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# The Private Life of Henry VIII.

By Lajos Biró

[Bells Pealing]

- So that's the king's bed!

- Yes.

And he's not long left it.

Feel!

- [Women Giggling]

- Ooh!

- I wonder what he looks like in bed.

- You'll never know.

Well, you needn't be spiteful about it.

Need she, Mistress Nurse?

No, my dear. And you've as good

a chance as anyone else...

if the king's in one

of his merry moods.

Oh, I never meant...

I never thought...

- Didn't you, darling?

- [Laughing]

Now, ladies, you're not here to quarrel

but to get busy with your needles.

Now all these A's have got to come out

and J's go in.

On.

That's it.

- There you are. Hurry, hurry, ladies.

- [Chattering]

Anne Boleyn dies this morning.

Jane Seymour

takes her place tonight.

What luck.

For which of them?

I wonder.

[Crowd Chattering]

[Chattering Continues]

- Here I am, darlings!

- Come along. Sit down.

Oh, thank you!

Oh, poor Anne Boleyn.

- I do feel so sorry for her.

- [Hammering]

Excuse me, madam.

Do you mind taking off your hat?

We can't see the block.

Thank you so much.

[Hammering Continues]

[Whistling]

[Whistling Continues]

[Chattering]

[Laughing]

Anne Boleyn.

Was she guilty, do you think?

- All her lovers confessed.

- Under torture.

She was as innocent as you or I.

Thanks for the compliment.

She dies so that the king  
may be free to marry Jane Seymour.

Yes. That's what they mean  
when they say, "Chop and change."

Oh, don't, girls.

It's no jesting matter.

[Crowd Chattering]

The other mirror, please,  
Lady Marbury.

Will the net hold  
my hair together when...  
when my head falls?

[Lady Marbury Sobbing]

Yes, madam.

Isn't it a pity  
to lose a head like this?

Still, they will easily  
find a nickname for me.

Among the queens of England  
I shall be "Anne sans tete. "

That means

"Anne who lost her head."

Ah.

There is a blade for you.

Fit for a king.

Or in this case, a queen.

N'est-ce pas?

- Not fit for our queen.

- No? Why not?

She's an English queen, ain't she?

Well, what's wrong  
with English steel?

And come to that, what's wrong  
with an English headsman?  
Ah. Meaning yourself?  
Why not?  
I was good enough to knock off  
the queen's five lovers, wasn't I?  
Why'd they want you?  
A Frenchman from Calais!  
[Spits]  
- I will tell you!  
- Nol  
I'm telling you.  
It's a crying shame...  
with half the English executioners  
out of work as it is.  
And why are they out of work?  
Because they are only fit to sever  
the bull necks of their countrymen...  
with a butcher's cleaver.  
But a woman's neck,  
a queen's neck...  
That calls for finesse,  
for delicacy...  
for chivalry.  
In one word, a Frenchman.  
I could think of another word.  
Jane Seymour, of all people.  
Whatever could the king see in her?  
Oh, she's very sweet.  
Yes, but does the king like honey  
with his milk and water?  
- [Laughing]  
- Listen!  
- Wasn't that the gun?  
- What gun?  
Will there be a gun fired?  
When Anne Boleyn's head falls,  
a gun is to be fired from the tower...  
another from Westminster,  
and a third from Richmond...  
so that the king may know  
the moment he's free to marry Jane.  
What a pretty arrangement. The joint  
goes out, and bang... the sweets come in.

- Oh, Katherine!  
- Oh, well, if the king were not a king,  
what would you call him?  
- What would you call him?  
- I'll tell you.

No. Tell me.

If I were not a king, what then?

All right, ladies.

Come here!

Look at me.

What would you call me?

I should call you,

Your Majesty...

a man.

Ha! So I am and glad of it.

[Laughing]

And you may be glad of it, too,  
one day.

Blushing?

She must be new to the court.

- What's your name, wench?

- Katherine Howard.

If it please Your Majesty.

It does, Katherine!

It does.

[Crowd Chattering]

- What's that noise?

- The crowd, madam.

Just like my wedding day.

[Rhythmic Tapping]

Cromwell, if England were as rich as Portugal  
or as big as Spain, you might be right.

But this little island of three million souls  
is no match for all Europe.

- All Europe?

- Yes!

If those French and Germans  
stop cutting each other's throats,  
what's to stop them cutting ours?

A wise diplomacy, sire.

Diplomacy!

Diplomacy, me foot!

I'm an Englishman.

I can't say one thing and mean another.

What I can do is to build ships,  
ships and then more ships.

- You mean, double the fleet?

- Triple it!

Fortify Dover.

Rule the sea.

To do this will cost us money, sire.

To leave it undone

will cost us England.

- [Murmuring]

- [Bell OPealing]

Thomas Culpeper!

Will you see

what's become of the queen?

A gun will be fired

from the tower, Your Majesty.

Yes! I did not mean...

Will you see

if the Lady Jane is ready?

- And now the headdress, madam.

- Oh, yes.

Now, which one shall I wear?

The velvet coif or the pearl chaplet?

- Oh, the chaplet. Wear the chaplet.

- [All Chattering]

[Knocking]

The king wishes to know

whether you are ready, madam.

Oh, but I don't know

whether to wear the pearls or the...

