

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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01x01 - Episode One

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[OPENING CREDITS]

[A hand taps out Morse code. A train whistle blows. Mr Bates sits in one of the cars. A woman takes down the telegram message.]

Woman: Oh, my God.

Man: That's impossible. I'll take it up there now.

Woman: Don't be stupid. None of them will be up for hours and what difference will it make?

[She hands him the telegram.]

Woman: Jimmy'll do it when he comes in.

April 1912

[DOWNTON ABBEY, SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - MORNING]

[Daisy knocks on the housemaids' bedroom door.]

Daisy: Six o'clock!

[HOUSEMAIDS' BEDROOM - MORNING]

[Gwen sits up in bed.]

Gwen: Thank you, Daisy. Anna.

[Anna stirs in her bed.]

Anna: For once in my life I'd like to sleep until I woke up natural.

[KITCHENS - MORNING]

Mrs Patmore: Is your fire still in?

Daisy: Yes, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: Oh, my, my, will wonders never cease? Have you laid the servants' hall breakfast?

Daisy: Yes, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: And finished blacking that stove?

Daisy: Yes, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: What about the bedroom fires?

Daisy: All lit, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: Right, well, take your things and get started on the fires on the ground floor.

[Daisy carries a bucket of firewood through the servants' hall and up through the main rooms into the library.]

Housemaid 2 (to Daisy): Now hurry up.

[Daisy hurries through the library. A footman, Thomas, enters with a silver tray with two drinks. He collects two more in another room.]

Thomas: Any sign of William?

Housemaid 2: No.

[Thomas enters the breakfast room where William is laying the tablecloth.]

Thomas: Where have you been?

William: I'm not late, am I?

Thomas: You're late when I say you're late.

[DRAWING ROOM - MORNING]

[Anna and Gwen open the windows and fluff the pillows.]

Anna: Daisy? Whatever are you doing there crouching in the dark?

Daisy: You weren't here and I didn't want to touch the curtains with my dirty hands.

Gwen: And quite right, too.

Anna: Why didn't you put the lights on?

Daisy: I daren't.

Gwen: Well, it's electricity, not the devil's handiwork. You'll have to get used to it sooner or later.

Anna: Skelton Park have even got it in the kitchens.

Daisy: What for?

[SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - MORNING]

[Mrs Hughes, the housekeeper, walks with the keys. William knocks on the butler's door while he's polishing the silver.]

William: Breakfast is ready, Mr Carson.

Mr Carson: Ah, William, any papers yet?

William: They're late.

Mr Carson: They certainly are. Get the board out so you can do them as soon as they're here.

[William sets up a board used for ironing the newspaper.]

[DRAWING ROOM - MORNING]

Mrs Hughes: Is the library tidy?

Anna: Yes, Mrs Hughes.

Mrs Hughes: Good. I want the dining room given a proper going over today. You can do it when they've finished their breakfast. Oh, heavens, girl! You're building a fire, not inventing it. How many have you done?

Daisy: This is my last till they come downstairs.

Mrs Hughes: Very well. Now, get back down to the kitchens before anyone sees you.

[EXT. DOWNTON - MORNING]

[The paperboy cycles up to Downton. Lady Mary gets out of bed and sees him ride past her window. She rings the bell.]

[SERVANTS' HALL - MORNING]

[The bell for the Queen Caroline room rings as the servants are eating breakfast.]

Thomas: And they're off.

Mrs Hughes: No rest for the wicked.

[Mrs Patmore looks at the bells]

Mrs Patmore: Lady Mary. Are the tea trays ready?

[Anna gets up from the table.]

Anna: All ready, Mrs Patmore, if the water's boiled. Could you give us a hand to take the other two up?

Miss O'Brien: I've got Her Ladyship's to carry.

Gwen: I'll help.

[Another bell rings.]

Mrs Hughes: Back door.

Mr Carson: The papers at last. William.

[EXT. BACK DOOR - MORNING]

[The paperboy reads the newspaper as William steps out.]

William: You're late.

Paperboy: Yeah. I--I know, but--

William: But what?

Paperboy: You'll see.

[MR CARSON'S OFFICE - MORNING]

[William irons the newspaper.]

Mr Carson: Do The Times first. He only reads that at breakfast, and The Sketch for Her Ladyship. You can manage the others later if need be.

[William nods as Carson leaves. He starts to fold up the paper, but stops when he sees something and reads it.]

[SERVANTS' HALL - MORNING]

Daisy: Why are the papers ironed?

Mrs Patmore: What's it to you?

Miss O'Brien: To dry the ink, silly. We won't want His Lordship's hands as black as yours.

[More bells ring. Daisy finishes clearing the table and Miss O'Brien gets up.]

William: Mr Carson, I think you ought to see this.

[William hands him the newspaper.]

[KITCHENS - MORNING]

Mrs Hughes: I can't make myself believe it.

Mrs Patmore: Me neither.

Thomas: His Lordship's dressed.

[Mrs Patmore looks over at William who is talking to Daisy.]

Mrs Patmore: William! Will you stop talking and take this kedgerie up, and mind the burners are still lit.

William: Yes, Mrs Patmore.

[William takes the dish and heads out.]

Thomas: Is it really true?

William: Afraid so.

Mrs Patmore: Nothing in life is sure.

[BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING]

[Robert, Earl of Grantham, descends the stairs with his dog.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Morning, Carson.

Mr Carson: Good morning, my lord.

[Robert dishes up the breakfast buffet for himself.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Is it true what they're saying?

Mr Carson: I believe so, my lord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'm afraid we'll know some people on it. I don't suppose there are any lists of survivors yet?

Mr Carson: I understand most of the ladies were taken off in time.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You mean the ladies in first class?

[Carson nods grimly.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: God help the poor devils below decks.

[Robert takes his breakfast to the table and puts the napkin in his lap as he sits down.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: On their way to a better life. What a tragedy.

[Robert opens the newspaper to see a picture of the Titanic. Lady Mary and Lady Edith enter and read over his shoulder.]

Lady Edith: When Anna told me, I thought she must've dreamt it.

Lady Mary: Do we know anyone on board?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Your mother knows the Asters. At least, she knows him. We dined with Lady Rothfuss last month. There are bound to be others.

Lady Edith: I thought it was supposed to be unsinkable.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Every mountain is unclimbable until someone climbs it, so every ship is unsinkable until it sinks.

Thomas: My lady.

[Thomas hands Lady Sybil a tray with the post and she takes the letter before she enters.]

Lady Sybil: Good morning, Papa.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Morning. What's that?

Lady Sybil: Just arrived. Telegram.

[Robert opens it while he continues to read the paper. Then he is stunned by the telegram's contents. His daughters stare at him, waiting. He gets up from the table without a word.]

[CORRIDOR - MORNING]

[Robert passes Miss O'Brien as he walks down the hall.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Is Her Ladyship awake?

Miss O'Brien: Yes, Milord. I'm just going to take in her breakfast.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Thank you.

[Robert knocks on a door. There's a muffled reply behind the door.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: May I come in?

[Robert enters.]

