

BRING UP THE BODIES

BY HILARY MANTEL

ADAPTED FOR THE STAGE

BY MIKE POULTON



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

BRING UP THE BODIES
Copyright © 2016, Mike Poulton and Tertius Enterprises Ltd
Copyright © 2014, Mike Poulton and Tertius Enterprises Ltd

Bring Up the Bodies
Copyright © 2012, Tertius Enterprises Ltd

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of BRING UP THE BODIES is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for BRING UP THE BODIES are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights for BRING UP THE BODIES should be addressed to Alan Brodie Representation Ltd, Paddock Suite, The Courtyard, 55 Charterhouse Street, London EC1M 6HA, England. Attn: Sarah McNair.

Inquiries concerning all rights for the novel *Bring Up the Bodies* by Hilary Mantel should be addressed to A.M. Heath & Company Ltd, 6 Warwick Court, Holborn, London WC1R 5DJ, England. Attn: Bill Hamilton.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce BRING UP THE BODIES is required to give credit to the Author(s) as sole and exclusive Author(s) of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON TEXT

Some cuts and changes to this text may have been incorporated for the 2015 Broadway production. The version of the text published in this Acting Edition must be used for all stock and amateur performances licensed by Dramatists Play Service.

For Otto and Mandy Warhol

BRING UP THE BODIES was first produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, on December 11, 2013. It was directed by Jeremy Herrin; the set and costume design was by Christopher Oram; the lighting design was by Paule Constable; the music was by Stephen Warbeck; the music director was Rob Millett; the sound design was by Nick Powell; the fight director was Bret Yount; and the production manager was Patrick Molony. The cast was as follows:

THOMAS CROMWELL Ben Miles
GREGORY CROMWELL Daniel Fraser
RAFE SADLER Joshua Silver
CHRISTOPHE/FRANCIS WESTON Pierro Niél Mee
KING HENRY VIII Nathaniel Parker
KATHERINE OF ARAGON/JANE BOLEYN Lucy Briers
JANE SEYMOUR/PRINCESS MARY/
LADY WORCESTER Leah Brotherhead
ANNE BOLEYN Lydia Leonard
HARRY PERCY/WILLIAM BRERETON Nicholas Shaw
THOMAS WYATT/HEADSMAN Jay Taylor
CARDINAL WOLSEY/SIR JOHN SEYMOUR/
SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON/
ARCHBISHOP WARHAM Paul Jesson
MARK SMEATON Joey Batey
STEPHEN GARDINER/
EUSTACHE CHAPUYS Matthew Pidgeon
THOMAS CRANMER/THOMAS BOLEYN/
FRENCH AMBASSADOR Giles Taylor
THOMAS MORE/HENRY NORRIS John Ramm
GEORGE BOLEYN/EDWARD SEYMOUR Oscar Pearce
DUKE OF NORFOLK Nicholas Day
DUKE OF SUFFOLK Nicholas Boulton
LADY-IN-WAITING/MAID/
MARJORIE SEYMOUR Madeleine Hyland
MARY BOLEYN/ELIZABETH CROMWELL/
MARY SHELTON Olivia Darnley
BARGE-MASTER/WOLSEY'S SERVANT Benedict Hastings
ENSEMBLE Mathew Foster
ENSEMBLE Robert MacPherson
All other parts played by members of the Company.

The production transferred to the Aldwych Theatre, London, on May 1, 2014, presented by Matthew Byam Shaw, Nia Janis, and Nick Salmon for Playful Productions and the Royal Shakespeare Company, Bartner/Tulchin Productions, and Georgia Gatti for Playful Productions, and transferred to Broadway's Winter Garden Theatre in March 2015 as WOLF HALL, Parts 1 and 2.

BRING UP THE BODIES was originally commissioned by Playful Productions.

