

**WOLF HALL**

Episode Six

"Master of Phantoms"

Written by

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Wolf Hall  
Episode Six  
Master of Phantoms

INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING

A banquet about to begin. Servants glide around the table. The buzz of conversation. We TRACK around the guests: the Duke of Norfolk, Henry Courtenay and his wife, Henry Pole, Lady Margaret Pole, Chapuys, Fitzwilliam, Carew... Gathered around one table, all of the main opponents of the Boleyns. We find Cromwell sitting on a stool amongst them.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
(Calling)

Damn it, when are we going to eat,  
Cromwell? I'm famished.

Cromwell signals a servant, turns to Norfolk with a smile. Past Cromwell we catch a glimpse of ROPES running down the centre of the table, some kind of pulley system, hauling something past the diners. The scene slides into nightmare.

Cromwell turns back to the table as the ropes creak and strain, bringing their load into position...

OVERHEAD SHOT

Anne Boleyn, meat hooks through each shoulder, is being dragged up the table. She has been butchered, the dark, wet cavity of her chest opened. As she slithers past each diner she leaves a thick SLICK OF BLOOD running down the white cloth.

She arrives in front of Cromwell and he stands, picks up a knife to carve. Anne's eyes slide to him...

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - HALL - MORNING

Cromwell, still half-asleep, stares down at his breakfast of bloody chops. We hold on him for a moment, just staring, as if reconsidering the meal.

Then he sets to with relish.

EXT. HARRY PERCY HOUSE - STOKE NEWINGTON - DAY

Cromwell and Wriothsesley ride up to the house. Cromwell dismounts, steps back and examines the roof critically.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Falling into disrepair. This is my  
investment. I bought up his debt.  
(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
I've half a mind to get up there  
and check the leads myself.

WRIOTHESLEY  
I'm not sure if the Master of Rolls  
and Vicegerent in Spirituals should  
be climbing about a roof?

Cromwell heads for the door.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Softly)  
And I wouldn't trust you to foot  
the ladder.

INT. HARRY PERCY HOUSE - STOKE NEWINGTON - DAY

Percy looks ill, jaundiced, sunken cheeked. He lies on a  
settle, balefully regarding Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Hope you haven't been sick because  
of my visit?

HARRY PERCY  
My liver.

Cromwell nods, walks around the room.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
You'll never guess my errand.

HARRY PERCY  
I think I would.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I put it to you, my lord, that you  
are married to Anne Boleyn.

HARRY PERCY  
No.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I put it to you that in or about  
the year 1523 you made a secret  
contract of marriage with her, and  
that therefore her so-called  
marriage with the king is null.

HARRY PERCY  
No.

Cromwell turns to him. There's something in Percy's eye -  
some last spark of spirit.

HARRY PERCY (CONT'D)

You made me swear, Cromwell. You came to me, dragged me before the council and made me swear on the Bible. Now you want me to say I committed perjury?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Not perjury. Your memory failed.

HARRY PERCY

I married Anne and forgot?

THOMAS CROMWELL

You've always been a drinker my lord. It's how you're reduced to your present condition. Perhaps you were...?

HARRY PERCY

When you came for me back then Cromwell, you said you'd let loose your creditors, strip me of my lands, my earldom. Well, here I am, ruined. I'm dying and I know when I'm gone the Crown will swallow everything that was mine. There's nothing left you can threaten me with.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Wry)

I also said I'd take your bollocks...

He looks out of the window. Beat.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

It's about the child. Elizabeth. He wants to put her out of the line of succession, so that the way is open for a new wife, new children. If you want to help Anne, this is your last chance.

HARRY PERCY

How will it help her to have her marriage annulled and her child bastardised?

THOMAS CROMWELL

It might save her life.

HARRY PERCY

I can't help her. I can only help myself now. You made me a liar. I won't be made a fool. You'll have to find another way.

Beat. Cromwell stares out of the window, wondering at the sudden sadness that has swept over him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I will.

He starts to walk away.

HARRY PERCY

(Maliciously)

Perhaps you should try your friend  
Tom Wyatt? There were always  
rumours about them, weren't there?

Cromwell stops, turns, dangerous...

THOMAS CROMWELL

If there is a trial, my lord, I'll  
put you on the panel of peers. If  
you were never her husband you're  
clear to be her judge.

He walks away.

HARRY PERCY

(Horrorified)

You wouldn't do that. (After him)  
Cromwell! Cromwell!

EXT. CAMBRIDGE ROAD - DAY

Cromwell and Wriothsesley are riding back to London.  
Wriothsesley watches him from the corner of his eye for a  
moment.

WRIOTHESLEY

If you want us to bounce some sense  
into the earl...?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No. Leave him be.

WRIOTHESLEY

(Beat)

Sir, I know you seek annulment. I  
know you want this to be as  
painless as possible but it may  
be... to give the king what he  
wants... it may be we have to  
pursue other means of...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Cutting him off)

We advance on all fronts.

Something in Cromwell's voice makes Wriothsesley think twice  
about saying any more. They ride on towards the capital.

INT. WESTMINSTER - DAY

Cromwell is meeting with Anne's father - THOMAS BOLEYN and her belligerent brother GEORGE. WRIOTHESLEY takes the minutes.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Matters have come to the king's attention that, if he had always known them, would have prevented this pretended marriage with your daughter.

GEORGE BOLEYN

We know you've tried with Harry Percy. And we know he stands by his oath.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Which is unfortunate. Because now I don't know what to do. Perhaps you can help me with some suggestions of your own?

GEORGE BOLEYN

I'll help you to the tower.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(To Wriothesley)

Minute that, will you? (To Thomas Boleyn) In the matter of your daughter and Harry Percy, the cardinal took you to account once, warning you there could be no match between them. Your answer was that you were not responsible for what Anne did.

Boleyn stares at Cromwell, puzzled.

THOMAS BOLEYN

You were there that night?

He thinks back, light dawning.

THOMAS BOLEYN (CONT'D)

You...?

THOMAS CROMWELL

The Butcher's Dog. You implied their liaison was consummated.

THOMAS BOLEYN

(Smirking)

But then the king made his feelings for my daughter known.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Smiling understandingly)  
 So you rethought your position.  
 Rethink again.

Boleyn calculates, says without much concern:

THOMAS BOLEYN  
 And Anne?

GEORGE BOLEYN  
 (Shocked)  
 What? Don't discuss this...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Convent?

THOMAS BOLEYN  
 I'd expect a generous settlement.  
 What if she were left in possession  
 of her marchioness, and we remain  
 in possession of ours?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 I think the king would prefer her  
 to withdraw from the world.

GEORGE BOLEYN  
 I'm disgusted. I'm... you disgust  
 me.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (To Wriothsesley)  
 Minute Lord Rochford's disgust.

THOMAS BOLEYN  
 But our land. Our offices of state?

GEORGE BOLEYN  
 (Jumping up)  
 Cromwell wants us out! Can't you  
 see that? My letters are redirected  
 to him, my orders are countermanded  
 by...

WRIOTHESLEY  
 (Irritated)  
 Oh sit down.

Beat. Wriothsesley laughs at George's stunned face.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)  
 Or of course, my lord, stand, if  
 you please.

George doesn't know what to do. He flounces, picks up his  
 hat, turns back.

GEORGE BOLEYN

I pity you...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Calmly, to Anne's father)

It's very simple...

GEORGE BOLEYN

I pity you! If you succeed in this,  
your new friends will make short  
work of you...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Ignoring him)

I'm asking you to help me persuade  
Anne to go...

GEORGE BOLEYN

If you don't succeed...

THOMAS CROMWELL

In return I'm offering you your  
safety.

George pushes his face into Cromwell's.

GEORGE BOLEYN

...I'll make short work of you!  
You're finished, Cromwell!

He storms from the room. Anne's father considers Cromwell  
impassively for a moment. Finally he shrugs.

THOMAS BOLEYN

I'll try. I'll talk to her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And talk to your son, because I'll  
talk to him no more.

THOMAS BOLEYN

I'm amazed he can't see where this  
is tending.

He gets up, bows civilly, leaves. Silence.

WRIOTHESLEY

Where is this tending?

Cromwell sorts through some papers.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)

I remember a certain play at court,  
four masked devils dragging the  
cardinal off to Hell, one on each  
limb...



