

THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT

Episode 4

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

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1 INT. KING'S PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT 1

OPEN ON the massive, iconic Holbein MURAL of Henry VIII, Queen Jane and Henry's parents - embellished with gold leaf, glistening in the candlelit setting. Henry faces us: belligerent, hands on hips, bearing a dagger.

FIND the real-life Henry, leaning heavily on his ornamented stick - a striking contrast to the robust, intimidating figure depicted in the mural. Standing alongside Jane, who is now visibly pregnant, the King gazes up at his depiction, marvelling.

Holbein leans in to Cromwell, standing slightly apart from Rafe and the other COURTIERs.

HOLBEIN  
(Softly)  
You were right that I should turn  
him to face us. Jesus Maria, he  
looks as if he would spring down  
and trample you.

Henry rouses himself from his contemplation.

HENRY  
I wish France could see this. Or  
the Emperor. And the King of  
Scots.

HOLBEIN  
There can be copies, majesty.

HENRY  
(to Jane)  
Did you see it, my darling?

JANE  
Yes.

HENRY  
Hmm.

Cromwell is watching Jane, staring at her own image, her face still and pale as marble. Henry's hand steals out and rests on her belly, as if testing what he finds there. Cromwell observes her face tighten, the fractional stiffening of her body as if she is training herself not to pull away from him.

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. KING'S PRIVY CHAMBER, WHITEHALL PALACE - NIGHT 3

Cromwell looks away - preoccupied, remembering.

CHAPUYS (O.C.)  
I hear you have a visitor?

CROMWELL  
Why don't you tell me about it,  
Eustache?

CHAPUYS  
*Mon cher*, you must not blame me if  
your amours are of interest to all  
Europe. Hitherto, observers have  
been frustrated by your extreme  
discretion.

They watch as Henry steps painfully forward to take a closer  
look at the mural.

HENRY  
(to Holbein)  
Yes, it's a good likeness.

CHAPUYS  
And er... what will you do with  
this new daughter of yours? Will  
you confess her to the world?

CROMWELL  
I'll have a hard time to hide it,  
with you shouting about her in the  
streets.

Chapuis watches Cromwell with his bright, cat's eyes.

4 INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 4

Jenneke moves from shelf to shelf, examining the books - a  
calm, composed, precise young woman.

JENNEKE  
Law books.

She turns. Cromwell sits at his desk in the candlelight.

JENNEKE (CONT'D)  
It is your trade?

He nods minimally. Then:

CROMWELL  
You are aware, aren't you, that  
until this morning, I did not know  
you existed?

(CONTINUED)

JENNEKE

I have shocked you with my arrival.  
I'm sorry.

She moves to sit in the shadows.

CROMWELL

When I came back here, I was  
homesick for Antwerp. I would have  
stayed for not much  
encouragement...

JENNEKE

It was my mother's wish that you  
should not be troubled.

CROMWELL

But why? Why did she not write to  
me, when she knew her condition? I  
would have come back. I would have  
married her. Please, tell her  
that...

JENNEKE

(Over)

My mother is dead. A cold on her  
chest last winter. She said that  
she did not want you to regard me  
as a mistake you would have to pay  
for. But she took me to Mister  
Vaughan's household to learn  
English. Against the day.

Cromwell consults his heart. Surprisingly, after all the  
years he has thought of Anselma, it registers nothing.

JENNEKE (CONT'D)

I heard there was a revolt and you  
were in danger, so I came.

Cromwell gazes off to Wolsey's empty corner, struggling to  
control his emotions. Jenneke's words have moved him deeply.

JENNEKE (CONT'D)

Is it over? The rebellion?

CROMWELL

There is still some unrest. But  
now the Queen is with child so,...

JENNEKE

So, you are safe. I need not have  
come.

(Then)

Still, I am... I'm glad to see you.  
Are you glad to see me?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

Cromwell observes her. The candlelight plays on her features  
- so oddly familiar.

CROMWELL  
I am... I'm astonished.

5 OMITTED 5

6 OMITTED 6

7 INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 7

Cromwell wakes suddenly - immediately hears VOICES, elsewhere  
in the house. His hand slides beneath his pillow, again  
pulls out the hidden knife. He listens intently, the knife  
glinting in the moonlight.

8 INT. STAIRCASE/GREAT HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 8

TRACK with Cromwell as he descends the stairs.

CHRISTOPHE (O.S.)  
I hear him. He's coming.

RICHARD CROMWELL (O.S.)  
I promise you he wants to hear  
this.

CHRISTOPHE (O.S.)  
I can't keep disturbing him.

RICHARD CROMWELL  
I have... I have news for him...

Cromwell enters the hall to find Christophe and other  
SERVANTS gathered around Richard Cromwell in the lamplight.  
They fall silent, seeing Cromwell.

CROMWELL  
Alive?

RICHARD CROMWELL  
Alive.

CROMWELL  
Maid or man?

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. CLOISTER CORRIDOR/PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 10

TRACK with Cromwell along the Cloister Corridor and into the CROWDED, NOISY presence chamber at Hampton Court. The FULL COURT is gathered, attired in all its finery. The King is there, enthroned and receiving the congratulations of his liegemen. Rafe stands nearby, attending him silently as usual.

TRACK ON with Cromwell to find an exultant Edward Seymour, just as the Duke of Suffolk approaches through the throng, grinning.

An ornate and bejewelled cradle is being carried HIGH into the hall by LIVERIED SERVANTS, set down beside Henry's throne. A hush. The King reaches carefully into the cradle, raises the longed-for heir triumphantly above his head, holding him there for all to see.

HENRY  
(Full voice)  
My lords... A son!

The court EXPLODES with CHEERS and STAMPING.

ON Henry, utterly jubilant - beaming at Cromwell across the crowded room.

NORFOLK (O.C.)  
The Lady Mary is looking more than usually sour on this happy occasion, don't you think?

Cromwell turns. Norfolk is there. Cromwell follows his gaze to where Mary is watching her father and his new son.

NORFOLK (CONT'D)  
(Smirking)  
No doubt realising she will never now be Queen.

MALE COURTIER (O.S.)  
God save the King!

Norfolk moves on. Cromwell observes Mary, her expression impossible to read. Wriothesley arrives, steps close.

Cromwell doesn't answer. He's staring at the empty throne next to Henry's - the place where Queen Jane ought to be.

11 INT. OUTER ROOMS/QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 11

TRACK with Cromwell through the Queen's BRIGHT outer rooms. He crosses with DR BUTTS, the King's physician, who is leaving.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CROMWELL  
Is she recovered?

Butts looks concerned. Cromwell doesn't wait for an answer. He HURRIES ON, approaching the Queen's bedchamber. A heavy curtain hangs across the door, blocking his path. A GUARD sweeps it aside, admitting Cromwell to the SUDDEN DARKNESS of the bedchamber beyond.

