

# Gentleman Jack 2

## Episode 1

Written and created by

Sally Wainwright

**2<sup>nd</sup> GREEN REVISION**

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The logo for Lookout Point, featuring the words "LOOKOUT" and "POINT" stacked vertically in a gold, sans-serif font, centered within a dark blue square.

LOOKOUT  
POINT

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AUNT ANN WALKER  
What I'd like. Miss Lister -

ANNE LISTER  
A letter. A cake. A kind message.

AUNT ANN WALKER  
- is to know exactly where my niece  
is. And when she's coming back to  
Halifax.

ANNE LISTER pauses and makes a show of great patience -

ANNE LISTER  
As I've explained -

AUNT ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
You've explained nothing.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)  
As I...  
(delicately, politely)  
have explained. On a number of  
occasions\*. Miss Walker is anxious  
to follow Dr. Belcombe's advice to  
the letter. And a temporary  
separation from her familiar  
surroundings and routine is  
considered a necessary part of her  
treatment.

\*possible looks to camera.

AUNT ANN WALKER  
She's been away more than a month!  
None of us know where she *is* or  
anything!

ANNE LISTER  
These things take time. And the  
delicate nature of her complaint  
requires discretion. That's all.  
She's doing very well, and what she  
doesn't need. Or want\*. Is a  
constant flow of opinion that could  
undermine everything Dr. Belcombe's  
doing for her. Which is why it is  
right. For the moment. For the poor  
girl to remain quietly - and for  
some time - under his care.

AUNT ANN WALKER  
I see through you.

ANNE LISTER  
No, you really ought to be pleased.

AUNT ANN WALKER  
You've cut her off from her family,  
you've *isolated* her from everyone  
she knows.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker is there entirely of her own volition. I've merely assisted her in the pursuit of her own scheme.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You - you - !

- manipulative gold-digging dyke. She can't say it.

ANNE LISTER

I - ? Am. Mm?  
(it's like *What's My Line?*  
Can AUNT ANN mime it?)  
What?

AUNT ANN WALKER

You - !!

ANNE LISTER

I. Have been kindness itself to your niece. Do you understand that the merest *hint* of your disapproval for her chosen course of action could sabotage *all* the good that's been done? One kind word, one cheerful sentiment - on the other hand - would lift her spirits no end.

AUNT ANN WALKER

[I] -

ANNE LISTER

(warming to her theme)  
Did you know. Miss Walker. That when Miss Walker was in Scotland - and this is something I found out myself only a few short weeks ago - that Captain Sutherland had a *thousand pounds* off her? Not content with trying to shackle her to his insipid cousin, he persuaded her to part with a thousand pounds of her own capital! She wasn't there to see a doctor as Captain Sutherland had promised! She was there to be *sadly used* which is why she is now *determined* to put an end to all this interference from other people, and make a new will.

AUNT ANN WALKER

(appalled)  
A new will how?

ANNE LISTER

Well, Mr. Priestley was her executor and now she's asked me to do it. To which of course, I've said yes.

A pause as AUNT ANN takes in the possible implications, i.e. that silver-tongued Anne Lister has wangled her way into becoming some kind of beneficiary in her niece's will too.

AUNT ANN WALKER

She'd never be considered *fit* to make a new will! Given her -

Mental health.

ANNE LISTER

Dr. Belcombe considers her quite competent enough in the matter.

AUNT ANN WALKER

*Why* is she discussing such matters with you? And not with members of her own family?

ANNE LISTER unconsciously twiddles her shiny new wedding ring, which goes under AUNT ANN's radar.

ANNE LISTER

She likes me.  
(she lets that land)  
I have one aim. In this matter. Miss Walker. Which is - two aims. Both of which are transparent. To serve a friend as well as I can. And to help her on the high road to good health and happiness.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You. Madam. May find that by crossing swords with *this family* - because it isn't just me. It's the Edwards, it's the Priestleys, it's the *Rawsons*. You may yet find. Madam. That you have bitten off more than you can chew.

ANNE takes that in, then glances at the camera: yeah, whatever.

ANNE LISTER

So no messages then?

**OPENING TITLES**



JEREMY LISTER  
We're sick of all this banging!

MARIAN LISTER  
I've just said that!

ANNE LISTER  
You'll thank me in the end, Father!  
When you have a good fire that  
doesn't smoke the room out *and* your  
own water closet -  
(winking at her aunt)  
*each!*

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(pulling cotton wool out  
of her ears)  
*Who?*

ANNE LISTER  
*Yes!*  
(then to MARIAN)  
Is Washington here?

MARIAN LISTER  
He's in your office.  
(ANNE heads out, MARIAN  
follows)  
And I need to talk to you about -  
(mouthing it)  
*Cordingley*. And then I've got to go  
into Halifax.

ANNE LISTER  
(also mouthing it)  
*Cordingley?*  
(MARIAN rolls her eyes)  
I'll come with you, into Halifax.  
If you're quick -  
(checking her watch)  
I've got to be in York this  
evening. When are you going?  
(with ref to one of the  
notes she's just read - )  
I've just got to nip up to the pit  
and see Holt, so I could meet you  
at the top of the Old Bank in -  
what? Ten minutes?

MARIAN's nodding but ANNE's gone, headed off - via the far  
door in the housebody - and into the little study. We go with  
her...

ANNE LISTER  
Morning Washington.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Ah! You'll like this. Staups is up  
for sale.  
(ANNE's eyes light up. He  
shows her the advert)  
The house, the outbuildings, the  
Stump Cross Inn, and... Spiggs  
colliery. And all on your doorstep.  
Be daft to let someone else get it.

ANNE LISTER  
Who's dealing with it?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Carr.

ANNE LISTER  
How much is he asking for it?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Three thousand five hundred. He'll  
get it.

ANNE LISTER  
I'll speak to Mr. Parker.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Oh, and I've got Mr. Mitchell's  
evaluation of the Crow Nest estate.  
That Miss Walker requested. I can  
mail it to her in York, or -

ANNE LISTER  
No! I'll take it.  
(she takes it from him and  
drops it on her desk)  
Is that everything?

7 **EXT. WALKER PIT, ABOVE CONERY WOOD. SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 1. 7  
1030 (EARLY 1834)**

ANNE strides towards the pit. Checks her watch - York  
beckons! A single horse turns the gin that brings the hoppit  
(a large iron bucket) filled with earth to the surface.  
JOSEPH MANN sees ANNE.

ANNE LISTER  
Morning! Mr. Mann. Is Holt here?

JOSEPH MANN  
He's keeping warm i' th'office. And  
just to be clear, mam.  
(MORE)

JOSEPH MANN (CONT'D)

I've been labouring under  
t'impression he was getting the  
drift dug for us separately.

ANNE LISTER

What d'you mean? He is.

JOSEPH MANN

I mean we've only been employed to sink the shaft. There's never been any mention of a drift being dug. We're at thirty yards now and we've hit water twice and I had assumed he had it in hand, but - apparently not.

(HOLT emerges from the pit building and heads over)

You know he drinks, don't you?

ANNE absorbs this information.

JAMES HOLT

Morning! Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Holt, Mr. Mann's telling me we haven't built a drift. To take the water away.

JAMES HOLT

No ma'am, not yet, but we have it in h[and] -

ANNE LISTER

(interrupts)

We discussed this *weeks* ago.

JOSEPH MANN

It shoulda been started same time t'pit was started! When I told you this pit'd be delivering coal come July, ma'am, that was on the understanding that Mr. Holt had the drift under way. If you're wanting to control the water and use it -

(he has the wit to lower his voice - )

*against Mr. Rawson*, a proper organised plan under the ground is the only way you'll manage it.

ANNE LISTER

How long will it take to dig this drift?

JOSEPH MANN

Down under Conery? And to come out  
at the existing pond? That's, what?  
Three hundred yards? So... three  
months?

ANNE keeps calm, but she is cross. Not least because she's in  
a rush. We glimpse JOSEPH MANN and HOLT giving one another  
shitty looks whilst ANNE makes up her mind about what to do.

JAMES HOLT

It was an oversight ma'am. All I  
can do is apologise. I do remember  
the conversation. Now it's been  
said.

ANNE looks at HOLT carefully. He isn't drunk.

JOSEPH MANN

I could dig it for you at, oh...  
four shillings a yard? But there'll  
be a delay sinking this while we're  
doing it.

ANNE LISTER

Can you provide a plan? The line of  
the tunnel, the depth of it, the  
quantity of stone we'll need to  
support it.

JOSEPH MANN

Yeah, I can do that for you.

JAMES HOLT

Yes mam.

An understanding. JOSEPH MANN heads off back to work. HOLT  
looks sheepish. ANNE speaks to him confidentially.

ANNE LISTER

I don't want to make any more  
enemies than I have to, not in this  
business. But I can't afford  
mistakes like this. You know that  
getting control of the water and  
taking care of Rawson's trespass  
down there is just as important to  
me as getting any coal.

(she says it kindly, but  
it's very clear)

Sort yourself out.

She lets that land then walks off.