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[Cora is reading the Daily Sketch.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Isn't this terrible? When you think how excited Lucy Rothfuss was at the prospect. It's too awful for any words. Did J.J. Aster get off? Of course, that new wife of his has bound to have been rescued.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I've had a telegram from George Murray. One of his partners is in New York.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Yes?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It seems James and Patrick were on board.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What? They can't have been. They weren't going over till may.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Then they changed their plans. They're definitely on the passenger list.

[O'Brien brings the breakfast tray to Cora in bed.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Thank you, O'Brien, that'll be all for the moment. (to Robert) But surely there were picked up?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It doesn't look like it.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What?

[Cora puts her breakfast tray aside.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Neither of them? You must tell Mary. She can't hear about it from anyone else.

[Robert nods.]

[SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[A man walks with a cane and a travel bag.]

[LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[O'Brien holds a white cloth as she talks to Anna and Gwen as the house maids make the bed.]

Miss O'Brien: "Neither of them were picked up," that's what he said.

Anna: Mr Crawley and Mr Patrick?

Miss O'Brien: That's what he said. Her Ladyship was the colour of this cloth.

Gwen: Well, it's a terrible shame if it's true.

Miss O'Brien: It's worse than a shame. It's a complication.

[O'Brien leaves. Gwen and Anna follow O'Brien down the servants' staircase.]

Gwen: Well, what do you mean?

Miss O'Brien: What do you think? Mr Crawley was His Lordship's cousin and heir to the title.

Gwen: Well, but I thought Lady Mary was the heir.

Miss O'Brien: She's a girl, stupid. Girls can't inherit. But now Mr Crawley's dead, and Mr Patrick was his only son. So, what happens next?

Anna: It's a dreadful thing.

[The maids find Mr Bates standing in the servants' corridor with his cane and travel bag.]

Mr Bates: Hello. I've been waiting at the back door. I knocked, but no one came.

Miss O'Brien: So you pushed in?

Mr Bates: I'm John Bates, the new valet.

Miss O'Brien: The new valet?

Mr Bates: That's right.

[O'Brien looks down at Bates's cane.]

Miss O'Brien: You're early.

Mr Bates: Came on the milk train, thought I'd use the day to get to know the place, start tonight.

Anna: I'm Anna, the head housemaid.

[Anna shifts the sheets and candle in her arms to shake his hand.]

Mr Bates: How do you do?

[Bates reaches to shake O'Brien's hand, but she doesn't take it.]

Miss O'Brien: And I'm Miss O'Brien, Her Ladyship's maid. You better come along with us.

[Anna and Bates exchange a small smile before following into the servants' hall.]

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

Mrs Hughes: But how can you manage?

Mr Bates: Don't worry about that. I can manage.

Mrs Patmore: Because we've all got our own work to do.

Mr Bates: I can manage.

Mr Carson: All right, Mrs Hughes, I'll take over, thank you. Good morning, Mr Bates. Welcome. I hope your journey was satisfactory.

Mr Bates: It was fine, thank you.

Mr Carson: I am the butler at Downton. My name is Carson.

Mr Bates: How do you do, Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: This is Thomas, first footman. He's been looking after His Lordship since Mr Watson left. It'll be a relief to get back to normal, won't it, Thomas?

[Thomas gives a short, insincere smile. Mr Carson turns to Mrs Hughes.]

Mr Carson: I assume that everything is ready for Mr Bates's arrival?

Mrs Hughes: I put him in Mr Watson's old room. Though he left it in quite a state, I can tell you.

Mrs Patmore: But what about all them stairs?

Mr Bates: I keep telling you...I can manage.

Anna: Of course you can.

[Bates and Anna exchange a friendly smile.]

Mr Carson: Thomas, take Mr Bates to his room and show him where he'll be working.

[Thomas and Bates leave.]

Mr Carson: Thank you everyone.

Miss O'Brien: Well, I can't see that lasting long.

Mr Carson: Thank you, Miss O'Brien.

[Carson leaves. Carson looks up at the daunting flights of stairs and Thomas smiles before ascending ahead of him.]

[INT. SERVANTS' BEDROOM CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Bates is panting as they walk down the corridor. Thomas opens the door to his room and Bates looks at the modest wardrobe, chair, washing basin, cots, nightstand, and dresser.]

Mr Bates: Oh, yes. I shall be comfortable here.

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Lady Mary: Does this mean I'll have to go into full mourning?

[Robert is shocked and upset.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My first cousin and his son are almost certainly dead. We will all be in mourning.

Lady Mary: No. I mean, with the other thing. After all, it wasn't official.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: If you're saying you do not wish to mourn Patrick as a fiancé, that is up to you.

Lady Mary: Well, no one knew about it outside the family.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I repeat, it is up to you.

Lady Mary: Well, that's a relief.

[She looks up at her father, realizing how that sounded. Robert turns to sit down at his desk and Mary leaves.]

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

[Thomas shows Bates around the house.]

Thomas: There's some cedar-lined cupboards in the attics for things that aren't often worn, travelling clothes and such. Mr Watson used them to rotate the summer and winter stuff; I'll show you later.

Mr Bates: What about studs and links? Do I choose them, or does he?

Thomas: Lay them out unless he asks for something in particular. These for a ball, these for an ordinary dinner, these only in London.

Mr Bates: I'll get the hang of it.

Thomas: Yeah, you'll have to.

[Mr Bates lifts a lid on a case.]

Thomas: Snuff boxes. He collects them.

Mr Bates: Beautiful. Funny our job, isn't it?

Thomas: What do you mean?

Mr Bates: The way we live with all this, pirates horde within our reach. But none of it's ours, is it?

Thomas: No, none of it's ours.

[INT. CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Thomas stops as he passes O'Brien in the corridor.]

Thomas: I can't believe I've been passed over for Long John Silver.

Miss O'Brien: You should've spoken up when you had the chance. Don't make the same mistake next time.

Thomas: Who says there'll be a next time?

[Mrs Hughes enters the corridor.]

Mrs Hughes: Is this a public holiday no one's told me of?

[Thomas continues on his way.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Robert and Cora go on a walk with the dog.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She was certainly reluctant to go into mourning.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, she'll have to; we all will. O'Brien's sorting out my black now, and I've told Anna to see what the girls have that still fits. Of course, this alters everything. You won't try to deny it. You must challenge the entail now, surely?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Can't we at least wait until we know they're dead before we discuss it?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Don't talk as if I'm not broken-hearted, because I am. Of course, I've never understood why this estate must go to whomever inherits your title.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My dear, I don't make the law.

[Mr Carson approaches them from the house.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What is it?

Mr Carson: The Dowager Countess is in the drawing room.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'll come now.

Mr Carson: She asked for Lady Grantham.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I wonder what I've done wrong this time.

Mr Carson: And the new valet has arrived, My Lord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Has he? Er...thank you, Carson.

[Carson clears his throat.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What is it?

Mr Carson: I'm not entirely sure that he'll prove equal to the task, but Your Lordship will be the judge of that.

[Carson returns to the house and Robert turns to Cora.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Better go.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Tell her about James and Patrick; she won't have heard.

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

[Violet is dressed in black.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Of course I've heard. Why else would I be here?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Robert didn't want you to read about it in a newspaper and be upset.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: He flatters me. I'm tougher than I look.

