes and looks round him in confusion.

Moray: What is it ?

Maitland: I have got an idea.

Moray: Oh, I was in a beautifyl sleep.

Maitland: You will sleep better when you have heard my idea.

Moray: What is it then ?

Mait and: Bothwell said he couldn 't be bought. Now I know he can be bought.

Moray: How ?

Maitland: I have told you once: With power.

Moray: If you give him too much power, he will use it to crush us.

Maitland: No, we will crush him.

Moray: I don't believe you.

Maitland: I shall show you. But first we must have Argyle and Huntley on our side.

Moray: His friends ?

Maitland: Yes, because they are his friends.

Moray: It is all Greek to me.

Maitland: One day you will say I am right.

Moray: One day ? But how long ?

Maitland: Oh, shall we say six months.

Moray: What will happen then ?

Maitland: By that time we again have the power.

Moray: Pray God you are right. But last time ...

Maitland: (interrupts him)...we were beaten. This time we'll beat them.....are you coming ?

Moray: Where to ?

Maitland: To Argyle and Huntley.

Moray: What to do ?

Maitland: I need Morton for my plan....him and his soldiers.

Moray: Well.....

Moray gets out of bed, puts his feet into a pair of list slippers and wraps himself in a gown. The two men go to the door, on the way Maitland picks up a letter case he keeps on a table by his bed.

We see the door of their room open from the outside. The picture is on a level with the floor. We only see the two pairs of legs in list slippers stealing out, we follow them across the floor until they stop in front of a door. One hears a knock at the door and a voice from inside, whereupon the door opens and the two pairs of feet enter.

X

The room from within. Maitland and Moray - now seen at full length - walk to the bed in which Argyle is lying, evidently just awake.

Argyle: What 's the matter ?

Moray: Where is Huntley ?

Argyle points at a door leading into the room beside his.

Argyle: In there.

Moray opens the door and calls for Huntley, who immediately appears.

Argyle: What do you want at this time of the night ?

Maitland: To have a talk with you and Huntley.

Argyle: About what ?

Maitland, Moray, and Huntley sit as best they can round Argyle's bed.

Maitland: What is your opinion of Darnley ?

Huntley: He is a disgrace to the country.

Maitland: Who cares if he lives ? The Queen ?

Argyle: No.

Maitland: Bothwell ?

Huntley: No.

Maitland: We ?

Moray: No.

Maitland: Then he is not needed. He can be wiped out without anyone missing him.

Argyle: But how can we get rid of him ?

Maitland: The best way is to pardon Morton. He will never forget that Darnley betrayed him.

Argyle: Of course - Morton will kill him sooner or later.....

Huntley: But will the Queen agree to pardon him ?

Maitland: I think so - if we all plead for him - you too

Huntley and Argyle look doubtfully at each other. Then Huntley answers for them both.

Huntley: That depends on what Bothwell says.

Maitland: I'll go and ask him.

And Maitland goes to the door.

x

Again we see a door open from the inside, we see Maitland's feet in list slippers sneak out and we follow them across the floor until they stop in front of another door. One hears him knock and Bothwell's voice answer. The door opens and the feet enter.

x

Bothwell's room. Maitland has come in and has shut the door behind him. Bothwell is sitting, or standing, shaving himself.

Bothwell is changed. The thought of being promoted to the position of king has had its effect, his innate lust for power has re-

ceived new and vigorous nourishment. Before he stood alone and hence he was strong. Now he knows he cannot reach the high goal Mary has enticed him with without conspiring with the lords, whom in reality he despises,. Before, his strength lay in the fact that he - whose nature is opposed to underhand dealings - wisely kept out of the lords' diplomatic play. Now he gets caught in their net. He is drawn into something he cannot control, and the more he struggles to free himself, the more he gets entangled in the meshes of the net, until at last it has him entirely,. This feeling of insecurity shows itself even now in a strained, lurking expression of distrust - like a dog that is afraid someone will snap away its bone.

When Maitland is inside the door, the conversation between them and Bothwell begins:

Maitland: Good morning.

Bothwell: Good morning.

Maitland: How do you feel to-day ?

Bothwell: Rather uneasy.

Maitland: Why ?

Bothwell: Because you and Moray have begun making friends with me.

Maitland: (flattering him) You were too strong. We surrender.

Bothwell: What do you want now ?

Maitland: Moray and I were talking to Argyle and Huntley - about Darnley.

Maitland makes a long pause.

Maitland: If he were dead....

Slowly Bothwell turns to Maitland, searching his face.

Bothwell: What do you mean ?

Maitland: That we will make the Queen quit of her husband.

Bothwell: Well....

Bothwell is on guard, afraid of betraying his innermost thoughts. Does Maitland know anything ? Therefore Bothwell answers in monosyllables.

Maitland: We think it would be good for all of us if Darnley were out of the way.

Bothwell: Yes.

Maitland: (continues thinking) And if the Queen were married again to a man of spirit.

Bothwell: (after a pause) Are you thinking of anyone in particular.

Maitland: Yes.

Bothwell: Who ?

Maitland: You.

Bothwell: (pretends to be surprised) Me ?

Maitland: Yes. Why not. Once your father proposed to the Queen's mother. Why shouldn't his son propose to the daughter ?

Bothwell: Do you really mean that ?

Maitland: Yes. And the lords think as I do. We wish you to be our King.

Bothwell: King ?

Maitland: But Darnley must first be out of the way.

Bothwell: How could that be done ?

Maitland: We must wait and see.

Bothwell: Why wait ? Why not get it over ?

Maitland: We will have to find the man to do it.

Bothwell: Leave that to me.

Maitland: If you will see to that, then in return we'll give you our support to marry the Queen.

Bothwell: Unconditionally?

Maitland: No, on one condition. - That you ask the Queen to pardon Morton.

Bothwell considers for a moment before answering.

Bothwell: I promise.

Maitland: Thank you. There you did a good deed. God will reward you.

Maitland presses Bothwell's hand heartily.

Maitland: Shall we go to the Queen now ?

Bothwell: Yes, but listen. No shadow must fall on the Queen.

Maitland: No - of course not.

Bothwell: And don't press her. Just let the idea sink in.

Maitland: Yes, I understand.

The two men leave the room.

x

Outside the door we see two pairs of feet stealing through the door-way. We follow them across the floor. There is no other sound than the soft shoes' shuffle and the rustle of gowns. On their way to the Queen's room the feet stop for a moment and one hears Maitland's voice.

Maitland: Bothwell has agreed. We go to the Queen at once.

We see the four feet go on, and three pairs join them - all

in list slippers. Ten feet arrive at the door of the Queen's room. One hears a knock and the Queen's answer. The door opens and the feet enter.

x

The Queen's room. The five men in dressing gowns enter the room. The Queen is in bed, reading a book. She sees with a certain amount of surprise the five men enter. They group themselves round her bed, some sitting, others standing. Maitland is the spokesman.

Maitland: Your Majesty, we have come to speak to you about Morton.

Mary: Now again?

Maitland: Yes - we have decided that if you will pardon Morton, then in return we will quit you of your husband.

Mary exerts herself to hide her relief.

Maitland: (continuing) He is a burden to you.....

Mary listens intently, her eyes can't help seeking Bothwell's face - but quickly she looks away again.

Maitland: (continues) ..and he will not cease to trouble you.

Mary listens to him seriously but in her eyes is a smile. There is nothing she would like more than such a parting. Jokingly she asks.

Mary: It's a bargain then ?

Maitland: Yes.

To hurry things up Bothwell takes part in the discussion.

Bothwell: (addressing the Queen) You can pardon Morton all-right - he is no danger.

Mary: Maybe.....

Maitland: And now about your husband. You wish to be quit of him, don't you ?

Mary: Yes, but I can't see how .

Maitland: There are ways in which it could be done.

Huntley: What about a divorce ?

Mary: No, a divorce would only revive the gossip about Riccio - and I will not have my child considered a bastard.

Bothwell: No, Her Majesty is right - other means must be found.

Argyle: He could be convicted of treason.

Mary: No, that's no good either. I will not have my child's father before the court.

Maitland: (rather impatient and irritated at the other's inference) Madame, don't you think we should find the means - without harming your son ?

Mary: I hope so.

Maitland: Even if we have to close our eyes to certain things?

Mary senses the idea behind the vague words, but is careful not to let any of them see she does. Carefully she studies the five unfathomable faces surrounding her, but none of them betray the thoughts behind their expressionsless eyes.

Maitland: Madame, what is your answer? Have we your consent?

Mary refrains from giving a straight answer so as not to commit herself. Bothwell tries to encourage her to make a decision.

Bothwell: It's better for you to get rid of him. He is the pest of your life.

Mary: Yes, but I demand that you do nothing that can harm my reputation.....

The lords nod eagerly: of course.

Mary: ...for otherwise it's better to leave things as they are.

Moray: Do you say this out of pity ?

Mary: No, but because it might turn out to my own hurt

Maitland: (smiling) Madame, just leave this matter to us,
and it will all turn out to your good.

Satisfied, Maitland bows and smiles. The five men in dressing gowns steal out of the Queen's room again in their list slippers.

x

Outside in the hall from which there is an entrance to the Queen's room. On the middle not far from the door to the Queen's room is a table. The five men go to this table and here Maitland opens his letter case which he has been carrying faithfully all the time. He takes out a document. While he is doing this Maitland and Bothwell exchange the following remarks.

Bothwell: I think Darnley from now on can be considered a lost man.

Maitland: I think so too.

In the meantime Maitland has unfolded his document.

Maitland: Here is a bond to sign.

Now Maitland reads it aloud.

Maitland: As we, the undersigned lords, mean it useful and profitable that a young, arrogant tyrant no longer shall reign over us, we have decided to do away with him and we will aid and defend the man, who will do this deed.

He lays the paper on the table and gestures to Huntley to sign.

x

Mary's room. There is a picture at floor level, and all we see are Mary's slippers lying in front of her bed - they also are list shoes - like the men's. Then we see Mary's legs coming out of the bed and going into the slippers, and we have an idea that she puts

on a wrap. We follow the feet across the floor.

x

The Hall . Huntley has signed. Now it's Moray's turn. Bothwell turns to Maitland.

Bothwell: The Queen ought really to read this.

Maitland: Yes.

Bothwell goes to the door of the Queen's room, which is seen in the background of the picture..

He shout_s to the Queen behind the closed door.

Bothwell: Your Majesty: we are signing a bond - wouldn't
you like to read it ?

We hear Mary's voice, also through the door.

Mary: Oh, I can't come just now.

Bothwell: Why not ?

Again we hear Mary's voice from behind the door.

Mary: I am washing my hands.

Bothwell and Maitland look at each other.

Maitland: Like Pilate.

And he hands Bothwell the pen so that the latter can sign the bond
Fade out.

x

x

x

Fade in:

Some months later. Holyrood Castle. The Queen's council is holding a meeting. Present are Maitland, Moray, Bothwell, Argyle. and

Huntley. They are waiting for the sixth member to arrive. Steps are heard outside.

Bothwell: Oh, there he is.....

Archibald Douglas enters. He sits down. He has come to give a report on an investigation of Darnley.

Douglas: The latest news of Darnley is this: He is still in Glasgow and still ill.

Moray: Not so ill that we can be spared the trouble, I suppose ?

Douglas: No, on the contrary - he is getting better.

Maitland: What a pity.

Douglas: There are rumours that he will leave the country as soon as he is well.

Huntley: Escape ?

Maitland: Then we must get him here before he is well.

Argyle: He won't come on his own.

Moray: And if we ask him he will get suspicious.

Argyle: How on earth shall we persuade him to come here?

Maitland: There is only one who can do that.

Moray: Yes - the Queen.

Huntley: But she runs the risk of being infected.

Moray: No, she had small-pox as a child - so she is safe enough.

Maitland: And she can turn him round her little finger if she wants to. But does she ?

He looks at Bothwell. The others too look at Bothwell, who is silent for a while then suddenly rises.

Bothwell: I'll speak to the Queen. I'll do so right now.

The council applauds his discision. Just as Bothwell has gone out of one door, the other one opens, and in comes Morton - back from exile. They welcome him so excitedly, one realizes he is a man they ~~have~~ missed.

x

The Queen's room. Mary is playing and singing together with two of her Marys. There's a knock and Bothwell comes in, . He addresses the Queen.

Bothwell: You Majesty, I have a matter of importance.....

Mary gives her Marys a sign to leave her alone with Bothwell. When they are alone she looks at him inquiringly.

Bothwell: You will have to go to Glasgow.

Mary: (perturbed) What for ?

Bothwell: To fetch Darnley.

Mary: Me ?

Bothwell: Yes, we need him here.

Mary: Why me ?

Bothwell: Because only you can do it. You are the only one he will belive in.

Not before now has Mary understood what he wants her to do.

Mary: What excuse shall I give ?

Bothwell: A wife need no excuse for visiting her husband when he is ill.

Mary: I am to lure him out of his bed - so that you can murder him ?

Bothwell: He would have murdered you.

Mary: You make me a traitor.

Bothwell: He betrayed you.

Mary: I beg you, spare me this.

Bothwell: With you - or without you, he is doomed. He can't escape. What we don't do, others will. But it's better we do it.

Mary: Is there no other way?

Bothwell: It is the quickest.

Mary rises greatly agitated.

Mary: No. I will not take part in this. You promised to keep me out of this.

Bothwell: We need your help.

There's a pause. Bothwell watched Mary. He decides to use other tactics. He will keep her to her promise.

Bothwell: You want to get rid of him - but you won't run any risk?

Mary: Risk?

Bothwell: Yes, there was a time where you used big words. You would pay any price, you said. And now when I bring the bill for your big words, now you find the price too high.

Mary: You know what you are driving me into?

Bothwell: Yes.

Mary: Into crime?

Bothwell: Yes.

Mary: Into dishonour?

Bothwell: Yes.

Mary: That is the price then?

Bothwell: Yes.

There's a pause. Bothwell watches Mary. Then Bothwell speaks

in a quiet voice.

Bothwell: Think of what you will gain: Your freedom -
peace - security.

Mary is pensive for a moment. Then a smile comes through the clouds of her face.

Mary: And You as my husband.

Bothwell, seeing he has won, laughs loudly.

Bothwell: Yes - and me too.

Mary again serious.

Mary: What I do I only do because You wish it - so that you may win in greatness.

Bothwell: (admiringly) You are - great.

Mary: (still serious) I have only one fear - and that is, that one day you will despise me for what I am doing.....

Bothwell makes light of her worries.

Bothwell: How can you think that ?

With great emotion Mary throws her arms round his neck.

Mary: Promise me you won't?

Bothwell: I promise.

Mary: You will remember that I did it for your sake ?

Bothwell: Yes, my dear.

He embraces her and kisses her . Mary dries away a tear.

Mary: (resigned) Then tell me what I am to do.....

Bothwell: Yes, I will. I will be back in a moment.

He goes. Mary is alone, feeling very sad. Her Marys have returned and have taken their places at the instr^uments to resume their playing, but Mary shakes her head saying in a sorrowful voice.

