

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 6

Written and created by

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1 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. 16:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 1

ANNE - bruised, bloodied, angry from her encounter with the man with the great stick - heads into the house through the back door. We go with her -

2 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:45 2
(AUTUMN 1832)

Determined not to be seen, ANNE glances through to the kitchen (which appears to be empty), then heads for the stairs. She hears voices from the dining room -

3 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:46 3
(AUTUMN 1832)

We glimpse (very fleetingly as it's ANNE we're interested in) MR. ABBOTT still holding court with MARIAN (who nods in agreement at everything ABBOTT says), and with an increasingly disenchanted/bored JEREMY and AUNT ANNE LISTER -

MR. ABBOTT

I don't believe the Reform Act went far enough. I'm not by inclination a radical, *but* the fact is people are becoming radicalized, whether people like us are reconciled to it or not, and those of us that do perhaps live in the past need to see which way the wind's blowing or - you watch - there'll be more trouble than we know what to do with. Revolution is a very emotive word, I understand that, but the reality is -

4 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:47 4
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE can't get upstairs without risking being seen from the dining room (we might see her roll her eyes to camera at ABBOTT's clap-trap), so she doubles back and goes through to the kitchen, where she can go up the back-stairs...

5 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:47 5
(AUTUMN 1832)

She heads through to the back kitchen, and is just reaching the door to the back stairs when she bumps into CORDINGLEY, who's lugging a box of veg in from outside. The sight of ANNE bruised and bloodied makes CORDINGLEY jump out of her skin.

CORDINGLEY

Oh - !

ANNE indicates for CORDINGLEY to shush, she wants no fuss.

ANNE LISTER

It's nothing. I need some warm
wa[ter] -

(ANNE finds she can't
speak properly, her jaw
hurts)

Just some water. Can you bring it
up to my room?

CORDINGLEY

Yes ma'am.

Before CORDINGLEY can ask any questions, or make a fuss,
ANNE's yanked open the door through to the back stairs, and
she's off up to her room. We go with her.

6

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS.
16:48 (AUTUMN 1832)

6

So ANNE heads into her bedroom through a door we might've
previously thought was only a cupboard (Shibden is full of
nooks and crannies). She pulls her great coat off, throws it
on the bed and checks herself out in the mirror. One eye is
starting to swell up, and her head is banging from the
several blows she's taken. She's in real agony as well from
various other injuries (perhaps bruised ribs), and we realise
it's only through the force of her titanic will that she's
managed to get home so swiftly and all in one piece. Now
she's safe, however, she can let go a little: as well as the
agony there's the shock of the sexual assault and the
terminal argument with MISS WALKER.

She just sits there catching her breath and trying to cope
with the pain. She flexes her hand, which she fears might be
damaged from when she biffed the bloke so soundly in the jaw.

CORDINGLEY comes in through the same little back-stairs door
with a pitcher of hot water and two towels, which she sets
down on the chest of drawers, beside ANNE's washing bowl.

CORDINGLEY

D'you want me [to] - ?

CORDINGLEY's terrified of doing or saying the wrong thing.

ANNE LISTER

Pour it in [the] -

She indicates towards the bowl. ANNE's in agony.

CORDINGLEY

What's happened, ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

Nothing.

CORDINGLEY

D'you want me to - ?

Tend to your wounds?

ANNE LISTER

No. Thank you. I'll do it.

CORDINGLEY

Can I get you some brandy?

ANNE LISTER

No.

CORDINGLEY

Do you want me to tell your Aunt?
Or your father? That you're - ?

ANNE LISTER

No. No. Just -

She can't speak for a moment. Has she cracked a rib?

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

Just let me know when Mr. Abbott's
gone.

CORDINGLEY

Should I not...? Send for Dr.
Kenny?

ANNE LISTER

No.

(she laughs - tries to.
It's painful)

No.

CORDINGLEY's at a loss. But it's clear ANNE just wants to
pretend to carry on as normal.

CORDINGLEY

There was a package. Came for you.
Shall I fetch it? It's in your
study.

ANNE nods. CORDINGLEY heads through to ANNE's study. She
comes back with the package.

ANNE LISTER

Go on, you've got things to do.

CORDINGLEY withdraws. ANNE opens the little package. Inside
is a receipt from Barber & Cattle, Coney Street, York (her
jeweller), and a tiny box.

Inside is the onyx cabochon and diamond rose ring. It's beautiful. So bold, so delicate. It's a poignant moment: will ANNE give up on MISS WALKER or not?

TITLE SEQUENCE

7 EXT. SHIBDEN. DAY 28. 08:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 7
A new morning over the valley. Blustery. Autumn.

8 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 28. 08:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 8
ANNE's just sat down to breakfast with the family. They're all gawking at her bruised face. She sits rather stiffly because of her bruised ribs.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Fell off a wall?

ANNE LISTER
It was dark.

JEREMY considers that.

JEREMY LISTER
What was she doing on a wall in the dark?

Good question.

ANNE LISTER
Walking on it.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Yes. Why?

MARIAN LISTER
Because it was *there*.

ANNE LISTER
Exactly.

MARIAN LISTER
Like Mont Blanc.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Which wall?

ANNE LISTER
The one - it's that one coming back from Lightcliffe along the Leeds road.

JEREMY LISTER
No, not that one that falls away *fifteen feet* on the other side?

ANNE LISTER

Well it wouldn't have been worth
doing if it was any lower!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

And in all that wind? Who on earth
put you up to that?

ANNE LISTER

No-one. Me. Anyway, that's why I
didn't come down to dinner last
night, I was bilious.

MARIAN LISTER

Did it seem like a good idea at the
time?

It's unclear to ANNE whether they're buying this or not.

ANNE LISTER

Wasn't as dangerous as when I
walked across the parapet of North
Bridge that time it flooded.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(horrified)

When did you do that?!

ANNE LISTER

Eighteen... fifteen? I had to. I
had to get into Halifax, I was
running out of ink.

MARIAN LISTER

Well you missed Mr. Abbott.

ANNE LISTER

Who? Oh! Oh, was that yesterday?
Yes! How was it?

Neither JEREMY nor AUNT ANNE have an immediate response.
Because neither of them liked him. MARIAN's obliged to borrow
a bit of ANNE's spin doctoring -

MARIAN LISTER

It went very well.

ANNE LISTER

(after a glance at the old
folk who aren't saying
anything)

Are you sure?

MARIAN LISTER

I invited him again. With his
mother. I'd like you to be there
next time.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
How was Miss Walker?

ANNE doesn't have a ready response. She'd managed to put on an ebullient front, but now the sadness hits her. And perhaps the force of it is a little unexpected. It's visceral.

ANNE LISTER
Oh. She -
(she suddenly realises -)
I'm sorry, I think I'm going to be sick.

She leaves the room fast.

9 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 28. CONTINUOUS. 08:32 9
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE dives outside, her body convulses, but has nothing to throw up. Her stomach's empty. For a moment it looks like she's going to give in to her distress, all so hugely tied up with ANN WALKER. But then MARIAN comes out after her.

MARIAN LISTER
Those aren't the sort of injuries
anyone gets from falling off a
wall.

ANNE wants no fuss. If ANNE says she fell off a wall, that will become the truth.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)
If you could be present. Next time.
When he brings his mother. I would
be grateful.

ANNE nods: yeah, whatever.

10 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 28. 09:30 (AUTUMN 10
1832)

Bruised, preoccupied ANNE writes a letter at her desk.

ANNE LISTER
(voice over)
Dearest Mary. Since I am more eager
than ever to be off, I am keen to
acquire a groom, which - you will
recall - I have been without since
George Playforth's demise at
Langton earlier this year, -

11 INT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 29. 10:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 11

We discover MARIANA LAWTON reading ANNE's letter amidst the luxury and splendour of Lawton Hall.

ANNE LISTER

(voice over continues)

- when he was shot out of a tree.
Do think about this for me. I
should like a good strong English
groom who would do anything in the
world for me. A little enterprise
necessary otherwise he will soon
tire of the Continent long before I
am likely to have any inducement to
return from it.

MARIANA's intrigued by the subtext of ANNE's letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

(voice over)

Dearest Fred...

12 INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 29. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 12

Now we find MARIANA at her writing desk.

MARIANA LAWTON

(voice over)

...There is a man who might suit,
he has lived two years with our
neighbours, the Kinnersleys, and is
a native of Lawton. A remarkably
handsome young man called Thomas
Beech. He understands horses and
carriages -

13 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 13

ANNE - her bruising now slightly diminished (four days on) -
stands reading MARIANA's letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

(voice over continues)

- and would much like to go abroad.
He has a good character and I
believe would do anything in the
world to make himself useful to
you. Tell me, Fred... is it Miss
Walker of Crow Nest with whom you
plan to travel?

ANNE's face changes. It falls. Her energy is sucked away.

ANNE LISTER

No. Mary. It isn't.

MARIANA LAWTON
(voice over continues)
You mentioned her twice in your
last as '*my friend*' -

ANNE LISTER
(well dry)
Did I.

