

Gentleman Jack 2

Episode 8

Written and created by

Sally Wainwright

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The logo for Lookout Point, featuring the words "LOOKOUT" and "POINT" stacked vertically in a gold, sans-serif font, centered within a dark blue square.

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1 **EXT. BULL AND MOUTH INN, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. DAY 63. 0830. 1**
 (LATE 1835)

A very busy coaching inn, the whole thing - and everyone in the scene - resembling a bustling *Phiz* cartoon straight out of *The Pickwick Papers*. (Apparently the Bull and Mouth had underground stabling for seven hundred horses! So it's a busy terminus). ANNE assists ANN out of one side of the high-flyer as two TRADESMEN emerge from the other. JOSEPH/GEORGE, EUGÉNIE (probably both suffering from mild symptoms of hypothermia after travelling outside and through the night; shaking, wired) and OTHERS disembark from the top of the vehicle.

2 **INT. HAWKINS' HOTEL, ANNE & ANN'S ROOMS. 26 DOVER STREET, 2**
 LONDON. DAY 63. 0910 (LATE 1835)

ANNE and ANN have a small sitting room where breakfast is being brought to them by a civil but rushed-off-his-feet WAITER. They've been on the hoof for twenty-five hours! ANNE (seated) hands JOSEPH/GEORGE a note. EUGÉNIE's putting her hair in papers to curl it fashionably, *femininely*.

 ANNE LISTER

 (enunciating clearly)

 One hundred and *three*. *Long Acre*.
 Tell whoever you deal with to send
 a *trusty person* to collect my
 payment for the repairs to the
 carriage *here* - *Hawkins' Hotel* in
 Dover Street, at one o'clock this
 afternoon, and then to send the
 carriage with a pair of *good*
 horses. And a *steady driver*. At six
 o'clock tonight. It's all in there.

In the note, she means.

 JOSEPH/GEORGE

 (still jet lagged)

 One hundred and three *Long Acre*.

 ANNE LISTER

 (affirmative)

 Pearce and Baxter. Ask one of the
 porters downstairs for a boy to
 show you the way.

JOSEPH/GEORGE ducks out, eager to look like he's resourceful and switched on, even though he's worried about how mad and massive London is. The WAITER is hot on JOSEPH/GEORGE's heels to leave the room.

 ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

 (to camera, through the
 mirror)

 (MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

What a relief to get my own
carriage back.

EUGÉNIE appears to have finished putting curl papers in
ANNE's hair, and is just twiddling about with it now.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Prends ton petit déjeuner et
reviens dans vingt minutes.

Go and get some breakfast. Be back here in twenty minutes.

EUGÉNIE tiddles with ANNE's hair a bit more, not quite
satisfied she's finished, even if ANNE's decided she has.
ANNE jerks her head away petulantly; she hates being *bothered*
with in this feminizing way any more than is necessary. Her
displeasure also serves to remind EUGÉNIE that she's still
deep in the dog house. EUGÉNIE withdraws with a hint of
French huffiness. ANN WALKER looks at ANNE adorned with
comedy curl papers and says without an ounce of mirth -

ANN WALKER

You look ridiculous.

Well **obviously** she does, she's got curl papers in. Who
wouldn't?

ANNE LISTER

Let's not be small minded with one
another.

(she flips open her day
book to make notes and
adds casually -)

Pour me some tea.

(then, a murmur -)

And we were getting on so *nicely* in
the high-flyer.

ANN WALKER wants to say, "Pour your own fucking tea". Sadly
she's more inclined towards the polite school of martyrdom
than outright hostility to create an effect, and so says -

ANN WALKER

You should never have claimed
powers you didn't possess.

ANNE considers her response thoughtfully, perhaps puts her
notebook aside to show she's addressing it seriously.

ANNE LISTER

Nothing. Would please me more. Than
to introduce you to Lady Stuart de
Rothesay and Vere and any number of
others. But this isn't the t[ime] -

ANN WALKER

When we first m[et] -

(correcting herself)

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

When we became *reacquainted*, you said, you *promised* me, you'd introduce me to people.

ANNE LISTER

Yes, and I did. The Norcliff[es] -

ANN WALKER

Proper people! London society!

ANNE LISTER

We're in town to find a master for the new school. Primarily. And to see the doctor and the dentist and get our watches fixed and yes, *some* pleasure, of course. But this isn't a time for you to meet new people. Not while you still have anxieties about the division of your estate [hanging over you] -

ANN WALKER

What's *that* got to do with - ?

ANNE LISTER

You have a lot on your mind. Until it's resolved. You're here to relax, not to be *stared* at.

ANN WALKER

Stared at?

ANNE LISTER

I shouldn't like to see you overwhelmed. And believe me, these people can overw[helm] -

ANN WALKER

But *you'll* go and see them?

ANNE LISTER

If they heard I'd been in London and not visited them they'd be surprised, certainly, and *offended*. Even. And you have your - Mrs. Plowes - friend - to visit. So.
(kindly, reassuringly)
The time will come. But this isn't it.

ANNE LISTER's voice has a note of finality about it. But it's clear (on the quiet) that ANN WALKER is seriously not happy about this: this will have consequences.

OPENING TITLES

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. 3 CARLETON HOUSE, WHITEHALL. NIGHT 63. 2000. 5
(LATE 1835)

ANNE's having dinner with LADY STUART DE ROTHEsay, her husband LORD CHARLES STUART DE ROTHEsay (a diplomat, 48), his mother ELDERLY LADY STUART, her niece, Anne's old flame LADY VERE CAMERON, Lord and Lady Stuart De Rothesay's daughter CHARLOTTE (18, future Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria), and her fiancé CHARLES CANNING (23, future Governor-General of India) and LORD CALEDON (23, a friend of Canning's). CHARLOTTE is not someone giddy at her imminent marriage, she's an intelligent woman who is simply enthused by what she's talking about -

CHARLOTTE STUART

It was at the Jardin des Plantes.
You were there, Lady Cameron, you remember!

LADY VERE CAMERON

(wryly amused, a glance at ANNE)

How could I forget?

CHARLOTTE STUART

Where were you Mama?

LADY STUART DE ROTHEsay

I've no id[ea] -

CHARLOTTE STUART (CONT'D)

No, I think you were with us.

LADY STUART DE ROTHEsay (CONT'D)

No. My darling. I don't think I was.

LADY STUART

I was there.

CHARLOTTE STUART

Oh it was *you* Grandmama! And Charles you've never seen anything like it! It was as if we'd been *swallowed by the whale!* We were sitting on chairs *inside* the whale!

ANNE shares a sympathetic look with ELDERLY LADY STUART during the above, where she's vanished from her granddaughter's memory of the event.

LORD STUART DE ROTHEsay

Well Miss Lister always had a talent for knowing the best things to do and see. What was this favour, Miss Lister? You mentioned earlier.

ANNE LISTER

Oh! So. When Miss Walker and I were in Geneva last year, I ordered a scale model of the Alps from Monsieur Gaudin which is finally due to arrive in England any day now, and the problem is, they'll open it. At the Customs House. And the *anxiety* is they'll damage it. It's a huge thing, seven feet square -

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY

Good Lord!

ANNE LISTER

Oh, it's wonderful!

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY

Whatever will you do with it?

ANNE LISTER

And Monsieur Gaudin emphasised how carefully the models are packed for shipping, being so fragile. But apparently if I can get an order from the Treasury for it to be delivered to Shibden *unopened* -

LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY

(decisive, happy to help)

Write down the details, send it to me first thing in the morning. I'll sort it out.

ANNE LISTER

(touched, delighted)

What can I say?

LORD STUART indicates it's a pleasure, and barely a huge ask.

LADY STUART

How disappointing for you, Miss Lister! Not to conquer Mont Blanc.

ANNE LISTER

Oh, I could've cried. But! I sh[all] we shall go back there.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY

How lucky! To find a travelling companion as intrepid as you are!

ANNE smiles broadly in response, happy to let them think she's struck gold on every level with Miss Walker.

ANNE LISTER

Tell me about Lady Hardwick. Didn't someone say she'd had all her jewels stolen?

LADY STUART

Yes! And her mother's too.

Having seen ANNE successfully change the subject, we now cut to post-pudding, when the dinner party's still seated happily around the table, but broken down into a number of smaller but equally lively conversations. ANNE's tête-à-tête with VERE.

LADY VERE CAMERON

I'm devastated that you're in town only so briefly. You can't imagine how -

(she subtly indicates that she means ELDERLY LADY STUART, who's unaware and chatting to someone else)

Bored I've been at Richmond with my aunt during my confinement.

ANNE LISTER

Really?

LADY VERE CAMERON

We *quibble* about *money*. Can you imagine? I didn't *pay* the gardener, but I *had use* of the garden. I was giving birth! I wasn't even *in* the garden.

This troubles ANNE. Sentimental as she is about VERE, she's also very fond of ELDERLY LADY STUART, who's been very kind to her and whose friendship she values highly.

ANNE LISTER

Is she worried about money?

LADY VERE CAMERON

Well I suppose she must be.

