

# Henry VIII

Adapted from Shakespeare by Phil Willmott

From the very start this production should banish all preconceptions we have of Henry VIII as a round, middle-aged man in a beard and tights. This is the story of a dynamic, virile king wrestling with his sense of duty, his lusts and with those intent on manipulating him for their own benefit. This should be a fast paced, edgy, modern tragedy.

SET – SOME VARIATION ON A SIMPLE, STYLISH, BLACK BOX WITH LOTS OF ENTRANCES. THE PLAY’S MANY LOCATIONS SHOULD BE REALISED AS MINIMALLY AND SWIFTLY AS POSSIBLE, OFTEN WITH JUST A CHANGE OF LIGHT, A SOUND EFFECT, A PROP, A CHAIR OR TWO ETC.

CARDINAL WOLSEY’S DESK, COMPLETE WITH LAPTOP, TELEPHONE, FILES, BLOTTER, CIGARETTE BOX ETC, REMAINS ONSTAGE THROUGHOUT.

SCENES SHOULD MOVE SEAMLESSLY INTO ONE ANOTHER ALLOWING THE ACTION TO MOVE ALONG AT THE PACE OF A SCREEN THRILLER.

THE PIECE SHOULD BE MUSICALLY UNDERSCORED LIKE A FILM.

HANDSOME CONTEMPORARY COSTUMES - THESE PEOPLE ARE RICH, POWERFUL AND KNOW HOW TO DRESS.

RATHER THEN ROBES CARDINAL WOLSEY WEARS A SUIT WITH A LITTLE SILVER CROSS PINNED ON HIS JACKET LAPEL. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS WEARS A PURPLE SHIRT AND DOG COLLAR BENEATH HIS JACKET.

## CHARACTERS

(With doubling for 11 actors)

King Henry VIII  
Queen Katharine

Cardinal Wolsey  
Duke of Norfolk  
Lord Suffolk  
Jessica Brandon  
The Duke of Buckingham / Court Cleric / The Earl of Surrey  
Anne Boleyn  
Jane Seymour  
Lady Griffiths  
Cardinal Campeius / Sir Anthony Denny

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

NIGHT – A RAINY LONDON STREET

CARDINAL WOLSEY ENTERS - AN IMPOSING, MATURE MAN.

HIS LOYAL SECRETARY, THE DOWDY, MIDDLE AGED, LADY GRIFFITH HOLDS AN UMBRELLA OVER HIM.

HE IS FLANKED BY LORD SUFFOLK AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK. THESE ARE TWO IMPOSING, PERHAPS THREATENING LOOKING YOUNG MEN. SUFFOLK'S AMBITION CAN MAKE HIM RATHER COLD AND HUMOURLESS, NORFOLK IS HIGHLY AMBITIOUS TOO BUT MORE OF A PLAYBOY WITH AN ALMOST PERMANENT SMIRK. THEY SPEAK ON RADIOS AND CONSTANTLY CHECK AROUND THEM LIKE PRESIDENTIAL BODY GUARDS.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (MID 30'S, KINDLY LOOKING) FOLLOWS BEHIND CARRYING OFFICIAL RED BOXES OF GOVERNMENT PAPERS.

THEY MAKE A SELF IMPORTANT, INTIMIDATING PROCESSION.

A TV NEWS CAMERAMAN STARTS FILMING THE RELUCTANT WOLSEY WHILST JESSICA BRANDON, A YOUNG FEMALE TV JOURNALIST, TRIES TO INTERVIEW HIM.

WOLSEY LOOKS FURIOUS BUT SWITCHES ON AN ELECTRIC SMILE WHEN THE BRIGHT LIGHT FROM THE TV CAMERA IS TURNED ON HIM.

JESSICA BRANDON:

Cardinal Wolsey, the country's grief  
Comes through taxations, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; this makes bold mouths:  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did.

WOLSEY: (CHARMING PUBLIC FACE)

If I am traduced by ignorant tongues, Jessica  
Which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing. Let me say  
'Tis but the fate of high office, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions in the fear  
We attract malicious censurers. They ever,  
As ravenous gulls do fishermen follow,  
To benefit no further than vainly longing.  
If we shall stand still in fear, our motion  
Will be mock'd or carp'd at, we should take root  
Here where we stand, or sit state-statues only.  
What we oft do best, by sick interpreters,  
Is not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act.

JESSICA SIGNALS TO THE CAMERAMAN TO CUT THE RECORDING AND WOLSEY'S POLITICIAN'S SMILE IMMEDIATELY VANISHES.

WOLSEY'S PARTY MOVES OFF.

JESSICA BRANDON AND THE CAMERAMAN ARE SHOVED OUT OF THE WAY, JESSICA TO THE FLOOR.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM APPROACHES JESSICA AND PICKS HER UP. HE LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY TO SEE THAT NO ONE IS WATCHING, THEN WARNS HER -

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

I advise you-

And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety--that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Carefully; You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful, and I know his power  
Hath a sharp edge: that blade is long and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up this counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome and be advised;

HE HURRIES OFF AFTER THE WOLSEY TEAM.

JESSICA BRANDON (TO THE CAMERAMAN)

I wonder how this Wolsey can take up the rays  
O' the beneficial sun and keep it from the earth.

BLACKOUT.

IN THE DARKNESS WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A CAR PULLING  
AWAY IN THE DISTANCE.

#### SCENE 1B

SHADOWY LIGHTS COME UP ON AN UNDERGROUND CAR PARK.

BRANDON WALKS ACROSS THE STAGE AND POINTS HER CAR  
KEY REMOTE CONTROL INTO THE AUDIENCE. THERE IS A BEEP  
OF THE CAR'S CENTRAL LOCKING.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM APPEARS OUT OF THE DARKNESS  
AND DRAGS THE STARTLED BRANDON INTO THE SHADOWS. HE  
TALKS URGENTLY AND SECRETLY.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Mark me! I have proof that Wolsey  
Has took upon him, without the privity o' the king,  
To appoint to office only those who advantage

His coffers. He makes up this file of all such gentry;

HE TAKES A FILE FROM HIS BRIEFCASE AND PASSES IT TO BRANDON, ALL THE WHILE CHECKING AROUND HIM THAT THEY AREN'T BEING WATCHED.

BRANDON READS THE CONTENT OF THE FILE GREEDILY.

(CONT.) I do know kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sickened their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly. And many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'im  
For this great journey.

BRANDON FLICKS THROUGH THE FILE LOOKING AT THE NAMES IT CONTAINS

JESSICA BRANDON  
The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;

AS THIS DIALOGUE CONTINUES ON THE FORESTAGE, IN THE BACKGROUND A SHAFT OF LIGHT COMES UP ON WOLSEY AT HIS DESK, ATTENDED BY GRIFFITHS, ISSUING INSTRUCTIONS TO NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK. HE SIGNS A WARRANT THAT HE HANDS TO THEM. THEY LEAVE AND GRIFFITH LIGHTS A STYLISH LITTLE CIGAR FOR HER BOSS.

He's not advanced by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon  
For his high feats done to the crown; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he takes his place.  
The force of his own merit smoothes his way  
Some gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

JESSICA BRANDON  
I cannot tell what heaven hath given him,  
Let other eye's pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him.

Let the people know, as soon they shall by me,  
That thus the cardinal does buy and sell honours  
As he pleases, and for his own advantage.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running.

JESSICA BRANDON

This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, but have  
We not the power to muzzle him?

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

I read in's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye reviled  
Me as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick.

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE WOLSEY IMAGE

JESSICA BRANDON

I am sorry to hear this of him; and could  
Wish you were something mistaken in't.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

No, not a syllable: This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both,--for he is equal ravenous  
Is very subtle, and as prone to mischief  
As able to perform't;

LORD SUFFOLK AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK SUDDENLY  
APPEAR. THEY SHINE FLASHLIGHTS AT THE DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAM AND BRANDON.

THEIR TONE OF VOICE ALTERNATES BETWEEN INSOLENT AND  
AGGRESSIVE.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK:

Sir, My lord the Duke of Buckingham?

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

E'n as I pronounced him, in these very shapes  
He doth appear in proof.  
Your office, Sirs; execute it.

LORD SUFFOLK

I arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Why not in the good lord Cardinal Wolsey's name?  
The rule of heaven's law to me,  
And the king's pleasure is by me obey'd!  
Tis Wolsey's net has fall'n upon me!  
I shall perish under his device and practise,  
Not the kings.

MOCKINGLY LORD SUFFOLK STROKES THE FRIGHTENED  
BUCKINGHAM'S CHEEK THEN PUSHES HIS FACE SHARPLY  
AWAY.

(CONT. TO LORD SUFFOLK) Perchance some friend's proved false;  
The o'er-great cardinal show'd him gold;  
My life is spann'd already:

JESSICA BRANDON

I am sorry to see you ta'en from liberty,  
To look on the business present:

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM)

'Tis his highness' pleasure  
You shall to the Tower. till you know  
How he determines further.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven  
Be done in this and all things! I obey.  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun. And so, farewell.

LORD SUFFOLK AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK START TO MARCH BUCKINGHAM AWAY.

JESSICA BRANDON

I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me in this, now to forgive me frankly.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM PULLS HIMSELF FREE AND TURNS BACK TO HER.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:  
No black envy shall mark my grave.  
Commend me to his grace the King;  
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
My vows and prayers yet are the king's;  
And, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!

LORD SUFFOLK MARCHES HIM OFF. HE CALLS BACK TO BRANDON AS HE GOES.

Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

NORFOLK TURNS HIS ATTENTIONS TO BRANDON. SHE IS FRIGHTENED AND BACKS TOWARDS THE WALL, CONCEALING THE FILE WHICH BUCKINGHAM GAVE HER BEHIND HER BACK.

HE ADVANCES ON HER, SEXUALLY MENACING. HE REACHES BEHIND HER AND SNATCHES THE FILE.

HE PUNCHES HER IN THE STOMACH. SHE CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND SOBBING. HE STARTS TO UNZIP HIS TROUSERS AND AT FIRST IT APPEARS HE WILL RAPE HER BUT INSTEAD HE URINATES ON HER. HE SPITS ON HER AND MOVES OFF LAUGHING.

AS THE LIGHTS GO DOWN ON BRANDON A SHAFT OF LIGHT APPEARS ON THE ACTRESS PLAYING GRIFFITHS WHO DELIVERS A CHORUS SPEECH TO THE AUDIENCE.

## SCENE TWO

CHORUS

'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the playwright  
Abused extremely, may cry out 'That's witty!'  
Which we have not done neither. That's I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;

QUEEN KATHARINE, HANDSOME IN HER 40'S FOLLOWED BY  
HER YOUNGER LADIES IN WAITING ANNE BOLEYN AND JANE  
SEYMOUR PASS ACROSS THE STAGE

And such we'll show you: So if you smile,  
And say 'twill do, we'll know, within a while  
Which men we've lost; for this I'll hap,  
That they will hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

SHE EXITS.

A SHAFT OF BACK LIGHT FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION  
SILHOUETTES THE BADLY BEATEN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AS  
LORD SUFFOLK DRAGS HIM IN AND DUMPS HIM ON A CHAIR.  
WOLSEY ENTERS THE AREA. SUFFOLK PULLS UP BUCKINGHAM  
HEAD BY THE HAIR AND WOLSEY SMASHES HIM ACROSS THE  
FACE WITH A BRIEFCASE. WOLSEY AND SUFFOLK EXIT.  
BUCKINGHAM'S SLUMPED FIGURE REMAINS ON STAGE  
THROUGH MOST OF SCENE THREE.

ANOTHER SHAFT OF LIGHT PICKS OUT THE GOOD LOOKING,  
VIRILE KING HENRY VIII IN SHORTS, TRAINERS AND A T-SHIRT  
JOGGING ACROSS THE STAGE FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF  
NORFOLK WHO IS ALSO IN TRAINING GEAR.

### SCENE THREE

ANOTHER CHANGE OF LIGHT TAKES US IMMEDIATELY TO WOLSEY'S OFFICE WHERE GRIFFITHS PRESENTS HIM WITH PAPERS TO SIGN.

KING HENRY VIII BURSTS IN, STILL IN HIS EXERCISE GEAR AND SWEATING FROM HIS RUN, ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

HE IS FOLLOWED BY QUEEN KATHARINE ATTENDED BY ANNE BOLEYN AND JANE SEYMOUR

KING HENRY VIII (TO WOLSEY)  
My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it.

HE SWIGS FROM A WATER BOTTLE THEN THROWS IT TO NORFOLK.

QUEEN KATHARINE (TO WOLSEY)  
I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

KING HENRY VIII  
It grieves many.

WOLSEY:  
Your Majesty;  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;  
To nature none more bound; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces

That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell.

KING HENRY

My noble queen; you shall hear things  
To strike honour sad. Let be call'd before us  
Our new made Lord of Suffolk; in person  
We'll hear him his confessions justify;

LADY GRIFFITHS GOES TO FETCH THE LORD OF SUFFOLK

And point by point Buckingham's treason  
He shall again relate. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practises; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

LADY GRIFFITHS RETURNS WITH LORD SUFFOLK.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (TO LORD SUFFOLK)

Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

SUFFOLK LOOKS NERVOUS

KING HENRY VIII

Speak freely.

LORD SUFFOLK

First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the king  
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
To make the sceptre his: these very words  
I've heard him utter then by oath he menaced  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

LORD SUFFOLK

This pausingly ensued: neither the king nor's heirs,  
Tell's the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty: I  
Shall govern England.

QUEEN KATHARINE

If I know you well, before your rise to greatness  
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

KING HENRY VIII

Let him on. Go forward.

LORD SUFFOLK

On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
He must be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him  
To ruminate on this so far. Tush, he answered  
I would have play'd, says he,  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife to him.

KING HENRY VIII

A giant traitor!

HENRY NOTICES SUFFOLK GLANCE UNEASILY AT WOLSEY.

There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

LORD SUFFOLK

After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,'  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor  
Was, -were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

KING HENRY VIII  
There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison?

QUEEN KATHARINE  
God mend all!

KING HENERY:  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his: if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.

HE SWEEPS OUTWITH KATHERINE ON HIS ARM.

WOLSEY PATS SUFFOLK ON THE BACK

#### SCENE FOUR

A NEWS BROADCAST.

WE HEAR THE VOICE OF THE NEWSREADER IN THE STUDIO BUT  
HEAR AND SEE JESSICA BRANDON REPORTING ON LOCATION  
OUTSIDE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S TRIAL.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.  
Were you there, Jessica?

SPOT LIGHT UP ON JESSICA

JESSICA BRANDON  
Yes, indeed, was I.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
Pray, speak what has happen'd.

JESSICA BRANDON  
You may guess quickly what.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
Is he found guilty?

JESSICA BRANDON  
Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
I am sorry for't.

JESSICA BRANDON  
So are a number more.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
But, pray, how pass'd it?

JESSICA BRANDON  
I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty and alleged  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney  
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired  
To have brought viva voce to his face:  
So appear'd against him the new made Duke of Suffolk;  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
Confessor to him;  
All these accused him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
After all this, how did he bear himself?

JESSICA BRANDON  
When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
I do not think he fears death.

JESSICA BRANDON  
Sure, he does not:

GRADUALLY THE OTHER CHARACTERS APPEAR IN THE  
VARIOUS DOORWAYS AROUND THE STAGE

BUCKINGHAM, FLANKED BY NORFOLK APPEARS.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
Stay there, Jessica,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

JESSICA BRANDON  
Let's stand close, and behold him.

JESSICA STEPS BACK AS BUCKINGHAM, ESCORTED BY  
NORFOLK, ENTERS AND STANDS CENTRE STAGE TO MAKE HIS  
STATEMENT IN A SPOTLIGHT.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM  
All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's reputation,  
And by that name may die: yet, heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death;  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:  
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.  
This from a dying man receive as certain:  
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell:  
And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!

LIGHTS DIM AS THE STAGE CLEARS AND BUCKINGHAM IS  
ESCORTED OUT.

#### SCENE FIVE

THE QUEEN, WHO WITH JANE SEYMOUR AND ANNE BOLEYN  
HAVE REMAINED ON STAGE, MOVES TOWARDS THE DESK AND  
USING A REMOTE CONTROL APPEARS TO SWITCH OFF A  
TELEVISION AS THOUGH THEY HAD JUST WATCHED THE  
BROADCAST OF BUCKINGHAM'S TRIAL.

THE OFFICE BRIGHTENS AS JANE SEYMOUR AND ANNE BOLEYN  
EXIT. KATHARINE SITS AT THE DESK, PUTTING HER SCARF  
OVER THE BACK OF THE CHAIR, AND LOOKS THROUGH SOME  
FILES.

THE KING ENTERS.

KING HENRY VIII (TO KATHARINE)  
Ask! Come and take place by us: half your suit  
Never name to us; you have half our power:  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
Repeat your will and take it.

QUEEN KATHARINE

I thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

KING HENRY VIII

Lady mine, proceed.

QUEEN KATHARINE

I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance:

WOLSEY ENTERS, ATTENDED BY LADY GRIFFITHS

HE MUST CONTAIN HIS FURY AND UNEASE AT FINDING  
KATHERINE IN HIS OFFICE.

- there have been taxations  
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master--  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!--even he  
Escapes not language unmannerly, yea, such  
Which breaks the sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

KING HENRY VIII

Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

CARDINAL WOLSEY MOVES TO THE DESK AND TIDIES THE  
INCRIMINATING FILES AWAY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Please you, sir,

I know but of that single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; I front the matter  
But others take such steps behind me.

QUEEN KATHARINE

No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you frame  
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance.

KATHARINE PICKS OUT THE FILE AGAIN

These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign should have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the bearing; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devised by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

KING HENRY VIII

The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

QUEEN KATHARINE

I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is named, your wars in France: this fuels rebellious thoughts.  
I would your highness would give it quick consideration,  
For there is no primer business.

KING HENRY VIII

By my life, this is against our pleasure.  
Things done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?

A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;

HENRY'S NOT AN ELOQUENT MAN HE STRUGGLES TO MAKE HIS  
ANALOGY TIE UP!

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap.

BACK ON SAFE GROUND -

To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;  
I put it to your care.

THE KINGS MOBILE PHONE RINGS – (GREENSLEVES TUNE!)

THE KING EXITS, ANSWERING HIS MOBILE.

KATHARINE AND WOLSEY EXCHANGES GLANCES THEN SHE  
FOLLOWS HENRY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (ALONE AND FURIOUS)

A plague upon all such meddling women  
Is there no way for men to be but women  
Must be half-workers? Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Nice longing, slanders, ambitions,  
All faults that may be names, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all.  
I detest and curse them: yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better:

WOLSEY CALLS IN GRIFFITHS WHO WRITES DOWN HIS  
INSTRUCTIONS.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon but let it be noised  
That through *our* intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes:

WOLSEY FINGERS THE SCARF THAT KATHARINE HAS LEFT.

