

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 1

Written and created by

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1 EXT. LISTERS ROAD, SHIBDEN, HALIFAX. DAY 1. 12:00 (SUMMER 1832) 1

Late summer 1832. Listers Road, just above Shibden Hall.

A two-horse gig races up the hill far too fast, away from Halifax and towards Shibden.

2 EXT. LISTERS ROAD, SHIBDEN, HALIFAX. DAY 1. CONTINUOUS. 12:00 (SUMMER 1832) 2

Further along the road (but round a bend and where it levels out) we find a heavily-laden removal cart, overloaded with furniture and household goods, traveling 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 WILLIAM and ALICE's eldest child, HENRY HARDCASTLE (7). Approaching on the other side of the road is a light private carriage.

We cut to inside the light private carriage -

3 EXT/INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE, LISTERS ROAD. DAY 1 CONTINUOUS. 12:01 (SUMMER 1832) 3

Where we discover delicate, shy 29-year-old ANN WALKER and her AUNT ANN WALKER (75). ANN WALKER has spotted the rooftops of Shibden Hall through the trees, and her face becomes alive. AUNT ANN notices her niece's interest in the place.

AUNT ANN WALKER
Shibden Hall.

ANN WALKER
Mm. Have you ever been inside?
Aunt?

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

ANN WALKER
I wonder why though?

A hesitation.

AUNT ANN WALKER
Well... because they're all a bit
odd.

This isn't a jibe or a criticism. It's just a fact. ANN takes in what her AUNT says, and we can see she has thoughts that she's keeping to herself.

4 EXT. LISTERS ROAD, SHIBDEN, HALIFAX. DAY 1. CONTINUOUS. 4
12:01 (MAY 1832)

The man in his gig urges his two horses faster and faster. As he lurches round the bend as the road levels, he finds himself right behind the bulky removal wagon, but is unable to stop, despite the Walkers' carriage coming the other way. His only option is to speed up and squeeze through before the two vehicles pull parallel with one another on the road.

5 EXT/INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE, LISTERS ROAD. DAY 1. 5
CONTINUOUS. 12:02 (MAY 1832)

ANN WALKER and AUNT ANN's eyes widen as they see the two-horse gig, over-taking the removal wagon, and racing straight for them.

THE WALKERS' GROOM

(oov)

Whoah!!

HENRY HARDCASTLE

(oov)

Mr. Jessop!!

6 EXT. LISTERS ROAD, SHIBDEN, HALIFAX. DAY 1. CONTINUOUS. 6
12:02 (SUMMER 1832)

MR. JESSOP pulls his horses to his left and WILLIAM BELL (35, ANN WALKER's 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 (towards Shibden), 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 as bits shatter from it, before the spooked horses can be brought to a halt.

7 EXT/INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE, LISTERS ROAD. DAY 1. 7
CONTINUOUS. 12:03 (SUMMER 1832)

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 a child and its mother and others where the removal wagon has toppled.

8 EXT. FARMYARD & BARN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 1. 12:15 (SUMMER 8
1832)

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

HENRY gasps in agony. 37-year-old MARIAN LISTER is with him, and WILLIAM BELL. JOHN BOOTH (34, the Listers' gardener and general out-doors man) directs him towards the Shibden tack room, where ELIZABETH CORDINGLEY (40, the Listers' housekeeper/cook) is waiting for them, having been alerted -

JOHN BOOTH

This way!

CORDINGLEY

Through here, come on!

As WILLIAM takes HENRY into the tack room, MARIAN LISTER turns to JOHN BOOTH -

MARIAN LISTER

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 LISTER

This child will *bleed to death*.

JOHN runs off to do as he's told. MARIAN puts her head into the tack room where HENRY has been laid on a bench -

9 INT. SHIBDEN BARN, TACK ROOM. DAY 1. CONTINUOUS. 12:16 9
(SUMMER 1832)

- and addresses CORDINGLEY.

MARIAN LISTER

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

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

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am.

MARIAN now addresses WILLIAM BELL, the Walkers' groom.

MARIAN LISTER

That's our carriage, there. Help yourself.

WILLIAM BELL nods and heads off to sort it out. We follow MARIAN through the barn, and across the courtyard and into the house.

10

INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 1. 12:17 (SUMMER 1832)

10

Adrenalin-fuelled MARIAN walks briskly through the hall and into the drawing room, where we find her AUNT ANNE LISTER (67, an invalid) and her father JEREMY LISTER (80) in front of the fire with ANN WALKER and her AUNT ANN WALKER.

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 LISTER

Your coachman is going to couple your horses to our carriage, Miss Walker, and drive you home in that.

AUNT ANN WALKER

(relief)

Oh!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What about the little boy?

MARIAN LISTER

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 today.

(then to AUNT ANNE LISTER)

His leg, it's -

(she struggles to say it, it sickens her)

bent the wrong way, and there's blood. 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 Marian, 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 I imagine *she* would've
done. I said to Ann - that's
exactly how I imagine *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 we see light up at the
mention of the elder MISS LISTER. Throughout the scene, it is
predominantly the silent ANN WALKER we focus on, and the way
her face lights up whenever ANNE LISTER is mentioned.

