

**WOLF HALL**

Episode Three

"Anna Regina"

Written by

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#### "Anna Regina"

EXT. LONDON - DAY - THE PAST

NO SOUND

A CHILD'S P.O.V - We are pushing through a crowd, their backs to us, all staring intently ahead to where thick smoke rises into the Spring sky.

A WOMAN ahead turns and looks down at us - a motherly smile. She makes room and guides us through to the front of the crowd and the spectacle...

An OLD WOMAN is burning. She's chained to a stake, toothless mouth open in a scream, surrounded by the jeering crowd. As we watch a gust of wind lifts the flames and the woman begins to twist and blacken...

REVERSE

THOMAS CROMWELL as a BOY is watching, face blank.

Slowly the sound begins to build - the roar of crowd and the flames, growing louder and louder...

LATER

Dusk. The patter of RAIN. The crowd have gone and the square is empty, quiet. Young Thomas shelters under the deserted wooden stand.

Suddenly several MEN AND WOMEN appear. One keeps watch while the others kneels around the black sludge and bones that is all that is left of the old woman. Young Thomas steps out cautiously.

YOUNG THOMAS

They burnt an old woman. She was a  
Loller.

The men and women ignore him. We see they are scraping up the remains, placing them in an earthenware pot.

YOUNG THOMAS (CONT'D)

She thinks the God on the altar is  
just bread.

He notices what they are doing, steps forward, interested, and peers at the black sludge until he finds a piece of rib-cage.

YOUNG THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Here's some of her.

He hands it to a Woman who places it in the pot, stares up at him.

WOMAN  
Give me your hand.

He does so. She dips a finger into the bowl, smears the wet ash onto the back of his hand, a fierce gaze, willing him to remember...

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
*Joan Boughton.*

INT. WINDSOR CASTLE - DAY - 1531

Thomas Cromwell, now in his mid-forties, sits waiting, staring down at his rough, strong hands. He rubs the back of one, as if remembering the feel of the ash upon it. He looks up as a SERVANT appears, walking down the corridor towards him.

INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER -

KATHERINE OF ARAGON sits rigid in her chair, her daughter PRINCESS MARY, standing by her side. Mary looks ill, gripping the chair back tightly to support herself.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(In Latin)  
Madam, your daughter should sit.

Katherine leans back further and whispers something to Mary.

PRINCESS MARY  
(Whispering, in Castilian)  
My woman's disorder...

QUEEN KATHERINE  
Stand up straight. (Beat) This is Master Cromwell. He used to be a money-lender. Now he writes all the laws. (To Cromwell) I've heard all about your new bill. Suspending payments to Rome, attacking the power of the Bishops, inducing the king to describe himself as *the head of the church?*

Mary tries dutifully to play her part in the attack.

PRINCESS MARY

The Pope is the head of the church everywhere. The lawfulness of all government flows from... from...

She looks like she might faint. Her knees begin to buckle. Cromwell is suddenly by her, catching her before she can fall.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

Will you not sit, Lady Mary?

He eases her onto a stool. For a second a look of simple gratitude crosses her face. Then she remembers herself.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Think of it this way, the king has merely defined a position that early precedents...

QUEEN KATHERINE

...Precedents you've invented these last three months...

THOMAS CROMWELL

... show as his right. And as for "induced" - Your Highness knows the king can't be led.

QUEEN KATHERINE

But he can be *enticed*. (Beat) He has ridden off without saying goodbye. He's never done that before. Never.

THOMAS CROMWELL

He's going to hunt out of Chertsey for a few days.

PRINCESS MARY

With the *woman*. The *person*.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You're to go to another palace, madam. He has chosen More, in Hertfordshire, which is very comfortable.

PRINCESS MARY

(Sneering)

It was one of your cardinal's houses wasn't it? So it's bound to be lavish.

Cromwell turns his calm gaze on her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Princess, will you not speak ill of  
a man who never did you any harm?

She blushes, looks away.

QUEEN KATHERINE

Send a box to Hertfordshire. Send a  
package. Don't seek to send me.  
I'll write to the king. My place is  
with him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My advice - take this gently. Or he  
may...

He looks to Mary, lets his joined hands drift apart - to  
indicate separation. Katherine stares at him, fighting down  
fear, anger, disgust...

QUEEN KATHERINE

I expected this. But I didn't  
expect he would send a man like you  
to tell me. You had a trade as a  
blacksmith, is that correct?

THOMAS CROMWELL

My father's trade.

She examines him through narrowed eyes. Nods.

QUEEN KATHERINE

The blacksmith makes his own tools.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - THAMES - DAY

Cromwell is heading back down the river with Wriothsesley,  
Gregory and Rafe.

WRIOTHESLEY

What happened?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I told her to let Henry go in peace  
or he might not let the princess  
move with her, up-country.

WRIOTHESLEY

(Surprised)

But it's already decided. I heard  
it from Secretary Gardiner. They're  
going to be separated. Mary is to  
go to Richmond.

Cromwell didn't know, but tries to keep this from his face.

THOMAS CROMWELL

But the queen doesn't know yet, so  
it was worth a try.

GREGORY

It's wrong. Using the little girl  
against her mother.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If this were Italy, Katherine would  
be cold in her tomb.

Cromwell recognises the BOATMAN, walks over to him.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Sion Madoc?

BOATMAN

Never forget a face, eh?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Not when it's ugly.

BOATMAN

I remember your dad fishing on this  
river. Used to jump in, punch the  
lights out of some carp, drag 'em  
out by the gills.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Sounds like him.

BOATMAN

Hear you're working for the king  
now. And them fucking *Bullens*.  
Jesus. I hear that one, Anne, I  
hear she fucks her brother.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Who? George?

BOATMAN

Any brother's around. That's how  
she manages to hold out against  
Henry. She's "Oh, your Highness, I  
never could allow..." 'cos she  
knows that night her brother'll be  
licking her out, and then he's  
"excuse me, sister, what do I do  
with this big package?" And she's  
"Oh, don't distress yourself, my  
lord brother, shove it up the back  
entry, it'll come to no harm  
there."

Behind them the boys stare open mouthed at the casual  
obscenity.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Amused)

Thanks. I had no idea how they were managing.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - DAY

Richard, back from abroad, hands a LEATHER BAG over the desk to Cromwell.

RICHARD

The jerkin.

Cromwell sorts through the bag's contents.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How was Antwerp?

RICHARD

I'm glad to be home.

Cromwell takes out some ROSARY BEADS, holds them up.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

For show. In case I got stopped.

Cromwell nods approvingly, takes out the JERKIN and slits open a seam. He takes a LETTER from the lining of the jerkin, unfolds it and begins to read.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What does he say?

THOMAS CROMWELL

You carried it without reading it?

RICHARD

I didn't want to know. In case.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If Thomas More came anywhere near you I'd drag him out of Westminster and beat his head on the cobbles until I'd knocked some of God's love into it.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD

(Nodding at the letter)

Will Tynedale come back?

Cromwell reads, sighs.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Wearily)

When the king says yes to the scripture being translated into English. Even then he won't trust Thomas More to give him safe conduct, because More says you don't have to keep a promise you made to a heretic.

He tears the letter up into tiny pieces.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

He also refuses to come out in favour of Henry's divorce. You'd think he'd bend a point of principle to make a friend of the King of England. But, no.

He scatters the fragments onto the desk.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

More and Tynedale. The pair of mules deserve each other.

Johane enters.

JOHANE

Sir Henry Wyatt is here.

RICHARD

(Beaming)

Sir Henry. Get him to tell the lion story.

THOMAS CROMWELL

He won't tell the lion story.

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - DINING ROOM - LATER

The family are gathered around SIR HENRY WYATT, a warm, grandfatherly figure.

SIR HENRY WYATT

Once I was given a lion cub and brought her up as a child. I called her Leontina. One day, Leontina got out of her cage. I called to her to stay where she was and she turned and looked at me, crouched down, her eyes... like this...

He attempts a lion's stare.

SIR HENRY WYATT (CONT'D)

And I knew.



Johane's young daughters JO and ALICE are entranced.

JO  
Knew what?

SIR HENRY WYATT  
I was no longer her father. I was  
her *dinner!*

The girls look suitably thrilled.

