

WOLF HALL

Episode 5 – Crows

Programme UID: DRIB515X/01

Duration: 58' 56"

**Transmission Script with Music Cues
UK VERSION**

TIMECODE/MUSIC:

MUSIC IN (1) 10:00:00 **CAPTION: BBC LOGO**
10:00:00
10:00:05 **CAPTION:**

It's 1535. The Act of Supremacy has declared Henry Supreme Head of the Church in England. But the Holy Roman Emperor, and his ambassador Eustache Chapuys, have refused to recognise either his new title or his marriage to Anne Boleyn.

10:00:17 **CAPTION:**

Recovering from illness, Cromwell plans the King's Royal Progress to include a visit to Jane Seymour's family home -

MUSIC OUT (1) 10:00:33 **Wolf Hall.**
MUSIC IN (2) 10:00:33
10:00:34 **EXT. CLOISTER. WOLF HALL. SEPTEMBER 1535. DAY**

The ROYAL PARTY arrives at Wolf Hall, Rafe, Gregory and Cromwell amongst them. The SEYMOUR HOUSEHOLD stand waiting to receive them.

HENRY
Sir John.

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR
Your Majesty. Welcome.

HENRY (O.S.)
I lost my hat, riding here.

Cromwell searches along their line - Old Sir John Seymour, Lady Margery, their sons Edward and Thomas...
Then he finds her, lost behind others, a small, pale face watching him: Jane Seymour.

10:01:03 **INT. WOLF HALL. SEPT 1535. EVENING.**

The party sits at supper with their hosts.

10:01:05 **CAPTION: MARK RYLANCE**

10:01:10 **CAPTION: DAMIAN LEWIS**

Cromwell finds his eyes straying to where Jane sits next to Gregory.

10:01:15 **CAPTION: CLAIRE FOY**

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR
Perhaps you'll find a bride while you're here with us.

MUSIC OUT (2) **10:01:45** Cromwell turns to notice that Henry has fallen asleep. As the guests watch he leans forward and then starts and jerks backwards.

10:01:48 **CAPTION: BERNARD HILL**

THOMAS CROMWELL
Francis Weston -

10:01:54 **CAPTION: MARK GATISSL**

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
- I believe your gentlemanly touch is required.

10:01:58 **CAPTION: MATHIEU AMALRIC**

Weston pretends not hear, looks down at the table undisguised distaste.

THOMAS SEYMOUR
Perhaps we should make a noise?

10:02:02 **CAPTION: JOANNE WHALLEY**

THOMAS SEYMOUR (CONT'D)
To wake him naturally? Someone laugh?

His brother Edward rolls his eyes.

10:02:06 **CAPTION: THOMAS BRODIE-SANGSTER**
TOM HOLLAND
JESSICA RAIN

EDWARD SEYMOUR
Yes, do that Tom.

Henry begins to snore. There is a rustle as Jane stands and walks to the King.

10:02:19 **CAPTION: WOLF HALL**

Everyone watches as she taps his hand. Henry wakes with a start.

10:02:24 **CAPTION: BASED ON THE NOVELS BY**
HILARY MANTEL

HENRY
I wasn't asleep.

10:02:28 **CAPTION: ADAPTED BY**
PETER STRAUGHAN

HENRY (CONT'D)
Just resting my eyes.

10:02:34 **CAPTION: PRODUCED BY**
MARK PYBUS

Cromwell watches Jane walk back to her seat.

**10:02:41 CAPTION: DIRECTED BY
PETER KOSMINSKY**

MUSIC IN (3) **10:02:50** He watches as she gives Henry the faintest of smiles.

10:02:54 INT. WOLF HALL. CROMWELL'S BEDROOM. SEPT 1535.
DAY

**10:02:56 CAPTION: EPISODE FIVE
CROWS**

Early morning. Cromwell sits at a table, dressed, already working. Gregory lies snoring in his bed behind. Cromwell stands, glances out of the window. Something catches his attention and he crosses to look down.

On the grass below Jane Seymour stands, silver in the early morning light.

Cromwell watches her, hand resting on the pane. He stirs, moves to leave the room, to walk down to the gardens, to talk to her, to...

He stops.

Jane is not alone. A figure steps into view. Henry. Talking, earnest, impressing something upon Jane. As we watch he takes her hand, holds it in his own paw. Cromwell watches.

10:04:02 INT. WOLF HALL. 1535. DAY

The men regard JANE SEYMOUR, sitting demurely before them.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

This is no time to be shy. Tell Cromwell what Henry asked you.

Jane stares at her hands.

JANE SEYMOUR

MUSIC OUT (3) **10:04:19** He asked me if I would look kindly on him. If he wrote me a poem, for instance. I said I would.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

Good. But if he attempts anything on your person - scream.

JANE SEYMOUR

What if nobody comes?

Behind the others, Cromwell watches her small, pale face, feels a stab of self-pity: all the things he must sacrifice. He stirs, mastering himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Don't scream. Pray out loud. Something that will

appeal to His Majesty's piety and sense of honour.

JANE SEYMOUR

I'll get my prayer book. I'm sure I can find something that will fit the bill.

MUSIC IN (4)

10:05:22 She walks out.

10:05:27 INT. WOLF HALL. GREAT HALL. 1535. DAY.

Later. Cromwell walks into the room, stops, seeing Jane standing by the window, motionless, back to him.

Jane hears the soft movement, from the tail of her eye sees Cromwell but doesn't turn to acknowledge him.

10:05:56 EXT. KIMBOLTON CASTLE. WINTER 1535. DAY

Cromwell, Rafe and their armed escort arrive at the walls of Kimbolton. A sentry halloos from above.

RAFE

Thomas Cromwell, Secretary to the King.

SENTRY

(Calling)

Show your colours.

THOMAS CROMWELL

(To Rafe)

MUSIC OUT (4)

10:06:08 Tell him to let us in before I show his arse my boot.

10:06:12 INT. KIMBOLTON CASTLE. KATHERINE'S CHAMBER.
WINTER 1535. DAY.

Cromwell walks through the outer chambers to find an ill Katherine sits huddled by the fire, wrapped in ermine.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Well, how do I look? That's why he sent you isn't it? To see if I really am dying?

Cromwell doesn't reply.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

He used to call me his flower. When my first son was born, it was winter, there were no blooms to be had. He gave me six dozen roses made of the purest white silk. Over the years I have given them to those who have done me some service. Will...

She breaks off, grimacing in pain. Cromwell steps towards her, concerned. She waves him off, fights

in silence for a moment. Her face clears again.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

Will you let the princess Mary visit me?

Cromwell looks down.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

What harm can it do the King?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Chapuys has written to the lady Mary saying that he can get her out of the country.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Never! I answer for it with my life. What does Henry imagine? Mary returning with an army, turning him out of his Kingdom? It's laughable. I answer for her intentions with my own person.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Your own person has a lot to do madam, guaranteeing this, answering for that. You can only die once.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

And when I do, I will set Henry an example for when his own time comes.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Do you think about the King's death a lot?

