

DIRT

Episode 1

By Liberty Mosse

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1 **INT. PARLOUR, MRS HENDERSON'S HOUSE, LONDON - MIDNIGHT**

A dimly lit parlour with a grand fireplace and worn furniture.

HANNAH (21), a tall, muscular, plain-speaking maid-of-all-work from the West Midlands carries a heavy tub of water into the room.

Hannah puts the tub of water on the floor next to a mirror.

She locks the door.

Hannah pulls up her sleeves revealing a cuff on one wrist.

She crouches down in front of the fireplace and rolls up the large rug which she easily lifts and leans against the wall.

Hannah moves the heavy fender and sweeps the grate.

She wipes her hands on her apron.

Standing in front of the mirror, feet firmly rooted to the ground, Hannah unpins her cap and unbuttons her blouse. Under the blouse is a padlocked chain around her neck.

Naked, but for chain and cuff, Hannah folds her skirt and puts it with her other clothes on a side table.

She has goosebumps.

Hannah has faded scars from a strap on her back.

Hannah reaches for a dust cloth and ties it over her hair.

She takes a dirty pair of boots and crouches down to put them on.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. CHIMNEY, MRS HENDERSON'S HOUSE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah uses the considerable strength of her arms to pull her naked body up into the chimney and onto the beam which sits across it. Perched there, she pulls the dust cloth from her hair to cover her eyes.

With a brush she sweeps the chimney.

Soot falls onto her naked, white shoulders as she works.

CUT TO:

3 **INT. PARLOUR, MRS HENDERSON'S HOUSE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah lies naked on the hearth covered in soot. She strokes her arm and runs a finger from her neck to her abdomen.

She pulls herself up and admires herself in the mirror, touching her bulging bicep.

Hannah washes the soot from her hands and face, scrubbing hard at the tub. She leaves her shoulders dirty.

Hannah dresses.

4 **EXT. SERVANTS' DOOR, MRS HENDERSON'S HOUSE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah empties filthy water from the tub down the drain.

5 **INT. STAIRS, MRS HENDERSON'S HOUSE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah walks upstairs holding a candle. She notices a cobweb and wipes it away with her hand.

6 **INT. SERVANTS' BEDROOM, MRS HENDERSON'S HOUSE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

A bare room in the eaves.

Hannah kneels at her bedside in prayer.

CUT TO:

Hannah lies in bed. Her breath is visible in the air. She blows out her candle.

It is pitch black.

HANNAH (V.O.)

I lay on the hearth in the soot a minute or two thinking, and I wished so much that Master could see me in my dirt. I wanted nothing more than to be with him.

TITLE: DIRT

1861 - NINE MONTHS EARLIER

7

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE, CHAMBERS, LONDON - MORNING

A tastefully dressed man with whiskers sits at a mahogany desk in a gloomy room lined with law books. Legal papers are stacked in neat piles and set square against one another.

It is ARTHUR MUNBY (25), a mediocre poet and amateur social scientist who lacks interest in the law but is nonetheless following in his father's footsteps by training for the Bar.

Arthur's framed degree certificate from Cambridge University hangs on the wall (2-2) along with a photograph of Arthur wearing a graduation gown. In the photograph Arthur links arms with his father, JOSEPH (50) a successful barrister and puritanical philanthropist who cuts an imposing figure in a top hat.

Arthur reads aloud to himself.

ARTHUR

That with regard to the future maintenance and improvement of any garden, pleasure ground, or enclosure within or belonging to any square now or at any time hereafter to be formed or laid out within the limits of this act, other than and besides the gardens, pleasure grounds or enclosures the maintenance and improvement of which are hereby specifically provided for...

Arthur underlines a sentence. He puts his pen down, squaring it with the paper.

He leans back to stretch and sighs. He looks at the loudly ticking clock, it's only 11.30am.

Arthur opens the desk drawer and takes out a notebook. He runs his manicured fingers over the leather cover.

Arthur flicks through pages full of annotated sketches of working women. At the back of the book there are loose photographs of women from different working backgrounds.

Arthur picks out a photograph of a dust wench. He takes a pot of glue and sticks it in his notebook.

He writes next to the photograph.

ARTHUR (WRITING) (CONT'D)

Name: Millicent Black
 Profession: Dust Wench
 Location: Gray's Inn Road
 Age: 24
 Began work: Aged nine
 Heritage: Irish
 Characteristics: Protruding eyes
 and a stutter

There is a knock at the door. Arthur swiftly pushes his book to the side.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Come in.

JUSTICE CAIRNS (40), a man with gravitas, steps into the room.

JUSTICE CAIRNS

MR Munby, how are you getting along?

ARTHUR

(firming it)

Nearly there MR Justice Cairns.

JUSTICE CAIRNS

Very good. Shall I let Mr Pottie know the documents will be ready by four?

ARTHUR

(nodding too vigorously)

Yes. Yes, of course.

JUSTICE CAIRNS

What an excellent portrait.

Arthur turns white and glances at his notebook.

Justice Cairns nods towards Arthur's graduation photograph.

JUSTICE CAIRNS (CONT'D)

How IS your father?

ARTHUR
 (relieved)
 Um, well I believe. Thank you.

JUSTICE CAIRNS
 Good. Very good. A good man.
 Brilliant barrister. Quite an
 inspiration.

Arthur forces a smile.

Justice Cairns leaves the room nodding to himself.

Arthur closes his eyes and sinks back into his chair.

Resigned to the day ahead, Arthur straightens up and pulls
 work papers towards himself.

8 **INT. CORRIDOR, CHAMBERS, LONDON - LATE AFTERNOON**

Arthur walks with his briefcase towards the front door. He
 passes grey men in wigs.

STEVENS (27) approaches. He greets Arthur with his usual
 hail-fellow-well-met slap on the back.

STEVENS
 Munby! Sneaking off already?

ARTHUR
 (bristling)
 I arrived early today.

STEVENS
 (smirking)
 Yes, of course you did.

Stevens chortles.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
 Some of us are heading to The
 Clarendon for supper if you fancy
 it?

ARTHUR
 Sorry, science calls.

STEVENS
 (winking)
 If that's what you call it.

ARTHUR
 (without humour)
 Have a good evening Stevens.

9 **EXT. LINCOLN'S INN LAW QUARTER, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur weaves through grey men in grey suits.

He picks up pace and turns down an alley.

10 **EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur emerges onto the wide open streets of central London. Women are everywhere: Governesses, trotter cleaners, flower vendors, beggars, maids with baskets, mothers holding their children's hands, prostitutes, dust wenches, acrobats, milliners, railway workers- all in Technicolor. There are men too but they are grey.

Arthur glances from specimen to specimen as he makes his way towards the River Thames.

11 **EXT. HA'PENNY HATCH, DEPTFORD CREEK, LONDON - EVENING**

Arthur watches women and girls wading knee-high in mud on the banks of the Thames.

