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Anne of the Thousand Days

By Bridget Boland

[galloping hooves]
[man gees up horse]
[baaing]
[bell tolls]
- What is the verdict?
- Guilty, Your Grace.
All of them?
Guilty.
Farewell, farewell
My pleasure past
Welcome my present pain
Welcome the torment in my heart
To see my love again
Warrant for the execution of
Sir Henry Norris for adultery with Anne,
Queen of England.
For the execution of Mark Smeaton
for the treason of adultery with Anne,
Queen of England.
To the Lieutenant Governor of the Tower
of London a warrant for the execution...
...of Anne, Queen of England.
For adultery and treason.
To be burned or beheaded
at the King's pleasure.
Anne, Queen of England.
My wife.
My wife, Oromwell.
She has borne you a useless daughter
and a dead son.
When we married she promised me a son.
I must have a son to rule
when I am dead.
God guided the conscience
and answered prayers of the King.
- He will not let you condemn unjustly.
- Then why do I hesitate?
Is the hesitation from God?
Or is He telling me you must die, you
who found evidence and arranged trial?
I care only that the King rules
absolutely.
The Queen despised her marriage
and indulged her carnal lust.

Betrayed me?
Did she, Oromwell? Did she?
Your Grace, the Queen betrayed you
and stands condemned.
The warrant is before you.
If she betrayed me, she must die.
If I am to rule, keep my sanity,
and hold England off the rocks,
and as you say, God would not
allow me to condemn unjustly.
If I question that, I question
my whole life and all I've done.
At times, I do question it.
Write it down.
Write down Henry Rex and it's done.
I've condemned men before,
nobles and peasants, why not a queen?
She struck down a few herself
or driven me to do it for her.
It's only...
It's only that when you've
held a woman in your arms
and longed for her when she's away,
suffered with her
and waited with her
for the outcome of the child bed...
You promised me a son.
Anne.
Anne!
[jaunty music, chattering]
She's new.
Boleyn's youngest daughter.
Newly returned from the French court.
Do you like her, Kate?
Shall we keep her here at court
to cheer you?
Whatever you command, My Lord.
And suppose I command you
to give me a son?
- Would to God I could, Henry.
- Amen.
But you cannot, because our marriage
is accursed in heaven and hell, madam.
[music stops]

Play on. Play on.

The Queen wishes it and I command it.

Play!

When I call for it,

tell the musicians to play my galliard.

And see to it, More,

that there is no argument.

My Lord Bishop.

Your Majesty.

- If it please Your Grace...

- No politics, Wolsey.

Go and commune with the devil

while I dance.

No, just a simple domestic matter.

A wedding.

Any man who marries

when he can be free is a fool.

Here. Here is the couple.

Young Percy, Northumberland's son.

He's a member of my household.

And Anne Boleyn.

Their parents agreed.

Have they your permission to marry?

- I've told them...

- No.

- "No," did Your Grace say?

- No.

- But it is a love match.

- Un-match them, Wolsey, unmatch them.

And send the Boleyns, father,

mother, son and eldest daughter,

back to their castle in Kent,

and send Anne with them tonight.

Yes, sir.

I'm bored, Wolsey.

I'm bored with the court.

Bored with my Spanish cow.

I shall go hunting

in the beautiful country of Kent.

- Your Grace.

- No ceremony.

I have a mind to put you all to shame.

You're short of breath.

- A misspent life, sir.

- No doubt.

Brereton, you keep time like a deaf man.

- Your Grace has learned my secret.

- Norfolk, sit by the fire at your age.

- Better to lie by it, Your Grace.

- Yes, but with whom?

Percy, you have feet of lead,

a northern clodhopper.

With your permission,

Mistress Anne, will you teach the King

how they dance at the court of France?

There is nothing France

can teach England, Your Majesty.

Well said.

Well said.

The galliard. Play.

My Lord?

Tell Boleyn

I wish to speak to him privately.

- Yes, My Lord.

- And then prepare for a journey.

- A journey?

- Yes.

For where the dove is

the hawk will not be far behind.

To Hever Oastle in Kent.

Mary, it must be said,

the King wishes to see me alone.

He asked not to see me?

Not directly.

That could mean he's finished with me.

Has he? Tell me the truth.

One never gets used to these things.

There is always a hell to go through.

When a girl gives herself

so completely...

You know why I gave myself to the King.

Since I opened my bedroom door to him,

you've lived well by it.

Steward of Tonbridge and Penshurst.

Sheriff of Bradsted. Viscount.

And now King's Treasurer.

You don't want to lose those revenues,

do you, Father?

Mary, I have always loved you.
All those things are true.
The King was generous to me
because you were generous to him.
But you're a fool because you gave him
everything and asked for nothing.
What His Majesty is denied,
he goes mad to obtain.
What he gets freely, he despises.
You have lost him.
I can't help you.
Go now and cause no trouble.
I will not have you
put the rest of us at risk.
- What ails you?
- Ask our beloved father.
Father, the Lord Oardinal is here.
- Boleyn. I see you've told the lady.
- Yes, My Lord.
- And Anne?
- No.
- Why not? The King is almost here.
- Like you, I encouraged her with Percy.
It never entered my head
that the King would look at her.
My Lord, the King is here.
- There is no time...
- Leave the girl to me.
Tell the King what rubbish you please,
but give me time.
As for young Percy,
he'll do as I bid him.
[trumpet fanfare]
Whoa, boy.
[horse whinnies]
Your Majesty.
Only your King, Thomas.
No ceremony. Only your Henry.
This is a great honour.
From Harry Percy?
Where is Anne, Lady Elizabeth?
I found this in her room.
- How is the Vicar of Hell this morning?
- Warm enough, Your Majesty.

To be active on the King's business
generates a certain heat.

Yes, with your feet
on the devil's fender
and your buttocks toasting
at God's altar.

- Has he spoken to you?

- He has, Your Grace.

Good. Good.

And when may I smell this
pretty posy of yours?

If you mean Anne, sir,
she is still at her mirror.

A new dress, nervous fingers. If you
could give her half an hour, perhaps?

- We have this whole day, Thomas.

- I've a new pack of hounds
and there's a clump of deer
in the meadow.

- We'll see one, hunt the other.

- Good hunting.

- You'll not be with us?

- It appears there are two poor souls
who seek religious comfort.

I must go.

Indeed, My Lord Oardinal, indeed.

God's work must come first.

And, who knows, there may be
a little worldly profit attached.

Oh, Your Majesty...

Find them, bring them to me.

[laughter]

Thomas, a private word with you
before I meet Anne.

Yes, Your Grace?

There is always a temptation
for a man in my position
to regard the nation as his own trough
and to eat from one end to the other.

- Not Your Grace.

- Why not? Who can say no to me?

Except God, and He does, Thomas.

I kneel. I pray. He answers.

But can that be seen to be so?

Why else would His Holiness the Pope
have named you Defender of the Faith?

True. True.

I am a religious man.

I want to do right by God
and the Ohurch,
and the people and myself,
and you, Thomas.

Do you follow?

That's a swathe of folk to satisfy,
if it includes God, Your Grace.

It includes your two daughters, Thomas.

- Are they friends?

- Yes.

And do they exchange confidences,
do you think?

Do they whisper together at night
secrets about me, perhaps?

Who knows, Your Grace?

The one you have had,
the other you desire.

Will Anne have me, and for myself?

- I want an honest answer.

- She's no fool, My Lord.

Good. Good.

What I do is God's will
and my prayer always is
that He will allow no thought
to enter my heart or mind
that is not His will.

He has...

He has never failed me, Thomas.

But Your Majesty realises
this might seem as...

As what?

As an excuse to to do as you please,
to eat the trough dry.

I'm the King of England.

When I pray, God answers.

Yes, Your Grace.

And let no man dare question that.

Or woman.

Again.

- I'm angry with myself.

- Why?

Well, think of the years I spent
at the French court.

I was surrounded by gallant,
captivating, exquisite French courtiers
and I loved none of them.

No sooner do I return
than I fall in love with a...

- "Olodhopper," said His Majesty.

- He was right.

No manners, can't dance,
can't sing, can't...

- Oan put his arms around you.

- Not as well as I've known it done.

But they are the arms I want,
for some God knows what reason.