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

I think about his afterlife.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Ah.

She stands laboriously, drops her sewing as she does so.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

How is Boleyn's daughter? She lost the child, I am told. I know how that is.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Hmm.

Cromwell stoops to retrieve her sewing.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

She and the King have hopes of another child soon.

He hands her the sewing.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

Particular hope, or general hope?

Cromwell hesitates - he doesn't know the answer.

Katherine scans his face keenly.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (CONT'D)

I thought she always confided in you? I do hope there is no rift?

CUT TO:

10:09:34 INT. WINDSOR. WINTER 1535. DAY.

Cromwell walks in to find JANE ROCHFORD and MARY SHELTON approaching. Jane Rochford indicates for Mary to leave them.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well? Is she?

JANE ROCHFORD

She's said nothing still? Of course the wise woman says nothing until she feels the quickening.

He stares her out, stony eyed.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

Yes. She's been wrong before. But yes.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Does the King know?

JANE ROCHFORD

You should tell him. He might knight you on the spot.

Cromwell's mind is whirring and he barely listens as Rochford talks on.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

I suppose it's to be expected. She was with the King for much of the summer. And when he wasn't with her he would write her love letters.

She watches Cromwell's for his reaction as she continues.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

And sent them by the hand of Harry Norris...

THOMAS CROMWELL

My lady, I must leave you.

JANE ROCHFORD

Ohh. And you usually such a good listener.

But Cromwell is already striding away from her.

10:10:33 EXT. WHITEHALL. INNER COURTYARD. WINTER 1535.

DAY.

We look up to an open window. Then down to the ground where Anne's small dog PURKOY lies dead on the ground.

ANNE BOLEYN (O.S.)
The window was open.

10:10:39 INT. WHITEHALL. QUEEN'S CHAMBERS. WINTER 1535.
DAY

Anne stands at the window crying. Cromwell waits.

ANNE BOLEYN
The window was open. He was such an innocent...
What kind of monster would do such a thing?

Cromwell watches, knows better than to reach out with a comforting hand.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Perhaps he got up on the ledge somehow and then his paws slipped.

ANNE'S FOOL
Paws slipped? Paws slipped?!

Anne's FOOL, a female dwarf pushes her way out past Anne's skirts.

ANNE BOLEYN
Oh, get away, Mary! Oh, yes, I've re-baptised my fool. Well, the King's daughter is almost a dwarf, isn't she? The French will have a shock if they ever see her.

ANNE'S FOOL
They'll have a shock!

ANNE BOLEYN
Yes, I know they're trying for a match between her and the dauphin. While my own daughter... I told you to go to France and negotiate her marriage. But you said you were ill...

THOMAS CROMWELL
I was ill.

ANNE BOLEYN
You're never ill. Unless you want to be. And now the French laugh behind my back.

THOMAS CROMWELL
The French never intended a match.

ANNE BOLEYN
It's as if my daughter had never been born. As if Katherine was still queen. As if I didn't exist.

I won't let them make a royal match for Mary. I want you to visit her. Take one of your handsome young men with you. She's never had a compliment in her life, it shouldn't be hard to seduce her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You want me to compromise her?

ANNE BOLEYN

Do it yourself if you want. I heard she liked you. All that's needed is for her to make a fool of herself in public, so she loses her reputation.

Cromwell stares at Anne, then says something he's never said to her before.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No.

ANNE'S FOOL

No? No?!

ANNE BOLEYN

What?

THOMAS CROMWELL

That's not my aim and those are not my methods.

Anne stares at him.

ANNE BOLEYN

I know you're talking to the Seymours. You think it's a secret but nothing is secret from me. I can't believe you'd put your money on such a bad risk.

THOMAS CROMWELL

There was a time madam, that you would listen to my advice. Let me advise you now. Drop your plans and schemes. Put down the burden of them. Keep yourself in quietness until your child is born. As for Jane, she is a distraction, that's all. Let it run its course, pretend that you don't even see her...

Anne interrupts voice, her voice shaking.

ANNE BOLEYN

He'll never abandon me. Never. Since my coronation there is a new England and it can't subsist without me. I'm warning you - make terms with me, Cremuel, before my child is born.

Cromwell looks at her.

10:13:56 INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CROMWELL'S STUDY. CHRISTMAS
1535. NIGHT.

Cromwell sits. Chapuys remains standing, agitated.

CHAPUYS

I hear you're going to put all the nuns and monks out on the road.

Cromwell is surprised by Chapuys' abruptness.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Monsieur Chapuys, wherever my commissioners go they meet monks and nuns who come to them begging for their liberty. And after the scandals I've heard I'm not surprised. Monks selling broken meats from the Last Supper to the poor. Young novices being visited in their beds by older monks. They claim they're living the vita apostolica but you didn't find the apostles feeling each others bollocks, did you? Tell your master I mean good religion to increase not wither.

CHAPUYS

I won't tell my master lies if I tell him what I see. I see discontent, I see famine, before the spring. You're buying corn from the territories of the Emperor. This trade could be stopped.

Cromwell is amazed at the direction this conversation is taking.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What could your master possibly gain by starving my countrymen?

CHAPUYS

He would gain this! He would see how evilly they are governed! Henry begins by mocking the Pope and he will end up embracing the devil!

He sits abruptly, close to tears, takes off his hat.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Eustache, what's happened? What is this?

CHAPUYS

I have news from Kimbolton. Queen Katherine... she has only one or two days to live and I don't want...

He turns to Cromwell.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)

Thomas, I don't want her to die alone! Without anyone who loves her! I'm afraid the King won't let me go. Will you let me go?

Cromwell stares at him, touched by his grief.

THOMAS CROMWELL (O.S.)
It would be a kindness -

10:16:19 EXT. WINDSOR GREAT PARK. WINTER 1535. DAY

Henry and Anne have been hunting, Anne still holding a CROSSBOW. Cromwell walks behind them. Norris and other courtiers ride behind.

THOMAS CROMWELL
- to let her have a visit from Ambassador Chapuys.

ANNE BOLEYN
Why? So he can intrigue with her more conveniently?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Her doctors suggest madam, that she will very soon be in her grave.

ANNE BOLEYN
She'd fly out of it, shroud flapping, if she thought she could cause me trouble.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Your Majesty, the Emperor may be a fond nephew, but he won't keep up the quarrel for a dead woman. This could mean the end to the threat of war. A new era. Ambassador Chapuys...

HENRY
Ambassador Chapuys has never acknowledged my wife as Queen. Until he is prepared to bow before her publicly, there will be no diplomacy with that man.

10:17:05 INT. KIMBOLTON CASTLE. JAN 1536. NIGHT.

