

# Gentleman Jack 2

## Episode 2

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**2<sup>nd</sup> YELLOW 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.

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1       **INT. HOTEL DE LA TERRASSE, DINING ROOM. PARIS. DAY 15. 1900 1**  
**(LATE 1834)**

The height of the season, the place buzzing with English visitors. ANNE and ANN share a dining table. ANN WALKER is thrilled to have her dazzling lover's undivided attention -

ANNE LISTER

Lord Stuart was terribly useful, he was the British Ambassador here, so he invited me to balls and soirées, and I invited Lady Stuart and the girls and their cousin - Miss Hobart - to Le Jardin des Plantes! Where I was studying with Monsieur Cuvier, which was a great privilege, because it wasn't really open to the public! They were *thrilled*, not least when M'sieur Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire *himself* came along and gave them an ad hoc lecture on *la baleine!* We were *inside the whale* -

2       **INT. JARDIN DES PLANTES, BLUE WHALE SKELETON. FLASHBACK 1. 2**  
**1400 (1828)**

1828. ANNE, ELDERLY LADY STUART, her two TEENAGE GRANDDAUGHTERS and VERE are gawping up at the bones of the giant denuded creature that envelops them as SAINT-HILAIRE explains what's what.

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

- and there we are with one of the foremost thinkers of the day! Sadly he got called away and I had to continue the lecture myself -

We glimpse VERE - just as thrilled and fascinated with ANNE LISTER as ANN WALKER is - murmur to one of the teenage STUART GIRLS (as ANNE holds court with facts and figures about how the baleen inside the whale's mouth works) -

VERE HOBART

Isn't Miss Lister *fascinating?*

3       **INT. HOTEL DE LA TERRASSE, DINING ROOM. PARIS. DAY 15. 1901 3**  
**(LATE 1834)**

ANN WALKER

(mesmerised)

They must have been mesmerised.

ANNE LISTER

Vere said the girls thought I explained it better than M'sieur Saint-Hilaire! Now *he's* a fascinating man. Cleverer than Cuvier. He describes himself as a Deist, and so believes in a God, but also in the *natural* law of the universe, and so doesn't interpret the Bible as literal.

(touching ANN's hand,  
gazing at her)

And neither should we.

Approaching (from behind ANNE, so she hasn't seen her) is a woman who walks not unlike Anne walked when she arrived at the Queen's birthday ball in Denmark.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

***My darling girl!***

(ANNE's face [to camera]:  
oh shit. ANNE rises to  
her feet and turns around  
smiling)

They said you were here! Little -  
(kiss)

thingy -  
(kiss)

doo-dah -  
(kiss)(three times,  
they're in France)

did in reception at Meurice's, and  
*this must be Miss Walker!*

(she takes MISS WALKER'S  
hand and kisses it)

Enchanté.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker, Miss Norcliffe.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Tib.

ANN WALKER

I've heard a -  
(nervous, she stammers  
over the word)  
lilot about you.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Oh good Lord! Can I sit down before  
I fall over? I've been on the  
sauce.

(to MISS WALKER)

I haven't, I just said it to see  
the look on this magnificent  
creature's face. *Yes!* Hello.

(MORE)

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
(grabbing a WAITER)  
Bonjour. I would like -

WAITER  
Vous restez pour - ?

*Are you - ?*

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Juste un petit apéritif, pas de  
dîner.

*Not, no dinner, I'd just like a little aperitif -*

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
I've left Charlotte and Mrs. Milne  
asleep on the bed, I think I've  
exhausted them. Je vais prendre un  
p'tit St Raphaël. Merci.

*I'd like a little St Raphaël, thank you.*

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(the WAITER goes)  
Why aren't you at Meurice's?

ANNE decided to avoid Meurice's when she knew TIB was there, hoping to avoid the possibility of any awkward conversations (like this one). And so a little white lie is called for -

ANNE LISTER  
Well he only had a fifth floor  
apartment left available, so [we  
came here] -

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Well it's very nice to see you.  
Both of you! Tell me all about  
yourself, Miss Walker.

Put on the spot, ANN struggles to know where to start. TIB's concentration drifts off as she sees a DOODY CHICK walk past, and then just as MISS WALKER's thought of something to say -

ANN WALKER  
Well I -

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)  
Ooh! You *must* go and see *La  
Jeunesse de Henri* at the  
Palais-Royal! We were there  
last night, it's a riot. We  
couldn't speak for hooting. I  
fell off my chair. We had a  
box.

ANNE LISTER  
Well yes we'll have a look [at  
what's on] -

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Have you met Mrs. Milne, Miss  
Walker? You met my sister  
Charlotte.

ANN WALKER  
Yes, at Langton, and your mother  
and your brother but no, not [Mrs] -

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Mrs. Milne is Mrs. Lawton's rather  
wayward sister.

ANN WALKER  
Is she?

ANNE LISTER's trying to telepathise to TIB: *shut the fuck up.*

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Made rather a fool of herself over  
an army officer years ago and -  
(picking up ANNE's signal)  
- well we're none of us perfect. So  
yes! You must get tickets.

ANN WALKER  
Who's Mrs. Lawton?

TIB hesitates for fear of putting her foot in it twice. Of  
course the hesitation speaks volumes to ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER  
She's Dr. Belcombe's sister. A  
friend of ours. From years ago.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Oh of course, you know Steph.  
(then to ANNE)  
Have you seen her lately? Mrs.  
Lawton.

ANNE LISTER  
No. Not since... oh, before I went  
to Copenhagen. We travelled up to  
London together.

So that's quite recently in ANN WALKER's sense of things. And  
it's certainly never been mentioned. Of course this strikes  
MISS WALKER.

ANN WALKER  
I didn't know he had sisters.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE  
Oh yes! A whole flock of them! Mrs.  
Lawton. Mrs. Milne. Nantz. Louisa.  
Eliza.

(MORE)

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)

(and ANNE's had all of  
them)

Quite a list, eh? My darling lovely  
gorgeous sweet magnificence.

(ANNE keeps smiling,  
hoping it expresses  
nothing)

What're you doing tomorrow?  
(she can't resist eyeing  
ANN up, it's a habit)  
Miss Walker?

ANN WALKER

We're going to the Louvre.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Are you? Well that's excellent! In  
fact it's perfect.

(she winks at ANNE, then  
glances around casually  
for her drink)

So are we.

**OPENING TITLES**

4 pt1 **EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY 16. 0855 (LATE 1834)** 4 pt1

ANNE and Ann making their way through a busy street.

4 **INT. THE LOUVRE. DAY 16. 0915 (LATE 1834)** 4

ANNE LISTER is weighing up Raphael's *La Belle Jardinière* when  
TIB comes up behind her. Just before TIB makes her presence  
known, ANNE becomes aware of CHARLOTTE's voice -

CHARLOTTE NORCLIFFE

Miss *Walker!* How delightful, how  
are you?

- a good few yards to her right, where ANN WALKER was  
perusing another painting. ANNE turns and sees CHARLOTTE and  
another woman (MRS. MILNE) envelop ANN with lively chat.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

She hasn't got a clue. Has she?  
About the vast rich tapestry of  
your fruity past.

ANNE LISTER

And it'd be really *nice* if we could  
keep it that way.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Did you explain 'tuft hunter' away  
as a sporting term then?

The hateful phrase sends a shock of pain through ANNE's nervous system. She hides it as well as she can, and perhaps only looks like she suddenly got hit by a bad smell.

ANNE LISTER

Oddly enough it's not arisen.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Isn't she a bit insipid for you?  
She's not really one of your "sweet  
interesting creatures". Is she.

ANNE LISTER

There's more to her than meets the  
eye.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

You mean in bed?

Again, the bad smell thing.

ANNE LISTER

Not here. Tib.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Sorry.

ANNE LISTER

Be happy for me.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

I am.

(she becomes sincere)

I'm always happy for you, my  
darling. You know that. But what  
about Mariana? Is she happy for  
you?

ANNE LISTER

Mariana's made her own choices.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Did Mariana ever really have  
choices? Like we did.

ANNE LISTER

Until I inherited Shibden I had  
noth[ing] -

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

No. You always had something money  
could never buy. Something that was  
always going to take you wherever  
you wanted to go. Not everyone's a  
force of nature like you are.

ANNE enjoys the compliment. We get a frisson of the great  
fondness that still exists between ANNE and TIB.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)

Why do I worry about Mariana? She  
stole you from me.

(MORE)

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE (CONT'D)

Although if it hadn't been her it  
would've been someone else.  
Wouldn't it? After all -  
(she lowers her voice  
discreetly)  
- two jacks don't suit.

Again we see the jarring effect on ANNE's sensibilities  
created by the insult 'jack'.

ANNE LISTER

I'm going to have to whisk Miss  
Walker away. We only came to see  
the Raphael and the Murillo, I  
don't want her to strain her eyes  
over things of lesser value.  
(checks her watch)  
And I promised Madame de Bourke  
we'd be with her in the Rue du  
Faubourg Saint-Honoré at ten.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

Of course.

ANNE lingers another moment, then heads over to the others  
with a charming smile.

ANNE LISTER

Charlotte!  
(kiss kiss kiss)  
Mrs. Milne.  
(she only shakes a tepid  
hand with MRS. MILNE)  
How are you?

We linger on TIB observing ANNE wistfully.

5 **EXT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE. DAY 17. 1300 (LATE 1834) 5**

MARIAN LISTER pulls the bell-pull.

6 **INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, DINING ROOM. DAY 17. 1301 (LATE 1834) 6**

AUNT ANN WALKER eats lunch alone, reading her *Penny Magazine*.  
A FOOTMAN knocks and enters.