I shall anon advise you further in the proceeding  
Of other matters.

WOLSEY THROWS THE SCARF IN THE AIR, CATCHES IT  
GLEEFULLY AND EXITS, FOLLOWED BY LADY GRIFFITHS

### SCENE SIX

AS THE LIGHTS GO DOWN ON WOLSEY'S OFFICE, A NEW SHAFT  
OF LIGHT APPEARS ELSEWHERE BACKLIGHTING KING HENRY  
AS HE ENTERS IN BOXING GEAR WORKING OFF AGGRESSION  
WITH SUFFOLK, HIS SPARRING PARTNER.

THE LIGHTS OPEN OUT AND KING HENRY AND SUFFOLK ARE IN  
A GYM.

WOLSEY ENTERS

WOLSEY  
(TO HENRY) My Lord?

HENRY IS STILL FURIOUSLY SPARRING AND DOESN'T NOTICE  
WHO HAS DISTURBED HIM.

KING HENRY VIII  
Who's there, ha?  
Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves  
Into my private meditations?  
Who am I? ha?

WOLSEY  
A gracious king that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way  
Is business of estate; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

KING HENRY TURNS TO FACE WOLSEY AND HIS ANGRY MOOD  
IMEDIATLEY LIFTS AS HE HUGS THE MAN HE SEES AS A  
FATHER.

SUFFOLK SETS A BENCH, THEN PICKS UP A FITNESS MAGAZINE  
AND MOVES OUT OF EARSHOT.

KING HENRY VIII  
My good lord cardinal, O my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.  
My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give me but an hour  
Of private conference.

WOLSEY AND KING HENRY SIT ON THE BENCH

WOLSEY MAKES A GREAT SHOW OF HAVING SOMETHING VERY  
SERIOUS ON HIS MIND WHICH UNERVES THE IMPRESSIONABLE  
KING.

THE CARDINAL BEGINS TO SPIN HIS WEB OF LIES WITH WHICH  
HE INTENDS TO SEPARATE THE KING FROM KATHERINE.

My conscience, too, long hath received a tenderness,  
Pricked by certain speeches utter'd last spring  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;

HENRY  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our child, Mary?

WOLSEY  
The same My Lord.

WOLSEY APPEARS RELUCATNT TO DELIVER HIS BOMBSHELL.

HENRY

(WORRIED) Proceed Wolsey

WOLSEY

I' the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he,  
I mean the bishop, did require a respite;  
Wherein he might consider of the matter  
Whether your daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this your marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes your brother's wife.

THE HOT HEADED HENRY IS ROUSED BY THE MEMORY.

This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forced such way,  
That many mazed considerings did throng  
And press'd in with this caution.

HENRY

What mean you: speak man

WOLSEY

Till then, methought  
You stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
Commanded nature, that the queen's womb,  
If it conceived a male child by you, should  
Do no more offices of life to't than  
The grave does to the dead; for your male issue  
Died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them:  
But on the Bishop's words I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on you; that your kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
Be gladdened in't by a son whilst you live in't union  
With your brother's widow. It followed that  
I weigh'd the danger which your realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I must steer  
You, my lord, t'ward a bitter remedy, you must  
Contemplate divorce.

THE KING IS DEAVASTATED. HIS INITIAL ANGER MAKES HIM ALL THE MORE SUSEPTIBLE TO WOLSEY'S MANIPULATION.

HENRY:

The loss of her that, like a jewel, has hung  
About my neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her that loves me with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless her king: Can this cruel course be pious?

WOLSEY

Know my lord that I bare no dislike i' the world  
Against the person of the good queen,  
But the sharp thorny points of my alleged reasons,  
Drive this forward:

HENRY

Prove but our marriage lawful and by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the highest court  
In heaven.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
In committing freely to the voice of Christendom:  
A trial just and noble is our answer. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Must have their free voices:

WHILST KING HENRY HAS HIS BACK TURNED, WOLSEY HASTILY BECKONS CARDINAL CAMPEIUS INTO THE ROOM.

Rome, the nurse  
Of judgment, hath sent, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom I now present unto your highness.

WITH AN AIR OF SERENITY, CARDINAL CAMPEIUS SILENTLY WALKS THROUGH THE ROOM. HE IS CARRYING A FOLDER. THE KING IS VERY IMPRESSED BY THIS PERFORMANCE DESIGNED TO INTIMIDATE HIM.

CAMPEIUS HAS A REFINED IRISH ACCENT.

KING HENRY VIII

With all my heart I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.

KING HENRY VIII

Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Suffolk?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

I know your majesty has always loved her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law:  
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

KING HENRY VIII

Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour  
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Prithee, call Lord Suffolk to me, whom you  
Have appointed my new secretary:  
I find him a fit fellow.

WOLSEY FETCHES LORD SUFFOLK

CARDINAL WOLSEY (ASIDE TO LORD SUFFOLK)

Give me your hand much joy and  
favour to you; You are the king's now.

LORD SUFFOLK (ASIDE TO CARDINAL WOLSEY)

But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

KING HENRY VIII  
Come hither, Lord Suffolk.

THE KING AND SUFFOLK SIT ON THE BENCH.

CAMPEIUS JOINS WOLSEY AWAY FROM THE BENCH AND TAKES  
OUT A HIPFLASK FROM WHICH THEY TAKE IT IN TURNS TO  
SWIG THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING, AMUSED, EXCHANGE.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS (TO WOLSEY OR SUFFOLK)  
My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
Yes, he was.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
Was he not held a learned man?

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
Yes, surely.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
How! of me?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
They will not stick to say you envied him,  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,  
That he ran mad and died.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment:  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

THEIR LAUGHTER IS CUT SHORT BY HENRY CALLING THE ROOM TO ORDER.

KING HENRY VIII (TO LORD SUFFOLK)

Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

LORD SUFFOLK LEAVES

The most convenient court that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning is BlackFriars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.

HE STRIDES OUT. WOLSEY AND CAMPIUS CLAP EACH OTHER ON THE BACK WITH THE DELIGHT THAT THEIR PLAN IS GOING SO WELL.

#### SCENE SIX

THERE IS A LOUD BURST OF CAT WALK MUSIC AND THE DOORS UPSTAGE SWING OPEN TO REVEAL JESSICA BRANDON, JANE SEYMOUR AND ANNE BOLEYN SIDE BY SIDE IN CLASSIC CATWALK POISE LIT DRAMATICALLY FROM BEHIND.

AS THEY PARADE DOWNSTAGE SWINGING SHOPPING BAGS FROM CLASSY STORES, THREE CHAIRS ARE SET IN FRONT OF THEM. THEY REACH THE CHAIRS AND FREEZE MOMENTARILY IN INDIVIDUAL SPOTLIGHTS. SUDDENLY THEY LAUGH, THE MUSIC DROPS TO UNDERSCORE AND THE LIGHTS OPEN OUT.

THEY PRODUCE MAKE UP, SHOES, JEWELLERY ETC FROM THE BAGS AND AS THEY GET READY FOR THE PARTY, THEY GOSSIP:

JESSICA BRANDON

Whither were you two going?

ANNE BOLEYN

To the Cardinal's:

JANE SEYMOUR

You're his guest there too?

JESSICA BRANDON

O, 'tis true:

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

JANE SEYMOUR

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;

His dews fall everywhere.

JESSICA BRANDON

No doubt he's noble;

ELEANOR BRANDON

He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:

ANNE BOLEYN

Men of his way should be most liberal;

They are set here for examples.

JANE SEYMOUR

True, they are so.

ANNE BOLEYN:

Did you not of late days hear

A buzzing of a separation

Between the king and Katharine?

JESSICA BRANDON

Yes, but it held not:

For when the king once heard it, out of anger

He sent command to the lord mayor straight

To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues

That durst disperse it.

ANNE BOLEYN

But that slander,

Is found a truth now: for it grows again

Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain

The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice

To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple

That will undo her.

JANE SEYMOUR

Is't not cruel the queen should feel  
The smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.  
Here's the pang that pinches:  
His highness having lived so long with her, and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing: after this process,  
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

JESSICA BRANDON

Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

JANE SEYMOUR

O, God's will! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp: though't be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.  
By my troth and I swear to you,  
I would not be a queen.

ANNE BOLEYN

Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture everything for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Desired eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts,  
Saving your mincing, the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

JANE SEYMOUR

Nay, good troth.

ANNE BOLEYN

Yes, troth, and troth; (TO JESSICA) you would not be a queen?

JESSICA BRANDON

No, not for all the riches under heaven.

ANNE BOLEYN:

'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
To queen it: but, I pray you,  
What think you to be a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

JESSICA BRANDON

No, in truth.

ANNE BOLEYN

Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
When more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a wealthy husband.

JANE SEYMOUR

How you do talk!

JESSICA BRANDON

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

## SCENE SEVEN

THE LIGHTS SWITCH TO AN INTERIOR STATE AND THE WOMEN  
TURN TO BE GREETED BY LADY GRIFFITHS. A CLERIC ROAMS  
THE ROOM WITH A TRAY OF CHAMPAGNE.

LADY GRIFFITHS

Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her

One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS ARRIVES. HIS REFINED IRISH ACCENT IS  
NOW COURSE.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

HE PINCHES LADY GRIFFITHS BEHIND.

LADY GRIFFITHS  
Good Cardinal Campeius, welcome.

HE OGLES THE GIRLS WHO AREN'T INTERESTED IN HIM

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
A Cardinal I am and yet I find such lay  
thoughts in me, some of them  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think I had better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.  
O, that I were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!  
They should find easy penance.  
As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

LADY GRIFFITHS  
His Grace is entering.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
Now, you must not freeze;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather:  
Pray, let me keep you from the frost  
And come between you ladies.

