

1. TO WAR, OR NOT TO WAR

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Henry V (aka Harry) turns on his video camera.

Standing in a well appointed hotel bathroom, fresh from a shower and wearing only a towel, Henry V (aka Harry) regards his face in the mirror. The bathroom door is closed. The toilet has the lid up. Harry takes his time, assessing his features, giving extra time to his nose and chin. He takes particular interest in a deep scar on his cheek.

HARRY

There is so much they don't tell you. So much they say they wanted to tell you, but won't. Or can't.

(beat)

They want me to go to war.

(beat)

They? My advisers. The cardinals. Those sainted lords, to whom my father was so quick to defer. They. Those well-named, well-bred, pious hollow men. It's their idea. Not mine.

Harry leans against the basin and inhales deeply, then lets his breath out audibly, never taking his eyes off of the mirror.

Invade France. Go to war to take what is mine they say. But why? Why is it mine? My advisers say, without a doubt, without any thought for anybody but themselves, that this part of France belongs to me. Something about Salic Law.

(beat )

Salic Law, my arse. The greedy bastards. They just want all the cheese and wine.

Harry continues to study his face in the mirror.

From beyond the bathroom door, a person is heard RUMMAGING through the room, CLATTERING glasses and gentle banging about.

HARRY

What they won't tell you is that it's taken six months of paper pushing to come to this conclusion. Nothing to do with the bumper vintage of Cotes du Rhones.

(CONTINUED)

Harry drops the towel around his waist and walks towards the toilet.

HARRY

You don't need to see this.

He stands in front of the toilet. The sound of URINATION is heard in the background.

HARRY (O/S)

In the mean time, I've been amusing myself. My father saw to it that I know how to do that.

(Shouting)

Amber! Can you bring in my clothes.

Harry flushes the toilet, puts the seat down and closes its lid.

HARRY

That will keep her happy. Toilet paper flopped to the front. Women!

Harry walks to the basin and washes his hands and picks up the towel and slings it around his hips. The bathroom door opens. An attractive woman enters the bathroom. She is wearing a bathrobe and carrying Harry's clothing. She hangs to suit and shirt on a hook and leaves the rest of his clothes on a towel on the bench, before leaving and shutting the bathroom door.

HARRY

She's a good one. Puts up with my rough and uncouth ways. Not that Daddy would ever admit that I'm anything but a prince and a ruler. But he's dead and I'm king.

Harry starts to dress in a methodical, precise manner.

HARRY

My father saw that I've seen the best and the worst of the country. He sent me out to see the land and to get to know the people. It was probably the best thing he could have done for me. Better than any posh boarding school or sandstone university education. How can I send that rag-tag, illiterate, underfed, under-loved bunch of farmers and merchants and blackguards out to fight for me?

(beat)

Why would they fight for me?

Harry finishes dressing. He leans up against the bathroom sink. He gently traces the scar on his cheek. before slapping himself firmly across the face. Harry straightens himself and walks over to the camera.

HARRY

There is a French emissary waiting for me. What is the bet he'll come with news that the powers that be will want me to marry some French courtier. I wonder what gifts he will bring. I wonder if we can stop this bloodshed that I can order with the flip of my hand.

Harry turns off the camera.