

# North *&* South



## Screenplay

A collaborative effort in reverse engineering  
by international participants of the North & South forum  
at the International Movie Database IMDb.com,  
writing down the dialogue as presented on-screen.

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# Episode 1

## Chapter 1

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

**The film opens with a scene overlooking the countryside. A train moves along the tracks. It is the mid-1800's in England.** Margaret Hale is looking out of the train carriage window. She holds a yellow hedge rose in her lap along with some papers. Beside her, her father leans back against his seat with his eyes closed.

### Caption: Two Months Earlier

**Carriages and people go past a large London house on a corner.** A dance orchestra can be heard, and inside the house is Margaret Hale dressed in pink for a big occasion, her cousin Edith's wedding. Edith, a pretty little blonde, is dancing with her groom, a young British officer in his red coat. Edith's mother watches from her seat nearby.

- Aunt Shaw:                   What a business this wedding has been! What an expense! You know, sometimes, my dear sister, I envy you your little country parsonage. [Mr. and Mrs. Hale are sitting with her] You two married for love, I know. Now, of course, Edith can afford to do that. [turning her gaze back to the dancers] Go on, Captain. Dance! Dance with your bride.
- [Henry Lennox is passing through the company...]
- Henry:                         You are bored, Miss Margaret!
- Margaret Hale:               No. I'm tired.
- Henry:                         Ah!
- Margaret Hale:               I'm exhausted. And a little too grown-up for ornaments like this. [pulling a butterfly comb from her hair] When I get married I want to wake up on a sunny day,...put on my favorite dress, and just walk to church. [She bends to put the butterfly in a little girl's hair.] There! [laughing] There, is that better?
- Henry:                         [Henry looks a little overwhelmed by Margaret's confiding attitude] I think you look very well. You would look very well whatever you wore.
- Margaret Hale:               [giggles] I love my cousin dearly, I've been very happy in this house. But I'll be even more happy to go home to Helstone tomorrow.
- Henry:                         Ah, the wonderful Helstone. You cannot be kept away?
- Margaret Hale:               No. I cannot. It's the best place on earth.

\*[Dancing fades to a shot of trees overhead. Margaret is lying asleep in the grass below. Everything is very green.]\*

Henry: Margaret. Is that you? [Her eyes open slowly, then she sits up quickly on seeing Henry standing there with his traveling bag, and top hat in his hands.]

Margaret Hale: M-Mr. Lennox! W-What's happened? Is it Edith? Some accident?

Henry: No, no, no! Calm yourself. No such calamity. I have come to visit paradise...as you suggested.

Margaret Hale: Well...Mr. Lennox. Y-You'd better sit down. [Henry sits beside her uncertainly, smiles, breathing hard from his walk there. Margaret laughs a little nervously.]

**[They walk to Margaret's house. Henry stops at the hedge to pick a rose for her, doffing his hat as he presents it.]**

Margaret Hale: This is home. [They approach her mother in front of the parsonage.] Mama, you remember Mr. Lennox?

Mrs. Hale: Oh, yes. Yes, yes, of course, I...

**[Later, Margaret walks arm in arm with Henry to the church.]**

Margaret Hale: I could walk this route with my eyes closed. I've been visiting Father's parishioners since I was a very small girl. Did you... hear what I just said?

Henry: Sorry. I was just remembering your prescription for a perfect wedding. "I should like to walk to church on a sunny morning?" Was this the path you were describing?

Margaret Hale: Why, yes, I suppose so. I...wasn't actually thinking of MY wedding, you understand.

Henry: I was wondering. Margaret, whether...

Margaret Hale: Please, don't.... go on.

Henry: whether you might consider making that walk, sharing that morning with one who... -Please, listen, Margaret.

Margaret Hale: Please. Don't continue. I'm sorry.

Henry: Excuse me. I... You led me to believe that such an offer would not be unwelcome. A London girl would have known not to talk of wedding days in such ambiguous terms.

Margaret Hale: Excuse me, I...said nothing I am ashamed of. I-I'm sorry if you have been mistaken in my affections for you.

Henry: Is there someone else, someone else you prefer?

Margaret Hale: No! I DO like you, Henry. But I'm not ready to marry anyone. You must believe that I mean what I say.

**[Later, Mrs. Hale and their servant Dixon standing out front of the parsonage watching Mr. Henry Lennox depart, followed anxiously by Margaret.]**

Margaret Hale: Henry, I...I-I'm sorry.

[Henry stops to look at her for a moment, then turns to continue on.]

**[Fade back to Margaret on the train gazing out the window]**

## Chapter 2

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

Mrs. Hale: [Coughing] We'll be on the streets.....in a strange place.

Margaret Hale: Mama, I told you, we'll stay at a hotel until we find a house. It won't take long.

Mrs. Hale: Perhaps Dixon and I could stay on the coast while you look.

Dixon: Yes!...as the missis is so delicate.

Mr. Hale: No, Maria. Your place is with us. It will not take us long to find a house. My old college friend, Mr. Bell, has agreed to help. He's already organised a list of potential pupils. There'll be plenty of teaching for me. [unhappy looks from Maria Hale and Dixon]

Mrs. Hale: There will be no people there like us in Milton. How can there be?

Margaret Hale: We will manage, Mother. It's not another planet.

**[Train arrives at the station with a screech of brakes, crowds passing in the twilight.]**

Conductor: Outwood, Milton! Outwood, Milton! All change! All change for stations north!

Mrs. Hale: [Weeping] Why have we come here, Dixon? It's going to be awful. I know it is!

Dixon: Shh.... [soothing Mrs. Hale]

Conductor: Outwood, Milton!

Margaret Hale: Dixon. Take care and find a porter. [Opening the train door] We have arrived.

Conductor: All change! [Mouth whistle blows.]

Girl: I see him!

[The Hales and Dixon leave the train, Maria holding her handkerchief over her mouth and nose.]

Dixon: [Motioning to a man] Porter! Take these, please. [Another mouth whistle blown, and the train chugs away as they leave the station platform going

downstairs.]

**[Outside their hotel building the next day]**

Margaret Hale: We'll find a house faster if we go separately.

Mr. Hale: Are you sure?

Margaret Hale: Of course.

**[Margaret walks along looking at the paper in her hand as she travels down a busy street past some shop windows.** She stops, looks up, and surveys the street around her. It is crowded with carts, boxes and crates from the vendors of the street market.]

Peddler: Eggs, fresh-laid eggs this mornin'!

Barrow Men: Fresh fruits. Fresh fruits! Fruits and vegetables!

[Margaret navigates around all the carts and merchandise in the street. A woman plucks a fresh-killed chicken.]

Man: Hello, how are you?

Another Man: All right.

[Chickens squawking. Margaret's handkerchief is at her nose as she passes the crates of chickens to pause at a doorway. Then she starts up the steps to the door, which is open, looking back at the busy marketplace as she goes in.]

Landlord: The living room's quite spacious, as you can see.

Williams: The property's not for me. I'm making inquiries on behalf of one of me master's business acquaintances. [Meanwhile, Margaret is downstairs in the same house looking around.] The man is still living as a clergyman. Or rather a former clergyman. He's used to living simply. I don't think he's ever been a man of great property or fortune.

[Margaret has made it to the staircase and begins to climb up. She can hear the two men speaking now.]

Williams: ... A matter of conscience, I believe.

Landlord: Ah, conscience. That never put bread on the table. South, eh?

Williams: Mm-hm.

Landlord: A little, er ... indiscretion took place, maybe?

Williams: Well, they do say the Devil makes work for idle hands, don't they? Maybe his hands weren't so idle. [Both men chuckle]

[Margaret has reached the top of the steps and overhears the two men speaking.]

Landlord: Well, he'll certainly find things...quite different up north.

Williams: Oh, aye. Oh, aye.

Landlord: I'll make good the repairs, but the decoration's good enough. Hey, what a business, eh? For a man to uproot his wife and child to come all the way to Milton. Conscience or no conscience, that's strange behavior.

[Margaret enters the room]

Williams: Excuse me, madam, can I help you?

Margaret Hale: My name is Margaret Hale. Who are you?

Williams: I'm Williams, Mr. Thornton's overseer. He asked me to look out properties for your father.

Margaret Hale: How much is the rent for the year?

Williams: These are details Mr. Thornton will discuss with your father. There's no need to concern yourself in money matters, ma'am.

Margaret Hale: I've no idea who your Mr. Thornton is. I thank him for his trouble, but my father and I are sharing the task of securing a property. [The men are looking a little uncomfortable.] I have spent two days viewing what Milton has to offer, so I have a fairly good idea of price.

Williams: Mr. Thornton thinks this will do very well for your father.

Margaret Hale: Where *is* Mr. Thornton?

Williams: Excuse me?

Margaret Hale: Take me to see this Mr. Thornton. If he won't deal with me, I'll have to deal with *him*.

[They leave as the landlord looks on with his mouth open.]

### Chapter 3

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

[Margaret entering the mill courtyard, Williams coming after he pays the cab at the gate. They face a large house alongside the factory.]

Margaret Hale: Does Mr. Thornton live here?

Williams: Aye, but he'll be at work. [He leads her to an office.] Stay here, miss. I'll find Master.

[Margaret looks out the windows at the workers, around the room, at the clock which reads 3:37. She looks at the ledger on the desk, then out the window again. Now the clock reads 3:52 from where she has seated herself while waiting.]

She gets up and walks purposefully down the passage past workers, coughing when the white lint in the air gets in her throat. She gets to a large door, the particles in the air ever thicker, and slides it open. To her astonished eyes is revealed a huge room filled with clanking machines weaving cotton into cloth, the white fluff clogging the air around the workers who are overseeing their operation. As she walks further in, her eyes are drawn to a tall figure dressed in black, standing on a raised walkway watching the work being done. Then...his expression suddenly changes.]

John Thornton: [shouting] Stephens! Put that pipe out!  
[The man, Stephens, looks back, then starts running as he stuffs his pipe in a pocket. Thornton pursues, coming down the stairs shouting]  
I saw you! Stephens! Stephens! Come here!  
[Thornton catches up to Stephens when he falls. Thornton pulls him up off the floor, pinning him against some cotton bales with his arm to search Stephens pockets with the other hand.]

John Thornton: Smoking again.

Stephens: I wasn't!

John Thornton: Where is it?

Stephens: I wasn't smoking, I swear!

John Thornton: [Producing the pipe from Stephen's pocket.] Still warm! I warned you.  
[He grabs Stephens by the collar.]

Stephens: No! No! Please, sir! [as Thornton lands his first punch]  
Please don't...Please! [More beating from Thornton.]

John Thornton: You stupid idiot!

Stephens: Please, sir! [Thornton is hitting him in the face.]

John Thornton: Look at me! Look at me! [as he bloodies Stephen's nose]  
[Margaret has followed the chase, and sees the horrible sight.]

Margaret Hale: Stop! [Thornton kicks Stephens as he falls to the floor.] Stop! Please, stop!

John Thornton: Who are you? What are you doing in here?

Margaret Hale: My name is Margaret Hale.

Williams: Miss Hale! I'm sorry sir, Mr. Thornton, I told her to stay in the office.

John Thornton: Get her out of here! [to Stephens] Aye, crawl away on your belly and don't come back.

Stephens: Please, sir...I have little ones. [as he grovels on the floor, a kick from Thornton]

John Thornton: You know the rules!

Stephens: My children will starve, sir.

John Thornton: Better they starve than burn to death. Get out before I call the police! [turning to Williams] Get that woman out of here! [He turns and leaves.]

Williams: Please, miss. [Stephens starts crawling off, and the camera rises to Bessy Higgins and some other girl workers watching.]  
Miss! Miss, please! Miss, please, miss...Please!

[Margaret cannot take her eyes off Stephens as she is led out of the mill. Bessy watches Margaret and Williams go.]

[Margaret emerges out into the mill's courtyard, her handkerchief to her nose, heading for the gate as workers move cotton bales. She spots a movement at the house window. Mrs. Hannah Thornton is standing there looking as Margaret leaves through the gate.]

**[Edith sits next to a colorful bouquet at a table writing a letter to Margaret]**

Edith: [reading out her letter to Margaret] My darling Margaret, we are back at last from our honeymoon in Corfu. We've been away so long I'm almost fluent in Greek - or so the Captain says. But you know, everything he says is always so agreeable. Oh, dear Margaret...now I'm going to say something that will make you very angry, but I can't help it. What was uncle thinking of taking you all so far away from home? What on earth are you doing in that awful place where they make cotton, when no one who is anyone wishes to buy it? I'm sure we'll always wear linen.

Margaret Hale: [sitting at her desk writing back to Edith] Dear Edith, I'm pleased to report that we've replaced the horrible wallpapers with altogether more agreeable colours. Dixon has only - if you think this possible - grown in energy. She has set herself the task of engaging an under-maid, but as yet there isn't anyone within a radius of at least 50 miles who is remotely suitable to wait on us hand and foot.

**[The Kitchen of the Hale's home]**

Prospective Maid: I'll sit, if you don't mind.

Dixon: Hm. You'll be expected to be well up before the family to light the fires.

Prospective Maid: I'm sorry, I'm not getting up at five in the morning. And I'm not working for those wages. I can get four shillings as a piecer up at Hamper's. Anyway, if you don't mind me asking, where's money coming from to pay for me? This house must be costing thirty pound a year, and there's not much coming in from what I've heard.

[Dixon's hand setting down a pitcher forcefully...Then we see Margaret at the top of the stairs coming down, the outraged prospective maid coming from the kitchen below, Dixon following.]

Prospective Maid: I'll come and go as I please! And I don't need no bossy, jumped-up servant to tell me what's what and how to think and how to behave! You can keep your rotten job! [Leaves, banging the door shut]

**[Margaret hurries back upstairs quietly smiling. She sits down with her mother as Dixon is heard stomping upstairs with a vase of flowers. As she enters and sets the vase down...]**

Dixon: Me, a servant, indeed! I don't know what the master was thinking of, subjecting us to all this gossip! [She goes out again]

## Chapter 4

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

[More footsteps coming down the stairs from an upper floor.]

Mrs. Hale: Margaret?

[Mr. Hale enters with a book in his hands, turns to look at his wife and daughter.]

Mr. Hale: What's the matter?

Mrs. Hale: [clearing her throat] There is some talk...Margaret?

Mr. Hale: Margaret, what does she mean "talk"?

Margaret Hale: I did hear some people talking, when we were house-hunting.

Mrs. Hale: About why we moved to Milton...so abruptly. Why you left the church.

Mr. Hale: People are...talking?

Mrs. Hale: Well, it's only natural, after all, that people should wonder. It's not usual for clergymen to leave their parish, travel hundreds of miles, as if to escape something. Just because we follow you without question...

[Mr. Hale pulls a letter out of his pocket, opens it and hands it to his wife.]

Mrs. Hale: It's from the bishop. It's not about Frederick?

Mr. Hale: No. I keep that letter with me at all times. To reassure me that I made the right decision.

Mrs. Hale: [reading the letter] I-Is this all? [quoting]"I ask that all rectors in the diocese of the New Forest reaffirm their belief in the Book of Common Prayer."

Mr. Hale: Yes, there! Exactly. The effrontery! The man's ten years our junior. [sighs] He

tries to treat us all like children.

Mrs. Hale: But this is a formality, surely...to reaffirm.

Mr. Hale: My conscience will not let me. I can and have lived quietly with my doubts for ... well, for some years now, but...I cannot swear publicly to doctrines I am no longer sure of. Now we men of conscience have to make a stand.

Mrs. Hale: We?

Mr. Hale: Yes, there are others who have doubts. We all agreed. We could not reaffirm.

Mrs. Hale: [rising from her seat] Are you telling me that all the rectors of the New Forest have decamped to industrial towns? [sarcastic and angry]

Mr. Hale: Well, some thought it possible to yield, but...I did not.

Mrs. Hale: [shouting] How many? How many refused?

Mr. Hale: I could not avoid it. I was *forced* into it. You must understand. [pleading]

Mrs. Hale: I understand.[calmer now] I understood...that the very worst must have happened...that you had lost your faith...or that you felt that God wished you to preach his word in these new places.[voice rising again] That some very *great* matter must have happened to make you uproot us all, *dragging* us up to this God-forsaken place! [Margaret flinches]

Mr. Hale: Maria! [Margaret leaves quickly]

Mrs. Hale: You gave up your livelihood...our source of income...on a formality. [she starts backing out of the room]

Mr. Hale: It was not like that Maria. [very distressed] Really, it *is* not like that. I already have work - teaching. And I - I will find more. And...maybe I will discover *that* is my real vocation after all.

Mrs. Hale: The people here don't want learning. They don't want books and culture. It's all money and smoke. That's what they eat and breathe. [she backs into the shadows of the doorway]

**[Margaret walking through streets hung with drying cloth. A woman stirring a big pot, dying fabric nearby. A baby is heard crying in the narrow passage.]**

Margaret Hale: [voice heard as she writes another letter to her cousin] ...And you're right, Edith. Milton is very far from home, but it is quite an interesting and modern sort of place. There are at least twenty mills, all very prosperous, in and around the town, and it's full of new industry of one sort or the other. It is, of course, not remotely green like Helstone, and so large that I often lose my way. But the people are friendly enough, and there is nearly always someone to point me in the right direction.

**[Margaret going down some stairs in the street, a mill whistle sounds loudly.]**

**Many footsteps sound behind soon after, Margaret sees workers rushing down behind her. She holds onto her hat on her head and moves to the wall to avoid them.]**

Worker 1: Ey up, what have we got here?

Worker 2: Watch out, lass! [as he roughly brushes past]

Woman Worker: [laughter] 'Scuse us!  
[She purposely knocks Margaret off balance down the stairs. Then they are all teasing and touching her.]

Margaret Hale: Please. [gasping as they knock her about] Please...Please don't.[drops her purse] ...Just stop. Please...please stop. [more laughter as a young man coming down the stairs spies her bag on the ground and picks it up, holding it just out of her reach]

Young Man: Is this yours? [An older worker comes upon him from behind.]

Nicholas Higgins: Leave the lass alone.

Young Man: Here y'are!

Higgins: [repeats as he grabs the hand holding Margaret's purse] Leave the lass alone!

Young Man: She shouldn't take on so. We were only having a bit of fun.

Higgins: [handing Margaret her bag] Come on, miss. Be careful where you walk when the whistle sounds for the break. [accompanies her down the rest of the steps] But don't worry, they won't harm you. They just like a bonny face. And yours is a picture. [takes her arm] Come on. [leads her to a cab]

Margaret Hale: I'm - I'm obliged to you. Thank you, sir.

Higgins: You're welcome, lass. [As he opens the carriage door for her, Margaret offers him a coin from her purse] No charge, miss. [He sees her up and into the cab, closes the door and watches it drive off with a thoughtful smile.]

Cab Driver: Get up! Hup, hup, hup!

**[A man is sitting in a public hall ( the Lyceum) listening to Mr. Hale's lecture.]**

Mr. Hale: So this century was probably the most productive, simply in terms of the number of...[sound fades out]

Margaret Hale: [her voice as she continues her letter to Edith] Father is working hard. He teaches students and also lectures [shows other men yawning and sleeping] though some of it is unpaid [snoring from the sleeping man]...and, I fear, unwanted. But he keeps happy.

Mr. Hale: ... Thank you. [some limp applause] Until, um...next Sunday. [Mr. Hale begins his

walk down the aisle out of the auditorium.]

## Chapter 5

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

[Margaret is just home, coming into the hall. We hear her quoting from the letter she is writing to Edith.]

- Margaret Hale: He entertains his private pupils at home.
- Mr. Hale: [heard from another room] We have to make a choice, John. Now it's difficult, I know. Margaret, is that you? Well, Margaret! Come in, Margaret. Come in. Meet my new friend and, erm, first proper pupil, Mr. Thornton. This is my daughter, Margaret.
- [Margaret was ready with a smile, until Mr. Thornton turns around with a bit of a smirk on his face. She freezes.]
- John Thornton: I believe your daughter and I have already met.
- Mr. Hale: [oblivious to the tension between these two] Ah... Now, Mr. Thornton can't decide between Aristotle and Plato. I suggest we start with Plato, and then move on. What do you think?
- John Thornton: I'm afraid Miss Hale and I met under less than pleasant circumstances. I had to dismiss a worker for smoking in the sorting room.
- Margaret Hale: I saw you beat a defenseless man who is not your equal!
- Mr. Hale: Margaret!
- John Thornton: No, she's right. [pause] I was angry. I have a temper. Fire is the greatest danger in my mill. I have to be strict.
- Margaret Hale: A gentleman would not use his fists on such a...pathetic creature, or shout at children.
- John Thornton: [his voice raising] I dare say a gentleman has not had to see 300 corpses laid out on a Yorkshire hillside as I did last May. And many of THEM were children. And that was an accidental flame. The whole mill destroyed in 20 minutes. [sighs heavily] I should go. [to Mr. Hale] You'll join us for dinner next week?
- Mr. Hale: Oh, yes, of course. Erm...thank you. Erm...we'll start with Plato next Tuesday. [incoherent sounds]
- John Thornton: I will ask my mother to call ... when you're settled. [frowning, takes a parting look at Margaret]
- Mr. Hale: Of course, erm... Now by all means. We're always here. Aren't we, Margaret?

[Margaret looks positively sullen and refuses to answer as John Thornton takes his leave.]

**[Margaret climbing the path uphill through the cemetery]**

Margaret Hale: [continuing with her letter to her cousin Edith] I'll admit that Milton doesn't have any grand palaces or works of art, but it does have some pleasant parks where we take our daily walk and meet our friends... while the weather holds.

[Margaret sees a familiar face, the girl at the mill who also witnessed the beating of Stephens. She hurries to catch up.]

Bessy Higgins: Are you following me?

Margaret Hale: No. Well...yes.[laughing] I didn't mean any offence. I recognised you from Marlborough Mills.

Bessy: [stops walking a moment] And I recognise you. Giving Thornton back as good as he gave. You don't see that every day. [continues along the path]

Margaret Hale: Well, I-I don't want to keep you.

Bessy: What important appointments might I have? [stops and changes her tone] I'm going to meet my father. He works at Hampers, a mile across town.

Margaret Hale: But, you work at Marlborough Mills. [puzzled]

Bessy: Yes. It's nearer home. And the work's easier. Here's Father now. [walks to meet him] Father? Young woman I told you about. The day Thornton beat up Stephens and sent him packing.

Nicholas Higgins: Yes. He deserved it. The fool put everyone at risk.

[Margaret looks like she doesn't quite agree with his point of view.]

Nicholas: You're not from this part of the world, are you?

Margaret Hale: No. I'm from the South. From Hampshire.

Nicholas: Mm. That's beyond London, I reckon. [smiling]

Margaret Hale: Mm. [agrees with a smile]

[Bessy and her father look at each other, she chuckles and takes his arm before they begin walking home.]

Margaret Hale: [still following] Where do you live?

Nicholas: We put up Francis Street, in Princeton. Behind Golden Dragon.

Margaret Hale: And your name? [Nicholas and Bessy stop] My name is Margaret Hale.

Nicholas: My name is Nicholas Higgins. This is my daughter Bessy Higgins. Why do you ask?

Margaret Hale: [sensing that she has somehow offended] W-well, I...thought that I might come and bring a basket. Excuse me. A-at home, when my father was a clergyman, of course...

Bessy: A basket? [laughing with her father] What would we want with a basket? We've little enough to put in it. [they continue on]

Nicholas: See, I don't much like strangers in my house. I dare say in the South, where you come from, a young lady such as yourself feels she can wander into anyone's house whenever they feel like it. But up here, we wait to be asked into someone's parlour before we go charging in.

Margaret Hale: [chagrined] Excuse me, Mr. Higgins, Bessy, I-I didn't mean any offence.

Nicholas: That's why I reckon you can come if you want, but you'll not remember us. I'll bet on that.

[Bessy looks sad. Nicholas nods a farewell and they walk off.]

## Chapter 6

Chapter transcribed by AnothaFan (South Island, New Zealand)

[The Hale's home]

Mrs. Hale: Margaret!

Margaret Hale: [runs up the stairs.]What's the matter? Are you unwell?

[Mrs. Hale is looking out of the window, Margaret joins her. Below they see Mrs. Thornton & Fanny Thornton stepping down from the carriage.]

Mrs. Hale: It must be Mr. Thornton's mother.

Margaret Hale: There's no mistaking that stern brow. And that must be the sister. What a deal of starch! It would take someone all day to iron that petticoat.

[Fanny gives a little wiggle to settle her petticoats.]

Margaret Hale: Where will we put them, Mama? I don't think the two of them will fit in here.

[They look around the room and both chuckle. Margaret turns around so Mrs. Hale can untie her apron.]

[Fanny and Mrs. Thornton are seated, Margaret offers Fanny a small cake. Fanny has her hand out to take one, but hesitantly puts her hand back down. Mrs. Thornton sips her tea. Margaret sits back down, Mrs. Hale is seated near her. There is silence in the room. Margaret takes a sip of her tea. The women look at each other.]

Mrs. Hale: How exquisite.

[Mrs. Thornton looks at her questioningly.]

Mrs. Hale: [looking at Hannah's dress bodice] I haven't seen English pointwork quite like that for years.

Mrs. Thornton: [smugly] Our Milton craftsmanship can compare with the very best.

[Mrs. Hale takes a sip of her tea.]