KITTY (18), a mud larker with long wavy red hair, stands on the river bank. She looks like a girl in a Pre-Raphaelite painting.

Arthur holds his breath as Kitty pulls up her skirt, tying it in a knot around the tops of her legs.

Kitty wades through brown water, dotted with dead cats and broken pottery, towards a beached boat.

She spots a sparkling blue object on the river bed. She bends down to retrieve a piece of rubbed blue glass. She holds it above her face to inspect.

Arthur pulls a pocketbook from his jacket. He takes a note of what she is doing.

Kitty pockets her find. She looks towards the shore.

Arthur holds up one hand in greeting.

The mud larker looks about to see who the gentleman is waving at, before realising it is her.

ARTHUR
 (calling across the creek)
 Good evening!

KITTY
 (warily)
 Evening.

Kitty coughs- hacking up a phlegm ball. She spits it in the water.

ARTHUR
 (shouting)
 Could you spare a moment to tell me
 about yourself? About your work?
 What it's like to be a mudlarker?

KITTY
 What?

ARTHUR
 I will pay for your time.

Arthur taps his pockets, searching for a shilling.

12 **INT. COAL CELLAR, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING**

A dark, dank coal cellar.

Hannah crouches in the dust digging fuel into buckets. Her hands are coarse and dirty from work.

She wipes sweat from her forehead.

Hannah takes a rest. She sits in the dirt with her head in her hands.

Hannah hears a horse-drawn carriage pull up on the street outside. She clambers on top of a pile of coal and peeps through an air vent beneath the steps to the house.

Hannah sees the hem of a beautiful silk dress and beaded shoes.

MR CLARK (52), the apple-shaped, pervy butler comes into view. He stands next to the carriage.

Mr Clark notices Hannah peeping from under the steps. He purses his lips.

Hannah drops away from the vent. She clambers off the coal pile, dusts herself down, picks up a bucket and makes her way up the cellar steps.

13 **INT. NURSERY, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING**

A luxurious, well appointed nursery.

ELLEN (14), Hannah's work-shy, angry sister who serves as a nursery maid, stands rocking BABY COTES (6 months).

She watches as the three older (and beautifully turned-out) Cotes children- CLARISSA (10), JACOB (8) and HENRY (7)- take breakfast at the nursery table. The children have soft-boiled eggs with soldiers.

Clarissa sits looking towards her younger brothers as they eat. Her forehead is furrowed. She absentmindedly strokes Marmalade, the kitten.

Ellen watches Clarissa's plate. Ellen's mouth waters.

ELLEN
You not hungry Miss?

Clarissa shakes her curls.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
You have to eat.

Clarissa weakly lifts a piece of bread to her lips.

CLARISSA
I miss home.

Ellen rolls her eyes.

ELLEN
(coaxing)
Just one more mouthful.

14 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

A well equipped, grand, Victorian kitchen.

Ellen comes into the room carrying a tray covered in dirty plates and used egg-cups. She puts it on the sideboard.

Ellen stuffs leftovers into her mouth.

HANNAH (O.S.)
You shouldn't be doing that Ellen.

Ellen drops the food and looks about. She sees Hannah carrying a bucket of coal up from the cellar steps.

ELLEN

What are you? My mother? My
Mistress?

(beat)

Oh no- you're the scullery wench!

HANNAH

I'm as close a thing to a mother as
you've got, oh grand nursery maid.
Don't you forget who carried you on
her back when you were a baby and
who tucked you in when Ma couldn't
and who's paid for you since Ma and
Pa died.

ELLEN

Well I pay for myself now and you
don't get to tell me what to do.

Hannah stands up with the coal shovel held high.

HANNAH

(in high spirits)

Fourteen isn't too old for a
hiding.

Ellen puffs her chest and stands up to her big sister.

ELLEN

Nor's twenty!

A semi-smile flickers across Hannah's face.

HANNAH

Get on with you.

Hannah crouches by the stove to riddle it through.

Enter JIM (18) the footman. He is lanky, spotty, accident
prone, a bit boring, ambitious and trying to make his way in
the world.

Jim bows his head.

JIM

(attempting charm)

Ladies.

HANNAH

(without turning)

Give over.

Jim shuffles and blushes.

JIM
How are you this morning Hannah?

HANNAH
In a bit of a hurry actually Jim.

JIM
(A flash of hurt pride)
Right.

Hannah turns to look at Jim.

HANNAH
(relenting)
Can't complain.

Jim smiles sheepishly. He stands fidgeting.

ELLEN
Well?

JIM
Yes, um, MR Clark sent me to say
Lord Cotes is up. I can't find
Grace and he's been waiting for his
water.

ELLEN
Have you tried saying three hail
Maries Jim?

HANNAH
I'll take it.

Hannah fetches a jug, followed by Jim's eyes.

JIM
Right then.

ELLEN
(smirking)
Right then.

Jim watches Hannah as she fills the jug with water from the
stove.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
You got nothing to be getting on
with Jim?

Jim bashfully fiddles with his cuff.

JIM
Yes. I do. Yes.

ELLEN
Off you fuck then.

HANNAH
(shocked)
Ellen!
(looks at Jim
apologetically)
Sorry Jim- She's only 14. Excited
to be in London.

Jim backs out of the room, nodding - cheeks flushed.
Hannah puts the water down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You want to lose your job do you?
Want to end up working in the
scullery like me? Or worse yet-
wound up at the poorhouse?

Ellen shuffles.

ELLEN
No.

HANNAH
No! So mind your Ps and Qs and do
as you're told. Just be good and
work hard and by the grace of God
you'll yet avoid the work house
Ellen Cullwick.

ELLEN
(shrugging)
It's only Jim.

HANNAH
There's no such thing as only
anyone.

Hannah wipes a spot of yolk from Ellen's chin with her thumb.

Hannah picks up the jug and walks to the servants' stairs.

ELLEN
He's sweet for you.

HANNAH
Don't be daft.

Ellen makes a knowing face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I've no need of beatings and all of
my savings spent by a man.

Ellen smiles and nods in agreement.

15 **INT. SERVANT'S STAIRS, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON -
CONTINUOUS**

Hannah mounts the stairs with a jug of hot water.

Mr Clark the butler appears at the top of the staircase. He
climbs down two steps. Hannah sees him do this and steps
backwards to the landing to make room for him.

MR CLARK

No, no Hannah. Come on. Room for
two.

HANNAH

Yes Mr Clark.

Hannah climbs the stairs and squeezes past Mr Clark who rubs
himself against her as she passes.

The muscles in Hannah's neck tense with disgust. She tightens
her grip on the jug of water, forces a smile, looks to the
floor and continues on her way.

16 **INT. LORD COTES'S BEDROOM, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON -
CONTINUOUS**

LORD COTES (43, a Magistrate with a red nose and pocked
cheeks) lies, naked on his bed with an eye mask on.

There is a knock at the door. He removes the eye mask.

LORD COTES

Mmmmm.