FOOTMAN

Mam. Miss Lister's at the door.  
(AUNT ANN WALKER: *who?*)  
Miss *Marian*. Lister.

7 **INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 17. 1305 (LATE 1834) 7**

AUNT ANN WALKER sits stiffly with MARIAN, who's doing her  
best to make this a cheerful visit.

MARIAN LISTER

My aunt would've popped over herself. But she's lucky if she can get out into the garden these days. With her ulcers.

(no response)

So no so she was anxious to know that you'd been receiving her notes. Only with there being no reply she didn't know one way or the other.

(no response)

Miss Walker.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Yes. I've been receiving them.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh good. Oh she'll be relieved. Oh and she told me to assure you that Miss Walker will write to you herself. From Paris. Now they've got there. We had a letter just last night.

(no response)

And the good news! Is that Anne - my Anne, our Anne - is very much better. She became ill with a fever just after they set off to London and she was knocked up apparently.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Oh dear.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh she's much better now! But the net result is that Miss Walker felt that my sister has been working too hard, which of course she *has*, and so they've decided on another month. They're going to the Alps.

AUNT ANN WALKER

The *Alps?!!*

MARIAN LISTER

Well Anne's always wanted to conquer Mont Blanc and she thought the mountain air would do them both a world of good. Which it will. So.

AUNT ANN WALKER is astonished.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You do know that no-one in Miss Walker's family knew *anything* about this *jaunt*. Until after they'd set off? Don't you.

MARIAN LISTER

I don't think that's true, Miss  
Wa[lker] -

AUNT ANN WALKER

It's as true as I'm *sitting here!*  
How dare you tell me it's *not true!*

MARIAN LISTER

The trip was discussed for some  
time, it was only the finer details  
they hadn't -

AUNT ANN WALKER

At Shibden Hall *maybe!* Not anywhere  
*else!* And why am I being *sent*  
*messages* anyway? Why is my niece  
not *communicating* with me herself?

MARIAN LISTER

Well I know you -  
(delicately)  
*had* had a bit of a spat. With her.  
So perhaps that was [why] -

AUNT ANN WALKER

My niece is a vulnerable young  
woman, Miss Lister. If I had had a  
'spat' with her it was only because  
I was trying to communicate to her  
how... *worldly*. Your sister is.

MARIAN LISTER

Yes but surely... wouldn't that  
make them ideal companions? Would  
you not...? Be more worried if they  
were both vulnerable? In the Alps.

AUNT ANN WALKER

How can I put this? Your sister...  
(she struggles, she  
doesn't have the words)  
is very manipulative.

MARIAN LISTER

Well. Yes. Certainly she always  
gets what she wants. But she's  
exceedingly fond of Miss Walker -  
as we *all* are at Shibden Hall - and  
Miss Walker seems exceedingly fond  
of *her*. For two ladies disinclined  
to marry I don't think they could  
do better!

AUNT ANN WALKER

Oh. Marian.  
(gently, a whisper)  
You are naïve

8           **EXT. CROW NEST, BACK ENTRANCE. DAY 18. 1100 (LATE 1834)**           8

Two big carts loaded with household goods. The WASHINGTONS are moving into Crow Nest. SAMUEL WASHINGTON, WILLIAM HARDCASTLE and a BIG LAD unload furniture. JANE and MARY WASHINGTON help with smaller items. HENRY HARDCASTLE's here too, chewing an apple and watching, with a book. SUZANNAH (now SOWDEN) approaches.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Morning!

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

I thought I'd come and see if you needed a hand.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Your mother's in t'kitchen.

9           **INT. CROW NEST, KITCHEN. DAY 18. 1101 (LATE 1834)**           9

MRS. WASHINGTON's busy unpacking and keeping ELIZA focused on her chores when SUZANNAH comes in.

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Ah! Good. Somebody who isn't going to just *muck about*.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

I've done loads!

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Go and help your dad.

ELIZA heads outside.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

What d'you want me to do?

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Well if someone unpacked all these -  
(crates full of kitchen  
ware)

We could clear a bit of space and I could start cooking a meal.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

I wish I was moving in with you.

As she says it, it makes her emotional. It was only meant as a pleasant comment, but sadly it's only too true. She tries to resist it, she knows perfectly well her mother has enough on, but tears start. HANNAH struggles with her sympathies; she did everything she could to stop Suzannah marrying Thomas.

HANNAH WASHINGTON  
Is it no different?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN  
They're just uncivilised! *Not*  
Thomas. But it's like Amy, even *Amy*  
doesn't want to learn to read. And  
then -

She dries up.

HANNAH WASHINGTON  
What?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN  
His uncle. Making lewd comments.  
*All* the time. "You *newly-weds*, I  
know what you *newly-weds* get up  
to", and this smirk on his face,  
and I have to laugh like I think  
it's funny. And then this morning -

Dries up again.

HANNAH WASHINGTON  
What?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN  
(humiliated)  
Alf. Who's thick. Chased me with a  
pig's head. One they slaughtered  
yesterday. All round the house and  
upstairs. And they were all  
laughing! *Not* Thomas.

WASHINGTON steps in with a couple of dining chairs. He's  
smiling, happy about the move, then sees SUZANNAH's face.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
What?

10      **EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM, YARD. DAY 18. 1130 (LATE 1834)**      10

WASHINGTON gallops towards the farm on his horse.

He dismounts, ties his horse up, knocks on the open door and  
steps inside (very no-nonsense) calling -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Hello!?

11      **INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM, KITCHEN. DAY 18. 1130 (LATE 1834)**      11

WASHINGTON comes into the room, which at first he thinks is  
empty, and then discovers ALF in a corner on the floor. He's  
been badly beaten, his face smashed to pulp.

WASHINGTON had visions of coming here and giving the lad a good hiding himself. Now he finds him already whupped, he feels wrong-footed. He crouches down in front of ALF.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Who's done that to you, lad?

ALF is tearful, humiliated, angry. Frightened.

ALF SOWDEN  
*Piss off, you!*

WASHINGTON isn't one to lash out at an insult. Even if he feels the sting of it. He's more inclined to pause and consider what's behind the insult.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Where's your mother?  
(no response)  
Where's your Uncle Ben?  
(nothing)  
Not *Thomas*?

ALF SOWDEN  
Why did she even have to *come* here?  
Stupid *bitch*.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Ey ey ey!

WASHINGTON can't believe it was Thomas. Although it would make sense.

Cut to ten minutes later...

12

**INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM, KITCHEN. DAY 18. 1140 (LATE 1834)**

12

WASHINGTON tends ALF's wounds with salt water and a cloth. ALF in turn has appreciated that he didn't deserve such kindness from - above all people - Suzannah's dad. He's still pained and humiliated from the beating.

ALF SOWDEN  
I thought he'd see t'funny side.  
Our Thomas. He allus used to see  
t'funny side. Even when me dad was  
being a bastard.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON  
Yeah but. It's not funny for our  
Suzannah. Is it? You've grown up  
seeing pigs cut up. She hasn't. Eh?

ALF SOWDEN  
S'pose.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Right. So think on. Or else *I'll* be after you as well.

(WASHINGTON was about to set off, but hesitates)

Do you know owt about this business about Thomas and Dick tying your dad up in t'pig pen?

(ALF affirms with a nod)

When did you last see him? Your dad.

ALF SOWDEN

Then. We had to go into Halifax.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Who did?

ALF SOWDEN

Me and Amy. Wi' me mother. Thomas was going to untie him. So he could go and apologise. To Miss Lister. For being drunk. But... he never come back.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well he never did see Miss Lister, she'd have said.

(ALF shrugs; doesn't know)

What do you think happened to him?

ALF SOWDEN

He went to America.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yeah, do you believe that?

ALF SOWDEN

Yeah.

WASHINGTON can tell that the lad is guileless and he at least doesn't seem to be hiding anything.

13

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 19. 1500 (LATE 1834)**

13

HEMINGWAY's darning. CORDINGLEY prepares vegetables. MATTHEW AVISON (a fresh-faced 17-year-old) polishes shoes.

CORDINGLEY

Firm but fair. I'd say.

HEMINGWAY

Fair when it suits her. Either that or she'll jump through hoops explaining why something *is* fair when you both know it isn't.

MATTHEW AVISON

When she interviewed me in York...  
I was shaking.

CORDINGLEY nods, she understands.

CORDINGLEY

She grows on you.  
(HEMINGWAY: does she?)  
Well you get *used* to her.

MATTHEW AVISON

Is she...?

CORDINGLEY

What love?

MATTHEW AVISON

(he has no other words)  
*A man?*

Just then a knock-knock-knock at the outer door.

CORDINGLEY

Ooh!

MATTHEW jumps up to go and answer the door.

14      **INT/EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK ENTRANCE. DAY 19. 1501 (LATE 14  
1834)**

MATTHEW pulls the back door open. 54-year-old MR. SUNDERLAND -  
a medical man - is standing there smiling.

MR. SUNDERLAND

Ah! The new lad. Is it Ma - ?

MATTHEW AVISON

Matthew.

MR. SUNDERLAND

*Matthew!* I'm Mr. Sunderland.

15      **OMITTED**

15

16           **EXT. LA MOTTE, THE FOOTHILLS OF MONT BLANC. DAY 20. 1230**   16  
              **(LATE 1834)**

We discover ANNE and ANN with GEORGE (the servant formerly known as JOSEPH), and their two guides, MICHEL DÉVOAUSSOUD and DAVID FOLIGUET, and their three mules plodding through the foot-deep snow in the glorious sunshine. ANN WALKER is on one of the mules, JOSEPH/GEORGE on another, and the third is loaded with their belongings. ANNE prefers to walk. We see how alive and happy and free ANNE LISTER feels amongst the mountains. This is a different ANNE, an ANNE we've never quite seen before, an uncomplicated, *happy* ANNE. We see that MISS WALKER is a mixture of delighted and terrified. She feels safe, because ANNE's here, and she's awed by the world around her. JOSEPH/GEORGE is thrilled. ANNE - ahead of everyone else - stops to look at the vast view, which is just breath-taking.

