

Gentleman Jack 2

Episode 3

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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 background.

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1 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. DAY 29. 0845 (LATE 1834) 1

The tent room is now complete. It's a beautifully designed feminine space with a hint of the exotic in the way the 'tent-wise top' of the bed has been designed and executed. EUGÉNIE coifs ANN WALKER's hair in front of the dressing table mirror. We hear ANNE LISTER's efficient voice and the scratch of a nib as she writes -

ANNE LISTER

(OOV)

A good kiss last night. Fine morning, Fahrenheit fifty-one degrees at eight thirty-five...

2 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, CORRIDOR / ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 29 2
0845 (LATE 1834)

From the tent room we look along the corridor and discover (i.e. creep up on) ANNE LISTER writing her journal which she copies from pencil notes made in a smaller notebook. Creep up until we're looking right into her thoughts.

ANNE LISTER

(V.O. as she writes)

Read from page three-four-seven to three-six-two, 'Bakewell's Geology'. Breakfast at eight fifty-five, and reading the Morning Herald till ten thirty. Prayers in half an hour at twelve fifteen. Mr. Sunderland came at one to see my aunt, then off to church with Adny at two fifteen, there in eighteen minutes. Mr. Wilkinson did all the duty, and preached twenty-nine minutes from Peter, verse four, chapter eighteen. I beguiled the time by dozing. Home at four forty. Dined in forty minutes at five minutes past six, having read to page four-two-seven, 'Bakewell's Geology'. Twenty-five minutes with my father and Marian, then coffee upstairs and read aloud to Adny the first two chapters, volume one, Gutzlaff's 'A Sketch of Chinese History'. Then she on the amorosa, I happening to say I wished we were in bed, she said "well let's go and take our drawers off", which she did and in quarter of an hour had a pretty good kiss. Then put on my pelisse again and at nine forty went to my aunt for twenty minutes. Fine day, Fahrenheit fifty-three degrees.

3 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 29. 0855 (LATE 1834) 3

ANNE LISTER, ANN WALKER, JEREMY, AUNT ANNE and MARIAN eat breakfast. JOSEPH/GEORGE waits on them. ANNE reads the *Morning Herald* and JEREMY reads the *Halifax Guardian*. WASHINGTON stands with them (he often has his morning consultation with ANNE during her breakfast hour).

ANNE LISTER

Good Lord, listen to this. "The Leeds Selby railway was opened yesterday with neither ceremony nor incident". What do you think about that, Mr. Washington?

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(WASHINGTON opens his
mouth to speak cautiously
in favour of the
railways, when -)
They're popping up everywhere! The
country'll be *riddled* with them.

WASHINGTON makes to speak again, but -

MARIAN LISTER
Apparently they're very unhealthy.
They cause headaches and
biliousness, and a cow exploded.

ANNE LISTER
Sorry?

MARIAN LISTER
Apparently.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Good heavens.

MARIAN LISTER
In Hereford. They won't catch on.

ANNE LISTER
(doubtful)
Tell me about this cow.

MARIAN LISTER
It exploded. In Hereford. Or was it
Hertford?

ANNE LISTER
Hampshire?

MARIAN LISTER
One of them. It *roared* past at
fifteen miles an hour and this cow
must've - you know. Exploded.

JEREMY LISTER
How?

MARIAN LISTER
From fright! Shock.

JEREMY LISTER
Just the one?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
(to ANNE)
Is that possible?

ANNE LISTER
(calm, reassuring, lightly
dismissive of MARIAN's
dumb story)

No.

JEREMY LISTER
So there's a whole herd of them,
and -

MARIAN LISTER
I didn't say there was a whole *herd*
of them.

JEREMY LISTER
- and just the *one* explodes?

MARIAN LISTER
It might've been the only cow
present. I don't know, I wasn't
there.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
If it was in a field on its own
it's more likely to have been a
bull, surely.

ffs

MARIAN LISTER
Whatever the sex of the beast.
However many were present. This
one. Apparently. Exploded.

ANNE LISTER
You've painted a very confused
picture there, Marian -

AUNT ANNE LISTER
That must've made a mess.

ANNE LISTER
- d'you think someone's been
pulling your leg?

MARIAN LISTER
(worried)
No. I think it's the dizzying
effect of a carriage with *no horses*
pulling it travelling past at such
abominable speed!

On the quiet ANN WALKER is - as ever - finding all this banal
family banter vastly entertaining.

ANNE LISTER

Well you'd better stay indoors,
Marian. We don't want you
exploding. Who was it?

MARIAN LISTER

Who was what?

ANNE LISTER

Who was it that told you all this
tripe?

It was Mr. Abbott.

MARIAN LISTER

No-one.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Tripe everywhere. Presumably.

ANNE LISTER

What do you think about the
railways Mr. [Washington] - ?
(realising)
Was it Mr. Abbott?

MARIAN gets all flustered and nods and shakes her head in denial and says a few words of gibberish because she's rubbish at lying.

MARIAN LISTER

I - he - no, not -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I think the railways will
revolutionize the country ma'am.
The anxiety of course is that
they'll ruin the canals. Because
it isn't only passengers they'll
carry, it's goods. Heavy goods. At
a faster rate than the canals, and
in bigger bulk so at a cheaper
price too.

That's what ANNE's heard too, and it doesn't please her. She sucks her teeth with displeasure, and MISS WALKER's reminded of her feeling that ANNE is preoccupied with something.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Was there anything else?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Just to say that Thomas Pearson and
Joseph Stocks have both separately
expressed an interest in the
tenancy of the Stump Cross Inn
ma'am.

(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

When the time comes, when the
Staups purchase is signed and
sealed.

(ANNE takes that in, and
dismisses WASHINGTON with
a flick of her hand and a
murmur of "thank you")

Ma'am.

WASHINGTON withdraws.

ANNE LISTER

Joseph Stocks is one of us, isn't
he Father?

JEREMY LISTER

Mm?

ANNE LISTER

A good staunch *blue*. That's going
to matter soon, it's fairly certain
we're hurtling towards an election.
At abominable speed.

JEREMY LISTER

(he groans and mumbles -)
Eugh, not another one.

Going back to the other thing -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Don't we have canal shares?

ANNE LISTER

We do. Yes.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Should we be thinking about
investing in the railways instead?

ANNE LISTER

Marian thinks they won't catch on.
Or someone she's been talking to
does.

MARIAN LISTER

What are your plans today, Miss
Walker?

ANN WALKER

Oh, we're going out. Anne and I.
We're going to visit all my family.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

All of them? All in one day?

ANN WALKER

Well -

ANN WALKER consults ANNE LISTER with a look, but ANNE's preoccupied head is back in the *Morning Herald*.

ANNE LISTER

All of them.

OPENING TITLES

4 **EXT. GLEDHOLT HOUSE, HUDDERSFIELD. DAY 29. 1120 (LATE 1834) 4**

Establishing shot as Ann Walker's carriage heads through the gates and takes us up to the house, through elegant parkland. JOSEPH/GEORGE (as groom) grips on at the back.

5 **INT. GLEDHOLT HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 29. 1130 (LATE 1834) 5**

As usual MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON looks like she sucked a lemon. She's going to have to burn that sofa after ANNE LISTER's finished sitting on it and dropping her lesbian spores everywhere. CATHERINE and DELIA are mesmerised by ANNE LISTER's glorious presence, and delighted with the anecdote ANN WALKER's telling. MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON has been drafted in to sit with them in case anything gay happens near his daughters (although he seems quite relaxed).

ANN WALKER

Oh, and *then* we were in Vichy -
(checking her
pronunciation)
Vishy?

ANNE LISTER

Oui.

We linger on preoccupied ANNE.

ANN WALKER

- and by this time we were racing to get back to Paris and we were staying in - what was the hotel called?

ANNE LISTER

Oh, Monterrat. Monterray. Monterr - it'll be in my journal.

ANN WALKER

Anne'd already had a spat the previous evening with the woman about what price to pay for us all to stay there -

ANNE LISTER

They all try and take advantage of English people, especially if the weather's bad.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

They're all hideously poor of course since the last uprising in 1831. Wretched town, very sadly damaged.

ANNE is tending to address her comments to MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON (man to man), and ANN WALKER is tending to address her comments to best bud CATHERINE, and eager little DELIA, who are both lapping it up.

