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01x05 - Episode Five

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[OPENING TITLES]

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

Anna: You made me jump.

Gwen: Daisy, what is the matter with you? You're all thumbs.

Daisy: Sorry. I hate this room.

Gwen: Well, why? What's the matter with it?

Anna: Daisy?

[INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING]

Lady Mary: Who's that from, Papa? You seem very absorbed.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Your Aunt Rosamund.

Lady Edith: Anything interesting?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Nothing to trouble you with.

Lady Sybil: Poor Aunt Rosamund, all alone in that big house. I feel so sorry for her.

Lady Mary: I don't. All alone with plenty of money and a house in Eton Square? I can't imagine anything better.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Really, Mary, I wish you wouldn't talk like that. There will come a day when someone thinks you mean what you say.

Lady Mary: It can't come soon enough for me.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Carson, I'll be in the library. Will you let me know when Her Ladyship is down?

Mr Carson: Certainly, my lord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Sybil, darling, this one's for you.

[INT. CORRIDOR/LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

Lady Sybil: I saw another opening for a secretary and I applied.

Gwen: But you never said.

Lady Sybil: I didn't want you to be disappointed.

Gwen: I thought you'd given up.

Lady Sybil: I'll never give up, and nor will you. Things are changing for women, Gwen. Not just the vote, but our lives.

Gwen: But it's tomorrow at ten o'clock. Last time, we waited for weeks and weeks and —and this one's tomorrow.

Lady Sybil: Then we must be ready by tomorrow, mustn't we?

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE]

Isobel Crawley: I thought I'd write to Edith to settle our promised church visit.

Matthew Crawley: If you want.

Isobel Crawley: Well, we can't just throw her over when she made such an effort to arrange the last one.

Matthew Crawley: It's all in your head.

Isobel Crawley: I don't think so.

Matthew Crawley: Then...she's barking up the wrong tree.

Isobel Crawley: Poor Edith, I hope there's a right tree for her somewhere.

Mr Molesley: Ma'am, I was wondering if I might take some time this afternoon to help in the village hall.

Matthew Crawley: Why? What's happening?

Mr Molesley: It's the flower show, sir, next Saturday. I'll give my father a hand with his stall if I may.

Isobel Crawley: Of course you must go.

Matthew Crawley: And so, I'm afraid, must I.

[INT. STOREROOM - DAY]

Mr Bates: Is Mr Carson about?

Thomas: I don't think so. I was just looking for him myself.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Busy?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'm just trying to sort out the wretched flower show.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I've had a letter from Rosamund.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Don't tell me, she wants a saddle of lamb and all the fruit and vegetables we can muster.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She enjoys a taste of her old home.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: (chuckles) She enjoys not paying for food.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But there's something else. Apparently, the word is going 'round London that Evelyn Napier has given up any thought of Mary, that he's going to marry one of the Sempill girls. She writes as if somehow it reflects badly on Mary.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Your dear sister's always such a harbinger of joy.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No, as if...as if Mary had somehow been found wanting in her character.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, I don't believe Mr Napier would have said that.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Neither do I, really, but—

Cora, Countess of Grantham: She ought to be married. Talk to her.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: (chuckles) She never listens to me. If she did, she'd marry Matthew.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What about Anthony Strallan?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Anthony Strallan is at least my age and as dull as paint. I doubt she'd want to sit next to him at dinner, let alone marry him.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: She has to marry someone, Robert. And if this is what's being said in London, she has to marry soon.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

Miss O'Brien: You shouldn't do that in here.

William: I don't like being in the pantry all alone. Mr Carson won't mind. He's gone into the village.

Thomas: He'll mind if I tell him.

Daisy: That's ridiculous.

Miss O'Brien: Do you think so? She wants it put onto a new shirt, but it's a bit old fashioned to my taste.

Daisy: Oh, no, it's lovely.

Anna: Have you recovered, Daisy?

Mr Bates: What from?

Anna: She had a bit of a turn when we were in Lady Mary's room, didn't you?

Daisy: I'm fine, thank you.

Thomas: What sort of a turn? Did you see a ghost?

William: Will you leave her alone if she doesn't want to talk about it?

Thomas: I've often wondered if this place is haunted. It ought to be.

Miss O'Brien: Of the spirits of maids and footmen who died in slavery?

Mr Bates: But not, in Thomas's case, from overwork.

Thomas: Come on, Daisy, what was it?

Daisy: I don't know. I was thinking, first we had the Titanic--

Miss O'Brien: Don't keep harping back to that.

Daisy: I know it was a while ago, but we knew him. I think of how we laid the fires for Mr Patrick, but he drowned in them icy waters.

Miss O'Brien: For God's sake.

Daisy: And then there's the Turkish gentleman. It just seems there's been too much death in the house.

William: What's that got to do with Lady Mary's bedroom?

