

WOLF HALL

Episode Five

"Crows"

Written by

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INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cromwell wakes up, looks to the woman sitting up in bed beside him - LIZ. She is making a silk braid. One end is pinned to the foot of the bed. On each raised finger of her hand she's spinning loops of thread, so fast it's hard to follow.

Cromwell watches in silence for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Slow down, so I can see how you do it.

Liz smiles as she works.

LIZ

I can't slow down. If I stop to think how I'm doing it, I won't be able to do it.

We CLOSE on her fingers, spinning, blurring...

ON CROMWELL

... as he wakes from his dreams and looks to the empty place in the bed beside him. Liz's place.

EXT. KIMBOLTON CASTLE - EARLY EVENING - **WINTER 1535**

Cromwell, Rafe and their armed escort arrive at the walls of Kimbolton. A sentry halloos from above.

RAFE

Thomas Cromwell, Secretary to the king.

SENTRY

(Calling)
Show your colours.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(To Rafe)
Tell him to let us in before I show his arse my boot.

INT. KIMBOLTON CASTLE - KATHERINE'S CHAMBER - EARLY EVENING

An ill Katherine sits huddled by the fire, wrapped in ermine. She puts out a hand for Cromwell to kiss. She turns her face to the light for Cromwell to inspect.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Well, how do I look? That's why he sent you isn't it? To see if I really *am* dying?

Cromwell smiles, examines her jaundiced face. She reads his expression, turns to the fire.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

He used to call me his flower.
(Beat) When my first son was born, it was winter, no blooms to be had. He gave me six dozen roses made of the purest white silk. Over the years I've given them to those who have done me some service. Will...

She breaks off, grimacing in pain. Cromwell steps towards her, concerned. She waves him off, fights in silence for a moment. Her face clears again.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

Will you let the princess Mary visit me?

Cromwell sighs.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

What harm can it do the king?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Chapuys has written to Mary saying he can get her out of the country.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Never! I answer for it with my life. What does Henry imagine? Mary returning with an army, turning him out of his kingdom? It's laughable. I answer for her intentions with my own person.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your own person has a lot to do, guaranteeing this, answering for that. You can only die once.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

And when I do, I'll set Henry an example for when his own time comes.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Drily)

Do you think about the king's death
a lot?

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

I think about his afterlife.

THOMAS CROMWELL

If you want to do his soul good,
why don't you do as he asks? If
you'd bowed to the king's wishes
years ago and allowed him to re-
marry, he would never have broken
with Rome. You spilt Christendom,
not the king.

She stares at him, her rage under magnificent control.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

What you say Cromwell, is...
contemptible.

Cromwell shrugs. She's probably right.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No silk rose for me then?

A long stare, then she settles back to the fire, the tension
eased. He gathers himself to leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I will see what can be done. About
a visit from your daughter.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Stay for supper.

Cromwell looks at her in surprise.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

You are so much quicker in
conversation than the dukes.

Cromwell smiles, remembering something said to him once.

THOMAS CROMWELL

That's the smallest compliment a
man ever had.

She stands laboriously, drops her sewing as she does so.
Cromwell stoops to retrieve.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

How is Boleyn's daughter? She lost
the child, I am told. I know how
that is. I pity her from the bottom
of my heart.

THOMAS CROMWELL

She and the king have hopes of
another child soon.

He hands her the sewing.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Particular hope, or general hope?

Cromwell hesitates - *he doesn't know the answer*. Katherine scans his face keenly.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

I thought she always confided in
you? I do hope there is no... rift?

Beat. Cromwell opens his palm to reveal a needle - point towards her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Yours, I believe.

EXT. WINDSOR GREAT PARK - DAY

Henry and Anne have been hunting, Anne still holding a CROSSBOW. Cromwell rides alongside them. Norris and other courtiers ride behind.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It would be a kindness to let her
have a visit from ambassador
Chapuys.

ANNE BOLEYN

Why? So he can intrigue with her
more conveniently?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Her doctors suggest she'll soon be
in her grave.

ANNE BOLEYN

She'd fly out of it, shroud
flapping, if she thought she could
cause me trouble.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your Majesty, the Emperor may be a
fond nephew, but he won't keep up a
quarrel for a dead woman. This
could mean an end to the threat of
war. A new era. Ambassador Chapuys
could...

HENRY

Ambassador Chapuys has never
acknowledged my wife as queen.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Until he is ready to bow publicly
before her, there will be no
diplomacy with that man.

They reach their destination, stare down at something out of
frame. Anne shrugs, irritated.

ANNE BOLEYN

Well, I didn't *mean* to do it. And
it shouldn't have been there in the
first place.

The party stare in silence at whatever lies before them.
Henry is lost in his own bitter thoughts.

HENRY

When Katherine does die she'll be
making speeches and forgiving me.
She's always forgiving me. She's
the one who needs forgiveness. For
her blighted womb.

Cromwell's eyes flit to Anne. She turns her horse - is that a
half smile? - and rides away. Henry follows. Cromwell looks
back to the thing in front of him.

We see it's a DEAD COW - Anne's crossbow bolt jutting from
its side. Cromwell turns to the servants in the party.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Find out who it belongs to. They'll
have to be paid.

He rides after the king and queen.

INT. WINDSOR - DAY

Cromwell walks in from the hunt, finds who he's looking for:
JANE ROCHFORD.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well? Is she?

Rochford checks no-one is near.

JANE ROCHFORD

She's said nothing still? Of course
the wise woman says nothing until
she feels the quickening.

He stares her out, stony eyed.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

Yes. She's been wrong before. But
yes.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Does the king know?

JANE ROCHFORD
You should tell him. He might
knight you on the spot.

Cromwell's mind is whirring and he barely listens as Rochford talks on.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
I suppose it's to be expected. She
was with the king for much of the
summer. And when he wasn't with her
he would write her love letters.

She watches Cromwell's for his reaction as she continues.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
(Pointedly)
And sent them by the hand of *Harry
Norris...*

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Distracted)
My lady, I must leave you.

JANE ROCHFORD
(Softly)
Ahh. And you usually such a good
listener.

But Cromwell is already striding away from her.

EXT. GROUNDS OF WOLF HALL - DAY

Cromwell walks with TOM and EDWARD SEYMOUR and their father,
SIR JOHN, towards Wolf Hall. Rafe follows.

TOM SEYMOUR
This is Jane's chance now. He'll
not touch the queen 'till she's
given birth. There's too much to
lose. So he'll want a new
bedfellow.

SIR JOHN
Good. Let Jane earn her keep. Up
until now she's been as much use as
a blancmange.

Edward, the brains of the family, considers.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
Alright. But we don't push her in
his way.

(MORE)

EDWARD SEYMOUR (CONT'D)
Henry has seen her, has formed his
intent. Now she must avoid him,
repel him.

SIR JOHN
Oh, hoity-toity. If you can afford
it.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
Shut up, you lecherous old goat! No-
one's talking to you.

TOM SEYMOUR
We're talking to Cromwell, Father.
Cromwell?

They look questioningly at Cromwell, who has remained silent.
He stares unhappily at the sky.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Anne is not one to sit by while her
husband makes a... *companion* of
another woman. She'll persecute
Jane.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
So what if Jane gets a pinch or a
slap? She knows how to bear things
patiently.

SIR JOHN
She'll play him for a great reward.

TOM SEYMOUR
He made Anne a marquise before he
had her.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
You know what he made her. Marquise
first. Queen thereafter.

The Seymours considers this solemnly.

INT. WOLF HALL - DAY

The men regard JANE SEYMOUR, sitting demurely before them.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
This is no time to be shy. Tell
Cromwell what Henry asked you.

Jane stares at her hands.

JANE SEYMOUR
He asked me if I would look kindly
on him. If he wrote me a poem, for
instance. I said I would.

Beat. The men considers this in silence.