ANNE LISTER

She's very fond of you.

This doesn't seem to mean a lot to VERE right now.

LADY VERE CAMERON

This is all I do now, Anne. Donald does the business and I drop babies.

ANNE LISTER

Children are a blessing.

(VERE laughs.)

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

She assumes ANNE's
joking. But she isn't)
They're the cement. Of a marriage.
Surely.

LADY VERE CAMERON

I never thought I'd hear you say
that.

ANNE LISTER

Neither did I.

ANNE gives a gentle laugh - she can see that's what VERE expects - but for her (on the quiet) it is an important realisation that this is how men pin women down; and regrettably this is something she can never do with Ann Walker.

LADY VERE CAMERON

You look very well. And happy. I
suppose coal - or something - must
yield a lot for you to talk of
building hotels.

(ANNE smiles)

Let's hope you don't wring yourself
dry.

ANNE LISTER

I hope so too, but if I do... well
then, my little friend must help me
out.

LADY VERE CAMERON

Come to me. I'll keep you.

VERE's flirting. ANNE simply smiles in response; Vere upset her for the last time when they were in Hastings, she'd never make herself vulnerable to Vere again. She wants Vere to think she's struck gold with Ann Walker.

A FOOTMAN has just come in and murmured something to LADY STUART DE ROTHEsay, who now claps her hands together and announces -

LADY STUART DE ROTHEsay

We have two carriages outside!

LADY STUART

Oh, what're [we] where're [we]
what're we doing?

LORD STUART DE ROTHEsay

You're going to Lady Gordon for
coffee, Mother. Not me I'm afraid,
I've got to work.

ANNE LISTER
I -
ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
He didn't even look at me, he didn't even *address* me. Not once.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
I thought you wanted me to ask -

ANN WALKER
I wanted you to *shut up*.

ANNE takes that on the chin. Shocked as she is by the impolite reprimand, broad-shouldered ANNE LISTER was often very good at taking the heat out of a situation rather than adding to it. She speaks quietly -

ANNE LISTER
I'm fairly certain he'll consider someone setting up a new school and taking the time and trouble to visit other *top schools* in preparation for it, very far from being a *half-wit*.

(ANN isn't appeased. ANNE can see she'll have to work harder)

Listen, I was thinking. When we get back to Halifax. I don't know how you'd feel about this, but... would you do me the honour of laying the foundation stone for the casino? I imagine just a small public gathering with a few well-chosen words. Something to dignify the occasion.

This appeals to ANN WALKER: a public display of her partnership with powerful ANNE LISTER, a public display of her own standing and importance in Halifax. No longer the innocuous, invisible invalid. So it has the desired effect of taking the edge off her anger.

ANN WALKER
You mean...? Make a speech? Me?

ANNE LISTER
Yes.

ANN WALKER
Do you think I could do that?

ANNE LISTER
I'm certain you could.

ANN's starting to smile; she'd be delighted. But then the smile goes thin. She's been looking pale all along, but now turns ashen. Her breathing becomes laboured and suddenly she's shaking and perspiring. She stares at ANNE weirdly.

She senses flashes in her peripheral vision, and an odd monotonous dull electronic whistling sound overwhelms the inside of her head. She can't imagine what's happening to her. Instinctively she feels her wrist, the wrist she cut: a habit when she feels vulnerable, then she starts tugging and pulling at her clothes.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Ann?

ANN WALKER

(a murmur, a whisper)

What's happening to me?

She crumples slowly, oddly, sideways, staring right through ANNE, as her consciousness slips away from her. Blackout.

9 **EXT. UDALE HOUSE, FORTROSE. DAY 65. 0845 (LATE 1835)** 9

An establishing shot of the house. Hired horses arrive and are coupled to a travelling carriage parked outside. Luggage is piled up in the drive, ready to be loaded up for the Sutherlands' trip south to Halifax. A boy's voice takes us into the next scene -

SACKVILLE SUTHERLAND

(OOV)

May I get down from the breakfast table, Mama?

10 **INT. UDALE HOUSE, DINING ROOM. FORTROSE. DAY 65. 0845. (LATE 1835)** 10

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND, ELIZABETH, ELDERLY MRS. SUTHERLAND and SACKVILLE are at the breakfast table. ELIZABETH looks pale too, she looks like someone who is systematically having all the stuffing knocked out of her. She still tries to seem cheerful for the children, but she has the glazed look of someone who has lost much of the joy of life. Before ELIZABETH can respond to Sackville's question -

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes! Off you go. Fifteen minutes Sackville, and we'll be ready for off! *Don't* let your sisters make you dirty your clothes or I shall whip you.

SACKVILLE runs out of the room. BABY JOHN is in his high chair, and ELIZABETH is now seven months pregnant with Evan Charles.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

When will you reach Edinburgh?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Tomorrow night.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Then the train! To Manchester.
Hopefully we should be in Halifax
by Saturday or Sunday.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

Poor Elizabeth!

She means with her being on the cusp of heavily pregnant.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes! The timing's far from perfect,
but Elizabeth's little sister and
Miss Lister *must have* their holiday
in London. And yet we're the ones
being difficult.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

Must you go at all?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Sadly, Mother, yes. The archaic
nature of the deeds means Elizabeth
and I must sign in person.
(he adds in a murmur, and
a glance at ELIZABETH)
If we sign at all.

ELIZABETH now seems to tacitly share his view. A tap at the
door and a young GOVERNESS comes in.

GOVERNESS

May I take little John, Ma'am?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes! Of course. Thank you, Dorothy.

The GOVERNESS lifts BABY JOHN out of his high chair.
ELIZABETH suddenly finds herself tearful at the prospect of
being parted from him.

MRS. SUTHERLAND

Don't fret, Elizabeth. Little John
and the girls will be perfectly
happy here with me and Dorothy.

ELIZABETH smiles, grateful for the assurance.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I'd better -
(she indicates upstairs)
I've got a few last minute bits and
pieces to sort out upstairs.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Of course. My dear.

ELIZABETH follows the GOVERNESS from the room, leaving
CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and his mother alone at the table.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
You mustn't let her fret.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
It isn't that. She's -
(confidentially)
worried about her sister. So am I.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
Oh is she - ?
(she makes a vague gesture
at her head, indicating
mental health problems)
Struggling. Again.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Well who knows, she may well be.
But it's not that exactly. It's
more an anxiety about this -
(lowers his voice, it's
delicate)
unnatural hold Miss Lister seems to
have over her. This *obsession* Ann
has with her. We did think Miss
Lister was a good thing. To begin
with, and that it was the
Priestleys filling her head with
nonsense. But now.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
Unnatural?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Yes. We think so.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
As in...?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
As in...
(he finds it difficult
talking about such sordid
things with his mother)
Do you remember a case. Years ago.
In Edinburgh. Two women.

She does indeed. It was notorious.

MRS. SUTHERLAND
(disbelieving)
No...!

ANN WALKER

Fourteen.

ANNE, keen not to do all the talking after her ticking-off, offers a gentle prompt to ANN -

ANNE LISTER

And - it's recurred intermittently ever since.

ANN nods in response.

DR BRODIE

Would you like to cover up?

He has a lovely manner. A genuinely kind man, who understands that people feel vulnerable when they're worried about their health. ANNE jumps up and solicitously throws a dressing gown around ANN's shoulders. ANN looks at DR BRODIE in terror for the prognosis.

DR BRODIE (CONT'D)

Some people. In early adulthood. Develop a condition called scoliosis. Which is often idiopathic, which I'm sure Miss Lister can expl[ain] -

Starter for ten.

ANNE LISTER

No known cause.

DR BRODIE

Which is what I might have anticipated from the way you described your complaint. If that *is* what it is, it's so mild a case that it's of no concern to me whatsoever. It may cause discomfort in the cervical vertebrae. Here. The neck vertebrae. As you've described. From time to time. Perhaps when you've been sitting in a carriage for a bit too long. But it's not a progressive ailment, it's unlikely to get worse. I'm going to give you three prescriptions for belladonna to be taken as and when and *if* you need it. And a tonic. For the fainting. Which has nothing to do with it. Half the female population of London fainted on Tuesday. Because of the heat. That and the fact that you wear stays. Stays were designed by men to control women.

(MORE)

DR BRODIE (CONT'D)

To control your shape, your weight,
your movements. I'm afraid you
ladies are complicit in your own
downfall. I wouldn't wear them.

ANN WALKER

So...? There's nothing to worry
about?

DR BRODIE

Do you eat properly?

Not always. So she's a bit cagey with -

ANN WALKER

I try to.

DR BRODIE

Well then. I would say you have
exactly nothing to worry about.

ANN WALKER

Shall I...? Get dressed.

He affirms with a smile. ANN leaves the room. Only now perhaps do we realise that ANNE LISTER is star-struck. A bit like when she met the Danish Queen, absolutely on her toppest, best, unctuous behaviour.

ANNE LISTER

It's a great privilege. To meet
you. Sir Benjamin.

DR BRODIE

Well. Miss Lister. It's a very
great privilege to meet a woman
who's studied under Cuvier.

