

WOLF HALL

Episode Two

"Entirely Beloved"

Written by

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BLACK

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
Let me tell you how these things
are managed.

INT. ANTWERP WAREHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE on a wooden chest of FURS. As we watch a hand slips a
MANUSCRIPT between the folds, then another...

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
Let's say we're in Antwerp, in some
warehouse. Let's say some books
find their way between some furs,
or into a crate of madder or a bale
of wool....

The chest is closed and dabbed with a marker of black tar.

EXT. PORT - DAY

The marked chest stands with others, stacked on the dockside.
As we watch it is lifted and carried onto a waiting ship.

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
... destined for Harwich or Dover.

EXT. NORFOLK COAST - NIGHT

A small boat has worked its way up a creek. The cargo is
being unloaded by a MAN and his TWO YOUNG SONS.

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
Or else, picture some moonlit
Norfolk creek and a Flemish herring
hoeker that is carrying something
more than fish.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

A covered cart makes its way down the street.

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
Either way the books make their way
to the London sellers...

INT. LONDON HOME - DAY

Thomas More stands in the centre of the room as his GUARDS search the rooms, taking books from shelves.

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
 ...or directly to the homes of
 heretics...

EXT. NORWICH STREET - DAY

LITTLE BILNEY, the priest and lawyer, stands preaching to a crowd, a Tyndale gospel in his hand.

THOMAS MORE (V.O.)
 ...and from there, out onto the
 streets of this land.

As we watch GUARDS push through the crowd to arrest him.

EXT. GROUNDS OF WINDSOR - MORNING

Thomas More stands with Cromwell, who carries papers for the king. More pauses, shakes his head, smiling.

THOMAS MORE
 But then I'm sure you know all
 this. You lived in Antwerp for some
 years, didn't you?

Cromwell stares past him to where Henry and his courtiers can be seen walking.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Not really my business, heretic's
 books.

THOMAS MORE
 No indeed. Although, I think you
 know a man called Thomas Bilney,
 don't you? A friend of yours?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Bland)
 Fellow lawyer.

THOMAS MORE
 He's been arrested, preaching
 Tyndale's gospel.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 He's been arrested before.

THOMAS MORE
 He has. Wolsey let him go. Now
 Wolsey is gone.
 (MORE)

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)
 Bilney won't be released again. And
 there are many men who should
 consider their positions carefully.

Cromwell considers the bleak landscape thoughtfully.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 It's strange. The older you get,
 the more certain you seem to be.
 Whereas in my case, what I grew up
 with, and what I thought I knew, is
 chipped away a little and a little.
 With every month that passes, the
 corners are knocked off the
 certainties of this world.

More watches him for a moment, then gives his wintry smile.

THOMAS MORE
 Your beadsman, Thomas.

He ambles away. Cromwell looks after him.

EXT. LONDON SQUARE - DAY

We're close on a great pyre of Tyndale's gospels as they
 burn, black smoking belching up into the empty sky.

Titles read: **December 1529**

INT. WINDSOR - MORNING

Cromwell stands waiting with papers for the king. Henry walks
 past, trailing GARDINER and HENRY NORRIS. For a moment it
 looks as if Henry will walk past him without a word, but he
 pauses and holds out a hand for the papers.

HENRY
 Thanks. I can't talk about the
 cardinal.

Cromwell opens his mouth to speak. The king interrupts, his
 tone gentle, puzzled.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 No. Don't you understand? I can't
 talk about him.

He walks on with Norris. Gardiner falls back.

STEPHEN GARDINER
 Here again.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Stephen.

STEPHEN GARDINER
 Been waiting very long?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 I was under the impression I had an
 interview with the king.

STEPHEN GARDINER
 Again.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Again.

STEPHEN GARDINER
 Yes. Elusive, isn't he? (Beat) Did
 you think yourself a special
 favourite?

He smiles and walks after Henry.

EXT. ESHER - DAY

A frozen Cromwell rides up to the gate, sleet and rain
 driving down.

INT. ESHER - MAIN HALL - DAY

Cromwell shakes ice from his hair. He looks exhausted.
 Cavendish watches with some sympathy.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Forty-four charges against him.

CAVENDISH
 (Beat)
 And no-one will speak for him? The
 Lord Chancellor?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 He was the first to put his
 signature to every charge. He's
 even added one. He's accused him of
 having the French pox and
 deliberately breathing into the
 king's face to infect him.

He shakes his head.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Christ, imagine living inside
 Thomas More's head. (Beat)
 How is he?

CAVENDISH
 He's taken to his bed.

Cromwell stops, reacting to this.

INT. WOLSEY'S CHAMBERS - DAY

... strides in, face carefully arranged, all energy and optimism. He deposits a pile of papers on a table, begins to sort through them. Wolsey lies in bed, propped on pillows, hands clasped on his chest.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

I expected you earlier. Did you see the King?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Avoiding the question)

If you're at prayer, I hope you'll have a word about the weather. I'm half dead from the road here.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

How is he?

THOMAS CROMWELL

He looks as if he doesn't sleep.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(A short laugh)

If he doesn't sleep it's because he doesn't hunt. The ground's too hard for the dog's paws. It's lack of fresh air, Thomas, not his conscience.

He watches Cromwell trying to look busy.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)

He won't see you.

Cromwell doesn't answer. He notices an open chest at the foot of the bed. Inside, on a cushion, lie some KITTENS. He lifts up a black one.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)

A cat has had her litter, right here in my rooms. Look at it. Black as the devil, born under my very bed. How's that for a bad omen before a journey?

THOMAS CROMWELL

You shouldn't leave.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Marry, Thomas, when Norfolk threatens to bite, it's time to be going.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You won't like the north.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
(Mildly)
I am the Archbishop of York.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Yes. But you've never been. I have.
Filthy. Weather, people, morals.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
The king wants me gone. He wants to
humiliate me. Thinks it sends a
sharp lesson to the Pope. I feel
like Katherine. Cast off. But still
I love him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You look ill.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
I am ill.

He stares bleakly at the ceiling.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)
What will we do?

Cromwell sits beside him on the bed, puts the kitten on
Wolsey's lap.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Bribe people. You still have land.
Even if the king takes everything
you have, people will be asking
themselves whether he can give what
belongs to the church. No one'll be
sure of their title unless you
confirm it. You still have cards in
your hand.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
(Beat)
And after all, if he meant to bring
a treason...

He falters.

THOMAS CROMWELL
If he meant to charge you with
treason, you'd be in the tower by
now. (Beat) He misses you. You will
return to favour.

He strokes the kitten, examines it.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 New life? Born in your very room?
 I'd read that as a good omen.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
 (Beat)
 Ah, you lawyer.

But he pats his hand, smiling.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STORE ROOM - EVENING

Cromwell stands in the storeroom, staring at the peacock feather wings hanging amongst a large GILDED STAR and other Christmas decorations. He touches them lightly, watches them shiver and stir.

He turns and finds Johane in the doorway, watching.

JOHANE
 Well?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Not this year.

He walks back out, closing the door, plunging us into DARKNESS. We hear the key turn in the lock.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - HALLWAY - EVENING

Richard, Johane, her mother MERCY and her young daughters JO and ALICE are greeting Cromwell's teenage son GREGORY, home for Christmas with his two BLACK GREYHOUNDS. Rafe joins Richard, jostling Gregory, laughing.

RICHARD
 Look who's back for Christmas.
 What's this Rafe, is it some kind
 of... beard?

RAFE
 I've seen more hair on a side of
 bacon.

Gregory laughs, pushes them back, endures their tousling his hair.

ALICE
 Gregory says we can race his dogs
 up and down the hall.

Cromwell stands on the stairs, staring down at them. Gregory notices him, becomes suddenly shy, formal.

GREGORY
 Father.

