

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 5

Written and created by

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1 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 25. 10:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 1

Mid-morning.

The PRIESTLEYS' gig pulls into the drive, and arrives at the front door. HARRY the footman steps off the back and opens the carriage door for a clergyman, who steps out. We get a good look at the clergyman as he peers up at New House: this is 45-year-old THOMAS AINSWORTH, who is dressed in mourning. MR. PRIESTLEY steps out of the other side of the chaise and comes round to join the Reverend THOMAS AINSWORTH. MR. PRIESTLEY wears a mourning band too.

MR. AINSWORTH

What a delightful house!

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Bring Mr. Ainsworth's bags, Harry.

2 INT. DRAWING ROOM, NEW HOUSE. DAY 25. 10:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 2

Five minutes later.

THOMAS AINSWORTH sits politely with MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

We were so saddened. Mr. Ainsworth.
To hear about your wife's death.

MR. AINSWORTH remembers not to smile.

MR. AINSWORTH

The Lord gives and the Lord...
(He makes a vague beatific
gesture and speaks sadly)
Does what he has to do.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Death is always a shock of course,
but such a violent and unexpected
one. I'm sorry, you probably don't
want to talk about it.

MR. AINSWORTH

I was hoping - while I'm here - to
see Miss Walker. I hope you don't
think it appears unfeeling or
indecorous. Me coming here so soon
after -

(he closes his eyes, gets
through the moment)

The event. But I've scrutinized my
conscience, and I'm persuaded that
Mrs. Ainsworth would've been
disappointed if I'd postponed my
meeting with the church trustees
here on her account.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Life goes on.

MR. AINSWORTH

You echo what I know would have been her sentiments. I've collected together a few items I imagined Miss Walker might like. I've brought the drawing room scrapbook as a memento of one particularly happy visit.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

She isn't well. Miss Walker. Since the news of your wife's death came. It seems to have hit her very hard.

Unlike the PRIESTLEYS, we have the privilege of being able to see very closely into MR. AINSWORTH's private thoughts, and we see that this isn't quite what he expected to hear of MISS WALKER. Of course he still has to say the right thing -

MR. AINSWORTH

Oh, I'm sorry.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

She was obviously very fond of her.

MR. AINSWORTH

Well. That explains - I wrote to her. After the event. And received no reply. Well then! All the more reason to call in and offer what comfort I can.

Does MRS. PRIESTLEY pick up on the notion that MR. AINSWORTH is more interested in MISS WALKER than he should be? If she does, she quickly computes that this could be a good thing in the fight against ANNE LISTER.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I'm sure she'd be pleased to see you. Her Aunt Walker at Cliffhill invited Miss Harriet Parkhill. To stay with her. For a few weeks. To keep her company. So there'd be no impropriety. If you wanted to drop in.

MR. AINSWORTH's thrilled. His face lights up. He can barely hide it. Which doesn't escape the PRIESTLEYS' attention either. MRS. PRIESTLEY is already imagining a good outcome; her niece marrying a respectable clergyman instead of getting up to no good with Anne Lister.

3 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 10:22 (AUTUMN 3 1832)

ANN WALKER is asleep in bed. ANNE LISTER - fully dressed - is sitting on the bed right next to her, gazing at her. ANN WALKER wakes up. The mid-morning sunlight streams through the window and illuminates ANNE LISTER beautifully. Is ANN WALKER delirious and dreaming that her lover is right next to her?

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

(a relaxed smile)

Good morning.

ANN WALKER

What time is it?

ANNE LISTER

Twenty-two minutes past ten.

ANN WALKER

Is it?

ANNE LISTER

How're you feeling?

ANN WALKER

I had the same pain here -
(her abdomen)

All night. I heard the clock strike five and then... I don't know, exhaustion must've got the better of me. How long have you been here?

ANNE LISTER

Not long. I sat with Miss Parkhill. At breakfast. During which time we had a very polite skirmish about which one of us would come up and see if you were awake.

(she kisses ANN tenderly
on the lips)

I won.

ANNE's all for turning the kiss into a proper smooch and a quick grubble, and ANN goes along with it for an irresistible moment or two, but then puts a stop to it; she's troubled -

ANN WALKER

I'm wondering if perhaps you shouldn't say anything. To Mr. Ainsworth. Should he - if he turns up on the doorstep.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

ANN WALKER

I wonder if it should come from me.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

ANN WALKER

I think he'll be angry. He will be angry. If he thought I'd told someone else about -
(self-conscious)
what went on.

ANNE LISTER

Angry?

ANN WALKER

Embarrassed. Humiliated.

ANNE LISTER

You did absolutely the right thing to tell me about *what went on*. And if that makes him angry, embarrassed and or humiliated... bad luck.

TITLE SEQUENCE

4 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 10:25 (AUTUMN 4 1832)

As before. Perhaps not quite as intimate.

ANN WALKER

The thing is. The thing that troubles me. Is that I didn't put a stop to it. I allowed it to go on. I mean I *did* say no, to start with. And then... I didn't. And now it seems unimaginable to me that I didn't. Except. I don't know. Perhaps I was flattered.

ANNE LISTER

It's utterly clear to me - the way you describe it - that he took *advantage* of you. And now - look at you - you think you were *complicit* in it.

ANN WALKER

Yes, but. Perhaps I w[as] -

ANNE LISTER

No! No. No, this is how men like him get away with it, playing on women's fears and doubts. And with his *wife* in the next room!

ANN WALKER

I should've been stronger. I would've been a better friend to him if I'd been stronger.

ANNE LISTER

Friend? Good Lord. If I thought - for a second - this was a good match for you. And that it would bring you a happy, fulfilled life, I would say so. Despite what's passed between us - and at the expense of my own happiness - I *would say so*. But the reality is. That he's an adulterer. And if he'll do it behind one wife's back, he'll do it behind another's. He's a rogue. He's an opportunist. Either that or he's weak and stupid. Which kind of man would you prefer?

ANN WALKER

You think I've been gullible.

ANNE LISTER

I think you've been lonely.
(she lets that land. Her tone is fair, clear, firm -)
And now you blame yourself - unfairly - and so you *judge* yourself unfairly. The *judgement* will be on him. So no, I won't undertake to *not say anything* to Mr. Ainsworth. I won't compromise or humiliate you. But I won't undertake *not* to say something to him.

(she gives a moment to let that sink in too. Then she adds casually, tenderly -)

Why don't you get washed and dressed and come downstairs? You'll feel brighter.

ANN acquiesces (but remains troubled). She gets up and goes over to her washstand and pours water into the bowl to wash. ANNE gazes at her vulnerable form.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Oh, I was going to ask -

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

(delicately)

Could I borrow some money? Just a temporary thing, a temporary loan. I'm going to sink a coal pit.

ANN WALKER

How much? Of course you can.

5 INT. DINING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 10:50 (AUTUMN 1832) 5

28-year-old HARRIET PARKHILL is still at the breakfast table, reading Miss Walker's penny magazine and sipping tea when ANN WALKER comes in, accompanied by ANNE LISTER. HARRIET is polite, kind and cheerful.

HARRIET PARKHILL

Oh, well done, Miss Lister! You persuaded the invalid downstairs. Shall we order some fresh tea?

ANNE LISTER

Let's do that, Miss Parkhill.

Cheerful HARRIET goes and pulls the bell-pull.

HARRIET PARKHILL

And a note arrived for you. Ann.
(she nods at a small envelope on a salver)
The Priestleys' servant brought it from New House.

ANN WALKER takes it gingerly. And recognises the handwriting as MR. AINSWORTH's. She looks to ANNE for advice even before she opens it.

6 INT. DINING ROOM, NEW HOUSE. DAY 25. 13:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 6

MR. AINSWORTH - eating lunch with the PRIESTLEYS - rips open a note that HARRY has just brought to him on a salver. The expression on his face goes from optimistic to downcast in one fell swoop. He barely wants to relay its contents, they disappoint him so intensely -

MR. AINSWORTH

Miss Walker acknowledges receipt of my note. And says she's too ill to receive guests.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

As I say, it has hit her really
very [hard] -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

(interrupting: AINSWORTH
has gone pale)
Are you all right?

MR. AINSWORTH

I thought it might comfort us both.
The chance to reminisce. Of all
people I thought she might -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

(affected by his emotion)
Ohh...!

MR. AINSWORTH

- see me. Sorry. I'm so sorry. I
barely know you, and you've been so
kind, and here I am, crying like a
ch[ild] - !

He restrains his crocodile tears.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Are you sure you feel up to this
meeting with the church trustees
tomorrow morning, Mr. Ainsworth? It
can be postponed.

MR. AINSWORTH

No. I'm determined. It's what Mrs.
Ainsworth would have wanted. You
see I think she...

(he hesitates)

My wife. I don't know if you know.
Was quite a bit older than me.
Fifteen years older than me. We
were devoted to one another, of
course. But... when Miss Walker
used to visit us, my wife - more
than once - she would say - only in
fun you understand - "oh whenever
anything happens to me, Miss
Walker, you'll have to look after
Thomas". We laughed.

(he smiles, then looks
very sad)

And yet the three of us were such
kind friends, I do wonder now... if
she meant it. And if it gave her
some comfort to think that after
she was gone...

He dries up. He's said enough to get his message across.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Perhaps. Mr. Ainsworth. If you were to parcel up the drawing room scrapbook. And whatever else you brought with you to give to Miss Walker in remembrance. And sent it to her. With a kind note. It would -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Yes! Perhaps she does feel the impropriety of a visit so soon, but -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Small steps, Mr. Ainsworth.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Small steps. I agree.

