

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 8

Written and created by

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1 EXT. THE ROAD TO GOTTINGEN, GERMANY. DAY 55. 15:00 (AUTUMN 1832)

Idyllic fairy-tale German countryside. ANNE's carriage (loaded with luggage) travels along a country road. EUGÉNIE and THOMAS sit outside at the back, not speaking.

1A INT. ANNE'S CARRIAGE, ROAD TO GOTTINGEN. DAY 55. CONTINUOUS

Inside the carriage, we find ANNE LISTER, gazing diagonally opposite at a young woman.

ANNE LISTER

(voice over)

My dear Aunt. Providence has once again bent her gently smiling beams my way...

2 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY 56. 15:55 (AUTUMN 1832) 2

We find AUNT ANNE LISTER (with her poorly leg raised on a stool in front of the fire) devouring ANNE's breathlessly paced letter. (JEREMY and ARGUS are asleep).

ANNE LISTER

(v.o. immediately continuous from above)

When I visited Madame de Bourke in the Rue Faubourg Saint Honoré and told her of my indecision whether to go north or south, she wasted no time in begging me to accompany her niece - a Miss Sophie Ferrall - to Copenhagen. The young lady in question -

Here we cut to the object of ANNE's gaze...

3 INT. ANNE'S CARRIAGE, ROAD TO GOTTINGEN. DAY 55. 15.01 (AUTUMN 1832) 3

...MISS SOPHIE FERRALL (24, prettily and expensively dressed), who looks out of the carriage window, and seems unaware that she's gazed at by ANNE LISTER.

ANNE LISTER

(v.o.)

- is a sensible girl of twenty four who lately turned down a Russian with an income of two thousand a year, as a result of which Madame de Bourke barely knew what to do with her and so she is sending her back to her sister - the Countess Blücher - in Copenhagen.

MISS FERRALL turns to look at ANNE, aware (after all) that she's being gazed at. MISS FERRALL is Danish but speaks English well.

MISS FERRALL

He was twenty years older than me.
The *Russian*. She didn't tell you
that? My aunt.

(ANNE raises an eyebrow;
she *didn't* know that)

I would only ever marry for love. I
told her this and she said,
"Sophie. You are *naïve*". Have you
ever been in love? Miss Lister?

ANNE LISTER

Once or twice.

MISS FERRALL

Well then you understand. Do you
think I'm pretty?

ANNE LISTER

I think you dress prettily.

MISS FERRALL

Yes but me. I've seen you looking
at me.

ANNE LISTER

I've seen you looking at me.

MISS FERRALL

You're very unusual to look at.
What are you running away from?

That's a very perceptive question. ANNE wonders what MISS FERRALL has heard. How can she know anything?

ANNE LISTER

Why do you think I'm running away
from something?

MISS FERRALL

A woman. Of your rank. Traveling
alone. Is a curious thing. Has
someone broken your heart?

ANNE LISTER

What a vivid imagination.

MISS FERRALL

Mm. I think I've touched a nerve.
So. Who is...? He.

(dare she say it?)

She?

(MORE)

MISS FERRALL (CONT'D)
(ANNE looks calmly out of
the window)
I've offended you.

ANNE LISTER
No. Miss Ferrall. It would take
rather more than that to offend me.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
And so our course is set!

4 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY 56. 16:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 4

AUNT ANNE continues to read the letter.

ANNE LISTER
(v.o.)
We left Paris and travelled via
Meaux to Epernay, then on Thursday
we passed into Luxembourg and then
over the Moselle into Prussian
territory.
From Wittlich we were obliged to
hire *four* horses to take us over
the mountains and arrived in
Koblenz on Sunday at ten minutes
past four. Traveling over the River
Lahn I found it didn't *compare* with
the River Calder at Salterhebble -
(this amuses AUNT ANNE)
- then at Marburg I slept in my
great coat as the bed was damp.

This worries AUNT ANNE.

4A OMITTED 4A

5 EXT. PALACE D'HERCULE, KASSEL. FLASHBACK 9. DAY. (AUTUMN 1832) 5

ANNE LISTER
(v.o.)
At Kassel Miss Ferrall and I took a
calache and went to visit the
Palace d'Hercule, which was
stunning, although the waterfall
was a disappointment.

We glimpse ANNE and MISS FERRALL with the magnificent statue
of Hercules, and then the waterfall, which despite it's great
drop, is little more than a trickle. Disappointed with it,
ANNE walks off, by herself. We go with her. Alone, she
appears more thoughtful...

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Just before I left Paris I received
the letter you forwarded from Mrs.
Sutherland in Inverness. Apparently
Miss Walker is no better, if
anything she sounds worse.

5A INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY 56. 16:03 (AUTUMN 1832) 5A
AUNT ANNE LISTER continues to read the letter.

ANNE LISTER

(v.o.)

Mrs. Sutherland hinted at some kind
of break down, although she gave me
no details as to the nature of it,
and indeed I got the idea there was
rather more to it than she was
saying. Though Lord knows what.

5B EXT. PALACE D'HERCULE, KASSEL. FLASHBACK 9. DAY. (AUTUMN 5B
1832)

ANNE LISTER

(v.o.)

I wrote back three pages full of
sound advice, and hope to hear from
her again when I reach Copenhagen.

ANNE looks into the camera, straight at us. Clearly this news
bothers her.

6 OMITTED 6

TITLE SEQUENCE

7 EXT. PIT SINKING ABOVE CONERY, SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 57. 7
10:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

JAMES HOLT makes his way up the hill towards the pit (now a
collection of small stone buildings, machinery, and great
mounds of earth and stone that have come out of the ground).
Production has stopped, and as JAMES HOLT arrives we see why:
one of the two old horses powering the gin that digs the pit
has collapsed and died. The three MANN brothers - all deep in
conversation - break up as they see HOLT approach, and one of
them, JOSEPH MANN, comes over to him.

JAMES HOLT

Hell's bells.

JOSEPH MANN

Our John can get over to t'hoss
fair in Otley first thing in
t'morning and buy another, but
we've sent lads home. The'll be no
more sinking this pit 'til we can
get t'gin turning again.

(HOLT's shaking his head)

You know what I'm going to say to
yer though, don't yer? Eh?

8

INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 57. 11:45 (AUTUMN 8
1832)

We now find HOLT with WASHINGTON. Neither of them happy.

JAMES HOLT

Money. Buying broken carriage
horses is a damned sight cheaper
than hiring a pair of eight-year-
olds. 'Til summat goes wrong, and
then - it isn't.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

They said they could sink this pit
at twenty-three shillings a yard.

JAMES HOLT

They took a risk. They've been
unlucky. So. They're gonna be
breaking into whatever contingency
they've budgeted for and they've
only been at it six weeks.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Right. Well. What? D'you want me to
write and tell her?

JAMES HOLT

I think she needs to know that
realistically... she might have to
part wi' more money.

(WASHINGTON's clearly not
happy: the prospect of
wording such a letter
makes his heart sink)

I know! I know. But everything's
pared down to t'minimum as it is!
And it's a damned dangerous
business to be cutting any more
corners in.

WASHINGTON isn't unsympathetic. And he wants this pit sunk as
much as anyone. However (and he barely dare admit it) -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
I don't think there *is* any more
money. That's the thing.

9-15A OMITTED

9-15A

16 EXT. THE PORT AT COPENHAGEN. DAY 58. 12:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 16

A busy sea port. It's windy and raining.

Large items (crates, carriages) are being hoisted off a 400-tonne steamer in the background as we find ANNE just shaking hands with MR. DE HAGEMANN (45, a polite, fussy little man), and then shaking hands with LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN (39, an elegant, kind, slightly preoccupied woman).

DE HAGEMANN
(shouting against the rain
as ANNE towers over him
and shakes hands)
Welcome to Copenhagen, Miss Lister!

ANNE's disheveled; she's been sick on the ferry, but is utterly delighted to be here. MISS FERRALL, THOMAS and EUGENIE all remain sick, and thoroughly wet through.

ANNE LISTER
Could we drop Miss Ferrall off at
the Countess's address in - ?

MISS FERRALL
Blancogarde.

DE HAGEMANN
Of course!

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN
How was the passage?

ANNE LISTER
(a big smile)
Terrible!

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN
We've arranged rooms for you at the
Hotel Royale on the Roskilde Road.

17 INT. ANNE'S ROOMS, HOTEL ROYALE, ROSKILDE ROAD. DAY 58. 17
13:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

The rain's still lashing down outside.

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN
Will it do?

ANNE - still in her heavy wet great coat - is having a good look round. The rooms are well proportioned and clean.

ANNE LISTER

It's perfect. Thank you. You've been very kind.

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN

Oh, Miss Lister, it's a treat having you here! And Vere says you intend to stay through the winter?

ANNE LISTER

Until the spring. And then yes, I shall sail to St. Petersburg. And on to Moscow. Unless events take me home. You don't - ? Have any correspondence for me, do you?

DE HAGEMANN

Ah! Yes. Yes we do!

He digs in an inside pocket. ANNE's eyes light up.

ANNE LISTER

I took the liberty of giving some of my people your address, Vere said you wouldn't mind -

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN

Not in the least, not for a moment.

DE HAGEMANN

Here we are.

He takes out a small bundle of letters. ANNE sorts through them expectantly. And again. But what she was expecting isn't here. Her whole manner changes. Like all her formidable energy has been sucked away.

ANNE LISTER

Is [this]...? This is all?

DE HAGEMANN

Yes.

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN

Were you expecting something particular?

