

THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT

EPISODE 3

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

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Episode 3 – 10th December 2024

1 INT. DARK AISLE, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY

1\*

FLASHBACK - Episode 202 Scene 51: TRACK with Cromwell as he follows the Abbess down the dark aisle in Shaftesbury Abbey.

ABBESS

So, this really is the reason  
you've come?  
(beat)  
Very well. Wolsey's daughter.

\*

CROMWELL (O.C.)

It's my religion, I think, that you  
do not like.

2 INT. ORNATE SIDE-CHAPEL, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY

2

FLASHBACK - Episode 202 Scene 52: Cromwell with Dorothea.

CROMWELL

I love the gospel. I follow it. I  
always will. Your father  
understood that.

Dorothea turns, her eyes aflame.

DOROTHEA

My father understood everything.  
*He understood you betrayed him.*

3 INT. DARK AISLE, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY

3

FLASHBACK - Episode 202 Scene 53: Cromwell, alone in the dark aisle. He looks shocked, heartbroken. He stares up at the image of the crucifixion above him.

CROMWELL (O.C.)

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

4 INT. ORNATE SIDE-CHAPEL, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - DAY

4

FLASHBACK - Episode 202 Scene 52: Cromwell with Dorothea.

DOROTHEA

(Interrupts)  
I would know you were a perjurer.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

DOROTHEA (CONT'D)

I have been told, by those I trust,  
 there is no faith or truth in  
 Cromwell.

HARD CUT TO:

5 INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAWN

5

THE PRESENT: Cromwell, sitting up suddenly in bed, waking from his NIGHTMARE. Dawn is breaking. He looks lost.

6 OMITTED

6

7 OMITTED

7

EXT. HAMPTON COURT - DAY

Cromwell steps out the entrance and looks around. Two Riders dismount at the Hampton Court Archway. A Guard approaches them.

GUARD

(to Riders)

What's your business here? Where are you from?

RIDER

From Lincoln. There's trouble. Come to tell Lord Cromwell.

GUARD

You hold here.

CROMWELL

How did these men get inside the gate?

GUARD

They say there's trouble, sir.  
 Lincolnshire is up.

CROMWELL

What trouble?

RIDER

Started in Louth, sir.

RIDER (CONT'D)

Rebels. They've attacked Bishop Langland's men in Horncastle.

Killed a man.

(beat)

Is it true, then? The King's dead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROMWELL  
Who says so?

RIDER  
All the east are saying it. Said he  
died at midsummer

CROMWELL  
Midsummer? Who rules then?

RIDER  
Cromwell, sir.

CROMWELL  
Cromwell? Wipe the shit off your  
boots, I'll bring you to a dead  
king, you can kneel and beg his  
pardon.

(beat)  
What did they say about this  
Cromwell?

RIDER  
They say he means to pull down the  
parish churches, melt all the  
crucifixes for cannons to fire on  
the poor folk. He's a devil... he  
wants the King's daughter for  
himself. They want his head.

8 INT. DARK CORRIDOR/COUNCIL CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 8

TRACKING with Cromwell as he walks, grim-faced, with  
Wriothesley, Fitzwilliam and Richard Riche, towards the  
Council Chamber.

WRIOTHESELEY  
...The Rebels demand the Lady Mary  
be made legitimate and restored to  
the succession. If she should fall  
into their hands...

RICHARD RICHE  
Shouldn't we secure her person?

CROMWELL  
What do you advice, chaining her  
up?

RICHARD RICHE  
Keep a watch on her?

They pause at the entrance to the Council Chamber.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

She is watched.

(to Wriothesley)

Poor men don't rise without  
leaders. Landowners are behind  
this. Find me names.

Wriothesley nods in acknowledgement. TRACK ON with them into the chamber, where Wriothesley takes a seat to the side, with the other CLERKS. ARCHBISHOP CRANMER is there, seated at the table with the Councillors. Cromwell assumes a pleasant demeanor.

Henry limps into the room with his ornamented stick. Rafe is with him. Those present hurriedly kneel. Henry signals them to rise.

HENRY

Well, gentlemen, the news is poor  
hearing. I would incline to mercy  
if this brawl were to end now.

FITZWILLIAM

I'd council you against leniency.  
If this should spread to Yorkshire,  
and north to the border...

Henry gingerly takes his place, under his canopy at one end of the table. Rafe nudges himself onto a bench end.

CROMWELL

Shall I alert the Duke of Norfolk?  
He could turn out his tenants and  
quiet the eastern shires.

HENRY

No. Keep Norfolk away from me.  
(To Rafe)  
Sadler, send to Greenwich for my  
armour.

The Council instantly pantomimes dismay.

RICHARD RICHE

No, no. Sire, do not risk your  
sacred person!

HENRY

If the common folk are saying I am  
dead, what choice have I?

FITZWILLIAM

Lord Cromwell's head is their chief  
demand.

Cromwell looks across at Fitzwilliam - surprised by the unexpectedly sharp intervention, the barbed tone.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)

They believe my lord has practised  
some device or sorcery on the King.  
As they claim the Cardinal did  
before him.

The Councillors turn with interest to see how Cromwell will respond.

CROMWELL

(Calmly)

Well, I am offended for my prince,  
that they deem him no more than a  
child to be led.

Henry's face has darkened with rage.

HENRY

And, by God, I am offended too.

He pounds the dais on which his chair stands with his heavy stick, causing the Councillors to flinch.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I take it ill to be instructed by  
the folk of Lincolnshire, which is  
one of the most brute and beastly  
shires in the realm! How do they  
presume to dictate what men I keep  
about me? And who will advise me,  
when Lord Cromwell is put down?  
Will these rebels do it? Colin  
Clump and Peter Pisspiddle, and old  
Grandpa Gaphead and his goat? Let  
them remember this. When I choose  
a humble man for my councillor, HE  
IS NO MORE HUMBLE.

Henry glares at them all, his voice rising still further.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*I made my minister, and by God I  
will maintain him. If I say  
Cromwell is a lord, then he is a  
lord. And if I say Cromwell's  
heirs are to follow me and rule  
England, by God they will do it.*

An electric atmosphere. Henry struggles to his feet, Rafe hurrying to assist.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Keep me informed. I go to shoot.  
(As he leaves)  
Keep my eye in.

(CONTINUED)

The King exits. Rafe looks at Cromwell, concerned, but eventually follows. Fitzwilliam gives a strange smile.

FITZWILLIAM

(To Cromwell)

Well? How does it feel? To be the heir presumptive to England?

The others seem unsure of whether to laugh or not.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)

He proclaimed you.

RICHARD RICHE

(Uneasy, chiding)

My lord...

Cromwell stands, smiling, but feeling a stir of anger at Fitz's tone. He gathers his papers.

Cromwell moves to leave with Wriothesley.

FITZWILLIAM

(Calling after)

My ears did not deceive me. He named you next king, Crumb!

FIND Cromwell and Wriothesley, waiting in an ill-lit, columned hall in Norfolk's palace at Lambeth. Norfolk enters at the far end. Full of energy and purpose, he strides the length of the hall towards Cromwell.