ANN WALKER

So Miss Lister went to order the horses and the lady said there were none to be had, not 'til next week. So she went over to *La Poste* and they said the same thing -

ANNE LISTER

This is the thing with the radicals, and their rhetoric. If they saw the poverty in France since the troubles they'd shut up.

ANN WALKER

So what did Miss Lister do!? She went out into the street, raced after the first vehicle that passed, which was a sort of hay wain, and asked the man if she could hire his horses! Of course he said yes -

ANNE LISTER

Had to offer him a few extra sous, but I wasn't going to have us held captive just so the whole town could drain more money from us.

ANN WALKER

But. It didn't stop there! So he turned up at three o'clock, as arranged -

As ANN WALKER embarks on the next part of the anecdote (which I've added at the end of the scene), we concentrate on a little side salad of conversation ANNE LISTER starts with MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON -

ANNE LISTER

Do you have canal shares, Mr. Rawson?

MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON

(rueful; all canal shareholders know what's in the wind)

Yes. Yes, we do.

ANNE LISTER

Do you believe the railways will
ruin the canals?

We glimpse MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON, further pissed off that ANNE LISTER has now engaged her husband in conversation. He's supposed to be doing the sang-froid thing too, not *engaging* with her. But he's as anxious as the next beleaguered canal investor to discuss the looming crisis -

MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON

You'd hope there'd be room for both. But. Everyone's nervous. So there's no new investment. And then everyone has different ideas about the best way forward. I think if we are to compete with the railways we need lighter boats that can move faster. But how can that work? Even if there was more money, the bigger boats will always set the pace.

ANNE LISTER

Remove them.

MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON

Easier said than done. Then you see others want to *deepen* the cut to allow even *bigger* ships. A ship canal. But where's the money to either construct it or maintain it? The basin at Sowerby Bridge was cut too deep and now they can't maintain the sides! What we need is a man of vision. And energy. Who can unite us all in one *achievable* plan. But. Where is he?

Suddenly CATHERINE and DELIA burst out laughing at ANN WALKER's anecdote about what an engaging superhero ANNE LISTER is.

ANN WALKER's anecdote that plays under the scene -

ANN WALKER

But. It didn't stop there! So he turned up at three o'clock, as arranged, but he hadn't got the fourth horse he'd promised, he only had the *three* horses Anne'd seen him with earlier -

(she notices she's lost part of her audience in ANNE and MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON, but CATHERINE and DELIA are listening avidly so she rattles bravely on -)

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
- but he still wanted his forty francs that they'd *agreed* on earlier when he *said* he'd bring another horse, but anyway, Anne beat him down to twenty-seven francs -

CATHERINE RAWSON
(thrilled)
How?

ANN WALKER
Oh she just did! She runs rings round people. Even in French!
(CATHERINE and DELIA are loving this, much to their mother's consternation)
So we set off, but these horses - we realised - they'd never pulled a carriage. And they barely knew how to walk in a straight line with it, they weren't used to the different harness, so Anne had to show the men how to fasten the harness on *properly* because George - Joseph - George - he's still learning, and *then* how to fasten the nosebag full of oats on *properly*, but then, this is the thing. By the time we got to the next village we were having trouble with the rear offside wheel and Anne got all grease down her coat trying to fix it, and she had to go somewhere private to clean herself up but there was no ladies cabinet so she went into the men's!
(CATHERINE and DELIA burst out laughing)
She just walked straight in! George didn't know where to look! I just laughed.

MRS. STANSFIELD RAWSON maintains her sang-froid, appalled that her girls are laughing and she no longer has the power to pull a face and stop it. ANNE LISTER clocks the girls' mirth as her conversation with MR. STANSFIELD RAWSON ends, but she remains preoccupied. She checks her watch.

6

INT/EXT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. DAY 29. 1155 (LATE 1834)

6

We discover MARIANA looking out of a window at Lawton, down into the well-manicured grounds immediately surrounding the house. We see what she's looking at. A gardener, GRANTHAM, and his sturdy 12-year-old BOY. CHARLES is with them, chatting cheerily to GRANTHAM and his BOY, who he treats familiarly. He slips the lad a sovereign, with a wink.

We see how this sickens MARIANA, and makes her feel so utterly redundant here. CHARLES heads off, calling to his spaniels, leaving GRANTHAM and his BOY to their work.

MARIANA suddenly experiences a bout of shocking dizziness. She steadies herself, and waits a moment to regain some equilibrium, but inevitably the episode disturbs her: is she ill?

7 **INT. LAWTON HALL, BACK ENTRANCE / HALLWAY. DAY 29. 1157 (LATE 1834)**

CHARLES - looking very chipper and healthy - heads into the house with his spaniels, and discovers newly arrived mail on a salver in the hallway. He rifles through it - spots one with Anne Lister's hand writing - and heads up to the sitting room. We go with him.

8 **INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 29. 1158 (LATE 1834)** 8

MARIANA's flopped on the settee, still pale and shaken from her sudden bout of dizziness - when CHARLES heads in with the dogs who go and jump fondly all over MARIANA.

MARIANA LAWTON

Get down!

CHARLES LAWTON

(proffering a letter)

From Miss Lister, I think her handwriting.

MARIANA takes it. She dreads letters normally because her near-sightedness is going, combined with -

MARIANA LAWTON

I've just had another do. That giddiness. In my head. I was standing at the window out there, and - I had to come in here and sit down.

CHARLES LAWTON

Well I don't know. Send for a doctor. Write to your brother about it.

He's not being actively horrid, he's just not listening, he's more interested in his own correspondence. MARIANA cuts the seal and unfolds the letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

I've been thinking about inviting her over.

(no response)

Charles? Anne.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

I might invite her over. Charles.
For a few nights. Charles.

CHARLES LAWTON

(miles away)
Mm? Well why not.

He doesn't even care enough to be unpleasant about it.
CHARLES heads off out again reading his own correspondence,
having delivered MARIANA's mail. The dogs follow him. She
barely feels well enough to focus, but she perseveres...

ANNE LISTER

(V.O., angry, biting)
My dear Mary. I never suspected the
possibility of reproach from that
quarter whence I least deserved it -

MARIANA LAWTON

Reproach?

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)
- but those of us who might be
supposed to know us best are not
always those who do us the most
rigorous justice.

MARIANA LAWTON

(weary of it all)
Ohh - !

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)
Had you believed me more often and
known me better it would have saved
us both much pain, but if heaven
has willed it otherwise let us not
complain. You trusted me too little
for happiness. Confidence was too
much shaken on both sides. The last
blow on mine was too severe. Be
comforted. Be assured that you have
acted wisely for us both. You did
right not to call in at Shibden as
you passed.

We see that this is just as devastating to MARIANA as
MARIANA's last letter was to ANNE.

MARIANA LAWTON

Anne...

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)
The reflections to which any
meeting between us would give rise
could only be painful.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Mary, there has ever been a film
across your eyes to me, and you
have feared where no fear was. You
have doubted where no doubt ought
to have been, and why seek farther
for a reason of our present
position with regard to each other?
Our happiness together was become
too difficult. With affectionate
memories of times past. Anne
Lister.

MARIANA now finally gives in to overwhelming self-pity that's
been building up half a life-time. A clock chimes the hour.

9 **EXT/INT. GLEDHOLT HOUSE, ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE. DAY 29. 1202**
(LATE 1834)

We look into ANNE LISTER's eyes as she assists ANN WALKER
back into the carriage. She checks her watch; she knows what
time the post tends to arrive at Lawton and that Mariana
will, by now, have read her devastating 'good bye' letter.
The moment is painful to her, it's a moment she's conscious
of having to get through. Perhaps a look to camera before she
steps into the carriage behind ANN WALKER and shuts the door.
The carriage pulls away. CATHERINE and DELIA wave the
carriage off. ANN waves back smiling, and looks to ANNE to
join in too, but ANNE's in her own thoughts. At length ANNE
mutters (almost like it's a private thought than something
clearly addressed to ANN WALKER) -

ANNE LISTER

We should travel to Selby and have
a look at this railroad ourselves.

10 **INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 29. 1205 (LATE 1834)** 10

MARIANA's distraught. Her lowest ebb. Snotty with tears over
Anne Lister's letter. No longer able or willing to convince
herself that she's anything other than devastated by the star-
crossed tragedy that's slowly - over the last twenty years -
befallen her and Anne Lister.

