

Written and created by

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MATHEWAMISON

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

ANNE LISTER

No they did not.

MATHEWAMISON

No they [did] -

ANNE LISTER

(interrupting swiftly)

The Blues would not sink to such low tactics, and I don't want to hear it repeated

(JOHN BOOTH comes in)

Ah! Booth

She checks her watch JOHN BOOTH sees MATHEW

JOHN BOOTH

What's happened?

ANNE LISTER

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

JOHN BOOTH

Now what?

ANNE LISTER

No Next week After the election is over.

(JOHN ?)

Yes now

3

THE SHEDDEN HALL, DINING ROOM NIGHT 38 1720 (EARLY 1835) 3

ANNE, ANN, JEREMY, AUNT ANNE and MARIAN eat dinner.

JOSEPH GEORGE waits on them

MARIAN LISTER

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

(silence, tumbleweed)

Father.

ANNE LISTER

Thank you John

(JOHN withdraws,

JOSEPH GEORGE remains)

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

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

I shall be sick*.

*to camera?

OPENING TITLES

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

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

ANNE LISTER

Nine o'clock. No John Bottomley.

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

5 **OMTIED**

5

6 **INT. SHEDDEN HALL, SAMUEL ROOM NIGHT 38 2103 (EARLY 1835) 6**

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

MR. ABBOTT

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

(MRE)

MR ABBITT (CONT'D)

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

(MRE)

MR ABCOT (CONT'D)

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

(suddenly - urgent footsteps down the stairs)

~~Is that your sister?~~

MIRIAN LISTER

(amazed)

Is it?

(she sees ANNE heading towards the kitchens)

Anne?!

(adding quietly - fyi)

She's an Ultra*.

* Bit of a look to camera?

7 **INT SHBDEN HALL, HUSBODY NIGHT 38 2104 CONTINUOUS 7**
(EARLY 1835)

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

8 **INT SHBDEN HALL, KITCHEN NIGHT 38 2104 CONTINUOUS 8**
(EARLY 1835)

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

CORDINGLEY

(shocked)

JOSEPH GEORGE

A p[upper] - ?

ANNE LISTER

Both his votes for M. Wirtley.

JOSEPH GEORGE

Yes nam

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

ANNE LISTER

Hp bad? Elizabeth?

CORDINGLEY

It's this cold spell nam allus makes it worse.

ANNE LISTER

M. Sunderland s here tomorrow to see my aunt. Would you like me to ask hi to look in on you?

CORDINGLEY

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

ANNE LISTER

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

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

CORDINGLEY

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

(irritable)

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

9

THE SHEDDEN HALL, SAMLE ROOM NIGHT 38 2105 CONTINUOUS 9 (EARLY 1835)

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

MARIAN LISTER

(ventriloquist style, begging him nearly)

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

GENILEMN JACK 2 EPISODE 5 2ND YELLOWREMSION 19 8 21. 10

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

ANN WALKER

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

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

ANNE LISTER

Min Well! On the other hand She's clearly got the message. And perhaps that's why **Washington** didn't want to get involved and write to her. Because he suspected this might follow
(just then the sound of the front door bell)
That'll be **M. Sunderland**

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

15

INT. SHEDDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE S BEDROOM DAY 39 0900 15
(EARLY 1835)

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

MR SUNDERLAND

Very unpleasant. Olfous, in fact. And have you heard the reports set afloat by the Wigs? Of **M. Wirtley** singing and drinking in public houses late into the night?

ANNE LISTER

Good Lord Are there no depths to which they write plummet?

MR SUNDERLAND

But! I remain optimistic.

ANNE LISTER

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

AUNT ANNE s more concerned about the prognosis on her leg

MR SUNDERLAND

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

ANNE LISTER

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

MR SUNDERLAND

(he addresses AUNT ANNE)

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

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

16

**THE SHEDDEN HALL, STAIRS, HOUSEBODY, SAMLER ROOM, KITCHEN 16
DAY 39 0920 (EARLY 1835)**

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

MR SUNDERLAND

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

(it's not great but -)

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

ANNE LISTER

No. He's not. He's out. In this -

(she resists an expletive)

britsker he bought. He's going to kill Miriam. Oh well. Would you mind looking in on Mrs. Cordingley's hip instead?

MR SUNDERLAND

Ah!

(a kind smile)

The perennial hip!

They head for the kitchen

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

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

CORDINGLEY

I don't like being poked! And a bad hip's a bad hip! I've seen it with other folk, there's nowt you can do, and some of us can't just lie

CORDINGLEY

I didn't hear] -

(she dries up, she's
upset)

I think the world of your aunt, you
know I do

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

ANNE LISTER

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

CORDINGLEY

Who'll cook?

