

# Gentleman Jack 2

## Episode 6

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

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MR. PARKER

Would it not be wise [to] - ? At the risk of repeating myself, to *sell it*. And settle some of your bo[rrrowing] -

ANNE LISTER

No! Good Lord, we've had this conversation. Oh and I've decided to accept Mawson's offer. For the tenancy of the Stump Cross Inn.

MR. PARKER

Well yes, he seems to [be] -

ANNE LISTER

Good! I'll tell him to come and see you about signing a lease. Oh and Mytholm, it looks like Aquilla Green might take it.

MR. PARKER

Oh, I thought Mallinson [was] -

ANNE LISTER

Mallinson is a Yellow. I spoke with him about it and he admitted he could never *dare* give a Blue vote, so that's that. I said until he did we couldn't agree.

MR. PARKER

You - !  
(he reins it in, lowers his voice)  
*Do need* to be careful.

ANNE LISTER

Oh yes, *electoral intimidation!* I suppose they'll have me up before the select committee before long, and believe you me, I would go *and with pleasure*.

MR. PARKER

Yes, [but] -

ANNE LISTER

The Yellows are the authors of this repugnant practise of exclusive dealing, Mr. Parker, not me! For all Mr. William Briggs's efforts to *disclaim* it in the Guardian. And well may he do so, for the *Yellows are the losers!* I had to be really quite sharp with Mr. Nicholson due to the want of civility shown Miss Walker the other day by one of his young men. *We* may shop there again because *we* make a point of rising above such nonsense, but *others* won't if they're addressed so impertinently, and then where would Nicholson be? Hm? *Out of business.*

MR. PARKER

I agree. In a trading town like Halifax, we all depend upon one another -

ANNE LISTER

And what was that *idiotic* marriage announcement if not some feeble attempt to intimidate, to *humiliate* me? Hm? Some cowardly effort to point the finger because they don't like my opinions or the cut of my jib or any of it!

PARKER accepts that and concedes -

MR. PARKER

Yes, that's -

ANNE LISTER

How dare *anyone* speak to *me* about intimidation?

### OPENING TITLES

3

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY / STAIRS. DAY 42. 1110.  
(EARLY 1835)

3

ANN WALKER sits at the huge table puzzling over legal documents, many of them large, elderly and dusty, taken from a big tin box. She also has maps, and is making lists and calculations. ANNE heads in from her trip to Halifax.

ANNE LISTER

How're you getting on?

ANN WALKER  
We've had some very sad news.

MARIAN LISTER  
Is that Anne?

ANNE looks up. MARIAN's above, looking over the gallery railings down into the housebody. She's pale.

ANN WALKER  
Mr. Sunderland's dead.

MARIAN LISTER  
We've just had a note from Doctor  
Kenny.

(she has it in her hand.

ANNE runs up the stairs,  
assuming her Aunt needs  
assurance)

He was with him all last night, him  
and Dr. Jubb, and then he died,  
just gone midnight, just like that.

ANNE LISTER  
Well what was the matter with him?

MARIAN LISTER  
Gout. Of the stomach. Apparently.  
Although -

ANNE takes the note from MARIAN and heads into Aunt Anne's  
bedroom reading it, MARIAN follows...

4

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 42. 1111.**  
**CONTINUOUS (EARLY 1835)**

4

ANNE LISTER  
Aunt.

AUNT ANNE LISTER  
(relieved to see ANNE)  
Ohh!

ANNE squeezes her AUNT's hand as she reads the detailed note  
thoroughly, which MARIAN helpfully summarises -

MARIAN LISTER  
- apparently he was knocked down.  
In Halifax. In some skirmish. This  
was after the election result was  
declared, and... he must've got  
caught up in the throng and banged  
his head and they think he was  
trampled on!

This is serious, sickening; the repugnance of real violence.

ANNE LISTER

No...

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Where will it end? All this  
*nastiness!*

ANNE LISTER

You're perfectly safe Aunt.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I am, yes. But what about you?  
You're never in!

ANNE LISTER

Yes but I'm never very far away,  
and I have a lot of business on  
hand so -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

And poor *poor* Mr. Sunderland!

MARIAN LISTER

So Dr. Kenny's offering to visit  
Aunt Anne if she needs -

ANNE LISTER

No. No. No no no. No, we'll send  
for Dr. Jubb when we need someone.

MARIAN LISTER

Yes but Dr. Kenny's [offering] -

JEREMY LISTER

(off)

*Anne!* Is that her?

MARIAN LISTER

Oh. Yes. Father wants to see you.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

(appealing to MARIAN)

*I'd rather have Dr. Jubb.*

MARIAN LISTER

I don't know what's the matter with  
Dr. Kenny, he's perfectly -

(ANNE walks out mid-

MARIAN's sentence)

- pleasant, capable and very highly  
qualified.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I think...

(delicately)

(MORE)

AUNT ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)  
it's because you used to take tea  
with Mr. Abbott at the Kennys', I  
think that's that's that's... why  
she she -

Y'know. Hates the irritating twerp.

5 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, JEREMY'S BEDROOM (THE RED ROOM). DAY 42. 5  
1112 (EARLY 1835)

JEREMY's in bed too, and in great pain. He's cross.

ANNE LISTER  
Yes, Father!

JEREMY LISTER  
Where've you been?

ANNE LISTER  
Nowhere. Halifax. And now I'm going  
up to the pit to see Hinscliffe.

JEREMY LISTER  
This arriv[ed] - shut that door.  
(she does, perhaps in  
MARIAN's face if MARIAN's  
attempted to follow ANNE)  
*This* came. I opened it. I assumed  
it was for me. *Captain Lister*.  
(ANNE takes the note,  
addressed to 'Captain  
Lister'. She unfolds it;  
a newspaper cutting of  
the 'marriage'  
announcement falls out)  
But clearly not. Some *wit*. Some  
*wag*. Begging to "congratulate the  
parties" on their "happy  
connection".

This humiliates ANNE. She lowers her voice.

ANNE LISTER  
Who's seen this?

JEREMY LISTER  
No-one.

ANNE LISTER  
Has Miss Walker seen it?

JEREMY LISTER  
No.

ANNE LISTER  
Has Aunt Anne seen it?

JEREMY LISTER

No. Nobody. Just me. Marian brought it to me, but she doesn't know what's in it.

Silence. Eventually ANNE realises quietly -

ANNE LISTER

It'll be the Briggses. Ten-to-one it's the Briggses.

More silence.

JEREMY LISTER

You know... if you didn't draw attention to how *odd* you are. They wouldn't *do* these things.

ANNE absorbs that. Her hackles rise. She fights it.

ANNE LISTER

(quiet like a volcano that hasn't exploded yet)  
You ought to get up and get dressed and get some fresh air. You're not going to recover lying in bed all day.

She lingers a thoughtful moment longer then leaves, clutching both the Briggses' letter and Dr. Kenny's.

6

**EXT. WALKER PIT. DAY 42. 1300 (EARLY 1835)**

6

Walker pit. We discover ANNE with HINSCLIFFE. They're walking away from the pit; we see the gin turning behind them.

HINSCLIFFE

I'm amazed you've been at it this long and not got it sunk.

ANNE LISTER

We've been unlucky. It collapsed. At one point. And then we had to pause everything to build the drift. Oh and then we had another *pantomime* finding a horse fit to turn the gin. That was Holt. We're at ninety yards now. They're confident they'll have reached the lower bed by June. July.

(glance to camera)

August. But yes. This is why a second opinion wouldn't go amiss. I can't afford any more delays. I need good advice. I do like Holt, but -

HINSCLIFFE

What's the plan? Once it's sunk.  
Where will you sell it? Up here or  
down in Halifax?

ANNE LISTER

Both. Pickels is building a new  
road along the top -  
(she indicates)  
To join the Old Bank below Whiskhum  
so we can cart it down into Halifax  
and sell it there for a shilling  
more than I'll sell it for at the  
pit mouth. But getting and selling  
the coal is just one part of the  
scheme. The other...  
(entre nous)  
Is to be in a position to throw  
water on the Rawsons' pit and to  
stop *and* prove their trespass. And  
soon.

HINSCLIFFE

Well. Like I said. We might have  
fallen out over that business up at  
Willy Hill pit. But when it comes  
to dealing with the Rawsons, I'll  
be a friend to anyone who'll be a  
friend to me.

7

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 42. 1325. 7**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

HINSCLIFFE is now with ANNE in her little downstairs office.  
She gives him a glass of madeira (doesn't take one herself).  
Aware that she's taking a leap of faith, ANNE hesitates  
before confiding -

ANNE LISTER

Did you know I've bought Staups?

He didn't. This is news to him. He's impressed.

HINSCLIFFE

So you've got Spiggs Colliery.

ANNE LISTER

There's a little complication that  
needs dealing with. But yes,  
strategically - potentially - it  
gives me more options and a lot  
more control of the coal across the  
whole of my estate.

