

# Gentleman Jack

Episode 1

Written and Created by

Sally Wainwright

1<sup>st</sup> July 2017



**STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL**

No part of this document or its contents may be disclosed, distributed or used in any way, stored in a retrieval system, disseminated or incorporated into any other work, without the express written permission of Lookout Point. Any unauthorised use is strictly prohibited and will be prosecuted in courts of pertinent jurisdiction.

1 EXT. LISTERS ROAD, SHIBDEN, HALIFAX. DAY. 1

May 1832. Listers Road, just above Shibden Hall.

A heavily-laden removal cart, overloaded with furniture and household goods, travels along the road.

On board, sitting up front with the driver (MR. JESSOP), we see the young family that's removing; WILLIAM HARDCASTLE (28, a farmer), his wife ALICE (27) and two children, LILY (5) and BILLY (3).

On the back of the wagon, we see 17-year-old ROBERT PICKLES, who's come to help lug the furniture on and off the cart, and HENRY HARDCASTLE (7). Everyone on board seems excited and happy.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE  
Nearly there now, little 'uns!

MR. JESSOP  
Big day! Moving into your new farm!  
Eh?

ALICE  
Is that Shibden Hall down there?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE (proud) It is! Henry, look!  
ALICE (CONT'D) That's Shibden Hall look, Henry!

HENRY looks and explains to ROBERT PICKLES -

HENRY  
She's our new landlord, woman that lives there.

Approaching on the other side of the road is a light private carriage.

We cut to inside the light private carriage -

2 EXT/INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE, LISTERS ROAD. CONTINUOUS. 2

Where we discover delicate, shy 29-year-old ANN WALKER and her AUNT ANN WALKER (75). An odd couple, given the age difference.

Like the HARDCASTLES, ANN WALKER has spotted the rooftops of Shibden Hall through the trees, and her face becomes alive: we see that the idea of Shibden gives her a warm inner glow. She enjoys the moment in silent privacy before she says -

ANN WALKER  
Shibden Hall.

AUNT ANN WALKER  
(indifferent)  
Oh yes.

ANN WALKER  
Have you ever been inside? Aunt?

AUNT ANN WALKER  
The Listers don't invite people. As  
a rule.

ANN WALKER  
Why? Why not?

AUNT ANN WALKER  
Well because they're *better* than  
most people.

This isn't a jibe or a criticism. It's just a fact.

Suddenly, from outside the carriage -

THE WALKERS' GROOM  
*Whoah!!*

ROBERT PICKLES  
*Mr. Jessop!!*

ANN WALKER and AUNT ANN see a two-horse gig, over-taking the  
removal wagon, and racing straight for them.

3 EXT. LISTERS ROAD, SHIBDEN, HALIFAX. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 3

MR. JESSOP pulls his horses to his left and THE WALKERS'  
GROOM pulls his horses to his left, allowing the speeding gig  
through, and so avoid a collision.

Both the removal wagon and the Walkers' carriage are forced  
off their respective sides of the narrow road as the gig  
races away.

The removal wagon topples over down the sloping grass verge,  
taking its load and its seven passengers with it, whilst the  
Walkers' carriage is forced into a ditch beside a high wall.  
It lurches perilously down at one side and then scrapes along  
the wall for several yards, before the spooked horses can be  
brought to a halt.

4 EXT/INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE, LISTERS ROAD. CONTINUOUS. 4

We glimpse inside the carriage at lop-sided ANN WALKER and  
her AUNT and their terror as the accident unfolds, and we  
hear terrible screams and shouts from the toppled removal  
wagon.

5 EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK YARD. DAY. 5

Distraught WILLIAM HARDCASTLE runs carrying 7-year-old HENRY, whose leg has been shattered in the accident. HENRY gasps in agony.

JOHN BOOTH (39, the Listers' gardener and general out-doors man) directs them towards the Shibden stables.

JOHN BOOTH  
Here. In here.

37-year-old MARIAN LISTER, one of the Listers of Shibden Hall, directs JOHN -

MARIAN  
Saddle up Percy. Go and fetch Dr. Kenny.

JOHN does realise this is an emergency, but -

JOHN BOOTH  
Percy's a bit under the weather  
[ma'am] -

MARIAN  
This child will *bleed to death*.

JOHN runs off to do as he's told. MARIAN heads into the barn.

6 INT. SHIBDEN BARN. CONTINUOUS. 6

ELIZABETH CORDINGLEY (40, the housekeeper/cook) directs WILLIAM HARDCASTLE -

CORDINGLEY  
On here, put him on here.

She indicates a small mound of hay bales, which will act as a soft bed for them to tend to injured HENRY.

MARIAN  
John's gone for the doctor. Give the child some brandy. I've got to see to -

She indicates that she's got to go back inside the hall.

CORDINGLEY  
(nodding)  
Ma'am.

7

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

7

MARIAN bustles through the hall and into the drawing room, where we find her AUNT ANNE LISTER (67, an invalid) and her father JEREMY LISTER (80, who is also infirm) in front of the fire with MISS WALKER and her AUNT ANN WALKER.

Throughout the scene, it is predominantly the largely silent ANN WALKER we focus on visually, and the way her face lights up whenever ANNE LISTER is mentioned.

AUNT ANN WALKER

(VO as MARIAN heads in)

It's a miracle any of us can walk away to tell the tale! The man can't have thrown a look behind him! He ploughed straight through us and we were scattered to the four corners, willy-nilly!

As she heads into the room MARIAN addresses the younger MISS WALKER -

MARIAN

Your coachman is going to bring your horses down from our top road, Miss Walker, to our stables, and then he'll drive you both home in our carriage.

AUNT ANN WALKER

(relief)

Oh!

MARIAN

It may take a few minutes, our carriage hasn't been out for...  
(six years)  
some months.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What about the little boy?

MARIAN

It was the Hardcastles. In the other vehicle.

(she explains to MISS WALKER and her AUNT - )

They're tenants, new tenants of ours, just moving into Roydelands Farm, just today.

(then to AUNT ANNE LISTER)

He's - it's his leg, it's all bent the wrong way -

(She can't say it, it sickens her too much)

And there's a lot of blood. I've sent for Dr. Kenny.

AUNT ANN WALKER  
The man should be strung up!

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Pour them some brandy, Marian!  
Will you have some brandy, Miss  
Walker?

MISS WALKER manages a nod before her AUNT interrupts -

AUNT ANN WALKER  
(to AUNT ANNE LISTER)  
Your niece, Miss Lister, has been  
our saviour.  
(then to MARIAN)  
You reminded me, Miss Lister, when  
you and your servants came racing  
to rescue us of your *elder sister*.  
You were calm, you were decisive,  
you seemed to know the drill. It's  
exactly what *she* would've done. I  
said to Ann - that's exactly how  
*Miss Lister* would've dealt with a  
crisis.

MARIAN takes that on the chin. Any mention of - and certainly  
any comparison with - her big sister, rankles. This is in  
contrast to ANN WALKER, whose face lights up at the mention  
of the elder MISS LISTER.

ANN WALKER  
(bravely)  
How is she? Miss Lister. What's she  
up to? May I ask?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Anne? Oh -

MARIAN  
(offering brandy)  
Miss Walker.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
She was on the south coast.

MARIAN  
She was in Hastings.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Yes until very recently, she was -

JEREMY  
She was in Hastings!

MARIAN  
I've just said [that] -  
(to ANN)  
He's deaf.

JEREMY  
Y'talking about Anne?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Yes, Jeremy! Anne. In Hastings.

JEREMY  
God knows why she's in Hastings.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
She'd set up home with Miss Vere  
Hobart, the niece of Lord and Lady  
Stuart de Rothesay -

JEREMY  
She should be here.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
She met them in Paris -

JEREMY  
It's *her* estate. As she never tires  
of reminding everybody.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
- he's the ambassador there. And  
she was acting as a sort of...  
(she makes a gesture, not  
certain exactly what the  
set up was)  
*chaperone* to Miss Hobart. But -  
yes, she's on her way home. Now.  
Via various friends' houses. We're  
expecting her on Friday.

ANN WALKER  
And will she stay long?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Oh no! I doubt it.  
(privately we see that ANN  
WALKER's face fall at  
this news)  
England is barely big enough to  
contain her. She will travel!  
Paris, Italy, the Alps, the  
Pyrenées! She's kept mentioning  
Russia.

MARIAN  
If she finds a new groom.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Our groom was shot!

MARIAN  
Out of a tree.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

In York.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Fancy.

ANN WALKER

How?

MARIAN

Poor George.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Is that why she's coming back? No groom.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh no. Good Lord! That wouldn't stop her.

JEREMY

(he says this to his  
sister, AUNT ANNE LISTER,  
not to the guests)

She's coming back because something went wrong. Obviously. In Hastings.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(delighted, worried,  
brushing off what JEREMY  
just said)

So much drama! Always. With Anne.

MARIAN

It's uncanny. However far away my sister goes. However long she's gone for. Whatever *crises* are happening here. She always - within minutes - manages to inveigle herself into becoming the main topic of any given conversation.

We see that mousey little ANN WALKER remains fascinated by the idea of ANNE LISTER.

**TITLE SEQUENCE:**

We see ANNE LISTER getting dressed for the day, like that beautiful scene in *Talk To Her* (where the female matador dresses for the fight, in the elegant masculine clothes of the matador), also the opening of *Elizabeth* (the Helen Mirren/Tom Hooper one), when she is dressed in the bold, elegant clothes that project her masculine sovereign power as well as her feminine charm. Details that speak volumes; a tight button pulled through an eye with a hook (creating an elegant body shape), cuffs being straightened, perhaps even cuff-links, a masculine watch fob, the unusual collar, earrings (perhaps pearl-drops like Elizabethan men wore). Everything elegant, but masculine. An indelibly ink-stained middle right finger, indicative of the compulsive writer.

We get an intimate impressionistic look (never the face) at a woman with a very carefully constructed half-man half-woman appearance/identity as she dresses for the day (and perhaps it's never absolutely conclusive that this is a portrait of either a woman or a cross-dressing man).

8

EXT. HALIFAX. UNION CROSS. DAY.

8

Halifax. A coaching inn. Several days later.

We discover JOHN BOOTH - looking rather more smart than last time we saw him - smoking a short clay pipe, waiting with a hand cart.

One heavily laden (but clean and tidy) four-horse high-flier is just leaving the coaching inn as another one (covered in muck, it's been travelling for hours) is arriving just up the road. It's loaded with passengers and luggage (at least ten people sitting outside/aloft, plus a mountain of luggage). It's loaded to a degree that to our modern eyes looks plain dangerous.

JOHN knocks his pipe out against the wall, stuffs it in his pocket, straightens his clothes, then as he looks up again and the coach gets nearer he sees that it's ANNE LISTER (41, his boss, mistress of Shibden Hall, Marian's big sister) with the reins in her hand; she's driving the high-flier herself. This is the 19c equivalent of a passenger landing the aeroplane. We see JOHN mutter, "Oh good God", to himself.

She's going at slightly too fast a lick for the street she's in (and we see that the outside passengers are gripping on for dear life: it's not every day you have a woman driver), but she's coping well enough.

And of course JOHN's not the only one staring as she pulls the four horses to a halt right outside the coaching in: any passers-by are all gawping and pointing too.

Next to ANNE LISTER sits the real COACHMAN, who's deathly pale and in agony with a broken arm. Another PASSENGER on the other side of him keeps the injured driver propped up.