TRACK ON with Cromwell into the room. Inside, the windows are hung with heavy tapestries and curtains, excluding all natural light, creating a stuffy, womb-like environment. Only candles and a blaze in the fireplace encroach on the gloom. Lady Rochford is there, moving busily to and fro, together with Bess Cromwell, (Oughtred as was), and Mary Shelton.

Jane lies in a great bed of state in the centre of the room, wrapped in furs. She looks weak and pale, short of breath. She vomits briefly into a bowl held by Mary Shelton. Mary takes the bowl out of the room. She looks worried.

LADY ROCHFORD (O.S.)  
Grind it finer. And the other bowl.

BETH  
(to Jane)  
Here. Let me.

LADY ROCHFORD  
(to Lady-in-waiting)  
Wait.

LADY-IN-WAITING  
Yes, my lady.

Lady Rochford approaches, carrying a tray - the remnants of a meal of quails and other rich food.

CROMWELL  
Lady Rochford, she should not be given such rich food in her weakened state.

LADY ROCHFORD  
Lord Cromwell, I have told you before. These are women's affairs and none of your concern.

She continues on out of the room, dripping with self-righteous indignation.

TRUMPETS sound elsewhere in the palace. The Queen struggles upright, attempts to climb out of the vast bed. Bess and Mary Shelton hurry to assist her. Reaching the window, Jane draws back the heavy curtain. DAYLIGHT floods in. Cromwell joins her, looks out.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Prince Edward's magnificent CHRISTENING PROCESSION is passing below, in the Base Court.

Cromwell watches Jane as she stares down at her son's passing. She is shivering, looks so weak and wan.

JANE  
My son's procession.

Cromwell reaches for one of the furs from the bed, wraps it around her. Jane turns, seemingly seeing Cromwell for the first time. She places her thin hand lightly on his arm.

JANE (CONT'D)  
The King and I, we may not attend the Christening. It's tradition. Will you go for me? Tell me all that transpires?

CROMWELL  
I will. Come, your grace.

Cromwell helps support Jane.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
(to Bess Oughtred)  
Bess.

Bess helps Jane to bed.

11A INT. QUEEN'S OUTER ROOM, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 11A

Cromwell emerges from behind the curtain into the Queen's outer chamber. He looks concerned.

12 OMITTED 12

13 EXT. TUNNEL/GARDENS, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 13

TRACK with Cromwell through the garden tunnel at Austin Friars and out into the gardens. The sun is shining: a bright, winter's day. He stops.

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Gregory and Jenneke, seated together in the sun, laughing and joking.

Cromwell observes half-brother and sister for a beat, then approaches.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED:

13

GREGORY

Of course you'll stay. When my father is King and married to Meg Douglas and Lady Mary both, then you shall be Princess Jenneke, and we will speed through Whitehall in our silver chariot - and throw buns to the populace. What can Antwerp offer, next to that?

Jenneke looks up as Cromwell approaches, smiles. He extends a hand. She rises, walks with him.

CROMWELL

Do people know who you are? In Antwerp?

JENNEKE

Some guess. You are well-remembered in the town.

(Then)

I ask myself, why did you not marry again, begin another family?

CROMWELL

I have Gregory.

JENNEKE

Oh. And what have you done about women since then?

Cromwell smiles at the bluntness.

JENNEKE (CONT'D)

An Englishwoman would not ask?

CROMWELL

Not out loud.

JENNEKE

Well, it's better to say the truth. Of course, one buys women. No doubt your people do it for you. They are in awe of you.

CROMWELL

I am in awe of myself. I never know what I will do next.

She laughs. They have reached a STONE BENCH. Jenneke sits, gazes out across the garden, seemingly content. Cromwell watches her for a beat. Eventually, he sits beside her.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Don't go back, Jenneke. I can protect you better here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I'll make you a marriage here, if  
you think you could love an  
Englishman.

Jenneke smiles, calm and contained as always.

JENNEKE

You chose Gregory's bride for him.  
Would it be the same with me?

CROMWELL

Gregory is my heir, it is not the  
same. I will give you your choice  
of bridegroom, of course I will.  
And then I'll make you a good  
settlement. This place must seem  
strange to you now but you will  
soon come to feel it's home. Think  
of Ruth, in the Bible. She adapted  
herself.

Cromwell can tell she won't do it. He feels suddenly  
desperate, turns away from her. Then:

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Did you know I had another master  
before the King?

JENNEKE

Wolsey, the prelate?

CROMWELL

He had an daughter, Dorothea -  
illegitimate. I offered her  
comfort and a home. I offered her  
my own hand in marriage - all for  
love of her father. But she  
rejected me. She said I had  
betrayed her father, my master, at  
the end of his days.

JENNEKE

Did you? Betray him?

CROMWELL

I don't know. I don't think so.  
(Then, to her)  
But it has undone me, Jenneke. Her  
accusation. I have lost my way.

JENNEKE

Then leave this life. Leave it.  
Won't your King release you, after  
everything you've done for him?

CROMWELL

Huh.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Cromwell thinks about this. He has never spoken this openly to anyone.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
There is an abbey - Launde, in the heart of England - that will shortly come down.

ON Cromwell, his mind far away - remembering.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
It is a blessed place. The bees there, they make honey scented with thyme. I have thought of it for myself, once the abbot surrenders it. That I might live there when I'm old and all this is over.  
(Then)  
You could live there too. Don't laugh, you could. You have come so far, Jenneke. You won't abandon me, will you?

14 OMITTED 14 \*

15 MOVED TO LATER IN SCRIPT 15

16 MOVED TO LATER IN SCRIPT 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. OUTER ROOMS/QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - NIGHT 18

TRACK with Cromwell, through outer rooms to the curtained door of the Queen's bedchamber. A GUARD sweeps back the curtain. TRACK ON with Cromwell into the room. The King is there, with Rafe, Dr Butts and OTHERS. Jane is attempting to take a drink of thin wine but most of it is spilling down her napkin. Mary Shelton lowers her back onto the bed.

Cranmer enters to administer the last rites. He seems momentarily uncertain when he finds Henry there. Eventually, he bows slightly and moves to the bed.

Henry kneels in prayer. Cromwell steps back into the shadows - horrified by the sight of Jane, so pale and struggling for breath. He turns away, desperately sad.

Henry gestures to Cromwell. Cromwell takes his hat off and steps over to Henry. Cromwell leans in to listen to Henry.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

HENRY

I would walk to Jerusalem if it  
would save her.

Cromwell nods and steps back.

Cranmer enters to administer Last Rites. He pauses by  
Cromwell, shakes his head, then steps away.