11 **EXT. CROW NEST GROUNDS, GARDEN/WOODS. EARLY EVENING 29. 1710**
(LATE 1834)

Early evening sunlight. We find SAMUEL WASHINGTON stalking
through woodland, looking for someone. He discovers ELIZA
WASHINGTON sitting alone, in a quiet nook. She's been crying.
He approaches her cautiously.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Eliza?

(no response, she's
embarrassed to be caught
looking tearful)

Your mother says you and our
Jane've been fighting.

(no response)

It isn't like you. Picking on the
little ones. I thought you were
cleverer than that. And then
shouting at your mother.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

I wasn't p - ! She was picking on
me.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Our little Jane? Well... so what
was it about?

ELIZA WASHINGTON

(reluctantly)

I told her something. And then she
starts making up rhymes about it.
Like it's funny. So I had to clip
her one. That's all. Then I'm the
one that gets shouted at!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

You made her cry.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

And! What do you think *this* is?

She means *her* tears.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well tell me what was it about
then.

(ELIZA becomes tearful
again. It's difficult for
her to say it. Cos it
sounds wet and lame)

Come on. We're pals, you and me. We
can tell each other stuff, can't
we? I don't like seeing you upset.

It takes her an age to spit it out.

ELIZA WASHINGTON

(she wells up; anger,
hurt, humiliation)

Henry's mother's told him he hasn't
to bother with me any more.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Little Henry H[ardcastle] - ? Why?
Why?

ELIZA WASHINGTON

Because she says I always get him
into trouble *and I don't!* He's
lucky I bother with him, nobody
else does, cos he can't run!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Well when've you been in trouble?

ELIZA WASHINGTON

We haven't! I don't even know what
she's on about!

WASHINGTON suspects there may be more to it because he knows
what Eliza's like. But at the same time it sounds like kids'
stuff, and below his pay grade. He gives her a reassuring hug
and kisses the top of her head.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Lads are complicated.

Privately we see that ELIZA remains burdened by the fact that
there is more to it, but it's something she can never repeat,
because a). they should never have been in that room and b).
it was weird. WASHINGTON gives it a moment, then -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Come on. I told your mother I'd set
t'table. Six women in the house,
and I'm setting t'table. Come on.

Reluctantly ELIZA does as she's bid.

12

INT. CROW NEST, KITCHEN. EARLY EVENING 29. 1715 (LATE 1834)12

ELIZA heads through the kitchen and out the other side,
through to wherever her room is. WASHINGTON's right behind
her.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Ey, did you apol[ogise] - !? Did
she apologise?

HANNAH WASHINGTON

What was it about?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oy! I told her to apologise to you.
(he's heading after her)
Eliza!

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Don't bother. There was something else. I needed to talk to you about.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

What?

HANNAH's reluctant. It's big. And bad.

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Suzannah's been here. All day. Again. She'd only just gone when you came back. She w[ants] -
(she's barely able to spit it out)
She w -

Still can't say it.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

What?

HANNAH WASHINGTON

She asked if she could come back here.

(WASHINGTON stares at her)

I know! I told her, I said. You were warned, I *begged* you not to marry him! Not *him*, but them. That family. And... well that's it, isn't it? We can't have her back. Can we? What would it look like?

Reluctant as he is to say it -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

No! No. No, we can't. Has *summat* else happened?

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Thomas said he'd tell his Uncle Ben to move on. But he hasn't. And he - I don't know. Well they're all *uncouth* aren't they? Except Thomas. She'll just have to stick it out. I've told her.

(WASHINGTON looks sickened)

You should've put your foot down!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes. Well. She was very persuasive, wasn't she.

HANNAH WASHINGTON

She says...

(she hates thinking it,
never mind saying it)

Ben. The uncle. He says things. And
he *touches* her.

HANNAH's on the verge of tears. WASHINGTON's shocked. But
what can they do? Walking away from a marriage just isn't an
option in 1834.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

And...? Does Thomas *know* that?

HANNAH WASHINGTON

Yes.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

And he does nothing?

HANNAH WASHINGTON

It's what she says.

13

INT. UPPER SOUTHOLM. EARLY EVENING 29. 1720 (LATE 1834)

13

MARY's cooking. THOMAS is setting the table. ALF's busy
getting mud off some boots, and AMY's doing her best to read
a battered copy of Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* when SUZANNAH comes
through the door. Things are bad between THOMAS and SUZANNAH,
and of course SUZANNAH's just had a difficult conversation
with her mother. Bad atmosphere.

MARY SOWDEN

Oh. She's here. We can have us
teas.

THOMAS SOWDEN

(subdued)

Where've you been?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

Helping me mother over at Crow
Nest. I did tell you.

MARY SOWDEN

One of you go shout your Uncle Ben.
Alf.

ALF SOWDEN

I don't know where he is.

MARY SOWDEN

Amy?

(AMY's miles away, trying
to work out a word in her
book)

Just go shout him see, Alf!

ALF SOWDEN

(reluctantly dropping what
he's doing, and heading
for the door)

I don't know where he is! I've not
seen him since this morning!

THOMAS SOWDEN

Happen he's gone.

MARY SOWDEN

Why would he?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Well. I've been *asking* him to move
on. Happen he's finally got
t'message.

Outside we hear ALF shouting "Uncle Behhhhhn!!! Tea's
ready!!!" over and over. MARY notices that THOMAS has a cut
on the side of his face that wasn't there this morning, and
his hands look bruised too. There's a sort of unspoken
exchange between them, with MARY's look saying, "You haven't
done something stupid?" THOMAS is dead behind his eyes. Of
course no-one else in the room can have a clue what's going
on in the looks between Thomas and his mother.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

D'you think he has?

THOMAS SOWDEN

Yeah. Yeah.

(it's his mother he's
looking at)

I wouldn't be surprised if he'd got
bored of us and slung his 'ook.

MARY SOWDEN

How've you got them cuts? And on
your face?

THOMAS SOWDEN

(feels his face)

Dunno.

THOMAS has got better at lying to his mother since he now
knows she's been bothering with Ben sexually, and has lost
respect for her.

AMY SOWDEN

Suzannah -

(she holds out her hand to
make her come over)

what's this word?

SUZANNAH goes and helps AMY. THOMAS and MARY exchange another
look, and then THOMAS carries on. MARY of course is shocked.
Shaken. It can't really mean what she thinks it means.

14 **EXT. STONEY ROYD. EARLY EVENING 29. 1730 (LATE 1834)** 14

ANN WALKER's carriage is now parked outside another posh house in Halifax. The POST-BOY baits his horses, and JOSEPH/GEORGE polishes a smutch off the carriage.

15 **INT. STONEY ROYD, DRAWING ROOM. EARLY EVENING 29. 1730 (LATE 1834)**

ANNE LISTER and ANN WALKER are with elderly MRS. RAWSON, who has a massive crush on ANNE LISTER (not that she'd ever have understood it as such, or ever put it into words). It emerges as slightly over-familiar banter (flirting?) - on MRS. RAWSON's part - whereas ANNE may play on it, but always remains polite. ANNE speaks loudly because MRS. RAWSON's deaf, and - because she's deaf - MRS. RAWSON speaks loudly back.

ANNE LISTER

You're our treat, Mrs. Rawson!
We've been paying house-calls all day and we've saved you 'til last!

MRS. RAWSON

You know everyone's talking about you, don't you?

ANNE LISTER

Oh they'll all get bored of us soon enough, when they realise there's very little to talk about.

MRS. RAWSON

You need to be careful, Miss Walker! They're all worried you're going to learn to *walk like Miss Lister*. And be like her. And according to my daughter Mrs. Waterhouse, one Miss Lister is *quite enough* to move in such an eccentric orbit, we don't need two.

It doesn't occur to ANNE LISTER to take this as anything other than a compliment.

ANNE LISTER

You look well, Mrs. Rawson!

MRS. RAWSON

She's changing the subject.

ANNE LISTER

Very well indeed.

MRS. RAWSON

Mm, well I was eighty-one yesterday.