I love your awkwardness.

But if we love enough to marry,
we must keep nothing back.

So?

- Are we to bed together? Before?

- If you like.

Kiss me.

Are you a virgin?

- I'm a man.

- I know, but are you a virgin?

When we bed together,
shall I be your first?

- I...

- Speak out.

Well, I'll say it frankly
as they do in France.

In England we make muddy mysteries
of such things as if they were crimes.

We don't come out of a rainbow at 17
and there's no use pretending we do.

You may ask me whatever you like.

- Are you a virgin?

- No.

- In France?

- Yes. And long before.

When I was little,

I was playing with a boy
and he threw me down...

The King refuses you
permission to marry.

- But...

- Why? Why, My Lord?

Marriages of the nobility
are affairs of State.

I was wrong to encourage you.

The King wishes you to marry
a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

I am pledged to Anne.

It is a good match.

I brought you to court. You're a member
of my household. You will obey.

The world knew we meant to marry.

Nothing was said against it.

You've heard the King's pleasure
against it.

A half grown steer and a leggy girl
will not be allowed
to overturn the policies of State.

Why was nothing said?

Her father, my father,
and you, My Lord Oardinal,
who knows the King's business
better than himself.

Be silent!

You will obey

or your estates will be forfeit.

If you show further disloyalty,
it's doubtful how long you'll live.

The Duke of Buckingham
lost his head for less. Now go.

You must go.

Kiss me, then.

Don't touch her.

- Be careful of yourself.

- I will, for you.

My Lord, I love him truly
and we are pledged to each other.

If you force him to marry elsewhere,
although I am only a girl,
you'll know you have an enemy.

Madam, you do me wrong.

I have no spleen against you,

I am only a messenger.
Messenger? Who has chosen for me?
When Henry of England
turns his eyes on a girl,
she can hardly look away.
- The King has asked for me?
- He has.
And sent you to me?
It is sometimes my duty
to anticipate his desires.
Even in carnal matters,
My Lord Oardinal?
We have had the King in the bosom
of this family for some years.
My sister Mary is with child by him
and of no further use.
I shall not go the way of my sister.
You would be wise to anticipate
my answer
and spare His Majesty any annoyance.
I will not be a mistress of the King
even with the blessing
of a prince of the Ohurch.
- Good sport in Boleyn's woods.
- And in his bowers.
I heard you, Norris.
Well, you two, tell me,
man to man, all kingship aside,
- what's the best way to win a maid?
- A maid?
I couldn't swear to it medically,
but it's young and it's wild.
My skills are not for
the grade of female you seek.
I'm more successful with waiting women.
Don't be modest.
I've followed your spoor so close
there was scarce time
to close the window you left by
or change perfumes
to put me off the scent.
Speak on, your lure,
your most seductive.
- You'll not be offended?

- I'll be offended if you hold back.
If you truly want her, make her believe
that you are potent only with her.
Pretend that you've tried with others.
Gone to bed, kissed hotly,
but hung embarrassed and unable.
But with her you rouse up.
You're a man again.
They can't resist that.
They open like...
Never mind the simile.
Yes. What a game. What a ploy.
Dare I ask, has Your Grace
ever been refused by a wench?
Who? I? Refused? Why, never.
When I've wanted them, I've had them.
When I've had a wench, I'm cured.
That's general, isn't it?
Your Grace, can you all leave talking
of virgins to look at the venison?
Yes, yes. Oome, come.
Next to the haunch of a virgin,
there's nothing
like a haunch of venison.
Do you also offer me up
to this royal bull?
You, my father?
And you, my mother?
- Lower your voice!
- Do you know what it is to be in love?
- I love Harry Percy and will marry him.
- You'll have us all dead or disgraced.
Lower your voice.
The royal bull can't force you.
Brother, I must fight. I must.
Do you know what it means
when a king asks for you?
I can ask my pregnant
and foolish sister.
Turn him away and we can say farewell
to all we've worked for.
If our parents had not taken advantage
what would've become of us?
If we lose favour, we lose everything.

Then say goodbye to it all,
for I will not take the King to my bed!
Your Majesty.
I was so anxious to see you, madam,
I ran ahead.
Have you been faithful to me
or lying about with this husband?
Remarkable women you breed, you Howards.
[laughter]
Norfolk, greet your sister.
I've brought your brother
to make sure I was welcome.
George, you should have hunted with us
and not stayed at home with the ladies.
Nan.
- Give me a kiss.
- Yes, Your Majesty.
And now on the lips, sweet Nan.
I've been taking medicines for a cold.
My breath is foul, Your Grace.
Your health is very dear to us.
You must needs keep well.
We live all too brief a span.
What little we have
should not be wasted.
Well, there's no trace of medicine
or fever on these sweet lips.
The surprise of Your Majesty's visit
must have cured me.
Wonderful. I shall continue the cure.
Shall I dismiss the chaperones?
- By your leave.
- Yes, by your leave.
Yes, without your leave.
Off. Out. All of you, go.
Oompanions, brothers.
Lawyer. Go.
Anne, you see before you
not the King, but a poor fellow
as uncertain, as eager,
as hopeful, as afraid
as any man that ever fell in love.
I see the King.
Believe me, all kingship on one side.

Women give love to the King
like paying taxes.
I wish to be loved for myself.
Well, as you say you're not the King,
but only a poor, uncertain,
eager, hopeful fellow.
Could you tell me why the King sent an
old Ohurch pander to give me my orders?
- Pander?
- The Lord Oardinal Wolsey.
Oh. Did he speak clumsily?
No, Your Grace.
He spoke to the point.
What the King wants, he will have.
No, Anne. It's quite the reverse.
What you want, you shall have.
- If I have you first.
- Not against your will.
- Not?
- Never.
I'll earn your love
and then your bed.
Tell me what things you want.
Prove me.
There is one thing I want.
I want something that has gone.
You shall have it.
Now walk with me, talk with me.
I love your sweet voice,
your company and your bold spirit.
Tell me, dare I ask it?
Is there anything about me
that you love?
No.
My God.
You asked not to be treated
like the King.
I would have lied to the King.
No one has ever talked to me
like that before.
My sweet voice will not lie to you.
But in time, Nan,
you'll grow to love me.
Anything is possible.

With us everything is possible.
That's settled. I can return to London.
- You, Oromwell, will remain here.
- Here, My Lord?
To keep me informed.
Tell My Lord of Suffolk that we shall
entertain no more such petitions.
Show that to Sir Thomas More,
that's his province.
Ah, Thomas.
You smell of horse sweat.
His Majesty has sent me to inform you,
My Lord, that the...
...entertainment at Hever suits him
well, and he intends to remain.
Excellent. No, tell Lovell
his request is denied.
That witch has been leading him
a dance for two weeks.
She'll go the way of all the rest.
Granted.
The King should be attending to matters
of State, not pursuing a reluctant girl.
If he wants her, he should take her.
What is Sir Thomas More's opinion
about that?
Master Oromwell,
when you counsel the King
tell him what he ought to do,
but never what he is able to do.
If he knew his real strength, it
would be hard for any man to rule him.
- He ought to leave Hever.
- Let sleeping kings lie, Thomas,
and we'll see to the government
of the country.
Nan, it's a cruel thing to be
near a woman day after day,
to touch her when you wanted to,
to have her company when you asked it
and to have no response.
To burn with love as I do for you
and be denied any pleasure
in your cool company.

It is a cruel thing, Nan,
to be denied love.
The same cruel thing has happened to me.
I've fallen in love.
- Nan!
- But not with you.
My God. I got it right in the face
that time. Percy, is it?
You know.
You had Wolsey send him away.
- That blundering...
- I mean to marry him.
- Never!
- But not as my sister is married.
He won't be a complacent husband
and I shall not be accessible to you.
All wives are accessible.
Any husband can be placated.
Then you have nothing to fear.
Let me marry him.
No! I want you all to myself!
Nan. Nan.
If you give yourself to me
this whole kingdom will turn around you.
Whatever you wanted for anyone.
knighthoods, revenues,
you shall dispose of them
exactly as you please.
And be thrown out in the end? What great
revenues does my sister dispose of?
Well, Mary asked for nothing.
I won't bargain. Ask for what you want.
My freedom. To marry whom I love.
Never.
I've heard what your courtiers say
and I've seen what you are.
You're spoiled and vengeful
and bloody.
Your poetry is sour
and your music is worse.
You make love as you eat, with
a good deal of noise and no subtlety.
This is not safe.
Yes, I've been told it's not safe

for any of us to say no to our King.
That put on, kindly,
hail-fellow-well-met of yours.
My father's house will be pulled down,
and Northumberland's too, they tell me.
Well, pull them down, Your Majesty,
you are what I said.
There is no better way to make an end
than to raise anger in me.
I thank you for that. You made
a fool of me! And I'm well out of it!
Your Grace!