Everyone kneels as Cranmer administers Last Rites to Jane.

CRANMER

(prays in Latin)

El te absolvo a peccatis tuis In  
nomine Patris, et Filii, et  
Spiritus Sancti.

19 INT. KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - NIGHT 19

Cromwell waits by a blazing fire in the King's presence  
chamber. Richard Cromwell and Wriothsesley watch with him.

COURTIER 1 (O.S.)

He will be much affected.

COURTIER 2 (O.S.)

Yes. Yes, he will.

Rafe appears in a doorway, meets Cromwell's eye. He inclines  
his head slightly: Jane is gone. Cromwell looks into the  
fire, consumed with grief and rage. Eventually:

CROMWELL

That's just negligence.  
Negligence. They have suffered her  
to take cold. They have suffered  
her to eat things she should not  
have eaten.

Fitzwilliam is nearby, talking to a group of COURTIERs. All  
look round, shocked by what they've just heard.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

If she'd married me she'd be alive.  
She'd be alive now.

(shouting)

I would have managed it. I would  
have managed it better!

ON Wriothsesley and Richard, concerned that Cromwell should be  
voicing these treasonous thoughts aloud and in public.

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

21

The COUNCIL, all in black, sits in silence - without the mourning King. There's only one subject on their minds though they are uncomfortable discussing it so soon after Jane's death. Eventually:

NORFOLK

It's down to you to get him through this, Cromwell. Through it and out the other side a married man again. That's all that's important now. I mean, no disrespect to our lord Prince but we all know how easily a babe is snuffed out.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

I suppose you could feel out the terrain, Crumb?

Cromwell stands abruptly, moves towards the door.

SUFFOLK

Where are you going, my lord?

CROMWELL

To ask him. That's what you want, isn't it?

He exits. Confusion. Norfolk rises, follows.

22 INT. CLOISTER CORRIDOR/PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - DAY 22

TRACK with Cromwell and Norfolk. They walk in silence along the Cloister Corridor. Then:

NORFOLK

But the Emperor and France creep close to a treaty, which is very 'displeasing' to us. Now, what would make them quarrel faster than a marriage? Let Henry claim a bride from France. We could not only stipulate a good sum of money with the girl, but military aid, should the Emperor attempt anything against us.

Cromwell doesn't respond.

NORFOLK (CONT'D)

Now, of course, we know that you'd prefer marriage with some German gospeller's daughter. But that will not happen and do you know why?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

NORFOLK (CONT'D)

Because it derogates from the honour of our sovereign. Henry wears a crown imperial and is beholden to none. Whereas the best of these Germans is a mere... a mere prince's daughter, and the Emperor is their overlord - whatever they pretend.

CROMWELL

Hmm. I'll not put a foot forward in this matter, my lord. Unless I have the council behind me and parliament too.

NORFOLK

Ah... I trust you. You won't venture anything alone, my Lord Privy Seal.

They enter the deserted Presence Chamber, Henry's unoccupied throne ahead. Cromwell stops, turns to face Norfolk.

CROMWELL

I must go in to the King.

NORFOLK

Well, let... let me come in with you.

CROMWELL

Wha... what introduce you suddenly? Like a surprise?

Norfolk realises this would not be a good idea.

NORFOLK

Er... Well, then say I am right outside. Say I... say I offer fatherly comfort and counsel.

CROMWELL

My lord.

Cromwell walks on alone.

23

INT. KING'S INNER PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 23

Henry, dressed in mourning white, sits with Cromwell in a windowed alcove, playing chess with an ornate set.

CROMWELL

The Duke of Norfolk wants an audience. He threatens to talk to you like a father.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Henry dredges up a smile.

HENRY

Does he? I shall try to be a credit to him.

CROMWELL

He says it is your duty to marry again.

Henry raises a knight, holds it in mid-air, eventually replaces it without making the move.

HENRY

I could well be content to live chaste my remaining days.

CROMWELL

(After a beat)

Parliament will also petition your majesty.

HENRY

Well, then I must set aside my own wishes, I suppose.

Henry finally makes his move, in the end just a nudge to a bishop. It's not a strong move and Cromwell has to restrain himself from seizing the advantage.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What do we hear of the widow, Madam de Longueville? I feel I could perhaps be interested in her, if in any lady.

Cromwell makes a weak move, designed to give Henry the advantage.

CROMWELL

There is a difficulty. The King of Scots wants her.

HENRY

(Icy)

I do not call that a difficulty.

Cromwell doesn't respond. Eventually:

HENRY (CONT'D)

I shall not get such a pearl as Jane again.

Henry makes the offered strong move but it seems to give him little pleasure. He is genuinely sad.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

HENRY (CONT'D)

Talk to me again in a week, my  
lord. I shall try to have a better  
answer for you.

LEAD the sound of CHORAL SINGING.

24 INT. CHAPEL, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

24

A CHOIR of SMALL BOYS, retained and supported by Cromwell as  
part of his household, is being rehearsed by their  
CHOIRMASTER in the chapel that once served the old friary.

FIND Cromwell, seated with Jenneke, listening.

CROMWELL

Jenneke. If you need me, if you  
ever need me, send a message over  
the sea. It will reach me.  
Vaughan's people will send it by  
the shortest route.

JENNEKE

Over the sea.  
(She thinks for a beat)  
When I was little, I used to ask my  
mother, 'Where did my father go?'  
and she would say, 'Gone over the  
sea'. I thought you had sailed to  
the new-found lands, and would  
bring back treasure. I used to  
watch for your ship coming up the  
Scheldt.

She laughs, but the image pierces Cromwell.

CROMWELL

If I'd known, I would have come.

JENNEKE

Then come with me now, Father. To  
Antwerp, that you were homesick  
for.

Cromwell stares at her. She's about to leave. He could just  
walk away with her. He could do it.

JENNEKE (CONT'D)

(Smiles ruefully)  
But you will not.

Cromwell can't bring himself to look at her.

25 OMITTED

25 \*



EXT. MAIN GATE, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Cromwell watches as Janneke is walked away with an escort.

15 EXT. LAUNDE ABBEY, RUTLAND - DAY 15

The sound of HONEY BEES, hard at work around their hives at Launde Abbey. It is a place of striking calm and beauty - the gardens, the abbey buildings, the gentle hills beyond.

FIND Cromwell, observing the MONKS at work in the well-tended garden.

16 EXT./INT. LAUNDE ABBEY - DAY 16

TRACK with Cromwell past the beehives, where monks in protective clothing extract honey in the sunshine.

TRACK on with Cromwell, into the bright interior of the abbey. Ahead, Jenneke awaits him.

EXT. MAIN GATE, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Cromwell watches as Jenneke and her escort continue away, past crowds of Petitioners. Janneke looks over her shoulder at Cromwell.

