

# Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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## 01x06 - Episode Six

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[OPENING TITLES]

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[EXT. RIPON, CITY HALL COURTYARD - DAY]

May 1914

**Speaker:** Last June saw Emily Davison crushed to death beneath the hooves of the king's horse! Will the summer of 1914 prove as fatal for the hopes of women? It cannot! This historic by-election can be the first step of the journey to women's equality!

**Woman:** If you're so keen on women's rights, let a woman speak!

**Man:** But why stop there? Let's get the dogs up and listen to them bark!

**Speaker:** Women! Women...are thrown out of jail...!

[Branson appears next to Sybil in the crowd.]

**Branson:** Are you all right, milady?

**Lady Sybil:** Isn't it exciting?

**Speaker:** Only to be dragged back inside!

**Man:** You're an idiot!

[Isobel sees Sybil in the crowd and pushes through to reach her.]

**Isobel Crawley:** Sybil, I think it's time for Branson to take you home!

**Lady Sybil:** Not yet.

**Isobel Crawley:** I think so. I applaud your spirit in coming, and I will applaud your discretion when you leave!

**Lady Sybil:** But you agree with everything he says?

**Isobel Crawley:** I do, my dear, but I also know if anything happens to you, Branson will lose his place.

**Branson:** Better safe than sorry, milady.

**Speaker:** ...is an act of mercy. I disagree.

[Branson puts an arm around Sybil and pushes a path for her through the jeering crowd.]

**Branson:** The car is just here.

**Lady Sybil:** Women must get the vote, mustn't they, Branson? Why does the prime minister resist the inevitable?

**Branson:** Politicians can't often recognise the changes that are inevitable.

[Branson opens the car door for Sybil and she steps in.]

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[EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, MOTOR CAR - DAY]

**Lady Sybil:** I hope you do go into politics. It's a fine ambition.

**Branson:** Ambition or dream? If I do, it's not all about women and the vote for me, nor even freedom for Ireland. It's the gap between the aristocracy and the poor and...

**Lady Sybil:** And what?

**Branson:** I'm sorry. I don't mean to speak against His Lordship.

**Lady Sybil:** Why not? You obviously don't approve of him.

**Branson:** Not as a representative of an oppressive class. But he's a good man, and decent employer.

**Lady Sybil:** Spoken like a true politician.

[Branson chuckles.]

**Lady Sybil:** What do I look like? Could you sneak me around the back? I should hate for Papa to see me like this.

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[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[Mr Carson reads a note.]

**Mrs Patmore** (background): Where? I'm not a mind reader!

[Mrs Hughes knocks on the open door.]

**Mrs Hughes:** Mrs Patmore is very cruel to that poor girl.

**Mr Carson:** Mrs Patmore is frightened.

**Mrs Hughes:** Is she right to be?

**Mr Carson:** Well, Dr Clarkson has confirmed she has cataracts.

**Mrs Hughes:** What can be done about it?

**Mr Carson:** There are treatments, but even the best are uncertain. She doesn't want to risk losing what sight she still has.

**Mrs Hughes:** I don't blame her, but it can't go on forever.

**Mr Carson:** No.

[Mrs Hughes sees the note in Carson's hand.]

**Mrs Hughes:** Oh, dear. Have you had bad news? I shouldn't have bothered you.

**Mr Carson:** You weren't to know.

[Mrs Hughes exits with a glance back at Carson.]

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[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Sybil enters through the back door. She runs into William as he exits a room holding a candelabra.]

**Lady Sybil:** Oh!

**William:** Excuse me, milady.

**Lady Sybil:** William, will you find Anna and tell her I've gone upstairs?

**William:** Very good, milady.

[Sybil goes upstairs. William opens a door and bumps Thomas's elbow, making Thomas spill his drink.]

**Thomas:** You clumsy clodhopper.

**William:** Sorry.

**Thomas:** You will be sorry when I've finished you. Look at this!

**Mr Bates:** Leave him alone.

**William:** Anna, Lady Sybil's back from Ripon. She's gone up to her room.

**Anna:** Thank you.

**Miss O'Brien:** Why does she waste her precious time on politics?

**Thomas:** Hear, hear.

**Mr Bates:** Oh, don't you believe in rights for women, Thomas?

**Thomas:** What's it to you?

**Mr Bates:** Well, I know you don't believe in rights of property. I think some people might find that interesting.

**Thomas:** Who's going to tell them? You?

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[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[Mrs Hughes knocks on the door and enters.]

**Mrs Hughes:** Mr Carson, are you all right?

**Mr Carson:** Why shouldn't I be?

**Mrs Hughes:** You've never rung the dressing gong, and Mrs Patmore's doing a soufflé for the first course.

**Mr Carson:** Oh, my God.

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

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Rather unlike Carson. We'd better go straight in to dinner.

**Mr Bates:** I shall tell Miss O'Brien and Anna.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Any more news of the by-election? Mr Crawley was here earlier. He said his mother had gone to the Liberal rally in Ripon.

**Mr Bates:** I heard it was quite lively.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I daresay the Townies will make the usual stink when the Tory candidate's returned.

**Mr Bates:** I'm not sure. I heard the Liberal was given a hard time today. Mr Branson said it was getting out of hand when they left.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Typical Branson to be there. I hope he squared it with Carson. Who went with him?

**Mr Bates:** Er...I'm not sure anyone went with him, my lord.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You just said "they". Who was with him?

**Mr Bates:** I'd rather not say.

[Robert turns away from the mirror to look at Bates.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Bates, who was with him?

**Mr Bates:** Lady Sybil.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Lady Sybil? Why?

**Mr Bates:** I should never have mentioned it, my lord. I thought you knew.

[Robert turns sharply back to the mirror.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** No, I did not know.

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[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I gather you went to hear the Liberal candidate today?

**Lady Sybil:** There were several speakers, actually. He was the last.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Did he speak well?

