

Gentleman Jack 2

Episode 4

Written and created by

Sally Wainwright

2nd PINK REVISION

14 April 2021



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We pick up immediately continuously from where we left them, so we run into the new ep from a recap of the end of the final scene of ep 3...

1 INT. LAWTON HALL, SMALL SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 34. 2047 (LATE 1834)

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*.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

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

You're ridiculous.

(she lets that land)

And I'm even more ridiculous for
still being in love with you.

ANNE gives herself a moment to find a response she won't
regret.

ANNE LISTER

Well good heavens, what a
reception. You know I can walk into
Halifax and get spoken to like
that, I needn't cross the Pennines
for it.

Is that supposed to make MARIANA laugh? It doesn't.

MARIANA LAWTON

Stop being glib.

ANNE LISTER

Well.

(a brief glance our way)

It's one antidote to melodrama.

This stings MARIANA, just like 'ridiculous' stung ANNE.

MARIANA LAWTON

Melodr[ama] - ?

(she goes quiet; can ANNE
not see how wretched she
is?)

You know... I think I needed to see
you. Because part of me still
thinks the whole thing can't really
be true. Has she really moved in
with you at *Shibd[en]* - ?

ANNE's absent-mindedly twiddling with her wedding ring. It's
only when MARIANA spots this that ANNE realises what she's
doing. Of course to MARIANA it's devastating; she's very
familiar with which rings Anne Lister wears on which fingers
because - like a man - she never changes them.

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

Good Lord. Have you...? Taken oaths
with her? Have you taken the
Sacrament with her?

ANNE LISTER

Eight months ago. In York.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well then.

(that really is it then.
At the risk of looking
melodramatic, poor
MARIANA drops into a
chair)

I might as well be dead.

ANNE LISTER

Mary.

(she sits opposite and
matches her sincerity)

I waited for you for nearly twenty
years. And I *always* had to dance to
your tune. Sometimes willingly,
sometimes less so. For *twenty*
years, and then when I came back
from Hastings - and I am not using
this as a stick to beat you with,
I'm merely stating a fact - you put
an end to everything.

MARIANA LAWTON

I didn't.

ANNE LISTER

It's *how* I heard it! It is -
unequivocally - how I heard it.

MARIANA LAWTON

Ohh - !

ANNE LISTER

Which is good, and we should thank
God for it. It's just perhaps a
conversation we should've had
sooner. Did you really think I
wouldn't move on?

MARIANA LAWTON

Yes but *her*. What *is* she? Even. I
mean we all know she's got *problems*
but Charlotte Norcliffe says she
isn't lady-like.

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)
And Mrs. *Milne* said that if I saw
my 'successor', I'd be far from
flattered.

ANNE LISTER
Oh, I *know* she did!

MARIANA LAWTON
(interrupts)
"But Miss Lister *won't* be without
money!"

ANNE LISTER
(interrupts)
I know she said it because she said
it in Adny's hear[ing] - *knowingly*
in Adny's hearing when we were in
Paris!

MARIANA LAWTON
Adny.

ANNE LISTER
But Ad[ny] - yes, Adny - being
nothing *but* lady-like -

MARIANA LAWTON
What does she call you?

ANNE LISTER
- never even named it to me until
almost three weeks later. When we
were half way up Mont Blanc.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

And it *is* Mrs. Milne we're talking about here so of course we should always remind ourselves to take anything that escapes her lips with a *lethal* pinch of salt, and whatever *you* or *anyone else* may think, money had -

(she may have to convince herself in the moment that this is true and she hesitates between 'very little' or 'nothing' -)

nothing. To do with it.

MARIANA LAWTON

But it is true that she has three thousand a year?

ANNE doesn't have to answer that of course because it's personal. But in fact she's quite pleased about how well-off she's going to be (looking well-off is all part of the Anne Lister spin), so she makes some semblance of pretending MARIANA's asked her a very impertinent question and then -

ANNE LISTER

Our fortunes - ultimately - will be about equal and between us we should have five thousand a year. Yes.

This kills MARIANA. But she still believes Anne Lister isn't in love. She's doing it for money and dressing it up as love. She goes quiet and says with great sincerity -

MARIANA LAWTON

You're fooling yourself, Freddy. No-one else.

OPENING TITLES

2 INT. LAWTON HALL, SMALL SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 34. 2120 (LATE 2 1834)

ANNE and MARIANA eat dinner ("a couple of nice mutton chops"). They eat in silence for a few moments (MARIANA prodding at her chop gingerly with no appetite, watching ANNE), then -

MARIANA LAWTON

Your little Martha Booth isn't doing very well in the kitchens.

This isn't music to ANNE's ears. If she recommends a servant who falls short of the mark, it's a reflection on her.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

MARIANA LAWTON

Not entirely her fault. Mrs. Duff - our new housekeeper, who we're very pleased with - had to get rid of two cooks in succession. So we think she may have been damaged by their bad example in the way of laziness and deceit.

ANNE LISTER

(disappointed, a murmur)
Oh good Lord.

MARIANA LAWTON

But then her head was rather full of novels. Apparently. When she came to us. Which hasn't helped.

ANNE LISTER

Let me speak to this Mrs. -

MARIANA LAWTON

Duff.

ANNE LISTER

- in the morning and get to the bottom of things.

MARIANA LAWTON

By all means. How often are you and Miss Walker connected?

(ANNE puts her fork down, like that's just *not* something to discuss at dinner, and certainly not when it's juxtaposed so inelegantly with something to do with the servants)

Well you asked me the same question about me. And Charles. All those years ago. I can't imagine why you think it's any different me asking you the same thing.

(ANNE's pointed silence makes it clear that she's not going to answer the question. After a significant pause she simply takes up her fork again and continues eating)

How much does she know about you and me?

ANNE LISTER

I told her all that was necessary.

MARIANA LAWTON

Does she know of *our* -
(delicately)
connection?

ANNE LISTER

Not explicitly. No. Nor will she,
nor will anyone. Ever.

(this might warrant a look
to camera, given that a
good few million viewers
now know all about their
connection)

Not from me.

MARIANA LAWTON

Mm. Because what if you fell out
with her? With her -

(she makes a vague twiddly
gesture at her temple)

...problems, you don't know who she
might just blurt things out to.

Just then CHARLES (hooray!) comes in with his spaniels.

CHARLES LAWTON

Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER

Charles.

ANNE stands up and makes an elegant gentlemanly bow/nod of the head to CHARLES, which he reciprocates, in contrast to MARIANA's look of barely hidden distaste at the sight of CHARLES. ANNE and CHARLES do their usual thing of super-politely skirting around each other -

CHARLES LAWTON

How was your journey?

ANNE LISTER

Excellent.

CHARLES LAWTON

Good! Good. I've already eaten and
had coffee, so -

ANNE LISTER

Yes! I'm sorry I couldn't leave
Halifax any sooner than I did.

CHARLES LAWTON

Not at all.

ANNE LISTER

I have a lot of business on hand
one way and another at the moment.
In the town and on my estate.

CHARLES LAWTON

I was just popping in to say hello,
and I dare say I'll see you in the
morning at breakfast.

ANNE LISTER

Perfect.

CHARLES LAWTON

(a nod at the wife)
Mariana.

MARIANA LAWTON

Charles.

Mentally she's sticking two fingers up at him, and fails to hide that in her voice and manner. ANNE senses worse-than-usual sub-zero degree coolness and tension between them. The door closes behind CHARLES.

ANNE LISTER

Is everything all right?

MARIANA LAWTON

With him? We're ecstatic. The fun
never stops.

ANNE could interrogate that further, but chooses not to.

ANNE LISTER

I don't want to be too late to bed.
I promised I'd write to let
everyone at home know I'd arrived
safely.

MARIANA LAWTON

But you take my point? About Miss
Walker. If she's not all there.

ANNE pauses to let the insult wash away.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker is the soul of
discretion. She's very nicely
particular on all matters of
etiquette, spoken and -
(delicately, she's
referring to dykey
things, obvs)
- unspoken, and you know... if you
met her. If you could bring
yourself to meet her.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

You'd see that she really is very sweet and very kind and really very very normal. And I like to think that in the fullness of time... the three of us could become perfectly good, *kind* friends.

We see MARIANA resist the idea initially. But then perhaps we see her wonder if by 'good kind friends' ANNE's suggesting that they could still be lovers, despite Miss Walker.

3 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 34. 2130 (LATE 1834) 3

We discover ANN WALKER spending a nervous evening with the in-laws. They're at the table playing Black Maria, a card game. It's a later round, and they're all engrossed. MATTHEW removes used after-dinner coffee cups.

ANN WALKER is the focus of our attention, and whilst she barely speaks, it's predominantly her thoughts we play the scene off.

AUNT ANNE's suffering with her leg, but just as we join them, she and MARIAN are recalling a jolly anecdote from the July Revolution -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I was perfectly happy!

MARIAN LISTER

(explaining to ANN)

She dragged her all the way to Paris -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I wanted to go!

MARIAN LISTER

- then as soon as the militia start shooting students she's off to the Pyrénées with the Stuart de Rothesays, and poor Aunt Anne's stuck there on her own!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh, that wasn't it at all! She'd never've left me if she'd known the whole place was going to erupt!

MARIAN LISTER

It's *exactly* what she did!

JEREMY LISTER

Are we playing this game?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh is it me?

MARIAN LISTER

It's you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(she chucks a card down)
You're giving Miss Walker
completely the wrong idea. She
knows Anne would never do something
like that!

MARIAN LISTER
I got a letter from her. "I've left
Aunt Anne in Paris and oh-by-the-
way it's a seething hot-bed of
insurrection".

AUNT ANNE LISTER
I did hear the canons. I
contemplated hiding under a bed.
Briefly.