ANNE LISTER

(jumping to ANN's verbal assistance)

- yes and really Miss Walker's aunt ought to be happy for her! Look at her! She's the picture of health and happiness since our tour of the Alps! Her cousin Mrs. Edwards at Pye Nest was so pleased with her this morning and commented particularly on how well she looked and made the observation - entirely unprompted - that people should *not grow mouldy at home!* And I ask you in all sincerity, could two unmarried ladies do better? You know all this nonsense began because of a harmless incident that Mrs. Priestley entirely misunderstood. I was looking after Miss Walker at Crow Nest. This is more than eighteen months ago now -

MRS. RAWSON

Oh, I heard.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, and I know what you heard! The fiction fuelled by - dare I say it -
(a show of reluctance -)
jealousy. Mrs. Priestley is *deep,* Mrs. Rawson. Deep. But! There it is. We rarely think of it, Miss Walker and I have chosen to rise above it. We have a thousand better things to expend our energies on.

MRS. RAWSON's amused. ANNE LISTER always makes her smile.

MRS. RAWSON

(she turns to ANN WALKER)

I believe anything she tells me.

(then back to ANNE LISTER)

I wish you visited me more often!

(then back to ANN WALKER)

Just looking at her makes me feel about a hundred years younger. I hope Christopher isn't still irritating you!

ANNE LISTER's smile broadens. Perhaps a bit too broad so it could look more like gritted teeth.

ANNE LISTER

I rarely think of him!

ANN WALKER
Oh, Mr. Ingham?

MARIAN LISTER
- of Blake Hall in Mirfield, yes.
Would you like a glass of madeira?
Before dinner.

ANNE LISTER
Who is he?

ANN WALKER
His - yes, thank you - his parents
were friends of my parents. We've
all known one another since we were
children.

ANNE LISTER
You've never mentioned him. Were
you expecting him?

ANN WALKER
No.

Having poured a glass for ANN, MARIAN raises the decanter to
ANNE: would she like a glass too? ANNE declines.

ANNE LISTER
Was his wife with him?

MARIAN LISTER
No, he was on his own.

ANN WALKER
He's not married.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)
He said he'd call again.

ANNE LISTER
Did he.

MARIAN LISTER
Possibly with his brother. And his
brother's wife.

ANNE imagines a single man visiting her wife must have
ulterior motives. ANN's absorbed the contents of her letter
as they've been speaking -

ANN WALKER
"Elizabeth is delivered of a fine
thumping boy".

MARIAN LISTER
(delighted)
Oh!

ANN WALKER
"Mother and baby both doing well".

ANNE LISTER
I'd forgotten she was pregnant.

ANN WALKER
He's to be christened John. After
my brother.
(she flips the paper all
ways to make sure she
hasn't missed anything)
No mention of the division of the
estate. It's been... *how many weeks*
since I wrote, and it's not even
mentioned!

ANNE doesn't want this aired in front of MARIAN. She's as
irritated by this news as ANN, but doesn't exhibit it.

ANNE LISTER
Marian!
(she takes her bunch of
keys from her pocket and
passes it to MARIAN, with
one key prominent)
Ask Matthew to go into the cellar
and get a bottle of the champagne
we brought over from Crow Nest -

MARIAN LISTER
(thrilled; champagne's a
real treat)
Ooh!

ANNE LISTER
- and we'll drink to the baby's
health at dinner!
(MARIAN sets off)
And keep an eye on Matthew! We
don't want any more bottles
disappearing.

ANN WALKER is helping herself to a second glass of madeira.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
Steady on.

ANN WALKER
It's been a long day.

ANNE LISTER
Yes! And a good one. Let's not
spoil it.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You know how silly you got in the Alps with all that Roussillon wine.

ANN WALKER

(shaking the letter)

It's not even *alluded* to. I've just been ignored!

ANNE LISTER

Well then, you must write again.

ANN WALKER

Why do people think they can *ignore* me?

ANNE LISTER

(note to self/to camera)

Perhaps the request was too subtly hidden at the end of that third paragraph.

ANN WALKER

It's as if I'm invisible!

ANNE LISTER

You're *not*. Invisible. People need educating, that's all. That's why today was a triumph! Was one door shut in our face? The truth is what we show people it is, not some bitter tittle-tattle from Mrs. Priestley. And look. If it becomes necessary, we'll employ Mr. Parker. They can't ignore a man of law. Mm?

Now ANNE LISTER is being so kind and attentive to her, ANN WALKER has the courage to say -

ANN WALKER

I was worried *you* were ignoring me today.

ANNE LISTER

(appalled)

When?

ANN WALKER

In the carriage. You were so animated in company, and then in the carriage you barely spoke.

ANNE'S conscious of the fact that she's been distracted at times today imagining how Mariana would receive her letter. But perhaps she hadn't realised she'd externalised it, and it unsettles her. She's usually so in control of herself.

ANNE LISTER

I'm sorry. If I was like that. I wasn't aware.

A moment between them.

Her dad appears. SUZANNAH feels humiliated, self-conscious (because of what was said yesterday to her mother).

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Where is everyone?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
Work.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Your mother told me. About the conversation you had. Yesterday. With her.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
It's all sorted out.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
What?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
He's gone. Ben. He's gone.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Has he?
(that's curious)
When?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
Yesterday.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Has he?
(yup)
Definitely? For good?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
Who knows?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Right. All right. Well. If he comes back. You come and see me. All right?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
Yeah.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
If Thomas can't deal with him, I can.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN
Right.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Everything else all right?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

Yeah.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

You're sure?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

Yes. It was just him. I think without him, everything'll be different. More like I imagined it would be. When we got married.

WASHINGTON accepts that. Then another thought -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Where's he gone?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

I don't know. I don't care. Nobody does. He's just gone.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

And not told anyone he was going?

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

No.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Like Sam.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

Yeah.

(she hadn't thought of it,
but -)

Yeah.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

He comes back, you tell me.
Straight away.

SUZANNAH SOWDEN

Yep.

WASHINGTON lingers for a moment to be sure she really is all right, and then heads out.

23

EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM. DAY 30. 0903 (LATE 1834)

23

WASHINGTON comes out of the house.

He has an instinct that something is amiss, but as he looks around for clues, nothing strikes him.

He gets on his horse and heads off, past the pigs again, who we linger on briefly. Is that where Ben now is? Same as SAM.

ANNE LISTER

I bumped into your son in the library. And I was saying I should like to speak to you in your capacity as chairman of the Navigation Committee.

JOHN WATERHOUSE JNR

I did explain that you'd be busy but but that you'd probably be happy to to to er -

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Yes of course.

JOHN WATERHOUSE JNR nods/bows and leaves.

JOHN WATERHOUSE (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

ANNE LISTER

I've heard certain concerns voiced lately about the management of the Navigation. In light of the threat from the railways. And as a shareholder I'm anxious to become as well informed in the matter as I can be. Do you have a list of proprietors?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

I do, yes.

ANNE LISTER

Can I see it?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

People might take a dim view of me sharing a list of the proprietors with you, Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Well it could be considered
confidential information.

ANNE LISTER

Is the number. Of shareholders.
Confidential information?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Off the top of my head -

ANNE LISTER

Roughly.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

(he can't lie)
Six hundred and thirty-seven.

ANNE LISTER

And as a shareholder I assume I am
legally permitted to know the
present sum total of Navigation
stock?

We cut to a few moments later when a CLERK has given MR. WATERHOUSE SNR a file. The CLERKS in the outer office are still trying to catch glimpses of eccentric ANNE LISTER. The CLERK withdraws and MR. WATERHOUSE finds the relevant page, and then the figure.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

One hundred and fifty-nine
thousand, six hundred and thirty-
one pounds, fifteen shillings and
seven pence.

ANNE scribbles it down in pencil in her notebook. And does a series of quick calculations.

ANNE LISTER

So if the dividends were due now
there'd barely be enough to pay the
shareholders their five percent.

MR. WATERHOUSE SNR considers his response thoughtfully. He hasn't done those calculations, so doesn't know what figures they're trying to spin.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Well that's - I couldn't comment on
that.

ANNE LISTER

Why? Mr. Waterhouse. Why not?
You're the chairman of the sub-
committee. Surely you know.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

We live in a volatile climate, Miss
Lister. What might be true one day
isn't necessarily so the next.

ANNE LISTER

Mm, well I'm keen to ascertain - in
this volatile climate - that my
money is being laid out
judiciously.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

It's always 'laid out judiciously'.
(he hesitates; he can't
assume Anne Lister
doesn't know things such
as -)

It is true, some people think too
much was spent expanding upwards
from Salter Hebble. Others don't.