EDWARD SEYMOUR
 Good. But if he attempts anything
 on your person - scream.

JANE SEYMOUR
 What if nobody comes?

Behind the others, Cromwell watches her small, pale face,
 feels a stab of self-pity: all the things he must sacrifice.
 He stirs, mastering himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Don't scream. Pray out loud.
 Something that will appeal to His
 Majesty's piety and sense of
 honour.

Jane holds his eye for a moment then nods and stands.

JANE SEYMOUR
 I'll get my prayer book. I'm sure I
 can find something that will fit
 the bill.

She walks out. Nobody speaks for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Crisp)
 Gifts from Henry. Jewellery, yes.
 Money, no. And until the deal is
 done no clothing removed in his
 presence.

He turns to leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 (Walking)
 Not even her gloves.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Rafe and Cromwell ride back towards London. Cromwell is sunk
 in thought. Rafe watches him for a moment.

RAFE
 Jane Seymour?

Cromwell doesn't look at him.

RAFE (CONT'D)
 I thought you liked Jane for
 yourself?

Cromwell is silent. Rafe is going to speak again, but thinks
 better of it. They ride on in silence.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell sits lost in thought at his desk. Rafe sits watching. Finally Cromwell rouses himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Gardiner has written a book to win back the king's benevolence. *Of True Obedience*. It's quite good. I think it deserves a reward. I'm urging that he be sent to France as ambassador. A long, long embassy...

He smiles, looks up, sees Rafe's agonised face. Beat.

RAFE

(Blurting)

We're married. Helen Barre and myself. And no-one knows. Except you. Now.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

Oh.

RAFE

I couldn't help it. I know you'll be angry. I know you think I should have made some good match, some heiress, but I couldn't help it!

Cromwell tries to keep his face solemn.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I see. Well, there'll be no dowry from a rich wife to give you a start in life. You'll have to make your own way. We'll have to look to getting you a position at court. But we'll manage Rafe. We'll manage.

Relief washes over Rafe.

RAFE

Thank you sir.

He turns to leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Rafe? How could you not help it?

Rafe stares at him, eyes wide, almost in wonder.

RAFE

I... I love her violently.

Cromwell nods sternly. Only when Rafe has left does his expression soften into a sad smile.

EXT. WHITEHALL - COURTYARD - DAY

A SERVING BOY runs through the courtyard on an errand. He stops by a wall, staring down at something.

HIS P.O.V - Anne's small dog PURKOY lies twitching and broken on the ground.

INT. WHITEHALL - ANNE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Anne sits crying. Cromwell waits.

ANNE BOLEYN

The window was open above. He was such an innocent... What kind of monster would do such a thing?

Cromwell watches, knows better than to reach out with a comforting hand.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

Probably he crept out on the sill and then his paws slipped.

Something catches Cromwell's eyes, moving in the darkness of Anne's skirts. A round female face peers out at him. For a moment Cromwell thinks he's seeing things then realises it's Anne's FOOL, a female dwarf. Anne senses the movement at her feet and kicks at her.

ANNE BOLEYN

Oh, get away, Mary!

She scrubs away her tears with a fist, laughs bleakly at Cromwell's expression.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I've re-baptised my fool. The king's daughter is almost a dwarf, isn't she? The French will get a shock if they ever see her. (Off his look) Yes, I know they're trying for a match between her and the dauphin. While my own daughter... I told you to go to France and negotiate her marriage. But you said you were ill...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I was ill.

ANNE BOLEYN

You're never ill. Unless you want to be. And now the French laugh behind my back.

THOMAS CROMWELL

They never intended a match.

Anne stares out of the window.

ANNE BOLEYN

It's as if my daughter hadn't been born. As if Katherine was still queen. *As if I didn't exist.*

She turns back to him.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I won't let them make a royal match for Mary. I want you to visit her. Take one of your handsome young men with you. She's never had a compliment in her life, it shouldn't be hard to seduce her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

You want to compromise her?

ANNE BOLEYN

Do it yourself if you want. I heard she liked you. All that's needed is to have her make a fool of herself in public, so she loses her reputation.

Cromwell stares at Anne, then says something he's never said to her before.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Beat)

What?

THOMAS CROMWELL

That's not my aim and those are not my methods.

Anne stares at him.

ANNE BOLEYN

You're not normally known for your scruples.

A dangerous silence.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I know you're talking to the Seymours. You think it's a secret but nothing is secret from me. I can't believe you'd put money on such a bad risk.

He takes in the red, puffy face, angry and hurt like a little girl's.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

You used to listen to my advice. Let me advise you now. Drop your plans and schemes. Put down the... the *burden* of them. Keep yourself in quietness until your child is born. As for Jane, she is a distraction, no more. Let it run its course, pretend you don't see her and...

Anne interrupts voice, her voice shaking.

ANNE BOLEYN

He'll never abandon me. Never. Since my coronation there's a new England and it can't subsist without me. I'm warning you - make terms with me, Cromwell, *before* my child is born.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

If there's anything I can do for you, tell me and I'll do it.

He looks up at her, and his eyes glitter.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

But don't threaten me. It makes me uncomfortable.

ANNE BOLEYN

Your comfort is not my concern.

Anne's Fool is crawling towards him from the shadows, and as she crawls she growls softly. The effect is unsettling.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

And you'll be sorry you spoke to me like this.

Cromwell watches the Fool crawling closer, closer...

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - MAIN HALL - EVENING

Christmas time. Servants are preparing the main hall for a feast.

CROMWELL'S STUDY

Cromwell sits with THOMAS WYATT. He's examining a gift the young man has brought him - a jewelled TURKISH DAGGER.

THOMAS CROMWELL
It's beautiful, Wyatt. Thank you.

THOMAS WYATT
Stop estimating its value.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I don't estimate, I know. And it's far too expensive for your means.

Wyatt does his best to look chastened.

THOMAS WYATT
I forget you are my father these days.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Good. Now I've rebuked you we can talk. I thought you had vowed to stay in the country?

THOMAS WYATT
I did. All Autumn I wrote and read and hunted...

THOMAS CROMWELL
But...?

THOMAS WYATT
She draws me back. She comes to my solitary bed at night.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Solitary? Hardly.

THOMAS WYATT
(Smiling)
I take it where I can.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You drink too much. Water your wine.

THOMAS WYATT
It could have been different.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Everything could.

THOMAS WYATT
You never think about the past?

THOMAS CROMWELL
I never talk about it.

Wyatt sips his wine, broods.

THOMAS WYATT
Send me back to Italy. Give me an embassy. Send me somewhere where I can be useful. Here I'm useless, necessary to no-one's pleasure...

THOMAS CROMWELL
Oh for Christ's sake Wyatt, stop feeling sorry for yourself. Come and join the feast.

MAIN HALL

Friends and family are gathering at Austin Friars for the festivities. Cromwell is walking through, smiling, chatting. He passes Wriothesley, dressed as a woman.

WRIOTHESLEY
I'm organising the Christmas play.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Make me a tree, something in the background.

He stops, his attention has caught by HELEN and RAFF standing talking and beside them HELEN'S DAUGHTER. She's wearing the peacock-feather wings that Cromwell's own daughter GRACE wore so many years ago. For a moment it knocks the air out of him.

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - GROUNDS - EVENING

Cromwell has escaped the celebrations and stands in the icy night. He notices a flickering light and rounds the house to find a bonfire ablaze and nearby the younger members of the household at work on a series of SNOWMEN. Gregory comes over to him, face glowing.

GREGORY
Look, we made the Pope out of snow!

The tallest of the snowmen does indeed seem to be wearing a mitre. It has a stub of carrot for a nose.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

First we made the Pope and then we
made some cardinals to go with him.
It isn't wrong is it?

Richard joins them, clapping snow from his hands.

RICHARD

We thought we could blow a trumpet
and then kick them flat.