**Lady Sybil:** I thought so.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** But there was quite a brouhaha.

**Lady Sybil:** You know what these things can be like.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I do.

[Robert bangs down his fork and knife on his plate.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Which is why I am astonished you should not feel it necessary to ask my permission to attend! I assume this was Branson's scheme.

**Lady Sybil:** No.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I confess, I was amused at the idea of an Irish radical for a chauffeur, but I see now I have been naïve.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I told Branson to take Sybil.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** What are you saying?!

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Sybil needed to go to Ripon. I asked Branson to drive her. I thought it would be sensible, in case there was trouble.

**Lady Sybil:** I want to do some canvassing. The by-election isn't far off.

[Robert and Violet stare open mouthed at Sybil.]

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

**Lady Sybil:** Oh, it's quite safe. You're in a group and you knock on doors.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Yes, I know what canvassing is.

**Lady Mary:** I think that Sybil is--

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** What? Are you canvassing, too? Or would you rather take in washing?

**Lady Mary:** I was only going to say that Sybil is entitled to her opinions.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** No! She isn't until she is married. Then her husband will tell her what her opinions are.

**Lady Mary:** Oh, Granny!

**Lady Sybil:** I knew you wouldn't approve.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Which presumably is why you all hid your plans from me.

[Thomas removes the first course.]

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[INT. SERVE ROOM - EVENING]

**Thomas:** Her Ladyship will have a smacked bottom if she's not careful.

**Mr Carson:** Hurry up. I don't want anything else to go wrong tonight. Where's the sauce? Doesn't this have Hollandaise?

**Daisy:** I'll get it. I won't be a jiffy.

**Thomas:** Would you do that for me?

**Daisy:** I'd do anything for you.

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[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Does this mean you won't be presented next month?

[Cora rolls her eyes.]

**Lady Sybil:** Certainly not. Why should it?

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Well, I doubt I'd expect to curtsy to Their Majesties in June, when I'd been arrested at a riot in May. But then I'm old. Things may be different now.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She hasn't been arrested, and it wasn't a riot.

**Lady Edith:** But it might be next time.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** There will not be a next time.

[Sybil sighs.]

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[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

**Anna:** Her Ladyship's not best pleased at being told off in public. William said she was looking daggers.

**Mr Bates:** I'm sorry I started all this.

**Branson:** Ah, it's not your fault. Anyway, he ought to be glad he's got a daughter who cares.

[Thomas enters.]

**Thomas:** Her Ladyship's ready to leave.

[Branson gets up from the table.]

**Branson:** I'll bring the car around.

**Thomas:** Are you pleased with yourself?

**Anna:** Silly chump.

[Anna grins.]

**Mr Bates:** He's nervous. He thinks I'm planning to tell Mr Carson about the wine.

**Anna:** Well, he shouldn't have stolen it then, should he?

**Mr Bates:** No. But I don't want anyone to lose their job because of me.

**Anna:** Even Thomas? Even after what they tried to do to you?

**Mr Bates:** Even then.

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[INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING]

**Mr Carson:** Your Ladyship, do you have a moment?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Of course.

**Mr Carson:** I have received a letter, my lady, from a friend of mine. He's valet to the Marquess of Flintshire.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I don't envy him.

[Carson chuckles]

**Mr Carson:** Lord Flintshire is a minister at the Foreign Office.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** As you know, Lady Flintshire is His Lordship's cousin.

**Mr Carson:** Oh, of course, of course. The point is, he has dealing with the Turkish ambassador. It seems His Excellency has made him privy to a scurrilous story concerning Lady Mary and the late...

[Carson checks over his shoulder.]

**Mr Carson:** Mr Pamuk.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** May I read this letter?

[Carson opens the letter and hands it to Cora.]

**Mr Carson:** Is there anything you want me to do about it?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** No, thank you. Sometimes even to deny these things is only to throw paraffin onto the flames.

**Mr Carson:** I did try to inform His Lordship--

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

**Mr Carson:** But I...couldn't seem to find the right moment.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Quite right. Please leave His Lordship to me.

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[INT.SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - NIGHT]

**Miss O'Brien:** I'm sorry. The only sure way to get rid of a servant is to have him or her suspected of stealing.

**Thomas:** Aren't you forgetting we've tried that and it didn't work.

**Miss O'Brien:** But last time we invented a theft. What we need to do is to make him a suspect when something's really been stolen.

**Thomas:** How do we know anything's been stolen?

**Miss O'Brien:** Because you stole it, you noodle.

**Thomas:** Oh, you mean the wine.

**Miss O'Brien:** Yeah, the wine.

**Thomas:** But that's the whole point; Bates knows I took it. He was threatening to tell Mr Carson.

**Miss O'Brien:** Well, he can't, can he? Not if we get in first.

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[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT]

**Mr Carson:** Are you telling me you saw him take the cellar key?

**Thomas:** Not exactly, but I saw him in here and I thought the key was swinging on its hook. I just wondered if you'd noticed if any of the wine was missing.

[Carson stops and looks at Thomas, then considers.]

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[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Robert reads in bed as Cora gets under the covers.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I think I owe you an apology, after the way I spoke at dinner.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Next time you want to treat me like a naughty schoolgirl, you might do it in private, not in front of the servants.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You're right. I'm sorry.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Of course, it gave your mother her best evening since Christmas.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Hm. Even so, we must try to keep control of Sybil.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Robert, believe me, Sybil is not your problem. We've got to support Mary this year. When we get to London.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** But it's Sybil's first season. We can't have Mary stealing her thunder.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Sybil will do well enough. It's time Mary was settled. High time.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Poor old Edith. We never seem to talk about her.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I'm afraid Edith will be the one to care for us in our old age.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** What a ghastly prospect.

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[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

[Mary enters in riding clothes.]

**Lady Mary:** Mama? Anna said you wanted me.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Look who's paid us a visit.

**Lady Mary:** Sir Anthony! How nice. We all thought we'd driven you away with that horrible salty pudding.

SIR ANTHONY STRALLAN (chuckles)  
No, indeed. But I have been away.