MARIANA LAWTON
(voice over continues)
- and as you are not want to bestow
the title lightly I am puzzled to
understand how she has so quickly
succeeded in adding herself to the
list so designated.

14 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:02 (AUTUMN 14
1832)

ANNE gets out a sheet of paper, folds it in half and slices
it in two with her paper knife. She starts writing.

ANNE LISTER
(voice over)
My dearest Mary. It sounds as if
your Thomas Beech would suit me
down to the ground.

15 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:15 (AUTUMN 15
1832)

AUNT ANNE's struggling to read the newspaper with a
magnifying glass. ANNE sweeps in and kisses her fondly/
soundly on the cheek, then throws herself down on the sofa.

ANNE LISTER
Turns out Mariana may have found me
a groom. I'll put him on wages
straight away and then I can be off
again whenever. Your health
permitting. And the weather.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Mr. Rawson's servant came with a
note while you were upstairs.

She nods at the note, on a salver. The very mention of the
name 'Rawson' sends a frisson of anger through ANNE; she has
every reason to believe it was them who had her beaten up.

ANNE LISTER
Which Mr. Rawson?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Jeremiah.

ANNE goes and takes the note and pops the wax seal. Her hands shake as she absorbs its contents. AUNT ANNE clocks this.

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

What does he want?

ANNE LISTER

(she absorbs the letter's
contents)

To discuss the terms of the coal
lease again.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

She flops on the sofa again and tosses the note to the other end of it, away from her. Delicately, and at length, sensing a change of subject is called for -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I couldn't warm to Mr. Abbott. Much
as I wanted to, I found him
abrasive. And a know-all. But... if
she likes him - which she seems to -
and he has done very well for
himself... surely that's something?
It would be a comfort. To me. To
know you were both settled.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. Well. Mm. I'm afraid...

(she struggles to admit
it, and it's always an
eggshell conversation at
the best of times)

It may all be off. Between me and
Miss Walker. Us setting up home
together.

(AUNT ANNE suspected this,
but didn't want to pry)

I think... she may be too insipid
and nervous for me. It's a shame,
because I erm...

(despite her self-control,
she becomes emotional)

I'd become rather more fond of her
than I ever imagined I would. I
really had started to think we
could both be good. For one
another. Irrespective of all her
money. She's so sweet, she's so
good-natured, she's so kind, and
she lov[es me] she looks up to me.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

And I certainly do her more good
than any single one of her *tribe* of
relations.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well then. What's the - ?

ANNE LISTER

Them. All of them, they've filled
her head with nonsense. Nasty
nonsense. About me. 'Til she
doesn't know whether she's coming
or going. She just wants some
courage. The courage to follow her
h[ear]t her instincts. But she
won't. She'll stay there.
Surrounded by them. And her
world'll just get smaller and
sadder. 'Til one day there'll be
nothing left. She'll be as dry as a
stick and she'll just disappear,
and I could make her so h[appy] -
(a sigh)
But what's the point? She barely
has the courage to step out of her
own front door. Anyway, that's it.
It's all off. So.

Just then there's a knock at the front door.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well then who will you travel with?

ANNE LISTER

No-one.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

You mean alone? Do people do that?
Ladies.

ANNE LISTER

No. But. I'll take Eugénie - and
this groom, this Thomas Beech - to
Paris, and... take it from there.
See what providence throws at me
this time.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

It's a big step. For her. Moving in
here. And if her family aren't
sympathetic... perhaps it is for
the best.

ANNE's stung by this. A large part of her isn't reconciled to
the fact that it's all off with ANN WALKER. Off, JOSEPH BOOTH
has answered the door, and now he taps on the drawing room
door, straightening his liveried waistcoat.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Ma'am? Mr. Washington's here.

ANNE LISTER

I'll see him in the hall.

JOSEPH withdraws. ANNE lingers for another moment with her AUNT, as though there's more to say. But there isn't. She grabs the note from JEREMIAH, and heads out of the room...

16

INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 16

...and into the next. ANNE's bruises may have diminished, but they're still visible, and still a bit shocking.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Y'been in the wars, ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

After a fashion.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

So! It's all sorted out for Friday down at t'Stags Head. There's plenty of interest, the Mann brothers particularly are very keen to put in a bid, they -

ANNE LISTER

I'd like to put the pit-sinking on hold.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Sorry?

ANNE LISTER

The Rawsons came back to me. Finally.

(she has JEREMIAH's note
in her hand)

It appears they do still want to discuss the terms of the lease.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

But... I thought the decision'd been made, ma'am? To sink the pit. Surely you've given them more than enough time to respond?

(ANNE doesn't respond)

Are they not...?

(dare he say it?)

Messing you about? It's not like you to go back on a decision once it's been made.

It goes against the grain with ANNE to give out any more information than necessary, *and* she doesn't like the implication that she flip-flops, *but* -

ANNE LISTER
My circumstances. And my
priorities. May have altered.
Somewhat. Over the last few days.
So. I want to pause. And reassess.
And be certain that I'm making the
right choices.

WASHINGTON's disappointed. He dislikes the Rawsons as much as ANNE and was thrilled at the idea of getting one over on them.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Right.

Sensing he's disappointed in her, ANNE changes the subject -

ANNE LISTER
So! How did Suzannah get on with
Miss Hebden?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Oh, she's gone to meet her just
this morning, ma'am. That's - thank
you - we're very grateful for that
introduction.

17 EXT. RURAL LANE GOING INTO HALIFAX. DAY 30. 12:30 (AUTUMN 17
1832)

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON is walking into Halifax.

Ahead of her a cart has stopped at the side of the road. A cart loaded with pigs. At the back of the cart, SUZANNAH discovers THOMAS SOWDEN, struggling to fasten the back of the cart up.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
Hello.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Miss Washington. Sorry, am I
blocking the lane?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
No, you're all right.

THOMAS SOWDEN
This keeps busting.
(he means the thing that
keeps the flap on the
back of the cart fastened
up)
(MORE)

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 6. 1.11.18 12A.

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)
Y'off into Halifax? I can give you
a lift.

SUZANNAH's delighted.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON
Oh, that's kind of you.

THOMAS SOWDEN
I've just got to drop these two off
at Batemans, it won't take five
minutes.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

(cupping her ears)

Oh, I don't want to know what Mr.
Bateman's gonna do to 'em!

THOMAS SOWDEN

They say it's t'best end a pig
could have, in Mr. Bateman's hands.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

How?

THOMAS SOWDEN

He's quick. They know nowt about
it. And then they become the finest
hams and sausages and pies in
Halifax.

Just like SAM, by proxy.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I've got an appointment. With Miss
Hebden. About an apprenticeship,
learning to make dresses. If she
likes me, she'll want me to start
Monday. Twenty-five shillings a
year, plus board.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Oh, well that's -

"Very good", he was going to say.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Yeah but I don't wanna go.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Why?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I won't see anyone. All week.
Anyone I care about.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You'll see me. If Mr. Bateman likes
the merchandise -

(he means the pigs)

I might be supplying to him
regularly. I might be down here
every five minutes.

This makes SUZANNAH smile.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

He'll like the merchandise all
right. I've never seen such fine
handsome pigs! What you been
feeding 'em on?

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 6. 1.11.18 13A.

We look into THOMAS's eyes; if only she knew.

THOMAS SOWDEN

All sorts.

(he gets through the
moment)

I can wait for you. If you like. I
can give you a lift back.

17A EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 10:00 (AUTUMN 17A
1832)

Flashback: THOMAS holds his dad's head down and cuts open his
throat.

18 EXT. HALIFAX. DREAM 1. DAY. 08:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

A cold grey morning over Halifax. There's a nip in the air,
an eerie chill; a cruel winter is round the corner.

A hangman's noose is thrown over a wooden frame, and then
another one, right next to it. One is adjusted slightly
higher than the other, one for a man, one for a woman.

Crowds start to gather. Stalls are set up, hot food is sold,
street entertainers (jugglers, acrobats) perform, as well as
freak acts like the bearded lady, the thin man, a man on
stilts, a pick-pocket. It's some sort of holiday, clearly
something's happening, a big event.

Big wooden gaol doors are thrown open, and ANNE LISTER and
ANN WALKER - both of them with their hands tied - are thrust
out into the light where the jeering crowd greets them, on
the back of an open horse-drawn cart. They both look a bit
bruised and beaten like they've suffered abuse while they've
been incarcerated. In great contrast to everyone else's
holiday mood, they both look pallid and ANN WALKER looks
terrified.

The crowds jeer and throw things, rotten veg, dead rats, a
dead cat, faeces. ANN WALKER can't stand it, she's going to
pieces. ANNE LISTER - of course - is determined to be defiant
and merely appear interested in it all. The humiliation goes
on, people spit and shout obscenities and hurl muck at them.

There's a bishop sitting backwards on the horse that's
pulling the cart they're in and he's assailing them with an
everlasting-torment-in-hell-fire sermon, straight from an
ancient religious tome.

