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The Other Boleyn Girl

By Peter Morgan

Anne.
Mary.
Wait.
Wait for me.
I received a request
for marriage today...
...for Anne,
The Carey family.
William, their eldest son.
Oh, that's wonderful.
I turned it down.
Offered them Mary instead.
Everyone improves the standing
of their family with their daughters.
I think Anne can do a lot better
than a merchant's son.
And Mary can't?
- I think you underestimate her.
- No, no, that's not true.
I think she's the kinder of the two,
quite possibly the fairer.
To get ahead in this world,
you need more than fair looks and a kind heart.
I'll beat you, I'll beat you.
Hey.
Well done, Anne.
Well done, children.
Oh...
You look... You look adequate.
Not too adequate, I hope.
This is our sister's day.
One wouldn't want to outshine her.
Mary, may we come in?
Look at you.
Younger than me.
More beautiful than me.
Married before me. I'm eclipsed.
I'm the other Boleyn girl.
Hardly.
So is this it, Mrs. Carey?
Do we...?
Do we lose you now, forever?
No, never. I'll be married, that's all.
Apart from that,

it won't change a thing.
Come, George, let's leave our sister.
She needs to make herself pretty.
Was it a boy?
Stillborn, Your Majesty.
No brother for you
to make this country safe.
I'm sorry.
Tell His Majesty.
Your Majesty.
Your Majesty.
I'm so sorry.
Are you happy?
I am.
You don't wish you'd married
someone grander? With a title?
I want a husband who loves me.
Who thinks it first thing every morning
and last thing at night.
Then you have found the right man.
He continues to stare.
- Who?
- Henry Percy.
Well, why ever
would he interest you?
What could you want
with the sole heir...
...to the richest landowner
in England?
Oh, I had no knowledge of that.
I simply like his face.
Oh, really?
- Well, he's betrothed.
- Betrothed is not married.
It's a long journey
from bended knee to the altar.
- Sister.
- Hello, brother.
Thomas.
- A proud day for you.
- Yes.
How is His Majesty?
It is difficult time, Thomas.
The king and queen,

once happily married...

...now barely speak.

The failure to provide a male heir
has consumed them.

The queen has lost yet another child,
a boy.

I imagine it won't be long before
he seeks solace with a mistress.

Obviously I've given it some thought
and wondered...

...which Howard girl

I can place under his nose.

You imagine the riches and influence
that would give us?

If we could help the king
with this delicate matter?

What about Anne?

I realize, as a Boleyn,
she's not officially a Howard...

...but as your sister's daughter.

But, Thomas, she's your first born,
and your favorite.

Wouldn't you prefer her to have
a simple, uncomplicated marriage?

Like Mary?

If Anne were a simple,
uncomplicated girl like Mary...

...I'd say yes. But she's not.

She's anything but.

Are you afraid?

A little.

I should be able to tell you
how it would be tonight.

Give you advice on what to do.

I've failed you as an elder sister.

No one could wish
for a better sister.

And tell me everything
in the morning.

- I promise.

- No details spared.

Lie back.

- Anne.

- Father.

Uncle.

You asked to see me.

An opportunity has arisen.

An opportunity in which,
were you to succeed...

...you could secure for yourself
and for this family...

...incalculable wealth and position.

There is a strain

on the king's marriage.

In such circumstances, a man
sometimes seeks comfort elsewhere.

At present because of your uncle's friendship with His Majesty...

...we're alone in knowing this.

It won't be long...

...before the other families
discover the truth...

...and parade their daughters
under his nose.

Before watching somebody else profit,
we would sooner have...

What?

- Have me bed him instead?

- No, that... That's not...

Yes.

Exactly.

The favor he would bestow upon us...

I mean upon you, if he liked you.

To be mistress of the king of England
is by no means to diminish yourself.

And after he's finished with me?

My reputation and prospects
will be ruined.

On the contrary.

Under such circumstances,
when the time came...

...to find you a husband, it would
be a marquis or a duke at least.

Will you accept the challenge?

Don't resist this.

The king and his retinue
will spend two nights here next month.

Your brother has arranged it.

It's done.

