

WOLF HALL

Episode Four

"The Devil's Spit"

Written by

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The Devil's Spit

INT. WINDSOR - DAY - AUTUMN 1533

We are close on HENRY' face. A man absorbing a terrible blow.
A girl.

HENRY

Healthy?

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER (O.S.)

Yes, Your Majesty.

Henry nods. Stands. As he walks away...

HENRY

Call her Elizabeth. Cancel the
jousts.

REVERSE

The gathered group of noblemen stare after him. Amongst them
are Anne Boleyn's brother, George and father, Thomas.
Cromwell and Archbishop Cranmer are with them.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER

(Shaken)

He didn't ask how the queen was.

GEORGE BOLEYN

(Brutally)

Hardly matters now does it?

INT. GREENWICH - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The new-born baby ELIZABETH lies on a cushion, feet kicking,
red hair standing up in a stiff ruff.

ANNE BOLEYN sits beside her, pale but perfect, staring into
space.

After a moment Elizabeth begins to screech. Anne's glance
slides to her, a grin of infatuation spreading across her
face. She leans towards her child but women are already
swooping on the baby, wrapping her and carrying her off. Anne
looks after her pitifully. Cromwell watches.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

I think she was hungry.

The smile is whisked away like a guilty secret.

ANNE BOLEYN
My daughter is to live at Hatfield.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Yes.

ANNE BOLEYN
I think Spanish Mary's household should be broken up. She can become a member of my daughter's household.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Beat)
In the capacity of...?

ANNE BOLEYN
In the capacity of my daughter's servant. What else can she be?

Cromwell hesitates. Anne sees it.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
There can be no pretence of equality. Mary is a bastard. Waste can be saved and the proper order of things asserted. Meanwhile, I want you to go to France. I want a marriage contract for my daughter. A French Prince.

Cromwell's face is as blank as a wall, but for a second time he hesitates before he answers.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Stephen Gardiner is...

ANNE BOLEYN
(Sharp)
You're very unwilling today. You don't like the French? Perhaps you would prefer an alliance with the Emperor? Your very friendly with his man aren't you? Chapuys?

Silence. Cromwell smiles.

THOMAS CROMWELL
If that is all Your Majesty...?

Anne turns from him. Over her shoulder:

ANNE BOLEYN
Don't think because you are away from court that you are not under our eye.

INT. OUTER CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Cromwell comes out, disturbed by the interview. He sees JANE SEYMOUR in the corridor ahead, playing with one of Anne's dogs. He watches her for a moment.

JANE ROCHFORD (O.S.)
Why don't you ask for her?

He turns to find JANE ROCHFORD; her bright, savage eyes. Cromwell bows, fighting a wave of aversion, is about to move around her.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
The Seymours are poor. They'll sell her to you happily.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You mistake my interest.

JANE ROCHFORD
(Laughing)
Tell your lies to the Commons, not to me. I see things. You and me, we keep our eyes open.

Cromwell walks on.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
I could keep my eyes open in places you cannot go. In Anne's rooms for example.

He stops.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
When you call you'll find her at prayer, sewing a smock for a beggar woman. Do you think that's what's really going on? Do you think she's given up all her nimble young men? All those sonnets in praise of her beauty?

THOMAS CROMWELL
She has the king to praise her now.

JANE ROCHFORD
She'll get no praise from him until she has a full belly again.

THOMAS CROMWELL
And what would hinder that?

JANE ROCHFORD
Nothing. If he's up to it.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (A dangerous smile)
 Careful.

JANE SEYMOUR
 Between his lack of prowess and her
 lack of desire it'll be a wonder if
 we ever have a Prince of Wales.
 Meanwhile she has her brother in
 her service.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 God help you, Lady Rochford.

JANE ROCHFORD
 (A grating little laugh)
 To fetch his friends her way, I
 mean. What did you think I meant?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Do you know what you mean yourself?

LADY ROCHFORD
 All I'm saying is, if you think the
 gallantry stops at the bedchamber
 door, then you are a more innocent
 man than I took you for.

She stops to watch MARK the musician as he crosses the room.

JANE ROCHFORD
 And that little sneak is the go-
 between for all of them, in and out
 of every room.

Cromwell watches Mark.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Lightly)
 Oh, I see no harm in the boy.

JANE ROCHFORD
 He doesn't know his place. He's a
 jumped up nobody, taking his chance
 because the times are disordered.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 You could say the same of me, Lady
 Rochford. And I'm sure you do.

He walks on.

EXT. GREENWICH - DAY

Cromwell and Rafe walk to the river and their waiting boat.

RAFE

The queen sees enemies everywhere.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She's right to. There's plenty who've been waiting for her to fail to provide an heir. Chapuys will be urging the Emperor to invade and replace Henry with one of the old Plantagenet line. God knows there's no shortage of volunteers.

RAFE

There's an alchemist going around saying that King Edward's eldest didn't die in the Tower. Apparently he's been living in Saxony all this time. Now he's planning on coming back to claim the crown.

Cromwell counts it up.

THOMAS CROMWELL

He'd be sixty-four this November. Bit late to the fight. How's our Holy Maid?

RAFE

Popular. Mary Magdalene has sent her a letter, illuminated in gold.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Visitors?

Rafe hands him a sheet of paper. He reads.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Bring her in.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - DAY

ELIZABETH BARTON - the HOLY MAID - a prophetess, sits facing Lord Chancellor AUDLEY, Cranmer, Cromwell and the Solicitor General RICHARD RICHE - once a young hell-raiser, now a talented legislator.

Despite the rank of the men ranged against her, Barton looks assured, almost arrogant. Cromwell's niece ALICE sits by the door, chaperone to the Maid. A strange atmosphere in the room which is making the men uneasy despite themselves.

RICHARD RICHE

You say you can roam through Heaven, Hell and Purgatory?

The Maid eyes him contemptuously.

RICHARD RICHE (CONT'D)
Have you seen the Devil also?

She nods.

RICHARD RICHE (CONT'D)
How did he look?

ELIZABETH BARTON
Like a bird.

AUDLEY
(Drily)
That's a relief.

ELIZABETH BARTON
You think so? He stinks. He's got
claws smeared with blood and shit.
(Beat) Once he came to me as a
young man. To tempt me. Pawing at
me.

RICHARD RICHE
And were you? Tempted?

ELIZABETH BARTON
(Smirking)
I'm not for Satan. When I rejected
him he spat in my face.

RICHARD RICHE
No manners.

ELIZABETH BARTON
I wiped it off with a napkin. It's
black, with the stench of hell,
something rotting.

RICHARD RICHE
Where is it now?

ELIZABETH BARTON
Dom Edwards has it.

RICHARD RICHE
Does he show it to people? For
money?

ELIZABETH BARTON
For offerings.

AUDLEY
You said that the king wouldn't
reign one month after he married
Lady Anne. Well the months have
passed, and the Lady Anne is queen
and has given the king a child. So
what do you say now?

ELIZABETH BARTON

I say in the eyes of God he's no more the real king than he (nodding at Cranmer) is really archbishop.

RICHARD RICHE

So would it be justified to raise a rebellion against him? Assassinate him? Put another in his place?

ELIZABETH BARTON

What do you think?

RICHARD RICHE

(Beat)

Of the possible Plantagenet claimants to the throne you have chosen the Courtenay family. Not the Poles. Henry, Marquis of Exeter. Not Henry, Lord Montague. Or do you get them mixed up?

ELIZABETH BARTON

(Flushing)

Of course not. I've met both of those gentlemen. I've met their wives. I've met Bishop Fisher, Thomas More... They all come to me.

Cromwell shows nothing, notes everything.

AUDLEY

(Thoughtfully)

Now Courtenay descends from a daughter of King Edward, Montague from his brother. How would you sort out these claims? Or will you let them to scrap it out? Good to have a few kings and queens in reserve if you're going to start a war.

