

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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01x03 - Episode Three

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[OPENING CREDITS]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Bates walks out of the front gate.]

[INT. POST OFFICE - DAY]

Postmistress: There you are, Mr Bates, it's in. Came this morning.

[The woman hands Bates a paper.]

Mr Bates: I said it would, which isn't quite the same thing.

[Gwen enters the shop and is surprised to run into Bates.]

Mr Bates: Hello. I could've posted that for you.

Gwen: Well, I prefer to do it myself.

Mr Bates: I'll wait outside.

[Gwen waits for Bates to pass, then approaches the counter and eagerly passes her parcel to the postmistress.]

[INT. HOUSEMAIDS' BEDROOM - DAY]

[Anna stands on a chair trying to move a large case on top of the cupboard, but it won't budge. Gwen enters and Anna almost falls.]

Gwen: What are you doing?

Anna: If you must know, I'm trying to find some space on top of the cupboard to make life easier.

[Gwen closes the door and Anna gets off the chair.]

Anna: So, what's in it, then?

Gwen: What?

Anna: The bleeding great packing case that weighs a ton, that's what.

Gwen: Can't you just leave it?

Anna: No, I can't. And you'll tell me right now.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Cora walks up to the bench where Mary is reading a letter.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Anything interesting?

Lady Mary: Not particularly. It's from Evelyn Napier. You met him at the Delta Fields last November at Doncaster races.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Is that Lord Branksome's boy?

Lady Mary: It is.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Do you like him?

Lady Mary: I don't dislike him.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And what's he writing about?

Lady Mary: Oh, nothing much. He's out with the York and Ainsty next week. He'll meet us at Downton. He'll want some tea when he's up here.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Where's he staying? With friends?

Lady Mary: He says he's found a pub that caters for hunting.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well, we can improve on that. He must come here. He can send the horses up early if he wants.

Lady Mary: He'll know why you're asking him.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I can't think what you mean. His mother's a friend of mine; she'll be pleased at the idea.

Lady Mary: Not very pleased. She's dead.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: All the more reason, then. You can write a note, too, and put it in with mine.

[Mary sighs and Cora gets up to leave.]

Lady Mary: Should I tell him about your friendship with his late mother?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I'm sure you of all people can compose a letter to a young man without any help from me.

[INT. HOUSEMAIDS' ROOM - DAY]

[Anna and Gwen stare down at the typewriter that they pulled out of the packing case on top of the cupboard.]

Anna: How much did it cost?

Gwen: Every penny I'd saved. Al-- almost.

Anna: And...i--is this the mystery lover?

Gwen: Well, I've been taking a correspondence course in typing and shorthand. That's

what was in the envelopes.

Anna: Are you any good?

Gwen: Yes. I am, actually.

[O'Brien opens the door and Gwen and Anna move to block the typewriter from view.]

Miss O'Brien: Eh, Her Ladyship wants the full skirt Lady Mary never wears. A seamstress is going to fit it to Lady Sybil, but I can't find it.

Anna: I'll come in a minute.

Miss O'Brien: They're waiting now.

Anna: One minute. I'm just changing my cap and apron.

[O'Brien looks at them suspiciously and leaves. Anna closes the door.]

Anna: Have you told anyone?

[Gwen shakes her head.]

Anna: What did your parents say?

Gwen: Well, I can't tell them till I've got a job. Dad will think I'm a fool to leave a good place and Mum will say I'm getting above myself, but...but I don't believe that.

Anna: Nor do I.

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It's not of my doing. It's all Mary's own work, but I think we should encourage it.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Branksome's a dull dog, but I don't suppose that matters.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Did you know his wife had died?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: He only ever talks about racing

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Cora is right. Mary won't take Matthew Crawley, so we'd better get her settled before the bloom is quite gone off the rose.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Is the family and old one?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Older than yours I imagine.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Old enough.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: And there's plenty of money.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh, really?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: (nods) Mm.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mama, you've already looked him up in the stud books and made inquiries about the fortune, don't pretend otherwise. Are you afraid someone

will think you're American if you speak openly?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I doubt it'll come to that.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Shall I ring for tea?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: No, not for me. I'm meeting Cripps at five. I'll see you at dinner.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: You don't seem very pleased.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I'm pleased. It's not brilliant, but I'm pleased.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: So...?

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I don't want Robert to use a marriage as an excuse to stop fighting for Mary's inheritance.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It won't make any difference. I don't think he has the slightest intention of fighting as it is. The price of saving Downton is to accept Matthew Crawley as his heir.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: What about you?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I don't dislike Matthew. In fact, I rather admire him.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Is that sufficient reason to give him your money?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Of course not!

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Then there's nothing more to be said. Are we going to have tea or not?

[INT. THE VILLAGE - DAY]

[Matthew rides his bicycle into the village and rings the bell on it as he comes upon Edith.]

Lady Edith: Oh.

[Matthew tips his hat and gets off his bicycle.]

Matthew Crawley: Hello. I'd offer you a lift if I could.

Lady Edith: It was you I was coming to see.

Matthew Crawley: Oh, then your timing is matchless. I just got off the train.

Lady Edith: The other day at dinner, Cousin Isobel was saying you wanted to see some of the local churches.

Matthew Crawley: She's right, I do. I want to know more about the county generally if I'm to live here.

Lady Edith: Well, I thought I might show you a few of the nearer ones. We could take a picnic and make an outing of it.

Matthew Crawley: That's very kind.

Lady Edith: Nonsense. I'll enjoy it. It's too long since I played the tourist.

Matthew Crawley: It would have to be a Saturday. Churches work on Sunday and I work all the week days.

Lady Edith: Then Saturday it is. I'll get Lynch to sort out the governess cart and I'll pick you up at about eleven.