8 **EXT. TOP OF THE OLD BANK, HALIFAX. DAY 1. 1040 (EARLY 1834) 8**

MARIAN's waiting for ANNE, who steams past, then MARIAN has to keep up with her.

MARIAN LISTER  
So! Cordingley.

ANNE LISTER  
Keep up.

ANNE checks her watch.

MARIAN LISTER  
She says she's sick of the workmen trailing dust through the house.

ANNE LISTER  
Well it won't be forever.

MARIAN LISTER  
She's worried you'll think standards are slipping and she's not on top of things.  
(Cordingley impression)  
"It was only supposed to be two weeks and it's turned into two months!"

ANNE LISTER  
Yes well good craftsmanship takes time. And one job uncovers another. And I can't -  
(delicately, not that anyone's listening)  
Have Miss Walker move in and then regret it because it's draughty and inconvenient.

MARIAN LISTER  
And then the other th[ing] - the other thing.  
(she can hardly spit it out, it's so weird - )  
She's -  
(try again)  
She's b -  
(try again)  
She was *seen*. Cordingley. Arm-in-arm. With Thomas *Beech*. Your *groom!*  
Thomas *Beech!*

It's not often ANNE LISTER's speechless. At length -

ANNE LISTER  
By whom? Where?

MARIAN LISTER  
Me. In the barn.

ANNE LISTER  
Arm-in-arm?

MARIAN LISTER  
Yes.

ANNE LISTER  
As in - ? Show me.

MARIAN LISTER  
Like -

ANNE LISTER  
Like in a romantic...? Sort of...?

MARIAN LISTER  
Yes! Like...  
(she folds ANNE's arm  
inside her own, and they  
walk along, arm-in-arm,  
speaking very intimately  
to each other)  
They didn't know I was there. I'd  
been to speak to little Hannah  
Booth. And they were just sitting  
talking like this, gazing at each  
others lips. Like... I don't know.  
*Engaged lovers.*

ANNE LISTER  
But he's getting married in a few  
weeks. That's why he's leaving us!

MARIAN LISTER  
I know!

ANNE LISTER  
She's old enough to be his mother.

MARIAN LISTER  
I *know!*

They break off suddenly as they realise someone's walking  
towards them (a PEASANT with a donkey). They move apart and  
act casual.

ANNE LISTER  
I'll speak to her.

9

**INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. HALIFAX. DAY 1. 9  
1105 (EARLY 1834)**

ANNE stands opposite seated MR. PARKER. She checks the time on her watch against the time on his office clock.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Washington thinks three and a half thousand pounds would be a fair price.

MR. PARKER

You could make an offer now. Before it goes to auction.

ANNE LISTER

And pay more?

MR. PARKER

Mr. Stocks might fancy it. For the same reason you do, Staups abuts directly onto his land on the *other* side.

ANNE LISTER

I *do* want it, but I won't pay over the odds for it. Let's take the risk at auction.

MR. PARKER

It ties in with what I wanted to talk to you about. Mrs. Scatcherd has given notice to quit Northgate House at the end of August.

ANNE LISTER

Her lease isn't up 'til next year.

MR. PARKER

Mm. But. I'm wondering if it might not be a blessing in disguise.

ANNE LISTER

How?

MR. PARKER

Well. You could sell it.

ANNE LISTER

Sell Northgate House? It's not seventeen years since Uncle Joseph died, it's unthinkable.

MR. PARKER

Can I be frank?  
(deep breath)  
Your -  
(delicately)  
(MORE)

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)

*borrowing* has become... well  
excessive might be too strong a  
word. And your new-found enthusiasm  
for...

(delicately)

*borrowing* is... well, risk-taking  
in business is often something to  
be admired and we all know you've  
got the stomach for it! But. If you  
sold Northgate you could pay off  
your debts *and* have some capital to  
play with. Northgate is in the  
town, so it'd fetch... eight  
thousand? Which would allow you to  
buy Staups really quite easily.

10

**OMITTED**

10

11 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 1. 1233. CONTINUOUS (EARLY 11 1834)

CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY, EUGÉNIE, THOMAS BEECH and JOSEPH BOOTH are all having a jolly big chin-wag when the door flies open. Silence sweeps the room and they're suddenly all busy with whatever chores they were engaged with prior to their jolly big chin-wag. ANNE addresses EUGÉNIE -

ANNE LISTER  
Eugénie, is my imperial packed?

EUGÉNIE  
Yes, I was just -

She gathers ANNE's smalls that she's been ironing, folding and rolling, and heads out, past ANNE and upstairs.

ANNE LISTER  
Thomas. Go down to the Old Cock and tell Mrs. Peacock I want the post-boy and his horses here no later than three o'clock.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)  
(THOMAS sets off, then she  
addresses JOSEPH - )  
I thought you were helping your  
brother.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
I was, I am, I'm -

He indicates that he's going outside, and goes.

ANNE LISTER  
Rachel. My aunt's ready for you to  
do her leg, she's just gone  
upstairs.

(HEMINGWAY grabs towels  
and a readily-prepared  
jug of warm water and  
heads out past ANNE, now  
alone with CORDINGLEY)  
Elizabeth.  
(ANNE's careful to hit the  
right note)  
You were seen. Apparently. Arm-in-  
arm with Thomas Beech. I don't want  
to know why. Just to say. That a  
housekeeper. Seen arm-in-arm. With  
a footman. A footman twenty years  
her junior. A footman who is  
leaving us in a few short weeks  
despite not having been with us  
very long. Is sadly *infra*  
*dignitatem*. And I don't want to  
hear any more about it.

CORDINGLEY  
Yes ma'am. Sorry ma'am. Thank you  
ma'am.  
(quickly adding - )  
Not what you think. Just leaving it  
at that.  
(ANNE weighs that up,  
decides not to ask, and  
then heads off)  
Oh and - ! A letter came. Ma'am.  
Miss Marian said to put it on your  
desk.  
(she indicates 'upstairs')  
She said she thought it was Mrs.  
Lawton's hand-writing.

ANNE takes that in and heads upstairs. We linger on  
CORDINGLEY as she mumbles/mimes to herself in Anne's wake -

CORDINGLEY (CONT'D)  
(big indignation)  
*Me infra dignitatem?*

12           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, STAIRS / CORRIDOR. DAY 1. 1235. CONTINUOUS**  
**(EARLY 1834)**

As ANNE heads up the stairs, we hear (voice over) the recent letter exchanges between herself and MARIANA LAWTON -

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Miss Walker returned to Halifax!!!  
Fred, is *this* to be your fate? It  
puts me in mind of the gypsy's  
prophecy to me years ago, and the  
thought would persuade me that we  
are *not* free agents.

Then ANNE V.O. -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

Pray Mary, what gypsy?

Cutting with:

13           **INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY X. 1400 (EARLY 1834)**           13

MARIANA, well wrapped up and with a bad cold and toothache,  
reads ANNE's letter as it continues -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

Is it not the fact that we  
ourselves are the gypsy, the  
fortune teller and the fortune  
maker? Miss Walker's return so  
close to mine was indeed odd, and  
your surprise could not exceed my  
own, but now, Mary, make no  
mistake... I have taken Fate into  
my own hands.

14           **INT. LAWTON HALL. DAY X. 1600 (EARLY 1834)**           14

Ill MARIANA at her writing desk -

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Fred, I hope Steph sends you good  
accounts of your little friend in  
York. But the pleasures of memory  
still visit me and urge me to bid  
you take your time in this  
matter...

15       **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, CORRIDOR / ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 1.15  
1236. CONTINUOUS (EARLY 1834)**

ANNE comes into her office as MARIANA's voice over continues -

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

...and not fetter yourself too soon  
or too *tightly*.

ANNE (takes her time), finds the new letter from Mariana as  
her own previous reply continues -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

My dear Mary. Your brother gives me  
very good accounts of Miss Walker.  
Regarding your observations I  
merely say to myself, choose right  
if you can, and if not, let your  
exertions make up the difference,  
and it is confidence in these  
exertions that make me say that if  
I do it - whatever that 'it' may be  
- *I will make it work.*

She pops the seal and unfolds Mariana's new letter that's  
just come, and reads it.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Dearest Freddy. My thoughts are  
perpetually full of you. I love you  
dearly and fondly, come what may,  
and despite all our ups and downs  
my heart is not unfaithful and  
still, as formerly and forever, my  
joys by yours are known.

16       **EXT/INT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE/ROAD TO LEEDS & YORK. DAY 1.6  
1530 (EARLY 1834)**

ANNE travels to York. Mariana's cautionary letter continues  
(as ANNE unconsciously twiddles with her wedding ring)...

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

What you say on the subject of  
making things work is I doubt not  
true as applied to you because you  
have energy of character to do with  
the mind what you will, but not one  
in a thousand could really so bend  
to circumstances.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

You are one whose practise can be made to accord with the theory but nevertheless there is no reason why you, with others, should not profit from the maxim, "Look. Before you leap".

ANNE becomes aware that as she's been thinking about Mariana, she's been twiddling with her wedding ring.

