

# Gentleman Jack 2

## Episode 5

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

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1           **EXT. THE PIECE HALL, HALIFAX. DAY 38. 1330 (EARLY 1835)**           1

*It's early January, and everyone should look really cold (or well wrapped up) throughout the whole episode.*

JAMES STUART WORTLEY - surrounded by supporters (all with blue rosettes and ribbons and flags) - stands on a first floor balcony struggling to address the throng beneath him. Among the throng are THREE LITTLE GIRLS, a TODDLER and a DOG.

JAMES STUART WORTLEY

*Gentlemen! I have been invited by a body of your constituency here in Halifax - far exceeding in number those who supported me on a former occasion - again to declare myself a candidate for the honour of representing you in parliament!*

Cheers, boos, someone lobs a half-eaten apple at him. The combined clashing voices of nearly a thousand people. A SMALL BAND with trumpets and drums - all with yellow ribbons and flags - is trying to drown out WORTLEY's every word. Pandemonium. As WORTLEY valiantly continues, we discover MATTHEW edging his way closer to the front, curious to know what's being said.

JAMES STUART WORTLEY (CONT'D)

*And as it has been attempted by an unprincipled coalition to dictate to the town the choice of Members, and to exclude a respectable and numerous body of electors from all share in the representation, I feel that no consideration of private interest or inconvenience would justify me in withholding my services from those with whose cause my exertions have before been identified!*

During the above MATTHEW finds himself picking his way through a group of YOUNG MEN and LADS who are presently trying to drown WORTLEY out with their jibes and cat-calls. These lads might well be radicals, only trouble now is they've had too much to drink.

LAD 1

*Geddoff! Y'Tory scumbag!*

LAD 2

*Show us yer arse! It'll be an improvement on yer face!*

MATTHEW gets accidentally shoved against LAD 1, who isn't best pleased -

LAD 1

Twat.

MATTHEW AVISON

Sorry.

...and who pushes MATTHEW back against the big BLOKE who accidentally shoved him in the first place.

BLOKE

Oy.

MATTHEW AVISON

I said sorry!

The BLOKE thinks about MATTHEW's apology for a second or so, notices his posh livery under his great coat, and then head-butts him. Thud. Black out.

2           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 38. 1500 (EARLY 1835)**           2

Lights. MATTHEW squirms and winces as irritable MRS. CORDINGLEY dabs his cuts and abrasions with salt water and a cloth. The evidence suggests the fight got worse.

CORDINGLEY

You'll have to keep still!

As we pull back we reveal not only HEMINGWAY, EUGÉNIE and JOSEPH/GEORGE, but ANNE LISTER too. EUGÉNIE seems particularly empathetic to MATTHEW's pain. Perhaps she's checking out his physical attributes as well, as he sits there with his head back and his crotch sticking out as he braces himself against the pain.

ANNE LISTER

So what did Mr. Wortley actually say? Matthew. In his *speech*.

Not the first time she's asked, judging by her tone.

MATTHEW AVISON

I - I couldn't hear him mam. It was too noisy, and there was a band playing *on purposely* - a *yellow* band - so no-one could hear him.

ANNE LISTER

(disgusted, bad smell)  
*Oh! These Radicals.*

MATTHEW AVISON

Apparently when Mr. Protheroe was speaking though, a band made up of Blues did exactly the same thing though.

ANNE LISTER

No they didn't.

MATTHEW AVISON

No they [did] -

ANNE LISTER

(interrupting swiftly)

*The Blues* wouldn't sink to such low tactics, and I don't want to hear it repeated.

(JOHN BOOTH comes in)

Ah! Booth.

She checks her watch. JOHN BOOTH sees MATTHEW.

JOHN BOOTH

What's happened?

ANNE LISTER

I want you to go up to Brierley Hill and give John Bottomley a message. I want you to tell him that I've had a note from Mr. Holroyd on behalf of Mr. Wortley's election committee asking him to use *both* his votes for Mr. Wortley, first thing in the morning.

JOHN BOOTH

Now ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

No. Next week. After the election's over.

(JOHN: ?)

Yes now!

3

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 38. 1720 (EARLY 1835) 3**

ANNE, ANN, JEREMY, AUNT ANNE and MARIAN eat dinner.  
JOSEPH/GEORGE waits on them.

MARIAN LISTER

Mr. Abbott will be here this evening. For an hour or so. In the drawing room. If anyone would like to join us. You'd all be more than welcome.

(silence, tumbleweed)

Father.

JEREMY LISTER

Right.

MARIAN LISTER

Aunt?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes.

Meaning "yes, I've heard", rather than "yes I'll come and be sociable" (but perhaps not *too* pointedly rude).

MARIAN LISTER

Anne? Miss Walker?

ANN WALKER looks uncomfortable. She fears ANNE will say something cruel and regrettable. ANNE's response has the semblance of being kind and measured -

ANNE LISTER

Adny and I will have a good fire in our little sitting room upstairs and if anyone would like to join us, you would be - equally - more than welcome *there*. Aunt. Father.

MARIAN of course isn't indifferent to her family's disapproval of this bloke, and it hurts. Deeply. It's the one crack she's ever had at the possibility of marriage and they all know that.

MARIAN LISTER

Mr. Abbott is a staunch Blue, I would've thought *that* if nothing else would encourage a more favourable opinion from [you] -

ANNE LISTER

I'm still *reeling* from the fact that he had the temerity to come up and greet me the way he did at the Navigation meeting.

MARIAN LISTER

He was holding out an olive branch!

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well he needn't've bothered. It was an embarrassment! He's a - !  
(what is he? What's the *best* possible word to describe him? She finds it's a word she's never actually used before, but it seems inexplicably appropriate, so here it comes - )

A chump.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(MARIAN :o !)

A chump who *dumped* you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well yes and that is -  
unfortunately - my objection to him  
too.

MARIAN LISTER

Sorry, hold on -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

He had you on.

MARIAN LISTER

You *shamelessly* attend a meeting  
full of *men* -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

He left you *open* to *humiliation*.

MARIAN LISTER

- and the thing that *embarrasses*  
you is that someone *politely* comes  
up and says hello?

ANNE LISTER

I barely knew where to look.

MARIAN LISTER

(adding quickly)

And he *didn't* -

(for want of a better  
word, and sick of saying  
it)

*Dump* me. What Mr. Rawson said about  
Miss Greenwood of Field House was  
*nonsense*, I've already *explained*  
this about fifteen times, [I've] -

ANNE LISTER

He didn't visit you for *weeks on*  
*end* and you were upset. Did he ever  
explain *that*?

MARIAN LISTER

Only that whenever he came here he  
was *ignored*.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh that's not fair! Your father and  
I had to have tea [with him] -

(correcting)

had tea with him on several  
occasions. *And* his mother.

MARIAN LISTER

Not ignored by *you*. Aunt.

ANNE makes a sarcastic gesture intended to imply, "Why me? Why am I so important?" when - handily - there's a tap at the door and JOHN BOOTH's there. He's raced up to Brierley Hill and back.

JOHN BOOTH

Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Ah! John.

JOHN BOOTH

I don't want to disturb you at table only -

ANNE LISTER

No, come in.

JOHN BOOTH

- John Bottomley wasn't at home but his wife says he'll definitely be in by nine o'clock and she'll send him down to speak to you the minute he gets in.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

JOHN BOOTH

I don't [know] -

ANNE LISTER

You were only delivering a message.

JOHN BOOTH

That's just what she said. Oh except that he's already had two letters from Mr. Wortley's committee. She said. One telling him to go to the Talbot first thing and another to the White Swan.

ANNE LISTER

Well that's clear enough, if he goes to one or the other. Why's she sending him here?

JOHN BOOTH

It's just what she said.

JEREMY LISTER

Perhaps he doesn't want to vote for Mr. Wortley.

ANNE's about to respond to that with amazement and horror, but decides to clear the room first -

ANNE LISTER

Thank you. John.

(JOHN withdraws,  
JOSEPH/GEORGE remains)

That isn't the attitude, Father! We can't just let the Whigs waltz back into power unchallenged! We must do what we can, whether we have a vote or not. If I have to write to Lady Stuart and tell her that the right-minded people of Halifax have failed to secure her nephew a seat in the House of Commons...

(it's unimaginable; the Stuarts will think ANNE LISTER *doesn't* have superpowers after all)

I shall be sick\*.

\*to camera?

**OPENING TITLES**

4 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY, CORRIDOR, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 38. 2100 (EARLY 1835)**

ANNE's writing her journal briskly. She finishes the sentence she's on, and checks her watch. She downs her pen and her journal and leaves the room. As she strides along the corridor murmuring -

ANNE LISTER

Nine o'clock. No John Bottomley.

- we glimpse ANN WALKER (was reading, now gazing sleepily at the fire) in the tent room, as she hears ANNE's angry exhalation.

5 **OMITTED**

5

6 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. NIGHT 38. 2103 (EARLY 1835) 6**

MR. ABBOTT is with MARIAN and ARGUS in front of the fire. MR. ABBOTT is more relaxed than we've seen him before. Their tea-cups are empty; he's been here a good hour.