AUNT ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
How is she? Miss Lister. What's she
up to?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Anne? Oh -

MARIAN LISTER
(offering brandy)
Miss Walker.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
She *was* on the south coast.

MARIAN LISTER
She was in Hastings.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Yes until very recently, she was -

JEREMY LISTER
She was in Hastings!

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

JEREMY LISTER
Y'talking about Anne?

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

JEREMY LISTER
God knows why she's in Hastings.

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

JEREMY LISTER
She should be here.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
She met them in Paris -

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)
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's not exactly certain
what the set up was)
companion to Miss Hobart. But now -
yes, she's on her way home. Via
various friends' houses. We're
expecting her on Friday.

AUNT ANN WALKER
And will she stay long?

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

AUNT ANN WALKER
Russia!

MARIAN LISTER
If she finds a new groom.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Our groom was shot!

MARIAN LISTER
Out of a tree.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
In York.

Fancy.

AUNT ANN WALKER

How?

ANN WALKER

MARIAN LISTER
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 LISTER

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

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(delighted, worried)

So much drama! Always. With Anne.

MARIAN LISTER

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.

11 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 1. 12:45 (SUMMER 1832) 11

AUNT ANN and ANN are leaving in the dilapidated Lister chaise, which their two horses are now coupled to. MARIAN waves them off.

Inside the carriage as they acknowledge MARIAN's wave -

AUNT ANN WALKER

Poor Marian. And as for Anne...

(once again, we see how alive the idea of ANNE LISTER makes ANN WALKER feel)

Russia's probably the best place for her.

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 busk being inserted into stays, masculine drawers being tightened with a drawer string, 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 inserted in a waist-coat pocket, the unusual collar, ear-rings (perhaps pearl-drops like Elizabethan men wore). An onyx ring. 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 a woman or a cross-dressing man).

12 EXT. UNION CROSS, HALIFAX. DAY 2. 17:30 (SUMMER 1832) 12

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 (clean and tidy) four-horse high-flier is just leaving the coaching inn as another (covered in muck, it's been travelling for hours) arrives just up the road, loaded with passengers and luggage (at least ten people sitting 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 a wall, stuffs it in his pocket, straightens his clothes. As he looks up 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 hands; she's driving the high-flier herself. This is the 19c equivalent of a passenger landing the aeroplane. JOHN mutters, "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), and 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 nudging each other 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.

ANNE pulls the horses to a halt and pulls the hand brake on, calling to men/ostlers on the ground -

ANNE LISTER
Help this man down!

We take in details of ANNE's unusual dress code and appearance: her black boots, her black leather gloves and watch fob, her eccentric black pelisse and great coat with her high, military-style collar and with her hat at a tilt, partially covering her face. 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 LISTER (CONT'D)

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

ANNE jumps down, practised in the art of never allowing her skirts to get in the way.

JOHN BOOTH

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

ANNE's wired and mildly disheveled: driving a coach like this even for a short period requires either experience or concentration.

ANNE LISTER

No-one else seemed disposed to rise to the occasion and I had no intentions of arriving home any later than necessary. How are you, Booth?

JOHN BOOTH

Well ma'am, thank you.

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 LISTER

All. Were given the opportunity to alight and walk.

PASSENGER 2 makes the decision not to push it further, this woman is clearly *not* someone to mess with.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

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

Get my trunk.

Just then a 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 LISTER (CONT'D)

Eugénie.

(EUGÉNIE looks sick)

Ca va mieux?

Subtitles: *How are you feeling now?*

EUGÉNIE gestures, implies that she's feeling no better.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(calling to JOHN)
This is Eugénie.

JOHN BOOTH
How do.

JOHN and EUGÉNIE have 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. EUGÉNIE then realises she's going to be sick. She honks into the gutter. We don't need to see it, just hear it, it's probably ANNE LISTER's reaction we're interested in looking at.

ANNE LISTER
Quand je t'ai prise comme femme de chambre, ta soeur m'a dit que tu supportais bien les voyages.

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 LISTER (CONT'D)
Must be my driving.
(a glance into camera)
Never mind. *Booth!*

He's still struggling with the weighty trunk. ANNE mouths to him "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) sneaking looks at this odd, amazing woman. One child just stares. But she's oblivious to them.

13 EXT. HALIFAX SIDE OF BEACON HILL, HALIFAX. DAY 2. 18:12 13
(SUMMER 1832)

A calm, clear summer evening. Beacon Hill above Halifax.

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.

13A EXT. SHIBDEN SIDE OF BEACON HILL, SHIBDEN. DAY 2. 18:12 13A
(SUMMER 1832)

At the top of the hill and way ahead of them and looking down the other side, we discover ANNE LISTER (also with her fair share of hand luggage). 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 LISTER

(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 round her, she looks down the lens and straight to us)

And my shabby little family.

ANNE glances behind her at JOHN and EUGÉNIE who are struggling (now having reached the top of the hill). ANNE 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.

14 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 2. 19:20 (SUMMER 1832) 14

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 he will not abandon a single material provision of the Reform Bill. And that he will not continue in office unless armed with full powers to ensure the success of that measure.

14A EXT. SHIBDEN BARN. DAY 2. CONTINUOUS. 19:21 (SUMMER 1832) 14A

ANNE strides through the farm yard, and through the barn.