HINSCLIFFE

Oh I can see that.

ANNE LISTER

If it's handled well. I don't know that I can rely on Holt to come up with a good solid co-ordinated plan *and* see it through without me having to manage the thing myself. But if you helped me...

(again she has to take her courage in her hands and trust him)

I've been thinking - for a while - about opening another pit. Further down this way.

HINSCLIFFE

Well it sounds like you've got a plan. Why would you need me?

ANNE LISTER

Because I don't know *enough*. I learn more and more every day. But the more I learn the more I realise how much can go wrong and how much I *don't* know, and what a slippery business it all is. This is why I don't dislike Holt. For all his faults, I do believe he's as straight as a die. Whereas you. Hinscliffe.

(she's smiling)

I'm not really sure I could trust you any further than I could spit.

(briefly to camera - )

Not that I ever would.

HINSCLIFFE

You can think what you like about me. Miss Lister. But. The bottom line is. I'm hoping if *I* do you a favour, happen next time I need one back, you'd be more inclined to oblige me than you were last time.

(this intrigues ANNE; is he anticipating a specific favour?)

What's this little complication? That needs dealing with.

ANNE LISTER

William Keighley and John Oates and Jack Green believe they have some claim to the loose coal under Spiggs *land*. Which - to be clear - I already owned. But which they can only access from my newly-acquired colliery. But there's nothing about it in my uncle's records. Which - there would be.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

If he had come to an arrangement with them about the loose. So. I'm wondering about flooding Spiggs. Which I can do, because I own it. And stopping them taking the loose. Except the worry then is that I might flood Walker pit at the same time. Before we've bottomed it and got to the trespass.

HINSCLIFFE

You wouldn't.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

HINSCLIFFE

If you flooded Spiggs it wouldn't touch Walker pit. Will you tell Holt you're getting rid of him, or shall I?

8 **EXT. HIGHROYDS, HOLT'S DOORSTEP. DAY 42. 1500 (EARLY 1835) 8**

HOLT yanks the front door open. He's as surprised as we are to find ANNE LISTER herself standing on his doorstep. He has that vague, wide-eyed look; has he been drinking?

ANNE LISTER

Holt! I won't come in.  
(HOLT's shocked that she would even think to)  
So. I need to talk to you about -

JAMES HOLT

How are you ma'am?

ANNE LISTER

Oh, I'm very well. The thing [is] - thank you. The thing is, what it is. Is. [I] -

JAMES HOLT

I was going to pop over and see you today. About Mr. Walker Priestley's coal. And -  
(even more significantly)  
Mrs. Machin's coal.

This wrong-foots ANNE LISTER.

ANNE LISTER

What about them?

JAMES HOLT

He will sell his coal at a hundred and sixty pound an acre.

(MORE)

JAMES HOLT (CONT'D)

Both beds, hard and soft, upper and lower. I've offered one forty. He's asked for ten days to think about it, but between you and me, I'd go up to one sixty rather than miss the deal, because he'll be tempted to go straight to Rawson otherwise, and we don't want that. Do we? Not theer. Same at the Machins'. They've promised me first refusal. Only it's more complicated again there. You know she drinks.

ANNE LISTER

Who does?

JAMES HOLT

She does. Mrs. Machin.

ANNE LISTER

No, no. I didn't know that. Why? Why would I?

JAMES HOLT

Thing is, the land was left half to her, half to her children, and they don't all get on. One daughter's in York castle for debt. So they all have to agree on who they sell their coal rights to, and they can hardly agree on which way is up, never mind who they might sell their coal to. Now, I'm well in with 'em - well enough, as well as anybody - and they'd sell it to me rather than him, Rawson, through choice - me buying on your behalf of course, not that they'd know that - but if he offers 'em a premium one of 'em might get it into their heads to go with him. And you can't let that happen. Not down theer, otherwise Rawson has another back door *straight* onto your beds. Do you see that?

Yes, ANNE does see. How can she sack Holt now? The whole thing just gets more and more complex. Then she remembers the other thing -

ANNE LISTER

If I were to flood Spiggs colliery. To stop access to the loose coal. There's no danger that I could accidentally flood Walker pit at the same time. Is there?

JAMES HOLT

Oh yes. I think it's highly probable that you would. Who's told you different?

9

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, JEREMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 42. 2140.  
(EARLY 1835)

9

ANNE's with JEREMY.

ANNE LISTER

I don't know who to believe. I was going to let Holt go. But I *need* him. I just need to *manage* them all better! I told Holt he must take care of Mr. Walker Priestley's coal for me, *and* the Machins', but then I explained that I've instructed Hinscliffe to work up a plan to look after Walker pit for me.

JEREMY LISTER

How did he take that?

ANNE LISTER

Badly. But. I must glean what I can from all of them, and then make my own judgements.

JEREMY LISTER

Mm.

ANNE LISTER

They say Holt drinks. But I've never smelt it on him.

JEREMY LISTER

Well. He's getting on, isn't he? Perhaps he's just... forgetting.

This strikes ANNE. JEREMY seems a bit vague and yonderly himself; almost as though he's talking about himself, not Holt. This threatens to sadden her, but she hasn't time to be dragged down by sadness, she has too many things to do. She whispers kindly to him -

ANNE LISTER

Good night.

She kisses him. He clings onto her strong, capable hand for a moment -

JEREMY LISTER

I'm sorry if I upset you. This morning. I've always tried to do my best for you. One way and another. I just haven't always known how.

(MORE)

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry if I said the wrong thing.

ANNE becomes emotional; she knows he has done his best for her (in his often inept way, like hiring 'a person' to sleep with her when she was 19), and it's so rare to hear the old soldier speak candidly like this. ANNE's eyes well up (inconveniently) at his frailty and sincerity.

JEREMY LISTER (CONT'D)

Are you sure about this Northgate business? Turning it into a hotel? It'll cost money, and what if it fails? You don't want to get yourself laughed at.

Eventually, stoically -

ANNE LISTER

Good night.

JEREMY LISTER

Good night.

She squeezes his hand affectionately, and leaves.

11

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 42. 0011.**  
**CONTINUOUS (EARLY 1835)**

11

ANN wraps herself up in bed and faces the other way. ANNE follows her in, gets on the bed and leans over her, so even if ANN is facing the other way she can't ignore her.

ANNE LISTER

Adny?

ANN WALKER

Stop *leaning* on me.

ANNE LISTER

What's the matter?

(she turns the charm on)

Mm? Little...

(she blows a delicate wisp  
of air on her cheek)

Adny.

ANN WALKER

You need to brush your teeth.

(ANNE glances at us,  
"what's up with *her*?")

I read your letter. To Lady Harriet  
in Copenhagen.

It's on the bed-side table, right next to ANN WALKER.

ANNE LISTER

Well... is something the matter  
with it? Is it not elegantly  
expressed? Adny? I thought you'd  
like it, I thought you'd be charmed  
by it.

No response. ANNE reaches out for the letter and unfolds it. ANNE starts to read the letter, but there isn't enough light. She rolls off the bed her side, heads round to ANN's side, where there's a single candle to read by. She sits close by ANN and skims through the letter briskly.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Is it the bit about you?

(no response)

Adny? I did ask you.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

If I might mention you, and you were delighted. Did I...? Misread that? Adny, I've had a long day, I've been dealing with *men*. All day. Tiresome, inarticulate *men*.

ANN WALKER

Read it. Aloud. The bit about me.

Bemused, ANNE finds the place.

ANNE LISTER

Ah!

(posh telephone voice, she finds herself charmed by her own elegant phrases)

"You used to wonder who would be my companion. I think I have provided one whom you will like. She is little and amiable with a great deal of common sense and good feeling. She is now with me here at Shibden and I have never before been so comfortable at home".  
There.

(she glances to us - )

What's not to like?

(then to ANN -)

Mm?

ANN WALKER

It's in brackets. You've put me in brackets.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, but it's a clause, an aside, in a bigger paragraph about when I hope she and I *and we all* will next meet.

ANN WALKER

Yes, I'm a clause, an *aside*.

ANNE LISTER

Nonsense! It's a... *elegant interjection*.

ANN WALKER

I've been canvassed over.

ANNE LISTER

No, you've been *elegantly introduced*.

ANN WALKER

As an afterthought.

ANNE LISTER

I'm sorry if you think that's how it reads.

ANN WALKER

"I'm sorry *if you think*"? Oh, I hate that, that's what *men* say! 'I'm sorry *if you're so stupid* that you've misunderstood'.

ANNE LISTER

I didn't say anything about *stupid*. Nor would I. It's an ugly word.

ANN WALKER

It's *implicit*.

ANNE's temper is short. She's had a long day. We can see her really fighting to keep her patience.

ANNE LISTER

Right. Well then. I shall...  
(the prospect is tiresome,  
*but...*)  
re-write my letter.

