

FADE IN:

INT. SOAP FACTORY - EVENING

Tall and striking with her fire red hair and sturdy frame, JANE WHORWOOD (25) stands staring out a window.

Barrels marked "SOAP" are organized around her, a shipment ready to go out.

From the darkness behind her comes a voice.

DARK MAN
What'll it be then?

Jane closes her eyes. An almost indistinguishable nod.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

On a worn cobblestone road a small wagon drawn by a single horse, it's breath steaming in the cold night air, stops in front of the factory.

The driver dismounts and approaches the front door.

INT. SOAP FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Jane is stoic. Stands tall despite the clear uncertainty on her pockmarked and freckled face.

The Dark Man, dressed as if he were at court, emerges from the shadows and stalks up behind her. Her breathing quickens.

Leaning in close he sniffs her hair, brushes her side, and moves ever so slowly against her, cupping her heaving bosom.

DARK MAN
(whisper)
Rest assured, the King will reward
your loyalty.

She slaps his hand away as the door opens and the driver enters.

DARK MAN (CONT'D)
Load a dozen of the barrels, the
marked ones this time.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

The RATTLE of pots and pans. The THUMP of a wooden table against a wall. Voices trying to be quiet but unable to restrain the passion of lovemaking.

Wearing only an unbuttoned shirt which shows his muscular build, BROME WHORWOOD is between the bare legs of a woman perched on the edge of the kitchen table.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jane now wearing a cloak and hood to keep out the chill, and hide her appearance, walks the damp street trying to keep out of sight.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

Brome is sweating and grunts loudly as he finishes the task at hand.

He withdraws from the woman and looks around for the remainder of his clothing.

The woman pushes her dress back down as she slides off the table and stands.

WOMAN

Well, I wasn't expecting that.

BROME

What were you expecting?

WOMAN

I'm not sure, but not that.

BROME

Sure you were.

WOMAN

I most certainly was not!

BROME

You just happened to be strolling by, with a basket of rolls no less, at this hour then?

WOMAN

Yes.

BROME
 Knowing full well that Jane was
 still at the factory?

WOMAN
 I may have had some inclination.

A light chuckle and a head shake from Brome.

BROME
 Some inclination?
 (beat)
 Well I've had some inclination for
 a while now.

A blush and a smirk from the woman.

WOMAN
 Indeed you have.

EXT. WHORWOOD HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Jane stops at the doorway. She listens carefully, starts to peek through the window next to the door but stops herself.

She reaches into her pocketbook and pulls out a key. Taking a deep breath she unlocks the door and enters.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jane walks in, removes her cloak and hangs it on a hook in the entryway. She says nothing but isn't quiet about it.

Walking past the kitchen she looks in. She notices the basket of rolls on the table. Pauses.

Continuing past she enters the parlor.

JANE
 Good evening.

Brome is sitting in a high back chair, he sips whiskey and stares into the blazing fire. He barely acknowledges her.

BROME
 It's late.

He tosses back the remainder of the drink and groans. Rises.

BROME (CONT'D)
 I've got an early day tomorrow.

Jane, with a blank stare, barely moves as he slides past her and plods up the stairwell.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - KID'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane kisses first her son (8) and then daughter (6) on the forehead as they sleep.

JANE
(whisper)
My sweet, sweet babies. I love you
so much.

Jane stands, pulls the covers up over her children. They rustle but don't wake.

INT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - DINING ROOM - PRE-DAWN

KING CHARLES I (46) his stature apparent by his demeanor and attire sits alone at the head of a long dining table.

Servants line the walls of the room. Fine China and crystal adorn the table

The King slowly eats a grapefruit that has been meticulously prepared for him. Food surrounds him, pastries, fruit, assorted meats and eggs prepared a variety of ways.

A slight KNOCK.

KING CHARLES
Enter.

With his plumed helmet under his arm, and a scarlet red sash across his chest, a handsome and young PRINCE RUPERT (23) enters the room and stands almost at attention.

KING CHARLES (CONT'D)
Speak.

PRINCE RUPERT
Your Majesty. The fog...

The King stabs his fork into the wooden table stopping the conversation.

KING CHARLES
General Rupert. Digby has advised us to move quickly, decisively. Do you not concur?

PRINCE RUPERT
I do not your Majesty.

KING CHARLES
And what is the cause of your
trepidation?

PRINCE RUPERT
Visibility your Majesty. We cannot
see forward.

The King pulls his fork from the table and takes a bite of
dinner. Looks up as he eats.

Rupert hesitates then continues.