14B INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. 19:21. CONTINUOUS. (SUMMER 1832) 14B

MARIAN's still reading from the newspaper -

MARIAN LISTER

We have reason to believe that the intrigues of the faction behind the throne -

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)
(she jumps as she spots
ANNE emerging from the
barn)
She's here.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
She's here. Is she here?

AUNT ANNE flaps her hand at MARIAN indicating that she wants to be helped up so she can go and greet ANNE. We head out of the room with them; JEREMY stays where he is.

15 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 2. CONTINUOUS. 19:21 15
(SUMMER 1832)

ELIZABETH CORDINGLEY and RACHEL HEMINGWAY (29, lady's maid to AUNT ANNE LISTER/general indoor servant) are busy in the kitchen, when JOSEPH BOOTH (19, the Listers' footman) 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 (a nervous reaction), and follow JOSEPH at a brisk pace. AUNT ANNE and MARIAN (coming from the housebody) arrive at the back door at the same time as JOSEPH, CORDINGLEY and HEMINGWAY (coming from the kitchen). They all head outside to greet the boss.

16/17 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 2. CONTINUOUS. 19:22 16/17
(SUMMER 1832)

As ANNE has walked through the courtyard, she has found the old shabby Lister chaise left out, and PERCY - the big cart horse - tied up outside the barn. He's congested and clearly not well, and ANNE is now having a good look at him. AUNT ANNE, MARIAN, JOSEPH, CORDINGLEY and HEMINGWAY emerge from the house.

JOSEPH BOOTH
(nods/bows his head)
Ma'am.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
(thrilled)
Oh - !

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

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

ANNE LISTER
And what's the matter with Percy?

JOSEPH BOOTH
Just a chill on his stomach, ma'am.

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

ANNE LISTER
Go and help your brother.
(JOSEPH heads off)
And that's Eugénie with him! She's
my new maid. Aunt!
(she embraces her)
How are you?

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

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

Clearly something else preoccupies ANNE LISTER's thoughts.

MARIAN LISTER
You need to be more careful with
the servants.

ANNE LISTER
Hello Marian.

ANNE kisses MARIAN decisively on the cheek. MARIAN makes no attempt to kiss ANNE back, and we see that there is no love lost between these two sisters. ANNE acknowledges the other two servants.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Cordingley. Hemingway.

CORDINGLEY & HEMINGWAY
(they both offer a bit of
a curtsy)
Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER
(turning back to MARIAN)
Where is he?

MARIAN nods through to the dining room. ANNE heads inside and we go with her...

18

INT. HOUSEBODY, DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 2.
CONTINUOUS. 19:24 (SUMMER 1832)

18

ANNE discovers JEREMY staring at the fire.

ANNE LISTER
Hello father!

JEREMY LISTER

Decided to pop in for five minutes,
have we?

ANNE LISTER

Yes I'm delighted to see you as
well.

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

JEREMY LISTER

So what went wrong in Hastings
then, eh?

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

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER (CONT'D)

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

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

19 EXT. FRONT PATH, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 2. CONTINUOUS. 19:25 19
(SUMMER 1832)

JOSEPH finds JOHN and EUGÉNIE, still struggling with luggage.

JOSEPH BOOTH

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

EUGÉNIE drops the heavy bags 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

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, your majesty - "

JOSEPH BOOTH
Shush!

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.

20 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 2. 19:45 (SUMMER 1832) 20
ANNE's at the dining table with her father, her aunt and her sister.

JEREMY LISTER
How did it happen?

ANNE LISTER
What?

JEREMY LISTER
George. Playforth! Being shot out of a tree.

ANNE LISTER
Oh, he was -

MARIAN LISTER
He was up a tree.

JEREMY kind of knew *that*, but -

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

MARIAN LISTER

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

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(interrupts)

Miss Walker and her aunt had to borrow it to get home. Oh, and the little boy had to have his leg amputated! Did she tell you? The new tenants at Roydelands.

MARIAN LISTER

Yes I told Anne she'd have enjoyed that.

JEREMY LISTER

Does she know about Briggs?

ANNE LISTER

What about Briggs?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh. Yes. Briggs is ill.

ANNE LISTER

How ill? When?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Dropsy.

JEREMY LISTER

He won't be able to collect the six monthly rents. Due next week.

So that's serious.

ANNE LISTER

Well then who *is* going to collect them?

Silence: this is very serious, and no-one seems to have an answer.

23 EXT. ROYDELANDS FARM. EVENING 2. 21:05 (SUMMER 1832) 23

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.

24 INT. ROYDELANDS FARM. EVENING 2. 21:06 (SUMMER 1832) 24

Pale 7-year-old amputee HENRY HARDCASTLE lies on a small bed that's been made up for him in the kitchen.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE's busy fixing a chair, damaged in the accident, and ALICE prepares food. THOMAS appears at the open front door. 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 Upper
Southolm Farm over that way.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
Come on in, lad.

THOMAS is polite, shy, nervous, diffident.

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

ALICE HARDCASTLE
(touched)
Oh!

He's brought a couple of rabbits, and a pie, and a crocheted blanket made of cheerful colours.

THOMAS SOWDEN
She says she'd like the blanket
back. Eventually. Me mother. If -
when -
(he nods at little HENRY,
he doesn't know his name)
You've done with it.