ANN remains distant, quiet, low, hard to reach -

ANN WALKER

You needn't do that. I wouldn't wish to put you to the trouble. You could merely delete any reference to me. *That* would answer.  
(ANNE takes it in. Nods  
sad agreement)  
Useful to know where I am. In the pecking order.

ANNE LISTER

That's -

She shakes her head "so wrong" was what she wants to say. But she knows anything she says now will more than likely be wasted and deliberately misunderstood. She gives it another moment then heads off, back to her office, presumably, to do said task (making a point of *not* appearing to walk off in any kind of huff). We linger on ANN WALKER.

12

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 43. 0810. 12**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

Next morning. Light streams through the window and illuminates the letter to Lady Harriet on Anne's desk, with the offending passage crossed out.

13           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM / LIBRARY PASSAGE.**           13  
**DAY 43. 0810 (EARLY 1835)**

The bed is empty. Dishevelled, like the two women have only recently got up, but no sign of either of them. Then we hear the clang and clatter of a chamber pot/commode being shifted/shut, and then ANNE emerges from behind a screen. She's got bed hair, heavy eyelids. She looks at us and says in passing -

                          ANNE LISTER  
                          My bowels are all wrong again.

She heads down the little steps and along the passage to her study when she hears the sound of muffled sobs coming from the little sitting room (formerly - in Season One - Anne's bedroom). She listens at the closed door. ANN WALKER's tears unhinge her, as ever.

14           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE & ANN'S UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM.**           14  
**DAY 43. 0811 (EARLY 1835)**

ANN, still in her night dress, looks out of the window, crying (clearly trying to make no more noise than necessary, i.e. *not* trying to draw attention to herself). A little tap at the door, and the door opens a notch. It's ANNE.

                          ANNE LISTER  
                          Adny?  
                          (ANN's embarrassed to be  
                          caught at such a low ebb,  
                          not least when she feels  
                          angry with ANNE)  
                          Can I come in?

                          ANN WALKER  
                          It's your house.

This is troublesome and upsetting to ANNE. Surely she can't have transgressed so badly?

                          ANNE LISTER  
                          Don't say that.  
                          (she goes over to ANN and  
                          is all sweet and  
                          delicate)  
                          I'm sorry if I hurt you, it's the  
                          last thing I'd... it's just  
                          striking the right note. In a  
                          letter like that.

ANN WALKER

People are laughing at us.

ANNE LISTER

No. They're not. Lady Harriet would never be so cruel or vulgar -

ANN WALKER

In *Halifax* they are! That *idiotic* marriage announcement - reprinted *twice* - and then that *humiliating* business at Nicholson's!

ANNE LISTER

Oh, I think if anyone's humiliated at Nicholson's *now* it's not us, it's Nicholson's silly lads.

ANN WALKER

I shan't go in there again, I know you want us to [but] -

ANNE LISTER

No, we must. We must make a point of going in there again *and again*. We must be consistently clear that we have nothing to hide and nothing to be ashamed of, and if people choose to be vulgar, well. Let it say more about them than it does about us.

ANN WALKER

I'm not strong like you. I dwell on things.

ANNE LISTER

Do you remember that time. When Mrs. Priestley walked in on us? Mm? At Crow Nest. And you laughed. I was mortified. And you... you laughed. And in that moment I think I saw for the first time the real you. Who's as brave as anyone.

(she kisses her  
delicately)

You're stronger than you think.

15

**EXT. NORTHGATE HOUSE, HALIFAX. DAY 43. 1130 (EARLY 1835)** 15

Northgate House is a big square block of a building on the edge of town, with fields beyond (on the side away from town).

Now we find ANNE with THOMAS BRADLEY (37, enthusiastic, sycophantic) a local architect. ANNE's studying some sketches he's just handed to her. He's eager to see her response.

MR. BRADLEY

What I'm wondering, Miss Lister, is if we've been thinking too *small*.

ANNE LISTER

I had expected ground plans and elevations. Mr. Bradley. Based on our last conversation. Not more sketches.

MR. BRADLEY

Oh they're well underway! But you've got all this *land*! And I know you want the inn - casino, whatever you want to call it - up and running by March next year, but. Within that same time-scale - frame - well, it depends how *ambitious* you want to be, but -

ANNE LISTER

Oh I don't think anyone could accuse me of lacking ambition, Mr. Bradley.

MR. BRADLEY

So - exactly - so! What if. Instead of simply adapting the existing buildings to make the five or six houses we've discussed, *and* the inn, casino, what if... and this is something you could easily accommodate in the available space, it all depends on how much capital you've got to play with. But *what if* as well as the inn, casino - we were to build new premises here too for - say - a *bank*.

(he points at these things on the drawings; this is what he has now sketched, the more ambitious plan)

And a *news room*. And instead of four or five houses, there's land enough here for twenty-eight *brand new* houses. The entire area could become a whole new commercial enclave within the town, and think of the income that would generate in rent!

*Ker-ching!* We see the fff roll up in ANNE LISTER's visionary eyes.

16

**INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. DAY 43. 1210. 16**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE is showing Bradley's ambitious sketches to PARKER.

ANNE LISTER

Of course it's all capital, it's all outlay, but think of the returns! Halifax is expanding! In front of us! We see it every day! We need more banks and more news rooms and more houses! Northgate won't be on the outskirts of the town for long because the town will expand around it! It's *excellently* placed. It could hardly be better.

Despite his anxieties about finances, PARKER finds himself impressed with ANNE's vision and enthusiasm, and of course everything she says about Halifax is true.

MR. PARKER

You're going to need a license for this... inn, casino, whatever we're...

(he mumbles)

calling it this week. If you're serious, I'd apply for it now. There's no point throwing money into the thing and then finding the magistrates won't license it.

ANNE LISTER

And why wouldn't they?

MR. PARKER

Just...

(delicate)

With... Christopher Rawson being the chief magistrate.

ANNE LISTER

Well he'd have no reason! Such an establishment could only be an asset to the town!

MR. PARKER

Yes. But we both know what he's like.

ANNE LISTER

Leave it with me. Bradley thinks I shall need to spend another four thousand pounds on this new scheme.

PARKER can barely hide his anxiety about how much money she's spending that isn't hers. But what can he do?

MR. PARKER

Miss Lister -

ANNE LISTER

Oh yes, I've been meaning to ask.  
If I were a man - for which I have  
a thousand and one reasons to thank  
heaven and providence I'm not -  
would you even *think* to question  
the amount of money I'm borrowing?

ANNE's smiling gamefully as she asks this challenging question.

17

**EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. DAY 44. 1100 (EARLY 1835)**

17

An establisher of Shibden. The land and the house are covered in snow. A few glimpses/images of life outdoors at Shibden to suggest a brief passage of wintry time.

We see JOSEPH/GEORGE grooming NERO, who murmurs a self-conscious nod/greeting of "all right" in passing to MATTHEW, who's busy about his chores. MATTHEW is still mortified that JOSEPH/GEORGE knows what he's up to with Eugénie, and could drop him in it any minute, but tries his best to act oblivious, whilst JOSEPH/GEORGE remains disturbed and bewildered about what he witnessed.

Then DR. JUBB arrives in his little gig. DR. JUBB is an elderly, fussy man. His gig rattles through the barn where JOSEPH/GEORGE is busy with NERO. JOSEPH/GEORGE follows the gig out into the yard and takes charge of Dr. Jubb's HORSE by its bridle as DR. JUBB brings the gig to a standstill.

DR. JUBB

Mr. Booth!

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Dr. Jubb.

DR. JUBB pulls the handbrake on and eases himself down from his gig. He collects his medical bag from where it's stashed.

DR. JUBB

Have you heard the news, sir?

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Which, sir?

DR. JUBB

Parliament, sir! Dissolved!

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Oh! Yes. We know all about it. Miss Lister's...

Fucking furious. He pulls a face: scared emoji.

18

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 44. 1105.**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

18

DR. JUBB is now with AUNT ANNE, whose ulcerated leg he examines thoroughly. ANNE (who looks cross) keeps a close eye on what he's doing. HEMINGWAY is present too. AUNT ANNE repeats what ANNE's been banging on about all morning -

AUNT ANNE LISTER

So we must endure an indifferent  
Melbourne once again when we might  
have had the intellect and  
integrity of a Peel.

JUBB nods in agreement, and turns to ANNE -

DR. JUBB

And you'll've heard the latest. In  
Halifax. If Charles Wood is offered  
high office in the new Whig  
administration - which they seem to  
think he will be - it'll trigger a  
by-election.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Another election? Ohh...!

DR. JUBB

And people are saying Mr. Rawson  
himself will stand this time, -

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson? Mr. *Christopher* Rawson?

DR. JUBB

- so vexed was he by the attack on  
his property a few short weeks ago.

AUNT ANNE looks to ANNE: ANNE's shocked, this is not  
something she'd anticipated.

ANNE LISTER

Is that a good idea? Would not...

(the first name that comes  
into her head)

Mr. Henry Edwards be a better  
choice of candidate for Halifax?

