

GENTLEMAN JACK

Episode 7

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1 INT. KITCHEN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 08:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 1

CORDINGLEY, busy with the early morning chores, hears a knock-knock-knock at the back door. Because no-one else is around, she goes to answer it herself...

2 EXT. BACK DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 08:16 (AUTUMN 1832) 2

CORDINGLEY unbolts the back door and pulls it open, to discover a remarkably handsome 27-year-old man with a neat bundle of worldly goods. He takes his hat off.

THOMAS BEECH

Thomas Beech, ma'am. How d'you do?
I'm Miss Lister's new groom.

CORDINGLEY's face lights up: what a nice young man.

3 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 08:17 (AUTUMN 1832) 3

THOMAS BEECH is with ANNE and MARIAN, who sit at breakfast. ANNE's reading last night's paper. MARIAN's gazing at THOMAS; she can barely take her eyes off him. ANNE's more interested in her newspaper than in THOMAS. And of course it's ANNE who THOMAS is fascinated by, with her eccentric appearance.

ANNE LISTER

York, initially, to collect my carriage from the Norcliffes. Then London - via Leamington, with Mrs. Lawton - and then across the water. To Paris. Then either south and a ramble in the Auvergne and on to Rome.

(this pleases THOMAS)

Or north. To Copenhagen. St. Petersburg. Moscow.

(THOMAS's face falls; he likes the warmer option)

I haven't decided yet.

THOMAS BEECH

That's - that all sounds very -

He's nodding, hoping for the southern version.

ANNE LISTER

Good. So you need to go to Mr. Lowe in Halifax to be measured up. I will provide two waistcoats, two jackets, two pairs of trousers, one overcoat, one pair of boots, a hat.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Go back into the kitchen and get some breakfast and tell Mrs. Cordingley that if anyone's heading into Halifax this morning, they're to take you with them [and] -

MARIAN LISTER

I'm going into Halifax this morning.

ANNE LISTER

Ah, there you go, Thomas. My sister will [sort you out] -

THOMAS BEECH

Thank you.
(a polite smile at MARIAN)
Thank you, ma'am.

ANNE indicates that he can go now with a flick of her hand and a mumble of "Thank you". THOMAS nods a bow and withdraws. MARIAN gazes at the gap that THOMAS left behind.

MARIAN LISTER

(wistful; she's still suffering from MR. ABBOTT's indifference)
What a lovely face.

ANNE LISTER

Hm?

MARIAN LISTER

Your new -

ANNE LISTER

Oh.

MARIAN LISTER

Groom. Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER

(she doesn't look up from her newspaper, and her expression never alters)
I'm always all right.

But we know she isn't; we know she's still carrying the great sadness of the failure of her relationship with Ann Walker.

4

INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 47. 10:00 (AUTUMN 4 1832)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON is busy at his desk making a map of the Shibden estate (he has all the proper kit; drawing accurate maps is part of the land steward's job).

Suddenly there's a loud *bang-bang* at his door, which (despite a few preceding noises that had suggested someone had arrived at the house) still makes him jump, and smudge what he's doing -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh - !

ELIZA WASHINGTON

S'only me.

11-year-old ELIZA WASHINGTON, covered in flour.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes?

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Thomas Sowden to see you.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Show him in.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

(mouthing it secretively)
He's in his Sunday best.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Is he.

(ELIZA nods and pulls a face like: so what does *that mean?*)
Can you not bang like that in future? On that door. I've smudged.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Sorry.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Show him in.

ELIZA disappears, and WASHINGTON contemplates how to correct the inky smudge.

ELIZA returns with THOMAS who is indeed in his Sunday best.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Mr. Washington.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Morning Sowden.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Pa's drawing a new map of the Shibden Hall estate for Miss Lister before she goes off on her travels.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

There's you. Upper Southolm.

THOMAS SOWDEN

What's all these?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

That, Thomas. Is the 'manor'. The underground roads and tunnels that form the old Shibden pits.

THOMAS SOWDEN

(he really appreciates the fine detail)

It's perfect.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well it was.

(a look at ELIZA)

'Til very recently. What can I do for you, lad?

THOMAS SOWDEN

(a nervous glance at ELIZA)

It's delicate.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

That's all right. We're very discreet here. What's on your mind?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Aren't you supposed to be in t'kitchen wi' yer mother?

(ELIZA tuts and makes a display of leaving)

Well, lad? What is it?

THOMAS SOWDEN

I'd like to ask you for your Suzannah's hand in marriage.

On WASHINGTON: do what?

5 INT. KITCHEN, FENNY ROYD. DAY 47. CONTINUOUS. 10:03 (AUTUMN 5 1832)

ELIZA heads into the kitchen where HANNAH and SUZANNAH are busy with baking-day chores. They're both covered in flour too, like ELIZA, who sidles up to SUZANNAH and goes -

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Thomas Sowden. In his Sunday best. Come to see Pa.

Nudge nudge wink wink. ELIZA knows SUZANNAH's been seeing THOMAS. SUZANNAH can't believe her ears. She dives out of the room to go and listen at her dad's office door.

HANNAH WASHINGTON
Sunday best? Why?

ELIZA pulls another face: *Go figure*. The penny drops. HANNAH races out after SUZANNAH.

6 INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 47. CONTINUOUS. 6
10:04 (AUTUMN 1832)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Have you..? You've...? Have y[ou] -
? When have you have met her?

THOMAS SOWDEN
When you sent her and Eliza over to
us with that message. Two months
since. From Miss Lister. About the
tenancy.

So it's his own fault then.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
So -

THOMAS SOWDEN
We're very fond of each other.

7 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 7
47. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832)

SUZANNAH's trying to eavesdrop at her dad's door. HANNAH arrives right behind her and mouths a very serious, "*What's going on?*" And behind HANNAH, ELIZA.

8 INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 47. 10:05 (AUTUMN 8
1832)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Have you...? Asked her?

THOMAS SOWDEN
Well - I said I'd have to talk to
you first. But... yes.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
You're very young. Both of you.

THOMAS SOWDEN
She's sixteen, I'm eighteen now.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
You're a very impressive young man,
Thomas.

(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Way you've turned that farm round
has astonished me, and I know Miss
Lister's happy with you, [but] -

THOMAS SOWDEN

It was Miss Lister suggested it.

WASHINGTON

Miss L[ister] - ?

THOMAS SOWDEN

She said she prefers her tenants
wed. She says it makes 'em better
settled.

WASHINGTON takes that in. Between ANNE LISTER and his wife,
he's going to be stuck between a rock and a hard place.

9 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 9
47. 10:07 (AUTUMN 1832)

HANNAH, SUZANNAH and ELIZA (all ear-wiggling, as the
conversation goes on inside the room) jump as suddenly as
WASHINGTON's door opens and THOMAS emerges. Of course he's
surprised to see MRS. WASHINGTON standing there. And
SUZANNAH. THOMAS manages a bit of a nervous nod and an
attempt at a smile, and leaves.

HANNAH looks questioningly into the room at her husband: wtf?

TITLE SEQUENCE

10 EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 11:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 10

Mid-morning.

MARIAN is returning from Halifax with THOMAS BEECH (carrying
parcels, and perhaps wearing his new hat and boots). He walks
discreetly slightly behind MARIAN, who walks at quite a lick
(we might even be excused for imagining it's ANNE for a
second). She's upset, angry, clearly something's happened.
She heads into the house, and we go with her...

11 INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 11:16 (AUTUMN 1832) 11

In MARIAN's wake, THOMAS isn't quite sure what to do, so he
peels off into the kitchen (where MRS. CORDINGLEY is), but
it's MARIAN we're interested in as we follow her through the
house in search of ANNE -

MARIAN LISTER

Anne!

(ANNE's poring over
documents on the big
table in the housebody)

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

I just went into the bank. Is it
[true] - ?

(lowers her voice)

Is it true. That *you*. Have given
Mr. Rawson the deeds to Shibden as
security against a *two thousand*
pound credit note from his bank?

(ANNE takes this
bewildering information
in with some alarm)

Anne!?

ANNE LISTER

Who told you that?

MARIAN LISTER

Is it *true*?

ANNE

No. Marian. It is not true -

MARIAN LISTER

Well then why did he say it?

ANNE LISTER

Who?

MARIAN LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

Incensed, and conscious that they'll be overheard, ANNE
ushers MARIAN into the dining room...

ANNE LISTER

Come in here.

12 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 11:17 (AUTUMN 12
1832)

...and closes the door behind her where they can talk in
private, and where any explosions can be contained.

ANNE LISTER

Tell me exactly what he said.

MARIAN LISTER

Just that. That he had the deeds to
Shibden *there*. At the bank. In his
vault, and -

ANNE LISTER

The deeds. To Shibden. Are in this
house. Where they've always been.
They're *in this room*. In fact. I
can show them to you if you like.
How did this conversation start?

MARIAN LISTER

I - he just came out of his office -
I'd only gone in to take out a few
pounds, and he saw me and made
straight for me and then he just
started *saying things*.

ANNE LISTER

Why would he tell you that? And how
inappropriate of him to tell you
something like that anyway. Even if
it was [true] - *especially* if it
was true!

MARIAN LISTER

So - just to be clear - it isn't?

Incensed, ANNE unlocks one of the secret wall panels (with a key she keeps about her person at all times) and takes out an ancient document. She passes it to MARIAN. MARIAN realises that this faded museum piece is indeed the deeds to Shibden.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

I had visions of you swanning off
to Paris and Moscow and Rome and
the whole house sold from under us!

ANNE LISTER

I know you don't always think the
best of me Marian, but I hope you
know I wouldn't do that.

(realising)

Have you been crying?