Well, I don't like it.
It'll cost a fortune to get this house...
...ready for a royal visit.
It's money we can't afford.
And what if he doesn't like her?
And what if you were to look
on the bright side, just once?
Risk nothing, you gain nothing.
Anne understands that.
Anne understands nothing.
She's just a child.
Tell me, when was it that people
stopped thinking of ambition as a sin...
...and started thinking of it
as a virtue?
That's easy for you to say.
You've had position
and wealth all your life.
Until I married you, Thomas.
And I was happy to give it up for love.
So how was it, the wedding night?
It was very satisfactory.
Really? William Carey,
a good lover.
Yes.
Oh, God. He was in rather a hurry.
- And he snores.
- No.
He got up in the middle of the night
and used a pisspot...
...by the side of the bed.
It was awful.
No.
I also have something to tell you.
Last night,
our father put his trust in me...
...and gave me a commission.
Tell, tell.
To divert the king.
The king of England himself,
on his visit.
Divert him?
Divert him. Beguile him.
Enchant him.

He has a wife.
I know.
But who knows what could happen?
If he liked me,
I'd be married off to a duke.
I could be a happy duchess.
The king.
The king.
The king will be here betimes.
- The king.
- Look alive.
The king.
To your places.
Come on, set to, everyone.
The king.
Take the horses to the yard
and prepare.
Where's the spit boy?
Where is he?
Get over here.
Do you think he'll like me?
Course he will, sister.
How could he not?
Sir Thomas.
Your Majesty.
You're most welcome.
Lady Elizabeth.
May I present my daughter, Anne.
A daughter?
No one said anything of a daughter.
Had we known,
we might have come sooner.
Your Majesty.
Anne, Anne.
Go to bed, get a good night's rest.
Tomorrow there's the hunt.
You must excel at that.
Everything depends upon it.
Good morning, Anne.
Good morning, Your Grace.
- Who will you ride with?
- On my own, Your Grace.
On your own?
There's a new saddle now

which allows this.
But with no man to hold on to...
...how do you propose
to stay on the horse?
As you do, Your Grace.
With my thighs.
Away.
What's keeping them?
Where are they?
Is someone hurt?
My God, it's the king.
The king? What? What happened?
The stag went into the woods
and led us to the deep ravine.
Everyone was prepared to concede
defeat and let the animal go.
Except Anne.
Oh, no. What?
She knows that ravine.
She must have ridden it
a thousand times.
What, and the king followed,
and then he fell?
Oh, Lord.
- What happened?
- He fell.
He's in some pain.
Although I suspect
his pride is hurting rather more.
It was my fault.
- Anne.
- How could I?
Fetch Mary to me, would you?
And who are you?
Mary, Your Grace.
Anne's sister.
You've been here all the time?
How could I have overlooked you?
Next to Anne, it's easy to do.
And you're married.
Yes, Your Grace, to William Carey.
Then why haven't I seen you at court?
Because I've persuaded him
to spend a year or two here first.

We have a small manor.
Nothing much,
but enough to start a family.
Charmed life in the country,
away from it all.
Yes.
You don't think he'll miss court?
A young ambitious man.
He says not, Your Majesty.
But if he ever changed his mind...
...as his wife, of course,
I would do his bidding.
Lady Elizabeth, thank you.
Sir Thomas.
You will take care of that matter?
Yes, of course.
Of course, Your Majesty, thank you.
Mary, you've obviously made
a deep impression on the king.
He's requested that you come to court
with immediate effect.
The king has secured for you,
a position in the queen's household.
But I don't want to go to court.
Nor does my husband.
The king has also
offered me a position...
...as a gentleman
of the Privy Council.
Do you hear that, Mary?
Privy Council.
Attending upon His Majesty himself.
The inner sanctum.
What about our future
in the country?
Oh, you must put that
out of your mind.
From now on, your future is at court.
William, please.
Don't you understand
what this means? They'll separate us.
Put me in different accommodation,
where the king can always find me.
Happily, your husband understands

the value of such an opportunity.

For us all.

What about Anne?

Couldn't she go instead?

Anne?

The way Anne has behaved,
she's fortunate to be come at all.

Mother, please, speak to Father.

Do something. I don't want to go.

This is not a request.

We have been summoned.

Please don't be angry with me.

You think I desire to go

for this purpose?

All I know is that a man
that didn't know who you were...

...was with you in that room
for half an hour...

...and came out besotted.

I don't know what you said or did.

Nothing, sister.

