

THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT

EPISODE 2

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

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Episode 2 - 7th November 2024

TITLE CARD 1

1529.

Seven years before the execution of Anne Boleyn.

INT . CROMWELL'S FIRST STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Wolsey whistles.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
(chuckles)
Come out, dog.

Cromwell walks through to Wolsey, who examines this newcomer, then looks down to a letter on his desk.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)
So, Master Cromwell. William
Popely thinks I may find a use
for you.

Cromwell's eyes drift to a wall hanging behind the Cardinal -
KING SOLOMON AND QUEEN SHEBA . His gaze is caught, for some
reason, by the depiction of Queen Sheba.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)
Where are you from?

CROMWELL
Putney. Left when I was a boy.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
Your father?

CROMWELL
Blacksmith.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
Ah! At last. A man born in a more
lowly state than myself.

Cardinal Wolsey laughs.

EXT. RIVER THAMES, WOLSEY'S BARGE - DAY

CAVENDISH
(Gloomily)
What it is to serve a prince.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
The wisest, gentlest prince in
Christendom. I'll not hear a word
against Henry from any man.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

Don't you think it's something
about the English? They cannot see
a great man set up that but they
have to pull him down?

CROMWELL

It's not the English. It's just
people.

INT. WOLSEY'S BEDROOM, ESHER PALACE - NIGHT

Cromwell notices an open chest at the foot of the bed.
Inside, on a cushion, lie some KITTENS.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

A cat has had her litter here in my
rooms.

Cromwell picks up a black one.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)

Look at it.

Cromwell laughs.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (CONT'D)

Black as the devil. Born right
here, under my very bed. How's that
for a bad omen before a journey?

CROMWELL

Then you shouldn't leave?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Marry, Thomas. The King wants me
gone. He wants to humiliate me. He
thinks it sends a sharp message to
the pope. I feel like Catherine.
Cast off. But still I love him.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Cardinal Wolsey paces back and forth.

CAVENDISH (O.S.)

Do you think it's true? The mistake
was being too proud?

INT. ROOM, LEICESTER ABBEY - DAY

Cavendish and Cromwell watch Cardinal Wolsey pacing in the
courtyard.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

See, I remember when he used to say, 'The King will do such-and-such.' And then it was, 'We will do such and such.' Now it's, 'This is what I will do.'

CROMWELL

No. No. The mistake was making an enemy of Anne Boleyn.

INT . WOLSEY'S BEDROOM, ESHER PALACE - NIGHT

Cromwell speaks to Cardinal Wolsey as servants pack up his belongings.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

This is a tactical retreat. Not a surrender.

(to servants)

Those two.

WOLSEY

Will you come north?

CROMWELL

Hmm mmm. I'll come fetch you. Soon as he summons you back. And he will.

Cromwell walks over to Cardinal Wolsey, removes his hat, and kneels. Cardinal Wolsey makes the sign of the cross over Cromwell.

WOLSEY

God bless you, mine own entirely beloved Cromwell.

Cromwell takes Cardinal Wolsey's hand and kisses it. Cromwell stands, puts his hat on, and picks up his coat from the bed.

WOLSEY (CONT'D)

Thomas. Here.

Cardinal Wolsey presents a ornate silver box to Cromwell.

WOLSEY (CONT'D)

When I'm gone.

Wolsey, emotional, looks away.

INT. ROOM, LEICESTER ABBEY - DAY

Cromwell sits in front of Cavendish before a fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

I know. I know what people are saying. That I'm working for myself now. That I've been bought out.

CAVENDISH

If you came and spoke to him any doubts that he had-

CROMWELL

I'm needed here. To protect him. To persuade the King. He likes me, George. I feel it. And when I have his ear the Cardinal will be recalled, I promise you.

INT. KING'S PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Sir Thomas More stands and reads. Cromwell kneels before Archbishop Warham, placing his hand on a bible.

THOMAS MORE

I swear to be a true and faithful councillor to the King's Majesty as one of his Highness's Privy Council.

INT. WOLSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cavendish stands over Cardinal Wolsey, sick in bed.

WOLSEY

Thomas.

CAVENDISH

He's coming, my lord.

WOLSEY

Where... where is he?

CAVENDISH

You know Cromwell, my lord. If he says he'll come, he'll be here.

INT. KING'S PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Sir Thomas More reads.

THOMAS MORE

I shall not know or understand of any manner thing to be attempted against his Majesty's person.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL
*I shall not know or understand of
any manner thing to be attempted...*

INT. ROOM, LEICESTER ABBEY - NIGHT

Cardinal Wolsey receives Last Rites from a Priest.

CROMWELL (V.O.)
...against his Majesty's person.

INT. CROMWELL'S STUDY - DAY

Cromwell opens the small silver box from Cardinal Wolsey.
Inside is a ring. Cromwell slides the ring on his finger.

INT. STUDY AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Cromwell sits, twisting the same ring on his finger.

TITLE CARD

SEVEN YEARS LATER.

1	OMITTED	1
2	OMITTED	2
3	OMITTED	3
4	OMITTED	4
5	OMITTED	5
6	OMITTED	6
7	OMITTED	7
8	INT. LONG GALLERY, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - NIGHT	8

The ENGLISH NOBILITY is out in force for a candlelit
MASQUERADE, in the Long Gallery at Hampton Court. Men and
women, gorgeous in silk and velvet fancy dress, DANCE
elegantly as the MUSICIANS play.

FIND Cromwell, watching the pantomime of it all. Cromwell
jokingly encourages Wriothsely towards the dancers.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

Go on, 'Call-Me'. Go on.

WRIOTHESLEY

(laughs)

I don't want to do it... Stop it.

RAFE

Go on.

Suddenly, a different music - loud and strident - breaks into the refined dance. A new group of MUSICIANS runs into the room, followed by a small troupe of MALE DANCERS, masked and dressed in Turkish costumes. The original dancers scatter as the new group executes a very different type of dance, aggressively masculine in the Spanish style, featuring jumps and spins.

FOCUS on the group's principle dancer, executing the most ambitious jumps.

CROMWELL

He's alright, isn't he?

As the music ends, he removes his mask to reveal Henry. A ripple of simulated astonishment and APPLAUSE. Cromwell claps with the rest.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Long live the King!

WOLSEY (V.O.)