MARIAN LISTER

He made a lewd comment. About Mr.
Abbott. Who - apparently - is now
engaged to Miss Greenwood of Field
House in Sowerby. He said she
obviously came with a bigger dowry
than I did.

ANNE LISTER

In front of people? He said that *in*
front of people? In the bank?

MARIAN LISTER

He said he'd offer to marry me
himself. But only to get his hands
on all our coal.

MARIAN is angry, humiliated. ANNE's astonished, and bewildered. And then, as the penny drops...

ANNE LISTER

He's trying to find out how the
estate was left.

MARIAN LISTER

What? Why?

ANNE LISTER

Because he wants to know how much I'm worth!

(realising further...)

He's still frightened of me. What did you tell him?

MARIAN LISTER

Nothing. Nothing! I left as quickly as I could and I *never want to have to go into that bank ever again!*

Mr. and Mrs. Saltmarsh were there, all his staff. It was...

(she resists angry tears)
excruciating.

ANNE LISTER

He should never have spoken to you like that. This is between me and him. I'm sorry, Marian.

ANNE reaches out to give MARIAN a reassuring big-sisterly squeeze on the arm, but MARIAN pulls away from her.

MARIAN LISTER

Somebody should *do* something!
Somebody should *say* something! He's a magistrate for heaven's sake, surely he should know better than to behave like that!

ANNE would like to do something. But what? And why is he still frightened of her now he's outmanoeuvred her?

13

INT. LITTLE SITTING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 47. 14:05
(AUTUMN 1832)

13

ANNE is with WASHINGTON and HOLT.

JAMES HOLT

He's still at it, he's still stealing your coal - that's what it's about - and he's fishing for information because he's frightened you might yet have the money to sink a pit and find him out.

ANNE knows this is probably true.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Is it entirely out the question now, Miss Lister ma'am? Sinking your own pit.

ANNE LISTER

I had the promise of a substantial investment from... a third party, which...

(it galls her, it sickens her on so many levels)

I no longer have. And without that, I'd have to risk everything, my entire income, and if anything went wrong during the construction - if it collapsed or flooded - I could end up having to sell part of the estate. Which... is unthinkable.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Let me and Mr. Holt have another look at the figures, ma'am. Based on the bid the Mann brothers've proposed, let's see if there's anything we've missed or any costs we can squeeze [or] -

ANNE LISTER

I'd still be the one taking all the financial risk, whatever price it was brought it in at.

JAMES HOLT

When will you be back from York?

ANNE LISTER

Friday.

14 EXT. LANGTON HALL, NORTH YORKSHIRE. DAY 48. 11:05 (AUTUMN 14 1832)

Establisher. Langton Hall is a grand old house. And in the distance we see the big square tower of York Minster.

15 EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE, LANGTON. DAY 48. 11:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 15

The carriage house doors are pulled open from without, revealing ANNE LISTER standing outside the carriage house, with THOMAS BEECH, now dressed in his full Lister livery. With them - having opened the doors for them - is one of the Norcliffes' outdoorsmen/gamekeeper, BRIERLY, an unhappy man.

What they're looking at - inside the carriage house - is ANNE's yellow carriage.

BRIERLY

It's had an airing, ma'am, and a polish, and I oiled the axels when Mrs. Norcliffe told me you were coming to collect it.

(MORE)

BRIERLY (CONT'D)

Other than that it's just been sat here, on its own, minding its own business. Ever since - that - there

-

He doesn't like completing the sentence. THOMAS picks up on BRIERLY's discomfort.

THOMAS BEECH

What?

Awkward silence.

ANNE LISTER

My last groom was shot. Out of a tree. Here. At Langton. Earlier this year. Just over there. That's why the carriage is here. It's the first opportunity I've had to collect it.

As ANNE walks round the carriage to inspect it, THOMAS takes the opportunity to inquire discreetly -

THOMAS BEECH

Shot... dead?

(BRIERLY affirms)

What was he doing up a tree?

BRIERLY

Scaring the carrion crows. We were culling 'em, and -

He shakes his head at the crippling memory.

THOMAS BEECH

So who who who...? Shot him.

BRIERLY

I did. And between you and me, Mr. Beech... I don't think he's ever left. I'll be glad when you've taken that carriage.

The implication being that George Playforth haunts the carriage. THOMAS doesn't like the sound of that.

ANNE's carriage pulls up outside Minster Court. THOMAS stands on the rumble at the back, whilst a hired POSTILION drives the carriage with two hire horses. As the carriage pulls up, THOMAS jumps off the back to open the carriage door for ANNE.

ANNE LISTER

Let the postilion bate his horses
but tell him I want him back here
by four o'clock and ready to set
off back to Leeds.

THOMAS BEECH

Yes ma'am.

The POSTILION nods and touches his hat: he heard ANNE's orders, and sets about uncoupling his horses as ANNE heads over to the house and rings the bell. We stay with THOMAS BEECH for a moment as he goes to check inside the carriage for any hint of the ghostly presence of his predecessor.

17

INT. MINSTER COURT, YORK. DAY 48. 14:15 (AUTUMN 1832)

17

A few minutes later. ANNE is with STEPH BELCOMBE.

ANNE LISTER

I wanted to thank you. For your
great kindness. Over Miss Walker.
Before I go off traveling.

STEPH BELCOMBE

I was happy to help.

ANNE LISTER

I did advise her to write to you.
If she felt the necessity of doing
so, and not to hesitate. And if she
did, I wondered...

(we see this pains ANNE)

she and I have agreed not to write
to one another. But I find myself
still interested. In her welfare.
So if she did. Write to you. I
wondered... if you could let me
know. Wherever I am in the world.
Just... if she needed any help, or

-

STEPH BELCOMBE

There was a letter. Two weeks ago.
From her sister. Saying that Miss
Walker was worried it was too cold
for her in Inverness, and did I
have an opinion.

(ANNE's intrigued by this)

I advised good nutrition, and
giving the place a fair trial.

(he hesitates)

It seems they sought no medical
advice. As they passed through
Edinburgh.

(MORE)

STEPH BELCOMBE (CONT'D)
Captain Sutherland thought she was
"much improved" and that it was
unnecessary.

ANNE hates to hear this, and mistrusts Captain Sutherland,
but what can she do?

ANNE LISTER
Was there any mention of her
hearing things? At night? Or - ?

STEPH BELCOMBE
No.

ANNE LISTER
And the religious obsession?

STEPH BELCOMBE
(shakes his head)
The letter was brief.

ANNE LISTER
You know the in-laws want her for
some of the kin. If they can get
her. To pay off their debts.
Captain Sutherland's mother spoke
quite openly of it.

STEPH BELCOMBE
I only met Miss Walker briefly. But
I got the idea she has rather more
back-bone than most people credit
her with. When do you travel to
Leamington?

ANNE LISTER
Next week, probably Thursday. One
or two loose ends to tie up at
home, and then. Off.

STEPH BELCOMBE
Well. My sister will be delighted
to see you I'm sure.

ANNE takes that in.

ANNE LISTER

I often think -

She dries up. Is it too frank? Is it too sentimental?

STEPH BELCOMBE

What?

ANNE LISTER

If Mariana. And I. Ever did get together. After all our trials. Finally the world might make sense.

STEPH BELCOMBE

Hasn't too much water passed under the bridge for that? I don't think she'll ever forgive you - or me - for making her go back to Charles that time. After you inherited Shibden. And you'll never really forgive her for marrying him in the first place.

We look deep into ANNE's eyes, and we can see that it's true. However much she might wish it otherwise.

ANNE LISTER

Is there a cure? For the way Miss Walker is?

STEPH BELCOMBE

(after a hesitation,
avoiding a blunt "No")

For people afflicted with nervous disorders... it's more usually about living with it than curing it. But with time and patient management, she could live a normal enough life. But it does require...

(no point mincing words)

Kindness. Love.

ANNE remains conflicted about ANN WALKER, but it's clear she's still drawn to her.

18

EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DUSK 48. 19:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 18

Evening. ANNE arrives back at Shibden in her carriage, again being driven by another hired postilion with two hire horses and with THOMAS BEECH on the rumble at the back.

19 INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DUSK 48. 19:30 (AUTUMN 19
1832)

ANNE eats dinner with AUNT ANNE, JEREMY and MARIAN.

JEREMY LISTER

I'm wondering if Rawson was drunk.
When he said that to Marian.

ANNE LISTER

(she'd love to believe it)
At ten o'clock in the morning?

JEREMY LISTER

I've heard he's often drunk when he
presides over the bench.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

How disgusting. And what a sorry
town it makes us. Having a man like
that in charge of so many of its
institutions.

ANNE LISTER

Did you get the idea he was drunk?

MARIAN LISTER

It didn't occur to me at the time,
but looking back... yes, he had an
odd kind of... ebullience. About
him.

ANNE makes a decision; something she's been toying with ever
since HOLT made out such a strong case that RAWSON was still
stealing her coal -

ANNE LISTER

I'm going to invite him here.

MARIAN & AUNT ANNE LISTER

Why?

ANNE LISTER

To hear him apologise. First of
all. And then...

(she still hasn't really
got a plan about how to
deal with it, but -)

I can't let him steal my coal.

MARIAN LISTER

Our coal.

ANNE LISTER

And certainly not when I'm not here
to manage it.

MARIAN LISTER

He'd not come.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. He will. If he can play dirtily, so can I.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What're you going to do?

ANNE has a dark look in her eye. A plan forms.

ANNE LISTER

I'm going to go and see his mother.

