

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 4

Written by and created by

Sally Wainwright

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1 INT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 21. 08:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 1

WILLIAM and ELIZA PRIESTLEY are at the breakfast table.
Subdued rather than outraged.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
I have defended that -
(she was going to say
'that woman')
Ever since she was in her teens -
ever since she began staying with
her aunt and uncle at Shibden Hall -
I have defended her against the
vilest insults and innuendo.
Through thick and thin. Because I
never once thought any of it was
true. Because I was *fond* of her!
And of course now I realise - only
too vividly - what a laughing stock
I've been.

MR. PRIESTLEY is sickened and shocked by what he's hearing.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Good Lord.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
I told them, I said, "You're
playing with fire". Your cousin
laughed. As I left. I could hear
her. She *laughed*.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Are you sure [they were] - ?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Yes. Do you think I could make
something like that up? Two men.
Were hanged. Outside York gaol.
Just three months ago -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
I know.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
In front of a crowd of six thousand
people. For *unnatural a[cts]* -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
(he can't stand hearing
it)
I know! I know that. Not now!
(the FOOTMAN just came in.
He withdraws discreetly)
You mustn't repeat it to anyone.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
What?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Any of it. Ever.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Why?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Because you can't let yourself -
either of us - *or my cousin* Miss
Walker be associated with that sort
of talk.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I didn't do [anything] -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Anne Lister is clever. She'll twist
it, she'll turn it, she'll make it
reflect more badly on you than on
herself. She'd run rings round Lord
Grey and his cabinet if she got
anywhere near them!

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

(realising what he says is
true)

She did try to deny it. Even in the
room. As though it was all in my
imagination.

She shakes her head in utter disbelief.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

The best thing. The only response.
Is to be rather more cool. In
future. To establish some distance.
And certainly not to refer to them
in company. As for my cousin -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Her head's been turned. She needs
help.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

We must do what we can, we have a
duty. How we exercise that - given
that she's supposed to be an adult -
I'm not entirely certain, but -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

The thing is. About not mentioning
it. To anyone.

(she's anxious)

I was at Stoney Royd. A few days
ago. And so I may have mentioned
it. To elderly Mrs. Rawson. I did.
Mention it. To elderly Mrs. Rawson.

(MORE)

ELIZA PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)
And Mrs. Stansfield Rawson, she was
there too. With Miss Catherine and
Miss Delia Rawson. And then to your
Aunt Ann. At Cliffhill. So. I'm
afraid. Yes.
(with trepidation)
It has been mentioned.

TITLES

2 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CLIFFHILL HOUSE. DAY 21. 10:00 (AUTUMN 2
1832)

MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY are visiting elderly AUNT ANN WALKER.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
To York?

AUNT ANN WALKER
Yesterday. In your cousin's
carriage.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Both of them?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Why?

AUNT ANN WALKER
To consult a doctor. About her
spine. And...
(discreetly)
The nerve... nervy... nerves...
business.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
She has a doctor here.

AUNT ANN WALKER
Miss Lister's line was that Dr.
Belcombe is 'no provincial quack'.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Dr. Kenny is a very properly
trained medical man.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
It's an excuse to get her away from
her family. And on her own.

MR. PRIESTLEY mimes "shh" discreetly to his wife.

AUNT ANN WALKER
The unspoken, William, is not the
unknown. She'll have her in Paris
before we know it.

3 EXT. YORK. DAY 21. 10:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 3

Establisher: 1832 York. The Minster.

And then an establisher of The Black Swan Inn, York, where ANNE and ANN are staying.

The sound of ANNE and ANN making love takes us into the next scene -

4 INT. BEDROOM, BLACK SWAN INN. YORK. DAY 21. 10:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 4

ANNE and ANN in bed, both in the throes of delight as the morning sun light peeps through the shutters. It's clear they've been at it for ages because they've both worked up a sweat. Their night things are wet through. It comes to an end: all very passionate and tender.

ANN WALKER is just as star-struck with ANNE LISTER as ever, and ANNE is really starting to fall for this shy little woman who clearly thinks the world of her.

Then of course ANNE checks her watch to see how long they've been at it so she can write it in her journal later.

ANNE LISTER

Uh-oh! Dr. Belcombe'll be here in twenty minutes.

But ANN WALKER pulls ANNE LISTER to her again for another sexy smooch.

5 INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY 21. 10:33 (AUTUMN 1832) 5

ANNE's alone - dressed, coiffed and immaculate - reading yesterday's newspaper. A clock ticks ponderously.

DR. STEPH BELCOMBE (45, well-spoken, intelligent, with an excellent bedside manner) steps in.

STEPH BELCOMBE

She's getting dressed.

ANNE LISTER

It's good of you to see her at such short notice, Steph.

STEPH BELCOMBE

I've examined her. And we've had a good long chat. About her family. And so forth. She's very fond of you. You've been very kind to her.

ANNE LISTER

Her family guard her and her fortune, but without any real concern for her.

STEPH gets that.

STEPH BELCOMBE

I can give her something for the pain in her back. But its root cause. Is nervous hysteria.

ANNE LISTER

Does that mean it's all in her head?

STEPH BELCOMBE

(he smiles: yes)

That isn't to dismiss it, of course. And I've explained this to her. Mental suffering is just as acute as physical suffering. But of course we can't see it in the same way that we can see physical suffering, so we tend to dismiss it. She's had a lot of sadness. To contend with. In her life. We all cope with things in different ways, of course. Some people are better equipped to deal with it than others.

ANNE LISTER

Tell me what I can do to help her.

STEPH BELCOMBE

I think you're doing it, Anne! I think you're probably the best thing that's ever happened to her. She says she feels like a fraud now she's here, because she's felt so different. Since you befriended her. Did you say you were thinking of travelling abroad?

What STEPH's just said about ANNE and her good influence gives her a warm inner glow.

ANNE LISTER

Yes.

STEPH BELCOMBE

Well then. If you can persuade her, it'll do her more good than anything I can prescribe.

ANNE LISTER

Oh, she *wants* to go.

STEPH BELCOMBE

Well that's half the battle. People afflicted like this often just want to stay at home. And bury themselves. You're a tonic, Anne. With your zest! For everything.

(ANNE's delighted: she's the cure!)

Have you heard from my sister? Lately.

ANNE LISTER

Yes! Yes. I wrote and told her we were coming to see you.

6 EXT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 21. 10:35 (AUTUMN 1832) 6

A big, elegant, monolith of a stately home, standing in acres of elegant manicured greenery.

7 INT. DINING ROOM, LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 21. 10:35 7
(AUTUMN 1832)

MARIANA LAWTON eats breakfast with her husband, CHARLES LAWTON (61, a heavy man, and nearly twenty years older than MARIANA). They sit at opposite ends of a long dining table in silence, which suits them both down to the ground.

CHARLES is reading a newspaper. MARIANA is reading a letter from ANNE, of which she's just popped open the seal.

CHARLES recognises something about his wife's manner when she's reading a letter from her lover. He tries not to be interested in anything to do with his wife's overwhelming girlfriend, but he can't resist -

CHARLES LAWTON

What scintillating chit-chat from Miss Lister?

MARIANA LAWTON

Oh, she's in York. She's taking someone to see Steph. One of her neighbours. A Miss Walker.

CHARLES LAWTON

Oh a *Miss* Walker. Of course. Is there no end to Miss Lister's selflessness?

His words hit home: MARIANA knows ANNE is only selfless when she's in love and hitting on someone.

8 EXT. CARRIAGE ROAD, SHIBDEN. DAY 21. 10:40 (AUTUMN 1832) 8

MR. PICKELS and his team of eight men continue to work on the carriage drive, carving out the side of the hill, which has developed well in the last seven days since we last saw it. SAMUEL WASHINGTON is over-seeing the work in ANNE's absence. We discover THOMAS SOWDEN working hard.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Thomas.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Mr. Washington.

THOMAS isn't himself. In his every waking thought he's obsessed with what he's done, what he's become: a murderer.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
How's things at home?

THOMAS SOWDEN
Same.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Any sign of him?

THOMAS SOWDEN
Nothing.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
How's your mother?
(THOMAS shrugs)
Heck of thing. A fella walking out on his family like that.

THOMAS SOWDEN
I just wish we knew what was happening wi' t'tenancy. And then. We'd know what we were doing.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Aye. Well. We'll have to see if Miss Lister's had any more thoughts on the matter when she gets back from York. Won't we?

WASHINGTON leaves THOMAS to it, and haunted THOMAS carries on with his work.

9 EXT. BLACK SWAN INN, YORK. DAY 21. 12:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 9

ANN WALKER's immaculate two-horse carriage is hitched up ready to go. ANN WALKER's groom, WILLIAM BELL (a lithe, 35-year-old) is busy with the horses.

ANNE LISTER emerges from the inn, and WILLIAM goes to open the carriage door for her.

ANNE LISTER

Must've shaken you, William. The accident above the hall the other week.

WILLIAM BELL

Yes, ma'am. It wasn't pleasant.

ANNE LISTER

The little boy lost his leg. Did you hear?

(WILLIAM nods sadly)

Sounds like the idiot driving the gig didn't know how to handle the thing.

WILLIAM BELL

I couldn't say ma'am, it all happened so fast.

