

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 2

Written and created by

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4th May 2018



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1 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 9. 10:02 (SUMMER 1832) 1

We pick up exactly where we left ANNE and ANN in Episode 1, with the FOOTMAN having just shown ANNE LISTER into ANN WALKER's drawing room for the first time in years.

Despite her shy, awkward manner ANN WALKER seems utterly delighted to see ANNE LISTER. But she feels herself to become inarticulate; it's the effect ANNE LISTER has on her.

ANN WALKER

Please! Come in. Sit down.

ANNE takes in the huge, elegant, light-filled room. The furniture and the decor and everything about it smacks of wealth. The only difference between now and the last time ANNE visited, is that ANN WALKER owns all of it.

ANNE LISTER

D'you know, I haven't been in this room for years.

ANN WALKER

It was after my mother died. You visited us.

ANNE LISTER

Was it?

ANN WALKER dismisses the servant with a discreet gesture.

ANN WALKER

(she talks too fast, she's excited, nervous)

My mother died quite suddenly after my father - I don't know if you remember - and yes, you came to tea, for tea, with me and my sister Elizabeth. We walked in the garden. You probably had no idea at the time, but you made my whole world a little bit brighter that day. I remember it very distinctly and very fondly.

She's desperate to make a good impression on ANNE because she is - and always has felt - drawn to her. If ANNE was a man she would realise that she was attracted to him. There'd be a language for it, and so an understanding of it. But all she knows is that ANNE LISTER makes her feel uplifted, excited, and makes her heart beat faster. The fact of her presence is an inexplicable thrill to her.

ANNE LISTER

I do remember it. I remember everything.

ANN WALKER

Do you remember me running after you?

No, she doesn't. But she keeps smiling.

ANNE LISTER

Remind me.

ANN WALKER

I was always embarrassed about it. Afterwards. I'm glad you don't remember. It was on the Lightcliffe Road. I spotted you and raced after you. To invite you to tea. And afterwards I thought how foolish. And silly. I must've seemed to you.

ANNE LISTER

Now you've said it... I only remember thinking how animated you looked. Even though you were bereaved. And I would never've thought you were foolish. Why would I? Shall I sit here?

She means on the same settee that ANN WALKER was sitting on when she arrived, even though there's a whole galaxy of seats to choose to sit on in this spacious, elegant, light-filled room. Then ANN WALKER has to decide whether to sit back where she was (on the same settee) or go and sit further away, putting a discreet distance between herself and her overwhelming visitor. She can't resist sitting back where she was, so close to ANNE LISTER. The proximity is too compelling.

TITLE SEQUENCE

2 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 9. 10:05 (SUMMER 1832) 2

As before.

ANNE LISTER

You must miss your sister?

ANN WALKER

Yes. I do. She writes. As often as she can. But she has three little ones now, and -

ANNE LISTER

Three?

ANN WALKER

- and so of course she's very busy.

ANNE LISTER
Motherhood! What a delight.

ANN WALKER
I am very fond of children. But I'm
not sure that I'd want to...
(whisper)
Give birth.

ANNE LISTER
No. No. It's not something I've
ever felt compelled to do. I once
dissected a baby.

ANN WALKER
Sorry?

ANNE LISTER
In Paris. It was dead. Obviously.
This was four years ago. I was - I
am - fascinated by the science of
Georges Cuvier. The anatomist and
paleontologist. I couldn't attend
the university officially - being
the wrong sex - so he gave me
private instruction. In my attic
apartment on the Left Bank.

3 INT. ATTIC BEDROOM, PARIS. FLASHBACK 5. DAY. (SPRING 1828) 3

Suddenly we're in Paris four years ago.

36-year-old ANNE LISTER and GEORGES CUVIER himself (a big, inelegant man, age 58) gravely discussing the dissected baby on the table in front of them. (We don't need to see the baby. Maybe the camera is the baby).

GEORGES CUVIER
... et ici les testicules, qui,
bien sûr, ne sont pas encore
descendues.

*...and here are the testes, which haven't dropped yet.
Obviously.*

ANNE LISTER
(V.O.)
I've always been fascinated by the
human body -

4 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 9. 10:06 (SUMMER 1832) 4

ANN WALKER is appalled and fascinated all at the same time. Is this happening? Has brilliant ANNE LISTER really turned up and started talking about such outlandish things?

ANNE LISTER

- how it works. Especially the brain. The brain is the most extraordinary organ, and when you see one, it's just meat, offal - like the rest of our corporeal form - and yet what the brain does in one day, in one hour, in one second, right now! Everything you see, hear, think, feel, *desire* - in any one moment - is all processed and retained by this one lump of stuff inside the skull - *your* skull, *my* skull - you *think* about it! Isn't it exciting that we can think at all? The brain of even the smallest animal is ridiculously sophisticated, but the human brain! We have language, we invent, we analyse, we build cathedrals and cities, and *society*, we write music and poetry, we fall in love. Aren't we lucky? To be alive. To *have life*. Isn't every tiny moment an inexplicable delight, *packed* with potential?

ANN WALKER is captivated, energised, delighted.

We cut to several hours later...

5 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 9. 13:58 (SUMMER 1832) 5

...and discover ANNE LISTER and ANN WALKER sitting exactly where they were, but now they're laughing, and the tone is gossipy, happy, confidential -

ANNE LISTER

No! I had no idea!

ANN WALKER

Oh he's awful. I thought *you did*.

ANNE LISTER

When?

ANN WALKER

When you got rid of him. When you sent him outside to look at your horse!

ANNE LISTER

Oh, well yes, I could see he was irritating you.

ANN WALKER

He's never *touched* me. As such.
It's just... the way he looks. You
know. Where he -
(a nod at ANNE's bosom)
shouldn't. And then the last time
he was here he was so close I could
feel him *breathing* on me.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. Don't send for him any
more. Send for Dr. Day or Mr.
Sunderland.

ANN WALKER

Oh and then there'd be a whole
inquest into *why*.

ANNE LISTER

From who?

ANN WALKER

The *tribe*. My aunt, the Priestleys,
the Edwards, the Rawsons, the lot
of them.

ANNE LISTER

I didn't know you were related to
the Rawsons.

ANN WALKER

Oh -
(boring)
My family has been very adept at
strategic marriages. Over the
years. Yet another reason why I'm
such a disappointment to everyone.

ANNE LISTER

Are you?

ANN WALKER

My - I think so. My...
(she thinks it through)
Father's... father's - my
grandfather - one of his sisters -
Charlotte, Constance, one of them -
was married to Stansfield and
Christopher and Jeremiah
Rawson's... grandfather. I think.
Anyway, that's the connection. So!
And of course they all have
opinions, even when I barely see
any of them.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Miss Walker. You are an
intelligent, twenty-nine - ?
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(ANN affirms)

Twenty-nine-year-old woman of substantial - seriously substantial - independent means. Which doctor you choose to patronise is a matter for yourself -

ANN WALKER

Yes [but] -

ANNE LISTER

(she squeezes her hand reassuringly, and leaves it there, gazing into her eyes)

- and *yourself alone*.

ANNE LISTER's touch is a thrill, and such attention gives ANN WALKER strength and courage. Even if it's only the strength and courage to be candid -

ANN WALKER

All I was going to say. Is that when one has been...

(she whispers the word)

an *invalid*. Or at least seen as one. By the family. For so long. It's hard to throw off *some* people's idea that they have a right to interfere. In one's life.

ANNE LISTER

An invalid? How? You don't look very *in-valid* to me.

At that moment they both become conscious of the fact that they're looking straight into one another's eyes. And that they're still holding hands from the reassuring squeeze above. And that they're both happy (and beautifully lit). It's a special little moment, for all ANN's nerves in ANNE's presence. Just then - behind ANN WALKER on the mantelpiece - the ridiculously expensive clock strikes a discreet two.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Oh good Lord! I haven't been here for four hours!

(a charming smile as she gazes at ANN WALKER)

How did that happen?

6

EXT. FIELDS, SHIBDEN. DAY 9. 14:10 (SUMMER 1832)

6

ANNE LISTER strides briskly back to Shibden through the lush green fields of the Shibden Valley. She's talking to us.

ANNE LISTER

There's nothing wrong with her.

We flip back to -

7 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 9. 14:00 (SUMMER 1832) 7

ANNE and ANN, as before -

ANNE LISTER
Can I call again tomorrow?

ANN WALKER can't believe her luck.

ANN WALKER
Really?

8 EXT. FIELDS, SHIBDEN. DAY 9. 14:11 (SUMMER 1832) 8

ANNE LISTER
At least... nothing a little *spice of matrimony* wouldn't cure. All she has to do now is realise that the nature of what she feels for me... is love.

ANNE's finding this really entertaining and fun. Just then ANNE hears someone approaching vigorously on a horse from behind her. She turns and sees -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Miss Lister! Good afternoon, ma'am!
(he dismounts)
I called! At the hall! Twice! To see you. No-one seemed to know where you were.
(he leaves a gap for her to explain, should she choose to do so. Nope)
So coal! James Holt is the man to talk to. Very knowledgable. Very interesting actually, [he] -

ANNE LISTER
What is he?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Oh he's a local coal agent ma'am. He knows all the pits in the area. And the markets too. He says you'd no doubt do very well if you re-opened the old Listerwick pit, as I suggested, or indeed sunk a new one higher up. *But*. He says you should understand that it's an expensive business, and time-consuming, and there are alternatives.

9

INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 10. 15:30
(SUMMER 1832)

9

Now we're looking at JAMES HOLT (65) another professional/
out-doorsy sort of bloke. ANNE spots that he has dirty finger
nails.

JAMES HOLT

Now ma'am. Since Mr. Washington
approached me on your behalf, I've
done a bit of asking around -
discreetly, I assumed you wouldn't
mind - and Mr. Hinscliffe - the
coal merchant - would be very keen
to offer you a hundred pound per
acre for the coal. *But*. This is the
thing. At present, he only wants
the one acre down at Mytholm.

ANNE LISTER

Why only one?

