APPENDICES

THE TRANSCRIPT OF KING’S SPEECH MOVIE

1. In The BBC Broadcasting House, Studio

BBC News Reader : Good afternoon. This is the BBC National Programme and Empire Services taking you to Wembley Stadium for the Closing Ceremony of the Second and Final Season of the Empire Exhibition. 58 British Colonies and Dominions have taken part, making this the largest Exhibition staged anywhere in the world. Complete with the new stadium, the Exhibition was built in Wembley, Middlesex at a cost of over 12 million pounds. The Exhibition has attracted over 27 million visitors from every corner of our great Empire and the rest of the world. Today the vast Stadium is filled to capacity with in excess of 100,000 spectators...as regiments from His Majesty's Army, Navy and Air Force stand in review. The Opening Ceremony was the first occasion his Majesty the King addressed his subjects on the wireless. The close of the first Season was the initial time His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had broadcast. And today His Royal Highness the Duke of York will give his inaugural broadcast to the Nation and the World.

Elizabeth: time to go

BBC News Reader: Leading us in prayer will be the Right Honourable and Most Reverend Archbishop of York, Primate of all England and Metropolitan. Now we go live to Wembley Stadium, where His Royal Highness the Duke of York will read his message from the King.

Cosmo Lang: I am sure you will be splendid.
2. In the Royal Podium

Bertie: I have received from his Majesty the k- k- k the King the following grecious message....

3. In the Drawing Room

Sir Blandine (a Doctor): Inhale deep into your lungs. Relaxes your larynx, does it not? Cigarette smoking calms the nerves and gives you confidence. If Your Highness will be so kind as to open his hand...

Sterilized. Now, if I may take the liberty, insert them into your mouth. Would you be so kind as to read.

Bertie: I ........

Sir Blandine: Just take your time... Relax

Elizabeth: Excuse me Doctor, what is the purpose of this?

Sir Blandine: The classic approach that cured Demosthenes

Elizabeth: That was in Ancient Greece. Has it worked since

Sir Blandine: Now if you would be so kind as to read. A wealth of words. Fight against those marbles Your Royal Highness. Enunciate! A little more concentration your Royal Higness

Bertie: (bertie spits the marbles out and go)

I nearly swallowed the damned things!

Elizabeth: Thank you so much, Doctor, it’s been most interesting

(Elizabeth goes through to the adjoining room to find Bertie).
4. In the Bertie’s Study

(Bertie is struggling to light a cigarette)

Elizabeth: Temper, Bertie darling, temper. Tick, tock, tick, tock. *(light the cigarette)*

*Bertie:* Insert marbles! He can insert his own bloody marbles ...!!!

*Elizabeth:* You can’t keep doing this, Bertie.

*Bertie:* I know, promise me, no more.

5. In the Waiting Room

Elizabeth: hello, is anyone there?

*Lionel:* *(from behind a door)* I am just in the loo...

“Poor and content is rich and rich enough”

Elizabeth: I beg your pardon

Lionel: Shakespeare. I’m sorry, there’s no receptionist. I like to keep things simple. How are you Mrs Johnson? I’m afraid you’re late..

Elizabeth: I am afraid I am

Lionel: where is Mr Jhonson?

Elizabeth: He doesn’t know I am here

Lionel: that’s not a promising start

Elizabeth: My husband has seen everyone to no avail. He’s given up hope

Lionel: He hasn’t seen me

Elizabeth: you’re awfully sure of yourself

Lionel: I’m sure of anyone who wants to be cured

Elizabeth: Naturally he wishes to be cured. My husband is required to speak publicly

Lionel: perhaps, he shouls changes job

Elizabeth: He can’t

Lionel: indentured servitude?

Elizabeth: something of that nature
Lionel: Well have your hubby pop by...Tuesday would be good...to give his personal history and I’ll make a frank appraisal.

Elizabeth: I do not have a “hubby”. We don’t ‘pop’. We never talk about our private lives. You must come to us.

Lionel: Sorry, Mrs J, my game, my turf, my rules

Elizabeth: And what if my husband were the Duke of York?

Lionel: the Duke of York?

Elizabeth: yes, the Duke of York

Lionel: I thought the appointment was for “Johnson”? Forgive me, your Royal...?

Elizabeth: Highness..

Lionel: Your Royal Highness

Elizabeth: Johnson was used during the Great War when the Navy didn’t want the enemy to know ‘he’ was aboard.

We are operating under the strictest of confidences.

Lionel: of course. I’s considered the enemy?

Elizabeth: you wii be if you remain un-obliging..

Lionel: How did you find me?

Elizabeth: the Preseident of the speech therapist Society.

Lionel: Eileen McCleod? She is a sport.

Elizabeth: Dr McCleod warned me your antipodean methods were “unorthodox and controversial”. I warned her...they were not my favorite words.

Lionel: I succeed.

Elizabeth: so, she says,

Lionel: I can cure your husband. But for my method to work there must be trust and total equality in the safety of my consultation room. No exceptions

Elizabeth: weel then, in that case..

When can you start?
6. **In the South Kensington Street**
Lionel: still sounds a bit rough

Laurie: You make me drive too slowly, Dad..

Lionel: Did you pick mum up from Bridge?

Laurie: Yes, I’ve hardly been out of the car all day

7. **In the Dining Room**
Lionel: I had a special visitor today

Antony: May I be excused?

Myrtle: oh yes?

Lionel: You must stay, bored stupid, listening to your parents’ inane conversation.

Antony: thank’s Dad,

Lionel: and Mum

Antony: and Mum

Myrtle: how special is special?

Laurie: Me too

Lionel: a girl?

Laurie: what else?

Myrtle: take your plates

Lionel: special to the point of someone I can’t really talk about.?

Doctor? Doctor? You can go as well

Valentine: I am fine

Myrtle: Not too high and mighty I hope?

Lionel: ahh..

Myrtle: Not someone who’d...call attention? Why bring it up if you can’t talk about it?

Lionel: Myrtle, just a woman looking to help her husband.
And I had a call.
Myrtle: oh yes..

Valentine: What’s the Illiotibial Tract, Dad?

Lionel: If you don’t know, look it up.

Valentine: Right.

Lionel: Could be fun.

Myrtle: It always is.

Lionel: They’re a highly regarded group. From Putney.

Myrtle: I’m sure you’ll be splendid.

8. In the Children’s Nursery, York House

Bertie: weren’t they lucky

Margaret: Now Papa tell a story!

Bertie: Could I be a penguin instead?

Margaret: Tell me a penguin story, please.

Bertie: There were once two princesses whose Papa had been turned into a penguin by the local witch. This was inconvenient because he loved to hold his princesses in his arms and you can’t do that if you’re a penguin, you have wings like herrings.

