

WOLF HALL

Episode 6 - Master of Phantoms

Programme UID: DRIB516R/01

Duration: 59'02"

**Transmission Script with Music Cues
UK VERSION**

TIMECODE/MUSIC:

SCRIPT:

MUSIC IN (1)	10:00:00 10:00:00 10:00:04	<p>CAPTION: BBC LOGO</p> <p>CAPTION:</p> <p>It's 1536. Henry's love for Anne Boleyn has given way to anger and distrust. His attention now fixed on Jane Seymour, Henry instructs Cromwell to rid him of his second Queen.</p> <p>CAPTION:</p> <p>10:00:17 Sensing her loss of favour, the Queen's enemies are gathering.</p> <p>10:00:23 <u>INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.</u></p> <p>A banquet about to begin. Servants glide around the table. The buzz of conversation. We TRACK around the guests: the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, Bishop Fisher, Lady Exeter, Lady Margaret Pole, Chapuys, Fitzwilliam, Sir Nicholas Carew, Edward Seymour, Thomas Seymour and others. Gathered around one table, all of the main opponents of the Boleyns. We find Cromwell sitting at the head of the table.</p> <p>DUKE OF NORFOLK Damn, when are we going to eat, Cromwell? I'm famished.</p> <p>Cromwell signals a servant. Past Cromwell we catch a glimpse of ROPES running down the centre of the table, some kind of pulley system, hauling something past the diners. Cromwell turns back to the table as the ropes creak and strain, bringing their load into position...</p> <p>OVERHEAD SHOT:</p> <p>Anne Boleyn, roped like an animal to a board, is being dragged up the table. She is quite still and calm. She arrives in front of Cromwell and he stands, picks up a knife, raises it above her chest. Anne's eyes slide to him. She smiles. Cromwell brings the knife stabbing down.</p> <p>HARD CUT TO:</p>
MUSIC OUT (1)	10:01:35 10:01:35	<p><u>INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536. DAY.</u></p> <p>Cromwell, still half-asleep, stares down at his breakfast of bloody chops. We hold on him for a moment, just staring, as if reconsidering the meal. Then he sets to with relish.</p>
MUSIC IN (2)	10:01:45	

10:01:46 CAPTION: MARK RYLANCE

10:01:53 CAPTION: DAMIAN LEWIS

10:01:59 CAPTION: CLAIRE FOY

10:02:05 CAPTION: BERNARD HILL

10:02:13 INT. WHITEHALL. KING'S CHAMBERS. FEB 1536. DAY.

Anne who dandles the baby Elizabeth on her lap.
Cromwell stands watching.

10:02:18 CAPTION: THOMAS BRODIE-SANGSTER
TOM HOLLAND
JESSICA RAINE

Henry is beside her and Harry Norris watching on.

10:02:24 CAPTION: WOLF HALL

She turns to Henry, showing him a little ribboned
cap for the baby.

10:02:36 CAPTION: BASED ON THE NOVELS BY
HILARY MANTEL

ANNE BOLEYN
Just come from the embroiderer. Isn't it sweet?
For her little head?

10:02:42 CAPTION: ADAPTED BY
PETER STRAUGHAN

Henry looks at her flatly as if to say - why are
you showing me this?

10:02:47 CAPTION: PRODUCED BY
MARK PYBUS

10:02:55 CAPTION: DIRECTED BY
PETER KOSMINSKY

He gets up and walks heavily from the room.
Norris follows.

10:03:01 CAPTION: EPISODE SIX
MASTER OF PHANTOMS

Cromwell goes to follow too, until Anne calls him
back.

ANNE BOLEYN (O.S.)
Cremuel?

MUSIC OUT (2)

10:03:12 She hands the baby to the NURSE who leaves the
room.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I am told that when you thought the King was dead, your first action was to send for the bastard Mary. You did not think of me, or my daughter or the child I was carrying then.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I cannot hold the throne for an infant in the cradle. I cannot hold the throne for an unborn baby.

ANNE BOLEYN

I promoted you. I am responsible for your rise. And at the first opportunity you have betrayed me.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Madam, nothing here is personal.

ANNE BOLEYN

You think you've grown great. You think you no longer need me. But you've forgotten the most important thing. Cremuel. Those who've been made, can be unmade.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I entirely agree.

He bows himself out.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW (O.S.)

We want the concubine ousted.

10:04:55 INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. MAIN HALL. FEB 1536. NIGHT.

Cromwell is dining with SIR NICHOLAS CAREW.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW (CONT'D)

We know you want it too.

THOMAS CROMWELL

We?

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

My friends in this matter are very near the throne, those in the line of old King Edward. Lord Exeter, the Courtenay family. Lord Monatague, his brother Geoffrey Pole, Lady Margaret Pole. These are the principal persons on whose behalf I speak. But as you will be aware, the most part of England would rejoice to see the King free of her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't think the most part of England knows or cares. What do you require of me?

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW

We require you to join us. We are content to have Seymour's girl crowned. She's known to favour

true religion. And we believe she will bring Henry back to Rome. And this is our difficulty, Cromwell. We know you are a Lutheran.

Cromwell touches his heart.

THOMAS CROMWELL
No sir. I'm a banker.

Carew laughs.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)
What will happen to Anne Boleyn?

Carew shrugs.

SIR NICHOLAS CAREW
I don't know. Convent?

10:06:26 INT. WHITEHALL. INNER CHAMBER. SPRING 1536. DAY

Anne sits while her ladies in waiting sit: Jane Rochford and Mary Shelton. With them Harry Norris and young Francis Weston. Anne glances over to where Mark Smeaton sits. She walks over to him, smiling. Anne glances over to the others.

ANNE BOLEYN
Look at this little doggie.

She pulls a feather from his cap, tickles his face with it, laughing.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
Oh why are you so sad Mark? You have no business being sad. You're here to entertain us.

