

DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.02

OPENING CREDITS

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

We follow Ivy as she carries something for the servants' breakfast into the servants' hall. The whole Team Downstairs is seated at the table - Carson, Mrs Hughes, Thomas, Anna, Jimmy, Alfred, Bates and also Edna Braithwaite in the uniform of a lady's maid. Mrs Hughes is walking to her seat, her eyes on a letter in her hand.

MRS HUGHES: Oh, heavens. This is nice. It's from Gwen. She's married!

EDNA: Who's Gwen?

ANNA: She used to work as a housemaid here. She left to be a secretary.

A bell on the bell board rings.

MRS HUGHES: That's her ladyship for you, Miss Braithwaite.
Edna puts her knife and fork down and rises.

MRS HUGHES *(still reporting from the letter)*: She says they kept it very quiet because his mother's ill, but she hopes she can introduce us to him in due course.

ANNA: Well, I think it's lovely. We should send her a card. I'll get one and we can all sign it.

Thomas gets up and leaves. In the downstairs passage, he runs into Edna who is still there because she needed to pick something up.

EDNA: Sorry. I nearly forgot this.

THOMAS: No harm done. How are you finding it? Have that lot got used to your promotion yet?

EDNA: Some of them.

THOMAS: But not all, eh?

EDNA: I'll be fine. I don't need to have everyone love me.

THOMAS: Nor me. *(With something like a sigh)* Which is just as well.

In the background, the breakfast party is breaking up. Anna kisses her husband before they go their separate ways about their work, then walks up to Edna.

ANNA: Miss Braithwaite? I hope you don't mind, but can I give you some advice?

EDNA: Go on.

ANNA: Mr Barrow never bothered with you when you were a housemaid, but he will now. I should be friendly, but keep him at arm's length if I were you.

EDNA: I'd better get on.

She's not convinced. Edna walks up the stairs while the general hustle and bustle in the downstairs area continues. Jimmy comes

back into the emptying servants' hall carrying a large parcel. He puts it on the table near Carson.

JIMMY: What do you think's in it?

CARSON: I cannot say, James. *(Sarcastically)* It's addressed to Lady Mary, so perhaps you could question her later?

MRS HUGHES: Mr Carson? *(She draws him out into the corridor where they can speak more privately.)* You see the box has been delivered from the late Mr Crawley's office?

CARSON: Yes.

MRS HUGHES: Well, ought we to give it straight to Lady Mary? Shouldn't someone else see it first? In case there's something in it to make her cry.

CARSON: You may be right. I'll take it to his lordship and he can decide.

INT. ROBERT'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY

A pair of hands opens up a dispatch box. On top of some books and papers in it is the little stuffed dog that Mary gave Matthew as a lucky charm back in Season 2. We see Robert picking it up. Next, he retrieves a book. A folded piece of paper drops out of it onto the carpet.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Jimmy walks in holding a newspaper. Daisy and Ivy are at work. Mrs Patmore is at her small desk.

JIMMY: I say. Phyllis Dare's coming to the Theatre Royal in York. 'Miss Dare will appear in *The Lady Of The Rose* which was a hit musical of the London season'.

IVY: Who's Phyllis Dare?

JIMMY: Only one of the Dare sisters(*). Zena and Phyllis Dare, up here in York!

DAISY: What happened to the other one?

JIMMY: She married the son of Lord Esher, then retired.

MRS PATMORE *(over her shoulder, from her desk)*: Oh, it's all right for some!

JIMMY *(to Ivy)*: Have you truly never heard of them?

IVY: Why would I? I don't go to the theatre.

JIMMY: You must have been sometimes?

IVA: No, I've never been.

MRS PATMORE: She's got better things to spend her money on. *But Ivy gives Jimmy a smile as if there's nothing that she'd rather spend her money on.*

**) Phyllis Dare (1890 - 1975) and her sister Zena Dare (1887 - 1975) were hugely successful English singers and actresses, most famous for their performances in Edwardian musical comedy and other musical theatre in the first half of the 20th century. While Phyllis never left the stage until her retirement in 1951, Zena briefly did during her marriage to an aristocrat, as Jimmy says here. But she was back on the stage by 1926 and wouldn't leave again until 1963.*

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Violet is in an armchair by the fireside. Robert stands across from her. She's holding a sheet of paper.

VIOLET: I don't understand you. Of course you must give it to her.

ROBERT: But what if it has no legal status? I don't want to build her hopes up only to have them dashed.

VIOLET (*referring to the letter*): Robert, Matthew intended Mary to be his sole heiress. That will mean a great deal to her whether or not it's legal. Can't you see that?

ROBERT: But is it right to exclude George?

VIOLET: Well, right or not, it is what he wanted. Besides, it's not up to you.

Robert takes the letter back.

ROBERT: I'll send it to Murray.

VIOLET: Well, Mary must read it before you send it anywhere. Or are you trying to hide from the truth?

ROBERT: What truth?

VIOLET: That you would prefer to be in sole charge of the estate and not share the crown with Mary.

ROBERT (*angrily*): Don't be silly. This won't make any difference to all that. She won't want to get involved.

VIOLET (*sternly*): When you talk like that, I'm tempted to ring for Nanny and have you put to bed with no supper.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DAY

DR CLARKSON (V. O.): Good bye, Mr Grigg.

MR GRIGG (V. O.): Thank you, Doctor.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. HALL. DAY

Dr Clarkson comes walking down the stairs, where Mrs Hughes stands waiting for him.

DR CLARKSON: All he needs to put him right is some paid work.

MRS HUGHES: It's hard for a healthy young man to find a job these days, never mind poor old Mr Grigg.

DR CLARKSON: I know. *(To the maid, who hands him his coat)* Thank you. But Mrs Crawley has things in hand. *(He puts his coat on.)* My guess is that you knew what you were doing, bringing him here.
ISOBEL *(V. O., from upstairs)*: Mrs Hughes? Won't you come up?

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. GUEST BEDROOM. DAY

Mr Grigg, looking a little more human than the last time we saw him, moves to rise from his chair as Mrs Hughes walks in. Isobel stands next to him.

MRS HUGHES: Oh, don't get up for me.

MR GRIGG: What news of Charlie?

MRS HUGHES: Mr Carson is still very busy, but he sends his best wishes.

MR GRIGG *(sitting down again, doubtfully)*: Does he? How did he phrase that exactly?

MRS HUGHES: Well, he... he said to tell you -

MR GRIGG: He didn't say nothing, did he?

MRS HUGHES: You have to understand, he doesn't remember the days you spent together with any great nostalgia.

MR GRIGG: He thinks it were all my fault... but it weren't.

MRS HUGHES: Meaning what?

MR GRIGG: Never mind. But it weren't my fault.