We understand Princes are not like other men. They have to hide from themselves. So they are not dazzled by their own light.

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

Cardinal Wolsey speaks to Cromwell.

WOLSEY

Henry will take the credit for all your good ideas and you the blame for his bad ones. When fortune turns against you, you will feel the lash. I know this. I created him.

INT. LONG GALLERY, HAMPTON COURT - NIGHT

Henry is seated in a magnificent chair, apart from the revellers. Cromwell is there, with Rafe, Fitzwilliam and Wriothesley. Henry is nursing his leg but is pleased with himself. He gazes back along the Gallery at the dancing. A different piece of MUSIC can now be heard.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Too old for such games...
(Admiring his boots)
Disguises...

WRIOTHESLEY

Their astonishment was complete,
your majesty. No other prince in
Europe could have carried off such
a subterfuge...

Cromwell flicks him a withering look. But Henry isn't
listening. His gaze is fixed on the masquerade.

CROMWELL

Your majesty, Lady Mary's return
to court.

Henry thinks about this.

HENRY

(Cold)

Let her remain at Hunsdon for the
present. News of her
capitulation should have time to
reach Europe. And I want to see
evidence of her supposed
obedience before she returns.

The King turns his cool gaze on Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Draw up a list of suitors. We
should find her a prince before her
bloom fades entirely.

Cromwell bows in acknowledgment, noting the King's change of
tone in relation to his daughter. Henry's gaze returns to
the dancing.

INSERT POV: the young people dancing. Laughing, one removes
her mask - Lady Margaret Douglas, the Scottish princess.

HENRY (CONT'D)

My niece Lady Margaret should also
look to a marriage. She is a great
prize, being now so near the
throne. Make a note.

Cromwell obediently makes a note. Henry stands heavily. The
others stand and bow as he leaves to rejoin the masquerade.

FITZWILLIAM

Good luck with that, Crumb -
finding a foreigner we can trust
for either of them.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)

Or pick an Englishman and then,
Christ, the pretension in one
family, the resentment in all the
others...

Wriothsesley is watching Lady Margaret, talking intently to
her friend Mary Fitzroy. Something seems to have caught his
attention.

WRIOTHESLEY

(Distracted)

Sir, I am going to Whitehall...

He stands, leaves.

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Wriothsesley making his way through the
dancers. He glances briefly at Lady Margaret as he passes,
on his way to the exit.

FITZWILLIAM (O.C.)

Do you trust him? Gardiner's
pupil?

It's the same question asked by Wolsey in Episode 201.
Cromwell stares out at the dancers, trying to work out what
Wriothsesley has spotted. He doesn't answer.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)

You don't trust anyone, do you?

CROMWELL

We all need second chances, Fitz.

Cromwell pointedly tweaks Fitzwilliam's chain of office as he
exits.

TRACK with Cromwell and HANS HOLBEIN, past CLERKS deep in
their documents - the traffic and bustle of what is both a
great house and place of work.

CROMWELL

The drawings for Holbein,
Christophe?

CHRISTOPHE

Yes, Master.

He collects some drawings from a clerk's desk.

CROMWELL

Thank you.
(to Hans Holbein)
Come.

TRACK ON into the Great Hall.

(CONTINUED)

HANS HOLBEIN

Now you are a lord do you wish me
to paint you again?

CROMWELL

No, I'm content with what you did
before.

They come to a halt in front of a blank wall. The tapestry
that covered it has been taken down.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I thought I'd have a whole wall of
portraits. Past Kings of England.

HANS HOLBEIN

How far do you wish to go back?

Hans Holbein starts to measure the wall with his hands.

CROMWELL

Before Harry who conquered France.

HANS HOLBEIN

You wish to include those that were
murdered?

CROMWELL

If there's room.

HANS HOLBEIN

Ah. When you come home from the
court they will greet you. They
will say, 'God bless you, Thomas.'
(beat, German)
Ach, so.

Hans Holbein makes to leave.

CROMWELL

No, er... wait.

Cromwell reaches for papers on the table.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I want to send a gift to Lady Mary.
I thought a... a... a ring engraved
with proverbs praising obedience.

Holbein gives him a curious look. Wriothsesley enters the
room.

WRIOTHSLEY

Sir... Sir, I have made...

Cromwell quietens Wriothsesley.

(CONTINUED)

HANS HOLBEIN

Why not a pendant instead? Or a medal? You could get in more good advice that way? A ring is more of a...

(Struggles to find right English word)

...a promise, isn't it?

Hans is trying to warn him but, if Cromwell has noticed, he doesn't show it.

CROMWELL

Well, give it some thought.

Hans heads off, carrying the sketches.

HOLBEIN

(Shouted back)

Now you are a rich man I charge you rich man's rates!

Holbein crosses with Wriothsesley, who appears to be in a state of high excitement.

WRIOTHESLEY

(Breathless)

Sir, I have made pressing inquiries among the Lady Margaret's folk.

CROMWELL

Why?

WRIOTHESLEY

Why? Well, I have been sure this long while that there is something amiss with her. Her um... furtive manner as if she's afraid some mischief might be found out. And also I've noticed in your company that she seems to...

CROMWELL

(Over, amused)

You thought the ladies were passing secret signs to each other?

WRIOTHESLEY

Yes, you laughed at me.

CROMWELL

I did. What have you found out?

(Joking)

Tell me it's some secret love. Who is it?

Wriothsesley looks crestfallen, his thunder stolen.

(CONTINUED)

ON Cromwell, realising with horror that what he had meant as a joke is in fact the truth.

WRIOTHESLEY

I questioned the Lady Margaret's chaplain, and her men Harvey and Peter, and the boys who see to her horses... they were not shy to speak.

CROMWELL

Who is it?

WRIOTHESLEY

Norfolk's half-brother. Thomas Howard the Lesser.

(Then)

I'm told he fancies himself a poet. Your man, Tom Truth.

Wriothesley laughs. But quietens at Cromwell's stern expression.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)

Sir.

CROMWELL

Something Lady Shelton said to me at Hunsdon about Norfolk needing to find a new way to the throne.

He turns back to Wriothesley.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

How could she have contrived to be alone with him? They must have had some help.

WRIOTHESLEY

Oh, yes, I'll leave the women to you, sir.

Cromwell considers.

CROMWELL

We'll talk to Lady Margaret first.

