

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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01x07 - Episode Seven

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Post subject: **01x07 - Episode Seven**

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[OPENING TITLES]

[INT. GREAT HALL - DAY]

[Mrs Hughes does her rounds as the housemaids clean the room.]

Mrs Hughes: Hurry up, girls, come on.

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

[Mrs Hughes continues her rounds. A housemaid cleans the chandelier and steps down from the ladder.]

Mrs Hughes: Come on, come on. You should be done here. They'll be back from the station any second now.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Carson and Mrs Hughes descend the servants' stairs.]

Mrs Hughes: I haven't had a chance to ask, how was London?

Mr Carson: Oh, much as usual. Dirty, noisy, quite enjoyable.

Mrs Hughes: There was no need for you to come back a day early. I'm perfectly capable of getting the house ready.

Mr Carson: Of course you are. But I like to have the heavy luggage back and unpacked before they get here.

Mrs Hughes: I suppose...

[Carson and Mrs Hughes suddenly make way as William almost runs into them with a tray of silver vases.]

Mrs Hughes: Steady, William! This isn't a race.

[William nods and exits.]

Mrs Hughes: Poor lad.

Mr Carson: But he did see her? I was worried when I took him to King's Cross.

Mrs Hughes: Yes, he had time to say goodbye.

Mr Carson: How is he now?

Mrs Hughes: Well, you've only got one mother, haven't you?

[Gwen rushes in holding some flowers.]

Gwen: They're here, Mrs Hughes.

[Carson and Mrs Hughes head for the stairs.]

July 1914

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - DAY]

[The family exits the motorcar.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Hello, William. It's good to have you back.

[INT. GREAT HALL - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What a relief to be home.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Don't listen when His Lordship pretends not to enjoy the Season.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: When in Rome.

Mrs Hughes: Will Lady Mary be back soon?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She's staying on with my sister for a couple of weeks.

[The servants assist the family as they remove their travel clothes.]

Mrs Hughes: So Grantham House is closed?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It will be by the end of this week. Dear Mrs Hughes, I hope you've had some time to yourself while we've been away.

Mrs Hughes: I've tackled a few jobs that get forgotten about when the house is full.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Any local news?

Mrs Hughes: The main topic here is the murder of the Austrian Archduke.

Mr Carson: Here and everywhere else.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'm afraid we haven't heard the last of that. And how's William?

Mr Carson: Bearing up.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Poor chap. He has our sympathies. I think I'll wash the train off before dinner.

Mr Bates: Very good, milord. I can unpack while you're bathing.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'll see you up there.

[The family and servants depart leaving only Cora and Mrs Hughes.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oh, Mrs Hughes, have you had any thoughts about the garden party for the hospital?

Mrs Hughes: I've started on it, but there are things we need to talk about.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oh, dear. That sounds like trouble. I'll take my hat off. Sybil?

[Sybil and Edith stop before they go up the stairs.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You were a great success in London, darling. Well done.

[Sybil smiles and goes up the stairs. Edith looks at her mother.]

Lady Edith: You never say that to me?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Don't I?

[Cora takes Edith's hand and leads her up the steps.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You were very helpful, dear. Thank you.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Mrs Hughes has a word with Carson as they watch Mrs Patmore and Daisy through the kitchen window.]

Mrs Hughes: I hate to spoil Her Ladyship's homecoming, but what are we going to do about Mrs Patmore? She's worse than when you left. Much worse. Oh, and I meant to ask - is there a decision? About Mr Bates leaving?

Mr Carson: Not yet. His Lordship wants the facts, and Mr Bates won't give them. So what are you going to say to Her Ladyship about Mrs Patmore?

Mrs Hughes: (sigh) I'm not sure. I don't want the poor woman sacked, but things cannot go on as they are.

[EXT. LONDON, PARK - DAY]

Lady Rosamund: There's nothing like an English summer, is there?

Lady Mary: Except an English winter.

Lady Rosamund: I'm sorry you haven't received more invitations. But then, after four seasons, one is less a debutant than a survivor.

Lady Mary: Hmm.

Lady Rosamund: My dear, is there anything you're not telling me?

Lady Mary: No.

Lady Rosamund: Only, one hears stories...

Lady Mary: There's nothing, Aunt Rosamund.

Lady Rosamund: So, have you decided? Whether or not to marry Cousin Matthew?

[Mary looks at Rosamund in surprise.]

Lady Rosamund: Oh, there's no secret Cora can keep for more than a month.

Lady Mary: You'd be surprised. I've told him I'll give him my answer the day I get back.

Lady Rosamund: Well, it would be very tidy. At least we can say that.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

[Miss O'Brien reads a letter and Bates regards her as she looks up and closes it.]

Miss O'Brien: Fancy a smoke?

Thomas: Don't mind if I do.

[Thomas follows her out as William enters.]

William: There they go, Guy Fawkes and his assistant.

Gwen: Which is which?

Anna: Here you are.

[Anna hands William a black cloth. He puts on the black armband. Anna turns to Bates.]

Anna: Surely if His Lordship hasn't done anything until now, it means he doesn't want to take it any further.

[Carson enters and the servants stand.]

William: Anna's made me an armband, Mr Carson. For my mother. Can I wear it?

Mr Carson: I daresay. Not when we're entertaining, but otherwise.

[Carson sits at the head of the table and the others sit back down.]

[INT. GREAT HALL - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Hello, Doctor. I didn't know you were here.

Dr Clarkson: No, Lady Grantham sent a message.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Why? She's not ill, is she?

Dr Clarkson: Not ill, exactly.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Would you mind waiting in the library?

[Robert rushes up the stairs.]

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[Robert sits down stunned at something Cora just said.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Pregnant?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You needn't be quite so shocked.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Give me a moment. You haven't been pregnant for 18 years.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And I'm pregnant now.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I don't understand what we've done differently.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Stop right there. If you want to know more, go down and offer the doctor some whisky.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I can't take it in.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But you're pleased?

[Robert stands and takes Cora's hands.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Of course.

[Robert kisses Cora's hands.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Of course I'm pleased.

[They kiss and hug.]

[INT. COURTYARD - DAY]

[Thomas smokes and reads the letter O'Brien received while she smirks.]

Thomas: I didn't think she'd do it.

Miss O'Brien: I told you she would. I could see she was interested. And I was speaking as one lady's maid to another. That means something, you know.

Thomas: 'Course we thought we had him before, but he's a slippery devil.

[Thomas smirks and hands the letter back to O'Brien.]

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Dr Clarkson: It's...unusual, obviously.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Unusual? It's Biblical.

Dr Clarkson: (chuckles) Not quite. You understand that women go through a...a certain... change.

[Robert holds up a hand.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Thank you. I know quite as much as I need to about all that.

Dr Clarkson: Well, sometimes it can result in a...a surge of...fertility, for want of a better word.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But the child will be healthy?

Dr Clarkson: Oh, there's no reason why not.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: How long has she...?

Dr Clarkson: Hard to be precise. Things had become irregular, but...

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Please.

Dr Clarkson: I'd say she's about four months gone. It'll begin to show soon.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: And I don't suppose there's any way of knowing if it's a...

[Clarkson shakes his head.]

Dr Clarkson: No.

[Mrs Hughes enters and Dr Clarkson stands.]

Mrs Hughes: I do beg your pardon, milord. I thought you were alone.

Dr Clarkson: No, please come in, Mrs Hughes. I'm just leaving.

[Mrs Hughes turns towards the door.]

Mrs Hughes: William?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Well, thank you, Doctor...I'd better start writing some letters.