- You will not harm Harry Percy?
- I'll try not.

Vengeful and bloody as I am,
I'll try not!

[grunts]

- Where are you from?
- Northumberland.
- I've a message for the Lady Anne.
- You better rest. Give me the letter.
- Give it to no one but the Lady Anne.
- All right.

Harry Percy is married.

"Anne, my love, forgive me."

- The King did this.
- Not the King, Wolsey.

See here.

"I would have held out. But for your
safety, dearest Anne, I had to marry."
That would be Wolsey's threat, that you
would suffer if Percy remained defiant.
God, I can't believe it.
The pain is so great, I want to die.
Pain goes, my child.
Few of us marry where our hearts lie.

[shouting, cheering]

Damn all entertainment
and damn all women!

Why must I want the one woman
who doesn't want me?

I'll see her!

Elizabeth.

For God's sake make her hurry. When the

King is hungry he's in an evil temper.

I'll see to this.

Will. Let's see what the lady Elizabeth has decided.

- He's never returned to a woman.

- Lucky for all of us and your child.

- Henry was generous with his children.

- Learn from me, Nan.

Lock up your heart,

never surrender completely.

I shall not surrender myself at all.

The moment you're conquered

he'll walk away.

That's enough!

I hate him only a little less

than I hate Wolsey.

- Ready? Are we ready?

- Quite ready, Father.

[gentle music]

[man singing] Farewell, farewell

My pleasure past

Welcome my present pain

Welcome the torment in my heart

To see my love again

Alone, alone

I longed for her

While mistresses forsaking

Now must I tell my hopes and fear

Of love in her awaking

Bravo, Your Majesty! Bravo!

Bravo, Majesty.

No other king can write as you do,

Your Majesty.

That cheers me, Elizabeth.

Someone, I forget whom,

said once that my music was sour

and my poetry worse.

That caused me great anguish. True verse

and music grow from suffering.

I heard it in my mind

when I woke from a troubled sleep.

I wrote it down without a correction.

It sings what is truly in my heart.

If some young man wrote this song

for you, Anne, what would you say of it?
I would ask him how his wife liked it,
Your Grace.
You shall dance to my tune, mistress.
The Basse dance I composed.
Play. Be merry. Dance.
[chatter, music starts up]
Anne, why do you taunt me?
Percy is married, Your Majesty.
- None of my doing.
- I see.
Wolsey is King of England, is he?
[music stops, muttering]
That's enough. I am the King.
If you dare to treat me like
a bawling boy in front of my court,
- I'll tear this castle down.
- Do so.
[music restarts in hall]
Anne, even a king cannot choose
where he will love.
I want no one in this kingdom but you.
That's why I've returned.
You are not free to love,
you have a wife.
If a man is married, king or commoner,
he is not free.
I never married Oatherine.
England married Spain.
My father coupled my brother Arthur
with Oatherine for the Spanish Alliance.
Arthur died and I became heir, so it was
decided that I, in my turn, should...
...marry my dead brother's widow.
I was 17 and she 23.
So England and Spain married,
not Henry and Oatherine.
There's a...
There's a curse on that marriage.
All my sons were born dead.
For 20 years I've had dead sons.
Now she's past the age
of bearing children.
What has this barren marriage

to do with you and me?
You cannot touch my heart.
You cannot bribe me with favours.
The only love I will give you is the
love of a loyal subject for her king.
Very well then.
As your King,
I command you to return with me
to the court.
I command you to be
lady-in-waiting to my wife,
Catherine the Queen.
You will be in my presence
every day of your life.
Then we shall see.
[both laugh]
- Was he shouting for me?
- Bellowing.
- How they all tremble when he bellows.
- And you?
Does that tremble?
No. But you so hated coming here
you spoke wildly.
- I fear you might provoke his anger.
- That was six months ago.
I'm still young. I love dancing
and new clothes and gifts.
- [arrow whistles and thud]
- And power.
Power is as exciting as love,
I discover.
And who has more of it than the King?
[dog barks]
The warship will be launched
from Portsmouth
in five days time, Your Grace.
Here is the warrant.
But a name is needed for the vessel.
The "Anne Boleyn".
- The ambassadors from Spain?
- Deal with them yourself.
She almost reigns. She entirely rules.
And I believe gives... nothing for it.
- She could prove powerful.

- Thomas, this is a man's world.
The seat of power does not lie
between a woman's legs.
Wolsey, Nan reminds me that her
father's patent of the Earl of Wiltshire
- has not yet been drawn.
- Indeed. It should be done at once.
Good. Good.
I must tell you, My Lord,
a game we ladies-in-waiting play.
A game of titles.
Who has the most titles in the land?
I said that, of course, His Majesty.
But another said, "No, no."
"The great Oardinal Wolsey
has more than the King."
"He is Bishop of Tournai, of Lincoln, of
Bath and Wells, Durham and Winchester."
"He is also Archbishop of York
and Papal Legate in England,
which puts him above
the Archbishop of Oanterbury."
"Who knows?
He may one day be Pope."
"So he is the most powerful churchman."
"He is also Lord Ohancellor and
therefore the most powerful layman."
I said, "How fortunate for His Majesty
that the good Oardinal
is devoted only to the King
and to England."
"Oonsider how dangerous it would be
if so powerful a man
had ambitions of his own."
His Sovereign,
I confess your royal favours
showered on me are more than I deserve.
I can render nothing
but my thanks, my prayers
and my unending loyalty.
And what livings would you shed
to prove your loyalty,
my good Vicar of Hell?
Any, or all, sir, at your command.

And your wealth, My Lord?
I believe he is richer even than you.
- So many livings, so many palaces.
- I wonder.
Such vanities mean little to me
if I may serve you.
Ochoose anything I have
and it is yours, Majesty.
I will. I will.
When I have given it some thought.
[laughs] Thank you. Thank you, Anne.
My Lord, you are as generous
as you are great.
I shall ask the King to show me
your palace at Hampton Oourt.
Bull's-eye.
[melancholic tune]
[chatter and laughter]
Oome, girl, play something cheerful.
Men prefer women who laugh and are gay.
Well, what more do you want?
- Nothing.
- For yourself, your family and friends?
- Nothing.
- Liar!
You have a taste for power. It's very
common. I've seen it many times.
You don't get it for nothing.
You have to pay.
You ordered me to court.
The power is yours, not mine.
I'm mad for you. I dream of you
at night. I long for you by day.
And you dare tell me
that I have the power?
I'm no good with any other woman.
I think of nothing but you,
of you and me playing dog and bitch,
horse and mare,
of you and me in every way.
I want to fill you up night after night.
I want to fill you up with sons.
Bastards. They would be bastards.
One word more and I'll strike you.

One word more.

Without marriage, if you and I
have sons, they will be bastards.

Anne.

Forgive me. Forgive me, Anne.

[bell tolls]

[knocking]

- Who is it?

- Norfolk, with a message from the King.

[aside] The devil take him.

Bess.

- Bess, be gone. Oome on.

- [woman grunts]

- Out you go, out you go.

- [sleepily] What?

For form's sake.

- [she sighs]

- Oome on, come on.

Enter.

Well?

The King commands that you
come at once to the Palace at Greenwich.

Does he, My Lord?

Is he ill?

Is there some urgent danger?

A boat is waiting.

Norfolk!

Is the tide with or against us?

I leave such details to the boatman
and other riffraff, My Lord.

You may go.

[knocking]

Enter.

What keeps you half the night
from getting here?

Your Grace, pardon me.

Tide is flooding.

Tell the Lady Anne the law of England,
My Holy Lord Ohancellor.

Is it not true that I can make
legitimate whomsoever I choose?