MR. ABBOTT

I'm with Robert Peel. Moderation. Bringing people together. That's how to run a government. It's certainly how to run a country! I sometimes think the Ultras are as bad as the Radicals. Worse! In fact. Because they should know better.

(MORE)

MR. ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Course I wouldn't say that out loud  
to anyone that mattered, but no, we  
have a lot in common, me and Robert  
Peel.

(MORE)

MR. ABBOTT (CONT'D)

He's a self-made man - well, his father is - and so he has the common touch, and that goes a long way. He's united the party - which the Whigs'll never do - and he'll unite the country! I have no doubt about [that] -

(suddenly - urgent footsteps down the stairs)

Is that your sister?

MARIAN LISTER

(amazed)

Is it?

(she sees ANNE heading towards the kitchens)

Anne?!

(adding quietly - fyi)

She's an Ultra\*.

\* Bit of a look to camera?

7 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. NIGHT 38. 2104. CONTINUOUS 7  
(EARLY 1835)

We're in front of ANNE as she steams towards the kitchen and raises her eyes heavenwards (and looks to us for sympathy). She keeps going, pretending not to have heard MARIAN. She raps briskly on the kitchen door and marches straight in -

8 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. NIGHT 38. 2104. CONTINUOUS 8  
(EARLY 1835)

- where MRS. CORDINGLEY and JOSEPH/GEORGE are sitting in front of the fire, both wrapped up warm and dozing.

CORDINGLEY

(shocked)

Ooh - !

JOSEPH/GEORGE jumps to his feet briskly as ANNE comes in, and CORDINGLEY struggles to stand up at all, with her hip.

ANNE LISTER

Don't get up, Elizabeth! George, it's gone nine. Run up the hill and see where John Bottomley's got to. If he's still not at home, go and tell your brother to get over to him again at five o'clock in the morning before he sets off to work and to take care that he gets down into Halifax and gives a plumper for Mr. Wortley.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

A p[lumper] - ?

ANNE LISTER

Both his votes for Mr. Wortley.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Yes mam.

JOSEPH/GEORGE pulls his coat and hat on briskly and starts lighting a lantern. Meanwhile ANNE's looking at CORDINGLEY like she's a specimen. She really does seem miserable with discomfort.

ANNE LISTER

Hip bad? Elizabeth?

CORDINGLEY

It's this cold spell mam, allus makes it worse.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Sunderland's here tomorrow to see my aunt. Would you like me to ask him to look in on you?

CORDINGLEY

Oh no! No, I don't want anybody put to any trouble!

ANNE LISTER

Nonsense, we can't expect a good day's work from you if you're in pain.

She exits. CORDINGLEY shifts uncomfortably in her chair and murmurs to JOSEPH/GEORGE -

CORDINGLEY

There'll be nowt he can do. And then what?

(irritable)

Happen she'll take me outside and shoot me. Like she did Percy.

9

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. NIGHT 38. 2105. CONTINUOUS 9**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

MR. ABBOTT's keen to go and greet ANNE, which is making MARIAN nervous/giddy. He hears/sees ANNE just heading back through from the kitchen.

MARIAN LISTER

(ventriloquist style,  
begging him nearly)

Don't. Don't. I s[aid don't] - !

Too late, he's got up and gone to greet her.

MR. ABBOTT  
Miss *Lister*!

Embarrassed MARIAN remains rooted to her seat in the drawing room, staring studiously into the middle distance.

10 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. NIGHT 38. 2105. CONTINUOUS 10  
(EARLY 1835)

ANNE of course had half anticipated this, she knew he was here, but she imagined if she went through fast enough she could somehow render herself invisible, but - hey-ho.

ANNE LISTER  
Mr. Abbott!  
(she manages a smile  
whilst at the same time  
looking like she's just  
hit a bad smell)  
We meet again.

She glances through to MARIAN who daren't look.

MR. ABBOTT  
Yes I was just saying to Mar[ian]  
Miss Marian -

ANNE LISTER  
Will you excuse me? I have a  
thousand things to do.

MR. ABBOTT  
Yes I was just saying I hope I  
didn't speak out of turn at the the  
the er -

ANNE LISTER  
Goodbye, Mr. Abbott.

MR. ABBOTT  
Navigation meeting.  
(she's off up the stairs  
and he's talking to her  
arse - )  
Yes! Sorry. Busy busy! Same as me!  
Ha ha. Excellent.  
(he heads back into the  
drawing room, and then at  
length -)  
Have you - ?  
(mouthing it delicately)  
*Told her?*



ANNE LISTER

- polling is under way. Down in  
Halifax at least.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes ma'am!

ANNE LISTER

And we've done our bit! We got John  
Bottomley down to the White Swan at  
five o'clock this morning and we've  
badgered the fence-sitters and non-  
promisers. Fetch another cup and  
saucer, George.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Not for me! Thank you.  
(he's hesitant, it's ANN  
WALKER he's glancing at)  
I er...

ANN WALKER

Sit down. Mr. Washington.

He looks like he can't decide whether to sit down or not. He  
does so, uneasily.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Have you...? Had a letter from your  
sister. In Scotland. At all? Ma'am?

ANN WALKER

(bemused)  
No.

He produces a letter.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

She said she'd written to you  
separately.  
(ANN looks to ANNE)  
Happen it'll come today. She's sent  
instruction for distresses to be  
made on twenty-five of your  
tenants. All for rent arrears. Some  
are to claim goods to the value  
owed, but more than half are...  
(he hates this)  
evictions.  
(ANN WALKER's amazed)  
Should I read you the letter ma'am?

ANN WALKER

Yes.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

"Dear Mr. Washington... "

(he skims through to the salient bits)

"Since my sister has now requested a formal division of the joint property, it strikes me as an opportune moment to put our house in order. From the latest accounts you forwarded it is clear that a number of tenancies have fallen into -

(he hates the use of the next two words)

significant arrears".

ANNE LISTER

Really? How?

Because WASHINGTON's let them. Is the obvious answer. Which WASHINGTON knows will reflect badly on him in ANNE LISTER's estimation.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

"I enclose a list of names, properties and actions to be taken, and would be grateful if you would undertake the necessary steps to employ a bailiff who will carry out those actions".

ANNE LISTER

How have these tenancies fallen into arrears, Mr. Washington?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(big sigh)

They do their best, ma'am. I do keep on at 'em, those that owe, but... folk can't allus find work - not without moving into the towns, which they don't all want to do. Or can't do. Some are elderly. And none of 'em are bad people. I'd rather write twenty-five letters back to Scotland on behalf of them all than serve any one of these distresses.

Both WASHINGTON and ANNE look to ANN for her response, but she's just stunned. Of course it's none of ANNE's business so she can't start wading in with orders. She doesn't want to look like she has any kind of stake in it (yet). Eventually, quietly -

ANN WALKER

Well. If it's what Mrs. Sutherland wants. If she believes that's the best way of going about it.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

And then there'll be new tenants to find. Of course.

ANN WALKER

Yes of course.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

And we'll need to seek references to ascertain that they can pay.

(silence. Perhaps

WASHINGTON hoped ANN would say she would write back to her sister and object)

Shall I wait 'til you've heard from her as well? Then. Ma'am. Or shall I speak to a bailiff?

ANN remains quiet. Overwhelmed by the suddenness and extremity of it. Eventually, decisive -

ANN WALKER

Yes, if that's what Mrs. Sutherland thinks is the right way forward we must respect it and get on with it.

Silence. Awkward. WASHINGTON might glance at ANNE LISTER for an opinion, but ANNE has decided not to get involved. At least not in front of WASHINGTON. She wants the division, and if this is how it starts, so be it. And of course bringing bailiffs in wouldn't frighten ANNE LISTER.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Right.

At length -

ANN WALKER

Is that everything?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes. Ma'am.

(he turns to ANNE)

Shall I...? See you down at the Stag's Head. Tomorrow ma'am. For the Christmas rent collection?

ANNE LISTER

(affirmative)

I'll be there at noon.

WASHINGTON stands up, nods a little bow and withdraws. JOSEPH/GEORGE has already left the room (he doesn't wait on them at breakfast once the dishes are served) and the two women are left alone.

ANN WALKER

Why's she done that? She doesn't write to me, she writes to everyone except me, and then she's done that!

ANNE's thoughtful, not overly bombastic, sensitive to ANN's anxieties about her sister -

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well! On the other hand. She's clearly got the message. And perhaps that's why Washington didn't want to get involved and write to her. Because he suspected this might follow.

(just then the sound of the front door bell)

That'll be Mr. Sunderland.

ANNE lingers for a polite moment, and then leaves the room. We linger on ANN WALKER.

15

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 39. 0900**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

15

Kindly MR. SUNDERLAND examines the sore on AUNT ANNE's leg with his usual care and thoroughness. ANNE and HEMINGWAY in attendance. At length -

MR. SUNDERLAND

Very unpleasant. Odious, in fact. And have you heard the reports set afloat by the Whigs? Of Mr. Wortley singing and drinking in public houses late into the night?