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.
(a little carved, painted
figure. He ventures to
offer it to HENRY)
(MORE)

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)

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)

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. And then you can tell me what he's been up to.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

(trying to prompt HENRY)

Thank you.

(no response)

He's not spoken. Since it happened. Tell your mother thank you. Erm - ?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Thomas.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Thomas. I can't tell you how kind and helpful all our new neighbours've been.

THOMAS SOWDEN

If you'd like a hand on the farm, Mr. Hardcastle, I can give you a few hours. 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. Choking up, he just nods.

25 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING 2. 21:10 25
(SUMMER 1832)

ANNE is alone in her pokey little bedroom. She opens the imperial trunk she brought back with her from Hastings.

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...

26 INT. HALL & STAIRS, A HOUSE IN HASTINGS. FLASHBACK 2. DAY. 26
(10:00, SUMMER 1832)

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...

27 INT. DRAWING ROOM, A HOUSE IN HASTINGS. FLASHBACK 2. DAY. 27
(10:01, SUMMER 1832)

...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

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 kisses ANNE's hand.

ANNE LISTER

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 light -

DONALD CAMERON

I'm going to get off!
(he's smiling at VERE)
Until this evening. 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 companion/lover. The door closes behind DONALD.

VERE

I thought you were out.

ANNE LISTER

I decided against it.

VERE

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, a kick in the stomach.

27A INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING 2. 21:12 27A
(SUMMER 1832)

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.

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 LISTER

Yes?

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 LISTER

I would have. But I've got everything to unpack. And -

She dries up.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I know we're not very interesting.

ANNE LISTER

It's not you, aunt. It's never you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What happened? In Hastings.

If ANNE confided in anyone it would be her aunt. But -

ANNE LISTER
(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. AUNT ANNE takes the hint and changes the subject -

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Odd. The other day. The accident.
Miss Walker's such a curious little thing. The aunt's rather vulgar - I think their money came from manufacture - but Miss Walker... Painfully shy. Odd because 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 I imagine what she needs is someone to care about *her*. Never mind her money.

ANNE's nodding and murmuring "Mm", but we can see that her thoughts are very much elsewhere.

28

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 3. 12:00 (SUMMER 1832)

28

Industrial 1832 Halifax.

A massive procession of labourers and sympathisers make their way noisily through the streets. Four thousand people. Drums thud and echo. We can hear chants of "No Bill, No taxation!". Others are singing:

PROCESSION
(to the tune of 'O Dear
What Can the Matter Be?')
The anti-reformers are wearing
away,
Like all other dogs they'll have
their own day,
Lord Wellington's counsel they
would not obey,
We will have our Reform through
Earl Grey...

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, there's a dangerous edge to it all. Revolution really is in the air.

29 EXT. SIDE STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 3. 12:05 (SUMMER 1832) 29

We discover ANNE LISTER watching the mob roar past from a side street. She looks bad-tempered.

Other people have gathered to watch, and one MAN (who's lugging vegetables on a barrow) tells ANNE -

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

ANNE LISTER
Mm. And when they have any power
will the idiots 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; aka Gentleman Jack.

30 EXT. MR. BRIGGS'S FRONT DOOR, HALIFAX. DAY 3. 12:15 30
(SUMMER 1832)

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.

31 EXT. BACK ALLEY/MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE, BACK DOOR, HALIFAX. 31
DAY 3. 12:17 (SUMMER 1832)

ANNE LISTER walks down the back alley and identifies which house she thinks is BRIGGS's. She tries the handle on the gate: locked. She sets about climbing over the high wall. We see just how physically resourceful she is as she climbs over and drops down the other side in the yard: nothing stops her, and it's all done with great aplomb and assurance.

She knocks at the back door. Within seconds it's 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 LISTER
Miss Briggs. Is your father in?

A voice from within -

MRS. BRIGGS
Who is it Louisa?
(she pulls the door wider)
Oh! Miss Lister.
(unwittingly she drops a
curtsey)
(MORE)

MRS. BRIGGS (CONT'D)

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 LISTER

Sorry?

MISS BRIGGS

On the doorstep.

ANNE nods, takes it in...

ANNE LISTER

Ah.

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

MISS BRIGGS

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

MRS. BRIGGS

(likewise)

Sorry.

ANNE LISTER

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

32 INT. PARLOUR, MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE. DAY 3. 12:18 (SUMMER 32 1832)

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 LISTER

Briggs?

(she pulls up a chair
beside him)

Can you own me, 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 LISTER

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

MR. BRIGGS

You, ma'am? You yourself?

ANNE LISTER

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. 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] -

ANNE LISTER

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 takes a ledger from a shelf in a corner of the room that looks like MR. BRIGGS's office: evidence that he has been a competent, well organised professional man.

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

ANNE LISTER

Can I take this?

MR. BRIGGS

It's yours, ma'am.
(he tries to focus,
despite the fog in his
brain and the pain in his
leg)
On top of that, the Red Beck's flooded in the lower fields again. Third year it's happened, only this time it's caused a land-slip in Lower Brea Lane from Daisy Bank. 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 popping up everywhere devouring the stuff, your coal's worth more to you now than ever before. More than your stone quarries. The Rawson brothers'd pay a premium for it. And any number of others. It makes no sense just letting it sit there.