MARIAN LISTER
Whose?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
But I think it would've been an
over-reaction. We were on the fifth
floor, nobody was interested in us.
People think I haven't lived you
know Miss Walker, and I have.

JEREMY LISTER
Have you told Miss Walker about
tomorrow?

MARIAN LISTER
Oh, tomorrow. Miss Walker. My
father wondered about taking the
britsker over to Cliffhill. To pay
a call on your aunt.

ANN WALKER
(worried, anxious, a bit
perplexed; she's still
cross with her aunt)
Why?

MARIAN LISTER
Would you like to come with us?

ANN WALKER
(not really)
[I] -

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Well be careful. Marian. She
upset you the last time you
were there.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
My aunt [did] - ? Did she?

MARIAN LISTER
Oh, briefly. It was when you were
on the Continent.

(MORE)

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

(then to her AUNT)

It's just somewhere to take the
britsker without -

(she nods discreetly
JEREMY's way)

Hurling ourselves up and down the
Old Bank at break-neck speed.

(then back to ANN)

She was just being difficult.

ANN WALKER

Why? Because of - ? [me?]

MARIAN kindly fudges around the obvious 'yes' -

MARIAN LISTER

Well - no - well - [yes] anyway
Anne suggested it before she left,
and I don't do everything she tells
me, but I do agree with her that we
should make every effort to be on
good terms with our neighbours,
even [when] - well especially when -
well, she's just *old*, isn't she?
And I do wonder -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I'm old. It's isn't a license to be
unpleasant.

JEREMY LISTER

Whose turn is it now?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

It's yours!

JEREMY LISTER

Is it?

MISS WALKER realises it's hers, but she daren't say anything,
and now JEREMY's chucked a card down and she's missed a turn.

MARIAN LISTER

No, I agree. But there it is. And I
do wonder how poor Mary Rawson's
getting on with her.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh, I can't fathom that at all.

MARIAN LISTER

Neither can I!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I can't imagine it's anything other
than excruciating for both of them.

MARIAN LISTER

You don't have to come, Miss Walker, I know it's awkward, Anne did explain. I just didn't want you to feel you hadn't been asked.

JEREMY LISTER

(puts his hand down, he's won the round)

Ho-ho!!

MARIAN LISTER

(annoyed, disappointed)
Ohh!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(annoyed, disappointed)
Ohh!

A cheerfully competitive end to the game, and MISS WALKER knows she's in kind company, but she does feel rather abandoned and a little bit like a fish out of water without Anne here.

4

INT. LAWTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. NIGHT 34. 2235 4
(LATE 1834)

ANNE has retired to her room for the night. She puts her candlestick down, loosens her cravat. She gets her writing desk out. She sets her desk and writing kit out. She gets her day book out (her note book, written in pencil, that she makes notes in during the day), and lobs it on the desk. Then her journal proper (treated with a bit more respect), in which she'll write things up in neat. Then she neatly slices a sheet of writing paper in half, and dips her nib in the ink pot.

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

My dearest Adny, we reached the Roebuck in Rochdale at two thirty-eight, changed horses and were off again in fourteen minutes. We stopped again at the Manchester Royal Hotel at four-twenty, and were at Wilmslow at two minutes past six. We reached Congleton at five past eight - stopped for six minutes - then arrived here at Lawton at quarter to nine by their clocks and gone nine by my pocket watch. I am now happily ensconced for the night in my own room with a good fire...

5 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. NIGHT 34. 2235 5
(LATE 1834)

ANNE LISTER

(OOV)

...and thinking of you all cosily
tucked up at Shibden.

We discover ANN WALKER at Anne Lister's desk, wrapped in Anne's plaid shawl, and with a cheerful fire in the grate, gazing at a little miniature (by Frédéric Millet) of Anne (done when they were in Paris). We see that she has begun a letter, "My dearest Anne", and that she's now well onto a second sheet of paper, but has paused to gaze at Anne's striking image. ANN WALKER is a picture of love and devotion. She's coped with her in-laws, and now she's escaped to the upstairs love-wing of the house.

6 INT. LAWTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. NIGHT 34. 2245 6
(LATE 1834)

We cut back to ANNE in her room at Lawton, still writing busily... when there's a delicate, late-night, tap-tap-tap at the door. ANNE hesitates because she knows it can only be Mariana. She downs her pen and goes to open the door. MARIANA is in dressing gown and slippers, her face tear-stained. She looks pathetic.

MARIANA LAWTON

Will you welcome a visitor? Or will
the door be closed against me?

ANNE LISTER

You know I'd never do that.

She lets MARIANA in and closes the door gently behind her, practised in the art of bedroom-hopping and not making any more noise than necessary at such a late hour.

MARIANA LAWTON

I couldn't sleep. All I can think
about is the wretched mess I'm in.
Here. With him.

(she's overtaken by a wave
of uncontrollable tears)

Ohh...!

ANNE LISTER

Shhh...

Said more to soothe than to shush (but perhaps a bit of both). Without negotiating it verbally, they move naturally and delicately into an embrace. MARIANA clings onto ANNE; she can't bear the thought of having lost her. They embrace in silence, in the near-dark, MARIANA burying her tears in ANNE's shoulder.

MARIANA LAWTON

How did we end up like this? How could we let it happen? Have any two people ever loved each other more than you and I have done? How can it all have come to this?

ANNE LISTER

Shhh...

MARIANA LAWTON

My life's over.

ANNE LISTER

Don't say that.

MARIANA LAWTON

I can't stand it, it's impossible.

ANNE LISTER

We'll always be friends. Mary. The heart that has truly loved never forgets.

MARIANA LAWTON

If you go home the day after tomorrow I'll - I don't know what I'll do, but you might never see me again.

ANNE LISTER

Mariana, that's - I don't want to hear that.

MARIANA LAWTON

It's very hard. To only be a friend. For one who's been a *wife*.

ANNE LISTER

Have faith. Have hope. I believe your happiest days are yet to come!

MARIANA LAWTON

How?

ANNE LISTER

Because I trust providence.

MARIANA LAWTON

Do you still love me?
(ANNE struggles to find a
suitable response)

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

Anne?

(still no reply)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

Do you remember in Leamington?
Before we went up to London, before
you went off to Copenhagen. You
told me, "She was never one of my
grand passions". You said it only
ever started because you were
lonely and because she was there.
And I just - I worry that that
won't be *enough*. For you.

MARIANA touches ANNE's face, and ANNE lets the intimacy
escalate. MARIANA gets as far as kissing ANNE on the lips,
and that's when ANNE has to fight her urges -

ANNE LISTER

Don't.

MARIANA LAWTON

Kiss me.

ANNE LISTER

No.

MARIANA LAWTON

Kiss me.

ANNE LISTER

I can't. I'm not going to do that
to Adny, she deserves better. And
she trusts me. It's why she let me
come here.

MARIANA LAWTON

She won't know, no-one'll know,
only us.

ANNE LISTER

I took an oath, I shan't break it.

MARIANA LAWTON

I did. For you.

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Well. I can't.

MARIANA LAWTON

You married for convenience, for
money, don't pretend otherwise.

ANNE LISTER

You're wrong. Mary. I'm very happy
with my choice.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

She touches something deep inside me. And the biggest thing of all, she's moved *in* with me, she's *committed* to me, she's braved the world's opinion. Just to *be with me*. And I shall respect that above all things until the day I die.

MARIANA takes that in. She plays with ANNE's fingers delicately, sadly, then gently disentangles herself. She goes and picks up her candle and lingers in silence for a few moments. Eventually -

MARIANA LAWTON

I'll leave you to your journal. To your crypt hand. Whatever it is you're putting.

ANNE LISTER

Good night.

MARIANA goes quietly, sadly, regretfully, but no big dramatic exit. No door slamming. ANNE goes and sits back at her writing desk, and stares into space. We linger on her thoughts in silence. Then we move around her and eventually it's us she's looking at.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

She would lead me astray if she could. But...

(there's a strong sense in the journal that she's kidding herself when she says this -)

I never felt less in love's danger.

7 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 34. 2300** 7
(LATE 1834)

ANN WALKER gets into bed and lies gazing at the candlelight beside her bed, in the sumptuous exotic love nest that Anne Lister has created for her. ANN WALKER is perhaps a little anxious about what Anne might be up to, conscious of the empty space next to her in the bed, but determined to trust her partner.

8 **INT. LAWTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. NIGHT 34. 2301** 8
(LATE 1834)

ANNE is just as we left her, staring into space at her writing desk. Have Mariana's words struck a chord? Deep down she knows Ann Walker is a compromise.

ANNE LISTER

Well I'm sorry to hear it.
Carelessness and deceit are two
bad faults. Make it known to her,
Mrs. Duff, that she has nothing
more to expect from me at Shibden
if she disappoints you here.

So that puts the onus on MRS. DUFF to shape Martha up or be
responsible for her leaving here without prospects.

MRS. DUFF

Yes ma'am. Thank you ma'am.

MRS. DUFF looks to MARIANA for instructions.

MARIANA LAWTON

Thank you. Mrs. Duff.

MRS. DUFF nods courteously to them both and withdraws.

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

How careless of you Freddy. Letting
a dairy-hand learn her letters.

(ANNE lets that wash over
her)

Did you sleep well?

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Very. You didn't come and wake
me up this morning.

MARIANA's amazed.

MARIANA LAWTON

Did you expect me to?

ANNE LISTER

You always come and wake me up.

MARIANA LAWTON

That's -
(she's shaking her head in
disbelief)

Just so...

ANNE LISTER

What?

MARIANA LAWTON

Seriously? You thought I'd -
(lowering her voice)
come to you this morning?

ANNE LISTER

Not for -
('sex')
Anything -

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
('fruity')
Just to - you know.