JAMES HOLT

So he can use the old Listerwick
pit to access another coal bed he's
leased without sinking a new shaft.
Now, really - if the coal were mine
- I'd be wanting nearer two hundred
an acre. And the Rawsons would be
in a position to offer that. I know
you don't want to do business with
the Rawsons, ma'am and I do
understand why, [but] -

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Washington thinks they're
stealing my coal.

JAMES HOLT

I think they very probably are.
Given the fact that their coal beds
abut directly onto yours. But how
do you prove it?

ANNE LISTER

I apply to the Lord Chancellor for
an order to go down into the
Rawson's works [and] -

JAMES HOLT

Aye and by t'time you've got it
they'll have turned the water
against you and flooded your coal
and no-one'd be able to get down
there to prove anything one way or
the other.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Water is the enemy, ma'am. In a mine. Controlling the flow is half the job.

JAMES HOLT

Rivalry is bitter. And lawless. And people will use the water against each other.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

It's a dirty business. Coal. I mean in more ways than [one] -

ANNE LISTER

I wouldn't *advertise* the fact that I'd applied to chancery. The object would be to surprise them on the day [and] -

JAMES HOLT

And d'you think Christopher Rawson wouldn't get wind of it before then? He's a magistrate, he's a justice of the peace, he's the Lord Lieutenant of the County.

ANNE LISTER

I'll not be bullied on my own land. Not by anyone. Above ground or under it.

JAMES HOLT

No, of course not, [but] -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

If you'll give Mr. Holt a moment, Miss Lister, he has a suggestion.

JAMES HOLT

As I say, the Rawsons are in a position to offer more than Hinscliffe. Which - if they thought you were going to sell to Hinscliffe - they'd have to. Wouldn't they? Otherwise they'd be worried he'd get down there and see what he'd paid for already taken. They don't know he only wants the one acre to access this other bed.

This is starting to make sense to ANNE. But -

ANNE LISTER

What'd be to stop the Rawsons turning this water on Hinscliffe? If that's what they're capable of, and I'd sold to him and not them?

JAMES HOLT

Oh, they wouldn't let it get that far! *They want your coal.* Even if they've to pay for it fairly. And d'you see if it was negotiated *skilfully* -
(he means by himself)
this'd be a way of upping the price so they'd be paying for what was already stolen.

ANNE nods steadily. She gets it. But she's still not ready to entirely trust HOLT.

ANNE LISTER

I'd like to see a breakdown of the Rawsons' costs. How much coal they get from an acre, and how much they sell it for in Halifax. Can you do that for me?

Yes. He can. But we can see that he's bemused about why she wants it.

10 EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 11. 13:05 (SUMMER 1832) 10

Urban commercial Halifax (in great contrast to rural Shibden), with the sound of industrial Halifax very close by.

11 EXT. RAWSON STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 11. 13:05 (SUMMER 1832) 11

We discover the Halifax and Huddersfield Bank (on Rawson Street, right in the middle of Halifax), as an elegant two-horse postilion carriage pulls up right in front of it. A liveried FOOTMAN hops off the back to open the door.

12 INT. CARRIAGE, RAWSON STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 11. CONTINUOUS. 12
13:06 (SUMMER 1832)

Inside the carriage we find CHRISTOPHER RAWSON (55, a vigorous man, banker, magistrate, entrepreneur), just taking a handful of pennies from his waist-coat pocket, as his FOOTMAN opens the door and murmurs "Mister Rawson" and touches his hat to him.

13 EXT. RAWSON STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 11. CONTINUOUS. 13:06 13
(SUMMER 1832)

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON steps out of his carriage and tosses the handful of coins in the air in the general direction of a gang of grubby, emaciated, poorly-clad urchins who habitually run after his coach as he arrives at the bank.

The children dive on the money and then start scrapping over it viciously. CHRISTOPHER doesn't throw a look behind him to see the carnage he's unleashed, he simply heads through the wrought-iron gates, up the elegant stone steps and through the elegant, huge open front doors and into the bank. We go with him...

14 EXT/INT. HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD BANK, HALIFAX. DAY 11. 14
13:07 (SUMMER 1832)

Everyone jumps to attention as soon as CHRISTOPHER RAWSON enters the building. He is Mr. Halifax. Customers and staff (all men) nod courteously to him and murmur "Mr. Rawson" as he passes. His SECRETARY (a man) is poised to take his coat and hat.

SECRETARY

Good afternoon Mr. Rawson!

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Afternoon! Good afternoon.

SECRETARY

(a nod to outside)

Not in the gig again today, sir?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Afternoon. No! Not. As you see.

We cut to inside CHRISTOPHER RAWSON's office at the back of the bank...

15 INT. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON'S OFFICE, BANK. DAY 11. 13:08 15
(SUMMER 1832)

...where JEREMIAH RAWSON (45, CHRISTOPHER's brother) sits waiting. He sees CHRISTOPHER approach and stands up, nervous of his overwhelming elder brother.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Nor any other day. I've sent it back to the manufacturer in Liverpool. Per canal. It rattled and shook like the devil had hold of it, the thing was a death trap.

SECRETARY

Oh dear.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

And over-priced.

SECRETARY

And you spoke of it so highly just after you got it sir.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
No I didn't.

SECRETARY
Your brother's here, sir. I've shown him into your office.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Afternoon! Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER steps into his office.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
How are you?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
Busy.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
I'll be brief. Can I...?

"Shut the door". CHRISTOPHER sorts through the morning's correspondence on his desk as JEREMIAH shuts the door.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
What's up?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Are you all right?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
Indigestion. Insomnia. What can I do for you?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Miss Lister. Is back. Did you know?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
She was in here two weeks since depositing her rents.
(despite his apparent irritable mood, the idea of ANNE seems to amuse and interest him)
She collected her own rents! And she drove the high-flier back from Wibsey, somebody was telling me. You couldn't invent her, could you?

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Right, well I've got wind of a rumour that Holt's been talking to another company - on her behalf - about her signing a lease over her coal.

(MORE)

JEREMIAH RAWSON (CONT'D)

(CHRISTOPHER goes quiet)

I need to go and talk to her,
Christopher! I need to be in a
position to offer her more! More
than whatever this other lot's
offering. Because if we don't - if
it's true - whoever it is, is going
to go down there and find out *what*
we've been doing.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(a murmur)

What you've been doing.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Because *you told* me to!

(silence)

It's never sat comfortably with me.
Even when she wasn't here and
didn't seem to be doing anything
with her coal. We ought to do the
proper thing and make an offer, and
then we can mine the stuff legally
and...

(whisper)

Cover up any trespass. That might
have *accidentally* occurred.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

It was accidental.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Yes. To start with. Perhaps.

CHRISTOPHER takes his time. Eventually -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Don't let her run rings round you
over a price.

(he's dead serious)

Because she will.

16 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 11. 13:30 (SUMMER 1832) 16

JOHN BOOTH carries a wooden crate of freshly-picked veg into
the kitchen. We go with him...

17 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 11. 13:30 (SUMMER 1832) 17

...and discover JOSEPH BOOTH trying to mend the mechanism
inside a posh clock. On the same table CORDINGLEY's cutting
up rabbits. HEMINGWAY's sewing by the fire.

JOHN drops the crate on the table (which wobbles and makes
JOSEPH tut: can his brother not see he's mending a clock?).

JOHN mouths an apologetic "Oops!", and glances through to the back kitchen, where EUGÉNIE's ironing. Her sullen, sulky body language suggests to JOHN that she's in a bad mood.

JOHN BOOTH
(a discreet nod at the
scullery)
Everything all right?

CORDINGLEY
(strictly entre nous)
I think she'd had the idea from
somebody -
(she gestures through to
the house, i.e. ANNE)
that Shibden was a quite a bit
grander than it is, and I don't
think she'd understood that she'd
be expected to turn her hand to a
bit of all sorts.

HEMINGWAY
And the other thing.

JOHN BOOTH
What other thing?

HEMINGWAY
Has your Joe not told you?

JOHN BOOTH
(looking to JOSEPH)
What?

JOSEPH BOOTH
I'd been told not to say owt.

CORDINGLEY positions herself so that EUGÉNIE won't see them gossiping about her.

CORDINGLEY
Pregnant.

JOHN BOOTH
Eh?

CORDINGLEY
George Playforth's.

JOHN is shocked. The implications don't bear thinking about. He forms several thoughts which nearly become words before -

JOHN BOOTH
Well...
(it teases him out of
thought)
does Miss Lister know?

HEMINGWAY

Would she be standing there ironing everybody's smalls if *she* knew?

JOHN BOOTH

Well - so - what's she gonna do?

CORDINGLEY

She swallowed a load of gin.
Goodness knows where she got it from.

HEMINGWAY

Didn't work.

JOHN BOOTH

Has she not got any money to get back to her family with?

CORDINGLEY

They're in Rouen.

Perhaps we should get a closer glimpse of sad EUGÉNIE, who knows damned well they're all whispering about her.

JOHN BOOTH

Tell Miss Marian.

CORDINGLEY

I'm not telling anybody anything!

JOHN BOOTH

(it's still sinking in)
George's?

HEMINGWAY

She reckons he said he'd marry her as soon as they got back here.

JOHN BOOTH

Silly b[itch] - poor kid.

CORDINGLEY

Aye. Well.

JOHN BOOTH

What'll happen to her?

CORDINGLEY

She needs to find a kind fella with a Christian heart who'll pretend it's his.

HEMINGWAY

Only how? And why would anyone?

Clearly this news has made an impression on JOHN.

18 EXT. SHIBDEN. DAY 11. 18:30 (SUMMER 1832) 18

Afternoon turns to evening in the Shibden Valley.

19 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING 11. 18:30 (SUMMER 19 1832)

ANNE, MARIAN, AUNT ANNE LISTER and JEREMY eat dinner together. JOSEPH BOOTH waits upon them.

ANNE is irked by her family's un-self aware table manners: JEREMY slurps his soup at one side of the table, and at the other MARIAN blows on her steaming hot spoonful until some of it goes in her eye. ANNE glances into the camera for a brief moment as though to share the thought with us: they're both fucking idiots. (AUNT ANNE is exempt from this of course).