Oh, of course.

I'll ask the king.

[Henry] With a strong port in Dover  
and a strong fleet in the channel...

we can laugh in their faces.

But it's the money! The money!

We must have the...

Henry!

Softly, sweetheart.

We have affairs of state here.

Oh, but, darling...

this is really important.

Henry. Henry, which one

shall I wear?

My Lord Archbishop,  
will you await us in the chapel?  
Henry.  
You haven't said a word  
about my wedding dress.  
Don't you love it?  
Twenty-one little buttons.  
One for every year of my life.  
[Laughing]  
[Jane Laughing]  
- Don't you love the back?  
- The back? Marvelous!  
[Jane Laughing]  
Do be serious. Which of these?  
Pearls for a pearl. Now run along,  
my sweet, and put them on.  
The bishop waits.  
Thomas, me hat!  
[Footsteps Approaching]  
Is it... time?  
I was told that the executioner  
was very good.  
He is very good.  
It does not hurt, madam.  
It's all over in a second.  
And I have such a little neck.  
Haven't I?  
Well, Thomas.  
What do you think of the new queen?  
- Wonderful, Your Majesty.  
- Beautiful?  
- Lovely.  
- Clever too?  
A miracle of good sense,  
Your Majesty.  
Liar.  
[Laughing]  
No, Thomas.  
Not clever, thanks be to heaven.  
My first wife was clever.  
My second was ambitious. My third...  
Thomas, if you want to be happy,  
marry a girl like my sweet little Jane.  
Marry a stupid woman.

[Women Crying]

[Drumroll Continues]

[Drumroll Stops]

What a lovely day.

What a lovely day.

[Single Loud Drumbeat]

Well, one must admit,  
she died like a queen.

Yes. And that frock.

Wasn't it too divine?

- Was it? I didn't notice.

- No, you wouldn't.

You wouldn't notice that I haven't  
had a new gown for a year.

All right. All right.

You shall have one... for your execution.

What...

[Staff Taps On Ground]

[Culpeper] Knights, ladies,  
gentlemen and gentlewomen.

Attend the king, his Royal Highness  
by the grace of God...

Henry Vlll, King of England and France,  
Lord of Ireland.

Jane.

[Choir]

Ave Maria

[Singing In Latin]

- Warming pans.

- Warming pans.

Warming pans.

Rosewater.

- [Woman] Rosewater.

- [Woman #2] Rosewater.

Officer?

Here. What's this?

No one is allowed near the king's  
marriage bed once it's been made ready.

But the marriage bed  
isn't made ready.

What do you suppose I've been doing  
for the past hour?

Swallowing the poker,  
by the look of you.



Hold your tongue!

- And get out of here, my good woman.

- Who are you calling a good woman?

Nice name to give one

who's been 40 years with the king.

Nice or not,

you can't stay here.

- What is it you want?

- Haven't you heard of my charms?

- Your charms!

- I don't mean charms of face and figure.

- I mean charm of magic.

- Oh! Magic!

Yes, the magic I put under the king's  
pillow to make certain he'll get a son.

Oh. Those things can only  
come about by chance.

Prince of Wales

can't be left to chance.

How do I know that you're  
not up to some mischief?

Fool! L, harm the king,  
who nursed him from his birth?

[Spitting]

Now, you'll see.

It will be a boy.

[Baby Crying]

[Nursemaid]

Oh, no, baby.

[Murmuring]

Yes.

[Imitating Crying]

There, baby.

Yes.

[Murmuring]

My only little one.

Sweet little one!

[Man] Send a fast horseman for the king  
and riders everywhere with the news.

[Baby Crying]

[Horns. I Fanfare]

[Men Calling]

[Calling Continues]

Hello, hello, hello, hello!

Hello, hello!  
Good bird!  
[Calling Resumes]  
She's got him!  
She's got him for a ducat.  
[Man Calls]  
- What do you want?  
- Your Majesty, it's a boy.  
What?  
It's a boy!  
Men, it's a boy!  
[Cheering]  
[Horns. I Fanfare]  
[Fades]  
[Man Muttering]  
Where's the boy?  
- Is he dead?  
- The prince is alive, Your Majesty...  
but the queen is dead.  
Poor pretty little Jane.  
God rest her sweet soul.  
Where's the prince?  
[Humming]  
Shh!  
My son.  
[Chuckles]  
One day you'll rule England.  
[Laughs]  
A greater England than mine.  
That is, if you're strong enough  
to hold the scepter firmly.  
See, here it is.  
[Laughing]  
Bravely done, my little prince.  
That's the way of it!  
[Laughing]  
Now, through tears and cruelty and pain  
you came into the world...  
and by the same road  
you'll reach the throne...  
and by the same road  
hold it.  
[Chuckling]  
You smile, do you?

Well, smile while you may.

You'll find the throne of England  
no smiling matter.

Mmm. Now.

Look at him, the little love.

Taking it all in,  
as if he were a full-grown Christian.

Just the image of you  
when you were a baby.

- Is he?

- Yes. Poor little lamb.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no. Get off.

Get off with you and your nonsense.

Your great big beard  
in the poor child's face.

Enough to frighten him out of his wits.

Be off with you. Be off with you!

[Humming]

[Chattering]

[Excited Chattering]

- Oh!