ANNE LISTER

You were facing him. As I understand it. As he approached.

WILLIAM BELL

Like I say. It was over and done with before we knew what was going on.

ANNE LISTER

(confidentially, implying he can trust her)

James Mackenzie told me. That just after it happened. You said you recognised the man driving the gig. As Mr. Christopher Rawson.

This turn in the conversation makes WILLIAM BELL uncomfortable.

WILLIAM BELL

I don't know. I mean, I was busy pulling the horses up, trying to avoid the ditch.

ANNE LISTER

But that was your first impression.

(WILLIAM doesn't reply)

They're my tenants. The Hardcastles. They're my people, and I'd like to know the truth.

WILLIAM BELL struggles with his response.

WILLIAM BELL

Both my brothers work for Mr. Rawson. Ma'am. And with him being the magistrate himself...

(MORE)

WILLIAM BELL (CONT'D)
well it's not even as if it'd do
any good. Is it.

ANNE LISTER
There are other magistrates in
Halifax.

WILLIAM BELL
Aye but they all...
(he hesitates)
piss in t'same pot. I'd end up in
more trouble ner him for having
said something.

ANNE knows this is true. And she doesn't flinch at his
language; she rather likes it when men think they can talk to
her man to man.

Just then ANN WALKER and pale EUGÉNIE emerge from the inn,
and so ANNE's conversation with WILLIAM ends. Nervous WILLIAM
adds hastily -

WILLIAM BELL (CONT'D)
Anyway, I coulda been mistaken.
Coulda been anyone.

ANNE takes this in, then turns her attention to ANN WALKER -

ANNE LISTER
Ah!

- and helps her into the carriage, like a gentleman. WILLIAM
goes round to help EUGÉNIE with the bags onto the carriage.
He sees how pale and troubled she looks.

WILLIAM BELL
Are you all right, love?

EUGÉNIE ignores him. WILLIAM has no French. So he can't help
her. He just dismisses the question and takes the bags.

ANN WALKER
(as she steps into the
coach)
Is Eugénie all right?

ANNE LISTER
Oh, she gets travel sick, she's
useless.

10 EXT/INT. ANN'S WALKER'S CARRIAGE, LEEDS. DAY 21. 15:00 10
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN sit side by side, eating orange segments, both thoroughly engrossed in one another's company.

ANNE LISTER

When we get back we'll get the maps out and plan the route. Thoroughly. We'll be in Rome for Easter and by June we can be back and in Scotland! With your sister and the children.

(ANNE slips into voice over as they gaze at one another -)

Surely she cannot go on with me as she does and mean to say 'no' on the third of April?

(then back to speech -)

And I've been thinking. About when we come back, to settle. Crow Nest is very elegant and stylish, of course. But there have been Listers at Shibden for fifteen generations, and between two and three centuries. For me it'd mean so much if you'd... come and live with me. At Shibden.

ANN WALKER

What about your aunt? And your father. And your sister.

ANNE LISTER

They'll be delighted. And look, you'd have more independence there. With me. From the tribe. And - dare I say it - more éclat. Socially. We'd have our own wing. In the upstairs. And I think...

(genuinely -)

We could be really very cosy and very happy. There. Together.

They're gazing at one another. ANN WALKER remains star struck, gazing into ANNE LISTER's brilliantly intelligent face. They melt into a lovely orange-flavoured sticky kiss. It becomes more passionate (the picnic lunch is abandoned). Eventually they come up for air.

ANN WALKER

Who taught you to kiss like that? If you never did anything like this before.

She doesn't say it like it's a deal-breaker. It's just out of interest really. But it takes ANNE LISTER slightly unawares. After a slight hesitation

ANNE LISTER

Nature.

(voice-over)

It struck me that I might ask her the same thing.

(then out loud)

I did wonder...

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

If you'd ever...

(a suggestive whisper)

played tricks. With another.

ANN WALKER

Who?

ANNE LISTER

Catherine Rawson.

ANN WALKER

(bursts out laughing)

Good Lord, no! Catherine's very...

What's the word? ANN pulls a mincing little face.

ANNE LISTER

What? Uptight? Straight-laced?

Boring?

Mm. They're both nodding in agreement, and then they both laugh and melt into another smooch, and this in turn leads to ANNE LISTER's hand heading north up inside MISS WALKER's thick knitted drawers again.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(a murmur between kisses)

I think we should pop in at Cliffhill and have a look at your Aunt Walker on our way back to Crow Nest. Just to normalise things.

11

EXT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE. DAY 21. DUSK. 17:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

11

Dusk. The coach pulls up outside Cliffhill house, which is another grand Halifax house, not dissimilar to Crow Nest.

12 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CLIFFHILL HOUSE. DAY 21. 17:35 (AUTUMN 12 1832)

AUNT ANN WALKER, ANN WALKER and ANNE LISTER sit very stiffly. A formal visit, with ANNE and ANN still in their coats. Despite the stiffness, ANN WALKER exudes the kind of joy she always feels in ANNE LISTER's luminous presence. AUNT ANN WALKER ignores ANNE LISTER as much as she can, having discussed the tactic with the Priestleys.

ANN WALKER

Dr. Belcombe was very pleased with me -

ANNE LISTER

Very pleased.

ANN WALKER

- and sees no reason why I shouldn't make a full recovery.

ANNE LISTER

(chiming in with a big smile)

A *full* recovery.

ANN WALKER

And not only did he say there was no reason whatsoever why I shouldn't travel abroad, he said it would do me good.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Dr. Kenny said exactly the same thing. *Weeks* ago.

ANNE LISTER

Can you not see a difference in Miss Walker already, Miss Walker?

AUNT ANN can't deny that ANN WALKER seems like a different person. Not that she's going to admit it.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Well everyone *here* has been asking where you were. The Priestleys. The Rawsons. Mr and Mrs Edwards of Pye Nest. Everyone's been talking about you.

Her tone implies "and not in a good way".

ANN WALKER

We were only gone three days.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Yes but it's not *like* you, that was the anxiety.

ANN WALKER

I feel different. I feel better.
And come January our plan is to
travel. First across to the
Continent - through Switzerland -
and then on to Rome.

ANNE LISTER

For Easter. For the Carnival.

ANN WALKER

And then back to England and then
up to Scotland. To see Elizabeth
and the children.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You must never forget that your
brother died in Naples.

ANNE LISTER

Well, that's not - Italy's - I've
been there several times and never
once felt the least bit queazy.
Quite the opposite in fact. The
climate at Easter would be a
perfect tonic.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You appear to have my niece under
your spell, Miss Lister.

This is the first time AUNT ANN WALKER has addressed ANNE
directly.

ANNE LISTER

(a smile)

Oh I rather think she has me under
hers.

ANN WALKER

Aren't you delighted to see me so
well, Aunt?

AUNT ANN WALKER

I'm afraid I must burst your
bubble. There's a letter for you.
On the desk. It arrived two days
ago.

(ANN finds a letter edged
in black, addressed to
'Miss Ann Walker, Cliff-
hill House, Lightcliffe,
Halifax')

I'm sorry, I opened it. It was
misdirected here, and I didn't
realise it wasn't for me.

Clearly it's bad news because it's edged in black.

ANN WALKER
Wh[o] - who?

She opens the envelope and takes out a card.

AUNT ANN WALKER
Your friend Mrs. Ainsworth.

ANN WALKER
Oh - !

The card falls from her hand, and her legs turn to jelly.

ANNE LISTER
Ann?

ANNE LISTER grabs ANN WALKER to stop her falling. AUNT ANN notices this effortless physicality between them, and then the obvious uninhibited tenderness between them -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Ann, are you all right?

ANN's gone pale. Like she could faint.

AUNT ANN WALKER
Your Uncle Edwards made some inquiries. Apparently...
(she hesitates)
she was thrown from an open carriage.

ANN WALKER
Ohh...!

ANNE LISTER
Shhh...

ANN WALKER
But they're coming here! They're coming here, next week!

ANNE LISTER
Do you have any smelling salts or brandy?

AUNT ANN WALKER
You'll have to -

She nods at the bell pull. ANNE goes and tugs on it, then gets straight back to ANN's side.

ANNE LISTER
How awful. Poor woman, good Lord.

This is shocking news of course, but ANN WALKER's reaction is quite extreme none the less (we - and ANNE LISTER - might begin to suspect there's more to it. But what?)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Ann?

Instinctively, ANN reaches to touch ANNE's glorious face but ANNE intercepts her hand (tenderly), so as not to make too much of a display in front of AUNT ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Shh...

Of course AUNT ANN WALKER *does* notice this.

AUNT ANN WALKER

They're burying her on Monday.

A FOOTMAN comes in.

AUNT ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

Matthew, could you fetch s[ome] -

ANNE LISTER

(clear, calm, loud)

Brandy. Quickly.

13 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 21. DUSK. 19:00 (AUTUMN 13 1832)

WILLIAM drops EUGÉNIE off in the Walker carriage with ANNE's bag, and EUGÉNIE's bit of luggage. JOSEPH BOOTH's come outside to greet them (assuming ANNE would be back too).

EUGÉNIE

Thank you.

WILLIAM nods, and calls "tata" to JOSEPH, then heads off with the carriage. EUGÉNIE heads inside. She has a note in her hand. JOSEPH takes the bags.