As ANNE pulls the horses to a halt, the man supporting the driver calls to several men on the ground -

PASSENGER

Help this man down!

ANNE jumps down (allowing others to take care of the injured COACHMAN), practised in the art of never allowing her skirts to get remotely in the way. She's pretty shattered and mildly dishevelled: driving a coach like this even for a short period requires either great experience or intense concentration.

As she jumps down, we see ANNE LISTER from her feet up taking in details of her unusual dress code and appearance as we move from her black boots, up to her black leather gloves and watch fob, her eccentric black pelisse and great coat with her high, ecclesiastical/military-style collar and with her hat at a tilt, partially covering her face. Finally we discover her face as she pushes her hat back a little, a face of formidable intelligence, and right now grubby with dust from the road.

ANNE explains to JOHN BOOTH -

ANNE

We struck a pot hole and the driver was torn from his seat and his arm dislocated and shattered.

Whilst amazed, JOHN somehow isn't surprised -

JOHN BOOTH

Well then ma'am, it's lucky you were there to step in.

ANNE

Well. Yes. No-one else seemed disposed to rise to the occasion. And I had no intentions of arriving home any later than necessary.

Most of the 20+ passengers are grateful to have arrived at their destination, but there's always one twat -

PASSENGER 2

That was a reckless undertaking! Madam.

ANNE's fearsome, she's as angry as Heathcliff; the sort of anger that doesn't have to raise its voice to be frightening -

ANNE

All. Were given the opportunity to get off and walk.

PASSENGER 2 makes the decision not to push it further, this woman is clearly *not* someone to mess with. He turns and goes, which is wise, because ANNE wouldn't have spent any more time with him anyway.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(to JOHN, she nods aloft to the luggage area)

Get my trunk.

Just then a rather pale 23-year-old girl gets out of the coach. Everything about ANNE smacks of a dark temper, even when she's being relatively kind to EUGÉNIE -

ANNE (CONT'D)

Eugénie.

(EUGÉNIE looks sick)

Comment te sens tu maintenant?

Subtitles: *How are you feeling now?*

EUGÉNIE makes a gesture - implies that she's feeling better.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(calling to JOHN)

This is Eugénie.

JOHN BOOTH

How do.

JOHN and EUGÉNIE manage a moment of eye contact (by way of saying hello to one another, and in that moment we see that JOHN is struck by EUGÉNIE's interesting face) before EUGÉNIE realises she's going to be sick. Big time. She honks suddenly, spectacularly in the gutter. Big splashy puke (we don't need to see it, just hear it, it's probably ANNE LISTER's expression we're more interested in looking at).

ANNE

Quand je t'ai pris pour la femme de chambre, ta sœur disait que tu faisais du bon voyage.

Subtitles: *When I took you on as my lady's-maid, your sister said you were good at travelling.*

EUGÉNIE's too sick to answer, catching her breath, post-puke. ANNE glances briefly at the camera and says very dryly -

ANNE (CONT'D)

Must be my driving.

(then back in the action)

Never mind. *Booth!*

He's still struggling with the weighty imperial trunk. ANNE indicates that she's setting off (mouthes, "I'm off") whether he's ready or not.

EUGÉNIE lingers, still struggling to gather her resources for the walk back to Shibden.

In her wake as she strides off ANNE leaves a number of people (passengers and others) who can't help sneaking a look at this odd, amazing woman. One child just stares. But she's oblivious to them all, she's trained herself not to see them.

Struggling up the hill with the luggage in the hand-cart, we find JOHN BOOTH, who is very conscious of exotic EUGÉNIE, who's struggling with hand-luggage. They're hot and tired.

At the top of the hill and way ahead of them and looking down the other side, we discover ANNE LISTER. She looks down at Shibden Hall. Shabby little Shibden. It looks more like a big old ramshackle farmhouse than anything resembling the posh country seat she would like it to be. It disappoints her. Intensely. So much so that it just adds to how angry she's feeling right now.

ANNE

(voice over)

I have been an Icarus. I have flown too near the sun. And now I crash back to earth. At Shibden. Shabby little Shibden.

(as the camera moves elegantly round her, she looks down the lens and speaks the last line straight to us)

And my shabby little family.

The sound of JOHN and EUGÉNIE struggling up the hill behind ANNE, brings her back into the present. It dismays her. She checks the time on her watch, clicks it shut (she's forever checking the time, it's a habit), and strides off down the slope towards shabby little Shibden.

10

INT. SHIBDEN, PARLOUR. DAY.

10

Both JEREMY and AUNT ANNE LISTER listen with grave interest as MARIAN reads aloud from the Halifax and Huddersfield Express -

MARIAN

Earl Grey went to the Levee this afternoon, for the purpose of having an audience with the King. We do not yet know what the result of that interview was; but of this we are assured, that Earl Grey will consent to no compromise, that he will not abandon a single material provision of the Reform Bill, and that he will continue in office -

A shadow passes briskly across the window; it's ANNE on her way to the back door. MARIAN jumps. We sense irritation, tension -

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Was that her?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(delighted)  
Is it? Ooh -

She flaps her hand at MARIAN indicating that she wants to be helped up so she can go and greet ANNE.

11 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 11

ELIZABETH CORDINGLEY and RACHEL HEMINGWAY (29, lady's maid to AUNT ANNE LISTER/general indoor servant) are busy in the kitchen, when JOSEPH BOOTH flies through (from outside) pulling on a liveried tunic. Panic.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
She's here! I've seen her!

CORDINGLEY and HEMINGWAY straighten their clothes (they were tidy anyway; it's a nervous reaction), and follow JOSEPH out into the hallway at a brisk pace.

12 EXT. SHIBDEN, BACK YARD. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 12

As ANNE walks briskly to the back door, she sees mess everywhere: a massive stick-pile (a bit like an enormous bonfire being built for bonfire night, with all sorts of detritus - bits of old broken furniture with the stuffing coming out etc - making up the pile). PERCY - the big cart horse - is tied up outside the barn and he's all snotty and sneezy and ill (and shabby). The old Lister chaise has been returned, and has bits falling off it. Again, it all irritates her. Profoundly.

13 INT. SHIBDEN, BACK ENTRANCE HALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 13

JOSEPH - from one end of the house - and AUNT ANNE LISTER and MARIAN from the other, arrive at the back door at more or less the same time. JOSEPH pulls it open just as ANNE arrives at it.

JOSEPH BOOTH	AUNT ANNE LISTER
(nods/bows his head)	(thrilled)
Ma'am.	Oh - !

ANNE notices that one of JOSEPH's buttons on his liveried tunic is done up wrong. It dismays her.

ANNE  
What is the chaise doing out? It'll rot where it is.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Oh, it's a long story.

ANNE

Go and help your brother. And that's Eugénie with him, she's my new maid, look after her.

(JOSEPH heads outside. ANNE embraces her AUNT ANNE)

Aunt. How are you?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What a *tragedy!* The whole household's in shock.

ANNE

What? Oh! Yes. George. That was unfortunate.

Clearly something else preoccupies ANNE LISTER's thoughts.

MARIAN

You need to be more careful with the servants.

ANNE

Hello Marian.

ANNE kisses MARIAN decisively on the cheek then heads through to the North parlour to say hello to her father. MARIAN makes no attempt to kiss ANNE back, and we see that there is no love lost between these two sisters.

14 INT. NORTH PARLOUR, SHIBDEN. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 14

ANNE discovers JEREMY staring at the fire.

ANNE

Hello father.

JEREMY

Well well!

(said with no fondness whatsoever)

Look what the cat dragged in.

ANNE

Yes I'm delighted to see you as well.

She goes and kisses him - as she did MARIAN - and gets the same niggling response.

JEREMY

Popped in for five minutes have you? And what went wrong in Hastings then, eh?

There's a very slight hesitation before she replies...

ANNE

Nothing. *Went wrong* in Hastings.

...giving us the idea that something did indeed go wrong in Hastings. We see a dark (angry) look in her eye. A moment, then ANNE heads off out of the room again, calling -

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm hungry! Are *you* hungry? Is dinner ready?

We linger on JEREMY. He really struggles to like ANNE sometimes (for reasons we will discover).

15

EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

15

JOSEPH finds JOHN and EUGÉNIE, still struggling with the luggage.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Eugénie? I'm Joseph. Booth.  
Footman. I'll take that.

EUGÉNIE drops the heavy bag stropfully (very French) and heads inside. JOHN takes the opportunity to put the cart handles down and massage his cramped hands.

JOSEPH BOOTH (CONT'D)

Is she all right?

JOHN BOOTH

(a shrug)  
She doesn't speak English.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Oh. Well. That'll be interesting.

JOHN BOOTH

She's going to have to get another groom. I'm no'an a pack horse.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Have you told her?

JOHN BOOTH

Oh aye, that's a conversation we've had. "Oy, Freddy" -

JOSEPH BOOTH

*Shh!*

JOHN BOOTH

- you need a new groom because I. Am not. Lugging this bugger anywhere ever again".

JOSEPH BOOTH  
On the bright side. You were only  
lugging it from Halifax. Not Paris  
or Milan or Madrid or the Pyrenées.

16 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY.

16

ANNE sits at the table with her father, her aunt and her  
sister.

JEREMY  
How did it happen?

ANNE  
What?

JEREMY  
George!

ANNE  
(dismissive)  
Oh -

MARIAN  
He was up a tree.

JEREMY kind of knew *that*, but -

JEREMY  
*Why* was a groom up a tree?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
I did read him your letter. *I did  
read you Anne's letter, Jeremy!*

ANNE  
(loud and clear)  
He was frightening the carrion  
crows out of the trees! So the  
Norcliffes' gamekeeper could shoot  
them!

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
And then he got shot himself.

JEREMY considers that: how sad, how stupid. He mumbles  
something about "stupid bugger".

MARIAN  
Poor George.

ANNE  
Oh, he knew very little about it.  
He lingered for a day or two, but I  
don't think there was anyone...  
(taps her head)  
(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

In residence. I attended the post-mortem. The cranium was sawn off.

MARIAN  
(disgusted)  
Oh - !

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(entertained)  
Oh?

MARIAN makes a display of putting her soup spoon down in disgust and not being able to eat any more now because ANNE went and said that.

ANNE  
Yes, it was fascinating.

We flash back to -

17 INT. LANGTON HALL, NORTH YORKSHIRE. DAY.

17

A week ago. GEORGE PLAYFORTH (the Listers' dead groom) lies on a table, with the top of his head sawn neatly off, revealing the workings within. Operating is DR. COBB, and assisting, his son CHARLES COBB. And there's ANNE, who's got her nose right in there where the action is because she's fascinated by anything to do with brains.

ANNE  
So I assume death was caused by pressure on the brain from the extravasated blood?

DR. COBB stares at ANNE LISTER. Is she real? Then he realises -

DR. COBB  
Yes, that would be it.

18 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY.

18

Back in the room -

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Well we had a bit of drama here on Monday. Did Marian tell you?

MARIAN  
Yes. I explained about why the chaise was [out] -

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(interrupts)  
An accident, a crash, up on the road, up here.

JEREMY  
The new tenants. At Roydelands.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

The little boy had to have his leg  
amputated.

MARIAN

Yes I told Anne she'd have enjoyed  
that.

JEREMY

Does she know about Briggs?

ANNE

What about Briggs?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh. Yes. Briggs is ill.

ANNE

How ill?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Dropsy.

JEREMY

He won't be able to collect this  
half-year's rents next week.

So that's serious.