- Oh! Look at your baby. Isn't he a love?

- His father's image.

- His eyes too.

- And his hands.

- And his deep chest too.

- And the same legs.

- And the same...

- Eh, madam, not before the child.

- [All Laughing]

- You think he will marry again?

- Who?

- The king.

- Let's hope not.

Three failures should convince him

he has no gift for the business.

No, it was the wives' fault.

The right woman could still make him happy.

Every woman thinks herself the right wife  
for every other woman's husband.

And he might choose

a lady of the court.

He has chosen many for a day,

or at most a week.

Lady Bassett's the miracle. She's lasted  
10 whole days. He's still not weary.  
Then he might...  
might marry her then.  
- What, Lady Bassett?  
- Yes.  
Oh, my good Kate.  
[Laughing]  
- [Excited Chattering]  
- [Henry Laughing]  
The pretty thing. To bring the child  
out hatless in the sun.  
Come to me, my love.  
Love you.  
Hmm! Have you lost your wits  
to treat him so?  
- I never thought, um...  
- You never thought?  
What are brains for,  
except to think?  
No, no, no. You must strut about  
among your lights of love.  
Oh, my poor baby  
roasting in your arms.  
- Your poor babe? My son!  
- Your son? My charm.  
Mmm. Baby.  
[Clears Throat] Well, well, well.  
Well, well. Shall we, uh...  
Do you know  
how beautiful you are?  
Keep your flatteries  
for the ladies of the court.  
Is there one lady of the court  
with eyes like wet violets...  
with so sweet a shape,  
with a mouth to drive a man mad?  
Tom! I think you are mad.  
Well, someday you'll love me a little  
who loves you so much.  
Someday.  
Who knows what life may bring?  
The crown perhaps.  
- Do you mean that?

- Stranger things have happened.  
In dreams.  
In dreams that sometimes come true.  
And if you got your crown,  
what would it be worth without love?  
Love is not all the world, Tom.  
It is, or it is nothing.  
[Coughing]  
- [Grunts]  
- One moment, Your Grace.  
You're keeping your hair  
very well, Your Grace.  
I just met His Highness the prince of Wales  
out with his nurse this morning.  
He's gonna have a nice head of hair  
one day, if he lives to enjoy it.  
- Why shouldn't he?  
- Oh, no reason at all.  
There's no reason at all.  
Let's hope he may,  
being as he's the only one...  
at least for the present.  
What do you mean,  
"For the present"?  
Well, as I was saying only yesterday  
at the meeting of the barbers guild...  
having a family  
is like having a shave.  
Once you start,  
there's no leaving off in the middle.  
Are you presuming to suggest  
I should marry again?  
That's what we think, Your Grace.  
Well, get out!  
[Angry Grumbling]  
Marry again.  
[Muttering] Marry again.  
- [Woman] Can't you find it?  
- [Chattering]  
That's a fine condiment  
for the soup I want.  
- [Woman Chattering]  
- I know. I know, my dear.  
What about this one?

Get, get, get, get, get!

[Laughing]

Whoo!

Ah, dear.

The dinner best be good tonight,  
or some of you will suffer.

God save us all. Is the king  
in one of his black moods again?

Black as ink.

They've been at him to marry again.

Ah, poor soul.

Aye. Marriage is like pastry.

One must be born to it.

More like one

of those French stews.

You never know what you're getting  
till it's too late.

Still, a man should try for  
another son or two, if he's a king.

- Eh, wife?

- Yes, my man.

And even if he's not a king.

[Laughing]

[Chattering]

[Belches, Sighs]

- [Muttering]

- Shh!

You call this a capon?

Look at that.

All sauce and no substance.

Like one of Cromwell's speeches.

[Coughing]

And just as difficult to swallow.

Too many cooks.

That's the trouble.

Above stairs as well as below!

Marry again?

Breed more sons?

Coarse brutes.

There's no delicacy nowadays.

No consideration for others.

Refinement's a thing of the past.

Manners are dead!

[Burps]

And you, Master Cromwell,  
you may tell my loyal guild of barbers...  
to mind their own business  
and leave me to mine.

Am I the king  
or a breeding bull?

[Coughs]

Are you all dumb?  
I've known brighter funerals.

Have we no singers  
in the court?

If it please Your Grace,  
I will sing for you.

What will you sing?

Whatever pleases Your Grace,  
if I know the song.

Do you know

"What Shall I Do for Love"?

Yes, indeed.

- Good music, do you think?

- Yes, and lovely words.

Hmm. Did you know

that I wrote them both?

How should I not?

It is my favorite song.

Hmm. Let's hear it, child.

[Ballad]

Alas

What shall I do

For love

For love, alas

For love

What shall I do

Since none so kind

I do you find

To keep you near me

Unto

Alas

Very good, my child.

[Group Murmuring]

Thomas. Who's the girl?

Katherine Howard, Your Majesty.

Oh, I remember.

[Exhales, Belches]

So, Master Cromwell, you would  
have me make a fourth marriage.

If Your Majesty  
would but consider it.

Consider it?

I would consider it the victory  
of optimism over experience!

[Laughing]

[All Laughing]

[Loud Laughing]

[Laughing, Coughing]

But we need more heirs.

I've given you three...

two daughters and a son.

I grant you,

the daughters show little promise.