Fanny: I suppose you are not musical, as I see no piano.

Margaret Hale: I am fond of music, but I cannot play well myself. [After a slight pause.] As you can see, this house would hardly bear a grand instrument.

[Fanny gives a polite chuckle.]

Margaret Hale: We sold ours when we moved.

Fanny: Yes, these rooms are far too small for entertaining. Our staircases are wider than the whole width of this room.

[Mrs. Thornton looks grim and gives Fanny a stern look. There is a somewhat uncomfortable silence.]

Fanny: I wonder how you can exist without a piano. It almost seems to me a necessity of life.

[Margaret and Mrs. Hale look at each other.]

Margaret Hale: There are concerts here I believe.

Fanny: Oh, yes. Rather crowded. They let in anybody. But we have whatever is the fashion in London. A little later, unfortunately. You know London, of course.

Margaret Hale: Oh yes. I lived there with my aunt and cousin for a while.

[Fanny looks impressed.]

Fanny: Oh! London and the Alhambra. They are the two places I long to see.

Margaret Hale: The Alhambra?

Fanny: Yes, ever since I read the "Tales of the Alhambra". Do you know them?

Margaret Hale: Oh... I don't... think so. [hesitates] But it's a very easy journey to London and not half so far.

Fanny: Yes, but... Mama has never been to London. She cannot understand why I long to go. She's very proud of Milton. [lowers her voice] Dirty, smoky place that it

is. [whispers] I can't wait to leave.

Mrs. Thornton: [addressing Mrs. Hale] May I ask w-why you chose to come and live in Milton? I mean... why did you leave wherever it was?

Mrs. Hale: Helstone.

[Mrs. Thornton looks slightly taken aback, but listens on.]

Mrs. Hale: Well, it... it, it was my husband's decision. It was a matter of... of conscience.

Mrs. Thornton: But Mr. Hale is no longer a clergyman, I thought.

[Mrs. Hale looks down, then back at Mrs. Thornton.]

Mrs. Hale: My husband very much enjoys his lessons with Mr Thornton. [smiling at Margaret] I think it makes him feel young again.

Mrs. Thornton: Classics are all very well for men who loiter their lives away in the country or in colleges. But Milton men ought to have all their energies absorbed by today's work. They should have one aim only. [She pauses briefly.] Which is to hold and maintain an honourable place amongst the merchants of this country. Go where you will, [she carries on with much pride in her voice], the name of John Thornton in Milton, manufacturer and magistrate, is known and respected amongst all men of business. [She adds with even more pride.] And sought after by all the young women in Milton.

Margaret Hale: [with a chuckle] Not all of them, surely.

[Mrs. Hale smiles at Margaret, but becomes solemn when she turns to see Mrs. Thornton looking serious.]

Mrs. Thornton: If you had a son like mine, Mrs. Hale, you would not be embarrassed to sing his praises.

[Mrs. Hale lowers her head.]

[Mrs. Thornton abruptly stands up, Fanny then stands also.]

Mrs. Thornton: If you can... bear... to visit our dirty, smoky home [she looks at Fanny, Fanny gives a tentative smile], we shall receive you next week.

[Margaret and Mrs. Hale are standing. Mrs. Thornton inclines her head, turns and makes her way out of the room. Fanny follows her.]

**[The mill workers are busy in the yard, moving bales of cotton. Mr. Hale is making his way through the yard, while Mrs. Thornton watches from the balcony. Mr. Hale goes up the steps to greet Mrs. Thornton.]**

Mr. Hale: [smiling warmly] Mrs. Thornton.

[Mrs. Thornton smiles back.]

Mr. Hale: Well, what a splendid house. Erm... but, er... do you not find the proximity to the mill a little, erm... well, noisy?

Mrs. Thornton: [proudly] Never. I've not become so fine as to forget the source of my son's power and wealth. [She looks out at the yard.] The mill is everything. There is no other factory like it in Milton.

[Mr. Hale looks out at the yard.]

Mrs. Thornton: This house is my son's achievement.

**[The mill masters and Mr. Hale are seated around the dinner table. They are laughing.]**

Slickson: Did I tell you, Thornton, about the price of raw cotton I found in Le Havre?

John Thornton: I believe you did.

Slickson: Come on, Thornton. Even you can spot a bargain when you see it. Cotton's a great deal cheaper from the Caribbean than from America.

Henderson: I bet you Egyptian cotton is still much cheaper.

John Thornton: I don't believe they can offer those prices for long. They'll be bankrupt in a year and we'll have our supply interrupted. I'd rather pay more and have a steady supply through Liverpool. The others can do as they wish, we'll all lose in the end.

Hamper: [turning to Mr. Hale] Thornton's as straight as they come. He won't risk Marlborough Mill in any risky enterprise, even if it means passing up the chance to speculate.

Mr. Hale: But that's the best way surely, with so many lives depending on the factory's continued success? Well, erm... that would be the Christian way.

[There is some suppressed laughter around the table.]

Watson: By the way, everyone, hear the latest over clamouring for a new wheel?

Henderson: I thought you'd agreed to the wheel.

Watson: Yeah, well, I had. [He smirks.] First the men threatened to turn out if I didn't install the infernal wheel. Yeah, which would've cost me six hundred pound.

Hamper: [turning to Mr. Hale again] The wheel blows away the strands of cotton that flies off in the sorting rooms. It helps keep the fluff off the workers lungs. It doesn't stop it, but it does help.

[Mr. Hale smiles at Hamper.]

Henderson: So, what was the problem?

Watson: Well, some of the workers started claiming they'd need more money to work in a place with a wheel.

Slickson: What?!

Watson: Yes, believe me. They'd heard it'd make 'em hungry. Even hungrier than they claim they always are!

Henderson: The wheel would make them hungry?

Watson: Yes, I swear! Some of them said that if I put the wheel in, there wouldn't be so much fluff to swallow, so their bellies'd be emptier. [There is a few chortles around the table.] Oh yes, so... oh, and this is the beautiful part... they were saying I'd have to pay 'em more. And now the men are split amongst themselves and can't agree to what they want, so, I've been spared six hundred pound. And the men have only themselves to thank for the carding rooms being like Christmas every day with all that sneezing.

[There is laughter around the table, apart from Mr. Thornton and Mr. Hale, who looks concerned.]

Slickson: Oh come on Thornton. Surely you wouldn't approve of your workers telling you what to pay 'em?

John Thornton: I've had a wheel in all my sheds for these past two years.

Watson: More fool you, I can't see profit in it.

John Thornton: There is no immediate profit. None that you can count in pounds, shillings and pence.

Watson: But... [he smirks again]... well, there is a 'but,' in't there?

John Thornton: But... [he gives a slight shake of his head]... my workers are healthier. Their lungs don't clog so easily. They work for me longer. Their children work for me longer. Even you can see the profit in that.

Mr. Hale: But surely, erm... it's the right path, also.

John Thornton: Sound business sense, Mr. Hale, and I cannot operate under any other moral law. I do not run a charitable institution. My workers expect me to be hard, but truthful. I always tell them how things are and they either take it or they leave it.

Henderson: Harkness 's always tryin' little tricks with his workers.

Harkness: You've got to keep them on their toes. It's a war, and we masters have to win it or go under.

[There is laughter around the table, apart from Mr Thornton and Mr. Hale.]

Watson: Hear, hear!

**[Mrs. Hale is sitting doing needlework. Margaret enters the room holding a letter.]**

Margaret Hale: [smiling] Mama, I have a letter from Edith. Would you like me to read it to you? She sends love from Aunt Shaw.

Mrs. Hale: I wonder that your father prefers the company of Milton tradesmen.

[Dixon enters the room, quite flustered. She starts putting cloth away in a drawer in a very agitated manner.]

Dixon: As if there wasn't enough to do already! We've got no help to speak of. I have to do everything! It's all the master's fault.

[Mrs. Hale looks taken aback.]

Dixon: He took leave of his senses when he brought us here. He is not the vicar of Helstone anymore.

[Margaret looks at Dixon, then at Mrs. Hale.]

Dixon: He has thrown away his position in society and brought us all down with him. He'll be the death of us all!

[Mrs. Hale looks upset. Dixon strolls back out of the room. Margaret pauses, then follows Dixon.]

[Margaret follows Dixon halfway down the stairs.]

Margaret Hale: Dixon!

[Dixon turns to face her.]

Margaret Hale: I know you love my mother, but you forget yourself. Please don't talk about my father in that way. It... it's not for you to question his motives or judgment. You're a servant in this house. If you have such thoughts, keep them to yourself or you are free to leave and go back to Helstone whenever you choose. [She puts her hand on Dixon's arm.] Like it or not, we are here.

[Dixon nods.]

Margaret Hale: I will help you.

Dixon: You, Miss Margaret? In the kitchen?

Margaret Hale: Yes. Me. I can learn to starch and iron, and I will until we find suitable help. You'll do as I say, Dixon.

**[Margaret is in Princeton, with a basket on her arm. There is a child wailing in the background and a few other people in the street. Margaret turns to a woman with a baby in one arm and a girl close at her side.]**

Margaret Hale: Excuse me. I'm looking for Bessy Higgins. I must have come in the wrong direction.

Woman: She lives along the way, just round't corner. [The girl is grizzling into her mother's side.] It's all right, she's not frightened of you. She's hungry, that's why she cries.

[Margaret opens her purse to give the woman some money, but the woman interrupts.]

Woman: Bessy's just round't corner.

[Margaret carries on, looking back at the woman for a moment. Margaret makes her way down the noisy street. Other people are wandering around and some children are doing the laundry.]

[Margaret reaches the Higgins house and knocks on the door. Margaret waits a few moments, then starts walking away. Mary Higgins opens the door, Margaret turns back.]

Margaret Hale: Excuse me, I thought Bessy Higgins lived here.

[Mary opens the door wider.]

\*[Bessy and Margaret are seated at the table. Mary is taking the food out of the basket on the table.]\*

Margaret Hale: I'm sorry I didn't come earlier. To tell you the truth, I didn't know that I would be welcome. I thought the groceries would be offensive. But then if I had come without anything...

Bessy: If there's a remote possibility of us finding offence, you can be sure we will. We're very good at that in Milton.

Margaret Hale: I feel I've lived in Milton for quite some time now, but I still find myself constantly at fault whichever way I turn. How long do you think it will take for that to change?

Bessy: [quite seriously] Oh, a couple of years at least, in your case.

[Margaret looks aghast, Bessy starts laughing and Mary joins in. Margaret starts smiling. Bessy's laughter turns to coughs.]

Bessy: Sorry. It's just I have a bit of cold, I can't seem to shift.

[The door opens, Nicholas Higgins walks in looking serious. The girls all look at each other. Nicholas looks at Margaret.]

Nicholas: She were right. She said you'd come.

Bessy: How was the meeting, father?

[Nicholas hesitates.]

Margaret Hale: Oh, do not worry on my account. I have no-one to tell any secrets to.

Nicholas: [as he sits down] Well, your father the parson's been seen supping with the bosses.

Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton is his pupil. He's certainly not my friend.

Bessy: [to Nicholas] And Boucher? [turning to Margaret] He's our neighbour down the way.

Nicholas: He's holding up. Just. But he'll be with us when the fire goes up right enough, if he knows what's good for him. Miss Margaret, your father teaches at the Lyceum Hall, doesn't he?

Margaret Hale: Yes he does. Sunday afternoons.

**[Back at Thornton's house, Mr Thornton walks into the parlour. Fanny is heard in the background playing the piano and trilling. Mr. Thornton rolls his eyes at Fanny's singing as he puts his jacket on.]**

John Thornton: Mother, remember I go to the Hales this evening.

[Mrs. Thornton is seated, doing needlework.]

John Thornton: I will be home to dress, but then out till late.

Mrs. Thornton: [sounding surprised] Dress? Why should you dress up to take tea with an old parson? Ex-parson!

John Thornton: [smiling] Mr. Hale is a gentleman and his daughter is an accomplished young lady.

[Mrs. Thornton looks at him with her eyebrows raised.]

John Thornton: Don't worry, Mother. I'm in no danger from Miss Hale. She's very unlikely to consider me a catch. She's from the South. She doesn't care for our Northern ways.

Mrs. Thornton: Huh! Airs and graces! [She stands up and starts adjusting Mr Thornton's cravat.] What business has she? A renegade clergyman's daughter, who's now only fit to play at giving useless lectures to those who do not wish to hear them! What right has she to turn up her nose at you?

John Thornton: [warmly] Board up the windows. There'll be a storm later.

[He kisses his mother's cheek and leaves the room. Mrs. Thornton sits back down, looking contemplative.]

## Chapter 7

Chapter transcribed by mhjtbh (Australia)

[Margaret is at the ironing table. She sprinkles some water onto the cloth and starts ironing.]

[The roll of thunder is heard as John Thornton walks to the front door of the Hale's house. He knocks on the door, takes his hat off and smiles.]

[In the sitting room, John Thornton talks energetically to Mr. Hale while Margaret tries not to fall asleep in a chair.]

John Thornton: All motion and energy but truly a thing of beauty. Classics will have to be re-written to include it. [Mr. Hale chuckles]

[John Thornton turns to look at Margaret and she stirs from her half-asleep state.]

John Thornton: Ah... I'm afraid we're boring Miss Hale with our enthusiasm for Arkwright's invention.

Margaret Hale: [sitting up] No...indeed I'm sure it's fascinating. I'm a little tired that's all.

[Margaret gets up to pour the tea. Rain and thunder can be heard outside. As Margaret pours the tea, John Thornton watches her intently. Margaret hands John a cup, glancing into his eyes before looking down. As John accepts the cup, their fingers touch briefly.]

[Mrs. Hale enters the room, putting on a smile for their guest, but it is clearly half-hearted. John Thornton and Mr. Hale stand as she comes in.]

Mr. Hale: Er...Mr Thornton has been admiring our newly redecorated rooms, Maria.

Mr. Hale: Oh yes, Mr. Thornton. Hmm ...well, there...there wasn't a great deal of choice but these papers are of a similar shade to our drawing room in Helstone. But not quite.

John Thornton: [smiling] Well... On behalf of Milton taste, I'm glad we've almost passed muster.

[John Thornton glances over at Margaret. Margaret looks away.]

Mrs. Hale: Yes..yes well... clearly you're very proud of Milton. My husband admires its energy and its .....its. people.. are very busy making their businesses successful.

John Thornton: I won't deny it – I'd rather be toiling here success or failure than leading a dull prosperous life in the south ....with their slow careless days of ease.

Margaret Hale: [indignantly] You are mistaken. You don't know anything about the South. It may be a little less energetic in its pursuit of competitive trade but then there is less suffering than I have seen in your mills....and all for what?

John Thornton: We make cotton.

- Margaret Hale: Which no one wants to wear!
- John Thornton: I think that I might say that you do not know the North. We masters are not all the same whatever your prejudice against Milton men and their ways.
- Margaret Hale: I've seen the way you treat your men. You treat them as you wish because they are beneath you.
- John Thornton: [frustrated but calm] No. I do not.
- Margaret Hale: [Interrupting with her continued tirade before he can finish his response.] You've been blessed with good luck and fortune, but others have not..
- John Thornton: [speaking with some emotion] I do know something of hardship... [He gives Margaret a pointed look and she now sits silently.] ...sixteen years ago my father died... in very miserable circumstances. I became the head of the family very quickly. I was taken out of school. I think that I might say that my only good luck was to have a mother of such strong will and integrity. I went to work in a draper's shop and my mother managed so that I could put three shillings aside a week. That taught me self-denial. Now I'm able to keep my mother in such comfort as her age requires and I thank her, every day for that early training... so, Miss Hale, I do not think that I was especially blessed with good fortune or luck...
- [Margaret's eyes slowly lower away from his searching gaze.]
- John Thornton: I have overstayed my welcome.
- [John stands.]
- Mr. Hale: Oh..no, John... [Mr. Hale stands also.]
- John Thornton: Come Miss Hale, let us part friends despite our differences. If we become more familiar with each other's traditions, we may learn to be more tolerant, I think.
- [John Thornton puts out his hand to shake Margaret's as she turns to let him pass to the door, refusing his polite handshake. Confused by this rejection, he clinches his fist and lowers his hand.]
- [John Thornton walks out with Mr. Hale. Mr. Hale glances at Margaret as he accompanies John out of the room.]
- John Thornton: [to Mr. Hale.] I'll see myself out.
- Mr. Hale: Please, please come again, John.
- [Mr. Hale returns to drawing room where Margaret is clearing away the tea things.]
- Mr. Hale: Margaret! The handshake is used up here in all forms of society... I think you gave Mr. Thornton real offence by refusing to take his hand.

- Margaret Hale: I'm sorry Father...I'm sorry I am so slow to learn the rules of civility in Milton... but I am tired...I have spent the whole day washing curtains so that Mr Thornton should feel at home.... [Margaret takes a seat on the sofa.] so please... excuse me if I misunderstood the handshake... I'm sure in London, a gentleman would never expect a lady to take his hand like that... all unexpectedly.  
[Mrs. Hale looks very sympathetically at her daughter.]
- Mrs. Hale: And I'm sure I didn't know where to look when he talked about his past... his father might have died in the workhouse!
- Mr. Hale: ...I think it might have been worse than that. [He takes a seat in an easy chair.] According to my friend Mr. Bell, his father speculated wildly, and lost...he um...he was swindled by a business partner in London. He...um...he killed himself...because he couldn't bear the disgrace. [Margaret looks ashamed and chastised while Mrs. Hale appears very uncomfortable with the conversation.] Mother, and son and daughter lived on nothing for years, so that the creditors could be repaid... long after they had given up any hope of settlement.... Margaret?
- Margaret Hale: I think it very fine Father. I'm sorry to have offended your friend. And I must go to bed.

[Margaret leaves the room]

## Chapter 8

Chapter transcribed by mhjtbh (Australia)

**[View of The Lyceum. The street is busy with carriages. Margaret Hale stands at the bottom of the Lyceum steps briefly watching the workers as they enter the building.]**

**John Thornton and another master watch the arrivals to the Lyceum from a second story window.**

As Margaret reaches mid-way up the Lyceum stairs, she turns to look in the direction of the window as if she senses she is being watched. John Thornton is watching her and she turns to continue her ascent into The Lyceum. John turns from the window.

Mill Master Hamper, who is holding a tankard, raises it to point out a worker he sees.] \*

Mill Master Hamper: Ah ...put him down. He's one of ours isn't he?

Mill Master Henderson: Boucher ... he's Thornton's.

Hamper: [turning to John] Aren't you interested, Thornton? All mills together if you please. We need to show 'em. We know what they're up to and who they are.

John Thornton: [still looking out of the window] Let them meet, if that's how they want to spend their leisure time.

[View of room with the seven Mill Masters. Four are standing, three are seated.]

Henderson: We're all trying to work together Thornton.

John Thornton: [turns to face the room and Henderson] Are we? [He sounds sceptical.]

Henderson: What does that mean?

John Thornton: [moves towards Henderson] I overheard some of my men talking. It seems you're planning to give in to them. We agreed...we'd all be in line... so that the men would know we meant business and know that we kept our word.

Henderson: Well...I...

[John Thornton turns and walks away. Henderson turns to look at Watson but has been rendered speechless by Thornton's words].

**[Meanwhile men continue to arrive at the Lyceum. Mr Hale is sitting on a bench in the corridor watching them arrive. Margaret appears and greets him.]**

Margaret Hale: Father?

[She sits down beside him on the seat.]

Mr Hale: My pupils asked me if they could use the Hall for a special meeting. Who am I to force ecclesiastical architecture on them? [Margaret chuckles].

[A cheer goes up in the Hall which is now full of men.]

Higgins: Friends! ... Quiet please! [takes his cap off] Friends,... Welcome... Now this is the first time, we have ever gathered together!

[The men applaud]

Higgins: Now don't worry, we'll all get a chance to speak as long as we take our turn. Now I'm Nicholas Higgins, I work up at Hamper's Mill... --Now there's quite a few of us...

[Loud cheer]

Higgins: ... and some men from Thornton's at Marlborough Mill. [cheer]. Where's Henderson's? [cheer]... What about Slickson's [cheer].... Now.... Up at Hamper's, we've got a lot of work,.... the orders are flooding in....., and cheap cotton to meet them..... Now there's those of us that know..., that soon... , bosses'll be telling us although they are making a fat profit, they can't make our pay what it were five years ago!

[Enter Stephens]

Higgins: They'll make up a load of excuses - it's all because cotton's suddenly become more expensive... this, or that the machinery's packed up, the buyers can't pay so that there's no money to pay us! You've all heard it before!!

[Loud cheers and clapping from the men]

Worker 1: Aye the bosses make their own rules! Henderson says one thing, Hampers another! Different from one week t'next...but what's to stop them cutting pay again, eh?

Workers [shouting] Aye, aye, aye...

[Higgins points to worker 2 who has his hand raised.]

Worker 2: ...and if we quit over wages, there's more'll take our places

Higgins: ...and that is why, we must all work together. ... because next time one of our bosses plays tricks, we'll all know about it and if we all decide on a fair wage and none of us, none of us work for less, then for once, we'll have a say!!

[Loud cheers and clapping]

Worker 1: [yelling over cheering] What if bosses don't like it, eh? If bosses don't like it, what'll we do then?..... What'll we do then?

[Boucher raises hand to speak]

Higgins: [pointing to him] Boucher.

Boucher: Its.. ah..it's all right some of you talking brave. Nicholas here earns what? 15, 16 shillings in a week. He's only three to keep on it.... My wife's sick, I have six children, none of them old enough for factory work,. If I turn out, we'll not be able to live on 5 shilling strike pay from Union. Me children... they'll starve.

[There is silence in the Hall. All look to Higgins for an answer.]

Higgins: Look, I'm not saying that we're coming out today, I'm not saying we're coming out tomorrow, ... what I'm saying is, when the time comes, we will be ready. .. and we will...stick...together!!

[Loud cheers and clapping. Boucher looks disheartened]

**[Margaret and Mr Hale walk through the darkened streets]**

Mr Hale: Margaret, I know you and your mother feel I've let you down...

Margaret Hale: Father, no!

Mr Hale: No, you do. I know. ...but I hope you realise that the people up here,.. they aren't so very different, ... you know, they just have different ways.

[They continue walking.]

**[John Thornton is locking the gates of the Mill. As he goes to shut the gate, Stephens appears out of the shadows]**

Stephens: Master,....

John Thornton: What are you doing here?

Stephens: I beg you to take me back...

John Thornton: Get out!

Stephens: I were at meeting this evening...

[John Thornton walks towards him].

Stephens: [walking backwards] I could tell you what they're planning...what's in their thoughts... Please sir... I beg you.

John Thornton: [taking Stephens by the collar and shouts] Get out and don't come near this mill again!

[John pushes him away. He hears someone approaching]

John Thornton: Who's there?

Mr Hale: It's only us.

Stephens: [moving towards John again] I promise you...

John Thornton: [pushing him away yelling] Get away from here!!

[Margaret and Mr Hale watch Stephens retreat into the darkness, they turn back looking shocked.]

Mr Hale: Couldn't you show a little mercy?

John Thornton: Mr Hale! Please..... [calming down] do not try to tell me my business!

Margaret Hale: Remember, they do things differently here! [She turns her back on John.]  
Come, Father. [They walk away together.]

[John Thornton watches them walk away and sighs. He turns and walks back into the Mill, turning, with his hand on the gate, to give them one last look.]

**[Margaret Hale is in her bedroom. She is asleep with her head on her writing desk. She has been writing a letter and the quill is still in her hand]**

Margaret Hale:            [narrating her thoughts for the letter] I wish I could tell you, Edith, how lonely I am. How cold and harsh it is here.

[Cotton mill with machines, the workers and white cotton fluff floating in the air]

Margaret Hale:            Everywhere there is conflict and unkindness.... I think God has forsaken this place. .... I believe I've seen hell..... its white... it's snow white....

[In the background, John Thornton is seen pacing through the mill, visible only as a dark shadow through the floating cotton].



## Episode 2

### Chapter 1

Chapter transcribed by Genie-49 (Florida, USA)

**[The scene opens with the sight of the busy cotton mill. Men and women work their looms and children scurry about beneath the machines, collecting the ever-present fluff, which floats through the air and covers the floor.]**

Mill Worker 1: [overheard ]We need some more over here!

[Hannah Thornton oversees the operation with an imperious eye.]

Mill Worker 2 to Mill Worker 3 [seeing Hannah headed their way]: Look out, here's Your Majesty. I reckon she can smell it when you're not working.

Mrs. Thornton: hollering to Mill Worker 3] You there! Is the machine mended?

Mill Worker 3: Yes.

Mrs. Thornton: Then use it, for there's many to take your place.

[As Hannah Thornton walks through the machines, she notices one of the women clutching her daughter to her chest fervently.]

Mrs. Thornton: The child is ill. Send her home.

Mill Worker 3: I can't afford to.

[Hannah Thornton shows signs of annoyance, but offers a firm but merciful solution.]

Mrs. Thornton: The child cannot work. Is there another child at home? [Mill Worker 3: nods agreement] If you can get her here within the hour you can keep the place.

Mill Worker 3: Thank you.

Mrs. Thornton: In the hour, mind, or lose it.

[Hannah Thornton walks over to join her son, who is also watching over the smooth operation of the mill. She looks into his face, desiring to know his thoughts.]