Cromwell looks down and sees another stub of carrot standing
in as a cock.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Call-Me-Risley added that.

Cromwell hides his smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You're all children.

He hears voices at the main gates, turns and sees CHAPUYS
approaching, wearing a distracted expression and a remarkable
HAT.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Eustache. (Of the hat) I must get
one of those.

CHAPUYS

Allow me to...

He takes the hat off with a flourish, presents and then
withdraws it.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

On second thought, it would not fit
your big head. May we talk apart?

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell sits. Chapuys paces the room, agitated.

CHAPUYS

(Suddenly)

So. I hear you're going to put all
the nuns and monks out on the road.

Cromwell is surprised by Chapuys' abruptness.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Eustache, wherever my commissioners
go they meet monks and nuns who
come to them begging for their
liberty. And after the scandals
I've heard I'm not surprised.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Monks selling *broken meats* from the Last Supper to the poor. Young novices being visited in their beds by older monks. They claim they're living the *vita apostolica* but you didn't find the apostles feeling each others bollocks, did you?

CHAPUYS
 (sarcastic)
 So you're *saving* them? You have no interest in the money their monasteries will provide when...?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Battle Abbey had two hundred monks at its height. Now, what? Forty? Forty fat friars sitting on a fortune. The same up and down the country. So - yes, why not take it out of their coffers and put it into circulation amongst the king's subjects? But tell your master I mean good religion to increase not wither.

CHAPUYS
 I won't tell my master lies! I tell him what I see. I see discontent, I see famine, before the spring. You're buying corn from the Emperors territories. This trade could be stopped.

Cromwell is amazed at the direction this conversation is taking.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 What would he gain by starving my countrymen?

CHAPUYS
 He would gain this! They would see how evilly they are governed! Henry begins by mocking the Pope and he will end up embracing the... the devil!

He sits abruptly, close to tears, takes off his hat.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Beat)
 Eustache, what is this? What's happened?

CHAPUYS
 (Beat)
 I have news from Kimbolten.
 (MORE)

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)
 Queen Katherine... she has only a
 day or two to live. I don't want...

Tears begin to stream down his face.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)
 Thomas, I don't want her to die
 alone! Without anyone who loves
 her! I'm afraid the king won't let
 me go. Will you let me go?

Cromwell stares at him, touched by his grief. He looks out
 the window at the icy night, sighs.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Put your hat back on.

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - GROUNDS - EVENING

Cromwell leads Chapuys past the young folk.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Rafe? Is the river frozen over?

RAFE
 Not yet. Where are you going?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 To see the king.

RAFE
 Now?

Chapuys glances at the SNOW POPE as they pass.

CHAPUYS
 (Puzzled)
 What are these mounds of snow?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Smoothly)
 Not now Eustache.

EXT. GREENWICH - KING'S LANDING STAGE - EVENING

Cromwell and Eustache glide up to the landing stage in their
 barge. Snow is banked up on the quay. HENRY NORRIS waits for
 them, dressed as a MOOR.

HENRY NORRIS
 You'll find His Majesty cheerful.
 We've had a masque.

He leads the two up towards the palace.

INT. GREENWICH - EVENING

The after-math of a Christmas pageant of some kind. Courtiers still in costume are leaving the stage area. The king greets Chapuys, the FRENCH AMBASSADOR by his side.

HENRY

Merry Christmas, ambassador. The French Ambassador here has just made me great gifts.

Chapuys and the French Ambassador eye each other.

CHAPUYS

The Emperor's gifts will be with you by New Year, Your Majesty and will be even more magnificent.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Not bowling, Cremuel? Every time I try to see you I'm told you're bowling.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Tonight, I'm at your disposal.

The Ambassador skims past him with a curt nod.

CHAPUYS

Your Majesty, Katherine the queen...

HENRY

(Correcting him)

The Dowager Princess of Wales. Is that what you're here about?

He leads Chapuys through a a door to a private room. A DRAGON waggles past.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Who's in the dragon?

HENRY NORRIS

(Scornfully)

Francis Weston. Off to the queen's apartment to have his rump patted. She likes puppies.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You sound jealous, Harry Norris.

Norris stares at him thoughtfully.

HENRY NORRIS

You don't see it, do you? Anne?

Cromwell shakes his head.

HENRY NORRIS (CONT'D)

(Curious)

Are you indifferent to women?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. Just her. I should probably pretend otherwise. It galls her I think.

HENRY NORRIS

Young Weston is jealous of you, did you know that? He says "There, she's looked at that fat butcher three times now."

THOMAS CROMWELL

It was the cardinal who was the fat butcher.

HENRY NORRIS

Oh I think all trades are the same to young Weston.

WILLIAM BRERETON appears beside them dressed as a WILD MAN in a leopard skin.

WILLIAM BRERETON

Where's the bloody dragon?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Are you wearing anything under that?

WILLIAM BRERETON

(Snapping)

If you were forced to impersonate a Wild Man would you wear a jerkin?

THOMAS CROMWELL

As long as the queen isn't treated to the sight of your *attributi*.

HENRY NORRIS

(Smirking)

Wouldn't be showing her anything she hadn't seen before.

Cromwell turns to him, raises an eyebrow.

HENRY NORRIS (CONT'D)

(Thrown)

You know what I mean. Not his. The king's.

Before Cromwell can answer there is the sound of clashing metal.

GUARDSMAN

Make way for my lord the Duke of
Suffolk.

Suffolk strides towards them, upper body armoured.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

He in there?

Norris tries to block his path.

HENRY NORRIS

His Majesty is in conference
with...

But Suffolk shoulders him aside, opens the door and strides
on in, Cromwell at his heels...

PRIVATE CHAMBER

Henry and Chapuys turn, startled at Suffolk's entrance.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

Leave what you're doing, you'll
want to hear this. You're quit of
the old lady! Katherine! She's on
her deathbed! (Slapping his hands
together) Now you can get rid of
that other one, marry into France,
lay your hands on Normandy as
dowry...

He notices Chapuys staring at him, astonished.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK (CONT'D)

Oh. Ambassador. Well you can take
yourself off. No use staying for
scraps, you're not wanted here.

Henry glares at Suffolk, anger but also the embarrassment of
being caught out before Cromwell.

HENRY

My wife is carrying a child,
Suffolk! I'm lawfully married!

Suffolk blows out his cheeks, thrown.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

Oh. Yes, as far as that... But I
thought you said...?

Cromwell's mind is whirring, but most of all he's aware of
Chapuys hearing this. He grabs the bulk of Suffolk and
propels him across the room, away from the other two.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Hissing)
 Where did you get this from?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
 (Struggling against his
 grip)
 You think you know all his
 secrets...

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Anne's carrying his child! You're
 mad if you think he'll turn her out
 now.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
 You're mad if you think it's his!

Cromwell steps back.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 What?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
 I warned him. I told him about her
 and Wyatt...

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Drag Wyatt into this and I'll kick
 you to China.

Suffolk's face is contorted with rage. He jabs a finger into
 Cromwell's immovable chest.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK
 All you're for is fetching in the
 money. When it comes to affairs of
 nations you *cannot deal!* You're a
 common man of no status. The king
 says so himself. You're not fit to
 talk to princes.

He shoves at Cromwell who looks for one impossible moment as
 if he'll knock Suffolk onto his back. Then Chapuys is between
 them, exuding a quiet dignity, taking Cromwell's arm and
 leading him away, turning back to Henry.

CHAPUYS
 I take my leave, Majesty, and thank
 you for your gracious permission.

HENRY
 I can do no less. God speed.

EXT. GREENWICH - KING'S LANDING STAGE - EVENING

The two walk back towards the barge, an awkward silence between them. Finally...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Take the barge, Eustache. I know you'll be anxious to be on your way to Katherine. I hope you're in time.

CHAPUYS

How will you get home?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Crawl, if Suffolk has his way.

Chapuis reaches the stage, takes off his hat.