ANNE LISTER

Is it true the canals are going to
be deepened for larger vessels?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

It's one option.

ANNE LISTER

It's an expensive option.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Doing *nothing* is an expensive
option in a competitive world. And
deepening the channels to make way
for bigger vessels would be very
good for... well, anyone in coal.
For instance. The stuff could be
shipped to London very cheaply. Any
dealing in bulk commodities could
benefit from the introduction of
bigger vessels.

ANNE LISTER

Is that your favoured option?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

When does the sub-committee meet to
decide these things?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

This afternoon.

ANNE LISTER

Oh *really*?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

It's not law to make the concern public. And frankly I believe it's prudent to keep it that way, I believe it's in the best interests of shareholders - in the present climate - if the sub-committee reaches a good decision quickly. About the best way forward.

ANNE LISTER

As a friend...

(how friendly he is being
right now is debatable,
but)

Would you advise me to sell out?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

No.

ANNE LISTER

Would *you* sell out?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

No! Good heavens, the extension to Halifax was only built six years ago! What would it look like if *I* sold out?

ANNE's taking it all in, mulling things over.

ANNE LISTER

Would you mind letting me know on what measures the sub-committee decides? Mr. Waterhouse? I'm fascinated by all this. Would you mind sending me a note?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

I'll - yes - I'm sure I can find time to do that.

Maybe we hear a hint of sarcasm. But if ANNE detects it, she ignores it. So long as she gets what she wants.

ANNE LISTER

And would it be possible to borrow a copy of the last Navigation Act? I assume you have copies. For shareholders to look at.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Yes, I - yes, I'll have a copy sent up to Shibden Hall.

ANNE's voice takes us into the next scene -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

And then he detained me further insisting that this new Selby to Leeds railway was a poor concern -

27

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 30. 1740 (LATE 1834) 27

ANNE LISTER

- and that it would never pay for itself!

ANNE's just ripping open a package that's arrived and pulling out its contents. She's sitting eating dinner with ANN (who is silent and subdued), MARIAN and a disgruntled JEREMY. MATTHEW waits on them. There's a bit of an atmosphere in the room (generated, we sense, by JEREMY) but ANNE's doing her usual thing of pretending not to notice.

MARIAN LISTER

So what're you going to do with that?

The documents she's just opened.

ANNE LISTER

The Navigation Act? Read it, study it. Oh here we are -

(she's found a note)

"Dear Miss Lister..."

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(she skims through the
opening pleasantries to
the salient bit)

"...we had a committee meeting this
afternoon where after ample
discussion the committee coincided
in opinion on to what extent and
upon what scale it would be prudent
and desirable to undertake the
improvements projected".

(ANNE'S cross)

Is that it?! It isn't even English!
"on to what extent"!? "I remain
yours most truly, J. Waterhouse".
Well what does this tell me?
Nothing! It tells me they had a
meeting, and we knew that! They're
panicking. *He's* panicking. They've
spent all this money and now they
don't know how to protect their
investment. *Our* investment. There's
such a *sad want* of good leadership
in this town.

Then the thing JEREMY's been brooding on -

JEREMY LISTER
And what if you'd damaged it?

ANNE LISTER
Mm? *Oh* we're not still talking
about that!?

JEREMY LISTER
It's all wear and tear! I said *no*
and I meant [no] *yes*, we are still
talking about that!

ANNE LISTER
It needs to be run in, you've only
been out in it twice since you got
it!

JEREMY LISTER
It does *not* need to be 'run in'! It
needs to be *in that barn* -

ANNE LISTER
Coach house. We now call it the
coach house.

JEREMY LISTER
- where I can see it.

MARIAN LISTER
You shouldn't really have taken it
Anne. Not after Father'd said he
didn't -

JEREMY LISTER

She's *never* had any respect for other people's property! Right from when she was tiny!

ANNE LISTER

I was doing you a *favour*. And it was your idea, Marian.

MARIAN LISTER

W - ?!

ANNE LISTER

I was testing it. You said you were worried about how safe he was it was!

MARIAN LISTER

I *meant* with Father drivi[ng it]-!
(oops, that's a clanger)
I mean I *didn't* mean for you just to just take it!

ANNE LISTER

Are you interested in hearing about these canal shares or not?

ANNE LISTER only has to raise her voice very slightly for it to have a huge effect. In the little hiatus, silent bad-tempered ANN WALKER indicates to nervous MATTHEW that she wants her wine glass topped up again. Of course ANNE notices this. So does MARIAN. Moving swiftly on -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

So. We're taking Charles Howarth to Hull. Adny and I. He's going to choose some good Riga oak logs from one of the wholesalers at the docks to replace all our upstairs floorboards -

JEREMY LISTER

Is he?

ANNE LISTER

Yes, and we shall come back -

JEREMY LISTER

So yet more banging?

ANNE LISTER

And [we shall] - *yes*, more banging - we shall come back via Selby and have a *good look* at this railway ourselves.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh and there was a letter for you this afternoon from Mrs. Lawton as well. Did you see it? I put it on your desk.

No, ANNE did not see it.

28

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. EVENING 30. 1845 28
(LATE 1834)**

Evening light. ANNE reads Mariana's letter. Slowly. It weighs on her heart. ANNE looks at us and says sadly (even on the cusp of tears) -

ANNE LISTER

She's brought all this on herself. There are so many times when she could've just *had* me. Forever. And...

She shakes her head.

We cut to a few moments later. ANNE is preparing to write a letter. But the words elude her.

Eventually, not what we quite expect: with a murmur of "fuck it" (or something similar) she gives up and addresses another issue instead -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Dear Mr. Waterhouse.

(she's angry, sarcastic)

I am obliged for your note and the copy of the Navigation Act. I should be glad to take the most proper means of gaining information respecting the nature and extent of the improvements which the committee will think it advisable to recommend. It would have given me enormous pleasure to derive such information from yourself, but I have no doubt you have sufficient reason for withholding it. Perhaps the committee will take into consideration, whether it may be proper to draw up some report of your view of the subject so that the general proprietors may not be called upon, at the next general meeting, to come to a determination the reasons for which they have had no previous opportunity of considering. Believe me very truly yours. Anne Lister.

She drops her pen in its pot. And we sense it's Mariana she's really thinking about still. Perhaps she picks up Mariana's letter again.

29 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 30. 2200 (LATE 1834)**

ANNE and ANN have retired to their 'neat little upstairs wing' for the evening. Gentle attentive ANNE LISTER massages ANN WALKER's back with brandy.

ANNE LISTER

You were quiet. At dinner. Are you going to tell me what's the matter?

ANN's battling feelings of humiliation.

ANN WALKER

I - this afternoon - I sent for Washington. I thought this was a good idea - I thought you'd be pleased with me - I asked him if he would write to my sister about the division of the estate. I thought it'd be more formal than a letter from me, and less aggressive than a letter from a lawyer. But he refused. He said it was a family matter and he shouldn't like to get involved. And then, when he'd gone, I thought - first of all if you'd asked him to do something like that he wouldn't even question it.

ANNE LISTER

Well that's [not necessarily] -

ANN WALKER

(interrupts)

So that's one thing, and *then*. I remembered. When my brother died. Captain Sutherland was very efficient at sorting things out. At the time I was grateful. We were in such turmoil and then there was all the trouble with John's widow. Fanny. Which was awful. But in the middle of all that he became very friendly with Washington. Captain Sutherland did. And with Mr. Parker too.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

And that's why I don't know if I could trust either of them to act in *my* best interests.

ANNE LISTER

That's interesting. I didn't know Captain Sutherland even knew Mr. Parker. Or Washington. What happened with Fanny?

ANN WALKER

Oh. Well. When she returned. From Naples. Where John died. She believed she was pregnant. And if she had been... the entire estate would've been the child's. But there was no baby. And then - because they'd been married so briefly and no heir - Captain Sutherland employed Mr. Parker to expedite - based on the stipulations in my father's will - the estate coming to me and Elizabeth. So Fanny was paid off. And that was it. But yes, Captain Sutherland and Washington and Mr. Parker were as thick as thieves by the end.

ANNE LISTER

I wouldn't worry about Washington. Perhaps he has a point, he perhaps feels between a rock and a hard place. But the legal thing... perhaps it would be better to use someone not local. There's another lawyer I use. From time to time. In York. Mr. Gray. Why don't we go and speak to him and instruct him in the matter?