John Thornton: Whatever you think best, Mother. You know how this mill works almost better than I do.

[Hannah Thornton smiles in response.]

**[Margaret narrates her thoughts to Edith Lennox as we see her taking her daily walk up the hill past the cemetery. Margaret's tone is optimistic, but her expression says otherwise.]**

Margaret Hale: [narrating her letter] You ask me what I miss most about the countryside. Well, Edith, in Milton you cannot feel the seasons change around you but I do think that at long last we have put winter behind us and I can resume my daily

walks.

**[John Thornton and Mill Master Slickson walk briskly through the yard at Marlborough Mills as they discuss Slickson's recent actions in dealing with the talk of a strike.]**

Slickson: I don't know why you're blaming me.

John Thornton: You can play your tricks out to Ashley. That's your decision. But if you get it wrong, we all suffer.

Slickson: They wanted 5%. Would you have given it them?

[Thornton stops walking and turns abruptly to face Mill Master Slickson.]

John Thornton: No, but I would've told 'em straight. I wouldn't pretend I were thinking about it and tell them to come back on payday, so that I could turn them down flat and provoke them.

Slickson: Are you accusing me of trying to encourage a strike?

John Thornton: You're tellin' me that it wouldn't have suited you? It's their lives and our livelihood you're playing with.

[Nearby, Boucher turns towards the masters as he hears this part of their conversation as the men continue through the mill yard towards the Thornton house.]

Slickson: You would handle your workers better?

John Thornton: I would not deliberately deceive them. Good day.

[Thornton leaves Slickson as he approaches the steps to his house. Margaret is looking down on him from the window in the sitting room. Hannah Thornton steps into the room holding a piece of paper. She speaks and Margaret turns sharply, having apparently been interrupted in her thoughts. Hannah Thornton looks vaguely uncomfortable at the idea of Margaret's call at the house.]

Mrs. Thornton: Here is the address of our doctor. You did not need to visit in person. You could have sent a servant. Oh, you've been in this heathen climate for some time now, Miss Hale. I'm surprised you haven't needed a doctor yet.

Margaret Hale: We don't. I came here personally because I didn't want to alarm my father. It's just a precaution ... in case. My mother has low spirits.

Mrs. Thornton: Really? We don't have much of that up here. But I'm sure Dr. Donaldson will try to help if he can.

Margaret Hale: I'm sorry to disturb you.

[After receiving the needed information, Margaret starts on her way out, but turns back as Hannah Thornton has more to say.]

Mrs. Thornton: You do not disturb me. But even you, not remotely interested in industry might know that there is talk of a strike. Not just here at Marlborough Mills,

but one that will affect the whole of Milton.

Margaret Hale: What would they gain by striking? They'll be wanting higher wages?

[As Margaret hears this, she is stunned and confused at this turn of events and conversation. Hannah Thornton however, appears annoyed at Margaret's naivete in the matter.]

Mrs. Thornton: That is what they will say. But the truth is ... that there are some men raise themselves to be masters, while others will always seek to pull them down. That is the way of the world Miss Hale, and there is nothing you or I can do about it. [Margaret nods her head indicating she understands. She turns around and walks away, leaving for home.]

## Chapter 2

Chapter transcribed by SearchyGirl (California, USA)

**[ Margaret Hale walks away from the Thornton's house and out through the mill yard.]**

Mill Worker: I need three over here!

Spinner Jenny: Hello, Miss Margaret! Been visiting the old dragon?

Margaret Hale: Hello, Jenny. How's your mother?

Spinner Jenny: Little better, miss.

[ Margaret smiles and turns to keep walking on her way, but stops and turns back to talk to Jenny and her friend.]

Margaret Hale: Do you like working here?

Spinner Jenny: Like it? Like work?

Jenny's Friend: It's the same as anywhere. Well, it's better than Hamper's. You can only earn four shillings there. I earn five and ten up here, but my dad makes me give him most of it.

Margaret Hale: What would you spend it on, if you could?

Jenny's Friend: Food, and then more food. I'd pile it up, great big plates.

Margaret Hale: So, would you join a strike? Well, I'm not saying there will be one; just if there was.

[The spinner girls see something behind Margaret; they both look down at the ground and do not answer her question. Margaret turns to find the cause and sees Thornton standing there looking intently at the scene before him. Margaret quickly turns back to the girls to catch a breath and then turns and walks towards Thornton.]

Margaret Hale: Your mother has kindly given me the name of a doctor.

John Thornton: [looking concerned] You're ill?

Margaret Hale: No. No, it's just a precaution.

[Thornton glances at the spinners behind Margaret and back to her face. Then he backs away slightly and starts walking. Margaret also glances back and then follows along to walk with him through the yard.]

Margaret Hale: Your mother is always accusing me of knowing nothing about Milton and the people who live here.

John Thornton: Doubt she meant you should hang on to the tittle-tattle of young piecers and spinners.

Margaret Hale: [smiling] Well, they weren't telling me any secrets.

John Thornton: There was a man with a survey here a few weeks ago. It's quite the new thing. They become practiced at telling others their wages and their working conditions.

Margaret Hale: Do you mind that? If they tell the truth?

John Thornton: Course not. I don't apologize to anyone about the wages I pay or how I run Marlborough Mills. It's no secret. It's in plain sight for all to see.

[Thornton and Margaret come to a stop and Margaret turns to face Thornton.]

Margaret Hale: And what about how they spend their money?

John Thornton: [crossing his hands in front of him] Well, that would be none of my business. My duty is to the efficient running of the mill. If I neglect that, all the workers will cease to have an income.

Margaret Hale: But what about your moral duty?

John Thornton: If she keeps to her hours and does nothing to disrupt the honest and efficient working of the mill, what she does in her own time's not my concern. Here in the North, we value our independence.

Margaret Hale: But surely you must take an interest?

John Thornton: I'm her employer. I'm not her father or her brother that I can command her to do as I please. Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Hale. I would like to play the overbearing master, but I'll answer your questions as honestly as I'm sure you ask them.

[Margaret has a look of semi-understanding on her face. Then her gaze is arrested by something she notices over John Thornton's shoulder. He looks backwards as well and we see Hannah Thornton watching them from the house window. John Thornton looks back at Margaret and quickly ends their conversation to move on to his business.]

John Thornton: Now, if you'll excuse me, I've urgent business.

[John Thornton walks away and Margaret takes another look at Hannah Thornton in the window.]

[ **The Higgins' house.** Margaret is visiting Bessy Higgins, who is making tea for the both of them.]

Margaret Hale: And all the time there she is, looking down on us like a great black angry crow guarding the nest. As if I were to ever consider her son as a suitor!

[Bessy laughs and Margaret is smiling. Bessie sits down across from Margaret after having put the water on the fire to boil.]

Bessy Higgins: Come on, don't say you haven't thought about it. Mind you, you'd have to get yourself some smarter clothes if you were to mix with them at Marlborough Mills.

Margaret Hale: [laughing] Thank you! I'll have you know these were new last year!

Bessy Higgins: You won't stand a chance. There's loads of girls after him.

Margaret Hale: Well, they're welcome to him, with my good wishes. I can say this. If I ever have a son I'll not hang on to him like she does.

Bessy Higgins: Well, I'll never be having children of any sort, so that won't be a problem. [She coughs as she pours the water for the tea.]

Margaret Hale: Bessy, is it really so bad?

Bessy Higgins: Fluff in me lungs. Won't go away, however much I cough. At least I won't grow too old and ugly! There is that. [said with a smile as she finishes pouring and handing the tea to Margaret.]

Margaret Hale: And this happened at Marlborough Mills?

Bessy Higgins: No. No. Must've happened when I were little. We didn't know of these things then. We all had to work. When Father found out, he moved me straightaway to Thornton's.

Margaret Hale: He loves you very much, doesn't he?

Bessy Higgins: Yes. Fathers and daughters. Mothers and sons. So maybe we shouldn't be too hard on old battleaxe Thornton! [they both laugh]

Bessy Higgins: Maybe your mother would be just the same if she had a son.

Margaret Hale: She does...have a son. I have a brother.

Bessy Higgins: Well now why didn't you ever say so before?

Margaret Hale: Because we don't talk about him.

Bessy Higgins: Come on, I could do with a good story.

## Chapter 3

Chapter transcribed by LookinGood (Northern Germany)

**[Inside the Higgins' house. Margaret Hale and Bessy Higgins talking.]**

Margaret Hale: I cried when Fred left home.

[Margaret waving goodbye to Frederick. As he walks away in his Naval uniform, he tips his hat and gives his family a big smile]

Margaret Hale: So did Mother, but he was desperate to go to sea, and Father thought it were the making of him. He left full of hope, but that was before he sailed with the captain. He was a monster. Once they set sail, the captain did, whatever he liked. He beat the children to within an inch of their lives.

Bessy Higgins: But couldn' they do anythin'?

Margaret Hale: They tried. Frederick and the others stood up to him. Some of them wanted to kill him. Eventually they put the captain and a few of his officers in a boat, and let it loose on the open sea. The Navy called it a mutiny, but Frederick really had no choice. He was branded the ringleader and called a traitor. Eventually the Navy printed a list of the mutineers.

[Mr. and Mrs. Hale are standing outside in the Helstone garden. Mrs. Hale reads the newspaper and then violently tears the paper into shreds before collapsing into tears. Mr. Hale tries to comfort his wife but is lost in his own thoughts and fears.]

Margaret Hale: And Fred's name was among them. It nearly killed my parents.

[Mrs. Hale seen crying, Mr. Hale comforting her.]  
[cut back to the Higgins' house, Margaret and Bessy]

Margaret Hale: He was in South America for a few years. Now he lives in Spain, in Cádiz.

Bessy Higgins: Spain! How romantic.

Margaret Hale: Sometimes I think I'll never see him again.

Bessy Higgins: But if i' could be told how he were put upon, how he defended others against that madman, surely the law would spare 'im?

Margaret Hale: [shakes head] Some of the sailors were caught ... they pleaded their case. Captain Reid was clearly insane, but they were hanged anyway. No, Frederick is safe in Spain, but if he comes home, he'll be condemned to death, I am sure.

Bessy Higgins: [leans forward, takes Margaret's hand] I suppose you can take comfort that he was so brave ...and acted to spare those sailors weaker than himself.

Margaret Hale: Yes, I do. But I confess that sometimes I wish he'd been more of a coward, if it meant that my mother might see him once more.

[ **Living-room at the Thornton's house.** Mrs. Thornton and Fanny Thornton sitting at the table doing paperwork. Fanny Thornton humming. John Thornton enters the room.]

John Thornton: Preparations already?

Mrs. Thornton: If we are going to entertain, we must do it properly. [quietly, to John] You're not regrettin' th' invitations, are you?

John Thornton: [in a low voice] No, no. Spend what you want. May have to be the last dinner party we have for some time. [louder] So... who's on the list?

Mrs. Thornton: Slickson's, of course. Fosters. Browns will decline, but we must invite them all the same. Hales will come, I presume?

Fanny Thornton: They are probably aware of th' very great advantage it would be to Mr Hale, to be introduced to people like the Fosters...

John Thornton: [annoyed] I am sure that motive would not influence them, Fanny.

[John Thornton walks away from the table and sits on a sofa, picking up a newspaper, ignoring her.]

Fanny Thornton: How you seem to understand these Hales, John. Do you really think they are so very different from any other people we meet?

Mrs. Thornton: He seems a worthy kind of man ... well, rather too simple for trade. She's a bit of a fine lady, with all her low spirits. As for the daughter, she gives herself airs! An' yet they're not rich, an' never have been.

[John Thornton's attention is diverted away from the newspaper, he is now listening to the conversation between his mother and sister] Fanny Thornton: And she's not accomplished, mother. She can't play the piano ...

John Thornton: Go on, Fanny. What else does she lack to bring'er up to your standard?

Mrs. Thornton: I heard Miss Hale say she could not play myself, John! If you would let us alone, we would perhaps see her merits and like her.

Fanny Thornton: I'm sure I never could.

[Fanny gets up, agitated, and sits down at a different table, picking up embroidery and starting to work. John Thornton gives up on his paper, gets up and wanders across the room to his mother.]

John Thornton: I wish you would try to like Miss Hale, mother.

Mrs. Thornton: Why? You've not formed an attachment to her, have you? Mind you, she'll never have you.

Aye, she once laughed in my face at the thought of it, I am sure she did.

John Thornton: She would never have me.

Mrs. Thornton: She's too good of an opinion of herself to take ye. I should like to know

where she'd find any one better.

John Thornton: [looks down] You can both believe me then when I say this out of complete indifference to Miss Hale: Mr Hale is my friend, she's his only daughter. I wish you would both make an effort to befriend her.

Fanny Thornton: Phf... --I only wish I knew why you talked about her so much. I am tired of it.

John Thornton: [angrily] What would you like us to talk about? How about a strike for a more pleasant topic?

Fanny Thornton: [stares at him, mouth hanging open in disbelief]

**[At the Lyceum, crowds of mill workers standing around, Boucher among them.]**

Nicholas Higgins: Now! Now, listen! The men up at 'ampers have been told not to expect a rise.

[Men shouting, and shaking their fists.]

Nicholas Higgins: How about Slickson's?

Worker 1: Nothin' yet.

Worker 2: Thornton will tell us Friday! [Men shouting]

Nicholas Higgins: So, what d'ye reckon?

Men: Strike! Strike! Yeah, strike!

[Boucher, looking grave and concerned]

Nicholas Higgins: I thought so. Now's the time. We will all stop our machines at the end of the day, Friday, ten minutes before time. And no-one, no-one will start them up!

Nicholas Higgins: [pointing at someone in the crowd] What ye?

Worker 3: What if Slickson decides to offer? Do anything to keep his mill working, a' advantage of others.

Nicholas Higgins: Then you still come out. Remember: If we all refuse to work --we are the strong ones!

[men cheering]

Worker 4: How long do you think, masters'll last out, if we're all together?

Nicholas Higgins: A week. Two weeks at most!

Worker 5: What if they sending for 'ands from Ireland?

Workers: They wouldn't dare! --Thornton would! He'd die before being dictated on! -- I'd take him down if he gives me half a chance! And every Irishman that takes away our wages!

[Men shouting. Boucher looking depressed.]

Nicholas Higgins: No! Listen! No. No violence. Masters expect us t' behave like animals. We'll show them we are thinking men. We will not be out-thought! The only enemy of our strike is ourselves! Now, we must manage this strike well, not like five year' ago, when half of us wen' back to work before the others.

Workers: Aye! Aye!

Nicholas Higgins: That understood?

Workers: Aye.

Nicholas Higgins: That is it. We keep together. Friday evening it is!

Workers: Friday! Yeah! Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! [clapping]  
**[The Thornton's house. John Thornton is in the living-room.]**

Mrs. Thornton: Are the hands about to turn out?

John Thornton: They're waiting for the moment I have to turn down their wage demands.

Mrs. Thornton: Are there many orders in hand?

John Thornton: Of course, we know that well enough. The Americans are flooding the market. Our only chance is producing at a lower price and faster. But the faster we fill the orders, the longer it takes for us to be paid for them.

Mrs. Thornton: How much are we owed?

John Thornton: The debts at the bank is nearly four hundred pound.

Mrs. Thornton: [sighs and sits down in a chair]

John Thornton: The men are less patient. They barely made up pay since their last cut.

Mrs. Thornton: Why don't they listen? They think that by just putting their ignorant heads together, they'll get their way.

John Thornton: Don't worry mother. It's a young industry, these problems will iron themselves out. We're not yet in a position of selling up.

Mrs. Thornton: Can't you get men from Ireland? Then you could get rid of the strikers. --I would. I'd teach them, that I was master and could employ who I like.

John Thornton: Yes, I can. And I will, too, if the strike lasts. It'll be trouble and expense, but I will do it, rather than give in.

[Hannah Thornton nods, turns and takes a pile of cards from a nearby table]

Mrs. Thornton: If there's to be this extra expense I am sorry we are giving the dinner this year.

John Thornton: We should go on as before. No more, no less. [gets up, walks past his mother, touching her shoulder]

**[The Hale's house. Margaret coming down the stairs carrying a gown on her arms]**

- Margaret Hale: There, now, mother. Surely one of these would do for Thornton's? [walks into the living-room where Mrs Hale, Mr Hale and an unknown man wait]
- Margaret Hale: Excuse me.
- Mr. Bell: Ah! And this is Margaret, of course. You know the last time I saw you you were eight years old running around Helstone with your brother.
- Margaret Hale: Oh, Mr. Bell. Of course. [puts down the gowns] How do you do?
- Mr. Bell: Well, Hale, I thought then she would grow into a handsome young woman, but this goddess I'd never have imagined.
- Mr. Hale: Come, come, Bell, Margaret will not understand your humour.
- Mr. Bell: Oh! No offence, my dear.
- Margaret Hale: Of course not. I... –I am pleased you've come to visit at last.
- Mr. Bell: With all this talk of strike, I thought I'd better check with my banker whether I should sell up my property.
- Margaret Hale: Surely not. We're not even certain there'll be a strike, are we, father?
- Mr. Hale: Ah, I don't know. Seems to be that masters and workers will never see eye to eye. In my teaching capacity, I meet many a working man. They have some dreadful tales ... and speak from the heart [Mr. Bell listening intently] ... and have arguments for the strike which appear to me to be entirely logical. You know they suffered a pay cut 5 years ago and have never got back to those wages. No, though the price of food goes up all the time. [Margaret Hale also listening intently] Then our friend Thornton comes to read and he answers my questions and puts the other side so eloquently... I truly don't know what to think.
- Margaret Hale: [with a slightly negative tone in her voice] I'm sure Mr. Thornton does put his own view very eloquently. [Mr. Bell picking up on the tone in her voice]
- Mr. Hale: I'm surprised the Thornton's are having a dinner, with trouble looming.
- Mr. Bell: Oh, the Thornton's have an annual dinner on exactly the same date every year. Time nor tide stops for Mrs. Thornton's dinners. She does not turn back for any man.
- Margaret Hale: Now, that is very true.
- Mr. Hale: You know, Margaret's made friends amongst the workers.
- Mr. Bell: Really? Extraordinary girl!

**[Mill yard of Marlborough Mill, seen from first floor window, over the shoulders of Mrs. Thornton and John Thornton.]**

Mrs. Thornton: You said no?

John Thornton: They were expecting it.

[View from outside looking towards Hannah and John Thornton, looking grave.]  
 [Inside Marlborough Mill, machine hall. All the machines are running full tilt. Boucher looks around, then at the clock which reads 7:47 pm. The Foreman/gaffer looks at his pocket watch. The workers look around and continue to work. Boucher is knitting his brow. The clock now reads 7:50. Boucher and other workers cut the power to their looms and begin to leave the hall. The large flywheel, crank shafts and transmission belts all come to a standstill. ]

[Inside the Thornton's house, Hannah Thornton, lifts her head, listens, and then looks at the clock.] [Back at Marlborough Mill, the workers are leaving. Boucher exchanges a look with John Thornton, who is looking down upon them from the steps that lead to his office. He is expressionless but standing tall. Hannah Thornton watches them from the window.

**[ The Hale's house. Living-room, Margaret Hale sitting at the table, writing a letter]**

Margaret Hale: I am sorry to have taken so long to reply to your last letter, when you were asking which colour would suit the baby best. I do so long to see him. [picks up light blue piece of cloth] I am sure he'll look splendid in whatever you choose. I've been very busy. It's strange, for the rest of Milton is not at work.

## Chapter 4

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

[Closing the door after herself, Margaret is coming down the steps to the street in front of her house. She carries a basket]

Margaret Hale: [continuing her letter] The mills have been dark for some weeks, and the streets are strangely quiet. People try to scrape what living they can, but all around there is desparation. [Fewer peddlers are selling their wares, some carts are abandoned, empty.]

[Margaret walks through a narrow street hung with drying cloth.]

Margaret Hale: Both workers and masters are holding fast to their positions. Neither will give way, and no one can say how long the strike will last.

[Close up of Mrs. Boucher looking gaunt and dull. She has her arms around her child and is rocking it as it cries.]

John Boucher: [next door at the Higgins'] Huh? No! My wife! No, no! She's just sinking away. She can't stand the sight of her little 'uns starving. She'll be dead before we get our five per cent! I hate you! You and the whole pack of the union.

You said it'd take two weeks. Two weeks, you said! It's been twice as long as that, and my little 'uns are lying in their beds too hungry to cry.

Nicholas Higgins: Don't. Don't!

[He has been listening to the man's story and can't take it any more. Bessy and Mary Higgins are huddled in each other's arms at one side of the room.]

Nicholas: Now, I told you I would take care of you... [crashing some money down on the table in front of Boucher so hard that the girls jump] and I pledge my heart and soul that we will win.

Boucher: You expect a man to watch his children starve 'ere he dare go against union. [child still crying as he walks to the table to get the coins] You've no more pity for a man than a pack of hungry wolves. [The door opens and closes on him, Nicholas stands there with a grim face.]

[Margaret is setting out the food in her basket for someone in the street.]

Margaret Hale: [still writing to Edith] We do what little we can. I feel guilty that we do not go hungry and helpless in the face of so much suffering. [Walking on, she encounters a beggar, and gives him a coin from her purse.]

[Now Margaret sits at the Higgins house with Nicholas.]

Nicholas: She's a bit down in the mouth today. The strike's been going on too long.

Bessy Higgins: Do you blame me? [standing close by] What about the Bouchers?

Margaret Hale: I left a basket outside the door.

Bessy Higgins: He's got less spirit than Father and more mouths to feed. The masters'll try anything to get them back. How are you gonna stop 'em going to work while you all stay out?

Nicholas: We'll be persuasive. [loudly, looking at Bessy, then Margaret, and dropping his head]

Margaret Hale: Where I come from in the South, if the field labourers strike, the seed would not be sown and there'd be no harvest.

Nicholas: So?

Margaret Hale: What would become of the farms?

Nicholas: The farmers would have to give them up, or maybe they could pay a fair wage for once!

Margaret Hale: Suppose they couldn't, even if they wished to? Then they'd have no corn to sell and no wages to pay the next year.

Nicholas: [impatiently] I don't know about the South. I've heard there are a lot of

unspirited, downtrodden men.

[Bessy starts to cough, and Nicholas gets up to help her.]

Margaret Hale: I'm sure I'm very ignorant. But surely not all the masters would withhold pay with no reason.

Nicholas: You're a foreigner. You know nothing! And to hell with Thornton's, Slickson's, Hamper's! To hell with the lot of them.

Margaret Hale: Is Mr. Thornton really as bad as the rest?

Nicholas: He's a fighter, fierce as a bulldog.

Margaret Hale: He's better-looking, surely, than a bulldog? [looking at Bessy who laughs]  
Nicholas: He'll stick to his word like a dog, I'll give him that. He's worth fighting with. That's the best I'll say for him. [sighs] I'll not argue with you, miss. [looking at Bessy] See you later, lass.

Bessy Higgins: [after her father is gone] He doesn't mean to shout. They're all nerves at the minute.

Margaret Hale: Where's he going?

Bessy Higgins: Golden Dragon. He has a pint pot to... calm himself sometimes. He talks so certain, but he's worried about keeping the strike together. There's a lot of men, and not all of them have the same discipline as Father.

## Chapter 5

Chapter transcribed by AnothaFan (South Island, New Zealand)

[At the Thornton residence. Mr. Bell, Mr. Hale & Margaret Hale are standing beside the dinner table. There is background chatter & other guests in the room. Hannah Thornton approaches them.]

Mr. Hale: Ah, Mrs. Thornton!

Mrs. Thornton: I hope it is silent enough for you tonight, Mr. Hale. The men have been gracious enough to turn out for the last month, so all is quiet for our dinner party.

[Fanny Thornton & Margaret Hale are standing together, Fanny smiles at Margaret.]

Fanny Thornton: I'm sorry that your mother is ill.

Margaret Hale: It's nothing serious, I'm sure. She is just a little tired.

Fanny Thornton: [slightly hesitating] I wonder if she might like to try the water mattress. It's the very latest thing, a mattress that fills with water. Gives great comfort to the back.

Margaret Hale: Have you been ill, Miss Thornton?

Fanny Thornton: Oh no, no. I am very delicate. I send off for the latest inventions, just in case. Mother doesn't approve.

[Margaret's attention wanders across the room]

Slickson: [in the background] Ah, Thornton, good evening.

[John Thornton nods to Mrs. Slickson, shakes hands with Slickson, turns to Henderson and Watson.]

John Thornton: Slickson, good evening. Henderson. Watson.

[Fanny Thornton is glancing around and smiles as people pass by. Margaret Hale is looking on. Hannah Thornton is standing with Mr. Hale, but looking at Margaret Hale. John Thornton approaches Mr. Bell who is standing beside Mr. Latimer and Miss Latimer. John Thornton and Mr. Bell shake hands.] Mr. Bell: Ah, Thornton. I took the liberty of inviting myself, knowing your mother's hospitality.

John Thornton: I hope you're not worrying about Marlborough Mills. We'll ride out the strike just as we always have.

Mr. Bell: I've always had complete faith in you Thornton, but obviously in the present situation..

John Thornton: It's nothing I can't handle.

Mr. Bell: No, of course not. [turns to Mr. Latimer and Miss Latimer.] Thornton knows everything in matters of business. He has my every confidence.