Margaret: Herrings don’t have wings.

Bertie: His wings were the shape of herrings. To make matters worse she sent him to the South Pole which is an awfully long walk if you can’t fly.

Lilibet: You can’t walk from the South Pole!

Elizabeth: Shh!

Bertie: Exactly. When he reached the water and dived in he found he could fly. Fly through the depths. So fast, in fact, that he was in Southampton Waters by lunchtime. From there he caught the 2.30 to Weybridge, changed at Clapham Junction and asked a passing Mallard the way to Buckingham Palace. He swam up the Thames and came out of a plughole, giving Mama, the cook and Mrs Whittaker quite a shock. The princesses heard the commotion and hurried to
the kitchen where they gave the penguin a good scrub, a mackerel and a kiss. And as they kissed him guess what he turned into?

Lilibet & Margaret: A handsome prince!
Bertie: A short-tailed Albatross. With wings big enough to wrap around both his precious girls together. (He hugs them both together)
Elizabet: Now time for bed.
Bertie: Take the saddles of your horsies, brush them, feed them and to bed.

9. In the Staircase

Elizabeth: will she be there?
Bertie: My brother’s insisting
Elizabeth: is he serious?
Bertie: about our coming to diner?
Elizabeth: No, about her
Bertie: a married American? He can’t be
Elizabeth: She can. By the way I think I found someone rather interesting. On Harley Street. A doctor.
Bertie: Out of the question. I’m not having the conversation again.
Elizabeth: Hia approach seems rather different.

10. In a Stage

Muffled Voice: Now..
Director: Now..

( Lionel come on stage)
Lionel: Now...”

“Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by this sun of York.”

“(continue)
And all the clouds that lour’d upon our house In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths; Our bruised arms hung up for monuments…”

Director: thank you... Lovely Diction Mr ....?
Lionel: Logue. Lionel Logue.
Director: Well, Lionel, I didn’t hear the cries of a deformed creature yearning to be King. Nor did I realize Richard the Third was King of the Colonies.
Lionel: I know the lines. I have played the role before
Director: Sydney?
Lionel: Perth..
Director: Major theater town, is it?
Lionel: Enthusiastic.
Director: Ah.
Lionel: I was well reviewed.
Director: Yes...well...Lionel, I think our dramatic society is looking for someone slightly younger and a little more regal.

11. In the Ground Floor Entrance
Elizabeth: No darling, shut that one first..
Bertie: how did you find this...physician?
Elizabeth: Classifieds, next to “French model, Shepherd’s Market”. He comes highly recommended. Charges substantial fees in order to help the poor. Oh dear, perhaps he’s a Bolshevik?!

12. In the Waiting of Consultation Room
Elizabeth: No receptionist.. he likes to keep things simple.
( Loudly)
The Johnsons....
Lionel: Finishing up..
Willy: You can go in now, “Mr. Johnson”.
(then to Elizabeth)
Dr Logue says...

Lionel: Lionel!

Willy: Lionel says... wait here if you wish, Mrs Johnson. Or, it being a pleasant day, perhaps take a stroll.

(to the consultation room)

Was that alright... Lionel?

Lionel: Bloody marvellous. You can stay here and wait for your mum. Mr. Johnson, do come in..

13. In the Consultation Room

Lionel: He’s a good lad, Willy. He could hardly make a sound, you know, when he first came to me.

(Lionel catches Bertie staring at the airplanes).

My boys made those. Good, aren’t they. Please, make yourself comfortable.

(Bertie sits uneasily on an armchair. Lionel goes to sit at a distance).

Lionel: I was told not to sit too close. (move the chair) I was also told, speaking with a Royal, one waits for the Royal to choose the topic.

Bertie: Waiting for me to commence a conversation one can wait a rather long wait.

Lionel: Know any jokes?

Bertie: Timing isn’t my strong suit..

Lionel: Cuppa tea?

Bertie: No thank you.

Lionel: I think I’ll have one.

Bertie: Aren’t you going to start treating me Dr Logue?

Lionel: Only if you’re interested in being treated. Please, call me Lionel.

Bertie: I prefer Doctor

Lionel: I prefer Lionel. What’ll I call you?

Bertie: Your Royal Highness, then Sir after that.

Lionel: A bit formal for here. What about your name?
Bertie: Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George?
Lionel: what about Bertie?
Bertie: (flushes) Only my family uses that
Lionel: Perfect. In here, it’s better if we’re equals
Bertie: If we were equal I wouldn’t be here. I’d be at home with
my wifen and no-one would give a damn. (starts to light a
cigarette from a silver case)
Lionel: don’t do that
Bertie: I am sorry?
Lionel: Sucking smoke into your lungs will kill you
Bertie: My physicians say it relaxes the throat.
Lionel: They’re idiots
Bertie: They’ve all been knighted
Lionel: Makes it official then. My ‘castle’, my rules. What was
your earliest memory?
Bertie: What an earth do you mean?
Lionel: First recollection
Bertie: I’m not here to discuss personal matters
Lionel: Why’re you here then?
Bertie: Because I bloody well stammer!
Lionel: Temper
Bertie: one of my many faults
Lionel: When did the defect start?
Bertie: I’ve always been this way!
Lionel: I doubt it
Bertie: Don’t tell me, it is my defect!
Lionel: It’s my field. I assure you, no infant starts to speak with a
stammer. When did it start?
Bertie: four or five
Lionel: that’s typical
Bertie: So I’ve been told. I can’t remember not doing it.
Lionel: That I believe. Do you hesitate when you think
Bertie: Don’t be ridiculous
Lionel: One of my many faults. How about when you talk to yourself? Everyone natters occasionally, Bertie.

Bertie: stop, calling me that!

Lionel: I’m not going to call you anything else.

Bertie: then, we shan’t speak. Are you charging for this doctor?

Lionel: A fortune. So, Bertie...when you talk to yourself, do you stammer

Bertie: of course not

Lionel: Thus proving your impediment isn’t a permanent part of you. What do you think was the cause?

Bertie: I don’t know! I don’t care! stammer. And no one can fix it.

Lionel: Bet you, Bertie, you can read flawlessly, right here, right now. And if I win, I get to ask questions.

Bertie: And if I win?

Lionel: You don’t have to answer.

Bertie: One usually wagers money.

Lionel: A bob each to sweeten it? See your shilling.

Bertie: I don’t carry cash.

Lionel: I had a funny feeling you. Stake you. Pay me back next time.

Bertie: If there is a next time.

Lionel: I haven’t agreed to take you on..

Bertie: I can’t possibly read this.

Lionel: Then you owe me a shilling for not trying.

Bertie: “To be or not to be, That is the question. Whether it is wiser...” There!