14 INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

14

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS
(Furious)

How? How are you informed?

FIND Cromwell at his desk, calmly contemplating the Scottish Princess, seated before him.

CROMWELL
By your own people.

He watches this blow strike home. Her friend Mary Fitzroy, (Norfolk's daughter and Richmond's wife), stands behind her, staring at Cromwell with disdain.

MARY FITZROY
And what have the servants told your lordship?

CROMWELL
I am informed that Lady Margaret has resorted to the company of a gentleman.

Fitzroy places a warning hand on Margaret's shoulder - *say nothing*. But...

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS
Well, whatever you think, you are wrong! So don't look at me like that!

CROMWELL
Like how, my lady?

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS
As if I were a harlot.
(Then)
Because I tell you, Thomas Howard and I are married!

CROMWELL
Married?

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS
(Continuing)
In every way. Married! So you're too late. It is all done.

Behind her, Fitzroy's face tightens in exasperation.

CROMWELL
I hope not. But when you say 'In every way married,' I and Mr Wriothesley cannot guess what you mean.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(To Mary Fitzroy)

Will you not sit, my lady?

MARY FITZROY

I do well on my feet, Lord
Cromwell.

CROMWELL

Let's set the facts down.

Wriothesley, who has been standing beside Cromwell straining at his leash, pulls up a stool and takes up a pen.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

You have no right to cast doubt
upon my word! Take me to see my
uncle the King.

CROMWELL

You're better off with me, my lady,
in the first instance, since you
and Lord Thomas have pledged
yourselves without the King's
permission or knowledge.

Lady Margaret wipes her eyes savagely with her sodden handkerchief, drops it to the floor. Fitzroy immediately passes her another.

WRIOTHESLEY

The date of your pledge was...?

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

What does the date matter? I've
loved Lord Thomas a year and more.
You cannot part us when we are
joined by God. My lady Richmond
here will bear out what I say. She
knows all. Had it not been for her
help, we should never enjoyed our
bliss.

Cromwell raises his eyes to Mary Fitzroy, who seems to shrink into herself.

WRIOTHESLEY

You kept watch for them, my lady?
Witnessed their pledge?

Mary hesitates, then:

MARY FITZROY

No.

Lady Margaret looks shocked by Mary Fitzroy's answer, her lack of support.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

(Trying to help)

So, no one was in fact present when these words were spoken?

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

(Remembering)

But I do have a witness. Mary Shelton stood outside the door.

CROMWELL

(Trying again)

Outside? Ah, you can't really call that a witness, can you?

Wriothesley shoots him a look of puzzled irritation. He doesn't want his investigation talked away.

WRIOTHESLEY

Well, you exchanged gifts? Yes?

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

He has given me a ring.

CROMWELL

A ring is not a pledge.

(Then)

Now you told me that Lord Thomas has visited you in the Queen's chambers. So, over the months, in that very popular busy place, you were drawn into some conversation. Lord Thomas who admires you, quite naturally, he said, "My lady, if you were not far, far above me and intended by the King for some great prince I swear I would beg you..."

MARY FITZROY

(Quickly)

Yes, that is exactly how it was, Lord Cromwell.

CROMWELL

(Enjoying this)

Is it? "I would beg your hand in marriage." Now you said, of course you did, "My lord, I am forbidden you. I see your pain, but I cannot assuage it."

Lady Margaret stands up, shaking with anger.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

No! No, you are wrong. We are pledged. You will not part us.

(CONTINUED)

MARY FITZROY

For the love of Christ, sit down,
Meg...

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

He will not...

MARY FITZROY

...and try to comprehend what the
Lord Privy Seal is telling you. He
is trying to help us.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

He cannot part what God has joined!

MARY FITZROY

Yes, and I'm sure Lord Cromwell has
been told that before.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

Cromwell flicks a glance at her, admiring her spirit.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

We must ask ourselves, don't we,
Lady Margaret, what marriage is?
It is not just vows, is it? It's
bed work. If there'd been
promises, and witnesses, and then
bed, you are fast married, your
contract is good. You will be
called Mistress Truth, and you will
live with the King's extreme
displeasure. What form that will
take I can't tell.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

(Chastened)

My uncle will not punish me! He
loves me as he loves his own
daughter.

CROMWELL

(Thoughtful)

As he loves his own daughter...

Cromwell repeats the line as if considering - making Meg hear
her own words, making her consider the recent treatment of
the Lady Mary. She sways suddenly, collapses back on her
chair.

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS

No! No, my marriage is not a
crime.

CROMWELL

Not yet, but I'm sure it will be.

(CONTINUED)

MARY FITZROY

Meg, nothing occurred between you and Lord Thomas of an unchaste nature. You will say that and you will stick to it!

CROMWELL

You have a good counsellor in your friend, Lady Margaret.

ON Margaret Douglas, as the nature of her predicament sinks in.

INT/EXT. CLERKS' ROOM/COURTYARD, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

TRACK with Cromwell and Wriothsesley through Austin Friars.

WRIOTHESLEY

Well, I certainly wouldn't like to be in Norfolk's shoes.

CROMWELL

No.

WRIOTHESLEY

First his niece disgraces him and now his half-brother.

CROMWELL

Hm-hmm.

WRIOTHESLEY

You could easily pull him down now, if you wanted to.

They emerge into the courtyard. Christophe is there, with a GROOM, readying Cromwell's horse. Wriothsesley can't quite hide his exasperation.

Christophe steadies the horse as Cromwell mounts. Christophe hands up his despatch case.

CHRISTOPHE

Careful, master.

WRIOTHESLEY

Sir? Norfolk will never be your ally. Work his discredit now with the King, my lord. Destroy him. The chance, it may not come again.

CROMWELL

Those are not my methods, 'Call-Me.'

15 CONTINUED:

15

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

And I'd beware of putting the King
in the killing vein, if I were you.
(to horse)

Hup.

Cromwell spurs his horse, rides off at a gallop.

ON Wriothsesley, concerned.

16 OMITTED

16

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

17

Cromwell is there with Rafe, as Henry rages on.

HENRY

She defies me! Giving herself to
the first man who writes her a
verse! Giving what was *mine* to
give! And Norfolk and these knave
Howards! I'll warrant our Tom
Truth was not so passionate until
my niece stepped closer to the
throne! This whole business must
be kept...