Mary may grow to wisdom...

but Elizabeth will never learn to rule  
so much as a kitchen.

Ah, but the boy's my second self.

True, sire, but a third self,

or even a fourth...

would make all safe.

- What's your project then?

- The duchess of Cleves.

- Got a portrait of her?

- No.

Send Holbein over to paint her  
and Peynell to watch Holbein.

Your Grace has no faith  
in German painters.

Yes, but I have no faith  
in German beauty.

[Laughs]

Peynell!

Your Majesty?

I want you to go over to Cleves.

[Exhales]

I might marry the duchess.

I will not marry your king.

I will not! I will not!

I will not!

But there's not a princess in Europe  
who'd not be eager for such a match.



- What? That bluebeard?

- Oh, Princess.

What else is he?

His first wife divorced,  
his second chopped, his third dead.

A pretty prospect for the fourth.

But she will not be Anne of Cleves,  
and that you may tell him.

- As you will, Princess.

- And why "Princess"?

Last night you called me Anne.

Last night I forgot everything.

Today...

Today forget everything  
but last night.

How can I paint Her Highness  
if she will not sit?

When the light is good, she's always  
in the garden with Master Peynell.

[Laughs]

Natuerlich.

He talks with the tongue,  
but also with the eyes, that young man.

Until he came,  
she would not hear of this marriage.

But now all goes well.

I think so. Isn't it?

For the marriage, maybe.

But what about the portrait, Your Grace?

Be patient. I will make it  
that she came already.

[Coughing]

May it please Your Grace,  
the duke wishes you to come at once.

Here she is.

Now, jetzt sitzen.

Ich sitze schon.

[Laughing]

Oh, Your Highness.

Forgive me, but if the king were  
to see you with that face...

it... it wouldn't help  
on the marriage.

You think she is ugly, my face?

Only if Your Highness  
makes it so.

Holbein's masterpiece.

- The original is still in Calais?

- Afraid of the storm in the channel.

Well.

Hmm.

Hmm. What do you think of her?

- Oh, charming, Your Grace.

- [Crowd Murmuring Agreement]

I was just saying, sire,  
what a face.

Yes. Well.

Hmm. Well, then.

Glad you all like her.

Little Katherine.

Well, what do you think  
of the new queen?

We're very sorry, sire,  
that Lady Anne cannot cross the channel.

Yes, I'm sorry too.

I'm a lonely man.

- When are you going to sing for me again?

- Any time Your Majesty orders me.

- Tonight, in my rooms.

- Hardly the right place for singing,  
Your Majesty.

Your rooms then. 1 1:00.

Not a soul will see me.

[Clears Throat]

- Katherine, what was he saying to you?

- Who?

- The king.

- Nothing.

- Nothing? But I was watching.

- Oh, spying?

No, but when I see you  
making yourself cheap.

When you do, come and tell me.

Until then, keep your nose  
out of my affairs.

Katherine!

Please.

This velvet crushes so.

- [Bell Tolling]

- [Snoring]

The king's guard!

- The king's guard!

- The king's guard!

[Snoring]

[Snoring Continues]

The king's guard!

[All Guards]

The king's guard! The king's guard!

The king's...

- [Knocking]

- [Katherine] Who's there?

- Henry.

- Henry who?

- The king.

- Oh, the king, not the man.

- [Doorknob Clatters]

- Unlock the door.

Isn't it rather late for a maid  
to unlock her door to a man?

- Oh, come on. Unlock the door.

- Is that a command?

- Yes!

- So the king then, not the man.

Don't do that.

I'm leaving my crown outside.

You've left it outside  
with my reputation, sire.

No one saw me, little Katherine,  
I swear.

Can't you forget the king  
and forget the crown, forget everything?

You told me once I was a man, huh?

What do you say if I'm not the king?

- Get out of my room.

- What? Why...

That's what I would say  
if you were not the king.

Since you are the king,  
I expect your command.

Command?

It's a poor thing to command in love.

- In love? Who is in love?

- I am, with you.  
Love eternal, since yesterday afternoon  
until tomorrow morning.  
When I say love, I mean love.  
Couldn't you love me,  
little Katherine?  
I can't love a man with a wife.  
- I haven't got a wife.  
- Lady Anne of Cleves?  
Oh, that woman?  
She's a picture. She's a por... portrait.  
Oh, no, Your Grace.  
She is much more.  
Where is the king?  
You know?  
- No, nor care.  
- You're drunk!  
The duchess of Cleves has crossed  
the channel, is on her way to Rochester.  
- Find the king at once!  
- That will be impossible, my lord.  
Why?  
[No Audible Dialogue]  
I'll find the king, my lord.  
I'll tell him.  
Still afraid of me, little Kate?  
Of you? No.  
What are you afraid of then?  
Of myself, perhaps.  
- Who's that?  
- [Culpeper] Message for the king.  
Great news, Your Majesty.  
Lady Anne of Cleves has crossed  
the channel and is on her way to Rochester.  
[Grunts, Groans]  
Marvelous news.  
[Clears Throat]  
You were right, little Katherine.  
She seems to be  
much more than a picture.  
Here is... How do you say?  
A pretty kettle of fishes.  
To be in love with one man  
and have to marry another.

