

**TO WALK INVISIBLE**

written by Sally Wainwright

1 INT. PALACE. DAY. FLASH BACK (F/B) 1 - (2 AUGUST 1826, 15:25)

We open in the unexpected, surreal world of the four Genii: four children (CHARLOTTE age 10, BRANWELL, 9, EMILY, 8, ANNE, 6) with haloes of fire encircling their heads, race through the corridors of a Gothic palace. BRANWELL is clutching a box (the size of a shoe box) and he's struggling to keep the lid on, because there's something in there that wants to get out. They're all excited.

They race into a room with a table in it. BRANWELL throws the box onto the table. The lid flips off, and instantly four men jump or climb out, fully grown, but no more than three inches high, each of them a live toy: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, CAPTAIN WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY and CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS. Each of them wields a sword, the first two in military uniform, the second two wrapped in bear skins (they're Arctic explorers) and naval uniform. The children are excited and delighted.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON is just as splendid and snooty as you would expect -

DUKE OF WELLINGTON  
WHAT THE HELL is going on?

He looks up and sees the four Genii towering over him, staring down at him with delight. The other three brave men have already noticed the Genii. BONAPARTE is just as mean, moody and magnificent as we might expect -

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE  
*Qui sont ces gens?!*

In such esteemed company, PARRY and ROSS are both wise enough to keep quiet and bide their time to see how things pan out.

PARRY  
(confidentially to ROSS)  
They'll tear us limb from limb.

ROSS  
(awe struck)  
I've crossed the Arctic and seen  
nothing like it.

It's at this point that ROSS and PARRY land on a tacit understanding to make a run for it. PARRY murmurs "Run", to ROSS. Just as they disperse, BRANWELL shouts -

BRANWELL  
(thrilled)  
Down on them! Instantly!

CHARLOTTE grabs the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, EMILY grabs PARRY, tiny giant ANNE grabs ROSS, and BRANWELL grabs NAPOLEON. As soon as they do, the four men become wooden soldiers in the children's hands.

BRANWELL (CONT'D)

Know you that I give into your protection - but not for your own - these mortals whom you hold in your hands.

EMILY addresses CHARLOTTE -

EMILY

What's yours called?

CHARLOTTE

(she peers closely at him)

Wellesley.

EMILY

This. Is Gravey. Because he looks a bit...

(...and this pleases her)  
Grave.

ANNE

Mine's called -

CHARLOTTE

Waiting Boy.

ANNE

Is it? Why?

CHARLOTTE

Yes! Because he's a queer looking little thing, Anne. Much like yourself.

EMILY

Look who's talking.

BRANWELL

This is Sneaky.

(he addresses NAPOLEON - )

Thou art under my protection, and I will watch over thy life, for I tell you all -

(he addresses SNEAKY along with the other three wooden soldiers that his sisters are holding)

- that one day... you shall be kings.

Then BRANWELL looks up at his sisters with a smile, he's so excited by this. These toy soldiers are the best thing, ever.

The sisters smile back, delighted with the new toys. And we know that one day, CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE really will be kings.

2 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY. F/B 1 - (2 AUGUST 1826, 15:25) <sup>2</sup>  
INTO NIGHT 1. DUSK - (12 JULY 1845, 21.55)

TITLE SEQUENCE

We see the same distinctive shoe-size box, and the wooden soldiers - shiny and new - are left chucked about like the children have abandoned them on the table in the parsonage parlour, whilst they're off squealing in another room. We also see abandoned on the table a detailed map of the Glasstown Confederacy, drawn by precocious 9-year-old BRANWELL.

Then we cut to the book shelf by the window in the parlour, with one soldier - the only one left - battered and chewed and chipped, nineteen years later, like it's a bit of an ornament now, a treasured memento of a happy childhood.

We've moved from 1826 to 1845.

Bright, glorious sunlight through the window illuminates the battered soldier. Gradually dusk falls.

3 EXT. MAIN STREET/CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. NIGHT 1. DUSK - (12 JULY 1845, 21.55)

Dusk. It's five to ten in the evening. Haworth Main Street. Saturday 12th July, 1845. The street's busy: it's a warm Saturday evening. The workers (men) sit outside drinking. A tiny woman (she's oddly small, 4'9", about the size of a 12-year-old) walks up the street and turns left up Church Lane. This is 29-year-old bespectacled, myopic CHARLOTTE BRONTË. She walks quickly, efficiently, she's eager to get home, she's just walked four miles from Keighley. Behind her we glimpse the Black Bull, lit up warmly and doing trade.

As she approaches the Parsonage the gate is further up than it is now, it's nearer the back of the house, and she goes in through the back door. (The Wade extension doesn't exist).

CHARLOTTE's voice is clipped and intelligent; we sense a sharp wit under the voice. She speaks in a quiet Yorkshire accent.

CHARLOTTE

(voice over)

Dear Ellen. It was ten o'clock when  
I got home. I found Branwell ill.  
He is so very often these days  
owing to his own fault.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I was not therefore surprised at first, but when Anne informed me of the immediate cause of his present illness -

4 INT. PARSONAGE, BACK KITCHEN/KITCHEN/HALLWAY. NIGHT 1. DUSK 4  
CONTINUOUS - (12 JULY 1845, 21:57)

ANNE BRONTE (25) has just let CHARLOTTE in. They head through the back kitchen, then the kitchen, and into the hallway as they talk. A couple of dogs (a spaniel, FLOSSY and KEEPER, a stocky bull mastiff) greet CHARLOTTE happily like dogs do.

CHARLOTTE

(vo continuous)

- I was greatly shocked.

ANNE

How was the journey?

CHARLOTTE

Pleasant.

ANNE

How was Miss Nussey?

CHARLOTTE

Well. Did my box arrive safely?

ANNE

In our room, we took it up, me and Emily.

CHARLOTTE realises (as she reaches the hallway) that she can hear raised voices from through in the parlour.

CHARLOTTE

What's - ?

ANNE's anxious. Annoyed. Embarrassed.

ANNE

Branwell. He's been drinking. He had a letter. From Mr. Robinson. This last Thursday. He's been dismissed.

CHARLOTTE's incredulous. Which of the fifteen questions that flood into her brain to ask first?

CHARLOTTE

How does he do it?

ANNE

[I] -

CHARLOTTE

It's every job he's ever [had] -

ANNE

I know, but this is different.

CHARLOTTE

How?

ANNE

Nothing was spelled out. In the letter. But he - him and Mrs.

Robinson -

(she struggles)

...I had reason to know that they were -

(it embarrasses her to say it, she can feel her face going red)

carrying on. With one another. And I don't know - I can only assume - that Mr. Robinson's found out, and that's what it's about.

CHARLOTTE struggles to take this in. This is enormous, it's huge. Not just the age gap, but the class gap, as well as the transgression itself. The enormity can't be over-emphasised.

CHARLOTTE

Carrying on...? How?

(ANNE is tongue-tied.

CHARLOTTE mouths it - )

Congress?

(ANNE doesn't deny it.

CHARLOTTE'S utterly incredulous: is BRANWELL mad?)

Mr. Robinson's wife?

ANNE's relieved finally to be able to tell someone, bad as it all is -

ANNE

It's why I resigned. I couldn't look people in the face. I've known for months.

(she's burdened with the knowledge. A moment, then CHARLOTTE heads decisively for the parlour door. ANNE grabs her)

Papa doesn't know. He just knows he's been dismissed, he doesn't know why. Emily does, I told her. And of course we don't know that that is the reason, [but] -

But it is.

CHARLOTTE  
Where's Emily?

ANNE indicates (with a nod of the head) that EMILY's in there, with them. We hear 68-year-old PATRICK, who's doing his utmost to keep calm -

PATRICK  
(oov)  
The point. That I'm trying to make.  
Is that surely you must have *some*  
idea what it's about [and] -

5 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 1. DUSK. CONTINUOUS - (12 JULY 1845, 21:59)

BRANWELL's livid; angry and emotional. He has tears streaming down his face. He's very drunk, there's an upturned dining chair in evidence of his violent mood. It looks like PATRICK and EMILY are dealing with an injured, dangerous, volatile animal. PATRICK is almost blind with cataracts, and we get the idea that EMILY's in here for damage limitation purposes should BRANWELL get even more violent. (EMILY's 5'7", almost a foot taller than her diminutive big sister).

BRANWELL  
You think *repeating* the question  
enough times will suddenly make me  
able to *answer* it?

PATRICK  
- and if not then one of us must  
write to the man and ask for some  
kind of explanation!

CHARLOTTE comes in during this. There's a tacit nod/hello between CHARLOTTE and EMILY.

BRANWELL  
He hates me! It's an excuse to get  
rid of me! He's not going to give  
any kind of explanation! He's a  
monster, he's a bully, he's a law  
unto himself, he's an *idiot*.

PATRICK  
Why does he hate you? Why does he  
need an excuse to get rid of you?  
Surely [you] -

BRANWELL  
Because he's old and he's ill and  
he's *jealous* of me!

PATRICK

That's - it doesn't make any sense!  
Is it a misunderstanding? Has  
someone misrepresented you to him?

PATRICK's being disingenuous; he knows damned well (from sad experience) that BRANWELL will have done *something*, he's just trying to get it out of him by appearing to give him the benefit of the doubt.

BRANWELL

Just - !

(he lets out a crazy kind  
of animal roar and kicks  
the upturned dining chair  
into the wall)

**GOD! This HOUSE!** Does it *matter*? Go  
to bed! Stop asking  *fucking*  
*questions!*

So that's a bit shocking. EMILY takes the bull by the horns and gets close to BRANWELL and says (not unkindly, but certainly no nonsense) right into his face -

EMILY

If you don't like this house, don't  
stay in it. There's none of us'll  
miss you, not when you get like  
this.

PATRICK

I'd like to know what's happened.

No-one replies straight away, even though they all know.

ANNE

(from the doorway)

Tell him.

It's BRANWELL she's addressing. And this may be the first time that BRANWELL realises that ANNE knows. He can't speak. For all his over-wrought emotion and bluster.

CHARLOTTE

Branwell's been at it. With his  
employer's wife.

PATRICK can barely believe his ears. This is a new level of rubbishy behaviour. The hugeness hits him just like it hit CHARLOTTE. He stares (as well as he can stare) at BRANWELL for an explanation. We realise that BRANWELL's heartbreak is greater than his humiliation (*or is his humiliation so great that he has to turn his sordid fumbles with Mrs. Robinson into a tale of grand passion to try and attach something noble to it?*) -

BRANWELL

(wretched)

*She was lonely.*

(no-one knows what to say,  
hearing the shameful  
confirmation)

*She was lonely!*

6

EXT. VORTEX/INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/STAIRS/UPSTAIRS LANDING.6  
F/B 2 - (12TH SEPTEMBER 1828, 11:34)

WELLINGTON and BONAPARTE fall and twist through the air, engaged in a frantic sword fight, hurling furious insults at one another. This is a fight to the death. The driving rain soaks them as their mighty swords clash, and lightning streaks and crashes through the sky behind them. The roar of battle, the boom of the cannon, the cataracts of cavalry thunder all around them. Oddly however (and hopefully to comic effect) their voices become those of 12-year-old CHARLOTTE (WELLINGTON) and 11-year-old BRANWELL (NAPOLEON) -

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I'll rip your head off, I'll slice  
you limb from limb, I'll feed you  
to the dogs! There'll be nothing  
left but a bad smell where Napoleon  
Bonaparte once strutted about with  
his fat ulcerated belly!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

(French accent)

I'll parade you through the  
streets! You'll be laughed at by  
the toothless! We'll lop your head  
off, we'll dissect your innards and  
pickle them!

Suddenly we're no longer on the battlefield, but in the parsonage, and it's CHARLOTTE and BRANWELL shouting at one another up and down the stairs (using lopped off bits of tree as swords), whilst EMILY (10) and ANNE (8) provide SFX by banging copper pans with weighty rolling pins. They're also adding to the general tone and mood and melee by screaming constantly throughout at the tops of their voices. The dog (not KEEPER) is barking too. Outside, it's raining heavily and the sky is leaden. The sword fight between CHARLOTTE and BRANWELL seems no less robust than their grown-up counterparts.

CHARLOTTE

'Tis a shame you're embarked on  
this course of myopic self-  
destruction, for I imagine you and  
I might - under better  
circumstances - have made very  
stimulating company for one  
another!

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We are both men of great  
intelligence and discernment. Are  
we not?

BRANWELL

I despise everything you stand for!  
Revolution is in the air! Only a  
fool like you sir would ignore it!  
Every utterance that springs from  
your lips fills me with the most  
profound abhorrence!

TABBY AYKROYD (57, the BRONTËS' servant) has clearly been trying to quieten them down for some time, and she's genuinely pissed off with them now. This is all simultaneous with the shouting above -

TABBY

If t'parson and your Aunt Branwell  
were in you'd noan make so much  
din! They all think you're right  
quiet and studious down in  
t'village y'know! They'd think  
different if they saw you like  
this!

(she turns to ANNE, who's  
nearest)

And I don't know why you're doing  
so damned much screaming!

ANNE

I've been shot through the head  
with a cannon ball! Half my brain's  
missing!

TABBY

You're enough to flay the divvel!  
All on yer! I's atta go fetch our  
Willie to come and shut y'up and  
calm yer down if y'don't put a sock  
in it! Are any on yer listening?

From Armageddon to silence as we move forward again to 1845 -

7

EXT. PARSONAGE. DAY 2. MORNING - (14 JULY 1845, 09:10)

7

JOHN BROWN (40, the village sexton and stone mason) stands at the open door, waiting politely, dressed for a journey.

8

INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING/BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 2. 8  
MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:11)

EMILY (sleeves rolled up, apron on, like she was busy in the kitchen when she had to answer the front door) taps on BRANWELL's open bedroom door. He's pulling a jacket on, he's heard JOHN at the door.

EMILY

Mr. Brown's here.

BRANWELL (who's pale with a hangover, and whose humiliation remains manifest as bad temper) tacitly acknowledges that he's heard what she's said, though he offers her no thanks, and she anticipates none. She goes back downstairs. BRANWELL follows.

9 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:11) 9

KEEPER's waiting for EMILY at the bottom of the stairs, she herds him into the kitchen and disappears with him. BRANWELL comes to the open front door where JOHN's waiting.

JOHN BROWN

Y'fit, lad?

BRANWELL

Yeah, I'm just -

BRANWELL pauses to tap on the door to his father's study, which is just by the front door. He pushes the study door open -

10 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS 10- (14 JULY 1845, 09:12)

- and we discover CHARLOTTE reading the *Leeds Intelligencer* to her father (who can no longer see to read).

CHARLOTTE

"Another outrage has happened in Ireland. A party of Orangemen at Armagh, on the 12th, unhappily disregarding the advice given them, of abstaining from processions, which their better-advised brethren have followed in other places, but nevertheless conducted themselves with propriety, were savagely attacked by their Roman Catholic townsmen, who fired at and wounded one of their [leaders] - "

CHARLOTTE shuts up when she sees pale BRANWELL. BRANWELL's manner to his father is subdued, apologetic.

BRANWELL

John's here. We're off. Don't get up.

PATRICK

(he gets up)

No, I'd like to see John.

CHARLOTTE doesn't get up. PATRICK comes out of his office to speak to JOHN. We linger on CHARLOTTE, on her thoughts (repressed anger), as she hears the polite, awkward exchange -

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
How're you today John?

JOHN BROWN  
I'm very well Mr. Brontë, thank you.

We cut away from CHARLOTTE to look at PATRICK, BRANWELL and JOHN. All slightly awkward.

PATRICK  
Good. Well. Travel safely.

JOHN BROWN  
Nice day for it.

PATRICK  
(to BRANWELL, softly)  
Look after yourself.

There's a tacit understanding: BRANWELL is grateful that PATRICK hasn't carpeted him, and has instead dealt with it with the sort of compassion and understanding he knows he barely deserves.

BRANWELL  
Thank you.

BRANWELL and JOHN BROWN set off.

We see CHARLOTTE again surreptitiously watching BRANWELL and JOHN through the window of her father's study as they depart. Her anger still apparent.

PATRICK closes the front door, and we linger on his sad thoughts for a moment. About what an unhappy, hopeless being his son - who was such a prodigy - has become. He goes back into his study and says quietly to CHARLOTTE -

PATRICK  
I think. Through kindness. And understanding. And prayer. We might still - for all his naivety and nonsense - get him back onto a proper path.

CHARLOTTE's not convinced. She's sick of BRANWELL. She's sick of the attention he gets and the endless benefit of the doubt. And PATRICK can't see what CHARLOTTE's thinking because he can't see her properly (and even if he could he mightn't get it).

11 EXT. PARSONAGE, GARDEN. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:14)

JOHN and BRANWELL walk along the path to the gate.

JOHN BROWN

(a murmur, a laddish smirk)

Y'dozy bastard, getting caught.

\*

But BRANWELL tries to laugh it off, but struggles. He's obsessed with the humiliation. As they pass by the back yard at the gate, MARTHA BROWN (17, the BRONTËS' maid) is hanging out washing. TABBY AYKROYD (now 74 years old) is with her. Over the back wall MARTHA sees JOHN and BRANWELL, and risks calling shyly across -

MARTHA

Will y'bring us all something back from Liverpool, father?

JOHN BROWN

(brusque, casual, fond)

You behave yersen. And then. We'll see.

He winks fondly at MARTHA then turns his attention back to BRANWELL as they disappear off down Church Lane.

12 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN AND VIEW INTO EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK 12 YARD. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 JULY 1845, 09:15)

We find EMILY sitting at the kitchen table writing on a bit of paper with a stub of pencil. She has inky fingers. We have a good look at EMILY: she's this tall lass with the air of something very capable (mentally and physically) about her. KEEPER and FLOSSIE are lolling about somewhere. The back door's open (it's a warm day in July) and we can see through to the back kitchen and back yard where MARTHA's busy with the washing. EMILY still has her sleeves rolled up, like she's been busy and will be busy again shortly. But just now she's snatching a few minutes to write her diary paper. We hear (in voice over) the bit that she's writing now:

EMILY

(vo)

Anne left her situation at Thorp Green of her own accord, June 1845.

(she pauses very briefly to consider how to word the next bit)

Branwell left.

TABBY wanders in. She's bad on her legs, not that it seems to stop her doing anything.

TABBY

They've set off.

EMILY

Good.

TABBY

Call me old fashioned. But I think it's nice having everybody back at home.

EMILY

In theory.

TABBY

(glancing out back to make sure MARTHA's too busy to hear anything)

What happened?

EMILY

You heard the shouting.

TABBY

I had my pillow over my ears. I didn't catch the details.

EMILY

Lucky you.

TABBY

So he's -

(lowers her voice, comes and sits adjacent to

EMILY)

been mucking about, and by way of punishment, he's packed off on holiday for a week wi' Martha's father?

EMILY

Packed off on holiday for a week, or got shut of for a few days? It's all a question of how you might choose to look at it. Tabby.

FLOSSIE's just wandered out of the kitchen, and into the next scene, which is continuous...

13

INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 13 JULY 1845, 09:16)

CHARLOTTE's just leaving PATRICK's study with the newspaper as FLOSSIE comes through from the kitchen, and wants to be let into the parlour. CHARLOTTE can hear EMILY laughing with TABBY in the kitchen. Laughter jars with her own low spirits. She lets FLOSSIE into the parlour...

14 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS - (14 14 JULY 1845, 09:16)

...where ANNE's sitting in the rocking chair with her feet on the fender by the fireplace (though no fire) just reading through her diary paper. CHARLOTTE uses the excuse of letting the dog in, to come into the room too. CHARLOTTE drops the newspaper somewhere and flops on the sofa. CHARLOTTE watches ANNE write for a moment or two.

CHARLOTTE

Do you still write stories?

ANNE's not sure she should admit to that. She knows CHARLOTTE might construe it as childish. On the other hand she can't lie.

ANNE

Sometimes.

CHARLOTTE

About Gondal?

ANNE

When we can.

CHARLOTTE

Emily as well?

ANNE

You've been here with her more than I have! Surely y[ou know] -

CHARLOTTE

(interrupts)

We never talk about it.

ANNE

Never?

(CHARLOTTE affirms)

Do you? Write. Still.

CHARLOTTE

Not so much.

ANNE

What about the *infernal world*?

CHARLOTTE hesitates.

CHARLOTTE

Not for years.

ANNE

Why?

CHARLOTTE

(a sad sardonic smile,  
she's conscious of  
speaking grandly)

I relinquished my pen.