[Cora sighs.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I'm very sorry about poor Patrick, of course. He was a nice boy.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We were all so fond of him.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: But I never cared for James. He was too like his mother and a nastier woman never drew breath.

[Cora puts on a smile.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Will you stay for some luncheon?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Thank you.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'll let Carson know.

[Cora heads for the door.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I've already told him. Shall we sit down?

[They sit.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Do you know the new heir?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Only that there is one.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: He's Robert's third cousin, once removed. I have never, well, to my knowledge, set eyes on him.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Of course, if your late husband hadn't forced me to sign that absurd act of legal theft--

[Violet puts up a hand.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: My dear, I didn't come here to fight. Lord Grantham wanted to protect the estate. It never occurred to him that you wouldn't have a son.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, I didn't.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No...you did not. But when Patrick had married Mary, and your grandson been hailed as master, honour would have been satisfied. Unfortunately, now...

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Now a complete unknown has the right to pocket my money, along with the rest of the swag.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: The problem is, saving your dowry would break up the estate. It would be the ruin of everything Robert's given his life to.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And he knows this?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, if he doesn't, he will.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Then there's no answer.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Yes, there is, and it's a simple one. The entail must be smashed in its entirety, and Mary recognized as heiress of all.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: There's nothing we can do about the title.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No. She can't have the title. But she can have your money. And the estate. I didn't run Downton for thirty years to see it go lock, stock, and barrel to a stranger from God knows where.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Are we to be friends, then?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: We are allies, my dear, which can be a good deal more effective.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

[Daisy carries a pitcher from the kitchens to the servants' hall where the servants are sitting down to luncheon.]

Mr Carson: Downton is a great house, Mr Bates, and the Crawleys are a great family. We live by certain standards and those standards can at first seem daunting.

Mr Bates: Of course.

Mr Carson: If you find yourself tongue-tied in the presence of His Lordship, I can only assure you that his manners and grace will soon help you to perform your duties to the best of your ability.

Mr Bates: I know.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Bates!

[All of the servants stand.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My dear fellow. I do apologise, I should have realised you'd all be at luncheon.

Mr Carson: Not at all, my lord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Please, sit. Sit, everyone. I just want to say a quick hello to my old comrade in arms. Bates, my dear man, welcome to Downton.

[They shake hands.]

Mr Bates: Thank you, sir.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'm so sorry to have disturbed you all. Please forgive me.

[Robert leaves and the ones who seated themselves rise slightly in their chairs. The

servants turn their surprised looks on Mr Bates. He shrugs.]

Mr Bates: You never asked.

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Mrs Patmore: Thomas, take that up.

[Daisy moves to help him.]

Mrs Patmore: Easy, Daisy, he's a grown man! I suppose he can lift a meat pie.

[Daisy smiles brightly at Thomas as he exits with the tray.]

Mrs Patmore: Now, put that apple tart in the lower oven.

[Daisy complies.]

Mrs Patmore: Oh, and take that away. Mr Lynch shouldn't have left it there.

Daisy: What is it?

Mrs Patmore: Salt of sorrel. I asked him for some to clean the brass pots. So, put it somewhere careful; it's poison.

Daisy: Seems like a lot of food when you think they're all in mourning.

Mrs Patmore: Nothing makes you hungrier or more tired than grief.

[Daisy gazes after Thomas with a smitten smile as he takes up the next dish.]

Mrs Patmore: When my sister died, God rest her soul, I ate my way through four platefuls of sandwiches at one sitting and slept 'round the clock.

Daisy: Did it make you feel better?

Mrs Patmore: Not much, but it passed the time. Oh, my lord. What was this chopped egg suppose to be sprinkled on?

Daisy: Was it the chicken?

Mrs Patmore: It was. Take it upstairs now.

Daisy: I can't go in the dining room.

Mrs Patmore: I should think not! Find Thomas or William and tell them what to do. Oh, for heaven's sake, get a move on, girl, before they get back from church!

[Daisy grabs the bowl and rushes out.]

[EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Well, we've given them a memorial in London and a memorial here.

George Murray: I prefer memorials to funerals, they're less dispiriting.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: We could hardly have held a funeral without the bodies.

George Murray: I gather they're putting up a stone to mark those whose bodies were never found. In fact, I hear the Canadians are making quite a thing of the Titanic cemetery. I'm surprised at the number they found. You'd think the sea would've taken more of them.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: So, Murray, what have you to tell me about the lucky Mr Crawley? Nothing too terrible, I hope.

[Murray chuckles.]

George Murray: I've only made a few inquiries, but no, there's, er, not much to alarm you. Matthew Crawley is a solicitor based in Manchester.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Manchester?

George Murray: His special field is company law. His mother is alive and he lives with her, his father obviously is not; he was a doctor.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I know. It does seem odd that my third cousin should be a doctor.

George Murray: There are worse professions.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Indeed.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[William stops to wipe his brow and Daisy rushes up to him.]

Daisy: Do me a favour, this is supposed to be sprinkled on the chicken.

William: Isn't there more to go up?

Daisy: Oh, please, it won't take a moment!

William: All right, give it to me.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[The mourners walk back to the house.]

George Murray: We ought to talk about the business of the entail. As you know, on your death the heir to the title inherits everything except for the sums set aside for your daughters and your widow.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Yes?

George Murray: Owing to the terms of her settlement, this will include the bulk of your wife's fortune.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: (sigh) It has been our sole topic of conversation since the day the ship went down.

George Murray: Of course, it must seem horribly unjust to Lady Grantham, but that is how the law stands.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Is there really no way to detach her money from the estate? Even to me it seems absurd.

George Murray: Your father tied the knots pretty tight; I'd say it's unbreakable.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I see.

[Further back, Edith weeps into her handkerchief.]

Lady Mary: Really, Edith, do you have to put on such an exhibition?

Lady Sybil: She's not.

Lady Mary: I was supposed to be engaged to him, for heaven's sake, not you, and I can control myself.

Lady Edith: Then you should be ashamed.

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Mrs Patmore: Oh, don't tell me you haven't sent up the egg yet!

[Daisy panics and rushes out with the bowl. She grabs Gwen in the corridor.]

Daisy: Oh, God! Help me! Please, God, help me!

Gwen: What on earth's the matter?

Daisy: Just run upstairs to the dining room and find William, I beg you!

Gwen: I can't do that now.

Daisy: You've got to. I'll be hanged if you don't.

Gwen: What?

William: Daisy, is that you?

[William comes down the stairs with the bowl in his hand.]

William: Is it the chicken in a sauce or the plain chicken with sliced oranges?

Daisy: Oh, thank you blessed and merciful Lord! Thank you!

[Daisy swaps the egg dish with the salt of sorrel that William's holding.]

Daisy: It's the chicken in the sauce. I'll never do anything sinful again, I swear it, not till I die!

[Gwen stares after Daisy in confusion.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - DAY]

[Cora meets the mourning party at the front door.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Mr Murray, how lovely to see you. Do come in.

George Murray: You're very kind, Lady Grantham, but I must get back to London.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But you'll stay for luncheon?

