

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 3

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1 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 18. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 1

An elegant carriage draws up and MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON (50), and her daughter MISS DELIA RAWSON (16) step out.

2 INT. HALLWAY/ANTE ROOM. CROW NEST. DAY 18. 11:02 (AUTUMN 1832) 2

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON and MISS DELIA RAWSON follow JAMES the footman along the hallway to the drawing room door. JAMES knocks discreetly on the closed door. He waits for a "come in" from within. Before he knocked, MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON is sure she heard giggling. JAMES goes into the room. We linger outside the room for a moment with MRS. STANSFIELD and MISS DELIA RAWSON, who exchange a concerned look with one another.

JAMES MACKENZIE

(oov)

Ma'am? Mrs. Stansfield Rawson and Miss Delia Rawson.

ANN WALKER

(oov)

Oh yes! Of course. Show them in.

3 INT. ANTE ROOM/DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 18. 11:03 3
(AUTUMN 1832)

JAMES appears from drawing room A and indicates for MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON and MISS DELIA RAWSON to go in.

We go in with them, and see their feigned surprise at discovering ANNE LISTER here with MISS WALKER. (Feigned because they had every reason to imagine that ANNE LISTER would be here). ANN and ANNE are standing politely, ready to greet their guests. It's evident ANNE's made herself at home here over the last few weeks.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON

Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Rawson. Miss Rawson.

ANN WALKER

Do come in. How nice to see you.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON

How are you? My dear.

She shakes ANN WALKER's hand, then *doesn't* offer to shake ANNE LISTER's, but ANNE's used to these subtle social snubs, so she's developed a well-practised strategy; you simply offer your hand so keenly, with such a kind smile, that no-one can ignore you without looking unpleasant.

So MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON finds herself manoeuvred into shaking ANNE LISTER's hand whether she likes it or not.

ANNE LISTER
Miss Walker is very well indeed.
(next she shakes DELIA's
hand)
Better than she's been for a long
time.
(beaming at DELIA)
How're you?

DELIA's overwhelmed: she's heard scary stuff about ANNE LISTER, but if this is her, she's actually rather charming.

DELIA RAWSON
I'm I'm I'm very well. Thank you.

ANNE LISTER
Good! Sit down.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON looks to MISS WALKER: surely it's *her* place to ask them to sit down. ANN WALKER indicates - yes do please sit down.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON
Well. As you have company. Perhaps
we ought to come back another time.

ANN WALKER
Oh. If you like.

That wasn't the right answer. ANNE LISTER was supposed to offer to be on her way. So MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON is obliged to change tack -

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON
You do look very well. My dear.
Your trip to the Lake District with
Catherine has obviously done you a
power of good. She's talked about
nothing else since she got home.

ANNE LISTER
(to DELIA)
Your resemblance to your sister is
remarkable, Miss Rawson. Except...
the lips. I think. Are softer.

There's something about ANNE LISTER's penetrating look and her gentlemanly demeanour that DELIA finds disarming. Despite all the warnings she's had.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON
How surprised. We all were.
However. Miss Lister. When
Catherine told us that you. Had
turned up. So unexpectedly.

ANNE LISTER

Really? Oh but I adore the Lake District. Wild horses wouldn't keep me away. Any excuse! And anyway.

(a killer smile at DELIA)

I had nothing else to do that afternoon.

TITLE SEQUENCE

4 EXT. GATE COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 18. 11:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 4

JOHN BOOTH and JOSEPH BOOTH walk towards the back door together. JOHN's clutching another modest bunch of flowers that he's gathered from the front garden.

JOHN BOOTH

You definitely think it's the right thing to do?

JOSEPH BOOTH

Yes.

JOHN BOOTH

I don't want to make a fool of myself.

JOSEPH BOOTH

She can only say no. And if she does, you've - you've made a very noble gesture.

JOHN BOOTH

She might laugh.

JOSEPH BOOTH

She'd be daft to laugh, situation she's in.

JOHN BOOTH

I worry about us not being able to speak same language.

JOSEPH BOOTH

It'll come. What you've got to be certain about *is*...

(a whisper)

is it what you want?

JOHN BOOTH

First time I saw her. When she stepped out o' that high-flier and then spewed up...

(his eyes glaze over with love)

I knew.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Well then. It's worth risking a refusal then. Isn't it? If you feel like that.

JOHN BOOTH

What about Becky? I keep thinking about Becky.

JOSEPH BOOTH

She'd be happy for you.

JOHN BOOTH

And you'll be my best man, won't you?

JOSEPH nods, delighted to be asked. So that's settled then. They head inside, and into the kitchen...

5 INT. KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 18. 11:06 5
(AUTUMN 1832)

...where CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY and EUGÉNIE are busy with the morning chores.

JOHN BOOTH

Morning.

CORDINGLEY

Hello John. What's up?

JOHN doesn't know where to start. JOSEPH urges him through the medium of mime, "Go on".

JOSEPH BOOTH

We need your help. Well he does.

CORDINGLEY

Oh aye?

JOHN BOOTH

Well. I was... I was...

He can't say it.

JOSEPH BOOTH

He was wondering about asking Eugénie how she might feel about marrying me. *Him*. Him. Not me, him.

HEMINGWAY

John Booth, you dark horse.

JOHN BOOTH

Yeah, only obviously I'd need your help. Mrs. Cordingley. To ask her.

Having heard her name, EUGÉNIE looks at nervous JOHN, clutching flowers and with his hair slicked back, trying to avoid stealing glances at her.

CORDINGLEY

So. Hang on. You want me to propose. By proxy. For you.

JOHN thinks it through.

JOHN BOOTH

Yeah. What d'you think?

CORDINGLEY

And... to pass the baby off as yours?

JOHN BOOTH

Yes. Obviously. That's the point. But if you could tell her as well. That I think she's very beautiful. And I'd be very honoured. And I'd do everything I could to make her very happy.

HEMINGWAY's finding this highly entertaining.

HEMINGWAY

Aw, isn't he lovely? If she won't have you John, I will.

JOHN BOOTH

But I have got three daughters. Who can be a handful.

CORDINGLEY

You do know. If she works it out. She'll sack you, and your feet won't touch the ground.

JOHN BOOTH

Babies come early all t'time.

CORDINGLEY's nervous. She's got to sell this to EUGÉNIE. She goes and checks the doorway through to the posh part of the house to make sure none of the Lister are ear-wiggling, closes the door, then very carefully and confidentially to EUGÉNIE -

CORDINGLEY

John me demande vous demander si vous would like... to marier [lui] -

John's asking me to ask you if you'd like to marry [him] -

EUGÉNIE

(she'd worked it out)
Oui.

She goes over to JOHN, and despite feeling self-conscious in front of the roomful of people, takes the flowers from him, and kisses his cheek.

JOHN BOOTH

Really?

Did that just happen?

CORDINGLEY

I hope - come the wedding night -
you've picked up a few phrases of
your own. Because you know, three's
a crowd.

6 EXT. WOODLAND GLADE/CHAUMIÈRE, SHIBDEN GROUNDS. DAY 18. 6
12:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN walk through the woods together.

ANN WALKER

If we do go to Switzerland. And
then Rome -

ANNE LISTER

If?

ANN WALKER

Sorry, *when*. When we go. To
Switzerland and then Rome. I can't
go until after February. I've got
people, friends. Coming to stay,
and I can't put them off. I mean I
can, but it'd be easier if I didn't
[have to] -

ANNE LISTER

Of course.

ANN WALKER

But then once they're gone -

ANNE LISTER

Of course.

ANN WALKER

I mean in many ways I'd like to put
them off, I'd *prefer* to put them
off, [but] -

ANNE LISTER

No, if the thing's arranged you
must stick with it.

As they come to a clearing in the trees, they discover the
chaumière, which is all but finished. It's enchanting. The
roof is thatched, like a fairy-tale house in the woods.

There's even a wisp of smoke from the chimney. ANNE stops and looks for ANN's response. She's delighted, charmed, thrilled.

ANN WALKER

(a murmur)

Oh - !

7 INT. CHAUMIÈRE, SHIBDEN GROUNDS. DAY 18. 12:31 (AUTUMN 1832)7

ANNE and ANN come into the little ornamental cottage. ANNE goes and puts more wood on the fire.

ANNE LISTER

Sit down.

ANN goes and sits, taking in the charming little place.

ANN WALKER

I was so happy. When you turned up.
In Eskdale. I'd been feeling rather
low. And I knew... that if there
was one face in the world I'd be
delighted to see... it was yours.
And then there you were!

(ANNE's delighted)

You know - before I went up there -
that day we were in my sitting room
together. And you - you said - you
implied - that you wanted to

(whisper)

kiss me. And then you were
embarrassed. But you shouldn't have
been. Because...

(she's risking it all now,
again she whispers)

it doesn't frighten me.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

ANN nods. ANNE gets up from tending the fire, and goes to sit beside ANN. Increment by delicate increment, they end up kissing. It's so tender, so gentle. From the first tentative peck it quickly becomes more and more passionate. Now it's happening, it's so clearly, so unambiguously what they both want, and ANN WALKER feels more alive (aroused) than she's ever felt before.

8 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 18. 12:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 8

JOHN BOOTH and EUGÉNIE sit holding hands stiffly. With them CORDINGLEY, JOSEPH and HEMINGWAY.

JOHN BOOTH

(it's CORDINGLEY he's
addressing)

(MORE)

JOHN BOOTH (CONT'D)

Mr. Musgrave? Oh, I daren't speak
to t'vicar 'til I know we've got
permission. He's friends. Wi'
Miss Lister. He might tell her.

HEMINGWAY

Well! It's one way. Of her finding
out.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Y'going to have to get on with it.
It'll take three weeks for t'banns
to be read.