There's something very tragic going on, but neither of the women know what he's talking about.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE KITCHEN. DAY

Daisy is working. Alfred, rather incongruously for a footman, is helping out chopping something.

DAISY: They're all coming tonight, so we have to stretch dinner by two places.

ALFRED: Why, suddenly?

DAISY: I don't know, do I? Go on about Jimmy.

ALFRED: I just want Ivy to know he's not interested in her. He pretends he is because he knows it annoys me.

DAISY: How can you be so sure?

ALFRED: He hasn't been bothered about her before now, has he?

DAISY: Sometimes people come around.

ALFRED: You hope?

She gives him a look to let him know she wasn't just talking about Jimmy and Ivy, but he, as usual, doesn't get it. Mrs Patmore comes walking in.

MRS PATMORE: I thought the fish seller might be in the village, but he's not coming. *(She sits down at her desk.)* I'll have to go to Tuttles in York.

JIMMY (*walking in just then*): I can do it.

MRS PATMORE: What?

JIMMY: Go to York. You can tell Mr Carson I'm there on your business.

MRS PATMORE: We don't know he can spare you.

JIMMY: He will if you ask him.

Alfred and Daisy exchange a look the precise significance of which completely escapes me, but it's a friendly look.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. DAY

Anna comes walking down the street. In front of the church, workmen are busy renewing the tarmac. There's a tar oven standing close by, smoking. Anna recognises one of the workmen as Molesley. He sees her, but then goes back to his work. Anna hesitates, then walks over.

ANNA: Hello, Mr Molesley. (*He seems unhappy to be seen by her, but there's no help. He takes off his cap and wipes his sweaty, grimy face.*) How are things?

MOLESLEY: Well, as you can see, not very good.

ANNA (*determined to make the best of everything, as usual*): I don't agree. It's skilled work.

MOLESLEY: No, it isn't, not what I'm doing.

ANNA: I'm sure if you just wait something better will turn up.

MOLESLEY (*in a tone of real despair*): I have waited and nothing's turned up. I haven't earned a penny since Mr Crawley died and now I owe money all over the village.

ANNA: Yes, but surely with your -

MOLESLEY: Don't you understand? I'm at my wits' end! (*He's close to tears, but catches himself just in time.*) I apologise. I should not have said that. It was vulgar and self-important. Please, forgive me.

He puts his cap back on and resumes his work.

ANNA: How much do you owe?

MOLESLEY: What difference does it make? 15, 20 pounds. More than I've any likelihood of.

ANNA: Mr Molesley, would it be useful if Mr Bates and I lent you some money?

MOLESLEY: When would I pay it back?

ANNA: Give it, then. We'll give you some, if you like. Not much but... but some.

MOLESLEY: I couldn't accept that... but I thank you, I do, most sincerely.

FOREMAN (V. O.): Get back to work, there!

Molesley obeys, and Anna walks away pensively.

INT. ROBERT'S DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert is dressing for dinner in front of the mirror. Bates attends to him. Mary enters, also dressed for dinner.

MARY: Anna said you wanted to see me before I go down.

ROBERT: Yes. That is... *(He wants no witnesses.)* Thank you, Bates, that will be all. *(Bates leaves. Robert and Mary stand facing each other by the fireside.)* You know I've invited Granny and Isobel to dinner.

MARY: I didn't.

ROBERT: But - well, the thing is... There is a letter for you. From Matthew.

MARY: What? Where was it?

ROBERT: Hidden in a book in the office and so it was overlooked. They finally got round to packing up his things and brought them here this morning.

He picks the letter up from where it lay next to the dispatch box, and hands it to her.

MARY: Who opened it?

ROBERT: It wasn't sealed.

MARY: But you've read it before me?

ROBERT: Yes. I would have sent it to Murray to have it looked into, but your grandmother insisted you should see it first.

MARY: Granny's read it too? And what do you mean, 'To have it looked into?'

ROBERT: Read it. Then you'll understand.

Mary unfolds the letter with trembling hands.

INT. BACK STAIRS. NIGHT

Bates and Anna come walking downstairs.

ANNA: I felt so sorry for him. To be in debt like that is the worst thing.

BATES: Molesley's not having much luck.

ANNA: But if he won't accept help, then... *(She sighs.)* I don't know. I'm really upset by it.

BATES: Well, we can't have that.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

The entire family - Robert, Cora, Mary, Edith, Rose, Tom and their guests, Isobel and Violet, are assembled in the drawing room before dinner. Mary holds Matthew's letter in her hand.

ISOBEL: I don't understand. Did Matthew leave instructions after all?

ROBERT: He left a letter.

MARY: He wrote it before we went to Scotland.

ISOBEL: Well, where has it been?

ROBERT: Concealed in a book. They only dropped it off today.

Mary hands the letter to Robert.

MARY: Papa, you read it.

ROBERT (*reading from the letter*): 'My darling Mary, we are off to Duneagle in the morning and I have suddenly realised that I've never made a will or anything like one, which seems pretty feeble for a lawyer, and you being pregnant makes it even more irresponsible.'

VIOLET (*nodding sagely*): Hm, I'm afraid I have to agree with that.

ROBERT (*continuing to read Matthew's letter*): 'I'll do it properly when I get back and tear this up before you ever see it, but I'll feel easier that I've recorded on paper that I wish you to be my sole heiress.'

EDITH: What?

ROBERT: 'I cannot know if our baby is a boy or a girl. But I do know it will be a baby, if anything happens to me before I've drawn up a will, and so you must take charge.' (*The whole family is listening intently, all of them very moved. In fact, they're so moved that nobody seems to notice that this last line isn't even grammar.*) And now I shall sign this and get off home for dinner with you.' (*Mary starts to cry.*) 'What a lovely, lovely thought. Matthew.'

MARY (*still crying*): Now you see why I didn't want to read it.

ISOBEL: But surely it must be legal, or do there have to be witnesses?

MARY: But it was witnessed, by two of his clients, which is why no-one in the office knew it existed.

Which begs the question how Matthew compelled two random clients to sit there and watch him write this private letter, instead of letting them go home and using his clerks as witnesses instead. And it also begs the question that if Matthew had the time to write these lines, and two witnesses at hand, why did he not write a proper last will and testament straight away? But then, this is soapland, I guess.

TOM: Then it's settled.

ROBERT: Nothing is settled. This is why I wanted Murray to check it first. Whatever Matthew's intentions, it is not a will.

Mary looks disappointed. The audience wonders exactly how many episodes it will take for Mr Murray to change his mind.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

The footmen are getting ready to serve the dinner prepared by the kitchen staff.

MRS PATMORE *(to Jimmy)*: I've explained to Mr Carson about the fish and he says you can go.

JIMMY: Thanks!

He walks out with a tray.