ANNE LISTER

Good Lord. Are there no depths to which they won't plummet?

MR. SUNDERLAND

But! I remain optimistic.

ANNE LISTER

Good! Well said, Mr. Sunderland. And so do I! Don't we aunt?

AUNT ANNE's more concerned about the prognosis on her leg.

MR. SUNDERLAND

Not least because Mr. Wortley's committee has worked so tirelessly, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Norris, Mr. Waterhouse -

ANNE LISTER

Well we've all done our bit. One way and another.

MR. SUNDERLAND

(he addresses AUNT ANNE)

I'm going to put a new dressing on this, Miss Lister, and I'm going to leave you with a *little* more laudanum.

AUNT ANNE *hates* the taste of the laudanum. And she's pale. She's worried he thinks the leg's worse.

16

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, STAIRS, HOUSEBODY, SAVILE ROOM, KITCHEN 16  
DAY 39. 0920 (EARLY 1835)**

ANNE walks downstairs with MR. SUNDERLAND. When they're sufficiently out of earshot of Aunt Anne's bedroom, MR. SUNDERLAND chooses his moment -

MR. SUNDERLAND

The sore *is* getting larger. And her pulse...

(it's not great but - )

I'm happy enough with. If she gets through the rest of the winter I'm confident she'll be with us a little while longer yet. Is Captain Lister...?

ANNE LISTER

No. He's not. He's out. In this -  
(she resists an expletive)  
britsker he bought. He's going to kill Marian. Oh well. Would you mind looking in on Mrs. Cordingley's hip instead?

MR. SUNDERLAND

Ah!

(a kind smile)

The perennial hip!

They head for the kitchen.

Through in the drawing room we glimpse ANN WALKER, with a letter (just arrived) glancing out into the housebody and wishing Anne would hurry up with whatever she's doing because she wants to share the contents of the letter.

ANNE doesn't spot this, she's focused on heading through to the kitchen with MR. SUNDERLAND.

The kitchen door's open as usual, and CORDINGLEY's cutting two chickens into halves with a big knife.

17

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 39. 0921 (EARLY 1835)**

17

CORDINGLEY isn't delighted when she sees MR. SUNDERLAND approaching. For CORDINGLEY doctors mean horror, misery, pain.

ANNE LISTER

Elizabeth! Mr. Sunderland's here to look at your hip.

CORDINGLEY

Oh, it's -  
(fine. Go away)  
I don't need -

MR. SUNDERLAND

Nonsense, Mrs. Cordingley, we can't see you suffering!

CORDINGLEY

It's - really - I'd rather [not] -

MR. SUNDERLAND

Walk towards me.

CORDINGLEY

Dr. Kenny looked at it last winter and he s[aid] - just before you came home from Copenhagen ma'am - and he said there's nothing to be done, so - and it gets easier when the weather gets warmer, so -

MR. SUNDERLAND

Come and sit here.

CORDINGLEY

I'd only have to stand up again.

MR. SUNDERLAND

Well walk towards me then!  
(reluctantly - very  
reluctantly - she puts  
her knife down and walks  
to him with her chicken-  
goo hands held out. He  
observes her gait)  
You see sometimes just a bit of  
manipulation in exactly the right  
spot [can] -

He presses and squeezes her hip. She lets him do what he has to do for long enough and then he squeezes in a place that sends a shock-wave of pain right through the joint and she reacts badly -

CORDINGLEY

*I don't like being poked!* And a bad hip's a bad hip! I've seen it with other folk, there's nowt you can do, and some of us can't just lie in bed all d[ay] - !

(perhaps she wasn't even thinking of Aunt Anne as she started saying it, she was just thinking about what she wished she could do, but inevitably she realises that's what it must've sounded like)

So.

(she goes quiet)

Better to just leave it as it is.

ANNE's staring at her, amazed. How dare she speak like that? CORDINGLEY knows she's gone too far. But it was the irritation from the shock of pain speaking. And after she'd asked him not to. Silence. Awkward.

ANNE LISTER

Let me see you out. Mr. Sunderland.

MR. SUNDERLAND

Castor oil. Mrs. Cordingley. If you have any. A teaspoonful, once a day. But it'll only help if it's taken consistently over a period of at least a month.

Yuk. CORDINGLEY nods, apologetic, embarrassed. MR. SUNDERLAND smiles apologetically, he's a good soul. ANNE goes and sees MR. SUNDERLAND out. We linger with CORDINGLEY. She knows she's for the high jump now. The pain and the humiliation make her eyes start to water. We can see her thinking "*Shit*".

MR. SUNDERLAND (CONT'D)

(OOV)

I'll call in again on Thursday. And send for me again if I'm needed sooner. Good morning, Miss Lister!

ANNE LISTER

(OOV)

Au 'voir.

We hear the door close and ANNE comes back in. CORDINGLEY barely dare look at her. Is she going to get her spleen ripped out through her nostrils?

CORDINGLEY

I didn't m[ean] -  
(she dries up, she's  
upset)  
I think the world of your aunt, you  
know I do.

Tears roll. Whether they're tears of pain, or tears of upset isn't clear. Probably both. When you're feeling physically vulnerable and in pain, one easily sets the other off. And ANNE knows that. ANNE LISTER might be rock hard but she's never a bitch. She steps closer to CORDINGLEY, looks at her carefully in the face, and surprises her by speaking very gently and kindly -

ANNE LISTER

Why don't you go and stay with your  
sister for a few days? Hm? In  
Bingley. Have a bit of a rest.

CORDINGLEY

Who'll cook?

ANNE LISTER

I'm sure I can find someone to step  
in. Temporarily.  
(this worries CORDINGLEY;  
what if they prefer the  
temp's cooking?)  
Write to her, see what she says.  
Someone can drive you over to  
Bingley in the britsker.

CORDINGLEY

(meek)  
I'll think about it ma'am. Thank  
you ma'am. Sorry ma'am.

ANNE gives a little nod and a 'Mm', and leaves the room. She knows that the threat of her displeasure can serve as a powerful enough ticking off, without doing or saying anything other than she's just done. CORDINGLEY's left confused: is ANNE trying to get rid of her, or is she being a kind boss? But then there's the relief; at least she didn't get bollocked *and* she didn't get tortured by a doctor.

18

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY, SAVILE ROOM. DAY 39. 0925** 18  
**(EARLY 1835)**

We follow ANNE through the housebody and into the drawing room, where ANN WALKER has the letter. ANN knows she ought to be happy, but somehow the letter's simply left her bemused -

ANN WALKER

It came in the postbag while you  
were upstairs.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

(she holds it out for  
ANNE, who takes it and  
reads it)

It's all perfectly affectionate. In some ways. Then oddly pragmatic in others. She's saying dividing the estate is "something we should've done long before now".

(ANNE nods as she quickly but comprehensively absorbs the letter's contents; it is indeed all either straight-forwardly pragmatic or perfectly friendly)

It's only odd that it's taken her so long to reach that conclusion.

(adding sardonically)

And a letter from a lawyer.

ANNE nods thoughtfully; she agrees. She sits next to ADNY and squeezes her hand.

ANNE LISTER

Well. Let's not quibble. It's a step in the right direction at least. At *last*.

(she checks her watch)

I wonder what time we'll know anything about today's polling?

19

**EXT. CORNMARKEt, HALIFAX. NIGHT 39. 1830 (EARLY 1835)**

19

6.30pm. The town's buzzing. We discover JOSEPH/GEORGE heading past the Old Cock Inn which is alight and alive with people. The Old Cock Inn is lit up and decorated with yellow flags. There's a hint of danger and excitement about the place. The sound of drunken singing and heated debate. Distantly a yellow band plays a triumphant tune. The streets are crowded, and JOSEPH/GEORGE looks unsure about where he's going. He sees blue flags torn down, and bumps into a couple of drunks.

DRUNK 1

(friendly enough)

Mind yersen, lad!

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Sorry! Sorry.

Then he bumps into another -

MR. WHITLEY

Joseph!



JOSEPH/GEORGE

Mam?

JEREMY LISTER

Ah!

JOSEPH/GEORGE passes ANNE a piece of paper with today's election results written on.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

I bumped into Mr. Whitley ma'am,  
and he said not to despair.

ANN WALKER

Read it out.

ANNE absorbs the paper's contents at a glance, then reads the less than perfect results out loud -

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Wortley - Tory party - two  
hundred and sixty votes. Hm. Mr.  
Wood - Whig - two hundred and  
ninety-four votes.

(big sigh and angst)

Protheroe - the Radical party - two  
hundred and seventy-three. He's  
right, we can't despair. The poll  
continues all day tomorrow and we  
knew Wood would get back in. As  
long as Wortley can pip Protheroe  
to the post for the second borough  
seat, we'll be all right. We must  
keep our nerve.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

And he might well, ma'am. Mr.  
Whitley said the committee itself  
hasn't even voted yet, they've been  
that busy getting people to the  
polling, so Mr. Wortley has a good  
number of votes still to come in.