Mrs Hughes: Show Dr Clarkson out.

[William opens the door for the doctor and follows him out.]

Mrs Hughes: I didn't want to bother Her Ladyship if she's not well...

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She's resting, but tell me anyway.

Mrs Hughes: It's Mrs Patmore, milord. The time has come when we really have to make a decision.

[Robert nods.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mm.

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[Mr Carson reads the note that O'Brien received while O'Brien and Thomas wait.]

Thomas: Now do you believe me?

Mr Carson: Careful, Thomas. Your position is not a strong one.

Miss O'Brien: Don't punish us, Mr Carson. It's Mr Bates who's wanting here.

Thomas: Tell me, Mr Carson, do you think it right a man like that should live and work at Downton?

[EXT. LONDON, BELGRAVE SQUARE/ INT. LADY ROSAMUND'S HOUSE - DAY]

[A car prepares to leave on a raining street. Mary sits alone staring out the window when a butler opens the door.]

Butler: Mr Napier, milady.

Lady Mary: What a surprise. I'm afraid you've just missed my aunt.

Evelyn Napier: I know. I watched her leave.

Lady Mary: How are your wedding plans going?

Evelyn Napier: Not very well. In fact, we've decided to call it off.

Lady Mary: Really? It seemed quite fixed at Sybil's ball. What a shame. Please.

[Mary offers him a seat.]

Evelyn Napier: It'll be better in the long run.

Lady Mary: Perhaps. I know what high hopes you have of the institution.

Evelyn Napier: The thing is, Lady Mary, I-- I'm here today because I needed to tell you something face to face before you went to the country.

Lady Mary: Face to face? Gracious me.

Evelyn Napier: I've recently heard gossip about the time when I came to Downton with Kemal Pamuk.

[Mary tenses.]

Evelyn Napier: Gossip that I believe has made life difficult for you. I've also heard it said that I am the source of these stories. It is very important to me that you should know that I am not.

[Mary relaxes in surprise.]

Evelyn Napier: From that day to this, I have never spoken one word on the matter.

Lady Mary: Then who did?

Evelyn Napier: It seems to have come from the Turkish Embassy, from the ambassador himself, in fact, and his wife.

Lady Mary: But who told them, if not you?

Evelyn Napier: This is the hard part. When I discovered the answer, I debated whether I should relay it, but in the end I feel you ought to know.

Lady Mary: The suspense is killing me.

Evelyn Napier: It was your sister, Lady Edith, who wrote to the ambassador. That is why people accept the story.

[Mary closes her eyes.]

Lady Mary: Edith?

Evelyn Napier: It is very hard to believe.

[Mary shakes her head.]

Lady Mary: Harder for you than for me.

[Napier is surprised by that comment.]

[INT. DOWNTON, SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

Mrs Hughes: I love the thought of a baby in the house, but if it's a boy...

Mr Carson: It'll be very hard on Mr Crawley.

[Mrs Hughes looks at him in surprise.]

Mr Carson: I know, I was no great champion when he first arrived. But it seems to me he's tried his best, and he's done the decent thing.

Mrs Hughes: I can't see that coming off.

Mr Carson: You don't mean the engagement?

Mrs Hughes: But it's not an engagement yet, is it?

Mr Carson: She'd never throw him over.

Mrs Hughes: Mr Carson, Lady Mary Crawley does not deserve you.

[Mr Carson scoffs and Mrs Hughes smiles as she walks away.]

[INT. THE DOWER HOUSE - DAY]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: And she's not been in touch with Cousin Matthew?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Not that I've heard.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Wonderful news, of course. You must look after yourself.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Don't worry, O'Brien has me wrapped in silk and feathers.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: You're lucky. I have a horrible feeling Simmons is about to hand in her notice. She's looking very fidgety lately, and I saw her hurrying to meet the postman.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oh, you poor thing. Is there anything worse than losing one's maid?

Violet, Countess of Grantham: I mean, why would she want to leave me? I've been as gentle as a lamb.

[Cora gives Violet a dubious look as a servant brings them tea.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Most of the time.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Robert and Matthew walk together.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I want to say I'll make provision for you if it's a boy and you get pushed out.

Matthew Crawley: Don't worry. I know you can't. If any man living understands the strength of the entail, it's me.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I can give you Crawley House for life, if it's a help.

Matthew Crawley: Have you heard from Mary?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No. Have you?

[Matthew shakes his head.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: By the way, I want to ask a favour. What's the name of your cook? The one you brought with you from Manchester?

Matthew Crawley: Mrs Bird?

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Daisy: I'll get it, Mrs Patmore!

Mrs Patmore: Oh, don't fuss me!

William: Is that everything.

Daisy: Yeah. How are you feeling?

William: Well, most people's parents die before them, and so...

Thomas: Oh, give it a rest. Your mother knew how to drag it out, I'll say that for her.

William: What?

Mrs Hughes: Thomas! Get up to the servery.

[Mrs Patmore drops a pot and shrieks, holding her hand in pain.]

Mrs Patmore: You gave me the wrong cloth!

Mrs Hughes: Sit down, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: I can't sit down, I've got the luncheon to finish!

Mrs Hughes: It was not a suggestion. Sit!

[Mrs Patmore sits, nursing her hand.]

Mrs Hughes: Daisy and I will finish the luncheon.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DAY]

Isobel Crawley: So he'll give us this house for life, will he? How generous.

Matthew Crawley: It is generous. He doesn't have to. But it's made me think. You must stay here if you want, but I wonder if it mightn't be better all round if I went back to Manchester.

Isobel Crawley: It may not be a boy.

Matthew Crawley: Really, mother. You never approved of it all in the first place. If it is a boy, you should see it as a release, not a disappointment.

Isobel Crawley: What does Mary say?

Matthew Crawley: Nothing yet.

[Molesley enters.]

Mr Molesley: You wanted to see Mrs Bird, sir.

[Mrs Bird enters.]

Matthew Crawley: Yes, Mrs Bird, Lord Grantham has rather a favour to ask of you.

Mrs Bird: I'm surprised Lord Grantham knows that I exist, sir.

[Isobel laughs.]

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

[Mr Carson knocks and enters with a letter while Bates is tending to Roberts wardrobe.]

Mr Carson: I'm sorry to disturb you.

Mr Bates: Quite all right.

Mr Carson: Mr Bates, it's about your somewhat startling confession. As you'll have surmised, His Lordship has yet to come to a decision.

Mr Bates: His delay is generous.

Mr Carson: However, it will be no surprise to you that Miss O'Brien has been unwilling to let things drop. It seems that, when we were in London, she made a new friend. A lady's maid in the house of a colonel in your former regiment.

[Carson hands Bates the letter and Bates reads it.]

Mr Carson: Please tell me that this account is false, at least in part.

Mr Bates: I wish I could.

Mr Carson: I'll have to show this to His Lordship.

Mr Bates: Of course you will.

Mr Carson: I do not like to play the part of Pontius Pilate, but I'm afraid I must. Lord Grantham will decide what's to be done.

[Carson walks to the door.]

Mr Carson: Mr Bates... I hope you do not feel that I have treated you unjustly.

Mr Bates: On the contrary, Mr Carson. I am astonished at your kindness.

[Carson exits.]

[EXT. LONDON, BELGRAVE SQUARE/ INT. LADY ROSAMUND'S HOUSE - DAY]

Lady Rosamund: Of all of you, Sybil might find joy in a cottage. But not you.

Lady Mary: We don't know it'll be a boy.