## A FLASH OF THE PAST

The FOUR DEVILS backstage, after their play, removing their costumes, laughing: NORRIS, BRERETON, WESTON. We close on the last of the Devils as he pulls off his mask: George Boleyn.

## BACK ON CROMWELL

... still shuffling papers.

WRIOTHESLEY

I wonder if George...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Right fore-paw.

## INT. WESTMINSTER - DAY

Henry sits with a lute, composing a song. His singing voice is surprisingly light.

HENRY

*The daisy delectable, The violet  
wan and blue...*

He breaks off.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's an old song I'm trying to  
rework.

Cromwell nods politely, listens for a moment as Henry plucks the lute.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's vanity. With George. He's only  
noticed now because he's thought of  
as my brother. Once he ceases to be  
my brother he's afraid he'll be  
nothing. Tell him I may continue to  
favour him. But not if he is  
obstructive. Warn him. (Irritated)  
Or do I have to deal with this  
myself?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Leave it a day or two sir, and I'll  
interview him apart from his  
father.

Henry nods. He plucks at the lute.

HENRY

I'm writing it for Jane.

He blushes, suddenly the awkward boy.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 I haven't seen her for so long.  
 Perhaps she could be brought here?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 She is safer kept away from this,  
 sir. For now.

Henry nods, plucks the lute gloomily.

HENRY  
 (Singing)  
*The daisy delectable, The violet  
 wan and blue. I am not variable...*

He breaks off again.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 What rhymes with blue?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Innocently)  
 New?

INT. WOLF HALL - DAY

Cromwell and the Seymour brothers are gathered before Jane Seymour.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
 This business with doors. The way  
 you slide around them...

JANE SEYMOUR  
 You said to be discreet.

TOM SEYMOUR  
 Go out the room. And come back in  
 like a queen.

Jane leaves the room, closes the door behind her. A pause.  
 The door opens. A long pause. Then Jane appears, inching  
 around the corner.

JANE SEYMOUR  
 Is that better?

Edward opens his mouth but Cromwell interrupts gently.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Others will open doors for you  
 Jane.

TOM SEYMOUR  
 Can we get on? Cromwell here wants  
 to know if you're a virgin?

Silence. Cromwell looks as if he'd like to kick Tom.

JANE SEYMOUR

What?

EDWARD SEYMOUR

Jesus, surely even you can understand that question?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Gently)

Is it correct that no-one has ever asked for you in marriage? No contract or understanding? (Beat) Did you never like anybody Jane?

Jane looks directly at him, and for a moment there's a flash of something in her blue eyes that quite throws him.

TOM SEYMOUR

(Oblivious)

Well, whatever you do, you don't give in to the king now.

JANE SEYMOUR

Why would I want to do that?

EDWARD SEYMOUR

His honeyed words.

JANE SEYMOUR

His what?

Both brothers turn away in exasperation, so only Cromwell catches what could be the slightest of smiles on her face.

EXT. WOLF HALL - DAY

Edward walks with Cromwell to his servants and waiting horse.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

I hear you're seeking an annulment? They'll fight. The Boleyns. I heard of a serpent that exudes poison through its skin even as it's dying.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Cheerfully)

Once in Italy I picked up a snake. And here you see me.

Edward takes Cromwell's arm, dropping one of his gloves in the process.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
 You mustn't underestimate them. As  
 long as Anne lives...

He falters under Cromwell's gaze. Silence.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Allow me.

He stoops, picks up the glove from the ground and hands it to him.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 (Pleasantly)  
 You wouldn't want to get your hands  
 dirty.

He mounts his horse and rides off.

FADE TO BLACK.

IN THE BLACK A VOICE...

MARY SHELTON (V.O.)  
 It began with Mark Smeaton.

FADE IN:

INT. HAMPTON COURT - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

SLO-MO: Mark Smeaton walking, turning his face towards us, eyes full of longing.

MARY SHELTON (V.O.)  
 This was this morning.

Anne watches him pass, a smile that could be playfulness. Or cruelty. She snaps a feather from his cap, scuffs his face with it. Mark stops, stands, enduring this. Anne glances over to where some of her ladies in waiting stand: Jane Rochford and Mary Shelton. With them Harry Norris and young Francis Weston.

ANNE BOLEYN  
 Look at this little doggie.

She tousles his hair, pulls his ears. Still Mark doesn't resist, but stares at her, eyes brimming.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
 Why are you so sad Mark? You don't  
 have any business being sad. You're  
 here to entertain us.

Mark begins to kneel.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

(Irritated)

Oh for... stand on your feet. I do you favour by noticing you at all. What do you expect? Do you think I should talk to you as if you were a gentleman?

She tilts her head to one side with faux-regret.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I can't, Mark. Because, you see, you're an inferior person.

MARK SMEATON

No, madam. I don't expect a word. A look suffices me.

Anne waits.

ANNE BOLEYN

Well? Aren't you going to praise my eyes now?

Mark stares at her, overcome with misery. Then he bursts into tears, turns and walks away. Anne laughs.

FRANCIS WESTON

Why do you encourage that boy?

HARRY NORRIS

(Pointed)

All manner of puppy dogs are encouraged here. Some are coming in and out season.

FRANCIS WESTON

Are you referring to me, Norris?

HARRY NORRIS

Puppy dogs that need to be taught manners.

FRANCIS WESTON

And you the man to give the lesson?

HARRY NORRIS

(To Anne)

I could happily give this puppy dog a kick in his ribs that he won't forget.

Anne watches them with a kind of miserable glee.

ANNE BOLEYN

No kicking in my chamber, if you please.

HARRY NORRIS

By your royal favour, I'll take him  
out to the courtyard and kick him  
there.

Anne laughs.

FRANCIS WESTON

(Drawling)

I'd like to see you kick me. For at  
your great age Norris you'll wobble  
over and fall to the ground. (To  
Anne) He has himself agitated  
because he thinks I come here to  
cast my fancy at Mistress Shelton.  
We all know he hopes to marry her  
himself.

Mary Shelton blushes, not altogether displeased.

FRANCIS WESTON (CONT'D)

But really I come for the sake of  
another. And you know who that is.

ANNE BOLEYN

No, tell me. I can't guess. Is it  
Lady Rochford here? Surely not one  
so old?

Rochford stares at Anne in silence.

FRANCIS WESTON

It is yourself, Madam.

Anne laughs, glances at Norris, gauging his reaction.

ANNE BOLEYN

Perhaps you *should* kick him Gentle  
Norris, for the honour of the Queen  
of England.

WILLIAM BRERETON walks in.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Ah, here's the man for me. Will  
Brereton is one who shoots his  
arrow straight.

Brereton looks cautiously around, sensing the poisonous,  
slightly hysterical atmosphere in the room.

WILLIAM BRERETON

What's to do here?

JANE ROCHFORD

Everyone's been fighting. And all  
because of that boy Mark.

She walks slowly, deliberately up to Anne.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)  
I think he should be dropped from a  
height. Just like your dog Purkoy.

Silence. Nobody moves. Anne stares at her. Then she slaps her  
hard across the face. Rochford staggers, then darts back,  
face to face with her.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)  
Do that again and I'll hit you  
back. You're no queen, you're just  
a knight's daughter - and your time  
has come.

ANNE BOLEYN  
(Still facing Rochford)  
Harry, do me a good turn, take away  
my brother's wife and drown her.

Norris turns away in distaste.

HARRY NORRIS  
Anne...

ANNE BOLEYN  
What? Didn't you swear you'd walk  
barefoot to China for me?

HARRY NORRIS  
(Drily)  
I think it was barefoot to  
Walsingham, I offered.

Anne turns on him, eyes flashing.

ANNE BOLEYN  
Perhaps you can repent your sins  
there. Because if anything happened  
to the king you'd look to have me.

She turns to Mary Shelton.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
You see why he hasn't married you  
yet Mary? Because he's in love with  
me. So he claims. And yet he won't  
prove it by putting Lady Rochford  
in a sack and dropping her in the  
river.

Norris has turned pale.

HARRY NORRIS  
Will you spill all your secrets  
Anne, or only some?

With that he walks out of the room without bowing. Beat. She looks around at the others, a twisted smile on her face. A circle of frozen faces stare back.

