

THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT

EPISODE 1

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

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TITLE CARD 1

It's 1536. England is in uproar. Henry VIII has broken with the Pope in Rome and overturned a thousand years of religion in his small kingdom, all so he can be parted from his first wife Katherine and marry Anne Boleyn.

TITLE CARD 2

But Anne has failed to provide England with a male heir. So, Henry instructs Thomas Cromwell, son of a blacksmith and now his principal adviser, to concoct treason charges against her.

Anne is taken to the Tower of London to await execution, while Henry prepares to marry his third wife: Jane Seymour.

1 EXT. RIVER, APPROACHING THE TOWER OF LONDON - DAWN 1

OPENING TITLES AND MUSIC BEGIN.

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 31A: Dawn. A river barge being ROWED towards the Tower. THOMAS CROMWELL is escorting ANNE BOLEYN to her place of execution. He watches the Queen in silence - her fear, her attempt to retain some dignity. She looks up. The ancient stone fortress rears above them.

2 INT. KING'S BED-CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAWN 2

THE PRESENT: FIND KING HENRY VIII, seated by a large window in his magnificent bed-chamber at Hampton Court Palace. He is wearing an imposing, fur-lined dressing robe, his eyes still heavy with sleep. An ESQUIRE combs his hair carefully while PHYSICIANS hover. A BARBER/SURGEON snips cautiously at his beard. RAFE SADLER waits close by, observing. Cromwell's ward and long-time confidante, he is now a member of the King's inner circle.

3 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY 3

MEMORY (NEW MATERIAL - recreation of Episode 106 Scene 67): Waiting with the CROWD by the scaffold, Cromwell suddenly turns. His son GREGORY, standing beside him, does likewise.

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 67: Anne Boleyn descending the steps behind them, accompanied by her LADIES-IN-WAITING. Cloaked in black edged with ermine, she repeatedly looks up at the tower above her as she distributes alms to the waiting POOR.

MEMORY (NEW MATERIAL - recreation of Episode 106 Scene 67):

3 CONTINUED:

3

GREGORY

Why does she keep looking up at the tower?

CROMWELL

Because she thinks there's still hope.

4 INT. KING'S BED-CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

4

THE PRESENT: Henry stands, deep in thought, as his hose are attached to his doublet with points (ties) by ESQUIRES.

Henry's skirted jerkin is lowered into place. Rafe begins to fasten it at the centre-front. Henry makes no acknowledgement of any kind.

5 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY

5

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 71: Anne kneels while her women unpin her headdress, replace it with a simple cap.

6 INT. KING'S BED-CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

6

THE PRESENT: Henry stands while his belt is tied into place. A knife in its ornate leather scabbard hangs from it, alongside a bejewelled pouch.

Rafe steps forward with the King's vast surcoat.

TITLE CARD: "WOLF HALL: THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT"

7 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY

7

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 71: CLOSE on Anne, trying to fight down the panic as a blindfold is positioned across her eyes.

ANNE BOLEYN

Christ have mercy. Jesu receive my soul.

8 INT. KING'S BED-CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

8

THE PRESENT: The final stage. An esquire secures the King's collar chain and medallion, offers hat and gloves. Henry stares at his reflection in the mirror. His various outer layers have transformed him into a monumentally intimidating presence.

Rafe approaches with a velvet-lined jewel box. Henry selects a brooch, rings.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

Finally, as Rafe slides a ring into place on his hand, Henry turns from his reflection, acknowledges Rafe minutely.

9 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY 9

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 73: TIGHT on blindfolded Anne, her terrified breathing loud in our ears. The watching crowd gasps as the EXECUTIONER reveals the sword. Anne turns...

10 INT. CLOISTER CORRIDOR, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 10

THE PRESENT: TRACK with Henry as, flanked by Rafe and his ENTOURAGE of LORDS and KNIGHTS, he walks along a brightly lit corridor. His gait suggests the injury he sustained at the joust in Season 1 still causes him pain.

11 INT. QUEEN'S CHAPEL, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 11

The King's party enters a small chapel reserved for the Queen's use. JANE SEYMOUR, dressed simply in pale 'cloth-of-silver', awaits him. With her stand ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, EDWARD SEYMOUR, (her brother), and other NOBLES.

12 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY 12

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 75/77: The Executioner leaps to the right.

EXECUTIONER
(In French)
A porter l'épée!

Blindfolded Anne turns again. The Executioner leaps back to the left, raising the sword in one fluid motion.

MEMORY (NEW MATERIAL - recreation of Episode 106 Scene 77): ON CROMWELL as Anne is beheaded, (off-camera), with a swift stroke. The crowd makes the sign of the cross. Cromwell's hand moves to follow but he resists, instead forming a loose fist. Gregory notices.

13 INT. QUEEN'S CHAPEL, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 13

THE PRESENT: As Cranmer looks on, Henry slides an elaborate ring onto Jane's gloved finger. He smiles tenderly. Jane smiles back, enigmatic as ever. Edward Seymour beams his delight.

14 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY

14

FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 77: The feet of Anne's ladies-in-waiting, as they lift the headless cadaver out of the gore, lower it into the adjacent arrow chest. They stare at their bloodied hands, horrified. One stoops, wraps the small head in cloth...

MEMORY (NEW MATERIAL - recreation of Episode 106 Scene 77): ON CROMWELL, knowing this image will stay with him.

MUSIC AND OPENING TITLES END.

15 EXT. COURTYARD/GATE, THE TOWER - DAY

15

THE PRESENT: TRACK with Cromwell across an ancient stone courtyard at the Tower, towards an arched gate. Rafe is there, waiting with his horse. He is dusty from the road, having just ridden from Hampton Court.

RAFE
(Sombre)
Done?

CROMWELL
Done.

Rafe waits, expecting more.

Rafe grasps the bridle ready to remount, then turns:

RAFE
Did it have to be this way? So
bloody.

CROMWELL
When negotiation and compromise
fail and your only course is to
destroy your enemy, before they
wake in the morning, Rafe, have the
axe in your hand.

Rafe thinks about this.

RAFE
Any message for the King?

CROMWELL
No message. Back to your new
master.

ON CROMWELL, watching as the young man rides away. He misses Rafe, dear to him as a son.

16	OMITTED	16
17	OMITTED	17
18	OMITTED	18
19	OMITTED	19
20	OMITTED	20
21	INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY	21

THE PRESENT: FIND Cromwell, now seated at his desk. The servants have departed, leaving the room still and quiet. Papers are open in front of him on the desk but he stares into the middle distance, deep in thought. He looks down. He is twisting the turquoise ring on his finger.

CROMWELL

The King has married again.

WOLSEY (O.C.)

Good.

