

# Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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## 01x04 - Episode Four

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[OPENING CREDITS]

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[EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

**Gwen:** When does it open?

**Mr Bates:** Tomorrow afternoon.

**Gwen:** Well, let's get up a party in the evening, if Mrs Hughes lets us, after we've had our dinner.

**Anna:** You're right. It doesn't come often and it doesn't stay long.

**Gwen:** Well, what about you, Mr Bates?

**Mr Bates:** I don't see why not.

**Anna:** Well, there's Lady Mary. You go on ahead. I'll see you back at the house.

**Gwen:** Right you are, then.

**Anna:** Good day, milady. Is Her Ladyship all right? Has she recovered from...?

**Lady Mary:** If you think she'll ever recover from carrying the body of Mr Pamuk from one side of the house to the other, then you don't know her at all.

**Anna:** Well, I didn't mean recover, exactly, just...get past it.

**Lady Mary:** She won't do that either. When she dies, they'll cut her open and find it engraved on her heart.

**Anna:** What about you? What about your heart?

**Lady Mary:** Haven't you heard? I don't have a heart. Everyone knows that.

**Anna:** Not me, milady.

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[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

**Mr Carson:** You wanted to see the new chauffeur, my lord.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Yes, indeed. Please send him in. Come in, come in. Good to see you again. Branson, isn't it?

**Branson:** That's right, Your Lordship.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I hope they've shown you where everything is and we've delivered whatever we promised at the interview.

**Branson:** Certainly, milord.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Won't you miss Ireland ?

**Branson:** Ireland, yes, but not the job. The mistress was a nice lady, but she only had one car and she wouldn't let me drive it over twenty miles an hour, so it was a bit... well, boring, so to speak.

[Robert chuckles.]

**Branson:** You've got a wonderful library.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You are very welcome to borrow books if you wish.

**Branson:** Really, milord ?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Well, there's a ledger over there that I make everyone use, even my daughters. Carson and Mrs Hughes sometimes take a novel or two. What are your interests?

**Branson:** History and politics mainly.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Heavens. Carson, Branson is going to borrow some books. He has my permission.

**Mr Carson:** Very good, my lord.

**Branson:** Is that all, milord?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** It is. Off you go and good luck.

[Branson exits.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** He seems a bright spark after poor old Taylor. And to think Taylor's gone off to run a tea shop. I cannot feel it will make for a very restful retirement, can you?

**Mr Carson:** I would rather be put to death, my lord.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Quite so. Thank you, Carson.

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[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** How about some house parties?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She's been asked to one next month by Lady Ann McNair.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** That's a terrible idea. She doesn't know anyone under a hundred.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I might send her over to visit my aunt. She could get

to know New York.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh, I don't think things are quite that desperate. Poor Mary, she's been terribly down in the mouth lately.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She was very upset by the death of poor Mr Pamuk.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Why? If she didn't know him, one can't go to pieces at the death of every foreigner. We'd all be in a state of collapse whenever we opened a newspaper. Oh, no, of course Mary's main difficulty is that her situation is unresolved. I mean, is she an heiress or isn't she?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** The entail's unbreakable. Mary cannot inherit.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** No, what we need is a lawyer who's decent and honour bound to look into it. And I...I think, perhaps, I know just the man.

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[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DAY]

**Matthew Crawley:** You going to the fair while it's here.

**Mr Molesley:** I shouldn't think so, sir. But I don't mind it. I like the music.

**Isobel Crawley:** Goodness, what's happened to your hands?

**Mr Molesley:** It's nothing, ma'am.

**Isobel Crawley:** They look very painful.

**Mr Molesley:** Oh, no, ma'am. Irritating more than painful.

**Isobel Crawley:** Have you been using anything new to polish the silver or the shoes?

**Mr Molesley:** No.

**Isobel Crawley:** May I?

**Matthew Crawley:** Leave him alone, Mother.

**Isobel Crawley:** It looks like erysipelas. You must have cut yourself.

**Mr Molesley:** Not that I'm aware of.

**Isobel Crawley:** We'll walk 'round to the hospital tomorrow.

**Mr Molesley:** Really, ma'am—

**Isobel Crawley:** I insist.

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[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

**Anna:** Ugh.

**Mrs Patmore:** You've got a cold, I want you out of here.

**Mrs Hughes:** Anna, there you are. You know I'm out tonight, because I don't want to come home to any surprises.

MRS PATMORE (laughs)  
That'll be the day.

**Anna:** We thought we might go to the fair later. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Daisy?

**Mrs Patmore:** You ought to go. She's been that down in the mouth since the death of poor Mr Pamuk.

**Daisy:** Don't say that.

**Mrs Patmore:** She has.

**Anna:** We could all walk down together after the service dinner if that's okay.

[Anna sneezes.]