14 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 21. DUSK. 19:15 (AUTUMN 1832)

AUNT ANNE, JEREMY and MARIAN sit in front of the fire. Pale EUGÉNIE has given AUNT ANNE the note, which she's reading -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

She's back from York, but Miss Walker has had bad news. A bereavement. So she's staying over there with her tonight.

JEREMY LISTER

(doesn't look up from his newspaper)

Oh dear.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Thank you Eugénie.

(EUGÉNIE makes a bit of a
curtsy and withdraws)

Before I forget. Before she does
come back. Just to warn you. I
d[id] - I might've - the name of
Mr. Abbott. May have escaped my
lips.

MARIAN LISTER

What?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

In front of Anne. After you'd gone
off to Market Weighton.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh - !

AUNT ANNE LISTER

It was an accident. It slipped out.
I played it down. I'm sure sh[e] -

JEREMY LISTER

There is *nothing* wrong with you
seeing someone. Marian. If you want
to invite someone to tea, you
invite someone to tea.

MARIAN is pleasantly surprised by this sudden support.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

But. Jeremy. He...
(delicately)
makes carpets.

MARIAN LISTER

He is a founder member of the Joint
Stock Halifax banking company.

JEREMY LISTER

Our father's father's father. Was a
wool merchant. She forgets that.
She conveniently forgets that when
she's doing her -

(bossy prim voice)

"fifteen generations and between
two and three centuries and all the
way back to Charlemagne". She found
all his old woollen samples in a
drawer - in there, in the other
room - *and she burnt them*.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes but that was several
generations since, Jere[my] -

JEREMY LISTER

*Trade. We are descended from trade.
Just like the rest.*

MARIAN's delighted. What a ridiculous *snob* ANNE is. AUNT ANNE's more philosophical: she knows this can only lead to trouble.

15 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 21. CONTINUOUS. 20:15 15
(AUTUMN 1832)

EUGÉNIE's kept her coat on and is warming herself in front of the fire. ELIZA CORDINGLEY's washing up after dinner.

CORDINGLEY

You must be frozen daft. Voulez-vous du tea? Thé? Some tea?
(EUGÉNIE nods, but can't smile)
Qu'est-ce qui ne va pas? Love?
Y'all right?

JOSEPH is busy through in the back kitchen, so their conversation is hush-hush -

EUGÉNIE

J'ai saigné. Énormément. Je crois que...
(she whispers)
le bébé est mort.

I've been bleeding. Heavily. I think... the baby's dead.

EUGÉNIE's face creases up and she starts crying.

EUGÉNIE (CONT'D)

Je ne voulais même pas ce bébé.
Mais maintenant, qu'il est parti.

I didn't even want the baby. And now it's gone.

CORDINGLEY's first feeling is one of relief: the dissembling can stop, and that's weighed heavily on her. But now the problem is EUGÉNIE's tears, which are heart breaking.

CORDINGLEY

Ohh... Come here, love. It's nature. C'est la nature. Ton bébé meurt, tu pleures.
(*You lose a baby, you cry*)
Come on, love. Sit down. I'll get you some tea. With a bit of sugar! Let's help ourselves to a bit of sugar for you. Eh?

EUGÉNIE sobs silently. She's bottled it up all this time in York, and now it flows out.

JOSEPH mouths "What's up?" to CORDINGLEY from the back kitchen. CORDINGLEY mouths/gestures "I'll tell you later". But maybe JOSEPH realises what's up now he's asked the question.

16 INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM, SHIBDEN ESTATE. NIGHT 21. 20:30 16
(AUTUMN 1832)

THOMAS SOWDEN sits before the fire, which is the only illumination in the room. He's carving one of his little wooden figures with a pen-knife. His brain's buzzing with terrible thoughts of the hangman's noose, and needs to keep busy. MARY SOWDEN is tidying up, having fed all the family. We hear ALF and AMY playing upstairs. MARY's anxious. The wind rattles the catch on the outer door and it makes her jump.

MARY SOWDEN

I keep thinking he'll come through
that door, and murder us all.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Yeah.

MARY SOWDEN

I'm sure he has it in him.
(THOMAS makes no reply)
Amy's been crying again.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Why?

MARY SOWDEN

Happen she misses him. God knows
why, I don't. Only I wish we knew
what we were doing.

THOMAS SOWDEN

She was supposed to be back from
York today. Miss Lister. So. I'll
try and talk to her. When I see
her.

MARY SOWDEN

She'll no'an help us.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You don't know.

MARY SOWDEN

What I can't fathom. Is why he'd
not take any of his things. There's
a brand new pair of boots under
that bed upstairs! And his cart.
Why did he not go over to t'big
house and fetch his cart? Eh?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Happen he's walked to Liverpool and
sneaked on board a packet and
sailed to America. He once told me
that's what he'd do. If he could.

MARY SOWDEN

When?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Years ago.

MARY SOWDEN

When?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Years ago.

(THOMAS surprises himself
with how convincing he
can sound)

We'll not see him again. We were
nothing but an inconvenience to
him.

17 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 21. CONTINUOUS. 20:45 17
(AUTUMN 1832)

CORDINGLEY is with EUGÉNIE, who remains upset.

CORDINGLEY

J'ai perdu deux. Years ago.
Ensuite, j'ai perdu mon mari. And I
never found another one. But. J'ai
trouvé Madame Lister. Et elle m'a
donné moi un job, un travail. Et
puis elle m'a formé comme femme de
chambre. Et puis, l'aventure.

(she smiles fondly)

Paris. Avec la tante Anne. Et puis
j'ai cassé ma jambe. So. I'm stuck
here. Jack of all trades. Still.
It's nice to belong somewhere. Mais
non, mon petit poulet, tu peux
pleurer. C'est bien. Pleurs. It
gets it all out.

*I lost two... Then I lost my husband... but I found Miss
Lister. And she gave me a job. And then she trained me as a
lady's-maid. And... we had some adventures. Paris. With Aunt
Anne. And then I broke my leg... But no, love, no, you cry.
It's good. Crying.*

Just then JOSEPH comes in through the back kitchen door with
JOHN.

JOHN BOOTH

What's happened?

EUGÉNIE looks up at JOHN. Then to CORDINGLEY.

EUGÉNIE

Dîte-lui. Le mariage est annulé.

You'll have to tell him. The wedding's off.

18 INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. NIGHT 21. 21:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

ANNE is sitting with ANN, whose face is red and swollen from crying. Clearly this news has shaken her profoundly.

ANNE LISTER

Do you want to talk about her? Mrs.
Ainsworth.

ANN seems to have to search for something to say about her.

ANN WALKER

She was kind.

ANNE LISTER

You must've been very close to her.

ANN WALKER

Why do you say that?

Isn't it obvious?

ANNE LISTER

Because you're so upset.

ANN WALKER

Not like we are. If that's what
you're thinking.

(then she regrets her
harsh tone)

It's death. Anything to do with
death. It terrifies me.

19 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 21. 23:30 19
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN in bed, illuminated by the moon. ANN WALKER is asleep. ANNE LISTER - who is wide awake - has the uneasy feeling that there is more to this than she's yet fathomed.

She touches ANN WALKER's hair gently; without it being the big wham-bam head-over-ears falling in love ANNE LISTER usually experiences, she is now realising that she has developed big feelings for this vulnerable little woman.

20

INT. DINING ROOM, CROW NEST. MORNING. DAY 22. 09:00
(AUTUMN 1832)

20

ANNE and ANN eat breakfast together. ANN WALKER remains distracted, sad, thoughtful. ANNE LISTER is extremely sensitive to her mood.

ANNE LISTER

I wonder... if we should pay a
house call on Mr. and Mrs.
Priestley.

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

Now. This morning. First thing.

ANN WALKER

Why?

ANNE LISTER

Because if we skulk and avoid her
it'll look like we've got
something to hide. Something to be
ashamed of. And we haven't, we
don't. We are two respectable
women. Who choose to spend time
together. That's all.

ANN WALKER

She saw us -
(mouths it)
Kissing.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. She didn't. Not exactly. But
the point is. If she says anything
to anyone - which she may or may
not do, who knows - if we carry on
as normal, as if we have nothing to
hide, it'll undermine anything she
might go around saying. Whereas if
we avoid polite company, it might
reinforce the idea that what she
says has some truth in it.

ANN WALKER

Must we do it now? Today?

ANNE LISTER

I always think it's better to
broach these things head on and
deal with them. You should tell
them how well you got on in York.
And really they ought to be
delighted.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Come on, it's a distraction, it'll
give you something else to think
about.

21 INT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 22. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 21

ANNE and ANN sit with MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY. Inevitably everyone sits rather stiffly. ANNE and ANN remain in their coats. No refreshments have been offered. The PRIESTLEYS both address all their conversation to ANN WALKER.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

So will Mr. Ainsworth still come
for his meeting with the church
trustees?

ANN WALKER

(a shrug)

We've not heard anything else.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

He can always stay here. With us.
Rather than with you. If that's
helpful. Perhaps I should write to
him. As one of the church trustees
I'll be meeting with him anyway so -

ANN WALKER

Thank you.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)

- and make the offer.