ANNE LISTER

I have a friend. Who's been unwell. Her sister wrote to me from Scotland. While I was in Paris. Just before we left in fact, four weeks ago. For advice. And I wrote back, and...

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(she's gone quiet: it's
knocked her for six)
I thought there'd be something.
Else. From her. Just to let me know
how she was.

DE HAGEMANN
Oh dear, I'm sorry.

The promise of another letter from Scotland and more news of MISS WALKER has kept her going. Perhaps she only realises just how much now, in the moment, as the absence of any further news lands. And of course the DE HAGEMANNs fear the implication is that the friend might have died.

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN
(delicately)
Would you like to come to dine with
us, Miss Lister? Perhaps one day
next week. We can introduce you to
people.

ANNE LISTER
(distracted)
Thank you.

18 EXT. GARDEN, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 58. 13:35 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

From distracted ANNE LISTER, to ANN WALKER, who stands alone at the end of the Sutherlands' long garden, looking out across the North Sea. The wind has brought tears to her eyes, and she looks more pale than ever.

19 INT. SITTING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 58. 13:40 (AUTUMN 1832) 19

We find ELIZABETH looking out of the window, watching her sister. ELIZABETH is pale with worry. Clearly not sleeping. Little SACKVILLE and his sister are on the floor drawing with crayons, and the baby's asleep in its pram. ELIZABETH gets a thought in her head, and slips out of the room, unnoticed by the children. We go with her...

20 INT. CORRIDOR AND CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND'S OFFICE. UDALE HOUSE 20
DAY 58. 13:41 (AUTUMN 1832) CONTINUOUS.

...into her husband's study. She taps on the door and goes in. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND is at his desk, dealing with his correspondence.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
She's still there. She hasn't moved
for almost half an hour.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Well. She's not hurting anyone and she's getting fresh air. So.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Did that letter ever turn up?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Hm?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Miss Lister's letter. From Paris. With her forwarding address. In Copenhagen.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Oh. No. No, I've not seen it.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Have you looked?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes! I told you I had.

ELIZABETH thinks her husband deliberately destroyed the letter. Not that she dare articulate that.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Well it's a mystery then.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Things get thrown out. Occasionally. By accident. So.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Well then, I can't send my letter. Thanking her. For her kind advice. And she's probably reached Copenhagen by now.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I hardly think it matters. I'm not convinced it was the right thing to do anyway, trying to involve her again. Does Ann know you wrote to her?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No. I was going to tell her when Miss Lister replied. But because you didn't want us to follow her advice... I was worried it might cause more harm than good.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I don't mind if you want to follow her advice as regards her seeing a medical man, but why she insists on taking her all the way to York to see Dr. Belcombe when we have perfectly good medical men here, I can't fathom.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Only that she knows him, I suppose. And likes him.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I'm glad you didn't show it to her. I do worry that it's unhealthy. This obsession she has with Miss Lister.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Obsession?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Isn't it? You said she's always talking about her. And she's drawn her. There's a picture of her. In the back of her sketch book.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Is th[ere] - ? How do you know [there is] - ?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I looked.

ELIZABETH doesn't like that. It's sneaky.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

It isn't an *obsession*. They're friends. Ever since... after mother died so quickly after father, she was one of the first people to visit us. And she was so cheerful and kind and sensible. It always left a great impression on Ann.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I'm going to invite Alexander again. And his mother. I thought it went rather well the other week. I wonder if I should persuade him to whip up the courage to propose to her again.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No. He needs to accept the answer she gave him the last time she was here.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I think it would do her good. To be married, and settled, and to have children. It'd give her something to think about other than herself.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Giving birth doesn't always rid one of one's demons.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Really? Well good gracious me.
(he goes back to his work)
It certainly should.

ELIZABETH looks at the back of his head, hating him.

21 EXT. AMALIAGARDE, COPENHAGEN. NIGHT 59. 20:00 (WINTER 1832) 21

A fashionable residential street.

22 INT. THE DE HAGEMANNS' DINING ROOM, COPENHAGEN. NIGHT 59. 22
20:05 (WINTER 1832)

A week later. A fashionable, lively dinner party. Ten people around the table: ANNE LISTER, LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN, MR. DE HAGEMANN, COUNTESS BLÜCHER (29), COUNT BLÜCHER (35), MISS FERRALL, MR. SARMENTO (a Portuguese charge d'affaires, 35), MR. ARANA (a Spanish charge d'affaires, 40), MADAME DE HAGE (50, an intellectual lady, like ANNE), and another man, another charge d'affaires. ANNE's dressed elegantly, as she was when she went to dinner at Lady Stuart's house in Ep 7.

COUNTESS BLÜCHER

We're so grateful to you Miss Lister! Taking the trouble to bring my sister all this way.

ANNE's trying to throw herself into the evening, despite the recent blow of there being no letter from Scotland.

ANNE LISTER

(dismissing it as nothing)
Oh - !

MISS FERRALL

Miss Lister likes trouble.

ANNE ignores that.

COUNT BLÜCHER

And everyone says you're staying in Copenhagen through the winter, Miss Lister?

MADAME DE HAGE

Oh well then you need to be
presented at court!

ANNE LISTER

Really?

COUNTESS BLÜCHER

Yes, it's no good being here all
winter if you haven't been
presented at court, not if you want
to make friends and have any sort
of social life! You can sort that
out, de Hagemann, surely?

DE HAGEMANN

Yes, if that's what Miss Lister
would like?

ANNE LISTER

Well - yes, if if that's -

"YES!!" she wants to scream at him. It's the kind of thing
she's dreamed of for years; hob-nobbing with royalty.

DE HAGEMANN

I can talk to our charge d'affaires
- Mr. Brown - and see how soon it
can be arranged.

ANNE LISTER

I've never been presented at court
at home, surely - would that not
exclude me [from] - ?

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN

Not necessarily. Not in Denmark.

COUNT BLÜCHER

Not if you're friends with de
Hagemann.

COUNTESS BLÜCHER

Mr. de Hagemann spends more time
with the King than the Queen does,
Miss Lister.

DE HAGEMANN

(modestly amused)

Hardly.

(explaining to ANNE)

I'm one of the King's *many* aides-de-
camp.

COUNTESS BLÜCHER

(mouthing it discreetly to
ANNE)

Personal assistant.

MR. ARANA

Oh and if it's done sooner rather than later Miss Lister, you'll be in time to be invited to the Queen's birthday ball on the thirtieth!

ANNE can't believe what luck she's having; she really has landed on her feet with these people.

23 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 60. 14:15 (WINTER 23 1832)

MARIAN reads ANNE's letter aloud to AUNT ANNE LISTER, who has her leg raised on a stool, in increasing discomfort.

MARIAN LISTER

"No-one can do enough for me, you would be astonished and delighted by how well I get on. The de Hagemanns are kindness itself, the Comtesse Blücher has positively adopted me as her own, and I really do begin to feel my spirits lift.

(this touches AUNT ANNE's heart; she hates to think of ANNE as being sad)

My day regularly begins with a two hour walk up and down the Roskilde Road, and the afternoons with excursions, sight-seeing or shopping, often with Lady Harriet, or the Comtesse Blücher, or both. Mr. de Hagemann helped me calculate my expenses - although I soon had the hang of the Danish Kroner - and it will be much cheaper when I find my own apartment, given that I intend to be here until the spring. My best love to you all. Yours affectionately". Then she's signed it.

MARIAN looks up from the letter and sees that AUNT ANNE is stoically coping with a spasm of pain, which she tries to hide with a fond smile as she thinks of ANNE -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Ooh! All that energy she has!

MARIAN LISTER

Are you all right?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

It tires me out just listening to what she's been up to.

MARIAN LISTER

Aunt. Are you all right?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes! Of course I am.

(but she isn't, MARIAN can
tell)

Read it to me again.

24 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 60. 14:20 (WINTER 24
1832)

WASHINGTON is with JEREMY, who sits in front of the fire looking worried. ARGUS is lolling on the rug. WASHINGTON also has a letter from Anne.

JEREMY LISTER

Read it to me again.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

She says - well first off she says
that you...

(delicately)

do know about the - ?

(lowers his voice)

Pit sinking. Up at Conery. And -

JEREMY LISTER

Well she told me about it. Five
minutes before she left. Yes.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yeah. So. I wrote to her. Three
weeks ago? Explaining that we'd -
they'd - run into difficult[ies] -
well not difficulties. They had
unfores[een] - well it wasn't
unforeseen in fact, it was
something they might have
anticipated, only they were trying
to keep the costs down. And it
backfired. And it has been dealt
with. The problem now... is that
they have very little to fall back
on. If anything else goes wrong.
And if anything else *does* go wrong
it needs dealing with briskly. So
the works aren't brought to a
standstill again. So she's saying -
(he finds his place in the
letter again)

(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

"please explain the situation to my father" - which I've just [done] -
"And ask him - should the need arise - if we may call on him for some or all of the four hundred and fifty pounds he offered me some time a[go] - "

JEREMY LISTER

It was four hundred. There was no "And fifty".

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

"Please emphasise to him this is a contingency and we may not need to trouble him at all".

JEREMY LISTER

Mm. And how likely's that? And where's she got the money from in the first place?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I couldn't say, Captain Lister. You know how she likes to play her cards close to her chest.

JEREMY LISTER

But she has borrowed it. From somewhere. And not Miss Walker.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Miss W[alker] - ? I -
(he knows nothing about that, but it seems unlikely to him)
I don't think so Sir.

JEREMY LISTER

She told me it'd cost the best part of two thousand pounds to sink a new pit, and it couldn't be done. And then two minutes before she's off it's all happening. So where *did* she get that sort of money from?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I -
(he really doesn't know)
I'm just passing a message Captain Lister.