Daisy: Nothing. Nothing at all.

[INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY]

Mr Molesley: Afternoon, ma'am.

Isobel Crawley: When do you put that magnificent display of prizes on show?

Mr Molesley: Not till the day itself.

Isobel Crawley: I remember a superb cup from last year.

Mr Molesley: The Grantham Cup. It was donated by the late Lord Grantham for the best bloom in the village.

Isobel Crawley: And who won it?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I did.

Isobel Crawley: Well done. And the year before?

Mr Molesley: Her Ladyship won that one, too.

Isobel Crawley: Heaven's, how thrilling. And before that?

Mr Molesley: You've met my father.

Isobel Crawley: Good afternoon, Mr Molesley. What are you showing this year?

Mr William Molesley: Oh, this and that.

Mr Molesley: Only the finest roses in the village.

Isobel Crawley: Really? What an achievement.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: It's a wonderful area for roses. We're very lucky. We'll see some beautiful examples right across the show, won't we, Mr Molesley?

Mr William Molesley: If you say so, Your Ladyship.

[INT. CORRIDOR/SERVANTS' STAIRCASE - DAY]

Miss O'Brien: What's up with you?

Thomas: Nothing.

Miss O'Brien: His Lordship's blaming Mr Napier for spreading gossip about Lady Mary, but it was you, wasn't it?

Thomas: Why do you say that?

Miss O'Brien: Because Napier wasn't in on it. Only four people knew he was in her room that night. You, me, Lady Mary, and possibly Daisy, and I haven't said nothing to nobody.

Thomas: Well, I didn't tell about Pamuk, I just wrote that Lady Mary was no better than she ought to be.

Miss O'Brien: Who did you write it to?

Thomas: Only a friend of mine, valet to Lord Savident.

Miss O'Brien: You know what they say about Old Savident. "Not so much an open mind as an open mouth." No wonder it's all 'round London.

Thomas: You won't tell, will you? I'm in enough trouble as it is.

Miss O'Brien: Why, what's happened?

Thomas: Mr Bates saw me nicking a bottle of wine.

Miss O'Brien: Has he told Mr Carson?

Thomas: Not yet, but he will when he's feeling spiteful. I wish we could be shot of him.

Miss O'Brien: Then think of something quick. Turn the tables on him before he has a chance to nail you.

[INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I thought you went to bed hours ago.

Lady Sybil: I was writing a note for Lynch. I need the governess cart tomorrow.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh?

Lady Sybil: I'm going to Moulton.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, don't risk the traffic in Moulton, not now every Tom,

Dick, and Harry seems to have a motor.

Lady Sybil: Hardly.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Last time I was there, there were five cars parked in the marketplace and another three drove past while I was waiting. Get Branson to take you in the car. Neither of us are using it.

Lady Sybil: I thought I'd pop in on old Mrs Steward. Will you tell Mama if I forget?

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - MORNING]

Miss O'Brien: You're late this morning.

Daisy: The library grate needed a real going over. Are any of them down yet?

Thomas: Lady Sybil's in the dining room.

Daisy: I'll start with her room, then.

Miss O'Brien: Daisy, you know when you were talking about the feeling of death in the house...

Daisy: I was just being silly.

Miss O'Brien: I found myself wondering about the connection between the poor Turkish gentleman, Mr Pamuk, and Lady Mary's room. Only, you were saying how you felt so uncomfortable in there.

Daisy: Well, I've...I've got to get on. I'm late enough as it is.

[EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - DAY]

Matthew Crawley: Hello. Is everything all right?

Lady Mary: Oh, hello. I'm about to send a telegram

Matthew Crawley: Oh.

Lady Mary: Papa's sister is always nagging him to send supplies to London, and then we cable her so her butler can be at King's Cross to meet them. It's idiotic, really.

Matthew Crawley: Is this Lady Rosamund Painswick?

Lady Mary: You have done your homework.

Matthew Crawley: She wrote to welcome me into the family, which I thought pretty generous, given the circumstances.

Lady Mary: It's easy to be generous when you have nothing to lose. So, you doing any more church visiting with Edith?

Matthew Crawley: My mother's trying to set something up.

Lady Mary: Well, watch out. I think she has big plans for you.

Matthew Crawley: Then she's in for an equally big disappointment.

[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

Daisy: Is it all right to do the fire?

Anna: Why are you so late?

Daisy: I went back to my room after I'd woken everyone and I just shut my eyes for a moment. I've been trying to catch up ever since.

Anna: Have you had any breakfast?

Daisy: Not a crumb.

Anna: Here.

Gwen: Wait—you can't take a biscuit.

Anna: She never eats them. None of them do. Just thrown away and changed every evening.

Daisy: Thanks. She won't mind anyway. She's nice, Lady Sybil.