Cromwell smiles, looks up. CARDINAL WOLSEY stands at the window, gazing out. Dressed in his customary red, he appears surprisingly well for a man who has been dead for nearly 6 years.

WOLSEY (CONT'D)

Marriages work better than wars.
If you want a kingdom, write a
poem, pick some flowers, put on
your bonnet and go wooing.

(Then)

You're not wearing this, are you?

Wolsey is fingering an orange tawny garment, arrayed on a stand by the window.

CROMWELL

I'm not going to go before the
bridegroom in mourning.

WOLSEY

When I was alive, my people wore
orange tawny. The King may not
like to be reminded.

CROMWELL

Well, if he doesn't, he can tell me
to take it off.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

INSERT WOLSEY'S POV OUT THE WINDOW: Wriothesley, hurrying towards them through the extensive grounds.

WOLSEY

You keep that man Wriothesley close.

More a question than a statement.

CROMWELL

I know where I am with 'Call-Me'. He got started with your friend, Stephen.

Wolsey stares at Cromwell.

WOLSEY

Gardiner, my old enemy.

CROMWELL

Now he can't decide where to put his money. You can calculate the actions of a man like that.

The door opens and Wriothesley hurries in.

WRIOTHESELEY

A letter for you, sir. It's just arrived.

He holds out the LETTER, watches greedily as Cromwell opens it, briefly scans its contents.

WRIOTHESELEY (CONT'D)

It's from her, isn't it? The Princess Mary...

(Corrects himself)

The, the Lady Mary, the princess as was. I recognise the hand.

(Beat)

What does she want?

Cromwell folds the letter and slips into an inside pocket. He looks to the window where Wolsey was. He's gone.

CROMWELL

This letter... it never came. You never saw it. Do you understand?

Wriothesley nods, dying of curiosity.

22 OMITTED

22

23 OMITTED

23

24	OMITTED	24
25	OMITTED	25
26	OMITTED	26
27	INT. KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY	27

Tudor England in all its ostentatious finery, gathered to celebrate the King's wedding. And, seated on the throne at the still centre of the throng of COURTIERS - Henry the King, resplendent in a coat of green velvet studded with diamonds. He faces us - magnificent, imposing. Rafe stands quietly in the background alongside him while, off to one side, a group of MUSICIANS play.

TRACK with Cromwell as, accompanied by Gregory and Richard Cromwell and wearing his orange tawny coat, he makes his way through the crowd. Wriothesley falls in alongside them.

WRIOTHESELEY
(Low, urgent)
Sir Geoffrey Pole wants to meet
you, sir. Shaould I say yes?
(Beat)
I think you ought?

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Geoffrey Pole, standing to one side with OTHERS, staring at him.

CROMWELL
I don't come when I'm whistled,
'Call-Me'.

INSERT POV OF HENRY: seen through the crowd, talking to Norfolk.

GREGORY (O.C.)
I'm trying to tell from his
expression how the wedding night
went.

ON Gregory.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I only mean they... They say the
King needs a lot of...
encouragement. And Jane Seymour
always looks so... serious.

CROMWELL
(Correcting)
The Queen... The Queen.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

GREGORY

The *Queen*. I wouldn't be surprised if she spent the night lying under the bed, praying.

CROMWELL

Right. I'll go and see if he managed the deed, shall I?

He sets off.

28

INT. KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

28

Musicians continue. TRACK with Cromwell, through the crowd, to Henry - seated on the throne, Rafe nearby. Cromwell bows. Henry stares at Cromwell's unaccustomed attire for a beat but says nothing. He beckons him close. Norfolk gives Cromwell a cold look as he steps away.

HENRY

Such freshness. Such delicacy.
Such maidenly *pudeur*.

CROMWELL

I am happy for your majesty.

But Cromwell watches him closely - *has he managed the act?*

HENRY

I have come out of hell into heaven, and all in one night.

Inwardly relaxing, Cromwell exchanges a look with Rafe - that seems answer enough. He waits, sensing something else is coming.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The whole matter has been difficult and delicate and you have shown, Thomas, both expedition and firmness. I have hesitated to promote you because your grip is wanted in the House of Commons. But the House of Lords is equally unruly, and requires a master. So, to the Lords you shall go.

Cromwell bows low. *A Lord.*

CROMWELL

Majesty.

HENRY

Thomas Boleyn - father of the Queen that was. His office as Lord Privy Seal... You can do that now.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

Majesty.

Henry looks out across the room, his smile fading.

HENRY

My daughter Mary has sent me a letter. I don't recall giving her permission to write to me. Did you?

CROMWELL

I would not presume, Majesty.

HENRY

She has not written to you?

If Cromwell is thinking of the letter sitting in his pocket, he doesn't show it.

CROMWELL

No, sire.

The pale gaze slides to him and then back to the gathering.

HENRY

She seems to entertain expectations about her future as my heir. As if she believes Jane will fail in giving me a son.

CROMWELL

The Queen will not fail you, sir.

HENRY

Your son, Gregory - does he defy you?

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Richard Cromwell and Gregory, talking to Wriothesley.

CROMWELL

No, sir.

HENRY

Nor should any dutiful child. Yet my daughter, Mary, refuses to take the oath and acknowledge me as head of the church. I will not tolerate this defiance. Not from a child to whom I gave life.

CROMWELL

She loves you, majesty. She loves you. I will convince her to take the oath.

28 CONTINUED:

28

Henry studies him thoughtfully.

HENRY

Do you sleep at nights, Crumb?

Cromwell is taken aback - a question without a straight-forward answer.

CROMWELL

Eh?

HENRY

You bear a burden of work no other man has carried.

CROMWELL

Huh...

HENRY

I sometimes wonder where you come from.

CROMWELL

Putney, majesty.

Henry smiles.

29 INT. OUTER ROOMS/QUEEN'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 29

TRACK with Cromwell through outer rooms, into the Queen's privy chamber. Jane is there, Jane is there, surrounded by her LADIES - including the King's niece, LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS and her friend MARY FITZROY. Also present are Jane's mother, LADY MARGERY SEYMOUR, and her brother Edward.

CROMWELL

Your grace.

JANE

Master Secretary. Would you er... would you like to kiss my hand? Or... anything...

Cromwell kneels, takes the proffered hand, kisses the emerald she wears. With her other hand, with her stubby little fingers, Jane momentarily brushes his shoulder. Lady Margery steps forward, dismisses Jane's retinue with a flick of a hand. They retire a few steps.

30 INT. CLOISTER CORRIDOR/PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 30

Musicians continue. TRACK with Cromwell as he escorts Jane and her entourage into the King's Presence Chamber. The room falls silent. The COURTIERS part for her, staring.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Henry stands, stretches out his arms and, when he has her, kisses her full on the mouth. The assembled court applauds and stamps. All's right with the world again.

Cromwell catches Rafe's eye, then turns back the way he came.