**Mrs Patmore:** You won't be walking anywhere. She's got minutes to live by the sound of it.

**Mrs Hughes:** Go to bed at once.

**Anna:** Yes, Mrs Hughes.

**Mrs Hughes:** I'll bring up a Beecham's powder. Right, if there's anything you want to ask me, it'll need to be before I go.

**Mrs Patmore:** What would I want to ask you? I'm preparing a meal for Lord and Lady Grantham and the girls. No one is visiting. No one is staying.

**Mrs Hughes:** Well...that's settled, then.

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[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL - DAY]

**Nurse:** I'm afraid Dr Clarkson's out delivering a baby. We don't know when he'll be back.

**Isobel Crawley:** No matter. If you'll just open the store cupboard, I can easily find what I need.

**Nurse:** Well, I—

**Isobel Crawley:** You can tell the doctor that opened the cupboard for the chairman of the board. I assure you, he will raise not the slightest objection. This should do it. Tincture of steel, ten drops in water three times a day. And this is solution of nitrate of silver, rub a little in morning and night.

**Mr Molesley:** How long before it's better?

**Isobel Crawley:** Erysipelas is very hard to cure. We should be able to reduce the symptoms, but that might be all we can manage. Oh, and you must wear gloves at all times.

**Mr Molesley:** I couldn't...wait a table in gloves. I'd look like a footman.

**Isobel Crawley:** You may have to. The tincture and the salve will help. Try it for a week and we'll see.

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[INT. HAVEL AND CARTER - DAY]

**Attorney's Assistant:** Someone to see you, Mr Crawley.

**Matthew Crawley:** Well, there's nothing in my diary.

**Attorney's Assistant:** It's Lady Grantham.

**Matthew Crawley:** Well, in that case, show her in at once. Cousin Cora, to what do I owe the...

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh, I hope I'm not a disappointment.

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

[Mrs Hughes looks at a hat.]

**Mrs Hughes:** I thought it might be nice to cheer it up a bit.

**Miss O'Brien:** Easier said than done.

**Mrs Hughes:** Perhaps with a flower or a bit of veil or something.

**Miss O'Brien:** I can find you a veil if you like. I hope you're not expecting me to do it.

**Mrs Hughes:** Not if you're busy, of course.

**Miss O'Brien:** Good.

**Mrs Hughes:** And Miss O'Brien, I've sent Anna to bed with a cold, so I need you to manage the young ladies.

**Miss O'Brien:** What, all three of them? I'm not an octopus. Why can't Gwen do it?

**Mrs Hughes:** Because she is not a lady's maid.

**Miss O'Brien:** I am not a slave.

**Mrs Hughes:** Just do it, Miss O'Brien. Just do it.

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[INT. HAVEL AND CARTER - DAY]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** I'll pay you the compliment that I do not believe you wish to inherit just because nobody's investigated properly.

**Matthew Crawley:** No, but—

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Nor can Murray accuse you of making trouble when you're the one who will suffer most from a discovery.

**Matthew Crawley:** You're right that I don't wish to benefit at Mary's expense from an ignorance of the law--

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Putting it bluntly, do you think Robert has thrown in the towel prematurely?

[Violet's chair creaks.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Good heavens, what am I sitting on?

**Matthew Crawley:** A swivel chair.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh, another modern brainwave?

**Matthew Crawley:** Not very modern. They were invented by Thomas Jefferson.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Why does every day involve a fight with an American?

**Matthew Crawley:** I'll fetch a different one.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** No, no. No, no, I'm a good sailor.

**Matthew Crawley:** It will depend on the exact terms of the entail and of the deed of gift when Cousin Cora's money was transferred to the estate.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** That is all I ask. To understand the exact terms.

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[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

**William:** Is Daisy going to the fair tonight with the others?

**Mr Bates:** Why don't you ask her? She needs taking out of herself. What's it to you?

**Thomas:** Nothing.

**William:** Daisy, I was hoping that—

**Thomas:** Would you like to go to the fair with me, Daisy? There's a few of us going later on.

**Daisy:** Do you mean it?

**Mrs Patmore:** Daisy, don't let it get cold. Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on!

**Mr Bates:** You b\*st\*rd.

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[EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

[Sybil, Edith, and Cora walk towards the car where Branson is waiting.]

**Lady Edith:** Why is Sybil having a new dress and not me?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Because it's Sybil's turn.

**Lady Sybil:** Can it be my choice this time?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Of course, darling. As long as you choose what I choose. Branson, you'll be taking Lady Sybil to Ripon tomorrow. She'll be leaving after luncheon.

**Branson:** Certainly, Your Ladyship.

**Lady Sybil:** Poor old Madame Swann. I don't know why we bother with fittings. She

always makes the same frock.

**Lady Edith:** What do you want her to make?

**Lady Sybil:** Something new and exciting.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Heavens, look at the time. Not a minute to change. And Granny's invited herself for dinner.