Mark begins to kneel.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
Oh for heaven's sake, stand on your feet. I do you favour by noticing you at all. What do you expect? Do you think I should talk to you as if you were a gentleman?

He stares at her, eyes brimming with tears.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
But I can't do that, Mark. You see, because you're an inferior person.

MARK SMEATON
No, madam. I don't expect a word. A look suffices me.

Anne waits.

ANNE BOLEYN
Well? Aren't you going to praise my eyes now?

Mark stares at her, overcome with misery. Then he bursts into tears, turns and walks away. Anne laughs.

FRANCIS WESTON

Why do you encourage that boy?

HARRY NORRIS

All manner of puppy dogs are encouraged here. Some are coming in and out of season.

FRANCIS WESTON

Are you referring to me, Norris?

HARRY NORRIS

I could happily give this puppy dog a kick in his ribs that he won't forget.

ANNE BOLEYN

No kicking in my chamber, if you please.

FRANCIS WESTON

He gets himself agitated because he thinks I come here to cast my fancy at Lady Mary. We all know he hopes to marry her himself.

Mary Shelton blushes, not altogether displeased.

FRANCIS WESTON (CONT'D)

But really I come here for the sake of another. And d'you know who that is.

ANNE BOLEYN

No, tell me. I can't guess. Is it Lady Rochford here? Surely not one so old?

Rochford gets up and begins to walk away.

FRANCIS WESTON

No, it is yourself, Madam.

Lady Rochford turns back.

ANNE BOLEYN

Perhaps you should kick him Gentle Norris, for the honour of the Queen of England.

WILLIAM BRERETON walks in.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Ah, here's the man for me. Will Brereton is one who shoots his arrow straight.

Brereton looks cautiously around, sensing the poisonous, slightly hysterical atmosphere in the room.

WILLIAM BRERETON

What's to do here?

JANE ROCHFORD

Everyone's been fighting. And all because of that boy Mark.

She walks slowly, deliberately up to Anne.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

I think he should be dropped from a great height. Just like your dog Purkoy.

Silence. Nobody moves. Anne stares at her. Then she walks towards her and slaps her hard across the face. Rochford staggers, then darts back, face to face with her.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

Do that again and I will hit you back. You're no queen, you're just a knight's daughter - and your time has come.

ANNE BOLEYN

Harry, do me a good turn, take away my brother's wife and drown her.

Norris turns away in distaste.

HARRY NORRIS

Anne...

ANNE BOLEYN

What? Didn't you swear you'd walk barefoot to China for me?

HARRY NORRIS

I think it was barefoot to Walsingham, I offered.

Anne turns on him, eyes flashing.

ANNE BOLEYN

Perhaps you can repent your sins there. Because if anything happened to the King you'd look to have me.

She turns to Mary Shelton.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Oh, yes you see now Mary why he hasn't married you yet? It's because he's in love with me. Or so he claims. And yet he won't prove it by putting Lady Rochford in a sack and dropping her in the river.

Norris has turned pale.

HARRY NORRIS

Will you spill all your secrets Anne, or only some?

With that he walks out of the room without bowing. Beat. She looks around at the others, a twisted smile on her face. A circle of frozen faces stare back.

ANNE BOLEYN
Oh he...get him back.

She looks away, smile fading, feeling panic rising in her.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
It was idle talk, get him back. Get him back and he'll swear on the Bible. He knows me to be a good wife. Get him back!

She runs after him.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
Harry!

JANE ROCHFORD (O.S.)
Henry had heard about the -

10:11:21 INT. WHITEHALL. PRIVATE ROOM. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Cromwell sits with Jane Rochford.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
- fight with Norris. We could all see from the courtyard. She had her hands...

10:11:28 EXT. WHITEHALL. GREAT WINDOW. SPRING 1536. DAY.

NO SOUND.
Henry is fighting with Anne before the vast window, face purple with rage. Anne looks distraught. Anne clasps her hands at the breast. Despite her obvious distress there is something contrived about the gesture.

JANE ROCHFORD (V.O.)
You know the King's great tapestry? Where the Queen clasps her hands together?

10:11:35 INT. WHITEHALL. PRIVATE ROOM. SPRING 1536. DAY.

As established. Cromwell sits with Jane Rochford. She mimics the gesture mockingly.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)
He didn't look persuaded.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Did you not go to her? To comfort her? She being your mistress.

JANE ROCHFORD

No. I came looking for you.

Cromwell nods.

JANE ROCHFORD (CONT'D)

Before they were married Anne used to practice with Henry. In the French fashion. You know what I mean.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Lady Rochford, I have no idea what you mean.

JANE ROCHFORD

Oh you think you can shame me out of saying what I must say. I'm no virgin girl. She induced him to put his seed otherwise than he should have. Now Henry calls it a filthy proceeding. But God love him, he doesn't know where the filth begins. My husband George is always with Anne.

THOMAS CROMWELL

He's her brother. It's natural.

JANE ROCHFORD

There's nothing natural in George. And nothing is forbidden. I've seen them kiss.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Brothers may kiss their sis...

JANE ROCHFORD

His tongue in her mouth. Hers in his.

He stares at her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You want me to record that?

JANE ROCHFORD

If you're worried you won't remember it?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Why would she do such a thing?

JANE ROCHFORD

You know why. The better to rule. Suppose she gets a boy and it has Weston's long face? Or looks like Will Brereton? But they can't call it a bastard if it looks like a Boleyn.

Cromwell begins to write.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Be advised by me. Speak to no-one.

JANE ROCHFORD

MUSIC IN (3) **10:13:45** Be advised by me. Speak to Mark Smeaton.

10:13:48 INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. MAIN HALL. SPRING 1536.

NIGHT.

Evening. Cromwell's nephew, Richard and Rafe lead MARK SMEATON into the house. Richard takes the young man's lute.

RICHARD (O.S.)

We can leave that here Mark.

Mark looks around, suspicious.