31 INT. CLOISTER CORRIDOR/PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 31

Musicians continue. FIND Cromwell, waiting with Richard Cromwell in the Cloister Corridor, as music and animated conversation continue in the Presence Chamber beyond.

Rafe approaches, careful not to be observed.

CROMWELL

I've asked 'Call-Me' to go to Hunsdon to talk the Lady Mary into sense. Can you go with him? If the King will spare you?

Rafe doesn't look too happy about this.

RAFE

Should you not go yourself?

Cromwell considers. He has been wrestling with exactly this question.

CROMWELL

Not yet. You must go first.

(Then)

Don't let 'Call-Me' try to frighten her. It won't work. She's brave, like her mother. And remember everything she says, Rafe. Everything. In fact, as soon as you leave the room write it down. Yes?

Rafe nods. Wriothesley is approaching. Eventually, Rafe nods briefly and turns away, crossing with Wriothesley.

WRIOTHESELEY

(Alarmed)

Pole. Geoffrey Pole is coming.

Almost immediately, Sir Geoffrey Pole is there.

GEOFFREY POLE

We should meet.

CROMWELL

Well, that would honour me, Sir Geoffrey.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

GEOFFREY POLE
Come out to my house at Lordington.

CROMWELL
Come to me. I'm busy.

Sir Geoffrey can hardly believe his ears.

GEOFFREY POLE
(Furious)
My *friends* expect-

CROMWELL
(Over)
Oh, you can bring your friends.

Sir Geoffrey moves closer, blocking Cromwell's way.

GEOFFREY POLE
We made a bargain with you,
Cromwell. We expect Mary to be
restored to the succession.

CROMWELL
Hmm.

Cromwell shoves Pole aside.

Pole looks startled at the ease with which Cromwell moves him to one side. Cromwell walks on, Richard Cromwell and Wriothesley closing around him like a shield.

31A INT. CLERKS' ROOM/CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 31A*

TRACK with Cromwell into the quiet of his study. Richard follows, closing the door behind them. Cromwell opens his orange tawny coat, pulls a concealed KNIFE from a pocket by his heart, places it on his desk. Richard looks surprised, even alarmed.

RICHARD CROMWELL
Still? Even now?

CROMWELL
Especially now.

RICHARD CROMWELL
Well at court I can't imagine a
circumstance in which you'd use it.

Richard waits to see if Cromwell will say more. But he has already picked up some papers from his desk, started reading. Richard turns to go.

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

CROMWELL

It's because I can't imagine a circumstance that I need it. Go and find Chapuys. My compliments to him. May I give him supper? Tell him I have a ravenous appetite for diplomacy.

Richard nods, exits.

32 OMITTED

32

33 INT. BACK CORRIDOR/GREAT HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

33

TRACK WITH SERVANTS as they carry plates of eels into the Great Hall at Austin Friars - some salted in an almond sauce, some baked with the juice of an orange.

EUSTACHE CHAPUYS, the Emperor's Ambassador, sits at the table, with Cromwell. Chapuys stares at the eels as they are loaded onto his plate, his distaste evident.

CHAPUYS

(French accent)

It was very interesting. I thought your new Queen looked well enough.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

CHAPUYS

For a plain woman.

CROMWELL

Ah-hmmm.

CHAPUYS

While the King is in this merry mood, press him to name the Princess Mary as his heir.

CROMWELL

Pending, of course, a son by his new wife. And it is *Lady Mary*. She is no longer to be termed Princess, as you know Ambassador.

Chapuys inclines his head slightly in acknowledgement.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

In this merry mood, there's a Papal bull of excommunication hanging over my master.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

No King can live like that,
threatened in his own realm. Ask
the Emperor to speak to the Pope.

CHAPUYS

All Europe is keen to heal the
breach. Let the King approach Rome
in a spirit of penitence, and undo
the legislation that has separated
your country from the universal
church. As soon as that is done,
His Holiness will be pleased to
welcome back his lost sheep.

CROMWELL

Along with the revenues owed, I
imagine? With interest paid for
the missing years?

CHAPUYS

(A shrug)

Hmm. I suppose the normal banking
rules will apply.

CROMWELL

I see. So... prepare Lady Mary for
rule, foreswear the gospel, embrace
the Pope...

CHAPUYS

Mmm.

CROMWELL

... bow the knee to idols and undo
everything we've done for the last
four years? And what shall I do,
in these brave new days? I mean
me, personally?

CHAPUYS

Hmm. Perhaps, back to the smithy?

CROMWELL

I think I've lost the blacksmith's
art, but I can still swing a
hammer. Now listen to what I have
to say. Mary believes Boleyn's
execution means her father will
welcome her back to court.
Disillusion her, or I will. She
must take the oath of obedience.

CHAPUYS

Let me be exact about what you ask
of her. She must recognise
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

that her mother's marriage was of no effect and she must swear to uphold the child of a woman...

CROMWELL

Old Bishop Fisher refused to take the oath and Henry executed him. Thomas More refused it and he too is shorter by a head.

CHAPUYS

Henry will not kill his own daughter!

CROMWELL

Oh, really? Who knows what Henry will do.

CHAPUYS

I do not understand you, Cremuel. Why are you not afraid? You should be afraid. You are quite alone in this world. You have Henry's favour, it's true, but if he withdraws it? You know the Cardinal's fate. And you have no affinity, no great family at your back, for - when all is said - you are a blacksmith's son. Your whole life depends on the next beat of Henry's heart, on his smile or frown. He wanted to be free of La Anna, but to grant him his wish, what a picture you put in the minds of all Christian men! The Queen of England on her back with her skirts hauled up: "Come one, come all!" Perhaps he will not forgive you, *mon cher*, for exposing him to this ridicule.

33A

INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

33A

Later. FIND Cromwell, sitting in the candlelight, writing in an elegantly bound book, open on the desk in front of him.

WOLSEY (O.C.)

Never enter a contest of wills with the King. Don't try to flatter him. Instead, give him something for which he can take credit.

Cromwell pauses, looks up. The shade of Wolsey stands by the window, staring out into the night.

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

33A

WOLSEY (CONT'D)

Henry hates ingratitude; he hates disloyalty. He will give half his kingdom rather than be baulked. He refuses to be cheated of any part of his will.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

Cromwell resumes writing. Wolsey is becoming distracted by Cromwell's note-taking.

WOLSEY

He doesn't want people who say, 'No, but....'. He wants people who say, 'Yes, and....' What are you writing?

CROMWELL

It's a record of what I've learned. How to read the King, how to anticipate him...

WOLSEY

Ah. Oh... a 'Book Called Henry'!
(Then)

A dangerous thing to leave lying around.

CROMWELL

I won't leave it lying around.