HE STANDS BETWEEN ELEANOR AND JESSICA

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father.

JESSICA BRANDON

Was he mad, sir?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:  
But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

HE ATTEMPTS TO KISS HER MUCH TO HER DISGUST

WOLSEY ENTERS

CARDINAL WOLSEY

You're welcome, my honoured friends:  
Though that noble lady, or gentleman, that is  
Not freely merry, is not my friend:  
Jessica you are not merry? Tell me,  
Whose fault is this?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

The red wine first must rise  
In her fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have her  
Talk us to silence.

JESSICA BRANDON (TRYING TO BE NICE TO CAMPEIUS)

You are a merry gamester, my Lord Cardinal.

THE CLERIC'S MOBILE VIBRATES. HE ANSWERS AND THEN  
HOLDS IT OUT FOR THE ATTENTION OF CAMPEIUS.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Yes, if I make my play.  
I told your grace she would talk anon.

WOLSEY (INDICATING THE CLERIC)

Well said, my lord.  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

CAMPEIUS LEAVES TO TAKE THE PHONE CALL, WINKING AT  
JESSICA

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

For my little cure,  
Let us alone. (EXITS)

THERE IS THE SOUND OF FIREWORKS FROM OFF

ANNE BOLEYN  
What's that?

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
What warlike voice,  
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF DRUNKEN SINGING FROM OFF AS THE  
KING ARRIVES WITH THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND LORD  
SUFFOLK. THEY HAVE GOT HIM DRUNK. ALL THREE ARE  
POORLY DISGUISED AS ARAB SHEIKS IN DARK GLASSES.

How now! what is't?

LORD SUFFOLK  
A noble troop of strangers we;  
For so we seem:

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
(TRYING AN ARAB ACCENT)  
We've left our barge and landed;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
I bid you welcome into our company,  
Where this heaven of beauty shall shine  
At full upon you.

ANNE BOLEYN (TO HENRY)  
A noble company! What are your pleasures?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK INTERCEDES

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Because he speaks no English, thus he'd have me  
To tell you, that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, he could do no less  
Out of the great respect he bears to beauty,  
But leave his flocks; and, under our Cardinal's conduct,  
Crave leave to view sweet ladies and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

You have done my poor house grace; for which I pay  
A thousand thanks, and pray you take your pleasures.

MORE CHAMPAGNE IS BROUGHT

HENRY IS FASCINATED BY ANNE BOLEYN

KING HENRY VIII

The fairest maid I ever saw! O beauty,  
Till now I never noticed thee!

ANNE BOLEYN

My lord, Cardinal

CARDINAL WOLSEY

My child?

ANNE BOLEYN

Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

I will, my lady.

HE WHISPERS WITH THE MEN

ANNE BOLEYN

What say they?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed; which they would have you

Find out, and he will take your duty.

ANNE BOLEYN

Let me see, then.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make  
A royal choice.

ANNE BOLEYN PICKS OUT HENRY AND KISSES HIM. THERE ARE  
GOADING CHEERS FROM NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK THAT PETER  
OUT AND THE KISS CONTINUES IN AN EMBARRASSING SILENCE.

KING HENRY VIII

Ye have found him, (TO WOLSEY)  
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, Wolsey.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

I am glad your grace is grown so pleasant.

KING HENRY VIII

Katharine's lady in waiting is this not?

ANNE BOLEYN

An't please your grace, I am that Anne Boleyn  
Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter--  
The Viscount Rochford,

KING HENRY VIII

By heaven, you are a dainty one. Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly, not to kiss you.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

KING HENRY VIII

I fear, too much.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the upper chamber.

KING HENRY VIII

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to this fair lady, and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour.

HE TAKES ANNE BOLEYN UPSTAIRS.

THE MOOD OF THE OTHERS DARKEN AS ALL PRETENCE AT  
BEING MERRY AT A PARTY IS DROPPED.

WOLSEY'S TEAM HAVE TRAPPED THEIR KING INTO AN  
INFIDELITY WITH ANNE AND IT IS AS IF THEY ARE SUDDENLY  
STRUCK WITH THE IMPLICATIONS OF THEIR ACTIONS.

LADY GRIFFITHS (TO WOLSEY)  
O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads  
That were the authors.

WOLSEY MUST BE FIRM TO KEEP HIS TEAM "ON MESSAGE"

WOLSEY  
But if the royal marriage prove unlawful,  
Where is the woe? Yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

LADY GRIFFITHS  
Good angels keep it from us!

WOLSEY:  
This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith to conceal it.

LADY GRIFFITHS  
Let me have it; I do not talk much.

WOLSEY  
I am confident,

WOLSEY AND LADY GRIFFITHS EXIT

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK GOES TO THE DESK AND CUTS A LINE  
OF COCAINE.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

LORD SUFFOLK  
And free us from his slavery.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages: all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

LIGHTS DOWN ON THEM

#### SCENE EIGHT

RELIGIOUS MUSIC.

QUEEN KATHARINE ENTERS AND KNEELS CENTRE STAGE, IN A  
SHAFT OF LIGHT, PRAYING. SHE KISSES HER ROSARY BEADS  
THEN, AS SHE STANDS, THERE IS A LOUD BURST OF  
SCRAMBLED MUSIC.

SHE EXITS IN HER OWN WORLD AS THE COURT ENTER AROUND  
HER FILLING THE STAGE WITH NOISE AND BUSTLE.

CHAIRS ARE POSITIONED FOR THE HEARING.

A CHAIR IS PLACED CENTRE STAGE READY FOR THE QUEEN'S  
ARRIVAL. BEHIND THIS, TO ONE SIDE, IS SET A CHAIR FOR  
SUFFOLK (HER DEFENCE) AND TO THE OTHER THE PAPAL  
CLERIC WAITS TO PUT THE CHARGES.

HENRY, FLANKED BY WOLSEY AND CAMPEIUS, SITS  
DOWNSTAGE.

THEY HAVE THEIR BACKS TO THE AUDIENCE FACING THE  
QUEEN'S CHAIR.

LADY GRIFFITHS ACTS AS STENOGRAPHER AND JESSICA BRANDON SITS TAKES NOTES.

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON STAGE, THE HOUSE LIGHTS COME ON TOO AS THOUGH THE AUDIENCE ARE IN THE COURTROOM.

THE CLERIC STANDS TO READ THE PAPAL COMMISSION.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

THE CLERIC IS ABOUT TO START WHEN HENRY STOPS HIM -

KING HENRY VIII

What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Be't so. We shall proceed.

COURT CLERIC

Katharine Queen of England, come into the court!

EVERYONE EXCEPT THE KING STANDS

LORD SUFFOLK (FROM OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER)

Katharine Queen of England, come into the court!

QUEEN KATHARINE ENTERS ACCOMPANIED BY HER LADIES ANNE BOLEYN AND JANE SEYMOUR, WITH LORD SUFFOLK AS HER DEFENCE COUNCIL.

THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES- THE QUEEN TO CENTRE STAGE, SUFFOLK AND THE CLERIC EITHER SIDE OF HER, THE LADIES IN WAITING ON CHAIRS BY THE DOOR. NORFOLK STADS IN THE DOORWAY.

EVERYONE SITS.

THE CLERIC STADS ONCE AGAIN TO BEGIN HIS ADRESS BUT KATHERINE CAN NOT CONTAIN HER FEELINGS, JUMPS UP AND ADRESSES THE KING DIRECTLY.

THE CLERIC SITS

QUEEN KATHARINE

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;  
And to bestow your pity on me: Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you?

KING HENRY STANDS.

SUFFOLK AND THE CLERIC STAND EACH TIME THE KING STANDS.

What cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me?

HENRY GOES TO COMFORT THE QUEEN

WOLSEY INDICATES THAT LADY GRIFFITHS SHOULD STOP RECORDING THIS INAPROPRIATE INFORMAILTY.

Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry  
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged.

WOLSEY STARES ANGRILY AT HENRY WHICH INTIMIDATES HIM INTO LEAVING KATHERINE'S SIDE AND SITTING DOWN AGAIN.

BUT HE LEAPS BACK UP AGAIN IMMEDIATELY AND IN AN ACT OF CHILDISH DEFIANCE AT WOLSEY AND SOLIDARITY WITH THE QUEEN HE LOVES HE PLACES HIS JACKET AROUND KATHARINE'S SHOULDERS TO INDICATE HIS SUPPORT FOR HER. HE SITS BACK DOWN.

Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
For many years, and have been blest  
With children by you.

ANGRY WITH HER HUSBAND SHE SHAKES OFF THE JACKET.

If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice.

HENRY CAN'T BARE TO SIT STILL AND LISTEN TO THIS. HE WANDERS AMONGST THE PUBLIC OBSERVERS OF THE COURTROOM REPRESENTED BY THE AUDIENCE.

Please you sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: it is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: therefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel  
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

KING HENRY VIII (GOING TO REASSURE HER)  
You have here, my love,

These two reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the good and learned lord of Sufflok,  
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore  
Bootless that we should wait on other agents.

WOLSEY SPEAKS POITEDLY IN AN EFFORT TO CONTROL THE  
KING AND GET THINGS BACK ON TRACK. BUT HE IS ALSO VERY  
AWARE THAT THIS IS A PUBLIC OCCASION AND THAT HE MUST  
KEEP THE AUDIENCE ON HIS SIDE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY (STANDS)

His grace  
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produced and heard.