CHAPUYS

I don't think I should wear this. It's more of a Christmas hat.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(taking it)

I'll look after it for you.

They reach the barge and Chapuis is about to climb in. He hesitates.

CHAPUYS

What the Duke said, about your person? I am myself of humble origins. Not perhaps as low as you, but... well, for what it's worth, I would back you in any assemblage this side of heaven.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Thank you. (Softly) This clears the way, you know? For an alliance with your master? Katherine has come between us.

CHAPUYS

And what about this French marriage?

Cromwell smiles calmly.

THOMAS CROMWELL

There'll be no French marriage.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - NIGHT

Cromwell paces the room. Rafe sits on a low stool.

RAFE

Marry into France? Where in God's name did Suffolk get that notion?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Grimly)

Henry. It has to be. Suffolk doesn't have any thoughts of his own.

RAFE

Then why keep it from you?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Because he's carrying on two foreign policies. One I know about, and one I don't.

He sits heavily.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

The Cardinal warned me, years ago. Henry is suspicious of every plan that doesn't originate with him. Or seem to. The trick is to get him to claim as his own some idea you suggested to him last week.

He broods for a moment. Rafe watches.

RAFE

Did you really push Suffolk across the room?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Half a ton of padded idiot.

Rafe smiles. Gregory walks in.

GREGORY

Father, you know there's to be a tournament?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Yes?

GREGORY

I've been drawn as a contestant.

Cromwell turns to him, not altogether happy about this.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

What do I do if I have to joust against the king? What if, God forbid, I unhorse him?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Henry was jousting before you could walk.

GREGORY

But that's the problem. He's not as quick as he was, and he's not afraid anymore. Norris says you can't do it if you're not afraid.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You should have been drawn on the king's team. That would avoid the problem.

GREGORY

How would you do that?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Patiently)

I'll have a word.

Gregory considers this, fretting.

GREGORY

No, don't. This is about honour. I know you know everything, but you were never in the lists.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

No, indeed. I just fetch the money in.

Gregory misses the barb, turns to Rafe.

GREGORY

Are you coming down? We're going to have a fanfare and flatten the papal court.

Cromwell dismisses Rafe with a nod and the two young men leave. Cromwell sits in silence, staring into the fire. From outside comes a TRUMPET'S BLAST. Silence. Another blast of trumpet...

We hear the sound of LABOURED BREATHING.

INT. KIMBOLTON CASTLE - KATHERINE'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

Katherine lies in bed, eyes closed, hands clasped, breath rasping, rasping...

Then, suddenly, SILENCE.

The aged CHAPLAIN, the OLD WOMEN around her bed, all FREEZE.

Then one of the WOMEN begins to WAIL...

INT. GREENWICH - ANNE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

CLOSE on ANNE as she falls to her knees, staring up at the ceiling. A *cri du coeur*:

ANNE BOLEYN
At last God! Not before time!

INT. GREENWICH - GREAT HALL - EVENING

Anne, dressed in yellow, watches as Henry parades the baby ELIZABETH before the court. Cromwell stands watching. Henry arrives with the baby Elizabeth.

HENRY
She's looking forward to seeing her
baby brother, aren't you, dumpling?
And I share her impatience. It's
been long enough to wait.

Anne meets Cromwell's eye - a look of icy triumph. Elizabeth begins to cry and is hastily whisked away.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(To Cromwell)
I suppose we have to accept that
the nation will mourn for her. She
was once given the title of queen.

ANNE BOLEYN
Mistakenly.

Wriothesley steps forward.

WRIOTHESLEY
Majesty, do you wish the body
brought to St Paul's?

HENRY
She can be laid to rest in
Peterborough. It'll cost less.

The musicians begin to play and Henry moves to join the dance. He stops, turns to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)
She sent me a letter.

He slides the letter from his sleeve, hands it to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I don't want it. Take it away, will
you?

And he's off, watching the dancers. Cromwell and Wriothsesley step away together.

WRIOTHESLEY

Richard Riche says the king wants Katherine's plate and furs. Riche had to point out that if she was never in fact his wife, he has no right to her property.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Watching Henry)
Oh, he'll get the furs.

He glances at the letter, before putting it away.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (V.O.)

And lastly I make this vow...

Henry joins in the dancing, laughing. His eyes search the court, find JANE SEYMOUR standing amongst the ladies in waiting.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

...that mine eyes desire you above all things.

INT. WINDSOR - DAY

Henry sits working at a table. He stops, watches Jane Seymour walk demurely past. When she is within reach he grabs her and pulls her onto his knee with a laugh. He holds her there, laughs again.

Jane doesn't smile, or speak, simply sits calmly. Slowly Henry's grin fades. After a pause he sheepishly lets her go. Released, Jane walks on.

Henry stares after her - fascinated.

INT. WINDSOR - ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT - Anne lies sleeping, still as a corpse. An orange light flickers on one side of her face.

Her eyes snap open suddenly, staring straight up at us.

The room is on fire. She begins to scream.

LATER

Anne sits wrapped in black silk, a cup of warmed wine held in her trembling hand. Her WOMEN are around her, jabbering. Henry's voice adds to the general hubbub, but his attention seems more drawn by the damaged arras on the wall.

HENRY

If only I'd been with you. I could have put you out of danger. Beat it with a blanket. Thank God, that you... If I'd been here...

Anne flicks him a look of irritation.

ANNE BOLEYN

(To the women)

Shut up! (To Henry) Peace my husband, I'm not harmed. Let me drink this.

Cromwell is there, taking this in - the coolness between husband and wife.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

(In French)

There is a prophecy that a queen of England will be burned. I did not think it meant in her own bed. It was an unattended candle. Or so one assumes.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(In French)

By whom unattended?

Anne shudders, looks away from him. Henry is still studying the arras, looking rather more concerned about it than Anne.

HENRY

This was a good piece...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'll bring someone over from Belgium.

OUTSIDE THE BEDCHAMBER

Cromwell is talking to Jane Rochford.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Water should be kept to hand and a woman appointed on every rota to check that all lights are extinguished. I don't know how this could have happened.

Rochford is on her high horse.

JANE ROCHFORD

First, this is a household matter and not within your remit. Second, she was in no danger. Third, I don't know who lit the candle.

(MORE)

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
 Fourth, if I did know I wouldn't
 tell you.

He waits.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
 Five, no-one else will tell you
 either.

He waits.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
 If, as it may happen, some person
 visits the queen after the lights
 are out, then it is an event over
 which we should draw a veil.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Some person. (Beat) Some person for
 the purposes of arson, or for
 purposes of something else?

Rochford doesn't reply.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Jane, when the time comes to
 unburden your conscience, don't go
 to a priest. Come to me.

He walks away.

INT. GREENWICH - CHAPEL - MORNING

The morning of the tournament. Henry kneels in his private
 closet, apparently at prayer. Cromwell is beside him. After a
 moment...

HENRY
 How much does the lordship of Ripon
 bring in to the Archbishop?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 A little over two hundred and sixty
 pounds.

HENRY
 And what does Southwell bring in?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 One hundred and fifty pounds, sir.

HENRY
 Ha? I thought it would be more.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Majesty, in the tournament today?

HENRY

Hmm?

THOMAS CROMWELL

If you run against my son Gregory,
will you forbear to unhorse him? If
you can help it?

HENRY

We can't help what we do really.
Once you're thundering down at a
man, you can't check.

He turns and sees Cromwell's concern.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Kindly)

It's a very rare event, you know,
Crumb, to bring your opponent down.
If you are concerned about what
showing he'll make, you needn't be.
He's very able.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't mind what showing he makes.
I just don't want him to be
flattened.

EXT. GREENWICH - TILTYARD - DAY

Cromwell past the tiltyard. Two KNIGHTS in full armour
practice, thundering towards each other, only to "cross
lances" at the last moment. Cromwell watches, feeling the
earth shake beneath his feet.

