

# GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 6

Written and created by

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1 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. 16:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 1

ANNE - bruised, bloodied, angry from her encounter with the man with the great stick - heads into the house through the back door. We go with her -

2 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:45 2  
(AUTUMN 1832)

Determined not to be seen, ANNE glances through to the kitchen (which appears to be empty), then heads for the stairs. She hears voices from the dining room -

3 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:46 3  
(AUTUMN 1832)

We glimpse (very fleetingly as it's ANNE we're interested in) MR. ABBOTT still holding court with MARIAN (who nods in agreement at everything ABBOTT says), and with an increasingly disenchanted/bored JEREMY and AUNT ANNE LISTER -

MR. ABBOTT

I don't believe the Reform Act went far enough. I'm not by inclination a radical, *but* the fact is people are becoming radicalized, whether people like us are reconciled to it or not, and those of us that do perhaps live in the past need to see which way the wind's blowing or - you watch - there'll be more trouble than we know what to do with. Revolution is a very emotive word, I understand that, but the reality is -

4 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:47 4  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE can't get upstairs without risking being seen from the dining room (we might see her roll her eyes to camera at ABBOTT's clap-trap), so she doubles back and goes through to the kitchen, where she can go up the back-stairs...

5 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 16:47 5  
(AUTUMN 1832)

She heads through to the back kitchen, and is just reaching the door to the back stairs when she bumps into CORDINGLEY, who's lugging a box of veg in from outside. The sight of ANNE bruised and bloodied makes CORDINGLEY jump out of her skin.

CORDINGLEY

Oh - !

ANNE indicates for CORDINGLEY to shush, she wants no fuss.

ANNE LISTER

It's nothing. I need some warm  
wa[ter] -

(ANNE finds she can't  
speak properly, her jaw  
hurts)

Just some water. Can you bring it  
up to my room?

CORDINGLEY

Yes ma'am.

Before CORDINGLEY can ask any questions, or make a fuss,  
ANNE's yanked open the door through to the back stairs, and  
she's off up to her room. We go with her.

6

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 27. CONTINUOUS. 6  
16:48 (AUTUMN 1832)

So ANNE heads into her bedroom through a door we might've  
previously thought was only a cupboard (Shibden is full of  
nooks and crannies). She pulls her great coat off, throws it  
on the bed and checks herself out in the mirror. One eye is  
starting to swell up, and her head is banging from the  
several blows she's taken. She's in real agony as well from  
various other injuries (perhaps bruised ribs), and we realise  
it's only through the force of her titanic will that she's  
managed to get home so swiftly and all in one piece. Now  
she's safe, however, she can let go a little: as well as the  
agony there's the shock of the sexual assault *and* the  
terminal argument with MISS WALKER.

She just sits there catching her breath and trying to cope  
with the pain. She flexes her hand, which she fears might be  
damaged from when she biffed the bloke so soundly in the jaw.

CORDINGLEY comes in through the same little back-stairs door  
with a pitcher of hot water and two towels, which she sets  
down on the chest of drawers, beside ANNE's washing bowl.

CORDINGLEY

D'you want me [to] - ?

CORDINGLEY's terrified of doing or saying the wrong thing.

ANNE LISTER

Pour it in [the] -

She indicates towards the bowl. ANNE's in agony.

CORDINGLEY

What's happened, ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

Nothing.

CORDINGLEY

D'you want me to - ?

Tend to your wounds?

ANNE LISTER

No. Thank you. I'll do it.

CORDINGLEY

Can I get you some brandy?

ANNE LISTER

No.

CORDINGLEY

Do you want me to tell your Aunt?  
Or your father? That you're - ?

ANNE LISTER

No. No. Just -

She can't speak for a moment. Has she cracked a rib?

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

Just let me know when Mr. Abbott's  
gone.

CORDINGLEY

Should I not...? Send for Dr.  
Kenny?

ANNE LISTER

No.  
(she laughs - tries to.  
It's painful)

No.

CORDINGLEY's at a loss. But it's clear ANNE just wants to pretend to carry on as normal.

CORDINGLEY

There was a package. Came for you.  
Shall I fetch it? It's in your  
study.

ANNE nods. CORDINGLEY heads through to ANNE's study. She comes back with the package.

ANNE LISTER

Go on, you've got things to do.

CORDINGLEY withdraws. ANNE opens the little package. Inside is a receipt from Barber & Cattle, Coney Street, York (her jeweller), and a tiny box.

Inside is the onyx cabochon and diamond rose ring. It's beautiful. So bold, so delicate. It's a poignant moment: will ANNE give up on MISS WALKER or not?

**TITLE SEQUENCE**

7 EXT. SHIBDEN. DAY 28. 08:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 7

A new morning over the valley. Blustery. Autumn.

8 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 28. 08:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 8

ANNE's just sat down to breakfast with the family. They're all gawking at her bruised face. She sits rather stiffly because of her bruised ribs.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Fell off a wall?

ANNE LISTER  
It was dark.

JEREMY considers that.

JEREMY LISTER  
What was she doing on a wall in the dark?

Good question.

ANNE LISTER  
Walking on it.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Yes. Why?

MARIAN LISTER  
Because it was *there*.

ANNE LISTER  
Exactly.

MARIAN LISTER  
Like Mont Blanc.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Which wall?

ANNE LISTER  
The one - it's that one coming back from Lightcliffe along the Leeds road.

JEREMY LISTER  
No, not that one that falls away *fifteen feet* on the other side?

ANNE LISTER

Well it wouldn't have been worth doing if it was any lower!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

And in all that wind? Who on earth put you up to that?

ANNE LISTER

No-one. Me. Anyway, that's why I didn't come down to dinner last night, I was bilious.

MARIAN LISTER

Did it seem like a good idea at the time?

It's unclear to ANNE whether they're buying this or not.

ANNE LISTER

Wasn't as dangerous as when I walked across the parapet of North Bridge that time it flooded.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(horrified)

When did you do that?!

ANNE LISTER

Eighteen... fifteen? I had to. I had to get into Halifax, I was running out of ink.

MARIAN LISTER

Well you missed Mr. Abbott.

ANNE LISTER

Who? Oh! Oh, was that yesterday? Yes! How was it?

Neither JEREMY nor AUNT ANNE have an immediate response. Because neither of them liked him. MARIAN's obliged to borrow a bit of ANNE's spin doctoring -

MARIAN LISTER

It went very well.

ANNE LISTER

(after a glance at the old folk who aren't saying anything)

Are you sure?

MARIAN LISTER

I invited him again. With his mother. I'd like you to be there next time.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
How was Miss Walker?

ANNE doesn't have a ready response. She'd managed to put on an ebullient front, but now the sadness hits her. And perhaps the force of it is a little unexpected. It's visceral.

ANNE LISTER  
Oh. She -  
(she suddenly realises - )  
I'm sorry, I think I'm going to be sick.

She leaves the room fast.

9 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 28. CONTINUOUS. 08:32 9  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE dives outside, her body convulses, but has nothing to throw up. Her stomach's empty. For a moment it looks like she's going to give in to her distress, all so hugely tied up with ANN WALKER. But then MARIAN comes out after her.

MARIAN LISTER  
Those aren't the sort of injuries anyone gets from falling off a wall.

ANNE wants no fuss. If ANNE says she fell off a wall, that will become the truth.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)  
If you could be present. Next time. When he brings his mother. I would be grateful.

ANNE nods: yeah, whatever.

10 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 28. 09:30 (AUTUMN 10  
1832)

Bruised, preoccupied ANNE writes a letter at her desk.

ANNE LISTER  
(voice over)  
Dearest Mary. Since I am more eager than ever to be off, I am keen to acquire a groom, which - you will recall - I have been without since George Playforth's demise at Langton earlier this year, -

11 INT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 29. 10:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 11

We discover MARIANA LAWTON reading ANNE's letter amidst the luxury and splendour of Lawton Hall.

ANNE LISTER

(voice over continues)

- when he was shot out of a tree.  
Do think about this for me. I should like a good strong English groom who would do anything in the world for me. A little enterprise necessary otherwise he will soon tire of the Continent long before I am likely to have any inducement to return from it.

MARIANA's intrigued by the subtext of ANNE's letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

(voice over)

Dearest Fred...

12 INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 29. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 12

Now we find MARIANA at her writing desk.

MARIANA LAWTON

(voice over)

...There *is* a man who might suit, he has lived two years with our neighbours, the Kinnersleys, and is a native of Lawton. A remarkably handsome young man called Thomas Beech. He understands horses and carriages -

13 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 13

ANNE - her bruising now slightly diminished (four days on) - stands reading MARIANA's letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

(voice over continues)

- and would much like to go abroad. He has a good character and I believe would do anything in the world to make himself useful to you. Tell me, Fred... is it Miss Walker of Crow Nest with whom you plan to travel?

ANNE's face changes. It falls. Her energy is sucked away.

ANNE LISTER

No. Mary. It isn't.

MARIANA LAWTON  
(voice over continues)  
You mentioned her twice in your  
last as 'my friend' -

ANNE LISTER  
(well dry)  
Did I.