HEMINGWAY

Why don't you ask Miss Marian? To
tell her.

CORDINGLEY's got a thoughtful "That's a possibility" face on.
The consensus seems to be that this could be a way forward.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Who'll give her away? I'm t'best
man.

CORDINGLEY

Shall we get over this little
hurdle first?

9

INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 18. 13:00
(AUTUMN 1832)

9

JOHN and EUGÉNIE are standing stiffly in front of MARIAN.

MARIAN LISTER

Married?

JOHN BOOTH

Yes ma'am. So. We wondered. If if
you if you could tell - ask - Miss
Lister.

MARIAN LISTER

Eugénie is Anne's lady's maid. And
you're outdoor staff. John. So
strictly speaking [that's her
jurisdiction -]

JOHN BOOTH

(interrupting)

Yes I know that, but -

(there's no point
pretending)

She won't like it. Will she. So -

MARIAN LISTER

So you want me to be the messenger?
That gets shot.
(basically, yes)
It's sudden.

JOHN squeezes EUGÉNIE's hand, and they glance sideways at one another.

JOHN BOOTH

Yes. But. Sometimes that's how it is.

MARIAN remains seriously bemused.

MARIAN LISTER

All right. Well. I'll see if I can find the right moment. If and when I see her. Given that she never seems to be in. I didn't know you spoke any French, John.

JOHN BOOTH

(bravely, trying to look dead casual)
Wee.

MARIAN isn't convinced.

10

EXT/INT. CROW NEST. DAY 18. 17:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

10

Later in the day.

ANNE and ANN have walked back to Crow Nest, and we go with them as they head inside...

ANN WALKER

I can't remember when I've spent so pleasant a day.

There's a real closeness between them now, it informs everything about them when we see them together. They behave, as ANNE LISTER wrote, like 'engaged lovers'.

ANNE LISTER

I wonder if. Tomorrow. You might pay a call. On my aunt.

ANN WALKER is so happy, this is still all like a dream.

ANN WALKER

Of course. If you like.

They head into the library...

11 INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 18. CONTINUOUS. 17:32 11
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN closes the door behind her, so they have their usual privacy.

ANN WALKER

And then. Tomorrow evening... would
you like to come for dinner? And
then...

(bravely)

Stay all night?

Her meaning is clear from her manner. Bed. Sex. ANNE LISTER
is amazed by how fast it's all happening. But it all feels
right; she's aware that she's awoken something powerful in
ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER

Are you sure?

ANN nods. They kiss again, utterly delighted with one
another.

12 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. NIGHT 18. 22:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 12

Several hours later.

ANNE's walking home in the dark. Really dark, and proper
country silence. ANNE speaks straight to us -

ANNE LISTER

So! I may try her. Or rather let
her try me. And go to what lengths?
I can see that if I stay all night
I shall have as much of her as I am
able to take. I never dreamt of her
being such a passionate little
person! I just hope that I can -
(nudge nudge wink wink)
do enough for her.

13 EXT. COURTYARD/BACK DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 18. 22:20 13
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE arrives at the house. Candle light within. She heads
inside, and we go with her -

14 INT. HALL/HOUSEBODY/KITCHEN/STAIRS/UPPER LANDING, SHIBDEN 14
HALL. NIGHT 18. CONTINUOUS. 22:21 (AUTUMN 1832)

- and as soon as she steps through the door, MARIAN's right
in her face -

MARIAN LISTER

Where've you been? I was on the
cusp of sending the servants out
looking for you!

(ANNE sees CORDINGLEY and
HEMINGWAY loitering in
the kitchen)

It's past ten o'clock! It's pitch
dark! You've been out all day! You
didn't come back for dinner! No-one
knew where you were! I had to send
for Dr. Kenny!

ANNE LISTER

Why?

MARIAN LISTER

For Aunt Anne! She had spasms. In
her stomach. *Not helped* by the fact
that she's been in a *host of*
miseries, wondering where you were,
imagining you'd had your throat
slit by a mad man in the dark!

ANNE takes this on board with all due seriousness and heads
through the hall and up the stairs - two at a time.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

(to CORDINGLEY as she
follows ANNE upstairs)

Lock up!

We go with ANNE along the upper landing to AUNT ANNE's
bedroom, where she taps on the door and goes straight in -

15 INT. AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 18. 15
CONTINUOUS. 22:22 (AUTUMN 1832)

AUNT ANNE is sitting up in bed with a candle still lit.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh!

ANNE LISTER

Are you all right? What happened?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Stomach cramps.

ANNE LISTER

(squeezing her hands)

I was only over at Lightcliffe.

MARIAN LISTER

Yes, we didn't know that, did we?

So MARIAN's followed ANNE in.

ANNE LISTER
(herding MARIAN out)
Thank you. Marian.

MARIAN LISTER
You're impossible.

ANNE LISTER
(still herding MARIAN out)
Yes.

MARIAN LISTER
You're *ridiculous*. You're so
selfish.

ANNE LISTER
Very possibly. But I need to talk
to Aunt Anne.

MARIAN LISTER
Will you. In future. Think about
others? Whilst you're living here.

ANNE LISTER
W[hilst I'm] - ?
(it's *her* house. She rises
above it)
Of course. Certainly. Thank you.

ANNE shuts the door, and returns to her AUNT.

(We might want to glimpse frustrated MARIAN on the other side
of the door for a second as it's closed in her face).

Back in the bedroom -

AUNT ANNE LISTER
She worries about you.

ANNE LISTER
She needn't.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
We all do.

ANNE LISTER
(she holds her AUNT's
hands again)
As long as you're all right, that's
all that matters to me.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Where were you?

ANNE LISTER
It's - it's been rather an unusual
day. And a happy one.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Has it?

ANNE LISTER

I was with Miss Walker. We've become friends. She confides in me, we talk about all sorts of things, and I think she's become really rather fond of me.

(AUNT ANNE takes this in;
it worries her)

And if - like me - she seemed disinclined to marry, I had begun to wonder... not that anything's been said. If she might not make a companion for me. For life.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Does she seem disinclined to marry?

ANNE LISTER

She's twenty-nine.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

She's twelve years younger than you, and I can't imagine she's your intellectual equal.

ANNE LISTER

Would that matter? If our tastes were the same, and we were fond of one another. Is she vulgar?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

No. I thought the aunt was. A bit. But not her. Where would you live?

ANNE LISTER

Here. At Shibden. As I say, nothing's been said yet, but -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Would she leave Crow Nest? It's very elegant.

ANNE LISTER

Shibden. Could be elegant. Shibden *will be* elegant. Anyway, she'd have more independence from her family here.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

You do know that I want you to be happy. Above all things. But her tribe will have things to say.

ANNE LISTER

But what could be better for them?
Two respectable landed ladies.
Living together as companions. They
wouldn't have to worry about her
any more, would they?

(AUNT ANNE is still
worried)

She has two and a half thousand a
year, two of it entirely at her own
disposal. Would you not say that
was a prudent match?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes. Of course.
(she hesitates, and says
it as kindly as she can)
If you were a man.

This touches a nerve. But AUNT ANNE is determined to make
ANNE think hard about how potentially dangerous such a match
could be, so close to home.

ANNE LISTER

Nature played a challenging trick.
On me. Didn't she? Putting a bold
spirit like mine in this... vessel.
In which I'm obliged to wear frills
and petticoats. But I refuse to be
cowed by it.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

People can be very cruel.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. Shame on them.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I don't want you to get hurt.

ANNE LISTER

If we want to be happy, sometimes
we have to risk getting hurt.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I don't mean by her. By her *people*.
Her family. This is *Halifax*. People
don't mince words.

ANNE LISTER

They can't touch me.

AUNT ANNE touches ANNE's face. She's so fond of her, she
loves her so much, she can't stand the idea of people
ridiculing her and hurting her.

16 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 19. 09:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 16

A brand new morning in the rural idyll of the Shibden Valley.

17 EXT. JOHN'S COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 09:00 (AUTUMN 17 1832)

Cows being herded into the barn to be milked.

18 EXT. GROUNDS, SHIBDEN. DAY 19. 09.05 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

JOHN BOOTH and a LAD are busy digging up yet more hedgerows below the hall, creating ANNE's vast elegant 'park' out of the rough fields that were there before.

JOHN's a happy man. He's whistling and singing.

19 INT. KITCHEN/LIVERY/DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 09:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 19

CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY and EUGÉNIE are all busy with morning chores.

CORDINGLEY

Elle est morte. Rebecca. Quand
Martha - la plus petite - est née.
Charlotte était quatre ans. Mais il
a élevé elles très bien, les trois.
Elles sont des petits amours, très
adorables.

*She died. Rebecca. When Martha - the littlest - was born.
Charlotte'd only be four. But he's brought them up
beautifully, they're all three the sweetest, most cheerful
girls.*

EUGÉNIE takes it all in with some eagerness, and yet she remains (inevitably) rather thoughtful.

JOSEPH BOOTH (in livery) is back and forth with breakfast things for the LISTERS. We go with him as he heads through to the dining room...

20 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 09:12 (AUTUMN 1832) 20

Breakfast chez Lister. AUNT ANNE, JEREMY, MARIAN, and ANNE, who's reading Charles Lyell's *Principles Of Geology*.

MARIAN LISTER

I bet you don't read at the
breakfast table when you're staying
at Langton with the Norcliffes.

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)
Or when she's at Lawton Hall with
Mrs Lawton. Or when you were in
Hastings with Miss Hobart.

ANNE makes the decision not to rise to the provocation. She
puts her book politely aside, and murmurs as casually as she
can -

ANNE LISTER
You're quite right Marian, of
course.