CHARACTERS

THOMAS CROMWELL

ELIZABETH (LIZ) CROMWELL, his wife

GREGORY CROMWELL, their son

RAFE SADLER, a young gentleman, Cromwell's ward and secretary,
later one of the King's gentlemen

CHRISTOPHE, a French boy and thief, Cromwell's manservant

KING HENRY VIII, King of England

KATHERINE OF ARAGON, the Queen

PRINCESS MARY, their daughter

ANNE BOLEYN, lady-in-waiting to Queen Katherine,
later Queen of England

HENRY (HARRY) PERCY, a young lord, later Earl of
Northumberland

THOMAS WYATT, a young poet, friend to King Henry

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP THOMAS WOLSEY, Lord Chancellor

MARK SMEATON, Cardinal Wolsey's lutenist

WILLIAM WARHAM, Archbishop of Canterbury

STEPHEN GARDINER, later Bishop of Winchester

EUSTACHE CHAPUYS, Imperial Ambassador

THOMAS CRANMER, Anne Boleyn's chaplain,
later Archbishop of Canterbury

THOMAS MORE, later Lord Chancellor

SIR THOMAS BOLEYN, later Earl of Wiltshire

GEORGE BOLEYN, later Lord Rochford, brother of Anne and Mary

MARY BOLEYN, King Henry's mistress, Anne Boleyn's sister

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, Thomas Howard

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK, Charles Brandon, the King's friend
and brother-in-law

SIR HENRY NORRIS, the King's Groom of the Stool

SIR WILLIAM BRERETON, gentleman of the King's Chamber

FRANCIS WESTON, one of the King's gentlemen

JANE SEYMOUR, lady-in-waiting to Anne Boleyn

SIR JOHN SEYMOUR, father of Jane Seymour

EDWARD SEYMOUR, brother of Jane Seymour

MARJORIE SEYMOUR

JANE BOLEYN, LADY ROCHFORD, wife to George

MARY SHELTON, lady-in-waiting to Anne Boleyn

ELIZABETH, LADY WORCESTER, lady-in-waiting to Anne Boleyn

SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, Constable of the Tower

THE EXECUTIONER OF CALAIS

and SERVANTS, MONKS, DANCERS, LORDS, LADIES,
BISHOPS, GUARDS, etc.

BRING UP THE BODIES

The full cast enters. Thomas Wyatt addresses the opening lines from his sonnet to Anne Boleyn, observed by King Henry, all three of them observed by Thomas Cromwell.

WYATT.

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind ...
But for me, alas!, I may no more:
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore
I am of them that furthest come behind —
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer ... But as she flee-eth afore
Fainting I follow ... I leave off, therefore —
Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind ...

Prologue

Wolsey's ghost. A forest — the first three scenes (design and light) must tell us we are in a forest, and that the realm of nature, the unseen and the unforeseen, is encroaching on Wolf Hall. We must feel we are out of London. Distant hunting horns. Wolsey's ghost scents the air and disappears. Demons reprise elements of the Wolsey masque. The masque changes to a hunt. A hart crosses the stage and exits. Anne, looking hunted, crosses the stage. Horns draw nearer and nearer. Hounds baying louder and louder. Huntsmen blow a kill. Huntsmen bring on the deer stuck with crossbow bolts. Laughter. Enter King Henry VIII (who has fleshed out), Francis Weston, Sir William Brereton, Sir Henry Norris, with crossbows. King Henry cuts the heart out of the deer. Huntsmen blow.

KING HENRY. My hounds must have their fee! Norris. Brereton. Weston. (*Playfully he smears bloody hands on the faces of Brereton, Weston, and Norris. A servant pours a bowl of water for King Henry, Norris hands King Henry a towel. Huntsmen begin to butcher the deer.*)

BRERETON. Let Cromwell do that — our “fat butcher.”

WESTON. How many more times! Wolsey was the fat butcher— Cromwell's —

THOMAS. I'm the grim blacksmith. (*Rain — a downpour.*)

KING HENRY. God granted me the stewardship of this kingdom ... I wish He'd given me lands with less rain and more sunshine in them.

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Enter old Sir John Seymour, Edward Seymour, and Marjorie Seymour.

SIR JOHN. Welcome, Majesty! Welcome to Wolf Hall.

KING HENRY. Sir John Seymour! Very glad to see you.

SIR JOHN. Majesty.