[Edith walks back the way she came, all smiles, and Matthew tips his hat to her as she leaves.]

[INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY]

[The servants gather around the typewriter.]

Daisy: How does it work?

William: It's easy. You just press the letters and they print on the paper.

[William presses a couple of keys to demonstrate. O'Brien shows Carson and Mrs Hughes into the room.]

Mr Carson: Get back, please.

Miss O'Brien: They were trying to hide it, so I knew it was wrong.

Mr Carson: Where's Gwen now?

Thomas: Doing the dining room with Anna. They'll be finished soon.

Mr Carson: Then I'll wait.

Mrs Hughes: With all due respect, Mr Carson, Gwen is under my jurisdiction.

Mr Carson: Indeed she is, Mrs Hughes, and I have no intention of usurping your authority. I merely want to get to the bottom of it.

William: Why shouldn't Gwen have a typewriter if she wants one?

Thomas: Mind your own business.

[Gwen and Anna enter.]

Gwen: What's that doing here?

Mrs Hughes: Ah, Gwen. Come in.

Gwen: Why is that down here? Who's been in my room? They had no right!

Mrs Hughes: **Mr Carson:** See here! In the first place, none of the rooms in this house belong to you. And in the second, I am in charge of your welfare and that gives me every right.

ANNA (to O'Brien)

This is you isn't it?

Mr Carson: All we want is to know what Gwen wants with a typewriter and why she feels the need to keep it secret.

Anna: She wants to keep it private, not secret. There's a difference.

Mr Bates: Amen.

Gwen: I've done nothing to be ashamed of. I've bought a typewriter and I've taken a postal course in shorthand. I'm not aware that either of these actions is illegal.

Mrs Hughes: Will you tell us why, preferably without any more cheek?

[Gwen hesitates.]

Gwen: Because I want to leave service. I want to be a secretary.

[Mr Carson and Mrs Hughes exchange a shocked look.]

Mrs Hughes: You want to leave service?

Miss O'Brien: What's wrong with being in service?

Gwen: Nothing's wrong with it, and there's nothing wrong with mending roads neither, but it's not what I want to do.

Mr Carson: I should remind you that there are plenty of young girls who will be glad of a position in this house.

Gwen: And when I hand in my notice, I shall be happy to think one of them will be taking my place.

Miss O'Brien: What makes you think we'll wait till then?

Anna: Are you hiring and sacking now, Miss O'Brien? I thought that lay with Mr Carson and Mrs Hughes.

Mr Carson: Enough of this. I'm going to ring the dressing gong and we'll have no more talk of this tonight.

Gwen: Can I have my machine back now?

Mr Carson: Very well. But I wish I was sure you know what you're doing.

Mrs Patmore: Daisy! What's happened to you? I said you could go for a drink of water, not a trip up the Nile.

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - EVENING]

[Anna laces Mary into her corset while Edith sits at the vanity.]

Anna: Which churches will you show him?

Lady Edith: I can't decide. Kirby, possibly, or perhaps Easingwold.

Lady Mary: You don't think you're being a bit obvious?

Lady Edith: Coming from you, that's rich.

[Cora enters.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: There was a letter from Mr Napier in the evening post.

Lady Mary: Mm. Did he accept?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Not yet.

Lady Edith: Perhaps he thought it was too obvious.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Apparently he's bringing a friend with him, an attaché at the Turkish embassy. A Mr...

[Cora pulls out the letter to read the name.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Kemal Pamuk. He's a son of one of the sultan's ministers and he's here for the Albanian talks.

Lady Mary: What's that?

Lady Edith: To create an independent Albania. Don't you read the papers?

Lady Mary: I'm too busy living a life.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Since Turkey's signature is vital, Mr Napier's been given the job of keeping him happy until the conference begins and he's eager to try an English hunt. I shall invite this Mr Pamuk to stay here as well. Who knows? A little hospitality in an English house may make all the difference to the outcome. And Mary, you will ride out with him.

Lady Mary: Oh, Mama, must I? My boots are at the menders and I haven't ridden for weeks.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Anna, please see that Lady Mary is fully equipped to go hunting.

Anna: Yes, Your Ladyship.

[Mary isn't pleased.]

[EXT/INT. PROSTHETICS SHOP]

[Bates enters as the shopkeeper is making a false arm.]

Prosthetist: Yes?

Mr Bates: I saw this advertisement for a-- a limp corrector.

Prosthetist: Yes?

Mr Bates: What does it do exactly?

Prosthetist: It corrects limps.

Mr Bates: Does it work?

Prosthetist: Well, as I make it and I advertise it, is it likely I'd say no?

Mr Bates: Can I see one?

[The man fetches it from the back room.]

Prosthetist: Here we are. You adjust this to the right height to minimize the limp. You tighten these gradually, as tight as you can stand, and as the legs straighten, the foot lowers to the floor. Can't say it's going to be easy, and you can't slack. Every day, all day if you mean business.

Mr Bates: All right. How much?

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT]

[Isobel reads the contents of a letter aloud.]

Isobel Crawley: She asks if we can both dine on Saturday. There are two young men staying, so you won't be so outnumbered for once.

Matthew Crawley: What men?

Isobel Crawley: A...Turkish diplomat called something I can't read "and Lord Branksome's charming son", who's to be flung at Mary, presumably.

Matthew Crawley: When it comes to Cousin Mary, she's quite capable of doing her own flinging, I assure you.

[Isobel chuckles.]

[INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY]

Anna: Ugh, open the door, can you?

[Gwen timidly opens the door and Anna goes about her chores.]

Anna: I couldn't find her britches anywhere, so I asked Mr Bates and he looked among His Lordship's riding clothes. There they were. I only hope to God I've got everything.