ALL TAKE THEIR POSITIONS AGAIN AS THE CLERIC STANDS TO  
SPEAK ONCE MORE

COURT CLERIC

Feat mea voluntas-

QUEEN KATHARINE

Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

THE CLERIC SITS.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Your pleasure, madam?

QUEEN KATHARINE

Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Be patient yet.

QUEEN KATHARINE

I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;  
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

WOLSEY STANDS AND THROUGHOUT THIS SPEECH THERE ARE  
MURMERS AND CHANTS OF AGREEMENT FROM THE COURT.

HE MAKES A GREAT SHOW FOR THE PUBLIC OF BEING A  
RIGHTEOUS MAN WOUNDED BY KATHERINE'S GROUNDLESS  
ACCUSATIONS.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Madam, you do me wrong:  
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking  
And to say so no more.

HENRY FALLS FOR THE WHOLE ROUTINE AND GOES TO  
COMFORT WOLSEY.

KING HENRY VIII

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,  
Bark when their fellows do:

SYCOPHANTIC LAUGHS FROM WOLSEYS TEAM.

by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You're excused:  
But will you be more justified?

ALL SIT EXCEPT THE CLERIC

KATHERINE KNOWS SHE IS BEATEN BY ARCH POLITICIAN  
WOLSEY'S SHOW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

QUEEN KATHARINE  
Cardinal Wolsey,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and  
humble-mouth'd;

THE CLERIC SITS

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual: that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,

SHE STANDS

Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judged by him.

SHE BEGINS TO LEAVE THE COURT. NORFOLK BLOCKS HER EXIT. JANE SEYMOUR HANDS HER A HANDKERCHIEF TO DRY HER EYES.

AS EVERYONE STANDS CARDINAL WOLSEY INDICATES TO LADY GRIFFITHS THAT SHE SHOULD RECORD –

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
“The queen would leave the court”

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

KING HENRY VIII  
Call her again.

CLERIC  
“Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.”

ANNE GOES TO THE QUEEN

ANNE BOLEYN  
Madam, you are call'd back.

KATHARINE SLAPS ANNE.

QUEEN KATHARINE  
(SHARPLY) What need you note it? Pray you, keep your way:  
When *you* are call'd, return.

SHE REGRETS BEING SO HARSH WITH ANNE AND HUGS HER.

Now, the Lord help,  
They vex me past my patience!

KATHARINE GOES TO LEAVE BUT NORFOLK STILL LOOMS IN THE DOORWAY.

Pray you, pass on:  
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

NORFOLK STEPS ASIDE AND SHE LEAVES WITH ANNE BOLEYN  
AND JANE SEYMOUR.

THOSE LEFT QUICKLY START TO CONVERGE UPSTAGE AND  
CHATTER ABOUT THE RECENT EVENTS.

KING HENRY JUMPS ONTO HIS CHAIR AND PROUDLY SHOUTS  
AFTER HER:

KING HENRY VIII  
Go thy ways, Kate!

ALL STOP AND STARE AT THE KING.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day:  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

WOLSEY IS GLARING AT HENRY WHO GETS DOWN FROM THE  
CHAIR AND CROSSES TO HIM LIKE SHAMEFACED NAUGHTY  
CHILD.

KING HENRY VIII  
(SULKILY TO WOLSEY) I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.

WOLSEY GLARES.

HENRY PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER AND ASSUMES COMMAND  
AGAIN.

(ALOUD)  
Prithee, make new approaches to the queen.  
I know you mean to do us good.

NO ONE DARES MOVE

(FURIOUS) Break up the court:  
I say, set on.

HE STORMS OUT

THE COURT CLEARS, LEAVING THE CHAIRS IN POSITION.

LIGHTS GO DOWN ON THE AUDIENCE.

DURING THIS JESSICA BRANDON APPROACHES ANNE BOLEYN  
AND JANE SEYMOUR TO INTERVIEW THEM FOR THE TV NEWS.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IS WATCHING THEM, PERCHED ON THE  
EDGE OF A DESK.

JESSICA BRANDON EXITS.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

ANNE BOLEYN  
My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

JANE SEYMOUR  
It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

ANNE BOLEYN  
Now, I pray God, amen!

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK GOES TOWARDS THEM

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (TO ANNE BOLEYN)  
You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures.

ANNE BOLEYN TWISTS NORFOLK'S ARM BEHIND HIS BACK

That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you, and (SHE LETS GO)  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke: to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE BOLEYN AND JANE SEYMOUR MOVE DOWNSTAGE

ANNE BOLEYN

I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (TO ANNE BOLEYN)

Lady, I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you.

ANNE SITS AND PUTS THE KING'S JACKET AROUND HER

(ASIDE) I have perused her well;  
Beauty and politic in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle?  
(TO ANNE) I'll to the King, and say I spoke with you.

SHE JUMPS UP, QUICKLY REMOVING THE JACKET.

ANNE BOLEYN

My honour'd lord.

NORFOLK EXITS. JANE SEYMOUR AND ANNE BOLEYN CLUTCH  
AT EACH OTHER, EXCITED.

JANE SEYMOUR

Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been attendant these four years in court,  
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh fish here -fie, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune! -have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it.

ANNE BOLEYN

This is strange to me.

JANE SEYMOUR

How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no.  
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

ANNE BOLEYN

Come, you are pleasant.

JANE SEYMOUR

With your theme, I could o'ermount the lark.  
The Marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!  
No other obligation! By my life,  
That promises more thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt.

ANNE BOLEYN

Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. it faints me,  
To think what follows.

THE QUEEN ENTERS PURSUED BY CARDINAL CAMPEIUS WHO IS TRYING TO PERSUADE HER TO SUBMIT TO TRIAL AGAIN.

ANNE BOLEYN AND JANE SEYMOUR RETREAT TO BESIDE THE DESK, IN ATTENDANCE. ANNE HURRIEDLY CONCEALS THE KING'S JACKET.

KATHARINE (TO CAMPEIUS)

What can be your business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

ANNE BOLEYN (ASIDE TO JANE)

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

JANE SEYMOUR

What do you think me?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Peace to your highness!

QUEEN KATHARINE

Your grace finds me here part of a housewife,  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What is your pleasure with me, reverend lord?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

May it please you noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, I shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

THE QUEEN, PULLING UP A CHAIR, SITS IN FRONT OF JANE AND ANNE.

QUEEN KATHARINE

Speak it here:  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lord, I care not, so much I am happy  
Above a number, if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,-

#### THE QUEEN MOVES AWAY

QUEEN KATHARINE

O, good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have lived in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
suspicious;  
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,  
(INDICATES JANE AND ANNE)  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolved in English.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Most honour'd madam,  
Cardinal Wolsey, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

QUEEN KATHARINE

In England  
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friend,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence  
In mine own country, lord.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

I would your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

QUEEN KATHARINE

How, sir?

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

'Twill be much

Both for your honour better and your cause;

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,

You'll part away disgraced.

Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving and most gracious.

ANNE BOLEYN (ASIDE TO JANE)

He tells her rightly.

QUEEN KATHARINE (SHE BECOMES ANGRY)

Ye tell me what ye wish for both, -my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge

That no king can corrupt.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Your rage mistakes me.

QUEEN KATHARINE

The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;

But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:

Mend 'em, for shame, my lord. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,

A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries;

I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

QUEEN KATHARINE

Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye

And all such false professors! would you have me--

If you have any justice, any pity;

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits--  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,  
His love, too long ago! My looks have withered,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Your fears are worse.

QUEEN KATHARINE

Have I lived thus long -let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends -a wife, a true one?  
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? loved him next heaven?  
obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, my lord.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

CARDINAL CAMPIEUS

Madam, you wander from the good I aim at.

QUEEN KATHARINE

My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

CARDINAL CAMPIEUS

Pray, hear me.

QUEEN KATHARINE

Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have an angels' face, but heaven knows your heart.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
(TO JANE AND ANNE) Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friend, no hope; no kindred weep for me;  
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

CARDINAL CAMPIEUS

If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it:  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ENTERS, BRISKLY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS

Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;  
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.  
Trust us.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Trust us.

THERE IS SILENCE. THEN QUEEN KATHARINE JUMPS UP AND RUNS BETWEEN WOLSEY AND CAMPEIUS. SHE STORMS OUT AND THE DOORS CRASH BEHIND HER.

PAUSE.

SLOWLY THE DOORS RE-OPEN AND RELUCTANTLY ENTERS.

QUEEN KATHARINE

Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,  
If I have used myself unmannerly;  
You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray, do my service to his majesty:  
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

THE STAGE FILLS AS QUEEN KATHARINE MAKES HER FAREWELLS. NORFOLK ENTERS WITH A SUITCASE THAT SHE TAKES. SHE LOOKS AROUND ONCE MORE, THEN SWIFTLY EXITS. ALL FOLLOW HER OUT. CARDINAL WOLSEY AND ANNE BOLEYN ARE THE LAST TO LEAVE, ON REACHING THE DOOR THEY STOP AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

BLACKOUT

END OF FIRST HALF

Interval

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

THE STAGE IS SET WITH A BENCH AND JUDO MATS  
SOME MONTHS HAVE PASSED

IN HIS OWN CLOTHES, THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS  
BUCKINGHAM/SURREY MAKES HIS WAY CENTRE STAGE AND  
SHIELDING THE LIGHT FROM HIS EYES, LOOKS OUT AT THE  
AUDIENCE

## CHORUS

Things that bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in another short hour. Only they  
That come to hear a merry bawdy play  
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye:

KING HENRY AND ANNE BOLEYN ENTER. DRESSED IN JUDO  
OUTFITS, THEY SILENTLY SIZE ONE ANOTHER UP AS THE  
CHORUS CONTINUES.