ANNE LISTER

Excellent. Well done, Joseph.  
George.

JEREMY LISTER

Are you all right, lad?

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Yeah! Just...

(he's never seen anything  
like it)

There was a lot of blue flags torn  
down and Halifax was all lit up,  
and there were drunk people  
everywhere. Men *and* women. Even.  
Singing and shouting and giving it  
some.

ANNE LISTER

(grateful for the info and  
a task well done)

Go and get your supper.

(JOSEPH/GEORGE nods and  
withdraws. ANNE studies  
the polling figures again  
and passes it to her  
father, who's holding his  
hand out for it)

What tawdry times we live in. Are  
you coming with me to collect the  
rents tomorrow, Father?

JEREMY LISTER

I can do.

ANNE LISTER

If you can stand up.

22

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 39. 2130**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

22

ANNE massages ANN's neck with brandy and spirit of camphor.  
ANNE's still dressed (perhaps just her collar loosened),  
whilst ANN is in her night dress. ANN remains uneasy about  
the way her sister has responded to the division.

ANN WALKER

I worry about Elizabeth.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

ANN WALKER

I'll never forget that look. On her  
face. The last time I was in  
Scotland. She was terrified.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I bet there were consequences.  
After I left.

ANNE LISTER

Mm.

ANN WALKER

When you read that letter closely,  
you can feel his influence *right*  
through it. Little expressions I  
know she'd never use. And the  
ridiculous delay in responding,  
that's *him*. And the distresses! To  
not even *discuss* it with me before  
sending an order like that! It's  
*him*. Trying to undermine me, trying  
to make me worry that I've asked  
for something unreasonable, and  
*these are the consequences*.

ANNE LISTER

Well if it is, it puts to rest any  
anxiety that he and Washington  
would collude with one another.

ANN WALKER

And at such a volatile time too  
with the election! If the vote does  
swing Mr. Wortley's way tomorrow  
people are saying there's going to  
be unrest. And it won't be *him*  
people will point at, will it? No,  
because *he's* four hundred miles  
away, it'll be *me*.

ANNE LISTER

That's very cunning. And  
unpleasant. If he's purposely done  
it to coincide with the election.

(she delicately graduates  
from massaging ANN's  
shoulders and neck to  
kissing them)

We'll ride the storm together. Hm?  
As long as you get what you want  
from it at the end of it, it'll be  
worth it. It is still what you  
want. Isn't it?

ANN WALKER

You know it is.  
(they kiss properly,  
delicately, briefly)  
(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

You've been so... attentive. Since you came back from Lawton Hall.

ANNE LISTER

Aren't I always?

ANN WALKER

(tentatively)

What made you say, "I shan't leave you again". The moment you came in?

ANNE LISTER

When?

ANN WALKER

When you got back from Lawton. It was the first thing you said.

ANNE LISTER

Was it?

ANN WALKER

Mm.

Does ANNE's pulse rate increase? She knows why she said it. Guilt. And she knows it's those unconscious throwaway lines that can sometimes betray a person.

ANNE LISTER

Only that I'd missed you. And that I didn't realise quite how much. Until my eyes fell upon you.

She wants to mean this so much that it comes across as sincere and convincing.

ANN WALKER

It just struck me. When you said it. And then you've not talked about Mrs. Lawton. Since. Not once.

They're very intimate. And ANNE is hyper-aware that the slightest rogue word or expression or the slightest mis-timed response could give her away somehow. She's wise enough to know that to come across as truthful, she has to say something truthful.

ANNE LISTER

You're the only person who matters to me now. You know that. This is the future. Our future. Here, you and me.

(she kisses her again, and ANN WALKER accepts what's said at face value. A moment gazing at one another after the kiss, and then - )

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

I'd better go and say goodnight to  
my aunt and my father, oh and -  
(tiresome)

Marian said she needed me for a few  
minutes.

Another quick peck, another brief gaze at one another, and then ANNE leaves. We linger on ANN WALKER, who kind of understands that whatever happened with Mariana was none of her business, Anne had to go and lay things to rest. And now she's talking about *their* future. She should accept that. The development for us is that Ann Walker is wise enough to get that and accept it. (But at the same time her suspicion/knowledge that there's yet more to it with Mariana is lodged in her brain).

23           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, STAIRS / HOUSEBODY. NIGHT 39. 2135**           23  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE's coming down the stairs as MATTHEW (in his capacity as JEREMY's valet) is escorting JEREMY (clearly struggling because of his latest back injury) out of the drawing room and towards the stairs.

ANNE LISTER

Ah, good night, Father.  
(she kisses him soundly)  
Sleep tight.

JEREMY LISTER

(he growls at her)  
Ni' night.

She glances after him very briefly with a sardonic look; what a twerp going back out in the britsker again before the *first* injury was healed. She heads in to MARIAN...

24           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. NIGHT 39. 2135. CONTINUOUS** 24  
**(EARLY 1835)**

...who's just tidying up a few newspapers and books and the backgammon set, before bed.

MARIAN LISTER

Ah, I thought you'd forgotten.

Conscious of her father still possibly being in earshot -

ANNE LISTER

If this is about what I think it's  
about -  
(a heavy sigh)  
Need we put one another through it?

MARIAN LISTER

D'you want to sit down?

ANNE LISTER

I don't need to sit down.

MARIAN gives it a moment - sits, centres herself - then, giving it as much dignity and gravitas as she can in the face of what is clearly already a wall of antipathy and derision -

MARIAN LISTER

I shouldn't wish to deceive you any longer, and of course you're free to tell Miss Walker, as she is now - to all intents and purposes - part of the family. And Father knows too, I told him this afternoon.

(MARIAN's utterly sincere;  
she wants some dignity  
with this)

I have made up my mind to marry Mr. Abbott.

(ANNE absorbs it. Yup. As  
she suspected)

He has about two thousand a year. As far as I can make out. Before you ask. From...

(and this is the bugbear)

Wool.

(that makes ANNE go cold)

Which - if we were to have children, which we would both very much like - wouldn't be quite as much as we would hope to live on, and so his intention is to continue to develop his businesses here. In Halifax.

ANNE's grave. And quiet. This is difficult. It flies in the face of everything she believes in; social order, and her ethos about perpetual self-improvement.

ANNE LISTER

Well. You know what I think. And you know what I'm going to say, I've been saying it all along. I think you're making a grave mistake. So. I have just one request. That you should not marry from here - from Shibden - and that you will send the news yourself to the papers in Halifax, Leeds and York, styling yourself Marian, daughter of Jeremy Lister Esquire, of Skelfler House, in East Yorkshire.

MARIAN LISTER

(quiet)

If that's what you want.

ANNE LISTER

He does know that you have nothing to expect from here. Doesn't he? You have been clear with him about it.

MARIAN LISTER

(a hesitation; she hasn't)  
Yes.

ANNE LISTER

He understands that there are no circumstances under which you would ever inherit Shibden, doesn't he?

For the sake of peace -

MARIAN LISTER

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

Even if you have children. He understands that if he has visions of himself as Lord and Master here one day, those visions are going to be sadly frustrated.

MARIAN LISTER

We've not *actually* talked about it, but I think [he] -

ANNE LISTER

Well then I suggest you *do*, I suggest you make it unambiguously clear to him that if and when I die -

MARIAN LISTER

If?

ANNE LISTER

- this house...  
(delicately)  
may go to another, but it won't be you or him, and *then* it's entailed to the Listers of Swansea.

MARIAN LISTER

I can make it clear to him if you think it's important, it won't change anything.

ANNE LISTER

You're naïve.

MARIAN LISTER

He's a good soul.

ANNE LISTER

That's irrelevant. What *isn't* irrelevant is the fact that you would be marrying *so far* beneath you. Marian.

(she suddenly finds herself getting emotional. This is her little sister. Her protective feelings are kicking in. To ANNE what's at stake is very real and very important)

You are a Lister. Our family is one of the oldest - if not *the* oldest - in Halifax. If you insist on this *social mismatch* you must understand that there can be no further communication between us and all ties with here must be permanently severed. Miss Walker and I would not attend the wedding and indeed you needn't tell us about it at all. It would be enough for us to see it in the papers. Your best friend would be that person who mentioned me to you seldomest, and as for Adny and myself your name would never again pass our lips. My only fear is that the mortification of your reduced circumstances might be greater than you anticipate. And the great sadness of the thing, Marian, *is* that there's *really no need for it*. I've always made it abundantly clear that there will always be a knife and a fork for you here.

MARIAN LISTER

But I *want* to marry [him] -

ANNE LISTER

I have no wish to persuade anyone against anything they have very much at heart, all I ask is that you think long and hard about what you would gain, and what you would lose. Status is *so hard* to win and *so easy* to throw away. And for what? A wool stapler. People will be amazed. It's...

(it strikes her more forcibly the more she thinks about it)

inconceivable.