Lady Rosamund: Exactly. So ask Matthew to wait until the child is born. If it's a girl you can wed him happily, and all will be as it was before.

Lady Mary: But if I delay, won't he think I'm only after him for his position? Besides, I'm not sure I want to put him off, even without the title.

[Rosamund is surprised.]

Lady Mary: We get on so well, you know. And he's terribly clever. He might end up Lord Chancellor.

Lady Rosamund: And he might not. Oh, come along, Mary, be sensible. Can you really see yourself dawdling your life away as the wife of a...country solicitor?

[Rosamund marches off and Mary considers her words.]

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

[Carson enters with Robert.]

Mr Carson: But why would we ever want a telephone at Downton, my lord?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Well, they have their uses. You could speak to the housekeeper in London. That'd be helpful, surely.

Mr Carson: I hope I have not failed in my management of the recent move.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Not at all. But the telephone is here now, and the girls got used to it when we were in London. Besides, none of us know what the next few months will bring.

Mr Carson: Because of the Archduke's death?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Austria won't get what it wants from Serbia. And now Russia's starting to rumble. Well, there's not much we can do about that. So, will you take care of the telephone man?

[Carson nods with a grumble.]

Mr Carson: Oh, about Mr Bates, my lord. I expect you've had time to consider the contents of that letter?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Yes, but I find it very odd. Regimental silver? I could more easily see Bates as an assassin than a petty pilferer.

Mr Carson: I agree. And while the letter is hard to argue with, I wouldn't put anything past Thomas or Miss O'Brien.

[Robert considers that remark as Carson leaves.]

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

Lady Sybil: So, what did we miss?

Lady Mary: Nothing much. Although you'd have had more invitations than I did.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Have you thought about Matthew?

Lady Mary: Of course, but Aunt Rosamund...

Violet, Countess of Grantham: No!

[Violet puts her hand up.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: She's written to me. I should pay no attention.

Lady Edith: But Granny, she has got a point. Mary can't be completely naïve.

Lady Mary: I don't need your help, thank you.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Mary, listen to me. If you take Matthew now when his whole future is at risk, he will love you to the end of his days.

Lady Sybil: Why, Granny, you're a romantic.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: I've been called many things, but never that.

Lady Edith: And what happens if the baby is a boy and Matthew loses everything?

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Mary can always change her mind.

Lady Mary: But I can't do that to Matthew. It's not how we are together.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Oh!

[Violet sighs in frustration and turns away.]

Lady Mary: Now, I'm going upstairs to help Anna unpack.

Lady Sybil: I'll come with you.

[Sybil leaves with Mary. Violet sits down with Cora and Edith.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Edith, why don't you go, too?

[Edith gets up with a sigh.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Sir Anthony Strallan was at Lady Wren's party. He asked after you.

[Edith smiles and exits.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Is she really serious about him?

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Any port in a storm. Oh, by the way, I was right about my maid. She's leaving to get married. I mean, how could she be so selfish?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I do sympathise. Robert's always wanting me to get rid of O'Brien, but I can't face it. Anyway, she's so fond of me.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Well, I thought Simmons was fond of me. What am I to do?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Why don't I put an advertisement in The Lady? It's always the best place to start.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Oh, that's so kind. Thank you. I really must be going. Now, don't let Mary wait for the baby before she gives Matthew her answer.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'm sure it's another girl.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: I know those men of the moral high ground. If she won't say yes when he might be poor, he won't want her when he will be rich.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

Daisy: Maybe we should knit something.

Miss O'Brien: Oh, yes, I'm sure they'd love a pair of booties knitted by you.

William: Or what about a Christening mug?

Thomas: They can buy their own silver.

Gwen: Anything in the paper, Thomas?

Thomas: They've arrested this Princip fellow and his gang. All Serbian and members of the Black Hand.

Miss O'Brien: "The Black Hand"? Oh, I don't like the sound of that.

Mr Bates: I don't like the sound of any of it. War is on the way.

William: Then we'll have to face it. As bravely as we can.

Thomas: Thank you, Mr Cannon Fodder.

Gwen: Well, don't you think a war's coming?

Thomas: Oh, there'll be a war, all right. It's time to prepare for it.

Anna: The country, do you mean?

Thomas: No, me.

Mr Bates: You never disappoint.

[Carson enters and the servants stand.]

Mr Carson: Daisy? Run and find Mrs Patmore. His Lordship wants to see her in the library.

Daisy: His Lordship wants Mrs Patmore to go up to the library?

Mr Carson: That is what I said. And Anna, you're to come, too.

[Daisy goes to fetch Mrs Patmore. Carson exits.]

Miss O'Brien: And we thought the assassination of an archduke was a surprise.

[Anna leaves and they sit down.]

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

[Carson enters]

Mr Carson: Mrs Patmore, my lord.

[Mrs Patmore and Anna enter and Robert rises from his desk.]

Mrs Patmore: Your Lordship, I know things haven't been quite right for a while, but I can assure you--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Come in, Mrs Patmore.

[Mrs Patmore steps closer.]

Mrs Patmore: I promise you, milord, if I could just be allowed a bit more time--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mrs Patmore, I've not asked you here to give you your notice.

Mrs Patmore: Haven't you?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No. I understand you've had some trouble with your sight.

Mrs Patmore: That's just it! I know I could manage better if only--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Please, Mrs Patmore...

Anna: Let him speak. Beg pardon, milord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Don't apologise. Now, on Dr Clarkson's recommendation, I'm sending you up to London to see an eye specialist at Moorfields. Anna will go with you and you'll stay with my sister Rosamund in her new house in Belgrave Square.

Mrs Patmore: I'm afraid I'm going to have to sit in your presence, milord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Of course.

[Anna helps a weak kneed Mrs Patmore stumble into a chair.]

Mrs Patmore: B--but how will you get on here?

[Robert sits in a chair next to Mrs Patmore.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Well, Mrs Crawley is lending us her cook, Mrs Bird. She's coming over tomorrow. You'll be good enough to show her how things work.

Mrs Patmore: A--are the Crawleys to starve while I'm away?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: They'll eat here every evening. Now, my sister's butler will look after you. He's very nice. Anna, you won't mind a visit to London?

Anna: No, milord. Thank you. It'll be an adventure.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: One with a happy ending, I hope.

[Robert stands and Mrs Patmore stands quickly. Anna takes her arm and they exit.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

Matthew Crawley: Let me get this clear. At Sybil's ball you said you'd give me your answer the day you got back, and now you say you will not.

Lady Mary: Why do we have to rush into it? I need to be sure, that's all.

Matthew Crawley: But you were sure. Shall I tell you what I think has altered you? My prospects. Because nothing else has changed.

Lady Mary: No.

Matthew Crawley: Yes! If your mother's child is a boy, then he's the heir and I go back to living on my wits, and you'd rather not follow me there.

Lady Mary: Oh, Matthew, you always make everything so black and white.

Matthew Crawley: I think this is black and white. Do you love me enough to spend your life with me? If you don't, then say no. If you do, then say yes.

Lady Mary: I want to... Granny told me I should say yes now, then withdraw if you lost everything.

Matthew Crawley: To make that work, you'd have to be a good liar. Are you a good liar?

Lady Mary: Well, not good enough to try it, apparently.

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

Robert, Earl of Grantham: How could you not have realised they'd discover the loss at once? And to keep them in your house... But you only served two years?

Mr Bates: That's right, my lord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: So, clearly the judge thought there was some mitigating factor. I just want to know the truth.

Mr Bates: I cannot speak of it, milord. You must decide whether I stay or go on the basis of the evidence before you. I will respect that.