So of course MR. AINSWORTH is encouraged by their response.

MR. AINSWORTH

There isn't... she isn't... there isn't someone else. I wouldn't... be intruding? On someone else's - ?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

No. No no. No-one else. You wouldn't be intruding at all. Mr. Ainsworth. Quite the opposite.

MR. AINSWORTH

I might even deliver the package myself. Given that we're so close. A spot of fresh air.

7

INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 15:15 (AUTUMN 1832)

7

The botany books are out. HARRIET sits at the table copying a detailed scientific drawing of a plant. ANNE is giving her a botany lesson, whilst playing a hit of backgammon with ANN, who is curled up on the sofa.

ANNE LISTER

The first thing to understand. Miss Parkhill. About Monsieur Cuvier. Is that he sets to one side the Biblical interpretation of how life on earth began. And pursues a more scientific understanding.

HARRIET PARKHILL

But does he not worry that that makes him an heretic?

ANNE LISTER

No. It's curious. Some of the most talented scientific men I've ever met are also some of the most profoundly religious. The more we understand about what complex and sophisticated beings we are the more in awe of our creator we become. Surely.

ANN's gazing at ANNE. She finds her mesmerising when she talks about stuff like this. And MISS PARKHILL's clearly engaged by it too.

HARRIET PARKHILL

What made you pursue this man? In Paris. Did he not think you were extraordinary?

ANNE LISTER

Cuvier thinks everyone's extraordinary! He thinks the whole of life is extraordinary!

We flip to -

8 INT. LECTURE THEATRE, PARIS. DAY. FLASHBACK 8. (MARCH 1829) 8

38-year-old eager ANNE has grabbed GEORGES CUVIER at the end of a lecture -

ANNE LISTER

Je me mettrai au fond. Je ne ferai pas de bruit. Je ne vous poserai pas de questions. Enfin si, peut être... Mais à la fin. Si ça ne vous-
?

I'll sit at the back. I'll be quiet. I won't ask any questions. Well, I might do. Afterwards. If that's - ?

GEORGES CUVIER takes in ANNE LISTER's unusual appearance and decides he likes her: he can see how clever and determined she is (she's looking particularly dishevelled and unladylike and intense).

GEORGES CUVIER

Avez-vous des centres d'intérêt particuliers? Miss- ?

Do you have any particular areas of interest? Miss - ?

ANNE LISTER

Lister. Anne. Oui. Le cerveau humain.

Lister. Anne. Yes. The human brain.

This delights CUVIER. He likes the human brain too.

GEORGES CUVIER

Ah!

ANNE LISTER

Le mien. Plus précisément. Je veux mieux me comprendre.

Mine. Specifically. I want to understand myself better.

GEORGES CUVIER

On en est tous là.

(he laughs)

Mais, tout de même, pourquoi? *Vous.*

Don't we all? Why? Though. You.

ANNE LISTER

Et bien -

(candidly)

regardez-moi. Qui suis-je? Vous voyez bien, je ne suis ni un homme, ni une femme. En anglais, on dit "ni poisson ni volaille".

Well - look at me. What am I? You can see, I'm neither a man nor a woman, I'm neither fish nor fowl.

GEORGES CUVIER

Vous êtes hermaphrodite?

You are an hermaphrodite?

ANNE LISTER

Non. Non. Aucun signe physique -

No - not - no. No external formation accounts for [it] -

GEORGES CUVIER

Vous êtes réglée?

You menstruate?

ANNE LISTER

Comme une horloge.

Regularly.

GEORGES CUVIER

Mais vous pensez comme un homme. Vous vous sentez "homme"?

But you think like a man. You feel like a man?

ANNE LISTER

(she nods, and says
without self-pity -)

So then. Comme je ne suis ni l'un
ni l'autre, je me sens - comme
Rousseau - une chose pire que rien.

*Being neither one thing nor the other, I feel - like Rousseau
- a thing worse than nothing.*

CUVIER takes that in; he feels sorry for this woman who
doesn't feel sorry for herself. He also likes a woman who
reads Rousseau. He has an ebullient response -

GEORGES CUVIER

Ne vous asseyez pas au fond,
asseyez-vous où bon vous semble. Et
posez autant de questions que vous
voulez.

*You don't need to sit at the back, sit wherever you like. And
ask as many questions as you need to!*

ANNE LISTER

Vraiment?

Really?

GEORGES CUVIER

Vous êtes parfaite! Vous êtes
intéressante. Vous *pensez*.

(he taps his head hard.

His face is alive: he
clearly likes ANNE
specifically because she
is unusual)

Procurez vous une tête. Une tête
humaine. Si vous êtes vraiment
intéressée. Ce trimestre, nous
disséquons le cerveau.

*You're perfect! You're interesting. You think. You need to
get hold of a head, a human head. If you're serious. This
term we dissect the brain.*

9

INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 15:16 (AUTUMN 1832)

9

HARRIET PARKHILL

You didn't.

ANNE's just about to say "I did", but ANN beats her to it,
she's so proud of her -

ANN WALKER

She did! She carried it back to her
attic apartment on the left bank in
a sack -

ANNE LISTER

- burned all the hair off because
it was teeming with lice -

ANN WALKER

- and then dissected it!

HARRIET looks from ANNE to ANN and back again. Did she really do that? Just then the doorbell rings. ANN and ANNE freeze and consult one another with a look.

10 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 25. 15:17 (AUTUMN 1832)

10

THOMAS AINSWORTH is standing at the front door, having just rung the bell. He has a parcel with him. And a letter. JAMES comes to the door.

MR. AINSWORTH

Could I leave this? For Miss Walker.

(JAMES takes it)

I know she's under the weather. And isn't receiving guests. *Per se*. But could you tell her that...

(delicately. Like it's a code word)

Mr. Ainsworth. Is here. The Reverend Thomas Ainsworth. And that he wondered if she might see him for just a few moments?

11 INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 15:17 (AUTUMN 1832)

11

ANNE and ANN are still looking at one another. And of course they can't give anything away to MISS PARKHILL, who only knows that Mr. Ainsworth is the husband of ANN's dead friend.

ANNE LISTER

(a murmur)

Is that him?

ANN shakes her head: she can't tell from here, it's just a distant mumble. JAMES taps on the door and steps in with the parcel.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Ma'am. The Reverend Thomas Ainsworth is at the door. He brought this parcel for you.

(ANN hesitates before taking it gingerly)

And he's asking if he might see you for just a few moments.

ANN WALKER

(brusque, clear)

No. I'm ill. I'm not receiving visitors, other than these two, and perhaps you could *remind* him that he was sent a note to that effect only this morning.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Yes ma'am, sorry ma'am.

ANN's response strikes HARRIET. It seems unkind towards a man whose wife died so recently.

12 INT/EXT. ENTRANCE HALL AND FRONT DOOR, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 12
15:18 (AUTUMN 1832)

Optimistic of being admitted, MR. AINSWORTH has ventured to step inside the hallway and have a look around. Perhaps we glimpse him as ANN's voice (in the above scene) becomes more animated, and it disturbs him. Why is she being like this? JAMES emerges from the drawing room, and - being ex-military - marches purposefully towards MR. AINSWORTH in a manner that makes MR. AINSWORTH scuttle neatly back towards the front door. JAMES is firm and clear -

JAMES MACKENZIE

Sorry, Sir. As you say, she's confirmed that she's not receiving guests today.

MR. AINSWORTH

You did say Ainsworth? Thomas Ainsworth.

JAMES MACKENZIE

(still politely ushering
him out)

I did, sir.

Disappointed and amazed that she isn't responding more positively to what he imagined was a certainty (despite the note this morning), AINSWORTH steps back over the threshold.

MR. AINSWORTH

Please assure her of my warmest regards.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Sir.

AINSWORTH lingers. JAMES shuts the door. And AINSWORTH just stands there. Out in the cold, with the door shut in his face. He really doesn't want to go. How can his plan to marry Ann Walker have gone so wrong so quickly? And after all the groundwork he's put in over the last eighteen months?

13 INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 25. 15:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 13

ANN WALKER has opened the letter, but not the parcel. She reads it quickly, as though its contents might frighten her.

ANN WALKER

He's sent the drawing room scrap book, and a biographical account of himself.

HARRIET PARKHILL

(touched)

Aww!

HARRIET might be surprised to find that her sentiment isn't echoed by ANNE or ANN. ANN passes the letter to ANNE to read.

ANNE LISTER

What's the significance of the scrapbook?

ANN WALKER

It was just something we always did together. In the evenings. When I visited. The three of us.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I wonder why he's sent you a biographical account of himself?

(ANN hesitates, and

HARRIET realises -)

Oh - ! You don't think...? He intends to *propose* to you?

(ANN looks haunted. And

ANNE is very keen to see how ANN responds)

Would...? That not be a good thing? Surely.

(clearly not)

I suppose it is rather soon.

(a moment)

All the same. A *clergyman*.

ANN WALKER

(she squeezes her head, like *bad* headache)

I think I might be better upstairs.

14 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. EVENING 25. 18:00 14
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE is rubbing ANN's back with Dr. Day's ointment. They're both sitting on the bed.

ANN WALKER

I'm glad you didn't say anything to him. When he called. This afternoon.

ANNE LISTER

I still intend to. If it becomes necessary.

ANN WALKER

D'you think it will?

ANNE LISTER

Well. If they do offer him this position at Lightcliffe church. And if he hasn't got the message by then, and lacks the wit to turn it down... yes. It may do.

ANN WALKER

Will you stay tonight?