MARIAN LISTER
I am anxious. That the whole thing.
Hasn't been properly addressed.

ANNE LISTER
S[orry]? The 'whole thing'?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Anne has assured me that in future -
if she intends to stay out later
than usual - she'll send a note, or
tell us in advance, or -

JEREMY LISTER
It was only ten o'clock when she
got in, wasn't it?

MARIAN LISTER
If we'd known to *expect* her *at* ten
o'clock, this would be a very
different conversation.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
You see you do hear about people
getting knocked about and robbed.

MARIAN LISTER
As it was -

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
And worse.

JEREMY LISTER
She used to stay out 'til all
hours.

MARIAN LISTER
- I had Cordingley and Hemingway
poised on the *verge* of going out
looking for her.

JEREMY LISTER
I once found her in some lodging
house in Halifax at three o'clock
in the morning playing cards with a
bunch of reprobates from the 33rd!

We might want to flash back to that image:

21 INT. LODGING HOUSE, HALIFAX. FLASHBACK 7. NIGHT. (03:00, 21
1810)

19-year-old ANNE smoking a cheroot sitting at a table playing a tense card game with six young ARMY OFFICERS, all in varied states of inebriation. 19-year-old ANNE is just putting a winning hand down when an angry SENIOR OFFICER bursts in with an equally angry JEREMY LISTER. Oops. They're all in trouble now, ANNE and the OFFICERS. ANNE's biggest instinct is to hide the cheroot under the table.

Back in the dining room, 1832 -

41-year-old ANNE doesn't like being reminded of her past gaucheries -

ANNE LISTER
Good Lord, that's a while since.

MARIAN LISTER
Perhaps she'd like to apologise to the servants. For keeping them up.

ANNE LISTER
I am not apologising to my own servants. No-one [asked them to] -

MARIAN LISTER
The servants.

ANNE LISTER
Oh it's about *that*. Of course it is.

MARIAN LISTER
It's about respect for other [people] -

ANNE LISTER
Whatever it starts off as, it always comes back to that.

MARIAN LISTER
No it doesn't.
(ANNE feigns amusement)
Well why *wouldn't it*? Am I supposed to take it *lying down*? The fact that my sis[ter] - you wouldn't - has *cheated me*. Out of what is rightly half mine!

AUNT ANNE LISTER
No no no -

As in 'not this again'.

ANNE LISTER

You've got to let this go Marian.
For your own
(taps her head)
health. It's becoming an obsession.
And it was never 'rightly half
yours'. It was entirely at Uncle
James's disposal who he left his
estate to, and we all know why he
did.

MARIAN LISTER

I shall get married - I shall get
married [and] -

ANNE LISTER

Oh really. Oh good.

MARIAN LISTER

- and I shall have a child. Yes,
really. A *son*.

ANNE LISTER

Congratulations.

MARIAN LISTER

And he - one day -

ANNE LISTER

Well you'd better look sharp about
it Marian -

MARIAN LISTER

Oh you think *I* have no life outside
these four walls?

ANNE LISTER

- because you are no spring
chicken.

MARIAN LISTER

You. Are sowing the wind. Hourly.
Daily. Minute by minute, and you
will *reap* the whirlwind.

MARIAN's stood up, and now she's leaving the room.

ANNE LISTER

Where're you going? You're not
going to get married *right now*, are
you, Marian? Good *Heavens*, there's
no stopping her! We'd better get
the banns read.

ANNE remains calm and seated at the breakfast table.

22 INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 22
CONTINUOUS. 09:17 (AUTUMN 1832)

The servants - CORDINGLEY, EUGÉNIE, JOSEPH and HEMINGWAY -
have all paused in what they're doing (to hear better)
because there are raised voices from the dining room -

MARIAN LISTER

(OOV)

You can sneer all you like! But one
day I shall have a child, a son,
and *he* will have a greater claim to
Shibden than you! And then - then -
then we shall see.

23 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS. 09:18 23
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE LISTER

You're going to *give birth* to spite
me? I hope this 'husband' is
someone worthy of marrying *my*
sister *and* fathering a Lister!

MARIAN LISTER

(OOV)

It won't *be* a Lister!

This comment hits home.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

24 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS. 09:18 24
(AUTUMN 1832)

MARIAN bursts into the kitchen looking flushed, and suddenly
they're all busy. MARIAN addresses RACHEL HEMINGWAY as calmly
as she can (given that she's clearly very far from calm) -

MARIAN LISTER

Rachel. I'd like you to pack my
imperial. I'm going to stay with
Mr. and Mrs. Dyson in Market
Weighton for a few weeks. I shall
write ahead and explain.

HEMINGWAY

Now ma'am?

MARIAN LISTER

Yes now.

(she sees EUGÉNIE)

Il est mieux... ma tante...
s'occupe de ce "business"...
problème?

It might be best if my aunt dealt with that other business.

EUGÉNIE nods meekly.

25 EXT. BARN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 09:32 (AUTUMN 1832) 25

ANNE heads out of the back door, across the yard, through the big barn (where JOHN BOOTH's three girls are milking the cows) and out the other side. We go with her as she confides in us -

ANNE LISTER

You know what? This nonsense with Marian always annoys me. She's always got to *argue*. About anything and everything. I often think. That if you stuck Marian in a room on her own, within ten minutes she'd be arguing with herself.

26 EXT. CARRIAGE DRIVE, SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 19. 09:35 (AUTUMN 26 1832)

We cut to two or three minutes later when ANNE is approaching MR. PICKELS and his small team of seven or eight men (made up of ANNE's tenants, as all these estate work teams are), who've started work on ANNE's carriage drive.

Amongst the workers we discover SAM SOWDEN, who's hauled stone in his cart. THOMAS is with him, unloading the stone with DICK, another young lad. SOWDEN's doing very little. He also looks very slightly unsteady on his feet.

ANNE heads along towards them, still rankling over the unpleasantness with MARIAN.

ANNE LISTER

Morning! Good morning. Dick.
Thomas.
(she sees SOWDEN. What's
he doing here?)
Sowden.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Morning ma'am.

DICK

Morning ma'am.

SAM SOWDEN

Morning. Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Good morning Pickels.

PICKELS

Morning Missus.

ANNE LISTER
You've made a start.

PICKELS
Cracking on while the weather's
with us.

She doesn't want to mention it - she has after all leased the
job out to PICKELS and it's up to him who he employs, but -

ANNE LISTER
I see you've got Sam Sowden working
for you.

PICKELS
Aye well I needed someone with a
cart. For t'stone. Fella I normally
use is off on another job.

ANNE LISTER
Is he pulling his weight?

A hesitation. The answer is plainly *no*.

SAM SOWDEN
Summat up, Bob?

PICKELS
Nah, you're reight, Sam.

SOWDEN has the flushed face and slightly too-easy manner of
someone who's been drinking.

ANNE LISTER
He hasn't - has he been drinking?

PICKELS
No, I don't [think so] -

ANNE LISTER
It's five-and-twenty to ten in the
morning.

PICKELS
(uneasy)
I don't think he's -

ANNE LISTER
(realising)
Are you scared of him?

PICKELS tries to smirk it off.

PICKELS
How d'you mean?

ANNE LISTER
Well why are you defending him?

PICKELS

As I say. I need the cart, so -

ANNE LISTER

William Hardcastle over at
Roydelands has a good cart.

PICKELS

Well maybe, but this one's here
now, so -

ANNE LISTER

You'll soon realise this sort of
thing doesn't do for me, Pickels.
Do you want to say something or
shall I?

PICKELS

Eh?

ANNE LISTER

Sowden!

SAM SOWDEN

What's matter?

ANNE LISTER

You're not working for me in that
state. You'll have to go home.

SAM SOWDEN

What state?

ANNE LISTER

I don't want to fall out with you
twice, but if I have to I will.

SAM SOWDEN

What state?

ANNE LISTER

Don't deny it, you'll just dig
yourself in deeper.

(to PICKELS)

Send one of your lads over to
Roydelands. Tell Hardcastle Miss
Lister would consider it a great
favour if we could borrow his cart.
Say I'll give him two shillings on
top of whatever you've allocated
for the job.

PICKELS gives the nod to one of his lads to do what MISS
LISTER just said: you can't deny a man two shillings.

SAM SOWDEN

Hang on hang on hang on. What's she
accusing me of?

PICKELS
(hiding behind ANNE)
You'd better get off home, Sam.

SAM SOWDEN
Is she - hang on - is she seriously
suggesting I'd be turning up at -
whatever time it is. Drunk. Cos if
you are, if she is - I'm sorry, I
don't care who you are - that's a
very serious -

The more SAM SOWDEN has spoken the more obvious it is that he
has indeed been drinking.

ANNE LISTER
You're *drunk*. Sowden. Thomas, I
want you to take your father home,
and then I want you to come back.

SAM SOWDEN
(a mumble)
Oh right well and you know what you
are.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Come on.

SAM SOWDEN
Don't yer. Eh?

PICKELS
Let's keep it polite.

SAM SOWDEN
You're a - she's a fella.

PICKELS
Get him off home.

PICKELS indicates to DICK to help out. DICK leaps up into the
cart.

SAM SOWDEN
A fella in a frock.

DICK
Come on, Sam.

SAM SOWDEN
Show us your cock.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Shut your mouth!

A tussle starts. It takes both DICK and THOMAS, and PICKELS
to quell SAM, and even then it's touch and go. ANNE retains a
look of serious sangfroid throughout.

SAM SOWDEN

What? I didn't say owt. What
y'doing?

PICKELS

Calm down.

SAM SOWDEN

I didn't do anything. You wanna -
you wanna calm down!