ANNE takes this in with keen interest.

33 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 3. 12:30 (SUMMER 1832) 33

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 - ?

(mouths 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.

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

(carefully)

Why've you taken so much, Eugénie?

Mais enfin... une fille comme toi, ça ne boit pas? Eugénie. Are you - ? Tu 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.

34 INT. BACK KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 3. 12:45 (SUMMER 1832) 34

CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY and EUGÉNIE are having an impromptu meeting. 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.

HEMINGWAY
In love with him? George Playforth?

CORDINGLEY
She says they were engaged.

HEMINGWAY
Did he know about -

Nods at EUGÉNIE's belly.

CORDINGLEY
Yes! She says so. She says he was going to marry her as soon as they got back to Halifax.

HEMINGWAY
Happen the gin'll work, 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.

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 s'y entend en matière
de coeur.

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

Elle n'a pas votre esprit anglais
étriqué. Elle a la largesse
d'esprit des parisiens. Vous étiez
sa femme de chambre. Vous savez
bien ce qu'elle fait avec d'autres
femmes. Elle connaît les travers de
la nature humaine et les plaisirs
de la chair.

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?

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

CORDINGLEY

Nothing.
(then her tone is suddenly
much less sympathetic -)
Tu es une domestique.
(MORE)

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

Si elle apprend
(points to the belly)
elle toi
(points to the door)
Without rien.

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

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 appalled. 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.

35 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 3. 13:30 (SUMMER 1832) 35

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 pauses to examine PERCY. She looks into his rheumy eyes. She feels between his front legs for a pulse.

ANNE LISTER

How long's he been like this?

JOHN BOOTH

A week?

ANNE feels the ears for heat, and under the jaw for swelling. ANNE barely dare suggest it because both she and JOHN know it will mean death, but -

ANNE LISTER

Is he glandered?

JOHN BOOTH

Oh Lord, I hope not.

ANNE LISTER

Put a mustard poultice on him. Keep him inside.

JOHN nods readily, happy to do what he can for PERCY. ANNE heads inside, we go with her...

36 INT. HOUSEBODY & STAIRS, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 3. CONTINUOUS. 36
13:30 (SUMMER 1832)

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

MARIAN LISTER
Where've you been?

ANNE makes a little display of checking behind her to see if there's someone else present who MARIAN might be addressing so bluntly. Nope, just ANNE.

ANNE LISTER
You talking to me?

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

ANNE heads upstairs before MARIAN's finished her sentence.

ANNE LISTER
I never eat lunch. You *do know* that, Marian! We've been having the same conversation for the last twenty years.

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

37 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 3. CONTINUOUS. 13:31 37
(SUMMER 1832)

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

MARIAN LISTER
Is it wise? To collect the rents?

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

MARIAN LISTER
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 LISTER

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 LISTER

Because. It's a man's job.
(ANNE spots a letter on her desk waiting for her)
Oh. Yes. That came for you. Is it Mrs. Lawton's hand writing?

ANNE breaks the seal, opens it up and reads. MARIAN tries to take a step back and calm down.

MARIAN LISTER (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 absorbs the contents of the letter (which seem to bother her) then heads briskly out of the room, murmuring "Excuse me", leaving frustrated, unappreciated MARIAN in her wake.

38 **OMITTED** 38

39 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 3. CONTINUOUS. 13:33 39
(SUMMER 1832)

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 LISTER

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

CORDINGLEY

Very good ma'am.

ANNE lingers.

ANNE LISTER

(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 LISTER
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.

40 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 3. 13:35 (SUMMER 1832) 40

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

41 INT. CROW NEST. DAY 3. 13:35 (SUMMER 1832) 41

We discover ANN WALKER in her elegant, high-ceiling, light-filled drawing room with her elderly AUNT ANN WALKER and DR. KENNY (38, a fastidious man), 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 -
(MORE)

DR. KENNY (CONT'D)
(he indicates 'mind'; he
knows it's a sensitive
issue with ANN WALKER)
from the accident. But I do think
your aunt is right to suggest
something like a jaunt to the
Lakes. Can that be arranged?

AUNT ANN WALKER
Yes, will you write to Catherine,
Ann? 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 death of both her parents at
around the time when that might
have happened meant that... no. She
wasn't. And then since John - her
brother, my nephew - died on his
honeymoon 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 so cosily at
home 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.

ANNE (carrying a ledger and a robust money box) 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) gathered outside, drinking beer, enjoying the sunshine and the conversation.

ANNE LISTER

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

JEREMY LISTER

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

ANNE LISTER

Why? Why not.

JEREMY LISTER

Nasty business. Coal.

ANNE greets all her tenants robustly, like an army officer. She wants them to know she's here and she's in charge.

ANNE LISTER

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

HOWARTH and NAYLOR respond politely to her, greeting her with "Miss Lister", and "Ma'am". Others respond in kind.

43 INT. STAGS HEAD INN, MYTHOLM. DAY 4. CONTINUOUS. 15:01 43
(SUMMER 1832)

ANNE walks through the pub, and again she greets each one of her tenants politely but firmly. It's a very male environment.