Wolsey chuckles to himself. Then, resuming:

WOLSEY

Oh, never let Henry know he needs you. He doesn't like to think he has incurred a debt to a subject. And don't turn your back on him. This is not just a matter of protocol...

Cromwell smiles, writes on.

34 OMITTED

34

35 OMITTED

35

36 OMITTED

36

37 OMITTED

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38	OMITTED	38
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45	OMITTED	45
46	OMITTED	46
47	OMITTED	47
48	OMITTED	48
49	OMITTED	49
50	EXT. BASE COURT, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY	50

TRACK with Cromwell as he strides purposefully across the outer courtyard at Hampton Court. Rafe and Wriothesley separate themselves from the throng of COURTIERS drinking at the wine fountain and fall in beside him. They have been waiting for him.

CROMWELL

So, how did our Lady Mary look?

RAFE

Uh... ill.

WRIOTHESELEY

(Upset)

Never send me there again! Sir,
the house, it was full of the
Poles.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)

They boasted that you were nought,
 that Mary was returning to court,
 that the Pope would be restored and
 the world put to rights again!

When we went in, we... we greeted
 her as Lady Mary, but she was
 enraged. She demanded the title of
 princess, and that we should kneel
 to her.

(Then)

She says she'll never take the
 oath. She cannot accept her father
 as head of the Church.

Cromwell looks to Rafe, hoping for a more reasoned report.

RAFE

I don't think she's as strong in
 her resolve as her people think.

CROMWELL

No?

RAFE

She did ask, "Why does the Lord
 Privy Seal not come himself?" It's
 as if she's waiting for you, sir,
 so she can tell all of Europe you
 enforced her. She can take the
 oath and it be no blame to her.

CROMWELL

Something else?

RAFE

The King has received a letter from
 Rome, from Reginald Pole. He just
 stared at it as if it came hot from
 the pit and signed by the devil. I
 do not know what it contains.

Cromwell walks on.

CROMWELL

I do.

51 INT. KING'S INNER PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 51

OPEN on the King's hand, resting heavily on a BOOK.

HENRY

Pole. His book has come, out of
 Italy. My cousin, my trusted kin.
 I paid for his studies. I funded
 him to travel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

HENRY (CONT'D)

How can he sleep at night? The one thing I cannot endure is ingratitude, disloyalty!

Cromwell stares at the book but Henry keeps his hand firmly on it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

He claims that for the whole of my reign I have plundered my subjects and dishonoured the nobility. And that if I will not take England back to Rome and bow before the Pope, he exhorts the Emperor to invade and my own subjects to rise up and murder me!

Cromwell feigns surprise and shock.

CROMWELL

It must strike your majesty that such a rising cannot only be *against* somebody, but must also be *for* somebody.

HENRY

Of course. But you see how it all works together? Pole exhorts Europe to take arms against me and, at the very same hour, my own daughter defies me. The Pole family schemes to marry him to Mary and put him on the throne!

CROMWELL

Lady Mary regards your majesty's favour more than any bridegroom. She will comply.

HENRY

So you say! But then you always defend her.

CROMWELL

She is young, your majesty. She's a young woman. These people who call themselves her supporters, they take advantage of her. I don't believe she can fully comprehend their schemes.

HENRY

No, I lived with her mother for twenty years and I can tell you, she could fully comprehend any scheme.

(CONTINUED)

51

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51

Henry turns to the window, a silhouette.

CROMWELL

What should I do for you, sir?

HENRY

There is an exchange of letters
between Mary and Pole. I know it.
Find them.

Cromwell bows to the King's back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And find out if Margaret Pole knew
about her wretched son's book.

Henry turns to face Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I want him back here from Italy.
Promise what you like. Assure him
what you like. I want to look him
in the eye.

Cromwell bows low.

52

INT. KING'S OUTER PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 52

TRACK with Cromwell into the King's outer privy chamber.
Wriothesley is waiting.

WRIOTHESELEY

You had a warning of it. Pole's
book.

CROMWELL

I've been watching Reginald Pole
for a year. I still have friends
in Italy.

WRIOTHESELEY

My God, no wonder you dealt so
boldly with the Poles! With this
card in your hand, you could bring
them down. The whole family.

CROMWELL

I could have brought them down two
years ago. Go back to Hunsdon.
Arrive without warning.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Search the house.

Wriothesley looks appalled. Mary is the very last person he
wishes to encounter again.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

If you find copies of letters
between the Lady Mary and Reginald
Pole - any of the Poles - bring
them to me.

(Then)

And me only, 'Call-me'. No copies
to our friend in France, Stephen
Gardiner.

Wriothesley looks hurt, acknowledges this.

Cromwell hurries on.

HARD CUT TO:

53

INT. SERIES OF ROOMS/DINING ROOM, HUNSDON HOUSE - DAY

53

...a noisy and vigorous SEARCH underway at Hunsdon House,
Mary's somewhat dilapidated home in exile. MEN dressed in
Cromwell's livery search cupboards, drawers, behind
tapestries and inside chests.

MAN

(barely audible)

I beg you, surely that's enough
now?

Any letters found are brought to the table in the dining room
where Wriothesley sits reading - surrounded by paperwork.
FIND Mary, standing to one side, watching with her custodian,
LADY SHELTON.

SEARCHER

(barely audible)

They all need to go on the fire.

SEARCHER 2

(barely audible)

Woolcott, please put that down.

Clearly livid, Mary turns, storms off.

Lady Shelton follows.

MAN

(barely audible)

I can't see how this is necessary.

MAN (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Gentlemen, please, not so roughly.

54 INT. STAIRCASE/LANDING, HUNSDON HOUSE - DAY 54

TRACK with Lady Shelton up stairs, along a landing, following her charge.

LADY SHELTON

Mary?

Mary enters a room, SLAMS the massive door shut behind her. The SOUND of a bolt closing. Lady Shelton tries the door.

LADY SHELTON (CONT'D)

Mary!

55 OMITTED 55

56 EXT. L'ERBER - DAY 56

TRACK with Cromwell towards the house at L'Erber.

GARDENER

(barely audible)

They all need to go on the fire!

That's it.

Cromwell gazes about him. The Poles are one of oldest noble families in England. GARDENERS are hard at work in their grounds.

CROMWELL (O.C.)

So, shall I tell the King that you repudiate him? Reginald?

57 OMITTED 57

58 INT. ORNATE ROOM, L'ERBER - DAY 58

FIND Cromwell standing in an ornate room at L'Erber. Margaret Pole is there - her hawk's profile bent over her needlework. Her son, Geoffrey Pole, lounges beside her.

GEOFFREY POLE

Repudiate? That is strong.

MARGARET POLE

Deprecate. You may say we deprecate his writings and are dismayed.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

I would suggest 'Astonished, struck by sorrow and frozen with horror, to find he belies his Prince, threatens him with invasion, tells him he is damned'.