ANNE LISTER

(delighted)

Oh, I shouldn't have mentioned it.
So - she's all right?

DR BRODIE

She *is* the sort of person who
struggles with anxiety, I can see
that, but yes, there's nothing to
fear. When're you travelling home?

ANNE LISTER

We have another five days here and
a thousand things to do. Then we're
going home via Leamington and then
the Peak District.

ANNE LISTER

The London trip was - primarily -
for you, for you to find a school
master, to see the dentist, to see
Sir Benjamin, to see Mrs. Plowes,
to see Westminster Abbey and the
Houses of Parliament, to get away -

ANN WALKER

No it wasn't. It was for you to see
your friends.

ANNE LISTER

Oh so none of those other things
happened.

"Well, they did, yes", we can see ANN WALKER thinking. *But -*

ANN WALKER

I won't be sifted.

ANNE LISTER

Sifted?

ANN WALKER

For money.

ANNE LISTER

Sifted?

ANN WALKER

We said our... arrangement. Would
be as good as a marriage.

ANNE LISTER

As far as it can be, yes.

ANN WALKER

You should've taken me to meet your
friends.

ANNE LISTER

I explained why [it wasn't the
time] -

ANN WALKER

I'm your wife. When it's
convenient. When you need money.
(lowers her voice -)
In bed. But when it comes to your
aristocratic people... I'm an
inconvenience.

ANNE LISTER

As I say, one day I['d be more than
delighted] -

ANN WALKER

And then there's Mrs. Lawton.

That's a bit left field, she's not been mentioned for a bit.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. *Lawton*?

ANN WALKER

I know there was more to it. That night. When you came back from Lawton Hall.

(that's a bit of a shock.

ANNE decides it'd be wise to keep her mouth shut on that score)

The damage is done. I've seen you in your true colours.

This appalls ANNE LISTER. And because she's vulnerable over the truth of what happened with Mrs. Lawton, she loses it and lashes out -

ANNE LISTER

My true co[lours] - !? I got you an appointment with the King's surgeon! And not *only because* he's the King's surgeon but because he's also the *leading expert on joint pain!* Which *I* bothered to *find out about*. For *you*. *Those are my true colours.*

They both turn and studiously examine what's outside their respective windows to get as mentally far away from one another as possible.

ANNE LISTER

I think you're anxious about getting back to Halifax because of the Sutherlands. I think that's what all this is about.

ANN WALKER knows that may well be true, but on top of that -

ANN WALKER

The amount of money you're spending these days terrifies me.

ANNE LISTER

You're the one person who's shown any faith in my Northgate scheme.

ANN WALKER

Yes! And I hope it succeeds! But what if it doesn't? I'm frightened you'll ruin yourself and then me.

ANNE LISTER

How could I ruin you? I'm borrowing all the big money elsewhere.

ANN WALKER

Yes, but who are you counting on to bail you out? If you can't maintain your repayments?

ANNE shakes her head.

ANNE LISTER

No, I would never do that to you.

ANN WALKER

Do you think I could bear to see you in a debtors' prison?

ANNE LISTER

If the worst came to the worst - which it won't - I would sell Shibden and... I could live anywhere, I could live under a stone if I had to. And as for a debtors' prison, they'd have to catch me first.

That was half-intended to try and provoke a smile from MISS WALKER. But it doesn't. It's not funny. It's only now she's seeing that to live with ANNE LISTER is to live dangerously. In ways she might have anticipated, and ways she might not.

ANN WALKER

No. I'm sorry. I can't do this any more. And I'm still not convinced...

(MORE)

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

(lowers her voice)

That what we do is right.

She means in bed. Obvs. She might unconsciously twiddle with her crucifix as she says it. Or her wedding ring.

ANNE LISTER

Well.

(gently)

You know what I think about that,
I've explained it often enough.

ANN WALKER

I think the sooner we part the
better.

Silence. Lots of it. ANNE becomes very grave. Sincere. Not point-scoring -

ANNE LISTER

Well then. You do know... my first
and greatest wish has always been
for your happiness. And if I can't
make you happy... I only hope
someone else might succeed better.

ANNE fights the urge to leave the table on that note,
determined not to be the one to walk away, either literally
or figuratively. So they just sit there in silence.

22 **INT. THE GREEN MAN INN, ANNE & ANN'S BEDROOM. ASHBOURNE. 22**
NIGHT 67. 2300 (LATE 1835)

Lit only by moonlight, ANNE and ANN lie at the extremity of
their respective sides of the bed, both facing the other way.
Both awake and rankling silently over what's been said.

23 **EXT. THE GREEN MAN INN, ASHBOURNE. DAY 68. 0900. 23**
(LATE 1835)

Next morning. ANNE's carriage is being re-loaded for off.
ANNE - polite as ever - waits to assist MISS WALKER in first,
even though things are decidedly tepid between them. ANNE
takes the opportunity to say a subdued -

ANNE LISTER

There's a church here. With a
monument. To a child. That died. I
once saw it years ago when I was
travelling with Mrs. Lawton and
I've always thought - if ever I
passed this way again - I'd like to
see it again. Would you mind?

ANN WALKER

No of course not.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

"In form and intellect most exquisite". She died. Three weeks - twenty-one days - before I was born. Isn't that...? Curious. And I can't help imagining, what if...

(she knows it's mad, but she wants to say it out loud and test just how mad it does sound)

What if. She was me? What if I'm her?

ANN WALKER

What d'you mean?

ANNE LISTER

Why am I me? I was born into a fairly useless family. *Not* the Listers, the Listers are *not* useless, just my particular little squad of them. *Not* my aunt, *not* Uncle James. Just... my father. And my mother. And poor Marian. So why do I have such refined tastes and aspirations and - where does that *come from*? Why is it *in my bones* to want to spend time with people so much *better* than myself? What if. In another life...

(she nods at the exquisite child)

that was me.

Blimey.

ANN WALKER

I - I don't think that's how things work.

ANNE LISTER

No, yes, it can be. Reincarnation.

ANN WALKER

Yes, but that that that doesn't really... [exist] it's not really a... [thing].

ANNE LISTER

Well then why does it have this *effect* on me?! I'm a scientist! A logician! I don't indulge in fanciful nonsense! So why - ?

Her face creases up all crying again and she can't quite control it this time and it leads to big snotty wet crying. ANN WALKER's stunned.

She doesn't know what to do: it's a bit odd. ANNE - embarrassed by her torrent of tears - recovers a modicum of equilibrium, just enough to continue with -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Either that - or - is this the child I'll never have? The child I can never give you. "In form and intellect most exquisite". A perfect child who can never breathe.

(she puts her hand softly on the little girl's stone cheek and strokes the stone lips tenderly with her thumb, as if she wishes she could breathe life into her)

Never have life.

(she looks from the sleeping child up to ANN)

Mm?

ANN finds it breaks her heart to see proud, indomitable ANNE LISTER reduced to someone vulnerable, humbled, risking ridicule. She also realises this is a face that ANNE LISTER doesn't show to many people.

ANN WALKER

I don't know.

They stand there just breathing, thinking, looking at the little girl. An intense shared moment between them. Eventually (her hand still tenderly caressing the child's face) -

ANNE LISTER

Sorry. I'm ridiculous.

ANN WALKER

(nearly in tears herself now)

No you're not.

27 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL, BACK YARD. EVENING 68. 1910 (LATE 1835) 27**

The sun is almost setting as Anne's carriage arrives through the barn, and pulls up at the back door.

28 **OMITTED**

28

29

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. EVENING 68. 1945.
(LATE 1835)**

29

ANNE, ANN, JEREMY, AUNT ANNE and MARIAN eat dinner.
Preoccupied ANN's just folding open a letter that
JOSEPH/GEORGE has handed to her.

ANNE LISTER

We very nearly bought a sketch by
Turner. *The Turner*. It was a tiny
little thing, done before he was
famous. We were both really quite
taken with it, but they were asking
four guineas and it was *just* that
bit more than either of us were
willing to pay.

MARIAN LISTER

I've never liked Turner.

ANNE LISTER

Oh really?
(she smiles)
And he speaks so highly of you.

MARIAN LISTER

(*Eh?*)
Does he?

Having digested the note, which fills her with dread -

ANN WALKER

My sister and Captain Sutherland
and little Sackville have arrived
at Cliffhill. My aunt's expecting
me there in the morning and wants
me to stay until a week on
Saturday.

She shows ANNE the note as proof that she's not making it up
as an excuse to get away from her.

MARIAN LISTER

When? He's never met me.

ANNE glances at the note and nods thoughtfully, gravely. Is
this a precursor to her leaving? Is that still on the cards?

ANNE LISTER

Will you go?

ANN WALKER

I'd like to see Elizabeth.

ANNE LISTER

Well then. And will you still lay
the foundation stone for me?

ANN WALKER

Of course.

MARIAN LISTER

How do[es] - ? When has Turner ever
said anything about me?

ANNE's pleased that's still a plan. They both look at one
another long enough for there to seem to be an understanding
that ANN WALKER *isn't* leaving, despite what was said.