Mary: No more music.....

x

Sweep to:

x

A picture of Mary on horseback on her way to Glasgow in a furious wind. A good many horsemen ride with her. After her comes a litter hanging between two horses - intended for Darnley.

x

Sweep to:

x

Darnley's sick-room. at the Castle in Glasgow. The atmosphere of this room is foul and dismal. Darnley is lying in a untidy bed. on the table are dishes and bottles and in between these rags that have been wrung out. On a table near the patient is the clock Mary once gave him - built into a golden skull.

Darnley's face is hidden behind a mask of silk, which nevertheless doesn't cover his marred face any better than that one can see it is blazing red with fever.

The picture begins with Darnley's servant, Taylor, coming in and announcing the Queen.

Taylor: Her Majesty....

The Queen enters and walks over to Darnely. She goes right up to the bed before the couple exchange a single word. Darnley shows distrust - and Mary doesn't wish to awaken suspicion by seeming too submissive. Darnley breaks the ice.

Darnley: Why have you come ?

Mary: Partly to ask you what ~~you~~ is the meaning of writing those letters?

Darnley: What letters ?

Mary: You must know that. The ones where you complain that I am heardhearted and heartless and I don't know what all.

Darnley: Why haven't you come to see me ?

Mary: Well, here I am .

Darnley is still distrustful.

Darnley: Why have you brought that litter with you ?

Mary: Because I am going to carry you away with me.

~~Darnley: Where to ?~~ Darnley fears a trap and that he shall be taken to some place as prisoner.

Darnley: Where to ?

Mary: To Edinborough.

Darnley: In this weather ?

Mary: You'll be wrapped up.

Darnley: I am too ill for that.

Mary: That's why I am going to nurse you myself.

Darnley listens to the tone of reconciliation in her voice. He lifts himself up towards her.

Darnley: Have you come to make up ?

Mary: If you will - yes.

She sits down on a chair at the foot of the bed.

Darnley: Is it true ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: You know - I am so overjoyed at seeing you I could die of joy.

Darnley becomes grave and moved.

Darnley: Then do you think you can forgive me ?

Mary: I'll try.

Darnley: I know that I have behaved badly in many ways -
but you have forgiven other worse things.

We see by Mary's face that secretly she feels pity for this big, foolish boy - and she has to strain every nerve to conquer her repugnance at the task she has undertaken to do.

Mary: Then I suppose I can forgive you too.

Darnley's suspicions have gone. Once again he clings to her - for him the only woman in the world.

Darnley: Yes, trust in me. I promise not to offend again.

Mary smiles.

Mary: How many times haven't you promised that ?

Darnley: This time I will keep it. If in return you will promise me that we can live together as wife and husband.

Mary turns her head away, her love revolts at this play-acting. Darnley interprets her silence as a sign of doubt. Therefore he speaks more earnestly.

Darnley: How have I sinned ? By making a God of you ?

Mary makes no answer. Her heart beats - not of love but of pity. She suffers with the thought that she has to betray this man, who shows her such servile affection. However, she pulls herself together and smiles.

Darnley: Don't you believe me ?

Mary: (nods absentmindedly) Yes, I will think it over - only don't speak to anybody about this.

Darnley: I won't - but why ?

Mary: Because the lords might be alarmed when they hear we have made things up. You understand, it will not be to their taste.

Darnley: No - I see you are right.

Darnley looks at her, happy and full of expectation. We hear the happiness and expectation in his voice.

Darnley: Now I believe that you want us to live together - thank you.

He leans forward saying ingratiatingly -

Darnley: I can never get tired of looking at you.

He rises still more, reaching for her hand. She gives him it, hesitatingly. He draws her to the head of the bed, nearer to him, and one feels he would like to embrace her and kiss her, but she keeps her distance - mostly because his breath is so foul, it almost makes her faint.

Mary: Henri - we must wait till you are stronger.

Darnley: Yes, darling.

He lets her go. She stays where she is, but turns her head away to avoid his stinking breath. Darnley asks frankly -

Darnley: Mary, is it true that the lords have talked about murdering me ?

Mary turns to him hastily . There is a a gleam of uneasiness and fear in her eyes.

Mary: What did you say ?

Darnley: That's what some one told me.

Mary, not knowing how much or how little Darnley knows, must fight to be calm before answering.

Mary: Did you believe that ?

Darnley: No.

His answer is so spontaneous and sincere that now Mary understands that in reality Darnley knows nothing and that it wasn't a trap he had set for her. His next words relieve her greatly.

Darnley: Anyway I couldn't believe that you could do me any harm..

Darnley is silent for a moment, then he continues.

Darnley: And if others think of doing so, then they'll have to pay dearly.

Mary's face is half turned away while she looks down at Darnley, who is unconscious of the effect of his words.

Darnley: Unless they murder me while I sleep....

Mary's face shows that she notes these words. Suddenly Darnley turns to her, speaking in a cheerful voice.

Darnley: You are so quiet, is there anything ?

Mary: No, I am only tired of the hectic life I lead - I long for a life in peace and quiet.

Darnley: Just what I long for too. A little world with just you and me and our child.

Mary: Yes, but now you must lie down and sleep.

Darnley: Will you stay in here with me ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: That's good

He lies back in his bed.

Darnley: And are we leaving to-morrow ?

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: Where are you taking me ? To Holyrood ?

Mary: No, not to Holyrood .

Darnley: Why not ?

Mary: I dare not - for the risk of infection.

Darnley: Where then ?

Mary: To Kirk o'Field. You know where the Hamilton's house is ? Just behind it stands the old Provost-house - it has a garden - it's been prepared for you.....

Darnley: For me ?

Mary: Yes, and for me too. You are to live on the first floor and I just below. But sleep now.

Darnley prepares to go to sleep, but lifts his head again and looks at the clock in the golden skull.

Darnley: What's the time ?

Mary looks at it too.

Mary: Almost two

Darnley: Mary - then i t came true.

Mary: What did ?

Darnley: What you wrote - that it would count our happy hours. Didn't it ?

Mary: (quietly) Yes. Now go to sleep.

Darnley: I will. Good night.

Mary: Good night .

Mary walks slowly from the bed over to the window. She looks out. The wind is still blowing, the branches of the trees cast flimmering shadows across the window. She breathes heavily, it's as though she has difficulty in getting her breath. She sighs and shifts. Then she looks back at the bed. Darnley is asleep. From outside the hoarse cry of a bird is heard. Carefully Mary tip-toes to the door. But as she is about to open it, Darnley wakes.

Darnley: Mary .

Mary: Yes.

Darnley: You mustn't go. I can't fall asleep if you do.

Mary: No.

Quietly she returns to the bed and sits down on a chair near its foot.

X

Sweep to:

X

Mary riding back from Glasgow to Edinburgh. A good many horsemen are with her. After her comes the litter with Darnley.

X

Sweep to:

X

The house at Kirk o'Field in Edinburgh, where Darnley has been installed. The house is built on a rock on top of a crypt, where the height from floor to ceiling varies with the raise of the ground. In the crypt there are wine cellars and vaults, which are used as store rooms.

Here we see Bothwell together with his servant, Paris. They communicate in whispers as to the arrangement of the planned attempt at Darnley's life. The picture glides the full length of the vaults of the cellar. Some of the remarks are said so loudly that we hear them.

Bothwell: Where is the gun-powder ?

Paris: The others are bringing it.

The gliding picture stops at the foot of a spiral staircase, where Bothwell is giving Paris a final warning.

Bothwell: And now - hurry up. We will never find such a good opportunity again.

Paris promises to do his task to Bothwell's satisfaction.

Then Bothwell walks up the stairs, we follow him to the landing on the first floor. To his left is a room, where the Queen's retinue stay while the Queen is visiting her husband. In a corner Huntley, Argyle, and Cassilis are sitting playing dice at a small table. In another corner two of the Marys are chatting together. They are all very jolly, they talk and drink. The first person Bothwell meets is Maitland, who is warming his hands over a brazier.

Bothwell: The Queen ?

With a toss of his head Maitland indicates she is with the patient. We follow the direction of his head and glide past the right of the stairs, through an ante-chamber and into a room, where Darnley is lying in a bed covered with red velvet. The walls are covered with tapetstry. There's a carpet on the floor, a high-backed chair - and a bath with one of the doors of the house as lid. On the table beside the bed is ~~xxxix~~ the clock in its golden skull.

The room isn't particularly big, hence the air is stifflingly heavy. Darnley is sitting up in bed with pillows behind him. He no longer wears a mask. The last spots are disappearing. Mary is drawing a chair up to the bed so as to be nearer him. Her voice is kind.

Mary: Is there anything you want ?

Darnley: No, thank you.

Mary: What have you been doing to-day ?

Darnley: I have written a letter to my father.

Mary: What did you tell him ?

Darnley: (finds the letter) Would you like to read it ?

Mary: No, you read it.

Darnley reads a passage of his letter aloud.

Darnley:all is well between us, and once again the Queen is my own loving wife.....

He looks up at her. She nods at him smilingly, bending down and kissing him on his forehead. He looks at her again, watching her intently.

Darnley: But you have tears in your eyes.

She turns her face away.

Mary: No, no.

Darnley: Yes, tell me why you are crying.

Mary: I am not crying. Come, let me do your pillows.

Darnley bends forward so that she can shake his pillows.

Darnley: Is it from joy ? I myself had tears in my eyes when I was writing to my father.

Mary has finished doing the pillows. Darnley reached out for her hand.

Darnley: I am so happy.

She sits down. Darnley looks at her, greatly in love.

Darnley: To-morrow I am no longer infective.

Mary nods.

Darnley: To-morrow we move together again.

Mary nods.

Darnley: And all will be between us as before, won't it ?

Mary nods. Darnley looks her searchingly in the face.

Darnley: You are so pale. Aren't you-?

Mary: (quickly) It's nothing.....

To avoid further indiscreet questions she leans forward and looks at the clock.

Mary: What's the time ? So late ?

Darnley: Yes, time goes.

Mary: Yes - think soon it's a year ago since Riccio died.

She says this without thinking, without meaning to hurt him - more as an involuntary excuse to herself: that she is right in avenging herself. But Darnley feels hit. Angrily he asks.

Darnley: Why did you say that ?

Mary: I don't know. It came into my mind. I am sorry.
Just then there is a knock at the door.

Mary: Come in.

Bothwell and Maitland poke their heads in.

Mary: Come and keep warm.

Bothwell and Maitland enquire to the health of the patient.

Maitland: How is the patient ?

Mary: Much better. He has been up a little to-day.

Bothwell: Fine.

Maitland: We came to remind Your Majesty that.....

Mary: Oh - yes I know.....

Maitland: We will wait outside.

Having taken leave of Darnley, Bothwell and Maitland withdraw.
When they have gone, Darnley turns to Mary.

Darnley: Are you going ?

Mary: Yes, my dear. You know Bastian and Christina were married to-day and I promised to come.

Darnley: Yes, but you don't need to go ~~now~~ yet.

Mary: I have promised to open the ball.

Darnley: I wish you would stay with me.

Mary: But you hear that I can't.

Darnley: Send a message that you are not coming.

Mary: No - I promised to come - and so I am coming.

Offended he lets go of her hand. She looks at him. Then she takes a ring off her finger and holds it up in front of him.

Mary: Look - it's for you.....

Darnley looks at the ring and at her.

Mary:for a smile.

He smiles, takes the ring and puts it on his finger.

Darnley: (almost whispering) Thank you. And thank you for coming.

Mary: Good-night.

She presses his hand and kisses him on the forehead. Darnley nods good-bye to her.

Darnley: Till we meet again.

Mary nods and goes out. Darnley folds his hands. A few seconds after Mary has gone, Taylor comes in.

x

The cellar. Paris opens a back door leading out into the open and cautiously he lets the two conspirators, Hay and Hepburn, in.

x

Darnley's sick-room. Darnley is still lying with folded hands. Taylor is blowing out the lights.

Darnley: She was lovely to-night.

Taylor: Yes.

Now only one candle at the head of the bed is burning. Taylor hands Darnley a bible or a hymn book. Darnley takes it and opens it.

Darnley: Which is it to-night?

Taylor: The fifth.

Darnley finds the psalm - the fifth psalm of David - and ~~begins~~ begins singing, Taylor joins him.

Lead me, o Lord, in Thy righteousness because of mine enemies. Make Thy way straight before my face. Destroy Thou them, o God; Let them fall by their own counsels.

When they have finishe, Darnley hands back the hymn book to Taylor.

x

Outside at the garden wall three black figures are half hidden behind the wall. They watch the house. One of them says.

This night Darnley shall be cured of all maladies.

Through the silence of the night, far away one hears the disharmonious notes of bag-pipes. One of the three figures listens. One of his companions reassures him, saying.

It's far away from here.

x

Darnley's sick-room. Here too they hear the bag-pipes, though of course very far off. Darnley gets a glass of wine from Taylor.

Darnley: Have some yourself.

Taylor: Thank you.

Taylor pours himself out a glass, and lifts his glass respect-

fully. Darnley nods at him and they drink together, ~~whi~~ wishing each other good-night.

Taylor sets aside the glasses and goes to his bed - he sleeps in Darnley's room. Darnley puts out the light. All is quiet - only the music from the bag-pipes is heard.

x

The cellar. One sees a close-up of a hand lighting the fuse which catches fire.

x

Darnley's sick-room. All is quiet. Only the breathing of the sleepers and the music of the bag-pipes is heard. Suddenly there is a thump - as of a door banging or a piece of heavy furniture being turned over. Darnley starts up.

Darnley: What was that ?

Taylor is out of bed.

Darnley: Look and see.

Taylor to the door, he shakes it.

Taylor: It's locked.

Darnley: Locked ?

Taylor: I hope they have no evil plans.

In the meantime Darnley has got out of bed. Taylor helps him into his dressing gown. Both men are excited and alarmed.

Darnley: Come - this way.

He leads the way to the balcony.

Darnley: Give me that chair.

Taylor gives him the chair. The two men disappear out onto the balcony. We don't see what they are doing, for the door to the

balcony is covered by heavy curtains. At the same time the picture begins gliding - nearer and nearer to the clock in the golden skull. At last it is so big it takes up the whole picture, and the ticking ~~in~~ increases until the sound of it fills our ears, drowning the music of the bag-pipes. The supernatural ticking continues into the next picture,

x

This is a picture of the garden overrun with bushes and shrubs. Darnley and Taylor run from the house down through the garden to hide or ~~escape~~ to escape from the danger they feel is threatening them. Just as they feel safe, some men, who have been hiding behind the bushes, rush out and throw themselves over them. One hears cries for help and mercy - then all is quiet in the garden. Simultaneously the ticking sound of the clock stops - and once again we hear the music of the bag-pipes from ~~far~~^{xxx} afar.

x

We see a picture of the fuse. The flame runs along the wool~~lan~~ cord and approaches the charge.

x

The banquet hall at Holyrood. They are dancing a mask dance and the whole scene reminds us of the mask dance in the beginning of the film. This time within the half circle of spectators Mary is dancing with Bothwell.

We hear some of the spectator's remarks

Look at the way she is dancing...and with whom.

How indecent.

While her husband is lying ill.

A close-up of Mary and Bothwell. He dances with a certain brutality, and she, who is wearing a mask, rests heavy and supple in his arms. Nevertheless her manner is uneasy, uncertain. Bothwell watches her and whispers.

Bothwell: What's the matter ?