ANNE BOLEYN

He...

She looks away, smile fading, feeling panic rising in her.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Get him back. It was... it was idle talk. Get him back and he can swear on a Bible. He knows me to be a good wife. (Frantic) Get him back!

She runs after him.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Harry!

INT. HAMPTON COURT - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

A shaken Mary Shelton sits holding a bowl of wine. Cromwell sits very still, listening.

MARY SHELTON

It was horrible. Nan Cobham wanted to come see you, Marjorie Horsman... all the women of the bedchamber. Everyone is scared. (Beat) I don't suppose Harry Norris will marry me now.

Cromwell waits, quiet as a fisherman.

MARY SHELTON (CONT'D)

(Almost to herself)

If you'd asked me last week has the queen given way to him, I would have told you no, but the look that passed between them... I think...

She looks up, into Cromwell's fixed gaze, recollects herself.

MARY SHELTON (CONT'D)

I don't know what to think.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat, softly)

Protect yourself now, Mary. Be discreet. Be silent.

Mary chews her lip, worrying over something.



MARY SHELTON

The thing is I can't stay with her now, not knowing she would take Harry Norris from me. But there are so few ladies in waiting left...  
 (Beat) Lady Lilse in Calais looks to send her daughters over. They'd do very well, I think? (Relieved)  
 Yes, write to her, Master Secretary.

She kisses his cheek and leaves. Rafe shifts in the shadows behind Cromwell.

RAFE

(Disbelief)  
 That's what she thinks this is? A staffing problem?

Cromwell stares after Mary thoughtfully.

THOMAS CROMWELL

They've lived in stupidity such a long season...

EXT. HAMPTON COURT - GREAT WINDOW - DAY

NO SOUND

Henry is fighting with Anne before the vast window, face purple with rage. Anne looks distraught.

JANE ROCHFORD (V.O.)

Henry had heard about the fight with Norris. We could all see from the courtyard. She had her hands...

Anne clasps her hands at the breast. Despite her obvious distress there is something *contrived* about the gesture.

JANE ROCHFORD (V.O.)

You know the king's great tapestry? Where the Queen clasps her hands together?

INT. HAMPTON COURT - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Cromwell sits with Jane Rochford.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Quietly)  
 Queen Esther.

JANE ROCHFORD

Yes. The exact same gesture.

She mimics the gesture mockingly.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)  
He didn't look persuaded.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Did you go to her. To comfort her?

JANE ROCHFORD  
(Surprised)  
No. I came looking for you.

Cromwell nods, trying to bury the coldness he feels for her. She leans a little closer.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)  
Before they were married Anne used to practice with Henry. In the French fashion. You know what I mean.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
No.

JANE ROCHFORD  
(Hard)  
You think you can shame me out of saying what I must say. I'm no virgin girl. She induced Henry to put his seed otherwise than he should have. Now Henry calls it a filthy proceeding. But God love him, he doesn't know where the filth begins. (Beat) My husband George is always with Anne.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
He's her brother. It's natural.

JANE ROCHFORD  
There's nothing natural in George. And nothing is forbidden. The only fault he finds with God is that he made people with too few orifices. If he could meet a woman with a quanny under her armpit, he'd call out "Glory be" and visit her every day 'till the novelty wore off. He'd go to it with a terrier bitch if she wagged her tail at him.

For a moment Cromwell is lost for words.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
You've borne a great deal. But I can't compel George to be a witness against his own sister.

JANE ROCHFORD

I'm not talking about his being a witness. I've seen them kiss.

THOMAS CROMWELL

A brother may kiss his...

JANE ROCHFORD

His tongue in her mouth. Hers in his.

He stares at her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You want me to record that?

JANE ROCHFORD

If you're worried you won't remember it?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Why would she do this?

JANE ROCHFORD

You know why. The better to rule. Suppose she gets a boy and it has Weston's long face? Or looks like Will Brereton? But they can't call it a bastard if it looks like a Boleyn.

Cromwell writes down Brereton's name.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Be sure of what you're doing. If you give evidence against your husband you may find yourself a lonely woman.

She smiles bitterly - as if she has friends now.

JANE ROCHFORD

I won't bear the blame. (Beat) You will, Master Secretary.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

Be advised by me. Speak to no-one.

She rests the tip of her finger against his hand for a moment.

JANE ROCHFORD

Be advised by me. Speak to Mark Smeaton.

DARKNESS

And then in the darkness, a memory: four nobleman dragging devil's masks from their faces, laughing, sweating...

FRANCIS WESTON, GEORGE BOLEYN, WILLIAM BRERETON, HENRY NORRIS.

EXT. HAMPTON COURT - DAY

CLOSE on Cromwell picturing the faces. He's leaving with Wriothsesley and Rafe, the atmosphere determined, grave.

WRIOTHESLEY

The king wants inquiries to begin. He can't ignore the talk after the quarrel. Utmost discretion, but all possible speed.

RAFE

The men of the privy chamber think it's all blown over. The joust is going ahead tomorrow. Apparently the queen has calmed herself. I don't think...

He hesitates, unhappy.

RAFE (CONT'D)

...I don't think any of them know what's about to happen.

WRIOTHESLEY

How do we proceed sir?

THOMAS CROMWELL

We have accusations. We need confessions.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - EVENING

Cromwell's nephew, Richard and Rafe lead MARK SMEATON into the house. Richard takes the young man's lute.

RICHARD

We can leave that here Mark.

Mark looks around, suspicious.

MARK SMEATON

I thought there was to be a great company? (Beat) I thought I was going to entertain you?

Cromwell is suddenly beside him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Make no doubt of it.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell sits facing Mark, who is trying his best to look indifferent and bored, lounging, gazing at his own shoes. Richard and Rafe sit behind him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
My master the king and my mistress  
the queen are at odds. My dearest  
wish is to reconcile them.

Mark raises a skeptical eyebrow, but continues to stare at his shoes.

MARK SMEATON  
The word at court is that you're  
keeping company with the queen's  
enemies.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
The better to find out their  
practices.

MARK SMEATON  
Ah. If only I could believe that.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
I don't blame you, Mark. There's  
such ill-feeling at court that no-  
one trusts anyone. But I've come to  
you because you're close to the  
queen, and the other gentlemen  
won't help me. I want you to give  
me some window into the queen's  
desires. I need to know why she's  
so unhappy and what I can do to  
remedy it.

Mark raises his eyes to Cromwell, shrugs.

MARK SMEATON  
It's no wonder she's unhappy. She's  
in love.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
With whom?

MARK SMEATON  
With me.

Silence. Perhaps for the first time since we've met him, Cromwell is thrown. He flicks his gaze to Rafe and Richard to warn them to be still, to be silent.

He leans forward, pauses, sits back, trying all the time to keep his face blank.

MARK SMEATON (CONT'D)  
You're amazed.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Smiling)  
Not as much as you might think.  
It's no surprise that any woman  
would be drawn to you. You're a  
very handsome young man.

RICHARD  
Though we thought you were a  
sodomite.

Mark turns and glares at Richard.

MARK SMEATON  
I'm as good a man as any of them.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
So the queen gave a good account of  
you? Tried you, found you to her  
liking?

MARK SMEATON  
(Haughtily)  
I can't discuss it. (Beat) But, I  
will say this: we men born poor,  
are in no wise inferior in that  
way.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Smiling)  
Though the gentlemen keep that fact  
from the ladies. They wouldn't want  
the competition would they?

MARK SMEATON  
If you mean she has other lovers, I  
wouldn't know. I haven't asked her.  
But they're jealous of me. Weston  
and Norris, those lords. They call  
me boy, but they're jealous.

RICHARD  
Perhaps she tried them and they  
were a disappointment. And you take  
the prize.

He leans forward, as if innocently interested.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
How often?

Mark looks away from him in contempt. Cromwell considers him in silence for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 You've given us two names, Mark.  
 Now name them all. And answer  
 Master Richard. How often?

Mark looks at him, caught by the sudden change in tone.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 (Beat)  
 Perhaps you're right not to speak.  
 Best get it down in writing. The  
 council would never believe it  
 otherwise. They'll be amazed at  
 your success. They'll wonder what  
 your secret is. And you'll say "Ah,  
 I cannot impart." (Beat) But you  
 will impart, Mark. You'll do it  
 freely. Or you'll do it enforced.