BISHOP

"You have heard that it was said,
'You shall not commit adultery.'
But I say to you that everyone who
looks at a woman with lustful
intent has already committed
adultery with her in their heart.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

If your right eye causes you to sin, tear it out! And if your right hand causes you to sin, cut it off! For it is better that you lose one of your members than that your whole body go to hell!' Hell was created for the devil and his angels, and it was made as a place of everlasting torment and punishment. You are going to die!

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You will take your last breath and
you will stand before God,
condemned as sinners and you will
be tossed naked into the fiery pit!
You will awaken in the bottomless
pit! You will lift up your eyes in
hell, and there is no salvation in
hell, there is no forgiveness in
hell, what goes to hell stays in
hell! Every soul lost without God
will be pulled down into the acrid
choking torment of eternal
damnation, and to the sound of
weeping and wailing and fury and
the gnashing of teeth!'

Effigies of the two women are dangled from poles - like
they're hanging already - the effigies are rubbed together
like the puppets/effigies are simulating sex and the two men
operating these creepy puppets make over-the-top kissing and
sex noises. It's all very, very weird and sick.

And then ANN WALKER gets sight of the two hangman's nooses
(his 'n' hers) up aloft as the cart draws nearer the
scaffold. It chills her to the core, and she can feel the
blood draining from her face as she loses consciousness and a
grandfather clock strikes a sonorous three. Suddenly -

19 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 31. 03:00 19
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN WALKER wakes up screaming "No! No! No!" in her huge bed,
amidst all the luxury and splendour of her mansion, and not
approaching the scaffold after all. She's shaking, she's
terrified, the whole thing was far too vivid, far too real.
HARRIET PARKHILL - carrying a candle and dressed in her night
things - comes racing into the room.

HARRIET PARKHILL

What's the matter? *Ann*? What on
earth's the matter?

ANN shakes her head in terror. She can barely speak
coherently, she's convinced it was a premonition -

ANN WALKER

I - I -

HARRIET PARKHILL

(realising)

Have you had a nightmare? You've
had a nightmare!

ANN WALKER

It was *so real*!

(then suddenly -)

No no no no no!

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
(she puts her hands over
her ears)
Shhh! Stop it. Shhh!

HARRIET PARKHILL
Ann? Ann! What is it? What is it?
What *is it*?

ANN WALKER
Can't you hear them?

HARRIET PARKHILL
Who?

ANN WALKER
Can't you *hear* them?

HARRIET PARKHILL
Who? *Ann*?

20 OMITTED

20

21 OMITTED

21

22	OMITTED	22
23	OMITTED	23

24 OMITTED 24

25 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 09:05 (AUTUMN 25
1832)

JEREMIAH RAWSON is being kept waiting. As usual. JEREMY is with him.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

John Abbott? Oy yes, yes, I know him. He's making quite a name for himself, one way and another. A member of this that and the other society, and getting himself elected onto all sorts of committees. Within the town. Why?

JEREMY LISTER

*Oh, he's -
(he makes a bit of a dismissive gesture)
Sniffing around after Marian.*

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Is he? Yes, that would make sense.

JEREMY LISTER

How?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well. Marrying a bit of pedigree.
Not having any himself.

JEREMY takes that in. Just as ANNE sweeps in, snapping her watch fob shut.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

She neglects to shake his hand and instead simply gets right in his face, so he can't really avoid seeing what's left of her cuts and bruises.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Miss List[er] - oh! What happened?

JEREMY LISTER

(a bit of a chuckle)

You shoulda seen the other fella!

ANNE's just about to balk at her father's vulgarity, but in fact she quite likes it. It is, after all, the truth.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. He won't attempt anything like that again. Not in a hurry. Whoever paid him to do it should ask for their money back.

ANNE looks to see how JEREMIAH RAWSON reacts to this. But it would appear that he knows nothing about the beating up. Eventually JEREMY feels the need to explain -

JEREMY LISTER

She fell off a wall.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. So anyway -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

What were you doing on a wall?

ANNE LISTER

(brandishing his note at him)

You wanted to discuss the terms of the lease with me. Again.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

Why? Has your position altered?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

No. But my brother thought yours might have.

ANNE LISTER

Did he. Why?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Having had time to dwell on it.

This speaks volumes; CHRISTOPHER did have her beaten up. Although as ANNE studies JEREMIAH's face she does get the idea that he could be genuinely guileless in the matter.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well. Oddly enough, Mr. Rawson. My position has altered. But only slightly. And not for any reasons your brother might fathom. I'm prepared to offer an abatement on the price of the upper bed. I'll offer it to you at a hundred and twenty-nine pounds and ten shillings. And the reason for it, is a sincere desire to *just get on with it*. Instead of going round in circles.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Oh well that's -

"great" he's about to say.

ANNE LISTER

However, I'm not prepared to compromise the price of the lower bed at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, or any of the clauses. I would like access to the pit - at any time - and there *will be* a five hundred pound penalty incurred if any water is turned on the pit at any point in the future. Neither of these requests are unreasonable. Only someone with something to hide would think they were.

JEREMIAH knows these are sticking points for his brother but -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I'll talk to him again. Perhaps an abatement on the price of the upper bed will do the trick.

ANNE goes to ring the hand bell: she's not going to waste any more time with this bloke than she needs to.

ANNE LISTER

Who knows.

JEREMIAH

(sincerely)

It would be a great relief to *me* to get it settled, Miss Lister. Believe me.

ANNE LISTER

A 'relief'? Why a relief?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Just... after all this time.

ANNE can't decide just how guileless JEREMIAH is.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

It's on the tip of ANNE's tongue to qualify what he's said with, "You mean a relief to make your trespass legal?". But she restrains herself. JOSEPH BOOTH comes in to escort JEREMIAH out.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Rawson.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Miss Lister. Captain Lister.

JEREMIAH leaves, JOSEPH follows after him to let him out. ANNE's shaking (perhaps she's been shaking throughout the whole encounter).

JEREMY LISTER

I thought...? Are we not sinking our own pit?

ANNE LISTER

(reluctant to admit -)

I don't know what's going on with Miss Walker. She blows hot and cold. It's not her fault. It's... difficult for her. With her family. They never leave her alone, they put ridiculous ideas in her head and -

(she dries up, she's said it all before)

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

She had said I could borrow the money, but... I can't, I don't want to. So.

(then she blurts it out)

I didn't fall off a wall. I was beaten up.

JEREMY LISTER

Sorry?

ANNE goes and closes the door, she doesn't want her AUNT to hear this. Or the servants. Or anyone.

ANNE LISTER

I was beaten up. By a thug. Who someone must've paid to do it. I assume by them. The Rawsons. Not him. Not Jeremiah. I don't think Jeremiah could knock the skin off a rice pudding. Even if he paid someone else to do it. But Christopher.

(she sniggers, she's angry)

I wouldn't put anything past him. Because he thinks he can get away with anything.

JEREMY LISTER

Why? Why would he do [that] - ?

ANNE LISTER

To warn me off! To make me sign the blasted lease without insisting on any inconvenient clauses! So he can take what he likes! You know he caused that accident, as well? When little Henry Hardcastle lost his leg. He was the idiot driving the gig! He was *seen*. You were right to warn me off, coal is a nasty business. But I won't be beaten. Not by him, not by anybody.

JEREMY's concerned: why does ANNE always bite off more than she can chew?

Just then CORDINGLEY appears in the doorway.

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am. Sir. There's a servant from Crow Nest here with a message.

ANNE takes that in and follows CORDINGLEY back through to the kitchen...

25A INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. (AUTUMN 1832) 25A
CONTINUOUS.

JAMES is in the kitchen, looking subdued, worried.

 ANNE
 James. What's the matter?

26 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 26

ANNE and JAMES stride through from the back entrance of the house (the servants' door) and JAMES shows ANNE into the drawing room.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. ANTE ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:02 (AUTUMN 1832) 28

ANNE comes in to discover CATHERINE RAWSON, which she wasn't expecting, but rather than finding her cold and distant -

CATHERINE RAWSON
Miss Lister! Thank goodness you're here.

ANNE LISTER
Miss Rawson. What happened to Miss Parkhill?

CATHERINE RAWSON
I think she couldn't stand it. I didn't realise Ann was so ill, none of us did. It's so much worse than last time she was -
(lowers her voice)
like this. She had a terrible nightmare apparently. She won't tell anyone what it was about, and then -
(this is even more confidential, because it's so mad)
she says she can hear voices. In her room. In the night.

ANNE LISTER
Where is she?

29 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 29

ANNE taps very gently on ANN WALKER's bedroom door. No answer. She ventures to try the handle and look in...

30 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:06 (AUTUMN 1832) 30

ANN WALKER is fast asleep, exhausted no doubt by her sleepless nights. ANNE goes and crouches beside her, and looks at her cautiously, tenderly.

ANNE LISTER
Ann?

ANN awakens and sees ANNE. She grabs her face in both hands and kisses her like she'll never let her go again.