[Gwen is clearly upset as Anna continues to work.]

Anna: Hat I'll do here. Gloves and crop are in the hall.

[Gwen starts weeping and Anna notices.]

Anna: Gwen? Whatever's the matter?

[Anna goes to comfort Gwen.]

Anna: Hey, come on, sit down. Hey?

[Mr Bates sees them from the hall as they sit on the bed.]

Mr Bates: What's happened?

Gwen: Oh...oh, I'm just being silly. You should get that brushed.

[Gwen nods to the clothes Bates's arm. Bates enters and closes the door.]

Mr Bates: He won't be up for another half an hour. Now, what is it?

Gwen: Well, I suppose I've just realised that it's not going to happen.

Mr Bates: What isn't?

Gwen: None of it. I'm not going to be a secretary. I'm not going to leave service. I doubt I'll leave here before I'm sixty.

Anna: Hey, what's all this?

Gwen: Oh, you saw their faces. And their right. Oh, look at me! I'm the daughter of a farmhand, I'm lucky to be a maid. I was born with nothing and I'll die with nothing.

Mr Bates: Don't talk like that. You can change your life if you want to. Sometimes you have to be hard on yourself, but you can change it completely, I know.

[Bates cringes.]

Anna: Mr Bates? Are you all right?

Mr Bates: Take her upstairs. Dry her off.

[Bates smiles and turns to open the door.]

Anna: Come on, Gwen. Hey?

[The maids precede Bates through the door and walk down the corridor. Bates leans against the wall for support and Mrs Hughes finds him closing his eyes in pain.]

Mrs Hughes: Mr Bates? What's the matter?

Mr Bates: Nothing. Not a thing. I'm fine.

Mrs Hughes: Let me help you.

Mr Bates: I'm perfectly all right, thank you Mrs Hughes.

Mrs Hughes: Are you sure? You're as white as a sheet.

Mr Bates: It's my wonderful complexion inherited from my Irish mother.

[Mrs Hughes contemplates his behaviour as she watches him walk away.]

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

[William and Thomas enter with empty trays. Thomas sneaks some dessert as the kitchen maids cut it and pour punch.]

Mrs Patmore: Take it. Take it, don't dawdle!

[The footmen take off with the trays of food and drink.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - DAY]

[Carson stands at the door.]

Mr Carson: William.

[Carson directs where the footmen should bring the drinks. Lord and Lady Grantham greet the hunting party while the footmen serve those is hunting pink. The dogs beg

for food from Thomas.]

Lynch: Can you see them, milady?

Lady Mary: Not yet. Oh, wait a minute, here is Mr Napier. I was beginning to give up on you. We're moving off.

[Napier takes off his hat to Mary.]

Evelyn Napier: We were fools not to accept your mother's invitation and send the horses down early. As it is, my groom only got here an hour or two ago and my mount's as jump as a deb at her first ball.

Lady Mary: What about Mr Pamuk? I gather if he takes a tumble, you will be endangering world peace.

Evelyn Napier: Don't worry about Kemal. He knows what he's doing on a horse.

Lady Mary: Well, where is he?

Evelyn Napier: Fussing. He's rather a dandy.

Lady Mary: Well, I can see him now. A funny little foreigner with a wide, toothy grin and hair reeking with pomade.

Evelyn Napier: I wouldn't quite say that. Here he is now.

[Mary turns with a snobbish smile, but her jaw drops as he rides up.]

Kemal Pamuk: Lady Mary Crawley, I presume?

[Pamuk takes off his hat to her.]

Lady Mary: You presume right.

Kemal Pamuk: Sorry to be so dishevelled. We've been on a train since dawn and we had to change in a shed.

Lady Mary: You don't look dishevelled to me.

[Someone blows the hunting horn.]

Lady Mary: Lynch, you don't have to stay with me.

Lynch: But His Lordship asked me to.

Lady Mary: It's a waste of your day. Help Mr Napier's man get their things back to house.

Lynch: His Lordship said--

Evelyn Napier: Don't worry, I'll look after her.

Kemal Pamuk: We'll make it our business to keep her from harm, I promise.

[The hunting party rides off, leaving Lynch behind.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Mary sees Kemal stopping off to the side and rides to join him.]

Lady Mary: I hope the day is living up to your expectations.

Kemal Pamuk: It is exceeding them in every way.

Lady Mary: And where's Mr Napier?

Kemal Pamuk: He's gone over the bridge, look.

Lady Mary: Ah.

Kemal Pamuk: And, er, what about you? Will you follow him? Or will you come over the jump with me?

[He nods to the fence in front of them.]

Lady Mary: Oh, I was never much one for going 'round by the road.

Kemal Pamuk: Stay by me and we'll take it together.

[They ride back and jump the fence to ride through the mud.]

[INT. CHURCH - DAY]

Lady Edith: I wish we could talk a little more about you. What was it like growing up in Manchester?

Matthew Crawley: Does it say anything about the side aisle?

[Edith looks at a pamphlet.]

Lady Edith: The side aisles were added in the 14th century by Bishop Richard De Warren.

Matthew Crawley: Yes, you can see that in the...treatment of the stone.

Lady Edith: It's wonderful to think of all those men and women worshipping together through the centuries, isn't it? Dreaming and hoping much as we do, I suppose.

Matthew Crawley: Was the screen at Cromwell casualty?

Lady Edith: I--I daresay.

Matthew Crawley: I wonder how Mary's getting on.

Lady Edith: All right, I should think. Why?

Matthew Crawley: I just wonder. Will she stay with the hunt the whole day?

Lady Edith: You know Mary, she likes to be in at the kill.

Matthew Crawley: Where shall we go next?