ELIZABETH BARTON

No need of a war. God is sending a plague to England. Henry will be dead in six months. So will his whore.

RICHARD RICHE

And me?

ELIZABETH BARTON

And you. And everyone in this room.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Except you? And my niece Alice, who has done you no harm?

ELIZABETH BARTON

All the women of your house are heretics. The plague will rot them all.

Alice stares back at her, impervious.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And the princess Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH BARTON

(To Cranmer)

They say when you christened her you warmed the water to spare her a shock. You should have poured it boiling.

Cranmer flinches. Riche throws down his pen in disgust.

RICHARD RICHE

Oh Christ in Heaven...

Cromwell puts a restraining hand on his arm.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(To Barton)

Richard has a young daughter of his own, and a tender heart.

Barton turns to Cromwell, lip curling.

ELIZABETH BARTON

I saw your master too. Wolsey.

The room goes quiet. Cromwell is very still, smiles.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Softly)

Where was he? Heaven or Hell?

ELIZABETH BARTON

Neither. I saw his soul sitting with the unborn.

Silence. No-one looks at Cromwell. Cranmer's had enough and stands.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER

I think that's enough for now. Shall we meet again tomorrow?

ELIZABETH BARTON

Tomorrow is Sunday. There was a man went hunting on Sunday and fell down a bottomless pit into Hell. Imagine that.

RICHARD RICHE

(Snapping)

How was it bottomless if Hell was
at the bottom?

AUDLEY

I wish I were going hunting. Christ
knows, I'd take a chance on it.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM - DAY

The four men walk together, evidently relieved to be out of
the room.

RICHARD RICHE

We're too soft with her. She's
laughing at us.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She's close to confessing.

They stare at him, surprised.

AUDLEY

What makes you think so?

THOMAS CROMWELL

My niece Alice is with her at
night. She says she cries, because
she knows she's a fraud. And then
she peeps out from under her
eyelids to see what effect her
tears have. Trust me - she'll
confess. I want to start bringing
in her followers.

RICHARD RICHE

Thomas More?

Cromwell hesitates.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. He's clear of this.

RICHARD RICHE

The others she named? Bishop
Fisher, Lady Exeter, the Poles...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'll deal with them myself.

Audley looks concerned - these are some of the most powerful
people in the land.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I'll be on my best behaviour.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

MONTAGE OF INTERVIEWS

BISHOP FISHER - ancient and skeletal faces Cromwell over the desk.

THOMAS CROMWELL
My lord Bishop.

Fisher opens his mouth to give a blessing.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Why are you so gullible?

Fisher closes it again.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Beg the king's pardon. Plead old age and infirmity.

Fisher struggles to recover his composure.

BISHOP FISHER
I don't know my offence. And, whatever you think, I am not in my second childhood.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I think you are. Why else would you have given credence to Elizabeth Barton?

MATCH CUT TO:

LATER

An identical interview with LADY EXETER - pious, sickly and foolish.

LADY EXETER
Because when she speaks she is *inspired*. With my own eyes I have seen a golden letter sent...

THOMAS CROMWELL
By Mary Magdalene. Yes. Actually written by a Father Boking. The gilding was by a monk...

He checks a sheet in front of him.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
... one William Hawkhurst.

Lady Exeter continues, suddenly deaf.

LADY EXETER

And we know that before the Lord goes to work, he gives a warning of himself through his servants. For is it not stated by the prophet Amos...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Please, don't prophet Amos me. Barton threatened the king, foresaw his death.

BACK ON FISHER

BISHOP FISHER

Foreseeing is not the same as desiring.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She sat down with the king's enemies, told them they would be king.

BISHOP FISHER

If you mean Exeter, why don't you speak to him?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Exeter hasn't been writing against the king. You have.

BISHOP FISHER

Where? Show me?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your printers abroad are working for me now.

Fear flickers across Fisher's face.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Let me be plain...

MATCH CUT TO:

LATER

An identical interview with MARGARET POLE - looking down her long Plantagenet nose at the commoner sitting before her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your family's loyalty is suspect, Lady Margaret.

MARGARET POLE

So you say. You have no evidence.
Or I would be in the tower.

THOMAS CROMWELL

In June last year, your son Lord
Montague and your son Geoffrey Pole
dined with Lady Mary. Two weeks
later Montague dined with her
again. I wonder what they
discussed?

MARGARET POLE

I'm sure you do.

Cromwell smiles.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Actually, no I don't. The boy who
carried the asparagus. That was my
boy. The boy who sliced the
apricots was mine too.

Pole's disdainful smile slips.

BACK ON FISHER

Cromwell leans forward.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Holy simplicity was well enough in
its day. But its day is over. We're
at war. Just because the Emperor's
soldiers aren't running down the
street, don't deceive yourself -
this is a war. And you're in the
enemy camp.

Fisher grips his cane.

BACK ON MARGARET POLE

... as Cromwell consults another sheet.

THOMAS CROMWELL

They talked about the Emperor,
about the invasion. About how best
to bring it about. (Beat) So you
see, Lady Margaret, all your family
owes much to my forbearance. I
trust they'll repay the king with
future loyalty.

BACK ON LADY EXETER

... looking distinctly shaken.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Write to the king, My Lady. Beg his forgiveness. Tell him you are exceptionally easy to mislead. Tell him you don't have the brains of a flea. Grovel.

BACK ON FISHER

As he sits in silence. He sniffs.

BISHOP FISHER

I see why Wolsey retained you. You are a ruffian and so was he.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Fall ill. Take to your bed. That's what I recommend.

LATER

Cromwell stands at the window watching Fisher leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL

God, they hate me.

He tries and fails to stop himself laughing. Rafe watches, amused.

RAFE

Arrange your face.

INT. WINDSOR - DAY

Cromwell talks to Henry, The Duke of Suffolk stands, waiting impatiently to go hunting.

HENRY

Hard to believe they'll betray me. These people... I've known them all my life. Essex's been a friend since I was a boy. (To Suffolk) Do you remember Greenwich - that Christmas? The snowball fight?

Suffolk looks blank. Henry broods for a moment.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(To Cromwell)

It's his wife who's to blame.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

She's fickle and weak, like all her sex. Easily led into scheming.

THOMAS CROMWELL

So forgive her. Write her a pardon. Put these people under a debt of gratitude to you.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

If you forgive them, they'll play us for fools.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't think so, my Lord. Everything they do from now on, they do under my eye.

HENRY

And the Poles?

THOMAS CROMWELL

They shouldn't assume they'll be pardoned.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

(Sternly)

Leave them to sweat? I don't care for your way of dealing with noblemen, Cromwell. By God, I would...

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he slaps his thigh, whirls around to Henry, beaming.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK (CONT'D)

Greenwich! *That* Christmas. The snow was knee-deep. Christ we were young then, Harry.

Cromwell sighs, gathers his papers, leaving them to their reminiscences.

INT. WINDSOR - GALLERY - DAY

Cromwell walks down the gallery, passing the DUKE OF NORFOLK who is staring out to where Anne can be seen walking with some of her "boys:" NORRIS, BRERETON and FRANCIS WESTON amongst them.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My Lord.

Norfolk grunts, eyes still on Anne.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

These men. These men who hang around with Anne.

(MORE)

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 Talk-talk-talking. Christ's sake,
 what's the use of talking to women?
 You don't talk to women, do you
 Cromwell? If I was Henry I wouldn't
 have it. I'd tell her myself but
 since she's become queen she's no
 time for *my* counsel. Forgotten
 those who put her there in the
 first fucking place.

He glares at Anne with hostility. Cromwell absorbs this.

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Cromwell, Richard and Rafe are riding back into Austin Friars
 with their escort.