Mr. Latimer: [shakes hands with John Thornton] Thornton.

Mr. Bell: Thornton, you know Miss Latimer?

[John Thornton takes Miss Latimer's hand, Miss Latimer curtsies and smiles at John Thornton. Margaret Hale is watching them. Henderson approaches John Thornton.]

Henderson: Thornton, who's that fine young lady?

[John Thornton looks towards Margaret Hale, Margaret smiles back. Fanny Thornton smiles at both.]

[John Thornton approaches Margaret Hale, with a warm smile on his face. Margaret holds out her hands and clasps John's hand in both of hers.]

Margaret Hale: See, I am learning Milton ways, Mr. Thornton.

John Thornton: [looking warmly at Margaret] I am sorry your mother was unable to join us.

[Margaret Hale gives a slight nod of acknowledgement and their hands separate.]

Slickson approaches them.]

Slickson: Thornton, I must speak with you.

[Margaret Hale glances at Slickson, John Thornton gives an even briefer glance at Slickson, his eyes are on Margaret.]

John Thornton: [regretfully] Excuse me. [John Thornton walks away, Margaret Hale turns to watch his progress.]

Slickson: [in the background] Have you left word at the barracks?

John Thornton: It's been done.

[John Thornton and Slickson are facing each other.]

Slickson: Men on horseback, armed?

John Thornton: All those arrangements have been made.

Slickson: If they find out you are planning to break the strike by bringing Irish workers...

John Thornton: I take this risk for myself. You need not join in.

Slickson: [sighs]

John Thornton: I can and will protect myself and anyone that works for me from any kind of violence.

Slickson: I sincerely hope so.

[Margaret Hale has been looking in John Thornton's direction, but turns to Mr. Bell on his approach.]

Mr. Bell: Well really, Thornton is most ungallant this evening, leaving the most glorious woman in the room to talk to that slimy eel Slickson.

[John Thornton looks in their direction.]

Mr. Bell: Now then, who can we introduce you to? Come with me.

[Mr. Bell leads Margaret Hale away, Margaret looks back towards John Thornton.]

**[The guests are seated around the dinner table.]**

Mr. Bell: I hear Arnold is moving lock, stock and barrel to America.

Watson: America? I'll be damned.

Slickson: That's what I'd like to do, pack up and leave. The damn strikers'd have no work at all then.

Mr. Bell: Well, they have no work at the moment.

Slickson: There is work. They choose not to do it. Thornton? What do you think?

John Thornton: Oh, I think our Mr. Bell is up to his old tricks, playing with words at the expense of us simpler fellows.

[Mr. Bell inclines his head and smiles at Mr. Thornton, Margaret also smiles.]

John Thornton: But it's a serious question. I don't want to manufacture in another country, but it's logical for others to try if they cannot make enough profit here.

Fanny Thornton: What do you think, Miss Hale? Surely you don't condone the strikers?

Margaret Hale: Well, no. Well, and yes. It is surely good to try to see both sides of a question.

[John Thornton smiles.]

Fanny Thornton: Mrs. Arthur saw you taking a basket to the Princeton district the other afternoon.

Margaret Hale: I have a good friend in Princeton. Her name is Bessy Higgins. Watson: Higgins? [There are serious looks from around the table.] Watson: Isn't he one of your union leaders, Hamper?

Hamper: Yeah. He's a terrific firebrand. A dangerous man.

Mrs. Thornton: [scornfully] I'm surprised, Miss Hale, that you keep such company.

Margaret Hale: Bessy is my friend. Nicholas is a little...

Hamper: Nicholas? She's on first name terms.

[The other guests at the table are shocked]

Margaret Hale: Well, Mr. Higgins has been made a little wild by circumstances. But he speaks from his heart, I'm sure.

Hamper: Well, if he's so determined, I'm surprised he'll accept charity.

Margaret Hale: Well, he doesn't for himself. The basket was for a man whose six children are starving.

Hamper: Ah, well. Then he knows what to do. Go back to work.

[There are murmurs of assent around the table.]

Mr. Bell: I believe this poor starving fellow works at Marlborough Mills, doesn't he, Margaret?

[There is silence around the table. Mrs. Thornton looks serious.]

John Thornton: You do the man, whoever he is, more harm than good with your basket. Well,

as you could say, the longer you support the strikers, the more you prolong the strike. That is not kindness. They will be defeated, but it will take longer. Their pain will be prolonged.

[There is applause and murmurs of assent around the table.]

Margaret Hale: [explaining defensively] But surely to give a dying baby food... is not just a question of logic. Mr. Hale: Mrs. Thornton, um, I really must congratulate you on these magnificent... um, table settings.

[Mrs. Thornton looks perturbed at Margaret.]

Mr. Hale: Um, I don't believe I've seen finer table decorations even in the grandest gatherings in Harley Street.

John Thornton: Not all masters are the same, Mr. Bell. You do us an injustice to always think we're all up to some underhand scheme or other.

[The guests chatter in the background. John Thornton sips from his glass. Margaret looks subdued. Thornton puts his glass back down and looks away from Margaret. He turns and smiles warmly at the guest on his left.]

## Chapter 6

Chapter transcribed by Genie-49 (Florida, USA)

**[Margaret, Mr. Hale and Mr. Bell are walking home from the dinner party. It is late evening. As Margaret nears her home, she notices another man leaving her house. Margaret stops to wonder what this is about.]**

Mr. Hale: [speaking to Mr. Bell] Do come in. Maria may still be up. [Mr. Hale calls out to Margaret] Margaret?

[Margaret hurriedly makes her way to the kitchen where Dixon is working.]

Margaret Hale: Who was that, Dixon?

Dixon: Who?

Margaret Hale: The man I saw leaving the house.

Dixon: What man?

Margaret Hale: [slightly annoyed with Dixon's games] Dixon.

Dixon: It was a doctor. Dr. Donaldson.

Margaret Hale: Mother?

Dixon: [keeping busy, not wanting to look at Margaret] He was just making his usual visit.

Margaret Hale: His usual visit? How long has he been coming here? [Dixon's sighs heavily, and resigns herself to tell Margaret all.]

[Mrs. Hale is resting on the couch quietly. Margaret is standing in the door way watching her. Mrs. Hale looks her way.]

Mrs. Hale: Margaret....! Why are you hiding over there? [Margaret, appearing downcast, enters the room and holds her mother's hand briefly.]

Mrs. Hale: Oh, now, now! What's this?

[Margaret, looking very saddened, stands before her mother for a moment, before sitting down in front of her. Margaret hangs her head. There is an awkward silence.]

Mrs. Hale: [in a hushed voice] Dixon told you, didn't she? She promised she wouldn't.

Margaret Hale: I made her.

Mrs. Hale: It was Dixon who said that you shouldn't be told.

Margaret Hale: What does Dixon know? She's a servant. I'm your DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Hale: Shh... I don't want your father to hear. Don't be angry with Dixon. She loves me.

Margaret Hale: No. I'll try not to.

Mrs. Hale: I keep thinking about Helstone. How, I used to complain about it sometimes and want to leave. And now, I'll never see it again. That's my punishment. And Margaret .....[Mrs. Hale's voice is breaking.] I can't stop thinking about Frederick. I'll never see him again either! [sobbing and sniffing] Oh, Margaret, it's so hard.

Dixon: [Entering the room, goes to Mrs. Hale.] There, there, now. Shh...shh... shh... [the sobbing is intensifying] Dear...dear... dear...

[Margaret steps back out of Dixon's way and is overcome by this heart wrenching moment.]

[Later ...In the kitchen, Dixon and Margaret discuss this turn of events.]

Dixon: There now, miss. You would know! Now you'll fret before you need to. Likely tell the master too. Then I'll have the whole house to deal with.

Margaret Hale: No, I won't tell father. I can bear it better than him.

Dixon: So I see! [exhaling loudly] I've known for some time now how ill she is. And, though I don't pretend to love her as you do, I've loved her better than anyone else in the whole world. [a moment's pause] I'll never forget the first time I saw her. The young Miss Beresford. I broke a needle into my finger. I was so nervous .... and she bound my hand with her own handkerchief. And then.... when she returned from the ball .....she remembered to look in on me. She changed the handkerchief for another one. [Dixon looking wistful and lightly

crying.] She was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen....or seen since.  
 [gathering composure] Now, miss, you'd best get to bed! You're gonna need a clear mind in the morning.

Margaret Hale: [standing to leave...] I'm sorry I get cross with you, Dixon.

Dixon: Oh, bless you. I like a bit of spirit! When you're all fired up, you remind me of Master Frederick. That is a welcome sight.

[Margaret leans over and gives Dixon a kiss on the cheek. Dixon looks thankful as Margaret leaves.]

**[It is late night, Boucher is by the railroad tracks where the cotton is shipped to the area.** He is gathering loose pieces of coal and wood. Behind him he hears the chatter of a group of people. He sees Thornton and his Foreman walking with this arriving group. Boucher knows that the Irish have arrived.]

Irishman: You'll take us to the factory in the morning, sir? [Thornton is busy counting the new arrivals and notating them in his book - he does not hear the Irishman's question.]

Foreman: [to Thornton] That's the lot for tonight, Mr. Thornton. We can't risk bringing any more in before daylight.

Irishman: Come on, O'Neil! Keep up, now.

[Boucher takes all this in and moves quietly away.]

## Chapter 7

Chapter transcribed by SearchyGirl (California, USA)

**[The next morning, Margaret is seen posting a letter to her brother.** She then heads in the direction of Marlborough Mills. Margaret walks through the eerily silent streets of Milton approaching the imposing dark green gates of Marlborough Mills, which are unnaturally closed. Her footsteps echo loudly. She rings the bell at the gate and takes a look around her at the quiet and empty streets. The gate opens and the mill overseer utters a sigh of relief at the sight of her.]

Mill Overseer: Oh, it's you, miss. [with a nod of his head he ushers her inside the gate and closes it behind them.]

Mill Overseer: Did you see anyone in the street?

[The two of them walk towards the Thornton house as they talk.]

Margaret Hale: No. That's very odd, isn't it? Where is everyone?

Mill Overseer: I think we'll know soon enough. Best get inside the house, miss, and bolt the door behind you.

[The mill overseer leaves Margaret to take herself to the house. Margaret looks up to

the mill windows to see the frightened faces of the Irish workers. We see the empty mill yard as she walks up to the house.]

[Many noisy feet and voices are seen and heard running down the steps. We then see John Thornton locking the mill door from the outside. More running feet and angry voices...] [Inside the Thornton house. Margaret is waiting in the sitting room with Fanny.]

Fanny Thornton: Mamma will be here in a moment Miss Hale. She asked me to apologize.

Margaret Hale: Did I see faces in the mill?

Fanny Thornton: My brother has imported hands from Ireland. They're huddled up in the top room.

Margaret Hale: What are they doing there?

Fanny Thornton: They're frightened. The strikers have frightened them so that they don't dare work and we don't dare let them out.

Margaret Hale: Poor wretches.

Fanny Thornton: Mamma is seeing to their food and Johnny is trying to calm them down. Some of the women are wailing and begging to go back home. Ah, here's Mamma.

Margaret Hale: Excuse me, Mrs. Thornton, I'm sorry to bother you at such a time. My mother...Fanny mentioned you had a water mattress that we might borrow?

[Hannah Thornton looks preoccupied and has only half-heard what Margaret has been saying. She looks out the window as Margaret continues.]

Margaret Hale: I am sorry, I thought...

[The strikers have reached the mill gates and are angrily banging against them. Margaret rushes to the window to see what the noise is. John Thornton is running through the mill yard towards the house, and gives a backward glance towards the gates. Margaret's looks out of the window upset and confused. The rioting strikers are getting louder, yelling taunts at Thornton.]

Boucher: [half-climbing the gate and yelling through it] Thornton!! Thornton!!

[John Thornton reaches the house and enters. The angry mob is growing all the time in ferocity, pushing vigorously against the gates.]

Mob Voices: Push it down!!

Fanny Thornton: [frantic] They're coming! They're coming! They'll kill us all!

Mrs. Thornton: Shhhh!! [trying to calm down a hyperventilating Fanny]

John Thornton: [entering the room] Keep her here at the back of the house mother.

Mrs. Thornton:           How soon can the soldiers be here?

[John Thornton looks down at his watch and back up at his mother. They understand the look between them, and Fanny seems to as well as she becomes more frantic and crumples to the floor while her mother tries to hold on to her.]

John Thornton:         Try to stop her panicking.

Mrs. Thornton:         Miss Hale!

[Thornton rushes out of the room to find Margaret. The mob is banging vehemently at the gates. John reaches Margaret who has been staring out the window at the unfolding scene.]

John Thornton:         [slightly breathless] Miss Hale, I am sorry you have visited us at this unfortunate moment.

[The crowd's angry banging has succeeded and the gates give way to their force. The men and women run into the courtyard yelling and screaming.]

Mob Voices:            They're in there somewhere! Go on! Go on, lads! We'll find 'em! It's not right! I've a family to feed! Get the Irish out!!

John Thornton:         [at the window with Margaret, viewing the courtyard] Oh, my God! They're going for the mill door!

[Several members of the angry mob are banging at the mill door.]

Mob Voices:            Get the Irish Out!!

Margaret Hale:         [back at the window, looking out] Oh, no! It's Boucher!



[The rioting strikers have gathered beneath the window where John Thornton and Margaret are looking out and all eyes and shouts are towards Thornton.]

John Thornton: Let 'em yell. Keep up your courage for a few minutes longer Miss Hale.

Margaret Hale: [taken aback] I'm not afraid. But can't you pacify them?

John Thornton: The soldiers will make them see reason.

Margaret Hale: Reason? What kind of reason?

[Margaret is looking straight at John Thornton at this point and now he turns to look right at her, no longer at the crowd. He looks almost stunned by her strong words.]

Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton, go down this instant and face them like a man. Speak to them as if they were human beings! [He looks out the window at the screaming faces again, whilst Margaret still looks straight at him.] They're driven mad with hunger. Their children are starving. They don't know what they're doing. Go and save your innocent Irishmen.

[He stares at her for a moment before rushing towards the stairs. Margaret once again looks at the enraged mob and yells back at John Thornton.]

Mr. Thornton, take care!

[Thornton opens the front doors with confidence and the mob voices rise in volume once again. He stands on the stoop with his arms crossed. In the crowd, Boucher reaches down and picks up a rock. Margaret sees the action as well and rushes down the stairs to join John Thornton and speak to the crowd.]

Margaret Hale: In God's name, stop! Think of what you're doing! He is only one man and you are many! Go home! The soldiers are coming!

[Her words pacify the mob somewhat and their voices become quiet. As Margaret speaks to them, John Thornton calmly walks out from behind her to stand beside her.]

Margaret Hale: Go in peace. You shall have an answer to your complaints.

Man in Mob: Will you send the Irish home?!

John Thornton: Never!!

[The crowd erupts with a new found vehemence of attitude.]

John Thornton: [addressed to Margaret] Go inside, this is not your place!

Margaret Hale: They will not want to hurt a woman!

[Margaret throws her arms around John Thornton's neck in an effort to protect him from the mob. He struggles to release her grasp and get her inside to safety.]

John Thornton: Go inside or I will take you in!

[Meanwhile, Boucher has raised his rock in hand and taken aim at Thornton. He throws it, but it misses Thornton and hits Margaret on the temple. She falls limp in John Thornton's hands and he lays her on the doorstep. The crowd once again falls quiet. Boucher and Stephens look worried. John Thornton is kneeling over Margaret's unconscious body, his hand hovering over her bleeding head, but not daring to touch it. He turns and rises, anger flaming into his eyes.]

John Thornton: [yelling] Are you satisfied?! You came here for me so kill me if that's what you want!

[He stands to face the mob with his arms outstretched. The crowd is still standing silently. The sharp whistles of the soldiers ring out and the mob scrambles to escape the courtyard. The soldiers on horses knock out whomever they can in the mob as they run past.]

**[Back inside the Thornton's sitting room. Margaret lies unconscious on the couch.]**

Fanny Thornton: Is she dead?

Jane the Maid: No, Miss Fanny, she's breathing but she looks very bad.

Fanny Thornton: Oh, where is mother? We need a doctor. [Fanny fans herself vigorously.]

Jane the Maid: Well she had to get through the rioters. She were the only one of us brave enough to go. Did you see miss?

Fanny Thornton: What?

Jane the Maid: Miss Hale. What happened down below. Did you not see Miss Hale clinging to the Master?

Fanny Thornton: No. [with an expression of extreme shock – staring at Margaret's figure on the couch.] Did all the servants see?

Jane the Maid: We had a good enough view from top window.

Fanny Thornton: Mamma's sure she's set her mind on John. This proves it.

[Margaret opens her eyes slowly and tries to sit up.]

Fanny Thornton: Oh, quick, Jane! Fetch some water! There, there...Miss Hale. You lie quietly. [Fanny finally stops fanning herself to fan Margaret, from somewhat of a distance.] Mother's gone for the doctor. He will be here soon! [said in a tone reminiscent of one talking to someone slow of hearing.]

Margaret Hale: I don't need a doctor. I must go home.

[Hannah Thornton enters the room with Doctor Donaldson.]

Fanny Thornton: No, you can't! Ah Mother, thank goodness you're back! Miss Hale's just...

Mrs. Thornton: Is she worse?

Margaret Hale: No, I'm quite well. I want to go home.

[Doctor Donaldson looks at her eyes and the wound briefly. Hannah Thornton looks quite concerned, while Fanny seems to cringe and want to look away in the background.]

Doctor Donaldson: Mmm, looks worse than it is.

[Hannah Thornton looks relieved and Fanny looks much more at ease.]

Doctor Donaldson: [while cleaning up the blood from her head wound.] But you've had quite a blow, young lady. You'd better rest here a while.

Margaret Hale: No, you know my mother is unwell. She must not be alarmed. If she hears of this... I will go now. [very weakly, but decidedly spoken.]

Mrs. Thornton: [Looking incredulously at Margaret, then for verification from the doctor.] Surely not, doctor?

Doctor Donaldson: I think she must be allowed to do as she will. I'll take her with me in the carriage; see she reaches home safely. The streets are still very noisy.

Mrs. Thornton: [looking at a clearly weak Margaret, she relents to the doctor's judgment, although it clearly goes against her own.] Very well.

**[An alleyway in the streets of Milton.** The whistles of the soldiers can be heard, along with the yells of both soldiers and mob members. A few of the rioters run down the alleyway. The last one is Boucher, who has been injured in the leg somehow in the scuffle. He sits panting heavily against a wall behind a huge kettle. The soldiers do not see him.]

Soldier: This Way!

**[The bottom floor of Thornton's mill where Thornton is meeting with a couple of the mill owners and the constable.** He is staring out the window at the front door of his house.]

Constable: Mr. Thornton? Don't worry sir. We'll catch the ringleaders.

Mill Master Henderson: [addressed to Mill Master Slickson] Thornton's come up smiling again. Those hoodlums have broken the strike.

Mill Master Slickson: Didn't even have to use his Irishmen.

[John Thornton gazes intensely out the window towards the windows of his house. He is clearly thinking of Margaret's well-being at the moment, not the rioters. He visualizes seeing her unconscious and bleeding on the doorstep.]

**[Margaret walks into her house, clearly still dazed.** She notices a spot of blood on her dress from her head wound. She briefly looks at herself in the mirror and covers the wound with her hair. As she takes a step on the stairs, her mother calls to her.]

Mrs. Hale: Margaret, is that you?

Margaret Hale: Yes, Mother. I...I'll be in soon. I must wash. The streets are very dusty today.

**[Thornton's sitting room.** Fanny is now laying on the couch being fanned by Jane. John Thornton walks in.]

John Thornton: Where is Miss Hale?

Mrs. Thornton: She has gone home.

John Thornton: Gone home? That is not possible.

Mrs. Thornton: Really, John, she was quite well!

John Thornton: Mother, she took a terrible blow. What were you thinking of letting her go home?

Mrs. Thornton: Everything was done properly. Doctor Donaldson was called. In fact, I went for him myself as no one else seemed to have a mind to go.

John Thornton: Thank you mother. The streets were dangerous. You should have...

Mrs. Thornton: I'm sure it's not possible to keep such a headstrong young woman anywhere she does not care to be. She's such a reckless young woman.

John Thornton: Jane, have you nothing to be getting on with?

Jane the Maid: Miss Fanny, sir, she...

Fanny Thornton: I was so scared John! Believe me, I almost fainted! I thought they would break down the door and murder us all! And...

Mrs. Thornton: Oh Fanny, don't be so ridiculous.

John Thornton: You were in no danger.

[Fanny is in shock at being responded to in this manner and appears to be gasping for something to say. John Thornton walks over and picks up his hat from a table near the window.]

Mrs. Thornton: Where are you going?

John Thornton: To see if Miss Hale is well.

Mrs. Thornton: [said as John Thornton walks through the room on his way out.] I sent her

home in a carriage with Doctor Donaldson. Everything was done properly.  
John!

[The tone of this exclamation stops him and he looks at his mother.]

Mrs. Thornton: I'm asking you not to go.

**[Outside the Higgins' house.** Mary Higgins exits the front door in a hurry. she is half-running through the drizzling weather.]

**[The Hale's sitting room.** Margaret is attending to her sleeping mother as her father enters the room and clutches his wife's hand.]

Mr. Hale: I...I hear there's been...some violence up at Marlborough Mills. I do hope there's not too much damage.

Dixon: [entering the room] There's a young lady wants Miss Margaret. I told her to go but she's very distressed. Said her name's Mary.

[Margaret goes to the front porch where Mary Higgins is waiting.]

Mary Higgins: I'm sorry miss! I didn't know what to do! Bessy's been took so very ill!

[Margaret hurriedly throws on her shawl and rushes with Mary towards the Higgins' house.]

**[The cemetery in the hills on the outskirts of Milton.** John Thornton is walking pensively.]

**[Margaret is comforting Bessy at the Higgins' house** as Bessy coughs and cries, clutching Margaret's hand tightly, with Margaret calmly rubbing her back.]

**[The Thornton's sitting room.** Hannah Thornton looks somewhat worried as her son enters and puts his hat down on the table.]

John Thornton: Still up? I thought you'd be exhausted.

Mrs. Thornton: [as she embroiders something, facing the opposite direction of her son.] Why should I be? Where have you been?

John Thornton: Just walking. [He walks further into the room and unties his cravat. Now his mother can see his face.]

Mrs. Thornton: Where have you been walking?

John Thornton: I promised you I would not go there and I did not.

Mrs. Thornton: But?

- John Thornton: But. [He comes and sits by his mother.] Mother, you know I will have to go there tomorrow and you know what I will have to say.
- Mrs. Thornton: Yes. You could hardly do otherwise.
- John Thornton: What do you mean?
- Mrs. Thornton: I mean that you are bound in honour as she has shown her feelings for all the world to see.
- John Thornton: Her feelings?
- Mrs. Thornton: She rushed out in front of an angry mob and saved you from danger. Or are you telling me I imagined that? You think none of the servants saw it? Do you think it's not become the tittle-tattle of Milton?
- John Thornton: She did save me. But, Mother, I daren't believe such a woman could care for me.
- Mrs. Thornton: Don't be so foolish. And what more proof do you need, that she should act in such a shameless way?

[John Thornton sighs and Hannah Thornton reaches out and gently strokes his face.]

- Mrs. Thornton: I'm sure she will take you from me. That is why I did not want you to go to see her today. I wanted one last evening of being the first in your affections. [looks at her embroidery work] I will have to change the initials on our linen. It will bear her name now, hers and yours.
- John Thornton: I know she does not care for me. But I can't remain silent. I must ask her.
- Mrs. Thornton: Don't be afraid, John. She has admitted it to the world. I may yet even learn to like her for it. It must have taken a great deal to overcome her pride.

**[Workers walk up the stairs to begin work at the mills.** The mill is busy and noisy with activity again, and the yard is filled with productivity instead of rioters. Thornton leaves his house and walks through the yard.]

**[Margaret's bedroom.** Margaret reads a letter from her cousin Edith.]

- Edith Lennox: [Narrating] Dear Margaret, if only Uncle would bring you all home you wouldn't need to witness such suffering. As for feeling guilty, Margaret, surely you can have nothing to reproach yourself for. After all, the workers chose to go on strike and I am sure you've done your best to help. Even when we were little girls you always did the right thing.

[Margaret smiles a tiny half-smile and then looks up, gazing pensively.]