Cromwell feels suddenly awkward himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Welcome home Gregory.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - MAIN HALL - LATER

A dinner in progress: Cromwell, Mercy, Johane and her mild husband JOHN WILLIAMSON, the children, some friends of the family.

JOHANE
(To Mercy)
His tutor said he sits well on a horse, but his Latin...

She pulls a face. Cromwell looks over to where his son is talking animatedly to Rafe and Richard.

GUEST
Were you a scholar when you were his age, Thomas?

THOMAS CROMWELL
(eating)
No.

SECOND GUEST
What were you like?

THOMAS CROMWELL
I stuck knives in people.

JOHN WILLIAMSON
If Gregory doesn't want to go back to his tutor, I could send him to Antwerp, Tom. To a friend of mine?

JOHANE
(Impatient)
Oh, hush, John. He'll never make a man of business. (Off Cromwell's look) Well, can you see him beating out a deal with some Medici Clerk?

John breaks into a coughing fit.

JOHANE (CONT'D)
Oh Lord. You keep coughing like this the winter will finish you off. Then I'll marry you Tom.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Will you?

JOHANE

Oh, for sure. As long as I get the right piece of paper from Rome.

The adults hide their smiles. Alice has overheard.

ALICE

Why is that funny? You can't marry your wife's sister can you?

Someone changes the subject but Cromwell finds himself watching Johane for a moment.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell is working at his desk when GREGORY walks in.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Gregory. One minute.

He continues writing. Gregory stands by the desk, fidgets. He notices a COUNTING BOARD, slides the counters about with a finger. Cromwell notices.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(Mildly)

That was a calculation. It wasn't just where I dropped them.

GREGORY

Oh. Sorry.

He sits down by the fire. Cromwell finishes his work and joins him. He takes off his velvet cap, twists it between his fingers. He examines his fingers - powerful, scarred. He looks at GREGORY'S HANDS - pale, long-fingered.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

It doesn't feel like Christmas. Without the decorations. Without the big star.

He stares into the fire.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Do you remember that Christmas when there was the giant in the pageant?

THOMAS CROMWELL

In the parish? I do.

GREGORY

"I am a giant, my name is Marlinspike." (Beat) Aunt Johane says we won't have the Epiphany Feast this year.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

We can't. No one would come.

GREGORY

Because of the cardinal's disgrace?
(Beat) People in Cambridge are
laughing at my greyhounds.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Why?

GREGORY

Because they're black. They should
be white. They say only felons have
dogs that you can't see at night.
They say I hunt badgers, like a
churl.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Our fortunes will mend, Gregory.
And next year we'll have the
Christmas star up again.

Gregory is still staring at the fire. Cromwell stands,
reaches under his desk, and takes something from a box there.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Look.

He holds out the BLACK KITTEN to his son.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

"I am a giant, my name is
Marlinspike."

Gregory almost reaches for the kitten, then flinches away.

GREGORY

The dogs will kill it.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - EVENING

Gregory's two black greyhounds sit before Cromwell, staring
solemnly at him with their liquid eyes. Johane moves around
the room, putting out the candles for the night. After a
moment...

THOMAS CROMWELL

You're right. About Gregory. He
isn't going to go into business.

JOHANE

So what is he going to do?

THOMAS CROMWELL

He's going to be a gentleman. When the time's right, we'll marry him well.

Johane nods. Cromwell stares at the dogs.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Do you think he's afraid of me?

JOHANE

Why should he be?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't know. He's lively with everyone else, but when he sees me...

Johane watches him, her face softening.

JOHANE

You're a kind father. Too much so, I think. You'll spoil him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Smiling)

That's what Liz always said.

JOHANE

Liz and I had nothing when we were girls. Not a comb. Never had a mirror. We'd plait each other's hair and if we didn't look how we ought to look, somebody soon told us.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I remember when he was a baby and I'd warm his shirt for him at the fire. Liz used to say "Don't do that. He'll expect it every day."

He listens to the quiet of the house.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Seems such a long time since there was a baby in the house.

JOHANE

Don't look at me.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Doesn't John Williamson do his duty by you these days?

JOHANE

His duty's not my pleasure.

A moment. Johane puts out the last candle, walks off, throat crimson. Cromwell sits in the flickering firelight. A long beat.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (To the dogs)
 There's a conversation I shouldn't
 have had.

INT. ESHER - WOLSEY'S CHAMBERS - EVENING

Wolsey is sleeping. Cromwell stands watching him.

MAIN HALL - LATER

Cavendish waits for Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 How's he been? (Off his look) What?

CAVENDISH'S CHAMBER

The two men are examining a horse-hair SCOURGE. Cromwell runs a thumb over the rough tufts, sees the dried BLOOD.

CAVENDISH
 The monks who come to him brought
 it.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 He's whipping himself?

CAVENDISH
 I believe they also recommended
 pushing thorns into his flesh.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Annoyed)
 Oh Christ, that settles it. We have
 to get him away from this place.
 He'd be better off in Yorkshire.

CAVENDISH
 But how would we pay for it? If
 only you would see the king...

He stops, seeing the dangerous look in Cromwell's eye.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Only?

EXT. GREENWICH PALACE - DAY

Cromwell stares up at the palace, prepares himself wearily for another fruitless attempt to reach the king.

INT. GREENWICH PALACE - DAY

PUSHING Cromwell as he navigates the corridors and halls of the palace.

INT. GREENWICH PALACE - ANTEROOM - DAY

Cromwell sits waiting outside the Council Chamber. After a moment Henry passes, Gardiner, Suffolk and Norfolk in tow. Cromwell stands and bows, without any hope of being acknowledged. To his surprise, Henry stops, nods vaguely in his direction.

HENRY

Take a message for me to Wolsey, will you? There's a Breton merchant complaining his ship was seized eight years ago and he still hasn't received compensation. No one can find the paper work. The cardinal would have handled the case. Do you think he'll remember it?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm sure he will. That'll be the ship with unicorn's horns in its hold.

The others look uncertain as to whether Cromwell is allowed humour. Henry still doesn't look at him, but he smiles.

HENRY

That will be the one.

He starts to walk away.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If the case is in doubt, may I look into it?

Henry stops. Silence. Gardiner visibly bristles at Cromwell's presumption.

HENRY

(Cool)

I'm not sure you have a *locus standi* in the matter.

No one moves. Suddenly Suffolk stirs impatiently, slaps a glove against his leg.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

Oh God, let him Harry. When this fellow's finished, the Breton'll be paying you.

Henry considers, finally nods. Gardiner looks quietly furious. Henry indicates they are dismissed, and the three walk on, leaving Cromwell alone with the king. Henry examines him, torn between irritation and grudging admiration.

HENRY

I'll say this for you. You stick by your man.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I never had anything other than kindness from the cardinal.

HENRY

And you have no other master? My lord Suffolk asks me where you have sprung from. I told him there are Cromwells in Leicestershire, landed, once. I suppose you are one of that branch?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No.

HENRY

(Trying again)

You may not know your ancestry. I'll ask the heralds to look into your pedigree.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your Majesty is kind. But they'll have scant success.

Henry is exasperated, puzzled by Cromwell's refusal.

HENRY

My lord cardinal told me you were an orphan, brought up in a monastery.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Ah. That was one of his little stories.

HENRY

He told me little stories?

He considers being angry, but finds a fond nostalgia winning out.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes, I suppose he did.

He stares at the ground, indicates that Cromwell should step closer.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 (Softly)
 A thousand pounds?

Beat. Cromwell tries to look suitably overcome, kneels.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Don't tell anyone. It's the best I
 can do. Take it with my blessing.
 Ask him to pray for me.

He starts to walk away, stops.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 (Small)
 Every day I miss the Cardinal of
 York.

He walks out. Still on his knees, Cromwell smiles.