ANNE can barely believe it. All CHARLOTTE used to do was write, it defined who she was.

ANNE

Why?

She barely knows where to start. Her depression is almost tangible.

CHARLOTTE

(she knows it sounds mad)

Because it frightened me. It threatened to make the real world seem pointless. And colourless. And drab. And that way lies madness. The real world is what it is, but we must live in it. So.

(she has a compulsion to admit something, but it's near the knuckle)

I once - can I tell you something?  
(a moment)

When I was teaching. At Roe Head. I had this...

(it's an embarrassing thing to admit it)

vision. Of Zamorna. That was so...

15

INT. CLASSROOM, ROE HEAD SCHOOL. DAY. F/B 3 - (22 MAY 1836, 15 11:52)

We see CHARLOTTE's vision. ZAMORNA (formerly WELLINGTON, the same actor). ZAMORNA is the most devastatingly attractive man imaginable. He leans on an obelisk and breathes heavily (like he's just had sex - or is just about to) and looks so louche and Byronic and compelling.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

...vivid. He was leaning on an obelisk, and I was *there*, I was with him. I could've touched him. Or at least...

(we sense the properly erotic nature of what she was thinking)

let him touch me.

And then we see twenty year old CHARLOTTE (who in contrast to ZAMORNA looks so ordinary, so plain) sitting at the desk at the front of the small classroom, looking at ZAMORNA over the heads of the eight teenage girls she has in her class with their heads bent over their work.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

And then -

Suddenly, right in her face -

MISS LISTER

What y'thinking about, Miss Brontë?

CHARLOTTE looks at MISS LISTER (13), who's brought her book up to CHARLOTTE to be marked. ZAMORNA has gone. MISS LISTER has a certain bold irritating cheek about her. Almost like she knew CHARLOTTE was having some sort of erotic fantasy. 20-year-old CHARLOTTE finds herself embarrassed, humiliated, caught out.

16

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 2. MORNING. CONTINUOUS FROM 16 SCENE 14 - (14 JULY 1845, 09:19)

29-year-old CHARLOTTE is reliving the embarrassment. ANNE's intrigued.

CHARLOTTE

Of course the fat-headed oaf brought me crashing back to earth and did me a favour. And that was when I decided to give it up. The *dirty work*. It was all so...

(a moment as she reflects,  
and then the same smile,  
the same delight in their  
teenage inventions)

*Wrong*. The things we let them get up to in Angria. Is it still like that in Gondal?

ANNE

You should write if it makes you happy.

CHARLOTTE

I worry about my eyes. And I think.  
As well...

(she hates recalling it,  
but - )

After I wrote to Southey.

"Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life". At the time I brushed it off. But the longer I've dwelt on it, the older I've got, the more I've thought...

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 (from somewhere very deep  
 in her depression)  
 what's the point?

ANNE  
 The point. For me. Is that I'm  
 never more alive. Than when I  
 write. You're the same. Surely.

CHARLOTTE  
 But with no prospect of  
 publication? It's nothing but  
*playing at it*. Isn't it? Which was  
 all right. When we were children.

CHARLOTTE's words affect ANNE, who already has doubts and demons of her own: no job to go to, and just cloud cuckoo land (Gondal) to make her feel in any way validated.

17

EXT. HAWORTH MOOR. DAY 2 - (14 JULY 1845, 16:55)

17

EMILY and ANNE walk across Haworth Moor towards Stanbury. They walk with purpose, they're not just floating about, they're delivering a note from PATRICK to Mr. Heaton at Ponden Hall. KEEPER and FLOSSIE romp around freely. EMILY checks all about her to make sure no-one's looking, and then -

EMILY  
 Are we playing then, or what?

ANNE  
 (with trepidation, she  
 knows it'll go down like  
 a lead balloon)  
 Does it ever bother you that we  
 might be getting a bit old? For  
 that.

EMILY looks stung. Humiliated.

EMILY  
 You weren't saying that two weeks  
 ago in York.

ANNE  
 No. Well. I didn't want to spoil  
 things in York.  
 (she's anxious not to  
 offend EMILY, but - )  
 It's something I've been thinking  
 for a while.

EMILY's struck, betrayed. This is important to her.

EMILY  
 Well what did you come out with me  
 for then?

ANNE

To talk.

EMILY

What about?

ANNE

Things. At home. Do you never think about - ?

EMILY

What?

ANNE

The *future*. What are we without papa and Branwell? Papa won't - (she hates saying it, but the facts are these - ) He won't live forever. And he's blind, and that house - our house - it belongs to the Church Trustees. Not us. And Branwell! What's he *doing*? What's he thinking? To have such a *hopeless grasp*. On the realities. Of what comes next. Are we nothing to him? Does he even *see* us? If we don't make something of ourselves, and God knows we've been trying. *I've* been trying. I was governess at that - (she hates saying it, so she whispers it) *ludicrous* place for five years! What will we *do*, Emily? What will [we]...? What will we *be*?

18

EXT. MOOR. DAY 2 - (14 JULY 1845, 17:44)

18

Later. EMILY and ANNE've stopped to flop and gaze across the moor at the calm, still, brilliant day. Emily's got off her high horse. This isn't what they'd planned to do together today, it's all a bit out of the ordinary to be talking like this. Normally they're off in Gondal when they get the chance, not facing the realities, but today's different.

EMILY

It was when I came back from Roe Head. And he was here. At home. Branwell. And he wasn't supposed to be. You'd gone. You and Charlotte. You'd gone off back to Roe Head. And he was supposed to be in London, trying to get his foot in the door at the Royal Academy. And that's when I knew what a liar he was.

19 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY. F/B 4 - (4 FEBRUARY 1836 - 19  
15:21)

1836. AUNT BRANWELL (60) and PATRICK (59) are with EMILY (17) and BRANWELL (18), who both look pretty glum, like they've both just failed at something.

AUNT BRANWELL

Sharpers?

BRANWELL

Thieves.

PATRICK

You were *mugged*?

AUNT BRANWELL

*Four* of them?

EMILY's watching BRANWELL. She's sharp enough to know he's lying even if the grown-ups aren't.

BRANWELL

I think four.

AUNT BRANWELL

In broad daylight? That's - surely someone saw what happened?

PATRICK

(interrupting)

So you didn't even get there?

BRANWELL

*No!*

(he's verging on tearful)

It was just after I arrived at the coaching inn at St. Martin le Grand, and I knew my way around. From the maps. In my head. But London - the whole thing - it was just so much *bigger* than I ever *imagined*.

(at PATRICK)

You didn't tell me how big it was! And I didn't know who to turn to! With no money. So. I came home.

PATRICK

Well -

(latching onto what AUNT BRANWELL just said)

Yes, witnesses, surely someone saw what happened.

BRANWELL

They all looked away and went about their business!

AUNT BRANWELL  
 So all thirty shillings? Gone?  
 (she's sickened with  
 disappointment for  
 BRANWELL, his big chance  
 scuppered)  
 Oh - !

BRANWELL shakes his head, what can he do? He's as upset as they are (genuinely so, but he's crying because he's lying to them and hates himself for it).

20 EXT. MOOR. DAY 2. CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 18 - (14 JULY 1845 20 17:46)

EMILY and ANNE as before.

EMILY  
 Then when Aunt Branwell went to bed and papa went back to his study, I said to him, "You're lying". And he admitted it. He didn't even get to London, never mind any business at any Royal Academy.

(ANNE's intrigued: *why?*)  
 He said he was about to get on the high-flier. In Bradford. With his paintings and his sketches. But then when he was faced with the reality of setting off for London, he realised... that they just weren't that good. They might look well enough at home, but next to a Lawrence, or a Gainsborough...

\*

(she dries up)  
 So he fortified himself. He said. To get courage to get on the next coach - which was his intention. But he didn't. He spent four days in Bradford. Drunk and miserable and dreaming up some trash that he thought everyone at home'd be blown enough to believe.

ANNE  
 He spent *thirty shillings* on drink?  
 In *four* days?

EMILY  
 I could've cheerfully murdered him. To start with. And then... actually I felt sorry for him. They always expected so much of him. More - probably - than he was ever capable of. And I just thought "Thank God I'm not you". I mean I know I couldn't cope at Roe Head.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

But I wasn't reduced to telling  
lies.

(a moment)

Anyway, ever since then - and I'm  
not condemning him for it, we are  
what we are, but ever since then -  
I've always had it at the back of  
my mind that it'd be unlikely  
[that] -

(she dries up, she hates  
saying it)

that we could ever really rely on  
him for anything.

It's clear that it saddens EMILY to say this. ANNE's sickened  
too; it's hard to hear her brother being written off like  
that by someone who isn't saying it just to be rotten.

ANNE

It's disappointing. I know. And I'm  
angry too, he *humiliated* me at  
Thorp Green, and he knew what he  
was doing. But we shouldn't give up  
on him. Should we?

EMILY

No. We shouldn't give up on him.  
But we should see him for what he  
is. Not what he isn't. It's not  
fair on him.

ANNE takes that in. Accepts it, reluctantly.

ANNE

I sometimes think Charlotte  
*despises* him.

EMILY

Yeah. Well. Charlotte has her own  
demons.

ANNE

What demons?

EMILY weighs things up.

EMILY

She'd be cross if she knew I'd told  
you.

(inevitably ANNE's  
intrigued)

You know how low she's been? For  
months. To the point of making  
herself ill, and convincing herself  
she's going blind.

ANNE

Yes.

EMILY doesn't like betraying people's confidence. On the other hand it's only their CHARLOTTE.

EMILY

You know when we were in Brussels?  
Monsieur Heger.

She pulls a bit of a face as she says his name, like she thinks he was pompous.

ANNE

Yes.

EMILY

Well she was...  
(nudge nudge wink wink)  
You know.

ANNE

What?

EMILY

Taken up with him. Not when I was there. This was after Aunt Branwell died when I stayed at home. She became...  
(mouths it)  
obsessed with him.

ANNE

He was married.

Oh yes.

EMILY

It's why she left. At finish.

Cut to later as they're walking back -

21

EXT. MOORS. DAY 2 - (14 JULY 1845, 18:38)

21

Later in the day. The sun's lower in the sky.

EMILY

I don't think she'd have told me,  
only she felt guilty.

ANNE

Having feelings for a married man?  
Well, yes, I suppose she [would] -

EMILY

Oh, well, no, not - that exactly.  
It was -

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(she hesitates, then lowers  
her voice, even though  
they're in the middle of  
nowhere)

She went to *confession*. To confess  
her guilt.

ANNE

(amazed)

Confession? As in - ? In a - ?

EMILY

Yeah.

ANNE

(mouthing it)

*Catholic church?*

EMILY

She had no-one to talk to, and so  
of course *then* she felt guilty  
about setting foot inside a  
Catholic church. She wrote to me -  
"Don't tell papa".

ANNE

So...

(ANNE can't help smiling.  
She knows it's not funny,  
really, but it's  
obviously ironic)

She went into a Catholic church to  
confess her guilt about -  
(lowers her voice)  
- having *feelings* for *Monsieur*  
*Heger*, but then she had to write to  
you to confess her guilt about  
going to confession?

EMILY

I don't like the Catholic Church  
any more than I like any other sort  
of organised hypocrisy. BUT. I do  
think there's something to be said  
for being able to get something off  
your chest. Of course I absolved  
her.

She makes a saintly gesture and smiles beatifically.

ANNE

And she *actually spoke to a priest?*

EMILY nods: Yup.

EMILY

And the point is. She's made  
herself ill with obsession and  
guilt and God knows what else.  
Disappointment. Over a married man.  
And then Branwell blithely wades in  
and does that, and never mind the  
consequences. So. If she is  
animated about it... that's why.

(ANNE takes it in. In the  
distance EMILY sees a  
cart with a MAN and a  
WOMAN in it)

Shh! People. Shuddup. Hide.

EMILY keeps her head down so she doesn't have to say hello to anyone. ANNE's still digesting the information.

22 EXT. DEVONSHIRE ARMS, KEIGHLEY. DAY 3 - (21 JULY 1845, 12:50)

A week later.

BRANWELL and JOHN BROWN step down off the high-flier (along with fifteen other people) at the Devonshire Arms in Keighley. BRANWELL looks marginally less wretched than last time we saw him, but he's still a man with a dark obsession hanging over him.

BRANWELL

(voice over)

My dear Leyland.

23 INT. JOE LEYLAND'S WORKSHOP, SWAN COPPICE, HALIFAX. DAY 4 -23 \*  
(22 JULY 1845, 17:10) \*

JOSEPH BENTLEY LEYLAND (35 years old) is a sculptor. He's a beefy man with an accommodating face who looks more like a butcher than a sculptor. He's reading BRANWELL's letter. Behind LEYLAND sits whatever colossal, half-hewn edifice he's presently working on.

BRANWELL

(vo)

I returned yesterday from a week's  
journey to Liverpool and North  
Wales, but I found during my  
absence that wherever I went a  
certain woman robed in black, and  
calling herself "MISERY" walked by  
my side, and leant on my arm as  
affectionately as if she were my  
legal wife. Like some other  
husbands... I could have spared her  
presence.

24 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 3 - (21 JULY 1845, 17:02) 24

Tea-time. 5pm. PATRICK, CHARLOTTE, BRANWELL, EMILY and ANNE eat their meal together. Bread and butter, cheese, cake and tea. No-one's speaking, they're all in their own little worlds. EMILY sneaks bits of cheese to KEEPER and FLOSSIE.

PATRICK

Is she feeding those dogs again?

It's CHARLOTTE he seems to be addressing.

EMILY

(a convincing casual  
murmur)

No.

EMILY pulls a face "Shh...!" at CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE turns her attention from EMILY to BRANWELL. It's a look of contempt. The noise he makes eating (which is in fact neither here nor there) irritates the hell out of her. It's a case of those who seek offence being sure to find it. BRANWELL's too self absorbed to notice.

PATRICK

Tell us something about Liverpool.  
Branwell.

BRANWELL

(realising he's being  
addressed)

Oh. Well. The docks were  
extraordinary. We saw a black man.  
A Blackamoor, a Creole. He *really*  
*was* black. I think he was something  
on one of the ships.

ANNE and CHARLOTTE are interested. EMILY's feeding the dogs again (but it's probably all sinking in).

25 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT 3 - (21 JULY 1845, 25  
23:36)

Later. Dark. CHARLOTTE comes upstairs. With a candle. She's on her way to bed. She hears muted sniggering (or whimpering) coming from Branwell's bedroom. The door's closed. She goes and listens. Then she taps gently on the door and opens it.

26 INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 3. CONTINUOUS - (261  
JULY 1845, 23:36)

BRANWELL's sitting on the floor. Writing. He's very obviously drunk, talking to himself, engrossed in whatever it is he's writing.

He tries to hide his whisky bottle as soon as he realises someone's coming in, but - being drunk - he's made a mess of it. CHARLOTTE appears at the door with her candle. She pretends she hasn't seen the bottle, and BRANWELL goes on the defensive -

BRANWELL

(he smiles: it's a bit  
arsy, a bit of a  
challenge)

Yes?

She comes in and shuts the door. And what comes out is sadness, not anger or judgement.

CHARLOTTE

If you don't get on top. Of this habit. When things don't go right for you. If you can't exercise some restraint. It'll take over your life. Branwell, and [it'll - ]

BRANWELL

Don't be ridiculous.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not being ridiculous - it'll destroy you. And you still have [so much] - ! Potentially, you still have so much to offer. Branwell.

(still no response)

You need a plan.

BRANWELL

I've got plans.

CHARLOTTE

Have you?

(he affirms in a rather dismissive "I might have" way)

And can you share them? With anyone.

BRANWELL

D'you know what I've realised? This'll interest you. What I've realis[ed] -

(interrupts himself)

Oh! You will be pleased to hear. As well. That I have written to Francis Grundy. My old -

CHARLOTTE

I remember.

BRANWELL

- friend, and I've asked him to look out for me. For any vacancies. On the railway. Again. I mean surely enough time has elapsed for that other business to be swept under the -

(he makes a gesture)

- carpet, and he wasn't a man to hold a grudge. Francis. No. So. Also! I have written to Leyland. In Halifax. And I shall visit him. You see there may be opportunities there.

CHARLOTTE

(she nods: good)

What's the thing that would interest me?

BRANWELL

Ah! D'you know what I've realised?

CHARLOTTE

What?

BRANWELL

There's no money in poetry.

(CHARLOTTE takes that in.)

Okay, fair enough. She could've told him that.

But so what?)

Novels. That's where the money is. And the *thing*, the thing I've realised. Is. That whilst the composition of a poem demands the *utmost* stretch of a man's intellect - and for what? Ten pounds at the most - I could hum a tune and smoke a cigar and I'd have a novel written.

CHARLOTTE takes that in. Whether it's true or not, she can't say. What does strike her -

CHARLOTTE

No-one would publish a novel by an unknown author.

BRANWELL

Northangerland -

(he indicates himself)

Has had *nine* poems published in the Halifax *Guardian*.

(MORE)

BRANWELL (CONT'D)

(he finds a copy of the newspaper - with one of his published poems - that's been chucked on the floor somewhere)

It's only Halifax, I know, but.  
It's widely enough read.

CHARLOTTE

You'd need a good story. For a novel.

BRANWELL

Oh, when was I ever short of a story?

He seems happy. Then suddenly he looks forlorn. His brain defaults to his misery (heartbreak + humiliation) over Mrs. Robinson, so when he's been taken out of himself for a moment - as he was just now - it cripples him all over again when she floods back into his brain.

27 INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 4. MORNING - (22 JULY 1845, 07:05)

Morning light falls through a crack in the shutters and illuminates BRANWELL's 40-page manuscript, the one he was working on last night, entitled *And The Weary Are At Rest*.

We see something of what he's written on the most recent page: *Mrs Maria Thurston had known enough of Sorrow, and God had intended her to both know and feel enough of love.*

There are a few words scratched out and altered, and some cartoon doodles in the margin. The half bottle of whisky BRANWELL was drinking is empty under the bed, and BRANWELL is flaked out, fully clothed, on the bed.

28 EXT. MAIN STREET/CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 09:46)

The new church bells are arriving. It's a big day for the village. It's a bit of an event and a spectacle. People pause to watch, others emerge from their shops and houses as the bells are hauled past on a horse-drawn cart up the street, encased in wooden crates (presumably it takes huge shire horses to haul something this heavy up such a steep slope). There's wooden scaffolding erected up the church tower where the old bells have been removed, and where the new ones will be hauled into place.

PATRICK and his curate, ARTHUR NICHOLLS (26) watch with some excitement and satisfaction (kind ARTHUR describing the scene to blind PATRICK); this is the culmination of a lot of fund raising and hard work on PATRICK's part.

MR. GREENWOOD - a local dignitary - has come to watch, and congratulate PATRICK.

29 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 09:48)

The horse-drawn cart comes around the bend in the lane, and up Church Lane, drawing parallel with the church tower.

30 INT. PARSONAGE, CHARLOTTE & ANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY 4A. MORNING CONTINUOUS - (20 AUGUST 1845, 09:50)

EMILY and CHARLOTTE are watching the spectacle from the upstairs window in CHARLOTTE and ANNE's bedroom. They look striking together, EMILY so tall and CHARLOTTE so little.

EMILY

Are you still thinking about going to Paris?

CHARLOTTE

I don't think it's likely. At the moment.

EMILY

Why?

(CHARLOTTE struggles to formulate a response: the truth is she's too swamped in apathy and depression to organise something like that)

It might do you good.

(still no response)

Are you still hell-bent on making yourself poorly?

CHARLOTTE

I'm not poorly, I'm just struggling to...

(it's something she can't articulate, and then an outburst - )

Why is it that a woman's lot is so very different to a man's? I've never felt inferior. Have you? Intellectually. Why is it that we have so very few opportunities? You or I could do almost anything we set our minds to. But no. All we can realistically plan is a school - a modest enough school - that no-one wants to come to! Why is it that a woman's lot is to be perpetually *infantilized*?

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Or else *invisible*. And powerless to  
do anything about it?

EMILY looks quite engaged by CHARLOTTE's outburst. She mulls it over, and it's more CHARLOTTE's bad temper she's reacting to than what she's said as she mumbles -

EMILY

Did he never write back to you?  
Heger?

Eventually, self-consciously -

CHARLOTTE

No.

(EMILY looks a bit sad and  
sorry and awkward; the  
closest she can come to  
showing sympathy.

CHARLOTTE takes the  
opportunity to say - )

Anne says you've written some  
poems.