20 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 49. 11:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 20

Three days later.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON's carriage sweeps into the back yard and pulls up. His footman jumps down and opens the carriage door for him (and he'll have his own horses and driver, with Rawson livery, unlike ANNE who has to hire them as and when she needs them). CHRISTOPHER RAWSON steps out: clearly not in a good mood. He doesn't quite know where to go; he doesn't fancy knocking on the back door like a tradesman. He makes the decision to go round the front. We go with him.

21 INT. DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 49. 11:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 21

ANNE sees CHRISTOPHER RAWSON steam past the drawing room window and head for the front door. She's got the Madeira decanter topped up and the cut glass is gleaming; is she going to get him pissed? MARIAN is with her.

22 EXT. FRONT DOOR, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 49. 11:31 (AUTUMN 1832) 22

We follow CHRISTOPHER RAWSON up to the big front door, where he rattles the old bell. He has a similar dynamic energy (i.e. unwittingly scary) to ANNE.

22A INT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 49. 11:32 (AUTUMN 1832) 22A

JOSEPH BOOTH pulls the door open and CHRISTOPHER RAWSON steps in.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Where is she?

JOSEPH BOOTH

She's -

JOSEPH indicates through to the drawing room. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON heads through uninvited, and we go with him (JOSEPH follows)...

23 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DRAWING ROOM/SAVILE ROOM. DAY 49. 11:33 23
(AUTUMN 1832)

...through the housebody and into the drawing room/Savile room where ANNE and MARIAN wait. CHRISTOPHER RAWSON and ANNE LISTER both look as formidable as each other.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Well! Anne.

(he sees MARIAN in the
corner and mumbles -)

Oh hello.

(then back to the boss)

That was a nice trick! Going to see
my mother and telling her all those
lies about me.

ANNE's nodded to JOSEPH to let him know he can clear off.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Nearly as nice a trick as you
getting that thug to try and beat
the living daylights out of me,
but. Hey-ho.

MARIAN didn't know anything about that.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(thoroughly convincing)

Do I know what you're talking
about?

ANNE LISTER

It didn't work by the way, he ran
off. Limping. Clutching his...

(she nods south)

Family jewels. I think he was
crying by the end.

(entre nous -)

I don't think he was very bright.
It might be useful to employ more
than one of them next time. Perhaps
three or four. Would you like a
glass of Madeira?

Most people here in this situation would have the dignity to decline, but of course ANNE now suspects CHRISTOPHER RAWSON is an alcoholic, and if he is surely he won't decline.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Perhaps a small one.

ANNE goes and pours a generous one. She raises an eyebrow at MARIAN, would she like one?

MARIAN

Not for me.

ANNE LISTER

Why did you tell Marian you held the deeds to Shibden?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(dismissing it)

Oh - ! Anne.

ANNE LISTER

You alarmed her, you upset her. I'm fair game, you can try the mettle I'm made of any time you like - feel free - but don't humiliate my sister.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

She's a - you're a great thick-head, I was only teasing her, I didn't think she'd take it seriously.

ANNE LISTER

She was embarrassed, she was angry. Whilst I - on the other hand - was only intrigued as to *why* it was said.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

As was I. By the rubbish you told my mother who seems to labour under the delusion that everything that comes out of your mouth is gospel.

ANNE LISTER

She likes me.

(she lets that land: is she implying that his mother's gay?)

She always has done.

(this isn't wasted on CHRISTOPHER, and it makes him angry)

I didn't tell your mother anything that isn't true.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Nothing. You told my mother is true.

ANNE LISTER

You humiliated my sister in front of a number of people, the Saltmarshes -
(she sees he's already knocked back his Madeira so she tops him up again generously as she talks)
- your own staff at the bank. You tried to have me beaten up in the middle of nowhere. You're stealing my coal as a matter of routine on a daily basis, *and* you were seen driving the gig when the Hardcastle boy lost his leg last y[ear] -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(interrupts)
And *this* is the reason I'm here. If you continue to repeat these allegations. To my mother or anyone else. There will be repercussions.

ANNE LISTER

You offered to marry Marian *but only* to get your hands on my coal. D'you remember saying that?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Vaguely.

ANNE LISTER

Vaguely.
(she makes a mental note to come back to that)
Mm. What strikes me - Mr. Rawson - what struck me. When Marian told me. Was that - despite that underhand stunt you pulled up at Willy Hill pit, [you're still anxious] -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(interrupts)
I was calling the pit in! It's exhausted! There was nothing *underhand* [about it] - !

ANNE LISTER

(interrupts)
Despite that. You're still anxious about how much I'm worth and what I might do next.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Oh, you think?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. And then I [realised] -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

That's very good, that's very funny, do keep talking.

ANNE LISTER

And then I realised. The reason you're anxious. And mouthing off. And wanting to know so much. Must be because you are still. *Still*.

Stealing my coal. Now then -

(he's shaking his head, trying to smile, implying this is all amusing - albeit irritating - nonsense)

I. Have bent over backwards to avoid accusing you of this outright because I considered it beneath your dignity as well as my own. I had hoped we could come to an arrangement whereby you would pay me for it fairly -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Your price. Madam. Was ridiculous.

ANNE LISTER

My price. Reflected what you have stolen. It offered you the opportunity to make legal your *illegal* trespass. You've elected instead to continue to deny it and to continue to steal my coal from under me. Own it, Mr. Rawson. Own it. And let's do a fair deal.

This is a good offer. He can see she's sincere. And there's a pause where we hope he might accept it.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Anne. Miss Lister. Whatever. I am not. Nor have I ever. Nor would I. Steal your coal.

ANNE LISTER

Your men have been heard in my upper bed by Hinscliffe's men.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Ooh, men in your bed, there's a novelty.

(ANNE glances at the camera: oh that tired old joke about me not liking men, how boring)

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON (CONT'D)

I suppose it's occurred to you that Hinscliffe *would* say that. Because he knows it's what you want to hear.

He's drained his glass again.

ANNE LISTER

Help yourself.

(he does: clearly he has no pride when it comes to another drink)

You say you vaguely remember saying that to Marian the other day? So you're owning that *that* happened.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Yes.

(hoping he can dismiss it with continued use of the word -)

Vaguely.

ANNE LISTER

Vaguely.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Vaguely. Yes.

ANNE LISTER

Were you drunk?

(he's just taken a big swallow from his third glass and he's only been here two minutes)

It was four days ago and ten o'clock in the morning, that shouldn't be a vague memory, it should be a crystal clear one.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I was being funny. Of course I remember it.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well we think you were drunk. And perhaps you were drunk when you were driving that gig when Henry Hardcastle lost his leg, the same gig that you sent back to the manufacturer in Liverpool a week later because you suddenly decided you 'didn't like it'. And perhaps you were drunk when you paid Mark Robinson to try and *beat me up*. Yes, I bothered to find out who he is.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Being drunk doesn't excuse any of these things - it certainly doesn't excuse a seven-year-old boy losing his leg - but it does explain them. But when you systematically - day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year - steal my coal. That's not drunk. That's not the rogue decision of a stupified moment. That's a very definite decision. Between you and your brother. *To steal.*

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I am not stealing your coal. Madam. And again, I'm warning you, if you continue to make these bizarre - and very serious - allegations [there will be] -

ANNE LISTER

Yes, there'll be repercussions. I heard you. If these 'repercussions' are to bring me up in front of the bench, please do. The sooner the better. And then we can interrogate the facts in public.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

All right, let's talk about your coal, let's be clear. *I.* Would've liked to have done a deal with you because it would've saved me a great deal of trouble. There's a great sweep of coal this way which could be very easily got and make us both rich. But. As it's become apparent that you're so ridiculous and impossible and stubborn and *inept* - I'm sorry, but there it is - in matters of business, I have elected to turn my works the other way entirely. Not as easily got and requiring a steam engine to keep the works drained, so more expensive and more inconvenient altogether, but. There we are. I have enough coal of my own, believe you me, and merely wanted yours to delay the cost of putting up this engine, but. As it's now in progress, that's the way my works will go. The decision's been made. So. I can only repeat. That nobody. That *I* know of. Is stealing. Your coal.

Silence.

ANNE LISTER

When? When did you start building
this engine?

There's a tell-tale hesitation before -

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Very recently.

ANNE LISTER

Where?

He hesitates again. Because he knows what her next question
will be.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Up at Law Hill.

ANNE LISTER

Can I come and see it?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

No. You can - !

("get lost" he nearly
said)

You don't believe me, I can see.
But that's your problem, and that's
it now as far as I'm concerned, and
you *really* need to stop making
allegations you can't substantiate.

He's leaving, but ANNE gets in his way.

ANNE LISTER

I'd like you to apologise to my
sister.

Big pause. He makes to push past ANNE LISTER. But she blocks
him again. They eyeball each other, and eventually... he
turns to MARIAN.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I'm sorry. If you think I
humiliated -

ANNE LISTER

No, not *if you think*.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

I'm sorry if - I'm sorry that I
embarrassed you. Miss Lister.

ANNE steps out of his way to allow him to leave. A rare
moment of appreciation and camaraderie between ANNE and
MARIAN.

25 INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE, FENNY ROYD. DAY 49. 12:50 25
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE's with WASHINGTON looking over some figures.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

There are a number of small economies we've identified. Robert Mann says he could come down to twenty three shillings a yard for the actual pit sinking itself. The only other thing he's suggested - which doesn't help your outlay, *but* - if you worked two shifts, night and day, you could have the pit sunk within twelve months instead of twenty-four. And that way you'd see your profits come in sooner.

ANNE LISTER

The risk's the same. Financially.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well yes. And there would be more outlay up front. But.

He shrugs. ANNE can't decide.

26 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 49. 15:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 26

ANNE is with elderly MR. PARKER.

MR. PARKER

It's risky. And not here to manage it yourself. Are you committed to traveling?