- Most certainly.

- The documents can be drawn at once?

- Within the hour.

- So?

Could any child of the King's body
be made legitimate?

Yes.

And such a child would be heir
to the throne of England?

- Most certainly.

- Thank you. Thank you, Thomas.

- Take the flooding tide and go home.

- Wait.

Madam?

Surely such a child would be heir
to the throne after the Princess Mary,
daughter of the King
and his rightful Queen?

- Well, My Lord?

- That might be argued.

No. Let us have it clearly.

Princess Mary is first in line
against any son His Majesty
may father out of wedlock.

After Mary comes the Duke of Richmond,
his bastard by Bessie Blount.

Can you deny that he would inherit
if she died?

Richmond? Oh, he's a sickly fellow.

I doubt if he'll live out the year.

Then my sister's child by the King.

We're affectionate, Mary and I,

and forgive each other little things,

but if she would rather her son

sat on the throne than mine,

I would rather mine than hers.

And so mine, you must agree,

would be fourth in the lists.

Who knows, madam,

you may not be capable of a son.

I'll give the man that marries me

a houseful of lusty sons.

Marriage.

If I were free of Oatherine...

You cannot be free of Oatherine.

- If I were...

- It is impossible.

For the last time,
if I were free of Oatherine
and made you the Queen of England,
would you marry me?

Yes.

If you make me Queen of England,
I'll marry you...

...and give you sons.

Meanwhile...

I'll go alone to my bed,
with Your Gracious leave.

- Brilliant, Your Grace. Brilliant.

- You think so?

Yes. Keep promising her marriage
and the siege will soon be over.

- In a month you'll have breached her.

- You think I was lying?

If wooing, praise,
gifts and power have failed
then you must try a new strategy.

When I go down on my hunkers and pray,
good Oardinal, as I do day in, day out,
there's only one thing I pray.

Show me how to save England
from chaos when I'm dead.

That prayer has just been answered.

I shall remarry and have a son.

- Divorce? Oatherine?

- Annulment.

My marriage is cursed
and my sons born dead

because I've transgressed God's Law
in marrying my brother's wife.

It was incest and I've been punished.

I was never married in the eyes of God.

Indeed you were, My Lord.

Thoroughly married.

The Pope granted you a dispensation
to marry Oatherine when Arthur died.

Because England and Spain
needed one another.

Because your brother was 15
and had not consummated the marriage.

At 15, I was rogering maids

right, left and centre.

At the time I believed, and the Pope
believed, and my father chose to believe
that Oatherine was virgin.

I was deceived.

The marriage was consummated.

Prepare the evidence.

Get me a case for annulment.

My Lord, I beg you, as your faithful
servant, I beg you to consider.

Oatherine is a princess of Spain.

Try to annul your marriage and you'll
gather enormous forces against you.

Spain, Naples, Germany, the Netherlands.

All of them ruled by Oatherine's nephew.

The Roman Oatholic Ohurch.

- Your own people who love the Queen.

- I will marry Anne!

It could mean war.

It could mean the loss of your kingdom.

I will marry Anne

if it breaks the Earth in two
and flings the two halves into the void!

No. I don't believe it of him.

I fear it is true, madam.

As Spanish Ambassador, it is my duty
to have... many sources of information.

Then it is Wolsey, not the King.

That butcher's cur, Wolsey,
who put it in his mind.

Wolsey is preparing the case
to take to Rome.

[knocking]

Enter.

The King is here.

He wishes to see Your Majesty.

I will do all in my power to aid you.

I will send word today to your nephew.

- Yes and to His Holiness.

- This Pope bends to the wind.

Your hope lies in your nephew.

- Your Majesty.

- My Lord Ambassador.

It delights my heart to see you

privately after so many months, My Lord.

Sit, Kate. Sit.

Kate,

I'll come bluntly to the point.

God tells me that our marriage is a sin.

My conscience is deeply troubled.

Incest will be punished and we
have been punished with dead sons.

Our daughter, Mary,
is alive and well, Henry.

Our marriage must be annulled.

Then it is true.

Wolsey has brought you to this.

Kate.

- Kate, it's God's will.

- My conscience is clear.

Help me, for both our sakes.

Support me in my case to the Pope.

But I'm your wife.

Do you believe I can ask Pope Olement
to tell the world that my father lied?

My mother lied?

Ferdinand and Isabella,
the most christian princes,
that each of them lied that my marriage
to your brother was never consummated?

Your own father signed the paper
with them.

God knows he lied like a Trojan,
in season and out.

I've had little happiness in my life.

I was a lonely girl,

brought from Spain at 15

to be used for English politics.

When Arthur died I was pushed aside
and kept here for seven years
until I could be used for you.

And you, I loved.

With you I had my only happiness.

I love you still.

Then do as I ask!

No. I will not betray our daughter.

Our daughter is a threat,
not a blessing.

I must...
I must have a son!
Get one then,
from one of your women!
I'm your wife and your Queen.
And neither your nor the Pope
can make my child a bastard!
If you defy me,
I'll have you sent from the court.
You shall be shut away in the country.
It's you then, and not Wolsey,
who really wants this thing.
I will have it!
I too gave evidence that my marriage
to Arthur was never consummated.
Did I lie to the Pope
all those years ago?
Did I lie to God?
Did I lie to you?
No.
I will live and I will die your wife.
And your Queen.
As soon as I reach Rome, I shall
send dispatches back via Holland.
See that messengers are there.
Not long.
Not long to wait now, Nan.
I shall believe it
on the day it happens.
[nearby laughter and music]
Your Grace.
[music stops]
Yes?
The Spanish Emperor
has captured the Vatican.
- Oaptured the Vatican?
- Rome is sacked.
The dead in their hundreds
lie unburied in the streets.
- And the Pope?
- Is besieged.
What...?
By your gracious permission,
in private.

[courtiers gasp and mutter]

Well?

The Pope had fled from the Vatican
to the town of Orvieto.

- We exchanged letters.

- Yes and the annulment?

- He refuses to annul your marriage.

- He cannot!

- He cannot do anything else.

- What's his reason?

The Spanish Emperor's
got him by the nose.

The Pope won't offend that Emperor
by annulling his aunt's marriage to you.
Poor Henry.

He shall, by God Almighty.

I say he shall!

And to hell with the Spanish Emperor.

- Sir Thomas.

- My Lord Bishop.

Shall you in your conscience

accept the annulment

if the decision is for the King?

The Pope has answered the King's appeal
and has sent Oardinal Oampeggio
to try this case.

Oampeggio speaks for His Holiness.

I will accept that.

I shall speak against it
while I have breath.

I shall be silent

until I am forced to speak.

Well, I'm an old man and have no family.

At my age a good death is better
than a bad conscience.

Well, you will be the mother and father
and I shall be the uncle
of a queen next week.

- God be praised.

- I wonder what Anne is thinking.

Out there are my bishops,
my courtiers and my loyal subjects.

Oampeggio is not your subject.

But I am, Your Majesty.

And I promise you the verdict.

You shall see, Anne.

Wolsey has never failed me yet.

Pray silence for His Grace,
the Lord Oardinal of York.

Our commission from Rome
having been publicly read,
this inquiry will now proceed.

Henry, King of England,
come into court.

[trumpets]

[trumpets stop]

Here, my lords.

Oatherine, Queen of England,
come into court.

[courtiers mutter]

On. On.

What can I do

if the Queen will not appear?

- My Lord Oardinal.

- Ecco.

The King may now proceed.

My Lords, I have come to this court
not because I wish to discard a wife,
but because such grave doubts
are cast upon my marriage
and such grave fears
invest my conscience.

I do not wish to marry another woman
for carnal pleasure,
or nor for any displeasure
of the Queen's person or age.

This court has been convened
to try the validity of that marriage.

The bishops assembled here
have signed this document
declaring that the marriage is in doubt
and must be resolved by trial.

That is the truth,
if it please Your Highness.

No, Sir, that is not the truth.

- I do not give my consent.

- Wolsey.

Your memory is failing with age, Bishop.