[Bates holds out Robert's tailcoat and Robert puts it on.]

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

Anna: Sorry, I don't believe it.

Mr Bates: How can you say that? When I've confessed to the crime?

Anna: Well, His Lordship obviously doesn't think that's all there is to it, and I don't either.

Mrs Patmore (background): Daisy, have you finished...

[Mrs Hughes approaches.]

Mrs Hughes: Anna, are you set for the nine o'clock train tomorrow?

Anna: All packed and ready.

Mrs Hughes: You'll be met at King's Cross by Lady Rosamund's chauffeur, which I think is generous, but after that you're on your own. Right. I must get on. I'm acting referee for Mrs Patmore and Mrs Bird.

Mr Bates: Best of luck.

[Mrs Hughes chuckles lightly and walks on.]

Anna: Will you miss me?

[Bates smiles.]

Mr Bates: Try not to miss me. It'll be good practice.

[Bates leaves.]

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Mrs Patmore: I expect it'll be hard adjusting to this kitchen after the one you're used to.

Mrs Bird: Not to worry, I'm sure I can have it cleaned up in no time.

Mrs Patmore: Cleaned up?

Mrs Bird: I'm not criticising. With your eyesight, it's a wonder you could see the pots at all.

[Mrs Hughes enters.]

Mrs Hughes: You'll have met Daisy and the others?

Mrs Bird: I have. Though what they all find to do is a mystery to me.

Mrs Patmore: Are you not used to managing staff, Mrs Bird?

[Anna and Molesley watch the conversation from the kitchen window.]

Mrs Bird: I'm used to getting it done with one kitchen maid, Mrs Patmore, but I suppose in a house like this, you expect to take it easy.

[Mrs Patmore puts down her baking spoon at that.]

Anna: Do you think we should erect a ring and let them fight it out?

[Molesley chuckles.]

Mr Molesley: She's all right, Mrs Bird. She's more of a general than a trooper, but you need that in a cook.

ANNA (chuckles)

Well, Mrs Patmore's the Generalissimo.

[Molesley laughs.]

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DAY]

Isobel Crawley: Well, I'm very sad. I thought Mary was made of better stuff.

Matthew Crawley: Don't speak against her.

Isobel Crawley: Of course, she's taken advice from someone with false and greedy values.

Matthew Crawley: Oh, Mother.

Isobel Crawley: And we don't have to go too far to know who that is!

Matthew Crawley: Mother!

Isobel Crawley: I've a good mind to--

Matthew Crawley: You are not to go near Cousin Violet. That is an order.

[INT. CORA, COUNTESS OF GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Something's not right about it.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I agree. Having a silver thief in the house does not seem right at all. Even if he could walk.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But Carson isn't keen to get rid of him, either, and he normally comes down on this sort of thing like a ton of bricks.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What's his reasoning?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: He blames Thomas and O'Brien. He says they've been working against Bates since he got here.

[O'Brien enters in the background.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: So I should sack O'Brien instead?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You'll hear no argument from me.

Miss O'Brien: This should do the trick, milady.

[Cora is startled. She turns to Robert and sighs in frustration.]

[EXT. COURTYARD - DAY]

[Thomas and O'Brien take a smoke break.]

Miss O'Brien: Ten years of my life that's what I've given her. Ten bloody years

Thomas: But did she say she'd sack you?

Miss O'Brien: It's obviously what he wants.

Thomas: So when will they tell you?

Miss O'Brien: When they've found a replacement. Heaven forfend she should have to put a comb through her own hair. And if I'm going, you won't be far behind.

Thomas: Oh, so what? Sod 'em. There's a war coming and war means change. We should be making plans.

Miss O'Brien: What you talking about?

Thomas: Well, put it like this. I don't want to be a footman anymore, but I don't intend to be killed in battle, neither.

[Thomas finishes his cigarette and walks back to the house.]

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR/KITCHENS - DAY]

[Thomas enters through the back door. Mrs Patmore's whispering to Daisy.]

Mrs Patmore: I'm not saying poison them. Just make sure they don't find her food all that agreeable.

Daisy: By poisoning it?

Mrs Patmore: Will you stop that!

Daisy: You don't want it to taste nice.

Mrs Patmore: I want them to be glad when I get back. That's all.

[INT. OUTER HALL - DAY]

Mr Carson: This will be for the family and the one in my pantry is for the staff. Or, more precisely, me.

Mr Bromidge: We don't normally provide two.

Mr Carson: Then perhaps we should find another supplier.

Mr Bromidge: Hold your horses. Right. Where do you see this other telephone?

Mr Carson: Here in the outer hall.

[Carson sees Strallan enter through the open front door and he opens the inner door for him.]

Sir Anthony Strallan: Good afternoon, Carson. Is Lady Edith in?

Lady Edith: I am!

[Edith enters.]

Lady Edith: I most certainly am.

Sir Anthony Strallan: I was just driving past...

Lady Edith: Yes?

Sir Anthony Strallan: And I thought you might like to come for a spin. If you're not too busy.

Lady Edith: Wait till I get my coat.

[Sybil enters.]

Mr Bromidge: Is it all right if I make some notes?

Lady Sybil: I'm so sorry, Mr...?

Mr Carson: This is Mr Bromidge, my lady. He's here about the telephone.

Lady Sybil: Oh! Please make your notes, dear Mr Bromidge.

[Bromidge nods.]

Lady Sybil: We're so looking forward to it. What an exciting business to be in.

Sir Anthony Strallan: You must be expanding every day.

Mr Bromidge: Ah, we are, sir. But, er, that brings its problems. Training up men for the work when many have no aptitude. Ha, I can't even find a secretary who can keep pace at the moment.

Lady Sybil: What?

Mr Bromidge: It's hard with a new concept. Too old, they can't change. Too young, and they've no experience.

Lady Sybil: But have you filled the post yet? Because I know just the woman.

Mr Bromidge: Well, she must hurry up. We'll, er, close the list tomorrow night.

Lady Sybil: You'll have her application, I promise.

[Sybil exits.]

[EXT. LONDON, MOORFIELDS EYE HOSPITAL - DAY]

[A nurse exits the hospital and Anna and Mrs Patmore enter.]

[INT. LONDON, MOORFIELDS EYE HOSPITAL - DAY]

Anna: This isn't bad at all, is it?

Mrs Patmore: I don't know. No one told me there'd be an actual operation.

Anna: Well, what did you think? They were just going to make magic passes over your eyes?

[A doctor enters.]

Doctor: All right, Mrs...Patmore?

Anna: She'll be fine, thank you.

Doctor: And you've been, er, sent to us by the Earl of Grantham?

Anna: That's right.

Doctor: Very good. You can leave her now. We'll, er, keep her in for a week. You can collect her next Friday.

[Anna nods and the doctor leaves and Anna rubs Mrs Patmore's arm.]

Anna: I'll be in to visit every day.

Mrs Patmore: What about the rest of the time?

Anna: Don't worry.

[Anna collects her things and opens the door.]

Anna: You'll be fine.

[Mrs Patmore nods and Anna leaves. Mrs Patmore takes out a handkerchief to try her eyes.]

[EXT. LONDON, PARK - DAY]

[Anna strolls through the park.]

[EXT. MILITARY OFFICES - DAY]

[Anna approaches a military building.]

NCO: Bates, you say?

Anna: John Bates. He must have left the army about eight years ago.

NCO: Wait here, please.

[The NCO marches off and salutes to another soldier on his way. Anna sits on a bench to wait.]

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

[Mrs Bird checks on Daisy's cooking.]