The crowd of beggars and gawkers at the gate is larger than
 ever. As the three men approach the gate the crowd closes
 around them, calling out, hands outstretched. The escort hold
 them back. Cromwell smiles and hands out coins. He notices a
 YOUNG WOMAN - HELEN BARRE - with two small CHILDREN amongst
 the crowd. She is conspicuous by her stillness, silence, the
 look of mute appeal as he passes.

Rafe notices her too, stares back at her.

INSIDE THE GATE

Cromwell dismounts and hands the reins to a SERVANT. JOHANE
 greets him.

JOHANE
 Master Holbein's here for your
 portrait. He's been waiting for
 you. I think he's angry. He keeps
 moving the furniture.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 I'll make it up to him.

He looks back at the crowd.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Tell Thurston to send some food out
 for them. (Beat) And the young
 woman with children. Let her in.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - HALL - DAY

Cromwell is posing for a portrait. HANS HOLBEIN has arranged
 him at a desk, one hand holding a rolled paper, quill,
 scissors and seal before him. There is a Bible on the desk.

Helen Barre and her two children sit meekly to one side watching.

HOLBEIN squints at the book, dissatisfied.

HOLBEIN
This is your best bible?

THOMAS CROMWELL
What's wrong with it?

HOLBEIN
(Grimacing)
So plain. So *thumbed*.

THOMAS CROMWELL
As a bible should be.

HOLBEIN
I'll find another book. Stay.

He stumps from the room, almost colliding with RAFE who is bringing some food for the children.

HELEN BARRE
(To Rafe)
Thank you.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You were saying, Helen. Your husband?

HELEN BARRE
Left me with that little one in my belly. I say left... I think he might be dead. He was a drunkard and a brawler. Someone said he was in the river but... I don't know if I'm a wife or a widow.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I'll look into it for you.

He hesitates - a sensitive question.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
How have you lived?

HELEN BARRE
I've been in the laundry at a convent near Paul's. The nuns say I'm a good worker, but they won't take the children.

Cromwell nods, considers.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well, we can't have you a slave to a set of hypocrite women. You must come here. I'm sure you'll be useful.

HELEN BARRE

(Beat)

I don't know how to thank you sir.

One of the children has fallen asleep before finishing her food.

RAFE

This one needs a bed I think.

He picks the child up against his shoulder.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Helen, this house is full of forward young men. If anyone is too forward, you must tell me.

He switches his gaze momentarily to Rafe who is staring down at the sleeping child's face, smiling.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Or Rafe Sadler here.

Rafe nods, with only the faintest of blushes, leads Helen and the children from the room. Holbein walks back in holding a handsome leather-bound volume.

HOLBEIN

This is the finest book in your house. And is it a bible? No. Do you know what it is?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Smiling)

The only good thing to ever come out of a monastery. Luca Pacioli's book on accounting.

HOLBEIN

(Placing the book before him)

Accounting. What does that tell us about you? You've moved.

Cromwell settles his position again.

HOLBEIN (CONT'D)

And what does this Luca have to say?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Something I have always tried to
 live by. (Beat) Never go to bed
 until the books are balanced.

EXT. LONDON - PAUL'S CROSS - DAY

Elizabeth Barton and half a dozen of her supporters stand in the cold wind doing penance, barefoot and shackled before the passing Londoners.

Cromwell watches, sees THOMAS MORE pushing through the crowds towards him, rubbing his cold hands together.

THOMAS MORE
 How will you frame the charges?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Treason for the principals. For the accessories, life imprisonment, confiscations, fines. The king will be merciful, I think. I'm more interested in unravelling the plans of these people...

THOMAS MORE
 Well, I'm clear anyway.

Cromwell doesn't answer.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)
 You *know* I'm clear!

THOMAS CROMWELL
 You remember how you used to compare the king to a tamed lion? You can pet him, pull at his ears. But all the time you're thinking - *those claws, those claws...* (Beat) We're putting forward a Bill of Succession, recognising Anne as Henry's lawful wife and their children as the rightful heirs. If it passes, and it will, we're going to seal the act with an oath.

More is watching Barton.

THOMAS MORE
 What sort of legislation needs to be confirmed by an oath?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 There are those who will say such matters need to be left to Rome. We intend to make it clear that Rome has no legitimate voice in England.
 (MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 (Beat) Take the oath. Put your
 loyalty beyond doubt.

More doesn't answer. He watches Barton.

THOMAS MORE
 (Mildly)
 She seems to be rather enjoying the
 attention. Perhaps that's all she
 ever wanted.

Cromwell tries again.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Come back with me for dinner.

THOMAS MORE
 I would if I thought you'd only put
 food in my mouth. But I think you'd
 like to put words there too.

He threads off through the crowd, a ragged figure in the
 wind.

INT. WINDSOR - LATER

Cromwell waits as Henry reads through Cromwell's new BILL OF
 SUCCESSION. Anne is with him, reading over his shoulder. For
 a moment there is silence. Suddenly, Anne looks up, glaring
 at Cromwell.

ANNE BOLEYN
 You mention my death.

Cromwell is thrown for a moment.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
 "If it should happen your said dear
 and beloved wife Queen Anne to
 decease..."

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Gently)
 Well, I can't exclude the
 possibility.

ANNE BOLEYN
 You say that if I die he can put
 another queen in my place...

HENRY
 Sweetheart, I can't imagine another
 in your place. It's only notional.

ANNE BOLEYN

And what if *she* has a son? That son will inherit! Then what will happen to my daughter and her claim?

HENRY

Well, she's still a princess of England. If you look further down the paper here...

He closes his eyes, pinches the bridge of his nose - *Give me strength...*

ANNE BOLEYN

And where does it say Spanish Mary is a bastard?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Lady Mary is out of the line of succession, so the inference is clear. Forgive the language. Laws are written sparingly, so they're not personal.

ANNE BOLEYN

This is personal!

HENRY

(Soothingly)

Cromwell serves us well, sweetheart. It isn't him you should rail against. There are others. Stephen Gardiner for one. The way he has turned on me. I hate ingratitude. Hate disloyalty. Thomas More is another who has disappointed me.

Cromwell gathers his papers.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If Your Majesties will excuse me now...

He turns to leave.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Suddenly)

Your bill against Elizabeth Barton. You should add More to the list of the guilty.

Cromwell stops, doesn't like this.

THOMAS CROMWELL

More wasn't involved. He came to me before Barton was even arrested.

ANNE BOLEYN

Do it anyway. I want him
frightened. Fright can unmake a
man. I've seen it happen.

Beat. Cromwell looks to Henry, hoping for an intervention...
But Henry stares back with his flat, blue eyes. Cromwell
bows.

OUTSIDE CHAMBER

Cromwell is walking away.

ANNE BOLEYN (O.S.)

Cremuel?

He turns to find her behind him, watching him.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I won't die. I'm strong. I'll give
the king a son. And I won't die.

She turns and walks back into the chamber.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - ANIMAL CAGES - DAY

Cromwell stands with Audley watching the royal beasts get fed
- the LIONS tearing at hunks of meat, muzzles red with blood.

AUDLEY

There's plenty of evidence against
Fisher and the Commons don't like
him anyway - he speaks to them as
if they were Turks. But More is a
different matter. They won't like
his inclusion on the list. They
could oppose the bill.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The king swears he'll come before
Parliament himself and insist.

AUDLEY

He could have a very public fall.
For God's sake don't let him do
this.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How do I stop him? This isn't about
the king's will. This is about what
Anne wants.

AUDLEY

(Gloomily)

And who would want to oppose her?

Cromwell considers.

INT. WESTMINSTER - ROOM - EVENING

Norfolk sits with Cromwell and Audley.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

You want me to kneel down and beg
for More's life?