**Lady Edith:** He's been in Austria and Germany.

**Lady Mary:** How interesting.

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Interesting...and worrying.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Sir Anthony's here to show you his new car.

**Lady Mary:** Oh.

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** I've--I've rather taken to driving myself, and I have to keep finding destinations to justify it.

**Lady Mary:** What kind of car is it?

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** It's an open Rolls Royce, and I wondered if you might like a spin in it.

**Lady Mary:** Oh, how kind. But alas, not today. I've had Diamond saddled and he's waiting for me.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** You could ride this afternoon.

**Lady Mary:** But it's arranged now. But thank you, Sir Anthony. Do ask me again.

[Mary leaves and Sir Anthony sits.]

**Lady Edith:** I...don't suppose you'd take me?

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Of course. I should be delighted.

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[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

**Mr Bates:** What is it that I'm accused of?

**Mr Carson:** Oh, nobody's "accusing" you of anything, but there has been a suggestion that you were handling the cellar key, and before I take it any further, I want to find if there's a simple explanation.

**Mr Bates:** Because some wine is missing?

**Mr Carson:** How do you know that?

[Bates doesn't answer.]

**Mr Carson:** Right. Well, we'll leave it there for now.

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[EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, OPEN ROLLS ROYCE - DAY]

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** The Kaiser is such a mercurial figure - one minute the warlord, the next a lovelorn poet.

**Lady Edith:** But a poet in need of an empire.

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** (chuckle) That's very good. "A poet in need of an empire," yes. My late wife used to say that...

**Lady Edith:** What did Lady Strallan used to say?

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Oh, never mind.

**Lady Edith:** But I should like to hear it.

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Really?

[Edith nods.]

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Would you really? She used to say that Kaiser Bill loved uniforms and medals, but he never really connected them with fighting.

[They both chuckle lightly.]

**Lady Edith:** What was she like?

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Maud? Oh, she was awfully funny. Some people couldn't see it, but she was.

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[EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

[William is walking in his time off. He meets Lady Mary walking her horse and tips his hat to her. A blacksmith hammer clangs in the background.]

**Lady Mary:** Is Lynch anywhere about?

**William:** Oh, I haven't seen him, milady.

**Lady Mary:** My horse is lame.

**William:** Oh, I could have a look at him.

**Lady Mary:** Do you know about horses?

**William:** I looked after the horses on my father's farm. It was the best job in the world.

**Lady Mary:** Then why did you leave it?

**William:** Me mother wanted me to have a chance of bettering myself.

**Lady Mary:** As a second footman?

**William:** It's a good place for me, milady.

[Mary realises her rudeness.]

**Lady Mary:** Of course it is. I'm sorry.

**William:** She hopes, one day, that I might be first footman, or even get to be...

**Lady Mary:** Carson had better watch out.

**William:** Stranger things happen at sea.

[Mary chuckles.]

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[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - EVENING]

**Miss O'Brien:** I've seen Mr Bates with a bottle from time to time. I must have thought he was helping you.

**Mr Carson:** Why would I order a valet to help with the wine?

**Miss O'Brien:** Well, when you put it like that, of course you wouldn't.

**Mr Carson:** So, Mr Bates is taking wine. And why would this be? To drink it?

**Thomas:** It's not to clean his boots.

**Mr Carson:** Thank you, Thomas. Daisy? Thomas says you have something to add to this.

**Daisy:** Well...

**Mr Carson:** You're not in any trouble or any danger of trouble.

**Thomas:** You remember what you saw.

**Daisy:** I may have seen him coming out of the cellar.

**Mr Carson:** "May"? Did you or didn't you?

**Miss O'Brien:** It's very hard for the girl, Mr Carson. You're frightening her.

**Mr Carson:** I'm sorry. Thank you. You may go.

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[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING]

[Cora sits in bed reading Woman's Weekly. O'Brien brings in her breakfast tray.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Thank you, O'Brien. How is everything downstairs?

**Miss O'Brien:** All right, I think, milady. Though, Mr Carson's a bit cast down.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Oh? Why? What's the matter with him?

**Miss O'Brien:** He's found out something about...well, a person he admires, and it isn't very nice.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Has he said who this person is...who's proved a disappointment?

**Miss O'Brien:** I don't like to say, milady.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Please do, if you know.

**Miss O'Brien:** Oh, I know. It's Mr Bates.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Oh. Bates? Why? What's he done?

**Miss O'Brien:** You should ask Mr Carson, milady. It's not my place to tell.

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[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

**Lady Sybil:** Papa... Can Branson drive me into Ripon on Friday evening?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I don't think so, no. Not after the last time.

**Lady Sybil:** Oh, please. There's a meeting of my borstal charity. I've missed two, and I simply must be there.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You'd have to take Mary or Edith with you.

**Lady Sybil:** Don't make me. Those meetings are deadly at the best of times, and you know what they're like when they're bored.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Why are all your causes so steeped in gloom?

**Lady Sybil:** Because it's the gloomy things that need our help. If everything in the garden's sunny, why meddle?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Well, I agree with that. Talking of sunny, are you looking forward to your coming Season?

**Lady Sybil:** I am, rather.

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[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY GROUNDS - DAY]

[Mary sits on a bench, reading. Matthew walks by and she sits up with a smile and closes the book.]

**Lady Mary:** Hello.

[Matthew smiles and tips his hat.]

**Lady Mary:** What are you doing here?

**Matthew Crawley:** I'm in search of your father. Carson thought he was outside.

**Lady Mary:** He's in the library.

**Matthew Crawley:** Oh.

[Matthew hesitates and Mary looks at him expectantly.]

**Lady Mary:** What is it?

**Matthew Crawley:** Nothing much. I've had an inquiry about one of the farms.

**Lady Mary:** Ah.

[Matthew takes off his hat and sits on the bench with her.]