MARIANA LAWTON  
(voice over continues)  
- and as you are not want to bestow  
the title lightly I am puzzled to  
understand how she has so quickly  
succeeded in adding herself to the  
list so designated.

14 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:02 (AUTUMN 14  
1832)

ANNE gets out a sheet of paper, folds it in half and slices  
it in two with her paper knife. She starts writing.

ANNE LISTER  
(voice over)  
My dearest Mary. It sounds as if  
your Thomas Beech would suit me  
down to the ground.

15 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:15 (AUTUMN 15  
1832)

AUNT ANNE's struggling to read the newspaper with a  
magnifying glass. ANNE sweeps in and kisses her fondly/  
soundly on the cheek, then throws herself down on the sofa.

ANNE LISTER  
Turns out Mariana may have found me  
a groom. I'll put him on wages  
straight away and then I can be off  
again whenever. Your health  
permitting. And the weather.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Mr. Rawson's servant came with a  
note while you were upstairs.

She nods at the note, on a salver. The very mention of the  
name 'Rawson' sends a frisson of anger through ANNE; she has  
every reason to believe it was them who had her beaten up.

ANNE LISTER  
Which Mr. Rawson?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Jeremiah.

ANNE goes and takes the note and pops the wax seal. Her hands shake as she absorbs its contents. AUNT ANNE clocks this.

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

What does he want?

ANNE LISTER

(she absorbs the letter's contents)

To discuss the terms of the coal lease again.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

She flops on the sofa again and tosses the note to the other end of it, away from her. Delicately, and at length, sensing a change of subject is called for -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I couldn't warm to Mr. Abbott. Much as I wanted to, I found him abrasive. And a know-all. But... if she likes him - which she seems to - and he has done very well for himself... surely that's something? It would be a comfort. To me. To know you were both settled.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. Well. Mm. I'm afraid...

(she struggles to admit it, and it's always an eggshell conversation at the best of times)

It may all be off. Between me and Miss Walker. Us setting up home together.

(AUNT ANNE suspected this, but didn't want to pry)

I think... she may be too insipid and nervous for me. It's a shame, because I erm...

(despite her self-control, she becomes emotional)

I'd become rather more fond of her than I ever imagined I would. I really had started to think we could both be good. For one another. Irrespective of all her money. She's so sweet, she's so good-natured, she's so kind, and she lov[es me] she looks up to me.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

And I certainly do her more good than any single one of her *tribe* of relations.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well then. What's the - ?

ANNE LISTER

*Them.* All of them, they've filled her head with nonsense. Nasty nonsense. About me. 'Til she doesn't know whether she's coming or going. She just wants some *courage*. The courage to follow her h[*heart*] her instincts. But she won't. She'll stay there. Surrounded by them. And her world'll just get smaller and sadder. 'Til one day there'll be nothing left. She'll be as dry as a stick and she'll just disappear, and I could make her so h[*appy*] -  
(a sigh)  
But what's the point? She barely has the courage to step out of her own front door. Anyway, that's it. It's all off. So.

Just then there's a knock at the front door.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well then who will you travel with?

ANNE LISTER

No-one.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

You mean alone? Do people do that? Ladies.

ANNE LISTER

No. But. I'll take Eugénie - and this groom, this Thomas Beech - to Paris, and... take it from there. See what providence throws at me this time.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

It's a big step. For her. Moving in here. And if her family aren't sympathetic... perhaps it is for the best.

ANNE's stung by this. A large part of her isn't reconciled to the fact that it's all off with ANN WALKER. Off, JOSEPH BOOTH has answered the door, and now he taps on the drawing room door, straightening his liveried waistcoat.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Ma'am? Mr. Washington's here.

ANNE LISTER  
I'll see him in the hall.

JOSEPH withdraws. ANNE lingers for another moment with her AUNT, as though there's more to say. But there isn't. She grabs the note from JEREMIAH, and heads out of the room...

16 INT. HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 30. 12:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 16  
...and into the next. ANNE's bruises may have diminished, but they're still visible, and still a bit shocking.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Y'been in the wars, ma'am?

ANNE LISTER  
After a fashion.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
So! It's all sorted out for Friday down at t'Stags Head. There's plenty of interest, the Mann brothers particularly are very keen to put in a bid, they -

ANNE LISTER  
I'd like to put the pit-sinking on hold.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Sorry?

ANNE LISTER  
The Rawsons came back to me. Finally.  
(she has JEREMIAH's note in her hand)  
It appears they do still want to discuss the terms of the lease.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
But... I thought the decision'd been made, ma'am? To sink the pit. Surely you've given them more than enough time to respond?  
(ANNE doesn't respond)  
Are they not...?  
(dare he say it?)  
Messing you about? It's not like you to go back on a decision once it's been made.

It goes against the grain with ANNE to give out any more information than necessary, *and* she doesn't like the implication that she flip-flops, *but* -

ANNE LISTER

My circumstances. And my priorities. May have altered. Somewhat. Over the last few days. So. I want to pause. And reassess. And be certain that I'm making the right choices.

WASHINGTON's disappointed. He dislikes the Rawsons as much as ANNE and was thrilled at the idea of getting one over on them.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Right.

Sensing he's disappointed in her, ANNE changes the subject -

ANNE LISTER

So! How did Suzannah get on with Miss Hebden?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh, she's gone to meet her just this morning, ma'am. That's - thank you - we're very grateful for that introduction.

17 EXT. RURAL LANE GOING INTO HALIFAX. DAY 30. 12:30 (AUTUMN 17 1832)

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON is walking into Halifax.

Ahead of her a cart has stopped at the side of the road. A cart loaded with pigs. At the back of the cart, SUZANNAH discovers THOMAS SOWDEN, struggling to fasten the back of the cart up.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Hello.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Miss Washington. Sorry, am I blocking the lane?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

No, you're all right.

THOMAS SOWDEN

This keeps busting.  
(he means the thing that keeps the flap on the back of the cart fastened up)

(MORE)

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 6. 1.11.18 12A.

THOMAS SOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Y'off into Halifax? I can give you  
a lift.

SUZANNAH's delighted.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
Oh, that's kind of you.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
I've just got to drop these two off  
at Batemans, it won't take five  
minutes.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
(cupping her ears)  
Oh, I don't want to know what Mr.  
Bateman's gonna do to 'em!

THOMAS SOWDEN  
They say it's t'best end a pig  
could have, in Mr. Bateman's hands.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
How?

THOMAS SOWDEN  
He's quick. They know nowt about  
it. And then they become the finest  
hams and sausages and pies in  
Halifax.

Just like SAM, by proxy.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
I've got an appointment. With Miss  
Hebden. About an apprenticeship,  
learning to make dresses. If she  
likes me, she'll want me to start  
Monday. Twenty-five shillings a  
year, plus board.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Oh, well that's -

"Very good", he was going to say.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
Yeah but I don't wanna go.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
Why?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
I won't see anyone. All week.  
Anyone I care about.

THOMAS SOWDEN  
You'll see me. If Mr. Bateman likes  
the merchandise -  
(he means the pigs)  
I might be supplying to him  
regularly. I might be down here  
every five minutes.

This makes SUZANNAH smile.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON  
He'll like the merchandise all  
right. I've never seen such fine  
handsome pigs! What you been  
feeding 'em on?

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 6. 1.11.18 13A.

We look into THOMAS's eyes; if only she knew.

THOMAS SOWDEN

All sorts.

(he gets through the  
moment)

I can wait for you. If you like. I  
can give you a lift back.

17A EXT. PIG STY, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 20. 10:00 (AUTUMN 17A  
1832)

Flashback: THOMAS holds his dad's head down and cuts open his  
throat.

18 EXT. HALIFAX. DREAM 1. DAY. 08:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

A cold grey morning over Halifax. There's a nip in the air,  
an eerie chill; a cruel winter is round the corner.

A hangman's noose is thrown over a wooden frame, and then  
another one, right next to it. One is adjusted slightly  
higher than the other, one for a man, one for a woman.

Crowds start to gather. Stalls are set up, hot food is sold,  
street entertainers (jugglers, acrobats) perform, as well as  
freak acts like the bearded lady, the thin man, a man on  
stilts, a pick-pocket. It's some sort of holiday, clearly  
something's happening, a big event.

Big wooden gaol doors are thrown open, and ANNE LISTER and  
ANN WALKER - both of them with their hands tied - are thrust  
out into the light where the jeering crowd greets them, on  
the back of an open horse-drawn cart. They both look a bit  
bruised and beaten like they've suffered abuse while they've  
been incarcerated. In great contrast to everyone else's  
holiday mood, they both look pallid and ANN WALKER looks  
terrified.

The crowds jeer and throw things, rotten veg, dead rats, a  
dead cat, faeces. ANN WALKER can't stand it, she's going to  
pieces. ANNE LISTER - of course - is determined to be defiant  
and merely appear interested in it all. The humiliation goes  
on, people spit and shout obscenities and hurl muck at them.

There's a bishop sitting backwards on the horse that's  
pulling the cart they're in and he's assailing them with an  
everlasting-torment-in-hell-fire sermon, straight from an  
ancient religious tome.