EXT. GREENWICH - GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER

Cromwell is leaving, walking through the gardens. He finds Norfolk and Gardiner waiting for him ahead.

STEPHEN GARDINER
 What? What did he say?

Cromwell gives his blandest smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Oh, nothing. Just some especially
 hard words for the cardinal.

Norfolk turns his back on Gardiner, who takes the hint and stalks off. Norfolk stares about him, grunts.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 Want a word. Some fresh air.

He walks alongside Cromwell, wheezing a little.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 I told Wolsey to go. Why hasn't he?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 It's a question of funding, my
 lord. An archbishop can't creep off
 like a servant who's stolen the
 spoons.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 He's done more than steal the
 spoons!

(MORE)

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 He's eaten the fucking dinner! He's
 filched the table-cloth, by Christ,
 and...

He breaks into a fit of coughing, rests a hand on Cromwell's
 shoulder for support, kicks with idle viciousness at a plant
 they are passing.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 Damn plants everywhere! Never had
 flowers when I was a boy. It was
 Buckingham brought in all this
 stuff. Christ, it was fancy!

They walk in silence. Suddenly...

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 You think me a hard man, don't you
 Cromwell?

Cromwell decides not to answer.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 Well I'm not such a hard
 man that I don't see how you're
 left. I don't know one man in
 England who would have done what
 you have for a man disgraced and
 fallen. Even him, Chapuys, the
 Emperor's man, says "You can't
 fault what's-he-called." I say it's
 a pity you ever saw Wolsey. It's a
 pity you don't work for me.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Smoothly)
 Well, we all want the same thing.
 The king to be happy. Can't we work
 together?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 (Automatically)
 Don't forget your place.

Cromwell bows a little.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 I was thinking... you could come
 down to Kenninghall, and talk to my
 lady wife?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Your wife, my lord?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 She's a woman of monstrous demands.
 Thinks I shouldn't keep a woman in
 the house, for my pleasant usage.
 (MORE)

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 I say - where else should she be?
 You want me to disturb myself on a
 winter's night and venture out on
 the icy roads? I don't seem to be
 able to express myself clearly to
 her. Perhaps you could put my case?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Beat)
 Is... is this what you wanted to
 talk to me about, my lord?

Norfolk casts him one of his sly sideways glances.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 There is another matter.

INT. BONVISI'S HOUSE - EVENING

Cromwell sits drinking with his merchant friend Antonio Bonvisi.

BONVISI
 A loan?

Cromwell shrugs.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 He knows I have contacts in the
 Florentine banks, asked me to
 arrange it.

BONVISI
 (Amused)
 You know what they'll say?
 "With what as guarantee? Some old
 duke who may be dead tomorrow?"

THOMAS CROMWELL
 I'll get terms somewhere.

BONVISI
Buona fortuna. You're offering a
 dukedom in this barbaric land, with
 civil war coming?

Cromwell stares at him. Bonvisi shrugs.

BONVISI (CONT'D)
 If the king insists on setting
 aside the Emperor's aunt and
 installing his whore as queen?

Cromwell sips his wine, concedes the point.

BONVISI (CONT'D)

Still, a man who can get a thousand pounds from the king...

THOMAS CROMWELL

To my knowledge it's only a tenth of what he's owed the cardinal for a decade.

BONVISI

And not so much when you have a cardinal to move. Where will the rest come from?

Cromwell sips his wine.

BONVISI (CONT'D)

How much of your own money will you put into this?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Some debts are not to be reckoned. (Beat) I heard a rumour recently about someone you know. Thomas Wyatt.

BONVISI

Wyatt and the Lady Anne. An old story.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If it's so old, why hasn't the king heard it?

BONVISI

Part of the art of ruling, perhaps. Know when to shut your ears.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The Lady Anne and Wyatt?

BONVISI

He's handsome. He's a poet.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Anne Boleyn doesn't strike me as the type to be moved by beauty alone. Wyatt's married. What could he offer her?

BONVISI

(Shrugs)

Verses? All I know is it wasn't diplomacy took him out of England. She was torturing him. He couldn't be in the same room with her. The same country. Aren't the English odd?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Christ, aren't they?

But he's thinking. Bonvisi watches.

BONVISI
But you understand, I think? She
interests you?

Cromwell shrugs.

BONVISI (CONT'D)
(Smiling)
A world where Anne can be queen is
a world where Cromwell can be...?

The question hangs. Cromwell smiles, doesn't answer.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - DAY

We are looking at THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY: young, tall, good-looking, well educated, a high opinion of himself. Rafe and Richard sit behind Cromwell, looking decidedly unimpressed by the newcomer.

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY
(To Rafe and Richard)
Wriothesley. It's spelled W-R-I-O-T-H... (Waving a hand to dismiss this) Just call me Risley.

RAFE
Garter King-at-Arms.

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY
(A modest smile)
My Uncle.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well, Master Risley, we're always
looking for bright young men. You
worked for the cardinal I think?

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY
Yes sir.

THOMAS CROMWELL
But then left with Stephen
Gardiner?

An awkward point, but Wriothesley seems unruffled.

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY
I'm his Clerk. But it doesn't
occupy all my time and I'm keen to
learn something of business sir.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Oh, we're all business here at
 Austin Friars. Aren't we boys?

Wriothsesley smiles politely at the two boys, who stare coolly back at him.

A LITTLE LATER

Cromwell, Richard and Rafe stand at the window watching Wriothsesley walk away on the street below.

RICHARD
 (Mimicking)
 "Call me Risley." I heard
 Gardiner's always too angry to use
 long names. He just calls him
 "You."

He points after Wriothsesley.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 It's "You!"

RAFE
 You know Gardiner will have sent
 him to spy on us.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Well, he seems obliging. Perhaps we
 can send him back to spy on
 Gardiner.

EXT. ESHER - COURTYARD - DAY

Cromwell rides into the courtyard on the crisp Spring day. A cavalcade is preparing to depart, chests and baggage being loaded onto carts and horses.

INT. ESHER - WOLSEY'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Cromwell is saying goodbye to the Cardinal. Servants walk in and out of the chambers, carrying chests and bundles of papers.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Hendon, Royston, Huntingdon,
 Peterborough. I've sent riders
 ahead. Everything will be ready for
 you. (Beat) This is a tactical
 retreat. That's all.

Wolsey smiles at him. A father's smile.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Lady Anne is the key to winning back Henry. Find a way into her confidence, Tom. Work a device to please her.

Cromwell sighs.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The only way to please that lady is to crown her queen.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Will you come north?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'll come to fetch you, the minute the king summons you back. And he will.

Wolsey gets to his feet with difficulty. Cromwell kneels to receive his blessing. Wolsey makes the sign of the cross, rests his fingers gently on Cromwell's collar-bone.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(Softly)

God bless you, mine own entirely beloved Cromwell.

Cromwell stands. Wolsey takes out a small BOX, gives it to him. Then he return to his seat, facing the fire, face hidden. Cromwell is about to open it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)

When I'm gone.

EXT. ESHER - COURTYARD - DAY

Cromwell leans against a wall in a shadowy corner. He's crying. A SERVANT passes without seeing him.

SERVANT

(Calling)

Master Cromwell's horse for him!

Cromwell tries and fails to control himself, swears softly, continues crying.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell is giving a list of instructions to Richard and Rafe.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Have the whole of the Archbishop's palace scrubbed out.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 My lord will be bringing his own
 bed. Draft in staff from the King's
 Arms. (Beat) Perhaps I should go
 myself?

RAFE
 We can do it.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Well, check the stabling. And get
 in musicians. Last time I passed
 there were some pigsties against
 the palace wall. Find the owner,
 pay him off and knock then down.

RICHARD
 (Gently)
 Sir... it's time to let the
 cardinal go.

Cromwell stares at him, unable to think of an answer.