Katherine lies in bed, eyes closed, hands clasped, breath rasping, rasping...
Then, suddenly, SILENCE.
The aged CHAPLAIN, the OLD WOMEN around her bed, all FREEZE.
Then one of the WOMEN begins to WAIL...

10:17:29 INT. GREENWICH. QUEEN'S CHAMBERS. JAN 1536. DAY.

CLOSE on ANNE as she falls to her knees, staring up at the ceiling. A cri du coeur:

ANNE BOLEYN
At last God! Not before time!

MUSIC IN (5)

10:17:36

10:17:41

INT. GREENWICH. GREAT HALL. JAN 1536. NIGHT.

Anne, dressed in yellow, watches as Henry parades the baby ELIZABETH before the court. Cromwell

stands watching.

HENRY

She's very much looking forward to seeing her younger brother, aren't you, dumpling? And I share her impatience. It has been a long enough wait.

Anne meets Cromwell's eye - a look of icy triumph. Elizabeth is hastily whisked away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I suppose we must expect the country to mourn for her. She was once given the title of queen.

ANNE BOLEYN

Mistakenly.

Wriothesley steps forward.

WRIOTHESELEY

Majesty, do you wish the body brought to St Paul's?

HENRY

We will lay her to rest in Peterborough. It'll cost less.

Henry moves back towards the courtiers. He stops, turns to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

She sent me a letter.

He slides the letter from his sleeve, hands it to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't want it. Get rid of it will you?

And he's off. Anne too. Wriothesley steps forward to talk to Cromwell.

WRIOTHESELEY

Richard Riche says the King wants Katherine's plate and furs. Riche had to point out that if she was never in fact his wife, he has no right to her property.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Oh, he'll have the furs.

He glances at the open letter, before scanning the room. He sees Anne watch Henry, who is smiling at JANE SEYMOUR standing amongst the ladies in waiting.

Cromwell looks back at the letter.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (V.O.)

I commend -

10:19:42 INT. PETERBOROUGH ABBEY. JAN 1536. DAY.

Katherine's funeral is in progress. We hear one of the BISHOPS intoning in Latin as we TRACK towards the open casket...

BISHOP□

Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.□Te decet hymnus,
Deus, in Sion□Et tibi reddetur votum in
Jerusalem.□Exaudi oracionem meam.□Ad te omnis
caro veniat□Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine□Et
lux perpetua luceat eis.□Deus cui proprium
est□Misereri et parcere□Te supplices
deprecamur□Pro anima famulae tuae□Quam hodie de
hoc seculo□Migrare jussisti□Ut non tradas eam in
manus inimici Nec obliviscaris in finem set
jubeas illam ab angelis sanctis suscipi. Atque ad
regionem vivorum perduci. Ut quia in te speravit
et creditit. Sanctorum tuorum mereatur societate
letari. Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

(OVER THE ABOVE LATIN)

MUSIC OUT (5)

10:19:47

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

- unto you our daughter Mary. Beseeching you to
be a good father to her. And lastly, I make this
vow.

... until we are directly above it looking down
on Katherine's corpse.

KATHERINE OF ARAGON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...that mine eyes desire you above all things.

MUSIC IN (6)

10:20:06

We CLOSE on the skull like face.

10:20:18

INT. WINDSOR. QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER. JAN 1536. NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT - Anne lies sleeping, still as a
corpse. An orange light flickers on one side of
her face.

Her eyes snap open suddenly, staring straight up
at us.

The room is on fire. She leaps out of bed.

10:20:30

INT. WINDSOR. QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER. JAN 1536. NIGHT

Henry sits with Anne who is wrapped in black
silk, her WOMEN are around her, fussing.

HENRY

If I'd been with you. I could have put you out of
danger. I'd have.. beat it with...with a blanket.
Oh thank goodness that you... If I'd been here...

ANNE BOLEYN

(To the women)

Leave it! (To Henry) Peace my husband, I am not harmed. Let me drink this.

Cromwell is there, taking this in - the coolness between husband and wife.

Henry studies the arras, looking rather more concerned about it than Anne.

As Cromwell does the same, Anne speaks to him in French.

ANNE

Il y a une prophétie qu'une reine d'Angleterre sera brûlée. Je n'ai pas pensé que cela a signifié dans son propre lit. C'était une bougie sans surveillance. Environ on assume.

(There is a prophecy that an English queen will be burned. I didn't think that meant in her own bed. It was an unattended candle. Or so one assumes.)

CROMWELL

Par qui sans surveillance?

(unattended by whom?)

Back to Henry studying the damage.

HENRY

This was a good piece...

10:21:52 INT. WINDSOR. OUTSIDE QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER. JAN 1536. NIGHT.

Cromwell is talking to Jane Rochford.

JANE ROCHFORD

Yes, what is it?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Water must be kept at hand and a woman appointed on every rota to check that all the lights are being extinguished. I can't imagine how this could have happened.

Rochford is on her high horse.

JANE ROCHFORD

First, this is a household matter and not within your remit. Second, she was in no danger. Third, I don't know who lit the candle. Four, if I did I wouldn't tell you.

They wait while someone passes.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

Five, no-one else will tell you either. If, as it may happen, some person visits the queen after the lights are out, then it is an event over which we should draw a veil.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Some person. Some person for the purposes of arson, or the purposes of something else?

Rochford doesn't reply.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Lady Rochford. Jane, when the time comes to unburden your conscience, don't go to a priest. He'll give you penance. I'll give you a reward.

He walks away.

10:23:11 INT. GREENWICH. CHAPEL. JAN 1536. DAY.

The morning of the tournament. Henry kneels in his private closet, apparently at prayer. Cromwell is with him. After a moment...

HENRY

How much does the lordship of Ripon bring in to the Archbishop?

THOMAS CROMWELL

A little over two hundred and sixty pounds, sir.

HENRY

How much does Southwell bring in?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Stamp? One hundred and fifty pounds.

HENRY

Ha? I thought it would be more.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Majesty, in the tournament today?

HENRY

Hmm?

THOMAS CROMWELL

If you should run against my son Gregory, will you forbear to unhorse him? If you can help it?

HENRY

We can't help what we do really. When you're thundering down at a man, you can't check.

He turns and sees Cromwell's concern.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's a very rare event, you know, Crumb, to bring

down your opponent. If you are concerned about what showing he'll make, you needn't be. He's very able.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't really mind what showing he makes. I just don't want him to be flattened.

Henry smiles at him.

10:24:40 EXT. GREENWICH. TILTYARD. JAN 1536. DAY.

Cromwell past the tiltyard. Two KNIGHTS in full armour practice, thundering towards each other, only to "cross lances" at the last moment. Cromwell watches, feeling the earth shake beneath his feet.

10:24:58 INT. GREENWICH. CROMWELL'S CHAMBERS. JAN 1536.
DAY.

A nervous Gregory is having last minute adjustments made to his armour before the tournament. He stands in his arming doublet while his ARMOURER laces the points into the cuisse and greaves on his legs.