(he stops tussling and
tries to pretend he never
was)

Where's all this - ? I didn't - I
didn't start anything, I wasn't the
[one that] -

ANNE LISTER

Then tomorrow. Sowden. Are you
listening? When you're *sober*. If
you're sober. I want you to come up
to the *hall*. And we'll have a very
quiet, very thoughtful
conversation. About your tenancy.

We glimpse THOMAS. Worried. They can't lose their tenancy,
they'll have nowhere to live. SOWDEN's shocked. He tries to
smirk it off. As he tries to smirk everything off.

SAM SOWDEN

You what?

ANNE LISTER

Take him home.

THOMAS urges the horse on.

SAM SOWDEN

Unbe[lievable] - this is - I
haven't *even done anything!*

PICKELS

(to DICK)

Go with him, make sure he gets him
home.

PICKELS jumps down from the cart and it rumbles away.

We look at ANNE: do these casual insults ("show us your
cock") affect her more deeply than she lets on? We stay with
her angry, defiant thoughts (with a hint of vulnerable that
only we're the audience are permitted to see as we look deep
into her eyes) as we go into...

27 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 09:45 (AUTUMN 27
1832)

ANNE writes her diary briskly. We don't need to see the detail of what she writes, we just need to capture her mood as she unloads her frustrations of the morning (first MARIAN, then SOWDEN) onto paper, scratching away at it with her nib, and dunking the quill into the ink pot time and time again as she unburdens herself. Eventually she downs her pen and seems to come up for air, and then notices that we're filming her. She takes us into her confidence...

ANNE LISTER

What a comfort my journal is. I
write in crypt hand -

(she shows us a bit of
coded diary, points to
it)

all as it really is, and throw the
burden of it off my mind, onto the
paper, and get rid of it. Thank God
for it. It always does me good. I
can tell my journal what I can tell
no-one else, and I owe a good deal
to it. It seems made over to a
friend that hears it patiently,
keeps it faithfully, and never
forgets anything.

(a knock at the door, she
smiles)

You should try it. Yes?

CORDINGLEY pops her head in as ANNE casually closes her journal and locks it in her desk drawer (with a tiny key she keeps on her at all times).

CORDINGLEY

Mister Jeremiah Rawson downstairs
again, Ma'am.

ANNE nods. CORDINGLEY withdraws. ANNE checks her watch, then turns to us again cordially, ready to face the world again.

ANNE LISTER

Shall we?

28 INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS. 09:46 (AUTUMN 1832) 28

ANNE heads down stairs.

29 INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS 29
09:47 (AUTUMN 1832)

We find JEREMIAH RAWSON sitting with elderly JEREMY LISTER, who's keeping him company.

JEREMY LISTER

Lot of shouting this morning.
Marian and Anne. Not really sure
what about. Never really listen.
Well - can't hear. Which can be a
blessing. Oh! I remember what it
was -

(he chuckles and is just
about to explain when
ANNE walks in)

Ah!

(deep voice)

Hail to the chief!

JEREMIAH RAWSON stands up to greet brisk ANNE. They shake
hands. Robustly.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Miss Lister. I'm sorry to hear
you've had a contretemps. With your
sister.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

(a glance at her father:
what's he been saying?)

Oh, I don't think so. Marian and I
very rarely argue.

(she's so convincing)

About anything. Shall we be brief?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well. I got your note. About *the*
other party offering you your
price. I have to be frank. My
brother and I are amazed.

ANNE LISTER

Well, there it is. If you want to
better the offer I've had, now's
your chance. As I said before, I
remain indifferent about selling my
coals or not.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I had - naïvely - thought you'd be
more reasonable to deal with.

ANNE LISTER

More reasonable? Oh, you mean
softer?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

No, Madam. I meant [*more*
reasonable] -

ANNE LISTER

(interrupts)

Well now you know me better. I've heard a good deal about coal in the last few days and weeks. And rather than finding me easier to bargain with I'm afraid you'll now find me harder. So! Two hundred and twenty-six pounds seventeen shillings and six pence. *Per acre*. To be paid for per annum by two half-yearly installments, the first of which to be made on signing the deed. You have ten years to get the coal in, and if not got in that time I'll allow you a further term not exceeding five years. Oh, *and* - if it causes you no great upset - I'd like provision made in the lease for me to go down your Law Hill pit.

A pause. That freaks JEREMIAH. As ANNE thought it well might. She's interested in his reaction.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Why?

ANNE LISTER

Because it fascinates me. You'll access the bed from your Law Hill pit, I assume, and I'd like to see it. That's all.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well.

(how can he get round that one?)

I'm sure it can be arranged. But it's hardly something to go in a lease. I'd have to talk to my b[rother] -

ANNE LISTER

(interrupts, checks her watch)

Of course you would. I have to go. I'll send a note to Mr. Parker to draw up the lease. I've already been through the details with him. And then he'll be in touch with you about signing it.

She rings the hand bell.

We glimpse heavy-hearted JEREMIAH, who is once more obliged to return to his brother with difficult news.

30

EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 19. 10:15 (AUTUMN 1832)

30

THOMAS, SAM and DICK arrive home in the cart.

We get a few impressionistic images of Upper Southolm Farm, which is a bit of a dump. As Lister properties go, this is very much at the low end. We see a slaughtered pig, hung up by its back trotters, with its neck slit, and the blood collecting in a bucket beneath. *(NB, we should get a real sense of this being a slaughter house, so when we see human blood at the end, it's feels that it will be easy to hide the murder in plain sight).*

MARY SOWDEN (35, SAM's wife, THOMAS's mum) is outside with the two little SOWDENS (ALF, 10 and AMY, 6) both grubby, both working at various chores. MARY's manner is surly, humiliated; someone who is routinely abused. She's surprised to see SAM and THOMAS back.

MARY SOWDEN

What's happened?

SAM SOWDEN

Nothing.

(he jumps down)

We've finished for t'day, that's all.

MARY SOWDEN

I thought - didn't Mr. Pickels say it was a couple of weeks of a job?

THOMAS SOWDEN

It was. It is.

(THOMAS makes a decision.

He's quiet, he's angry)

I'm going back. I'm taking t'cart.

He flicks the reins to move the horse on, now SAM's jumped out.

SAM SOWDEN

You're going nowhere y'little runt. That cart's stopping here.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I'm *sick*. Of being tarred wi' t'same brush as him!

DICK

I thought they were getting William Hardcastle's [cart] -

THOMAS SOWDEN

Aye well they'll have two if I take this one back won't they.

SAM SOWDEN
(grabs the horse's bridle)
You're going nowhere, I've told yer
and you can piss off back an' all.
(he pulls DICK off the
cart roughly and kicks
his arse)
Go on, off y'trot.

THOMAS is so incensed, he jumps down. He's going to smack his
dad in the mouth because he's determined to take this cart
back. He's never squared up to SAM before.

THOMAS SOWDEN
(he's nearly in tears he's
so angry)
We're gonna get thrown off farm!
All because he can't do even *part*
of a day's work without getting
drunk and opening his stupid nasty
mouth!

THOMAS lunges at SAM. Despite being drunk, SAM is harder than
THOMAS. More punches are thrown and SAM soon gets the upper
hand. He gets THOMAS up against the cart with his hand round
his throat. THOMAS can't breathe.

MARY SOWDEN	DICK
Stop it! Stop it! <i>Stop it!</i>	Stop it Sam! You'll kill him!
	You'll kill him!

SAM SOWDEN
(taunting THOMAS, right in
his face)
Squeak, piggy, squeak.

Terrified that SAM is going to strangle THOMAS, MARY belts
SAM in the side of the head with a sturdy wooden bucket. It
throws SAM off balance and makes bells ring in his head. Half
dazed, he turns his attention to MARY.

SAM SOWDEN (CONT'D)
You stupid bitch.

DICK
No no no!

DICK piles in as SAM lunges at MARY. THOMAS recovers himself,
then him and DICK tussle to get SAM off MARY. DICK gets SAM's
legs from under him, and floors him. Then they both pile on
top of him and weigh him down. SAM's shouting "*Off! Geddoff!*"

THOMAS SOWDEN
(shouting to ALF)
There's a rope! In t'cart! Get that
rope! Get it! *Get it!*

ALF jumps up into the cart, grabs the rope and tosses it to THOMAS (we glimpse AMY, terrified at what's going on).

SAM SOWDEN

Get off me! *GET OFF ME!!*

THOMAS SOWDEN

Shut your mouth! Shut your -
(shoving SAM's face down
in the mud)
FUCKING MOUTH!

31 INT. CHAUMIÈRE, SHIBDEN GROUNDS. DAY 19. 10:20 (AUTUMN 31
1832)

We discover ANNE and ANN kissing passionately. Up against the closed door, as though ANN had only just arrived. As they break off -

ANNE LISTER

I'm afraid there's a change of plan.

ANN WALKER

Oh?

ANNE LISTER

Very slightly. Nothing to do with this, us. All to do with Marian. Being ridiculous and irritating.

ANN WALKER

Oh dear.

ANNE LISTER

So. Mm. Bit of a bust-up. So she's off to Market Weighton.

ANN WALKER

I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

So - don't be - so I think let's wait a day or so, let the dust to settle, and then - then we'll pay your call on my aunt.

ANN WALKER

But... will you still come to me for dinner? This evening.

ANNE LISTER

Of course.

ANN WALKER

And stay all night?

ANNE LISTER

(hesitates)

They had to send for the doctor.
Last night. For my aunt. And then
with *her* - madam - going off to
Market Weighton, it'd look very bad
if I left her all night with just
the servants. Sorry, bad timing I
know. But I will come to dinner.
And stay a little while. If that's -
?

(ANN's nodding)

And then. Another time. When the
dust's settled. And soon. We can -

Nudge nudge wink wink.