MARIANA LAWTON
What?

ANNE LISTER
Bit of chit-chat. Before the day
starts. As we always do.
(MARIANA can't believe her
ears. ANNE wants it all
ways)
What?

MARIANA LAWTON
Well. After last night's rejection.
I didn't think you'd like it.

ANNE LISTER
I'd like us to remain friends.
Good, kind, *close* friends.

MARIANA LAWTON
Just not that close.
(ANNE doesn't respond)
I didn't come to you because I
didn't know what sort of reception
I'd get.

ANNE LISTER
A kind one, as you always will from
me. Where does Martha get these
novels from?

MARIANA LAWTON
I don't know! She probably pilfers
the odd little volume from the
library and puts it back before
anyone's noticed. Charles would
never notice, he just uses the
library to smoke in.

ANNE LISTER
I shall have a word with her
myself. At some point. Before I
leave.
(a moment)
Did *you* sleep well?

MARIANA LAWTON
I never sleep well. I told you that
yesterday. I've been telling you
the same thing in my letters for
months.

ANNE LISTER
What does Steph say? About these
dizzy spells.

MARIANA LAWTON

Oh, that it's an inner ear thing,
or that I'm not eating properly.
Which I'm not, again, not for
months. And then of course, when
one's low... it's always harder to
resist that niggling anxiety that
it could be something...

(she makes a vague gesture
around her head)

worse.

ANNE LISTER

You need fresh air.

MARIANA LAWTON

Oh, I have -
(she indicates the vast
windows and the vast
Lawton estate beyond)
More fresh air than I know what to
do with.

ANNE LISTER

Fresh air and exercise.

MARIANA LAWTON

That's your answer to everything.

ANNE LISTER

Yes well there's a good reason for
that. It *works*.

12 **EXT. CLIFFHILL/CROW NEST CARRIAGE DRIVE. DAY 35. 1000** 12
 (LATE 1834)

The britsker clatters briskly and precariously along the
shared Cliffhill/Crow Nest carriage drive, with JEREMY
driving. MARIAN grips on for dear life.

13 **INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, THE DRAWING ROOM. DAY 35. 1010** 13
 (LATE 1834)

JEREMY and MARIAN are with AUNT ANN WALKER. MARIAN's shaken
from the journey, and JEREMY's bruised and dishevelled. He's
suffering discomfort. Has he cracked a rib?

AUNT ANN WALKER

It's all been very unfortunate.

MARIAN LISTER

And when did this happen, Miss
Walker?

AUNT ANN WALKER

Just this morning! Well, *she left*
just this morning. It's been
brewing for a while.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh no. Oh dear. So where's Miss
Rawson gone? Back to her parents?

AUNT ANN WALKER

Back to Mill House! Yes, back to
her parents. I've said it before,
and I should've stuck to it, "*young*
and old don't suit".

(MARIAN's realising - on
the quiet - that this is
going to go down
extremely well at home)

But it can get so lonely, in the
evenings, especially in the winter
months, and you see you feel it
more when you get to my age,
because everyone's gone! They've
all flown the nest. Or died.

MARIAN LISTER

Ohh...

AUNT ANN WALKER

But she never spoke! Captain
Lister.

JEREMY LISTER

Hm?

AUNT ANN WALKER

Above a whisper. Miss Mary Rawson!

MARIAN LISTER

(for the hard of hearing)
Mary Rawson! Of Mill House. She
never spoke.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Never initiated a conversation. No
company at all. Shy, you see.

JEREMY LISTER

Mm.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Which isn't her fault. But it's
hard work when someone's that shy.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh it is.

AUNT ANN WALKER

I think she was as relieved as I was.

MARIAN LISTER

Bless her.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Anyway, the good news -

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

(chiming in)
The good news -

AUNT ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

- is that Miss Rogers is coming to be with me.

MARIAN LISTER

Miss Rogers.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You won't know her. Miss - soon to be *Mrs.* - Rogers.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh? Is she - ? That's - is she - ?

AUNT ANN WALKER

She's a lady of more *senior* years. A cousin of elderly Mrs. Rawson of Stoney Royd, assuming the brevet 'Mrs' through seniority of years, not because she's marrying someone of the same name, no.

MARIAN LISTER

No.

AUNT ANN WALKER

I have met her several times, and yes - I think we'll be better suited. She can only stay 'til March, but it'll be company through these cheerless winter months.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh yes.

AUNT ANN WALKER

It was elderly Mrs. Rawson's idea. I was down at Stoney Royd just this last week and yes, she suggested it, and it sounds as if it'll suit all parties.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh splendid!

AUNT ANN WALKER
(with some reluctance)
She's very taken up with your
sister. Isn't she? Mrs. Rawson.

MARIAN LISTER
Oh yes! Yes, she's always been fond
of Anne's company. It's mutual!
Anne's always enjoyed the company
of more senior ladies. She says
they're so much *wiser* than younger
ladies and have so much more to *say*
for themselves about things that
actually *matter*.

AUNT ANN finds herself vaguely flattered by this. It's not
often - as a more senior lady - you're told your elderliness
makes you interesting.

AUNT ANN WALKER
Ah.

MARIAN LISTER
Of course she does like younger
ladies as well.
(MARIAN realises that
sounds a bit dodgy, so
tries to qualify it -)
But in a different way. Obviously.

She realises that sounds even dodgier. She decides to stop
digging. AUNT ANN WALKER had resolved never to mention her
niece again. But recent events may have softened her.

AUNT ANN WALKER
(we sense her inner
struggle to spit it out)
And how is my niece?

MARIAN LISTER
Oh, she's very well! Very well
indeed.

MARIAN can't wait to get home to report this development.
JEREMY's just grunting and groaning and feeling his kidneys.

JEREMY LISTER
(wincing)
Oof - !

AUNT ANN WALKER
Is it a good idea, Captain Lister?
A britsker?
(appealing to MARIAN)
At his age?

14

EXT. LAWTON HALL. DAY 35. 1030 (LATE 1834)

14

The vast and varied grounds of Lawton. We find ANNE and MARIANA out for a good long ramble in the bracing winter air. ANNE spots a lark ascending, and nudges MARIANA to appreciate it with her. They enjoy the sight together, and no words are needed to express what delight they feel at such a lucky sighting, they know each other so well. Then MARIANA spots something else over yonder and pulls ANNE discreetly to one side (behind a tree or a wall).

MARIANA LAWTON

Look.

ANNE LISTER

What?

MARIANA LAWTON

There.

She indicates that she wants ANNE to look without being seen to look herself.

ANNE LISTER

What am I looking at?

At some considerable distance there's a small group of men sawing up a felled tree. One of them is the BOY we saw Charles slip a sovereign to in ep 3.

MARIANA LAWTON

That's the Grantham boy. In the tan coloured waistcoat.

ANNE LISTER

Good Lord, he's grown.

(she watches him)

He has the same build. As Charles.

Good heavens, he walks like him.

MARIANA LAWTON

All the other servants know.

ANNE LISTER

How?

MARIANA LAWTON

Well, apart from the fact that he *looks* so much like him, he makes such a conspicuous *fuss* of him.

(this dismays ANNE: only Charles would be so crass)

I saw him laughing with him the other day, and then he gave him a sovereign. Right in front of Grantham. He didn't know I'd seen it, I was at an upstairs window.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

Secrets and lies. Isn't life
sordid? And banal. It's a good job
we get harder. As we get older.
Isn't it? Or Lord knows how we'd
get to the end of each day.

ANNE doesn't feel like her life is banal and sordid (quite the opposite). But she does understand getting harder to deal with the slings and arrows, and she's sensitive enough to see that this isn't MARIANA grasping for attention, it is the daily reality of her world here at Lawton.

ANNE LISTER

I'm sorry.

MARIANA LAWTON

I wish you could stay longer.

ANNE LISTER

I can't. I've got to attend this
meeting. With the shareholders of
the Navigation.

A moment.

MARIANA LAWTON

Listen. I know it doesn't always
sound like it, but in my more
equitable moments...

(she hesitates, scared
she'll regret it as soon
as it's said)

If it really is what you want. If
she really does make you feel
settled and content. Well then, how
can I be anything other than
thankful for it? It's just...

(she dries up, struggles
to say it without
becoming emotional)

when I'm not with you, when I can't
see you, when I can't hear your
voice. I get into such dark places.
But then when you're here, when I'm
with you, when I can gaze upon
you...

(her eyes well up)

...there are so few things in the
world more important to me than
your happiness. And if I've been
unable to make you happy then
should I not rejoice that there
lives one who can?

ANNE absorbs that.

ANNE LISTER

The whole thing need cause no
interruption to our friendship.

MARIANA LAWTON

No, but... if I did come to stay.
I'm sure everything would be
pleasant enough during the day and
we'd all get along perfectly
civilly with one another. I just...
I don't know that I could bear to
see her go off to bed with you. At
night.

This has something of an effect on ANNE. It's sincere,
genuine, frank. But she's still not going to drop her theme -

ANNE LISTER

Well.

(as delicately as she can)

We are where we are. And it *is* all
your own doing, no human influence
but your own could've -

MARIANA LAWTON

Stop saying that. We're just going
round in circles. I just hope...
(she reaches out and takes
ANNE's hand and laces her
fingers through hers)
you'll never forget the nights we
had.

ANNE's quiet, thoughtful, sincere. (But it might provoke a
smile too, they did have some *very* fruity nights together).

ANNE LISTER

I'm not likely to.

MARIANA LAWTON

Do you remember that night. In
Scarborough? In the thunderstorm.
You made love to me. All night. The
sun came up. Over the sea. And we
hadn't slept. All night. Not for a
moment. I think that was the
most...

(she searches for a word
that really says it)

blissful few hours of my life.