17           **EXT. AUBERGE AT MOTTETS. DUSK 20. 2100 (LATE 1834)**       17

Now it's raining heavily. The pack mule is being unloaded and the other two are huddled into a stable. Mottets is little more than a collection of old, very humble farm buildings.

18       **INT. AUBERGE AT MOTTETS, BEDROOM. DUSK 20. 2105 (LATE 1834)** 18

ANNE and ANN are shown into their low-ceilinged bedroom. A small double bed fills the room. We hear cows lowing very nearby. An obliging woman, a PAYSAN, shows them in. ANNE and ANN are both happily exhausted from their day's travel.

PAYSAN  
Est-ce que la chambre vous  
convient?

*Will you be all right in here?*

ANNE LISTER  
C'est parfait. Merci.

*It's perfect. Thank you.*

PAYSAN  
Le souper sera prêt dans vingt  
minutes, madame.

*Supper will be ready in twenty minutes, madam.*

ANNE nods, smiles. The PAYSAN withdraws.

ANNE LISTER  
Did you ever imagine you'd be  
sleeping between a cow-house and a  
hayloft in the Alps?

ANN WALKER  
I've never seen you like this.

ANNE LISTER  
Like what?

ANN WALKER  
Just so... *happy*. So alive.

Aww.

19       **INT. STONEY-ROYD, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 21. 1400 (LATE 1834)** 19

We discover CHRISTOPHER RAWSON and the tribe gathered around elderly MRS. RAWSON. As the conversation unfolds we discover MR. and MRS. JEREMIAH RAWSON, MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY, MR. and MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON, MISS CATHERINE and MISS DELIA RAWSON.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY  
Elderly Miss Walker warned us, she  
said, "She'll have her in Paris  
before we know it", and has a truer  
word ever been spoken?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

And who knows where they are now.  
Geneva. Apparently. Half way up  
Mont Blanc. According to Marian.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Who we encountered. In Halifax.  
Last week. And you see, what must  
*she* think?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

It's the dereliction of duty that  
bewilders me. On top of what *on*  
*earth* people will think.

He's very low about it all, we hear it in his voice.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Her aunt did everything for her.  
*Everything*. And now she's getting  
on and can't get out so much and  
needs companionship and a helping  
hand, she's abandoned, she's  
ignored, she's -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

She's *humiliated!* As we all are!  
Because people *will talk*.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON

Of course they'll talk.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

What Captain Lister and elderly  
Miss Lister are thinking... I  
cannot begin to fathom.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Well when have *they* ever had any  
say in the matter?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Well, you'd think - you'd hope -  
they'd have *some* say in the matter  
of Miss Walker moving *in* with them  
all. At Shibden Hall.

MRS. RAWSON

Oh really?

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON

When?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

When they return! Oh yes, that's  
the plan! We were at Cliffhill. A  
month, six weeks ago? And *she*  
turned up.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

We don't socialise with her. Any more. Just to be clear. But yes.  
(bad smell)  
She turned up.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON

It makes me shudder, Mrs. Priestley. The idea of being in the same room as her. As sitting on the same sofa she's sat on.

We glimpse CATHERINE who doesn't share this fear and loathing of Anne Lister any more, but who doesn't have the courage to say anything in this august company.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

They're going to *live* together? At Shibden?

MR. PRIESTLEY heaves a heavy sigh in response because he can't bring himself to give an affirmation, and JEREMIAH makes an exhalation/expression that conveys to us just how unspeakable, unimaginable that would be.

MRS. RAWSON

(amused)  
With Anne Lister's wit, and your cousin's money, she could run the whole of Halifax!

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(quickly)  
Well then you'd better do something about it, Priestley.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Do you imagine I haven't tried?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

She needs to feel the consequences. Of what could happen.

MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON

She needs a husband.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Yes. *Who?*

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Well I liked Mr. Ains -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Not Mr. Ainsworth.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

There must be someone. I mean she must be very eligible with all that money. Despite her...

(he makes a vague gesture implying she's mental)

Health.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

We've been through every possible -

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON

What about Mr. James Ingham. Of Blake Hall in Mirfield.

(everyone: *who?*)

She visits them. From time to time. She used to.

(to CATHERINE)

Doesn't she? Catherine! Were they not friends? Of her parents? Did she and Elizabeth not used to go visit[ing]-?

(CATHERINE's looking blank)

The *Inghams!* Of *Blake Hall!* In *Mirfield.*

CATHERINE RAWSON

Oh James. Yes. She's always mentioned him fondly enough. But -

- but never in a big way. She's never gone on and on about him like she's gone on about ANNE LISTER. But it's enough for the tribe, it's got them all building castles in the air.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

And as for elderly Miss Walker needing a helper and companion up at Cliffhill, perhaps one of the younger cousins might be called upon to move in with her?

She's looking at CATHERINE and DELIA, who both look pale and terrified at the idea: no fucking way.

20

**EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM. EARLY EVENING 22. 1830 (LATE 1834)** 20

The farm and the fields in the evening sun. We discover THOMAS SOWDEN dropping a bucket load of apple and cabbage into the trough for the pigs. We look into his eyes, a man who remains haunted by his macabre secret, a secret that never gets any easier to live with. We linger on him, then he shakes it off (perhaps with a violent, surprising action, perhaps he hits his head against a post in the pig-pen) and heads over to the house.

21        **EXT. WOODS. EARLY EVENING 22. 1900 (LATE 1834)**

21

Half an hour later.

THOMAS sits alone, smoking a pipe. SUZANNAH comes to sit with him. She holds his hand, kisses his hand, plays with it.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I'm going to ask Ben to leave. He's been here long enough. He's allus goadin' t' little uns into doing daft stuff. Alf'd never've chased you wi' that pig's head if he hadn't thought it'd make Ben laugh. And then I'd never've had to smack him.

Thoughtful SUZANNAH makes no objection to the proposal.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

When?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Soon.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

Yeah, *when?*

22        **INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM. EARLY EVENING 22. 1902 (LATE 1834)**

22

MARY's washing up. BEN comes up behind her and touches her intimately. She doesn't resist.

MARY SOWDEN

Where's kids?

BEN SOWDEN

They're all outside.

He gets up inside her skirt from behind, and pushes his pants down. It's quick and passionate (while it lasts). BEN chuckles when he's come so quickly. The negotiation is fumbled but smooth enough; clearly not the first time.

MARY SOWDEN

(embarrassed now it's over)

We shouldn't do that, it's wrong.

BEN SOWDEN

Is it hell, it's natural. Fine woman like you.

He tucks himself in, and she cleans herself briskly. Then he sits and lights a pipe and watches her wash up.

BEN SOWDEN (CONT'D)

I've got this thing. Bothering me. You know at wedding? When we were coming out o' t'church. Suzannah's dad said this thing. He said, "It's a shame your Sam's not here". And I said well you coulda knocked me down with a feather when they said he'd gone to America, and he goes, "But you were t'one that wrote and told 'em". Which has mystified me. Mary. 'Cos... I didn't.

MARY hides her terror.

MARY SOWDEN

I don't know where he's got that from.

BEN SOWDEN

Well. Someone here. Presumably. You. Or Thomas. Or one o' t'kids.

MARY SOWDEN

No, it was just an assumption that he'd gone to -

BEN SOWDEN

He wasn't making it up. Somebody here made it up. So what worries me. Is that somebody's hiding something. And then -

(he nods at her skirts)

This. Worries me as well.

MARY SOWDEN

What?

BEN lowers his voice, like he *knows* it needs to be secret -

BEN SOWDEN

I don't think you'd be bothering with me. Or anyone else. If you thought there was the slightest chance of him walking through that door.

(MARY's too nervous to lie, too nervous to tell the truth)

He's dead isn't he?

Heavy rain, dark skies. ANNE's heavily laden carriage battles through the elements, groaning and creaking. On the outside, the POST-BOY (i.e.

driver) sits up front urging the horses on faster, and JOSEPH/GEORGE is on the back in his great coat, cape and tricorne hat.

24        **INT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE, ROAD TO VICHY. DAY 23. 1740**    24  
          **(LATE 1834)**

ANN and EUGÉNIE are asleep. ANNE reads a letter (just enough light to read by on this dark overcast day). ANNE isn't her happiest self; after their mammoth two-week expedition in the foothills, the summit of Mont Blanc has eluded her because of the rubbish weather, and Mariana's written.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

For the first time in my life,  
Fred, I know not where to find you.  
I am sending this via your sister  
at Shibden in the hope that she at  
least will know where to reach you.  
I have put off my journey up to  
London due to a low fever...

Cutting with:

25        **INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY X1. 1300 (LATE 1834)**    25

We see MARIANA writing the letter, and she does indeed look ill; drawn, thin, dark under her eyes.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O. continues)

which has reduced me to little more  
than skin and bone. I can coax  
neither rest nor appetite. I have  
lived for the last fortnight on  
port wine and jellies, but at least  
have a bed to myself. You would not  
recognise me. On Monday I begin  
with the shower bath and hope in a  
few weeks to be allowed to ride.  
Your happiness and comfort are very  
dear to me and if in Miss Walker  
you have secured both I will not be  
the last of your friends to  
rejoice...