ANNE LISTER

I'm sure I can find someone to step
in temporarily.

(this worries CORDINGLEY;
what if they prefer the
temp's cooking?)

Write to her, see what she says.
Someone can drive you over to
Bingley in the britsker.

CORDINGLEY

(nods)

I'll think about it ma'am Thank
you ma'am Sorry ma'am

ANNE gives a little nod and a 'Mh, and leaves the room. She knows that the threat of her displeasure can serve as a powerful enough ticking off, without doing or saying anything other than she's just done. CORDINGLEY's left confused ins.

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

JOSEPH GEORGE

Ma'am

JEREMY LISTER

Ah!

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

JOSEPH GEORGE

I bumped into **Mr. Wirtley** ma'am and he said not to despair.

ANN WALKER

Read it out.

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

ANNE LISTER

Mr. Wirtley - Tory party - two hundred and sixty votes. **Mr. Wood** - Whig - two hundred and ninety four votes.

(big sigh and angst)

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

JOSEPH GEORGE

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

ANNE LISTER

Excellent. Well done, Joseph
George.

JEREMY LISTER

Are you all right, lad?

JOSEPH GEORGE

Yeah! Just...

(he's never seen anything
like it)

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

ANNE LISTER

(grateful for the info and
a task well done)

Go and get your supper.

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

~~ANNE Lavdryntihsons MleeNgtArrostuder~~
you coming with me to collect the
rents tomorrow Father?

JEREMY LISTER

I can do

ANNE LISTER

If you can stand up

ANN WALKER (CONT'D)

I bet there were consequences.
After I left.

ANNE LISTER

Mm

ANN WALKER

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

ANNE LISTER

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

ANN WALKER

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

ANNE LISTER

That's very cunning. And
unpleasant. If he's purposely done
it to coincide with the election
(she delicately graduates
from massaging ANN's
shoulders and neck to
kissing them)
We'll ride the storm together. Hm?
As long as you get what you want
from it at the end of it, it'll be
worth it. It is still what you
want. Isn't it?

ANN WALKER

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

ANNE LISTER (CONT D)

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

Marian said she needed me for a few
minutes.

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

**23 INE SHBDEN HALL, STAIRS / HOUSEBODY NIGHT 39 2135 23
(EARLY 1835)**

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

ANNE LISTER

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

JEREMY LISTER

(he growls at her)
N' night.

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

**24 INE SHBDEN HALL, SALLE ROOM NIGHT 39 2135 CONTINUOUS 24
(EARLY 1835)**

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

MARIAN LISTER

Ah, I thought you'd forgotten

Conscious of her father still possibly being in earshot -

ANNE LISTER

If this is about what I think it's
about -

(a heavy sigh)
Need we put one another through it?

MARIAN LISTER

Do you want to sit down?

ANNE LISTER

I don't need to sit down

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

MARIAN LISTER

I shouldn't wish to deceive you any longer, and of course you're free to tell Miss Wilker, as she is now - to all intents and purposes - part of the family. And Father knows too, I told him this afternoon
(MARIAN's utterly sincere; she wants some dignity with this)

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

(ANNE absorbs it. Yup As she suspected)

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

(and this is the bugbear)

Wid.

MIRIAN LISTER

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

ANNE LISTER

**(saddened that she doesn't
understand it better)**

Mirian

MIRIAN LISTER

**He's in all the right societies and
institutions within the town, he's
very well regarded -**

**(ANNE gives a derisive
little snort)**

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

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

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

ANNE LISTER

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

Reluctantly, sadly MIRIAN concedes -

MIRIAN LISTER

No one else has ever asked me.

Aww :(

ANNE LISTER

(kindly)

**That's no reason to marry someone!
Mirian**

MIRIAN LISTER

I like him

ANNE LISTER

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

MIRIAN LISTER

I'd like to be a mother.

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

ANNE LISTER

Does Aunt Anne know?

MIRIAN LISTER

No, not yet.

ANNE LISTER

**Could you...? Not tell her. It'll
cause her so much hurt and Lord**

26 INE SHEDEN HALL, KITCHEN DAY 40 1300 (EARLY 1835) 26

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

HEMINGWAY

Go

CORDINGLEY

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

HEMINGWAY

Just go

CORDINGLEY

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

HEMINGWAY

And? Go

CORDINGLEY

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

HEMINGWAY

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

CORDINGLEY

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

HEMINGWAY

There y' are.

CORDINGLEY

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

HEMINGWAY spots **EUGENE** and **MATHEW** silently communicating
with one another, which of course instantly puts a stop to
it.

27

EXT. HALIFAX NIGHT 40 1800 (EARLY 1835)

27

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

PICKELS

Yer gonna get yersen off home!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

Is he all right?