ANNE LISTER

Such sad news. What a shame you
didn't see Miss Walker when she'd
just returned from York! She was a
different person altogether.
Weren't you?

Neither of the PRIESTLEYS respond to ANNE, or even look at her as she speaks. ANN WALKER tries to smile and think of the joy she felt yesterday, but her response is so much more half-hearted and nervous than when she told AUNT ANN WALKER the exact same thing yesterday afternoon -

ANN WALKER

Yes, Dr. Belcombe was very pleased
with me.

ANNE LISTER

And sees no reason why she
shouldn't make a full recovery.
(no response. From anyone)
And his prescription is to travel!
(ANNE wants ANN to be the
one to outline their
travel plans.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
But ANN just nods in
tacit agreement)

So.

More awkward silence. ANNE LISTER just keeps smiling.

22 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 22. 10:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 22
ANNE and ANN leave the Priestleys' house, and head off.

ANNE LISTER
That went well.

ANN WALKER
Did it?

No. It didn't. But if ANNE says it did, it did.

ANNE LISTER
Well enough. Listen. I've got to
get back to Shibden. I've got
things to do and people to see.
I've got to go into Halifax. But
then I'll be back.
(they gaze at one another
sadly. Sad but still in
love)
Soon.

23 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 22. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 23
ANNE heads through a flock of chickens (at her usual
whirlwind pace). She sees JOHN BOOTH, busy loading new trees
onto a cart to take down the fields to the planting area.

ANNE LISTER
Morning John!

JOHN BOOTH
(a mumble)
Morning ma'am.

ANNE realises JOHN looks miserable, (she might even throw us
a 'what's up with him?' glance) but she hasn't time to
inquire about that now. We linger on JOHN's sadness/
resentment for a second, then follow ANNE into the house...

24 INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 22. CONTINUOUS. 11:01 (AUTUMN 1832) 24
ANNE glimpses CORDINGLEY in the kitchen...

ANNE LISTER
Morning! Good morning.

CORDINGLEY

Morning ma'am.

...and through to the housebody, where MARIAN is reading the newspaper at the big table -

ANNE LISTER

Marian! How was Market Weighton?

MARIAN LISTER

Pleasant.

ANNE kisses MARIAN robustly on the cheek by way of greeting.

ANNE LISTER

Good.

MARIAN LISTER

How's Miss Walker?

ANNE LISTER

Very w[ell] - well, she was and then this bereavement seems to have knocked her for six.

MARIAN LISTER

Jeremiah Rawson's here.
(she indicates through to the drawing room)
Again.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

MARIAN LISTER

And then I need to talk to you.

ANNE LISTER

I've got to go into Halifax.

MARIAN LISTER

I've got to go into Halifax.

ANNE LISTER

(thrilled, but not something for JEREMIAH RAWSON's ears)
I'm going down a pit!

MARIAN LISTER

I'll come with you. Not down the pit. Just - into Halifax.

ANNE heads into the drawing room...

25 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 22. CONTINUOUS. 25
11:02 (AUTUMN 1832)

...where JEREMIAH RAWSON is waiting for her. It's clear from his manner that he's losing patience with her.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
I hear you've been to York.

ANNE LISTER
(a smile as she shakes his hand)
Is that of interest to you?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Only that it would've been helpful to have sorted this business out before you went.

ANNE LISTER
To you, perhaps. To me - as I keep telling you - it's a matter of indifference. The trip was all a bit last minute. I'm thinking about buying a new gig. Am I right in thinking your brother bought a new gig recently?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
(thrown by the effortless change of subject -)
Yes. Yes, he did. But he didn't like it, he sent it back to the manufacturer in Liverpool.

So this is big news: more circumstantial on CHRISTOPHER.

ANNE LISTER
Not a company he'd recommend then. Is there a name? So I can avoid it?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Oh, er... I can find out.

ANNE LISTER
Would you?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
But it would be very nice if we could settle about the coal.

ANNE LISTER
When was that?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
What?

ANNE LISTER

When he sent it back?

Perhaps JEREMIAH has heard nothing about the accident. And so he's completely guileless -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Four or five weeks ago.

(ANNE nods, takes it in)

Why?

ANNE LISTER

So! Like you, I was at a loss to account for the misunderstanding between us. Why you imagine I'd sell both beds at that price is a mystery after I'd adumbrated my calculations so deftly.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Yes but the price being so steep I imagined it did cover [both beds] -

ANNE LISTER

No.

(she lets that land)

So! I value the upper bed - if you want it - at one hundred and sixty pounds per acre.

(JEREMIAH heaves a sigh:

it's getting ridiculous)

However. I'm prepared to make an abatement on this and sell it to you at a hundred and thirty-nine pounds and ten shillings. Per acre. To show good faith. But the price of the lower bed remains the same. I realise you'll have to consult your brother. But I'd like an answer before the end of the week, so I can offer it to the other applicant. If that's what it comes to.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Miss Lister -

(as delicately as he can)

You do know... that my brother isn't someone to mess with. Don't you.

Silence.

ANNE LISTER

Are you threatening me?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

No. No I'm not.

(sincerely)

I'm telling you for your own good.

26

EXT. OLD BANK, HALIFAX. DAY 22. 11:45 (AUTUMN 1832)

26

ANNE and MARIAN walk down into Halifax together. At length, and with some difficulty, MARIAN risks the response she might get by saying -

MARIAN LISTER

I'm sorry. That we argued. Before I went away. I said things I regret, and I apologise.

ANNE LISTER

I don't like it when we argue any more than you do.

MARIAN LISTER

No. I know that, and I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

I know you think it doesn't affect me, but it does.

MARIAN LISTER

That's why I'm apologising.

ANNE LISTER

It upsets my equilibrium.

MARIAN LISTER

Yes. I *know*. It upsets mine too, and I'm *sorry*. I'm going to Jackson's. For flannel. To make drawers. Can I get you any? I have a new pattern. With an improved gusset. I can make you some if you like.

ANNE LISTER

Actually. I'm planning to travel again. In February. With Miss Walker. Aunt Anne's health permitting. So yes. New drawers would be useful.

MARIAN LISTER

You've become great friends. You and Miss Walker.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

(she hesitates, then -)

If she was to move in with me.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

At Shibden. As my companion. How would you feel about that?

MARIAN LISTER

Would she leave Crow Nest?

ANNE LISTER

She says so. She rattles around in it on her own.

MARIAN LISTER

I'd be delighted.

ANNE LISTER

Would you?

MARIAN LISTER

Of course. I like her. The little I've seen of her. And I'd be pleased for you. To be more settled.

ANNE LISTER

Thank you. Marian.

A rare moment of awkward but kind understanding between the two sisters. Which seems an appropriate time for MARIAN to risk the next thing -

MARIAN LISTER

There was one thing. I did say. Before I went off to Market Weighton. Which may have overstepped the mark, but at the same time wasn't entirely inaccurate. I believe Aunt Anne. Has mentioned... Mr. Abbott. To you.

(no response)

Anne?

(no response)

Anne.

ANNE LISTER

His name did escape her lips. Yes.

MARIAN LISTER

I'd like to invite him for tea. Father says I can. Infact -

ANNE LISTER

Really?

MARIAN LISTER

He'd like me to.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. Mm. Do you need my permission?

MARIAN LISTER

It was more your blessing. And an undertaking that you'd be civil. To him.

ANNE hesitates, and says with no great enthusiasm -

ANNE LISTER

You'll find me no obstacle to something you have very much at heart, Marian. As long as it's an intelligent choice. But one would only be doing one's duty. As an elder sister. To question the pedigree of a man who makes rugs.

MARIAN bites her lip. She will bide her time. Baby steps.

27

EXT. HOLT'S PIT. HALIFAX. DAY 22. 12:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

27

HOLT's pit feels like a shanty town, as though the whole operation is held together with chewing gum and bits of string. Everything is ingrained with coal dust.

There's a big hole in the side of the hill, fifteen feet wide and ten feet high. This is a horizontal shaft pit, where the workers walk to the coal beds, inside the hill. There are two sets of metal tracks laid on the ground where the corves - the wheeled wooden dumpsters that contain the loosened coal - go in empty on one side of the gaping hole and are dragged out full on the other side. By children.

The surface workforce consists of one man and two children, all of them poor degraded things, black with coal dust. We discover ANNE LISTER looking incongruous in the midst of all this. HOLT emerges from his office and greets her.

JAMES HOLT

Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Holt.

JAMES HOLT

I've got the figures for you ma'am. Both for sinking a new pit at the top of the hill, and for reopening Listerwick.

ANNE heads into HOLT's shanty-town office...

28 INT. HOLT'S PIT OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 22. 12:30 (AUTUMN 28 1832)

...where a grubby emaciated sorrowful child sits nursing a bleeding head. As we know, ANNE isn't great with kids.

ANNE LISTER

What's...? That.

JAMES HOLT

Occupational hazard. The ceiling's low in places, and they will forget their caps. Then they graze their skulls. Either that or they bust their ankles, letting their carts catch up with their heels.

ANNE LISTER

How old is...?

JAMES HOLT

This one? I don't know. Six. Seven. Eight? It's better if they don't get too big. The track's narrow in places - and low - so it's easier for 'em all round if they don't fill out too much. Are you still determined to go down there yourself ma'am?