Think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery:  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

THE CHORUS EXITS AND LIGHTS COME UP ON AN INTIMATE,  
ANIMATED JUDO ROUTINE. THERE IS MUCH GRUNTING AND  
GIGGLING. ANNE IS CLEARLY THE BETTER PLAYER.  
AS ANNE KNOCKS HENRY TO THE FLOOR AND STRADDLES HIM,  
CARDINAL WOLSEY AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK ENTER.

NORFOLK BENDS DOWN AND WHISPERS IN HENRY'S EAR.

HENRY JUMPS UP. ANNE PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIM.

KING HENRY VIII

How now, my lord! you desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

ANNE BOLEYN

It is his duty to attend your highness' pleasure.

HENRY SLIPS OUT FROM ANNE'S HOLD

KING HENRY VIII

My good and gracious cardinal Wolsey.  
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me  
your hand.

PLAYFULLY HENRY HOLDS OUT HIS HAND. WOLSEY  
CAUTIOUSLY CLASPS IT AND SURPRISES EVERYONE BY HIS  
OWN SELF DEFENCE MOVE TO REMOVE HENRY'S GRASP.  
HENRY LAUGHS.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being  
consider'd,

KING HENRY AND WOLSEY SIT. ANNE STANDS BEHIND HENRY  
AND DRAPES HERSELF OVER HIM.

Have moved us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us;

ANNE

There's no one stands under more  
Calumnious tongues than he himself, poor man.

KING HENRY VIII

Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend:

WOLSEY

I hoped to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
And, to the matter that we have in hand:  
I say, my sovereign, Hereford is meetest man  
To be your regent in the realm of France.

KING HENRY VIII

I am content. Hereford shall be regent.

ANNE BOLEYN

My Lord, my love, say, is this the guise,  
Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's king?  
That shall King Henry be a pupil still  
Under the surly Wolsey's governance?  
Will I be a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a priest?

WOLSEY (MOVING AWAY)

Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his censure: these are no women's  
matters.

ANNE BOLEYN

If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
To be protector of his excellence?

WOLSEY

Madam, I am his highness' servant;  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

ANNE 'AWWS' AND BRUSHES WOLSEY'S CHIN.

HENRY PICKS UP ANNE AND PLACES HER AWAY FROM WOLSEY.

HENRY:

Sweet dove, leave the Cardinal and I to conference.

ANNE BOLEYN (TO WOLSEY)

Resign it then and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king--as who is king but thou?--  
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.  
The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.  
Thy sumptuous buildings and thy entertainments  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.  
Thy cruelty in execution  
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.  
They sale of offices and towns in France.

KING HENRY VIII

Sweet love -

ANNE

If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make him quickly hop without his head.

SHE KISSES CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE FOREHEAD, THEN  
KISSES KING HENRY WHO FONDLY SMACKS HER AS SHE RUNS  
OUT GIGGLING.

WOLSEY

Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

KING HENRY VIII

Know you not how your state stands  
I' the world, with the whole world? Your  
Enemies are many, and not small; their  
Practises must bear the same proportion;  
And not ever the justice and the truth  
O' the question carries the due o' the verdict  
With it: at what ease might corrupt minds  
Procure knaves as corrupt to swear against  
You? Such things have been done.  
You are potently opposed; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

#### WOLSEY AND KING HENRY SIT

##### WOLSEY

God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

##### KING HENRY VIII

Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you; if they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring, this seal

#### THE KING HANDS WOLSEY A RING/SEAL

Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them.

#### WOLSEY TURNS AWAY, APPARENTLY MOVED.

Look, the good man weeps!  
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest  
mother! I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom.  
Wolsey, It is our pleasure that our second marriage  
Shall be announced and later Anne Boleyn's coronation.  
Katharine no more shall be call'd queen,  
But princess dowager and widow to Prince Arthur.  
Get you gone, and do as I have bid you.

#### THE KING EXITS

LIGHTS CHANGE TO REVEAL CARDINAL WOLSEY, FURIOUS,  
ALONE IN HIS OFFICE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Anne Boleyn! No; I'll no Anne Boleyn's for him:  
There's more in't than fair visage. Boleyn!  
It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,  
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.  
No, we'll no Boleyns. No Marchioness of Pembroke!  
A knight's daughter, to be my mistress!

ANNE NERVOUSLY ENTERS ELSEWHERE ON THE STAGE,  
FREQUENTLY LOOKING AROUND

I know her now for  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-ruled king.  
Speedily I shall write to Rome  
And appose this hapless marriage.  
Her candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;  
Then out it goes.

HE SITS AT HIS DESK AND WRITES AN EMAIL.

## SCENE TWO

THE EARL OF SURREY ENTERS AND GLANCES AROUND, SEES  
ANNE AND MAKES HIS WAY OVER TO HER FOR THEIR LIAISON.

ANNE BOLEYN

If we now will unite in our complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them: if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

SURREY

I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my cousin Buckingham and,  
To be revenged on him.

ANNE BOLEYN

Which of the peers  
Have unctem'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

SURREY

My lady, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me I know;  
What we can do to him, though now the time  
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in's tongue.

ANNE BOLEYN

O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out.

LIGHTS DOWN AS ANNE AND SURREY EXIT, AND WOLSEY TOO  
LEAVES HIS OFFICE.

IN THE BLACKOUT SUFFOLK, MASKED, ENTERS WOLSEY'S  
OFFICE. HIS FLASHLIGHT PROVIDES THE ONLY LIGHT. HE TAPS  
AWAY ON WOLSEY'S LAPTOP. ONCE FINISHED, HE SWIFTLY  
EXITS

AS THE LIGHTS SLOWLY COME UP, SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK  
ENTER. NORFOLK HAS A HANGOVER AND IS CLUTCHING A  
GLASS OF WATER. HE SLUMPS INTO WOLSEY'S CHAIR, PUTS HIS  
FEET UP ON THE DESK AND LIGHTS A CIGAR.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Each every morning.

LORD SUFFOLK

Believe it, this is true:  
His spell is broken: the king hath found  
Matter against him that forever mars  
The honey of his language. The Cardinal's  
Contrary proceedings in the divorce  
Are all unfolded wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
How came his practises to light?

LORD SUFFOLK  
Most strangely.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
O, how, how?

SUFFOLK MAKES ROOM ON THE DESK TO PERCH. HE CONSULTS  
THE LAPTOP.

LORD SUFFOLK  
The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.'

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Has the king this?

LORD SUFFOLK  
Believe it.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
Will this work?

LORD SUFFOLK  
The king in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death:

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The Lord forbid it fails!  
There's other wasps that buzz about his nose  
May make their sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled;  
The king will cry Ha! at that.

LORD SUFFOLK

May God now incense him,  
And let him cry Ha! the louder now!

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

Marry, amen!

FROM OFF STAGE WE HEAR - The king, the king!

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK JUMP UP. NORFOLK HIDES THE GLASS  
AND TRIES TO WAFT THE SMOKE AWAY.  
THE KING ENTERS WITH ANNE ON HIS ARM. NORFOLK PULLS  
BACK THE CHAIR AS SHE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE DESK TO  
BROWSE THE LAPTOP. SHE IS CARRYING A FILE.

ANNE BOLEYN:

Further, my Lord,  
Here is an inventory, thus importing;  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.  
What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him!

KING HENRY VIII

How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,  
Saw you the cardinal?

LORD SUFFOLK

My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion  
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple, straight  
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts

His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

KING HENRY VIII

It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I required: and wot you what I found  
There, -on my conscience, put unwittingly?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

Some spirit put some paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal?

KING HENRY VIII

If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ENTERS AND WARILY TAKES IN THE  
SCENE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Heaven forgive me!  
Ever God bless your highness!

KING HENRY VIII

Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span  
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

CARDINAL WOLSEY PICKS UP THE LAPTOP.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which perforce  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendence to.

KING HENRY VIII  
You have said well.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying!

KING HENRY VIII  
'Tis well said again;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:  
And yet words are no deeds.

KING HENRY INDICATES FOR ANNE, NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK  
TO LEAVE. THEN, WITH A SWEEP OF HIS ARM, CLEARS A SPACE  
ON THE DESK, ON WHICH HE SITS, LOOKING AT WOLSEY.

My father loved you:  
His said he did; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But pared my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.  
Have I not made you,  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true:  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

CARDINAL WOLSEY SITS AT HIS DESK

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite; which went

Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends  
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

KING HENRY VIII  
Fairly answer'd;

ANNE, JANE SEYMOUR, LADY GRIFFITHS, NORFOLK AND  
SUFFOLK ENTER.

A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you than any; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

CARDINAL WOLSEY CLASPS HIS HANDS TOGETHER ON THE  
DESK AND LEANS FORWARD.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
I do profess  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be--  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid,--yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,

And stand unshaken yours.

KING HENRY VIII

'Tis nobly spoken:

ANNE TRIES TO HAND HENRY SOME SHEETS OF PAPER. HE BRUSHES HER ASIDE.

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't.

ANNE ONCE MORE TRIES TO PASS HENRY THE PAPERS. THIS TIME HE TAKES THE EMAILS AND READS THEM THOROUGHLY.

Read o'er this;

HE THRUSTS THE LETTERS ONTO THE DESK.

(FURIOUSLY)

And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

HE EXITS, BRUSQUELY. EVERYONE FOLLOWS LEAVING WOLSEY ALONE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

What should this mean? What sudden anger's this?  
How have I reaped this?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger.