**Lady Sybil:** Then she can jolly well wait.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** So, women's rights begin at home, I see. Well, I'm all for that.

[The ladies chuckle and Branson drives off.]

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[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

**Mrs Hughes:** I'm just off, Mr Carson.

**Mr Carson:** According to the wine book, we should still have six dozen of this, but I'm beggared if I can find much more than four.

**Mrs Hughes:** Look again before you jump to any nasty conclusions.

**Mr Carson:** Long time since you last took a night off.

**Mrs Hughes:** You don't think I ought to stay, do you?

**Mr Carson:** Certainly not. Be off with you.

**Mrs Hughes:** And Anna's in bed with a cold, so I'm afraid it's all down to you.

**Mr Carson:** Go.

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[EXT. THE VILLAGE FAIR - EVENING]

[Matthew plays the Coconut Saloon game at the fair. Mary sees him and approaches.]

**Matthew Crawley:** I wanted to have a go before I went home. How about you?

[Matthew digs in his pockets for more change.]

**Fair Vendor:** Thank you.

[The vendor hands Mary and Matthew some more balls to throw.]

**Lady Mary:** Thank you.

**Matthew Crawley:** Do you know if your father's doing anything this evening?

**Lady Mary:** He's not coming to the fair.

**Matthew Crawley:** Seriously.

**Lady Mary:** Well, having dinner with his family.

**Matthew Crawley:** Could I look in afterwards?

**Lady Mary:** May I ask why?

**Matthew Crawley:** Your grandmother paid me a visit this afternoon and I'm...well, never mind, but I—I would like to see him.

**Lady Mary:** Granny came to see you. Is it all part of The Great Matter? So, are you enjoying your new life?

**Matthew Crawley:** Yes, I think so. I know my work seems very trivial to you.

**Lady Mary:** Not necessarily. Sometimes I rather envy you, having somewhere to go every morning.

**Matthew Crawley:** I thought that made me very middle class?

**Lady Mary:** You should learn to forget what I say. I know I do.

**Matthew Crawley:** How about you? Is your life proving satisfactory, apart from the Great Matter, of course?

**Lady Mary:** Women like me don't have a life. We choose clothes and pay calls and work for charity and do the season, but really, we're stuck in a waiting room until we marry.

**Matthew Crawley:** I've made you angry.

**Lady Mary:** My life makes me angry, not you.

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[INT. ]

**Mr Carson:** I never put the Sauterne on ice. Mrs Hughes goes out for one night and we all fall to pieces!

**Thomas:** Mr Carson, we wondered if we could walk down to the fair after dinner.

**Mr Carson:** I suppose so, but don't be too late.

**Mrs Patmore:** ...that's right.

**Thomas:** Where do you think she's gone?

**William:** None of your business.

**Mrs Patmore:** Like most of what goes on 'round here.

**Daisy:** Oh!

**Thomas:** Well caught, that man, though I say it myself.

**Daisy:** Thanks ever so. Yes?

**Mrs Patmore:** Well, you've cheered up a bit.

**Daisy:** He's so agile, i'in't he? He could have been a sportsman.

**Mrs Patmore:** Who?

**Daisy:** Thomas, of course.



**Mrs Patmore:** Really? Which sport did you have in mind?

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[INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - EVENING]

**Lady Mary:** I ran into Cousin Matthew in the village. He wanted to call on you after dinner. Apparently, Granny's been to see him.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Did you tell him she's coming here this evening?

**Lady Mary:** Well, I didn't know she was.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** When he arrives, do your best to keep her in the drawing room.

**Lady Mary:** Well, I'd like to see you try.

[Robert chuckles.]

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[INT. OUTER HALL - EVENING]

[Matthew enters the house as the ladies are walking from the dining room to the drawing room.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Don't stay too late. Let them have an early night.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Sybil, Sybil, darling, why would you want to go to real school? You're not a doctor's daughter.

**Lady Sybil:** But nobody learns anything from a governess apart from French and how to curtsy.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Well, what else do you need?

**Lady Sybil:** Well, there's—

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Are you thinking of a career in banking?

[Mary turns around and sees Matthew through the glass door. She holds up a hand to wait until the others have gone into the next room.]

**Lady Sybil:** No, but it is a noble profession.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Things are different in America.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** I know. They live in wigwams.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** And when they come out of them, they go to school.

[Mary goes to the door and opens it to speak to Matthew.]

LADY MARY (whisper)

If you wait in the library, I'll tell Papa you're here.

**Matthew Crawley:** Thank you.

[William watches the exchange.]

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[EXT. THE VILLAGE FAIR - EVENING]

**Joe Burns:** Elsie? It is Elsie, isn't it?

**Mrs Hughes:** It is. Though, there's very few left to call me that, Joe Burns.

**Joe Burns:** Well, I'm flattered that I'm one of them.

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[INT. LIBRARY - EVENING]

[Carson brings in the port.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Where's Thomas?