Mr Carson: Gwen? May I ask why you're sitting on Lady Sybil's bed?

Gwen: Well, you see, I had a turn - like a burst of sickness - just sudden like. I had to sit down.

Anna: It's true.

Mr Carson: You better go and lie down. I'll tell Mrs Hughes.

Gwen: I don't need to interrupt her morning. I'm sure I'll be fine if I could just put my feet up.

Mr Carson: And how many bedrooms have you still got to do?

Anna: Just one. Lady Edith.

Mr Carson: And you can manage on your own?

Anna: Well, she's no use to man or beast in that state. Go on. Shoo.

[Gwen leaves.]

Mr Carson: Daisy, may I ask why you're holding Lady Sybil's biscuit jar?

Daisy: Er...I was just polishing it before I put it back.

Mr Carson: See that you do.

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Mrs Patmore: I'm sorry, but I can't do more than my best.

Mrs Hughes: Is there some difficulty Your Ladyship?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Dear Mrs Hughes, as you know, we're giving dinner on Friday for Sir Anthony Strallan.

Mrs Hughes: Yes, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, it seems he's particularly fond of a certain new pudding. It's called Apple Charlotte. Do you know it?

Mrs Hughes: I—I'm not sure.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: His sister, Mrs Chetwood, sent me the receipt. I'm trying to persuade Mrs Patmore to make it.

Mrs Patmore: And I'm trying to persuade Her Ladyship that I have already planned the dinner with her, and I can't change it now.

Mrs Hughes: Why not?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Because everything's been ordered and prepared.

Mrs Hughes: Well, there's nothing here that looks very complicated. Apples, lemons, butter...

Mrs Patmore: I cannot work from a new receipt at a moment's notice!

Daisy: But I can read it to you, if that's the problem.

Mrs Patmore: Problem? Who mentioned a problem? How dare you say such a thing in front of Her Ladyship?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Very well. We'll try it another time when you've had longer to prepare. We'll stay with the raspberry meringue.

Mrs Hughes: And very nice it'll be, too.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'm sure.

Mrs Patmore: Have you taken leave of your senses?

Mrs Hughes: I'm so sorry about that, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Never mind. I was asking a lot. Do look after that girl.

Mrs Hughes: Daisy? She's used to it. She'll be all right.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I wonder. Mrs Patmore looks ready to eat her alive.

Daisy: I was only try to help.

Mrs Patmore: Oh! Judas was only trying to help, I suppose, when he brought the Roman soldiers to the garden!

[EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY]

Gwen: Well, I had to let the skirt down a little, but I can put it back.

Lady Sybil: No, it's yours. What will happen if one of the maids finds your room is

empty?

Gwen: Oh, it would only be Anna, and she wouldn't give me away. She's like a sister. She'd never betray me.

Lady Sybil: Oh, well, then she's not like my sisters. Walk on.

[LADY EDITH'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

Mr Bates: Shall I give you a hand?

Anna: Oh, would you? It takes half the time with two.

Mr Bates: I always feel a bit sorry for Lady Edith.

Anna: Me, too. Although I don't know why, when you think what she's got and what we haven't.

Mr Bates: Mrs Hughes said she was after the other heir, Mr Patrick Crawley, the one who drowned.

Anna: That was different. She was in love with him.

Mr Bates: What happened?

Anna: She never got her luck in. He was always set up to marry Lady Mary.

Mr Bates: Then he's a braver man than I am, Gunga Din. Sad to think about.

Anna: It's always sad when you love someone who doesn't love you back, no matter who you are.

Mr Bates: No, I mean, it's sad that he died.

Anna: Oh. Yes. Very sad. He was nice. Well, thank you for that. Much appreciated.

Mr Bates: My pleasure. Perhaps Mr Patrick did love her back, he just couldn't say it.

Anna: Why ever not?

Mr Bates: Sometimes we're not at liberty to speak. Sometimes it wouldn't be right.

[INT. OFFICE BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY]

Secretary: Take a seat.

[INT. THE DOWER HOUSE - DAY]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: The flower show? Oh, I thought I was in for another telling off about the hospital.

Isobel Crawley: No, this time it's the flower show. I've been to see old Mr Molesley's garden and his roses are the most beautiful I've ever laid eyes on.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Go on.

Isobel Crawley: You may not know it, but I believe the committee feel obliged to give

you the cup for the best bloom as a kind of local tradition.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No, no, I d—I do not know that. I thought I usually won the prize for best bloom in the village because my garden had grown the best bloom in the village.

Isobel Crawley: Yes. But you don't usually win, do you? You always win.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Yes. I have been very fortunate in that regard.

Isobel Crawley: But surely, when Mr Molesley's garden is so remarkable, and he's so very proud of his roses—

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: You talk of Mr Molesley's pride? What about my gardener's pride? Is he to be sacrificed on the altar of Molesley's ambition?

