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01x02 - Episode Two

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[OPENING CREDITS]

[THE VILLAGE - DAY]

[Matthew and Isobel ride in a motorcar.]

Taylor: Here we are, ma'am. Crawley House.

Matthew Crawley: For good or ill.

[The chauffeur opens the door for them.]

Matthew Crawley: I still don't see why I couldn't just refuse it.

Isobel Crawley: There's no mechanism for you to do so. You will be an earl. You will inherit the estate. Of course, you can throw it away with your habit, that's up to you.

[A man comes out to meet them.]

Matthew Crawley: Can I help?

Mr Molesley: I'm Molesley, sir, your butler and valet.

Matthew Crawley: Mr Molesley, I'm afraid--

Isobel Crawley: May I introduce ourselves? I am Mrs Crawley, and this is my son, Mr Matthew Crawley.

Mr Molesley: (nods) I'll just give Mr Taylor a hand with the cases.

Matthew Crawley: I can--

Isobel Crawley: Thank you, Molesley.

[Molesley helps with the luggage and Matthew sulks alongside his mother.]

Matthew Crawley: I won't let them change me.

Isobel Crawley: Why would they want to?

Matthew Crawley: Mother, Lord Grantham has made the unwelcome discovery that heir is a middleclass lawyer and son of a middleclass doctor.

Isobel Crawley: Upper middleclass.

Matthew Crawley: He'll have to limit the damage by turning me into me into one of

his own kind.

Isobel Crawley: When you met him in London, you liked him.

[INT. MAIN STAIRCASE - DAY]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I simply do not understand why we are rushing into this.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Matthew Crawley is my heir.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Patrick was your heir; he never lived here.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Patrick was in and out of this house since the day he was born. You saw how many of the village turned out for the service.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But nothing's settled yet.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: It is settled, my dearest one, whether you like it or not.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I wouldn't say that. Not while your mother breathes air.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DAY]

[The Crawleys' housemaid leads them through the new house.]

Isobel Crawley: Oh, Ellen. This is much better than I thought it would be. You have done well.

Ellen: Thank you, ma'am.

Mr Molesley: Would you like this in here, ma'am, or taken up to your room?

Isobel Crawley: In here, thank you. So, are you the whole of our new household?

Mr Molesley: There's a local girl, ma'am, Beth. She to double under housemaid and kitchen maid.

Matthew Crawley: This is ridiculous--

Isobel Crawley: Thank you very much, Molesley. Might we have some tea?

Mr Molesley: Very good, ma'am.

[The servants leave.]

Matthew Crawley: We can go right now.

Isobel Crawley: Why?

Matthew Crawley: Because we do not need a butler or a valet, if it comes to that. We've always managed perfectly well with a cook and a maid and they cannot expect us to alter our--

Isobel Crawley: What they expect, Matthew, is that we won't know how to behave. So, if you don't mind, I would rather not confirm their expectations.

Matthew Crawley: I have to be myself, Mother. I'll be no use to anyone if I can't be myself. And before they, or you, get any ideas, I will choose my own wife.

Isobel Crawley: What on earth do you mean?

Matthew Crawley: Well, they're clearly going to push one of the daughters at me. They'll have fixed on that when they heard I was a bachelor.

[Molesley enters to announce...]

Mr Molesley: Lady Mary Crawley.

[Matthew turns, stunned.]

Lady Mary: I do hope I'm not interrupting.

Isobel Crawley: Lady Mary.

Lady Mary: Cousin Mary, please. Mama has sent me down to welcome you and to ask you to dine with us tonight. Unless you're too tired.

[Matthew stares at Mary.]

Isobel Crawley: We would be delighted.

Lady Mary: Good. Come at eight.

[Mary turns to go.]

Isobel Crawley: Won't you stay and have some tea.

Lady Mary: Oh, no. You're far too busy.

[Mary finally looks at Matthew.]

Lady Mary: And I wouldn't want to push in.

[Matthew takes that blow for a moment before going after Mary outside. Mary is already astride her horse with a servant mounting another horse next to her.]

Lady Mary: Lynch, I think we'll go back by the south road.

Lynch: Very good, my lady.

Matthew Crawley: Lady Mary, I hope you didn't misunderstand me. I was only joking.

Lady Mary: Of course. And I agree. The whole thing is a complete joke.

[Mary rides off.]

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

Thomas: So, what do you think we'll make of them?

Miss O'Brien: I shouldn't think much. She hasn't even got a lady's maid.

Anna: It's not a capital offense.

Mr Bates: She's got a maid; her name's Ellen. She came a day early.

Miss O'Brien: She's not a lady's maid. She's just a housemaid that fastens hooks and buttons when she has to. There's more to it than that, you know.

[Mrs Patmore shouts in the kitchens.]

Mrs Patmore: Daisy!

Anna: We'll want some very precise reporting when dinner's over.

William: Are we to treat him as the heir?

Miss O'Brien: Are we heck as like. A doctor's son from Manchester? Humph. He'll be lucky if he gets a civil word out of me.

Anna: We're all lucky if we get a civil word out of you.

[Carson enters with a package and the other servants stand.]

Mr Carson: Gwen, parcel for you. Came by the evening post.

Gwen: Thank you, Mr Carson.

[Carson motions for the servants to sit.]

Mr Carson: William?

Thomas: Have you seen him yet, Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: By "them", I assume you mean the new family, in which case, no. I have that pleasure to look forward to this evening.

[Mrs Patmore enters.]

Mrs Patmore: Daisy, did you hear me call, or have you gone selectively deaf?!

Daisy: No, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: Then might I remind you we are preparing dinner for your future employer, and if it goes wrong, I'll be telling them why!

[Daisy rushes after Mrs Patmore.]

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

Lady Mary: Why are they here at all when you're going to undo it?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Your father's not convinced it can be undone.

Lady Mary: But you'll still try?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Granny and I are willing to try.

Lady Mary: And Papa is not?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We'll bring him 'round, you'll see. We're trying to find lawyer who'll take it on. So, what are they like?

Lady Mary: She's nice enough, but he's...very full of himself.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Why do you say that?