STAIRS - LATER

Cromwell is walking downstairs. He passes the boy's bedroom,
 hears them talking quietly.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 His heart is leading him.

RAFE (O.S.)
 It's an experienced heart.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 How can he organise a retreat when
 he doesn't know where the enemy is?
 The king's so double in this.

RAFE (O.S.)
 He could retreat straight into his
 arms.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 You think he's double too?

RAFE (O.S.)
 Look, there was never any profit
 for him in deserting the cardinal.
 Perhaps something is to be got by
 sticking fast.

Cromwell walks quietly on.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Johane passes through the room. She stops seeing a PARCEL wrapped in velvet, tied with ribbons.

She hesitates, tugs the ribbon free, carefully unwraps the cloth.

Inside is a beautiful HAND MIRROR.

She picks it up carefully, raises it to her face - sees her reflection smiling.

AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - LATER

Cromwell holds the small BOX the cardinal gave him. He stares at it for a moment, considering opening it, then puts it away in his desk.

He crosses to the window, stands staring down to where Gregory plays in the snow with his two new GREYHOUNDS.

They are both brilliant white.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE - CHELSEA - EVENING - **SUMMER 1530**

A fine evening. We are tracking towards Thomas More, framed by his red brick house on the Thames. He's holding a large, snowy white rabbit, its long ears draped over his arm. He smiles in greeting.

THOMAS MORE

A garden tour?

GARDENS

More and Cromwell walk through the gardens, More still holding the rabbit.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Do you know we met when you were a young student?

THOMAS MORE

Where was this?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Lambeth Palace. My uncle John was the cook there and I'd work in the kitchens some days. I served you once.

THOMAS MORE

I don't think so.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I remember one night we were playing football and I heard a recorder playing...

THOMAS MORE

(Absently)

Ah, my other guest...

They have turned a corner and find GARDINER staring warily at More's fool - HENRY PATTINSON - who is lolloping around him, grinning.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Now Henry, leave Master Gardiner alone. Come along to the house.

More leads the way, Pattinson running ahead. Cromwell falls in beside Gardiner.

STEPHEN GARDINER

About Master Wriothesley.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And a good evening to you, Stephen.

STEPHEN GARDINER

(Ignoring this)

Remind me, is he working for me, or for you?

THOMAS CROMWELL

For you, I would have thought?

STEPHEN GARDINER

Then why is he always at your house?

THOMAS CROMWELL

He's not a bound apprentice. He can come and go as he pleases.

STEPHEN GARDINER

He thinks he'll make his fortune, I suppose. Everyone knows money sticks to your hands. Wants to know what he can learn from... whatever it is you call yourself these days.

THOMAS CROMWELL

A person. The Duke of Norfolk says I'm a person. (Of Pattinson) Is that his fool?

STEPHEN GARDINER

He's supposed to have fallen off a church roof and landed on his head.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Supposed?

Gardiner watches the two figures ahead of them sourly.

STEPHEN GARDINER

It would be just like More to keep a fool who wasn't. Just so he can embarrass people.

INT. THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE - MAIN HALL - EVENING

More's family and guests are at dinner: More's uneducated wife ALICE, his favourite daughter, the scholarly MEG, his son JOHN and his wife ANNE, More's elderly father SIR JOHN, asleep in his chair. As the servants bring in dishes, MEG is reading scripture in Greek. She finishes as the dishes are laid on the table

THOMAS MORE

Eat, eat. (Switching to Latin) All except Alice, who will burst out of her corsets.

Alice looks up from the pet MONKEY that sits on her lap, hearing her name, but has no idea what is being said.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

(In Latin)

Alice, Alice, remind me why I married you.

MEG

(In Latin)

To keep house, father.

THOMAS MORE

(In Latin)

Quite right, Meg. And one look at Alice and I am free from the sin of lustful thoughts. (Back to English, To Cromwell) Try the cheese, my daughter-in-law Anne made it. Young women are prone to mischief. You have to keep them busy.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Murmuring)

Or they'll be fighting in the streets...

THOMAS MORE

Did I tell you about my daughter-in-law here? Anne craved - shall I tell them dear?

Anne raises her face, tense.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

Anne craved a pearl necklace, wouldn't stop talking about it. You know the way young girls are. So imagine her face when I gave her a box that rattled. Imagine her face again when she opened it and found dried peas inside.

He laughs for a moment. Pattinson hoots like an owl from somewhere.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

Henry Pattinson is excitable tonight. I hope his diet has not been too rich.

Gardiner and Cromwell stare at the gritty, flavourless food before them.

STEPHEN GARDINER

(Muttering)

No anxieties on that score.

THOMAS MORE

(To Cromwell)

Tyndale has been sighted in Hamburg, they say. You'd know him, if you saw him, I suppose?

THOMAS CROMWELL

So would you, I suppose?

THOMAS MORE

I hope to get the means to proceed against him for sedition in his writing. If there is a crime against the state our treaties come into play and we could apply pressure to have him handed over to us.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Have you found sedition in Tyndale's writing?

THOMAS MORE

(Laughing)

Very good. You hear that Stephen?

(MORE)

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

A lesser lawyer would have said, "I have read Tyndale's work, and I find no fault there." But Thomas won't be tripped, will he? Well, I admit, I have read Tyndale. I've picked apart his so called translations. I have also read Luther (in Latin) *Luther is shit. His mouth is the anus of the world.*

THOMAS CROMWELL

You have such a pretty way with Latin. So - "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled." Unless his name is Thomas More.

THOMAS MORE

There now, Wolsey always told me you were a Bible reader.

Alice has been watching Cromwell. Abruptly...

ALICE

Thomas Cromwell, why don't you marry again?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No one will have me, Lady Alice.

ALICE

Nonsense. Your master may be down, but you're not poor. And you've got everything below in good working order, haven't you?

THOMAS MORE

Alice! What have I told you about drinking wine? Your nose is glowing.

Suddenly a crust of bread hits the table from above.

ANNE

Henry! Stop that!

There is a gallery above them, with oriel windows. Pattinson is leaning through one of them, pelting them with broken crusts of bread.

HENRY PATTINSON

Don't flinch, masters! I'm pelting you with God!

He scores a direct hit on Sir John who wakes with a start.

SIR JOHN

(Bewildered)

What?

THOMAS MORE

Now Henry, you've woken my father.
And you're blaspheming. And wasting
bread.

ALICE

He should be whipped!

Gardiner and Cromwell watch fascinated as the dinner
dissolves into chaos and the bread continues to rain down
from above.

EXT. BARGE - THAMES - EVENING

Gardiner and Cromwell are travelling back to London together.

STEPHEN GARDINER

Dear God, I'm starving. I wish I'd
kept back one of the fool's crusts.
(Beat) Did you know More goes to
bed at nine o'clock every night?

THOMAS CROMWELL

With Alice?

STEPHEN GARDINER

Apparently not.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You have spies in his house too?

Gardiner turns away, scowling. Both travel in silence for a
moment, lost in their own thoughts.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

The way he treats her. Suppose she
died, he'd feel sorry then.

STEPHEN GARDINER

He'd have another wife in the house
before she was cold. Someone even
uglier.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Don't you ever think of marrying?

STEPHEN GARDINER

I'm in holy orders.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Oh, come on, Stephen. You must have
women. Don't you?

STEPHEN GARDINER

(Beat. Icy)
What kind of Putney enquiry is
that?

A frigid silence descends.

WESTMINSTER - LATER

Cromwell gets off the barge, stretches.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well, not too bad. Neither of us
threw the other overboard.

STEPHEN GARDINER
I'm waiting until the water's
colder. Why am I bringing you to
Westminster?

THOMAS CROMWELL
I'm going to see Lady Anne.

STEPHEN GARDINER
(Affronted)
You didn't say so.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I can't tell you all my plans
Stephen. What would young Risley
have to do then?