Hannah comes in with the jug of water. Keeping her eyes
lowered, she curtsies and heads for the wash stand. As she
pours, Lord Cotes stands up and walks, with a semi in full
view, to the wash stand. He takes a thermometer from a drawer
and measures the water temperature.

Hannah waits silently with eyes cast down.

LORD COTES (CONT'D)

Thirty three degrees. No.
Absolutely not.

Hannah curtseys. She backs out of the room carrying the basin of water.

17 **INT. LANDING OUTSIDE LORD COTES'S ROOM, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

LADY COTES (35), a well dressed woman with a Hapsberg jaw and an eye for detail, closes her bedroom door. She smooths her silk dress.

Hannah backs onto the landing carrying the basin of not-warm-enough water to be discarded. She turns to see Lady Cotes and immediately curtseys, spilling water on the rug as she does so.

HANNAH
Sorry my Lady.

Lady Cotes looks at the spillage with disdain then looks to her incompetent maid, noting Hannah's dirt-stained apron.

LADY COTES
What's your name?

HANNAH
Ha...

LADY COTES (CONT'D)
No matter. You're in the scullery aren't you Mary? At Woodcote.

Hannah nods warily.

LADY COTES (CONT'D)
Tell me Mary, what kind of a lady would I be if I failed to recognise an honest mistake?

HANNAH
(relieved)
Thank you my Lady.

Hannah turns to go.

LADY COTES
And there again, what kind of a Lady would I be if I saw a maid in my charge make a mistake and allowed her to walk away from that mistake without making amends?

Hannah freezes.

Lady Cotes nods at the spilled water.

HANNAH
I'll get a cloth.

LADY COTES
Oh, no, no... no need.
(beat)
Your apron is filthy already.

Hannah looks up into Lady Cotes's eyes and down to the floor.

Lady Cotes gestures to the damp spot. She tilts her head and smiles with pinched lips.

Hannah gets onto her knees and uses her apron to mop up the spillage.

Hannah's jaw tightens.

Lady Cotes lifts her silk skirts and steps over Hannah's crouched body with her beaded shoes.

LADY COTES (CONT'D)
(walking away)
Is there no soap in the scullery?

HANNAH
(red with humiliation)
There is.

LADY COTES
Perhaps you'll use it before
venturing upstairs in future.

Hannah's eyes sting. She holds tears back.

HANNAH
Yes my Lady.

18 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah dumps the bowl of water on the draining board.

She moves to the range, pulls up a sleeve and puts her wrist on the stove top to burn. She closes her eyes and inhales.

Hannah looks at the singed skin. It joins multiple burn scars on her arm.

CUT TO:

Hannah scrubs pots.

CUT TO:

Hannah polishes silver-ware.

19 **EXT. GARDEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah hangs washing on a line.

She looks up. Swifts fly in the sky above her. They're arriving from Africa.

Hannah watches the swifts swoop.

A bell rings inside the house. Hannah hurries inside.

20 **INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE, CHAMBERS, LONDON - EVENING**

Arthur sits at his desk writing.

The clock ticks loudly. Slowly.

CUT TO:

Arthur dozes, slumped over at his desk.

21 **EXT. FIG TREE COURT, LONDON - EVENING**

Arthur stands stooped and fumbling for his keys.

He puts a key in the lock and enters his building.

22 **INT. ARTHUR'S HALLWAY, FIG TREE COURT, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Three letters sit on the dresser in the hallway.

Arthur opens the first- a bill from The Garrick for a yearly membership.

Arthur sighs.

He opens another letter- a reminder to pay a building service charge.

Arthur loosens his tie to breath more easily.

Arthur opens the final letter- a card from his father Joseph.

JOSEPH (WRITING)
*I will be in London on Monday. Meet
me at the club for luncheon.*

23 **INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM, FIG TREE COURT, LONDON - NIGHT**

A blue room with shutters and no curtains.

There is no decoration, other than an overly-attractive painting of a pretty English village which hangs above the fireplace.

There is a single bedside table with a neatly piled stack of poetry books on it- Tennyson, Rossetti and Arthur's own minor work "Benoni".

Arthur sits on the bed, hunching over to take off his shoes and socks. He sighs. He puts the shoes in a well organised cupboard.

Arthur stands. He takes off his shirt, trousers and pants.

Naked, he looks slight.

CUT TO:

Arthur lies in bed in pyjamas. He reads aloud to himself from a copy of his own poetry book.

ARTHUR
With sudden Being, and the ideal
wife, Warm into shape and mould
itself to thee.

Arthur takes a deep breath in and nods.

He turns out the light before curling up into the foetal position for sleep.

24 **INT. FINK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON - SATURDAY AFTERNOON**

A high-ceilinged room with floorboards, a curtain running along one wall and numerous props.

Arthur stands alert and engaged next to FINK (40), a photographer with heavily greased hair.

They gaze at Kitty who stands barefoot with her skirts tied up as though she wades in water.

FINK

To the left a little.

ARTHUR

If you could just turn so that we
can see your hands.

Kitty is rigid. She turns and straightens her back, sticking
her chest out with her hands on her hips.

KITTY

Like this?

Fink salivates and nods.

FINK

Stick your chest out.

Arthur shakes his head.

ARTHUR

No- don't.
Would you mind crouching down as
though you have found an
interesting artefact... Something
Roman perhaps?

Fink tightens his lips with disappointment.

KITTY

Part of a pot?

ARTHUR

Exactly. The sort of thing that
would not be out of place in The
British Museum. Hold the imagined
object towards the camera in the
palms of your hands... You are a
seeker and you have found!

Kitty crouches down. She pulls a face of exaggerated wonder
and offers her palms to the camera lens.

Arthur nods. He looks to Fink who takes a photograph. The
camera flashes.

CUT TO:

Arthur pays Kitty, who offers a little curtsy.

KITTY

Thank you Sir.

ARTHUR

Thank you Kitty... I really am grateful. We know so little about the work undertaken by women in this country and we have no records of what those women's lives entail. Today, you have made a contribution to the scientific understanding of British life.

Kitty pockets the shilling.

KITTY

(eyes bulging with mirth)
Is that right Sir? Glad I could help.

25 **INT. FINK'S DARKROOM, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Fink stands above chemicals with photographic paper submerged.

Kitty's face appears.

26 **INT. FINK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur examines photographs pinned to the walls. His attention gravitates to a picture of two respectable looking women fully clothed who hold up their dresses revealing their underwear.

Fink comes in holding Arthur's pictures of Kitty.

FINK

Ballet dancers... I have some others similar but of milliners if you'd be interested?

ARTHUR

They look like respectable women!

FINK

Sometimes they are... Sunday mornings they forget.

ARTHUR

Such a shame women of decent standing should degrade themselves.

FINK

Give them something to drink and they don't mind how they are taken, nor what position. Happy to be shot in an artistic manner.
Do you want one?

ARTHUR

(Performing disgust)

No.

(beat)

No.

Arthur points to the picture of Kitty in Fink's hand

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

May I?