BISHOP

"You have heard that it was said,  
'You shall not commit adultery.'  
But I say to you that everyone who  
looks at a woman with lustful  
intent has already committed  
adultery with her in their heart.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

If your right eye causes you to sin, tear it out! And if your right hand causes you to sin, cut it off! For it is better that you lose one of your members than that your whole body go to hell!' Hell was created for the devil and his angels, and it was made as a place of everlasting torment and punishment. You are going to die!

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You will take your last breath and  
you will stand before God,  
condemned as sinners and you will  
be tossed naked into the fiery pit!  
You will awaken in the bottomless  
pit! You will lift up your eyes in  
hell, and there is no salvation in  
hell, there is no forgiveness in  
hell, what goes to hell stays in  
hell! Every soul lost without God  
will be pulled down into the acrid  
choking torment of eternal  
damnation, and to the sound of  
weeping and wailing and fury and  
the gnashing of teeth!

Effigies of the two women are dangled from poles - like they're hanging already - the effigies are rubbed together like the puppets/effigies are simulating sex and the two men operating these creepy puppets make over-the-top kissing and sex noises. It's all very, very weird and sick.

And then ANN WALKER gets sight of the two hangman's nooses (his 'n' hers) up aloft as the cart draws nearer the scaffold. It chills her to the core, and she can feel the blood draining from her face as she loses consciousness and a grandfather clock strikes a sonorous three. Suddenly -

19 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 31. 03:00 19  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN WALKER wakes up screaming "No! No! No!" in her huge bed, amidst all the luxury and splendour of her mansion, and not approaching the scaffold after all. She's shaking, she's terrified, the whole thing was far too vivid, far too real. HARRIET PARKHILL - carrying a candle and dressed in her night things - comes racing into the room.

HARRIET PARKHILL

What's the matter? *Ann*? What on earth's the matter?

ANN shakes her head in terror. She can barely speak coherently, she's convinced it was a premonition -

ANN WALKER

I - I -

HARRIET PARKHILL

(realising)

Have you had a nightmare? You've had a nightmare!

ANN WALKER

It was *so real*!

(then suddenly - )

No no no no no!

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
(she puts her hands over  
her ears)  
Shhh! Stop it. Shhh!

HARRIET PARKHILL  
Ann? Ann! What is it? What is it?  
What *is it?*

ANN WALKER  
Can't you hear them?

HARRIET PARKHILL  
Who?

ANN WALKER  
Can't you *hear* them?

HARRIET PARKHILL  
Who? *Ann?*

20 OMITTED

20

21 OMITTED

21

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

24 OMITTED 24

25 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 09:05 (AUTUMN 25  
1832)

JEREMIAH RAWSON is being kept waiting. As usual. JEREMY is with him.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

*John Abbott? Oy yes, yes, I know him. He's making quite a name for himself, one way and another. A member of this that and the other society, and getting himself elected onto all sorts of committees. Within the town. Why?*

JEREMY LISTER

Oh, he's -  
(he makes a bit of a dismissive gesture)  
Sniffing around after Marian.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Is he? Yes, that would make sense.

JEREMY LISTER

How?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well. Marrying a bit of pedigree.  
Not having any himself.

JEREMY takes that in. Just as ANNE sweeps in, snapping her watch fob shut.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

She neglects to shake his hand and instead simply gets right in his face, so he can't really avoid seeing what's left of her cuts and bruises.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Miss List[er] - oh! What happened?

JEREMY LISTER

(a bit of a chuckle)

You shoulda seen the other fella!

ANNE's just about to balk at her father's vulgarity, but in fact she quite likes it. It is, after all, the truth.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. He won't attempt anything like that again. Not in a hurry. Whoever paid him to do it should ask for their money back.

ANNE looks to see how JEREMIAH RAWSON reacts to this. But it would appear that he knows nothing about the beating up. Eventually JEREMY feels the need to explain -

JEREMY LISTER

She fell off a wall.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Oh, I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. So anyway -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

What were you doing on a wall?

ANNE LISTER

(brandishing his note at  
him)

You wanted to discuss the terms of the lease with me. Again.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

Why? Has your position altered?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

No. But my brother thought yours might have.

ANNE LISTER

Did he. Why?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Having had time to dwell on it.

This speaks volumes; CHRISTOPHER did have her beaten up. Although as ANNE studies JEREMIAH's face she does get the idea that he could be genuinely guileless in the matter.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well. Oddly enough, Mr. Rawson. My position has altered. But only slightly. And not for any reasons your brother might fathom. I'm prepared to offer an abatement on the price of the upper bed. I'll offer it to you at a hundred and twenty-nine pounds and ten shillings. And the reason for it, is a sincere desire to *just get on with it*. Instead of going round in circles.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Oh well that's -

"great" he's about to say.

ANNE LISTER

However, I'm not prepared to compromise the price of the lower bed at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, or any of the clauses. I would like access to the pit - at any time - and there *will be* a five hundred pound penalty incurred if any water is turned on the pit at any point in the future. Neither of these requests are unreasonable. Only someone with something to hide would think they were.

JEREMIAH knows these are sticking points for his brother but -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

I'll talk to him again. Perhaps an abatement on the price of the upper bed will do the trick.

ANNE goes to ring the hand bell: she's not going to waste any more time with this bloke than she needs to.

ANNE LISTER

Who knows.

JEREMIAH

(sincerely)

It would be a great relief to *me* to get it settled, Miss Lister. Believe me.

ANNE LISTER

A 'relief'? Why a relief?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Just... after all this time.

ANNE can't decide just how guileless JEREMIAH is.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

It's on the tip of ANNE's tongue to qualify what he's said with, "You mean a relief to make your trespass legal?". But she restrains herself. JOSEPH BOOTH comes in to escort JEREMIAH out.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Rawson.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Miss Lister. Captain Lister.

JEREMIAH leaves, JOSEPH follows after him to let him out. ANNE's shaking (perhaps she's been shaking throughout the whole encounter).

JEREMY LISTER

I thought...? Are we not we sinking our own pit?

ANNE LISTER

(reluctant to admit - )

I don't know what's going on with Miss Walker. She blows hot and cold. It's not her fault. It's... difficult for her. With her family. They never leave her alone, they put ridiculous ideas in her head and -

(she dries up, she's said it all before)

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

She had said I could borrow the money, but... I can't, I don't want to. So.

(then she blurts it out)

I didn't fall off a wall. I was beaten up.

JEREMY LISTER

Sorry?

ANNE goes and closes the door, she doesn't want her AUNT to hear this. Or the servants. Or anyone.

ANNE LISTER

I was beaten up. By a thug. Who someone must've paid to do it. I assume by them. The Rawsons. Not him. Not Jeremiah. I don't think Jeremiah could knock the skin off a rice pudding. Even if he paid someone else to do it. But Christopher.

(she sniggers, she's angry)

I wouldn't put anything past him. Because he thinks he can get away with anything.

JEREMY LISTER

Why? Why would he do [that] - ?

ANNE LISTER

To warn me off! To make me sign the blasted lease without insisting on any inconvenient clauses! So he can take what he likes! You know he caused that accident, as well? When little Henry Hardcastle lost his leg. He was the idiot driving the gig! He was *seen*. You were right to warn me off, coal is a nasty business. But I won't be beaten. Not by him, not by anybody.

JEREMY's concerned: why does ANNE always bite off more than she can chew?

Just then CORDINGLEY appears in the doorway.

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am. Sir. There's a servant from Crow Nest here with a message.

ANNE takes that in and follows CORDINGLEY back through to the kitchen...

25A INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. (AUTUMN 1832) 25A  
CONTINUOUS.

JAMES is in the kitchen, looking subdued, worried.

ANNE

James. What's the matter?

26 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 26

ANNE and JAMES stride through from the back entrance of the house (the servants' door) and JAMES shows ANNE into the drawing room.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. ANTE ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:02 (AUTUMN 1832) 28

ANNE comes in to discover CATHERINE RAWSON, which she wasn't expecting, but rather than finding her cold and distant -

CATHERINE RAWSON

Miss Lister! Thank goodness you're here.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Rawson. What happened to Miss Parkhill?

CATHERINE RAWSON

I think she couldn't stand it. I didn't realise Ann was so ill, none of us did. It's so much worse than last time she was -

(lowers her voice)

*like this*. She had a terrible nightmare apparently. She won't tell anyone what it was about, and then -

(this is even more confidential, because it's so mad)

she says she can hear voices. In her room. In the night.

ANNE LISTER

Where is she?

29 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 29

ANNE taps very gently on ANN WALKER's bedroom door. No answer. She ventures to try the handle and look in...

30 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 32. 11:06 (AUTUMN 1832) 30

ANN WALKER is fast asleep, exhausted no doubt by her sleepless nights. ANNE goes and crouches beside her, and looks at her cautiously, tenderly.

ANNE LISTER

Ann?

ANN awakens and sees ANNE. She grabs her face in both hands and kisses her like she'll never let her go again.

ANN WALKER

I thought you'd gone forever!

(she cries)

I thought you'd given up on me, I thought I'd never see you again!

Anne, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry about the things I said.