Mark's hauteur has fallen away and his face is suddenly a frightened boy's. Silence. No-one moves. Then Mark leaps to his feet and is heading for the door. Richard is already off his stool and has him in an iron grip.

RICHARD  
 (Amiable)  
 Seat yourself, pretty boy.

MARK SMEATON  
 I take it back. I can't give any  
 names. I don't... I don't know how  
 I came to say what I did.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Nor do I. No-one hurt you or  
 coerced you. These two gentlemen  
 are my witnesses.

MARK SMEATON  
 I take it back.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 I don't think so.

Richard puts Mark back in his seat.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Tell us about your adultery with  
 the queen and what you know of her  
 dealings with other men and if your  
 confession is full and clear, then  
 perhaps the king will show mercy.

Mark doesn't seem to be listening. He's beginning to cry.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Would you like to spend ten minutes  
 alone with Master Richard here?

RICHARD  
 Five would do it.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 We'll write down what you say Mark.  
 But we won't necessarily write down  
 what we'll do. Do you follow me?

MARK SMEATON  
 (Sobbing)  
 Mother Mary, help me. I can't tell  
 you what I don't know.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Can't you, Mark? Then you'll have  
 to stay as my guest tonight.

OUTSIDE THE STUDY

Rafe leads Mark down the stairs by the hand. Richard and  
 Cromwell watch him descend.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Well, there aren't many men alive  
 who can say they took me by  
 surprise...

RICHARD  
 Years of being despised by lords  
 has made a boaster of him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Sometimes I think I should have  
 taken him in here. (Beat) I don't  
 want him hurt. (Beat, off Richard's  
 look) If we need to torture a sad  
 creature like that, what next?  
 Stamping on dormice? Tell  
 Wriothsesley to come tomorrow.

Richard nods and walks down the stairs. Cromwell stares after  
 him.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Richard opens the door. Mark stares fearfully into the  
 darkness.

MARK SMEATON  
 What is this?



RICHARD

It's where the phantom lives.

He thrusts Mark into the store room closes and locks the door behind him. Mark backs nervously into the room.

Grace's PEACOCK WINGS hanging on a peg, brush against his face. Mark yelps, spins away, yelps again as something sharp impales his shoulder.

He turns, just as the cover slips from the great CHRISTMAS STAR, leaving it gleaming dully in the gloom: *a many pointed torture engine.*

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - CROMWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cromwell lies staring up at the ceiling. From downstairs comes the muffled sound of Mark screaming.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - DAY

Wriothesley is writing down the names that a pale Mark is babbling. His legs are shaking and Richard is practically holding him up.

MARK SMEATON

Henry Norris, Francis Weston.  
William Brereton, Francis Bryan...

He searches his mind desperately for more names.

MARK SMEATON (CONT'D)

Richard Long, Walter Walsh, Thomas Wyatt...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Instantly)  
Not Wyatt.

Richard raps his knuckles against Mark's head. Mark stops, puzzled by the pain. Wriothesley frowns.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You had to do with the queen how many times?

MARK SMEATON

A thousand?

Richard slaps him.

MARK SMEATON (CONT'D)

Three or four.

Beat. Cromwell nods, sits back. Beat. He turns to Richard.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Richard, go down to the king at  
Greenwich...

INT. GREENWICH - MORNING

Anne is being prepared for the day. Maids dress her in her petticoats, kirtles, sleeves, lace and tie her, bring her jewellery...

THOMAS CROMWELL (V.O.)  
He'll be expecting you.

INT. GREENWICH - TILTYARD PAVILION- MORNING

George Boleyn is being fitted into his armour by his SQUIRE, each plate laced onto his arming doublet.

THOMAS CROMWELL (V.O.)  
Trust the message to no-one.

EXT. TILTYARD - MORNING

Harry Norris, armoured and on horseback, approaches the tilt barrier, facing his opponent on the other side of the lists. The crowd applauds.

Startled by something, Norris' horse bucks and rears, almost throwing him. Norris fights to regain control.

THOMAS CROMWELL (V.O.)  
Drop the word in his ear yourself.

ROYAL GALLERY

Henry sits watching. Cromwell is suddenly beside him. He bends and says something to the king. Henry's gaze slides to where Anne sits with her ladies.

He stands and servants appear around him.

HENRY  
(To a Page)  
Tell Henry Norris to retire from  
the field.

He walks off.

EXT. GREENWICH - MORNING

Henry sits on horseback. Norris, *sans armour*, rides up to join him.

HENRY  
Ride with me, Harry.

HARRY NORRIS  
(Puzzled)  
Where to, my lord?

Henry watches him with a faint smile, the flat blue eyes...

HENRY  
Let's talk, you and I.

He begins to ride away, the uncertain Norris beside him. The escort of GUARDS falls in behind them...

INT. GREENWICH - DAY

Cromwell strides towards the Queen's chambers, Fitzwilliam and Audley beside him.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (O.S.)  
Cromwell!

Norfolk forces his way through courtiers, walks alongside them.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)  
I hear the singer sang to your tune. What did you do to him? (To the others) There's a pretty ballad for you. Henry fingers his lute, while the lutenist fingers his wife.

Audley and Fitzwilliam try register disapproval but Norfolk has already turned back to Cromwell.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)  
But that bag of bones isn't going to ruin my noble house. You understand? The Boleyns, yes. Not the Howards. I never promoted this marriage, Cromwell. That was you.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Patiently)  
You have the warrant, my lord?

Norfolk flourishes the piece of parchment.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Perhaps this'll teach Henry to listen to me.

INT. GREENWICH - QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Silence. Anne sits under her canopy of estate. She has finished her meal and the servants are clearing away the dishes, cloth and napery. Anne sits motionless, hands folded in her lap, eyes cast to the floor, a Medieval Saint. Finally she raises her eyes to the crowd of men who have squeezed into the room for this moment and who stand staring at her in silence.

ANNE BOLEYN  
Uncle. Lord Chancellor. Master  
Treasurer. My lord Oxford. William  
Sandys. William Kingston.

Last of all she looks to Cromwell.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)  
(Softly)  
And Cremuel. The man I created.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
He created you in turn, madam. And  
be sure he repents of it.

ANNE BOLEYN  
Oh, but I was sorry first.  
(Laughing) And I'm sorry more.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Ready to go?

ANNE BOLEYN  
(A small voice)  
I don't know how to be ready.

Cromwell holds out a hand to her.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Gently)  
Just come with us.

Anne stares at the outstretched hand.

EXT. THAMES - ROYAL BARGE - DAY

The barge glides along the river bank. Anne sits, staring out over the water. Norfolk tuts and twitches opposite her.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
You see now madam! You see what  
happens when you spurn your own  
family?

Anne stares out at the banks of the river. Figures runs along, keeping pace with the barge. She listens to the faint cries of derision floating over the water towards them.

Perhaps she thinks of a similar journey, undertaken long ago. She seems struck by a sudden revelation, turns and stares with such directness at Cromwell that he returns her gaze.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Simply)

Oh Cremuel. You've never forgiven me for Wolsey.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - COURT GATE - DAY

The barge moors and Kingston helps Anne from the barge. Richard Riche stands waiting.

KINGSTON

Are we to fire the cannon?

DUKE OF NORFOLK

That's usual isn't it? When a person of note comes in. She's of note isn't she?

KINGSTON

Yes, but a queen...

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Fire the damn cannon. Let the Londoners know.

Kingston goes to give the order. Anne is staring up at grim stonework above her.

ANNE BOLEYN

(Suddenly)

Is Harry Norris here?

They turn to her.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Has he not cleared my name?

RICHARD RICHE

I'm afraid not. Nor his own.

Beat. Then suddenly she is falling, dissolving almost, onto her hands and knees, her head thrown back, wailing and wailing...

The men draw back as one, aghast, almost superstitiously afraid. It's Cromwell who steps forward and lifts her like a child, back onto her feet. Her wail breaks off suddenly. She leans against him, her face on his shoulder and they walk like this towards the Tower. Like lovers.

As the two disappear into the shadow of the gate there comes the sudden boom of the cannon. The watching men jump involuntarily.