- I know.  
- What would happen if the king finds out?  
We die.  
But I don't mind.  
Oh, but I do!  
What is to be done?  
What can be done?  
Nothing.  
How like a man  
to be dead before he is killed.  
There is always a way out.  
- What way?  
- I don't know.  
But I will find it.  
Good morning, my Lord Bishop.  
How is the princess?  
[Bishop]  
Expecting Your Majesty.  
[Grunts]  
One of you is not the princess,  
I presume.  
- [Together] Oh, nein.  
- Thank heaven for that.  
[Exaggerated Accent]  
Oh, Heinrich!  
Welcome to England, madam.  
I fear you had a bad crossing.  
Yes, the wind mit the sea  
make the trouble and...  
[Hiccups]  
Excuse me.  
Be pleased to accept  
my most humble apologies.  
Oh, but it is not your fault,  
the channel chopping.  
Nevertheless, I deeply regret any  
inconvenience you may have been caused.  
Oh, please! It was only the waves  
come so high upstairs.  
Quite.  
Our channel can be very rough...  
when it isn't smooth!  
Oh, it did.  
Permit me to express the hope that a

short rest will restore you to health, madam.

Thank you.

I hope soon I shall eat again, yes?

By all means.

You have our permission to withdraw.

Please.

You!

So that's your idea of a pretty wo...

Why I don't strike you...

She's got a face like a...

Me that has never looked at a woman...

- What am I to do with her?

- I believed what I was told, sire.

Did you?

[Grunting]

It's all right for you.

You haven't got to marry her. I have.

- What do you wish me to do then?

- Pack her back off to where she came from.

It would mean war, sire,

and with all Europe against us.

This marriage must go on.

All right.

Heaven help you, Cromwell.

The marriage bed is made, I tell you!

Out you go!

I won't! I won't! I won't!

- Woman, I stand here for the king.

- I stand for the duke of York.

The duke of York?

But we have no duke of York.

No, but you will have

when my charm has done its work!

[Laughing]

Another charm.

No, the same charm that gave

England her prince of Wales.

- Oh, that was the king's doing.

- Was it?

Did the king have a son

by his first wife? No!

Did the king have a son

by his second wife? No!

And why?

'Cause you locked me out!  
Bah!  
You, to stand in England's way!  
[Exhaling]  
[Spitting]  
[Blowing Nose]  
[Groaning]  
Oh! Oh.  
I don't know how  
I'm going to go through with this.  
You can take a horse to the water,  
but you can't make it drink.  
[Exhales]  
I don't know.  
I suppose it's gotta be done.  
Give me my nightshirt.  
[Peynell]  
His Majesty's nightshirt.  
[Groans]  
Nein.  
Ja. That's right.  
[Coughs Delicately]  
The royal bedchamber is prepared.  
[Man]  
The royal bedchamber is prepared  
[Man #2]  
The royal bedchamber is prepared  
[Man #3, Faint]  
The royal bedchamber is prepared.  
Rosewater.  
The things I've done for England.  
[Exhales]  
[Exhales]  
Didn't they give you  
enough to eat, madam?  
Don't shout at me  
just because I'm your wife.  
My wife.  
[Chuckles]  
Not yet.  
Poor Mother told me...  
First, she says,  
the marriage is no good.  
And then he cuts off the head

mit an ax-chopper.

That is an exaggeration, madam.

Then why do you say

I am not yet your wife?

Well, um, madam, a marriage  
ceremony doesn't make us one.

- Mmm.

- Oh, yes, yes, yes.

It's all right, but you have to...

I have to... we, uh...

What?

Did your mother  
not talk to you about...

What?

Oh, Lord.

Oh, well, uh...

Um, madam, all that stuff...  
about children being found  
under gooseberry bushes...

- That's not true.

- Oh, no. It was the stork.

The stork?

The stork flies in the air  
mit the babes...  
and down the chimney drops, eh?

No. No, madam.

Uh, that isn't true either.

When a hen lays an egg...  
it's not entirely all her own doing.

You mean sometimes  
it was the cuckoo?

Yes, it was the cuckoo.

- Do you sing?

- Nein.

In Germany,  
a respectable woman doesn't sing.

Then, of course, you don't play.

Oh, yes, I do.

- I'll go and get you a guitar.

- No, I play cards.

Cards? Well, that's something.

Uh, you'll find a pack  
in the chest over there.

Peynell, have a drink.



No, thanks.

What stakes shall we play for?

How about that?

Don't cry if you lose.

- Good?

- Better.

Huh! Beginner's luck.

[Chuckles]

- Stakes?

- Yes.

Don't cry if you lose.

You may not know it, madam, but

I am considered the best card player  
in England.

[Laughs]

- [Cards Slap Down]

- Hmm.

Has anybody got any money?

Don't you understand the king's English?

I said, money!

How much was it?

[Anne]

Ninety-five crowns.

You, run to the treasury  
and get some money!

- Your deal.

- Aren't you getting us some money?

Can't you give me

five minutes' credit?

I play for cash.

[Grumbling]

[Shouts]

Where's that money?

- [Knocking]

- Come in!

Where have you been?

Give me that money! Get out of here!

Now...

[Grumbling Continues]

- Cheating!

- Don't shout!

- I'm not shouting!

- You are.

Ah, what am I...

what am I going to do with you?