Mary: I am half dying with fear and anxiety.

Bothwell: You must pull yourself together.

Mary: I am afraid.

Bothwell: There is nothing to be afraid of.

The whole of this conversation is carried on in a whisper.

We change over to a long-distance view. Suddenly the explosion is heard - "as loud as if 30 cannons had been fired at once." The music stops, for a few seconds it's as if the whole hall stiffens. What has happened ? Also Mary and Bothwell have stopped dancing. Bothwell shouts across the hall.....

Bothwell: I am sure it means nothing.

And to the music.

Bothwell: Go on. ~~playing~~x

The music plays up again, hesitatingly at first, but soon the atmosphere of the dance has filled the hall again.

x

Courtyard of the castle. We see and hear a horseman galloping in. We see him We see him run across the stone bridge up to the

entrance of the castle.

x

The banquet hall. The dance goes on. We see a close-up of Mary and Bothwell, who is whispering to Mary.

Bothwell: Retire to your room - I'll come later.

Mary: Don't let me wait too long.

Bothwell nods at her encouragingly.

The picture glides towards the door, near which Maitland is standing. The horseman is let in. He addresses Maitland.

Horseman: His Grace, Lord Darnley has been killed.

Maitland: What did you say ?

Horseman: The house has been blown up.

Maitland, who pretends to be amazed, sighs to the music to stop and goes up to the Queen. The latter, who has just stopped dancing and who is still leaning against Bothwell, asks uneasily....

Mary: What has happened ?

Maitland: Your husband is no longer alive.

Mary looks at him in feigned dismay.

Maitland: The provost's house has been blown up - that was the explosion we heard.

There is complete silence when this is said. Mary makes no answer. There is no reaction whatsoever. At this moment she cannot pretend. A slight quiver about her lips is all one sees - and that may just as well be the beginning of a smile as of tears. Nor does Bothwell say anything. Broad-shouldered, strong, and immovable, he stands by Mary's side. Not a movement on his face betrays his thought. Maitland breaks the silence. He bows to the Queen.

Maitland: Your Majesty, may I express my deepest sympathy. In the meantime Bothwell has called two of the Marys.

Bothwell: Take the Queen to her room.

And as an explanation to the Queen and to Maitland he adds....

Bothwell: I'll go to Kirk o'Field and see what has happened.

Far off we see Mary being surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, who lead her away, at the same time as Bothwell breaks through the circle of amazed spectators and leaves the hall.

Maitland comes over to Morton.

Maitland: This time she didn't faint.

Morton: No, that is only when it's Bothwell.

Maitland smiles maliciously. Together they walk over to the wall, where they can talk undisturbed. We follow them and hear their remarks on the way.

Maitland: Now at last we have a chance to destroy him.

Morton: And the Queen.

Maitland: She will destroy herself.

Morton: When setting the trap for Darnley Bothwell didn't think he'd walk into it himself.

Maitland: He will find out to-morrow - we have seen to that.

Sweep to:

x

Some place almost in complete darkness. By the poor light we sense that several people are present and we hear their whispering voices.

Are both doors shut?

Yes.

And locked ?

Yes.

Are the windows blinded ?

Yes.

Is it done properly, so that no light can be seen ?

Yes.

Good, then light the candle..

A candle is lit giving a faint light so that the silhouettes of 3-4 men become visible, although we cannot see their faces clearly. One of them has the clothes of a noble - he is a youngish man, James Murray by name. The others are dressed as craftsmen.

We are at an illegal printer's. The master is showing the nobleman a cliché cut in wood, then he lays it in the printing press. An apprentice is helping him. Then the press is started.

X

Sweep to:

X

Mary's room. Mary is alone. She walks about, anxious and ~~excited~~ excited. Sits down, gets up again, walks to the window, looks out, then suddenly walks to the spinet, turns the pages of some music notes, finds what she is looking for, lays it in front of her and standing plays the melody with her right hand. We see the page and read between the notes the first line of the verse:

Well is me, since I am free.

Her face shows that the words of the old song reflect her

own longing. Suddenly Bothwell is in the room. She leaves off playing. For a few seconds they stand looking at each other. Mary sees by Bothwell's face that Darnley is dead. Then she rushes up to him and throws herself at him. The exhuberant feeling of relief and joy at being free overwhelms her. The tears stream down her cheeks.

Bothwell: Yes, you are free now.

Mary: We are free.

She leans her head against his shoulder, crying without a sound.

Bothwell: You are crying - why?

Mary: With joy - and because it's all over.

Bothwell: It was not so terrible, was it?

Mary shakes her head.

Bothwell: And now the road is open for us both, to power and greatness.

Mary: All I can give you of power and greatness, you shall have.

Bothwell: I know.

Mary: All I ask in return is: that you are faithful to me - that you will love me.

Bothwell: I will.

Mary feels that at last, after the awful weeks she has gone through, she can breathe freely, and vehemently she presses herself against him. Passionately she bursts out.

Mary: What then does anything else mean to us?

She looks up at him.

~~Mary~~ How good it is to have a strong man to love me.

His hands carress her.

Mary: In your arms I'll find what I seek: security and peace.

Bothwell: Yes, now you can sleep without fear.

Mary: (smiling) And wake up to a new day.

She throws her arms round his neck and bores her head in below his chin.

x

Sweep to:

x

The illegal printer's . All we see is the press and the hands that work at it. We see too the carved wooden block lying in the press, but as it is a negative, we only gather it is ~~xxx~~ a portrait, which we recognize later when we see one of the prints.

x

Sweep to:

x

The next day the Queen is having a meeting. with her nearest counsellors. Present are Huntley, Argyle, Morton, Maitland, and Bothwell. They are in the middle of an discussion of the measures that ought to be taken on account of Darnley's death.

Huntley: To-morrow not even a child will be thinking of him any more.

Maitland: No, nevertheless, we must make it look as if we are trying to find the murderer.

Bothwell: Can't we start an investigation ?

Argyle: Good idea.

Maitland: Shouldn't we also offer a reward ?

Argyle: Not too small.

Maitland: No - 2000 pounds.

Bothwell: Then we have truly shown our good intentions.

x

Sweep to:

x

On the wall of the town hall we see a proclamation being put up. It was issued in Mary's name, expressing abhorrence of the crime and offering a reward of 2000 pounds and free pardon to any person who would discover Darnley's murderer.

Bright sunshine lights up the proclamation. The shadows that fall on it give us an idea of the passing traffic, just as the murmur of voices tells that people have gathered to read it. Out of the hubbub a few voices are clear. They say....

2000 pounds - that's a lot of money.
Yes, and afterwards you'll find a knife in your back.

Then the confusion of sounds has ceased, and at the same time the strong daylight disappears. Darkness falls, it is night, and all is quiet, until one hears two whispering voices.

Can you see anyone ?

No.

Then hurry.

We see hands come into the picture and paste up a placard on top of the proclamation. To begin with the placard can't be discerned. But in time the light grows and we see it clearly. It is the one we saw at the illegal printer's. It shows Bothwell's head and his name in capital letters. Beneath this run the words "Here is Darnley's murderer." Little by little the light grows stronger, and at last

the sun shines again on the placard. Shadows glide past, and once again one hears the hub of voices. Two voices are ⁱⁿ particular distinct.

The Queen's lover.

And the murderer of her husband.

x

Dissolve to:

x

The Queen's room. The walls of the room are covered in black material. The bed too is covered in black, and the curtains are drawn. Candles faintly light the room. On a table beside the bed is a plate with an egg shell left over from the Queen's breakfast. Mary is sitting up in bed, bathed in tears. In front of her and on the floor beside her bed lie prints of the placard accusing Bothwell of Darnley's murder.

There is a loud knock at the door. Bothwell comes in.

Bothwell: Why did you send for me ?

He discovers the placards.

Bothwell: Oh, you have seen them ?

Mary: Yes, it's dreadful.

Bothwell seems quite unperturbed, almost cheerful, because fight and strife belong to his world. He merely shrugs his shoulders and laughs at Mary's dismay.

Bothwell: There had to be a scape-goat - and so it was me.

Mary stretches her hand out to him and draws him to her.

Mary: I am so terribly unhappy.

Bothwell: You mustn't be.

Mary: It is as if something dark and sinister is hanging over our heads.

Bothwell: Now you must just keep calm.

Mary: We always have to pay.

Bothwell: He paid - we have nothing to pay.

Mary: But we have gone against law and justice.

Bothwell: Law and justice are for the low and weak.

Mary: That's your code.

Bothwell: That's the code of the strong.

Mary: Are you sure you are strong enough? Think of the lords.

Bothwell: If they don't keep their mouths shut the I'll open mine.

Mary: If only I could be so calm as you.

Bothwell: But I tell you, you have nothing to fear. Don't you believe me?

Mary: I do.

Bothwell: I'll defend you.

Mary: You can't defend me against my own dark thoughts.
(pause) Where is the peace and the security you promised me?

Bothwell: They'll come - if only you will hold out a bit yet.

Mary: (burst into tears) I'll never have another happy day.

She throws herself into his arms and cries and cries.

x

Dissolve to:

x

The illegal printer's. We see the press and the hands working at it. The hands take away the carved wooden block, used for the Bothwell placards, and lay a new block in, after which the press is started.

X

Dissolve to:

X

The great hall at Dunkerheld Castle., where the lords are assembled in great numbers. There is a certain air of fanatic excitement. In the front row are the Protestant lords, Moray, Morton, and Lindsay together with the Catholic Lords Caithness, Athol and Argyle.

Morton: No one can any longer be in doubt as to Bothwell's plan. He wants all the power in his hands, But I take for granted that you all agree with me that we will have no dictator in this country...

He is interrupted by noisy shouts of applause. When again there is silence, Morton continues.

Morton: And now the Queen. She too he caught in his net, so that she had her husband murdered, because he stood in Bothwell's way....

Again he is interrupted, this time by shouts of "fie" and indignant protests. At length the noise comes to an end. One of the lords jumps up.

Argyle: ~~It~~ A disgrace for the country.

Morton: Yes - and an honour for us to revenge such an atrocity. To punish the murderer and maintain God's cause must be our watchword.

Murmurs of applause and agreement.

X

Dissolve to:

X

A picture of two hands in the dark pasting up a new placard, which reads:

Adieu, noble Henri,
revenge on Mary.

We glide away from the hands and see on the wall a row of placards with the same inscription.

x

Dissolve to:

x

The chapel at Holyrood. In the dead of ~~the~~ night. On the walls are torches. Secretly and in great haste, without any demonstrations of honour of any kind, Darnley is lowered into the ground at some late hour of the night. Somewhere near the choir the paving-stones have been taken up and piled up beside a heap of earth. A dark square hole is waiting for ~~Darnley's~~ Darnley's coffin.

The coffin, still open and with Darnley's corpse, is further back in the chapel. Mary is kneeling in prayer beside the coffin. No one else is present. To begin with the picture shows the whole Chapel, then it is focussed closer on Mary and Darnley. Bothwell comes in behind Mary. ~~He~~ remains standing until she has finished her prayer. First then ² ¹ he does speak.

Bothwell: Forget the dead.

The events of the last few days have made so great an impression on Mary that she feels quite apathetic.

Mary: I can't have him buried like a stray dog.

Bothwell: Stop grieving.

Mary: I grieve for myself. For what I have become and what I was not.

Bothwell: And what have you become ?

Mary: I wasn't an evil woman.

Bothwell: You brood too much.

Mary: Yes, perhaps - and what I think about most is this: We mastered the crime, but are we also able to bear it ? Can we master that which is to come ?

Bothwell: From where do you get these silly ideas ?

Mary: The dead are always stronger than the living. Riccio won over Darnley. (Points at Darnley) Won't he win over us ?

Bothwell: You should cease these mad thoughts. What use are they ? What is done is done and cannot be undone.

Mary: I must think them.

Bothwell: Try to forget.

Mary: What I want to forget can't be forgotten.

Bothwell: There is the sexton and his men. Are you coming ?

Mary: No, I want to stay a little longer.

Bothwell shakes his head in deperation - and goes. The sexton and his three assistants approach the coffin. They put the lid on. In the meantime Mary has got up. We follow her and see her kneel down with her face to the altar not far from the square hole in the ground that soon is to swallow ~~up~~ Darnley's body.

x

Dissolve to:

x

The illegal printer's. A new wooden block is put in the press - one gets a glimpse of the outline of a crowned mermaid and a

stuffed hare, the points of lances radiating out from them. One sees busy hands starting the press.

X

Dissolve to:

X

The Queen and her council are to hold a meeting. Present are Huntley, Argyle, Morton, Maitland. They stand talking together in groups. The door opens and Bothwell enters. The others meet him with friendly and companionable smiles.

Maitland: There we have our scape-goat.

Bothwell greets them all. He is in good form.

Huntley: What do you say to all the posters ?

Bothwell: If I knew who stuck them up, I would wash my hands in his blood.

Argyle: Certainly this indignation is artificial .

Morton: Had he died a natural death, he would have been forgotten already.

Bothwell: Exactly. Those behind this are not his friends but my enemies.

Huntley: You seem to have a lot of them - then.

Bothwell: I suppose I have.

Now the Queen is announced. She enters and walks immediately to her seat at the head of the table. All bow to her.

There is nothing left of the self-willed, decisive Queen from earlier times. The Mary, who to-day presides, seems to us fumbling, uncertain, doubting, and discouraged. Her ~~advisors~~ ^{councillors} sit down. Maitland addresses her.

Maitland: Your ~~xxx~~ Majesty. Your poor husband's father, Lord Lennox, has asked for your permission to...

Mary: (interrupts him) Is he here ?

Maitland: No, he has sent his first man, Sir Cunningham.

Mary: Why doesn't he come himself ?

Maitland: He is ill.

Bothwell: From fear.

Mary: Well - show Sir Cunningham in.

Sir Cunningham comes in, greets the Queen, and places himself at the opposite end of the table.

Mary: What does Lord Lennox wish ?

Cunningh: Justice for his murdered son.

Mary: I understand that - but....

She looks at Maitland who takes the matter over.

Maitland: We have already started an investigation and promised a reward. What more can we do ?

Cunningh: Arrest the murderers.

Maitland: Who are the murderers ?

Cunningh: Their names are being whispered everywhere.

Maitland: Name them.

There is a pause. Then Cunningham gathers courage.

Cunningh: Well - the Earl of Bothwell, for one.

Bothwell: You are a bold man.

Cunningh: I speak for a father who asks revenge on his son.

Maitland: (ironically) Then you demand the Earl of Bothwell arrested ?

Cunningh: Yes - and kept in prison until the case comes up.

Bothwell: (dryly) Like a common criminal .

Bothwell rises in all his strength.

Bothwell: My answer to Lord Lennox is this: That now I demand to be brought Before a court, and I am wil-ling to go to prison until the sentence has been passed.

Shouts of protest from all, the Queen included. During this Bothwell sits down, satisfied with the impression he has made. Now Maitland gets up. Lightly he bows to the Queen.

Maitland: With Your Majesty's permission I suggest that the court should meet a fortnight from today and that Lord Lennox be summoned to state his charge.

Bothwell: If he dare.

Maitland: Naturally there can be no talk of imprisonment. Besides, Bothwell is not the man to run away.