INT. GREENWICH - CROMWELL'S CHAMBERS - EARLY MORNING

A nervous Gregory is having last minute adjustments made to
his armour before the tournament. He stands in his arming
doublet while his ARMOURER laces the points into the cuisse
and greaves on his legs.

GREGORY

(Dismayed)

You can't come?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Rafe is back. (Off Gregory's look).
I need to talk to him about some
abbey's he's been surveying. And
there's my papers... Richard will
be there to represent me.

Despite the armour, Gregory looks very much the boy.

GREGORY
It's my first joust.

Cromwell sighs.

THOMAS CROMWELL
The Vatican has given Henry three months to return to obedience or the bull of excommunication will be distributed around Europe, the Emperor's fleet is set for Algiers with forty thousand armed men, the abbot of Fountains has been robbing his own treasury, parliament opens in a fortnight...

Gregory holds up a sulky hand in surrender.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
(Gently)
The king says you're a credit to my house. And you are.

Gregory nods, pleased, despite himself. Cromwell turns to go, remembers something.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
I met a Portuguese knight in Italy, years ago. For what it's worth he said the secret to jousting was to sit easily in the saddle, carry your lance a little loose until the last moment and above all else... defeat your instincts.

Gregory considers this, nods, frowning. Cromwell watches him from the doorway for a moment - his tender son, being laced into steel. Then he forces himself from the room.

INT. GREENWICH - CROMWELL'S CHAMBERS - LATER

Cromwell sits with Rafe. Rafe puts a small box on the desk in front of Cromwell.

RAFE
Present. You have to guess.

Cromwell rattles the box, opens it. Inside, something like little grey scales.

THOMAS CROMWELL
St Appollonia's teeth?

Rafe shakes his head.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Teeth from the comb of Mary
Magdalene?

RAFE
(Smiling)
St Edmund's nail pairings.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Tip them in with the rest. The man
must have had five hundred fingers.
What else?

RAFE
(Reading)
The prior at Maiden Bradley claims
he has a licence given under papal
seal allowing him to keep a whore.
Westminster Abbey bought the bones
of a dead elephant. Now tell me
what they wanted that for if not
to...

Cromwell isn't listening. He's staring at RICHARD who stands
in the doorway, face ashen.

Then Cromwell is standing, knocking over a bottle of ink as
he does so, which pools darkly on his desk.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Gregory.

Richard manages to shake his head.

RICHARD
It's the king. It's Henry. He's
dead.

Cromwell stands stock still for a moment. Then he pulls his
furred robe about him, sprinkles dust on the ink. He heads
for the door, comes back and picks up the TURKISH DAGGER from
the desk, slips it into his robes.

EXT. GREENWICH - DAY

Rafe, Richard and Cromwell head towards the tiltyard.

RICHARD
The tournament hadn't begun, the
king was running at the ring and
the horse just went down, rolled
onto him. No-one was near him, no-
one to blame.

Cromwell nods. They're almost there. Rafe takes his arm
suddenly, stops him.

RAFE
 Master, if it's true, if he's
 dead...

He hesitates.

RAFE (CONT'D)
 Should you escape? Now? Before they
 block the ports?

Cromwell stares at him. Beat.

THE ROYAL TENT

Cromwell strides towards the tent, through the people milling
 outside.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Move!

And then he's inside, forcing his way through the crowd in
 here, through the atmosphere of grief and trauma, to the man
 lying on the bier: Henry, still in his tournament jacket,
 unmarked but dead.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
 Fetch a mirror to his lips.

Norris is there, crying.

HENRY NORRIS
 It was tried.

Cromwell touches Henry's face, still warm.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Where was he hurt?

HENRY NORRIS
 His head.

Cromwell looks around the tent: faces blank with shock, the
 babble of oaths, prayers, wailing, panic setting in, ready to
 spread through the country...

THOMAS CROMWELL
 What do mean leaving the king here,
 untouched by Christian hand!

The Boleyns appear in front of him, the Duke of Norfolk and
 before him, George Boleyn, pushing into his face, unable to
 contain himself.

GEORGE BOLEYN
 (Hissing)
 By God Cromwell, you're... you're a
 dead man!

Cromwell moves past him, through him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
My Lord Norfolk! Where is the
queen?

Norfolk is wild-eyed, panting...

DUKE OF NORFOLK
On the floor. I told her myself. My
place to do it. She fell down.
Dwarf tried to pull her up and I
kicked it away!

George is back in Cromwell's face.

GEORGE BOLEYN
She warned you to be obedient. Now
she's regent and your days are...

Norfolk has half lowered himself to pray over Henry but
staggers back to his feet at this.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
No, no, no. No woman with big belly
as regent. Anne cannot rule! Me!
(Striking his chest) Me!

George isn't listening but has dashed to the entrance to the
tent.

GEORGE BOLEYN
(Calling)
Boleyn! Boleyn! Boleyn!

The cry is taken up by clansmen and lackeys. Gregory and Rafe
push through the crowd, towing the Master Treasurer
FITZWILLIAM.

GREGORY
(Over the din)
We brought Master Treasurer.

Cromwell grips his arm in gratitude, turns to Fitzwilliam.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Urgently)
The Princess Mary. If she falls
into Boleyn hands she's dead. We
have to get up-country before this
news does.

Fitzwilliam nods, starts to struggle back through the throng.

RAFE
Mary's keepers are Boleyns. What if
they won't yield her?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Then she's dead. Let her fall into the hands of the papists, they'll set her up as queen, and I'm dead. There'll be civil war. We have to...

He breaks off, staring at Henry. Norfolk buzzes in front of him.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

A woman cannot rule, Cromwell...

Cromwell bats him away, leans towards the king, not daring to breathe.

And there it is again. Henry's eye-lid twitches.

Cromwell is by his side in one movement, slaps a hand down hard on the chest. As if by magic the tent falls silent, every eye on him. Cromwell feels the chest rise fractionally.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat. Calmly)

The king is breathing. Long live the king.

An unholy roar, somewhere between a cheer, and a wail.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(All business)

Fetch the surgeons. Fetch Butts. If he dies again, they won't be blamed. My word on that. Fetch my nephew Richard Cromwell and fetch a stool for my Lord Norfolk, he's had a shock.

He turns back to Henry.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

Breathe. Breathe.

As if on command Henry takes a deep, sucking breath. He opens his eyes, grabs at Cromwell's hand, sits up, then collapses back down again. Courtiers rush around him.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

(Striking at them)

Give him room! Let him breathe!

Cromwell walks away from the scrum, passes the shell-shocked Boleyns and leaves the tent, before his legs can give way.

EXT. GREENWICH - GROUNDS - DAY

Cromwell and Fitzwilliam sit in the shadows of the grounds. Cromwell breathes in the cold evening air, stares up at the lattice of tree branches above him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 How many men can say "My only
 friend is the King of England?
 You'd think I have everything. But
 take Henry away and...

He opens his hands.

FITZWILLIAM
 (Thoughtfully)
 I don't know Crumb. You're not
 without support, you know.

Cromwell raises an eyebrow.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Forgive my skepticism.

Fitzwilliam looks around him, the grounds dark and quiet.

FITZWILLIAM
 I mean you would have support,
 should you need it against the
 Boleyns.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Beat. Quietly)
 Why should I? The queen and I are
 perfect friends.

FITZWILLIAM
 Forgive my skepticism.

THOMAS CROMWELL
 (Beat)
 This support...?

FITZWILLIAM
 Sir Nicholas Carew says he thinks
 you an easy fellow to get on with.
 Perhaps you should dine with him?

Cromwell doesn't answer.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)
 What would have happened, Crumb? If
 the king had not recovered?

THOMAS CROMWELL
 Anne would have all to rule for
 herself.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Though she'd have to fight her
Uncle Norfolk. I don't know which
I'd back. Her, I think.