**Matthew Crawley:** So...what's new at the big house?

**Lady Mary:** Sybil, mainly. She's discovered politics, which of course makes Papa see red.

**Matthew Crawley:** I admire Sybil's passion, though.

**Lady Mary:** Of course. But then, I like a good argument. Papa does not.

**Matthew Crawley:** If you really like an argument...

**Lady Mary:** Yes?

**Matthew Crawley:** We should see more of each other.

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[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

**Lady Sybil:** So, it's all right? I can go?

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Will you be late?

**Lady Sybil:** I think I'll miss dinner.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Well, remember to tell Branson to take a sandwich for himself.

[Sybil nods and leaves with a smile.]

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[INT. THE DOWER HOUSE - DAY]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** But who's it from?

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Susan Flintshire.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** What does she say?

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Well, prepare yourself for the worst. Not the first page. My poor niece never uses one word when twenty will do. Start there. "I'm sorry..."

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** "I am sorry to have to tell you that Hugh has heard a vile story about your granddaughter Mary..."

[Violet continues to read the vile story.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** "Sorry"? She's thrilled. Now, first I must ask - and I want you to think carefully before you answer - is any of this true?

[Cora looks up at Violet, and Violet is surprised to find affirmation in Cora's gaze.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** I see. Some of it is true.

[Cora continues to stare at Violet.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** How much?

[Cora continues to stare and the horrible truth sinks in.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh, dear.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She didn't drag him.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** I wondered about that. I mean, obviously Susan's forgotten the distance between the girls' rooms and the bachelors' corridor.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She couldn't manage it alone.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** So how did she do it?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I helped her. She woke me up and I helped her.

[Violet stares slack jawed at Cora.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Well...I always thought this family might be approaching dissolution. I didn't know dissolution was already upon us. Does Robert know?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** No. And he isn't going to.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** (nods) Oh...

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Of course it was terribly wrong. It was all terribly wrong, but I didn't see what else--

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

[Violet holds up a hand.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** I can't listen to your attempts to try and justify yourself.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I know this is hard for you to hear. God knows it was hard for me to live through. But if you expect me to disown my daughter, I'm afraid you will be disappointed. Good day.

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[EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT]

[Bates sits on a bench. Anna joins him.]

**Anna:** I thought you must be out here.

**Mr Bates:** And you'd be right.

**Anna:** I know you're upset.

**Mr Bates:** Yes, I'm upset. I've been working here two years and yet Mr Carson has no difficulty believing the worst of me.

**Anna:** I think he has a great deal of difficulty, which is why he hasn't told His Lordship yet. Can't you just explain about Thomas?

**Mr Bates:** Not now. It would sound like a false accusation.

**Anna:** You can't take it lying down, because you're not guilty of any wrong, and before it's over, I'm going to tell the world.

**Mr Bates:** Are you? I'm not sure the world is listening.

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[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Gwen is finishing the bed when Sybil enters.]

**Gwen:** Sorry, I'm a bit late tonight.

**Lady Sybil:** Not to worry. How are you?

**Gwen:** Bearing up.

**Lady Sybil:** This isn't the end. You mustn't give up. We'll get there.

**Gwen:** Forgive me, my lady, but you don't get it. You're brought up to think it's all within your grasp, that if you want something enough it will come to you. Well, we're not like that. We don't think our dreams are bound to come true, because...because they almost never do.

**Lady Sybil:** Then that's why we must stick together. Your dream is my dream now, and I'll make it come true.

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[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - NIGHT]

[Thomas talks with O'Brien as he takes a smoke break by the door.]

**Thomas:** Why hasn't he done anything? He's had the story and the witnesses.

**Miss O'Brien:** "The witnesses"? What do you think this is, a murder mystery?

**Thomas:** Well, Mr Bates can't accuse me now. It'll sound as if he's trying to get his own back.

**Miss O'Brien:** If I lose my job over this, I swear to God I'll swing for you.

[They look nervously as William passes through the corridor.]

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[INT. KITCHENS - NIGHT]

[William enters as Daisy is cleaning up.]

**William:** Is there any stale bread you're throwing out? And some salt.

**Daisy:** Why?

**William:** Well, I thought I'd make a last hot poultice or Diamond. It'll give him a better night.

**Daisy:** You big softie. What'll Mr Lynch say?

[Daisy fetches a bowl.]

**William:** Well, he doesn't mind. He says I've got the touch. He thinks I should pack this in and be a groom.

**Daisy:** Why don't you?

**William:** My mum. She was so excited when I came here. They're proud of me, and I'd hate to spoil that.

**Daisy:** Do you miss them?

[William nods.]

**Daisy:** I never had that in my childhood. Someone you could always trust.

**William:** I trust them, they trust me. There are no lies in our house.

[Daisy stops pouring water into the bowl as she looks up anxiously.]

**William:** Thanks, that's enough.

[William leaves with the bowl and a pestle as Daisy considers his words.]

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[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Isobel approaches Mary and Cora on their walk.]

**Isobel Crawley:** I'm glad to catch you. We have a conundrum at the hospital, and I would value your opinion.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** 'Course.

**Isobel Crawley:** We've been treating the mother of your footman, William Mason.

**Lady Mary:** What's the matter with her?

**Isobel Crawley:** Heart, I'm afraid. She's forbidden us to say anything to her son.

**Lady Mary:** That's ridiculous.

**Isobel Crawley:** She's gone home now, but she's still very ill. Clearly, the boy should go and see her, and I assume you would have no objections.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Of course not.

**Isobel Crawley:** So... do we break a patient's confidence and disobey her orders, or not?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** We can't, if she's forbidden it.

**Isobel Crawley:** I must say I agree with you.

**Lady Mary:** Well, I'll tell him.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** No, you will not. She has rights, too, and there are rules.

**Lady Mary:** I don't care a fig about rules.

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[EXT. STREET, RIPON - DAY]

[Branson drives the motor car around a corner, Sybil in the back seat.]

**Branson:** Where to from here, milady?

**Lady Sybil:** What do you mean? We've arrived.

**Branson:** The meeting's in one of these buildings here?

**Lady Sybil:** This is the meeting. We're here for the counting of the votes.

[Branson stops the car and looks back at her.]