Lady Mary: Just an impression. Let's go down and you can decide for yourself.

[INT. ENTRYWAY - EVENING]

[The footmen take the guests' coats as Robert enters.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Hello again. It's a pleasure to meet you at last, Mrs Crawley.

Isobel Crawley: We're delighted to be here, aren't we, Matthew?

Matthew Crawley: Delighted.

[Robert leads them into the great hall where the house staff are lined up as the family enters from the other side.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Welcome to Downton.

Isobel Crawley: Thank you. You've been so kind.

Matthew Crawley: What a reception committee.

[The family is surprised and amused by his comment. Isobel senses the awkwardness of his comment and tries to recover.]

Isobel Crawley: Yes, thank you.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: This is Carson. We'd all be lost without him. Mama, may I present Matthew Crawley and Mrs Crawley, my mother, Lady Grantham.

[Isobel steps forward and holds out her hand.]

Isobel Crawley: What should we call each other?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, we could always start with Mrs Crawley and Lady Grantham.

[Cora steps forward to guide Isobel.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Come into the drawing room and we can make all the proper introductions.

[Violet looks at Carson, who tries to contain his amused smirk. The family moves into the next room.]

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Do you think you'll enjoy village life? It will be very quiet after life in the city.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Even Manchester.

Isobel Crawley: I'm sure I'll find something to keep me busy.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You might like the hospital.

Isobel Crawley: What sort of hospital is it? How many beds?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, it--it isn't really a hospital.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Don't let Dr Clarkson hear you. He thinks it's second only to St Thomas's.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It's a cottage hospital, of course, but quite well equipped.

Isobel Crawley: Who pays for it?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh, good. Let's talk about money.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My father gave the building and an endowment to run it. In a way, he set up his own memorial.

Isobel Crawley: But how splendid.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: And Mr Lloyd George's new insurance measures will help.

[Mr Carson notices a tear in William's uniform coat.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Please don't speak that man's name, we are about to eat.

[Thomas leans forward over Matthew's shoulder with the first dish.]

Thomas: I will hold it steady and you can help yourself, sir.

Matthew Crawley: Yes, I know. Thank you.

[Robert notes the exchange and Mary smiles.]

Lady Mary: You'll soon get used to the way things are done here.

Matthew Crawley: If you mean that I'm accustomed to a very different life from this, then that is true.

Lady Sybil: What will you do with your time?

Matthew Crawley: I've got a job in Ripon. I said I'll start tomorrow.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: A job?

Matthew Crawley: In a partnership. You might have heard of it, Havel and Carter. They need someone who understands industrial law, I'm glad to say. Although, I'm afraid most of it will be wills and conveyancing.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You do know I mean to involve you in the running of the estate?

Matthew Crawley: Oh, don't worry. There are plenty of hours in the day. And, of course, I'll have the weekend.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: We'll discuss this later. We mustn't bore the ladies.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: What--what is a weekend?

[INT. KITCHENS - EVENING]

Daisy: Why shouldn't he be a lawyer?

Miss O'Brien: Gentlemen don't work, silly. Not real gentlemen.

Anna: Don't listen to her, Daisy.

Mrs Patmore: No, listen to me! And take those kidneys up to the serve room before I knock you down and serve your brains as fritters!

Daisy: Yes, Mrs Patmore!

Anna: I wonder what that Mr Molesley make of them.

Thomas: Poor old Molesley. I pity the man who's taken that job.

Mr Bates: Then why did you apply for it?

Thomas: I thought it might help me to get away from you, Mr Bates.

[INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING]

[The ladies exit the dining room.]

Isobel Crawley (to Cora): I'm so interested to see the hospital.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Mm, well, you would be with your late husband a doctor.

Isobel Crawley: Not just my husband, my father and brother, too, and I trained as a nurse during the war.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh, fancy.

Isobel Crawley: I'd love to be involved in some way.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, you could always help with the bring and buy sale next month. That would be most appreciated.

[The girls exchange amused smiles as they follow behind. Thomas bows as they pass his post.]

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - EVENING]

[Thomas talks to a housemaid on their way down the stairs.]

Thomas: I should say so. She's a match for the old lady. She wasn't going to give in.

Mr Carson: What old lady are you referring to, Thomas? You cannot mean Her Ladyship the Dowager Countess. Not if you wish to remain in this house.

Thomas: No, Mr Carson.

[Carson passes Thomas to enter the servants' hall where William is playing the piano as the others visit with each other. They stand as Carson enters.]

Mr Carson: William? Are you aware the seam at your shoulder is coming apart?

William: I--I felt it go a bit earlier. I'll mend it when we turn in.

Mr Carson: You will mend it now and you will never again appear in public in a similar state of undress.

William: No, Mr Carson.

Mr Carson: To progress in your chosen career, William, you must remember that a good servant at all times retains a sense of pride and dignity that reflects the pride and dignity of the family he serves. And never make me remind you of it again.

[Carson leaves.]

Daisy: I'll do it.

[Daisy helps William remove his coat.]

Daisy: And cheer up. We've all had a smack from Mr Carson.

Anna: You'll be the butler yourself one day. Then you'll do the smacking.

William: I could never be like him. I bet he comes from a line of butlers that goes back to the conqueror.

Mr Bates: He learned his business and so will you. Even Mr Carson wasn't born standing to attention.

Thomas: I hope not for his mother's sake.

[INT. MR CARSON'S OFFICE - DAY]

[William knocks on the open door.]

William: This was at the back door.

[William hands Carson a letter.]

Mr Carson: Thank you, William.

[Mr Carson opens and reads it and his expression shifts from surprise to concern.]

[EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

[Bates strolls through the village and sees Carson hurrying into The Dog and Duck, checking that no one sees him entering, but missing Bates as he walks past the hospital.]

[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL, WARD - DAY]

Dr Clarkson: It's kind of you to take an interest.

Isobel Crawley: I'm afraid it's a case of the war horse in the drought. You know my late husband was a doctor.

Dr Clarkson: I do. I'm familiar with Dr Crawley's work on the symptoms of infection in children.

Isobel Crawley: Ah. Even I studied nursing during the South African war.