We argued and in the end you agreed
that I should sign for you
and affix your seal.
My Lord, there is nothing more untrue.
I told you I would never
support this cause.
- [murmuring]
- Well, well, you're only one man.
Continue.
Hear the witnesses
who spoke with my brother
the morning after
he left the bedchamber.
Are we to have no evidence
but bedroom sniggering and gossip?
Get a message to the Queen.
She should be here.
She'll let her case go by default.
[trumpets]
I will hear the Queen.
I will only be heard in Rome.
I appeal to Rome.
I appeal against all judges here.
To Rome and to God I commit my cause.
Catherine.
Catherine!
Proceed.
- I am going to adjourn.
- No, I beseech you, do not.
I adjourn this court.
- You have the power. Use it.
- Power to hear the case, Your Majesty.
- But you've heard it, hours of it.
- From Your Majesty's witnesses.
The Queen says no court in England
can be impartial.
She appeals directly to Rome.
But you are Rome come to England,
My Lord.
My hands are tied. The trial is
adjourned for the Queen's appeal.
To the Pope who fears the Queen's nephew
more than he loves the justice of God.
- Your Grace could be excommunicated!

- Get out!
Limp back to Rome.
Tell His Holiness I will have
the marriage annulled. Get out, get out.
Get out!
Well, My Lord Oardinal,
so much for your boastful promises.
Your Grace, forgive me.
Forgive me.
Go to the Queen.
Banish her from the court
and house her at your own expense
in some remote place.
Yes, Your Majesty.
Wolsey.
Remove yourself from my sight.
You're unfit for office.
Render up the Great Seal.
And hide, Wolsey.
Hide from my anger.
Go now. Go.
Wolsey.
I do not forgive you.
I spare you for your past services.
The business of the day is over, lawyer.
- I am a lawyer who has read the law.
- So?
There is a law of this land
that says it is treason
to acknowledge any higher authority
than the will of the King.
It is, I take it, the will of the King
that he shall divorce the Queen
and marry the Lady Anne?
It is.
Then the Ohurch in England
must grant your will.
It is treasonable to say that the Pope
is a higher authority than the King...
...under the law.
I've always been a defender
of the faith and of the Ohurch.
As matters stand,
you are but half the King.

To say that Rome may dictate this matter
is to say that Rome may dictate
the succession to the Crown.
What the King of England wants,
he should have
without hindrance from abroad.
True. It is true.
It would mean excommunication.
It would mean a break with Rome.
It would need only the appointment of a
new Primate of the Church in England.
He would grant the divorce.
Yes. And the penalty for those good men
who could not stomach your law?
The penalty for treason
has always been death, Your Grace.
You may go.
There is something else, Your Majesty.
Cardinal Wolsey,
through skilful manipulation,
has seen to it
that the monasteries of England
are richer than the goldmines
of the New World.
If, as you should be, you become Head
of the Church, those riches are yours.
You're a man without scruple, lawyer.
Entirely without scruple.
I learned my trade under
Cardinal Wolsey, Your Grace.
Are you also a pupil of the Cardinal?
No, no, I studied under a real master,
my father.
Whatever villainy was lacking
in the world when Henry VII was born,
he invented before he left it.
But the one cardinal principle
he taught me was,
always keep the Church on your side.
Well, you have the Church on one side
and you have me on the other.
Yes. The choice is now clear.
If I make myself Head of the Church
in England, I make you my Queen,

I make myself wealthier
than all the monarchs in Europe
and I shall be excommunicated.
Everlasting damnation.
No child of the Ohurch shall
speak with me, feed me, shelter me.
And when dead,
my body shall lie without burial
and my soul...
...shall be cast into hell forever.
Heavenly Father,
what I seek is not for myself
as You know,
but for the future safety of my realm
and the greater glory of Your name.
If I weaken in my resolve,
remember I am but a man.
Give me Your heavenly strength
for my intended journey
and resolve my doubts.
My Lords,
I intend to bring before Parliament
matters which have concerned us greatly.
I am deeply alarmed by the increasing
influence and power in our State
of the Ohurch of Rome.
Not content alone with misappropriation
of property and money,
Rome now seeks to interfere with
the laws and statutes of this realm.
In particular, the King's prerogatives
related to the succession to the throne.
For all these reasons
and many others known to you all
we must free ourselves
from the interference, influence
and direction of the See of Rome.
Hear, hear!
Item. The Oath of Allegiance
to the King of England sworn by you all.
Item. The Oath of Allegiance
to the Pope of Rome sworn by the Olergy.
Question. Whom do the Olergy serve?
Pope or King?

Oardinal Wolsey, the greatest Ohurchman
of our land is cast down.

Any bishop or priest who does not
first serve the King will follow him.

Parliament will be summoned
for the enactment of this bill
named The Act of Supremacy.

The King is declared to be supreme
in matters of the welfare of subjects,
both spiritual and temporal.

- Sire...

- My Lord Bishop, keep silent!

There is only one question
I will put to this Oouncil.
No other will be tolerated or discussed.

Does any Lord here,
either spiritual or temporal,
deny the right of Parliament
to make this the law of the land
if Parliament so chooses?

Sir Thomas More?

I do not deny the right of Parliament
to enact laws.

Good. Good.

[furtive chatter]

- Master Oromwell.

- My Lord Ohancellor?

I regret, Master Oromwell,
that you did not heed my advice.

Oncerning what?

You have, I believe, told the King not
what he ought to do, but what he can do.

Now no man in the world
can hold him.

The King's power must be complete.

And your own?

To serve his.

After today, I fear I must resign mine.

Every man to the devil his own way.

[woman laughs nearby]

Forgive me, Your Majesty,

I had meant to be gone.

I fear I cannot rise.

Oromwell, your hand.

Get me on my feet.

It's the habit of a lifetime to see
myself that the inventory is complete
and the keys are all ready,
all labelled for you.

I'm...

I'm sorry to see you ill.

Oh, no, My Lord.

Your Majesty has taken from my shoulders
a load that would sink a navy.

Well, I'll leave these and be gone.

Is it... Is it for you, Mistress Anne,
the palace?

- Yes.

- Yes, yes.

It's much too beautiful for an old man.

It needs youth in it.

There, take it.

I've been your enemy,
but I can't take it from you.

Then I'll leave it.

[laughs]

A leggy girl and a half-grown steer.

What does that mean?

Some friends of yours
are waiting to see you, Your Majesty.

More, Fisher and Prior Houghton.

It seemed urgent.

Urgent for them.

Send them in.

I'll tell them as I leave.

Well, the country air
will do him good at Esher.

The King will see you.

Take heed, Sir Thomas.

The King's passion for the lady
is blind to all reason
and past service.

My Lord, for your wisdom,

I am sorry to see you go.

The King has gone beyond me.

Through that one woman,

I am lost forever.

Do not neglect the King,

but see to your own safety.
It happens
that I have been unwell lately.
Therefore I have given up my office
and shall leave the court and go home.
There I will speak of nothing
but... domestic affairs.
Well, God be with you.
It is Pope or King,
there is no other choice.
For me it must be the Pope.
I must follow my conscience.
I cannot sign.
Though I am sorry to lose old friends,
you will die for it.
There are hundreds of my Order who in
good conscience cannot take this oath.
Must they all die?
If they insist, they will.
My cause is just.
The English Church cut off from Rome
is without an anchor.
The only anchor I know is the King.
The King had to choose,
so must the Clergy.
Well, Sir Thomas?
I have come to say goodbye, Your Grace.
I gave up my chain of office today
as you kindly permitted.
And when that day comes when you
have to choose, will you sign the oath?
I shall read the document with care
and hope that my conscience
will permit me to sign, Your Grace.
Goodbye... Thomas.
Goodbye, My Lord.
Goodbye, Prior John.
You leave this world of your own will...
and I am sad for it.
Your Majesty, it will go on without us.
And that is the last of them
who dare question.
The rest will die silent.
I think there has never been a king

who gave so much to find his way
to the heart of the woman he loved.
I have stabbed, fought and clawed my way
through tissues of the Church and State.
I've looted and plundered. I've ripped
and torn the bodies of my friends.
And all to come to this day.
And yet, not once...
Not once have you said, "I love you."
Now, my Nan...
My Nan will say it now.
Yes.
I do love you.
No.
No, that's not it.
That's not what I meant.
- What more do you want, My Lord?
- I don't know.
I don't know,
but I still don't have you.
Tell me, Nan,
did someone some day say to you,
never give in to him,
never melt to him,
never forget to hate him for a time,
otherwise you'll lose him?
- I've said it to myself.
- And do you say so still?
- Yes.
- I see.
I see.
Keep your heart, then!
Preserve your special chastity.
I'm too old to suffer the longings,
passions and frenzy of a stupid boy!
Writing poems in the night
to the cold-hearted bitch that I love
and tearing them up.
Pacing up and down in my room,
unable to sleep.
Sons you have promised me when
you are Queen, and sons I will have.
Sons without love if I must.
Enjoy your palace.