ANNE

Well then who *is* going to collect  
them?

(silence: this is very  
serious)

Who. Is going to collect the rents?

19 EXT. ROYDELANDS. DAY.

19

Five past nine in the evening but it's still light because  
it's summer.

LILY and BILLY HARDCASTLE chase through the high grass in the  
field just outside the front of their new home, Roydelands  
Farm.

A 17-year-old lad (THOMAS SOWDEN) heads for the open front  
door of the house, bearing gifts.

20 INT. ROYDELANDS. DAY.

20

We discover 7-year-old amputee HENRY HARDCASTLE, looking pale  
and poorly on a small bed that's been made up specially for  
him in the kitchen. His mother sits with him trying to get  
him to take a few mouthfuls of food from a small bowl.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE is busy fixing a dining chair, one of many household goods damaged in the accident.

THOMAS appears at the open front door. We notice that THOMAS has a cut on his face with a bruise round it.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Knock knock.

ALICE HARDCASTLE  
Someone else here now.

We sense from her soft tone how touched she is by how many people have called on kind errands.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE  
Hello?

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Mr. Hardcastle? How do. I'm Thomas. Sowden. I live over at Park Farm over that way.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE  
Come on in, lad.

THOMAS is polite, shy, nervous, diffident.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
We heard about what happened, and me mother's sent me with a few bits and pieces.

ALICE HARDCASTLE  
(touched, delighted)  
Oh!

THOMAS SOWDEN  
There's a coupla rabbits. And a pie. Apple and blackberry. There's this blanket as well. If it's needed.  
(it's a thin, crocheted thing, but it's made of cheerful colours)  
My mother'd like it back though when - if - when -

He nods at little HENRY, he doesn't know his name, and he's scared to look at him with his injury -

ALICE HARDCASTLE  
Henry.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE  
Henry.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Henry. Is better.

ALICE HARDCASTLE  
Everyone's been so kind.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE  
You been in the wars, lad?

THOMAS SOWDEN  
(self-conscious, he touches  
his bruised cheek)  
I brought this as well. I make 'em.  
(he gets a little carved,  
painted figure out of his  
pocket, and ventures to  
offer it to HENRY)  
This one's called Jerry Greenwood.  
He's nineteen years old, and he's  
an infantry man. In the Duke of  
York's. He's a very brave fellow  
but something of a rebel and a  
rascal.

(HENRY takes the little  
figure, and even though  
he doesn't smile, it does  
appear to capture his  
fascination)  
He's been shot twice, and nearly  
drowned once, and once he was  
whipped, but he always comes up  
smelling of roses. He can read and  
write too, he's very clever. I  
thought you might like him. For a  
bit. And then you can tell me what  
he's been up to.

ANNIE HARDCASTLE  
(trying to prompt little  
HENRY)  
Thank you.  
(HENRY looks at THOMAS, but  
says nothing)  
He's not spoken. Since it happened.  
Tell your mother thank you. Erm - ?

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Thomas.

ANNIE HARDCASTLE  
Thomas. I can't tell you how kind  
and helpful everyone's been. All  
the neighbours and the other  
tenants.

THOMAS nods appreciation.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
If you'd like a hand on the farm,  
Mr. Hardcastle, I can give you a  
few hours.

(MORE)

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)

But not 'til after rent day. If that's all right. Me father'll expect me full on at home 'til then.

We find WILLIAM HARDCASTLE even more emotional than his wife about everyone's kindness.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Thanks lad. I'll take you up on that.

21 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING. 21

ANNE is alone in her pokey little bedroom, putting away all the things she took to Hastings with her. She removes from the imperial trunk a pile of books bought in Hastings, and puts them on her dressing table.

Then she finds her journal. Her latest one. 1832. She turns to recent pages. And reads. We see the meticulous detail, and a large section of coded passage. This is the first time we see the code, the bizarrely intense, detailed code, like pages and pages of algebraic equations. We look into ANNE's face as she reads and recalls just a few short weeks ago...

22 INT. A HOUSE IN HASTINGS, HALL & STAIRS. DAY. 22

We find ourselves in a very different place. From bleak (yet beautiful) West Yorkshire to genteel Hastings. The intense bright morning light of a sea-side town on the South coast.

Suddenly we see ANNE LISTER the chameleon, the woman who can move between worlds, dressed ten times more elegantly than she was for her Shibden homecoming (but still in black). She walks downstairs, and we go with her towards the drawing room. The door's closed, and we can hear laughter from within, a man and a woman. ANNE pauses, crippled (almost) by her innermost thoughts, then she heads straight in...

23 INT. A HOUSE IN HASTINGS, DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 23

...where she discovers VERE HOBART (35) and CAPTAIN DONALD CAMERON (35) sitting on the sofa together having a cosy tête-à-tête; an attractive couple who form the image of romantic love. Surprised, they feign delight on seeing ANNE. VERE has a refined, genteel Scottish accent.

VERE

Anne! Donald, *this*. Is Miss Lister. Of Shibden Hall in Halifax. Anne, this is Captain Donald Cameron. Of Lochiel.

DONALD CAMERON

Miss Lister! I've heard so much  
about you.

He's a polite young man, delighted to find himself betrothed  
to a sophisticated, attractive young woman like VERE HOBART.  
He stands up and kisses ANNE's hand.

ANNE

Oh really? How thrilling. For you.

ANNE isn't fond of having her hand kissed, it unmans both  
CAPTAIN CAMERON and herself, it's perverse, it reminds her  
that she's a woman. DONALD isn't sure of ANNE's tone.

VERE

I've invited Donald to dine. With  
us. This evening.

DONALD senses unease. Then tries to keep it as light as he  
can -

DONALD CAMERON

I'm going to get off!  
(he's smiling at VERE, he  
is genuinely delighted)  
Until this evening. I shall count  
the moments.  
(then more formally/  
politely to ANNE)  
Miss Lister.  
(he bows. VERE reaches for  
the bell pull)  
I'll see myself out.

He goes. ANNE looks to VERE. VERE is an attractive,  
intelligent, aristocratic woman. She is ANNE LISTER's ideal  
woman, her ideal companion/lover. The door closes behind  
DONALD.

VERE

(nervous)  
I thought you were out.

ANNE

I decided against it.

VERE

Anne. He's asked me to marry him.  
(she knows this will go  
down badly)  
I shan't say no.

ANNE takes it in. It's like a razor blade through her heart,  
and a kick in the stomach.

Suddenly we're back in ANNE's bedroom at Shibden, the journal  
- still in her hand - now upsets, humiliates, angers her.

She tosses the journal on the bed. And then not satisfied with tossing the journal on the bed, she grabs the pile of books and hurls them across the room. Real anger. And if we look very closely, tears.

Just then there's a gentle knock at the door. ANNE composes herself as best she can.

ANNE

Hello?

AUNT ANNE LISTER puts her head in and smiles sweetly.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Your father and Marian've gone to bed. I thought you might have joined us in front of the fire for a few minutes.

ANNE

I would. But. I've got all my things to unpack.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I know we're not very interesting.

ANNE

It's not you, aunt.  
(she takes her hand and squeezes it reassuringly)  
It's never you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER sees the pile of hurled books. And of course she heard it just before she knocked. She says nothing, but sits on the bed, and encourages ANNE to do the same.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(gently)  
What happened? In Hastings.

We get the feeling that ANNE would like to confide, and if she could confide in anyone here it would be her aunt. Eventually -

ANNE

(quiet)  
Nothing.

It's said more like, "I don't want to talk about it", than as a flat denial that anything happened/went wrong. Perhaps there's a tear in ANNE's eye. AUNT ANNE LISTER squeezes ANNE's hand again, expressing her sympathy, and a tacit understanding that it's something ANNE doesn't want to be more explicit about.

So she finds something else to talk about -

## AUNT ANNE LISTER

You know we had Miss Walker of Crow Nest here. After the accident. And her aunt. The aunt's rather vulgar - I think their money came from manufacture - but Miss Walker... she's a curious little thing. Painfully shy. Terrible tragedy. I don't know how much you know. Both parents died, oh, ten years ago? Then her sister got married, and went off to Scotland, and *then* her brother John died on honeymoon in Naples. Can you imagine? So she and her sister inherited the entire estate between them. Five hundred acres. She must be one of the most eligible young women in Halifax, she must be worth three thousand a year at least, but so *isolated*, so alone. And by all accounts not quite *the full shilling*. Not *not* the full shilling, that's unkind, but something. I don't know. I felt really very sorry for her. Of course they surround her with aunts and uncles and cousins who guard her fortune, when really what she needs is someone to care about *her*. Never mind her money.

ANNE has taken that in. But we sense that really her thoughts are very much elsewhere.

24

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY.

24

Industrial 1832 Halifax.

A massive procession of labourers and sympathisers make their way noisily through the streets. Four thousand people. All men.

Drums thud and echo.

At the head of the procession, a life size effigy of King William IV (elderly, rotund) with a petticoat on his head (to look like a powdered wig, *and* to make him look ridiculous) is brandished aloft.

Recently politicised, angry with their lot and now for the first time on the cusp of being able to do something about it, these few thousand men mean business. There's a dangerous edge to it all; revolution really is in the air.

25 EXT. SIDE STREET, HALIFAX. DAY. 25

We discover ANNE LISTER who has been inconvenienced by the procession and is now watching it roar past from a side street. She looks bad-tempered. Other people have gathered to watch, and one MAN (who's lugging around vegetables on a barrow) tells ANNE -

MAN

It's the Radicals, missus!  
Celebrating the King being forced  
to ask the Whigs back to form a  
government.

ANNE

Mm. And when the Whigs have any  
power will they know what to do  
with it?

The MAN takes a surreptitious look at ANNE from slightly behind her back; what a curious looking woman. Perhaps it's only then that he realises that *that's* ANNE LISTER.

26 INT. PIECE HALL, HALIFAX. DAY. 26

The Radicals march into the Piece Hall.

The wool staplers and merchants working in the Piece Hall look on, worried or terrified: is this treason? Is it the start of a revolution? Will people be executed for taking part in something like this?.

Then, to a tumultuous roar of approval, the effigy of the King is set on fire.

27 EXT. MR. BRIGGS'S FRONT DOOR, HALIFAX. DAY. 27

The roar of the crowd continues to echo and the drums to thud in the distance. ANNE LISTER has knocked at JAMES BRIGGS's front door. There's no answer. But she refuses to believe they're not in if BRIGGS is as ill as everyone says he is.

28 EXT. MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE, BACK DOOR. DAY. 28

ANNE LISTER has climbed over the back wall of the Briggs' modest house. We see just how physically resourceful she is as she drops down off the back wall: nothing stops her, and it's all done with great aplomb and assurance. As she knocks at the back door, she sees someone through the back kitchen window. Within seconds the door is answered by nervous MISS BRIGGS (she's 17, and it doesn't escape ANNE LISTER's fleeting attention that she's pretty). MISS BRIGGS is James Briggs's daughter, who is clearly overwhelmed to find the owner of Shibden Hall standing on their back door step. ANNE makes an assumption about who this lass is -

ANNE

Miss Briggs. Is your father in?

A voice from within -

MRS. BRIGGS

Who is it Louisa?

(she pulls the door wider,  
and is as shocked as  
LOUISA)

Oh! Miss Lister.

(unwittingly she drops a  
curtsey)

We were anxious about answering the  
door ma'am what with the radicals  
parading about. They get drunk and  
excitable and then you never know  
what they might do.

MISS BRIGGS

They urinate.