FITZWILLIAM

Let the lady be regent and the
Boleyns will walk on our backs.
She'll have "AB" sewn into our
skins. And your head will be on a
spike.

Cromwell stands, stretches.

THOMAS CROMWELL

We should go back. The king is
determined to show himself to court
to counter any rumours.

He pauses, stares up at the moon.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I'm sure I don't need to say that
this never happened, Fitz.

FITZWILLIAM

Which? The king's accident or our
talk?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Both.

He walks back towards the palace.

INT. GREENWICH - GREAT HALL - DAY

Henry sits under his Canopy of Estate, his head bruised and
swollen. Courtiers have gathered to pay respects, to see him
alive after all. As we watch Anne is brought towards him,
resting on her father's arm.

ANNE BOLEYN

My lord, I pray, the whole of
England prays, that you will never
joust again.

Henry beckons to her to approach closer, beckons her closer
still, until her face is close to his.

HENRY

(Hissing)

Why not geld me while you're at it?
That would suit you, wouldn't it
madam?

A ripple of shock through the court. The Boleyns and Anne's
ladies in waiting close around her, flapping, tut-tutting,
drawing her back and away.

Only one lady does not move - Jane Seymour. She stands where she was, a space opened around her now, and Henry looks straight into her eyes and holds her gaze.

Cromwell stands, watching it all.

KING'S BEDCHAMBER - LATER

Henry sits collapsed in a chair, Cromwell before him.

HENRY

When I was a boy, I was walking with my father at a gallery at Richmond. We were talking, or he was, and suddenly there was a great crashing sound and the... the *floor* gave way at our feet. I'll remember it all my life, the world vanishing beneath us... And though we both stood on solid ground I saw myself falling down, down... until I was buried in the earth. (Beat) When I fell today, that's how it was. I heard distant voices, and I felt myself borne through the air. But I did not see God.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I hope you weren't disappointed when you woke only to see Thomas Cromwell.

HENRY

Your own mother on the day you were born was no gladder to see you than I was today.

He reaches out and takes Cromwell's hand in his own paw. Holds it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ask me for anything.

Cromwell considers.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell is talking to Rafe and Helen.

RAFE

Groom? To the king?

THOMAS CROMWELL

It will help me. When I'm not with the king, you will be.

Rafe stares at him solemnly.

RAFE

You need a steady nerve, to be
always with Henry.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You have a steady nerve Rafe.
(Beat) Go and tell the others.
Richard will be jealous.

Rafe smiles, hurries from the room. Helen stays, staring at her hands.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(Gently)
Helen?

She bursts into tears.

HELEN

I'm sorry. I know this is the best
thing has ever happened to Rafe.
It's just... he'll be away from
court for weeks at a time and I
can't... I can't bear to be parted
from him!

Beat. Cromwell takes her hand.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Rafe's a lucky man Helen. And not
because of the favour of the king.
There's a song the king used to
sing: "I hurt no man, I do no
wrong..."

INT. PETERBOROUGH ABBEY - DAY

HIGH ANGLE

Katherine's funeral is in progress. We hear one of the four
BISHOPS intoning the mass in Latin, as we TRACK towards the
open casket...

THOMAS CROMWELL (V.O.)

I love true where I did marry."

... until we are directly above it looking down on
Katherine's corpse. We CLOSE on the skull like face.

We hear a confusion of voices, a woman wailing, the clatter
of feet...

INT. GREENWICH - ANNE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

We are looking at Anne's FOOL who sits in the corner of the rooms, rocking and groaning.

From elsewhere in the room comes the sound of sobbing, hushed voices, feet running backwards and forwards...

The Fool gives a final moan and pulls a RAG DOLL from under her skirts and drops it to the floor. She stamps on it, laughing. She stands up and idly picks up the doll again, stumps across the room. We TRACK with her, passing as we do a crumpled SHEET that lies on the floor.

It's covered in BLOOD.

INT. GREENWICH - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Henry sits, in pain from his leg, listening to Jane Rochford give her account of Anne's miscarriage. Archbishop Cranmer and Cromwell are with him.

JANE ROCHFORD

The child had the appearance of a male and of about fifteen weeks' gestation.

HENRY

What do you mean, "the appearance of?"

JANE ROCHFORD

I only repeat the words of the doctors who...

HENRY

Oh get away woman! You've never given birth. What do you know? It should have been a matron at her bedside. But no, you Boleyns must all crowd in whenever disaster strikes.

Rochford blinks, bows and withdraws.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I see God will not give me male children. (Beat) If a king cannot have a son, if he cannot give stability to his realm, then it doesn't matter what else he can do. The victories, the just laws, the famous courts... *nothing*. (Beat) It seems to me I was dishonestly led into this marriage.

Cranmer and Cromwell exchange a look.

CRANMER
H-How dishonestly?

HENRY
It seems to me I was seduced,
practised upon, perhaps by charms?
Perhaps by spells? Women do such
things. And if that were so, the
marriage would be null wouldn't it?

Cranmer sees his queen vanishing before his eyes.

CRANMER
Sir, sir.... Majesty...

HENRY
(In irritation)
Oh peace, Cranmer! Cromwell, send a
page to fetch Thomas Vicary will
you? My leg is agony and needs
bleeding I think. Give you good
night. I suppose even this day must
end.

INT. OUTSIDE THE KING'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Cromwell and Cranmer walk out together. Cranmer is in shock.

CRANMER
A man in pain will say anything.
(Beat) He'll be different tomorrow.
(Beat) He and Anne will soon be
friends.

Silence.

CRANMER (CONT'D)
(Beat. Bluntly)
I understand... with the Emperor...
she's in his way. I see that. But
he will not sacrifice her. Not to
please him. Or any man. I can't
believe it.

Cromwell doesn't answer. They walk on.

EXT. GREENWICH - DAY

Cromwell is leaving when Stephen Gardiner approaches.

THOMAS CROMWELL
My lord bishop, I hear soon you
will leaving for France? We shall
miss you.

He passes Gardiner who stares after him.

STEPHEN GARDINER
I went down to Putney.

This stops Cromwell.

STEPHEN GARDINER (CONT'D)
Or, to be accurate, I sent a man. I
learnt something about you. You've
killed men.

Silence. Cromwell keeps his pleasant smile in place.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Not in this jurisdiction.

Gardiner raises an eyebrow - *Oh, really?*

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
So you're going to the king with
your findings?

STEPHEN GARDINER
He should know what kind of man he
employs.

Beat. Cromwell steps back towards Gardiner, close.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Smiling, softly)
Do your worst, Stephen. Put your
men on the road. Lay out money.
Search Europe. You'll not hear of
any talent I possess that England
cannot use.

STEPHEN GARDINER
The lad you knifed in Putney died.
You did well to run, Cromwell. His
family had a noose for you. Your
father bought them off.

The smile fades from Cromwell's face.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Stunned)
Walter? Walter paid them off?

It's Gardiner's turn to smile.

STEPHEN GARDINER
You see? I know things about your
life you don't know yourself.

INT. WHITEHALL - DAY

CLOSE ON JANE SEYMOUR

...holding a PURSE of coins, hefting its weight in her tiny hands.

INT. WOLF HALL - DAY

Cromwell is talking to the Seymour brothers, Tom and Edward.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

He sent Jane a purse. The king.
Christ knows how much was in it.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What did she do?

EDWARD SEYMOUR

She sent it back. And the letter
he'd sent with it? She didn't open
it. But before she returned it...

CLOSE ON JANE SEYMOUR

... raising the letter to her face, in front of the king's messenger, kissing the seal.

BACK ON THE SEYMOURS

TOM SEYMOUR

(Ecstatic)

She kissed the seal! Kissed it!
What genius possessed her?
(Sniggering) First, his seal. Next,
his sceptre!

Laughing he knocks Edward's hat from his head.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

Now Henry's walking around, talking
about the virtuous and chaste Jane.
What do you say to that?