ANN WALKER

I thought you'd gone forever!

(she cries)

I thought you'd given up on me, I

thought I'd never see you again!

Anne, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so
sorry about the things I said.

(realising ANNE's face is
scarred - like in her
nightmare)

What happened to you?

ANNE LISTER

Nothing.

(she smirks: it's so not
serious)

I fell over.

ANN WALKER

Harriet's gone, I told her to
leave.

ANNE LISTER

People are worried about you, tell
me what's going on.

ANN WALKER

Don't leave me again. Promise me!

ANNE LISTER

But you said what we did was
repugnant and queer.

ANN WALKER

(she shakes her head
denying that)

I love you! I want to be with you,
I want to *marry* you.

ANNE LISTER

(aware that she left the
door open behind her)

Shhh...

ANN WALKER

I'll do everything you say. I don't
want to go abroad, not in the state
I'm in at the moment, but
everything else -

ANNE LISTER

No, we need to get you better
first.

ANN WALKER

Don't leave me again. Promise me.

ANNE LISTER

I'll do what I [can for you] -

ANN WALKER

Promise me.

ANNE LISTER

(tenderly, she touches her
face and says firmly -)

I'll do what I can for you.

ANN WALKER

Stay. Tonight. Please stay tonight.
I need you, I need you here. You
see... some very strange things are
happening. And no-one believes me,
but -

(a whisper)

you will. You'll *hear them*. If you
stay in the room with me, you'll
hear them.

ANNE LISTER

Who will I hear?

ANN WALKER

I don't know who they are.

ANNE LISTER

Can you see them? What do they look
like?

ANN WALKER

No no, they're spirits. They're
something to do with the clock on
the landing. I know! I know. I know
that sounds bizarre but Anne, Anne,
I'm not making it up, I don't make
things up.

ANNE feels spooked by how real this is to ANN WALKER.

31 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 15:15 (AUTUMN 31
1832)

AUNT ANNE and JEREMY are both napping in front of the fire
when CORDINGLEY comes in with a note.

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am? Ma'am? Miss Lister, ma'am?

(AUNT ANNE wakes up with a
piggy snort, which wakes
JEREMY up)

A note, from Miss Lister.

(MORE)

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

The servant from Crow Nest brought it.

(CORDINGLEY offers AUNT ANNE her reading glasses and the note. AUNT ANNE pops the seal, and reads the brief note)

He's waiting in the kitchen for Eugénie to pack Miss Lister's overnight bag if there's any reply.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

No, no reply. Thank you.

(CORDINGLEY nods and withdraws)

She's staying over at Crow Nest. For the night.

(she folds the note up again)

I thought it was all off. With Miss Walker.

JEREMY LISTER

(at length)

Mm.

They both stare into the fire, and it's not clear what they know or understand about ANNE's relationships with other women. And then they both nod off to sleep again.

32 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 15:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 32

JAMES MACKENZIE is being made at home in the kitchen; he's waiting for Miss Lister's overnight bag, so he's been given a cup of tea and a piece of fruit cake.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Where is Miss Pierre from?

HEMINGWAY

Oh, I can never remember.

(CORDINGLEY's just coming back in)

Where is she from again? Eugénie.

CORDINGLEY

Oh... is it Dieppe?

HEMINGWAY

We're not overly impressed, Mr. Mackenzie. Between you and me. Are we Mrs. Cordingley?

CORDINGLEY pulls a face at JAMES. Implying - as much as she can without saying it - that EUGÉNIE's a bit of a one.

JAMES MACKENZIE
She's... very pretty.

HEMINGWAY
You see, I don't think she is.

Just then EUGÉNIE comes in with ANNE's briskly-packed overnight bag, which she dumps on JAMES's lap.

EUGÉNIE
C'est ici! Nous voilà.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Ah! Thank you.

Just then JOHN comes in with vegetables and eggs.

JOHN BOOTH
Only me!

He sees EUGÉNIE practically rubbing herself up against JAMES, and decides not to linger.

JOHN BOOTH (CONT'D)
Mr. Mackenzie.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Mr. Booth.

CORDINGLEY
Thank you, John! That's lovely.
(JOHN leaves. CORDINGLEY
turns to EUGÉNIE)
Il y a du linge, dites donc, vous
n'avez pas fini.

There's some washing through there that you've not finished.

EUGÉNIE
Je le ferais plus tard.

I'll do it later.

CORDINGLEY
You'll do it now. Maintenant! Ou je
dis à Madame Lister.

EUGÉNIE
Tchoh!

She makes a few more stroppy French noises as she heads through to the scullery.

HEMINGWAY
(confidentially)
Don't lower yourself, Mr.
Mackenzie.

33 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 15:25 (AUTUMN 1832) 33

Disgruntled JOHN's just heading off out of the yard as MR. PICKELS is wandering into it.

JOHN BOOTH

She's not in. If you're looking for
t'boss. I saw her going over to
Lightcliffe earlier.

(PICKELS groans and
mumbles something that
might sound a little bit
like "Oh fuck")

That bad?

Where to start? And as PICKELS speaks, we're forced to
wonder: is he drunk?

PICKELS

There's this gully. Right. This gap
along t'carriage road, happen eight
yards long, twelve yards deep. So
to marry up one end wi' t'other, I
need to build it up from
underneath, right - with earth and
a bit o' stone - it'd look reight
enough, solid, safe - and then
build t'road along t'top.

JOHN BOOTH

(that sounds fair enough)
Right...

PICKELS

But she doesn't want that, does
she? No, she goes -

(bossy ANNE voice, it
sounds remarkably like
Margaret Thatcher)

"Are you familiar, Mr. Pickels,
with the Simplon Pass in
Switzerland?". So I'm going "No,
that's a pleasure I've not had,
your Majesty". So she shows me a
picture, she does me this drawing -

(he gets out a drawing and
unfolds it. One of ANNE's
very competent drawings,
and 'The Simplon Pass'
written underneath)

Which is reight enough, I can do an
arch. It's just more work and
longer to finish t'job and more
bother ner it's worth and blah blah
blah, which I explained, and she
goes "Yes, Mr. Pickels".

(dramatic pause)

"But it is elegant".

JOHN BOOTH

You can't argue with that.

PICKELS

It's like that little hut down
yonder and Versailles all over
again. It's like... what's it *for*?

JOHN BOOTH

Well anyway, she isn't in. I'd just
do it, Mr. Pickels. You will i'
th'end, you know what she's like.

PICKELS

You're right.
(he gets his hip flask
out, glances around to be
certain she really isn't
here, and takes a swig)
And if she's not in she's not in.

He offers his flask to JOHN.

JOHN BOOTH

You're not in a state of
inebriation, are you Mr. Pickels?

PICKELS

No. Well happen a fraction. You
need a bit o' Dutch courage coming
knocking on t'door here. If
somebody's ruffled her feathers,
she's enough to flay the divel.
(JOHN wouldn't normally,
but feeling bruised after
seeing EUGENIE all over
JAMES, he looks around
too, then takes a swig)
When's t'big day? Are we all
invited?

JOHN didn't know anyone outside the immediate household knew.
Just then, JAMES emerges from the back door, and heads off
with ANNE's bag. JOHN conceals the flask.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Afternoon.

JOHN & PICKELS

Afternoon.

Then when JAMES is out of earshot -

JOHN BOOTH

(big whisper)
How did you know about that?

PICKELS

I dunno. Why?

JOHN BOOTH

It isn't happening, it's all off.
Does everybody know?

PICKELS

("dunno", he implies with
a shrug)
So what went wrong?

JOHN BOOTH

Oh -
(he dismisses it, doesn't
want to talk about it. He
takes another swig)
That's a good drop. You'll have to
pop in and try my parsnip and
potaty wine some time. It's got a
right kick.

34 EXT. CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 02:58 (AUTUMN 1832) 34

The small hours. A blustery late autumn night.

35 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 02:58 35
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN in bed. The wind whips around the house outside.
ANN WALKER is wrapped in ANNE LISTER's arms. Both of them
asleep.

36 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 02:59 (AUTUMN 36 36
1832)

We slowly (creepily) approach the grandfather clock on the
dark landing, and as we do so the mechanism starts winding
itself up to start the whole process of sounding the hour.

37 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 03:00 37
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN WALKER is awoken by the clock mechanism (quiet as it is,
and through a closed bedroom door, something about it always
triggers her to wake up). And then suddenly she's wide awake,
anticipating trouble. And then the first of three strikes
sounds, and this seems to be what spooks ANN WALKER.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

ANN WALKER

Anne.

ANNE LISTER

(half asleep)

I'm here.

ANN WALKER

Can you hear that?

ANNE LISTER

No. What? The wind?

ANN WALKER

Listen!

(ANNE listens)

You can hear *that*. Surely.

ANNE LISTER

No. What? No, I [can't] -

ANN WALKER

Oh!

(a sharp intake of breath)

They're talking about you!

ANNE LISTER

Are they? What're they saying about me? Ann?

ANN WALKER

Can you *not* hear them?