Except sing your praises
and talk about my husband.

Really? Well, you must show me
how you did that some time.

- Mary Carey, Your Majesty.

- Who?

Your new lady-in-waiting
and her sister Anne.

Really?

I wasn't aware I was expecting one.

Appointed by His Majesty the king.

By my husband? Really?

Well...

...then she must be some kind of
gift or surprise.

He must have seen in her some talent
he knew would please me.

Tell me.

What special talent is it
that you have...

...apart from your
obvious youth and beauty?

I...

- Poetry, perhaps?

- No.

- Or dressmaking?

- No.

- Singing then, surely?

- No, Your Majesty.

Come, you're too modest.

Sing for us.

- Really, I beg you.

- Sing.

Bravo.

A nightingale.

Welcome at court.

Mary? Stop.

That can't have been easy for you.

But put yourself in the queen's shoes.

She knows the only reason...

...the king has asked you here
is because he desires you.

She's a good woman, trust me.

Jane Parker.

It's embarrassing.

Look, she has her eye on you.

Sweet Jane Parker would be a match
to please our father.

Oh, vile girl.

She's the most ambitious little serpent
at court.

She can't stop watching.

How are you, Stafford?

I'm well, thank you.

I'm not sure I'm one for court life.

I'm a little homesick.

Well, you and I both.

Now, in my view it...

It changes people.

And not necessarily for the better.

Your sister, though, is thriving.

She's truly caught the eye
of Henry Percy.

Why does she do this?

He's already taken.

Tonight.

My little sister.

My little golden sister.
My milk-and-honey sister.
It should be you in my place.
Don't concern yourself with me.
I'll make my own way.
Shall I walk with you?
No need.
Try to please him. If you can.
Your Grace.
Come in.
Can I bring you something?
No.
Anything to ease your comfort
or well-being?
Perhaps you might ask your servants
to bring me some water.
Please.
There. There are no servants.
So this is it?
Where the king of England sleeps.
And reads and writes.
Finds a few moments each day
for himself.
And yet you invite me here?
Because I like you and trust you.
You hardly know me.
I'm lied to a hundred times a day.
Petitioned, lobbied.
One learns how to decipher a face.
And yours is as the sun.
One shouldn't gaze too long.
My flattery,
it makes you uncomfortable.
Because compliments in your family
are usually for someone else.
The elder sister.
That's something I understand.
What it is to be the second child.
Forever in the shadows.
I'm making you uncomfortable
again.
- Morning.
- Stafford.
Morning.

I have orders
to bring you to your father.
Better not keep him waiting.
Well?
Did he have you?
Yes.
More than once?
You better get used
to talking about it.
When you sleep with the king,
it ceases to be a private matter.
Yes, more than once.
And was he satisfied?
- I believe so.
- Did he say so?
He did not need to, uncle.
Well, you may go.
Good.
Now our work begins.
It's one thing to catch a king,
quite another to keep him.
She must be well-read,
know her music, excel in company...
...and she must be clean.
- Anne will see to it.
- See to what?
Mary is already all of these things.
Thanks to the education
I have given her.
And for what?
She may be traded like cattle...
...for the advancement
and amusement of men?
Sister, you may leave us also.
Katherine of Aragon
will never give Henry Tudor a son.
But if Mary could give him a child,
and that child could be a boy...
If I gave your husband an assignment
that took him away from court...
...would you object?
I would not presume
to interfere in affairs of state.
- Amen.

- Amen.

"My heart and I surrender themselves
into your hands. "

It's Anne.

She's married Henry Percy.

Wedded and bedded

without telling anyone.

You... You don't look pleased.

Why would I be pleased?

Well, it will make her the future

Duchess of Northumberland.

- Our sister.

- George, they'll never allow it.

He's already precontracted

to Mary Talbot.

If this gets out, it will damage her.

Her reputation will be ruined.

I have to tell Father.

For her own protection.

What were you thinking?

The marriage of a senior noble

is a matter of the state.

Something only the king can decide.

Who else knows about this?

- No one.

- Good.

Well, that's how it will remain.

Forever.

But you cannot undo

what has been done before God.

And consummated too.

There have been

improper intimacies?

I have lain with my husband.

- There's nothing improper about it.

- By God, if you were my daughter.

The boy will return

to Northumberland...