NORFOLK

Cromwell!

CROMWELL

My lord of Norfolk.

NORFOLK

I've no time to talk to you. I'm only in London to receive my orders and then get on the road. North, east, I will go where the King commands. I have six hundred armed and ready to ride, I have five cannon - five, and they are all mine! And I can whistle up another sixteen hundred men in short order-

CROMWELL

(Over)

No, my lord.

NORFOLK

No! What do you mean, no?

WRIOTHESLEY

It is the King's pleasure that you should-

NORFOLK

(Over)

I'm talking to Cromwell. Who has been to war - which is more than you have, sir.

CROMWELL

The King's pleasure, as Mister Wriothesley here hoped to explain, that you linger neither in London nor near his person. That you repair to your own country, there to ensure quietness-

NORFOLK

(Over, dangerous)

There are no rebels in my country.

CROMWELL

My Lord of Suffolk takes command of the King's forces.

NORFOLK

Brandon? What? That horse-keeper? By Saint Jude, what, am I to be set aside? Me, of the best blood this nation affords?

For a moment he looks too staggered to continue:

NORFOLK (CONT'D)

(To Cromwell)

I will ride to Hampton Court and meet my sovereign face to face!

CROMWELL

I wouldn't-

NORFOLK

For I doubt not you misreport me! The King knows he has no more faithful servant in England than me!

(He beats his chest)

Thomas Howard!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

He starts to head off. Cromwell could let him go, but he feels again that stir of anger...

CROMWELL

There is another matter, my lord.

Norfolk stops, turns, stares darkly at Cromwell.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I have a letter from your wife, the duchess. She complains of scant living!

NORFOLK

Let her family keep her.

CROMWELL

If you set your wife aside, you could at least pension her off. She's suffered enough already, don't you think, at your hands?

Norfolk steps in close, the tension palpable. For a moment, it looks like he will strike Cromwell for the insult. Then:

NORFOLK

In the north parts they use your name to terrify their children. Be quiet, they say, or Cromwell will come. He will jump down your throat and bite your liver.

CROMWELL

*Lord Cromwell would be more polite.*

NORFOLK

Oh, your title is still a novelty. In their view you'll be dead before they have to use it.

He stumps away, back down the vast hall. Cromwell calls after him.

Horrified by the exchange, Wriothesley turns to look at Cromwell. But Cromwell just walks away.

SCENE 10 MOVED TO LATER IN SCRIPT

11 OMITTED

11

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

12

TRACK with Cromwell through one of the clerks' chambers at Austin Friars and out into the courtyard.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

RAIN IS NOW FALLING. Richard Cromwell is preparing to leave for the north with a platoon of other MEN, dressed in the Cromwell livery.

SOLDIER 1 (B/G)  
We'll load up with provisions for the journey.

SOLDIER 2 (B/G)  
Your boy's nearly old enought to come with us, isn't he?

SOLDIER 1 (B/G)  
Aye, he wanted to. He asked. I had to tell him to stay at home.

SOLDIER 2 (B/G)  
His mother will be pleased.

SOLDIER 1 (B/G)  
I'm happy he stayed.

Gregory is there, helping them prepare.

GREGORY  
Please, Father. Let me go and fight with Richard. For the honour of our house.

RICHARD CROMWELL  
You apply to your book, Master Gregory. You are not done learning yet. Look after your father.

For a moment, it looks like Gregory will argue. In the end, he turns and heads back into the house. Cromwell reaches into his pocket, withdraws a 'medal'.

SOLDIER 4 (B/G)  
Quick march!

SOLDIER 3 (B/G)  
Don't neglect the horses now.

CROMWELL  
From my time in Italy. Kept me safe.

ON Richard, almost overcome. This means the world to him. He slips the chain over his head.

SOLDIER 1 (B/G)  
You go with them?

SOLDIER 2 (B/G)  
I'll go with any of them. Full company.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

SOLDIER 1 (B/G)  
Full company, yeah.

SOLDIER 4 (B/G)  
Take this to the Sergeant at arms!

SOLDIER 2 (B/G)  
Still had to bring this one along.

SOLDIER 5 (B/G)  
Are you ready for the journey now,  
then?

SOLDIER 5 (B/G) (CONT'D)  
You gonna send her a letter?

SOLDIER 6 (B/G)  
Ah. Send her as many as I can.

SOLDIER 5 (B/G)  
Yeah.

RICHARD CROMWELL  
My wife?

CROMWELL  
We'll bring her to er... Stepney or  
Mortlake? I'd have her here but if  
London falls this is where they'll  
come.

RICHARD CROMWELL  
RICHARD CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
Could it fall?

CROMWELL  
You could knock the city walls down  
with a dirty look.

RICHARD CROMWELL  
Promise me you'll take an escort  
with you. If you were recognised in  
the streets...

CROMWELL  
Thank God I'm not memorable.

He sees something in Richard's face.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
What?

SOLDIER (B/G)  
Come on! That's enough. Quick  
march!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RICHARD CROMWELL

(Beat)

Your man, Bellowe? John Bellowe?

CROMWELL

Yes?

RICHARD CROMWELL

The rebels caught him at Louth.  
They knew he was your servant.

He hesitates. Cromwell waits.

RICHARD CROMWELL (CONT'D)

They blinded him. Then they  
skinned a bull and sewed him into  
the hide.

(Faltering, then)

They set the dogs on him.

Cromwell nods, stares at the falling rain. Silence for a moment.

CROMWELL

All this rain. You'll be lucky if  
you can get these cannon north of  
Enfield before you're bogged down.

He turns, goes. ON Richard, staring after him.

13 OMITTED

13

14 OMITTED

14

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

15

THE PRESENT: ON Cromwell at his desk, alone. The memory is  
unbelievably painful.Eventually he turns, looks to the window where Wolsey is  
usually to be found.

CROMWELL

Master?

Again nothing, a vacancy. The shade of Wolsey steadfastly  
refuses to appear.

ON Cromwell: hollowed out, empty, lost.

10A INT. LONG GALLERY, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

10A

TRACK with Cromwell through the King's exquisite Long Gallery at Hampton Court Palace. Chapuys falls in beside him.

CHAPUYS (O.S.)

*Non, non. Je ne suis pas d'accord.  
Excusez-moi.*

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

I am told you have put the Duke of Norfolk in a fury. (LAUGHS) You know, he thinks this affair will bring you down. The rebels demand that 'vile blood' be drained from the Council. That's your blood, I imagine?

Chapuys shakes his head in mock horror, enjoying himself.

CROMWELL

If your master intends to send aid to the rebels, he's left it very late in the year.

CHAPUYS

Ah, you call them rebels? I thought it was merely a few turnips, sodden with drink? What interest could my master have in their proceedings?

CROMWELL

None. Unless he has been given bad advice by someone. If Lady Mary receives any approaches, she must report them to me. I have done all I will do for her. If she moves one inch towards the rebels, I will cut off her head.

Cromwell tries to move on. Chapuys calls after Cromwell.

CHAPUYS

Hmm. Truly Thomas, we know this game, you and I. I know what you must say and you know what I must say.