Mrs Bird: Have you finished the soup?

Daisy: I think so, Mrs Bird.

[Mrs Bird leans in to check it.]

Mrs Bird: And the sauce for the fish?

Daisy: Yes, Mrs Bird.

Mrs Bird: Well, then, put them in the warmer.

[Daisy rushes nervously to the sink, grabs the soap and a grater and grates it into the

soup, checking to make sure no one's looking.]

[EXT. MILITARY OFFICES - DAY]

[The NCO returns with a record book. Anna stands.]

NCO: You don't mean John Bates who went to prison for theft?

Anna: That's correct.

NCO: Well, I know who he is right enough. That was an odd business.

Anna: Why "odd"?

NCO: Never mind.

[The NCO closes the book.]

NCO: So you're his cousin and you'd like to be in touch?

[Anna nods.]

NCO: Very forgiving. Well, I've got no address for him or his wife. But I have got one for his mother, which should still be good. I've written it down for you.

[The NCO hands Anna the note.]

Anna: Thank you for your trouble.

[The NCO nods and marches off.]

[INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Mary waits for Edith to walk by and grabs her arm.]

Lady Mary: Is it true you wrote to the Turkish ambassador about Kemal?

Lady Edith: Who told you?

Lady Mary: Someone who knows that you did.

Lady Edith: Then why are you asking?

Lady Mary: Because I wanted to give you one last chance to deny it.

Lady Edith: And what if I did? He had a right to know how his countryman died. In the arms of a slut.

[Edith leaves and Mary is shocked by her words.]

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: How's that advertisement getting on for the new maid?

[Thomas takes the tea cup that Violet set down.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, it's only just come out.

Mr Carson: William and I can manage here now. Go and tell Mrs Bird we'll have our dinner in twenty minutes.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Carson, be sure to say to Mrs Bird the dinner was really delicious.

[Carson nods proudly. Cora moves to sit across from Edith. Mary is behind her.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: So, how was the drive?

[Edith smiles.]

Lady Edith: It was lovely. Only...

Robert, Earl of Grantham (background): They are now. When they're in London, at least.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Yes?

Lady Edith: Well, he said he had a question for me. He told me he'd ask it at the garden party, and he hopes I'll say yes.

[Mary rolls her eyes.]

Isobel Crawley (background): Yes, I could.

Robert, Earl of Grantham (background): Carson's very wary...

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You must think very carefully what our answer will be.

Lady Mary: Yes, I should think very carefully about a lot of things.

[Edith's smile fades and Mary gets up to move. Matthew watches her.]

Isobel Crawley: Do your neighbours have one?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Yes, they do, in London anyway.

Matthew Crawley: It seems very wise to get a telephone now. If there is a war, it may be very hard to have one installed in a private house.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Well, let me show you where we're going to put it.

Matthew Crawley: Oh.

[Matthew and Robert leave. Isobel refuses to look at Violet, whom she's still angry with.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: First electricity, now telephones. Sometimes I feel as if I were living in a--an H.G. Wells novel. But the young are all so calm about change, aren't they? Look at Matthew. I do admire him.

Isobel Crawley: Do you?

[Violet looks at Isobel and lowers her glass.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: What have I done wrong now?

Isobel Crawley: Oh, please. Don't pretend Mary's sudden reluctance can't be traced back to you.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Well, I shall pretend it. I told her to take him. Your quarrel is with my daughter Rosamund, not me.

[Isobel finally looks at Violet.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: So, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

[Carson is struck by Violet's comment and chuckles.]

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - EVENING]

[Thomas takes the wallet out of Carson's coat pocket. Molesley enters and pauses when he sees Thomas.]

Thomas: Mr Molesley, what you are after?

[Thomas puts the wallet back in the coat.]

Mr Molesley: Wanted a word with Mr Carson. I'm here to have my dinner.

Thomas: You don't want much, do you?

Mr Molesley: What're you doing?

Thomas: Mr Carson dropped his wallet in the passage. I was replacing it.

[Molesley steps back so Thomas can exit and then closes the door.]

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

[Robert and Matthew sit at the table.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But everything seemed so settled between you at Sybil's ball.

Matthew Crawley: Things have changed since then.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Not necessarily. I don't seem to be much good at making boys.

Matthew Crawley: Any more than I'm much good at building my life on shifting sands.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You do know I should be very proud to have you as my son-in-law, whatever your prospects.

Matthew Crawley: Unfortunately, sir, your daughter is more practical than you.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

Mr Carson: Will you join us, Mrs Bird.

Mrs Bird: I don't mind if I do.

Daisy: I'm not sure Mrs Patmore would like that, Mr Carson. Cook always eats

separate, that's what she says.

Mr Molesley: Not in our house. There's only the four of us.

[Thomas approaches O'Brien.]

Thomas: Well, you're going any minute. She's advertised for your replacement.

Miss O'Brien: That filthy, ungrateful cow.

Mrs Hughes: Let the kitchen maids have theirs on their own. You stay with us.

[Mrs Bird nods her appreciation and sits at the table while Daisy finishes serving up the soup.]

Mr Carson: Her Ladyship said to tell you that the dinner was delicious.

Daisy: She can't have.

Mr Carson: Daisy? Does that surprise you?

[The servants all being eating and realise something's wrong. Mrs Bird spits out her soup and looks at Daisy.]

Mrs Bird: What have you done with this, you little beggar? I knew it. That's why I said it was for upstairs. come on!

[Mrs Bird bangs her hand on the table and Daisy jumps.]

Mrs Bird: Tell us what's in it!

Daisy: Just...water and a bit of soap.

[The servants all put down their spoons.]

Mrs Bird: And you've put something in the fish sauce as well?

Daisy: Only mustard and aniseed.

[Mrs Hughes stands up enraged.]

Mrs Hughes: Why, Daisy? Why would you do such a thing?!

[Daisy begins to cry.]

Daisy: Because Mrs Patmore was worried that they'd prefer Mrs Bird's cooking and they wouldn't want her to come back.

Mr Carson: Is that likely? When they've taken such trouble to get her well?

Daisy: I'm sorry.

[Daisy continues crying. Mrs Bird stands and goes to comfort her.]

Mrs Bird: There, there. There are worse crimes on earth than loyalty. Dry your eyes, and fetch the beef stew I was making for tomorrow. You've not had a chance to spoil that, I suppose.

Daisy: I was going to mix in some syrup of figs.

[The other servants chuckle.]

Daisy: But I've not done it yet.

Thomas: Well, at least we'd have all been regular.

[Daisy rushes out to fetch the stew as the others continue to chuckle.]

[INT. GREAT HALL - DAY]

Lady Sybil: Carson said you were here.

Mr Bromidge: Ah, just, er, checking that everything's being done right, milady.

Lady Sybil: Only we never heard back. That is, Miss Dawson never heard back from you. About an interview.

Mr Bromidge: Ah, yes, er, we--we got the young lady's letter. But the trouble is, she didn't have any experience of hard work that I could tell, so...

Lady Sybil: Oh, but she's a very hard worker!

Mr Bromidge: Oh, I couldn't find any proof of it. And she gave you as a reference when, er, you don't run a business, milady. Well, not that I'm aware of.

[Sybil turns to a housemaid passing through the hall.]

Lady Sybil: Lily! Can you find Gwen and tell her to come to the hall, now.

Lily: Yes, milady.

[The maid exits and Sybil turns back to Bromidge.]

Lady Sybil: The reason Gwen didn't give any more details is because she works here. As a housemaid.

Mr Bromidge: Ah, and you thought that'd put me off?