Lady Edith: Not home?

Matthew Crawley: Oh, not yet. We've time for one more at least before we lose the light.

Lady Edith: I underestimated your enthusiasm.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, FRONT WALK - DAY]

[Pamuk, Napier, and Mary dismount and walk toward the house in good spirits.]

Kemal Pamuk: Come on.

[INT. ENTRYWAY/GREAT HALL - DAY]

[Thomas enters and approaches Carson as the party removes their riding clothes.]

Thomas: Is that one mine?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Home is the hunter home from the hill.

[Robert sees the mud on Pamuk and Mary's ruffled hair.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Heavens, you have been in the wars.

Lady Mary: Papa, this is Mr Pamuk. My father, Lord Grantham.

Kemal Pamuk: How do you do, my lord?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Did you have a good day?

Kemal Pamuk: Couldn't have been better.

Mr Carson: This is Thomas, sir. He'll be looking after you.

Lady Mary: You remember Mr Napier.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Of course. How are you?

Evelyn Napier: So kind of you to have us, Lady Grantham.

Lady Mary: And this is Mr Pamuk.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: How do you do?

Kemal Pamuk: My lady.

[Pamuk bows to kiss Cora's hand.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Well, what would you like?

Lady Mary: Just baths. We're worn out.

Thomas: Erm, your cases are upstairs, sir, if you'd like to follow me.

Kemal Pamuk: Yes.

[Anna enters one of the servants' corridors where O'Brien and Gwen are peering out. Thomas gives them an eye as he leads Pamuk to his guest room.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham (background): Well, I hope Mary hasn't left you too exhausted.

Evelyn Napier (background): No, not a bit of it.

Gwen: He doesn't look Turkish at all.

Anna: Well, he doesn't look like any Englishman I've ever met. Worse luck. I think he's beautiful.

[Carson enters to find the three maids standing just inside the servants' door.]

Mr Carson: Is there some crisis of which I am unaware?

Miss O'Brien: No, Mr Carson

Mr Carson: I cannot think of another reason why you should congregate here.

Anna: No, Mr Carson.

[The maids go their separate ways as footmen enter.]

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

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Have you seen our visitor? Quite a treat for the ladies.

Mr Bates: Indeed, milord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Are they settled in all right?

Mr Bates: I think so. Mr Napier's valet seems a competent fellow and Thomas knows what he's doing.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Why doesn't the gorgeous Turk have his own chap?

Mr Bates: Apparently his man speaks no English, so Mr Pamuk decided to leave him in London.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Probably very wise. I hope Thomas doesn't mind.

Mr Bates: Oh, you know Thomas, milord. He has to have a grumble, but I gather he cheered up when he saw the gentleman.

[Bates sucks in a breath when he steps with his bad leg.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Bates, is anything wrong?

Mr Bates: Nothing at all, milord. Is that strap too tight?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mm.

[INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT]

Thomas: Can I adjust it, sir?

[Thomas fixes the vest strap.]

Kemal Pamuk: Now, I'm relying on you to see that I go downstairs properly dressed.

Thomas: Don't worry, sir. I've got sharp eyes for anything out of order.

Kemal Pamuk: Then I put myself entirely in your hands.

Thomas: You do right, sir.

[Thomas hands Pamuk a bowtie.]

Thomas: I should love to visit Turkey.

Kemal Pamuk: Yes, it's a...it's a wonderful country.

[Pamuk can't tie his bowtie and gives up in frustration.]

Kemal Pamuk: My man always does this. Can you?

[Thomas ties the bowtie.]

Thomas: I'm very attracted to the Turkish culture.

Kemal Pamuk: Then I hope your chance will come to something.

Thomas: I hope so, too.

[Thomas cups Pamuk's face in his hand, but Pamuk jerks away from his touch.]

Kemal Pamuk: You forget yourself!

Thomas: I--I'm sorry, sir. I--

Kemal Pamuk: That will teach you to believe what the English say about foreigners. I ought to report you.

Thomas: I think...you mist--

Kemal Pamuk: I misunderstood nothing. But...I will make you an offer.

[Pamuk turns around to fix his bowtie.]

Kemal Pamuk: Later tonight I may need some help with the...geography of house.

Thomas: The geography?

Kemal Pamuk: Yes. I'm not sure yet, but I may wish to pay someone a visit. If that is the case, you will help me...

[Pamuk turns back around.]

Kemal Pamuk: And I will say nothing of your behaviour.

[Thomas nods.]

[INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I don't understand. Why--why would she want to be a secretary?

Matthew Crawley: She wants a different life.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: But why? I should far prefer to be a maid in a large and pleasant house than work from dawn till dusk in a cramped and gloomy office. Don't you agree, Carson?

Mr Carson: I do, my lady.

Lady Mary: Why are we talking about this? What does it matter?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: It matters that the people that live and work here are content.

Lady Sybil: Of course. We should be helping Gwen if that's what she wants.

Isobel Crawley: I agree. Surely we must all encourage those less fortunate to improve their lot where they can.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Not if it isn't in their best interests.

Isobel Crawley: Isn't the maid a better judge of that than we are?

Lady Mary: What do you say, Mr Pamuk? Should our housemaid be kept enslaved or forced out into the world?

Kemal Pamuk: Why are you English so curious about other people's lives? If she wishes to leave, and the law permits it, then let her go.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: But perhaps the law should not permit it, for the common good.

Isobel Crawley: So, you hanker for the days of serfdom.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I hanker for a simpler world. Is that a crime?

Kemal Pamuk: I do dream of a simpler world, as long as we can keep our trains and our dentistry.

[They chuckle.]

Lady Mary: I wish I shared your enthusiasm. Our dentist is horrid.