ANNE

Sorry?

MISS BRIGGS

On the doorstep.

ANNE nods, takes it in...

ANNE

Ah.

...and MISS BRIGGS realises that may have been too much  
information.

MISS BRIGGS

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

MRS. BRIGGS

(likewise)

Sorry.

ANNE

Mrs. Briggs. How d'you do? Is your  
husband in?

29

INT. MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE, PARLOUR. DAY.

29

The smell of human decay hits ANNE as she enters the room.  
But she's no wimp and she simply deals with it.

A bed has been made up downstairs for JAMES BRIGGS (59, a  
once vigorous man). One of his legs is swollen, raw, exposed.  
His situation is clearly dire. MRS. BRIGGS and MISS BRIGGS  
linger in the doorway behind ANNE (this is like royalty  
visiting, they're compelled to watch).

ANNE

Mr. Briggs?  
(she pulls up a chair  
beside him. She's calm,  
assured - her bedside  
manner is impeccable)  
Can you own me, Mr. Briggs? It's  
Miss Lister, Anne Lister.

MR. BRIGGS

Miss Lister?

He probably thinks he's delirious and dreaming that ANNE  
LISTER is in the room, dosed up on painkillers as he is.

ANNE

I'm sorry to see you like this. I  
need to talk to you. About Shibden.  
Mr. Briggs? I shall collect the  
rents myself on Tuesday -

MR. BRIGGS

You, ma'am? You yourself?

ANNE

Well who else is going to do it?  
So. I need an up-to-date record. My  
father says there are arrears.

MR. BRIGGS

(anxious)  
Oh, but not many.

ANNE

I'm dismayed to hear there are *any*.  
And surprised it wasn't  
communicated to me sooner. I'm  
dismayed altogether by the state  
the place is in. I'm always  
interested, however far away I am.  
You know that.

MR. BRIGGS

It wasn't entirely your father's  
fault, ma'am. The tenants - some of  
them - they run rings round him.  
He's elderly and disposed to be  
kind, and I did advise against it -  
but as you can see, I've been dealt  
a blow.

ANNE

I assume it's all written down?  
Any arrears. My father [didn't] -  
*did* make a record. On a bit of  
paper. But he's lost it.

MR. BRIGGS

Mrs. Briggs, could you put your hands on the Shibden estate rent book for Miss Lister?

MRS. BRIGGS is happy to oblige; she takes a ledger from a shelf in a corner of the room that looks like MR. BRIGGS's office space, and we see evidence that he is - or has been - a competent, well organised professional man.

MRS. BRIGGS passes the ledger to ANNE. ANNE flips to the latest entries and assimilates them quickly, ascertains that it's legible and makes basic sense.

ANNE

Can I take this?

MR. BRIGGS

It's yours, ma'am.  
(he tries to keep focussed, despite the fug in his brain and the pain in his leg)

On top of that, there's flooding again from Red Beck in the lower fields. Third year it's happened. It's caused a land-slip in Lower Brea Lane from Daisy Bank. So that wants dealing with. And then there's your coal.

ANNE

What about the coal?

MR. BRIGGS

Shibden is rich in coal. Always has been, but what with all these new steam engines in all the mills in Halifax devouring the stuff at a rate o' knots, your coal's worth more to you now than ever before. The Rawson brothers or Mr. Hinscliffe and his mining company, they'd pay a premium for it. It makes no sense just letting it sit there.

ANNE takes this in with keen interest.

30

EXT. SHIBDEN, BACK YARD. DAY.

30

We hear - and then discover - EUGÉNIE being violently sick in a corner at the back of the house. CORDINGLEY - alerted by the noise - comes out of the back kitchen.

CORDINGLEY

Eugénie? *Eugénie?*

We get the idea that EUGÉNIE is so poorly that she just needs to be left alone for a moment to catch her breath. She half collapses against the wall. Her face is deathly pale. CORDINGLEY can whiff something -

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

Have you - ?

(mouthes it, mimes it)

*Been drinking?*

(EUGÉNIE nods. She's tearful. It may be the tears that come from being violently sick, but she's clearly wretched)

How much've you - ?

CORDINGLEY's bewildered rather than cross; she can't believe that EUGÉNIE is a drinker. It's barely imaginable, but there can only be one other explanation for a woman knocking back so much gin...

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

(carefully)

Why've you taken so much, Eugénie?

Sûrement une fille comme toi ne boit pas? Eugénie. Are you - ? Tu n'es pas - ?

Subtitles: *Surely a girl like you doesn't drink. Are you...? You're not - ?*

CORDINGLEY nods south at EUGÉNIE's belly. EUGÉNIE manages something resembling a nod, and whispers -

EUGÉNIE

*C'est George.*

31 INT. SHIBDEN, CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS. DAY.

31

CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY and EUGÉNIE are having a meeting in the cupboard under the stairs. Despite EUGÉNIE being the main topic of conversation, she doesn't really know what's going on because she speaks almost no English. She's also struggling because she's so hung over from this cheap gin she's got hold of. She looks like she's going to vomit again any moment.

HEMINGWAY

*In love with him?*

CORDINGLEY

She says they were engaged.

HEMINGWAY

Did he know about -

Nods at EUGÉNIE's belly.

CORDINGLEY

Yes! She says so. He was going to marry her, she says. As soon as they got back to Halifax. He wasn't a bad lad, George. He was daft, but he wasn't a womanizer. I think he'd have done the right thing.

(on second thoughts - )

I mean I *hope* he would. I mean I'm surprised he was messing about in the first pl[ace] - !

(she lets it go)

Anyway.

HEMINGWAY

Happen the gin'll work. Happen it'll budge it, she looks sick enough. Why don't you send her to bed? It might've come away by tomorrow morning.

CORDINGLEY

There'll be blood.

HEMINGWAY

We've a bucket.

CORDINGLEY

I don't know why I'm risking my neck.

HEMINGWAY

No, and why've you involved *me*?

CORDINGLEY

Because I didn't know what to -  
(realising she's raised her voice, she reins it in to a whisper - )  
*do!* I've never had to *deal* with anything like this before.

HEMINGWAY

I suppose these things... can happen.

CORDINGLEY

They wouldn't if people kept [their]...!  
(she stops herself saying anything vulgar)  
Themselves to themselves.

HEMINGWAY

Yeah but. She's French. So.

Nervous, sickly EUGÉNIE ventures to suggest -

EUGÉNIE

Je devrais peut-être informer  
Madame Lister.

HEMINGWAY

You what did she say?

CORDINGLEY

*Pourquoi?* She thinks she should  
tell Miss Lister.

HEMINGWAY

*Why?*

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

*Pourquoi?*

EUGÉNIE

Parce qu'elle comprend les affaires  
du cœur!

(it's CORDINGLEY she's  
addressing, she talks  
fast and mumbles)

Elle ne pense pas petit comme les  
Anglais. Elle pense grand comme un  
Parisien. Vous étiez sa femme de  
chambre. Vous connaissez les  
vilaines choses qu'elle fait avec  
d'autres femmes, elle comprend la  
faiblesse humaine et les plaisirs  
de la chambre.

*Subtitles: Because she understands matters of the heart! She doesn't think small like you English, she thinks big like they do in Paris. You used to be her lady's-maid, you know what she gets up to with other women, she understands human foibles and the pleasures of the bedroom.*

HEMINGWAY

What's she saying?

CORDINGLEY stares at EUGÉNIE. It's a stare that goes on for several seconds. Did she really just say that?

CORDINGLEY

Nothing.

(a moment whilst CORDINGLEY  
assimilates this, then  
to EUGÉNIE, her tone  
suddenly much less  
sympathetic - )

Tu n'es qu'une bonne! Si elle  
apprend ce que tu as fait, tu sera  
expulsé. Avec rien. Elle ne payera  
même pas ton billet de retour à la  
maison de ta sœur à Rouen. Il n'y  
aura rien de romantique.

*Subtitles: You're a servant! If she finds out about this [i.e. the pregnancy] she'll kick you out. With nothing.*

*She won't even help you with the fare back to your sister's house in Rouen. There won't be anything romantic about it.*

EUGÉNIE is appalled to hear this.

HEMINGWAY

What did she say?

CORDINGLEY

Find her the bucket.

(then to EUGÉNIE)

Go and lie d[own] - va te coucher.

They both do as they're told. We linger on CORDINGLEY, who is shocked. Perhaps CORDINGLEY has always managed to keep herself in denial, so this explicit reference to ANNE's sexual peccadilloes has come like a slap in the face.

32 EXT. SHIBDEN, BACK YARD. DAY.

32

We follow brisk ANNE LISTER towards the back door of the house as she returns from Halifax with the ledger she acquired from JAMES BRIGGS.

JOHN BOOTH is walking PERCY the cart horse round the yard. PERCY's all snotty and languid and covered in blankets.

ANNE

How is he?

JOHN BOOTH

No better ma'am.

ANNE heads inside, we go with her...

33 INT. SHIBDEN, HOUSEBODY & STAIRS. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

33

...as she heads in through the main hall, where MARIAN's loitering, reading the newspaper.

MARIAN

Where've you been?

ANNE makes a little display of "You talking to me?" and checks behind her to see if there's someone else present who MARIAN might be addressing so bluntly. Nope, just ANNE. She heads off upstairs.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

It would've been helpful for the servants to know whether you were going to be in for lunch or not!

ANNE

I never eat lunch. You *do know* that, Marian!

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

We've been having the same conversation for the last twenty years.

MARIAN puts her paper down and follows ANNE up the stairs.

34

INT. SHIBDEN, PORCH CHAMBER. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

34

ANNE heads into the little office next to her bedroom. She drops Briggs's ledger down on her desk, where she can study it properly. She takes her coat off and chucks it somewhere as MARIAN comes in behind her.

MARIAN

Is it wise? To collect the rents?

ANNE

I think it'd be unwise *not* to. We'd be hard up.

MARIAN

No you. I mean *you*. Do you never worry about *what things look like*? I mean it's all very well and good being *different* in York. Or Paris. But this is *Halifax*. People talk. And it's not always *nice*. People are saying you drove the high flyer back from Wibsey the other day.

(ANNE: and?)

Well did you? Because it's *all over Halifax!*

ANNE

*Someone* had to! They've had cholera in Wibsey, I wasn't going to hang around. Why shouldn't I collect the rents? If no-one else can.

MARIAN

Because. It's a man's job.

ANNE has a letter on her desk waiting for her. She recognises the hand writing and on the quiet we see that it troubles her. She breaks the seal, opens it and reads. MARIAN tries to take a step back and calm down.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

What happened? In Hastings. Did you fall out with your... Miss Hobart?

(reluctant to admit - )

I do care about you, you know. I try to.

ANNE ignores the question (or possibly doesn't even hear it). She absorbs the contents of the letter (which seem to compel her, yet dismay her) then heads off briskly out of the room, leaving frustrated, unappreciated MARIAN in her wake.

35 INT. SHIBDEN, STAIRS. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 35

ANNE heads downstairs clutching the letter. We go with her.

36 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 36

CORDINGLEY is busy in the kitchen when ANNE comes in. CORDINGLEY (very self-conscious about what's just gone on with EUGÉNIE) jumps when ANNE appears.

ANNE

My friend Mrs. Lawton wants to stay here for the night on Wednesday next, to break her journey to York. She'll have a groom and a maid with her.

CORDINGLEY

Very good ma'am.

ANNE lingers.

ANNE

(preoccupied)  
All the usual sleeping arrangements.