ANNE lets MARIANA enjoy the memory for a moment as though
sharing it and then, quietly -

ANNE LISTER

Scarborough. Sadly. Is marred for
me by other memories too.

MARIANA LAWTON

(weary, a groan)

Ohh - !

Here we go.

ANNE LISTER

You know, one of the things about Miss Walker? I don't think I've ever - not *once* - got the idea that she's embarrassed about what I look like.

MARIANA LAWTON

Yes well maybe if she'd seen you in Scarborough in eighteen twenty-three you'd have had a different response.

ANNE LISTER

And not just what I wear. My manner, the way I walk, everything, she's never once said -

(a bit of a silly voice)

"Oh why can't you be more *lady-like*?"

MARIANA LAWTON

Do you remember the first time you came to my father's house in Petergate? When would it be? Eighteen fourteen, good Lord, twenty years ago. I had to cry myself hoarse before he'd even let you in the house! You had such a...

(she resists the word, it's so cutting, but then goes for it)

reputation. In York. And I made myself *ill*. Properly *ill*. Just so they'd let you in! I just - I *resent* the way you always imply that I simply went along with everything and never defended you and showed no courage because it's *just not true*. And the way you imply I had any *choice* about marrying Charles! Which young woman in her right mind would *choose that*?

ANNE LISTER

You had a choice.

MARIANA LAWTON

You see.

ANNE LISTER
We always have a choice.

MARIANA LAWTON
I had *no choice*.

ANNE LISTER
You could've run off with me.

MARIANA LAWTON
My family would've disowned me!

ANNE LISTER
Well. Perhaps *you* should've disowned *them*. Shackling you to that...
(she tries to resist saying it, but it's too tempting)
Fat idiot.
(to camera)
I didn't say that, I'd never've said that.

MARIANA LAWTON
We'd have been penniless!

ANNE LISTER
Only 'til I inherited Shibden.

MARIANA LAWTON
Which would've been another ten years, and could've well have been even *longer* for all we knew!

ANNE LISTER
I would've conquered empires for you. I would've made it answer, we'd never have starved, not even remotely. But you doubted me. You always doubted me.

MARIANA pulls back from the argument. It's all academic now anyway.

MARIANA LAWTON
Perhaps if I'd had the benefit of a few more years I'd've been less cowed by them.

ANNE LISTER
Well. Certainly neither of us have anything to thank them for. They treated me abysmally, your parents.

MARIANA LAWTON
I didn't think this at the time. But looking back.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)
They must've been terrified of you.
To make me marry him.

ANNE LISTER
Terrified of me? Good Lord, I was
only twenty-five.

MARIANA LAWTON
I even wonder if they didn't like
him any more than I did. He was
just *there*. Rich, available,
hideous and willing.

15 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK YARD. DAY 35. 1100 (LATE 1834)** 15

Another very smart britsker pulls up.

16 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, FRONT. DAY 35. 1101 (LATE 1834)** 16

A fresh-faced young man, JAMES INGHAM (30), walks round the
house and yanks on the bell-pull at the front door.

17 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE & ANN'S UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM.** 17
DAY 35. 1102 (LATE 1834)

ANN WALKER is painting more ambitious water colours than
we've seen before, from sketches she made in the foothills of
Mont Blanc. Suddenly there's a tap-tap at the door and
MATTHEW peeks in.

MATTHEW AVISON
Mam? There's a Mr. James Ingham
downstairs asking if you're at
home.

ANN had forgotten about James Ingham. Instantly she's
terrified, crippled by the prospect of finding herself
socially tongue-tied if she goes downstairs.

ANN WALKER
Is M[iss] - ? Where's Miss M[arian]
- ? Is Miss Marian still out with
Captain Lister?

MATTHEW AVISON
Yes mam.

ANN WALKER
Oh so er...
(she's not sure of the
etiquette of meeting him
alone. If she was
married, it would be
fine. As a single woman,
it would be wrong. But...

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
she kind of *is* married?
She's still not sure this
is right, but -)
Show him into the drawing room.

18 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. DAY 35. 1105 (LATE 1834) 18

JAMES INGHAM loiters politely, assessing the room, when ANN WALKER appears.

ANN WALKER
Mr. Ingham?

JAMES INGHAM
Miss Walker!

They're both as shy and nervous as each other. They've known each other since they were little, so there's some kind of familiarity. JAMES is a kind soul, with a very ordinary face. But like ANN, he lacks confidence.

ANN WALKER
How how are you?

JAMES INGHAM
Well! Enough. I think.
(they venture to shake
hands, then a genuine
observation rather than a
platitude -)
You look well.

ANN WALKER
I am!

JAMES INGHAM
I had heard you weren't.

ANN WALKER
I'm a lot better now, and have
every hope of remaining so.

The pause becomes a silence. Then he realises it's his turn -

JAMES INGHAM
Good!

ANN WALKER
Would you like to sit down?

JAMES INGHAM
Are you...? Alone.

He's not sure of the etiquette either.

ANN WALKER

Aunt Anne - Miss Lister and Miss Marian's Aunt Anne - is upstairs. She has ulcers. On her -
(she realises 'legs' might be indelicate)
And she's expecting Mr. Sunderland. Her doctor. At any moment. And Miss Marian and Captain Lister have gone to visit *my* Aunt Ann. At Cliffhill. They'll probably be back any minute. And Miss Lister is in Cheshire. She's gone to spend two nights with her friend, Mrs. Lawton. Of Lawton Hall.

JAMES INGHAM

Ah.
(another awkward hiatus)
So - and how long have you been here?

ANN WALKER

Since September! After we returned from travelling - Miss Lister and I - we went to the Alps, via Paris, and any number of other towns and villages.
(she becomes more animated as she recalls it)
It was the most extraordinary thing I've ever done! I saw things I never imagined! The most breath-taking landscapes.

JAMES INGHAM

How wonderful!

ANN WALKER

It was.
(she sits. He follows suit and sits opposite)
It really was. I'm trying to paint. Paintings. From the preliminary sketches I made. There. Miss Lister's very clever, she knows all the best things to do and to see and we hope to travel more. It's one of her passions. Travelling.

JAMES INGHAM

I don't know a lot about Miss Lister. I know she's - isn't she meant to be...
(his confidence falters and his voice fails)
Erm. Sort of eccentric?

ANN kinda gets what he might be aiming at, but -

ANN WALKER

Yes, I've never found her so. I've always just found her to be very clever and very interesting and very thoughtful and very kind. She can be a *bit* severe. Occasionally. If someone's ruffled her feathers. But no. You should come over when she's here and say hello.

(suddenly she finds a note of confidence)

James! It is nice to see you!

JAMES INGHAM

Aww!

(suddenly)

And *my brother got married!*

ANN WALKER

I think I knew that.

JAMES INGHAM

Why weren't you there? You and Elizabeth?

ANN WALKER

I don't -

She's shaking her head, she has no memory of the wedding. 'Remember' is the missing word.

JAMES INGHAM

You were in mourning! It was just after John died.

ANN WALKER

Was it? Four years ago. Good heavens.

JAMES INGHAM

What a tragedy, poor fellow, I am sorry.

ANN WALKER

I think it was after that... I got so low in spirits. It seemed to be one thing after the other. It was a cruel time.

JAMES INGHAM

But you do look very very happy now.

ANN WALKER

Well, Miss Lister's been...
(her eyes suddenly well
with tears at the
thought)
Ridiculously kind to me.

JAMES INGHAM

Ohh...!
(it gives him genuine
pleasure to see ANN so
happy and so well looked
after)
Well! I *had* come [to] - hmm...

He dries up and becomes self-conscious.

ANN WALKER

What? James.

JAMES INGHAM

People keep telling me *I* ought to
get married.
(a silence before he
summons the courage to
say the next thing)
Your name was mentioned.

ANN WALKER

By who?

JAMES INGHAM

Your cousin. Mr. Priestley. He
visited us in Mirfield. A few weeks
ago.

Silence.

ANN WALKER

Did he?
(JAMES struggles to
enlarge. Eventually ANN
takes the initiative -)
It would be a no. I'm afraid. I'm
really very happy where I am. What
else did my cousin Mr. Priestley
say?

JAMES INGHAM

(he's had a version of the
dirt about Anne Lister,
and he's too guileless to
lie)
That you didn't quite know what
you'd got yourself into. Here.

ANN WALKER

I am really very happy. Here. And my cousin Mr. Priestley needs to understand that.

She engages his eyes to let the point land.

19 **EXT. LAWTON HALL, FRONT. DAY 35. 1145 (LATE 1834)** 19

ANNE and MARIANA return from their walk, back up the steps to the entrance of imposing Lawton Hall. They've done a good few miles, and are well-exercised. MARIANA murmurs to ANNE as they head up the elegant steps -

MARIANA LAWTON

Look at it, it's like the Bastille.

20 **INT. LAWTON HALL, FRONT ENTRANCE. DAY 35. 1146 (LATE 1834)** 20

A FOOTMAN emerges to take their coats as they come inside. Cheery CHARLES is just heading out.

CHARLES LAWTON

Ah, there you are! There was a letter for you in the post-bag, Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Ah!

CHARLES LAWTON

I've left it on a table in the drawing room. I'm just popping into the village. Don't forget we've got the Reverend Ford and Captain Mainwaring coming for dinner. Tonight. Mariana. Not the most rewarding company, Miss Lister. Mainwaring's a Radical, bit of a fire-brand -

ANNE LISTER

Oh dear.

CHARLES LAWTON

- and Ford's just the usual irritating sort of little clergyman they tend to inflict on us round here, so we'll be relying on your abundant wit and charisma to keep us entertained.

(shouting at his dogs to follow him)

Fergus! Captain!