GREGORY

You can't come?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Rafe is back. I have to talk to him about some abbeys he's been surveying. And there's my papers... Richard will be here to represent me.

Despite the armour, Gregory looks very much the boy.

GREGORY

It's my first joust.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The Vatican has given Henry three months to return to obedience or the bull of excommunication against him will be distributed through Europe. The Emperor's fleet is set for Algiers with forty thousand armed men, the abbot of Fountains has been systematically robbing his own treasury, parliament opens in a fortnight... The King says you're a credit to my house. And you are.

Gregory nods, pleased, despite himself. Cromwell turns to go, remembers something.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Some years ago before you were born I met an old Portuguese knight in Venice. One of those men who'd made a career of riding to tournaments

throughout Europe. I don't know, for what it's worth he said the secret to jousting was to sit easily in the saddle, as you're going up, take some air. Carry your lance a little loose until the very last moment and above all else... defeat your instincts to...survive.

Gregory considers this.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Well, you're ready. You look good. Thank you.

Cromwell turns and goes, leaving a nervous looking Gregory.

10:27:20 INT. GREENWICH. KING'S PRIVY CHAMBER. JAN 1536.
DAY.

Cromwell sits at a desk. Rafe puts a small box on the desk in front of Cromwell.

RAFE

Present. You have to guess.

Cromwell rattles the box.

THOMAS CROMWELL

St Appollonia's teeth?

RAFE

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Teeth from the comb of Mary Magdalene?

RAFE

St Edmund's nail pairings.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Tip them in with the rest. The man must have had five hundred fingers. What else?

RAFE

The prior at Maiden Bradley claims he has a licence under papal seal allowing him to keep a whore. Westminster Abbey bought the bones of a dead elephant. Now tell me what they wanted with...

Cromwell isn't listening. He stands. He's staring at RICHARD who stands in the doorway, face ashen.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Gregory.

Richard manages to shake his head.

RICHARD

It's the King. It's Henry. He's dead.

Cromwell stands stock still for a moment.

CROMWELL
Ah.

He picks up the TURKISH DAGGER from the desk, and moves towards the door.

10:28:25 EXT. GREENWICH. TILTYARD. JAN 1536. DAY.

Rafe, Richard and Cromwell head towards the tiltyard.

RICHARD

The tournament hadn't begun, the King was running towards the ring and the horse just went down. No-one was near him, no-one to blame.

They approach where the horse lies injured on the ground. Rafe takes his arm suddenly, stops him.

RAFE

Master, if this is true, if he is dead. Should we escape now? Before they block the ports?

Cromwell stares at him. Beat.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Fetch Fitzwilliam.

10:28:52 INT. GREENWICH. ROYAL TENT. JAN 1536. DAY.

Cromwell strides inside the tent, through the people milling outside.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Move! Move! Move! Move!

He forces his way through the crowd in here, through the atmosphere of grief and trauma, to the man lying on the bier: Henry, still in his tournament jacket, unmarked but dead.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Fetch a mirror to his lips.

Norris is there, upset.

HENRY NORRIS
It was tried.

Cromwell touches Henry's face, still warm.

THOMAS CROMWELL
What do mean leaving him lying here, untouched by Christian hands!

The Boleyns appear in front of him, the Duke of

Norfolk and before him, George Boleyn, pushing into his face, unable to contain himself.

GEORGE BOLEYN

By God Cromwell, you're a dead man!

Cromwell moves past him, through him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My Lord Norfolk! My Lord Norfolk! Where is the Queen?

Norfolk is wild-eyed, panting...

DUKE OF NORFOLK

On the floor. I told her myself. My place to do it.

George is back in Cromwell's face.

GEORGE BOLEYN

She warned you to be obedient. And now she's regent and your days are finished!

DUKE OF NORFOLK

No, no, no. No woman with big belly as regent. Me! Me!

Gregory and Rafe push through the crowd, towing the Master Treasurer FITZWILLIAM.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Gregory!

GREGORY

We've brought Master Treasurer.

Cromwell grips him gratitude.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Thank you, thank you.

He turns to Fitzwilliam.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

The Princess Mary. If she falls into Boleyn hands she's dead. We have to get up-country before this news does. Go Fitzwilliam, go quickly.

He starts to struggle back through the throng.

RAFE

Mary's keepers are Boleyns. What if they won't yield her?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well, then she's dead. Let her fall into the hands of the papists, they'll set her up as queen, and I'm dead. There'll be civil war. We

have to...

He breaks off, staring at Henry. Norfolk buzzes in front of him.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

A woman cannot rule, Cromwell...a woman cannot rule!

Cromwell bats him away, leans towards the King, not daring to breathe.

He puts his hand above Henry's mouth. He feels something.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Oh my God, oh my God.

Cromwell is by his side in one movement, slaps a hand down hard on the chest. And again.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

The King's breathing. The King's breathing. Long live the King!

An unholy roar, somewhere between a cheer, and a wail. Thomas turns back to Henry.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Come on, come on. Come on! There you are, there you are, there you are, d'you see me? D'you see me? That's it. That's it. Yes there we go!

Henry sits up to a roar from the crowd. They slowly lower him back down. The Duke of Norfolk pushes the crowds back.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Get back, move away. Let him breathe! Let him breathe, let him breathe.

CUT TO:

10:30:50 EXT. GREENWICH. GROUNDS. JAN 1536. DAY.

Cromwell and Fitzwilliam sit on the steps outside.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How many men can say "My only friend is the King of England? You'd think I have everything. But take Henry away..."

He opens his hands.

FITZWILLIAM

I don't know Crumb. You're not without support, you know.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Forgive my skepticism.

Fitzwilliam looks around him, the grounds dark and quiet.

FITZWILLIAM
I mean you would have support, should you need it against the Boleyns.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well why should I need that? The Queen and I are perfect friends.

FITZWILLIAM
Forgive my skepticism.

THOMAS CROMWELL
This support...?

FITZWILLIAM
Sir Nicholas Carew says he thinks you're an easy fellow to get on with.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Does he?

FITZWILLIAM
Perhaps...perhaps you should dine with him?

Cromwell doesn't answer.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)
What would have happened, Crumb? If the King had not recovered?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Anne would have all to rule herself. Though she'd have a fight with her Uncle Norfolk. Between the two of them which one would I back? The lady, I think.

FITZWILLIAM
Let the lady be regent and the Boleyns will walk on our backs. Your head will be on a spike.

Cromwell doesn't respond.

FITZWILLIAM (CONT'D)
But of course that'll come to pass anyway. If she gives Henry a son.

Cromwell looks at him.

10:33:11 INT. GREENWICH. GREAT HALL. JAN 1536. NIGHT.

Henry sits under his Canopy of Estate, his head bruised and swollen. Courtiers have gathered to pay respects, to see him alive after all. As we

watch Anne is brought towards him by Sir Thomas Boleyn and George Boleyn.