Cromwell turns, approaches Chapuys so as not to be overheard.

CROMWELL

Very well, I'll say something new to you. If your master subverts my King in his own country, I will find ways to make him suffer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10A CONTINUED:

10A

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

We will unite with the princes of Germany, who are your master's subjects, or so he believes.

Chapuys laughs. Cromwell moves on.

16 INT. OUTER ROOMS/QUEEN'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 16

TRACK with Cromwell and Richard Riche through outer chambers, into the Queen's privy chamber. Queen Jane is at the far end, with Lady Rochford, Edward Seymour's wife Nan Seymour and other LADIES - all sewing. Cromwell and Riche observe them from the doorway:

LADY-IN-WAITING

So I hear. It's a shame he doesn't have more patience.

JANE

(to Cromwell)

My Lord Privy Seal. Chancellor of Augmentations.

CROMWELL

Highness.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Why not ask the King to fetch Lady Mary here?

LADY ROCHFORD

Oh, yes, that'll cheer us up. She is famous for her japes.

CROMWELL

Lady Mary's health might improve with gentle company.

LADY ROCHFORD

Or perhaps it is because, if Mary is here with us, she cannot be taken by the rebels. Or, for that matter, she resort to them.

JANE

I would like her company. I could ask the King. But he is displeased with me. Because I am not yet with child.

LADY-IN-WAITING (B/G)

It's a way to gain favour.

LADY-IN-WAITING 2 (B/G)

... very king as well.

(CONTINUED)

LADY-IN-WAITING 3 (B/G)  
 Did you bring your embroidery with  
 you?

LADY-IN-WAITING 2 (B/G)  
 I did, yes.

LADY-IN-WAITING 3  
 Perhaps.

LADY-IN-WAITING 4  
 I did, yes. With our praise.

JANE  
 (Evenly)  
 Lady Rochford, could you stand off,  
 please?

Lady Rochford moves away slightly.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 No, further off. With the other  
 ladies.

Rochford steps back further, her face an essay in disdain.  
 Jane watches her recede then detaches a small flask for  
 rosewater from her girdle, hands it to Cromwell.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 (Aloud, publicly)  
 It is of great antiquity. The King  
 gave it me. He says it is Roman.

CROMWELL  
 (Examining it)  
 Huh. It's possible.

JANE  
 (Quieter, privately)  
 The King tells me his dreams.

Cromwell is taken aback by this sudden change of tack.

CROMWELL  
 What dreams?

JANE  
 Sometimes, when he has er, you  
 know, visited me, he falls asleep  
 in my bed and then wakes, because  
 of his dreams. He calls out 'mea  
 culpa, mea culpa'. He says his late  
 brother appears to him, to reproach  
 him for the unrest in his kingdom.  
 And the distress of his people.

16

CONTINUED:

16

Cromwell is reminded of a past occasion when he was summoned from his bed because Henry had had a dream about Arthur.

CROMWELL

His brother has appeared to him before, your grace, in his dreams. Perhaps... perhaps all princes are troubled by their conscience in such a way, in the late hours?

Jane considers for a beat.

JANE

I too am troubled by the distress of the people.

Cromwell stares at the Queen, waiting to see if she will elaborate. But she just reaches for the rosewater flask. Cromwell hands it back.

JANE (CONT'D)

If anyone asks what we spoke of, tell them I wanted to show you the glass and know about the Romans.

ON Cromwell, concerned by this conversation. He bows.

17

EXT. ORNAMENTAL GARDENS, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

17

Later. TRACK with Cromwell as he moves through the ornamental gardens at Hampton Court with Richard Riche. Henry, Rafe, Fitzwilliam and other members of the COURT are playing BOWLS nearby. Henry spots Cromwell, waves to him genially, inviting him to join them. Cromwell holds up his papers as he walks on, indicating he is too busy. Henry stares back at him, surprised.

Wriothesley catches up with Cromwell.

WRIOTHESELEY

Sir.

HENRY

Join us, Crumb.

WRIOTHESELEY

(Breathless, confidential)

We have a name! For the leader of the rebels. A one-eyed lawyer called Aske.

CROMWELL

Aske? Robert Aske?

WRIOTHESELEY

Do you know him, sir?

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

Cromwell spots Queen Jane approaching Henry from the palace with her ladies. He begins to move towards them.

CROMWELL

(Distracted)

To nod to. At Gray's Inn. He used to come down to do business for the Percys.

Jane sinks to the ground before Henry in a stiff tent of brocade.

JANE

Will you hear me, sir?

Henry is taken aback by this unheralded interruption.

JANE (CONT'D)

Please to bring the Lady Mary back to court. That I may have comfort in her society, and share a confidence.

Henry steps forward, raises Jane to her feet.

HENRY

Are you lonely, sweetheart? Well, of course. Of course we can have her, if it will make you merry.

Henry turns to the approaching Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

My Lord Privy Seal will...

...but then notices that Jane has resumed her position, kneeling before him. Cromwell is instantly on the alert.

JANE

Sir, my heart is moved by the divisions that arise between your subjects and your most sacred self.

A murmur of consternation.

JANE (CONT'D)

I am only a woman. I do not presume to be wiser than your majesty. But my heart misgives when honourable and devout customs are left off.

HENRY

(Cooling)

And what customs?

Cromwell finds Nan Seymour amongst Jane's entourage.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL  
(Softly)  
Nan.

Nan Seymour steps towards Jane.

NAN SEYMOUR  
Your grace...

JANE  
Your people want the Pope of Rome.  
They want the statues they have  
known all their lives. And blessed  
candles. And holy days.

NAN SEYMOUR  
(More urgently)  
Your grace...

HENRY  
Let her be. She must be  
instructed. Madam, what you fail  
to grasp is that the Bishop of Rome  
is merely a foreign prince, out to  
conquer if he can. I will have no  
alien interfere with my rule, and I  
will allow no traitor to shelter  
behind the cross of Christ.

Jane is aware of the eyes of the court on her.

JANE  
They would still pray for the King,  
if they could pray for the Pope  
too.

Cromwell steps forward, knowing he has to end this.

CROMWELL  
Pardon me, your grace, but there  
can be no double jurisdiction.  
Either the King rules, or the Pope.

WRIOTHESELEY  
(Warning)  
And it is not a question.

HENRY  
Her grace will withdraw.

Jane is trembling. But still she goes on.

JANE  
They are too much burdened with  
taxes. My lord, take care of your  
thoughts as well as your deeds.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

JANE (CONT'D)

What you refuse by day will haunt  
you by night. Your majesty knows  
this.

HENRY

Jane!

A STUNNED REACTION from the court. Henry looks appalled at this breach of trust. Nan and Lady Rochford seize Jane by the arms and lift her bodily to her feet.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Quietly furious)

Jane, understand this. A prince answers before the strait court of heaven for his proceedings, and when he dies will be judged by standards of which ordinary men are quit. I am the earthly shepherd of all God's sheep, rich and poor. It is my part to provide for their corporeal welfare and their spiritual good. The duty is laid on me, and the world shall see me discharge it.

Audible appreciation and some APPLAUSE from the Court.