ANNE LISTER

I'd have to send James over to Shibden with a note for Eugénie to put my night things into a bag for me.

ANN WALKER

I'm glad I've told you what I've told you, but I feel so humbled. And depressed. In my own estimation of myself.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, well don't.

(she kisses her)

You're blameless. I wouldn't be putting Miss Parkhill's nose out of joint. If I stayed. Would I?

ANN WALKER

I doubt it. I think you fascinate her.

(she's smiling, but then she becomes more serious again. She has another little something to confess -)

There're some things I'd like you to get rid of. For me. If you would.

(from a bedside cabinet she takes a book of common prayer, and a ring)

He gave them to me.

ANNE looks at the ring. Then she looks at the Book Of Common Prayer. Inside on the marbled flyleaf she finds written -

ANNE LISTER

"To my dearest Ann, the only one I may rest upon. From your own Thomas Ainsworth". "Rest upon"?

(ANN looks ashamed)

What a wretch!

15 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, CROW NEST. NIGHT 25. 02:00 (AUTUMN 15 1832)

We creep slowly along the upstairs landing, illuminated only by moonlight. A clock strikes two.

16 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 25. 02:01 16 (AUTUMN 1832)

We discover ANNE and ANN making love, terrified of making more noise than they should in the last throes of delight.

ANNE LISTER

Shhh!

(they stifle giggles and catch their breath, and settle down into one another's arms and then, when their breathing is calmer -)

I've been thinking. For a while now. That this. Without any more formal tie between us. Is just as wrong as any other casual connection.

ANN WALKER

But when we settle at Shibden - when we come back from our travels - we said that would be as good as a marriage, didn't we?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. And it will be. But would you have any objection to us taking the sacrament together? Here. Or at Shibden. And swearing oaths. On the Bible. And then... I thought we might give one another a ring. Each. We then could wear each other's rings. Always.

ANN WALKER

Swearing vows on the Bible? Like a wedding?

ANNE LISTER

Yes.

ANN WALKER

In front of people?

ANNE LISTER

No. No. No, it'd have to be a private matter. A private understanding. But in all other respects... yes. Very much like a wedding.

ANN can think of nothing she'd like more. But something pulls her down; her own self-sabotaging thoughts -

ANN WALKER

You'll get fed up of me.

ANNE LISTER

I wonder why you have such a poor opinion of yourself?

ANN WALKER

I don't. When I'm with you. When I'm with you I could take on the world.

ANNE LISTER

Well then.

They gaze at one another. In the moonlight. And then kiss.

17 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 26. 09:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 17

An establishing shot. A shiny new morning.

18 INT. DINING ROOM, NEW HOUSE. DAY 26. 09:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

MR. AINSWORTH - eating breakfast with the PRIESTLEYS - has just ripped open another note delivered to him by HARRY on a salver. He reads -

ANN WALKER

(voice over)

Dear Sir. I return your package containing the drawing room scrapbook and your biographical account of yourself - *unopened*.

19 INT. LIBRARY, CROW NEST. DAY 26. 09:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 19

Half an hour earlier.

The unopened AINSWORTH package is on ANN's writing table. ANNE dictates to ANN the very same letter that AINSWORTH is reading in the previous scene.

ANNE LISTER

I have given my friend Miss Lister
surveillance -

(ANNE looks over ANN's
shoulder)

Surveillance - s - u - r - v - e -
i. Double l. Surveillance of all my
recent correspondence.

20

INT. DINING ROOM, NEW HOUSE. DAY 26. 09:31 (AUTUMN 1832) 20

ANN WALKER

(voice over as the same
letter continues)

Any subsequent communication you
choose to make with me should be
sent via *her* at Shibden Hall,
Halifax. Yours sincerely. A.
Walker.

This stuns and shakes MR. AINSWORTH: this surely means she has told her friend Miss Lister what went on between them? And of course he can't let his kind hosts know this.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Anything new? Mr. Ainsworth?

MR. AINSWORTH

(thinking on his feet)

Miss Walker feels it's too soon to
be offered these things.

(just then the front
doorbell rings. HARRY
goes to answer it)

Well. Perhaps she's right.

(his head's in a panic,
not that he can show it)

How foolish of me. It appears I've
over-stepped the mark.

The PRIESTLEYS are both sympathetic; they can see the news has upset him. MR. PRIESTLEY speaks kindly -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Put it to one side. For the moment.
Mr. Ainsworth. Concentrate on your
meeting this afternoon with the
church trustees.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I know, why don't I pop into Crow
Nest and have a few words with Miss
Walker myself this afternoon?

MR. AINSWORTH

(that terrifies him)

Oh, er - no, that's - I wouldn't -
I don't think you should go to any
such trouble, not not not on my
account.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

It wouldn't be any trouble. No
trouble at all. The -

(delicate)

Problem. With my husband's cousin.
Mr. Ainsworth. Is that she often
doesn't know herself what's in her
own best interests. It's not her
fault. She's had rather a tragic
life full of losses - I'm sure you
know - and then she's been taken
advantage of by one unscrupulous
person or another as a result. I'm
sure we can sort this out.

(consulting her husband)

Is that - ?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Yes. It's a good idea.

MR. AINSWORTH

It's - I - as I say, it might be
best to leave well alone for the
m[oment] -

HARRY's come back in.

HARRY

Ma'am. Miss Lister. Is here.

The colour drains instantly from AINSWORTH'S face. Not that
the PRIESTLEYS notice, they're too busy consulting one
another with a look: what the hell does *she* want?

HARRY (CONT'D)

Should I ask her into the drawing
room? Until you've finished
breakfast?

MRS. PRIESTLEY hesitates. MR. PRIESTLEY indicates that it's
her decision. MRS. PRIESTLEY struggles to make up her mind.

MR. AINSWORTH

Is that...? Miss Lister of Shibden
Hall?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

You've heard of her?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

How?

AINSWORTH folds the note up and slips it into his pocket.

MR. AINSWORTH
Miss Walker... must've mentioned
her. At some point in the past.

MRS. PRIESTLEY quickly computes that it might be useful to let ANNE LISTER see that MISS WALKER has a very good - and extremely eligible - friend in MR. AINSWORTH.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
No Harry, don't show her into the
drawing room, show her in here.

HARRY withdraws. AINSWORTH's terrified: is MISS LISTER going to expose him in front of these good folk?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)
Miss Lister is rather eccentric.
Mr. Ainsworth. But her family is
one of the oldest in Halifax, so -

So we have to pretend to be polite to her, is what she means.

MR. AINSWORTH
(who wants the floor to
swallow him)
Of course. Once I've said hello I
might pop upstairs and sort out a
few of my [things] -

ANNE heads past HARRY and straight into the room, in the usual manner, like a whirlwind.

ANNE LISTER
Good morning!

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Miss Lister.

MRS. PRIESTLEY's doing her best to be frosty to ANNE, whilst trying to give MR. AINSWORTH the impression that she's always a good host. MR. PRIESTLEY and MR. AINSWORTH stand up as ANNE enters the room. MRS. PRIESTLEY doesn't.

ANNE LISTER
You have company.
(she addresses AINSWORTH)
I hope you'll forgive my intrusion.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
This. Is the Reverend Thomas
Ainsworth. From Northwich.

ANNE hasn't taken her eyes off AINSWORTH since she crashed the room. She's smiling. It's a bit inscrutable, a bit Mona Lisa. She knows he knows she knows. Etc.

ANNE LISTER

How d'you do? Mr. Ainsworth.

She doesn't offer her hand across the table. She has a real glint in her eye. He's terrified.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Mr. Ainsworth whose wife died in the carriage accident last week. Who was married to Miss Walker's friend.

ANNE LISTER

You must be heartbroken. Mr. Ainsworth.

MR. AINSWORTH opens his mouth to attempt a reply, but struggles to formulate the right one in case this scary woman turns it round on him and takes him off at the knees with it.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Would you like me to ask Harry to bring you in a tea cup? Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

No. Thank you. I can't stop. I came to ask you about - sorry Mr. Ainsworth, this must seem very banal to a man who's just lost his wife. I came to ask you a favour.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Me?

The implication of course is that ANNE's pushing her luck, given what's happened recently.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. We had a carriage accident here. During the summer, Mr. Ainsworth. Not quite as tragic as the one your wife was involved in, but an eight-year-old boy lost a leg. His father's one of my tenants. He'll never work on the farm, sadly. But Mr. Washington - my land steward - one of his girls goes over there to read to Henry. And apparently he's a very bright little boy. And so I wondered if -
(only now does she turn her attention away from AINSWORTH and back to MRS. PRIESTLEY)
you'd have him in your day-school. Mrs. Priestley.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

So he could learn to read and write
and account and thereby try to make
something of himself.

Not a request the charitable PRIESTLEYS can easily turn down.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Oh.

ANNE LISTER

I'd cover his fees.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

(genuine)

That's very kind of you. Anne.

ANNE LISTER

We must do what we can. Since the
perpetrator of the accident -
despite being one of the wealthiest
men in Halifax - has failed to
acknowledge his part in it.

So this is big news.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Who?

ANNE LISTER

I haven't mentioned this school
business to the Hardcastles. I
didn't know whether you'd have room
for him, and I'd hate to disappoint
them, they're good people.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Well.

(reluctant to commit, but
she has no choice)

I imagine we can sort something
out.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Who are you talking about?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

How will he get there?

ANNE LISTER

On the wings of a sincere desire
for knowledge!

(she hoped to raise a
smile there with her
flowery rhetoric. Fat
chance)

He's got some crutches his father
made.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Ask him to come along to the school room at eight o' clock on Monday morning. I'll tell Mr. Wilkinson to expect him.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Anne. Who caused the accident?