Kemal Pamuk: Well, why go to him, then?

Lady Mary: Well, he treated all of us when we were children. You know how the English are about these things.

Kemal Pamuk: Mm.

[Matthew watches Mary and Pamuk intently as they smile and chuckle at the other end of the table.]

Kemal Pamuk: Well, the next time you feel a twinge, you must come to Istanbul.

Lady Mary: Wouldn't the journey be painful?

Kemal Pamuk: Sometimes we must endure a little pain in order to achieve satisfaction.

Evelyn Napier: Lady Mary rode very well today.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Why did you send Lynch back?

Lady Mary: I had my champions to left and right. It was enough.

[Matthew doesn't seem to like that comment.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Did you enjoy the hunt today, Mr Napier? Mary said you had a tremendous run.

Evelyn Napier: It was like something out of a trollop novel.

[Robert chuckles.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What about you, Mr Pamuk? Was your day successful?

Kemal Pamuk: Oh, yes, Lady Grantham. I can hardly remember a better one.

[Mary seems to tense uncomfortably at the comment. Matthew isn't pleased.]

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING]

[Robert watches Mary talking with Napier, Pamuk, and Matthew Crawley.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Mary has more suitors tonight than the Princess Aurora.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Will she judge them sensibly?

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Oh, no one's sensible at her age. Nor should they be. That's our role.

Kemal Pamuk: Well, if you'll excuse me.

Matthew Crawley: Was it fun to be back in the saddle?

Lady Mary: Yes. Although, I'll pay for it tomorrow.

Matthew Crawley: Would you ever come out with me? Or aren't we friends enough for that?

Lady Mary: Oh, I think it might be--

Evelyn Napier: That run reminded me of a day last month up in Cheshire.

[Pamuk catches Mary's eye and nods for her to join him.]

Evelyn Napier: We came down the side of a hill and--

Lady Mary: Excuse me.

[Both men are surprised by her rudeness and obvious preference for Pamuk.]

Matthew Crawley: It seems we must brush up on our powers of fascination.

Evelyn Napier: I was a fool to bring him here.

Matthew Crawley: Don't you like him?

Evelyn Napier: (scoffs) Well, I like him very much, but so does everyone else, unfortunately.

[Edith smiles at Matthew and moves his way. Napier notices.]

Evelyn Napier: Excuse me.

[Napier leaves. Matthew notices as Edith steps up to him. He gives her a polite smile.]

Matthew Crawley: I hope I didn't wear you out today.

Lady Edith: Not at all. I enjoyed it. We must do it again.

[Matthew watches Mary as Edith talks. Pamuk leaves the room.]

Matthew Crawley: Next time, let's take my mother. She was so jealous she made me promise she could come with us.

Lady Edith: Of course. How nice that would be.

[Thomas notices Mary walk past him to follow Pamuk out of the room.]

Lady Mary: What is it?

Kemal Pamuk: Is this picture really a Della Francesca?

Lady Mary: I think so. The second earl brought back several paintings from--

[Pamuk grabs Mary's face and kisses her furiously, pushing her against the wall.]

Lady Mary (whisper): Mr Pamuk!

Kemal Pamuk: Let me come to you tonight, please.

Lady Mary: I can't think what I have said that has led you to believe--

Kemal Pamuk: Please. I don't know when we'll meet again. So let it be tonight.

[Pamuk leans in to kiss her again, but Mary pushes him back.]

Lady Mary: Mr Pamuk, I will not repeat your words to my father since I should hate to see you cast out into the darkness, but can we agree to consider them unsaid? Now, if you'll excuse me, I shall rejoin my mother and sisters.

[Mary returns to the drawing room. Pamuk watches her go, then smiles.]

[INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT]

[Thomas leads Pamuk through the house. Pamuk is wearing a dressing gown. Thomas stops at a door and nods. Pamuk nods and enters.]

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Mary is reading in bed when Pamuk enters. She snaps the book shut, scrambles out of bed, and pulls the comforter to cover her nightgown. She keeps her voice to a whisper.]

Lady Mary: You must be mad!

Kemal Pamuk: I am. I am in the grip of madness.

Lady Mary: Please leave at once or I'll...

Kemal Pamuk: Or you'll what?

Lady Mary: I'll scream.

Kemal Pamuk: No, you won't.

Lady Mary: Well, I'll ring the bell, then.

Kemal Pamuk: And who's on duty now? The hall boy? Will you really let him find a man in your bedroom? What a story.

Lady Mary: Do you have any idea what you're asking? I'd be ruined if they even knew we'd had this conversation, let alone if they--

Kemal Pamuk: What? Don't worry. You can still be a virgin for your husband.

Lady Mary: Heavens, is this a proposal?

Kemal Pamuk: Oh. Alas, no. I don't think our union would please your family.

Lady Mary: I'm afraid not.

Kemal Pamuk: Nor mine. But...

[Pamuk steps close to her.]

Kemal Pamuk: ...a little imagination...you wouldn't be the first.

Lady Mary: You and my parents have something in common.

Kemal Pamuk: Oh?

Lady Mary: You believe I'm...

[Pamuk begins to kiss her neck.]

Lady Mary: ...much more of a rebel than I am. Now, please go.

[Pamuk lays her down on the bed as he kisses her.]

Lady Mary: I'm not what you think I am. If it's my mistake, if I've led you on, I'm sorry, but...I'm not.

Kemal Pamuk: You are just what I think you are.

[Pamuk continues kissing her neck.]

Lady Mary: No. I've never done anything.

Kemal Pamuk: Of course not. One look at you would tell me that.

[Pamuk finally kisses her on the lips.]

Kemal Pamuk: Oh, my darling.