25 INT. SITTING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 60. 14:30 (WINTER 1832) 25

ANN WALKER sits with her painting things, looking through books for inspiration, but it's impossible: her life has descended into such bewildering meaninglessness.

From another room we hear voices, conversation, cutlery.

ANN goes and looks out of the window, and out to sea. And then something grips hold of her, a notion, an angry notion. She goes back to her painting book, turns to the back of it and the painting of ANNE LISTER, considers whether she's really going to do the thing or not... and then rips it out. She hesitates once the thing's done, then goes over to the fire place and puts the painting into the flames. She watches it burn. She watches the flames darken and engulf ANNE's radiant face. It's an emotional moment for her. She doesn't want to say goodbye but she's got to a point where continuing to hope just leaves her feeling more and more empty and bereaved.

Just then a gentle tap-tap-tap at the door. She turns and sees SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE in the doorway.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
Miss Walker. Were we boring you?

ANN WALKER
No. Sir Alexander. It's me. I don't always have anything to say, and I hate being a drag.

He ventures into the room. ANN's uncomfortable with him and he senses that.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
I think you look rather brighter than when my mother and I were here three weeks ago.
(ANN doubts that. He sees her painting things)
You're an artist! I didn't know.

ANN WALKER
It's just something to do. When I can think of a subject.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
A want of inspiration! I'm the same.
(he realises he's coming across as inept)
Sorry. My erm cousin. He... last time you were here you remember, I -

ANN WALKER
I remember.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

Proposed. To you. And you said no.
But my cousin. He erm - oh dear. He
has been urging me to ask you
again. And I suspect that if I did.
It would be no more welcome now
than it was before?

(he leaves a pause there.
Perhaps hoping she'll
pick the ball up and run
with it. Nope)

However. I said... I would. So.
There. No need to say anything. I
mean... you might want to think
about it. Probably not. It probably
isn't the most romantic. Offer.
Ever. But I hope that I would make
a good husband. For someone. One
day. And if that someone was you...
I should consider myself very
fortunate.

(that feels like a good
place to stop)

Coffee and tea. Is being served. If
- if you -

"Want some". He's pointing out into the corridor, and in the
vague direction of the dining room.

ANN WALKER

I'll follow you in. I've just got
to -

(she nods at her painting
things)

Tidy up.

He nods and withdraws. We linger on ANN, staring into
nothingness in SIR ALEXANDER's wake. She glances at the fire,
where Anne Lister's portrait has atomised.

26 EXT/INT. THE BLÜCHERS' HOUSE, BLANCOGARDE, COPENHAGEN. DAY 26
61. 15:00 (WINTER 1832)

ANNE steps out of her carriage and sweeps up the steps to the
front door and into the BLÜCHERS' house. She's dressed even
more elegantly than at the dinner party (still in black).
She's bursting with energy. We go with her as the MANSERVANT
lets her in...

27 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE BLÜCHER'S HOUSE. DAY 61. 15:02 27
(WINTER 1832)

...and takes her through to the drawing room.

MANSERVANT

Miss Lister, Madame.

We follow ANNE into the room where COUNTESS BLÜCHER and MISS FERRALL are thrilled to receive her.

COUNTESS BLÜCHER
How was it?

ANNE LISTER
(thrilled to bits)
Ridiculous! I curtsayed to the
wrong person.

COUNTESS BLÜCHER MISS FERRALL
No! Oh no!

ANNE LISTER
Oh, I think we'll all get over it.

This voice takes us into the flashback -

EQUERY
(o.o.v.)
Miss Lister of Shibden Hall in
Halifax, in the West Riding of
Yorkshire.

28 INT. THRONE ROOM, THE ROYAL PALACE, FREDERICKSBERG. DAY 6128
14:00 (WINTER 1832)

Less than an hour ago.

ANNE rushes into the throne room, and throws herself down dramatically, in a practised, luxuriously deep curtsey before an elegant woman, with a massive royal star and sash, and tiara.

ANNE LISTER
Majesty.

An awkward pause.

LADY-IN-WAITING
This...
(indicating behind her)
is the Queen.

ANNE looks up and realises there are several other women dressed similarly to the elegant woman (who ANNE now realises is a LADY-IN-WAITING) and as the LADY-IN-WAITING steps back, she reveals 65-year-old QUEEN MARIE, dressed similarly to the rest (but just a bit less flashy) and who moves cautiously because of an injury sustained in childbirth, years ago, and perhaps it's this that can make her seem rather less regal than her elegant LADIES-IN-WAITING.

The QUEEN offers her hand down to ANNE.

QUEEN MARIE

Well well. Miss Lister. Of Shibden
Hall in Halifax.

ANNE kisses the QUEEN's hand and rises elegantly (with images of Sir Walter Raleigh and Elizabeth I in her head) and then of course she towers over the QUEEN. ANNE beams her biggest most disarming space-invading joyous smile at the QUEEN, who - ANNE can see - wears rather too much rouge.

ANNE LISTER

A thousand apologies. Your Majesty.

QUEEN MARIE finds herself charmed by ANNE LISTER's magnetic overwhelming eccentric presence.

QUEEN MARIE

What brings you to Copenhagen?

ANNE LISTER

Oh - !
(thrilled to be asked)
Where to start?

QUEEN MARIE

At the beginning. Tell me about
Halifax.

ANNE LISTER

Halifax?

QUEEN MARIE

Is in the north. Which - I
understand - is in turmoil. With
all the new machinery.

ANNE LISTER

(embarrassed)
Oh. Well. Yes. Some people are up
to no g[ood] -

QUEEN MARIE

It is the future. However. Is it
not? This new machinery.

ANNE LISTER

Well, yes, that's -

...one way of looking at it.

QUEEN MARIE

And we must always embrace the
future. Isn't that so?

ANNE LISTER

I'm -
(much as she doesn't want
to disagree with a Queen)
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Not always convinced that's
necessarily the -

...best way forward.

QUEEN MARIE

Do you *always* wears black?

ANNE LISTER

Well no, not - yes. Always.

QUEEN MARIE

Why?

ANNE LISTER

It suits me.

QUEEN MARIE

But I can see that any number of
colours would suit you.

ANNE hesitates before offering the real explanation.

ANNE LISTER

I was once engaged. To a person.
And then. The person. To whom I was
engaged...

(it still galls her)
married someone else. And ever
since then, Majesty. I have been in
mourning. For my loss. And that's
why I rarely - very rarely - wear
anything other than black.

QUEEN MARIE

When was this... catastrophe?

ANNE LISTER

Eighteen-sixteen.

QUEEN MARIE

That's -
(she does the maths
briskly)
Sixteen years ago.

ANNE LISTER

Seventeen.

QUEEN MARIE

How romantic. And yet... time you
got over it. Perhaps. Again, Miss
Lister, should we not always look
to the future?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Except...
(who else has she got to
confide in? Suddenly she
finds herself emotional)
It keeps happening.

QUEEN MARIE

Ah. That's why you're in
Copenhagen. You're on the run. From
a broken heart.
(the QUEEN has a good look
into ANNE's eyes, and
decides that there's
something about this
woman she likes)
When you come to my birthday ball,
Miss Lister - which I do hope you
will - everyone will be in *white*.

ANNE's a bit freaked by that. But at the same time, she *is*
being invited to a royal ball *and* to embrace the future.

29

INT. BALL ROOM, THE ROYAL PALACE, FREDERICKSBURG. NIGHT 6229
21:30 (WINTER 1832)

The QUEEN's birthday ball. Once again we follow ANNE with
huge energy as she walks from one room into another. She's
dressed in white silk, with two birds of paradise in her
hair. She looks utterly extraordinary. But then so does
everyone else (well except that no-one else looks like a man
in a dress). She returns any bows, nods or smiles that she
receives in gracious style, and then - in amongst the crowds
of elegant Danish toffs - ANNE finds her gang; COUNT and
COUNTESS BLÜCHER and MISS FERRALL, as well as LADY HARRIET
and MR. DE HAGEMANN, and MISS FERRALL. ANNE looks really
delighted with herself. She confides in LADY HARRIET -

ANNE LISTER

I just spoke to the Princess
Caroline for more than *ten*
minutes.

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN

I've kept meaning to ask, Miss
Lister. Did you ever hear any more
about your friend in Scotland?

ANNE LISTER

No. I didn't. I can only conclude
that her sister didn't like my
advice.

LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN

Oh dear. Oh, I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

The question has pricked ANNE's bubble, and she was momentarily deluded into feeling that she was having a good time. Refusing to give in to those feelings that drag her down, she grabs MISS FERRALL by the hand.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

D'you wanna dance?

MISS FERRALL

Who with?

ANNE LISTER

(pulling her onto the
dance floor)

Me!

MISS FERRALL is just tipsy enough to think it's a brilliantly outrageous thing to do. They swirl around the dance floor with brilliant precision, just as good at this as anyone else. Everyone looks of course, some in disbelief, some in amusement. But they carry on obliviously, ANNE determined to put something other than sadness in her head.

30 INT. SITTING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE. DAY 63. 15:30 30
(WINTER 1832)

Out in the garden the two eldest children are playing/fighting/yelling at each other and being supervised by a NANNY. ANN WALKER watches them through the window. ELIZABETH's fussing with the baby.

ANN WALKER

Do you like being a mother?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Yes of course.

ANN WALKER

No I mean really.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

It's hard work. And you do feel like you've had your brain sucked out through your -

(dare she risk saying
something so crude?)
uterus now and again. But I
wouldn't be without them.