- Chop my head?

- Probably.

- You daren't.

- Why not?

Because in Europe I will make such a scandal  
as you never heard.

It is not the first time  
you chop the head.

Henry the wife butcher...

that's what they will call you.

I don't care what they say.

I'm not going to live with you.

Well, why don't you divorce me  
like a gentleman?

Would you consent to a divorce?

I would consent to a divorce.

You're a very reasonable woman.

What are your terms?

- Two manors.

- Granted.

- Richmond and Blenchingley with properties.

- Granted.

- Four thousand pounds a year?

- Granted.

One of your gentlemen  
as master of my household.

- Take whom you want.

- Peynell.

Peynell?

[Giggles]

Peynell.

Granted.

Is it a bargain?

- Jal

- [Laughs]

Confess that you cheated,  
or you'll go back to Germany!

Back to Germany?

[Laughs] Oh, I cheated!

[Both Laughing]

- Confess, though, that you cheated.

- What do you mean?

Didn't you hide Katherine Howard

to play against my queen, huh?  
- Oh, you knew about that all the time.  
- Ja.  
Ah, it'll only mean another scandal.  
At last I've found a woman  
I can be faithful to.  
After your divorce,  
they'll never consent to another marriage.  
Oh, yes, I think so, in a little time,  
but I will help you.  
You're the nicest girl  
I ever married.  
[Gasps]  
[Yawning]  
Good night.  
Gute Nacht.  
Lovely weather for the time of year,  
Your Grace.  
- [Sighs] Yes.  
- Will Your Grace be pleased to be shaved?  
All right.  
Uh...  
Uh, do... do you remember telling me  
that my loyal Guild of Barbers...  
thought I ought to marry again?  
Forgive me, Your Grace.  
We took a very great liberty, Your Grace.  
Not at all. Very natural interest  
in the welfare of the country.  
You are too kind, Your Grace.  
- Are they still of the same opinion?  
- Oh, no, indeed, Your Grace.  
They realized their mistake.  
- Was it a mistake?  
- Oh, yes, Your Grace.  
As I said at our last meeting, "God knows  
the king's done his best to get more sons...  
but there comes a time in life  
when the well runs dry."  
- You said that, did you?  
- [Stammering] Yes, I did, Your Grace.  
- Get out!  
- [Whimpers]  
"The well runs dry."

Hmph!

[Page]

No good. He won't touch it.

Why? Whatever's wrong?

Everything.

He just sits and glares.

They're not trying

to make him marry again.

I'd like to see 'em,

after that German business.

After all,

you can't say he hasn't tried.

Tried too often,

if you ask me.

To say nothing of the side dishes...

a little bit of this, a little bit of that.

What a man wants is regular meals.

Yes, but not the same joint

every night.

- Ohh!

- [Laughing]

Oh, a man loses his appetite

after four courses.

How do you mean, four courses?

He got into the soup

with Katherine of Aragon...

cried stinking fish

with Anne Boleyn...

cooked Jane Seymour's goose...

and gave Anne of Cleves

the cold shoulder.

God save him.

It's no wonder

he suffers in the legs.

- Your Grace is sad tonight.

- What can we do to cheer Your Grace?

What could you do

to cheer my loneliness?

Your Grace is lonely?

- Ah, that is the penalty of greatness, sire.

- Greatness?

I would exchange it all to be my lowest groom

who sleeps above the stable...

with a wife who loves him.

[Henry Exhales]

Your Majesty, uh, there is one matter,  
one most urgent matter.

- I scarcely dare to broach it.

- [Sighs]

I would have waited for a happier moment,  
but it is so pressing...

What is it?

Your Grace, your whole kingdom  
most urgently implores you to marry.

[Scoffs]

Oh, no, no.

Oh, no, no. No, no.

[Laughing]

Should I consent, it'd be only put down  
to desires of the flesh.

Never, Your Grace.

Your people know you too well.

That's what I mean.

Your Grace is pleased to jest...

but the will of your people  
has always been your law.

And, Your Grace,  
they want this marriage to a man.

[Laughs]

I am not eager...

but if all my people wish it,  
what can I do?

At least you have my promise  
to think it over.

Good night, my lords.

- [Various Salutations]

- Please sit down.

[Chattering, Murmuring]

Katherine.

[Chattering Continues]

You know, my country is demanding  
a great sacrifice of me.

What is it, Your Grace?

The lords, the commons, the bishops,  
the butcher, the baker,  
the candlestick maker...

and even my Royal Guild of Barbers...  
are imploring me to marry again.

Really?

Will it be the French princess?

- No.

- The emperor's niece?

No.

An English girl.

[Murmuring]

If she loves me.

Does she, sweetheart?

[Guests Chattering, Shouting]

- The red!

- The black.

No! The red!

- The black.

- Come on!

- Red!

- Black.

- No! Red!

- Your favorite's doomed.

No, no.

I bet another five pounds on him.

- Taken.

- Red! Come on!

Red! Red!

- [Guests Cheering]

- [Laughing]

Ruined.

Now I can't bet any more.

You've won my last crown.

Here, darling.

And here.

[Chuckles]

[Sighs] No matter what you lose,  
you still have everything...

me and all England, huh?

[Cheering, Shouting Continue]

Good bird, there, good bird.

Take it away.