ANNE LISTER

I'm going to make some improvements to the estate. I thought I'd run them past you. Father. So you know what's going on.

JEREMY LISTER

What, in case I have an opinion?

ANNE LISTER

So! Yes. So. I'm going to construct an ornamental walk. From the garden gate, down through the Hall Ing, down the side of Calf Croft, and into Lower Brook Ing.

MARIAN LISTER

Why?

ANNE LISTER

And *then* at the top of Lower Brook Ing - because it will look elegant, Marian - I'm going to build an ornamental moss house. Or *chaumière* - just a small one -

MARIAN LISTER

What for?

JEREMY LISTER

(who's deaf)

A what?

ANNE LISTER

A *chaumière*. Like a... summer house. Like an ornamental hut -

MARIAN LISTER

Like a shed?

ANNE LISTER

At the same time I'm going to pull
up all the hedges in all the fields
below the hall.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(worried)
Really?

MARIAN LISTER

Why though?

ANNE LISTER

Yes, and create more of a...
(she makes an expansive
elegant gesture)
park. Parkland. *Because.* Marian. I
am sick of the place looking like
an *old farm*.

MARIAN LISTER

It *is* an old farm.

ANNE LISTER

Shibden Hall. Is the oldest house
in Halifax. It dates - as you know -
back to the reign of Henry the
Fifth and Agincourt. It's where the
first manorial courts in Halifax
were held. It is *not*. And has never
been. A *farm*. And it saddens me.
Deeply. That that's how people
might see it, so I would thank you
very much not to refer to it as
such. We are Listers. Shibden Hall
is our ancestral home. And it must
always reflect the quiet dignity of
our ancient lineage.

We can see MARIAN quietly thinking ANNE's off her trolley.

20 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 12. 10:30 (SUMMER 1832) 20

A new day. Effortlessly elegant Crow Nest.

21 EXT. ORNAMENTAL GARDENS, CROW NEST. DAY 12. 10:30 (SUMMER 21
1832)

We discover ANNE LISTER once again with ANN WALKER, and once
more we feel privileged to eavesdrop on what is clearly a
confidential conversation -

ANNE LISTER

A *thousand pounds*?

ANN WALKER

I offered to *give him* five hundred.
But he's still asking to *borrow* a
thousand more.

ANNE LISTER

And why does your cousin Atkinson
want a thousand pounds more?

ANN WALKER

Business. I don't know. An
investment. It's all rather vague.

ANNE LISTER

It's a lot of money to be vague
about to the lender. Has he named
the terms on which he'll pay you
back?

(ANN's shaking her head)

Has he said when he expects to pay
you back? Has he offered to pay
interest?

ANN WALKER

No. Nothing like that.

ANNE LISTER

So these aunts and uncles and
cousins protect you from fortune
hunters and gold diggers out in the
world, but not the ones *inside* your
own family?

(yup)

What you need. Miss Walker.

(she puts a reassuring
hand on ANN's hand, and
caresses it gently with
her thumb)

is a well worded letter.

22 INT. DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 12. 10:50 (SUMMER 1832) 22

Twenty minutes later: ANN WALKER sits at a table signing and
sealing a letter which she has copied from one ANNE LISTER
has written for her (which is on the table in front of her).

ANN WALKER

You see it would've taken me three
weeks to compose a letter - a firm,
clear - letter like this. What with
tying myself up in knots trying not
to offend, and then I'd be so
anxious about sending the thing I'd
probably end up throwing it in the
waste paper basket and lending him
the money anyway.

ANNE LISTER

You're a very kind, good-natured
person -

ANN WALKER

And - no doubt - never see it back.

ANNE LISTER

- who just needs a little more self-confidence. If he writes again, you tell me and I'll dictate something else. Or perhaps now you'll have the confidence to compose something yourself.

As she speaks, ANNE plays absent-mindedly with an ornate letter knife.

ANN WALKER

My cousin - Mrs. Priestley - said what a good friend you were to have.

(a smile)

It is confidence, isn't it?

(she heads back to the settee. ANNE follows, still enjoying the feel of the paper knife, and sits opposite)

I've never had any. You see, my Aunt at Cliffhill, she suggested - and arranged - this holiday, this excursion, I'm going on with my cousin Catherine, Miss Rawson -

ANNE LISTER

Which holiday?

ANN WALKER

The week after next. To the Lake District. Don't misunderstand me, I'm very fond of Catherine. She's my best friend, she gave me that paper knife, -

(the one ANNE has in her hands)

but -

ANNE is instantly jealous.

ANNE LISTER

How long are you going for?

ANN WALKER

Three weeks - and this is the thing. Three weeks is a long time. To be alone with someone. Even someone you're fond of. And - you know - I might...

ANNE LISTER

What? Get fed up of her? Which one's Catherine?

ANN WALKER

Well. I was more concerned that *she* might get fed up of *me*. She's Mr. *Stansfield* Rawson's eldest daughter.

ANNE LISTER

Do you have to go for a whole three weeks?

ANN WALKER

Oh, it's all organised and arranged, it's not something I can [back out of] -

Just then - in playing with the knife too roughly, ANNE LISTER snaps it in two. Which shocks them both.

ANNE LISTER

Oh good Lord! I'm so sorry.

ANN WALKER

Don't worry. Are you hurt? You're bleeding!

ANNE LISTER

It's nothing. Look, I can mend this.

ANN WALKER

It doesn't matter. Here -

She gives ANNE a small handkerchief to stop the blood.

ANNE LISTER

I can replace it.

ANN WALKER

If you like. Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER

I don't know what with.

ANN WALKER

It doesn't matter.

ANNE LISTER

Because of course it could never have the same sentimental value. Whatever I replaced it with. If she's such a dear friend.

ANN WALKER

Oh.

(bravely, looking into
ANNE's eyes)

I think it would.

There's a moment between them. ANNE presses the hanky to her finger to staunch the blood.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

Let me.

She presses the hanky onto ANNE's wound. So they're holding hands. Suddenly, from nowhere -

ANNE LISTER

Would you like to come to
Switzerland with me?

(ANN WALKER's shocked:
Switzerland?)

In the spring. I can't go any
sooner. With my aunt. With her leg.
She has ulcers. And Shibden - I'm
planning renovations and I must
oversee them or they won't be done
properly. But I'd like to be in
Rome. At Easter. For the carnival.
It's glorious! Switzerland in the
spring, and then on to Rome for
Easter.

ANN WALKER

I've never been abroad.

It terrifies her and excites her all the same time. Abroad terrifies her. But abroad with ANNE LISTER... that's something else.

ANNE LISTER

Well then.

(she's utterly sincere
because of her passion
for travel; her face
lights up)

You haven't lived.

Her face is so alive. And it's infectious. It brings yet more illumination and animation to ANN WALKER's face.

ANN WALKER

Elizabeth and I - my sister, you
know - we did once think about
travelling*.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

[We'd like to have seen the south of France, and then gone onto Italy - the Italian Lakes - but what with one thing and another, and then of course Captain Sutherland popped up and proposed to her and somehow it never happened. This was before my brother died of course, and -]

ANN WALKER's voice fades out* as she goes on, and ANNE LISTER's thoughts take over as she smiles (as though she's listening) and studies ANN WALKER's face carefully -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

I see I must be uncommonly and fastidiously delicate in leading her into my own ways. But I believe I shall succeed with her.

23 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 12. 11:00 (SUMMER 1832) 23

RACHEL HEMINGWAY beats a huge rug she's got slung over a rope in the back yard as JOHN BOOTH heads towards the back door clutching a modest-sized bunch of flowers that he's gathered from Shibden's posh front garden, and a few goose eggs (covered in goose crap).

JOHN BOOTH

Rachel.

HEMINGWAY

Hello John.

24 INT. BACK KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 12. 11:01 (SUMMER 1832) 24

JOHN BOOTH steps into the back kitchen, where glum EUGÉNIE is busy.

Through in the kitchen CORDINGLEY's busy with the week's baking.

JOHN calls through to CORDINGLEY -

JOHN BOOTH

How do. Josephine and Fanny are laying like fun! I thought you might like a few.

CORDINGLEY

Oh! Lovely.

JOHN BOOTH

And er...
(glancing EUGÉNIE's way)
garden's beautiful, out front.
(MORE)

JOHN BOOTH (CONT'D)
I thought this little selection
might bring some cheer. To the
table.

JOHN seems to be loitering in the back kitchen for some
reason, so CORDINGLEY comes through to him.

CORDINGLEY
(she enunciates to EUGÉNIE
as though she's deaf)
Can you fill a *jug*? With *water*.
(she points at the jug,
mimes filling it)
Eau. De l'eau?

JOHN BOOTH
Yeah. So. Thing is. Could you tell
Eugénie. Thing is. I think she
doesn't like me. Because. Thing is.
When we first met. At t'coaching
inn. Because Miss Lister were in
such a bad mood. And I had to lug
that imperial on the hand-cart. Up
the hill. In that heat. She might
have got the idea that I'm
unpleasant and unhelpful and short-
tempered. Which I'm not. As a rule.
I think you'll agree? So if you
could explain. That I'm sorry. If
we got off on a wrong footing. I
just... given t'situation. She's
in. I thought she's enough on,
without thinking I'm some sort of
ogre.

CORDINGLEY absorbs all that, and then (still struggling with
her French) turns it into something rather more succinct -

CORDINGLEY
John dit il est sorry, désolé, lui,
rude, grossier? Quand il
rencontrait vous in Halifax, la
première fois, à la *tavern*... Il
veut vous dire, il est une personne
gentille, vraiment.

*John says he's sorry. If he was rude. When he first met you.
At the coaching inn. And he wants you to know that he's
actually quite a nice person.*

EUGÉNIE has filled the jug with water from a pitcher. She
listens to what CORDINGLEY has to say, and then takes the
flowers gently from JOHN (so their hands brush momentarily
against one another) to put them in the jug.

EUGÉNIE
Bon. Merci.

JOHN looks to CORDINGLEY.

CORDINGLEY
She's saying thank you.