George Murray: Thank you, but no. I'll eat on the train. In fact, if you'd be so good as to ask for the motor to be brought 'round?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mm.

[Robert turns to Carson, who nods.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But didn't you want the afternoon to talk things through?

George Murray: I think we've said everything we have to say, haven't we, my lord?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, for the time being, yes. Thank you, Murray. You've given me a good deal to think about.

[Murray turns to leave and Mary leads her sisters towards the house.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Mary, try to get everyone into the dining room. Edith, make sure old Lord Minturn sits down.

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[Someone knocks at the door as Carson decanters some wine.]

Mr Carson: Mm-hmm?

[Mrs Hughes enters.]

Mrs Hughes: They've all gone?

Mr Carson: They have, thank the Lord.

Mrs Hughes: What about the lawyer?

Mr Carson: Oh, he was the first away. Didn't even stay for the luncheon.

Mrs Hughes: I wish they'd make their minds up. Gwen's put clean sheets on the blue room bed. Now she'll just have to strip it again.

Mr Carson: Can't you leave it for the next guest?

Mrs Hughes: Well, only if you don't tell.

[Carson chuckles.]

Mrs Hughes: So...has it all been settled?

MR CARSON (sigh)

I don't know if anything's been settled. There's a fellow in Manchester with claims to the title, I gather, but it's all a long way from settled.

Mrs Hughes: You mustn't take it personally.

Mr Carson: Oh, I do take it personally, Mrs Hughes. I can't stand by and watch our family threatened with the loss of all they hold dear.

MRS HUGHES (chuckles)
They're not our family.

Mr Carson: Well, they're all the family I've got.

[Mrs Hughes is surprised and humbled by his sharp sincerity.]

Mr Carson: I beg your pardon.

Mrs Hughes: Do you...ever wish you'd...gone another way?

[Carson looks up sharply.]

Mrs Hughes: Worked in a shop or a factory? Had a wife and children?

Mr Carson: Do you?

Mrs Hughes: I don't know. Maybe. Sometimes.

[Someone knocks at the door.]

Gwen: William's laid tea in the library, but Her Ladyship hasn't come down.

Mrs Hughes: She'll be tired. Take a tray up to her bedroom.

[Gwen nods.]

Mr Carson: Is Thomas back?

Gwen: Not yet, Mr Carson.

[Mrs Hughes turns to Carson for an explanation.]

Mr Carson: He asked if he could run down the village, I didn't see why not.

[EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

[Thomas exits a shop and walks down the street.]

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[Gwen brings in a tea tray while O'Brien helps Cora dress. O'Brien waits for Gwen to leave.]

Miss O'Brien: It's iniquitous. They can't expect you to sit by silent as your fortune is stolen away.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Can't they?

Miss O'Brien: His Lordship'd never let it happen.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: How's Bates working out?

Miss O'Brien: Well, I don't like to say. Only, it seems unkind to criticize a man for an affliction, milady. And even if it means he can't do his job.

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: How are you settling in?

Mr Bates: Very well, I think. Unless Your Lordship feels differently.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No complaints?

Mr Bates: If I had any, I should take them to Mr Carson, milord, not you.

[Robert chuckles.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You're probably right. And the house hasn't worn you out with the endless stairs and everything?

Mr Bates: I like the house, my lord, and I like it as a place to work.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What happened?

Mr Bates: Oh, it's only the old wound. After I left the army, I had a spot of bother and just when I got through that, about a year ago my knee started playing up. A bit of shrapnel got left in or something had moved, but it's fine. It's not a problem.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: And you'd let me know if you felt it was all too much for you?

Mr Bates: I would. But it won't be.

[EXT. COURTYARD - DAY]

[Thomas returns while O'Brien is on her smoke break.]

Servant: Thomas.

Miss O'Brien: And where have you been?

Thomas: In the village. Sent a telegram, if you must know.

Miss O'Brien: Oh, pardon me for living.

[She offers him a cigarette.]

Miss O'Brien: Well, Murray didn't stay long.

Thomas: Does Her Ladyship know how they left it?

Miss O'Brien: No. They talked it all through on their way back from the church.

Thomas: If I was still his valet, I'd get it out of him.

Miss O'Brien: Bates won't say a word.

Thomas: He will not? I bet your tanner he's a spy in the other direction. I wanted that job. We were all right together, His Lordship and me.

Miss O'Brien: Then be sure to get your foot in the door when Bates is gone.

Thomas: Can't get rid of him just 'cause he talks behind our backs.

Miss O'Brien: There's more than one way to skin a cat.

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Anna fixes Mary's hair.]

Anna: Perhaps she misunderstood.

Lady Mary: No, it was quite plain. O'Brien told her Bates can't do the job properly. Why was he taken on?

Anna: Oh, he was Lord Grantham's batman when he was fighting the Boers.

Lady Mary: I know that, but even so.

Lady Sybil: I think it's romantic.

Lady Mary: I don't. How can a valet do his work if he's lame?

Anna: He's not very lame.

[Anna finishes Mary's hair.]

Anna: There. Anything else before I go down?

Lady Mary: No, that's it. Thank you.

[Mary looks at herself in the full mirror as Anna exits.]

Lady Mary: Oh, I hate black.

Lady Sybil: It's not for long. Mama says we can go into half-mourning next month and back to colours by September.

Lady Mary: It still seems a lot for a cousin.

Lady Edith: But not a fiancé.

Lady Mary: He wasn't really a fiancé.

Lady Edith: No? I thought that was what you call a man you're going to marry.

Lady Mary: I was only going to marry him if nothing better turned up.

Lady Sybil: Mary, what a horrid thing to say.

Lady Mary: Don't worry, Edith would've taken him, wouldn't you?

Lady Edith: Yes, I'd have taken him. If you had given me the chance, I'd have taken him like a shot.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - EVENING]

Thomas: I just think you should know it's not working, Mr Carson.

Mr Carson: Do you mean Mr Bates is lazy?

Thomas: Not lazy...exactly. But he just can't carry. He can hardly manage His Lordship's cases. You saw how it was when they went out to London for the memorial. He can't help with the guest luggage neither, and as for waiting a table, we can forget that.

Mr Carson: And what do you want me to do?

Thomas: Well, it's not for me to say. But is it fair on William to have all the extra work? I don't believe you'd like to think the house was falling below the way things ought to be.

Mr Carson: I would not.

Thomas: That's all I'm saying.

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Mary stares at her reflection in the looking glass. Sybil pops her head in.]

Lady Sybil: I'm going down. Coming?

Lady Mary: In a moment. You go.

[Sybil enters and closes the door.]

Lady Sybil: I know you're sad about Patrick. Whatever you say, I know it.

Lady Mary: You're a darling. But you see, I'm not as sad as I should be. And that's what makes me sad.

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

[Bates brushes down Robert's tailcoat.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Thank you.

[Bates drops the brush.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'll do that.

Mr Bates: No. No, thank you, milord. I can do it.

[Bates picks up the brush.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'm sure.

Mr Bates: I hope so, milord. I hope you are sure.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Bates, we have to be sensible. I won't be doing you a favour in the long run if it's too much for you. No matter what we've been through, it's got to work.