PETITIONER (B/G)  
Chancellor! Chancellor! Please,  
please.

26 OMITTED 26

27 INT. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 27

FIND Cromwell seated with Rafe. As usual, the only time they can meet safely is after dark, at the end of Rafe's working day with the King.

RAFE  
Don't you think you should take the  
threat of an alliance seriously,  
sir?

Cromwell doesn't respond. Rafe continues, needing his former master to focus.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
If France and Spain were at peace,  
their attentions would turn to us.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Before Cromwell can reply, the door opens and Gregory enters. He stops when he sees Rafe.

CROMWELL  
Gregory! Come in.

Gregory can tell that his father doesn't really want him to.

GREGORY  
You're busy.

He backs out, closing the door quietly behind him.

CROMWELL  
He's frightened of me. I don't know why.

There's a lot that Rafe could say to this.

RAFE  
Perhaps, take him into your confidence? Show him you value his judgement?

Cromwell considers this. Then:

CROMWELL  
Give me *your* judgement on this.

He reaches for a paper, refers to it.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
One hundred pearls. Three hundred pounds for new clothes! Sums dispensed for minstrels, jewellery, gambling debts. Large sums...

Cromwell hands over the paper. Rafe reads, horrified.

RAFE  
Mary?

CROMWELL  
Oh. Happily not your problem.

28 INT. MARY'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

28

Lady Mary, seated with other ARISTOCRATIC LADIES in her privy chamber at Hampton Court. Seated in shafts of bright sunlight, they are playing cards - gambling on the outcome.

LADY 1 (B/G)  
Too kind.

LADY 2 (B/G)  
It's not going to be for long.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

MARY  
(laughs)  
Oh!

ARISTOCRAT LADY  
(to Mary)  
You've to to watch out.

FIND Cromwell, observing with Lady Rochford.

LADY ROCHFORD  
She will gamble on anything at all.  
Last week she bet her breakfast on  
a game of bowls.

29 INT. MARY'S PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY

29

Later. FIND Cromwell, standing alone by the window. Mary approaches. Cromwell bows low.

MARY  
I am told you are unhappy with my  
expenditure.

Mary sits, indicates Cromwell should also do so.

CROMWELL  
The King is building a navy, my  
lady. Coastal fortifications.  
There are many calls on his  
exchequer. Some of your costs are  
hard to justify.

MARY  
What costs?

CROMWELL  
There are so many. Daily presents  
for the Princess Eliza?

MARY  
She has lost two mothers in a year.  
She is quite alone in the world.  
(Then)  
You assisted me to return, my lord.  
You instructed the Court to treat  
me as a princess in all but name.  
You must not be surprised if I  
behave like one.

It's a fair point. Then:

MARY (CONT'D)  
I hear that my Father brings our  
ambassador, Stephen Gardiner, back  
from France.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

This is what Cromwell has feared. Mary smiles.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You did not know?

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. KING'S PRESENCE CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 31

The King's Presence Chamber - crowded with COURTIERs and PETITIONERS. Suddenly, a COMMOTION at the entrance. STEPHEN GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester and lately the King's ambassador in France, enters with great pomp, escorted by Norfolk. Courtiers gather around them, keen to bow to Gardiner and welcome him home.

FIND Cromwell, observing with Rafe by the empty throne.

RAFE  
(Cold)  
Gardiner.

CROMWELL'S POV: a beaming Norfolk, alongside Gardiner. He locks eyes with Cromwell, a look of triumph.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
This is Norfolk's doing.

HENRY (V.O.)  
A ten-year truce between France and Spain!

32 INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 32

The Council is gathered to witness Henry's fury at the new treaty signed by England's adversaries.

HENRY  
Ten years!

FITZWILLIAM  
It won't last. When did their accords ever last? More like a Ten-  
Minute Truce!

Fitzwilliam looks around the table for agreement but Henry is ploughing on.

HENRY  
Read their terms...

He waves a copy of the treaty.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (CONT'D)

...and see how little England is regarded!

CROMWELL

Perhaps the Bishop of Winchester should return to Paris, sir - lodge your protest in person?

Henry is reading the treaty.

HENRY

(Distracted)

No, Gardiner stays here.

(Then, focussed)

And why does the Emperor think the King of France will keep faith with him, when he does not keep faith with me? He has broken every ancient agreement between his realm and mine. The Kings of France and England have always delivered up each other's rebels. So why has he not delivered up Pole?

He rises to leave. The Council hurries to rise with him. Henry turns back with another thought...

HENRY (CONT'D)

Never mind their truce. François is in breach of his treaty obligations to me! He owes me four years' pension. Tell the French, my Lord Privy Seal. My Lord Privy Seal. Tell the French, if they do not pay up, I will invade them.

The Council kneels as he limps away. As soon as he's gone, all eyes swivel to Cromwell.

RICHARD RICHE

(Frightened)

Dear God, tell them no such thing!

They resume their seats, stare at each other in dismay. Cromwell is lost in thought, searching the advantage.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

If their truce lasts...

FITZWILLIAM

It will not last.

RICHARD RICHE

If... if... it lasts... our peril is extreme.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He blinks around at them nervously.

RICHARD RICHE (CONT'D)  
 With France as his ally, the  
 Emperor will think conquering  
 England simple enough and cheap.  
 Especially with the friends that  
 await him as soon as he sets foot  
 on our soil. The old Plantagenet  
 families. Pole's people, the  
 Courtenays.

Again, their gaze turns to Cromwell. He rouses himself from  
 thought.

CROMWELL  
 If the Emperor invades, he'll set a  
 Pole on the throne. They'll marry  
 Mary into their family and they'll  
 make her their puppet. They think  
 they're descended from emperors and  
 angels, these people. To them,  
 Henry Tudor is the son of Welsh  
 horse-thieves.

They watch as he makes a small, precise note on the page in  
 front of him. He looks up at the circle of faces.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 So, we'll start with Geoffrey Pole.  
 Wriothesley.

33 EXT/INT. BELL TOWER STAIRCASE/BATTLEMENT/CELL, THE TOWER - 33  
 DAY

TRACK with Cromwell, Wriothesley and Martin, the gaoler, as  
 they emerge from the steep staircase, out onto a battlement  
 in the Bell Tower.

WRIOTHESLEY  
 How is he?

MARTIN  
 Well enough. For a man with a hole  
 in him.

ON Martin, as he unlocks the barred cell door. FIND Geoffrey  
 Pole within - hollow-eyed, with blood on his tunic. He  
 scrambles to his feet.

CROMWELL  
 Geoffrey. Geoffrey Pole. I hear  
 you've tried to kill yourself.  
 Dear God.  
 (to Martin)  
 Martin.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(to Geoffrey Pole)

What were you thinking? Do you need  
to lie down again or can you come  
and sit?