(EMILY considers that. Then  
realises she doesn't  
actually have to provide  
an answer)

Have you ever thought about  
publishing them?

EMILY

(quiet, decisive)

No.

Pause. They watch the bells.

CHARLOTTE

It's - the thing is you see - I've  
written some verses too, and if  
between us we could accumulate  
enough material to think about  
publishing a small volume, [then] -

EMILY

What, and have it pored over and  
ridiculed and rubbished by whoever  
might choose to waste their money  
on it?

Not likely.

EMILY leaves CHARLOTTE to it, she's seen enough of the bells arriving. CHARLOTTE's left with whatever plan she had brewing trashed.

Or is it?

31 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 10:35)

EMILY heads off out through the back yard (with KEEPER and FLOSSIE) and up onto the moors. KEEPER gallops off. EMILY whistles at him, loud like a sheep farmer, and shouts -

EMILY  
Get back here! Keeper!

32 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR/HALLWAY/STAIRS/UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 10:52)

CHARLOTTE's sitting doing nothing in the parlour (she was reading the paper, now she's doing nothing). She can hear the clock ticking on the landing. We get the idea that the house is empty.

CHARLOTTE makes a decision: a big one, a momentous one as it will turn out, but right now a bit of a scary one. She gets up and heads out of the room.

She comes out into the hallway, and listens. She looks in the kitchen, and listens, just to check that everyone really is out.

Then she looks up the stairs.

On the landing she comes to EMILY's door. Which is shut. She braces herself, then tries the handle. She pushes the door open. She looks inside, and listens to the house, perpetually terrified of getting caught out in case there's someone in the house she's forgotten about. Without stepping into the room she looks around, imagining where EMILY might hide her poems.

33 EXT. MOORS. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 10:54) 33

EMILY heads along the moorland path. There's a MAN and BOY coming the other way and already EMILY's feeling the burden of having to greet them. The MAN touches his cap at EMILY and goes, "Afternoon!" Socially inept EMILY manages a rather charmless, shifty, "Lo" back. We feel sorry for her, how difficult she clearly finds the most simple, brief human interaction with people she doesn't know, or is only half familiar with.

34 INT. PARSONAGE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 10:55)

CHARLOTTE's in EMILY's bedroom now. She looks under the bed. Nothing but a chamber pot with a broken handle. She goes to the chest of drawers, and pulls open EMILY's drawers, one by one. In the bottom drawer she finds EMILY's portable writing desk.

CHARLOTTE braces herself: she really shouldn't be doing this. She opens the lid. Like most desks, it has a false base, or a secret drawer, but of course CHARLOTTE knows that, because her own writing desk is probably similar. Effortlessly she accesses the secret compartment, and finds it full of nothing significant. Frustrated, that's when her eyes land on EMILY's sewing box, sitting there in plain sight on top of her chest of drawers. She replaces the writing desk in the drawer, and opens the sewing box. She lifts out the top tray. Then under the next layer... she finds what she's looking for. Several notebooks filled with poetry. She carries them over to the bed and opens one up. Everything's written up in neat, easily legible but tiny print. She flicks through. We hear EMILY's voice -

EMILY

(vo)

He comes with Western winds, with  
evening's wandering airs,/ with  
that clear dusk of heaven that  
brings the thickest stars:/ winds  
take a pensive tone, and stars a  
tender fire,/ and visions rise and  
change that kill me with desire.

CHARLOTTE can't believe what she's reading. She had high hopes for EMILY, but this is extraordinary. It's almost like she's forgotten to breathe she's that astonished by its quality. She stares and stares at the poem, reading and re-reading it. Then it occurs to her to go back to the first one. Again, the exuberance is overwhelming and compelling -

EMILY (CONT'D)

(vo)

High waving heather 'neath stormy  
blasts bending,/ midnight and  
moonlight and bright shining  
stars;/ darkness and glory  
rejoicingly blending,/ Earth rising  
to heaven and heaven descending,/br/>man's spirit away from its drear  
dungeon sending,/ bursting the  
fetters and breaking the bars.

CHARLOTTE feels transported reading it, it's so vivid, assured, powerful. She returns to the first one she was reading (*He comes with western winds*), runs her eyes over the next two verses, and we pick it up again as voice over in the fourth -

EMILY (CONT'D)

(vo)

Then dawns the Invisible, the  
 Unseen its truth reveals;/ My  
 outward sense is gone, my inward  
 essence feels -/ Its wings are  
 almost free, its home, its harbour  
 found;/ Measuring the gulf, it  
 stoops and dares the final bound!/  
 O, dreadful is the check - intense  
 the agony/ When the ear begins to  
 hear and the eye begins to see;/  
 When the pulse begins to throb, the  
 brain to think again,/ The soul to  
 feel the flesh and the flesh to  
 feel the chain./ Yet I would lose  
 no sting, would wish no torture  
 less;/ The more that anguish racks  
 the earlier it will bless;/ And  
 robed in fires of Hell, or bright  
 with heavenly shine/ If it but  
 herald Death, the vision is divine.

During this we cut to:

35 EXT. MOORS. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 10:58) 35

EMILY and the dogs. EMILY lobs a stick across the moor; KEEPER and FLOSSIE race to retrieve it. EMILY sticks her fingers in her mouth, and whistles loud at the dogs again. They race/frolic back to her with the stick.

36 EXT. PONDEN KIRK. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 11:21) 36

EMILY stands on top of Ponden Kirk, a rocky outcrop on the top of Haworth Moor, observing the vast, bleak, magnificent landscape beneath her.

As the poem ends, we return to CHARLOTTE...

37 INT. PARSONAGE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. DAY 4A. MORNING - (20 AUGUST 1845, 10:58)

CHARLOTTE's world just changed. It's a feeling she could almost touch and taste, it's so tangible and powerful. She feels elated, inspired, shocked. She can hardly bear to put the poems back, she just wants to devour them all.

38 EXT. PARSONAGE. NIGHT 4A. DUSK - (20 AUGUST 1845, 21:32) 38

Establishing shot; the parsonage in the dying evening light.

39

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 4A. DUSK - (20 AUGUST 1845, 39  
21:32)

CHARLOTTE's sitting at the table reading by oil lamp, ANNE's sitting at the table writing. The dogs are by the fire. Suddenly a door slams upstairs (EMILY's bedroom door), and footsteps are heard hurrying down the stairs. CHARLOTTE's terrified. She knew this was coming, she steels herself. ANNE simply wonders what's amiss. The door opens and EMILY comes in, accompanied by a rush of cold air. She has her writing desk with her. She plonks it down unceremoniously on the dining table. She says nothing. She sits down, throws her writing desk open, and gets her stuff out to start writing.

ANNE

What's the matter?

(EMILY can't answer. She's too angry. She carries on what she's doing, gets out her pen, her ink pot, like she does every evening. It's properly passive aggressive)

What's the matter?

EMILY resists answering straight away.

EMILY

Somebody's been in my room.

ANNE

Someb[ody] - ?

EMILY

Somebody. Has been through my things. And not had the wit to realise - when they put them back - that everything was in a *certain order*.

ANNE

Well... who - ? We haven't, I haven't -

EMILY

No. No, *you* haven't. You *wouldn't*. I know that.

(CHARLOTTE's been steeling herself for this, but she's still not ready for it)

Branwell's in Halifax. It's safe to assume Papa couldn't see to do it, and anyway why would he bother? Tabby's got better things to do, and Martha can't read. That well. Yet.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

(CHARLOTTE's still not responding)

She also has too much (suddenly she shouts the words in a way that makes everyone jump -)

**dignity.** And **respect.** For other people's **things.**

EMILY manages a glance at CHARLOTTE. CHARLOTTE's cornered and she knows it, she's only got her brains and diplomacy to save her now.

CHARLOTTE

I shouldn't have, I know. But I'm not s[orry] - I mean I am sorry, but - look. Emily. Your poems are...

(she hasn't got words big enough. We can see ANNE thinking the equivalent of "Oh shit")

They're extraordinary.

(EMILY doesn't reply. She just keeps looking daggers at CHARLOTTE now she's confessed)

I know they're private, I know they're personal, they're a thousand and one things, but I know what I'm talking about, and they're not something to keep hidden!

(still no response)

It [was] - I admit it was curiosity - not idle curiosity, I hope, but something more n[oble] noble - that [made] -

EMILY

Noble? Going in people's bedrooms? Going through people's things?

CHARLOTTE

No wo[man] - no-one has ever written like this! Nothing I've read, nothing I can think of - nothing published - is equal to it! Emily, I *understand* great poetry when I see it! They're exceptional, they're astonishing, I couldn't *breathe* reading them, they're -

(CHARLOTTE's looking at EMILY like she's never quite seen her before)

I know you're angry, I know what I did [was] - *is* - unforgivable, except please see that it isn't.

EMILY

(she feels violated. She's  
gone icy)

You disgust me. You can't begin to  
imagine how much. You stay out of  
my room and you don't speak to me.  
You don't speak to me *generally*,  
and you don't speak to me  
*specifically* about your misguided,  
tedious, grubby little publishing  
plans.

She chuck's all her stuff back in her desk, slams her lid  
shut, picks it up, and leaves the room. As she leaves,  
PATRICK's just coming in from his study across the hallway  
(he's heard raised voices).

PATRICK

What's the matter?

EMILY

(pushing past)

*She's been in people's bedrooms  
going through people's things.*

(she heads off upstairs)

I'm putting a lock on that door!

PATRICK turns back to CHARLOTTE and ANNE.

PATRICK

What happened? Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE feels sick, she feels like she's been beaten up.

CHARLOTTE

Nothing. It's nothing, I just - I  
went in her bedroom.

PATRICK takes that in, realises there's probably more to it,  
could choose to get involved and take it further, but chooses  
not to. He withdraws from the room grumbling something under  
his breath, then remembers -

PATRICK

Where's Branwell?

CHARLOTTE/ANNE

Halifax.

PATRICK

And is he due in? Tonight? Or are  
we to lock the back door?

CHARLOTTE and ANNE look at one another, neither of them know.

CHARLOTTE

I imagine he's taken a key.  
 (PATRICK accepts that,  
 lingers a bit, and then  
 withdraws. CHARLOTTE can  
 feel ANNE looking at her)  
 All right! I made a mistake.  
 (a beat)  
 Except I didn't! They're - !  
 (still she can't find words  
 big enough)  
 Have you read them?

ANNE

No. She's never asked me to. What  
 did she mean about your 'grubby  
 little publishing plans'?

CHARLOTTE

Oh -  
 (perhaps she wasn't going  
 to share it with ANNE,  
 but right now she needs  
 all the allies she can  
 get)  
 it was something Branwell said.

40 INT. PARSONAGE, CHARLOTTE & ANNE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4A. DUSK 40  
 (20 AUGUST 1845, 21:36)

ANNE comes into the room and eagerly, carefully takes a small collection of notebooks, and a more substantial document (the manuscript of *Passages In The Life of an Individual*) from between folded clothes in one of her drawers.

41 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 4A. DUSK - (20 AUGUST 1845, 41  
 21:37)

ANNE comes back in and hands one of her notebooks to CHARLOTTE. Rather gingerly, CHARLOTTE takes it. ANNE sits down next to her. Nervous. CHARLOTTE opens it. Poetry. She reads. Takes her time. She skims through to another page, and reads. Clearly she's nowhere near as excited as she was when she read EMILY's poetry.

CHARLOTTE

They're not without charm.

ANNE

It's not just the poems, you see.  
 I've been writing this too.  
 (she offers her the  
 manuscript entitled  
*Passages in the Life of  
 an Individual.*  
 (MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)  
 CHARLOTTE takes it, looks  
 through it)

It's a novel. It's not Gondal and  
 Gaaldine. It's more about how  
 things are in the real world. It's  
 about being a governess, it's  
 all... things I've seen. And heard.  
 And witnessed.

(CHARLOTTE reads through  
 the first page, we see  
 what a fast, intelligent  
 reader she is. And we see  
 that it engages her much  
 more than ANNE's poetry)

The thing is, you see, I -

CHARLOTTE

This is beautifully written.

ANNE

Thank you. I would be ready. To try  
 and publish. I would be ready to  
 risk failure. And who knows? This  
 is what we've done all our lives.  
 Write. We've lived in our heads. I  
 don't regard the attempt to do  
 something with it as venal. I think  
 it's more venal selling ourselves  
 as governesses when we find it such  
 a trial. So long as we approached  
 it carefully, wisely, and not make  
 fools of ourselves, then surely -

CHARLOTTE

(interrupts)

The plan. Would be to try to  
 publish a volume of poetry first.  
 And then if that met with a modicum  
 of success, and something of a name  
 was established, then we could each  
 risk a work of fiction. I've toyed  
 with writing something about  
 Brussels.

(she fights a feeling of  
 self-consciousness)

I mean, I don't even know if that's  
 the etiquette. But. Perhaps I could  
 write to a publishing house and  
 find out.

(a moment as she looks over  
 another one of ANNE's  
 poems)

Your poems are competent, and  
 charming. And I'm no great poet  
 myself. But Emily's contribution  
 could elevate a small volume to  
 something...

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 (again, she's lost for  
 hyperbole so resorts to  
 something more prosaic)  
 Actually worth spending a few  
 shillings on.

42 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 5 - (22 AUGUST 1845, 10:31) 42

Two days later. EMILY's busy dividing the bread dough she's just kneaded into four lots, to make four loaves. (We notice her pencil behind her ear, her notebook handy, her ink stained fingers). The kitchen's busy with TABBY and MARTHA to-ing and fro-ing. ANNE's with EMILY. Their conversation is a bit hush hush (on ANNE's part at least), not wanting TABBY and MARTHA to hear the details of what is after all a bit of a domestic argument.

ANNE  
 I feel sorry for her.

EMILY  
 Why?

ANNE  
 Same reason I feel sorry for  
 Branwell. So much is *expected* of  
 her. Being the eldest. And not even  
 the eldest. By accident the eldest.

EMILY  
 Bossiest. She was bossy when Maria  
 and Elizabeth were still alive, I  
 remember it. Vividly. It's being so  
 bossy that's stunted her growth.

ANNE knows that was said a bit tongue-in-cheek. Its intention was to raise a smile, even though EMILY's still not giving much away, and even though it was a bit cruel. So ANNE can see light at the end of the tunnel, if she persists.

ANNE  
 She's ambitious. For *all* of us, and  
 I can see nothing wrong with that.  
 I realise some people might think  
 it's *vulgar*, but *Emily*, we were  
*born writing*, and if we're  
 cautious, if we're clever - and we  
 are - and if we disguise our real  
 selves and our sex [well then  
 surely] -

EMILY covers the loaves with a cloth to let them rise, whips her pinny off, then calls to TABBY (interrupting ANNE) -

EMILY  
 Right, that's done, Tabby! I'm off  
 down the h[ill] - !  
 (MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 (TABBY's just come through  
 from the back kitchen, so  
 EMILY realises she  
 doesn't have to shout)

Hill.

TABBY  
 It's wonderful how quiet they all  
 think she is in t'village, and how  
 loud she is at home.

EMILY gives TABBY a 'yeah whatever' look and turns to ANNE -

EMILY  
 You can come with me if you want.

43 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 5 - (22 AUGUST 43  
 1845, 10:38) \*

EMILY and ANNE come out of the back door, out of the back gate and head down Church Lane together.

ANNE  
 Have you ever thought about writing  
 something that's *not* Gondal?  
 Something more... not princesses  
 and emperors, more just... what  
 happens in the real world.

At length, having weighed up whether she wants to share this and play ball -

EMILY  
 You know when I worked in Halifax?  
 At that school at Law Hill.

ANNE  
 Yes.

EMILY  
 Miss Patchett. That ran it. She  
 told me this tale. And I've often  
 thought it'd make a story. A novel.

ANNE  
 What was it about?

EMILY  
 This man, this lad. Jack Sharp.  
 (smiling, thrilled)  
 Have I never told you this?

Nope.

44 EXT. LAW HILL, HALIFAX. DAY. F/B 5 - (4 NOVEMBER 1838, 09:1484)

Winter, 1838. 20-year-old EMILY is a teaching assistant, and walks side-by-side with ELIZABETH PATCHETT, the 42-year-old head teacher of Law Hill School. In front of them a crocodile of 10-year-old girls, walking two abreast (with another teacher leading from the front to keep up the pace). They're walking away from the school (possibly to church) so the school is behind them. MISS PATCHETT is a cheerful, intelligent woman, sensitive to EMILY's shyness and her intelligence.

MISS PATCHETT

It serves us well enough, but it's not an attractive building, I know.  
It has a rather curious history.  
(shy EMILY looks interested)  
It was built out of spite.  
Apparently. Sixty years ago. By a man called Jack Sharp.

Cutting as and when with:

45 EXT. FURTHER DOWN CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 5 - (22 AUGUST 45 1845, 10:50)

EMILY and ANNE, as before, heading down the street.

EMILY

So. There's this family. The Walkers. They own Walterclough Hall, this big house, just above Halifax, it's been in the family for generations. They're woollen manufacturers - aren't they all? - anyway, John Walker has four children, two boys, two girls, and he's adopted this nephew. Jack Sharp.

Suddenly - in a sort of subliminal flash - we see 19-year-old JACK SHARP. He's just standing there looking arrogantly at the camera in a kind of surreally-lit moorland landscape. (It may be the same actor that played PARRY). He looks no-nonsense, a hint of nasty. But compelling.

We cut to MISS PATCHETT and EMILY, as before, following a crocodile of little girls.

MISS PATCHETT

Richard and John - the two sons - were educated well, and they ended up making their livings in London.  
(MORE)

## MISS PATCHETT (CONT'D)

Jack stayed at home with the girls - Grace and Mary - and he was trained up to take over the family business. Which suited everyone, because - it seems - he'd always been old Mr. Walker's favourite, the truth be told. You know what families are like.

EMILY and ANNE coming down the top of the stone steps onto Haworth Main Street:

## EMILY

*Then, when Richard - the eldest son - dies in some tragic accident somewhere, old Mr. Walker decides to leave the district - for whatever reason - and he leaves Jack in charge of his business and Walterclough Hall.*

MISS PATCHETT and younger EMILY in Halifax -

## MISS PATCHETT

*Eventually - some years later - old Mr. Walker himself dies, and the remaining son, John - in London - inherits everything and gives Jack Sharp - who he'd never liked - notice to vacate the property forthwith. Which -*  
*(to put it mildly)*  
*- can't have gone down well. But -*

Haworth -

## EMILY

*- but, John Walker junior has the law on his side, and after enough wrangling - in court - Jack Sharp has to vacate the property whether he likes it or not. But not before he's trashed the place and taken anything of any value.*

Halifax -

## MISS PATCHETT

*The furniture, the silver, the plate, the linen. You can only imagine what they all went through. The anger and the bitterness. And then he built his own home, a new house. Here. At Law Hill.*

\*

Haworth -

EMILY

The spot chosen very carefully, people believed, because it looks down on Walterclough Hall. And then he filled it with the stash he'd purloined from the Hall. Like he was goading John Walker to come and fetch it. If he dared.

We now remain in Haworth with EMILY and ANNE.

ANNE

And did he dare?

EMILY

I doubt it. But. The worst thing Jack Sharp did. One of old Mr. Walker's sisters had a son. Grown-up by then, called Sam Stead. And Jack Sharp apprenticed him in the trade, like he'd been apprenticed himself by old Mr. Walker. And he cleverly, calculatedly, bit-by-bit, indulged and degraded Sam Stead with gambling and drink, and the lad was too feckless to know any better.

ANNE

Why would you do that?

EMILY

To cause as much misery and humiliation to the Walkers as he could.

ANNE

That's -

EMILY

I know.

(ANNE looks appalled. EMILY looks excited, her eyes have lit up)

All that anger. It's so rich.

(they've reached JOHN GREENWOOD's stationery shop down the Main Street)

Right. Well. If we're writing novels...

(she nods at JOHN GREENWOOD's shop)

I imagine we'll need more paper.

...and steps into it.

46 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:00)

46

Sunday morning. The church bells ring joyously.

47 INT. PARSONAGE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 47 09:01)

CHARLOTTE and ANNE are with EMILY. EMILY remains rather cool with CHARLOTTE. CHARLOTTE's calm but energised, delighted that EMILY's been won round, but wise enough not to be too over the top about it. CHARLOTTE's responding to a statement EMILY's just made -

CHARLOTTE

Of course we're not going to use  
our real names!

ANNE

But must they be men's names?

EMILY

When a man writes something, it's  
what he's written that's judged.  
When a woman writes something, it's  
her that's judged.