Once again we (and ANNE) see the look of barely disguised disgust on MARIANA's face as she glances after CHARLES who - to be fair to him - didn't appear to do anything particular just now to warrant it. He wasn't even being sarcastic about Anne's wit and charisma.

21 **INT. LAWTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 35. 1151 (LATE 1834)** 21

ANNE cuts around the seal of her letter with little ornamental scissors kept for the job in an ornamental dish on a side-table.

MARIANA LAWTON
Is it from her?

ANNE LISTER
Yes.

MARIANA goes and sits right next to ANNE, and picks up the envelope. She studies the hand-writing as ANNE reads the letter. We see Ann Walker's spidery hand-writing. ANNE smiles and gives a fond chuckle as she reads ANN's opener.

MARIANA LAWTON
Can I see the hand-writing?

ANNE LISTER
You can read it to me. If you like.

She offers MARIANA the letter and settles herself like she's in for a treat. MARIANA takes it. Ann Walker's hand-writing is close to illegible unless - like ANNE - you've had time to familiarize yourself with it.

MARIANA LAWTON
"My... dearest... " What does that say?

Is she serious?

ANNE LISTER
Anne.

MARIANA peers at it some more. Oh yeah. (And perhaps a wry look to camera from ANNE).

MARIANA LAWTON
"I - "
(she can't fathom beyond that first one-letter word)
I'm sorry, you're going to have to read it to me.

ANNE takes it. She puts on a voice to read it. The equivalent of a sort of telephone voice: kind, lady-like, genteel.

Also quite measured (belying the fact that ANNE struggles with Ann Walker's abysmal hand-writing too, despite her familiarity with it).

ANNE LISTER

"My dearest Anne".

(MARIANA goes and stands behind/leans on ANNE, so she can peer at the letter as she reads it and touch her at the same time)

"I hope you arrived safely and not too late in the evening and that you find all at Lawton well and in cheerful spirits". Aww. "I hope the weather was kind to you as you crossed the Pennines". It was. "It has been rather indifferent here, with persistent showers which persuaded me against venturing outdoors this afternoon for more than five or six minutes". Tch, ohh...

(we might glimpse MARIANA thinking how banal and characterless this letter is, and how sickening ANNE's little love-sick responses are. MARIANA might even share a look with us)

"Your aunt suffered a slight spasm just before luncheon today, but since Mr. Sunderland is due to visit tomorrow, she insisted Marian not trouble him any sooner". Mmm. "She was quite low during the day following this but rallied towards evening when we played four rounds of Hearts, in which your father trum - trum - trmm[ped] - ? *Triumphed!* Much to his delight. I think on the quiet he is as... c - cr - competitive! As you are".

(she chuckles, but then can't resist adding a dry -)

No he isn't. "All else is well here, and if the rain stay off" - I think she means 'stays off', or 'if the rains stay off' -

MARIANA LAWTON

(a murmur: dry, bored)
Who knows.

ANNE LISTER

"I shall venture out tomorrow.
Please remember to give Mrs. Lawton
my very best regards and tell her I
look forward to a time when I can
welcome her here at Shibden in the -
I hope - not-too-distant future".
Aww!

ANNE passes the letter back to MARIANA, in a show of having nothing to hide. MARIANA peruses the bewildering scrawl once more.

MARIANA LAWTON

She writes to you like a dutiful
school girl. And you with your
towering intellect.

MARIANA is determined not to sound like she's point scoring. She just wants Anne to think clearly about what she's committing herself to by making a few carefully-worded observations. ANNE takes the observation seriously and responds to it thoughtfully -

ANNE LISTER

She always surprises me. When we
were in the Pyrénées, travelling
through France. I mean a lot of it
was difficult and we had bad
weather and she complained and -
(she's smiling)
We did fight. A little. But up in
the mountains, when we were really
battling the elements, she became
so *alive*. It was such a delight to
see after the sheltered life she's
led. I think there's more to her
than anyone's yet seen. Even me.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well.
(she so doesn't want to
sound mean)
Let's hope you're right.

ANNE LISTER

She's been so beleaguered by ill
health, and then her family's
infantilized her in this misguided
attempt to help her. Or *control*
her. But now she's free from all
that, and she's an *intelligent*
woman, and she can become the
person she was always destined to
be.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well.

(she becomes thoughtful,
quiet, sincere. She sits
beside ANNE)

She's very lucky. Your friendship
is a rare jewel. I hope she's old
enough to understand and appreciate
what that means. If anyone can
inspire a person to live their best
life... it's you.

(a moment)

You know it's true. What I said
earlier. I met you at just the
wrong time. If I'd known you that
bit later - or even that bit sooner
- when I was less likely to be
swayed by other people's opinions.
Things could've been so different
for us.

ANNE's not convinced that's true, but doesn't want to fight.

ANNE LISTER

Perhaps.

MARIANA LAWTON

I wish you never doubted how much I
adore you.

ANNE LISTER

Well, as I say, you brought it all
on [yourself] -

MARIANA LAWTON

(interrupting)

I *wish*. I'd never given you *reason*.
To doubt. How much I adore you.

This lands with ANNE. Nothing melts Anne Lister's heart like
contrition and an apology.

22

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 35. 1430 (LATE 1834) 22

MARIAN pours tea. She's with ANN WALKER and AUNT ANNE LISTER.
AUNT ANNE is suffering stoically again with her leg. ANN
WALKER looks concerned (besides gratified) by the news from
Cliffhill.

ANN WALKER

Well good heavens. Poor Miss
Rawson.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

It sounds as if she's been used
very insensitively. And did she
apologise to you?

MARIAN LISTER

Oh, I didn't expect her to. I think she was surprised to see us. Initially. But then she just seemed grateful to have someone to talk to about it all. She was contrite. I think it's safe to say a lesson in humility may have been learnt.

ANN WALKER

And you say she asked after me?

MARIAN LISTER

Mm, and I think if you were gracious enough to venture over there and offer the olive branch again, you might meet with a very different reception to the last.

Food for thought for ANN WALKER (perhaps this news takes the edge off her anger with her Aunt).

AUNT ANNE LISTER

How did you get on with the britsker?

MARIAN LISTER

(she lowers her voice to an urgent whisper)

Oh, Aunt! You've - we've got to *stop him!* If Anne had been with him on that journey today she'd have been *livid!* She'd have had the whip out of his hands, she'd have ordered him out of the driver's seat and she'd have put a stop to the whole thing!

ANN WALKER

(nervous to ask, but -)

May I - would you mind - ? If I took my tea upstairs? To my little sitting room. I was hoping to paint. A little. More. Before the light goes.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Of course! Of course my dear, you must do whatever you like, you don't need our permission!

MARIAN LISTER

You go up, Miss Walker. I'll ask Mrs. Cordingley to bring you a tray.

ANN WALKER

Are you sure that's - ?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Of course!

MARIAN LISTER
Certainly!

ANN WALKER
Thank you.

She goes.

MARIAN LISTER
He bruised his spine, that's why
he's -
(she indicates "upstairs")
- lying down. He's going to do
himself a mischief.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Well I think if he doesn't learn a
lesson from a bruised spine there's
very little I can say that'll alter
anything.

MARIAN LISTER
Is Miss - ?
(checking that Ann's out
of ear-shot)
- Walker comfortable with us? D'you
think?

AUNT ANNE LISTER
I think she's fitting in very well,
don't you?

MARIAN LISTER
Odd. Of Anne. To leave her alone
with us and go off to Mrs.
Lawton's.
(AUNT ANNE has her own
anxieties about what Anne
might be playing at. But
she's not going to burden
MARIAN with them)
I don't...
(it's not a pleasant thing
to say, but -)
I've never liked Mrs. Lawton.
(there, it's out there)
I thought Anne'd got the measure of
her. And then she *summons* her and
she can't get over there fast
enough. She's used Anne. So much.
Over the years. And Miss Walker's
so devoted to her, and I just -

AUNT ANNE LISTER
I know. I know. I know.
(enough said. They both
know they're on the same
page)

(MORE)

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I just hope Miss Walker is...
enough. For her.

23 INT. LAWTON HALL, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 35. 2105 (LATE 1834) 23

We discover MARIANA enjoying watching ANNE LISTER entertain everyone at dinner; CHARLES, CAPTAIN MAINWARING and the REVEREND FORD (local dignitaries that Charles, as Lord of the Manor, has to show hospitality to now and again). The meal itself is over, it's almost time for Anne and Mariana to withdraw and leave the men to their postprandial brandy and cigars, only ANNE's gone and engaged the REVEREND FORD in a theological debate.

ANNE LISTER

Well no, there are references in scripture that point towards the *origins* of the sign of the cross -

REVEREND FORD

No no no, there really aren't -

He addresses his point to CHARLES and CAPTAIN MAINWARING, as though they are the arbiters of the debate, whereas ANNE remains focused solely on her adversary.

ANNE LISTER

- oblique references, perhaps, but there they are, for all to see, if we know *how to look*.

REVEREND FORD

Tertullian in the year two hundred was the first person to say, "We -

CAPTAIN MAINWARING

Who?

ANNE LISTER

"We wear our foreheads out with the sign of the cross", good old Tertullian, absolutely! Bear with me and consider Ezekiel who tells us that "the Lord said unto him, 'Go through the city, through Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh for all the abominations that are done in the midst thereof'".

REVEREND FORD

Yes, a mark. Not the cross -

ANNE LISTER

Of course not the cross! The cross could only become a symbol of our Lord *after* the crucifixion!

REVEREND FORD

Yes! Well then!