SIR HENRY WYATT (CONT'D)  
I thought my hour had come when my  
son Tom happened out into the  
court. In a second he saw my peril  
and he called out "Leontina! To  
me." So the lion turns and creeps  
away from me, towards him. I back  
away for help. All the while my son  
keeps talking to the lion and it  
creeps closer and closer, ready to  
pounce, and him like a statue,  
fearless. At the last second she  
*leaps* for his throat but by then I  
had my bow and *thwack!* I had an  
arrow in her.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
You forgot the best part.

SIR HENRY WYATT  
I did. So then my son, the hero of  
the hour, walked away to a bush and  
was sick. But to this day, when the  
king sees my son he says "Tom  
Wyatt. He can tame lions."

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - GARDENS - DAY

Cromwell and Sir Henry walk in the gardens.

SIR HENRY WYATT  
How's life in the king's council?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Norfolk stamps around, yelling.  
Archbishop Warham is so old we keep  
thinking he's died mid-sentence.  
(Beat) I need a real job, an  
official place in the household.

Sir Henry nods thoughtfully.

SIR HENRY WYATT  
Ask the king to make you Keeper of  
the Jewel House. People don't  
realise, but from there you  
(MORE)

SIR HENRY WYATT (CONT'D)  
 have an overview of the revenue.  
 You'll know how the books are  
 balanced.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Ask him how?

SIR HENRY WYATT  
 Get Lady Anne to ask him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Perhaps your son could help by  
 asking Anne?

Sir Henry gives a dry little cough in acknowledgement of the  
 joke.

SIR HENRY WYATT  
 I see that rumour persists. (Beat)  
 I came to ask you a favour. Will  
 you keep an eye on him? Tom? Be a  
 father to him?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 He's twenty-eight? He might not  
 want another father.

SIR HENRY WYATT  
 You can't do a worse job than I  
 did. I married him off too young,  
 she was unfaithful to him, he  
 replied in kind. Then roaming  
 abroad, a prisoner in Italy... Now  
 home, but... still lost.

INT. THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE - GATE HOUSE - CHELSEA - EVENING

Candlelight. We are CLOSE on THOMAS MORE as he sits reading  
 aloud from the bible, his voice dry, precise...

THOMAS MORE  
 (In Latin)  
 But false prophets also arose among  
 the people, just as there will be  
 false teachers among you...

There is a sound of LABOURED BREATHING in the room, ragged  
 with fear. More keeps on reading.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)  
 ...who will secretly bring in  
 destructive heresies, even denying  
 the Master who bought them...

As we PULL BACK we see More is reading to JAMES BAINHAM. Bainham is enclosed in a torture device - a SKEFFINGTON'S DAUGHTER - folded in, chest on knees, a metal hoop tightened around him so that he can barely breathe. He is white and sweating with the pain.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)  
... bringing upon themselves swift  
destruction.

A GUARD tightens the hoop further...

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - JOHANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cromwell and Johane are making love.

LATER

The two lie in bed, Johane turned away from him. He stares at her back, reading her mood by its tension.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I want to get you something. A  
present. Name anything you want.

Silence. Cromwell sighs.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
What is it?

JOHANE  
This bill of yours...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
It isn't mine...

JOHANE  
... taking power from the Bishops,  
making Henry head of the church...  
Aren't you afraid?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Of what?

JOHANE  
There's an girl called Elizabeth  
Barton making prophecies. They call  
her the Holy Maid. She's saying  
that Henry will only reign for a  
year if he marries Anne. And  
there's a new star. By the moon.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
It's not a star. It's a comet. I am  
reliably informed by the king's  
astronomer.

JOHANE

(Ignoring this)

And the last time it appeared was under King John and the cattle stopped breeding, and the grass stopped growing and the birds fell out of the sky.

Cromwell considers this.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well, if that starts to happen I'm sure we can reverse our policy.

Johane refuses to smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I don't believe in omens.

JOHANE

They've arrested a barrister called James Bainham. You know him don't you?

Cromwell rolls onto his back, stares at the ceiling.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Yes. He's a good man.

JOHANE

He was handing out the gospel in English. (Beat) What if they torture Bainham? What if he gives names?

THOMAS CROMWELL

What's that to me? Thomas More already knows my name.

There is the sound of a commotion in the court outside.

STAIRCASE

Cromwell hurries down the stairs, wrapping a nightgown around himself. Gregory is already in the hall talking to a SERVANT.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Alert)

What is it?

GREGORY

It's Tom Wyatt. He's been taken up.

THOMAS CROMWELL

More's arrested Tom Wyatt?

GREGORY

(Confused)

What? It's nothing to do with More. He's been arrested for breaking windows in Westminster. He's asked you to buy him out.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Christ's sake.

GREGORY

(With light malice)

You're the one agreed to be his father.

EXT. WESTMINSTER - GATEHOUSE - DAWN

Cromwell stands with Gregory and Richard watching as a trio of young noblemen stagger out of the gatehouse into the freezing dawn. FRANCIS WESTON is first, battered and filthy, followed by TOM WYATT - a handsome young man, losing his hair and drinking away his looks. Weston bends over and vomits.

TOM WYATT

(Holding his head)

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus, never again.

RICHARD

'Till next time, Tom. 'Till next time.

Lastly comes Anne Boleyn's cousin - FRANCIS BRYAN - collar torn, wearing one shoe, struggling to hold his torn hose up. He lost an eye in a joust and the livid socket is on view.

FRANCIS BRYAN

Tits of St Agnes, it's fucking freezing!

THOMAS CROMWELL

And good morning to you, Francis Bryan.

FRANCIS BRYAN

Cromwell? I don't remember you being with us last night?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No, I was in my bed. Which is where I'd like to be now.

FRANCIS BRYAN

Got someone waiting in it for you? Don't you sectaries fuck each other's women?

Cromwell's smile freezes over.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(To Wyatt)

Get him to cover himself before his parts get frostbitten. Bad enough to have lost an eye.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - MORNING

Cromwell pours two glasses of wine. Wyatt examines himself in a mirror.

TOM WYATT

Dear God, I'm too old to go rolling around the streets with that crowd. And I'm too young to lose my hair. Do you think ladies mind? Much?

Cromwell gives him the wine.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Which lady do you have in mind? (Beat) Didn't anyone ever tell you to stay away from women that the king is interested in?

TOM WYATT

I did stay away. I went to Italy. Then I went to Calais for a year. How long can a man stay away?

He sits down, drains the wine.

TOM WYATT (CONT'D)

There's something I want to tell you about Anne.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Say it here. And say it once only.

TOM WYATT

If Anne's not a virgin, that's none of my doing. For two years I was sick to my soul thinking of another man touching her. She'd let me kiss her, but it was always yes, yes, yes - then no. The worst of it was her hinting that she said no to me, but yes to others.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Who?

TOM WYATT

Oh names. Names would spoil the game for her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

So how many lovers do you think she's had?

Wyatt flinches, looks at the floor, the ceiling...

TOM WYATT

A dozen? None? A hundred. On her wedding night Henry will know.

THOMAS CROMWELL

He's no judge of maidenheads. It took him twenty years to notice his brother had had Katherine before him.

Wyatt manages a smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Listen, this is what I think: any woman who can say no to the King of England and keep on saying it, has the wit to say no to any other man.

TOM WYATT

Is that my consolation?

THOMAS CROMWELL

That's your consolation. If you had really been her lover, I'd fear for your life when they're married.

TOM WYATT

And they will be?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm working on it. (Beat) Your father told the girls about the lion. They're dying to meet you in person.

TOM WYATT

(Standing)

Oh, the lion. Nowadays, it doesn't seem like something I would do. More like something you would do, Master Cromwell.

EXT. HAMPTON COURT - GROUNDS - DAY

ANNE BOLEYN, dressed as Maid Marion is shooting with a bow at a target. Cromwell walks towards a group of her admiring "boys" who stand watching, HENRY NORRIS and WILLIAM BRERETON amongst them. As he approaches Cromwell fixes his gaze on Brereton, remembering...

A FLASH OF ONE YEAR EARLIER - NO SOUND

...William Brereton backstage having just finished his role in the mockery of the dead Cardinal Wolsey. He pulls his devil's mask off, head thrown back, laughing, sweating...

BACK ON CROMWELL

...still watching Brereton, who suddenly notices, frowns at him - *what?* Cromwell gives an easy smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
William Brereton, good day. Not in Chesire?