17           **EXT. HEWORTH GRANGE, YORK. DAY 1. 1950 (EARLY 1834)**           17

ANNE leaps from her carriage (without looking) and heads to the front door of Heworth Grange, a private hotel on the rural outskirts of York.

18           **INT. HEWORTH GRANGE, ANN WALKER'S SITTING ROOM. DAY 1. 1950 (EARLY 1834)**

We discover ANN WALKER by the window in her small, cheerful sitting room. We see the onyx cabochon on her finger.

In evidence in the room are the occupations that make up a large part of her treatment, including her sketching and watercolours, books, magazines. So the room isn't vast and empty like her rooms at Crow Nest.

From her window, ANN WALKER was just about able to see where ANNE's carriage pulled up, and even a glimpse of ANNE as she dashed from the carriage to the front door. We see that she's more in love with Anne Lister now than ever before. The idea that she will be standing in this room in a matter of seconds makes her pulse race with delight and anticipation. We see this intensify as she hears the outer door of her apartment open, and then a discreet tap-tap-tap at her door.

ANN WALKER

Yes?

A maid, LUCY SMITH, a 19-year-old, appears at the door.

LUCY SMITH

Miss Lister's here, ma'am.

ANNE appears from behind LUCY. They're both so thrilled to be in the same room as one another: ANN WALKER's in love, and ANNE LISTER is delighted that in a few short weeks she really will have her wife with her at Shibden. Of course they can't display much in front of LUCY SMITH.

ANNE LISTER

How are you?

ANN WALKER

Thank you Lucy.

LUCY SMITH  
Would you like your dinners brought  
up now ma'am?

ANN WALKER  
Are you hungry?

ANNE LISTER  
Always.

She might be thinking about sex, not food, who knows?

ANN WALKER  
Yes thank you Lucy.

LUCY withdraws. ANNE waits to see that LUCY's closed the outer door to the apartment, then she closes the sitting room door, so they can feel alone. ANN WALKER rushes over to ANNE and they kiss like they haven't seen each other for a fortnight. At length, as they come up for air -

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Bewley's put you in the  
apartment just next door to mine  
for the night.

ANNE LISTER  
Mm.

They kiss again.

19 **INT. HEWORTH GRANGE, ANN WALKER'S SITTING ROOM. EVENING 1. 19  
2015 (EARLY 1834)**

Later. ANNE and ANN eat dinner together at a small table.

ANN WALKER  
Does my aunt know about...?

She's touching/conscious of her wrist. The one she cut.

ANNE LISTER  
No, of course not. How could she?

ANN WALKER  
If Elizabeth'd written. And said  
anything.

ANNE LISTER  
I've never had that impression, I  
don't think Elizabeth would. Do  
you?

The thing that preys on her mind and causes anguished repetitive thoughts, and which she barely dare spit out -

ANN WALKER

Mrs. Priestley saw it. I didn't tell you. In the carriage. On the way home from Scotland.

ANNE LISTER

Was it spoken of?

ANN WALKER

Yes, I told her it wasn't what she thought, but I could see her *thinking things*. And people talk. My family talks.

ANNE takes this very seriously. Suicide attempts are taboo and can get people locked away.

ANNE LISTER

I've spent a good deal of time at Cliffhill. And I've never once got the idea that your aunt knows a single thing about it.

But ANN's got it on her brain. She taps at her head, irritated with herself for not being able to throw it off.

ANN WALKER

You know they'll use it against me. If they can.

ANNE LISTER

They'd have to get past me first.

ANN WALKER is touched. It's like magic the way ANNE LISTER can just... make everything better. Her presence is just so... big and bold and reassuring.

ANN WALKER

I don't deserve you.

ANNE LISTER

Tell me how you've been getting on with Steph.

ANN WALKER

Better and better. He's encouraged me to take on an art master. Mr. Brown. We're doing perspective.

Maths! ANNE's eyes light up -

ANNE LISTER

Ah!

ANN WALKER

And I wondered about getting a pony.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I haven't ridden for years, but Dr. Belcombe thought it was an excellent idea. Would there be room for me to keep one? At Shibden?

ANNE LISTER

Of course!

ANN WALKER

(suddenly remembering - )  
Did you correct my letter?

ANNE LISTER

Ah! Yes. \*The French.  
(least said)  
Oh! And I've brought Galignani's Guide to Paris to look through.

ANN WALKER

(thrilled)  
Are we really going to go?

ANNE LISTER

Oh yes. And then. When we come back. You'll move in with me at Shibden.  
(suddenly remembering)  
Oh and I've brought your estate accounts!  
(a seductive smile)  
I can go through them with you.

Only ANNE LISTER could make maths sound like sex.

20

**INT. HEWORTH GRANGE, ANN WALKER'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 1. 2230 20  
(EARLY 1834)**

ANNE and ANN in bed, intimate, aroused, but taking it very gently (sex for Anne Lister is about the journey, not the destination), and still talking -

ANNE LISTER

The great desideratum. In business.  
I find. Is steadiness.

ANN WALKER

Is it?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Constancy. That, and having a firm grasp of the facts and figures. The more you understand your estate and the accounts, the more you'll get out of your land. And apart from anything else, it's all so *fascinating*.



STEPH BELCOMBE

I'm sure they think they're protecting her. But they're not, they're infantilising her. If they see she made the choice to be here. And it's having a beneficial effect. They'll start to see that she *can* make choices.

ANNE LISTER

Let me put it to her.

STEPH BELCOMBE

And I did wonder if it might be beneficial for her to have some society. Here, in York. Build up her confidence, her conversation.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Norcliffe's invited us to Langton. To dinner, on Wednesday evening, and to stay the night. I've said yes.

STEPH BELCOMBE

Oh perfect.

ANNE LISTER

We're going to Rievaulx Abbey tomorrow so she can sketch, and then onto Langton.

STEPH BELCOMBE

Will Isabella be there?

ANNE LISTER

Oh Good Lord no! I wouldn't inflict Tib on her. Not yet. I think we might have to work up to dear Tib. She's at Croft this month. So it's just Mrs. Norcliffe and Major Norcliffe and Charlotte. I believe.

ANNE's had Charlotte a few times over the years, so that might subtly inform the way she says her name. ANNE suddenly remembers something and checks her watch.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to go! I'm interviewing new grooms.

ANNE is interviewing new grooms. She sits in an upright wooden chair, with her notebook and her propelling pencil resting on one arm of the chair, ready to make notes.

All the applicants have something peculiar/real about them:  
we should feel like we're looking at real people from 1834.

ANNE LISTER  
Name.

THOMAS KERSHAW  
Thomas Kershaw mam.

ANNE LISTER  
Age.

THOMAS KERSHAW  
Twenty-five mam.

ANNE doesn't believe that, he's got grey hair and is half  
bald.

Next.

ANNE LISTER  
Name.

SAMUEL FIELDING  
Samuel Fielding.

ANNE LISTER  
Age.

SAMUEL FIELDING  
Nineteen.

He's clearly about eleven.

Next.

ANNE LISTER  
Name?

JAMES CLAYTON  
Clayton. James.

ANNE LISTER  
Age.

JAMES CLAYTON  
(looking ANNE up and down  
like she's a freak)  
Who wants to know?

Wow. He can fuck off.

Next. Promising looking, not unlike Thomas Beech.

ELIJA PEEL  
Twenty-four. Married. Six children,  
four living. Church of England...

A tap at the door and EUGÉNIE comes in discreetly with a cup of tea for ANNE, murmuring -

EUGÉNIE

Madame.

ELIJA PEEL can't take his eyes off EUGÉNIE's arse.

ELIJA PEEL

...apprenticed to Mr. Hepworth of Hob House, Dringhouses. Served there four years -

(EUGÉNIE withdraws, but ANNE has the measure of the man)

Four very happy years. Then I moved on to Beningbrough.

(EUGÉNIE closes the door politely behind her.

ELIJA smiles, nudge nudge wink wink)

Nice girl.

So obviously ANNE's not having any of that.

Next. Also promising.

RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

Richard Cartwright. Twenty-nine years of age. Married, four children, two living. Church of England.

ANNE LISTER

What do you know about horses?

A hesitation.

RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

Yup.

Is he deaf? He certainly has a severe astigmatism.

ANNE LISTER

How many fingers am I holding up?

Three. The MAN peers. He's clearly seriously myopic.

RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

Six?

Next. 17-year-old MATTHEW AVISON.

ANNE LISTER

Name.

(he mumbles something)

What?

JAMES CLAYTON has returned. He looks like he's realised some humility is required if he really does want the job.

JAMES CLAYTON

Twenty-seven.

ANNE LISTER

I need someone who is *polite*,  
honest, sober, well conducted,  
trustworthy, active, obliging.  
Someone who thoroughly understands  
his business as footman, and who  
will maintain a *clean* carriage, and  
do housework whilst at Shibden.

Bloody hell, she wants jam on it, we can see CLAYTON thinking.

24 **EXT. RIEVAULX ABBEY, NORTH YORKSHIRE. DAY 3. 1400 (EARLY 24  
1834)**

A sunny, still afternoon. ANN WALKER has set up a sketching station (a portable easel, a box to sit on) and she's with MR. BROWN, her pedantic art master. EUGÉNIE sits holding a parasol over MISS WALKER. It's a delightful scene of tranquility.