(realising ANNE's face is scarred - like in her nightmare)

*What happened to you?*

ANNE LISTER

Nothing.

(she smirks: it's so not serious)

I fell over.

ANN WALKER

Harriet's gone, I told her to leave.

ANNE LISTER

People are worried about you, tell me what's going on.

ANN WALKER

Don't leave me again. Promise me!

ANNE LISTER

But you said what we did was repugnant and queer.

ANN WALKER

(she shakes her head denying that)

I love you! I want to be with you, I want to *marry* you.

ANNE LISTER

(aware that she left the door open behind her)

Shhh...

ANN WALKER

I'll do everything you say. I don't want to go abroad, not in the state I'm in at the moment, but everything else -

ANNE LISTER

No, we need to get you better first.

ANN WALKER

Don't leave me again. Promise me.

ANNE LISTER

I'll do what I [can for you] -

ANN WALKER

*Promise me.*

ANNE LISTER

(tenderly, she touches her  
face and says firmly - )

I'll do what I can for you.

ANN WALKER

Stay. Tonight. Please stay tonight.  
I need you, I need you here. You  
see... some very strange things are  
happening. And no-one believes me,  
but -

(a whisper)

you will. You'll *hear them*. If you  
stay in the room with me, you'll  
*hear them*.

ANNE LISTER

Who will I hear?

ANN WALKER

I don't know who they are.

ANNE LISTER

Can you see them? What do they look  
like?

ANN WALKER

No no, they're spirits. They're  
something to do with the clock on  
the landing. I know! I know. I know  
that sounds bizarre but Anne, Anne,  
I'm not making it up, I don't make  
things up.

ANNE feels spooked by how real this is to ANN WALKER.

31 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 15:15 (AUTUMN 31  
1832)

AUNT ANNE and JEREMY are both napping in front of the fire  
when CORDINGLEY comes in with a note.

CORDINGLEY

Ma'am? Ma'am? Miss Lister, ma'am?

(AUNT ANNE wakes up with a  
piggy snort, which wakes  
JEREMY up)

A note, from Miss Lister.

(MORE)

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)

The servant from Crow Nest brought it.

(CORDINGLEY offers AUNT ANNE her reading glasses and the note. AUNT ANNE pops the seal, and reads the brief note)

He's waiting in the kitchen for Eugénie to pack Miss Lister's overnight bag if there's any reply.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

No, no reply. Thank you.

(CORDINGLEY nods and withdraws)

She's staying over at Crow Nest. For the night.

(she folds the note up again)

I thought it was all off. With Miss Walker.

JEREMY LISTER

(at length)

Mm.

They both stare into the fire, and it's not clear what they know or understand about ANNE's relationships with other women. And then they both nod off to sleep again.

32

INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 15:20 (AUTUMN 1832) 32

JAMES MACKENZIE is being made at home in the kitchen; he's waiting for Miss Lister's overnight bag, so he's been given a cup of tea and a piece of fruit cake.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Where is Miss Pierre from?

HEMINGWAY

Oh, I can never remember.

(CORDINGLEY's just coming back in)

Where is she from again? Eugénie.

CORDINGLEY

Oh... is it Dieppe?

HEMINGWAY

We're not overly impressed, Mr. Mackenzie. Between you and me. Are we Mrs. Cordingley?

CORDINGLEY pulls a face at JAMES. Implying - as much as she can without saying it - that EUGÉNIE's a bit of a one.

JAMES MACKENZIE  
She's... very pretty.

HEMINGWAY  
You see, I don't think she is.

Just then EUGÉNIE comes in with ANNE's briskly-packed overnight bag, which she dumps on JAMES's lap.

EUGÉNIE  
C'est ici! Nous voilà.

JAMES MACKENZIE  
Ah! Thank you.

Just then JOHN comes in with vegetables and eggs.

JOHN BOOTH  
Only me!

He sees EUGÉNIE practically rubbing herself up against JAMES, and decides not to linger.

JOHN BOOTH (CONT'D)  
Mr. Mackenzie.

JAMES MACKENZIE  
Mr. Booth.

CORDINGLEY  
Thank you, John! That's lovely.  
(JOHN leaves. CORDINGLEY  
turns to EUGÉNIE)  
Il y a du linge, dites donc, vous  
n'avez pas fini.

*There's some washing through there that you've not finished.*

EUGÉNIE  
Je le ferais plus tard.

*I'll do it later.*

CORDINGLEY  
You'll do it now. Maintenant! Ou je  
dis à Madame Lister.

EUGÉNIE  
Tchoh!

She makes a few more stroppy French noises as she heads through to the scullery.

HEMINGWAY  
(confidentially)  
Don't lower yourself, Mr.  
Mackenzie.

33 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 32. 15:25 (AUTUMN 1832) 33

Disgruntled JOHN's just heading off out of the yard as MR. PICKELS is wandering into it.

JOHN BOOTH

She's not in. If you're looking for t'boss. I saw her going over to Lightcliffe earlier.

(PICKELS groans and mumbles something that might sound a little bit like "Oh fuck")

That bad?

Where to start? And as PICKELS speaks, we're forced to wonder: is he drunk?

PICKELS

There's this gully. Right. This gap along t'carriage road, happen eight yards long, twelve yards deep. So to marry up one end wi' t'other, I need to build it up from underneath, right - with earth and a bit o' stone - it'd look reight enough, solid, safe - and then build t'road along t'top.

JOHN BOOTH

(that sounds fair enough)  
Right...

PICKELS

But she doesn't want that, does she? No, she goes -

(bossy ANNE voice, it sounds remarkably like Margaret Thatcher)

"Are you familiar, Mr. Pickels, with the Simplon Pass in Switzerland?". So I'm going "No, that's a pleasure I've not had, your Majesty". So she shows me a picture, she does me this drawing - (he gets out a drawing and unfolds it. One of ANNE's very competent drawings, and 'The Simplon Pass' written underneath)

Which is reight enough, I can do an arch. It's just more work and longer to finish t'job and more bother ner it's worth and blah blah blah, which I explained, and she goes "Yes, Mr. Pickels".

(dramatic pause)

"But it is elegant".

JOHN BOOTH

You can't argue with that.

PICKELS

It's like that little hut down  
yonder and Versailles all over  
again. It's like... what's it *for*?

JOHN BOOTH

Well anyway, she isn't in. I'd just  
do it, Mr. Pickels. You will i'  
th'end, you know what she's like.

PICKELS

You're right.

(he gets his hip flask  
out, glances around to be  
certain she really isn't  
here, and takes a swig)

And if she's not in she's not in.

He offers his flask to JOHN.

JOHN BOOTH

You're not in a state of  
inebriation, are you Mr. Pickels?

PICKELS

No. Well happen a fraction. You  
need a bit o' Dutch courage coming  
knocking on t'door here. If  
somebody's ruffled her feathers,  
she's enough to flay the divel.

(JOHN wouldn't normally,  
but feeling bruised after  
seeing EUGENIE all over  
JAMES, he looks around  
too, then takes a swig)

When's t'big day? Are we all  
invited?

JOHN didn't know anyone outside the immediate household knew.  
Just then, JAMES emerges from the back door, and heads off  
with ANNE's bag. JOHN conceals the flask.

JAMES MACKENZIE

Afternoon.

JOHN & PICKELS

Afternoon.

Then when JAMES is out of earshot -

JOHN BOOTH

(big whisper)

*How did you know about that?*

PICKELS

I dunno. Why?

JOHN BOOTH

It isn't happening, it's all off.  
Does everybody know?

PICKELS

("dunno", he implies with  
a shrug)  
So what went wrong?

JOHN BOOTH

Oh -  
(he dismisses it, doesn't  
want to talk about it. He  
takes another swig)  
That's a good drop. You'll have to  
pop in and try my parsnip and  
potaty wine some time. It's got a  
right kick.

34 EXT. CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 02:58 (AUTUMN 1832) 34

The small hours. A blustery late autumn night.

35 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 02:58 35  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN in bed. The wind whips around the house outside.  
ANN WALKER is wrapped in ANNE LISTER's arms. Both of them  
asleep.

36 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 02:59 (AUTUMN 36 36  
1832)

We slowly (creepily) approach the grandfather clock on the  
dark landing, and as we do so the mechanism starts winding  
itself up to start the whole process of sounding the hour.

37 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 32. 03:00 37  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN WALKER is awoken by the clock mechanism (quiet as it is,  
and through a closed bedroom door, something about it always  
triggers her to wake up). And then suddenly she's wide awake,  
anticipating trouble. And then the first of three strikes  
sounds, and this seems to be what spooks ANN WALKER.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

ANN WALKER

Anne.

ANNE LISTER

(half asleep)

I'm here.

ANN WALKER

Can you hear that?

ANNE LISTER

No. What? The wind?

ANN WALKER

*Listen!*

(ANNE listens)

You can hear *that*. Surely.

ANNE LISTER

No. What? No, I [can't] -

ANN WALKER

Oh!

(a sharp intake of breath)

They're talking about you!

ANNE LISTER

Are they? What're they saying about me? Ann?

ANN WALKER

Can you *not* hear them?