Cromwell stares at his hands, folded in his lap.

EDWARD SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

(leaning forward)

The game has changed, Cromwell. Now
that Anne has failed again, it's
possible that Henry may wish to
remarry.

THOMAS CROMWELL

As long as the king holds by the present queen, I will hold by her too.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

(skeptically)

So you have no interest of your own in this?

Cromwell looks at him - a piercing gaze - surprised he hasn't understood this fundamental fact.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I represent the king's interests.
(Beat) That is what I'm *for*.

INT. GREENWICH - HALL - DAY

Henry walks through the hall, stops at a window, having caught sight of JANE SEYMOUR walking outside. Norris, Weston and Brereton are playing cards.

HENRY

(Wistfully)

Doesn't Mistress Seymour have the tiniest hands?

He walks on, out of the hall.

WILLIAM BRERETON

(Mimicking softly)

"Doesn't she have tiny hands?"
"Does she not have the whitest throat..."

FRANCIS WESTON

(Joining in)

Has she not the wettest cunt you ever groped?

The two men snicker. Norris frowns.

HENRY NORRIS

That's enough.

Weston looks over to where Rafe stands.

FRANCIS WESTON

Cromwell's spy is about.

INT. CHAPUYS' HOUSE - EVENING

Chapuys, dressed in mourning, is huddled by his fire. Cromwell sits opposite.

CHAPUYS

I would not attend the funeral. She was not buried as a queen.

He sinks into himself, drawing his cloak about him, shivers.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

I hear the concubine wore yellow to celebrate the queen's death? She thought her passing would change her position. So it may. But perhaps not in the way she thinks? There is talk of this Semer girl?

Cromwell sips his wine, a mild smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The lady you mean is called Seymour, and I'm surprised that you take so much interest. I should have thought you'd be more interested in which French princess Henry will marry should he dissolve his current arrangements.

Chapuy's looks aghast.

CHAPUYS

Cremuel, you told me this was a fairy tale! You have expressed yourself a friend of my master. Tell me you won't countenance a French match?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I have influence with the king Eustache, but I can't answer for him. He might decide to continue with his present marriage...

CHAPUYS

You cannot mean to maintain Le Anna? I understand you had preferment from her, but...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Sharply)

Understand this, Eustache. I owe Anne nothing. I have preferment from the king. No one else.

CHAPUYS

You have sometimes called her dear friend...

THOMAS CROMWELL

I have sometimes called you my dear friend. But you're not, are you?

Chapuys considers this. Cromwell stares into the flames.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

To succeed with Henry you have to anticipate his desires. But then, if he changes his mind... you stand out there... *exposed*...

His eyes slip to something. He stands, crosses to the table and picks up the WHITE SILK ROSE lying there.

CHAPUYS

She gave it to me when I left. You know what it is?

Cromwell nods.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

You know, on the streets they're saying that you had Katherine murdered. Two men with knives cut out her heart and there, branded in big black letters was your name.

THOMAS CROMWELL

On her heart? "Thomas Cromwell?"

CHAPUYS

Alors - perhaps just your initials. (Beat) You fear he'll turn on you? Henry?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Oh, I suppose he will. One day.

CHAPUYS

It's Anne you should fear. She is desperate and dangerous. Strike first, before she strikes you. Remember how she brought down Wolsey.

Cromwell replaces the flower, turns to Chapuys with a smile.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I want you to come to mass at court.

Chapuys stares at him, puzzled.

INT. WINDSOR - ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL - DAY

Chapuys kneels in prayer as mass takes place. He stands and shuffles from the pew to take holy communion.

As he approaches the altar, the gentlemen around him, practised as dancers, hesitate half a step and fall behind.

Suddenly he finds himself surrounded by George Boleyn and other members of the clan. He falters, glances around nervously. Something of the fear of an imminent assassination.

Then Anne appears, sweeping down from her private gallery, directly into his line of sight.

He tries to slow down, to reverse, but the Boleyn's behind press him on.

And then he's directly in front of her and Anne is giving him a little pointed smile, an inclination of her neck. Chapuys, left with no choice, screws up his eyes tight and bows to his enemy, white with humiliation.

From the back of the church, Cromwell watches with a slight smile.

OUTSIDE CHAPEL - LATER

Chapuys grabs Cromwell's arm.

CHAPUYS

You knew this was going to happen!
After all this time avoiding her,
avoiding having to acknowledge her!
This will get back to the Emperor!
What if he does not understand?

THOMAS CROMWELL

It had to be done, Eustache. The
king is stubborn. But now you have
acknowledged his second marriage.
And so now, if he likes, he can let
it go...

Understanding dawns on Chapuys' face.

INT. WINDSOR - HALL - LATER

CLOSE ON HENRY'S FACE

...gazing out of the window. Chapuys is talking to him but all we hear is a muffled drone. As we watch we see his expression change, darken, some unexpected mood sweeping over him.

ON CROMWELL AND AUDLEY

...who stand in conversation across the hall.

AUDLEY

When the Boleyn's closed around him, the poor fellow looked as if he was being carried away by slavers. He didn't know what country he was going to wake up in.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No more do I.

Audley chuckles.

AUDLEY

Let's go and find a crust to gnaw on somewhere, leave them to it.

But Cromwell is staring past him, to where Henry and Chapuys are ensconced in a window embrasure. He has noticed the change in Henry's expression.

AUDLEY (CONT'D)

Cromwell?

Cromwell is already moving towards the window, where Henry is on his feet, voice raised.

HENRY

You presume too much, Chapuys! Do not presume to know my policy ambassador!

Chapuys is murmuring something low, placatory.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So that was no more than a bargaining position? You bow to my wife, then send me a bill?

The whole hall has stopped and is listening.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I have not forgotten how I helped your master against the French. He promised me territory, next thing I hear he is making a treaty with Francis! The Emperor treats me like an infant. First he whips me, then he pets me, then it's the whip again!

He's almost spitting in his rage.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Tell him I am not an infant! Tell him to keep out of my family business! First he tells me who I can marry. Then he wants to show me how to deal with my own daughter!

Henry's hand is raised, is forming a *fist*... Cromwell freezes. Then the fist is making contact with Chapuys' shoulder, knocking him aside as Henry strides past him and out of the hall.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Shrieking)

I demand a profound and public apology!

He's gone. Cromwell is aware of the Boleyns around the room, watching with satisfaction. Chapuys, distraught, scurries to Cromwell.

CHAPUYS

I don't know what I'm supposed to apologise for! I come here in good faith, I'm tricked into meeting that creature face to face, and then I'm attacked by Henry! He wants my master, he needs my master... instead he plays these games!

AUDLEY

(Soothing)

Peace, peace. We will do the apologising. Let him cool down. Never fear, we can keep the talks going...

But Cromwell's eyes are on Henry who has erupted back into the room.

HENRY

Cromwell!

Silence in the hall. Thump, thump as Henry stumps up to Cromwell, panting, face red.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know what you've done! You've gone to far in this matter. You've made him promises, haven't you? Whatever it is, you have no authority! You have put my honour in jeopardy! But what do I expect, how can a man like you understand the honour of princes? You told him you have the king in your pocket? Don't deny it! You mean to train me up, like one of your boys? Touch my cap when you come down of a morning and say "How do you, sir?"

He's frothing with rage now, voice rising in pitch. The Guards in the room are watching, tensing, waiting for the command to arrest...

HENRY (CONT'D)

I really believe you think you are
the king, and I'm the blacksmith's
boy! Don't you? DON'T YOU?

He steps in closer, thrusting his face into Cromwell's. But Cromwell's face betrays nothing, instead he raises his two palms, crosses his wrists.

As if confused by the gesture, or perhaps relieved to be stopped, the king falls silent, backs off a step, breathing hard.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Softly)

God preserve you majesty. And now
will you excuse me?