[Guests Murmuring, Shouting]

[No Audible Dialogue]

Are you a better judge of men  
than of birds, little Kate? Huh?

I bet 10 crowns

on the taller of the two.

He must be the strongest man  
in all England.

Ho-ho! But one! The strongest man  
in England sits beside you.

- [Chuckles]

- Of course, darling.

I know.

You've thrown every wrestler  
in your time.

In my time?

Hah!

- [Guests Quiet]

- Stop!

Thomas!

You know that a wrestler who does not  
pit his whole strength against any man  
is punished by 30 lashes of the whip?

I know, Your Grace.

[Silence]

[Both Grunting]

Good work!

Hard work when a man of 50 wants to  
show his wife that he's no more than 30.

He will show it.

[All Cheering]

- [Cheering Continues]

- [Man] Bravol Bravol

[Man]

Bravol Bravol

Hooray! Hooray!

[Screams]

Send for Dr. Butts!

[Wheezing] No need for Dr. Butts.

It's nothing, darling.

I need fresh air.

Come on, Tom.

The games go on!

[Guests Murmuring]

The games go on.

Guard.

- [Groans]

- [Guards Chattering]

[Guard] Keep back there! Keep your places!

Keep your places! You too!

Steady.

Come on, men.

Set him in here. On the bed.

The leg again, Your Grace?

Heart.

A little... little rest.

Nobody must come.

[Chattering Continues]

Shh.

[Whispering]

G-Go away.

A l-little rest.

Thomas.

Only a passing weakness.

He'll be all right.

Don't take it so much to heart,

Your Grace.

Have you no pity for me, Tom?

You wear the crown.

What have I done with my life?

I can't go on with it.

I can't.

- You must.

- You were right.

Love is everything in the world.

Not now.

- [Sobbing]

- Katherine, don't. Katherine, don't.

[Whispers]

Katherine.

[Henry]

Kate.

[Henry Groaning]

It was nothing, darling.

You lost again.

I threw your champion.

Thomas.

Thomas, Thomas.

Good night.

[Watchman]

Midnight and all's welll

There are three ships

that are chartered from the king.

- Where do you want to go?



- America.

The Portuguese and the Spaniards  
have grabbed it.

- North America.

- North America? It's impossible.

Nothing but a howling wilderness  
full of howling savages.

- [Knocking]

- Thomas.

- When?

- **1 1:**

- The king.

- The king has just sent word not  
to expect him.

- Where?

- In her room. I will take you to her.

[Bell Tolling]

I thought you were never coming.

I never should have come, Kate.

We can't go on like this.

I know. It's dreadful, seeing each other  
every day and never being alone together.

No, it's not that. It... It's being torn in half  
between you and the king.

- But, Tom, we belong to each other.

- No.

We belong to him.

Don't you realize

what I'm feeling, Kate?

For the king, yes.

But for me, what?

For you...

Have you ever stood on the edge of a cliff  
and looked over?

It draws you, tugs at you  
to hurl yourself down.

You know that if you look again  
you're... you're gone.

Are you asking me to look again, Kate?

Are you?

Then...

Then this means g-good-bye.

It's the only way.

Good-bye.

Good-bye.

Good-bye.

[Men Chattering, Laughing]

[Henry Chuckling]

Wriothesley, Sir Thomas Wyatt

is in the tower.

He wrote beautiful love poems.

Send word that they release him.

Yes, Your Grace.

And cancel all death sentences.

Yes, Your Grace.

[Yawning]

Good night, gentlemen.

- Good night.

- [Men] Good night, Your Grace.

[Yawning Continues]

[Chuckling Continues]

[Sighs]

Through how many blunders, stupidities

and cruelties has a man to pass...

before he finds his happiness

in a wife?

Thank God he has given Your Majesty

this happiness at last.

[Chuckling]

Love is drunkenness

when one is young.

Love is wisdom at my age.

Life has found its meaning, Cranmer.

- Good night.

- Good night, Your Majesty.

- Take me with you.

- Where could we go?

His arm would reach us everywhere.

- [Knocking]

- [Woman] Katherinel Katherinel

The king is coming!

[Footsteps Approaching]

My little girl.

[Chuckles]

More and more charming every day.

You know, I couldn't resist

coming to see you.

[Chuckles]

Do you know the Germans  
offered me half of France if I join them?

[Chuckles]

And the French offered me Flanders.

They're very generous  
with each other's territory.

[Chuckles]

In my youth, in Wolsey's time,  
I would have accepted one offer or another.

But what's the use of new territories  
and wars, wars, wars again?

If those French and Germans  
don't stop killing each other...

the whole of Europe  
will be in ruins.

I want to compel them  
to keep peace, peace, peace.

[Sighs]

And there's no one in Europe to help me.

[Laughs]

My little girl!

I'm boring you with business,  
and you're tired. Huh?

N-N-Now, y-you're very sleepy...  
and so am I.

Good night.

Sleep well.

[Yawning]

Mm-hmm. Sleep well.

[Chuckles]

Good night.

Lady Rochford, do you know what it means  
to be put on the rack?

Your bones will be broken  
piece by piece.

Wouldn't you rather tell us what you know  
about the queen and Thomas Culpeper?

No. Not the rack.

You conducted him to the queen  
for the first time when?