Bothwell: Certainly not.

x

Dissolve to:

x

The illegale printer's . We see a close-up of the busy hands laying a new clich'e in the press, which immediately begins coughing up its prints. They bear the following words.

"Double adultery hath brought disgrace to the country."

x

Dissolve to:

x

Mary's room, illuminated only by a single candle.

Mary is sitting alone in here. She looks insensitive and strained. It is as though she no longer cares about what is happening around her. A sob forces its way out - and stops, followed by a deep sigh.

Beaton comes in and walks up to her, hesitatingly. Her face ~~was~~ shows sympathy.

Beaton: The English Ambassador - may he ?

The Queen nods a weak "yes" and Beaton goes out. Shortly afterwards the English Ambassador enters. He approaches the Queen respectfully. The room is so dark, he can hardly see her and she can hardly see him. Therefore their voices seem louder. The Queen's voice is weak, almost expressionsless.

Ambass: I have come to express my sympathy in your deep sorrow.

Mary: Thank you.

Ambass: But I will not hide that I feel more for you, than for he who is dead. And as I do, so think all we who are your friends.

Mary: (nods apathetically)

Ambass: May I be frank with you ?

Mary: Yes.

Ambass: Then I will tell you why we - your friends - are worried. It's because you are putting your good name at stake.

Mary: (indifferently) How ?

Ambass: By making no effort to avenge your husband.

Mary: What more can I do than I have done ?

Ambass: First of all by ridding yourself of the man whom all look upon as your husband's murderer.

Mary: You mean Bothwell?

Ambass: If you don't do so, people will say that the murder has taken place with your consent.

Mary: They say that already.

Ambass: For that very reason you must turn the suspicion away from yourself. If you protect him, you will

be considered privy to the crime.

Mary doesn't answer. She seems far away in her own thoughts.
The ambassador goes on, persuading her.

Ambass: Just one wise move and all can yet be saved.

Mary sits as before, making no answer.

Ambass: What does Your Majesty answer ?

It is as though Mary's thoughts return to reality. She looks up at the ambassador.

Mary: All my advisers have been traitors and will be so again when it suits them. He is the only one, who never has betrayed me. I will not desert him.

The ambassador looks at her for a long time, before speaking again.

Ambass: This is your last word then ?

Mary: Yes.

The ambassador is deeply moved because his applications have been without result. With sincere sorrow in his voice and eyes he takes leave of her.

Ambass: Your Majesty - my sympathy - my heart.....
He stops, not completing his sentence.

Mary: (without expression) Thank you.
Then the ambassador withdraws.

X

Outside he meets Beaton.

Ambass: It is a pity to see her.

Beaton: Yes, isn't it ? She ~~puts~~ shuts herself in and will confide in no one.

Ambass: A tragedy.

At the same time Bothwell arrives. He and the ambassador greet each other coolly. The latter goes. Bothwell sends him a look, then goes in to the Queen.

X

The Queen's room. Bothwell enters. Bothwell has assumed a new tone when he speaks to the Queen.

Bothwell: The English ambassador has been here ?

Mary: Yes.

Bothwell: What's he nosing about here for.?

Mary: He came to see me.

Bothwell: I will not have you receiving people without me knowing.

Mary seems aroused of her apathy. A little of her former pride and defiance flares up together with her accumulated bitterness. Furiously she looks at him.

Mary: And I will not be treated as if I were your prisoner. I have suffered enough for your sake.

Bothwell: What ? for my sake ?

Mary: (almost shrieks) Yes, because it's your fault that I can't look myself in the face. I wasn't a bad woman, but you made me one. And that's why I hate you, hate you.....

Bothwell: Oh, stop working yourself up like this.

Mary: I am not working myself up, but it's better you hear the truth.

Bothwell: You pretend you don't remember ?

Mary: Are you telling me that I killed him ?

Bothwell: It was you who made me do it.

Mary: I did ?

Bothwell: Yes, and wasn't it you who brought him back ?

Mary: Yes - but I did it because you asked me.

Bothwell: But you did it.

Mary: Yes - perhaps I am as much to blame as you.

Bothwell: I think so.

Mary: Oh God, what shall become of me - what a life to look forward to ?

Bothwell: We must stand by each other - we are bound to each other.

Mary: Yes, with chains. And doomed to torture each other as long as we live.

Bothwell: You have got what you wanted.

Mary: You crow, but I can still escape from you if I want to.

Bothwell: I don't see how.

Mary: Oh, be quiet and be off.

Bothwell: Yes, I am going now - I am sick of all your stuff and nonsense - you hysterical woman.

He goes out. She shouts at him.

Mary: I hate you.

x

Sweep to:

x

The procedure against Bothwell takes place in Tolbooth in Edinburgh. The court is packed when Bothwell arrives. He is surrounded by a guard of bowmen, who - when he has reached the dock - make a ring round him. Bowmen are posted at all the doors. Bothwell has protected himself against surprises. Through the windows we see a mass of Bothwell's lancers. Their helmets shine and their weapons

ring. One hears commands, drums, and the sound of soldiers marching.

Before taking his seat in the dock, Bothwell calls an officer and gives him a brief order.

Bothwell: See to it that the building is surrounded by my men and put a guard at all doors.

In a conspicuous place we see Morton and Maitland. They smile encouragingly at Bothwell, when he greets them.

Behind the bar are the four assessors, Robert Pitcairn, James Mc.Gill, Lindsay and Henri Balnaves. The jury consists of 15 noble-men, among these: Rothes, Caithness and Cassilis, John Hamilton, Ross, Semple, Herries, Oliphant, Boyd, Forbes, Gordon of Lochinvar, Cockburn of Langton, Somerville of Cambushethan, Mowbray of Burnboughal, and Ogilvy of Boyd. The Lord of Justice is the Earl of Argyle - who at the Craigmillar meeting himself took part in planning the murder of Darnley. The Lord of Justice reads the charge.

The procedure opens with Bothwell taking the oath, vowing to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. Then the charge made by Lord Lennox, Darnley's father, is read aloud. Bothwell, who during the whole procedure is correct but very self-assured, hears the charge standing in front of his chair. He is accused of "the abominable murder of Lord Darnley in the dead of the night in his own house at Kirk o'Field, when ^{he} lay in his good sleep." The Lord of Justice asks Bothwell...

Argyle: Do you plead guilty ?

Bothwell: No.

The Lord of Justice signs to the officer of justice, who an-

nounces the name : " Mathew, Earl of Lennox." A man with some papers in his hand rises. We recognize him. It is Sir Cunningham - Lord Lennox' envoy. He makes a somewhat nervous impression.

Cunningham: The murdered man's father, Lord Lennox, has sent me to protest against the short time given him to prepare the case.

Bothwell confers with his counsel, who is sitting near him, the latter jumps up and brings his plea at a furious rate.

Counsel: I demand that this protest be rejected. Until now Lord Lennox has worked to speed up the case, and now suddenly he has not had enough time. I demand that the Accused be giving instant hearing - in accordance with the law.

The Lord of Justice looks at the four assessors, who put their heads together for a moment, after which Balnave rises.

Balnave: Let the trial proceed.

The Lord of Justice signs to the officer of justice, who shouts across the assembly....

Officer: Is there any one who wishes to give evidence ?

No one comes. Now the Lord of Justice addresses the assembly.

Argyle: Is ther anyone present who will swear that this accusation is true ?

A picture of the spectators is put in. Bothwell's soldiers close in on the audience who feel oppressed by the sight of the soldiers' threatening looks. All realize that it will be a risky thing to get up and witness against Bothwell. So still no one is willing.

The Lord of Justice looks at the 15 noblemen who compose the jury. They put their heads together for a moment, then Caithness, their chairman, rises.

Caithness: In absence of witnesses and in lack of proofs we hereby acquit the said James, Earl of Bothwell.

Bothwell, who has heard the sentence standing, smiles proud of his victory. He is congratulated by his counsels and later by Maitland and Merton, who, beaming with pleasure, come up to him. Bothwell shakes their hands, saying....

Bothwell: That's worth a toast. I invite you all to supper at Ainslies to-morrow night.

And with an all-embracing gesture he lets them understand that the invitation includes the Lord of Justice and the 15 noblemen of the jury.

X

Dissolve to:

X

A printed decree, which is pasted up on the town hall gate:

D E A T H P E N A L T Y

is imposed on any man, who should see
a slanderous placard and not destroy it.

X

Dissolve to:

X

The Queen's room at Holyrood Castle late at night. The Queen is in bed. But she cannot sleep. Her conscience worries her. She tosses about on her bed, sighing and groaning. Suddenly she starts up, listening. Did she hear anything? Then she gets out of bed and throws a gown round her shoulders. She takes a candle that is burning beside her bed and stands for a moment, puzzled. Then

she walks to the table and puts the candle down. She listens again. She looks frightened, like a hunted animal. Suddenly she goes to the window and looks out. It's as though her imagination chases her from place to place. She turns away from the window again, but has only gone a few steps, when she again stands still, petrified, with a stony stare, for from outside she has heard a cry - if it wasn't her imagination deceiving her. "Revenge on the murderers," the voice cried. With terror in her face Mary rushes to the candle and blows it out. The room is in darkness. Again the cry is heard, in her fear Mary shrieks. Then all is perfectly quiet, and the quiet lasts until there is a knock at the door. Now we hear Mary's voice, full of fear.

Mary: What is it ? Who knocks ?

Bothwell's voice answers.

Bothwell: It's me.

We see him enter, a lighted candle in his hand. He goes up to Mary, who is standing as stiff as a poker looking at him with all signs of terror. Then it's as if she suddenly recognizes him.

Mary: Oh, is it you?

Bothwell looks at her searchingly.

Bothwell: Are you ill ?

Mary: No, there is nothing wrong with me, nothing except that I feel cold. My whole body is shivering.

Bothwell: I'll put a piece of wood on the fire.

Bothwell lays a piece of wood on the fire. When he comes

back he lays an arm round her and nears his face to hers, but she pushes him away.

Mary: No, not now - not as long as this fear is upon me.

Bothwell: What do you fear ? What are you afraid of ?

Mary: The punishment.

Bothwell: Punishment ? But I was acquitted.

Mary: Shs.....

Bothwell: What is it ?

Mary listens anxiously to a sound, which only she hears.

Mary: Didn't you hear anything ?

Bothwell: No, it's only your imagination.

Mary: Oh, thank God. Will you light the candle ?

Bothwell lights the candle Mary blew out. Mary sits down.

Bothwell: What is the matter with you ?

Mary: Shs...not so loud.

Bothwell: Why not ?

Mary: Someone may be listening.

She gets up and steals to the door, opens it, and looks out, then shuts it again. She returns to the table.

Mary: (whispering) There is no one....(as an explanation) One never knows from where the revenge may come.

Bothwell moves the candle. The sound of ~~it~~ his putting the candle stick down frightens Mary again.

Mary: What was that ?

Bothwell: It was me.

He repeats the sound.

Mary: (relieved) Oh...

Bothwell: There you see...it's all just imagination. What you need is rest - sleep - lie down.

She gets up obediently.

Bothwell: (full of consideration) You'll see, when you have had a sleep, then....

He leads her to her bed. She lies down, and he covers her up and leaves.

x

Sweep to:

x

Ainslie's tavern, where Bothwell the evening after his "acquittal" has invited the lords to a luxurious supper. Altogether there are 28 nobles and clergy present, among them we notice: Merten, Argyle, Boyd, Herries, Huntley, Cassilis, Sutherland, Rothes, Glencairn Caithness, Seton, and John Hamilton.

Bothwell has done his best to honour his guests. There is food and wine in plenty. When the picture begins, the feast is at its highest. The lords are bawling some Scottish ballad or drinking song (the same one as they sang the night at Merten's after Riccio's murder) When it is over, they drink each other's health. Most of them are obviously intoxicated.

Bothwell, who has calmly waited for this moment, now rises and calls for silence. In their fuddled condition the lords look at their host. What is he talking about? But Bothwell, who is the

only one with a clear head, goes straight to the point.

Bothwell: My friends, you remember - we made a bargain-
You know what I am talking of - I kept my promise - and now I demand you keep yours.

The lords listen, their mouths and eyes wide open. The tone of Bothwell's voice bodes no good. The only one who isn't troubled, who on the contrary seems satisfied, is Morten. Bothwell produces a document.

Bothwell: You know that I like to have things in order, and so I have brought a paper which I shall ask you to sign.

He makes a sign to an officer who immediately orders in a company of soldiers with helmets and spears. They post themselves about the room and at the doors. With growing unrest the lords watch the soldiers with their glinting spears. Once again Bothwell speaks.

Bothwell: So that none shall come and interfere with what we good friends are to discuss, I have told my soldiers to occupy this inn so that you can make up your minds in full freedom and without force.

The lords look at each other in horror. Bothwell opens his paper.

Bothwell: Now I'll read it to you.

"As Her Majesty is now destitute of a husband and if it should please her to marry James, Earl of Bothwell, we - the Lords - will maintain and fortify him against all that would hinder the said marriage and thereon bestow our lives and goods, as we shall answer to God."

When Bothwell has finished reading, he looks at the party, then he speaks again.

Bothwell: I am sure no one has any objection to signing this
?

Without waiting for an answer he lays the document in front of the man next to him. He has already provided pen and ink. He almost presses the pen into the hand of the nobleman, who sighs with fear in his eyes. The document passes from hand to hand. Bothwell goes with it to be sure that no one refuses to sign. He is jolly and satisfied, for now the goal he has set himself seems near. We panarama down to the document, where the last hesitating hand is signing.

x

Sweep to:

x

Ante-chamber to the Queen's room at Holyrood some days later. Mary Fleming is embroidering when Bothwell enters.

Bothwell: Is the Queen in her room ?

Fleming: No.

Bothwell: Where is she then ?

Fleming: She has gone to Stirling.

Bothwell: Left ? Without a word to me ?

Fleming: Yes, mylord.

Bothwell: What did she want at Stirling ?

Fleming: To see her child.

Bothwell: Extraordinary. Alone ?

Fleming: No, Maitland is with her.

We see by Bothwell's expression that an idea passes through his mind.

Bothwell: Maitland ?

Then he asks.

Bothwell: How was she ?

Fleming: Completely changed. Almost as before.

Bothwell: Did she say anything ?

Fleming: Her Majesty said, " Thank God, I have come to myself again."

Bothwell draws his conclusions from the news he has received .
He weighs over in his mind. Then he goes. We follow him. Somewhere in a corridor he meets Morton and Argyle who are talking together. He stays with them for a moment.

Morton: Are you leaving ?

Bothwell: Yes - I have to.

Morton: Where are you going ?

Bothwell: To the border.

Argyle: Hunting ?

Bothwell: (smiling) Yes, hunting. But I'll soon be back.

He hurries off. When he is out of hearing, Morton and Argyle exchange the following remarks.

Argyle: What, if he marries the Queen ?

Morton: Well - it will be very bad -(long pause) - for the Queen.

X

Sweep to:

X

At the Fowl bridge near Stirling. It connects the two banks of the river Almond not far from the place where it joins the

Gogar Burn. Here Mary comes riding slowly with a small retinue, among whom we see Maitland. All breathes peace and quiet, and Mary seems to have regained her poise.