Fink holds out the photograph. Arthur takes it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Rustic. A lovely, informative addition for my collection.

27

EXT. OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON - MIDDAY

It is raining.

Arthur stands at a junction waiting to cross. He is dry under an umbrella. He watches a FLOWER GIRL approach different people trying to sell posies. She has no luck.

Hannah steps out of a bakery. She carries a basket full of shopping- bread, potatoes and a fish wrapped in paper.

She stops to let carriages pass in front of her. The flower girl approaches her. Hannah looks like a giant next to the child. She crouches down with her hem on the wet floor and talks to the child, eye to eye. She buys a posy and touches the girl's cheek kindly.

Hannah stands. She weaves through the crowd towards Arthur. Her dress is wet. It clings to her muscular arms.

Arthur watches Hannah approach. He is struck dumb. Time slows down.

Arthur stares at Hannah's strong jaw. His gaze shifts to Hannah's muscular arms, he takes in Hannah's large, rough, red hands.

Hannah looks up to see Arthur looking at her. She looks back at him quizzically then looks straight ahead, moving past him with long strides.

Arthur turns to follow Hannah as she weaves through the crowds. She is in technicolour now- like a sepia photograph coloured with ink, whilst all around have become dull.

Hannah turns a corner. Arthur picks up pace but when he turns the corner she is lost in the crowd.

Arthur looks around for her. She is nowhere.

28

INT. THE GARRICK GENTLEMAN'S CLUB, LONDON - LUNCH TIME

Arthur sits opposite his father, Joseph.

Joseph has a salad, white fish and three boiled carrots on his plate. The waiter puts steak and potato dauphinois in front of Arthur.

The waiter pours white wine into Joseph's glass. Joseph holds up a hand to indicate only taking a little. He doesn't look to the waiter.

Arthur lets the waiter fill his glass to the top with red wine. He raises his eyebrows in thanks.

JOSEPH

(holding up his glass)

To your dear Mamma who I met thirty years ago today. I've never known a finer woman. She's given me seven children and a great deal of support.

ARTHUR

(raises his glass)

To Mamma.

They drink.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

How is she?

JOSEPH

She's delicate.

Arthur looks up from his steak.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Fred is dead set on marrying that governess.

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 A fling I could understand, not
 condone but understand. But a
 misalliance...

ARTHUR
 She's a governess... it's hardly
 that bad. A kind soul as I
 understand it. Devout.

JOSEPH
 And she'll make a fine wife for an
 appropriate match. How could a
 governess be companionable for a
 brilliant young man like your
 brother?

Arthur reaches for the salt.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 No. There comes a time when all
 must put away childish things, as
 you have with those little rhymes
 you liked to write...

ARTHUR
 (objecting)
 I'm published!

JOSEPH
 You're hardly Tennyson! Remind me,
 how many copies of Benoni did you
 sell?

Arthur clenches his jaw.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 No- Fred has promise. I need you to
 talk him out of the ghastly
 business.

Arthur's eyes move about the other diners. Men in starched
 shirts.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 How is Justice Cairns?

ARTHUR
 (not this!)
 Yes. Seems well. Not a lot to
 report.

JOSEPH

Mmm...
 (squinting over his
 spectacles)
 ...so he says.

Arthur Smarts.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

He's an excellent Justice...
 heading for the Lords. It wasn't
 easy arranging your pupilage with
 him.

ARTHUR

No. I'm very grateful.

Joseph snorts.

JOSEPH

You're not still pursuing that
 "sciences of the social world"
 stuff and nonsense are you?

Arthur keeps quiet.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

If you put half as much energy into
 into your job as you do into you
 flights of fancy you'd be a wealthy
 man.

ARTHUR

Come Father- they're hardly flights
 of fancy. You're a man of reason.
 You understand the value of
 knowledge, of philanthropy, of
 poetry. Everything I have learned
 father, I have learned from you.

Joseph puffs out his chest.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

All I want is to make the world a
 little wiser, a little more
 beautiful and to help souls in
 need- that when my time comes to
 shuffle from this mortal coil I
 will be leaving our society in
 better condition than I found it.

Satisfied with himself, Arthur gulps down his wine.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And of course I'll talk to Fred.

Joseph flares his nostrils. He is flattered in spite of himself but also irritated by the hubris of youth.

Joseph returns to his food.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I wondered if...

Arthur takes a deep breath.

Joseph looks up expectantly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I wondered if, whilst I'm working as hard as I am- both in legal terms and in terms of my project, and still trying to really establish myself...if...

Joseph looks at Arthur askance- he'll let the boy squirm.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

...if you might be able to help with... um

JOSEPH

(sighing)

How much do you need?

ARTHUR

(blushing)

Just for lodgings and the club.

Joseph writes a cheque and hands it to Arthur who puts it straight in his pocket without looking.

29

EXT. STREET, SOHO - EVENING

Arthur walks quickly along the street, arriving outside an unmarked building (Mrs Mabley's brothel). He carries a copy of his poetry book "Benoni" in his hand.

Arthur rings the bell, checking over his shoulder.

MRS MABLEY (75, a small, gentle-seeming grandmother with knitting in her hands) opens the door and smiles sweetly at Arthur.

MRS MABLEY
Mr Munby! What a pleasure. Come in,
come in.

Arthur follows Mrs Mabley inside.

30 **INT. RECEPTION, MRS MABLEY'S BROTHEL, SOHO - CONTINUOUS**

MRS MABLEY
(calling to the backroom)
Jessie! Mr Munby is here.

Arthur holds out his book of poems to Mrs Mabley... she looks with interest, taking the book and noticing Arthur's name printed on the front cover.

ARTHUR
A book of poems I published...
(self-effacing)
before I lost myself to
pettifogging.

Mrs Mabley wrinkles her brow and cocks her head, none-the-wiser.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Something small.
I thought it might amuse the girls,
perhaps offer them food for
thought.

MRS MABLEY
(bemused)
Oh!
(forcing a smile)
Lovely.

Mrs Mabley unceremoniously dumps the book on her table.

MRS MABLEY (CONT'D)
It'll be 1d unless you're looking
for something different today?

Arthur shakes his head and gives Mrs Mabley 1d.

MRS MABLEY (CONT'D)
Go on up to wait- she'll be out in
a tick.

ARTHUR
Thank you.

31 **INT. LANDING, MRS MABLEY'S BROTHEL, SOHO - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur waits on a chair, hat in hand. The light is dim, an oil lamp burning on the wall.

The sound of fucking comes from a room at the end of a corridor. Arthur shuffles in his seat uncomfortably. He looks towards the sound and then commands himself to ignore it.

Across the landing from Arthur a door is ajar. Through the opening he sees, in a room lit only by a candle, the silhouette of a naked prostitute he knows as BETTY (40). She crouches on the floor next to a bowl of water. In a perfunctory manner she cleans her armpits with a sponge.

Arthur surreptitiously peeps at Betty through the opening. He crosses his legs and places his hat on his crotch. Trying (failing) to look away.