26        **INT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE, ROAD TO VICHY. DAY 23. 1741**    26  
          **(LATE 1834)**

Unbeknown to ANNE LISTER, ANN WALKER has opened her eyes (drowsily) and sees her reading the letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O. continues)

One may live in the world and have no traffic in hearts, but the quiet country fireside would be cruelly insipid had it none of this ingredient to flavour it, and God forbid that in yours it should ever be wanting. You have lived long enough on hope, dearest, and now all you desired has come. Your little friend will always be a source of interest to me, and I will never rob her of her due, but I am by no means sure that I could ever be an impartial judge".

ANN spots how wistful, sad, the letter appears to make ANNE.

27 **EXT. HOTEL MONTARET, VICHY. NIGHT 23. 2210 (LATE 1834)** 27

It's properly dark (and still bucketing down). The carriage is parked outside the Hotel Montaret, a dilapidated auberge.

28 **INT. HOTEL MONTARET, BEDROOM. VICHY. NIGHT 23. 2215 (LATE 1834)** 28

ANNE and ANN in bed. Post-coital, floppy, tired, intimate. ANNE enveloping ANN in her arms, and both facing this way.

ANN WALKER

Tell me about Mrs. Lawton.

(ANNE didn't expect this)

You looked so sad. Looking over the letter you received from her in Geneva.

ANNE has to think carefully about how candid she can be.

ANNE LISTER

She has rather a lot to deal with. That's all. And what saddens my friends saddens me.

ANN WALKER

What sort of things?

ANNE LISTER

Well she's not been well. And it's made her rather low.

ANN WALKER

D'you remember in Paris? At the Louvre. Mrs. Milne said a curious thing. She said... she laughed. And turned to Charlotte.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

And said, "Mariana would not be too pleased. If she saw her successor".

(ANNE's heart silently goes into melt-down)

I wish you'd tell me things. Anne. Otherwise I just look foolish.

ANNE LISTER has to find a place between her inconvenient conscience and her Machiavellian instincts where she can express some truth about her past.

ANNE LISTER

All right. Look. What you have to understand is... that I'm older than you. And I have had a life.

ANN WALKER

But you said. You'd never done *this*. With anyone. Before.

ANNE LISTER

I barely knew you when I said that, I was terrified of what you might think of me.

(she speaks haltingly)

There [have] has been [others] another.

Silence.

ANN WALKER

And Charlotte and Mrs. Milne *know*? Because if they know about *that* they'll make assumptions about *me*.

ANNE LISTER

No. No. Not about that. *This*. They only know that Mariana. And I. Were devoted to one other. For a time. Don't be jealous. I'm so much happier now. Happier than I've ever been.

She isn't, she's just willing herself to be.

ANN WALKER

When was this?

ANNE LISTER

I met her in 1810. In York. Through Tib, she was a friend of Tib's. I was nineteen. I was dazzled by her. And she liked me. And nature took its course. And then. In 1816. Her family arranged for her to marry Mr. Charles Lawton. Of Lawton Hall. In Cheshire.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

And so from the age of twenty-eight she found herself trapped in a loveless marriage with a man as old as her father. We had hoped to settle together, but that was it. All off. We've remained friends. But it's not always been easy. Her function. Of course. Was to produce an heir. Which she has failed to do. Her misery in the matter compounded by the fact that he's since had a child with one of the servants.

ANN WALKER

No! Oh that's - !

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Beneath contempt.

ANN WALKER

How d[id] - ? Did they cover it up?

ANNE LISTER

Oh he persuaded one of his groundsmen - Grantham - to marry the woman. And so the child is growing up. On the estate. Right under Mariana's nose. And it's unmistakably his, I've seen it. Him. And the point is. She gets very low. From time to time. And it saddens me. Because she deserves better.

ANNE's heart rate has increased in the telling of this tale. Because she is still in love with Mariana. However much she tries to deny it or resist it. We can see it in her eyes.

29

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 24. 1310 (LATE 1834) 29**

JEREMY and AUNT ANNE are sitting in front of the fire. MR. SUNDERLAND is trying to listen to JEREMY's chest. AUNT ANNE's reading Anne's latest out loud. MATTHEW has poured madeira for everyone and distributes it.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

"At Saint-Étienne we visited the Côte Thiollière coal pit. Rapid descent.

(MORE)

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Adny looked frightened so I sent her back up to the top". She calls Miss Walker 'Adny' now.

JEREMY LISTER

Andy?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Adny!

JEREMY LISTER

Why?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(shakes her head, no idea)  
"Monsieur Vachier, the chief engineer" - I've no idea - "very civil" -

JEREMY LISTER

(realising)  
She didn't take Miss Walker down a pit!

He knocks back his madeira, seemingly oblivious to the fact that he's having a medical examination.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well you know what she's like. You could never accuse her of not knowing how to show someone a good time. "Then at Firminy, Monsieur Morello showed me how his 24-horse power steam engine pump works. I have learned a great deal. It was here we heard the unfortunate news that Melbourne has become Prime Minister. Not for long, I trust, or where will it end? We travelled through the night and arrived back in Paris on Wednesday and neither of us were the worse for it. My intention if my carriage doesn't collapse - "

(she groans)

" - is to be back with you all at Shibden no later than Saturday next". Oh!

(the prospect of seeing Anne's face fills AUNT ANNE with such delight)

Mine and your new niece's best love to you all".

The letter has obviously captured JEREMY's imagination -

JEREMY LISTER

I ought to get out more. I think I  
might buy myself a little gig.

(he grabs the business end  
of the stethoscope and  
speaks into it like a  
telephone)

*Eh, Mr. Sunderland?!*

That makes MR. SUNDERLAND jump.

30 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, CARRIAGE DRIVE / COURTYARD. DUSK 25. 2055.  
(LATE 1834)**

The light is starting to fall. ANNE's heavily-laden carriage  
clatters along the carriage drive and through the open big  
back gates into the outer court yard.

31 **INT. ANNE'S YELLOW CARRIAGE. DUSK 25. 2055. CONTINUOUS. (LATE  
1834)**

They head through the gates and towards the barn. ANN  
WALKER's made a decision and now makes the brave step of  
committing to it by saying it out loud -

ANN WALKER

First thing in the morning we  
should go over to Cliffhill and see  
my aunt. Take her presents, let her  
see how well I am, not take any  
nonsense from her and put  
*everything right.*

ANNE's delighted; ANN's learning her strategies.

32 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DUSK 25. 2055. CONTINUOUS (LATE  
1834)**

CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY, JOHN BOOTH and MATTHEW.

*She's here!*

33 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, COURTYARD. DUSK 25. 2056. CONTINUOUS (LATE  
1834)**

MARIAN, CORDINGLEY, HEMINGWAY, JOHN BOOTH and MATTHEW emerge  
from the house as ANNE, ANN, JOSEPH/GEORGE and EUGÉNIE  
disembark from the carriage. The servants unload the carriage  
and the hired POST-BOY jumps down to uncouple his horses.

MARIAN LISTER

You made it!

ANNE LISTER  
Of course we made it!

MARIAN LISTER  
I meant the *carriage* made it!

ANN WALKER  
We were changing horses in  
Leicester at two o'clock this  
morning!

ANNE LISTER  
Cordingley. Hemingway.

CORDINGLEY & HEMINGWAY  
Ma'am.

CORDINGLEY  
You remember Matthew?

ANNE LISTER  
Ah, Matthew!

MATTHEW AVISON  
(terrified)  
Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER  
How've you settled in?

MATTHEW AVISON  
Very well, ma'am. Thank you ma'am.

JOSEPH/GEORGE  
(offering his hand to  
MATTHEW)  
Matthew, I'm George.

MARIAN LISTER  
(following ANNE inside)  
What's this 'George'? Why are we  
calling him George?

ANNE LISTER  
It's his middle name! We found out  
when we applied for his passport,  
and Adny and I agreed it's a much  
*better* sort of name for a footman.

The toffs go inside leaving the plebs to unload the carriage.

CORDINGLEY  
Look at you! Eh?

HEMINGWAY  
You've grown. He's grown.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Look at this. Miss Lister bought me a gold watch! In London. She said I left the realm a boy and I came back a man.

EUGÉNIE

A moi, Elle m'a acheté des bas de laine à Newport Pagnell et lui, il a eu une montre en or à Londres.

*She bought me some woollen stockings in Newport Pagnell, he gets a gold watch in London.*

JOSEPH/GEORGE is so proud of himself, having impressed Miss Lister. EUGÉNIE and MATTHEW encounter one another in the hurly-burly of unloading the carriage.

MATTHEW AVISON

How d'you do.

EUGÉNIE

Bonjour.

On the quiet EUGÉNIE checks MATTHEW out from behind, and he checks her out similarly, each unaware that the other one has done exactly the same thing.

34      **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 26. 0820 (LATE 1834)**      34

Establisher: a shiny new day.

35      **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 26. 0820 (LATE 1834)**      35

Breakfast the next morning. ANNE, ANN, JEREMY, AUNT ANNE, MARIAN. MATTHEW (who remains terrified of ANNE LISTER, she can see his hands shake when he serves her) waits on them.

ANNE LISTER

No, this was when we were going over the border from Switzerland into Italy. Before we got to Mont Blanc. I'd bought Adny some lace handkerchiefs and we were told at the hotel they'd be confiscated by the customs house, which vexed me because they were expensive! So -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(realising)

You didn't smuggle them?!

ANNE LISTER

I had to!

ANN WALKER

She pinned them inside her -

Suddenly her embarrassment/amusement kicks in.

ANNE LISTER

Drawers.

(MATTHEW'S shocked)

I *had* to! It was the only way.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

That's *contraband*!

ANNE LISTER

In the event, I needn't have bothered. The Sardinian Carabinieri asked if there was anything *à déclarer*, I just said "*Non!*" and that was it.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What if they'd searched you?