WILLIAM BRERETON  
Yes. Despite appearances I am.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Smiling)  
I only meant I thought you'd be hunting out of your own country.

WILLIAM BRERETON  
(Scowling)  
Sorry, I didn't realise I had to account to you for my movements.

Cromwell keeps the smile in place. The bow is clearly not to Anne's liking and she throws it down, stamping her foot.

MARY BOLEYN (O.S.)  
She was the same in the nursery.

He turns to find Mary, standing a little too close, as usual.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Where's Robin Hood? I have dispatches.

MARY BOLEYN  
He won't look at them until sundown.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Won't he be occupied then?

MARY BOLEYN  
She's selling herself by the inch. She wants a cash present for every advance above her knee.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
She's got long legs. By the time he comes to her secret part the nation'll be bankrupt.



Mary gives a bark of laughter.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
I had heard a rumour...

MARY BOLEYN  
I know. But she isn't. I would know. If she thickened at all I'd be the one who'd have to let out her clothes. I know her waist to the inch.

She holds up her finger and thumb to indicate.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
She can't be. Because they still haven't.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
She'd tell you?

MARY BOLEYN  
Of course. Out of spite.

They watch Anne's tantrum for a moment.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
She wants a house, a retreat, not too far from London, on the river.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Whose house has she in mind?

MARY BOLEYN  
Oh, I don't think she means to turn anyone out.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Houses tend to belong to someone.

An idea occurs to him.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
I'll see what I can do. (Beat) I want a job. A post in the Jewel House.

MARY BOLEYN  
I'll tell her. She made Tom Wyatt a poet and Harry Percy mad. I'm sure she has some idea what to make you.

EXT. HAMPTON COURT - GROUNDS - LATER

Anne walks with Cromwell.

ANNE BOLEYN

Last week, at Greenwich, a Friar preached to us about the good king who was corrupted by the wicked Jezebel. Apparently she built a pagan temple and let the priests of Baal into the palace. She ended up being thrown out of a window. I'm Jezebel, you see, and you're the priests of Baal.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Smiling)

I see.

ANNE BOLEYN

I know who *I'd* like to throw out of a window. Only Katherine's so fat she'd bounce.

They walk in silence for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

More has arrested a barrister. James Bainham. He may put him to the rack.

Anne feels his eyes on her.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Bemused)

What do you expect me to do about it?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Talk to the king? You know how to please him, I suppose?

Anne laughs, incredulous.

ANNE BOLEYN

My maidenhead for your lawyer?

Cromwell doesn't smile.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

He'll be released.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Little Bilney wasn't. They burnt him in Norwich.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Firmly)

Your barrister friend will recant, and he'll be released.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What if he doesn't?

ANNE BOLEYN

(Angrily)

Then he's a fool. People should say whatever will keep them alive. You would.

Cromwell considers this, troubled by the assertion. She notices he's carrying a parcel wrapped in BLUE SILK.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

What's this?

THOMAS CROMWELL

A present for one of your women.  
The little girl who always cries.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Gleeful)

Didn't you hear? Her father - Dear Old Sir John Seymour? Caught in the hayloft with his son Edward's wife. It seems he's had her every week for the last two years. Edward's put the wife in a nunnery and I don't think we'll see Dear Sir John at court soon.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And the daughter? Jane, is it?

ANNE BOLEYN

Pasty-face? Gone to Wiltshire. Her best bet is to get into a nunnery too. No-one want will want to marry the Milksop now.

She takes the present from him.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

What is it?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Only a book of needlework patterns.

ANNE BOLEYN

You don't *like* her do you?  
Because I'm not sure it's proper for you to send her a present.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It's not as if it's tales out of Boccaccio.

Anne laughs.

ANNE BOLEYN

Oh, they could tell Boccaccio a tale - those sinners at Wolf Hall.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY

Henry stands watching as the Commons vote on the new bill, Gardiner and Cromwell beside him. A division of the members is taking place.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Those for the bill to my right,  
those against to my left.

The members cross over the house, taking their respective positions. Those "against" shifting nervously under the gaze of their king, some switching to the "fors."

The "fors" have it.

Cromwell stands with Henry, who watches carefully, noting his enemies. Nods, approving. They are joined by STEPHEN GARDINER and the ancient ARCHBISHOP WARHAM.

STEPHEN GARDINER

Your Majesty. (To Cromwell)  
Congratulations. I take it the division of the house was your idea?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I thought this way His Majesty would be able to see exactly who was with him, and who against. (Pointedly) In the Commons, at least.

HENRY

(Smiling)

I know Stephen is opposed to this bill, Cromwell. I don't want a servant who will always agree with me. I need men who aren't afraid of controversy. Now, I know you two quarrel, but you must learn to pull together. This winter you have to be yoked to the plough.

He claps Cromwell's shoulder and leaves. Cromwell and Gardiner stare after him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't think he means that. I think he likes us at each others' throats.

STEPHEN GARDINER

That's lucky then. (Beat) You won't find it so easy to pass your bill through the House of Lords. The Bishops and the old aristocracy are for the Pope and not afraid to say so.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Cheerfully)

Well, we'll see. Archbishop Warham. This prophetess you harbour in your diocese - Eliza Barton? How is she getting on?

Warham stares ahead, a slow lizard blink.

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM

What do you want Cromwell?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I hear she's telling people if the king marries the Lady Anne he has only a year to reign. Who is controlling her?

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM

She may be a simple country girl - but she has a genuine gift.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I hear she can tell you where your dead relatives are. If it's Heaven she speaks with a high voice, if it's Hell, in a deep voice.

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM

She can also tell what sins weigh on a person as soon as she meets them. What would she make of you?

He makes his tortoise-like exit. Stephen is about to join him but turns back.

STEPHEN GARDINER

Don't think you can turn the king against me, Cromwell. You don't even hold office. You're nothing. Nothing.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(After him)

Stephen? Lady Anne has asked me to find a country house for her.

STEPHEN GARDINER

What's that to me?

THOMAS CROMWELL

She wants somewhere near the river,  
convenient for Whitehall and  
Greenwich. Somewhere with pretty  
gardens...

The penny drops for Gardiner.

STEPHEN GARDINER

You...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I thought of your manor at  
Hanworth?

Gardiner stares at him with stifled fury.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Offer her the lease, Stephen.  
Before it becomes a royal command.  
It could win you favour with her.  
And you do have other houses. It  
isn't as if you'll be sleeping  
under a haystack.

STEPHEN GARDINER

If I was I'd expect you along with  
a ratting dog to dig me out.

He lopes away.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY

Cromwell is working at his desk, when THOMAS MORE is shown  
in.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Lord Chancellor. Something to eat?  
To drink?

THOMAS MORE

No, thank you. Your friend,  
Bainham? He has recanted his  
heresy and been set free. I thought  
you should know.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I had heard, thank you. I also  
heard he'd been put to the rack.

THOMAS MORE

To save his soul I'd have had him  
whipped, I'd have had him burnt  
with irons, I'd have had him hung  
by his wrists...

(MORE)

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

(Beat) You think because you're a councillor you can negotiate with heretics behind the king's back. You're wrong. I know about your letters that come and go. I know you are in communication with Tynedale.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Are you threatening me? (Beat) I'm just interested.

THOMAS MORE

Yes. Yes, that's precisely what I'm doing.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - LATER

The house is quiet. Johane is at her needlework. Cromwell stands at the door watching her then crosses behind her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You still haven't told me what you want as a present.

He strokes her shoulder, runs his finger down her throat.

JOHANE

My mother knows. About us.

Cromwell stops.

JOHANE (CONT'D)

I think... I think we've done what we have because when Liz died we were shocked... we were sorry. I think we have to leave off that now.

She turns to him, studies his face.

JOHANE (CONT'D)

If... if John Williamson had... God forgive me, but every winter I think is his last... then of course, I would, without question, but then... the law wouldn't allow that. (Beat) So, if, if you want to marry, Mercy has her list.

She gets up, starts from the room.

JOHANE (CONT'D)

You probably have your own list, with names on it we don't know, so...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Calling after her)  
 Liz...

He stops, aghast.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 ...Johane.

She turns to him, face pale, eyes brimming. Richard hurries in.

RICHARD  
 Francis Bryan is here. It's  
 something bad.