JOHN BOOTH
You'll have to teach me a bit o'
French, and then. I can talk to
her.

CORDINGLEY
Oui.

JOHN BOOTH
Sorry?

CORDINGLEY
Oui. It means yes.

JOHN BOOTH
Wee? Are y'sure?
(worried)
What's 'no' then?

25 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 12. 11:10 (SUMMER 1832) 25

ANNE and ANN, as before, except now they're sitting on the same settee again, and as before we creep up on them as though we're eavesdropping and not really meant to be here. Even more cosy, confidential and amused than ever before (ANNE still clutches the bloodied hanky to her injured hand) -

ANN WALKER
Pocket holes?

ANNE LISTER
Yes. Sewn in. Specially.

ANN WALKER
What for?

ANNE LISTER
Well. I did wonder for long enough.
And then when I asked Mrs. Barlow,
this English lady I'd met. *She*
s[aid] - oh, I can't tell you, it's
too outrageous.

ANN WALKER
Tell me. Tell me! Go on, tell me.
You can't hint at something so
intriguing and then not say it!

ANNE LISTER
Well, it's - it's very French. Only
the French. Only in Fra[nce] -
well, only in Paris. It's...
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
well apparently. It's so that a man
might...
(she feigns embarrassment)
pleasure. Himself. Without drawing
attention -
(she nods south)
To himself. Well or at least
without inconveniencing himself too
much.

ANN WALKER's shocked. And delighted. People just do not tell
her things like this normally!

ANN WALKER
Oh - ! That's - !

ANNE LISTER
You've gone red! I shouldn't have
said it.

ANN WALKER
(thrilled)
That's not true!

ANNE LISTER
Of course it's true! It's Paris.
(she's smiling. ANN
WALKER's smiling)
It's why people go there. Well not
me. Obviously. I just went there
to study anatomy.

Quick flash to -

26 INT. BEDROOM, PARIS. FLASHBACK 6. DAY. 09:00 (SPRING 1825) 26

MRS. BARLOW - one of ANNE's former flames - in the throes of
a multiple orgasm, which is striking just as we discover her -

MRS. BARLOW
Oh God, oh Miss Lister, Oh f - !!

- with ANNE's head between MRS. BARLOW's legs, athletic
ANNE's just coming up for air, her face bright red and damp
from the sheer sustained exertion and heat, as she continues
to work away at MRS. BARLOW's golden lotus with her very well-
travelled right hand. And before we realise we saw any of
that we're back in -

27 INT. DRAWING ROOM A, CROW NEST. DAY 12. 11:12 (SUMMER 1832) 27

ANNE LISTER
Have you ever kissed anyone?

ANN WALKER
(embarrassed)
I -
(she shakes her head)
No.

ANNE LISTER
Perhaps you wouldn't tell me if you
had.

ANN WALKER
Have you?

ANNE LISTER
I asked you.

ANN WALKER
Good Lord, how did we get onto
that?

ANNE LISTER
Have you never wanted to?

ANN WALKER
Only to see what it was like.

ANNE LISTER
Who?

ANN WALKER
(shakes her head)
Have *you*?

ANNE LISTER
Wanted to? Oh yes.

ANN WALKER
Who? When?

Eventually, a murmur -

ANNE LISTER
(gazing into ANN's eyes,
dare she say it?)
Every time I come here.

ANN WALKER
What d'you mean?

They're hovering so close to one another. ANNE touches ANN's
lips very delicately with her finger.

ANNE LISTER
Surely you know what I mean. And I
think you feel the same about me.

ANN WALKER
What?

ANNE LISTER

(a murmur)

I think you're a little bit in love with me.

(the penny drops for ANN

WALKER. ANNE LISTER'S

right. She's in love.

That's what it is. And

with another woman. Which

of course is shocking and

bewildering now it's been

put into words)

Are you all right?

ANN WALKER

I -

ANNE LISTER

Have I overstepped the mark?

Despite the shock and bewilderment, ANN WALKER still has a capacity to be honest.

ANN WALKER

No.

ANNE LISTER

I've offended you.

ANN WALKER

No.

ANNE LISTER

I've embarrassed you.

ANN WALKER

No. Not - no.

ANNE LISTER

I have. Do you want me to leave?

ANN WALKER

No.

ANNE LISTER

Well have I...? Misread it?

ANN WALKER

No. I -

(she barely dare

articulate it)

Do have very warm and tender

feelings. For you. And...

(she shakes her head)

I don't know why. Except. Oh Lord.

ANNE LISTER

What?

(ANN shakes her head,
can't speak)

Why don't I come back tomorrow?

ANN WALKER

Erm...

ANNE LISTER

I'll be in a thousand miseries
between now and then, imagining
I've overstepped the mark, and that
I've horrified you and that you
despise me.

ANN WALKER

I could never despise you. Please
don't ever imagine that. Anne. Not
for a second.

ANNE presses the bloodied hanky into ANN's hands, and uses it
to hold on to her hand for a fraction longer than she should.

ANNE LISTER

Sorry.

ANN WALKER

No, I'm sorry.

They linger.

ANNE LISTER

You don't need to be frightened.

(v.o.)

Well! I think - by and by - she'll
fall into my view of things
admirably -

28 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 12. 11:30 (SUMMER 1832) 28

ANNE strides towards another posh front door, as she talks to
us directly to us -

ANNE LISTER

- now she's realised that you *can*
fall in love with another woman.
Well - me.

(ANNE knocks at the front
door)

And I really do believe that if she
is fond enough of me and -

(nudge nudge wink wink)

manageable. Might we not be happy?

(a FOOTMAN answers the
door.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

ANNE clicks back into
brisk practical mode)
Is Mrs. Priestley in?

29 EXT. GARDEN, NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 12. 11:35 (SUMMER 29
1832)

We find ANNE and ELIZA PRIESTLEY taking a turn in the
PRIESTLEYS' elegant garden.

ANNE LISTER

It was since your visit. Since you
and Mr. Priestley brought her to
Shibden.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Oh how delightful!

ANNE LISTER

I returned the visit, and - I don't
know how it is - but we seem to get
on so very *nicely* together.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

That's so kind of you!

ANNE LISTER

Is it?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Well you know she hasn't been -
(she mouths it delicately)
Well.

ANNE LISTER

Yes. *How?*

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Oh. Well. She has this problem -
this weakness - in her spine. I
think it's -
(mouths it)
Menstrual. And she gets anxious.
And frets. About the oddest things.
She always seems to think people
are after her money. Even people in
her own *family*.

ANNE LISTER

But... they are. Her cousin
Atkinson -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Oh! Him. Yes, but - him aside - she
alienates people. People who *care*
about her. And then the ones that
really *are* after her money, she -
(MORE)

ELIZA PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)

(hesitates)

Well she's *naïve*. What she *really* needs is a *good friend*. Someone slightly older and more worldly-wise than Catherine Rawson. Someone who can guide her on a steady path, without her feeling that us *old folk* are constantly interfering.

(a kind smile)

And perhaps she's found one?

ANNE's delighted. She knew getting MRS. PRIESTLEY on side would be a good move.

30 INT. CROW NEST. DAY 12. 11:40 (SUMMER 1832) 30

ANN WALKER is looking out of the window. She's beautifully lit, and she's clutching the hanky with the precious, vivid memento of ANNE LISTER on it.

She knows what's happening to her is very strange; she's in love with another woman, *and* that woman is responding to her. But she's *happy*, happier than she can ever remember being. It's all so bewildering, but she's *so happy*. She looks up at the sky and the trees, the way the light plays through the leaves and it's suddenly as if she's seeing the world afresh. The light and the colour, the exquisite beauty of the world. It's a depression lifting. She can see things clearly now. And all because of brilliant ANNE LISTER.

31 EXT. ROYDELANDS FARM. DAY 12. 12:45 (SUMMER 1832) 31

ANNE approaches Roydelands Farm. She sees THOMAS SOWDEN helping WILLIAM HARDCASTLE replace a wheel on a big old cart. It's strenuous work. One of WILLIAM HARDCASTLE's younger children (3-year-old grubby-faced BILLY) is with him, watching, wanting to help. THOMAS SOWDEN has another tell-tale abrasion on his face (as though he's been knocked about again at home). Neither WILLIAM nor THOMAS see ANNE approach.

ANNE LISTER

Good afternoon! Hardcastle.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Oh, good afternoon! Miss Lister.

WILLIAM and THOMAS jump to attention.

ANNE LISTER

Thomas.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER
(she nods at the cart with
3-year-old BILLY in it)
Is that yours?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
Yeah, aye.
(realising)
Oh, the cart!
(he thought she meant
BILLY)
Yes! Sorry. Yes, it is. It were me
father's. And his father's before
that. It's seen some work. But I
keep fettling it and it keeps
going.

ANNE LISTER
How's your other boy?

WILLIAM's face falls.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
Doctor says he'll be reight. But
it's more... in himself. He's not
spoken. Since it happened.

ANNE takes that in. Then she addresses THOMAS. She sees the
abrasion on his face. She might even take hold of his face
like a doctor would to have a better look at the abrasion.

ANNE LISTER
How are things at home, Thomas?

THOMAS SOWDEN
All right ma'am.

But somehow they all know things aren't all right at home.
ANNE can't deal with that now. But we get the idea she's
making a mental note. She turns back to WILLIAM HARDCASTLE.

ANNE LISTER
Is your wife in?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
Aye, she is.

He leads the way. ANNE towers over little grubby-faced BILLY
(who's jumped down off the cart) and says very seriously
(she's scared of small people because they're unpredictable,
so she has to challenge herself to interact with them) -

ANNE LISTER
Hello.

BILLY doesn't answer, he just gawks up at her, like she just
crashed to earth from the planet Zog. Eventually BILLY might
offer some information like, "We're fettling t'cart".

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Good. Excellent. You carry on.

ANNE heads towards the house and we see little BILLY left thinking, "Is that a man?"

32

INT. ROYDELANDS FARM. DAY 12. 12:47 (SUMMER 1832)

32

ALICE HARDCASTLE's busy preparing food as WILLIAM comes in.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Alice.