WRIOTHESLEY

Amen to that.

HENRY

We are willing to consider all lawful petitions. However, when you are *fruitful*, that is when we will give ear to your complaints.

COURTIERS

(murmur)

Yes, yes. Quite.

LADY ROCHFORD

My lady. Come.

NAN SEYMOUR

Madam.

LADY ROCHFORD

Come.

Jane is led away.

INT. INNER ROYAL APARTMENT, THE TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Servants clear the table. Anne Boleyn is seated at the table. Ladies-in-Waiting in background.

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

Cromwell, remembering.

INT. INNER ROYAL APARTMENT, THE TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Anne leaps up and approaches Cromwell. Ladies sit sewing in the corner. Anne grabs Cromwell's arm.

ANNE

Just tell me. You don't believe these stories against me, do you? Do you, Cremuel?

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

Cromwell looking stricken.

EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Blood on Anne Boleyn's Lady-in-waiting's dress. A Lady-in-waiting kneels and covers Anne's severed head with a bloody cloth.

18

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

18

Cromwell wakes from a fitful sleep. He senses he is not alone. He looks to the shadowed corner of the room, where something shifts. Wolsey?

His smile fades.

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: The presence shifts, resolves into figures we have seen before: THREE VEILED WOMEN who ADVANCE TOWARDS US, one unwinding the BLOODY PARCEL she holds...

A clatter beyond the closed door. Cromwell lurches upright; his hand slides under his pillow, pulls out the hidden knife.

Rafe enters the room, carrying a candle. Cromwell conceals the knife back under the pillow.

RAFE

York has fallen.

Cromwell reacts to this.

CROMWELL

Have you told the King?

RAFE

He waits on you in the Chantry Chapel.

19

INT. CROSSING/CHANTRY CHAPEL, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

19

TRACK with Cromwell, through unoccupied smaller chapels at Hampton Court Palace, towards the Chantry Chapel. The King can be seen within - alone, kneeling before the altar, his BACK TO CAMERA. Cromwell waits outside.

CROMWELL'S POV: the heavy muscles of the familiar neck. Eventually, the King crosses himself, stands. He doesn't turn.

HENRY

I was thinking of Wolf Hall. The summer before. I was happy there. Yet here I am, one summer passed and one winter passing. I have bastardised both my daughters, I have no heir and, as I understand, no hope of one. My subjects are in rebellion, my coffers are empty, and my cradle empty too.

Henry turns finally to look at Cromwell - a look that seems to blame him for every woe. Cromwell bows, still outside the tiny chapel.

HENRY (CONT'D)

A man who has reigned twenty-eight years should be able to place his faith in his liege men. But behind the banner of these rebels lie other hidden banners - of the Poles and the Courtenays. They raise this rebellion in the hope that the Pope will send another king, my cousin Reginald Pole by name, who will wed my daughter Mary and turn me out to beg. This is why I have asked you to bring Pole before me. Or, if you cannot, rid me of him by some other means. And yet you seem unable to get hold of him. Perhaps I should bring Stephen Gardiner back from France, since you don't seem to know what to do? Norfolk, I suppose, must be permitted to ride north.

Cromwell bows in acknowledgement.

HENRY (CONT'D)

York. How could York fall?

It's a rhetorical question. Henry turns back to the altar.

ON Cromwell, dismissed.

20

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

20

A GREAT FEAST in progress while MUSICIANS play - a powerful statement of wealth and power. Dressed magnificently, Henry and Jane sit at table with the Lady Mary, surrounded by COURTIERS, Rafe amongst them. Norfolk stands beside the seated King, his body-language entirely penitential.

NORFOLK

Your Majesty... Sixteen hundred...

FIND Cromwell, watching from one side, with Gregory.

GREGORY

Why does Henry do this now, this feast? Why, at such a time?

CROMWELL

Because he must. Precisely now, when none expects it.

Norfolk approaches, on his way out.

NORFOLK

(Cold)

I'm for the north.

CROMWELL

Then grace's rights are restored.

A charged moment. It looks like Norfolk might say more but, in the end, he just glances briefly at Gregory and departs.

TRACK ON with Cromwell and Gregory towards their seats. Fitzwilliam approaches.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Take your seat, Gregory.

Gregory resists momentarily, then continues towards the tables, crossing with Fitzwilliam.

FITZWILLIAM

The almanacs said this would be a great year for surprises. And here's the Lady Mary - back at court long before she was looked for. This is your work, Crumb.

Once again, an edge to Fitzwilliam's remark. Cromwell follows Fitz's gaze - to Lady Mary, seated at the Queen's right hand, dressed in spectacular crimson. The two women are locked in conversation.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

CROMWELL

But you are mistaken, Fitz. As you'll remember, it was the Queen who requested Lady Mary's presence.

Fitzwilliam looks unconvinced. Mary glances up, notices Cromwell for the first time. She holds the look for a beat, her expression hard to read, then resumes her conversation.

21

INT. KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - NIGHT 21

Musicians continue. TRACK with Cromwell towards the King. He sees, with dismay, that Henry is listening to a tale from the jester SEXTON.

CROMWELL

(to Lady Mary)

My lady.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I thought you had forbidden Sexton the court, sire?

Henry's smile is almost guilty.

HENRY

True, I boxed his ears. But, poor fellow, has no other way to make a living.

Henry accepts the dispatches from Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Have you not had your supper? Take your place.

Cromwell moves off down the table. Sexton tracks him.

SEXTON

(Loudly)

Lower, Tom! Go lower. Which is the seat for the blacksmith's lad?  
Hmmm.

WOMAN

Very good.

SEXTON

Go lower, Tom! Trot on till you get to Putney!

(To Henry)

The commons cry for bread, majesty.  
Why not give them crumb?

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Laughter from the table. Queen Jane raises a hand to cover her smile. Cromwell's gaze drifts to Mary, who stares fixedly at the plate before her, immobile.

HENRY

He is an impertinent fellow, but you must take it in good part, my lord.

CROMWELL

I do.

Cromwell takes his seat.

SEXTON

If the Emperor comes you will be crumbed and fried! You will be sizzled like the heretic Tyndale!

Cromwell can't help himself.

CROMWELL

We don't know that Tyndale is burned.

Sexton has reached him now and leans in close, his smile almost demonic.

SEXTON

*Oh, Tom, I can smell him from here.*

ON Gregory, mortified to see his father so ridiculed.

SEXTON (CONT'D)

Oh, Tyndale... Tyndale...

22

OMITTED

22

22A

INT. CORRIDOR/MARY'S BEDCHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - NIGHT

22A

TRACK with Cromwell as he follows Lady Rochford along a dark corridor. She pauses by an open door, allowing Cromwell to pass. When he turns, she is closing the door behind him. He turns back. Mary is there, wearing a furred nightgown. They are alone in her bedchamber. Cromwell bows.

CROMWELL

I'm glad to see you back at court, my lady. I hope they are keeping you warm? Well-provisioned?

MARY

I am well looked-after. And it is your doing that I am brought back, I think?

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

She stares at him.

CROMWELL

I have to ask you, my lady. Have you not been approached?