ANNE (a bit dishevelled) has been for a robust ramble around the grounds, and is now returning. She reaches the crest of a little knoll and looks down at the scene below (she's behind them, they don't see her) and it warms her heart: she has a wife to take care of. A wife who adores her. She pauses and takes stock, sharing a few thoughts with us -

ANNE LISTER

(voice over)

Three very good kisses last night.  
She said we had never done it so  
well before. And however unreserved  
and on the amoroso at night in bed,  
no allusion to these matters ever  
escapes her during the day.

(then she speaks)

In fact... during the day she is so  
modest and so very nicely  
particular. So much so that I am  
(she sighs happily)  
really satisfied with her and hope  
we shall get on well together.

ANNE looks at us for understanding and support, wanting us to share her joy (perhaps even a tear in her eye, she feels so happy in the moment) then heads off down the hill to the threesome.



Behind NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE on the wall is a massive (10' x 5') full-length portrait of him in his Hussars dress uniform from about 200 years ago when he was 25.

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE

Miss Walker doesn't mind, she likes Nero, she's already had a whole in-depth conversation with him on the stairs about all manner of shiny things.

ANN's shy, but she has *some* confidence because they're all just so easy-going and fun, despite being so madly posh.

ANN WALKER

I often get on better with people's pets than I do with the people.

MRS. NORCLIFFE

Aww!

ANNE LISTER

(she laughs)

Well said. Well said, Miss Walker!

MRS. NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)

I hope you're hungry, Miss Walker! Mrs. Briscoe always makes *slightly* more than necessary when we have company.

Through the scene CHARLOTTE observes ANN, but not unkindly; she's not like that. But she has been one of ANNE's occasional lovers, so MISS WALKER is inevitably of interest.

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE

She must've thought Tib was going to be here. My big - bigger - sister eats like a herd of donkeys, Miss Walker. Have you met her?

ANN WALKER

Isabella? No, I -

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE

Oh well lucky you. She's an ogre. I love her dearly but she owes a great friend of mine sixteen guineas and won't pay him!

ANN's not sure what the correct response to that is.

ANN WALKER

Oh.

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)

Exactly. *Not on.* Don't make a wager if you're not prepared to cough up. Eh, Mama?

MRS. NORCLIFFE

I was telling Miss Walker about your pony! Norcliffe.

(MORE)

MRS. NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
You're looking to sell your grey,  
she's looking to buy one.

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE  
Oh. Nero. No. Too rough, only do  
for a servant.

ANN WALKER  
I thought...? The dog was Nero.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE  
Oh they're all Nero, it's easier to  
remember.

ANNE LISTER  
Perhaps we could take a squint at  
him? If you're selling him.

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE  
Her. Certainly. First thing in the  
morning. Spirited! Only word for  
her. Spirited and stubborn.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE  
That's two words.

NORCLIFFE NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
*And you can have her for a  
song if you do like her Miss  
Walker, because - stubborn as  
she is - I am fond of her,  
and I can see she'd be going  
to a kind home.*

28

**INT. LANGTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. NIGHT 4. 2355 28**  
**(EARLY 1834)**

ANNE LISTER  
Do you not like her?

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE  
I don't dislike her. I don't *know*  
her.

CHARLOTTE'S flopped on ANNE'S bed. They're both in their  
dressing gowns. A midnight chat. ANNE was sitting in bed,  
writing her diary, when CHARLOTTE knocked on her door. ANNE  
now sits on a chair, so there's space between them. Her body  
language remains friendly, but not sexual.

ANNE LISTER  
She's been ill. And because she's  
been ill her self-confidence is  
depleted.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE  
Is that why she's seeing Steph? Is  
she...?

As delicately as she can, she implies, mimes, "maddish".

ANNE LISTER

She's had things to deal with. As we all do from time to time. Sadness. Loss. And she hasn't always had what it takes to cope with it very well. And yes it's left her... empty. To the point where her family - her wider family - haven't always known what to do with her.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE

She isn't really your sort, is she.

ANNE LISTER

She l -  
(she hesitates)  
She loves me, she's in love with me.  
(ANNE LISTER finds that she has tears in her eyes saying it)  
And I...

She drifts off into silence for fear of betraying emotion if she speaks.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE

You're not in love with her.

ANNE LISTER

It's not that I'm not -  
(she tries to articulate it thoughtfully)  
We none of us feel the same at forty as we did at fourteen. Do we?  
(again, she chooses an accurate, thoughtful word)  
I am *fond* of her. Fond enough.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE

Really?

ANNE LISTER

I missed her. When I was in Copenhagen. I didn't expect to, I thought I'd get over her soon enough, but I didn't. There wasn't a day that passed when I didn't think of her. The fairy visions of youth are gone, Mariana saw to that, but with her... I can be happy at least. And...  
(a shrug, it's this simple)  
I'll make it work.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE

Well. I'd let the thing...  
amalgamate. Gradually. If I were  
you.

ANNE LISTER

We've been 'amalgamating' for the  
last eighteen months.

She shows her the wedding ring, which she wears all the time  
now. CHARLOTTE's amazed.

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE

Does Tib know?  
(and then - even more  
importantly - )  
Does *Mariana* know?

ANNE shakes her head.

ANNE LISTER

Mariana knows about her. She  
doesn't know about *this*.

The ring. The fact that they're married.

29      **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 1000 (EARLY 1834)**      29

Establishing shot. A shiny new day. WASHINGTON rides along  
the carriage drive and in through the back gate.

30      **INT/EXT. BARN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 5. 1000 (EARLY 1834)**      30

WASHINGTON dismounts as he comes into the barn, which again  
is a hive of activity. PICKELS and DICK are busy.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

How's it going?

PICKELS

We've had to pull both seats  
forward to get the cisterns and the  
forcing pumps in behind. Still!  
It'll all be grand when we've done.  
It's very clever, way t'water  
replenishes itself so you can flush  
everything away. One day every  
household will have one. Not in my  
lifetime though, I still have to  
shit in the woods.

WASHINGTON draws PICKELS aside slightly, as DICK chats to  
JOSEPH BOOTH, who was passing on a separate errand.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

You know at our lass's wedding?

PICKELS

Aye.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Right, you know Ben. Sowden. Sam's brother that turned up.

PICKELS

Not really.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well. Anyway. Thing is. Mary told me he'd written to 'em. To say he'd seen Sam.

PICKELS

Where?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well. This is the thing. At the wedding. Ben told me he can't write. And that he *hadn't* seen Sam. So. Why would Mary say he had?

PICKELS

You know they had him in t'pig-pen?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Who did? Who had who in t'pig-pen?

PICKELS

Before he disappeared. Dick! Come here, love.

(DICK comes over)

Tell Mr. Washington about that fight you had over at t'Sowdens place.

DICK

Wi' Sam? He were drunk.

PICKELS

This lad was black and blue.

DICK

He hit Mary. So we all piled in and tied him to a chair and put him in wi' t'pigs.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Why?

DICK

'Cos he was behaving like a pig!  
Cos he was frightening everybody!

PICKELS

Nasty bastard.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
And then what?

DICK  
Nothing.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Well did y'see him again?

DICK  
(realising)  
No.

Suddenly -

MARIAN LISTER  
Morning! Good morning.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Morning ma'am!

PICKELS and DICK chime in with, "Morning ma'am!" and everyone jumps back to work, as we now follow MARIAN (still with her tickly cough) through the barn to where JOSEPH BOOTH is collecting eggs for Mrs. Cordingley.

MARIAN LISTER  
Joseph! I've had a note from Miss Lister in York. She wants you to get on the high flyer. Tomorrow. And meet her at the Black Swan - in York - at 3 o'clock.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
*Me?*

MARIAN LISTER  
Oh, and not to go in livery. Just something ordinary.

JOSEPH's nervous; he's never been beyond West Yorkshire.

31 **INT. HEWORTH GRANGE, ANN WALKER'S SITTING ROOM. DAY 6. 14201  
(EARLY 1834)**

ANNE's getting ready to set off home again. ANN WALKER's feeling wobbly about her leaving.

ANNE LISTER  
Keep busy, keep occupied. Keep *cheerful*. Think of nothing but the agreeable. And write to me. In French.

Just then (just as ANN WALKER's about to say, "Don't go") a tap at the door, which is ajar. THOMAS mumbles; he knows he's in the dog house for giving in his notice.

THOMAS BEECH  
Carriage's loaded ma'am.

ANNE nods and flicks him away. He withdraws.

ANNE LISTER  
So you're - chin up - you're going  
to write to your sister. And ask  
for a formal division of the  
estate. Yes?

ANN is subdued and thoughtful rather than enthusiastic -

ANN WALKER  
Mm.

ANNE LISTER  
And how about Crow Nest? Have you  
given any more thought to letting  
it out to a tenant?  
(ANN shakes her head)  
I know it's... a decision, it's  
where you grew up. But you'll have  
a new home soon and Crow Nest will  
always be there. It makes no sense  
having it stand empty when you  
could have income from it.