THOMAS CROMWELL

The king couldn't refuse you, My
Lord. It will allow His Majesty an
honourable way back. After all,
we're asking him to go against the
wishes of his own wife.

Norfolk considers this, more interested.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

That's true. This is my niece's
work. Henry knew More was against
him but let him creep off to
Chelsea to coddle his conscience.
She's the one wants him brought to
book. Take things personally,
women.

AUDLEY

I think the king takes it
personally.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Which is weak. Why should he care
what More thinks of him?

AUDLEY

(Uncertainly)
You call the king weak?

Norfolk lurches forward, squawking like a parrot into
Audley's face.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

"Call the king weak!" Speaking for
yourself for once, Lord Chancellor?
Usually you wait 'till Cromwell
speaks and then it's "Tweet-Tweet -
Whatever You Say Tom!"

The door opens and WRIOTHESLEY'S head pops around.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)

If I had a crossbow I'd shoot your
fucking head off! I said no-one in!

WRIOTHESLEY

Thomas More's son-in-law is here to
plead for him, sir.

Cromwell turns to Norfolk.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My Lord?

Norfolk drains another goblet of wine, considering.

AUDLEY

Shall we send for my lord Suffolk
instead?

DUKE OF NORFOLK

No, his boy's dying. His heir.

He fingers his medals and holy relics instinctively.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)

He'll have to start breeding again
with his new wife. She's fourteen,
you know? He doesn't like leaving
her alone. Judging by the startled
look on her face. *(a cackle of
laughter)* If I could get rid of my
wife...

AUDLEY

(Scandalised)

My lord you have been well married
these twenty years.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Yes. I have. It's like placing your
person in a grizzled leather bag.

WRIOTHESLEY

(Nervously)

What should I tell him?

Cromwell turns to Norfolk for his answer

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Alright, I'll do it. IF Cranmer
does it too. Why should a layman
wear out his joints?

He contemplates the prospect, gives another cackle of
laughter.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)

By Christ, she'll spit blood when
she hears.

INT. HAMPTON COURT - DAY

A TABLEAU - Cromwell, Audley, Norfolk and Archbishop Cranmer down on their knees. No-one moves. They have been this way for sometime. Silence.

REVERSE

Henry stares dreamily above their heads, as if counting the seconds until he can decently be persuaded. Finally...

HENRY

Very well. Remove his name from the bill. But tell him he *will* take the oath.

He walks from the room. The four men bow and gratefully climb to their feet. Norfolk finds his knees fail him. He elbows Cromwell for assistance and he and Audley lift the Duke by his elbows.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

(Muttering)

Thought I'd be stuck there for another hour, entreating and entreating...

HENRY (O.S.)

(Calling from the next room)

Cromwell!

INNER CHAMBER

Henry stands with his back to Cromwell as he enters.

HENRY

Pope Clement is ill. Dying, I hear.

Cromwell doesn't answer, trying to divine his mood from the bulky back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

If he does who will be the next rogue in office?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I've put my money on Alessandro Farnese.

HENRY

Really? One lays bets?

THOMAS CROMWELL

But the odds are short.

HENRY
Remind me how many children he has?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Four I know of.

HENRY
(Beat)
I may have another child soon.

He turns, eyes shining.

HENRY (CONT'D)
The queen has missed her...

He stops, blushing like a schoolboy. Suddenly he crosses the room, flings open his arms and grabs Cromwell in a bear hug.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This time for sure! England is
ours!

Cromwell beams.

CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cromwell is leaving with Audley and Cranmer. They pass Norfolk.

AUDLEY
A good deed done, my Lord.

Norfolk shrugs.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
You think so? I did it to teach my
niece a lesson.

AUDLEY
A man's life...

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Think More'll take this oath of
yours, do you?

AUDLEY
What reasonable man wouldn't swear
to the succession, for the safety
of this realm?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Going to swear Katherine are you?
Going to swear Mary? And if they
won't, what will you do? Hang them
from Tyburn for their relative the
Emperor to see?

AUDLEY

(Beat)

My Lord, you shouldn't drink so much wine before noon.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Oh tweet fucking tweet. (To Cromwell) Kill him now, kill him later. More won't take your oath. And Henry won't let him off a second time.

AUDLEY

More will take the oath.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - DAY

More looks up from the copy of the Act of Succession he has been reading.

THOMAS MORE

I can't take the oath.

Audley, Cranmer and Cromwell stare back at him.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

But I will not speak against it. And I won't try to dissuade anyone else from it.

THOMAS CROMWELL

That's not enough and you know it.

AUDLEY

These are the names of the priests who have sworn to the act. And you know all the members of Parliament are conformable. So why not you?

THOMAS MORE

This is not a comfortable place for any of us.

THOMAS CROMWELL

More comfortable than where you're going.

THOMAS MORE

(Smiling)

Not Hell. I trust not.

THOMAS CROMWELL

So if taking the oath would damn your soul, what about these?

He slams his hand on the list of priests on the table.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Are they all damned?

THOMAS MORE
I cannot speak for their
conscience.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER
(Gently)
Where it is a question of
conscience, there must always be
some doubt. And when you entered
the king's council you took an oath
to obey him. So won't you set your
doubts against that certainty and
swear?

THOMAS MORE
When you were appointed archbishop
you swore your oath to Rome. But
they say all through the ceremony
you kept a little paper folded up,
saying you took the oath under
protest...

Audley, thinking he sees a way through, leans forward
eagerly.

AUDLEY
Perhaps...?

THOMAS MORE
I would not be such a juggler. (To
Cromwell) You say you have the
majority. I say I have it. All the
angels and saints are behind me.
All the Christian dead of an
undivided church who...

THOMAS CROMWELL
Oh, for Christ's sake! Your
"undivided church" has liked
nothing better than persecuting its
own members, burning them and
hacking them apart! You're a vain
and dangerous...

He catches himself, tries to calm his breathing.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
I have respected you. Since I was a
boy, I have respected you. I would
sooner see my own son killed than
see you refuse this oath and give
comfort to every enemy of England.

More catches his eye for a moment, smiles.

THOMAS MORE

Ah, Gregory is a good boy. Don't wish him away. He'll do better.

Audley's had enough for today.

AUDLEY

We can't let you go home. But I will not commit you to the Tower. The Abbot of Westminster will take custody of you.

He nods to a Guard. More raises his chin.

THOMAS MORE

Will I see my daughter again?

Something in his voice pierces Cromwell. He has to force his voice to stay calm.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You have to say some words. That's all.

THOMAS MORE

Ahh. Just words.

He leaves with the guard. Silence.

AUDLEY

At least he should give his reasons.

THOMAS CROMWELL

We know his reasons. All Europe knows them. He's against the divorce. He doesn't believe the king can be head of the church. (Beat) Do you know what I hate most? He'll be writing an account of today for Europe to read and we'll be the fools and oppressors, and he'll be the poor victim with the better turn of phrase. He wrote this play years ago - and now he sniggers every time I trip over my lines.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER

We'll try again, Thomas.

Cromwell nods, manages a smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Blessed are the peacemakers.

He stares out of the window.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
I'd like to strangle someone.

INT. WHITEHALL - EVENING

Jane Rochford and Jane Seymour are walking towards the queen's chambers.

JANE SEYMOUR
Do you think it's already decided what the queen's baby will be? Or does God decide later? I wish we could see inside her, so we'd be able to tell.

JANE ROCHFORD
I wish you were down in Wiltshire.

They walk in silence for a moment.

JANE SEYMOUR
I'd like a baby.

JANE ROCHFORD
Watch yourself. If your belly shows they'll brick you up alive. Although, your family will probably give you a bouquet. They don't know what continence is down at Wolf Hall.

JANE SEYMOUR
(Cowed)
I meant no harm.