He walks off into the night.

INT. YORK PLACE - ANTECHAMBERS - EVENING

Cromwell waits to see Anne. There is the sound of feet and
MARY BOLEYN appears, face flushed, skirts lifted, running
past. She stops, seeing him.

MARY BOLEYN
Ah, it's you.

She leans a hand against him, as if he's a wall, tries to
catch her breath, strokes the material of his coat.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)
I like your grey velvet. Where did
you get it?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Italy.

MARY BOLEYN
Can you get me some? It's been so
long since I've had new clothes.
(Before he can answer) If you're
waiting to see her I should warn
you, she's in a temper.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Ah.

MARY BOLEYN

Nothing happens quickly enough for Anne.

She studies Cromwell's face, perhaps wondering if she can shock him.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

You'd think she'd be happy. You know when the king first turned his attention to her he thought, knowing how things are done in France, that she might accept a certain... *position* in court? He even promised to give up all other mistresses. But that wasn't enough for Anne. You know what she said to me? She said "This isn't France, and I'm not a fool like you Mary.

She hesitates, then continues, reckless.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Because she knows I was Henry's mistress and she sees how I'm left. And she takes a lesson from it. She's vowed that she'll marry him. And what Anne wants she'll have.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And you?

MARY BOLEYN

Me? I am to be swept out after supper like the old rushes. My father says I'm a mouth to feed and my uncle Norfolk says I'm a whore.

Cromwell examines her with sympathy.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I need a husband. To stop them calling me names.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What kind of husband?

MARY BOLEYN

One who can stand up to my family. I don't want to be a Boleyn anymore.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Ask for someone young and handsome too. Don't ask, don't get.

She strokes the velvet again, stares at him, an idea dawning.

MARY BOLEYN
No, what I want is a husband who
upsets them.

She leans a little closer, runs a finger up his chest.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)
(Softly)
Don't ask, don't get.

Cromwell smiles calmly.

THOMAS CROMWELL
They'd kill you.

This stops her. She laughs, bites her lip.

MARY BOLEYN
That's true. They would.

She turns to go.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)
If she's sent for you, she's going
to flatter you. She's going to
ask you to do some little thing for
her. And then she'll make you hers.
Take my advice. Before she does,
turn around and walk the other way.

She kisses the tip of her finger, touches it to his lips.
Then she's gone.

AUDIENCE CHAMBER

Cromwell walks in, finds the musician MARK playing something
mournful on his lute. As he passes him he flicks his head
hard.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Cheer it up, can't you?

Mark almost falls off his stool. Anne stirs, as if from a
daze.

ANNE BOLEYN
What did you just do?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Hit Mark.

He holds up a finger.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
But only with one finger.

ANNE BOLEYN

Who? Oh. Is that his name?

She settles her velvet gown around her, gives him a baleful look.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Where've you been?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Utopia.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Interested)

Oh? What passed?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Dame Alice has a little monkey that sits on her knee at table.

ANNE BOLEYN

I hate them.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I know you do.

He crosses to the tapestry hanging on the wall: Solomon and Sheba, stands for a moment staring at Sheba.

ANNE BOLEYN

What was the talk?

THOMAS CROMWELL

The vices and follies of women.

ANNE BOLEYN

I suppose you joined in? It's true, anyway. Most women are vicious and foolish.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I've lived among the women too long.

A figure stirs in the shadows. Cromwell catches the movement.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

(Without looking)

My chaplain. Dr Cranmer. Hiding. Because there's no good news. He's just back from Rome.

Cranmer edges into the light. Anne gives him the same baleful look, out of sorts with everyone this evening. Cranmer and Cromwell greet each other cautiously, sizing each other up.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
Cromwell here is Wolsey's man. My Uncle Norfolk describes him as a useful sort to employ.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I'm sure he describes me as other things as well.

ANNE BOLEYN
I hear Wolsey has letters from Katherine. Is that true? And that Rome will issue a decree telling the king to part from me?

DR CRANMER
That would be a mistake on Rome's part.

ANNE BOLEYN
(Fiercely)
Yes it would. Because he won't be told. What is he? Some child? I've read Tyndale. The subject must obey his king as he would God. (To Cranmer) Do I have the sense of it?

Cranmer gives a half-smile, approving.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
The Pope will learn his place.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Why did you send for me?

ANNE BOLEYN
I've something to show you...

She snaps her fingers at JANE ROCHFORD.

JANE ROCHFORD
Oh, please don't give it currency...

ANNE BOLEYN
Give it.

Jane hands her a piece of paper.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
This was in my bed. The sickly milk-faced creeper had turned down the sheet. Of course I couldn't get any sense out of her, she cries if you look sideways at her, so I don't know who put it there.

She holds out the paper for Cromwell to see. It's a drawing - a KING in the centre - a woman on either side. One of the women has NO HEAD.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

That's the queen, Katherine, you see? And that's me. Anne *sans tete*. I am told Wolsey kept you because you always knew the London gossip. If you find out who is responsible for this I want you to tell me.

Cromwell looks at the drawing.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I have a new motto. Did you know? "Ainsi sera, Groigne qui groigne." Never mind who grudges it, this will happen. I mean to have him.

Beat. Cromwell takes the paper from her.

YORK PLACE - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cranmer and Cromwell are leaving. JANE SEYMOUR walks towards them.

DR CRANMER

I think this is the one who cries, so don't look at her sideways.

JANE SEYMOUR

Master Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I haven't seen you for a long time. What have you been doing? Where have you been?

JANE SEYMOUR

Sewing. Where I'm sent.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And spying, I think?

JANE SEYMOUR

I'm not very good at it. I don't speak French. So please, don't you. It gives me nothing to report.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Do you know Dr Cranmer?

She turns her solemn eyes on Cranmer.

JANE SEYMOUR

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

Now you're supposed to say who you are.

JANE SEYMOUR

Oh. John Seymour's daughter. From Wolf Hall.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well, good luck. I'll try and keep the conversations in English.

JANE SEYMOUR

I would be obliged.

She patters away. They watch her go.

DR CRANMER

Which of Seymour's daughters is that?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Staring after her)

I don't know.

STABLES

Cranmer and Cromwell collect their horses. Cranmer takes out an apple for his horse, gives Cromwell a second for his own. They feed the animals for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You're going back to Cambridge now?

DR CRANMER

(Wearily)

Sadly, not to stay. The Boleyn family like to have me close.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How is the Duke of Norfolk?

DR CRANMER

In a fury.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What about this time?

He hesitates, studies Cromwell deciding perhaps whether he is to trust him, or not. Finally...

DR CRANMER

He heard that your cardinal has reached Southwell and the crowds have come from far and wide just to see him.

(MORE)

DR CRANMER (CONT'D)

As if it were a triumphal
procession. (Carefully)
He should perhaps be more cautious.
If the king was offended once, he
can be offended again.

He leads his horse away. Cromwell watches him go, troubled.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - EVENING

Cromwell is eating. Johane gets a bottle of wine.

JOHANE

What's she like? The Lady Anne?
Tall or short?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Neither.

JOHANE

They say she dances well.

THOMAS CROMWELL

We didn't dance.

JOHANE

Are her teeth good?

THOMAS CROMWELL

When she sinks them into me I'll
let you know.

Johane begins to pour the wine, finding herself annoyed.

JOHANE

It sounds as if you got close
enough.

She's bending beside him, their faces close. Neither speaks
for a moment.

JOHANE (CONT'D)

(Whispering)
Why does God test us?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't think we'll pass.

She kisses his cheek chastely and then she's gone.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - MORNING

Cromwell is talking with Cavendish - visiting from the north.

CAVENDISH

He wondered if you could send quails? The food is deplorable up there.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I did warn him.

CAVENDISH

And seeds. Flowers. He likes...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I know.