...where he will marry the Talbot girl,
as arranged.

You will be sent to France

and stay there...

- ... until you have learned your lesson.

- What?

No.
Father, please.
How can you have done this?
You knew full well...
...Mary's friendship with the king
is at an extremely delicate stage.
Any scandal, any mark upon her name
could be fatal.
You will be sent to join the court
of the French queen...
...and stay there
until your father has forgiven you.
You told them, didn't you?
It was for your own good.
You never would have got away with it.
It would have ruined your
prospects forever.
For my good?
Well, I'll try to remind myself of that
while I'm in exile.
And you're here in the king's bed...
...not challenged
for our father's affection...
...that is was for my good
and not yours.
Anne.
You would be wise
to regard this as an opportunity.
You are educated.
It's a chance I never had.
Now go to France.
The queen of France is sophisticated.
Be useful to her, amuse her.
She'll admire your spirit.
Learn from her.
Observe the ladies of the court.
See how they achieve...
...what they want from their men,
not by stamping their little feet...
...but by allowing the men to believe
that they, indeed, are in charge.
That is the art of being a woman.
Still shut, keep them shut.
Careful, careful.

All right, now open.
I am to become an earl,
your brother a viscount.
In addition, we have received
a number of new grants and estates.
So our debts are paid, and more.
George, the king will arrange a match
between you and Jane Parker.
I beg you, Father, no.
I thought you had ambitions
for this family?
The girl's well connected.
Her father is cousin to the king.
Must I actually marry her?
Of course you must marry her.
Have you no pride?
Or would you rather
leave everything to Mary?
No, sir.
It'll be a wedding
attended by the king of England...
...with all the greatest
lords of the land.
Would a smile be too much to ask?
What's there to smile about?
I'm a mother with one child
ordered to marry a girl he hates...
...another banished abroad
in disgrace...
...and a third,
whoring in public with an adulterer.
You say you're concerned
for her happiness.
Will Mary be happy
when he leaves her?
Because you know
that will happen in the end.
Only God knows
how anything will end.
God? He turned his back
on all this a long time ago.
And these rooms, our new position?
Does none of my work please you?
These gifts, this favor

will go as swiftly as it came.
These rooms once belonged
to the duke of Buckingham...
...the king's closest friend.
His head now rots on a spike.
He committed treason.
Treason? What is treason?
Anything the king or his lawyers
decide it to be.
On a whim.
The baby lives.
She's not miscarried.
But for the sake of the child...
...she must begin her lying-in,
immediately.
Now that Mary is lying-in,
the king will no longer bed her.
Out of compassion, he'll visit her
every day for, what, a week?
The queen
will have his head spinning...
...with pretty little Spanish things.
Not to mention the Seymours
and that milky-faced girl of theirs.
We must influence him in our favor
with whatever means we have.
Yes?
Well, I...
- I was going to suggest Anne.
- You couldn't control that girl last time.
What makes you think a couple months
in France have made any difference?
I receive regular reports
from the dowager queen.
It seems that she's quite changed.
And so you must return
as your uncle bids.
You are to entertain the king...
...and keep his mind on Mary
at all times.
That is your task and no more.
What's the noise?
It's Mistress Boleyn, Your Grace.
Her stories of life at the French court.

I'm aware of one Boleyn girl.
But she's lying-in
with a certain child in her belly.
Well, Boleyn girl...
...show your face.
What's so amusing?
I was merely offering my thoughts
on the new French king.
Who has such great power,
yet such meager authority as a man.
- Continue.
- His pettiness is astounding.
He will bear a mortal grudge
over the mildest of slights.
Spoiled cub with a spike in its paw.
Riven with resentment.
Unable to forgive or forget.
A great king...
...a great man,
rises above such things.
And what would you know
of great men?
I've read enough books
and heard enough talk...
...to believe I'd know one
if he were before me.
Then look about you.
I'm curious. Do you see one here?
Looking, my lord.
Still looking, my lord.
There. Found one.
So forgiveness, you say,
makes a man great. What else?
Generosity.
Humility.
The ability to recognize
his match in others...
...and not be threatened by it.
- His match in other men?
- Women too.
You believe that?
That women can be
the match of men?
It's a question women have asked

