

THE CROWN
4x01

He choose you.

Drama/Historical

CHARLES, 20, enters the room where his father PHILIP, 40, is drinking a WHISKEY. A dear family member, DICKIE, just died tragically.

PHILIP

Oh, it's you. (beat) It's a terrible thing. But... he would have had no fear of death. None. And he would have hated any mawkish outpourings of grief. Or sentimentality. (beat) He left... 500 pages of instructions. For the funeral. And choose you to do the reading. You. Architecturally, there is little that is normal about this family. Dickie's position within it twisted it even further out of shape. I barely knew my own father. Dickie understood that and stepped in as a surrogate. Which meant the world to me. Then years later... maybe he saw the... the struggles between the two of us... he switched horses and started caring for you. I was no longer the priority. (beat) He replaced me as father to you. And you... you replaced me as son to him. I don't mind admitting there were times where that transference of Dickie's affection, of his care, of his love it might have given rise in me to a resentment. (Beat) Not your fault, of course. And... when one was as deprived of a father as I was, one can't help feeling... I don't know... territorial of the next best thing which Dickie was. (beat) It's irrelevant what I want or think. It's what matters to Dickie. And he choose you.