ANNE takes that in and realises it's true.

CHARLOTTE

We must select the poems we want to  
use and then... yes, if we're to be  
taken seriously and judged fairly  
and make anything resembling a  
profit... we must walk invisible.

A moment.

ANNE

What about names that are neither  
men's nor women's?

48 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:48) 48

The bells continue to ring as we see CHARLOTTE's hand write 'Currer Bell' on one of her manuscripts. EMILY's hand comes in and writes 'Ellis Bell' on one of hers. ANNE's comes in and writes 'Acton Bell' on one of hers.

49 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 6 - (24 AUGUST 1845, 09:48) INTO DAY 7 (24 MARCH 1846, 14:03) \*

Epic shot of Haworth and the hills. The bells continue to ring joyously and - like most church bells - slightly out of kilter. Then as the bells fade, the landscape changes from autumn to winter.

The church, the parsonage, and the moorland township is covered in a modest dusting of snow (1845 - 46 was a mild winter).

50 EXT. MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 7 - (2 MARCH 1846, 14:03) 50

2 March 1846. CHARLOTTE returns home from seeing ELLEN again, heading up the hill, just as she was the first time we saw her in Scene 3, eight months ago.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Dear Ellen. I reached home a little after 2 o' clock all safe and right yesterday. Emily and Anne were gone to Keighley to meet me.

This voice over takes us into the next scene and continues through it -

51 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY AND VIEW INTO PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 51 - (2 MARCH 1846, 14:05)

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Unfortunately I had returned by the old road while they were gone by the new, and we missed each other.

CHARLOTTE comes in and finds no-one in the parlour. She goes across the hallway and taps on PATRICK's study door, then pushes it open. MR. NICHOLLS is in with PATRICK, reading correspondence to him (we may see MR. NICHOLLS' slight agitation - he's infatuated - when CHARLOTTE is anywhere near him, but it goes right over CHARLOTTE's head).

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I'm back.

MR. NICHOLLS

(flustered, he stands up politely and knocks his tea cup over)

Miss Brontë!

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Nicholls.

52 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING/BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 7 52 (2 MARCH 1846, 14:06)

CHARLOTTE goes upstairs, unfastening her bonnet.

CHARLOTTE

(vo to ELLEN)

I went into the room where Branwell was, to speak to him. It was very forced work to address him. I might have spared myself the trouble as he took no notice -

(at this point we see

CHARLOTTE going,  
"Branwell? Branwell!" at  
him. Once more he's  
sitting on the floor,  
amidst papers, with pen  
and ink, but too  
stupefied to actually  
write anything, and with  
all sick down his front)

- and made no reply. He was  
stupefied.

Just as she's about to leave him to it, CHARLOTTE sees a parcel on the floor, addressed to herself. C. Brontë Esq. She grabs it. Continuous -

53 INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 7. CONTINUOUS - (253 MARCH 1846, 14:08)

CHARLOTTE

What's this? Branwell, what's this?

BRANWELL

(he can barely string  
thoughts and words  
together. He seems  
miserable yet amused)

Ohh... thassfer you. I opened it.  
By mistake. It said 'esquire' so I  
thought... 'twas mine.

(CHARLOTTE realises he's  
opened it, and he's been  
through it)

Proof pages! So how much are you  
paying them for the privilege? I  
assume you're paying them, I assume  
you've clubbed together, I assume  
they're not paying you?

It takes him a while to spit this out, because he is properly wobbly unco-ordinatedly drunk. Or off his head on opium. CHARLOTTE makes no reply because he's absolutely right, they are paying the publisher. They're paying the publisher a lot.

CHARLOTTE

(nodding at his front)

You've been sick.

54 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 7 - (2 MARCH 1846, 16:13) 54

EMILY and ANNE have just arrived back with the dogs, and are just taking their capes and hats off. CHARLOTTE's been home about two hours now.

CHARLOTTE

I didn't confirm or deny, I made no reply.

EMILY

I don't care about him knowing we're paying *them*, it's a means to an end as far as I'm concerned. I care about him *talking* to people. About *us*.

CHARLOTTE

Where's he got the money from anyway? To get into that state?

EMILY

He screwed a sovereign out of papa. Yesterday.

ANNE

He claimed to have some pressing debt, and papa said no, and then [the next thing] -

EMILY

(interrupts)

- then the next thing we know he's given it to him - God knows how or why - and he's trotting off down the hill to get it changed in the Black Bull.

Silence as CHARLOTTE absorbs that. The implications: was PATRICK bullied and threatened? CHARLOTTE goes very sombre. Eventually -

ANNE

Perhaps - when he's sober - he'll not even remember he's seen our proof sheets.

Good point. CHARLOTTE and EMILY both latch on to that and are keen to believe it. Although they're both wise enough to know it's not exactly a fool proof plan.

CHARLOTTE

I'll write to Aylott and Jones and ask them to address their correspondence differently in future.

ANNE

Was he angry? Branwell.

Yes, he was, but -

CHARLOTTE

What can we do? We can't include him, the way he is now! He's unmanageable! We'd never get anything agreed or done!

EMILY

Anyway, why would 'Northangerland' want to publish with his sisters?

CHARLOTTE

He certainly couldn't afford to contribute to the costs.

EMILY

We're doing the right thing. Anne. It's hard, it's tough, but I'm sorry.

(she's quiet, she hates saying this, she can see it troubles ANNE)

He'd drag us down with him if we let him.

They all know it's true, appalling as it is to admit it.

55

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 10:22)

55

Three months later.

Establishing shot of Halifax from the Keighley Road. In 1846, Halifax had something like 200 factory chimneys. It was a powerful, bustling, huge industrial town. The sun's high in the sky. BRANWELL (in his slightly battered stove pipe hat) walks along the Keighley Road from Haworth to Halifax. We feel his own sense of himself as a tragic artist; the struggling writer crippled by misery and pennilessness.

55A

EXT. HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 11:05)

55A

BRANWELL walks through Halifax toward JOE LEYLAND's studio.

56

INT. JOE LEYLAND'S WORKSHOP, SWAN COPPICE, HALIFAX. DAY 8 -56 (13 JUNE 1846, 11:14)

JOE LEYLAND (who we met briefly in scene 23) is at work. The man's a genius, his work is awe-inspiring. BRANWELL appears at the door. He takes in the massive sculpture before he makes his presence known to JOE, who's too busy to notice a visitor.

BRANWELL takes genuine pleasure in JOE's epic endeavours.  
(There are two of JOE's APPRENTICES busy throughout.)

BRANWELL

Hello Joe.

LEYLAND

(he turns and sees  
BRANWELL. He's delighted)

Well I never. Eh?  
(he downs tools)  
How y'doing lad?

He goes and gives BRANWELL a big fond hug.

BRANWELL

I've resolved. This morning. To  
keep myself busy.

LEYLAND

Good. Good!  
(he casually regards his  
morning's work on the  
monument, and confides -)  
Me too.

57 INT. THE TALBOT INN, HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 11:44) 57

Half an hour later. BRANWELL and JOE are big drinking buddies. JOE can drink for England. (He's on the slippery slope too, and for all his life enhancing talent, will die an alcoholic, just three years after BRANWELL - five years from now - at the ripe old age of 40).

BRANWELL

I thought I'd go and see John  
Frobisher. I thought I might write  
something to set to music. And he'd  
be the man. He is still here, isn't  
he? At the church?

LEYLAND

So far as I know, yeah. Have  
y'thought any more about going  
abroad?

BRANWELL

Not - no, I've not seen any  
vacanc[ies] - at least nothing that  
- not with the way things are at  
the moment.

LEYLAND nods sagely.

LEYLAND

How's things at home?

BRANWELL pauses; he barely knows how to answer.

58 INT. THE TALBOT INN, HALIFAX. DAY 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 12:46) 58

We jump to exactly the same scene, but an hour later, when both men have had much more to drink. But they're still on the same subject -

BRANWELL

It's like living with people who don't speak the same language as I do! No. Joe. Honestly. I could be with a tribe from some far flung corner of the globe for all I have in common with them! They despise me, and -

(he was going to say "And I despise them" but it's not quite true, and he knows that)

I only live there because I'm such a fucking pauper. They need to get married, those three. Only who'd have them? Who'd have any of us? What a ridiculous set we've become.

(a moment)

And we used to be quite a nice little family.

(silence, he goes thoughtful, more time passes)

She d[id] - she does love me. You know. Joe.

(he checks that no-one's listening. Of course no-one is)

*Lydia.*

LEYLAND

Well. You know.

(he's heard it all so many times, and God knows what the truth was)

I don't know. I wasn't there, I can't say.

BRANWELL

I know everyone thinks I'm - God knows - but if you saw her - if only for a moment - you'd get it, you'd see.

LEYLAND

What would I see?

BRANWELL

That she's... the sort of woman  
that can change a man's life. His  
whole... everything.

LEYLAND

You've got to look forwards though,  
eh? Not back. We've talked about  
this.

LEYLAND glances around the bar to see if there's anyone more interesting wandered in lately.

Nope.

BRANWELL

Am I boring you, Leyland?

LEYLAND

No, lad. No. You're not boring me.  
I just - I worry that you're  
kidding yerself. Eh? A woman her  
age, in her position.

BRANWELL

No. Leyland. What you've got to  
understand. Is that her husband...  
there's no - there was no - there  
was nothing between them. Not for  
years. He's an invalid. He's a bad-  
tempered invalid. Her life was a  
misery. Perhaps it was wrong, and  
certainly we were foolish, but she  
was happier than she could ever  
remember being! She told me so  
repeatedly. She wept - she cried -  
saying it. I'm not *dreaming* this,  
Leyland, I'm not *making it up*. My  
only hope is that he'll be dead.  
Soon. And I shall be asked back.

LEYLAND nods, he's on automatic pilot, he's heard it so many times.

59

EXT. TOP OF CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. NIGHT 8 - (13 JUNE 1846, 59  
23:10)

EMILY's sitting outside on the gate at the top of Church Lane in the moonlight. It's a balmy enough night. There's a full moon. The village dogs are howling. BRANWELL appears staggering up the hill.

EMILY

Hello.

BRANWELL

Hello.

EMILY

Look.

She means the moon.

BRANWELL

I know. It's beautiful.

He staggers looking up at the moon, nearly loses his equilibrium because he still has so much alcohol in his blood. He steadies himself by clinging onto EMILY (she lets him) and then he sits with her.

BRANWELL (CONT'D)

The same moon that's shone down since we were children. Since our ancestors were children. We're... so tiny. Really. Aren't we? So unimportant. All of us.

EMILY

That's right.

They're gazing up. The dogs are still howling.

BRANWELL

Bloody dogs.

He howls back at them. It makes EMILY smile and she joins in. \*

60

EXT. MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 12:44) 60

A week later. A man (WILLIAM ALLISON, dressed well, but in black) in his mid-twenties rides a horse up Main Street. He cuts quite a striking figure amidst all the threadbare make-do-and-mend of Haworth. He dismounts outside the Black Bull. There are a couple of old misshapen blokes outside the pub in stove pipe hats and shirt sleeves smoking their pipes. The man asks them if there's anyone that can take his horse round the back to be looked after. One of the old blokes offers to do it. The young man goes inside the Black Bull.

61

EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD AND VIEW INTO INT. PARSONAGE, 61 KITCHEN. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:01)

BRANWELL is sitting nursing a hangover in the back yard not doing anything very much. The outer door into the back kitchen is open as it's a bright summer day, and we can see MARTHA, TABBY and EMILY busy with their chores. A little lad, THOMAS MALLINSON, appears at the gate. He sees BRANWELL.

THOMAS MALLINSON

The's a fell a i' t'Black Bull  
lookin fothy.

BRANWELL

Who?

THOMAS MALLINSON

He says he's from -

(he enunciates it clearly,  
as it was said to him)

*Thorp. Green.*

BRANWELL can't believe his ears, and can't get a coherent question out -

BRANWELL

Who who who - ?

(*who is he?* THOMAS just  
shakes his head: that's  
as much as he knows)

I'll I'll just - I'll get my coat.

BRANWELL dives into the back kitchen, pushing past the women. Little THOMAS watches and waits, hoping for a farthing off someone for his trouble if he loiters. EMILY comes out and sees what's happening. She sees THOMAS. He smiles at her. EMILY's expression doesn't change, she just looks very severe and goes back inside. TABBY's come out to have a look too. BRANWELL comes flying back out pulling his coat on, and with his stove pipe hat perched on the back of his head.

62

INT. BLACK BULL. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:05)

62

BRANWELL arrives in the Black Bull and looks around anxiously. The landlord, ENOCH THOMAS (age 34), catches BRANWELL's eye and nods through to a little snug room. BRANWELL heads through (we go with him) and we discover the striking young man in black we saw earlier. WILLIAM ALLISON is a groom in the Robinson household at Thorp Green. BRANWELL takes in the fact that ALLISON is dressed in black.

WILLIAM ALLISON

Mr. Brontë.

BRANWELL

(daring to hope, but  
fearful in case for some  
reason it's her that's  
dead)

Someone's dead.

WILLIAM ALLISON

Mr. Robinson. He passed away three weeks this last Tuesday. Did you not know?

Practised at concealing the affair, BRANWELL has to conceal his glee.

WILLIAM ALLISON is a difficult man to read: it's difficult to tell where his sympathies lie, or whose agenda he's pushing, yet we sense no personal animosity between himself and BRANWELL. In his calm, quiet, unassuming manner, he seems to be treading a fine line between diffident and threatening.

BRANWELL

(hardly daring to speak for excitement, his eyes have lit up)

No. No, how could I?

WILLIAM ALLISON

It's been in t'papers.

BRANWELL

We - we don't get the York papers.

WILLIAM ALLISON'S bought a bottle of whisky and two glasses; he knows BRANWELL likes a drink. He's already poured one for himself: he pours one for BRANWELL.

WILLIAM ALLISON

(gently)

You're advised. To stay away.

BRANWELL takes that in.

BRANWELL

Does she...?

(lowers his voice, looks around. Like he knows that ALLISON knows, just neither of them can name it)

Not want me to go to her? *She* didn't say that.

WILLIAM ALLISON

No. No, it isn't her. It's Mr. Evans. One of the trustees of Mr. Robinson's will. Apparently... he's said if he sees you, he'll shoot you.

BRANWELL absorbs that.

BRANWELL

Did he send you?

WILLIAM ALLISON

No. No. She did. She was concerned you might turn up. And that Mr. Evans might feel obliged to do as he's threatened. And as well as that. You should know. By the terms of the will.

(MORE)

WILLIAM ALLISON (CONT'D)

If she marries again, she'll  
forfeit any rights to her husband's  
fortune.

BRANWELL

What?

WILLIAM ALLISON

Every penny. And the house.

(BRANWELL's shaking his  
head. This is appalling)

She asked me. Not to tell you how  
wretched she is. You'd not  
recognise her, Mr. Brontë. She's  
worn herself out these last few  
months in attendance upon him. And  
then - in the last few days before  
his death - his manner was so mild.  
So... conciliatory. It's a pity to  
see her, kneeling at her prayers.  
In tears. I suppose we can only  
guess at what torments of  
conscience she might be going  
through. Now.

BRANWELL

But *she* sent you -

WILLIAM ALLISON

- to beg you to think of your own  
safety. Mr. Brontë. And her sanity.  
Which - below stairs - we fear  
hangs by a thread.

BRANWELL's angry. He kind of knows he's being brushed off,  
but by who, he doesn't know. I suppose it suits him to think  
it's not her, but *them*, the trustees. Even though he is angry  
he still can't express that anger, because WILLIAM ALLISON is  
a lot bigger than BRANWELL, which is presumably one of the  
reasons he was sent.

BRANWELL

I don't give a damn about my own  
safety.

WILLIAM ALLISON

No, but thing is...

(as delicately and kindly  
as he can)

It's never going to happen, Mr.  
Brontë. Do you understand?  
(lowers his voice)  
You're advised to stay away.

WILLIAM ALLISON stands up - keeps his eyes on BRANWELL -  
swallows the tot of whisky he's poured himself, and leaves  
BRANWELL with the rest of the bottle. Unobtrusively, like  
very little has happened - he walks out.

But what's going on in BRANWELL's head is huge. Momentous. Devastating.

63 EXT/INT. JOHN BROWN'S WORKSHOP. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:52)

JOHN BROWN's busy chiselling away at a head stone when THOMAS MALLINSON appears in his doorway. He's just run up Church Lane.

THOMAS MALLINSON  
*Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!*

JOHN BROWN  
What do you want, you little  
bugger?

JOHN says this with a certain brusque affection.

THOMAS MALLINSON  
You've to come! Mr. Thomas at Black  
Bull says you've to come!

JOHN can see it's urgent. He downs tools and follows THOMAS.

64 INT. BLACK BULL. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 13:59)

64

The bottle of whisky is empty. BRANWELL's all limp and floppy and incoherent. He's sitting on the floor, in tears, crying silently but uncontrollably. ENOCH THOMAS is sitting with him, pending JOHN BROWN's arrival. ENOCH THOMAS has his hand on BRANWELL's shoulder, like he's sympathetic, but doesn't really know what to say (like people don't in real life when people cry). JOHN BROWN comes in.

JOHN BROWN  
Now what?

ENOCH THOMAS  
God knows. There were a fella here.

JOHN BROWN  
Paddy? Come on lad. What's up?

ENOCH THOMAS  
I sent for thee 'cos I thowt -

JOHN BROWN  
No, you've done reight.

ENOCH THOMAS (CONT'D)  
- state he's in.

JOHN BROWN  
Come on.

BRANWELL realises JOHN's here.

BRANWELL

Nothing. Nothing I do, John.  
(he's smiling like it's  
funny, even though he  
remains in tears. It's  
absurd, he's absurd)

John.

(he touches JOHN's face  
affectionately)

Nothing I do.

65 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 14:05) 65

BRANWELL staggers up the lane home, supported by JOHN BROWN.

BRANWELL

Why are we walking up here?

JOHN BROWN

It's where y'live.

BRANWELL

I don't want to go home, we're not  
going home.

JOHN BROWN

Right well where d'you wanna go  
then?

BRANWELL

Keighley.

JOHN BROWN

I think meself you'd be better off  
at home.

BRANWELL

I've got to get to Thorp Green,  
John.

JOHN BROWN

Fair enough but not just now, not  
today, not in this state.

BRANWELL

This state, yes. This is the best  
state to go there in.

JOHN BROWN

Well you can, I can't, obviously,  
it's two o'clock i' th'afternoon,  
I've to get back to work.

As they approach the parsonage, MR. NICHOLLS emerges from the  
gate, just leaving, no idea what he's just about to bump  
into.

We now see the world from BRANWELL's pissed wobbly point of view.

JOHN BROWN is humiliated bumping into MR. NICHOLLS like this -

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)  
He's - he's - had a bad do, he's  
had a bit of bad news.

- but JOHN BROWN needn't be humiliated; MR. NICHOLLS immediately grasps the sordid situation, and tacitly undertakes to help JOHN get BRANWELL inside and out of sight. Together they walk BRANWELL through the gate and inside...

66

INT. PARSONAGE, BACK KITCHEN/KITCHEN/HALLWAY. DAY 9.  
CONTINUOUS - (20 JUNE 1846, 14:07)

66

...through the back kitchen, the kitchen, into the hallway.  
MR. NICHOLLS' hat gets knocked off in the tussle.

BRANWELL  
[Fucking] curate. [Fucking]...  
(pulling his arm away from  
MR. NICHOLLS)  
touch me.

MR. NICHOLLS  
(calm)  
Calm down.

BRANWELL  
You calm down.

MR. NICHOLLS  
Please don't raise your voice.

BRANWELL  
Don't [fucking] tell me what to do!

67

INT. PARSONAGE, CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS - (20 JUNE 1846, 14:08)

EMILY's ironing when she hears the commotion downstairs. She puts the iron down in the grate of the fire and goes to the top of the stairs to see what's going on.

68

INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/STAIRS. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS - (20 JUNE 1846, 14:08)

ANNE comes out of the parlour, where she was writing. CHARLOTTE comes out of PATRICK's study, where she was reading to him and EMILY appears at the top of the stairs. PATRICK emerges from his study behind CHARLOTTE.

BRANWELL

Look at them, looking at me!  
They're always looking at me! With  
their *stupid, empty* faces! Stop  
*looking at me!* And *him!* What do you  
want? *What do you want?* You've had  
everything! You've had everything  
you're getting!