ANNE BOLEYN

My Lord, I pray, the whole of England prays, that you will never joust again.

Henry beckons to her to approach closer, beckons her closer still, until her face is close to his.

HENRY

Why not geld me while you're at it? That would suit you, wouldn't it madam?

A ripple of shock through the court. The Boleyns and Anne's ladies in waiting close around her, flapping, tut-tutting, drawing her back and away. Only one lady does not move - Jane Seymour. She stands where she was, a space opened around her now, and Henry looks straight into her eyes and holds her gaze.

MUSIC IN (7)

10:34:54

Cromwell stands, watching it all.

ANNE'S FOOL (O.S.)

Ahh ahh oohh -

10:35:06

INT. GREENWICH. QUEEN'S PRIVY CHAMBER. JAN 1536.
DAY.

We are looking at Anne's FOOL who sits on the floor, rocking and groaning.

ANNE'S FOOL (CONT'D)

Ohhh, ohhh ohh, arghhh!

The Fool gives a final moan and pulls a RAG DOLL from under her skirts and drops it to the floor. She stamps on it, laughing. She stands up and idly picks up the doll again, stumps across the room. We TRACK with her, passing as we do a crumpled SHEET that lies on the floor. It's covered in BLOOD.

JANE ROCHFORD (O.S.)

The child had the appearance -

10:35:34

INT. GREENWICH. KING'S CHAMBERS. JAN 1536. NIGHT.

Henry sits, in pain from his leg, listening to Jane Rochford give her account of Anne's miscarriage. Archbishop Cranmer and Cromwell are with him.

JANE ROCHFORD

- of a male and of about fifteen weeks' gestation.

HENRY

MUSIC OUT (7)

10:35:38

What do you mean, "the appearance of?"

JANE ROCHFORD

I only repeat the words of the doctor...

HENRY

Oh get away with you woman! You've never given birth. What do you know? There should've been a matron at her bedside. But oh no, you Boleyns must all crowd in whenever disaster strikes.

Rochford blinks, bows and withdraws.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I see that God will not give me male children. If a king cannot have a son, if he cannot give stability to his realm, then it doesn't matter what else he can do. The victories, the just laws, the famous courts... nothing. It seems to me that I was dishonestly led into this marriage.

Cranmer and Cromwell exchange a look.

CRANMER

H-How dishonestly?

HENRY

It seems to me I was seduced, practised upon, perhaps with charms? With spells? Women do such things. And if that were so, the marriage would be null wouldn't it?

OUT ON Cranmer and Cromwell.

MUSIC IN (8)

10:37:58 INT. WHITEHALL. OUTER PRIVY CHAMBER. 1536. DAY.

10:37:58

A messenger walks towards where Jane Seymour stands talking to Mary Shelton. He hands Jane a PURSE of coins. She takes it and stands, hefting its weight in her tiny hands.

EDWARD SEYMOUR (O.S.)

He sent her a purse. The King. Christ knows how much was in it.

10:38:25 INT. WOLF HALL. 1536. DAY.

Cromwell is talking to the Seymour brothers, Tom and Edward.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What did she do?

EDWARD SEYMOUR

She sent it back. And the letter he sent with it?

10:38:32 INT. WHITEHALL. OUTER PRIVY CHAMBER. 1536. DAY.

Close on Jane Seymour raising the letter to her face, in front of the king's messenger, kissing

the seal.

EDWARD SEYMOUR (CONT'D) (O.S.)
She didn't open it. But before she returned it...

TOM SEYMOUR (O.S.)
She kissed the seal! Kissed it! What genius
possessed her?

10:38:42 INT. WOLF HALL. 1536. DAY.

Back on the Seymours.

MUSIC OUT (8)

10:38:43

EDWARD SEYMOUR

Now Henry's walking around, talking about the
virtuous and chaste Jane. What do you say to
that?

Cromwell stares at him.

EDWARD SEYMOUR (CONT'D)
The game's changed, Cromwell. Now that Anne has
failed again, it's possible that Henry may wish
to remarry.

THOMAS CROMWELL

As long as the King holds by the present Queen, I
will hold by her too.

EDWARD SEYMOUR

So you have no interest of your own in this?

Cromwell looks at him - a piercing gaze -
surprised he hasn't understood this fundamental
fact.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I represent the King's interests. That is what
I'm for.

Cromwell walks away.

10:39:21 EXT./INT. WINDSOR. 1536. DAY.

Cromwell is walking in as Stephen Gardiner
leaves.

THOMAS CROMWELL

My Lord Bishop, I hear you're leaving us for
France? We shall miss you.

He passes Gardiner who glares after him.

STEPHEN GARDINER

I went down to Putney.

This stops Cromwell.

STEPHEN GARDINER (CONT'D)

Or, to be accurate, I sent a servant. I learnt things about you. You've killed a man.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Not in this jurisdiction.

Gardiner raises an eyebrow - Oh, really?

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
Do your worst, Stephen. Put your men on the road. Lay out money. Search Europe. You'll not find any talent I possess that England cannot use.

STEPHEN GARDINER
That lad you knifed in Putney died. You did well to run, Cromwell. The family had a noose for you. Your father bought them off.

Cromwell can't hide his amazement.

CROMWELL
What?

STEPHEN GARDINER
You see? I know things about your life you don't know yourself.

Gardiner walks away.

10:40:42 INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. NIGHT.

Cromwell sits before the fire, lost in thought. Chapuys walks in, dressed in mourning. Cromwell rouses himself.

CHAPUYS (O.S.)
I am disturbing you?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Eustache. No, I was just... remembering. Sit down.

Eustache joins him by the fire.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
The Cardinal used to tell people that I was an orphan. Or else that I was, I don't know, Irish, recently escaped from prison. He said that it was wise to deceive others about your past, even if there is nothing to conceal. But I was wondering if it's possible to deceive oneself?

CHAPUYS
About what?

THOMAS CROMWELL
Something you believed about your life. Who you are. What you are.

He catches himself, notices Chapuys' attire.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
You attended the funeral?

CHAPUYS

I refused to. She was not buried as a queen. I hear the concubine wore yellow to celebrate Katherine's death? She thought her passing would change her position. So it may. But perhaps not in the way she thinks? There is talk about this Semer girl? May I meet her?

THOMAS CROMWELL

And here I thought you'd come just for my company. The lady you refer to is called Seymour, and I'm surprised you take such an interest. I would have thought you were more interested in which French princess Henry will marry should he dissolve his current arrangements.

Chapuys looks aghast.

CHAPUYS

Cremuel, you told me that was a fairy tale! You have expressed yourself a friend of my master. Tell me you won't countenance a French match?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I have influence on King Henry, Eustache, but I do not claim to govern him. To succeed with Henry you have to anticipate his desires. But then, if he changes his mind... you stand out there... exposé, no?