ANNE LISTER

Morning. Good morning.
(she knows them all by sight, so when she spots a new face, she realises he's the new man)
Hardcastle? I was sorry to hear about your son. How is he?

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

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

So-so ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER

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 pub) takes her through to a side room, where he
has prepared a table and chairs for the rent collection.

44 INT. LITTLE ROOM, STAGS HEAD INN, MYTHOLM. DAY 4. 15:30 44
(SUMMER 1832)

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 25-26) with him.

SAM SOWDEN's cheeks are flushed from too much ale. He has a
plausibly pleasant and calm manner, but we have an uneasy
sense that there's something dangerous about this man not far
below the surface. SAM SOWDEN can usually rely on this subtle
element of threat 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 LISTER

(interrupts)

I understand what you're
saying -

SAM SOWDEN

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

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER

- 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 LISTER

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.

SAM SOWDEN

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

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER

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 wouldn't 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.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

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 LISTER

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 whisper)

There'll come a time. When the tenants throw the landlords off the land. Yer know that, don't yer?

Ooh that makes ANNE cross. She doesn't raise her voice though, she doesn't need to. She squares up to him.

ANNE LISTER

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 can see 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 Ma'am.

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

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 LISTER

Bottomley.

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

I'm not going to renew your lease.

BENJAMIN BOTTOMLEY

B[ut] -

ANNE LISTER

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 cut back through to the bar as SAM SOWDEN and THOMAS move 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, looking through at
ANNE who's busy with
BOTTOMLEY, he mutters -)
Fucking freak.

45 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 4. 18:00 (SUMMER 1832) 45

A wide 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.

46 INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 4. CONTINUOUS. 18:00 (SUMMER 1832) 46

JOSEPH BOOTH heads briskly to the front door, hurriedly fastening the buttons of his liveried tunic. He pulls the door open and finds 39-year-old SAMUEL WASHINGTON standing there, an intelligent, out-doorsy, swashbuckling sort of bloke.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Mr. Washington!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

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

47 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 4. CONTINUOUS. 18:05 (SUMMER 1832) 47

ANNE passes WASHINGTON a glass of Madeira.

ANNE LISTER

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 Gentleman Jack. He's never been this close to her before.

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER
(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 LISTER
Oh yes, Miss Walker, I know.

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

ANNE LISTER
Six? Good lord. Well done.

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

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

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(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 LISTER
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 LISTER
Me.
(she lets that land 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 LISTER
Oh I wouldn't go that far.

WASHINGTON takes that in.

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

ANNE LISTER
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 LISTER
Briggs says there're any number of people who'd be interested in leasing the beds. He mentioned the Rawson brothers.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
I'd not lease it to the Rawsons.

ANNE LISTER
Why?

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

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

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

ANNE LISTER
And would you know how?

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

ANNE LISTER
Why not the Rawsons?

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

ANNE LISTER
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.

(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

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.

ANNE LISTER

I'm sorry to hear that.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

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

48 INT. FENNY ROYD, CROW NEST ESTATE. DAY 4. 19:15 (SUMMER 48 1832)

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 WASHINGTON

(mouth full of cake)

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

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

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 WASHINGTON

You shouldn't be spying on Miss Walker.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

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

ELIZA WASHINGTON

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

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes and you can get your backside kicked as well.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

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

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I am not getting you a dog, Eliza.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

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 WASHINGTON

The Miss Lister? The one that -
(she pulls a bit of a
face)

What's she like?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

The one that what?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I had a glass of Madeira with her.

HANNAH WASHINGTON

What's she like?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
No-nonsense. Down to earth. Clever.

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

ELIZA WASHINGTON
Eccentric?

HANNAH WASHINGTON
Odd.

ELIZA WASHINGTON
How?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
She was perfectly pleasant.

HANNAH WASHINGTON
Good. Well.
(a murmur under her
breath)
As long as she doesn't come here.

ELIZA WASHINGTON
Why?

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 WASHINGTON
Can we go to America?

HANNAH WASHINGTON
No.

49 EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 16:00 (SUMMER 1832)

49

Wednesday afternoon. CORDINGLEY sweeps the yard briskly. Through in the stables we glimpse JOHN BOOTH increasingly worried about PERCY the work horse, who remains ill.

50 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 16:05 (SUMMER 50
1832)

EUGÉNIE dresses ANNE LISTER's hair. 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 as she remembers Hastings a few weeks ago...

51 INT. DRAWING ROOM, A HOUSE IN HASTINGS. DAY. FLASHBACK 3. 51
(11:00, SUMMER 1832)

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

ANNE steps out onto the balcony to share the view with VERE. She brushes her hand against VERE's very delicately. VERE moves her hand, like she's very politely saying, "Don't do that, it's weird". And suddenly -

51A INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 16:05 51A
(SUMMER 1832)

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

EUGÉNIE
Oh 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 LISTER
Ca va mieux? Cordingley m'a dit que
tu avais encore vomé l'autre jour.
C'est fini?

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

EUGÉNIE
Bah, pas vraiment, Madame.
(she touches her belly
abstractedly)
C'est toujours là.

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.

52 INT/EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 16:10 (SUMMER 1832) 52

We're behind ANNE as she heads down the stairs, through the housebody, through the back porch and out into the sunlit courtyard, where a private carriage has just drawn up. CORDINGLEY and JOSEPH BOOTH follow ANNE outside to greet their guest and help with any luggage.