Mr Bates: Of course it has, sir. I mean, milord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Do you miss the army, Bates?

Mr Bates: I miss a lot of things, but you have to keep moving, don't you?

[Robert chuckles.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You do, indeed.

Mr Bates: I'll show you, milord, I promise. I won't let you down. We've managed so far, haven't we?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Yes, we have. Of course we have.

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Robert knocks and enters.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You look very nice.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Thank you, darling. Did Murray make matters clearer?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Yes, I'm afraid he did.

[Cora is disappointed, but she waits for O'Brien to leave before speaking.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: By the way, O'Brien says Bates is causing a lot of awkwardness downstairs. You may have to do something about it.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She's always making trouble.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Is that fair? When she hasn't mentioned it before now.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I don't know why you listen to her.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It is quite eccentric, even for you, to have a cripple valet.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Please...don't use that word.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Did he tell you he couldn't walk when he made his application?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Don't exaggerate.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Doesn't it strike you as dishonest not to mention it?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I knew he'd been wounded.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You never said.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You know I don't care to talk about all that.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Of course, I understand what it must be like to have fought alongside someone in a war.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, you understand that, do you?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Certainly I do. You must form the most tremendous bonds. Even with a servant.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Really? "Even with a servant"?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oh, Robert, don't catch me out. I'm simply saying I fully see why you want to help him.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But...is this the right way? To employ him for a job he can't do? Is it any wonder the others noses are put out?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I just want to give him a chance.

[Cora sighs.]

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

[Robert enters to find Violet looking out a window.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mama, I'm sorry. No one told me you were here.

[Violet turns around and opens her decorative fan to block the light coming from the electric chandelier.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Such a glare. I feel as if I were on stage at the Gaiety.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: We're used to it. I do wish you'd let me install it in the Dower House; it's very convenient. The man who manages the generator could look after yours as well.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No. I couldn't have electricity in the house. I wouldn't sleep a wink. All those vapours seeping about.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Even Cora won't have it in the bedroom. She did wonder about the kitchens, but I couldn't see the point.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, before anyone joins us, I'm glad of this chance for a little talk.

[They sit.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I gather Murray was here today?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: News travels fast. Yes, I saw him, and he's not optimistic that there's anything we can do.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, I refuse to believe it.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Be that as it may, it's a fact.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: But to lose Cora's fortune!

[Robert scoffs and stands up.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Really, Mama, you know as well as I do that Cora's fortune is not Cora's fortune anymore. Thanks to Papa it is now part of the estate, and the estate is entailed to my heir. That is it. That is all of it.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Robert, dear, I don't mean to sound harsh--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You may not mean to, but I bet you will.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Twenty-four years ago, you married Cora against my wishes for her money! Give it away now, what was the point of your peculiar marriage in the first place?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: If I were to tell you she's made me very happy, would that stretch belief?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: It's not why you chose her...above all those other girls who could've filled my shoes so easily.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: If you must know, when I think of my motives for pursuing Cora, I'm ashamed. There's no need to remind me of them.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Don't you care about Downton?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What do you think? I've given my life to Downton. I was born here, and I hope to die here. I claim no career beyond the nurture of this house and the estate. It is my third parent and my fourth child. Do I care about it? Yes, I do care!

[Someone enters and Violet gives him a shushing expression.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I hope I don't hear sounds of a disagreement.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: What? Is that what they call discussion in New York?

Lady Mary: Well, I'm glad you're fighting. I'm glad somebody's putting up a fight

Lady Sybil: You're not really fighting Granny, are you, Papa?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Your grandmother merely wishes to do the right thing. And so do I.

[Carson enters.]

Mr Carson: Dinner is served, my lady.

[INT. KITCHENS - EVENING]

Daisy: Does anyone else keep dreaming about the Titanic? I can't get it out of my mind.

Gwen: Not again. Give it a rest.

Anna: Daisy, it's time to let it go.

Daisy: But all them people freezing to death in midnight icy water.

Miss O'Brien: Oh, you sound like a penny dreadful.

Gwen: I expect you saw worse things in South Africa, eh Mr Bates?

Mr Bates: Not worse, but pretty bad.

Daisy: Did you enjoy the war?

Mr Bates: I don't think anyone enjoys war, but there are some good memories, too.

Anna: I'm sure there are.

Gwen: Mr Bates, could you hand me that tray?

[Mr Bates gets up to grab it, but his knee twinges and he spills the whole contents on the floor as he grabs his knee. Anna gets up quickly.]

Anna: I'll do it.

[Gwen clearly feels awkward.]

Mr Carson: Ladies are out. We've given them coffee. His Lordship's taken his port to the library. Anna, Gwen, go up and help clear away. Er, Daisy, tell Mrs Patmore we'll eat in 15 minutes.

[Mr Bates, Mr Carson, and Miss O'Brien sit at the table.]

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

[The servants clear the table.]

Gwen: I keep forgetting, does this go next door or back to the kitchen?

Thomas: Those go back, but the dessert service and all the glasses stay in the upstairs pantry.

William: Put it on here.

[Gwen sets the dish down on the tray. O'Brien creeps up to Thomas in the antechamber.]

Thomas: What is it?

Miss O'Brien: Her Ladyship's told him she thinks Mr Bates ought to go. She said to me, "If only His Lordship had been content with Thomas."

Thomas: Did she really?

Anna: What are you doing up here?

Miss O'Brien: It's a free country.

Anna: Well, I'm going for my dinner. You two can stay here...plotting.

[INT. THE DOWER HOUSE - DAY]

[Violet holds a letter.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: So, the young Duke of Crowborough is asking himself to stay.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We know why?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: You hope you know why. That is not at all the same. You realise the duke thinks Mary's prospects have altered?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I suppose so.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: There's no suppose about it. Of course, this is exactly the sort of opportunity that will come to Mary if we can only get things

settled in her favour. Is Robert coming 'round?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Not yet. To him, the risk is we succeed in saving my money, but not the estate. He feels he'd be betraying his duty if Downton were lost because of him.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, I'm going to write to Murray.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: He won't say anything different.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, we have to start somewhere. Our duty is to Mary. Well, give him a date for when Mary's out of mourning.

[Violet hands the letter back to Cora.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No one wants to kiss a girl in black.

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[Sybil puts a flower in Mary's hair as they stand in front of the mirror.]

Lady Edith: Oh, do stop admiring yourself. He's not marrying you for your looks. That's if he wants to marry you at all.

Lady Mary: He will.

Lady Sybil: You look beautiful.

Lady Mary: Thank you Sybil, darling.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We should go down. They'll be back from the station at any moment.

[The girls file out.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Let's not gild the lily, dear.

[Cora takes the flower out of Mary's hair and lowers her voice to a whisper.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And Mary, try to look surprised.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

Mr Carson: You all ready?

[Carson inspects William's uniform.]

Mr Carson: Very well. We shall go out to greet them.

Daisy: And me, Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: No, Daisy, no you.

[Daisy's expression falls.]

Mr Carson: Can you manage, Mr Bates, or would you rather wait here?

Mr Bates: I want to go, Mr Carson.

Mr Carson: There's no obligation for the whole staff to be present.

Mr Bates: I'd like to be there.