ANNE LISTER

No.

(ANN listens, and looks at ANNE like what's being said is appalling)

Ann. They're not - I can't hear anything, there's nothing [there] -

ANN WALKER

You're going to die.

ANNE LISTER

Well. Yes. Eventual[ly] -

ANN WALKER

(puts her hand on ANNE's mouth to shush her)

Don't be *glib!* They're going to *kill* you, as well as me. And we shall both burn in hell for all of eternity!

ANNE LISTER

No.

ANN WALKER  
(as though she's just  
repeating something she's  
heard someone say - )  
"Everlasting torment in hell fire".  
You heard that? Surely you *did* hear  
*that*?

ANNE LISTER  
When you say 'voices', how many  
voices can you hear?

ANN WALKER  
Three. Shhh!

ANNE LISTER  
Men? Women?

ANN WALKER  
Men. Sometimes there's a woman.  
Once, there was a woman. Shhh...

ANNE LISTER  
Do you recognise the voices?

ANN WALKER  
Shhh...

ANNE LISTER  
Ann. Do you recognise the voices?

ANN WALKER  
No.

ANNE LISTER  
Are they always the same voices?

ANN WALKER  
They need to shut up. It's  
disgusting, they're so *disgusting*,  
they're so *cruel*!  
(impatient - )  
Yes, the same voices! Why is  
everyone else pretending not to  
hear them?

ANNE LISTER  
(interrupts)  
Where are they?

ANN WALKER  
*In the clock!*  
(ANNE jumps out of bed and  
takes a candles)  
Don't go out there, they'll *do*  
*something to you!* Just shout  
through the

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
(big whisper)  
*key hole!*

Frustrated by the absurdity of it, ANNE pulls the door open and goes out into the corridor.

ANNE LISTER  
There's no-one here, Ann.

ANN WALKER  
They're *spirits*. You can't see them! *Get back in here!*

ANN grabs her prayer book from her bedside table and starts reciting the Lord's Prayer, over and over in terror.

ANNE LISTER  
I'm going to take the weights out of the clock to stop it sounding. That's what disturbed you, that and the wind.

Sleepy CATHERINE RAWSON puts her head out of her bedroom.

CATHERINE RAWSON  
Is she all right?

ANNE LISTER  
No. She -  
(quickly explaining)  
I was in my room next door and she heard the voices again. I think someone should stay with her. In her room. Would you like to?

CATHERINE really doesn't want to, she finds the whole thing so distressing.

CATHERINE RAWSON  
(a whisper)  
*She frightens me.*

ANNE LISTER  
I know. I know.

ANN WALKER  
Catherine! *Catherine!*

CATHERINE has to go into the room to be with ANN. ANNE finishes removing the weights (which is quite a delicate business), and goes back into ANN's bedroom to be with her. ANN continues to repeat the Lord's Prayer over and over as both her friends comfort her.

ANNE LISTER  
Ann? Shhh...

She puts her arm around her, and embraces her reassuringly as CATHERINE does something similar on her other side -

CATHERINE RAWSON

Shh. Ann? We're here. We're both here. Everything's all right. You're safe.

ANN clings to ANNE, but it doesn't bother CATHERINE or make her think there's anything wrong with it, it's simply two friends comforting someone in distress.

38 INT. DINING ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 33. 09:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 38

Next morning.

ANNE and CATHERINE eat breakfast together, comrades after last night.

ANNE LISTER

Has anyone written to Ann's sister? In Scotland.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I don't know. But someone should, she...

(on the verge of tears)  
She isn't in her right mind.

ANNE LISTER

I know. Look...  
(she hesitates)  
Catherine. You mustn't -

This is tricky. But genuine.

CATHERINE RAWSON

What?

ANNE LISTER

First of all you must try not to get upset. You're doing all you can, you're being strong, and that's exactly what she needs. And second... I took her to see a Dr. Belcombe. A number of weeks ago. In York. He's the brother of a friend of mine, he's a very clever medical man. He specialises in exactly this sort of thing. I did it without telling any of An[n's] - your - family. I might take her over there again. The thing is... and I will of course get her sister's consent this time. But I would consider it a great favour. If you didn't tell anyone else how bad it is.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

The aunts and uncles and your other  
cousins. Because...

(hesitates)

they'll have her put away. And she  
can get over this. With the right  
sort of help she may well be able  
to make a full recovery and no-one  
else need know any different.

CATHERINE's eyes are glistening with tears.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I've heard the worst things said  
about you Miss Lister, and I want  
to apologise for ever having  
listened to them. I've never seen  
such kind, affectionate, selfless  
display of friendship as I saw last  
night, and I feel ashamed. For ever  
having doubted you or thought you  
had any motive other than goodness.

Wow. ANNE feels really quite touched.

39 INT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. DAY 34. 10:30 39  
(AUTUMN 1832)

A well-proportioned house, not as grand and elegant as Crow  
Nest, but clearly the house of well-heeled people.

We discover 35-year-old CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND at his desk  
reading a letter. We have a good look at this athletic-  
looking, well-made Highlander. The contents of the letter  
intrigue him. He heads out of his study, and we go with him  
as he walks along a corridor, and into the drawing room...

40 INT. DRAWING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. 40  
DAY 34. 10:31 (AUTUMN 1832)

...where we find ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND (ANN WALKER's elder  
sister by two years) breast-feeding a new-born infant, whilst  
a toddler (a girl) plays on the floor with a wooden puzzle.  
On a sofa by the window, SACKVILLE SUTHERLAND (perhaps four  
or five years old) is drowsy and wrapped in a blanket. He has  
measles. ELIZABETH has shadows under her eyes; a woman who's  
given birth too many times and whose brain is scrambled from  
spending every waking hour with toddlers.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

You've not heard any more from your  
sister since last week?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No. Why?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I've had a letter from her friend.  
Miss Lister.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

You have?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

She wrote to me because she was  
mindful of your delicate health -  
since your confinement - and didn't  
want to upset you "unjudiciously".  
But there seems to be some new  
anxiety about Ann's -

(he taps his temple - )  
*health.*

(he reads from ANNE's  
letter)

"I don't wish to alarm you or Mrs.  
Sutherland but it is my belief that  
the advice of an experienced and  
clever medical man is necessary,  
and that no time should be lost".

(ELIZABETH holds her hand  
out for the letter)

She proposes taking her to see a  
man in York. A man she's seen  
before. But... I don't know. I  
wonder if we shouldn't... persuade  
her up here, where we can look  
after her?

ELIZABETH looks weary; with the best will in the world, she  
has enough to contend with now, without her flaky sister.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

She's very fond of Miss Lister,  
she's been very good to her. And  
she's well connected. This doctor  
in York is probably very good.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes but Miss Lister isn't family.  
Is she. And we have medical men in  
Edinburgh more than equal to anyone  
in York. You're not fit to travel,  
and with Sackville still in the  
measles. He needs you here. But I  
could go and fetch her. I could  
take my mother.

ELIZABETH knows her husband well, and suspects ulterior  
motives behind his apparent kind words.

41 EXT. THE LONG GRASS, UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 35. 13:00 41  
(AUTUMN 1832)

In the long grass, or under a tree, or wherever they can conceal themselves given the weather, we discover THOMAS SOWDEN and SUZANNAH WASHINGTON, (even though it's nearly winter, but they've got nowhere else to go). They're kissing. It's tender, sweet, delicate.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I don't want to go living in Halifax with Miss Thing. I know I'd be learning a trade, but she's such an old fossil. There'd be no fun. We always have a bit o' fun. At our house. After tea. Do you? At yours?

THOMAS SOWDEN

(he nods)  
Since my dad went, yeah.  
(he hesitates before embarking on - )  
Miss Lister said - once I get t'tenancy, and I'll be eighteen by then - she'd prefer it if I got married. She said she likes her people married because it makes 'em more settled and reliable.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

(a smile)  
Is that right?

THOMAS SOWDEN

(he nods affirmation)  
Someone told me she had this tenant once who said he'd never get married, and then she found out he'd got this lass up Northowram in the family way and done nowt about it, so she threw him off the land and offered to horse-whip him!

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

(she's smiling; anecdotes about MISS LISTER usually make people smile)  
D'you want to marry me?

Course he would. That was the point of the anecdote. But -

THOMAS SOWDEN

I don't think yer dad'd like it, I think he'd think I wasn't good enough for you.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Yeah but he married my mother! Her mother and father wouldn't speak to her for years after, marrying a land steward's son.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Really? But you live in that big house.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Only 'cos it was standing empty, and Miss Walker said it'd be better for it to be lived in.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You wouldn't want to live at our house.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Why wouldn't I? I could help on t'farm! I could teach little ones how to read and write and -

THOMAS SOWDEN

You could teach me! So when I'm signing t'tenancy I'm not just putting a cross!

(distantly, a church bell sounds the hour - twelve.

THOMAS jumps up)

Oh heck, I'll be late. We're building the bridge over the Simplon Pass up at Shibden.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

Over the what?

THOMAS SOWDEN

It's in Switzerland.

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I thought you were proposing to me!

He hesitates.