MARK SMEATON (O.S.)

I thought there was to be a great company? I thought I was going to entertain you?

MUSIC OUT (3)

10:14:11

Cromwell is suddenly beside him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Make no doubt of it.

THOMAS CROMWELL (O.S.)

You see Mark -

10:14:19

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

Cromwell sits facing Mark, who is trying his best to look indifferent and bored, lounging, gazing at his own shoes. Richard and Rafe sit behind him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

- my master the King and my mistress the Queen are at odds, everyone knows. And my dearest wish is to reconcile them.

Mark raises a skeptical eyebrow, but continues to stare at his shoes.

MARK SMEATON

The word at court is that you're keeping company with the Queen's enemies.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How else am I to find out their practices?

MARK SMEATON

Ah. If only I could believe that.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't blame you, Mark. There's such ill-feeling at the court no-one trusts anyone. But I've come to you because you're close to the Queen, and I'd really love to know why she's so unhappy and if there's anything that I can do to remedy it.

MARK SMEATON

It's no wonder she's unhappy. She's in love.

THOMAS CROMWELL

With whom?

MARK SMEATON

With me.

Silence. Perhaps for the first time since we've met him, Cromwell is thrown.

MARK SMEATON (CONT'D)

You're amazed.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I'm not as amazed as you might think. I've seen how she looks at you. And it's no surprise that any woman would be drawn to you. You're a very handsome young man.

RICHARD

But we thought you were a sodomite.

Cromwell, Richard and Rafe chuckle.

MARK SMEATON

I'm as good a man as any of them.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Of course you are, and the Queen would give you good report. She's tried you, found you to her liking?

MARK SMEATON

I can't discuss it.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No, no you mustn't. But we can assume. She's not an inexperienced woman. I think she would not be interested in anything less than a master of performance.

MARK SMEATON

Well I will say this: we men born poor, are in no wise inferior in that way.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How true. Though the noble gentlemen like to keep that secret from the ladies. They wouldn't want the competition would they?

MARK SMEATON

If you mean she has other lovers, I wouldn't know. I haven't asked her. But they're jealous of me.

THOMAS CROMWELL (O.S.)

Are they?

MARK SMEATON

Weston and Norris, those lords. They call me boy, but they're jealous.

RICHARD

Perhaps she tried them and they were a disappointment. And you take the prize. How often?

Mark looks away from him in contempt. Cromwell considers him in silence for a moment.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You've given us two names, Mark. Now name the others. And answer Master Richard. How often?

Mark looks at him, caught by the sudden change in tone.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Mm-hmm. Perhaps you're wise not to speak. Best to have it all written down. The council will hardly believe it otherwise. They'll be amazed at your success. Jealous. "Smeaton, what is your secret?" they'll demand. And you'll answer "Ah, I can't impart." But you will impart, Mark. You'll do it freely. Or you'll do it enforced.

Mark's hauteur has fallen away and his face is suddenly a frightened boy's. Then Mark leaps to his feet and is heading for the door. Richard is already off his stool and has him in an iron grip.

RICHARD

Seat yourself, pretty boy.

MARK SMEATON

I take it back. I can't give you any names. I don't know how I came to say what I did.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No, nor do I. No-one hurt you or coerced you, spoke for you. These two gentlemen are my witnesses.

MARK SMEATON

I take it back.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I don't think so. Tell us about your adultery with the Queen and what you know about her dealings with the other gentlemen and if your confession is true and full, perhaps the King will show you mercy.

Mark doesn't seem to be listening. He's beginning to cry.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Would you like to spend ten minutes alone with Master Richard here?

RICHARD
Five would do it.

THOMAS CROMWELL
He will write down what you say Mark. But he
won't necessarily write down what we do. Do you
follow me?

MARK SMEATON
Mother Mary, help me. I can't tell you what I
don't know.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Can't you?

MARK SMEATON
No.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well then you'll have to be my guest for the
night, Mark.

MUSIC IN (4)

10:19:00 Please.

10:19:01 INT. OUTSIDE CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY. SPRING 1536.
NIGHT.

Richard leads Mark down the stairs by the hand.
Rafe and Cromwell watch him descend.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well, there aren't many men alive who can say
they took me by surprise...

RAFE
Years of being despised by lords has made a
boaster of him.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Sometimes I think I should have taken him in
here. I don't want him hurt. If we have to
torture sad creatures like that, what next?
Stamping on dormice? Tell Wriothsesley to come
tomorrow.

Rafe nods and exits. Cromwell stares after
Richard and Mark.

10:19:41 INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CORRIDOR/STORE ROOM. SPRING
1536.

Richard opens the door. Mark stares fearfully
into the darkness.

MARK SMEATON
What is this?

RICHARD

It's where the phantom lives. In you go.

He thrusts Mark into the store room closes and locks the door behind him. Grace's PEACOCK WINGS hanging on a peg, brush against his face. Mark yelps, spins away, yelps again as something sharp impales his shoulder.

CUT TO:

Gregory, waiting for a moment outside the door.

CUT TO:

Mark turns, just as the cover slips from the great CHRISTMAS STAR, leaving it gleaming dully in the gloom: a many pointed torture engine.

MUSIC OUT (4)

10:20:29

10:20:29

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. BEDROOM. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

Cromwell lies staring up at the ceiling. From downstairs comes the muffled sound of Mark screaming.

MARK SMEATON (O.S.)

Let me out! Please let me out! Let me out!

10:20:50

INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Wriothsesley is writing down the names that a sobbing, pale Mark is babbling.

MARK SMEATON

Henry Norris, Francis Weston. And William Brereton and Francis Bryan...

He searches his mind desperately for more names.

MARK SMEATON (CONT'D)

Richard Long, Walter Walsh...

THOMAS CROMWELL

You had to do with the Queen how many times?

MARK SMEATON

A thousand?

Richard slaps him.