He takes in the frozen tableau, backs out of the room.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 He's Anne's cousin. I'll have to...

Johane turns and hurries from the room.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Cromwell rides alongside FRANCIS BRYAN towards Whitehall. Bryan's empty eye-socket is covered with a jewelled eye-patch.

FRANCIS BRYAN  
 Harry Percy's wife is going to  
 petition Parliament for divorce.  
 She says he hasn't shared her bed  
 for two years, and when she asked  
 him why he said he couldn't.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Why not?

FRANCIS BRYAN  
 You haven't heard?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Through gritted teeth)  
 Just tell me.

FRANCIS BRYAN  
 Percy says he can't share a bed  
 with her because they've never  
 really been married. Because he's  
 actually married to Anne Boleyn.

He begins to laugh so hard his horse skitters sideways, almost hitting a passerby.



INT. WHITEHALL - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY

The former York Place, now in the middle of extensive building works.

Bryan shows Cromwell in and he finds the room occupied by the Boleyn/Howard clan: ANNE BOLEYN, her sister MARY, their sister-in-law JANE ROCHFORD, Anne and Mary's brother GEORGE BOLEYN, their father SIR THOMAS BOLEYN and their Uncle the DUKE OF NORFOLK. They are positioned around the room in various attitudes of despair. Jane is the only one to look at Cromwell.

JANE ROCHFORD

We've swept up most of the broken glass.

GEORGE BOLEYN

Shut the door Francis, and don't let anybody in.

There is silence. Anne is pacing the floor.

JANE ROCHFORD

I suggest we pack Anne's bags and send her to Kent. The king's anger...

GEORGE BOLEYN

Say one more word and I'll punch you.

JANE ROCHFORD

(To Cromwell)

The king has said there must be an inquiry, before the whole council. If Anne has concealed a secret marriage...

GEORGE BOLEYN

Jesus, I wish I could divorce you! I wish you'd had a pre-contract. But no chance of that. The fields was black with men running the other fucking way!

SIR THOMAS BOLEYN

George...

ANNE BOLEYN

(Suddenly)

I deny everything.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

Good.

ANNE BOLEYN

Harry Percy spoke of love, I allow that. But there was no contract.

MARY BOLEYN

And no consummation. My sister is a notorious virgin.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And how was the king when you spoke to him?

MARY BOLEYN

He walked out of the room and left her standing.

A heavy silence descends on the room. Not good.

Absently, George takes jewelled PIN from his hat, tests the point against his finger. His father coughs...

SIR THOMAS BOLEYN

It seems to me there a number of approaches here...

DUKE OF NORFOLK

(Exploding)

Oh Jesus Christ! By the thrice-beshitten shroud of Lazarus! While you're selecting your approach, your daughter, sir, is being slandered...

GEORGE BOLEYN

...Harry Percy...

DUKE OF NORFOLK

...the king's mind is poisoned, and this family's fortune is unmaking before your fucking eyes!

GEORGE BOLEYN

...Harry Pe... will you let me speak? Harry Percy was persuaded once to forget his claims. If he was fixed once...

ANNE BOLEYN

Yes. But the cardinal fixed him then. And unfortunately the cardinal is dead.

Another silence. All eyes slide to Cromwell, who smiles serenely, picks up some fragments of broken glass from the floor, examines them, enjoying the moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I don't think Harry Percy should be  
allowed to stand in your way.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
So shift him out of it. Do it. Beat  
his fucking skull in.

Cromwell hands the fragments to Mary, and is on his way out.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Figuratively. My lord.

George Boleyn squeaks, having managed to prick his finger  
with the pin. Norfolk looks at him with disgust.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Idiot boy.

INT. WHITEHALL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cromwell is striding down the corridor, Bryan hurrying to  
keep up.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(As he walks)  
Feel free to leave me now, Sir  
Francis.

FRANCIS BRYAN  
I want to see what you do to him.

Cromwell turns, puts a hand to Bryan's chest and effortlessly  
thuds him against the wall.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
In a hurry.

He strides on.

EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Cromwell strides over to where Wriothsesley is waiting with  
their horse.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Harry Percy.

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY  
Mark and the Lion Inn.

Cromwell spurs his horse on.

EXT. MARK AND THE LION INN - COURTYARD - DAY

The two men head through the filthy courtyard towards the Inn. They're about to duck inside when there's a shrill whistle from above. They look up to see two women leaning out of a window. Laughing the two flop their bare breasts over the sill.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Jesus. More Howard ladies.

INT. MARK AND THE LION INN - DAY

Various men in Percy livery lounge around the inn, drunk. As Cromwell heads towards a private back room two of them stand in his way. Cromwell barely seems to move but both of them are suddenly staggering backwards out of his way.

BACK ROOM

A wretched looking Harry Percy is slumped, drinking. Cromwell stands, watching him...

A FLASH OF THE PAST

Cawood Castle - the night Wolsey was arrested. Harry Percy pulls back his soaked cloak to reveal himself. Wolsey's stricken face...

BACK ON HARRY PERCY

... as he notices Cromwell.

HARRY PERCY  
Oh God, I thought *you'd* come.

Cromwell walks over to a hatch on the wall, through which Percy men are peering, and slams it shut in their faces.

HARRY PERCY (CONT'D)  
Well you're wasting your time. I was pledged to Anne. She allowed me such freedom with herself that only a betrothed woman would allow. The cardinal bullied me out of saying anything last time, but I'm not afraid to speak the truth now. Henry may be king but he is stealing another man's wife. Anne Boleyn is mine.

Cromwell sits in front of Percy, puts his hands together in his lap and studies them thoughtfully.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Softly)

My lord, let me explain. You're a man whose money is almost spent. I'm a man who knows how you've spent it. You have borrowed all over Europe. One word from me and your debts will be called in.

HARRY PERCY

What are they going to do? Bankers don't have armies.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Neither will you without money. And if you can't hold the north, if you can't defend us from Scotland, the king will take away your title and your lands and give them to someone who can do the job.

HARRY PERCY

He won't. He respects all ancient titles.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Then let's say I will. Let's say I'll take your life apart. Me and my banker friends. And then I picture you in a hovel, wearing homespun, your lawful wife Anne Boleyn skinning a rabbit. (Beat) I wish you every happiness.

Percy slumps over the table, begins to cry. Cromwell stands.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You were never pre-contracted. Whatever understanding you thought you had, you didn't have it. And if you ever say one more word about Lady Anne's "freedom" then I will drag you out of whatever hole you are cowering in and bite your bollocks off. I hope that's clear.

He crosses to the hatch and opens it again.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You can peer in again now.

Faces do indeed appear, taking in their master, weeping on the table. A little awestruck, the Percy men watch Cromwell as he leaves.

EXT. WHITEHALL - GALLERY - DAY

Cromwell stands in the long gallery, looking down to a courtyard below where Henry stands waiting with the Duke of Norfolk. He looks up at the sound of footsteps - Anne walking along the gallery towards him.

ANNE BOLEYN  
 Congratulations.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 On...?

ANNE BOLEYN  
 Your bill having passed. The Bishops submitted. No church legislation without the king's licence. Or did you think I meant...?

She nods at the courtyard below.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Not my doing.

ANNE BOLEYN  
 No. My Uncle Norfolk will be taking the credit for this. He's been working to get rid of Thomas More for months. Here he comes...

Thomas More appears below looking stooped and weary. He advances towards Henry.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
 He's not wearing the chain of office. He's supposed to hand it over.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 In the bag.

More is indeed holding a leather bag which he now hands to Henry.

ANNE BOLEYN  
 Is that it? So Thomas More no longer Chancellor and Archbishop Warham on his death bed. Any suggestions for replacements.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Audley will do an honest job as Chancellor. And Cranmer for Archbishop.

ANNE BOLEYN  
 (Smiling)  
 Soon you'll have friends  
 everywhere.

They watch the scene below for a moment.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
 (Gleeful)  
 Shall we go down?

COURTYARD

More bows to Anne who barely nods before curtseying deeply to the king, who takes her by the hand, eyes alight. Cromwell faces More.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 What will you do now?

THOMAS MORE  
 Write. Pray.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 My recommendation would be to write  
 a little and pray a lot.

THOMAS MORE  
 (Smiling)  
 Now, is that a threat?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 My turn, don't you think?