ANNE LISTER

They didn't.

MARIAN LISTER

But what if they *had*?

ANNE LISTER

They didn't.

MARIAN LISTER

But if they *had*.

ANNE LISTER

Which they didn't.

Busting to get his own news in -

JEREMY LISTER  
I've ordered a gig! A britsker!  
(nodding MARIAN's way)  
Did she tell you?

ANNE LISTER  
You have? You have?

JEREMY LISTER  
Brand new. From Mr. Piercy in  
Halifax. Hundred guineas. Says he  
can deliver it in a fortnight.

ANNE's like "*Why?*" to MARIAN, who rolls her eyes like, "*I tried to stop him but you know what he's like*".

ANNE LISTER  
You do know those things can go  
very fast. Don't you?

JEREMY LISTER  
Oh yes! But like Mr. Abbott said.  
You can't hang about when you get  
to my age.

ANNE LISTER  
Sorry, Mr - ?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(drily: yes, you heard it)  
Abbott.

MARIAN LISTER  
We bumped into him. In Halifax.  
Turns out he's *not* engaged to Miss  
Greenwood. Of Field House. Mr.  
Rawson lied. Or got the wrong end  
of the stick or *something*. He  
doesn't even know her.

ANNE's vexed to hear that she may not have put that little  
baby to bed. Outside, a cart trundles into the yard.

ANNE LISTER  
That'll be the man from Pickford's.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
Who?

ANNE LISTER

(heading out, checking her  
watch)

I'm sending the carriage up to  
Baxters. In London. To be repaired  
and refurbished.

(to ANN)

And then we need to set off over to  
Lightcliffe.

(ANN is now nervous about  
her decision to go to see  
her aunt)

And then I've got a thousand other  
things to do today.

36

**EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM. DAY 26. 0900 (LATE 1834)**

36

BEN is observing the pigs, smoking his pipe. THOMAS comes up  
behind him.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Ben?

BEN SOWDEN

Oh hello. I was just talking to  
t'pigs.

THOMAS SOWDEN

Have they said owt interesting?

BEN SOWDEN

They're better listeners than  
talkers. I find.

BEN's smiling like he knows more than he's letting on. THOMAS  
keeps calm.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I was thinking, wondering...

(cautiously)

if it's time you moved on? When you  
came. At beginning. It was never  
meant to be permanent, and me and  
Suzannah, we'll be starting a  
family soon, so -

BEN SOWDEN

I had an interesting conversation  
with your mother. About your dad.

THOMAS SOWDEN

(wrong-footed)

What about me dad?

BEN's smiling, he always smiles.

BEN SOWDEN

Well first off there's this rubbish about me writing to say he'd gone to America. Which -

(a shrug)

didn't. Then second. When I said to her, "He's dead, isn't he? Or else why lie about a letter?" Well she's just a bit shit at lying, isn't she? So when she's going -

(a silly impression of Mary)

"No, we don't know, nobody knows what happened to him"... well, I *just didn't* believe her.

(he looks at the pigs again)

I think somebody here knows more than they're saying. Or why lie in t'first place?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Don't you be bullying me mother, she -

BEN SOWDEN

I didn't. I said to her, I do know what a bastard he was. And I know he was handy with his fists, he knocked me about enough when we were lads. Wouldn't surprise me if tempers'd got frayed and one thing'd led to another. And then the great thing about a pig is... it will eat anything. I grew up wi' pigs, same as your dad. Same as you. I know all about 'em.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I don't know what you're talking about.

BEN SOWDEN

You do. You're shaking. You've gone pale. Same as your mother did.

(he continues to speak gently, confidentially, persuasively)

I'm not here to rock the boat, lad. I couldn't care less. But I don't really want to have to move on. I'm happy here. I belong, I'm family.

(he pats THOMAS's face)

I'm on your side.

BEN wanders off (still smiling), off to whatever he fancies doing next. THOMAS realises he has no power over him.



ANN WALKER

We think we shall go back there,  
its recuperative properties were so  
beneficial to us.

ANNE LISTER

And soon!  
(offering her hand)  
Miss Walker.

AUNT ANN ignores ANNE's proffered hand of friendship. ANNE's left hanging, but it doesn't diminish her smile. Eventually she glances at the camera, murmurs "Oh well", and pats AUNT ANN matily on the shoulder instead with a wink.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

We brought you some gifts back from  
our travels. Adny chose them in  
Paris, her taste is impeccable,  
much like your own, Miss Walker. I  
can't imagine you won't be  
delighted with them. Shall I sit  
with you, Miss Rawson? What an  
exquisite dress.

ANN WALKER sits too, beside where her AUNT appears to have been sitting before the footman showed them in. Then MISS RAWSON sits, and so AUNT ANN WALKER is left hanging/standing.

MARY RAWSON

Oh! Thank you. I bought it in  
Hudd[ersfield] -

ANNE LISTER

Incandescent. The colour suits you  
no end, and good Lord! It matches  
your eyes. The colour. Your cousin,  
Miss Rawson, believe it or not,  
less than five short weeks ago came  
this -

(three millimetres)

- on the map at least - close, to  
reaching the summit of Mont Blanc,  
and was only defeated by *the* most  
atrocious weather. We were hugely  
unlucky and terribly disappointed,  
but as she says, we will go back.

ANN WALKER

I can't begin to tell you what  
adventures we've had. Aunt. What  
breath-taking views we've seen!  
Things that lift the soul! We waded  
*knee-deep* in Alpine snow! Are you  
going to sit down? Please sit down.

ANNE LISTER

Picture us Miss Walker, if you can, being carried on the shoulders of our guides, David and Michel, who were waist deep in water when the bridge we *had* to cross - or we'd have been lost to the elements - collapsed in the storm!

ANN WALKER

You've never seen such rain! And *thunder and lightning!* Miss Lister lost *all* her travel notes.

ANNE LISTER

Gone! In the deluge. Fortunately I'd left my journal *proper* back at Sallanches. With Eugénie. My lady's maid.

Perhaps AUNT ANN does sit down during this (unsure when it might end, and not great on her legs). Perhaps her manner now is more defeated and sad than snippy.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were here last week.

ANNE LISTER

Ah! Local news!

AUNT ANN WALKER

And they were telling me that in York, Miss Lister. *You*. Are reported to have said that you would never have anything to do with Miss Walker's "troublesome friends" ever again.

ANN WALKER

Aunt -

AUNT ANN WALKER

I assume that you count *me* as one of my niece's "troublesome friends". And in that capacity -

ANNE LISTER

I'm afraid you've been sadly misinformed, Miss Walker.

AUNT ANN WALKER

And in that capa[city] -

ANN WALKER

Aunt -

ANNE LISTER

I've never said anything of the sort, nor would I -

AUNT ANN WALKER

And in that [capacity] -

ANNE LISTER

- It's not in my nature. I'm confident Miss Walker knows that much about me.

AUNT ANN WALKER

*And in that* capacity. I can assure you. Ann. That your friends - bothersome or otherwise - will not bother you much at Shibden.

ANN WALKER

Aunt, you've - you've got to -

AUNT ANN WALKER

*One day* these words will make sense to you. They'll sink in. And when they do perhaps you'll realise who your true friends are. Or were. If they still exist.

ANN WALKER

We're here to be friends. All this unpleasantness is tiresome. And I'd like to put it behind us. Can you not rejoice at how well I am? And be happy for me.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Miss Rawson isn't here on a visit. She's kindly moved in with me permanently as my companion. And help-meet.

Silence. This is a real slap in the face to ANN WALKER and she can barely believe her ears.

ANN WALKER

I offered to come here. Two years ago. To look after you. That offer was rejected.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You were ill. *I'd* have been the one looking after you.

ANN WALKER

No, that wasn't [why I] -

AUNT ANN WALKER

Now would have been the time for you to step up to the mark!

(MORE)

AUNT ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

But since you saw fit first to absent yourself abroad, and now put yourself at arm's length by moving into Shibden Hall, I have - in consultation with your aunts and uncles and cousins, all of whom are as bewildered as I am by the present...

(a blunt gesture in ANNE's direction, whom she won't look in the eye)  
situation - made alternative arrangements.

ANN WALKER's appalled. ANNE LISTER's very sensitive to ANN WALKER's mood, and gives her a meaningful "don't overreact" look. MARY RAWSON looks desperately awkward.

40 **EXT/INT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK YARD / ENTRANCE. DAY 26. 0945** 40  
**(LATE 1834)**

We follow MARIAN (who follows MATTHEW, who's been to fetch her) into the house. She goes straight through to the Savile Room (we're right behind her) and there she finds...

41 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. DAY 26. 0945 (LATE 1834)** 41

MARIAN LISTER

Oh, Mr. Priestley, Mrs. Priestley!  
(she goes and shakes their hands)

How delightful. I'm sorry, I was just outside, I was [just] -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

We've come to pay a call on my cousin, Miss Walker.

Like Aunt Ann Walker, MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY also look like they've just had their faces soundly slapped.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh, she's not here. She's gone over to Lightcliffe. With my sister. To pay a call on your aunt. And then to pop in at Crow Nest, I believe. Can I offer you some tea?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

No. Thank you. Not if she's not here.

MARIAN LISTER

A glass of madeira?

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

(standing up)

Well if she's not here we ought to  
just -

"Go", she meemaws to MR. PRIESTLEY. He concurs.

MARIAN LISTER

My father's out too. And my aunt's -  
(she points upstairs)  
Indisposed, she's expecting Mr.  
Sunderland. But I can always see if  
she'd like to try and come  
down[stairs] -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Please don't trouble her.