Mr Carson: Well, it's certainly a great day for Downton to welcome a duke under our roof.

Thomas (to William): Remember to help me with the luggage. Don't go running off.

Mr Bates: I'll give you a hand.

Thomas: Oh, I couldn't ask that, Mr Bates, not in your condition.

[The servants head upstairs and Thomas turns to Mr Carson.]

Thomas: How long do we have to put up with this, Mr Carson, just so I know?

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - DAY]

[The servants line up and the family exits the house. William opens the car door for the duke and Robert.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Welcome to Downton.

[Mrs Hughes and the housemaids curtsy and the men bow their heads.]

Duke of Crowborough: Lady Grantham, this is so kind of you.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Not at all, Duke. I'm delighted you could spare the time. You know my daughter, Mary, of course.

Duke of Crowborough: Of course, Lady Mary.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And Edith, but I don't believe you've met my youngest, Sybil.

Duke of Crowborough: Ah, Lady Sybil.

[They step forward to shake hands.]

Lady Sybil: How do you do?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Come on in, you must be worn out.

Duke of Crowborough: Oh, Lady Grantham, I have a confession to make, which I hope won't cause too much bother. My man was taken ill just as I was leaving, so...

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, well, that won't be a problem, will it Carson?

Mr Carson: Certainly not. I shall look after His Grace myself.

Duke of Crowborough: Oh, no, I wouldn't dream of being such a nuisance, surely a footman...

[The duke looks at Thomas.]

Duke of Crowborough: I remember this man. Didn't you serve me when I dined with Lady Grantham in London?

Thomas: I did, Your Grace.

Duke of Crowborough: Ah, there we are. We shall do very well together, won't we...?

Thomas: Er, Thomas, Your Grace.

Duke of Crowborough: ...Thomas.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Good.

[The family heads inside.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I hope you had a pleasant journey.

[O'Brien kicks Bates's cane out from under him and he falls.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Bates, are you all right?

Mr Bates: Perfectly, my lord. I apologise.

[The family continues inside and Bates looks up at O'Brien. Anna crouches down to help Bates.]

Anna: Mr Bates.

[William closes the front door and Anna helps Bates to his feet.]

Anna: That's better.

Mr Bates: Please, don't feel sorry for me.

[Bates and Anna walk around to the servants' entrance behind the others.]

[INT. CORRIDOR - DAY]

Lady Mary: What shall we do? What would you like to do?

Duke of Crowborough: I think I'd rather like to go exploring.

Lady Mary: Certainly. Gardens or house?

Duke of Crowborough: Oh, house, I think. Gardens are all the same to me.

[They chuckle.]

Lady Mary: Very well. We can begin in the hall, which is one of the oldest--

Duke of Crowborough: No, not all those drawing rooms and libraries.

Lady Mary: Well what, then?

Duke of Crowborough: I don't know. The...the secret passages and the attics.

Lady Mary: It seems a bit odd, but why not? I'll just tell Mama.

Duke of Crowborough: No Don't tell your mama.

Lady Mary: But there's nothing wrong in it.

Duke of Crowborough: No, indeed, I'm--I'm only worried the others will want to join us.

[Mary smiles, flattered.]

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

[Robert enters while Cora is embroidering.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Mary's settling him in.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Cora, don't let Mary make a fool of herself. By the way, I'll be going up to London next week.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Do you want to open the house?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No, no, I'll just take Bates and stay at a club. I won't be more than a day or two.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I see. Are things...progressing?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What "things"?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oomph.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It's just a regimental dinner

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It's a pity Bates spoiled the arrival this afternoon.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: He didn't spoil anything. He fell over.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: So undignified. Carson hates that kind of thing.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I don't care what Carson thinks.

[Carson clears his throat.]

Mr Carson: A message from the Dowager Countess, milady. She says she won't come to tea, but she'll join you for dinner.

[Cora gives Robert a slightly exasperated look.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, Carson, I hope you weren't embarrassed this afternoon. I can assure you the Duke very much appreciated his welcome.

Mr Carson: I'm glad.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Is Bates all right?

Mr Carson: I think so, my lord.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Must be so difficult for you all the same.

[Carson looks at the floor and raises his eyebrows and leaves without a word.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Don't stare.

[INT. SERVANTS' BEDROOM CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Mary and the duke sneak through the servants' passages.]

Lady Mary: Do you realise this is the first time we've ever been alone?

Duke of Crowborough: Then you've forgotten when I pulled you into the conservatory at the Northbrooks.

[Mary smiles.]

Duke of Crowborough: How sad.

Lady Mary: No, I haven't. It's not quite the same with twenty chaperones hiding behind every fan.

Duke of Crowborough: And are you pleased to be alone with me, my lady?

Lady Mary: Oh dear, if I answer truthfully you'll think me rather forward.

[The duke steps forward to open the door behind Mary.]

Lady Mary: I don't think we should pry. It feels rather...disrespectful.

Duke of Crowborough: Oh, nonsense. It's your father's house, isn't it? You have a right to know what goes on in it. Where does this lead?

Lady Mary: To the men's quarters, with a lock on the women's side. Only Mrs Hughes is allowed to turn it.

Duke of Crowborough: Mrs Hughes...

[The duke opens the door.]

Duke of Crowborough: And you.

[Mary and the duke enter the men's corridor.]

Duke of Crowborough: In here?

Lady Mary: A footman, I imagine.

[Mary seems uncomfortable as the duke opens the door and then enters another room. The duke rifles through the dresser drawers.]

Lady Mary: Should you do that?

Duke of Crowborough: Why not? I'm--I'm making a study on the genus footman. I seek to know the creature's ways.

[Mary laughs, then turns when she hears something.]

Lady Mary (whisper): Someone's coming!

[Mary stands awkwardly in the corridor and the duke closes the footman's bedroom door as Bates steps out of his room into the corridor.]

Mr Bates: Can I help you, milady?

Lady Mary: We were just exploring.

[The duke steps out of the footman's room.]

Mr Bates: Were you looking for Thomas, Your Grace?

Duke of Crowborough: No, as Lady Mary said, we've just been exploring.

[Bates nods and opens his door.]

Mr Bates: Would you care to explore my room, milady?

[Mary is embarrassed and ashamed.]

Lady Mary: Of course not, Bates. I'm sorry to have bothered you. We were just going down.

[Mary walks stiffly back to the women's corridor and the duke follows calmly behind and she locks the door.]

Duke of Crowborough: Why did you apologise to that man? It's not his business what we do.

Lady Mary: I always apologise when I'm in the wrong. It's a habit of mine.

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Mr Carson: The plain fact is Mr Bates, through no fault of his own, is not able to fulfil the extra duties expected of him. He can't lift, he can't serve at table, he's dropping things all over the place. On a night like tonight, he should act as a third footman. As it is, my lord, we may have to have a maid in the dining room.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Cheer up, Carson. There are worse things happening in the world.

Mr Carson: Not worse than a maid serving a duke.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: So you're quite determined?

Mr Carson: It's a hard decision, Your Lordship, a very hard decision, but the honour of Downton is at stake.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Don't worry, Carson, I know all about hard decisions when it comes to the honour of Downton. Don't I boy?