MARK SMEATON (CONT'D)

Three or four.

Wriothsesley continues to write.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Richard.

MUSIC IN (5)

10:21:22 Richard walks over to him.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Go to the King at Greenwich. He'll be expecting you. Trust your message to no-one.

10:21:37 EXT. GREENWICH. TILTYARD. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Harry Norris, armoured and on horseback, approaches the tilt barrier, facing his opponent on the other side of the lists.

10:21:42 EXT. GREENWICH. TILTYARD. ROYAL GALLERY. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Henry sits watching.

THOMAS CROMWELL (V.O.)

Put the word in his ear yourself.

Richard approaches Henry. Henry beckons him forward. He bends and says something to the King. Henry's gaze slides to where Anne sits with her ladies. He turns to one of his servants.

HENRY

Page. Tell Henry Norris to retire from the field.

Henry stands and walks off.

10:22:51 EXT. GREENWICH. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Norris, sans armour, rides up to join Henry who sits on horseback.

HENRY

Ride with me, Harry.

HARRY NORRIS

Where to, my lord?

HENRY

Let's talk, you and I.

He begins to ride away, the uncertain Norris beside him. The escort of GUARDS falls in behind them...

10:23:11 INT. GREENWICH. OUTER QUEEN'S CHAMBERS. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Cromwell strides towards the Queen's chambers, Fitzwilliam and Audley beside him.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (O.S.)

Cromwell!

Norfolk forces his way through courtiers, walks alongside them.

MUSIC OUT (5) **10:23:24** DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
I hear the singer sang to your tune. What did you do to him? There's a pretty ballad for you. The King fingers his lute, while his lutenist fingers his wife.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You have the warrant, my lord?

Norfolk flourishes the piece of parchment.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Perhaps this'll teach Henry to listen to me.

MUSIC IN (6) **10:23:51** Cromwell opens and reads the warrant.

10:23:57 INT. GREENWICH. QUEEN'S CHAMBERS. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Silence. Anne sits under her canopy of estate. She has finished her meal and the servants are clearing away the dishes, cloth and napery. Anne sits motionless, hands folded in her lap, eyes cast to the floor, a Medieval Saint. Finally she raises her eyes to the crowd of men who have squeezed into the room for this moment and who stand staring at her in silence.

ANNE BOLEYN
Uncle. Lord Chancellor. Master Treasurer.

Last of all she looks to Cromwell.

MUSIC OUT (6) **10:25:07** ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
And Cremuel. The man I created.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
He created you in turn, madam. And be sure he repents of it.

ANNE BOLEYN
Oh, but I was sorry first. And I'm sorry more.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Ready to go?

ANNE BOLEYN
I don't know how to be ready.

Cromwell holds out a hand to her.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Just come with us.

MUSIC IN (7) **10:25:47** Anne stares at the outstretched hand.

10:25:52 EXT. MOAT. THE TOWER. BARGE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

A barge navigates the narrow, moated approach to Traitor's Gate. Anne stares ahead, silent.

Cromwell watches as Anne surveys the sheer walls of the Tower, rearing above them. The effect is intimidating.

10:26:53 INT. WINDSOR CASTLE. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

The King's great tapestry depicting Queen Esther. We HOLD on her image - hands clasped to her bosom, beseeching. Cromwell stands staring up at the image.

HENRY (O.S.)
I'm to blame.

10:27:12 INT. WINDSOR CASTLE. KING'S CHAMBERS. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

Cromwell and Archbishop Cranmer wait on the King. The room is dark.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I suspected her and did nothing.

Cranmer and Cromwell exchange a look. Cranmer looks as if he'd rather be anywhere else in the world.

MUSIC OUT (7)

10:27:20 CRANMER
I... I never had a better opinion in a woman than I had in her. I can't believe she's guilty. Except I know your Highness would never go so far if she weren't.

HENRY
She deceived all of us. When I look back, it all falls into place. So many friends lost, alienated, worse. When I think of Wolsey, the way she practised against him. She said she loved me. But she meant the opposite. I've written a play.

He crosses to a box, takes out a bundle of loose leaves, black with his own laboured handwriting. He turns to them solemnly.

HENRY (CONT'D)
A tragedy. My own story.

He offers it to Cromwell, who manages to look regretful.

THOMAS CROMWELL
You should keep it sir, till we have more leisure to do it justice.

HENRY
But I want you to see her true nature. I believe

she has committed adultery with a hundred men.

CRANMER

But her brother? Is it likely?

HENRY

Well I doubt she could resist. Why spare? Why not drink the cup to its filthy dregs?

MUSIC IN (8)	10:28:48	Cranmer bows, a glance at Cromwell and then leaves.
	10:28:55	<u>INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY. SPRING 1536. DAY.</u>
MUSIC IN (9)	10:29:08	Cromwell sits at his desk. His mind flashes back to:
	10:29:11	<u>F/B. INT. HAMPTON COURT. GREAT HALL. AUTUMN 1530. NIGHT.</u>
		A stage has been set up, the back screens painted as a wall of flames. A play in progress: a figure in a huge padded scarlet costume lies on the floor, shrieking as he's dragged by four actors dressed as DEVILS. They jab the 'cardinal' with pitchforks as he writhes and screams.
MUSIC OUT (8)	10:29:16	DEVIL (BRERETON) Come Wolsey, we're fetching you to Hell, for our master Beelzebub is expecting you to supper!
		Cromwell stands at the back watching it all.
		THIRD DEVIL (WESTON) Beelzebub would have you joint his venison. He's heard of your skill as a butcher!
		The audience howl with laughter. ANNE BOLEYN sits laughing, pointing, applauding, her face lit up with glee. Beside her the King sits frozen. He laughs, but his eyes are nervous.
	10:29:33	<u>INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY. SPRING 1536. DAY.</u>
MUSIC IN (10)	10:29:34	As established. Cromwell sits at his desk. His
MUSIC OUT (9)	10:29:41	mind once again flashes back to:
	10:29:43	<u>INT. F/B. HAMPTON COURT. GREAT HALL. BACKSTAGE. AUTUMN 1530. NIGHT.</u>
		Darkness. And then in the darkness, a memory: four nobleman dragging devil's masks from their faces, laughing, sweating... FRANCIS WESTON, WILLIAM BRERETON, HENRY NORRIS, GEORGE BOLEYN.
	10:30:01	<u>INT. AUSTIN FRIARS. CROMWELL'S NEW STUDY. SPRING 1536. DAY.</u>

As established. Cromwell sits at his desk, deep in thought.