Realising, Henry looks up. Shocked COURTIERs stand nearby,
listening.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Finally lowering his
voice)

This whole business must be kept
quiet. I want no repeat of what
happened to the Queen as was, a
royal lady before a public court.
Europe will be scandalised.

(Then)

Choose some... *neater* way.

CROMWELL

Riche is drafting a Bill in
parliament so that there'll be a
formal process. I shall speak to
the ladies who were in attendance
at the time.

HENRY

As for Truth, draw up a charge of
treason against him. I want it
recorded in the indictment that he
was inspired by the devil. Unless,
of course, it was my lord of
Norfolk? One of his little schemes?

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

Henry stares at him. Cromwell only has to say the word to trigger a downfall. Rafe stares at his former master...

...but Cromwell says nothing.

18

MOVED TO LATER IN SCRIPT

18

19

MOVED TO LATER IN SCRIPT

19

20

OMITTED

20

21

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

21

TRACK ON with Cromwell and Wriothesley into the Queen's privy chamber.

JANE (O.S.)
(to lady-in-waiting)
Anne had a lot of clothes... I
remember sewing this one in.

Jane and her LADIES-IN-WAITING sit quietly, sewing. Amongst the women are Jane's widowed sister, BESS OUGHTRED, and her brother Edward's wife, NAN SEYMOUR. Cromwell and Wriothesley bow low.

JANE (CONT'D)
You remember Master Secretary,
sister. Although he is now Lord
Privy Seal.

BESS OUGHTRED
Instead?

CROMWELL
As well, my lady.

JANE
It is he who does everything in
England. I never understood that
until one of the ambassadors
explained it to me. He says the
King will flog him on to work until
one day his legs go from under him,
and he rolls in a ditch and dies.

CROMWELL
Well, until that happy day,
Majesty, I have a request for you,
which perhaps you will not like. I
must invite ladies who served the
late Queen back to the court.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I have questions concerning the alleged marriage of Lady Margaret Douglas.

BESS OUGHTRED

Jane, you don't want Lady Rochford near you, surely? She's a traitor's wife, and she joined with the Boleyns in mocking you. I wonder the King would ask such a thing of you.

JANE

(Mildly)

Well, he doesn't. The King never does an unpleasant thing.

Her pale gaze turns to Cromwell.

JANE (CONT'D)

Lord Cromwell does it for him.

34

INT. SITTING ROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

34

ON Lady Rochford, standing in the oriel window in the high sitting room at Austin Friars.

CROMWELL

The King wants to know about Lady Margaret.

FIND Cromwell, seated by the fire.

LADY ROCHFORD

No, he doesn't. Why would he want to know his niece is ruined? One must pity him.

Lady Rochford turns from the window, starts to move round the room - inspecting various items.

LADY ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

His friends cuckolding him, his daughter defying him, his niece contracting herself in marriage without his permission. And you, using him so roughly.

CROMWELL

How, roughly? I gave the King what he asked for.

LADY ROCHFORD

Yes. I wonder if he will ever forgive you for it.

Cromwell closes his eyes. Her bitterness is exhausting.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

I urge you Lady Rochford to forget all this. Be jocund and pleasant, adapt yourself to the new Queen, or you will be sent away again.

LADY ROCHFORD

I suppose he can do the deed with pasty Jane, can he? I don't envy her these nights. Anne said it was like being slobbered over by a mastiff pup.

35 OMITTED

35

36 OMITTED

36

18 EXT. STAIRCASE/BELL TOWER BATTLEMENT, THE TOWER - DAY 18

18

MARTIN the gaoler leads Cromwell, Wriothsesley and Christophe up the steep staircase, across the battlement and into the Bell Tower.

CROMWELL

Thank you, Martin.

19 INT. TOM TRUTH'S CELL, BELL TOWER,

19

Norfolk's younger brother - 'Thomas Truth', sits behind a small table his own poems to him, from a sheaf hand.

Wriothsesley hands Cromwell a piece of paper.

WRIOTHESLEY

(to Cromwell)

Sir.

MALE (O.S.)

Quiet there!

CROMWELL (READING)

Hmm-hmm. 'She knoweth my love of long time meant, She knoweth my truth, nothing is hid. She knoweth I love in good intent, As ever man and woman did.

(to Tom)

Nothing is hid?

WRIOTHESLEY

Have you tupp'd her?

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS HOWARD THE LESSER
Oh, for God's sake. What
opportunity? With your eyes on us?

CROMWELL
(Holding out the sheet)
Good. Would you go on, Mr
Wriothesley. I cannot.
(To Howard)
It's not the handwriting, it's
very good, it's just... it's just
that my tongue... it just refuses
to do it.

WRIOTHESLEY
'What helpeth hope of happy hap
When hap will hap unhappily? And
thus my hap my hope has turned
Clear out of hope into despair.'

CROMWELL
Pause there.
(to Thomas Howard the
Lesser)
It sounds, if I'm not
midunderstanding you, that you're
willing to declare yourself, even
at the risk of a rebuff?

THOMAS HOWARD THE LESSER
I do not know if I wrote this
verse.

CROMWELL
You forgot it. As any... as any
man of sense would. But your
fifth stanza there you write,
'Pardon me. Pardon me, your man,
Tom Truth' Which you rhyme,
unfortunately, with 'growth.'

CHRISTOPHE
Even I know better and I'm
French.

Cromwell is leafing through the remaining

CROMWELL
Alright, here you ask your lady
'to ease you of your pain.'

CHRISTOPHE
Would that be the pain in your
bollocks?

Cromwell quells him with a look.

WRIOTHESELEY

The Lady Margaret tells us that
there are witnesses to this
pledge.

A pause as they wait for an answer.

CROMWELL

You need not reply in verse.

THOMAS HOWARD THE LESSER

I know what you do, Cromwell. But
the King will not permit you to ill-
use a gentleman.

WRIOTHESELEY

I would not try Lord Cromwell's
patience. He once broke a man's
jaw with a single blow.

Cromwell flicks Wriotheseley a surprised look.

CROMWELL

Believe me, my lord, we
understand your situation. You
are of a great family. A great
family but you younger Howards
are kept poor. Being of exalted
blood you cannot soil your hands
with any occupation.

(to Christophe)

Do you understand, Christophe?

