

THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT

Episode 4

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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.

Chapuys 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?

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)

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 Wriothesley 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 Wriothesley 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 SEYMORE

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 'displeasant' 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, Janneke awaits him.

EXT. MAIN GATE, AUSTIN FRIARS - DAY

Cromwell watches as Janneke 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)

32 CONTINUED:

32

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 - DAY

33

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

WRIOTHESELEY

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 feeing 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 Wriothesley 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 Wriothesley, 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. Wriothesley 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 Wriothesley 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)

WRIOTHESELEY

(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.

WRIOTHESELEY

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.

WRIOTHESELEY

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 Wriothesley through BUSY clerks' rooms, into Cromwell's new study.

CROMWELL

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

Wriothesley 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)

43

CONTINUED:

43

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)

62

CONTINUED:

62

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)

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.

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)

63 CONTINUED:

63

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)

63

CONTINUED:

63

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:

63

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

WRIOTHESELEY

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
conjurors 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)

63 CONTINUED:

63

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.

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