(ANNE steps in after him,
just as he announces her)

Miss Lister.

ALICE jumps up instantly. As with the Briggses in Ep 1, this is like royalty visiting.

ANNE LISTER

Hello, Mrs. Hardcastle. How are you?

She's nodding, like she wants to say "I'm very well thank you". ANNE gets the idea and moves on -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Good, how're you settling in?

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Oh very well. Thank you. All things considered. We're very suited with the house.

ANNE LISTER

Is this Henry?

HENRY's sitting in his makeshift bed next to the window at the far end of the room, clutching the wooden soldier that THOMAS gave him.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Yes ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

And there's no infection? I'm told.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

He's been lucky, it's healing well. It was very good of you ma'am. To pay for Dr. Kenny.

ANNE LISTER

It was my sister. Who paid for Dr. Kenny. But yes, it was kind of her.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(ANNE pulls a chair up for herself, and sits down, right next to HENRY, and addresses him directly)
And still nothing about the man in the gig?

WILLIAM gives HENRY a chance to answer himself, but nervous that he won't, WILLIAM fills in -

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
Trouble is ma'am, no-one saw him.

ANNE proceeds to make a brisk medical examination of HENRY: she pulls both his lower eye lids down, then feels his temperature with her hand on his forehead, and then checks his pulse (at the wrist) against the second hand on her watch. No pause in the conversation as she does this -

ANNE LISTER
Someone must've...
(pulls an eyelid down)
seen something.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
I went to talk to the constable.
And he said without information you can't do owt. You can't go to a magistrate without information.

ANNE LISTER
Only a certain kind of person would have the money to drive a gig of that sort.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
Well - yes.

ANNE LISTER
So that narrows down the field. Has anyone spoken to Miss Walker's groom? Because surely - if he was facing the gig as it approached - he was in the best position to see something.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
No I don't think [so] - we haven't.

ANNE LISTER
(she's finished her examination)
What do you think? Henry.

Something's been troubling HENRY all along the more he's looked at ANNE, and now he just has to ask -

HENRY HARDCASTLE

Are you a man?

WILLIAM and ALICE freeze. Oh shit, they're going to get evicted. ALICE's instinct is to shout, "Shut up Henry!" But of course she doesn't want him to shut up, she wants to encourage him to speak more.

ANNE hates being mistaken for a man because it has unpleasant associations. It reminds her that she is but a woman, who has to wear a dress.

ANNE LISTER

That's...

(she hesitates, she was going to say "an interesting question", but has second thoughts)

a question, and you're not the first person who's asked it. I was in Paris once, dressed extremely well, I thought. In silk. And ribbons. My hair in ringlets. Very gay - *lady like*, even. And even then, someone...

(she reflects wistfully on her pathetic attempts to look more conventional)

yup. Mistook me. For a...

[man]

Mm. So. No. I'm not a man. I'm a la[dy] - a wom[an] - I'm a lady. A lady woman. Woman.

(she thinks about that for a bit. Has she adequately covered the subject? Yup)

Now. Who's this?

She means the little wooden soldier.

HENRY HARDCASTLE

Jerry. Greenwood. He's an infantry man in the Duke of Yorks.

At the other end of the room ALICE's face has lit up: she was terrified that HENRY had lost the ability to speak forever.

ANNE LISTER

My brother was in the 84th Yorks and Lancs. He was an ensign. I taught him how to shoot straight and he taught me how to fight with a sword.

(a moment)

He drowned. In a river. In Ireland. Eighteen years ago. Just turned twenty.

HENRY can see ANNE's sad. So he decides it might be polite to keep the conversation going -

HENRY HARDCASTLE
Jerry's nineteen.

ANNE LISTER
Well then.
(she's smiling sadly)
Let's hope he'll fare better than my Sam did.

HENRY HARDCASTLE
Can y'really fight with a sword?

ANNE LISTER
After a fashion. I've never been called upon to do it. But. Y'never know the day. Right!
(she stands up and puts the chair back where it was)
I'll talk to this groom. Next time I'm at Crow Nest. And before then...
(much as she wants nothing to do with the RAWSONS)
I shall go and see Mr. Rawson. In his capacity as magistrate. And see what he has to say.

ANNE nods at HENRY then heads for the door. Both WILLIAM and ALICE murmur their thanks to ANNE as she steps out. Then they turn to HENRY to see what else he has to say.

33

EXT. SHIBDEN GROUNDS. DAY 12. 14:00 (SUMMER 1832)

33

SAMUEL WASHINGTON approaches GEORGE NAYLOR as he and his two strapping sons and two smaller boys start to erect the wooden frame of the chaumière in the foundations they've already dug.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Mr. Naylor!

GEORGE NAYLOR
Mr. Washington!
(GEORGE stands back to admire the work so far)
What's she wanting it for, anyway?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Summat about Versailles.

34 EXT/INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 12. 17:30 (SUMMER 1832) 34

We follow brisk ANNE LISTER into the house (from outside, through the back porch/door), through the housebody, she's on her way to the stairs, when MARIAN LISTER (through in the drawing room with JEREMY LISTER) sees her.

MARIAN LISTER
Jeremiah Rawson was here this
afternoon to see you. About the
coal! You missed him.

ANNE's impressed: so soon! HOLT has obviously been busy dropping hints in the right places about Hinscliffe already, and we see ANNE's brain buzzing (in good ways and bad ways) with the implications of doing business with the Rawsons.

JEREMY LISTER
You're playing with fire!

ANNE LISTER
(she heads upstairs)
Good.

MARIAN LISTER
Dinner in half an hour! And if we
could not have muddy boots in the
dining room. Again. That would
be...
(ANNE's gone)
Splendid. For the servants. Who
have to beat the carpets and keep
everything clean!
(no response)
I've put your post on your desk!
(no response)
Thank you. Marian.

35 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 12. 17:32 (SUMMER 1832) 35

ANNE heads into her office and discovers a number of letters on her desk. She unlocks a drawer, takes out her journal, ink-pot, pen.

Then she sifts through the letters. One makes her pause: handwriting she recognises. She opens it. It's a very elegant gilt-edged, embossed invitation to the wedding of Captain Donald Cameron and Miss Vere Hobart, at St. Martin's Parish Church, Whitehall, London.

We see how it affects her (despite her best efforts to cope with it): the *bitter* disappointment, heart-break, humiliation. It's all still so raw. She tries to cope with it; she drops it on the table. Paces the small room for a moment. Studies the invite again, drops it on the table again, looks out of the window.

Then with almost no warning, even to herself, she grabs whatever's to hand - a heavy brass candlestick - and makes a shocking indentation with it in one of the wooden support beams in the wall. Then she just lets it fall out of her hand and onto the floor. Her eyes prick with tears.

ANNE LISTER
(a mumble to herself)
You're too old for this.

Just then EUGÉNIE appears in the doorway. At this very inopportune moment. EUGÉNIE looks embarrassed: is this a bad time? ANNE just rides through it -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Oh. Hello. Eugénie.

EUGÉNIE
Voulez-vous vous habiller? Madame?
Pour le dîner.

ANNE thinks it through. It's one of those moments where you can't think straight, even to address a simple question, because your head's so full of anger and emotion. Eventually -

ANNE LISTER
(quiet)
Why not?

35A EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING 12 (SUMMER 1832) 35A

We crane down from the hall to the front of JOHN BOOTH'S little cottage.

36 INT. JOHN BOOTH'S COTTAGE. EVENING 12. 19:00 (SUMMER 1832) 36

JOHN BOOTH eats supper at the table with his three daughters, CHARLOTTE (12), HANNAH (10) and MARTHA (8). The only book in evidence is a Bible on the shelf.

We find JOHN summoning up the courage to say -

JOHN BOOTH
How would you all feel about it. If
I got married again?

The girls all look at him. And then each other. And then they all burst out laughing.

JOHN BOOTH (CONT'D)
Why is that - ? Is that fun[ny]?
Why is that funny, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE BOOTH
Well - who to?

JOHN BOOTH

No-one. Just... I'm just asking. In theory. How you'd feel.

HANNAH BOOTH

Who'd have yer, father?

JOHN BOOTH

Oh that's nice. Yes, very comical. Thank you Hannah.

MARTHA BOOTH

Would she boss us?

JOHN BOOTH

She'd take you in hand. Which - by t'look on yer - is what y'need.

The kids are still laughing.

CHARLOTTE BOOTH

Is she pretty?

HANNAH BOOTH

Has she got a face like a bust shoe?

JOHN BOOTH

You...! Might be surprised one day, lady.

They're still laughing. They love their dad and it's all said in good humour. JOHN's amused but thoughtful too. Is he too old for EUGÉNIE?

37 EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 13. 09:25 (SUMMER 1832) 37

A new morning.

ANNE walks down Beacon Hill into Halifax.

37A EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 13. 09:25 (SUMMER 1832) 37A

ANNE walks through central Halifax.

38 EXT. RAWSON STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 13. 09:30 (SUMMER 1832) 38

Commercial urban Halifax, with the sound of industrial Halifax big in our ears again.

Dynamic ANNE - on foot - heads up Rawson Street. She walks straight past a beggar with an emaciated urchin sitting in the street, and through the iron gates, up the stairs and into the bank. We go with her.

39 INT. RAWSONS BANK, HALIFAX. DAY 13. 09:32 (SUMMER 1832) 39

ANNE goes right up to the front desk, pulling off a glove. She clearly puts the fear of God up the CLERK without even trying. Her manner is arch bordering on downright unpleasant.

ANNE LISTER

I'd like to see Mr. Rawson.

Through in his office at the back, CHRISTOPHER RAWSON has seen ANNE LISTER arrive. He downs tools (a pen) and heads out of his office before the CLERK has reached it.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER

Yes, good morning.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

How can we help you today?