MARY

The rebels may use my name, but they have no permission from me.

Which is to say, 'Yes, I have been approached'. Cromwell steps towards her.

CROMWELL

(Low)  
Careful. Careful, Mary.

He is close enough to touch the cloth of her gown. Mary doesn't move, except that with her fingers she draws her nightgown together, hiding the white of her linen - and at once lets it go, as if she knows the gesture is ridiculous.

MARY

I hear the Council is discussing a marriage for me with the Duke of Orléans. As I predicted.

CROMWELL

The French are discussing it. I'm not sure we are. You see yourself with a Spanish husband, very likely.

MARY

You would not wish me to marry a Spaniard, I think. They might seek to use me as the figurehead for an invasion.

Cromwell reacts to Mary's insight.

MARY (CONT'D)

You would prefer me to marry an Englishman?

ON Cromwell: where is this going?

CROMWELL

I would prefer you to marry as the King commands.

Mary reaches up, extracts something hanging at her throat. Cromwell realises it is the ring Hans Holbein made for her, attached to a fine gold chain.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

MARY

You see, I am wearing your verses,  
in praise of obedience. Though my  
father gave them me, I know their  
origin.

Mary stares directly at Cromwell. It's uncomfortable.

MARY (CONT'D)

Why did you wait so long to come to  
Hunsdon, when you wished me to sign  
the oath?

CROMWELL

(Deflecting)

Cardinal Wolsey used to say, 'Show  
your power by your absence'.

(Then)

You would have refused if I had  
come earlier.

Mary thinks about this.

MARY

Perhaps. And if I had, I would now  
be dead. Instead, I am here, at my  
father's side.

This is getting dangerous. Cromwell is very conscious that  
he is alone in a bedroom, at night, with the King's daughter.  
He deflects again.

CROMWELL

You looked very well today, my  
lady. Crimson is your favourite  
colour-

MARY

(over)

You change the subject. Do not make  
light of what you have done for me.  
You saved me, when I was drowning  
in folly. When I was almost past  
recovery.

(Then)

Your care of me has been so tender.

This conversation is out of control. Cromwell needs to end  
it. But, before he can:

MARY (CONT'D)

Like that of a father.

ON Cromwell: 'Like a father'? What does that mean?

23

INT. LONG GALLERY, HAMPTON COURT - NIGHT

23

TRACK with Cromwell back along the Gallery. Gregory is waiting.

GREGORY

What did she want?

Cromwell walks on. Gregory follows.

CROMWELL

To thank me. For caring for her like a father.

GREGORY

A father?

CROMWELL

She's heard the rumours that I want to marry her. She's warning me off.

They walk on. ON Gregory, trying to understand.

24

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAWN

24

Christophe kneels, building a fire. Cromwell sits at a table, reading a letter. Rafe walks in, sleep-bleared.

RAFE

Awake early?

CHRISTOPHE

(Sullenly)

He hasn't slept.

CROMWELL

(Indicating the letter)

Fifty thousand. The rebel army has grown. They now have fifty thousand men in the field.

Rafe reacts to the astonishing figure.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

There is no army the King can muster that can meet such a force.

Rafe sits down, stares at Cromwell, notes his former master's strange composure.

RAFE

Then... what do we do?

CROMWELL

So, Christophe? What do we do?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CHRISTOPHE

We lie.

CROMWELL

That's right. We lie. They have might, we have winter. We offer them a truce. We promise them Jane will be crowned in York. We promise them a parliament in the north. We promise them a general pardon. In the meantime, winter creeps in, food grows scarce, disease breaks out...

Rafe considers.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Time is on our side.

25	OMITTED	25
26	OMITTED	26
27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
35	INT. GRAND CHAMBER, CHESTER PLACE - DAY	35

Chester Place, the London home of the Seymours. Edward and his wife Nan are presenting their newborn DAUGHTER to the court. The King is guest-of-honour but his mood is subdued.

(CONTINUED)

Henry wants his own child, not to celebrate the birth of someone else's. It doesn't help that the Seymour daughter is HOWLING.

FIND Cromwell, standing with other MEMBERS of the Council. Again, Cromwell's gaze finds Mary, standing in silence beside the King.

CROMWELL  
(to Lady Rochford)  
Lady Rochford.

LADY ROCHFORD  
Lord Privy Seal.

Cromwell bows.

CROMWELL  
(to all)  
Well, well, well. Well, well, well.

Cromwell steps over to see the baby.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
Ah...

NAN SEYMOUR  
She's beautiful.

HENRY  
(to Edward Seymour)  
Well done, Seymour.

Henry holds his hand over the baby's head.

FEMALE GUEST IN CROWD (O.S.)  
A dear child...

MALE GUEST IN CROWD (O.S.)  
Very sweet...

Cromwell looks round. Lady Rochford is there. As usual, she notices everything.

LADY ROCHFORD  
Mary avoids looking at you.  
(beat)  
Perhaps it is only for the great  
love she bears you.  
(Then, pointed)  
Or perhaps, now that the King has  
spared her and brought her back to  
Court, she feels she no longer  
needs you?

This last comment finds its mark with Cromwell. Lady Rochford moves off.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

Cromwell steps over to Jane Seymour. He bows.

CROMWELL

Your grace.

JANE

My Lord Privy Seal.

RICHARD RICHE

Your grace. May God in his own good time make you a happy mother also. I think er, I think Nan Seymour sets a glad example.

Jane turns to Richard Riche.

JANE

Does she? I should hardly be a happy mother if I have a girl. I should think I'll be sent back to Wolf Hall in a basket.

Cromwell turns and gestures to Lady Rochford to follow.

36

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

36

...TRACKING with Cromwell as he drags/leads Lady Rochford out of the Grand Chamber, into the adjacent Long Gallery. They are alone here.

CROMWELL

"I should hardly be a happy mother if I have a girl." What's that?

ON Lady Rochford, enjoying his discomfort. Then:

LADY ROCHFORD

Yes, it's true. Her courses have not come. Her titties are swollen. She will not speak till she is sure.

Cromwell absorbs this.

LADY ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

Let's hope it's stuck fast, eh? Make sure you are at hand when she tells Henry. He will be in a humour to hand out favours. He might give you... whatever it is you lack. Which isn't much - is it, my Lord Privy Seal?

She walks away, back towards the Grand Chamber door.

37

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

37

The Councillors POUND the table with glee. Seated under his Canopy of State, Henry looks pleased, embarrassed, almost boyish. Cromwell stands beside him.

RICHARD RICHE

A great day for England!

SUFFOLK

This will put an end to the rebellion!

HENRY (O.S.)

Yes! Yes, it will!

COUNCILLOR (O.S.)

God save the King!

FITZWILLIAM

Yes, sire, because there is not a man or woman in England who does not wish Your Majesty well and pray on his knees nightly that the Queen will give you a sturdy boy.

38

INT. OUTER ROOMS/QUEEN'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 38

TRACK with Cromwell through outer rooms, into the privy chamber. Jane is seated at a small, informal table - tucking into a dish of quails. Her sister, Bess Oughtred, is there.

JANE

... it was delicious. It wasn't.