Lady Sybil: But she's taken a postal course and has good speeds in typing and Pittman shorthand. Test her.

Mr Bromidge: I will if I like the look of her.

[Gwen rushes in.]

Mr Bromidge: Ah, so, young lady, you thought I'd turn up my nose at a housemaid.

Gwen: I did, sir.

Mr Bromidge: Well, my mother was a housemaid. I've got nothing against housemaids. They know about hard word and long hours, that's for sure.

Gwen: Well, I believe so, sir.

Mr Bromidge: Right, well, is there somewhere we could talk?

Lady Sybil: Gwen, take Mr Bromidge to the library. I'll see no one disturbs you.

Gwen: Okay.

[Gwen precedes Mr Bromidge into the next room and Sybil stands guard in the outer hall as Robert approaches.]

Lady Sybil: Sorry, Papa, you can't go in there.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Why on earth not?

Lady Sybil: Gwen's in there with Mr Bromidge. She's being interviewed.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I cannot use my library because one of the housemaids is in there applying for another job?

Lady Sybil: That's about the size of it.

[Robert sighs and walks away. Sybil looks at the library door excitedly.]

[INT. LONDON, MRS BATES'S HOUSE - DAY]

Mrs Bates: So, what is it you want to know?

Anna: I want to know the truth about the case against him. I want to know why the sergeant thought it was "odd". I want to know what Mr Bates isn't saying.

Mrs Bates: Because you don't believe him to be guilty?

Anna: No, I don't. I know he's not.

Mrs Bates: Well... You're right, of course.

[Mrs Bates hands Anna a cup of tea.]

Anna: Then who was it? Who was the thief?

Mrs Bates: His wife, Vera.

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[William and Gwen stare at the telephone.]

William: Who do you call? No one you know has got one.

Gwen: But they will have. You'll see.

Mr Carson: Might I inquire why my pantry has become a common room?

William: Sorry, Mr Carson. But...do you know how it works?

Mr Carson: Of course I do.

Daisy: Will you show us?

Mr Carson: Certainly not! A telephone is not a toy, but a useful and valuable tool. Now, get back to your work.

[The servants leave and Mr Carson closes the door and stares at the telephone like the others just were. He picks up the ear piece gingerly and blows into it. Then he leans

over and puts his ear to the mouthpiece and blows into the earpiece.]

[INT. LONDON, MRS BATES'S HOUSE - DAY]

Mrs Bates: She worked at the barracks sometimes, and helping at big dinners and so on. That night her opportunity came and she took it. They knew it was her. Someone even saw her with a big carry-all.

Anna: But why did he confess?

Mrs Bates: (sigh) Well... John wasn't the same man in those days. The African war had shaken him up and made him angry. He'd been wounded, and he drank a lot more than was good for him.

Anna: Was he violent?

Mrs Bates: No. No, not violent, but he could be hard at times, with a tongue like a razor. He felt he'd ruined Vera's life, Miss Smith.

Anna: Do you agree with him?

Mrs Bates: No. No, I thought she was a nasty piece of work. But that's why he took the blame.

Anna: Surely, if everyone knew he was innocent...

Mrs Bates: But he confessed. There was nothing anybody could do once he confessed.

[INT. GREAT HALL - DAY]

[Thomas escorts Dr Clarkson through the house.]

Thomas: Could I ask you something, sir? Only...I get the feeling that a war's on the way.

[Thomas hands Dr Clarkson his medical bag.]

Dr Clarkson: I'm afraid we all do.

Thomas: And when it comes, I want to be really useful to my country.

Dr Clarkson: How heartening.

Thomas: S--so I've been thinking, what could be more useful than what you do? Bringing people back to health, back to life.

Dr Clarkson: I see. Well, erm, we are looking for volunteers to train for the Territorial Force hospitals, if that's what you mean.

Thomas: It's exactly what I mean.

Dr Clarkson: Will you not be missed here?

Thomas: Maybe. But we'll all be going, won't we? The younger men anyway.

Dr Clarkson: As you wish. I'll make inquiries.

Thomas: Thank you very much, Doctor.

[They exit through the outer hall.]

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

[Carson pours a drink for Robert.]

Mr Carson: Mr Molesley walked in and there he was, as bold as brass, taking my wallet out of my change coat. Mr Molesley would have no reason to make it up, my lord. He doesn't know Thomas. Why would he lie?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: So Thomas has been caught red-handed. Well, we knew he was a thief, didn't we?

Mr Carson: And now we have unimpeachable proof. I'm afraid he has to go.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: (sigh) I hate this sort of thing. With Lady Grantham's condition and everything. Can we at least wait until after the garden party?

Mr Carson: Very well, my lord. But then, I think we must act.

[Robert nods.]

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Mrs Hughes: How long will you wear them?

[Mrs Patmore is wearing sunglasses.]

Mrs Patmore: A week or so. But I can see much better already, even with them on.

[Daisy smiles.]

Mrs Hughes: Thank heaven. Now, we need to talk about the garden party. Mrs Bird and I have made some lists...

Mrs Patmore: (scoffs) Mrs Bird? Oh, I think we can manage without any help from Mrs Bird.

Mrs Bird: Can you? Well, if you want your garden party to be run by a Blind Pugh, that's your business.

Mrs Hughes: Mrs Patmore, there's a lot to be done and you're only just up on your feet. We really cannot manage without Mrs Bird.

Mrs Patmore: If you say so.

Mrs Hughes: Now, I've been checking the stores and I've ordered what you'll need for the baking.

Mrs Bird: That's very kind, Mrs Hughes. But, er, I believe we should check the stores when it's convenient.

Mrs Hughes: Mrs Bird, at Downton Abbey, the housekeeper manages the store cupboard, but I think you'll find...

Mrs Bird: I've never not run my own store cupboard in my life. Separate the cook for the store cupboard? Where's the sense in that?

Mrs Patmore: How long have I been saying this, O Lord?

Mrs Bird: We're the ones who cook it. We should be the ones to order it.

Mrs Patmore: Mrs Bird, I shall be very happy with your help with the garden party. I'm sure we can manage it easily between the two of us.

[Mrs Hughes is disconcerted, she fidgets and leaves. Daisy smiles in amusement.]

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[Carson sits at his desk with the telephone in front of him. He picks up the earpiece correctly and speaks into the phone.]

Mr Carson: Hello, this is Downton Abbey. Carson, the butler, speaking.

[Carson hangs up the earpiece and considers for a moment. He picks the earpiece back up.]

Mr Carson: Hello. This is Mr Carson, the butler of Downton Abbey. To whom am I speaking?

[A voice sounds through the earpiece and Carson just about drops it in surprise.]

Mr Carson: I'm not shouting! Who are you?

Operator: Mrs Gaunt.

Mr Carson: Oh, Mrs Gaunt.

Operator: What number do you want?

Mr Carson: No, I don't want to place a call.

[Mrs Gaunt says something we can't hear.]

Mr Carson: I was practicing my answer.

[Mrs Gaunt says something we can't hear.]

Mr Carson: Well, I daresay a lot of the things you do sound stupid to other people!

[Carson hangs up.]

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - DAY]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: I've written to your mother. She's very anxious, naturally. She suggested coming over.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oh, God.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Yeah, well, that's what I thought. So I put her off, told her to come and admire the baby.

[O'Brien enters.]

Miss O'Brien: I'll just go and run Your Ladyship's bath.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Thank you, O'Brien.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Oh, have you had any answers about the position?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Quite a few.