29 INT. HOLT'S PIT. HALIFAX. DAY 22. 12:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 29

ANNE and HOLT travel down into the pit in an empty corve, a bit like the mine cart chase in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. But not quite as fast. They're propelled by the two children - one pulling (the one with the grazed skull) and one pushing - and they move along pretty smartly. As the shaft dips down, the two kids jump on and go with the ride. They pick up speed as they sink into the earth. The route's dimly lit by the occasional candle at the side of the track.

On each side of the track are vast caverns of empty waste where the coal has been excavated, divided into chambers where pillars of coal have been left to keep the whole thing from collapsing. Their only illumination is a couple of wobbly candles. ANNE's fascinated, of course.

Then the ceiling lowers. The urchin with the grazed skull murmurs to ANNE, "Keep your 'ead down Mister". It's unpleasant and scary. There's loads of water as well; perhaps a foot deep beneath them, and leaking out of walls and the ceiling. The corve splashes through at quite a lick. Finally the ground levels out and so the corve slows up and the kids have to pull and push again, until they reach the coal face. The only illumination is several strategically placed candles. A handful of naked men - contorted into impossible positions - hack away at the coal with pickaxes.

Not only is it dimly lit, its also difficult to breathe. A child fills a corve with the coal that the men have loosened. Distantly we hear another child crying, and the constant sound of water. ANNE had no idea how wet it was down a mine.

ANNE LISTER

How many people do you employ?

JAMES HOLT

At this pit? Fourteen. Five men, three women and six boys. Except some of 'em are girls.

ANNE LISTER

How do the shifts work?

JAMES HOLT

Two twelve hour shifts, ma'am. Round the clock. Demand is insatiable, and down here it doesn't matter if it's ten o'clock in the morning or ten o'clock at night.

ANNE LISTER

And that model would work for my pit?

JAMES HOLT

Once it's sunk. This is a horizontal shaft, yours'd be vertical with a winding engine. Which is what makes your set-up costs that much more expensive.

ANNE LISTER

Two thousands pounds is a lot of money.

JAMES HOLT

It is ma'am. But then you'd be laughing when the profits came in. And for years to come.

30

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 22. 14:00 (AUTUMN 1832)

30

MARIAN emerges from an apothecary's shop just as ANNE's returning, covered in coal dust, and with a small contusion to her head, which has bled (not that she seems bothered).

ANNE LISTER

Ah! There you are.

MARIAN LISTER

(aghast)

What do you look like?

ANNE LISTER

Do I? What?

MARIAN LISTER

You didn't really - ? No, you did,
of course you did. You really did
go down a pit.

ANNE LISTER

I did say that's w[hat I was] -

MARIAN LISTER

Well I can't walk back to Shibden
with you looking like *that*.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. All right. I'm going to see Mr.
Parker anyway, so -

MARIAN walks off. But essentially they're going in the same
direction, so MARIAN can't get away from ANNE.

MARIAN LISTER

This is the thing! I shouldn't
always have to walk into Halifax
anyway! You talk about sinking your
own pits and we haven't even got a
groom to drive our carriage since
George died! And then you talk
about 'the pedigree of a man who
makes rugs', and you go around
looking like *that*.

ANNE LISTER

You really don't understand how
class works. Do you, Marian?
(heading off down another
street)
Mind where you're - !
(MARIAN steps into some
horse doo-doo)
Oops.

ANNE heads off calling, "Morning! Afternoon!" to some passers-
by who are gawking at her as she strides away from poor,
hapless, irritated MARIAN.

31 INT. PARKER & ADAM (SOLICITORS). HALIFAX. DAY 22. 14:10 31
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE is with old MR. PARKER (who doesn't like pointing out
that ANNE's all covered in coal dust and her head's grazed).
ANNE sips a glass of Madeira.

ANNE LISTER

So there I am, knee-deep in water,
and it struck me.
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

That I ought to add another clause to the lease with the Rawsons. So they can't turn the water back on me after they've finished loosening my coal. Should they ever sign the lease. Because there's value in the waste, and if they flooded me I'd not be able to sell it. And they would flood me, because it's so easy to do and because they're so *anxious* about other people not getting their hands on it.

MR. PARKER

Certainly. Add as many clauses as you like.

ANNE LISTER

And they're pig-headed. They'd do it without a second thought.

MR. PARKER

Might I ask. Miss Lister. What is your strategy? As regards this business with the Rawsons? Just to be clear.

ANNE hesitates. She always plays her cards close to her chest, but she believes she can trust PARKER; she's known him a long time.

ANNE LISTER

I want them to know that *I know* that they've been stealing my coal - even if we can't name it as such - and for them to pay for it fairly. *And* I want them to know that I'm not someone to turn a blind eye *or* be intimidated. And as soon as I can, I intend to get down there myself and deal with them properly. But that's going to take time.

PARKER nods, takes it in. He's impressed.

MR. PARKER

Christopher Rawson's a bully. And an opportunist. He's certainly no gentleman. It doesn't surprise me that they're stealing from your beds. Jeremiah's decent enough, left to his own devices. But he's terrified of Christopher. If anyone's equal to him it is you. But he will play dirty.

ANNE LISTER

Word has it he caused that accident. Above the hall. When the boy lost his leg. Five weeks ago he had a new gig, and then he decided very suddenly that he didn't like it any more and sent it back to the manufacturer in Liverpool.

MR. PARKER

No witnesses?

ANNE LISTER

None that'll testify.

MR. PARKER

Sadly sending a gig back to the manufacturer isn't really proof of very much.

ANNE LISTER

(thoughtful)

No.

(a moment)

Oh! And another thing. Nothing to do with Christopher Rawson. Well - not that I know of. I've had a tenant that's disappeared. And left his family behind. Samuel Sowden over at Park Farm. I need to know what to do about the tenancy.

32

INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 22. 16:00 (AUTUMN 1832)

32

Grubby ANNE sits in a tiny tin tub in front of the fire in her bedroom. It's a rather austere bath - with as little water as possible - and she has to sit with her knees up to fit in. It's not something to luxuriate in, just something to give yourself a robust, proper wash in. We can feel the chill. EUGÉNIE brings in more lukewarm water from the kitchen.

EUGÉNIE

Un billet, madame. Le domestique de Miss Walker vient de l'apporter.

A note madam. Miss Walker's servant just brought it.

EUGÉNIE passes wet, shivering ANNE a small envelope. ANNE rips it open and absorbs its contents. Instantly she grabs the soap to expedite the whole washing process -

ANNE LISTER

Allez! Dépêche toi!

Quickly! Hurry up.

EUGÉNIE pours water over ANNE's head.

33 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 22. 16:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 33

ANNE - freshly coiffed and dressed immaculately - has rung the door bell. JAMES pulls the door open.

34 INT. DRAWING ROOM B, CROW NEST. DAY 22. 16:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 34

ANN WALKER is sitting in a corner as JAMES taps at the door and steps in -

JAMES MACKENZIE
Miss Lister, ma'am.

ANNE barely waits to be introduced before she's in the room and at ANN WALKER's side. ANN WALKER looks wretched.

ANNE LISTER
What's the matter?
(ANN can't bring herself
to say anything)
I came as quickly as I could. Ann?

ANN WALKER
I've had a letter. From Mr.
Ainsworth.

A pause.

ANNE LISTER
And?

ANN WALKER
An account of Mrs. Ainsworth's last
day. How kind she was to some poor
people, and then the accident,
and...
(she struggles)
I think he wants to marry me. I
think he's going to propose to me.

Wtf? ANNE makes to speak then stops several times before she arrives at -

ANNE LISTER
Can I see it?

ANN WALKER
What?

ANNE LISTER
The letter.

ANN WALKER
No.

Ooh, that's odd.

ANNE LISTER

What do you mean you *think* he's going to propose to you?

ANN WALKER

It's - the intention's clear.

ANNE LISTER

Can I - ? Not see it?

ANN WALKER

It's marked 'private'.

ANNE LISTER

Well I won't tell him.

(ANN doesn't respond)

Ann?

(still no response)

Well he's quick off the mark. With his wife not yet buried.

(still no response)

Well Good Lord. An offer of marriage. That isn't something to be sniffed at. Or treated lightly. And a curate too! A man of God. What more could any woman want?

ANN WALKER

You're cross.

ANNE LISTER

Am I.

ANN WALKER

I don't *want* to marry him. I want to

(urgent whisper)

be with you.

ANNE LISTER

Well then.

(silence)

No, it's -

(she tries to take a step back and be objective)

An offer of marriage *isn't* something to be sneezed at. And a clergyman's wife. Obviously it needs consideration. And who knows, a mother! In the fullness of time. And then one day a grandmother. Even. And then you really would have fulfilled your destiny. On the planet. As a woman.

ANN still has to whisper: she barely dare say it out loud even when they're on their own -

ANN WALKER

I'm *in love* with you. I always *have been*. Ever since I first saw you when I was eighteen. Younger! I think the first time I ever saw you I was fourteen. And I knew then. I knew. It's utterly clear to me now. I've so often - whenever I've thought of it - felt a *repugnance*. Towards forming any sort of *connection* with the opposite sex.

ANNE LISTER is baffled: so what's the problem?