JANE ROCHFORD
(Irritated)
God, it's like baiting a fieldmouse. I think I...

She stops, having just noticed a SLICK OF RED BLOOD on the floor ahead of them.

The two women stare at it in horror. They follow the trail around the corner and see it stretch down the corridor. They follow this trail and turn a second corner to find ANNE at the end of the trail, her back to them, one arm supporting her against the wall.

She turns to look at them over her shoulder, her face a mask of horror.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - CELL - DAY

More sits in his cramped cell writing. We hold on this for a while, the scratch, scratch of the quill pen, an urgency in his trying to get the words out before...

The door opens and Cromwell is there with Audley and Riche. More continues writing.

THOMAS MORE

How is the queen? (Beat) I heard of her loss.

RICHARD RICHE

It's yes or no today.

Beat. More turns back to his writing. Cromwell crosses to the little window, stares out at the rain.

AUDLEY

(Gently)
You must speak.

THOMAS MORE

(Writing)
If I say no to your oath I put my body in peril. If I say yes, my soul. So... I say nothing.

RICHARD RICHE

Bishop Fisher is more of a man than you. He declares his dissent and takes the consequences. You want to be a traitor but hide behind silence.

Cromwell stirs from the window.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No, what he wants is to be a Martyr.

THOMAS MORE

(Beat)
What I want is to go home.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I've never understood where the line's drawn between sacrifice and self-slaughter.

THOMAS MORE

Christ drew it.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You don't say anything wrong with the comparison?

For a moment the pen hesitates, then resumes its scratch, scratch.

THOMAS MORE

I do nobody harm. I say none harm,
I think none harm. If this isn't
enough to keep a man alive...

Audley's had enough.

AUDLEY

It's the king's pleasure that we
move to indictment and trial.

He and Riche leave.

THOMAS MORE

I hear the king has granted Fisher
mercy as to the manner of his
death.

THOMAS CROMWELL

He's an old man.

THOMAS MORE

I'm doing my best, you know. A man
can only shrivel at his own rate.

Cromwell turns to him suddenly, urgently.

THOMAS CROMWELL

When you come before the court
throw yourself on the king's mercy.
He's not a cruel man, you know
that.

THOMAS MORE

Do I? He didn't used to be. But
then he changed the company he
kept. (Beat) It's not important
what happens to my body. I'll be in
God's hands soon enough.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

I'm glad I'm not like you, mind
fixed on the next world.

THOMAS MORE

Is that so wrong?

THOMAS CROMWELL

It is if it's at the expense of
trying to improve this one.

THOMAS MORE

Is that what you've been doing? By the time you've finished your improving you'll have pulled all of England down.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I build, I don't destroy, Thomas. You think the king is destroying the church, I say he's renewing it. And England will be a better place when it's been purged of liars and hypocrites.

He turns to leave.

THOMAS MORE

(A flash of spite)

I hear your Tynedale's to be burnt alive.

Cromwell stops.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

They say someone tempted him out of his hiding place, some agent, and was taken.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your man?

More doesn't reply.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(Coldly)

No. Thomas More hurts no-one.

He leaves.

INT. WHITEHALL - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Anne sits, white and tense. Henry stands by her shoulder.

ANNE BOLEYN

It's all about me. When finally you have out of More what troubles his singular conscience, you'll find it's that he won't bend his knee to my queenship.

She stands.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I won't have peace until Fisher is dead. I won't have peace until More is dead.

Beat. Henry stares past Cromwell to the wall. Anne walks out. Silence.

HENRY

The queen is... her grief...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Yes.

HENRY

(Beat)

It's Katherine I blame. All those years she couldn't carry a son. Now she ill-wishes me. She lies in between me and the woman I love, with her cold heart...

His eyes glide over the wall, searching.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They burnt it before I could see if it was a boy.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

It may have been impossible to tell, Your Majesty. So soon. (Beat) Your Majesty, Fisher gives me no anxiety. His offence is clear. But with More... legally our case is slender. It won't be easy.

Henry's eyes come to rest on Cromwell, the look so mild that Cromwell is thrown by the sudden violence in his tone.

HENRY

Do I keep you for what's easy? Do you think I've promoted you for your personal beauty? For the charm of your presence? I keep you because you're a serpent. Because you have the cunning of a serpent. But do not be a viper in my bosom. You know my decision. Execute it.

He walks out.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Cromwell is posing for HOLBEIN again. No sound but the soft pad of the brush on the panel. Cromwell is lost in troubled thoughts. His eyes slip to the tapestry on the wall - SOLOMON and SHEBA.

HOLBEIN

This woman on the wall. I know who she is.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Sheba.

HOLBEIN

For you. I know who she is for you.
Why you always look at her. They
told me about her in Antwerp. The
woman Cromwell loved.

Cromwell remains silent.

HOLBEIN (CONT'D)

Why don't you go back and claim
her?

THOMAS CROMWELL

She's married. It was years ago.
I've changed.

HOLBEIN

Ja. You're rich now. (Beat) I
think...

THOMAS CROMWELL

What?

HOLBEIN

Nothing. (Off his look) What?
You're going to hang me up by my
wrists until I talk?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't do that. I only threaten to
do it. What do you think?

HOLBEIN

I think maybe there's another woman
in your heart now.

There's a sound and Cromwell turns to find Johane at the
door, trying desperately to look as if she hasn't heard what
she just heard.

JOHANE

Thomas More's wife is here to see
you.

AUDIENCE ROOM

Cromwell joins ALICE MOORE. She is looking around the rather
grand room.

ALICE

When I came here before this was a
musty old place.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

My husband used to say, put Thomas Cromwell in a dungeon and by evening he'll be sitting on cushions, with gaolers owing him money.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Smiling)

Did he talk a lot about putting me in a dungeon?

She sits, smooths her dress, uneasy.

ALICE

I thought you might take me to see the king. I know he's always kind to women.

Cromwell shakes his head, sadly.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I can't do that. I wish that I could.

ALICE

You've always been good to us. I wonder why. You always have some trick.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Born tricky. Why is your husband so stubborn?

ALICE

I no more understand him than I do the Holy Trinity. (Beat) I worry he's cold. He tells me nothing. All his letters are to his precious Meg. (Off his look) Don't think there's no tenderness between us. We had dealings, one time or another. And when that's true you can't help but worry about a man, wonder if... if he's feeling the cold.

She rubs an angry fist across her eyes. Cromwell watches with sympathy.

ALICE (CONT'D)

When you talk to him - ask him from me - ask him, does he think it's clever to leave his wife without company, his son without advice, his daughter without protection? And all of us at the mercy of a man like yourself?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Beat. Solemnly)
 I'll ask him.

INT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Cromwell walks in and finds some of the Boleyn clan: Thomas Boleyn, Francis Weston, Francis Bryan, patch covering his empty eye-socket, standing listening. From the chambers beyond comes the muffled sound of a furious row - Henry and Anne.

Cromwell raises a questioning eyebrow.

FRANCIS WESTON
 The queen's sister Mary. She is...
 she finds herself...

FRANCIS BRYAN
 With a bellyful of bastard.

THOMAS BOLEYN
 (Bitterly)
 She claims the child's father is
 William Stafford and she has
 married him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Cheerfully)
 I see. Shall we go in.

They troop towards the chamber. Mark Smeaton, who has been skulking in a corner, starts to follow, lute in hand. Cromwell stops him with a finger to his chest.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Won't be setting this to music
 Mark. Go and make yourself useful
 somewhere.

INT. QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Norris is with Henry, Jane Rochford with a furious Anne. Henry spots Thomas Boleyn.

ANNE BOLEYN
 I don't believe it's his!

HENRY
 Then whose?

Anne doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Madam, you blame me for something
 that happened before I knew you!