CAVENDISH

(Smiling)

Of course you do. (Beat) Wherever he goes Thomas, they flock to see him. Thousands of them! You can see his old spirit returning. And he's called a convocation of the northern church.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Without informing the king?

CAVENDISH

He said, "Ah George, why do they need to know."

Cromwell smiles, imagining the familiar voice, but he's worried.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

It's a signal of independence, that's all.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Some might say a signal of revolt.

CAVENDISH

You could come and talk to him?

THOMAS CROMWELL

How can I George? The king could call for me any moment. The Lady Anne.

Cavendish doesn't answer. Cromwell reads his face.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I know what people are saying. That I'm only working for myself now, that I've been bought out.

CAVENDISH

(Gently)

If you went to him Thomas, any doubts he had...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm needed here. To protect him. And to persuade the king. He... he likes me George. I feel it. And when I have his ear, the cardinal will be recalled. I promise you.

Cavendish nods, wanting to believe.

EXT. HAMPTON COURT - THE BUTTS - DAY - **AUTUMN 1530**

The king is at archery practice. A group of noblemen stand around nearby talking. Cromwell is amongst them.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

(Watching Henry)

What if he dies? What if he falls off his horse and breaks his neck?

He jerks his thumb at the Duke of Suffolk.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)

Few years ago, this fella here, charged the king in the lists, runs his lance into the king's headpiece - bam - lance shatters, an inch, *one inch*, from his eye. Year later, Henry's out with his hawk, comes to a ditch, drives a pole in to help him cross. Damn thing breaks and there he is, face down in a foot of mud, drowning. If some servant hadn't clawed him out... Who would reign then?

HENRY NORRIS

He has one child born in wedlock.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Mary? The talking shrimp?

HENRY NORRIS

She'll grow up.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

We're still waiting. Head's the size of my fingernail. And a woman on the English throne flies in the face of nature. A woman can't lead an army.

The others nod in agreement. Silence. Then Cromwell speaks.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Her grandmother did.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Cromwell what are you doing
listening to the conversations of
gentlemen?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
(To Norfolk)
If not Mary, then who? Is your
niece in foal?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
No. More's the pity. If she was
he'd have to do something.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
What?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
I don't know. Grant his own
divorce?

Suffolk grunts. They watch the king for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL
The servant who pulled the king out
of the ditch. What was his name?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Master Cromwell likes to hear of
the deeds of those of low birth.

HENRY NORRIS
I know. His name was Edmund Mody.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
Muddy more like.

He yells with laughter. The others stare at him. Cromwell
becomes aware that the king is looking over at him.

A LITTLE LATER

Cromwell has a bow and shoots at the target. Henry watches.
In the distance the noblemen watch, a little scandalised.

HENRY
You've a good arm. A good eye.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Modestly)
Oh at this distance... We have a
match every Sunday, my household.
We play with the guildsmen, destroy
the butchers.

Henry turns to him, suddenly boyish.

HENRY

What if I came with you one week?
In disguise? A king should show
himself sometimes, don't you think?

Cromwell wonders what to say to this. He smiles, as you would at a child.

THOMAS CROMWELL

We'd win for sure.

LATER

Cromwell and Henry are walking.

HENRY

Wolsey told me once you had a loathing of those in religious life? That was why he found you diligent in your inspection of the monasteries?

THOMAS CROMWELL

That wasn't the reason. May I speak?

HENRY

God, I wish someone would.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If you ask me about the monks, I speak from experience, not prejudice, and my experience has largely been one of waste and corruption. I've seen monks who live like great lords on the offerings of the poor, take in children and instead of educating them, use them as servants.

Henry considers in silence for a moment.

HENRY

(Carefully)

I could make good use of the money that flows from them to Rome each year. King Francois is richer than I am. He taxes his subjects as he pleases. (Bitterly) I have to call parliament or there are riots.

THOMAS CROMWELL

King Francois likes war too much. Trade too little. There is more tax to be raised when trade is good.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 And if taxes are resisted - even by
 the Church - there may be other
 ways.

HENRY
 (Beat)
 Alright. Sit down with my lawyers
 to discuss it. Begin with the
 monasteries.

Cromwell bows. It's beginning to rain. They walk towards an awning, shelter under it from the rain. Henry automatically holds out his hand for Cromwell to unstrap his arm guard.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Some say that I should consider my
 marriage dissolved and remarry as I
 please. And soon. (Beat) But others
 say...

He stops, as if overcome with weariness.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 I am one of the others.

HENRY
 Dear Christ, I'll be unmanned by
 it! How long am I supposed to wait?

Cromwell unstraps the guard, now almost face to face with him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 (Vulnerable)
 Nan says she'll leave me. She says
 there's other men and she's wasting
 her youth.

Cromwell doesn't answer, feels his pulse quicken at this new intimacy.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cromwell is asleep. His eyes open - a commotion outside, the sound of banging, someone calling...

STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cromwell comes down. Johane is in her nightgown, her girls JO and ALICE behind her, frightened. Jo is crying.

JOHANE
 What's this about?

Rafe and Richard are there, steering her out of harms way to reveal WILLIAM BRERETON - member of the king's privy chamber - with an armed escort. Brereton is the epitome of the arrogant lord.

THOMAS CROMWELL
William Brereton. Are you up early,
or down late? (To Johane) Take the
girls to bed.

Gregory appears beside him, dressed, pale, resolute.

GREGORY
(To Cromwell)
Here if you want me.

WILLIAM BRERETON
The king is at Greenwich. You're to
come now.

Richard, Rafe and Gregory are instinctively moving into a shield around Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Go back to bed everyone. The king
wouldn't order me to Greenwich to
arrest me. It doesn't happen that
way. (To Brereton) What does he
want me for?

Brereton affects immense boredom.

WILLIAM BRERETON
I really can't enlighten you.

Richard looks as if he'd very much like to punch Brereton in the face. Cromwell lays a gently restraining hand on his shoulder.

THOMAS CROMWELL
As I am, or dressed?

EXT. GREENWICH - RIVER WHARF - NIGHT

Brereton, Cromwell, Richard, Rafe and Gregory climb off the barge and find Henry Norris waiting for them.

WILLIAM BRERETON
(To Norris)
How is he now?

Norris rolls his eyes, turns to Cromwell.

HENRY NORRIS
Master Cromwell, we do meet under
the strangest circumstances. Are
these your sons?

Cromwell registers Gregory's slight dismay.

THOMAS CROMWELL

This is my son Gregory. This is my nephew Richard, my ward Rafe.

HENRY NORRIS

You only to come in. He's waiting.

INT. GREENWHICH - THE KING'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

Henry sits in the darkness on a velvet stool at the foot of the bed. He holds a velvet robe around his bulk. He doesn't look up as Cromwell comes in. A moment of silence.

HENRY

My dead brother came to me.

Cromwell considers this.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How did he look?

HENRY

As I remember him. But he was pale. Very thin. There was a white fire around him. He died in Ludlow, in winter. The roads were impenetrable. They had to take his coffin in an ox cart. I never saw him dead. Until tonight.

Someone moves in a dark corner of the room - Dr Cranmer.

DR CRANMER

The dead don't come back to complain of their burial.

HENRY

He looked so sad. He's come back to make me ashamed. Of taking his kingdom. Of using his wife.

Cranmer sounds faintly impatient. He's clearly been at this for some time already.

DR CRANMER

If Your majesty's brother died before he could reign that was God's will. And as for your supposed marriage, we all know it was clean contrary to scripture. But with God, there's mercy enough...

HENRY

(Angry)

Not for me. My brother's come back to make me ashamed and I must bear it. I, I alone.

Cranmer is about to speak but Cromwell catches his eye, gives an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Did your brother Arthur speak to you? Make any sign?

HENRY

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. You have read into his face something that wasn't there.