The woman moves the sponge to her vulva.

BETTY
(it stings)
Fuck!

Arthur gasps at the vulgarity. He is hard.

Betty hears the gasp. She looks up to see she is being watched. She stands, picks up a shawl to cover herself and approaches the door.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(smiling at Arthur)
Hello Sir.

She slams the door so Arthur is alone.

Chastened, Arthur checks his pocket watch.

32 **INT. JESSIE'S ROOM, MRS MABLEY'S BROTHEL, SOHO - CONTINUOUS**

A room with a double bed, lit by a burning fire.

Arthur sits in an armchair whilst JESSIE (24), a round, pleasant faced young woman, girlish but not innocent, breast-feeds her baby on the end of the bed.

ARTHUR
How are you?

JESSIE
(Looking at her baby)
Good.

(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I have a new gentleman who talks to me and very often comes to see me here. It helps. Got me out of the attic and onto the first floor.

ARTHUR

I'm glad.

(beat)

I've talked to a lady about your case. A good woman looking for someone to help with hemming curtains.

JESSIE

That is very kind sir, but I'd rather be here where I can make double as much.

ARTHUR

It seems a shame...

JESSIE

(open-faced)

There's no shame about it Sir.

Arthur purses his lips in a sorrowful half-smile.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Shall I tell you about my week?

Arthur gets a notebook and pen from his pocket.

33 **INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE, CHAMBERS, LONDON - MORNING**

Arthur works his way through a stack of papers.

34 **EXT. THE BAKERY, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON - LATE MORNING**

Arthur rests against the wall of the bakery.

He looks around. Nothing. He looks down at his notebook.

Arthur looks up again. There she is!

Hannah steps out of the bakery with bread in her basket. She walks past Arthur and crosses the road.

Arthur walks quickly to catch her.

Hannah turns down a side street.

Arthur follows.

Hannah picks up pace.

So does Arthur.

Hannah checks over her shoulder and crosses the road.

Arthur does too.

ARTHUR
Excuse me Miss.

Hannah speeds up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(hands up)
I'm a good man... I mean no harm.

Arthur taps Hannah on the shoulder. She turns and, using her considerable might, she pushes him up against the wall.

Arthur is winded.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(pointing down the street)
I've come from my office.

HANNAH
(dismayed)
Well that's alright then!

Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. I really do mean no harm. I, I just noticed you.

Hannah releases her grip on Arthurs lapels. She checks her basket for all its contents.

HANNAH
Where I'm from it's not customary to lay hands on a stranger.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. They're right where you come from, of course.

Hannah nods and adjusts her apron.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Where is that? Where you come from?

Hannah adjusts her bonnet then looks deep into Arthur's eyes as if trying to read his soul.

Arthur smiles coyly.

HANNAH
Shifnal.

ARTHUR
(buoyed)
Scuffanhalch!

Hannah raises an eyebrow.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
How do you find yourself in London?

Hannah looks at Arthur.

Arthur nods encouragement.

HANNAH
If you don't mind me talking out of
turn Sir, why's a gentleman like
you approaching a wench like me?

ARTHUR
Well, as I said, I noticed you.

HANNAH
(sceptical)
What did you notice?

ARTHUR
That you're a fine looking woman...

Hannah looks at her feet, crossing her eyes in the belief she is being mocked, or charmed by a man who would use her.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Less so when you do that...

Hannah flicks her eyelids up- smiling involuntarily.

Arthur's face becomes serious, his voice deepens.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I noticed by your hands that you
work hard, by your arms that you
are strong. I saw that you are full
of grace.
(beat)
I thought you looked lonely.

Hannah's hand moves to her neck.

HANNAH

I'm late.

She turns and walks away.

ARTHUR

... I didn't mean to offend you. To the contrary... I think you're magnificent. I'd like to learn about you.

Hannah stops. She turns to look at Arthur curiously.

HANNAH

I'm not offended, but I have to go.

Hannah carries on.

Arthur makes to follow her before thinking better of it.

Hannah stops and turns towards Arthur.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Magnificent?

ARTHUR

(nodding)
Magnificent.

HANNAH

Hmmm.

Hannah stands tall. She walks away.

Hannah stops and turns to Arthur again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You want to know about me?

ARTHUR

Very much so.

Hannah walks away.

HANNAH

(calling out over her
shoulder)
I'm at the bakery most mornings.

35

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE, CHAMBERS, LONDON - AFTERNOON

Arthur stares blankly at the wall.

Arthur unbuttons his trousers.

Arthur closes his eyes.

36 **INT. ARTHUR'S MIND'S EYE - CONTINUOUS**

Photographic images of women flash in Arthur's mind. Images of beggar women, female acrobats, female leppers, flither lasses, maids, dust wenches, Arthur's mother, his nurse maid, Millicent, Kitty, Betty, Jessie and finally Hannah- Hannah's hands, Hannah's biceps, Hannah's face.

37 **INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE, CHAMBERS, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur stifles a cry as he comes.

CUT TO:

Arthur wipes himself off with a handkerchief.

The clock ticks loudly.

Arthur buttons up his trousers.

Arthur picks up a contract from the desk.

38 **INT. SCULLERY, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING**

A shaft of light shines through the scullery window.

Hannah scrubs pots.

Hannah chops vegetables.

39 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - LATE MORNING**

Hannah puts on her best bonnet. She pinches both cheeks and checks her finger-nails are clean.

40 **EXT. THE BAKERY, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON - LATE MORNING**

Arthur looks about.

Hannah approaches the bakery with her shopping basket on the crook of her arm. She sees Arthur and slows.

Hannah smooths a stray hair away from her face.

ARTHUR
 (waving)
 Hello!

HANNAH
 (pleased)
 Good morning Sir.

ARTHUR
 I was hoping to catch you.

Hannah nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I didn't introduce myself last time
 we met. I'm Arthur.

Silence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 And you are?

HANNAH
 Hannah, Sir.

ARTHUR
 Honoured to make your acquaintance
 Hannah.

Hannah blushes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Look, I understand it might seem
 unconventional a man like me
 wanting to talk to a maid in the
 street.

Hannah guffaws.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Please- hear me out. I am a good
 man. I am a man interested in
 collecting knowledge... I am what
 you may have heard referred to as a
 man of science...

Hannah is unbothered by Arthur's pomposity.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I record the many and myriad jobs
 undertaken by working class women
 here in Great Britain.

Hannah cocks her head.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I am awed by hard working women who are little seen and without whom the country would collapse. There is nothing more beautiful or more fascinating than a woman who works.

Hannah looks intently at Arthur- he has a point.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I document the lives, the experiences of women in poorly paid positions... Women of real substance and meaning.

Hannah straightens her back.

HANNAH

(genuine)

You get paid for that?

ARTHUR

(ignoring Hannah's question)

I'm a lawyer by trade... will be. Look- Where are you headed?

HANNAH

Grosvenor Square.