ANNE always has the answers.

ANN WALKER

You know you're the only person
I've ever really been able to
trust. Since John died. About
anything.

ANN's so sincere, so vulnerable. And obviously this news is
useful to ANNE LISTER if there is going to be a battle over
Ann getting her half of the Crow Nest estate. They embrace in
a moment of mutual appreciation and understanding.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

How's Mrs. Lawton?

ANNE LISTER

Mm?

ANN WALKER

Her letter.

ANNE LISTER

Oh. Just the usual. Feeling sorry
for herself.

But we can see that it lingers with ANNE, despite her attempt
to dismiss it.

30 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 31. 0910 (LATE 1834)** 30

A shiny new morning at Shibden Hall. Two little BOOTH GIRLS
herding the cows into the parlour to be milked.

31 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 31. 0910** 31
(LATE 1834)

ANNE's got JAMES HOLT in with her. She's listening to him,
and reading the *Yorkshire Gazette* at the same time. JAMES
HOLT has smartened himself up; clearly he has heeded ANNE's
words from Episode 1, "Sort yourself out".

JAMES HOLT

I see they've made a good job of
the drift ma'am. I was up there
this morning.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. I'm thinking about naming it
Walker Pit. After my - in
compliment to m[y] - Miss Walker.
(She smiles. HOLT takes
that in, offers no
response)
How are you?

JAMES HOLT

Well, ma'am. Thank you. And I thought you might be interested to know... I got wind yesterday of a tale that the Rawsons had been trying to do a deal over Samuel Hall's coal. Other side of Lower Brea. Which - if it happened - could have been catastrophic. For you. They could have had you surrounded. Only it's all fallen through.

So this is big.

ANNE LISTER

How do you know this?

JAMES HOLT

Well they're all talking about it. Obviously it was behind closed doors for long enough but now it's off, tempers have got frayed and it's all out in the open. Rawson found out the land was entailed. So he asked Samuel Hall for a bond of indemnity. Apparently. For three thousand pounds, and Mr. Hall refused, and that was it. All off.

The enormity of what this could have meant hits ANNE the more she thinks about it.

ANNE LISTER

It's good of you to come and tell me this. Holt.

JAMES HOLT

Well...
(he kind of owes her one)
And this is the thing. I've spoken to Mr. Hall, and whenever he's prepared to discuss his coal again, he'll come to me. And I'll come to you.

ANNE takes that in. She's grateful. It's all unspoken. After all, he does owe her one. Maybe this is his way of apologising and showing loyalty.

ANNE LISTER

Could you get me - does such a thing exist - a general coal plan of the whole neighbourhood?

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You and I should anticipate things like this.

JAMES HOLT

Let me look into it. Y'know... this *is* bad news for Mr. Rawson. Without it - short of continuing to pilfer - he has very few places left to go. I can't help but think they haven't much of their own coal left to get. And now you've got Spiggs ma'am, potentially - you're a bigger concern than they are.

ANNE takes that in with some satisfaction, although she's wise enough to know it's still only potential. She's not actually produced any coal yet. And then the other thing she's bothered with at the moment -

ANNE LISTER

Look at this.

(she flashes the *Gazette* at him)

Applications for railroads to be built from Sheffield to Rotherham, Selby to Hull, Cambridge to London, Great Yarmouth to Norwich, York to Selby, London to York!

(she reads)

"For the conveyance of goods, passengers, bullion, the public mail". And at Doncaster, "the London to York railroad would connect with the West Riding of Yorkshire", "Railroad travel expected to increase three-fold", "After deducting expenses, shareholders can expect a dividend of ten percent"!

(HOLT is impressed, and ANNE can't resist a sneaking regard too, despite her Navigation shares)

They're confident, aren't they? These railway men.

JAMES HOLT

(smiling, nodding)

And they'll all want coal.

32 **EXT. SELBY TO LEEDS RAILWAY. DAY 32. 0940 (LATE 1834)** 32

The 'Venus' chugging towards Leeds. There are three classes of carriage, the expensive one, which is bright yellow and looks like three high-flyer carriage compartments melded into one big one, then three covered open carriages, then three more open carriages with no canopy, where everyone has an umbrella, as it's raining so heavily.

33 **INT. THE VENUS. DAY 32. 0940 (LATE 1834)** 33

There are six seats in each of the three posh compartments of the 'Venus'. ANNE and ANN travel together with one other passenger, a 30-year-old TRADESMAN (who Anne Lister described in her journal as "not a man of much intelligence"). He is (however) chatty, well informed, well dressed, speaks confidently (with a Yorkshire accent) and is obsessed with the potential and beauty of the railway. ANNE jots down his observations in her note book.

TRADESMAN

The railway charges six shillings and eight pence per ton from Leeds to Selby. Whereas the dues on the Aire and Calder canal are seven shillings *and* there's your freightage on top of that at another two and six per ton, so - *and* the railway's just going to get faster! In ten years' time they're talking about speeds of up to forty and fifty miles an hour! Just think, you could have breakfast at your hotel in Leeds and be at your hotel in London in time for tea. Can you imagine? Capacity *and* speed.

ANNE LISTER

Do you...? Work for the railways?

TRADESMAN

No! Not directly.
(he offers his card)
Edward Vickers ma'am. My family makes steel. In Sheffield.

ANNE LISTER

Ah! I had some *excellent* surgical blades made in Sheffield in 1828.

ANN WALKER

Miss Lister dissected a baby. Once. In Paris.

ANNE LISTER & ANN WALKER

It was dead.

34

EXT. UPPER SOUTHOLM, PIG STY. DAY 32. 1620 (LATE 1834)

34

We discover MARY in with the pigs, gingerly looking for some evidence that Thomas has done something similar to Ben as he did to his dad. Perhaps she's prodding about with a stick, not wanting to inadvertently touch something that might reveal itself to be a body part, when suddenly -

THOMAS SOWDEN
Y'looking for something?
(MARY jumps out of her
skin. THOMAS is
chillingly cool)
What you looking for?

MARY SOWDEN
Nothing.

THOMAS SOWDEN
You won't find anything.

MARY SOWDEN
You better not have done anything
to him!

THOMAS weighs things up. A good pause.

THOMAS SOWDEN
He's gone. All right? He's moved
on. And we're all better off
without him, you included.

MARY SOWDEN
If I find out any different I'll
tell her. Suzannah. See what she
thinks about you then, eh?

THOMAS gets close to her and says very quietly -

THOMAS SOWDEN
There's nothing to tell her. And if
there's one thing that you shoulda
learned by now. Mother. Surely to
God. It's to know when to keep your
stupid mouth shut.

35

INT. ROYDELANDS FARM. DAY 32. 1700 (LATE 1834)

35

ALICE HARDCASTLE prepares the table for dinner. WILLIAM HARDCASTLE washes after a long day's work. Through the windows, outside, he sees HENRY sitting watching LILY and BILLY (now 7 and 5) feeding the chickens.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE
I saw Mr. Washington this morning.
Up at Whiskhum.
(MORE)

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE (CONT'D)

He said summat about how you'd told our Henry not to bother wi' their Eliza any more.

(ALICE heaves a sigh)

Is that right? Cos he was saying she's been upset about it.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Aye well there's been a couple of incidents hasn't there, so...

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Has there? I don't know.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

(reluctantly)

She's a bugger is Eliza.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

I thought you liked her.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

I did! I liked fact that she took him under her wing when he started at that school. But.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

What?

ALICE HARDCASTLE

(even more reluctantly)

They were up at Crow Nest.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Yeah.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Messing about.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Yeah.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

And she said she could show him round. In all t'nice rooms. You know they only live in t'kitchen and t'servants' quarters, they don't have run o' t'house.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Right.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

But she said, "Oh no, let me show you round", like it's all - you know - allowed. Anyway. They were in one room. A big room. With all...

(MORE)

ALICE HARDCASTLE (CONT'D)
curtains and painted wallpaper and
gold furniture. And apparently...
they heard Miss Walker and Miss
Lister - they must have arrived
unexpectedly to look for things, I
don't know - and anyway Eliza's
suddenly telling him to hide! So
clearly not supposed to be there at
all. So they got shut in this room.
With Miss Lister and Miss Walker.
And they're hiding behind a
cupboard. Or a chest of drawers. Or
summat. And - *it's not funny!*

(so obvs WILLIAM was
looking amused)

It's not funny because he *wet*
himself he was that frightened. All
right? And what if he'd got caught?
What would they have thought of
him? She'd have stopped paying for
him to go to that school for a
start. So. *That's why.*

(she hesitates)

And.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

What?