Anne stares at him, white with emotion. The room vibrates with the silent accusation. Henry turns away from the gaze.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Boleyn, can't you control either of your daughters?

ANNE BOLEYN

She's done this to spite me. She thinks she'll sail about court with her big belly showing and laugh at me, because I lost my own child.

THOMAS BOLEYN

I'm sure if we just...

ANNE BOLEYN

Oh, get out! All of you. (To Cromwell) And you. Tell me sister she will never come to court again. I don't know her. She is no longer a Boleyn.

INT. MARY'S BEDCHAMBER - DAY

The bed is strewn with clothes. Mary sorts through her clothes. Cromwell appears in the doorway.

THOMAS CROMWELL

William Stafford, eh?

Mary straightens up, face flushed. A beat as they look at each other.

JANE SEYMOUR

Excuse me, Master.

Jane Seymour slips past him, arms full of laundry. Behind her comes Mark Smeaton carrying a leather chest. He gives Cromwell a snide smile.

MARK SMEATON

Making myself useful, Master Secretary.

Jane sets the laundry down.

MAR

Thank you, Jane. Where's my other shoe?

JANE ROCHFORD appears behind Cromwell.

JANE ROCHFORD

Best be gone to Kent. Your royal sister thinks the king has fathered your child. She can't believe it would be William Stafford.

MARY BOLEYN

What would Anne know about taking a man for himself?

She examines the trunk, kicks it.

MARY BOLEYN (CONT'D)

It has the Boleyn badge all over it. If they see me with this, they'll tip my things out on the road. Jane, take the bed hangings down. We'll make bundles. (As she gathers clothes) When my brother's back, he'll speak for me. He won't see me cut off.

JANE ROCHFORD

I beg to differ. My husband will think, as I do, that you're a disgrace to our family.

Mary's hand flashes, just missing Jane.

MARY BOLEYN

At least my husband loves me! I pity you! And Anne! I'd rather be in bed with an honest poor gentleman who loves me than be queen and only keep her man with whore's tricks. And now she's afraid of every woman in court!

Rochford slams from the room. Mark stands open-mouthed.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Stand there like a fish and I'll fillet you.

Mark flees. Mary throws Jane Seymour a pair of sleeves.

MARY BOLEYN

Have these with my blessing. You're the only kind heart at court. (Suddenly) Rochford has my book of love poems!

She races off after Jane Rochford. Seymour climbs up on the bed and starts to take the hangings down.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She'll need that. No poems in Kent.

JANE SEYMOUR

Lady Rochford would say a sonnet
won't keep you warm. No that I've
ever had a sonnet, so I wouldn't
know.

Cromwell stands by the bed, staring up at her for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

Come down, Jane. I'll do that.

JANE SEYMOUR

Master Secretary doesn't deal with
bed hangings.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Master Secretary deals with
everything.

JANE SEYMOUR

That's what Uncle Norfolk says...

She stops herself, hand over mouth.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It's alright. I call him that too.

JANE SEYMOUR

(Smiling)

Do you?

He takes her waist to help her down.

JANE SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

I'll think of that in the country
when I have nothing to amuse me.

A little dismay leaks from Cromwell's face.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You're leaving court?

JANE SEYMOUR

I'm going back to Wolf Hall. I
can't imagine anyone will miss me.

They stand facing each other, his hands still on her waist.
Then Mary is snarling into the room, holding a book and a
gilt bowl.

MARY BOLEYN

That magpie Rochford had my bowl!

She takes in the two of them. Cromwell steps back.

EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Cromwell is leaving. An excited Richard Riche falls in beside him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Distracted)
Richard. Shouldn't you be preparing our case?

RICHARD RICHE
I went to see More last night. I was supposed to take his papers away and I... I wanted to have one last try...

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well, you have your way to make.

RICHARD RICHE
It seems to me the problem is his *silence*.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I won't have him tortured, if that's where you're heading.

RICHARD RICHE
No, but I thought he would forget himself, talk to me, because... he knew me when I was a young man, a drinker and... Well, he always plays the school master with me, can't see me without trying to give me a lesson.

Something in his tone draws Cromwell's attention.

THOMAS CROMWELL
And?

Riche is grinning.

RICHARD RICHE
He gave me a lesson.

INT. WESTMINSTER HALL - DAY

Cromwell sits with Riche, Audley and the Duke of Norfolk, preparing for More's trial. The court is filling up, the jury filing into their places.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(To Richard Riche)
I've given you a jury of Londoners.

Audley surveys the jury.

AUDLEY

Is that wise? They'll know More.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Yes, they will. And they'll remember Monmouth and Bainham and Petyt and every other Londoner that More had killed or ruined, and how he set spies amongst their apprentices and in their homes.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

(Chuckling)

Never misses a trick, this one. (To Cromwell) You should write a book, like Machiavelli.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Why give your secrets away?

There is a stir in the court as More arrives - dishevelled, unshaven, stooped.

AUDLEY

Dear God, he looks as if we've had him whipped.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And you say I never miss a trick.

He meets More's eyes. More gives a slight bow of the head - lawyer to lawyer. Norfolk takes his place for the beginning of the trial.

BACK ROOM - LATER

Recess. The trial isn't going well. Norfolk walks in to join Audley, Cromwell and Riche.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Third count dismissed. So much for your jury, Cromwell. And him sitting there sweet as an angel!

Audley is on the edge of panic.

AUDLEY

If we lose this trial we can kiss goodbye to our livelihoods.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

I'd kiss goodbye to more than that if I were you.

AUDLEY

Thomas? For God's sake...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Calmly)

The late cardinal once told me that you should always find out what a person wears under their clothes.

They stare at him blankly.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Thomas More, for example, wears a hair shirt under his.

AUDLEY

(Beat)

I fail to see the relevance.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It speaks of a certain... *revulsion* for the flesh, don't you think? Your average Londoner, for example, might think certain vices tolerable, even natural, in a young man like Richard here. But not More.

Norfolk turns to Riche, raises an eyebrow.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

What vices?

THE TRIAL - LATER

Norfolk presides over the court. More in on his feet, facing Riche, dripping contempt.

THOMAS MORE

Drinking, fighting, whoring and dice. I know you of old Riche!

RICHARD RICHE

(Ignoring this)

At our last meeting I put my case to you. I asked you why, when our lord king has been named head of the church by Parliament, you would not go with the vote, as you went with it when Parliament made him monarch. Do you remember your reply?

THOMAS MORE

I made no record of it, having no writing materials. You having already taken them from me.

He turns to the jury a little smugly, as if expecting laughter. Cromwell's checks their faces - like stones.

RICHARD RICHE

Let me remind you then. You said that a child could discern the difference in the two cases. Parliament could not exercise in cases of spiritual jurisdiction, because the jurisdiction *is out of this realm*.

The jury are alert.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Meaning what?

More doesn't answer.

RICHARD RICHE

Meaning in Rome. (To More)
If you deny Parliament its capacity then you deny the king his title.
(Beat) Which is treason.

THOMAS MORE

You think I would open my heart to a man like you? A man of no commendable fame even in his own house...

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Never mind the man's character. Did you say those words?

THOMAS MORE

I did not. Or if I did, I did not mean it with malice.

He turns to the jury, his tone patronising.

THOMAS MORE (CONT'D)

And therefore you should be aware I am clear under the statute.

A fatal mistake. Cromwell checks the jury - watches each face harden.

LATER

A relieved Audley is passing sentence.

AUDLEY

Prisoner, this court has found you guilty of treason. Your sentence will...

A little premature. Chief Justice FITZJAMES has to reach over and slap his wrist to stop him.

AUDLEY (CONT'D)

Forgive me. Does the prisoner have anything to say?

More is already on his feet.