MARIAN LISTER

She'd be so pleased to see [you] -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

As I say, our call was on *Miss  
Walker*. If you could let her know.

MARIAN gets it. They're making a point. She remains polite.

MARIAN LISTER

Of course.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

But you may give our compliments to  
your aunt. And your father. Of  
course.

MARIAN LISTER

Well it's a shame you've missed  
them. Her! They both have a wealth  
of anecdotes about their tour! As  
you might imagine.

(silence)

It sounds as though it was most  
beneficial. Health-wise. And  
stimulating. For them both.

(more silence)

And it was Miss Walker's first time  
abroad?

(ditto)

Yes. So. And yes, they've gone over  
to Crow Nest, I believe, to assess  
what Miss Walker wants to leave  
over there and what she wants to  
bring over here. Now she's...

"Moved in". MARIAN knows it's a delicate subject, so implies  
it rather than says it.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Miss Walker being here, and how long she will remain, are two very different things. Miss Lister.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Please be in no doubt that no-one in her family - and perhaps you could tell this to your father and your aunt as well - *no-one*. Is happy about any of this. And the sooner it's sorted out the better.

MARIAN is shocked by his bluntness. And we can see that even MRS. PRIESTLEY feels that her husband has over-stepped the mark (even though she condones the sentiment). MARIAN tinkles the bell and MATTHEW comes racing in.

MARIAN LISTER

Matthew! Could you show Mr. and Mrs. Priestley out, please.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister.

They leave. No second hand shake. We linger on MARIAN, who is left thoughtful, subdued. The implications of Miss Walker moving in here will clearly go on for a long time, and affect all of them.

42 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK DOOR. DAY 26. 0950. CONTINUOUS (~~LATE~~ 1834)**

MR. and MRS. PRIESTLEY walk away from the house.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

Poor Marian. I do wonder how much and how little she understands.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Well. The whole thing's sickening for everyone concerned. Isn't it?

Suddenly an outburst -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY

I sometimes wonder why we troubled ourselves to rescue her from Scotland! I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't have been better for all concerned if she [had] - !

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

What?

She barely dare say it. It's blasphemous.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY  
Had cut her wrist. And succeeded.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY  
(appalled)  
*Eliza.*

ELIZA PRIESTLEY  
I know, I know! But surely it  
*cannot be* a worse sin than what  
she's doing now!

MR. PRIESTLEY can't enter into that, it's too much, he can't believe his wife could even think it, let alone say it. Then another, better thought -

ELIZA PRIESTLEY (CONT'D)  
What's happening with Mr. Ingham?

MR. PRIESTLEY hesitates and gestures, implying that there's all sorts of subtleties and labyrinths to it, but in an optimistic nutshell -

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY  
A negotiation with his family has begun.

43            **INT. CROW NEST, LIBRARY. DAY 26. 1020 (LATE 1834)**            43

HENRY HARDCASTLE  
Are you sure it's all right for us  
to be in here?

We discover HENRY HARDCASTLE gazing at Miss Walker's vast book-lined walls. The furniture is covered in dust sheets.

HENRY HARDCASTLE (CONT'D)  
'liza?

ELIZA WASHINGTON  
Yeah! D'you wanna see the Japanese  
room?

44            **INT. CROW NEST, KITCHEN. DAY 26. 1021 (LATE 1834)**            44

Baking day. HANNAH WASHINGTON is busy along with her daughters JANE and MARY. Noises outside; a horse's hooves.

HANNAH WASHINGTON  
(her hands full)  
Is that someone outside? Go see who  
it is, Jane!

45       **EXT. CROW NEST, BACK ENTRANCE. DAY 26. 1021. CONTINUOUS (LATE 1834)**

ANN WALKER's pale, angry, obsessing.

ANN WALKER

She's determined to humiliate me,  
she's determined to make me look  
selfish and stupid. I did *not* offer  
to go and live with her because *I*  
was ill!

ANNE LISTER

The old woman's head is crammed  
full of pother and untruths.

ANN WALKER dismounts and ANNE LISTER ties NERO up beside a  
water trough and a hay frame.

ANN WALKER

I should've guessed she'd try and  
blind-side us with some *nonsense*,  
but that's *cruel*. Mary's being  
used! She barely knew where to  
look!

JANE WASHINGTON comes to the open back door and clocks them.  
They head towards the back door as JANE runs back in.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

That's *my* house. I *own* that house.  
She's only there because she was  
left a right to live in it by my  
father and then she humiliates me  
like this!

ANNE LISTER

It's to your great credit that  
you're not simply laughing it off,  
but at the same time it's a great  
shame you can't do precisely that,  
because really -

46       **INT. CROW NEST, KITCHEN. DAY 26. 1022 (LATE 1834)**

46

9-year-old JANE comes back into the kitchen.

JANE WASHINGTON

It's a man and a lady and a horse!

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Well - have you asked them in?

Cutting as and when with:

47           **INT. CROW NEST, CORRIDOR TO KITCHEN / KITCHEN. DAY 26. 1022**~~7~~  
**(LATE 1834)**

Instinctively they lower their voices as they enter the building, but the debate goes on -

                  ANNE LISTER

- really you ought to see it for the - well you said it - the nonsense that it is.

                  ANN WALKER

I do! But other people won't, it's her they'll listen to, not to me!

                  ANNE LISTER

Yes, well then that's something we need to change. Isn't it.

(ANNE - who's come in first - discovers MRS. WASHINGTON, JANE and MARY in the big servants' kitchen)

Ah! Mrs. Washington?

                  ANN WALKER

How d'you do? Have you settled in?

                  HANNAH WASHINGTON

I think so. Thank you. Miss Walker.

                  ANN WALKER

Good. Miss Lister and I are here to make an inventory. Of items. To be taken over to Shibden Hall.

                  HANNAH WASHINGTON

Of course.

                  ANN WALKER

We'll only be an hour or so.

                  HANNAH WASHINGTON

Yes ma'am.

ANN and ANNE head off into the house. HANNAH turns to her girls. During the course of the conversation she's realised -

                  HANNAH WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Where's Eliza?

48           **INT. CROW NEST, HALLWAY. DAY 26. 1024 (LATE 1834)**

48

ANNE and ANN head through to the posh part of the house and continue their hushed heated conversation -

ANN WALKER

The thing is, the thing that no-one understands is - apart from the fact that *yet again* the whole family have been consulted, and I'm reduced to a difficult *invalid* who can't do anything useful or proper - is the *effect* all this has on me.

ANNE removes her hat and coat and chucks them on a chair in the hall in passing, and takes out her notebook and pencil.

49           **INT. CROW NEST, YELLOW ROOM. DAY 26. 1024 (LATE 1834)**           49

HENRY's gawping at the tall ceiling and the exquisite fascinating wallpaper when they hear voices approaching and consult one another with a look.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Hide.

HENRY HARDCASTLE

You said we were allowed in here!

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Hide!

50           **INT. CROW NEST, GREEN SITTING ROOM. DAY 26. 1024 (LATE 1834)**

ANNE and ANN continue through the smaller sitting room to the larger yellow/Japanese room.

ANN WALKER

It's like... I sabotage my own head with a thousand angry thoughts that eat into my brain and then won't go away!

ANNE LISTER

Well that's because you're very sensitive and very thoughtful! She's been like a parent to you and now she's lashing out and it's hurtful! As well as shameful. Especially when you've done so much for her in the past!

ANN WALKER

You're not listening!

ANNE LISTER

Of course I'm listening!

ANN WALKER

It doesn't matter how much you try  
and rationalise, it *doesn't go*  
*away*. It just goes round and round.  
I was so *determined* when we went  
there to make friends, to rise  
above any unpleasantness and - !

ANNE LISTER

Which is such a big step! *And* to  
your immense credit, and the  
important thing is that in the heat  
of the moment...

51 INT. CROW NEST, YELLOW ROOM. CONTINUOUS. DAY 26. 1025 (LATE 1834)

We see ELIZA and HENRY squeezed behind the big chest of drawers at the very far end of the room, terrified, as ANN WALKER and ANNE LISTER come in.

ANNE LISTER

...you kept your temper  
beautifully, and once she sees that  
her words and actions have no  
effect, over time - even if they do  
in private, and I know that's  
another matter - she'll be forced  
to behave more and more reasonably  
and all this will stop. The  
antidote. To other people's nasty  
nonsense. Is to rise above it and  
to *keep busy*. I've lived  
steadfastly by that tenet all my  
life. Come here.

(ANNE closes the door  
behind her)

The greatest thing we can do... in  
the time it takes her - and all the  
rest - to accept things as they  
are... is keep our dignity. Keep  
our nerve. And *keep busy*. Mm? Just  
like you've been advised to do by  
Dr. Belcombe.

ANNE LISTER gently persuades ANN WALKER up against the door  
(after a quick glance at the window, with no idea that the  
real danger is in the room)...

ANN WALKER

What're y'doing?

She kinda knows what she's doing, the question really is  
'why're you doing it now?'

ANNE LISTER

Taking your mind off things.

...and kisses her. ANN WALKER melts when ANNE LISTER kisses her. ELIZA and HENRY look, and then daren't look. Then they're compelled to look again. What're they *doing*? ANNE LISTER has to chuck her notebook and pencil down so she can use her hands more effectively as things get hotter. From ELIZA and HENRY's POV it just seems to go *on and on*. HENRY squeezes his eyes tight shut.

52        **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 26. 1027 (LATE 52 1834)**

We discover MARIAN with AUNT ANNE. MARIAN's subdued, in need of a bit of TLC, unable to articulate what's upset her. She can feel the prickle of tears behind her eyes.