CORDINGLEY nods.

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am.

ANNE leaves. We linger on CORDINGLEY, with her deeper insight into what "the usual sleeping arrangements" might really mean since EUGÉNIE's little outburst (ie, the "usual arrangements" would be that Mrs Lawton slept in the same bed as ANNE). ANNE pops back - much to CORDINGLEY's surprise -

ANNE

How's Eugénie settling in?

CORDINGLEY

Very well ma'am, thank you.

ANNE nods and withdraws. We linger on CORDINGLEY: surely what EUGÉNIE said is rubbish.

37 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY. 37

Elegant Crow Nest. An ornate, spacious, airy, 10-bedroomed Georgian mansion (in great contrast to shabby, elderly little Shibden).

38 INT. CROW NEST. DAY. 38

We discover ANN WALKER in her elegant, high-ceiling, light-filled drawing room with her elderly AUNT ANN WALKER and DR. KENNY (38), who examines ANN WALKER in silence; he's feeling her pulse.

ANN WALKER has the uneasy feeling that DR. KENNY enjoys the touchy feely bit of his job more than he should. His eyes wander very slightly where they shouldn't; it's subtly intrusive. ANN hates his proximity to her, she can smell him - not a nasty smell, just *his* smell - and it repulses her.

DR. KENNY

Do you have any excursions planned?  
Miss Walker? A holiday?

ANN makes to speak but AUNT ANN WALKER gets in there first, as usual -

AUNT ANN WALKER

There's been some talk of a few weeks in the Lake District, with her cousin, Miss Rawson. Catherine Rawson.

DR. KENNY looks ANN carefully and kindly in the face and talks to her like he's talking to someone much younger than her twenty-nine years.

DR. KENNY

I'm satisfied there's no organic disease. There may be some trauma, whether in the body or in the [mind] -

(he indicates 'head'; he knows it's a sensitive issue with ANN WALKER)  
from the accident. The other day. But I do think your aunt is right to suggest something like a jaunt to the Lakes.

(to AUNT ANN WALKER)  
Can that be arranged?

AUNT ANN WALKER

Yes, will you write to Catherine, Ann?

(MORE)

AUNT ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
(ANN doesn't reply, given  
that her AUNT interrupts  
her every time she tries  
to)

She'll write to Catherine. Or I  
will.

DR. KENNY  
You see I think she just needs  
taking out of herself. Perhaps she  
spends too much time on her own.  
Was she ever introduced? In the  
assembly rooms in Halifax?

AUNT ANN WALKER  
The sad circumstances of her life  
around about the time when that  
might have happened meant that...  
no. She wasn't. And then since John  
- her brother, my nephew - died in  
Naples we've had to be so wary of -  
(she lowers her voice  
delicately)  
*fortune hunters*. And there have  
been several. It would've been  
better for you if your sister  
hadn't moved so far away. When she  
got married. You miss Elizabeth,  
don't you dear? But. She did. So.

DR. KENNY gathers his things.

DR. KENNY  
Wrapping people up in cotton wool  
isn't always as kind as it might  
seem. Certainly not for those  
inclined towards the melancholy.  
Some times the best thing one can  
prescribe isn't medicine, but... a  
little bit of adventure.

ANN WALKER isn't really interested in anything DR.KENNY has  
to say. But then the suggestion of 'adventure' makes her  
think of ANNE LISTER. And that always brings a private little  
smile to her face.

39 EXT. STAGS HEAD INN, MYTHOLM. DAY.

39

Rent day.

ANNE and her father approach the Stags Head Inn at Mytholm.  
We find a dozen or more tenants (in their Sunday best for  
rent day) - all men, big robust men, farmers mainly -  
gathered outside, drinking beer, enjoying the sunshine and  
the conversation. JOHN and JOSEPH BOOTH are with ANNE and  
JEREMY, acting as a sort of escort.

ANNE

Mr Briggs told me I'm missing a trick not leasing out the coal beds.

JEREMY

(he groans)

You don't want to get involved in all that.

ANNE

Why? Why not.

JEREMY

Nasty business. Coal.

ANNE greets all her tenants robustly. She wants them to know she's here and she's in charge.

ANNE

Morning! Good morning.  
(she greets a few of them individually - )  
Howarth. Naylor. Morning!

They're all rather taken aback seeing ANNE here, and yet they know what she's like. HOWARTH and NAYLOR respond politely to her, greeting her with "Miss Lister", and "Ma'am". We hear others mutter, "Look at that, she's back", and "What's she doing here?".

40 INT. STAGS HEAD INN, MYTHOLM. CONTINUOUS.

40

ANNE enters the pub and walks through it, and again she greets each one of her tenants politely but firmly (getting the same reaction as she did outside). It's a very male environment.

ANNE

Morning. Good morning.  
(she knows them all by sight, so when she spots a face she doesn't know, she realises he's the new man)

Hardcastle?

(WILLIAM HARDCASTLE is a bit overwhelmed being spoken to so directly by Anne Lister)

I was sorry to hear about your son.  
How is he?

WILLIAM would love to be able to say he's all right, but the truth is -

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

So-so ma'am.

ANNE

I'll drop in and have a look at him  
when I can. Do we know any more  
about the fool driving the gig?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

No ma'am.

ANNE

He should be horse whipped. I'd do  
it.

(she turns to the publican)  
Have you got a table for me,  
Mallinson?

JONATHAN MALLINSON, the publican (also one of ANNE's tenants;  
this is her public house) takes her through to a side room,  
where he has prepared a table and chairs for the rent  
collection.

ANNE goes in and starts setting up her place - now she's got  
the whole inn talking about her.

41 INT. LITTLE ROOM, STAGS HEAD INN, MYTHOLM. DAY. 41

Half an hour later.

The place is slightly busier and rowdier as more men have  
arrived.

We find ANNE and her father at her table in the pub with SAM  
SOWDEN (43), who has his son THOMAS (who we met in scenes 20-  
21) with him.

SAM SOWDEN's cheeks are flushed from the ale he's knocked  
back whilst he's been waiting to pay his rent. He has a  
plausibly pleasant and calm manner, but we have an uneasy  
sense that there's something very dangerous about this man  
not far beneath the surface. SAM SOWDEN can usually rely on  
this understated element of danger in his manner to get what  
he wants, but then he's never gone head to head with ANNE  
LISTER before.

SAM SOWDEN

What am saying [is] -

ANNE

(interrupts)  
I understand what you're  
saying -

SAM SOWDEN

*Because of the state of the roofs on the out houses and the mistal, last time, last January, I agreed a price of forty-eight pounds with Captain Lister that we both felt was nearer the mark.*

ANNE

But the rent isn't negotiable, Sowden. If - last January - you managed to brow beat my father into agreeing a lower price -

SAM SOWDEN

Brow beat? No no no.

ANNE

- you've only managed to fool yourself into believing that that's acceptable. Because it isn't.

SAM SOWDEN

Yes but until those roofs are fixed -

ANNE

Well why aren't they fixed? If this was a problem in January. Why do the roofs remain *unfixed*? It's your responsibility - it's *in your lease* - that you are responsible for the maintenance of the buildings. And *presumably* Captain Lister only agreed to a lower price on a temporary footing *in* January so you could spend the remaining two pounds on repairs *to the roofs*. As *our* contribution to the costs.

ANNE turns to her father. That sounds good to JEREMY, so he nods, and looks at SOWDEN.

JEREMY

That'd be it. Did y'not mend the roofs then Sowden?

Clearly that isn't what SOWDEN thought he'd agreed to, he thought he'd just managed to lower his rent. THOMAS looks increasingly uncomfortable and embarrassed at what now looks like a misunderstanding between his father and JEREMY LISTER.

SAM SOWDEN

Well that wasn't my understanding of what was [agreed] -

ANNE

I'll come and look at your roofs myself tomorrow and we'll agree what needs doing then. In the meantime, the rent - as per the lease - is fifty pounds.

SAM SOWDEN

Now just hang on, let's -

ANNE

My rents. Sowden. Are calculated fairly. And *meticulously* fairly too, they're not arrived at randomly. No-one's expected to pay more than is fair, just as I would want to *take* more than is fair.

(SOWDEN finds he can't get a word in edgeways)

If you want to be treated fairly, you'll treat *me* fairly and you'll respect the terms of your lease. There's no shortage of good men looking for land and property to rent, and who'd be perfectly prepared to work both to full advantage. Without any of this nonsense. The choice is yours. Either way works for me.

Silence. Eating shit doesn't come very comfortably to SAM SOWDEN. Eventually -

SAM SOWDEN

(*not apologetic*)

Well I've only got the forty-eight pound on me.

ANNE

Well then you owe me two. Plus the arrears from January. Which, if it is used to mend the roofs - if that was the agreement - I won't collect. But I will expect to see the repairs, done to *my* satisfaction, *within* an agreed time limit, all of which I will discuss with you when I visit you and your family tomorrow morning. First thing.

SOWDEN loiters, hoping a witty riposte will spring to his lips. But it doesn't. He can only think of insults. He bites his tongue and gets his forty eight pounds out. ANNE takes it and counts it. SAM SOWDEN should walk away now. But because he's had a few drinks, he can't let it go.

SAM SOWDEN

(a nasty whisper)

There'll come a time. When the  
tenants throw the landlords off the  
land.

Ooh that makes ANNE cross. She doesn't raise her voice, she doesn't need to. But she certainly doesn't whisper.

ANNE

Well then. Sowden. When the time  
comes. Us landlords must make sure  
we give as good as we get.

Like most bullies, deep down SAM SOWDEN is a vulnerable coward. And there's a look in ANNE LISTER's eye that makes him realise that if he starts to mess with this woman he could be opening a can of worms. So unless he's got another come back, or is prepared to tell her to shove her tenancy up her arse, he has no option other than to walk away.

Others have sensed something's going on, even though no voices have been raised. SAM chooses to step away, brushing the thing off with a snigger.

As his humiliated father steps away, diffident THOMAS SOWDEN makes a point of looking ANNE in the eye and mumbling -

THOMAS SOWDEN

Thank you. Ma'am. Sorry.

This strikes ANNE, and she does get the clear idea that THOMAS is trying to distance himself from his father's tricks.

And next in line we find elderly BENJAMIN BOTTOMLEY, fidgeting with his hat. JEREMY looks as embarrassed as BENJAMIN (this is another one he's let off the hook).

ANNE

Bottomley.

(she flicks to another page  
in the ledger. We see  
various crossed out  
figures, which have been  
added up, ending in "*the  
present sum owed:  
£47.10.06*")

I'm not going to renew your lease.

BENJAMIN BOTTOMLEY

B[ut] -

ANNE

You're sitting on good land that a  
younger man with a family could  
really *improve*.

BENJAMIN appeals to JEREMY with a look, but JEREMY knows ANNE won't back down.

We go back through to the bar area as SAM SOWDEN and THOMAS step away from ANNE LISTER.

SAM SOWDEN  
What were that about?

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Eh?

SAM SOWDEN  
(daft voice)  
"Thank you ma'am. Sorry ma'am".  
What were that about?

THOMAS SOWDEN  
I don't want any more to drink, I'm  
going home. I said I'd help me  
mother.

SAM SOWDEN  
Right. Off y'trot then. Elsie.

THOMAS makes the decision not to rise to the bait; he's had enough experience of his father's violent temper. He heads off. SAM SOWDEN looks after him. He's very angry. He goes to the bar where MALLINSON's pouring beer.

MALLINSON  
Y'all right Sam?