THOMAS MORE

I have followed my conscience. You must follow yours. My conscience satisfies me - and now I will speak plainly - that your statue is faulty...

Uproar.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

That's enough! That's...

THOMAS MORE

And your authority baseless!

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Now we see your malice sir!

THOMAS MORE

My conscience holds with the majority. Against Henry's kingdom I have all the kingdoms of Christendom! Against each one of your bishops I have a hundred saints!

He's continuing, almost drowned out by the noise in the court, but we FADE DOWN ALL SOUND.

In the silence we see Cromwell watching More as he speaks, animated, eyes shining.

We hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS...

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - EVENING - **THE PAST**

Cromwell as a BOY is carrying a loaf of bread up the long stairs, feet scuffing against the steps.

We follow him up the staircase...

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - NIGHT

Cromwell sits at his desk working. The wind rattles the window behind him. He hums softly as he works.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - EVENING - THE PAST

We follow young Cromwell as he walks along the endless corridors, running a hand along the wall...

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Rafe walks in, papers in his hand.

RAFE

Don't stay up working all hours tonight.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I won't Grandfather.

RAFE

It's cold. Shall I have a fire lit?

Cromwell stares at the empty grate.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. Leave it.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - EVENING - THE PAST

Young Cromwell arrives at a door, knocks and opens it. A 14 year old THOMAS MORE stands in the middle of the room, reading a book. Cromwell puts down the loaf, watches him, fascinated.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Rafe and Cromwell are going through some letters.

RAFE

The Duke of Richmond complains he has no deer park and so can't show his friends sport.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Murmuring)

Poor tiny Duke. How can we relieve his pain?

Rafe smiles moves to leave, then puts a BOOK on the desk.

RAFE

It's the prayer book he had with him at the end.

Cromwell nods, doesn't look up from his work. Rafe walks out.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - EVENING - THE PAST

Young More has noticed Cromwell.

THOMAS MORE
Why do you linger?

THOMAS CROMWELL
What's in that great book?

More's eyes slide back to the book with faint smile.

THOMAS MORE
Oh words, words. Just words.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - NIGHT

We close on Cromwell as he works, humming softly, refusing to look at the PRAYER BOOK.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - DAY

A quick FLASH of More's execution - the moment the axe falls.

A sea of bowed heads. Except for one - Cromwell - who watches as the axe comes down, the body folding back on itself.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - EVENING - THE PAST

Cromwell looks back at the young scholar. Slowly the door closes, and we lose sight of More and...

FADE OUT.

In the darkness, the hiss of hair being brushed.

FADE IN:

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LIZ sits on the bed, brushing her hair. She turns to look over her shoulder at...

Cromwell - who lies in bed, watching her drowsily, unsurprised to see his dead wife.

After a moment he closes his eyes.

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Johane stares down at Cromwell's flushed face, concerned.

JOHANE

Thomas?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Liz.

JOHANE

Thomas? It's Johane. You have a fever.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Liz, let me. Let me love her. Let me.

She stares at him.

LATER

DR BUTTS stares down at Cromwell, who is burning up, trying to stay conscious. Behind him the room is filled with members of the household.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It's a fever I got in Italy. A snake... a snake bit me. I held it the longest...

DR BUTTS

Let's say it is.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If I'm going to die let me know. There's things I have to do.

DR BUTTS

I couldn't kill you Cromwell if I shot you with a cannon.

CLOSE ON GRACE

... walking out of the darkness towards us, her peacock feather wings shivering behind her.

NIGHT

Cromwell lies shaking in bed. Rafe sits beside him, holding his hand.

MORNING

The fever has broken. Cromwell lies exhausted on the pillows, Rafe beside him, both watching Norfolk stomp around the room.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 Liver is it? My liver's shot to
 pieces. And my muscles are wasting
 away. Look at that...

He thrusts a wasted calf at them.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 You'd get more meat on a bird's
 leg. And the gripes. Sometimes I'm
 at my stool all night.

RAFE
 Your grace should take life more
 easily.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 Intend to. My niece makes it clear
 she doesn't want my company anyway.
 Here.

He puts a HOLY MEDAL beside Cromwell.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
 Pope blessed it. Bishop of Rome,
 sorry. Thought you wouldn't have
 one.

He leaves.

RAFE
 (Of the medal)
 It's probably cursed.

They hear Norfolk on the stairs.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
 (Plaintive)
 I thought he was nearly dead? They
 told me he was nearly dead.

Cromwell smiles.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Seen him off.

Rafe smiles. Something about his expression...

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 What?

RAFE
 Someone else wants to visit.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - MAIN HALL - DAY

Cromwell is dressed, stands shakily to greet Henry. Behind them stand the household, dressed in their finest.

HENRY
 (Kissing his cheeks)
 You sit and give me no arguments.
 For once.

Cromwell sits again. Henry turns to Johane.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Now... Master Secretary's sister?
 No, forgive me. You lost your
 sister Bet at the same time my own
 lovely sister died.

Touched and a little overwhelmed, tears well in Mercy and Johane's eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Ah, now...

He dots the tears from their cheeks, turns to the young men.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 The invaluable Master Sadler, I
 know. But here we have...?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 My nephew Richard and my son
 Gregory.

Henry gives Richard an appraising look.

HENRY
 A fine build. I'd like to see you
 in the tilt yard. You should carry
 your colours in the joust.

Richard bows. Henry turns to Gregory who stands, awestruck.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 (Pleasantly)
 And you Mater Gregory, you... are a
 very fine young man too.

He turns to the young women Jo and Alice. A kiss for both.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Do you not notice Master Secretary,
 the older we get, the lovelier the
 girls become?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Eighty will have its advantages
 then.

MERCY

(To Henry)

Give over sir, you're no age.

Henry spreads his arms wide, displaying himself.

HENRY

Forty five in July.

Everyone does their best to look amazed. Henry smiles, gratified.

LATER

Henry and the household examine Holbein's portrait of Cromwell. Cromwell can barely bare to look.

HENRY

Very good. I should commission him myself. What do you think, ladies?

MERCY

(To Cromwell)

I'm not sure it looks like you. I see the features are true enough. But that's not the expression on your face.

HENRY

(Smiling)

Ah, no. He saves that look for men.

ALICE

He's made you look rather stout, Uncle.

RICHARD

Leonardo has demonstrated to us that a curved surface better deflects the impact of cannon balls.

HENRY

Well, looking at this, one would be loath to cross you, so I think your Holbein has achieved his aim.

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS -DAY

The household watch Henry and his entourage leave.

JOHANE

I'm glad to have seen him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Is he what you hoped?

JOHANE

I hadn't thought him so... tender.

Gregory stares after Henry.

GREGORY

He's so... splendid. How do you manage to speak to him every day?

Alice gives a snort.

ALICE

Forty five. He looks well past that.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - EARLY EVENING

Cromwell sits at his desk. The PORTRAIT stands in the corner of the room. Gregory wanders the study, bored.

GREGORY

So, am I to go back or am I finished being educated now?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I want to improve your French next year.

GREGORY

Rafe says I'm being brought up like a prince.

THOMAS CROMWELL

For now you're all I have to practise on.

Gregory stares at one of the maps on the wall.

GREGORY

Where's that? Is that the Indies?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)
That's the Scots border.

GREGORY

Oh.

Cromwell's eyes slip to the portrait and he examines himself for the first time.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I fear Mark was right.

GREGORY

Who's Mark?

THOMAS CROMWELL

A musician. He said I looked like a murderer.

GREGORY

(Still staring at the map)
Didn't you know?

Cromwell stares at his son's back, disturbed by this. He turns to the window.

In the garden below Rafe is walking with HELEN BARRE. They pause for a moment, heads close, lost in conversation.

Cromwell watches, something stirring in him.