ALFRED: A pound to a penny he's got some trick up his sleeve.

DAISY: You're so suspicious.

ALFRED: There are two reasons why he's being so nice to Ivy. The first is to make me angry, and I dread to think about the second.

MRS PATMORE *(indicating the tray in front of him)*: And I have my reason for getting *that* to the dining room before midnight.

Alfred picks up the tray and walks off. Mrs Patmore looks like she carries the weight of the world on her shoulders.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The family is at dinner. Carson serves the wine while Alfred and Jimmy wait at the table.

CORA: I don't exactly know why, but I feel very happy that Matthew's been allowed a last word.

ISOBEL: I agree, more than I can say.

EDITH: I knew he'd have a sensible plan.

ROBERT *(with a sigh)*: I'm not sure how sensible it is. If the letter is valid, the estate will have to pay death duties twice before it reaches little George.

VIOLET: But in the meantime it will have all the benefit of Mary's interest.

TOM: I hope you intend to get stuck in.

MARY: I want the right to an opinion. I shall be content with that.

ROBERT: You already have a right to an opinion.

MARY: Do I? Good.

ROBERT: Most certainly you do. In fact, there's a question of using empty farmyards as new sources of revenue. I'd like to know what you feel about that.

MARY: Well, I'd have to think about it -

ROBERT *(talking over her)*: Crop rotation? Livestock versus cereals? Or indeed the whole matter of the tax. There are lots of things I would like your opinion on.

MARY: I assume you're trying to make some sort of point?

CORA: He's trying to show that a woman's place is in the home.

TOM: But she knows a lot about Matthew's plans. That has value for me. Mrs Crawley, what do you think?

ISOBEL: I'm afraid I'm on Mary's side, Robert, if sides there must be.

ROBERT: There are no sides, not at all. *(To Mary)* I'm pleased if you're pleased. I'm just saying you have some work to do. That is, *if* the letter turns out to be valid.

VIOLET: Which you very much hope it is not.
Robert looks very caught out.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Edna walks along with a face like thunder. Thomas passes her, notices it, turns and calls after her.

THOMAS: What's the matter with you?

EDNA: I'm a stupid fool, that's what.
She holds out a lady's garment with a stain.

THOMAS: Oh, lordy. How did you manage that?

EDNA: Daydreaming. I don't know what I was about. *(In a whisper)*
She'll be livid.

THOMAS: Not if you do as I tell you. Come on.

He spots Bates and Anna approaching. He and Edna walk off.

BATES *(to Anna as they walk along)*: By the way, did you get that card for Gwen?

ANNA: Yes, why?

BATES: I thought it'd be nice for people in the village to sign it. The Bakewells, Mr Molesley, that sort of thing. I'll collect them.

ANNA: You surprise me.

BATES: Why?

ANNA: I never think of you as social.

BATES: Why should I be social, when I have you?

They chuckle.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Mrs Hughes and Isobel stand facing each other.

MRS HUGHES: You wrote to the Opera House in Belfast? That was enterprising.

ISOBEL: I wrote to a great many theatres. But the manager at the Opera House wrote back. It seems they're in need of a stage door keeper. They'd chosen one but he dropped out. He asks Mr Grigg to consider it.

MRS HUGHES: I heard about Mr Matthew's letter. I hope it wasn't too upsetting.

ISOBEL: As a matter of fact, it was a relief. I felt so happy that he'd finally been heard. But judging by tonight's dinner, it may prove a heavy mantle for Lady Mary.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Mary sits in her nightdress and dressing gown, turning Matthew's lucky charm in her hands. Anna is doing her hair for the night.

MARY: I shall keep it on my dressing table to remind me that Matthew is on my side.

ANNA: They're all on your side.

MARY: Papa gave me such a whacking at dinner.

ANNA: Your father loves you very much.

MARY: He's also very glad to have Downton back under his control.

ANNA: He always speaks highly of Mr Matthew and the changes he made.

MARY: I'm sure he is very genuine. But he thinks he can manage alone now, and the question is, can he?

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Rose is stretched out on her bed, also in nightdress and dressing gown, flicking through a magazine - one of many covering her bed. A gramophone is playing jaunty music. In other words, we're dealing with a typical teenager. There is a knock at the door. Rose goes to open. Outside stands Anna.

ANNA: You wanted to borrow a belt, m'lady? Lady Mary wondered if any of these might suit?

She holds a selection out to Rose.

ROSE: Thank you. Actually, I'm glad that you're here as there's something I want to ask. *(She invites Anna inside. Anna follows her. Rose hands her a flyer.)* Look what I found in the village today. Don't you think it would be the most terrific fun?

ANNA *(looking at the flyer)*: Have you asked her ladyship?

ROSE: She'd never let me go, at least not without a chaperone. But Lady Edith will be in London and Lady Mary's not in the mood.

ANNA: But is this quite suitable? It looks more like something for servants and farmworkers to me.

ROSE: So? They'll dance the one-step, won't they? I've practiced and practiced and I'm dying to try it. Won't you accompany me? Then if we're found out, I can say that you came with me so nothing was amiss.

ANNA: Of course I can't, m'lady, not without asking Lady Mary.

ROSE: But that would spoil everything. She'd be bound to tell Lady Grantham. Please? I know you love dancing and Mr Bates may have many qualities but he's not a dancer.

ANNA: No, m'lady, he isn't a dancer... but I'm afraid its quite impossible.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

CORA (V. O.) But how did it happen?

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Cora stands in nightdress and dressing gown, holding the ruined garment in her hand.

EDNA: I don't like to say, m'lady.

CORA: I am truly vexed. It was a favourite.

EDNA: I know, m'lady, and I'm very sorry.

CORA: But you won't tell me how you did it.

EDNA: I can't.

CORA: Very well, Braithwaite. I suppose you'd better look me out another.

Edna leaves, looking very guilty. Cora looks after her, not happy.

INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. DAY

A pair of hands sort through an old cigar box full of flyers and news cuttings from a bygone age. Mrs Hughes walks past the open door and comes in, curious.

MRS HUGHES: What are you doing?

CARSON (*innocently*): I'm just sorting some old papers. I haven't looked at these in years.

MRS HUGHES: Why are you looking now?

CARSON: No particular reason. Ah. I knew I hadn't thrown it away. *He's found the photograph of a woman.*

MRS HUGHES: Who was she?

CARSON: Just a friend at one time.

MRS HUGHES: What was she called?

CARSON: Alice. Alice Neal.

MRS HUGHES: And you were fond of her.

It's not a question, but Carson seems quite happy to answer it anyway.

CARSON: I was. But people drift in and out of your life, don't they? Truth to tell, I felt she'd treated me badly. What does it matter anyway? We shout and scream and wail and cry but in the end we must all die.