MARGARET POLE

We helped you pull down the Boleyns when they were threatening your life. You owe us a debt.

CROMWELL

I owe you nothing, Madam. The obligation is entirely on the other side. And now I look for your aid to keep Mary in the land of the living, where I think she'll do most good. Even before this... this book arrived, she was in jeopardy through her own foolish pride. But now, because the King suspects she is complicit with this, her position is graver still. And it is your family, madam, that has put her in danger.

GEOFFREY POLE

I do not see, sir, what your interest is in this. If you save Mary, you cannot imagine she will favour you thereafter?

MARGARET POLE

Should she become Queen, then she will at once- (ensure that you...)

GEOFFREY POLE

(Quickly, over)

My lady mother...

MARGARET POLE

(Smiling)

Ahhh. The Treason Act. I see its tripwire. It is a crime now to envisage a future beyond the life of our present King.

CROMWELL

(To Geoffrey)

In past months you have spoken with the Emperor's man, Chapuys, and assured him that England is ready to rise against its King.

Geoffrey's languid smile finally slips.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

GEOFFREY POLE
That's quite untrue-

CROMWELL
(Over)
Don't interrupt me. The common law has ways to protect the realm from traitors, madam. I mean an act of attaingder, by which all property and lands are seized without need of trial.

Margaret is now very still. Her father died in this way.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Why don't you write a Lady to Lady Mary?

GEOFFREY POLE
(Sharp, condescending)
Saying what?

CROMWELL
(Equally sharp)
Saying what? Saying the King is to be obeyed.

GEOFFREY POLE
(Beat, then softer)
You'll carry it?

CROMWELL
Give it to your friend, Ambassador Chapuys. That way, the lady cannot say it's forged.

MARGARET POLE
You are a snake, Cromwell.

CROMWELL
Oh no. A dog, madam. And on your scent.

ON Margaret Pole observing him. She seems calm, despite the hostility of her words.

59 INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

59

The Council Chamber at Hampton Court. Henry moves gingerly to his place, under his canopy at the head of the table. He carries an ORNATE STICK, guarding his injured leg. Rafe walks just behind him, looking concerned but not attempting to help.

FIND the kneeling members of the PRIVY COUNCIL - watching.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

Following the merest flick of his hand, the Councillors rise and move to sit at the table. Rafe takes a seat off to the side.

HENRY

Today there is only one matter. The matter of my daughter. To be defied by her, to know that my own kin and cousins urge her on, to be reviled in my own house by that monster of ingratitude, Pole...

He stops himself. His voice is calm, but Cromwell knows the dangerous twitch of the mouth.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So I warn you, if I hear so much as one voice raised in support of that errant creature my daughter, I shall know I am hearing treason. I am taking advice. I have called in the judges to consider what is the best way to bring her to trial.

Fitzwilliam slaps a hand on the table.

FITZWILLIAM

Jesus save us! Your flesh and blood? I implore you, think before you do this. You... you will make yourself a monster in the sight of all.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

Pardon your old friend's plain speaking, majesty. We are all overwrought.

Henry is still staring at Fitzwilliam, his face rigid with pain.

HENRY

Fitzwilliam, take yourself out of the Council chamber before I have you taken out. My patience is not infinite, neither with you nor my daughter!

Fitzwilliam rises, moves to the door. He stops when he reaches it, papers held to his chest.

FITZWILLIAM

Some of us are trying to save you from yourself, Harry. You are flailing and injuring all about you, because Pole has insulted you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)

You reckon with your enemies, not your friends. That you should consider bringing your own daughter before a court... Because what then? I'll tell you now, she is guilty - what needs a judge? She will not swear the oath. She will say that she is not a bastard but a princess of England, and that you are no more head of the church than I am. And then what will you do? Cut off her head?

Cromwell rises from his place, moves towards Fitzwilliam.

Cromwell reaches Fitzwilliam, trips him off-balance and propels him backwards to the doors, which open smoothly.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)

(Struggling)
Hands off, Cromwell!

Cromwell attempts to drag the CHAIN OF OFFICE from his neck.

CROMWELL

(A hissed whisper)
Get out while you still have a head, you dolt!

Uncertain now if he is being assaulted or saved, Fitzwilliam yields the heavy chain. Cromwell shoves him backwards and the doors close. The others watch as Cromwell crosses back and clanks the chain down on the table. Henry stares at the chain.

HENRY

(Softly)
Oh, no. That won't do. Getting up a fight for my benefit, when I know you agree with him.

He looks up at them - the same calm voice, the same dangerous twitch of the mouth...

HENRY (CONT'D)

Mary knows what declaration I require of her. She has known since the oath was first framed. If she has entertained some notion that I will creep back to Rome, she is a greater fool than I thought her.

The cold gaze finally reaches Cromwell.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

HENRY (CONT'D)

So, good Privy Seal – as you love me and love my service – you will bring this matter to a conclusion. We will not come here to debate it again.

He levers himself upright as the Councillors drop to their knees. Rafe also rises, exchanging a concerned look with Cromwell as he and the King leave the room.

ON Cromwell, considering.

RICHARD RICHE

"Conclusion?" What does that mean?

EDWARD SEYMOUR

(Horrified fascination)

Christ, Cromwell. I think he wants you to kill her.

60

OMITTED

60

61

OMITTED

61

62

EXT. AUSTIN FRIARS - EVENING

62

A low sun edges pitch-dark cloud, intermittently lit from within by SHEET LIGHTNING. An illuminated window in the tower of Austin Friars shines out brightly against the darkening sky.

63

INT. STAIRCASE, AUSTIN FRIARS - EVENING

63

FIND Cromwell and Chapuys, climbing a staircase in Austin Friars. Occasional FLASHES illuminate the windows as they climb.

CROMWELL (O.C.)

Oh, I'm a dead man, Eustache. I'm in this matter so deep there is no going back.

64

INT. SITTING ROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

64

Chapuys stands at the oriel window, looking nervously out at the storm. Cromwell offers him a dish of strawberries.

CROMWELL

(Continuing)

I assured the King that Mary would comply.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

CHAPUYS

The Emperor will not suffer Mary to be mistreated. He will send ships.

CROMWELL

No, no. You know, and I know as well, come on, the Emperor in arms has no power to save Mary. Her case is urgent.

Chapuys selects a strawberry, frowns at it.

CHAPUYS

You eat these raw?

CROMWELL

We do.

CHAPUYS

We bake them in tarts.

Chapuys eats the strawberry, winces. Cromwell returns to his chair by the fire.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Mary expected to be embraced, without question, once Anne Boleyn came down.

CROMWELL

Then she doesn't know her father.

A loud rumble of thunder. Chapuys tries to conceal his anxiety.