10:30:06 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. MARTIN TOWER. SPRING 1536. DAY.

MUSIC OUT (10)

10:30:21

Cromwell enters and sits down. George Boleyn remains standing, spoiling for a fight.

GEORGE BOLEYN

I know why I'm here. My wife. What has she said? Whatever it is, you can't hold me on the word of one woman.

THOMAS CROMWELL

There've been other women who have been recipients of your...gallantry, George. You've always regarded women as disposable...

GEORGE BOLEYN

What? So, you're going to put me on trial for gallantry? I didn't know it was a crime to spend time with a willing lover.

THOMAS CROMWELL

It is when that lover is your sister.

George stops mid-step, stares at Cromwell.

HARRY NORRIS (O.S.)

My family -

10:31:07 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. NORRIS' CELL. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Norris sits, looking exhausted. Cromwell watches him.

HARRY NORRIS (CONT'D)

- has served the King of England for generations. I have been at the side of Henry since I was a boy. I love him like a brother. I would never forget my honour, never...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Do you want me to write it on the wall for you, Norris? She can't give him a son. He wants another wife. She won't go quietly. Is that simple enough for your simple tastes? She has to be pushed. I have to push her.

HARRY NORRIS

Well you'll get no confession from me, or Brereton either.

Cromwell gives him a measured stare.

HARRY NORRIS (CONT'D)

You'll not torture gentlemen. The King wouldn't permit it.

THOMAS CROMWELL

There don't have to be formal arrangements.

Cromwell walks forward and takes a startled Norris' head in his hands, holds him gently.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I can put my thumbs in your eyes and then you would sing 'Green grows the holly' if I asked you to. Hmm?

A long beat. Neither man moves. Then Cromwell slides his hands away and moves back.

10:32:21 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. BRERETON'S CELL. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Cromwell is interrogating Brereton.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Let's go back. I remember in the late Cardinal's time, one of your household killed a man during a bowl's match.

WILLIAM BRERETON

Well, the game can get very heated.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The Cardinal thought it was time for a reckoning but your family impeded the investigation and I ask myself has anything changed since then? John ap Eyton had a quarrel with one of your household only recently.

WILLIAM BRERETON

So that's why I'm here.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Not entirely, but leave aside your adultery with the Queen let's concentrate on Eyton. Blows were exchanged, a man was killed. Eyton was tried and acquitted. But you, because you have no respect for the law or -

WILLIAM BRERETON

I have every respect -

THOMAS CROMWELL

Don't interrupt me! You have the man abducted and hanged. You think because it's only one man it doesn't matter. You think no-one will remember, but I remember. You think you can do anything because Norfolk favours you...

WILLIAM BRERETON

The King favours me.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Does he? Does he? Well you should complain about your lodgings then, shouldn't you?

10:33:22 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. MARTIN TOWER. SPRING 1536. DAY.

George is trembling in shock.

THOMAS CROMWELL

But then Francis Bryan has been explaining it to me...

GEORGE BOLEYN

Bryan? Bryan is an enemy of mine...

THOMAS CROMWELL

And I begin to see it. How a man may hardly know his sister. She grows up in France. They meet as adults, she is like him, yet not. She is familiar, and yet she piques his interest. One day his brotherly embrace lasts a little longer than usual... the business proceeds from there. Perhaps neither of you felt you were doing anything wrong. Until some frontier was crossed.

GEORGE BOLEYN

I refuse to answer this.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Did it begin before her marriage to the King, or afterwards?

Boleyn stares at him.

THOMAS CROMWELL (O.S.)

Brother George?

10:34:28 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. NORRIS' CELL. SPRING 1536. DAY.

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

That must have been a surprise. Rivalry from that quarter. But the morality of you gentlemen astonishes me.

HARRY NORRIS

I have no opinion of George.

THOMAS CROMWELL

No opinion of incest? You take it so quietly I'm forced to think it must be true...

HARRY NORRIS

If I said it was, you'd only accuse me of trying to divert attention away from myself.

THOMAS CROMWELL

You've known me too long, Harry.

HARRY NORRIS

Oh I've studied you. Studied Wolsey before you.

THOMAS CROMWELL

That was politic of you. Such a great servant of the state.

HARRY NORRIS

And such a great traitor at the end.

THOMAS CROMWELL

I remember a certain entertainment at court, d'you remember? A play, in which the late Cardinal was set upon by demons and dragged down to hell.

HARRY NORRIS

That's why? It was a play! It was a joke! You can't... you can't seriously...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Life pays you out. Don't you find?

HARRY NORRIS

But, but Mark Smeaton? What has he done to you?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Dunno, I just don't like the way he looks at me. I need guilty men, Harry. So I've found men who are guilty. Though not necessarily as charged.

10:36:23 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. WESTON'S CELL. SPRING 1536.
DAY.

Cromwell enters FRANCIS WESTON's cell.

FRANCIS WESTON

Good morning. I'm not long married. I don't know if you know that. I have a son...

THOMAS CROMWELL

You have debts. To the tune of a thousand pounds.

FRANCIS WESTON

Why the devil bring that up...?

THOMAS CROMWELL

No one expects a young gallant like yourself to be thrifty, but these debts are more than you could reasonably pay. So your own extravagance gives people to think, what expectations did young Weston have? We know the Queen gave you money. A thousand pounds is nothing to you if you hoped to marry her after you'd contrived the King's death.