ANN WALKER

I -

(she hesitates)
keep wondering. If I should accept
Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

The idea horrifies ELIZABETH, but she plays it as coolly as she can.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
Why're you saying that?

ANN WALKER
Well... because isn't it what everyone wants?

ELIZABETH is careful with her response.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
Yes but what do you want?

ANN WALKER
I can't have what I want. So.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
What do you want? Ann?

A hesitation.

ANN WALKER
To fit in. And not be a nuisance.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
That isn't what you meant. What do you want? Ann.
(but ANN offers no further explanation)
Well I don't think you should marry him.

ANN WALKER
Why?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
Because he isn't all he seems.

ANN WALKER
What?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
He's *penniless*. He was thrown out of the army for insubordination because he has a *temper* - despite appearances - and his title [is] - he paid for it. It's meaningless. George - Captain Sutherland - pushes his suit *only* because he's his responsibility.

ANN WALKER
But you've gone along with it?!

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Only because I never once thought
you'd agree to it! I don't want you
to marry him. I'm glad you've -

(she lowers her voice)

Gone along with... luncheon
parties, and so on. For *my* sake.

But -

(shaking her head)

Don't marry him. He's hopeless,
he's feckless. And I won't have you
used to mop up someone's debts,
you're better than that.

ANN WALKER

Am I though? Would it not at least
give some purpose, some point. To
my ridiculous existence? Might I
not...

(it scares her, but)

have children? And if he's such a
misfit too could we not find some
odd kind of life together? And at
least I'd be near you. If I go
home... there's nothing.

She struggles about whether to spit it out or not, and then -

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Miss Lister... she did write.

Silence. ANN can't believe her ears.

ANN WALKER

When? *What?*

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

From Paris. Six weeks ago.

ANN WALKER

S[ix] - ?! Why didn't you [tell me]
- ?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Because it was impossible!

(a quick explanation -)

I'd written to her - I sent it via
Aunt Ann at Cliffhill - and she
asked Miss Lister's aunt at Shibden
to forward it to her in Paris. I
didn't tell her about...

(nods at her wrist)

What happened. I just said you
seemed no better, and you kept
saying there was no-one in the
world you'd rather be influenced by
than her, so I wrote and asked her
advice. And she wrote back!

(MORE)

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

Straight away! Within days! All the way from Paris! Three and a half pages, full of sound advice and such *affection*.

ANN WALKER

Well why didn't you [tell me] - !

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Because it was all about seeing Dr. Belcombe again in York! And Captain Sutherland didn't want to have to take you all that way and I couldn't because of this lot.

(the children)

And I was worried it would only make you homesick and cause more problems than it solved!

ANN WALKER

What else did she say? Can I see it? Where is it?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I think you should go home, you should get away from here, I don't want you to be bullied and cajoled into thinking you should marry someone who isn't right for you.

ANN WALKER

Where *is it*? Did you write back to her?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No.

ANN WALKER

To thank her. *Why*?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I *couldn't*. She gave a forwarding address in Copenhagen, and I *did* write a reply - to thank her - but then when I went to find the letter to address the envelope... it'd gone.

ANN WALKER

Gone? *How*?

She hardly dare say it, but -

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

He's going to keep you here until you marry Alexander.

ANN WALKER

You mean *he destroyed* the letter?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I never thought you'd agree to marry him! I assumed you'd dig your heels in [and] -

ANN WALKER

Miss Lister'll think you've ignored her!

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

You need to go home and get her address in Copenhagen from her aunt. I know you've always liked her, and she obviously likes you! I've never seen a more affectionate letter!

(it brings tears to her eyes)

Sometimes. Often. A good friendship is better than a marriage.

ANN WALKER

How can I get home? I have no carriage!

31 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 63. 16:00 (WINTER 31 1832)

AUNT ANNE reads ANNE's latest letter (with a magnifying glass) aloud to DR. KENNY and MARIAN. We get the idea that MARIAN and DR. KENNY are increasingly concerned about AUNT ANNE's leg; they really want to talk about that rather than listen to ANNE's latest adventures.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

"During the course of the evening all the princesses spoke to me conversationally, and I also met Lord Hillsborough, who was returning from Norway with dispatches and who has offered to give me any number of contacts in St. Petersburg and Moscow". You see! She's still planning to go, and why not? "In the mean time the de Hagemanns have found me a small apartment at 158, Amaliagarde - which is certainly the most fashionable part of the city - and recommended me a cook who I mean to take on. I shall be very comfortable there with Thomas and Eugénie until the spring".

DR. KENNY

Yes but...
(gently)
Don't you miss her?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Of course I do! But I wouldn't call
her back for the world! Not when
she's doing what she loves doing
most! Travelling. Meeting people.
Royalty! And surely -
(she nods at her leg)
It's not that bad?

But we can see AUNT ANNE is in pain, despite her brave words.
MARIAN and DR. KENNY consult one another with a worried look.

32 INT. CORRIDOR BY THE BACK DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 63. 32
16:50 (WINTER 1832)

MARIAN's showing DR. KENNY out. He pauses and hesitates
before saying the dreadful word -

DR. KENNY

It's gangrene. It could go either
way, but I think if your sister
wants to be certain of seeing your
aunt again. Alive...
(he lets that sink in)
You're going to have to call her
back.
(this hits MARIAN hard)
I'm sorry, Marian.

MARIAN LISTER

(stoically)
It might help. If you wrote a note.
Explaining the proper medical...
(she make a gesture to
complete the sentence)
You know how she likes to think
she's a doctor.

DR. KENNY nods; of course he'll do that. MARIAN finds herself
overwhelmed by silent tears. CORDINGLEY's in the kitchen and
comes to see what up. DR. KENNY mouths, "Is there any
brandy?" CORDINGLEY nods discreetly and goes off to find
some.

33 INT. ANNE'S NEW APARTMENT, 158 AMALIAGARDE. DAY 64. 11.15 33
(WINTER 1832)

We discover anxious ANNE reading DR. KENNY's note, sitting at
her writing desk in her new apartment.

DR. KENNY

(v.o.)

Both legs have been edematous for some weeks past but a small ulcer which latterly formed on one of them has increased rapidly in size over the last few days with gangrene in the surrounding membrane. At present it has a defined margin, but given the enfeebled state your aunt's health is in, it is not impossible that the gangrene may at any time extend rapidly beyond the present limits and destroy life long before you could possibly arrive back in the kingdom.

ANNE LISTER

(diving out of the room)

Eugénie!

34 INT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 64. 11:30 (WINTER 1832) 34

AUNT ANN WALKER is visiting the PRIESTLEYS. MR. PRIESTLEY is reading AUNT ANN WALKER's letter from ANN. His hands are shaking with anger.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

"It is clear to me that Captain Sutherland will not be satisfied until all my father's property is in his family. Even if that means me marrying a relative who he knows to be a penniless rogue".

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

She was sent there to improve her health!

AUNT ANN WALKER

If it isn't one person taking advantage of her it's another! Can you get up there? William?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

It'd have to be very carefully planned and managed. I imagine Captain Sutherland has a temper. And as Ann says -

(he indicates the letter)

Elizabeth can't be implicated, for her own sake.

AUNT ANN WALKER

How soon could you go?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Well, not this week.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Or next week.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

But perhaps the week after that. We could. If no-one else can go up any sooner?

(WILLIAM turns to ELIZA)

Perhaps we should both go. And takes Miss Walker's manservant. I suppose ideally... if we could contrive to arrive while he's out. Sutherland.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

But even if - !

She daren't say it.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

What?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

We got her back here. What could we do with her? She'd still be in the same boat!

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

We'd have to make sure she gets the proper medical help she needs.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Mm. And I supposed a certain *someone* who shall remain nameless is in Copenhagen. Apparently. So we needn't worry on that score.

36 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 65. 14:30 (WINTER 1832)

36

THOMAS is cutting up a pig, when he sees a man walking through the fields towards him. At a first distant glimpse, it looks like SAM SOWDEN, which makes THOMAS's heart skip a beat. But as he gets closer THOMAS realises -

THOMAS SOWDEN

Uncle Ben.

BEN SOWDEN

Thomas. You've grown, lad. And look at this place! Eh?

He obviously remembers it being a dump. And now it isn't.

THOMAS SOWDEN
(shouting into the house)
Mum!

BEN SOWDEN
Is your father in?

THOMAS hesitates. Obviously.

THOMAS SOWDEN
No.
(instinctively, THOMAS
takes his hat off and
clutches it to his chest)
He - erm.

BEN SOWDEN
(appalled)
He's not dead?

THOMAS SOWDEN
No! No, not that we know of. We
think he went to America.

BEN SOWDEN
America?

MARY SOWDEN comes out.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Uncle Ben's here.

She looks him up and down, keeps her distance. No love lost.

MARY SOWDEN
How do Ben.

BEN SOWDEN
Mary. So - Sam's gone to *America*?

MARY's usual tale that BEN's the one who told them about Sam
being in America doesn't compute in this scenario, so MARY
satisfies herself with -

MARY SOWDEN
Yup.

THOMAS SOWDEN
That's - we don't know that. That's
what we always imagine. Happened.
'Cos that's what he talked about
doing. He just - went. One day.
Just disappeared.

BEN SOWDEN
Had you had words?
(THOMAS nods, MARY shakes
her head)
(MORE)

BEN SOWDEN (CONT'D)

I've had a bit o' bad luck meself.
I lost what bit o' work I had. Then
I lost the house when I couldn't
pay t'rent. And then Alice left me.
I was hoping Sam might put me up
for a few days.