INT. HAMPTON COURT - EVENING

The king's great tapestry depicting Queen Esther. We HOLD on her image - hands clasped to her bosom, beseeching.

Cromwell stands staring up at the image. After a moment he walks on.

INT. HAMPTON COURT - KING'S CHAMBERS - EVENING

Cromwell and Archbishop Cranmer wait on the king. The room is dark.

HENRY

I'm to blame. I suspected her and did nothing.

Cranmer and Cromwell exchange a look. Cranmer looks as if he'd rather be anywhere else in the world.

CRANMER

I... I never had a better opinion in a woman than I had in her. I can't believe she's guilty. (Catching himself) Except I know your Highness would never go so far if she wasn't.

HENRY

We were all deceived. When I look back, it all falls into place. So many friends lost, alienated, worse... When I think of Wolsey, the way she practised against him.

He stares into the gloom.

HENRY (CONT'D)

She said she loved me. But she meant the opposite.

He crosses to a box, takes out a bundle of loose leaves, black with his own laboured handwriting. He turns to them solemnly.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I've written a play. A tragedy. My own story.

He offers it to Cromwell, who manages to look regretful.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You should keep it sir, till we have more leisure to do it justice.

HENRY

But I want you to know her true nature. I believe she has committed adultery with a hundred men.

He stares at them in large eyed wonder. Cranmer turns away.

CRANMER

But her brother? Is it likely?

HENRY

(Savagely)

I doubt she could resist him. Why spare? Why not drink the cup to the *filthy dregs*?

He sits heavily, rubs his face with a handkerchief.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm too tired to confess tonight, my lord archbishop. Come again tomorrow.

Cranmer bows, a glance at Cromwell and then leaves. Cromwell bows and is about to follow.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Crumb, go to Jane. Carry a certain token to her.

He holds out a tiny jewelled BOOK.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It was my wife's.

He checks himself, ashamed.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I mean... It was Katherine's.

INT. WOLF HALL - DAY

Jane sits staring down at the wrapped present in her hands. Old Sir John and Jane's mother LADY MARGERY are also present.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR

The king has sent her jewels already.

TOM SEYMOUR

Things La Ana had no use for. I suppose she'll not need them in her convent.

JANE SEYMOUR

(Softly)

I don't see how that can work. The  
convent.

They all turn to her, surprised, as always, that she should speak. She continues to stare at her gift, as if talking to herself.

JANE SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

First she'd claim she was carrying  
the king's child. Then he'd be  
forced to wait on her, without  
result. Then she'd think of new  
delays. And meanwhile none of us  
would be safe.

A beat as they all absorb this.

TOM SEYMOUR

(Thoughtfully)

She knows Henry's secrets, I  
suppose. She could sell them to her  
French friends.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

They aren't her friends any more.

JANE SEYMOUR

But she would try.

Cromwell considers her with interest.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Curious)

Would you do anything you could, to  
ruin Anne Boleyn?

JANE SEYMOUR

She ruined herself. You can't do  
what Anne did and live to be old.

INT. WOLF HALL - CORRISOR - DAY

Cromwell is leaving. He hears footsteps and finds Jane behind him.

JANE SEYMOUR

You once gave me a gift, Master  
Cromwell. And in those days no one  
else did so. You can be sure I'll  
remember that, when it is in my  
power to do you good.

They stare at each other for a moment. Then Jane drops her blue eyes and turns and skims away.



INT. TOWER OF LONDON - CELL - DAY

Norris sits crying silently. Cromwell watches, waits.  
Finally...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Last Christmas I came across  
yourself and William Brereton.  
Brereton was dressed as a wild man  
and when I counselled him against  
exposing his person, you said that  
the queen had seen it many times.

Norris wipes his face.

HARRY NORRIS

You're not serious? You know I  
meant she's a married woman so a  
man's... gear is no strange sight  
to her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't know what you meant. I only  
know what you said.

HARRY NORRIS

If you're looking for proofs of  
adultery you'll have to do better  
than that. And you'll get no  
confession from me, or Brereton  
either.

Cromwell gives him a measured stare.

HARRY NORRIS (CONT'D)

(Rattled)

You'll not torture gentlemen. The  
king wouldn't permit it.

Cromwell leans forward and takes a startled Norris' head in  
his hands, holds him gently.

THOMAS CROMWELL

There don't have to be formal  
arrangements. I only have to put my  
thumbs in your eyes...

A long beat. Neither man moves. Then Cromwell slides his  
hands away and leans back.

BRERETON'S CELL

Cromwell is interrogating Brereton.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I remember in the cardinal's day,  
one of your household killed a man  
during a bowl's match.

WILLIAM BRERETON

The game can get very heated.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your family impeded the  
investigation. John ap Eyton had a  
quarrel with one of your household  
recently. Blows were exchanged, a  
man killed. Eyton was tried and  
acquitted. But you, because you  
have no respect for law or justice,  
have the man abducted and hanged.  
You think you can do anything  
because Norfolk favours you...

WILLIAM BRERETON

The king favours me.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Looking around)

Does he? Then you should complain  
about your lodgings, shouldn't you?

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - MARTIN TOWER - DAY

George Boleyn paces the circumference, spoiling for a fight.

GEORGE BOLEYN

I know why I'm here. My wife. What  
has she said? Whatever it is, you  
can't hold me on the word of one  
woman.

THOMAS CROMWELL

There've been other women who have  
been recipients of your...  
gallantry. You've always regarded  
women as disposable...

GEORGE BOLEYN

What? So, you're going to put me  
trial for gallantry? I never heard  
it was a crime to spend time with a  
willing lover.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It is if the lover is your sister.

George stops mid-step, stares at Cromwell.

## NORRIS' CELL

Norris is losing some of his legendary equipoise.

HARRY NORRIS

I've been at the side of Henry since I was a boy. I love him like a brother. I would never forget my honour, never...

He stops. Cromwell is laughing softly, wearily.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Do you want me to write it on the wall for you, Norris? Anne can't give him a son. He wants another wife. She won't go quietly. Is that simple enough for you? She has to be pushed. I have to push her.

HARRY NORRIS

Alright. Alright... but why me? I'm an innocent man. So why me? Why not Wyatt? Everyone suspects him and Anne.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Ignoring this)

You told Fitzwilliam you had shameful thoughts about Anne. Did you think the king would die, so you could marry her? Or did you expect her to become your concubine? It's one or the other.

HARRY NORRIS

If I say either you'll damn me. If I say nothing you'll damn me. If...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Francis Weston says you're guilty.

HARRY NORRIS

That Francis thinks anything at all is news to me. Why would he...? What? He's here? In the Tower?

Cromwell doesn't answer. Norris face twists in disgust.

HARRY NORRIS (CONT'D)

Jesus, Cromwell. Weston? He's a boy.

## WESTON'S CELL

Cromwell sits with young FRANCIS WESTON, who is trying abasement as a tactic.

FRANCIS WESTON

There were times... there were times, I think, when I belittled you. That was wrong of me. You were the king's servant and I... I should have respected that.

THOMAS CROMWELL

A handsome apology.

FRANCIS WESTON

I'm not long married. I don't know if you know that. I have a son, not yet a year old and...

THOMAS CROMWELL

You have debts. To the tune of a thousand pounds.

Weston scowls at him, forgetting, for a moment, his abasement act.

FRANCIS WESTON

What the devil does that...?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No one expects a young gallant like yourself to be thrifty, but these debts are more than you could reasonably pay. So your extravagance gives people to think, what expectations did young Weston have?

And then Weston sees it, slumps forward.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

We know the queen gave you money. A thousand pounds is nothing to you if you hoped to marry her after you'd contrived the king's death.

GEORGE BOLEYN'S ROOM

George is trembling in shock.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Francis Bryan explained it to me...

GEORGE BOLEYN

(Hoarse)

Bryan? Bryan is an enemy of mine...

THOMAS CROMWELL

A man hardly knows his sister. She has been in France. They meet as adults, she is like him, yet not.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

She is familiar, yet she piques his interest. One day his brotherly embrace is a little longer than usual... Did it begin before the marriage or after?

GEORGE BOLEYN

I... I refuse to answer this.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm accustomed to dealing with those who refuse to answer.