ARTHUR

I'm heading in that direction too. I'd like to walk with you a bit, tell you about my project. Would that be alright?

Hannah nods assent.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Perhaps you'll then tell me a little about yourself too?

41 **EXT. STREETS NEAR GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur and Hannah talk as they walk.

ARTHUR

... and how long are you in London for?

HANNAH

Just for the season- then the whole house packs up and heads back to Shropshire.

ARTHUR

And have you managed to see any of our sites?

HANNAH

Not as yet- though perhaps on Sunday afternoon I might get out.

ARTHUR

The National gallery is a must.

Hannah is silent... it's not the kind of place she'd consider going.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Have you always been a maid-of-all work?

HANNAH

(shaking her head)

Not always... I'm a scullion when we're in Shropshire.

ARTHUR

(working hard)

Always a scullion?

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

I've been lots.

The pair arrive at Grosvenor Square. Hannah looks about nervously.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I have to go Sir... I shouldn't like to be seen.

ARTHUR

Of course.

I'd like to meet you again.

Hannah smiles.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Here? On Sunday afternoon?

Hannah nods. She walks away. Arthur watches.

Hannah looks back over her shoulder.

Arthur waves.

Hannah walks on.

She looks back- he's still watching.

42 **INT. SCULLERY, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - AFTERNOON**

Hannah guts a fish.

She gets blood on her apron.

Hannah smiles to herself.

43 **INT. WATER CLOSET, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah looks at herself in the mirror.

She bats her eyelids then shakes her head.

She looks serious.

She sucks her cheeks in.

44 **INT. SERVANTS BEDROOM, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - NIGHT**

Bent and aching from a 16 hour day of work, Hannah takes off her dress and hangs it over the back of a chair.

Ellen sleeps in the single bed. Hannah gently rolls her little sister onto her side and crawls into bed with her.

Hannah blows out the candle.

45 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - LATE MORNING**

Hannah puts the last of the washed breakfast dishes on the drying rack.

She takes her bonnet from the hatstand, tying it about her chin.

She pinches her cheeks.

Ellen walks into the room and flumps down at the kitchen table.

ELLEN
Where you off to?

HANNAH
Out.

ELLEN
What about me?

HANNAH
What about you?

ELLEN
What am I going to do? It's Sunday.

HANNAH
If you're too old for a hiding
Ellen, you're too old for me to be
mollycoddling you.

Fury flashes in Ellen's eye.

ELLEN
Fine.

Ellen flounces out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

46 **EXT. FAR CORNER OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

It's raining.

Arthur stands under an umbrella. He holds a gift wrapped in tissue paper.

Hannah moves quickly across the square with her head down so as not to get too wet.

ARTHUR
(straightening up)
Hello

Hannah checks behind her. She turns back and dips at the knee.

47 **EXT. 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Ellen stands at the window of the servants' room in the eaves.

She watches Hannah. She is appalled to see her sister talking to a man, a posh one at that. Ellen's eyes burn holes in Arthur from afar.

48 **EXT. FAR CORNER OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

 ARTHUR
 Perhaps we can walk and talk?

Hannah nods, mute.

Once around the corner Hannah relaxes.

 ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Come under here...

 HANNAH
 If I hold it Sir- then folks will
 think I'm your maid.

Arthur hands Hannah the umbrella.

 ARTHUR
 Call me Arthur.

Hannah shakes her head.

 ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I brought something for you.

Arthur hands her the gift.

 HANNAH
 You shouldn't have. It's not
 necessary.

 ARTHUR
 It's a token. To say thank you for
 coming. For helping me with my
 work.

Arthur and Hannah nod together- confirming the notion that
this meeting really is about Arthur's work.

 ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Besides I thought the blue would
 suit the pink in your cheeks.

Hannah unwraps the shawl. It is simple and appropriate for a
maid.

Hannah moves her hand to her heart.

 ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Do you like it?

 HANNAH
 It's very kind.

Arthur smiles.

49 **EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah and Arthur walk. Hannah is quiet. She looks straight ahead. Arthur glances at Hannah's hand as it holds up the umbrella.

 ARTHUR
 Your hands are something to
 behold...
 (gentle laugh)
 comparable to those of a six-foot
 builder.

Hannah stops dead.

Arthur grabs Hannah's hand and uses it to pull her towards him.

 ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 I'm not teasing.

Hannah looks at her hand.

 HANNAH
 They're so big and red... and
 dirty.

 ARTHUR
 They show you are hard working. You
 ought to be proud of them... The
 last will be first.
 (beat)
 You wouldn't wish them to be like a
 lady's?

Hannah meets Arthur's eye.

 HANNAH
 (thoughtful)
 I should like it if my hands were
 like yours.

Arthur looks at his own small, soft white hand. Hannah takes Arthur's other hand. She cups his small hands between hers.

 ARTHUR
 (breaking the silence)
 It's the roughness of your hands,
 your capacity to serve, your work
 that make you more worthy than ...

Arthur gestures to two ladies with a little dog

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
... than them.

HANNAH
Don't be silly Sir!

ARTHUR
Really. Your work, your capability
is beautiful.

Hannah playfully nudges Arthur.

They walk on, glancing at each other between paces.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Do you know what would really help
me Hannah?

Hannah looks at Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
If you could write in detail for me
what jobs you're doing...

HANNAH
A list?

ARTHUR
A bit more detailed. No job too low
or seemingly unimportant. It's all
valuable information. I'd like to
know ALL about you.

HANNAH
There's not much to tell... well,
yesterday I woke at five, I made
the bed, I fetched the coal...

ARTHUR
Right.

Arthur spots a BEGGAR WOMAN (30s) who wears rags.

HANNAH
Then I fetched the breakfast
things.

Arthur steps towards the beggar- he has seen a lesion on her
cheek which intrigues him.

Hannah watches Arthur's attention drift to the injured beggar.

Hannah coughs.

ARTHUR
(distracted)
Go on...

HANNAH
What I can tell you is that when I clean the flagstone floors, if I'm doing the whole house, my knees get raw with blood.

Arthur turns back to Hannah - interested.

ARTHUR
Do they really?

HANNAH
Yes Sir... and when I dig coal after, dust gets into the wounds. Is that the sort of thing I should write?

ARTHUR
Exactly that.
And in return... I'll pay you a shilling when we meet.

HANNAH
(seriously)
I'm not looking for your money.

Arthur is silent for a moment.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Instead of money, perhaps you could show me some of London?

50 **INT. SCULLERY, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING**

Hannah chops carrots.

Hannah polishes silver.

O.S. Baby Cotes screams with painful colic.

Hannah looks up in the direction of the cries.

53 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Alone in the kitchen Hannah opens the envelope. She holds her breath. Inside the envelope is... a theatre ticket. Hannah's shoulders sink- she was hoping for the music hall.

She reads the name of the play- "Sardanapalus"

54 **INT. PARLOUR, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

A meticulously appointed parlour. Lady Cotes sits at a table playing patience.