PICKELS

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

(MRE)

HICKELS (CONT D)

And we got M. and Ms. Atkinson
safe upstairs - but this lad had
his hair parted!

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

So what's happened?

DICK

(angry, blood in his
mouth)

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

Another gun shot. Fuckin' hell.

HICKELS

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

HICKELS urges his horse on - fast. We linger on **WASHINGTON'S**
disbelief.

28

INT. SHEDDEN HALL, SAMUEL ROOM, DINING ROOM, HOUSEBODY NIGHT
40 1830 (EARLY 1835)

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

ANNE LISTER

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

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

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

ANNE LISTER

Really?

SAMUEL WASHINGTON

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

(it's as if he has shell
shock)

Apparently.

(MRE)

SAMEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Back in the SAME ROOM

SAMEL WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

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

1(W

HeINER

ANNE LISTER

And?

(WASHINGTON realises he
probably shouldn't have

ANNE LISTER

And di d you speak to M. Goodall?

SAMEL WASHINGTON

**Yes! Yes, I gave hi mMs.
Sutherland s list -**

ANNE LISTER

**(to ANN)
The bailiff.**

SAMEL WASHINGTON
(addressing MISS WALKER)
And he can take care of everything
For you M' am The distresses.

On ANN WALKER, nervously reflecting on what a dangerous time
it is to be distressing people

ANN WALKER
Wier? Will he do it.

SAMEL WASHINGTON
Wthin the week

Shit.

29

INT. SHEDDEN HALL, THE TENT ROOM DAY 41. 0830
(EARLY 1835)

29

Next morning. A shiny new frosty day. ANNE LISTER throws the
bed covers back and goes to her wash stand. She finds the
water in her water jug frozen over. She prods it with her
finger. She gets her wooden toothbrush and jabs the ice with
the handle to crack it. Then she pours the water into the
basin, and washes in the freezing cold water. That wakes her
up.

INT. SHEDDEN HALL, ANNE'S DOWNSTAIRS STUDY DAY 41. 1320

MIRIAN LISTER

A note

**(she flashes it briefly at
ANNE)**

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

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

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

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

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

ANNE is with **MR. PARKER**

MR. PARKER

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

ANNE LISTER

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

MR. PARKER

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

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

ANNE LISTER

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

MR. PARKER

(realising remembering)

Oh! Yes. When John Wilker died. Oh his honeymoon, poor fellow.

ANNE LISTER

What do you make of him, Sutherland?

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

MR PARKER

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

(ANNE absorbs that. His
Loyalty to Sutherland)

Why?

ANNE s got the cash out now

ANNE LISTER

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

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

MR PARKER

Min

ANNE LISTER

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

(she places the bag of
coins on his desk)

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

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

(MRE)

ANNE LISTER (CONT D)

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

MR PARKER

Correct. I've had a note from the other party, Mr. Parker, and Messrs Barton -

(chance) ANNE LISTER
to nothing but (I guess),

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

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

JOSEPHGEORGE
Yep
(he picks up the brush and
carries on grooming **NERO**)
Yep Yep

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

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

36 **EXT. WITLEY'S BOOKSHOP, HALIFAX DAY 41. 1430** **36**
(EARLY 1835)

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

37 **INT. WITLEY'S BOOKSHOP, HALIFAX DAY 41. 1430** **37**
(EARLY 1835)

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

ANNE LISTER

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

JOHN VAMERHOUSE

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

ANNE LISTER

No!

JOHN VAMERHOUSE

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

ANNE LISTER

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

JOHN VAMERHOUSE

And I -

(he becomes upset)

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

ANNE LISTER

Nothing justifies terror.

JOHN VAMERHOUSE

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

(MRE)

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

JOHN VAIERHOUSE (CONT'D)

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

HINSLIFFE

**Did you know- do you know- that
the Ravens have now had between
four and five acres of your coal?
(this shouldn't shock her.
But it does: someone else
saying it out loud. It
annoys her as well)**

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

ANNE LISTER
I will take care of him

HNSCLIFFE
Who's advising you? James Hilt?

ANNE weighs things up

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

HNSCLIFFE weighs things up too

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

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

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

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

39 INC. PARKER & ADAMS, MR PARKER'S OFFICE DAY 41. 1515 39
(EARLY 1835)

ANNE is sitting waiting for Parker. Ruminating on what's just passed; the Ravens attacked, and possibly in a vulnerable position, and now perhaps a better coal adviser than Hilt on board (or at least another voice). Everything in disarray and a sad want of leadership in the town. Perhaps this is a time when someone with Anne Lister's savoir faire can grasp the nettle and take advantage and rise to the top. Parker's clock reads 3.15pm. PARKER comes in, back from the other solicitor's office.