[Pamuk goes to kiss her again, but Mary stops him.]

Lady Mary: Won't it hurt? Is it safe?

Kemal Pamuk: Trust me.

[Mary gives in and kisses him back and puts her arms around his neck.]

[INT. HOUSEMAIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Mary puts her hand over Anna's mouth as she sleeps and Anna wakes. Mary puts a finger to her lips to hush Anna and beckons Anna to follow her. Gwen doesn't wake.]

[INT.]

[They whisper in the corridor.]

Lady Mary: He's dead. I think he's dead. No, I'm sure he's dead.

Anna: But how? Wh...

Lady Mary: We were together and...he's dead.

Anna: In your room?

[Mary nods and tries to hold back her tears.]

Anna: We've got to get him back to his own bed.

Lady Mary: But how? It's in the bachelor's corridor miles from my room.

Anna: Well, could we manage it between us?

Lady Mary: He weighs a ton. I can hardly shift him at all. We'll need at least one other. What about Bates?

[Anna shakes her head.]

Anna: He couldn't lift him. William can't keep a secret, and Thomas wouldn't try to.

Lady Mary: We've got to do something!

Anna: Then who else has as much to lose as you if it ever gets out?

Lady Mary: Not Papa. Please don't say Papa, I couldn't bear the way he'd look at me.

Anna: No, not His Lordship.

[INT. LADY MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Cora looks at the body and Mary in shock. They talk in whispers.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: What happened?

Lady Mary: I don't know. A heart attack, I suppose, or a stroke or...he was alive and suddenly he cried out and then he was dead!

Cora, Countess of Grantham: But...why was he here at all? Did he force himself on you?

[Mary hesitates, then shakes her head.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Well...

[Cora tries to cope with that shock.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We can talk about that later. Now, we must decide what to do for the best.

Anna: There's only one thing we can do.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I couldn't. It's not possible.

Lady Mary: If you don't, we will figure in a scandal of such magnitude it will never be forgotten until long after we're both dead. I'll be ruined, Mama! Ruined and notorious, a laughingstock, a social pariah. Is that what you want for your eldest daughter? Is it what you want for the family?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: We must cover him up.

[INT. CORRIDOR - DAWN]

[Mary, Anna, and Cora carry the body in a sheet. They talk in whispers.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Hurry, the servants will be up soon.

Anna: We've got time.

[Mary stumbles and drops Pamuk's feet.]

Lady Mary: Mama!

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Sorry!

[They shift positions as they reach the guest bedroom door. Mary drops Pamuk's feet again. Daisy sees them in the corridor as they carry the body into the room. She shrinks back into the servants' corridor.]

[INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAWN]

[The women situate Pamuk under his bed covers and Cora takes the sheet they carried him in. Mary tries to close his eyes, but they keep popping open.]

Lady Mary (weeping): I can't make his eyes stay shut.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Leave that and come away.

[Anna turns the light out.]

Lady Mary: He was so beautiful.

Anna: Her Ladyship's right. We must get back to our rooms.

[Mary and Anna walk to Cora at the door.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I feel now that I can never forgive what you have put me through this night. I hope in time I will come to be more merciful, but I doubt it.

[Mary nods.]

Lady Mary: You won't tell Papa?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Since it would probably kill him, and certainly ruin his life, I will not. But I keep this secret for his sake, not for yours.

Lady Mary: Yes, Mama.

[Mary looks down in acceptance and shame. Cora hands the bed sheet to Anna.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Anna, I will not insult you by asking that you also conceal Lady Mary's shame. Let us go.

[They exit and Anna blows out the candle before she closes the door.]

[INT. BACHELOR'S CORRIDOR - MORNING]

[Thomas brings a breakfast tray to Pamuk's room. He knocks before entering and stops short when he sees Pamuk dead in the bed.]

[INT. GREAT HALL - MORNING]

[Napier sees Mary as she descends the stairs.]

Evelyn Napier: I imagine you've heard what's happened?

Lady Mary: Yes.

Evelyn Napier: Terrible thing. Awful. Ghastly for your parents. I don't suppose I shall ever make it up to them.

Lady Mary: It wasn't your fault.

Evelyn Napier: Well, I brought him here. If it isn't my fault, whose is it?

[Mary is clearly uncomfortable. Her eyes are red from crying.]

Evelyn Napier: I was wondering if you might show me the gardens before I go. We could get some fresh air.

Lady Mary: I won't, if you'll forgive me. I ought to s--stay and help Mama.

Evelyn Napier: Of course.

[Napier nods and turns round to leave, but stops and turns back.]

Evelyn Napier: I am so sorry about all this. I've told your father I'll deal with the embassy. There won't be any more annoyance for you.

Lady Mary: Thank you.

Evelyn Napier: Actually, he was a terribly nice fellow. I wish I could have known him better.

[Mary begins to cry again.]

Evelyn Napier: I took him on as a duty, but I liked him more and more the longer I knew him.

[Mary covers her mouth as she cries.]

Evelyn Napier: Perhaps you saw his qualities for yourself.

[Mary goes back upstairs crying.]

Evelyn Napier: Which obviously you did.

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR/KITCHENS - DAY]

William: I had an uncle who went like that. Finished his cocoa, closed his book and fell back dead on the pillow.

Thomas: I don't think Mr Pamuk bothered with cocoa much, or books. He had other interests.

William: I meant, you can go just like that.

[William snaps his fingers.]

William: With no reason.

Gwen: Well, that's why you should treat every day as if it were your last.

Thomas: Well, we couldn't criticise Mr Pamuk where that's concerned.

Daisy: What do you mean?

Thomas: Nothing. Careful with that.