PRINCE RUPERT (CONT'D)
We hold several key points. I fear
we may lose them if we advance.

EXT. FIELDS OF BROOD MOAR - DAWN

From the treeline a single round of MUSKET FIRE echoes in the
morning silence, the smoke barely visible in the thick fog.

Suddenly the sound of Calvary CHARGING. Plumage. Swords.

The enemy, just a few hundred meters away, wait on a ridge.

The ROYALIST Cavaliers lead the charge. Steam rises from
their horses, blades flash in the dim light.

Ahead of the Royalists, artillery fire RINGS OUT.

For a split second SILENCE.

The volley goes long over the heads of the charging Royalists
and EXPLODES in the treeline behind them.

In all there are Nearly 2000 horsemen followed closely by
similar numbers of infantry. They charge faster.

Within seconds they are met head on by the Parliamentary
forces in even greater numbers.

Instant Mayhem.

Metal meets metal in hand to hand combat.

Blood. Mud. Gore and agony.

SCREAMS. GROANS. CRIES for help.

A soldier strangles another in the mud.

Bodies lie everywhere. Nearly impossible to tell one side from another.

The butt of a musket CRUSHES a skull.

EXT. FIELDS OF BROOD MOAR - TREELINE - SIMULTANEOUS

General Rupert looks on worried, but stoic.

PRINCE RUPERT

Charge!

A second wave of calvary and infantry rush into the battle.

From the right flank MUSKET FIRE mows down dozens and dozens of the attackers almost instantly.

Behind the hedges to the right of Rupert's troops hundreds of Parliamentarian troops kneel and reload, a second round is fired from the group behind them.

Again masses of the attackers fall.

EXT. FIELDS OF BROOD MOAR - TREELINE - LATER

His horse anxious, King Charles watches the battle from the treeline. A small troop of Calvary looks on behind him, barely able to control their mounts.

The King begins to spur his horse but before it moves:

A large Scotsman, The EARL OF CARNWATH, seizes the horse by the bridle and stops him in his tracks.

EARL OF CARNWATH

Would you go upon your Death?

EXT. FIELDS OF BROOD MOAR - HOURS LATER

Bodies are strewn across the entire field.

In the distance the final few Royalist Calvary retreat. The King among them.

Parliamentary Infantry move through and finish off any living Royalist soldiers with bayonets.

Back on top of the ridge sitting proudly on his horse OLIVER CROMWELL (46) surveys the battlefield. His eyes find the retreating King.

CROMWELL

We will meet again soon your Majesty.

INT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scattered throughout the room trunks are open and half full of clothes. Rushing servants pack the King's belongings in complete silence.

INT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The King, still in his Cavalier Uniform sits at the head of the table, this time though without servants and the glamour of a lavishly set table.

A single goblet, plate, and set of utensils. A biscuit and half-eaten slab of meat in front of him.

The frustrated King throws his meal across the room and pounds his fists on the table.

A bloodied and beaten Prince Rupert sticks his head in responding to the clatter.

PRINCE RUPERT

Your Majesty?

The King doesn't even look up. Continues to pound the table.

INT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hastily packed trunks and bags are lined up in the middle of the room.

Pieces of clothing and other belongings remain strewn about the room, laying crumpled on the bed, hung across the changing screen.

INT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - DINING ROOM

A servant enters.

SERVANT

Excuse me, Your Majesty.

The King continues to pound away. Prince Rupert reluctantly responds for the King.

PRINCE RUPERT
Load the Carriages, and bring
around the Kings mount.

SERVANT
Of course, your majesty.

The King takes pause, remembering something important.

KING CHARLES
Where is Ashburnham?

SERVANT
I will retrieve him your majesty.

KING CHARLES
With urgency.

EXT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - LATER

A footman holds the King's horse in front of a line of elaborate carriages. There are a half dozen Cavaliers lined up as well.

Standing a few feet away alongside the King is JOHN ASHBURNHAM, (28) tall, imposing, but respectful.

They speak privately.

Ashburnham nods, a slight bow then backs away and re-enters the house.

The King mounts up. The procession rushes off.

INT. ARISTOCRATIC HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ashburnham stands and looks around. The room still in shambles.

His focus stops on a full-length mirror leaning against the wall in a corner.

He approaches. Moves the mirror to side.

His hands run up and down the wainscoting. Searching.

Finding a small crack he pries the panelling away exposing a small well crafted hinged door.

He pulls the recessed handle. Locates a medium sized chest, mildly adorned with jewels and silver.

Ashburnham drags the chest out. He lifts it and carries it over to the table.