ANN WALKER  
I'm just not sure it's the right  
time to -

ANNE LISTER  
To - ?

ANN WALKER  
To do it! To let it! Or to write to  
Elizabeth!

ANNE thought it was decided (more or less). So this outburst  
is a bit of a blow, just as she's about to leave. ANNE's  
careful not to lose her patience -

ANNE LISTER  
Without a division of the estate  
you can't alter your will. And I  
can only change mine when you  
change yours. There *needs to be* a  
formal division so it can all be  
split thoughtfully. Fairly.  
Promptly. And then we can both make  
this final commitment. To one  
another.

ANN WALKER

I just worry that it might not be wise to brave people's *opinions* just now. With my aunt being so difficult.

ANNE LISTER

Our intentions need to be made clear to all concerned. A proper respect for public opinion is due from all, but we - first and foremost - must respect *ourselves*. And each other, and *what we want*.

ANN WALKER

I just think - ! If I write to Elizabeth... I don't believe a *single* line escapes Captain Sutherland's scrutiny! And *she's* the one who'll suffer if there's any unpleasantness.

(ANNE can't argue with that)

I can't be - I *won't* be rushed. About anything.

ANN's firm. And ANNE feels she can't push it. ANN's health is paramount, she can't leave her feeling that she's stuck between the irresistible force of ANNE LISTER and the immovable force of her family. Also ANNE can't push something that could make *her* look like the gold-digger.

32      **EXT. HEWORTH GRANGE, YORK. DAY 6. 1430 (EARLY 1834)**      32

ANN waves ANNE off in the carriage. ANN is sad to see ANNE go. ANNE puts on a strong, brave, cheerful face. Norcliffe's grey pony is tethered to the carriage and trots on behind, and EUGÉNIE and THOMAS sit up at the back.

33      **INT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE. DAY 6. 1430 (EARLY 1834)**      33

The moment the carriage is on the road, ANNE turns to us -

ANNE LISTER

The same equivocations! *Backwards* and forwards! If only she had the courage to *bind* herself so that I could have *confidence* in her! Does this seem as if she really thought us united in heart and purse?

34           **EXT. HEWORTH GRANGE, YORK. DAY 6. 1430 (EARLY 1834)**           34

We linger on ANN WALKER, watching ANNE's carriage go. We look deep into her thoughts and see that ANNE LISTER is wrong, ANN WALKER is devoted to her, and missing her already.

35           **EXT. THE BLACK SWAN, YORK. DAY 6. 1500 (EARLY 1834)**           35

JOSEPH BOOTH loiters nervously outside the Black Swan (a busy coaching inn), terrified he's got the wrong time, the wrong place, and has misunderstood everything. Just then - to his great relief - ANNE's carriage pulls up. THOMAS jumps down to open ANNE's door, but of course she beats him to it. ANNE's curt, having left Heworth Grange feeling unsettled about Ann Walker's equivocations.

                  ANNE LISTER

Ah! Joseph. Excellent, well done.  
This is Nero.

*(she unties her)*

I'd like you to ride him *her* back  
to Shibden.

                  JOSEPH BOOTH

*(terrified)*

What?

                  ANNE LISTER

You can ride?

                  JOSEPH BOOTH

Not recently.

                  ANNE LISTER

What's the matter?

                  JOSEPH BOOTH

I don't know the way.

                  ANNE LISTER

Yes you do, you've just *come* that  
way. Use your initiative.

                  JOSEPH BOOTH

I've never been beyond Halifax.  
Except once I went to Huddersfield.

                  ANNE LISTER

And now you're in York! The world  
gets bigger. Stay on this road.  
Just follow the Leeds mails and  
stages. It'll take you out of York  
via Dringhouses and Tadcaster. Then  
in Leeds, ask for the Halifax road.  
If in doubt, ask someone else. Up  
you get.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
I don't think this is...

"...a good idea".

ANNE LISTER  
Did my sister give you a few shillings?

JOSEPH BOOTH  
(he wishes she hadn't)  
Yeah...

ANNE LISTER  
Good. Take your time. If necessary stay the night at the Old White Horse. At Boar Lane. In Leeds. But I want you back at Shibden no later than nine o'clock in the morning. Is that clear?

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Why can't *he* do it? He knows more about roads and travelling and -

ANNE LISTER  
*Are you being impertinent?*

Ooh.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
No mam.

ANNE LISTER  
How old are you?

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Nineteen.

ANNE LISTER  
Nineteen! Fit as a flea and bright as a button. Nothing is beyond you. Go on.

JOSEPH digs his heels in to spur NERO on. ANNE turns and flicks a hand at THOMAS to open the carriage door for her.

37 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 7. 0830 (EARLY 1834) 37

Breakfast. ANNE sips tea and reads the *Leeds Mercury*. MARIAN is darning ANNE's cuff on her pelisse (the one ANNE's wearing). MARIAN pauses to cough. Wipes her lip delicately and checks her fingers to make sure there's no blood.

ANNE LISTER

Do you think Miss Walker will suit me better. As a companion. Than Mrs. Lawton?

MARIAN LISTER

I like Miss Walker. So does Father, he says there isn't anyone he'd like better. Moving in with us.

ANNE LISTER

Really?  
(she feels quite touched,  
then another thought - )  
Do you not like Mrs. Lawton?

MARIAN LISTER

She's just upset you. A lot. Over the years. Hasn't she? One way and another.  
(again, this touches ANNE.  
MARIAN finishes darning)  
And then always worming her way back in again. There you go.

ANNE LISTER

How long have you had that cough?

MARIAN LISTER

Oh...  
(she wants to dismiss it  
as nothing, but she  
can't)  
Apparently. Miss Catherine Waterhouse. Is in the early stages of consump[tion] -

She's gone pale.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. I heard. Come here.  
(she feels MARIAN's glands  
in her throat)  
Say "aah".

ANNE looks down MARIAN's gullet, she uses a teaspoon to depress her tongue. She feels her temperature as she takes out her watch, then checks her pulse. MARIAN's worried, anxious for the prognosis.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You'll live.

ANNE heads off (perhaps she gives MARIAN a robust parting 'chin-up' pat/thump on the back), out of the room and upstairs. We linger on MARIAN: the great thing about being Anne Lister's sister (for all her faults) is that when she says something like that with such calm confidence... you just believe her. The pink floods back into MARIAN's cheeks.

38 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 7. 0835 (EARLY 38 1834)

Five minutes later.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well it'll be a trial run for us  
all if she's coming to stay before  
you go to Paris!

ANNE had come upstairs to make AUNT ANNE smile, but then becomes overwhelmed by her preoccupation, and AUNT ANNE is the only person in the world she can say these things to -

ANNE LISTER

She's still blowing hot and cold.

That surprises and disappoints AUNT ANNE, for ANNE's sake.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Why?  
(realising -)  
Oh the tribe.

ANNE LISTER

Not about visiting. Not about  
moving *in* even. More about making a  
more permanent commitment. She's  
reluctant to let Crow Nest out.  
Which... I can understand, it's  
where she grew up, but *good*  
*heavens*, it can't just *stand empty*  
like a mausoleum. And then the  
other th[ing]...

(she trails off and takes  
AUNT ANNE's hand; this  
could go down badly...)

We're intending to change our  
wills. And to leave one another a  
life interest in our estates.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

*Shibden?*

ANNE LISTER

Yes.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

And Crow Nest? She's agreed to that?

ANNE LISTER

Once Crow Nest is divided in two - between her and Elizabeth - and it can all be itemised in black and white. Yes. She's just *avoiding* writing to her sister to get the thing started.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

That's...  
(to put it mildly)  
a development.

ANNE LISTER

We shall never have children. And so we need to protect each other. It will be as good as a marriage.

(AUNT ANNE looks troubled)

If I died first, it would still go to the Swansea Listers eventually. I would just rather leave it - in the more immediate aftermath of my death - if and when that happ[ens] - *when* that happens - to someone I've had some sort of life with.

AUNT ANNE takes that on board. Maybe that's when she sees the wedding ring. She looks at ANNE.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I've been wearing it for weeks. She gave it to me at Easter. And I gave her an onyx.

(it's a big moment)

I want you to be pleased for me.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

But... you're saying it could still all go off?

ANNE LISTER

No. No, I can't think that, I must keep my nerve. And have faith in her.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

She does seem... *fragile*.

ANNE LISTER

I don't know. I think. Deep down. She's really quite wilful.

39 **EXT/INT. COURTYARD & BARN, SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 7. 0845 (EARLY 1834)**

JOSEPH's returning through the big farmyard gates, through the outer yard and into the barn, riding NERO. PICKELS, DICK, CHARLES and JAMES HOWARTH are working.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Morning! Morning. Morning, Mr.  
Howarth!

MRS. CORDINGLEY's just been collecting eggs when she sees JOSEPH looking so smiley and delighted with the world.

CORDINGLEY  
*Where've you got that?*

JOSEPH's pleased with himself; he's done it!

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Oh, this is Nero.  
(he's smiling, he's in  
love)  
She's really *stubborn*.

CORDINGLEY  
*She?*

JOSEPH BOOTH  
He's a girl.