ANN WALKER

I'd like that.

(they kiss again. ANN
WALKER breaks off this
time)

There was something else. I wanted
to...

(she hesitates)

Tell you. I've had a letter. I was
going to put it in the [fire] - I
did put it in the fire. But then -
and I wasn't going to mention it -
but then. It struck me that really
you ought to see it.

ANNE LISTER

What letter?

ANN WALKER

It isn't signed. It's about you.

32 INT. STAIRS/HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 10:25 (AUTUMN 32
1832)

JOSEPH and RACHEL HEMINGWAY lug MARIAN's trunk down the
stairs between them.

33 INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 10:26 33
(AUTUMN 1832)

MARIAN's pulling her gloves on, ready for off.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Married?

MARIAN LISTER

Apparently. So. Will you tell
Caligula? They seem eager to get on
with it, that's all.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Eugénie speaks no English. And he surely doesn't speak any French?

MARIAN LISTER

I agreed to be the messenger. Anne will no doubt get to the nub of it. Effortlessly, and in her own manner.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I wish you and Anne didn't argue.

MARIAN LISTER

She['s the one that] - !

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I *know*! I know.

(a moment)

Might you get married? Is there someone?

MARIAN hesitates. It's a delicate matter.

MARIAN LISTER

I have. Twice. Been to tea at Dr. and Mrs. Kenny's. When Mr. John Abbott was invited too. And he. And I. Have become... well, friendly.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

John Abbott?

MARIAN LISTER

Yes.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Isn't he...? Something in wool?

MARIAN knows her AUNT considers anything to do with trade unpleasant.

MARIAN LISTER

Yes. He's also one of the founder members of the Halifax Joint Stock Banking company, and he owns property in Australia and New Zealand. Nothing's been said. But he has intimated to Mrs. Kenny that he's -

(embarrassed)

Really rather fond of me. Anyway, look. I shan't be away for more than two weeks, and if you need me, write. I'll come straight back.

(she kisses her AUNT)

Please don't tell Anne. About Mr. Abbott.

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have said what I said
this morning, it's just - she makes
me so...!

(*cross*. Maybe she has to
complete the sentence by
growling instead. AUNT
ANNE nods. MARIAN
squeezes her AUNT's hand
once more)
Look after yourself.

They kiss, and MARIAN heads out.

34 INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 19. 10:35 (AUTUMN 1832) 34

ANNE is reading the anonymous letter that ANN has received.
She puts it down. She's sad, thoughtful.

ANN WALKER
Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER
This is written by someone who
knows nothing about me. It's so
poisonous. It's so cowardly.

ANN WALKER
I suppose it wasn't meant for your
eyes, but I wanted you to see it
because I wanted you to know that I
don't care what anyone says about
you. Not least someone who daren't
put a name to their work.

That means a lot to ANNE. She touches ANN's cheek so
delicately and tenderly. They kiss again.

ANNE LISTER
I've got to go. See how my aunt is.
I'll see you this evening. Can
I...? Take this.

She means the letter.

35 EXT./INT. HALLYWAY/Front DOOR, CROW NEST. DAY 19. 10:40 35
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE's leaving. JAMES the footman is showing her out. She
pauses on the threshold for a confidential moment with him -

ANNE LISTER
James. Were you riding on the back
of Miss Walker's carriage? The
other week. When that accident
happened above my house?

JAMES MACKENZIE

Yes ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

You were facing the gig. Then. As I understand it. The gig that forced its way through and caused all the bother.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Yes ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

I assume you didn't recognise the fellow driving it. Or you'd have told someone.

JAMES MACKENZIE

I was that busy clinging on that everything else was a bit of blur.

ANNE LISTER

The boy lost a leg. Any information would be useful.

JAMES MACKENZIE

The only thing... after it all happened. William Bell. Our groom. Said he could swear blind...
(he's scared to say this)
it was Mr. Rawson himself.

So this is big news. Shocking news.

ANNE LISTER

Christopher Rawson?

JAMES MACKENZIE

(he nods affirmation)
But he said he'd never testify to it in a court.

ANNE takes this in. We should sense that she's going to interrogate this intensely now he's said it; it's the end of the scene but it's far from the end of their conversation.

36

EXT. PARKER & ADAM SOLICITORS OFFICE. DAY 19. 11:45
(AUTUMN 1832)

36

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON's elegant two-horse postilion carriage pulls up outside the office. A footman steps off the back and opens the door. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON steps out. Once more he seems irritable, preoccupied. He heads into MR. PARKER's office. We go with him...

37 INT. PARKER & ADAM SOLICITORS OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 19. 37
11:46 (AUTUMN 1832)

As soon as he enters the premises, a CLERK jumps up...

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
I'm here to see Mr. P[arker] -

CLERK
You're expected, sir. Come through.
(he taps on the door of an
inner room and goes in)
It's Mr. Rawson, Mr. Parker.

38 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 19. 11:47 (AUTUMN 38
1832)

MR. PARKER (a polite, elderly man; ANNE's Halifax solicitor)
is already with JEREMIAH RAWSON, who is agitated.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
Mr. Parker.

MR. PARKER
Mr. Rawson.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
There's a problem.

CHRISTOPHER had come to sign. He didn't anticipate yet
another problem. This news irritates him.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
I've come to terms, Parker, with
Miss Lister's ridiculous price. And
I will even sign to say she can go
down my Law Hill pit - under
certain conditions - so surely now
we can -

JEREMIAH RAWSON
It's - there's this other thing. I
had assumed we were talking about
the upper bed *and* the lower bed.
For the named price. But here...
(he means in the lease)
It seems. We're just buying the
lower bed - and that *is* the richest
seam - but obviously it's the upper
bed we're -
(*"stealing from"*)
- interested in as well.

This new development dismays CHRISTOPHER RAWSON intensely.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Has your client any real intention
of sealing this deal, Mr. Parker?
Or is she just playing some
impenetrable game? The point of
which is to vex me. We are men of
business, we like to shake hands
and move forward. Not jump through
endless hoops of her whimsical,
idiotic and ill-informed
construction.

MR. PARKER

Oh, I think of all the criticisms
one might level at Miss Lister
whimsical, idiotic and ill-informed
are rather wide of the mark.

CHRISTOPHER turns to JEREMIAH and speaks ventriloquist style -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Was this not clarified in all these
conversations you've been having
with her?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I was talking about *whole surface*
measure. Which would normally mean
the upper and the lower bed. *She*
has now specified in *this* lease
"*sufficient* measure", which - when
you read it closely - she's just
talking about the lower bed.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(he turns to PARKER)

Both beds. Or no deal. Your client,
Mr. Parker, needs to learn to stop
wasting my time. Perhaps you could
spell that out to her.

CHRISTOPHER walks out, leaving no-one in doubt about what
kind of mood he's in.

39

EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 19. 15:00 (AUTUMN 1832)

39

Preoccupied ANNE is waiting for WASHINGTON. She's just
checking her watch when he appears; clearly he's a few
seconds late.

ANNE LISTER

Where are the calculations I asked
Holt for? About the cost of re-
opening Listerwick.

They walk off together. Fast.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I'll give him a nudge ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Thank you. And can you tell him I'd like to see the plan of a mine. Any mine, one of his mines. And then I'd like to go down that same mine. I want to know how to read a coal plan. Accurately. I want to know what a coal plan actually translates into. The reality of it. Underground.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I will do, ma'am. Certainly, [but] -

ANNE LISTER

Then if ever I do get down the Rawsons' pit, I'll know what I'm looking for.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

With respect. Ma'am. A pit is no place for a l[ady] - I mean a lady of your s[tanding] - I mean they're dangerous for one thing.

(ANNE gives him a look)

Yes no I do know you don't bother about things like that so much. But as well. It's the men. They work naked. Underground. Literally, naked. They wear nothing but a cap.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

On their head.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. It's a good job I'm made of stern stuff. Have you been up to see Pickels?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes! They've cracked on. Thomas Sowden came back with his father's cart, so we have two carts at our disposal, hopefully all this week and next.

ANNE LISTER

I'm going to evict Sowden. He's ungovernable, and his farming doesn't suit me. It's a shame. I like the boy. Thomas.

40 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 15:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 40

ANNE arrives in her little office/book room next to her bedroom. She takes out the anonymous letter that ANN WALKER let her take away (perhaps she's carried it in her hat). She studies it again carefully by the window. We see some of what's written: "*You should know that Miss Lister cannot be trusted in the company of other women*". ANNE may flatter herself that she laughs at danger, but this could frighten her if she let it. She lights a candle (with a flint?) and then holds the letter over the flame. She watches it burn until it's in danger of burning her fingers, and then she puts it in the grate in the fire place.

41 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 19. 18:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 41

Afternoon has turned to early evening.

42 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 19. 18:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 42

THOMAS returns home with the cart. The family seem much the same as before, all working at various chores. But somehow the atmosphere seems less tense. Mellow even. MARY seems pleased to see THOMAS home.

MARY SOWDEN
How hungry are you?

THOMAS SOWDEN
Thirsty!

THOMAS jumps down. ALF SOWDEN runs over calling, "Can I see to Star, Thomas?" and THOMAS is happy to let ALF see to the horse. MARY has poured a tankard of small beer from a jug.

MARY SOWDEN
Amy. Give that to Thomas. Then your
dinner's ready when you are,
Thomas!

Thirsty THOMAS takes the tankard from little AMY, and MARY heads inside to put the dinner on the table. We go with THOMAS round the back of the house, and down the field...

43 EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 19. 18:25 (AUTUMN 1832) 43

THOMAS arrives at the pig sty. Where we find SAM SOWDEN tied to a wooden chair, in with the pigs. SAM's tied to the chair, and the chair's tied to the sturdy fencing of the sty. He's been there all day. AMY has followed THOMAS. SAM glowers at THOMAS and refuses to speak. His face is cut and bruised from where THOMAS and DICK had to smack him around this morning.