MARIAN LISTER

It isn't just Mr. and Mrs. Priestley being odd. It was... when I went over to see Miss Walker - elderly Miss Walker - at Cliffhill. Earlier in the summer. To see if she was receiving the messages you'd sent. She said something that bothered me, and I've never told anyone.

(AUNT ANNE squeezes MARIAN's hand comfortingly. MARIAN struggles not to cry)  
I don't want to upset you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

You're not going to upset me.

MARIAN LISTER

She s[aid] - I'd s[aid] - well, she was being difficult and unpleasant. Saying Anne was 'manipulative', which - you know - she *is*. But then she said - "*Your sister is unnatural*". And I said yes I know she likes anything to do with medicine or mining or mathematics and all the things women aren't supposed to be interested in, and she said, "No. Not that". She said...

(embarrassed, it takes her an age to spit it out)  
She said she had a reputation. In York. And soon "everyone in Halifax will know about it too". And she said she couldn't care less except for Miss Walker's reputation.

Silence. We look carefully at AUNT ANNE.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(calm, assured)  
What nonsense.

MARIAN LISTER  
Is it?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
You've no idea how many tears I've shed over Anne. Over the years. Not because I've ever been ashamed of her. Not once, not for a moment. But because I love her. And I could never stand the thought of anything nasty being said about her. But now when I hear things like that, I just think - shame on them. Shame on anyone who says it or thinks it or listens to it.

MARIAN LISTER  
Do you?

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
If these people - any of these people - had a fraction of her talent for *happiness*, for friendship, or her passion for life, for people, for the world and everything in it, perhaps they'd have better things to think about. But they don't. Most people are mundane. And narrow. And Anne... she's just got too much about her for this world. That's all. I knew that when she was eleven. They can't put her in a neat little box, and because that makes her a bit different they say hateful things to try to belittle her. It used to upset her when she was younger. But now... she's strong and she's clever, and they can't touch her. And what harm does she do? You've seen Miss Walker's face. Could she be any happier?

MARIAN feels comforted.

53

**INT. CROW NEST, YELLOW ROOM. DAY 26. 1029 (LATE 1834)**

53

ANNE and ANN are now on the sofa and things have escalated.  
ELIZA and HENRY are still frozen in the corner.

ANN WALKER  
We shouldn't do this, not here, not now.

ANNE LISTER  
(still passionate)  
No.  
(ANNE lingers in ANN's  
face for a bit, breathing  
passionately, then uses  
her iron will to force  
herself to stop)  
You're right. So!  
(she straightens her  
clothes, hair, claps her  
hands together with  
relish and retrieves her  
note book and pencil)  
What've we got?

ELIZA and HENRY are pale with anxiety now. ANN WALKER  
assesses the room and makes a decision -

ANN WALKER  
I don't want to take anything from  
in here. I've never liked this  
room, it's always given me the  
creeps. Let's start upstairs.

She leaves the room. ANNE LISTER has another cursory glance  
around. She senses something isn't right in the room. A  
smell? A tense moment when we think she might investigate,  
but then... hey ho. She turns and follows MISS WALKER out.  
Meanwhile in the far corner, HENRY and ELIZA are stunned,  
traumatised. They've no idea what they've just seen. If  
they'd seen aliens land they couldn't be more befuddled. Then  
ELIZA smells something funny. HENRY looks humiliated. And  
then ELIZA sees the dark glistening patch on his pants -

ELIZA WASHINGTON  
Ohhh! You've weed.



ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
problems. So they could get their  
hands on my money. And now if  
they're all so angry about me being  
here with you -

ANNE LISTER  
No. They couldn't have done it then  
and they certainly can't do it now.  
You've taken control of your own  
destiny.

Aww.

ANN WALKER  
Are you coming to bed?

ANNE LISTER  
Can you give me a few minutes?

ANN WALKER  
If you give me your watch. I know  
how long your 'few minutes' are  
when you're writing your journal.

ANNE's amused, hands over her watch, and while they're getting along so nicely, she ventures -

ANNE LISTER

I er -

(indicates the letter)

Found this letter. Waiting for me.  
When we got back. From Mrs. Lawton.  
She's in Scarborough. She's not  
been well... can I read it to you?

(ANN nods, intrigued)

"Dearest Fred..."

(as soon as she's said it  
she realises she  
shouldn't have: ANN  
WALKER's wondering who  
the hell FRED is)

That's me.

(she skims through...)

"...Your pages crowd so many  
thoughts upon my mind that I almost  
seem deprived of the power of  
arranging my ideas..."

(then the salient bit - )

"As all is now decided with you and  
Miss Walker living at Shibden I  
realise that if I cannot make you  
happy I ought to rejoice that  
another can..."

(skimming further)

"...if my love has sometimes  
perplexed you it has been more from  
the waywardness of circumstances  
than inconstancy in my nature. I do  
lament the past and regret its  
consequences". And then she asks if  
"we may at least now and then enjoy  
the comfort of meeting".

(ANNE hands the letter to  
ANN: she has nothing to  
hide)

She often - well invariably - calls  
here. When she crosses the Pennines  
on her way home to Cheshire from  
York or wherever. So. I wondered.  
How would you feel? If she did. I  
can tell her not to. Of course. But  
on the other hand - and it may be  
too soon, but - it would make me  
very happy. The thought that the  
three of us could all get on. And  
be friends.

Because ANNE's handed the letter over so freely, ANN's confident that she has little to fear from Mrs. Lawton.

ANN WALKER

Yes of course. I'd be pleased to meet her.

ANNE's pleased. And suddenly the urge to write is overtaken by the urge to get into bed with ANN (or perhaps it's the thought of MRS. LAWTON that always makes her feel a bit fruity). She packs up her ink and quill and journal.

ANNE LISTER

I'll do this tomorrow.

58      **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE AND ANN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 26. 2145** 58  
**(LATE 1834)**

Ten minutes later. ANNE, now also changed for bed, gets in with ANN. They snuggle up together.

ANNE LISTER

You know what we should do. Once you're settled in and our wing is sorted out, we should visit all your relatives. A grand tour. They've all heard one side of the thing from your aunt and the Priestleys. Let them hear another side. From us. Oh, and you did say to remind you. That when we got back. That you'd write to your sister. About a division of the estate. I don't want to put you under undue pressure. But if we are to sort out our wills in one another's favour, it needs doing.

ANN WALKER

First thing in the morning.  
(she's sincere)  
You can help me compose it.  
(they kiss)  
Good night. Fred.

59      **EXT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE. DAY 27. 1330. (LATE 1834)** 59

Establishing shot. We see SACKVILLE playing in the garden with a GOVERNESS.

60 INT. UDALE HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. FORTROSE. DAY 27. 1330 (~~LATE~~  
1834)

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND is very heavily pregnant and in some discomfort. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND watches her read a letter, waiting for a response.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND  
Well... she seems very happy. It sounds like their trip was a great success.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
Not that bit!  
(ELIZABETH glances at the letter again)  
Oh, you're being deliberately obtuse. Perhaps not. She's smuggled it in rather artf[ully] - artlessly at the end of the third paragraph.

ELIZABETH looks at it again.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND  
Oh! This... asking about the division of the estate?  
(SUTHERLAND affirms)  
What about it?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
Well isn't it rather odd?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND  
It's probably something we should have done before now.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
Except there's never been any reason to.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND  
I suppose we didn't want to address it. When John died. But it's been four years. Is it not sensible?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND  
But why is she asking now?  
(ELIZABETH doesn't have any suggestions)  
If she never marries, which she seems to have little inclination to do - especially now she's settling at Shibden Hall with Miss Lister - the entire estate will come to Sackville. Ultimately. So what would be the point? Unless she *is* intending to marry.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Well I hope we'd know about it if she was.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Someone must've put an idea in her head. Probably your floppy cousin, Mr. Priestley.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

What would it have to do with him?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Nothing! Except they all prey on her, and that might make it easier for them.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Oh, I think Miss Lister will take care of anything like that.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I'm in no doubt that Miss Lister is a very good thing, and will no doubt protect her against fortune hunters significantly more effectively than your cousin would. But it would still seem to be a waste of time and money spent on lawyers if it's all going to come to Sackville at the end of it all anyway.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Well how shall I reply then?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Don't. Yet. I think we should dwell on it. Anyway, you've got enough -  
(nods at the bump)  
to think about at the moment. I'd just be intrigued to know what's behind it.

61      **INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM, KITCHEN. DAY 28. 1640 (LATE 1834)**      61

MARY's cooking when BEN wanders in. He's happy and drunk.

BEN SOWDEN

Don't say I never bring y'owt.

He gets a cup, takes a bottle from his pocket, and pours her a cup of madeira. (The bottle isn't full, obviously, cos he's clearly swallowed a load already).

MARY SOWDEN

What's that?

BEN SOWDEN

Fell off back of a wagon. No, it did! William Hardcastle, carting a loada stuff along t'valley road - all sorts, furniture, paintings, crates full o' booze - he's been at it since last week.

(he winks)

They won't miss one.

MARY SOWDEN

You stole it?

BEN SOWDEN

No!

(offers her the cup)

As if I'd do summat like that.

MARY SOWDEN

I -

BEN SOWDEN

Oh, don't be so soft, for fuck's sake. Here.

He puts it down for her, then pours another cup for himself. He's smiling through all this, BEN is nothing if not perpetually jovial.

MARY SOWDEN

Our Thomas is about.

BEN SOWDEN

Well get it down yer.

MARY SOWDEN

He'll go mad if he sees it.

BEN SOWDEN

Where is he? Eh? Upstairs? Is he giving her one? Eh?

MARY SOWDEN

Shhh!

BEN SOWDEN

Eh? Shall I give you one?

MARY SOWDEN

No, not - !