NORRIS' CELL

THOMAS CROMWELL

Brother George? That must have been a surprise. Although the morality of you gentlemen astonishes me.

HARRY NORRIS

I have no opinion on George.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No opinion on incest? You take it so quietly I'm forced to think there must be some truth in it...

HARRY NORRIS

If I said there was you'd only accuse me of trying to divert attention away from myself

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Smiling)

You've known me too long, Harry.

HARRY NORRIS

I've studied you. Studied Wolsey before you.

THOMAS CROMWELL

That was politic of you. Such a great servant of the state.

HARRY NORRIS

And such a great traitor at the end.

Norris is suddenly aware of Cromwell standing directly behind him, the dangerous presence of the man. Silence.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Softly)

I remember an entertainment at court.

(MORE)

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 A play, in which the late cardinal  
 was set upon by demons and dragged  
 down to hell.

Norris' eyes move, he remembers, he pictures the scene. He  
 twists around to face Cromwell, stunned.

HARRY NORRIS  
That's why? It was... it was a  
play! It was a joke! You can't...  
 you can't seriously...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Life pays you out. Don't you find?

HARRY NORRIS  
 (Grasping)  
 But, but Mark Smeaton? What has he  
 done to you?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 I didn't like the way he looked at  
 me.

He smiles pleasantly. Norris stares at him, indignation  
 sliding into fear.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 I need guilty men, Harry. So I've  
 found men who are guilty. Though  
 not necessarily as charged.

#### GEORGE BOLEYN'S ROOM

George is sitting, folded into himself. Cromwell is  
 collecting his papers to leave.

GEORGE BOLEYN  
 They are jealous of me. You are all  
 jealous. Because I have had some  
 success with women.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 You still call it success, George?  
 Think again.

#### WESTON'S CELL

Weston stares at the wall, seeing everything clearly, all  
 contrivance gone.

FRANCIS WESTON  
 I see how it'll weigh, when it's  
 given in evidence. I've undone  
 myself.

(MORE)

FRANCIS WESTON (CONT'D)  
 (Beat) I don't blame you, Cromwell.  
 I would have injured you if I could  
 so...

He nods slowly.

FRANCIS WESTON (CONT'D)  
 It's just... I know I've not lived  
 a good... You see, I thought I'd  
 have another twenty years or... and  
 then when I was old, forty five, or  
 fifty, I'd give to hospitals and  
 endow a charity and God would see I  
 was sorry.

Cromwell looks away from him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 We know not the hour. (Beat) Your  
 wife will be taken care of. (Beat)  
 Resign yourself, Francis. Look at  
 Norris. No bitterness there.

Weston is close to tears, close to begging for his life.

FRANCIS WESTON  
 (Blurting)  
 Well, perhaps Norris thinks he  
 deserves to die. He's always in the  
 queen's company and it's not...  
 it's not to discuss the gospel.

He hesitates, struggling with shame, on the verge of  
 denunciation.

FRANCIS WESTON (CONT'D)  
 If it would help... if it would  
 help, I could say that he... that  
 he and Anne...?

Suddenly Cromwell finds himself standing. Weston looks at him  
 in surprise. Cromwell hesitates, not sure what's impelling  
 him.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Excuse me, Francis.

INT. OUTSIDE ROOM - DAY

Cromwell walks out and finds Wriothsesley and Riche sharing a  
 joke, lounging against a wall.

WRIOTHESLEY  
 (Surprised)  
 Are you finished? Has he denounced  
 the others?

Beat. Cromwell shakes his head.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)  
Do you want us to make him?

Cromwell turns and gives him a look so savage that Wriothesley takes step back.

RICHARD RICHE  
Shall we draw up specimen charges?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
The more the merrier. Forgive me, I need to piss...

He walks quickly around the corner away from them.

CORRIDOR

Cromwell reaches a barred window, leans against it, closes his eyes, breaths in the cool air, waits to regain control of himself.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - ROYAL QUARTERS - DAY

Cromwell is waiting to see Anne, Rafe and Wriothesley with him. The constable of the Tower, KINGSTON greets them.

KINGSTON  
My wife is with her. And her Aunt,  
Lady Shelton.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
How is she?

Kingston looks uneasy.

KINGSTON  
Sometimes crying, sometimes  
laughing. There's something she  
said. I only mention it because...  
you told me to report everything  
she...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
Go on.

KINGSTON  
When I told her she would stay in  
the same chambers she had before  
her coronation she said "It's too  
good for me. Jesus have mercy on  
me."

Silence. Wriothesley looks at Cromwell, disturbed.



WRIOTHESLEY

(Hushed)

If she's not worthy it's because she's guilty. But what is it she's done? Jesus, is it something we haven't even imagined yet?

No-one answers.

ANNA'S CHAMBERS

LADY KINGSTON and Anne's Aunt, LADY SHELTON stand with Cromwell. Anne sits in the shadows. She shivers lightly.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Would you like your furs brought in?

ANNE BOLEYN

The Ermine. And I don't want these women. I want my own women.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Lady Kingston here is...

ANNE BOLEYN

Your spy.

THOMAS CROMWELL

... your hostess.

ANNE BOLEYN

Am I a guest then? Am I free to go?

THOMAS CROMWELL

And I didn't think you'd object to your own aunt.

ANNE BOLEYN

She has a grudge against me. All I hear is tutting.

LADY SHELTON

Do you expect applause?

ANNE BOLEYN

You won't speak in that way to me when I'm released. (To Cromwell) I don't know why the king is holding me here. I suppose it is some sort of test, isn't it?

She so obviously doesn't believe this that Cromwell doesn't answer.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I want to see my brother.

LADY SHELTON

That's a foolish demand in the circumstances.

ANNE BOLEYN

My father.

LADY SHELTON

Don't expect any help there. Thomas Boleyn looks after himself first and last. I should know, he's my brother.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Help the king. Unless he's merciful there's nothing you can do for yourself. But you can do something for your daughter Elizabeth. The more penitent you show yourself throughout this process...

ANNE BOLEYN

The *process*? What is this *process* to be?

THOMAS CROMWELL

The confessions of the gentlemen are now being compiled.

ANNE BOLEYN

The what?

LADY SHELTON

You heard him. They'll not lie for you.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The gentlemen will be tried together. You and your brother, being ennobled will be judged by your peers.

ANNE BOLEYN

You have no witnesses.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your ladies were intimidated by you, forced to lie for you. Now they're emboldened...

ANNE BOLEYN

(Scornful)

Oh, I'm sure they are. In the way Seymour is emboldened. Tell her from me, God sees her tricks.

Cromwell gets up to leave.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

No!

She touches his arm, detaining him, her voice suddenly small.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Just tell me... you don't believe  
these stories against me, do you? I  
know in your heart you don't? Do  
you, Cromwell?

Cromwell feels suddenly, giddily, on the edge of something,  
of pain, of pity...

He touches the small hand on his arm, turns to face her,  
hesitates...

Then Anne raises both her hands, clasps them to her bosom in  
the practised gesture of supplication. Queen Esther. A  
mimicry of innocence.

And the moment is gone.

Cromwell steps back, arms dropping to his side. Anne sees his  
face change, senses her blunder. She raises her hands, slips  
them around her own throat.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I've only a little neck. It'll be  
the work of a moment,

Cromwell begins to leave the room. Anne watches him go, her  
face hardening.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Oh Wyatt. Thomas Wyatt. When shall  
I see you here with me?

Cromwell stops in his tracks, sees Lady Kingston and Lady  
Shelton exchange a look. He walks on.

INT. WHITEHALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Cromwell and Rafe walk the corridor. He hears the sound of  
shouting, recognises Wyatt's voice and breaks into a run.

Around the corner he finds a knot of courtiers and servants  
gathered around Wyatt and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK who are yelling  
into each others' faces, close to blows. Cromwell charges  
through, pulling Wyatt back.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Shouting)

What in God's name are you doing?

Wyatt is still glaring at Suffolk.

THOMAS WYATT  
 (Panting)  
 Making peace.

Suffolk sneers at them both before stumping away, trailing his people.

THOMAS WYATT (CONT'D)  
 He's poisoning the king against me.  
 I told him he could get me killed.  
 Is that what he wants?

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 And?