INT. WHITEHALL - NIGHT

Cromwell accompanies Henry as they walk through Wolsey's former palace. Henry has drunk too much wine and leaning heavily on FRANCIS WESTON.

HENRY  
 (To Cromwell)  
 We're going to Calais. The King of  
 France had agreed to speak in  
 favour of my new marriage to the  
 Pope. We'll meet there to discuss  
 the points of a treaty. Last time  
 we met Wolsey arranged it all. I  
 thought you could help organize  
 things this time?

Weston is buckling under Henry's weight. Cromwell takes his place.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Lean on me, Your Majesty.

Weston gladly slips away. They walk on for a moment and reach a TAPESTRY hanging on the wall - SOLOMON AND SHEBA. Cromwell finds himself staring at SHEBA. Henry notices.

HENRY

(Smiling)

Do you know this woman?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I used to. She reminds me of someone I knew long ago. In Antwerp.

HENRY

What was her name?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Anselma.

HENRY

You've known passion, Cromwell. With Anne... I *shake*. You understand? I *shake*. I've tried other women, just to take the edge of the lust... but I failed with all of them. Couldn't do it. Which is proof isn't it? Proof of the rightness of my pursuit. I hunt only one hind - and she leads me off the path and into the woods...

He stares up at the tapestry for a while.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Now, away to our cold beds. Or is that just mine? Work ahead of us. I have a new post for you. I want you to be my Keeper of the Jewel House.

Cromwell is caught between trying to bow and having to support the weight.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your Majesty.

HENRY

Why not?

He looks around the empty room, as if someone is arguing with him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Booming)

Why shouldn't I? Tell me why I shouldn't employ the son of an honest blacksmith!



He turns to Cromwell, gaze drunk but intense.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 What you are, I make you. I alone.  
 Everything you are, everything you  
 have, will come from me.

They head back the way they came. As they walk Henry begins to sing, his voice echoing down the corridors...

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 (Singing)  
*"Alas, what shall I do for love?  
 For love, alas' what shall I do?"*

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - HALLWAY - MORNING

Cromwell is getting ready to leave for the morning, Rafe beside him, gathering papers. Cromwell studies his face in a mirror.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Do you know what Erasmus says,  
 Rafe? He says each morning, before  
 you leave your house, you should  
 put on your mask.

Johane's daughter JO walks up to him.

JOHANE  
 My mothers says she's decided what  
 she wants as a present. She wants a  
 griffin's egg. It's a lion with the  
 head and wings of a bird. It's died  
 out so you can't get them anymore.

Cromwell glances over to the next room, sensing Johane.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Ask her what colour she wants.

THE NEXT ROOM

Johane listens, smiles at the answer.

BACK ON CROMWELL

... leading Rafe out for the day.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Arrange you face, Rafe. Arrange  
 your face.

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CONTINUOUS

The two pass through the small crowd of the poor outside, Cromwell smiling and nodding greetings. The crowd take off their caps as they pass through them...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD TO CANTERBURY - DAY - 1532

The royal court is on its way to France - a massive cavalcade of horseman and coaches, stretching along the road, disappearing into the horizon.

Cromwell rides with king's party. Rafe rides up alongside him, looks forward to the king's coach.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Ride back down the line and find Dr Butts will you? The king has toothache.

RAFE

How's his mood?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Filthy. The French Queen won't meet Anne. King Francois has suggested his own mistress play host to her instead. Henry's been raging for hours.

He stretches in the saddle, weary.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Tell Butts to hurry. He wants to attend mass at Canterbury. Let the people see their king.

EXT. CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL - DAY

The king and the royal party are on their way into the Cathedral, passing through the crowds. Norfolk and Cromwell are by Henry's side, alert for any sudden movements. Up Ahead the crowds part a little for a group of FRANCISCAN MONKS carrying an oversize cross through. In the middle of them is a young, plain woman - ELIZABETH BARTON.

ELIZABETH BARTON

(Pressing forward)

Majesty!

Guards block her way, but Henry raises a hand.

HENRY

This is the Holy Maid. Let me see her.

Barton pushes towards the king.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Madam, you have something to say to me?

ELIZABETH BARTON

The heretics you have around you must be put into a great fire. If you don't do it, you'll burn yourself.

HENRY

What heretics? I don't keep heretics about my person.

ELIZABETH BARTON

(Pointing at Anne)

Here's one.

Anne shrinks against Henry.

ELIZABETH BARTON (CONT'D)

If you marry this one, you will not reign seven months.

HENRY

Couldn't you at least round it up? And tell me, when my reign is over, who would you like to see as king instead of me?

ELIZABETH BARTON

The Marquis of Exeter. He is of the royal blood.

The monks are trying to draw Barton away - this is becoming too dangerous.

ELIZABETH BARTON (CONT'D)

I see your mother - surrounded by pale fires.

Henry reacts to this.

HENRY

(shaken)

My mother? Where?

ANNE BOLEYN

She's mad. She should be whipped!

MONK

She's a very holy person. Her  
speech is inspired by heaven.

ELIZABETH BARTON

(To Henry)

Lightning will strike you!

Norfolk forces his way through, fist raised.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Drag her back to the whorehouse  
before she feels my boot on her  
arse!

Pandemonium. The crowd surge around them. Barton is dragged  
back. One of the Monks loses his balance and hits a member of  
the crowd with the cross.

Cromwell follows Barton as she is whisked away by her escort.

STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Quiet after the roar of the crowd. Cromwell catches up with  
Barton and the monks.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Madam?

Barton turns.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I was a servant of Cardinal Wolsey.  
I hear you can contact the souls of  
the dead? Would you search for him?  
I would be happy to make an  
offering?

The Monks consult with Barton.

MONK

It would have to be a generous  
donation?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm a wealthy man. But of course  
I'd need to know he wasn't in hell.  
No point in throwing money away on  
a hopeless case.

ELIZABETH BARTON

I'd have to talk to Father Bocking.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Father Bocking?

MONK

He is the lady's spiritual  
director.

ELIZABETH BARTON

Come again and ask me.

She slips away into the side streets. Cromwell smiles, filing  
away the name.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

A small fleet of ships - the royal party sailing for France.

EXT. DECK OF "THE SWALLOW" - DAY

Henry stands at the rails, sunk into a foul mood. Norfolk,  
Suffolk and Cromwell are with him. DR BUTTS is examining his  
tooth. Henry submits for a moment then pushes him away in  
irritation.

HENRY

Oh go away Butts. You can't cure it  
anyway!

Butts backs away bowing. Norfolk clears his throat.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

You know, she didn't actually say  
the lightning would *kill* you.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

(Cheerfully)

That's true. She said "hit" - not  
"killed by."

HENRY

(Bitterly)

Well that's something to look  
forward to, isn't it? Not dead,  
just lost the throne and scorched  
to a cinder.

He stares out over the sea.

HENRY (CONT'D)

She saw my lady mother.

Norfolk and Suffolk look nervously at each other. Cromwell  
watches Henry cautiously, judging his moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your Majesty, in the cathedral one  
of the windows has an image of your  
lady mother in glass.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 And if the sun shone through, might  
 not that look as if she were  
 surrounded by flames?

HENRY  
 You don't believe these visions?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 I think perhaps the girl can't tell  
 the difference between what she  
 sees in the outside world and  
 what's inside her head. She's to be  
 pitied I think. (Beat) But not too  
 much.

The king considers this. The sunlight dances on the water.  
 Henry nods, brightening. He inhales the sea air.

HENRY  
 Another hour and we'll be in  
 Calais.

EXT. CALAIS - MORNING

England's last foothold in France. The towns inhabitants are  
 out to see the royal procession sweep up from the port.

Amongst the cheers there is the unmistakable sound of  
 jeering, calls of "Whore! Whore!"

Anne passes through the tumult, an icy smile fixed on her  
 face, determined not to hear.

INT. CALAIS - LODGINGS - DAY

Cromwell is settling into his lodgings. Rafe hurries into the  
 room.

RAFE  
 They're looking for you! The king  
 wants to see you.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Puzzled)  
 I've just come from him.

RAFE  
 Not our king. Francois.

Cromwell absorbs this.

INT. CALAIS CASTLE - DAY

The French king FRANCOIS sits with only a few of his courtiers around him. Cromwell is brought forward by a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

(To Cromwell)

This is not an audience.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Of course. Nothing of the kind.