Inside the carriage is MARIANA LAWTON, with her lady's maid, WATSON. MARIANA is 42, and very attractive. ANNE opens the carriage door for MARIANA and offers her hand, very formally. Immediately we sense an intimacy between them.

MARIANA LAWTON
Hello Freddy.

ANNE LISTER
How are you?

They kiss one another. It is essentially just a greeting, but for CORDINGLEY - who's watching, ready to take any orders and greet WATSON - we see that she's still pondering on what EUGÉNIE said earlier.

53 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 18:30 (SUMMER 1832) 53

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

MARIANA LAWTON
Sink your own coal pits?

MARIAN LISTER
Won't it cost money?

MARIANA LAWTON
Would you know *how*?

ANNE LISTER
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 LISTER
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.

ANNE LISTER

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

MARIAN LISTER

(to MARIANA)

Anne. Has just evicted one of our oldest tenants.

ANNE LISTER

It was a kindness.

MARIAN LISTER

Is that how you'll fund your pit sinking?

ANNE LISTER

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

MARIAN LISTER

He has nowhere to live.

ANNE LISTER

He has a family.

MARIAN LISTER

They treat him worse than a dog.

ANNE LISTER

Maybe he's never been very nice to them. 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 LISTER

He's nearly eighty years [old] - !

ANNE LISTER

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

MARIAN LISTER

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

JEREMY LISTER

Mrs. Lawton doesn't want to hear this!

Silence.

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

MARIANA LAWTON
Oh... irritable.
(but on the bright side -)
I hardly see him.

54 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 5. 22:00 (SUMMER 54
1832)

Later. ANNE and MARIANA are having sex. ANNE's playing the man. It's good sex, but perfunctory rather than romantic. They both come, and then roll apart. ANNE checks her watch.

MARIANA LAWTON
Tell me about Hastings.

ANNE LISTER
No.

MARIANA LAWTON
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 LISTER
Have we met?

MARIANA LAWTON
Fred. Nobody knows you better than I do.

ANNE LISTER
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 LAWTON
Yes, but the reality [is] -

ANNE LISTER
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.
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

All the time. Not someone who just drops in now and again when her *irritable* husband permits it.

MARIANA LAWTON

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

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

MARIANA LAWTON

Why are you always on the run, Fred?

ANNE LISTER

That's an interesting way of looking at it.

MARIANA LAWTON

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

ANNE LISTER

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

MARIANA LAWTON

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

ANNE LISTER

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 LAWTON

What did you do?

ANNE LISTER

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:

55 EXT. SKELFLER HOUSE, MARKET WEIGHTON, EAST YORKSHIRE. 55
FLASHBACK 4. DAY. (SUMMER 1806)

Wind-swept 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 (like she's cut it herself, recently, with some blunt shears), 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) gawp up at her. 12-year-old MARIAN's crying.

REBECCA BATTLE

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

JEREMY LISTER

You're ridiculous! You're impossible!

ANNE LISTER

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

JEREMY LISTER

Get
(bellowing)
DOWN!!

56 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 5. 22:10 (SUMMER 56
1832)

As before.

ANNE LISTER

I think the only thing I've ever really been running away from is the banal. Banality and mediocrity are the only things that've ever really frightened me.

MARIANA LAWTON

Fred. I can't run the gauntlet like you can. I don't have your genius for... *people*.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

For running rings around polite society and persuading everyone that black is white. Or pink, or whatever colour you choose it to be! If and when you do find someone, someone who will defy the lot of them and make a conspicuous commitment 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)
Come on, are we doing this?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. You're happy for that. And then tomorrow you'll leave me.

57 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 6. 10:30 (SUMMER 1832) 57

Morning.

Elegant Crow Nest.

58 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 6. 10:30 (SUMMER 1832) 58

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 just wanted to assure you that it won't affect the time I spend on my duties here. With you. On your estate.

ANN WALKER

(delighted)

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

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I didn't know Miss Lister was back.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh very much so, ma'am!

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

We must visit her. William.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

My wife is rather a fan of Miss Lister, Miss Walker.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

She collected her own rents just this last week.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Of course she did!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

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

ELIZA 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. It is true, she isn't always as... feminine. As some people might like her to be. But she's an original! She's natural. She's true to her own nature, and as she herself says, when we leave nature behind we leave our only steady guide! And 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.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Have you ever met her, Ann?

ANN WALKER

Yes. Once. Years ago. I was nineteen. She came to tea. Here. 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.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

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

WILLIAM 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.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

She's very entertaining.

ANN WALKER

I'd like that.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

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

59 INT. AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 7. 14:00 59
(SUMMER 1832)

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...

(delicately)

(MORE)

DR. KENNY (CONT'D)

She suffers with her nerves. 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 LISTER

(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 defend himself, but AUNT ANNE LISTER's speaking now -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

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

ANNE LISTER

This Marian? *Our* Marian?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Younger company. To cheer Miss Walker up.

ANNE LISTER

Surely *she's* more likely to bore someone into a paralytic stupor.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

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

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER

Mm. They were dull. And s[tupid] stupid's too strong a word. And certainly no oil painting.