[O'Brien listens from the bathroom.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: So what do they sound like?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: There's one I think has real possibilities. She learned to do hair in Paris while she was working for the Ambassadors.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Oh... Oh, that sounds promising.

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

[Robert is sitting at his desk when the door opens.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Carson, I've been meaning...

[Robert looks up.]

Anna: You're Lordship.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh. Anna, you're back safely, then?

Anna: Yes, thank you, milord. And Mrs Patmore's fighting fit again.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: "Fighting fit" is the phrase. Is something the matter?

Anna: I wanted to see Your Lordship because...

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Please.

[Anna walks closer.]

Anna: While I was in London, I learned something about Mr Bates.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Not bad, I hope.

Anna: No. Not bad at all. I'd have told Mr Carson, but I thought you might like to hear it from me first.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Go on.

Anna: You see, I went to call on Mr Bates's mother.

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BATHROOM - DAY]

[Cora is taking her bath.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: O'Brien... how long do you think it takes a lady's maid to settle in?

Miss O'Brien: Depends on the maid, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: 'Course it does.

[Cora drops the bar of soap.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Oops. Sorry.

[O'Brien walks over and picks up the soap. A second bar of soap is next to it, but she leaves it there and hands Cora the soap.]

Miss O'Brien: The other half's under the bath.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Never mind. Thank you.

[O'Brien moves the soap with her foot so it's not under the bath.]

Miss O'Brien: I'll just go and sort out your clothes, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Okay.

[O'Brien enters Cora's room and pauses when she grabs Cora's dress. She looks at herself in the mirror.]

Miss O'Brien: Sarah, O'Brien, this is not who you are.

[O'Brien turns back to the bathroom.]

Miss O'Brien: Milady, if you could just wait...

[Cora shouts as she falls in the bathroom and O'Brien stops.]

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

[Robert stares out the window.]

Mr Bates: The doctor's gone, Your Lordship, but he's coming back after dinner. Lady Mary's with her now.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Thank you.

Mr Bates: I don't suppose you'll want to change. But is there anything else I can do to be useful?

[Robert turns to face Bates.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It was a boy.

[Robert begins to cry.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'm sorry, I don't mean to embarrass you.

Mr Bates: I'm not embarrassed. I just with you could have been spared this.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I know you do. Thank you. By the way, Anna's told me what she learned in London.

Mr Bates: Has she? She's not told me.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, well, the good news is you won't be leaving Downton. And I need some good news today.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

[Miss O'Brien thinks about what she's done.]

Mrs Hughes: That poor wee babe.

Anna: How's Her Ladyship doing?

Mrs Hughes: I'll take her up a tray in a minute, but I daresay she won't touch a bite.

William: What about you, Miss O'Brien?

[O'Brien looks at him like he can read her thoughts.]

Miss O'Brien: What about me?

William: It must have been quite a shock.

Miss O'Brien: Yes. Yes, it was.

[Branson enters]

Mr Carson: I think you'd better dine with us, Mr Branson. We can't know if you might be needed later.

Branson: Well, I'm to go for the doctor at ten.

[Thomas enters.]

Thomas: What a long-faced lot.

Mr Carson: Kindly show some respect.

Thomas: Come on, Mr Carson, she'll get over it. They're no bigger than a hamster at that stage.

Mr Bates: Will you shut up?

Mrs Hughes: I agree. What is the matter with you, Thomas?

Thomas: I don't know. I suppose all this makes me feel claustrophobic. I mean I'm sorry, 'course I am, but why must we live through them? They're just our employers; they're not our flesh and blood.

Daisy: Thomas, don't be so unkind.

William: Is there nothing left on earth that you respect?

Thomas: Hark at him. Blimey, if he carries on like this for the unborn baby of a woman who scarcely knows his name, no wonder he fell to pieces when his old mum snuffed it.

[Mrs Hughes and Mr Carson's jaws drop. William bolts out of his chair and punches.]

Mr Carson: William!

[Everyone stands up from the table as William pushes Thomas onto it and climbs on top of him.]

Mr Carson: Thomas! William! Stop that! That is enough!

[Neither of them pay Carson any heed. The roll of the table onto the floor and William punches Thomas. Thomas stops the next punch and hits William back. Branson steps in and pulls William off Thomas.]

Branson: Calm down.

[Carson holds back Thomas and shoves him out of the room.]

Branson: He had that coming.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[A string quartet plays for the garden party. Daisy brings a tray of food to the catering tent and Thomas brings them out to the guests, his face bruised from the fight.]

Dr Clarkson: Oh, Thomas.

[Thomas approaches the doctor.]

Dr Clarkson: I've done as I promised. General Burton is commanding the Division at Richmond and I think I may have a place there for you.

[Clarkson pulls out some papers.]

Dr Clarkson: Under Colonel Cartwright. These are the papers.

[Clarkson hands the papers to Thomas.]

Dr Clarkson: When you're ready, report to the local recruiting office and they'll take it from there. As a matter of fact, I'm being drafted back in as a captain, so I'll try to keep an eye on you.

Thomas: That's very kind of you, Doctor.

Dr Clarkson: With any luck, there may be some advantage in your having volunteered so early.

[Thomas nods and leaves. William enters the catering tent with empty champagne glasses. Daisy waits with dessert trays.]

William: Oh, hang on a minute. Now, give me yours and take this one at the same time.

Daisy: William, I'm sorry I've been so unkind to you lately.

[They exchange trays.]

William: That's all right.

Daisy: No, it's not all right. I don't know why I said those things.

William: Well, you were under an evil spell.

Daisy: Well, I'm not under it any more.

William: I'm glad.

Daisy: Friends?

William: Always friends.

[Daisy happily watches him go.]

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Mrs Bird: I think we should start the ices now. If you agree, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: Certainly, Mrs Bird.

[The telephone rings and the cooks stop to look.]

Mrs Patmore: Oh, my Lord, listen to that. It's like the cry of a banshee.

[Branson enters as the phone rings again and he points to Carson's office.]

Branson: Mr Carson's telephone is ringing.

[The cooks give him a slack-jawed stare.]

Branson: Well, isn't someone going to answer it?

Mrs Patmore: I wouldn't touch that thing with a ten-foot pole.

Branson: Well, I will, then.

[Branson enters Carson's office and answer the phone properly.]

Operator: Is Mr Carson there?

Branson: No, Mr Carson's busy, but can I take a message?

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Branson runs to Sybil where she's talking with Edith and two other ladies.]

Lady Edith: I wish ours was.

Branson: I've got news, milady!

[Branson whispers in Sybil's ear. Sybil covers her mouth as she gasps excitedly.]

Lady Sybil: Oh! Sorry.

[Sybil rushes off and Branson follows her, to the surprise of Edith and the other ladies. Sybil and Branson run to Gwen, who's carrying a tray.]

Lady Sybil: Mr Bromidge has rung! You've done it, Gwen! You got the job!

[Gwen gasps excitedly and shoves her tray at another maid.]

Gwen: Take it! Take it!

[The maid takes the tray and Gwen has a giggling group hug with Sybil and Branson. Mrs Hughes approaches scornfully.]

Mrs Hughes: Something to celebrate?

[The group hug breaks up to face Mrs Hughes. Branson takes Sybil's hand.]

Gwen: I got the job, Mrs Hughes! I'm a secretary! I've begun!

Mrs Hughes: I'm very happy for you, Gwen. And we'll celebrate after we've finished today's work.

Gwen: Of course, Mrs Hughes.

[Gwen sobers and goes back to work. Sybil realises she's holding Branson's hand and he turns to her.]

Branson: I don't suppose that...