(beat)

So, you say to yourself, 'Here I
am. I'm a man of great quality,
I... I... but I'm penniless. No one
regards me other than to confuse me
with my elder brother. I know what
I'll do I'll marry the King's
niece. That'll pay, because odds-on
then I'll be King of England one
day.' You see, I wonder who might
have put that treacherous rhyme in
your head?

EXT. HUNSDON GATEHOUSE, HERTFORDSHIRE - DAY

Cromwell and his ESCORT approach the Hunsdon gatehouse on
foot.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL/MARY'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HUNSDON HOUSE -
DAY

TRACK with Cromwell into Mary's shabby chamber at Hunsdon.
Mary is seated at a small table, alone, eating her meal
without ceremony. Cromwell bows low.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

(annoyed)

I am hoping you bring news of my
return to court, my lord?

CROMWELL

The King suggests you join him
after the Queen's coronation, my
lady...

Mary can't contain her exasperation.

MARY

Why? I don't understand. I signed
your paper, why must I still be
shut up here?

CROMWELL

When you return you shall have
everything that was promised. Be
patient, Mary. You are not
uncomfortable here, I hope?

Mary scoffs, says nothing. Eventually:

MARY

When is it to be? The coronation?

CROMWELL

After All Hallows.

Mary regards him.

MARY

Perhaps. Or perhaps there will be
no coronation until after the
Queen is with child?

A loaded remark. Mary stands, mid-meal, moves to the
window. Cromwell joins her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, I hear I am to be
married. No doubt you are
considering the Duke of Orléans. Or
Dom Luis of Portugal.

CROMWELL

Is it not your wish to be
married?

MARY

It is not.

Mary settles on a bench by the window.

MARY (CONT'D)

But I have promised to obey.

(CONTINUED)

Mary looks up at Cromwell. It seems to be an invitation. Eventually he sits, alongside her.

MARY (CONT'D)

I would like a child. Of my own.

This takes Cromwell by surprise. Mary looks suddenly young and vulnerable.

MARY (CONT'D)

But I am my mother's daughter.
What hopes can I have, when so
many of my brothers and sisters
failed to thrive?

ON Cromwell. He feels compassion for Mary, despite himself.

INT/EXT. ENTRANCE HALL/COURTYARD, HUNSDON HOUSE - DAY

TRACK with Cromwell out of Hunsdon House to where his ESCORT waits. He glances back at the house, the windows. No one there. He thinks for a beat, walks on.

INT. COURT OF AUGMENTATIONS, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - DAY

TRACK with Cromwell and Gregory as they walk with Richard Riche through the small, dusty attic rooms that comprise the Court Of Augmentations, where the monasteries are dissolved.

Riche carries a box of papers. CLERKS scurry to and fro, carrying further boxes.

RICHARD RICHE

Do you see? Hardly fitting, is
it? The 'Court of Augmentations'?
We're sharing it with the mice.

CROMWELL

The King wants the monasteries
broken up, Riche. He's not
interested in your accommodations
problems.

RICHARD RICHE

Just make sure they've got strong
(to clerk)
Here.

Riche moves on with his box but Cromwell lingers by a small, grubby window, staring out at the London skyline. He picks up a crucifix from the window ledge and examines it. He is recalling Mary's telling words.

MARY (V.O.)

I would like a child.

26 INT. MARY'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HUNSDON HOUSE - DAY 26

FLASHBACK - Episode 202 Scene 23: Mary with Cromwell.

MARY
Of my own.

Mary looks up at Cromwell. It seems to be an invitation. We
HOLD the moment...

27 INT. COURT OF AUGMENTATIONS, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - DAY 27

THE PRESENT: ON Cromwell, recalled from his memories.

GREGORY
It's a pity.

CROMWELL
What is?

ON Gregory. He hadn't realised he was thinking aloud.

GREGORY
Nothing, Father.

CROMWELL
No, speak, Gregory. Please, speak.

Gregory considers, then:

GREGORY
It's a pity that the monasteries
should close and the poor get
nothing.

ON Cromwell, surprised and moved by his son's remark.

CROMWELL
It's unlikely the King would wish
or ever imagine the pauper to lay
his head where jolly Father Abbot
once reposed.

GREGORY (DISGUSTED)
So it all goes to Henry.

Cromwell regards his son. Gregory is becoming a man. He
realises he must engage properly. Platitudes won't do here.

CROMWELL
Not all.
(then)
Some of the King's subjects still
believe that Rome will rise again.
Once these lands are given away to
the King and to his gentlemen they
will never return to the church.

(CONTINUED)

Cromwell is speaking honestly to his son, about matters very close to his heart, perhaps for the first time.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Prayers. Prayers can be rewritten, but not leases. And then we'll have change. Gregory, change. Do you understand? The English will discover God in daylight, not hidden in a cloud of incense. They will hear his word in their own language, from a minister who faces them, not turning his back and muttering in some obscure foreign tongue. The poor will have good-living clergy, who counsel the ignorant and help the unfortunate, not these half-literate monks playing knucklebones for farthings trying to look up women's skirts. And, after many generations - longer after I am gone - the memory will have been blotted out. No one will ever believe the poor once bowed and scraped to stocks of wood, and prayed to lumps of plaster.

Gregory stares at his father. He has never heard him talk in this way. But, before he can respond:

CROMWELL (CALLING) (CONT'D)

Riche. I want to go to
Shaftesbury.

Riche approaches.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

The abbey. Arrange a visit.

RICHARD RICHE

Well, that's a great house. It won't come down yet.

Riche studies Cromwell, sensing a secret.

RICHARD RICHE (CONT'D)

Do we have plans for the big house?
Is that why we're going? My God.
The revenue we could collect from them.

ON Cromwell: no response.

29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
35	OMITTED	35
36	OMITTED	36

37	INT. OUTER ROOMS/QUEEN'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - NIGHT	37
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TRACK with Cromwell back into the Queen's privy chamber. It appears empty. He walks further in, finds Jane sitting alone in an alcove, reading a Book of Hours. She smiles up at him affectionately.

JANE
Empty handed? I remember when you used to bring us ladies cakes. But that was before you were so busy.

CROMWELL
It was you I brought them for.

Jane observes him. Hard to know how she is reacting.

JANE
And when the Queen was displeased with you, she threw them on the floor.

Jane indicates the Book of Hours she has been reading.