Geoffrey looks at his stool dubiously, as if it might be a  
trick. Martin assists him to it.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I thought you and I understood each  
other.

GEOFFREY POLE

Who can understand you, Cromwell?

CROMWELL

Well, there's a question.

(beat)

Martin? Can you fetch a candle,  
please?

Martin looks surprised, exits.

GEOFFREY POLE

Jesu, do not burn me!

CROMWELL

I have been feeling you for years,  
haven't I? I paid you to watch  
your family and yet you seem to  
know nothing about their dealings.  
What is it, Geoffrey? Is it  
negligence? Or lack of capacity? Or  
do you play me false?

Martin returns with a small candle.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Martin.

(beat)

The French merchants are funny,  
don't you think? The French  
merchants have a custom. They call  
it, 'la vente à la bougie.'  
Suppose you have something for  
sale. It might be a bale of wool,  
or books, or a castle. All the  
interested parties are gathered  
together, there is some discussion,  
perhaps there's a glass of wine,  
and then the bidding begins, and  
lasts until the candle burns down.

(to Martin)

Martin, you can light the candle  
now.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

When the candle burns out, the bidding ceases and the deal is done. Now, you answer my questions before this candle dies and I will offer you your life. It will be on my terms but still it'll be your life. You can live quiet. Away from court. So you see that's what Wriothsesley and I have for sale.

Martin lights the candle.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Your life in return for information about your family. Now, so far you've offered us, well, a scant few pence worth, haven't you? But Wriothsesley, he thinks you're good for a thousand pounds. So, have a think, dig deep in your pockets and see what you can come up with to persuade me.

They watch the candle burn. Geoffrey remains defiantly silent. Cromwell reaches for some papers, starts reading them. Wriothsesley makes a note.

34 OMITTED

34

35 OMITTED

35

36 EXT. BELL TOWER STAIRCASE/INNER WARD, TOWER OF LONDON - DAY 36

TRACK with Cromwell and Wriothsesley as they emerge from the steep staircase and set off across the inner ward of the Tower.

CROMWELL

I want you to go back into him. He'll try to talk around the point: 'Er... I swear it was October. Oh, no, no, it might have been March.' 'It might have been my mother... Oh, no, no, it might have been the Wife of Bath.' Nail him down on threats to the King. Threats to the King himself. And François. I think the King of France is deeper in this than a brother monarch should be.

(CONTINUED)



WRIOTHESLEY  
(Fascinated, appalled)  
You're going to bring them down?  
The oldest, richest families in the  
land?

CROMWELL  
Like skittles. Like jugs in an  
earthquake.

Cromwell laughs. Wriothesley is troubled by this.

WRIOTHESLEY  
But... sir, if you... if you call a  
traitor everyone who has voiced a  
dislike of the King or his  
proceedings, who does that leave  
alive?

CROMWELL  
Me.

Cromwell draws them to a halt before the main gate.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
The Poles. The Poles think the  
world will turn. They know Henry is  
afraid of excommunication; they  
think a show of force will bring  
him back to Rome. But they're  
wrong. Henry won't turn. Let me  
live a year or two, and I will make  
sure everything we have done can  
never be undone. And then even if  
Henry does turn, I won't turn. I am  
not too old to take a sword in my  
hand.

A look of incredulity on Wriothesley's face.

WRIOTHESLEY  
You would take arms against the  
King?

ON Cromwell, realising what just happened. Again, the  
uncharacteristic recklessness.

CROMWELL  
That's not what I said.

He changes the subject.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
Send a man to Wyatt. Tell him I  
want to speak to him.

He walks on towards the gate.

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. CLERKS ROOMS/CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 38

TRACK with Cromwell, Wyatt and Wriothsesley through BUSY clerks' rooms, into Cromwell's new study.

CROMWELL

Out now, Wriothsesley. Go out now.  
I'll speak to Wyatt alone.

Wriothsesley looks astonished, hurt. He leaves, closing the door behind him. They sit.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I hear you did great deeds against  
the rebels, Tom.

WYATT

Not really. Half the time they ran  
away at night.

CROMWELL

I want you to resume your role as  
the King's Ambassador to the  
Emperor.

Wyatt looks appalled.

WYATT

Is there no other possible  
assignment?

CROMWELL

There is not.

Wyatt stands, walks to the window.

WYATT

I hate Spain. The Inquisitors  
think all Englishmen are Lutherans.  
They put spies in my house. They  
steal my letters.

(Then)

And, in truth, I cannot read the  
Emperor at all. I hear the words  
he says, but nothing that lies  
beneath them. His face never  
changes.

CROMWELL

It doesn't matter. You have only  
one task - to break up this  
alliance between the Emperor and  
France.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Wyatt thinks about this.

WYATT

But does their pact not suit your purposes, my lord?

Cromwell waits.

WYATT (CONT'D)

With France and Spain at peace, will Henry not be required to seek other allies? Allies such as the German princes. Isn't that what you want? To force the King into alliance with others who have thrown off Rome's yoke?

CROMWELL

Yes, and I'll pursue those alliances in other ways. But if this pact between France and Spain endures, the Emperor will invade to put Mary on the throne and all that we've gained will be swept away. You must force them apart.

Wyatt considers. A COMMOTION outside. A DISPATCH RIDER, weary and dusty, knocks and enters, hands Cromwell a letter. Cromwell takes it, breaks the seal, reads. His face falls.

39 OMITTED

39

39A INT. ANTECHAMBER/KING'S BEDCHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT - NIGHT

39A

TRACK with Cromwell to the door of the King's bedchamber. Once again, Rafe is there.

RAFE

He's still alive.

ON Cromwell, desperately relieved.

RAFE (CONT'D)

He rose from the table after a dining, and then fell under it. When we pulled him out, he was black in the face. He coughed up blood, but I think that saved him, for he then drew breath again.

TRACK ON with Cromwell into the bedchamber. Rafe follows. Henry is propped up on the bed in a mound of pillows. A SURGEON is rebinding his leg. Dr Butts is there, with Fitzwilliam.

(CONTINUED)

39A CONTINUED:

39A

INSERT CROMWELL'S POV: Henry's leg wound - a massive, livid, open sore. Henry's cheeks are sunken and his colour bad. He looks angry.

BUTTS

(Quietly, to Cromwell)  
We'd feared such a crisis. We try to keep the wound open to keep it clean. But it tries to close, trapping the dead matter within.

CROMWELL

What do you advise?

BUTTS

Oh, what we always advise. A spare diet. Water his wine. Keep the leg up.

FITZWILLIAM

Hopeless. It's the hunting season.

Henry notices Cromwell.

HENRY

Cromwell, there you are.