ANNE LISTER

Did you hear about the accident?
Above the hall. A few weeks ago?
(perhaps we look intently
at CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
here. We are surely
starting to realise he
was the perpetrator?)
A seven-year-old boy - the son of
one of my tenants - lost a leg. And
above the knee, too. I'd like to
know what the constable is doing
about it. I believe you wanted to
talk to me about my coal as well.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON keeps his calm admirably, given that he may well know more about the accident than he lets on.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

In the absence of any evidence,
there's very little the constable
can do. I have spoken to him about
it. And it's my brother Jeremiah
you need to talk to about the coal.
I tend not to get my hands dirty.
(he lowers his voice and
speaks ventriloquist
style, feigning curious
amusement)
I'm surprised you do, Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Is it not the constable's job to
gather evidence?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
He's a busy man. And strictly speaking his jurisdiction is the town itself.

ANNE LISTER
So I must gather my own evidence?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
It's one option. If you've time.

ANNE LISTER
They're good people, they're *my* people, and I look after my tenants. The boy'll be very limited, he won't work on the farm.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
You realise the fellow probably dwells in another part of the county entirely. Surely only someone unfamiliar with Halifax would drive so recklessly along that road. You'd never trace him.

ANNE weighs things up: as a magistrate should he not be more keen to see justice served? Of course she realises it's not impossible that CHRISTOPHER RAWSON is covering up for one of his cronies in the wealthy Halifax wheelers and dealers club.

ANNE LISTER
You know a lot about it.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
Only what old Miss Walker told my mother.

ANNE LISTER
Of course. How lucky your cousin and her aunt weren't damaged in it too. It surprises me for their sake you're not more interested.

They're assessing one another all the time: how much does the other one *really* know? Either about the perpetrator of the accident, or about the coal trespass.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
I *am* interested, and if I hear anything significant I'll let you know.

ANNE LISTER
Tell your brother I was looking for him. Would you? If he wants to make an appointment with me I'll endeavour to be in this time. If I know when he's coming.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Of course.

ANNE lingers for a moment, and then leaves. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON watches after her. He feels unsettled. He knows nothing gets past ANNE LISTER. He turns around to head back to his office and bumps into one of his hapless CLERKS.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON (CONT'D)

Shift!

40 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 14. 10:00 (SUMMER 1832) 40

An establishing shot.

41 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 14. 10:00 (SUMMER 1832) 41

CATHERINE RAWSON has arrived, ready for the trip.

CATHERINE RAWSON

How many bonnets are you packing?

ANN WALKER

Three.

ANN WALKER is a changed woman. She's been living with the shock of her recent realisation.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I've got seven. Is that too many? I can leave some here if it's too many. Are you taking a parasol? I am. D'you think we'll need them? I might buy a new one actually when we get there. I think we'll need them. I hope we do! Are you taking any books?

ANN WALKER

Yes. Miss Lister's recommended and lent me several.

CATHERINE RAWSON

You've talked about nothing but Miss Lister since I got here.

ANN WALKER

Have I?

CATHERINE isn't being nasty. She hasn't got a nasty bone in her body. But -

CATHERINE RAWSON

You do know what people say about her, don't you?

Of course ANN WALKER can guess. But she doesn't care, nothing will put her off ANNE. But she's interested to hear it -

ANN WALKER
What? What do people say about her?

CATHERINE RAWSON
That she can't be trusted. In the company of other women.

ANN WALKER
Who says that?

CATHERINE RAWSON
People.

ANN WALKER
Well - what do you mean? What does she do to them?

CATHERINE RAWSON
I don't know.

ANN WALKER
Bite them?

CATHERINE RAWSON
I don't know.

ANN WALKER
No. Come on, Catherine. You can't say something like that and then not justify it. What does she *do* to them that means she can't be trusted around them?

CATHERINE RAWSON
I'm just telling you what I've heard.

ANN WALKER
From whom?

CATHERINE RAWSON
People.

ANN WALKER
What people?

CATHERINE RAWSON
Just *people*.

ANN WALKER
Well it all sounds rather vague. And ill-mannered. Why do you think people say that?

CATHERINE RAWSON

Apparently she's... a bit like a man.

ANN WALKER

No. No. I'll tell you why they say it. Because she's unusual and singular and clever. And because she doesn't conform to the way people think women should look or think or *be*. That's why.

CATHERINE RAWSON

Well. I don't know. But apparently she's very odd.

ANN WALKER

You've never even met her.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I'm not entirely sure I'd want to.

ANN WALKER

Miss Lister. Is one of the nicest, kindest, most clever and interesting people I've ever met. You can tell that to your...

(she restrains herself)

people. And then perhaps you *should* meet her, and make up your own mind. You probably will, she'll probably call in before we leave. To wish us well and tell us what the most interesting places to visit are, she's very good at things like that.

CATHERINE lets it rest there for a few beats.

CATHERINE RAWSON

So she's never -

(she hesitates. It's such a horrible thing to ask)

tried to touch you. Or anything?

ANN WALKER

Don't be absurd.

Silence.

CATHERINE RAWSON

You taking your drawing things and your water colours?

ANN WALKER

Of course.

We linger on ANN (as CATHERINE rattles on about water colours). CATHERINE's words have given her pause for thought. For the first time she's getting a real glimpse of just how very secret her relationship with ANNE LISTER will have to remain, whilst at the same time, the idea of being touched by ANNE makes her feel alive.

42

EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 15. 11:40 (SUMMER 1832)

42

We glimpse GEORGE NAYLOR and his team again, working on the chaumière, which is growing. Hot, sweaty, hard work.

Then we glimpse JOHN BOOTH and a couple of lads digging up hedge rows to create elegant park land. Also hot, sweaty, hard work.

As we move along the line, we realise one of the people digging up the hedge row - and presently struggling with a root along with one of the lads, and wearing big protective leather gloves - is ANNE LISTER herself.

And up aloft behind them at the top of the big slope, sits Shibden Hall. We find CHARLOTTE BOOTH running down the slope from the hall towards where her dad and ANNE are working. CHARLOTTE's been sent with a message for ANNE, but she's scared to approach the boss.

CHARLOTTE BOOTH

Father. *Father!* Miss Marian's sent me with a message for Miss Lister. Can you tell her -

JOHN BOOTH

Tell her yersen, she's only there.
(CHARLOTTE's nervous.
JOHN's kind)
She won't bite yer.

He nods ANNE's way: *do it*. Nervous CHARLOTTE heads over to ANNE.

CHARLOTTE BOOTH

Ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

Hello Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE BOOTH

(she drops a curtsey and
talks far too fast)
Miss Marian says to tell you Mr.
Rawson's in the drawing room.

That was all one long word to ANNE, but she works it out without embarrassing CHARLOTTE by asking her to repeat it.

43 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 15. 11:41 (SUMMER 1832) 43

JEREMIAH RAWSON sits waiting. He's anxious: this conversation has to go his way, and he's wise enough to know ANNE LISTER won't be a push-over. He checks his watch (he's been kept waiting). JEREMY and MARIAN are with him (trying to be polite) but - awkwardly - none of them seem to have anything to say.

43A EXT. SHIBDEN, BARN, COURTYARD. DAY 15. 11:43 (SUMMER 1832) 43A

ANNE strides through the barn and into the courtyard with CHARLOTTE struggling to keep up. We follow her into the house...

44 INT. BACK DOOR/HOUSEBODY/DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 15. 11:44 (SUMMER 1832) 44

ANNE strides in from outside. She knows damned well she's late, she's done it deliberately. We follow her through to the housebody (where she checks her watch) and into the drawing room.

MARIAN LISTER
(as though they've all
been talking pleasantly)
Ah! Here she [is] -

JEREMIAH jumps to his feet on seeing ANNE.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER
Mr. Rawson.
(she shakes his hand
firmly, like a man)
I'm sorry I've kept you waiting.

JEREMIAH RAWSON
Not at all.

She pulls up a chair and sits down and crosses her legs. She has mud on her big boots and she's glowing from physical exertion. Like a bloke. It's the sort of expansive, outdoorsy physical mannerism that ladies just *don't* display. JEREMIAH RAWSON already feels overwhelmed.

ANNE LISTER
So many jobs on hand! Around the estate. And I do like to keep an eye on the *men*. What can I do for you?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I understand you're leasing out your coal and if that is the case, my brother and I would like to ask you how much you'd take for it?

ANNE LISTER

How much will you offer?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Oh, you must set the price, madam.

ANNE LISTER

Per acre?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Yes, that would be the -

ANNE LISTER

Two hundred and twenty-six pounds. Seventeen shillings and sixpence.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Sorry?

Not only is JEREMIAH struck by ANNE's precision, we see JEREMY and MARIAN are too.

ANNE LISTER

Per acre.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

That's...

(careful not to sound disrespectful, he doesn't want to lose her good will)

ridiculous.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. It isn't. Mr. Holt - the coal agent - advised me that it was worth two hundred an acre.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well even that's pretty st[eep] -

ANNE LISTER

(interrupts)

I asked *him* to calculate how much it costs *you* to get the coal, and then what it's sold for. Which he did. But I think he's got his calculations wrong. Well, either that or he's trying to dupe me. I think he may have underestimated me, Mr. Rawson.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

With me being of the *gentler sex*.
Something I know you and your
brother won't do.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

The price you've just named is -
with respect -

ANNE LISTER

Ridiculous. Mm. It isn't. Let me
explain why. You sell your coal in
Halifax at eight pence a corve.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

It's actually seven pence.

ANNE LISTER

I asked a number of people who buy
it from you. No-one said seven
pence.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Some we sell at eight pence, yes,
b[ut] -

ANNE LISTER

(ignoring his half-arsed
attempts to back-track)

So! I'm reliably informed that the
cost of getting and hurrying to the
surface twenty corves of coal is
six shillings. That's seventy-two
pence divided by twenty, that's
thruppence ha'penny per corve.
Which means you make four-pence
ha'penny clear gain. Per corve. So
let's times that by five and we
have one shilling and ten pence
ha'penny - or twenty two pence -
per square yard. Four thousand
eight hundred and forty square
yards in an acre, times twenty-two,
and your clear gain per acre is
four hundred and fifty three pounds
and fifteen shillings. And if the
getter

(she indicates him)

and the proprietor

(she indicates herself)

share this profit equally, which
again - I understand is the custom -
that divides into two hundred and
twenty-six pounds, seventeen
shillings and six pence.