AMY SOWDEN
He's messed his pants.

THOMAS SOWDEN
We've come to have a look at you,
come to see how you're liking your
new living arrangements.

AMY SOWDEN
He offered me sixpence. To untie
him.

THOMAS SOWDEN
He hasn't got sixpence.

AMY SOWDEN
No, I know.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Mr. Pickels was grateful to have
the cart back. You'll be thrilled
to learn.

SAM SOWDEN
(darkly)
You'd better untie me.

THOMAS SOWDEN
If I did. How do we know you won't
start throwing your weight around
again?
(SAM has no response)
So you see the problem.

SAM SOWDEN
Someone comes along and finds me
like this, you won't last five
minutes.

THOMAS SOWDEN
But. Thing is. No-one ever does
come along. Do they? Not out here.
Nobody visits us. Do they. Cos
nobody likes us.

SAM SOWDEN
Miss Lister's expecting me up at
the hall tomorrow, you think she
isn't gonna come snooping round if
I don't turn up?
(this does bother THOMAS)
Eh? She were keen enough about
coming to check up on t'roofs.
Wasn't she? Eh? Y'hadn't thought
about that. Had you? Elsie.

THOMAS leaps over the fence into the sty and picks up a
wooden bucket of cold, slimy water that the pigs drink from.

He throws it in SAM's face. SAM lets out a big shout/scream/gasp as the shock of the cold water hits him.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Gonna be cold again tonight, Mr. Pickels says. Shall we see if you've learned a bit of humility? Come the morning.

THOMAS climbs out of the sty and heads off. AMY peers through the fence at her dad. Is she feeling sorry for him?

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)

Amy!

AMY runs off after THOMAS.

44 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 18:30 (AUTUMN 44
1832)

Early evening.

In great contrast to AMY SOWDEN's grubby little face and SAM's predicament, we find magnificent ANNE LISTER getting ready for her hot date with MISS WALKER. EUGÉNIE is just fastening ANNE into a particularly elegant dress.

EUGÉNIE shapes ANNE's hair.

EUGÉNIE holds up ANNE's expensive military-style great coat for her to slip her arms into.

ANNE checks herself out in the mirror: she looks particularly swashbuckling. And then the hat. Just then JOSEPH BOOTH appears in the door way, with a note.

JOSEPH BOOTH

A note just arrived, ma'am. From Mr. Jeremiah Rawson's servant.

ANNE takes the note and opens it, and reads -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

(v.o., annoyed)

Madam. I am at a loss to account for the misunderstanding between us. I considered by 'sufficient measure' you meant both the lower and upper bed and that was the only consideration that induced me to offer such an enormous price. If you will fix a price for both, and let me know your *ultimatum*, I would be grateful.

ANNE can't be bothered with this now. But it makes her smile: she's got them on the run. She shoves it in her desk drawer.

45 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 19. 18:35 (AUTUMN 1832) 45

AUNT ANNE and JEREMY are eating dinner together when ANNE heads in like a whirlwind.

ANNE LISTER
I'm off. Ten o'clock.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
I'm going to send John.

ANNE LISTER
You're not going to send John.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
I'm going to send John. I do not
like you walking [home alone] -

ANNE LISTER
Fine. Send John. But tell him not
to arrive any earlier than nine
thirty-five.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
You cannot walk back from
Lightcliffe in twenty-five minutes.

ANNE LISTER
I can walk anywhere in twenty-five
minutes.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
John can't.

ANNE LISTER
Well then I shall be approximately
five minutes later than ten
o'clock. But only because of John.
(she kisses her AUNT and
salutes at JEREMY)
Try not to lose any more colonies,
Captain.

JEREMY LISTER
What did she say?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Nothing.

JEREMY LISTER
Where's she going?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Oh! And John. Just to warn you. Is
getting married.

ANNE LISTER

John?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(realising she shouldn't
have opened that can of
worms just now)

We'll have this conversation later.

ANNE LISTER

This John, our John? To who?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh! And mm.

ANNE LISTER

Who's John getting married to?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

There's something worse. Not worse.
But. Both - later.

ANNE LISTER

Worse?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Marian.

ANNE LISTER

Marian?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

There was -

ANNE LISTER

Marian's getting married? Who to?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well -

ANNE LISTER

Not to John. I trust. Oh but maybe
they are, what do I know? Marian?
Does M[arian] - ? Really? *Is* Marian
g(etting married) - ?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

There's - no!

ANNE LISTER

And who's *John* getting married to?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I said I wouldn't say any(thing) -
and anyway, you you you - you're
getting m -
('married' .

(MORE)

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Obviously she can't say
more in front of JEREMY)
I want you to have a nice evening,
so off you pop. We'll have this -
[conversation] - later.

ANNE LISTER

Father. Has M[arian] - has anyone
been to see you, and asked for
Marian's hand?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

No. No. No no no.

As in "You've got the wrong end of the stick".

JEREMY LISTER

Marian? No. Not... [lately].
(has he misheard?)
What? *Why*? Have they? Is she?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Please go. It's not what you think.
Really. Miss Walker will be
wondering where you are.

46

INT. DINING ROOM, CROW NEST. EVENING 19. 20:00 (AUTUMN
1832)

46

ANNE and ANN are having a very elegant evening. A formal
dinner just for the two of them. ANN's wearing an expensive
evening gown. JAMES waits on them very correctly. They're
delighted with one another's company, gazing at one another
across the table.

ANN WALKER

Oh! I had a letter. Earlier this
evening. From my friend. Mrs.
Ainsworth. I told you about them.
This morning. Turns out he - Mr.
Ainsworth - has applied for a
position as clerk at Lightcliffe
church, and he has a meeting - an
interview - here the week after
next. With the trustees. So they
want to come to stay then instead
of January. And I know you said you
wanted to wait until after February
to travel because of your aunt, but
the point is - from my point of
view - we *could* be off sooner.

ANNE is delighted by ANN's enthusiasm to be off as soon as.

47 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. NIGHT 19. 21:15 (AUTUMN 47
1832)

ANNE and ANN are settling down to coffee in the drawing room.

ANNE LISTER

I wanted to ask you something. I
wanted to ask you, when we come
back from the Continent, whether...
you see the thing is I shall never
get married. Ever. And if you. Felt
that you. Might never get married.
Either. And you were prepared to
give up all thought of ever having
children. I wondered if. On our
return. Might we not... live
together? Set up home together. As
companions.

ANN WALKER can't believe her ears. The idea fills her with
delight.

ANN WALKER

(a whisper)
It'd be like a marriage.

ANNE LISTER

Quite as good.

ANN WALKER

Or better.
(a moment of shared
delight)
I do wonder though...
(much as she wants to bite
ANNE's hand off)
You see, I think I told you... that
I have always been very fond of
children. And whilst giving birth
isn't something I'd...
("want to do")
And whilst I have always thought I
would never marry, I did - at one
time - feel an inclination not to
keep to that. So. It's difficult.
To positively say that I might
never feel the same inclination
again. So rather than give a yes
now, could we wait six months?

ANNE LISTER

Six months?

ANN WALKER

It is, is it not, the same as a
proposal?

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

And would it not be prudent in any -
in all - circumstances. For both
parties. To fully consider
everything that - ?

ANNE LISTER

(charmed by the idea
that's it's a proposal)
Of course. Of course it would! It
is exactly like a proposal! And six
months is... April. Shall we say
the third? It's my birthday.

ANN WALKER

Is it?

ANNE LISTER

I can wait. That long. As long as I
have reason to hope.

ANN WALKER

Oh I think...
(they're gazing at one
another)
You have every reason to hope.

Very delicately they start kissing.

ANNE LISTER

You're very pretty.

ANN WALKER

Oh. And there's the proof.

ANNE LISTER

What?

ANN WALKER

That love is blind.

They both smile. And kiss.

48 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. NIGHT 19. 21:35 (AUTUMN 1832) 48

It's dark. JOHN BOOTH approaches New House. He has a lantern.
He rings the bell. A dog barks. Moments pass, and an anxious
SERVANT comes to the door; clearly no-one is expected.

JOHN BOOTH

Evening.
(he assumes they know why
he's here and no further
explanation other than
his presence is required.
But the New House servant
looks blank)
I'm calling for Miss Lister.

Behind the servant, WILLIAM PRIESTLEY appears, and behind him, ELIZA PRIESTLEY. (NB, they would normally let the servant answer the door but because it's so late perhaps there's some anxiety that's something, which would justify them both coming to see what's up).

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Who is it, Harry?

JOHN BOOTH
Only me, Mr. Priestley! John Booth.
From Shibden Hall.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Oh. What can we do for you John?

JOHN BOOTH
I've come for Miss Lister.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Miss Lister?

JOHN BOOTH
To walk her back.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Hello John.

JOHN BOOTH
Hello Mrs. Priestley.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Miss Lister isn't here.

JOHN BOOTH
Oh has she set off?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
No, she's not been here since -
when was Anne here?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Tuesday.

JOHN BOOTH
Was she not here last night? And
the night before that?
(everyone's confused. And
then JOHN realises -
I've come to t'wrong house. They
said Lightcliffe, so I assumed...
oh I am sorry, I've disturbed you.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Oh don't worry, John.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Well where is she then?
(they all look at one
another for clues)

JOHN BOOTH
Happen she's at Miss Walker's?

49 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. NIGHT 19. 21:40 (AUTUMN 49
1832)

From delicate to passionate. ANNE's deftly working her way
into MISS WALKER's thick knitted drawers with her adventurous
right hand. Between kisses, a mumbled conversation -

ANNE LISTER
Surely you care enough about me to
say yes. You do realise you'll
break my heart now if you say no.