That seems a very odd, left-of-field choice to DR. JUBB.

DR. JUBB

Mr. Henry Edwards? I doubt he has  
either the money or the stomach for  
it.

ANNE LISTER

I think Mr. Henry Edwards might surprise us all! Given a chance. Eh, aunt?

DR. JUBB

Would you not support Mr. Rawson? Miss Lister? With your great influence?

Every fibre in her body is screaming "No!".

ANNE LISTER

Yes. Without doubt, without question. If he were the chosen Tory candidate and I had influence over a thousand votes he should have every one of them. I merely question whether a man who has...  
(how can she avoid it sounding personal?)  
*Offended.* Members of some of the oldest families in Halifax. Is best placed to unite the Tory vote in the way that's necessary at such a difficult time?

DR. JUBB absorbs this news with relish.

DR. JUBB

*Has he? Has he.*

ANNE LISTER

Whereas Mr. Henry Edwards...

DR. JUBB

Mm. Well. He he Mr. Rawson is - he can be a -  
(he says it discreetly)  
*abrasive.*

A knock at the door. ANNE nods permission to HEMINGWAY to see who it is. HEMINGWAY opens it a discreet notch. It's JOSEPH/GEORGE.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Is Miss Lister...?  
(HEMINGWAY opens it a crack so JOSEPH/GEORGE can see ANNE perched at the end of AUNT ANNE's bed)  
There's a Mr. William Keighley downstairs, ma'am. He says Mr. Hinscliffe's sent him to... something about Staups. Spiggs. Colliery. Summat.

Mm... that piques ANNE's curiosity. She gets up to leave, then dawdles; there's no harm keeping tradesmen waiting.

ANNE LISTER

Perhaps. Dr. Jubb. As you do your rounds. You could intimate to anyone concerned, that others - *such* as Mr. Henry Edwards - might be better placed to lead the way and unite the blue vote. No need to say from whence the thought sprang. My aunt and I would shudder to be thought of as *intermeddlers* in anything political.

DR. JUBB does a stately bow almost worthy of Dr. Kenny as ANNE leaves the room.

19           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. DAY 44. 1109 (EARLY 1835)**           19

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY (a similar figure in terms of class, dress and manner to some of Anne's better tenants) is waiting for ANNE as she heads down the stairs.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Keighley!

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Miss Lister.

He offers his hand.

ANNE LISTER

Come through.

She leads the way. She's utterly charming - she might even make a polite, shallow bow/nod to his proffered hand - but she would never shake it.

20           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 44. 1112. (EARLY 1835)**           20

A few moments later. ANNE intelligently peruses WILLIAM KEIGHLEY's small book of expenses.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

So it's a record of all the expenses I've had driving the drift through Well-royd Holmes. Totalling five hundred and seven pounds sixteen shillings and five pence. Which you'll appreciate I'd not have spent if I hadn't had this agreement with your uncle over the Spiggs coal in the first place. And if you look in the back -

(MORE)

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY (CONT'D)

(she does, and continues  
to peruse it fairly and  
intently)

- you'll see a memorandum. One  
hundred pounds. Paid to your Uncle  
James. By me. To get all the coal  
in Spiggs Land.

ANNE LISTER

The fact remains that there's no  
record to corroborate any of this  
in my uncle's accounts.

Uncle James's 1826 account book is right on her desk next to  
her. Which she lays a hand on as she speaks.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Well I know nowt about that. I just  
know I've spent a lot of money *in*  
*good faith* [and] -

ANNE LISTER

Why is this memorandum in the back?  
Why is it not written in the  
correct chronology in the earlier  
part of the accounts?

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

It's - just - way I did it. It's  
not - I'm not - I know it wouldn't  
stand up in a court of law -  
(ANNE glances at us and  
raises an eyebrow: you  
can say that again)  
- but you know, I hope it'd never  
get that far, it's just... the only  
record I have of what was agreed.

ANNE LISTER

The problem from my point of view -  
and I only ever wish to do that  
which is fair - is that I've just  
bought Staups for a significant  
sum, and I need some return on my  
investment. If you try to get the  
Spiggs coal, I'll flood the pit to  
prevent access and try the matter  
at York. I'm sorry, but there it  
is.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Not only did my uncle make no record of it, but he never mentioned anything of the matter to me at the time, and nothing of this arose in the last however many months it's taken me to complete the purchase of Staups. In the searches and so forth. So.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

You do know that if you flood Spiggs, you'll flood your little pit up here.

ANNE LISTER

Not necessarily.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Almost certainly you would.

ANNE LISTER

Well there seems to be some difference of opinion about that.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Who's told you otherwise?  
(he realises, with some derision - )  
Hinscliffe.

(ANNE's not saying)

Well. He would say that. He would say the opposite then happily watch it flood, and you know why? Because he's had more of your coal than the Rawsons have.

ANNE retains her noblewoman's sang-froid, but we can see her brain jumping into suspicious superdrive behind her eyes.

21	<b>OMITTED</b>	21
22	<b>OMITTED</b>	22
23	<b>OMITTED</b>	23
24	<b>EXT. CONERY WOOD. DAY 44. 1145 (EARLY 1835)</b>	24

ANNE walks with particular purpose up through Conery Wood, up towards Walker pit.

25

**EXT. WALKER PIT. DAY 44. 1146 (EARLY 1835)**

25

The gin is turning. ANNE approaches JOSEPH MANN.

JOSEPH MANN  
Morning ma'am!

She nods a manly greeting.

ANNE LISTER  
Has Mr. Hinscliffe been up to see  
you today?

JOSEPH MANN  
Popped up this morning.

ANNE LISTER  
I suppose you and your brothers  
think I'm foolish to trust him  
above Holt?

JOSEPH MANN makes a bit of a humourless snigger.

JOSEPH MANN  
Who's to say?

ANNE LISTER  
Well I don't. Necessarily. Trust  
him. I'm using him in order to get  
information from him. If I was to  
stop the loose at Spiggs... how  
would it affect this pit? In your  
opinion.

(JOSEPH MANN pulls a dunno-  
I'll-have-to-think-about-  
it-for-three-weeks face)  
Would it flood it? Or would it not  
flood it?

JOSEPH MANN  
Our Robert'd have an opinion. He'd  
certainly know about Spiggs. He's  
worked all t'mines round here.

ANNE LISTER  
Where is Robert?  
(JOSEPH points down the  
hole: "Digging")  
Mm.

JOSEPH MANN  
Is it right what Mr. Hinscliffe  
said that you're thinking o'  
sinking another pit further down?  
Nearer the Hall?

(MORE)

JOSEPH MANN (CONT'D)

Only I hope you'd consider us  
ma'am. To sink it. If you did.

ANNE LISTER

At the right price.

JOSEPH MANN

What's plan then?

ANNE LISTER

The plan...

(and again, it's a leap of  
faith confiding, but - )

Would be to sink this other pit  
somewhere - fifty or sixty yards  
Shibden Hall side of Walker pit -  
and drive two drifts up to it from  
such a place in the lower land as I  
could build a water-wheel to power  
a pit engine.

JOSEPH MANN thinks it through, but is swifter with a response  
this time, he's nodding and looking engaged with the idea -

JOSEPH MANN

How would you power a waterwheel?

ANNE LISTER

I'd dam up the Red Beck and make a  
lake. A mere. In the Well-royd  
land, right up as far as Tillyholme  
stile, or Coffin Lane Bridge, or  
somewhere between the two.

(JOSEPH takes that in;  
sounds like a plan)

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Speak to Robert about it. Tell him to come and see me if he thinks he can be useful.

ANNE knows she's taking risks all the time giving out information, but what choice does she have if she's to glean info back?

26

**EXT. CONERY WOOD/SIBDEN HALL GROUNDS. DAY 44. 1200.  
(EARLY 1835)**

26

ANNE's charging back down through Conery Wood towards the house, when she bumps into the wife, who's agitated.

ANN WALKER

*Anne!*

ANNE LISTER

Ah! There you are!

Like she just misplaced her.

ANN WALKER

I've found something in my family papers. Well, *two things*. In fact. One I half-knew about - although I'd half-forgotten - but *the other!* I had *no idea*.

ANNE LISTER

What?

ANN WALKER

Well - it would appear...

ANNE LISTER

What?

ANN's so flustered, breathless, disbelieving she's struggling to spit it out. (They continue back to the house, as they speak; they head down the steps, through the tunnel and out into the glorious grounds of wintery Shibden).

ANN WALKER

That in 1831. My sister conveyed - *legally* - through lease and re-lease and and some some sort of deed of sale, *all* her property onto Captain Sutherland! All of it! Everything! All her share of the estate. Contrary - *directly contrary* - to the provision set out *by my father*, in his *will*, which protected us both from having to submit our fortunes to any *husbands!*

Do we suspect that she was counting on the convention of handing lolly over to husbands to persuade AW to do the same with her? [*will it be clear to the audience that this is what she's thinking?*]

ANNE LISTER

Does it?