CHAPUYS

It's Anne you should fear. She is desperate and dangerous. Strike first, before she strikes you. Remember how she brought down Wolsey.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Perhaps you should come to mass at court.

MUSIC IN (9)

10:43:35 Chapuys stares at him, puzzled.

10:43:37 INT. WINDSOR. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. FEB 1536. DAY

Chapuys kneels in prayer as mass takes place. He stands and shuffles from the pew to take holy communion.

As he approaches the altar, the gentlemen around him, practised as dancers, hesitate half a step and fall behind. Then Anne appears, sweeping down from her private gallery, directly into his line of sight.

He tries to slow down, to reverse, but the Boleyns behind press him on.

And then he's directly in front of her and Anne

is giving him a little pointed smile, an inclination of her neck. Chapuys, left with no choice, bows to his enemy, white with humiliation.

From the back of the church, Cromwell watches with a slight smile.

10:44:50 INT. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. FEB 1536. DAY.

MUSIC OUT (9) **10:44:55** A voice calls out to Cromwell from behind as he walks through the chapel.

CHAPUYS (O.S.)
Cromwell!

Cromwell stops and turns to see Chapuys.

CHAPUYS (CONT'D)
So you knew this was going to happen! After all this time avoiding her, avoiding having to acknowledge her! This will get back to the Emperor! Let's hope he will understand.

THOMAS CROMWELL
It had to be done, Eustache. Princes do not think as other men do. But now you have acknowledged his second marriage. Now, if he likes, he can let it go...

Understanding dawns on Chapuys' face.

AUDLEY (O.S.)
When the Boleyn's closed around him -

10:45:36 INT. WINDSOR. GREAT HALL. FEB 1536. DAY.

CROMWELL AND AUDLEY stand in conversation.

AUDLEY (CONT'D)
- the poor fellow looked as if he was being carried off slavers.

We look over to where they are watching Henry stand with Chapuys.

AUDLEY (CONT'D) (O.S.)
He didn't know what country he was going to wake up in.

As we watch we see his expression change, darken, some unexpected mood sweeping over him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
No more do I.

AUDLEY
Let's go and find a crust to gnaw on somewhere, leave them to it.

But Cromwell is staring past him, to where Henry and Chapuys are ensconced.

CHAPUYS (O.S.)
And if it please Your Majesty...

AUDLEY
Cromwell?

CHAPUYS (O.S.)
My master the Emperor hopes you will look kindly...

Cromwell is already moving towards the window.

CHAPUYS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
On a Spanish match for Princess Mary.

HENRY
You presume too much, Chapuys! Do not presume to know my policy ambassador!

Chapuys is murmuring something low, placatory.

HENRY (CONT'D)
So this was all a bargaining tool was it?

CHAPUYS
Your Majesty -

HENRY
You bow to my wife, then you send me the bill?

The whole hall has stopped and is listening.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I have not forgotten how I helped your master against the French. He promised me territory, next thing I hear he is making a treaty with Francois! The Emperor treats me like an infant. First he whips me, then he pets me, then he whips me again!

He's almost spitting in his rage.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Well tell him I am not an infant! And tell him to keep out of my family business! First he tells me how I should marry. Then he wants to show me how to deal with my own daughter!

Henry's hand is raised, is forming a fist... Cromwell moves foward. Then the fist is making contact with Chapuys' shoulder. As he marches past Chapuys -

HENRY (CONT'D)
I demand a profound and public apology!

He's gone. Chapuys, distraught, scurries to Cromwell.

CHAPUYS

I don't know what I'm supposed to apologise for! I come here in good faith, I'm tricked into meeting that creature face to face, and then I'm attacked by Henry! He wants my master, he needs my master. And instead he plays these games!

AUDLEY

Peace, peace. We will do the apologising. Let him cool down. Never fear, we can keep the talks going...

A shout comes from outside the hall.

HENRY (O.S.)
Cromwell!

Silence in the hall. Thump, thump as Henry stumps back into the hall and up to Cromwell, panting, face red.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know what you've done! You have gone to far in this matter. You've made him promises, haven't you? Well you have no authority! You have put my honour in jeopardy! But what do I expect, what would a man like you know about the honour of princes? You've told him you have the King in your pocket? Don't deny it! You would train me up, like one of your boys? Have me touch my cap when you come down of a morning and say "How do you, sir?" I really believe you think you are the King, and I am the blacksmith's boy! Don't you? DON'T YOU?

He steps in closer, thrusting his face into Cromwell's. But Cromwell's face betrays nothing, instead he raises his two palms, crosses his wrists.

As if confused by the gesture, or perhaps relieved to be stopped, the King falls silent, backs off a step, breathing hard.

THOMAS CROMWELL

God preserve you Majesty. And now will you excuse me?

Without waiting for a reply he walks away, past the row of gloating Boleyns.

10:48:34 INT. WINDSOR. ROOM OFF GREAT HALL. FEB 1536. DAY.

Cromwell sits, face showing nothing, blood boiling. He drinks a cup of wine. He notices his hand trembling slightly. He clasps his other hand

around the cup to steady it. And for a moment we are...

10:49:02 EXT. F/B. PUTNEY. BLACKSMITH'S YARD. 1500. DAY.

Walter Cromwell is hammering a wheel. YOUNG THOMAS CROMWELL enters and picks up some molten pliers, burning his hand. He screams in pain. Walter looks more furious than concerned.

WALTER

Cross your wrists! Like this.

Walter crosses his wrists, showing Thomas what to do.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Get it in the water!

The boy crosses his wrists, runs to the trough and plunges his hand into the water. Walter watches for a moment, then turns back to his work.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Keep your wrists crossed. It confuses the pain.

He shakes his head and gets back to his work.

10:49:40 INT. WINDSOR. ROOM OFF GREAT HALL. FEB 1536. DAY.

Cromwell stares across the flames, remembering. George Boleyn appears.

GEORGE BOLEYN

I trust a lesson has been learnt? You are not a gentleman born. You should not meddle in affairs of those set above you. His Majesty may be pleased to bring you into his presence...

MUSIC IN (10)

10:50:18

10:50:22 INT. F/B. HAMPTON COURT. GREAT HALL. NIGHT.

Flashback to the Devil play.

DEVIL (BRERETON)

Come Wolsey, we're fetching you to Hell, where Beelzebub is expecting you to supper!

10:50:31

INT. F/B. HAMPTON COURT. GREAT HALL. BACKSTAGE.
NIGHT

Flashback to after the play as Cromwell watches George Boleyn take off his devil mask.

GEORGE BOLEYN (O.S.)

- but you should always remember who it was that placed you where he could see you.

10:50:36

INT. WINDSOR. ROOM OFF GREAT HALL. FEB 1536. DAY.

Back with Cromwell and George Boleyn.

GEORGE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

From now on, remember who you serve.

Cromwell speaks as George Boleyn walks away.

THOMAS CROMWELL

MUSIC OUT (10) **10:50:47** I shall profit from this lesson, I assure you sir.