ANNE LISTER

I can't prove it. None of the witnesses will testify. They're too frightened. Of who they'd be accusing. On the bench.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

You [don't mean] - ? You can't [mean] - ? Not - ?
(a whisper)
Mr. Rawson?

ANNE leaves that hanging there, with nothing more than a raised eyebrow. Which of course speaks volumes.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Ainsworth! I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I'll see myself out, Harry.

She turns and leaves, having achieved two objectives: 1) taking a good look at AINSWORTH, and 2) showing him how bold she is and thereby making it utterly clear to him that she's not someone you mess with. Oh, and an incidental 3) spreading bad press about Christopher Rawson.

They all feel the vacuum once she's left the room.

MR. AINSWORTH

I er - oh dear -
(he pretends to be a bit wheezy)
Is it all right if I get a bit of fresh air? A quick turn in the garden.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Of course! Of course.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Good Lord.
(he can't credit it)
Christopher Rawson.

21 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 26. 09:37 (AUTUMN 1832) 21

ANNE's leaving the grounds. She probably isn't too surprised to find MR. AINSWORTH scuttling after her.

MR. AINSWORTH
Miss Lister!
(urgent whisper -)
Miss Lister!

She lets him catch up with her. ANNE's significantly taller than AINSWORTH.

ANNE LISTER
Oh hello.

MR. AINSWORTH
I - erm - so - Miss Lister. First of all. You must allow me to apologise. For for for being rather too insistent with with with your friend. Miss Walker.

ANNE LISTER
Mm.

MR. AINSWORTH
However -

ANNE LISTER
When're you leaving?

MR. AINSWORTH
In my defence - sorry?

ANNE LISTER
When is your meeting with the church trustees?

MR. AINSWORTH
This afternoon. At two o'clock.

ANNE LISTER
Good, so you're leaving... when?

MR. AINSWORTH
In the morning. But - so - the thing is - the thing I should explain, the thing you need to understand -

ANNE LISTER
What you need to understand. Mr. Ainsworth. Is that even if you are offered the position. It would be very unwise of you to accept it.

MR. AINSWORTH
Sorry?

ANNE LISTER

I don't wish to embarrass you any more than you've embarrassed yourself already, but -

MR. AINSWORTH

When I wrote that first letter. To Miss Walker - I assume that's what this is about - the wording was, I accept... somewhat over familiar - and I may have been rather too quick off the mark. As well. But the thing is - the thing [is] - I was...

(and this is embarrassing enough)

Under the influence of -

(he mouths the word)

opium. Which which is not not not something I would normally do, but I had had a toothache you see, and my wife had just died, [and] -

ANNE LISTER

Yes but it's not just the crudely worded letter we're talking about. Is it? Mr. Ainsworth. Miss Walker has been very...

(she lets him wait for the word, and then pronounces it very carefully)

explicit. About what went before the letter. And knowing all the circumstances - as I do - I hope you appreciate the propriety and necessity of abstaining from any further communication with her.

MR. AINSWORTH

No no no, the thing the thing the thing [is] -

ANNE LISTER

Otherwise you will be exposed, Mr. Ainsworth, as

(again she pronounces with words with precision)

An *adulterer*. And a *fornicator*.

So she knows everything, not just the cheeky letter. Clearly the words 'adulterer' and 'fornicator' have a lot more impact on an early 19c vicar than they have on us. But we should feel the cataclysmic impact it has on him, both from her delivery of the word, and his reaction to it. There's a little man in his head shouting "*don't panic!*"

MR. AINSWORTH

All right. All right. All right.
The thing you must appreciate, Miss
Lister, is that there is always
more than one side to such a such a
such a th[ing] -

ANNE LISTER

No. Mr. Ainsworth. Not in this
case. You took advantage of a
vulnerable young woman. You
inflicted yourself on her -

MR. AINSWORTH

No.

ANNE LISTER

- and those - yes - and those
advances were unlooked-for and
unwanted.

MR. AINSWORTH

No - that's - no - that's -

ANNE LISTER

*And with your wife in the next
room!* You repeatedly, calculatedly
preyed on her vulnerabilities and
insecurities [and] -
(he makes to speak)
Don't! Do not. Tell me. That she
was complicit in it! You preyed on
her insecurities to a point where
she believed she deserved no
better!

MR. AINSWORTH

(blurting it out)

She wanted it more than I did!

ANNE glares at him, and then gets right in his face -

ANNE LISTER

(through clenched teeth;
she's frightening)

If you weren't so insignificant,
Mr. Ainsworth, I would *horse-whip*
you until you were black and blue.
As it is I'm mortally sorry you're
not worth knocking down.

MR. AINSWORTH

(bravely -)

If you expose me, you expose her!

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Which is the only reason I'm going to give you the opportunity to leave here and return to Northwich with something you barely deserve. Mr. Ainsworth. Your reputation *intact*. And once more. I urge you. To appreciate the propriety and necessity. Of neither Miss Walker - nor myself - ever hearing anything about you in *this* world ever again. And I trust we have no reason to fear bumping into you in the next.

She lets that sink in: he's evil and he's going to hell. This does appear to have a huge impact on AINSWORTH. At length he starts to nod acquiescence. But it's clearly painful to him.

MR. AINSWORTH

(a mumble)

All right then.

ANNE lingers long enough to be certain he means this, then turns and heads off. AINSWORTH glares after her with so much hate; she really has taken him off at the knees. *And* wrecked his plans for a cushy lifestyle. We linger on him: the image of a man reeling from a disturbing encounter that will stay with him forever.

22

EXT. SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 26. 09:55 (AUTUMN 1832)

22

Fifteen minutes later.

ANNE's with WASHINGTON, walking at a lick, side by side, heading up towards Shibden. ANNE no doubt still carrying what she's just been through with AINSWORTH.

ANNE LISTER

I've dwelt on Holt's figures for sinking this pit, and I think we can do it.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(pleased)

Really? *Really?*

ANNE LISTER

I've heard nothing back from the Rawsons. Since I said I wanted a hundred and sixty pounds and ten shillings for the upper bed. And I asked them to get back to me within a week. Which they haven't done, so. We'll get down there ourselves and find out what's going on.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Who'll you get to sink the pit?

ANNE LISTER

Holt wants to put it out to tender
and invite people to bid for it.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Do you want me to organise that?
And put the word about?

ANNE LISTER

Let's do it.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

How about a fortnight on Friday?
For the bidding. Give 'em chance to
get their bids costed. A fortnight
on Friday down at the Stags Head?

ANNE LISTER

(she's nodding agreement)
Oh, and I've got a message for the
Hardcastles. If you're going
anywhere near Roydelands.

23

EXT/INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 26. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832)

23

We follow ANNE into the house (she's heading for the stairs).
She bumps into JOSEPH BOOTH, who's just carrying precarious
waste water outside, EUGÉNIE who carries a basket of dirty
linen, and CORDINGLEY who heads through from the dining room.

ANNE LISTER

Morning! Morning. Morning. Oh -
(to CORDINGLEY)
I need to talk to you. Not now.

Of course this worries CORDINGLEY. Then ANNE comes to MARIAN,
who's looking pleased with herself.

MARIAN LISTER

How's Miss Walker?

ANNE doesn't pause on her journey upstairs.

ANNE LISTER

On the mend.

MARIAN LISTER

Good. Tomorrow! Mr. Abbott. Is
coming to tea.

ANNE LISTER

What time?

MARIAN LISTER

Four o' clock.
(no response)
Will you be here?

ANNE LISTER

(she's upstairs now)
No.

24 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 26. 10:06 (AUTUMN 24
1832)

ANNE comes into her office and gets everything out - diary, pens, ink, a paper knife, a sheet of A4 (which she folds and slices in half), an envelope, her pelican seal and red wax.

Cut to a few seconds later when she's writing -

ANNE LISTER

(vo)
Dear Sir. Last time I was in York
you had a French onyx cabochon and
rose cut diamond engagement ring in
your display cabinet which I would
like to purchase and for which I
enclose a banker's draft of thirty
pounds.

ANNE's delighted: she's going to be engaged. At last. Life's good.

24A EXT. RAWSON'S BANK. DAY 26. 12:09 (AUTUMN 1832) 24A

ANNE walks towards the bank.

25 INT. RAWSON'S BANK. DAY 26. 12:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 25

ANNE heads in, and goes straight to the CLERK.

ANNE LISTER

I'd like a banker's draft for
thirty pounds. Made payable to
Messrs Barber & Cattle in York.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON - in his office at the back - sees ANNE LISTER, and she sees him. They studiously ignore each other.

26 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 26. 12:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 26

MARY SOWDEN is busy with the pigs when something catches her eye in the mud. Something shiny. We can see the younger SOWDEN children busy with chores over yonder.

MARY digs it out. The belt buckle. She wipes some of the mud off, and sees a distinctive pattern, something that makes her know for a fact this was the one her husband always wore.

27 INT. BIG DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 26. 14:05 (AUTUMN 27
1832)

ANN WALKER looks out of the window at the dismal late-autumn weather. MISS PARKHILL's studying a book of French grammar, but she's distracted.

HARRIET PARKHILL
She's very engaging. Miss Lister.

ANN WALKER
Do you like her?

HARRIET PARKHILL
You're lucky. To know someone so clever. And interesting. And who cares about you. You hardly need me here when she's so close by.
(ANN's delighted to have an ally who approves of ANNE)
I do wonder if you should consider this marriage proposal though. If that's what it is.

ANN WALKER
(a groan, a sigh)
I'm not...