## Chapter 8

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

**[At the Hale's house, John Thornton stands at the lace-curtained window, hands clasped behind his back, waiting for Margaret. His head is bowed and he looks troubled. He hears the door open behind him and turns, composing his face to greet Margaret, then moves to close the door after her. Margaret looks uneasy, too, when he passes by her and back again to glance down at a bowl of fruit on the table.]**

- John Thornton: I had not noticed the colour of this fruit. Miss Hale, I'm afraid I was very ungrateful yesterday.
- Margaret Hale: You've nothing to be grateful for.
- John Thornton: I think that I do.
- Margaret Hale: Why, I did only the least that anyone would have.
- John Thornton: [wrinkling his brow unbelievably] That can't be true.
- Margaret Hale: Well, I was, after all, responsible for placing you in danger. I would have done the same for any man there.
- John Thornton: Any man? So you approve of that violence. You think I got what I deserved?
- Margaret Hale: Oh, no, of course not! But they were desperate. I know if you were to talk to them...
- John Thornton: I forgot. [sighing] You imagine them to be your friends.
- Margaret Hale: But if you were to be reasonable...
- John Thornton: Me? Are you saying that I'm unreasonable?
- Margaret Hale: [trying again] If you would talk with them and not set the soldiers on them. I-I know they would...
- John Thornton: They will get what they deserve. [he pauses coming closer and changing his tone] Miss Hale, I didn't just come here to thank you. I came because...I think it very likely... I know I've never found myself in this position before. It's difficult to find the words. [looking introspective, then softly] Miss Hale, my feelings for you are very strong.
- Margaret Hale: Please, stop. Will you - Please don't go any further.
- John Thornton: Excuse me?
- Margaret Hale: Please don't continue in *that* way. It's not the way of a gentleman. [withdrawing to the window]
- John Thornton: [angrily walking around his side of the table] I'm well aware that in your eyes

at least I'm not a gentleman. But I think I deserve to know why I am offensive.

Margaret Hale: It offends me that you should speak to me as if it were your *duty* to rescue my reputation.

John Thornton: I spoke to you about my feelings because I love you. I have no thought for your reputation!

Margaret Hale: You think that because you are rich and my father is in reduced circumstances that you can have me for your possession? I suppose I should expect no less from someone in trade.

John Thornton: [upset that she can't or won't understand him] I don't want to possess you, I wish to marry you because I love you!

Margaret Hale: You shouldn't because I do not like you and never have. [turns away to the window]

[There is silence for a moment.]



John Thornton: One minute we talk of the colour of fruit... the next of love. How does that happen? [turns away]

Margaret Hale: [brokenly] My friend Bessy Higgins is dying.

John Thornton: And that, of course, is my fault, too?

Margaret Hale: [turning back to him] I'm sorry.

- John Thornton: For *what*? That you find my feelings for you offensive? Or that you assume that because I'm in trade I'm only capable of thinking in terms of buying and selling? Or that I take pleasure in sending my employees to an early grave?
- Margaret Hale: [distressed now] No! No, no, of course not. I...I'm sorry to be so blunt. I have not learnt how to...h-how to refuse. How to respond when a man talks to me as you just have.
- John Thornton: Oh, there are others? [Margaret shakes her head anxiously] This happens to you every day? Of course! You must have to disappoint so many men that offer you their heart.
- Margaret Hale: Please understand, Mr. Thornton...
- John Thornton: I *do* understand. [looking intently at Margaret] I understand you completely. [opens the door and quickly leaves]

[Margaret looks as though she would say more to try to make things better.]

## Episode 3

### Chapter 1

Chapter transcribed by LookinGood (Northern Germany)

**[Street in front of the Hale's house.** Door opens, John Thornton comes out, gazing down, then stopping in the middle of the hustle and bustle on the street. Margaret Hale picks up John Thornton's gloves from the coffee table.

John Thornton continues walking through the streets of Milton without acknowledging anyone, including Boucher and Mr. Bell, who greets him but does not get a reply. John Thornton walks up a hill through the cemetery.]

**[Inside the Higgins' house.** Margaret Hale and Bessie Higgins sitting on Bessie's bed, looking at bobbin-lace.]

Bessie Higgins: And what would I be doing w' som'thin' so grand as that? [puts a piece of lace on her head]

Margaret Hale: Please, Bessie. I wore these when I was a child. Not fit for darning.

Bessie Higgins: [giggles and coughs] all right then, I'll keep just this one. Only to look at, mind.

Margaret Hale: Where's Nicholas?

Bessie Higgins: Oh, he's been brought so low b' the way the strike's gone. He were a committee man, here. He thought they stood a good chance, this time.

Margaret Hale: Has everyone gone back to work?

Bessie Higgins: They lost their spirit after the violence at Marlborough Mills. Fools. What w' they thinking of, throwing stones at a woman.

Margaret Hale: I'm sure it wasn't so very bad, whatever was done.

Bessie Higgins: 't was enough! [coughs] An' Father, when he's that angry with the men who broke the strike, he....You see, I wish I knew where he was. [starts crying] I've never seen him like this, Margaret. I'm worried about what he might do...

**[Mill yard of Marlborough Mills, seen from first floor window.** John Thornton standing at a different window, looking out]

Hannah Thornton: Well, at least we've got the machines goin' again.

John Thornton: [nods absently]

Mrs. Thornton: And the Irish?

John Thornton: They're settled. They've had a good meal, and... I sent for the Catholic priest, Father Patrick, he seemed to calm them down. I'll have to send them home,

got workers clamouring to come back.

Mrs. Thornton: [continuing her embroidery] Serve them right if we kept the Irish workers...

[Thornton walks across the room behind the chair of his mother, putting a hand on the backrest.]

John Thornton: By the way, I was right, Mother.

[Hannah looks up, expectantly, and with a slightly worried expression]

John Thornton: Miss Hale will not have me.

[Hannah sighs and slumps a bit in her seat. John Thornton bows and kisses his mother on the forehead]

John Thornton: No one loves me. No one cares for me but you.

[Thornton starts walking away. Mrs. Thornton holds him by the sleeve of his coat and pulls him to squat beside her. ]



Mrs. Thornton: [stroking his face] A mother's love holds fast and forever. A girl's love is like –a puff of smoke. Changes with every wind.

John Thornton: I knew I wasn't good enough for her... And I think I love her more than ever.

Mrs. Thornton: I hate her. I've tried not to, when I thought she would make you happy.

[Thornton looks at his mother in surprise and walks away from her.]

Mrs. Thornton: I'd give my live's blood for that! Who is she that she dares to reject you!

John Thornton: No!

Mrs. Thornton: It's no good John. Your sorrow is mine. And if you won't hate her, then I must.

John Thornton: She does not care for me, and that is enough. The only thing you can do for me is never say her name again. [turns and faces his mother] We will never talk of her again.

Mrs. Thornton: With all my heart. ... How I wished that she and all her family would be swept back to the place they came from!

[ **The Hale's house.** Living-room with Mr. and Mrs. Hale, Mr. Bell and Margaret.  
On the table a bowl of fruit, most prominently freshly picked red currants.]

Mrs. Hale: How kind of Mr. Thornton!

Mr. Hale: Most splendid fruit I've ever seen. Best in the county, I shouldn't wonder.

Mrs. Hale: And a card. Written in his own hand! He has always been most civil and thoughtful, but I wouldn't have thought that he'd have the time. He's had so much trouble with the rioting. [coughs into a lace handkerchief].

Mr. Hale: It shows his high regard for you, my dear.

Mrs. Hale: Margaret, you must visit Marlborough Mill, and ask after Mrs. Thornton, and thank Mr. Thornton for this most gracious gift.

Margaret Hale: [looking up from the book she is reading] I am sure a note would do as well, Mama. [returns to reading]

Mr. Bell: I saw Thornton in the street today. He didn't seem quite so in control as usual.

Mr. Hale: Really?

Mr. Bell: He seemed very distracted this morning. I thought he might have been visiting, it was just nearby.

Mr. Hale: Margaret?

Margaret Hale: Excuse me. [gets up and leaves the room, climbing upstairs]

[Mr. Hale and Mr. Bell get up and watch her leave.]

Mr. Bell: Has it ever occurred to you there might be something between Thornton and your daughter?

Mr. Hale: Good Lord, no! Certainly not. Well... I suppose it's possible on his side, but for Margaret, it's quite out of the question, she's never liked him, poor fellow. Pray, he doesn't get his hopes up.

[Mr. Bell looking thoughtful.]

**[Street outside the Higgins' house, then to the inside of the house. Nicholas Higgins, Boucher and Bessie Higgins]**

Nicholas Higgins: Hide you? You've got a nerve!

Boucher: You wouldn't give us up!

Nicholas Higgins: Wouldn't I? [grabs him by the shirt and shoves him against the wall] You've ruined the strike!

Bessie Higgins: There's no use in fighting!

Nicholas Higgins: What'ye think you were doin'? Violence at Thornton's, half killing a woman, my god, a woman!

Boucher: 't were Thornton's fault, he'd been hin--

Nicholas Higgins: No goin' against the law, that was the iron rule! We're in the right. We could've taken everyone with us, but you... You had to act like a senseless, crazed animal as they think we are. You want me to hide you from the police?! They'll think I'm one of the ringleaders. I'm a committee man, a union man, people trust me! Trust my word!

Boucher: ... Ye said two weeks. The strike weren't workin', when it were gonna end? It's all right for you, your wife and children ain't starving.

Nicholas Higgins: And neither would yours! I gave you my word and I keep my word!

[Boucher starts crying, doubling up on his chair]

Nicholas Higgins: God, you disgust me. You'r' pathetic. You could'a been born with a king's fortune, you still would'a failed them. You'r' only in this world to bring us all down, your family, your friend, the union...

[Boucher lounges at Higgins' throat. Higgins pushes him away, flinging him onto the ground]

Nicholas Higgins: I'll be telling the police where you are. I'll tell them where you are!

[Boucher moves towards the door, opens it and runs out.]

Nicholas Higgins: [at the door] I am giving you up, John Boucher!

Bessie Higgins: [on her bed] Stop!

[Bessie starts wailing and coughing, Nicholas sits down beside her and takes her into his arms, and sighs]

**[Street scene somewhere in Milton. Mr. Bell walking along the pavement, Mr. Thornton can be seen on the other side of the street, approaching]**

Mr. Bell: Thornton! Thornton!

[John Thornton touches his hat.]

Mr. Bell: Congratulations! .....On handling the strike. I trust everything's back to normal?

John Thornton: Well, business is a bit more complicated than that. It'll take a while.

Mr. Bell: Ah! You know the Latimers of course.

John Thornton: Of course. [touches his hat]

Mr. Bell: Ah, Margaret! Over here! [waves her over]

[John Thornton turns slightly]

Mr. Bell: Now look at this! What luck! Two of the prettiest girls in Milton. You remember the Latimers, Margaret? My banker and therefore a very important man. [Mr. Latimer touches his hat.] And this is Ann, recently arrived home from Switzerland, I believe, and very much finished. [John Thornton looks at Margaret from under his hat.] Now, where're you off to, my dear?

Margaret Hale: Nowhere.

Mr. Bell: That's all right, you can have your little secrets. All young women must have their secrets, isn't that one of the joys of life?

John Thornton: I wouldn't know. Good day. [touches his hat and leaves, with Ann Latimer at his arm. Margaret follows him with her eyes.]

Mr. Latimer: What's the point in spending a fortune on education, if you have to spend another on the wedding, once they're back? [turns towards Margaret, then joins Mr. Bell in laughing]

Mr. Latimer: Good day, Miss Hale. Bell. [touches his hat and leaves]

[Mr. Bell still smiling, then catching Margaret's look]

Mr. Bell: I am sorry, my dear?

Margaret Hale: Mr. Bell... I am grateful for the friendship you give my father. Goodness knows he's felt alone in Milton, but--

Mr. Bell: --but you wished I would mind my own business and stop being so damned facetious. You are absolutely right, my dear, and it will stop immediately. But you know, I do take an interest. I would like to think, if you were in need of help I would be the first you'd call upon.

Margaret Hale: You've my word, Mr. Bell. You'll be the first.

[Mr. Bell offers her his arm and they walk away as Margaret turns her head and looks after Thornton and the Latimers.]

## Chapter 2

Chapter transcribed by Thomas591 (Western USA)

[At the Hale's. Thunder rumbles. Mr. Hale is standing and staring. Margaret comes into the room behind him.]

Margaret Hale: Father. You're back early.

Mr. Hale: Yes, er...one of my pupils cancelled our appointment, and I came back looking forward to Mr. Thornton's lesson, only to discover that he also fears he might find himself too busy to read this evening. [holds out Thornton's note to Margaret]

Margaret Hale: It has been a busy few days. No doubt Mr. Thornton will resume his lessons when things quieten down.

Mr. Hale: No doubt. No doubt. [resigned] Maybe I'll write him a little note of encouragement, hoping he can come later.

[Margaret looks expectantly at the letters in her father's hand]

Mr. Hale: Margaret, are you expecting a letter?

Margaret Hale: No...Yes. Father, I've got something I have to tell you. I've written to Frederick. I-I know that I shouldn't have.

Mr. Hale: [gravely] Because of your mother. And...you think he needs to come quickly? [Margaret nods affirmatively, and he looks frightened.]

[Sitting now at the table together in candlelight]

Margaret Hale: Please say I did the right thing, Father. Is the danger to Frederick so very great?

Mr. Hale: Oh, yes, my dear. I'm afraid it is. The government MUST take harsh measures against those who set themselves up in opposition to its authority, especially at sea, where the captain must expect extra support so far from home. [thunder] There is still a large reward out on Frederick. [Margaret stares down worriedly.] Maybe we could get the letter back. When...when did you post it?

Margaret Hale: Several days ago. [Mr. Hale sighs deeply] But surely everything happened so long ago.

Mr. Hale: The navy spares no expense. They send out ships specifically to hunt the seas for the guilty men. It's as fresh and vivid a crime as if it happened yesterday. And nothing but blood...will wipe it clean.

Margaret Hale: But Fred's innocent! Surely there is justice. We must trust that he'll be...

Mr. Hale: No. [definitely shaking his head]

Margaret Hale: If only I hadn't written. [thunder] Supposing I have only encouraged Frederick to come back to a court martial? That would kill Mother for sure.

Mr. Hale: No, my dear, you did well. You acted from the heart. You were brave for your mother's sake. [his hand on her cheek] I'm glad you didn't tell me, for I might have stopped you.

Margaret Hale: [at her desk writing] Dear Edith, I hardly know how to begin. There are things I SO want to talk to you about...[looks up introspectively] but I can't find the words. [Decisively crumpling up the paper, she gets up to go, taking her shawl from the back of the chair.]

**[Margaret hurries down the street to Bessy's house, and knocks swiftly at the door. It's opened by Mary Higgins, tears running from her eyes.]**

Margaret Hale: I came for a chat with Be-

Mary Higgins: Oh, miss...[She lets Margaret in, and Margaret removes her hat when she sees Bessy lying so still on the bed. Bessy is holding the scrap of lace Margaret gave her at her last visit. Mary is crying when Nicholas enters the door attracting their attention. He is silent as he comes closer to the bed, but his face grows sorrowful and tears form in his eyes. He touches Bessy's hand looking down at her.]

Nicholas Higgins: Were you with her? [looking at Margaret]

Margaret Hale: [shaking her head] I'm sure it was peaceful. Look at her face, Nicholas. There's no more pain.

Nicholas Higgins: [breaking down] She's-she's not supposed to go before me. It doesn't make sense. It's not the natural way of things. You sure she's dead, she's not in a faint or something before?

Margaret Hale: No, Nicholas. She's dead.

Nicholas Higgins: Ah! [Crying, he sits to gather Bessy in his arms. Margaret comforts Mary beside him.]

**[Boucher limps down a cloth-hung street towards two men talking.]**

Man: ...how long it's going to take us to get back on our feet? [Seeing Boucher, they leave quickly. Boucher's smile turns to a resigned look and he limps on.]

**[A funeral carriage sits in the street. Business bustles on as usual around it. Inside the Hale's home** Nicholas Higgins sits with Margaret and Mr. Hale at the kitchen table.] Nicholas Higgins: [sitting with Margaret and Mr. Hale at the kitchen table] My poor Bess. She lived the life of a dog. Hard work and illness. She never had one moment of rejoicing.

- Mr. Hale: She may not have had an easy life, but she will find comfort in the next.
- Nicholas Higgins: [laughing ironically through his tears] I'm not saying I don't believe in your God, but I can't believe he meant the world to be as it is. The masters ruling over us, the rest of us...left to live a half-life in the shadows.
- Mr. Hale: He gave us the world and our wits and intelligence to discover the grace and beauty in others...
- Nicholas Higgins: [getting up] And I'm to believe that he gave some more than others, and that was his will?
- Mr. Hale: It's our duty to make peace with others. It's a pity that you seem to think in terms of...war and strife. I know there's suffering, and I know there are cruel and greedy masters, but surely it would be better for people of goodwill on both sides to sit down and share ideas of how to do God's will, to live together in peace and harmony. Wouldn't you think a man like...like Thornton would be open to ideas?
- Nicholas Higgins: [incredulous] Thornton? He's the one that brought in the Irish that led to the riot that broke the strike! Even Hamper would have waited, but Thornton, he's got no deceit about him. And now, just when we needed him to be hard, to hunt down men like Boucher and men who betrayed us, what does he do? He says *he's* the injured party. He won't press charges. They'll not get employment, they're well known. That's punishment enough, he says. I thought he'd have more guts.
- Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton was right. I know that you're angry with Boucher, but even you must see that anything more would look like revenge.
- Nicholas Higgins: [sighs sitting down again and weeping as he remembers Bessy] My poor Bess. She said the strike would be the end of her. And it's all because of *weak* men like Boucher!
- Margaret Hale: Not everyone is as strong as you, Nicholas. To last out the strike for so long..
- Nicholas Higgins: People of the same trade must stick together. If they don't...men have ways and means.
- Margaret Hale: Ways and means?
- Nicholas Higgins: Aye, ways and means. We can cast a man out, pretend he doesn't exist. No one will look at him or talk to him...
- Margaret Hale: [sad and disturbed] You talk of the tyranny of the masters, Nicholas.

Nicholas Higgins: [rises abruptly in anger, scraping back his chair] Now don't worry, Mr. Hale. I haven't forgotten who's lying dead at home and how much she loved your girl. I'll just say this. Being in the union...it IS like being in a war. And with a war comes some crime. [quietly] But it would be a greater crime to do nothing. [Nicholas gives a straight look at Mr. Hale. Mr. Hale's glance falls first. Nicholas leaves.]

[Mr. Thornton quickly climbs the stairs crowded with merchandise to arrive at the Hale's street. He stops when he sees Margaret standing with Nicholas Higgins at the Hale's doorstep, holding his hand at parting on the steps.]

Margaret Hale: Look after yourself.

[Nicholas turns and leaves. Margaret notices John Thornton standing at a distance watching them. Her face shows concern for John, but he glares back and goes back the way he came.]

**[Margaret comes downstairs at home with an armload of books.** She heads for the shelves to put them away, passing her mother and Dixon who are sitting. Dixon is carefully administering a drink to Mrs. Hale as her mistress reads a letter.]

Dixon: Doesn't the mistress look well today, Miss Margaret? She's done a good two inches of needlework, and she's read her post.

Mrs. Maria Hale: More letters from your Aunt Shaw, inviting us to the Great Exhibition. Oh, I do wish I could go. [to Dixon] Don't worry I know I shouldn't. But you could go, Margaret. It sounds so exciting. With bears and elephants and exotic people and inventions from all over the Empire.

Margaret Hale: I can't go to London. Not when you're...Not until I know you're feeling better. [putting books up]

Mrs. Hale: Yes, but...if you went, you could tell me all about it and maybe bring me something back. And that would give me something to look forward to.

Margaret Hale: [smiling] I'll think about it. [Dixon smiles, too, and gets up to do something at the table.]

Mrs. Hale: You've written Frederick, haven't you? [A look is exchanged between Dixon and Margaret, Margaret nods a yes to her mother. Dixon sits again with Mrs. Hale.] Now I think about it, I'm afraid of him coming...in case he should be taken. After all of these years that he's kept away and lived safely.

Margaret Hale: [comes to kneel by her mother's chair] There is a risk, but we will be careful. If we were still at Helstone, people would know who he was. People would remember. While here, nobody knows or cares for us to notice what we do.

Mrs. Hale: I suppose there is some virtue in being uprooted and friendless. [chuckles with Margaret]

Dixon: I'm glad that Miss Margaret wrote. I was thinking of doing so myself.

Margaret Hale: And Dixon will keep the door like a dragon, won't you?

Dixon: They'll have to be clever to get past *me!* [Mrs. Hale leans back in her chair.]

## Chapter 3

Chapter transcribed by Anothafan (South Island, New Zealand)

**[London. The large exhibition hall is filled with crowds of people.** Margaret is walking and looking around at the exhibits with great interest. She is accompanied by Aunt Shaw, Captain Lennox, Cousin Edith, and Henry Lennox.]

Aunt Shaw: I suppose it's only right that we've invited people from all over the Empire, even if some of the exhibits are a little exotic.

Margaret Hale: [smiling] I think it's wonderful. It seems as though all the world is here for us to see.

Captain Lennox: I was impressed by the machinery. I have to say, I never realised the power of it... and the money to be made from cotton. [turning to Henry] Maybe we should go into cotton.

Henry: [blandly] I should think it takes a deal more energy than you have, Maxwell. And we don't need heavy machinery to make money in London. [Looking directly at Margaret] Nor do we need to suffer the Northern climate. Do we, Miss Hale? [Margaret turns to look at him, as he continues.] I ask the expert amongst us.

Margaret Hale: It's true. The air is not so clean in Milton.

[Margaret wanders away from the group.]

Edith: [to Henry] Margaret has always had a mind of her own, Henry.

[Margaret is walking amongst the exhibits. There is machinery clonking in the background. John Thornton is heard talking to a group.]



John Thornton: You're all here to see this fine machinery. [Margaret's attention is caught by Mr Thornton.] Technologically, we're the envy of the world. [She moves to stand at the back of the group.] If only there was a mechanism to enable us all to live together, to take advantage of the great benefits that come from industry. But that will be for future generations. We can bring back marmosets from Mozambique, but we cannot stop man from behaving as he always has.

Man: Don't you think we can bring about an end to strikes?

John Thornton: Not in my lifetime... but with time and patience, we might try to bleed them of their bitterness. [John notices Margaret.] Miss Hale here knows the depths we men in Milton have fallen to. How we masters only strive to grind our workers into the ground.

Margaret Hale: I certainly do not think that... as Mr Thornton could tell you, if he would know me at all.

[Margaret turns away from the group, Mr Thornton goes through it to follow her. He catches up with her in a couple of easy strides and turns to face her.]

John Thornton: I presumed to know you once before and have been mistaken.

[Fanny and Miss Latimer approach them.]

Fanny: Miss Hale! [flatly] How delightful.

[Mr Thornton looks slightly irritated.]

Margaret Hale: [to Fanny] You've managed to come to London at last.

Fanny: Mother allowed it only because John was coming, and Miss Latimer of course,

who she approves of greatly. Seems to think is far more sensible than me.

[Henry Lennox approaches them.]

Margaret Hale: Henry. Do you know Mr Thornton?

Henry: [taking a look at Mr Thornton] Mr Thornton. All the way from Milton.

[Mr Thornton gives a slight nod.]

Henry: My brother is interested in dabbling in cotton.

Thornton [disdainfully]: I'm not sure I'm the one to speak to. I'm not sure I'd know how to *dabble*.

[Henry smirks.]

John Thornton: [abruptly] I must go. You may enjoy the machinery like an exhibit in the zoo. I have to go and live with it. I must get back to Milton today. [He turns away.]

Henry: Give our regards to the Hales. [somewhat smugly] You must tell them how the London break is suiting Miss Hale. Don't you think Thornton?

[Mr Thornton looks back at him, with a glare.]

Henry: Doesn't Miss Hale look well?

[Mr Thornton holds his look at Henry, then glances at Margaret.]

John Thornton: Good day. [He turns away.]

Margaret Hale: [looking suddenly after Mr Thornton] Tell Mother I'll be home soon, with so much to tell her.

[Mr Thornton pauses but doesn't turn around, he then walks away.]

Fanny: Ooh! John is such a stick-in-the-mud!

[Fanny turns away, Miss Latimer follows her. Mr Latimer approaches Margaret and Henry from one direction, Aunt Shaw from the other direction.]

Aunt Shaw: Who was that? Is it anyone we should know?

Mr Latimer: Poor Thornton. I tempted him down here to try to raise finance for Marlborough Mills. And he's had to face all kinds of inquiries. Starry-eyed Londoners who think they only have to snap their fingers to make a fortune in cotton.

Henry: I'd hardly have thought a manufacturer would've appreciated a show like this.

Margaret Hale: [earnestly to Henry] No, you're wrong. I've heard him talk often with my father. He's very interested in the world. Really, I know him to be.

## Chapter 4

Chapter transcribed by AnothaFan (South Island, New Zealand)

### **[Walking through the busy mill yard, Mrs Thornton makes her way to the Hales.**

Dixon and Mrs Thornton are standing at the bottom of the staircase, at the Hales residence.]

Dixon: The missus is sorry for keeping you waiting, Mrs Thornton. Would you please come up.

[They make their way up the staircase and enter Mrs Hale's room. Mrs Thornton sits down beside the bed and Dixon leaves. Mrs Hale is lying in bed, quite unwell. She reaches out her hand to Mrs Thornton. Mrs Thornton looks perplexed, then hesitantly takes Mrs Hale's hand.] Mrs Hale: [weakly] My daughter Margaret... [wheezing slightly] I will be dead soon.... I want you to look after her.... My own sister, she travels, often... Margaret has no woman's guidance.

Mrs Thornton: I'm sure your daughter makes her own choices. I cannot make her change her mind. She has already made her decisions... [becoming haughty] I'm surprised she's not here, as you're not well.

Mrs Hale: I made her go. I.. I was feeling a great deal better, but... [swallowing] I wish you to be a friend to Margaret.