MARIAN LISTER (CONT'D)

What foundation stone?

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh, for the casino!

ANNE LISTER

And just a small ceremony, yes.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I don't think I could comfortably
get down into Halifax any more.

ANNE LISTER

Oh no Aunt, I wouldn't expect you
to! But if anyone else -
(JEREMY dismisses the idea
with a snigger and a
snort, and MARIAN nods
yes, she'd quite like to
be there)
- felt able to support me - us -
you'd be very welcome.

Just then ANN indicates to JOSEPH/GEORGE with a subtle tap on
her glass that she wants a top-up, and we get the idea (from
ANNE's discomfort on spotting this) that it's not the first
time she's had a top-up.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

I don't think we've got any other
news. Have we got any other news
Jeremy? Dr. Jubb came last Tuesday.
Or was it Wednesday? And I don't
think I've seen anyone else.

AUNT ANNE notices what ANNE's troubled about; MISS WALKER
necking another glass of vino *and* just prodding at her food.

30

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. NIGHT 68. 2230.
(LATE 1835)

30

Stoic ANNE assists ANN awkwardly into the room and then more
or less has to lift her onto the bed. She's had far too much
to drink *and* on an empty stomach.

ANN WALKER

The room's sp[inning]...

She indicates 'spinning'.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

For signing the surrender of the deeds.

ANN WALKER

Oh. Well. Mr. Gray. Or his assistant. Or someone. Is going to come over from York on Friday. I think. For us all to sign... whatever needs signing. As far as I understand it. And then... that's it.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

As far as you understand it?

ANN WALKER

That's - yes - what's happening.

He's trying to imply of course that she's not got a firm handle on the thing. But he knows who has -

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I expected Miss Lister to be with you.

ANN WALKER

Oh, she may come over. During the week. When she has five minutes. *If* she has five minutes.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Can we be frank? Ann. Elizabeth and I are concerned. You're perfectly entitled to request a division of the property, of course, [but] -

ANN WALKER

No. It's agreed. You agreed terms in your last letter. You're here to sign, any further tiresome discussion about it is over.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Elizabeth and I. Are concerned. That you have been coerced. By someone. And if that's the case -

ANN WALKER

Coerced?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

And if that *is* the case we have a duty, a responsibility to protect you.

ANN WALKER

I'm thirty-two. I'm in excellent health. Better than I've ever been. I don't need protecting.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I think you look pale. Perhaps you need protecting from yourself.
(he touches her wrist)
Hm? It wouldn't be the first time, would it?

ANN WALKER

Don't. Touch me.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I was more than a little alarmed to discover in *your* last letter that for the last... however many months. The deeds to the entire estate have been kept at Shibden Hall.

ANN WALKER

Alarmed? Why?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Where anyone might see them.

ANN WALKER

I live there. Where else would I keep them?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

They should've been left in the vault. At the bank. Where I put them. Where they were safe.

ANN WALKER

I needed to consult them to draw up the proposals for the division. They're *safe* at Shibden. They're locked in a block tin box in the upper kitchen chamber. Miss Lister's very particular about secur[ity] -

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Oh I'm sure she is.
(he leans in closer and lowers his voice further)
We know you don't write your own letters. They're too precise. Too litigious. Too...
(he feigns reluctance to say it, but we have to be frank -)
competent.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND (CONT'D)

Is it not the truth that Miss Lister is behind this whole request for the division?

ANN WALKER

No.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I think she is. I think she's orchestrated the whole thing. For what purpose I can't imagine - or maybe I can, only too vividly - but Elizabeth and I have a duty -

ANN WALKER

I want my half of my father's estate. You've had Elizabeth's half, you'll not keep mine from me any longer.

This is all hush-hush. No-one wants Aunt Ann Walker - who can't be too far away - to get wind of it.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Does Jonathan Gray understand the exact nature of this... hold. Miss Lister has over you?

ANN turns to ELIZABETH -

ANN WALKER

This - what? What *hold*?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Elizabeth is just as concerned as I am. About the nature. Of your relationship. With Miss Lister.

This terrifies ANN WALKER. How can he know? He can't. He's surmising. Although ELIZABETH's always known that ANN had a big romantic girly crush on Anne when she was younger. And ELIZABETH - oddly - does seem to be on side with her husband in a way that disturbs ANN. Somehow, from somewhere deep inside, ANN finds courage and clarity.

ANN WALKER

Miss Lister is irrelevant. I may not even stay much longer at Shibden Hall. But I *do* want my moiety of my father's estate.

Anne Lister's influence on ANN WALKER is deeper than CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND suspected. His arguments were supposed to wrong-foot her, not the other way round.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I want to see the deeds and the rent books.

33 **EXT/INT. SHIBDEN HALL, YARD / HOUSEBODY / STAIRS / ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. DAY 69. 1620 (LATE 1835)** 33

ANNE LISTER heads inside the house, returning from Halifax. As she heads through into the housebody JOSEPH/GEORGE comes racing after her from the kitchens.

JOSEPH/GEORGE
There's a note ma'am! From
Cliffhill. The servant brought it.

ANNE takes the note and pops it open. She heads up the stairs as she reads -

ANN WALKER
(V.O.)
My dearest Anne. Captain Sutherland started an argument about the deeds as soon as he decently could. He demanded to see the rent books and so I refused. He has gone off to York in a great flurry hoping to see Mr. Gray first thing in the morning. It is far from clear whether he intends to sign for the division or not. I shall stay here with Elizabeth, whose head he seems to have turned, but if you were to make arrangements for us to go to York ourselves later tomorrow to see Mr. Gray, if - on Captain Sutherland's return - we deem it necessary, I would be grateful. Please come over when you can. I am your own A.W.

ANNE heads into her office, chucks her hat and coat down, gets her diary out, chucks it on her desk, flops in a chair. When she's finished reading the note, she consults us with a tired look. Would it not be so much easier to do without this rigmarole and just... let Miss Walker go?

34 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM. DAY 70. 0610 (LATE 1835)** 34

Dawn light peeps through a gap in the curtains. ANNE's having sex with MARIANA. Good, robust sex, so in tune with one another's tastes and desires, ANNE playing the man, really into each other (but let's keep it real as well). Just as ANNE climaxes, we change the camera angle and realise... that she's on her own; she just incurred a cross thinking about Mariana. For the first time since her marriage to Ann Walker. We look into her eyes for some flicker of sadness and guilt. And maybe we see only detachment, tinged with a flicker of sadness.

35 INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 70. 0900 (LATE 1835) 35

ANNE and MARIAN eat breakfast together. No Jeremy and no Aunt Anne.

MARIAN LISTER

There's been no communication from
the servants' registry in York.
About a replacement for Matthew.

ANNE LISTER

I may have to go over to York later
today, I'll give Mr. Thomas a jolt.

MARIAN LISTER

I'm not happy ab[out] -
(she dries up)
I'm not hap[py] -

It's only on the second attempt that ANNE realises that
MARIAN's close to tears, hence her inability to spit it out.
ANNE puts her newspaper down and pays attention.

ANNE LISTER

(kindly)
What's the matter?

MARIAN LISTER

I'm thinking I'd like to move back
to Market Weighton. And take Father
with me.

Not something ANNE had anticipated. Just then JOSEPH/GEORGE
tap-taps at the door and comes in with a letter.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Post ma'am, and a message from Mrs.
Bagnall. There's a massive parcel
for you down at t'sorting office,
seven foot by seven foot big and
she says it's been there since
Monday and it's in t'way and can
you fetch [it] -

ANNE LISTER

It's my model of the Al[ps] - !
(reining it in, realising
she got a bit wild there)
Alps. Yes, yes of course we can.
Take your brother. Take the cart.
Now! Go on.

JOSEPH/GEORGE dives out. ANNE gets over her excitement, then
turns as sensitively as she can back to MARIAN.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Why move back to Market Weighton?

MARIAN LISTER

Just... I find the management of the household finances too much for me, and no-one *listens* to me, and - you don't - and I just... I don't think there's anything much for me. Here. Any more.

ANNE LISTER

What about...?
(she barely wants to suggest it)
Mr. Abbott?

MARIAN goes even more quiet and thoughtful.

MARIAN LISTER

Oh that's all off.

ANNE LISTER

Is it? When?

MARIAN LISTER

Some time ago.

ANNE had no idea.

ANNE LISTER

Well. I'd... miss you.
(bit of an effort there,
but some truth in it)
Miss Walker would miss you. *Aunt Anne* would miss you. And I *do* listen to you. And if the household finances are a burden, let me help you with them.
(she squeezes her hand)
Hm?

MARIAN goes all gooey and un-firm of purpose when ANNE actually bothers being mates with her. ANNE has popped open her letter and now reads it briskly.

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Oh good Lord.

Her tone is sickened, shocked.

MARIAN LISTER

Anne?

ANNE LISTER

It's Tib. Her mother's had a stroke.

This news knocks ANNE LISTER for six.