themselves for some time.
But we concede
men do have some value.
So we accept them as equal.
I find you much changed,
Mistress Anne.
Then my prayers
have been answered.
Welcome back at court.
My lord.
What?
I suppose he felt that
she'd been banished long enough.
But in whose interest
do they imagine she'll act?
Certainly not mine.
Why do they make this room
such a dungeon?
Does it have to be this dark?
- Where were you?
- Just visiting Mary.
As ever.
Well, now that Anne's back,
you can be doubly jealous.
I'm your wife.
You never lie with me.
Yes, it has.
I hope you know what you're doing.
These are vagabonds who'll stop
at nothing to take your money.
We're not gambling, Your Grace.
Mistress Boleyn
is reading our fortunes.
Read mine.
Another talent picked up in France?
The queen offers her ladies
a broad education.
Last I heard, she was entertaining
Lutherans and heretics.
Scholars and philosophers, my lord,
escaping persecution.
- I hope you kept your ears shut.
- I did.
And a cross close to my heart

at all times.

- From the king, Mistress Anne.

- Open it.

Open it.

Now send it back.

You heard me.

She did what?

Sent it back, Your Grace.

Anne.

I meant to come sooner.

I'm sorry I did not.

- I've been kept occupied.

- So I hear.

- Amusing the king.

- Only that, sister. I assure you.

- Despite his best efforts.

- What? And not yours?

How is it?

The child is strong.

It gives me no rest. Like his father.

Do you feel as awful as you look?

You know, in France...

...no woman would allow herself
to get in such a state.

Why did you come, Anne,
if all you desire is to torment me?

Perhaps now you know how it feels
to be deceived by your sister.

- I did nothing.

- You stole the king away.

And then you betrayed me
over Henry Percy.

If that's what you think,
tell yourself that.

I did, sister. Every day
and every night I was in exile.

A gift from the king.

Give it to my sister.

It's for you, Mistress Anne.

Me?

Then send it back. Immediately.

How dare he?

You see...

...I have your interests at heart.

Why?

Why this cruelty?

You know I love him.

Well, perhaps you should stop.

Your Grace.

Your daughter. Where is she?

Leave us.

Where is she?

Which one?

Your Grace, which one?

- Anne.

- Your Grace?

- You received my gifts?

- Yes.

- And? They did not please you?

- On the contrary, my lord.

They pleased me greatly.

Why do you insult me

by returning them?

Because you insult me

by sending them at all.

My sister lies in bed with your child.

If you wish to please me, sir,

send her the gifts you send me.

I have shown Mary

enough kindness and generosity.

Now it pleases me

to show you some.

I beg you, my lord, do not do this.

What has changed so?

You. You have changed.

How could I forget? You chose Mary

above me when we first met.

No, Anne. Yours was the only face

I saw in the crowd that day.

And what I wouldn't give

to go back to that day, my lord.

Have my chance again.

But it's too late.

And I would never betray my sister.

Now I beg you, leave me.

- This is too difficult to bear.

- You see?

The same pain as mine.

Proof you feel the same way.
Perhaps, but since it can never
come to...
No, let me decide that.
Allow me hope.
Leave me.
- Does the king know?
- He's been told.
- Any moment, Your Grace.
- How is she?
Brave and strong. All may be well.
Anne. Have you considered
what I asked? Is there hope?
How could I ever trust you...
...when I've seen
how you betrayed first your wife...
...now my sister?
I vow I will never lie with my wife,
nor speak to your sister again.
Just allow me to hope.
A boy.
I will take care of Mary
and the child.
Your Grace.
A son.
A son.
Very well, my lord.
You may have hope.
My one true love.
My lord.
My lord.
Damn you.
Not a single detail was left to chance.
- In the moment of our greatest glory...
- Glory? What glory?
A mistress gave a man a bastard.
No more.
A male bastard. A son.
The queen may yet
give birth to a son.
The queen no longer bleeds.
- Can you be sure?
- One of her physicians.
The moment this family

provides a son...

...he turns his back on it
on your account.

You better have a plan,
and that plan had better work.

- Or what, uncle?

- Enough.

Both of you.

And what about Mary?

And her child? Or have we forgotten
about them already?

Mary and her bastard child
will go back to the country.

It is the king's wish, and mine.

Very well.

And you can be the one to tell her.

I think you've earned that privilege.

How can you show your face
in here?

My own sister.

Take care.