He hesitates, then steps forward, takes the king's arm, grips it.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Listen to me. You know what's written on Arthur's tomb?

HENRY

"Rex quondam rexque futurus." King once, and king to be."

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your father made it sure. It's not enough to claim a country. It must be held. It must be made secure, in every generation. If your brother seems to say that you have taken his place, then he means you to become the king he would have been. He can't fulfil the prophecy, but he wills you to do it.

Henry considers this.

HENRY

But why come back now? I've been king for twenty years.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Because this is the vital time. Now is the time to become the ruler you should be, to be the sole and supreme head of your kingdom. Ask the Lady Anne. She'll say the same.

HENRY

She does. She says we shouldn't bow to Rome.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And should your father appear to you in a dream, take it as the same message. They come to strengthen your hand.

Henry sits in silence for a moment, thinking. Then slowly he smiles.

HENRY

I see. I understand it all now.

He stands up, turns to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I knew who to send for. I always know.

INT. GREENWICH - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Cranmer and Cromwell are leaving, Brereton stalking ahead of them. They walk in silence for a moment.

DR CRANMER

(Quietly)

Neat work. I particularly liked "and should your father appear to you..." I take it you don't like to be roused too often in the small hours.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My household was alarmed. You object to what I said?

DR CRANMER

It was perfect in every way. As if you'd thought of it in advance. Still for the gospel, you know...

THOMAS CROMWELL

For the gospel, I count it a good night's work.

DR CRANMER

(Thoughtfully)

I wonder what you think the gospel is. Do you think it's a book of blank sheets on which Thomas Cromwell can imprint his desires?

Cromwell stops, takes his arm.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Dr Cranmer. Look at me. Believe me. I'm sincere.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 I can't help it if God's given me a
 sinner's face. He must mean
 something by it.

Cranmer examines him, finally nods and smiles.

DR CRANMER
 I dare say. (Beat) Your boys will
 be fretting to see you safe.

EXT. GREENWICH - RIVER WHARF - NIGHT

Rafe, Richard and Gregory cluster around Cromwell, overjoyed
 to see him alive.

GREGORY
 What happened?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 The king had a dream.

RAFE
 A dream? He got us out of bed for a
 dream?

WILLIAM BRERETON
 (Dryly)
 Believe me, he gets one out of bed
 for less than that.

He stalks back towards the palace.

GREGORY
 Was it a bad dream?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 He thought it was. It isn't now.

They're hugging him with relief. Cranmer watches, amused.

DR CRANMER
 Your children love you.

RICHARD
 We can't do without the man in
 charge.

DR CRANMER
 (To Cromwell)
 I suspect he'll want us again. When
 he's thought through what you've
 said.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 He knows where to find me.

Cranmer nods, turns to leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Dr Cranmer, tell the Lady Anne we
 did a good night's work for her.

He leads the boys away.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

Still excited and chattering the boys clatter back up the stairs to their beds.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (After them)
 Quietly. Don't wake the house a
 second time.

He walks into a room, finds Johane waiting by the fire. She stands very still, trying to keep the emotion from her face.

JOHANE
 (Beat)
 Safe?

Cromwell nods, crosses to her.

JOHANE (CONT'D)
 I thought...

THOMAS CROMWELL
 What?

JOHANE
 I thought it was going to be a
 reckoning.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 For what?

JOHANE
 I don't know. All these things.

She looks around the room.

JOHANE (CONT'D)
 The paintings, the books and lutes,
 and I don't know what. All the
 things we have now. (Beat) The
 mirror. I look at myself in that
 mirror every day...

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Gently)
 Everything's going to be alright
 now. And you should always have a
 fine glass to look at yourself,
 Johane. Because you're a woman
 worth looking at.

She turns from her, but he sees her face glow with the compliment. He kisses her. She returns the kiss. They begin to make love.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cromwell wakes. Sunshine is filtering through the window. A bright Autumn morning. He sits up, feels a rush of hope. He begins to hum an old tune he remembers from Italy...

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - COURTYARD - MORNING

Cromwell walks out into the bright morning, still humming, finds Gregory, Rafe and Richard practicing culinary insults on each other. Thomas Wriothesley leans against a wall, enjoying the unseasonable sun, watching with a condescending smile.

RICHARD

(To Gregory)

"Sir, you are a fat Fleming, and spread butter on your bread."

GREGORY

(In reply)

"May your offspring eat snails."

Cromwell walks over to Wriothesley.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Oh, it's "you."

Wriothesley looks gratified.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You look fit to be painted, Master Wriothesley. What are you about?

THOMAS WRIOTHESELEY

(Nodding at the others)

Waiting on the children. They're in high spirits this morning.

Cromwell leans against the wall, hums the tune.

THOMAS WRIOTHESELEY (CONT'D)

What's that?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Tune from my days in Italy. (Beat)
I remember once...

He stops.

RICHARD
 (To Wriothsesley)
 He never tells stories about
 himself.

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY
 Please?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Well, once, I myself and the
 Portinari boys, had a statue made.
 We beat it with hammers, hired a
 muleteer and drove it to Rome and
 sold it to a cardinal as an
 antique. From the reign of
 Augustus. The boys went back to
 Florence with their purses full.

RAFE
 What did you do?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Took my cut, and stayed on to sell
 the mules.

He smiles, begins to sing the old tune again.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
*"Scaramella va alla guerra, Colla
 lancia et la rotella..."*

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - HALLWAY - MORNING

Cromwell walks back through the house, still singing.

THOMAS CROMWELL
*"Colla lancia et la rotella, La
 zombero boro borombetta..."*

He stops. GEORGE CAVENDISH stands waiting for him, his face
 ASHEN.

EXT. CAWOOD CASTLE - YORKSHIRE - NIGHT

Night. A RIDER coming towards us. NO SOUND. Behind him,
 soldiers.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)
 We hadn't finished dinner.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S STUDY - DAY

Cavendish sits with Cromwell. He's crying.

CAVENDISH

They came in, they'd taken the keys
from the porter. They'd already set
sentries on the stairs.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Who was it?

INT. CAWOOD CASTLE - NIGHT

The rider is taking off his mud spattered cloak. We see his
face - the young nobleman who was Anne's former suitor.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)

Harry Percy.

BACK ON CAVENDISH

CAVENDISH

He was shaking. I thought, why send
him? Why Harry Percy? Then I
thought... Lady Anne, you remember,
she was just a girl? She wanted to
marry him. The Cardinal stopped it.
Revenge. She bided her time.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What happened?

INT. CAWOOD CASTLE - NIGHT

Wolsey sits at table, staring at the intruder.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(calmly)

Harry, if I'd known, I'd have
waited dinner for you.

HARRY PERCY

My lord, I arrest you for high
treason.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(Beat)

Your warrant?

HARRY PERCY

There are items in my instructions
you may not see.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(Standing)

Well, if you won't show it, I won't
surrender to you, so here's a state
of affairs. Come George.

He walks away, Cavendish following.

INT. CAWOOD CASTLE - WOLSEY'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Wolsey walks in, Cavendish follows, barring the way to the guards that have followed, closing the door on them. Wolsey stands for a moment, mastering himself, then turns to Cavendish.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

George, look at me. I'm not afraid
of any man alive.

BACK ON CAVENDISH

...as he starts to cry again. Cromwell stands up, walks to the panelling so he doesn't have to watch, runs a hand over the grooves. Cavendish gets control.

CAVENDISH

They took us from the house, rode
south. We stopped at Doncaster.
There were crowds waiting for him,
holding candles. We thought they'd
disperse, but they stood all night
in the road. He stopped eating.

Cromwell doesn't turn from the wall.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Flat)
Why?

CAVENDISH

I don't know. Some said... he
wanted to destroy himself. (Beat)
Then Kingston came. I had to tell
him Thomas. I had to tell our lord
the Constable of the Tower had come
to fetch him. He just kept saying
"William Kingston?" As if he
couldn't believe it. By the time we
reached Leicester he was too ill to
stand. He voided black blood. I
thought... (Struggling) I
thought... poison.