36

INT. MR. GRAY'S OFFICE, YORK. DAY 70. 0920 (LATE 1835) 36

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND is with JONATHAN GRAY. He's worked himself up into a lather, his conviction that Anne Lister is both a sexual and a financial predator has become overwhelming.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

First - and as I've explained to Miss Walker - I've been as keen as her to find a time when my wife and I could get down here and settle the matter, not least so that I could make provision in my own will for my children. But it is now utterly apparent to me that it would be grossly irresponsible to sign for the division.

GRAY takes this in with due sincerity and caution.

JONATHAN GRAY

Why?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Sir. My wife believes - as I do - that her sister is being manipulated into making choices that are neither hers nor in her best interests.

This is serious stuff, and GRAY takes it as such.

JONATHAN GRAY

How?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

My sister-in-law has - in the past - had problems. She has...

(as delicately as he can)
- a weakness of mind that any knowing or unscrupulous person might take advantage of. And that's precisely what we believe has been happening.

JONATHAN GRAY

Are you...? Suggesting that *I* have manipulated her?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

No. Certainly not. Why would you?

(he embarks on this carefully. To accuse a gentlewoman of something like this is big bananas)
Do you know...? Miss Lister. Anne Lister.

JONATHAN GRAY

I've known Miss Lister for some years.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

It's a difficult accusation to make against a lady. You'll have to forgive my indelicacy. But I feel I must express what plagues my thoughts otherwise I would never forgive myself if anything were to happen to Miss Walker.

(he hesitates again before saying it)

We believe... that Miss Lister has an unnatural hold over her. And that her ultimate aim is to have what money she can from her.

GRAY takes this in. We get no sense of shock or partiality from him, just a big brain at work.

JONATHAN GRAY

Your sister-in-law underwent a course of treatment. Here in York in the earlier part of last year with a Dr. Belcombe, who - you may know - is highly regarded in his field. And I know that he's been pleased with her progress and has been clear - we've spoken, and recently - that in his opinion Miss Walker is in a perfectly fit and healthy state of mind to make a will. And so on *this* matter over the division of the estate, I have no anxieties whatsoever. Your concern for your sister-in-law is - of course - laudable, but legally there are no grounds on which to deny her a recognised division of an estate that is already half hers. And as for Miss Lister. I've never seen her be anything other than supportive and kind to Miss Walker. And what you call 'unnatural'... well, yes. Miss Lister is formidably well informed. And she can't always hide it. I know a display of too much intellect is discouraged amongst the ladies, but really. Miss Walker is lucky to count Miss Lister among her friends.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I don't think you quite grasp...
what I'm rather ineptly trying to
say. You may know... it was a
scandal at the time. There was a
case in Edinburgh. Some years ago.
Brought against two women. School
teachers. We believe - my wife and
I - that Miss Lister has...

(he feels weird saying it,
it's so off the scale)
debauched Miss Walker.

JONATHAN GRAY doesn't flinch. His look remains fixed on
CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND. It may take him a moment.

JONATHAN GRAY

The case you refer to wasn't
against the two women. It was
against the lady who had accused
them openly of sexual misconduct.
They sued her. For attempting to
destroy their reputations and the
reputation of their school. They
won. One of the presiding
magistrates said - of the
accusations the lady had made
against them - "the crime here
alleged *does not exist*". Miss
Lister may not be the marrying
kind, but if you were to suggest
anything beyond that... you'd face
the same problem as the Scottish
lady. Because - even if such a
thing *were* possible between two
highly respectable Christian
Englishwomen - the fact would
remain... that it's not illegal.

(CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND feels
wrong-footed by GRAY's
unfazed response)

The lady - in Scotland - who made
the accusation appealed and it went
all the way up to the House of
Lords who ordered *her* to pay the
two women whose lives she had
destroyed with her tittle-tattle
ten thousand pounds in costs and
compensation.

(so that gives CAPTAIN
SUTHERLAND something to
stick in his pipe, and
brings GRAY neatly on
to...)

(MORE)

JONATHAN GRAY (CONT'D)

The intention is for my assistant -
Mr. Shepley Watson - to come over
to you in Halifax on Friday
afternoon with the documents to be
signed by yourself and Mrs.
Sutherland and Miss Walker. Will
that be convenient?

With no further objections to hand, CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND finds
he must accept it (albeit reluctantly, and very frustrated) -

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Yes, if - yes. If - yes.

JONATHAN GRAY

I can come myself. Too. If it helps
matters.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

No. No. That won't...

Be necessary. We linger on CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND. He needs to
think hard about how he can rescue this situation.

37

INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, BACK DOOR / HALLWAY. DAY 70. 1500. 37
(LATE 1835)

A SERVANT lets ANNE LISTER in at the back door. She's wearing
her riding habit and riding hat (and behind her, tied up in
the yard, is NERO). ANNE looks all swashbuckling and
dishevelled, possibly even a cut and bruised cheek-bone,
which of course only makes her look even more exciting than
ever. ANN WALKER - who's been loitering in the hallway -
realises she's there and rushes to greet her. She dismisses
the SERVANT briskly and whispers urgently -

ANN WALKER

Thank *God* you're *he[re]* - !
(she sees the bruising)
What's happened?

ANNE LISTER

I brought your pony. To give it
exercise. And had a sad fight with
the animal nearly all the way here.
(she hears voices -
including a man's voice -
from within the house,
and all perfectly jolly)
Are we going to York?

ANN WALKER

I'm not [sure] - I don't know.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Norcliffe's had a stroke.

ANN WALKER

When?

ANNE LISTER

Letter from Tib this morning.
Yesterday apparently.

ANN's shocked and saddened. Mrs. Norcliffe was kind to her.
And she knows how fond of her ANNE is.

ANN WALKER

I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

So if we were going to York I could
go and see [her] -

ANN WALKER

The thing is, Captain Sutherland
was back here by lunch time and
seemed thoroughly appeased.

So that's a big surprising about-turn. But on second thoughts
it only makes ANNE suspicious.

ANNE LISTER

Did he. Indeed.

ANN WALKER

He apologised to me and said it was
all Elizabeth's fault.

ANNE LISTER

How?

ANN WALKER

Oh it was *her* who wanted the rent
books. It wasn't. He's lying. So...
I don't know. I don't know what
your Mr. Gray said to him but
something's afoot.

ANNE LISTER

Gray won't have said anything
against you. You're his client.
You're his *very wealthy* client.

ANN WALKER

Men *collude*. Especially when they
think they're dealing with an
invalid like me.

ANNE LISTER

You are not. An invalid. You must write to Gray, ascertain that everything's still on course for Friday, and in the meantime cheerfully assume that it is. Why is he suddenly blaming your sister?

ANN WALKER

Becau[se] -

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)

Because he's trying to get you and her at odds with one another! Why has he got a bee in his bonnet about the rent books?

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

Because -

(embarrassed)

He's *cross* because I've had the deeds with me all these months at Shibden Hall.

ANNE LISTER

Cross? Why? It's where you live.

ANN WALKER

"Where anybody might see them".

ANNE LISTER

Oh meaning *me*?

(ANN offers no response,
but... yes)

Because *I'm* so desperate to plunder your coffers. Obviously.

The word 'sifted' is clearly in both their minds. ANNE heads purposefully for the room where the voices are coming from.

ANN WALKER

Anne!

ANNE LISTER

Don't worry. My weapon of choice comes in a velvet glove.

ANN grabs her by the arm to slow her down -

ANN WALKER

Apparently Mr. Gray said the deeds should have been with an indifferent person such as Mr. Parker. Until the division was settled.

This strikes ANNE.

ANNE LISTER

Did he?

(she hesitates to think)

Well then show willing. Let's go into Halifax this afternoon and give them to Parker for safe keeping until it is. Then Captain Sutherland has nothing to find fault with.

(she hesitates)

If it's still what you want. The division.

ANN WALKER

Of course it is.

ANNE LISTER

(lowers her voice further)

And to change our wills. And all of it?

ANN WALKER hesitates a telling fraction of a second too long.

ANN WALKER

I want to get the division settled first. I want the division come what may. And what comes after that...

(she goes silent)

Let's just get this dealt with first. Hm?

ANNE takes in the implications. The thing is clearly still in the balance. But it saddens rather than frustrates her now. What will be, will be. Then, in characteristic form, she brushes that aside and heads into the sitting room. We (and ANN) go into the room with her -

38

INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, THE DRAWING ROOM. DAY 70. 1503.
(LATE 1835)

38

- and discover CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND, SACKVILLE and ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND is on the floor playing with SACKVILLE and his soldiers. ANNE greets ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND like a long-lost friend.

ANNE LISTER

Mrs. Sutherland! Good Lord, how are you?!

ANN WALKER

Anne's [here] -

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Miss Lister!

ANNE goes over and shakes hands with ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND, sweeping into the room like a vortex. Her weapon of choice - if we didn't realise already - is her overwhelming charisma and energy that just knocks everyone sideways.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND finds herself delighted, despite all the gaslighting she's had against ANNE LISTER from her husband.