(He hands the book back to Lionel).

I can’t read!

Lionel: I haven’t finished yet.

I’m going to record your voice and then play it back to you on the same machine. This is brilliant. It’s the latest thing
from America: a Silvertone. There’s a bob in this, mate. You can go home rich!

Bertie: You’re playing music.
Lionel: I know.
Bertie: How can I hear what I’m saying?!
Lionel: Surely a Prince’s brain knows what its mouth is doing?
Bertie: You’re not well acquainted with Royal Princes, are you? Hopeless. Hopeless!
Lionel: You were sublime. Would I lie to a prince of the realm to win twelvepence?
Bertie: I’ve no idea what an Australian might do for that sort of money.
Lionel: Shall I play it?
Bertie: No.
Lionel: If you prefer, we’ll just get on to the questions.
Bertie: Thank you Doctor, I don’t feel this is for me.
Lionel: Sir? The recording is free. Please keep it as a souvenir.

14. In the King’s Study

King George V: For the present, the work to which we are all equally bound, is to arrive at a reasoned tranquillity. within our borders, to regain prosperity in this time of depression without self-seeking and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overborne. To all, to each, I wish a Happy Christmas. God Bless You.

( King George V looks at Bertie, who is standing next to him).

King George V: Easy when you know how.

Photographer: Sir?

King George V: ( to Bertie) have a go yourself..

Wood: congratulations, Sir
King George V: Ah, Mr Wood. Splendid fellow. Chap taught me everything I know: let the microphone do the work.

Wood: Sir.

King George V: Sit up, straight back, face boldly up to the bloody thing and stare it square in the eye, as you would any decent Englishman. Show who’s in command.

Bertie: D-d-don’t thu-thu-think I c-c-can.

King George V: This devilish device will change everything if you won’t. In the past all a King had to do was look respectable in uniform and not fall off his horse. Now we must invade people’s homes and ingratiate ourselves with them. This family is reduced to those lowest, basest of all creatures...we’ve become...actors!

Bertie: Papa, we’re not a family, we’re a firm.

King George V: The most successful institution in history. Our cousins wear crowns throughout Europe. A dozen of them! Sitting on thrones is our business! Yet any moment some of us may be out of work. Your darling brother... The only wife he appears interested in is invariably the wife of another!

Bertie: He’s broken off with Lady Furness.

King George V: And taken up a Mrs Simpson, a woman with two husbands living! Had the audacity to present her to me at Georgie’s wedding. I told him straight no divorced person could ever be received at court. He said she made him sublimely happy. I imagined that was because she was sleeping with him. “I give you my word we’ve never had immoral relations,” he replied. Stared square into his father’s eyes... and lied. When I’m dead that boy will ruin himself, this family, and this nation, within twelve months. Who’ll pick up the pieces? Herr Hitler, intimidating half of Europe, Marshall Stalin the other half? Who’ll stand between us, the jackboots, and the proletarian abyss? You? With your older
brother shirking his duties, you’re going to have to do a lot more of this. Have a go yourself.

Bertie: through one of the m-
King George V: get it out boy
Bertie: m- marvels of m-
King George V: Modern- Just take your time- Form your words carefully
Bertie: Science, I am enabled, this c-
King George V: Relax, Just try it!
Bertie: this christmas day, to speak to all my p-
King George V: Do it!

15. In the Consultation Room

Bertie: Strictly business. No personal nonsense.
Elizabeth: I thought I’d made that very clear in our interview.
Lionel: Got the shilling you owe me?
Bertie: No I don’t!
Lionel: Didn’t think so.
Bertie: Besides, you tricked me!
Lionel: No, I showed you what you can do.

What you’re asking will only deal with the surface of the problem.

Elizabeth: That’s sufficient. My husband has difficulties with his speech. Just deal with that.
Bertie: I’m willing to work hard, Doctor Logue...
Lionel: Lionel.
Bertie: Are you willing to do your part?:
Lionel: Alright. You want mechanics? We need to relax your throat muscles and strengthen your tongue. By repeating tongue twisters for example. “I am a thistle-sifter. I have a sieve of sifted thistles and a sieve of unsifted thistles. Because I am a thistle sifter.”

Bertie: Fine
Lionel: You have a flabby tummy, we must build up the strength in your diaphragm. Simple mechanics.

Elizabeth: That is all we ask.

Lionel: And that’s about a shilling’s worth.

Bertie: Forget about the blessed shilling! Perhaps, upon occasion, I shall request some assistance in coping with a minor event. Will that be agreeable?

Lionel: of course

Elizabeth: That will be the full extent of your services.

Bertie: Shall I see you next week?

Lionel: I shall see you every day.

(Many different sessions, many different days, all in the consultation room)

Lionel: Hum for as long as you like. Hm... And when you’re ready, “Mother”.

Bertie: Hm...mother.


Bertie: F...father.

Lionel: Feel the loosening of the jaw

Bertie: aha...

Lionel: (at the same time) aha... Deep breath. Expand your chest, lift your diaphragm, allow the column of air into your stomach. How do you feel?

Bertie: Full of the hot air

Lionel: Isn’t that what public speaking is all about?

Bertie: I will never get that

Lionel: Yes, you can. Come on, come on (bertie’s on the floor). Deep breath. Hold. Now Ma’am, while you are here, you could again be of great assistance. If you’d kindly sit on your husband’s stomach.

Elizabeth: oh yes.
Lionel: Now exhale slowly...can you feel that resistance, Bertie? Down goes your Royal Highness...inhale slowly...and...up comes your Royal Highness. Exhale and down. Yes. Inhale and up. You get the idea. Do it at home. Doesn't have to be you, of course, but I thought he’d prefer you to one of the staff. I want you to release the five vowel sounds, each to last no less than 15 seconds
Bertie: Aa...
Lionel: Let’s connect the toned diaphragm with your relaxed throat. Ma’am, would you be so kind as to be the timekeeper?
Bertie: a...
Lionel: Anyone who can vibrate loudly in full view of the world can learn to give a speech
Elizabeth: That’s right, Bertie.
(checking watch) Now, e...
Lionel: e...
Bertie: e...

16. In the Midland Factory
Bertie (make a speech to Factory Workers): I assure you that my wife and I... ...ar-ar-are glad to vis-vis visit... ...are glad to visit this important manufacturing district and see for ourselves one or two of the industries which have made it famous..

17. In the Private Landing strip
David: Hello Bertie. Been waiting long?
Bertie: where’ve you been?
David: Been busy
Bertie: So was I. Elizabeth has pneumonia.
David: I’m sorry. She’ll recover.
Bertie: Father won’t
David: I’ll drive

18. **In the King’s Bedroom**

Lord Wigram: whereas by letters patent under the Great Seal, bearing date of Westminster, the eleventh June 1912 his Majesty King George V did constitute, order and declare that there should be a guardian, Custos Regni, in the form of Councillors of State. It’s the order of the Council for the State, Sir. So we may act on your behalf.