I will not come near you again
until the marriage day.

Henry!

I do love you.

Henry, I love you. I love you
with all my heart. I love you.

- Oan this be true?

- I love you.

Take me, take me now.

I want to be yours only.

I've been yours for a long time.

Now, you for the first time
are mine too.

Henry.

These men who were to die,
let them live.

- It was done for you.

- I no longer care about the divorce.

I'm so in love with you,
my darling heart.

Oan it be true after this long time?

God in heaven, I do love you
with my whole heart.

And our love will make a son
that will rule the world.

Our son.

A son. A son.

With that and your love I'd be
the King I've always wanted to be,
wise, generous, just, merciful.

So I'll kill no man for you.

It's like a new age.

Wildfire in the air
and in the blood.

Harry!

The King sent for me to meet him here.

Here?

Perhaps he is jealous and testing
my faithfulness by bringing us together.

Perhaps.

- Has he reason to be jealous?

- No. Never

Well, well. You're his concubine,
I have a hag for a wife.

Now I am to arrest Wolsey
who began it all. Oold comfort.

- Arrest him? He's old and sick.

- I thought it was your doing.

No. I'm past hating him.

- Give him the warrant.

- Your Grace.

Well, there's your first love.

The one you hated me for.

- Did your heart race?

- No, you great royal fool.

- I'm a happy man.

- And I, My Great King,

I'm with child.

Anne.

Nan. Nan! [laughs joyously]

Where is she? What keeps her?

The Lady...

- Begin. Begin.

- Yes.

Your Grace, the door must be open,
that is to say, for legality.

- Witnesses are required.

- Here they are. On, man, on, on.

It's a new fashion. Marry the one
before you divorce the other.

Henry, wilt thou take Anne,
here present, to thy lawful wife

- according to the rites of the Ohurch?

- I will.

Anne, wilt thou take Henry,
here present, to thy lawful husband

according to the rites
of our Holy Mother Ohurch?

I will.

- "I, Henry, take thee, Anne."

- I, Henry, take thee, Anne...

- "To my wedded wife."

- To my wedded wife.

"To my wedded wife,

to have and to..."

To my wedded wife, to have and to hold,
for better, for worse,

- in sickness and in health...

- "Till death us do part."
and thereto I plight thee my troth.
And after that, Nan,
you shall have bells and the crowning.
[guard] Stand back. Stand back.
- Out of the way.
- Stand back. Stand back!
[bells toll]
Here, Nan, for luck.
The flowers of May.
[bells continue]
[fanfare]
[cannons continue firing]
How much were they paid to cheer?
A groat each.
A thousand between here and Westminster.
They should've got a silver penny.
They'd have thrown caps in the air.
God save Queen Oatherine!
We've been outbid
by the Spanish Ambassador.
Whore! King's whore!
Long live the Queen!
- There's an honest fellow.
- Which queen does he mean, My Lord?
- Whore!
- Long live the true Queen!
[man] Whore!
Long live Queen Oatherine! Whore!
Heralds, play!
[jeering]
- Long live Queen Oatherine!
- Whore!
Out! Out!
The King would speak with his Queen.
Out!
[ladies-in-waiting giggle]
Oome here.
It's a long time
since I've kissed a queen.
Nan, I've kept
every part of the bargain.
Will you be happy now?
My Queen, my woman, my...

- Whore, the crowd said.
- Damn the Spanish Ambassador!
You must outbid him at the christening.
In four months when I give you a son
I want cheers of joy.
They wont need bribes.
It'll be the happiest day
in the history of this kingdom.
Would you rape a pregnant woman?
Oh, Nan. God, forgive me.
You great royal fool!
Whoa there, boy.
[horse whinnies, bell tolls]
Go and get her!
- Your pardon, madam, the Queen calls.
- Is it born? A boy?
It is nearly time, the midwife says.
Fetch the King.
I've waited 20 years for this.
I shall teach him to ride,
wrestle, draw a bow.
It makes a man young again
to have a son.
[man, afar] Your Majesty!
Your Majesty!
Here comes my good news.
The child is born!
[baby cries]
The child is perfectly formed
and in good health, Your Majesty.
I have failed.
I have failed.
God help me
Give me privacy.
Don't weep. Pinch your cheeks
and give them colour. Sit up and smile.
You are the Queen. Brazen it out.
A girl this time, but a boy
the next time. Do you hear me?
- Is she beautiful?
- Yes, she is.
[baby continues to cry]
Give me the child.
Give me my daughter.

Is he well? Is he strong?

My Lord...

[laughs]

Those are lungs that will out-bellow
the Spanish Ambassador. Ey, Nan?

And the eyes. The eyes are clever.

We'll call him Edward.

It's a lucky name for English Kings.

I have borne you a daughter,

Your Majesty.

- A daughter?

- Yes.

Why did no one tell me

before I entered?

I wanted to tell you myself, Hal.

We have a beautiful daughter.

Next time, a son.

Elizabeth.

We shall call her Elizabeth.

- Is the child in good health?

- Perfect, Your Majesty.

Good.

Well, if we can have a healthy daughter,
we can have a healthy son,
as you say, as you... say.

I'll kiss you and leave you, Anne.

God bless all here.

Will you not kiss your daughter?

My daughter?

No. When she's older.

When she has a brother.

- Still no word from the King?

- No, Your Majesty.

- No answer even to my letter?

- Nothing, Your Majesty.

How can he so utterly forget so much?

He does not forget, Mother.

He just has no wish to remember.

But rumours say that

all is not well with them.

Still no sign of a son.

That woman is in despair, they say.

For already my beloved father's eye
has started to wander again.

Poor Hal.

Poor Hal.

- You pity him?

- Was I not his much-loved wife?

And you are his daughter.

Unless he has a son of a true marriage,
you are his heir.

You must be Queen.

And remember,
when I'm gone,
you're first.

[groans]

Doctor! Quickly!

[formal music]

Touch her and I'll have her
sent from court.

Who?

That half-witted Seymour who is always
so tongue-tied and blushing and adoring
- when you enter my chamber.

- She's a child.

- But you would get a child by her.

- But not by you, except a useless girl.

Mind your tongue or I'll have you sent
from court to cool your temper, madam.

[music stops]

Play on! Play!

The Queen is tired, but does not wish
to spoil your pleasure.

Play!

Jane.

I...

I think we shall dance well together.

If I lead strongly,
will you softly follow?

I hope so, Your Grace.

That little sheep won't hold the
royal bull beyond the first encounter.

I order you!

Leave us.

Where is Jane Seymour?

Oromwell tells me when the dance was
ended, she was sent away under guard.

She's on her way to Northumberland.

As far away as I could send her,
since we don't own Scotland.
She has the face of a simpering sheep,
and the manners. But not the morals.
I don't want her near me.
- You will bring her back!
- I think not!
If you want her near you, find a place
for her in your palace at Whitehall.
Whilst I am here,
Jane Seymour must lie elsewhere.
Tell her.
Your Majesty, the people say
that you are the witch Queen.
Are we ruled by superstition?
Oatherine still lives
in the heart of the people.
The people say that her daughter
is the heir and yours the bastard.
I do not fear the people.
The people hate you, madam,
for displacing Queen Oatherine
and tearing the King
away from the true Ohurch.
As they hate me
for despoiling the monasteries.
But the King, they truly love.
You and I, madam,
live in the protection of the King.
So?
So in Parliament,
which speaks for the people,
there is a bill.
It is called the Act of Succession.
It makes your daughter the heir
and Oatherine's daughter, Mary,
illegitimate.
If the King does not wish it, the
Act of Succession will not be passed.
Would you sacrifice
the child of our love
to get a silly little harlot
brought back to court?
One daughter is much like another.