ANNE LISTER

I need to get away for a while. Galling as this idiotic business is... part of me just wants to run off and forget about it.

MR. PARKER

That's not like you.

ANNE LISTER

You might be surprised. There are other things to do in the world.

(a moment)

The only alternative. That I can think of. Is. Could you...?

MR. PARKER

What?

She's reluctant to even suggest it.

ANNE LISTER

Secure me a loan. *Not* from Rawson's. I'd need the best part of fifteen hundred pounds to get the thing sunk within a year. My father offered to lend me four hundred and fifty pounds a few months ago, but I'd rather not complicate matters. He'd think he could interfere and I don't want that.

MR. PARKER

What security could you offer? On such a loan?

ANNE LISTER

The d[eeds] -
(she barely dare say it)
The deeds to Shibden.

ANNE and PARKER both know this is mad. Or brilliant.

27 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50. 09:15 (AUTUMN 1832) 27

A few days later.

ANNE's coach sits in the back yard with the doors opened, being prepared for the trip to Leamington and beyond. One of ANNE's imperials is waiting to be loaded up, and a postilion (a different one again, and different horses) arrives with a couple of horses. EUGÉNIE and THOMAS's more modest luggage is also queueing up ready to be put on board.

28 INT. STAIRS/HOUSEBODY, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50. 09:16 (AUTUMN 28 1832)

We follow THOMAS BEECH and JOSEPH BOOTH as they struggle down the stairs with the second of ANNE's heavily laden imperials.

THOMAS BEECH

It's heavy.

JOSEPH BOOTH

(a whisper)

Books! It's allus full of books and diaries and all her writing tackle!

As they head past us with the trunk, we look through to the dining room...

28A INT. DINING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50. 09:17 (AUTUMN 28A 1832)

...where ANNE is having breakfast with AUNT ANNE and MARIAN. ANNE's written out her itinerary of where she'll be and when, and she's going through it with them -

ANNE LISTER

We plan to leave Leamington on the first or the second, and be in London no later than the Wednesday. You can write to me there at 26 Dover Street, Haymarket, care of Mr. Hawkins. I'm there 'til the 17th, and aim to be in Paris a week later. I'm planning to stay at the Hotel de Terrasse on the Rue de Rivoli, but I'll confirm that nearer the time. And then from Paris, who knows, but you'll always know where I am, Aunt, -

ANNE squeezes AUNT ANNE's hand; AUNT ANNE's emotional, trying not to show it too much for ANNE's sake.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I'm all right!

ANNE LISTER

- wherever I go in the world, you'll always have an address for me, and I shall come straight back at a moment's notice if there's any anxiety at all about anyone's health.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I know. I know. I know that.

ANNE LISTER

Marian, go and put this in the bureau in my uncle's study and then you both know where it is. Now. Go on, and then it's done.

MARIAN (who's eating breakfast) gives ANNE a "What did your last slave die of?" look, then takes the half-sheet of paper and does as she's asked. As soon as MARIAN's left the room ANNE doesn't waste a moment to say privately to her AUNT -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I want you to do something for me while I'm away. Aunt. I'd like you to write a note every so often to Miss Walker's aunt at Cliff hill. And to let me know if she's had any news. About Miss Walker.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

About her health. And so forth.
Could you do that? Would you mind?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes, of course. If it's what you
want.

AUNT ANNE still has reservations about MISS WALKER and wishes ANNE could let go, for her own sake.

29 INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50. 09:40 (AUTUMN 29
1832)

MARIAN's with ANNE as she pulls on her coat and grabs her hat and checks herself out in her modest mirror.

MARIAN LISTER

You mustn't be cross. If I did have
to call you back on account of Aunt
Anne's health. I wouldn't do it
lightly, you know that, but she
is...

(she finds herself
emotional)

old.

ANNE LISTER

(she nods, she accepts
that)

There's something I want you to do
for me. If you could. Thomas
Sowden. Over at Upper Southolm
Farm. Has proposed to Washington's
eldest girl, Suzannah, and Mrs.
Washington isn't for it. At all.
She thinks the Sowdens are beneath
her. He's for it, Washington. He
knows how bright Thomas is and how
likely he is to do well for
himself. And it's better for us if
the tenants are settled. So.
Perhaps you could take father and
pay a house call at Fenny Royd and
tell her that... just occasionally
someone is born with a nobility of
character that belies their lowly
birth, and that's how we feel about
Thomas.

MARIAN LISTER

Certainly.

MARIAN is flattered that ANNE's trusting her with something requiring diplomacy, and which amounts to estate work. They linger, and then spontaneously hug each other.

ANNE LISTER

Look after yourself.

MARIAN LISTER

And you.

And we get the idea that occasionally - just occasionally - they are capable of thinking the world of each other.

30 INT. STAIRS, HOUSEBODY, DRAWING ROOM, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50 30
09:45 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE heads downstairs - we go with her - and into the drawing room, where JEREMY's reading the newspaper with his magnifying glass.

ANNE LISTER

I'm off. Don't get up -

(he does)

Take care of yourself. And... just so you know...

(this is very hush-hush)

I'm going to sink a pit. Up above Conery W[ood] -

JEREMY LISTER

When?

ANNE LISTER

Now. They're starting next week. Washington and Holt are going to oversee it, and we're engaging Robert and Joseph and John Mann to do the work, but no-one else knows. Just them and their men. I want the whole operation kept as covert as it can be. If Christopher Rawson never finds out we've done it 'til we're down there, all the better.

JEREMY LISTER

How will you pay for it?

ANNE LISTER

It's all taken care of. It's tight. But it's manageable. And if it all goes to plan we could be getting the coal within a year.

JEREMY LISTER

Shouldn't you be here? To manage it?

ANNE LISTER

Me *not* being here is a perfect cover. How can I be up to something if I'm not even here? So.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You might get wind of a few comings
and goings from time to time up on
the hill. But don't worry about it,
Washington knows what's going on.

JEREMY LISTER

I hope you know what you're doing.
I told you before. It's an
unpleasant business. Coal.

ANNE takes that in. She's taking a great risk with their
home, but she's broad shouldered and clever: if it all goes
wrong she'll simply cross that bridge when it happens. She
kisses JEREMY robustly on the cheek, and leaves.

31 EXT. COURTYARD, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50. 09:55 (AUTUMN 1832) 31

Everyone's gathering outside for the big departure: AUNT
ANNE, MARIAN, CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY. JOSEPH BOOTH and THOMAS
BEECH secure the last few items of luggage. EUGÉNIE's
loitering, ready for the off. CORDINGLEY hands her a food
basket, covered with a cloth.

CORDINGLEY

For the journey. There's some bread
and cheese and tongue and apples
and a couple of bottles of beer.

EUGÉNIE thanks CORDINGLEY with a nod, and turns, almost
bumping into THOMAS BEECH, who's just stepped down from the
coach. THOMAS avoids EUGÉNIE, giving her a very wide berth
(as he hurries on to his next last-minute task). EUGÉNIE
looks pained; how has she managed to offend him? HEMINGWAY
observes this.

HEMINGWAY

Doesn't matter what she tries on,
he just isn't interested in her, is
he?

CORDINGLEY

Well, I may have been indiscreet. I
may have told him a little
cautionary tale. About *her*
indiscretion with his predecessor,
who *he's* convinced is haunting the
carriage. So. I think that's what
might've spooked him.

HEMINGWAY's impressed: yup, that's good, that's funny. ANNE
emerges briskly from the house (and at length JEREMY will
wander out after her to wave her off along with the others).
ANNE sees EUGÉNIE loitering, and opens the carriage up.

ANNE LISTER

In.

EUGÉNIE steps up inside, where she will travel with ANNE. THOMAS steps up onto the rumble at the back, and ANNE gets into the coach after EUGÉNIE.

The carriage pulls out of the yard. AUNT ANNE's emotional: will she live to ever see her beloved ANNE again?

32 EXT. SIMPLON PASS, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 50. 09:57 (AUTUMN 32
1832)

The carriage trundles along the carriage drive and over the (now completed) Simplon Pass.

33 INT. SITTING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, ROSS-SHIRE. 33
DAY 50. 14:10 (AUTUMN 1832)

We now find ourselves in an elegant, light filled room, and we discover someone working at the table. As we get closer, and move round her... we realise it's ANN WALKER.

Off, we can hear a little four-year-old boy banging a tin drum and shouting military orders.

As we get closer to ANN WALKER we see that she's drawing - from memory - a portrait of ANNE LISTER. It's very competent, and it's clearly drawn with love; the face of a kind, clever, charming, capable human being.

Just then ELIZABETH comes in - preceded by SACKVILLE banging his tin drum - and carrying the baby, which is at the greedy-for-milk stage of being almost permanently clamped to ELIZABETH's breast. There's another toddler - a girl - floating about too, who ELIZABETH is cajoling after her -

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

In here. In here. Mama wants to talk to Aunt Ann. Come on. Well leave it there then. Or bring it with you, make your mind up.

ANN flips the page over in her sketch book, back to a watercolour of a daisy in a glass of water (a little still life challenge which she has set out on the table in front of her) and continues with that. ELIZABETH sits down at the table opposite ANN, who looks pale, bored, listless.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

Captain Sutherland's invited his cousin. Sir Alexander Mackenzie -
(suddenly -)

Sackville. *Sackville*. Take that into another room. Please. I'm trying to talk to Aunt Ann.

(SACKVILLE wanders off,
banging his drum)

(MORE)

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

Yes, he's invited Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his mother to us for dinner next week, next Wednesday. I know it might be a bit awkward. Because of before. But you're not to imagine there are any hidden intentions. Behind it. Because there aren't, it's just a family gathering. All right?

ANN WALKER

I might stay upstairs.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Oh. Captain Sutherland wouldn't like that.