King George V: I’m still confused
Lord Wigram: Approved.
King George V: Thank you.
Nurse: Feeling a little better Sir?
King George: No. I’m not feeling any better. I feel dreadful. Have you been skating?
Queen Mary: No George

19. **In the Library**

(*David is on the phone. Bertie enters*)

David: I’m on with Wallis! I know, darling, a talk, even a lovely long talk, is a poor substitute for holding tight and making drowsy. Nor making our own drowsies either, as we’ve had to do far too often lately.

(*kisses the phone and hangs up*)

Wallis misses me terribly.

Bertie: Mother says you’re late for dinner
David: She forgets Papa’s bloody clocks were always half an hour fast.

20. **In the Dining Hall**

David: How is my father? I hope he is not in pain.
Lord Dawson: No, no, he’s quieter now.
Queen Mary: If your father were well, tardiness would not be tolerated. None of this..unpleasantness would be tolerated

Cosmo Lang: (to David)
You know Sir, I appreciate that you are different from your father in your outlook and temperament. I want you to know that whenever the King questioned your conduct, I tried in your interest to present it in a most favourable light.

David: I can always trust you to have my best interests at heart.

Queen Mary: All my children, at the same table.

George: Yes, Mama.

( Lord Wigram enters and whispers to Queen Mary).

Queen Mary: It seems our vigil will not be of long duration.

21. In the King’s Bedroom

Cosmo Lang: We commend our brother George to the mercy of God, our Maker and Redeemer.

( Queen Mary takes her eldest son’s hand and kisses it. Then Bertie the same).

Queen Mary: Long live the King.

David: I hope I will make good as he has made good

22. In the Consultation Room

Anthony: Dad?
Lionel: What?
Anthony: time for a shake, Dad?
Lionel: You sure? Allright put your thinking caps on.

Valentine: Go on Dad

( Lionel Disappears behind a door)

Anthony: Bet its the Scottish Play.
Valentine: No, I bet it’s Othello. It’s always Othello
Lionel: Art thou afeard?
Valentine: ( without even looking up) Caliban!
Lionel: Oh! For heaven’s sake.. that was a lucky guess

Anthony: Don’t listen to egghead. Go on, Dad.
Lionel: “Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices, That, if then I had waked after long sleep, Will make me sleep again.” (to Valentine) Alright, clever clogs, what comes next?

Valentine: “...and then, in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and show riches Ready to drop upon me; that...”

Lionel: (overlapping)

when I waked, I cried to dream again.” It’s such a sad thought.

(A KNOCK at the door. Lionel is not expecting anyone).

Next patient must be early. You better go lads, I’m sorry.

(to the door) Won’t be a moment, Clifford.

23. In the Waiting of Consultation Room

(The door opens. Bertie is on the other side)

Lionel: Bertie, they told me not to expect you. Sorry about your father.

Bertie: I don’t wish to intrude..

(gesturing towards the consultation room)

May I?

Lionel: Of course. Please come in.

Bertie: I’ve been practising. One hour a day. In spite of everything.

(notices Lionel’s hump)

What’s going on there?

Lionel: I was, sorry, mucking around with my kids.

24. In the Consultation Room

Lionel: Do you feel like working today?

(Bertie notices the plane left behind by Logue’s sons)

Bertie: A Curtis bi-plane.

Logue: I’ll put on some hot milk.
Bertie: Logue, I’d kill for something stronger.
Lionel: I wasn’t there for my father’s death. Still makes me sad.
Bertie: I can imagine so.

What did you father do?

Lionel: a brewer
Bertie: oh..
Lionel: At least there was free beer.

Here’s to the memory of your father

Bertie: I was informed, after the fact, my father’s last words were:

“Bertie has more guts than the rest of his brothers put together.” He couldn’t say that to my face. (blurs) My brother. That’s why I’m here.

Lionel: what’s he done?
Bertie: Can’t say. I can’t puh-puh-puh...
Lionel: Try singing that
Bertie: pardon?
Lionel: know any songs?
Bertie: songs?
Lionel: yes songs
Bertie: Swanee River
Lionel: I love that song
Bertie: happens to be my favorite
Lionel: sing it then. Give me the chorus
Bertie: No. Certainly not. Always wanted to build models. Father wouldn’t allow it. He collected stamps. I had to collect stamps

Lionel: you can finish that off. If you sing. (to “Swanee River”)

“When I was a boy with David...upon the Swanee River.”

Bertie: I can’t sit here singing
Lionel: you can with me
Bertie: Because you’re peculiar.
Lionel: I take that as a compliment
Bertie: I’m not crooning “Swanee River!”
Lionel: Try “Camptown Races” then.
(sings) “My brother D, he said to me, doodah doo-dah...”
Continuous sound will give you flow. Does it feel strange,
now that David’s on the throne?
Bertie: It was a relief... Knowing I wouldn’t be King.
Lionel: But unless he produces an heir, you’re next in line. And
your daughter, Elizabeth, would then succeed you.
Bertie: “You’re barking up the wrong tree now, Doctor, Doctor.”
Lionel: “Lionel, Lionel.” You didn’t stammer.
Bertie: Of course I didn’t stammer, I was singing! (realises) Oh..
Lionel: Well, as a little reward, you get to put some glue on these
struts.
Bertie: David and I were very close. Young bucks... You know.
Lionel: Chase the same girls?
Bertie: David was always very helpful in arranging introductions.
We shared the expert ministrations of “Paulette” in Paris.
Not at the same time of course. An uncomfortable silence.
Too much has been said.
Lionel: Did David tease you?
“Get it out, boy!” Said it would make me stop. Said...”I was
afraid of my father, and my children are damn well going to
be afraid of me
Lionel: (Lionel has been watching Bertie work on the model)
Naturally right handed?
Bertie: Left. I was punished. Now I use the right.
Lionel: Yes, that’s very common with stammerers. Anything other
corrections?
Bertie: knock knees.
Metal splints were made...worn night and day.
Lionel: That must have been painful.
Bertie: Bloody agony. Straight legs now.
Lionel: Who were you closest to in your family?
Bertie: Nannies. Not my first nanny, though...she loved David...hated me. When I was presented to my parents for the daily viewing, she’d... The stammering produced by the memory halts him.

Lionel: Sing it.

Bertie: (tunelessly) “She pinch me so I’d cry, and be sent away at once, then she wouldn’t feed me, far far away.”