SAM SOWDEN  
I'm all right lad, yeah. Are you?  
(then he mutters to  
himself, looking through  
at ANNE, who's busy with  
BOTTOMLEY)  
Fucking freak.

42 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY. 42

A big shot of the Shibden Valley as the afternoon wears on and the sun starts to descend. We hear knocking on the heavy front door of Shibden Hall.

43 INT/EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, FRONT DOOR. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 43

JOSEPH BOOTH heads briskly to the front door fastening up the buttons of his liveried tunic rapidly (he was busy bothering with something in the back yard, so he looks a bit dishevelled). He pulls the door open and finds 39-year-old SAMUEL WASHINGTON standing there, a smart, intelligent, outdoorsy, swashbuckling sort of looking bloke.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Mr. Washington!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Mr. Booth. Is Miss Lister in? She's  
asked to see me.

44 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 44

ANNE passes WASHINGTON a glass of Madeira.

ANNE  
Three of my better tenants all -  
separately - mentioned your name  
today. When I collected my rents.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
(pleased)  
Ah.

As ANNE turns around to collect the glass of Madeira she's  
poured for herself, SAMUEL WASHINGTON has a good look at her  
from behind. Just like everyone else in Halifax, he's  
intrigued by her. He's never been this close to her before.

ANNE  
Of course it's delicate. Mr. Briggs  
is still with us.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Oh, discretion is my - middle -  
(he realises as he says it  
that that might sound a  
bit wanky)  
Actually it's George. My middle  
[name] - not that you need to know  
that. Obviously.

ANNE  
(interrupts)  
Where d'you live?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Crow Nest ma'am. The Walkers'  
estate. I look after it for Miss  
Walker and her sister. Mrs.  
Sutherland. Who's - she's - in  
Scotland.

ANNE  
Oh yes, Miss Walker, I know.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
I have a house. In the grounds.  
With my wife and six daughters.

ANNE

Six? Good lord. Well done.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes! They're... a handf[ul] - a delight. Bless 'em.

ANNE

You see I don't intend to be here very long. I might go to Paris or Copenhagen. Or Moscow. Or Virginia. Nothing's decided yet.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(thrilled)

America!

ANNE

Mm. Two of my ancestors went there in the last century. To import wood. Not very successfully, they both died. And then my father fought in the war there.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Really?

ANNE

He was at Lexington. And Concord. He was in Boston. During the tea party.

(SAMUEL WASHINGTON is fascinated to hear this)

But - yes - I shan't ever stay here very long and I need someone competent who'll write to me regularly - wherever I am - and keep me informed. *Well* informed. Someone with an eye for detail, someone who is capable enough and confident enough to make considered *balanced* decisions - should the need arise - in my absence, but who will none the less keep me properly informed.

WASHINGTON takes it all in. It doesn't seem to faze him.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

So. Just to be clear, ma'am. You - you - own... it's - Shibden is *your* estate. Not not not your f[ather's] - ?

ANNE

My uncle left it to me.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

You understand I'm only asking so I  
know who I [am] - would be -  
answerable [to] -

ANNE

Me.

(she lets that sink in so  
it's utterly clear)

First and last. My father has no  
head for business. It would be a  
burden to him. My uncle knew that  
when he drew up his will.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(delicately, he realises  
this is none of his  
business)

And is...? He...? Happy with that?  
Ma'am?

ANNE

Oh I wouldn't go that far. He  
receives a third of the rents from  
our tenancies, my aunt receives  
another third, and I receive the  
last third. But I own it. All of  
it.

WASHINGTON nods, takes it in. It pleases him, it's clear.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well ma'am - yes, as I say, I'd be  
very interested in[deed] -

ANNE

How much do you know about coal?

Suddenly SAMUEL WASHINGTON seems much more focused, and less  
cautious about saying the wrong thing -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I know you've a lot of it, and  
since the Listerwick pit closed  
forty years since you've not been  
exploiting it.

ANNE

Briggs says there're people who'd  
be interested in leasing the beds.  
A Mr. Hinscliffe. And the Rawson  
brothers.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I'd not lease it to the Rawsons.

ANNE

Why?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
I'd not lease it to anyone, I'd  
mine it myself.

ANNE  
Really? Would you? You mean sink  
your own pit?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
(affirms with a nod)  
Or re-open Listerwick.

ANNE  
And would you know how?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
No. But I'd soon find out. I know  
people who do.

ANNE  
Why not the Rawsons?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
(not wanting to say  
anything inappropriate)  
I assume you know them socially,  
ma'am.

ANNE  
Don't worry about that.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
It's a cut-throat business. Coal.  
People can make a lot of money, and  
- as far as I understand it - they  
don't always play by the rules.  
(carefully)  
They're not pleasant people to do  
business with. Jeremiah - the  
younger one - he's manageable. But  
Christopher. He thinks he's above  
the law. Happen that's way it is  
when you're a banker and a  
magistrate and you run the town.  
But. My father had a brush with him  
- a dispute - over some land  
rights. Years ago. Christopher  
Rawson had him jumping through  
hoops and then walked all over him.  
It's what killed him. At finish.  
(after a moment's angry  
reflection WASHINGTON  
realises he needs to get  
back to the subject in  
hand - )  
(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

The Rawsons' Law Hill pit must give straight onto the Shibden coal beds up at Cunnery Wood, and it wouldn't surprise me for a second if they were stealing it off you already.

ANNE

Why d'you say that?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I might be wrong. But. Coal trespass is very hard to prove. And d'you see ma'am, if you had your own people under the ground you'd be in a much better position to keep eye on it all. And you'd certainly make more money.

It makes ANNE's hackles rise to imagine her coal might be being stolen. And WASHINGTON's anger against Christopher Rawson and the argument to sink her own pit is compelling.

45 INT. FENNY ROYD, CROW NEST ESTATE. DAY.

45

We now find SAMUEL WASHINGTON at home having tea with his family; his wife HANNAH (36, heavily pregnant) and their six girls: SUZANNAH (15), MARY (13), ELIZA (11), JANE (8), ANNA (4), and CAROLINE (a toddler). A lively, happy household, all eating hungrily. SAMUEL's looking at scruffy, gobby, tomboy ELIZA (who's just stuffing cake in) as he says -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well then! My dainty chickens. I've got some news.

ELIZA

(mouth full of cake)

Miss Walker had Dr. Kenny in again this afternoon, Pa. We was spying on her.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh. Right.

SUZANNAH

You were spying on her! I wasn't.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well. I hope you'd done all your chores and your lessons. Before you started *spying* on her.

HANNAH

You shouldn't be spying on Miss Walker.

SUZANNAH

It wasn't me, it was *her*.

ELIZA

You can learn a lot from spying on people, Ma.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes and you can get your backside kicked as well.

ELIZA

What news you on about anyway? Did you get me that dog?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I am not getting you a dog, Eliza.

ELIZA

I don't know why not, that's not fair, Esther Mallinson's dad got her one and she's only six, it isn't like I haven't been *nagging* for long e[nough] -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(interrupts)

*Miss Lister*. Shut up. Is back. At Shibden Hall. And she's asked me to take over as her land steward. In the event of - when anything happens to Mr. Briggs. So! I might buy myself a new gig.

HANNAH

*The Miss Lister*? The one that -  
(she pulls a bit of a face)  
What's she like?

ELIZA

The one that what?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I had a glass of Madeira with her.

HANNAH

What's she like?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

No-nonsense. Down to earth. Clever.

ELIZA

The one that what, Ma?

SAMUEL pulls an amused face at his wife: you opened that can of worms, you can deal with it.

HANNAH

She's - she was always - a bit eccentric. Miss Lister.

ELIZA

Eccentric?

HANNAH

Odd.

ELIZA

How?

(HANNAH struggles to formulate a response)

Can I see her?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

No. You can eat your tea.

(then to HANNAH)

She was perfectly pleasant.

HANNAH

Good. Well.

(a murmur under her breath)

As long as she doesn't come here.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

It's not likely. As soon as her estate affairs are settled she says she's off again. To Paris, or Russia. Or America.

ELIZA's starting to like the sound of MISS LISTER.

ELIZA

Can we go to America?

HANNAH

No.

46 EXT. SHIBDEN. DAY.

46

A new day. Early morning chores in the back yard: JOSEPH BOOTH empties chamber pots, CORDINGLEY sweeps the yard.

Through in the stables we glimpse JOHN BOOTH increasingly worried about PERCY the work horse, who remains ill.

47 INT. SHIBDEN, ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

47

EUGÉNIE dresses ANNE LISTER's hair, as she does every morning. ANNE has a very carefully constructed look: she doesn't dress as a man, but she doesn't exactly dress as a woman either. It's a female costume, but it's adapted to allow her - as a masculine woman - to feel at one with herself in it. We look closely into ANNE's eyes and thoughts.

She's miles away, she's remembering Hastings a few weeks ago...

48 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE HOUSE IN HASTINGS. DAY. 48

VERE HOBART is on a window balcony, looking out to sea. From inside the room, ANNE gazes at VERE, utterly captivated by her beauty.

ANNE steps out onto the balcony to share the view with VERE, but also to touch her. She brushes her hand against VERE's very delicately. VERE moves her hand. But smiles at ANNE. Like very politely saying, "Don't do that, it's weird". This is like a knife in ANNE's heart. And suddenly -

We find ourselves back in ANNE's bedroom at Shibden with EUGÉNIE accidentally lugging ANNE's hair -

EUGÉNIE

Pardon! Madame.

- and the brief shock of pain (from which - after the initial sharp intake of breath - ANNE kindly shows no anger or impatience) brings her back into the present -

ANNE

Vas mieux? Cordingley dit que tu avais mal au ventre l'autre jour... a-t-il disparu?

*Are you better? Cordingley said you were sick again the other day. Has it gone?*

EUGÉNIE

Non, Madame.  
(she touches her belly abstractedly)  
Pas entièrement.

*No, Madam. Not entirely.*

And so we get the idea that EUGÉNIE's still pregnant, still terrified.

ANNE happens to catch a sideways look at EUGÉNIE in a mirror.

Does ANNE suspect?

Just then JOSEPH BOOTH taps at the door.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Ma'am? Mrs. Lawton's carriage's been spotted.

49 INT/EXT. SHIBDEN. DAY.

49

We're behind ANNE as she heads down the stairs, through the main hall/housebody, through the back porch and out into the sunlit courtyard, where a private carriage has just drawn up.

Inside the carriage is MARIANA LAWTON, with her lady's maid. MARIANA is 42, and very attractive. ANNE opens the carriage door for MARIANA and offers her hand, very formally.

MARIANA

(a murmur: the servants  
can't hear this. We  
immediately sense an  
intimacy between them)  
Hello Freddy.

ANNE

How are you?

MARIANA

Good lord, what a contrast.

ANNE

To what?

MARIANA

(she murmurs in ANNE's ear;  
this is another one the  
servants can't hear)  
I was thinking about Blackstone  
Edge.

Very suddenly we flip back to:

50 EXT. BLACKSTONE EDGE, MOORS ABOVE RIPPONDEN. DAY.

50

1821. 29-year-old dishevelled, ruddy-cheeked, boyish ANNE LISTER has just halted the heavily-laden mail carriage at the top of Blackstone Edge - rough bleak moorland on the top of the Pennines - and now yanks the carriage door open. 30-year-old MARIANA looks shocked out of her wits, surrounded by other passengers.

ANNE

(buzzing with adrenalin)  
Aren't you pleased to see me!? I've  
walked fifteen miles!