Just as Mary reaches the middle of the bridge the quiet is broken by the sound of horsemen, who have been hiding among the trees in front of them, and now they come out to meet the Queen led by Bothwell. Mary looks behind her. There too horsemen turn up, so that flight is impossible.

In the meantime Bothwell has reached the Queen. He behaves correctly but with great firmness.

Mary: What is the meaning of this ?

Bothwell: That your life is in danger, and that I have ~~am~~ come to protect you.

Mary: What's the danger ?

Bothwell: That I'll tell you later.

Mary: Where are you taking me ?

Bothwell: To Dunbar Castle. There you will be safe.

He himself grasps the Queen's bridle and gives his men orders to do the same with Maitland's. To her followers he says...

Bethwell: No harm will be done to you, if you follow quietly.

Then the party moves. In a close-up we see Bothwell and Mary, taken, so that it brings to our minds the last time they rode to Dunbar Castle together - after the murder of Riccio. What they say cannot be heard ~~by~~ the others.

Mary: I am you prisoner then .

Bothwell: Yes.

Mary: Why ?

Bothwell: Because I will not be cheated.

Mary: Out of what ?

Bothwell: That I'll tell you at Dunbar.

X

Dissolve to:

X

A room at Dunbar Castle where Mary has been shut in together with Mary Livingstone who accompanied the Queen on her ride and who also has been taken prisoner. Livingstone is standing by the window looking out. The Queen is pacing furiously up and down the floor.

Livingstone: There are soldiers everywhere.

For a moment Mary continues pacing . Then she makes a decision, she goes and knocks loudly at the door. Outside a soldier's voice is heard.

Mary: Have you told the Earl of Bothwell that I wish to speak to him?

Voice: Yes.

Mary: What did he answer ?

Voice: He will come when it suits him.

Furiously the Queen moves away from the door.

Livingst: One would think there was war - with all these soldiers.

Footsteps are heard outside. Mary and Livingstone both listen.

Mary: That's him.

Then a key is turned in the lock and Bothwell enters. He gestures to Livingstone that he wishes to be alone with the Queen.

Bothwell: And now about us two ? You were going to run away. You were going to break your word.

Mary: I saw that what we were doing was wrong.

Bothwell: No, no, my dear - it's not as easy as that.

Mary: What is it then you want ?

Bothwell: As agreed: marry you.

Mary: Whether I wish it or not ?

Bothwell: You do wish it.

Mary: What if I don't love you any more ?

Bothwell: That doesn't matter to me.

Mary: Then it's to be King you want. It's the power that tempts you.

Bothwell: That's what you tempted me with.

Mary: But that power I'll never give you.

Bothwell: ~~Thexp~~ (scornfully) The power I want I'll take myself.

Mary: What do you want it for ?

Bothwell: I need it to get peace.

Mary: Peace - you say - you who are always making trouble.

Bothwell: Only as King can I force my enemies to peace.

Mary: Your enemies ? You have only one - yourself.

Bothwell: Let's finish this. What do you answer? Yes or no?

Mary: No. I am still the Queen.

Bothwell: Yes, thanks to me. But I can protect you better when I am your husband and your King.

Mary: My King.

Bothwell: Of course. It would be for me to rule, not for you.

Mary: Never. I'll not play second fiddle.

Bothwell: And I'll not be tied to your apron strings.

Mary is in despair at being pressed.

Mary: Don't ask me.

Bothwell: I don't ask, I demand.

Mary: And I must decide this very hour?

Bothwell: In this hour I'll win or - lose all.

There is a pause. Mary's face shows she is still determined to fight. Bothwell resolves to attack from a new side. He sits down beside her and speaks to her quietly to convince her, ~~persuade~~ persuade her.

Bothwell: What do you gain by going against me? You can't do without me. Whether you look to your right or your left, you are alone. Everyone avoids you. You are alone - completely alone.

Mary: (embittered) Yes - alone - alone with you - the murderer.

Bothwell: (scornfully) Yes - the murderer, who is your lover, and soon your husband.

Mary: So you think. But that the lords will never agree to.

Bothwell: Oh no? - That's what you have reckoned with, is it? I was to be done out, but you are wrong there.

He pulls out the Ainslie Agreement and spreads it out in front of her. Mary stares at it, dumbfounded, and speaking to herself

Mary: What infamy.

Mary still stares at the paper. One sees it disgusts her. Bothwell watches her boastingly, triumphantly. After a pause he continues...

Bothwell: You have the choice between marrying me - or dishonour.

Mary: Dishonour ? Then people would say that I murdered my husband to marry my lover.

Bothwell: They say that already.

Mary: Well, there you see.

Bothwell: I'll silence them.

Bothwell moves nearer to her again.

Bothwell: What do you say now ?

Mary: That I wish I could hate you as I would like to.

Bothwell takes one of her hands.

Bothwell: Mary....

Mary shows all signs of loathing.

Mary: Don't touch me. Do you hear - leave me, leave me, and go away.

Bothwell calm and determined.

Bothwell: You wish me to go ?

Mary: Yes. Go, go.

Bothwell: All-right....I'll go but I won't come again.

Mary: Go, go.

Bothwell looks at her a moment. Then he goes to the window and shouts.

Bothwell: George - have my horse ready at once.

And to Mary.

Bothwell: By evening I am out of the country.

He walks from the window to the door, passing her. When he is along side of her, Mary throws herself into his arms, sobbing and crying - tears, which come as a relief. Once again she is overcome by the strength of this man.

Mary: Forgive me, forgive me.

Bothwell speaks to her - kindly, encouragingly - as to a child who relents its naughtiness.

Bothwell: There you see - we belong together. You are mine - and I am yours.

Mary: (sobbing) Yes, yes.

Bothwell: We need each other.

Mary: Yes, we do.

Bothwell: Will you make up your mind then ?

Mary: Yes I will.

Bothwell frees himself and lays a paper in front of her.

Bothwell: Then sign here.

Mary: What is that ?

Bothwell: Your promise - in writing.

Mary: You are afraid I will change my mind again ?

Bothwell shrugs his shoulders, without answering he hands her the pen. She takes the pen and is about to write, but stops before touching the paper.

Bothwell: What are you waiting for ?

Mary: I dare not.

Bothwell: When you couldn't, then you dared - but now you can, you dare not.

Mary shakes her head and sighs heavily - a prey to inner doubt and uncertainty. Bothwell speaks to her more earnestly than before.

Bothwell: Think what it means: security and peace. Once again you can live freely, you can be yourself, be a woman, you'll be spared from fighting with the lords. That's work for a man, not for you. You are too human - too honest.

Mary: (resigned) Yes, I'll do it.

And she signs the promise, which is a marriage contract.

Bothwell: Now you don't hate me any more ?

Mary: I hate you - and yet I must love you.

Bothwell takes the signed paper, waving it to dry the ink.

Mary has laid down the pen. Now she bursts into tears, hiding her face in her arms.

Bothwell: What are you crying for ?

Mary: Because all is lost. No good can ever come of this.....

She breaks out crying again. Bothwell shakes his head.

X

Sweep to:

X

The lords are assembled in a hall at Stirling Castle to the last big important meeting before the great fight. Present are among others: Argyle, Morton, Athol, and Mar and behind them stands

practically the whole of the Scottish nobility (with the exception of Crawford, Errol and Huntley).

It is a few days after Bothwell has taken Mary to Dunbar.

The picture begins with a close-up of a small boy child, carried either on the arm of a nurse or in a basket. It is the year old child of the Queen, the little Prince James.

We follow the child to the great hall, where the lords are assembled. Morton takes him on his arm and shows him to the lords.

Morton: I show you the Queen's child - the little Prince James - because it's he we must rally round now. We know in which atrocious way his father was murdered. The same death threatens both child and mother if we do not stop the murderer.

Morton gives the child back and goes on.

Morton: We must aim at three things: To protect this child.....

Voice: Against Bothwell.

Morton: ...to free the Queen, who is held prisoner against her will....

Voice: By Bothwell.

Morton:and to punish Darnley's murderer.

Voice: That's Bothwell.

After a short pause Morton continues.

Morton: Now the hour has come when every man must be prepared. Go home all of you and collect troops and soldiers, so that you are ready when the day comes. We are fighting for a good cause, we are fighting for Scotland's honour.

Voice: Yes - and for life and land.

At once the lords break into the National Anthem. The picture glides past the singing lords and stops at the little child -- the future King of Scotland, whose mother is about to marry the man who has murdered his father.

Æ

Dissolve to:

x

Close-up of the illegal press and the busy hands laying a new wooden clich'e in the frame.

x

Dissolve to:

x

Room at Holyrood. Bothwell is dining at a table together with Huntley and a few other men. The French ambassador, du Croc, comes in and greets the men. Bothwell invites him to join them at the table, but du Croc declines. "not even a glass of wine?" "No, thank you."

Bothwell: What then do you wish ?

Du Croc: To see the Queen.

Bothwell makes a grimace as if to say he's not much for it.

Bothwell: Well

Du Croc: I am an old friend of hers.

Bothwell: Well - I will make an exception. But don't put stupid thoughts into her head.

Bothwell suddenly becomes aware of Mary Fleming, who passes through the room with a letter in her hand.

Bothwell: What is that ?

Fleming: A letter for the Queen.

Bothwell: Give it to me.

Fleming: (hesitatingly) It's for the Queen.

Bothwell: Let me have it.

She gives it to him.

Then he says to Fleming.

Bothwell: Tell them up there that the French ambassador has my permission to see the Queen.

He makes a sign to du Croc to follow Fleming. They both go.

Bothwell opens the letter, reads it, puts it carelessly in his pocket. Then he goes on eating.

x

Du Croc and Mary come into the ante-chamber which is full of soldiers. Different focusses and groupings must remind us of the last time Mary was under guard. Fleming speaks to an officer.

Fleming: The ambassador has permission to see the Queen.

The officer passes an order to the man in front of the door after which du Croc is let in.

x

Mary's room. Mary is curled up on her bed, crying. To begin with she keeps her face buried in the pillows, and when a little later she lifts her face, we see it is so changed one would think she had been through a severe illness.

Du Croc goes up to her in profound sympathy.

Du Croc: Your Majesty, it's me.. Du Croc.

Mary lifts herself up on her elbow. One realizes she finds it unpleasant being taken by surprise when crying, and she attempts to explain away the true reason for her tears.

Mary: I have my pains again....

She puts her hand in her left side to give the impression that the pain is there. Du Croc sits down beside her, looks at her with a smile, and shakes his head.

Du Croc: Do you really think you can deceive an old man like me ? I see it is agony of soul and not of body you are suffering from - and it is not the Queen who weeps but a deeply unhappy woman who grieves.

Mary: I am not grieving.

Du Croc: Yes, you are, and so are we all at seeing you going to ruin.

Mary: I don't feel ^{it} like that.

Du Croc: Can't you see the foolishness of what you are about to do.

Mary doesn't answer.

Du Croc: You must give up this marriage.

Mary: No, now not even death can make me break my promise.

Du Croc lifts his hands beseechingly.

Du Croc: But it is all just a tragic mistake.

Mary shrugs her shoulders.

Du Croc: There are many of us willing to save you, but how can we ~~help~~ help you when you won't let us.

Mary: No....shouldn't we talk about something else ?

Du Croc: Yes, about your wedding. Is it true that you are to be married by a Protestant ?

Mary bows her head in shame. One has the impression that du Croc has touched the true reason for her tears.

Mary: (almost inaudibly) Yes.

Du Croc: That you have agreed to ?

Mary: (just as inaudibly) Yes.

Du Croc: You, a Catholic Queen.

Mary: (as before) Yes.

Du Croc: Why ?

Mary doesn't reply at once. Then the words come falteringly.

Mary: He wished it.

Du Croc is appalled and speaks to her earnestly.

Du Croc: But Your Majesty - your faith, your church.

Mary: (quietly) I have to do it .

Du Croc gives Mary up as hopeless. He rises.

Du Croc: Then I have no more to say. Good-bye.

Mary looks up at him imploringly.

Mary: You'll come to my wedding, won't you ?

Du Croc: No - Your Majesty - that I shall not.

Mary bows her head deeper and deeper in shame and sorrow. Du Croc prepares to leave. Before turning away from her he says.

Du Croc: May God help you through this.

And then he goes. We glide ~~forwards~~ towards Mary. A sob forces its way out and becomes a quiet weeping.

x

Dissolve to:

x

A placard on the very gate of Holyrood Castle. The words are a quotation from Ovid, "Mense malas Maio nubera vulgere ait" "Tis said that whores do wed in this fair month of May."

X

Dissolve to:

X

In the chapel at Holyrood at the 15th May at four in the morning the wedding between Mary and Bothwell took place. Through the focussing and lighting of the following pictures the audience must be brought ^{to remember} the scenes where Darnley was buried in the dead of ~~the~~ night. The dismal grey of the pictures must also bring out the contrast to the bright, warm pictures from the first wedding. There are no candles on the altar. The wedding takes place in a corner of the chapel and the ritual of the Reformed Church is followed. The room is cold and deserted. There is something uncanny about the emptiness ~~that~~ that encompasses the bridal couple. The lords have stayed away, so that people shall not think they have any part in Darnley's murder. The train consists of a very few servants who look on shyly and solemnly, as though it was a funeral feast. With sorrowful looks they watch the bride, dressed in her white mourning with her white widow's cap framing her pale face. On top of all the white she wears a dark mourning crepe. She is not "bright, gay and happy" to look at(as at the first wedding). On the contrary she looks drawn and unhappy. Like a lamb being lead to the slaughter ~~house~~ house.

The wedding is read by the Reformed Bishop, Adam Bothwell, assisted by the fanatic Reformist, John Craig. The sermon (in its main features the Calvinist nuptials) is given by the Bishop, who concludes with these words.

...in so much as that the bridegroom repenteth on his by-gone life. He admits himself to have been^{an} evil-doer, who has lived in sin and vice, and these his sins he now confesses in public, at the same time vowing for the future to live in accordance with Our Lord's commandments.

During the whole ceremony an oppressive silence reigns. A torch bearer has entered into the foreground, and for a moment the light from his torch illuminates Darnley's grave stone, so that the name is discernable. Then the torch bearer moves out of the picture again.

As soon as the Bishop has ended his sermon, the wedding finishes up as quickly as possible, and the couple leave the chapel without looking either right or left.

The Bishop and John Craig, who have followed the couple with their eyes until they are out of the door, now turn and talk together up to the altar. We follow and hear their remarks.

Bishop: What do you think of this marriage?

Craig: I find it odious and scandalous to the world.

X

We see the banquet hall Mary and Bothwell have to pass through to come to Mary's room just like the day she married Darnley, but to-day there are no kneeling lords. The hall is cheerlessly deserted and dark. Mary and Bothwell hurry through it - like two

strangers who have nothing in common.

x

The chapel. The Bishop and John Craig are leaving. John Craig opens the door for the Bishop. One hears him explaining.

Craig: I took heaven to witness that I abhorred and detested that marriage. How could I do otherwise ? When the bride is a whore and the groom a murderer.....

The two clergy go out, shutting the door behind them.

x

The Queen's room. Mary and Bothwell enter. They make no impression of being newly married. They are indifferent and polite to each other. Mary Livingstone comes to meet them - not joyous, but worried - and wants to help Mary remove the black crape, but Mary refuses her help, she wishes to keep it on, and she wraps herself in it, for the cold from the chapel is still in her limbs.