35

INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 22. 23:00
(AUTUMN 1832)

35

ANNE and ANN in bed together. ANN LISTER's wide awake and troubled. ANN WALKER's facing away from ANNE, and ANNE might imagine her to be asleep until she pipes up -

ANN WALKER

She was a lot older than him.

ANNE LISTER

Sorry?

ANN WALKER

Mrs. Ainsworth. She was fifteen years older than him. And once or twice, she joked - at least I always thought it was a joke - that she would die first, and then who would look after Thomas? And she'd say, "It'll have to be you, Annie".

(a moment)

And she erm... she wasn't very pretty. Not her fault. She had small pox. When she was younger. And it left her face all scarred.

ANNE takes this in. It all sounds very odd. Is Ainsworth a gold digger?

ANNE LISTER

Why won't you let me see the letter?

ANN WALKER

Because.

ANNE LISTER

What?

ANN WALKER

I told you. It's marked 'private'.

ANNE LISTER

You showed me that letter from your
cousin Atkinson begging for money.

ANN WALKER makes no reply. She closes her eyes to avoid the
issue.

We cut to early morning, in the same room -

36

INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 23. 07:30
(AUTUMN 1832)

36

Early morning sun light peeps through the shutters and
illuminates the room beautifully. ANN WALKER wakes up. ANNE
LISTER is sitting in a big chair across the other side of
room, in her underwear, looking miserable (albeit beautifully
and magnificently lit). She's been tearful and she's angry.
As ANN awakens, she realises that ANNE isn't in bed with her.
She sees her across the room.

At length -

ANNE LISTER

You're going to have to make a
decision. There's...

(delicately, she doesn't
want to freak ANN WALKER
out)

clearly more to it. Than you're
able or willing to tell me. So. He
will require an answer - I assume -
as much as I do. To this alleged
"proposal".

ANN WALKER

He hasn't actually asked me yet.

ANNE LISTER

No. But - for some reason - it
would appear to be on the cards,
and it would be good to have an
answer ready. So. It's Friday
today. I propose you have the
weekend. To think it over. And
instead of giving me your yes or no
on the third of April. I'd like it
first thing on Monday morning. And
then we both of us know what we're
doing.

ANN WALKER

I can't make a such a big decision
so quickly!

(ANNE makes no reply;
(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
she is not going to
concede)
Do you think I should marry him?

ANNE LISTER
That's - !
(she was going to fly off
the handle. She calms
herself)
Only you can decide something like
that.

ANN WALKER
A lot of - most people - would
think I'd be foolish. Not to. At my
age. Wouldn't they?

Silence. Part of ANNE want to be fair and reasonable -

ANNE LISTER
Yes. Yes. They would.

ANN WALKER
Would we still see each other?

ANNE LISTER
No. I think. If you take him. You'd
have to give me up.

ANN WALKER
But not as a friend. Only as -
this. Anne?

ANNE LISTER
How could we go back to common
friendship now?
(she calms herself)
No. You must think it through.
Carefully. Because you'll have to
live with the consequences,
whichever way you decide. We both
will. And there'll be no going back
on it once it's made. I think it's
very unlikely. That we could remain
friends. After all that's passed
between us. I think it would be too
painful.

ANN WALKER
Why do I have to decide on Monday?

ANNE LISTER
Because.
(she reins her temper in)
We have to know what we're doing. I
have to know what *I'm* doing.
(voice over)
I behaved as well as I could.
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Though perpetually saying to myself
"Well I care not how she decides, I
care not much for her, the whole
thing was only ever a game".

But her voice suggests this is bravado, and in fact she's
terribly upset.

37 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 23. 10:00 (AUTUMN 37
1832)

ANNE's at her desk, writing her diary in code. We see the
detail in intense close-up as her pen scratches the surface
of the paper.

ANNE LISTER
(v.o. as she writes)
As I left she hung upon me and
cried and sobbed aloud at parting
saying "I hope we shall meet under
happier circumstances". "Well",
said I to myself as I walked off,
"A pretty scene we have had". But
surely I care not much and shall
take my time of suspense very
quietly and be easily reconciled
either way".

But as she puts the pen down, ANNE's hands are shaking. She's
bewildered by what's happened, and it's affecting her more
than she's prepared for. ANN WALKER, who she very consciously
set out to seduce on the rebound from Vere Hobart, has got
under her skin.

Suddenly she realises she's going to be sick. She dashes out
of the room...

38 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 23. 10:01 (AUTUMN 38
1832)

...and through to her bedroom, where she grabs the chamber
pot from under the bed and vomits into it. Then her eyes are
red and moist, and she's all snotty and even more shaky. She
steadies herself, and sits down, mumbling to God -

ANNE LISTER
Don't do this to me. Don't you do
this to me again.

39 EXT. STONEY ROYD, HALIFAX. DAY 23. 15:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 39

An establishing shot of another posh Halifax house.

This is one we've never seen before.

This is of the more recent Georgian style, like Crow Nest, home of Halifax doyenne, elderly MRS. RAWSON, Christopher and Jeremiah and Stansfield Rawson's mother. Four small well-dressed Rawson children are playing and squealing in the garden.

40 INT. STONEY ROYD GARDENS, HALIFAX. DAY 23. 15:00 (AUTUMN 40 1832)

CHRISTOPHER and his wife, MARGARET, are visiting elderly MRS. RAWSON, along with MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON, and his wife, MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON (who we met at the beginning of Episode 3), and CATHERINE and DELIA. JEREMIAH and his wife, MARY are also present. (Through the window, out on the lawn, JEREMIAH and MARY's four small children are squealing and playing). A Saturday afternoon RAWSON clan gathering, all sipping tea.

MRS. RAWSON

Jeremiah tells me you're letting Miss Lister run rings around you over her coal. Christopher. Is it true?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(a look at JEREMIAH)

No. Mother. It isn't.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

That wasn't exactly how I worded it. Mother.

MRS. RAWSON

Manoeuvring you into paying silly prices.

We see JEREMIAH willing his mother to shut the fuck up.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Trying to, and failing miserably.

MRS. RAWSON

She's very clever.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Oh we know she's clever.

MRS. RAWSON

It's why I like her. Her company, her conversation. Even if she is an oddity. She's done so many things, she's been to so many places. Most women are dull and stupid.

(MORE)

MRS. RAWSON (CONT'D)
(she glances at straight-
laced MRS. STANSFIELD
RAWSON as she says it, as
an example of someone who
is dull and stupid)

But not her.

Perhaps we glimpse CATHERINE RAWSON, absorbing all this
intelligently.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
Happily I'm just as clever as she
is, and I have the measure of her,
so -

MRS. RAWSON
Oh, I doubt it.

She laughs.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
She's threatening to sink her own
pits. So she has us over a barrel.
As regards price. Given what's gone
on.

He throws a look at CHRISTOPHER. The dreaded trespass.

STANSFIELD RAWSON
(amused)
You haven't been stealing her coal,
have you?

MRS. RAWSON
What?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Nothing.

MRS. RAWSON
What did Stansfield say?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Nothing. Mother.

JEREMIAH and CHRISTOPHER both throw a *shut up* face at
STANSFIELD, who thinks it's funny.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
I'm fast coming to the conclusion
that she's bluffing. About sinking
her own pits. Because how could she
possibly afford it? And this latest
demand is just nonsense. I'm
tempted to tell her where to shove
her upper bed. Sorry ladies. And
call her bluff.

MRS. RAWSON

Yes, but her little friend can afford it.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

What? Sorry? Who?

MRS. RAWSON

Your cousin. Miss Walker. Of Crow Nest. They went to York together. Apparently. And now they're inseparable.

This is alarming news for CHRISTOPHER. If ANNE LISTER had access to the kind of money his cousin ANN WALKER has, she really could sink her own pits. (And of course silent CATHERINE finds it interesting).

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Really?

He consults MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON with a look. And of course MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON has first hand experience of ANNE and ANN, and she confirms by pulling a face that yes, it's true.

MRS. RAWSON

Next stop Paris. Maybe Miss Walker will let Miss Lister dip into her purse. As well as whatever else she's been letting her dip into. Sorry ladies.

41 EXT. CARRIAGE DRIVE. DAY 23. 15:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 41

MR. PICKELS and his workmen carve out the land for the drive with their pickaxes.

42 EXT. FIELDS, SHIBDEN. DAY 23. 15:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 42

The sound of the pickaxes on stone carries down the fields, where we find JOHN BOOTH and his LAD planting more saplings as ANNE's 'parkland' scheme continues to take shape. We discover ANNE with them, she's digging holes and planting trees too, and very robustly; she's grubby with toil, she's been at it for hours, desperate to occupy herself.

JOHN and ANNE both work in silence, neither aware of the other's troubles; JOHN for having been jilted, ANNE on the cusp (she fears) of being jilted. JOHN's finished the tree he's on with, and looks ready for a break. He cautiously chooses a moment to tell ANNE -

JOHN BOOTH

Me and the lad generally stop for us dinners about now. Miss Lister. If that's all right.

ANNE LISTER
Yes. Of course it is.

ANNE carries on.

JOHN BOOTH
Jamie lad!

He holds up the knapsack to JAMIE (who's a good few yards away) to show him it's dinner time. JAMIE was just setting off up the hill with his wheel barrow.