GEORGE BOLEYN

See you do.

He strides back out of the room. Cromwell watches him go.

AUDLEY (O.S.)

And so -

10:51:09 INT. GREENWICH. KING'S COUNCIL. FEB 1536. DAY.

Cromwell sits in silence at the council table. George Boleyn and his father THOMAS BOLEYN sit opposite, exuding pure schadenfreude.

Henry sits at the head like a sulky baby, refusing to look at anyone. Audley has been talking for sometime and is now winding up.

AUDLEY (CONT'D)

- Majesty, if it please you, look favourably on the Emperor's overtures, we beg you. For the sake of the realm and the commonweal.

Henry grunts, shifts, sulks. Finally...

HENRY

Well, if it's for the good of the commonweal I shall begin negotiations with Chapuys. I suppose I must swallow any personal insults I have received. Other topics will not be open for discussion. The Emperor has discussed Mary with his own councillors. He'd like her married to his own relatives. I will in no wise suffer her to leave this country until her behaviour to me is as it should be.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Mysel I'd go up-country, and if she would not sign the oath, I'd beat her head against the wall till it were soft as a baked apple!

AUDLEY

Thank you for that, my Lord Norfolk.

Cromwell finally speaks.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Her mother's death is still raw with her. I have no doubt that she will see her duty, in these next weeks.

THOMAS BOLEYN

How pleasing to hear from you at last, Cromwell. Are we to assume that this new found reticence of yours relates to yesterday's events? When His Majesty, if I do recall correctly, administered a check to your ambition?

AUDLEY

And thank you again, My Lord Wiltshire.

HENRY

There will be no foreign match for Mary. That is final.

The King stands. The Boleyns look gleefully at Cromwell. As Henry passes to leave, he stops behind Cromwell's chair.

HENRY

Will you walk with me?

10:53:07 EXT. GREENWICH. GROUNDS. FEB 1536. DAY.

The two men walk in silence, Cromwell waiting Henry out.

HENRY

I wish we would go down to the weald one day, to talk the ironmasters.

Cromwell doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I've had various drawings, mathematical drawings and advices concerning how our ordnance can be improved but I can't... I can't make as much of it as you would?

Henry looks at him from the corner of his eye, beseeching... Cromwell is silent.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's because.... well...

He stops and turns to Cromwell.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's because you are my right hand, sir.

Finally Cromwell nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So - shall we go down? You and I? Meet the charcoal burners?

Cromwell smiles.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Of course. But not this summer, sir. I think you will be too busy.

HENRY

Yeah. I cannot live as I have lived, Cromwell. You must free me from this... from Anne. Perhaps she and Harry Percy... they were good as married weren't they? And if that won't run... You know I was, I was on occasion with Anne's sister Mary? Perhaps having been with kin so near... Anyway, I trust in your discretion and your skill. Be very secret.

MUSIC IN (11)

10:55:32 The two men walk on.

10:55:37 INT. GREENWICH. GREAT HALL. 1536. DAY.

Through a window we see JANE SEYMOUR outside. Henry is watching her.

HENRY

Does not Mistress Seymour have the tiniest hands?

He walks out past Norris, Weston and Brereton who are playing cards.

WILLIAM BRERETON

"Doesn't she have the tiniest hands?" "Does she not have the whitest throat..."

FRANCIS WESTON

Has she not the wettest cunt you've ever groped?

The two men snicker. Norris frowns.

HENRY NORRIS

That's enough.

FRANCIS WESTON

MUSIC OUT (11) **10:56:17** Cromwell's spy is about.

Brereton looks over to where Rafe stands.

RAFE (O.S.)

They talk about the Queen.

10:56:25 INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CROMWELL'S STUDY. FEB 1536. DAY.

Evening. Cromwell is talking to Rafe.

THOMAS CROMWELL

They?

RAFE

Weston, Brereton, sometimes Norris...

THOMAS CROMWELL
Go on.

Rafe frowns - he doesn't relish the role of eavesdropper.

RAFE
The Queen needs to conceive another child quickly. And they say that Henry cannot be trusted to do the deed, so one of them has to step in and do him a favour.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Do they come to any conclusion?

RAFE
They wouldn't really do it. None of them. It's just talk.

THOMAS CROMWELL
So do they come to any conclusion?

RAFE
I think it's every man for himself.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well, I'm sure you're right. It sounds like idle talk. I don't think it will be necessary to use it, but thank you Rafe.

MUSIC IN (12) **10:57:36** Rafe nods, gets up and leaves. Cromwell sits staring straight ahead. Behind him a figure shifts in the shadows - CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY
Trouble is, Thomas. The King wants a new wife. Fix him one. I didn't. And now I'm dead.

Cromwell stares ahead, thinking.

10:58:24 FADE TO BLACK - END OF EPISODE FIVE.

10:58:26 CLOSING CREDITS:

CARD 1

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

HENRY VIII	DAMIAN LEWIS
THOMAS CROMWELL	MARK RYLANCE
SIR JOHN SEYMOUR	PAUL RITTER
EDWARD SEYMOUR	ED SPELEERS
THOMAS SEYMOUR	IAIN BATCHELOR
JANE SEYMOUR	KATE PHILLIPS
FRANCIS WESTON	JACOB FORTUNE-LLOYD
RAFE SADLER	THOMAS BRODIE-SANGSTER

10:58:28 **CARD 2**

GREGORY CROMWELL	TOM HOLLAND
KATHERINE OF ARAGON	JOANNE WHALLEY

JANE ROCHFORD	JESSICA RAIN
MARY SHELTON	HANNAH STEELE
ANNE BOLEYN	CLAIRE FOY
MARY (ANNE'S FOOL)	SARAH BENNETT
EUSTACHE CHAPUYS	MATHIEU AMALRIC
HARRY NORRIS	LUKE ROBERTS

10:58:30 CARD 3

WILLIAM BRERETON	ALASTAIR MACKENZIE
THOMAS WROTHESLEY	JOEL MACCORMACK
LATIN-SPEAKING BISHOP	ROBERT ROWE
RICHARD CROMWELL	JOSS PORTER
GEORGE BOLEYN	EDWARD HOLCROFT
DUKE OF NORFOLK	BERNARD HILL
MASTER TREASURER FITZWILLIAM	JAMES LARKIN
SIR THOMAS BOLEYN	DAVID ROBB

10:58:31 CARD 4

THOMAS CRANMER	WILL KEEN
STEPHEN GARDINER	MARK GATISS
LORD CHANCELLOR AUDLEY	TIM STEED
WALTER CROMWELL	CHRISTOPHER FAIRBANK
YOUNG THOMAS CROMWELL	SAMUEL BOTTOMLEY
WOLSEY IN DEVIL'S PLAY	TIM PLESTER
CARDINAL WOLSEY	JONATHAN PRYCE