**Mr Carson:** I'm afraid I let some of the servants go down to the fair, my lord. I didn't know we'd have any visitors tonight.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Well, that's all right. They don't have much fun. You should join them. So, what did you say to Mama?

**Matthew Crawley:** I haven't spoken to her since her visit, but I have looked through every source and I can't find one reason on which to base a challenge.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I could have told you that.

**Matthew Crawley:** I'm not quite sure how to phrase it when I tell her.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** She shouldn't have put you on the spot like that. It was unkind.

**Matthew Crawley:** I'm afraid she'll think I've failed because I don't want to succeed.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** She will think that, but I don't. And nor will Cora.

**Matthew Crawley:** Of course it's impossible for Mary. She must resent me so bitterly. And I don't blame her.

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[INT. THE GRANTHAM ARMS - EVENING]

[Mrs Hughes and Joe Burns sit at a table having dinner.]

**Mrs Hughes:** Yes, it must have been hard for you when Ivy died.

**Joe Burns:** Took some getting used to.

**Mrs Hughes:** What about your son? Do you see much of him?

**Joe Burns:** Peter? No. I would've given him a share of the farm if he wanted it, but he's joined the army.

**Mrs Hughes:** Well, I never.

**Joe Burns:** Oh, he seems happy, but he's left me on my own.

**(indistinct):** ...take your plate, then.

**Joe Burns:** Thank you. So, how's life treated you?

**Mrs Hughes:** Oh, I can't complain. I haven't travelled, but I've seen a bit of life and

no mistake.

**Joe Burns:** I notice you call yourself Misses.

**Mrs Hughes:** Housekeepers and cooks are always Misses. You know better than anyone I haven't changed my name.

**Joe Burns:** Well, I know you wouldn't change it to Burns when you had the chance.

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[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

**Miss O'Brien:** You shouldn't have eaten with us. The chauffeur always eats in his own cottage.

**Mr Bates:** Steady on. You can cut him a bit of slack on his second day.

**Branson:** I'm waiting to take old Lady Grantham home.

**Miss O'Brien:** Even then, Taylor never ate with us. You're taking advantage of Mrs Hughes's absence.

**Branson:** What are you doing?

**Mr Bates:** I'm sorting the collars, removing the ones that have come to an end.

**Branson:** What happens to His Lordship's old clothes?

**Miss O'Brien:** What's it to you? Clothes are a valet's pert, not a chauffeur's.

**Mr Bates:** I get some, but most of it goes into the missionary barrel.

**Branson:** I know it's meant to be kind, but I can think of better ways of helping the needy than sending stiff collars to the equator.

[Bates chuckles.]

**Mr Bates:** I thought Anna might have come down for her dinner.

**Miss O'Brien:** And show she's ready to start work again? Not a chance.

**Mr Bates:** She's still in bed, then?

**Miss O'Brien:** She is. While I'm sat here sewing like a cursed princess in a fairytale and not down at the fair with the others.

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

**Mr Carson:** Would you like me to ask Branson to bring the car around, my lady?

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Where's Robert? He can't have been drinking port since we left, he'd be under the table by now.

**Mr Carson:** His Lordship's in the library.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** All alone? Oh, how sad.

**Mr Carson:** No, he's--

**Lady Mary:** We can say goodbye to Papa for you, Granny.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** He's what?

**Mr Carson:** He's with Mr Crawley, my lady.

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[INT. LIBRARY - EVENING]

**Matthew Crawley:** The question is, what do I say to Cousin Violet?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Oh, don't worry about that. I can handle her.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Really?

[Matthew stands up and Robert looks over in surprise.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Well, if you can, you must've learned to very recently.

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[INT. SERVANTS' BEDROOM CORRIDOR - EVENING]

[Anna reads by candle light in bed. Mr Bates knocks on the door between the men and women's corridor. Anna goes out into the hall and approached the door.]

**Mr Bates:** Anna.

**Anna:** Mr Bates.

**Mr Bates:** Can you open the door?

**Anna:** I daren't. No one can open that door except Mrs Hughes.

**Mr Bates:** Just for a moment. I brought you something.

[Anna unlocks the door. Mr Bates has a dinner tray for her.]

**Anna:** I don't know what to—

**Mr Bates:** Shh!

[Bates hands her the tray.]

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[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - EVENING]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** What I don't understand in all this is you. You seem positively glad to see Mary disinherited.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You speak as if we had a choice.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Thank you, Branson.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I'm worn out. Tell Lady Mary and Mr Crawley I've gone to bed.

**Mr Carson:** Shall I tell them now, my lord?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** No. Wait until they ring.