JAMIE
I'll just do this, Mr. Booth.

JOHN BOOTH
Good lad.
(JOHN sits on the grass
and gets his bread and
cheese and his paring
knife out)
He's a good lad.
(he watches ANNE digging
like her life depended on
it, and wonders... *what's
up with her?*)
You should have a drop of beer. If
nowt else for your dinner, ma'am.
You've been digging like the divel.

He offers her his own lunch time flask of small beer. She decides to take it from him and have a swig. It turns into a good long swig as she realises her body needs the fluid.

ANNE LISTER
I need to talk to you about you and
Eugénie. It really is an
inconvenien[ce] -

JOHN BOOTH
It's all off.

ANNE LISTER
Sorry?

JOHN BOOTH
It's not happening. So. We're all
alright.

He doesn't say it sulkily; he wouldn't dare. It's just matter of fact. Well, and sad. He eats his food, and from his point of view that could happily be the end of the conversation.

ANNE LISTER
Oh.

JOHN BOOTH
Yup.

ANNE LISTER

What happened?

JOHN BOOTH

Nothing. Just. You know. As you said. It was a step down for her. It would never've done. And she realised that. When she got back from York. So.

ANNE's thoughtful.

ANNE LISTER

She was very pale. In York. And tearful. I pretended not to notice. But.

(silence, and then
something occurs to
her: a penny drops. A
very large penny)

Was she pregnant?

JOHN's shocked. Miss Lister *knew*, and didn't sack her? He's a bit speechless. But then it suddenly occurs to him that, if nothing else, he needs to set the record straight -

JOHN BOOTH

It wasn't mine.

ANNE LISTER

It was George's, wasn't it?

(JOHN daren't answer)

I thought they were getting on very well. In Hastings. And Langton. And then... good Lord. I thought she was *preoccupied* with something. When we got back here. But I couldn't decide if it was just... you know.

(she's well aware of how
grotty it is)

Shibden.

JOHN BOOTH

I felt sorry for her. In a new place and a load of unfamiliar faces and Mrs. Cordingley said -

ANNE LISTER

Cordingley?

JOHN BOOTH

She confided. In Mrs. Cordingley. With her having a bit of French, and we none of us knew what to do to help her, and -

ANNE LISTER

Everyone - ? Sorry. All the
servants - ? [knew]

JOHN BOOTH

(he nods: yup they did)
And Eliz[a] - Mrs. Cordingley -
said what she needed - what Eugénie
needed - was a man with a good
Christian heart to step in and do
the decent thing.

ANNE LISTER

Oh, John.

JOHN BOOTH

Oh, it wasn't entirely a selfless
thing. I was - I am...
(embarrassed to admit)
A bit smitten with her.

ANNE LISTER

You do realise you're too good for
her, don't you?

JOHN BOOTH

Well. It's often t'way. When you
feel like that about someone. Isn't
it? It's very rare both parties
feel exactly t'same about each
other.

ANNE LISTER

I don't know. I think... sometimes
a thing can start like that, but
then...

She dries up, lost in thoughts of her own situation.

JOHN BOOTH

Will you - ? You won't - ? Dismiss
her. Will you?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well.
(she would normally.
Normally feet wouldn't
touch the ground)
Proper French lady's maids don't
grow on trees. And certainly not in
Halifax.
(long pause: will she sack
her?)
I don't know what shocks me more,
the thing itself or Cordingley not
saying anything to me.

JOHN BOOTH
Aye well. Thing is...
(should he say the next
thing?)
they're all played on yer, aren't
they?
(ANNE doesn't respond)
Are you all right, ma'am?

No, she isn't. But she nods anyway. She couldn't begin to
tell JOHN what's on her mind.

ANNE LISTER
I'm always all right.

We see the sadness, but broad shouldered ANNE won't let her
kind staff who depend on her wisdom see it.

Just then -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Ma'am! There you are.

WASHINGTON takes in the sight of MISS LISTER, grubby with
muck and hard labour, and casually swigging beer with her
groundsman.

ANNE LISTER
Oh hello.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Young Thomas Sowden's asked me to
ask you if you'd had any further
thoughts about their tenancy? Since
his father took off.

ANNE LISTER
Yes. I have.

43 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM, SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 23. 19:00 43
(AUTUMN 1832)

Later in the day, towards dusk. We glimpse the pigs. SAM
SOWDEN's macabre burial place.

In amongst the piggy shite... we see an old battered metal
belt buckle.

We glimpse 11-year-old ELIZA WASHINGTON and her big sister 15-
year-old SUZANNAH heading towards the farm house.

ELIZA and SUZANNAH reach the door of the farm and knock.
Little ALF answers the door. He sees the two big girls and
shouts out -

ALF SOWDEN
Mom!!

MARY SOWDEN appears behind ALF, clutching a tea-towel, busy making their tea.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Mrs. Sowden? 's a letter. From my father. Mr. Washington. On behalf of Miss Lister. About your tenancy.

MARY takes it.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

I like your pigs, Mrs. Sowden. I'd like to farm pigs myself.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

She talks too much, ignore her.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

It has a lovely winning personality, the pig. Better'n big sisters personalities on the whole. I should think. No offence.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

You know most people? They go "shall I say that, shall I not say it?" She just says it.

MARY SOWDEN

Can either of you girls read?

44 INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM, SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 23. 19:02 44
(AUTUMN 1832)

SUZANNAH and ELIZA step into the living room/kitchen, where AMY is busy with her evening chores.

THOMAS is just coming down the stairs when he and SUZANNAH clap eyes on one another. In that moment the whole world lights up for both of them. Despite the squalor of the Sowdens' world, and despite the fact that the Washingtons are that much higher up the Shibden food-chain than the Sowdens, they both realise in that moment what they were sent to the planet for; each other.

MARY SOWDEN

Thomas! There's a letter from Mr. Washington about the tenancy.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

(matey)
Hello!

THOMAS SOWDEN

(self-conscious, a glance at SUZANNAH)
Hello.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
(likewise)
Hello.

MARY SOWDEN
(offering SUZANNAH the
letter back)
Would you mind?

SUZANNAH takes the letter and opens it. Self-consciously, she reads its contents -

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
"Dear Thomas and Mrs. Sowden" - I
can never read his spidery writing -
"Miss Lister confirmed this
afternoon, following a conversation
with her lawyer Mr. Parker in
Halifax yesterday, that if Samuel
has not returned to the farm within
a period of two months - as of
today's date - she will be obliged
to terminate her agreement with him
as regards the tenancy of the
farm".

MARY SOWDEN
(appalled)
What?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
Hang on. "At that point, however,
she also..."
(she struggles to decipher
her dad's hand-writing)
What?

She consults with ELIZA. ELIZA squints at her dad's writing.

ELIZA WASHINGTON
"Confirms. That she will offer - "

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
"...confirms that she will offer a
six month tenancy to you, Thomas,
at the same price your father pays
presently".

MARY SOWDEN
Oh!

This is a huge relief to them all. THOMAS of course is delighted - as well as taken up with SUZANNAH (all of course within the context of his every waking thought being consumed by what he has done to his father).

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

"This is subject to the farm being run to her satisfaction within that two month period, and the next rent - due on January first - being paid in full as usual. Despite your young age, Thomas, I can tell you that Miss Lister has been very favourably impressed with your hard work and good attitude. If you retain her good will and continue to work hard, I know you will do very well. Yours faithfully", then he's signed it.

SUZANNAH hands the letter back to MARY with a smile, and hopes THOMAS will notice how pretty she is when she smiles.

MARY SOWDEN

That's such a relief! Oh, you can't imagine!

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Can I go and look at your pigs now, Mrs. Sowden?

MARY SOWDEN

Course you can. Amy! Take - this young lady -

ELIZA WASHINGTON

(points at herself)

Eliza.

(points at SUZANNAH)

Suzannah.

MARY SOWDEN

You take Eliza to look at the pigs.

(then to SUZANNAH)

I can offer you a cup of a tea and bit of cake, both of you.

SUZANNAH probably isn't interested in cake or tea, but she's interested in THOMAS.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

That's very kind, thank you. So no sign then?

(she ventures to address the question to THOMAS)

Of Mr. Sowden?

THOMAS shakes his head.

MARY SOWDEN

No. Nothing.

ALF SOWDEN
We're glad he's gone.

MARY looks embarrassed, with ALF saying that, but she can't bring herself to contradict him.

45 EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 23. DUSK. 19:05 45
(AUTUMN 1832)

11-year-old ELIZA and 6-year-old AMY chase down to the pigsties a-whoopin' and a-hollerin', and we see the belt-buckle again, one of the pigs just nuzzling it, or treading on it.

Will anyone ever spot it?

46 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 24. 07:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 46

Monday morning. Sun rise across the Shibden valley.

47 INT. ANNE LISTER'S BEDROOM. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 24. 08:16 47
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE lies awake. Lost in her thoughts.

She sits up, and pauses sitting on the edge of the bed, still absorbed in her thoughts. ANNE LISTER's tough, but nothing weakens her like the thought of being jilted. In favour of yet another man. She feels shaky. She grips her throat to check her pulse, checks her pulse against the little hand on her watch.

ANNE remembers (and we might see a flash of Episode 1, Scene 27) Vere in the drawing room telling her 'I shan't say no'.