No, she isn't: MARIANA's embarrassed - *mortified* - to be greeted by this woman who looks like she's escaped from somewhere. One of MARIANA's fellow passengers fumbles rather ineffectually for a pistol, imagining ANNE LISTER to be a deranged highwayman. ANNE puts her hands in the air by way of surrender, and points out -

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's - it's - you've got it the wrong way round. The barrel. You're going to shoot yourself.

The love-sick, ebullient manner of the 29-year-old ANNE LISTER is in great contrast to...

51 EXT. SHIBDEN. DAY.

51

...the controlled *sang-froid* of 41-year-old ANNE LISTER, who is stung not only by the embarrassment of the memory, but by the fact that MARIANA's raised it.

MARIANA

Everyone in the coach thought you were a mad man.

ANNE politely indicates for MARIANA to step into the hall in front of her.

ANNE

Mm. That's a while since.

52 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL.

52

ANNE, AUNT ANNE LISTER, JEREMY, MARIAN and MARIANA eat dinner. JOSEPH BOOTH waits on them.

MARIANA

(worried)

Sink your own coal pits?

MARIAN

(even more worried)

Won't it cost money?

MARIANA

Would you know *how*?

ANNE

Geology has always been a passion of mine - as you know - and there are numberless books in our library on all aspects of the subject. So.

MARIAN

It'll be ruinous, she'll pour good money after bad, she'll end up being obliged to sell all. *You may* own Shibden. Through your *nefarious machinations* - *oh yes* - but some of us were left a right to *live* here.

Silence.

ANNE weighs up whether to take MARIAN off at the knees (which she so easily could), or quietly retain her dignity and respond thoughtfully. She does the latter.

ANNE

If the estate is run at a profit.  
Marian. As opposed to a *loss*, and  
the books balance, *which they will*  
from now on, then there's no danger  
[of anything] -

MARIAN

(to MARIANA, interrupting)  
Anne. Has just evicted one of our  
oldest tenants.

Oh so that's what this is about.

ANNE

It was a kindness.

MARIAN

Is that how you'll fund your pit  
sinking?

ANNE

He couldn't pay his rent, it was a  
humiliation to him.

MARIAN

He has nowhere to live.

ANNE

He has a family.

MARIAN

They treat him worse than a dog.

ANNE

Maybe he's never been very nice to  
them.

(silence)

I need people who can farm  
efficiently, and if you're worried  
about the stability of your home  
your very *best bet* would be to  
leave any sentiment right out of  
it, and to let me run things as I  
see fit.

MARIAN

He's nearly eighty years [old] - !

ANNE

And that's why he *can't farm*.

MARIAN

You come back! You change everything! And then you'll just be off again!

JEREMY interrupts: he's sick of them bickering, *and* he feels bad about BENJAMIN BOTTOMLEY -

JEREMY

Mrs. Lawton doesn't want to hear this.

Silence.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(a polite smile at MARIANA)  
How is Mr. Lawton?

MARIANA

Oh...  
(she considers)  
Irritable.  
(but on the bright side -)  
I hardly see him.

53 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT.

53

Later. ANNE's making love to MARIANA. She's really good at it, it's tender, she's got great rhythm, she can it keep going for ages just on the gentle cusp of heaven, and it's perfect.

MARIANA

Tell me about Hastings.

ANNE

No.

MARIANA

You should marry. A man. Seriously, Freddy. Think about it. You could have a title, you could have money. You could have all the things you want! You wouldn't have to sleep with him. If you found the right one. Not even *once*. He might be as grateful for the fig-leaf cover-up as you are, and then you can do what you like.

ANNE

Have we met?

MARIANA

Fred. Nobody knows you better than I do.

ANNE

Well then you *do know* that I could never marry a man. For *any reason* under *any circumstances*. It'd be perverse, it'd be absurd.

MARIANA

Yes, but the reality [is] -

ANNE

I *thoroughly intend* to live with someone I *love*, I *thoroughly intend* to spend my evening hour with someone who *loves me*, someone who is *there*. To share everything with. All the time. Not someone who just drops in now and again when her *irritable* husband permits it.

MARIANA

Yes, and the reality - sadly - is that *that will never happen*. This is what you can't see.

ANNE has to break off making love here, MARIANA's clearly out to damage the mood.

ANNE

Are we doing this or not?

MARIANA

And until you do, you're going to keep getting into these *scrapes* with women like Vere Hobart and you're going to keep getting upset when they get married. Which they *will*. I tell you these things because I care about you. Because I love you. And because there's probably no-one else that would.

ANNE

Let's go and live in Paris. Leave Charles.

MARIANA

No.

ANNE

Yes.

MARIANA

I can't.

ANNE

You can.

MARIANA

You know I can't. Don't ask.  
(this dismays ANNE)  
Why are you always on the run,  
Fred?

ANNE

That's an interesting way of  
looking at it.

MARIANA

I've often wondered if you were  
running. Not travelling.

ANNE

From what? All the scrapes I've  
been in?

MARIANA

A world that only sees how odd you  
are, and not how clever you are.

This wins ANNE round into a slightly more conciliatory mood.

ANNE

I don't know if I ever told you  
this. When I was seventeen. I asked  
my father for thirty shillings. I  
wanted to dress like a man and  
wander round Europe. For a year.  
Just one year. I presented a good  
argument. I did it very reasonably.  
He asked me for a day to think  
about it, and I thought I'd won him  
round. And then he locked me in my  
bedroom.

MARIANA

What did you do?

ANNE

Climbed out of the window. Sadly  
there were no trees to be had, and  
so I climbed onto the roof. Which  
was a revelation.  
(she remembers it happily)  
I could see for miles.

Suddenly we flip back to:

54

EXT. SKELFLER HOUSE, MARKET WEIGHTON, EAST YORKSHIRE.  
DAY.

54

17-year-old ANNE is sitting astride the apex of the roof  
(like she's riding a giant house-shaped horse) enjoying the  
view across the flat Wolds of East Yorkshire.

Her hair is short (looks like she's cut it herself, recently, with some blunt shears) and dishevelled, she's grubby (she's been in a fight) and she's dressed like a lad. JEREMY and ANNE's mother, REBECCA BATTLE (who is drunk) shout up at her. 12-year-old MARIAN's crying.

REBECCA BATTLE  
Why can't she just be *normal*? Like  
*other people's* children?

JEREMY  
You're ridiculous! You're  
impossible!

ANNE  
Yes! And you're feckless and *she's*  
drunk. *As usual*. Don't cry, Marian!

JEREMY  
Get  
(bellowing)  
**DOWN!!**

55 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT.

55

As before.

ANNE  
I think I've only ever been running  
away from the banal. That's all. I  
think banality and mediocrity are  
the only things that've ever really  
frightened me.

MARIANA  
Fred. If I could run away with you,  
God knows I would have! I'd have  
done it *years* ago. I know I  
disappoint you, but I can't run the  
gauntlet like you can! I don't have  
your genius for... *people*. For  
running rings around polite society  
and persuading everyone that black  
is white. Or green. Or pink, or  
whatever colour you choose it to  
be! I couldn't keep up with you. *No-*  
*one* could. If and when you do find  
someone, someone who will defy the  
lot of them and visibly commit to  
you. She'll be a very special and  
particular kind of person. And I  
just... I worry that that person  
just doesn't exist. Not in this  
life.

ANNE takes that in. It saddens her. Profoundly.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

Anne?

ANNE

Well. I hope you're wrong. Because I'm lonely. And I'm tired of being lonely.

MARIANA

Don't stop. Come on -  
(she pulls ANNE to her  
again)  
it's too delightful.

ANNE

Mm. You're happy to do this. And then tomorrow you'll leave me.

56 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY. 56

Morning.

Elegant Crow Nest.

57 INT. CROW NEST, DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 57

We discover shy, self-conscious ANN WALKER with SAMUEL WASHINGTON. Also present are WILLIAM PRIESTLEY (62), one of ANN's cousins, and ELIZA PRIESTLEY (60), his wife.

ANN WALKER

Shibden?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes ma'am. I didn't want you to hear it elsewhere before I'd had the opportunity to assure you that it won't affect the time I spend on my duties here. With you. On your estate. I wouldn't have taken the job on if I thought it would.

ANN WALKER

(delighted to imagine she  
has something in common  
with ANNE LISTER)

Do please tell Miss Lister. That if she needs any sort of reference. For you. I'd be more than happy to give it.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

I didn't know Miss Lister was back.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh very much so, ma'am!

MRS. PRIESTLEY  
We must visit her. William.

MR. PRIESTLEY  
(as though confidentially  
to ANN WALKER)  
My wife is rather a fan of Miss  
Lister, Miss Walker.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
She collected her own rents just  
this last week.

MRS. PRIESTLEY  
Of course she did!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
With Mr. Briggs not being himself,  
and on his last legs. Leg.

MRS. PRIESTLEY  
You see, that's exactly the sort of  
thing she'd do! I've always been a  
great champion of Miss Lister.  
Haven't I, William? Despite what  
others say. You see I appreciate  
her clever mind and her adventurous  
spirit. I pay no attention to the  
mean-minded nonsense others descend  
to. It is true, she is...

(she was going to say  
"odd", but finds  
something kinder)

Unusual. In her dress. And her  
manner. Sometimes. And not always  
as... feminine. As some people  
might want her to be. But as Mrs.  
Rawson points out, she's an  
original! She's natural. She's true  
to her own nature, and as she  
herself says, when we leave nature  
we leave our only steady guide! We  
can hardly blame Miss Lister if  
nature was in an odd freak on the  
day she made her!

ANN WALKER  
Thank you. Washington.

WASHINGTON nods and withdraws.

MRS. PRIESTLEY  
(to ANN)  
Have you ever met her, Ann?

ANN WALKER  
Yes. Once. Years ago. I was  
nineteen. She came to tea. Here.  
(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

With me and Elizabeth. After my mother and father died. She walked in the garden with us. She was here for an hour or two.

(ANN's face has lit up. The memory is precious)

And then we never saw her again.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

Well you wouldn't, she's hardly ever here, you can never pin her down.

MR. PRIESTLEY

We should pay her a visit - while she is here - and you should come with us. It'd take you out of yourself, Ann. It'd do you good.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

She's very entertaining. And very clever, and very *kind*. Actually. When you get to know her, she's a *very good friend*.

MR. PRIESTLEY

I've always found her so.

ANN WALKER

I'd like that.

58 INT. AUNT ANNE LISTER'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY.

58

DR. KENNY examines AUNT ANNE LISTER's ulcerated leg. ANNE and RACHEL HEMINGWAY are with them. ANNE - as ever - is fascinated by anything medical.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

How is Mr. Briggs? Dr. Kenny.

Downstairs, distantly, the door bell rings.

DR. KENNY

Oh, a matter of days only. Ma'am. I would say.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(to ANNE)

We must do something. For his widow. When the time comes. And what about the little Hardcastle boy?

DR. KENNY

He'll live. And Miss Walker! I saw Miss Walker, the day before yesterday. Not entirely recovered from the accident, but -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh I didn't realise she'd been hurt.

DR. KENNY

She wasn't. Physically. She was shaken. Shocked. But yes, no bones were broken, although she has always had a very delicate spine. No I was called in [to]...

(he realises this is indelicate)

She suffers with her nerves. Which shouldn't surprise anyone. She lives alone, and then - socially - she's surrounded almost entirely by people a lot older than herself, and she has so few diversions. Between you and me, if her money were to fly away and she had to work for a living, the girl would be perfectly well.