ANN WALKER

Why would she *do* that? Why would she give up that protection? And why did she not *tell me* that that's what she was doing?

ANNE LISTER

So - hang on - so, your father -

ANN WALKER

(talking far too fast)

*My father* made provision in his will in the event of my brother's death, for me and Elizabeth to jointly inherit everything. But he also made what I was always given to believe was an *unshakeable* clause - contrary to the normal way of doing things - that stated that *should* we get married, we must and *would* retain ownership in our own share of the estate. *But* -

ANNE LISTER

That was interesting of him -

ANN WALKER

Yes but then in 1831 -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

- to do that. You never said anything about this when Ainsworth was sniffing about.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

No, yes, exactly! He did it to *deter fortune hunters like him!* But in 1831, three years after they were married, she submitted *everything* to *him!* To Captain Sutherland, and Anne, I can't believe she would've done that willingly! He must've bullied and cajoled and coerced her into signing away the right of ownership of her own family's... everything! *Knowing* it was contrary to what our father intended! Anne! She would never hurt me.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

There are few things in this world I have the confidence to state so boldly, but if there's one thing I know it's that Elizabeth would never willingly do anything to cheat me out of what is *ours*. Anne. But she *has*! Because of *him*.

ANNE LISTER

Cheated you how?

ANN WALKER

Some of it's property that on her death would revert to *me*, to the *estate*. They don't know that I might not still have children! And he's found some... legal loop-hole to make a mockery of it all and *steal it*.

ANNE is struck forcibly by ANN's reference to the possibility of her having children. It's big bananas, it destabilizes her, and she needs to assimilate it carefully.

ANNE LISTER

What was the other thing?

27

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. DAY 44. 1210 (EARLY 1835)** 27

ANNE intently studies a paragraph of Uncle William Walker's lengthy will, which ANN has presented her with.

ANN WALKER

So John - my John - always used to complain that Mr. Priestley and *his* brother John, had worked their way into my uncle's affections 'til he ended up leaving them things in his will that should've remained entailed to my father! I never thought of it as my business. But then here it is! In black and white. They've had *three* properties from us! *Substantial* properties! Blackcastle, which is an allotment to High Sunderland, Hall End in Halifax and Longley Farm in Norland. My uncle had no *right* to give them away, and it galls me even more since the Priestleys have been so *objectionable* to us!

ANNE LISTER

(studying the document)

Parker. Drew this up. Who did the legal work on this other business? With Captain and Mrs. Sutherland?

ANN checks the relevant document and finds the salient information.

ANN WALKER

Parker and Adam. I've never liked Parker. I don't know why you put so much faith in him.

ANNE's always trusted Parker, he's an old family friend, but this doesn't reflect well on him.

ANNE LISTER

It may not be irreversible. We should go and consult Mr. Gray. In York. On both matters.

ANN WALKER

Do you think my family has any clue about what Captain Sutherland's done?

28

**INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 44. 1330.  
(EARLY 1835)**

28

AUNT ANN WALKER

Of course we knew! We all knew!

ANN is visiting her AUNT (ANN's in her riding habit).

ANN WALKER

All but *me*.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Oh well you weren't well, we kept it from you. All your cousins and uncles and aunts knew. And it's precisely *because of it* that we've all been so zealous in trying to protect you *and* your fortune!

ANN WALKER

But - no - Elizabeth wouldn't've -

AUNT ANN WALKER

Elizabeth did it *without scruple!*

ANN WALKER

I don't believe for a second -

AUNT ANN WALKER

He ran rings around her! She'd have done anything he asked! Sense was out of the window, and she might *well regret* it now, now it's too late! And that weak *odious* Robert Parker! *He* was meant to be acting *for the family*, but no, Sutherland ran rings round him too!

ANN WALKER's amazed. Amazed by the thing itself, and amazed that she had no idea it had happened.

ANN WALKER

I've found proof too of the properties Mr. Priestley and his brother had from Uncle William that should've come to my father. Do you remember? Blackcastle up at High Sunderland, Hall End in Halifax and Longley Farm over in Norland.

AUNT ANN WALKER seems to know about that too; we get a sense of distant family squabbles that she'd rather not revisit -

AUNT ANN WALKER

Mm.

ANN WALKER

I'm half-minded to change my will.

There's a pause before AUNT ANN replies -

AUNT ANN WALKER

I thought you already had.

ANN WALKER

No. When? No.

AUNT ANN WALKER

You made Miss Lister your executor instead of your cousin Mr. Priestley last year.

ANN WALKER

Who told you that?

AUNT ANN WALKER

*She* did. Last spring. When you went missing, when you absented yourself in York. She used to come over here laying the law down.

ANN WALKER

I made her my executor, yes, but the contents remain unchanged.

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

As it stands, it still all goes to Elizabeth, and then to little Sackville. Until such a time as...

(such a time as she changes it in Anne Lister's favour. But obvs she can't say that)

I may have children of my own. I wouldn't change it lightly. Obviously. And I certainly wouldn't change it without telling you. Even if others have behaved as they have. What's the matter?

AUNT ANN WALKER

I -  
(she seems wrong-footed)  
Oh.

ANN WALKER

Aunt?

AUNT ANN WALKER

I - erm. Had imagined - with all this talk of a formal division of the estate - that you had already changed the will itself.

ANN WALKER

How? No.

AUNT ANN WALKER

In Miss Lister's favour.

It surprises ANN WALKER that her AUNT thinks she would take such a big step against her own family and not make it clear to those it concerned (even if those are her intentions).

ANN WALKER

That's... a possibility. And yes if I never have children, and Miss Lister and I were to continue as such kind companions, well yes, I hope we would think to make some provision for one another. But as things stand. No, it still all goes to Elizabeth and then Sackville.

AUNT ANN WALKER

I thought that's what you were doing. In York. Last spring.

ANN WALKER

I was seeing Dr. Belcombe in York last spring.

AUNT ANN WALKER

Yes, as well as that! That was when you first asked Washington to draw up a valuation of the estate.

ANN WALKER

The division of the estate is a separate matter. A matter between me and Elizab[eth] - well except it would now seem to be between me and Captain Sutherland! *But*. Apart from changing my executor - since Mr. and Mrs. Priestley had become so disagreeable to us - my will is exactly the same as it's always been.

AUNT ANN WALKER barely dare spit it out, but thinking of herself as an honest person, feels compelled to do so -

AUNT ANN WALKER

Well I changed mine. When you moved into Shibden Hall. I removed you from it. In Elizabeth's favour.

ANN WALKER doesn't need her Aunt's money, but that's hardly the point. It's a shocking insult, a shocking snub. ANN feels a whole range of sickening emotions at this further humiliation.

29      **EXT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE, SCOTLAND. DAY 44. 1600.      29**  
(EARLY 1835)

An establishing shot of the Sutherlands' home. A bitterly cold day on the East coast of Scotland.

30      **INT. UDALE HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. DAY 44. 1600 (EARLY 1835) 30**

ELIZABETH (pregnant again, just starting to show) and CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND read before the fire.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

There was a letter for you this morning. In the post-bag. From Washington.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Where is it?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Oh, do you want to see it?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I don't know. Is it interesting?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

The distresses you requested have  
all been carried out.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

(a murmur, she hates what  
he's done in ordering the  
distresses)

I didn't request anything.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

A Mrs. Greaves went to Shibden Hall  
begging not to be evicted, but  
apparently your sister wouldn't  
hear of it. She was determined to  
carry out the - your - our -  
request to the very letter.

This pains ELIZABETH; both that Ann's been forced to carry  
out the distresses, and that people will think she -  
ELIZABETH - made the request when she didn't, she simply was  
obliged to write the letter.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

What a cruel time of year to evict  
people.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Well. Yes. I agree. But if she  
wants a division of the estate,  
things must be put in order.  
Washington tells m[e] - well, tells  
you - that he's submitted a  
proposal to her - to Ann - for what  
he believes is a fair division of  
the various lots of the estate  
based partly on contiguity and  
partly on value. So. Let's see what  
she sends us. When she's gone  
through it. Although I'm tempted...  
I don't know.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

What?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I still don't know why there's this  
great urgency for the thing.  
There's something... in her last  
few letters. This...

(he can't quite nail it)

*litigious* tone. She's suddenly  
become so... confident, so... well-  
informed.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

I'm wondering if you shouldn't write to her, and say that whilst in principle we're - you're - happy with the division, you think it would be better to wait until we can visit them. When the weather's better for travelling.

The prospect of visiting Crow Nest and Halifax, and seeing Ann and reacquainting herself with Miss Lister appeals to ELIZABETH no end. Something to look forward to.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

That would [be]... I'd like that.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Good. Good! I think before we sign off on the thing we should satisfy ourselves that there's nothing nefarious going on. With your family. Although as I say, I always imagine Miss Lister would protect her from any nonsense. Curious woman. Miss Lister.