A tap at the door, and CORDINGLEY appears discreetly.

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am? Sorry ma'am. Mr. and Mrs. Priestley are downstairs.

(MORE)

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)
They're with Mr. Priestley's
cousin, Miss Walker of Crow Nest.

ANNE LISTER
Well well.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
(to DR. KENNY)
Have you finished?

60 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 7. 14:05 (SUMMER 1832) 60

We follow behind ANNE as she sails down the stairs to the housebody, where we - and she - discover MARIAN with WILLIAM and ELIZA PRIESTLEY and MISS WALKER.

MARIAN LISTER
(OOV as we follow ANNE)
...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. ANNE instantly and effortlessly sucks everyone's attention away from MARIAN -

ANNE LISTER
Mrs. Priestley!

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

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

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

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
(fondly)
Anne.

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

ANNE turns her attention to ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER
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. *In love* with 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 LISTER
Good.
(she prizes her
penetrating gaze away
from MISS WALKER and
addresses the rest of
the room)
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 who takes it on the chin and smiles politely.

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

ANNE LISTER
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 dizzying excitement from such close proximity to ANNE LISTER.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

What d'you mean? Have you voted before?

ANNE LISTER

No, course not. However -

ELIZA 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 LISTER

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

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

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

ANNE LISTER

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 entirely in the wrong direction.

MARIAN LISTER

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

ANNE LISTER

Yes, *why* though?

MARIAN LISTER

Because society is changing! Before our eyes.

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

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 LISTER

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

MARIAN LISTER

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 - !

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

No don't get up! How is everyone?
(fondly)
Miss Walker.

ANNE LISTER

(offering 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

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

DR. KENNY

How are you feeling? My dear.

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

MARIAN LISTER

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

DR. KENNY

Oh, th[ank you] -

ANNE LISTER

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 LISTER (CONT'D)

(watching him go)

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 LISTER

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?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

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

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Oh! She's famous for her journal.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

She records everything - absolutely
everything - in great detail.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

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

ANNE LISTER

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?

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(VO as we look into her eyes, the conversation amongst the others continuing around her [conversation TBW])

Thought I to myself... shall I make up to Miss Walker? Though she'll scarcely understand it herself, I can see that the poor girl already seems thoroughly in love with me. And what she lacks in rank... she *certainly* makes up for in fortune.

61 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 7. 15:05 (SUMMER 1832) 61

An hour later.

ANNE's VO continues as she and MARIAN see ANN WALKER and WILLIAM and ELIZA PRIESTLEY off in their elegant carriage.

ANNE LISTER

(VO)

Shall I stay here? At Shibden. And endeavour to make wealthy little Miss Walker... my wife?

And in those last two salient words, she goes from sounding like a charming predator, to a woman who just wants to be settled and happy. We see it on her face too. The idea gives her new hope, a new challenge, new possibilities.

62 EXT. FARM YARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. 18:00 (SUMMER 1832) 62

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. We glimpse two of JOHN BOOTH's daughters, HANNAH (10) and MARTHA (8), peeping out of their cottage door. They're upset.

The eldest, CHARLOTTE (12, also upset), herds the two younger ones inside.

JOHN's struggling: he hates having to do this.

63 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. 18:01 (SUMMER 1832) 63

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).

64 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. CONTINUOUS. 18:02 64
(SUMMER 1832)

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.

65 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. 18:02 (SUMMER 1832) 65

JEREMY watches from the window. He's a stoic old soldier, he's seen much worse in battle. 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.

66 EXT. FARM YARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. 18:03 (SUMMER 1832) 66

JOHN's struggling.

JOHN BOOTH
(a murmur)
I can't do it.

ANNE
Hm?

JOHN BOOTH
I can't do it.

ANNE gently, discreetly, takes the pistol from JOHN, not wanting to humiliate him in front of his children or his brother. JOHN lets her take it. ANNE levels 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. She squeezes the trigger.

66A EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 8. CONTINUOUS. 18:03 (SUMMER 1832) 66A

We cut to a wider shot as the gun shot rings out through the Shibden Valley.

66B EXT. FARM YARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. 18:03 (SUMMER 1832) 66B
ANNE lingers for a moment over the collapsed horse, and then heads off back towards the hall with her gun.

67 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 9. 10:00 (SUMMER 1832) 67
A wide establisher of the great mansion. A bright new day.
ANNE LISTER walks up to the house and knocks on ANN WALKER's front door.

67A INT. HALLWAY, CROW NEST. DAY 9. 10:01 (SUMMER 1832) 67A
JAMES MACKENZIE (the footman) lets ANNE LISTER in.

ANNE LISTER
Miss Lister for Miss Walker, is she in?

68 INT. HALLWAY, CROW NEST. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 10:02 (SUMMER 1832) 68
We linger on ANNE LISTER as we hear JAMES through in another room say, "Miss Lister to see you, Miss Walker".
JAMES comes out from a drawing room, and indicates to ANNE LISTER that she can go in.
ANNE follows JAMES through DRAWING ROOM B, and into DRAWING ROOM A. We follow her.

69 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 10:02 69
(SUMMER 1832)

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

ANN WALKER
Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER
Miss Walker. I was just passing.

We go to blackout and end titles.

END OF EPISODE ONE