ANNE LISTER

But still, we are talking about a *mark on the forehead* representing Our Lord. As practised by Tertullian. [**see below*]

REVEREND FORD

Well yes, that's - yes, but -

ANNE LISTER

Revelations, "They were told not to harm the grass of the earth or any plant or tree, but only those people who do not have the seal of God *on their foreheads*", "Then I looked, and behold! On Mount Zion stood the Lamb, and with him one hundred and forty-four thousand who had his name - and his Father's name - *written on their foreheads*". This is - surely - all part and parcel of the *origins* of the sign of the cross!? The place on the body, not just the symbol!

MARIANA's so delighted with ANNE's confidence, charm and erudition, but then out of the blue it hits her like a thunderbolt what she has lost. Regular daily access to this brilliant, captivating human being will never now be hers. An insipid little heiress may gaze upon Anne Lister every day, but she, Mariana, may not. She's had just enough wine for this observation to seem deeply poignant and unbearable. She might manage to maintain something of a smile, but we see the lights go out behind her eyes as she's reminded of how barren her life will be without the promise of intimacy with this thrilling woman every now and again.

[**Perhaps as MARIANA's darker thoughts kick in, ANNE's voice fades out, and the scene becomes increasingly about the turmoil going on inside MARIANA's head - i.e. great swelling epic Murray music - rather than the esoteric irrelevant theology-babble*].

MARIANA and ANNE are retiring for the night, they've left the men chatting downstairs. MARIANA walks ANNE to her bedroom door. They carry candles to light their way.

MARIANA LAWTON

Can I come in for a minute?

MARIANA's being brave asking. But ANNE senses that she's on the verge of tearful. ANNE hesitates (very briefly, just enough to show MARIANA that it's no longer the obvious choice that it would have been in the past), pushes the door open and allows MARIANA in first.

25

**INT. LAWTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. NIGHT 35. 2120 25
(LATE 1834)**

ANNE puts her candlestick down and loosens her cravat, eager to get out of her stays for the night now she's sung for her supper.

MARIANA LAWTON

That would've been a very dull evening without you. You know I often think I can trace all nobility of mind that I ever felt back to your influence.

ANNE LISTER

(a smile)

You're flattering me.

MARIANA LAWTON

What time has Joseph ordered your horses tomorrow?

ANNE LISTER

George. Twelve noon.

MARIANA LAWTON

So you'll come to church with me in the morning before you leave?

ANNE LISTER

Of course.

MARIANA LAWTON

And then I could come with you as far as Middlewich. If you'd like. To keep you company.

It's clear to ANNE that MARIANA's low mood is dread of her leaving and the idea of going to Middlewich is so that she can gaze at ANNE and feed off her energy a bit longer.

ANNE LISTER

If you'd like to.

MARIANA LAWTON

I wasn't flattering you. Well I was, but only because it's true.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

When I think of the tawdry day-to-day, here. In contrast. It's your influence I hold on to. In here -
(she taps her head)
It's your image that stops me giving in to despair.

ANNE LISTER

Mary, you must put your faith in God, [who] -

MARIANA LAWTON

I know that and I do, and I will, but -

(she hesitates then blurts it out)

I didn't tell you everything. This morning. About Charles. But if I don't tell you now it's not something I can put in a letter.

(she hesitates, it's such an awful thing to spit out)

He's been - his niece. His brother's youngest girl. William's - poor William's - sister. He's been pestering her. Touching her. Cornering her and inflicting himself on her. She's eighteen. Just gone eighteen.

ANNE LISTER

No.

MARIANA LAWTON

They live on the other side of the village and -

ANNE LISTER

(it gets worse the more you think about it)

No.

MARIANA LAWTON

- she came to me. Her and her mother. Who I've... never got on with, but... it seems he's - yes. Been... saying things. Lewd things. And he's...

(is she really going to say it out loud?)

he's had his tongue in her mouth. And you know that's the next thing before...

ANNE LISTER

Has he debauched her?

MARIANA LAWTON

We don't think so. But the poor girl was in tears and barely able to articulate it, so who knows? Lord, I hope not. So I spoke to Charles. Of course he denies it. He says it's nonsense. But why would she make that up? And then the stupidest thing. He's talked about moving her in. Here.

ANNE LISTER

What?

MARIANA LAWTON

He's deluded. Because he's infatuated with her and all common sense has flown out of the window and he doesn't realise how blatant and sordid it all looks to everyone else.

ANNE hates this. How entitled men think they can behave. She has the urge to go down stairs right now and thrash him in front of his guests. But how can she? It's not her business. And then Mariana'll only be left with the fall-out and the mess for having spoken about it. But we can certainly see her hackles rise.

ANNE LISTER

(a murmur)

Good God.

MARIANA LAWTON

When he said he was going 'to the village' this morning. That's where he goes. You see she has no father and now no brother to protect her, and of course Charles is the big fish and thinks he can do what he likes. He *can* do what he likes. More or less. And who knows that she hasn't swallowed it all and believes his protestations and grand promises? And here am I. His *wife*.

(she becomes emotional again)

Redundant and ridiculous. And *trapped* here.

ANNE feels compelled to hug MARIANA. Because she looks so vulnerable, and because ANNE can't stand to see her like this. She has an overwhelming urge to protect her.

ANNE reaches out and touches MARIANA's hand, and it quickly leads to an embrace. MARIANA resists her tears, but it's all too much. And ANNE's embrace just sends her over the edge emotionally.

ANNE LISTER

Shhh... shush.

(she hugs her tight)

If he does insist on bringing the girl here, in whatever guise, or if anything comes out about him and her, you *must leave*. Immediately. You must go to Steph. Or come to me at Shibden. Oh good Lord, Mary. I'm so sorry.

MARIANA LAWTON

It's been so...

(she cries)

Nice. Having you here.

(she touches ANNE's face)

You do still love me. Don't you?

ANNE hesitates. But the truth is undeniable, and it's cruel in the moment to withhold it -

ANNE LISTER

You know I do.

MARIANA ventures to kiss ANNE again. And this time ANNE doesn't refuse. It's chaste enough to begin with, but inevitably it escalates ("*much tonguing warm work that she got excited*")...and escalates. Eventually ANNE makes herself break off -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I can't. Don't.

MARIANA LAWTON

Why not? *Why not?* Can we not have one last kiss? In this life. Before we turn to dust?

Ooh that's too much for ANNE. All the blood rushes south from her brain down to where it matters. She gets MARIANA onto the bed in one swift elegant movement and they get down to it. ANNE soon has her hand up inside MARIANA's skirts. They cling onto one another, like clinging onto a life belt in the face of death, quickly swept along in the concentration of passion.

26

INT. LAWTON HALL, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 35. 2130 (LATE 1834) 26

CHARLES is arguing politics with CAPTAIN MAINWARING whilst REVEREND FORD sits on the fence. They smoke cigars and knock back port. It's all irrelevant babble, and we're simply glimpsing them impressionistically (perhaps we're outside the room looking in on them) in contrast to what we know is going on upstairs.

CAPTAIN MAINWARING

The King had no right to ask for Melbourne's resignation in the first place!

CHARLES LAWTON

Nonsense! Within the constitution he had every [right] - !

CAPTAIN MAINWARING

No. No no no! The constitution depends upon the compliance of the *body politic*, which was all very well and good for those in power when the people *had no voice*, but *now* -

CHARLES LAWTON

The King has every right to protect those institutions - *within* government - that offer the country it's stability.

CAPTAIN MAINWARING

But the country *isn't stable!* It isn't stable *precisely because* of those institutions of state that the working man *now knows* don't protect his interests *at all!* The people will *roar* in this election, Mr. Lawton, *they will roar!* And if the monarch doesn't recognise their dire needs, *he* will start to find *himself* irrelevant *and* redundant.

CHARLES LAWTON

Rubbish.

27

INT. LAWTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. NIGHT 35. 2135 (LATE 1834) 27

ANNE makes MARIANA come (and in doing so comes herself). MARIANA's delighted. Transported by the act itself, and thrilled with the proof that she still has the power to inflame Anne Lister. And of course the moment it's over ANNE can't believe she's gone and done it. Her shame is instant and profound. The shocking, sorrowful implications crowd upon her.

28 **INT. LAWTON HALL, ANNE'S (GUEST) BEDROOM. DAY 36. 0815** 28
(LATE 1834)

Next morning. ANNE, fully dressed, looks silently out of the window. She looks pale and haunted. It's a face of ANNE LISTER that we've never seen before. She feels like *she's* been violated. She's a whole mixture of crippling emotions, but anger, sadness, humiliation, jostle near the top. Her powerful self control has been soundly defeated by her lust. She's cheapened herself, she's fallen at the first hurdle. She's been unfaithful, and she can't change it, it's written in stone forever. She's the adulterer, she's the fornicator now. Her anger and disappointment pique into anguish. But as ever, it's hard for her to admit weakness, even to herself, so she just feels paralysed by these powerful emotions that she's capable of, and stares out of the window at nothing. Into the abyss.

29 **INT. LAWTON HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 36. 0900 (LATE 1834)** 29

As yesterday, evidence that Charles has been, had breakfast and gone. ANNE is with MARTHA BOOTH. MARIANA (in a much smirkier mood than she was yesterday) sits further along the table, and MRS. DUFF stands slightly behind MARTHA. ANNE has the manner of someone whose thoughts are massively elsewhere. Perhaps it makes her more grumpy and irritable (and therefore even more formidable) than usual.

MRS. DUFF

She says the work's too hard and it doesn't suit her.

MRS. DUFF implies with a discreet shrug/raised eyebrow that it isn't, at least no more than it would be for anyone else in the same position.

ANNE LISTER

Work *is* hard. Martha. Whatever station in life we're born into, everyone is met with challenges. But it's our duty - all of us - to accept our allotted tasks, desirable or otherwise, and to perform them to the best of our abilities.