Because he'll only do to you
what he's done to me.

You should not have given yourself
so lightly.

These are the consequences.

I gave myself to a man I loved.

- And he loved me.

- A man's love is worthless.

Our mother succumbed to love.

Look what it got her.

A feeble husband.

Love is of no value
without power and position.

If I give the king a son,
he will not bear the name "bastard. "

What you suggest is treason.

He cannot marry you.

He has his queen.

Who cannot produce a male heir.

- You've reached too high, as always.

- The king will deal with Katherine.

You'll hear about it
from where I'm sending you.

You are to go back to Rochford.
Isn't that what you always wanted?
A life in the country,
alone with your child.
Peter, over here.
Fetch my lady's leg-warmer.
Your sister is gone, as you wished.
Will you give yourself to me now?
No. When you are loyal to me
above all others.
- But I am.
- No, you are loyal to the queen...
...above all others.
- I barely see Katherine.
- But she sits on a throne beside you.
- Your right hand in matters of state.
- For appearances' sake only.
Still, she is your queen.
And ever present.
I feel her eyes on me.
And those of her spies.
Look at us. Forever reduced
to meeting in secret like this...
...speaking in whispers.
Hardly conducive to passion.
Well, what would you have me do?
We must now find a legal way
around this instantly.
The only way forward
is by legal means.
I don't care!. I need to be rid of her.
Find a reason.
Wolsey has agreed to draw up plans
to send the queen to a nunnery.
This will leave you all alone in court.
Queen in all but name.
Is this assurance enough for you?
Will you give yourself to me now?
My lord.
I desire nothing more.
But as long
as we remain unmarried...
...any child I gave you
would be dubbed "bastard. "

And I a whore.
Do you really wish that for me?
What alternative is there?
Katherine is my wife.
I really do not know...
...why we waste our time
talking of convents...
...when you could simply
annul the marriage.
Then you...
...my sweet lord...
...will be free to remarry.
And I could give myself to you fully...
...give you everything you desire.
- Mary Talbot.
- Who?
Mary Talbot, Henry Percy's bride.
Leave us.
She has petitioned the king...
...demanding a divorce
from her husband on the grounds...
...that his prior betrothal to you
was actually consummated.
I knew this would come to haunt us.
- I must go to the king.
- He doesn't want to see you.
He doesn't want to hear a word.
He won't even talk to me.
The only Boleyn he'll talk to...
...the only person whose testimony
he will trust, is Mary.
Then bring her here. Now.
You asked to see me, Your Majesty?
The queen is to be tried
to test the validity of our marriage.
Before I subject a good woman
to such an ordeal...
...I need to be satisfied...
...that the woman I'm replacing
her with is beyond reproach.
This charge that Anne
and Henry Percy...
...consummated their marriage...
...she denies it ever happened,

but I need to be certain.
Can I trust her?
Why would you not?
Usually, my instincts are sharp.
But with your sister...
...she has a power over me.
I'm asking you because I trust you.
And because I believe,
perhaps mistakenly...
...that you care for me.
And that you would put a matter
of this importance...
...before family ambition.
I want to thank you
for what you did today.
I am forever in your debt.
You owe me nothing.
I did it as a peace offering
between us...
...so we may finally draw a line
beneath everything.
Well, then let it be exactly that.
A new start between us,
here at court.
Thank you,
but I must return to the country.
You would leave me here alone...
...when the queen is going on trial?
Out of the question.
Out of the question?
Stay here with me.
Please.
I need my sister here by my side.
Crowds are with her.
The crowds have no vote...
...and the bishops that do
are in Wolsey's pocket.
She's coming towards us.
So...
...the Boleyn whores.
Two former ladies of mine.
What did I do to upset you...
...that you should turn against me
like this?

- You failed to give England an heir.
- And that upsets you so?
- What upsets the king upsets me.
- How dare you?
Katherine, queen of England,
come to court.
You want me to creep away
and become a nun?
Well, I shall not.
You want me to lie before God...
...and admit my first marriage
was consummated?
Well, it was not.
You want me to retire
and give up my daughter's claim...
...as sole rightful heir to the throne?
Well, I shall not.
Not in a thousand years.
Not if you rack me
to within an inch of my life.
I am Katherine, queen of England,
the king's one true wife...
...and mother
of the heir to the throne.
Beloved of the people,
and beloved of a king...
...you have bewitched.
My lord, how have I offended you?
I have been a true, obedient wife.
I have loved all those whom you loved
and given you children...
...though it has pleased God
to take them away.
If there is any just cause
against me...
...I will happily depart to my shame
and dishonor...
...but I tell you, as God is my witness,
there is none.
So I beg you, dear husband,
to spare me this humiliation.
But if you will not...
...and you wish to challenge
the validity of our marriage...