He reaches Francois and bows. The king looks him over with sorrowful eyes.

KING FRANCOIS

Cremuel. Let me understand. You are a Welshman?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No, Your Highness.

KING FRANCOIS

(Beat)

Not a Welshman.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. I'm no relative of the Tudors, sire. It was the late cardinal who introduced me into the king's business.

Francois strokes his pendulous nose.

KING FRANCOIS

Yes, I know this. But I think to myself - a common man, to have risen so high, something else is going on here. (Beat) I'm told you fought once for the honour of France?

THOMAS CROMWELL

At Garigliano. On a most unfortunate day.

Francois shrugs.

KING FRANCOIS

These things pass. Who now remembers Agincourt?

Cromwell fights down a smile.

KING FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

They also tell me you are in good standing with the Lady Anne.

(MORE)

KING FRANCOIS (CONT'D)  
 Tell me, does my brother king think  
 she's a maid?

Cromwell considers how to answer this but Francois continues.

KING FRANCOIS (CONT'D)  
 Myself I never tried her when she  
 was here. She was too young and  
 flat as a board. The sister Mary  
 however had very good tits and  
 buttocks, and most delicious and  
 tight *cunnus*.

He is lost in lascivious memories for a moment. He holds out  
 a hand and a servant gives him a handkerchief. He dabs at the  
 corner of his mouth.

KING FRANCOIS (CONT'D)  
 So. Not Welsh. Well, we may not  
 meet again Monsieur Cremuel, as  
 your sudden fortune may not last.  
 Give me your hand as a soldier of  
 France. And put me in your prayers.

Cromwell gives him his hand and bows.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Your beadsman, sire.

As he walks away the Messenger appears beside him.

MESSENGER  
 A gift from his Highness.

He hands him a pair of EMBROIDERED GLOVES.

EXT. CALAIS STREET - DAY

Outside, Cromwell holds the gloves upside down expectantly.  
 Sure enough a fat RUBY drops into his cupped hand.

INT. CALAIS - KING'S LODGINGS - DAY

Henry examines the ruby, laughing.

HENRY  
 It's a good stone. I'll have it set  
 on a ring and wear in front of  
 Francois. Then he'll see the kind  
 of servants I have. One day  
 Francois will offer you a pension.  
 You should take it. What did he ask  
 you, by the way?



THOMAS CROMWELL

He asked if I was a Welsh. I was  
sorry to be so disappointing.

HENRY

Oh, you're not disappointing  
Cromwell. But the moment you are,  
I'll let you know.

INT. CALAIS CASTLE - EVENING

A great feast is taking place. The women wear masks. Henry is dancing with the wives of Calais notables. Anne dances with Francois, who is virtually drooling over her.

After a moment Francois leads her away to a window seat and the two sit, heads bent together in conversation. After a moment Francois takes her hand in his. She is wearing a strange half-smile.

Cromwell stands across the hall, watching. His eyes flick to Henry who has just noticed, the smile freezing on his face.

Cromwell glides over to where Norfolk stands drinking.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My lord, fetch your niece away. She  
has done enough diplomacy.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

What? What the devil are...

But he looks over and takes in the scene instantly, swears under his breath and marches straight through the dancers to Anne. He grabs her wrist, bending it back painfully.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)

By your leave Highness. My lady, we  
shall dance.

He jerks her to her feet and drags her onto the dance floor. Francois watches with narrowed eyes. Henry looks thunderous.

INT. KING'S LODGINGS - NIGHT

Cromwell sits playing chess with EDWARD SEYMOUR, Jane's brother. Tom Wyatt stands watching. From elsewhere comes the sound of shouting, a door slamming, Anne's raised voice.

The three men look at each other with raised eyebrows and then settle back to the game.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Master Seymour, your sister  
Jane...?

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
Odd little creature, isn't she?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
What age would she be?

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
I don't know. Twenty or so? She keeps walking around Wolf Hall saying these are Thomas Cromwell's sleeves. No-one knows what she's talking about.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Has your father made a match for her?

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
There was some talk of... (He looks up) Why do you ask?

MARY suddenly races up to them.

MARY BOLEYN  
Anne wants a bible!

TOM WYATT  
Master Cromwell can recite the whole of the New Testament?

MARY BOLEYN  
I think she wants to swear on it.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Ah, I probably won't do then.

She races off again. Wyatt and Cromwell exchange a look. Seymour looks down at the board, sees he is trapped.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
(Impressed)  
How did you do that?

EXT. KING'S LODGINGS - GARDEN - NIGHT

Cromwell walks in the darkness, listening to the sound of the sea beyond the walls. There is a sudden rustle beside him and hand slides down his arm.

MARY BOLEYN  
You.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Me.

MARY BOLEYN

(Giggles)

She's in his arms. Naked as she was born. She can't change her mind now.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I thought they would quarrel.

MARY BOLEYN

They did. She claims Norfolk broke her arm. Henry called her a Magdalene and some other names. Roman ladies I think. Not Lucrece.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. At least, I hope not. What did she want the Bible for?

MARY BOLEYN

To swear him. Before witnesses. He made a binding promise. They are married in God's sight. And he swears he'll marry her again in England and crown her queen.

Cromwell absorbs this. It's finally happened.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

(Softly)

So now it's just a question of whether he can do the deed.

THOMAS CROMWELL

God, don't frighten me.

MARY BOLEYN

Don't worry. If he's shy, Anne will know how to help. I've coached her.

She slips closer to him.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Now what about us? It's been a long struggle to bring them together. I think we've earned our recreation.

She brushes her lips against his. Cromwell doesn't move.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

You're not still afraid of my Uncle Norfolk?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm terrified of your Uncle Norfolk.

MARY BOLEYN

But it isn't that. So what?  
Another?

Cromwell considers. There's a sudden noise behind him. He turns, a KNIFE instantly in his hand and at the throat of the YOUNG MAN standing behind him. Mary gives a little scream.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

You almost murdered William  
Stafford. William, I thought you  
weren't coming.

Cromwell lowers he blade and Stafford rubs his throat nervously.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

It seems you had a reserve ready,  
just in case.

MARY BOLEYN

You don't know what a woman's life  
is like! You think you've fixed  
something with a man, and he  
doesn't turn up!

Cromwell turns to go.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Give you good night.

MARY BOLEYN

No, don't go.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Smiling)

Time I said my prayers.

He pads off into the darkness.

EXT. CALAIS - CHURCH - MORNING

A crowd wait outside the church to catch a glimpse of the king. Cromwell stands with Rafe.

RAFE

How will we know? If he managed it?

The crowd begins to cheer. The royal party appear, Anne, her face carefully blank, on the Governors arm. Behind her with the Governor's wife walks Henry. Henry scans the crowd regally, catches sight of Cromwell.

And he breaks into a beaming smile.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ST AUSTIN'S CHURCH - LONDON - DAY

A mass in progress, the Priest conducting the service in Latin. The congregation sit listening.

Amongst them we find JAMES BAINHAM, head bowed as if in prayer. We see his hands are TREMBLING. At the altar the Priest is continuing with the service.

Suddenly beneath his voice, we hear another...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

In the beginning was the Word and  
the Word was with God, and the Word  
was God.

Members of the congregation turn in their seats to find James Bainham standing. He is reading from TYNDALE'S BIBLE.

JAMES BAINHAM

The same was in the beginning with  
God. All things were made by it and  
without it was made nothing that  
was made. In it was life and the  
life was the light of men.

The Priest has stopped speaking and a buzz of outrage swells in the church. Several of the men stand up and make their way towards where Bainham stands. As he reads TEARS begin to run down his face...

INT. WHITEHALL - CHAPEL - MORNING - 1533

Henry and Anne are taking their vows - a tiny, private affair with only a handful of witnesses.

Cromwell stands next to WILLIAM BRERETON, watching as the PRIEST joins Anne and Henry's hands.

WILLIAM BRERETON

(A hoarse whisper)  
You've been writing letters up to  
Chester.

THOMAS CROMWELL

On the king's business. Why?

WILLIAM BRERETON

I'll tell you this once Cromwell.  
Keep out of my family's affairs or  
you'll have me to deal with.

(MORE)

WILLIAM BRERETON (CONT'D)  
 And you'll come off worse than you  
 could possibly imagine.