I care not who's named bastard
when I'm dead.

If I bring Jane Seymour back
you will have Parliament
pass the Act of Succession?

Yes.

What a liar you are.

What good is that Act
unless every man in the kingdom
who has power to accept my child
as legitimate heir
first swears an oath of fealty
to you as Head of the Ohurch?
And if they do not, Act of Succession
or no Act of Succession,
they will say my child is the bastard
and there's an end!

Go.

Nan, if you love me, don't defy me.

Bring her back.

I love you.

I shall go to my grave loving you,
no doubt, and hating you.

I will bring her back to my court
if the oath is sworn
by all men of power, high and low.

But those who refuse must die.

- You once said they must not die.

- You once said they must.

And now so say I.

Anne.

Anne.

If you love me, forget the succession.
If you remember how it all came about,
how can you look me in my eyes
and say our daughter will not succeed?
Because it would need unlimited murder.
Nan, look at me.

Is it fitting I should be Head
of the Ohurch, Pope and King at once,
a farce so that so many men must die?
Could you sign the death warrants?

I'd sign 10,000

rather than disinherit my blood!

It's that, or else it's my blood
and Elizabeth's.
Oromwell knows that.
Your butcher cleaver man knows that.
Send him to implement these details,
and let it be done quickly.
High or low, they will sign.
I wish I were loved, but I'm not.
And yet I am Queen of this island
and Elizabeth also shall be Queen.
For Elizabeth, no.
For her I will not commit murder.
Anne, if we had a male heir,
your son and mine...
I can be angrier than you've seen me.
I know where your heart is, not with me.
What has love got to do
with begetting of a king?
I'm not young. I'm not true.
I'm bitter. I'm envious.
I'm dangerous. I'm malicious!
It's your misfortune that you love me
now that I no longer love you.
And yet, at this moment I want you
because of the anger in your face
- and the spark of blood in your cheek.
- No.
Anne, give me a prince
and everything would be forgotten.
No! Not unless you kill them,
More and Houghton and Fisher
and all who will not sign,
not unless Elizabeth is your heir!
I'll kill them, then.
I rob, murder and commit sacrilege...
at your command.
You do what you wish
and call the deed mine.
I hate you.
I hate your desire and mine!
[drumming]
[drumming stops]
I pray you, Master Kingston,
see me safe up.

As for my coming down,
let me shift for myself.
[quiet chattering]
Good people, it has...
The King's orders.
You must not be heard.
Well, then I will not speak.
[drumming stops]
I die the King's good servant,
but God's first.
[drumming]
No!
[Anne sobs] No! No!
[Anne continues to sob]
- Well?
- A boy born dead.
She has miscarried of her saviour.
[sobbing]
I am accursed!
A live daughter and a dead son!
Did I accept excommunication for this?
Did I send More, Houghton and Fisher
to their death for this?
She cannot give me a living son!
Very well, then.
If she cannot give me a male heir,
I shall rid myself of her.
Sir, with Oatherine's death,
Anne is too firmly the Queen.
Find a way. Find a legal way.
I will divorce Anne.
Divorce is like killing. After the
first time, it doesn't seem difficult.
Your Grace, we asserted English law.
Anne is now Queen by English law.
Indeed. Indeed.
I divorced Oatherine in good faith.
But since that time, I have discovered
an impediment to my marriage to Anne.
I had a child by her sister Mary.
That, too, is incestuous.
We used the incest excuse last time.
We can't make a habit of it.
Neither Pope nor Emperor will

uphold her and the people hate her.
She'd fight. Her sister was married. You
couldn't prove it wasn't her husband's.

- Who do you serve?

- The King, Sir.

Your Grace can't afford
to start all that again.

Then do you know another way?

No, you! You tied me to her!

Now you find a way to get rid of her!

Perhaps...

...in her own life.

Her life?

Yes.

Her marriage contract with Percy.

He had her.

That's it, you crawling toad.

No, Your Grace, not her past life,
the present.

- The rumours that she has a lover.

- Anne? A lover?

I, a cuckold?

- Why, you're mad.

- If I could prove it?

Invent it, you mean,
with false evidence.

Adultery is high treason.

The penalty is death.

Get out.

Oromwell.

[Oromwell] It's most kind of you
to come, Master Smeaton.

I am honoured.

When invited to supper,
I'm expected to sing for it.

- As you do for the Queen?

- Oh, that is my pleasure.

She wishes me to be the first
music teacher to the Princess.

Please, sit.

No other guests.

Thank you.

Yes, for the Queen to make
the Princess your pupil,

she must think most highly of you.
Ah, the advantages of music.
I did not know
that music interested you.
It doesn't.
I am interested in the Queen,
and you know her so well.
Why, I'm merely a servant.
I have the King's express orders
to protect the Queen's person.
We have learned of threats.
Oh, many hate her.
I am dining you, as I will dine others,
to get to know those whom I may trust.
Oh, I see, I see.
And it is true that she likes
to have you close to her, is it not?
Without boasting,
I believe she prefers me to many.
She prefers my style to the Italian.
It is nearer to the manner
she loved in the French Oourt.
She learned to love
like a French woman.
Yes, simple tunes sung with...
You would be wiser not to laugh.
It is a more valuable asset
than a pleasant singing voice.
I make my way by singing. I've no desire
to go any further by any other route.
Oome now.
There are only two reasons for you to be
constantly in the Queen's apartments.
You love her,
or you are in the pay of Spain.
- Why, I go when I am sent for.
- To love or spy? Which?
I'm sorry...
Which?
You're too simple to spy,
I know that.
- So it is love. You love her.
- No! No!
You do not love your Queen?

Well, yes, all right, I do love her.

As my Queen.

- And she loves you.

- No, Sir, of course not.

Barton, come out here.

Bring your papers.

The last reply, but one.

"Well, yes, all right, I do love her."

- What are you trying to make me say?

- The truth.

- That you are the Queen's lover.

- Oh, no.

No! No!

- You first slept with her in February.

- I never!

- On the 18th of February.

- No!

Surely you remember

such an important date?

- No!

- Oome, try to remember.

[agonised screams]

No! No! No!

- Try!

- Yes!

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Anyone can walk,

but can you walk with a train?

- Yes.

- All right, head up.

Go on. Good!

Don't look round. Go on.

It will follow you like a kitten's tail.

Oh, what a queen it will make some day.

- Enter.

- Madam, the Duke of Norfolk insists...

Uncle! This is a rare honour nowadays.

Leave us.

Nan, brace yourself, girl.

I have a warrant for your arrest.

For my arrest?

A poorjoke.

It's not a joke, Anne.

I could've let others do it,

but I felt I could do it more gently.
But I'm the Queen.
How could I be arrested? For what?
Adultery, it says here.
Nonsense no doubt, but there it is.
Adultery? With whom?
- Smeaton, Norris and others.
- [Anne laughs]
- I thought you were serious.
- I am.
I am to take you to the Tower.
There's to be a trial. I am to preside.
But I'm the Queen.
My child, she's the King's heir.
Leave her with your women.
Anne, you must come at once.
Elizabeth!
Anne.
[clanking]
Down? Master Kingston,
shall I be shut in a dungeon?
No, madam. You will be lodged
near the room where you lay
on the night before your coronation.
Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me.
[jangle of keys]
I am Lady Kingston, madam.
I will wait upon you.
Will you?
Then go away. Leave me!
I fear, madam, that she must stay.
Every word spoken to you
or by you must be reported.
Send them away, Norfolk!
- Leave us.
- But...
Leave us!
Shall I ever be allowed to walk out
and look at the sky?
Shall I ever be free?
Norris, Weston, his friends?
His friends since I first met him?
- And they are accused with me?
- Yes.

He is willing to kill them
to get rid of me?

- To kill his closest friends?
- [man] Oome on! The other way!
My brother.

Why have they arrested him?
He also is accused of being your lover.
Incest.

Oh, God help me. The King is mad.
I am doomed.

Your Highness,
you are accused of high treason
in that you, being the lawfully
wedded wife of our Lord the King,
did commit adultery.

I ask that you answer my questions.
By what lawful authority
am I called here?

I am your Queen. And, as such, share the
King's immunity from arrest and trial.
Norris, Weston, Smeaton and Brereton
were tried and condemned ten days ago.
If they are guilty, then you are guilty.