He beckons him over. Cromwell approaches, bows.

HENRY (CONT'D)

In your absence, I fear we took a tumble.

CROMWELL

Oh.

HENRY

What news?

Butts intervenes, alarmed.

BUTTS

Majesty, you must not think of transacting business today.

HENRY

No? Then who will rule, Doctor Butts?

It sounds like a civil enquiry but it makes Butts step back, bow.

BUTTS

God protect your majesty.

Dr Butts bows and starts to back away. Henry clicks his finger at the surgeon, indicating that he should leave.

(CONTINUED)

39A CONTINUED:

39A

CROMWELL

Now hostilities between France and the Empire are suspended, their attention turns to us. The German princes have formed a league. They call it the Schmalkald League, to defend themselves against the Emperor. As England needs friends, who better than these princes?

HENRY

You would have me wed a Lutheran?

CROMWELL

Duke Wilhelm of Cleves is not a Lutheran. Like yourself, he walks his own path, a guiding light to his people, Majesty.

Henry thinks about this.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

He's offered to send a picture of his sister, Anna. Whom, they say exceeds Madam de Longueville as the golden sun exceeds the silvery moon.

Henry smiles at Cromwell's use of hyperbole. Cromwell waits, trying not to show how urgently he needs an indication of interest from the King. Eventually:

HENRY

Well, then, let them send the picture. And find out what these German princes will do for us if we find ourselves under attack.

(Then)

What other news?

ON Cromwell. In fact there is something else, something he wishes he didn't have to mention.

CROMWELL

There is a priest, your Majesty. John Lambert.

HENRY

A heretic. Old Archbishop Warham charged him in forty-five articles...

CROMWELL

...and then died before the hearing could be completed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39A CONTINUED:

39A

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Cranmer has reasoning with him, but he continues to preach, saying only Christ, not priests, can forgive sin.

HENRY

(What's the problem?)

Well then let him be tried again.

Cromwell waits. Henry thinks about this but doesn't respond. Eventually:

CROMWELL

He asks if he might present his case privately to Your Majesty, as head of the church.

HENRY

Bring him before me. I will debate him in public, I think.

ON Cromwell. This is exactly what he feared. Henry notes his lack of enthusiasm.

CROMWELL

I think he...

HENRY

What? You fear for me? I am well able for any heretic. And I must carry the torch of faith high, where my friends and enemies can see it.

40 OMITTED

40

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. GREAT HALL, TOWER OF LONDON - DAY

42

TRACK with Cromwell and Cranmer into the crowded Great Hall at the Tower of London. Seating has been installed, on which sit BISHOPS, members of the King's COUNCIL, GENTLEMEN of the privy chamber, the MAYOR, the ALDERMEN, OFFICERS of the London guilds.

CROMWELL

(to Cranmer)

Archbishop/

CRANMER

Thomas. This Lambert will ruin us. I have begged him to be circumspect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

CRANMER (CONT'D)

And he said, "Act the man, Cranmer.  
Stand up for the truth - as you  
know it to be in your heart". He  
said-

Cranmer stops abruptly. Then, under his breath:

CRANMER (CONT'D)

Here's Gardiner.

Stephen Gardiner sweeps in, checking his pace when he sees  
them. They doff hats, bow to each other.

CROMWELL

Stephen. Welcome home.

GARDINER

I don't know what you have been  
doing in my absence, Cromwell. Why  
have you tolerated an anabaptist?  
Unless of course you are one.

CROMWELL

And is it likely? These people you  
call anabaptists, they serve no  
king. They deny the child his book.  
They say we live in the last days,  
so why learn anything? You know I  
have nothing to do with this sect.

GARDINER

Perhaps not. After all, you lay up  
treasure on earth, don't you?  
Indeed you do little else.

TRUMPETS sound. The King enters, with Rafe. Though walking  
with his customary limp, Henry seems otherwise recovered.  
All fall silent, bow, take their seats.

43

INT. GREAT HALL, TOWER OF LONDON - DAY

43

Later. Henry is seated on a dais beneath his canopy of  
state. The clergy sit at his right hand, noblemen on his  
left. Cromwell, as Vicegerent, has a place of honour. Rafe  
also sits in the front row, nearby.

JOHN LAMBERT stands on a platform before the King. His  
expression is resolute but we can tell he is overwhelmed.

HENRY

And the body of Christ. Is it  
present in the sacrament?

JOHN LAMBERT

Your majesty being so well-learned,  
a prince of rare sagacity,-

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(Over)

I did not come here to be  
flattered. Just answer.

JOHN LAMBERT

St Augustine says-

HENRY

I know about Augustine. I want to  
hear from you.

Lambert struggles to maintain his composure. He was  
expecting learned oration, not staccato questioning.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Well? What do you say, Lambert?  
Is it Christ's flesh, his blood?

JOHN LAMBERT

No, sire.

HENRY

No?

JOHN LAMBERT

No. It is not Christ's flesh.

Reaction in the hall.

GARDINER

May as well set fire to him now.

HENRY

What about women? Is it lawful for  
a woman to teach?

JOHN LAMBERT

In case of necessity, yes.

The bishops groan.

HENRY

(Enjoying this)

And may priests marry?

JOHN LAMBERT

Yes. Any man should, if he has not  
the gift of chastity. St Paul is  
clear in the matter.

Henry sits back in his chair, his contempt clear. Then:

HENRY

The vicegerent, who is my deputy in  
all matters spiritual, will speak  
now.

(CONTINUED)



43 CONTINUED:

43

All eyes swivel to Cromwell. Eventually, he stands.

CROMWELL

Majesty, having heard your reasoning, I do not think anything is wanting.

Reaction in the hall. Cranmer drops his eyes. Lambert looks horrified. Why isn't Cromwell arguing on the side of the Gospel?

GARDINER

What? Nothing is wanting? Go on, Cromwell, reason the case. You think no one wants to hear you? I want to hear you. You agree with him, don't you?

Cromwell stands a beat longer, then sits. Further reaction in the hall. Cromwell looks up. Henry is glaring at him.

ATTENDEE (O.S.)

The man's a heretic! Heresy!

CROMWELL (V.O.)

No, I think...

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

44

FIND Cromwell, sitting at his desk in the candlelight. Rafe and Cranmer sit with him, the house silent around them.

CROMWELL

... Gardiner has been seeing the King behind my back, pulling at his sleeve, telling him how the French are disgusted by our reformation and the Emperor is appalled. Telling him how he must prove himself a good Roman at heart. As if his great cause, his great cause is some silly quarrel that can be patched in a fortnight, and seven years' work - seven years' work - dismissed-

RAFE

(Over)

It is too late for a speech now, Master.