(speaks)

Took three years for my parents to notice. As you can imagine, it caused some stomach problems. Still.

Lionel: What about your brother Johnnie?

Were you close to him?

Bertie: Sweet boy. Epilepsy...and...he was ’different’. Died at 13, hidden from view. Too embarrassing for the family. I’ve been told it’s not catching

Lionel: do you want a top up?

Bertie: Please..

You know, Lionel, you’re the first ordinary Englishman...

Lionel: Australian

Bertie: I’ve ever really spoken to. Sometimes, when I ride through the streets and see, you know, the Common Man staring at me, I’m struck by how little I know of his life, and how little he knows of mine.

Lionel: What’re friends for.

Bertie: I wouldn’t know

25. In the Car

Bertie: “I sifted seven thick-stalked thistles through strong thick sieves. I sifted seven...”

Elizabeth: Bertie, isn’t that enough?

Bertie: I have to keep saying it. This is your fault.

Elizabeth: Five hundred year old oaks...removed to improve the view!

Bertie: Nonetheless...we must try to be pleasant towards Mrs Simpson.
Elizabeth: You know she calls me “The Fat Scottish Cook”?
Bertie: You’re not fat.
Elizabeth: I’m getting plump.
Bertie: You seldom cook.
(continue) I sifted seven..
Elizabeth: shut up.

26. In the Ballroom
Footman: Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York..
Wallis: How lovely to see you both. Welcome to our little country shack.
Elizabeth: I came at the invitation of the King.
Bertie: Hello David.
Bertie: I see you’re making some changes to the garden.
David: I am. I am not quite finished.
Wallis: David!
David: Just be a second darling!

27. In the Drawing Room
Elizabeth: Don’t tell me I behaved badly, Mr Churchill.
Winston Churchill: On the contrary, your Royal Highness. Etiquette decrees royalty must be greeted by the official host: in this case: the King. Not a commoner. You behaved impeccably. As always.
Elizabeth: Thank you.
Winston Churchill: I’m always amused when you’re referred to as being a commoner. As common as the Scottish kings from whom you descend.
Elizabeth: Your flattery is profound. What is your agenda, Mr Churchill?
Winston Churchill: Did she actually say what I thought she said?
Elizabeth: You know she did.
Winston Churchill: What is her hold on him?
Elizabeth: Apparently she has certain...skills, which she learnt in an establishment in Shanghai.
Winston Churchill: Mam, I’d not realized you were so well versed in such matters

28. In the Corridor
Bertie: I’ve been trying to see you...
David: I’ve been terribly busy.
Bertie: Doing what?
David: Kinging.
Bertie: Really? Kinging? Kinging is a precarious business! Where is the Tsar of Russia? Where is Cousin Wilhelm?
David: You’re being dreary.
Bertie: Is Kinging laying off eighty staff at Sandringham and buying yet more pearls for Wallis while there are people marching across Europe singing “The Red Flag”?
David: Stop your worrying. Herr Hitler will sort that lot out.
Bertie: Who’ll sort out Herr Hitler?
And you’ve put that woman into our mother’s suite?
David: Mother’s not still in the bed, is she?
Bertie: That’s not funny.
David: Wally likes the very best.
Bertie: I don’t care what woman you carry on with at night, as long as you show up for duty in the morning!
David: This is not just some woman I am carrying on with. This is the woman I intend to marry
Bertie: Excuse me?
David: She’s filing a petition for divorce.
Bertie: Good God.
Can’t you just give her a nice house and a title?
David: I won’t have her as my mistress.
Bertie: David, the Church does not recognise divorce and you are the head of the Church.

David: Haven’t I any rights?

Bertie: Many privileges...

David: Not the same thing. Your beloved Common Man may marry for love, why not me?

Bertie: If you were the Common Man, on what basis could you possibly claim to be King?!

David: Sounds like you’ve studied our wretched constitution.

Bertie: Sounds like you haven’t.

David: Is that what this is all about? Is that why you’ve been taking elocution lessons?

Bertie: I’m attempting t-t...

David: That’s the scoop around town. Yearning for a larger audience are we, B-b-b-bertie?

Bertie: D-don’t say such a th-

David: Young brother trying to push older brother off throne...Positively medieval.

Bertie: D- (Bertie is completely locked)

29. In the Consultation Room

Bertie: All that work, down the drain. My own brother... I couldn’t say...I could say...I couldn’t say a word in reply!

Lionel: Why do you stammer more with David than you do with me?

Bertie: Because you’re bloody well paid to listen!

Lionel: I’m not a geisha girl.

Bertie: Stop trying to be so bloody clever!

Lionel: What is it about David that stops you speaking?

Bertie: What the bloody hell is it that makes you bloody well want to go on about David?

Lionel: Vulgar but fluent. You don’t stammer when you swear.

Bertie: Bugger off!

Lionel: Is that the best you can do?
Bertie: Well bloody bugger to you, you beastly bastard.
Lionel: A public school prig can do better than that.
Bertie: Shit then. Shit, shit, shit!
Lionel: See how defecation flows trippingly from the tongue?
Bertie: Because I’m angry!
Lionel: Ah. Know the f-word?
Bertie: Fornication?
Lionel: Bertie.
Bertie: Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!
Lionel: Yes! You see! Not a hesitation!
Bertie: Bloody, bloody, bloody! Shit, shit, shit! Bugger, bugger, bugger!
Lionel: Well that’s a side of you we don’t get to see that often.
Bertie: No. No we’re not supposed to really, not publicly.
Lionel: Can’t joke, can’t laugh? Let’s get some air.
Bertie: No Logue, I don’t think that’s a good idea
Lionel: Put on your spy clobber.

30. In the Regent’s Park Ornamental Garden
Lionel: What’s wrong? What’s got you so upset?
Bertie: Logue, you have no idea. My brother is infatuated with a woman
who’s been married twice - and she’s American.
Lionel: Some of them must be loveable.
Bertie: She’s asking for a divorce and David is determined to marry her.
Lionel: That’s not right. Queen Wallis of Baltimore?
Bertie: Mrs Wallis Simpson of Baltimore.
Bertie: Unthinkable.
Lionel: Can he do that?
Bertie: Absolutely not. But he’s going to anyway. All hell’s broken loose.
Lionel: Can’t they carry on privately?
Bertie: If only they would.
Lionel: Where does that leave you?
Bertie: I know my place! I'll do anything within my power to keep my brother on the throne.

Lionel: Has it come to that? But the way things are going, your place may be on the throne.

Bertie: I am not an alternative to my brother.

Lionel: If you had to you could outshine David

Bertie: Don’t take liberties! That’s bordering on treason.

Lionel: I’m just saying you could be King.

You could do it!