MR PARKER
(delighted to see ANNE
already here -)
D ° B n d Q e a e e ° n

(MORE)

PARKER is blue too But understands the delicacy of the conversation

MR PARKER
Yes. Well yes. That would.. erm

ANNE LISIER
Would? What?

Awkward

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

ANNE LISIER
No doubt.

MR PARKER
And what you're suggesting could..
(delicately, he tries to express it with his hands before he puts it into words)
Be thought of as... well.
(not a word to be said very loudly)
Corruption

ANNE LISIER
Min Except I wouldn't suggest it to anyone except you

MR PARKER
(relief. Of a sort)
We understand each other.

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

MR PARKER
Ah! That's still a plan?

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

Wn vint PARKER does wish she wouldnt say these things out loud

40

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

40

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

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

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

WILLIAMHARDCASTLE
That's a rum do.

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

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

ANNE LISTER (CONT D)
I didn't tell you this. Because I couldn't prove it. I tried to, but...

(sigh)
and I didn't want to give you and Mrs. Hardcastle false hope. But I...

(she's wary of saying it as a fact)
believe. That it was Christopher Rawson who was driving that gig that caused the accident when Henry lost his leg.

(WILLIAMHARDCASTLE is amazed Appalled This is very clearly news to him)
Miss Walker's footman recognised him but refused to testify because members of his family work for the Rawsons and he feared repercussions. I had Mr. Rawson up at the hall, and I accused him to his face. He denied it of course, but...

(a humourless snigger)
It was him. He got rid of the gig just after it happened. Why would he do that? Anyway, look. The point is. I did my best. As I always will for ak jul

ANNE LISTER (CONT D)

**But I er... I don't know I thought
you ought to know**

**He nods. He had no idea that she'd tried to get to the bottom
of it, and that she'd sought justice on their behalf. He
feels quite moved. She might be a freak, but she's their
freak**

WILLIAMHARDCASTLE

Thank you ma'am

She nods, and looks up into the sky as she heads off.

ANNE LISTER

I think it's going to snow again!

**We linger on HARDCASTLE. Then he shouts again in her wake,
realising all over again what a great thing she has tried to
do for them and all without telling them-**

WILLIAMHARDCASTLE

Thank you ma'am

41 EXT. SHBDEN HALL. DAY 41. 1550 (EARLY 1835) 41

**Light wisps of snow are in the air and are just beginning to
lightly dot ANNE's shoulders. She heads through the barn. As
she's coming out into the inner courtyard (and juggling with
her magazine, newspaper and almanac), she whips her pistols
out. They're percussion action pistols; once loaded you can't
really unload them; you just have to discharge them.**

**42 INT. SHBDEN HALL, KITCHEN. DAY 41. 1550 CONTINUOUS 42
(EARLY 1835)**

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**44 INC SHBDEN HALL, AUNT ANNE S BEDROOM DAY 41. 1550 44
CONTINUOUS (EARLY 1835)**

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

**45 INC SHBDEN HALL, SAMLE ROOM DAY 41. 1550 CONTINUOUS 45
(EARLY 1835)**

47

THE SHEDDEN HALL, DINING ROOM NIGHT 41. 1900
(EARLY 1835)

47

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

ANNE LISTER

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

JEREMY LISTER

Where does she live] - ?

ANNE LISTER

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

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

Or I could

JEREMY LISTER

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

Hum

ANNE LISTER

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

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Yes! Mrs. Oldy! I prefer her cooking

ANNE LISTER

No Aunt. To Staps.

AUNT ANNE LISTER

Oh yes! Oh I see

ANNE LISTER

My new acquisition

AUNT ANNE LISTER & ANN WALKER

(raising their glasses)

Staps!

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

SAMEL WASHINGTON

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

ANNE LISTER

No no -

SAMEL WASHINGTON

Or I can wait? Half an hour. If -

ANNE LISTER

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

(checking her watch)

Would you not rather get off home?

SAMEL WASHINGTON

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

He's taken out a bag with money in

ANN WALKER

Yes, yes just -

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

anywhere.

SAMEL WASHINGTON

Here?

ANN WALKER

Thank you

AUNT ANNE LISTER

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

SAMEL WASHINGTON

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

Awkward

ANNE LISTER

Yes?

SAMEL WASHINGTON

Or other er...

ANNE LISTER

What?

His nerve is failing him now he's started

SAMEL WASHINGTON

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

ANNE LISTER

No Just the Gardi an

SAMEL WASHINGTON

Ah

ANNE LISTER

Why?

He doesn't know how to say it. He doesn't know where to

ANNE LISTER

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

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

"Of Shibden Hill to Miss Ann Walker of CrowNest, near the same place".

AUNT ANNE & MARIAN LISTER

(they don't get it)

What?

ANNE keeps smiling

ANNE LISTER

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