At length, showing no emotion -

ANN WALKER

(a murmur)

Right.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

So that's - ? Is that all right?
You'll - ? Be all right with that?

ANN doesn't reply.

34 EXT. ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA. DAY 51. 07:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 34

An establishing shot of the elegant spa town. A shiny new day as the sun rises.

35 EXT. CLAREMONT HOUSE, LEAMINGTON. DAY 51. 10:30 (AUTUMN 1832) 35

As ANNE's carriage (we see THOMAS outside, and EUGENIE inside) pulls up in front of Claremont House (an elegant eighteenth century town house), we see the LAWTONS' carriage being prepared to leave. A footman emerges from the house, carrying luggage. ANNE steps out of her carriage. She's curious, alarmed: are the LAWTONS leaving? She heads up to the house. The front door is wide open. She heads inside.

35A INT. CLAREMONT HOUSE, LEAMINGTON. DAY 51. 10:31 (AUTUMN 1832) 35A

CHARLES LAWTON is coming down the stairs.

CHARLES LAWTON

Miss Lister! Come in.

CHARLES has a reluctant regard for ANNE (ever since she persuaded MARIANA to go back to him when she left him for her seven years ago). They will never be great friends, and they behave like a pair of repellent magnets skirting around one another whenever they're forced into any kind of proximity, but nowadays they make a point of not being disagreeable to one another, just to show what grown-ups they are.

ANNE LISTER
You're not leaving?

CHARLES LAWTON
I'm afraid I am, yes. We've had some...
(there isn't a pronoun
tragic enough)
news. Mariana's through here, come through.

And ANNE can see that the usually bluff, robust CHARLES is shaken and pale. She follows him into the sitting room.

ANNE LISTER
What's happened?

36 INT. SITTING ROOM, CLAREMONT HOUSE, LEAMINGTON. DAY 51. 36
10:32 (AUTUMN 1832)

Forlorn MARIANA jumps up when she sees ANNE.

MARIANA LAWTON
Has Charles told you?

CHARLES LAWTON
No, I er...
(he barely trusts himself
to speak without becoming
upset)
My sixteen-year-old nephew - my
younger brother's boy - died
yesterday afternoon. He'd been
involved in an accident the day
before and then we had a note. At
half past nine this morning. To say
he'd passed away.

ANNE LISTER
Oh good Lord Charles, I'm so sorry.

CHARLES LAWTON
I'm going back up to Cheshire. To
be with the family. Mariana isn't.

And from this light barb, we know they've argued about it.

ANNE LISTER
What happened?

MARIANA LAWTON

He was being shown round a factory.
Him and his sister. And his sleeve
got caught in a bone crushing mill
and...

She can't complete the story, it's too disturbing.

CHARLES LAWTON

The arm was severed. At the
shoulder. He must have bled to
death. That or the shock.

(MARIANA is horribly pale.

CHARLES checks his watch)

I'll have to set off.

ANNE LISTER

I really am very sorry, Charles.
Please give my condolences to your
brother. And his wife.

MARIANA LAWTON

Oh, it's just the wife. His brother
passed away two years ago.

ANNE LISTER

Oh how awful for her.

CHARLES nods, grateful for her kind, sincere words. He turns
to his wife.

CHARLES LAWTON

I'll pass on your condolences.
Then. As well. Shall I? Mariana.

(MARIANA nods and mumbles

"Of course")

Miss Lister.

He nods a polite, formal goodbye to ANNE, and sets off,
glancing MARIANA's way but not quite at her, by way of
expressing his dismay at her. ANNE sits opposite MARIANA and
squeezes her hand.

ANNE LISTER

Are you all right?

MARIANA LAWTON

(she's been crying, and is
genuinely upset by the
boy's death)

Oh he wants me to go with him.
We've only just got here! And she
doesn't like me. The mother. It'd
only be awkward. So we've had a big
hoo-hah about that. And anyway, you
were coming, so.

MARIANA squeezes ANNE's hand back tenderly. ANNE checks that no-one's looking in from the corridor, and gives MARIANA's hand a gentle kiss. Their eyes meet.

37 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, CLAREMONT HOUSE, LEAMINGTON. DAY 52. 37
07:00 (AUTUMN 1832)

Next morning. Early. MARIANA's in bed with ANNE. ANNE has her arms around MARIANA, and it's obvious that they've been very intimate with one another. And had a big conversation...

MARIANA LAWTON

I had no idea you and her were so close. I mean... I suspected something. But...

ANNE LISTER

When it started... it was neither here nor there. It was just something to do. Because she was there. And because I was lonely, but...

(she's sad)

I don't know.

MARIANA LAWTON

So it's all off?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. All off.

MARIANA LAWTON

Freddy, are you crying?

ANNE LISTER

(yes she is)

No.

MARIANA LAWTON

You're still thinking about her. Aren't you?

ANNE LISTER

It's not...

MARIANA LAWTON

What?

ANNE LISTER

It was never one of my -
(self conscious, she knows
it sounds a bit wanky)
grand passions. But -

MARIANA LAWTON

Is she very rich?

ANNE LISTER

Well... yes. She is. But it's -
funnily enough - it's not that. It
might've been. To start with. But.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well what then?

ANNE LISTER

(she is crying, whether
she likes it or not)
I really thought she'd say yes.

MARIANA LAWTON

Yes?

ANNE LISTER

I asked her to marry me.
(this strikes MARIANA)
To move in with me at Shibden and
take the sacrament together and -

MARIANA LAWTON

But Freddy. You're married to me.

ANNE can barely believe her ears.

ANNE LISTER

Well I *would've* been, yes.
(does it need spelling
out?)
If you hadn't gone and married
Charles. All those years ago.

MARIANA LAWTON

Seriously, you asked her to marry
you? To - ?
(she whispers, even though
there's no real need to)
To exchange rings? And alter wills?
And *move in*?

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Well. I hadn't raised the
matter of wills yet, but -
(MARIANA goes quiet and
thoughtful)
What's the matter?

MARIANA LAWTON

All the things *we* talked about
doing?

ANNE LISTER

Yes. And then. *You*. Married
Charles.

MARIANA LAWTON

I... I had no idea that it'd got
that far. Between you.

ANNE LISTER

Yes well it did.

38 EXT. CLAREMONT HOUSE, LEAMINGTON. DAY 52. 10:00 (AUTUMN 38
1832)

THOMAS BEECH and one of the LAWTON footmen now load MARIANA'S luggage onto ANNE'S carriage for the journey up to London, and joining EUGÉNIE and THOMAS is MARIANA'S lady's maid, WATSON. EUGÉNIE'S just about to step into the carriage - as she did before - when ANNE stops her.

ANNE LISTER

You're in the rumble with Thomas
and Mrs. Lawton's servant. Go on!

EUGÉNIE can't resist a stroppy French 'tchoh!' and sets off to the rumble and the challenges of traveling on the outside. ANNE can't believe she puts up with her. It might even warrant a "wtf?" glance at the camera from ANNE.

39 INT/EXT. ANNE'S CARRIAGE. DAY 52. 10:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 39

We're with ANNE and MARIANA in the carriage a few moments after they've set off. ANNE'S busy sorting through her travel bag, searching for something.

ANNE LISTER

We're booked into the Angel Inn in
Oxford tonight, and with a bit of
luck we'll be in Dover Street by
seven o'clock tomorrow evening.

Preoccupied MARIANA'S been a bit quiet ever since she found out that ANNE had proposed to Miss Walker and that the relationship was so much more advanced than she'd imagined.

MARIANA LAWTON

You perhaps don't fully realise the
implications. For me. As regards W -
poor William's death.

ANNE pulls out a comedy big thermometer/barometer, and flicks it.

ANNE LISTER

D'you think it's going to r[ain]- ?
(realising she wasn't
listening)
Sorry?

MARIANA LAWTON

In the event of Charles's death, it would've been William upon whom I became dependent. He is - was - Charles's heir.

(ANNE takes that in thoughtfully)

And now. Lord knows. I'll probably end up dependent upon some distant cousin who's never even heard of me and who'll cut me off at the first opportunity.

ANNE LISTER

But surely Charles has made adequate provision [for you] -

MARIANA LAWTON

(dismissive)

Oh - !

ANNE LISTER

Surely.

MARIANA LAWTON

I don't think he has. It'd *amaze* me if he had, the things he says. When we argue. Which is all the time, by the way.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. Well perhaps -

MARIANA LAWTON

You see I always thought -

ANNE LISTER

What?

MARIANA LAWTON

I was coming to you. When he died.

(we can see that this bothers ANNE)

And there were you planning to move your... little Miss Walker in.

ANNE LISTER

Mary, I would always do anything I could for you, anything in the world. You know that. But you put an end to us ever living together last year.

MARIANA LAWTON

When?

ANNE LISTER

Last year. When I left Hastings. I called on you. On my way back to Halifax. I made a bee-line for you and I begged you, I said "Let's do it. Now. Let's gather our rosebuds while we may", and you -

MARIANA LAWTON

Oh - !

ANNE LISTER

- you said *no*. You could never leave Charles.

MARIANA LAWTON

How could I leave Charles? When I *did* leave Charles you sent me back to him. You and Steph.

ANNE LISTER

Well that was before. I'd just inherited Shibden, the timing was too blatant.

MARIANA LAWTON

It still happened.

ANNE LISTER

You said "No, not now, not ever".

MARIANA LAWTON

Yes but you were all over the place because of your... Miss Hobart, it would've been thoroughly irresponsible of me [to] - I didn't say that.

ANNE LISTER

You did.

MARIANA LAWTON

I didn't say "not ever".

ANNE LISTER

You did.

MARIANA LAWTON

Not.