ANNE LISTER

Captain Sutherland! There you are.

No, don't get up.

(she shakes his hand while
he's still getting up off
the floor)

No Miss Walker?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

She's upstairs. She's lying down.

ELIZABETH is clearly bemused by ANNE LISTER's bruised face. ANNE smiles as she explains -

ANNE LISTER

Adny's pony threw me. Or did I
throw him? Her. I can't remember.

ANN WALKER

Her.

ANNE LISTER

And this must be Sackville!

(SACKVILLE hides behind
his father, he's never
seen a man in a dress
before)

What an *elusive* fellow! Good
tactics. I can see you'd make an
excellent soldier. I'm afraid I
can't stay long. I shouldn't even
be here I've got so much on hand
but I should've been sad not to see
you all when you'd travelled all
this way. Miss Walker's laying my
foundation stone for me on
Saturday, I'm building a hotel with
an assembly room, has she told you?
I do hope you'll come and support
us, since you're here. Just a
little ceremony with a few short
speeches. Just for the town.

ELIZABETH consults her husband with a look. He appears to be smiling at the suggestion.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Yes, we - erm.

Perhaps he's using ANNE LISTER's 'smile, it confuses people' tactic too. But we can also see his monstrous mistrust for ANNE LISTER behind his smile.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

We'd be delighted.

ANNE LISTER

Perfect! And then why not come to us for tea? In the afternoon. Adny can show you our neat little upstairs wing, Mrs. Sutherland. Where we've been so cosily and happily ensconced. Don't you think your sister looks *well*, Mrs. Sutherland?

ELIZABETH barely dare contradict her husband's narrative (ANN WALKER the invalid), but can't deny that her sister is a different person these days, and that makes her happy.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

Yes. Yes. Yes, she does.

39

INT/EXT. ANN WALKER'S CARRIAGE / STREET IN HALIFAX / PARKER & ADAM'S. DAY 70. 1640 (LATE 1835)

39

ANNE and ANN travel into Halifax. ANN WALKER has her block tin deed box, with her deeds therein. From grinning at one another at the end of the last scene, they both now look rather grim, sad, subdued, reprising the tone of things between them at the end of scene 37.

ANNE LISTER

Good Lord, what's he done to Elizabeth? I talked at nineteen knots and prized barely a squeak from her.

ANN WALKER

She daren't talk for fear of contradicting him. And when he went to York all she talked about was the children and... all so *inane*.

ANNE LISTER

I'm sorry I'm a bit flat. I've got poor Mrs. Norcliffe on my mind. She was always so kind to me. When I was younger.

ANN WALKER

Well you must go over.

ANNE LISTER

No, I'll stay here 'til this is dealt with, and then I may go.

The carriage pulls up. ANN WALKER hesitates before getting out.

ANN WALKER

I don't trust Parker.

ANNE LISTER

My advice is offered in good faith,
whether it's accepted or not is for
the recipient to decide.

ANN lingers an indecisive moment longer, squeezes ANNE's hand affectionately, trustingly, then gets out of the carriage with the block tin deed box. We linger on ANNE LISTER half appreciating the gesture, half thinking, 'Where will it end?' Then she follows ANN WALKER out of the carriage and into Parker and Adams. The door closes behind her.

40 **EXT. SHIBDEN HALL. EARLY EVENING 71. 1700 (LATE 1835)** 40

Almost a week later.

Late afternoon, early evening over Shibden Hall. Two men walk through the barn and up to the back door of the house. One of them is JOHN HARPER. The other - a professional-looking MAN - is someone we haven't met before. They both carry satchels (or similar) to carry documents in.

41 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, ANNE'S UPSTAIRS STUDY. EARLY EVENING 71 41**
1702 (LATE 1835)

ANNE's busy at her journal (we see her writing in code) when CORDINGLEY knocks at the door. She comes in drying her hands on a tea towel, as though no-one else was about when they knocked, so she had to answer the door, even though she might have been up to her elbows in offal.

CORDINGLEY

There's Mr. Harper downstairs
ma'am, and a Mr. Shepley Watson? He
says he's from Mr. Gray's office.
In York.

42 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, HOUSEBODY. EARLY EVENING 71. 1715.** 42
(LATE 1835)

JOHN HARPER and SHEPLEY WATSON are now with ANNE LISTER and ANN WALKER. ANN WALKER is signing the division document, which SHEPLEY WATSON is overseeing.

JOHN HARPER

Imagine our surprise, Miss Lister,
when Mr. Watson and I got chatting
in the high flyer and realised we
were both heading not just for
Halifax but for Shibden Hall!

ANNE LISTER

Are you travelling back to York
tonight, Mr. Watson?

SHEPLEY WATSON

By the time I've been over to Lightcliffe and got Captain and Mrs. Sutherland's signatures, I imagine I'd be as well spending the night in Halifax.

ANNE LISTER

Well then I recommend the White Swan Inn. On Crown Street. But were you to be here in a few months' time -

(she smiles at HARPER)

I should recommend the new Northgate Hotel.

ANN WALKER

(offering him the signed document back)

Thank you.

A tiny little moment/look of support from ANNE to ANN now she's signed the thing. A big unspoken moment. Perhaps again we linger on ANN WALKER and her sense of satisfaction that at last they're at the stage of signing, and now she herself has signed; she's come into her own. Officially a very wealthy, very powerful woman.

JOHN HARPER

On the subject of accommodation, Miss Lister, my landscaper, Mr. Samuel Grey will arrive during the afternoon tomorrow. Like Mr. Husband and Mr. Nelson, he'll stay for the duration of the build and he'll need somewhere to live too.

ANNE LISTER

We can put him up here for a few nights. Will he be all right sleeping with my footman, in his quarters?

JOHN HARPER

Oh yes.

ANNE LISTER

Until we can find something more permanent for him.

SHEPLEY WATSON

(packing away the docs)

So. That's that. And you mentioned you might be able to spare a servant? Miss Lister. To guide me over to Cliffhill.

ANNE considers that carefully.

ANNE LISTER
Why would they want to do that?

MARIAN hesitates.

MARIAN LISTER
I wasn't completely honest with
you. About Mr. Abbott.

Oh shit, thinks ANNE -

ANNE LISTER
Are you still seeing him?

MARIAN LISTER
No. No. Not that. He called a halt
to things between us because - he
hadn't seen it at the time, but -
someone taunted him. With that
silly marriage announcement. In the
paper. About you and Miss Walker. I
think it may have been Rawdon
Briggs. So he said he couldn't
associate with me any more.
Because... people say things. Which
of course...
(sadly)
they do.

ANNE takes it on the chin. As much as she can. These things
always hurt and offend, of course.

ANNE LISTER
And is that why you want to go back
to Market Weighton?

MARIAN is reluctant to say yes, but it is.

MARIAN LISTER
I do wish you luck with it. Though.
Anne. I hope the Northgate Casino
will be a great success.

She smiles as best she can, leaves Anne's room, and heads
downstairs. ANNE hesitates: will the crowd be unpleasant? She
pulls her coat on and grabs her hat.

45

**INT. SHIBDEN HALL, CORRIDOR / JEREMY'S BEDROOM / AUNT ANNE'S
BEDROOM. DAY 72. 1212 (LATE 1835)**

ANNE heads along the corridor to Aunt Anne's bedroom.
Straight ahead is JEREMY's bedroom. He's sitting reading by
his fire.

ANNE heads into her aunt's bedroom, where AUNT ANNE is reading the newspaper and taking her lunch in bed (her leg's painful today). ANNE taps at the open door and comes in, in her finery, ready for off.

ANNE LISTER
Wish me luck.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Let me look at you!

ANNE LISTER
Don't forget the Sutherlands are coming to tea this afternoon. If you felt able to get downstairs when you've finished your luncheon.

AUNT ANNE LISTER
Good luck.

ANNE kisses her AUNT affectionately and heads off again.

46 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, CORRIDOR / JEREMY'S BEDROOM. DAY 72. 46**
1213. CONTINUOUS. (LATE 1835)

As she strides back along the corridor, away from her aunt's bedroom, JEREMY calls out to Anne -

JEREMY LISTER
You're making a fool of yourself!

ANNE heads into Jeremy's bedroom...

47 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, JEREMY'S BEDROOM. DAY 72. 1213. 47**
CONTINUOUS (LATE 1835)

...and looks at her father steadily.

JEREMY LISTER
You do know that, don't you?

ANNE LISTER
Marian says she's thinking of moving back to Market Weighton. And taking you with her.

JEREMY LISTER
Mm.

ANNE LISTER
You would - of course - be more than welcome to stay here with me and Adny.

ANN WALKER appreciates this but the potential moment of proper reconciliation between them is interrupted by JOSEPH/GEORGE who yanks the carriage door open -

51

EXT. NORTHGATE, HALIFAX. DAY 72. 1256. CONTINUOUS.
(LATE 1835)

51

- and MR. HARPER steps forward to greet the ladies from their carriage. WASHINGTON is with HARPER too, to provide assistance and protection against any trouble-makers.