HE GLANCES AT THE PAPER AND THE HORROR DAWNS ON HIM:

'Tis so; the letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to's holiness gain'st the royal marriage  
To Anne Boleyn. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

WOLSEY STARTS TO TIDY HIS DESK, PUTTING PAPERS INTO HIS BRIEFCASE.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK RETURN. LADY GRIFFITHS TRIES TO STOP THEM IN THE DOORWAY. NORFOLK SITS ON THE PILE OF FILES ON THE CORNER OF THE DESK AND SUFFOLK MENACINGLY STANDS THE OTHER SIDE OF WOLSEY.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you  
To render up that ring and seal you wear  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Stay:  
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE OFFICE AS WOLSEY, CLASPING HIS BRIEFCASE EXITS. NORFOLK, SUFFOLK AND LADY GRIFFITHS FOLLOW. THEY RE-ENTER THROUGH ANOTHER DOOR AS A DIFFERENT AREA OF THE STAGE IS LIT.

LORD SUFFOLK

Who dare cross 'em,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Till I find more than will or words to do it,  
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
I dare and must deny it.

NORFOLK TRIPS UP WOLSEY WHO FALLS TO THE GROUND AND SENDS HIS BRIEFCASE FLYING. PAPERS SCATTER ACROSS THE STAGE WHICH LADY GRIFFITHS HASTILY PICKS UP. WOLSEY STRUGGLES TO STAND UP.

Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
I who fed ye! Made you sleek and wanton!  
Take you pleasure now to bring my ruin?!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. This ring and seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Now, who'll take it?

LORD SUFFOLK

The king, that gave it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

It must be himself, then.

CARDINAL WOLSEY TAKES THE BRIEFCASE FROM LADY  
GRIFFITHS AND MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE STAGE. HE IS  
MET AT THE EXIT BY SURREY WHO MENACINGLY BARS THE  
WAY.

SURREY

Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Proud lord, thou liest.

Until today anyone durst better

Have burnt their tongue than said so.

SURREY

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of my cousin, noble Buckingham

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

With thee and all thy best parts bound together,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland;

Far from his succor, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolved him with an axe.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you  
You have as little honesty as honour,

CARDINAL WOLSEY MOVES AWAY FROM SURREY AND WALKS  
BETWEEN NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK TO ANOTHER EXIT.  
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK GRAB HIM. SURREY MOVES TOWARDS  
WOLSEY.

SURREY

My lords, can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, (HE SPITS IN WOLSEY'S FACE)  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

SURREY PUNCHES WOLSEY HARD IN THE STOMACH. WOLSEY  
DOUBLES UP AND FALLS TO THE GROUND. LADY GRIFFITHS  
RUSHES TO HELP BUT HE BRUSHES HER OFF. SURREY KICKS  
WOLSEY OVER SO HE IS LYING ON HIS SIDE.

SURREY

Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

ANNE BOLEYN ENTERS, CLICKING HER FINGERS SO WOLSEY STANDS. HE IS DRAGGED TO HIS FEET BY NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

ANNE BOLEYN

My Lords, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you

SHE WIPES HIS BROW WITH HIS OWN HANDKERCHIEF.

Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

CARDINAL WOLSEY BREAKS AWAY FROM HIS TORMENTORS

CARDINAL WOLSEY

How much, methinks, I could despise this woman,

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

So much fairer  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

ANNE BOLEYN

This cannot save you now:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Speak on;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SURREY MOVES IN CLOSE BESIDE WOLSEY.

SURREY

I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!  
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NORFOLK MOVES IN CLOSE BEHIND WOLSEY.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'  
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

SUFFOLK MOVES IN CLOSE BESIDE WOLSEY.

LORD SUFFOLK

Then that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SURREY

Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

LORD SUFFOLK

That, out of mere ambition, you have caused  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SURREY, NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK NOW TIGHTLY SURROUND  
WOLSEY. HE LOOKS TO EACH IN TURN, AS THEY SPEAK.

SURREY

Then that you have sent innumerable substance--  
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience--  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

LADY GRIFFITHS PUSHES THROUGH TO REACH WOLSEY.

LADY GRIFFITHS (TO SURREY)

O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

ANNE BOLEYN JOINS THEM AND LADY GRIFFITHS RETREATS.

ANNE BOLEYN

Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is:  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever,

WOLSEY LUNGES AT HER

and to be  
Out of the king's protection.

SHE LEAVES WITH SURREY

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back that ring and seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK GRAB LADY GRIFFITHS, PUSHING HER  
THROUGH THE EXIT AS THEY FOLLOW.  
WOLSEY IS LEFT ALONE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!

VERY SLOWLY HE WALKS THE LENGTH OF THE STAGE AND  
EXITS.

SCENE THREE

A BLAST OF GLORIOUS MUSIC

KING HENRY AND ANNE BOLEYN ENTER FROM OPPOSITE SIDES AND SLOWLY MEET CENTRE STAGE. HE LIFTS HER VEIL.

HENRY

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
As I have a soul, you are an angel;  
Your king has all the Indies in his sites,  
And more and richer, when he beholds you.  
What place for conscience now?

THE KING AND QUEEN REMAIN STILL.  
LIGHTS COME UP ON THE OFFICE AS WOLSEY, IN CASUAL CLOTHES NOW, ENTERS. CARRYING A BOX, HE THOUGHTFULLY PACKS UP HIS DESK DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECH. THE LAST ITEM TO PACK IS A GUN THAT HE GETS FROM A SHELF UNDER HIS DESK.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

FOR THE LAST TIME, HE LEAVES HIS OFFICE.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK ENTERS AND WHISPERS TO HENRY. HENRY KISSES ANNE WHO THEN EXITS. HENRY WATCHES HER LEAVE AND THEN FOLLOWS NORFOLK OUT OF ANOTHER EXIT.

DURING THIS THE STAGE IS SET: WOLSEY'S DESK IS MOVED TO THE SIDE AND A SMART PARK BENCH IS POSITIONED CENTRE STAGE.

LIGHTS UP ON A PARK. THERE IS THE SOUND OF DUCKS.

WOLSEY ENTERS, MAKING HIS WAY TO THE BENCH, HE PUTS DOWN THE BAG HE IS CARRYING AND LIFTS OUT A BAG OF BREAD CRUMBS. HE MOVES DOWNSTAGE AND STARTS TO FEED THE DUCKS.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

WOLSEY RETURNS TO THE BENCH AND SWITCHES ON A SMALL RADIO. LISTENING TO THE CRICKET, HE GOES BACK TO FEEDING THE DUCKS.

LADY GRIFFITHS ARRIVES. HE HANDS HER SOME BREAD. SHE THROWS A LITTLE, THEN LETS IT DROP TO THE GROUND

AFTER A WHILE -

LADY GRIFFITHS  
I have no power to speak, sir.

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
What, amazed  
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fall'n indeed.

LADY GRIFFITHS  
How does your grace?

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Griffiths.

HE SWITCHES OFF THE RADIO AND BECKONS LADY GRIFFITHS TO SIT BESIDE HIM. HE POURS TWO CUPS OF TEA FROM A FLASK.

I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O, 'tis a burthen, Griffiths, 'tis a burthen  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

LADY GRIFFITHS

I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries and greater far  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

LADY GRIFFITHS

The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.  
The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

That's somewhat sudden:  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on em! What more?

LADY GRIFFITHS

That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

That's news indeed.

QUEEN ANNE APPEARS ON A BALCONY AND WAVES TO THE CROWDS.

LADY GRIFFITHS

Last, that the Lady Anne  
This day was view'd in open as the King's wife,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Griffiths,  
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Griffiths;  
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;  
Some little memory of me will stir him--  
I know his noble nature--not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Griffiths,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

LADY GRIFFITHS

O my lord,  
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Griffiths leaves her lord.

LADY GRIFFITHS STANDS

The king shall have my service: but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Griffiths, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes:

LADY GRIFFITHS NERVOUSLY GIVES A REASSURING PAT TO  
WOLSEY'S SHOULDER.

LADY GRIFFITHS  
Good sir, have patience.

SHE EXITS

CARDINAL WOLSEY  
So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

WOLSEY PACKS UP AND AS HE EXITS, SWITCHES ON THE RADIO.  
THE NEWS THEME SOUNDS.

#### SCENE FOUR

LIGHTS UP ON JESSICA BRANDON, AS SHE ENTERS TO REPORT  
ONCE MORE TO THE NEWSROOM. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A  
CROWD CHEERING.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
You're well met once again.

JESSICA BRANDON  
So are you.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The Lady Anne Boleyn pass from her coronation?

JESSICA BRANDON  
'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

NEWS READER'S VOICE  
'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;  
This, general joy.

JESSICA BRANDON

'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds--  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward--  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants and sights of honour.

NEWS READER'S VOICE

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? How goes her business?

JESSICA BRANDON

That I can tell you too.  
The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage made of none effect  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

KATHARINE ENTERS

NEWS READER'S VOICE

Alas, good lady!

#### SCENE FIVE

THERE IS THE SOUND OF CROWS AS LIGHTS CROSS FADE TO  
KATHARINE'S GARDEN AT KIMBOLTON.  
SHE DROPS HER WALKING STICK AND JANE RUSHES TO HER  
AID. DURING THIS EXCHANGE, JANE TAKES KATHARINE'S  
HANDS AND HELPS HER WALK TO THE BENCH.

KATHARINE

Jane! Where had you been broiling  
Yesterday?

JANE SEYMOUR

Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger  
Could not be wedged in more: I am still stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

KATHARINE

You saw the ceremony?