HARRIET PARKHILL
What?

ANN WALKER
In love. With Mr. Ainsworth.

HARRIET PARKHILL
Does that matter? Could you not be happy enough with him? A clergyman.

ANN takes her time before confessing delicately -

ANN WALKER
What if...? I was in love with someone else.

HARRIET PARKHILL
Who?
(ANN shakes her head. She can't say. And she looks sad that she can't say)
Who?

ANN has no other response than sad head-shaking. Although maybe we can see the delight in her eyes too. The delight of being in love. And the sadness of it being someone you can't name. Just then a tap at the door, and JAMES comes in.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Ma'am. Mrs. Priestley's at the
door.

ANN is nervous of MRS. PRIESTLEY since the kissing business.

ANN WALKER
I didn't hear the bell ring.

JAMES MACKENZIE
She came to the back door, ma'am.

ANN WALKER
(to HARRIET)
She sneaks in.

JAMES MACKENZIE
She says her call is on Miss
Parkhill ma'am as well as yourself.

ANN WALKER
You make it known that you're ill.
And not receiving visitors. And
they turn up anyway. Show her in.
(JAMES withdraws)
I might make my excuses and go back
upstairs.

HARRIET concurs sympathetically, implying it's fine if ANN
wants to do that. JAMES ushers MRS. PRIESTLEY in.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Mrs. Priestley, ma'am.

MRS. PRIESTLEY is no doubt nervous too. She doesn't know that
ANNE LISTER isn't going to be here (it's what she hopes for
of course, but it's far from certain). She's delighted when
her eyes land upon HARRIET.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Miss Parkhill! How are you?

HARRIET PARKHILL
Well. Thank you.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Good!
(she turns to ANN)
And how's the invalid?
(ANN views MRS. PRIESTLEY
with all the charm of a
stroppy teenager)
Mr. Ainsworth has gone for his
meeting with the church trustees,
so I thought I'd come and have a
look at you.

28 INT. BIG DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 26. 14:35 (AUTUMN 28
1832)

Half an hour later.

We discover MRS. PRIESTLEY and HARRIET alone together. HARRIET pours tea from a tray of tea things that JAMES brought in earlier. MISS WALKER has - presumably - gone back upstairs.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I don't know how close you and Miss Walker are. And I don't know if you're at all aware. But the family are increasingly concerned about... a relationship. That -

(she indicates upstairs,
meaning MISS WALKER)
she appears to have become
inveigled in.

HARRIET PARKHILL

Oh. Yes. She mention[ed] -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Mentioned? What?

HARRIET's worried: is she betraying ANN's confidence?

HARRIET PARKHILL

Being in love.

MRS. PRIESTLEY can barely hide her revulsion.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Did she. Mm. Well. She's certainly been beguiled. By someone. And if this - one hesitates to call it a 'liaison', but - if it were to become any more widely known than it is, she would become a laughing stock - well it would be worse than that, it would be - I don't know what it would be. She'd be ostracised from polite soci[ety] - from any society. I don't think she has any idea! She'd be jeered at in the streets. Worse! She'd be pilloried. Two men were hanged in York [for] - !

HARRIET PARKHILL

For *what*?

Silence. MRS. PRIESTLEY has to tread delicately.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Mr. Ainsworth. May have been a bit quick off the mark, and he may lack a certain gravitas. But there are reasons why - Miss Parkhill - you would be doing Miss Walker an act of great friendship if you were to encourage her to take up his offer of marriage.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I did! I did. But she said she couldn't. Because she was in love with this other man. Mrs. Priestley, who is he? What do you mean about two men being hanged?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

You've been here for several days, you've met Miss Lister? You no doubt find her fascinating and charming.

HARRIET PARKHILL

Miss Lister. Yes. She is. Very.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister is unnatural. Miss Parkhill.

HARRIET doesn't get it.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I know she studied science. Under Monsieur Cuvier in Paris -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

No. No. No, not that.

Guileless HARRIET still doesn't get it. But she will in a moment. In a moment all will be explained. And her years of naive innocence will be gone and lost forever.

HARRIET PARKHILL

What then?

29 INT/EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 26. 14:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 29

The belt buckle is on the mantelpiece. MARY hasn't cleaned it. She's left it as it was. Out of the window, she sees THOMAS pull up in the cart.

30 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 26. CONTINUOUS. 14:45 30
(AUTUMN 1832)

ALF SOWDEN runs over to see to the horse and unhitch it from the cart. THOMAS jumps down from the cart and heads inside. He tosses an apple he's pilfered to ALF.

31 INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 26. CONTINUOUS. 14:46 31
(AUTUMN 1832)

THOMAS comes in.

MARY SOWDEN

You're home early.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Mr. Pickels didn't need me so I thought I'd get on wi' t'fencing at t'bottom o' t'field.

MARY SOWDEN

I found this.

(she puts the belt buckle on the table)

In wi' t'pigs. It's your father's. It was my father's before. So I recognise it.

(suddenly everything about THOMAS's body language belies his guilt)

He always - your father - used to say you could get rid of a whole human body by feeding it to t'pigs.

(THOMAS has no response, he's terrified)

He usually said it when he was drunk. Shouting. I often used to wonder... if that's how I'd end up. Only thing they can't eat of course... he'd say. Trying to prove he could get away with it. Is metal.

THOMAS simply nods. He daren't do much else because his guilty body and being is working against him. If he speaks now he'll give himself away. Just then a knock at the door.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

(OOV)

Hello?

(he comes in)

How do. Only me.

(he seems very happy)

I saw you going past on t'upper road and I wondered if you'd finished for t'day.

(MORE)

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE (CONT'D)

Only I've a few jobs going if you fancy earning a shilling or two.

THOMAS SOWDEN

(he can't think straight)
I can do, aye.

MARY SOWDEN

How's little Henry?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

(he becomes emotional,
he's so happy)
He's going to go to school. We just heard, Mr. Washington's just called in. Miss Lister's got him a place at a little school in Lightcliffe. She's paying his fees, and we never even asked her!

MARY SOWDEN

Oh - ! Well. That's something, isn't it?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

He's thrilled! It's fair taken him out of himself. A school boy!

MARY SOWDEN

Very good.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Any news about Sam?

THOMAS is terrified about what his mother's response will be.

MARY SOWDEN

We think he must have walked to Liverpool and sneaked on board a packet. And then gone to America. Don't we love?

THOMAS can't believe his mother is going along with his story now she knows the truth. He's amazed and relieved.

THOMAS SOWDEN

(a murmur)
Yeah.

MARY SOWDEN

It's what he allus talked about doing. If he hadn't had all us hanging round his neck.

32 INT. HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM, NEW HOUSE. DAY 26. 15:45 32
(AUTUMN 1832)

HARRY takes MR. AINSWORTH's and MR. PRIESTLEY's coats.
They've just returned from their meeting with the church
trustees.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
How did you get on?

MR. PRIESTLEY heads past his wife and into the drawing room
pulling a bit of a face: he's disappointed with AINSWORTH.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)
How did you get on? Mr. Ainsworth.

MR. AINSWORTH
I think. Perhaps. You were right.
Perhaps it was too soon.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Oh dear.
(awkward)
Could you bring Mr. Ainsworth and
Mr. Priestley some tea, Harry?

HARRY
Ma'am.

We follow MRS. PRIESTLEY and MR. AINSWORTH into the drawing
room...

33 INT. DRAWING ROOM, NEW HOUSE. DAY 26. CONTINUOUS. 15:46 33
(AUTUMN 1832)

We get the idea MR. PRIESTLEY was embarrassed by MR.
AINSWORTH's poor show in the interview. MR. AINSWORTH isn't
unaware of this. They've obviously had a rather cool return
journey from the meeting.

MR. AINSWORTH
I wonder if... given that Miss
Walker seems to have developed such
coolness and antipathy towards me.
Since my wife's death. I do wonder
if - even if I was offered the
position, which I'm afraid to say
may be unlikely now - it would be
foolish and unwise of me to accept
it.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY
But surely that isn't the only
reason you wanted the position?

It is. But -

MR. AINSWORTH

Of course not. But to live in such close proximity to someone who one has had such high esteem for, and then to be regarded with such obvious disdain. By that person. It would be painful to us both. Surely.

This disappoints MRS. PRIESTLEY. She *must* persuade him to remain interested in ANN.

34 INT. BIG DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 26. 15:50. (AUTUMN 1832) 34

HARRIET PARKHILL is shocked. She's been shocked ever since MRS. PRIESTLEY left her, over an hour ago. She's sitting alone, staring into space, unable to settle to anything. She hears footsteps approach.

ANN WALKER comes in. HARRIET now regards her almost like an alien species. Has she had sex (which is scary enough anyway) with *another woman*? What *is* she?

ANN WALKER

I couldn't sleep. The pain was just as bad, however I tried to lie. Has she gone?

It's kinda pretty obvious she's gone, but -

HARRIET PARKHILL

(terrified)
Some time since.

HARRIET looks like she's seen a ghost.

ANN WALKER

Are you all right? Harriet?

HARRIET PARKHILL

Ann. I think you're in the worst kind of danger. Both in this world and the next.

35 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. BLINK. DAY 26. 18:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 35

Darkness descends on the valley. It's windy and rainy.

36 EXT. BACK DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. BLINK. DAY 26. 18:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 36

JAMES - ANN WALKER's footman - approaches the back door at Shibden in the wind and rain with a note, and knocks.

Brisk EUGÉNIE answers the door. And suddenly there's this really very good looking Highlander looking down at her.

JAMES MACKENZIE
Good evening again Miss.