He lets out a weird animal roar at them all again (as he did in scene 5) then this becomes the most anguished crying. Eventually he dissolves into tears and flops on the floor. No-one seems to know what to do, it's absurd and humiliating. EMILY sets off down the stairs. JOHN whispers in BRANWELL's ear -

JOHN BROWN

Come on upstairs, have a lie down  
and you can have a few knock-out  
drops, eh?

BRANWELL nods. He can barely focus. But the idea of knock-out drops gives him something to aim to get to the top of the stairs for. He lets EMILY and JOHN help him upstairs. MR. NICHOLLS - left at the bottom of the stairs - glances apologetically at CHARLOTTE as he retrieves his hat, and they manage a brief embarrassed exchange -

MR. NICHOLLS

Sorry.

CHARLOTTE

Sorry.

- and he leaves.

69

INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 9 - (20 JUNE 1846, 69  
14.11)

JOHN and EMILY get BRANWELL into his bedroom. BRANWELL pulls JOHN towards him and murmurs -

BRANWELL

You'll have to go down the hill and  
get me some John, I haven't got  
any.

JOHN tuts a bit, he knows damned well BRANWELL won't have any money either, and he'll have to pay for it himself.

JOHN BROWN

Right, well you'll atta gi' me a  
few minutes.

BRANWELL

Yeah yeah.

JOHN glances apologetically at EMILY and leaves the room. BRANWELL groans and writhes on the bed, then heaves himself up and vomits. EMILY watches, stony-faced, knowing she's the mug who gets to clear that up. KEEPER wanders in to have a look as well. "Ooh sick, that looks tasty", KEEPER's thinking. EMILY grabs his collar.

EMILY

Don't.

70

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 10 - (7 JULY 1846, 22.26) 70

CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE all busy writing. We linger on them writing for a good few moments. There's an oil lamp in the middle of the table. Perhaps we can tell by their level of concentration that EMILY and ANNE are writing fiction. CHARLOTTE's writing to ELLEN.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Dear Ellen. We have been somewhat more harassed than usual lately. The death of Mr. Robinson has served Branwell for a pretext to throw all about him into hubbub and confusion.

CHARLOTTE's VO continues as we cut visually to the next scene...

71

EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. MORNING. DAY 10 - (7 JULY 1846, 71 11:40)

Another shiny new July morning. The postman SAMUEL HARTLEY heads up the lane, through the Brontës' gate and round to the front of the house, where he knocks on the door. \*

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

He has become intolerable. To papa he allows rest neither day nor night and he is continually screwing money out of him sometimes threatening that he will kill himself if it is withheld from him.

CHARLOTTE opens the door, but not very wide because inside we can hear BRANWELL shouting at PATRICK as PATRICK urges BRANWELL to keep his voice down. She has to answer the door though, because she's desperate to know what SAMUEL's got for her. \*

BRANWELL

(oov)

I need. Some money.

PATRICK

(oov)

You *need*. To get a *situation*. You *need*. To pull yourself together!

BRANWELL

(oov)

I've tried! *God*, I've tried! Are you stupid as well as blind? There's nothing out there! Not for someone who's *fit for nothing* like *me*! Thanks to you.

PATRICK

(oov)

You've had every opportunity! I am not giving you any more money.

BRANWELL

(oov)

No, you are.

PATRICK

(oov)

No, I'm not. I'm afraid there *is* no more.

BRANWELL

(oov)

Right, well I'll just have to *take* it then.

PATRICK

(oov)

Well. Mm. You'll have to find it first.

BRANWELL

(oov)

Where is it?

PATRICK

(oov)

It's gone.

BRANWELL

(oov)

Where *is* it? Tell me where it *is*!

PATRICK

(oov)

You can threaten me all you like. There is no more money, Branwell. Not for you. I beg you to recognise that *you are ill*.

During the above CHARLOTTE takes a handful of mail from SAMUEL HARTLEY.

\*

She murmurs "thank you" at SAMUEL, who looks a bit embarrassed for CHARLOTTE, trying to pretend he can't hear the shouting. CHARLOTTE closes the outer door and we follow her into the parlour...

\*

72 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 72 11:43)

...as CHARLOTTE's voice over continues. CHARLOTTE shuts the parlour door behind her (we stay with her in the parlour, the shouting across continues, but less distinct), and she sorts through the mail. There's one for her and the rest for her father. She opens the letter, and reads. Enclosed are a couple of newspaper cuttings: reviews. She absorbs the contents quickly (again we see what a quick reader she is and how fast her mind works) and despite the misery of what's going on in the house right now, the contents of the cuttings make her eyes light up.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

He says Mrs. Robinson is now insane, that her mind is a complete wreck, owing to remorse for her conduct towards Mr. Robinson, whose end it appears was hastened by distress of mind, and grief for having lost him. I do not know how much to believe of what he says. He now declares that he neither can nor will do anything for himself. Good situations have been offered more than once - for which by a fortnight's work he might have qualified himself - but he will do nothing except drink and make us all wretched.

CHARLOTTE leaves the room with the paper cuttings...

73 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 10. 73 CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 11:45)

...and heads along the corridor (BRANWELL and PATRICK still arguing in the study), through the kitchen, through the back kitchen (where TABBY's busy), and outside...

74 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS -74 (7 JULY 1846, 11:46)

...where EMILY's feeding a couple of geese. CHARLOTTE speaks quietly so TABBY won't get wind of it.

CHARLOTTE

Two reviews. One from the *Critic*,  
one from the *Athenaeum*. Both  
anonymous. But both really...

(she doesn't want to  
overstate the case)

Really quite good. Especially about  
you.

EMILY takes the papers and reads. She reads just as  
efficiently as CHARLOTTE. EMILY doesn't show much, but we can  
see that on the quiet she finds this deeply gratifying.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

"...refreshing, vigorous poetry -  
no sickly affectations, no namby-  
pamby, no tedious imitations of  
familiar strains".

There's a moment of something a bit like understanding  
between them. It's the closest EMILY will come to apologising  
to CHARLOTTE, and admitting that she did the right thing. But  
it's kind of understood.

EMILY

Are they still fighting?

CHARLOTTE tacitly affirms.

CHARLOTTE

Will you be all right? When I go to  
Manchester with Papa?

EMILY

(she nods)

It's only three weeks. I'm more  
concerned about when he comes back.  
He'll need rest, and quiet. Not  
this.

Just then BRANWELL comes out of the house pulling his jacket  
on, his hat perched on the back of his head. TABBY knows to  
get out of his way as he pushes past her. Suddenly EMILY's  
anger gets the better of her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Did y'get what you wanted?

(she walks out onto the  
lane after him)

Yeah! You. Are you proud of  
yourself? Eh? Wangling money out of  
a blind man? A man practically in  
his seventies.

BRANWELL

(a mumble)

Oh fuck off.

EMILY

Come back here and say that.  
(BRANWELL comes back like  
he's going to head butt  
her, but to his surprise  
EMILY doesn't flinch, she  
walks towards him like  
she's going to head butt  
him back. And of course  
she's taller than he is)

Yeah, go on. Have a go. See what  
happens.

BRANWELL decides not to.

BRANWELL

I haven't time.

EMILY

No, just the blind and the elderly  
then, is it?

BRANWELL

(as he wobbles away)

Otherwise I would.

EMILY

Course you would.

BRANWELL clearly has more pressing matters to attend to now  
he's managed to get money out of PATRICK. EMILY watches after  
him for a moment and then marches back inside. CHARLOTTE  
follows.

75 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY  
1846, 11:48)

EMILY comes through to PATRICK's study. The door's ajar. She  
taps on it and pushes it open. PATRICK's sitting there with a  
small contusion to his left cheek bone, which he prods  
gingerly to see how tender it is. He probably has a raging  
headache now as well. He looks up (as well as he can) at  
EMILY.

PATRICK

It's nothing.

EMILY

Did he hit you?

PATRICK

Don't make a fuss.

EMILY's angry. She's upset as well. But she decides to do as  
he's asking. She hesitates for a moment, and then leaves him  
to it and heads back to the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE lingers with PATRICK for another moment (to show solidarity) and then follows EMILY back through to the kitchen.

76 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 10. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1846, 76 11:49)

TABBY's around, but out of earshot, and they keep it hush-hush. It's only then that CHARLOTTE realises that EMILY has tears in her eyes. Not that she's giving in to it. She presses the folded up reviews back into CHARLOTTE's hand, implying that she should put them somewhere safe.

EMILY

I'm still aiming to finish my story by the end of this week. There's a handful of passages I'd like to look at again, but then - depending on where you and Anne are with yours -

CHARLOTTE

Oh, The Professor's finished. As much as it ever will be.

EMILY

- perhaps we could aim to get them off to a publisher before you set off to Manchester.

CHARLOTTE agrees: good plan.

77 EXT. PARSONAGE. DAY 11 - (19 AUGUST 1846, 09:08)

77

Wednesday 19th August, 1846. Another sunny day. EMILY and the carter put CHARLOTTE and PATRICK's boxes on the cart that's waiting at the gate. ANNE leads blind PATRICK from the house. CHARLOTTE follows with a basket of provisions for the journey. EMILY helps ANNE get PATRICK up into a cart. CHARLOTTE murmurs to EMILY -

CHARLOTTE

Good luck.

EMILY

And you.

EMILY helps CHARLOTTE into the cart.

TABBY

(to CHARLOTTE)

Keep him wrapped up, see.

PATRICK

Are our boxes in?

CHARLOTTE

Yes yes, everything's under control, papa.

TABBY

Has she heard?

CHARLOTTE

Yes! I've heard.

PATRICK

And you know where the gun is, Emily.

EMILY

Yes.

CHARLOTTE

(calling to the driver)

We're all in! Thank you.

(then to EMILY)

I'll send you the address as soon as we know what it is!

EMILY, ANNE and TABBY watch them plod off down the lane. At length -

ANNE

(to EMILY)

Branwell doesn't know where the gun is. Does he?

EMILY

Not any more.

TABBY

Is he still i' bed?

(she realises - )

Daft question.

TABBY wanders back inside. Then EMILY says confidentially (but firmly) to ANNE -

EMILY

You give him no money. Nothing. Whatever sob stories he comes up with. All right?

(ANNE affirms)

He won't hit you. And if he hits me...

(there really is only one solution)

I'll hit him back.

(she heads inside)

Harder.

78 INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE, MANCHESTER. DAY 12 - (24 AUGUST 1846/8 10:17)

Several days later. PATRICK's eye operation. PATRICK is attended by the surgeon, MR. WILSON, and two ASSISTANTS, one whose job is to look after the eye during surgery, another who is on hand with MR. WILSON's instruments. PATRICK is awake, sitting, reclined, with his hands clasped tightly together. CHARLOTTE is sitting in a corner of the room, quiet and still, with her hands clasped in empathy. There are times when CHARLOTTE has to close her eyes, when she sees her father tense his hands together.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

Dear Ellen. Papa and I came here on Wednesday, we saw Mr. Wilson the Oculist the same day; he pronounced Papa's eyes quite ready for an operation and has fixed next Monday for the performance of it. Think of us on that day dear Nell. Mr. Wilson says we will have to stay here a month at least. It will be dreary. I wonder how poor Emily and Anne will get on at home with Branwell.

79 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN/HALLWAY. DAY 12 - (24 AUGUST 1846, 79 10:18)

EMILY's busy in the kitchen with TABBY and MARTHA out back doing the washing when the front door bell rings. EMILY goes to answer it, but ANNE (who was sewing) beats her to it, emerging from the parlour just in front of her. ANNE pulls the door open and is handed the post, including a package. ANNE silently demonstrates the package to EMILY as she closes the door. EMILY follows ANNE into the parlour (glancing down towards the kitchen to check that TABBY's not looking)...

80 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 12. CONTINUOUS - (24 AUGUST 80 1846, 10:19)

ANNE opens the package. EMILY closes the parlour door. The three manuscripts of *Wuthering Heights*, *Agnes Grey* and *The Professor* are returned, with a brief letter. ANNE absorbs its contents quickly.

ANNE

"...not able at present to consider publication".

(a moment)

Do you think they actually read them?

A moment.

EMILY

Do they look like they've been  
read?

ANNE grabs *Agnes Grey* and EMILY grabs *Wuthering Heights*, both looking for clues that they've been thumbed through and read. Eventually ANNE gives up: who knows? EMILY gives up too: what's the point worrying about it? They've been rejected whether they've been read or not.

ANNE

Who's next on the list?

EMILY goes and takes a volume from the book case. In the back is a bit of paper with a list of publishers that CHARLOTTE's drawn up.

81

INT. PATRICK AND CHARLOTTE'S LODGINGS, MANCHESTER. NIGHT 12.1  
DUSK - (24 AUGUST 1846, 21:05)

It's raining. CHARLOTTE's alone in a strange parlour (we get a glimpse of bed-ridden PATRICK in another room with his eye bandaged). She sits down at a table with an oil lamp. She's got her pencil and paper ready. She stares at nothing for ages, and we look into her penetrating eyes. She starts writing: "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day". She pauses and considers some more. She writes "Chapter One" at the top. Then she continues the narrative: "We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question". Then she writes in brackets "(Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early)", then puts an arrow to indicate that it should come after "dinner". Then she writes at the top, "Jane Eyre".

82

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 12. DUSK - (24 AUGUST 1846, 82  
21.25)

EMILY and ANNE are busy writing too by the light of an oil lamp. The dogs are flopped in front of the fire. Something's troubling ANNE.

ANNE

Do you think it's wrong to write  
about something very close to home?

EMILY

Like what?

ANNE

A woman. Forced to abandon her  
home. A good, well-off home.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

To protect her child - and herself -  
because of a change in her  
husband's character when he sinks  
into...

(she glances up aloft where  
BRANWELL is)

You know. Addictive behaviour. And  
then forced to make her own way in  
the world.

EMILY considers. And then she's very clear about it -

EMILY

No. I don't think it's wrong. I'd  
never have invented Hindley if I  
hadn't been set such a fine example  
at home.

ANNE goes back to work. Then realises something -

ANNE

Have you seen Branwell today?

EMILY

No.

ANNE

Have you heard him?

No, EMILY realises, she hasn't. BRANWELL's voice takes us  
into the next scene -

BRANWELL

(vo)

I see a corpse upon the waters  
lie,/ With eyes turned, swelled and  
sightless, to the sky -

83

INT. THE OVENDEN CROSS (INN), HALIFAX. NIGHT 12 - (24 AUGUST 1846, 22:30)

We discover BRANWELL sitting at a table in a little room, on his own (like a snug room) composing a poem by candlelight (we sense the rest of the busy pub, off). He's in his shirt sleeves, like he's moved in here. He's not incapably drunk, he's at a stage where he imagines alcohol is enabling his imagination. But he is clearly wretched, and there are many crossings out. We hear what's in his head as he continues to read what he's written -

## BRANWELL

And arms outstretched, to move as  
 wave on wave/ Upbears it in its  
 boundless billowy grave./ Not time,  
 but Ocean thins its flowing hair;/  
 Decay, not sorrow, lays its  
 forehead bare;/ Its members move,  
 but not in  
 thankless toil,/ For seas are  
 milder than this world's turmoil;/  
 Corruption robs its lip and cheeks  
 of red,/ But wounded vanity grieves  
 not the dead;/ And, though those  
 members hasten to decay,/ No pang  
 of suffering takes their strength  
 away;/ With untormented eye, and  
 heart, and brain,/ Through calm and  
 storm it floats across the main:/  
 Though love and joy have perished  
 long ago,/ Its bosom suffers not  
 one pang of woe;/ Though weeds and  
 worms its cherished beauty hide,/

It feels not wounded vanity or  
 pride;/

(it's that last line that  
 makes BRANWELL start to  
 cry, and he struggles to  
 think the rest as he  
 dissolves into helpless  
 tears)

Though journeying towards some far  
 off shore,/ It needs no care or  
 purse to float it o'er;/ Though  
 launched in voyage for Eternity/ It  
 need not think upon what is to be;/  
 Though naked, helpless and  
 companionless,/ It feels not  
 poverty or knows distress.

Three months later. There's frost on the ground and it's icy. BRANWELL's walking home from Ovenden to Haworth. He looks wretched, emaciated, gaunt, yellow. He's lost a stone in weight since we last saw him. He also appears to have lost his hat. BRANWELL now has the permanently unco-ordinated manner of an alcoholic; even when he's not actually drunk, it's as though the majority of his brain cells have been squeezed dry. It affects everything about him, including his gait. An old sheep baahs at him from a field. BRANWELL baahs back. His clothes look a bit too big for him, he looks like some funny little tramp out of a Laurel and Hardy film. A cart goes past. He turns to it and sticks his thumb out, offering a dopey, charming smile, hoping he can get a lift. The well wrapped up CARTER asks him "Wheer's ta gooin lad?" BRANWELL says "Haworth". The CARTER indicates for him to jump on the back.

85 EXT. MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:35)

BRANWELL walks up the main street. It's still icy and he slides over. He picks himself up and carries on, like he's on automatic pilot, too numb to feel pain where he's grazed himself.

86 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:46)

PATRICK looks ten years younger now his sight has been restored (he's just had one eye done). He's smarter too, now he can see to look after himself better. He's busy writing briskly at his desk when - out of the window - he sees someone walking up the lane. Something about the figure catches his eye and he realises - to his delight and his horror - that it's BRANWELL, much changed. PATRICK heads from his study (we realise how sprightly he is, and that it's only his eyesight that's been stopping him) and through to the kitchen.

PATRICK

*Girls!*

87 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:47)

CHARLOTTE and ANNE (writing or reading) look up when they hear PATRICK's agitated voice.

88 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS - 88 (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:47)

PATRICK heads through the kitchen, the back kitchen and outside.

89 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS - 89 (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:48)

EMILY's bothering with the geese when PATRICK emerges from the back kitchen door. She follows him out onto Church Lane, where BRANWELL is just arriving at the gate.

PATRICK

*Is that you, boy?*

PATRICK can barely believe it: it's so long since he's seen BRANWELL properly, and now to see him like this.

BRANWELL

*Oh hello.*

Branwell collapses. He just slips to the ground, unconscious, and his face hits the stone floor of the yard.

CHARLOTTE and ANNE emerge from the back kitchen door behind PATRICK. PATRICK and EMILY rush over to BRANWELL. PATRICK turns to CHARLOTTE and ANNE.

PATRICK  
One of you go and fetch Dr.  
Wheelhouse.

ANNE runs off.

EMILY  
*Be careful! It's icy. Get some proper shoes on! And a shawl.*

ANNE dives back inside the house. CHARLOTTE's the one who finds she can't move, can't help, isn't practical, doesn't know what to do in the heat of the moment.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Branwell?

She slaps his face, but he's out for the count. She tries to lift him up, but it's awkward: she's strong, but a limp body's hard work, even an emaciated one. She persists, eventually manages to push her hands under his shoulders and to drag him inside. PATRICK grabs hold of his legs and they manage to lift him inside rather awkwardly between them.

90 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:10 90

The three women are sitting in the parlour. The door's open, and across the way PATRICK emerges from his study with DR. WHEELHOUSE (27) who murmurs "You know where I am" as PATRICK lets him out of the front door.

PATRICK comes into the parlour. He sits.

PATRICK  
There is hope. He's home, he's back with us. And with nourishment and abstinence. And peace and quiet. And prayer. We may yet hope for better things. His body has suffered the ravages of gross neglect. And...

(he hates saying it)  
abuse. Self-inflicted. And yet I cannot - in my conscience - do other than blame that woman. That sinful, hateful woman.

(this resonates for ANNE;  
she finds it hard to  
listen to)

Who with her more mature years and her social advantages should surely have known better responsibility.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He has come very low, but sometimes... sometimes a man has to sink to the bottom before he can turn his life about. And perhaps that's -

(he barely believes it himself. But what's the alternative?)

- that's what's happened, what's happening. Here.

EMILY

Where's he been?

ANNE

How's he been living?

CHARLOTTE

Does he want to abstain?

PATRICK

He has to. He has to abstain.

(then answering EMILY and ANNE)

Halifax. I assume. I don't know. It's where John's always imagined he was.

EMILY

Or where John knew damned well he was.

This is extreme language for EMILY to use in front of her father. But she's making a point, and PATRICK's struck by this. He's always imagined JOHN BROWN was a good influence on BRANWELL.

CHARLOTTE

Have you talked to him? About abstention.

PATRICK

He's asleep.

CHARLOTTE

It'll only work if he's determined to do it himself.