So even though he looks meek and mild enough right now, it sounds to THOMAS and MARY like he might be a bit of a violent thug like his brother when he's drunk. And perhaps he has a few telling cuts and bruises.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You can stay here. Uncle Ben. But
you'll have to work, and there's
plenty to do.

BEN SOWDEN

I'd like to work.

THOMAS SOWDEN

And we don't drink. Any more. I
won't have it in the house. It's
been the cause of too much misery.
And if you're staying with us you
must abide by it. And go to church.

We can see that's not something BEN had anticipated. He likes a drink. But perhaps part of him would like to stop being ruled by it, given the hardship he's suffered because of it. So in his present state of sobriety and self-pity, part of him recognises that this could be a good thing.

37 EXT. THE PORT AT CUXHAVEN, GERMANY. DAY 66. 13:00 (WINTER 37 1832)

A 400-tonne vessel - Columbine - is moored up alongside other boats. The weather is atrocious. The port remains busy even though no boats are putting out.

We see ANNE's carriage strapped to the deck along with loads of other cargo and it's getting absolutely battered by the incessant rain and hail. It's amazing it's still all in one piece.

38 INT. ANNE'S CABIN ON BOARD THE COLUMBINE. DAY 66. 13:05 38 (WINTER 1832)

ANNE's sitting on her bed - with her writing desk - writing. She has her great coat on and she's freezing, wet through, and even though it's a big vessel, there's definitely some sea-sicky movement. She looks dishevelled from the five-days journey from Copenhagen, in which time she hasn't so much as taken her great coat off, let alone got undressed or washed, because the weather's been so bad. She feels queasy.

ANNE LISTER

(v.o.)

My dear Marian. You do right not to tell my Aunt that I am returning, she will only fret. We made excellent time to Hamburg and boarded the Columbine - a 400-tonne vessel - at nine o'clock on Friday night. At ten minutes past seven the next morning we got under way but have since been forced by high winds into the port at Cuxhaven only forty miles up the German coast. We are further delayed as the ship broke from its moorings and the bowsprit smashed. The sea is awash with wreckage from other vessels. I know not now when we will put to sea, but as soon as we land in Gravesend I will write to you again to let you know when to expect me. In fact... the soonest I can probably post this present letter to you is when we arrive in Gravesend. In which case it probably wouldn't arrive...

(she speaks the rest out loud - perhaps to camera - realising there's no point writing it)

- at Shibden any sooner than I will.

ANNE screws the letter up, tosses it somewhere, and mumbles "twit" to herself. And then she realises she's going to be sick. She finds herself breathing deliberately and heavily like you do when you know the puke is rising. She grabs a bucket out from under her bunk and throws up.

39 EXT. DECK, THE COLUMBINE. DAY 66. 13:30 (WINTER 1832) 39

EUGÉNIE and THOMAS are both as ill as ANNE. They're taking shelter, from the wind and rain and hail but they're out here because it's preferable to feeling sick indoors surrounded by a load of other sick people. THOMAS takes out a little paper twist of boiled sweets and pops one in his mouth. He nudges EUGÉNIE and offers her one. EUGÉNIE takes one. A moment of rare camaraderie between them as they huddle together.

40 EXT. UDALE HOUSE. DAY 67. 11:00 (WINTER 1832) 40

ANN WALKER's carriage pulls up in front of the house. JAMES MACKENZIE steps briskly down from the back of the carriage and opens the door. MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY step out. A sense of panic and urgency and subterfuge.

41 INT/EXT. STAIRS, HALLWAY, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 67. 11:10 41
(WINTER 1832)

Ten minutes later. ANN's luggage is being carried down the stairs and outside to the PRIESTLEYS' carriage by JAMES and the PRIESTLEYS' coachman.

Through in the drawing room we see ELIZABETH and ANN sitting with the PRIESTLEYS. ANN is all ready to go.

42 INT. SITTING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 67. 11:12 (WINTER 1832) 42

None of them have much to say to one another. They just sit there feeling jittery and subdued, hoping they can get through this without anyone finding out what's going on.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
When do you expect to be back in
Halifax?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Friday.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Thursday tea-time if we're lucky.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
We should be in Edinburgh tonight.

ELIZABETH PRIESTLEY
And then Durham tomorrow night.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
And then Leeds the night after
then. Then home.

ANN WALKER
He's not likely to come after us.
Is he?

Just then JAMES taps on the door with some urgency.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Sir. Ma'am. Captain Sutherland's
just riding up to the house just
now.

They all look at one another. Panic! How could he know? But it's ANN WALKER we're looking at most closely as she goes on a little journey in her mind from worrying that he'll come after her to anger: how dare he even make her feel like this?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
(bravely)
I'll deal with this.

ANN WALKER
I'll deal with it.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
(kindly)
I'll deal with it.

ANN WALKER
(she suddenly feels the
spirit of ANNE LISTER
bristle through her)
I'll. Deal with it.

43

EXT. UDALE HOUSE. DAY 67. 11:15 (WINTER 1832)

43

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND has just reached the PRIESTLEYS' carriage, which is clearly being loaded up; someone is leaving, it's not simply visitors dropping in. (Perhaps he has another servant with him on horseback, who has alerted him to the fact that something's afoot).

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
(to the coachman)
What's going on?

ANN steps out of the house followed by the PRIESTLEYS, JAMES and ELIZABETH.

ANN WALKER
Oh hello. I'm just leaving.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Sorry?

ANN WALKER
I wrote to my aunt. To ask my
cousin to come and fetch me. Thanks
for having me.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND looks to his wife: what the hell - ?
ELIZABETH has to pretend this is all a shock to her.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Hello Sutherland, how are you?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Well I'm... *surprised*. Obviously.
(raising his hat)
Mrs. Priestley Ma'am.

She makes a polite (-ish) nod back. ANN turns to her sister.

ANN WALKER
Goodbye.
(then for CAPTAIN
SUTHERLAND's benefit she
says to ELIZABETH -)
(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I didn't tell you I'd
written to my Aunt, I didn't want
to make a fuss, that's all.

ELIZABETH hugs her sister and looks at her husband, as though
just as bewildered as him by it all.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Is this wise? She's not...
(even he has the decorum
not to say anything about
wrists in public)
better!

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
No. And yet you have failed to seek
appropriate medical advice for her.
As you undertook so to do when you
collected her from Halifax.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
Eliza.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
(at ELIZABETH)
Say something!

ANN WALKER
It's *my decision*. Everything. From
now on. When it comes to *me*. Is my
decision.

She lets that land, and then she turns to her sister and
mouths "sorry", before getting into the carriage. The
PRIESTLEYS follow her into the carriage as CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
shakes his head and pretends to find the whole thing
ridiculous and amusing but in truth, he's angry; she's
slipping through his fingers, right in front of him, her and
all her fabulous wealth.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Well... you don't have to slope off
like this! Surely we're all
friends? Mr. Priestley?

The COACHMAN flips the reins, JAMES MACKENZIE jumps up onto
the back and they set off. SUTHERLAND stares daggers at his
wife: she must have known something was afoot?

44 INT/EXT. THE PRIESTLEYS' CARRIAGE/UDALE HOUSE. DAY 67. 44
11:20 (WINTER 1832)

The carriage races along, away from Udale House.

ANN WALKER
I want to go to Dr. Belcombe. In
York. I want to get better.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Absolutely. That can all be arranged. There are other doctors of [course] -

ANN WALKER

I want *him*.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Absolutely.

She knows this will go down like a ton of hot horse shit, but, she's feeling brave, so -

ANN WALKER

Has anyone heard from Miss Lister?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister is in Copenhagen for the entire winter. Apparently. And then - word has it - she intends to go on to St. Petersburg and Moscow. And I do wonder if abroad is the very best place for her.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Mm.

(he says it as kindly as he can too)

I do have to say. Ann. That I'm glad. That that...

(a whisper)

Silly business. With Miss Lister. Is all over.

45 EXT. THAMES ESTUARY. NIGHT 68. 23:30 (WINTER 1832) 45

The Thames estuary. At night, and in fog. Then... emerging from the fog... the battered Columbine breaks through the fog. It limps up the Thames.

46 INT. ANNE'S CABIN. NIGHT 68. 23:35 (WINTER 1832) 46

ANNE's fast asleep, dressed just as she was before. There's a tap-tap-tap at the door, and weather-battered THOMAS pops his head in.

THOMAS BEECH

Ma'am? We're approaching Gravesend Docks.

47 EXT. GRAVESEND DOCKS. NIGHT 68. 23:45 (WINTER 1832) 47

ANNE, EUGÉNIE and THOMAS disembark from the docked ship, with big hand luggage. EUGÉNIE and THOMAS are exhausted.

ANNE's the only one with anything resembling any energy left.
She spots the Ship Tavern (a grotty little dump) over yonder -

ANNE LISTER

Ah!

(- and sets off towards
it. THOMAS and EUGÉNIE
follow)

The carriage won't be released from
the customs house until at least
ten o' clock tomorrow morning, and
then the roads north are going to
be heavy and slow. Are you
listening?

THOMAS BEECH & EUGENIE

Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

But with luck... yes. We can be at
Shibden by Thursday tea-time.

48 EXT. SCOTLAND. DAY 69. 15:00 (WINTER 1832) 48

ANN WALKER's pristine carriage flies south.

49 INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE. DAY 69. 15:00 (WINTER 1832) 49

WILLIAM and ELIZA have initiated a game of I-Spy.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Carriage.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

You've said that.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Cow.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

And that.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Well I'm struggling. Carrots.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Where?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Clouds!