JANE (CONT'D)
This was hers. Anne Boleyn's. She and the King passed it between them. He's written an inscription. Under the Man of Sorrows.

She holds out the book to Cromwell.

JANE (CONT'D)
It's in French, I can't read it.

(CONTINUED)

Cromwell takes the book, reads.

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV OF ILLUMINATION: Christ kneeling, his flesh gory from head to heels, each bleeding cut fine as a wire. Beneath, are some hand-written words.

CROMWELL

(Gently)

It says "I am yours. Forever."

JANE

Look at the Annunciation earlier.

There's a reply.

Cromwell finds Anne's annotation but Jane knows it by heart.

JANE (CONT'D)

"By daily proof you shall me find/
To be to you both loving and kind."
Do you think she was kind to him?

CROMWELL

Not often.

JANE

She had hope of a son in those
days. She thought she could bear a
son.

Cromwell returns the book. An undertow of sexual tension.

CROMWELL

You wanted to see me?

Jane hesitates...

JANE

My ladies say that if a wife does
not take pleasure in the act, she
will not get a child. Is that
true?

CROMWELL

Perhaps you should consult with
your lady mother, your grace? Or
one of the dames here at court
might advise you?

JANE

They have forgotten. They are old.

CROMWELL

Your lady sister, then? She has
two fine infants.

JANE

Bess put heart into me. She said
er...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

'Say an Ave, Jane, and the King will soon spend'. She says she did not take pleasure in her own marriage bed. With her late husband, it was like a military manoeuvre. Brisk.

CROMWELL

He did not beat the drum, I hope?

They share a smile.

JANE

No, no. But she always knew when he was on his way.

Cromwell laughs.

JANE (CONT'D)

The infants come when they will, she says, pleasure or not.

She stares at him. Then:

JANE (CONT'D)

Perhaps I should not have asked you. If you are going to the King now, you will see that he is wearing his Turkish costume again. He does not feel he wore it enough at the festivities. My father said that Turkish princes can have a dozen wives. If the King had been of their sect, he could have been married to the late Queen, God rest her, and to Katherine, God rest her, and at the same time to me, if he wished. Or for that matter, he could have been married to Mary Boleyn and Mary Shelton, and had all the sons he wished. If he'd been of their sect.

CROMWELL

I do not think the King will turn Turk.

Jane smiles.

JANE

Try to be surprised when you see him in his costume.

38 INT. KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - NIGHT 38

Cromwell kneels before the King, who is indeed wearing his Turkish 'disguise' once more, augmented now by a jewel and high plumes on the turban. Henry stares down at him from his throne, peevish. Rafe stands nearby discreetly, with Wriothsesley.

CROMWELL

Ah-ha.

HENRY

Well, I was hoping to astonish you.
But I see the Queen has prepared
you.

CROMWELL

I don't think she meant to spoil
it, sir.

Irritably, Henry motions Cromwell to his feet.

HENRY

You don't think I have married a
fool, do you? She seems not to
comprehend even ordinary things.

CROMWELL

The Queen is of that chastened
spirit, sir, that never presumes to
understand her betters.

Henry examines eases his silver belt a little.

HENRY

I believe the ambassadors think she
is plain.

CROMWELL

Chapuys is no judge of women.

HENRY

Why have I sent for you?

CROMWELL

Your lady sister has written from
Scotland, begging that her daughter
Lady Margaret's life be spared.

Henry broods for a moment.

HENRY

My niece is a shame and a disgrace.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

(Carefully)

I ask myself sir, when a word is
given lightly, in haste, by a young
person, and under the intoxication
of love... Does God in his wisdom
not wink at such a promise?

Beat. The King considers.

HENRY

There are great lords and rash
young women who have cause to be
grateful to you, my Lord Cromwell.

Henry notices Cromwell is holding a SILK BAG.

CROMWELL

(Off his gaze)

I um... I wanted to ask your
majesty's permission that I might
give this to the Lady Mary.

Cromwell offers Henry the bag. He takes it, empties a RING
into his hand, examines it.

HENRY

(Reading)

'In praise of obedience.'

(Then)

Very apt. And do you think my
daughter will take the point?

Cromwell remains silent. Henry laughs ironically.

HENRY (CONT'D)

'Obedience.' You'd be better
giving this to my cousin Pole - who
has been called to Rome, I hear.
The Pope has charged him to lead a
crusade against me. He is to visit
the French court and stir them into
action.

CROMWELL

The French will do nothing for him.

HENRY

(Suddenly furious)

He is a traitor. And an ingrate.
And I want him dead.

CROMWELL

Means may be found. In Italy
wherever Pole goes my people
follow.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
 (Calming himself)
 Do what you must.

Cromwell bows low. He is being dismissed but his ring is still in the King's hand. Henry eventually remembers it.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 You know, I like this so well I think I shall give it to Mary myself. You can find something else, can't you?

ON Henry. It's not clear whether he's making a point about the inappropriateness of the ring as a gift from Cromwell to Mary or not. Cromwell bows again.

39	OMITTED	39
40	OMITTED	40
41	OMITTED	41
42	OMITTED	42
42A	OMITTED	42A
43	OMITTED	43
43A	OMITTED	43A
44	OMITTED	44
45	EXT/INT. COURTYARD/CORRIDOR/GREAT HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY	45

TRACK with Cromwell, returning to Austin Friars, into the Great Hall. Gregory is there, with Richard Cromwell, Richard Riche and Wriothsesley, all seated and locked in anxious conversation. They rise as Cromwell enters. The person with his back to us turns. It's Rafe. As soon as Cromwell sees him, back at Austin Friars in daylight, he knows there's a problem.

RAFE (O.S.)
 I kept them in the box.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD RICHE (O.S.)
Yes, you have the keys,
Wriothesley.

CROMWELL
Rafe! What is it?

Rafe looks around, concerned not to be overheard. A PAINTER from Holbein's studio is at work on Cromwell's mural.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Outside.

TRACK with Cromwell out into the garden. The others follow. When they are out of earshot, he turns.

CROMWELL
Tell me.

RAFE
(Hushed)
Sir, I cannot think how this has happened, but it seems someone has taken letters of yours, or memoranda which were... this would never have occurred when I oversaw your desk.

WRIOTHESLEY
I assure you, there is nothing that leaves this house that shouldn't!