Mary Livingstone withdraws and the bride and bride-groom are alone. There is an oppressive silence. Mary has sat down and sits staring in front of her. Bothwell has posted himself at a short distance from her. He is in a bad temper and throws sidelong glances at her. Then he can no longer control himself.

Bothwell: Have you lost your voice ?

Mary: What more can we have to say to each other ?

Bothwell: Now when all is won.

Mary: Nothing is won - all is lost. We strove for splendour and glory - and what did we get ? Shame and dishonour. I sink deeper and deeper.

I feel as though I am dying bit *by* bit and I only wish that all soon was over.

A short silence, which Bothwell breaks.

Bothwell: The lords are conspicuous by their absence.

Mary: Yes, they leave us one by one.

We have heard a knock and Maitland enters. He addresses the Queen.

Maitland: I come to ask Your Majesty for leave - I must go home and see to my estate.

Mary: You too ?

Maitland shrugs his shoulders, as though to say he is sorry.

Bothwell: Be off - Sir Double-face.

Maitland: What ?

Bothwell: (more distinctly) Sir Double-face. Don't you think I have seen through you long ago ? Go, and stay away. We don't need you.

Maitland looks hatefully at Bothwell. Then he bows stiffly to the Queen and goes.

Bothwell: The rats are leaving the ship.

Mary: Yes - now we are soon alone - alone against all.

Bothwell: That sounds like a reproach.

Mary: You can take it for what you wish.

Bothwell: Must we quarrel again.

Mary: It seems so - when you come it's like hell.

Bothwell: And then we skin each other.

Mary: It's you who skiname. It's you who embitteramy life.

Bothwell: You have already told me you hate me.

Mary: We hate those we have loved too much.

Bothwell: And me you loved too much ?

Mary: Yes, I have sacrificed all - all - all - for you,
and now I see I have done so in vain. I have
wasted my life.

Bothwell: And that's my fault ?

Mary, who has worked herself up into a passion, throws the next words in his face with great vehemence.

Mary: Yes & yes, and once again yes. It's your fault
that to-day I feel like a pariah - it's your
fault that to-day I have only one wish: to die
- die - die.

Mary has almost screamed the last words. Tears stream down
her cheeks.

Mary: If only I had a knife - if only I had a knife..

Bothwell has been watching her cynically. Now he goes up to
her and offers her his dagger - the same dagger with which she
once defended herself against him

Bothwell: Here you are.

Mary looks from the dagger to him. Her face shows a mixture
of wonder and terror. Then she exclaims, hissing through her teeth.

~~Monster~~: Monster.

Bothwell has only a scornful smile. Then he lays the dagger
beside her and leaves the room through the little door that leads
to the spiral staircase.

When he has gone, she breaks down, and sheds heart~~xxxxxx~~^{breaking} tears.

Outside in the ante-chamber. Mary Livingstone has heard the Queen shout for a knife. Now all ^{that} what can be heard from the Queen's room is ~~ther~~ heartbroken weeping. In d@spair and wringing her hands, Mary Livingstone walks up and down outside the door to the Queen's room. Suddenly she turns round. The Queen's father-confessioner has come - the same Catholic priest who was sent for when Mary was dying in Jedburg. He looks anxiously at Livingstone and they exchange the following remarks.

Confession: What's the matter ?

Livingst: She will do herself harm. She shouted for a knife.

Confess: Who is in there ?

Livingst: Bothwell!

The father hesitates a moment, thinking, then he makes a disci-sion. He opens the door and walks in.

x

The Queen's room. The confess@oner comes in and is surprised at seeing the Queen alone. He walks right up to her, sees the dagger, and removes it. Then he sits down beside her and talks to her, confidentially and earnestly.

Confess: What are you thinking of - suicide ?

Mary: (still crying) I think of nothing else - day and night.

Confess: But you know it's against the commandments. God is the Lord of Life and Death, isn't he ?

Mary: (sobbing) Yes.

Confess: And that it means the eternal perdition of your soul ?

Mary: (sobbing) Yes.

Confess: And from the Holy Book you know that when Peter was in distress he turned to the Lord - while Judas took his own life?

Mary: Yes. But my life has become a torture to me.

Confess: Don't you think that the torture of hell is a thousand times worse ?

By now Mary has suppressed her tears and has become quieter. She looks up at the priest with a humble, childlike expression, then says very softly.....

Mary: Is there any forgiveness for what I have done ?

Confesso: Against God ?

Mary: Yes, I forgot myself.

Confess: The Lord never forgets.

Mary: Never again I will sin against God.

Confess: Well, if you truly repent and gives proof to live a better life, maybe the church will receive you again.

Mary whispers an almost inaudible "thank you". After a moment or two she looks up at him.

Mary: What did you come for ?

Confess: To say good-bye.

Mary: (resigned) You leave me ?

Confess: Yes. This is no country for a Catholic.

Mary: No.

He bows slightly and goes. Mary looks at him in infinite sorrow.

A soldier comes running through one of the corridors of the ~~xxx~~ castle. He is evidently trying to catch up with somebody. We follow him and go on in front of him to see ~~who~~ it is, and we see it's Bothwell who, having heard the steps, now turns round. ~~The~~ man reaches him and delivers the message.

Soldier: The Earl of Argyle is asking after you.

Bothwell: Where is he ?

Soldier: In here.....

He points in the direction from which he came. Bothwell goes back with him. The soldier opens a door for him and Bothwell enters.

x

One of the council rooms of the castle. Bothwell greets Argyle with an expression of wonder and ~~wurprise~~.

Argyle: I have come to warn you,

Bothwell: (distrustfully) Against what ?

Argyle : The lords have gathered their troops and are marching against Edinborough. It is their plan to surround Holyrood and take you and the Queen prisoner.

Bothwell: (still suspicious) Is this a trap ?

Argyle: (sincerely) No, it isn't.

Bothwell: Friend - or traitor ?

Argyle: Friend.

Bothwell: And you - where are you ?

Argyle : I have decided to keep out of things.

Bothwell: Why not on my side ?

Argyle: No, I am not siding with anyone.

Bothwell: Well , I believe you.

Argyle: You must act quickly.

Bothwell: Yes. Here it's: strike first - or die. Listen, go up, and tell the Queen, I'll be along....

Argyle promises and goes. Bothwell goes out too.

x

In the corridor they part. We go with Bothwell to the guard's room full of soldiers. He speaks to an officer.

Bothwell: We leave Holyrood within an hour. ~~Seextoxixthat everythingixxxxxx~~ We take all the artillery and the horses with us.

Officer: Where are we going ?

Bothwell: That you'll know in an hour. ~~Seeto~~ it that everything is ready.

Officer: Very well.

x

The Queen's room. Mary is quiet but sad. She looks up as Argyle comes in. Having greeted the Queen he says...

~~Bothwell~~: Argyle: Bothwell asked me to see you.

Mary: Why ?

Argyle: To tell you...

Mary: What ?

Argyle: That you are in danger.

Mary: How ?

Argyle: The lords are marching against Edinburgh with an army.

Mary: ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~. - ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ?

During the conversation a change has taken place in Mary.

As always when in danger all her spirituel fortitude is gathered to meet the danger. Her eyes, which were filmy with sorrow and grief, clear, and her look grows bolder. With scorn in her voice she ~~said~~ says....

Mary: Traitors to the end - but they shall pay for it
What did Bothwell say ?

Argyle: He says: Force must be met with force.

Mary: He is right.

Argyle: Yes - but have you a right to join your fate
with his ?

Mary: Right - to whom .

Argyle: To yourself. From now on Bothwell will be chased
as an outlaw.

Mary: (nods)

Argyle: Keep out of it - like me.

Mary: No. I will live with him and die with him.

During the last words Bothwell has entered. He takes her hand.
True admiration and pride shines out of his eyes as he says....

Bothwell: Now I know you again - a Queen with a man's
heart.....

x

Dissolve to:

x

A silk banner with Scotland's defiant leaping lion on a yellow background. It waves high above Mary's head, and while we see it waving in the wind, we already hear Mary's voice. We glide from the banner to Mary herself. She is standing on a boulder speaking to the soldiers around her who are mostly poorly armed pea

peasants. She is clad in the wimple dress of the country - a short kilt, which goes to her knees, a red blouse, and a velvet cap on her head. The speech she makes to encourage the soldiers before the battle is as follows:

Mary: The lords lie when they say they have begun—this war to free me. Their true aim is not to free me, but to make me their prisoner, so that they themselves can rule. Only in dire need have I taken to arms. You, who have been faithful to your Queen, shall be rewarded when the war is over. We are expecting large reinforcements. As soon as they arrive, we will attack. Our victory is certain. The lion of Scotland fights on our side.

When the Queen has finished her speech, there are shouts of applause. A voice shouts, "God save the Queen." Others join in. The Queen thanks them with a smile and an embracing gesture. She gets down of the rock and joins Bothwell who is standing a little way off. They walk away a bit and we follow them until they stop. Mary shades her face with her hand and looks over at the enemy's camp.

x

We see what she sees: the lords in beautiful armour and on handsome horses. A grand sight. The picture glides over the shining lances and the armed horsemen. We hear Mary's voice.

Mary: There is Morton - and Maitland and Sir Kirkcaldy.....

x

Anxiously Mary turns to Bothwell.

Mary: If only those reinforcements would come. When did Hamilton promise them ?

Bothwell: Before midday.

Mary: Then they should have been here.

(Bothwell has with a couple of hundred hired archers and a flock of his border peasants, who are excellent in a guerilla war but not worth much in a proper battle, occupied a strong position on Carberry Hill. His field cannons that shine in the sun command the slope the enemy has to mount. In the valley is a brook which separates the two armies and which the enemy's cavalry has to cross before attacking.)

As it is Sunday we hear church bells during the opening scenes, during Mary's speech, and possibly also later.)

x

We return to Mary and Bothwell. As to the relations between them the strange thing has happened that she has completely regained her former authority over him. She is again the Queen, who gives orders, and he is her faithful knight, who obeys.

x

Mary walks a few steps away and sits down on a rock. Then she notices something down in the valley.

x

We see what she sees: a few horsemen - a nobleman leading a few of the lords' soldiers. The rider at their head holds a white flag of negotiation. The party approach a primitive bridge at the brook, guarded by foreposts of the lords' army.

x

Bothwell and Mary watch the horsemen. An officer, who has also seen them, comes up to Bothwell.

Bothwell: Ride to meet them.

X

We see the party of horsemen with the white flag ride across the little bridge and up the slope of Carberry Hill. Here Bothwell's horsemen meet them. Now they all ride together.

X

We see Mary and Bothwell. Now the party is so near Mary can see whom the nobleman is.

Mary: It is du Croc.

Bothwell: Oh, he has come to negotiate. You had better speak to him alone.

And Bothwell retires.

X

The party of horsemen have reached the hill top. Du Croc jumps off his horse.

X

Mary sitting on a boulder waiting for du Croc. Though she wears a peasant woman's simple dress, and though weary and tired after the hectic excitement of the last days, she has the dignity of a Queen when she receives the French ambassador. He comes up in front of the Queen and kisses her hand.

Mary: What do you come for ?

Du Croc: To tell you from the lords that they still are faithful to their Queen.

Mary: They have a strange way of showing it.

Du Croc: They want to come to terms with Your Majesty - but not with Bothwell.

Mary: But we are one.

Bothwell now comes up to them. Du Croc greets him formally. But Bothwell is completely indifferent. Cheerfully and bluntly he joins in the conversation.

Bothwell: Is it me they spite ?

Du Croc: The lords have great affection for their Queen but you (he lowers his voice to a whisper) they consider their mortal enemy.

Bothwell: Yes, they are jaloux of me that's it. There is not one of them who doesn't wish himself in my place. However, for the sake of the Queen, do what you can to settle this matter.

Du Croc: (addressing Mary) I would like to help you, but as long as you stand by your husband I can do nothing.

Mary: And him I will not leave.

Du Croc shrugs his shoulders.

Du Croc: Is there anything else you wish to say to the lords.

Mary: Yes - if they humbly ask my forgiveness for the evil they have done me, then I will show mercy - on certain conditions.

Du Croc bows and kisses the Queen's hand, bows formally to Bothwell, and leaves. The Queen watches him. There are tears in her eyes. When he is beyond hearing, she turns anxiously to Bothwell.

Mary: Where are the Hamiltons ?

Bothwell: They must be here soon.

Mary: Let's hope the others don't attack before our reinforcements have come.

Bothwell: They will probably wait until we attack - that will be more to their advantage.

Mary: Let's hope so.

x

We see du Croc and his horsemen with the white flag in front of them gallop down Carberry Hill, cross the brook, and ride up the slope on the other side.

x

Now we see a picture of the lords' camp. The picture begins with a troop of soldiers and glides from these to the banner the lords have chosen as their sign. It is a white silk banner stretched out between two lances. On the banner one sees the murdered Darnley lying under a tree. At his side a child is kneeling, its arms stretched up to heaven. Out of the child's mouth waves a piece of parchment with the following words.

"Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord."

x

From the banner the picture glides to the group of lords with Morton, Maitland, Lindsay, Glencairn, and Kirkcaldy. They are waiting for du Croc, who now arrives.

Morton: Well, what did she say?

Du Croc: That she will show mercy if you humbly ask for forgiveness.

Glencairn: (laughs scornfully) Mercy.

Du Croc: And only on certain conditions.

Morton: It's for us to make conditions.

Just then an officer comes up to Kirkcaldy and whispers to him - evidently a sensation - something he wants to show him. Kirkcaldy goes with him and we follow too until they stop. Then the officer points at the valley that separates the two armies. Morton, who has followed behind them, looks in the same direction.

x

We see what they see: far away between the trees, a flock of men are creeping from Bothwell's side over to the lords. They hold their hands above their heads as a sign that they are giving themselves up.

x

Morton and Kirkcaldy look at the officer, who now explains.

Officer: They are deserters. A hundred or two have come over to us already.

Kirkcaldy's face lights up.

Officer: They say they are expecting reinforcements. But they don't come.

Morton and Kirkcaldy look at each other.

Morton: Then the time has come to attack.

They turn and go back to the other lords. We follow them.

Kirkcaldy: I'll take the cavalry to cut off the retreat.

Morton: Yes, and we'll attack from the other side.

We follow Kirkcaldy to the cavalry and hear him giving orders.

x

The Queen is still sitting on the boulder - uneasy and anxious as the reinforcements still haven't arrived. Bothwell is with her. An officer comes running up to them.

Officer: Our men begin to desert.

He points at the field behind Carberry Hill.

x

We see what he sees - flocks of deserters leaving the battle field.

x

Officer: They have no water and no food.

Bothwell: Send some one after them.

Officer: I have no officers to spare - we have too few already.

Bothwell: Keep the rest together as well as you can. Hamilton must soon be here with his men.

The officer leaves Bothwell and Mary, who return to their post of outlook. Now Bothwell notices something down in the valley that separates the two armies.

x

We see what he sees: Kirkcaldy at the head of his cavalry.

x

Bothwell and Mary are most serious. They both understand they are in great danger.