KING HENRY. We've hunted our way through Somerset and Wiltshire — to bring you venison.

SIR JOHN. Majesty.

KING HENRY. I am your guest. We'll stay —

THOMAS. Five days.

KING HENRY. Five days. Then on to Farnham and so to London ...

SIR JOHN. My ... er ... wife.

MARJORIE. Your Majesty does us great honour ...

SIR JOHN. My son Edward you know —

KING HENRY. Yes — we remember Edward from the late Cardinal's household —

EDWARD. *(Kneeling.)* Majesty.

KING HENRY. Get up, Edward.

EDWARD. And my sister Jane, sir.

KING HENRY. Ah, Jane we know! Jane ... Now we visit you at home, will you be less shy? At Court we get hardly a word from her. Oho, did you ever see such a blush! Never — unless upon a little maid of twelve.

JANE SEYMOUR. I cannot claim to be twelve.

KING HENRY. *(Smiles upon Jane Seymour two seconds too long. Recalls himself.)* That small sheep — over there, Cromwell — what would you say it weighs?

THOMAS. No more than thirty pounds, sir.

WESTON. He should know. He used to be a shearsman, didn't he?

KING HENRY. We'd be a poor country without our wool trade,

young Weston. Jane? (*King Henry offers Jane Seymour his arm. They go into Wolf Hall.*)

SIR JOHN. Tell me, Master Cromwell — when will you marry again? Don't you live miserably — with no women in your life?

THOMAS. I'm never miserable, Sir John. The world is too good to me.

SIR JOHN. We've many fresh girls in our Forest of Savernake. Don't be alone in the world — marry again, man!

THOMAS. I have my son Gregory with me.

GREGORY. (*Bows.*) Your servant, Sir John. (*Dinner served.*)

SIR JOHN. Boys are very well, but a household's no home without women. There's my daughter Jane — such a good girl —

KING HENRY. She is, she is! Tomorrow you'll hunt with me, Jane.

SIR JOHN. Put her in the saddle and Jane's the Goddess Diana — good strong thighs on her — she'll make some man a fine wife — though I never troubled her much with schooling. What do girls want with foreign languages? They're not going anywhere. Am I right, Cromwell?

THOMAS. Well ... I had my daughters taught equal with my son.

WESTON. What? In the tiltyard? (*Thomas smiles, patiently.*)

EDWARD. It's not uncommon for city daughters to be taught their letters —

WESTON. Cromwell's daughters! Can you imagine them? You'd not want to bump into one of them on a dark night in Putney!

GREGORY. My sisters died, sir. You insult their memory —

JANE SEYMOUR. (*Steers Gregory away, hand on his arm.*) You men think we do nothing but sew and gossip. But I've lately got some skill of the French tongue —

SIR JOHN. (*Spluttering.*) Have you, Jane?

JANE SEYMOUR. Mary Shelton is teaching me.

KING HENRY. Mary Shelton is a kindly young woman.

WESTON. Very skilful in the French tongue!

JANE SEYMOUR. (*To Gregory.*) When we leave our studies, we speak of love.

KING HENRY. (*Laughing, intrigued.*) Do you, Jane?

JANE SEYMOUR. Which gentlemen are fittest to be lovers, who burns with secret love for the Queen — who among you writes the best verses —

KING HENRY. No harm in verses.

WESTON. Even to married ladies. (*General laughter.*)

KING HENRY. Now tell us — who writes you verses, Jane? Who are *your* suitors?

JANE SEYMOUR. You must put on a woman's gown, Majesty, and ply your needle if you want to know that.

KING HENRY. I shall! I'll come and search out all your lewd secrets — unless we can find someone more maidenly for the task? Gregory, you're a pretty fellow — or that boy Mark — the musician? Now there is a smooth and girlish countenance.

JANE SEYMOUR. Oh, we barely count Mark a man — he's always among the ladies. If you want to know our secrets, ask Mark.

THOMAS. I'll remember that.

KING HENRY. What sort of a day shall we have tomorrow? The Cardinal reckoned he could change the weather. "A good enough morning," he'd say, "but by ten it will be brighter."