THOMAS WYATT  
 (Disgusted)  
 It would seem it is.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 I asked you to come stay at my house, not go raging about in public, you fool.

THOMAS WYATT  
 My father told me to get to the king, stay with him day and night.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 You can't. The king is seeing no one.

He stares at Wyatt, coming to a decision.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 You have to go into the Tower.

Wyatt pales.

THOMAS WYATT  
 If I go in...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 Wyatt...

THOMAS WYATT  
 If I go in, I'll not come out.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 It's the only place you're safe. Once you're in the Tower you're in my hands alone. No one can question you without my permission. Rafe will escort you in, all done discreetly. I'll make sure you're treated well while you're there. Rafe? Tell the constable to do him all honour.

Rafe nods. Wyatt is still staring at Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
No friend of mine will suffer.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell is working on the indictments with Wriothesley and Riche. Gregory sits watching.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Reading)  
"Anne was alluring him with her tongue in the said George's mouth, and the said George's tongue in hers."

He tosses the paper down.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
Sounds less like an indictment and more like a conversation with Lady Rochford.

RICHARD RICHE  
Is Wyatt to be tried? Do we add him to the list?

Cromwell just gives him a look and the two hurriedly pick up the papers and prepare to leave.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
(Heavily)  
She wasn't admitting guilt.

They stop.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
Anne. When she said the quarters were too good for her. She was saying she wasn't worthy - because she's failed.

Beat. They bow and leave. Gregory looks at some of the papers left on the table, the names...

GREGORY  
I remember when we were at Wolf Hall and Weston insulted you, and Rafe and I pretended to throw him out of the window. But I wouldn't... I wouldn't really have wanted to kill him.

Cromwell stares at his tender son.

EXT. WESTMINSTER HALL - DAY

The four men are brought out of their trial into the uproar of the crowds outside. As they emerge the guards lining the entrances way reverse their halberds, the sharp axe heads now pointing at them, denoting their guilty verdict.

Cromwell stands watching. Some of the Poles emerge, Carew beside them. Margaret Pole treats Cromwell to her usual look of disgust as she passes. Carew joins him.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

All of them found guilty. All of them saying they're sorry. Although only Smeaton says for what. Some are amazed to hear that queen should have stooped so low. But it's well known that heretics have no natural limits, no fear of the law of God. Henry will learn harsh lessons from this. Perhaps the Pope will pity him, and take him back.

THOMAS CROMWELL

And I?

Carew looks at him uncertainly.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

Oh, well, you, Cromwell...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beaming)

I'll be your prodigal son. The sheep that was lost.

They watch the prisoners being pushed through the crowd for a moment.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

We want Wyatt.

Cromwell continues to watch the men, expression unchanged.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No you don't. (Beat) I know what everyone has, Sir Nicholas. I know what they can afford. And not just in cash. Tell your friends, if they cross me in this, I'll make sure that Wyatt comes at a price that none of you will want to pay.

He walks off. Carew glares after him.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - GREAT HALL - DAY

A court has been erected in the great hall: a platform for the judges and peers, some more benches at the sides, although the vast mass of spectators stand, crowding in.

Norfolk presides, Audley at his right, the line of voting nobility to his left, HARRY PERCY amongst them.

Anne is brought in. She's wearing scarlet and black.

INT. WOLF HALL - DAY

A solemn Jane Seymour is brought to her mother, Lady Margery, by Edward Seymour. She's wearing the half-moon head dress that Anne has made so fashionable. Her Mother stares at her critically. She begins to attack the headdress.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - GREAT HALL - DAY

Cromwell is prosecuting. His manner is calm, dry, mechanical.

THOMAS CROMWELL

... you said that when the king was dead, you would choose one of these men to be your husband, but you can't say which yet. Did you say that?

Anne shakes her head.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You must answer aloud.

ANNE BOLEYN

(A small, icy voice)

No.

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - GREAT HALL - LATER

The trial of a defiant GEORGE BOLEYN is underway.

GEORGE BOLEYN

(To Cromwell)

Read me your charges. Put them to me, one by one. The places. The dates.

He looks to the jury, a swagger of confidence. The odds have been placed at ten to one for his acquittal.

GEORGE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I'll confound you!

Cromwell stares back, unruffled to the point of indifference.

INT. WOLF HALL - DAY

Lady Margery has pulled free the headdress, leaving Jane looking naked and pale in her white cap. She begins to try to untie the cap's strings.

ANNE'S TRIAL

The questioning is grinding on, charge after charge... Anne stares head, expression distant, existing in the little space they've left her.

ANNE BOLEYN

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Did you not affirm that you would never love the king in your heart?

ANNE BOLEYN

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Did you not, at various times and places, by kissing, touchings, and other infamous incitations induce Francis Weston to be your concubine?

ANNE BOLEYN

No.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Did you not make gifts of money to Francis Weston?

Anne hesitates.

ANNE BOLEYN

Yes.

A huge WHOOP from the crowd.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Silence! Silence!

Anne closes her eyes.

WOLF HALL

Exasperated by the knots, Lady Margery takes a small knife to the strings, cuts them free and drags the cap from Jane's head, her long hair falling free...



## GEORGE BOLEYN'S TRIAL

Cromwell hands George a piece of paper.

THOMAS CROMWELL

On this page are words the queen is said to have spoken to you, and which you in turn passed on. Do not read them aloud. Just tell the court, do you recognise them?

Boleyn takes the page, with a disdainful smile, reads, smirks, turns to the watching crowd.

GEORGE BOLEYN

(Loudly)

The king cannot copulate with a woman, he has neither skill nor vigour.

A miscalculation. He was hoping for laughter, to play to the crowd. Instead the huge hall is filled with a hiss of disapproval. Realising his mistake, George's face falls.

GEORGE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I didn't say... they're not MY words. I don't own them!

Cromwell walks towards the jury. As he passes George...

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Quietly)

You do now.

## WOLF HALL

Lady Margery is placing the box of a gable hood onto Jane's head, pushing down the WIRE FRAME onto her scalp. Jane endures the pain without a murmur.

## GEORGE'S TRIAL

The Clerk of the Court is asking for the sentence from the peers.

CLERK

How do you find the defendant?

There is a sudden commotion as HARRY PERCY stands, opens his mouth. Everyone stares at him in surprise. Silence. Then Percy pitches face forward onto the floor with a thud. Uproar. The Attorney General, beside Cromwell, leans forward to get a better look.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Harry Percy is dead!

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (Calmly)  
 No. Harry Percy is drunk.

He checks George who looks ready to collapse himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Someone help Lord Rochford into a  
 chair. He can hear his death  
 sentence sitting down.

#### ANNE'S TRIAL

Anne has been found guilty and Norfolk is reading the sentence.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
 ... having been found unanimously  
 guilty...

Uproar from the crowd.

SPECTATOR  
 Her own Uncle!

Norfolk glares out at them.

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
 (Bawling)  
 I'll do slaughter!

That has the desired effect.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)  
 (Continuing)  
 Thou shalt be burned here, within  
 the Tower, or else to have they  
 head smitten off as the king's  
 pleasure shall be further known...

Uproar now from the justices, one of whom leans over to remonstrate with Norfolk. Cromwell crosses to them.

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 What?

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
 This fellow says I've done it  
 wrong. I have to say burning  
 only...

THOMAS CROMWELL  
 (to Justice)  
 The phrasing is the kings, and  
 don't tell me what we can or can't  
 do, we've never tried a queen  
 before.

AUDLEY

(Amiably)

We're just making it up as we go along.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Finish what you were saying.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Uh...head smitten off, as the king's pleasure shall be further known of the same...

The rest of the sentence is lost under the buzz of excitement. Anne watches his lips move for a moment then looks at Cromwell. They hold each other's gaze.

WOLF HALL

Lady Margery holds up a glass for Jane to see the finished work, the stiff gable hood she is now wearing.

Jane stares at herself solemnly. As she watches a single DROP OF BLOOD runs from her pierced scalp and down her face.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - DAY

Cromwell walks towards the entrance and finds Chapuys waiting for him.

CHAPUYS

I thought you would be at the execution.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I've been at Lambeth, seeing that Anne is divorced, before she's killed.

CHAPUYS

Well, I hear it's done. George Boleyn took three blows, one for each of the rest. How is your heretic queen?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Brave as a lion, you'll be sorry to hear.