MRS HUGHES (*drily*): Well, that's cheered me up. Thank you. Now I'll get on with my work.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Violet is sitting at a writing desk. A door can be heard opening.

SPRATT: Your ladyship, Mr Bates.

VIOLET (*with about as much surprise in her voice as if Spratt had announced an invasion of Martians*): Bates?

Bates comes walking in.

BATES: I am very sorry to interrupt you when you're busy, m'lady. It concerns Mr Molesley the younger.

VIOLET: You make him sound like a Greek philosopher.

BATES: He has fallen on hard times and I know that you have helped him in the past.

VIOLET: Are you asking me to give him some money?

BATES: I am asking for money, yes. Although he's too proud to accept it as a gift.

VIOLET: Oh, how refreshing.

BATES: Although I think we can find a way.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE HALL. DAY

Thomas is in what seems to be his favourite brooding place this season - by the fire in the hall. Cora approaches him from the stairs.

CORA: Morning, Barrow.

THOMAS: Good morning, m'lady.

CORA: Is his lordship in the library?

THOMAS: He is, but, erm...

CORA: What is it?

THOMAS: Miss Braithwaite is very unhappy.

CORA (*still angry at her maid*): With good reason.

THOMAS: Yes, but you see... (*He's doing the shaky-uncertain voice thing again that always seems to convince the upstairs lot that he's being totally sincere.*) She couldn't explain how it happened because, well, she didn't want to point the finger.

CORA: Point the finger at whom?

THOMAS: Well, that's just it, m'lady, I dare not either. I'm in enough trouble with Mr Bates as it is.

CORA (*incredulously*): You're not saying Bates is to blame?

THOMAS: Not Mr Bates himself, no.

CORA: Anna, then? But why would she do such a thing?

THOMAS: As to that, m'lady, who knows? Perhaps it was an accident. Though they do say there's no-one so jealous as a lady's maid.

ROBERT (*V. O., calling from the library*): Cora, is that you? *He comes walking out, putting an end to the conversation.*

ROBERT: Could I ask you something?

Cora joins him in the library with one last uncertain look at Thomas as she goes.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Mary is at the dressing table.

MARY: Where's my scent?

Anna goes to fetch the bottle for her from the other end of the room.

ANNA: Here you are, m'lady.

They collectively drop it while trying to hand it over. It falls, and the perfume seeps into the carpet.

MARY: Oh! How stupid of me.

ANNA: That was my clumsiness.

MARY: No, it was me. Damn! Now the room's going to smell like a tart's boudoir.

In spite of herself, Anna has to laugh.

ANNA: I'll clean it up. *(She kneels down to mop it up. Mary checks whether there's any perfume left in the bottle.)* Is it all gone?

MARY: I'm afraid so. It means a trip to Mr Roberts. There's no-one nearer who sells it here.

ANNA: It's only York. I could go, if you like. In fact...

MARY: What?

ANNA: Lady Rose asked me if I'd chaperone her to a Thé Dansant in York today. She didn't want to ask her ladyship, but she thought she'd get away with it if I went with her.

MARY: And what did you say?

ANNA: That I couldn't go without your permission.

MARY: Well, it is rather slow here for a girl her age. Go. But make sure you keep her out of trouble.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. DAY

Mr Bates stands at the door of the Molseleys' cottage, holding the card for Gwen. Molesley is in the open door with his arms crossed, not looking very welcoming.

BATES: Go on. I know Gwen'd appreciate it.

MOLESLEY: I don't see why. I didn't know her that well.

BATES: But you can sign it, surely? *(Molesley reluctantly takes the card and signs it.)* And why don't you come over tonight? We haven't seen you in a while.

MOLESLEY *(suspiciously)*: You're being very friendly.

BATES: Aren't I usually friendly?

MOLESLEY: No. You're not discourteous, Mr Bates, I'll give you that, but you're not friendly, except to Anna, of course. *(Seriously, get over her, Molesley.)*

BATES: Well, I shall try to do better in future. *(With his trademark cheeky grin)* See you tonight. *Molesley doesn't look convinced.*

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Violet and Mary are in the middle of a conversation. The door opens to admit Spratt, the butler.

SPRATT: Mr Branson, your ladyship.

TOM (*hurrying in, dressed in his rustic land agent's suit and boots*): Sorry if I'm late. I had to call on old Fairclough at Roundhills.

VIOLET (*kindly*): You're not at all late. (*She waves him to a chair. He sits. To Mary*) Now I asked Branson to come here because I have an idea.

MARY (*annoyed*): Granny, you must call him Tom.

VIOLET (*honestly surprised*): I thought I could call him Branson again, now that he's the agent. MARY: Well, you can't!

TOM (*quickly*): I don't mind.

VIOLET: No. I see I'm beaten. But oh, how I sympathise with King Canute(*).

Tom grins.

**) King Canute, or King Cnut the Great (d. 1035), was king of Norway, Denmark and England. He is popularly invoked in the context of the legend of 'King Canute and the Tide', in which he was supposed to have stood by the sea, commanding the waves not to wash over his feet. They did anyway, upon which King Canute pointed out to his courtiers and followers that even the king was subject to the laws and the power of nature (i. e. God, in medieval thinking). This story was later misreported, as if Canute seriously thought the tides would change their course just because he was a king, and became shorthand for the arrogance of the royal and aristocratic classes and their deluded belief that they were above ordinary mortals. I assume the latter is what Violet refers to here - the old order of things in which every man knew his place.*

MARY: Now what is this idea?

VIOLET: Well, Mary, either you or your baby son own half of Downton. I want you to have a say in the running of it. It's just what you need.

MARY: But didn't last night's dinner disabuse you of that scheme?

VIOLET: Well, that's the point. I want er... Tom, (*pointedly*) Tom to be your instructor.

TOM: What?

VIOLET: Well, take Mary, you know, on your rounds. Let her learn the farmers' difficulties. Hmm... Explain the... crops and the live-, the livestock. (*She has no idea what exactly is involved but at least she knows that it will matter to them.*) You know, let her see the problems facing the estate.

Tom looks quite willing. Mary looks sceptical.

MAR: And are we to do all this without telling Papa? Isn't that rather underhand?

VIOLET (*sagely*): There can be too much truth in any relationship. Mary and Tom exchange a look. Tom is still grinning. It's settled.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. FRONT DOOR. DAY

Isobel stands in front of the door. Carson has just opened it to her.

CARSON: Mrs Crawley. (*He stands aside to let her walk in and closes the door after her.*) We weren't expecting you. Her ladyship is lunching with Lady Ingram, his lordship is walking, Lady Mary's at the Dower House and Lady Edith is in London. *They have reached the Hall.*

ISOBEL: As a matter of fact, it's you I came to see. To talk about Charles Grigg. You know he's got a job at the Opera House in Belfast. (*Carson looks straight over her head, feigning unconcern.*) He's so anxious to talk to you before he goes.