**Branson:** I don't understand. I thought that...

[Sybil gets out of the car.]

**Lady Sybil:** Don't be silly, Branson. You didn't think I'd miss my very first by-election?

[The car behind him beeps.]

**Branson:** I don't think His Lordship would approve.

**Lady Sybil:** Let me worry about him.

[The car honks again.]

**Branson:** I have to park the car. Don't move. Stay where you are!

**Lady Sybil:** Really, Branson, I thought I gave the orders.

[Sybil walks into the courtyard and Branson waves at the honking car behind him and shifts into gear.]

---

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

[Thomas opens the door for a guest.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Well, I said to...

**Thomas:** Sir Anthony Strallan.

[Strallan enters.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Sir Anthony?

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Don't worry, Lady Grantham. I haven't got the date wrong.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** What a relief. I could hear Cora wondering if dinner would stretch.

[They chuckles]

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** No, I'm not really here at all, but I was driving past your gates on the way to the Callender-Becketts, and I thought I'd take a chance. You see, the thing is, I've got two tickets for a concert in York next Friday.

**Lady Mary:** How nice. Although, I--I can't--

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** No, I was hoping that Lady Edith might like to accompany me.

[Robert turns to Edith in surprise.]

**Lady Edith:** But I'd love to.

[Mary is unpleasantly surprised.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Shouldn't you ask what sort of concert it is?

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Just Hungry Hundreds stuff mostly, you know. Bellini, Puccini,

Rossini. I'm not up to anything complicated.

**Lady Edith:** I--I'd like that very much.

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Excellent. Well, it's quite a hike, so I'll pick you up around 6:00? Lady Jervas has asked us for a bite to eat afterwards, if that's all right with your mother?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** By all means.

**Sir Anthony Strallan:** Well, I must run. I hope I haven't spoilt your dinner.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** We may have to hire a nurse after all.

[Mary glares at Edith, who sits down in happy surprise.]

---

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

[Daisy flips a mould upside down to put the dessert on a plate.]

**Mrs Patmore:** Oh, for heaven's sake, hold it steady if you don't want to start again from the beginning.

**Daisy:** Do these biscuits go up?

**Mrs Patmore:** No, I put them out for the fairies.

**Daisy:** Oh.

**Mrs Patmore:** Of course they're going up. What's wrong with you? You're always dozy, but tonight you'd make Sleeping Beauty look alert.

**Daisy:** MRS PATMORE

**Daisy:** I was just thinking.

**Mrs Patmore:** Blimey, batten down the hatches.

**Daisy:** I think I've let myself down.

**Mrs Patmore:** It can't be a new sensation.

[Daisy watches William as he takes the dishes upstairs.]

---

[EXT. RIPON, CITY HALL COURTYARD - DAY]

[A man reads off the vote count as the crowd clamours and jostles each other.]

**Announcer:** The Honourable Joseph Gerald Antsy for the Conservative and Unionist Party: 6,363 votes

**Woman:** Vote for women! Vote for women!

**Announcer:** Martin James Dillon, for the Socialist Party: 2,741 votes.

[Branson rushes to get to Sybil in the crowd.]

**Branson:** Can we call it a day, milady?

**Lady Sybil:** Don't be silly. This is the moment we've come for.

**Announcer:** Trevor Andrew Morgan, the Liberal Party...

[The announcer has trouble being heard over the crowd.]

**Branson:** This lot aren't interested in politics. They're spoiling for a fight.

---

[EXT. RIPON, STREET - DAY]

[Matthew exits his law firm and hears the sound of the crowd.]

**Announcer:** ...5,894 votes! I hereby declare that the Honourable...

[A truck full of tough looking men drives up to the city hall. The men rush into the courtyard.]

**Ringleader:** Come on, out you get, lads! We'll soon wipe the smile off their Tory bloody faces.

---

[EXT. RIPON, CITY HALL COURTYARD - DAY]

[Matthew enters and pushes through the crowd to reach Sybil.]

**Announcer:** ...is duly elected...is duly elected to serve as Member of Parliament...Member of Parliament...

**Matthew Crawley:** Sybil!

**Announcer:** ...for the Ripon constituency.

**Matthew Crawley:** What on earth are you doing here?

**Lady Sybil:** I couldn't miss this.

**Matthew Crawley:** Couldn't you? I could.

[Branson sees the rough men enter.]

**Branson:** I don't like the look of this, milady.

[One of the men knocks another man's hat off. The man continues forward and Branson confronts him.]

**Branson:** Look, look, I'm on your side. Don't cause any trouble; you have to believe me.

[The man shoves Branson aside and confronts Matthew.]

**Man:** What's your problem, then, Mr La-di-da?

**Matthew Crawley:** My problem is you.

**Man:** Oh, aye?

[The man tries to punch Matthew, but Matthew punches back and somehow Sybil gets knocked to the ground. She bumps her head on a low table, knocking her unconscious. Matthew and Branson crouch over her anxiously. Matthew touches her head and his hand comes away with blood.]

**Branson:** Oh, no. Oh, please God, no.

[Branson and Matthew lift her up and Branson carries Sybil out of the courtyard.]

**Matthew Crawley:** This way.

---

[INT. DOWNTON - EVENING]

[Mary exits the drawing room where Branson and Gwen are waiting.]

**Gwen:** I've fetched a coat.

[Gwen helps Mary into the coat.]

**Lady Mary:** Why? What do I need a coat for?

**Branson:** I've come to fetch you, my lady. We've taken Lady Sybil to Crawley House in the village.

**Lady Mary:** What's happened?

**Branson:** I took her to Ripon for the count. She got injured in a fight.

[Mary touches Branson's hand and covers her mouth in fear.]

**Lady Mary:** Take me there at once.

[Branson and Mary rush off.]