He's impressed - reluctantly. So are JEREMY and MARIAN.
MARIAN's seeing depths to ANNE she didn't know were there.
But the fact is -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

We never make that kind of profit.
Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Well then I suggest you look
narrowly into it. Because I could.
(she lets that land)
What you should know. Mr. Rawson.
Is that I'm... what's the word?
Marian?

MARIAN LISTER

I -

She has no idea. Because she's got no idea what ANNE's
thinking. Much as she wants to look just as smart as ANNE.

ANNE LISTER

Indifferent. About leasing my
coals, b[ecause] -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Oh, Shibden is rich in coal, madam.
You'd be ill-advised not to do
anything with [it] -

ANNE LISTER

I'm *indifferent* about leasing my
coals, Mr. Rawson, because if I
don't get my price, I shall sink my
own pits.

(this information has the
desired effect. It shocks
JEREMIAH)

Well, a new one at the top of the
hill. And then re-open Listerwick
at the bottom. Down at Mytholm.

JEREMIAH can't let that happen.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

That would... be an expensive
undertaking.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. In the short-term, maybe.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

In all seriousness. Miss Lister. A
hundred and fifty pound per acre
would be much nearer the m[ark] -

ANNE LISTER

I think I've explained to you as
simply as I can why it isn't. Two
hundred and twenty six pounds,
seventeen shillings and six pence.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Rawson. Is what I'll take for my coal. Per acre. *In all seriousness.* And I shall offer it to the other party at the same price.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I'd have to talk to my brother before I offered you anything resembling that figure.

ANNE LISTER

Of course.

And we're left with ANNE, JEREMY and MARIAN at one end of the room looking very powerful, and the supposedly powerful JEREMIAH RAWSON looking rather limp at the other.

45 INT. RAWSON'S BANK. EVENING 15. 18:00 (SUMMER 1832) 45

We discover JEREMIAH with CHRISTOPHER. He's shared the news. JEREMIAH's licking his wounds. They sit in silence.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I knew she'd run rings round you.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Yes well perhaps you should've come with me.

(CHRISTOPHER doesn't respond)

It'd have made no difference if you had. She keeps herself very well informed.

(still no response from CHRISTOPHER)

I need to keep working those beds, Christopher. I can't stop production. I have contracts to fulfil.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I used to know her. Socially. Years ago. When she first started coming to Halifax.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Has she not lived here all her life?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

No. No, they came from East Yorkshire. Her side of the family. The poor relations. She 'adopted' her Uncle James and her Aunt Anne up at Shibden when she was... oh, sixteen? Younger. Fifteen.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON (CONT'D)

They couldn't cope with her at home, so she came to live here.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Couldn't cope how?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I'm not sure. Bit of a handful, I assume. She was at the Manor School in York -

(they both pull a face like, "Ooh, that's posh")

Only she'd been expelled. I never knew what for. I mean, I can *guess*. But I liked her. She was different. She was clever. We used to dance. At the assembly rooms. Here. In Halifax. I did toy with the idea once over...

(he smiles at the memory)

Of asking her to marry me. And then I realised... she was more interested in our Ellen and our Emma than she ever was in me.

JEREMIAH's heard stuff about ANNE LISTER. But he's never been obliged to actually think about it before.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Is...

(mouths it)

Is that...? True?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Oh yes. She likes the ladies. Does Miss Lister.

(this freaks JEREMIAH; he doesn't quite know what to do with the information, it makes him uncomfortable.

CHRISTOPHER reflects...)

I think she's bluffing. Nobody'd pay two hundred and twenty-six pounds an acre. And she'll not sink her own pits. She can't afford - not without borrowing money, big money - and anyway she never stays round here any longer than she has to. I think her tastes have become rather more refined and exotic than anything she could pick up in Halifax, and she won't shit on her own doorstep. She's too clever. She knows there'd be repercussions. I wonder if we shouldn't gird our loins. And bide our time. And see what happens.

JEREMIAH isn't convinced: he's worried CHRISTOPHER is underestimating ANNE.

45A EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 16. (SUMMER 1832) 45A

A new day at Crow Nest.

46 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 16. 14:00 46
(SUMMER 1832)

Like all the other rooms in the house, ANN WALKER's bedroom is spacious as well as expensively furnished and decorated.

ANN WALKER is finishing packing her imperial, ready for her trip to the Lakes. ANNE LISTER is with her, looking at some of ANN WALKER's water colour paintings, which are very competent (ANN was in the midst of packing her water colours for the trip). ANNE and ANN are overly conscious of one another, there's a very tender feeling between them, two people who share a sweet secret.

ANNE LISTER
Is this your sister?

ANN WALKER
Mm.

ANNE LISTER
You're very good, these are very good. Maybe. One day. You could paint me.

ANN WALKER
I'd love to paint you.

ANNE LISTER
Oh - !

ANN WALKER
What?

ANNE LISTER
Before you set off. I've got something for you. To wear.

She takes from her pocket a little gift, wrapped in tissue.

ANN WALKER
What is it? You shouldn't have.

She opens it. It's a gold brooch in the shape of a gondola.

ANNE LISTER
I bought it in Venice, two years ago. Not as useful as a paper knife, but -

ANN WALKER

(utterly delighted with
it)

It's beautiful. Anne.

(she's so touched by the
gesture, it's a tender
moment)

I wish I wasn't going. I always
like the idea of travel. And then -

(she goes quiet)

You know my brother died in Naples.

ANNE LISTER

You're not going to die in the Lake
District. Quite the opposite, it'll
make you feel alive. Come here -

(she takes the brooch from
ANN, and pins it on her)

Wear it. Always. And then when you
think of me... you'll be perfectly
safe.

They're close. Close enough to kiss.

ANN WALKER

I'll miss you.

ANNE LISTER

I'll miss you.

ANN WALKER

I wish you could come with us.

ANNE LISTER

I've been invited to a wedding. In
London. I don't want to go. I've
told my aunt I'm not going, but...
I'm worried it'd look poor. If I
didn't turn up. A lot of my London
friends'll be there, and I'd hate
them to think ill of me.

ANN WALKER

Why don't you want to go?

ANNE hesitates.

ANNE LISTER

It's complicated.

ANN WALKER

I imagine if you didn't go your
friends'd all be very disappointed.
Sometimes. When I've tried to avoid
doing something, or going
somewhere, and then had to do it
anyway...

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I've often come away feeling like it's been one of the best days I've ever had. Maybe... if you went. The thing that seems complicated. Might sort itself out.

ANNE can't help feeling touched by ANN's simple optimism. Another moment when we think they could almost kiss, when there's a tap at the door, and CATHERINE's there with JAMES.

CATHERINE RAWSON

Are you ready to let - sorry Miss Lister - are you ready to let James take your trunk downstairs? It'll be dark before we get to Manchester if we don't leave within the next quarter of an hour.

ANN WALKER

Yes. Thank you, James.

ANNE LISTER

(to both of them)

Think of me. When you get to Wastwater. It's so tranquil. It's so sublime.

ANN WALKER

We will.

ANNE LISTER

Well I'd better get off!
(she checks her watch, and tells CATHERINE)
I'm seeing someone at three. Have fun!

ANN WALKER

We will.

ANNE flashes one of her killer charming smiles at CATHERINE and offers to shake her hand.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Rawson.

CATHERINE RAWSON

Miss Lister.

She goes. ANN WALKER turns to CATHERINE, like "See". But CATHERINE's mouthing "Ow!" and nursing her tender hand. Clearly ANNE has a mighty powerful, jealous, hand-crushing hand shake.

47 INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 16. 15:05 47
(SUMMER 1832)

HINSCLIFFE

How much?

We now find ANNE with MR. HINSCLIFFE, the coal merchant,
another out-doorsy bloke. WASHINGTON's here too.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Two hundred and twenty-six pounds,
seventeen shillings and six pence.

HINSCLIFFE

That's steep. Ma'am. For the one
acre.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

It's what it's worth, Mr.
Hinscliffe.

HINSCLIFFE

I only want it for the Listerwick
pit so I have access to this other
bed I've leased.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Miss Lister understands that.

HINSCLIFFE

Would you take less ma'am?

(ANNE doesn't reply.

WASHINGTON discreetly
indicates "No")

If I can't get access I shall have
to sink my own pit and it'd barely
be worth the cost of -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well you've heard Miss Lister's
price, perhaps you need a day or so
to think about it.

HINSCLIFFE

(appealing to her soft
side)

Miss Lister, ma'am -

ANNE LISTER

Do you think because I'm a woman
I'll be persuaded to take less?
Would you pull that face and put on
that voice and ask a man to take a
lesser price? Hm? No. Course you
wouldn't. So don't ask me.

HINSCLIFFE's manner changes. He turns off pitiful mode and we
see the coal merchant instead.

HINSCLIFFE

Two hundred and twenty six pounds
and how much?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Seventeen shillings and six pence.

He's reluctant. Angry even. But -

HINSCLIFFE

I can get a banker's draft to you
first thing in the morning.

ANNE LISTER

No don't do that.

HINSCLIFFE

Sorry?

ANNE LISTER

The other party has first refusal.
Before I accept your offer I'm
obliged to see if they'd like to
better it.

HINSCLIFFE's *really* annoyed now.

HINSCLIFFE

Who is the other party?

ANNE LISTER

That's my business.

HINSCLIFFE

You do know the Rawsons are
stealing your coal, don't you? My
men have heard their men in your
upper bed. You can't loosen coal
without making noise. And it
couldn't be anyone else, not there.

ANNE takes that in. Before it was a rumour, whereas this is
something closer to proof. ANNE keeps her own council.

ANNE LISTER

As I say, I gave the other party my
word I'd let them know before I
accepted any other offers.

(ANNE goes and rings the
hand bell for JOSEPH to
come and see HINSCLIFFE
out)

Was there anything else?

Nope. HINSCLIFFE is clearly not a happy man, but ANNE
couldn't give a toss. JOSEPH flies in, buttoning up his
liveried waist coat.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Mr. Hinscliffe's leaving.