CORDINGLEY  
You've ridden him *her* - it - all  
the way from York!? Oh, you'll be  
bow-legged! She'lla been testing  
you.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Who will?

Her indoors.

CORDINGLEY  
See what you're made of.

JOSEPH BOOTH  
Why?

Good question.

40 **EXT. CROW NEST GROUNDS. DAY 7. 0940 (EARLY 1834)**

40

Establisher. ANNE LISTER walks across a very wide frame in about four seconds.



ANNE LISTER

Two years ago.

AUNT ANN WALKER

*When?*

ANNE LISTER

Before I returned from Hastings. After her brother died. She told me all about it. You declined. You told her, "Young and old don't suit". She was cut to the quick, and when she was at such a low ebb too. I'm afraid she wouldn't dream of coming here. Not after that.

With shock - and some embarrassment - AUNT ANN WALKER remembers that yes, that *did* happen.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

And *what after that?* How long will she remain with Dr. Belcombe?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

She'll have to return home to Crow Nest at *some* point.

ANNE LISTER

He thinks that would be a bad idea. Alone, and with such sad memories. Which is why I've asked her to come and live with me. At Shibden.

Everyone's jaws drop again. A second clang.

AUNT ANN WALKER

(panic)

Surely. Would it not be better. To ask one of the Misses Atkinsons to move in with her. At Crow Nest. If the anxiety is about her being so much on her own?

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker does everything she can for the Atkinsons. The last thing she needs is them *moving in* with her. No, this is the scheme most likely to answer, and I'm sure she'll discuss it with you all when she's here. She has nothing to hide. Quite the opposite.

In the heat of the moment MRS. PRIESTLEY finds that she has another card up her sleeve -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Did you know. Miss Walker. That  
when Miss Walker was in Scotland.  
Mr. Ainsworth visited her?

(AUNT ANN did not know  
that. Neither did ANNE  
LISTER)

You see...

(turning to MR. PRIESTLEY  
with a mischievous, match-  
making smile)

I always liked him.

Now ANNE LISTER's the one struggling to keep smiling.

43           **INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, HALIFAX. DAY 7. 1140 (EARLY 1834)**           43

ANNE's face is like thunder. She strides through the outer  
office. MR. PARKER'S CLERK jumps up to greet her, but she  
heads straight through without the usual formalities...

44           **INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. DAY 7. 1140 (EARLY  
1834)**

ANNE LISTER

I got your note.

MR. PARKER

Ah yes!

(he dismisses the CLERK)

Sit [down] -

(she already has. She's a  
bit dishevelled and  
clearly in a bad mood)

So. George Naylor. Has offered  
eight thousand for Northgate. But  
he's stipulated that that would  
have to include the sheep croft.

ANNE LISTER

No.

MR. PARKER

Right. And then Isaac Green. Do you  
know him?

(she's heard of him, but  
it doesn't excite her)

Has also offered eight thousand.  
Just for the house, doesn't want  
the sheep croft. But is asking to  
pay a thousand pounds now and pay  
you the rest -

ANNE LISTER

No.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)

- over the next four years -

No. ANNE LISTER (CONT'D) MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
- at four percent.

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)  
No, all right. So we'll continue  
with the plan to put the place up  
for auction.

ANNE LISTER  
And with a reserve price of nine  
thousand five hundred. Including  
the sheep croft.

He thinks she'll be lucky to get that, but -

MR. PARKER  
Right.  
(he writes down her  
reserve price)  
And the auction for Staups is  
Monday week. At the White Lion.

ANNE LISTER  
I mean to have it. Whether  
Northgate sells or not.

45 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, CORRIDOR & ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 7 45  
1400 (EARLY 1834)

ANNE heads along the corridor and into her study. She drops  
her hat, cane and coat, unlocks the box, pulls out her diary,  
then just as she's about to flop in her chair and unburden  
herself onto those sacred pages, she sees a packet on her  
desk. With Ann Walker's spidery hand writing on it. She rips  
it open. Inside is a very healthy bunch of asparagus, a juicy  
bottle of syrup and a letter. She pops the seal.

ANN WALKER  
(V.O.)  
My dear Anne. Please forgive me for  
not attempting this in French, but  
I am eager to catch the post bag. I  
enclose a bottle of blackberry  
syrup for Marian in the hope that  
it will relieve her bothersome  
cough, and Mrs. Bewley begs her  
respects and sends a bunch of  
asparagus to your aunt which will  
do her good.

This melts ANNE's heart. How could she have doubted her? She  
murmurs to herself -

ANNE LISTER  
(she could almost cry for  
having doubted her)  
Sweet creature.

ANN WALKER

(V.O.)

I count the moments to your return.  
I am still in a mine about Crow  
Nest, and still have anxieties  
about writing to my sister just  
now, but *have faith*. I will not  
disappoint you. You know there is  
no-one in the world I would rather  
be guided by than you. Come back  
quickly, for I get dull without  
you, and I want you in

(a whisper)

*a thousand ways*. Yours entirely.  
Ann Walker.

ANNE melts into tears. She has to sit down. She's gone all uninged again. She appeals to us with a look, as though to say, "Look what a big softie I am". She takes a moment, recovers herself, then takes a piece of paper, folds and cuts it in two, dips her pen in the ink pot and writes -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

"Dear Sir, I would like to order  
from you a silver wax seal, which I  
will pick up from you when I am  
next in York on the 20th. I would  
like an ornamental banner design  
for the seal itself, and the motto  
should read 'foi est tout'".

(she turns to us)

Faith is all.

46

**INT/EXT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE/ROAD TO HALIFAX. DAY 8. 18005  
(EARLY 1834)**

ANNE and ANN in Anne's carriage on the road between Leeds and Halifax. ANN's opened her birthday gift; she's delighted.

ANNE LISTER

Happy birthday.

ANN WALKER

You're so thoughtful. You're so  
clever. You're so kind. It's so  
you. It's so me.

They're close enough to kiss. Perhaps they do. Just a delicate peck. A thank-you-for-my-birthday-present peck.

ANNE LISTER

I had an idea. About Crow Nest.  
Just a suggestion, an interim  
measure.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

What if - when you move into  
Shibden - Mr. Washington and his  
family were to move in to Crow  
Nest? Into the servants' quarters  
as sort-of house keepers. To keep  
the place aired. Lived in. That way  
it just nudges things in the right  
direction. For us. For us both.  
Without causing too much of a stir.

If ANN WALKER says yes, we know they will kiss again and it  
will escalate into a romantic grubble. And we can all breathe  
a sigh of relief.

ANN WALKER

Can I think about it?

So that's a disappointment for ANNE. All she can do is what  
she always does. Keep her nerve. Keep smiling.

ANNE LISTER

Yes of course.

Perhaps a glance to camera.

47

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. DAY 8. 1820 (EARLY 1834)** 47

MARIAN's reading an item from the *Leeds Mercury* to JEREMY,  
who appears to be asleep.

MARIAN LISTER

The public mind has been much  
excited during the present week by  
the confidently asserted rumours of  
a coming change *in*, if not *of*, the  
Cabinet. It is certain that a great  
difference exists among the  
ministers on certain leading  
subjects; but the Irish church  
question is the most prominent -

JOSEPH heads through, pulling his liveried jacket on.

JOSEPH BOOTH

Carriage's been spotted, ma'am.

MARIAN LISTER

Ooh! Come on!

(she claps her hands, that  
wakes him up)

They're here.

48

**EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 8. 1820 (EARLY 1834)**

48

The carriage rattles through the farmyard gates, through the farmyard, into the barn, out the other side, and pulls up in the courtyard, where JEREMY, MARIAN and the servants race out to greet MISS WALKER. JOSEPH BOOTH opens the carriage door. ANNE emerges first and then assists ANN out.

ANNE LISTER

Here we are!

MARIAN LISTER

How was your journey?

ANN WALKER

Delightful.

ANNE LISTER

Bit of a delay in Leeds, but -

MARIAN embraces ANN, and ANNE kisses her father.

ANN WALKER

Thank you for inviting me.

JEREMY LISTER

(offering his hand to  
shake)

You're very welcome!

ANN WALKER

Captain Lister. How are you?

JEREMY LISTER

Oh! Not so bad. Much the same.

MARIAN LISTER

How are you?

ANN WALKER

Well! Very well. Thank you.

During the next few lines, ANNE clocks THOMAS BEECH and CORDINGLEY exchange a little smile with one another. Then CORDINGLEY clocks that ANNE has seen the little smile, and ANNE gives her a warning look.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh, and thank you for the syrup.

ANN WALKER

Oh, did you get rid of your cough?

MARIAN LISTER

I think so.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

They always linger longer than  
you'd like, don't they?

They all head inside (chatting), and ANNE couldn't have wished for a kinder homecoming and welcome from her family. We linger briefly on nonplussed CORDINGLEY (again thinking, "Me infra dignitatem! And her bringing another woman home") for a second as everyone else heads inside.