PATRICK's sad, thoughtful, he knows it's a long shot, but so wants to believe it. He gives it a moment, and then he leaves the women to it. He returns to his study. ANNE's tearful, angry. She tries not to be, tries not to show it, tries to get over it before anyone spots it, but CHARLOTTE and EMILY have both picked up on it. CHARLOTTE squeezes ANNE's hand and gently murmurs, "Shhh".

ANNE

I should have done more. At Thorp Green. I should have stopped him, I should've told someone, I should've - !

(she barely dare articulate it)

I'm -

(still struggling, she spits it out)

complicit in their sin.

She's sincere and terrified. EMILY and CHARLOTTE are both quick to reassure her -

EMILY

You're not.

CHARLOTTE

You were in an impossible position.

ANNE

I let it happen. All I did was leave. In the end... I was a coward. A moral coward. Before God.

91

INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. (BRANWELL'S NIGHTMARE.) 91 NIGHT 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 23:41)

BRANWELL's in bed. His eyes open. He looks disorientated. He doesn't know where he is. He throws the covers back. He's fully dressed. As he leaves his bed and the room, he accidentally throws his bedclothes over a lit candle. He doesn't notice he's done this. He opens his bedroom door, and finds himself in another room...

92

INT. MRS. ROBINSON'S BEDROOM. (BRANWELL'S NIGHTMARE.) NIGHT 13 - (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 23:43)

He's in MRS. ROBINSON's very grand boudoir. MRS. ROBINSON is draped along a chaise longue, naked, and surrounded by men. All of whom look ready to fuck her. BRANWELL murmurs, "Lydia?" (so we know it's her).

MRS. ROBINSON wants sex with anyone and everyone. All except BRANWELL. Pathetic little BRANWELL. WILLIAM ALLISON's here, ready to fuck MRS. ROBINSON, as well as LEYLAND and JOHN BROWN and ENOCH THOMAS and then - to his further horror - his father is here too in with more of a chance than he is himself. Other men are here too. And they're all turning to BRANWELL and going, "What's up? What's matter? Y'all right lad?" etc.

Suddenly a load of water lands on BRANWELL from above, like God just dropped a bucket load of water on him.

Suddenly -

93 INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM/UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT 9<sup>133</sup>  
- (21 NOVEMBER 1846, 23:45)

Emaciated, ill BRANWELL wakes up struggling to breathe. We can hear a voice (EMILY's) shouting, "Wake up! Wake up!" She's just dragged him out into the corridor from his room and thrown a bucket of water in his face. She's coughing too. There's smoke everywhere. ANNE, CHARLOTTE and PATRICK emerge from their rooms, just realising something terrible is amiss. (EMILY's dressed, like she was the only one that hadn't gone to bed, so was the first to realise something was wrong).

EMILY

(breathless)

Fire, there was a fire, I've put it out - I think I've put it out.

PATRICK goes and looks in the room to check that the fire is out. As well as struggling to catch his breath, BRANWELL's shaking really badly. And sweating (well, he's drenched, EMILY's just doused him) and staring. He looks terrified, like he doesn't know what's happening to him. He has no awareness of anyone around him; it's like he's fixated on a terrifying vision that only he can see.

94 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 14 - (22 NOVEMBER 184<sup>04</sup>)  
09:33)

The next morning. DR. WHEELHOUSE is with PATRICK again. (DR. WHEELHOUSE is a rather charmless, awkward man, who is in fact an alcoholic himself).

DR. WHEELHOUSE

Delirium Tremens. It's when someone who's been drinking solidly for weeks suddenly stops. Either through choice or - more usually - through lack of funds. The body doesn't know how to respond, so it goes into spasm.

PATRICK

(interrupts)

Will it happen again?

DR. WHEELHOUSE

With care. No. But you do need to keep an eye on him. He's lucky.

(delicately, it's a harsh thing to say, but it needs to be clearly understood)

(MORE)

DR. WHEELHOUSE (CONT'D)

You could've been sending for the undertaker this morning, Mr. Brontë, not me. He'll have to stop drinking. He won't want to. His body'll crave it. But it will kill him. If he doesn't. Can he be made to understand that?

(PATRICK nods)

I'm sorry. It's a tragic thing to live with.

PATRICK is close to tears, and perhaps finds he can't speak for a moment.

95

INT. PARSONAGE, BRANWELL'S BEDROOM. DAY 14 - (22 NOVEMBER 95 1846, 09:36)

CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE are cleaning up in the scorched bedroom, which feels sad, cold, desolate. PATRICK appears at the door.

PATRICK

I think. Rather than come back in here. He should sleep in my room with me. For the time being.

Good plan.

96

EXT. MOORS. DAY 15 - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 09:42)

96

It's a bright day. Chilly, but dry. ANNE's sitting in front of EMILY, and EMILY has her long arms wrapped round ANNE. They gaze across the moors, both wrapped up warm, boss of all they survey. EMILY wants to say something, but it takes her a moment to spit it out -

EMILY

I wrote a rhyme. For you.

ANNE

Did you?

EMILY

Well I wrote it. And I was thinking about you. After I'd written it.

So. It goes -

(hesitates)

D'you want to hear it?

ANNE

Yes.

EMILY

It starts - it's - the first line [goes] - it goes...

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 (she hesitates, she's self-conscious)  
 No coward soul is mine.  
 (so that wasn't too bad.  
 She risks the next one)  
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere.  
 (that sounded okay too, and  
 no-one's laughing)  
 I see Heaven's glories shine  
 And Faith shines equal arming me  
 from Fear.

ANNE  
 Talk more slowly.

EMILY tries to take the note, but she still can't help talking a bit too fast at times -

EMILY  
 Oh God within my breast -  
 (realising that was fast)  
 Oh God within my breast  
 Almighty ever-present Deity  
*Life.* That in me hast rest,  
 As I Undying Life, have power in  
 Thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds  
 That move men's hearts, unutterably  
 vain,  
 Worthless as withered weeds  
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless  
 main

To waken doubt in one -  
 (she means ANNE, and she  
 wants ANNE to realise  
 that)  
 To waken doubt in one  
 Holding so fast by thy infinity,  
 So surely anchored on  
 The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
 Thy spirit animates eternal years  
 Pervades and broods above,  
 Changes, sustains, dissolves,  
 creates and rears

Though earth and moon were gone  
 And suns and universes ceased to be  
 And Thou wert left alone  
 Every Existence would exist in thee

There is not room for Death  
 Nor atom that his might could  
 render void  
 (MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Since thou art Being. And Breath.  
And what thou art may never be  
destroyed.

(a pause, then she whispers  
in ANNE's ear)

There's nothing to be frightened  
of. Not for someone like you.

ANNE thinks about that. Eventually -

ANNE

I love you.

EMILY

Good. I love you.

She kisses her cheek and gives her a squeeze. They cling onto each other.

97 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR/HALLWAY/KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 195 -  
(23 NOVEMBER 1846, 10:01)

CHARLOTTE's busy writing at the table. The door's ajar, and PATRICK's just pulled the door open to the postman, SAMUEL, \* who's mumbling something at him.

PATRICK

(oov)

Who?

SAMUEL HARTLEY

(oov)

Currer. Bell.

\*

CHARLOTTE panics. She needs to get hold of that letter, and without arousing anyone's suspicion. The rest oov as we stay with CHARLOTTE -

PATRICK

There's no-one of that name here.

SAMUEL HARTLEY

Well no, I know that Mr. Brontë,  
only it's addressed to here, so -

\*

PATRICK

Well that's a mystery. There's no-one of that name in the entire parish. As far as I'm aware.

SAMUEL HARTLEY

No well that's why a thought happen a visitor.

\*

PATRICK

No. No. No visitors. Not at the moment.

\*

SAMUEL HARTLEY

Fair enough, I'll take it back to  
t'sorting office then.

CHARLOTTE sidles out of the room. She's got something resembling a half baked plan. PATRICK - between shutting the front door and going back into his office - doesn't notice CHARLOTTE sidle out of the parlour, and along the corridor and through the kitchen, the back kitchen and outside.

98 EXT. PARSONAGE. DAY 15. CONTINUOUS - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 98  
10:03)

CHARLOTTE intercepts SAMUEL as he's heading along the path alongside the house to the gate. \*

CHARLOTTE

Ah!

\*

SAMUEL HARTLEY

Morning Miss Brontë.

CHARLOTTE

Did did I hear...? The name...?  
(there's no getting round  
it)  
Currer Bell?

\*

SAMUEL HARTLEY

Yes!

CHARLOTTE

Good. That's - not me. Obviously.  
But if I could take it. I can make  
sure it reaches him. Him. You see  
he - Papa, he forgets. He's - Mr.  
Bell - he's not here. He was here.  
And now... he isn't. So. I can  
forward it. To him. I have his  
address.

\*

SAMUEL HARTLEY

Funny name. Currer.

(CHARLOTTE has no response)

I thowt happen it were summat to do  
wi' Mr. Nicholls. Arthur Bell  
Nicholls. But -

CHARLOTTE

No. No. No no. That was [just] -  
that's just coincidental.

A moment: is he going to give it to her? He probably realises she's up to something, but he likes her, so -

SAMUEL HARTLEY

\*

Good!

(delves in his bag)

Well that saves me filling in a  
docket down at t'sorting office.

CHARLOTTE

I'm much obliged. So will he be.

SAMUEL HARTLEY

\*

How's your...?

(delicately)

Brother? Is he - ?

CHARLOTTE

Oh he's - he's -

She nods, shakes her head, twitches a bit, implying that he's  
not great. SAMUEL nods, smiles sadly, sympathetically, and  
heads off.

\*

SAMUEL HARTLEY

\*

'Til tomorra then! Miss Brontë.

CHARLOTTE

Bye. Bye. Bye bye.

CHARLOTTE lets SAMUEL wander off, then looks at the envelope. \*  
It's not a package. It's a letter. She can't wait, and  
anyway, she'll have as much privacy out here as she has  
inside. She rips it open. And reads.

\*

99

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 15 - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:16)99

Later. CHARLOTTE's sitting on the sofa. On her own. With the  
letter. She looks rather sombre and thoughtful. ANNE comes in  
looking reasonably breezy (having just come back from her  
walk).

CHARLOTTE

Where's Emily?

ANNE

In the kitchen. D'you want her?

(ANNE notices the letter.

CHARLOTTE affirms. ANNE  
goes to the parlour door  
and calls - )

Emily?

100

INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY. DAY 15. CONTINUOUS - (23 NOVEMBER 100  
1846, 12:17)EMILY appears in the kitchen doorway, and ANNE mouths to  
her...

ANNE  
*A letter. From a publisher.*

101 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 15. CONTINUOUS - (23 NOVEMBER 101  
 1846, 12:17)

ANNE comes back in, followed closely by EMILY. They both see how CHARLOTTE's eyes are alive with excitement, but it's difficult to read exactly what that excitement is.

CHARLOTTE  
 Thomas Cautley Newby has offered  
 [to] -  
 (lowers her voice, you  
 never know who's lurking  
 in the corridor)  
 to publish Wuthering Heights and  
 Agnes Grey. His terms are steep,  
 but he is offering to publish them.  
 Which is more than anyone else has  
 done, [so] -

ANNE  
 What about The Professor?

CHARLOTTE  
 No. No, he's not offering to  
 publish that. So -

EMILY CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 Why? So -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 So you need to think about how you  
 want to [approach] -

ANNE  
 (interrupts)  
 No, that's - we should publish them  
 all together or not at all. Surely.

ANNE looks to EMILY for support. But EMILY's a step ahead of ANNE, and doesn't agree, but doesn't want to say so in front of CHARLOTTE. Awkward. CHARLOTTE of course picks that up -

CHARLOTTE  
 That's...  
 (as kindly as she can  
 manage)  
 sentimental, it's kind, but it's  
 nonsense. This is a solid offer -  
 as I say, not a generous one, but -  
 I'll persevere. In sending out The  
 Professor. And with the other one  
 I've been writing. In the meantime  
 you have a choice to make. Read it.  
 (MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
(it's EMILY she offers the  
letter to, and to ANNE  
she explains - )

He's asking you to provide an  
advance of fifty pounds towards the  
cost of publication.

(EMILY takes it and reads  
it quickly)

But clearly he believes its viable  
or he wouldn't make the offer.

EMILY

He's addressed it to Currer Bell.

CHARLOTTE

Yes! That was...  
(not amused)  
Interesting.

EMILY

You didn't -

CHARLOTTE

Of course I didn't! I had to...  
(she can't bring herself to  
admit to being a liar)  
fib.

EMILY

Fifty pounds.

ANNE

Perhaps that's normal. Perhaps  
whoever undertook to publish it  
would ask for an advance of that  
sort. We're a risk. We're unknown.  
Despite the poems.

EMILY

Because of the poems. Two copies  
sold.

(EMILY offers the letter to  
ANNE. She sits down and  
addresses CHARLOTTE with  
great sincerity)

You will persist.

CHARLOTTE

Oh yes.

She says it almost lightly, but we sense an inner core of  
steel behind it.

102 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 15 - (23 NOVEMBER 1846, 12:20) INTO DAY 102 - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:10)

A shot of Haworth nestling the hills from across the valley.  
Time passing.

103 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16 - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 103 10:10)

There's a man knocking on the front door. This is a BAILIFF. He has a HENCHMAN with him that's built like a brick shit house. TABBY answers the door.

TABBY

(she looks them up and down, especially the big one who's hanging back)

Yes?

BAILIFF

I'd like to speak to Mr. Brontë.

TABBY

The Reverend Brontë?

BAILIFF

Mr. Patrick Brontë.

TABBY

What shall I say it's to do with?

BAILIFF

Is he in?

TABBY

Who wants to know?

BAILIFF

I'm a bailiff of the county appointed by Mr. Rawson, the Magistrate at Halifax. I'm here about an unpaid debt. Is Mr. Brontë in?

During the above we glimpse -

104 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18104 DECEMBER 1846, 10:12)

BRANWELL's gripping onto the stair railings struggling to hear what's being said below. He looks pale and wasted as before, but right now he looks terrified too.

Back at the front door -

105 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:12)

TABBY

I'll - you'll just have to give me a minute.

She pushes the door to, not quite shut, but it's a bit like shutting the door in someone's face. The BAILIFF turns to his colleague and gives him a look: the usual rigmarole they have to go through.

106 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY/PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:13)

TABBY knocks on PATRICK's study door and pushes it open.

TABBY

The's a man at the door, Mr. Brontë. He says he's here about an unpaid debt. He says he's been sent by a Magistrate at Halifax.

PATRICK's heart sinks: what fresh hell is this?

107 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING/STAIRS/HALLWAY. DAY 16. 107 CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:13)

BRANWELL heads down the stairs, anxious not to be seen (despite the impossibility, but what choice has he got?), struggling to pull his boots on. Once again we see the perpetual unco-ordinated wobbliness/inefficiency of the dyed-in-the-wool alcoholic.

Simultaneously PATRICK's emerging from his study to go and talk to the BAILIFF at the front door. PATRICK doesn't see BRANWELL, but TABBY does.

108 INT. PARSONAGE, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY/KITCHEN/BACK KITCHEN. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:14)

As he wobbles down the stairs and slips through to the kitchen, he does an absurd/comedy: "Shhh!" at TABBY. PATRICK pulls the front door open just as BRANWELL's slipping into the kitchen from the bottom of the stairs (where the BAILIFF would see him).

BRANWELL pushes past EMILY -

BRANWELL

(a whisper)

Shift.

109 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:14)

PATRICK

Now then. Gentlemen. How may I help you?

BAILIFF

Mr. Patrick Brontë?

PATRICK

Yes.

Experience tells the BAILIFF that this elderly, tidy, polite man of the cloth can't be the bloke he's looking for. However, in the belief that it takes all sorts, he shows him his official documents (which PATRICK takes and peers at) and explains -

BAILIFF

I'm appointed by the Magistrate at Halifax to collect a debt of fourteen pounds, ten shillings and sixpence owing to Mr. Crowther of the Commercial Inn, Northgate, Halifax, and now outstanding for a total of eight months. If you are unable to pay that sum - in total - I am empowered by the Magistrate to arrest you and take you to York, where you will be imprisoned until the debt is paid in full.

110 SCENE OMITTED

110

111 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS 111 (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:16)

BRANWELL legs it (wobbly style) through the gate, only to come face-to-face with the BAILIFF's SECOND HENCHMAN who - in the traditional manner - has been asked to cover the rear of the premises.

SECOND HENCHMAN

Woah woah woah - not so fast, little feller.

(BRANWELL dives out of the man's way, but he's not quick enough. BRANWELL finds himself obliged to take a swing at the bloke, who's clearly a lot more solid than BRANWELL, but BRANWELL's desperate to get away)

Steady now!

(MORE)

SECOND HENCHMAN (CONT'D)

Y'don't want me to hurt yer! And  
you don't want to hurt *me*, because  
if you do, the'll be bother.

EMILY's come out of the back kitchen - she shuts the dogs in as they continue to bark - just as BRANWELL lunges at the bloke again. Her natural reserve is challenged when she sees this big bloke laying into her emaciated brother.

112 EXT. PARSONAGE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS - (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:17)

CHARLOTTE and ANNE have appeared behind TABBY (who's behind PATRICK), having heard voices, both mouthing to TABBY "What's going on?/What's happened?"

BAILIFF

Your son? Right well where is your son then, Mr. Brontë?

PATRICK

The thing is, he's ill, he's upstairs, he's in bed, he's been ill for some time, and this is the first thing I've heard about any debts.

BAILIFF

I'm afraid that doesn't alter the fact of the matter. If this bill remains [unpaid] -

Suddenly they hear voices from the back of the house. The SECOND HENCHMAN calling (as he struggles with BRANWELL): "I'VE GOT HIM MR. RILEY!"

The BAILIFF gives the first HENCHMAN a look, indicating for him to keep an eye on PATRICK, as he heads off to see who his SECOND HENCHMAN has got. Intrigued, PATRICK follows the BAILIFF round the back of the house, and then the first HENCHMAN is obliged to follow PATRICK. CHARLOTTE edges past TABBY to follow the HENCHMAN. TABBY and ANNE follow CHARLOTTE.

113 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD/CHURCH LANE. DAY 16. CONTINUOUS 113 (18 DECEMBER 1846, 10:18)

BRANWELL's on the floor, face down, with the SECOND HENCHMAN on top of him, struggling to tie his hands behind his back with a bit of rope.

BRANWELL

*Get off me! Emily! Get him off me!  
Emily! I can't breathe!*

SECOND HENCHMAN

*Stop wriggling! Stop struggling!  
You're not going anywhere!*

BRANWELL

*I've done nothing wrong! You've got  
the wrong man!*

SECOND HENCHMAN

Well what were you legging it for  
then? And why did you try and hit  
me? Y'little twat.

The BAILIFF's arrived.

BAILIFF

Are you Patrick Brontë?  
(BRANWELL doesn't reply)  
Are you Patrick Branwell Brontë?

BRANWELL's hands are now tied.

SECOND HENCHMAN

Up.

(he pulls him up,  
BRANWELL's too weak to  
resist, but he does his  
best not to comply)

Stand up! Answer the man!

PATRICK appears behind the BAILIFF, and CHARLOTTE, ANNE and TABBY (and first HENCHMAN) behind PATRICK. EMILY (and now MARTHA) look on in horror from the back kitchen door.

BRANWELL

(he addresses PATRICK)  
I don't know who these people are.

PATRICK

You owe money. To some publican in  
Halifax. And if the debt isn't paid  
they'll take you to the debtors'  
prison in York.

BRANWELL's shaking; the cold, the shattered nerves, the  
terror, his brain not working properly, just the urgent need  
to get out of this mess.

BRANWELL

Well better pay up then. Eh?

PATRICK can't believe that BRANWELL just said that, that this  
is his attitude.

PATRICK

Take him.

The women are shocked. BRANWELL's mortified. The SECOND HENCHMAN steers BRANWELL towards the lane.

BRANWELL

No! No! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Help me! Papa! Papa! Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE, **do** something! EMILY! Do something! DO SOMETHING CHARLOTTE!

It's weird that he's appealing to CHARLOTTE, except it goes back to something primal in his brain, it's like calling for his mother, or at least his oldest ally. CHARLOTTE has tears welling up; she hates the tears, but she can do nothing about them.

CHARLOTTE

(she mumbles to PATRICK,  
and it's against her  
better instincts, but she  
really can't stand this)

We have money. We have money! We have money, please stop them.

The BAILIFF has witnessed this. He's used to the pattern these things take, and he lingered anticipating some such development.

BAILIFF

(calling to his colleague)

Hang on boys!