It's only as he says it that he wonders (for the first time) if perhaps it's the 'curious', confident, well-informed, formidable Anne Lister that's the litigious influence in Ann Walker's recent letters, and not the family at all.

31 **INT. STONEY-ROYD, DRAWING ROOM. DAY 44. 1620 (EARLY 1835) 31**

We find charming, grinning ANNE LISTER sitting elegantly with elderly MRS. RAWSON. They're cosily ensconced, and well into their afternoon tea.

MRS. RAWSON

Well I'm delighted that Miss Walker's gone to see her aunt! I like it when I've got you to myself! Not that I dislike Miss Walker, not for a moment. I'm thrilled for her and just jealous that she has you to gaze at all day.

ANNE enjoys MRS. RAWSON's flirting.

ANNE LISTER

When I'm in!

MRS. RAWSON

This is the second time in three months, are you after something?

ANNE LISTER

Only to gaze upon you. I was telling you about my planned developments. At Northgate House.

MRS. RAWSON

Oh yes!  
(well amused)  
Your Uncle Joseph would be *livid*.

ANNE LISTER

Yes but the world moves forward! And sometimes we have to move with it! And don't you agree, Mrs. Rawson, that the whole enterprise would be a huge boon to the town?

MRS. RAWSON

Yes, oh yes! The town gets bigger by the week.

ANNE LISTER

Precisely, and this could create a whole new enclave! And I am not such a noodle as to refuse what would pay such good returns! A whole new quarter. As long as no-one were to obstruct me in getting a license. For my Casino. Inn. Hotel.

MRS. RAWSON

Ah! Is that what you're after? My *influence*.

ANNE LISTER

Well. As I say. I hope I wouldn't need it. I would hope such a venture would be eloquent of its own merits. But certainly, a word from you - in the right ear - would be worth a thousand from anybody el[se] -

Just then a tap at the door and the FOOTMAN steps in.

FOOTMAN

Mr. Rawson! Mrs. Rawson.

Shocked (briefly), ANNE LISTER has a nanosecond to indicate/mime to MRS. RAWSON in great sincerity - "Not now". MRS. RAWSON gets it, she winks in reply (she adores ANNE LISTER and she thinks her eldest son is a twerp, so... whey-hey). CHRISTOPHER RAWSON steps in. He's wearing a massive fur coat with the weather being so chilly.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Mother!

(he recoils briefly on seeing ANNE, but then proves as adept as her at getting over the shock)

Oh hello.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

CHRISTOPHER goes over and kisses his mother on the cheek. He doesn't offer to shake ANNE LISTER's hand, and she doesn't offer to shake his.

MRS. RAWSON

Christopher, is it true what Miss Lister tells me? That you're standing for parliament?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(to ANNE)

Oh, you've heard?

MRS. RAWSON

Is it wise?

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Yes, I've put my name forward and expect to be adopted at the next committee meeting.

MRS. RAWSON

You have too many trades.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

(looking at ANNE)

Who's said that?

MRS. RAWSON

Me! I said it, there's no point looking at Miss Lister, and it's what your father used to say too.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Mm.

MRS. RAWSON

What a shame you can't stand for parliament, Miss Lister! With your superior intellect and powers of diplomacy and persuasion you would've stood head and shoulders above anyone else.

ANNE LISTER

(checking her watch)  
Good Lord! Look at the time!

MRS. RAWSON

She should be running the country.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Yes, what a shame.

MRS. RAWSON

Oh, she's not leaving!

ANNE stands up briskly and speaks sincerely -

ANNE LISTER

I was very sorry. Mr. Rawson. To hear of the mindless vandalism at Hope Hall.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Oh. Well. Tha[nk you] - that's very -

Mmm... he's not sure what to do with ANNE's best wishes.

ANNE LISTER

And to assure you - as I told Dr. Jubb - that if you are to be the Tory candidate for the town and I had influence over a thousand votes, you would have every one of them.

CHRISTOPHER looks at his mother, wondering what's going on, why's ANNE LISTER being so nice? MRS. RAWSON manages to look like she doesn't know what's going on.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Au 'voir!

MRS. RAWSON

A bientôt!

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Rawson.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON

Miss Lister.

They manage a bit of a bow at one another and ANNE leaves. CHRISTOPHER's unbuttoned his fur coat, revealing a liquifacious blue jacket.

MRS. RAWSON

That colour's never suited you.

32

**INT. LAWTON HALL. DAY 45. 1400 (EARLY 1835)**

32

We now discover MARIANA LAWTON (wrapped up warmly) at her writing desk.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Dearest Freddy. It is something new to feel that I write for two sets of eyes instead of one. Now that my mind is more at ease I hope to get into better health; either you or the medicines have done me good, and as you have often said, knowing the worst is often the best means of reconciling ourselves to it. Come what may, however at variance with my wishes, there is one subject left in which I will never disappoint you. I will always...

(her tone is unmistakably sexual, unmistakably offering to make herself available to Anne Lister whenever she wants her)

*faire ce que j'ai faire, advienne que pourra.*

(subtitles: "...do what I have to do, come what may")

I once wronged my own heart -

The letter continues into...

33

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 46. 0915 (EARLY 1835)** 33

We discover ANNE and MARIAN eating breakfast together. No Aunt Anne, no Jeremy, no Ann Walker. MARIAN reads the *Halifax Guardian*, ANNE's engrossed in her letter, the memory of her infidelity with Mariana weighing heavily on her heart.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

- to please my family.

(MORE)

MARIANA LAWTON (CONT'D)

This was not doing right, and  
dearly I have paid for it, but the  
scale is now turned, my thoughts  
are now set upon deserving your  
good opinion to the last, and I  
will not put it in your power to  
find fault with me again.

ANNE LISTER

(a bit of a growl)

Hmm.

MARIAN LISTER

Where's Miss Walker?

ANNE LISTER

Hm? Oh she's not well.

MARIAN LISTER

(concerned)

Again?

ANNE LISTER

It's this *nonsense* with her aunt,  
every time she goes over there she  
says something cruel and  
*unnecessary* and it always knocks  
her for six.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh I'm sorry.

ANNE goes back to her letter.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

When you speak of your little  
friend, write her name in full. I  
dislike the initial. Indulge my  
fancy and let the name you write,  
be the one you call her by, and  
tell me, Freddy -

MARIAN LISTER

Is that Mrs. Lawton's hand-writing?

ANNE LISTER

It is, yes.

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Tell me, Freddy -

MARIAN LISTER

Has she got anything fresh?

ANNE LISTER

Well let's see, shall we?

MARIANA LAWTON

(V.O.)

Tell me Freddy, do you see the York papers? And do you know anything -

MARIANA's voice continues...

34           **INT. LAWTON HALL. DAY 45. 1402 (EARLY 1835)**

34

We see that despite her earlier conciliatory words, MARIANA is now smirking as she writes. Perhaps she even has a copy of the mock-marriage announcement (republished yet again in a York newspaper) on her desk right next to her as she writes disingenuously -

MARIANA LAWTON

- of a paragraph that appeared in one respecting yourself and Miss Walker? I long to know what it was, tell me if you have heard of it!

35           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 46. 0916 (EARLY 1835)** 35

ANNE sighs deeply and folds the letter up, irritated; she can tell that Mariana's taking the piss. She swallows her last drop of tea, stands up, takes up two more unopened letters from the table and pours fresh tea into an unused cup.

ANNE LISTER

If you'll excuse me, I'm going to take Miss Walker her letters and some tea.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh, and Mr. Abbott's due this evening! As usual. Just to remind you. Just so you know to...

(ANNE's leaving the room with Adny's letters and cup of tea. MARIAN turns back to us to complete her sentence)

...stay out of the way.

36           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. DAY 46. 0920. (EARLY 1835)**

36

ANN WALKER

She wants to defer the division of the estate again! "When we can travel more comfortably". This is *him*.

(she shoves the letter into ANNE's hands)

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
He'll put it off and put it off  
until it doesn't happen!

Pale obsessive compulsive ANN WALKER is still in bed, unable or unwilling to face the day. This latest thing pushes her over into tears, which we sense there have been plenty of since her visit to her aunt. Solicitous, calm ANNE is on a chair right next to her.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)  
(grabbing the second  
letter)  
Who's this one from?

She has that 'what fresh hell is this?' tone in her voice.

ANNE LISTER  
(shakes her head, dunno,  
she's busy perusing  
Elizabeth's letter)  
Perhaps we should instruct Mr. Gray  
to write to *him* rather than her in  
future, and stop the pretence that  
it's *her* being difficult... Ann?  
(ANN is absorbed in the  
contents of the second  
letter, it seems to have  
shocked her out of her  
tears)  
Ann?