Mrs Hughes: Lady Sybil? Her Ladyship was asking after you.

[Sybil leaves. Branson turns to watch her go. He thinks for a moment and is about to leave when Mrs Hughes addresses him.]

Mrs Hughes: Be careful, my lad. Or you'll end up with no job and a broken heart.

Branson: What do you mean?

[Mrs Hughes regards him for a moment and leaves with a small sigh.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Strallan walks with Mary.]

Sir Anthony Strallan: I don't seem to be able to find your sister.

Lady Mary: I wonder where she is. Of course, she may have been cornered. I know there was some old bore she was trying to dodge.

Sir Anthony Strallan: Who was that?

Lady Mary: I'm not sure. He's simply ghastly apparently, but he's promised to propose today. I can't tell you how funny she was when she acted it out. She ought to go on the stage.

Sir Anthony Strallan: Really? Ah, how amusing.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Carson watches the party with Mrs Hughes.]

Mr Carson: Well done, Mrs Hughes. Beautifully executed, as always.

Mrs Hughes: The key is in the planning.

[Thomas approaches them.]

Thomas: Mr Carson, this probably isn't the moment, but I've just heard from Dr Clarkson I've been accepted for a training scheme. For the army medical corps.

Mr Carson: Have you indeed?

Thomas: Yes, and I want to do it, so I'll be handing in my notice. I'll serve our the

month, of course.

Mr Carson: Thank you, Thomas. We can talk about it later.

[Thomas leaves.]

Mrs Hughes: And you couldn't have planned that any better either.

[Mrs Hughes sighs in relief and Carson chuckles.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Edith follows Strallan.]

Lady Edith: You can't be leaving yet.

Sir Anthony Strallan: I'm afraid I must. Please make my excuses to your mother.

[Strallan tips his hat to her. Edith follows him for a moment longer as he walks away.]

Lady Edith: But...

[Mary watches her. When Edith meets her eye, Mary raises her glass to Edith in mockery.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[O'Brien goes to Cora who is lounging unhappily in the shade of a tent.]

Miss O'Brien: I wish you'd come inside, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: No. People mustn't think I'm really ill. I don't want to cast a dampener on the party.

Miss O'Brien: Very well. But are you are you have everything you need, milady?

[O'Brien places a blanket over Cora's legs.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Dear O'Brien.

[Cora takes O'Brien's hands.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: How sweet you are.

[O'Brien nods and leaves. Violet rushes to her.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: O'Brien, O'Brien! Can I have a word? I need a favour and I don't want to bother Lady Grantham with it.

Miss O'Brien: Certainly, milady.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: She's been helping me find a new maid...

[O'Brien is surprised.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: ...and we've had quite a few answers from her advertisement. Can you find where she's put them and get Branson to bring them to the Dower House?

Miss O'Brien: Her Ladyship was helping you find a new lady's maid?

[O'Brien realises her mistake.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Yes. We should have asked you, really. You might take a look at the letters if you have a minute. There's one we liked the sound of who'd been trained in Paris.

[O'Brien is still in shock.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Do you know where she might have put them? The answers?

[O'Brien snaps out of her troubling thoughts.]

Miss O'Brien: Oh, yes, milady. There are only two or three places they could be.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Oh, thank you, O'Brien. You're a treasure. Thank you.

[Violet leaves.]

[EXT. GROUNDS, CATERING TENT - DAY]

[Bates stands there with his cane while Anna brings in a tray.]

Anna: I didn't know a garden party was a spectator sport.

Mr Bates: Pretty, though, isn't it? Hard to believe the clouds are gathering on a summer's day like this.

Anna: Mr Bates, I know you think I was wrong to call on your mother.

Mr Bates: I don't think that. She likes you, by the way.

Anna: I had to find out the truth.

Mr Bates: But you see you don't know the whole truth, not even now. You know my mother's truth.

Anna: But not your wife's... Where is she now.

Mr Bates: I couldn't tell you.

Anna: I better get back.

[Anna leaves and Molesley steps up next to Bates.]

Mr Bates: Are you here, Mr Molesley? I didn't know that.

Mr Molesley: Just helping out. Nice girl, that Anna. Do you know if she's got anyone special in her life?

Mr Bates: I'd like to say she hasn't. I would, truly, but I'm afraid there is someone, yeah.

Mr Molesley: And do you think he's keen on her? Or is it worth a go?

Mr Bates: Well, he keep himself to himself. He's very hard to read at times, but...I'd say he's keen. I'd say he's very keen indeed.

[Molesley grimaces and walks on. Mrs Patmore rushes out with a tray.]

Mrs Patmore: Daisy! I said ices, not iced cakes! Now, unclog your ears and get these to William before they turn into soup.

[Daisy grabs the tray and rushes off while Mrs Patmore returns to the house.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Mary talks with Matthew by a bench.]

Lady Mary: But I don't understand, nothing's changed.

Matthew Crawley: Everything's changed.

Lady Mary: You can't be sure I was going to refuse you, even if it had been a boy. Because I'm not.

Matthew Crawley: That's the point. I can't be sure. Of you, or of anything, it seems. The last few weeks have taught me that.

Lady Mary: But you can't leave Downton.

Matthew Crawley: I can't stay. Not now.

Lady Mary: Well, what will you tell Papa?

Matthew Crawley: That I'm grateful for what he's tried to do, but the experiment is at an end. I'm not a puppet. I must take charge of my own life again.

Lady Mary: Would you have stayed if I'd accepted you?

Matthew Crawley: Of course.

Lady Mary: So I've ruined everything.

Matthew Crawley: You've shown me I've been living in a dream, and it's time to return to real life. Wish me luck with it, Mary. God knows I wish the best for you.

[Both of them are on the verge of tears when he leaves. Mary covers her face with her hands and cries.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Violet and Rosamund see Matthew return.]

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Well, Rosamund, I'm afraid your meddling has cost Mary the only decent offer she'll ever get.

Lady Rosamund: I'm sorry, Mama, but you know me. I have to say what I think.

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Why? Nobody else does.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Carson goes to Mary as she cries.]

Mr Carson: Are you quite well, my lady?

LADY MARY (broken)

Of course. You know me, Carson. I'm never down for long.

[Mary continues to cry and Carson holds her in his arms.]

Mr Carson: I know you have spirit, my lady. That's what counts. It's all that counts in the end. There, there.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Isobel and Violet walk together.]

Isobel Crawley: So, Mary is to be denied her countess's coronet after all?

Violet, Countess of Grantham: Don't crow at me. I think she was very foolish not to take him when she could. Well, I told her so.

Isobel Crawley: Well, if I'm perfectly honest, I wonder if Matthew isn't making the same mistake right now.

[They watch Matthew walking alone.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Robert sits with Cora, holding her hand.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Are you warm enough?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I am when you're holding my hand.

[Carson enters with post tray.]

Mr Carson: Your Lordship? This has just arrived for you.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Thank you.

[Robert stands as he takes it.]

Mr Carson: Oh, and I'm happy to tell you that Thomas has just handed in his notice. So we'll be spared any unpleasantness on that score.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What a relief.

[Robert places the letter opener back on the tray and Carson leaves. Robert's expression changes to foreboding surprise as he reads the letter. He exits the tent and pulls off his hat to wave everyone's attention.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Please, will you stop, please!

[The string quartet stops playing.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My lords, ladies and gentlemen. Can I ask for silence?

[All conversations cease and the servants step out of the catering tent to listen.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Because I very much regret to announce...that we are at

war with Germany.

[Everyone stands in shock.]

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