---

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - EVENING]

[Isobel rings out the blood into a bowl as she treats Sybil's head wound. Sybil lies on a couch, regaining consciousness. Mary enters.]

**Lady Mary:** My God. Oh, my darling...

**Matthew Crawley:** I didn't know what to do, so I had Branson bring her here.

**Lady Mary:** Quite right. Mama would have fainted if she'd seen her like this. As for Papa...

**Isobel Crawley:** This will sting a bit, but it's stopped bleeding. Did you know she was planning this?

**Matthew Crawley:** Of course not.

**Isobel Crawley:** Well, what were you doing there? I was working late. I'd forgotten it was election night or I wouldn't have stayed.

**Lady Sybil:** I'm so grateful you did.

**Lady Mary:** I could ring Branson's neck.

**Matthew Crawley:** What was he thinking? I'm afraid it'll cost him his job.

**Lady Sybil:** No. I told him he was taking me to a committee meeting. When he realised what it was, he wanted to come straight back.

**Lady Mary:** You'll have to stick up for him, because Papa will skin him alive.

**Matthew Crawley:** Are you feeling strong enough to go home?

**Lady Sybil:** I think so, if you'll take me.

[Matthew smiles and offers her a hand to help her up.]

**Lady Mary:** Here, wear my coat to cover the blood. You'll look more normal.

[Mary takes it off and puts it around Sybil's shoulders.]

**Matthew Crawley:** Lean on me.

[Isobel regards Mary as Mary watches Matthew lead Sybil out. Mary turns to her.]

**Lady Mary:** Thank you so much for this.

[Mary turns to leave, but stops.]

**Lady Mary:** By the way, what happened to William's mother?

**Isobel Crawley:** Not good, I'm afraid. She's home, but she's still very weak. Another attack should finish her.

**Lady Mary:** And he still doesn't know?

**Isobel Crawley:** She's adamant. I've tried to explain how hard it'll be on him, but she won't have him disturbed. To hear her talk, you'd think he was a cabinet minister.

[Mary smiles.]

**Lady Mary:** He's made her proud. There are plenty of children in grander circumstances who'd love to say the same.

[Mary leaves and Isobel is surprised by her words.]

---

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - EVENING]

[Mr Carson locks storage cupboard doors.]

**Mrs Hughes:** I wish you'd tell me what's troubling you. If it's this business with Mr Bates...

**Mr Carson:** Oh, it's not that. I'll get to the bottom of that.

**Mrs Hughes:** Well, I hope you'll do it soon. If there's one thing I hate, it's an "atmosphere," and we've got a real atmosphere going now. It's an unfair rumour which needs to be scotched.

**Mr Carson:** It's very hard to hear the names of people you love dragged in the mud. You feel so powerless.

**Mrs Hughes:** Well, I respect Mr Bates, but I'm not sure that I love him.

**Mr Carson:** I wasn't thinking of Mr Bates.

[Daisy knocks at the open door and enters.]

**Daisy:** Mr Carson, have you got a minute?

**Mrs Hughes:** What is it, Daisy? Mr Carson's a very busy man.

**Daisy:** I know he is, but I think he'll want to hear this. I told you something that wasn't true.

**Mr Carson:** Why would you do that?

**Daisy:** I did it as a favour for a friend, but I know now he was wrong to ask if of me.

[Carson and Mrs Hughes exchange a significant look.]

---

[EXT. DOWNTON, FRONT WALK - NIGHT]

[Matthew helps Sybil out of the car. Mary follows them towards the house, but Branson takes off his hat and addresses her.]

**Branson:** She's not badly hurt, is she?

**Lady Mary:** I don't think so, no.

**Branson:** Thank God.

**Lady Mary:** Better be prepared. I'm afraid Lord Grantham will hit the roof.

[Branson nods.]

**Branson:** I never would have taken her there. I may be a socialist, but I'm not a lunatic.

**Lady Mary:** I'm not sure Papa knows the difference.

[Branson nods.]

**Branson:** You'll let me know how she gets on?

[Mary is surprised.]

**Branson:** Please.

LADY MARY (nods)

If you wish.

[Mary enters the house.]

---

[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Sybil and Cora sit on the bed and Mary and Edith stand nearby as Robert rages.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** How dare you?! How dare you disobey me in this way!

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Robert, I'm sure...

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Are you so knowledgeable about the great world...

---

[INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT]

[Matthew can hear Roberts shouting as he paces.]

ROBERT, EARL OF GRANTHAM (distant)

...that my instructions are to be set as nothing?!

---

[INT. LADY SYBIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

**Lady Sybil:** Papa, I'm sorry I disobeyed you, but I'm interested. I'm political. I have opinions.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Of course, I blame Branson.

**Lady Mary:** I don't think that's fair.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** We had none of this - none of it - until he set foot in our house! I suppose I should give thanks he hasn't burnt the place down over our heads!

**Lady Sybil:** Branson didn't know anything about it until we arrived there.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** He leaves tonight.

**Lady Sybil:** If you punish Branson, I'll never speak to you again! Never!

**Lady Mary:** I don't believe this is Branson's fault. Truly, Papa.

[Sybil stands up.]

**Lady Sybil:** Blame me.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I do blame you!

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Robert, can we do this in the morning? Sybil needs rest.

**Lady Sybil:** But if I find tomorrow that Branson is missing, I'll run away. I warn you.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** (scoffs) Oh? And where would you go?

**Lady Sybil:** Well, I can't think now, but I will go, and you'll be sorry.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I should be sorry. Very sorry indeed.

---

[INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT]

[Matthew stops pacing as Robert and Mary enter.]

**Matthew Crawley:** How is she?

**Lady Mary:** She'll be perfectly fine.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I gather you're the shining knight in all this.

**Matthew Crawley:** Not really...

[Matthew flexes his sore fist.]

**Matthew Crawley:** ...but I'm glad I was there.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** So am I, by heaven. If it had been left to that bloody fool, Branson.

[Matthew and Mary exchange a significant look pertaining to Roberts prejudice.]