CARSON: Then he is in for a disappointment.

ISOBEL: He says he is resolved to put his dishonesty behind him.

CARSON (*doubtfully*): Is he now.

ISOBEL: I know it's more than that. He told me he caused you great unhappiness but he said it was not his fault.

CARSON: He was always a liar.

ISOBEL: I see. (*A pause*) It seems a pity not to take the chance to end a quarrel. Isn't it better than to let things fester?

CARSON: I don't mean to speak out of turn, Mrs Crawley, but you will, I think, accept that any difference between Mr Grigg and me is my concern.

ISOBEL: Of course it is. (*A pause*) I'm sorry. (*She turns to go. He opens the door for her.*) Thank you, Carson. Good day.

He stands like a statue until she has walked out. Outside, with the door closed, she takes a moment to shake her head in frustration.

INT. LONDON. GREGSON'S FLAT. DAY

Edith and Michael Gregson are finishing lunch, sitting at the table in his big domed living room. The place is furnished very tastefully in a modern way, with lots of books and works of art, the large window giving it the air of an artist's studio. But it's of course a much more modest place than Downton Abbey.

GREGSON: Shall I make us some coffee?

EDITH (*amused*): You are so domesticated.

GREGSON (*with a chuckle*): No, not really. Monk just lays it all out. I only have to pour in the water.

He walks off towards the pantry.

EDITH: I mean it. Compared to Papa you're a famous chef. (*Gregson chuckles again*). Really. He can't boil a kettle. (*She gets up and follows him.*) If the servants left, he'd be found in a passage, dead, arms stretched out, looking for the kitchen.

GREGSON (*V. O., from the kitchen*): Well, I hope you can boil a kettle. (*He returns with a coffee tray.*) Life with me won't be quite what you're used to.

Edith smiles.

EDITH: How are things going?

GREGSON: Ah, well, at least my lawyer thinks so. (*He sets the tray down on the table and starts pouring coffee. Edith sits down on a small settee.*)

EDITH: Are you sure about this? The Royal Family convulses the nation by ceasing to be German and you want to take it up. Does it matter that people will hate you for it?

GREGSON: Will you hate me?

EDITH: I will love you more than ever.

GREGSON: That's all right, then. I'm pretty tough. (*He puts a cup of coffee for her on a side table.*) I may not be used to the splendours of Downton but I do know how to look after myself.

EDITH: Would you like to see Downton?

GREGSON: Where did that come from?

EDITH: Well, I was thinking if you are nearly German and nearly divorced, perhaps the family should know you a bit.

GREGSON: It won't be settled tomorrow, my darling, I can't pretend it will.

EDITH: Don't put me off. Aren't you curious about my childhood home?

GREGSON: I'm curious about everything to do with you. (*He sits down next to her.*) But my situation would frighten them and we don't want that.

EDITH: I know. Mama's giving a house party next month. Why don't you come? (*Gregson doesn't look convinced.*) Then you can blend in and look around without anyone asking too many questions. And Mama won't mind, she likes you.

GREGSON: But your father doesn't.

EDITH: He doesn't know you. He'll like you when he does. (*Gregson makes a disbelieving noise.*) Now, I must gulp my coffee down and run if I'm to catch the three o'clock.

GREGSON: I can't persuade you to stay?

Edith shakes her head, but takes his hand.

EDITH: But I will say this, it's getting harder and harder to say no.

They look at each other lovingly.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE HALL. DAY

Alfred opens the door to Mary, who, seen from behind, dressed in a purple coat and hat, walks outside. A car has just been put in front of the door by the chauffeur. Tom, in cap and trenchcoat, opens the car door for her with an inviting smile.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Mary and Tom are driving along in the car, on their way to inspect the estate together.

EXT. YORK. FARMER'S MARKET. DAY

Jimmy, on his errand for Mrs Patmore, is ambling across the lively market. Then he spots Anna and Lady Rose walking along a little further away. They're unaware of him as they pause to look at a flower stall. He follows them to a large brick building with a sign that says 'Jubilee Dance Hall'. The women walk in.

INT. YORK. DANCE HALL. DAY

Rose and Anna enter the dimly lit dance hall.

ROSE (pointing): Oh, look, we'll take that table.

ANNA: I'm not sure we should be here, m'lady. It seems unsuitable to me.

It doesn't look very threatening, but it's clearly a place for working class people. There are men and women sitting at small tables, chatting. A band sits on a stage, but there is no music at the moment.

ROSE (moving further inside): Don't call me m'lady, call me Rose.

ANNA: I can't!

ROSE: Well, then don't call me anything.

They settle down at a small table. Anna clearly feels uncomfortable. Up on a gallery, a group of young men survey the scene and nudge each other as they spot Rose.

YOUNG MAN (to his mates): Seen her down there?

A waiter approaches the women's table to ask for their orders.

WAITER: Yes?

ANNA: Well, it is a Thé Dansant, so let's have a cup of tea.

ROSE: All right, tea. (Calling after the waiter) Oh, but perhaps with something special in mine?

WAITER (with a grin): Right you are, Miss.

On the gallery, the young man who has just spoken puts down his glass and purposefully makes his way downstairs. The music begins to play.

ROSE (*enthusiastically*): Listen! Ah, it's the one-step! Oh, why are they being so slow?

She strikes a pose, smiling up at the lads on the gallery.

ANNA (*disquieted*): Really, m'lady. You mustn't be so obvious.

ROSE: Why not? (*She spots the young man walking straight towards her.*) It's working!

He reaches their table. Rose looks ready to be ravished there and then.

YOUNG MAN (*to Rose*): I don't suppose you'd care to dance?

ROSE: Then you'd be wrong, because I'd absolutely love to.

ANNA: Shouldn't we be introduced?

YOUNG MAN: The name's Sam Thawley. Howdy?

He takes Rose's hand.

ROSE: I'm Rose... Smith. Hello. (*She rises to go to the dance floor with him.*) I hope you know how to do this.

SAM THAWLEY (*confidently*): You're in luck. They call me Twinkle Toes.

He leads her onto the dance floor. Jimmy enters the dance hall and walks up to Anna, who is still at the table.

JIMMY: Hello, Anna.

Which, just for the record, is either impertinent or cute, because as a married lady's maid, she's 'Mrs Bates' to a mere footman like him. But she doesn't seem to mind. Probably because it's Jimmy, who's very good at being both impertinent and cute at the same time.

ANNA: Jimmy, What are you doing here?

JIMMY: I was just picking up some things for Mrs Patmore. Shall we dance?

ANNA (*with a glance at the dance floor*): We'd better, if only to check Lady Rose isn't getting in too deep.