49      **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ENTRANCE, CORRIDOR, HOUSEBODY, DINING ROOM. DAY 8. 1840 (EARLY 1834)**      49

Twenty minutes later. HEMINGWAY's just closing the front door and passing JOSEPH a note that's arrived.

HEMINGWAY

Joe love.

JOSEPH takes the note, checks who it's for and heads through to the dining room with a salver of food. We hear the lively conversation as he heads in (we go into the room behind him, and tell the story of the note) -

ANN WALKER

Fresh air, keeping busy, everything  
Anne's always talked about really.  
Physical activity, mental activity -

MARIAN LISTER

You do look very well.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

You must pop over and see your  
aunt, I know she's been anxious  
about you.

ANN WALKER

I intend to, I will, first thing.

JOSEPH goes and offers the note to ANNE. We now stay with the note as ANNE opens it and reads the contents.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Who was telling me, who was it  
called in, Jeremy? It'd either be  
Mr. Sunderland or Mr. Musgrave. Or  
Dr. Day. It wouldn't be Dr. Kenny.  
We don't see Dr. Kenny any more,  
not since...

(she mouths it)

*Copenhagen.*

JEREMY LISTER

Telling you what?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

About Miss Walker! Being anxious about Miss Walker. I don't think they knew where you were. I think they knew you were in York, but beyond that.

ANNE's digested the contents of her note.

ANNE LISTER

I got Staups! The bidding ended just over half an hour ago down at the White Lion. Mr. Stocks dropped out when it got too hot for him.  
(she's quietly thrilled)  
I got it.

A moment of silence and mixed emotions for AUNT ANNE and JEREMY; ANNE's expanding the empire, but how much is she spending? ANNE LISTER looks to ANN WALKER for approval. ANN's smiling; she's so proud of ANNE, she's so magnificent.

50

**INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 9. 1000 (EARLY 1835)**

ANN isn't smiling now. She looks and feels humiliated.

AUNT ANN WALKER

The *ingratitude!* That's what's *staggering*. I promised your father. *On his death bed*. That I would look after you and do what I could for you, and *my goodness me* it hasn't been easy. People can cease to care about people. If people can't behave in a manner that's appropriate. And there comes a point, there comes a time, when people have to say enough is enough! The *hours* I have spent worrying about you. And now *this!* I have had that... whatever she is. *Woman*. In here, in my house, *in this room*. Telling *me* what's what. And what you can't see, or *won't* see is what a *laughing stock* you make of yourself by having anything to *do* with her! By even being *seen* with her!

ANN WALKER

We are respectable landed ladies,  
[who choose to] -

AUNT ANN WALKER

Do you think anyone who knows the first thing about Anne Lister *believes that?*

51           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 9. 1110**           51  
              **(EARLY 1834)**

ANNE'S absorbing a plan for the drift that JOSEPH MANN'S drawn up for her. It's a bit basic, it's not as classy as one of Washington's maps.

                                  JOSEPH MANN

                                  You'll want good stuff for the vent stones, sandstone, not rag, and properly squared. Eighteen inch square and one and a half inch thick.

ANNE weighs things up.

                                  ANNE LISTER

                                  Is Holt on top of things? Was this an aberration?

                                  JOSEPH MANN

                                  His brother says he drinks. I don't know...

Having got over the shock of Holt's mistake, MANN'S attitude towards him is more generous than last time we saw him.

                                  ANNE LISTER

                                  He's not going to go saying anything indiscreet. That Rawson might get wind of. Is he?

                                  JOSEPH MANN

                                  No. No, he'd not do that. He hates Rawson. He's just old, happen he just forgets stuff. But he has a lot of knowledge, and he knows how they all think. I just sink pits and drive tunnels mam, I don't get involved in the shenanigans. It's lawless. And nasty. One person'll tell you one thing and another'll tell you summat completely different. And the only way to make money from it and to stay ahead is to be across everything yourself. And to make your own rules up as you go on. If you're clever enough. If you're hard enough.

This information strikes ANNE LISTER. And of course she hears it as a challenge; no-one is cleverer and harder than she is.

52           **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, COURTYARD. DAY 9. 1115 (EARLY 1834)**           52

ANN WALKER'S carriage (with THOMAS BEECH on the back) comes flying through the barn into the courtyard.

JOSEPH MANN is just leaving via the back door of Shibden.  
ANNE LISTER comes out in his wake just in time to greet ANN.  
THOMAS opens the carriage door for ANN.

ANNE LISTER  
How was she?

ANN steps out. She's been crying. Tears of anger.

ANN WALKER  
Don't you ever. Tell my aunt  
anything about me ever again.

She heads inside. THOMAS BEECH hangs back, realising they're  
having a spat. ANNE hesitates then follows ANN inside.

53           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. DAY 9. 1115 (EARLY 1834)**           53

ANNE overtakes ANN. She stops her and says very quietly,  
right in her face, close enough to kiss but with a hint of  
just how frightening ANNE LISTER could be if she chose.

ANNE LISTER  
Please don't speak to me like that  
in front of a servant *ever again*.

54           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 9. 1125 (EARLY 1834)** 54

ANNE and ANN sit in silence. ANN WALKER's angry, hurt,  
humiliated by her Aunt's attack on her, and ANNE LISTER's  
struggling with the burden of worrying that this just *will*  
*not work*, despite the steps they've already taken towards  
being married, and despite her best efforts. Eventually -

ANN WALKER  
I'm sorry. You're the last person  
in the world I want to take things  
out on.

ANNE shakes her head as though to try and dismiss it as  
graciously as she can, but she's fighting her own demons.

ANNE LISTER  
I wanted [to] -  
(she doesn't want to break  
down in front of ANN, she  
wants to have strength  
for both of them)  
I wanted to keep her *well informed*  
of our intentions. I shan't be  
accused of doing *anything* by  
stealth. When we're together.  
Properly. Here.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I don't want anyone to be able to say we weren't transparent about it, right from the beginning.

Tearful ANN goes and takes ANNE's hand and laces her fingers through hers. Touching ANNE LISTER makes her feel so alive.

ANN WALKER

I've decided you're right. I think it's a good idea. About asking Washington and his family to house-sit at Crow Nest.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

ANN WALKER

Mm. And can we fix a date? To go to Paris? Just to *get on* with it. Just to *be* there.

ANNE LISTER

We can be off in days. You just have to say the word.

ANN WALKER

And then. When we come back. I'll write to Elizabeth. About dividing the estate. Properly.

ANNE LISTER

Will you?

ANN nods. She's sincere. ANNE's delighted.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I'll order us a set of rooms at Meurice's, it's by far [the best] -

ANN WALKER

What about your apartment? In Rue Saint Victoire?

ANNE LISTER

Oh, it's tiny!

(she laughs)

We can't stay there! I'll take you to see it, it's ridiculous! I mean I'm very fond of it, but. We'll be comfortable at Meurice's.

ANN WALKER

I love you.

They're about to kiss, but it's dodgy because they're in front of the window. ANNE eases them into her chair where they can be more intimate. An irksome memory -

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Priestley said. That when you were in Fortrose. Mr. Ainsworth turned up.

ANN WALKER

I refused to see him. And then Captain Sutherland got rid of him. Which - I realised afterwards - he only did because he wanted me to marry Alexander.

ANNE LISTER

Why didn't you tell me?

ANN WALKER

I thought it'd make you angry. Even angrier than it made me. And it breaks my heart when you're angry. So I didn't.

That melts ANNE's heart. They kiss.

ANNE LISTER

You are pretty.

ANN WALKER

In a certain light?

ANNE LISTER

In a certain light.

They're smiling. O'Hooley and Tidow kick in here, signaling the end of the episode is approaching.

55

**INT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 10. 1130 (EARLY 1834)**

55

We discover MARIANA reading a letter (ANNE's 'leave-taking' letter) with increasing agitation.

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

My dear Mary, since the past cannot be recalled, let us both make the best of the future. My days of solitude are drawing to a close. My father and aunt and sister are well satisfied with my choice, and all Shibden disagreeables are smoothed away. Be assured that heaven has ordered all things well. I am quite sure you have no reason to disapprove my choice, it is what you must have seen I was determined to do.\* Mary!

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You never had enough faith in me,  
not even half as much as I  
deserved. I doubt I will see you  
this summer, I am taking my little  
friend to Paris. My aunt rallied a  
little during the spring, and so we  
find ourselves able and eager to be  
off. When we return she will move  
into Shibden with me. Let the veil  
of charity hide whatever faults  
there have been on any side, and  
let the memory of our bygone days  
be but the record of their  
pleasures. God bless you my dearest  
Mary.

\*Here we cut to scorned MARIANA stalking the opulent barren  
corridors of Lawton Hall (with the crumpled letter in her  
hand), then staring out of a window (feeling imprisoned),  
then bawling at a SERVANT (because she's crying with jealousy  
and anger and doesn't want to be seen), "Go away!".

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Dearest Fred.

This voice over takes us into the next scene -

56      **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, TERRACE. DAY 11. 1000 (EARLY 1834)**      56

ANNE and ANN stroll on the terrace, making plans for the  
garden. MARIANA's voice over continues -

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

I earnestly pray for your  
happiness. If I have in any way  
interfered with it I have no less  
trampled on my own, for I have  
never loved any but you. Your image  
alone awakens feelings for which I  
otherwise have no use for there is  
a string within me that has never  
vibrated to any other touch but  
yours.