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Well you're warm.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
(he looks up at the sky)
Curlew.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
No.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
I might give in. I'm on the cusp of
giving in. I think I'm giving in.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Ann?

ANN WALKER
I'm not playing, I've told you that
already.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Giving in?
(MR. PRIESTLEY gives in)
Cumulonimbus.
(she indicates elegantly
aloft, and looks out of
the window)
Well there was, half an hour ago
when we started.
(suddenly noticing, she
speaks before thinking)
What...? Is that.

MRS. PRIESTLEY has spotted the scar on ANN WALKER's wrist.

MR. PRIESTLEY
What?

ANN WALKER
Nothing. An accident. I fell over.
It's not what you think.

50 EXT. THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND. DAY 70. 13:20 (WINTER 1832) 50

ANNE LISTER's increasingly battered carriage travels north.
THOMAS - hanging on at the back - is struggling with
exhaustion.

51 INT. ANNE'S CARRIAGE. DAY 70. 13:21 (WINTER 1832) 51

ANNE's writing in her note book. EUGENIE's asleep on the
other bench. Snoring. ANNE glances across at her thinking how
useless, disappointing and annoying EUGENIE continues to be.

52

EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:15 (WINTER 1832)

52

Thursday. ANNE's battered, loaded carriage pulls up in the back yard at Shibden Hall. The only people on the outside are the hired local POSTILION with his two hire horses and ANNE LISTER, standing on the rumble at the back. ANNE jumps down and opens the carriage door.

ANNE LISTER

Geddout.

EUGÉNIE and THOMAS flop out of the carriage, exhausted and ill because of everything they've been through - not just in the last fifteen gruelling days since Copenhagen - but the whole fucking mad trip.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You're ridiculous. The pair of you.

JOSEPH BOOTH comes flying out of the back door, buttoning his tunic up.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Joseph. Help Thomas with the luggage.

(EUGÉNIE pauses and grips onto ANNE to steady herself, and is sick)

Tu n'est pas de nouveau enceinte?

You're not pregnant again, are you?

EUGÉNIE

Avec lui?

What, with this one?

EUGENIE pulls a face as though to say, "Not likely". CORDINGLEY and HEMINGWAY emerge from the house. EUGÉNIE throws her arms around CORDINGLEY, delighted to see her.

EUGÉNIE

Oh!

CORDINGLEY allows EUGÉNIE to hug her.

CORDINGLEY

Welcome home, ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Cordingley. Hemingway.

ANNE races into the house and we go with her -

53 INT. AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:20 53
(WINTER 1832) CONTINUOUS.

AUNT ANNE's in bed, and looks comfortable enough, surrounded by her favourite things. MARIAN's looking out of the window down into the court yard. DR. KENNY is with them.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Who is it?

MARIAN's emotional because she knows how thrilled AUNT ANNE will be.

MARIAN LISTER
It's Anne.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Anne?

MARIAN, followed by DR. KENNY, goes out onto the landing to greet whirlwind ANNE, who they can now hear racing up the stairs -

54 INT. LANDING, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:22 (WINTER 1832) 54
CONTINUOUS.

MARIAN emerges from AUNT ANNE's bedroom followed by DR. KENNY. And ANNE's terrified when she sees him: is she too late?

ANNE LISTER
Is she - ?

MARIAN LISTER
She's -

AUNT ANNE LISTER
(o.o.v.)
Anne?

ANNE doesn't wait for an answer, she ploughs straight through MARIAN and DR. KENNY and dives in to see her AUNT.

MARIAN LISTER
- quite a lot better.

55 INT. AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:25 55
(WINTER 1832) CONTINUOUS.

ANNE steps into the room and sees her AUNT, who is just *delighted* to see her, despite the severe discomfort she's in.

ANNE LISTER
Aunt. Oh - ! How are you?

ANNE dives on her AUNT and hugs her. AUNT ANNE's thrilled: if this is the last hug she ever gets she can die happy.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
(tears of joy)
I'm not entirely sure what all the
fuss is about.

MARIAN and DR. KENNY have followed ANNE into the room.

DR. KENNY
She's improved significantly since
we wrote to you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
You [wrote] - !? I told you not to!

MARIAN LISTER
Yes. But Dr. Kenny...
(she doesn't want to freak
her AUNT out)
Was concerned.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
(a dismissive mumble)
Oh, he's an idiot.

ANNE LISTER
Oh well!
(she's smiling)
I'm here now.

MARIAN LISTER
(oh the relief)
Would you like some tea?

ANNE LISTER
Tea. Perfect. Aunt, would you like
some tea?
(course she would)
I'm going to get changed out of
these clothes, and I'm desperate
for a trip to the necessary, can
you spare me for a few minutes?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Of course.

ANNE kisses her AUNT again, lingers a moment longer, jumps up
and then - with a face like thunder - murmurs in passing to
DR. KENNY, right in his face -

ANNE LISTER
I'll see you downstairs.

56 INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:27 56
(WINTER 1832)

ANNE follows DR. KENNY into the little room, shuts the door behind her firmly, and then gets right in his face again.

ANNE LISTER
There's nothing wrong with her,
she's as bright as a button.

DR. KENNY
When we wrote to you, believe you
me, it could've gone either way,
and it *still c[ould]* -

ANNE LISTER
I have risked my own life and that
of my two servants to get here. I
haven't taken this coat off for
fifteen days. Have you *any idea*
what it's like crossing the North
Sea at this time of year?

DR. KENNY
I wrote to you in good faith. Miss
Lister?

She's relieved, of course; her AUNT isn't dead. But her emotions are all over the place, she doesn't know whether she's happy or sad, and she's crying. ANNE LISTER is crying in front of DR. KENNY. He's terrified. And she can't let DR. KENNY see her cry, so she just walks out of the room. We follow her along the corridor, through the housebody, up the stairs as she pulls her battered coat off.

57 INT. AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:40 57
(WINTER 1832)

Ten minutes later. ANNE's lying on the bed next to her AUNT, still in the same clothes she arrived in. She's calmed down. And she's been to the necessary. They're holding hands.

ANNE LISTER
I don't suppose you've heard
anything about Miss Walker?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Nothing. She's still in Inverness
as far as I know. Have you still
heard nothing from her?

ANNE shakes her head. She squeezes her hand reassuringly.

ANNE LISTER
I wonder if Mariana's right. About
me. Always being on the run.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

From what?

ANNE hesitates before admitting it -

ANNE LISTER

Disappointment.

MARIAN comes in with a tray of tea things.

MARIAN LISTER

Father says can you look in on him.
In the dining room. When you've got
five minutes.

58 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 14:55 (WINTER 58
1832)

JEREMY's sitting at the table. ANNE appears at the door.

JEREMY LISTER

Well well.

She goes and kisses him soundly on the head. She grabs a
glass from the sideboard and pours herself a glass of
Madeira, which she knocks back like she needs it.

ANNE LISTER

Marian said you wanted to see me.

JEREMY LISTER

Mm. Where. Are the deeds to
Shibden?

ANNE LISTER

Ah. So. This is the thing. I had to
borrow some money.

JEREMY LISTER

Against Shibden.

ANNE LISTER

To sink the pit.

JEREMY LISTER

Have you seen Washington?

ANNE LISTER

No. I've only just got [here] -

JEREMY LISTER

There was a partial collapse. In
the works. Two days ago. They hit
an old tunnel. It flooded. It's
finished.

(MORE)

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)

Unless *I* choose to throw what
little money I have left at it,
good money after bad, they've
already got through my four hundred
and fifty -

ANNE LISTER

It's *not* bad money. It isn't,
Father, if I can get that pit sunk -

JEREMY LISTER

Yes. And if you can't, if you can't
do it within the allotted time,
which now looks impossible - unless
I throw what little money I've got
left into it too - *with no*
guarantees - you'll lose Shibden!
We'll *all* lose Shibden and we'll be
homeless.

ANNE's a bit stunned. She hadn't allowed herself to think
about if anything went wrong. Because she knew she couldn't
budget for anything going wrong.

ANNE LISTER

That's a very - very - melodramatic
way of... was anyone injured?

JEREMY LISTER

No. Well. John Mann split his
forehead open. But apart from that.
(he looks at her steadily)
You're an idiot.

ANNE looks at him steadily. *No-one* speaks to her like that.
She stands up and leaves the room. We follow her.

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

ANNE LISTER

Joseph!

We follow her to the kitchen, where JOSEPH BOOTH is busy
purloining a bit of unattended pie he's just become
acquainted with.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

I need you to take a note to Mr.
Washington. When I've written it.
When you've finished whatever meal
that is.

She heads for her little study further along the corridor.

59 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 71. 15:00 (WINTER 1832) 59

ANN WALKER's carriage pulls up at Crow Nest. JAMES and the COACHMAN jump down. The COACHMAN start unloading ANN WALKER's things. JAMES opens the door for ANN, and another SERVANT emerges from the house to help with the luggage, which is efficiently removed from the carriage. ANN lingers by the coach with MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY for a moment -

ANN WALKER
I can never thank you enough.
Either of you.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
We won't come in, we'll let you
sort yourself out and I'll bring
your carriage back in the morning.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
(perhaps with a tacit
reference to ANN's wrist)
You look yourself.

Exhausted from the journey, ANN waves the PRIESTLEYS off, and heads into the hall of her palatial home...

60 INT. CROW NEST. DAY 71. 15:02 (WINTER 1832) 60

ANN comes inside, and her inner peace and joy at being in her own home is palpable. She looks up the stairs as JAMES and another SERVANT carry her things up.