STAIRS - LATER

Cromwell passes Helen.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Helen?

She turns back.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I haven't found your husband. I've spoken to the man who saw him go into the river. He seems a good witness.

Helen stands, hands twisting in her apron pockets.

HELEN BARRE

So you suppose he is dead?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I think so.

He walks on. As he goes...

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You should consider yourself free to marry again. If you see Rafe?

HELEN BARRE

(Startled)
Yes?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Tell him I need him.

She stares after him. Smiles.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell dictates to Rafe.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Itinerary of the king's summer progress. Depart from Windsor, then to Reading, Missenden, Abingdon. We join them at Sudley. If we leave on the eighteenth...?

RAFE

Better leave a day earlier. The roads.

Cromwell nods, turns to a MAP OF ENGLAND on the wall.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Suddenly)

Are you happy?

Rafe doesn't answer, blushes, knows he's talking about Helen. Beat.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Gloucester. On to Thornbury. Iron Acton. Bromham. Late September - Winchester, Bishop's Waltham.

He stares at the map. Silence.

RAFE

Sir?

Cromwell hesitates, turns to him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Before Bromham, add another.

RAFE

Yes?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Early September. Five days. Wolf Hall.

EXT. WOLF HALL - DAY - **SEPTEMBER 1535**

England. Acres of fields under a blue sky. The sun beats down.

The ROYAL PARTY rides towards Wolf Hall, Rafe, Gregory and Cromwell amongst them.

The SEYMOUR HOUSEHOLD stand waiting to receive them.

HENRY

Sir John.

He rubs the back of his neck - a strip of sunburn.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Lost my hat riding here.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR

I'll send servants to find it Your Highness.

As he dismounts, Cromwell searches along their line - Old Sir John Seymour, Lady Margery, their sons Edward and Thomas...

Then he finds her, lost behind others, a small, pale face watching him: Jane Seymour.

EXT. WOLF HALL - GROUNDS - DAY

Sir John shows the King and some of the party around the grounds. Henry notices a SHEEP nearby.

HENRY

Cromwell, what would that beast weigh?

Cromwell glances at the sheep.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Thirty pounds, sir.

FRANCIS WESTON smirks.

FRANCIS WESTON

Master Cromwell used to be a shearsman. He wouldn't be wrong.

HENRY

That Master Cromwell knows our wool trade is not to his discredit.

But Weston is still smirking. Sir John falls in beside Cromwell.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR

You have brought your son, Master Cromwell?

Cromwell looks over his shoulder for Gregory.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Gregory, Sir John. Yes.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR
 Sons are a fine thing. But
 daughters are my consolation. Look
 at Jane. Such a good girl.

Cromwell is silent. Sir John puts a hand on his arm.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR (CONT'D)
 Forgive me. But it's never too
 late, you know. You should marry
 again, have another family.
 (Lightly) Perhaps you will find a
 bride while you're here with us?

INT. WOLF HALL - EVENING

The party sits at supper with their hosts. Cromwell finds his
 eyes straying to where Jane sits next to Gregory.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR
 You'll find good sport sire. We're
 all great hunters here. Even my
 daughters. You think Jane timid,
 but put her in the saddle and she
 is the goddess Diana. Spent her
 childhood in the field. I never
 troubled my girls with education.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 I think otherwise sir. I had my
 girls taught equal with my sons.

TOM SEYMOUR
 In the tiltyard with young Master
 Sadler and Gregory?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Smiling)
 Except that.

Francis Weston snickers.

FRANCIS WESTON
 Imagine Cromwell's daughters,
 poleaxe in hand. One look at them
 and a man's knees would go. And I
 don't mean with love.

Gregory has sat in dreamy silence through the meal, but now
 he leans forward, stirred.

GREGORY
 You insult my sisters and their
 memory, sir. If you...

Jane places a gently restraining hand on his wrist.

JANE SEYMOUR

I have lately got some skill of French. Mary Shelton has been teaching me at court. So you see, we women don't spend all our time in idle gossip.

FRANCIS WESTON

What gossip would that be?

JANE SEYMOUR

If you want to know you'll have to put a gown on and join us.

THOMAS SEYMOUR

Weston's too hairy. Gregory's pretty enough for it, but I fear his great hands will give him away.

FRANCIS WESTON

The blacksmith's grandson.

Gregory stiffens again but Rafe sends him a barely discernible shake of the head.

JANE SEYMOUR

The musician Mark is with us anyway. We barely count him a man. If you want to know our secrets you should ask him.

Lady Margery raises a finger to quiet the table. Henry has fallen asleep. As the guests watch he leans forward and then starts and jerks backwards, drool trickling down his beard.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Quietly)

Francis Weston, your gentlemanly touch is required.

Weston pretends not hear, stares at the king with undisguised distaste.

THOMAS SEYMOUR

Perhaps we should make a noise? To wake him naturally? Someone laugh?

His brother Edward rolls his eyes.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

Yes, do that Tom.

Henry begins to snore, tilts dangerously in his seat.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR

God save His Majesty, he's not as young as he was.

FRANCIS WESTON
You wake him Cromwell.

There is a rustle as Jane stands and walks to the king. Everyone watches as she taps his hand. Henry wakes with a start.

HENRY
Wasn't asleep. Just resting my eyes.

Cromwell catches Jane's eye - the faintest of smiles.

INT. WOLF HALL - EVENING

Cromwell sits at the chess board with Edward Seymour.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
Now last time we played, three years ago, you check-mated me. But only because you distracted me.

THOMAS CROMWELL
How did I do that?

EDWARD SEYMOUR
You asked me about my sister. As if you were interested in her. (Beat) Are you? She's not spoken for yet, you know.

Cromwell stares at the board.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Would you like the board aligned as it was when you lost your train of thought?

EDWARD SEYMOUR
(Smiling)
Cromwell's memory. No, let's start afresh, shall we?

INT. WOLF HALL - UPPER HALLWAY - EVENING

Cromwell walks up and finds Rafe and Gregory stamping and kicking at an imaginary body on the floor. He watches them for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Who do you have there?

GREGORY
(Panting)
Francis Weston.
(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

You think he's putting the king to bed, but in fact we have him here, making him sorry. What now Rafe?

RAFE

Out the window with him.

They haul up the imaginary form.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Best not. The king favours young Weston.

RAFE

Well he can favour him with a flat head.

They throw the invisible Weston out of the window, watch the fall.

RAFE (CONT'D)

He bounces.

He dusts his hands, smiles.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Give you good night sir.

INT. WOLF HALL - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Cromwell sits at a table, dressed, already working. Gregory lies snoring in his bed behind. Cromwell stretches, stands, glances out of the window. Something catches his attention and he crosses to look down.

On the path below Jane Seymour stands, silver in the early morning light.

Cromwell watches her, hand resting on the pane. He stirs, moves to leave the room, to walk down to the gardens, to talk to her, to...

He stops.

Jane is not alone. A figure stands behind the bush beside her. As we watch the figure shifts, steps into view.

Henry. Talking, earnest, impressing something upon Jane. As we watch he takes her hand, holds it in his own paw.

Cromwell watches.

INT. WOLF HALL - GREAT HALL - LATER

Cromwell walks into the room, stops, seeing Jane standing by the window, motionless, back to him.

Jane hears the soft movement, from the tail of her eye sees Cromwell but doesn't turn to acknowledge him.

Cromwell opens his mouth to speak, changes his mind, packs away his heart once more, silently withdraws, back into the shadows.

Jane doesn't move, facing front like a sentry, staring out over the acres. Out over all of England.

EXT. WOLF HALL - GROUNDS - MORNING

We're FLOATING across the grounds, over the fields, through a wood, until we find something...

The KING'S HAT hangs from the branch of a tree like some exotic bird. It's feather plume stirs in the breeze.