PATRICK

(he's quiet)

Bring him back.

BAILIFF

If it's all right with you  
Reverend, my colleagues'll keep  
hold of him 'til I've got the  
remittance.

PATRICK

I shall require a receipt.

BAILIFF

I shall give you one.

PATRICK and the BAILIFF head inside (the front way). CHARLOTTE and ANNE consult one another with a look, but don't quite know what to do. EMILY heads decisively back inside (the back way).

In the street, BRANWELL stands there shivering and shaking and looking wretched, flanked by these two men who are twice his size. EMILY emerges from the back door with a blanket. In defiance of the two men, and saying nothing, she wraps the blanket around BRANWELL (who's still cuffed with rope).

Then she folds her arms (to keep herself warm) and simply stands there with him, intending to remain there for as long as it takes.

114 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. NIGHT 17. DUSK - (7 AUGUST 1847, 114 21:05)

EMILY's sitting on the floor gazing into the fire (maybe she was reading, but her concentration's lapsed). She has one arm around KEEPER. FLOSSIE's here too. ANNE and CHARLOTTE are sitting at the table writing, both hunched over and intense.

It's CHARLOTTE's head we're in. She has a two page letter in front of her from Smith, Elder & Co. She's dated her letter 7th August, 1847.

CHARLOTTE

(vo as she writes)

Gentlemen. I have received your communication of the 5th instant

(she writes this as *inst.*)

for which I thank you. Your objection to the want of varied interest in The Professor is, I am aware, not without grounds. I have a second narrative in three volumes

(she writes this as *vols.*)

now completed, to which I have endeavoured to impart a more vivid interest than belongs to The Professor. I send you per rail a manuscript

(she writes 'an *M.S.*')

entitled Jane Eyre, a novel, in three volumes

(she writes 3 *vols.*)

by Currer Bell. I find I cannot pre-pay the carriage of the parcel as money for that purpose is not received at the small Station-house where it is left. If, when you acknowledge receipt of the manuscript

(*M.S.*)

you will have the goodness to mention the amount charged on delivery, I will immediately transmit it in postage stamps. It is better in future to address Mr. Currer Bell - under cover to Miss Brontë - Haworth - Bradford Yorks - as there is a risk of letters otherwise directed, not reaching me at present. To save trouble I enclose an envelope. I am Gentlemen Yours respectfully C Bell.

On the table in front of CHARLOTTE her self addressed envelope, brown wrapping paper and string, and the fair copy hand written manuscript of *Jane Eyre*. We see enough to read 'Jane Eyre, Chapter One, There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.' CHARLOTTE wraps her letter, the addressed envelope and the manuscript into a parcel and addresses it to Smith, Elder & Co, 65 Cornhill, London.

115 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 18 - (25 AUGUST 1847, 09:35)15

CHARLOTTE heads out onto the lane, alone, clutching the auspicious package on the first leg of its epic journey, addressed to Smith, Elder & Co. It starts to rain and she tucks the parcel inside her cape.

116 EXT. MAIN STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 18 - (25 AUGUST 1847, 09:38)16

CHARLOTTE comes down the steps below the church, and heads off down the street, past the Black Bull and away from us. We watch her walk determinedly down the street, then rise above the village and chimneys, looking beyond at the landscape and up into the sky.

117 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 19 - (22 JANUARY 1848, 11:14)17

Five months later.

We move along the bookshelf by the window in the parlour containing the Brontës' favourite authors, Walter Scott, James Hogg, Byron, Shelley... and then we come to the very newly published three-volume first edition of *Jane Eyre* by Currer Bell, and the two-volume first edition of *Wuthering Heights* by Ellis Bell and the one-volume first edition of *Agnes Grey* by Acton Bell, all sitting next to one another on the shelf. We become aware of raised voices off -

BRANWELL  
(oo, his speech and  
delivery now permanently  
affected by his  
condition)

I keep telling you! You keep being told! One day. One of us. Is not going to leave that room alive! I will. Either. Kill you. Or. I will kill myself! Do you want me to kill myself? Eh? 'Cos if I do, old man, you can rest assured that you'll have driven me to it with your endless prayers and your drivel!

ANNE and CHARLOTTE are sitting at the table. They were writing, but of course their concentration has been shattered, and all they can do is look at one another, waiting for the episode to end.

118 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN AND VIEW INTO EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS - (22 JANUARY 1848, 11:15)

MARTHA and EMILY were busy in the kitchen. EMILY has also stopped doing what she's doing, listening to the argument, gauging whether it's time to wade in and do something about it or not. MARTHA is embarrassed, not knowing whether to pause in her work (so EMILY can hear) or carry on. (We glimpse TABBY sitting out in the back yard, where she can't hear it).

BRANWELL

(oov)

Can you not understand, can you not get. The idea. That the only *only* respite I have from the misery of my existence is being allowed a little bit of something to drink. I'm only asking for a shilling, for God's sake!

Everything goes quiet. Moments pass, and then PATRICK's study door is yanked open, BRANWELL emerges, makes his wobbly, uncoordinated way out down the hallway, through the kitchen and the back kitchen, pushing past MARTHA and outside. EMILY raises a bit of an eyebrow in MARTHA's general direction by way of saying "Sorry about my dozy feckless twat of a brother", then she heads off to PATRICK's study.

119 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY/HALLWAY. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS - (22 JANUARY 1848, 11:16)

EMILY appears at PATRICK's door (which remains wide open as BRANWELL left it). EMILY doesn't say anything, she just leans against the door jamb. PATRICK looks wretched.

PATRICK

He'll just go on and on and on until he gets what he wants anyway, and I just - I don't always have the energy. Any more.

EMILY accepts that, despite her zero tolerance efforts with BRANWELL. She gives it a moment, heaves a heavy sigh, then turns and heads into the parlour. We go with her...

120 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS - (22 JANUARY 1848, 11:16)

...she doesn't quite shut the door behind her. She sits down on the sofa and looks at CHARLOTTE and ANNE, who remain sickened and distracted.

EMILY

I know this is contradicting what I've said before. But.  
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

(a stab at dry humour - )

My second thoughts are -  
occasionally - better than my first  
ones. I think you should tell papa  
about Jane Eyre. About how  
successful it's been.

CHARLOTTE's not exactly averse to the idea, but just to be  
sure they're singing from the same hymn sheet -

CHARLOTTE

Why?

EMILY

I think it'd do him good. To know.  
That we now seem to have found a  
means of supporting ourselves.  
Possibly. In the event of...  
whenever something happens to him.

CHARLOTTE

Why Jane Eyre?

EMILY

No, we'll tell him about  
everything, but just... as a way  
in.

CHARLOTTE's quite excited. Thrilled, even. But then she's  
terrified too.

CHARLOTTE

But then... he'll read it.

(EMILY's like durr... yeah,  
obviously)

Now?

EMILY nods. Yes. Now. ANNE's as nervous as CHARLOTTE, but  
she's excited too. CHARLOTTE takes her courage in her hands,  
takes the three volumes of *Jane Eyre* off the shelf, then the  
three volumes of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, puts the  
latter three on the table (to imply that EMILY and ANNE  
aren't going to be allowed to wriggle out of their half of  
the bargain) and then heads across the hallway. We remain  
with EMILY and ANNE for a moment as we hear -

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(oov)

Papa?

PATRICK

(oov)

Hello.

CHARLOTTE

(oov)

Have you got a moment?

PATRICK  
(ooov)  
Quickly.

121 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS - (22 121  
JANUARY 1848, 11:17)

PATRICK was busy writing, composing a letter, consulting another book as he writes. CHARLOTTE has the three small volumes behind her back.

CHARLOTTE  
I've I've I've been writing a book.  
A book. And -

PATRICK  
(entirely unfazed)  
Well well.

CHARLOTTE  
Yes. It's erm - would you like to  
read it?

PATRICK  
No. I can't. I haven't time. And  
you know, your little tiny writing,  
I can't see it. But well done.

CHARLOTTE  
The thing is, you see. It's  
published.  
(she offers it to him)  
It's been published, it's a  
properly published - it's a book in  
three volumes.

PATRICK  
(properly interested this  
time)  
Well well.  
(he takes it)  
Curer Bell. No, he's famous, he's -

CHARLOTTE  
No, that's me, [that's] -

PATRICK  
That's you? What's you?

CHARLOTTE  
That's - I've published under a  
pseudonym. C.B. Charlotte Brontë.  
Curer Bell. You see. It's... the  
same initials. And the thing is.  
It's just about to go into a second  
edition. It's sold a lot of copies.  
It's...

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

been really quite unusually successful. There's a stage play of it in rehearsal as we speak at a theatre in - the Victoria Theatre - in fact. In London. It's been so... erm.

(she's still struggling to believe it herself)

Hugely well received.

PATRICK

So...? You're...? You're...?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. And we've - I've made money. With the prospect of quite a lot more. And if we - I continue to work hard, and produce the kind of writing that people are prepared to pay money for... it it it should furnish us with a comfortable existence.

PATRICK smiles. It's perhaps the first time we have seen him smile. He's delighted. Can't quite take it in. Is she winding him up?

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Would you like me to read you some of the reviews?

122

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 19. CONTINUOUS - (22 JANUARY 122 1848, 11.19)

EMILY and ANNE are ear-wigging, then they both try and look dead casual like they were just chilling as PATRICK comes in followed by CHARLOTTE.

PATRICK

Children. Charlotte has written a novel. And it seems to be quite a lot better than I might have expected.

We glimpse CHARLOTTE. She keeps smiling, despite the back-handed compliment. It's one of those inept parent moments that you just have to smile through.

123

INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 19 - (22 JANUARY 1848, 13:45)123

Later. PATRICK now has the three volumes comprising *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* in his possession too. The reviews are also spread out in front of him - good and bad. The first volume of *Jane Eyre* now has a bookmark in it, thirty or so pages in.

PATRICK

Why have you kept it such a secret?

CHARLOTTE

To protect ourselves. We've been accused of vulgarity and coarseness. I have "forfeited the right to be called a member of the fairer sex" according to Lady Eastlake -

(she prods one of the reviews)

who speculates that Currer Bell might actually be a woman, I'm complicit in the revolutions throughout Europe.

(PATRICK raises an eyebrow:

"How?" CHARLOTTE's memorised it without even trying to -)

"We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown authority and violated every code - human and divine - abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written Jane Eyre".

PATRICK

So Jane Eyre. How is it vul[gar] - ?

ANNE

It isn't, papa! People are just squeamish about the truth, about real life. Our work is... clever. It's truthful. It's new, it's fresh, it's vivid and subtle and forthright, and -

(...and everything)

But. More importantly. The point is. We didn't want Branwell to know. That's first and foremost why we've kept it a secret. It isn't just that he'd be scathing, we can stand that.

EMILY

It's because it's what he always wanted to do. And now it looks less and less likely that he ever will, it'd be like rubbing salt into a wound.

It's utterly clear to PATRICK that all three of them feel exactly the same.

CHARLOTTE

No-one can ever know who we are.  
We've agreed. We just didn't want  
you to worry that we weren't doing  
anything with ourselves. Because we  
have been. We are.

PATRICK

So....? Who else knows. Besides me?

EMILY

No-one.

CHARLOTTE

I've not even told Ellen.

PATRICK

(at EMILY)  
Tabby?

EMILY

No-one.

CHARLOTTE

The publishers don't even know who  
we are.

ANNE

They think we're three men.

EMILY

We'd like to keep it that way.

ANNE

We just wanted you to know.

PATRICK's moved. He's so proud of them. He puts his hand on  
volume one of *Jane Eyre*.

PATRICK

Little Helen Burns. That's your  
little sister. Maria.

CHARLOTTE

Maria was our big sister.

PATRICK

Of course she was.

(he has a tear in his eye,  
but he's smiling)

Of course she was. There isn't a  
day that passes when I don't think  
about her. And little Elizabeth.  
And your mother.

(And he's still smiling,  
despite the tears.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He always knew there was  
something special about  
these women)

I am...

(pride's a sin, so he  
hesitates, then whispers)

Very proud of you.

(then he realises...)

I always have been.

And whilst this is touching (hopefully), we should feel like  
this is the first time he has actually noticed them.

124

EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12)

124

Sunday morning. Haworth from across the valley. The church  
bells are ringing.

124A

EXT. CHURCH TOWER. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12)

124A

We see the bells ringing inside the church tower.

125

EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:12) 125

We creep very slowly up empty Church Lane towards the  
parsonage.

126

INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S BEDROOM. DAY 20. CONTINUOUS - (2126  
JULY 1848, 09:12)

PATRICK's bedroom is now a bit of a mess. We see a variety of  
scraps of paper strewn around on the floor, including  
BRANWELL's cartoon of himself being challenged by Death to a  
boxing match.

BRANWELL's sitting on his chamber pot, composing a letter,  
which reads:

*Sunday*

*Dear John*

*I shall feel very much obliged to you if can contrive to get  
me Five pence worth of Gin in a proper measure.*

*Should it be speedily got I could perhaps take it from you or  
Billy at the lane top or what would be quite as well, sent  
out for, to you.*

*I anxiously ask the favour because I know the good it will do  
me.*

*Punctually at Half-past Nine in the morning you will be paid  
the 5d out of a shilling given me then. Yours,*

*P.B.B.*

There are a number of crossings out and mistakes, and it's the shaky writing of someone who's struggling with their co-ordination. He folds it up.

127 EXT. CHURCH STREET, HAWORTH. DAY 20 - (2 JULY 1848, 09:54) 127

BRANWELL goes and posts the letter (now addressed and sealed) through JOHN's door, down the lane on the other side. People are going to church. They pay him no attention and he pays them none. He heads off back up the lane to the parsonage and he starts coughing. It becomes bad, so bad he has to stop walking and concentrate on coughing. It gets worse, and when it's over, he has to pause to recover from the spasm and catch his breath before he can carry on up the lane. He really is starting to look like a ghost now. Just as he's nearing the gate, CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE emerge (chatting happily) from the gate, dressed handsomely in their Sunday best, CHARLOTTE and ANNE carrying a hymn book each. They weren't expecting to see BRANWELL, and walk awkwardly straight past him; like everyone else they treat him like a ghost. After all, they only ever get abuse off him these days.

Eventually - without saying anything - EMILY simply breaks away from the other two and goes back and helps him inside. ANNE and CHARLOTTE look back, hesitate, then decide to carry on to church.

128 INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN. DAY 21 - (7 JULY 1848, 10:33) 128

A week later.

EMILY's kneading bread. TABBY's about. ANNE comes in, and is keen to avoid TABBY overhearing anything as she murmurs to EMILY -

ANNE  
Have you got a minute?

Something about ANNE's tone is ominous. EMILY down tools and follows ANNE through to the parlour...

129 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 21. CONTINUOUS - (7 JULY 1848, 10:34) 129

...where CHARLOTTE's pacing up and down with a letter in her hand. EMILY shuts the door behind her.

EMILY  
What?

CHARLOTTE

We're going to have to go to  
London.

EMILY

Who is?

CHARLOTTE

We are. All three of us.

EMILY

When?

CHARLOTTE

Today.

EMILY

Why?

CHARLOTTE

(she hands EMILY the  
letter, it's from Smith,  
Elder & Co, CHARLOTTE's  
publisher)

Your -

(she resists an expletive)  
Mr. Newby must've - I don't know -  
sold the first few pages of The  
Tenant of Wildfell Hall to an  
American publisher on the  
*understanding* that it was written  
by

(prodding herself in the  
chest)

*Currer Bell.*

EMILY absorbs the contents of the letter and looks at ANNE.

EMILY

Well it's obviously a  
misunders[tanding] -

\*

CHARLOTTE

Will you....!

(she's so exasperated)

Please. See. That this man is a...

con man! A rogue! How m[any] -

(interrupts herself)

*how many* - mistakes did he print in  
Wuthering Heights? Proofs that *you*  
painstakingly corrected and *he*  
ignored! And now this! My publisher  
is *livid* -

(she prods the letter that  
EMILY's holding)

that I could possibly have 'sold my  
next novel' to another publisher!

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

They have first refusal on my next two novels, and now they think I'm some kind of unscrupulous double dealer!

EMILY

Well... just write and explain.

CHARLOTTE

No. No, we've got to go to London and give *ocular proof* that we are three people, and that the novels are not all the work of one person, and that this -

(stabbing the letter again with her forefinger)

is absolute *trash*.

EMILY loves it when CHARLOTTE gets wound up; she looks so little and funny.

EMILY

Well I'm not going.

CHARLOTTE

Why?

EMILY

Because. You can write a letter and explain all that, and just say that Newby's made a mis[take] -

CHARLOTTE

That's *not a mistake!* It's a deliberate *deceitful* attempt to *cash in* on the success of Jane Eyre.

(to ANNE)

Sorry.

ANNE brushes it off, she's on CHARLOTTE's side.

EMILY

It isn't.

CHARLOTTE

It *is!*

EMILY

Newby has made the mistake - along with a lot of other people - of *assuming* we're all one person, that's all it is. It doesn't matter, it's a simple letter, [you just] -

CHARLOTTE

Why. Are you. *So obtuse?*

EMILY

Why are you so melodramatic?

ANNE

Emily. I don't want The Tenant of Wildfell Hall promoted and sold on a deceitful cl[aim] - misunderstanding - whichever. That it's by anyone other than me.

CHARLOTTE

We have to go to London. Now. Today. And explain to Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith Williams what's happened. It's intolerable. To imagine that they could think that I would be so *slippery*.

EMILY

But... wait. Look. You can't. You can't go to London and *explain* who you are. Because. They will *see* you.

CHARLOTTE

That's the whole point.

EMILY

Yes, and you promised - you *promised me* - that we would never reveal ourselves. To anyone. Ever.

CHARLOTTE

Well. I'm afraid. Because of your...

(again, she has to resist yet another expletive)

*Mister Newby*. We now find ourselves in a... situation.

ANNE

Emily. I think we should go.

EMILY

No. And you're not going either.

ANNE

No, I am.

EMILY

No you're not.

ANNE

Newby's compromised my integrity as much as Charlotte's. I shan't publish with him again. And if you won't come with us, that's - that's your choice.

ANNE's never defied EMILY before. It's a bit of a shock.

CHARLOTTE

We don't need to fall out about  
this. Emily.

EMILY looks like she could explode. She gives herself a moment and manages to speak without screaming at them -

EMILY

It's about *your* novel  
(that was to ANNE)  
- and *your* name.  
(that was to CHARLOTTE)  
It's got nothing to do with me.

She walks out -

ANNE

Don't be like that Em[ily] - !

- and slams the door.

130 EXT/INT. TRAIN. NIGHT 21 - (8 JULY 1848, 03:04)

130

CHARLOTTE and ANNE travel through the night up to London. They're both wide awake, even though it's three o'clock in the morning. Rain beats against the carriage window, the only illumination is the moon and perhaps they huddle together for warmth. CHARLOTTE realises that ANNE has silent tears brimming in her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

What's the matter?

ANNE

(she wants to dismiss it as  
nothing, but it's easier  
said than done)

Emily.

CHARLOTTE

Yes, but you do know her bark's  
worse than her bite. Don't you?

ANNE kind of does know that, yes. But she still hates not being mates with EMILY.

131 EXT. EUSTON STATION, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 07:12)131

The train has arrived in the station and passengers pile off. CHARLOTTE and ANNE step off the train, carrying a bag each. Everyone else looks like they know exactly what they're doing and exactly where they're going, and so much more sophisticated than CHARLOTTE and ANNE (or so it feels to them).

132 EXT. CORNHILL, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 11:15) 132

CHARLOTTE and ANNE walk along the bustling street, the noise of the city is huge and vulgar, especially to the sensitive ears of two people who've been awake all night on a rattling train. Divested of their bags, and having managed to spruce themselves up a bit after their long journey, they arrive at Smith, Elder & Co. A book shop. They sort of have to dare each other to go inside. Eventually CHARLOTTE's the one who ventures to try the door handle.

133 INT. SMITH, ELDER & CO. BOOKSHOP, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 11:16) 133

It's a big shop. Obviously not by today's standards. But it's a shop you can browse in. CHARLOTTE and ANNE do their best to appear invisible as they meander towards what looks like a desk where people are served. They're both conscious of appearing shabby. There are a couple of ASSISTANTS at the desk. Some of the latest novels are displayed around the desk. ANNE nudges CHARLOTTE and nods at a display of copies of *Jane Eyre*. CHARLOTTE's delighted, but daren't show it. We might see her eyes light up. She just stares for a moment. One of the ASSISTANTS nudges his colleague, "Look at these two bumpkins". But his colleague KENT is polite -

KENT

Could I help you, ladies?