ANNE LISTER

No.

(ANN listens, and looks at ANNE like what's being said is appalling)

Ann. They're not - I can't hear anything, there's nothing [there] -

ANN WALKER

You're going to die.

ANNE LISTER

Well. Yes. Eventual[ly] -

ANN WALKER

(puts her hand on ANNE's mouth to shush her)

Don't be *glib*! They're going to *kill* you, as well as me. And we shall both burn in hell for all of eternity!

ANNE LISTER

No.

ANN WALKER
(as though she's just
repeating something she's
heard someone say -)
"Everlasting torment in hell fire".
You heard that? Surely you *did* hear
that?

ANNE LISTER
When you say 'voices', how many
voices can you hear?

ANN WALKER
Three. Shhh!

ANNE LISTER
Men? Women?

ANN WALKER
Men. Sometimes there's a woman.
Once, there was a woman. Shhh...

ANNE LISTER
Do you recognise the voices?

ANN WALKER
Shhh...

ANNE LISTER
Ann. Do you recognise the voices?

ANN WALKER
No.

ANNE LISTER
Are they always the same voices?

ANN WALKER
They need to shut up. It's
disgusting, they're so *disgusting*,
they're so *cruel*!
(impatient -)
Yes, the same voices! Why is
everyone else pretending not to
hear them?

ANNE LISTER
(interrupts)
Where are they?

ANN WALKER
In the clock!
(ANNE jumps out of bed and
takes a candles)
Don't go out there, they'll *do*
something to you! Just shout
through the
(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
(big whisper)
key hole!

Frustrated by the absurdity of it, ANNE pulls the door open and goes out into the corridor.

ANNE LISTER
There's no-one here, Ann.

ANN WALKER
They're *spirits*. You can't see
them! *Get back in here!*

ANN grabs her prayer book from her bedside table and starts reciting the Lord's Prayer, over and over in terror.

ANNE LISTER
I'm going to take the weights out
of the clock to stop it sounding.
That's what disturbed you, that and
the wind.

Sleepy CATHERINE RAWSON puts her head out of her bedroom.

CATHERINE RAWSON
Is she all right?

ANNE LISTER
No. She -
(quickly explaining)
I was in my room next door and she
heard the voices again. I think
someone should stay with her. In
her room. Would you like to?

CATHERINE really doesn't want to, she finds the whole thing so distressing.

CATHERINE RAWSON
(a whisper)
She frightens me.

ANNE LISTER
I know. I know.

ANN WALKER
Catherine! *Catherine!*

CATHERINE has to go into the room to be with ANN. ANNE finishes removing the weights (which is quite a delicate business), and goes back into ANN's bedroom to be with her. ANN continues to repeat the Lord's Prayer over and over as both her friends comfort her.

ANNE LISTER
Ann? Shhh...

She puts her arm around her, and embraces her reassuringly as CATHERINE does something similar on her other side -

CATHERINE RAWSON

Shh. Ann? We're here. We're both here. Everything's all right. You're safe.

ANN clings to ANNE, but it doesn't bother CATHERINE or make her think there's anything wrong with it, it's simply two friends comforting someone in distress.

38 INT. DINING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 33. 09:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 38

Next morning.

ANNE and CATHERINE eat breakfast together, comrades after last night.

ANNE LISTER

Has anyone written to Ann's sister? In Scotland.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I don't know. But someone should, she...

(on the verge of tears)

She isn't in her right mind.

ANNE LISTER

I know. Look...

(she hesitates)

Catherine. You mustn't -

This is tricky. But genuine.

CATHERINE RAWSON

What?

ANNE LISTER

First of all you must try not to get upset. You're doing all you can, you're being strong, and that's exactly what she needs. And second... I took her to see a Dr. Belcombe. A number of weeks ago. In York. He's the brother of a friend of mine, he's a very clever medical man. He specialises in exactly this sort of thing. I did it without telling any of An[n's] - your - family. I might take her over there again. The thing is... and I will of course get her sister's consent this time. But I would consider it a great favour. If you didn't tell anyone else how bad it is.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

The aunts and uncles and your other
cousins. Because...

(hesitates)

they'll have her put away. And she
can get over this. With the right
sort of help she may well be able
to make a full recovery and no-one
else need know any different.

CATHERINE's eyes are glistening with tears.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I've heard the worst things said
about you Miss Lister, and I want
to apologise for ever having
listened to them. I've never seen
such kind, affectionate, selfless
display of friendship as I saw last
night, and I feel ashamed. For ever
having doubted you or thought you
had any motive other than goodness.

Wow. ANNE feels really quite touched.

39 INT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. DAY 34. 10:30 39
(AUTUMN 1832)

A well-proportioned house, not as grand and elegant as Crow
Nest, but clearly the house of well-heeled people.

We discover 35-year-old CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND at his desk
reading a letter. We have a good look at this athletic-
looking, well-made Highlander. The contents of the letter
intrigue him. He heads out of his study, and we go with him
as he walks along a corridor, and into the drawing room...

40 INT. DRAWING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. 40
DAY 34. 10:31 (AUTUMN 1832)

...where we find ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND (ANN WALKER's elder
sister by two years) breast-feeding a new-born infant, whilst
a toddler (a girl) plays on the floor with a wooden puzzle.
On a sofa by the window, SACKVILLE SUTHERLAND (perhaps four
or five years old) is drowsy and wrapped in a blanket. He has
measles. ELIZABETH has shadows under her eyes; a woman who's
given birth too many times and whose brain is scrambled from
spending every waking hour with toddlers.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

You've not heard any more from your
sister since last week?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No. Why?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I've had a letter from her friend.
Miss Lister.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

You have?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

She wrote to me because she was
mindful of your delicate health -
since your confinement - and didn't
want to upset you "unjudiciously".
But there seems to be some new
anxiety about Ann's -

(he taps his temple -)
health.

(he reads from ANNE's
letter)

"I don't wish to alarm you or Mrs.
Sutherland but it is my belief that
the advice of an experienced and
clever medical man is necessary,
and that no time should be lost".

(ELIZABETH holds her hand
out for the letter)

She proposes taking her to see a
man in York. A man she's seen
before. But... I don't know. I
wonder if we shouldn't... persuade
her up here, where we can look
after her?

ELIZABETH looks weary; with the best will in the world, she
has enough to contend with now, without her flaky sister.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

She's very fond of Miss Lister,
she's been very good to her. And
she's well connected. This doctor
in York is probably very good.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes but Miss Lister isn't family.
Is she. And we have medical men in
Edinburgh more than equal to anyone
in York. You're not fit to travel,
and with Sackville still in the
measles. He needs you here. But I
could go and fetch her. I could
take my mother.

ELIZABETH knows her husband well, and suspects ulterior
motives behind his apparent kind words.

41 EXT. THE LONG GRASS, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 35. 13:00 41
(AUTUMN 1832)

In the long grass, or under a tree, or wherever they can conceal themselves given the weather, we discover THOMAS SOWDEN and SUZANNAH WASHINGTON, (even though it's nearly winter, but they've got nowhere else to go). They're kissing. It's tender, sweet, delicate.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I don't want to go living in
Halifax with Miss Thing. I know I'd
be learning a trade, but she's such
an old fossil. There'd be no fun.
We always have a bit o' fun. At our
house. After tea. Do you? At yours?

THOMAS SOWDEN

(he nods)
Since my dad went, yeah.
(he hesitates before
embarking on -)
Miss Lister said - once I get
t'tenancy, and I'll be eighteen by
then - she'd prefer it if I got
married. She said she likes her
people married because it makes 'em
more settled and reliable.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

(a smile)
Is that right?

THOMAS SOWDEN

(he nods affirmation)
Someone told me she had this tenant
once who said he'd never get
married, and then she found out
he'd got this lass up Northowram in
the family way and done nowt about
it, so she threw him off the land
and offered to horse-whip him!

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

(she's smiling; anecdotes
about MISS LISTER usually
make people smile)
D'you want to marry me?

Course he would. That was the point of the anecdote. But -

THOMAS SOWDEN

I don't think yer dad'd like it, I
think he'd think I wasn't good
enough for you.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Yeah but he married my mother! Her mother and father wouldn't speak to her for years after, marrying a land steward's son.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Really? But you live in that big house.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Only 'cos it was standing empty, and Miss Walker said it'd be better for it to be lived in.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You wouldn't want to live at our house.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Why wouldn't I? I could help on t'farm! I could teach little ones how to read and write and -

THOMAS SOWDEN

You could teach me! So when I'm signing t'tenancy I'm not just putting a cross!

(distantly, a church bell sounds the hour - twelve.

THOMAS jumps up)

Oh heck, I'll be late. We're building the bridge over the Simplon Pass up at Shibden.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Over the what?

THOMAS SOWDEN

It's in Switzerland.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I thought you were proposing to me!

He hesitates.

THOMAS SOWDEN

What d'you think?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I think... if you're serious. You'd have to speak to my father.