BESS OUGHTRED

(to Jane)

Was it? It was a recipe that was recommended to me. I passed it on to them, to the cooks.

JANE

Hm-hmm. You should try some.

BESS OUGHTRED

No. I don't think so. Not this time.

JANE

This isn't all for me.

CROMWELL

Felicitations, your grace.

Jane smiles but has her mouth full, can't speak.

(CONTINUED)

BESS OUGHTRED

Quails. The Lisle send them from Calais by the crate. As you can see, she sets into them as though they had done her an injury.

(LAUGHS) They are fed on the boat to keep them fat but, even so, she must have more.

(to Bess)

Yes, yes. And I shall have more at supper and fatter.

She laughs. A real warmth between them.

CROMWELL

No harm in that. The King likes a woman to show her appetite. And now, of course...

JANE

Will you join us, my lord?

CROMWELL

I cannot. Holbein is here.

Jane's smile falls away.

Holbein advances to the easel. Bess steps clear of his eye-line. Cromwell approaches Hans, concerned.

CROMWELL

How long will she need to stand?

HANS HOLBEIN

She can sit if she wants.

(Louder, to Jane)

It is er, very correct to breathe.

As Holbein sketches, Cromwell finds his gaze slipping to Lady Oughtred. He takes in her handsome profile. She meets his gaze, surprised - wanders over to join them.

HOLBEIN

Er... to the light. Ja.

HOLBEIN (CONT'D)

Er... if your grace could lift her chin?

CROMWELL

The King will want her as she is.  
No flattery.

HANS HOLBEIN

(Working)

It is not my habit.

BESS OUGHTRED

(Teasing)

I warrant when he married my  
sister, she did not look so much  
like a mushroom.

Jane smiles, relaxing. Cromwell's gaze slips once more to Bess.

40

INT. CHANCEL, CHAPEL ROYAL, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - EVENING

40

A service of Evensong. The CHOIR sings beautifully.

FIND Cromwell, amongst the COURTLY CONGREGATION. He spots Edward Seymour, sitting across the crowded chancel.

41

INT. CHANCEL, CHAPEL ROYAL, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - EVENING

41

Later. The service is breaking up. Cromwell is looking for Edward Seymour but is intercepted by Chapuys.

CHAPUYS

Don Diego de Mendoza has landed at Dover.

CROMWELL

(Still scanning for Seymour)

I know.

CHAPUYS

He carries a letter of love for the Lady Mary - from the Emperor's nephew.

Cromwell spots Seymour.

CROMWELL

Would you excuse me, Eustache. I have a different marriage to make.

Off Chapuys' surprised look:

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

My son, Gregory. Lord Seymour.

TRACK through the crowd with Cromwell to FIND Edward Seymour in conversation. He breaks off when Cromwell appears. They bow.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Your lady sister, Oughtred's widow.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
 Bess.

CROMWELL  
 Her hand in marriage.

Cromwell holds the look.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
 This is a surprise.

CROMWELL  
 Hmm.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
 So.... are you willing...?

CROMWELL  
 We are willing.

EDWARD SEYMOUR  
 And ready? To talk about money?

CROMWELL  
 It's my favourite subject.

Seymour's glance shifts BEHIND Cromwell. He breaks into a broad smile. Cromwell turns. Richard Cromwell is approaching, still dusty from travel. Cromwell's relief is overwhelming. He wraps Richard in a tight embrace.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Thank God.  
 (Then, parting)  
 Welcome home, Richard.

Richard removes something from around his dusty neck, hands it to Cromwell. It's the medal he gave Richard to bring him luck, before he set off.

Cromwell stares down at it in his hand. He looks up at Richard, moved.

RICHARD CROMWELL  
 Winter won out. Just as you predicted, Master.

ON Cromwell, acknowledging thoughtfully.

CROMWELL  
 Look at you.

42 OMITTED 42

43 OMITTED 43

46 EXT. ORNAMENTAL GARDENS, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 46

Cromwell walks with Edward Seymour's sister Bess, Lady Oughtred, in the gardens. She rests her hand on his arm.

BESS OUGHTRED

Gorgeous.

CROMWELL

Isn't it?

BESS OUGHTRED

So, the marriage - when shall it be?

CROMWELL

As soon as you wish. But...

(Then)

...you do wish, Bess? You do wish this?

Bess smiles at him, her dry wit never far from the surface.

BESS OUGHTRED

Yes, my lord. I do wish.

CROMWELL

Bless you.

(Smiles)

Well, I think that we must order silks and velvets for you. And I... I thought, emeralds?

BESS OUGHTRED

Emeralds? Jane said that you would be very generous.

CROMWELL

You must indulge me. I... as you know, I don't have any daughters.

Bess is smiling.

BESS OUGHTRED

You may indulge me, my lord. And I shall certainly indulge you. But I will hardly be your daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

Oh, I had hoped... well, I had hoped that you would see our relationship in that way.

BESS OUGHTRED

(Thrown)

Oh... What it is to be like that? I didn't know. But, you are not so very old, and I had hoped to have your children.

CROMWELL

Mine?

BESS OUGHTRED

Hmm.

ON Cromwell - shocked, slowly realising the misunderstanding.

CROMWELL

Perhaps we should go inside, Bess.

BESS OUGHTRED

Why?

CROMWELL

Because um... there are, there are people, and your family... perhaps we should not be seen alone together, it might... it might lead to misunderstandings.

ON Bess - first smiling, still confused, and then her expression hardening with comprehension.

BESS OUGHTRED

I think there has been a mis-understanding. I am offering my person to one Cromwell only, the one that I marry. Which Cromwell is that meant to be?

CROMWELL

(Struggling)

I am extremely flattered that you would even consider it, but I...

BESS OUGHTRED

I am not at fault. I listened to what my brother required of me. I never said, what age is Cromwell, or was his father not a tradesman? I just said, 'Yes, Edward.' And I assumed that-

CROMWELL

(Over)

But why did you assume? When  
 Gregory is so likely a young man,  
 and, and of an age to marry?

BESS OUGHTRED

I think you have no idea, my lord,  
 how much your single state is  
 talked of. How much the whole  
 court looks to you to change it.  
 And how much they speculate that a  
 great and dangerous honor will come  
 your way.

CROMWELL

Well, it's gossip but dangerous  
 indeed to me and dishonourable,  
 I... I presume you mean to Lady  
 Mary?

BESS OUGHTRED

Then you would do well to be clear  
 who you will marry and who you will  
 not.

CROMWELL

Please, I beg you, don't tell  
 Gregory. He thinks you have freely  
 accepted him.

(Then)

And you will accept him, won't you,  
 Bess? Because you must be relieved  
 it is the son and not the father?

BESS OUGHTRED

(Over)

Stop! I will not tell you whether I  
 am relieved or not. Tell me when  
 and where, and I will come in my  
 bridal finery and I will marry  
 whichever Cromwell presents  
 himself.

FIND Cromwell, waiting with Richard Riche by the wine  
 fountain in the Base Court at Hampton Court. LIVERIED  
 SERVANTS pour wine for them.