HINSCLIFFE nods (as politely as he can muster) and leaves.
ANNE gives him a moment to get out of earshot, then turns to
WASHINGTON.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
I'll write a note. To the *other*
party. Informing them that we have
been offered our price and if they
can advise me at their earliest
convenience how they wish to
proceed, etcetera. But in the
meantime...
(she hesitates. This is a
big undertaking)
Can you ask Holt to look into how
much it really would cost me? To
sink my own pit at the top of the
hill. And to re-open Listerwick
myself?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
(this pleases him: ANNE's
clearly going to be an
exciting person to work
for)
Certainly, ma'am.

ANNE LISTER
(a murmur, a dismissal)
Well done.

WASHINGTON nods (a man who's had a great day) and leaves ANNE
to it. She's had a good day too, and she makes a decision.
She heads out of the room shouting -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Eugénie!

48 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 16. 15:10 (SUMMER 1832) 48

ANNE comes in. CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY and EUGÉNIE all jump to
attention.

ANNE LISTER
Eugénie. Sors la grande malle.
We're off to London.

I need you to pack a few things.

ANNE heads out. EUGÉNIE's heart sinks, and she appeals to
CORDINGLEY with a look: how can she travel to London in her
condition?

49 INT. AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS 49
15:15 (SUMMER 1832)

AUNT ANNE'S sitting up in bed, her leg causing her great discomfort. She was reading, but her concentration has lapsed and she's put her newspaper aside.

There's a tap at the door and ANNE comes in.

ANNE LISTER

Aunt?

(she sits on the bed)

How're you feeling?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh...

She doesn't want to grumble. But she does look weary with pain. ANNE holds her AUNT'S hands; she's very tender and tactile and kind with her.

ANNE LISTER

I've decided...

(this is still difficult
for her)

that it might look rather poor if I didn't attend the wedding. Lady Stuart might put me up in Richmond and I can be back by next Friday. What d'you think? Is that all right?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Of course.

ANNE LISTER

Eugénie's packing. We'll walk down into Halifax and take the high flyer to Leeds, we can be there by Wednesday night.

(squeezing her AUNT'S
hands reassuringly)

And Marian's here.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Of course she is. You go.

AUNT ANNE is delighted for ANNE, she had guessed at what a complicated, difficult decision this was for her (despite not knowing the exact circumstances of what went wrong in Hastings). ANNE kisses her AUNT'S hand and cheek; it's tender, she loves her.

50 EXT. ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, LONDON. DAY 17. 10:00 50
(SUMMER 1832)

Three days later.

London with St.Paul's in the distance. We crane down to the front of St. Martin's Church, where a couple of late-comers are just rushing inside at the last minute. The sound of a large congregation chatting amongst themselves takes us inside the Church...

51 INT. ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, LONDON. DAY 17. 10:00 51
(SUMMER 1832)

...where we discover ANNE LISTER dressed beautifully (but still entirely in black) surrounded by her aristocratic acquaintances; LORD and LADY STUART, LADY STUART DE ROTHSAY, LADY DUFF GORDON and LADY HARRIET DE HAGEMANN and MR. DE HAGEMANN. Everyone else is in an appropriately happy wedding mood, smiling and chatting, and only we see how dark is the look in ANNE's eye, and how overbearing she's finding this. She glimpses DONALD CAMERON at the front looking magnificent in his military uniform, with his best man, another army officer. Her jealousy is palpable.

An USHER at the back gives the nod to the VICAR at the front that the bride is here. The VICAR gives the nod to the leader of the orchestra up on the balcony.

Suddenly the wedding march strikes up (the Overture from Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks). People murmur, "She's here! Oh, she's here", and a few people turn to look as they all stand, and then dramatic exhalations and murmurs of how beautiful she looks. ANNE doesn't turn to look. She daren't. We look into ANNE's eyes. This is such a hard thing for her to get through, the moment in itself, and the crippling memories of when MARIANA LAWTON got married too.

ANNE glances sideways, barely wanting to see the moment when VERE glides past on her father's arm, terrified of how she'll feel when she sees this woman who makes her heart beat so fast. VERE passes. ANNE sees her (if only from behind as she passes) and the moment is electric for her. Not that anyone other than us can imagine what she's going through. VERE joins DONALD at the altar.

VICAR

Dearly beloved, we are gathered
together here in the sight of God
and in the face of this
Congregation to join together this
man and this woman in holy
Matrimony, which is an honourable
estate, instituted of God in the
time of man's innocency, signifying
unto us the mystical union that is
betwixt Christ and his Church, -
(we cut to ANNE and LADY
GORDON below* at this
point as the VICAR goes
on)

(MORE)

VICAR (CONT'D)

which holy estate Christ adorned
and beautified with his presence,
at the first miracle that he
wrought, in Cana of Galilee; and is
commended of Saint Paul to be
honourable among all men: and
therefore is not by any to be
enterprised, nor taken in hand,
unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly,
to satisfy men's carnal lusts and
appetites, like brute beasts that
have no understanding; but
reverently, discreetly, advisedly,
soberly, and in the fear of God;
duly considering the causes for
which Matrimony was ordained.

*LADY DUFF GORDON (70 years old, and who is next to ANNE, and
who may have an inkling of ANNE's feelings) ventures to
murmur discreetly -

LADY DUFF GORDON

He looks very narrow-chested to me.

ANNE's expression doesn't alter.

We cut to the vows. The congregation is now seated.

VICAR

Donald, wilt thou have this woman
to thy wedded wife, to live
together after God's ordinance in
the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt
thou love her, comfort her, honour,
and keep her, in sickness and in
health; and, forsaking all other,
keep thee only unto her, so long as
ye both shall live?

DONALD CAMERON

I will.

VICAR

Vere Catherine Louisa, wilt thou
have this man to thy wedded
husband, to live together after
God's ordinance in the holy estate
of Matrimony? Wilt thou obey him,
and serve him, love, honour, and
keep him, in sickness and in
health; and, forsaking all other,
keep thee only unto him, so long as
ye both shall live?

VERE

I will.

VICAR

Who giveth this woman to be married
to this man?

VERE's father lets go of her arm and takes a step back. The VICAR takes DONALD's right hand, and VERE's right hand and joins them.

VICAR (CONT'D)

(a prompt)

I, Donald.

DONALD CAMERON

I Donald. Do take thee, Vere
Catherine Louisa, to my wedded
wife. To have and to hold from this
day forward. For better for worse,
for richer for poorer, in sickness
and in health, to love and to
cherish, till death us do part,
according to God's holy ordinance;
and thereto I plight thee my troth.

VICAR

I, Vere -

VERE

I Vere Catherine Louisa. Take thee
Donald, to my wedded husband, to
have and to hold from this day
forward, for better for worse, for
richer for poorer, in sickness and
in health, to love, cherish, and to
obey, till death us do part,
according to God's holy ordinance;
and thereto I give thee my troth.

Every word feels like it's mocking ANNE LISTER to her ears; she could have given VERE such huge undying passionate affection if only she'd been allowed to do so. We watch ANNE intently; she feels so awkward and angry. It's a huge effort of will not to burst out crying. Or screaming.

52 INT. THE WEDDING RECEPTION. LONDON. DAY 17. 11:30 (SUMMER 52 1832)

VERE and DONALD welcome each of their myriad guests as they all arrive at this sumptuous, high society wedding reception. A string quartet plays.

ANNE arrives in front of VERE (DONALD's busy chatting happily with other arriving guests, so despite this being a very public occasion, ANNE has managed to contrive to arrive at VERE at a moment when she can have her alone for just a few seconds). They shake hands politely.

VERE

Anne.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Cameron.

VERE

I'm so pleased you changed your mind about coming.

ANNE LISTER

You look beautiful.

VERE

You are curious. You wear black even at a wedding.

ANNE LISTER

Oh, I started wearing black *because* of a wedding. When my friend Mrs. Lawton got married, sixteen years ago. To a charmless buffoon. It seemed inexplicably appropriate. It's a tradition I've continued.

(she lets that sink in.

Then regrets it. She feels like she's lowered herself)

Not that Donald is [a] -

VERE

No.

ANNE LISTER

Charmless.

No.

VERE (CONT'D)

ANNE LISTER

Buffoon.

No.

VERE (CONT'D)

ANNE LISTER

No.

(a moment. ANNE could chose to continue being snippy. Instead we see her make the decision to be bigger than that)

I came. In spite of my aunt's illness, and my estate affairs. Because I wanted to say...

(she hesitates, then really tries to mean it)

That I hope you and Donald will be very happy together.

VERE appreciates ANNE's sincerity.

VERE

Thank you.

ANNE LISTER

Our time on earth is brief. We should all...

(it's as if she realises the truth of it as she says it...)

strive to make the most of it. And to be as happy as we can be.

VERE

I'm sorry. If I hurt you. I was always very fond of you. You must know that. I'm just...

(she mouths it)

not like that.

ANNE takes that in. Eventually, slowly, she smiles. Perhaps it's a moment similar to ANN WALKER seeing the light and colour return to her world in scene 30, perhaps she's realising something significant about where her future happiness really could lie.

53 EXT. LORD AND LADY STUART'S HOUSE, RICHMOND PARK, LONDON. 53
DAY 17. 15:00 (SUMMER 1832)

LORD and LADY STUART's carriage returns from the wedding. A FOOTMAN opens the carriage and offers his hand to help ANNE out (not that she needs help).

54 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, THE STUART DE ROTHESAY'S HOUSE IN 54
RICHMOND PARK, LONDON. DAY 17. 15:02 (SUMMER 1832)

Troubled EUGENIE's gazing out of the window as ANNE bursts into the room. EUGÉNIE jumps to attention.

EUGÉNIE

Alors, Madame?

How was it, ma'am?

But ANNE isn't thinking about the wedding any more. She's moved on. She toys with the idea for a few seconds more, and then goes for it -

ANNE LISTER

We're going to the Lake District.

She smiles. Her face is alive with possibilities. Pregnant EUGÉNIE's thinking "Oh shit". But it's ANNE we're interested in.

END OF EPISODE TWO