Isobel Crawley: All I'm asking is that you release them from any obligation to let you win. Why not just tell them to choose whichever flower is best?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: But that is precisely what they already know...and do.

[INT. OFFICE BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY]

[Gwen exits the office and nervously rushes down the hallway.]

[INT. LORD GRANTHAM'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY]

Mr Bates: I'm sorry, my lord, I didn't think you'd be in here.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Are my eyes deceiving me, or is one of these missing?

Mr Bates: I don't know them well enough.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No, why would you? There's a very pretty little blue one with a miniature framed in French paste. It was made for a German prince, I forget who. Unless it's been moved for some reason...but why would it be?

[EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY]

Lady Sybil: Can you help? I should be so grateful. Our horse has cast his shoe. Is there a smithy nearby?

Stranger: Ah, you can try old Crump in the next village.

Lady Sybil: Thank you.

Gwen: Thank you.

Lady Sybil: See? Help is at hand. And at least it happened on the way home.

Gwen: They'll all be worried about you, and if they check on me, I'm finished.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

Anna: Is Her Ladyship wearing that now?

Miss O'Brien: Oh, no, this is for Friday night. I just thought I'd give it a press while I had the time.

Anna: You don't know what's happened to Lady Sybil, do you? I've got the changes ready for the other two, but there's no sign of her.

Miss O'Brien: Don't you start. I've had Her Majesty on at me all afternoon.

William: Mr Carson says he'll fetch the police if she's not back soon.

[EXT. SMITHY - DAY]

Stranger 2: Sorry, Miss, but Mr Crump's staying over at the Skelton estates tonight. He's working there all week.

LADY SYBIL (sigh)
Is there anyone else?

Stranger 2: Not that I know of.

[EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY]

Lady Sybil: Come on, Dragon! Come on! Dragon, if you don't move now, I'll have you boiled for glue!

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What if she's over turned? What if she's lying in a ditch somewhere?

Miss O'Brien: I'm sure she'll be back in the shake of a lamb's tail.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: The truth is, they're all getting too old for a mother's control.

Miss O'Brien: They're growing up.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: They've grown up. They need their own establishments.

Miss O'Brien: I'm sure they'll all get plenty of offers.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: No one ever warns you about bringing up daughters. You think it's going to be like Little Women. Instead, they're at each other's throats from dawn till dusk.

[INT. HOUSEMAIDS' BEDROOM - EVENING]

Anna: You look done in. I'll bring you some food up later when we've finished dinner. Where were you?

Gwen: You came up, then?

Anna: 'Course I did. Had to change for the afternoon.

Gwen: Did you cover for me?

Anna: What do you think? I don't suppose this had anything to do with Lady Sybil?

Gwen: Oh, Anna, it was a nightmare. I don't know how I got in without being seen. I'm sure I left a trail of mud up the stairs.

Anna: So...did you get the job?

Gwen: Well, we'll have to wait and see.

[INT. LIBRARY - EVENING]

Miss O'Brien: Sorry to bother you, milady, but your mother wanted you to know Lady Sybil's back. She's changing now, so dinner won't be late after all.

Lady Edith: What happened to her?

Miss O'Brien: The horse went lame.

Lady Edith: Is there anything else?

Miss O'Brien: There is something that's been troubling me. Do you remember the Turkish gentleman, Mr Pamuk, the one who died all of a sudden like?

Lady Edith: Of course I remember.

Miss O'Brien: Well, it's Daisy, my lady...the kitchen maid. Only, she's been talking recently as if she had ideas about Mr Pamuk's death.

Lady Edith: What sort of ideas?

Miss O'Brien: Well, I've no proof, and maybe I'm wrong, but I've a sense she knows something but won't say what. Something involving Lady Mary.

Lady Edith: Well, how absurd. Well, what could she know?

Miss O'Brien: Whatever it is, she won't say. Not to us, anyway.

Lady Edith: Have you spoken to Lady Mary about this?

Miss O'Brien: I didn't like to, milady. It seemed impertinent somehow, but I thought someone in the family ought to know about it.

Lady Edith: Quite right. Bring the girl to my room...tomorrow after breakfast.

Lady Mary: What did she want?

Lady Edith: Nothing. Just a message from Mama to say that Sybil had turned up alive.

Lady Mary: Poor darling. She had to walk for miles. I don't think I'd have got down however lame the horse.

Lady Edith: No. I don't believe you would.

[INT. LADY EDITH'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

Daisy: I couldn't say, milady. I don't know what Miss O'Brien means. I didn't see nothing...not much.

Lady Edith: O'Brien, I wonder if you might leave us.

[O'Brien leaves.]

Lady Edith: Now, it's Daisy, isn't it?

Daisy: Yes, milady.