...then let it be in a proper court
and by the only authority I recognize.

His Holiness himself, the Pope.

- It's a disaster.

- Why?

If the trial continues, the bishops
will still find in the king's favor.

Yes, but without the endorsement
of the Pope, the result will be hollow.
The people will never support it.

Why does the king
give Rome such power?

He should simply take matters
into his own hands...

...and annul the marriage.

No, that would mean breaking
with the Catholic Church.

- His faith would never allow that.

- Nor his good sense.

Breaking with Rome
would isolate England politically...

...and leave us
at the mercy of the Protestants.

But the alternative is leaving England
without a male heir...

...and risking civil war.

The very thing Henry fears most.

Somehow,

I need to make him understand...

...that this will be worth it...

...when I am his queen

and give him a son.

I know you.

You have decided

but it grieves you.

Will you destroy your marriage,
your country, your soul before God...

...on the whim of one girl

because she denies you?

Because she tortures you

with her refusal?

You think she doesn't know

exactly what she's doing?

She wants me to step aside.

Where is my wise husband?
Where is he?
You are a king...
...so be one.
Now you will give yourself to me.
I thought I had made myself clear.
Until we're married, there's no ques...
Damn you!
I have torn this country apart
for you!
For which you should thank me,
not be angry.
Broken with Rome.
Freed yourself from the decadence
of a corrupt Church.
I've got rid of a good woman
in the queen.
A husk who failed you, whose Spanish
blood shackles you to Rome.
For which I will be excommunicated.
And instead,
become head of a new church...
...the Church of England.
Closer to God.
- Silence! Damn you.
- Let go of me.
You're hurting me.
You'll show me
it was worth my while.
How was he with you?
He was tender, surprisingly so.
Witch! Witch! Witch!
They're calling me a witch.
It will all pass
when they see how he adores you.
Adores me?
Mary. Mary.
Mary, wait.
I must tell you. I'm leaving court
and your father's employment.
I've seen enough.
You and I both.
I've saved some money.
It's not much,

but it's enough to keep you.

To keep you safe.

I have my eye on a place in Tatton,
near where I grew up, in the west.

- Stafford.

- If you came with me...

...I would never betray you
or take you for granted.

It's impossible, you know that.

- My family would never allow it.

- And you would care...

...what they think,
after everything they've done to you?

Just one more. Just one more.

Push. One more.

Come on, Anne. Push, push.

It's done. It's done, Your Majesty.

Well done.

What is it?

What is it?

It's a girl.

A beautiful healthy girl.

A girl?

She has named her Elizabeth,
after your mother.

- Is the child healthy?

- Perfectly, sir.

Well,

if we can have a healthy daughter...

...we can have a healthy son.

Who's he with?

- Jane Seymour.

- No.

- How could he do this to me?

- Anne, you need rest.

If I do not produce a son,
who will help me?

Without a boy, he will pass me over.

I will not let him.

Elizabeth.

- How dare you?

- There now.

- Humiliate me like this?

- Stop.

- Why don't you just admit it?

- Enough!

There's a girl. There now, quiet.

- I tell you, it's not true.

- Liar.

- Leave me.

- I can smell the whore on you.

Get away from me. You disgust me.

Quiet.

I struck him today.

What am I doing?

I'm destroying it all on my own.

I can't sleep.

- Without sleep, I cannot think.

- Anne.

It's getting more and more difficult
to arouse him.

Some nights, he cannot do it.

I have to resort

to evermore degrading...

He hates himself in the morning.

He hates me

for what I made him do.

It's slipping away and it's my fault.

It's my fault.

The queen is with child.

Anne, that's wonderful.

Take care now.

The queen is with child

but the situation is delicate.

So your concern has just cause

but keep your counsel for now.

This pregnancy is precarious.

If it is a boy,

then the Boleyns' will be untouchable.

But if it is a girl or a stillborn...