She rises, and Jimmy leads her onto the dance floor. Meanwhile, Rose and Sam Thawley are dancing and talking.

SAM: I'm under-gardener for Lord Ellis, near Easingwold. What about you?

ROSE: I'm at... I'm at Downton Abbey.

SAM: Oh, yeah? What do you do? Are you a lady's maid? You sound posh enough.

ROSE (*with a laugh*): Do I? I'm so pleased. I've... (*She's audibly trying to sound less posh now.*) I've worked and worked on me accent.

SAM: Ah, you've done well. You could pass for a real lady, never mind a lady's maid.

ROSE (*still laughing*): I'm not a lady's maid yet. Anna is, the girl I'm with, but I wonder if I'm clever enuff.

SAM: Ah, well, you won't be a housemaid forever. I 'xpect you've got a few young farmers hangin' about.

ROSE: I couldn't say.

SAM: You won't say, you mean.

Rose spots Jimmy and Anna on the dance floor. All four dancers come to a halt.

ROSE: James? How, how did you find us?

JIMMY (*oblivious to her housemaid cover story*): I saw you across the square, m'lady.

ANNA (*talking over him to drown his gaffe*): Rose was saying what fun it is to be out like this.

JIMMY (*catching on*): I thought I'd pop in to see what the craic was.

ROSE: It's a good craic, isn't it, Sam?

SAM (*happily*): Well, it is with you in me arms.

They dance off. Jimmy and Anna exchange an uncertain look.

EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. DAY

Mary and Tom have stopped on top of a hill that offers a magnificent view of the house and grounds.

MARY: I love the view from up here.

TOM: If you know the view, all the better. (*Pointing*) Follow that hedge. To the left of it is Oakwood Farm, to the right is all farmed by us.

MARY: Do we want to take over Oakwood Farm?

TOM: No. The Oldes are good tenants and hard workers.

MARY (*nodding*): Mmh.

TOM: There is one subject we ought to discuss. I know your position isn't settled, but we should.

MARY: Go on.

TOM: The death duties. If you are the heir, it won't change them. There's no special treatment for widows.

MARY: You do not surprise me.

TOM: It seems odd, really, that you have to pay just as much tax as if he'd left it all to Mrs Tiggywinkle down the road.

MARY: Mmh.

He hasn't managed to make her smile, so he continues in a more serious tone.

TOM: But that's how it works.

MARY: So what are we to do?

TOM: Your father believes we should sell land and pay it off in one lump.

MARY: But you don't?

TOM: I want to know what you think.
She nods.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. SERVANTS' HALL. EVENING

A solitary Mr Bates is at the table, writing. We see only the bottom of the document in front of him. On it, it says: 'Agreed. Mr J. Bates. Mr. J. Molesley' The respective handwriting of the two signatures looks very different. Bates closes the ink pot and looks down at his handiwork, very content.

INT. YORK. DANCE HALL. EVENING

Jimmy and Anna are still dancing.

JIMMY: I've some good tickets for me and Ivy.

ANNA: To see Phyllis Dare? I don't believe you.

JIMMY: Well, I have. It cost a packet and no mistake.

ANNA (*sounding genuinely happy for the two of them*): Does Ivy know?

JIMMY: Not yet.

Rose is still dancing with Sam Thawley, which attracts the ire of the other young men there, who want a go, too. One of them approaches the couple and addresses Sam.

YOUNG MAN: Mate, let's have a dance, eh?

SAM: Sorry, I'm dancing with her.

YOUNG MAN (*more forcefully*): I said let her dance with me.

ROSE (*to the newcomer*): I don't want to dance with you.

YOUNG MAN (*annoyed*): How do you know if you've not even tried it? *Meanwhile, Jimmy and Anna dance on.*

ANNA: Don't tell me you're falling for her at last? She will be pleased.

The situation around Rose is escalating quickly.

SAM (*shoving the newcomer away*): I said, leave her alone!

JIMMY (*to Anna, his mind still on Ivy and the theatre plans*): That's the idea.

The other dancers realise there's a brawl starting. They stop and look on. The newcomer hits Sam squarely in the face. Rose shrieks. Sam goes down amid a clatter of upended furniture and broken glass and china.

ROSE: Sam, are you okay?

She and the attacker both rush towards him, but with very different intentions.

SAM (*to the newcomer*): Get off me! Get off my hand!

Sam gets up, but the newcomer keeps attacking him, trying to pin him from behind this time. There's confused shouting as Rose tries

to pull the attacker away from Sam. When she can't, she pummels his back in frustration.

ROSE: Get off him! Sam!

SAM *(to his attacker)*: Get off! Get off!

ROSE: Sam!

SAM *(to the room at large, referring to Rose)*: Get her out of here!

Jimmy rushes in to rescue her.

JIMMY: Come here, you.

He throws his arms bodily around Rose and pulls her away from the brawl. Anna rushes towards them to help. In the background, the brawl continues.

ANNA: James!

Rose is still struggling to break free from Jimmy's hold.

ROSE *(protesting loudly)*: I can't leave, not when he's fighting to protect me!

ANNA *(shouting back)*: You can, or do you want to be arrested?

JIMMY: We need to get out of here! *(There's a police whistle, announcing the arrival of officers coming to break up the fight.)*

Right, that settles it. *(He bundles Rose off in the direction of the door.)* Come on! Go, go, go!

They rush out, Anna with them.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. EVENING

Just to tell us we're back home.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. EVENING

Low chatter in the servants' hall, just before tea. Bates, Thomas, Alfred and Mrs Hughes are at the table. Daisy and Ivy are laying the table. Molesley appears in the doorway, cap in hand.

MRS HUGHES *(kindly)*: Mr Molesley, is that you? Come in and have a cup of tea.

Bates grins to himself. It's worked.

MOLESLEY *(hesitantly)*: Mr Bates thought I might be welcome.

MRS HUGHES: And so you are. Sit down.

BATES *(pulling out the empty chair between himself and Alfred, by way of invitation)*: Mr Molesley, I'm glad you're here. *(Molesley sits down. Mrs Hughes walks over to him to make him welcome.)* I was going through my desk this afternoon and I came upon that note of mine and, er, if you're willing, I'd like to pay it off now.

MOLESLEY *(bewildered)*: What note?

BATES *(pulling out a piece of paper)*: Well, you lent me some money when I first came here, and I'm sorry I haven't paid it back before now, but the truth is, I'm afraid I forgot.

MOLESLEY (*shaking his head*): I don't remember anything about it.

Mrs Hughes leans across to look at the document.

MRS HUGHES: Thirty pounds! Aren't you the lucky one!

MOLESLEY (*taking the paper to scrutinise it*): Surely there must be some mistake.