CHARLOTTE and ANNE are shockingly lacking in confidence in this environment. But CHARLOTTE's the eldest and has to rise to the occasion.

CHARLOTTE

Yes. Yes, I'd - we'd - like to speak to Mr. George Smith. Please.

KENT

Mr. Smith?

(CHARLOTTE affirms)

Mr. Smith's very busy.

CHARLOTTE

Yes. But. The thing is. It's important.

KENT

Can I tell him what it's to do with?

CHARLOTTE

Just - just that it's a matter of importance.

KENT takes that in and nods.

KENT

I'll - I'll see what - I'll see if  
he's got a minute. Who - ? Should I  
say is...? Asking to see him?

CHARLOTTE

It's - that's delicate.

KENT takes that in.

KENT

He is a very busy man.

CHARLOTTE finds the strength just to be a tad more forceful.  
We get the full effect of CHARLOTTE's very intense eyes, as  
does KENT.

CHARLOTTE

We've been travelling for seventeen  
hours, and we'll take up less than  
one minute of his time.

134 INT. SMITH ELDER & CO. CORRIDOR/OFFICES, LONDON. DAY 22 - 1<sup>384</sup>  
JULY 1848, 11:18)

KENT heads along a corridor and bumps into GEORGE SMITH, who  
is just heading into his office. GEORGE SMITH is 24, a very  
nicely built man, with a lovely, rounded, handsome face. He  
also has a very disarming manner. From his manner, we also  
discern that he's very busy.

KENT

Ah. Sir. Two ladies. Asking to see  
you.

GEORGE SMITH

What ladies?

KENT

Didn't give a name, sir.

GEORGE SMITH

What's it about?

KENT

The only thing I could prise out,  
sir, is that it's important.

GEORGE SMITH

To me or to them?  
(KENT can't say)  
Are they...?

He makes a gesture that could imply "bonkers".

KENT

I wouldn't say that exactly sir,  
they were perfectly polite, and  
they're asking for no more than a  
minute of your time. They've  
travelled for seventeen hours.

GEORGE SMITH tosses a coin in his brain. He heads through to the shop.

135

INT. SMITH, ELDER & CO. BOOKSHOP, LONDON. DAY 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 11:20)

CHARLOTTE and ANNE are peering at the other novels on display (or perhaps CHARLOTTE's subtly trying to make *Jane Eyre* look a bit more obvious to potential buyers) when GEORGE SMITH walks in followed by KENT, who points him towards CHARLOTTE and ANNE. GEORGE SMITH takes in their appearance; to him, they are quaint bumpkins.

GEORGE SMITH

Ladies. How can I help you?

CHARLOTTE speaks discreetly; she'd rather they were in a more private place (although the shop's not exactly heaving with customers).

CHARLOTTE

Am I addressing Mr. George Smith?

GEORGE SMITH

Yes.

CHARLOTTE takes him in, such an elegant man. She glances nervously at the ear-wigging KENT; she'd like him to leave.

CHARLOTTE

It's a confidential matter.

CHARLOTTE tries to smile, so as not to appear impolite, but whenever she tries to smile she's conscious of her imperfect teeth. GEORGE SMITH - after a moment's hesitation - comes round from behind the counter and joins CHARLOTTE and ANNE in the shop.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We - we're here to address a misunderstanding. Which - once accomplished - will be to everyone's advantage. Yours as much as ours. And so we apologise for what must be an interruption to your morning's work.

(GEORGE SMITH takes that in.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
CHARLOTTE is horrendously nervous, but she's also doing incredibly well)

Perhaps. If I gave you this. It would clarify who we are.

She offers him a letter. He takes it. It's the one CHARLOTTE received yesterday that upset her so much.

GEORGE SMITH  
Curer Bell?

The name Curer Bell thrills him. But he sees no connection between Curer Bell and the bumpkin in front of him.

CHARLOTTE  
(conscious of people in the shop)

Shh.

GEORGE SMITH  
Where did you get this letter?

CHARLOTTE  
In the post. From you. You sent it to me.

(it's the first time she's said it - )

I am...

(again, conscious of people in the shop, not that there are very many)

Curer Bell.

(she points at the letter)

C. Brontë. That's me. And this is Acton. Bell. Author of Agnes Grey, and - the point is - author of The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. Not me. And Ellis couldn't come. Ellis didn't want to come. Ellis is...

(don't go there)

Anyway. The point is. We are three sisters. I have not sold the first few pages of my next novel to an America publisher - as claimed by Mr. Thomas Cautley Newby - that is not my novel, it's -

(nodding ANNE's way)

Acton's. I - Mr. Smith - have nothing, exactly *nothing*, to do with Mr. Newby. Nor will my sister -

(she points at ANNE, she can't speak for EMILY)

Now she has seen him in his true colours. We are people of integrity. And probity. And that is why. We are here. To set matters straight.

GEORGE SMITH

Sorry, you're - ? You - you're  
Curer Bell?

CHARLOTTE

Shh.

(GEORGE SMITH remains  
unconvinced. Yet the  
letter is undeniable)

What makes you doubt it, Mr. Smith?  
My gender? My accent? My size?

GEORGE SMITH

And...? There really are three of  
you?

CHARLOTTE

In total.

It is starting to sink in. And when he looks at CHARLOTTE's eyes - through her tiny little spectacle lenses - perhaps he starts to realise that he is looking into the soul of the woman who wrote *Jane Eyre*.

GEORGE SMITH

Oh good heavens. Oh good Lord.  
Forgive me, I'm sorry, I -

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry too, we've caught you off-guard. But you see we felt it best to come in person given the tone of your letter. I wanted no room left for any further misunderstanding. Or doubt.

GEORGE SMITH

Well that's deeply appreciated,  
Miss...

(not sure how to say)

Brontë.

They affirm -

CHARLOTTE  
Brontë.

ANNE  
Brontë. Sorry.

GEORGE SMITH

And a great relief. Of course.

(he stares at her more,  
then remembers himself)

Have you really been travelling for  
seventeen hours?

CHARLOTTE

Through the night. Such was the  
tone of your letter -

GEORGE SMITH  
You must be exhausted.

CHARLOTTE  
Oddly, Mr. Smith, I feel  
extraordinarily awake.

GEORGE SMITH  
Where are you staying?

He glances at ANNE, realising he's ignored her.

ANNE  
We've booked into the Chapter  
Coffee House. In Paternoster Row.

CHARLOTTE  
Our father. Stayed there. Briefly.  
Before he went up to Cambridge. And  
my sister. And I. My other sister,  
Ellis. Did. Once. Before we  
travelled to Brussels.

GEORGE SMITH  
You've taken my breath away. Miss  
Brontë. Oh, you have to meet  
people. Do you have any idea how  
many people want to - ? Thackeray!  
Thackeray Thackeray -  
(he's more tongue tied than  
them now)  
will have to meet you. Today. Now.  
(he calls to KENT)  
Fetch Smith Williams!  
(KENT dives off, GEORGE  
SMITH becomes even more  
flustered with delight -)  
You have to meet Smith Williams. He  
he he is *such* an *admirer* of your -  
he - your genius - he was the one  
that read [it] - that read The  
Professor - and saw instantly,  
before Jane Eyre - which is  
glorious by the way - he saw - he  
saw. He *saw*. Miss Brontë. The whole  
of literary London - the whole of  
London! - will fall over itself to  
spend one minute in the company of  
Currer Bell.

If CHARLOTTE didn't totally get it before, she does now. His  
manner is so sincere. He's so shaken by *her* presence.  
Practised in composure, CHARLOTTE finds herself with slightly  
more presence of mind than him: the thing that's really  
niggling her -

CHARLOTTE

Somebody really needs to do something about this Mr. Newby, Mr. Smith.

GEORGE SMITH

Indeed. Absolutely. It - he - will be dealt with. Please please come through to my office. Ah - ! Smith Williams.

(SMITH WILLIAMS has arrived. A greying, unassuming, smiling, intelligent 50-year-old man)

This. This. Is Currer Bell.

SMITH WILLIAMS takes CHARLOTTE in. He gets it quicker than GEORGE SMITH. He knew. He knew the reality would be so much different than anything any of them could ever imagine. He's delighted. Humbled. Genuinely happy. As we all are in the presence of something we know to be the real deal.

WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS

How perfect. How delightful.

He offers his hand.

CHARLOTTE

And this is Acton. Bell.

WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS shakes hands with ACTON.

ANNE

Ellis Bell couldn't come.

GEORGE SMITH

Do you like opera?

135A EXT. PARSONAGE. NIGHT 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 23:26)

135A

Establishing shot of the parsonage at night.

136 INT. PARSONAGE, UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT 22 - (8 JULY 1848, 23:26)

BRANWELL's coughing and coughing and coughing. EMILY heads upstairs with the oil lamp. PATRICK - in night clothes, and looking very tired and elderly and in need of sleep - emerges from his bedroom.

EMILY

I'll see to him, I'll sit with him, you go and sleep in one of their beds.

PATRICK  
 (a mumble)  
 Are you sure?

EMILY affirms. PATRICK heads into CHARLOTTE and ANNE's bedroom. EMILY heads into her father's room -

137 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 22. CONTINUOUS - 1<sup>38</sup> JULY 1848, 23:27)

BRANWELL has a night candle, but EMILY brings more light into the room with the oil lamp. He continues to retch and splutter. EMILY sits on the bed and rubs his back gently as he heaves, and murmurs "Shhh..."

BRANWELL  
 I'm going to be sick.

EMILY grabs the chamber pot, just in time -

BRANWELL honks into the chamber pot. There's blood. A lot of it. Like, a pint. EMILY's cheek gets splattered in blood. Patiently, she lets it happen, and she stays there, stoically holding the chamber pot as BRANWELL catches his breath, before heaving into it again. Stoic EMILY just sits there with him like a rock.

138 EXT. HAWORTH. DAY 23 - (9 JULY 1848, 06:14) 138

Establishing shot, sunrise over Haworth.

139 EXT. PARSONAGE, BACK YARD. DAY 23 - (9 JULY 1848, 10:30) 139

EMILY's in the back yard when CHARLOTTE and ANNE appear at the gate. With their bags. A moment when we wonder how things are going to go between them, just as TABBY comes out to join EMILY. \*

TABBY  
 You're back! That was quick. All the way to London.

CHARLOTTE  
 How were things here?

TABBY  
 Oh. Well...  
 (glancing at EMILY)  
 We've had sad work with Branwell.  
 (ANNE looks at EMILY,  
 worried that she won't be  
 speaking)  
 But other than that!

CHARLOTTE

Good. Good!

CHARLOTTE heads inside: if EMILY's still being an arse that's her problem. TABBY follows CHARLOTTE inside asking if she can make her some tea. ANNE comes over to EMILY.

ANNE

You're the last person I want to fall out with.

EMILY

(quiet)

I know.

She means "Me too". ANNE sits with EMILY.

ANNE

We only told Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith Williams. Well, and Newby. Later. No-one else. And we made it clear that they hadn't told anyone else either. They took us to the Royal Opera House - Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith Williams did - with Mr. Smith's mother and his sisters - and us with nothing to wear but what we'd gone in - and they'd no idea who we were! Heaven alone knows what they must have thought about us.

ANNE smiles. EMILY imagines it.

EMILY

What was Newby like?

ANNE considers her response carefully.

ANNE

Embarrassed. Charlotte was very effective. She was nervous. We both were. But she was very good.

ANNE realises that EMILY looks untypically vulnerable. It's because of what she witnessed during the night when she saw BRANWELL cough up blood. A moment - and we sense she doesn't want to say this but she has to because it's shaken her -

EMILY

(nodding towards the house)

He's vo -

She can't say it. It terrifies her. The implications.

ANNE

What?

EMILY

Branwell. He's been vomiting blood.

ANNE stares at EMILY. Of course she understands the morbid implications too.

140 EXT. KEIGHLEY, DEVONSHIRE ARMS. DAY 24 - (28 JULY 1848, 140  
11:06)

We discover CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE waiting as people and luggage spill off the newly arrived high-flier.

ANNE

There she is! There! Look!

A neat, prim little woman almost the same age as CHARLOTTE (31) steps from a carriage. CHARLOTTE's utter delight spreads across her face, and she goes to greet the neat little woman. ANNE and EMILY are no less pleased to see her.

CHARLOTTE

Ellen!

CHARLOTTE and ELLEN kiss one another fondly (but without a great demonstration of affection).

ELLEN

Emily! Anne!

ANNE and EMILY shake hands politely with ELLEN.

ANNE

Miss Nussey.

EMILY's got her eye on the luggage being lowered from the roof of the high-flier.

EMILY

Which is your box?

141 EXT. MOORS. DAY 24. EVENING - (28 JULY 1848, 19:22) 141

A stunningly beautiful evening.

CHARLOTTE, ELLEN, EMILY and ANNE have gone for a walk up on the moors with KEEPER and FLOSSIE. They're in two separate little gangs; EMILY and ANNE walk ahead (whispering and giggling, shoving each other one minute, arm-in-arm the next, probably playing at Gondal) and CHARLOTTE and ELLEN walk behind. We sense all four of them are happy, ELLEN effortlessly seems to exert a calm, benign influence.

CHARLOTTE

In the end I realised we'd delay  
your visit forever if we weren't  
careful. And he's so quiet now.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

We barely see him. During the day.  
He just sleeps.

ELLEN

I think more people have crosses to bear than we realise. On the domestic side. On the quiet.

CHARLOTTE concurs.

CHARLOTTE

The oddest thing. I think I told you - the Robinson girls, the youngest two, Elizabeth and Mary - they started writing to Anne. About six months after their father died. They're very fond of Anne, more than she imagined. Then they wanted to visit. Here. So. We let them. I thought if they drove a carriage up our narrow twisty lane once, at least they'd never choose to do it again. So, they came. Last week. Of course Branwell knew nothing about it.

ELLEN

What were they like?

CHARLOTTE

Oh. You know. Pretty. Vacuous. Non-stop -

(she makes a 'endless talking' gesture with one hand)

Yack yack yack. Emily popped her head in - purely to satisfy her own curiosity of course - and then after approximately four seconds, withdrew. It's one of the few occasions when I've really enjoyed her surliness.

(this makes ELLEN smile;  
she likes EMILY, even if  
she is surly)

Anyway, the point is. They told us.  
Last week. That their mother...

This makes CHARLOTTE so angry, though she does her best not to make an exhibition of it: she shakes her head, disguising her anger with a smile.

ELLEN

What?

CHARLOTTE

Is going to marry. Sir Edward Scott.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

So much for contrition and guilt  
and madness and clauses in people's  
wills.

ELLEN takes that in and mulls it over. It saddens and angers  
her too.

ELLEN

He's been very sadly used.  
Branwell. You didn't tell him?

CHARLOTTE

What purpose would it serve?

(none)

I'm sorry to inflict all this on  
you.

ELLEN

Charlotte. I'm your oldest friend.  
You can tell me anything. You know  
that.

CHARLOTTE would love to tell ELLEN that she's Currer Bell.  
But she can't. They're smiling, looking into one another's  
eyes, when the light changes.

EMILY, ANNE

(calling across to ELLEN  
and CHARLOTTE)

*Look!*

There's a parhelion - three suns - in the sky.

CHARLOTTE

What is that? That's extraordinary.

ANNE

Three suns!

CHARLOTTE

What is it? It's beautiful.

At length -

ELLEN

It's you three.

She's smiling. CHARLOTTE frowns - happily - like, "what're  
you talking about?" But ELLEN sees that EMILY's smiling at  
her comment - more happily than we've ever seen EMILY smile  
before, and then she smiles at ANNE and CHARLOTTE, and they  
all look up at the magnificent spectacle in the sky.

142 INT. PALACE. DAY. F/B 1 - (2 AUGUST 1826, 15:25)

142

We're back where we were where we opened in Scene 1: the unexpected, surreal world of the four Genii: three giant children (CHARLOTTE age 10, EMILY, 8, ANNE, 6) with haloes of fire encircling their heads as they sit at an enormous table, in the magnificent parlour of a Gothic palace.

Suddenly the huge ornate doors crash open and the fourth Genii, nine-year-old red-headed BRANWELL comes in, just as before. But he no longer has a halo of fire encircling his head. He still carries the box, but there's nothing struggling to get out this time. He still has an air of expectation about him though. All three girls stand up, CHARLOTTE goes and takes the box from him. She takes the lid off. Empty. Useless.

CHARLOTTE

You can go now.

Sad little BRANWELL wants to stay, he wants to be part of their world, their genius.

143 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S BEDROOM. DAY 25 - (24 SEPTEMBER 1848, 10:15)

EMILY, ANNE and TABBY wash and dress BRANWELL's dead body, ready for burial. ANNE has tears in her eyes, as she removes his glasses. His cheeks are hollow, sunken, ashen. As she puts his glasses onto the bedside table they look so little and grubby and bent. EMILY starts undoing his shirt. She has to sit him up to take it off. His torso is emaciated.

144 INT. PARSONAGE, PATRICK'S STUDY. DAY 25 - (24 SEPTEMBER 1848, 10:16)

PATRICK has tears rolling down his face. He's pale. As still as a stone, staring at nothing as he contemplates the shockingly wasted life of his only son. He's not blubbing, but the tears just won't stop rolling.

145 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 25 - (24 SEPTEMBER 1848, 10:16)

CHARLOTTE sits alone. She's tearful, and unable to help because she's too devastated by what's happened. The shock of death has appalled her by how angry and neglectful of her brother she's become in the last months. Her tears become uncontrollable and she has to stifle her sobs as they get worse and worse. KEEPER and FLOSSIE know something's up, and crowd round her.

146 EXT. PARSONAGE, CHURCHYARD. DAY 25 - (28 SEPTEMBER 1848, 146  
11:40)

We're looking out onto the front garden and down through the graveyard towards the church (there were no trees then). BRANWELL's coffin is carried by four bearers (one of them is JOHN BROWN) from the house, down the garden, through the gate, through the graveyard, to the church. ARTHUR NICHOLLS officiates and leads the procession. The coffin is followed by PATRICK and CHARLOTTE, EMILY and ANNE, TABBY and MARTHA. There are other people - parishioners and friends of the family - waiting outside the church.

147 INT. PARSONAGE, PARLOUR. DAY 25. CONTINUOUS - (28 SEPTEMBER 147  
1848, 11:40) INTO FLASH FORWARD (F/F) 1 (28 SEPTEMBER 2016,  
11:40).

As we pull back we realise that we're seeing this view from inside the parlour, through the window, and as we pull back further our final image is the book shelves, the nine volumes of *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Agnes Grey* and now *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, and in front of them the one surviving little wooden soldier, battered, beaten and chewed, a memento of a happy childhood.

As we look at the soldier, the light alters, and we become aware of the sound of voices. Teenagers' voices, modern voices. Subtly, what we're looking at changes. The little soldier is gone. The books are different. Even the shelf is different. As we look again through the window, we see tall dark trees outside which weren't there before, and the new St. Michael's Church (built in the 1870s) with the taller tower, and a group of 2016 people sauntering up the stairs outside and into the house. As we turn around we see people, visitors, in the parlour doorway behind the red rope, clutching guide books, looking around the room, politely commenting in a whisper to one another about the objects in the room.

148 INT. PARSONAGE, HALLWAY. DAY. F/F 1 - (28 SEPTEMBER 2016, 148  
11:41)

Out in the hallway, more visitors arrive through the front door, greeted by staff.

149 EXT. CHURCH LANE, HAWORTH. DAY. F/F 1. (28 SEPTEMBER 2016, 149  
11:41)

Church Lane is busy with tourists. In the car park coaches are unloading yet more visitors. At the back of the house instead of the yard, is the book shop.

150 INT. BOOK SHOP, HAWORTH. DAY. F/F 1. (28 SEPTEMBER 2016, 150  
11:42)

Inside the busy, happy book shop, we glimpse the vast array of Brontë publications and Brontë tourist gifts. Through the back window we see the statue of the three sisters.

151 EXT. ROCHDALE CANAL, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY. F/F 1. (28 151  
SEPTEMBER 2016, 11:42)

A badly decayed 15' tall wooden statue labelled 'BRANWELL BRONTE 1817 - 1848' stands at the side of the canal. One of the eyes is hollow, both his hands have rotted away, and down by his crotch the Sowerby Bridge piss-heads have put an empty Budweiser bottle, amongst other modern-day debris around the dank little picnic site.

**END**