...then they and everyone

connected with them will perish.

And that includes you.

So you and I need to work together,

Jane.

I'm fine. I'm fine, thank you.

Just a bad dream.

You fetch my brother and sister,

will you?
I lost it.
Almost without pain.
And so quickly...
...as if it never was.
Get rid of it.
Bury it. Get rid of it somehow.
On the fire with it.
I feel his eyes on me.
Staring at me,
wondering why I do not show.
You haven't told him?
Well, soon the truth will be out,
that I cannot bear children.
He will have me burned as a witch.
But there's still time.
You could yet fall pregnant.
He won't lie with me
and risk damaging the child...
...he believes I'm carrying.
No.
Must I spell it out?
But lying with another man
would be treason.
Stop it. Anne, it's madness.
No, don't you see?
You're my only hope.
- I can't listen, it's monstrous.
- Mary.
- No. Come, George.
- George, please?
My life depends on it.
May God have mercy on you both.
I can't. I'm so sorry.
I just can't. I just...
I'm so sorry.
I'll tell the king in the morning.
Let's pray he takes pity on me.
I saw them. The two of them.
Yes?
Fetch my belongings
and bring them to Rochford.
Your Grace.
Lady Rochford is here to see you.

Not now.

She has news of her husband,
George Boleyn, and the queen.

What is it?

I couldn't help it, my lord.

- I beg you, have mercy on me.

- You witch.

- No, my lord.

- You cursed, evil witch.

Why?

He came early.

Our son.

- There's no blame in that.

- No.

Then what? What else have I done?

Guards.

- My lord?

- Guards!

Please, please.

No, spare me, please.

Please.

Please, I beg you, spare me.

I've done nothing wrong.

Please, no.

My children. My children.

Look what you have done.

It's a sad day for England when nobles
do not rise for their queen.

And even sadder

when that same queen...

...is charged with adultery
and incest.

Charged is not convicted, uncle.

Or is it in this court?

Master Cromwell,

read out the indictment.

The charge is that in the 28th year
of the reign of our sovereign Henry...

...king of England, his wife,
the queen...

...being seduced by the Devil...

...did knowingly commit incest,
high treason...

...and offenses against God.

How do you plead?
Not guilty, my lord.
The love I have for my brother
is the natural love any sister...
...would have for someone
with whom she's grown up...
...nursed when sick,
played with as a child.
Judge me, my lords,
but never forget...
...your verdicts will be judged by God
in the greatest court of all.
My lords,
the time has come to pass judgment.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
- Guilty.
Guilty.
Guilty.
No, no, no.
No, no, no!
Please, please,
you must believe me.
You must believe me.
I've done nothing, please.
Please, My Grace.
The Lord is my shepherd.
And thy kingdom will be free...
...to meet in green pastures and
he leadeth me to a great lord.
He quicken my soul,
he bringeth me in the path...
Leave us.
All of you.
Your Majesty.
I'm told I'm too late for my brother,
George.

I beg you.
Spare my sister.
I understand she has offended you.
You wish to replace her as queen.
But must she die?
She has been tried
and found guilty.
You could send her away.
No one would know.
Why are you here for her?
You have put yourself at great risk.
Because she's my sister...
...and therefore one half of me.
And I would do nothing...
...to hurt any part of you.
Go.
We didn't.
George and I, we...
The guards are letting them in.
You'll be spared.
The king as good
as gave me his word.
He saw you?
They say he's with Jane Seymour
now.
Is it true?
No.
Thank you.
A generous lie.
Will you hold me?
You'll look after Elizabeth?
It won't come to that, I promise.
I promise.
He'll keep his word.
I know he will.
Masters.
I here humbly submit to the law...
...as the law has judged me.
As for my offenses...
...God knows them.
And I remit them to God...
...beseeching him
to have mercy on my soul.
I beseech Jesus...

...save my sovereign...
...and master, the king.
The goodli...
The goodliest...
...and gentlest master...
...there ever was.
My lady.
Mary, you risked your life
coming to court...
...and were only spared
because of my respect...
...and affection for you.
You are advised not to do so again.
You will not be shown
the same clemency a second time.
May God bless you...
...and my son.
And may God have mercy
on Anne's soul.
Sweet Jesus,
I commend my soul to thee.
Mother, hand me the child.