EUGÉNIE
Bonjour. Good evening.

JAMES MACKENZIE
There's a note. For Miss Lister.
From Miss Walker.

EUGÉNIE takes it. There's a bit of a smouldering frisson between the two of them (largely coming from EUGÉNIE). And suddenly we get a glimpse of how it might have been when EUGÉNIE pulled George Playforth, all those months ago in Hastings.

JAMES MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
Bye.

EUGÉNIE
Bye. Bye. Bye bye.

37 INT. KITCHEN DOORWAY, SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING 26. 18:02 37
(AUTUMN 1832)

As EUGÉNIE comes back in with the note -

CORDINGLEY
Who was that?

38 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. EVENING 26. 18:03 (AUTUMN 38
1932)

ANNE's writing her journal - in code - fast, engaged. We hear the wind and rain outside. There's a knock at the door.

ANNE LISTER
(a mumble, she's too
engaged with her writing)
Hello.

CORDINGLEY comes in with a small envelope.

CORDINGLEY
There's a note for you, ma'am. The
servant brought it from Crow Nest.
(ANNE takes it)
You said - earlier - you said you
wanted a word with me.

ANNE LISTER
Mm? Oh. Yes. Keep an eye. On
Eugénie.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

And next time - any irregularities -
I'm your first thought.

CORDINGLEY

(amazed that ANNE knows.

How does she know?)

Well yes ma'am, of course, you're
always my first thought, [but] -

ANNE LISTER

That's all.

ANNE pops the seal on the little envelope. CORDINGLEY withdraws: part of her would like to explain more, part of her is relieved that if that's as much as ANNE's got to say on the matter, she's had a lucky escape. ANNE unfolds the letter and we hear it as ANNE reads -

ANN WALKER

(voice over)

My love. I must beg you not to send
for the ring you spoke of just yet.
I must not and cannot take it
until I have fewer torments of
conscience. I cannot say that I
feel any stronger this evening, and
so, weak as I am, have concluded
that it would be madness in me to
leave the kingdom and go travelling
with you at any point in the near
future.

(this is big bad
unexpected news)

Yours faithfully and
affectionately. Ann Walker.

So this is tantamount to breaking off the engagement. And yet it's still full of terms of endearment. Confused ANNE weighs things up. She might even mumble "Why?" to herself. Hurriedly she grabs a piece of paper from the drawer of her desk, folds it in half, cuts it in half, and starts writing with her usual brisk purposefulness.

ANNE LISTER

(voice over)

My love.

We cut to the next scene as ANNE's voice over continues -

Next day.

ANNE walks briskly from Shibden to Lightcliffe. It's barely light (but it's autumn, so I guess it's about 7:45am).

ANNE LISTER

(voice over continues)

You must remember that conscience is not always strictly just. She may be too lenient or too severe, she may be lulled to sleep or tossed in feverish restlessness. We cannot judge ourselves, and I cannot believe you deserve your 'torments of conscience'. Tomorrow we will talk over any plan most likely to re-establish your health. I will be with you first thing in the morning. Affectionately and very faithfully yours.

During the above, ANNE bumps into ELIZA WASHINGTON (who's star-struck) whilst ANNE briskly scales a wall. ANNE barely notices her.

40 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 27. 08:10 (AUTUMN 1832) 40

Having briskly walked the two miles to Crow Nest, ruddy-cheeked ANNE's rung the doorbell.

JAMES opens the door.

41 INT. DINING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 27. 08:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 41

Ten minutes later.

ANNE sits at the breakfast table with ANN and HARRIET PARKHILL. Silence. HARRIET can barely bring herself to look at ANNE LISTER knowing what she now knows about her. ANNE isn't unaware of the altered atmosphere.

ANNE LISTER

Are you all right? Miss Parkhill.

Just as she can't look at ANNE, she can barely bring herself to be civil with her.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I erm. Find I haven't much appetite. This morning.

ANNE LISTER

Oh dear. Yes, you do look a bit peaky. Perhaps a walk? Do wrap up though, it's blowy out there.

ANNE is just being nice of course. She doesn't know what's happened, she's just biding her time until she can be alone with ANN and ask about last night's note. HARRIET - who has finished her breakfast - pushes her chair back and rises. She address ANN WALKER only.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I'll be in the other room. If you
want my company.

ANNE - gentleman that she is - is instantly on her feet.
HARRIET leaves the room without a look back at ANNE. The door
closes behind her. ANNE of course is bewildered. Concerned.
She knows of old why people habitually take offence at her,
but she had no idea this was coming. She turns to ANN WALKER:
this oddness and last night's note must be related?

ANNE LISTER

What's happened?

ANN barely knows where to start. She hesitates for long
enough, and then -

ANN WALKER

I think I should take Mr.
Ainsworth.

ANNE assesses that. And is careful not to overreact to it.

ANNE LISTER

Has he been here?

ANN WALKER

No. No, I've not seen him.

(silence)

I don't -

(she struggles, then says
firmly -)

I don't think we should do this any
more.

(silence. ANNE stares at
her)

You haven't sent off for that ring,
have you?

ANNE's struggling with this. Inside part of her is dying, but
as ever she is determined to appear strong, fair, objective.

ANNE LISTER

(cautiously)

What's been said?

This terrifies ANN WALKER, and barely dare even say it -

ANN WALKER

Two men - three months ago - were
hanged. Outside the prison in York.
In front of a crowd of thousands.
Who jeered at them. For d[oing] -
(it make her feel ill: the
images of such public
humiliation are too
vivid)

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
For doing what we do with each other.

ANNE LISTER
Who's told you that?

ANN WALKER
Miss Parkhill.

ANNE LISTER
How does Miss Parkhill know what "we do with each other".

ANN WALKER
She doesn't! But people are starting to *make ass[umptions]* -

ANNE LISTER
(interrupts)
Unless you've told her.

ANN WALKER
I'd rather *die* that people know what we do!
(she lets that land)
People. Are making. *Assumptions*.

ANNE LISTER
Based on what?

ANN WALKER
Mrs. Priestley was here.

ANNE LISTER
When?

ANN WALKER
Yesterday afternoon. I went to lie down, and - that was a mistake.

ANNE LISTER
Well. I'm sorry Mrs. Priestley's brought Miss Parkhill into it. For her sake.

ANN WALKER
Oh and it won't just be Miss Parkhill. You can guarantee Mrs. Priestley will have done the rounds. Cliffhill, Stoneyroyd, Gledholt, Lord knows where else. We'll be the talk of the entire neighbourhood. The whole of Halifax and Huddersfield will be making lewd comments about us.

ANNE LISTER

We're friends. We are respectable women who are friends. That's the beginning and the end, and if we continue to present ourselves unashamedly in that manner, the whole thing - finally - will reflect badly *only* on Mrs. Priestley. I've said this before and I'll say it again *and it's true*.

(ANN doesn't respond)

Have some courage. Ann. What men do. Is completely different to what we do.

ANN WALKER

No. It isn't.

ANNE LISTER

Yes it is. First of all - between men - it's illegal, it's a criminal act. Between women -
(she shrugs: it's this simple)
it isn't. So.

ANN WALKER

It isn't?

ANNE LISTER

We haven't committed a criminal offence, and we can't be hanged for it.

ANN WALKER

Are you sure?

ANNE LISTER

However, Yes. *However*, if it were a criminal offence. If it were to become one. Well then. I would have to put my neck in the noose. I love and only love the fairer sex. My heart revolts from any other love than theirs. These feelings have not wavered or deviated since childhood. I was born like this. I act as my God-given nature dictates. If I were to lie with a man *that* would be unnatural, that surely would be *against God*. Who made us. Every one of us. In all our richness and variety. You're the same, you told me so, you feel a repugnance towards forming any sort of connection with the opposite sex.

ANN WALKER

Shhh!

ANNE LISTER

Don't let them poison your mind against me. Against *us*. We can be happy. You know we can. We can have a rich life together.

ANN WALKER has absorbed all this. She really wants to believe it because she really wants ANNE in her life.

ANN WALKER

What if... I was to marry him. If only for appearance's sake. We could still... see each other. Couldn't we?

This dismays ANNE intensely.

ANNE LISTER

I'm afraid that would never do for me.

(she keeps her temper in check because she really wants ANN to understand this, and so she explains as carefully as she can)

Why should I compromise myself? To lie with another man's wife? What does that make me? A liar and a cheat and a fornicator, and it's not what I want! And this is why our present connection without a more solemn tie is - for me - *wrong*. I want you to be my w[ife] -

(she flounders, then determines to say it)

I want you to be my *wife*. And everything that that means. I know we can never have children. Which is a great sadness. But everything else! To love, to cherish, to have and to hold. According to God's holy ordinance.

ANNE's utterly sincere. And it touches ANN deeply.

ANN WALKER

Anne. I adore you. When I'm with you nothing else matters and the whole world makes sense. But then as soon as I'm alone with nothing but -

(she taps her head manically: the rogue thoughts she can't stop)

These thoughts.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I can't face the world like you can! Let alone my family.

ANNE LISTER

But you never need be alone! You can be with me. Always. At Shibden. And we can navigate our way through life and everything it throws at us *together*. And with God's blessing. He'll give us strength and courage. Come on.

(she pulls her by the hand)

We must agreeable-ize with Miss Parkhill.

ANN WALKER

No.

ANNE LISTER

We can't have her sitting there on her own, thinking things. She must see us for what we are. Polite, kind, *good* people. Is she still struggling with her French grammar?

ANN WALKER

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

I'll compliment her on her accent. That usually goes a long way. Come on.