Rafe leaves the rest unsaid. Silence. Eventually:

CROMWELL

And of course, Gardiner's right, God rot him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

How could I speak in support of the King? And condemn a man whose views I entirely share.

ON Cromwell, his mind racing - still trying to understand what has just occurred.

CRANMER

Well you cannot... pick and choose, if you serve a prince, week to week or cause to cause. Sometimes all we can do is try to lessen the damage.

CROMWELL

Today we failed.

They all think about this.

CRANMER

What we have begun will not come to fruition in one generation, my friend. You are past fifty. I, not much less.

(Then)

Maintain your rule, for the gospel's sake, as long as you can. I shall do the same.

CROMWELL

But... But Thomas, what good is my rule if I cannot save John? If he can burn John Lambert he can burn any of us. Any of us.

Cranmer and Rafe exchange a look. They have rarely seen Cromwell in so dejected a mood.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I should have spoke.

Cranmer nods, heartened by this.

ON Cromwell, thinking.

45 OMITTED

45

46 OMITTED

46

47 OMITTED

47

48 OMITTED

48

49 OMITTED 49

50 INT. SECOND CLOISTER, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - NIGHT 50

NIGHTMARE (NEW MATERIAL): TRACKING with Cromwell as he follows the Abbess along the cloister in Shaftesbury. Only now, the event seems to be taking place at NIGHT.

51 INT. QUIRE, SHAFTESBURY ABBEY - NIGHT 51

NIGHTMARE (NEW MATERIAL): Cromwell and Dorothea at night. She turns, eyes aflame, staring STRAIGHT AT CAMERA.

DOROTHEA

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

51A INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 51A

NIGHTMARE (NEW MATERIAL): THEN, as we watch, Anne Boleyn's ladies-in-waiting, (first seen in Episode 106 Scene 77, then again in Episode 201 scene 14), SLIDE OUT OF THE DARKNESS towards us - bloodied, silent, disembodied, terrifying.

52 INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAWN 52

THE PRESENT: Cromwell lurches upright, drenched in sweat, still caught in the horror of the DREAM. He climbs out of the bed as if to escape but his legs give way and he crashes to the floor.

Christophe appears out of the gloom, half-asleep himself.

CHRISTOPHE

Master?

Cromwell gapes up at him, unable to speak.

53 INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY 53

DELIRIUM: Cromwell lies in bed, shaking uncontrollably, his old FEVER back upon him.

People move around the room, indistinct and blurred. Butts is there.

DR BUTTS

By the mass, I have never known a  
living man so chilled.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

BUZZING intrudes - loud, overwhelming. Cromwell clenches his jaw, trying to subdue the shivering. Richard Cromwell appears, leans in towards him, alarmed.

CROMWELL

Richard!

RICHARD CROMWELL

Master

Cromwell tries to sit up, grasp a note that rests on the table beside his bed. It falls from his fingers. Richard stoops, picks it up.

CROMWELL

This letter! Take it to... to the King. Go yourself. Ride.. Ride.. to him.

RICHARD CROMWELL

I will. I will. I will. Rest. Rest.  
I will go.

CROMWELL

Tell him I'll see him soon.

Christophe enters and helps Richard push Cromwell down gently.

RICHARD CROMWELL

Lie down, lie down, lie down. Lie down. Be still.

\*

CROMWELL

(mumbles)

... I want to say...

RICHARD CROMWELL

Your malady rushes on you fast..  
but I will go now.

CHRISTOPHE

You have to be still, master.

CROMWELL

I know.

54 EXT. RIVER, APPROACHING THE TOWER - DAWN

54

DELIRIUM: FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 31A. Dawn, a river barge being ROWED towards the Tower of London. Cromwell escorting Anne Boleyn to her place of execution. She looks up. The ancient fortress rears above her.

55 INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT 55

DELIRIUM - THE PRESENT: Cromwell, lying in bed. His whole body aches, his eyes swim. He HEARS a CREAKING about him, like the timbers of a ship under sail.

56 OMITTED 56

57 OMITTED 57 \*

58 EXT. LAUNDE ABBEY, RUTLAND - DAY 58

DELIRIUM: TRACK from behind with Cromwell as he descends the hillside towards Launde Abbey. Less tranquil this time, the sky heavy and threatening.

REVERSE on Cromwell: sweating, shivering, as he walks.

60 INT. ROOM, LEICESTER ABBEY - NIGHT 60

DELIRIUM: FLASHBACK - Episode 102 Scene 66: Cardinal Wolsey, on the point of death, receiving the sacrament of extreme unction, viewed from ABOVE.

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

DELIRIUM - THE PRESENT: Cromwell, lying in bed shivering.

59 EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY 59

DELIRIUM: FLASHBACK - Episode 106 Scene 77: Anne Boleyn's women dressed in black - moving through gore, staring appalled at their bloodied hands. A severed head, wrapped in a bloody cloth.

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

DELIRIUM - THE PRESENT: Cromwell, lying in bed shivering.

EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY

Anne Boleyn, blindfolded, shakes with fear.

INT. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM, AUSTIN FRIARS - NIGHT

DELIRIUM - THE PRESENT: Cromwell in bed, he takes his hands out from under the covers.

EXT. SCAFFOLD, THE TOWER - DAY

The Calais Swordsman executioner crosses behind Anne.

CALAIS SWORDSMAN  
À porter l'épée!

The executioner draws back his sword and starts to swing. The crowd reacts.

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. KING'S INNER PRIVY CHAMBER, HAMPTON COURT PALACE - DAY 62

DOORS OPEN BEFORE US TO REVEAL Henry and Stephen Gardiner - side by side, as if in terrible tableau.

STEPHEN GARDINER  
(whispered, to Henry)  
... a little complex but we can  
sort that out in a day...

Cromwell, still pale, enters and bows.

STEPHEN GARDINER (CONT'D)  
You look very ill, Cromwell. There  
is a rumour flying around that you  
are dead.

CROMWELL  
Well, as you see, Stephen.

The King looks away from Cromwell, peevish.

HENRY  
Do you suppose this inconvenience of  
yours is over.

CROMWELL  
It is. Majesty, I have some news  
from Cleves.

HENRY  
Yes.

Cromwell is waiting for the King to dismiss Gardiner. But he does not.

CROMWELL  
I know the Bishop of Winchester has  
much in hand. Perhaps he would  
like to continue his day?

Henry just stares at him. Gardiner seems to puff up like a toad. Cromwell turns his back to him and addresses Henry.

(CONTINUED)

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Duke Wilhelm would like to be assured of the dower arrangements for his sister and... er how... how she would be left, if your majesty were to pre-decease her.

STEPHEN GARDINER

Why? Does she think that likely?

CROMWELL

(Without looking at him)

Such arrangements are comprehended in any marriage contract. You cannot be so ignorant of the wedded state that you do not know that.