Lady Edith: I'm sure you see O'Brien only acted as she did because she is concerned.

Daisy: I suppose so, milady.

Lady Edith: She seems to think that you are in possession of some knowledge that is uncomfortable for you. Because, if that is the case, then I don't think it fair on you. Why should you be burdened with Mary's secret? Oh, my dear, my heart goes out to you, it really does. Oh, there, there. You've been carrying too heavy a burden for too long. Just tell me and I promise you'll feel better.

[INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: You seem well prepared.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We'll add a few more flowers before we open in the morning, but I think we're nearly there.

Isobel Crawley: Do look at Mr Molesley's display. He's worked so hard.

Matthew Crawley: Rather marvellous, aren't they?

Lady Mary: Lovely. Well done, Mr Molesley.

Mr William Molesley: Thank you, milady.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I think everyone is to be congratulated. Splendid.

Isobel Crawley: But do look at these roses. Have you ever seen the like?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: My dear Mrs Crawley believes I'm profiting from an unfair advantage.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oh?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Mm. She feels, in the past, I've been given the cup merely as a matter of routine rather than merit.

Matthew Crawley: That's rather ungallant, Mother. I'm sure when we see Cousin Violet's roses, it'll be hard to think they could be bettered.

Isobel Crawley: Hard, but not impossible.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: You are quite wonderful the way you see

room for improvement wherever you look. I never knew such reforming as you.

Isobel Crawley: I take that as a compliment.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I must've said it wrong.

[Violet chuckles.]

Lady Mary: Poor Granny, she's not used to being challenged.

Matthew Crawley: Nor is Mother. I think we should let them settle it between them.

Lady Mary: So, are you interested in flowers?

Matthew Crawley: I'm interested in the village. In fact, I'm on my way to inspect the cottages.

Lady Mary: You know what all work and no play did for Jack.

Matthew Crawley: You think I'm a dull boy anyway, don't you? I play, too. I'm coming up for dinner tonight. I suspect I'm there to balance the numbers. Is it in aid of anything?

Lady Mary: Not that I know of. Just a couple of dreary neighbours, that's all.

Matthew Crawley: Maybe I'll shine by comparison.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Mary, we're going.

Lady Mary: Maybe you will.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

Mr Carson: Might I have a word? I want to say something before I ring the gong. I'm afraid it's not very pleasant. His Lordship is missing a very valuable snuff box. It appears to have been taken from the case in his room. If one of you knows anything about this, will he or she please come to me? Your words will be heard in the strictest confidence. Thank you.

Miss O'Brien: I am sorry, Mr Bates. What an unpleasant thing to have happened.

Anna: Why are you picking on him?

Thomas: Because he's the only one of us who goes in there. But don't worry, I'm sure it'll turn up.

Mr Bates: Thank you for your concern.

[The dinner gong rings.]

Mr Bates: I hate this kind of thing. I hope to God they find it. Better get a move on.

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Someone knocks on the door.]

Lady Mary: I'm coming.

[Cora enters.]

Lady Mary: Does this brooch work? I can't decide.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It's charming.

Lady Mary: Oh, dear, is it another scolding?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Of course not. You're too grown up to scold these days.

Lady Mary: Heavens, then it's really serious.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'd like you to look after Sir Anthony Strallan tonight. He's a nice, decent man. His position may not be quite like Papa's, but it would still make you a force for good in the county.

Lady Mary: Mama, not again. How many times am I to be ordered to marry the man sitting next to me at dinner?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: As many times as it takes.

Lady Mary: I turned down Matthew Crawley, is it likely I'd marry Strallan when I wouldn't marry him?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'm glad you've come to think more highly of Cousin Matthew.

Lady Mary: That's not the point.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: No. The point is, when you refused Matthew, you were the daughter of an earl with an unsullied reputation. Now you are damaged goods.

Lady Mary: Mama.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Somehow, I don't know how, there's a rumour in London that you are not virtuous.

Lady Mary: What? Does Papa know about this?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: He knows it and he dismisses it because, unlike you and me, he does not know that it is true. Let's hope it's just unkind gossip. Because if anyone heard about...

Lady Mary: Kemal? My lover. Kemal Pamuk.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Exactly. If it gets around and you're not already married, every door in London will be slammed in your face.

Lady Mary: Mama, the world is changing.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Not that much. And not fast enough for you.

Lady Mary: I know you mean to help. I know you love me. But I also know what I'm capable of, and forty years of boredom and duty just isn't possible for me. I'm sorry.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I do love you. And I want to help.

Lady Mary: I'm a lost cause, Mama. Leave me to manage my own affairs. Why not concentrate on Edith? She needs all the help she can get.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You mustn't be unkind to Edith. She has fewer advantages than you.

Lady Mary: Fewer? She has none at all.

[INT. KITCHENS - EVENING]

Mrs Patmore: Open the oven.