43	OMITTED	43
44	OMITTED	44

45 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 36. 03:15 45
(AUTUMN 1832)

The small hours. ANN recites the Lord's Prayer manically over and over. Both ANNE and CATHERINE are with her, both of them as sleepy as each other.

46 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 37. 09:30 46
(AUTUMN 1832)

Morning. All three of them - ANNE LISTER, ANN WALKER and CATHERINE RAWSON - are asleep in or on the bed, as though CATHERINE and ANNE just dropped off during their vigil, presumably before or after ANN did too.

ANNE wakes up. She gathers her thoughts and looks around. She sees ANN and CATHERINE both deep asleep. Touching, sad. This is a real dilemma for ANNE; living life to the full is her ethos, she doesn't faff around looking after invalids. And yet here she is, doing exactly that.

Then we cut to twenty minutes later, when ANNE is dressed, gently rousing ANN WALKER. CATHERINE RAWSON is still asleep there too.

ANNE LISTER

Ann. Ann? Ann. I've got to go, I've got things to do.

ANN wakes up and sees ANNE. The love and delight and devotion in her eyes is immediate.

ANN WALKER

But you'll come back?

ANNE LISTER

(voice over as she stares at her)

How I long to be creditably free from all this madness. And yet... I don't know how it is -

47 EXT. ROAD BETWEEN LIGHTCLIFFE AND SHIBDEN. DAY 37. 10:00 47
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE's walking home (on the exact same road where she was beaten up three weeks ago) in her great coat in the blustery autumnal weather. ANNE speaks out loud to us -

ANNE LISTER

- but without any longer having either my esteem or affection, she still - whenever I see the girl - she always manages to...
(despite herself, she becomes emotional)
unhinge me.

48 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 37. 09:51 48
(AUTUMN 1832)

Continuous from the action at the end of scene 46.

ANNE LISTER has tears in her eyes as she looks at ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Of course.

49 EXT/INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 37. 10:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 49

ANNE heads inside. We go with her and discover MARIAN standing reading the Halifax Guardian over the huge table in the housebody.

MARIAN LISTER

Mr. Washington's been looking for you.

(her tone suggests something bad's happened)
(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

He says there're a lot of men up at
Brierley Hill filling in the
Rawsons' Willy Hill pit. He says
they're demolishing all the sheds
and pulling up the access road.

ANNE LISTER

(realising)

The access road's on my land.

MARIAN LISTER

That's w[hat] - our land - yes,
that's what Mr. Washington said, he
said they've got no right to touch
the [road] -

ANNE's straight out of there. She's incensed; nobody touches
her stuff.

50

EXT. WILLY HILL PIT. DAY 37. 10:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

50

ANNE heads up the hill, where seven men (COLLIERS and
BANKSMEN) are filling in the pit, pulling down the out-houses
that service the pit, and pulling up the stones that make the
access road (which is on Shibden land). WASHINGTON is with
HINSCLIFFE, who we met in Episode Two, and who looks angry.

ANNE LISTER

What's going on? What's happening?

HINSCLIFFE turns away and goes back to the men, as though
he's refusing to speak to ANNE LISTER.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Rawsons've called the pit in.

ANNE LISTER

What's Hinscliffe doing here?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Apparently...

(this is complex)

it's in the terms of his
arrangement with Rawsons that once
they - Rawsons - deem the beds to
be exhausted, he - Hinscliffe - is
obliged to fill the pit in and make
it safe and demolish the
outbuildings so they can sell off
the stone.

ANNE LISTER

That road's on Shibden land. That's
my stone.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes, I know, it's why I'm here,
[but] -

ANNE LISTER

Does he know that?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

He's saying it's in his contract
with Mr. Rawson to decommission the
road along with everything else.

ANNE LISTER

Well that's wrong. The pit may be
on Rawson's land, but the access
road, that's my land, and I might
want it! And I certainly want the
value of my stone. Hinscliffe!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I'd...! Be careful. Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

What?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

He's not in a good mood.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. That's a coincidence. Neither
am I.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(confidentially, trying to
keep a lid on things)

Rawsons' beds are exhausted, but
his isn't. And this is the only
access he had to it. Financially...
it's a bad day for him. And -

(confidentially, because
he was up on the scam
just like she was)

I know you were never going to,
but... if you'd sold him that acre
he was after down at Listerwick,
he'd never have had to do a rubbish
deal over this pit with Rawson.

ANNE weighs that up swiftly.

ANNE LISTER

Well I can't help that. Business is
[business] -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes. But. I'm just saying that's
why he might be rather less than
civil to [you] -

Fuck that.

ANNE LISTER

Hinscliffe?

(HINSCLIFFE has a dark
look in his eye, like he
could deck her as soon as
look at her)

You tell your men to leave that
road alone. That's my land, I don't
care what your arrangement is with
Rawson.

(she shouts clearly at the
men pulling up the road)

Anyone who pulls up *another single*
one of those stones will have the
inconvenience of a trip to
Wakefield gaol!

So that puts a spoke in their wheel, irrespective of what
HINSCLIFFE's told them to do.

50A EXT. PARKER & ADAM OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 37. 11:09 (AUTUMN 50A
1832)

ANNE strides towards the solicitors' office.

51 INT. PARKER & ADAM OUTER OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 37. 11:10 51
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE steams in. The hapless CLERK behind the counter jumps to
attention.

ANNE LISTER

Where's Mr. Parker?

52 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 37. 11:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 52

A few minutes later. ANNE's with elderly MR. PARKER, who is
solemn. And nervous.

MR. PARKER

We can get a court order to stop
them pulling up and selling any
stone belonging to Shibden land, of
course. That's not a problem. But
there's rather more to it.

ANNE LISTER

What?

MR. PARKER

Mr. Rawson appears to have found
out that Hinscliffe was his rival.
For your coal.

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 6. 1.11.18 44A.

ANNE LISTER

How?

MR. PARKER

(shakes his head, doesn't know)

And that the price was so inflated because he only wanted the one acre. So. He's lashing out at Hinscliffe and... he's just come back to me this morning with a much lower offer. Mr. Rawson has. And he's making it utterly plain he won't agree to your clauses either. Which we know are perfectly legitimate, and which you're absolutely right to insist upon, but...

(he dries up)

And - for some reason - he no longer seems to fear that you'll sink your own pit. Is that...? The case.

ANNE's appalled. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON has outmanoeuvred her, plain and simple. She's quiet, angry. A bit dazed by the speed and timing of it all.

ANNE LISTER

For the moment. Yes. That isn't an option. Any more. But not for the reason he thinks!

(then suddenly, angrily)

The strategy of inflating the price was arrived at solely to *cover what the Rawsons have stolen!* I wasn't being mercenary!

MR. PARKER

I know that, Anne!

It's clear he's sympathetic. There's no doubt in PARKER's mind that ANNE's the good guy and CHRISTOPHER RAWSON is the bad guy. After a few moment's reflection -

ANNE LISTER

(quietly)

I don't have to sign the agreement with him.

MR. PARKER

No. I don't think you should. But then... he'll continue to steal your coal anyway. If you can't get down there and keep an eye on him yourself. You could sell to someone else of course. But then... what's stolen. Is gone. And there'd be no recompense for it.

(MORE)

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)
(ANNE looks more dark,
more broody, more
Heathcliff than we've
ever seen her before)
I know it's easier said than done,
but try not to take it too
personally. You're not the first
person he's swindled. And you won't
be the last.
(silence)
Sickening, isn't it?

53 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 37. 12:05 (AUTUMN 53
1832)

ANNE's sitting in front of the fire with her father, unable
to believe she's been outmaneuvered, and that this man can
just steal from her. She can barely speak she's so angry.

JEREMY LISTER
You could still re-open Listerwick.
Down at Mytholm. That'd be half the
expense of sinking a new pit.

ANNE LISTER
(shakes her head: no)
It has to be up there. On the hill.
To prove the trespass. It'd have to
be a new pit.

JEREMY LISTER
And Miss Walker definitely
isn't...?

ANNE shakes her head. And perhaps tears well up in her eyes
as she's reminded of how strangely wrong her relationship
with ANN has turned. JEREMY is sickened on ANNE's behalf. And
angry too - this man had his daughter beaten up. But what can
he do? An infirm old man.

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)
He needs horse-whipping. And I'd
[do it] - at one time, I'd have
done it.

ANNE can't bring herself to smile at this well-meant
sentiment.

54 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY. (AUTUMN 1832)

54

Autumn in the Shibden valley.

The next six scenes are an intended to have an
impressionistic sad feel of time passing over a few days,
perhaps a week...

55 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 38. 16:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 55

We discover MR. ABBOTT and his mother, MRS. ABBOTT (late fifties, a polite little woman), are here for tea.

Once more - as MR. ABBOTT holds court and as we move around the table - we find AUNT ANNE and JEREMY making an effort, if only for MARIAN's sake as she continues to appear charmed by MR. ABBOTT. MRS. ABBOTT seems as delighted with her son's chatter as MARIAN is.