A great commotion as an elaborate CARRIAGE appears, heavily  
 mud-splattered and flanked by FLEMISH BODYGUARDS on  
 horseback, who also show signs of a long and muddy journey.  
 Though carriages are common in Europe in this era, they are  
 almost unknown in England.

RICHARD RICHE  
Was it carried here over the sea?

CROMWELL  
He will have wished someone carried  
it over our roads.

They watch as the new Spanish envoy, DON DIEGO DE MENDOZA, resplendent in plumes and black velvet, disembarks from the carriage, followed by Chapuys. Don Diego is a man who requires a big space around him. All bow elaborately. The servants offer the new arrivals wine to slake their thirst.

MENDOZA  
(Portuguese accent)  
Lord *Cremeul*. I have heard a great  
deal about you.

CROMWELL  
And I feel I know you already, Don  
Diego. For you must be related to  
that Mendoza who was ambassador in  
the Cardinal's time?

MENDOZA  
I had that honour.

CROMWELL  
The Cardinal locked him up.

MENDOZA  
(Icy)  
Yes, a violation of every agreed  
principle of diplomacy.  
(Then)  
I did not know you were at Court  
then.

CROMWELL  
No. But I was the Cardinal's man.  
I have inherited his concerns.

CHAPUYS  
(Quickly)  
But not his methods.

45 INT. OUTER ROOMS/MARY'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 45

TRACK with Cromwell, Don Diego and Chapuys as they approach Mary's privy chamber at Hampton Court.

CROMWELL  
Have you brought Dom Luis's  
portrait for my lady?

(CONTINUED)

Mendoza's manner is cold. He shows a black-ribboned letter, sealed with the double-headed eagle.

MENDOZA

Just that.

(Then)

There are presents, of course.  
Which follow by mule.

CHAPUYS

Because they are large.

CROMWELL

Good. Lady Mary's tastes are  
lavish.

The privy chamber door opens and Mary's USHER appears.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I will give you a quarter of an  
hour, Don Diego, and then, with  
regret I shall interrupt you.

CHAPUYS

It is hardly time enough for them  
to pray together.

CROMWELL

(Smiling)

Oh, will they be doing that?

MENDOZA

Huh.

Mendoza is led in by the usher. The doors close.

CROMWELL

Don Diego isn't very friendly. I  
thought it was an ambassador's  
duty?

CHAPUYS

(Conceding)

He is er... fastidious.

Cromwell laughs. He checks there is no-one in earshot.

CROMWELL

Oh... One of the rebel leaders has  
implicated you.

CHAPUYS

What?

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL

Under questioning. And we have letters you sent to the traitor Darcy. Going back three years.

CHAPUYS

I protest.

CROMWELL

You claim the letters are forgeries?

CHAPUYS

I make no claim. I say nothing to them.

CROMWELL

It's lucky for you, I am more clement than the Cardinal. I'll not have you locked up.

He gestures to the closed door.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

That's close enough to fifteen minutes, don't you think?

TRACK with Cromwell as he noisily enters the privy chamber. Chapuys follows. Mary stands with Mendoza.

MENDOZA

(Annoyed)

My lord, go out, we are not done.

CROMWELL

But I come to remind you, sir, of your urgent next engagement.

Mendoza looks for a moment as if he'll face him down. But Chapuys clears his throat.

MENDOZA

(Beat)

*Desculpe su alteza*, for now we must part.

He begins to kneel.

MARY

No, do not kneel. Haste away, the Lord Privy Seal is waiting.

MENDOZA

*Te agradezco su consejos.*

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Mendoza leaves with ill-grace. Chapuys follows making a comical face at Cromwell as he passes. Cromwell closes the door.

CROMWELL

So, what passed?

MARY

(Beat)

He asked me if I meant what I said.

CROMWELL

Generally? Or specifically?

A flare of temper from Mary, her face alight.

MARY

You know full well.

(Then, deflating)

If I meant it when I said that I accepted my father as head of the church, and that he and my mother were never truly married. I said that I did.

CROMWELL

Give me the letter.

Mary takes the fat ribboned letter from the table.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

No. The other one. The one he carried hidden under his shirt.

She hesitates, but only for a moment. She slides out a letter, concealed between the pages of a book on the table, and hands it to him. Cromwell opens it, starts to read.

55A

INT. GREAT HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

55A

Gregory's wedding celebration: a small, happy occasion. GUESTS sit at tables in pools of candlelight. MUSICIANS play quietly nearby.

FIND Cromwell standing, observing from the shadows.

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Gregory and Bess, celebrating their union. They seem relaxed and joyful, surrounded by Richard Cromwell and other FRIENDS and CONTEMPORARIES.

Rafe approaches, with Edward Seymour.

CROMWELL

I hope the wedding was not too modest for your sister.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED:

55A

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I would not have Norfolk accusing  
me of aping the nobility.

Seymour smiles.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

We have come a long way together,  
my lord - you and I - since we  
welcomed you to Wolf Hall. Won't  
you join us?

Nan Seymour arrives. She smiles at Cromwell affectionately,  
leads Edward away.

RAFE

I remember that visit. We wouldn't  
have gone if you hadn't risen from  
your sick-bed and added Wolf Hall  
to the King's progress at the last  
moment.

LEAD the SOUND of CROWS, invading the silence.

56

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, WOLF HALL - DAY

56

FLASHBACK - Episode 104 scene 67: A cold dawn light.  
Cromwell stretches, rises from his chair.

RAFE (V.O.)

And that's where he found his new  
queen. And where you had to... You  
had to stand aside.

Something catches his attention. He smiles, crosses to the  
window.

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Jane stands on the path below,  
outlined in silver in the early morning light. A figure  
stands beside her. As Cromwell watches, the figure shifts,  
steps into view. It's Henry. He takes Jane's hand.

BACK ON Cromwell, his smile evaporating. He takes a step  
back from the window.

56A

INT. GREAT HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

56A

THE PRESENT, but later. Musicians continue. ON Cromwell,  
now seated at a small table, remembering. Rafe has moved on.  
Gregory approaches Cromwell's table, stands somewhat  
awkwardly, as if unsure whether he would be welcome to join  
his father. Cromwell indicates that he should sit.

CROMWELL

Sit.

(CONTINUED)

56A CONTINUED:

56A

As usual, they seem shy in each other's company. They listen to the MUSIC in silence. Then:

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You are happy? You and Bess don't seem, you know, shy of each other.

GREGORY

Yes, I am happy. We are both happy.

CROMWELL

Hmm.

INSERT POV: Bess sitting with Richard Cromwell, Edward and Nan. She looks content, serene.

GREGORY

So please not to look at her, sir. Converse with her when others are present, and do not write to her. I ask this of you. I have never asked anything much.

So Bess has told him. Cromwell feels sick.

CROMWELL

Oh, Gregory. I don't defend myself. I should have made myself clear. It was only out of duty when she consented, when she thought I was the groom. And how this... how this muddle came about - well, Seymour, you know, he can be brisk. One gentleman passing another in conversation. It can happen.

GREGORY

Other things can happen. But do not let them.

Cromwell is shocked and saddened by this.