Dr Clarkson: Really?

[A nurse escorts a weeping woman out of the ward.]

Dr Clarkson: Very distressing. A young farmer, John Drake, a tenant of Lord Grantham's, came in today. It's dropsy, I'm afraid.

Isobel Crawley: May I see him?

Dr Clarkson: Yeah. By all means.

[Isobel walks around the screen to find the man, his legs swollen and full of sores.]

Isobel Crawley: Is the dropsy of the liver or the heart?

Dr Clarkson: Everything points to the heart.

[The man seems to be having trouble breathing. He begins to cough and blood comes out as he brings a cloth to his mouth. Dr Clarkson goes to him.]

Dr Clarkson: All right, Mr Drake, you're in safe hands now.

[Dr Clarkson escorts Isobel past the hospital gate.]

Isobel Crawley: What will happen to his wife?

Dr Clarkson: She may try to keep the farm on. Grantham is not a harsh landlord, but her children are young.

Isobel Crawley: What can I do to help?

[Dr Clarkson is surprised.]

Isobel Crawley: If I'm to live in this village, I must have an occupation. Please, let me be useful.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE, MATTHEW CRAWLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY]

Mr Molesley: He chooses his clothes himself. He puts them out at night and hangs the ones he's worn. I get to take the linen down to the laundry, but that's about all.

Mr Bates: That's all?

Mr Molesley: "I'll do this," he says. "I'll take the other. I'll tie that." I'm just stood there like a chump, watching a man get dressed. To be honest, Mr Bates, I don't see the point of it.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I thought you didn't like him?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, so what? I have plenty of friends I don't like.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Would you want Mary to marry one of them?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Why do you always have to pretend to be nicer than the rest of us?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Perhaps I am.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Then pity your wife whose fortune must go to this odd young man who talks about weekends and jobs. If Mary were to marry him, then all would be resolved.

[Robert and Violet pass Thomas as they enter the library.]

[INT. HOUSEMAIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Gwen puts away a paper she's reading when Anna enters.]

Anna: What have you got there?

Gwen: Nothing.

Anna: What kind of nothing? You haven't got an admirer?

Gwen: I might have. And why shouldn't I?

Anna: Don't tell Mrs Hughes. She'll bring the vicar 'round till you're exorcised.

Gwen: How are we supposed to find husbands if we're never allowed to see any men?

Anna: Perhaps she thinks the stork brings them.

[The get into their beds.]

Anna: Hey. Lady Mary's in for a surprise. Thomas was in the library when old Violet came in from the garden. Seems they want to fix her up with Mr Crawley.

Gwen: Well, it makes sense. She was going to marry Mr Patrick.

Anna: Would she have, though? When it came to it? That's the question.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DAY]

Isobel Crawley: Ah, there you are, dear. I was hoping you'd be home in time.

[Matthew shrugs off his own coat, and Molesley's assistance.]

Matthew Crawley: In time for what?

Isobel Crawley: I've been paid the compliment of a visit.

[They enter the living room where Cora and Violet are sitting.]

Matthew Crawley: Hello.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Good afternoon, Cousin Matthew.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Afternoon.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We were just saying how charming this room is now.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Mm. It always seemed rather dark when my mother in law lived here. But then she made everything rather dark.

[Violet chuckles. Molesley offers Matthew a tray of tea cakes.]

Matthew Crawley: No, thank you.

Mr Molesley: Cup--cup of tea, sir?

Matthew Crawley: It's all right, I'll help myself.

[The ladies can see how uncomfortable Matthew's stubborn self-sufficiency is making Molesley.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: So, Molesley, how do you find being home again? Your father must be glad you're back.

Mr Molesley: He is, Your Ladyship.

[Matthew takes one of the teacakes from the tray Molesley is holding and Violet watches painfully.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Might I give you this cup?

Mr Molesley: Ma'am.

[Molesley takes the teacup.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I'm afraid we must be going.

[The ladies rise.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Thank you.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You'll think about it?

[Isobel nods.]

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

[Anna washes something alone. She hears someone stumble on the stair and hurt himself. She finds Carson scrambling to pick up some fallen food from his bag in the pantry.]

Mr Carson: Oh, I thought no one was here.

Anna: Can I help, Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: Er...no. No, thank you, Anna.

[Mr Carson walks out with the bag full of food.]

[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL, WARD - DAY]

[Isobel wears a nurse's apron, she leans over a patient with a stethoscope.]

Isobel Crawley: May I?

[Mr Drake nods.]

Dr Clarkson: I must compliment you, Mrs Crawley. When you made your offer, I thought you might be a great lady nurse and faint at the sight of blood, but I see you're made of sterner stuff.

[Isobel steps aside with Dr Clarkson.]

Isobel Crawley: It's definitely the heart. It's almost too quiet to hear at all.

Dr Clarkson: I'm afraid so.

Isobel Crawley: I've been thinking about the treatments that are available. Considerable success has been achieved over the last few years by draining the pericardial sac of the excess fluid and administering adrenaline.

Dr Clarkson: Mrs Crawley, I appreciate your thoroughness.

Isobel Crawley: But you're unwilling to try it?

Dr Clarkson: Injection of adrenaline is a comparatively new procedure.

Isobel Crawley: It's a while ago now, but I saw my husband do it. I know how.

Dr Clarkson: Please, Mrs Crawley, don't--don't force me to be uncivil. We would be setting an impossible precedent when every villager could--could demand the latest fad in treatment for each new cut and graze.

Isobel Crawley: I would remind you that we're not talking of a cut or a graze, but the loss of a man's life and the ruin of his family.

Dr Clarkson: Of course, but I beg you to see that it is...not reasonable.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

Miss O'Brien: I'm sorry, but I have standards.

[Anna enters and sits down next to Bates.]

Anna (whisper): I've just seen something ever so odd.

Mr Bates (whisper): What?

Miss O'Brien: And if anyone thinks I'm going to pull my forelock and curtsy to this

[Cora enters.]

Miss O'Brien: Mr Nobody from Nowhere--

Cora, Countess of Grantham: O'Brien.