57      **INT. LAWTON HALL. DAY 12. 1000 (EARLY 1834)**      57

MARIANA at her writing desk. She genuinely looks wretched.  
But we sense anger too.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Your having taken another to your  
bosom has not left vacant your  
place in Mary's heart.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

You have had it too long and too exclusively to be pushed aside by another. Let Fate do her worst. There are remembrances of the past of which she cannot rob me.

58

**EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 13. 0930 (EARLY 1834)**

58

ANNE walks with her usual purpose through Halifax towards PARKER & ADAM's as MARIANA's sad/angry letter continues.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

No-one knows, not even you Fred, what I have gone through with Mr. Lawton, and at this moment I feel as little caring for the future of the world as if twenty-four hours would *close my existence*.

59

**INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. DAY 13. 0935 (EARLY 1834)**

59

ANNE's with MR. PARKER.

MR. PARKER

I'm afraid the highest bid for Northgate fell rather short of your reserve price. Just over three thousand pounds less. In fact. At six thousand three hundred and fifty. So unless you want to let it go at that price -

ANNE LISTER

No.

MR. PARKER

No. So. What will you do? Look for a new tenant?

ANNE's thinking. She's nodding. Yes, or -

ANNE LISTER

Or I might turn it into a hotel.

MR. PARKER

A wh[at?] - sorry?

ANNE LISTER

Well, with the town expanding the way it is, surely the demand for such things will only become greater.

MR. PARKER

Well. Yes. But... surely that would involve some significant outlay. And more borrowing.

ANNE's nodding. The idea's growing on her.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Did you know that every minute. Of every hour. Of every day. Around the clock. Whilst we've been talking just now. Christopher Rawson is still. *Still*. Stealing my coal?

PARKER assumed as much. He just thought they'd accepted that and stopped talking about it

MR. PARKER

Well. All right. But what's that got to do with - ?

ANNE LISTER

If he sees me spending money he's - hopefully, sooner or later - going to think a lot harder about mocking me like this without facing any consequences. I'm glad it didn't sell, it would've looked weak.

60

**EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 13. 1030 (EARLY 1834)**

60

ANNE's striding back through the barn to Shibden, we're right behind her. She's carrying her robust mood about the non-sale of Northgate, and her determinedly positive response to it with her -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

The more, my dearest Mary, I reflect upon the past, the more I am appalled at the inconsistency of your conduct. That you should grieve so deeply now is a heavy misfortune to us both.

61

**INT. LAWTON HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 13. 1030 (EARLY 1834)**

61

MARIANA and CHARLES sit at opposite ends of their ridiculous, long breakfast table. MARIANA reads ANNE's letter.

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

Whatever you may have 'gone through' I cannot easily believe it exceeds the misery, the *ruthless desolation* that fell upon myself. To me it was more sudden than the lightning's glare. In pity and in common justice Mary, *remember this*.

MARIANA glances at oblivious CHARLES, who just happens to be doing something charmless (but human) like sucking something out of his teeth. We feel MARIANA's desolation and anger.

62

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN, HOUSEBODY. DAY 13. 1031 (EARLY 62 1834)**

In the kitchen, MARIAN is involved in some sort of altercation with JAMES CLAYTON. CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY, EUGÉNIE, JOSEPH BOOTH all present.

MARIAN LISTER

Miss Lister will say exactly the same as me, I'm certain.

ANNE heads in. Behind her ANN WALKER loiters in the housebody, keen not to get involved.

ANNE LISTER

What's the matter?

MARIAN LISTER

James arrived. Just after Thomas left. He says he isn't accustomed to wearing second-hand livery.

JAMES CLAYTON

I'm not wearing cast-offs.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Lowe will be here to measure you and adjust everything later today. Good God, man! It's clean, and it's perfectly customary even in the *finest* houses -

JAMES CLAYTON

You've wasted my time.

ANNE LISTER

And you've wasted mine.

JAMES CLAYTON

Cheapskate.

Ooh.

ANNE LISTER

You'd better gather your belongings, I'll pay you for the one day you - *haven't* - worked for me but then you can find your own way back to York. I knew I'd made a bad decision. If you're still on the premises in twenty minutes I'll shoot you for trespassing.

(JAMES CLAYTON manages a bit of a sneer, then walks out)

Joseph! How much do you know these days about carriages?

JOSEPH BOOTH

Well... I picked up a bit ma'am. From Thomas. He was always showing me things, so -

ANNE LISTER

Excellent. You're coming to Paris with me and Miss Walker. Carry on.

She walks out. JOSEPH BOOTH is like *YESSS!!! Oh my God*, he can't believe it! We glimpse CORDINGLEY: see, she was testing you! MARIAN's delighted for him too, but it's not quite as simple as that. She follows ANNE out...

63

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 13. 1033. 63  
CONTINUOUS (EARLY 1834)**

MARIAN LISTER

Anne? Anne. Anne. Anne.

ANNE's just getting her pistol out and loading it. That one she shot Percy with. ANN WALKER continues to observe all this (with a mixture of amazement and amusement), following them to near the study door, without actually getting involved.

ANNE LISTER

Yes.

MARIAN LISTER

If - just - if you and Miss Walker take Joseph, who will act as valet to Father? *I can't help dress him, I might...*

(ANNE: Might? What?)

see something I don't want to see.

ANNE LISTER

There was a boy I saw in York. Knew nothing about carriages and mumbled but was otherwise presentable and honest.

(she gets her little notebook out and flicks through it with one hand, pistol in the other)

Matthew Avison. I'll write to Mrs. Williamson in Colliergate and ask her to send him over. You can take him on trial for a few weeks.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh - and...

(realising what she's doing)

You're not really going to shoot him are you?

ANNE LISTER

Only if I have to.

Let's see ANN WALKER's reaction: she had no idea this is how ANNE behaves at home. How thrilling!

MARIAN LISTER

Erm - yes - Cordingley. Just to say. I think I might've got the wrong end of the stick.

ANNE LISTER

Mm?

MARIAN LISTER

About her and Thomas.

(a whisper)

His mother died. When you were in Copenhagen. He didn't know 'til you got back. And when I saw them, he'd just been telling Mrs. Cordingley how heart-broken he was. That she'd not live to see him get married. And she was just... comforting him.

ANNE's appalled. It's at this point ANN decides to make her presence known.

ANN WALKER

Hello.

ANNE LISTER

(delighted)

Ah!

(then to MARIAN)

Why didn't he tell me? About his mother.

MARIAN LISTER

Well... they're all a bit scared of  
you aren't they?

ANNE LISTER

(she has a loaded gun in  
her hand, she's just  
cocking the trigger)

Why?

MARIAN LISTER

He didn't tell you he had frostbite  
either. On the ferry across the  
Great Belt. In two of his fingers.  
Possibly for the same reason, I  
don't know.

This shocks ANNE. Is she really so unaware of other people's  
suffering? She weighs things up and heads back to the  
kitchen.

ANNE LISTER

(as she walks past ANN)

Excuse me.

We go with her...

64

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 13. 1035 (EARLY 1834)**

64

...ANNE heads in with her loaded pistol.

ANNE LISTER

Elizabeth.

CORDINGLEY freezes at the sight of the gun, which terrifies  
her. She concentrates on not looking at it.

CORDINGLEY

Yes mam.

ANNE LISTER

Just...

(like men, ANNE LISTER can  
only apologise obliquely)  
that was a very good plum pudding.  
We had. At dinner last night.

CORDINGLEY

Thank you mam.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

Perhaps we glimpse ANN WALKER again. Bemused perhaps by life  
with the Listers, but again more than anything the whole  
atmosphere here makes her feel like she's *living life* - at  
last.

65 **EXT. FRANCE, THE PARIS BARRIER AT CHICHY. DAY 14. 1720 (EARLY 1834)**

JOSEPH BOOTH rides along on the back of Anne's yellow carriage, delighted by the novelty of it all (even though this is now almost two weeks into their trip). He nudges EUGÉNIE, "Look at that!" Everything's new to him. He waves at some LITTLE URCHINS who are playing in the dust at the side of the road, and they wave back. As we swing around him (so we're behind him) and look up, we can see the twin towers of Notre Dame ahead, and the skyline of Paris, as they approach the city gates at Chichy.

66 **INT/EXT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE/ROAD TO PARIS. DAY 14. 1720 (EARLY 1834)**

ANNE and ANN delighted with the view out of their windows as they travel along.

MARIANA LAWTON  
(V.O, her voice dark)  
Dearest Fred. The die is cast and Mary must abide by the throw. You at least will be happy and this will teach her to be so who has nothing to hope for herself. Yours entirely and forever. Mariana.

We look close into ANNE's thoughts, apparently so happy, but still with MARIANA on her mind.

67 **INT. LAWTON HALL. DAY 14. 1800 (EARLY 1834)** 67

One last glimpse of MARIANA; the woman scorned who will have her revenge.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**