Mrs Thornton: I'm afraid it is not in my nature to show affection... even when I feel it. [softening towards Mrs Hale] But I promise that if Miss Hale should ask me for help, or if... or should I ever hear of her doing something that I see as wrong...

Mrs Hale: But Margaret never does anything wrong.

Mrs Thornton: I will counsel her as I would my own daughter... [smiles slightly] I promise.

Mrs Hale: I pray to God to bless you for your promise, to be kind... to my child.

[Mrs Thornton nods her head in acknowledgement.]

**[Margaret is looking out of a train window. The train whistles and moves along the track, northbound.]**

## Chapter 5

Chapter transcribed by mhjtbh (Australia)

**[Margaret is seated beside Mrs Hale's bed. Dixon enters the room and stops a little behind Margaret.]**

Margaret Hale: [remorsefully] I should never have gone, Dixon.

Dixon: She wanted you to go. She was happy for you. This last turn happened very suddenly.

[The doorbell rings from downstairs.]

Dixon: [sighing] Oh, who'd come visiting at this hour? [turning slightly] I'll get the master.

Margaret Hale: [rising from the chair] No, I'll go. Don't disturb him.

[Margaret leaves the room. Dixon sits down in the vacated chair.]

[Margaret descends the stairs in the dark holding a candle. A knock is heard at the door as she places the candlestick on the table. She unlocks and opens the door.]

Low voice: Is Mr. Hale in?

Margaret Hale: [whispering] Frederick! Come in! Frederick!

[Margaret pulls Frederick inside quickly as he takes his cap off. They hug one another joyously.]

Frederick Hale: Mother?

Margaret Hale: She's still alive. She's as ill as she could be but she lives.

Frederick Hale: Thank God

Margaret Hale: Father ....

Frederick Hale: [cutting her off] You did expect me, didn't you?

Margaret Hale: I knew that you would come but we've had no letter!

Frederick Hale: No, I travelled before it... but you knew I'd come...

Margaret Hale: Of course. I didn't dare think it would be so soon!

Mr. Hale: [calling from the top of the stairs] Margaret? Did I hear the door?

[He stops at the bottom as he sees Frederick. Frederick and Margaret turn to look at him. Frederick and Mr. Hale walk towards one another. Mr. Hale takes Frederick's face between his hands.]

Mr. Hale: My dear boy! You've come home! [They embrace.]

**[On the following day, Mr Thornton is standing on the front step of the Hale's house** holding a basket and a book. Margaret comes out of the front door and closes it behind her]

John Thornton: Miss Hale?

Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton...

John Thornton: I've only come to return this book to your father and I've taken the liberty of bringing some fruit for your mother.

Margaret Hale: [taking the book and basket] Thank you...

[Mary Higgins ascends the stairs to pass Mr. Thornton. Margaret hands her the basket and book.]

Margaret Hale: Oh, thank you Mary, please take these through to the kitchen.

[He takes off his hat as Margaret turns back once more to face him]

John Thornton: You must excuse me. I thought that I would still be welcome here despite our... despite what's passed between us... as your father's guest at least.  
Margaret Hale: Indeed. You are welcome but...

[He looks past Margaret into the hallway and sees a man's hat and coat on the rack.]

John Thornton: I'm sorry, you have company already.... [He turns to leave.]

Margaret Hale : No! Indeed we do not! There is no one here!

[He stops and turns to look at her as laughter is heard from an upstairs room.]

John Thornton: Good day Miss Hale. [He turns to leave, puts on his hat and begins to walk away. She calls after him.]

Margaret Hale: Mr Thornton, please.... My mother is ill! Things are not as they seem! Please believe me that I mean no discourtesy towards you and that you are most welcome.....

[John walks away from her down the street.]

**[Margaret walks into the drawing room carrying Mr. Thornton's basket.**

Frederick is seated in an armchair]

Frederick Hale: Who was that? The same tradesman that came earlier?

Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton? He's a manufacturer.

Frederick Hale: Tradesman; manufacturer...it's all the same. What did Father mean by coming all this way and placing you in the company of these people ....

Margaret Hale: [interrupting him] Mr Thornton is .... he's a gentleman, Fred....And has been very good to us...

Frederick Hale: I'm sorry.... [sighing] ...who am I to criticise.... I've neglected you and Mother all these years... you don't know how much it pains me not to be able

to thank those who have been kind to you. Your life and mine must always be separate... unless I run the risk of court martial..... [smiling] or if you should come to Spain.... You know, I have a good position there, and ah.....

Margaret Hale: ..and?

Frederick Hale: The girl I wrote to you about... Dolores? --I only wish you knew her. You would love her! You and Father and Mother.

Margaret Hale: Tell me about her. We could do with talking of lovely joyful things.

[Dixon enters the room, looks at both of them and nods solemnly.]

**[In Mrs. Hale's room.** Mrs Hale is propped up on the pillows. She appears to have difficulty breathing. Margaret and Frederick sit on either side of her holding her hands. Mrs. Hale looks at first Frederick, then Dixon and finally Margaret. She closes her eyes and breathes out, losing consciousness and dies peacefully.]

Frederick Hale: [his voice full of emotion] She's not gone?

[Margaret looks at him with tears in her eyes. Dixon begins to cry.]

Frederick Hale: Margaret?

[Frederick begins to cry. Margaret turns to see Mr. Hale looking in from the doorway. He walks into the room as Margaret bows her head and cries.]

[View of the Milton graveyard with Milton in the distance. Boucher stumbles up the hill through the graves]

### **[Mr. Hale in his wife's bedroom]**

Mr. Hale: [speaking to his wife as if she were still alive] ... and then I'm to go to Croxley to read with the Smithers boy. He's a diligent lad; hardworking but slow... I don't think he'll make much of a scholar...

[Dixon dressed in mourning clothes watches Mr Hale from the doorway. She bows her head. Mr. Hale kneels at his wife's bed.]

Mr. Hale: ...but his parents hope that with enough help, he can get a decent education.

## **Chapter 6**

Chapter transcribed by SearchyGirl (California, USA)

**[A worker, Leonards, walks down a busy street in Milton.**Dixon is walking in the opposite direction.]

Leonards: Miss Dixon?

[Dixon turns to see who is speaking with a blank look of barely veiled mistrust.]

Leonards: Well, fancy seeing you ‘ere.Maybe you’re not a Miss Dixon no longer.

Dixon: [imperiously]I’m still Miss Dixon to you, young Leonards.Though I’ve had my chances, I’m sure.And you.Still up to your old nonsense are ya?What you doin’ all the way up here in Milton?

Leonards: Well, Helstone’s not exactly an up-and-coming place, is it?Besides, this is where all the money is.I got myself a fine fiancée now, an’ all. [Dixon nods]She works for one of those big ‘ouses up there.

Dixon: [with a nod]Hmm...

Leonards: Anyway, what are you doin’ all the way up here, Miss Dixon?You still workin’ for those Hales?[He takes a step towards her, scrutinizing her face.]Wasn’t there some sort of, um...some sort of scandal involving that boy?

Dixon: [expressionless]I’m visiting my sister’s family.

[Leonards is standing very close to Dixon, examining her face for several seconds after she answers.Then he smiles, nods and turns to continue on his way down the street.]

Leonards: [with a wave]Cheerio, then.

[Dixon nods her goodbye. Leonards jumps on the back of a horse-drawn cart.]

Leonards: I’m sure I’ll see you again soon, eh?

[**In the Hale’s kitchen**, Margaret paces back and forth in agitation as Dixon unpacks her basket of goods.]

Margaret Hale: Oh, Dixon.Do you think he knows about Frederick?

Dixon: The mutiny was a very big story.It was in all the newspapers.And there IS still a big reward.We certainly don’t want ‘im poking his nose in around ‘ere.

Margaret Hale: [stopping by the window]Frederick must go.Before the funeral.Have you talked to my father about arrangements?

Dixon: [looking sad]He said Mr. Bell will come from Oxford and arrange everything.

Margaret Hale: Mr. Bell.Of course.He will help.But Frederick must leave before he comes. No one else must know he’s here.

[Margaret ascends the stairs, leaving Dixon looking very worried in the kitchen.Upstairs, Frederick paces as he talks to his father and sister.]

Frederick Hale: [perturbed]I wish I’d met this Leonards.I don’t see why I should have to run away before the funeral.I’ve a good mind to face it out and stand trial.

Richard Hale: No, you must go, Fred.

- Frederick Hale: If only I could find witnesses and defend myself, so everyone knows what a monster Captain Reid was.
- Richard Hale: Oh, you think a court martial is somewhere justice is administered.
- Margaret Hale: Fred has never tried to defend himself.
- Frederick Hale: How can I now? I can't send out the town crier. I can't commission a pamphlet, even if anyone would bother to read it.
- Margaret Hale: [eyes lighting up as a pleasant idea strikes her] What about a lawyer? I know a lawyer who is honourable. And clever I think. I'm sure he would if I... Well, if we asked. [She rises quickly from her chair to approach her father and take his hand.] Mr. Henry Lennox, Father. You remember.
- Richard Hale: [pleading] Do what you like. Write to Henry if you must, but do NOT keep Frederick in England!
- Frederick Hale: Henry Lennox. Is that Edith's brother-in-law?
- Margaret Hale: Yes.
- Frederick Hale: He... He might be all right. I... I could write to him all the details of the crew and about the ship.
- Margaret Hale: You must leave tomorrow by the night train. You can see Henry in London and then take a boat on from there.

## Chapter 7

Chapter transcribed by Genie-49 (Florida, USA)

**[Frederick and Margaret arrive late at night at the train platform.** Margaret is seeing him off and they are standing and talking before Fred boards. Few people are around.] Frederick Hale: Only a few minutes more. I don't know when I'll see you again.

[As Margaret and Fred embrace, Margaret sees over Fred's shoulder that John Thornton is standing several coach-lengths away under a gaslight. Thornton is staring her way, so she knows he recognizes her. In fact, he can't seem to take his eyes off Margaret in the arms of a stranger. Fred notices his sister's reaction and looks in the same direction that has Margaret's rapt attention. John Thornton watches the pair a moment longer then moves away.]

- Frederick Hale: Who was that?
- Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton.
- Frederick Hale: What a scowl that man has.....A very disagreeable fellow, I'm sure.
- Margaret Hale: [looking sorrowful] As with most men, something has happened to make him

scowl, Fred. Don't judge him harshly.

[Fred and Margaret move toward the coach door.]

Fred: I'll write soon.

[From a short distance away a familiar voice calls to Frederick.]

Leonards: Hale?!!!!

[Frederick and Margaret turn around to see Leonards, intoxicated and slurring his words, come toward them.]

Leonards: It is you, isn't it? Look at you....I thought I recognised you.

Frederick Hale: I'm not Hale. Get off!

Leonards: What's all this, then?

[A scuffle ensues between the two men. Leonards is insisting he's Hale and Frederick is denying it. Margaret is almost caught in the middle of everything.]

Margaret Hale: Stop! [The scuffle continues.]

Leonards: Where you been hidin', Mr. Hale? Huh?

Frederick Hale: Get off!!

[The scuffle becomes a little more violent and with an effort Frederick pushes Leonards away. Leonards steps back and loses his balance, falling halfway down the concrete platform exit stairs. In the background you can hear the call for "boarding". Frederick is watching Leonards recover from his fall and stagger further down the steps.]

Margaret Hale: You must go now, Fred....Go! [The guard blows the whistle to board.]

Margaret Hale: [following Frederick to the coach door] Go!

Frederick Hale: God bless you, Margaret. [Out of breath from the struggle Frederick kisses his sister through the open coach door window as the train starts to move and the distance between them grows.] Goodbye! [Frederick is saddened to leave Margaret this way and watches her as the train continues on. Margaret turns and leaves the station.]

**[A boot lies on it's side in a rushing stream.** The water is purple. Boucher stares at the water and rocks back and forth. He seems lost.]

**[Inside a large church, Maria Hale's funeral is being held.** Mr. Hale sits in front, leaning against the end of his pew. Margaret and Mr. Bell sit next to him and Dixon is behind.]

Margaret Hale: [speaking softly to Mr. Bell] If we had been in Helstone chapel it would have been full ..... of Mother's friends.

Mr. Bell: [whispering]Yes, but ..... look [Mr. Bell turns towards the back of the church and encourages Margaret to see the Higgins family seated further back.]

[Margaret turns to see Nicholas and Mary in attendance.A faint expression of gratitude appears on her face. Across the aisle John Thornton has been watching Margaret and turns to see who she has been looking at.Margaret, absently, never looks in his direction.]

[The service ends, Margaret, Mr. Bell and Mr. Hale leave the chapel as a bell tolls.Mr. Bell escorts Mr. Hale who is very grief stricken and cannot function without help.Margaret takes her father's arm once they're outside and guides him herself.Mr. Bell stops just outside the doorway.All three of the Thorntons come out after Dixon and then Mary and Nicholas Higgins.Mr. Thornton stops in the doorway to speak with Mr. Bell, as the others offer their condolences to the Hales.]

John Thornton: How are they?Miss Hale and her father?

Mr. Bell: As well as can be expected.Don't worry, Thornton, they have many people to look after them.

John Thornton: If there's anything I can do.....[John looks solemn]

Mr. Bell: Everything's taken care of.Well... not a great turnout, to be sure.The aunt is traveling in Italy, unfortunately.I'm surprised Lennox didn't turn up, though.

[John, hearing the name Lennox, unknowingly holds his head high and assumes a very stiff, upright and assertive posture.]

Mr. Bell: Henry Lennox.Closely connected to the family.He's a lawyer.I hear he takes an interest.

[John deflates his posture and becomes downcast.This change in posture has not escaped Bell's notice]

Mr. Bell: But you can be sure I'll let you know if your help is needed.

[Mr Bell and Thornton begin to walk away from chapel.John is interrupted by someone calling his name. He stops and turns back to see who it is.]

Inspector Mason: Mr. Thornton?

John Thornton: Yes? Mason, isn't it? How do you do?

Inspector Mason: Sorry to disturb you, sir, but with your being the local magistrate .....[Hannah Thornton looks on at her son's conversation with the Inspector.]

**[Inspector Mason escorts Thornton to a mortuary room, where a dead body covered by a white cloth is lying on a marble table. The room is very dim, only a few oil lamps light the room. Mason pulls back the white cloth so Thornton can see the dead man. It is Leonard]**

Inspector Mason: This fellow was found along the station embankment two days ago. Died in hospital this morning. He's not from these parts. We're trying to identify him. Find out who killed him.

**[Nicholas Higgins is seen standing, looking out his window. He sees Margaret and her father approaching. They enter the house.]**

Mr. Hale: We thought we'd find you here around dinner time.

Nicholas Higgins: You're pretty sure of finding me here any time. Please sit down, Master. [Mary is busying herself with dishes on the table.]

Mr. Hale: Thank you.

Margaret Hale: You're out of work still, because of the strike?

Nicholas Higgins: I'm out of work because I choose not to work.

Margaret Hale: Have you asked for work at your old mill?

Nicholas Higgins: Well, Hamper knows I'm a good worker. He'd take me back. But there's a new rule, we're not allowed to pay into the union. We pay into the union so we can have a strike fund so we can pay a shilling a week strike pay to those in hardship. Their thinking is, if we're not allowed, there'll be no strikes. We're not asking Masters to fund a strike. We're not that simple. But where's the crime in giving to your own out of your own wages, freely earned? I mean ..... you earn a wage don't you, Mr. Hale?

Mr. Hale: Yes... Yes, I do.

Nicholas Higgins: The people who pay you don't tell you how to spend your money, do they?

Mr. Hale: No.....no...they .... they certainly don't.

Margaret Hale: Do all the mills operate this new rule? Remember Boucher saying the union was a tyrant?

Nicholas Higgins: [Higgins sarcastically chuckles as he moves about the room to a chair away from the table.] Well.... sometimes the union has to force a man to see what's good for him. Boucher was always a fool. He never knew what was good for him.

Margaret Hale: So he did the union harm?

Nicholas Higgins: We had opinion on our side till he started rioting and breaking the law.

Margaret Hale:           Wouldn't it have been better to leave him alone?He did the union no good. And you drove him mad.

Mr Hale:                    [Mr. Hale interrupts quietly and politely]Margaret!

Nicholas Higgins:        No, no, no.She speaks her mind, I like that.She doesn't understand.The union is a great power. The union is our only power.I'd best not talk about it.I can't help feeling angry at Boucher because there's no end to his mischief.

Margaret Hale:            Still?

Nicholas Higgins:        Oh, yeah.First of all he starts a riot, then he goes into hiding.Thornton doesn't prosecute, so he slinks back home, and what does he do? He goes off to Hamper's beggin' for work, even though that'd mean forsaking his union dues.To be fair to Hamper, he didn't listen to Boucher.He drove him away.Even though they say he cried like a baby.[Higgins is downcast after his last remark.]

**[A bare foot and a booted one are sticking out of the covering over a body being carried down the street by policemen on a stretcher.A crowd gathers, Margaret and Mr. Hale among them, having just left Nicholas Higgins' house.]**

Local Man 1:             I found him in the canal beyond Ashley.

Bystander 1:             Canal?[Margaret and Mr. Hale look on, gravely.]

Local Man 1:             Aye.Determined to kill himself, all right.

Local Man 2:             It's Boucher. He's drowned himself.

Nicholas Higgins:        [Hearing the commotion outside and the comment about Boucher killing himself, comes outside and walks toward the stretcher.]It can't be Boucher.He wouldn't have the nerve to drown himself.

[The policemen bring the stretcher to a stop, so that Higgins can see if it is Boucher.A policemen courteously removes his hat and pulls back the cover.Higgins sees the face of Boucher, eyes wide open, staring into nothingness.His face is stained purple from the dye in the stream where he drowned.Higgins doubles over with sorrow and disbelief.He is grief-stricken.Other onlookers have stoic faces as they view the sight before them - including Boucher's young son, Tom]

Young Tom:              Why's my daddy's face purple?[Margaret pulls Tommy away from the body.]

Policeman:                [speaking to Mr Hale]Water from the dying vats goes into the canal.

Policeman:                Higgins.You knew him.You must go and tell his wife.Do it now, man.We can't leave him 'ere.

Nicholas Higgins:        [weeping .... almost with an effort to whisper...]I can't ..... I just can't do it.

Margaret Hale:            [hoping her father could help at this point ... ] Father?

[Mr. Hale clearly does not feel he can cope with this, so soon after his wife's death  
.....he shakes his head, no, and takes a step back.]

Margaret Hale: I'll go.[takes Tommy with her]

[Within a short time Mrs Boucher stumbles towards her husbands' body.She is in  
great despair and crying.]

Mrs. Boucher: No.... No...he loved us all.[heart wrenching sobs] ....and we loved him.....  
[Higgins with tears running down his face]and I spoke such terrible words  
about him only a moment ago..... What are we to do?[hugs the body]

**[Several days later, Higgins and Mary and young Tom stand at a grave site in  
the cemetery which overlooks the town.Margaret stands a few feet behind them]**

Margaret Hale: [narrating]Only a few days after, Mrs Boucher followed her husband to  
heaven, leaving their six children orphans.We buried them high above the city  
in the fresh air, their worldly struggle and cares over forever.[Higgins is quietly  
saying a prayer]How much harder now for those of us who are left behind to  
mourn.

## Chapter 8

Chapter transcribed by SearchyGirl (California, USA)

**[At the Hale's house,** Margaret gingerly places her mother's clothes in a trunk, lost  
in thought. Dixon comes up the stairs and knocks on the open door.]

Dixon: 'Scuse me, miss. It's a police inspector. [Margaret turns towards Dixon in  
surprise.] I...I told him to go away, but I didn't want to disturb the master.

Margaret Hale: Did he say what he wanted?

Dixon: No, miss. I've let him in and shown him to the master's study, but it's you he  
wants to see.

[Inspector Mason is looking at a book as Margaret enters the study.]

Inspector Mason: I beg your pardon, ma'am, especially at such a time. My duty obliges me to ask  
you a few plain questions. A man's died at the infirmary, following a fall, we  
think, after a fight at Outwood station between the hours of eleven and twelve  
at night on Thursday the 26th. Erm...at the time, the fight didn't appear to be  
of much consequence. The doctors think the man had a bad drinking habit  
and some internal complaint. There will have to be an inquest. The witness, a  
grocer's assistant, stated that the fight was precipitated by some drunken  
impertinence to a young lady who was walking with a man at the station.  
There is some reason to believe that that young lady might be you, ma'am.

Margaret Hale: [without changing expression] I was not there.

[Inspector Mason looks down at his notepad as he continues.]

Inspector Mason: The witness said the lady was remarkably handsome. [glances up at Margaret] He er...he identified the lady as a Miss Hale from Crampton whose family frequent the shop. You are the only Miss Hale from Crampton.

Margaret Hale: Why, I...I don't know. Inspector, much as I would like to own up to being...remarkably handsome, I'm sorry that I have to repeat that there has been some mistake. I was not there.

Inspector Mason: I see.

Margaret Hale: Do you have any more questions for me, Inspector? [maintaining her glassy gaze]

Inspector Mason: [shakes his head] No, madam. [Looking somewhat confused, he turns to leave, but turns back.] I have your absolute denial that you were that lady?

Margaret Hale: I'm sorry that he...that this man...is dead. But I was not there.

Inspector Mason: It may be that if my witness insists that it was you at Outwood station at that time and place, then I may have to summon you to an inquest, to provide an alibi.

[Now he goes for the door again, turning back once more.]

Inspector Mason: I hope you'll forgive me for seeming impertinent. I have to do my duty.

[Inspector Mason takes his leave and Margaret is left looking stunned at this turn of events.]

**[In the Princeton District, Mr. Thornton is about to descend the stairs.]**

Inspector Mason: Mr. Thornton!

John Thornton: Ah, Mason. What's new?

Inspector Mason: The man we saw at the mortuary.

John Thornton: [Pausing on the stairs and removing his hat, turning to talk to Mason] Yes. Leonards, wasn't it? Well, he was a drunk obviously, but he met his death by violence almost certainly. I believe one of my mother's servants was engaged to him. She's in great distress today.

[Thornton continues down the stairs and Mason follows.]

Inspector Mason: Am I right in thinking you are acquainted with a Mr. Hale, sir?

John Thornton: Yes, indeed. What of it?

Inspector Mason: It's just that that this man Leonards death is mixed up with Miss Hale, sir. [Thornton stops walking and turns slowly towards Mason, listening very intently now.] I have a very secure chain of evidence that a gentleman walking

out with Miss Hale at the station was the same that fought with Leonards and may well have caused his death. But the young lady denies she was there at the time.

John Thornton: Are you sure?

Man on the stairs: Good day to you!

[Thornton and Mason both glance up the stairs.]

John Thornton: I mean, are you sure the man she was with is connected to the death? What evening was this? What time?

Inspector Mason: Between eleven and twelve. Thursday the 26th. [Thornton gazes past Mason, lost in thought.] Sir?

John Thornton: Miss Hale denies she was there?

Inspector Mason: [nods] So... [Thornton slowly begins stepping down the stairs with Mason following.] Well, you can see my problem, sir. I have a witness who's pretty positive he saw Miss Hale, even though I've told him of her denial. [Thornton stops, gazing away from Mason.] There'll be a coroner's inquest. Disputed identifications are very awkward. One doesn't like to doubt the word of a respectable young woman.

John Thornton: She denies she was at the station?

Inspector Mason: Twice. Very emphatic about it. I did tell her I'd have to ask her again. I thought if you were a friend of the family...

John Thornton: Quite right. Don't do anything until you see me again. I will look into it.

[Thornton shakes Mason's hand and Mason leaves up the stairs.]

[**At the Thornton's house,** Hannah Thornton works on paperwork at the table to the mechanical throbbing of the machinery in the mill working full tilt. Sobbing is heard from Jane the maid upstairs.]

John Thornton: [Sighs] Can't we give Jane the week off? Better off without that scoundrel Leonards, you know.

Hannah Thornton: You know what the servants are saying about Margaret. Out after dark with a gentleman.

John Thornton: [decidedly] I do not know or care what they say, Mother. And nor should you.

[Looms clatter as Thornton gazes out the window pensively.]

**[Later that night, at the Hale's house, Margaret enters the study to meet  
Inspector Mason.]**

- Margaret Hale: You've come very late. Well?
- Inspector Mason: Sorry to have kept you waiting, ma'am. I've had other people to see before now, otherwise I...would have been here sooner. There is, after all, to be no inquest in the Leonards case.
- Margaret Hale: So there is to be no further investigation?
- Inspector Mason: [Sounding restrained] Here. I have Mr. Thornton's note.
- Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton?
- Inspector Mason: Yes. He's a magistrate in the case. He's also an acquaintance of mine. [Margaret unfolds the note.] I told him of the difficulties.
- Margaret Hale: [reading the note aloud] [Mason's expression shows his discontent with the case being ended.] "There will be no inquest...not enough medical evidence. Take no further steps. I...take full responsibility." [Addressing Mason] Thank You. Mr. Thornton, he...understood that I wasn't there? [Mason appears puzzled at this question.] At the station?
- Inspector Mason: Yes. Of course. I'm sorry to have seemed to have doubted your word, ma'am. The witness was so positive. But now he knows he was mistaken. He hopes he hasn't caused offence. So...good evening, ma'am. I'll be on my way now.
- [Margaret sees Inspector Mason out of the house. She walks back into the study and Dixon enters, looking concerned.]
- Margaret Hale: It's all right, Dixon. The matter has been resolved. It's over.
- Dixon: [Sighs in relief.]