Mary: He is going to outflank us.

Bothwell: Yes, and we have no one to send against him.

The officer from before returns, dismayed.

Officer: We can't keep the soldiers.

Mary turns quickly and decisively to Bothwell.

Mary: We had better come to terms.

And to the officer.

Mary: Ride down and tell Kirkcaldy to come up to me,
but ask him to come alone.

The officer hurries off. When he is out of hearing, Bothwell speaks.

Bothwell: Is that wise ?

Mary: Yes, for your sake.

Bothwell: Don't think of me - think of yourself.

Mary: They won't do me anything, but if they get hold
of you....

Bothwell: Hadn't we better fight ?

Mary: No, for I need you - later.

Bothwell: If there will be any "later".

Mary: Why not .

Bothwell: Because I don't believe their fair words.

Mary: They shall come to fall on their knees for me
once again.

Bothwell: Well, do as you please.

Mary smiles at him. An officer comes up ~~to~~ and speaks to Bothwell.
The Queen walks away a few steps. She looks across the valley.

x

We see what she sees, the officer from before riding towards
Kirkcaldy with a white flag. Kirkcaldy has drawn up to wait for him.

Now the officer delivers his message, and one sees Kirkcaldy - alone
- coming with him.

x

Mary walks on a bit and now she looks at the field behind Carberry Hill.

x

We see what she sees: crowds of deserters leaving the battle for home.

x

Mary goes back and sits down on the boulder where she waits for Kirkcaldy.

x

Kirkcaldy and the officer arrive at the place where the Queen has her quarters. He jumps off his horse, goes to the Queen, passing Bothwell without greeting him. He kneels down in front of her and she receives him as if she were sitting on a throne not a boulder. Bothwell has accompanied him. He listens to the conversation between them without jutting in - so as not to influence the Queen. He merely stands silent, listening with a small, half ironical smile.

Mary goes straight to the point.

Mary: I'll give myself up. What terms can be made ?

Kirkcald: None for you husband.

Mary: Why not ?

Kirkcald: We have all sworn to die rather than pardon him.

4 Mary: And you terms for me ?

Kirkcald: Loyalty and obedience.

Mary: I will give myself up to you, if you will let my husband ride from here without pursuing him.

Kirkcaldy: That I agree to.

Mary: Well - then I'll take leave of him.

Kirkcaldy draws back discretely and now Bothwell, who has been standing by himself, steps up to the Queen, embraces and kisses her. She is moved, but she doesn't cry, it's as though she will not make the parting worse than it is. She kisses him again and again, looking into his eyes for a long time as though memorizing his features.

Mary: You must go now.

Bothwell: Can you forget the evil I have dragged you into?

Mary: Yes.

Bothwell: You have no regrets?

Mary: No, I would do it all over again if I could help you.

She kisses him again.

Mary: You are the only man who has risked everything for me.

She leans against him and he lifts her face and kisses her. He sends her a smile and a look of goodness and love we haven't seen him with before.

Bothwell: I am still your husband?

Mary: You are my dearest husband, and with God's help we will soon meet again.

Now Kirkcaldy steps up to them. He has grown impatient. He does not speak to Bothwell but to the Queen.

Kirkcaldy: If you don't send your husband away now then I can't keep my men back.

Mary nods at Kirkcaldy and looks at Bothwell who kisses her hand.

Mary: You must go now.

One last long look - then Bothwell walks slowly to his horse, which has been led forward in the meantime. He mounts and rides off without looking back - only accompanied by a few faithful souls.

Mary stands watching him. She is perfectly calm. She turns to Kirkcaldy.

Mary: I give myself up on the agreed conditions: loyalty and obedience.

Kirkcaldy nods in agreement.

At a sign from Kirkcaldy her horse is led forward. She mounts it and Kirkcaldy leads it away by the bridle.

x

We see Bothwell and his men riding off.

x

We see the Queen's horse being ~~led~~ led by Kirkcaldy across the little bridge over the brook. Mary is sitting proudly upright, with the dignity of a queen.

x

Up on the opposite hill in the lords' camp. Morton and Maitland are watching their conquered enemy, who will soon be in their power.

Morton: From to-day she has ceased being Queen of Scots.

Maitland: Yes, and covered with shame shall she pass into history.

Maitland suddenly seems to remember something. He leaves Morton and we follow him until he reaches a group of soldiers. He calls a

young captain and they walk off together between the trees. From their behaviour we gather that Maitland is giving the young captain certain instructions.

x

Now we see Mary arriving to the lords' camp. Kirkcaldy leads her to the group of waiting lords, whom Maitland again has joined. The lords remain standing. Mary sits on her horse opposite them without speaking, she has so royal an air of authority that the lords bow their knees to her. Then she addresses them, with dignity and calm.

Mary: My lords, I have come to you not out of fear of my life, nor yet doubting of victory if things had come to the worst, but to save the effusion of Christian blood. I have come to you, trusting in your promises that you will respect me and give me the obedience due to your native Queen and lawful sovereign.

To begin with the picture shows Mary quite alone on her horse with only Kirkcaldy at her side. But while she's speaking, a horde of soldiers come out. They stare at her, smile mockingly, mumbling words which cannot be heard. To begin with Mary takes no notice of them. Suddenly the banner with Darnley's corpse and the child crying for revenge is brought into the picture so that Mary cannot avoid seeing it. One of the two spears, between which the banner is stretched out, is held by the young captain Maitland was speaking to shortly before. As the banner glides in in front of the Queen the soldiers press in on her and the shouts ^{of} ~~and the~~ disrespect become louder and more personal.

Mary has just finished her speech to the lords, now the cries break out, and words of contempt are thrown up at her from the raw mouths of the soldiers.

Burn the adulteress. Burn the murderess - give her what she deserves, burn her, drown her. —
Burn the whore, let her die.

Kirkcaldy tries in vain to quieten them. It is hopeless. He hits out at them with the blade of his sword, but is forced aside from the Queen's horse by the mob. The mob - still with the young captain at its head - have captured the Queen and now they take her to Edinburgh. In front of her waves the banner with the child and Darnley's corpse. In vain Mary menages the soldiers. Her words drown in the noise, and now the mob break into some libellous song or other.

x

Sweep to:

x

A small room at the house of the mayor in Edinburgh, where the Queen has been taken prisoner while the lords are considering what they should do with her.

We see the Queen being brought into the room surrounded by a horde of soldiers. The young captain gives his orders to the men.

Two of you stay in here and don't let her out of your sight.

He chooses the two he wants.

You others keep guard in the lobby. No one -
no one must come in to her.

Then he goes.

During this scene one hears the noise from the street and the ~~shouts~~ shouts come into Mary: "Burn the whore, burn her, kill her. Let her be hanged."

Helpless as an animal in a cage, Mary paces up and down the floor. The excited curses of the rabble ring in her ears. She is completely worn out. Her clothes are soiled, her face gray with dust and tears. Yet in her fall she has still her pride and defiance. Suddenly she runs to the window and shouts out.

Mary: Help, help - help me - they have locked me in
 - help me.

The two men rush up and brutally tear her away from the window. She sits down on a bed, which is in the room.

At this moment Maitland enters. He gives the soldiers a sign to go out. Mary's eyes send out fire when she sees him.

Maitland goes to the window to stop the noise. He shouts out to them.

Maitland: Quiet down there - or the street will be cleared.

Then he goes up to Mary, who immediately goes to the attack.

Mary: Oh, that's how you kept your promise.

Maitland: What have we promised ?

Mary: To let me return to Holyrood, if I gave up Bothwell.

Maitland: And forgot him.

Mary: That I did not promise.

Maitland: But that is a condition.

Mary: How can I bind myself to forget him ?

Maitland: By agreeing to annul the marriage.

Mary: Never.

Maitland: Why do you keep hanging on to him ? He is beaten, he is nothing, merely a drag.

Mary: He is the man I am in love with and I have bound myself to him for better or for worse.

Maitland: But Scotland's Queen can't be married to a murderer

Mary rises, greatly roused.

Mary: That you dare tell me - you, who started it all.

Maitland: For your sake.

Mary folds her hands in hopeless despair.

Mary: For my sake. My God, my God. Never has any one been so betrayed as I.

Maitland: At least I have served you faithfully.

Mary: Yes, as long as it was to your own advantage. Why are you against me ? Why do you pursue me ?

Maitland: Because you have ruined yourself and your cause - with your two foolish love-affairs - first Darnley then Bothwell.

Mary: My husband.

Maitland: Whom you definitely won't give up ?

Mary: No, he is my husband and I am his wife.

Maitland: That is your answer to the lords ?

Mary: Yes - and then that I'll let you all hang as soon as I am free again.

Maitland: (sarcastically) A good thing that you let us know in time so that we can make our arrangements.

He bows ironically and goes. Before leaving the room, he has seen to it that the soldiers are let in to guard the Queen again. At the same time a maid comes in with a candle and puts a plate of food

before the Queen, who does not touch it. The girl sets the candle on a table.

Mary: Can I have pen and ink ?

The maid finds both things in a cupboard together with a piece of paper. The Queen sits down to write a letter to Bothwell. We see the first lines of the letter.

Dear Heart,
I will never forget or abandon you,
though I need be absent from you for a time.....

x

Dissolve to:

x

The lords holding a meeting to decide what is to be done about the Queen. Some of those present are Morton, Lindsay, Glencairn, Robert Melville, Kirkcaldy. Later Maitland joins them.

The meeting takes place in one of the rooms at Holyrood.

Kirkcaldy: We have promised her loyalty and obedience.

Morton: Yes, but not before she gives up Bothwell.

Kirkcald: Give her time, she will forget him by and by.

Morton: When she has forgotten him, then we can speak about it. In the meantime our lives depend upon her being in safe keeping.

Kirkcald: Imprisonment?

Morton: Safe keeping. We must cut her off from any connection with Bothwell.

Maitland enters.

Morton: Well, how is she ?

Maitland: Impossible. She will never give him up.

Morton: I knew she wouldn't.

Kirkcald: She is to be pitied.

Maitland: Is she ? She promised to let us all hang once she ~~was~~ free again.

Lindsay: Her death is really the only way out of this.

Maitland: She will never cease plotting.

Morton: No, we will not kill her - and make her a martyr. No, we will Keep her in a strong place and there ~~w~~e will take her this very evening.

x

Dissolve to:

x

The letter Mary is writing to Bothwell. We read the last lines.

I pray God that we may soon have a happy meeting.
Love me as I love you. God give you a good night.

Mary.

We see Mary writing at the table by the solitary candle. She is just going to close and seal the letter, but instead she hurriedly hides it at her breast. Her food is untouched. The tramping and stamping of many feet is now heard and shouts from the lobby. The door is torn open and Lindsay and William Ruthven (a son of the other Ruthven) enter. They speak to Mary in a gruff, discourteous tone.

Lindsay: We have orders to take you out of here.

Mary: And where to ?

Lindsay: That you will see.

Ruthven, who has a riding cloak over his arm, holds it up for the Queen.

Ruthven: Here you are - put this on.

Mary looks suspiciously at the two men, but follows them, as she realizes it is useless protesting.

x

Sweep to:

x

Landscape with a lake. In the foreground ride the small party consisting of the Queen, Lindsay, Ruthven, and 10 men. It is still night, and there is something sad and dismail about this nocturnal prisoner transport. Mary is wearing the riding cloak we saw before and is riding her own horse, but on all sides she is surrounded by watchfull eyes so there is but little possibility for flight.

x

Sweep to:

x

A big heavy lock of wrought iron like the locks of the Middle Ages. Close-up. A hand opening the lock by turning the key. The picture glides quickly backwards. The door is opened (towards us) and we see the Queen going through it to the room within i.e. with her back to us. As soon as she is in the room, the door glides to again, at the same time we glide closer up and the picture ends as it began - showing only the large lock and the hand turning the key.

x

Sweep to:

x

Mary alone in the room at Lochleven that for months was to be

her prison. She is standing looking out of the window. Now she is carefully guarded. From her window she can see the ~~soldiers~~ sentries doing their beat on the top of the tower or along the walls of the castle, and the sound of their heavy footsteps comes to her through the silence of the night.

X

Sweep to:

X

The hall at Lochleven from where there's an entrance to Mary's room. This is some days later when a few men are together to finally seal Mary's fate. We recognize Maitland, Lindsay, Robert Melville, and several other lords. Possibly also Morton. Besides these two clerks with documents. In a low voice Maitland is giving Melville and Lindsay his instructions.

/ofn this

Maitland: You must meet force with force, we must make an end
Lindsay: Of course. If necessary we'll have to be rough.

Maitland: You have my blessing.

Then Melville and Lindsay together with the two clerks go up to Mary's door. Without knocking, Lindsay opens the door and the four men walk in.

Mary is ill. She is sitting in a high-backed armchair with ~~cushions~~ cushions behind her and a rug round her. She is attended by her two ladies-in-waiting, Marie Courselles and Jane Kennedy. Beside her a table with pen and ink.

When the men have greeted her briefly, Melville speaks.

Melville: Here is a document we wish you to sign.

Mary: What does it say?

Melville: It says that you are tired of ruling and that you therefore wish to lay aside the burden of the crown, which you no longer have the strength to bear.

Mary: (smiles ironically) And what more ?

Melville: Therefore you consent that your little son be proclaimed King in your place....

Mary:and allow the lords to rule ~~the land~~, isn't that it ?

Melville: Yes.

Mary: That is an abdication.

Melville: Yes - an abdication of your own free will.

Mary: Of my own free will ?

Melville: Yes - if you sign.

Mary: But I do not sign. I will not sign ^{away} my kingdom - and not on those conditions.

Melville: I admit they sound harsh, but it will be advisable to sign. You know - they have you in their power.....(pause)

Mary: I wonder.

Melville: They threaten you with public dishonour.

Mary: How ?

Melville: By bringing a public charge against you.

Mary, furious and embittered, fights against her tears.

Mary: I have no other judge but God - no one can judge me.

Melville: The lords are quite determined to bring you before a court.

Mary: And what will they accuse me of ?

Melville: Of your indecent relations with Bothwell.

Mary stares at him with an expression of 'greatest disgust.

Melville: We have found your letters to Bothwell. If they are read aloud before the court....one of them shows, that you knew Darnley was to be murdered... don't you think it would be better to sign after all ?

Mary: Oh, I see ^{who} ~~him~~ is behind this, but you can tell him that if I appear in court I shall say what I know about him - and his part in the murder.

Melville, seeing that threats get him nowhere, assumes a more ingratiating tone.

Melville: What do you risk by signing ?

Mary: (Shakes her head, not understanding)

Melville: When you are free then you can always declare your signature invalid because you were forced....come on now and sign and let's get this over.

Mary: No, I will not sign.

During this exchange of words Lindsay has become more and more enraged at Mary's obstinacy. Now he can no longer control himself and he decides to break in. He turns to Marie Courcelles and Jane Kennedy saying, on a short, commanding voice.

Lindsay: Out with you.

The two young ladies obey and leave the room. Lindsay then turns to the Queen and speaks to her in a raw, brutal, military voice.

Lindsay: Now sign.

Mary: No,. My ~~conscience~~ conscience....

Lindsay: (interrupts her) Now stop all these excuses. Sign.....