ANNE LISTER

You - I'm not - you think I'm making it up?

MARIANA LAWTON

I think you were distraught.

ANNE LISTER

Distraught maybe, not *deaf*.

MARIANA LAWTON

You're ridiculous. I never s[aid] -
I mean why've you brought that?

She's pointing at the comedy thermometer/barometer.

ANNE

So I know what the temperature is!
Why else? You need to shut up now
because you're bringing back some
very poor memories.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well I'm just -

ANNE LISTER

Yes! All right. I'm a bit odd. I
like to have a thermometer with me
on holiday! It's not *illegal*.
(she stuffs it back in her
bag. Then tries to calm
down and centre herself)
So - so you want to come and live
with me. At Shibden? Is that what
you're saying? Now.

MARIANA LAWTON

Yes.

(just for a moment we
think it might happen. So
does ANNE. Her face is
just starting to look
optimistic when -)

When Charles dies.

ANNE LISTER

Oh! Not *now*. And I'm just supposed
to wait - yet again - for this
maybe-sometime-never event?

MARIANA LAWTON

That's - !

(she calms herself and
speaks more carefully)

That was what we always said. *When*
Charles died. And now here you are
moving Miss Walker in! Well - *not* -
moving Miss Walker in but. You were
planning to.

(ANNE's shaking her head
in bewilderment)

What?

And then ANNE realises something else, something devastating -

ANNE LISTER

Oh...! Mary.

MARIANA LAWTON

What?

(ANNE can barely express
the disappointment and
anger she feels from what
she's just realised)

What? Anne?

ANNE LISTER

You weren't going to come to me
when Charles died. You were
waiting for your comfortable
dependency from poor William. And
now you won't get that. So it's
back to scraping the bottom of the
barrel with me at Shibden!

MARIANA LAWTON

I hope you know I think more of you
than that.

But perhaps something in MARIANA's apparently calm manner
betrays the fact that ANNE has hit the nail on the head.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker may have had her...
(she doesn't like
admitting it)
problems, but *by God*, Mary, she's
not *worldly* like you are.

MARIANA LAWTON

(wounded)
You have *no idea*.

ANNE LISTER

No idea about what?

MARIANA LAWTON

Men! Being endlessly dependent on
men!

ANNE LISTER

Sorry, are you talking to *me*?
Seriously? For *years* -

MARIANA LAWTON

I. Have no prospect [of] -

ANNE LISTER

For *years*. I was dependent on my
father and my uncle and my aunt and
whoever else might deign to throw a
few shillings my way!

MARIANA LAWTON

I have *no prospect* - whatsoever -
of *ever* having my own independent
income! *Ever*. I have *had* to be
worldly. Unlike you *and* your *Miss*
Walker.

40 INT. DRAWING ROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 52. 15:45 (AUTUMN 1832) 40

High tea. ANN WALKER is with ELIZABETH and CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND's mother, elderly MRS. SUTHERLAND, who's cooing at the baby. It's all a bit tense and joyless. No conversation, just the tinkle of china as ELIZABETH pours tea. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND strides in.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Ann. I believe Elizabeth has told you that my cousin Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his mother are coming to us for dinner next Wednesday?

ANN WALKER

Mm? Oh. She did, yes.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Hello mother.

(he kisses his mother)

I'd consider it a great kindness if you would join us. At the table. That evening.

ANN glances her sister's way. So she's told him then. ELIZABETH's tense; if ANN refuses, or makes a fuss, she fears her husband's reaction.

ANN WALKER

Of course.

Both CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and ELIZABETH are wrong-footed, they both anticipated more resistance.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Oh. Good! Good.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND smiles at his wife, and ELIZABETH smiles at her sister. But ANN gives nothing away. Only we might sense that ANN has more up her sleeve than she's letting on.

41 EXT. THE ANGEL INN, OXFORD. DUSK 52. 20:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 41

Oxford High Street. The light's falling. We look down at the Radcliffe Camera and pan across a few college quads.

42 OMITTED

42

43 INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S SITTING ROOM, THE ANGEL INN, OXFORD 43
EVENING 52. 20:55 (AUTUMN 1832)

The remains of ANNE and MARIANA'S meal is on a tray. ANNE'S reading Cater's *Mechanics and Hydrostatics*, and making notes from it. MARIANA was knitting, but can't concentrate on her pattern. The tension between the two women is glittering.

MARIANA LAWTON

Are you not speaking to me now at all then?

ANNE LISTER

Don't be childish.

MARIANA LAWTON

I know when you're sulking. All you do is write. Or read.

(ANNE puts her pen down, briefly. Then picks it up again and carries on)

You should apologise. To me. For what you said. Earlier.

ANNE LISTER

No.

(silence)

I'm afraid it's brought back too many memories for that.

MARIANA LAWTON

What d'you mean?

ANNE LISTER

(darkly)

Blackstone Edge.

MARIANA LAWTON

(dismissive)

Oh - !

Here we go.

ANNE LISTER

Scarborough. This time ten years ago.

MARIANA LAWTON

All right! Let's talk about Blackstone Edge! *And* Scarborough! Do you know what miseries, what *agonies*, I went through? Being *seen* with you, the way you used to look, the way you used to dress!? Everyone whispering behind your back about how... *masculine* you were! *I* was snubbed too! Just for *being seen* with you!

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

At least you do *try* to look a
little bit like a lady nowadays.
But *then!* Good Lord, and Blackstone
Edge! I was *mortified*. I heard the
post-boy say, "Is that a man?"

It makes ANNE upset/embarrassed hearing all this. Her past
gaucheries haunt her more than she likes to acknowledge.
MARIANA realises she may have gone too far.

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

(worried)

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

(bravely; we can see how
vulnerable these memories
make her)

Well good heavens, I'm surprised
you bothered with me at all if that
was the case.

MARIANA LAWTON

I loved you! I still love you.
More than your *Miss Walker* ever
would've done.

ANNE knows that's unlikely; ANN WALKER is utterly mesmerised
by her, and has been for years. At least MISS WALKER never
went and married a buffoon like CHARLES. But... MISS WALKER's
gone. And perhaps she'll come back married to Alexander
Mackenzie, who knows? Maybe ANNE consults the camera with a
look here before she carries on -

ANNE LISTER

This whole trip's going to be a
very sorry affair if we're going to
keep pulling each other to bits. We
are where we are, we've both made
choices and we've both made
mistakes. Let's not hate each
other, Mary. We've weathered the
storm this far, haven't we? And
we're still friends. Aren't we?
Despite everything.

MARIANA LAWTON

More than friends. Surely. You and
me could never be just friends.

ANNE LISTER

Well then.

(a sudden thought)

Come and live with me at Shibden!
I won't go to Paris, I won't go
anywhere, I'll drop everything,
I'll change all my plans.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Let's put all this nonsense behind us once and forever.

(as soon as it's offered on a plate, MARIANA's fear kicks in. ANNE sees that)

Think about it. Let's carry on tomorrow up to London. And think about it.

MARIANA nods. And she's genuine; she really wishes she had what it took to grasp the opportunity. But could she cope with the day to day reality, and risk public ridicule? And give up the present comforts of Lawton Hall?

44 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE. NIGHT 52. 21:45 44 (AUTUMN 1832)

We find ANN WALKER getting ready for bed. On her bedside table - besides other things - a candle, her red Moroccan Book of Common Prayer and her sketch book. She flips open the sketch book and gazes at the beautifully detailed drawing of ANNE LISTER - now half-completed with watercolours. Just then a gentle tap-tap at the door, and her sister appears. ANN closes the sketch book, and casually puts it aside.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I came to say good night.

ANN WALKER

Oh, good night.

ELIZABETH comes and sits on the bed. She's kind and tender.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

You've been all right today.

ANN WALKER

Not too bad.

ELIZABETH's eyes land on the sketch book.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

And busy. Can I look?

Not wanting to appear to be hiding anything -

ANN WALKER

Mm.

ELIZABETH turns to the paintings at the front.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

They are good. You do have an eye. Thank you. Today. At dinner. For not -

ANN WALKER

I shan't marry him. If that's the idea, he is wasting his time.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Yes. I know. But -

(she hates doing this to her sister)

If you could just... go along with it. Let them come to dinner. And let's be civil to them. But no-one is going to make you agree to anything you don't want.

ANN WALKER

I want to go home.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

But there's no-one there to look after you there. I assume Miss Lister's set off. On her travels. By now.

ANN WALKER

Have you heard from her?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No. Nothing.

This kills ANN. Even though she can barely show it. Has ANNE LISTER forgotten about her?

ANN WALKER

Well there's always Catherine.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Yes but she can't stay with you indefinitely - she has her own life to lead - and you'd be in that huge house again, and all on your own. You've got me here. At least. I won't let them bully you into something you don't want. I promise.

ANN WALKER

You're frightened of him. Aren't you? Captain Sutherland.

Yes. She is.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

It's so much more complicated. When you've got children. But I promise, Ann, I promise I'll look after you.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)
(she closes the sketch
book carefully and puts
it back on the bedside
table)

Night night.

She kisses ANN on the forehead.

ANN WALKER
Night night.

ELIZABETH goes. ANN snuggles down into bed, still with the candle lit. She looks at the closed sketch pad, and we know that her most tender thoughts are with ANNE. She pulls the sketch pad into bed with her and hugs it under the covers. Then extinguishes her candle.

45 EXT. WIMPOLE STREET, LONDON. DAY 53. 11:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 45

London! A shiny new day. We descend from an image with St. Paul's in the background, and find ourselves in Wimpole Street. ANNE LISTER's just crossing the street and knocks enthusiastically on the door of number 57.