The simple ceremony concluded Henry is leading his new wife away. MARY follows them out. As she passes Cromwell she gives him a dazzling smile and holds up her hand, FINGER AND THUMB AN INCH APART.

Cromwell stands frozen for a moment, smiles, turns to leave. On impulse he turns back and taps Brereton on the shoulder. Brereton stares haughtily over his shoulder at him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Politely)  
 You made a mistake threatening me.

He turns and walks out.

INT. CANNON ROW - CRANMER'S LODGINGS - DAY

CRANMER, waiting to be conferred as Archbishop, is living in simple rooms. He puts aside his papers as a dish of salt fish is placed before him. He makes the sign of grace over it.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Walking in)  
 That won't improve it.

He inspects the fish.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 That's a poor dinner for the man  
 soon to be the Archbishop of  
 Canterbury. Who's your cook? I'll  
 send someone over.

CRANMER  
 So, is the marriage made?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Yes. Rowland was up to the job. He  
 didn't accidentally marry Henry to  
 his sister.

He watches Cranmer pick at the food.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 I know a secret. But you'll have to  
 coax it out of me.

Cranmer seems preoccupied with picking the bones out of the fish.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Anne's already pregnant!

CRANMER

If you tell it in that tone, people will think you're taking the credit yourself.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Aren't you pleased?

CRANMER

I'm delighted. But then I knew this marriage would be blessed with offspring. And with an heir?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Of course with an heir.

He holds a sheet of paper out for Cranmer to read.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

After Easter it, it will be against the law and the king's prerogative to make an appeal to the Pope.

CRANMER

So there's Katherine's suit dead and buried. Well, this has been long enough coming.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Laughing)

You've been long enough coming! All this time to get you home from Europe. Why the delay? I thought it was every boy's dream to be archbishop. Though not me, when I think back. All I wanted was my own bear.

CRANMER

I'm sure that could be arranged for you.

Cromwell studies his friend, something in his face...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Still smiling)

What is it? There's something you're not telling me.

Cranmer hesitates - is he about to say something? But then he stares back down at his plate.

CRANMER

I was just wondering what kind of fish this purports to be.

INT. WHITEHALL - GALLERY - DAY

Anne is walking with courtiers. She picks up her pace, forcing them to match her, and then laughing begins to run.

MARY BOLEYN

Sister, no!

Anne stops suddenly and bursts into tears. The crowd of courtiers watch, fascinated. TOM WYATT pushes his way through, pulls her towards him.

TOM WYATT

Hush, sweetheart. Come away.

He leads her away from the spectators. The Imperial Ambassador CHAPUYS has been watching and walks briskly away. Cromwell follows him.

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Cromwell catches up with Chapuys.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Off to send a dispatch to the Emperor.

CHAPUYS

She is with child. It would have been nice to have been officially informed. She should be more careful. You also. Do you know how much you are staking on the body of one woman? Let's hope no evil comes near her.

Cromwell grabs him by the arm.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What does that mean.

CHAPUYS

(Shaken)

Very soon you resort to manhandling, I notice. Look around and see how Anne's pride offends your own nobility. They have no stomach for her. They stay away from court.

Cromwell lets him go.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Wait till she's crowned. Watch them come running.



INT. WINDSOR CASTLE - DAY

Anne sits basking in a sunlit window seat, eyes closed.

ANNE BOLEYN

I'm tired of Mary. I want to be rid  
of her.

Cromwell stiffens with alarm.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I want her married and out of my  
way. She wouldn't be a bad wife for  
someone who was prepared to keep  
her chained to the wall.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Relaxing)  
Mary, your sister.

ANNE BOLEYN

Who did you think I meant? Oh,  
Katherine's dwarf? No. Although we  
should marry her off as well.  
Someone elderly who can't give her  
children.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Are you happy?

Her hands slip to her swollen stomach.

ANNE BOLEYN

Yes. Because of this. I was always  
desired. But now I'm valued, you  
see? (Beat) Your nephew.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Surprised)  
Richard?

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

He might do for her. He looks like  
a determined boy. Though she would  
have probably rather had you. Some  
women have a preference for common  
men.

Cromwell digests this. He is suddenly aware that Anne's eyes  
are open and she is staring at him.

ANNE BOLEYN

Your friend? Bainham?

THOMAS CROMWELL

He recanted. He was set free some  
weeks ago.

Anne continues to stare at him.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - CELL - DAY

A spartan cell. Cromwell is talking to Bainham who looks thin, and pale. He's been whipped and moves with some difficulty.

JAMES BAINHAM

I had to Thomas. I couldn't live with what I'd done.

THOMAS CROMWELL

When you're examined...

JAMES BAINHAM

I'll say what I will say before my last judge: the Eucharist is only bread, we have no need of penance and Purgatory is an invention ungrounded in scripture.

Cromwell stares at him, runs a hand through his hair.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If some men come and tell you to go with them, you go with them. They'll be my men.

JAMES BAINHAM

You think you can get me out of the Tower?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Tynedale's Bible says "with God nothing shall be impossible."

JAMES BAINHAM

But what would be the point Thomas? I'd only have to walk to Paul's cross and say before the Londoners what I've already said.

He takes Cromwell's hand.

JAMES BAINHAM (CONT'D)

(Gently)

I can't unbelieve what I believe.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell is talking to Richard. Rafe sits in the corner.

RICHARD

Anne's sister Mary? But she doesn't know me.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I won't force you.

Richard and Rafe exchange a look.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
When have I ever forced you to do anything?

RICHARD  
Never. You persuade. It's just sometimes difficult to tell the difference between being persuaded by you and being knocked down in the street and stamped on.

Richard walks out. Cromwell feels Rafe's eyes on him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
What?

RAFE  
There's a giant fish washed up on the Thames. They're saying it's a sign.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
God, not more omens.

Rafe gets up to leave.

RAFE  
I'm going before you find me a Boleyn to marry.

He stops at the door.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
But let me say this. All our fortunes depend on that lady now and whether she can provide an heir, and we all know it's a long road from a child in the womb to one safely in the crib. Do you really want to tie us even more tightly to her?

He walks out. Cromwell stares after him.

INT. THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE - CHELSEA - DAY

More sits listening to his daughter MEG translate Greek. He looks up as Cromwell approaches.

THOMAS MORE  
Leave us, daughter. I won't have you in this devil's company.

But Meg only smiles in greeting, and More offers a limp hand to Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I hear you won't come to the coronation because you can't afford a new coat. Gardiner will buy you a new one if you'll show your face that day.

THOMAS MORE

Will he?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'll relish taking the ten pounds from him.

MEG

And what will you wear?

THOMAS CROMWELL

They're making something for me. If I avoid getting laughed at it'll be enough. I heard the Holy Maid - the Barton girl - has been to see you?

MEG

She has. But we wouldn't receive her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She's also been to see Lady Exeter. At her invitation.

THOMAS MORE

Lady Exeter is a foolish and ambitious woman.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Barton told her she'd be Queen of England.

THOMAS MORE

I repeat my comment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You don't believe in her visions then?

THOMAS MORE

I don't. She does it for attention. I've written to her and advised her to avoid the company of powerful men and women and to stay at home and pray.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I suppose you kept a copy?

THOMAS MORE

Get it, Meg. Otherwise he might never leave.

Meg leaves the room. Cromwell waits until she's out of ear-shot.

THOMAS CROMWELL

James Bainham. He's to be burnt.

More stares at him, inscrutable.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Ask to see Henry. He'll welcome you back like a lost child. Ask him to let Bainham live. I'm not asking you to agree with James. If his doctrine is false, you can talk him back to you, back to Rome. But if he dies, you'll never know if you could have won his soul.

More doesn't move, shows no sign of even having heard. Meg re-enters.

MEG

Is this it father?

THOMAS MORE

Give it to him.

Cromwell takes the letter, stares at More sadly, knowing he can't reach him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Will you not re-consider and come to the coronation, keep us company?

THOMAS MORE

You'll be company for each other. In Hell.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

CLOSE ON ANNE

... staring fixedly at us. She's wearing white, surrounded by billowing white material, her face deathly pale. The streets slip by in the background, out of focus. Faintly we hear the roar of the crowds lining the streets she is passing through, but the sound is muffled, filtered through her own breathing, and beating heart.