INT. LEICESTER ABBEY - NIGHT

Wolsey lies dying in bed, Cavendish at his side. Wolsey watches a shadow on the wall.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Thomas.

CAVENDISH

(Beat)

He's coming, my lord.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

The roads are treacherous.

CAVENDISH

You know Cromwell, my lord. If he says he'll come, he'll be here.

EXT. LEICESTER ABBEY NIGHT - NIGHT

The blackness is pierced hundreds and hundreds of points of light. The candles of the crowd praying for Wolsey.

BACK ON CROMWELL

... staring fixedly at the wall.

CAVENDISH

I'm sorry Thomas. He died the next day. They... they gave him a coffin of plain boards. The city officials came to see the body so there couldn't be any false rumours that he'd escaped to France. They... they made *jokes*. They made *jokes* about his low birth.

He breaks down. Cromwell turns to look at him. His face shows NOTHING.

INT. HAMPTON COURT - GREAT HALL - EVENING

A stage has been set up, the back screens painted as a wall of flames. A play in progress: a figure in a huge padded scarlet costume lies on the floor, shrieking as he's dragged by four actors dressed as DEVILS. They jab the 'cardinal' with pitchforks as he writhes and screams.

The audience howl with laughter. ANNE BOLEYN sits laughing, pointing, applauding, her face lit up with glee. Beside her the king sits frozen. He laughs, but his eyes are nervous.

Norfolk strides around the hall, bellowing with laughter.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

It's good, eh? By the Mass, I'll have the parts written out so we can play it again at Christmas!

Cromwell stands at the back watching it all.

DEVIL

Come Wolsey, we're fetching you to
Hell, for our master Beelzebub is
expecting you to supper!

The actor playing the cardinal pops up his head.

CARDINAL

What wine does he serve? None of
that cat's piss my lord of Norfolk
lays on.

The audience roar. Anne crows, points at her uncle.

The Devils beat the vast, padded form, hang a noose around
its neck, begin to hoist up, kicking and struggling. Scarlet
woollen bowels unwind from the belly...

DUKE OF NORFOLK

By Christ, I'd pay to have seen
this for real!

MAN'S VOICE

Shame on you, Norfolk!

Heads turn. Cromwell looks to see who called - catches a
glimpse of a handsome face - THOMAS WYATT - the poet - then
he's gone. On stage the cardinal is dragged off through the
flames, still shrieking...

BACKSTAGE

The four devil actors are pulling off each others costumes,
throwing aside their masks, laughing, congratulating each
other.

They are four young noblemen: FRANCIS WESTON, Anne's brother
GEORGE BOLEYN, and two men we've already met - WILLIAM
BRERETON and HENRY NORRIS.

Cromwell stands silently in the shadows, watching, noting
each face in turn.

Still laughing the four young men swagger back out onto the
stage to take their bows.

Cromwell crosses to where the actor playing the cardinal
still lies, panting in his huge costume. He stares down at
him. Beat.

CARDINAL

Must be hell if you're here.

Cromwell pulls the cardinal's mask from him to reveal PATCH,
Wolsey's old Fool.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Quietly)

How could you do this? After everything the cardinal did for you? After you cried when you had to leave him?

PATCH

I act the part I'm paid to act. But nobody's paying you anymore, are they? Monsieur Cremuel, retired mercenary.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Not so retired. I can still fix you.

PATCH

With that dagger you keep where your waist was?

He springs up, pulls off the padded costume, revealing his scrawny body.

PATCH (CONT'D)

I know what ditch you were spawned in, Tom, and it was a ditch not far from mine.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You're wasting your jokes on me, Patch.

PATCH

Fools can say anything.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Not where my writ runs.

PATCH

Where's that? Not even in the backyard where you were christened in a puddle of piss. Your master's dead. Come and meet me here, ten years today, we'll see who's still alive.

Cromwell moves quickly, has him pinned against the wall in a moment. A flash of his strength, the dangerous man he has been. But his voice is still calm, measured.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I could crack your skull against the wall now. They'd not miss you.

PATCH

True. What's one fool? England's full of them.

Beat. Cromwell lets him go and he springs away, capers backwards, making obscene gestures. Cromwell leans against the wall, watches him go.

INT. GREENWICH - DAY - **WINTER 1530**

Cromwell stands waiting. The king and Dr Cranmer walk in.

HENRY
The council is waiting.

He stares at Cromwell solemnly then unexpectedly laughs.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Go and join them. They will give you your oath.

Cranmer nods, smiles warmly.

CHAMBER - LATER

Cromwell is being sworn in to the KING'S COUNCIL. Other councillors are present, including Anne's father - THOMAS BOLEYN, ARCHBISHOP WARHAM, and THOMAS MORE, looking even more dishevelled than usual. Warham, ancient and trembling, steps forward to offer Cromwell the Bible.

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM
Cromwell. You to be made a councillor. What the world comes to. Well, best begin as we have no choice. Lord Chancellor...?

THOMAS MORE
When you are a member of the council I hope you will tell the king what he ought to do, not just what he can do. (Beat) Well... let's do this necessary thing.

They begin the swearing in, Cromwell kneeling, More reading the oath for Cromwell to repeat.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I swear to be a true and faithful councillor to the King's Majesty as one of his Highness's Privy Council. I shall not know or understand of any manner thing to be attempted, done, or spoken against his Majesty's person, honour, crown, or dignity royal, but...

The door opens and Stephen Gardiner walks in, face set.

STEPHEN GARDINER
I don't think you can do this
without me.

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM
Oh by the Blessed Rood, do we have
to start swearing him all over
again?

Thomas Boleyn has been watching Cromwell.

THOMAS BOLEYN
(Sardonic)
If we don't know the procedure, I'm
sure Cromwell has a note of it.
Give him a year or two, and we may
all find ourselves superfluous.

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM
I'm sure I'll not live to see it.
Lord Chancellor, shall we get on?
This cold is getting into my bones.

Gardiner is standing in Cromwell's eye-line, the two men
staring at each other as Cromwell continues...

THOMAS CROMWELL
I swear in manner to be secret...

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S STUDY - NIGHT

Cromwell sits at his desk. He takes out the BOX Wolsey gave
him, he begins to unwrap it.

BACK AT THE CEREMONY

Cromwell continues...

THOMAS CROMWELL
I swear to uphold the king's
authorities... I swear to uphold
the king's jurisdictions...

IN CROMWELL'S STUDY

Cromwell opens the box. Inside lies Wolsey's TURQUOISE RING.
He stares at it.

BACK AT THE CEREMONY

THOMAS CROMWELL
I swear to uphold the king's heirs
and lawful successors...

INT. YORK PLACE - DAY - **THE PAST**

We're back on the day that Wolsey was evicted from York Place. Cromwell watches as Wolsey's beautiful robes, his scarlet silks, grosgrains, brocades are taken from chests and strewn about the floor. The barbarians sacking civilisation.

INT. CROMWELL'S STUDY - DAY

We're back in the earlier scene. Cavendish is still crying.

CAVENDISH

I knelt by his body and I wept and
I prayed to God to send vengeance
on them all!

Cromwell stares past him, face a mask.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No need to trouble God, George.
(Beat) I'll take it in hand.

BACK ON CROMWELL AT HIS DESK

...staring down at the ring. He picks it up, slides it onto his finger. It fits perfectly.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Cromwell stands watching the servants paint out the cardinal's coat of arms. One of the servants comes to stand next to him.

SERVANT

What shall we paint in its place,
sir? We could have a pretty
allegory?

Cromwell stares at the blank white wall.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm sure.

He turns away.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Leave a space.

And he's gone, out into the day.