She doesn't want to say it now she's started.

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Oh...

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

What?

(silence)

What?

It takes her another few moments to get the words out -

ALICE HARDCASTLE

They were kissing.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

(amazed)

Henry and Eliza?

ALICE HARDCASTLE

No! No. No.

(is she really going to
say this out loud? She
can barely believe she
is)

Miss Lister. And Miss Walker. Were
ki[ssing] - kissing. In the room.
He described it. And... well that's
what it sounded like, and I don't
know what else it can have been.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Wh - ? Kissing like - ?

ALICE HARDCASTLE

Like married people kiss! I don't know! I don't *want* to know. But it's bothered h[im] - it's bothered *me*. Lord knows what they were doing, Lord knows what they saw! But the point is, but for Eliza, he *wouldn't* have. All right?

(WILLIAM has a hundred bewildered questions)

I don't want it mentioned again. I don't want anything to do with it. And most of all I don't want *him* bothering with Eliza because *she's* trouble.

36 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, CARRIAGE DRIVE. DAY 32. 1710 (LATE 1834)** 36

ANNE and ANN returning from their Selby, York, Hull excursion in Ann's carriage, with JOSEPH/GEORGE on the back, and EUGÉNIE up front with the DRIVER.

37 **INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE. DAY 32. 1710 (LATE 1834)** 37

ANN WALKER

I liked Mr. Gray very much. Sorry, I know I keep saying it. But I do appreciate the things you do for me. Anne. I hope you know how much.

ANNE's been waiting for the right moment, and this would appear to be it.

ANNE LISTER

There was something. I wondered. If I could ask of *you*.

ANN WALKER

Of course.

ANNE LISTER

It's delicate. It's difficult.
(she hesitates)

I've been trying to ignore it. But it won't go away. I hate to think of any of my friends being wretched, but -

ANN WALKER

Mrs. Lawton.

A grave moment.

ANNE LISTER

She really is very low. This - you and me - it's been quite a blow. For her. I don't think I appreciated quite how much. 'Til that last letter I had from her. She's asking to see me. She's asking me to go over. I won't go if you don't want me to. But I do wonder... for my own peace of mind. For my own...

(she struggles to find the words, because her motivations are mixed, and some of those motivations she hasn't confronted within herself yet)

Equilibrium. I think she needs to see me, she needs to see that I'm happy. Now. And that... that's it. For me and her. So she can accept it. Do you understand?

ANN WALKER

Why did she not call in? When you said she might?

ANNE LISTER

She couldn't face it. She thought it was better not to. And now she regrets it.

(ANN's quiet)

Two nights at the most. Dwell on it. Hm? As I say, if you don't want me to go...

(she wants to mean this, she doesn't want to be just saying it and then doing what the hell she wants anyway)

I won't.

ANN WALKER's thoughtful. She doesn't particularly want ANNE to go, but she's smart enough to know you can't clip the wings of someone like Anne Lister. And she wants to trust her.

39

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 33. 1350 (LATE 1834)

39

ANNE turns a few heads as she strides through town and into the Navigation office.

40

INT. NAVIGATION OFFICE, HALIFAX. DAY 33. 1351 (LATE 1834) 40

MR. JOHN WATERHOUSE SNR and several other men are gathered around a table, on which is a large plan of the canal and the projected improvements. ANNE has walked in on a sub-committee meeting comprising MR. WATERHOUSE SNR, MR. WILLIAM NORRIS, MR. HODGSON, MR. WILLIAM BRIGGS (age 40, son of Halifax Whig banker and MP Rawdon Briggs) and MR. BULL. They all stand up when eccentric ball-breaker ANNE LISTER strides in.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER

Good afternoon, Gentlemen! Mr. Norris. Mr. Hodgson.

(she hesitates as she turns to WILLIAM BRIGGS; the Briggses are Whigs, and she likes to give a clear signal that she regards them all as a bad smell)

Mr. Briggs.

WILLIAM BRIGGS smiles. Whether it's a polite smile or an impertinent smile ANNE LISTER can't quite decide. Perhaps there's something about the way he takes in her eccentric costume and is amused by it rather than thrown by it that makes us lean towards it being an impertinent smile.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Miss Lister.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Do you know Mr. Bull? Our technical adviser.

She nods politely at MR. BULL. MR. BULL isn't local and so has never seen ANNE LISTER before, or indeed, anyone like her.

ANNE LISTER

Sorry, are you convening? Have I interrupted you?

MR. NORRIS

No ma'am! Just finished.

MR. HODGSON

You've come to look at the plans, Miss Lister?

ANNE LISTER

Yes and to borrow a copy of Mr. Palmer's report. If that's possible. I was surprised to hear you've settled for single locks.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Oh nothing's settled. Only proposed. The thing must be decided by the majority at the general meeting. I -

(he glances at BRIGGS;
there has been a
difference of views)
personally - incline strongly
towards the *double* locks. It would
increase the flow of traffic -

WILLIAM BRIGGS

And cost another eleven thousand pounds.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

- and therefore allow for a greater *volume* of traffic.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

In twenty years' time the canals will be dead. Nothing we do will halt the railways so there's no point throwing money at it just to appease the shareholders.

WILLIAM BRIGGS feels like someone from a younger smarter generation, who can see the writing on the wall.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

The majority will decide.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

They will! So. If you'll excuse me, Gentlemen.

(he makes a bit of a nod,
then nods to ANNE, and
murmurs in brushing past
as though it's a polite
goodbye, still smiling -)
Captain Lister.

It's one of those 'did he just say that?' moments. ANNE has to keep smiling. Water off a duck's back. But it's clear it was meant as a sly, impertinent jibe at her homosexuality. Albeit done with a cheery smile. The sort of jape men defend by saying, "Oh I was just teasing her, it was just a bit of fun", with no awareness of how belittling, humiliating, crippling it is. Everyone in the room heard it. It was just loud enough. WILLIAM BRIGGS has gone, the outer door shuts behind him. ANNE just has to stand there and look like she's fine with that. Being called a freak in front of everybody.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

(embarrassed, apologetic)
A copy of Mr. Palmer's report? Yes!
Yes, take mine. I've read it.

ANNE LISTER

Do you favour single locks? Mr.
Bull.

MR. BULL

No. Ma'am. And you'll see neither
does Mr. Palmer in his -
(a nod at the document
WATERHOUSE has just given
ANNE)
Report.

ANNE LISTER

And yet -

She indicates behind her at what the little Briggs jerk just
said before he left.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

What has become apparent, Miss
Lister, and I think I can say this -
(he glances at the others)
Amongst friends. Is that it looks
as though Mr. Briggs and his father
- who was at the previous meeting -

MR. NORRIS

(interjecting)
- er which is why at present the
single locks are on the plan. I'm
afraid at the time it was a case of
the loudest voice in the room
prevailing.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

- is that it looks as though
they're determined to turn the
whole thing into a political
wrangle.

ANNE LISTER

How?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

They've characterised our position
as 'blue'. "Only the Tories would
vote for double locks". "The Tories
will involve the shareholders in
unnecessary expense".

MR. NORRIS

There are few depths Rawdon Briggs
won't sink to, to push the yellows.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Anyone with sense can see that
single locks are pointless!

(MORE)

JOHN WATERHOUSE (CONT'D)

In the present emergency - with double locks - we have a chance at least of keeping the Navigation costs competitive for some time longer!

ANNE LISTER

Surely common sense will prevail. And anyway there must be more blue shareholders than yellow ones. If it came to that tawdry way of doing business.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

I'm afraid that's not something we can take for granted. Not any more. Not in Halifax.

ANNE weighs things up.

ANNE LISTER

You've been very civil. Gentlemen. I'll study the report and assure you that common sense will guide *my* decision at least.

(she hesitates before leaving, just to add -)

Between us. Miss Walker and I own significant shares. And if necessary I shall make my voice heard at the meeting on both our behalves.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Miss Lister.

They all make polite obeisances to one another and ANNE leaves.

41 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 33. 1600 (LATE 1834)**

AUNT ANNE'S sitting in a chair in her bedroom with her leg raised. She's in pain, as usual, but dealing with it stoically, and trying to divert herself by re-reading old letters. She's also having a drop of madeira. A knock at the door and ANNE appears.