ANN acquiesces. But she's still deeply uncomfortable. As they reach the closed door, ANNE turns to take the opportunity to snog ANN WALKER one last time before they go and face MISS PARKHILL. ANN can't resist it, despite her nerves: she does genuinely find ANNE LISTER irresistible. Eventually ANNE breaks off.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Mm. And then I've got to go into Halifax. I'm going to get something for you.

42

INT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 27. 10:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 42

MR. AINSWORTH is leaving. MR. PRIESTLEY is pulling his coat on too; once more taking him down to Halifax in the chaise to catch the high-flyer.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

You don't know how sorry I am to see you go, Mr. Ainsworth.

MR. AINSWORTH
Thank you for your kind
hospitality.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY
Let's hope we meet again. Mr.
Ainsworth. And let's hope it isn't
too long before we do.

MR. AINSWORTH and MR. PRIESTLEY set off outside into the
drive, where the carriage is waiting for them.

43 EXT. NEW HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 27. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 43

As the carriage drives away we see MRS. PRIESTLEY is sad and
anxious: how can she stop ANNE LISTER now?

44 INT. WHITLEY'S BOOK SHOP, HALIFAX. DAY 27. 13:05 (AUTUMN 44
1832)

WHITLEY'S is a well-stocked, well-sized, big-town provincial
book shop. The hub of knowledge in Halifax.

An ASSISTANT is busy at the counter with a two young ladies
of modest but polite social status.

Through a door we see MR. WHITLEY himself, busy with his
stock-taking in the little room beyond.

The doorbell jingles and ANNE LISTER walks in. Suddenly the
whole shop is on red alert. Nobody can do enough for MISS
LISTER at Whitley's.

ASSISTANT
(urgent whisper)
Mr. Whitley, sir!

WHITLEY jumps to his feet when he sees ANNE, who is one of
those customers he always attends to himself.

MR. WHITLEY
Good morning! Miss Lister.

The two young ladies will have heard of MISS LISTER, but
probably never been this close to her before. She's a bit of
a posh novelty act in olde Halifax. Certainly the sort of
chance encounter you might dine off for weeks.

ANNE LISTER
Mr. Whitley.
(she sees what they young
ladies are buying)
Oh! James's Life of Charlemagne.
Yes, that's very good, I've read
that. Twice. Excellent.

The two young ladies are overwhelmed and delighted that Miss Lister is bestowing attention on them, and MR. WHITLEY jealously wants all Miss Lister's attention himself.

MR. WHITLEY

What can I do for you this morning,
Miss Lister?

ANNE LISTER

(she takes him aside, it's
confidential)

I'm looking for a Book of Common
Prayer. Gilt-edged, bound - if you
have it - in red Moroccan leather
and with an attractively marbled
fly-leaf.

MR. WHITLEY

I do have one exactly like that,
but at eight shillings.

ANNE LISTER

Oh good.

WHITLEY scuttles off to find it. The two ladies pick up their purchase with a polite nod at Miss Lister. She smiles back and gives a very elegant nod/bow, and they head off out of the shop. ANNE watches after them, surreptitiously checking out their pretty little backsides as they leave.

45

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 27. 13:15 (AUTUMN 1832)

45

CHRISTOPHER and JEREMIAH head out of the bank together and we follow them through the streets of Halifax.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

So what've you heard?

As usual with these two, the conversation is all hush hush, given the subtext is them stealing coal -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

One of the men at Swan Bank told me
this morning that *her* land steward
has invited bids for the job of
sinking a new pit above Conery
Wood.

(so this is big news.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON might
have been able to tell
himself and others that
ANNE LISTER was bluffing
up until now, but this is
different)

So that's *right on top* of where
the trespass is.

(MORE)

JEREMIAH RAWSON (CONT'D)

They're auctioning the job off at the Stags Head at Mytholm a week on Friday.

(CHRISTOPHER absorbs the devastating info calmly)

We have to agree to her price for this upper bed. You *have* to let me go and offer her what she's asking.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I'm not paying her fucking silly prices. Does she think we're stupid?

Incidentally we realise that the two girls who were in the book shop are just this moment walking past CHRISTOPHER and JEREMIAH in the Halifax throng.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

No. She thinks we're stealing her coal - she *knows* we're stealing her coal - and she wants paying for it. I think it's got to the stage.

Where we -

(bravely)

you - have to accept that we have no choice. Not if we want to stay in production. *And* not get found out - *and* - God knows - *not* have *legal action* taken against us!

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

How much would it cost? Something like that. Rough estimate, sinking a pit like that herself.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Two thousand. And *it is* true, what mother said. Apparently she's over at Crow Nest morning, noon and night. And if she really does have her hand in Ann Walker's purse...

(reluctant to admit)

she could have a pit sunk within six months.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Well why's anyone *letting* her have her hand in Ann Walker's *anything*? For God's sake.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I don't know! If they're *friends*. Why shouldn't she? Who's going to stop her? Until she marries, it's her money and she can do with it what she likes.

The two men have just walked past WHITLEY'S book shop, and out of it now steps ANNE LISTER, with her nicely wrapped package containing her posh new copy of the Book of Common Prayer. She doesn't see the RAWSONS, and they don't see her. ANNE simply walks off in another direction and only we get the pleasure of the moment.

JEREMIAH RAWSON (CONT'D)

So. Why don't I arrange to see her,
and -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

No. No. No love, no. If she wants
to run with the big dogs. She's
going to have to find out what it's
like when they really start biting
each other.

46

INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 27. 16:05
(AUTUMN 1832)

46

ANN WALKER'S back in bed, still suffering with period pains (or hiding in bed to avoid Miss Parkhill). ANNE'S lolling on top of the bed (fully dressed), right beside her. ANN opens the parcel ANNE'S brought and finds the red Moroccan leather bound Book of Common Prayer.

ANNE LISTER

I inscribed it for you.

ANN opens it.

ANN WALKER

(she reads it aloud)

"There bends no rood so low but it
may rise again. Who that has that
hope which human power nor gives
nor takes can ever feel forsaken or
forlorn?"

(we glimpse ANNE LISTER,
delighted with her own
flowery wisdom)

"God bless you, my dearest Ann,
ever affectionately and ever
faithfully yours".

It's signed 'A.L.'. ANN tries to smile. She knows the words are well intentioned, but nothing can alleviate the internal tensions she still feels.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

What did you do with that ring and
that Bible that I gave to you. That
he gave to me?

ANNE doesn't respond immediately. Why is ANN asking?

ANNE LISTER

They're safe. Why?

ANN shakes her head: she doesn't really know why. Is she becoming nervous that she's made a wrong choice? Should she have taken the rapist AINSWORTH, just because he's a man?

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(she nods at the prayer
book)

D'you like it?

ANN WALKER

It's beautiful, it's exquisite.
Thank you.

ANNE LISTER

You know... when you told me? About
Mr. Ainsworth. What he did - and I
suspect it's something you've never
told anyone else -

ANN WALKER

Of course not. Who else could I
have told?

ANNE LISTER

When you told me, it gave me a
responsibility, it gave me a power
over you which I intend to use
wisely. And very much in your best
interests.

(she touches her face
gently, tenderly, and
means it -)

I'll never let you down.

(ANN remains edgy: ANNE's
touch now has the
confusing effect on one
level of making ANN
WALKER melt, and on
another of making her
feel deeply
uncomfortable)

Time. Is a great thing. And I don't
believe these misgivings about
Ainsworth will last longer than a
season. Come on, let's go
downstairs, we can't keep avoiding
Miss Parkhill.

ANN WALKER

She was no happier after you left
this morning. Despite all the
trouble you took with her.

ANNE LISTER

Well then! I shall redouble my efforts! I'll have to, I can't go home, Marian's got Mr. Abbott round for tea.

47 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. 16:10 (AUTUMN 47
1832)

MR. ABBOTT is 39 years old and not shy. He's having tea with AUNT ANNE LISTER, JEREMY and MARIAN.

MR. ABBOTT

Yes no the best thing you can do with an old building like this is knock it down and start again. Because the land's perfectly good, and it's in a desirable enough position.

AUNT LISTER can't believe this man, she's never met anything like him. Certainly not in their own dining room. So brash, so full of unsolicited opinions. MARIAN hangs on his every word; her eyes are alive with appreciation of him.

MR. ABBOTT (CONT'D)

I'm not saying you should, obviously. It's over four hundred years old, it's a relic -

MARIAN LISTER

(offering the plate)

Have more fruit cake Mr. Abbott.

He takes it without thanking her (or even looking at her) or pausing in his diatribe -

MR. ABBOTT

- and I know some people find that sort of thing interesting, but Miss Lister - you're elderly, I hope you don't mind me making that observation - it must be very cold for you now the winter's almost upon us -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes [but] -

MR. ABBOTT

- and you must be a martyr to rheumatism. Tell me if I'm wrong. Or gout or arthritis or -

MARIAN tops up MR. ABBOTT's tea.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I've lived here all my life, Mr. Abbott, and funnily enough I've never once -

MARIAN LISTER

You've got ulcers, she's got ulcers. On her leg.

AUNT ANNE can barely believe MARIAN was so crass as to tell a visitor something personal like that.

MR. ABBOTT

You're hardy! Of course, I understand that. I'm just saying, you'd marvel at some of the new technology. Some of these new houses, they have under floor heating.

JEREMY LISTER

Oh, like the Romans?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Knocking down Shibden has never been on anyone's agenda. Nor will it ever be.

Sensing this conversation is pointless, and it's distressing his sister, JEREMY politely changes tack -

JEREMY LISTER

Tell us about New Zealand.