Six months.

[Orchestra]

[No Audible Dialogue]

[Ends]

Hmm!

What's the matter with all you young people?

Katherine, why aren't you dancing?

- You said you didn't want to dance.

- My leg's troubling me.

But that's no excuse for Thomas here.

Thomas! Go and dance with the queen.

- What do you think I keep you for?

- Hear! Hear! Your Grace.

- Will Your Grace care to dance?

- Will she care to dance?

Will she care?

[Chuckling]

[Chuckles]

[Continues]

- Darling.

- What?

I adore you.

My lord, only you can tell His Majesty.

[All Murmuring, Chattering]

- You can.

- You must tell him.

I can't.

Your Majesty's privy council  
awaits Your Majesty's orders.

- Ah, we'll finish this when I come back.

- Yes, Your Grace.

Forgive me, sweetheart!

Affairs of state!

The dance goes on.

[Continues]

[Henry]

Good evening, gentlemen.

Anything important today?

I can't be long.

The queen's waiting for me.

Well, Mr. Secretary?

His Lordship,

the archbishop of Canterbury...

has a matter of great importance

to submit to Your Majesty.

Cranmer?

- Your Majesty...

- Come along, Cranmer!  
History teaches...  
even the scriptures tell us...  
What is it?  
[Cranmer]  
Bad women of all times...  
even those who wore crowns...  
What is it?  
[Shouts]  
What is it?  
What is it?  
His Lordship was trying to fulfill  
the most painful duty of a loyal subject...  
to tell the king  
that the queen had committed adultery.  
- With whom?  
- With Thomas Culpeper.  
- You...  
- [Both Grunting]  
- [Henry Shouting]  
- [Wriothesley Gasping]  
It is proved, Your Majesty!  
There are witnesses!  
[Gasping Continues]  
[Wriothesley]  
The witnesses are Lady Rochford...  
the three maids of the queen...  
John Cornell...  
the ladies OParnell...  
Bascott and... and Morton...  
the queen's two pages...  
and Culpeper's body servant.  
[Whimpering Softly]  
[Sobbing]  
[Sobbing Continues]  
[Orchestra]  
Katherine, why is there  
a council tonight?  
French and German again, I suppose.  
Who cares?  
[Ends]  
- [Guard] Who goes there?  
- The watch.  
- Whose watch?

- The king's watch.  
God preserve the king!  
[Watchmen Affirming]  
[Watchman]  
Midnight and all's well.  
[Chattering]  
Charles! Charles!  
- Where are you?  
- Here I am, darling.  
- No places again.  
- I'll find you some place, little one.  
[Single Loud Drumbeat]  
Katherine!  
Katherine.  
Mea culpa.  
Mea culpa.  
Mea maxima culpa.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Mmm.  
- Your Grace...  
- Go away. I'm tired.  
- I'll do no more business today.  
- This is not business, Your Grace.  
- The Lady Anne is asking for an audience.  
- Anne? Anne?  
The Lady Anne of Cleves.  
Anne.  
[Chuckles] Anne.  
Uh, tell her come in.  
Anne. Well. Anne.  
[Chuckling]  
Anne of Cleves.  
Anne. Anne.  
Anne... Well, well, well!  
- Well, Anne!  
- Good morning, Your Highness.  
Good morning, Your Highness.  
- Well, how's life?  
- Oh, it's rather sad, Anne.  
- Oh, but why?  
- I haven't got any friends, you know.  
I haven't got a wife.  
Haven't got any love in my life.  
Haven't got anything.

Not even hatred.

What you want is a good wife.

Wife?

[Muttering]

I said a good one,

not a spiteful one like the first...

not an ambitious one like the second

and not a stupid one like the third.

Not a card sharper like the fourth.

No, and not a very young one like the fifth.

I said a good one.

Where do you find 'em?

- I'll show you.

- Hmm?

Katherine! Catch me!

Katherine!

[Laughing]

[Kissing]

Oh, Nurse! Don't you see?

Blow, darling.

There's a good boy.

- Oh, me too!

- But your face is quite clean, Elizabeth!

- Me too.

- Oh.

[Giggles]

- [Fingers Snapping]

- I know her.

- Um...

- Katherine Parr.

Mmm. Katherine.

Katherine. No. No.

Katherine. Uh-uh.

No, Katherine, Katherine.

No, Henry, you're an easy-going man,  
always getting yourself into trouble.

And who has to suffer,

I should like to know.

You go to Dover on these rainy days,  
you sit on your royal council...

get fussy and excited over nothing at all  
and then come to me and get fussy.

I don't know what I'm going  
to do with you, I'm sure.

What with one thing and another,  
my life just isn't worth living.  
If I let you out of my sight for one moment  
you're up to some mischief.  
I had only to turn my back for five minutes  
yesterday and you ate a whole saddle  
of lamb.  
And who had to nurse you when you had  
the bellyache all through the nightlong? Mel  
[Scoffs] I really don't know  
what I'm going to do with you.  
Oh, Henry, Henry, Henry!  
You know you can't digest it.  
Take it away!  
And the drink.  
Can't you hear what the queen tells you?  
Take it away!  
[Catherine]  
And bring a blanket.  
Now for a little nap.  
[Footsteps Receding]  
Six wives...  
and the best of them's the worst.