ANN WALKER scans the letter quickly, looks up at ANNE LISTER and then puts that letter into her hands too. ANNE reads it, mumbling it out loud -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)  
"Dear Miss Walker. I fear this may  
not reach you, but if it does, I  
urge you under no circumstances to  
show it to Miss Lister".  
(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Oh bad luck. "However much you believe this woman to be your friend, I tell you plainly she is not".

(she flips it over. It's signed 'a well-wisher')  
Do you recognise the hand?

ANN WALKER

No.

ANNE continues to read -

ANNE LISTER

"Are you really unaware of the unspeakable reputation this woman has?"

(ANNE glances at us: oh here we go)

"I see that she has already cut you off from your family and friends and - though you may not understand it - please believe me when I tell you that you are in the gravest danger". Ooh la la.

(ANNE's trying to laugh at all this, but she doesn't really feel amused)

"She will beguile you and before you know it she will have tricked you out of all you have; your reputation, your wealth, your peace of mind. Ask her to tell you about Eliza R[aine] - "

(that shuts ANNE up, that stops any semblance of laughter)

"I urge you to get away from her and Shibden Hall as quickly as you can and if you are unable to do so, if - as I fear - you are being kept there against your better judgement - ", good Lord! "I will endeavour to do all I can in delivering you from that cheerless place and from the clutches of that woman".

Cheerless? "Be assured that you will hear from me again - soon - and that I will not be at ease until I know that you are in a place of greater safety. I am, madam... a well-wisher".

Silence. ANNE tries to laugh, to snigger at least. But it's not funny. She drops it on the bed, like she doesn't want to touch it, like it's contaminated with something tawdry. Clearly she's disturbed by it, and what it represents.

ANN WALKER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

All my life. Things like this.

ANN WALKER

Who's Eliza Raine?

ANNE LISTER

Oh...

(darkly, a murmur)

I'll tell you about Eliza.

ANN WALKER

Is she another Mrs. Lawton? Another Tib?

ANNE smiles. Like she's going to brush it off and bull-shit. And then she starts crying. She can't, she can't brush it off, it's not fair, it's not fair on the memory of Eliza or her own feelings. But why should she be forced to talk about it now, at the wrong time, in the wrong moment, just because some nasty person has sent this cowardly letter and forced her hand? She conquers her tears.

ANNE LISTER

We were at school together. In York. Thirteen year olds. And then... er.

(this is hard for ANNE to talk about, not just because she has to be careful what she says)

Later. When she was older. She had...

(taps her head)

problems. Properly, not...

(pretend ones like you)

she's been in an asylum in York for the last twenty-odd years. I still visit her. Occasionally. For old time's sake, but... she's violent. She sp[its] - she spits and swears and... she's attacked me. More than once. And others. She could never live independently, the way she is.

This is Ann Walker's worst fear, to end up in an asylum, a raving lunatic, unaware of her own actions.

ANN WALKER

(at length)

So... this was sent by someone who knows about her?

ANNE LISTER

Eliza used to come and stay with us. In Halifax, in the summer. Her parents were in India so she couldn't go home. So it could be anyone in Halifax who remembers her. She was very striking to look at, she was half Indian.

ANN WALKER

Were you in love with her?

ANNE LISTER

I loved her. Yes.

ANN WALKER

In love.

ANNE LISTER

This has been sent to cause division and upset. Will you let it?

ANN WALKER

Was she in love with you?

ANNE LISTER

We were very young.

(the implication is of course 'yes'. ANNE LISTER can feel her heart beating faster; this has really thrown her, disturbed her)

And the tawdry implication here is that she ended up as she did. Because of me. Which is nonsense. I did all I could to help her, I would've moved mountains for her, but it was impossible, her mind, her reason was gone.

ANN absorbs all that. But then the more pressing problem -

ANN WALKER

Burn it.

ANNE nods; she probably will, but not yet. She studies the letter again for clues as to the author -

ANNE LISTER

It's all spelt correctly. Quality paper.

(a moment)

Please get up. And get dressed. For my sake, for your own sake. We can't *give in* to these people. We must be *better* than them.

(she squeezes her hand)

Hm?

(downstairs, the front door bell rings)

That'll be the men about the pit, I'd better go.

She kisses ANN - checks that she's all right - and then leaves the room with the letter. We linger on ANN WALKER and her thoughts; the increasing awareness that she is just the latest in a string of women.

37           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 46. 0927.     37**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE locks the hateful anonymous letter safely in a drawer. She pauses. We linger with her for a moment. These nasty cowardly attacks always give her pause for thought, but this one seems to have taken more of a toll on her than usual. Then she heads off out of the room and downstairs.

38           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 46. 0935.     38**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE is with ROBERT and JOSEPH MANN. The MANNs are both in their Sunday best (but even scrubbed up they still somehow look a bit grubby), both well outside their comfort zone inside the bowels of Shibden Hall. JOSEPH's handling it, ROBERT less so. ROBERT (bless him) simply does not know what to make of this formidable woman who - to all intents and purposes - resembles a man. He finds her even more manly and overwhelming at close quarters in her own study than the handful of times he's glimpsed her up at the pit.

JOSEPH MANN

Robert agrees with Mr. Holt ma'am,  
he thinks you should bottom Walker  
pit before you flood Spiggs.

ANNE's thoughtful: it looks like Hinscliffe does have a private agenda.

ROBERT MANN

And as regards another pit, fifty  
sixty yards this way. I'd say it  
were a very good thing ma'am, if  
you're willing to spend t'money.

Just then MARIAN taps lightly at the door and comes in.

MARIAN LISTER

You dropped your -

She hands ANNE her metal pencil...

ANNE LISTER

Oh.

...and then lingers, interested to hear what ROBERT MANN is saying.

ROBERT MANN

Because then you could loose a whole sweep of coal lying on the Shibden Hall side o' Pump and upwards in a line parallel to the present old water-head hold under Conery houses.

This is good, this is what ANNE wants to hear, it excites her. ANNE nods in agreement. MARIAN's nodding in agreement too. ANNE has a map of the estate in front of her and indicates that she wants him to pinpoint the spot -

ANNE LISTER

*Where* would you sink this new pit?

ROBERT MANN

Well. If you're putting the waterwheel down at Tillyholme Stile, I'd say here. At Pump. Where you suggested. Then if we drove two heads up from Tillyholme stile - that's th'idea? - which we could do easily enough if we made a vent hole in t'corner of Dolt -

(Dolt is the name of one of Anne's fields)

- then this pit at Pump, you'd have it working just as soon as it's bottomed - and it'd serve as a vent for Walker pit.

ROBERT MANN talks fast, enthused by his scheme. ANNE absorbs it all quickly. MARIAN's starting to look confused; there were a few phrases there she didn't grasp.

JOSEPH MANN

This way, all the coal above the Wakefield Road and between the two pits could be pulled at Walker pit and all the coal below the Wakefield road could be pulled at this new pit at Pump.

ROBERT MANN

And then you'd be left with a good barrier of coal all along this side up here, so in fact you could stop Spiggs colliery any time you liked after this second one's sunk, and let all that face of coal stand covered in water. Ready to throw it on Mr. Rawson's works any time you wanted.

(MARIAN's pretty lost now)

Which - if he hadn't trespassed - you'd never have been able to do.

(MORE)

ROBERT MANN (CONT'D)

So. It'd be a way of proving his  
trespass too. And anyone else's.

ANNE's nodding thoughtfully. MARIAN doesn't know what the  
fuck's going on any more. Perhaps she mouths "What?" to  
herself/us.

ANNE's starting to realise that the answer to her problems  
has been here all along; the MANN brothers surely know as  
much as anyone about coal around these parts.

39

**EXT. TILLYHOLME STILE. DAY 46. 1100 (EARLY 1835)**

39

We now find ANNE LISTER with SAMUEL WASHINGTON, doing a recce  
of the flat land in the bottom of the valley below Shibden  
Hall where the waterwheel would go.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

How long do they say it'll take to  
construct it?

ANNE LISTER

To dig the drifts and sink the pit?  
Eight months. As to the dam -

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

You'd need to give Carr notice to  
quit the Well-royd land if you're  
going to turn it into a dam.

ANNE LISTER

His tenancy's up in eight months,  
so. I calculated that for the  
volume of water needed to turn an  
eighteen foot diameter wheel the  
dam needs to be four feet deep  
across two acres, so with that and  
the dam goit... we could be up and  
running in twelve months.

(she looks back along the  
valley and tries to  
estimate the fall of the  
land from Stump Cross by  
holding her thumb up at  
arms-length and squinting  
at it)

Do you know anyone with a  
theodolite?

Funnily enough, he does.

40

**EXT. ANNE'S WALK, SHIBDEN GROUNDS. DAY 46. 1210.  
(EARLY 1835)**

40

ANNE (now looking a bit dishevelled and grubby from her morning's exertions looking at land levels) is walking back up to the house and sharing her enthusiasm with us. She wants to sound triumphant, but the memory of the anonymous letter is still uppermost in her thoughts, despite her effort to fill her mind with other things, so there's an edge to her triumphalism.