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[EXT. THE VILLAGE FAIR - EVENING]

**Fairfolk** (background): Yes, sir.

**Mrs Hughes:** I ought to start back. This is very late for me.

**Joe Burns:** Oh, not yet. It's a long time since I've had a girl to show off for at the fair.

**Fairfolk** (background): Fair enough.

**Joe Burns:** So, I take it you never get lonely?

**Mrs Hughes:** Well, that's working in a big house. Though there are times you yearn for a bit of solitude.

[Joe plays the fair game.]

**Mrs Hughes:** Oh!

**Fair Vendor:** We have a winner!

**Joe Burns:** Ah, thank you. Well, er...something to remind you of me.

**Mrs Hughes:** (chuckles) I don't need help to remember you.

**Joe Burns:** But what—what happens when you retire?

**Mrs Hughes:** I should think I'll stay here.

**Joe Burns:** Suppose they sell the estate.

**Mrs Hughes:** Suppose there's a tidal wave. Suppose we all die of the plague. Suppose there's a war.

[They chuckle.]

**Thomas:** What did I tell you? She's found her Romeo.

**Gwen:** That might be her brother.

**Thomas:** She hasn't got a brother, I would know it by now, just a sister in Levinson Sands.

**Daisy:** You know everything, don't you?

**William:** (scoffs) Everything, my foot. You're hiding behind him, but he's not what you think he is.

**Daisy:** Oh, go on, William, if you're gonna be such a spoil sport.

**William:** All right, I will.

[William marches off.]

**Gwen:** Oh, come back, she didn't mean it!

**Mrs Hughes:** I must go, but it's been lovely to see you again, Joe. Really.

**Joe Burns:** And you know what I'm asking?

**Mrs Hughes:** You haven't asked anything yet.

**Joe Burns:** But you know what it is when I do. I'm gonna stop here at the pub until I hear from you. Oh, and take your time. I'd rather wait a week for the right answer than get a wrong one in a hurry. Think about it carefully.

**Mrs Hughes:** I will. I promise you that.

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[INT. LIBRARY - EVENING]

[Mary rings the bell.]

**Lady Mary:** To break the entail, we'd need a private bill in Parliament.

**Matthew Crawley:** Even then, it would only be passed if the estate were in danger, which it's not.

**Lady Mary:** And I mean nothing in all this.

**Matthew Crawley:** On the contrary, you mean a great deal...very great deal.

**Mr Carson:** You rang, my lady?

**Lady Mary:** Yes, Carson. Mr Crawley was just leaving. Do you know where His Lordship is?

**Mr Carson:** Gone to bed, my lady. He felt tired after he put Lady Grantham into the car.

**Lady Mary:** I bet he did. Thank you, Carson.

**Matthew Crawley:** I'm sorry, I wish I could think of something to say that would help.

**Lady Mary:** There's nothing. But you mustn't let it trouble you.

**Matthew Crawley:** It does trouble me. It troubles me very much.

**Lady Mary:** Then that will be my consolation prize. Goodnight, Cousin Matthew.

**Matthew Crawley:** Goodnight.

**Matthew Crawley:** I hope I haven't kept you up too late. I'm afraid we've interfered with your dinner.

**Mr Carson:** It's been rather a chop and change evening downstairs.

**Matthew Crawley:** Lady Grantham got off all right?

**Mr Carson:** "All right" is an optimistic assessment, sir.

**Matthew Crawley:** It's very difficult, Carson, for her, for Lady Mary, for everyone.

**Mr Carson:** It is Mr Crawley. But I appreciate your saying so.

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[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR/HALL - NIGHT]

**Miss O'Brien:** Well, that's the greatness done and dusted for the night.

**Mr Bates:** William, you had a good night?

**William:** I'm off to bed.

[William gets up from the table and leaves.]

**Mr Bates:** Wait.

[William stops at the base of the stairs.]

**Mr Bates:** What happened?

**William:** Nothing. Doesn't matter.

[William leaves.]

**Mr Bates:** How was your evening, Mrs Hughes?

**Mrs Hughes:** Very enjoyable, thank you. The others are just behind me, so you can lock up in a minute. Well, I'll say goodnight.

**Mr Bates:** Goodnight Misses.

**Miss O'Brien:** Night.

**Thomas:** Goodnight, Mrs Hughes. I was right when I said she was looking sparkly-eyed.

**Mr Carson:** I beg your pardon, Thomas?

**Thomas:** He can disapprove all he likes, Mrs Hughes has got a fancy man.

**Daisy:** (snorts) Him a fancy man?

**Mr Bates:** Don't be so nasty, Daisy, it doesn't suit you.

**Thomas:** I reckon there's a job vacancy coming up. Miss O'Brien, do you fancy a promotion?

**Miss O'Brien:** (scoffs) Very droll. If she's got a boyfriend, I'm a giraffe.

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[INT. SERVANTS' BEDROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT]

[Mr Bates knocks on William's door and opens it.]

**William:** Leave me alone, Mr Bates. I know you mean well, but let me be.

[Bates closes the door.]