BATES (*innocently*): You'll not deny that's your signature?

MRS HUGHES: Plain as day!

Jimmy and Anna arrive.

IVY (*to Jimmy*): How was your trip to York?

ANNA (*taking off her coat*): Never mind that, what's going on?

DAISY: Mr Bates has remembered he owed thirty pounds to Mr Molesley.

ANNA (*surprised*): What?

MOLESLEY (*utterly confused*): But, but, but, no, er...

BATES (*holding out the money to him, gravely*): There you are, and thank you for coming to my aid when I needed it. (*He pushes the money into Molesley's hand, then checks his watch.*) Now, I must go. I have some things to do before his lordship comes up. Thank you, Mr Molesley.

He gets up and leaves. Going by their expressions, they all sense that there's something not quite right here, but only Thomas seems to be even remotely putting two and two together. In the background, Jimmy addresses Carson.

JIMMY: Mr Carson, can I have a word?

CARSON: Certainly, James.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. EVENING

Anna follows Bates out into the corridor.

ANNA: Why did you do that?

BATES: You have put up with so much that I couldn't change. So if there is ever the slightest thing I can make better for you, then I will.

ANNA: But how did you manage it?

BATES: Don't I keep telling you? Prison was an education.

Trademark Bates Grin. He walks off and leaves Anna looking after him, looking slightly guilty that she's caused him to do something so irregular, even in a good cause.

INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. EVENING

Carson, Mrs Hughes and Mrs Patmore are assembled to hear Jimmy make his case.

CARSON: Take her to the theatre?

JIMMY: It is my half day.

CARSON: But not hers. And how do we know she'd want to go?
MRS PATMORE (*resigned*): She'll want to go.
MRS HUGHES: She could change her half day?
CARSON (*with a sigh*): Oh, I don't know. It's turning into Liberty Hall round here. (*Mrs Hughes and Mrs Patmore exchange a pointed look.*) Are we entertaining that night?
MRS PATMORE: I'm not cooking. They'll all be dining with Lady Lawson at Brough Hall.
Carson still disapproves, but he has clearly run out of reasons to forbid the little excursion.
CARSON (*to Jimmy*): Very well. But no lingering.
MRS PATMORE (*to Jimmy*): You can go and give her the good news.
JIMMY (*beaming*): Thank you, Mr Carson.
He leaves.
MRS PATMORE (*to Mrs Hughes, in a whisper*): I hope he doesn't break her heart.
MRS HUGHES (*with a sigh*): We must all have our hearts broken once or twice before we're done.
MRS PATMORE: True enough, Mrs Hughes.
She leaves, too.
CARSON: Strange to think the theatre was part of my life at one time.
MRS HUGHES: Yours and Mr Grigg's. You know he's going to work in Belfast?
CARSON: I had heard.
MRS HUGHES: He's leaving the village in the morning. The 11 o'clock train.
CARSON: What's that to me?
MRS HUGHES (*taking a few steps towards him*): I'll tell you what it is. It's an open wound. I don't know why, but I do know this: You'd do better to stitch it up and let it heal.
Carson refuses to comment.

INT. ROBERT'S DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT

Bates is in there. Robert walks in the door.
BATES: I'm sorry, m'lord, I didn't hear the gong.
ROBERT: It's all right. It hasn't gone yet. I was hoping to catch you. Of course, I understand how tiresome it must have been for Anna when Edna came back and was suddenly the senior lady's maid.
BATES (*surprised*): M'lord?
ROBERT: Ask her to go easy.
BATES: I'm sorry, m'lord, but I don't understand what you're saying.

ROBERT: Her ladyship appears to think there's been some bad feeling between Braithwaite and Anna. That Anna has been a little unkind.

BATES: Not that I know of.

ROBERT: Look, I don't want to make a thing of it. I'm just asking for a little consideration, that's all.

BATES: And you shall have it, m'lord.

ROBERT: Good. That's all I needed to hear. *(There's the dressing gong in the distance.)* Ah, there's the gong now.

He turns around so Bates can help him out of his jacket. Bates does, looking rather irritated.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Ivy walks through the kitchen with a spring in her step.

IVY: I just can't believe you're letting me go. Do you really mean it?

MRS PATMORE *(grumpily)*: No, I was having you on. *(Ivy looks at her, aghast. Mrs Patmore continues in a kinder tone.)* Oh, don't be so soft. I've said you can go and you can go.

IVY: What should I wear?

DAISY *(deadpan)*: Clothes.

She's not happy with this whole plan. Neither, in the background, is Alfred.

IVY: But I haven't got anything right. Not for the theatre in York.

MRS PATMORE: It's not Covent Garden.

IVY: What?

MRS PATMORE: Oh, never mind. We'll make you look presentable. Now get that parsley!

Ivy walks off to fetch it.

ALFRED *(annoyed)*: I don't know why she's so excited. It's only a bloomin' play.

Mrs Patmore gives him a reproachful look. He walks out unhappily.

DAISY *(to Mrs Patmore)*: He's just as keen on her as ever.

MRS PATMORE: We'll see. Nothing's as changeable as a young man's heart. Take hope and warning from that!

EXT. KITCHEN COURTYARD. NIGHT

Sam Thawley from the Thé Dansant in York comes walking towards Downton Abbey. He enters the yard and, after some hesitation, walks to the back door and pulls the bell.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

The bell rings. Both Thomas and Anna are close to the door.

THOMAS: I'll get it.

Anna smiles ,thank you' and moves away. Thomas opens the door.

THOMAS: Yes?

SAM: I was wondering if I could have a word with the housemaid Rose.

THOMAS (*sceptically*): The 'housemaid Rose'?

Anna, in the background, has heard this and moves back towards them.

SAM: The maid Rose who works here.

THOMAS: Look, chum..

ANNA: I'll deal with it, Mr Barrow. (To Sam) Hello, Mr Thawley.

THOMAS (*unconvinced*): Well, I'll leave you to it.

He walks off back into the house.

SAM (*to Anna*): I've got to know she's all right.

ANNA: Rose is a bit busy just now, but I'll tell her you asked.

SAM: I don't mind waiting. Can I, er, can I come in?

ANNA (*with a nod at the yard*): If you'll just stay there, I'll... I'll see what she's up to.

She smiles at him reassuringly, but closes the door firmly in his face all the same.

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Rose is coming down the stairs, dressed for dinner. Anna stands waiting for her in the hall.

ROSE: Anna? What? What is it?

ANNA: The man you were dancing with, Sam Thawley. He's downstairs.

ROSE (*shocked*): But why? What, what does he want?

ANNA: He says he's come to make sure that you're all right.

ROSE (*giggling with embarrassment*): What have you done with him?

ANNA: Left him in the yard before he asks the others any questions.