[The servants stand.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Were you discussing Mr Crawley?

Miss O'Brien: Yes, milady.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Is it your place to do so?

Miss O'Brien: I've got my opinions, milady, same as anybody.

[Mrs Hughes enters.]

Mrs Hughes: Can I help Your Ladyship?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: This is the button we're missing from my new evening coat, I found it lying on the gravel, but I was shocked at the talk I heard as I came in. Mr Crawley is His Lordship's cousin and heir. You will, therefore, please accord him the respect he's entitled to.

Miss O'Brien: But you don't like him yourself, milady. You never wanted him to--

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Your sailing perilously close to the wind, O'Brien. If we're to be friends, you will not speak in that way again about the Crawleys or any member of Lord Grantham's family. Now, I'm going up to rest. Wake me at the dressing gong.

[Cora leaves and the servants sit back down.]

Thomas: I don't think that's fair. Not here in the servants' hall.

Miss O'Brien: I agree. If she was a real lady, she wouldn't have come down here. She'd have rung for me and given me the button, that's all.

Thomas: This isn't their territory, we can say what we like down here.

Mrs Hughes: Who says?

Thomas: The law. And parliament. There is such a thing as free speech.

Mrs Hughes: Not when I'm in charge! Don't push your luck, Thomas. Now, tea's over. Back to work. You'd better take this.

[Mrs Hughes hands O'Brien Cora's coat button.]

Miss O'Brien: "Friends." Who does she think she's fooling? We're not friends.

Anna: No?

Miss O'Brien: No. And you're not friends with the girls, neither. We're servants, you and me, and they pay us to do as we're told, that's all.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - EVENING]

[Molesley watches as Matthew tries to adjust his bowtie.]

Mr Molesley: May I...?

Matthew Crawley: I can manage. Now, where have I put my cufflinks?

Mr Molesley: I thought these would make a change--

Matthew Crawley: No, my usual ones.

[Matthew puts the cufflinks on himself.]

Matthew Crawley: I know I'm a disappointment to you, Molesley, but it's no good. I'll never get used to being dressed like a doll.

Mr Molesley: I'm only trying to help, sir.

Matthew Crawley: Of course. And if I've offended you, I apologise. But surely you have better things to do.

Mr Molesley: This is my job, sir.

[Matthew puts on his own tailcoat.]

Matthew Crawley: Well, it seems a very silly occupation for a grown man.

[Matthew turns around and sees Molesley's dismay.]

Matthew Crawley: Look, I'm sorry if I'm...

[Matthew can't recover from what he just said.]

Matthew Crawley: I'm sorry.

[Matthew leaves quickly and Molesley steps forward to help, but stops.]

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

Lady Sybil: Why are you so against him?

Lady Mary: Aside from the fact he's planning to steal our inheritance?

Lady Edith: Your inheritance. It makes no difference to Sybil and me. We won't inherit, whatever happens.

Lady Mary: He isn't one of us.

Lady Sybil: Cousin Freddy's studying for the bar, and so is Vivian McDonald.

[Edith sneaks a peek at a letter Mary received from Evelyn.]

Lady Mary: At Lincoln's Inn. Not sitting at a dirty little desk in Ripon. Besides, his father was a doctor.

Lady Sybil: There's nothing wrong with doctors. We all need doctors.

Lady Mary: We all need crossing sweepers and draymen, too, it doesn't mean we have to dine with them.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Whom don't we have to dine with?

Lady Edith: Mary doesn't care for Cousin Matthew.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Sybil, be a dear and fetch my black evening shawl. O'Brien knows which one.

[Sybil gets up to leave.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And Edith, can you see if the drawing room's ready.

[Edith leaves, too.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Glad to catch you alone.

Lady Mary: You've driven the others away.

CORA, COUNTESS OF GRANTHAM (chuckles)
Perhaps I have.

[Cora looks at the flowers on Mary's vanity table.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Pretty. The point is, my dear, I don't want you, any of you...to feel you have to dislike Matthew.

Lady Mary: You dislike the idea of him.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: That was before he came. Now he's here, I don't see any future in it. Not the way things are.

Lady Mary: I don't believe a woman can be forced to give away all her money to a distant cousin of her husband's. Not in the 20th century. It's too ludicrous for words.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It's not as simple as that. The money isn't mine anymore. It forms a part of the estate.

Lady Mary: Even so, when a judge hears--

Cora, Countess of Grantham: For once in your life, will you please just listen?!

[Mary is shocked by her mother's gruffness.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I believe there's an answer which would secure your future and give you a position.

Lady Mary: You can't be serious.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Just think about it.

Lady Mary: I don't have to think about it. Marry a man who can barely hold his knife like a gentleman?

CORA, COUNTESS OF GRANTHAM (laughs)
Oh, you exaggerate.

Lady Mary: You're American, you don't understand these things.

[Cora's jaw drops.]

Lady Mary: Have you mentioned this to Granny? Did she laugh?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Why would she? It was her idea.

[It's Mary's turn to gape at her mother.]

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Have you been able to explore the village?

Isobel Crawley: Indeed, I have. And I thought the hospital a great credit to your father's memory. But I'm afraid the good doctor and I did not see eye to eye.

VIOLET, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF GRANTHAM (chuckles)

Oh, you amaze me.

Isobel Crawley: He is treating one of your tenant, John Drake, for dropsy, but seems reluctant to embrace some of the newer treatments.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Drake is a good man, and far too young to die, but I suppose the doctor knows his business.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Not as well as Mrs Crawley, apparently.

[Isobel tries to reply, but Robert steps in first.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: By the way, if ever you want to ride, just let Lynch know and he'll sort it out for you.

Lady Mary: Oh, Papa, Cousin Matthew doesn't ride.

Matthew Crawley: I ride.

Lady Mary: And do you hunt?

Matthew Crawley: No, I don't hunt.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I daresay there's not much opportunity in Manchester.

[Violet chuckles.]

Matthew Crawley: Are you a hunting family?

Lady Mary: Families like ours are always hunting families.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Not always. Billy Skelton won't have them on his land.

Lady Mary: But all the Skeltons are mad.