BEN SOWDEN

Ey, come here.

MARY SOWDEN

Don't! They're all about somewhere!  
Come on, do summat useful, set  
table for me. And put that away!  
Hide it where nobody'll see it!

BEN SOWDEN

Go on, have a nip. You know you  
want to. Eh? Go on. Have a taste.  
(pressured, she tastes it)  
Yeah? *Madeira*. Expensive. Eh?

MARY SOWDEN

It's all right!

BEN SOWDEN

It's better than all right.

MARY has another nip, remembering how nice it is to have the  
edges mellowed with a bit of booze. BEN touches her breast.

THOMAS SOWDEN

What's going on?

He's just walked in.

BEN SOWDEN

Oops!

He chuckles, being caught. It's pretty obvious BEN's three  
sheets to the wind. MARY rapidly puts down the cup, ashamed,  
but what THOMAS saw was her drinking it, and smiling. And BEN  
touching her.

BEN SOWDEN (CONT'D)

Just - nothing.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You've been drinking.

BEN SOWDEN

I've not. I haven't. Only a bit. I  
were telling your mother - it fell  
off back of a wagon. Destiny, eh?  
You can't fight it.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I told you when you came here, we  
don't have alcohol in this house.  
Knock-off or otherwise.

BEN SOWDEN

No, I know, as a rule -

THOMAS SOWDEN

Yeah. Ever.

BEN SOWDEN

No harm done.

THOMAS SOWDEN

No harm done? Look at you. And what were going on?

BEN SOWDEN

Your mother likes a drink.

MARY SOWDEN

It's only one bottle. Can't we enjoy it?

THOMAS SOWDEN

*Enjoy* it? After the misery it's caused?

BEN SOWDEN

I'm not like your dad. You know that. How long have I been here? You know I'm not a violent man.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You were touching her.

BEN SOWDEN

No I don't think I was.

THOMAS SOWDEN

You're going to have to go.

BEN SOWDEN

Well - no - I think I've explained to you why I'm *not*.

THOMAS lunges at BEN - he's chucking him out.

THOMAS SOWDEN

I asked you to go nicely and now you're going!

MARY SOWDEN

Leave him alone!

BEN offers little resistance, he's genuinely not handy with his fists, unlike his brother (his weapon of choice is his gob). Under duress he slips into very old broad Yorkshire -

BEN SOWDEN

I'm no'an gooin' anywheer, I've telled thi!

MARY SOWDEN

Leave him *alone!*

THOMAS suddenly hears how adamant his mother is. BEN wriggles out of THOMAS's grasp.

THOMAS SOWDEN

What you sticking up for him for?

BEN SOWDEN

Your mum likes me being here.

(he's smiling lewdly)

Don't you love? Eh?

MARY looks embarrassed. THOMAS can't believe what he's seeing and hearing. It's too much.

THOMAS SOWDEN

(a murmur, sickened)

No...

BEN SOWDEN

That's right. Not the only love-birds in the house.

(he lets that land)

Does your Suzannah know? About what happened to Sam?

(silence: the clear answer is 'no', THOMAS has gone pale again)

Eh? And you'll want to keep it that way, won't yer?

Silence. THOMAS's whole subdued manner and body language betrays his guilt.

BEN SOWDEN (CONT'D)

That's right. That's right. And I'm on *your side*. I've told you.

And once again, THOMAS realises - incensed as he is - that he can't throw Ben out. He'll have to find another way to deal with him.

62

**EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, CARRIAGE DRIVE / BACK YARD. DAY 28. 17062  
(LATE 1834)**

We're behind JEREMY's brand new britsker as it races along the carriage drive. It's a little bit like the opening of Season One, except this time it's JEREMY driving, and a pale, terrified MARIAN sitting next to him as they race along the carriage drive and in through the back gates of the outer Shibden yard, through the barn (they might have to slow up for cows and little Booth milkmaids) and into the inner courtyard, where WILLIAM HARDCASTLE and a BIG LAD are unloading the larger items from a big flat-bed cart (not William Hardcastle's tiny old cart that was his grandad's) of furniture etc. brought over from Crow Nest. ANNE's checking things off from an inventory of items she recorded in her notebook (and she'd certainly have noticed if ONE bottle of madeira is missing).

ANNE's in a good mood with her sleeves rolled up, enjoying the manly task of helping unload bulky items from the cart, whilst ANN unloads a box full of preserving jars from the back of the wagon as the britsker clatters into the yard. JEREMY doesn't look in control. MARIAN's pale.

ANNE LISTER

Oh good Lord.

JEREMY LISTER

Whoah!

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

(impressed, it's like  
JEREMY's just arrived in  
a footballer's car)

Ey, look at that! Eh?

JEREMY looks breathless and a bit shell-shocked, and MARIAN's waving/wobbling her little hand at ANNE, like she needs help getting down because her legs might collapse from under her if she does it unassisted, she's so traumatised. Like WILLIAM HARDCASTLE, ANN WALKER's delighted with the new vehicle.

MARIAN LISTER

Anne.

Gentleman ANNE of course goes to assist a damsel in distress, even if it's MARIAN. MARIAN steadies herself against her big sister once her feet are on terra firma.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

(travel sickness)

Eugh...

ANNE LISTER

Where did you get the horses?

MARIAN LISTER

They came with it, all in with the  
hundred guineas. Smiler's a rather  
giddier-than-expected four-year-  
old.

ANNE slaps MARIAN on the back to get rid of her clinging on to her as she wanders around the britsker to inspect it. Now it's here she just wants to get her hands on the reins.

ANNE LISTER

And are you all right, Father?

JEREMY LISTER

Yes! Yes. Yes.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Y'all right getting in and out  
there, Captain Lister?

He goes to assist him. MARIAN sidles up to ANNE and whispers -

MARIAN LISTER

He can't control it, he's dangerous. He clipped the wheel of another carriage coming down Horton Street and he nearly knocked one old woman over coming up the Old Bank. You'll be getting complaints.

ANNE LISTER

Well it's certainly very... shiny.  
(shouting, he's deaf)  
You've shaken Marian up, Father!

JEREMY LISTER

Oh she'll be all right.

ANNE LISTER

How does it handle?

JEREMY LISTER

It's - well it's lively.

ANNE LISTER

Can I - ?

Have a go?

JEREMY LISTER

No. You can keep your hands off it. I don't want you damaging it.  
(that really pisses ANNE off. ANN WALKER of course is finding all this highly entertaining)  
Where's Joseph? *Joseph!*

JOSEPH/GEORGE was just running out from the house as JEREMY called for him.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Captain Lister.

ANNE LISTER

George! We call him George now!

JEREMY LISTER

See to the horses. Then find a dry spot in the barn for the vehicle.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh and we collected the post-bag from Mrs. Bagnall at the Post Office.

(she hands the post-bag to ANNE)

I think there's one for you from Mrs. Lawton.

ANN WALKER doesn't hear this because she's asking JEREMY a polite question about the britsker. ANNE takes the letter, quietly thrilled at the idea that Mrs. Lawton could be with them very soon, perhaps she's even writing to say she'll arrive later today. ANNE heads inside with the letter, but just in passing -

ANNE LISTER

Hardcastle! There's one bottle of madeira *less* in the back than there was when this cart left Crow Nest.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

I've not had it, Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER

You're responsible for the load.

She leaves that thought with him and heads inside. WILLIAM HARDCASTLE is an honest responsible man, and is appalled at the idea that it could even *look like* he'd pilfered something. Then he realises -

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

(to the LAD who's helping him)

Ohh! You know who we passed, don't you? Coming over t'bridge down at Red Beck. Ben -

(he mimes/swallows the expletive)

[bloody] Sowden.

63      **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, CORRIDOR & ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 2&3  
1707 (LATE 1834)**

ANNE heads along the corridor into her office with the letter from MARIANA, clearly very keen for news of her ex-lover, keener than she lets on, even to herself (perhaps we see her hands shaking). She slices through the seal with her paper knife and unfolds the letter, full of excitement.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O)

Dear Freddy, we left Scarborough earlier than anticipated, as the sea-bathing did little for me and my eyes are no better. It was a week ago that I passed within a hundred yards of your door...

64      **EXT. LISTER'S ROAD. DAY X2. 1400. (LATE 1834)**

64

We see the moment, the sadness on MARIANA's face, as she looked out of her carriage window at Shibden Hall, as she drove past.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O)

...at Shibden, and for the first  
time in my life, you knew it not.

65 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 28. 1708 (LATE  
1834)

This *appalls* ANNE. It never occurred to her for a second that Mariana would not call in here, and it has a HUGE effect on her. An irrational, emotional effect that - in the heat of the moment - she just can't handle. Unconsciously (we notice) she squeezes the paper knife in her hand as she goes through the remainder of the letter -

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O)

That I knew it, and felt it, as I passed, you will not doubt. I now know it is my duty to dote on you less. Heaven bless you my Fred, and make you as happy as your own Mary ever did. I am satisfied that for the future you shall be spared any annoyance originating from me. Mary has loved you dearly, fondly and faithfully. She loves you no less at present. But she loves you too well to be a source of discomfort to you. Though we should never meet again, my wishes and prayers for you will not cease, and to know you are happy will be a source of great comfort and pleasure to me.  
Entirely and affectionately yours.

Only now does ANNE feel the pain and realise that she's drawn blood from squeezing the knife blade so tightly, she's so angry, so frustrated. It's the frustration of a control freak who's just had their control removed, so wholly unexpectedly. She's been outmanoeuvred by this woman who she still has extraordinarily powerful feelings for. She looks down at her hand and then up to us as she mutters a guttural, terrifying -

ANNE LISTER

No.

END OF EPISODE TWO