ANNE LISTER

What's better than having your own coal pit? Hm? Having *two*! I should now have access to a hundred and thirty seven acres of coal by the Tillyholme lease and another hundred and twelve acres on the *other* side of the brook! So that - if I live to be old - means I may go on getting the coal at *four* acres per annum for the next... twenty-eight years!

(she's smiling. The smile slips into more of a snarl as she adds through gritted teeth - )

And sort Rawson out.

She goes around a corner, and who should be walking towards her and away from Shibden Hall, but MR. PRIESTLEY! They're as shocked as each other. Because the meeting is so sudden and unexpected, neither of them have the luxury of being able to snub or ignore one another. ANNE, who is used to being snubbed and ignored and treated with disgust, is able to get on top of her feelings much more efficiently than MR. PRIESTLEY, who looks down right embarrassed. They skirt round one another like repellent magnets.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Priestley.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Were you at the hall?

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Yes I - yes I went to see your father. And your sister. And my cousin. But she wasn't in.

ANNE LISTER

No, she's gone to Huddersfield to see her cousin Catherine.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

So you've missed her.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Yes.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. You've missed her and you've caught me. That probably wasn't the plan at all.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Plan? I was hoping she might like to make a subscription to the clergyman's widows fund.

ANNE LISTER

It's not beyond the realms of possibility.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Well then.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. You'll have to try again. Another time.

WILLIAM PRIESTLEY

Miss Lister.

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Priestley.

They linger for another awkward moment, and then he heads off. She watches after him. We look deep into ANNE LISTER's eyes as it occurs to her that *he* could be the anonymous letter-writer.

He makes the mistake of glancing back at her when she's still watching him.

We linger on ANNE as her voice takes us into the next scene (which is a day or so later)...

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

My dear Mary... I can't at the moment turn to the item from the newspaper -





43           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 47. 1530.           43**  
**(EARLY 1835)**

We now find ANNE at her desk, writing a letter to MARIANA. She has the newspaper in question on the desk right in front of her.

ANNE LISTER

(V.O. as she continues)

- that you refer to, and so I must send it another time, but the announcement was, in substance...

(she picks up the paper with some distaste and checks it out again)

"The marriage of Captain Tom Lister of Shibden Hall and Miss Ann Walker late of Crow Nest". On discovery of the hoax, a handsome volunteer apology was sent by the editor of one of the papers, and here the matter ended, for nobody was annoyed and nobody cared about it.

Just then she hears footsteps; RACHEL HEMINGWAY bringing a tray of tea things.

HEMINGWAY

Ma'am?

HEMINGWAY indicates/asks with a flick of the head if the tea tray is intended for Anne and Ann's little upstairs sitting room (rather than Anne's office). ANNE points that way, affirming -

ANNE LISTER

Yes, thank you.

ANNE drops her pen in the pot and heads for the little sitting room.

44           **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE & ANN'S UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM.           44**  
**DAY 47. 1531 (EARLY 1835)**

We discover ANN WALKER in the room already, sitting at a little table by the window, still preoccupied with documents connected to the division of the estate, many of which she finds frustrating and difficult to make sense of. HEMINGWAY sets the tea things out on a little table, then collects a few used items on the tray to take down to the kitchen. ANNE comes in.

ANNE LISTER

Thank you Hemingway.

ANN WALKER

Thank you Rachel.

ANNE sits opposite ANN by the window as HEMINGWAY withdraws. ANN glances up, but doesn't speak, two people now so familiar and easy with one another's company they don't always have to fill it with chatter.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

We ought to start packing for tomorrow.

(consults her watch)

I've ordered the horses for nine, we should be in York by one.

(on another side table Bradley's ground plans and elevations [finally arrived] are laid out)

I'm not sure about this Mr. Bradley. I'm not convinced his intellect matches his ambition. Shall I do the duty?

(She means pour the tea.

ANN affirms a "Mm"; she's busy concentrating. ANNE passes ANN her tea, and offers a small plate of gingerbread that Hemingway brought on the tea tray. ANN declines)

I didn't tell you this. Because... I don't know. But when you went to see Catherine the other day, and Mr. Priestley called - Marian told you, some rigmarole about the clergyman's widows fund -

ANN WALKER

Mm.

ANNE LISTER

I bumped into him. Outside. He was flustered, and... I don't know, I wondered if it was him that wrote that letter.

(ANN WALKER takes that in)

Or her, or both of them. And he was calling to see what effect it'd had.

After further rumination -

ANN WALKER

I don't care who sent it. It's irrelevant. I don't think we should mention it again.

On one level ANNE appreciates ANN WALKER's attitude. But because she remains sad and preoccupied it doesn't sound like a triumphant dismissal of the irrelevant, it sounds more like a defeated acceptance of things they can't control. And so that lays heavily on ANNE's spirit because she fears it will destroy them.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I told Catherine. About what Elizabeth had done.

ANNE LISTER

Did she know?

ANN WALKER

No. She'd have told me if she did.

ANNE LISTER

We're going to sort it out.

ANN WALKER

It just saddens me.

ANNE LISTER

What does?

ANN WALKER

Thinking about... what it's all for. And without children... I'm not sure what it is all for.

(this makes ANN tearful.

And obviously this is difficult for ANNE. Even with her superpowers, she can't stretch to kids)

And is it not...?

ANNE LISTER

Not...?

ANN knows this isn't what ANNE wants to hear, but it's on her mind and she has to get it out to make it go away.

ANN WALKER

God's purpose. That we - people - should have children? I just regret that it will all go to them. Ultimately. To Sackville. I never did. Before. Before this. But it's just made me dwell on it all, and I suppose... I had always imagined. That one day. I would have children of my own. That's all.

ANNE LISTER

But... you once told me. That you felt a kind of repugnance. Towards forming any sort of connection with the opposite sex.

ANN WALKER

It's...  
(...difficult to explain,  
but...)  
it's not the same thing.

ANNE LISTER

Isn't it? You mean...? You'd imagined children. But not marriage? To a man.

ANN WALKER

I don't know. Yes. Somehow. Yes, I'd imagined being a mother. But not being...  
(she shrugs, she's only talking about vague imaginings)  
You know. With a man.

ANNE LISTER

So... you *haven't* given up all thought of ever having children?

ANN WALKER

It's not... it doesn't signify. Does it? I'm with you.

ANNE LISTER

It does signify. Because I need to have confidence. That this thing between us is truly settled.  
(she twiddles with her wedding ring, as though she could easily take it off if necessary)  
And that I'm not just keeping you warm until some man comes along. It's much the same as I told Marian. Over Mr. Abbott. You'll never find me any obstacle to something you have very much at heart.

ANN WALKER

Don't say that.

ANNE feels her temper rising, and is powerless to do anything about it. ANN WALKER feels it too and it frightens her.

ANNE LISTER

Because I can be as a meteor in your life if that's what you'd like. A meteor that burns more brightly than anything you could ever imagine, and then is gone. Forever.

She gets up from her chair suddenly and walks out of the room, everything that's frustrated and angered - and frightened - her over the last few days culminating in that one sharp movement of standing up suddenly and leaving the room.

45      **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 47. 1535.**      45  
**(EARLY 1835)**

ANNE steams into her office, unlocks a drawer, yanks it open, rips out the anonymous letter that she locked in there the other day. She's cross, she's lost it a bit. ANN comes in after her, alarmed. ANNE screws the hateful letter up and puts it in the fire.

ANNE LISTER

Things like this. All my life. I pretend it gets easier, but it doesn't.

It's clear to ANN WALKER that the anonymous letter has frightened and disturbed ANNE LISTER more than she's let on to anyone, not least herself.

ANN WALKER

Anne -

ANNE LISTER

We do things for *us!* That's who it's *for.* So that we can have a life together. *We matter,* having children isn't the only reason to strive and do well and better oneself and be happy!

ANN WALKER

I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

It is - I've said it before - a great sadness that we can never have children. But if you're not certain that it isn't something you'll want in the future, well then, I need to know about that now. Because it's something I can never give you.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Just as we can never have a piece of paper that says we have any kind of legal union to bind us, neither can we have the bond a child would give us. So we have to be certain -

ANN WALKER

You're frightening me.

ANNE LISTER

*I'm frightening you?*

ANN WALKER

I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

You *need to be certain*. Before we go to York. Before we think any further about changing our wills. That this - here, with me - is what you want.

ANN WALKER

I want to be with you. More than anything else in the world. You know that.

ANNE LISTER

Nevertheless, it's a great sacrifice, and if you're not sure it's one you can make, well then.

ANN kisses ANNE.

ANN WALKER

I'm going to start packing. For York.

ANN leaves the room and heads for the bedroom to start packing.

GENTLEMAN JACK 2. EPISODE 6. 2ND SALMON REVISION. 3.9.21. 62.

We linger on ANNE and her fear that this matter will never truly be laid to rest between them and will always come back to haunt them.

**END OF EPISODE SIX**