THOMAS SOWDEN

What d'you think?

SUZANNAH WASHINGTON

I think... if you're serious. You'd have to speak to my father.

43 OMITTED 43

44 OMITTED 44

45 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 36. 03:15 45  
(AUTUMN 1832)

The small hours. ANN recites the Lord's Prayer manically over and over. Both ANNE and CATHERINE are with her, both of them as sleepy as each other.

46 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 37. 09:30 46  
(AUTUMN 1832)

Morning. All three of them - ANNE LISTER, ANN WALKER and CATHERINE RAWSON - are asleep in or on the bed, as though CATHERINE and ANNE just dropped off during their vigil, presumably before or after ANN did too.

ANNE wakes up. She gathers her thoughts and looks around. She sees ANN and CATHERINE both deep asleep. Touching, sad. This is a real dilemma for ANNE; living life to the full is her ethos, she doesn't faff around looking after invalids. And yet here she is, doing exactly that.

Then we cut to twenty minutes later, when ANNE is dressed, gently rousing ANN WALKER. CATHERINE RAWSON is still asleep there too.

ANNE LISTER

Ann. Ann? Ann. I've got to go, I've got things to do.

ANN wakes up and sees ANNE. The love and delight and devotion in her eyes is immediate.

ANN WALKER

But you'll come back?

ANNE LISTER

(voice over as she stares at her)

How I long to be creditably free from all this madness. And yet... I don't know how it is -

47 EXT. ROAD BETWEEN LIGHTCLIFFE AND SHIBDEN. DAY 37. 10:00 47  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE's walking home (on the exact same road where she was beaten up three weeks ago) in her great coat in the blustery autumnal weather. ANNE speaks out loud to us -

ANNE LISTER

- but without any longer having either my esteem or affection, she still - whenever I see the girl - she always manages to...  
(despite herself, she becomes emotional)  
unhinge me.

48 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 37. 09:51 48  
(AUTUMN 1832)

Continuous from the action at the end of scene 46.

ANNE LISTER has tears in her eyes as she looks at ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Of course.

49 EXT/INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 37. 10:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 49

ANNE heads inside. We go with her and discover MARIAN standing reading the Halifax Guardian over the huge table in the housebody.

MARIAN LISTER

Mr. Washington's been looking for you.

(her tone suggests something bad's happened)

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

He says there're a lot of men up at Brierley Hill filling in the Rawsons' Willy Hill pit. He says they're demolishing all the sheds and pulling up the access road.

ANNE LISTER

(realising)

The access road's on my land.

MARIAN LISTER

That's w[hat] - our land - yes, that's what Mr. Washington said, he said they've got no right to touch the [road] -

ANNE's straight out of there. She's incensed; nobody touches her stuff.

50

EXT. WILLY HILL PIT. DAY 37. 10:30 (AUTUMN 1832)

50

ANNE heads up the hill, where seven men (COLLIERS and BANKSMEN) are filling in the pit, pulling down the out-houses that service the pit, and pulling up the stones that make the access road (which is on Shibden land). WASHINGTON is with HINSCLIFFE, who we met in Episode Two, and who looks angry.

ANNE LISTER

What's going on? What's happening?

HINSCLIFFE turns away and goes back to the men, as though he's refusing to speak to ANNE LISTER.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Rawsons've called the pit in.

ANNE LISTER

What's Hinscliffe doing here?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Apparently...

(this is complex)

it's in the terms of his arrangement with Rawsons that once they - Rawsons - deem the beds to be exhausted, he - Hinscliffe - is obliged to fill the pit in and make it safe and demolish the outbuildings so they can sell off the stone.

ANNE LISTER

That road's on Shibden land. That's my stone.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes, I know, it's why I'm here,  
[but] -

ANNE LISTER

Does *he* know that?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

He's saying it's in his contract  
with Mr. Rawson to decommission the  
road along with everything else.

ANNE LISTER

Well that's wrong. The pit may be  
on Rawson's land, but the access  
road, that's my land, and I might  
want it! And I certainly want the  
value of my stone. Hinscliffe!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I'd...! Be careful. Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

What?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

He's not in a good mood.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. That's a coincidence. Neither  
am I.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(confidentially, trying to  
keep a lid on things)

Rawsons' beds are exhausted, but  
*his* isn't. And this is the only  
access he had to it. Financially...  
it's a bad day for him. And -

(confidentially, because  
he was up on the scam  
just like she was)

I know you were never going to,  
but... if you'd sold him that acre  
he was after down at Listerwick,  
he'd never have had to do a rubbish  
deal over this pit with Rawson.

ANNE weighs that up swiftly.

ANNE LISTER

Well I can't help that. Business is  
[business] -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes. But. I'm just saying that's  
why he might be rather less than  
civil to [you] -

Fuck that.

ANNE LISTER

Hinscliffe?

(HINSCLIFFE has a dark  
look in his eye, like he  
could deck her as soon as  
look at her)

You tell your men to leave that  
road alone. That's my land, I don't  
care what your arrangement is with  
Rawson.

(she shouts clearly at the  
men pulling up the road)

Anyone who pulls up *another single*  
one of those stones will have the  
inconvenience of a trip to  
Wakefield gaol!

So that puts a spoke in their wheel, irrespective of what  
HINSCLIFFE's told them to do.

50A EXT. PARKER & ADAM OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 37. 11:09 (AUTUMN 50A  
1832)

ANNE strides towards the solicitors' office.

51 INT. PARKER & ADAM OUTER OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 37. 11:10 51  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE steams in. The hapless CLERK behind the counter jumps to  
attention.

ANNE LISTER

Where's Mr. Parker?

52 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 37. 11:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 52

A few minutes later. ANNE's with elderly MR. PARKER, who is  
solemn. And nervous.

MR. PARKER

We can get a court order to stop  
them pulling up and selling any  
stone belonging to Shibden land, of  
course. That's not a problem. But  
there's rather more to it.

ANNE LISTER

What?

MR. PARKER

Mr. Rawson appears to have found  
out that Hinscliffe was his rival.  
For your coal.

GENTLEMAN JACK. Sally Wainwright. EPISODE 6. 1.11.18 44A.

ANNE LISTER

How?

MR. PARKER

(shakes his head, doesn't know)

And that the price was so inflated because he only wanted the one acre. So. He's lashing out at Hinscliffe and... he's just come back to me this morning with a much lower offer. Mr. Rawson has. And he's making it utterly plain he won't agree to your clauses either. Which we know are perfectly legitimate, and which you're absolutely right to insist upon, but...

(he dries up)

And - for some reason - he no longer seems to fear that you'll sink your own pit. Is that...? The case.

ANNE's appalled. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON has outmanoeuvred her, plain and simple. She's quiet, angry. A bit dazed by the speed and timing of it all.

ANNE LISTER

For the moment. Yes. That isn't an option. Any more. But not for the reason he thinks!

(then suddenly, angrily)

The strategy of inflating the price was arrived at solely to *cover what the Rawsons have stolen!* I wasn't being mercenary!

MR. PARKER

I know that, Anne!

It's clear he's sympathetic. There's no doubt in PARKER's mind that ANNE's the good guy and CHRISTOPHER RAWSON is the bad guy. After a few moment's reflection -

ANNE LISTER

(quietly)

I don't have to sign the agreement with him.

MR. PARKER

No. I don't think you should. But then... he'll continue to steal your coal anyway. If you can't get down there and keep an eye on him yourself. You could sell to someone else of course. But then... what's stolen. Is gone. And there'd be no recompense for it.

(MORE)

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
(ANNE looks more dark,  
more broody, more  
Heathcliff than we've  
ever seen her before)  
I know it's easier said than done,  
but try not to take it too  
personally. You're not the first  
person he's swindled. And you won't  
be the last.  
(silence)  
Sickening, isn't it?

53 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 37. 12:05 (AUTUMN 53  
1832)

ANNE's sitting in front of the fire with her father, unable to believe she's been outmaneuvered, and that this man can just steal from her. She can barely speak she's so angry.

JEREMY LISTER  
You could still re-open Listerwick.  
Down at Mytholm. That'd be half the  
expense of sinking a new pit.

ANNE LISTER  
(shakes her head: no)  
It has to be up there. On the hill.  
To prove the trespass. It'd have to  
be a new pit.

JEREMY LISTER  
And Miss Walker definitely  
isn't...?

ANNE shakes her head. And perhaps tears well up in her eyes as she's reminded of how strangely wrong her relationship with ANN has turned. JEREMY is sickened on ANNE's behalf. And angry too - this man had his daughter beaten up. But what can he do? An infirm old man.

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)  
He needs horse-whipping. And I'd  
[do it] - at one time, I'd have  
done it.

ANNE can't bring herself to smile at this well-meant sentiment.

54 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY. (AUTUMN 1832)

54

Autumn in the Shibden valley.

The next six scenes are an intended to have an impressionistic sad feel of time passing over a few days, perhaps a week...

55 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 38. 16:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 55

We discover MR. ABBOTT and his mother, MRS. ABBOTT (late fifties, a polite little woman), are here for tea.