RICHARD CROMWELL
(Pointed)
Every household has traitors.

CROMWELL
For God's sake. *What?*

RAFE
Chapuys has possession of some information. He says the King has promised the Lady Mary in marriage. To you.

WRIOTHESLEY
Someone has stolen sundry letters between you and the King's daughter. They were... *warm* in tone.

CROMWELL
Does the King know?

WRIOTHESELEY

If he does not, he is the strange exception. For the rumour is everywhere.

RICHARD RICHE

We warned you - here, in this garden. You said you made her mother a... a promise. Now it comes home to you.

CROMWELL

He cannot believe that I would seek such a match.

RICHARD RICHE

It is a potent weapon, sir, for your enemies to turn against you. Many believe the husband of Lady Mary will be King one day.

RICHARD CROMWELL

Don't go on spelling it out and spelling it out, Riche!

RICHARD RICHE

Any man who offers himself to wed her stands in a treasonable light.

RICHARD CROMWELL

(Over)

This is my uncle's reward for his kindness. He saved her, and now they say he did it to serve himself.

47 EXT. CHAPUYS' GARDEN, AUSTIN FRIARS DISTRICT - DAY

47

TRACK with Cromwell into a small garden. Chapuys is sitting under a tree, reading.

Chapuys looks up.

CHAPUYS

Ah, Thomas. A glass of this excellent Rhenish?

CROMWELL

Put it on a sponge. I'll have it when I'm nailed above London. I hear I am to be married.

CHAPUYS

My dear Thomas, do you believe I would say such a thing of you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

It would lead to your murder by the noble lords of England, and then I should have to deal with the Duke of Norfolk as chief minister.

He shudders for comic effect.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Er... But yes, the rumour is that the King means to bestow his daughter on an Englishman, and has chosen you.

CROMWELL

He has not. He will not. He could not. He'd rather see Mary dead. He would have killed her. You know that, don't you? We saved him from a terrible crime.

CHAPUYS

I have only reported what I have heard from honourable and good men. You cannot hang me for that.

CROMWELL

No. But ambassadors have been murdered in the street before. I... I only report what I've heard from honourable and good men.

He stalks away again.

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

Wolsey stands at his customary window, staring out into the darkness.

FIND Cromwell, at his desk, pen in hand, waiting for his old master to speak.

WOLSEY

Oh, the age of persuasion has ended, I think. We've entered an age of coercion.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

WOLSEY

Be careful, Thomas.

ON Cromwell, thinking. Eventually:

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

I'm going to Shaftesbury.

(Then)

To see Dorothea.

Wolsey turns, stares down at the seated Cromwell, a puzzled look on his face.

FIND Cromwell, Richard Riche and Christophe waiting in the cloisters at Shaftesbury Convent. Nearby two NUNS, DRESSED in their habits, wash and repeatedly scrub pale face-cloths in silence.

RICHARD RICHE

It's laughable. You, the second man in the church. And me, who I am. Kept waiting like this.

Cromwell watches Christophe, seemingly fascinated by the nuns' methodical work.

CROMWELL

This place was founded by King Alfred, Christophe. These nuns, very rich.

ABBESS

So, you have come yourself, Lord Cromwell.

CROMWELL

You know my face, madam?

ABBESS

One of the gentlemen of the district has a portrait of you. He keeps it on display.

She is still staring at him.

CROMWELL

Did the painter do me justice?

ABBESS

He did you charity.

(Then)

But you will want to get on. You claim to have come to see Sister Dorothea, I think?

51 INT. SECOND CLOISTER, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY

51

TRACK with Cromwell as he follows the Abbess through the cloisters. Sunlight filters in, illuminating the elaborate stonework.

ABBESS

Why is Richard Riche here? I understood his business is with houses of lesser value.

CROMWELL

We like to keep our figures current.

ABBESS

I give you warning, and you can carry the warning to the King. I will not surrender this house. Not this year, nor next, nor any year this side of heaven.

CROMWELL

The King has no thought of it.

She stops, turns.

ABBESS

So, this really is the reason you have come?

Cromwell doesn't answer.

ABBESS (CONT'D)

Well... very well. Wolsey's daughter.

The Abbess turns, indicating an open doorway.

After a beat, Cromwell enters.

52 INT. QUIRE, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY

52

TRACK ON with Cromwell into the quire. A woman, dressed in a nun's habit, stands with her back to us, facing the magnificent altar. This is Cardinal Wolsey's illegitimate daughter, DOROTHEA. She turns, stares at Cromwell.

CROMWELL

How do you, Madam? I have brought gifts.

He holds out a bundle. She doesn't move. He steps closer, holds them out again. Eventually, she takes them.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I saw you once when you were a
little child. You won't remember
me.

He watches as she undoes the bundle, glances at the books
enclosed, examines a handkerchief.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I'm told you want to continue in
this life. But I think, you were
very young when you made your
vows...

DOROTHEA

(Still examining the
gifts)

So I can be dispensed?

CROMWELL

You are free to go.

DOROTHEA

Go? Where?

CROMWELL

Anywhere you wish. You are welcome
in my house.

DOROTHEA

Live with you?

The manner is cold.

DOROTHEA (CONT'D)

When Anne Boleyn came down, we
believed true religion would be
restored.

CROMWELL

True religion was never left off.

DOROTHEA

(Cool, neutral)

We hear the sacraments are to be
put down. And that all monks and
nuns will be dispersed. Dame
Elizabeth is sure the King will
take our house in the end. Then
how would we live?

CROMWELL

There are no such plans. But if
that were to occur, you would be
pensioned. Having... having met
your abbess, I'm sure she would
bargain hard.

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHEA

What would we do, without our sisters in religion? We cannot go back to our families, if our families are dead. Or, even if they are alive, they might not want us.

CROMWELL

Dorothea, you are imagining harms that could never touch you. You have all your life before you.

DOROTHEA

Clancey left me here under his name. But everybody knew I was Wolsey's daughter. It was not my choice to come, but no more is it my choice now to leave. I do not wish to be turned out to beg my bread.

CROMWELL

I will make you an annuity. Or I will find you suitors, if you could like marriage?

DOROTHEA

Marriage? The bastard daughter of a disgraced priest with no looks?

CROMWELL

You are a lovely young woman. Once you have clothes and ornaments... I know the best merchants and I know the fashions.