ANNE

(said with a smile)

I hope you don't discuss any members of *my* family with your other patients. Dr. Kenny.

DR. KENNY is stung by the remark. He's just about to protest "Of course not!" but AUNT ANNE LISTER's speaking now -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Marian should go over. To Crow Nest. She said she would.

ANNE

Marian?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well - *younger* company. To cheer Miss Walker up.

ANNE

This Marian? Our Marian? Surely *she's* more likely to bore someone into a paralytic stupor than cheer anyone up.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well then you. Why don't you go over? The accident happened on your land.

ANNE

I did once take tea with the Misses Walker. Years ago. Before the older one got married and went off to Scotland.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Really?

ANNE

Mm. They were dull. And [stupid] - stupid's too strong a word.  
(she considers further...)  
And certainly no oil painting.

A tap at the door, and CORDINGLEY appears discreetly (not knowing what state of dress AUNT ANNE LISTER is in). It's ANNE she addresses -

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am? Sorry ma'am. Mr. and Mrs. Priestley are downstairs, begging to give you their respects.

ANNE

Ah!

CORDINGLEY

They're with Mr. Priestley's cousin, Miss Walker of Crow Nest.

ANNE

Well well.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(to DR. KENNY)  
Have you finished?

59 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY.

59

We follow behind ANNE as she sails down the stairs, through the main hall and into the drawing room, where we - and she - discover MARIAN with MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY and MISS WALKER.

MARIAN

(OOV as we follow ANNE down the stairs and into the room)

(MORE)

MARIAN (CONT'D)

...of course by extending the vote to ten pound householders, we succeed in enfranchising the hard-working tradesmen who increasingly make up the developing towns and cities - of which Halifax is a great example - and this can only be a good thing. Surely. My only regret is that it doesn't go far enough as regards addressing the anxieties of the ordinary working men and wom[en] -

MARIAN is in mid-sentence as ANNE sweeps in. Everyone in the room stands up (MARIAN's already on her feet, pouring glasses of Madeira). ANN WALKER's face is luminous when she sees ANNE LISTER. Maybe she blushes. ANNE instantly and effortlessly sucks everyone's attention away from MARIAN -

ANNE

Mrs. Priestley!

MRS. PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister! How delightful! We had no idea you were back!

ANNE shakes hands warmly with MRS. PRIESTLEY, then with MR. PRIESTLEY.

ANNE

Well it wasn't exactly the plan, but here we are.

MR. PRIESTLEY

(fondly)  
Anne.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

Not until Miss Walker told us. Yesterday. And then we hardly dared believe it!

ANNE turns her attention to ANN WALKER.

ANNE

Miss Walker!  
(she offers her hand)  
I've heard so much about you lately. How are you?

As they look into one another's eyes, something happens, and it's not quite what we expect. ANNE LISTER is surprised that ANN WALKER isn't as mousey as she remembers; maybe the intervening ten years have added a smattering of personality to ANN WALKER's face.

Or maybe it's because ANN WALKER's face lights up so much in ANNE LISTER's glorious presence, and ANNE is instantly able to detect someone who's enthralled by her. It's a big moment that no-one else in the room will notice; just these two, and us.

ANN WALKER

I'm very well. Thank you.

ANNE

Good.

(she prizes her penetrating gaze away from MISS WALKER and addresses the room at large)

Good! Was my sister entertaining you all with her turgid and uninformed opinions about the Reform Bill?

MR. PRIESTLEY laughs politely, which of course annoys MARIAN further. As ever, she takes it on the chin and smiles politely.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

You must forgive us for taking the liberty of calling on you before you'd called on us, but -

ANNE

Oh -

(politely dismissing that)

In the terms of the new Reform Bill I find myself - for the first time - excluded from the franchise. By my sex.

ANNE sits down next to ANN WALKER. ANN WALKER gets a thrill of excitement from such close proximity to ANNE LISTER.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

What d'you mean? Have you voted before?

ANNE

No, course not. However -

MRS. PRIESTLEY

You see I wouldn't put it past her if she had!

We might want to glimpse MARIAN privately tutting at how others see her overweening big sister.

ANNE

- the point is. Women have never been specifically *denied* the vote before.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

Now it's written - or it will be - *in* statute, "universal *male* suffrage". I have thirty-odd tenants who may vote, but I - the landowner - may not. Isn't that curious?

MR. PRIESTLEY

But surely... that's always been the way.

ANNE

Mm. A *male* ten-pound householder down in Halifax may also *now* vote - such is progress - but *I* have now been told very specifically and very definitely that I *may not*. You may not, Miss Walker, and how many rolling acres and tenants have you got?

(ANN WALKER makes to speak)

Exactly. So many you can't even remember, and yet *no* vote.

(at MARIAN)

*Don't* talk to me about progress. It's change that's unnecessary, and certainly in the wrong direction.

MARIAN

The point is, the bill enfranchises the men of the town, not just the landed interest.

ANNE

Yes, *why* though?

MARIAN

Because society is changing! Before our eyes. Economic power is moving away from the land and into the towns, and those who govern us must adapt to that change - as they *are* doing, thank *goodness* - or risk revolution.

ANNE

Oh really? Who've you been talking to, Marian? Who've you got all this *nonsense* from?

MARIAN

No-one. I haven't got it from anyone and it isn't *nonsense*. It's my own opinion.

Despite the argument, ANN WALKER enjoys the life and excitement in the room.

Just then AUNT ANNE LISTER appears, accompanied by DR. KENNY and HEMINGWAY, who support her -

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(delighted to see them all)  
Oh - !

MR. PRIESTLEY  
Miss Lister!

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
No don't get up! How is everyone?  
(fondly, warmly - )  
Miss Walker -

ANNE  
(offering AUNT ANNE LISTER  
her seat)  
Sit here, aunt.

We see ANN WALKER's disappointment that ANNE is moving away from her. She's also self-conscious with DR. KENNY here.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
How nice to see you again!

ANN WALKER is shy as she speaks -

ANN WALKER  
I just - I wanted to take the opportunity of visiting with my cousin to say thank you. Again. For your kind hospitality. To me and my Aunt Walker. The other day. In our moment of distress.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(fondly)  
Ohh...

DR. KENNY  
How are you feeling? My dear.

ANNE LISTER spots ANN WALKER's aversion to DR. KENNY as he speaks.

MARIAN  
Can I pour you a glass of Madeira,  
Dr. Kenny?

DR. KENNY  
Oh, th[ank you] -

ANNE

No. Actually. Dr. Kenny.  
(to ANN WALKER's great  
delight ANNE LISTER now  
sits even nearer to her  
on the arm of the sofa.  
She even has her arm  
behind her along the back  
of the sofa)  
Now you've seen to my aunt's leg,  
I'd like you to take a look at  
Percy. My cart-horse. He's  
glandered. Hemingway, show Dr.  
Kenny to the stables.

DR. KENNY - much to his silent chagrin - is obliged to follow  
HEMINGWAY out of the room, rather than make polite tittle-  
tattle with the posh folk. He makes a slightly over-the-top  
courteous bow to ANNE LISTER and goes.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(watching him go, willing  
him to hurry up and fuck  
off)  
Tick tock.  
(then when he's *just* out of  
ear-shot)  
Odd little man, Kenny. Don't you  
think so? Miss Walker? Mincing  
walk. Makes me suspicious.

ANN WALKER

Of what?

ANNE

Not sure.

ANNE bestows upon ANN WALKER one of her killer smiles, *and*  
she's right next to her. It's so nice. Intimate even. It  
gives ANN WALKER a warm glow that she can barely fathom. Why  
does this woman make her feel so good? And so happy?

MRS. PRIESTLEY

You need to be careful! Ann. Miss  
Lister keeps a journal.

MR. PRIESTLEY

Oh! She's famous for her journal.

MRS. PRIESTLEY

She records everything - absolutely  
everything - in great detail.

MR. PRIESTLEY

Yes, you must be very certain to  
stay on the right side of her,  
otherwise you might end up *in* it.

ANNE

Oh, you don't have to *offend* me to grace the pages of my journal. Some times... I write about people I really like.

She's smiling charmingly at ANN WALKER, who is captivated.

And ANNE LISTER's beginning to wonder if chasing odd little wealthy ANN WALKER might be a diversion and a cure for her angry broken heart?

ANNE (CONT'D)

(VO as we look into her eyes, and others continue the conversation)

Thought I to myself... shall I make up to Miss Walker? The poor girl seems half in love with me already, and what she lacks in rank... she *certainly* makes up for in fortune. And I'm nearly convinced she's become almost pretty. In a certain light.

60 EXT. BACK YARD, SHIBDEN. DAY.

60

An hour later.

ANNE's VO continues without pause as she and MARIAN see ANN WALKER and MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY off in their elegant carriage.

ANNE

(VO)

Shall I stay here? At Shibden. And restore its drooping fortunes. And - how little any of them dream what is in my mind - endeavour to make wealthy little Miss Walker...

(she turns to the camera again, and she's alone, MARIAN's gone, and says the last two words out loud to us)

my wife?

And in those last two salient words, she goes from sounding like a charming predator, to a woman who isn't getting any younger, who just wants to be calm, and settled, and happy. We see it on her face too.

61 INT. YARD, SHIBDEN. DAY.

61

Another day. Cold, drizzly.

JOHN BOOTH holds a pistol to PERCY's forehead, right between the eyes. ANNE LISTER and JOSEPH BOOTH are on hand, and one of JOSEPH's sons, an 11-year-old stable boy, is upset. He can't stand it. JOHN's struggling. He hates having to do this.

62 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN. DAY. 62

HEMINGWAY is watching out of the window, barely daring to look. CORDINGLEY sits at the table with her hands over her ears, not wanting to hear the gun shot. EUGÉNIE comforts CORDINGLEY (with one hand on her own belly).

63 INT. SAVILE ROOM, SHIBDEN. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 63

AUNT ANNE LISTER and MARIAN sit waiting in silence for the business to be over. MARIAN's tearful, stoically trying to not give into it. She knows it's absurd to be crying over a cart-horse, but it's PERCY.

64 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN. EVENING. 64

JEREMY watches from the window. He's a stoic old soldier, he's seen much worse. But it's still a moment you have to get through, and a task you're grateful that someone else is obliged to carry out.

65 EXT. SHIBDEN, BACK YARD. DAY. 65

JOHN realises he can't do it. He mumbles "Can't do it" to ANNE. He has tears welling up. ANNE gently, discreetly offers to take the pistol from JOHN, not wanting to humiliate him in front of his nephew. JOHN lets her take it.

ANNE points the gun at PERCY's head. It's no easier for her than it was for JOHN, but... she's the boss and this is where the buck stops.

We cut to a wider shot as the gun shot rings out through the Shibden Valley and the animal collapses heavily onto the ground.

66 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY. 66

A wide establisher of the great mansion.

ANNE LISTER knocking urgently on ANN WALKER's front door. JAMES (the footman) lets ANNE LISTER in.

67 INT. CROW NEST. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 67

JAMES goes into the drawing room, and we hear him say, "Miss Lister, Miss Walker".

JAMES comes out and indicates to ANNE LISTER that she can go in.

ANNE steps into the drawing room, we go with her.

68 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 68

ANNE and ANN clap eyes on one another. It's electric.

ANN WALKER  
Miss Lister.

ANNE  
Miss Walker. I was just passing.

We go to blackout and end titles.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**