**[Thornton walks through the busy mill as cotton fluff swirls around him.  
Later that day, he is seen walking up to the Hale's house.]**

- Margaret Hale: Father is waiting in the sitting room. [Thornton moves towards the stairs.] Mr. Thornton? [He pauses in the doorway.] I have to thank you.
- John Thornton: [He turns to look her straight in the eyes.] No. No thanks. I did not do anything for you. [He takes a couple of steps towards her and her eyes fall under his piercing gaze.] Do you not realize the risk that you take in being so indiscreet? Have you no explanation for your behavior that night at the station? You must imagine what I must think.
- Margaret Hale: Mr. Thornton, please...I'm aware of what you must think of me. I know how it must have appeared, being with a stranger so late at night. The man you saw me with, he...the...the secret is another person's and I cannot explain it without doing him harm. [She hopes for understanding from his stony stare.]

Richard Hale: [From the top of the stairwell.] Is that you, John? Come on up.

John Thornton: I have not the slightest wish to pry into the gentleman's secrets. I'm only concerned as your father's friend. I hope you realize that any foolish passion for you on my part is entirely over. I'm looking to the future.

[Thornton goes upstairs to see Mr. Hale, leaving Margaret dejected.]



## Episode 4

### Chapter 1

Chapter written by Thomas591 from Western USA

[At Marlborough Mills workers are in the yard moving bales of cotton, someone leads a horse, and Nicholas Higgins walks in the gates. Next he is inside the mill, cotton fluff is flying as he passes the windows. Later he is outside being roughly escorted off the premises by Williams the overseer.]

Williams: Go on! [with a push sending Higgins off balance] Get out and don't come back! Go on! Go on!

[Mr. Thornton is mounting some steps going into the mill but turns towards the raised voice with a frown to watch Higgins' ignominious departure before he continues.]

Williams: And don't show your face in here again!

[Nicholas reaches the gate, looking back in chagrin as he passes through.]

Margaret Hale: [narrating a letter to Edith] Although the autumn is turning chilly, I'm still determined to take my daily walk. I cannot persuade Father to join me. He has been very cast down since Mother's death. He keeps to the house and his own company, and he has very few visitors to disturb him.

**[Mr. Hale and Margaret sit, each reading their own book when Dixon knocks and enters the room.]**

Dixon: That man Higgins is here.

Margaret Hale: Oh, [glancing at her father] show him up, Dixon. [with a pleased smile]

Dixon: If you saw his shoes you'd say the kitchen were a better place!

Mr. Hale: He can wipe them, surely. [Dixon sighs]

[Nicholas is untying his muddy shoes as Dixon stands over him. He leaves the kitchen barefoot, assing Dixon who gives a superior nod.]

Nicholas Higgins: [in a head to head with Mr. Hale] I've been looking for work. Been keeping a civil tongue in my head, and not minding who says what back to me. I'm doing it for him, of course, not me. Boucher. Well, not for him. He doesn't need my help where he is, but his children. [Margert comes in smiling a welcome, and he looks up at her.] But I'll need your help, Master, if you'll give it.

Mr. Hale: Gladly, but what can I do?

Nicholas Higgins: Well, Miss here has often talked about the South. I don't know how far it is. But I've been thinking, if I can get down there where food is cheap and wages are good and people are friendly...maybe you can help me get work there.

Mr. Hale: Oh, what kind of work?

Nicholas Higgins: I think I'm good with a spade.

Margaret: You mustn't leave Milton for the South. [very earnest] You couldn't bear the dullness of life. It would eat away at you like rust. Think no more of it, Nicholas, I beg you! [He looks disappointed.] Nicholas, have you been to Marlborough Mills for work?

Nicholas Higgins: [snorts] Aye, I've been to Thornton's. The overlooker told me to be off and...told me to go away sharpish.

Margaret Hale: Would you try again? I...I should be so glad if you would. Mr. Thornton would judge you fairly, I am sure, if given the chance.

Nicholas Higgins: It would take my pride. I think I'd rather starve. Well, if you can think of anything, Master.

Mr. Hale: Well, of course, of course.

Nicholas Higgins: Thank you. I'll bid you goodnight.

Mr. Hale: [They all rise.] I am sorry, Nicholas.

Margaret Hale: [following Nicholas to the door] You'll find your shoes by the fire. [Nicholas turns and nods his thanks before he goes.]

Mr. Hale: He is a proud man. Still, there are qualities to be admired in these Milton men. Maybe...God has found his way here after all. [puts his glasses on and reaches for his book]

Margaret Hale: [still standing at the door] If only he and Mr. Thornton could speak man to man! If he could forget Mr. Thornton is a master and appeal to his heart.

Mr. Hale: My word, Margaret! To admit that the South has it's faults and that Mr. Thornton has his virtues. What has happened to bring about such a transformation?

## Chapter 2

Chapter written by Thomas591 (from Western USA)

**[At the mill yard looking in the gate again.** Mrs. Hannah Thornton is walking out. The scene changes to the Hale's sitting room where Hannah is seated looking unhappy and Margaret comes in.]

Margaret Hale: Mrs. Thornton. Thank you for sparing the time to visit us. Ah, my father is detained, but he'd be touched by your kindness. [Hannah looks like she would speak, but Margaret goes on.] Thank you for your kind messages. We're so grateful. My aunt has sent me details of a little Italian tune that Miss Thornton asked me about. [She searches in her desk.]

- Mrs. Thornton: [abruptly] Miss Hale. I'm afraid I did not visit to indulge Fanny's thirst for light music. [pause] I have a duty to perform. I promised your mother that if I knew you had acted wrongly I would offer you advice, whether you chose to take it or not. So, when I learned from one of my servants that you had been seen out after dark with a gentleman, I thought it right to ... to warn you against such impropriety! Many a young woman's lost her character...
- Margaret Hale: [cutting her short] Mrs. Thornton! I'm sure my mother never meant me to be ... exposed to insult. [an exchange of proud looks] Whatever Mr. Thornton has told you ... [looks down] I can assure you...
- Mrs. Thornton: My son has told me nothing. You know nothing of the man you rejected. If he has any knowledge of this, he keeps it to himself as any man of honour would.
- Margaret Hale: Of course. [looks ashamed] I don't doubt it. [sitting] I cannot give you any sort of explanation. I've done wrong ... but not in the way you imagine or imply.
- Mrs. Thornton: I did not approve of my son's attachment to you. You did not seem WORTHY to me. But I was prepared, for his sake. Your behavior on the day of the riots exposed you to the comments of servants. But by the time my son had proposed you'd changed your mind. [distainful noise] Maybe this other lover...
- Margaret Hale: You must think very little of me, madam.
- Mrs. Thornton: I can't claim to be sorry you refused my son. No, I'm glad. Especially now, when you expose yourself to gossip and ridicule.
- Margaret Hale: [rising agrily] I won't listen to you any more. I refuse to answer your questions. Excuse me. [She sweeps out of the room, leaving Mrs. Thornton with her mouth open in shock.]

## Chapter 3

Chapter written by Thomas591 (from Western USA)

[**Nicholas Higgins paces outside the mill gate.** He stops, rubbing his eyes and looking tired. John Thornton is walking swiftly towards him, bent on some urgent business. Higgins intercepts him on the way out.]

Nicholas Higgins: I need to talk to you, sir.

John Thornton: I can't stop now. [He puts on his hat and rushes past.]

[Nicholas watches him go and collapses against the gatepost with a look of hoplessness.]

[The banker, Mr. Latimer is playing billiards at a club.]

Mr. Latimer: You've seen the new figures?

John Thornton: I'd hoped to reduce the bank loan by now.

Mr. Latimer: Eh, it's a pity so much is tied up in the new machinery.

John Thornton: I needed the machinery because we were doing well. We had large orders. And I needed to buy the cotton in bulk. Obviously I wasn't expecting not to be able to fulfill the contracts.

Mr. Latimer: But you've been back to work for a good while now.

John Thornton: But we're still behind with the orders and we'll not catch up for ... It's not looking like we WILL catch up.

Mr. Latimer: Well, the bank can extend the loan. Temporarily. But we'll have to be careful.

John Thornton: I don't think anyone has ever accused me of being careLESS! Or frivolous! [huge sigh, shakes head] Forgive me. I don't know how I could have prevented this or what to do next.

Mr. Latimer: Well, there are more ... modern financial procedures. Investments. [billiard ball clunks] I could let you know when I hear of any such schemes.

John Thornton: Speculation? [shakes his head] I'll not risk everything on some idiot money scheme.

Mr. Latimer: Well, if matters carry on like this you might not have anything left to risk. [He looks John in the face before he leaves.]

**[Higgins still waits outside the gates of Marlborough Mills. Thornton walks back to the mill, his head down, face troubled.]**

Nicholas Higgins: Sir.

John Thornton: Good Lord! Are you still here?

Nicholas Higgins: Yes, sir. I want to speak to you.

John Thornton: You'd better come in then.

[Nicholas worries his cap in his hands, standing in front of Thornton's desk while he waits for the master to look over the messages that have come in.]

John Thornton: Well, so what do you want with me?

Nicholas Higgins: My name is Higgins...

John Thornton: I know who you are. What do you want?

Nicholas Higgins: I want work.

John Thornton: Work? You've got a nerve.

Nicholas Higgins: Hamper'll tell you I'm a good worker.

John Thornton: I'm not sure you'd like to hear all of what Hamper would have to say about

you. I've had to turn away 100 of my best hands for following you and your union. And you think that I should take you on? Might as well set fire to the cotton waste and have done with it.

- Nicholas Higgins: [looking like he just may turn and go, hesitates] I promise you, I'd not speak against you. If I found anything wrong I'd give you fair warning before taking action. I'm a steady man. I work hard.
- John Thornton: [sneering] How do I know you're not just planning mischief ... or maybe you're just interested in saving up money against another strike.
- Nicholas Higgins: I need work, for the family of a man who were driven mad. He had his job taken by one of those Irishmen you hired. Didn't know one end of a loom from another.
- John Thornton: YOUR UNION forced me into hiring those Irish. Much good it did me! Most of them have gone home. [He continues with his paperwork, getting up to get something and sitting down again, practically dismissing Nicholas.] If I were to believe your reason ... I can't say that I'm inclined to. I'd advise you to try some other work and leave Milton.
- Nicholas Higgins: If it were warmer, I'd take Paddy's work and never come back again. But come winter, those children will starve. If you knew any place away from mills ... I'd take any wage they thought I was worth for the sake of those children.
- John Thornton: Oh, you'd take wages less than others? They have no union of course. Your union'd be down like a ton of bricks on my Irish for trying to feed their families, and yet you'd do this for these children? I'll not give you work. You're wasting your time. [starts to read his papers]
- Nicholas Higgins: [with a sour smile] And YOURS. I was told to ask you by a woman. Thought you had a kindness about you. She was mistaken. But I'm not the first to be misled by a woman.
- John Thornton: Tell her to mind her own business next time and stop wasting your time and mine. [Nicholas turns and goes out, but Thornton's fist comes up to his mouth as he considers Higgins parting words.]
- [Williams is watching over the workroom when Thornton comes up beside him.]**
- John Thornton: How long has that man Higgins been waiting to speak to me? [They watch Nicholas walk away outside the window.]
- Williams: He was outside the gate when I arrived, sir, and it's four now. [Thornton looks consideringly at Williams.]
- [It's snowing. Margaret enters a shop among crowds of people. Fanny Thornton is there examining lace on some linen.\*]**
- Fanny Thornton: Oh! [Upon seeing Margaret, she flourishes her engagement ring on her hand.] Miss Hale! [giggle]

- Margaret Hale: I must congratulate you.
- Fanny Thornton: Yes, we are to be married SOON! [turning to future husband, Watson]
- Mr. Watson: Delighted to see you again, Miss Hale. [He lifts his hat and takes Margaret's hand.] You must hurry, Miss Hale, for my dear girl is busy buying up the whole shop.
- Fanny Thornton: [laughs, then quietly aside to Margaret] He is a little grey, but he's very well set up. He's a very good match for us Thorntons. He has been trying to interest John in a speculation.
- Margaret Hale: Speculation? Oh, excuse me, I just didn't think that Mr. Thornton would participate in any kind of risky venture.
- Fanny Thornton: Ah! Everybody does it! All business is risk, as my Watson would say. John will have to be more modern in his ideas if he's to keep up. [Turns toward the shopkeeper where Watson is about to sign the bill.] Oh, no! You must send the bills to Marlborough Mills. [to Watson] You must not pay for a button. We are quite rich enough! [laughs, while Margaret looks like she might doubt this]
- [At the Thornton's house, Fanny sets down a pile of linen and bills on the table where John works on his papers and his mother sews.]**
- Fanny Thornton: Honestly! Miss Hale could do with having just a little humility about her position. She was at Green's and stopped to congratulate me. She seemed surprised when I told her of my wedding plans. She's so grave and disapproving, as if we couldn't afford it. [John is frowning.] I soon put her right. It's not as if she will ever get a husband. [Mrs. Thornton glances toward her son.] She's much older than me. And so severe! I told her about Watson's business proposition and she really turned up her nose at me! She as much as said you wouldn't be interested, as if she knew you better than me. So superior.
- John Thornton: I'll thank you not to discuss my business affairs in the street. [Fanny looks insulted.] What do you know about anything anyway, Fanny, except how to SPEND money?
- Fanny Thornton: I know that if you were to take up Watson's offer and join him in the speculation, you would be certain to profit. Tenfold....
- John Thornton: [interrupting] There is nothing certain about speculation. [Mrs. Thornton thoughtfully listening.] I will not risk the livelihoods of my men by joining Watson's tomfool schemes. If I lose money, how will I be expected to pay off the expense of your wedding?
- Fanny Thornton: [very angry] You'll be sorry. [She stalks off, John bows his head, resting it on his fist. His mother approaches.]
- Mrs. Thornton: Is the speculation so risky?
- John Thornton: Do you need to ask me that, Mother? It's very risky. If it succeeds, all our financial problems will be over and no one will ever know how bad things are.

Mrs. Thornton: If it fails?

John Thornton: At the moment, the payroll is safe. Would you advise me to risk it?

Mrs. Thornton: If you succeeded, they'd never know.

John Thornton: And if it fails, I would have injured others. Would you ask me to risk that?

Mrs. Thornton: [Makes a negative motion and steps forward to put her hands on her son's shoulders.] Tell me what to do.

John Thornton: Pray for a good summer. People will buy cotton clothes. Pray that some of our buyers pay their bills on time ... and pray that Fanny doesn't have time to order any more from the draper's. [Mrs. Thornton's sudden smile breaks through and she strokes John's hair as he barely manages a smile himself.]

## Chapter 4

Chapter written by Larkie25 (Florida USA)

**[John Thornton is walking down the steps of the Princeton District, where the poorer people live. He sees two women and a child. The child puts her hand out silently hoping for money. Thornton puts a coin in her hand. He feels pleased by his gift but then he is quickly saddened by the situation and goes off to his destination. A wailing baby is heard. He knocks at the door and Higgins opens it. Higgins stands there, deciding whether or not to let John Thornton enter. After a hard look Higgins steps aside and lets Thornton in. Tom Boucher and Mary Higgins are going over reading lessons together.]**

Tom Boucher: She is in g-great..

John Thornton: [to Higgins] Are these your children?

Nicholas Higgins: No, but they're mine now.

John Thornton: Did your daughter teach them to read?

Nicholas Higgins: I think they are teaching her.

John Thornton: And these are the children you mentioned yesterday?

Nicholas Higgins: You didn't believe me?

John Thornton: I spoke to you in a way that I had no business to. I did not believe you. I couldn't have taken care of a man such as Boucher's children. I have made enquiries and I know now that you spoke the truth. I beg your pardon.

Nicholas Higgins: Well, Boucher's dead and I am sorry. But that's the end of it.

John Thornton: Will you take work with me? That's what I came here to ask.

Nicholas Higgins: [thinking for a moment] You've called me impudent, a liar, a mischief-maker.

But for the sake of these children, do you think we could get along?

John Thornton: Well, it's not my proposal that we get on well together.

Nicholas Higgins: Work is work. I'll come. And what's more, I'll thank you. And that's a good deal from me.

John Thornton: [holding out his hand] And this is a good deal from me. [They shake hands] Now, mind you come sharp to your time. What times we have, we keep sharp. [with a strong serious look] And the first time I catch you using that brain of yours to make trouble, off you go. Now you know where you are.

Nicholas Higgins: Reckon I'll leave my brains at home, then.

John Thornton: [walks to the door to leave and stops] Was Miss Hale the woman that told you to come to me? You might have said.

Nicholas Higgins: And you'd have been a bit more civil?

[John Thornton glares at him and leaves. Nicholas Higgins smiles in triumph]

**[John Thornton is walking toward the Hale's house with books under his arm. Margaret Hale lets him into a room]**

Margaret Hale: Well, my father is waiting in the sitting-room.

John Thornton: I thought you might like to know that I've taken Higgins on.

Margaret Hale: [with a quiet joy] I am glad of it.

John Thornton: I didn't know that it was you who urged him to come to me.

Margaret Hale: Would it have made you more or less likely to give him a job?

John Thornton: I don't know. I'll not withdraw it though, if that's what worries you.

Margaret Hale: [looking down] I wouldn't think you capable of that. I have a better opinion of you than you do of me at the moment, I feel.

[John Thornton turns away and walks to the other room]

**[Mr. Hale comes down steps to join Margaret in the kitchen]**

Mr. Hale : Margaret, my dear, you're not obliged to answer this question, but, um [pause] do you have any reason for thinking that Mr. Thornton cared for you?

Margaret Hale: [looking up, gravely] Father, I'm sorry.

Mr. Hale : You, um — rejected him?

Margaret Hale: [looking back down] I should have told you.

Mr. Hale : Oh, no, no, no. It would account for him not coming so often to the house. And I do value his company and conversation, especially now —. now that your mother's gone. But, um, if you feel uncomfortable in his presence I'll ask him not to come to the house again. [turning away and then back] I mean, I'm sure you were honest with him. That's the most important thing.

Margaret Hale: [resolutely but with sadness] I've done nothing that I wouldn't do again

**[John Thornton is going over notes and books in his office late at night.** He is obviously tired and drops his quill and puts his hand to his face. He hears the shift ending whistle and, confused, checks his watch. He looks out his window and sees Tom Boucher sitting on the steps reading a book. Workers begin to pour out of the door. Nicholas Higgins is the last one out and he taps the boy on the back and takes his hand. Nicholas Higgins sees John Thornton in the window and nods, John Thornton acknowledges him by nodding back.]

**[Margaret has been serving food in her home to Nicholas Higgins** and she comes to take his empty plate. Tom Boucher is eating with him]

Nicholas Higgins: Thank you. I needed that.

Margaret Hale: You're becoming a model employee. [smiling] Maybe someone will tell the union.

Nicholas Higgins: [smiling back] I always kept to my time. Ask anybody. No, I'll not give Thornton the chance to give me the sack. Puts in all hours himself. Sometimes I don't think he sleeps from one day to the next. And he's taken an interest in young Tom, saying he's got to have a good education. He's a funny one. I can't make him out.

Margaret Hale: Oh now you will definitely be drummed out of the union for thinking not so badly about a master!

**[Later, on another late-shift night, Tom Boucher is sitting practicing his reading** and waiting for Nicholas Higgins]

Tom Boucher: [sounding out words] Laugh—at me. C-Call me A comee—c-comical. A—

John Thornton: [sitting down next to him] A-ni-mal

Tom Boucher: A-ni-mal

John Thornton: What are you doing here? Where's Higgins? [Tom Boucher shrugs shoulders] Have you had your supper?

Tom Boucher: [shaking head] Mary went to the butcher but she didn't do dinner.

[Higgins approaches]

John Thornton: Why are you so late? Shift finished an hour ago. [crossing arms suspiciously] What are you up to?

Nicholas Higgins: Work wasn't finished. We stayed until it was.

John Thornton: [shaking head] Can't pay over your time.

Nicholas Higgins: See you working over your time. You go under, no one else'll take me on, and who'll put food in his mouth?

John Thornton: He's not had his supper tonight, he's been telling me.

Nicholas Higgins: Well, some days there's good meat, other days nothing fit for a dog even if you've got money in your pocket. There's your market forces in action for you, Master.



John Thornton: It's a pity you can't get up some scheme. Buy food wholesale, cook for twenty instead of one. Then everybody'd be able to afford a good meal a day and [to Tom Boucher] then you'd have fit minds to do studying.

Nicholas Higgins: [smiling] Careful, someone will report you to the masters union for that kind of talk.

John Thornton: If men eat well they work well. And that'll please masters too, unless they are idiots. Which some of them are.

Nicholas Higgins: We'd need somewhere to cook. There's an old outhouse out the back, not in any use as far as I can tell.

John Thornton: [looking at him with a smile] You did bring your brains with you to work today, didn't you?

Nicholas Higgins: [smirking] Well, I try to keep them hidden but I can't do without them altogether.

John Thornton: You get some figures up and we'll see. Not promising, mind.

[Carriages rush by on the London street. Inside Edith is writing a letter to Margaret Hale]

Edith Lennox: [narrating] Sholto cries that he cannot remember what his Aunt Margaret looks like. It's freezing in London. I can't wait for spring. You must have icicles on your noses in Milton! [Margaret walks down a snowy Milton street reading the letter] It must be even more arctic up there. Couldn't you try to brave the journey and visit us soon? And persuade Uncle to come with you.

**[Nicholas Higgins is standing outside of the mealhouse]**

Nicholas Higgins: Master? Will you come in? It's stew today.

John Thornton: I haven't had that for a while.

Nicholas Higgins: Not eaten all day, I'll bet.

John Thornton: No, no, been too busy.

[Both enter the building. Chatter among the workers fades as they see their master enter. Conversation gradually continues as they both take a seat and are served the stew by Mary Higgins.]

John Thornton: [tasting the stew] This is very good. Really. Very good. [pause] Isn't that your daughter?

Nicholas Higgins: Aye. She's a good girl. A fair cook. She's come into her own since her sister died, God rest her soul.

**[Church bells ring as a bride and groom exit. Rice is thrown on Fanny and her new husband, Mr. Watson. Mr. Hale exits the church walking along side Hannah Thornton. They join a party of onlookers including Margaret Hale and Mr. Bell.]**

Mr. Hale : Congratulations, Mrs. Thornton. A very good match, I'm sure. I haven't seen Mr. Thornton for some time. The winter's been going on so. I do hope he isn't sickening.

Mrs. Thornton: My son works hard Mr. Hale. He's never ill.

[Margaret is watching John Thornton as Ann Latimer stands next to him smiling and takes his arm]

Mr. Bell: Isn't that Mr. Latimer's daughter over there?

[Margaret is visibly concerned and looks away, yet finds herself looking back at the pair]

**[Inside the Hale's home]**

- Mr. Hale : [holding a letter] It's from Mr. Bell. There's to be a reunion of all my Oxford friends.
- Margaret Hale: This time you will accept his invitation?
- Mr. Hale : I think I will. I can give my pupils a holiday for a few weeks and um, now that Thornton's stopped coming—hmm. I'm worried about him.
- Margaret Hale: Why? Is Marlborough Mills really in danger?
- Mr. Hale : Yes, I'm afraid it is. But it's his spirit I fear for. Remember after his father—died, he struggled for years to build everything up again. He raised his family from poverty. How much worse to be brought low a second time. I know what it is to disappoint one's family. He will feel bitterly he's failed his mother.
- Margaret Hale: [sympathetic] He will not have failed in her eyes.

**[Front door of Hale's home, Mr. Hale is preparing to leave for Oxford]**

- Mr. Hale : Now it's my turn to leave you. I'm a little nervous to tell you the truth, my dear.
- Margaret Hale: Don't worry, Father. It's natural to wonder whether a place where you were so happy so many years ago, whether Oxford will still be the same. But once you're there with Mr. Bell you'll have a wonderful time. Wrap up warm. It's still very chilly.

[He puts on his hat then gives her a kiss. He grabs his bag and heads down the street, stopping to wave and she waves back]

**[Oxford. Mr. Bell is sitting with Mr. Hale on an outside bench. Mr. Hale is penning a letter]**

- Mr. Hale : It's to Margaret of course. She's my main concern now. I worry. I worry about her—when I'm gone.
- Bell: Oh, come, come! That won't be for a while! Anyway, I thought it was settled, I'm her guardian. I've got no one else to look after. When the time comes, have no fear. She shall want for nothing.
- Mr. Hale : [appreciatively] You care for her better than I have.
- Bell: Oh nonsense! I thought you'd put all that talk behind you. [pause, looking at him] You know, these last few weeks have done you a world of good. You look years younger.
- Mr. Hale : Yes I feel it. I feel as though [pause, thinking] I've come home. I must tell Margaret.

[Margaret Hale is reading her father's letter while walking inside the Hale's home. As she nears a window she looks up from the letter and sees Mr. Bell outside on the street. He sees her and then stops. He takes off his hat, looking at her with a grave face. Margaret's smile disappears into grief]

## Chapter 5

Chapter written by Larkie25 (Florida USA)

### [Outside the meal house]

John Thornton: Mr. Hale? Dead?