MR. ABBOTT

New Zealand?

JEREMY LISTER

And Australia.

MR. ABBOTT

What about New Zealand?

JEREMY LISTER

What fascinating countries they must be.

MARIAN LISTER

I told my aunt and my father - and my sister -

(we see the empty place at table that MARIAN had set for ANNE in the vain hope that she would turn up)
that you had property out there.

MR. ABBOTT

Oh! Yes. But I've never actually been.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh I thought -

MR. ABBOTT

Lord, no. A voyage like that would never do for me. Anyway, I haven't time.

MARIAN LISTER

My father was in Boston during the Tea Party.

MR. ABBOTT

(a laugh)

Rather you than me.

MARIAN finds this slightly awkward. It's always been a big thing in the family that JEREMY was not only in Boston when the tea party was kicking off, but witnessed it from one of the ships. So inevitably JEREMY thinks MR. ABBOTT's an arse and MARIAN's obliged to try and rescue the situation.

MARIAN LISTER

What a shame Anne's missed you!

MR. ABBOTT

Yes! I was looking forward to meeting your elder daughter, Captain Lister. You hear so many stories about her! Down in Halifax.
(he's smiling, as though all the stories about ANNE are pleasant. Then, confidentially -)
Course I take them all with a pinch of salt. I'm sure I'd get on with her perfectly well. I'll talk to anybody.

48 INT. BIG DRAWING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 27. 16:20 (AUTUMN 48 1832)

ANN and HARRIET are sitting doing very little. It looks as though the backgammon, the French grammar, and the detailed drawings of plants have all been exhausted. Or no-one can whip up any enthusiasm for them any more.

ANNE's looking out of the window at the weather. It's blustery and it'll be starting to go dark soon. She's itching to get out there.

ANNE LISTER

How about a walk?

ANN WALKER

Dr. Day said not to exert myself any more than necessary.

ANNE LISTER

A short walk.

ANN WALKER

He said my spine's too weak even for that. At present. I did ask him.

ANNE LISTER

How can any medical man in his right mind advise against fresh air?

(she looks to HARRIET for a jolly response, trying to engage her)

What do you think? Miss Parkhill.

HARRIET's reluctant to speak to ANNE at all, but addressed so directly it's difficult not to.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I imagine Dr. Day knows what he's talking about. Even if he hasn't had the benefit of studying under Monsieur Cuvier in Paris.

ANNE takes this barbed comment on the chin. She's become very practised over the years at taking things on the chin. She counts to five and allows her better judgement to kick in: she doesn't respond to the comment, and gives no appearance of being irritated by it.

ANNE LISTER

I think we should visit Dr. Belcombe again in York. I think York would be an all-round good thing. I could introduce you to some of my better connected friends, and you could have the benefit of the very best medical advice at the same time. Come on, let's have a hit of backgammon before we vegetate. Come and thrash me like you usually do. Miss Walker.

ANN comes and sits at the backgammon board as ANNE sets it up for a new game. ANN's finding this excruciating; ANNE and HARRIET simply no longer function together amicably in the same space, and so the whole thing is impossible, uncomfortable, ridiculous. HARRIET - who feels the same - picks up on ANN's discomfort, and eventually summons up the courage to say -

HARRIET PARKHILL

You don't have to be here. Miss Lister. If you're bored. If you're itching for a walk. I came - I was asked here by Miss Walker's aunt - to keep her company while she was under the weather, and to be candid...

(she's terrified of ANNE, so it really is very brave of her to come out with this)

there barely seems any point me being here. When you're here so often.

ANNE LISTER

The more the merrier. Surely. Miss Parkhill.

(genuine -)

Come on, let's not fall out. For Miss Walker's sake. It's entirely unnecessary and we were all getting along so nicely before.

(a nod at the French grammar books)

Let's have another go at your past perfect.

HARRIET really doesn't want to. She really wants ANNE to leave. She now finds her whole presence and being disturbing. And so - very bravely - as ANNE reaches for HARRIET's French grammar book, HARRIET snatches it away -

HARRIET PARKHILL

Two's company.

Silence. ANNE gets a bit grave, and quiet, and is careful not to sound the least bit vindictive or small minded -

ANNE LISTER

Well. If that's how you feel. Miss Parkhill. Perhaps... I don't know. You should go home.

And when ANNE LISTER's grave, her voice has a quiet authority that might seem ever so slightly threatening to someone like HARRIET. Unlike ANNE, HARRIET has no practise whatsoever at taking slights on the chin. Instantly it unnerves her. She looks to ANN for support. But ANN stares at the floor feeling crippled, stuck between a rock and a hard place.

HARRIET PARKHILL

I'll be in the other room.

HARRIET leaves the room.

Silence.

ANN WALKER

You shouldn't have said that. She's my friend, she's my guest.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Priestley should never have used her like that.

ANN WALKER

I can't do this.

ANNE LISTER

I appreciate it's not her fault, she's been put in a difficult position, [but] -

ANN WALKER

I should never have told you about Mr. Ainsworth. I should never have said anything. I should've kept it all to myself and -

ANNE LISTER

No. You did absolutely the right thing to tell me about Mr. Ainsworth -

ANN WALKER

If only you'd allowed me the time we'd agreed! If only we'd stuck to *your birthday* for the yes or no, instead of forcing me into that ridiculous business with the purse!

ANNE LISTER

You came up with the rid[iculous] with the business with the purse!

ANN WALKER

Only because I didn't know what to do! Because you were *pushing* me. When I was barely able to *think* straight! And then none of this would've happened!

ANNE LISTER

Let me go and apologise to her. Come on, we can sort this out. I'll apologise to her, and -

ANN WALKER

I can't do this. Anne.

ANNE LISTER

Yes you can.

ANN WALKER

No. I can't. It's become impossible. I shall have to take Mr. Ainsworth.

ANNE LISTER

No.

ANN WALKER

I shall. It's clear to me, it's utterly clear to me, it's the only way forward -

ANNE LISTER

No. No, Ann.

ANN WALKER

Yes! Or I'll have no peace. Either from *them* or *in here*.

(her head, her mad head,
which she bangs even
harder this time)

I think... I think you should go. This is - I can't do this any more, it's...

(silence)

it's *wrong*.

ANNE LISTER

It isn't. It's perfectly [natural] -

ANN WALKER

It's *wrong*. It's repugnant. It's *against God*. It's *queer*.

Teflon ANNE is starting to feel hurt by this.

ANNE LISTER

You do understand - you do - it does occur to you - presumably, hopefully, occasionally. That I have feelings too. When you say something like that. Hm? You agreed to swear oaths. *On the Bible*. You agreed to take the sacrament with me.

(suddenly aggressive -)

How on earth can you talk about 'taking Mr. Ainsworth'?

ANN WALKER

I will still lend you the money. To sink your pit. I said I'd do that and I will, whatever happens.

Silence.

ANNE LISTER

Sorry?

ANN WALKER

I'll still -

ANNE LISTER

How dare you?

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

What do you think I am?

ANN WALKER

No, I -

ANNE LISTER

I wouldn't take it. You'll marry Mr. Ainsworth and lend me some money? I don't think so. Do you seriously imagine I'd take it?

ANN WALKER

No, Anne, listen -

ANNE LISTER

If you were my wife, that's one thing. But if you were someone else's. No. Never. I'd rather starve. And anyway... I wouldn't exploit you like your idiotic tribe of relations do.

(silence)

I'm going home.

ANN WALKER

Anne.

ANNE LISTER

You understand nothing about me. I thought you did, but you don't. Absolutely nothing.

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EXT. LIGHTCLIFFE ROAD. DAY 27. 16:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

49

A few minutes later. ANNE heads home, mumbling angrily at us, confiding in us -

ANNE LISTER

She neither deserves nor understands what I've done for her in getting rid of this fff...

(she resists an expletive:
is she going to say fuck-
wit?)

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

fellow. I ought not to care, I ought to let her take him and have done with it. She's too insipid and nervous and poorly for me. Surely. And what could I do with her? Abroad. Even if I got her there, I'd only have trouble with her. And for what? If she had any real feelings for me, she'd not carry on like this. Surely.

The light is starting to fall.

She's so wrapped up in her own thoughts that she doesn't see a man loitering ahead of her. A big man with a great stick in his hand. She doesn't really register him until he steps in front of her.

MAN

Y'goin' 'ome?

So that's a bit weird. Another "You talking to me?" moment. He lunges at her and whacks her on the head with his stick.

ANNE recoils from the blow.

ANNE LISTER

What the hell [are you] - ?

MAN

I asked you...

(he gets her up against the wall with his stick at her throat)

if you're going home.

(then he starts trying to get his hand up her pelisse, so he can have a feel)

Some people think it's time you went home and stayed there. Keep still - keep *fuckin still* - !

Despite being at a disadvantage, ANNE finds the resources to throw him off: we see the woman who really can shoot straight and fight with a sword. She's incensed.

ANNE LISTER

God damn you! I'll do for you!

They fight. She smacks him in the mouth (which hurts her hand). He doesn't expect that, and drops his stick. She picks it up and lobs it out of reach like she's going for gold in the javelin. He lunges at her again, and they fight again. They both give as good as they get, but eventually he contents himself with spitting in her face and backing off, saying -

MAN

Leave. Miss Walker. Alone.

He makes to lunge at her once more, but she stands her ground, and he turns and leaves.

ANNE - battered, bruised, humiliated, shocked, and with blood streaming down her face from her forehead (but still proud and full of clout) - catches her breath as she watches after him.

END OF EPISODE FIVE