Bertie: That is treason!

Lionel: I’m trying to get you to realise you need not be governed by fear.

Bertie: I’ve had enough of this!

Lionel: What’re you afraid of?

Bertie: Your poisonous words!

Lionel: Why’d you show up then? To take polite elocution lessons so you can chit-chat at posh tea parties?

Bertie: Don’t instruct me on my duties! I’m the brother of a King...the son of a King...we have a history that goes back untold centuries.

You’re the disappointing son of a brewer! A jumped-up jackaroo from the outback! You’re nobody. These sessions are over!

31. In the Baldwin study’s Room

Baldwin: It’s not just because she’s an American. It’s that she is soon to be a twice divorced American, and the King can not marry a divorced woman. I apologize for the nature of this, but... according to Scotland Yard, the King does not possess exclusive rights to Mrs. Simpson’s favours and affections, sharing them with a married used car salesman, a certain Mr Guy Trundle. In addition, it is rumoured that Hitler’s ambassador, Count von Ribbentrop, sends her 17 carnations every day. Should your brother continue to ignore the advice of His Government, He must abdicate. Otherwise His Government has no choice but to resign.
Bertie: Prime Minister, you’d leave the country without a government?
Baldwin: Does the King do what he wants, or does he do what his people expect him to do

32. In the Living Room, Logue’s Apartment

Myrtle: What’s the matter, love?
Lionel: Nothing.
Myrtle: You look a bit blue.
Lionel: Just trouble with a client.
Myrtle: Oh yes.
Lionel: Frightened of his own shadow.
Myrtle: Isn’t that why they come to you?
Lionel: But this chap..
Myrtle: Yes?
Lionel: This chap truly could be somebody great, and he’s fighting me.
Myrtle: Perhaps he doesn’t want to be great. Perhaps that’s what you want.
Lionel: I might have overstepped the mark.
Myrtle: Apologize, Lionel. Do you both good. Sometimes you do push a bit hard

33. In the Hallway

( Lionel is shown to a chair in the hall to wait)

Equerry: I’m very sorry, Mr Logue, the Duke is terrible busy.
Lionel: I’m happy to wait. Or I could come back later.
Equerry: As I said, the Duke is busy.

34. In the Bertie’s study

Winston Churchill: But there were other reasons for concern, Sir. He was careless with state papers. He lacked commitment and resolve. There were those that worried where he would stand when war with Germany comes.
Bertie: We’re not coming to that?
Winston Churchill: Indeed we are, Sir. Prime Minister Baldwin may deny this, but Hitler’s intent is crystal clear. War with Germany will come, and we will need a King’behind whom we can all stand united. Have you thought what you will call yourself? Certainly not Albert, Sir. Too Germanic. What about George? After your father? George the sixth. It has rather a nice continuity to it, don’t you think.

35. In the David’s Room
Bertie: David! Thank God. You look exhausted! How are you bearing up?
David: Bertie. I have to go. The decision’s been made.
Bertie: I cannot accept that. You are in no condition to make that decision.
David: I’m afraid there’s no other way. I must marry her. My mind’s made up. I’m... sorry.
Bertie: That’s a terrible thing to hear.
David, nobody wants that. I least of all.

36. In the Drawing Room
David: At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now, it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak. A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor. Now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all of my heart. You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But you must believe me when I tell you I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love... ..This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country... ...and with his fine qualities... ...will be able to take my
place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the empire.

37. In the Hallway, York House

Lilibet: Mama, will we have space for our horses in our new home?
Elizabeth: Of course we will, darling, we’ll have a palace of rooms.
Lilibet: (to her sister, on seeing her father)
    Curtsey.
Margaret: Your Majesty
Elizabeth: how was it?

38. In the Bertie’s Study

Bertie: I’m trying to familiarise myself with what a state paper looks like.
    (He picks up a series of papers).
A despatch from Mr Baldwin which I don’t understand a word of.
David’s finances. The Christmas broadcast - I think that might be a mistake.
Elizabeth: Don’t do it then.
Bertie: Plans for the Coronation - I think that’s an even bigger mistake.
    I’m not a King, I’m a naval officer. Its the only thing I know about.
    (crying)
Elizabeth: (Elizabeth speaks softly, with growing strength)
    Dear, dear man... I refused your first two marriage proposals, not
because I didn’t love you, but because I couldn’t bear the royal
cage. Could bear the idea of a life of tours and public duties, a life
that no longer was really to be my own. Then I thought...he
stammers so beautifully...they’ll leave us alone.
But if I must be Queen, I intend be a very good Queen. Queen to a
very great King indeed.

39. In the Logue’s Apartment

Bertie: Waiting for a king to apologize, one can wait rather a long wait.
Elizabeth: I’m afraid we’re slightly late.
Lionel: This is home. Myrtle’s at bridge. I’ve made sure the boys are out.
Elizabeth: It’s lovely. Absolutely lovely.
Lionel: Would you like some tea, Ma’am?
Elizabeth: Yes. I’ll help myself. Off you go now. Or must I knock your heads together?

40. In the Logue’s Study

Bertie: Here’s your shilling, Logue. I understand what you were trying to say, Logue.
Lionel: I went about it the wrong way. I’m sorry.
Bertie: Now here I am. Is the nation ready for two minutes of radio silence?
Lionel: Every stammerer always fears they will fall back to square one. I don’t let that happen. You won’t let that happen.
Bertie: If I fail in my duty... David could come back. I’ve seen the placards “Save Our King!” They don’t mean me. Every other monarch in history succeeded someone who was dead, or about to be. My predecessor is not only alive, but very much so. What a bloody mess! I can’t even give them a Christmas Speech.
Lionel: Like your Dad used to do?
Bertie: Precisely.
Lionel: Your father. He’s not here.
Bertie: Yes he is. He’s on that bloody shilling I gave you.
Lionel: easy enough to give away. You don’t have to carry him around in your pocket. Or your brother. You don’t need to be afraid of things you were afraid of when you were five. You’re very much your own man, Bertie. Your face is next, mate.

Myrtle: Lionel?
Lionel: Myrtle!
Bertie: Are you alright, Lionel?
Lionel: Yes.
Bertie: Shall we go through?
Lionel: Trust me it’s important.
Bertie: What is it?

41. In the Logue’s Apartment
Myrtle: your.... yourrr
Elizabeth: It’s “Your Majesty”, the first time. After that, “Ma’am”, as in ham, not Ma’Im as in palm.
I’m informed your husband calls my husband Bertie and my husband calls your husband Lionel. I trust you won’t call me Liz.
Myrtle: Your Majesty, you may call me Mrs Logue, Ma’am.
Elizabeth: Very nice to meet you, Mrs Logue

42. In the Logue’s Study
Bertie: Logue, we can’t stay here all day.
Lionel: Yes we can Bertie.
Bertie: Logue..
Lionel: Look, I need to wait for the opportune moment.
Bertie: You’re being a coward!
Lionel: You’re damn right.
Bertie: Get out there, man!