CROMWELL

I am a man of honour. I mean, I'm a... I'm a man of my word.

GREGORY

So many words. You do everything. You have everything. You are everything. So I beg you, Father, grant me an inch of your broad earth and leave my wife to me.

Gregory stands, walks away. ON Cromwell, stricken.

47

INT. LONG GALLERY, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

47

OPEN on Henry, elaborately dressed, staring past camera - his face puffy and pale with pain.

HENRY

I hear a rumour that the King of France is dead.

FIND Holbein at his easel, sketching. Cromwell stands nearby, with Fitzwilliam and Richard Riche.

CROMWELL

I fear untrue.

HENRY

(False bonhommie)

You must finish this drawing today, Hans, or you will have to chase me.

I shall not linger when I could be hunting.

Cromwell is watching Henry closely, sees him start to sway. He MOVES SO QUICKLY that, before the King can fall, he has him by the arm, taking his weight.

RICHARD RICHE

(Bawling)

A seat for the King! Hurry!

The room suddenly FLOODS WITH PEOPLE. A disorientated Henry gapes at Cromwell as he is carefully lowered into a chair. His face fills with anger.

HENRY

Send them all out... Out! Out!

Disperse!

COUNCILLOR

Get out! Out!

Richard Riche and Fitzwilliam shoo out the on-lookers. Henry looks down to where Cromwell holds his arm, plucks the hand away.

48

OMITTED

48

49

OMITTED

49

49A

INT. ANTECHAMBER/KING'S BEDCHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY

49A

FIND Cromwell waiting in the anti-chamber outside the King's bedchamber. He has been waiting a while. Finally, the door opens and Rafe appears. He nods.

TRACK with Cromwell into the bedchamber. Rafe follows.

Henry is seated at a window by his magnificent bed, sullen and angry at his recent public show of weakness. He glares out at the lowering sky, the weather reflecting his sombre mood.

HENRY

Norfolk has been writing to you, I hear. Begging for his brother's life?

(With contempt)  
'Tom Truth'

Cromwell concedes with a bow of the head.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You don't imagine Norfolk will ever be your friend, do you?

CROMWELL

No. It is not for pleasing him that I ask for mercy.

HENRY

Then why should I not punish Truth? Why should I not cut off his head for his knavery with my niece?

CROMWELL

Because he is young, sire, and experience will improve his judgement. Let him sweat a space. It's a lesson he'll not forget and the Howards will be indebted to you hereafter.

HENRY

Yes, but you always say this, Cromwell. You say, remit them, and they will behave better. The Pole family... whom I prospered?

Cromwell's heart sinks. Here it comes - again.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Whom I restored in blood, whom I plucked from penury and disgrace? How am I repaid? By Reginald, parading around Europe calling me the Anti-Christ!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

49A

HENRY (CONT'D)

You *promised* me that would put an end to him. When he returns to Italy, you told me, I'll have him struck down as he leaves his lodging, or ambushed on the road.

CROMWELL

(Frustrated)

Majesty, I don't know how to intercept a man who is never where he is expected! My people await him in some appointed place, but then he falls from his horse, is carried into a refuge, is three days nursing his bruises. We anticipate him at the next town, then we hear he has missed his way, wandered off in a circle, ended up back where he began. He's... He's too stupid to be killed.

HENRY

THEN LEARN TO BE STUPID TOO!

Henry turns from him, breathing hard. A long beat. When he looks back, there's a curious quality to the gaze: as if he's just realised something for the first time.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

Always you. Always you with the bad news.

50 OMITTED

50

51 OMITTED

51

51A OMITTED

51A

52 OMITTED

52

53 OMITTED

53

54 OMITTED

54

54A OMITTED

54A

55 OMITTED

55

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. MAIN GATE, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 58

ON Cromwell, as he approaches his gate on foot with his ARMED ESCORT. His GUARDS hold back the usual crowd of PETITIONERS.

PETITIONERS  
(overlapping shouts)  
My lord. My lord. My lord. Lord  
Cromwell.

Cromwell notices a YOUNG WOMAN in the scrum, dressed in green. She meets his gaze as he walks past. Something familiar about her. He glances back but his VIEW is blocked.

59 INT. CORRIDOR/CLERK'S ROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 59

TRACK with Cromwell into a clerks' room.

MAN  
(to Cromwell)  
My lord.

Christophe is there, talking to Thomas Avery and the other CLERKS.

CROMWELL  
Christophe, there's a young woman in green outside. Have her brought in.

GUARD (B/G)  
(to Guard 2)  
I've had a word with him.

60 INT. GREAT HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 60

Moments later. FIND Cromwell seated in the Great Hall, deep in thought. Christophe leads in the young woman.

CROMWELL  
I saw you at the gate yesterday?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yes.

CROMWELL  
I am sorry you had to come back a second day. As you can see, half of England is out there.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

YOUNG WOMAN  
 (Antwerp accent)  
 It's been a longer wait than you  
 know, sir.

Cromwell recognises the accent instantly.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 I've come from over the sea, from  
 Mister Vaughan's household in  
 Antwerp.

CROMWELL  
 Ah, you should have said so. We  
 would have brought you in at once.  
 Please sit. Christophe, some wine  
 for this young lady.

Christophe leaves.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 You have a letter?

YOUNG WOMAN  
 No. No letter.

Cromwell puzzles over that. She seems completely at her ease. She doesn't sit, rather moves to examine the paintings on the wall, made by Holbein and his apprentices.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Who are those?

CROMWELL  
 Princes of England.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 Hmm. You recall so many?

CROMWELL  
 (Smiles)  
 They are long gone. We have um...  
 invented them.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 Why?

Cromwell considers. Not something he's asked himself before.

CROMWELL  
 Why? As a reminder that men become  
 dust, but the realm is continued.

Her gaze continues around the room, reaches the tapestry of the Queen of Sheba. She looks shocked, moves towards it.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

YOUNG WOMAN  
Where did you get that tapestry?

CROMWELL  
The King gave it to me. For my  
services.

YOUNG WOMAN  
And where did he get it?

CROMWELL  
A Cardinal. My patron.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You didn't have it made for  
yourself?

CROMWELL  
No, it was beyond my means. I was  
not always a wealthy man. You can  
see it's Sheba and Solomon.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Also I know my mother.

Cromwell doesn't move.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I am Anselma's child. I've no idea  
how she got herself into that  
tapestry, but we can ask ourselves  
that another day.

Cromwell catches himself, stands.

CROMWELL  
Well, then you are very, very  
welcome. I did not even know that  
lady had a child. It is for her  
sake I coveted the tapestry.

He turns to the tapestry.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
I used to look and look, and one  
day the King said, 'Thomas, I think  
this lady should come live with  
you.'

He turns back to her, smiling.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
So your father would be...

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

YOUNG WOMAN

Hmm. I know the gentleman you mean.  
My mother married him after I was  
born.

CROMWELL

(Thrown)  
Ah. So he is not your father?

She looks back to him.

YOUNG WOMAN

No.  
(Then)  
You are.

Silence. She smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Look at me. Do you not see  
yourself?

And Cromwell stares into her face. Neither of them moves.

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