Once more - as MR. ABBOTT holds court and as we move around the table - we find AUNT ANNE and JEREMY making an effort, if only for MARIAN's sake as she continues to appear charmed by MR. ABBOTT. MRS. ABBOTT seems as delighted with her son's chatter as MARIAN is.

MR. ABBOTT

Mr. Wortley's latest defeat in this constituency was, I'm sad to say, a foregone conclusion. Don't misunderstand me, we are very much to the right of the question, as I'm sure *this* household is, but it has to be said he didn't put up a good fight at the hustings. Were you there? He looked terrified. Can we be squeezing any more tea out of that pot?

And as we move around the table once more we see that there's an empty (but set) place where ANNE should be.

56 EXT. SIMPLON PASS/SHIBDEN CARRIAGE ROAD, SHIBDEN. DAY 39. 14:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 56

THOMAS SOWDEN and DICK are busy laying the first few layers of stone of what will become the bridge that resembles the Simplon Pass, and whilst it is a mini version of the Simplon Pass, it's still very impressive. The proposed structure is marked out professionally in taut string, so the verticals and horizontals are all correct. No sign of MR. PICKELS as the two lads hoik the heavy stones carefully into precise position.

We discover bad-tempered, lonely ANNE LISTER - some distance away - checking with her own plumb line/brass weight that all the verticals are indeed correct. Maybe she has her own spirit level too to check the horizontals (and any other relevant mathematical instruments).

57 INT. CELLAR, DAIRY COTTAGE. DAY 40. 15:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 57

MR. PICKELS and JOHN are in the cellar sampling JOHN's home-brewed wine, which - judging by their merry mood - is potent. PICKELS is impressed, and they both find the taste delightful and amusing.

PICKELS

Well shut, well rid, they're nowt but trouble. Mine is.

(MORE)

PICKELS (CONT'D)

I envy you, not getting nagged every fart's end, "do this, do that". I often say to her, "Who's in charge?" and she'll go "Oh, I know you *think* you are".

JOHN's amused, red-cheeked, well pissed.

58 OMITTED 58

59 OMITTED 59

60 INT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. DAY 41. 15:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 60

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

(voice over)

My dear Miss Lister... the soonest I find I can travel south is a fortnight on Friday...

We see CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND writing the letter.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

(v.o. as he writes)

With luck I shall reach Halifax on the Monday, when my mother and I shall collect Miss Walker and bring her back up to Scotland to be with her sister, when we will endeavour to find the best medical man Edinburgh has to offer.

61 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 42. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 61

We now find ANNE standing reading the letter by the window. Her diary and writing equipment is on her desk like she was in mid-flow when this letter arrived.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

(v.o., continuous)

My wife is writing separately to her sister, to say my journey is primarily one of business, but to suggest at the same time she takes the opportunity to return north with me. When you read this letter, she should also be in possession of the letter from her sister proposing the idea.

ANNE would have like to take ANN to York, and keep control of her - her affections and (potentially) her wealth.

On the other hand, she can see the advantage of being rid of it all. Both feelings are strong, and conflicting.

ANNE pulls open her drawer and takes out the little box with the ring in it from Barber and Cattle. The flips open the lid and examines the beautiful ring.

62

INT. ANTE ROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 42. 12:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 62

ANNE is with ANN and CATHERINE RAWSON. ANN has indeed had the letter from Elizabeth. ANN is still pale and haunted by her obsessive compulsive thoughts.

CATHERINE RAWSON

I think it's a good idea. A change of air, a change of scenery.

(ANNE LISTER takes the letter and reads it)

And think how much you'll enjoy seeing the children! Little Sackville and Alice and the new baby. And Elizabeth'll be so happy to have you there again after all this time.

ANN WALKER

(to ANNE)

What do you think?

ANNE LISTER

The medical establishment in Edinburgh is very good, your sister's right. And Catherine's right too, a change of air is exactly what Dr. Belcombe prescribed.

ANN WALKER

He meant if I went to Paris. And Rome. With you.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, but...

(as gently as she can)

The time for that's gone. Ann. You'd need to be a lot better for that. This - for the moment - would seem to be by far the b[est] -

ANN WALKER

I thought you were going to take me to see Dr. Belcombe again? In York. I thought that was why you'd written to her? For her permission. To take me.

ANNE LISTER

Well yes, I did, I suggested it,  
but obviously they think this is a  
better [idea] -

ANN WALKER

They?

ANNE LISTER

Your sister.

ANN WALKER

They know nothing about me.

CATHERINE RAWSON

(kindly)

Oh, Ann! She's your sister.

ANNE LISTER

We can travel when you're better,  
there's plenty of time for that.

ANN WALKER

But you'll still go to Europe? Come  
the spring.

ANNE LISTER

I can't imagine I would get away  
until May at the earliest. But...  
yes. That is still my intention.

ANN WALKER

With whom?

ANNE's reluctant to admit that she intends to go alone. Just because it's not the done thing. But her silence freaks ANN, who fears she'll lose her to someone else. Eventually -

ANNE LISTER

No-one. I would go alone.

CATHERINE RAWSON

Really?

ANNE LISTER

Well, with a man and maid.

CATHERINE RAWSON

(a whisper)

Do ladies do that?

ANNE LISTER

As a rule, no.

ANN WALKER

Will you stay tonight?

ANNE hesitates.

ANNE LISTER

Catherine, Miss Rawson. Would you mind...? If I had a few moments. Alone. With Miss Walker?

CATHERINE RAWSON

No, of course not. I should get some fresh air. Before the light falls.

CATHERINE heads out, and ANNE and ANN are alone.

ANN WALKER

I've lost you, haven't I?

ANNE LISTER

You needn't have.

ANN WALKER

If I go to Scotland I'll never see you again.

ANNE LISTER

That's not necessarily the case.  
(she finds herself nervous; should she offer? Should she keep quiet? She goes for it -)  
I bought a ring. I know you told me not to send for it. But I already had. So. And it really is rather splendid. And I'd be loath to send it back.

She's down on one knee. It's a properly romantic moment: despite all she knows about ANN's illness, here she is proposing again. She shows her the ring.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Will you accept it? Will you accept me? Will you take the sacrament with me, and live with me. At Shibden. And *mean* it, and not just say it because you're scared of being left alone tonight and because it's expedient and then in the morning say something else.

ANN hesitates. She reaches out to touch the ring and then daren't. Eventually, her eyes fill with tears and she cries. inconsolably. Her terrible dilemma remains, when it comes to the crunch. The tears well up in ANNE LISTER's eyes too. So near and yet so far. Again. It cripples her; she feels as crippled by it as ANN WALKER clearly does.

63 INT. ANNE'S STUDY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 43. 11:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 63

ANNE'S in her office, writing. She has a bad cold. Her nose is red. It's so cold she's wearing her great coat, her plaid cloak over her knees, and she's keeping her hands warm with a lit candle, and a fire in the grate. She's had to stuff newspaper into one of the little diamond shapes of the window where the glass has fallen out and where the wind whistles through.

ANNE LISTER

(voice over, she's all  
bunged up, she's so full  
of cold)

My dearest Mary. After I have taken Thomas Beech and Eugénie over to the Norcliffes to collect my carriage, I shall go to London for two weeks before I cross the water...

64 INT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 44. 14:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 64

We see MARIANA LAWTON reading the letter as it continues. MARIANA, in contrast to ANNE, is sitting in front of a roaring great fire in an elegant room, with a couple of floppy little spaniels to keep her warm. Fat elderly CHARLES LAWTON is having a post prandial snore/dribble on a separate sofa.

ANNE LISTER

(the bunged-up voice over  
continues)

If you were able to join me there, in London - if Charles can manage without you - for some or all of those two weeks, I would - as always - count it a great blessing to see you. You ask me if I am travelling with 'my little friend', which... I am not. More of this if and when I see you.

MARIANA is - of course - intrigued.

65 EXT. CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 65

A mud-spattered heavy duty private carriage arrives. The equivalent of a 4 x 4.

66 INT. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND'S CARRIAGE. DAY 45. 10:00 (AUTUMN 66 1832)

We cut to inside the carriage, where we find CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and his mother MRS. SUTHERLAND, a stout, handsome 60-year-old Scottish woman. MRS. SUTHERLAND sees elegant Crow Nest for the first time. She looks at her son with approval; it's impressive, he's clearly done very well for himself by marrying Elizabeth Walker (as was).

MRS. SUTHERLAND  
I suppose - if Miss Walker never  
marries - *all* of this. One day.  
Will come to little Sackville?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND affirms with a rather nonchalant nod and a smile; given the way things are with MISS WALKER at the moment, that *is* more than likely.

67 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 45. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 67

ANNE - still full of cold - sits eating breakfast with her family. No-one's attempting to make conversation. ANNE doesn't feel up to it, and it appears that MARIAN's in a bad mood. JEREMY - being a bloke - may be blissfully unaware of this, but AUNT ANNE isn't.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Are you ill as well, Marian?

MARIAN LISTER  
No, I feel perfectly well. Thank  
you. Aunt.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
You're quiet.

Reluctant as she is to admit it -

MARIAN LISTER  
I've not heard anything from Mr.  
Abbott for nearly three weeks.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Oh. Dear. D'you think he's - ?