ANN WALKER's getting increasingly aroused, but perhaps it's
when ANNE's hand gets right inside the thick knitted drawers
and touches the "hair and skin of queer" (as ANNE put it).

ANN WALKER
(suddenly)
Wait! Stop.

ANNE LISTER
Sorry? What?

ANN's freaked. She's getting sexually aroused by another
woman, and it's just *not normal*.

ANN WALKER
This is too much, it's too soon.

ANNE LISTER
Have I hurt you?

ANN WALKER
No! No, it isn't that. It's just...
it's too soon. I'm not...

ANNE LISTER
Not?

ANN WALKER
I've barely made sense of my own
feelings. And this...

ANNE LISTER
Does it feel wrong?

ANN WALKER
I don't know. Not the kissing. But
this. I don't know.

ANNE LISTER
I'm sorry.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
Sorry.

ANNE LISTER
No I'm sorry.

ANN WALKER
Have I spoilt everything?

ANNE LISTER
No.

ANN WALKER
I've never - sorry. Done it before,
I'm probably not very good at it.

ANNE LISTER
The best way. I imagine. Is to let
nature guide you.

ANN WALKER
I don't want to disappoint you.
But...

ANNE LISTER
You haven't. You haven't, Ann.

They're still close, and perhaps a feeling that they could
kiss again, but then there's the door bell.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(a groan -)
Oh, that'll be John.

ANN WALKER
Have you - ? Done this before?

ANNE LISTER
No. Of course not.

Perhaps there a little glance to camera, to us, in
acknowledgement of the fact that she's lying.

50 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. NIGHT 19. 21:50 (AUTUMN 1832) 50

ANNE and JOHN walk back, but not together. ANNE's ahead, and
JOHN's struggling to keep up. ANNE walks everywhere like
she's going for gold. Her athletic mind's racing as fast as
her athletic legs: she's energised, preoccupied.

JOHN BOOTH
Ma'am. Ma'am? *Ma'am.* Miss Lister?

ANNE LISTER
Hm? Oh hello.

JOHN BOOTH

Sorry. Erm... so did erm - has -
did anyone talk to you about me and
and and -

ANNE LISTER

You and - ?

JOHN BOOTH

Eugénie?

ANNE LISTER

No. My aunt said you were getting
married. Who to?

(realising)

Not - ? *Eugénie*? No. Really?

JOHN BOOTH

She - we - sh[e] -

ANNE's stopped. JOHN finds he can't speak.

ANNE LISTER

How?

(she stops in her tracks)

No. Seriously. *How?* You don't even
speak the same language! You have
no French, and she barely speaks
any English.

JOHN BOOTH

No but. Love is blind.

ANNE LISTER

Rubbish. Love needs language. To
express itself. On a more prosaic
level, *marriage* is a legal
agreement. Which can't be
negotiated just by gazing at
someone.

JOHN BOOTH

Well Mrs. Cordingley has a
smattering, as you know - she was
your lady's-maid for a time - and
yes, she's she's she's been very
kind.

Silence. A silence which deepens and broadens. Eventually -

ANNE LISTER

It's not often I'm speechless.
John.

JOHN BOOTH

No.

ANNE LISTER

Well.

(more silence)

I'm not sure it is something I can give my consent to. Not very readily, anyway. Not that I would ever wish to get in the way of anyone's happiness. Obviously.

JOHN BOOTH

No ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well I shall speak to her.

JOHN BOOTH

Very good ma'am. Oh, there were summat else.

ANNE LISTER

What? Oh yes! Marian. Yes, tell me about Marian. Who's *she* getting married to?

JOHN BOOTH

I - I don't know anything about Ma[rian] - Miss M[arian] - your sister. Getting married. Miss Lister. It was just -

ANNE strides off again.

ANNE LISTER

Keep up.

JOHN BOOTH

I went to New House. Just now. First. Instead of Crow Nest. Your Aunt said, 'Lightcliffe', and I assumed - wrongly that that that you were with Mr. and Mrs. Priestley.

ANNE LISTER

What?

She's stopped again.

JOHN BOOTH

So I disturbed them. I did apologise to them, but with it being so late - obviously - they were a bit worried. But they were very polite about it, but so yeah.

ANNE takes it in. It isn't clear whether she's cross or just thoughtful. But it has shut her up.

51 INT./EXT. BACK DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 19. 22:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 51

ANNE comes in alone (JOHN's gone to his cottage). She takes a moment to confide in us before she heads further into the house -

ANNE LISTER

Well. The Priestleys will talk us over and think something is in the wind.

This seems to bring something of an amused smile to ANNE LISTER's face. But then maybe it scares her a little too; she likes the excitement, but she really is sailing closer to the wind than ever before with this relationship.

52 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 20. 08:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 52

A shiny new morning in the Shibden Valley.

53 EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 08:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 53

We discover SAM SOWDEN, still tied to his chair. He's been there all night. He'll be suffering from mild hypothermia by now, and he's starting to look a bit wild-eyed and freaky.

THOMAS wanders down to have a look at SAM.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Morning.

SAM is too cold to speak. Then suddenly -

SAM SOWDEN

HELP!! HELP!! **HELP ME!!**

THOMAS lets SAM shout and scream, doesn't try to stop him, just lets him wear himself out. THOMAS knows no-one will hear, not out here. There's no-one to hear him.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I wish I could believe you'd learned a lesson. But I'm scared you haven't. I'm scared you never will.

(he climbs into the pigsty to get closer to SAM, so he can really eye ball him)

Can you see... that this isn't a way to live?

(MORE)

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)

Where everyone who should mean something to you is frightened of you every time you walk into a room, every time they hear your voice? Can you see that? Eh? Say something. Say something that makes me think you might've learned a lesson.

But SAM has nothing to say. He's too cold, too angry, too numb. He'd spit if he could. THOMAS gives him a fair chance to pipe up. But there's nothing.

54 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 20. 08:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 54

EUGÉNIE's doing ANNE's hair; the usual brisk daily coiff. EUGÉNIE glances nervously at ANNE in the mirror and discovers ANNE observing her darkly. Thoughtfully. ANNE knows there must be more to it, so she plays it cool.

ANNE LISTER

(very quiet, very calm)

J'aimerais que vous vous présentiez le crachin interminable de cette petite île dégoulinante qu'est l'Angleterre. Et l'interminable exaspération causée par les enfants d'un autre. C'est tout.

I'd like you to consider the relentless drizzle of soggy little England. And the relentless irritation of someone else's children. That's all.

55 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 20. 08:55 (AUTUMN 1832) 55

ANNE has just eaten breakfast with AUNT ANNE and her father. She is now (incidentally) ripping open the last of three letters that have been brought in with breakfast.

ANNE LISTER

John Abbott?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

She's been to tea. Twice. At the Kennys. Whilst Mr. Abbott was there. That's all.

ANNE LISTER

Dr. Kenny. Mm.

(she might have guessed)

He makes carpets. John Abbott.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Wool. Yes. Probably.

ANNE LISTER

Either way, he's trade. Through and through.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I said I wouldn't say anything.

ANNE stands up, checking her watch.

ANNE LISTER

You're going to have to put the tin lid on that, Captain.

JEREMY LISTER

Mm?

ANNE LISTER

Or else I will.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh, I shall be in trouble now. They've only had tea together.

ANNE LISTER

Twice. I'm off down to check on the men.

(kissing her AUNT)

Nonsense, you've done the right thing. Marian has no judgement, she always needs a steer in the right direction. Better coming from you rather than me though. Father. You know how ridiculous she gets. When she comes back. If she comes back.

ANNE heads out. When she's gone JEREMY confides to AUNT ANNE -

JEREMY LISTER

Marian should get married. Do her good. Who cares if he's trade? If he has money enough and he cares about her and they can make a life together. The world's moving forward. Even if -

(he indicates where ANNE's just left the room, gestures, makes a rude noise even)

- she isn't.

WILLIAM and ELIZA PRIESTLEY eat breakfast together. MRS. PRIESTLEY is restless, bothered about last night.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I might pop in at Crow Nest. Do you
imagine she's ill? Miss Walker. If
Miss Lister has been round there
several nights in a row?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

(he glances up from his
newspaper. He isn't quite
as naïve as his wife)
It's one possibility.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I might pop in. I don't want to be
a busy-body. But I might pop in.

57 EXT. CARRIAGE DRIVE, SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 20. 09:15 (AUTUMN 57
1832)

THOMAS and DICK arrive with a cart load of stone brought from
one of the Shibden quarries. We see how the carriage drive
has progressed since yesterday; rough and ready, but taking
shape. THOMAS and DICK jump down, open the flap at the back
and start unloading the stone. We find ANNE talking to
PICKELS when she spots THOMAS.

ANNE LISTER

Did you have any more trouble with
Sam Sowden yesterday?

PICKELS

No ma'am. Thomas brought the cart
back and then he worked like a
trooper.

ANNE LISTER

Good. *Thomas!*

PICKELS gestures to THOMAS to come over pronto while MISS
LISTER's addressing him.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Morning Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Will y[ou]- good morning - will you
remind your father that I'd like to
see him today? Up at the hall.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Yes ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

And if he doesn't come to see me, I
shall go and see him. And he'll
like the consequences even less if
it comes to that.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Yes ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Oh and Thomas. Tell him. That I appreciate him letting you bring the cart back.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Could I - ? Sorry ma'am. Thing is. I can work hard. Even if me father isn't inclined. And... it'd be very hard on my mother. And the little ones. If we were to lose the farm.