46 INT. VERE CAMERON'S HOUSE, WIMPOLE STREET, LONDON. DAY 53. 46
11:05 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE runs up stairs, two at a time. She taps gently on a door, and a voice (VERE's) says "Come in"...

46A INT. VERE CAMERON'S BEDROOM. LONDON. DAY 53. CONTINUOUS. 46A

We go in with ANNE, and discover the ever-exquisite VERE CAMERON. She has a tiny baby asleep in her arms.

VERE
(delighted)
Anne!

ANNE LISTER
Ohh - !
(ANNE's delighted with the
baby, and she's bursting
with energy and
excitement)
There was a note from Donald
waiting for me at my hotel, so I
came straight over!
(kisses VERE on the cheek)
How are you?

VERE considers a truthful answer that isn't too graphic.

VERE

Sore. What a ridiculous thing to do! So much more sensible to lay an egg and have done with it. But! It's all over and done with now and here we are. Anne Louisa.

ANNE LISTER

Anne after Donald's mother.
(she flicks of her head,
implying that he's
downstairs)
He told me.

VERE

Well. He likes to think so. But if she turns out to be brilliant and fascinating and bursting with energy and ideas we'll know who she's got it from and it won't be his mother. Here - have a go.
(VERE hands the baby over.
ANNE's fascinated by it)
How are you? How long are you in London?

ANNE LISTER

Oh, a fortnight or so. Depending.

VERE

On?

Depending on whether things change if MARIANA does take her up on her offer, which of course ANNE can't say to VERE.

ANNE LISTER

(burying it with a smile)
Things. And then Paris. And after that... who knows? South through the Auvergne and onto Rome. Or North. To Copenhagen and then Mos[cow] -

VERE

Oh you've got to go to Copenhagen! My half sister - Lady Harriet - she'd be delighted if you turned up in Copenhagen!

(MORE)

VERE (CONT'D)

She wouldn't be able to do enough for you, she's positively gagging for decent company, her husband's such an odd little man, but then he does have all those handy connections at court. Who are you travelling with?

ANNE LISTER

I came up to London with my friend Mrs. Lawton. Of Lawton Hall in Cheshire. But she's not crossing the water with me, no. I left her at the hotel almost as soon as we arrived, so I ought not stay too long.

VERE

(she smiles)

I've missed you.

(ANNE smiles too, but VERE senses ANNE isn't herself)

Are you all right?

ANNE LISTER

I'm always all right.

47 INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S SITTING ROOM, HAWKINS HOTEL, 26 DOVER~~4~~7 STREET, LONDON. DAY 53. 15:10 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE'S taking off her hat and coat.

MARIANA LAWTON
How was she?

ANNE LISTER
Well. Very well. And the baby too.

MARIANA LAWTON
Two people left their cards for you almost as soon as you'd gone.
(she nods at the mantelpiece)
And a letter.

ANNE takes the cards...

ANNE LISTER
Oh Lady Mexborough. And Lady Gordon!

...and rips open the note with a letter knife from the mantelpiece and reads it quickly.

MARIANA LAWTON
I thought we might do some shopping. This afternoon. I thought we could -

ANNE LISTER
Lady Stuart! She wants me to go to them for dinner. Tonight. Yes of course. You can help me choose a coffee pot. For Vere. I never gave them a wedding present.

MARIANA LAWTON
Where does she live? This -

ANNE LISTER
Lady Stuart? Richmond Park.

MARIANA LAWTON
Well then you'd have to get ready now. It'll take you an hour at least to drive to Richmond, surely.

ANNE LISTER
I've not even unpacked.

She leaves the room and goes and knocks on another door in the corridor, calling for EUGÉNIE. We linger on MARIANA, who isn't entirely thrilled with the way this is going.

48 INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S BEDROOM, HAWKINS HOTEL, 26 DOVER STREET, LONDON. DAY 53. 17:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 48

EUGÉNIE is putting the final touches to ANNE's hair for the evening. ANNE's wearing a low-cut evening gown and we barely recognise her. Neither does she -

ANNE LISTER
(studying herself in the
mirror)
Tu es vraiment douée.

Subtitles: *You're very good at this.*

EUGÉNIE
Madame, Il faut que je vous parle
de Thomas.

Madam, can we talk about Thomas?

ANNE LISTER
Qu'est ce qu'il y a?

What about him?

EUGÉNIE
Le courant ne passe pas.

I don't like him.

ANNE LISTER
C'est à dire? Que lui reproches-tu?

Nonsense. What's not to like?

EUGÉNIE
Il me déteste, il ne me parle que
s'il est obligé.

He hates me, he won't speak to me any more than he has to.

ANNE LISTER
Eh bien... Montre lui de la bonne
volonté.

Well... make a better effort with him then.

ANNE stands up to look at herself in a long mirror just as a). EUGÉNIE's about to protest "But I have, Madame!" (in English), and b). MARIANA comes in. MARIANA's stunned. She's never seen ANNE look this sophisticated or fashionable before. Of course ANNE has no sense of whether she looks amazing or not, her insecurities about her appearance are legion, despite all her bluster and swagger. In fact she probably feels like a freak dressed like this.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

What d'you think? Will I do? Lady Stuart prefers ladies to wear low-cut gowns at dinner, so. What? What? You look worried.

MARIANA LAWTON

No! You're...

She's nodding. ANNE accepts that as a tentative thumbs up.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

MARIANA LAWTON

Mm.

ANNE LISTER

I'll try not to be too late back.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well I think that's unlikely. Don't you? From Richmond.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, all the same. I'll endeavour not to [be too] -

MARIANA LAWTON

These people really excite you. Don't they?

ANNE LISTER

Actually Mary. They unnerve me. But we're not alive, are we? If we're not trying to better ourselves.

(EUGÉNIE puts ANNE's elegant blonde pelerine round her shoulders)

What a shame you don't know them. You could've come with me.

49 EXT. SHIBDEN VALLEY. DAY 53. 18:00 (AUTUMN 1832) 49

An establisher of the valley. Early evening. Distantly we can hear the knock-knock-knock of woodwork.

50 EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 53. 18:05 (AUTUMN 1832) 50

The sound becomes louder as SAMUEL WASHINGTON approaches the farm house. We can see a vast change in the farm since we were last here; everything's tidier, and better cared for. MARY's outside in the sun shine peeling potatoes, and AMY's playing a game. They both look cleaner, better fed, and their clothes aren't as ragged.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Mrs. Sowden. How do.

MARY SOWDEN

Oh, Mr. Washington! He's inside, if you're looking for him.

(MARY shows WASHINGTON in)

Aren't we blessed with this weather?

51

INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM FARM. DAY 53. 18:07 (AUTUMN 1832)

51

THOMAS and his brother, 10-year-old ALF, are busy building a new staircase, a more robust one than the glorified ladder they had before.

MARY SOWDEN

Mr. Washington's here.

ALF SOWDEN

We're building a proper staircase.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yeah? Very good.

(then to THOMAS)

Have you got a minute?

THOMAS is nervous. WASHINGTON looks uncomfortable. Will it be bad news?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Yeah.

WASHINGTON meant for a private word. But he can see that MARY and ALF are just as eager for the response as THOMAS is. And maybe if it was bad news, he would insist on privacy, but in fact... there's no harm the others being here. We can tell from his manner that WASHINGTON still isn't entirely sure about it himself, but -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well. I've spoken to our Suzannah. And Miss Lister - the younger Miss L[ister] Miss Marian - has spoken to my wife. Who had some misgivings. But she's talked her round. And... yes.

(still he hesitates)

We'd like to give you our blessing.

MARY SOWDEN

(delighted)

Oh - !

THOMAS is delighted too. He's emotional: he had been prepared for the worst. WASHINGTON offers THOMAS his hand to shake.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Congratulations. It's a great thing having friends in high places.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Thank you. Thank you, Mr. Washington.

(ALF runs outside shouting to AMY, "Mr. Washington says yes!")

Does she know? Suzannah. Have you told her?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

No, lad. I thought you might like to do that. She was helping out up at Mrs. Priestley's day school in Lightcliffe this afternoon. So you'll probably catch her. On her way home. If you set off.

(THOMAS rolls his sleeves down, straightens his hair with his hands and pulls his jacket on)

Nothing about Sam? I take it.

MARY SOWDEN

Not a sausage. Oh - except. We did have a note. From his brother. Ben. In Dewsbury.

(this is news to THOMAS: did we?)

Much as we thought. Taken himself off to Liverpool and then sailed to America. And not wanting anything to do with any of us ever again.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Dewsbury? Well. I suppose only Sam'd be blown enough to set off to Liverpool via Dewsbury. Have you got the note?

MARY SOWDEN

Oh -

(she glances across the room, like she can't remember where it is)

- this is a few weeks since. One of the little ones'll have scribbled on it. Or lit fire with it.

(it terrifies THOMAS when his mother confabulates about what happened)

Anyway. What's it matter? There's none of us worse off without him.

52 EXT. HAWKINS HOTEL, DOVER STREET, LONDON. DAY 54. 06:30 52
(AUTUMN 1832)

Very early morning in London.

53 INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S BEDROOM, DOVER STREET, LONDON. DAY 53
54. 07:35 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and MARIANA in bed together. ANNE's asleep. MARIANA's awake and thoughtful, and very definitely *not* on the amoroso. She pushes the covers back and sits on the edge of the bed to stretch and wake up and gather her thoughts. Sleepy ANNE wakes up languorously after her fab night out with the toffs, and glimpses MARIANA, lit beautifully by a beam of intense morning light through a tiny gap in the closed shutters. ANNE feels aroused by the delicately illuminated shape of MARIANA's body through her night dress.

ANNE LISTER

D'you want me to make your pips
squeak?

MARIANA LAWTON

Not really.