## WIDE SHOT

The coronation procession makes its way towards Westminster, Anne carried in a white litter. On either side of the street the crowds surge against the guards holding them, desperate to catch a glimpse of her as she is carried past on the shoulders of knights...

## INT. TOWER OF LONDON - CELL - DAY

Bainham looks up from his writing as his cell door is opened and a GUARD appears.

GUARD

Out you come.

JAMES BAINHAM

Where am I going?

GUARD

Croydon. You're being taken to the Archbishop's palace.

Limping, Bainham leaves the cell.

## EXT. WOODS - DAY

Bainham and his two guards make their way along the path through the woods.

GUARD

(To Bainham)

Be a bad thing for us if you gave us the slip here. Trees are that thick on the Wandsworth side, we'd be searching for you for days.

Bainham doesn't respond.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I need to piss.

## ON THE GUARDS

Standing off in the trees, one pissing, the other waiting, staring up at the sky.

## THE PATH

As the guards saunter back and stop staring in disbelief at where Bainham stands placidly, exactly where they left him.

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY

The packed Abbey watches as Anne walks down seven hundred yards of blue cloth to the altar where Cranmer waits to anoint her.

Henry watches from behind a lattice screen. Cromwell watches from amongst the congregation, praying she doesn't trip.

As she reaches the altar she folds herself forward, lying face down to pray, her attendants lowering her pregnant belly gently to the stone.

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY

Anne is standing before Cranmer, wreathed in incense. Cranmer puts a SCEPTRE in her hand, a CROWN upon her head.

Cromwell watches it all. It's done.

INT. WESTMINSTER - BEDCHAMBER - DAY

Cromwell finds his way blocked by Jane Rochford.

JANE ROCHFORD

You can't come in. She's in a state of undress.

ANNE BOLEYN (O.S.)

Let him in.

Cromwell walks in and finds Anne resting on a bed, wearing only a shift, her stomach huge on the thin body. As well as Jane Rochford, Cromwell sees Mary and Jane Seymour are in attendance.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

What colour are you wearing? I said no black.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It's scarlet.

ANNE BOLEYN

It's a very black scarlet.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your cousin Francis Bryan says I look like a travelling bruise. Can you manage the feast? You must be exhausted.

MARY BOLEYN

Oh, she'll manage. She was born for this.

ANNE BOLEYN

Did you hear them cheer for me? All  
this talk of the people loving  
Katherine. I think they just pity  
her.

JANE ROCHFORD

(Innocently)

Oh no, they love her because she is  
the daughter of two anointed  
queens. They'll never love you like  
that Madam, anymore than...  
Cromwell here. You may as well make  
your mind to it. I think...

JANE SEYMOUR

That's enough Jane.

Cromwell looks at her, surprised by the new note of authority  
in her voice. Anne seems to have been barely listening.

ANNE BOLEYN

They say that Barton girl has  
prophesied that the so-called  
princess Mary will be queen.  
Katherine is plotting with Exeter,  
and Pole - all the old  
Plantaganents.

MARY BOLEYN

Don't distress yourself.

ANNE BOLEYN

I'm not distressed. These people  
want me dead. But when my son is  
born, they'll all be powerless.

OUTSIDE OF CHAMBER

Cromwell is leaving. Jane Seymour appears behind him.

JANE SEYMOUR

Master Cromwell? I wanted to thank  
you.

She holds up her sleeves - they edged are in edged in BRIGHT  
BLUE SILK.

JANE SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

From your present.

Cromwell smiles.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Thomas Cromwell's sleeves. (Beat)  
How are things at Wolf Hall?



JANE SEYMOUR

Edward is angry, my mother is grinding her teeth. I would like to leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If I were your father...(correcting himself) If I were to advise you, it would be to stay in the service of your new queen.

JANE SEYMOUR

Well, it's good to be humble. And she makes sure we are.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She'll soften, now she has her heart's desire.

Jane lowers her head, looks up at him from under her eyelashes.

JANE SEYMOUR

This is my humble face. Will it serve?

Cromwell laughs.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It will take you anywhere.

INT. WESTMINSTER HALL - DAY

Henry watches from the gallery as Anne takes her place of honour in the hall below, Cromwell and the French Ambassador are beside him.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

I hear you are responsible for organising all of this Cremuel. Well done.

HENRY

And my wife?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Very impressive. On her feet for six hours. One must congratulate Your Majesty on having a a queen as strong as a peasant. No disrespect.

HENRY

(To Cromwell)

I'm sending Gardiner to France. His mission will be of some duration.

The French Ambassador's gaze slides slyly to Cromwell.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR  
 But who will do the Master  
 Secretary's job?

Henry smiles.

HENRY  
 Oh Cromwell will do it. Won't you?

He leans closer to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 (Softly)  
 This idea of Anne's to marry Mary  
 to Richard. I've thought it over,  
 but I think no. Not at this time.

He stares at Cromwell who understands and nods

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Your Majesty.

HENRY  
 You always understand me Cromwell.  
 It's a solace not to have to always  
 talk.

THE HALL - LATER

Cromwell is with Richard, the feast taking place around them.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 It's nothing to do with you. He  
 wants Mary for himself. He's scared  
 to touch Anne until the baby's born  
 and doesn't wish to resume a  
 celibate life.

RICHARD  
 He *said* that?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 It was implied. (Beat) I can only be  
 concerned with his kingship. If he  
 were oppressive, if he were to  
 override Parliament... but he  
 doesn't. So I can't concern myself  
 with how he treats his women.

RICHARD  
 But if he wasn't king...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Oh, God yes. You'd have him locked  
 up.

INT. ENTRANCE TO CHAPUYS' APARTMENTS - EVENING

Chapuis opens a door and peers out to find Cromwell with a plate of sweetmeats and a bottle of wine.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 You wouldn't come to the feast. So  
 I've bought it to you.

APARTMENTS - LATER

The two drink wine.

CHAPUYS  
 Well, you've succeeded where the  
 cardinal failed. I say to the  
 Emperor it's a shame Henry didn't  
 find you sooner. If the cardinal  
 came to a closed door he'd try to  
 flatter it open. You just kick it  
 down.

He toasts Cromwell and they drink.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)  
 I don't understand it. Is Cranmer  
 Pope now? Or is it Henry? Maybe  
 you're Pope?

He starts to cry.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)  
 I've failed the Emperor. I've  
 failed Katherine.

Cromwell pats his knee.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Never mind. Tomorrow is another  
 day.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - NIGHT

Cromwell walks in and stops. The tapestry of SOLOMON AND SHEBA hangs on the wall. Johane appears at the door.

JOHANE  
 It came for you today. A present  
 from the king.

Cromwell nods, stares up at Sheba.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - CELL - DAWN

Bainham sits on his bed. He has a lit CANDLE before him and as we watch he holds his hand over the flame, trying to endure the pain. Tears roll down his face.

There is a rattle of keys at the door and it opens, revealing GUARDS waiting beyond.

INT. WHITEHALL - CHAPEL - MORNING

Anne kneels in prayer.

INT. WESTMINSTER - DAY

Cromwell is working. WRIOTHESLEY approaches him with paper.

WRIOTHESLEY

The queen is setting off to begin her confinement.

Cromwell nods, takes the papers from him.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)

The proclamations. We just wanted to check. Are we saying "announcing the birth of a prince" or just the birth of a "child?"

Cromwell stares at him.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - MORNING

Henry kisses Anne goodbye. She doesn't smile or speak. Her women help her step into the boat.

EXT. LONDON - SMITHFIELD - DAY

BAINHAM stands chained to the stake as the fagots around him begin to burn. A gust of wind sends the flames sheeting around him. Under the roar we hear him scream.

Cromwell watches, his face a mask. The French Ambassador appears beside him.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Here you are Monsieur Cremuel. Although whether in your official role or as a friend of the heretic the devil only knows.

Cromwell is still watching Bainham, who has vanished behind the flames and, at last, fallen silent.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I'm sure he'll tell your Excellency  
when you next have a private talk.

He walks away.

EXT. THAMES - ROYAL BARGE - MORNING

Anne sits, sailing towards Greenwich and her future. We CLOSE  
on her face.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - MORNING

Cromwell stands staring down at something on the bank of the  
river.

It's the rotting carcass of a HUGE FISH (actually a small  
Bowhead Whale) - some ten feet long.

He stares down at the great eye, as if trying to divine the  
future in its blank stare.