CHAPUYS

How could she? She has been in prison for five years.

CROMWELL

Prison. She's been kept in great comfort.

CHAPUYS

For God's sake don't tell her that. Tell her she has suffered grievously, in case she feels she has not done enough. She boasts to me that she is not afraid of the axe.

CROMWELL

She doesn't want to live?

CHAPUYS

Not at any price.
(Then, more softly)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

It is her mother. I believe she vowed to Katherine she would never give way. Vows to the living may be set aside, with their permission. But the dead do not negotiate.

Another rumble of thunder. Chapuys looks at the night, uneasy. He turns, joins Cromwell by the fire, sits.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Only a fool stands in a tower during a lightning storm.

Cromwell takes out Mary's letter, hands it to Chapuys.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Er... What's this?

Chapuys opens and reads it.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Ah, it is Mary's hand.
(Shocked, reading)
Dear God. She calls you her chief friend in the world! Why?
(Looks up, annoyed)
Why does she call you her friend?
Something her mother told her. It can only be that.

He breaks off, his mind working.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Well, it seems to me that, if she trusts you so must I. Which is an unfortunate situation to be in.

CROMWELL

Why? All I ask is you advise that she be ruled by her father. The Pope will forgive her, if she submits to save her life. Tell her you have asked for absolution for her. Of course, when Anne Boleyn was alive, there was no chance that Henry would restore her to the succession. But now, if she obeys him in every particular...

CHAPUYS

(Surprised)

You are making her this offer?

CROMWELL

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

Tell her, if she ever is to compromise her conscience, now is the time, when she can do herself the most good.

CHAPUYS

It seems to me you are saying to her, 'You can live, but only as Cromwell permits'. 'You can reign even – but only through Cromwell's grace'.

CROMWELL

Explain it as you like.

A sudden flash of lightning. Chapuys shifts uneasily in his chair. He knows what Cromwell is doing, trying to unnerve him into acquiescing.

CHAPUYS

You brought me up here because you knew the storm was coming. Didn't you?

CROMWELL

Well, I like watching the sky.

(Then)

And tell her she need not sign the usual oath. I will compose a letter – as if from her to her father, I'll have it written out. I'll bring it to her myself. All she need do is sign it.

CHAPUYS

If this is discovered... You risk your life for her?

CROMWELL

(Continuing)

But tell her, if she does not give way now, if she will not sign the letter, she is dead to me. I shall never, never see her or speak to her again.

A beat. A further, sudden flash. Chapuys jumps, ashen.

65

OMITTED

65

66

EXT. GATEHOUSE, HUNSDON HOUSE - DAY

66

TRACK with Cromwell and Suffolk, as they approach the gatehouse on foot.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

Ahead, Norfolk and his half-brother, Thomas Howard the Lesser, are whispering together. Cromwell watches them as Suffolk chatters on.

SUFFOLK

Harry knows he did wrong. First he married his brother's wife, and then he had the misfortune to marry a witch. He knows very well what witches do - they shrivel your member and then you die. I've told him - majesty, don't brood on it. Fetch in the archbishop, discharge your conscience, and start again. You tell him. He'll take it from you. Whereas me - he thinks I'm a fool.

Waiting by the main entrance, Norfolk looks at them suspiciously.

CROMWELL

Come, my lord. The Howards are twitching. They want to know what we're talking about.

SUFFOLK

Huh. You're right. Norfolk doesn't trust you. He doesn't want you left alone with Mary.

66A

OMITTED

66A

67

EXT/INT. ENTRANCE HALL/DINING ROOM, HUNSDON HOUSE - DAY

67

TRACK with Cromwell, Norfolk, Thomas Howard the Lesser and Suffolk into the entrance hall. LADY SHELTON, Mary's Custodian, awaits them.

LADY SHELTON

My lord Norfolk and Suffolk...
(Warmly)
And Thomas Cromwell, at last.

She turns a colder eye on Norfolk.

LADY SHELTON (CONT'D)

May we hope your lordship will refrain from abusing the furnishings? The tapestry you rent was worth a hundred pounds.

NORFOLK

Was it so? I wouldn't use it to wipe my arse.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

NORFOLK (CONT'D)

Where's your husband? Never mind,
I'll find him myself.

(Shouts)

John! John Shelton!

(O.S.)

John! Where are you?

He sets off up the stairs accompanied by his brother.
Suffolk sheepishly follows.

CROMWELL

He attacked the tapestry?

LADY SHELTON

See for yourself.

TRACK with Cromwell into the bare and shabby dining room,
following Lady Shelton. Sure enough, one of the wall
tapestries in the room has been damaged, partially torn from
its hangings.

LADY SHELTON (CONT'D)

He tried to tear it down in his
fury. He threatened Lady Mary with
a beating if she would not comply.

CROMWELL

Well, you know what he is, Anne.
He speaks to a woman as if she were
a town wall and he has to breach
her.

Lady Shelton laughs.

LADY SHELTON

But I think it was a charade.

CROMWELL

A charade? Really? Norfolk?

LADY SHELTON

I do not think he wants Mary to
acquiesce, not really.

This surprises Cromwell.

CROMWELL

Why not?

LADY SHELTON

When Anne was alive, he could boast
that a Howard sat on the throne.
That's not a boast he liked to give
up.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

(CONTINUED)

LADY SHELTON

While Mary holds fast, he might still find another way to the throne. If Mary capitulates and Henry makes her heir, that hope is lost.

Cromwell thinks about this, remembers Norfolk plotting with his half-brother as they rode in.

Norfolk, Suffolk and Cromwell kneel before Mary in her down-at-heel privy chamber. She is slight and wan, her hair scooped with painful severity into a silken net.

MARY

Thomas Howard. I wonder you dare.

Norfolk glares back in surprise.

MARY (CONT'D)

My lord Suffolk, you have given no offence.

SUFFOLK

(Relieved)

Oh, in that case...

He starts to climb to his feet but a look from Cromwell and he subsides again.

MARY

(To Norfolk)

But you, you must think a woman a very feeble creature, if you expect her memory does not reach back a two-week.

Norfolk is about to respond but Suffolk intrudes, his voice unexpectedly lulling.

SUFFOLK

My sweet lady...

He pauses, not quite knowing what to add.

SUFFOLK (CONT'D)

Well... here's Cromwell. All will be right, now.

MARY

It will be right when my lord Norfolk makes it right!

(To Norfolk)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

MARY (CONT'D)

Would you use me as you do your
wife?

NORFOLK

What?

A grin creeps over his face.

MARY

(Blushing)

I mean, would you beat me?

NORFOLK

Who told you I beat my wife?
Cromwell, was it you?

MARY

You have no respect for any woman,
though she be set above you by God.
Go out of here. I want to speak
with Lord Cromwell alone.Suffolk gratefully gets up. Norfolk struggles, a foot
skidding out from under him. Suffolk moves to help.