43. In the Logue’s Apartment
Lionel: Oh! Hello, Myrtle darling! You’re early. I believe you two have met! I don’t believe you know....King George VI?
Bertie: It’s very nice to meet you.
Myrtle: Will their Majesties be staying for dinner?
Elizabeth: We would love to, such a treat, but alas...a previous engagement. What a pity.

44. In the Westminster Abbey (Big building)
Cosmo Lang: Welcome your Majesty. What a glorious transformation, Sir. I hope you’ll forgive us if we continue our preparations. Allow me to guide you through the ceremony. We begin, of course at the West Door, then into the nave.
Bertie: I see all your pronouncements are to be broadcast,
Archbishop

Cosmo Lang: Ah, yes, wireless is indeed a Pandora’s Box. I’m afraid I’ve
also had to permit the newsreel cameras. The product of
which I shall personally edit.

Lionel: Without momentary hesitation.

Bertie: Doctor Lionel Logue of Harley Street, my speech specialist.

Cosmo Lang: Specialist?! Had I known Yourn Majesty was seeking
assistance I would’ve made my own recommendation.

Bertie: Dr. Logue is to be present at the Coronation.

Cosmo Lang: Well of course I shall speak to the Dean, but it will be
extremely difficult.

Bertie: I should like the Doctor to be seated in the King’s Box.

Cosmo Lang: But members of your Family will be seated there, Sir.
That why it’s suitable.

Lionel: And now, if you don’t mind, we need the premises.

Cosmo Lang: My dear fellow, this is Westminster Abbey! The Church
must prepare his Majesty.

Lionel: My preparations for Bertie are equally important. With
complete privacy. If you don’t mind.

Bertie: Those are my wishes, Your Grace.

Cosmo Lang: I shall place the Abbey at Your Majesty’s disposal...this
evening Your Majesty.

45. In the Westminster Abbay

Lionel: I can’t believe I’m walking on Chaucer and Handel and Dickens.
Everything alright? Let’s get cracking.

.Bertie: I’m not here to rehearse, Doctor Logue.
True, you never called yourself ‘Doctor’. I did that for you.
diploma, no training, no qualifications. Just a great deal of nerve.

Lionel: Ah, the star chamber inquisition, is it?

Bertie: You asked for trust and total equality.
Lionel: Bertie, I heard you at Wembley, I was there. I heard you. My son Laurie said “Do you think you could help that poor man?” I replied “If I had the chance”.

Bertie: What, as a failed actor!?

Lionel: It’s true, I’m not a doctor, and yes I acted a bit, recited in pubs and taught elocution in schools. When the Great War came, our boys were pouring back from the front, shell-shocked and unable to speak and somebody said, “Lionel, you’re very good at all this speech stuff. Do you think you could possibly help these poor buggers”. I did muscle therapy, exercise, relaxation, but I knew I had to go deeper. Those poor young blokes had cried out in fear, and no-one was listening to them. My job was to give them faith in their voice and let them know that a friend was listening. That must ring a few bells with you, Bertie.

Bertie: You give a very noble account of yourself.

Lionel: Make inquiries. It’s all true.

Bertie: Inquiries have been made! You have no idea who I have breathing down my neck. I vouched for you and you have no credentials.

Lionel: But lots of success! I can’t show you a certificate - there was no training then. All I know I know by experience, and that war was some experience. May plaque says, ‘L. Logue, Speech Defects’. No Dr., no letters after my name. Lock me in the Tower.

Bertie: I would if I could!

Lionel: On what charge?

Bertie: Fraud! With war looming, you’ve saddle this nation with a voiceless King. Destroyed the happiness of my family...all for the sake of ensnaring a star patient you knew you couldn’t possibly assist!

It’ll be like mad King George the Third, there’ll be Mad King George the Stammerer, who let his people down so badly in their hour of need!

(Lionel sits down on the chair of Edward the Confessor)

What’re you doing? Get up! You You can’t sit there!
Lionel: Why not? It’s a chair.
Bertie: No, it’s not, that is Saint Edward’s Chair-
Lionel: People have carved their initials into it!
Bertie: That chair is the seat on which every King and Queen-
Lionel: It’s held in place by a large rock!
Bertie: That is the Stone of Scone, you are trivialising everything-
Lionel: I don’t care. I don’t care how many Royal arses have sat in this chair
Bertie: Listen to me...!
Lionel: Listen to you?! By what right?
Bertie: Divine right, if you must! I’m your King!!!
Lionel: Noooo you’re not! Told me so yourself. Said you didn’t want it.
So why should I waste my time listening to you?
Bertie: Because I have a right to be heard!
Lionel: Heard as what?!
Bertie: A man! I HAVE A VOICE!!!
Lionel: Yes you do. You have such perseverance, Bertie, you’re the bravest man I know. And you’ll make a bloody good king.
Cosmo Lang: What on earth’s going on, Sir?
Bertie: It’s all right, Archbishop.
Cosmo Lang: You should know that I have found a replacement English specialist with impeccable credentials. Hence, your services will no longer be required.
Bertie: I’m sorry?
Cosmo Lang: Your Majesty’s function is to consult and be advised. You didn’t consult, but you’ve just been advised.
Bertie: Now I advise you: in this personal matter I will make my own decision.
Cosmo Lang: My concern is for the head upon which I must place the crown.
Bertie: I appreciate that Archbishop, but it’s my head!
Cosmo Lang: Your humble servant.
Lionel: Thank you Bertie, shall we rehearse?
Lionel: As soon as you and Elizabeth enter the West door, you’ll be greeted with the hymn “I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me.” You won’t actually be that glad, because they sing it for a great long time. Then your friend the Archbishop will ponce up and say, “Sir, is Your Majesty willing to take The Oath?” You say.....

Bertie: “I am willing”.

Lionel: Course you are! I’ll see what it sounds like from the cheap seats so even your old nanny can hear.

“Will you govern your peoples of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia and New Zealand according to their lands and customs?”

Bertie: "I solemnly promise so do so.”

Lionel: LOUDER! I can’t hear you up the back

Bertie: “I SOLEMNLY PROMISE TO DO SO!”

Lionel: Very good! "Will you to your power cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all your judgements?"

Bertie: "I will." “I WILL!”

Lionel: Then a long bit about upholding the faith, rubbish, rubbish, rubbish. To which you finally say...

Bertie: “These things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God.”