[Daisy stares after Thomas as she absentmindedly stirs a bowl. Anna walks upstairs. Gwen is following when Sybil appears around the corner of the servants' hall with a newspaper in her hands.]

Lady Sybil: Gwen, are you busy?

Gwen: Your Ladyship?

[Sybil steps back into the servants' hall and Gwen joins her.]

Lady Sybil: I saw this.

[Sybil shows Gwen the newspaper.]

Lady Sybil: It came out yesterday, look. It's for a secretary at a new firm in Thirsk. See?

Gwen: But...I don't understand. How did you know?

Lady Sybil: That you want to leave? Carson told my father.

Gwen: And you don't mind?

Lady Sybil: Why should I? I think it's terrific that people make their own lives, especially women. Write to them today and name me as your reference. I can give it without ever specifying precisely what your work here has been.

[Sybil turns to leave.]

Gwen: Milady...thank you.

[Sybil nods with a smile and leaves.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Napier walks towards Cora who is strolling around the grounds.]

Evelyn Napier: Lady Grantham! I've come to say goodbye. They're bringing the car around to take me to the station.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Have you said goodbye to Mary?

Evelyn Napier: I have.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Will we be seeing you here again?

Evelyn Napier: Nothing would give me more pleasure, but I'm afraid I'm a little busy at the moment, and...I wonder if I might risk embarrassing you, because I should like to make myself clear. The truth is, Lady Grantham, I'm not a vain man. I do not consider myself a very interesting person, but I feel it's important that my future wife should think me so. A woman who finds me boring could never love me, and I believe marriage should be based on love. (chuckles) At least at the start.

[Cora smiles.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Thank you for your faith in me, Mr Napier. Your instincts do you credit. Good luck to you.

[They shake hands.]

[INT. LIBRARY - DAY]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Did Mr Napier get off all right?

Mr Carson: He did, my lord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: And poor Mr Pamuk has been taken care of?

Mr Carson: We got Grasby's from Thirsk in the end. They're very good and they didn't mind coming out on a Sunday.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Is everyone all right downstairs?

Mr Carson: Well, you know. He was a handsome stranger from foreign parts one minute, and the next he was as dead as a doornail. It's bound to be a shock.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Of course. Upstairs or down. It's been horrid for the ladies, and for the female staff, I expect.

Mr Carson: It's particularly hard on the younger maids.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Indeed. Don't let the footmen be too coarse in front of them. Thomas likes to show off, but we must have a care for feminine sensibilities. They are finer and more fragile than our own.

[Mr Carson nods.]

[INT. SERVANTS' CORRIDOR - DAY]

[Mrs Hughes finds Mr Bates cringing over his leg again.]

Mrs Hughes: Mr Bates?

[Bates straightens and pretends nothing is wrong.]

Mrs Hughes: I am going to have to insist that you tell me what is the matter.

Mr Bates: I thought it was for Mr Carson to give me orders.

Mrs Hughes: Mr Carson's no better than any other man when it comes to illness. Now, tell me what it is and I'll see what I can do.

Mr Bates: It's nothing, truly. I've twisted my bad leg and walked on it too soon. It'll be fine in a day or two.

Mrs Hughes: Well, if it isn't, I'm sending for the doctor.

[INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY]

[Mary is entranced in her own gloomy thoughts. Carson enters to introduce Violet.]

Mr Carson: The Dowager Countess.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh, my dears, is it really true? I--I can't believe it. Last night he looked so well. Of course, it would happen to a foreigner. It's typical.

Lady Mary: Don't be ridiculous.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: I'm not being ridiculous. No Englishman would dream of dying in someone else's house. Especially someone they didn't even know.

Lady Sybil: Oh, Granny, even the English aren't in control of everything.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Well, I hope we're in control of something, if only ourselves.

Lady Mary: But we're not! Don't you see that? We're not in control of anything at all!

[Mary leaves quickly.]

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Edith, go and tell Mary to come back at once and apologise to her grandmother.

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: No, leave her alone. She's had a shock, we all have. Just let her rest.

[Carson opens the door and William carries in the tea.]

Violet, Dowager Countess of Grantham: Oh, just the ticket. Nanny always said, "Sweet tea is the thing for frayed nerves." Though why it has to be sweet, I couldn't tell you.

[INT. KITCHENS - DAY]

Gwen: What did you mean, "Mr Pamuk lived each day as if it were his last"?

Thomas: What I said.

Gwen: But, well, how did you know?

Thomas: Can't keep William waiting. Gangway.

Miss O'Brien: I'll be asking the same question later, so you better have an answer ready.

[Thomas leaves with a smirk.]

Mrs Patmore: Daisy, where have you hidden the flour? I can't see it anywhere.

Daisy: It's just there, Mrs Patmore.

Mrs Patmore: Well, fetch it to me, then. Oh, you're all in a daze today.

[INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DAY]

Matthew Crawley: Do you think we should've gone up there? To see how they are?

Isobel Crawley: I sent a note, but I thought I'd be in the way. Why?

Matthew Crawley: Well, I thought Mary was rather struck with him last night, didn't you?

Isobel Crawley: Well, it must've been frightful for all of them. But there it is. In the midst of life, we are in death.

[INT. LADY GRANTHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT]

Miss O'Brien: I suppose Mr Napier will have to manage everything.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I suppose he will.

Miss O'Brien: We all thought him a very nice gentleman.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Yes, he is nice.

Miss O'Brien: Will we be seeing a lot of him?

Cora, Countess of Grantham: I don't expect so, no.

Miss O'Brien: Because we rather hope Lady Mary might have taken a shine to him.

Cora, Countess of Grantham: Seems not.

Miss O'Brien: Oh, well. There are plenty more fish in the sea than ever came out of it.