He grabs a knife from the table and pries open the flimsy lock and opens the chest.

Inside are hundreds of pieces of jewelry, gold, and some loose gems.

In the middle of it all, is an exquisite silver jewelry box. He opens it to reveal an elaborate diamond necklace fit for a Queen.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - NIGHT

Jane's hands clinch the bedsheets. Laying on the bed face-down, her cries are muffled by a pillow but still audible.

Brome's thick muscular body nearly covers Jane completely as he aggressively takes his wife like a proustite, not a lover.

A tiny voice.

JANE'S DAUGHTER

Mommy?

Brome grunts his displeasure, stops but doesn't get off Jane.

JANE

(sobbing)

Baby, Mommy will be right there...

The door closes gently and Brome picks up where he left off.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Jane sits naked at a small desk in the bedroom. Her tears have dried but are still visible on her freckled cheeks. She grabs a brush and begins to run it through her thick red hair.

Brome finishes dressing behind her in the shadows.

BROME

I'll be late.

JANE

Of course you will.

Brome pauses. Grits his teeth briefly and abruptly leaves, slamming the bedroom door behind him.

INT. WHORWOOD HOME - MORNING

Jane dressed and ready for the day comes down the stairs to find Brome passed out on the sofa.

Jane pauses.

She stares down at the side table next to Brome. Half eaten fruit, a bit of cheese and a hunting knife.

Jane focuses her attention on the knife for a few seconds before turning away in disgust and rushing out the door.

INT. SOAP FACTORY - DAY

Row after row of barrels are lined up as workers partially fill them with small bags, leather pouches, and containers of every size and material.

Nearby another group of workers package weapons, gold and jewels, and briefs full of documents before passing the containers to the barrel fillers.

INT. SOAP FACTORY - SINGLE BARREL - CONTINUOUS

A false bottom is inserted over the contraband before it is passed off to another section of the factory.

The remaining space is filled with soap wrapped in wax paper.

It's nailed shut, laid down on it's side and rolled onto a wagon with a dozen or more other barrels.

The word SOAP is painted on the sides and tops of every one.

EXT. OXFORD CASTLE - DAY

The soap wagon rolls up to the castle.

The large wooden gate opens just as the wagon arrives and it rushes in barely slowing.

Two Royal Guardsmen peer out of the gate. They signal it is clear and the gate closes as quickly as it opened.

INT. OXFORD CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

The barrels are being opened by Royal Soldiers.

Soap is piled high in the corner but the goods are sorted and stacked neatly. Everything is organized by type.

In the center of it all weapons fill one table.

Documents are immediately shuttled out by pages as they are discovered.

INT. OXFORD CASTLE - KING'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A KNOCK at the door.

KING CHARLES

Enter.

The King sits at a elaborate desk surrounded by books and documents. His attention remains on the paper in his hand.

The page enters and places the new documents on the sideboard and quickly departs.

INT. SOAP FACTORY - DAY

Jane works at the counter. Filling out order forms and keeping track of the daily sales.

She pulls out a small wooden box from under the counter. Fidgets with the latch for a few seconds.

Flipping the latch she opens it.

Jane thumbs through a neat stack of crumpled and worn money of different denominations. A few coins and at the very bottom of the box a small worn envelope.

The bell on the front door RINGS startling Jane and she rushes to shove the box back under the counter.

Looking up she sees a beautiful women dressed in a luxurious goldenrod colored dress followed by a footman with a leather satchel.

JANE

Good afternoon, may I help you.

RICH WOMAN

Are you Mrs. Jane Whorwood?

JANE
 (puzzled)
 Yes, Yes I'm Jane Whorwood.

RICH WOMAN
 I've been asked to relate a
 message.

The Rich Woman turns to the footman. Glares at him

The footman reaches into the satchel and pulls out a large
 official looking envelope with a wax seal and a ribbon.

The footman takes a few steps forward and hands it to Jane.

RICH WOMAN (CONT'D)
 His Majesty plans to escape to
 France this evening.

Jane gently opens the letter.

RICH WOMAN (CONT'D)
 He requests your response
 immediately.

Jane looks up, then back at the letter. She pauses but just
 for a split second before reaching back under the counter and
 grabbing the money box.

JANE
 I'm ready.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

A small procession of horses and two plain carriages rush
 down the road.

In the front carriage a single person, sitting proudly. King
 Charles. In the second carriage Jane looks out the window.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Steam rises from the nostrils of the horses pulling hard and
 fast. The carriages approach a

A low moon casts shadows as they approach a small port and a
 single docked ship in the distance.