**Thomas:** What chance did he have up against a champion?

[Bates grabs Thomas and shoves him up against the wall.]

**Mr Bates:** Now, you listen, you filthy little rat. If you don't lay off, I will punch your shining teeth through the back of your skull.

**Thomas:** Is this supposed to frighten me, Mr Bates? 'Cause if it is, it isn't working. I'm sorry, but it's just not working.

[Bates lets Thomas go roughly.]

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

[Mrs Hughes smiles as she looks at the doll Joe Burns gave her.]

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[INT. KITCHENS - MORNING]

**Mrs Patmore:** Daisy? Chafing dishes, now!

**Daisy:** They're right in front of you, Mrs Patmore.

**Mrs Patmore:** Are you trying to trick me?

**Mrs Hughes:** Anna's still not well. O'Brien, you'll need to dress the girls this morning.

**Miss O'Brien:** All we know about Lady Mary and here I am waiting on her hand and foot.

**Thomas:** Will we do anything with that?

**Miss O'Brien:** Maybe. But not yet.

**Thomas:** What do you look like? Daisy, what do you think he looks like? Do your buttons up.

**Daisy:** Well, go on, then.

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[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

[Gwen enters as O'Brien is fixing Sybil's hair.]

**Miss O'Brien:** What do you want?

**Gwen:** I've got a message for Lady Sybil from Her Ladyship.

**Lady Sybil:** Thank you, O'Brien, I'll manage now.

[O'Brien leaves.]

**Lady Sybil:** Odious woman. What does Mama want?

**Gwen:** I just said that to get rid of her. This came today.

[Gwen hands Sybil a letter. Sybil opens and reads it.]

**Lady Sybil:** I knew they would want to see you.

**Gwen:** Well, it's your reference what's done it. But how am I going to get there? They won't let me take a day off.

**Lady Sybil:** You're going to be ill. They can't stop you being ill.

**Gwen:** What?

**Lady Sybil:** No one has seen Anna for a whole day. They won't notice if you vanish for a couple of hours.

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[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Mary and Robert walk with the dog.]

**Lady Mary:** The only one who never sticks up for me in all this is you. Why is that?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You are my darling daughter, and I love you, hard as it is for an Englishman to say the words.

**Lady Mary:** Well, then.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** If I had made my own fortune and bought Downton for myself, it should be yours without question. But I did not. My fortune is the work of others who laboured to build a great dynasty. Do I have the right to destroy their work or impoverish that dynasty? I am a custodian, my dear, not an owner. I must strive to be worthy of the task I've been set. If I could take Mama's out of the estate, Downton would have to be sold to pay for it. Is that what you want? To see Matthew a landless peer with a title but no means to pay for it?

**Lady Mary:** So I'm just to find a husband and get out of the way?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You could stay here if you married Matthew.

**Lady Mary:** You know my character, Father. I'd never marry any man that I was told to. I'm stubborn. I wish I wasn't, but I am.

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[EXT. MOTOR CAR - DAY]

**Branson:** Will you have your own way, do you think? With the frock? Only, I couldn't help overhearing yesterday, and from what Her Ladyship said, it sounded as if you support women's rights.

**Lady Sybil:** I suppose I do.

**Branson:** Because I'm quite political. In fact, I brought some pamphlets that I thought might interest you about the vote.

**Lady Sybil:** Thank you. But please don't mention this to my father, or my grandmother. One whiff of reform and she hears the rattle of the guillotine. It seems rather unlikely, a revolutionary chauffeur.

**Branson:** Maybe. But I'm a socialist, not a revolutionary. And I won't always be a chauffeur.

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[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL - DAY]

**Dr Clarkson:** Mrs Crawley, how nice.

**Isobel Crawley:** If you're busy, we can come back later.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Molesley? What are you doing here? Are you—are you ill?

**Dr Clarkson:** Poor Mr Molesley. Er, how's it going?

**Isobel Crawley:** The solution doesn't seem to make it any better.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** My imagination's running riot.

**Mr Molesley:** I've got erysipelas, Your Ladyship.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh. Oh, I am sorry.

**Dr Clarkson:** Mrs Crawley tells me she's recommended nitrate of silver and tincture of steel.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Why? Is she making a suit of armour?

**Dr Clarkson:** But, er, I take it there's been no improvement.

**Mr Molesley:** Not really.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** And you're sure it's erysipelas?

**Dr Clarkson:** That is...Mrs Crawley's diagnosis.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** What it is to have medical knowledge.

**Isobel Crawley:** It has its uses.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Mm. I see your father has been making changes at home.

**Mr Molesley:** He has, milady. He's got no use for the herb garden now me mother's gone, so he's turned it to grass.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** And you've been helping him?

**Mr Molesley:** I have.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** (chuckles) Grubbing out the old rue hedge.