[INT. BACHELOR'S CORRIDOR/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT]

[Carson enters to check the room. Mary is sitting on a chair in a corner.]

Lady Mary: Are you looking for something?

[Carson is startled.]

Mr Carson: Lady Mary?

[Mary stands.]

Mr Carson: I just wanted to make sure the room had been tidied up after the...after the people had left.

Lady Mary: Life can be terribly unfair, can't it?

Mr Carson: It certainly can.

Lady Mary: Everything seems so golden one minute, then turns to ashes the next. Can I ask you a question, Carson? Have you ever felt your life was somehow...slipping away? And there was nothing you could do to stop it?

Mr Carson: I think everyone feels that at one time or another.

Lady Mary: The odd thing is, I feel...for the first time, really...I understand what it is to be happy. It's just that I know that I won't be.

Mr Carson: Don't say that, my lady. Don't raise the white flag quite yet. You will still be mistress of Downton. Old Lady Grantham hasn't given up the fight, not by a long shot.

Lady Mary: Oh, that. I wasn't even thinking about that.

Mr Carson: And if I may say so, my lady, you're still very young.

Lady Mary: Am I? I don't feel it.

Mr Carson: We're all behind you, my lady. The staff. We're all on your side.

[Mary smiles.]

Lady Mary: Thank you, Carson. You've always been so kind to me. Always. From when I was quite a little girl. Why is that?

Mr Carson: Even a butler has his favourites, my lady.

[Mary smiles.]

Lady Mary: Does he? I'm glad.

Anna: Lady Mary?

[Mary stands and dries her eyes.]

Anna: Oh, milady, I thought--

[Anna sees Carson.]

Lady Mary: Carson and I were just making sure that everything was shipshape in Bristol fashion. And it is.

[Mary walks to the door and Anna exits.]

Lady Mary: Goodnight, Carson.

Mr Carson: Goodnight, my lady.

[They exit.]

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

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Of all the men on earth. I mean, he looked so fit. Dr Clarkson said it was a heart attack. Did you see any signs?

Mr Bates: I didn't have much of a chance to study the gentleman.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: You don't suppose there's anything sinister in it, do you? Every day the papers warn us of German spies, and they did say his presence was essential for peace in Albania.

Mr Bates: I doubt it, my lord. Anyone wanting to poison his food would have to get past Mrs Patmore.

[Robert chuckles.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Blimey, that's a thought. Unless, of course, she's a spy herself.

[Bates cringes in pain. Robert is concerned.]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I wish you'd tell me what's wrong, Bates. You'll be in no trouble. I only want to help.

Mr Bates: I know that, Your Lordship, and I am grateful, truly, but there is nothing I need help with.

[Robert nods and lets it go.]

[INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING]

Robert, Earl of Grantham: Good morning, Mrs Hughes.

Mrs Hughes: Good morning, milord.

Robert, Earl of Grantham: I wonder if you...

[Robert looks back at his room where he left Bates.]

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

[Bates leans on the bed frame, doubled over in pain. Mrs Hughes enters and Bates straightens.]

Mrs Hughes: Now, will you kindly explain what in heaven is going on?

Mr Bates: I'm perfectly well, Mrs Hughes. A bit stiff, that's all.

[Mr Bates begins to limp towards the door, but Mrs Hughes closes it.]

Mrs Hughes: Just so long as you know, I'm not leaving until you tell me.

[Mr Bates sits in a chair and Mrs Hughes turns to him expectantly.]

Mr Bates: I hope you have a strong stomach.

[Mr Bates pulls up his pant leg, revealing severe bruising, bleeding, and swelling caused by the limp corrector. Mrs Hughes grimaces.]

Mrs Hughes: Oh, my God.

[Mrs Hughes puts a hand to her mouth in horror.]

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, GROUNDS - DAY]

[Matthew walks away from the house to join Mary.]

Matthew Crawley: Cousin Mary?

Lady Mary: Hello. Are we expecting you?

Matthew Crawley: No, but I wanted to see you. I looked for you yesterday at church.

Lady Mary: I wasn't feeling up to it. None of us were.

Matthew Crawley: Must have been a horrible shock.

Lady Mary: Yes.

Matthew Crawley: And he seemed a nice fellow.

Lady Mary: He was. A very nice fellow.

Matthew Crawley: So, if there's anything I can do...please ask.

Lady Mary: There isn't. But thank you.

[EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY, LAKE - DAY]

[Mrs Hughes precedes Mr Bates down the dock to the lake. Mrs Hughes uncovers the limp corrector she's carrying and hands it to Bates.]

Mr Bates: Well, here goes.

Mrs Hughes: Do you not think we ought to say a few words?

Mr Bates: What? Good riddance?

Mrs Hughes: That. And your promise.

Mr Bates: Very well. I promise I will never again try to cure myself. I will spend my life happily as the butt of other's jokes, and I will never mind them.

Mrs Hughes: We all carry scars, Mr Bates, inside or out. You're no different to the rest of us, remember that.

Mr Bates: I will try to. That I do promise.

[Mrs Hughes nods and Bates throws the "limp corrector" into the lake.]

Mrs Hughes: Good riddance!

[EXT. COURTYARD - DAY]

Miss O'Brien: So, he definitely went in?

Thomas: Saw him walk through the door.

Miss O'Brien: But you don't know if he went back to his own room?

Thomas: Yes, I do, 'cause I was the one who found him there the next day.

Miss O'Brien: What I mean is, you don't know if he went back under his own steam.

Thomas: Suppose not, but how else would he a done it?

Miss O'Brien: That's what they call "the big question".

Thomas: I don't want to get in any trouble over this.

Miss O'Brien: Don't worry. You won't. Your secret's safe with me.

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