ANNE LISTER

Yes. But the problem is. Thomas.
(she isn't unsympathetic,
she genuinely likes
THOMAS)

My agreement is with him. And he and I need to be better friends, and he needs to accept my authority, or the whole thing just doesn't work.

THOMAS nods, accepts that. What choice does he have? ANNE checks her watch, turns back to PICKELS.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I'll be back later.

She heads off.

PICKELS

Back to work, lad.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Can I nip home, Mr. Pickels? I can leave t'cart here. Only if I don't remind him, he won't turn up.

PICKELS is reluctant: he needs all the men he can get to finish the job on time.

58

EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 20. 09:45 (AUTUMN 1832)

58

ANNE's ringing the front door bell. She's impatient. Restless about the way things were left last night. JAMES pulls the door open.

59 INT. ANTE ROOM/ DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 09:46 59
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE comes into the room and finds ANN WALKER perched in a quiet corner rather oddly. It's clear that she's been crying. She looks so sad and isolated.

ANNE LISTER

Ann?

ANN WALKER

I'm so glad you're here.

ANNE LISTER

What's happened?

ANN WALKER

Nothing. I just - after last night.
I didn't think you'd come back.

ANNE strides over to her and takes both her hands.

ANNE LISTER

Oh you'll find me a lot more
constant than that.

ANN WALKER

I don't deserve you. I'm not good
enough for you. You're so clever
and interesting and you'll soon get
fed up of me.

ANNE LISTER

You've got to stop having such a
poor opinion of yourself. *You're*
clever, *you're* interesting.

ANN WALKER

Do you still want us to live
together?

ANNE LISTER

Need you ask?

ANN WALKER

I was terrified I might never see
you again.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

ANN WALKER

(she whispers)

Because of last night. Because I
couldn't give you what you wanted.

ANNE LISTER

These things take time.

ANNE touches ANN's face, and they gaze into one another's eyes. They start kissing again. Delicately as usual at first, but as before, it quickly becomes more passionate.

ANN WALKER
(she can barely speak for
kissing)
We should put the blinds up.

60 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 09:50 (AUTUMN 1832) 60

MARY SOWDEN is busy hanging out washing when THOMAS appears. The little ones are busy at their various farm chores. He's breathless, he's been running, not wanting to inconvenience MR. PICKELS any longer than he has to.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Ma.

MARY SOWDEN
Summat up?

THOMAS SOWDEN
Miss Lister says she wants to see
him. Up at the hall. So I'll have
to let him loose.
(this worries both of
them)
I was wondering if you should walk
the little ones into Halifax. For a
while. Then if he kicks off and
lashes out they'll be out o' t'way.

MARY SOWDEN
But what about you?

THOMAS SOWDEN
Oh, I can run faster than him. If
he starts anything.

MARY's reluctant to leave THOMAS alone with him. But what can she do? They can't keep him tied up forever. She thinks it through.

MARY SOWDEN
Alf! Go find Amy, we're going into
Halifax.
(she hesitates)
You... just be careful. And run. If
you have to. Just run.

THOMAS nods in agreement: he can look after himself if he has to.

We cut to ten minutes later, as MARY and ALF and AMY head off up the lane away from the farm.

THOMAS waits until they're on their way - out of earshot - then gathers his thoughts. He collects a big knife from near where the slaughtered pig hangs upside down. He heads off down to the pigsties. We go with him. We look into his face: he's nervous.

61 EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 10:00 (AUTUMN 61
1832)

SAM sees THOMAS approaching with the slaughterman's knife. Weakened and incapacitated as he is, it worries him. Yet he remains determined to try not to show it.

Nervous THOMAS and wretched SAM both look as frightened as each other.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Miss Lister wants to see you up at the hall. And God knows, you'll have some talking to do, 'cos she isn't happy with you. So I don't know. I don't know.

(he fingers the ropes, as though he's going to slash the ropes with the knife to free SAM)

Thing is. Even if I let you loose and you went up there. Chances are she'll kick us off anyway. Way she were talking. So I don't know. You better say the right thing. That's all. You better get yourself cleaned up, and you better say the right thing to her.

He slashes at the ropes. Instantly SAM believes himself to be free: it's frightening, he's clearly very strong and very angry, and he lets out a terrifying war cry -

SAM SOWDEN

AAAAaargh!!!

The severed rope frees the chair from the wall of the sty, but in fact SAM is still tied to the chair. So SAM simply falls forward, still tied to the chair, shouting threats and obscenities and still struggling. THOMAS is terrified. What can he do now? He can't free him. He'll kill him, he's mad. He sees the pigs over yonder, snuffling in the muck, and SAM's obscenities anger THOMAS.

THOMAS looks around: this farm really is very isolated.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You know one of the only things I ever learned from you? You ignorant bastard. When I was little. Eh?

"

(MORE)

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)

The thing about a hungry pig", you said, "Is that it'll eat anything and everything. Absolutely anything".

THOMAS holds his dad's head down. Like they do with the pigs when they slaughter them. And then cut their throats open.

62 EXT. FRONT/REAR, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:02 (AUTUMN 1832) 62

MRS. PRIESTLEY has arrived at Crow Nest. She's about to ring the doorbell, but has second thoughts. Somehow, deep down, barely consciously, she is suspicious. Instead she heads discreetly round the side of the house, and spots that the blinds are drawn in the living room, which is far from normal. She makes the decision to go to the servants entrance.

63 EXT. SERVANT'S ENTRANCE, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:03 (AUTUMN 1832) 63

ELIZA PRIESTLEY sees a servant, a kitchen maid, at the back door. JAMES the footman is loitering there too. MRS. PRIESTLEY makes her presence known.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Good morning.

JAMES jumps to attention.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Oh, morning ma'am.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Sorry to be - I just - I noticed the blinds were down. And I wondered [if] - is Miss Walker ill?

JAMES MACKENZIE

No ma'am. She's with Miss Lister.

64 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:03 (AUTUMN 1832) 64

ANNE and ANN kiss passionately. Once more ANNE's hand is heading north up MISS WALKER's thigh and into her thick knitted drawers, and this time MISS WALKER isn't stopping her.

65 INT. HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:04 (AUTUMN 1832) 65

JAMES has brought MRS. PRIESTLEY along to the drawing room. The door is closed.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Don't knock.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Sorry ma'am?

MRS. PRIESTLEY goes and listens at the door. JAMES can't really object. Even though it's rather unusual.

66 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:04 (AUTUMN 1832) 66

ANN and ANNE continue to kiss passionately, and ANNE's just got her hand where she wants it to be.

ANN WALKER
(a whisper)
I love you.

67 INT. HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:04 67
(AUTUMN 1832)

MRS. PRIESTLEY makes the decision to go in.

68 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 68

ANNE and ANN spring apart as soon as they hear the door go. ANNE has sprung up, and goes to stand by the fire. ANN is red in the face (possibly from embarrassment, possibly from passion), and both look a wee bit dishevelled. MRS. PRIESTLEY is speechless, and - according to ANNE LISTER - looked "vexed, jealous & annoyed".

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
What [are you] - ?
(she pushes the door to,
so JAMES can't hear)
What're you doing?

ANNE LISTER
Nothing.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
You [were] - you were -

"Kissing". She can't say it. It's so unimaginable she can't even believe the evidence of her own eyes. And she didn't see anything anyway. What she actually saw was them spring apart. But why would they do that if they hadn't been doing something they shouldn't have?

ANN WALKER
I'm not well. Miss Lister has been looking after me.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Oh. I see. Is that - is that -
(she's flustered)
Is that what you call it?

ANNE LISTER
(a bit of a challenge)
Sorry?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
For years. I've defended you.
Against... comments.

ANNE LISTER
Eliza -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Don't. You. Eliza me. Your aunt has
been in a *host of miseries* with you
staying out late! And *this*. You - !
You're playing with fire. Do you
understand? Both of you.

She lets that land, then she walks out. ANN and ANNE are
appalled. That was bad. They can't even look at each other,
both frozen to the spot.

69 INT. HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:05 (AUTUMN
1832)

MRS. PRIESTLEY leaves the room and bumps clumsily into JAMES -
who may have been ear-wigging - and leaves, flustered,
sickened, appalled, shaken.

70 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:06 (AUTUMN 1832) 70

ANNE and ANN eventually venture to look at one another. A few
seconds pass and then ANN WALKER starts laughing. ANNE
LISTER's amazed. How can she laugh? But ANN WALKER laughs
even more. JAMES knocks at the door and puts his head in.

JAMES MACKENZIE
(self-conscious)
Is everything all right? Miss
Walker?

ANN WALKER
(still laughing)
Yes. Thank you, James.

JAMES withdraws. Then ANNE LISTER starts to appreciate ANNE
WALKER laughing. It makes her smile: it's brave, it's bold.
Another moment, then -

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
Shall we go upstairs?

On ANNE LISTER: Really?

70A INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:07 (AUTUMN 70A
1832)

ANNE and ANN run up the stairs.

71 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 20. 10:08 71
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN WALKER falls on the bed, and ANNE LISTER's on top of her.
They kiss.

ANNE gets her hand up ANN's dress; they're both very excited.

Amidst lots of breathing and kisses, ANNE LISTER makes ANN
WALKER come. They cling onto one another passionately.

72 EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 10:10 (AUTUMN 72
1832)

We discover the chair SAM was sitting on in the pig-sty
empty. The ropes all cut. And blood, a lot of it, pooled in
the mud of the sty. And over yonder, the pigs look like
they're having a jolly good feed. Clothes and everything. A
boot.

73 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 10:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 73

We discover THOMAS, poor shell-shocked THOMAS. Covered in
blood, carefully swilling the blood-stained knife with water.

We look into his face: the face of a boy who's just killed
his own father.

END OF EPISODE THREE