MARIANA heads off (out of shot) to use the chamber pot. We linger on ANNE, and we can see (with this dismissive comment from MARIANA) that privately and deep down ANNE remains just as disillusioned/tired/bored with MARIANA as MARIANA probably is with her, despite their valiant efforts to patch things up.

54 INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S DINING ROOM, DOVER STREET, LONDON. 54
DAY 54. 09:10 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE and MARIANA (both dressed and coiffed) eat breakfast together, sitting across the table from one another, just like MARIANA and CHARLES do. ANNE's reading a newspaper (just like CHARLES does, ignoring MARIANA). She's finished eating, and is sipping a second cup of coffee. Silence for long enough, and then -

MARIANA LAWTON

It's curious.

ANNE LISTER

What is?

MARIANA LAWTON

You've not mentioned your Miss
Walker once since we got here. And
you were so upset about her. In
Leamington.

ANNE hasn't got a ready response. She's more interested in *why* MARIANA's saying it than anything else.

ANNE LISTER

Well. If one can't distract oneself in London - what did Dr. Johnson say? When you're tired of London, you're tired of life.

MARIANA LAWTON

What is it about these people?

ANNE LISTER

Mariana -

MARIANA LAWTON

What do you think you'll get from them? Ultimately?

ANNE LISTER

These are friendships I cultivated when I was in Paris. I'm not going to neglect them. I enjoy them. They're interesting people, they're good people, they're people who engage with the world. Why do you resent it?

MARIANA LAWTON

I wonder what they get from you? I suppose you amuse them.

ANNE LISTER

I hope so. I hope I amuse all my friends.

MARIANA LAWTON

You don't ever worry that they regard you as some sort of novelty act. A clever court jester. An entertaining... freak.

ANNE absorbs that particularly explosive bullet. It's said from such an obviously angry place that it's easy to take a bit of a step back from it rather than get upset by it.

ANNE LISTER

I suspect you're saying that to be hurtful and we can discuss *why* you want to be hurtful, because really your comments say more about you - your frustration, your anger with your lack of place in the world - than they do about me. It's interesting - and possibly something you don't appreciate - but the higher up in society one gravitates, the more one's singularities don't seem to matter. Quite so much.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

The more one is *appreciated* for being different. Rather than vilified for it.

MARIANA LAWTON

Mm. None of them want to sleep with you though. Do they? I suppose you resorted to Miss Walker because she has money at least.

ANNE keeps calm; MARIANA's obviously spoiling for a fight.

ANNE LISTER

This isn't attractive, Mariana. Quite the opposite, just so you know. It's parochial and small-minded.

Just then a discreet tap-tap at the door and WATSON appears.

WATSON

Ma'am? Mr. Lawton's downstairs.

MARIANA LAWTON

Mr. Lawton?

Clearly she wasn't expecting him quite so soon.

WATSON

Shall I show him up?

MARIANA consults ANNE with a look, but ANNE indicates that it's none of her business and she's indifferent whether he comes up or not.

MARIANA LAWTON

Yes of course.

WATSON withdraws.

ANNE LISTER

I take it...

(does she want to risk saying it now? Because she still fears the answer)

you don't want to come and live with me at Shibden after all then?

MARIANA LAWTON

I didn't for a minute think you were serious.

That hurts ANNE. MARIANA's still in that provocative say-anything-to-be-difficult mode, but can't she understand just how hurtful this is?

ANNE LISTER

Of course I was serious.

MARIANA LAWTON

And yet since we've been in London I've barely seen you. Because you're so taken up with these fair-weather friends you've *cultivated*.

ANNE LISTER

I'll leave you and Charles to it. I had declined an invitation to the National Gallery with my 'fair-weather friends' to go out shopping with you -

MARIANA LAWTON

Shopping for a coffee pot for your other friend.

ANNE smiles that off. But really she's angry because MARIANA's said such hurtful small-minded things.

ANNE LISTER

But seeing as your husband's here, I'll leave you to enjoy his company. Steph was right.

MARIANA LAWTON

Steph?

ANNE LISTER

About us. Too much water's passed under the bridge.

MARIANA LAWTON

You talk to my brother about me?

ANNE LISTER

Some times.

MARIANA LAWTON

When was this? When you were consulting him about your funny little friend?

That shocks ANNE, it's just too bitchy.

ANNE LISTER

Some times. Mariana. I feel like I barely know you.

(CHARLES appears at the door)

Charles! You're still in time for breakfast.

CHARLES LAWTON

Oh no! Don't let me disturb [you] -

ANNE LISTER

No, I've finished, I'm going out.
Mariana can send downstairs for
fresh tea. How was the funeral? How
was the mother?

We glimpse MARIANA being bamboozled into a position she never wants to be in: stuck with her husband.

CHARLES LAWTON

Oh. As you might imagine.
(he decides he will take
his coat off and have a
spot of breakfast with
them)
I'd have stayed longer after, but
the mother was surrounded by her
sisters and aunts and nieces, so...
(he turns to MARIANA)
I only came to let you know I'd got
here sooner than I thought and to
say I've hired a set of rooms. At
Fentons. Just round the corner. But
you may want to stay here with Miss
Lister?

MARIANA has no response: she doesn't want to stay here and she doesn't want to be with CHARLES.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well.
(a smile at CHARLES)
I'm going to leave you to it.

She leaves the room and shuts the door firmly behind her.

54A INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 54. 09:18 54A
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN WALKER's sitting in the window seat, looking out to sea. Something compels her to turn and look into the room. She sees herself in the mirror, (a mirror attached to a chest of drawers). Struck by how pale and ill she looks, she goes and looks more closely at herself.

55 INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S BEDROOM, DOVER STREET, LONDON. 55
DAY 54. 09:20 (AUTUMN 1832)

ANNE comes into her room and pulls her coat on. She's angry and upset. She checks herself out in the mirror, a cursory glance, but something compels her to go and look at herself more closely; she doesn't look herself.

55A INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 54. 09:20 55A
(AUTUMN 1832)

Gazing at herself, and finding herself suddenly tearful, ANN murmurs -

ANN WALKER
Don't leave me.

55B INT. ANNE & MARIANA'S SITTING BEDROOM, DOVER STREET. 55B
LONDON. DAY 54. 09:20 (AUTUMN 1832)

As ANNE looks at herself, she feels a shiver go through her, as though she heard ANN WALKER's words. We linger on her for a moment...

...but then she becomes aware of CHARLES and MARIANA bickering in the next room. CHARLES and MARIANA are so inured in their bad relationship that arguing has become their chosen mode of communication, and they've become oblivious to the bewildering effect that over hearing a domestic argument has on other people.

CHARLES LAWTON
(oov)
Of course people *noticed* you weren't *there*.

MARIANA LAWTON
(oov)
Well they may have *noticed* but I shouldn't think it *bothered* anyone.

CHARLES LAWTON
(oov)
The woman has lost her child for heaven's sake. It was *her* people were bothering about! *I* could've done with you there. In fact.

MARIANA LAWTON
(oov)
What did you tell them? I hope you didn't tell them I was ill.

CHARLES LAWTON
(oov)
Well I wasn't going to tell them you were off gallivanting in London.

MARIANA LAWTON
(oov)
Gallivanting? *Hardly*. Anything *but*. So now they'll think I'm some kind of invalid!

CHARLES LAWTON

(oov)

Well then you should've turned up.

And their voices break the spell: ANNE LISTER suddenly feels more alone than ever. Tearful, bad-tempered, she grabs her hat, and heads out of the room.

56 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 54. 09:21 56
(AUTUMN 1832)

ANN is still looking at herself. Weighed down by sadness. There's a small, delicate glass on her dressing table. She picks it up and squeezes it. It shatters. One of her fingers is cut and starts to bleed. She watches it, and then picks up one of the glass shards and looks at it.

57 EXT. BACK YARD, HAWKINS HOTEL, DOVER STREET, LONDON. 57
DAY 54. 09:23 (AUTUMN 1832)

THOMAS is polishing ANNE's carriage. EUGÉNIE's loitering with him, watching him. She sees ANNE heading their way with gusto and pounces on her -

EUGÉNIE

J'essaye, j'essaye... Mais comme vous dites en anglais, it is like banging your head against a brick wall!

I came to make an effort but it is - as you say - like banging your head against a brick wall!

She slaps her hand against her forehead (comedy style) to illustrate this.

ANNE LISTER

Don't do that, you'll damage yourself. We have a change of plan!
(she addresses both of them now)

We're going to -

(she was on the cusp of saying 'Scotland'. She makes the choice in the moment *not* to)

Paris. We're setting off sooner than anticipated. If we leave here at one o'clock we can -

THOMAS BEECH

(delighted)

Today?

ANNE LISTER

Yes, today! If we leave at one we
can be in Canterbury by this
evening, and at the docks in Dover
by nine o'clock tomorrow morning.
So you need to pack.

(that was to EUGENIE. Then
to THOMAS -)

And you need to order the horses.

She leaves them to it and walks away briskly. We go with her
and we look into her eyes. Hurt, angry, determined to scorch
the earth behind her and not come back.

58 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, UDALE HOUSE. DAY 54. 09:25 (AUTUMN 58
1832)

ELIZABETH walks along the corridor and taps gently on ANN's
door. No reply. ELIZABETH lingers for a moment, then decides
to go in...

59 INT. ANN WALKER'S BEDROOM, UDALE HOUSE. 54. CONTINUOUS. 59

ANN WALKER has slit one of her wrists, and now she's trying
to bleed out, into her washing bowl. She looks ghastly pale.
ELIZABETH dives at her and pulls her wrist out of the bowl.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

No!!!

ANN collapses.

END OF EPISODE 7