61 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 71. 15:05 61
(WINTER 1832)

JAMES and the other SERVANT are putting ANN's luggage in her room. She comes in and they leave. ANN takes her bonnet and gloves off. She looks out of the window, and then looks back into the room, and at the bed. The bed where she shared so many tender moments with ANNE LISTER. She's thoughtful. Then she grabs her bonnet and gloves and sets off out of the room again.

62 OMITTED 62

63 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN. DAY 71. 15:30 (WINTER 1832) 63

ANN WALKER's small carriage pulls up. JAMES steps down and opens the door for ANN. ANN, of course, isn't hugely familiar with Shibden. She ventures to enter the back porch and knock on the door (which is open).

64 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 15:32 (WINTER 1832) 64

CORDINGLEY's busy in the kitchen pulling rabbits apart. No-one seems in a rush to go and answer the door.

CORDINGLEY
Joseph? *Joseph!*

No answer. Inconvenient as it is, she'll have to go and answer the door herself. She grabs a tea-towel to clean her bloody hands.

65 INT. BACK DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 15:33 (WINTER 1832) 65

CORDINGLEY's still wiping the blood off her hands as she pulls the door open. It's a far cry from the elegant way JAMES answers the door at Crow Nest, it's more like what you'd expect at Wuthering Heights after the rot's set in.

ANN WALKER
Miss Walker. Of Crow Nest. Is...
is... anyone in? Miss Lister's
aunt. Or Miss Marian. Or her
father?

66 INT. HOUSEBODY, DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 71. 15:35 66
(WINTER 1832)

ANN WALKER follows CORDINGLEY through to the dining room, where MARIAN's with JEREMY and ARGUS. MARIAN's reading a newspaper article to her father (tbw).

CORDINGLEY
Miss Walker, ma'am, sir. Of Crow
Nest.

MARIAN and JEREMY both stand up politely to greet ANN.

MARIAN LISTER
Miss Walker! We thought you were in
Scotland!

ANN WALKER
I was.

JEREMY LISTER
Well well.

MARIAN LISTER
How are you?

ANN WALKER
I'm sorry to intrude.

JEREMY LISTER
No, not at all, come in, sit down.

ANN WALKER

I won't take up your time. I just -
I need Miss Lister's address. If
you have it. In Copenhagen.

MARIAN LISTER

She isn't in Copenhagen. She's
here.

ANN WALKER

(can't believe her ears)
Here?

MARIAN LISTER

Well she was. Only she's gone out.
(to JEREMY)
Where did she say she was going?

67

EXT. PIT SINKING ABOVE CONERY. DAY 71. 15:40 (WINTER 1832) 67

ANNE is surveying the damaged, abandoned pit with WASHINGTON.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

It's recoverable. It just needs
more money throwing at it.

(ANNE takes that in: she
has no more money)

Joseph Mann said. If you were
prepared to share the profits with
him, him and his brothers would
finish the job. He said he'd be
more than happy to come to an
arrangement.

ANNE's struggling to speak without betraying the fact that
she's on the verge of tears.

ANNE LISTER

I need to weigh up my options.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Of course.

ANNE LISTER

Thank you. Washington.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

It's nice to have you back, ma'am.
All in one piece.

ANNE acknowledges that with a nod and a smile, but she does
just want him to leave her to it, because she can feel a
massive bout of howling welling up inside her. WASHINGTON
takes the hint and leaves her to it.

ANNE doesn't give in to her feelings straight away. She gives
WASHINGTON a good few moments to be on his way.

But then it overwhelms her. This has to be the lowest ebb ever; no money, no pit, no partner - "more single than ever" - her aunt possibly on the way out, and still stuck with MARIAN and her dad. And... she's just fucking exhausted from two weeks' sea-sickness. Despite her most gallant efforts to resist the tidal wave of emotion gathering momentum inside her, she cries. She glances up at God for some pearls of wisdom, but as usual nothing tangible descends.

68 EXT. CONERY WOOD, SHIBDEN. DAY 71. 15:45 (WINTER 1832) 68

ANN WALKER is heading up through the wood. She spots WASHINGTON walking down the hill at the other side of the gully, but he hasn't spotted her, and she keeps out of his way. She waits until he's gone, and then crosses the gully and races further up the hill. We go with her. She stumbles and falls, but nothing will deter her.

69 EXT. PIT SINKING ABOVE CONERY. DAY 71. 15:50 (WINTER 1832) 69

ANN reaches the top of the hill and spots ANNE, standing alone near the pit. It's clear from her body language that ANNE is very upset. ANN pauses; dare she approach ANNE? What if she's angry with her, or just can't be bothered with her any more? But ANN's come this far, she's damned if she's turning back. She approaches her unseen. As ANN gets closer it's increasingly clear that ANNE is distraught.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE turns around. They stare at one another in disbelief. They're both meant to be hundreds of miles away.

ANNE LISTER

Good Lord.

Now she's gazing at her again, ANN WALKER can't quite believe that someone as perfect as ANNE LISTER exists.

ANN WALKER

I thought you were in Copenhagen.

ANNE LISTER

I am, I was. Aren't you in Scotland?

ANN WALKER

(blurting it all out)

I didn't know you'd written! From Paris. They didn't tell me! My sister did. Eventually. But she couldn't write back to you because your letter disappeared! With your address on it. I was so cross! When I found out.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

But you see I don't think she's very happily married. Elizabeth. I think she's frightened of him, I don't think he's very nice, I think he *destroyed* the letter! I never thought this - at the time - but I think he married her for her money and I think she's *miserable*.

ANNE LISTER

Well. I suppose that's the trouble. When you're very rich. You can never be sure of anyone's motives.

ANN WALKER

We were talking about you, me and Elizabeth. And she said. She thought. That some times - often - a good friendship is better than a marriage. Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER

The pit's collapsed. And flooded. It's fixable. But it needs money throwing at it. And I've...

(she was going to say
"Spent up", but her
shrewder instincts kick
in)

I took a gamble. I shouldn't have. But we're not alive. Are we? If we're not taking the odd risk now and again.

ANN WALKER

No. No, we're not.

A moment.

ANNE LISTER

I should've written again. But when I didn't hear back, I er...

(utterly genuine as she
gazes at her through a
fug of exhaustion, and
realises -)

God, I've missed you.

ANN WALKER

Have you?

They're holding hands. ANNE kisses ANN's hand, and in doing so sees the scar. She instantly realises what it must be.

ANNE LISTER

(appalled)

What's - ? [that?]

ANN WALKER's embarrassed about it of course, but is determined to tell ANNE the truth, however difficult.

ANN WALKER

There was just one evening. When I thought I couldn't stand it any more. Not being near you. Never having the prospect of ever being near you ever again. It must've been after that that Elizabeth wrote to you.

ANNE LISTER

Yes but she didn't tell me that [you'd] - !

(she's appalled)

Oh Lord, I'd have come straight back if I'd known that! Ann.

(she's in tears now as well)

Do you know, I... I don't think an hour passed when I didn't think about you. I tried not to. But every time I closed my eyes... there you were.

(ANN's so moved by this.

Because it's clearly genuine. And now ANNE fears they're getting too tearful and so she changes the subject)

I met the Queen of Denmark. I curtsied to the wrong person, that was embarrassing, but. Hey-ho. She invited me to her birthday ball. It was interesting enough, but the food was poor. And I kept thinking - all evening - that if you could see me, you'd laugh. I had to wear white. Satin. Head to foot in white satin. I had two birds of paradise in my hair. One of them fell out. In the carriage. On the way there. But I managed to stick it back in again and no-one said anything. I think I made a bit of an impact, one way and another. Very friendly people, the Danes. I shall go back there. One day.

ANN WALKER

Perhaps I could come with you.

(ANNE considers her response, but doesn't commit to anything)

If you asked me to marry you. Again. I wouldn't say no.

ANNE knows she can't risk having her heart messed around with again, because she can't stand it. She has to be circumspect -

ANNE LISTER

Mm. But would you say yes?

ANN WALKER

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

Would you? And stick to it? And mean it.

ANN WALKER

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

And take the sacrament with me? In church. And mean that too?

ANN WALKER

I love you. Anne. I'm in love with you. I always have been.

ANNE LISTER

Don't...

(she doesn't want this to sound like a threat, she just wants ANN WALKER to understand something about her)

mess me about. Don't *hurt* me. I'm not as strong as you think. I mean, I am. Obviously. But sometimes. I'm not.

ANN WALKER glances around to make sure no-one's looking, then kisses ANNE's hand. ANNE LISTER glances around as well to check that no-one's looking, and gently, delicately, tenderly, they hug, and cling onto one another passionately like they're never going to let go again. On the top of a hill above Halifax. Of all places.

70 INT. SUZANNAH WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM. DAY 72. 08:00 (SPRING 70 1833)

Light filters through a crack in the curtains and illuminates a beautiful wedding dress hung up in the room.

In bed we discover SUZANNAH WASHINGTON waking up. She looks across at the dress. She's nervous; it's her wedding day.

71 OMITTED

71

72 EXT. RURAL CHURCH, SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 72. 11:25 (SPRING 1833) 72

The WASHINGTON family, en masse, in the family gig, head along to the church. SUZANNAH's in her wedding dress.

We cut to the church yard, where people begin to gather for the wedding: other Lister tenants including WILLIAM, ALICE and HENRY (on crutches) HARDCASTLE, and the two tiny ones, as well as the Shibden Hall servants, JOHN BOOTH and his three girls, JOSEPH BOOTH, CORDINGLEY and HEMINGWAY. All in their Sunday best.