A knock at the door.

LADY COTES

Yes?

Hannah enters.

HANNAH

Good afternoon my Lady.

Lady Cotes does not look up from her cards.

LADY COTES

Good afternoon Mary.

HANNAH

I'm sorry to be a nuisance... Mr Clarke is out otherwise I would have asked him.

LADY COTES

(looking up)

Oh?

HANNAH

Only I wondered if I might take my leave this evening, to go into town? After serving supper?

LADY COTES

No.

HANNAH

It's just...

LADY COTES

Absolutely not. Beside the fact you are employed here to serve us, not to do as you please, I couldn't live with myself if something happened to you. London in the evening can be dangerous. What would people think? A maid of mine out at night?... on her own!

HANNAH

But...

LADY COTES

Absolutely not.

55 **INT. HALL, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah closes the parlour door. She is red with fury.

56 **INT. SCULLERY, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah punches the wall. She kicks a bucket. She bangs the back of her head against brickwork.

57 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - EVENING**

Hannah dries the last of the washed supper plates. She puts utensils away.

Listening out for movement, Hannah takes her bonnet and shawl from the coat stand. She looks about and tiptoes to the servants' door. As she opens the door she sees Mr Clark smoking outside. She jumps back into the kitchen.

Hannah is still, waiting patiently for Mr Clark to move on.

58 **EXT. 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah steps silently into the night. She smiles victoriously.

59 **EXT. THEATRE, LONDON - EVENING**

A theatre sign reads "*Sardanapalus*".

Hannah stands, lost amongst a heaving mob of people waiting for the gallery doors to open.

60 **INT. THE GALLERY SEATS, THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah sits amongst working class theatre goers in the gallery. She looks around in awe.

Hannah looks up to the boxes.

61 **INT. BOX, THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur sits in a box opposite and above Hannah.

JULIE BOVET (23), a waspish society lady with a crush on Arthur sits next to him. To her right sits Arthur's best friend ROBERT (25) who is naturally conservative and who is training for the priesthood. They are joined by other friends.

Julie fans herself and leans in to whisper in Arthur's ear.

Robert keenly watches the stage.

62 **INT. THE GALLERY SEATS, THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah, pink from the heat in her crowded space stares up at Arthur.

The lights dim. Hannah sits up to attention. The curtain rises.

The audience gasp as King Sardanapalus is carried onto stage in a chariot pulled by two horses. He wears rings in his ears, bracelets on his biceps and a scarlet robe fringed with gold. Myrrah, his female slave, dressed in a simple white tunic cools him with a huge feathered fan.

Hannah's eyes are wide open.

63 **INT. BOX, THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Julie watches the stage, her hand resting next to Arthur's leg. Robert nods-off.

Arthur watches Hannah down in the gallery. Julie notices him looking into the gallery. She follows his gaze and squints at Hannah.

64 **INT. THE STAGE, THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Myrrah crawls on all fours towards Sardanapalus. She wears chains on her wrists and ankles.

Sardanapalus stands above her. He holds out a hand. Myrrah gets to her feet and falls into Sardanapalus. He holds her tightly.

SARDANAPALUS

If only I could share a cottage on
the Caucaus with thee and wear no
crowns but those flowers.

MYRRAH

Master, I am your slave.
(beat)
Man, I have loved you.

The pair walk together into a burning pyre.

65 **INT. THE GALLERY SEATS, THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

The lights go down. The crowd stands in applause. Hannah stays sitting, struck dumb.

Hannah stands to join the applause.

66 **EXT. BUS STOP OPPOSITE THEATRE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah waits for the omnibus. She spots Arthur and his friends.

She watches Arthur bow and kiss Julie's hand as he puts her in a carriage.

Arthur turns back to his friends. They walk away together.

Arthur does not acknowledge Hannah, who is careful never to catch his eye.

67 **INT. OMNIBUS, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah sits looking at her hands. An ELDERLY MAN (75), who is fairly deaf and in early stages of dementia, sits staring at Hannah. He looks at her hands, which have dirt under the nails and scabs where she has picked at her skin.

ELDERLY MAN

(Loudly to Hannah)
I suppose you are very low?

Hannah looks up.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

You're position... is low?

HANNAH
Yes Sir, I'm a scullion.

ELDERLY MAN
(excitedly)
Ah! I thought so!

Hannah looks down.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)
You have better blood in you than
you know of though.
I can see by your profile that you
have good blood in you.

A DRUNK MAN (30) in filthy clothes watches. He swigs from a
bottle.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)
Has nobody belonging to you ever
been better off than you are?

Hannah looks at him. She shakes her head.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
But that profile doesn't belong to
someone of your class. You have
blood in you I tell you.

CUT TO:

Hannah dismounts the omnibus, she has a straight back, she
walks like a lady.

The drunk man pushes into her.

DRUNK
(whispering)
Do you have Welsh in you?

HANNAH
No.

DRUNK
Do you want some?

68 **INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - NIGHT**

Hannah sits on her single bed. Ellen sleeps.

Hannah pulls up her night dress and uses a pair of sewing
scissors to cut her thigh.

Blood seeps out of the wound. Hannah holds a rag on it to stop the bleeding.

69 **EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH, LONDON - EVENING**

Hannah stands under the shade of a tree waiting for Arthur. She picks at the skin around her nails nervously.

Arthur approaches.

ARTHUR
What did you think? Of the play?

HANNAH
It was excellent.

ARTHUR
Yes?
What did you like about it?

Arthur nods encouragingly.

HANNAH
When I saw Myrrh... how devoted she was, and how the king was so taken with her! It was beautiful, pure.

CUT TO:

The pair sit on a bench in a secluded part of the Heath. Hannah pulls a piece of paper from her pocket. Thrilled, Arthur takes it.

He reads Hannah's writing in his head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(Leaning over Arthur to see her own writing)
Can you decipher it?

ARTHUR
(reading aloud)
Chopped carrots, potatoes, leeks for hotpot; swept the floors, polished the six pairs of boots...
(beat)
Not enough detail.

Arthur scrunches up the piece of paper.

Hannah flinches.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 (disappointed)
 Without detail there is no point.

HANNAH
 What are you doing?! I worked hard
 on that!

Arthur is taken aback. He stands up- appalled.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry.
 (beat)
 I'm very sorry- I'm not usually
 like that.
 Let me tell you...

Arthur nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 So... when I've polished the boots
 with the black, I spit on a bit of
 cloth and buff to bring up a shine.

Hannah notices Arthur check his pocket watch.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Like this...

Hannah gets on her knees in the dirt at Arthur's feet. She
 spits on the hem of her skirt.

Arthur freezes.

Hannah uses her skirt to buff Arthur's boot.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 (looking up at Arthur)
 Of course you'll never need the
 skill, being a gentleman.

Arthur looks about. He puts a hand on Hannah's elbow, helping
 her up.