STEPHEN GARDINER

Well, I imagine the lady would be struck to the heart. She would care more about the loss of the King's person, than for any worldly advantage.

To his dismay, Cromwell sees that Henry is entranced by Gardiner's words.

CROMWELL

Yes, that is why a bride's kin make a contract. So that when she is new-widowed, she does not weep herself out of her rights.

HENRY

I am known for generosity. Duke Wilhelm will find nothing to complain of.

CROMWELL

(Reluctantly)

There is um... another matter. A little over ten years ago, a marriage was proposed between the Lady Anne and the heir of the Duke of Lorraine...

HENRY

Yes, but that matter was raised last year. When the contract was drawn up it was found that the parties were but ten and twelve years old. I see no impediment to our union. Why is this being brought up again?

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

STEPHEN GARDINER

All the same, we had better see the  
articles of revocation.

LAY IN a BUZZING SOUND - Cromwell's headache is almost  
unbearable. He closes his eyes. Why is he having to waste  
time explaining to Gardiner?

CROMWELL

It is my understanding that the  
marriage contract was written into  
a larger text, which was not  
formally revoked because it was  
part of a treaty of friendship.  
Shall I have someone to write this  
all down for you, Gardiner.

Henry looks strangely pleased at the strife.

HENRY

See! Would not this delight the  
Emperor? Division among my  
councillors? Contention and  
strife?

(Then)

Cranmer is to give a dinner at  
Lambeth Palace tonight. You will  
both attend. And you will sit  
together in *amity* and be  
reconciled.

He waits. Cromwell bows minutely in acknowledgement.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Now, Cromwell, if that is all?

Cromwell is stunned. He is to be dismissed while Gardiner  
remains? Gardiner barely bothers to conceal his smirk.

63

INT. GREAT HALL, LAMBETH PALACE - NIGHT

63

Cranmer's dinner is in NOISY progress. FIND Cromwell, eating  
in silence - sunk into himself, not listening to the hum of  
conversation around him. The BUZZING has returned, the  
headache burning his skull. Eventually, Gardiner's voice  
penetrates...

STEPHEN GARDINER

I was trying to remember,  
Cranmer... when was it? 1514?  
Something like that? In Rome, when  
Cardinal Bainbridge died. It was  
given out at the time that one of  
his own household poisoned him.

(CONTINUED)



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CONTINUED:

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CROMWELL

You know different, do you?

STEPHEN GARDINER

(To the others)

They arrested a priest, name of Rinaldo. But I've often suspected he did not act alone.

He turns to Wriothesley who is sitting next to him, listening with interest.

STEPHEN GARDINER (CONT'D)

This was all before your time, of course. Bainbridge took ill at the dinner table.

NORFOLK

Hmm.

STEPHEN GARDINER

A powder in his broth.

NORFOLK

Like when Bishop Fisher was poisoned.

STEPHEN GARDINER

Hmm.

NORFOLK

When the cook was boiled alive.

A murmur of distaste around the table.

FITZWILLIAM

We are losing our appetites here.

NORFOLK

Ha, ha!

STEPHEN GARDINER

The powder was bought in Spoleto. I know the shop.

CROMWELL

Does the shop know you?

He catches Norfolk flick a sly look at Gardiner and suddenly realises this is being orchestrated between them.

NORFOLK

This um... this priest... Rinaldo, um... I suppose somebody paid him to do it?

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

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STEPHEN GARDINER  
Naturally. Bishop Gigli.

Norfolk pantomimes remembering the name.

NORFOLK  
Wolsey's old crony?

Cromwell stares at his plate, seeing their line of attack.  
*Don't rise to the bait...*

STEPHEN GARDINER  
Exactly. Wolsey's chief friend in Rome. With Bainbridge removed, Wolsey was clear to be the next English cardinal. You were in Rome then, weren't you Cromwell? It's interesting that.

A silence falls. Cranmer, who in his nervousness as host hasn't been following closely enough, asks in innocence...

CRANMER  
How were you in Rome, my lord Cromwell?

CROMWELL  
Private business. I did not know Wolsey then.

STEPHEN GARDINER  
You always knew Wolsey.

Cranmer, too late sensing the antagonism, hastily intervenes.

CRANMER  
Oh, Bainbridge was a choleric man. He drove himself. Such men can perish with the heat of Italy. Besides, I always heard the priest retracted his confession before he died.

STEPHEN GARDINER  
(Looking at Cromwell)  
Yes. So who was the murderer?

Silence falls again. No one is eating, all eyes are on Cromwell.

WRIOTHESLEY  
You are seriously accusing Lord Cromwell?

NORFOLK  
(Viciously)  
He was no *lord* in those days.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

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Cromwell is staring at his plate, the headache morphing into the relief of a kind of white fury.

WRIOTHESLEY

My lord?

CROMWELL

(Softly)

I'm sorry. My lord Bishop, I... I forget what you were saying?

STEPHEN GARDINER

Wolsey had scarcely the grace to hide his hand in the murder. He and Bishop Gigli were fast friends. When I was his secretary, I saw the letters in the files.

NORFOLK

Do you know what I think? We're better off without cardinals and proud old prelates such as we used to have. Now the archbishop here...

He jerks a thumb at Cranmer.

NORFOLK (CONT'D)

...at least he conducts himself humble-wise. You can tell by his countenance he spends his time at prayer, instead of brow-beating noblemen and plotting their downfall and wrangling and cheating and embezzling. All of which were daily proceedings with Thomas Wolsey.

CROMWELL

(Softly)

My lord Norfolk... You

NORFOLK

Yes, and promoting false knaves to positions of trust, and soliciting bribes, falsifying deeds, bullying his betters, consorting with conjurers and generally thieving, lying and cheating...

Cromwell has pulled his napkin free and is rising from the table, giving in to the blissful anger.

(CONTINUED)

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NORFOLK (CONT'D)  
 (Oblivious)  
 ...all to the detriment and ruin of  
 the commonweal and the shame of the  
 King.

Cromwell reaches him and taking a grip on his coat, hauls him  
 up, spluttering, almost off his feet. Cranmer shoots to  
 their side and attempts to disengage Cromwell's grip.

CRANMER  
 For shame, Thomas! He's an old  
 man!

Norfolk purples, chokes. Finally Cromwell catches himself  
 and throws Norfolk back down onto his chair.

NORFOLK  
 (Gasping, apoplectic)  
 I'll gut you...

There is no sound apart from Cromwell and Norfolk's heavy  
 breathing. Then...

STEPHEN GARDINER  
 (Easily)  
 Well, I don't know when I've  
 enjoyed a peace conference as much  
 as I've enjoyed this one.

64 OMITTED

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65 OMITTED

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