DOROTHEA

I am sure your eye is expert.

CROMWELL

Or, if you would consider me, I could myself...

He stops, appalled. That is not what he meant to say at all. She is staring down at him and he hears himself continue...

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I will marry you, mistress, if you'll have me. I am... er... I'm not sure know this, but I am a long time a widow. I lack graces of person, but I am rich and likely to grow richer. I have good houses. You would find me generous...

He hears his own voice, recommending himself as if he were a servant, urging his merits on this shocked young woman.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I would like to have more children.
Or... yes, or... or not. As...
as... as you wish... If you want a
marriage in name only, so you have
a place in the world, for your
father's sake...

Finally, he hears his voice grind into dismayed silence.

DOROTHEA

In name only? Er... er... are you
offering to marry me or not?

CROMWELL

All I mean is that you are alone in
the world, and so am I. For your
father's sake, I would cherish you.
And, who knows, in time you might
grow fond of me. Or, if not, then
you have a home and a protector,
and I would... I would not ask
anything more of you.

DOROTHEA

It is true you have everything to
commend you if you were a buyer and
I were for sale. You have money to
buy any article, thanks to my
father, who gave you your start in
life.

She turns to face Cromwell.

DOROTHEA (CONT'D)

It was he who brought you to the
King's notice, wasn't it? With the
result that we see.

Cromwell is still trying to re-group from his inexplicable
mistake. He smiles.

CROMWELL

Yes. Dorothea, tell me what is it
you need to make yourself safe and
comfortable. Forget, please, just
forget that I ever spoke of
marriage. There is still a way
through this. Though if you find
my person defective.

DOROTHEA

Your person is not defective. At
least, not so defective as your
nature and your deeds.

He is still smiling. He can't stop.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

I see. I see. I think it is my religion you do not like. I love the gospel. I follow it. I will always follow it. Your father understood that.

Dorothea turns, her eyes aflame.

DOROTHEA

My father understood everything.
He understood you betrayed him.

And Cromwell, with the idiot's smile still nailed to his face, feels the ground fall away beneath him.

DOROTHEA (CONT'D)

When my father was in exile, and forced to go north, he wrote certain letters, out of his desperation to have the King's favour again, letters begging the King of France to intercede for him. You saw to it that those letters reached the Duke of Norfolk. You put upon them an evil construction, which they should never have borne. And Norfolk put them into the hand of the King, and so the damage was done.

He can't speak. He can't breathe. Finally...

CROMWELL

You are much mistaken.

DOROTHEA

You had your men in my father's household in the north, do you deny it?

CROMWELL

They were there to help him, to...

DOROTHEA

(Over)

They were there to spy on him! To provoke him into rash statements, which your master the Duke then shaped into treason!

CROMWELL

Jesus. You think *Norfolk* is my master? I was servant only to your father.

(Trying to calm himself)

Who told you this? How long have you believed it?

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHEA

I have always believed it. And
always shall, whatever denial you
make.

CROMWELL

So if I brought proof that you are
wrong. Written proof that you
are...

DOROTHEA

Forgery is among your talents, I
hear.

He is losing control of his voice, of his actions.

CROMWELL

You hear too much, and you listen
to the wrong people!

DOROTHEA

You are angry. Innocence is
tranquil.

CROMWELL

Yes, but if you, you... if you...
pardon me, but if you have this
fixed opinion, and you hold it just
regardless of evidence or
regardless of reason, how am I to
oppose it? I would swear on
something...

DOROTHEA

(Interrupts)

I would know you were a perjurer.
I have been told, by those I trust,
there is no faith or truth in
Cromwell.

Silence. ON Cromwell, deeply wounded.

CROMWELL

When those you trust abandon you,
Dorothea, come to me. I loved your
father next to God. I will never
refuse you.

DOROTHEA

(Of the presents)

Take this with you. These books,
whatever they are.

Dorothea's stare - implacable. Cromwell gathers the little
bundle from her, turns and EXITS.

53 INT. SECOND CLOISTER, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY 53

Cromwell sits crying quietly. Footsteps approach. He wipes his tears.

CHRISTOPHE (O.C.)
Master? Master?

Cromwell turns. Christophe and Richard Riche are there. They look concerned.

RICHARD RICHE
Are you well, my lord?

CROMWELL
You don't er... you don't think I betrayed... betrayed the Cardinal, do you, Riche?

RICHARD RICHE
(Surprised)
It never crossed my mind. You didn't, did you?

CROMWELL
I don't know. I should have gone up to Yorkshire with him, I think. I should have been with him when he died. I shouldn't have let the King get in my way.

This hangs in the air for a moment.

RICHARD RICHE
(Hushed)
My lord, the King is not in our way. He *is* our way.

The VESPERS BELL begins to toll.

54 OMITTED 54

55 INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 55

The BELL tolls on. Cromwell sits at his desk, in despair. Could what Dorothea said be true? Could his judgement be so badly askew? Did he put his own advancement ahead of his master's interests.

CROMWELL
Is it true?

He looks over to the window where Wolsey is usually to be found: nothing. He stands, moves to that spot, looks out at the night. Nothing to see there either. The world is in darkness.

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

56

Later that night. Rafe has joined Cromwell in his study. They are seated close together around a single candle. An open fire provides most of the light.

WE SEE the gifts offered to Dorothea on Cromwell's desk. He twists the handkerchief between his fingers.

CROMWELL

Who could have convinced her I betrayed her father except her father himself?

RAFE

No, I cannot believe that. Surely he knew your devotion?

CROMWELL

I always thought so.

(Then)

I pulled down the men who insulted him. I married them to crimes they could barely imagine. I held George Boleyn as he wept and called on Jesus. I heard the boy Smeaton cry for mercy behind the locked door and I made to go down to free him. But then I thought, 'No, boy, now it is your turn to suffer'? I put myself in hazard for my master in every way, my house, all I had. If I ever treated with Norfolk, it was only to speak for the cardinal. I didn't like Thomas Howard then and I don't like him now. I was never his man and never will be.

He stares into the candle-light. Then:

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You counselled me. You said, 'Let the Cardinal go'. And now he is prised away from me, whether I will or no.

(Then)

You can persuade the quick to think again... how do you remake your reputation with the dead?

Silence. Rafe doesn't know what to say. He has never seen his former master in such despair.

57 OMITTED

57