THOMAS is outside the church with DICK, his best man. THOMAS is keen to greet everyone.

MARY SOWDEN
Are we going in?

THOMAS SOWDEN
You go in.
(nodding and smiling as
people arrive)
How do! How do.

DICK
Where's ring?

THOMAS SOWDEN
(to UNCLE BEN)
Where's ring?

UNCLE BEN checks his pockets, like he's lost it.

BEN SOWDEN
(to AMY)
Where's ring?

AMY SOWDEN
I haven't got it.

BEN then pretends to take it out from behind AMY's ear, with a gasp of surprise, like a magician, which makes everyone smile, everyone except nervous THOMAS.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Give it to him!
(meaning, DICK, his best
man, then at BEN -)
Go sit with me mother!

JEREMY and MARIAN are here representing the Listers. JEREMY offers THOMAS SOWDEN his hand to shake.

JEREMY LISTER
Sowden.

THOMAS SOWDEN
Miss Lister not here, sir?

JEREMY LISTER
Sends her apologies. Had to go to
York with Miss Walker.

Over yonder at the gate, we see the WASHINGTON family
arriving in the family gig.

DICK
Thomas.
(he nods towards the
WASHINGTONS)
Come on.

THOMAS SOWDEN
(to JEREMY)
I'd better -

Go inside the church, he means.

JEREMY LISTER
Yes! Good luck, lad! Good luck.

JEREMY excuses them with a bit of a nod/salute, and THOMAS
and DICK head inside the church.

We cut to the arriving WASHINGTON family. SUZANNAH looks
lovely in her wedding dress.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
(to HANNAH)
Try and smile.

HANNAH clearly still not happy then.

73 EXT. YORK. DAY 72. 11:30 (SPRING 1833) 73

York. We pan down from the Minster and discover the Lister
chaise traveling along.

73A INT. ANNE'S CARRIAGE. DAY 72. CONTINUOUS. 73A

Inside the carriage we find ANNE and ANN both dressed
elegantly. ANNE is putting a gold wedding ring on ANN
WALKER's finger. It goes next to the onyx cabochon and
diamond rose ring that ANNE bought in ep 6 as an engagement
ring, which is already on ANN WALKER's finger. ANNE kisses
the ring on ANN's finger. ANN has a little box and opens it.
It contains a gold wedding ring that she puts on ANNE
LISTER's finger. She kisses it. They'd love to kiss each
other on the lips, but they can't, it's too public.

74 EXT. PASSAGE, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE. YORK. DAY 72. 11:45 (SPRING 1833)

The hired carriage pulls up by the little passage through to the church. ANNE steps out. ANNE offers her hand to ANN WALKER to assist her out of the carriage.

74A EXT. YARD, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE, YORK. 74A CONTINUOUS.

They step through the little gateway into the yard where the little church is, and head inside along with other arriving church-goers.

75 INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE. YORK. DAY 72. 11:50 75 (SPRING 1833)

We glimpse ANNE and ANN as they participate in the Liturgy -

CONGREGATION

Almighty God,
unto whom all hearts be open,
all desires known,
and from whom no secrets are hid:
cleanse the thoughts of our hearts
by the inspiration of thy Holy
Spirit,
that we may perfectly love thee,
and worthily magnify thy holy name;
through Christ our Lord.

Glory be to God on high,
and in earth peace, good will
towards men.
We praise thee, we bless thee,
we worship thee, we glorify thee,
we give thanks to thee for thy
great glory,
O Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father almighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son,
Jesus Christ:
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the
Father,
that takest away the sins of the
world,
have mercy upon us.

76 INT. RURAL CHURCH, SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 72. 11:55 (SPRING 76 1833)

THOMAS and SUZANNAH are at the altar taking their vows. We glimpse MARY SOWDEN, who is very happy, and HANNAH WASHINGTON, who is not.

VICAR

Will you Thomas, take Suzannah.
To be your lawful wedded wife.
To have and to hold
from this day forward;
for better, for worse,
for richer, for poorer,
in sickness and in health,
to love and to cherish,
till death do you part,
according to God's holy law.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I will.

77 INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE. YORK. 12:05 (SPRING 77 1833)

The VICAR is preaching the sermon from the pulpit. ANN WALKER listens thoughtfully. ANNE LISTER's bored shitless; she's way ahead of this bloke in her thinking, she could give a much more riveting sermon, and she's just itching to get onto the Sacrament.

77A INT. RURAL CHURCH, HALIFAX. DAY 72. 12:05 (SPRING 1833) 77A

We discover THOMAS and SUZANNAH - now married and signing the register - as their congregation sings -

CONGREGATION

Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

During the hymn we cut back to -

77B INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE. YORK. DAY 72. 12:10 (SPRING 1833) 77B

- where they're singing the same hymn. We glimpse ANNE and ANN singing, but we also see the VICAR and his ACOLYTES preparing the bread and the wine at the altar.

CONGREGATION

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

(MORE)

CONGREGATION (CONT'D)

Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles
last,
And our eternal home.

We cut into the liturgy before the Sacrament. Throughout this we are very much in ANNE and ANN's thoughts, this is why they're here, to take the Sacrament together -

VICAR

Ye that do truly and earnestly
repent you of your sins and are in
love and charity of your
neighbours, and intend to lead a
new life, following the
commandments of God and walking
from henceforth in his holy ways;
Draw near with faith, and take this
holy Sacrament to your comfort; and
make your humble confession to
Almighty God, meekly kneeling on
your knees.

ANNE steps out of the pew first, then politely steps aside to let ANN go in front of her. The congregation queues up to take the Sacrament. We glimpse ANNE and ANN as they queue, and we see into their private thoughts: this huge step they're both taking.

ANNE and ANN kneel next to one another at the little semi-circular altar. The VICAR puts the wafer representing the body of Christ into ANNE's hands, then into ANN's. They both take the body of Christ. Then the ACOLYTE comes to ANNE with the blood of Christ. ANNE LISTER drinks the blood of Christ. Then ANN WALKER drinks the blood of Christ. They both close their eyes for a moment of silent prayer, and then leave the altar rail together, not daring to look at one another, but we feel the electricity of the moment; this for ANNE LISTER was the moment they got married.

As they return to their seats, they glance at one another - the most they dare do. Their arms - perhaps their hands - brush against one another as they walk back down the aisle together. But that's the most touching they can do.

In their pew, they both kneel for another moment of silent prayer/contemplation. Then they dare to look at one another, and share a look. They barely dare smile, anxious not to draw attention to themselves, but we can see the delight and love in their eyes.

78 EXT. RURAL CHURCH, SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 72. 12:14 (SPRING 1833) 78

THOMAS and SUZANNAH emerge from the church, the little bell rings, and we glimpse WASHINGTON emerging from the church with his new in-law, BEN SOWDEN.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Shame your Sam's not here to see
his lad get wed. Eh?

BEN SOWDEN

Aye. Well. America. You coulda
blown me down with a feather when
they said that's where he'd gone.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

But you knew. You were t'one that
wrote and told 'em. Weren't you?

BEN SOWDEN

Me? Who's told you that? I can't
write.

BEN thinks nothing of this. We linger on WASHINGTON: that doesn't make sense. He looks at MARY and then THOMAS - who remain happily oblivious.

79 EXT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE. YORK. DAY 72. 12:15 79
(SPRING 1833)

ANNE and ANN step out into the sunlight, the service over. They both shake hands with the VICAR as they leave, and head down the path to the street. We go with them. They glance at one another again, and really they don't want to take their eyes off one another - but they have to be so cautious in public - but the delight in their eyes is clear: *did we just do that?*

80

EXT. GOODRAMGATE, YORK. DAY 72. 12:16 (SPRING 1833)

80

They head out into Goodramgate, and walk away from us. And as we rise up, and discover the massive towers of the Minster once more, and leave them to their new life together, we can hear them starting off on their first little domestic as a married couple -

ANNE LISTER

So! What we should do next is get back to Halifax and pop in at Cliffhill and explain to your Aunt that you're going to move in with me. At Shibden.

ANN WALKER

Not today.

ANNE LISTER

Then we should do the whole tribe. The Priestleys, the Edwards, the Rawsons.

ANN WALKER

Yes but not today.

ANNE LISTER

Oh, I always think it's best to crack on with these things and then - [everyone's clear about what's going on] -

ANN WALKER

Yes. I know you do. But I think we should wait a few days.

ANNE LISTER

Well yes, but -

ANN WALKER

Why don't I move in first? Bring all my things over to Shibden -

ANNE LISTER

Ah -

ANN WALKER

Well, not all of them because they wouldn't fit. But the important things. And *then* we'll tell her.

ANNE LISTER

Actually, yes, that's -

ANN WALKER

Good.

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 8. 7.11.18. 58A.

ANNE LISTER

Good. A much better idea.

Excellent. Good thinking.

(checks her watch)

Not just a pretty face.

ANN WALKER

Are you being patronising?

ANNE LISTER

Of course not.

ANN WALKER

I can tell when you're being
[patronising] - put your watch
away.

ANNE LISTER

I wasn't being patronising.
Seriously, you've got to stop
having such a poor opinion of
yourself.

ANN WALKER

I don't, when I'm with you. I told
you. But I can still tell when
you're being p[atronising] -

ANNE LISTER

I wasn't being patronising. You are
pretty. In a certain light. Are you
arguing with me?

ANN WALKER

In a certain l[ight] - ? You know
you just said that? You know it
came out of your mouth, you didn't
just think it.

ANNE LISTER

(distracted by something
else)

Sorry, were you still talking?

And so we leave them to it.

END OF SERIES