MR. ABBOTT

Mr. Wortley's latest defeat in this constituency was, I'm sad to say, a foregone conclusion. Don't misunderstand me, we are very much to the right of the question, as I'm sure *this* household is, but it has to be said he didn't put up a good fight at the hustings. Were you there? He looked terrified. Can we be squeezing any more tea out of that pot?

And as we move around the table once more we see that there's an empty (but set) place where ANNE should be.

56 EXT. SIMPLON PASS/SIBDEN CARRIAGE ROAD, SHIBDEN. DAY 39. 14:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 56

THOMAS SOWDEN and DICK are busy laying the first few layers of stone of what will become the bridge that resembles the Simplon Pass, and whilst it is a mini version of the Simplon Pass, it's still very impressive. The proposed structure is marked out professionally in taut string, so the verticals and horizontals are all correct. No sign of MR. PICKELS as the two lads hoik the heavy stones carefully into precise position.

We discover bad-tempered, lonely ANNE LISTER - some distance away - checking with her own plumb line/brass weight that all the verticals are indeed correct. Maybe she has her own spirit level too to check the horizontals (and any other relevant mathematical instruments).

57 INT. CELLAR, DAIRY COTTAGE. DAY 40. 15:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 57

MR. PICKELS and JOHN are in the cellar sampling JOHN's home-brewed wine, which - judging by their merry mood - is potent. PICKELS is impressed, and they both find the taste delightful and amusing.

PICKELS

Well shut, well rid, they're nowt but trouble. Mine is.
(MORE)

PICKELS (CONT'D)

I envy you, not getting nagged
every fart's end, "do this, do
that". I often say to her, "*Who's*
in charge?" and she'll go "Oh, I
know you *think* you are".

JOHN's amused, red-cheeked, well pissed.

58 OMITTED 58

59 OMITTED 59

60 INT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. DAY 41. 15:30 60
(AUTUMN 1832)

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

(voice over)

My dear Miss Lister... the soonest
I find I can travel south is a
fortnight on Friday...

We see CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND writing the letter.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

(v.o. as he writes)

With luck I shall reach Halifax on
the Monday, when my mother and I
shall collect Miss Walker and bring
her back up to Scotland to be with
her sister, when we will endeavour
to find the best medical man
Edinburgh has to offer.

61 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 42. 11:00 (AUTUMN 61
1832)

We now find ANNE standing reading the letter by the window.
Her diary and writing equipment is on her desk like she was
in mid-flow when this letter arrived.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

(v.o., continuous)

My wife is writing separately to
her sister, to say my journey is
primarily one of business, but to
suggest at the same time she takes
the opportunity to return north
with me. When you read this letter,
she should also be in possession of
the letter from her sister
proposing the idea.

ANNE would have like to take ANN to York, and keep control of
her - her affections and (potentially) her wealth.

On the other hand, she can see the advantage of being rid of it all. Both feelings are strong, and conflicting.

ANNE pulls open her drawer and takes out the little box with the ring in it from Barber and Cattle. The flips open the lid and examines the beautiful ring.

62

INT. ANTE ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 42. 12:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 62

ANNE is with ANN and CATHERINE RAWSON. ANN has indeed had the letter from Elizabeth. ANN is still pale and haunted by her obsessive compulsive thoughts.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I think it's a good idea. A change of air, a change of scenery.

(ANNE LISTER takes the letter and reads it)

And think how much you'll enjoy seeing the children! Little Sackville and Alice and the new baby. And Elizabeth'll be so happy to have you there again after all this time.

ANN WALKER

(to ANNE)

What do you think?

ANNE LISTER

The medical establishment in Edinburgh is very good, your sister's right. And Catherine's right too, a change of air is exactly what Dr. Belcombe prescribed.

ANN WALKER

He meant if I went to Paris. And Rome. With you.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, but...

(as gently as she can)

The time for that's gone. Ann. You'd need to be a lot better for that. This - for the moment - would seem to be by far the b[est] -

ANN WALKER

I thought you were going to take me to see Dr. Belcombe again? In York. I thought that was why you'd written to her? For her permission. To take me.

ANNE LISTER

Well yes, I did, I suggested it,
but obviously they think this is a
better [idea] -

ANN WALKER

They?

ANNE LISTER

Your sister.

ANN WALKER

They know nothing about me.

CATHERINE RAWSON

(kindly)

Oh, Ann! She's your sister.

ANNE LISTER

We can travel when you're better,
there's plenty of time for that.

ANN WALKER

But you'll still go to Europe? Come
the spring.

ANNE LISTER

I can't imagine I would get away
until May at the earliest. But...
yes. That is still my intention.

ANN WALKER

With whom?

ANNE's reluctant to admit that she intends to go alone. Just
because it's not the done thing. But her silence freaks ANN,
who fears she'll lose her to someone else. Eventually -

ANNE LISTER

No-one. I would go alone.

CATHERINE RAWSON

Really?

ANNE LISTER

Well, with a man and maid.

CATHERINE RAWSON

(a whisper)

Do ladies do that?

ANNE LISTER

As a rule, no.

ANN WALKER

Will you stay tonight?

ANNE hesitates.

ANNE LISTER

Catherine, Miss Rawson. Would you mind...? If I had a few moments. Alone. With Miss Walker?

CATHERINE RAWSON

No, of course not. I should get some fresh air. Before the light falls.

CATHERINE heads out, and ANNE and ANN are alone.

ANN WALKER

I've lost you, haven't I?

ANNE LISTER

You needn't have.

ANN WALKER

If I go to Scotland I'll never see you again.

ANNE LISTER

That's not necessarily the case.
(she finds herself nervous; should she offer? Should she keep quiet? She goes for it -)
I bought a ring. I know you told me not to send for it. But I already had. So. And it really is rather splendid. And I'd be loath to send it back.

She's down on one knee. It's a properly romantic moment: despite all she knows about ANN's illness, here she is proposing again. She shows her the ring.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Will you accept it? Will you accept *me*? Will you take the sacrament with me, and live with me. At Shibden. And *mean* it, and not just say it because you're scared of being left alone tonight and because it's expedient and then in the morning say something else.

ANN hesitates. She reaches out to touch the ring and then daren't. Eventually, her eyes fill with tears and she cries. inconsolably. Her terrible dilemma remains, when it comes to the crunch. The tears well up in ANNE LISTER's eyes too. So near and yet so far. Again. It cripples her; she feels as crippled by it as ANN WALKER clearly does.

63 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 43. 11:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 63

ANNE's in her office, writing. She has a bad cold. Her nose is red. It's so cold she's wearing her great coat, her plaid cloak over her knees, and she's keeping her hands warm with a lit candle, and a fire in the grate. She's had to stuff newspaper into one of the little diamond shapes of the window where the glass has fallen out and where the wind whistles through.

ANNE LISTER
(voice over, she's all
bunged up, she's so full
of cold)

My dearest Mary. After I have taken
Thomas Beech and Eugénie over to
the Norcliffes to collect my
carriage, I shall go to London for
two weeks before I cross the
water...

64 INT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 44. 14:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 64

We see MARIANA LAWTON reading the letter as it continues. MARIANA, in contrast to ANNE, is sitting in front of a roaring great fire in an elegant room, with a couple of floppy little spaniels to keep her warm. Fat elderly CHARLES LAWTON is having a post prandial snore/dribble on a separate sofa.

ANNE LISTER
(the bunged-up voice over
continues)

If you were able to join me there,
in London - if Charles can manage
without you - for some or all of
those two weeks, I would - as
always - count it a great blessing
to see you. You ask me if I am
travelling with 'my little friend',
which... I am not. More of this if
and when I see you.

MARIANA is - of course - intrigued.

65 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 65

A mud-spattered heavy duty private carriage arrives. The equivalent of a 4 x 4.

66 INT. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND'S CARRIAGE. DAY 45. 10:00 (AUTUMN 66 1832)

We cut to inside the carriage, where we find CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and his mother MRS. SUTHERLAND, a stout, handsome 60-year-old Scottish woman. MRS. SUTHERLAND sees elegant Crow Nest for the first time. She looks at her son with approval; it's impressive, he's clearly done very well for himself by marrying Elizabeth Walker (as was).

MRS. SUTHERLAND
I suppose - if Miss Walker never
marries - *all* of this. One day.
Will come to little Sackville?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND affirms with a rather nonchalant nod and a smile; given the way things are with MISS WALKER at the moment, that *is* more than likely.

67 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 45. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 67

ANNE - still full of cold - sits eating breakfast with her family. No-one's attempting to make conversation. ANNE doesn't feel up to it, and it appears that MARIAN's in a bad mood. JEREMY - being a bloke - may be blissfully unaware of this, but AUNT ANNE isn't.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Are you ill as well, Marian?

MARIAN LISTER
No, I feel perfectly well. Thank
you. Aunt.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
You're quiet.

Reluctant as she is to admit it -

MARIAN LISTER
I've not heard anything from Mr.
Abbott for nearly three weeks.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Oh. Dear. D'you think he's - ?