Anna: What's happened?

Mrs Patmore: It's that bloomin' Daisy! I said she'd be the death of me, now my words come true!

Daisy: I didn't do nothing!

Anna: Come and sit down.

[A cat starts to eat the chicken and Gwen rushes forward.]

Gwen: Get away! Get back to the stables!

[Gwen shoos the cat away.]

Gwen: Well, what will you serve now?

Mrs Patmore: Them, of course, I haven't got anything else.

Anna: Daisy, give us a hand. Get that cloth. What's the matter with that?

Daisy: Are you sure? Shouldn't we tell?

Mrs Patmore: Certainly not!

Thomas: Is the remove ready to go up?

Anna: Here we are. Daisy, give him a hand with the vegetables. They're up in the serve room in the warmer.

Gwen: I'm glad I don't have to eat them.

Mrs Patmore: What they eye can't see, the heart won't grieve over.

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Sir Anthony Strallan: Mm, there's no doubt about it. The next few years in farming are going to be about mechanisation. That's the test, and we're going to have to meet it. Don't you agree, Lady Mary?

Lady Mary: Yes, of course, Sir Anthony. I'm sure I do. (aside) Are we ever going to be allowed to turn?

Lady Edith: Sir Anthony, it must be so hard to meet the challenge of the future and yet be fair to your employees.

Sir Anthony Strallan: That is the point precisely. We can't fight progress, but we must find ways to soften the blow.

Lady Edith: I should love to see one of the new harvesters, if you would ever let me. We don't have one here.

Sir Anthony Strallan: I should be delighted.

[INT. KITCHENS - EVENING]

William: I hope they find that snuff box. What happens if they don't?

Thomas: They'll organise a search, won't they? I wouldn't be Mr Bates. Not for all the tea in china.

Anna: Wouldn't you, Thomas? I daresay he feels just the same about you. What's the matter with you?

Miss O'Brien: Nothing.

Mrs Patmore: Oh, just a minute. I don't like to put it on earlier. It sinks in and spoils the effect.

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Sir Anthony Strallan: Lady Grantham.

Lady Mary: Mama has released me, thank God.

Matthew Crawley: Sir Anthony seems nice enough.

Lady Mary: If you want to talk farming and foxes by the hour.

Matthew Crawley: I'm rather looking forward to the flower show tomorrow.

Lady Mary: Mm. Where Mr Molesley's roses will turn everybody's heads. But if you tell Granny I said so, I'll denounce you as a liar.

Matthew Crawley: I wouldn't dare. I'll leave that to my fearless mother.

[They chuckle.]

Lady Mary: How were the cottages?

Matthew Crawley: They're coming on wonderfully. I'd love to show you.

Sir Anthony Strallan: Obviously it's an act of faith at this stage.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Hm, yes.

Sir Anthony Strallan: Oh, Go--God!

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What on earth?

Sir Anthony Strallan: I do apologise, Lady Grantham, but I had a mouthful of salt.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What?

[Cora tastes the dessert.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Everyone, put down your forks. Carson, remove this. Bring fruit. Bring cheese. Bring anything to take this taste away. Sir Anthony, I am so sorry.

[Matthew and Mary giggle behind their napkins.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Fains I be Mrs Patmore's kitchen maid when the news gets out.

Lady Sybil: Poor girl. We ought to send in a rescue party.

Lady Edith: You must think us very disorganised.

Sir Anthony Strallan: Not at all. These things happen.

[Mary and Matthew continue chuckling.]

[INT. KITCHENS - EVENING]

[Mrs Patmore sobs.]

Anna: Hey, come on. It's not that bad. Nobody's died.

Mrs Patmore: I don't understand it. It must've been that Daisy. She's muddled everything up before.

Daisy: But I never--

Mr Carson: Don't worry, Daisy, you're not in the line of fire here.

Mrs Patmore: I know that pudding. I chose it 'cause I knew it.

Mrs Hughes: Which is why you wouldn't let Her Ladyship have the pudding she wanted because you didn't know it.

Mrs Patmore: Exactly. I don't see how it happened.

Mr Bates: Come on, everyone. Let's give Mrs Patmore some room to breathe. You, too.

Anna: I don't think I should leave her.

Mr Bates: Yes, you should. Mr Carson knows what he's doing.

Mrs Patmore: Oh, don't do that. Get William or the hall boy to do it, it's beneath your dignity.

Mr Carson: It won't kill me. Now, all in your own good time. I think you've got something to tell me, haven't you?

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - EVENING]

Anna: I think I know where that snuff box is.

Mr Bates: Where?

Anna: Hidden in your room.

Mr Bates: You don't think—

Anna: 'Course I don't, silly beggar.

Mr Bates: Then--

Anna: I bet Thomas'd like it if they took you for a thief.