[Robert kneels down to pet his dog.]

[INT. LUGGAGE ROOM - EVENING]

[William sighs with the effort as he puts down some luggage.]

Mrs Hughes: William, you mustn't let Thomas take advantage. He's only a footman, same as you.

William: Well, that's all right, Mrs Hughes. I like to keep busy. Takes your mind off things.

Mrs Hughes: What things have you got to take your mind off? If you're feeling homesick, there's no shame in it.

William: No.

Mrs Hughes: Means you come from a happy home. There's plenty of people here would envy that.

William: Yes, Mrs Hughes.

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

Mr Bates: Will that be all, milord?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Yes. That is...not exactly. Have you recovered from your fall this afternoon?

Mr Bates: I'm very sorry about that, milord. I don't know what happened.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: The thing is, Bates, I said I'd give you a trial and I have. If it were only up to me. It's this question of a valet's extra duties.

Mr Bates: You mean waiting a table when there's a large party.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: That and carrying things and...you do see that Carson can't be expected to compromise the efficiency of his staff.

Mr Bates: I do, milord, of course I do. Might I make a suggestion? That when an extra footman is required, the cost could come out of my wages.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Absolutely not. I couldn't possibly allow that.

Mr Bates: Because I am very eager to stay, milord. Very eager, indeed.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I know you are. And I was eager that this should work.

Mr Bates: You see...it is unlikely that I should find another position.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But surely in a smaller house where less is expected of you...

Mr Bates: It's not likely.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I mean to help until you find something.

Mr Bates: I couldn't take your money, milord. I can take wages for a job done, that's all.

[They regard each other for a moment.]

Mr Bates: Very good, milord. I'll go at once.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: There's no need to rush out into the night. Take the London train tomorrow; it leaves at nine. You'll have a month's wages, too.

[Bates is about to protest.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: That I insist on.

[Bates begins to leave.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It's a bloody business, Bates, but I can't see any way around it.

Mr Bates: I quite understand, milord.

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'm afraid we're rather a female party tonight, Duke, but you know what it's like trying to balance numbers in the country. A single man outranks the Holy Grail.

Duke of Crowborough: No, I'm ter-- I'm terribly flattered to be dining en famille.

Lady Edith: What were you and Mary doing in the attics this afternoon?

Lady Sybil: I expect Mary was just showing the duke the house, weren't you?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Are you a student of architecture?

Duke of Crowborough: Mm, absolutely.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Then I do hope you'll come and inspect my little cottage. It was designed by Rein...

Duke of Crowborough: Ah.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: ...for the first earl's sister.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: The attics?

Lady Edith: Yes. Mary took the duke up to the attics.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Whatever for?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Why was this, dear?

Lady Mary: We were just looking around.

Lady Edith: Looking around? What is there to look at but servants' rooms? What was the real reason?

[Thomas is interested by the conversation.]

VIOLET, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF GRANTHAM (chuckles uncomfortably)
Don't be such a chatterbox, Edith.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I think we'll go through.

Lady Edith: I still don't understand--

Lady Mary: Will you hold your tongue?

[The men rise as the women exit in order of age.]

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

Thomas: How long do you think they'll be? I'm starving.

Mr Carson: Have you settled the ladies?

Thomas: Yes, Mr Carson.

Mr Carson: Then it won't be long once they go through.

Daisy: Do you think he'll speak out? Do you think we'll have a duchess to wait on? Imagine that!

Mrs Patmore: You won't be waiting on her, whatever happens.

Mr Carson: There is no reason why the eldest daughter and heiress of the Earl of Grantham should not wear a duchess's coronet with honour.

Mrs Hughes: Heiress, Mr Carson? Has it been decided?

Mr Carson: It will be if there's any justice in the world.

Mrs Hughes: Well, we'll know soon enough.

[Anna puts a plate down on a tray.]

Mrs Patmore: What you doing, Anna?

Anna: I thought I'd take something up to Mr Bates, him not being well enough to come down. You don't mind, do you Mrs Hughes?

Mrs Hughes: I don't mind, not this once.

Mr Carson: Take him whatever he might need.

[Anna leaves with the tray.]

Mr Carson: Mr Bates is leaving without a stain on his character. I hope you all observe that in the manner of your parting.

William: Well, I don't see why he has to go. I don't mind doing a bit of extra work.

Thomas: It's not up to you. I'll take care of His Lordship, shall I Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: Not while you're looking after the duke, you won't. I'll see to His Lordship myself.

[INT. SERVANTS' BEDROOM CORRIDOR - EVENING]

[Anna takes the tray to Mr Bates's room and sees him crying through the slightly open door. She takes a step back and pauses to consider.]

Anna: Mr Bates? Are you there?

[Bates wipes his eyes with a cloth and comes to the door.]

Anna: I brought something up in case you're hungry.

Mr Bates: That's very kind.

[Bates puts his cane on his arm and takes the tray and puts it down on a table by the door.]

Anna: I'm ever so sorry you're going.

Mr Bates: I'll be all right.

Anna: Of course you will. There's always a place for a man like you.

Mr Bates: Oh, yes. Something'll turn up.

Anna: Tell us when you're fixed. Just...drop us a line. Else I'll worry.

Mr Bates: Well...we can't have that.

[They smile sadly at each other and Bates closes the door.]

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: We must go and let the servants get in here.

Duke of Crowborough: I should be grateful if we could stay just a minute more. I have-- I have something to ask you.

[Robert sits back down.]

Duke of Crowborough: I was terribly sorry to hear about your cousins.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You said. Did you know them?

Duke of Crowborough: Not well. I--I used to see Patrick Crawley at the odd thing. I imagine it will mean some adjustments for your...to lose two heirs in one night is terrible.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Indeed, it was terrible.

Duke of Crowborough: Awful. But then again, it's an ill wind. At least Lady Mary's prospects must have rather improved.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Have they?

Duke of Crowborough: Haven't they?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I will not be coy and pretend I do not understand your meaning, though you seem very informed on this family's private affairs. But you ought, perhaps, to know that I do not intend to fight the entail. Not any part of it.

Duke of Crowborough: You can't be serious.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It pains me to say it, but I am.

Duke of Crowborough: You will give up your entire estate - your wife's money into the bargain - to a perfect stranger? You won't even put up a fight?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I hope he proves to be perfect, but I rather doubt it.

Duke of Crowborough: Ha. A very odd thing to joke about.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No odder than this conversation. So, there you have it. But Mary will still have her settlement, which you won't find ungenerous.

[The duke coughs.]

Duke of Crowborough: I'm--I'm sorry?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I only meant that her portion, when she marries will be more than respectable. You'll be pleased, I promise you.

Duke of Crowborough: Oh, heavens. I--I hope I haven't given the wrong impression.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You know very well the impression--

Duke of Crowborough: My dear Lord Grantham--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Don't "my dear Lord Grantham" me! You knew what you were doing when you came here. You encouraged Mary, all of us to thinking--

Duke of Crowborough: Forgive me, but I came to express my sympathies and my friendship, nothing more. L--Lady Mary's a charming person. Whoever marries her will be a lucky man. He will not, however, be me.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I see. And what was it you asked me to stay behind to hear?