**Mr Molesley:** How did you know that?

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Because this is not erysipelas. This is a rue allergy. If Molesley wears gardening gloves, it'll be gone in a week. Please, don't think we're ungrateful for your enthusiasm, Mrs Crawley, but there comes a time when things are best left to the professionals.

**Isobel Crawley:** But I—

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** And now I really—I really must go. Good day.

**Mr Molesley:** Thank you, Your Ladyship.

[Violet chuckles as she exits.]

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[EXT. VILLAGE COTTAGES - DAY]

**Matthew Crawley:** I hope Cousin Violet has recovered from last night.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Whatever she says, my mother is as strong as an ox, and

it's high time she let go of her scheme for upsetting everything. Time we all did.

**Matthew Crawley:** I can't deny I'm pleased to hear it.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Are you beginning to see a future here, then?

**Matthew Crawley:** In a way, this latest business has forced me to recognise that I do want Downton to be my future.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I'm glad.

**Matthew Crawley:** You must have thought me an awful prig when I first arrived.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Not a prig, just a man thrust into something he never wanted or envisaged.

**Matthew Crawley:** I can only see the absurdity of the whole thing. I'm sorry.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Well, there are absurdities involved as I know well enough.

**Matthew Crawley:** Possibilities, too, and I was blind to them. I was determined not to let it change me. It was absurd. If you don't change, you die.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Do you think so? I'm not sure. Sometimes I think I hate change.

**Matthew Crawley:** Well, at least we can comfort ourselves that this'll still be here...because we saved it.

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[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

**Daisy:** Thomas is lovely in every way. He's funny and handsome, and he's got such lovely teeth.

**Mrs Patmore:** He's not for you, Daisy.

**Daisy:** 'Course not. He's too good for me, I know that.

**Mrs Patmore:** No. He's not too good.

**Daisy:** What then?

**Mrs Patmore:** He's not the boy for you, and you're not the girl for him.

**Daisy:** I'in't that what I just said? And why would he be when he's seen and done so much and I've been nowhere and done nothing?

**Mrs Patmore:** Perhaps Thomas has seen and done more than is good for him. He's not a lady's man.

**Daisy:** But i'in't it a blessed relief?

**Mrs Patmore:** Daisy, Thomas is a troubled soul.

**Daisy:** I don't know what you mean, Mrs Patmore.

**Mrs Patmore:** Oh, nothing. I don't mean anything. Except, if I don't get the ice cream started, they'll be dining at midnight.

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[INT. EDITH'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

**Lady Sybil:** Golly, my corset's tight. Anna, when you've done that, would you be an angel and loosen it a bit?

**Lady Edith:** The start of the slippery slope.

**Lady Sybil:** I'm not putting on weight.

**Lady Edith:** It didn't shrink in the drawer.

[Mary enters.]

**Lady Mary:** Are you coming down?

**Lady Sybil:** I don't know why we bother with corsets. Men don't wear them and they look perfectly normal in their clothes.

**Lady Mary:** Not all of them.

**Lady Edith:** She's just showing off. She'll be on about the vote in a minute.

**Lady Sybil:** If you mean, do I think women should have the vote, of course I do.

**Lady Edith:** I hope you won't chain yourself to the railings and end up being force fed semolina.

**Lady Mary:** What do you think, Anna?

**Anna:** I think those women are very brave.

**Lady Sybil:** Hear, hear.

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** How did you get on with your dressmaker? Find anything?

**Lady Sybil:** I did. And she says she can have it done by Friday.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I'm sorry I couldn't come, but I didn't want to put Matthew off.

**Lady Edith:** Were you pleased with the cottages?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I think they're making a very good job of them. You must all go and see.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** You will restore a few every year from now on?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** It was Matthew's idea. Old Cripps was rather reluctant, but I'm pleased we went forward.

**Lady Edith:** I suppose it's worth it.

**Lady Sybil:** Of course it is, because of the people who will live in them.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You'll be glad to hear that Matthew's conscience is much more energetic than mine.

**Lady Mary:** If you'll excuse me, I'm going to bed. I've rather a headache.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Of course. Should I bring you something for it?

**Lady Mary:** No, I'll be perfectly fine if I can just lie down.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Mary...

[Cora goes after Mary.]

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[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Mary is sobbing.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Oh, my darling. What is it?

**Lady Mary:** You heard him. Matthew this. Matthew that. Matthew, Matthew, Matthew. Oh, Mother, don't you see? He has his son now. Of course he didn't argue with the entail. Why would he when he's got what he always wanted?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Your father loves you very much.

**Lady Mary:** He wouldn't fight for me, though.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** He wouldn't fight for you because he knew he couldn't win.

**Lady Mary:** You're no better.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** What?

**Lady Mary:** You don't care about Matthew getting everything, because you don't think I'm worthy of it!

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Mary!