Matthew Crawley: Do you hunt?

Lady Mary: Occasionally. I suppose you're more interested in books than country sport.

Matthew Crawley: I probably am. You'll tell me that's rather unhealthy.

Lady Mary: Not unhealthy. Just unusual...among our kind of people.

[Robert, Violet, and Isobel are all astonished at Mary's snobbery.]

[INT. SERVE ROOM - EVENING]

[Mr Carson meets Mrs Hughes as she brings up some plates.]

Mrs Hughes (whisper): I'm changing 'round the dessert services.

Mr Carson: We're missing a sugar sifter. I know I put three out.

Mrs Hughes: I was talking to Anna earlier.

Mr Carson: Why? What's she been saying?

Mrs Hughes: Whatever's the matter?

Mr Carson: What did Anna say?

Mrs Hughes: Only that she thinks Thomas is bullying William.

Mr Carson: Ah. Yeah, she may have a point. I'll keep an eye out. Here it is.

[INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING]

Lady Mary: I've been studying the story of Andromeda, do you know it?

Matthew Crawley: Why?

Lady Mary: Her father was King Cepheus, whose country was being ravaged by storms, and in the end, he decided the only way to appease the gods was to sacrifice his eldest daughter to a hideous sea monster. So, they chained her naked to a rock...

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham (chuckles uncomfortably): Really? Mary, we'll all need our smelling salts in a minute.

Matthew Crawley: But the sea monster didn't get her, did he?

[Sybil is transfixed by the story and the drama playing out right in front of her.]

Lady Mary: No. Just when it seemed he was the only solution to her father's problems, she was rescued.

Matthew Crawley: By Perseus.

[Some of the wind goes out of Mary's sails.]

Lady Mary: That's right. Perseus, son of a god. Rather more fitting, wouldn't you say?

Matthew Crawley: That depends. I'd have to know more about the princess and the sea monster in question.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - EVENING]

[William plays piano while the others visit.]

Daisy: I wish I could dance like that.

Thomas: Like what?

[Daisy holds up a book with dance steps mapped out.]

Thomas: Don't you know the grizzly bear?

Mr Bates (chuckles): The grizzly bear. As if you do.

Thomas: Certainly, I do. Miss O'Brien, shall we show them?

Miss O'Brien: Not likely.

[Anna and Bates laugh.]

Thomas: William, give us a tune. Come on, Daisy.

Anna: Go on.

Thomas: Hands up.

[Thomas puts his hands up into claws and growls and the others laugh and clap as he moves forward to dance the grizzly bear with Daisy. Mrs Patmore comes in, wiping her brow.]

Mrs Patmore: Daisy. Daisy!

[The music and merriment stops.]

Mrs Patmore: Stop that silly nonsense before you put your joints out. See to the range and go to bed.

[Daisy turns to Thomas in awe.]

Daisy: Thank you, that was beautiful.

[The others clap and Thomas bows as Daisy leaves.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - NIGHT]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I'm sorry Mary was rather sharp this evening.

[Matthew chuckles.]

Matthew Crawley: I doubt Cousin Mary and I are destined to be close friends.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Mmph.

Matthew Crawley: I don't blame her. Her father's home and her fortune are to be passed to me. It's very harsh.

[A thought strikes Violet.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: What would you say if the entail was set aside in Mary's favour?

Matthew Crawley: I should try to accept it with as good a grace as I could muster.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Would you?

[Violet steps towards the motorcar.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh. Well, good evening Taylor.

Taylor: Good evening, milady.

[Taylor holds the door open for Violet.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Thank you.

[INT. SILVER ROOM - NIGHT]

Mrs Hughes: I'll say goodnight, Mr Carson.

[Carson holds a candelabra.]

Mr Carson: Look at that scratch. We'll have to get that sorted out when they're up in London.

Mrs Hughes: You can hardly see it.

Mr Carson: Well, I'll know it's there.

Mrs Hughes: Are you all right now? Only, you seemed a little upset earlier.

Mr Carson: Y-- er, I'm sorry about that. I'm just, erm...a bit tired.

Mrs Hughes: And no wonder. Did the dinner go well?

Mr Carson: Er, well enough. But they won't make a match between them, if that's what they're thinking.

Mrs Hughes: Lady Mary doesn't like him?

Mr Carson: And why should she like the man she's been passed over for? And why has she been? That's what I'd like to know.

Mrs Hughes: It's the law.

Mr Carson: Well, it's a wicked law.

[Carson closes the silver cabinet.]

[EXT. COURTYARD - DAY]

[Thomas is fixing a clock.]

Miss O'Brien: Why does Mr Carson let you do that?

Thomas: Because my dad was a clockmaker.

Miss O'Brien: Did you really ask him for the job with the Crawleys?

Thomas: I'm sick of being a footman.

Miss O'Brien: I'd rather be a footman than wait on someone who ought to be a footman himself.

Thomas: Well, Mr Carson shouldn't have told Bates. How are things with Lady G?

Miss O'Brien: Same as usual.

Thomas: "Yes, milady. No, milady. Three bags full"?

Miss O'Brien: I'd like to give her three bags full. Preferably on a dark night.

Thomas: Will you hand in your notice?

Miss O'Brien: And let her ruin me with a nasty reference? Oh, I think not.

[INT. THE DOWER HOUSE - DAY]

Dr Clarkson: I don't want to exaggerate. She's been...very generous in many ways.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Generous? To instruct you in your own practice?

Dr Clarkson: Well, she may even have a point. But i--it does not seem to me realistic.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, nor is it. Put an end to her meddling. I am your president and I say, "Get rid of her."

Dr Clarkson: Will that not be awkward? I gather she's planning to stay in the village for the foreseeable future.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No one can foresee the future, Doctor. Not you, not I, and certainly not Mrs Crawley.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You do not love the place yet.

Matthew Crawley: Well, obviously it's--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No, you don't love it. You see a million bricks that may crumble, a thousand gutters and pipes that may block and leak, and stone that will crack in the frost.

Matthew Crawley: But you don't?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I see my life's work.

Matthew Crawley: Was it ever in danger?