BASED ON THE NOVELS
WOLF HALL AND BRING UP THE BODIES

10:58:33 CARD 5

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	TONI STAPLES
SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	DAISY CATON-JONES
THIRD ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	AMY KING
CROWD SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	ANDREW MACKIE
FLOOR TRAINEES (SKILLSET)	JACOB RIGBY
	ASHLEY TURNER
	LOUISE RASHMAN
FLOOR RUNNER	LUCY GREENHALGH
STUNT CO-ORDINATOR	TONY LUCKEN
SCRIPT SUPERVISOR	CAROLE SALISBURY
MEDIC	HELEN REVINGTON

10:58:35 CARD 6

PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATOR	HELEN BATER
PRODUCTION SECRETARY	CALLUM DEVRELL-CAMERON
BUSINESS AFFAIRS	CLARE NICHOLSON
TRAVEL CO-ORDINATOR	ELENA RUBIO-HALL
PRODUCTION TRAINEE (SKILLSET)	MATT CRAWFORD
PRODUCTION RESEARCH	KIRSTEN CLAIDEN-YARDLEY
ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR	FELLO MATALLANA ROYO
ASSISTANT ACCOUNTANT	FRASER MACLEOD
ACCOUNTS TRAINEE (SKILLSET)	SHELLY WATKINS
ASSISTANT LOCATION MANAGER	REBECCA PEARSON
UNIT MANAGER	SIMON CHURCHILL
LOCATION TRAINEE (SKILLSET)	LEON WELCHMAN

TRANSPORT CAPTAIN JAMIE VOWLES
FACILITES MANAGER JASON MORGAN

10:58:36

CARD 7

FOCUS PULLER CHRISTOPHER J REYNOLDS
CLAPPER LOADER CLARE CONNOR
DIT ROB SHAW
CAMERA TRAINEE (SKILLSET) LAURA BOOTH

GRIP TONY SANKEY
ASSISTANT GRIP JAMIE BRITTAINE

GAFFER ANDY LONG
RIGGING GAFFER STEVE COOK
BEST BOY PETE SCOTT
ELECTRICIANS DAN NORRISH
ROBERT RABSON
SCOTT DEAN SMALLWOOD
CHARLIE STEWART

BOOM OPERATOR STEVE PECKOVER
2ND BOOM OPERATOR JO VALE

10:58:38 CARD 8

SET DECORATOR ELAINE McLENNACHAN
ART DIRECTOR FREDERIC EVARD
PROPS MASTER CRAIG CHEESEMAN

GRAPHIC DESIGNER JOSEPHINE WATKINSON
PRODUCTION BUYER AMY BALL
STANDBY ART DIRECTOR RACHAEL JONES
DRAUGHTSPERSON JOHANNA SANSOM
ART DEPARTMENT ASSISTANT DANIEL KENNEDY
ART DEPARTMENT TRAINEE (SKILLSET) CARRIE WEMYSS
GRAPHICS TRAINEE (SKILLSET) LIAM GIBBS
DRAPEES JEN SAGUARO

10:58:40 CARD 9

STANDBY PROPS MARK BROOKS
DRESSING PROPS ANDY WATTS
CHRIS ALLEN
JAMES BROOKER
NEIL RUSSELL

CONSTRUCTION MANAGER PETER JOHNSON
STANDBY CARPENTERS LEE HOSKEN
TOM SYMES
CARPENTERS JOHN CREWE
STEVE CREWE
ALAN JONES
PAINTER TERRY MACHIN
STANDBY RIGGER KEITH FREEMAN

10:58:41 CARD 10

ASSISTANT COSTUME DESIGNER CLARE VYSE
COSTUME SUPERVISOR KEN LANG
COSTUME STANDBYS KATHRYN BLIGHT
JOHN LAURIE
CHIEF COSTUME CUTTER GAYLE PLAYFORD
CROWD COSTUME CO-ORDINATOR CHARLOTTE LUCAS
COSTUME ASSISTANT ALISON LYONS
COSTUME TRAINEE (SKILLSET) TONI ELISSA BAKER
MAKEUP ARTISTS ELAINE BROWN

LESLEY NOBLE
GILL REES
BARBARA TAYLOR

CROWD MAKEUP SUPERVISOR

SFX SUPERVISOR NEAL CHAMPION
SFX TECHNICIAN LUKE CORBYN

10:58:43 CARD 11

POST PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR BEJHAN KALANTAR
POST PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATOR ANNA BROKE
ONLINE EDITOR WILLIAM CHETWYND
COLOURIST ADAM INGLIS
FIRST ASSISTANT EDITOR DEBORAH KAVANAGH
ASSISTANT EDITOR LISA CLIFFORD-OWEN

DUBBING MIXERS ROB HUGHES
DIALOGUE EDITOR JAMES HAYDAY
FX EDITOR PETER GATES
ROD BERLING

VFX SUPERVISOR GEORGE ZWIER
VFX PRODUCER PAUL DRIVER
POST PRODUCTION EXECUTIVE ANDREW BOSWELL

DIGITAL GRADING, SOUND, TITLES AND VFX
LIPSYNC POST

10:58:45 CARD 12

SCRIPT EDITORS ANNA PRICE
JENNIFER McCONNELL

LOCATION MANAGER DAVID JOHNSON

PRODUCTION ACCOUNTANT KAREN HINTON

PRODUCTION MANAGER VAUGHAN WATKINS

HEAD OF PRODUCTION CAHAL BANNON

PUBLICITY LISA VANOLI

10:58:47 CARD 13

CASTING DIRECTORS NINA GOLD
ROBERT STERNE

MAKE-UP DESIGNER ROSEANN SAMUEL

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DEBBIE WISEMAN

HISTORICAL MUSIC ADVISOR/ARRANGEMENT OF TUDOR MUSIC CLAIRE VAN KAMPEN

SOUND RECORDIST SIMON CLARK

10:58:48 CARD 14

COSTUME DESIGNER JOANNA EATWELL

PRODUCTION DESIGNER PAT CAMPBELL

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY GAVIN FINNEY BSC

EDITOR JOSH CUNLIFFE

LINE PRODUCER NOËLETTE BUCKLEY

10:58:50 CARD 15

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR COMPANY
PICTURES JOHN YORKE

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR BBC POLLY HILL

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR
MASTERPIECE REBECCA EATON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS FOR BBC
WORLDWIDE MARTIN RAKUSEN
BEN DONALD

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR
PRESCIENCE TIM SMITH

CO-PRODUCER SONIA FRIEDMAN

ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS FOR
PRESCIENCE PAUL BRETT
JAMES SWARBRICK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR
PLAYGROUND ENTERTAINMENT SCOTT HUFF

10:58:51 CARD 16

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
COLIN CALLENDER

10:58:53 FINAL CARD

A

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and

PLAYGROUND LOGO

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and

MASTERPIECE LOGO

in association with

PRESCIENCE LOGO

MUSIC OUT (12)

10:58:57

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