**Lady Mary:** I wish you'd just admit it! I'm a lost soul to you! I took a lover with no thought of marriage! A Turk! Think of that! Oh, my dear! Don't worry, Mama. You can go down now. Everything will look better in the morning. Isn't that what you usually say?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I say it because it's usually true.

**Lady Mary:** Papa will wonder where you are.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Don't quarrel with Matthew.

**Lady Mary:** Why shouldn't I?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Because one day you may need him.

**Lady Mary:** Oh, I see. When I've ruined myself, I must have a powerful protector to hide behind.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

[William plays the piano.]

**Mrs Hughes:** I'd tell you off—

[William stops and quickly stands up.]

**Mrs Hughes:** But I like to hear you play. Where are they all?

**William:** Busy, I suppose.

**Mrs Hughes:** Haven't you got anything to do?

**William:** Yes, I have. 'Course I have.

**Mrs Hughes:** You mustn't let Thomas get you down. He's just jealous. Everyone likes you better than him.

**William:** Not everyone.

**Mrs Hughes:** Then she's a foolish girl and she doesn't deserve you. Though, why am I encouraging you? Forget all that for ten years at least.

**William:** You're a kind woman, Mrs Hughes. I don't know how this house would run without you. I don't, truly.

**Mrs Hughes:** Stop flannelling and get on before I betray you to Mr Carson.

[William leaves. ]

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[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

[Gwen opens a letter and is disappointed by the contents.]

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[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[Sybil opens a box excitedly.]

**Lady Sybil:** Is there anything more thrilling than a new frock?

**Gwen:** I suppose not, milady.

**Lady Sybil:** You shall have one, too. I thought this would be suitable for your interview.

**Gwen:** Well, I won't be wearing it, milady.

**Lady Sybil:** Of course you will! We have to make you look like a successful professional woman. What is it? What's happened?

**Gwen:** Well, I won't wear it because I'm not going. They've cancelled the appointment. They've found someone more suited for the post and better qualified.

**Lady Sybil:** This time.

**Gwen:** Let's face it. There will never be anyone less suited for the post or worse qualified than I am.

**Lady Sybil:** That isn't true. You'll see. We're not giving up. No one hits the bull's eye with the first arrow.

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

**Mr Carson:** I've put out the Rundell candlesticks for dinner tonight.

[Mrs Hughes nods absentmindedly, concentrating on her thoughts.]

**Mr Carson:** Ah. I'm sorry, I'll come back later.

**Mrs Hughes:** No, stay, please. I've got something I'd like to talk to you about, if you've a minute.

[Mr Carson enters and closes the door and they sit opposite each other.]

**Mrs Hughes:** Before I first came here as head housemaid, I was walking out with a farmer. When I told him I'd taken a job at Downton, he asked me to marry him. I was a farmer's daughter from Argyle, so I knew the life. He was very nice. But then I came here and I—I did well, and I...I didn't want to give it up. So, I told him no, and he married someone else. She died three years ago, and last month, he wrote asking to see me again, and I agreed, because all this time, I've wondered.

**Mr Carson:** Go on.

**Mrs Hughes:** I met him the other night. We had dinner at the Grantham Arms and after, he took me to the fair.

**Mr Carson:** And he was horrible and fat and red-faced and you couldn't think what you ever saw in him?

**Mrs Hughes:** He was still a nice man. He is still a nice man. Well, he was a bit red-faced, and his suit was a little tight, but none of that matters. In the real ways, he hadn't changed.

**Mr Carson:** And he proposed again...and you accepted?

**Mrs Hughes:** In many ways, I wanted to accept. But I'm not that farm girl anymore. I was flattered, of course, but... I've changed, Mr Carson.

**Mr Carson:** Life's altered you, as it's altered me. And what would be the point of living if we didn't let life change us? You won't be leaving, then?

[Anna knocks and enters.]

**Anna:** You better come. Mrs Patmore's on the rampage. She wants the key to the store cupboard, and you know how angry she gets she hasn't got one of her own.

**Mrs Hughes:** Nor will she have. Not while I'm housekeeper here. Leaving? When would I ever find the time.

**Mrs Patmore:** ...I had to go cap in hand to Mary. It never stops!

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Whatever is holding Sybil up?

**Lady Mary:** She was going on about her new frock.

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[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Anna helps Sybil dress.]

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** We'd better go in without her, or it's not fair on Mrs Patmore.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh, is her cooking so precisely timed? You couldn't tell.

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[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Anna fetches Sybil's shoes.]

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

**Isobel Crawley:** I think her food is delicious.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Naturally.

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[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Sybil giggles and Anna fixes a cloth in her hair. Sybil shows off the complete look to Anna and Anna giggles.]

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

[Sybil rushes down the stairs and enters.]

**Lady Sybil:** Good evening, everyone.

[Sybil shows off her new trouser frock. Everyone's jaws drop. Matthew grins. Branson peeks in through the window and smiles.]