Lionel: That’s all you have to say. Four short responses, kiss the book and sign the oath. There you are: you’re King. Easy.

46. In the Screening Room

Margaret: You nearly crowned him backwards Archbishop!

Cosmo Long: Someone had removed the thread that was marking the front of the Crown, Sir.

Bertie: Try not lose the thread, Archbishop.

Lilibet: Archbishop, your missing Papa.

Elizabeth: Very good, very good. Archbishop.

Cosmo lang: Well, I hope Your Majesties are thrilled with the result.

You can turn that off now.

Elizabeth: No, wait, keeping going.
47. In the meeting room

Bertie: Good Morning Mr Baldwin.
Baldwin: Good Morning your Majesty.

Congratulations on your Coronation. It went splendidly.

Bertie: Thank you, Prime Minister Luckily I only had to repeat a few short oaths. I may not be so fortunate in the future.

Baldwin: Sir, I have asked to see you today in order to tender my resignation as Prime Minister.

Bertie: I am so sorry to hear that, Mr Baldwin.

Baldwin: Neville Chamberlain will take my place as Prime Minister. It’s a matter of principal. I was mistaken. I have found it impossible to believe that there is any man in the World so lacking in moral feeling as Hitler, but the world might be hurled for a second time into the abyss of destructive War. Churchill was right all along. This was always Hitler’s intention. I am only sorry to leave you in this time of crisis. I am afraid Sir, your greatest test is yet to come.

48. In the Cabinet Room

Chamberlain: I am speaking to you from the cabinet room of 10 Downing Street. This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed the German Government a final note stating that unless we heard from them by 11 o’clock that they were prepared at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us. I have to tell you now that no such undertaking has been received, and that consequently this country is at war with Germany.

49. In the Bertie’s Study

Hardinge: At last. Here it is. You are live at six. I’ve timed it at just under
nine minutes. The wording is fully approved. The Prime Minister will be joining you for the broadcast which will go out live to the Nation, the Empire and to our Armed Forces.

Bertie: Get Logue here immediately.

50. In the Logue’s Car

Lionel: Look, there are the barrage balloons. They got them up there quickly.

Laurie: Should we pull over and find shelter?

Lionel: No, just go straight on. We’ll be alright.

51. In the Bertie’s Study

Bertie: “There may be dark days ahead, and w-w-wa...”

Lionel: Try again.

Bertie: “There may be dark days ahead, and w-... ”

Lionel: Turn the hesitations into pauses, and say to yourself, “God save the King

Bertie: I say that continually, but apparently no one’s listening.

Lionel: Long pauses are good: they add solemnity to great occasions.

Bertie: Then I’m the solemnest king who ever lived. Lionel, I can’t do this!

Lionel: Bertie, you can do this!

Bertie: If I am to be King, where is my power? May I form a Government, levy a tax or declare a war? No! Yet I am the seat of all authority. Why? Because the Nation believes when I speak, I speak for them. Yet I cannot speak!

Lionel: Let’s take it from the top. “In this grave hour...”

Bertie: “In this grave hour fuck fuck fuck perhaps the most fateful in our history bugger shit shit (singing). I send to every household of my p-p-. The letter ‘P’ is always difficult.

Lionel: Bounce onto it ‘a-peoples both at home and’

Bertie: “a-peoples both at home and.... overseas,...”

(singing)
“... this message, doo-dah, doodah.... spoken with the same depth of feeling...for each one of you as if I were to fuck shit bugger cross your threshold and speak to you mmy - ...”

Lionel: In your head, now: “I have a a right to be bloody well heard!”
Bertie: Bloody well heard, bloody well heard, bloody well heard myself!
Bertie: (waltzing and singing)
“For the second time in the lives of most of us we are at wa - ...”

Lionel: Pause. “we are...” Take a pause.
Bertie: I can’t do this.
Lionel: Bertie, you can do it. Have a look at the last paragraph..
Elizabeth: Bertie, it’s time.

52. In the State Room

Bertie: Prime Minister. Nice to see you again, so soon. Good of you to be here, I’m sure you’ve had rather a busy day.
Chamberlain: Let’s hope we have no more interruptions from those damned sirens, Sir.
Bertie: Or the wretched dogs.
Congratulations. First Lord of the Admiralty.
Winston Churchill: Your Majesty.
Bertie: (nodding towards the recording room)
The long walk.
Winston Churchill: Good luck, Sir. I too dread this...apparatus. Had a speech impediment myself, you know.
Bertie: I didn’t.
Winston Churchill: Family secret. Tongue-tied. An operation was considered too dangerous. I eventually made an asset of it. A moment of silent recognition between the two men.
Bertie: Thank you, Mr Churchill
In the Broadcasting Booth

Bertie: I am thistle sifter, I have a sieve of sifted thistles and a sieve on unsifted thistles.

Elizabeth: Bertie, darling, make sure it’s not switched on!

Lionel: Remember the red light will blink three times and then I’ve asked them to turn it off, because we don’t want that evil eye staring at you all the way through.

Elizabeth: I am sure you will be splendid.

Wood: One minute, sir.

Bertie: No matter how this turns out, I don’t know how to thank you for what you’ve done.

Lionel: Knighthood?

Wood: Twenty seconds.

Lionel: Forget everything else and just say it to me. Say it to me, as a friend.

54. In the Broadcasting Room

Bertie (Make a Speech): In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas this message spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself. For the second time in the lives of most of us we are at war. Over and over again we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies. But it has been in vain. We have been forced into a conflict. For we are called, with our allies, to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilized order in the world. Such a principle, stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right. For the sake of all that we ourselves...
hold dear, and of the world’s order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge. It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas, who will make our cause their own. I ask them to stand calm and firm, and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, then, with God’s help, we shall prevail.

Lionel: That was very good, Bertie.
You still stammered on the “w”.

Bertie: Had to throw in a few so they knew it was me.

55. In the State Room

Wood: Congratulations, your Majesty. A true broadcaster.
Bertie: Thank you, Mr Wood.
Winston Churchill: Couldn’t have said it better; said it better myself, Sir.
Cosmo Lang: Your Majesty, I’m speechless.
Chamberlain: Congratulations, Sir
Bertie: Thank you, Gentlemen
Lionel: Your first war time speech. Congratulations.
Bertie: Expect I shall have to do a great deal more. Thank you, Logue. Thank you. My friend.
Lionel: Thank you... Your Majesty

56. In the King’s Study

Elizabeth: I knew you’d be good.
Thank you.....Lionel.
Bertie: Onwards?
Bertie: So how was Papa?
Lilibet: Halting at first, but you got much better Papa.
Bertie: Bless you.
And how about you?
Margaret: You were just splendid, Papa.
Bertie: Of course I was.