Dumped you?

MARIAN LISTER  
He did mention. As he left. That  
he'd visited *twice* and both times  
*Miss Lister* had failed to appear.

ANNE LISTER  
It's you he's interested in, not  
me.

MARIAN LISTER

You are *Miss Lister* of *Shibden Hall!*

(ooh, that made everyone jump)

You own the place, as you never tire of reminding everyone! It is clearly a snub - especially when a place has been set *at the table* - if you choose *not* to turn up. I can only assume he felt particularly humiliated in front of his mother. Who was very polite and very well-mannered.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

She was very p[olite] -  
(on second thoughts...)  
She was very quiet.

ANNE vulnerable and low. It shines out of her. It's so unusual to see her like this.

ANNE LISTER

He isn't good enough for you.

MARIAN LISTER

You just don't want me to get married because it frightens you that one day I could have a greater claim to *Shibden* than you.

Just then JOSEPH BOOTH comes in with a note for ANNE. He's heard the shouting, so of course he's self-conscious -

JOSEPH BOOTH

Sorry Ma'am.

ANNE takes the note, pops the seal and reads it.

ANN WALKER

(voice over)

My dearest. I write in utter misery. What I said last I bitterly repent. If ever the prayers of so true a friend may avail for another, may yours be heard for me, that the gate of Mercy may not be forever closed upon me, for I am wretchedness itself.

ANNE can choose to ignore this of course, but she can see that it is a desperate cry for help. And it affects her, despite herself.

ANNE LISTER

I'm going out.

We linger on MARIAN and her thoughts as ANNE goes.

68

INT. CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:35 (AUTUMN 1832)

68

ANNE is just heading through the front door. We follow her as JAMES shows her into the drawing room, where we find MISS RAWSON with CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and MRS. SUTHERLAND SENIOR. JAMES introduces her -

JAMES MACKENZIE  
Miss Lister. Sir. Ma'am.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND jumps up politely to greet her.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
How d'you do ma'am? Captain  
Sutherland. We've corresponded.

ANNE's unorthodox appearance always strikes people, of course.

ANNE LISTER  
(she shakes his hand. He  
nods a bow as he shakes  
hands)

Ah!

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
And this is my mother.

MRS. SUTHERLAND  
How d'you do ma'am?

MRS. SUTHERLAND takes ANNE's hand and offers a curtsy. On one level this pleases ANNE, on another it marks MRS. SUTHERLAND and her son out as *not* high-ton people, *not* high-bred Highlanders. ANNE remains subdued, not her usual ebullient self.

ANNE LISTER  
I'm sorry the weather wasn't kinder  
to you while you were on the road.  
(she turns to CATHERINE)  
Where's Miss Walker?

CATHERINE RAWSON  
Upstairs. Packing. Supposed to be.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
She doesn't seem as eager to go as  
we are to have her. Miss Rawson has  
explained the delicacy of the  
situation. With regard to -  
(he makes a vague circular  
gesture, suggesting the  
wider family)  
The family.  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

And I'd like to thank you, Miss Lister, on behalf of my wife and myself for your sensitivity and kindness and sound judgement in the matter.

ANNE LISTER

I believe she can make a full recovery, given the right sort of help. She's perfectly herself on all subjects but that of religious despondency.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

We've been recommended a Dr. Hamilton, ma'am. In Edinburgh. A -  
(she whispers it)  
*lady's* physician.

ANNE takes that in. She thinks he sounds like a quack if that's what people say about him, but... these people are ANN's close family, so what can she do?

ANNE LISTER

What's your itinerary? Captain Sutherland.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

We plan to set off first thing in the morning. If we leave here by ten, we can be in Edinburgh by Thursday evening, and in Fortrose by Saturday night.

ANNE LISTER

(nods, takes that in,  
turns to CATHERINE)  
Should I go and...?  
(points upwards)  
See if...?

CATHERINE RAWSON

Might be as well.

69 INT. STAIRS & LANDING, CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:38 (AUTUMN 69 1832)

ANNE heads up the stairs, and we're in her thoughts all the way: she really doesn't want to let ANN WALKER go, but she has to, because ANN has to get better and needs help and the whole thing is impossible. Everything's come to a head, this business with ANN, the business with the RAWSONS, and then MARIAN making threats about having a greater claim to Shibden if she marries MR. ABBOTT.

ANNE taps on ANN's bedroom door and goes in -

70 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 45. 10:39 70  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN'S sitting on the floor beside her almost empty imperial trunk. She was packing her art materials, but has become distracted by looking through one of her old drawing notebooks. Essentially she doesn't want to pack because she doesn't want to go. She looks up and sees ANNE.

ANN WALKER

Oh - !

She dives at her. ANNE manages to get the door shut behind her, and they kiss. A big full-on passionate snog. Between kissing they manage a conversation -

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I don't want to go.

ANNE LISTER

I know.

(meaning I don't want you  
to go either)

I know.

ANN WALKER

Stay tonight. Promise me you'll  
stay tonight.

ANNE LISTER

I will. I will. I promise.

71 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. NIGHT 45. 23:00 71  
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and ANN in bed together, making love. It's very tender and gentle and lovely. They are good at this together, they are so compatible in bed. At the crucial moment - or just after it - ANNE becomes very emotional. She starts crying. More emotional than we've ever seen her before. ANN WALKER doesn't realise for a moment.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

It's -

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

Nothing.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE struggles to say what it is. She's untypically inarticulate.

ANNE LISTER

I understand. Why you can't commit to me. It's impossible, I know. How could anyone? What am I? Every day - every day - I rise above it. The things people say. I walk into a room or along a street, and I see the way people look at me, and the things they say and I rise above it. I've trained myself not to see it or hear it until it's become second nature to me, and I forget... how impossible it is for someone else to accept that. But you came so close.

ANN's emotional too. She would love to say, "Oh fuck it let's do it!" But she just can't. She hasn't got the balls. They stare at each other, both holding each other, both tearful, both fully aware of how tragic their situation is.

72 INT. HALLWAY. CROW NEST. DAY 46. 09:40 (AUTUMN 1832) 72

JAMES carries luggage through the hallway and out of the door to load onto the carriage.

73 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, CROW NEST. DAY 46. 09:41 (AUTUMN 1832) 73

ANNE LISTER (dressed) watches from ANN's bedroom window as the carriage is loaded. ANN's just finished getting dressed. She comes up behind ANNE and touches her.

ANN WALKER

I wanted to give you this. I wrote in it.

(it's a Bible. ANNE takes it and opens the cover)

In the back.

ANNE flips to the back and reads out the inscription, which reads - "From AW to AL", and then -

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

"For he shall give his Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

ANNE's so moved, so touched. This totally unhinges her. They look at one another, both with tears flowing.

The horses are coupled to the carriage ready to go. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and JAMES are busy loading luggage onto it.

ANNE LISTER emerges from the house, dressed ready to go home. MRS. SUTHERLAND takes the opportunity of a quiet moment to ask her -

MRS. SUTHERLAND

You're close to Miss Walker, Miss Lister ma'am. I did wonder... if you knew if there was any love affair? On her mind. At present.

The question stings ANNE deeply; she detects a hidden agenda.

ANNE LISTER

No. Not that I know of.

MRS. SUTHERLAND proceeds delicately, aware that her questions might seem impertinent.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

She's never mentioned my nephew? Sir Alexander Mackenzie?

ANNE weighs that up, checks the memory banks.

ANNE LISTER

No.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

He proposed to her. Once. Two years ago. The last time she was in Fortrose. At first he had reason to hope, she was very civil to him, but then... it was a no.

ANNE LISTER

He must've mistaken her civility for something else. She's always civil.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

He's not a bad man. Alexander. And perfectly good-looking. He has been rather -

(confidentially)

I shouldn't say it. Inept. With money. In the past. And with his mother and sisters to keep. But perhaps he'd rise to the occasion. She could do a lot worse. Miss Walker. It could suit them both.

ANNE can't believe she just said that, so blatantly. It galls her.

ANNE LISTER

I hope Miss Walker would never marry anyone to pay their debts. I trust Captain Sutherland would deal decisively with any such fortune hunters.

There's no mistaking the edge in ANNE's voice; it hits home; we see MRS. SUTHERLAND's face alter.

ANN emerges from the house with CATHERINE, ready for off.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Mother, let's get you in.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

(a farewell)

Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Sutherland.

ANNE reluctantly shakes MRS. SUTHERLAND's hand. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and JAMES help MRS. SUTHERLAND into the carriage.

ANN approaches ANNE to say goodbye. They linger, both longing to kiss one another passionately one last time. But of course they can't. Suddenly they hug one another very tight, and linger perhaps slightly longer than they should.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

You'll be all right. You look after yourself.

They break gently apart, and still we feel they might kiss, but how can they? Suddenly ANN turns and gets into the coach and CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND turns to ANNE to say goodbye.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Miss Lister.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND steps into the coach after ANN. And the door closes and they set off.

We linger on ANNE LISTER as she watches the coach drive away. She's gutted.

**END OF EPISODE SIX**