Weston stares at Cromwell, floored.

FRANCIS WESTON

I see how it'll weigh, when it's given in evidence. I've undone myself. I don't blame you, Cromwell. It's just... I thought I had another twenty years...

THOMAS CROMWELL

Well we know not the hour, do we Francis?

MUSIC IN (11)

10:38:07

Cromwell walks towards him, puts a hand on his shoulder as he cries.

10:38:10

INT. TOWER OF LONDON. CORRIDOR. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Cromwell walks out and finds Wriothsesley and Riche sharing a joke.

WRIOTHESLEY

Are you finished? Has he denounced the others?

Cromwell shakes his head.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D)

Do you want us to make him?

Cromwell turns to him angrily.

THOMAS CROMWELL

What? What, do you think I'm too soft on young men?

RICHARD RICHE

Do you want us to draw up charges?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Yeah, the more the merrier. Forgive me, I have to piss...

He walks away.

10:38:48

EXT. WESTMINSTER HALL. SPRING 1536. DAY.

The four men are brought out of their trial into the uproar of the crowds outside. There are shouts of 'Traitor!'. Cromwell watches. Norris catches his eye for a moment.

10:39:13

INT. TOWER OF LONDON. STAIRS/LANDING TO OUTER CHAMBER. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Cromwell arrives to see Anne, Richard and Wriothsesley with him. The constable of the Tower, KINGSTON greets them.

MUSIC OUT (11)

10:39:43

KINGSTON

My wife is with her. And her Aunt, Lady Shelton.

THOMAS CROMWELL

How is she?

KINGSTON

Sometimes crying, sometimes laughing. There's something she said. I only mention it because you told me to report everything I heard.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Go on.

KINGSTON

When I told her she would stay in the same room she had before her coronation she said "It's too good for me. Jesus have mercy on me."

Silence. Wriothesley looks at Cromwell, disturbed.

WRIOTHESLEY

If she's not worthy it's because she's guilty. But what is it she's done?

No-one answers.

10:40:28 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. PRIVY CHAMBER. SPRING 1536.
DAY.

Anne prays before an altar. Cromwell watches her.

WRIOTHESLEY (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Is it something we haven't even imagined yet?

LADY KINGSTON and Anne's Aunt, LADY SHELTON sit at the side of the room. Cromwell addresses Anne.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Would you like your furs brought in?

ANNE BOLEYN

The Ermine. And I don't want these women. I want my own women.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Lady Kingston is...

ANNE BOLEYN

Your spy.

THOMAS CROMWELL

... your hostess.

ANNE BOLEYN

Am I a guest then? Am I free to go?

THOMAS CROMWELL

I didn't think you'd object to your own aunt.

ANNE BOLEYN

She has a grudge against me. All I hear is

tutting.

LADY SHELTON

Do you expect applause?

ANNE BOLEYN

You won't speak to me that way to me after I'm released.

(To Cromwell)

I don't know why the King is holding me here. I suppose it is some sort of test, isn't it?

She so obviously doesn't believe this that Cromwell doesn't answer.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I want to see my brother.

LADY SHELTON

That's a foolish demand in the circumstances.

ANNE BOLEYN

My father.

LADY SHELTON

Don't expect help there. Thomas Boleyn looks after himself first and last. I should know, he's my brother.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Help the King. Unless he's merciful there's nothing you can do for yourself. But you can do something for your daughter. For Elizabeth. The more penitent you show yourself through this whole process...

ANNE BOLEYN

The process? And what is this process to be?

THOMAS CROMWELL

The confessions of the gentlemen are now being compiled.

ANNE BOLEYN

What?

LADY SHELTON

You heard him. They'll not lie for you.

THOMAS CROMWELL

The gentlemen are to be tried together. You and your brother, being ennobled are to be judged by your peers.

ANNE BOLEYN

You have no witnesses.

THOMAS CROMWELL

When you were at liberty, madam, your ladies were

intimidated by you, forced to lie for you. Now they are emboldened...

ANNE BOLEYN

Oh, I'm sure they are. In the way Seymour is emboldened. Tell her from me, God sees her tricks.

Cromwell turns to leave.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

No!

She touches his arm, detaining him, her voice suddenly small.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

Just tell me... you don't believe these stories against me, do you? I know in your heart you don't? Do you, Cremuel?

Cromwell feels suddenly, giddily, on the edge of something, of pain, of pity...

He touches the small hand on his arm, turns to face her, hesitates...

Then Anne raises both her hands, clasps them to her bosom in the practised gesture of supplication. Queen Esther. A mimicry of innocence.

And the moment is gone.

Cromwell steps back, arms dropping to his side. Anne sees his face change, senses her blunder. She raises her hands, slips them around her own throat.

ANNE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I only have a little neck. So it'll be the work of a moment.

MUSIC IN (12)

10:44:18 Cromwell begins to leave the room. Anne watches him go, her face hardening.

10:44:33 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

A court has been erected in the great hall: a platform for the judges and peers, some more benches at the sides, although the vast mass of spectators stand, crowding in. Norfolk presides, Audley at his right, the line of voting nobility to his left. Anne is brought in. She's wearing scarlet and black.

10:45:20 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

Cromwell is prosecuting. His manner is calm, dry, mechanical.

THOMAS CROMWELL

... you said when the King was dead, you would choose one of these men to be your husband, but you can't say which yet. Did you say that?

Anne shakes her head.

MUSIC OUT (12)

10:45:32

THOMAS CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You must answer aloud.

MUSIC IN (13)

10:45:38

ANNE BOLEYN

(A small, icy voice)

No.

10:45:42

INT. TOWER OF LONDON. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

LATER. The trial of a defiant GEORGE BOLEYN is underway.

GEORGE BOLEYN

Read me your charges. Put them to me, one by one. The places. The dates.