SUFFOLK

Hold hard, Howard, here I am.

NORFOLK

(Beating him off)

Unhand me. It's cramp!

Cromwell steps behind him, grips his coat, double-handed, and
in one heave, sets him on his feet. Norfolk seethes
silently, then follows Suffolk from the room.

MARY

I hear you are Lord Privy Seal.
You are grown very grand, Lord
Cromwell. I suspect you were
always very grand, only we did not
see it. Who knows God's plan.

CROMWELL

I understand Monsieur Chapuys has
spoken to you.

MARY

Yes, Eustache offered me certain
advice.

CROMWELL

Which disappointed you.

MARY

Which surprised me.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

I hope brought home to you the
peril in which you stand.

MARY

He said, "Cromwell has used all the
grace that is in him. Risked all."
He said you feel the axe's edge.

(Then)

No other lord has spoken for me.
Not Norfolk, he would not. Not
Suffolk, he durst not. Not even
the Poles or the Courtenays. I
thought they would all say plain
what I know they believe and would
aid me to be restored in my
father's favour. But they...

She falters.

CROMWELL

They have left you to bear the
risk. They have practice in
scuttling into cover.

She looks at him fully for the first time.

MARY

(Ragged)

I have felt... so... alone...

She steps clumsily towards him, blunders into a low table,
upsetting a crystal jug. She stares at the shattered glass
at her feet, appalled.

MARY (CONT'D)

It was John Shelton's. He had it
of the Venetians.

CROMWELL

I will send him another.

Mary looks up at him, surprised.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You have put all your strength into
saying no. Now you must say yes.
Do you think only weak people obey
the law, because it terrifies them?
Do you imagine only weak people do
their duty, because they dare not
do other? The truth is far
different. In obedience, there is
strength and tranquillity. And you
will feel them. It will be like
the sun after a long winter.
Choose to live and you will thrive.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

A beat. Cromwell produces the letter from his pocket. Mary stares at it, horror-struck. Cromwell steps forward, hands it to her. Mary moves to the fireplace where a meagre fire burns. She sits, unrolls the letter, starts to read.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Don't read it.

He moves to a small table beside Mary's chair. On it are quill and ink. He lifts it and gently places it in front of her. We are reminded of the moment in Series 1 when Cromwell moved a chair for the younger Mary's comfort.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Then you can repudiate it later.
If you have to.

Mary stares up at him for a long beat. Eventually, she places the letter on the table before her, picks up the pen and signs, immediately pushes the paper away. Cromwell dries the ink with pounce, rolls the letter up in one easy movement.

MARY

I often think, why did I not die in the cradle or the womb, like my brothers and sisters? It must be that God has a design for me. Soon I too may be elevated, beyond what seems possible now.

ON Cromwell inwardly appalled: another of Henry's children hoping and planning for their father's early death.

CROMWELL

Well, the will of the heavenly Father is often obscure. The will of your earthly father is plain. Your resistance has... has injured him, it's made him ill.

MARY

I believe it. It has made me ill too.

Mary stands, turns from him, fumbles her cap free. She drags the pins from her hair, so it falls to her shoulders. Cromwell watches this act of intimacy, dumbfounded. Unaware, Mary kneads her temples.

MARY (CONT'D)

My scalp aches.

(Then)

I would give anything to ride again. They do not let me have a saddle horse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)

John Shelton is afraid that, if the country people see me, they will kneel to me and acclaim me as princess.

CROMWELL

I have a sweet dapple grey in my stables. She can be with you tomorrow. Her name is '*Douceur*' ('sweetness'). But you can change it if you like.

MARY

No. It is a good name.

Cromwell watches her as she drags at her hair, looking like a child.

CROMWELL

When you come back to court, you can have all your heart desires. The King has spoken to me about what he will give you.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Lady Mary. Lady Mary.

A beat. Then suddenly she's sobbing, hand to her mouth, swaying... Cromwell crosses, holds her as she keens, a single piercing note. Lady Shelton appears, taking in the scene in an instant.

LADY SHELTON

Mary, stop that noise. Let go of the Lord Privy Seal and put your cap on.

Mary's wail cuts off as Shelton gathers up the girl's hair briskly in her fist then, with a sound of exasperation, lets her go.

LADY SHELTON (CONT'D)

You... Aaah. I'll take you to Lady Bryan to put you to rights. Oh, blow your nose.

Cromwell steps back over the wreckage of glass and wine, takes in Mary's pale face, the flash once more of murderous rage in her eyes...

TRACK with Cromwell through the entrance hall and back into the dining hall. Norfolk is there, waiting with his brother and Suffolk.

69 CONTINUED:

69

NORFOLK
Cromwell? Did she sign?

Cromwell nods.

NORFOLK (CONT'D)
Show me.

Cromwell would prefer not to.

NORFOLK (CONT'D)
Show me!

Eventually, he pulls the document from his pocket, hands it to Norfolk. The Duke unrolls it, reads.

SUFFOLK
Well done, Crumb.

NORFOLK
No, no, this isn't right. It's...
it's not the official oath.

Cromwell retrieves the document.

CROMWELL
She recognises the King as supreme head, under Christ, of the church of England. She acknowledges her mother's marriage to have been incestuous under God's law and man's. What more do you want her to say?

Norfolk stares at Cromwell coldly for a beat. Then:

NORFOLK
What did you have to promise her?

CROMWELL
Nothing. Her father's love, nothing more.

Norfolk thinks about this.

70 INT. LONG GALLERY/GRAND CHAMBER, CHESTER PLACE - DAY

70

TRACK with Cromwell, through the Long Gallery of Chester Place, the London home of the Seymours. SERVANTS move to and fro, setting the table for a feast. Cromwell pauses to briefly check the elaborate preparations.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

CROMWELL
Another glass.

SERVANT
Yes, sir.
(to other servant)
Another glass at the head of the table.

TRACK ON with Cromwell into the adjacent room, a grand chamber. The King and Queen are there, Henry wearing white and gold, Jane white and silver. Rafe is with them, together with a group of COURTIERS. These include Lady Margery Seymour and Edward Seymour.

CROMWELL
She is ready, sire.

HENRY
This day has been long in coming.
You may conduct her to us, Lord Cromwell.

Cromwell bows low. His eyes meet Rafe's: his private, congratulatory smile.

71 INT. LOWER GALLERY, CHESTER PLACE - DAY

71

TRACK with Cromwell as he and Lady Shelton follow Mary and her LADIES in stiff and precarious procession along the Lower Gallery in Chester Place. Mary wears a dress of black and crimson. Lady Margaret Douglas bears her train.

LADY SHELTON
(Quietly)
We have done our best with her. In my opinion, a gentler hue would have flattered her complexion, but she wished to be as regal as possible.