- Did they plead guilty?
- They were found guilty.

They were innocent as I am innocent!

Any man, no matter who he is,
who says the contrary is a liar!

My Lord, the warrant of treason
was issued by direction of the King.
That is sufficient to give jurisdiction,

however, so that there may be no
possibility of doubt as to her guilt,
- will My Lord call the first witness?

- Oall the Earl of Rochford.

George Boleyn, Earl of Rochford,
come into court.

The Earl of Rochford.

Read the indictment.

George Boleyn,
you are accused of high treason,
in that on certain days and dates,
here specified,
you did commit adultery

with Anne, Queen of England.

Being your own sister in the flesh,
an act of incest.

No! Not true!

It is not your turn to speak.

How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

You are a foul liar,
and my judges are your creatures.

Stand up, Thomas Boleyn,
Earl of Wiltshire. Oome to the bar.

Do you recognise
these two here accused,
known as Anne and George Boleyn,
as issue of your body?

- I do.

- Look at them, My Lord.

By the same mother, Elizabeth Howard,
daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk,
and therefore full brother and sister
in the flesh
so that their lying together
would be incest?

- Yes.

- For which the penalty is death.
Proper evidence will be introduced
later. Remove the prisoner.

That's all, My Lord.

As father of the accused,
you are excused your duty as a judge
and may leave.

[Norfolk] Present your next witness.

- [man 1] Mark Smeaton, come into court.

- [man 2] Mark Smeaton.

My Lords, this man

was tried as a commoner.

He confessed and was found guilty
of adultery with the Queen
by a jury of his own order.

He will give evidence against the Queen.

Put your questions.

Smeaton, did you have carnal relations
with the Queen?

Smeaton, did you lie with the Queen?

No.

There is mercy only for those
that tell the truth.
Three men have been found guilty
on your evidence. Was that perjury?
You confessed to your guilt
knowing the penalty,
knowing, unless the King is merciful,
you will be hanged,
cut down while you still live,
disembowelled and your heart torn out!
The King will not be merciful
if you lie!
- Did you have carnal relations?
- Yes!
My Lord of Norfolk,
may I question this man?
I have not finished.
Justice must be seen to be done,
Master Oromwell.
- Proceed.
- Thank you, My Lord.
Mark, look at me.
I know well you have been tortured,
but tell them the truth, Mark.
Have courage.
- It is true.
- Write that. He says it is true.
They have promised you your life,
haven't they? If you lie for them?
They will break the promise.
It would not be safe to leave you alive.
- It's true.
- He says it is true for a third time.
- We have our evidence.
- Poor gentle singer.
Isn't it better, if you are to die,
that you die with the truth?
I am guilty!
I was guilty with the Queen!
Let me go now.
She came to my bed...
Let me go.
She came to my bed, I swear it.
Even when she tells him he will die

anyway, he still admits his guilt.

Write that. Take him out.

No. Wait.

My husband, the King.

Smeaton...

...how many times
did the Queen come to your bed?

- Many times.

- When?

- I don't remember.

- You will remember.

Oall it to mind or you'll speak
with those who can jog your memory.

Where did you couch with the Queen,
my wife?

- York Place.

- That's a lie.

- It could never have happened there.

- No, no, it was at Windsor.

She only went to Windsor with me.

Oan you think of no better lie?

It was many places, it was
wherever you like, whenever you like.

Oh, God, help me. Let me go free.

I'll say whatever you like.

Did Oromwell promise you your life
if you said this?

- Answer me! Did he?

- Yes.

He lied. Say what you like, Smeaton,
and you will not live.

Say what you like.

Speak now without lying,
for it will avail you nothing.

I am to die?

What happened between you and the Queen?

Between us?

Nothing.

She was kind and pleasant and just.

I would not hurt her.

I lied because they have broken me
with ropes and irons

and then promised I would go free.

Take him away.

And yet...
...it could be true.
For six years...
This year and this...
...and this...
...and this...
...I did not love him.
And then I did.
Then I was his.
I can count the days I was his
in hundreds.
The days we bedded.
Married.
Were happy.
Bore Elizabeth.
Hated.
Lusted.
Bore a dead child...
...which condemned me...
...to death.
In all...
...one thousand days.
Just a thousand.
Strange.
And of those thousand, one,
when we were both in love,
only one,
when our loves met and overlapped
and were both mine and his.
And when I no longer hated him,
he began to hate me.
Except for that one day.
I'm not hungry.
Take the food and leave me.
Nan,
is it true?
Have you stepped into your own trap,
My Lord?
Any evidence you have against me,
you yourself bought and paid for.
- Do you now begin to believe it?
- Anne.
Anne, the court is still in session
to decide your... verdict.

I don't want to hear your guilt from
them, I want to hear it from your lips.

- That I was unfaithful?

- Yes, just that.

Were you unfaithful to me
whilst I still loved you?

Of course, I'll never know. Whether
you say aye or no, I shall never know.

You come here to make sure
whether there was truly adultery
because that would touch
your manhood or your pride
and even so, my heart and my eyes
are glad of you.

Fool of all women that I am,
I'm glad of you here.

Go, then.

Keep your pride of manhood,
you know about me now.

Nan, is it true
that you're glad to see me?

- Yes, it's true.

- Then, Anne,
let's do all gently for old time's sake.

I have no wish to harm you,
and your words have moved me deeply.

I must be free to have a son,
and the son must be free
to rule England when I die.

Why must you leave a king to follow you?
Why not a queen?

This country has never been ruled
by a queen. It never could be.

We can never have a son now,
God has spoken.

I must have a son elsewhere.
And it's getting late.

I'm not as young as I was.
What do you want of me?

Agree to annul the marriage
and give up all rights.

You shall go abroad and take Elizabeth
with you. You will be well cared for.

Please set me free.

To marry Seymour
and make our child a bastard?
No. No. No.
Nan... Nan, you leave me no choice!
Once I told you any children we had
would not be bastards.
You promised marriage and the Crown.
Now you try to dance out
of your promise. Well, I won't have it!
We are man and wife together.
King and Queen. I keep that.
Take it from me as best you can.
Then you have decided, and so have I!
Before you go,
perhaps you should hear one thing.
I lied to you.
I said "I love you", but I lied.
I was untrue. Untrue with many.
- That is a lie.
- It is true.
I was unfaithful to you
with all of them.
With half your court! With soldiers
of your guard, grooms, stablehands.
Look, for the rest of your life,
at every man that ever knew me
and wonder if I didn't find him
a better man than you!
You whore!
But Elizabeth was yours.
Watch her as she grows.
She's yours. She's a Tudor.
Get yourself a son on that
sweet pale girl if you can
and hope that it will live.
But Elizabeth shall reign after you.
Yes! Elizabeth,
child of Anne the whore
and Henry the bloodstained lecher,
shall be Queen.
You've asked for death
and you shall have it.
So be it.
Only what I take to my grave,

you take to yours.
And think of this, Henry.
Elizabeth shall be a greater queen
than any king of yours.
She shall rule a greater England
than you could ever have built.
Yes! My Elizabeth shall be Queen.
And my blood will have been well spent.
She's lying.
She was never unfaithful to me.
She could. Any woman could.
No. She lies.
If she lies, let her die for lying.
Let her die!
- Is everything ready?
- Yes, My Lord. The Queen is at prayer.
Fetch her.
The time for prayer is passed.
- And where is the King?
- At Richmond. Out hunting.
Will you join him later?
No, by God.
For me there's killing enough this day.
[executioner speaks French]
Will it hurt?
They say not, My Lady.
The executioner from France
is an expert with the sword.
I hear that he is good.
And I have a little neck.
- Oh, My Lady.
- No, Kingston. No.
Oome, I am glad to die.
[birdsong]
The month is May.
- My Lady?
- Nothing.
[bell tolls]
[bell ceases]
Mon Dieul She looks at me!
Distract her!
[distant cannon fire]
- Away, My Lords.
- Where to, Your Grace?

To Mistress Seymour's.

[Anne] Elizabeth shall be a greater
queen than any king of yours.

She shall rule a greater England
than you could ever have built.

My Elizabeth shall be Queen.

And my blood will have been well spent.