He presses the pen into the Queen's hand and draws his sword.

Lindsay: Sign....

As Mary still hesitates.

Lindsay:or die.

Mary - worn out, ill, and weak as she is - stares into Lindsay's bloodshot eyes. Then she gives in and signs. Defiant and proud, she looks up at Lindsay as she pushes the document away.

Mary: Don't think I'll keep this. I am still your Queen
- and my last word in this life will be as
Queen of Scotland.

The picture has glided nearer to Mary. The force with which she speaks makes a strange contrast to her bodily fragility as she sits in her chair, pale and narrow in the face after the many sufferings she has been through.

From the close-up of Mary.

x

Dissolve to:

x

Pictures of thistles beneath scudding clouds.

We hear the commentator say.

Neither shame nor dishonour could crush Mary, still her strength is not broken. She flees from her prison.....

Behind the picture of the thistles we hear the thud of galloping horses. The noise grows louder and louder. Now we see horses' hooves flying like clouds past the camera. They disappear again and the sound ^{grows} weaker until it disappears altogether.

Still pictures of thistles.

And again we hear the ^{commenter's} ~~xxxxxxx~~ voice.

...and in her fear for the lords she sought the protection of her cousin, Elisabeth, Queen of England, who unscrupulously took her prisoner, and Mary began her 18 years of moving from prison to prison until at last an excuse was found to let her die.

Pictures of thistles beneath scudding clouds tone into a picture of thistles at the edge of a wood. Behind the thistles we see two wood-cutters felling a tall, noble tree. The strokes of the axe hew the air.

We hear the commenter say.

By the severest of all punishments Mary had to pay for her life's fatal mistake, and so she atoned what in her passion she had trespassed against herself and others.

Picture of thistles beneath skudding clouds.

x

Dissolve to:

x

Wotheringay Castle, to which Queen Elisabeth has given orders to move Mary so as to cut her off from all communication with the outer world. Mary and her attendants were given one of the poorest rooms in the castle, and she was strictly guarded. The reason for this being that Queen Elisabeth has been brought proofs that Mary has taken part in a plot for the purpose of doing away with Elisabeth. Maybe the xproofs were true - maybe they were not. A great deal is ^{said} ~~asid~~ for them not being so. Nevertheless, by a special court, Mary was found guilty for high treason and condemned to death. And the day - the 7.th. February - we see the Queen in her room, is the day before her execution.

x

Mary is lying on her bed, ill and palsied with rheumatism. She has grown stouter, but her face has not changed much, and in spite

of her rheumatism she has still the same dignity as in her days of vigour.

With her are her two ladies-in-waiting, Jane Kennedy and Elisabeth Curle. Suddenly they are alarmed by the sound of horsemen riding into Fotheringay court-yard. The three women look at each other. They have immediately guessed each other's secret thoughts. All three feel what the arrival of the many horsemen means. Jane Kennedy runs to the window, but she leaves it without saying a word. The two others read by her face an affirmation of what they themselves fear. In the meanwhile Mary's doctor, Dr. Bourgoing, has come in. He says nothing either, merely looks sympathisingly at Mary, who slowly closes the book she was reading and lays it beside her. She is very serious. There is a heavy silence in the room. All turn compassionate faces to the Queen. After a short time the clang of weapons is heard from the corridors of the castle. Now one hears a knocking. Mary turns to Curle.

Mary: Go - open the door.

Curle goes out into the lobby. We follow her. She goes to the door and opens it. Outside stand the Earl of Shrewsbury and Kent, Sir Drury and Beale, the scribe. They all enter.

In the meantime Mary, with the assistance of her doctor and Kennedy, has got up from her bed. She takes a few steps and seats herself in an arm-chair at the foot of the bed, and sitting here, she receives the Earl^s and those accompanying them.

While this has been happening more ~~and~~ and more of Mary's at-

tendants have entered, and Mary has let them know they may stay. In dismay they watch what now takes place. Mary alone is calm.

The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury and Sir Drury and Beale have entered. Shrewsbury is the only one who takes off his hat, the others keep theirs on - demonstratively. Beale took his hat off, but when he saw Kent and Drury had kept theirs on, he hurriedly put his on again.

Shrewsbury now speaks to the Queen. His voice betrays that he is greatly moved.

Shrewsb: Madame, the Queen of England has bid me tell you that your hour has come.

Mary: He is silent. All look at the Queen, but her face shows no sign of emotion.

Then Shrewsbury makes a sign to Beale, who folds a document out in front of him. In a nasal, monotonous voice he begins reading the ~~death~~ sentence of death. The scribe folds up the document again, and the rustle of the paper is the only sound that breaks the stillness.

Then Mary turns to the two Earls.

Mary: Thank you for such welcome news. This I have long looked for. I am quite ready and very happy to die.

She continues, laying her hand on her Bible on the work table beside her.

Mary: But I swear that I have never wished the death of the Queen of England and never have I given such a plan my backing.

The Earl of Kent, who is a fanatic Protestant, puts in scornfully.

Kent: That is a Catholic Bible, so the oath you swear is worth nothing.

Mary answers him serenely.

Mary: It is the only true Bible according to my belief.

After a pause she adds.

Mary: Would my oath mean more to you if I swore by your Bible, in which I do not believe ?

Kent makes no reply. Mary turns to Shrewsbury.

Mary: When do I die ?

Shrewsb: Tomorrow morning early, at 8.

Again there is complete silence. All one hears is the quiet weeping of the women. Then Mary speaks.

Mary: The time is short.

Shrewsbury, greatly moved, shrugs his shoulders.

Mary: I would like a Catholic priest to prepare me for my death.

The Earl of Kent, fanatic as he is, breaks in.

Kent: That is out of ^{the} question.

Mary: Why ?

Kent: We have sent for a Protestant priest.

Mary: You could have spared yourself the trouble. I will neither see nor hear him.

Shrewsbury makes a sign to the gentlemen that it's time to retire. All four leave the room - Shrewsbury, after first bowing to the Queen.

As soon as they are out of the room, Mary turns to Jane Kennedy, who is deep in tears.

Mary: Didn't I tell you this would happen ? I knew they wouldn't let me live.

With difficulty she gets out of her chair. She looks round her and sees all her people weeping, some standing, some kneeling and

she tries to comfort them.

Mary: There is no time for tears now - and they are of no use.

She walks from one to the other, clapping them and comforting them.

Mary: Cry no more and go along, all of you. I wish to be alone.

Her servants leave the room - only her ladies stay with her. now we hear a noise coming from another part of the castle.

x

We see the large hall at Fotheringay.

Workmen are carrying beams and planks into the hall. They throw these down, making a great noise.

x

Mary in her room. Only her ladies are with her.

Mary is lying on her bed, fully dressed. She calls for Jane Kennedy.

Mary: Will you read to me from the Acts?

Jane Kennedy takes the book and sits down beside the Queen.

Kennedy: What do you wish me to read ?

Mary: Of one of the great sinners.

Jane pages in the book and finds the tale of the thieves on the cross.

Kennedy: Of the thieves on the cross?

Mary: Yes, truly - he was a great sinner.....

After a moment she adds with a certain quiet melancholy.

Mary: ...but not as great a one as I.

And after a pause.

Mary: Read....

Kennedy begins reading aloud, struggling to keep back her tears.

During the whole scene we hear the far-off noise of the workmen in the hall.

x

We see the Hall and the men building a high platform. Gayly they work with saw and hammer and axe. They crack jokes and one of the carpenters whistles his favourite tune, while another one hums.

x

Mary is in her room. Jane Kennedy has finished her reading and closes the Book. She rises and goes over to the other women of Mary's small court who are kneeling in prayer in the opposite corner of the room. One of them has lit a candle. All prepare them^{selves} to watch with the Queen this last night. They look at her. She does not sleep but lies staring up into the ceiling, a smile on her lips - as if she "were smiling with the angles."

During the scene the noise from the hall fills the room.

x

The hall. The workmen are now draping the walls with black cloth at the same time as the carpenters and cabinet-makers are busy at their work. Mary's jailer, Sir Amyas Paulet, comes in to inspect the work and gives several orders.

x

Mary's room. The night of waking is over. Far away a tower

clock strikes six. The Queen lifts herself up. She calls for her ladies-in-waiting who are still kneeling in the corner.

Mary: Now I have but two hours to live.

She gives one of them a sign that she wishes to be dressed for her death. A long white veil is brought her. It is fastened to her head dressing and reaches her feet. A chain with an Agnus Dei to hang round her neck. From her belt hangs a rosary. Leaning to two of her ladies she goes out into the ante-room, which is made into an oratory. She kneels down in front of the altar and says the prayer for the dying. During this scene the noise of the workmen has died down. Now the murmur of voices is heard.

x

The entrance to the castle. We see crowds of nobles from the entire neighbourhood coming to witness the renowned event.

x

The Queen's ante-room. Mary is still kneeling in prayer, surrounded by all her servants, also kneeling. There is a knock at the door. Mary allows herself time to finish the prayer. There is another knock, this time more impatient. Mary gives word to open. While this happens Bourgoing has seized the ivory cross from the altar which he hands to Mary. She sends him a grateful look.

In the meanwhile the sheriff has entered, carrying his white staff of office. With a voice which shows he is moved he says.

Sheriff: Madame, I have come to fetch you.

Mary: I am coming.

And leaning on Bourgoing's arm, stumbling on her palsied legs, she walks towards the door. Here Kent and Shrewsbury, Drury, and Amyas Paulet are standing. Kent speaks to the Queen in a hard, cold voice.

Kent: The hour has struck.

Mary: I know.

At a sign from Paulet two soldiers hurry to support the Queen on her last journey.

All of them, the Queen in front, move towards the wide stairs leading down to the large hall, where the execution is to take place.

x

On entering the hall, Mary stands still for a moment. Outside is a crowd of inquisitive people. One hears the noise they make and some musicians playing - probably to entertain the crowd - a dirge which was the custom at burning witches. The tones reach Mary's ears.

She lets her eyes pass over the hall, which she has just entered. The walls and ceiling are draped in black. On the floor the scaffold is raised. It is two feet high with a platform twelve feet square, a low railing round it. Behind it is the fire place, the fire is lit. On the scaffold is a chair for the Queen and an oak block, in front of which is a cushion meant to kneel on. Everything is covered in black, even the railing of the scaffold. Near the block stands the executioner and his assistant, both clad in black cloaks, black masks and white aprons. The executioner is leaning on his axe, which has

the same shape as the axes used by the wood-choppers.

Round the whole scaffold are soldiers.

A large crowd of nobles are present as spectators.

Mary includes them all in one glance. Then she lifts the ivory crucifix above her head, and with great dignity she walks to the scaffold. Two steps lead up to it, but Mary is too weak to walk up them on her own. Her jailor, Amyas Paulet, offers her his arm. She accepts it.

Mary: Thank you - you are very kind.

Paulet leads her to her chair and then goes down from the scaffold. Below this two chairs have been set forward for him and Drury. On the scaffold itself, not far from the block, are other chairs for Shrewsbury and Kent.

When Mary has sat down a zealous Reformed priest comes up to her.

Priest: I am to prepare you for death.

Mary sends him a cold, dismissing look.

Mary: Your faith is not my faith, and I will not listen to you.

Priest: My faith is the only true one....

Mary: I demand that you be quiet and go.

For a moment the priest looks admonishingly at the Queen. Then he continues.

Priest: ...and the only one that can lead you to salvation

Mary fills with rage at them not being content with taking her life but also trying to deprive her of her faith. Demonstratively she turns her back to the priest, pressing the crucifix to her breast.

When the man sees her doing this, he walks round the chair, so that he comes face to face with her again.

Priest: You would do better in using your short time in confessing your sins.

Mary: Go away and be quiet.

However, Shrewsbury has risen, he finds the man too impertinent. He pats him on the shoulder.

Shrewsb: Leave her and say a prayer.

The priest walks away from Mary, who turns round again.

He now begins a Protestant prayer in English.

When Mary hears this, she says the Latin prayers: Misere, In Te Domine, speravi and Qui habitat in ~~adjectionem~~ adjetorio.

It develops to quite a duel between the two, Mary supported by the six of her attendants who have been permitted to be present, while the rest of the assembly say the Protestant prayers together with the priest.

When the priest finishes, so does Mary - and for a moment complete and absolute silence rules in the great hall. Then Mary begins praying in English, pressing the crucifix to her breast.

Mary: I thank you, God, that now my trials have come to an end and I beg you: Let me be saved by Jesus Christ for His sake I am ready to shed my blood.

She has said this prayer in a voice so clear and steady that each word could be heard in the farthest corner of the hall. Then follows a deep silence. Enraptured, Mary kisses the crucifix and makes the sign of the cross.

Now the executioner and his assistant have come up to Mary. The executioner takes hold of the Agnus Dei she has round her neck, but she pushes his hand away.

Mary: Leave it to me.

With a nod she calls the two ladies-in-waiting, Elisabeth Curle and Jane Kennedy, who are weeping at the foot of the steps leading up to the scaffold. And while the spectators strain their necks to see what's going on, the unrobing of the Queen begins. First the ~~whi~~ white veil is taken off, then the black cloak and the dark gown.

As the two ladies cannot stop crying Mary speaks ~~harshly~~ severely to them.

Mary: Stop crying - or I'll send you away.

Sniffing they promise to do their best.

Mary bends over, takes off the chain with the Agnus Dei, and hands it to Jane Kennedy.

Mary: This is for you.

Execut: No - it's for me. It's my right.

The executioner merely shrugs his shoulders and stuffs the chain down into the leg of his one boot.

Mary sends Kennedy a consoling look.

Now the unrobing is done, and Mary^{is} in her long sleeved, scarlet under-gown.

Jane Kennedy goes up to the Queen and ties a handkerchief round her eyes. While she is doing this, the Queen whispers to her -

Mary: Adieu - au revoir.

Then Kennedy walks down from the scaffold. In a close-up of Mary we see two tears, trickling from beneath the handkerchief down over her cheeks.

The executioner and his assistant step in front of the Queen and kneel down before her - and following the custom.

Execut: Forgive us.

Mary: I forgive you with all my heart.

When the two men get up, she adds:-

Mary: Do your duty.

The executioner leads her to the block, where he lets her kneel on the cushion beside the block. Humbly she places herself in the right position. The executioner steps back, half lifts up the axe, lowering it again. He calls for his assistant.

Execut: Her hands.....

The latter understands what he means. Mary has laid her hands under her chin. Now the assistant removes them and puts them behind her back, and squatting down himself, he holds her hands together.

There is dead silence in the great hall. The only sound we hear is Mary's voice, praying, "in manus tuas Domine commendo,"

Now the executioner lifts the axe above his head, by his taut muscles we see he ~~puts~~ lays all his force in the stroke.

As the axe rushes down towards its victim

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Dissolve to:

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A picture of some insignificant ruins.

We hear the voice of the commenter.

Bricks are all that is left of the place where
Mary, Queen of Scots, ended her life.
Near these you find thistles, thistles, thistles.
The people of those parts call them "Queen Mary's
tears."

The picture of the ruins has dissolved into pictures of thistles
in mild Spring rain. The air is so still that the rain-drops hang
on the leaves and thorns of the thistles. They sparkle like tears.

The End.

Translation:

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