MARTHA is welling up with tears. She probably just misses her family and a few kind words. And seeing formidable ANNE just reminds her of all the things she misses at Shibden.

MRS. DUFF

She keeps saying she just wants to go home.

ANNE LISTER

There's no place for you at Shibden if you don't do well here.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

And all this crying... is just a bit clever. For my liking. And I'm not falling for it. Someone like you needs to impress the person you work for, so you can take away good references. Do you understand? So you can improve your lot with each new position that comes along. So this is no good. If Mrs. Lawton was asked for a reference now, she'd have to say you didn't like to work, complained a lot and were sulky. Then where would you be?

MARIANA's conscious that ANNE's being more than usually Draconian. She suspects it's somehow a sublimated response to last night.

MARIANA LAWTON

What sort of work would suit you?
Do you think? Martha?

MARTHA BOOTH

Milking cows. Cooking. Like at home.

MARIANA LAWTON

The Reverend Mr. Wood in Middlewich is looking for a kitchen hand, I'm sure [he'd] -

MARTHA looks terrified; she doesn't want to go to yet another new place. She's almost shaking her head at ANNE, willing her not to send her there.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. If not that, you must stay here and promise to work hard and endeavour to make a good impression on Mrs. Duff and Mrs. Lawton. And promise me in future you'll take influence only from those people who you know to be of good character. And then when you come home. To visit your father and your sisters, and my aunt and my father and Miss Marian. And me and Miss Walker. We needn't be ashamed of you. Mm?

(ANNE seems hard like
we've never quite seen
her before. Not least
because poor MARTHA seems
almost traumatised)

Go on.

MARTHA and MRS. DUFF withdraw.

MARIANA LAWTON

We'll sort her out. Are you all right? Freddy?

ANNE LISTER

Mm. I need to finish packing my things.

MARIANA LAWTON

We're still going to church?

ANNE LISTER

Of course.

ANNE leaves the room. We linger on MARIANA, who is quietly pleased with the victory she has had over Anne, and her principles, and her stubborn delusion that Miss Walker is the right person for her.

30 **INT. LAWTON CHURCH. DAY 36. 1035 (LATE 1834)** 30

ANNE and MARIANA - amongst others in a full congregation - queue and then kneel at the altar for the Eucharist, administered by the REVEREND FORD. They both receive the body and the blood of Christ, side by side, just like Anne did with Ann Walker. For MARIANA this compounds her victory. For ANNE it's appalling; her vows with Miss Walker suddenly seem irrevocably cheapened. It's a manifestation of the shitiness of the sexual act of betrayal. MARIANA turns and looks at ANNE for a moment after they've taken the Sacrament, just before they rise from the altar rail. MARIANA smiles. A mild, calm, kind smile. ANNE feels sick. This is a sick parody of ANNE taking the Eucharist at Holy Trinity with Miss Walker.

31 **EXT. CHESHIRE ROAD. DAY 36. 1250 (LATE 1834)** 31

Mariana's carriage follows behind Anne's [*in fact Ann Walker's carriage*] to take her back to Lawton when Anne heads off back to Halifax.

32 **INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE, CHESHIRE ROAD. DAY 36. 1250 (LATE 1834)** 32

ANNE and MARIANA travel to Middlewich in Anne's [*Ann's*] carriage.

MARIANA LAWTON

I don't know why you're being so hard on yourself, Fred. Nothing's changed. And I haven't slept so well in months.

ANNE LISTER

Be aware. That I show Adny all my letters. So be careful what you put.

MARIANA considers that. Then murmurs as casually as she can -

MARIANA LAWTON

I'm not the other woman. She is.

ANNE hasn't quite got what it takes to respond to this. She feels too crippled, compromised. It's easier in the moment just to let it go.

33

EXT. MIDDLEWICH. DAY 36. 1420 (LATE 1834)

33

ANNE and MARIANA part company to go off in their separate carriages. The winter air in Middlewich is chilly.

MARIANA LAWTON

What time d'you think you'll get to Shibden?

ANNE's already got her watch out. Perhaps it's what prompted MARIANA's question.

ANNE LISTER

Eleven, half past. Hopefully no later than midnight.

MARIANA LAWTON

Well. Goodbye. Give my regards to your aunt, and your father, and your sister. And Miss Walker. Oh and -

(she has a small, nicely wrapped gift)

For Miss Walker. It's a little something. It's nothing particular, just a rather pretty little pocket book I saw in Chester a few weeks ago.

(ANNE is reluctant to take it)

What's the matter?

ANNE LISTER

I don't think it's... quite the thing.

MARIANA LAWTON

I thought you wanted me and Miss Walker to be friends?

(again, ANNE hasn't got what it takes to argue about it.)

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)
She simply, gingerly,
takes the gift)
Well. Safe journey.

ANNE LISTER
Mm.

MARIANA hugs ANNE and kisses her cheek. ANNE's participation in this is minimal, just enough not to look odd to anyone like EUGÉNIE or JOSEPH/GEORGE, who might happen to be looking. This is a defeated ANNE LISTER we've never seen before, so thoroughly shaken by her weak behaviour.

34 **INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE. DAY 36. 1421 (LATE 1834)** 34

ANNE steps into her carriage, JOSEPH/GEORGE closes the door, a slight hiatus as JOSEPH/GEORGE jumps up on the back, and then it sets off. ANNE raises her hand in farewell to MARIANA. She never smiles. She looks like someone who will never smile again. After a few tense moments she turns to us, too sad to cry.

She physically gets hold of the camera and shoves it sideways so we can't look at her.

35 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. NIGHT 36. 2340 (LATE 1834)** 35

Shibden at night. Illuminated by a full moon.

The carriage arrives home, it rattles through the barn and into the back yard.

36 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. NIGHT 36. 2340 (LATE 1834)** 36

JOHN BOOTH and MRS. CORDINGLEY have dozed off in front of the fire waiting for Anne's return. CORDINGLEY wakes up with a snort at the sound of horses' hooves outside.

CORDINGLEY

Ooh - John, they're *John!* They're here!

37 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 36. 2340** 37
 (LATE 1834)

ANN WALKER dived out of bed at the sound of hooves and now looks down into the courtyard. She pulls on a cloak, grabs her night light and heads out of the door.

38 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE/BACK YARD.** 38
 NIGHT 36. 2340 (LATE 1834)

ANNE throws the carriage door open (like she does, before the carriage has quite stopped) with a crash, and heads inside just as CORDINGLEY and JOHN BOOTH are opening up.

CORDINGLEY

Mam.

She storms past them like a whirlwind.

ANNE LISTER

Yes! Hello.

JOHN BOOTH

(he can't help himself,
he's keen for news)

Oo, how's our little Martha getting on at Lawton Hall?

ANNE LISTER

(turning around very
briskly, without
stopping)

We'll discuss that. Go and help your brother with the carriage.

39 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. NIGHT 36. 2341 (LATE 1834)** 39

ANNE crashes into the house as ANN WALKER trips briskly down the stairs. In their very different ways they're desperate to set eyes on one another. ANNE throws herself at ANN and envelops her in a larger-than-life overwhelming ANNE LISTER hug that's so powerful it could almost vapourise ANN WALKER. ANN WALKER's delighted, as soon as she claps eyes on ANNE it's as though she falls in love all over again, so thrilled that this magnificent woman could simply exist, let alone be her partner. Over ANN's shoulder we see how anguished ANNE still is -

ANNE LISTER

God, I missed you.

- but as she comes out of the hug she slaps on as big a smile as she can. But she feels very emotional, so some of her sadness might seep through. But to ANN WALKER it just looks like she really has missed her.

ANN WALKER

Have you?

(ANNE holds ANN's face in her hands and nods affirmation. If she could kiss her, she undoubtedly would, but of course she can't, not here)

How was Mrs. Lawton?

ANNE LISTER

Oh - I've astonished myself by how little I thought of her either going there or returning.

So that pleases ANN. ANNE hugs her again, and once more when her face is hidden from ANN over her shoulder, we see just how racked with guilt she is, a guilt that she has clearly decided to shoulder the burden of. What else could she do?

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(a murmur in ANN WALKER's ear)

I shan't leave you again.

Does ANN WALKER pick up on something? People do betray themselves with the subtlest things. Why on earth would Anne Lister say "I shan't leave you again"? It's a subtle moment that passes.

EUGÉNIE comes through with some of ANNE's things, which she heads upstairs with. CORDINGLEY's right behind her.

CORDINGLEY

Would you like some tea, mam?

ANNE LISTER

Tea! Splendid. And then *bed*.

40

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 36. 0050
(LATE 1834)**

40

ANNE and ANN in bed. The only way ANNE can think to dispel the curse of what's happened is to make love to ANN and to make sure it's meaningful and proper and beautiful. And it is; ANN WALKER is transported, and in the midst of it ANNE LISTER says -

ANNE LISTER

I love you.

JOHN WATERHOUSE (CONT'D)

In favour of the new part of the canal being *fifty* feet rather than *sixty* feet wide.

The BRIGGSES and others on their side of the question are pleased. But ANNE's shaking her head; this is entirely against the recommendations of the engineer's report. MR. ABBOTT clocks ANNE looking displeased with the result. The meeting descends into small groups consulting one another, and ANNE murmurs to her neighbour, a MR. WEATHERHEAD -

ANNE LISTER

For the sake of two thousand pounds!

MR. WEATHERHEAD clearly agrees with ANNE, and he's not just being polite -

MR. WEATHERHEAD

Say something, Madam. I'm sure they'll listen to you.