MARIAN LISTER

Well... I suppose... I don't feel  
that I *am* marrying so very far  
beneath me.

ANNE LISTER

(saddened that she doesn't  
understand it better)  
Marian.

MARIAN LISTER

He's in all the right societies and  
institutions within the town, he's  
very well regard[ed] -

(ANNE gives a derisive  
little snort)

Well *enough* regarded. He's very  
capable and hard-working and  
*ambitious* -

(ANNE pulls a face, that  
really stinks of a  
parvenu; *eugh!*)

- and more than likely to do  
extraordinarily well for himself!  
By and by.

ANNE LISTER

None of which matters. None of  
which changes the fact that you are  
a Lister. And he. Is a wool  
stapler.

Reluctantly, sadly MARIAN concedes -

MARIAN LISTER

No-one else has ever asked me.

Aww :(

ANNE LISTER

(kindly)

That's no reason to marry someone!  
Marian.

MARIAN LISTER

I like him.

ANNE LISTER

Enough to ostracise yourself from  
everything you've ever known?

MARIAN LISTER

I'd like to be a mother.

ANNE can't argue with that, but at the same time she doesn't  
really get it. Why would you want to be the mother of trailer  
trash? MARIAN's close to - if not in - tears by now too.  
They're both emotional.

ANNE LISTER  
Does Aunt Anne know?

MARIAN LISTER  
No, not yet.

ANNE LISTER  
Could you...? Not tell her. It'll  
cause her so much hurt and Lord  
knows she has enough to contend  
with at the moment, and so many  
things happen between the cup and  
the lip. It might all go off -  
(gently, a whisper)  
*again* - and then she need never  
have been troubled with it. Hm?

Poor Marian.

24A **OMITTED**

24A

25 **OMITTED**

25

26

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 40. 1300 (EARLY 1835)**

26

CORDINGLEY and HEMINGWAY are busy. EUGÉNIE and MATTHEW are busy too, but on the quiet they keep gazing at one another across the kitchen.

HEMINGWAY

*Go.*

CORDINGLEY

It won't make any difference. It won't cure it.

HEMINGWAY

*Just go.*

CORDINGLEY

I'll just get used to not doing owt much and then it'll be time to come back again.

HEMINGWAY

*And? Go.*

CORDINGLEY

And then it'll be twice as hard to get back into the rhythm of everything here than if I'd never gone in the first place.

HEMINGWAY

Shall I go? I'll go. I'll pretend to be you. Your sister won't notice.

CORDINGLEY

I suppose our Nancy would be pleased to see me. And it would be nice to have a rest.

HEMINGWAY

There y'are.

CORDINGLEY

I wish I could just find a nice fella. And just have him to look after.

HEMINGWAY spots EUGÉNIE and MATTHEW silently communicating with one another, which of course instantly puts a stop to it.

27

**EXT. HALIFAX. NIGHT 40. 1800 (EARLY 1835)**

27

WASHINGTON heads through Halifax on his horse and he can't believe what he's walked into: scenes from the apocalypse. Last night there was optimism in the air. Now it's turned to anger and violence. Shop fronts have been smashed. Another premises is on fire with a chain of MEN trying to put it out with buckets of water. Outside the Old Cock (which again is lit up and heaving) are pockets of drunk men, and distantly - not too distantly - we can hear what sounds like a sizeable mob of people, chanting something like, "Out! Out! Out!" over and over, then a sudden roar of voices, like the roar from a football stadium. Also in the distance - and again not too far - the glow of another, bigger fire. The sound of windows being smashed continues throughout. People running. A small MOB of about five men chasing a pale, squealing, entirely NAKED MAN through the street, which WASHINGTON finds really disturbing. Then a gun shot. He's on the edges of a riot, a proper riot. Just then MR. PICKELS heads past WASHINGTON on his cart, with DICK, who's covered in blood from a massive head injury. They shout at one another above the noise -

PICKELS

*Yer wanna get yersen off home!*

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

*Is he all right?*

PICKELS

They were attacking Mr. Atkinson's - wine merchants - so we waded in - and he's an invalid y'know! And his wife wa' there trying to shoo 'em off! We sorted the little bastards out - and they were nobbut lads!

(MORE)

PICKELS (CONT'D)

And we got Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson  
safe upstairs - but *this* lad had  
his hair parted!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

So what's *happened*?

DICK

(angry, blood in his  
mouth)

*Wortley!* He beat Protheroe by *one*  
*vote!* So they're smashing t'town  
up!

Another gun shot. Fucking hell.

PICKELS

You wanna get yersen back up that  
hill and off home! That's what  
we're doing!

PICKELS urges his horse on - fast. We linger on WASHINGTON's  
disbelief.

28

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM, DINING ROOM, HOUSEBODY. NIGHT  
40. 1830 (EARLY 1835)**

WASHINGTON is now with ANNE and ANN. WASHINGTON is  
dishevelled and pale as though he's been caught up in some of  
the action.

ANNE LISTER

What a hard run race! I must write  
to Lady Stuart and tell her.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh, but the town, ma'am, you've  
never seen anything like it! All  
the shop fronts smashed in and  
raided, all the inns - well, all  
the ones identified as blue.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I didn't see it with my own eyes,  
but -

(it's as if he has shell  
shock)

Apparently.

(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Both front doors of the vicarage broken down and one fella said up at Mr. Norris's house there was glass and furniture and paintings all shattered and ripped and strewn across his garden!

As WASHINGTON continues we glimpse AUNT ANNE, MARIAN and JEREMY through in the DINING ROOM, paused in the middle of a card game. Shocked by what they're overhearing about the lawlessness down in Halifax.

We might also glimpse CORDINGLEY, passing through the HOUSEBODY, having stopped in her tracks to listen as well.

Back in the SAVILE ROOM.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Then somebody else said they'd gone over to Hope Hall and they were hell-bent on smashing that up, and if they got hold of Mr. Christopher Rawson, they'd drag him outside by his boot straps and -

ANNE LISTER

And?

(WASHINGTON realises he probably shouldn't have gone so far in front of MISS WALKER; he doesn't want to terrify her, but of course he must warn them)

And what?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Hang him. I don't think you understand the strength of feeling in the town, ma'am. Against the blues. I don't think I did.

Silence.

ANN WALKER

Do you think the mob will come up the hill?

Aware that he might've frightened MISS WALKER enough already -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I think it's unlikely ma'am. They seem more focused on attacking Mr. Wortley's committee than anybody else. I just thought you ought to know. I've never seen anything like it *in my life*.

ANNE LISTER

And did you speak to Mr. Goodall?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Yes! Yes, I gave him Mrs.  
Sutherland's list -

ANNE LISTER

(to ANN)

The bailiff.



MARIAN LISTER

A note.

(she flashes it briefly at  
ANNE)

From Mr. Sunderland. He can't visit  
Aunt Anne today because he isn't  
feeling himself *but* he can ask Dr.  
Jubb to come instead.

(she can't help herself,  
even though she knows  
it's barely worth asking)

Is it wise? To go into Halifax?

ANNE's just secreting a packet of notes (£780) from the rents  
in another inside pocket, and a bag of 170 sovereigns in  
another.

ANNE LISTER

I th[ink it'd be] -

MARIAN LISTER

(she loses it, she's  
angry)

Yes! I know! "*Unwise not to*". Of  
course. Silly me. I'll write and  
tell Mr. Sunderland we'll only send  
for Dr. Jubb if we need him.

(she heads off)

Perhaps you can take the note! If  
it's no trouble. If you can wait  
long enough for me to write it.

ANNE could go after MARIAN and bollock her for shouting at  
her. But she lets it go. She accepts that MARIAN might need  
to let rip at her after what was said the night before last.

31 **EXT. BOTTOM OF THE OLD BANK, HALIFAX. DAY 41. 1345 (EARLY 31  
1835)**

ANNE heads down into Halifax. She might be wearing her less  
posh coat and hat, but she's brought her posh stick with the  
metal head in case she needs to cudgel anyone with it.  
That'll be her first line of defense before she swings the  
uzis out. The place is quiet. Light wisps of snow float  
through the freezing air. Perhaps some wisps of smoke are  
still in the air too, from extinguished fires.

ANNE heads around a corner, and ahead of her looms what looks  
like a sort of street gang. Made up of some pretty hard-  
looking WOMEN and BOYS of a variety of ages. All members of  
that class that ANNE would think of as the great unwashed  
that hang out down Gin Lane. Children with filthy bare feet,  
and in this weather. ANNE's plan is to walk straight past  
them. Of course she has the great confidence of knowing that  
if anything kicks off she's got two fuck-off massive loaded  
pistols inside her coat. We might hear murmurs of "*That's  
that woman that dresses like a fella*", "*it's that woman*".

Maybe a murmur "jack", and "Look at that posh tom", but they don't have even the collective confidence to do much else until, from the anonymity of the throng, someone calls out -

VOICE 1  
Are you a yeller?

VOICE 2  
Is she a yeller?

VOICE 3  
Ask her!

VOICE 2  
Are you a yeller?