He looks to the jury, a swagger of confidence. The odds have been placed at ten to one for his acquittal.

GEORGE BOLEYN (CONT'D)

I'll confound you!

Cromwell stares back, unruffled to the point of indifference.

10:45:55

INT. TOWER OF LONDON. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536. NIGHT.

Anne's trial. The questioning is grinding on, charge after charge... Anne stares head, expression distant, existing in the little space they've left her.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Did you not affirm that you could never love the King in your heart?

ANNE BOLEYN

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Did you not, at various times and places, by kissing, touchings, and other infamous incitations induce Francis Weston to be your concubine?

ANNE BOLEYN

No.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Did you not make gifts of money to Francis
Weston?

Anne hesitates.

ANNE BOLEYN
Yes.

A huge WHOOP from the crowd.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Silence! Silence!

Anne closes her eyes.

10:46:37 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536.
NIGHT.

George's trial. Cromwell hands George a piece of
paper.

THOMAS CROMWELL
On this page are words the Queen is said to have
spoken to you, and which you in turn passed on.
Do not read them aloud. Just tell the court, do
you recognise them?

Boleyn takes the page, with a disdainful smile,
reads, smirks, turns to the watching crowd.

GEORGE BOLEYN
The King cannot copulate with a woman, he has
neither skill nor vigour.

The crowd falls about, laughing. The court
however, are silent. Realising his mistake,
George's face falls.

GEORGE BOLEYN (CONT'D)
I didn't say... they're not MY words. I don't own
them!

Cromwell walks towards the jury. As he passes
George...

THOMAS CROMWELL
You do now.

10:47:31 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. GREAT HALL. SPRING 1536.
NIGHT.

Anne's trial. Anne has been found guilty and
Norfolk is reading the sentence.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
... having been found unanimously guilty...

Uproar from the crowd.

SPECTATOR
Her own Uncle!

Norfolk glares out at them.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
I'll do slaughter!

That has the desired effect.

DUKE OF NORFOLK (CONT'D)
Thou shalt be burned here, within the Tower, or
else to have thy head smitten off as the King's
pleasure...

Uproar now from the justices, one of whom leans
over to remonstrate with Norfolk.

JUSTICE (O.S.)
That's not justice!

DUKE OF NORFOLK
What are you talking about?

Cromwell crosses to them.

THOMAS CROMWELL
What is it? What?

DUKE OF NORFOLK
These fellows say I've done it wrong. They say I
have to say burn only...

THOMAS CROMWELL
The phrasing is the King's, and don't tell me
what we can or can't do, we've never tried a
queen before.

THOMAS CROMWELL
(To Norfolk)
Finish what you're saying.
(To Justices)
Sit down.

DUKE OF NORFOLK
Uh...head smitten off, as the King's pleasure
shall be further known of this matter...

MUSIC IN (14) **10:48:42**

The rest of the sentence is lost under the buzz
of excitement. Anne watches his lips move for a
moment then looks at Cromwell. They hold each
other's gaze.

10:48:46 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING
1536. DAY

MUSIC OUT (13) **10:48:48**

Early morning. Quiet. A scaffold has been
erected. Two hundred Yeoman beginning to

assemble, sawdust being scattered... Cromwell enters the space, the first Official here. He begins to walk towards the scaffold...climbs it and stands on the platform.

10:49:27 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

MUSIC OUT (14)

10:49:43 Later. The same site, now filled with crowds. We find Cromwell amongst the spectators, Gregory on one side, Francis Bryan on the other. Anne's procession emerges from Coldharbour Gate, Alderman and Officials followed by the guard. In the middle comes Anne with her LADIES. Anne, as is traditional, is handing out alms from a velvet bag to the poor in the crowd as she walks.

GREGORY

Why does she keep looking up at the tower?

THOMAS CROMWELL

Because she thinks there's still hope.

Anne reaches the steps. She pauses, hands back the velvet bag to one of her ladies. Then begins to climb...

10:50:56 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Earlier. Cromwell turns and finds a young man has arrived, the EXECUTIONER, well dressed. Cromwell examines the clothes, curious.

EXECUTIONER

So she will not be able to tell me from the other officials. It will save her alarm.

10:51:34 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Later. Anne stands in the same spot as her ermine is taken from her by her ladies.

Anne begins to speak. But her voice is too low.

ANNE BOLEYN

Good Christian people, I am come hither to die, for according to the law, and by the law I am judged to die -

FRANCIS BRYAN

I can't hear her. You'd think she'd speak up for her last words.

ANNE BOLEYN

- and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak any thing of that, whereof I am accused and

condemned to die, but I pray God save the King and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler nor a more merciful prince was there never; and to me was he ever a good, a gentle and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge best. And thus I take my leave of the world and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. O Lord, have mercy on my soul, to God I commend my soul.

10:53:11 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Earlier. The Executioner hands a sword to Cromwell.

THOMAS CROMWELL
How will you do it?

EXECUTIONER
She kneels. There is no block.

10:53:42 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Later. Anne kneels, her Ladies moving around her, removing her hood, replacing it with a simple cap. As they do so, Anne catches a movement behind her and turns to see the Executioner emerging from anonymity. He bobs down, a symbolic gesture towards asking pardon, hands a folded cloth to one of the Ladies - Lady Kingston. Understanding, Lady Kingston blindfolds Anne with the strip. Anne gives a small mewl of distress as she loses sight of the world.

ANNE BOLEYN
Christ have mercy, Jesus receive my soul...

10:54:30 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Earlier. Cromwell stares at the blade.

EXECUTIONER
If she is steady it will be over in a moment. Between heart beats. She knows nothing. If she is steady.

THOMAS CROMWELL
Well I can answer for her.