Without waiting for a reply he walks away, past the row of gloating Boleyns.

NEXT ROOM

Cromwell sits, face showing nothing, blood boiling. He takes a cup of wine, sits at the inglenook fireplace. He is about to drink when he notices his hand trembling slightly. He stares at it. And for a moment we are...

INT. WALTER'S SMITHY - THE PAST

YOUNG THOMAS CROMWELL is screaming in pain, clutching a hand burnt in the forge. Across the room Walter looks more furious than concerned.

WALTER

Cross your wrists! Get it in the
water!

The boy crosses his wrists, runs to the trough and plunges his hand into the water. Walter watches for a moment, then turns back to his work.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(Gruffly)

Keep your wrists crossed. It
confuses the pain.

INT. WINDSOR - ROOM - AS BEFORE

Cromwell stares across the flames, remembering. WALTER sits across the fire, watching him. Then a door opens and Walter is gone and George Boleyn appears in his place, his face a mask of malice.

GEORGE BOLEYN

I trust a lesson has been learnt?
You are not a gentleman born. You
should not meddle in affairs of
those set above you. His Majesty
may be pleased to bring you into
his presence, but you should always
remember who it was who placed you
where he could see you. From now
on, remember who you serve.

Cromwell looks up at him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'll profit from this lesson, I
assure you sir.

GEORGE BOLEYN

(Mollified)

See you do.

He strides back out of the room. Cromwell notices a drop of wine has spilled on his knee. He blots it with a finger, touches it to his tongue. He sits, listening to the murmur of excited conversation begin again in the next hall.

INT. GREENWICH - KING'S COUNCIL - DAY

Cromwell sits in silence at the council table. George Boleyn and his father THOMAS BOLEYN sit opposite, exuding pure *schadenfreude*.

Henry sits at the head like a sulky baby, refusing to look at anyone. Audley has been talking for sometime and is now winding up.

AUDLEY

And so Majesty, if it please you,
look favourably on the Emperor's
overtures, we beg you. For the sake
of the realm and the commonweal.

Henry grunts, shifts, sulks. Finally...

HENRY

Well, if it's for the good of the
commonweal I will begin
negotiations with Chapuys. I
suppose I must swallow any personal
insults I have received.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Like a draught of medicine, Henry.
Bitter, but for the sake of
England, don't spit.

HENRY

But some topics will not be open to discussion. The Emperor has discussed Mary with his own councillors. He'd like her married to one of his own relatives. I will in no wise suffer her to leave this country until her behaviour to me is as it should be.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Myself I'd go up-country to her and if she would not take the oath, I'd beat her head against the wall till it were soft as a baked apple!

AUDLEY

Thank you for that, my Lord Norfolk.

Cromwell finally speaks.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Her mother's death is still raw with her. I have no doubt she will see her duty, over these next weeks.

THOMAS BOLEYN

(Smirking)

How pleasing to hear from you at last, Cromwell. May we ask if this new reticence of yours relates to yesterday's events? When His Majesty, if I do recall correctly, administered a check to your ambition?

AUDLEY

And thank you again, My Lord Wiltshire.

HENRY

There will be no foreign match for Mary. That is final.

The Boleyn's look gleefully at Cromwell.

LATER

The councillors are filing from the room. Henry passes him, stops, turns.

HENRY

Will you walk with me?

GROUNDS - DAY

The two men walk in silence, Cromwell waiting Henry out.

HENRY

(Awkward)

You know, I wish we would go down to the weald one day, to talk the ironmasters.

Cromwell doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I've had various drawings, mathematical drawings and advices concerning how our ordnance can be improved but I can't... I can't make as much of it as you would?

Henry looks at him from the corner of his eye, beseeching... Cromwell is silent.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Humbly)

Because.... Well... you are my right hand, sir.

Finally Cromwell nods, smiles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So - shall we go to the weald? You and I? Meet the charcoal burners?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Not this summer, sir. You will be too busy.

They walk in silence for a moment.

HENRY

(Quietly)

I cannot live as I have lived, Cromwell. You must free me from this... from Anne. (Beat) Perhaps she and Harry Percy... they were good as married weren't they? And if that won't run... You know I was, I was on occasion with Anne's sister Mary? Perhaps having been linked with kin so near... Anyway, I trust in your discretion and your skill. Be very secret.

The two men walk on into the trees.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - MAIN HALL - EVENING

Cromwell is dining with SIR NICHOLAS CAREW.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

We want the concubine ousted. We know you want it to.

THOMAS CROMWELL

We?

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

My friends in this matter are very near the throne, those in the line of old King Edward. Lord Exeter, the Courtenay family. Lord Monatague, his brother Geoffrey Pole, Lady Margaret Pole. (Beat) These are the principal persons on whose behalf I speak. But as you will be aware, the most part of England would rejoice to see the king free of her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't think the most part of England knows or cares. I suppose Exeter's wife Gertrude is active in this matter?

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

(Leaning forward)

She has been in communication with Mary.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Sighing)

I know.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

You read their letters?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I read everybody's letters. (Beat) What do you require of me?

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

We require you to join us. We are content to have Seymour's girl crowned. She's known to favour true religion. We believe she will bring Henry back to Rome. (Beat) And this is our difficulty, Cromwell. We know you are a Lutheran.

Cromwell touches his heart.

THOMAS CROMWELL
No sir. I'm a banker.

Beat. Carew laughs.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
What's to happen to Anne Boleyn?

Carew shrugs.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW
I don't know. Convent?

INT. WHITEHALL - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Cromwell stands watching something.

It's Harry Norris, who is, in turn, watching Anne, who dandles the baby Elizabeth on her lap. Henry is beside her and she turns to him, showing him a little ribboned cap for the baby.

ANNE BOLEYN
Just come from the embroiderer.
Isn't it sweet? For her little
head?

Henry looks at her flatly as if to say - why are you showing me this? He gets up and walks heavily from the room, dragging his leg. He nods to Norris as he does so and the other man reluctantly follows him from the room.

Anne strokes the silk ribbon of the cap, the smile fading from her face. Finally she passes Elizabeth to a NURSE who leaves with her. Now there's only Anne and Cromwell in the chamber.

Silence.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
I hear that when you thought the
king was dead, your first action
was to send for the bastard Mary.
You did not think of me, or my
daughter or the child I was
carrying then.

THOMAS CROMWELL
I can't hold the throne for an
infant in the cradle. I can't hold
the throne for an unborn baby.

ANNE BOLEYN
I promoted you. I am responsible
for your rise. And at the first
opportunity you have betrayed me.

Cromwell stares at her, feels a stir of pity - that she could be mistaken about such a fundamental fact.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Madam, nothing here is personal.

Anne looks away from him.

ANNE BOLEYN
You think you've grown great. You think you no longer need me. You've forgotten the most important thing. *Cremuel*. Those who've been made, can be unmade.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(Beat)
I entirely agree.

He bows himself out.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell is talking to Rafe.

RAFE
They talk about the queen.

THOMAS CROMWELL
They?

RAFE
Weston, Brereton, sometimes Norris...

THOMAS CROMWELL
Go on.

Rafe frowns - he doesn't relish the role of eavesdropper.

RAFE
(Reluctantly)
The queen needs to conceive another child quickly. They say that Henry cannot be trusted to do the business, so one of them will have to do him a favour.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Do they come to any conclusion?

RAFE
They wouldn't really do it. None of them. It's just talk.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

Did they come to any conclusion?

RAFE

I think it's every man for himself.

Beat. Cromwell nods.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I hope this won't be needed. I hope
there's a cleaner way...

Rafe nods, gets up and leaves. Cromwell sits staring straight
ahead. Behind him a figure shifts in the shadows - CARDINAL
WOLSEY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

It's very simple Thomas. The king
wants a new wife. Fix him one. I
didn't. And I'm dead.

Cromwell stares ahead, thinking.