70 **INT. JESSIE'S ROOM, MRS MABLEY'S BROTHEL, SOHO - NIGHT**

Arthur stands above Jessie who is naked on all fours. His
 trousers are round his ankles.

He beats himself off furiously, out of his mind.

Arthur climaxes, cumming on Jessie's back.

Jessie's baby coos in her crib.

Arthur pulls up his trousers and practically sprints to the door.

ARTHUR
(turning)
Thank you.

JESSIE
(smiling warmly)
You're welcome.

Arthur pulls the handkerchief from his breast pocket and throws it in Jessie's direction.

He leaves the room.

(OS) Footsteps rapidly descending the wooden stairs.

MRS MABLEY (O.S.)
You off already Mr Munby? Glad
you've finally sampled some of our
delights...

The sound of a door slamming.

Jessie stands up. She straightens the picture on her mantlepice.

71 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - NIGHT**

Hannah sits at the kitchen table writing.

Jim comes into the kitchen patting his pockets.

JIM
Have you seen my tobacco Hannah?

Hannah looks up sheepishly with her hand protecting the paper.

HANNAH
Not seen it.

Jim glances at the paper.

Hannah nods at Jim.

JIM
A boyfriend?

Hannah stands. She picks up her paper and pen and walks to the door.

HANNAH
(turning)
I'd be obliged if you'd not make suggestions about me. Ones that could damage my reputation and lose me my job at that.

JIM
(chastened)
I didn't mean to...

72 **EXT. THE GARDEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON- MORNING**

Ellen stands amongst trees with a blindfold on.

ELLEN
One, two, three, four, five...
coming ready or not.

Ellen takes small steps with her hands outstretched.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Am I hot or cold?

Henry laughs off screen. Ellen turns towards his voice.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Im going to get ya.

JACOB
Over here.

Ellen turns to the left. She steps forwards.

ELLEN
Am I close?

	JACOB (O.S.)		HENRY (O.S.)
Yes...		No	

ELLEN
I know you're nearby

The boys laugh. There is rustling.

Jacob and Henry position themselves directly behind a pond so that a body of water stands between Ellen and them.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Boys?

JACOB
 (in a silly voice)
 Ellennnnnnn

Ellen takes a step and stumbles on a rock.

ELLEN
 (under her breath)
 Bother!

A twig snaps under Henry's foot.

Ellen smiles and lunges forwards falling into the pond.

She gasps for air and splashes her arms.

Ellen finds her footing. She pulls the blindfold from her eyes.

Jacob approaches the pond laughing. He holds out his hand to Ellen. She takes it and uses her weight to pull him into the pond.

Jacob gasps and splashes.

Henry bursts into tears.

Ellen and Jacob stand in the pond, staring at each other.

JACOB
 (incandescent)
 What are you doing?

ELLEN
 You fell in the pond and I jumped
 in after you- alright!

JACOB
 No.

ELLEN
 Yes. And If you say any different
 marmalade will find herself in the
 pond with a rock around her neck.
 Do you understand me?

Henry turns. He sets off towards the house.

HENRY
 (crying out)
 No!

Ellen hauls herself out of the pond and sprints after Henry. She tackles him to the ground, twisting his arm behind his back.

ELLEN
(Hissing in Henry's ear)
Yesssssssssssss.

CUT TO:

Ellen tramps across the large manicured lawn of the house holding Henry and Jacob tightly by the hands. She and Jacob are wet through. Henry's face is tearstained.

Mr Clark runs out of the house and onto the lawn to meet them.

73 **INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE, CHAMBERS, LONDON - MORNING**

Arthur hangs up his coat and hat. He sits at his desk and picks up a pile of letters.

He shuffles through the envelopes and finds one written in Hannah's writing. Fingers trembling he opens the letter.

HANNAH (WRITING)
*I'll be at the house alone on
Sunday morning from 9. Happy to
show you the scullery and kitchen
if it would be of help?
Sincerely,
Hannah*

Arthur folds the letter and puts it in his pocket.

74 **EXT. 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING**

Arthur approaches 10 Grosvenor Square. He checks his pocket watch- it's 9:01. He looks about and mounts the steps to the front door.

Arthur rings the bell which is answered immediately by Hannah who is dressed in a white cap and clean apron.

Hannah curtseys, holds the door to let Arthur pass, checks the street and closes the door.

75 **INT. HALL, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah takes Arthur's coat and hat. She directs him to the stairs down to the kitchen, following behind.

Arthur looks about nervously.

HANNAH

The whole household is at church.
Won't be back until gone midday.

Arthur's shoulders drop.

76 **INT. KITCHEN, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING**

Arthur sits at the kitchen table. He eats a slice of cake and sips tea. He dabs his beard with a napkin.

Hannah stands next to the sink watching him eat.

When Arthur finishes the cake, Hannah fetches him another slice.

She returns to her position standing by the sink.

CUT TO:

Hannah and Arthur stand next to an open cupboard filled with cleaning products.

HANNAH

This here is the bicarbonate of
soda. Mixed with a little lemon it
does wonders.

Arthur nods. He points to the top shelf.

ARTHUR

What's that I wonder?

Hannah pulls over a step ladder. She reaches up. Arthur observes her form. Hannah grabs a pot.

HANNAH

This one?

77 **INT. CELLAR, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur watches Hannah dig coal into a scuttle.

ARTHUR

You are so strong.

HANNAH

My arms are fourteen inches.

ARTHUR

Really?

Hannah nods.

HANNAH

You can feel them.

Hannah flexes proudly. Arthur strokes Hannah's muscle.

ARTHUR

Strength of arm and moral strength
are so often found together.

78

INT. WATER CLOSET, 10 GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - MORNING

Arthur stands with Hannah in the lavatory doorway.

HANNAH

Course this is one of the worst
jobs. I have to get right down on
my knees and reach into the bowl to
get to the filth.

ARTHUR

(breathless)
Uhuh.

HANNAH

I'll show you Sir.

Hannah hitches up her skirt a little. She gets on her hands
and knees.

Hannah takes the toilet brush. She scrubs.

Arthur stands above her watching her body move back and
forth.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Is this alright?

ARTHUR

It's good.
(beat)
You're very good at it.

HANNAH

I try Sir.

Hannah drops the toilet brush. She puts her bare hand in the
toilet and rubs the sides clean with her palms.

Arthur is hard.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Master, I am your slave.

ARTHUR
 (not sure he has heard
 correctly)
 What?

HANNAH
 Like Myrrah. Master, I am your
 slave.

Arthur closes his eyes.

Hannah stops cleaning. She looks around to gauge Arthur's response.

ARTHUR
 Did I say you could stop?

HANNAH
 (a barely visible smile)
 No Master.

Hannah resumes her work rubbing the bowl.

Arthur kneels down behind Hannah. He rests his head on her back.

Hannah rests the side of her face on the toilet bowl.

Arthur feels Hannah's neck and face. She closes her eyes.

Arthur Puts a finger into Hannah's mouth. He turns her around and kisses her.

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CREDITS