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** You should see what he reads. It's all Marx and Ruskin and John Stuart Mill. I ask you.

**Lady Mary:** Papa prefers the servants to read the bible and letters from home.

[Mrs Hughes enters.]

**Mrs Hughes:** There are sandwiches for Mr Crawley in the dining room, Lady Mary.

**Lady Mary:** Thank you, Mrs Hughes.

[Mary turns to Matthew.]

**Lady Mary:** We couldn't let you starve.

**Matthew Crawley:** You really didn't have to.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** Mary, look after Matthew. I'll go up and revive your mother.

[Mary and Matthew walk towards the dining room.]

---

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT]

**Mr Carson:** Do you stand by your story?

**Thomas:** I don't have a story.

**Mr Carson:** You saw Mr Bates in here alone, hanging up the cellar key. To me, that is a story.

**Thomas:** I only said I might have seen him. Suppose I was wrong?

**Mr Carson:** And Miss O'Brien, were you then wrong when you thought you saw Mr Bates carrying a bottle?

[Anna looks at O'Brien.]

**Anna:** You wicked creature.

**Mrs Hughes:** Anna. You're here to watch, not participate.

**Miss O'Brien:** I don't think I was wrong, no.

**Mr Carson:** What do you say to that Mr Bates?

**Mr Bates:** I know this to be untrue because I have no need of it. Since I arrived at Downton, you have never seen me drink one drop of alcohol.

**Mr Carson:** Let us say, then, that Miss O'Brien was...mistaken.

**Anna:** Mistaken, my eye.

**Mr Carson:** And Daisy, we all know the value of your contribution.

**Daisy:** Yes, Mr Carson.

**Mr Carson:** But I must ask one thing, Mr Bates. How did you know the wine had been taken?

**Mr Bates:** I'm afraid I cannot answer that.

---

[INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT]

[Matthew removes the top of the decanter.]

**Matthew Crawley:** We can drink to Sybil's safe return.

[Matthew pours into the one wine glass on the table.]

**Lady Mary:** Why not? I'll ring for a glass.

**Matthew Crawley:** Never mind that. Here.

[Matthew hands Mary the wine glass and pours himself a drink in the cylindrical one.]

**Lady Mary:** You're not very fastidious about doing things properly, are you?

[Matthew chuckles slightly.]

**Matthew Crawley:** Are you?

**Lady Mary:** Less than you might think.

[They drink.]

**Matthew Crawley:** Are you at all political?

[Matthew uncover the sandwiches and Mary takes a strawberry.]

**Lady Mary:** Yes, but with a hung Parliament, it's hard to get excited about a by-election. You know nothing will change, whoever gets in.

---

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT]

[The servants exit except for Bates, Anna, Carson, and Mrs Hughes. Bates closes the door.]

**Mr Bates:** If I might keep you for a minute more, Mr Carson?

**Mrs Hughes:** I--if you'd like me to leave?

**Mr Bates:** No, I would like you to stay, please, Mrs Hughes. And you, Anna. You have decided not to take action over the allegations Thomas has made against me because you believe them to be untrue.

**Mr Carson:** That is correct.

**Mr Bates:** And you are right, there is no truth in them. But if you were to proceed with the matter, you would find them to be proven. Thomas has tried to convince you that I am a drunkard and a thief.

**Anna:** Which we never believed.

**Mr Bates:** Because you know no different. Until a couple of years ago, I was a

drunkard...and I was imprisoned as a thief.

[Mrs Hughes and Carson are shocked. Anna is dubious.]

**Mr Bates:** I have repaid your kindness very poorly. I masqueraded as a man of honour and integrity, but by any moral code, I am disgraced.

**Mrs Hughes:** That can't be the whole story.

**Mr Bates:** Perhaps not, but it's enough of it to demand my resignation.

[Mr Carson holds up a hand.]

**Mr Carson:** Do you want to leave, Mr Bates?

**Mr Bates:** No, but I feel I have no choice.

**Mr Carson:** You owe me a say in the matter, surely?

**Mr Bates:** If you wish.

**Mr Carson:** Then I will consider the case and give you my decision when I have discussed it with His Lordship. Until then, I hope you will remain in your post.

[Mr Bates considers Carson's words.]

---

[INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT]

**Lady Mary:** Thank you for coming to Sybil's rescue. You were very brave. She told me you knocked a man down.

**Matthew Crawley:** I hope I did my duty.

**Lady Mary:** Are you a creature of duty?

**Matthew Crawley:** Not entirely.

**Lady Mary:** When you laugh with me or flirt with me, is that a duty? Are you conforming to the fitness of things? Doing what's expected?

[Matthew smirks.]

**Matthew Crawley:** Don't play with me. I don't deserve it. Not from you.

**Lady Mary:** You must be careful not to break Sybil's heart. I think she has a crush on you.

**Matthew Crawley:** That's something no one could accuse you of.

**Lady Mary:** Oh, I don't know.

[Mary fingers her necklace.]

**Matthew Crawley:** I assume you speak in a spirit of mockery.

**Lady Mary:** You should have more faith.

**Matthew Crawley:** Shall I remind you of some of the choicest remarks you made

about me when I arrived here?

[Mary looks down.]

**Matthew Crawley:** Because they live in my memory as fresh as the day they were spoken.

**Lady Mary:** Oh, Matthew, what am I always telling you? You must pay no attention to the things I say.

[They regard each other for a moment, and then rush in for a passionate kiss.]

---

[EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT]

[Anna approaches Bates.]

**Anna:** Mr Bates.

**Mr Bates:** Anna.

**Anna:** Will you really leave?

**Mr Bates:** I doubt His Lordship wants a thief in the house. Now, go to sleep and dream of a better man.

**Anna:** I can't. Because there isn't one.

[Bates takes Anna's hand. they lean in for a kiss, but a servant exits just at that moment to bring out the rubbish. Anna leaves.]

---

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Cora is reading in bed when Mary enters.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Has Matthew gone?