JOHN HARPER
How are you this afternoon Miss
Lister?

ANNE LISTER
Very well. Thank you.

She shakes his hand.

JOHN HARPER
Miss Walker!

ANNE LISTER
(shaking NELSON's hand)
Mr. Nelson.

MR. NELSON
Miss Lister.

ANN WALKER shakes both HARPER and NELSON's hands too.

ANNE LISTER
Washington.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Good news, ma'am. The license has
been approved and signed.

They walk the twenty yards or so to the little stage area as they chat -

ANNE LISTER
Oh, that is good news! Did you hear
that, Adny?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Oh and ma'am. This might not be the
time, but -
(he realises he has to say
it briskly, with the
crowd all excited and
waiting)
I think you should know. I mean I
think Miss Walker should know...
that apparently. Last night.

(MORE)

SAMUEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Captain Sutherland refused to sign
the division papers.

ANNE LISTER
(sotto)
What?

ANN WALKER
Why?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
And apparently your - Mr. Gray's
man - Mr...?

ANNE LISTER
Mr. Watson?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
- has gone back to York. With the
papers unsigned.

ANN WALKER
How do you know?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Mr. Adam told me. Mr. Parker's
partner. He was around here.
Earlier.
(he means in the crowd)
Apparently Gray's man - Mr. Watson?
- went to Mr. Parker. For advice.
This morning. About what to do.
Given that Captain Sutherland was
aggressive and nasty and making a
fuss about one of his lots being
missed off the itinerary.

ANN WALKER
Which one?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
Windy End at Golcar, but it *wasn't*.
I know it was on there, listed as
being *his* -

ANN WALKER
It was, it was, it *definitely* was.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON
- and Mr. Parker told this Mr.
Watson it was none of his business
and he shouldn't like to get
involved and advised him to go back
to York.

It raises all sorts of anxieties, and uppermost in ANN
WALKER's mind -

ANN WALKER
I knew I shouldn't have given the
deeds to Parker!

ANNE LISTER

But it was Mr. Gray's advice, was it not? To give them to Parker for safe-keeping, so -

ANN WALKER

That's what Captain Sutherland said, yes.

(they both realise the same thing with a clang)
Perhaps Mr. Gray said no such thing.

ANNE LISTER

(glancing around as unobtrusively as she can)
Are the Sutherlands here?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

No. I don't think so.

ANNE LISTER

Is *Parker* here?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

No. Ma'am. I don't think so.

Shit. ANNE does some quick thinking and murmurs to ANN -

ANNE LISTER

Do the speech.

ANN WALKER

What?

ANNE LISTER

Do the speech.

(ANN: ?)

Do the speech.

ANN WALKER realises that ANNE LISTER is saying, "Get on with it, so we can sort out this other thing". ANN WALKER's anxiety about delivering a speech in public suddenly envelops her again (having had a few moments' respite during the above distraction). She turns to the CROWD. MR. HARPER hands her a silver trowel, and a sealed bottle with a lead inscription in it (heavy). He politely prompts her with the correct form, to address the master builder, and gently indicates him -

JOHN HARPER

Mr. Nelson.

ANNE LISTER

(smiling, she murmurs ventriloquist style -)
Smile.

ANN WALKER
(smiling, she speaks as
loud as she can)
Mr. Nelson!

People start going "Shhh!!", "Shush!" realising that MISS WALKER has started. A DOG barks, and continues to offer the odd interruption throughout, and it bothers MISS WALKER each time it happens, she's worried people are going to laugh and it threatens to undermine her confidence.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
I have been requested by my friend
Miss Lister -
(woof)
to lay the first stone of a casino,
which will form a spacious and
commodious saloon -
(woof)
(we see WASHINGTON look
daggers at the URCHIN
whose dog it is and mouth
"Shh!")
to be annexed to the Northgate
Hotel. I will only add that we hope
and trust that the undertaking will
prove an accommodation to the
inhabitants of this town and
neighbourhood, in whose prosperity
we feel interested, that it will be
an accommodation to the public at
large, and that it will do credit
to all the individuals concerned in
its erection.

WASHINGTON leads the applause, clapping, smiling, nodding approval, and then everyone joins happily in. ANN places the bottle with the lead inscription in the ground. She hesitates, not wanting to make a mistake. The DOG has another crack at barking by way of offering applause along with the humans.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
Where? Here?

JOHN HARPER
Perfect.

ANN gets out of the way, and ten MEN lower the weighty foundation stone in place on top of it (like a coffin, with ropes). ANNE and ANN look at one another, anxious for the whole thing to be speeded up. Before they're quite happy with its position, ANNE ushers them away (murmuring to HARPER "sort it out later") and steps forward to say a few words too. She talks loud and clear, but rapidly, eager to get on and sort matters out.

ANN WALKER
(a murmur to ANNE)
They must be in with him.
(she turns to PARKER's
ASSISTANT)
I need to see Mr. Parker.

ASSISTANT
He's with someone. He'll probably
be half an hour or so if -

ANN WALKER
(hissing)
We know who he's with!
(then secretively to ANNE)
*We must go in, you've got to insist
that we go in.*

Instinctively ANNE feels that it would be wrong to go in. She feels uneasy. The way ANN interrupted the ASSISTANT in such an ugly way is kind of part of the problem; as soon as ANN displays anxiety, it's what others could interpret as showing signs of an unhinged personality, and then she's playing into Captain Sutherland's hands.

ANNE LISTER
I think...
(she speaks quietly)
We should go home.

ANN WALKER can't believe her ears.

ANN WALKER
No!

ANNE LISTER
I think. If we confront him here.
It might cause more problems than
it solves.

ANN WALKER
He'll take the deeds!

ANNE LISTER
Parker won't let him have them,
it's more than his reputation's
worth.

ANN WALKER
I don't trust Parker!

ANNE LISTER
We don't have any real evidence
that Parker has colluded with him
and if we burst in making
accusations, we could look -
(lowers her voice further)
unhinged.

(MORE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT'D)
(This strikes ANN WALKER.

ANNE crouches down beside
SACKVILLE and smiles)
Are you still coming to us for tea
today, Sackville?

SACKVILLE isn't sure, he shrugs, then nods, he assumes so.

SACKVILLE SUTHERLAND
I fink so.

54 INT. PARKER & ADAM'S, MR. PARKER'S OFFICE. DAY 72. 1311. 54
(LATE 1835)

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND and ELIZABETH are with PARKER. PARKER looks shocked, pale, terrified. CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND's passion makes him more intimidating than he perhaps intends.

MR. PARKER
I don't quite know what to say.
Captain Sutherland.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
It's a bizarre situation, Parker.
I've analysed it with great care
sir, and these are my considered
and regrettable conclusions. You
can see how traumatised Mrs.
Sutherland is!
(she does look pale)
And d'you see? The solution *is in
your hands*. If I could take the
deeds. All of them. And delay the
whole thing until I can show that
Miss Walker has been systematically
- day after day, week after week,
month after month - *corrupted*. And
isn't able to make her own choices
reliably about anything any more!
I know the Lister family are old
and valued clients of yours and
that they're very highly regarded.
But Parker. Miss Lister is a
predator. In more senses than one.
(we see PARKER tense up
and all but put his hands
over his ears)
And if what she's doing isn't
criminal, well then good heavens,
I'm not at all sure what the law is
for.

MR. PARKER
You surely - you don't expect me to
simply hand the Crow Nest deeds
over to you - just just just like
that?

Neither CAPTAIN nor ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND have ever been in Shibden Hall before so its captivating ancient delights are new to them. SACKVILLE squeezes ELIZABETH's hand even tighter, he thinks the place is creepy. ANNE LISTER looks like some kind of God at the other end of her own personal mountain range as they walk into the housebody.

ANNE LISTER

Ah! There you are. How disappointed we were not to see you all at our little ceremony! It went very well. This is my Swiss model. Isn't she splendid? Adny's in the drawing room, do go through. George. Can you bring us some tea? Adny spoke beautifully, it's a shame you missed it. We drew quite a crowd. The townspeople seemed delighted, and gave us three cheers.

They go through to the drawing room...

58

INT. SHIBDEN HALL, SAVILE ROOM. DAY 72. 1501 (LATE 1835) 58

...where ANN WALKER's been stewing. She stands up to confront CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND.

ANN WALKER

We learned this afternoon that you didn't sign for the division last night.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I'm afraid not. We found anomalies.

ANN WALKER

Windy End at Golcar. It's here. It's listed as 'The Plantation, Golcar', and to be fair it's in the wrong place, but it's the same lot and it *is* here. And the matter might've been settled easily enough by taking two minutes to walk across from Cliffhill to Crow Nest to consult Mr. Washington on the matter before choosing to *bully* poor Mr. Watson into returning to York with the thing left *unsigned*.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Shh. Ann. Shh. You're getting overwrought, and this - I'm afraid - is all part of the problem.

ANN WALKER

The only problem is the inconvenience you'll put Mr. Watson to when he has to come back over again from York for your signatures!

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Ann.

(gently)

We're not going to sign the thing.