JANE SEYMOUR

That I did.

KATHARINE

How was it?

JANE SEYMOUR

Well worth the seeing.

KATHARINE

Speak it to us.

JANE SEYMOUR

As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she looked the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks--  
Doublets, I think,--flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

KATHARINE

And, what follow'd?

AS BACKGROUND TO THE FOLLOWING SPEECH, QUEEN ANNE SLOWLY DESCENDS FROM THE BALCONY AND HENRY ENTERS FROM BELOW. THEY MEET UPSTAGE, BEHIND THE BENCH AND KNEEL. EVERYONE ELSE HAS ALSO ENTERED AND SIMILARLY KNEELS.

JANE SEYMOUR

At length her grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-like  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung 'Te Deum.'

THE CORONATION PLAYERS STAND AND HENRY WITH ANNE HEAD THE PROCESSION AND LEAD EVERYONE OUT.

So she parted,  
And with the same full state paced back again  
To York-place, where a feast was held.

KATHARINE

You must no more call it York-place, that's past;  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

JANE SEYMOUR

I know it;  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

LADY GRIFFITHS ARRIVES WITH A POT PLANT FOR KATHARINE. SHE HANDS IT TO JANE.

LADY GRIFFITHS

How does your grace?

KATHARINE

O Lady Griffiths, sick to death!  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair:  
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Lady Griffiths, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey, Was dead?

JANE EXITS WITH THE PLANT

LADY GRIFFITHS

Yes, madam; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

KATHARINE

Prithee, good Griffiths, tell me how he died:  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily  
For my example.

LADY GRIFFITHS

Well, the voice goes, madam:  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not last the night.

KATHARINE

Alas, poor man!

LADY GRIFFITHS

About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

KATHARINE

So may he rest; He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,  
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;

His own opinion was his law: i' the presence  
He would say untruths; and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty.

LADY GRIFFITHS

Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

JANE RE-ENTERS

KATHARINE

Yes, good Griffiths;  
I were malicious else.

LADY GRIFFITHS

This Cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: ever witness for him  
Those twins Of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT

KATHARINE

After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as you are.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!  
Eleanor, be near me still; and set me lower:  
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffiths,

JANE AND LADY GRIFFITHS EXIT. KATHARINE REMAINS SEATED.

### SCENE SIX

THE PALACE LATE AT NIGHT. THERE IS THE SOUND OF ANNE SCREAMING.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK MEETS SIR ANTHONY DENNY, A DOCTOR.

SIR ANTHONY

It's eleven o'clock, boy, is't not?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

It hath struck. These should be hours for  
Delights; not for necessities,  
Good hour of night, Sir  
Thomas. Whither so late?

SIR ANTHONY

Came you from the king, my lord?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

I did not, Sir: he left the palace  
Some hour past with the Lord Suffolk.

SIR ANTHONY

I must speak to him.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (OFFERING DENNY A CIGARETTE)

What's the matter?  
It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give me  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that  
Walk, as they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

SIR ANTHONY

My lord, The queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir  
Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

SIR ANTHONY

Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

ANNE SCREAMS AGAIN AND A NURSE ARRIVES TO FETCH SIR ANTHONY.

NURSE

Sir Anthony!

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND SIR ANTHONY FOLLOW THE NURSE OUT.

## SCENE SEVEN

KATHARINE'S ROOMS LATE THAT NIGHT. THE BENCH IS DRESSED WITH A THROW AND CUSHIONS. A CARRIAGE CLOCK CHIMES MIDNIGHT.

JANE ENTERS PUSHING A WHEELCHAIR AND HELPS KATHARINE INTO IT. SHE TAKES OUT A PACK OF PLAYING CARDS.

KATHARINE

Jane, I will play no more tonight;  
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

JANE SEYMOUR

My Lady, I did never win of you before.

KATHARINE

But little, Eleanor;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

LADY GRIFFITHS ARRIVES

How now? From the queen what is the news?

LADY GRIFFITHS

I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your  
highness most heartily to pray for her.

KATHARINE

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

LADY GRIFFITHS

So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
made almost each pang a death.

KATHARINE

Alas, good lady!  
God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
His highness with a son!  
'Tis midnight, Prithee, both to bed;  
And in thy prayers remember  
The estate of our poor queen.  
Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

LADY GRIFFITHS

I wish your highness a quiet night.

JANE SEYMOUR

And I will remember her in my prayers.

KATHARINE

Good night to you both.

JANE SEYMOUR AND LADY GRIFFITHS SPEAK TOGETHER.

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

LADY GRIFFITHS

She is going, wench: pray, pray.

JANE SEYMOUR

Heaven comfort her!

SUFFOLK APPEARS.

LADY GRIFFITHS GOES TO TALK TO HIM. SHE RETURNS TO THE QUEEN.

LADY GRIFFITHS

There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

KATHARINE

Admit him entrance, Griffiths.

LORD SUFFOLK STEPS FORWARD. KING HENRY FOLLOWS AND CROSSES TO THE FAR CORNER, OUT OF KATHARINE'S SIGHT.

O, my Lord of Suffolk,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

LORD SUFFOLK

Noble lady,  
First mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

SUFFOLK HANDS KATHARINE A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

KATHARINE

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past an comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?

KATHARINE GESTURES FOR SUFFOLK TO SIT BESIDE HER.

LORD SUFFOLK

Madam, in good health.

KATHARINE

So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom! Eleanor, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away?

JANE SEYMOUR

No, madam.

SHE HANDS A LETTER TO KATHARINE WHO PRESENTS IT TO  
LORD SUFFOLK

KATHARINE

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

LORD SUFFOLK

Most willing, madam.

KATHARINE

In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;  
(SHE LOOKS AT THE LOCKET AROUND HER NECK)  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding--

She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope she will deserve well,--and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly.

My next petition (SHE REACHES FOR LADY GRIFFITHS AND JANE)

Is for my women; they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by:  
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life  
And able means, we had not parted thus.

My last poor petition

Is, that his noble grace will ever look kindly  
Upon my waiting woman Anne Boleyn, that so long  
Have follow'd behind my fortunes faithfully:  
I dare avow, and now I should not lie, she will deserve  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be noble  
For sure, she shall be happy that shall have him.  
These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

LORD SUFFOLK

By heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

KATHARINE

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness:  
Say his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
My Lord of Suffolk, Lady Griffiths farewell.  
Nay, Eleanor, you must not leave me yet:  
I must to bed. When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: although  
Unqueen'd, yet like a queen, and daughter

To a king, inter me. I can no more.

KATHARINE LEAVES WITH LADY GRIFFITHS AND JANE, STILL UNAWARE THAT THE KING WAS WITH HER.

THE KING IS VERY MOVED. HE SITS.

TO ALLOW HIM SOME PRIVACY SUFFOLK EXITS.

KING HENRY VIII

That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,  
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK ENTER. THEY ARE URGENTLY DISCUSSING SOMETHING.

LORD SUFFOLK

Come back: what mean you?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners.

NORFOLK MOVES TOWARDS THE KING

Now, good  
Angels fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

HENRY GOES TO NORFOLK

KING HENRY VIII

Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,

HENRY LASHES OUT AT NORFOLK, THEN CALMS HIMSELF AND  
SITS BACK DOWN.

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK RETREAT.  
HENRY PRODUCES A JEWELLERY BOX FROM HIS JACKET,  
KISSES IT, AND PLACES IT ON THE BENCH.

KING HENRY VIII  
Lord Suffolk!

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK COME FORWARD.

LORD SUFFOLK  
Your Majesty?

KING HENRY VIII  
Give him an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

SUFFOLK HANDS NORFOLK £100, THEN HE AND THE KING EXIT.  
WITH DISGUST, NORFOLK LOOKS AT THE MONEY.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK  
An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment.

HE REMOVES THE NECKLACE FROM THE JEWELLERY CASE AND  
POCKETS IT. HE STARTS TO LEAVE.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,

HE RETURNS AND PICKS UP THE CHAMPAGNE

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

HE EXITS.

SCENE EIGHT

THE BENCH IS REMOVED AND IT IS NOW THE PALACE. A BABY IS CRYING.

THE KING CARRIES IN THE BABY ELIZABETH.

ALONE HENRY LOOKS DOWN AT HIS DAUGHTER.

KING HENRY

A most unspotted lily shall you pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn you.  
The saints must have you; yet a virgin,

ANNE BOLEYN, SUPPORTED BY THE NURSE, ENTERS AND THEY HOVER IN THE DOORWAY. ANNE LOOKS ON FONDLY.

You shall be loved and fear'd: your own shall bless you;  
Your foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with you:  
In your days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
God shall be truly known; and those about you  
From you shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
These are the servants to you,

ANNE SLOWLY WALKS OVER TO HENRY

ANNE BOLEYN

Thou speakest wonders.  
Thou hast made me now a woman! never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing:  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
And ye shall find me thankful.

SHE REACHES HENRY AND PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIS  
WAIST. WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING AT HER, HE SHRUGS HER OFF  
AND EXITS. DISTRAUGHT, ANNE FALLS TO HER KNEES.

THE DEAD - THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL WOLSEY  
AND KATHARINE - APPEAR TO ANNE BOLEYN AND SURROUND  
HER. EVERYONE APPEARS TO GLOW.

KATHARINE

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

KATHARINE

Fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

WOLSEY

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

KATHARINE

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

WOLSEY

Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

AS THE GHOSTS LEAVE, THE LIGHTS FADE TO A CHURCH  
WINDOW LIGHTING ANNE. THEN FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

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