Duke of Crowborough: I forget.

[Robert glares at the duke.]

[INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING]

[The duke and Robert part ways. Mary waits for the duke as he lights a candle by the stairs.]

Lady Mary: Well, aren't you coming into the drawing room?

Duke of Crowborough: I'm--I'm tired. I--I think I'll just slip away. Please make my excuses.

Lady Mary: I'm afraid I've worn you out. Tomorrow we can just--

Duke of Crowborough: I'm leaving in the morning. Goodnight.

[Mary is disappointed. The duke turns around.]

Duke of Crowborough: Oh, you might tell that footman...

Lady Mary: Thomas.

Duke of Crowborough: Thomas. You might tell him I've gone up.

[The duke ascends the stairs and Mary processes her disappointment, trying not to cry. Edith approaches from behind to gloat.]

Lady Edith: So he slipped the hook.

Lady Mary: At least I'm not fishing with no bait.

[Mary exits, leaving Edith equally upset.]

[INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT]

Thomas: I don't believe that.

Duke of Crowborough: Well, believe what you like. He won't break the entail. The unknown cousin gets everything and Mary's inheritance will be the same as it always was.

Thomas: Well, how was I to know when the lawyer turned up?

Duke of Crowborough: You weren't to know. You did the right thing to telegraph me. It's just not gonna come off.

Thomas: So, what now?

Duke of Crowborough: Well, you-- you know how I'm fixed. I have to have an heiress. If it means going to New York to find one.

Thomas: What about me?

Duke of Crowborough: You...you will wish me well.

Thomas: You said you'd find me a job if I wanted to leave.

Duke of Crowborough: Do you?

Thomas: I want to be a valet. I'm sick of being a footman.

Duke of Crowborough: Yeah, Thomas, I don't need a valet. I--I thought you were getting rid of the new one here?

Thomas: I'll have done it, but I'm not sure Carson's gonna let me take over.

[Thomas sits down and takes the duke's face in his hand.]

Thomas: And I want to be with you.

[They kiss.]

Duke of Crowborough: I just can't see it working, can you? We don't seem to have the basis of a servant/master relationship, do we?

Thomas: You came here to be with me.

Duke of Crowborough: Among other reasons. And one swallow doesn't make a summer.

Thomas: Aren't you forgetting something?

Duke of Crowborough: What? Are you threatening me? Because of a youthful dalliance? A few-- a few weeks of madness in a London season? You wouldn't hold that against me, surely?

Thomas: I would if I have to.

Duke of Crowborough: And who will believe a greedy footman over the words of a duke? If you're not careful, you'll end up behind bars.

Thomas: I've got proof.

Duke of Crowborough: Mm. You mean these?

[The duke pulls out a bound stack of letters. Thomas dashes for them, but the duke throws them in the fire and wrestles keeps Thomas away as they burn.]

Duke of Crowborough: You know, my mother's always telling me, "Never put anything in writing." And now, thanks to you, I never will again.

Thomas: How did you get that? You b*st*rd.

Duke of Crowborough: Don't be a bad loser, Thomas. Go to bed. Unless you want to stay.

[Thomas leaves angry.]

[INT. MRS HUGHES'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT]

[Mr Carson knocks on the open door.]

Mr Carson: I think I'll turn in.

Mrs Hughes: No big announcement, then?

Mr Carson: No. Nor likely to be. He's off on the nine o'clock train.

Mrs Hughes: He never is. And when we've had a turkey killed for tomorrow's dinner. Well, I wonder what she did wrong.

Mr Carson: She did nothing wrong, not from the way His Lordship was talking.

Mrs Hughes: So His Grace turned out to be graceless. Hm.

Mr Carson: Goodnight, Mrs Hughes.

Mrs Hughes: Goodnight, Mr Carson.

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: If you knew that was your decision, why put Mary through it?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But I didn't know it was my decision, my final decision, until tonight. But I find I cannot ruin the estate or hollow out the title for the sake of Mary, even with a better man than that.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I try to understand, I just can't.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Why should you? Downton is in my blood and in my bones. It's not in yours. And I can no more be the cause of its destruction than I could betray my country. Besides, how was I to know he wouldn't take her without the money?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Don't pretend to be a child because it suits you.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Do you think she would've been happy with a fortune

hunter?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: She might've been. I was.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Have you been happy? Really, have I made you happy?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Yes. That is, since you fell in love with me. Which, if I remember correctly, was about a year after we were married.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Not a year. Not as long as that. But it wouldn't have happened for Mary.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Why not?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Because I am so much nicer than the Duke of Crowborough.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'll be the judge of that.

[Cora turns off the light.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Just don't think I'm going to let it rest, Robert. I haven't given up by any means.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I must do what my conscience tells me.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And so must I. And I don't want you to think I'll let it rest.

[Robert blows out the candle on his side of the bed.]

[INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING]

Mr Carson: My lord, would it be acceptable for Bates to ride in front with Taylor? Otherwise it means getting the other car out. He and His Grace are catching the same train.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Perfectly acceptable. And if His Grace doesn't, he can lump it.

[Carson is pleased by Robert's response.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - MORNING]

[Bates takes a last look at the house. The duke exits the house with Cora.]

Duke of Crowborough: You've been so kind, Lady Grantham, thank you.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Goodbye, Duke.

Duke of Crowborough: You will make my farewells to your delightful daughters?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: They'd have been down if they'd known you were leaving so soon.

Duke of Crowborough: Alas, s--something's come up which has taken me quite by surprise.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Obviously.

[Robert joins them.]

Duke of Crowborough: Well, Grantham, this has been a highly enjoyable interlude.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Has it? And I feared it had proved a disappointment.

Duke of Crowborough: Not at all. Not at all, a short stay in your lovely house has driven away my cares.

[Thomas glares at the duke.]

Chauffeur: We ought to go, my lord, if His Grace is to catch the train.

[The duke gets in the motor. Robert approaches Bates.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Goodbye, Bates. And good luck.

Mr Bates: Good luck to you, my lord.

[Robert is discomfited as Bates gets in the motorcar. The chauffeur begins to drive away and Robert turns from heading inside to run after the car.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Wait!

[Carson walks briskly towards the car as Robert takes Bates's travel bag.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Get out, Bates.

Duke of Crowborough: I--I really mustn't be late.

[Robert ignores the duke.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Get back inside and we'll say no more about it.

[Bates takes his bag from Robert and heads inside. Robert closes the car door and watches Bates walk back to the house.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It wasn't right, Carson. I just didn't think it was right.

[01:04:20,INT. MANCHESTER, CRAWLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING]

[Matthew Crawley and his mother, Isobel, are eating breakfast. A housemaid brings Isobel the post.]

Ellen: First post, ma'am.

Isobel Crawley: Thank you, Emma. One for you.

[Isobel hands a letter to Matthew.]

Matthew Crawley: Mm. Thank you, Mother.

[Matthew opens the letter.]

Matthew Crawley: It's from Lord Grantham.

Isobel Crawley: Really? What on earth does he want?

[Matthew's jaw drops as he continues reading.]

Matthew Crawley: He wants to change our lives.

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