10:55:05 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. EXECUTION SITE. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Later. The Executioner raises his sword to a gasp of the crowd. Anne looks to her right. The Executioner slips off his shoes and pads silently

towards Anne, sword in hand. She raises a nervous hand to a stray hair that has escaped the cap. Cromwell watches from the crowd.

THOMAS CROMWELL

Put your arm down... put your arm down...

The Executioner curves to one side of Anne...

EXECUTIONER (not subtitled)

Apportez l'épée.

(Bring me the sword)

Anne's head whips around in the direction of the voice, but the Executioner is already silently, impossibly, on her other side, sword raised...

On Cromwell, Gregory and Bryan as we hear the blade cut through. A single audible sigh escapes the crowd.

The Executioner turns away. Anne's tiny body lies crumpled on the boards, the head rolled some distance from it. His Assistant approaches the body but suddenly Anne's ladies are around her, blocking his way.

LADY IN WAITING

We do not want men to handle her.

IN THE CROWD an unaffected Bryan smiles.

FRANCIS BRYAN

It's a little late for that. Right. I'm off to tell the Seymours it's done.

MUSIC IN (15)

10:56:05

And he's off, threading through the crowd with his news. Cromwell watches as the Ladies lift the corpse into a makeshift coffin, an elm chest, recently emptied of arrows. One of them picks up Anne's head, swaddled in cloth, lays it at the corpses feet. Then they raise the chest and walk stiffly away, their dresses soaked black in Anne's blood.

MUSIC IN (16)

10:56:54

MUSIC OUT (15)

10:56:55

10:57:05

INT. WHITEHALL. CORRIDOR/ANTEROOMS. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Morning. TRACKING with Cromwell as he walks through anterooms towards the King's chamber.

10:57:18

INT. WHITEHALL. KING'S CHAMBER. SPRING 1536. DAY.

Cromwell passes through the doors and there's Henry - his back to us, at the far end of the room. He turns, sees Cromwell approaching and breaks in to a beaming smile. Henry flings his open to embrace him. Cromwell stops before Henry. Then allows him to pull him into a warm embrace.

As Henry grins over Cromwell's shoulder, Cromwell
looks anxiously over his.

MUSIC IN (17) **10:58:13** SNAP TO BLACK - END OF EPISODE SIX.
 10:58:17
 10:58:18 **CLOSING CREDITS:**

MUSIC OUT (16) **10:58:19** **CARD 1**

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

DUKE OF SUFFOLK	RICHARD DILLANE
MASTER TREASURER FITZWILLIAM	JAMES LARKIN
EDWARD SEYMOUR	ED SPELEERS
LADY EXETER	SARAH CROWDEN
DUKE OF NORFOLK	BERNARD HILL
SIR NICHOLAS CAREW	NIGEL COOKE
THOMAS SEYMOUR	IAIN BATCHELOR
LADY MARGARET POLE	JANET HENFREY

10:58:21 **CARD 2**

THOMAS CROMWELL	MARK RYLANCE
ANNE BOLEYN	CLAIRE FOY
JOHANE WILLIAMSON	SASKIA REEVES
RAFE SADLER	THOMAS BRODIE-SANGSTER
GREGORY CROMWELL	TOM HOLLAND
RICHARD CROMWELL	JOSS PORTER
MERCY PRYOR	MARY JO RANDLE
HENRY VIII	DAMIAN LEWIS

10:58:23 **CARD 3**

HARRY NORRIS	LUKE ROBERTS
JANE ROCHFORD	JESSICA RAINE
FRANCIS WESTON	JACOB FORTUNE-LLOYD
MARY SHELTON	HANNAH STEELE
MARK SMEATON	MAX FOWLER
WILLIAM BRERETON	ALASTAIR MACKENZIE
THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY	JOEL MACCORMACK
LORD CHANCELLOR AUDLEY	TIM STEED

10:58:26 **CARD 4**

THOMAS CRANMER	WILL KEEN
WOLSEY IN DEVILS PLAY	TIM PLESTER
GEORGE BOLEYN	EDWARD HOLCROFT
SOLICITOR GENERAL RICHARD RICHE	BRYAN DICK
SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON	PAUL CLAYTON
LADY SHELTON	LUCY RUSSELL
FRANCIS BRYAN	FELIX SCOTT
LADY IN WAITING	ELIZABETH CONBOY
EXECUTIONER	PHILIPPE SPALL

BASED ON THE NOVELS
WOLF HALL AND BRING UP THE BODIES

10:58:28 **CARD 5**

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	TONI STAPLES
SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	DAISY CATON-JONES
THIRD ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	AMY KING
CROWD SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	JENNIFER RHODES
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

10:58:31 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 CLAUDEN-YARDLEY

ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR FELLO MATAALLANA 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

10:58:33 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 BRITTAIN

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

10:58:36 CARD 8

SET DECORATOR ELAINE McLENACHAN
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
DRAPES JEN SAGUARO

10:58:39 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
CROWD MAKEUP SUPERVISOR BARBARA TAYLOR

SFX SUPERVISOR NEAL CHAMPION
SFX TECHNICIAN LUKE CORBYN

10:58:44

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
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FX EDITOR ROD BERLING

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

DIGITAL GRADING, SOUND, TITLES AND VFX
LIPSYNC POST

10:58:47

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

10:58:49

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

10:58:52

CARD 14

COSTUME DESIGNER JOANNA EATWELL

PRODUCTION DESIGNER PAT CAMPBELL

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY GAVIN FINNEY BSC

EDITOR DAVID BLACKMORE

LINE PRODUCER NOËLETTE BUCKLEY

10:58:55

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

10:58:57

CARD 16

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
COLIN CALLENDER

10:59:00

FINAL CARD

A

COMPANY PICTURES LOGO

and

PLAYGROUND LOGO

Production for BBC

BBC LOGO

and

MASTERPIECE LOGO

in association with

PRESCIENCE LOGO

MUSIC OUT (17) **10:59:01** © Company Productions (Wolf Hall) Ltd MMXV