Mr Bates: Yes, I expect he would.

Anna: Go upstairs now and find it. And when you have, you can choose whether to put it in Thomas's room or give it to me, and I'll slip it into Miss O'Brien's.

Mr Bates: You naughty girl.

Anna: "Fight fire with fire," that's what my mum says.

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

Lady Sybil: Poor Mrs Patmore. Do you think you should go down and see her?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Tomorrow. She needs time to recover her nerves. I knew there was something going on.

Lady Edith: It seems hard that poor Sir Anthony had to pay the price.

Lady Mary: Good God!

[They burst out laughing.]

Lady Edith: As for you giggling like a ridiculous schoolgirl with Cousin Matthew...it was pathetic.

Lady Mary: Oh, poor Edith. I'm sorry Cousin Matthew's proved a disappointment to you.

Lady Edith: Who says he has.

Lady Mary: Matthew? He told me. Oh, sorry, wasn't I supposed to know?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You were very helpful, Edith, looking after Sir Anthony. You saved the day.

Lady Edith: I enjoyed it. We seem to have a lot to talk about.

Lady Mary: Spare me your boasting, please.

Lady Edith: Now who's jealous?

Lady Mary: Jealous? Do you think I couldn't have that old booby if I wanted him?

Lady Edith: Even you can't take every prize.

Lady Mary: Is that a challenge?

Lady Edith: If you like.

Lady Mary:

[INT. KITCHENS - EVENING]

Mrs Patmore: I could almost manage. For a long time knowing the kitchen and where everything was kept, even with that fool girl.

Mr Carson: I think you might owe Daisy an apology.

Mrs Patmore: Maybe. I had a lot to put up with, I can tell you.

Mr Carson: And you've not been to a doctor?

Mrs Patmore: I don't need a doctor to tell me I--I'm going blind. A blind cook, Mr Carson. What a joke. Whoever heard of such a thing? A blind cook.

[INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING]

[The men exit the dining room.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I hope our salty pudding didn't spoil the evening for you.

Matthew Crawley: On the contrary.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'm glad you and Mary are getting along. There's no reason you can't be friends.

Matthew Crawley: No reason at all.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I don't suppose there's any chance that you could sort of...start again?

Matthew Crawley: Life is full of surprises.

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

Lady Mary: Ah, I've been waiting for you. I found a book over here and I think it's just the thing to catch your interest.

Matthew Crawley: Oh, really?

Sir Anthony Strallan: I'm intrigued. What is it to be?

Lady Mary: Well, I was looking in the library and...

Lady Edith: I was very taken by what you were saying over dinner about--

Sir Anthony Strallan: You're right, Lady Mary. How clever you are. This is exactly what we have to be aware of.

Lady Sybil: Everyone in London is wearing them.

Lady Mary: There's a section just here that I was rather unsure about. I wonder if you could tell me...

Lady Edith: It seems we've both been thrown over for a bigger prize.

Matthew Crawley: Heavens, is that the time?

Lady Edith: You're not going?

Matthew Crawley: The truth is, my head's splitting. I don't want to spoil the party, so I'll slip away. Would you make my excuses to your parents?

[Matthew leaves.]

Lady Mary: Excuse me, Sir Anthony.

[Mary goes after Matthew.]

Lady Mary: Has Mr Crawley left?

William: Yes, milady.

Lady Mary: But what about the car? Branson can't have brought it 'round so quickly.

William: Well, he said he'd rather walk, milady.

Lady Mary: Thank you.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mary can be such a child.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What do you mean, darling?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She thinks, if you put a toy down, it will still be sitting there when you want to play with it again.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What are you talking about?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Never mind.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

Anna: Mr Carson? We were wondering about that snuff box. Has it turned up yet?

Mr Carson: I'm afraid not.

Mr Bates: Well, I think we should have a search.

Thomas: What?

Mr Bates: Doesn't do to leave these things too long.

Anna: Mr Carson can search the men's rooms, Mrs Hughes the women's. And it should be right away, now we've talked of it so no one has a chance to hide the box. Don't you agree, Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: Well, perhaps it's for the best. Although, I'm sure I won't find anything. I'll fetch Mrs Hughes.

Thomas: I think I'll just, erm...

Miss O'Brien: I better check it's time.

[O'Brien and Thomas rush out.]

Thomas: The b*st*rd's hidden it in my room or yours.

Miss O'Brien: Why did I ever listen to you in the first place?

Mrs Hughes: Miss O'Brien? My, my, you have been busy.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - EVENING]

Isobel Crawley: I was expecting you later than this. I'll tell Molesley to lock up.

Matthew Crawley: Thanks. Goodnight, Mother.

Isobel Crawley: How was your evening? Did you enjoy yourself?

Matthew Crawley: Quite. The thing is, just for a moment, I thought... Never mind what I thought. I was wrong. Goodnight.

[INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My Word, Molesley, splendid roses, as usual. Well done.

Mr William Molesley: Thank you, Your Lordship.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: All stalls are set out very well this year.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: This is enchanting. Do we grow this?

Mr William Molesley: I doubt if you got that one, Your Ladyship. I've only just found it myself.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Is it a secret, or could you tell Mr Brocket?

Mr William Molesley: I'd be glad to, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: He should come and see the rose garden. He could give us some ideas.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Old Molesley's a champion. Or he would be in a fairer world.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Don't you start.

Isobel Crawley: I'm afraid I've been annoying Cousin Violet on that score.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: If Molesley deserves first prize for his flowers, the judges will give it to him.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: They wouldn't dare.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Really, Robert, you make me so annoyed. Isn't it possible I should win the thing on merit?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I think the appropriate answer to that, Mama, is, "Yes, dear."

[EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY]

Daisy: It's nice to get the afternoon off.

Miss O'Brien: I don't know why we're bothering. We'll have missed the speeches as it is.

Thomas: Don't be such a grouch.

Miss O'Brien: I'll grouch if I want to.

Anna: You should've punished one of them at least.

Mr Bates: They know that I know. That's worth something.

Anna: What do you think will happen to Mrs Patmore?

Mr Bates: She'll muddle through with Daisy for help. In the long term, we'll just have to wait for the doctor to give his opinion.

Anna: I hope there's something they can do.

Mr Bates: I hope so, too. But if there isn't, I hope they tell her there isn't. Nothing is harder to live with than false hope.

Anna: I wish you'd just come out with it.

Mr Bates: With what?

Anna: Whatever it is you're keeping secret.

Mr Bates: I can't.

Anna: You don't deny it, then?

Mr Bates: No, I don't deny it. And I don't deny you've a right to ask. But I can't. I'm not a free man.

Anna: Are you trying to tell me that you're married?

Mr Bates: I have been married, yes, but that's not all of it.

Anna: Because...because I love you, Mr Bates. I know it's not ladylike to say it, but I'm not a lady, and I don't pretend to be.

Mr Bates: You are a lady to me. And I never knew a finer one.

[A cart drives up.]

STRANGER 3

If you want a lift, I can take one of you, but not more.

Mr Bates: One of the women.

Anna: No, you must go. Then we can all hurry and meet you there.

Mr Bates: Yes, all right. Mustn't slow you down. There's been too much of that already.

[Bates gets in the cart.]

[INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY]

Lady Sybil: Have you recovered from our ordeal?

Gwen: Well, I got a letter this morning. They must've written it as soon as I left the office. They are pleased to have met me, but I do not quite fit their requirements. So, it was all for nothing.

Lady Sybil: I don't agree.

Gwen: Only a fool doesn't know when they've been beaten.

Lady Sybil: Then I'm a fool for I'm a long way from being beaten yet.

[Applause.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: And now, for the first three...

Lady Mary: When you ran off last night, I hope you hadn't thought me rude.

Matthew Crawley: Certainly not, I monopolised you at dinner, I had no right to any more of your time.

Lady Mary: You see, Edith and I had this sort of bet—

Matthew Crawley: Oh, please, don't apologise. I had a lovely evening, I'm glad we're on speaking terms. Now, I should look after my mother.

Lady Edith: Why was Cousin Matthew in such a hurry to get away?

Lady Mary: Don't be stupid.

Lady Edith: I suppose you didn't want him when he wanted you, and now it's the other way around. You have to admit, it's quite funny.

Lady Mary: I'll admit that if I ever wanted to attract a man, I'd stay clear of those clothes and that hat.

Lady Edith: You think yourself so superior, don't you?

Lady Mary: Ugh.

Lady Edith: And I think she who laughs last laughs longest.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Did that missing box of yours ever turn up?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, It was a fuss about nothing. They must've put it back on the wrong shelf when they were dusting. Bates found it this morning.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Next time, have a proper look before you start complaining. I'm sure the servants were frightened half to death.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mia culpa.

[Applause.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: And now the Grantham Cup for the best

bloom in the village. And the Grantham Cup is awarded to...

[Violet reads her own name on the judges' paper.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Mr William Molesley...for his Comtesse Cabarrus rose.

Isobel Crawley: Bravo! Well done! Bravo!

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Congratulations, Mr Molesley.

Mr William Molesley: Thank you, milady. Thank you for letting me have it.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: It's the judges who decide these things, not me. But very well done.

Isobel Crawley: Congratulations, so well deserved.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Bravo, Mama. That must've been a real sacrifice.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And bravely born.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I don't know what everyone's on about.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But I...

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: All is well, my dear. All is well.

[INT. LADY EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Edith writes a letter just before bed. It is addressed to His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, 43 Belgrave Square, London, SW.]