ANNE LISTER

Aunt.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh!

(she's always delighted to see ANNE, who comes and sits near her, takes her hand and kisses it)

(MORE)

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I was just re-reading your letters
from Copenhagen. You do have
adventures, don't you?

ANNE misses Copenhagen, she could have made a pleasant life
for herself there. But she's here now.

ANNE LISTER

(she winks at her AUNT)
What did Mr. Sunderland say?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh... more laudanum.
(she winces, it's bitter)
But it works.

ANNE LISTER

What's that?

She's spotted the madeira.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh. That helps as well. And it
tastes better too.
(ANNE gives a mild look of
disapproval)
Don't worry! I'm not going to get
like your -
(she realises that could
seem insensitive and
trails off)
mother. How was Mr. Waterhouse?

ANNE LISTER

Civil.
(she chooses not to tell
her Aunt about William
Briggs' insult, although
we see it still rankles)
Listen. How would you feel if -
I've got to be back in time for
this meeting with the shareholders -
but how would you feel if I were to
go away for a few days, and leave
Miss Walker here?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Where are you going?

ANNE LISTER

To -
(she knows it sounds bad)
see Mrs. Lawton.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker's agreed to it. I've explained the situation to her as...

(through a thousand evasions and subtleties) best I can. Her only anxiety is how you'd feel about her being here without me.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

This is her home. We don't want her to feel uncomfortable in it. Whether you're here or not.

(ANNE squeezes her AUNT's hand again for this generous response. Then, where angels fear to tread -)

Why are you going to see Mrs. Lawton?

ANNE hesitates. And goes rather grave.

ANNE LISTER

Oh I think it would come under the heading of 'unfinished business'. She's struggling to come to terms with the way things are. Now. Despite the fact that it was all her own doing.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(delicately, all that unspoken stuff)

Don't make a fool of Miss Walker. She thinks the world of you.

ANNE LISTER

Aunt. I don't think I've ever been less in love's danger as far as Mariana's concerned. I'm happy. Miss Walker makes me very happy. I have everything I ever wanted now and it's all here! That's what Mariana needs to understand. And I think she needs to hear me say it. To her face.

AUNT ANNE wants to believe ANNE.

ANN WALKER's watching ANNE LISTER (who's dressed ready for off) packing a small box and bag to take to Lawton Hall. ANN's a bit wobbly about ANNE going.

ANNE LISTER

I'll write a note. To let you know
I've arrived safely.

ANN WALKER

I'd like that.

ANNE LISTER

I won't arrive much before 9
o'clock this evening, but I'll get
something in the post bag first
thing.

(ANN nods, can't speak.

She's tearful)

Chin up.

(a tap at the door)

Yes.

JOSEPH/GEORGE appears. He's ready for off too with his big
travelling coat on, and tricorn hat.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Your luggage ma'am?

ANNE nods at it. He takes ANNE's box and bag. ANNE opens the
door wide for him to get back through when he's laden with
things (and to expedite his exit). She watches after him for
a moment to make sure he's out of ear shot, then pushes the
door to, and comes back over to kiss ANN. They're tender.

ANNE LISTER

It's kind of you. To let me go.

ANN WALKER

Should I send Mrs. Lawton my
regards?

ANNE LISTER

If you like.

ANN WALKER

And tell her I hope to see her
here. Some time.

ANNE LISTER

That's kind.

ANN WALKER touches ANNE LISTER's face. Anxious that she's not
going to be able to gaze at it for two whole days.

ANN WALKER

Come back.

ANNE's gazing back, delighted by ANN WALKER's obvious delight
in her. ANNE LISTER really weighs up whether to say the next
thing or not. So when she says it, it has real import.
Because it's not glib or throw-away. She really wants to mean
it, to test it, to see if it feels true as she says it.

ANNE LISTER

I love you.

ANN WALKER's thrilled. ANNE's never actually used that combination of words before. But for ANNE LISTER it doesn't ring as true as it should, fond as she is of Miss Walker. Much as she wants to mean it, in her heart she knows she doesn't feel it.

43 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK YARD. DAY 34. 1220 (LATE 1834)** 43

ANNE nods for EUGÉNIE to get inside the carriage with her ("In"), climbs in after her, and - with JOSEPH/GEORGE on the back and a hired POST-BOY and horses driving - they set off.

44 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. DAY 34. 1220 (LATE 1834)** 44

ANN WALKER watches the carriage depart through the barn, from the bedroom window. She's beset by a whole host of anxieties. She wants to trust Anne, but she has a suspicion there's more to Mrs. Lawton than Anne will ever tell her.

45 **EXT. LAWTON HALL, CHESHIRE. NIGHT 34. 2042 (LATE 1834)** 45

ANNE's [Ann's] carriage arrives at grand Lawton Hall as the day draws to a close.

46 **EXT. LAWTON HALL, COURTYARD. CHESHIRE. NIGHT 34. 2042 (LATE 1834)** 46

A posh Lawton BUTLER opens ANNE's carriage door for her, and escorts her into the house. A Lawton FOOTMAN is also here to help JOSEPH/GEORGE and EUGÉNIE with any luggage.

47 **INT. LAWTON HALL, FRONT ENTRANCE. NIGHT 34. 2043 (LATE 1834)** 47

Another FOOTMAN takes ANNE's hat and coat.

BUTLER

Mrs. Lawton's upstairs. Miss Lister.

48 **INT. LAWTON HALL, SMALL SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 34. 2045 (LATE 1834)** 48

The BUTLER shows ANNE in. The room's empty. A small table is set for dinner.

ANNE LISTER

Where is she?

BUTLER

She should know you've arrived,
Miss Lister. I'll make sure she got
the message.

ANNE sits. And waits. She checks her watch. This is odd. She's not usually shown into empty rooms and left abandoned. Not one to waste time, she gets out her note book and pencil and jots down observations from her journey. She checks her watch again. At length the door (behind ANNE) opens, and MARIANA comes in quietly.

MARIANA LAWTON

Hello Freddy.

ANNE turns and stands up. MARIANA looks wretched. She may have done her best to *look* wretched by not making much in the way of an effort. But she looks like a pale shadow of the thrilling MARIANA we've come to know and love.

ANNE LISTER

Mary.

MARIANA comes and kisses ANNE, but it's rather cool.

MARIANA LAWTON

Have you had dinner?

ANNE LISTER

No.

MARIANA LAWTON

Would you like some?

ANNE LISTER

A little something. Wouldn't be
unwelcome. Thank you.

(MARIANA goes and pulls
the posh (silent) bell-
pull)

How are you?

MARIANA LAWTON

Well I've kept telling you in my
letters how I am. But until now it
would appear to have fallen on deaf
ears. I'm wretched. I almost
couldn't face coming to you. When
they told me you'd arrived.

ANNE LISTER

Well that would've been poor after
I'd travelled all this way. And
after my - Miss Walker so kindly
let me.

The words 'Miss Walker' would appear to cut like a knife through MARIANA's heart. It's a physical reaction of repugnance.

MARIANA LAWTON

You've got no idea what you've done to me, have you? Between you. You and your...

(she can barely say the name)

Miss Walker.

ANNE LISTER

What *I've* done to you?

MARIANA LAWTON

You've destroyed me.

ANNE LISTER

Mariana -

MARIANA LAWTON

You *misunderstood* me on your way back from Hastings after your *skirmish* with Miss Hobart and you've used it as a stick to beat me with ever since and *now this!* I can't eat, I can't sleep! And these *wretched* dizzy spells. Lord knows what that is.

(she's close to tears, her anguish is real)

Everything I'd ever pinned any happiness or hope on is gone.

(she snaps her fingers - like *that!*)

And all because of some insipid little -

ANNE LISTER

Steady on.

MARIANA LAWTON

heiress. Who *you're not* in love with! I know, I can see it, I can hear it, I can read between the lines. The way you write about her in your letters. I know when you're in love and this *isn't it*. You've sacrificed everything, you've *thrown* everything away and you've destroyed me, and you're *not even in love with her*.

(she looks at ANNE steadily, and as wretched as she is, finds the courage to say -)

You're ridiculous.

GENTLEMAN JACK 2. EPISODE 3. 2ND BLUE REVISION. 19.8.21. 62

END OF EPISODE THREE