Dumped you?

MARIAN LISTER
He did mention. As he left. That
he'd visited *twice* and both times
Miss Lister had failed to appear.

ANNE LISTER
It's you he's interested in, not
me.

MARIAN LISTER

You are *Miss Lister* of *Shibden Hall*!

(ooh, that made everyone
jump)

You own the place, as you never
tire of reminding everyone! It is
clearly a snub - especially when a
place has been set *at the table* -
if you choose *not* to turn up. I can
only assume he felt particularly
humiliated in front of his mother.
Who was very polite and very well-
mannered.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

She was very p[olite] -
(on second thoughts...)
She was very quiet.

ANNE vulnerable and low. It shines out of her. It's so
unusual to see her like this.

ANNE LISTER

He isn't good enough for you.

MARIAN LISTER

You just don't want me to get
married because it frightens you
that one day I could have a greater
claim to Shibden than you.

Just then JOSEPH BOOTH comes in with a note for ANNE. He's
heard the shouting, so of course he's self-conscious -

JOSEPH BOOTH

Sorry Ma'am.

ANNE takes the note, pops the seal and reads it.

ANN WALKER

(voice over)

My dearest. I write in utter
misery. What I said last I bitterly
repent. If ever the prayers of so
true a friend may avail for
another, may yours be heard for me,
that the gate of Mercy may not be
forever closed upon me, for I am
wretchedness itself.

ANNE can choose to ignore this of course, but she can see
that it is a desperate cry for help. And it affects her,
despite herself.

ANNE LISTER

I'm going out.

We linger on MARIAN and her thoughts as ANNE goes.

68

INT. CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:35 (AUTUMN 1832)

68

ANNE is just heading through the front door. We follow her as JAMES shows her into the drawing room, where we find MISS RAWSON with CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and MRS. SUTHERLAND SENIOR. JAMES introduces her -

JAMES MACKENZIE
Miss Lister. Sir. Ma'am.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND jumps up politely to greet her.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
How d'you do ma'am? Captain
Sutherland. We've corresponded.

ANNE's unorthodox appearance always strikes people, of course.

ANNE LISTER
(she shakes his hand. He
nods a bow as he shakes
hands)
Ah!

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
And this is my mother.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
How d'you do ma'am?

MRS. SUTHERLAND takes ANNE's hand and offers a curtsy. On one level this pleases ANNE, on another it marks MRS. SUTHERLAND and her son out as *not* high-ton people, *not* high-bred Highlanders. ANNE remains subdued, not her usual ebullient self.

ANNE LISTER
I'm sorry the weather wasn't kinder
to you while you were on the road.
(she turns to CATHERINE)
Where's Miss Walker?

CATHERINE RAWSON
Upstairs. Packing. Supposed to be.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
She doesn't seem as eager to go as
we are to have her. Miss Rawson has
explained the delicacy of the
situation. With regard to -
(he makes a vague circular
gesture, suggesting the
wider family)
The family.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

And I'd like to thank you, Miss Lister, on behalf of my wife and myself for your sensitivity and kindness and sound judgement in the matter.

ANNE LISTER

I believe she can make a full recovery, given the right sort of help. She's perfectly herself on all subjects but that of religious despondency.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

We've been recommended a Dr. Hamilton, ma'am. In Edinburgh. A -
(she whispers it)
lady's physician.

ANNE takes that in. She thinks he sounds like a quack if that's what people say about him, but... these people are ANN's close family, so what can she do?

ANNE LISTER

What's your itinerary? Captain Sutherland.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

We plan to set off first thing in the morning. If we leave here by ten, we can be in Edinburgh by Thursday evening, and in Fortrose by Saturday night.

ANNE LISTER

(nods, takes that in,
turns to CATHERINE)
Should I go and...?
(points upwards)
See if...?

CATHERINE RAWSON

Might be as well.

69 INT. STAIRS & LANDING, CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:38 (AUTUMN 69 1832)

ANNE heads up the stairs, and we're in her thoughts all the way: she really doesn't want to let ANN WALKER go, but she has to, because ANN has to get better and needs help and the whole thing is impossible. Everything's come to a head, this business with ANN, the business with the RAWSONS, and then MARIAN making threats about having a greater claim to Shibden if she marries MR. ABBOTT.

ANNE taps on ANN's bedroom door and goes in -

70 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:39 70
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN's sitting on the floor beside her almost empty imperial trunk. She was packing her art materials, but has become distracted by looking through one of her old drawing notebooks. Essentially she doesn't want to pack because she doesn't want to go. She looks up and sees ANNE.

ANN WALKER

Oh - !

She dives at her. ANNE manages to get the door shut behind her, and they kiss. A big full-on passionate snog. Between kissing they manage a conversation -

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I don't want to go.

ANNE LISTER

I know.

(meaning I don't want you
to go either)

I know.

ANN WALKER

Stay tonight. Promise me you'll
stay tonight.

ANNE LISTER

I will. I will. I promise.

71 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 45. 23:00 71
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN in bed together, making love. It's very tender and gentle and lovely. They are good at this together, they are so compatible in bed. At the crucial moment - or just after it - ANNE becomes very emotional. She starts crying. More emotional than we've ever seen her before. ANN WALKER doesn't realise for a moment.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

It's -

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

Nothing.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE struggles to say what it is. She's untypically inarticulate.

ANNE LISTER

I understand. Why you can't commit to me. It's impossible, I know. How could anyone? What am I? Every day - every day - I rise above it. The things people say. I walk into a room or along a street, and I see the way people look at me, and the things they say and I rise above it. I've trained myself not to see it or hear it until it's become second nature to me, and I forget... how impossible it is for someone else to accept that. But you came so close.

ANN's emotional too. She would love to say, "Oh fuck it let's do it!" But she just can't. She hasn't got the balls. They stare at each other, both holding each other, both tearful, both fully aware of how tragic their situation is.

72 INT. HALLWAY. CROW NEST. DAY 46. 09:40 (AUTUMN 1832) 72

JAMES carries luggage through the hallway and out of the door to load onto the carriage.

73 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 46. 09:41 73
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE LISTER (dressed) watches from ANN's bedroom window as the carriage is loaded. ANN's just finished getting dressed. She comes up behind ANNE and touches her.

ANN WALKER

I wanted to give you this. I wrote in it.

(it's a Bible. ANNE takes it and opens the cover)

In the back.

ANNE flips to the back and reads out the inscription, which reads - "From AW to AL", and then -

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

"For he shall give his Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

ANNE's so moved, so touched. This totally unhinges her. They look at one another, both with tears flowing.

74

EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 46. 09:55 (AUTUMN 1832)

74

The horses are coupled to the carriage ready to go. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and JAMES are busy loading luggage onto it.

ANNE LISTER emerges from the house, dressed ready to go home. MRS. SUTHERLAND takes the opportunity of a quiet moment to ask her -

MRS. SUTHERLAND
You're close to Miss Walker, Miss Lister ma'am. I did wonder... if you knew if there was any love affair? On her mind. At present.

The question stings ANNE deeply; she detects a hidden agenda.

ANNE LISTER
No. Not that I know of.

MRS. SUTHERLAND proceeds delicately, aware that her questions might seem impertinent.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
She's never mentioned my nephew? Sir Alexander Mackenzie?

ANNE weighs that up, checks the memory banks.

ANNE LISTER
No.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
He proposed to her. Once. Two years ago. The last time she was in Fortrose. At first he had reason to hope, she was very civil to him, but then... it was a no.

ANNE LISTER
He must've mistaken her civility for something else. She's always civil.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
He's not a bad man. Alexander. And perfectly good-looking. He has been rather -
(confidentially)
I shouldn't say it. Inept. With money. In the past. And with his mother and sisters to keep. But perhaps he'd rise to the occasion. She could do a lot worse. Miss Walker. It could suit them both.

ANNE can't believe she just said that, so blatantly. It galls her.

ANNE LISTER

I hope Miss Walker would never
marry anyone to pay their debts. I
trust Captain Sutherland would deal
decisively with any such fortune
hunters.

There's no mistaking the edge in ANNE's voice; it hits home;
we see MRS. SUTHERLAND's face alter.

ANN emerges from the house with CATHERINE, ready for off.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Mother, let's get you in.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

(a farewell)

Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Sutherland.

ANNE reluctantly shakes MRS. SUTHERLAND's hand. CAPTAIN
SUTHERLAND and JAMES help MRS. SUTHERLAND into the carriage.

ANN approaches ANNE to say goodbye. They linger, both longing
to kiss one another passionately one last time. But of course
they can't. Suddenly they hug one another very tight, and
linger perhaps slightly longer than they should.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

You'll be all right. You look after
yourself.

They break gently apart, and still we feel they might kiss,
but how can they? Suddenly ANN turns and gets into the coach
and CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND turns to ANNE to say goodbye.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Miss Lister.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND steps into the coach after ANN. And the
door closes and they set off.

We linger on ANNE LISTER as she watches the coach drive away.
She's gutted.

END OF EPISODE SIX