VOICE 1  
Oy! You're being spoken to!

TWO VOICES TOGETHER  
Are you a yeller?

VOICE 2  
Are yer *with the yellers*?

Then a small, unshod BOY gets shoved out in front of her and asks -

BOY  
Are you a yeller, Mister?  
(realising)  
Missus?

But then he's not sure if she is a missus either. Now he's said it. ANNE keeps her cool. She doesn't rush her answer, and she makes herself well heard (i.e. she shows no fear), and she addresses two or three of them, not just the small boy.

ANNE LISTER  
No! I'm not *yellow*. I'm *black*. I'm  
in mourning for all the damage  
that's been done!

Someone laughs. It's a bit touch and go but they seem to be laughing with her rather than at her. ANNE lingers a moment, again to make a show of feeling no fear. Perhaps she realises they're more nervous of her than she is of them. Just because she's so odd, probably, as well as commanding. And she probably feels a pang of something for this poor little boy on such a cold day. Sadness. Pity. But... she gives it a moment, and then strides on. They probably have a good look at her behind her back, and mumble a few more things, but they don't give her any more trouble. But it was a tense moment.

32           **EXT. HORTON STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 41. 1402 (EARLY 1835)**           32

ANNE walks up Horton Street. There are very few people about and those that are here are sweeping up broken glass from last night, whole carts full of smashed windows and window frames (this is the 'window-breaking' election), and boarding up damaged shop fronts. The place is trashed and sad. ANNE's appalled (as anyone would be). It affects her, it's truly shocking to see somewhere so familiar so degraded. She pauses to survey it, it's so arresting. Then she heads for Parker & Adam's premises.

33           **INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. DAY 41. 1405**           33  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE's with MR. PARKER.

MR. PARKER

I hardly expected to see you, I thought you might not want to venture out.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Well when I saw the sad turmoil the town was in I hardly expected to find you here.

MR. PARKER

Like you, Miss Lister - although people might not imagine it in the same way - I'm made of stern stuff.

ANNE has to remove one of her pistols to get the packet of lolly out of the inside of her voluminous coat. It shocks PARKER, and sends a little frisson of fear through him (especially when ANNE has to dig deep and tug the packet of cash out of her pocket, as if it's got stuck on something else she keeps in there) but he elects not to comment on it (and ANNE doesn't notice his moment of near incontinence as she's blithely waving her gun around).

ANNE LISTER

I didn't know you'd had dealings with my friend Miss Walker's brother-in-law. Captain Sutherland.

MR. PARKER

(realising, remembering)  
Oh! Yes. When John Walker died. On his honeymoon, poor fellow.

ANNE LISTER

What do you make of him?  
Sutherland?

MR. PARKER has to tread carefully: Sutherland was a client too, at the time.

MR. PARKER

Oh, well it's a good few - five -  
years ago now. But yes, he er, yes.  
Amiable, fastidious. In matters of  
business. Devoted to his wife. Mm.

(ANNE absorbs that. His  
loyalty to Sutherland)

Why?

ANNE's got the cash out now.

ANNE LISTER

Miss Walker's requested a division  
of the estate between herself and  
Mrs. Sutherland, and he seems  
determined to frustrate the  
process, whilst it's clear that *she*  
- Mrs. Sutherland - agrees that the  
whole thing should've been done a  
while since.

We see PARKER take this in: does he know something? Is he  
friendlier with Sutherland than he is with Anne? (He  
certainly knows more than he's letting on here).

MR. PARKER

Mm.

ANNE LISTER

I've got five hundred and twenty  
five pounds in Bank of England  
notes, two hundred and fifty-five  
in country notes and one hundred  
and seventy...

(she places the bag of  
coins on his desk)

In sovereigns. That's nine-fifty.  
You've got the thousand I took at  
four-and-a-half percent from Mr.  
Wainhouse. Plus the other thousand  
he's furnishing me with until Miss  
Walker's administration money comes  
through and I can repay him. I paid  
a three hundred and thirty pound  
deposit on the twenty third of May,  
so the total owed by me today  
therefore stands at three thousand  
two hundred and twenty-five pounds,  
five shillings and thruppence -

(PARKER goes through his  
own copy of the figures  
as she talks)

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

*minus* six pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, that being the last half year's rent received from *two* tenants Moore and Oates, which takes us to three thousand, two hundred and eighteen pounds, eight shillings and eleven pence.

MR. PARKER

Correct. I've had a note from the other party, the vendor, Mrs. Barton -

(we can see ANNE LISTER thinking "a vulgar set", perhaps we hear it, V.O. in her head, as she glances at the camera)

- they're all ready for the hand-over, all waiting round at Messrs Stead and Dyson, all very intrigued to meet you! Shall we set off?

ANNE LISTER

Oh good Lord no. I shall be across at Mr. Whitley's. I'll see you back here in an hour. When the thing's done.

MR. PARKER

(disappointed not to be going out in public with his elite, eccentric client)

Ah.

34

**INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE, SHIBDEN. DAY 41. 1415 (EARLY 1835)** 34

JOSEPH/GEORGE - with his sleeves rolled up despite the cold - is grooming his beloved NERO. Behind him - unnoticed - we detect slight movement in Miss Walker's posh carriage, which is parked way over yonder in the corner, behind Jeremy's britsker and the Lister chaise. As JOSEPH/GEORGE moves around NERO, a slight noise makes him look across at Miss Walker's distant carriage, and then he detects the very slight movement too. Curious. Carriages are his business now. It's his job to maintain carriages, so this is for him to investigate. Has a bird got in? Has a rat got in? He murmurs to NERO -

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Stay there.

Like NERO has any choice, she's tied up. JOSEPH/GEORGE cautiously approaches Miss Walker's carriage, and as he gets closer, it's increasingly clear that there *is* definitely some tiny repetitive movement.

JOSEPH/GEORGE circumvents the carriage delicately, cautiously, anxious not to get a frightened bird or rat in his face. Then he listens. He hears... a little laugh, a little feminine exhalation. He knows Miss Lister's gone down into Halifax, and he knows Miss Walker and Miss Marian and Aunt Anne are in the house, and no-one else should legitimately be in this carriage. He waits for his moment, then grabs the handle and yanks the door open. He finds EUGÉNIE and MATTHEW in the throes of something hideously compromising. A position worthy of *Sex and the City*. JOSEPH/GEORGE can't believe his eyes. Do people do that? MATTHEW tucks his rapidly shrinking cock back down the front of his pants. They're all as shocked and humiliated as each other. JOSEPH/GEORGE simply closes the door again, perhaps hoping if he does that it'll all go away, that retina-staining image. He walks back to NERO in like... a little daze. And just stands there. JOHN's just walking past carrying something useful and heavy.

JOHN BOOTH  
(guileless, nothing more  
than a greeting)  
Y'all right lad?

JOSEPH/GEORGE  
Yep.  
(he picks up the brush and  
carries on grooming NERO)  
Yep. Yep.

35        **INT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE. DAY 41. 1417 (EARLY 1835)**        35

We glimpse EUGÉNIE and MATTHEW, as shell-shocked as Joseph/George, just... sitting there, MATTHEW wondering how the hell he went and got caught up in this crazy thing and *now what happens??*

36        **EXT. WHITLEY'S BOOK SHOP, HALIFAX. DAY 41. 1430**        36  
(EARLY 1835)

WHITLEY's hasn't escaped the damage; the windows have been smashed, and a JOINER prepares to board up the empty spaces.

37        **INT. WHITLEY'S BOOK SHOP, HALIFAX. DAY 41. 1430**        37  
(EARLY 1835)

ANNE was beguiling the time by reading an item in January's edition of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, but now she's with JOHN WATERHOUSE SNR, and they're having a discreet hush-hush library-voices conversation. JOHN WATERHOUSE seems almost like a broken man, the shock of the riot having shaken him deeply.

ANNE LISTER

I half imagined the things  
Washington told us last night might  
have been exaggerated, but -

JOHN WATERHOUSE

No, people are estimating the  
damage at more than ten thousand  
pounds. Two thousand alone at Mr.  
Norris's house. They were baying  
for his blood last night. Chanting  
for him to come outside. Of course  
he'd fled by then. They broke in  
and... the lower floor was  
*destroyed. Defiled.* The same at  
Shay House! They broke down the  
front door, smashed up the  
furniture, Jeremiah Rawson's  
carriage *and* his gig were dragged  
out of his carriage house and into  
the street and *ripped asunder.* The  
same at Hope Hall. And apparently  
they were intending to come to us  
next. At Well-head.

ANNE LISTER

No!

JOHN WATERHOUSE

But Protheroe persuaded them  
against it. Thank the Lord. Well,  
he sent his *servant* to persuade  
them against it. He knows how ill  
Catherine is. You know my  
daughter's in the final stages of  
consumption, Miss Lister, and -

ANNE LISTER

Yes, I do, I'm sorry, I -

JOHN WATERHOUSE

And I -  
(he becomes upset)  
Can you imagine? If they'd broken  
in? I had no idea there was such  
*anger.* And it's not just Halifax!  
It's York! Rochdale, Blackburn.  
Stockport! Salford! Birmingham!  
Have we been blind? Not to see it?