[Robert chuckles.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Many times. It's my dear papa who thought the balloon would go up in the 1880s

Matthew Crawley: What saved it?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Cora.

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

[Bates enters to find Anna sitting alone.]

Mr Bates: Where is everyone?

Anna: They've gone down to the village. Some travelling salesman set up at the pub for the afternoon.

Mr Bates: Alone at last. We shouldn't be without both footmen. Does Mr Carson know?

Anna: Mrs Hughes does. She's gone with them. They won't be long.

Mr Bates: So, you see to the girls and you're supposed to be head housemaid. You should put in for a raise.

Anna: What do you mean, "supposed to be"?

[The smile and chuckle. The front door bell rings.]

Mr Bates: I said they shouldn't have let both footmen go.

Anna: Well, you'll have to answer it. Mr Carson wouldn't like a maid answering the front door.

[EXT/INT. FRONT DOOR/OUTER HALL - DAY]

Mr Bates: Sorry to have kept you waiting, sir.

Charles Grigg: I'm here to see Lord Grantham.

Mr Bates: Is he expecting you?

Charles Grigg: No. But he'd be very interested in what I have to tell him.

Mr Bates: His Lordship is not at home, but if you will leave your name--

Charles Grigg: Ah, ah, ah. Don't go all high and mighty with me. I don't know who you are, but you're certainly not the butler, so don't try and make out you are.

Mr Bates: How do you know?

Charles Grigg: Because Charlie Carson's the butler 'round here.

Mr Bates: Does your business concern him?

Charles Grigg: It might do.

Mr Bates: Excuse me for one moment, sir.

[Bates partially closes the door and enters the house. Anna waits in the entry.]

Mr Bates: Fetch Mr Carson as fast as you can.

[Anna nods and the stranger walks in uninvited. Bates turns back to Anna.]

Mr Bates: Use the front door.

[Anna heads outside and the stranger smirks after her.]

Mr Bates: If you would like to follow me, sir.

Charles Grigg: Oh, no. If you think you're tucking me away somewhere, you've got another thing coming.

Mr Bates: You will be more comfortable, sir.

Charles Grigg: Sorry, chump.

[The stranger waltzes into the library and looks around.]

Charles Grigg: Oh, aye. I'll not mind waiting in here.

[Sybil enters wearing a riding outfit.]

Lady Sybil: Bates...?

Mr Bates: This...gentleman is an acquaintance of Mr Carson, milady.

Lady Sybil: What is he doing in here?

Mr Bates: He says he has urgent business with His Lordship.

Charles Grigg: Urgent.

Mr Bates: I've sent for Mr Carson to come at once.

Lady Sybil: Then I'll stay with you in case explanations are needed.

Mr Bates (mouths): Thank you.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Anna runs down the road.]

Anna: Mr Carson! You're needed at once in the library.

[INT. OUTER HALL/LIBRARY - DAY]

[Robert enters through the open front door to hear the stranger complaining loudly.]

Charles Grigg: How long are you expecting me to wait? I'm a very busy man, you know.

Mr Bates: If you could just be patient for a little longer, sir.

[The stranger sees Robert entering.]

Charles Grigg: Ah.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: May I ask who this is and precisely what is going on?

[Mr Carson and Anna enter.]

Mr Carson: Mr Bates, what are you...? Er...I'm sorry, Your Lordship. Mr Bates, you may go now.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No, stay where you are. No one is going anywhere. Do I take it you know this man?

Charles Grigg: Don't try and deny it.

Mr Carson: No, I won't deny it. I do know him, my lord, but not what he is doing in the library.

Mr Bates: I tried to take him downstairs out of sight, Mr Carson, but he wouldn't come.

Mr Carson: Thank you, that was thoughtful.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: But who is he?

[Carson hesitates.]

Charles Grigg: Will you tell him or shall I?

Mr Carson: His name is Charles Grigg. We worked together at one time.

Charles Grigg: Oh, I'm a little more than that, aren't I, Charlie? We're like brothers, him and me.

Mr Carson: We are not like brothers.

Charles Grigg: We were a double act. On the halls.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You were on the stage? Carson, is this true?

Mr Carson: It is, my lord.

Charles Grigg: The Cheerful Charlies, that's what they called us.

[Carson rolls his eyes while Grigg does a tap dance and hands Robert a flier for their old act.]

Charles Grigg: We did quite well, didn't we?

Mr Carson: Until you couldn't keep your hands out of the till.

Anna: Would you like us to go, Mr Carson?

Mr Carson: No. You know it now. You might as well bear witness to my shame. He turned up in the village with no warning some days ago on the run, asking for somewhere to hide and, of course, for money.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: God in heaven.

Mr Carson: He's wanted for some petty crime of which he is, of course, guilty.

Charles Grigg: Hey, steady on.

Mr Carson: He threatened to expose my past to make me a laughingstock in this house. And in my vanity and pride, I gave him what he wanted.

Charles Grigg (scoffs): You did not.

Mr Carson: I put him in an empty cottage and fed him from the kitchens. I couldn't buy food in the village, it would raise too many questions. I stole. I'm a thief. She...saw it.

[Carson indicates Anna.]

Anna: I'd never have said anything, Mr--

Mr Carson: And now my disgrace is complete. My lord, you have my resignation.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Really, Carson, there's no need to be quite so melodramatic. You're not playing Sydney Carton.

[Robert turns to Grigg.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: So, why have you come here, if he has done everything you asked of him?

Charles Grigg: Because he hasn't.

[Grigg sits down in a chair.]

Charles Grigg: He wouldn't give me any money.

Mr Carson: If I had, how could I have prevented his returning to Downton once it was spent?

[Robert clears his throat.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My dear Mr Grigg...

Charles Grigg: Ah. Nice to see someone 'round here's got some manners.

Mr Carson: Hold your tongue!

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I'll tell you what is going to happen. When I have given you twenty pounds, you will leave Downton immediately and we will never set eyes on you again.

Charles Grigg: I'll have to see about that.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: If you return to this area, I will personally ensure your conviction for theft and blackmail.

[Grigg springs up from the chair.]