ANNE's clearly toying with the idea of speaking, but it's a big thing to do. It's flirting with drawing the wrong sort of attention to herself, it's always a fine balance for her between looking respectable and looking like a freak (she's flirting with these things just by being here, as a woman, never mind if she were to speak up). The moment is snatched away from her by RAWDON BRIGGS, who has no qualms about speaking up in public (because he's a man!) -

RAWDON BRIGGS

May we move on to the second resolution, Mr. Chairman?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

We may. Order! *Order!*
(the meeting is lively,
and it takes a moment for
them to come to order)
Order. The second resolution. Is that double and parallel locks - seventy-two feet by eighteen feet to act as side-ponds be adopted.
(RAWDON BRIGGS is waving his hand)
Mr. Rawdon Briggs.

RAWDON BRIGGS

I'd like to propose an amendment to that, and suggest that *single locks* - similar to those we *already have* - be adopted.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

I'll second that.

The "Babel-mode of discussion" ensues again, the whole meeting consulting in twos and threes, and a lot of people shaking their heads and muttering against this amendment (and some looking confused) but no-one actually speaking up against it.

RAWDON BRIGGS

And I'd like to call on Mr. Bull to account for *why* he states in *his* report double locks would save compensation to mill owners. Because it's not clear to me why, in what he's written, and *I* contend that no compensation *could* be due to them at all!

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Mr. Bull?

MR. BULL is a poor public speaker.

MR. BULL

I -

RAWDON BRIGGS

And why he seems determined to mire us in unnecessary debt and expense at such a difficult time.

MR. BULL (CONT'D)

I have er... I've written answers to this and other anticipated objections. Copies of which I have here. If if if anyone would like to to - er - Mr. Briggs.

He offers one to the BRIGGSES, and another one in the general direction of the other side of the question, which - in the absence of any other takers - ANNE LISTER reaches out and takes to peruse. ANNE can see MR. BULL isn't going to sway the meeting with a bit of paper that no-one's going to read. ANNE's mouth seems to decide to go for it slightly before her brain does -

ANNE LISTER

Parsimony, Mr. Briggs, is not always economy! And I fear in this case, you are advocating the *former* and not the *latter*.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(so that's called the meeting to order, just because it's her, a woman, they've all shut up for once. Now she's got their attention she realises very quickly that it's vital that she keeps her nerve and speaks passionately but with calm assurance)

Mr. Palmer - who we have employed at considerable expense to draw up this plan - is a man of great ability and credit, and I for one - one who, by the way, *has* read his report, *all* of it - cannot help agreeing with him that whatever we do should be done in the *best manner possible*, and that only the *quantity* of our work should be limited by our means, not the *quality*.

She sounds like Margaret Thatcher (I mean in a good way). Compelling, in command of her facts, passionate, but thoroughly, calmly assured. We see plenty of people impressed and sharing Anne's sentiments, including JEREMIAH RAWSON and MR. ABBOTT, neither of whom can help murmuring (a little bit into their sleeves because they're all nervous of the Briggses) -

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Hear hear.

MR. ABBOTT

Well said.

RAWDON BRIGGS

Well then Madam, you'd have us involved in idiotic expense! The trade in the town *does not require* it, *nor will it ever!*

ANNE LISTER

Oh so then you mean to *limit the progress of improvement* within the town by hindering its capacity to transport the goods it produces? We know what the town *is* at present. But which among us dares venture to say he knows how great the town *may become?*

Ooh, that's gone down well. *Hear hear, well said.*

MR. FREEMAN

It's true that if we don't think ambitiously, an opening will never be made with the Mersey, which...

(MORE)

MR. FREEMAN (CONT'D)

could be a very great thing indeed
and the single step most likely to
keep the canals competitive a good
while longer with the railways.

More vociferous murmurs of approval from the gathering.
WILLIAM BRIGGS is shaking his head and smirking at MR.
FREEMAN's comment.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Let's put it to the vote gentlemen!
(realising his faux pas)

And Miss Lister. Those in favour of
double and parallel locks to act as
side ponds, to be no less than
seventy foot by sixteen foot! Show
of hands!

(loads of hands shoot up.

ANNE puts her hand up in
a more measured,
dignified way)

And for single locks.

(the BRIGGSES and a few
others put their hands
up, but it's clear which
way the vote has gone)

Double and parallel locks, *carried!*

Slightly louder murmurs of "Yess!" etc., as the confidence of
going against RAWDON BRIGGS increases in the meeting and more
animated chatter erupts. RAWDON BRIGGS shouts above the
hubbub -

RAWDON BRIGGS

According to the act of parliament,
we have a right to ascertain
whether the majority is against us
not just in a show of hands, but in
the *number of shares owned.*

Someone on BRIGGS's side shouts out "Scrutiny!" which is
echoed. MR. NORRIS and MR. JOHN WATERHOUSE SNR consult one
another with a look, and nod agreement; sadly RAWDON BRIGGS
is well within his rights to ask for that, it just makes the
whole process more laborious and time consuming.

MR. NORRIS

The committee will retire and look
at which side has it by number of
shares.

The committee members (which includes both BRIGGSES) leave
the room, whilst the gathered throng descends into pockets of
conversation and people start to move about to share
opinions. JEREMIAH RAWSON takes the opportunity to make a bee-
line for ANNE.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well said, Madam.

ANNE's wary of JEREMIAH of course, but he's not quite the bad smell his big brother is. And he appears to come in peace (he has developed a real respect for Anne Lister's intellect since he's had to deal with her over the coal), so -

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Could I ask...? With the election almost upon us. On behalf of Mr. Wortley's committee - of which my brother and I are both members - if we may rely as we usually do on the support of everyone at Shibden Hall.

ANNE LISTER

Of course. Us Blues must stick together. And put aside our differences. Briefly.

(she lets the 'briefly'
land)

In such challenging times.

JEREMIAH RAWSON

My - thank you - my - good! - my brother feels the same and will be gratified to hear it.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

(she resists the urge to
mention coal)

Is this generally the way with public meetings in Halifax?

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well yes, it's not un[typical] -

ANNE LISTER

We treat a great concern like a little one, and we prate like a parcel of children. There's a plan of the canal and the proposed improvements over *there* that nobody's bothered to look at, and a model of the double and parallel locks over *here* that nobody's taken the time and trouble to explain!

JEREMIAH RAWSON

Well. Thank goodness you're here!

ANNE LISTER

Oh I know my being here - *and speaking* - will be talked of. But! *Cela m'importe peu*. If such be public meetings in Halifax, I see there's a sad want of some mastermind to lead the multitude.

She's cross, but she's had her eyes opened too. This is where she's going to go into superdrive. This is where she sees - perhaps for the first time, and to her surprise - that the movers and shakers of Halifax think too much inside the box. Suddenly she finds someone at her side, and a hand shake being thrust upon her before she has time to do anything about it. Prince Charles and Robert Mugabe.

MR. ABBOTT

Miss Lister, how do you do? John Abbott. We meet at last, and I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance. And well said, Madam. Mr. Rawson! How d'you do.

ANNE is aware that JEREMIAH RAWSON will regard JOHN ABBOTT as a parvenu just like she does. She goes ultra-polite, but icily so.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Abbott.

She sort of finishes the hand shake without actually snatching her hand away, and then turns her back on him and instantly latches onto someone else's conversation -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Absolutely! Hear hear, why spend forty thousand pounds on an indifferent job?

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

When another ten thousand pounds
would secure a *good* one.

JEREMIAH RAWSON does the same thing, smiles politely enough but then turns his attention elsewhere. MR. ABBOTT stands there like he's had his face slapped. This is a clear, unsubtle snub. He might be the sort that bounces quickly back, but in the heat of the moment we see on his face that he feels the humiliation.

We cut to ten minutes later as the committee returns. The BRIGGSES don't look happy.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Order! Can we call the meeting to
order!

(people settle down, eager
to hear the outcome. We
might glimpse snubbed MR.
ABBOTT once more in the
melee)

For single locks - based on the
shares of people present - one
hundred and seventy-six.

(a bit of a reaction)

And for double locks, one hundred
and *eighty-eight*.

(another reaction; the
room in general is more
pleased with *this* result)

And for those not present but
counting proxy votes, the majority
in favour of double locks goes up
to *fifty-eight*. So, double and
parallel locks to act as side
ponds, *carried*.

Cheers. ANNE's pleased. The men around her murmur their approval and congratulate her on speaking up.

RAWDON BRIGGS

(annoyed, loud, trying to
shout above the throng)

Well! We'd better move a motion to
empower the committee to borrow
another *sixty thousand pounds* from
the government to implement the
measure! Ridiculous! Short-sighted!
You will regret this! In less than
five years, you will regret this!

But it's WILLIAM BRIGGS we're looking at as his father vents his irritation. ANNE checks her watch. She's been here long enough and she's accomplished her mission. She politely allows a few more men to congratulate her on speaking up, and then she sets off. WILLIAM BRIGGS bides his time, then follows her, casually catching up with her just before she reaches the door.

WILLIAM BRIGGS
Miss Lister!

He smiles as usual, like he was last time he was rude to her.

ANNE LISTER
Mr. Briggs.

WILLIAM BRIGGS
An exciting choice. To brave public opinion, attending a meeting like this at such a volatile time, with the country on the brink of civil unrest - no doubt - come the election. And you with your... unusual arrangement. Up at Shibden Hall. With Miss Walker.

ANNE LISTER
I beg your pardon?

WILLIAM BRIGGS
You should be more careful.

ANNE weighs things up. He's opened the door for her, like it looks to anyone who happens to be looking in the room as though he's being polite. She decides not to dignify his nonsense with a response. She steps out.

WILLIAM BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Gentleman Jack.

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He closes the door behind her (like a coward, to avoid repercussions), and we look into ANNE's eyes, and her thoughts, as the insult (and the threat it implies) lands.

She gathers her resources (it may take a moment) and then walks away, through Halifax, past the people who always turn and look at her.

END OF EPISODE FOUR