ANNE LISTER

Nothing justifies terror.

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Hunger. Poverty. The misery some  
people must suffer in this bitter  
weather.

(MORE)

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JOHN WATERHOUSE (CONT'D)  
(he's quiet, his world  
view has shifted)  
Maybe it does.  
(MORE)

JOHN WATERHOUSE (CONT'D)

Perhaps the Radicals have a point when they say our time-honoured institutions and ways of doing things don't suit such fast moving times, and the ravages on such a big population.

(he dries up. An old man who suddenly got a little bit older)

I don't know.

ANNE feels a little shaken herself seeing someone like WATERHOUSE so crushed and scarred by events. But something he said earlier has piqued her curiosity -

ANNE LISTER

When you say, "the same at Hope Hall". Did you mean Mr. Christopher Rawson's carriages were destroyed too?

JOHN WATERHOUSE

Smashed to pieces and burnt.

Obviously this - as well as being chilling - rings bells for ANNE as regards what happened to little Henry Hardcastle.

38

**EXT. STREET, HALIFAX. DAY 41. 1455 (EARLY 1835)**

38

ANNE leaves Whitley's with a few purchases, (including the January edition of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* that she was flicking through, and a *Goldsmith's almanac*) and heads along the street. Behind her - simply walking along the street - is HINSCLIFFE. The coal man. She doesn't see him, but he clocks her.

HINSCLIFFE

Miss Lister! *Miss Lister!*

She turns and sees him. She can't assume he isn't going to attack her, they parted on such bad terms, and with everyone on edge because of the violence, and with no-one much about.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Hinscliffe.

She gives him a wide berth, keeps walking.

HINSCLIFFE

You're braver than some. Coming into town on a day like today.

ANNE LISTER

I've got business to transact. I won't be diverted from my purpose by a few ne'er-do-wells who don't like their own so-called democracy.

Her hauteur suggests she remembers him calling her a mad old dyke back in 1833. She keeps walking. She isn't going to linger with him. But - despite the fact that there remains no love lost between them - he's determined to tell her something important, so he follows her.

HINSCLIFFE

Did you know - *do* you know - that the Rawsons have now had between four and five acres of your coal? (this shouldn't shock her. But it does: someone else saying it out loud. It annoys her as well) Why aren't you taking care of 'em? Eh? It's *robbery*. It's daylight r[obbery] -

ANNE LISTER

How could you know a thing like that?

HINSCLIFFE

Because people talk. People who go down there, regularly. (ANNE absorbs this) He commands no loyalty.

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Well. Perhaps I will take care of him. By and by.

HINSCLIFFE

Yeah, well why don't you? Any number of men would've offered you a fair price for those beds and you're just letting him *pillage* it off you. I'm sorry but it's sickening for them of us that are trying to make an honest living from it and - well. There it is, I've said it.

ANNE gets closer to HINSCLIFFE and says with gravitas and meaning -

ANNE LISTER  
I will take care of him.

HINSCLIFFE  
Who's advising you? James Holt?

ANNE weighs things up.

ANNE LISTER  
A second opinion. On our strategy.  
Might not be unwelcome.

HINSCLIFFE weighs things up too.

HINSCLIFFE  
I'll be a friend to anyone who'll  
be a friend to me. He used us both.  
Badly. At that business up at Willy  
Hill pit.

ANNE knows she's taking a risk, but... that's what she does.  
She watches him carefully for his reaction as she suggests -

ANNE LISTER  
Why don't you visit me? At Shibden  
Hall one day. And we'll discuss it.

HINSCLIFFE weighs things up further. They're mutually suspicious of one another, but perhaps mutually intrigued as well. Does he really want to get involved with this Machiavellian woman again? She might be Machiavellian, but she's interesting, clever, engaging, and HINSCLIFFE isn't scared of a challenge if he might profit from it. He nods; he'll be there.

39

**INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. DAY 41. 1515 39**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE's sitting waiting for Parker. Ruminating on what's just passed; the Rawsons attacked, and possibly in a vulnerable position, and now perhaps a better coal adviser than Holt on board (or at least another voice). Everything in disarray and a sad want of leadership in the town. Perhaps this is a time when someone with Anne Lister's *savoir faire* can grasp the nettle and take advantage and rise to the top. Parker's clock reads 3:15pm. PARKER comes in, back from the other solicitor's office.

MR. PARKER  
(delighted to see ANNE  
already here - )  
Ah! Well it all went off very  
agreeably, and the other party were  
only sorry not to see you!

(MORE)

MR. PARKER (CONT'D)

Mrs. Barton said how much she would've liked to have made your acquaintance.

ANNE looks to us and raises an eyebrow (PARKER's taking his coat off so has his back turned briefly) and we can hear her thinking (the subtext is that it would've bored her stiff) -

ANNE LISTER

(V.O.)

A lucky and a narrow escape.

MR. PARKER

And Staups is now part of the Shibden Hall estate!

(he offers her a big envelope, presumably containing the title deeds. She takes it)

Congratulations. I'm glad you got it, it makes sense, it's a very good purchase.

ANNE's pleased. Buoyed up (although she's aware that it might appear distasteful to appear so on a day when the town's been so badly damaged).

ANNE LISTER

So. Let's get some hand bills printed and advertise for bids for the tenancy of the Stump Cross Inn.

MR. PARKER

(writing that down)

Certainly.

ANNE LISTER

There's been no shortage of enquiries. It should command a good rent. I am anxious. However. How can I put this. That in the light of our narrow victory last night...

(she has to say this delicately. It's bordering on illegal)

that it should go to someone of my own persuasion.

MR. PARKER

Your own - ?

ANNE LISTER

Someone I can rely on to vote the

(she mouths it)

*right way*. In a dead lift. We must do what we can. After all. In these volatile times.

PARKER is blue too. But understands the delicacy of the conversation.

MR. PARKER

Yes. Well yes. That would... erm.

ANNE LISTER

Would? What?

Awkward.

MR. PARKER

There will be a scrutiny. Of the vote. With it being so close. They will send someone up from London.

ANNE LISTER

No doubt.

MR. PARKER

And what you're suggesting could...

(delicately, he tries to express it with his hands before he puts it into words)

Be thought of as... well.

(not a word to be said very loudly)

Corruption.

ANNE LISTER

Mm. Except I wouldn't suggest it to anyone except you.

MR. PARKER

(relief. Of a sort)

We understand each other.

ANNE LISTER

And then I've got this... Mr. Bradley, this architect from Elland, coming to look at Northgate House with an eye to seeing what work is needed to turn the place into a good hotel.

MR. PARKER

Ah! That's still a plan?

ANNE LISTER

Oh yes. And with the right tenant - come the next election - it'd give us another vote for the blues *in the borough!*

Win win! PARKER does wish she wouldn't say these things out loud.

40

**EXT. LISTER'S LANE. DAY 41. 1545 (EARLY 1835)**

40

ANNE (now carrying today's *Halifax Guardian* as well as her *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, and her *Goldsmith's almanac*) has returned up the Old Bank and now walks along the top road that leads to Shibden. Coming along behind her, driving his cart with a load of stone in it, is WILLIAM HARDCASTLE. ANNE hears the cart approaching, and turns to let it pass without knocking her.

ANNE LISTER

Hardcastle!

She indicates (in a friendly yet forceful way) that she wants him to pull in. We see that WILLIAM HARDCASTLE has something of a problem with ANNE LISTER now. Not a repulsion exactly. He's just... a bit freaked. He just doesn't know how to respond to her, knowing what he knows about her, a woman who kisses other women?? It falls so far outside what he thought he knew about human behaviour. But she's his landlord, so... what can he do?

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Have you been into Halifax recently?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

No ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

When were you last there?

He has to think about it.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Oh... week before last? I think. Or week before *that*.

ANNE gets no sense that he isn't telling the truth.

ANNE LISTER

The town's been smashed to pieces by the mob. Have you heard?

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE

Because of the voting?

ANNE LISTER

(she nods)

Hope Hall was broken into. Amongst others. Mr. Rawson's carriages were dragged out of his carriage house and smashed to atoms and burnt.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)  
(HARDCASTLE is suitably  
shocked)

Jeremiah Rawson's carriages too. At  
The Shay. Other houses were broken  
into, windows were smashed and  
furniture and paintings destroyed.

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE  
That's a rum do.

ANNE LISTER  
But only at Hope Hall and the Shay  
were carriages destroyed.

He nods. He doesn't appear to be making any connections. ANNE  
weighs things up, and decides to go for it -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)  
I didn't tell you this. Because I  
couldn't prove it. I tried to,  
but...  
(sigh)  
and I didn't want to give you and  
Mrs. Hardcastle false hope. But  
I...  
(she's wary of saying it  
as a fact)  
believe. That it was Christopher  
Rawson who was driving that gig  
that caused the accident when Henry  
lost his leg.  
(WILLIAM HARDCASTLE is  
amazed. Appalled. This is  
very clearly news to him)  
Miss Walker's footman recognised  
him, but refused to testify because  
members of his family work for the  
Rawsons and he feared  
repercussions. I had Mr. Rawson up  
at the hall, and I accused him to  
his face. He denied it of course,  
but...