Charles Grigg: Just a minute--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You will serve from five to ten years in His Majesty's custody.

[Robert pulls out his wallet.]

Charles Grigg: You think you're such a big man, don't you? Just 'cause you're a lord, you think you can do what you like with me.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I think it, because it is true.

[Robert holds out the cash and Grigg debates for a moment, then takes the money.]

Charles Grigg: You'll not always be in charge, you know. The day is coming when your lot will have to toe the line just like the rest of us.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Perhaps. But happily for Carson, that day has not come yet.

[Grigg looks at Carson and stalks off. Anna and Bates follow, but Sybil remains.]

Mr Carson: I...take it my resignation has not been accepted?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My dear fellow, we all have chapters we would rather keep unpublished. To be honest, Carson, I'm rather impressed. Did you really sing and dance and everything in front of an audience?

[Sybil smiles.]

Mr Carson (ashamed): I did.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: And do you ever miss it?

Mr Carson: Not in the least, my lord.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

Anna: Poor Mr Carson. We'll have to treat him like a god for a month to calm his nerves.

Mr Bates: He'll be afraid this will change the way we think of him.

Anna: Then we mustn't let it.

Mr Bates: But it will. The Cheerful Charlies?

[The laugh.]

Mr Bates: For all his talk of dignity, we know his story now.

Anna: And admire him more because of it.

Mr Bates: Maybe. But it will change the way we think of him. It always does.

Anna: I don't see why. I shouldn't care what I found out about you, whatever it was. It wouldn't alter my opinion one bit.

Mr Bates: But it would. It certainly would.

[THE DOWER HOUSE - DAY]

[Violet and Cora sit down to tea.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: We're running out of options. The lawyers I write to only huff and puff. They echo Murray and say, "Nothing can be done."

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, they don't want the bother of opposing him.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh, precisely.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I wish Mary wasn't so confident it could all be put right.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Meanwhile, we have to watch that dreadful woman parade around the village as if she owned it.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I think she means well.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Meaning well is not enough. Poor Dr Clarkson. And what has he done to deserve that termagant?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I think he's in for an uncomfortable afternoon.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Really? Why?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: On my way here, I saw her go into the hospital. She looked extremely determined.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Not as determined as I am.

[Violet stands up.]

[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL, OFFICE - DAY]

[Isobel holds a tiny vial.]

Isobel Crawley: I have the adrenaline here in my hand. Will you really deny the man his chance of life?

Dr Clarkson: I just wish it was a treatment I was more familiar with.

Isobel Crawley: Will that serve as your excuse when he dies?

[Clarkson stands and takes the vial and goes to the door.]

Dr Clarkson: Nurse!

[A nurse comes to the door.]

Dr Clarkson: Can you prepare Mr Drake for his procedure please? Well, Mrs Crawley, I have a feeling we will sink or swim together.

[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL, WARD - DAY]

Dr Clarkson: Mr Drake, your heart is not functioning properly and, as a result, your pericardial sac is full of fluid. I am proposing first to withdraw the fluid, and then to inject the adrenaline to stimulate the heart and restore normal activity.

Mrs Drake: Is it dangerous, Doctor?

Dr Clarkson: The draining may stop the heart, and the adrenaline may not be able to restart it.

Isobel Crawley: Mrs Drake, the choice is simple. If your husband endures this procedure, he may live. If not, he will die.

Nurse: He's with a patient.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Please, please, no, let me pass. I must see the doctor at once.

[Violet steps around the screen. Mrs Drake rises from her chair.]

Dr Clarkson: Your Ladyship.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Yes, it's just as I thought. Dr Clarkson, tell me you will not permit this amateur to influence your professional opinion.

Isobel Crawley: Amateur?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham (to Mrs Drake): My dear woman, do not let them bully you. They'll not disturb the peace of your husband's last hours, not if I can help it.

Mrs Drake: But that's just it, my lady. I don't want them to be his last hours. Not if

there's a chance. Please, Doctor, do what you must.

[Clarkson steps forward to begin the procedure. A nurse hands him a needle and he attaches it to a draining tube.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: As...

[Clarkson and the nurse insert the needle and Mrs Drake turns away. Isobel steps over to comfort her.]

Dr Clarkson: Steady. Yeah, all right.

Nurse: Yep.

Dr Clarkson: Nice and steady.

[Clarkson drains the fluid with a syringe attached to the tube.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: As president of this hospital, I feel I must...

Dr Clarkson: Valve.

[The fluid drains into a glass jar.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: ...tell you I...I shall bring this to the attention of the board.

Dr Clarkson: You're doing very well.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Have you no pity?

[The draining finishes.]

Dr Clarkson: Adrenaline. Quickly, quickly. His heart's stopped.

[The nurse hands him the syringe and he attaches it to the needle already inserted in Drake's chest.]

Dr Clarkson: Ready?

Nurse: Mm-hmm.

[Isobel watches intently as she holds Mrs Drake. Clarkson injects the adrenaline and pulls out the needle.]

Dr Clarkson: Yes.

[Drake wakes and heaves deep breaths. Mrs Drake turns to look and goes to hold and kiss his hand.]

Mr Drake: Oh, my dear.

[Isobel turns to Violet, who is stunned by what happened.]

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You don't have to worry. She may be president, but I'm

the patron, so you're quite safe with me. Please.

[Robert motions for Matthew and Dr Clarkson to enter the library for some refreshments.]

Matthew Crawley: My mother was right, then? The man's life was saved?

Dr Clarkson: Well, I-- I like to think that we were both right, but I'm not sure Lady Grantham will be so easily convinced.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Then we must strengthen the argument. Cousin Isobel wants something to do. Very well. Let's make her chairman of the board. She'd like that, wouldn't she?

Matthew Crawley: Certainly she would.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Then my mother will have to listen to her.

[Clarkson is clearly thinking through the consequences of this new arrangement.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: She's been in absolute rule of there for long enough, it's time for some loyal opposition.

Dr Clarkson: Well, if you're quite certain, my lord.

[Clarkson hesitates.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: What were you going to say?

Dr Clarkson: At the risk of being impertinent...on your own head be it.