CROMWELL
(Quietly)
I'm more concerned that she doesn't trip over her feet and land before her father in a heap.

Lady Shelton smiles. Mary stops, turns.

MARY
My lord Cromwell?

CROMWELL
My lady?

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

MARY

I forgot to thank you for the dapple grey. She is a gentle creature, as you promised.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

(Quietly)

Madam, the King is waiting!

Cromwell joins her.

MARY

Lord Cromwell sent me a pretty mount from his own stable. Her name was *Douceur*. It is a good name, but I have renamed her. I have called her Pomegranate. It was my mother's emblem.

Lady Shelton closes her eyes, as if in pain. Mary leans in, eyes averted, speaks so only Cromwell can hear:

MARY (CONT'D)

I am bound to you now, Lord Cromwell. I am bound to pray for you during my life.

A beat, then Mary turns, begins to climb a narrow staircase at the end of the Lower Gallery.

HOLD ON Cromwell, struggling to understand the meaning of these private, astonishing words.

71A

INT. GRAND CHAMBER, CHESTER PLACE - DAY

71A

CUT on double-doors OPENING to REVEAL the King and Queen, semi-silhouetted against the light: golden sun and silver moon. Rafe stands off to one side. Cromwell follows Mary into the bright chamber. Mary bobs into a wobbly curtsey.

Henry flushes and suddenly crosses the room, sweeping her up into a hug. Mary whimpers and mewls in his embrace.

Jane watches uncertainly as father and daughter weep in each other's arms. Then, in a moment of inspiration, she takes a jewel from her finger and holds it out.

JANE

Here. Wear this.

Mary's mewling stops instantly. She grasps the ring - a vast diamond, sparkling.

MARY

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

71A CONTINUED:

71A

Lady Margaret Douglas steps forward and slips the ring onto Mary's finger.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS
It's too big.

HENRY
It can be reset.

He whisks the ring away.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You are too generous, my
sweetheart.

It disappears into his pocket. Cromwell can almost see him calculating its worth.

MARY
You are gracious, madam. I wish you nothing but what is for your comfort. I hope you will have a child soon. I shall pray for it daily. I take you now as my own lady mother. As if God had ordained the same.

Perturbed, Jane beckons Henry closer, whispers in his ear.

JANE
(barely audible)
How could I be her mother? I am not old enough.

HENRY
(Smiling)
The Queen says, it would be difficult even for God to ordain, as she is but seven years your senior.

Mary stares at Jane.

MARY
(Flustered)
Tell her it is an expression of my regard. It is an established form of well-wishing. Her grace should not...

HENRY
She understands, don't you, sweetheart? Shall we go in?

The SERVANTS kneel as they pass. Mary and Jane reach the doorway at the same moment. A dilemma.

(CONTINUED)

71A CONTINUED:

71A

JANE

I... I will not go before you.

MARY

Madam, you are the Queen, you must.

Beat. Jane holds out a hand to her.

JANE

Let us go as sisters, neither one
before the other.

Henry glows with pleasure.

HENRY

Come, angels.

(to Cromwell)

Is she not a jewel unto herself? Is
she not, Cromwell?They move on. Suddenly, the King turns, addresses the
assembled group.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Lord Cromwell has behaved to my
lady daughter with such tenderness
and care that he could not have
done more if he were my own
kinsman.

Henry seems surprised by his own words.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Which of course, he could not be.
But I mean to reward him, and his
whole house.Henry looks directly at Cromwell, smiling. Then turns to
lead his family into the Long Gallery. The doors close
behind them.

72 EXT. GARDEN, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

72

Cromwell, Rafe, Gregory, Wriothesley, Richard Cromwell and
Richard Riche sit in the evening sun, in the beautiful garden
at Austin Friars, drinking from goblets of wine.

RAFE

'Lord Cromwell could not be more to
me if he were my own kin.'

CROMWELL

Yeah. And then he remembered who my
parents were.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

WRIOTHESLEY

(Raising glass)

To your success, sir. Though you
ran it to the danger point.

They drink.

GREGORY

He delays to show his power.

RICHARD CROMWELL

Well, nothing amiss there. Since
he has it.

WRIOTHESLEY

Yes, well let us all hope you have
no reason to regret your goodness
towards her.

CROMWELL

Mmm. I promised her mother I would
look after her.

They stare at him, shocked.

RAFE

What? When?

CROMWELL

When I went up to Kimbolton. When
Katherine was ill. Just before she
died. She asked me to promise I
would not let harm come to her
daughter.

GREGORY

Why did you agree to it?

No reply.

RICHARD CROMWELL

You could not know, sir, what
Katherine was asking.

CROMWELL

That's the point of a promise,
isn't it? It wouldn't have any
value if you could see what it
would cost you when you made it.

RICHARD RICHE

Still, best if it goes no further.
We will consign it to the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

RICHARD CROMWELL

Don't try and make it a dirty
little secret, Riche. It was an
act of kindness, no more.

They all think about this for a moment.

RAFE

Does Mary know? About this
promise?

CROMWELL

No, no one knows. I have never
spoken about it till this moment.

Cromwell looks up, registering the astonishment of those
around him.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Back in the Cardinal's day, they
called me the butcher's dog. And
that's what I am. I'm a good dog.
You set me to guard something, I'll
do it.

73

INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

73

Late at night. Cromwell sits at his desk, deep in thought.
A single candle lights the room.

He looks up. Wolsey is there - standing by the window,
dressed as ever in crimson, staring out at the night.

WOLSEY

I'd forgotten that. That Stephen
Gardiner called you my butcher's
dog.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

WOLSEY

Meant unkindly, of course, because
of my father's lowly profession.
And not understanding the most
important thing about a dog: that
he is loyal, and true. And you have
been loyal, Thomas.

He smiles down at Cromwell. Almost like a benediction.
Cromwell can see his reflection in the dark window.

WOLSEY (CONT'D)

You have wreaked a terrible
vengeance on my enemies in these
days, my friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

WOLSEY (CONT'D)

Thomas More, Anne the Queen, her
brother. Brereton, Norris...

Cromwell reaches over to a jug, tops up his glass of wine.

CROMWELL

If I wanted to revenge myself on
all your enemies, I would have to
strike down half the nation.

WOLSEY

(Smiles, then)

No doubt. No doubt. Of course,
some might ask, who was the... the
greatest of Wolsey's enemies? Some
might ask, when chance serves, what
revenge will Cromwell take - on his
sovereign? Such thoughts might
reach the King. And there's an end
of it.

CROMWELL

There are no endings. Only
beginnings.

Cromwell raises his glass to Wolsey's reflection.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Come on, Master Butcher, throw your
dog a bone.

Wolsey's reflection smiles.