CHAPUYS

She's no lion. She's one of your London cats that sing on rooftops. Our friends were wondering when you were going to ride to the Princess Mary to assure her of your services?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Irritated)

I hope the princess and our friends will understand I'm fully occupied at the moment, bringing down a queen of England.

CHAPUYS

(amused)

I see you have no trouble calling her "the princess" now.

He laughs at Cromwell's expression.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

I look forward to many convivial evenings with you, my friend, once the concubine is dead and England at ease. (Beat) I hear your king sent for a French executioner. A swordsman from Calais. I wonder he doesn't drag her out into the street and strangle her himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Surprised)

When did he do this?

Chapuy's looks even more amused.

CHAPUYS

A week before the trial.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - EXECUTION SITE - DAY

Early morning. Quiet. A scaffold has been erected. Two hundred Yeoman beginning to assemble, sawdust being scattered... Cromwell enters the space, the first Official here. He begins to walk towards the scaffold...

LATER

The same site, now filled with crowds. Anne's procession emerges from Coldharbour Gate, Alderman and Officials followed by the guard. In the middle comes Anne with her LADIES. We find Cromwell amongst the spectators, Gregory on one side, Francis Bryan on the other.

GREGORY

Why does she keep looking behind her?

Cromwell almost can't bring himself to answer.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Because... she thinks there's still hope.

Anne reaches the steps and begins to climb...

EARLIER

The quiet of the square. Cromwell climbs the stairs, fascinated, aware this could have been built for his own execution. He stands staring out, imagining what Anne will see...

LATER

Anne stands in the same spot as her ermine is taken from her by her ladies.

In the crowd, Gregory is trembling slightly. Cromwell places a hand upon his arm.

Anne begins to speak. But her voice is too low. The crowd push forward to hear but all we catch are fragments "...pray for the king... a good, gentle and amiable and virtuous prince...."

FRANCIS BRYAN

Can't hear her. You'd think she'd speak up for her last words.

EARLIER

Cromwell turns and finds a young man watching him, the EXECUTIONER, well dressed. Cromwell examines the clothes, curious.

EXECUTIONER

(French accent)

So she will not be able to tell me from the other officials. To save her alarm. (Beat) You're Cromwell? They told me if I faint because she's so ugly, you'll pick up the sword and finish my work for me.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How will you do it?

EXECUTIONER

She kneels. There's no block.

LATER

Anne kneels, her Ladies moving around her, removing her hood, replacing it with a simple cap. As they do so, Anne catches a movement behind her and turns to see the Executioner emerging from anonymity. He bobs down, a symbolic gesture towards asking pardon, hands a folded cloth to one of the Ladies - Lady Kingston. Understanding, Lady Kingston blindfolds Anne with the strip. Anne gives a small mewl of distress as she loses sight of the world.

ANNE BOLEYN

Christ have mercy, Jesus have mercy...

EARLIER

Cromwell stares at the spot where Anne will kneel, imagining the scene. He kneels.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Show me.

EXECUTIONER

Her women should wrap her skirts around her when she kneels. That way if she falls back, she won't show off what so many gentlemen have already seen.

Cromwell considers the man, but doesn't reprove him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Then what?

EXECUTIONER

I come by surprise.

LATER

The Executioner slips off his shoes and pads silently towards Anne, sword in hand. She raises a nervous hand to a stray hair that has escaped the cap. Cromwell watches from the crowd

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Softly)

Put your arm down... put your arm down...

EARLIER

The Executioner takes the sword from under the straw.

EXECUTIONER

Like this...

LATER

The Executioner curves to one side of Anne...

EXECUTIONER

Fetch my sword!

Anne's head whips around in the direction of the voice, but the Executioner is already silently, impossibly, on her other side, sword raised...

EARLIER

The Executioner is behind Cromwell, sword raised.

EXECUTIONER

If she is steady it will be done in a moment. Between heart beats. *If* she is steady.

Cromwell stands, takes the sword from the executioner, hefts the weight.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I can answer for her.

He brings the sword down...

LATER

The blade cuts through. Anne's head is loose and rolling and her tiny body is falling and the blood is pumping endlessly out onto the platform.

A single audible sigh escapes the crowd.

The Executioner turns away. His Assistant approaches the body but suddenly Anne's ladies are around her, blocking his way.

LADY IN WAITING

(Fiercely)

We do not want men to handle her.

IN THE CROWD an unaffected Weston smiles.

FRANCIS BRYAN

(Softly)

A little late for that. Right. Off to tell the Seymours it's done.

And he's off, threading through the crowd with his news. Cromwell watches as the Ladies lift the corpse into a makeshift coffin, an elm chest, recently emptied of arrows. One of them receives Anne's head, swaddled in cloth, lays it at the corpses feet. Then they raise the chest and walk stiffly away, their dresses soaked black in Anne's blood.

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS - STUDY - EVENING

Cromwell sits writing. Richard and Rafe are with him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Richard, take this to the Tower and have Kingston release Wyatt. It's safe for him to come out again.

He hands him the letter. Richard studies Cromwell's face, sees something there he isn't used to.

RICHARD

If she'd lived longer she would have given us to the dogs to eat.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Blandly)

If we'd let her reign longer, we'd have deserved it.

Richard leaves as Wriothesley comes in - all jittery energy, holding a letter.

WRIOTHESLEY

"Lord Cromwell!" I just heard.  
"Lord Cromwell of Putney!"

THOMAS CROMWELL

Wimbledon. I couldn't say Lord Putney without laughing. (Of the letter) From Gardiner?

WRIOTHESLEY

Demanding to know what's happened. Apparently the French court is saying she had a hundred lovers. King Francois is highly amused.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Tell him what he needs to know. Or a little less.

Wriothesley is staring at him in open admiration.

WRIOTHESLEY

It's wreckage, sir. All the other players gone. (Beat) If I could... if you would let me... just *watch* you.



Cromwell pours a glass of wine, doesn't answer.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)

And *help* you, of course. The old families, the Poles, the Courtenays, Carew... They say you're to serve them now, that you owe them.

Cromwell hands Wriothesley the wine.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'll make sure they're paid. But for now - drink my health.

LATER

Cromwell stands at the window watching Wriothesley leave below. Rafe watches him.

RAFE

(Quietly)

Did it have to be this way? Could we have managed it with less bloodshed?

THOMAS CROMWELL

(Beat)

I'll tell you what I've learnt, Rafe. When diplomacy and compromise have failed, when you're only course is to destroy your enemy, then before he wakes in the morning... have the axe in your hand.

RAFE

(Beat)

"All the other players gone." The problem is - that leaves you in plain sight of Henry.

Cromwell turns to look at him.

INT. GREENWICH - MORNING

TRACKING with Cromwell as he walks towards the king's chamber.

EXT. GARIGLIANO RIVER - ITALY - DAY - **THE PAST**

The river bank. We are tracking in on a little knot of men - SOLDIERS. A low sun bleaches the frame. Something almost DREAMLIKE about the scene.

We close on a FIGURE at the centre of the knot. We can't see his face but this is a younger THOMAS CROMWELL. He's holding something in one hand.

INT. GREENWICH - MORNING

TRACKING CROMWELL as he passes through the anterooms, heads towards the doors...

EXT. GARIGLIANO RIVER - ITALY - DAY - **THE PAST**

CLOSER on the Young Cromwell. We see he holding a SNAKE. The German Mercenaries around him are counting the seconds...

SOLDIERS  
(Chanting)  
Eins...zwei..drei..

INT. GREENWICH - MORNING

Cromwell passes through the doors and there's Henry - his back to us, at the far end of the room. He turns, looks at us, breaks in to a beaming smile, starting towards us...

EXT. GARIGLIANO RIVER - ITALY - DAY - **THE PAST**

The SNAKE, writhing and coiling in Cromwell's tight grasp.

SOLDIERS  
...vier...funf...sechs...sieben....

INT. GREENWICH - MORNING

Henry is almost upon Cromwell, the arms flung open to embrace...

EXT. GARIGLIANO RIVER - ITALY - DAY - **THE PAST**

The soldiers are still chanting.

SOLDIERS  
...acht...neun...

Then the SNAKE moves to bite...

SNAP TO BLACK.

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