She rouses herself, goes and taps the barometer to see what the temperature is, then pours water from the jug into her basin, and douses her face in it.

We cut to twenty minutes later: EUGÉNIE dresses ANNE's hair for the day. ANNE watches EUGÉNIE in the mirror, but ANNE never quite allows her to catch her eye. Eventually EUGÉNIE ventures -

EUGÉNIE
Madame? J'ai décidé de ne pas
épouser John. Je souhaite rester à
votre service.

Madame? I decided against marrying John. I'd prefer to remain in your service.

ANNE nods thoughtfully, and then says very gently -

ANNE LISTER
Tu saignes toujours?
(EUGÉNIE is shocked)
Il faut me dire les choses. C'est
comme ça que je peux t'aider.

*Are you still bleeding? You should tell me things. I can
always be more help to you if you're honest with me.*

48 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 24. 09:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 48

Dressed and coiffed for the day, ANNE is looking over the coal plan with JEREMY. The coal plan (of old Listerwick pit) is spread out on the big table in the hall. ANNE is nervous and preoccupied, but trying to keep herself busy.

ANNE LISTER
I'd take advice. Obviously. But as
well as re-opening Listerwick I
want to sink a new pit. Here.
(she prods the plan)
Above Conery wood.
(JEREMY's shaking his
head)
What?

JEREMY LISTER
I've told you before. It's a nasty
business. I wish you wouldn't -

ANNE LISTER
Hinscliffe has heard Rawson's men
in my upper bed. Here.
(she points to a place on
the labyrinthine mine
plan)
Which would mean they're not just
stealing coal. They're stealing
significant amounts of coal. What
am I supposed to do? Take it lying
down? Let them take what they want
from *my land* and not do anything?

JEREMY LISTER
Is it costed?

ANNE LISTER
Just over two thousand pounds. I
believe I can get it to just under.

He hesitates.

JEREMY LISTER
I can't lend you any more than four
hundred and fifty.

ANNE LISTER
(she's pleased)
Really?

JEREMY LISTER
But where will you get the rest?

ANNE LISTER
(dare she say it? Despite
her anxiety, ANNE is
nothing if not the
eternal optimist)
Well. It's not impossible [that]...
Miss Walker. And I. Have become
very close. And if. Things... how
would you feel if she were to move
in. Here. With me. As my companion?

JEREMY takes it in. Like AUNT ANNE, he knows things of old about ANNE. Things that are never said because it's too uncomfortable. But he knows. Perhaps he can't look her in the face as he says -

JEREMY LISTER
I'd be very happy for you. It's
time you settled.

ANNE LISTER
Well then. It's not impossible that
she might be in a position to lend
me some money.

Just then, JOSEPH appears in the doorway with a basket of fruit.

JOSEPH BOOTH
Ma'am? The servant from Crow Nest
just called. With this. For you.

ANNE's legs turn to jelly. She retains her composure as best she can. She takes it calmly enough and murmurs "thank you". She heads into the little study with it, and we go with her...

49 INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 24. 09:35 49
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE shuts the door, and then she's all fingers and thumbs. Amongst the fruit she finds a letter, and a purse.

Curious.

She rips the letter open and reads. And reads. It's a long letter. It becomes apparent that its contents are baffling to ANNE. She opens the purse and takes out two bits of folded paper. She unfolds one. It reads, 'No'. She unfolds the other. It reads, 'Yes'.

ANNE's bewildered by this, and then she's cross. She's been miserable this weekend, and she expected a clear answer at the end of it. *Why* does this vulnerable little woman have such a big effect on her?!

50 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 24. 10:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 50

ANNE - dressed in her great coat and top hat as usual - battles through the weather at a very determined pace.

51 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 24. 10:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 51

ANNE LISTER waits alone. She looks very dark, broody, Heathcliffian.

ANN WALKER comes in. She looks wretched.

ANNE LISTER doesn't like being cross, she resists it, she knows it rarely has a good outcome. But she is so deeply affected by all this that she can't hide what she's feeling.

ANNE LISTER

I'd have known what to do with a yes or a no, but what am I supposed to do with this? Do you think - do you *really* think - I'm someone to have my future happiness decided by fate? By which bit of paper I pull out of a purse first? Like a raffle ticket?

ANN WALKER

(a mumble)

No.

ANNE LISTER

What?

ANN WALKER

No.

(silence)

I couldn't -

ANNE LISTER

What?

(silence)

Ann?

ANN WALKER

Nothing.

ANNE LISTER

I'm taking it as a 'no'.

ANN WALKER
(quickly)
It isn't a no.

ANNE LISTER
Well it isn't a yes.
(silence)
Will you accept him?

ANN WALKER
I don't want to, I told you. But -

ANNE LISTER
But what? What?

ANN WALKER
If I did.
(this is the thing she's
terrified to admit)
It would be out of duty.

Silence.

ANNE LISTER
Duty? To her? Mrs. Ainsworth.

ANN WALKER
No.

Silence.

ANNE LISTER
What then?

ANN WALKER
I -

She tries to say the thing she has to say, but she daren't.
Instead, she cries. Real sobbing.

ANNE LISTER
Ann? Talk to me. We're adults.
Nothing's this bad.

ANN WALKER
I'll never see you again.

ANNE LISTER
When? Why? What d'you mean?

ANN WALKER

If I tell you the truth. You won't
want anything to do with me.

This shocks ANNE. She might have suspected ANN WALKER had
experience of kissing, but not much more. But of course she
can think on her feet, and murmurs -

ANNE LISTER

I might surprise you.

ANN WALKER

It's him.

ANNE LISTER

Him - who?

ANN WALKER

The Reverend Ainsworth. I have
been... indiscreet. With him.

(on ANNE as this lands. A
vicar? A man of God?)

He said he was in love with me. And
wanted to marry me, and that she
wouldn't live long, and - and I
didn't want to! But I didn't know
how to say no. And that's why I was
so upset when I heard she'd died, I
knew this would happen! I knew it
wouldn't be five minutes before he
was writing to me and - Anne Anne
Anne!

(she touches ANNE's face,
pleading with her)

I never encouraged him. I told him
I didn't want to, but he *managed*
situations so he was alone with me
either here when they visited me or
there at their house, and - but do
you understand the problem? He has
had...

(she barely dare say it)
intimate. Knowledge of me.

ANNE LISTER

Intimate - how?

(ANN can't bring herself
to say)

Kissing?

(yes: ANN nods)

Did he -

(she nods south)

touching?

ANN hesitates. Then nods again. She's utterly ashamed.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Have you been...? Connected?

ANN WALKER

(she barely dare say it)
Once. And this is the thing, this
is the thing. Does it not... put me
under an *obligation* to him? To Mr.
Ainsworth.

ANNE LISTER

(realising...)
So. Hang on. He inflicted himself
on you? You visited *his* house. To
visit your friend, his wife. You
were under *his* protection. *In his*
house. And he took advantage of
you?

ANN WALKER

Yes. When she went into the next
room. But still, does that not - ?
Morally, does that not - ?

ANNE LISTER

No. Good God! Of course it doesn't,
you're under no obligation at all.
He was *married* for Heaven's sake!

ANN WALKER

You're shouting, you're cross.

ANNE LISTER

I'm not shouting at you, I'm not
cross with you! I'm glad you've
told me. Ann, Ann, you are *not*
obligated to him.

ANN WALKER

And do you see, this was why I
couldn't - can't say yes to you,
because I was, I am, worried [that]
- all sorts - that he'd expose me,
and that you'd be cross, and that I
wasn't even free - or fit - to say
yes to you.

ANNE LISTER

No. No. No no no.

ANN WALKER

And that's why I couldn't show you
the letter. It's here.

(she has it with her, she
stuffs it into ANNE's
hands)

It's clear from the language he
uses that he thinks that *I* am *his*.

(ANNE reads it)

"*My own little Annie*", from "*your*
own Thomas Ainsworth".

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I couldn't tell anyone! He said it would reflect just as badly on me as it would on him. I know you'll think I'm weak. And stupid. But you see if I'd had someone like you. In my life. It wouldn't have happened, because I'd have had someone to talk to, to tell. Someone who would've helped me.

ANNE's thoughtful and sincere -

ANNE LISTER

Is everything you've told me absolutely true?

ANN WALKER

(she's desperate to be believed now she's been so candid)

Yes.

ANNE takes that in. She could ask more questions. But perhaps she doesn't want to, she wants to take this 'yes' at face value.

ANNE LISTER

You do know... I'd have got you out of this scrape. Don't you? Whether you'd said yes to me or not.

ANN WALKER

Would you?

ANNE LISTER

(reflecting on AINSWORTH and his grubby letter)

What a grubby little wretch. And in a dog collar.

ANN WALKER

He'll still be coming over. For this meeting. For this position. With the church trustees. The whole thing no doubt is a ruse to get nearer to me.

ANNE LISTER

(darkly)

You've got nothing more to fear from him. Do you understand?

ANN WALKER

What're you going to do to him?

ANNE LISTER

I haven't decided yet.

ANN WALKER cries with relief. ANNE LISTER comforts her, murmuring "Shhh", but we can see the anger in her eyes: she's going to rip his spleen out with her bare hands.

END OF EPISODE FOUR