[The men chuckle.]

[EXT. FRONT WALK - DAY]

[Thomas fetches Matthew's bicycle as Matthew and Robert exit the house.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: About your scheme for restoring the estate cottages...

Matthew Crawley: You don't mind my interfering?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: My dear fellow, I brought you here to interfere. In fact, why don't you stay for dinner and we'll talk about it? We'll send down to Molesley for your clothes.

Matthew Crawley: I'd better not. My mother's expecting me. But in fact, I've been meaning to speak to you about Molesley.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh?

Matthew Crawley: Would you find me very ungrateful if I dispensed with his services?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Why? Has he displeased you in some way?

Matthew Crawley: Not at all. It's simply that he's superfluous to our style of living.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Is that quite fair? To deprive a man of his livelihood when

he's done nothing wrong?

Matthew Crawley: Well, I wouldn't quite put it--

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You're mother derives satisfaction from her work at the hospital, I think. Some sense of self-worth.

Matthew Crawley: Well, certainly.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Would you really deny the same to poor old Molesley? And when you are master here, is the butler to be dismissed, or the footmen? How many maids or kitchen staff will be allowed to stay? Or must every one be driven out? We all have different parts to play, Matthew, and we must all be allowed to play them.

[Robert pats Matthew on the shoulder and walks back to the house.]

[INT. BALCONY - DAY]

Lady Edith: Why must we all go to the hospital?

Lady Mary: I'm afraid Papa wants to teach Granny a lesson. Poor Granny. A month ago, these people were strangers. Now she must share her power with the mother and I must marry the son.

Lady Edith: You won't marry him, though, will you?

Lady Mary: What, marry a sea monster?

[They chuckle.]

Lady Sybil: You shouldn't laugh, that's so unkind.

Lady Edith: But he must marry someone.

Lady Mary: Edith, what are you thinking?

Lady Edith: You know, I don't dislike him as much as you do.

Lady Mary: Perhaps you don't dislike him at all.

Lady Edith: Perhaps I don't.

Lady Mary: Well, it's nothing to me. I have bigger fish to fry.

Lady Sybil: What fish?

Lady Edith: Are we talking about E.N.?

Lady Mary: How do you know that? Have you been poking around in my things?

Lady Edith: Of course not.

Lady Sybil: Come on, who is he? It's not fair if you both know.

Lady Mary: You won't be any the wiser, but his name is Evelyn Napier.

Lady Edith: The Honourable Evelyn Napier, son and heir to Viscount Branksome.

Lady Mary: Who wants and old sea monster when they can have Perseus?

[They chuckle.]

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

[Mr Carson knocks on the open door as Mrs Hughes is fastening a broach on her collar.]

Mr Carson: If you're going to the ceremony, I thought we might walk together.

Mrs Hughes: Certainly I'm going. I want to see the old bat's face when they announce it. I must try not to look too cheerful. Or shouldn't I talk like that in your presence?

Mr Carson: Do you find me very ridiculous, Mrs Hughes? Putting on airs and graces I've no right to?

Mrs Hughes: What's brought this on?

[Carson sighs sadly.]

Mr Carson: Nothing. Except at times I wonder if I'm just a sad old fool.

Mrs Hughes: Mr Carson, you are a man of integrity and honour who raises the tone of this household by being part of it. So no more of that, please.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[William approaches Daisy nervously as she fixes her dress in the mirror.]

William: I wondered i--if you'd like to walk with me down to the hosp--

Daisy: Is Thomas going?

William: Well, I-- I think everyone is.

Daisy: Sorry, what were you saying?

William: Nothing. Doesn't matter.

Mrs Patmore: Put this away before you go.

[Mrs Patmore hands Daisy a dish]

Mrs Patmore: And never mind your flirting.

Daisy: I wasn't flirting. Not with him.

Mrs Patmore: William's not a bad lad.

Daisy: He's nice enough, but...he isn't like Thomas.

Mrs Patmore: No, he's not.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE, MATTHEW CRAWLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY]

[Matthew fixes his tie in the mirror and Molesley opens a box.]

Mr Molesley: Cufflinks, sir?

Matthew Crawley: Those are a dull option for such an occasion, don't you agree?

Mr Molesley: Might I suggest the crest pair, sir? They seem more appropriate, if you don't mind my saying.

[Molesley opens another box.]

Matthew Crawley: Hm.

[Matthew picks one up with a bemused expression.]

Matthew Crawley: They're a bit fiddly, I wonder if you could help me?

Mr Molesley (surprised): Certainly, sir.

[Matthew allows Molesley to fasten his cufflinks. He looks at his coat and then back to Molesley. Molesley takes the hint and fetches it, then helps Matthew into the jacket.]

Matthew Crawley: Oh, I see you got that mark out of the sleeve. How'd you do it?

Mr Molesley: I--I tried it with this and tried it with that until it yielded.

Matthew Crawley: Very well done.

Mr Molesley: Thank you, sir.

[Matthew lets Molesley brush down his coat.]

[EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

Mr Carson: Y--you go in, Mrs Hughes. I want a quick word with Mr Bates here. Mr Bates?

[Carson clears his throat at the others file into the hospital yard.]

Mr Carson: Erm...I must thank you, both for what you did and for keeping silent afterwards. It was kind of you and Anna.

Mr Bates: It was nothing, Mr Carson.

Mr Carson: I hope you don't judge me too harshly.

Mr Bates: I don't judge you at all. I have no right to judge you or any man.

[They exchange kind smiles.]

[INT. DOWNTON COTTAGE HOSPITAL - DAY]

[Mr and Mrs Bates are in the audience. They all rise when Dr Clarkson enters with Violet and Isobel, then sit when the ladies do.]

Dr Clarkson: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this happy event: the investiture of our first chairwoman, Mrs Reginald Crawley, who has graciously agreed to share the duties of our beloved president, the Dowager Countess of Grantham.

[Violet is clearly not pleased by the power play.]

Dr Clarkson: Our little hospital must surely grow and thrive with two such doughty

champions united as they are by the strongest ties of all, family and friendship.

[Violet and Isobel sense the heavy irony.]

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