ANN WALKER

Why?

(to ELIZABETH -)

Why?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I've spoken to Mr. Gray and Mr. Parker - we're all excellent friends - and I have to tell you now. That they both agree with me, that this is not a good idea. And...

(kindly)

you do know why.

ANN WALKER

Mr. Gray? Why would Mr. Gray agree with you? After all the *trouble* he's gone to to write the document for the division in the first place?

She looks at ANNE for support.

ANNE LISTER

I think that's unlikely.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I'd like to talk to Miss Walker alone.

ANNE LISTER

(makes to leave)

Of course.

ANN WALKER

No! Anything you want to say to me you can say in front of my - Miss Lister.

ANN WALKER isn't cool during all this, she's very very jittery, she can feel her heartbeat pounding in her face and her hands won't keep still.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

Very well, I'll say it in front of your Miss Lister. It's the same thing I said to you before. I believe you have been bullied and coerced against your better judgement into asking for something you can't possibly manage alone.

ANN WALKER

That's nonsense.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I believe behind all this is a malicious *unnatural* influence of *gross* self-interest -

ANN WALKER

You won't sign because you have some *bizarre* idea that it's somehow all yours.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

That's - no - that's -

ANN WALKER

Or you're lashing out because I wouldn't marry your *insipid cousin*.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

I'm trying to protect you. Ann. Against -
(*her, Anne Lister*)
Against your... not very good judgement. And Mr. Gray and Mr. Parker - now I've spoken to them - both have a much better understanding of what's going on - here - and believe you me they were both shocked -

ANN WALKER

What're you talking about?

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

- and I urge you to come with Elizabeth and myself, back to Cliffhill and away from from from this this this -
(he gestures towards ANNE, can't find the words)(EVIL DYKE)
- and and and -

Just then JOSEPH/GEORGE heads in with a brisk tap at the open door.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Ma'am? Mr. Grey is here. From York.

ANNE, CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND, ANN and ELIZABETH all stare at one another in some kind of amazement. Obviously the only one who actually needs to panic at this news is CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND, who has lied about the nature of his conversation with Jonathan Gray. ANNE and ANN - if Mr. Gray has done an about-face - are only interested in what he has to say.

JOSEPH/GEORGE (CONT'D)

(sensing something of an
atmos)

Shall I...? Ask him to wait?

It's at this point that we see ANNE LISTER realise something big. What she has realised is that the Mr. Grey in question *isn't* Jonathan Gray.

ANNE LISTER

(quiet, thoughtful)

No. No. Don't do that, George. Show him in.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

(panic)

I might go and wait in another room.

ANNE LISTER

Why? If you got on with him so *nicely* in York surely you'd be more than happy to see him.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND

(angry)

You - you - you've - !

"Set us up" is what he wants to say, but barely wants to give her the credit. He's panicking. So is ELIZABETH -

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

(suddenly)

It isn't true! Neither Mr. Gray nor Mr. Parker said anything against the division.

(to her husband)

This is wrong. It's hers. It's hers. She should have it. If this is what she wants.

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND can't believe how this is panning out. And of course ELIZABETH knows she's going to get it in the neck when they get home (again). JOSEPH/GEORGE and another fella step into the room.

JOSEPH/GEORGE

Mr. Samuel Grey, ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

Ah! *That* Mr. Grey! How d'you do?

SAMUEL GREY

Very well ma'am, thank you ma'am.

ANNE LISTER

This is Mr. *Samuel* Grey. Mr. Harper's landscape gardener. From York. George. Take Mr. Grey into the kitchen and tell Mrs. Cordingley to give him some tea. And I'll sort you out in a few minutes, Mr. Grey. If that's all right.

(SAMUEL GREY nods and withdraws with JOSEPH/GEORGE. ANNE turns to address CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND)

I fear you've built me up in your mind Captain Sutherland, to be all manner of things that I am not.

(then adds as though confidentially and with a smile)

And some that I am.

(she turns to ANN and ELIZABETH)

If you'll excuse me.

(she turns back to SUTHERLAND)

I have my own estate to run.

She leaves the room, cool as a fucking cucumber. They can fight amongst themselves, this lot.

59 **INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, THE DRAWING ROOM. DAY 73. 0955.** 59
(LATE 1835)

The following week.

This should look as epic as the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. JONATHAN GRAY and SHEPLEY WATSON have returned to get the Sutherland signatures. ANN and ELIZABETH look on, as GRAY and WATSON stand over CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND while he signs the thing. JONATHAN GRAY isn't particularly happy that he's had to travel all this way to get the thing done, no happier than CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND is that he's been pushed into a situation where he has very little choice other than to sign it.

60 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 73. 1000. (LATE 1835)** 60

ANNE, eating a late breakfast with MARIAN, has just opened a letter.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

(V.O.)

My darling girl. I am sure you will grieve to hear that my darling mother expired this evening at ten minutes past five, in Charlotte's arms -

61 **INT. LANGTON HALL, DRAWING ROOM. DAY X3. 2000. (LATE 1835)** 61

ISABELLA's face is absolutely streaming with tears as she writes her letter to ANNE -

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

(V.O.)

- surrounded by all her children, and Rose and Ellen. She went off in her sleep and I think did not suffer. I have not time to write more now, as we are all in great affliction. She was always so very very fond of you, and I know you were of her, and that you above all people will share our sorrow most keenly.

62 **INT. SHIBDEN HALL, DINING ROOM. DAY 73. 1001 (LATE 1835)** 62

ANNE is pale and grave. But she resists tears because MARIAN's here.

ISABELLA NORCLIFFE

(V.O.)

God bless you, my dearest Anne.
Your own Isabella.

ANNE remains isolated in her grief, with her own household breaking down (with Marian and Jeremy possibly back off to Market Weighton), and perhaps her relationship with Ann Walker too. She has to really swallow and struggle hard not to give into her tears. MARIAN - her head in a newspaper - remains oblivious.

63 **EXT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE. DAY 73. 1030 (LATE 1835)** 63

Half an hour later. ANNE LISTER taps on the door with her cane. She's brought the posh Lister chaise to collect the missus.

63A INT. CLIFFHILL HOUSE, HALLWAY / THE DRAWING ROOM. DAY 73. 63A
1030 (LATE 1835)

ANN emerges from the dining room, ready for off, as the FOOTMAN heads along the hallway to answer the door. ELIZABETH is with ANN. All hush hush -

ANN WALKER
Should I...? Say goodbye. To him.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
It's up to you.

Bravely, ANN looks into the sitting room where CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND is at the far end, looking out of the window.

ANN WALKER
Good bye. Captain Sutherland.

He turns and looks at her. Subdued, defeated, humiliated, he surprises her by smiling and saying -

CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND
Good bye. Ann. My dear.

He's smiling like someone who knows he might yet have the last laugh. One day. ANN WALKER kind of feels this vibe from him. Perhaps it chills her. She withdraws just as the FOOTMAN has opened the door to ANNE LISTER.

ANN WALKER
Hello.

ANNE smiles, stays by the door, not stepping in, she's just come to collect. ANN embraces ELIZABETH.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)
Goodbye.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
Goodbye.

ANNE LISTER
Mrs. Sutherland.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
Miss Lister.

ANN WALKER
Write to us. When you get home. So we know you've got there safely.

ELIZABETH nods and murmurs -

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
I will.

ANN WALKER

When will I see you again?

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

I -

She struggles to complete the sentence "I don't know". They both know there'll be no great compulsion for Captain Sutherland to come south again in a hurry, nor for Anne and Ann to travel north.

ANN WALKER

One day.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

(as hopefully as she dare)

Mm.

They part after a lingering moment. ANNE and ANN get into the chaise to go back to Shibden. ELIZABETH waves them off, trying to smile, struggling to keep her tears in.

64

**INT/EXT. THE LISTER CHAISE / CROW NEST ESTATE. DAY 73.
1040. (LATE 1835)**

64

ANNE and ANN travel home together. They gaze at one another across the carriage. They don't need to say anything. ANN reaches out and takes sad ANNE's hand. They hold hands and look into one another's eyes again.

ANN WALKER

We should go to York. On Monday.
And sort out our wills.

ANNE LISTER

Is that what you want?

ANN nods: yes.

ANN WALKER

I'm sorry.

ANNE LISTER

For what?

ANN WALKER

Doubting it.

ANNE LISTER

Don't be. We...

(she plays affectionately
with ANN's hand)

...are the only people in the whole world - on earth - who want us to be together. It won't be easy, it'll never be easy. But we're both still here. Aren't we? Hm?

ANN nods and smiles. An understanding: they've been through stuff, and they're still together. And that's kind of the end. The final sentiment.

65

**EXT. CROW NEST ESTATE/SHIBDEN ESTATE. DAY 73. 1040.
(LATE 1835)**

65

The carriage heads off, and then when the above sentiment has landed, and just before we cut to the end titles -

ANNE LISTER

(OOV)

D'you want me to make your pips
squeak?

ANN WALKER

(OOV)

Go on then.

END OF SEASON TWO