**Lady Mary:** Yes.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Thank the Lord he was there.

[Mary closes the door and sits on the bed.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I hope you thanked Matthew properly.

**Lady Mary:** I got them to make him some sandwiches.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** That's not quite what I meant.

**Lady Mary:** And he asked me to marry him.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** (chuckles) Heavens! What did they put in them?

**Lady Mary:** I'm serious. He proposed to me.

[Cora's expression changes to excitement.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Oh, my dear... Have you given him an answer?

**Lady Mary:** Only that I'd think about it.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Well, that's an advance on what it would have been a year ago. Do you want to marry him?

**Lady Mary:** I know you want me to marry him.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** What we want doesn't matter.

[Mary looks at Cora.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** At least, it's not all that matters.

[Mary nods with a slight smile.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Do you love Matthew?

**Lady Mary:** Yes.

[Cora smiles.]

**Lady Mary:** I think perhaps I do. I think I may have loved him for much longer than I knew.

[Mary tears up.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Oh, my darling.

[Cora takes Mary's hand.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Let's not pretend this isn't the answer to every one of our prayers.

[Mary is upset by that.]

**Lady Mary:** I'd have to tell him.

[Cora grimaces, realising what Mary means.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Oh... is it absolutely necessary?

**Lady Mary:** If I didn't, I'd feel as if I'd caught him with a lie.

**Lady Mary:**

[Robert enters and is surprised to find Mary there. Mary stands.]

**Lady Mary:** I hope you know that really smart people sleep in separate rooms.

**Robert, Earl of Grantham:** I always keep the bed made up in the dressing room, so at least I pretend we sleep apart. Isn't that enough?

**Lady Mary:** No. Never mind. Good night.

[Mary leaves through another door.]

---

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - NIGHT]

[Mrs Patmore walks past O'Brien and Thomas.]

**Mrs Patmore:** Oh, haven't you gone up yet? Blow this out.

[Mrs Patmore hands O'Brien an oil lamp.]

**Mrs Patmore:** You're the last. Goodnight.

**Thomas:** Goodnight.

**Miss O'Brien:** Goodnight.

[Thomas step closer to O'Brien as Mrs Patmore ascends the stairs.]

**Thomas:** I'm going to bloody get him. I don't care what you say.

**Miss O'Brien:** What would I say? Everything comes to him who waits.

**Thomas:** Well, I've waited long enough.

[Thomas ascends the stairs and O'Brien blows out the lamp.]

---

[EXT. STABLES - DAY]

[Mary walks in her riding clothes.]

**Lady Mary:** Does Carson know you're here?

**William:** I heard you were going out, and I wanted to see how he was walking.

[William pets Diamond as he waits for her to take the reins.]

**Lady Mary:** Lynch is happy for me to ride him?

**William:** Oh, yes. He's better. But I'll wait and see what he's like when you're up.

[Mary nods.]

**Lady Mary:** William, are you planning to go home soon?

**William:** Well, it's a bit far for my half day, but I can maybe get the time to go in July, when the family's in London. That's if I don't go with you, of course.

**Lady Mary:** I think you should take a few days off and go now. I'll fix it. I'll speak to Father and to Carson. No one will mind.

**William:** But why, milady?

**Lady Mary:** Your mother's not been well.

**William:** Wha...how--how do you know?

**Lady Mary:** I heard someone mention it in the village. I forget who.

**William:** I had a letter and she never said.

**Lady Mary:** Oh, I'm sure it's nothing, but I know it would cheer her to see you.

**William:** Well... if it wouldn't be a bother.

**Lady Mary:** It won't. I'll arrange it as soon as I get back.

**William:** Thank you very much, milady.

[Mary takes begins to walk the horse.]

**Lady Mary:** She ought to spend some time with the people she loves.

---

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S WRITING ROOM - DAY]

[Cora writes at her desk. Thomas enters.]

**Thomas:** The Dowager Countess, milady.

[Violet enters and Cora stands, Thomas exits.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Good afternoon, my dear.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Good afternoon.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** There's no need to be so prim. I come in peace. Shall I sit here?

[Violet seats herself and Cora stands next to a nearby chair.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Now, I've been thinking. I confess I do not know if I would have had strength, mentally or physically, to carry a corpse the length of this house... but I hope I would have done.

[Cora smiles.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** You were quite right. When something bad happens, there's no point in wishing it had not happened. The only option is to minimize the damage.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Or try to.

[Cora sits in the chair next to Violet.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** But if the Flintshires have got hold of it...

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** I've written to Susan. I said it was a story made up by Mr Pamuk's enemies to discredit him. Even if she doesn't believe me, she won't tell in case it reflects badly on her. The ambassador is dangerous, but then, how many people really go to the Turkish embassy?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** It only takes one.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Well, I mean, it just can't be helped. We can't have him assassinated. I suppose.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Robert still doesn't suspect.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Oh, I should hope not. No, our only way forward is to get Mary settled as soon as possible.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I have news on that score.

[Violet looks surprised.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Matthew has proposed.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** (gasp) My, my. Has she said yes?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She hasn't said anything yet, except that she's going to have to tell him about Pamuk.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** For heaven's sake! Why?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** She thinks to keep it secret would be dishonourable.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** She reads too many novels. I mean, one way or another, everyone goes down the aisle with half the story hidden. The question is, will she accept Matthew?

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** I'm not sure.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** (sigh) Well, if she doesn't, we'll just have to take her abroad. In these moments, you can normally find an Italian who isn't too picky.

[Cora grins in amusement.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** We'll give her till the start of the grouse.

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Very well. If she turns Matthew down, we'll take her to Rome in the autumn.

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** (nods) It's official.

[Violet stands and Cora does likewise.]

**Cora, Countess of Grantham:** Thank you for not turning against her. I know that you have rules, and when people break them you find it hard to forgive. I understand that and I respect it.

[Violet nods.]

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** In this case, Mary has the trump card.

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

**Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham:** Mary is family.

[Cora smiles as Violet leaves.]