(a humourless snigger)  
It was him. He got rid of the gig  
just after it happened. Why would  
he do that? Anyway, look. The point  
is. I did my best. As I always will  
for my tenants. Good tenants like  
you. But I'm afraid I failed you.  
But today... it struck me. Poetic  
justice. Of a sort. The hand of  
God.

(he takes it in. ANNE's  
thoughtful)  
I wouldn't tell your wife. It won't  
bring Henry's leg back, and it  
might upset her all over again.

(MORE)



44           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 41. 1550.           44**  
**CONTINUOUS (EARLY 1835)**

AUNT ANNE - lying in bed - was also alarmed, and then a  
*second* loud *BANG* as another gunshot goes off.

45           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. DAY 41. 1550. CONTINUOUS   45**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

JEREMY and MARIAN just jumped out of their skins too at the  
first and now the second gunshot. And then MARIAN realises -

MARIAN LISTER

Oh! It's *her*.

(ffs)

She took her pistols into Halifax  
with her.

Then the sound of the big back door slamming shut as ANNE  
heads in, having realised (after the event) that they might  
all have thought the mob had arrived at Shibden Hall -

ANNE LISTER

(OOV)

*Only me!*

46           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 41. 1551. CONTINUOUS   46**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

Another glimpse of the servants - just recovering - as ANNE  
pauses at the kitchen door on her way to her downstairs study  
to put the discharged pistols back in their box.

ANNE LISTER

Ah! George. I need you to run down  
into Halifax for me when I've  
written a note, and put this copy  
of the Halifax Guardian in the post  
for Lady Stuart. Matthew - you'll  
have to wait on us at dinner.

So that's irritating for JOSEPH/GEORGE. He has to do the  
freezing cold job, running down into nasty Halifax, and  
MATTHEW gets the cushy warm job in the dining room. And him a  
dirty little shagger.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(OOV as she heads off and

we linger on

JOSEPH/GEORGE)

And wrap up! It's started snowing.

47

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 41. 1900  
(EARLY 1835)

47

The family and MISS WALKER eat dinner together. MATTHEW waits on them. (Through the window we get the idea that there's a full moon, which allows us to see that it's snowing quite heavily now). MARIAN remains solemn and subdued.

ANNE LISTER

So Mrs. Oddy will come and cook for us whilst Cordingley's at her sister's. And Father, I said you might drive her over to her sister's. If you were kind enough. In the britsker.

JEREMY LISTER

Where does she l[ive] - ?

ANNE LISTER

Bingley. And if it's too far for you one of the lads could do it.

(she waves a finger  
MATTHEW's way, meaning  
Matthew or Joseph/George  
by 'one of the lads')

Or I could.

JEREMY LISTER

(a growl, he knows she's  
still determined to get  
her hands on it)

Hmm.

ANNE LISTER

- and then go and fetch her back again afterwards. When she's ready. We should raise our glasses!

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes! Mrs. Oddy! I prefer her cooking.

ANNE LISTER

No. Aunt. To Staups.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh yes! Oh I see.

ANNE LISTER

My new acquisition.

AUNT ANNE LISTER & ANN WALKER

(raising their glasses)

Staups!

JEREMY raises his glass and murmurs something possibly a bit like, "Whatever", but MARIAN doesn't bother.

She's too pissed off with her big sister to indulge her narcissistic empire building.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
What's the matter Marian?

MARIAN LISTER  
(she lifts her glass off  
the table an inch and  
says in a monotone and  
without moving her lips)  
Staups.

MARIAN and ANNE make eye contact. Can ANNE not see how *sad* she's made MARIAN? With her Draconian shite?

ANNE LISTER  
And to Mr. Wortley's hard-won  
victory in the polls! Let's hope  
when all the results are in we'll  
have even more reason to celebrate.  
And then... where there is discord,  
may we bring harmony, where there  
is error, may we bring truth, where  
there is doubt may we bring faith,  
and where there is despair, may we  
bring hope.

AUNT ANNE thinks that's wonderful. MARIAN looks at the camera and rolls her eyes, "What a wanker".

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(very impressed)  
Did you just say that?

JEREMY LISTER  
(wtf?)  
You saw her open her mouth and the  
words come out.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
No I mean did she just *invent* it?

ANNE's delighted that her AUNT could think her capable of the silky prose of a saint -

ANNE LISTER  
Sadly not, Aunt. No, it was St.  
Francis. Of Assisi.

Just then a tap-tap at the dining room door. It's WASHINGTON, half covered in snow.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Ma'am. Sorry ma'am. Sorry to interrupt your meal, I know I was expected earlier, but the snow's slowed everything down. Shall I come back later?

ANNE LISTER

No no -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Or I can wait? Half an hour. If -

ANNE LISTER

Well if you'd like to go and sit in the drawing room and take coffee with us.

(checking her watch)

Would you not rather get off home?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Ideally. Yes. I just brought your Bailey Hall rents, Miss Walker. Shall I - ?

He's taken out a bag with money in.

ANN WALKER

Yes, yes just -

(she indicates the dresser by the door, next to where WASHINGTON's standing dripping)

anywhere.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Here?

ANN WALKER

Thank you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

You need to get yourself home, Mr. Washington, and settled in front of a good fire.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

I do ma'am! I will! There was just -

Awkward.

ANNE LISTER

Yes?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

One other er...

ANNE LISTER

What?

His nerve is failing him now he's started.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Did you - ? Have you - ? Seen  
today's Leeds Mercury?

ANNE LISTER

No. Just the Guardian.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Ah.

ANNE LISTER

Why?

He doesn't know how to say it. He doesn't know where to start. He pulls a copy out of his pocket. But then is still reluctant to say what it's about.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

It's... in the marriage  
announcements.

JEREMY LISTER

Marriage announcements?

Presumably they're all looking MARIAN's way. And of course MARIAN's clueless.

MARIAN LISTER

Is it?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

(tentatively, he passes it  
to ANNE)

I thought you ought to see it.

ANNE takes the paper, looking at MARIAN, wondering what her charmless beau has gone and put in the paper. She reads it quickly to herself. Then laughs. Well, sniggers a bit. And keeps sniggering.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

What is it?

MARIAN LISTER

What does it say?

ANNE is utterly determined not to be humiliated by it (but she is, and perhaps we detect that) -

ANNE LISTER

From the marriages of Wednesday last, "the same day at the parish church in Halifax, Captain *Tom Lister* - "

(we see JEREMY react to this, he knows exactly what that means. So does WASHINGTON, obviously, hence his nerves)

"Of Shibden Hall to Miss Ann Walker of Crow Nest, near the same place".

AUNT ANNE & MARIAN LISTER

(they don't get it)

What?

ANNE keeps smiling.

ANNE LISTER

It's a joke, it's a skit.

She passes it to ANN WALKER, who's holding a hand out for it.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Well who's put that in the *Leeds Mercury*?

ANNE LISTER

I've no idea.

MARIAN LISTER

What does it mean?

ANNE LISTER

It's a send-up.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Is it funny?

ANNE LISTER

I suppose it's quite amusing.

MARIAN LISTER

Well who's Captain *Tom Lister*? Surely they don't think you've married Miss Walker, Father? If they do they've got your name wrong.

JEREMY LISTER

They don't mean *me*.

A bit of a glance ANNE's way from JEREMY, and MARIAN gets it. Perhaps this is when the penny fully drops for ANN WALKER too, and we see that ANN WALKER is disturbed, shocked, offended by it. But in front of WASHINGTON, and the rest of the family, she chooses to take ANNE's approach.

She manages a laugh. A snigger. And we see the penny drop for AUNT ANNE too. It makes her embarrassed and angry.

ANN WALKER

Very good. Very funny.  
(she offers the newspaper  
back to WASHINGTON)  
You'll have to let us have it, Mr.  
Washington! When you've finished  
with it. So we can laugh at it some  
more.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Oh. Well. Yes! If - if - you like.  
Take that one, keep it.

ANNE LISTER

If only the person who'd spent good  
money placing it in the paper could  
see that what was meant to irritate  
and annoy is in fact taken so  
quietly and with such mere  
amusement. Thank you. Washington.  
For bringing it to us.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

You'd better get off. Before the  
roads become impassable.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Good evening. Ma'am. Sir. Miss  
Walker.

He leaves. No-one quite knows what to say. ANNE's still  
trying to smile, but no-one else is. And behind the smile we  
sense that she's angry. O'Hooley & Tidow kick in.

48

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE & ANN'S UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM.**  
**NIGHT 41. 2030 (EARLY 1835)**

48

ANN and ANNE sit in silence. At different ends of the room.  
Not amused.

**END OF EPISODE FIVE**