EDWARD. Some men have a weather eye — that's all it is, sir. It's not special to cardinals.

KING HENRY. I should never have stood in awe of him.

WESTON. He was too proud — for a subject. (*King Henry falls asleep.*) So you'll hunt with us tomorrow, Lady Jane?

JANE SEYMOUR. If His Majesty wants me. I do as I'm told.

WESTON. The Queen would be angry if she knew.

THOMAS. Make sure she doesn't find out, then — there's a good boy.

SIR JOHN. He's fallen asleep.

EDWARD. Whose office is it to wake him?

WESTON. Harry Norris — but His Majesty's sent him across country with love letters for Queen Anne.

THOMAS. Francis Weston, your gentlemanly touch is required.

WESTON. I wouldn't dare. (*King Henry sinks toward the table, snorts.*)

SIR JOHN. (*Whispering.*) Make a noise — wake him naturally. Tell a joke, Edward — and we'll laugh. Suddenly.

EDWARD. *A joke? (Affronted.)* I think not.

BRERETON. You wake him, Cromwell. No man so great with him as you.

THOMAS. Not I. (*Jane Seymour taps the back of King Henry's hand. His eyes flick open.*)

KING HENRY. (*Rises.*) Well ... Early start tomorrow. Oh ... Where's Harry Norris?

THOMAS. Ridden to the Queen, sir — with your letters.

KING HENRY. Then ... Weston — follow me. Jane — good night.

BRING UP THE BODIES

by Hilary Mantel

adapted for the stage by Mike Poulton

16M, 5W (doubling, flexible casting)

Mike Poulton's two-part adaptation of Hilary Mantel's Man Booker Prize-winning novels is a thrilling portrait of a brilliant manipulator navigating a high-stakes political landscape. WOLF HALL begins in England in 1527. King Henry VIII needs a male heir, and his anger grows as months pass without the divorce he craves. Into this volatile court enters the commoner Thomas Cromwell. Once a mercenary and now a master politician, he sets out to grant King Henry's desire while methodically and ruthlessly pursuing his own Reforming agenda. In BRING UP THE BODIES, Anne Boleyn is now Queen, her path to Henry's side cleared by Cromwell. But Henry still needs a male heir, and he begins to fall in love with the seemingly plain Jane Seymour. Cromwell must negotiate an increasingly perilous court to satisfy Henry, defend the nation, and advance his own ambitions.

"The extraordinary enthusiasm for these books across page, stage and screen is partly due to the inherent dramatic power of the narratives ... [Mantel and Poulton] bring to the familiar tale of doomed wives and religious convulsion a thrilling originality of psychology and storytelling ... absolute dramatic clarity with tantalizing historical ambiguity ... Mantel and Poulton, while themselves rewriting history, show the king and his spin doctor doing the same."

—**The Guardian (London)**

"... opens like House of Cards and ends like Game of Thrones ... Mike Poulton's adaptations keep the language accessible and the political context lucid enough for a general audience. They are also surprisingly funny, with a more broadly comic tone than Mantel's books ... elegantly done ... History repeats itself, first as farce, then as tragedy ... masterful ... highly satisfying."

—**The Hollywood Reporter**

"... a superbly tense duet ... fiercely intelligent ... Mantel's inspired approach, echoed by adaptor Mike Poulton, was to take the decade covering the rise and fall of Anne Boleyn and present everything from an entirely unexpected perspective: that of Cromwell, who rose inexorably from being the son of a blacksmith to becoming the second most powerful man in the kingdom ... Poulton ensure[s] the stakes remain high and audiences engaged by the interstices of plots and counterplots."

—**Variety**

"... the real emotional tension resides mainly in the developing intimacy between Henry and Cromwell, and the disbelieving outrage that it provokes in the old aristocracy ... an inexorable tragic momentum ... a taut intelligence, and a subtle awareness of the parallels between Tudor times and our own ... their verve, intelligence and wit are exhilarating."

—**The Telegraph (London)**

Also by Hilary Mantel and Mike Poulton
WOLF HALL

ISBN: 978-0-8222-3285-8



DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

9 780822 232858