Nicholas Higgins: Aye, in his sleep. Poor fellow. Never recovered from his wife's death.

[John Thornton is stricken with grief over the news and leans upon the doorway.]

Nicholas Higgins: Master? Master, come in. Sit down, have some food.

[Both sitting at the table]

John Thornton: And Margaret? What of her?

Nicholas Higgins: There's nothing to keep her here now. Her aunt's coming to take her home, they say. She's seen a great deal of sorrow since she's been here. We'll be sorry to see her go, Mary and I.

[John Thornton places his hand on his face as he is lost in thought.]

[In the Hale's home. Books are piled on the table in stacks. Margaret and Dixon are sitting silently, grieving, while Aunt Shaw paces the room]

Aunt Shaw: Oh, my dear! How you have suffered! And what sorrows your father has brought you! We are leaving instantly. Dixon, you're to stay here for the time being and arrange an auction for all of this.

Margaret Hale: [looking up, with effort] Not all the books. [turning to Dixon] I must say goodbye to our friends.

Aunt Shaw: I can't imagine how many friends you can have HERE! I will help you say goodbye and then we are leaving this horrible place for good!

[At the Thornton's home. Margaret and Aunt Shaw are with Mrs. Thornton and Fanny.]

Fanny Thornton: I am sorry that you're leaving, Miss Hale. I was hoping that you might visit my house. I've finished it with Indian wallpaper from the Exhibition. I don't suppose you could travel back?

Mrs. Thornton: [with contempt] Miss Hale will be in no mood for traveling back from London

just to see your furnishings, Fanny.

Margaret Hale: [to Hannah] It was a while ago, but I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you at our last meeting. I know that you meant well.

[Hannah nods. John Thornton enters the room]

John Thornton: So, you're going.

Margaret Hale: [walking towards him] I've brought you Father's Plato. I thought that you might like it.

[He accepts the book, with a kind smile]

John Thornton: I shall treasure it. As I will your father's memory. He was a good friend to me.

[John Thornton pauses then says quietly] So you are going. And never come back?

Margaret Hale: I wish you well Mr. Thornton.

[John Thornton turns away from her]

Aunt Shaw: I must get her home as soon as possible.

Mrs. Thornton: [looking at Margaret Hale] To be sure. As soon as possible.

[Outside the Thornton's home in the mill yard. Snow is falling As Margaret slowly climbs inside the carriage. Behind her John Thornton stands at the entrance to his home. He looks over the mill yard and carriage which are both white from the swirling snow. The carriage door shuts and begins to pull out of the mill yard]



John Thornton: Look back. --Look back at me.

[His eyes watch the carriage pleading for a last glimpse of Margaret. The carriage

noises grow farther away and he waits. The realisation that his desire will not be satisfied washes over his face. His eyes narrow, his gaze loses focus, and he looks away disappointed.]

**[The carriage goes through a busy street. Nicholas Higgins and Mary Higgins hurrying together]**

Margaret Hale:            Nicholas! Nicholas! Stop the Cab!

[Margaret gets out of the carriage and meets with them on the street]

Nicholas Higgins:        Margaret, there you are! We thought you'd gone. We were on our way to the station to try and catch you. You don't think you could leave us without saying goodbye. We would've come to London, wouldn't we Mary, next Whitsun rather than you go without a farewell from your friends.

[Margaret hugs Mary and then reaches into her purse for some money to give them. Aunt Shaw covers her nose with a handkerchief.]

Nicholas Higgins:        Oh, no, Margaret. No, not between friends.

Margaret Hale:            No, not for you Nicholas. For the children. You can't refuse it for the children. [places the money in his hands] You'll let me know how they do.

[She gives him a kiss on the cheek and then slowly returns to the carriage. She looks out the window at them as the carriage drives off. Mary leans on her father as they watch her leave]

## Chapter 6

Chapter written by Larkie25 (Florida USA)

[Margaret has arrived in London and stands in the Aunt Shaw's home. She is standing by a veiled window, with no real purpose and a blank expression. Edith and Henry are talking together in a separate room, but watching Margaret.]

Edith:                        I don't know when she's going to cheer up. It's been three months now and she's still insisting on wearing black. [with a sigh] Henry, I'm counting on you. You know how much Captain Lennox and I would like the two of you to get together. Mind you, she's terribly good with Sholto. I should hate to lose her. Perhaps we could all live together in one big house. [Henry smiles] Mr. Bell arrives today. Maybe he can make her smile.

[Later, Margaret rises from a chair after she and Mr. Bell have been talking]

Margaret Hale:            [joyfully] Mr. Bell, do you really mean it?

Mr. Bell:                    Of course! I was sitting on the train thinking, How could we amuse ourselves? When I got it in my head we should visit Helstone. Do you really like the idea?

Margaret Hale:            When can we go? Tomorrow?

[Mr. Bell laughs with joy]

**[Margaret and Mr. Bell are walking in a lush green area. They are walking towards Helstone parsonage. They go up the few steps leading to the home. The new vicar and his wife are sitting at a table on the veranda, he is reading to her. Margaret has a warm vision of her parents sitting there instead, waving to her and smiling. A bird squawks and the vision is gone. The reality of the new occupants is dismal and less appealing to Margaret. They approach the house and sit down to talk with them. The wife is serving some tea for all of them.]**

Wife: We had to make some improvements. Well, alterations. We have seven children.

Margaret Hale: Yes, of course. It's just | it's a pity the roses are gone.

Wife: The children must have a place to play. Fresh air prepares the mind for God.

Mr. Bell: [sarcastically] Ah, better than all that book-reading, that's what I say.

Vicar: Precisely my very words. We have to get back to simple truth. Forget about all this intellectualism, this questioning.

Margaret Hale: [tensely] This' | dissenting? Like my father? Is that what you mean?

Vicar: Well, no! Well, yes. I thought we ought to keep things simple.

Margaret Hale: Ignorant? Uneducated? Is that what you mean? I'm sure the world would be a better place!

Wife: [explaining to her husband] Miss Hale has been in the North, where life is a little more' | Well, more wild.

[Mr. Bell senses Margaret's pain and reaches over to take her hand to try and calm her.]

\*[Mr. Bell and Margaret are walking together later on. A bell chimes]\*

Margaret Hale: Why are you smiling?

Mr. Bell: [chuckling] I was thinking of Mrs. Thornton, of how she'd love to be called wild.

[They both chuckle]

Margaret Hale: Oh dear, I nearly lost my temper.

Mr. Bell: Yes, I'm afraid this trip has not gone as I'd wished. I'm sorry.

Margaret Hale: When we first arrived in Milton I was guilty of romanticizing the South. I've got to work hard now at not doing the opposite.

Mr. Bell: Oh no, I can't have this! Mrs. Thornton being wild is bad enough. But

romantic? No, no! You wouldn't call Milton romantic in any way at all, surely?

[They sit down on a bench]

Margaret Hale: [not answering his question] Mr. Bell. When Mother was dying, Fredrick came to Milton. We-we were very secret. You know why. He left before the funeral. I went with him to the station and we were seen' | by Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Bell: I see. [he realizes what she means] Ah. You were seen embracing at the station late at night. Oh, I see.

Margaret Hale: No, no. That's not the worst of it. A man approached Frederick, someone that knew him. He fell and died later. Someone had seen me and I' | had to lie to the police inspector.

Mr. Bell: Well, I don't quite see the problem. Frederick didn't cause this man's death?

Margaret Hale: No, no. I' | I lied. I was worried because Fred was still in the country. I lied and' | Mr. Thornton knows it.

Mr. Bell: Is Frederick safe now?

Margaret Hale: Yes. Yes, he's married now. Settled down in Cadiz. Sometimes I think I'll never see him again.

Mr. Bell: But that's not why you're upset?

Margaret Hale: No, it's just' | I hate to think' | I hate to think that Mr. Thornton thinks badly of me.

Mr. Bell: Are you sure that's all?

Margaret Hale: [she sighs and looks away] I thought it was going to be such a lovely day.

Mr. Bell: [taking her hand] Look. Perhaps I could have a word with Thornton, though I'm afraid he doesn't think much of me.

Margaret Hale: Oh, no, no. I don't want him to know about Fred. I do sometimes wish he knew, but don't say anything. Please. [sighing] I don't know what I want.

Mr. Bell: [letting go of her hand] Very well. Let us think of other things. You know, Margaret, I had an idea when your father died ... of ' | looking after you.

Margaret Hale: [smiling] You have. You are.

Mr. Bell: [more seriously] No, you don't quite understand. [pause] I rather hoped you would wish to look after me as well.

[Margaret's smile disappears and she looks uncomfortable, he goes on]

Mr. Bell: I never thought to have a wife. Too busy being an Oxford academic. Anyway, I hoped. [quickly changing the subject] Oh, but that doesn't matter. I promised your father I would take care of you. Now, I have often thought how very

depressing it would be if one were to leave one's fortune to people who were waiting around hoping you would die off. So, I mean to sign over the bulk of my monies and property to you now.

Margaret Hale: Oh no, I can't. I will not!

Mr. Bell: Yes, you will. I am going back to South America where I shall live out the rest of my life in perfect peace and prosperity knowing that you are putting my money to good use.

Margaret Hale: [shaking her head] Well, I couldn't. Well, what about you?

Mr. Bell: Well, something I've been trying to ignore. My trip to London was not just to see you, my dear. I've seen my doctor.

[Margaret looks worried, Mr. Bell tries to comfort her]

Mr. Bell: Oh, shh! You must think of me living the life under the Argentine skies. Not many men can plan their exit from this world in such a leisurely way. Come now, we must cheer up. Ah, if we go now we'll be in London in time for dinner. Now, I'm in very great need of good food.

[They stand to leave. Margaret takes his arm and looks up at him, still concerned]

**[In Mr. Thornton's office. He and Mr. Bell are going over papers and Mr. Thornton is signing documents]**

Mr. Bell: So, I'm almost at the end of sorting my business affairs.

Mr. Thornton: When do you sail?

Mr. Bell: On Wednesday. I shall be pleased to be warmed by the sun again. I spent much of my youth there.

[Mr. Thornton looks at the document, stops, and looks up at Mr. Bell in uncertainty.]

Mr. Bell: [answering his unspoken question] Yes, I have signed all my property and fortune to my goddaughter Miss Hale. I have no other family and Hale is my oldest friend.

[Thornton takes in this news, though it seems difficult for him. He changes the subject.]

Mr. Thornton: But South America? Won't you need money to live on?

Mr. Bell: Oh, I have sufficient for a very good life there. What remains of it.

Mr. Thornton: I'm sorry.

Mr. Bell: Thank you, but don't be. I consider myself lucky to be able to settle my own affairs. To know that Miss Hale is secure will ease my heart in these last few months. [pause] By the way, Miss Hale is unlikely to bother you or to interfere.

She is landlord in name only.

Mr. Thornton: [without looking up] Even if Miss Hale were minded to interfere, she has little enough opinion of me. There may not be much left for her to interfere with.  
[Hands Bell the signed documents]

Mr. Bell: Yes, well, I'm sorry. I'm afraid there's nothing more I can do. I have left business behind me. [He stands to leave] I sail on Wednesday.

[Mr. Thornton puts his hand on his forehead and over his eyes. Mr. Bell puts his hand out to shake with Thornton. As he sees Thornton is thinking and does not see the outstretched hand, he withdraws it and turns to leave. As he gets to the door he pauses and turns back to Mr. Thornton.]

Mr. Bell: You might be mistaken, Thornton, if you think Miss Hale has a bad opinion of you.

[As Mr. Bell mentions Margaret's name, Thornton rises from his chair, agitated. He walks to the side of the room and turns away from Mr. Bell. He pauses as Mr. Bell continues.]

Mr. Bell: And you might not judge her as harshly as you do - In fact--

Mr. Thornton: [interrupting him, and without looking back] As you say, Mr. Bell, your business Milton is finished. And now the future of this mill is no concern of yours. I'm afraid I'm busy too. Good day.

[Mr. Bell pauses and turns to leave]

## Chapter 7

Chapter written by AnothaFan South Island, New Zealand)

\*[John Thornton is sprawled asleep across his desk, with his arms out in front of him. Mrs. Thornton hesitates in the doorway, before entering. She looks at him tenderly and removes her shawl to place over his shoulders. She puts her hand comfortingly on his head, then moves to turn the lamp down.]\*

[At Aunt Shaw's residence, Margaret is sitting reading a book. In an adjoining room Edith is talking to Dixon.]

Edith: I think Margaret is looking so much better, don't you, Dixon?

Dixon: Yes, miss. Now we're back in London.

[Aunt Shaw and Edith are seated.]

Edith: I'm so glad she decided to stay with us in Harley Street, even though now she's quite the heiress.

[Dixon, standing, pours the tea and hands Edith a cup.]

Dixon: She's looking much like her old self.

[Henry enters the room.]

Edith: What do you think, Henry?

Henry: [turning to look in Margaret's direction] I think Margaret looks very well. [He takes a cup of tea from the table.]

Edith: Now she's so rich, if you don't ask her soon, we'll have a job keeping others away.

Henry: I will try her when I'm ready. It's really none of your concern. As it is, I'm helping her with business matters. She's decided to use some of her money to try to help Frederick.

Edith: Oh. I hope you can. She will love you forever!

[Henry gives Edith a half-smile, then turns as Margaret enters.]

Aunt Shaw: Margaret, we're engaged at the Piper's on Saturday.

[Margaret stands there looking sombre.]

Edith: Oh dear! I know that look. Margaret is about to tell us something and we cannot argue. She had just the same look on her face when she insisted on giving up dancing lessons, when we were nine.

Aunt Shaw: Margaret, what's wrong?

Margaret Hale: Nothing. But Edith is right. [She moves forward and sits down.] I'm so grateful to you, Aunt, for taking me in. But I've been back in London for a long time now. I am of age and I am of means.

[Henry watches her fondly.]

Margaret Hale: Henry is helping me to understand my financial affairs and responsibilities. We are trying to help Frederick. We will probably not succeed, but it would have pleased Mother and Father that we are trying. It is time for me to take responsibility for my life.

Edith: You want to leave us? [objecting] Well, Sholto would cry so.

Margaret Hale: No. But I would like to make my own decisions for my day-to-day life. I would like to keep to my room if I wish. I would like not to go to the Pipers if I wish. [Aunt Shaw starts to protest.] And I don't. I— can't stand them. I don't like London society. I learnt something when I went back to Helstone, expecting it to be the paradise I knew as a child. [shakes her head] Try as I might, happy as we were, we can't go back.

[Margaret looks at Henry, who smiles warmly back at her.]

**[At the Thornton residence, Fanny enters the parlour where Mrs. Thornton and John Thornton are seated. Mrs. Thornton is facing Fanny, whereas John has his back to her.]**

Fanny Thornton: [in a conceited tone] I told you. I was right and John was wrong. [strongly] For once you must admit I was right. If you'd invested in Watson's scheme, you'd have made thousands. Enough to get you out of trouble! [She looks at them determined.] Admit it. [She moves forward, haughtily] I will ask Watson if he will lend John some money, but he was very angry when John would not join him in the venture. And he says a gentleman must pay his own way!

[Fanny waits for either one to answer her, then looks irritated at their silence, goes to leave the room, but turns back.]

Fanny Thornton: And I think you can think again about Ann Latimer! I'm sure she won't have you now!

[Fanny leaves. John is looking half-down, staring into space. Mrs. Thornton is looking at John.]

John Thornton: [softly] You mustn't mind losing the house, Mother.

Mrs. Thornton: [emphatic] I don't mind about the house. [leaning forward to put her hand on John's arm] I care about you.

[John gives a half smile, then sighs slightly.]

John Thornton: Thank God Fanny's taken care of. [looking at Mrs. Thornton] It'll just be you and I again.

[Mrs. Thornton gives him a smile of encouragement.]

**[Outside the Shaw's residence, a couple of carriages go past. Inside, Henry walks into the dining room where Margaret and Aunt Shaw are having breakfast.]**

Henry: [lifting some papers in Margaret's direction] I have some excellent news.

Margaret Hale: Really?

Henry: [putting the papers down beside Margaret's plate] You have made money.

Margaret Hale: What, since yesterday? While I slept? [amused] How clever of me.

Henry: [sitting down and pouring himself a cup of tea] Money makes money.

Margaret Hale: Well, I would rather earn it honestly and put it to good use.

Aunt Shaw: Margaret! You're sounding a little—. well, I hate to notice, but a little revolutionary.

Henry: [pouring more tea] Mr Bell was a shrewd fellow. He bought into a hundred to one investment with a chap named Watson.

Margaret Hale: Watson? Fanny Thornton's husband?

Henry: The very one. Being hailed as a wonder boy. Probably a nine-days wonder, but nevertheless, Fanny's struck gold. Which is more than we can say for her brother.

Margaret Hale: [looking down] Oh?

Henry: He wouldn't have anything to do with it. Far too principled. Might just be the last straw.

[Margaret looks back up at him.]

Henry: [smoothly] I'm afraid you'll soon be looking for a new tenant, Margaret.

[Margaret looks solemn and looks back down at her breakfast.]

\*[At Marlborough Mills, the looms are silent and still. John is standing amongst them, staring into space. He pictures Margaret standing there, as she had once before, with the cotton dust floating around her. He brings himself back to the present and starts walking. Tom Boucher is seated on one of the looms, reading a book out loud.]\*

Tom: [reading aloud] What a nice Christmas present it will be, said Charlotte. But I hope—

[John approaches Tom and smiles at him.]

John Thornton: Where's Higgins?

Tom: He's finishing off something. [Then carries on reading] Mr Arnott will—sometimes bring her cart into—

[John smiles at Tom, but grows serious as he pictures Margaret again, this time in the arms of the man at the train station. His thoughts are then interrupted.]

Higgins: I said, have you heard about Miss Margaret?

[John looks at Higgins as he approaches.]

John Thornton: Still here?

Higgins: Just because it's the last shift, Master, doesn't mean we shouldn't finish the job well.

John Thornton: [resigned] I am nobody's master anymore, Higgins.

Higgins: [half sitting on the loom beside Tom] If you're ever in a position to take on workers again, there's a fair number of us who'd be happy to run a mill for you.

[John looks at him with half a smile and a hint of gratitude.]

Higgins: I got up a petition to collect the names.

[John takes the petition and looks down at it in his hands.]

Higgins: Anyway, I was asking about Miss Margaret. Have you heard how she's doing?

John Thornton: [looking pensive] She's well. She's in London. We'll not see her again.

Higgins: I thought she might have gone to Spain.

John Thornton: [looking at Higgins] Spain? Why would she go there?

Higgins: Well, to see her brother, now that he's her only family.

John Thornton: [looking intently at Higgins] Her brother? She doesn't have a brother.

Higgins: Him that were over when their mother were dying. Kept it a secret, they did.  
[John is mesmerised by Higgins words] My Mary used to fetch things for them. She's a quiet girl, but she talks to me.

John Thornton: [puzzled] Why wouldn't Mr Hale tell me that he had a son?

Higgins: Something to do with the law. Found himself on the wrong side of the Navy. In real danger he was.

[John takes in this information, looking very thoughtful. His brow clears, as he looks heartened.]

John Thornton: [softly, amazed] He was her brother.

Higgins: [nodding] Well. Thornton—. I'll bid you good day.

[Higgins holds out his hand, John clasps it.]

John Thornton: Goodbye Higgins. Good luck.

[Higgins picks up Tom from the loom and walks away.]

**[At the Shaw's residence, Margaret comes out onto the mezzanine hallway.]**

Margaret Hale: Henry? I wonder—would you help me?

[Henry joins Margaret there, standing in front of her.]

Margaret Hale: I've decided I need to go to Milton and I'd like you to come with me.

Henry : [looking at her obligingly] Of course. Whatever I may do, I'm... I'm at your service. Always.

[Edith is listening to their conversation from behind a door. She has Sholto in her arms. She smiles happily at Sholto.]

Edith : [barely audible] Yes, yes.

**[A train is moving along the track. Margaret is gazing out of the window.]**

[Margaret is walking slowly through the factory at Marlborough Mills, the looms off to one side. She pictures John Thornton, as he had once stood there looking down at the workers. Her thoughts back in the present, Margaret continues to wander around.

She looks down at the mill yard, now empty and still. Mrs Thornton's voice breaks into her thoughts. She turns to face Mrs. Thornton.]

Mrs. Thornton : [severely] He's not here, if you've come to crow over him. He's not here.

[Mrs. Thornton walks towards Margaret, her arms crossed.]

Mrs. Thornton: Come to look over your possessions, have you? And he's worked all his life for them.

Margaret : [gently] You once accused me of not knowing what kind of man I'd rejected. And you were right. [imploringly] But if you think I've come to triumph over him, that I don't feel keenly the misfortune of this empty place—then you don't know me at all.

Mrs. Thornton : [more calm, looking away] I don't know where he is. [Then she looks back at Margaret, her voice becoming stronger] And don't think I'm worried for myself. He'll see me right. He always has.

[Margaret moves forward slightly and puts her hand on Mrs. Thornton's arm. Mrs. Thornton looks away, shaking her head. Margaret lowers her arm.]

**[John Thornton is walking through the grounds at Helstone.** He walks past where Margaret had once lain on the grass. The house is in the background, as he gets to the hedgerow. He stops when he sees the flowers there, and picks a yellow rose. He looks at it intently, then brings it up to his nose, before lowering it as he stares into space.]

## Chapter 8

Chapter written by Thomas591 (from Western USA)

**[A train station, people are hurrying past a stopped train. Henry and Margaret are visible in the windows of a compartment.]**

Henry Lennox:           There's a ten-minute stop here. Sorry for the delay, but we're halfway back to London. I think we have to wait for a northbound train to pass.

[Margaret gets up and opens the door to step out on the platform. A train whistle sounds, chugging noises. Margaret's eyes are following an approaching train in amazement. Mr. John Thornton has arrived at the station, but he is staring out of the window, oblivious of Margaret at this point. As the train completes its stop, Margaret draws nearer, still gazing in wonder at John. After a passenger disembarks, John is shutting the door to his compartment when he sees Margaret. He stands up never breaking his gaze and gets off the train. Margaret looks hazily pleased, then blinks, and closes her mouth as he comes up to her.]

John Thornton:       Where are you going?

Margaret Hale:       To London. I...I've been to Milton. [uncertainly looking away]

John Thornton:       [Breathes out an almost "Ah!" then smiles.] You'll not guess where I've been. [He looks into her eyes for a moment then pulls out a yellow hedge rose from his waistcoat pocket, and holds it out to her.]

Margaret Hale:       [She takes the flower.] To Helstone! [smiling] I thought those had all gone! [looks up]

John Thornton:       I found it in the hedgerow. [smiles] You have to look hard. [Margaret looks down again.] Why were you in Milton?

Margaret Hale:       [She looks up at him, remembering.] On business. Well, that is, I have a business proposition. [She turns toward her train compartment.] Oh, dear. I need Henry to help me explain.

John Thornton:       [Follows her and grasps her arm briefly to stop her.] You don't need Henry to explain. [In a very decided manner, he leads her to a bench.]

[Not so sure, Margaret looks toward Henry who is still sitting in the train watching them. John and Margaret sit down.]

Margaret Hale:       I have to get this right. [Her glance keeps dropping from his.] It's a business proposition. [swallowing and continuing swiftly] I have some fifteen thousand pounds. 'Tis lying in the bank at present, earning very little interest. [a nervous glimpse up to see him smiling indulgently as he listens and looks intently back] Now, my financial advisers tell me that if you were to take this money and use it to run Marlborough Mills, you could give me a very much better rate of .... interest. [Slowing down she looks up again breathing quickly. He is smiling into her eyes, and she drops her eyes again to her lap at her hands holding the rose.] So you see, it is only a business matter. You'd not be obliged to me in any way.

It is you who would be doing ... [John's arm moves and he grasps Margaret's hand in her lap.] ...me the service. [Her voice fades off and she caresses John's hand. Suddenly she lifts it to her mouth to kiss it fervently.]



[John is visibly moved. He slowly puts his other hand to her face, gently persuading Margaret to raise her eyes to his. Slowly, tenderly, he begins to kiss her, softly at first. Then more firmly he holds her face to his. Henry looks on from the train.]

Conductor: London train about to depart. London train is about to depart.

[John and Margaret draw apart looking searchingly into each other's eyes. Margaret looks troubled. A whistle sounds as Margaret abruptly stands and walks quickly to her train. John gets up more slowly, watching her go with a resigned sigh and a wrinkled brow before he turns dejectedly away.]

Margaret Hale: Henry, I...

Henry: [Standing at the compartment door, he hands Margaret her bag.] Goodbye, Margaret.

[Margaret takes her luggage, exchanging a long look with Henry. He looks grim, shuts the door and sits back down.]

[Margaret's reflection appears in the glass of the compartment John Thornton is standing in front of. He detects a movement behind and turns around. Seeing Margaret he smiles warmly at her.]

John Thornton: You're coming home with me?

[Margaret answers with a glance. In a moment, Thornton follows her onto the train carrying her bag and shutting the coach door after himself. The train pulls out of the

station, it's whistle blowing. Countryside passes by the windows, but Margaret and John only see each other. Smiling softly they kiss, once, twice, and again, John's arm around Margaret. Dropping her head shyly, she turns to look out the window again, just as we saw her at the beginning of this story.]

*The End*