ROSE (*starting to panic*): But what can I say? What can I do?

ANNA: Come with me. I've got an idea.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Anna comes sneaking along the downstairs corridor, checks that the coast is clear, and waves to Rose to follow her.

EXT. KITCHEN COURTYARD. NIGHT

The door opens and out steps Rose, dressed in Anna's old housemaid uniform, complete with a frilly apron and white cap. She spots Sam waiting there and hurries towards him, breathless and excited.

ROSE: This is so very kind of you.

SAM: No, I had to come. You know, I had to see that you were ...er, you know, all right after that ruckus.

ROSE (*smiling*): And I... and I am, thanks to you. I never saw anything so brave as the way you punched that horrid man. I

SAM: I'd do more than that for you.

ROSE: How very flattering.

SAM: Where did you grow up? You don't sound very Yorkshire.

ROSE: Don't I? That's... that's because my life's been sort of spent all over the place. North, south, east, west... (*Sam steps closer to her and takes her hand into his.*)

SAM: Home's the place that I love best.

ROSE: What?

SAM: That's how the song goes. (*)

**) I've looked but I can't find which particular song he's referring to. But 'East or west, home is best' has been a common phrase since the 1850s.*

ROSE: Yes, I... I suppose it is.

SAM: Would you let me call on you again?

ROSE (*panic returning*): Well...

SAM: Look, I know I'm not good enough for you, I can see that. But I'm a steady chap, ask Lord Ellis's agent. He'd give me a good reference.

ROSE: I'm sure, but it's... it's something else. Do you remember wondering if any of the local farmers were after me?

SAM: Yeah.

He knows he's lost.

ROSE: Well, that's the thing, I... There is one farmer, and I didn't want to spoil this afternoon by mentioning it, but I've rather given him my word.

And I'll be damned if it wasn't Anna who armed her not only with the right outfit but also with the right words to get out of this corner without too much harm done.

SAM (*disappointed*): Well, that's me back in me box, then.

ROSE: I hope you understand.

This is the moment she realises that it's really not fair to play with real people's real feelings for the sake of a joke.

SAM: 'Course I do. He's a lucky bloke, that's all I'll say. Well, good luck, then. It's been nice knowing you.

They chastely shake hands.

ROSE: You too.

He lets go of her hand and moves away.

ROSE (*calling after him*): And Mr Thawley? Sam? When you do find someone, someone much nicer and better than I am... she'll be a very lucky girl.

He smiles resignedly. Rose's words are so true that it hurts us all. She leans in and kisses him on the cheek. Before anything more can happen, the door opens behind them and Jimmy steps out, whose timely appearance is probably courtesy of Anna Bates, too. Rose quickly walks back towards him.

JIMMY (*realising what's going on*): What the -

ROSE (*in an undertone*): Say nothing and I'll be your friend forever.

She waves goodbye to Sam, who leaves.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE HALL. NIGHT

Edith has just arrived back from London. Alfred relieves her of her coat.

EDITH: Is Lord Grantham in the drawing room?

ALFRED: Yes, m'lady.

EDITH: Thank you.

She hurries inside.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

The family - including Violet - are assembled as Edith hurries into the room.

ROBERT: Ah, here she is.

VIOLET: Oh, darling.

She and Edith exchange a kiss.

ROBERT: Are you only just back?

EDITH: We sat forever outside Peterborough. We never found out why. (*She kisses Robert, too.*) Shall I change?

CORA (*as they kiss, too*): No, don't bother. It's only us.

VIOLET (*to Mary, sarcastically*): And who are we to warrant any courtesy?

MARY (*with a smile*): Don't be difficult, Granny.

ROBERT: Where's Rose? Have we lost her?

He almost sounds like he wishes the answer was yes. The door opens and Rose comes in, back in her evening gown and jewellery.

ROSE: I'm so sorry I'm late.

ROBERT: Never mind, never mind.

She takes a seat with the others. Robert remains standing by the fireplace. He's clearly about to make An Important Announcement.

ROBERT: Now I've got you all here, and before Carson comes in, I have something to say. I had a letter today from Murray.

Carson walks in and clears his throat. Apparently dinner is getting cold. Robert holds out a hand to stop him.

ROBERT: Wait just a moment while I finish.

CARSON: Shall I leave, my lord?

ROBERT: No. You might as well hear this. *(Carson closes the door behind him.)* Murray has taken Matthew's letter to various authorities and their conclusion is that it demonstrates testamentary intention.

CORA: What's that?

ROBERT: It means that the writer intended the document to serve as a will.

VIOLET: So the bequest stands?

ROBERT: Yes. Mary owns half the estate.

Violet sighs in relief and pats Mary's arm.

TOM: That sounds like a very good result.

ROBERT: And now we should go in to dinner before Mrs Patmore blows a gasket.

They all get up. Carson opens the door for them. Cora squeezes Robert's hand as she walks past him, acknowledging the brave face he's putting on this.

MARY *(to Robert)*: Dearest Papa, I hope you're not too disappointed.

ROBERT: Don't be silly. Not at all.

MARY *(referring to Tom)*: Perhaps the three of us can sit down tomorrow and talk properly.

ROBERT: Of course. But the main problem is a simple one. Tax.

MARY: But that's it. Tom's told me you want to sell land to pay for it.

ROBERT: It's the only way, I'm afraid.

MARY: Yes, but, you see, I don't agree. *(Robert looks rather shocked. This new arrangement is not starting well for him.)* Anyway, let's not talk about it now. We ought to join the others. *Mary walks out. Tom and Robert remain behind.*

ROBERT *(to Tom, irritated)*: If you've put her up to this...

TOM: I haven't put her up to anything. But you won't keep her quiet. Not now the bit's between her teeth. Don't think that you will.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Anna and Mr Bates are coming down the back stairs in serious conversation.

ANNA: I don't know what he meant.

BATES: You must have said something.

ANNA: But I haven't said anything. I warned her off Mr Barrow, that's all, but I wasn't having a go at her.

BATES: All I can tell you is that she has managed to take offence.

ANNA: Can't have.

They enter the servants' hall, where Edna is sitting in a rocking chair by the fire and Thomas stands near her, smoking. She can be heard to giggle. When she spots the Bateses, she falls silent. Carson walks in.

CARSON: Mr Barrow, what are you doing down here? Will you come up this moment and help me serve the wine?

THOMAS: Sorry, Mr Carson, I'm on my way.

He stubs out his cigarette and walks out. The Bateses, not amused, settle down at the table. Behind them, Edna chuckles softly to herself.

BATES: What's so funny?

EDNA: Nothing, Mr Bates. Nothing at all.

Bates sits there, and it's clear from his expression that he's starting to realise stuff. It's the kind of situation where Edna, if she had any sense, would do best to run as quickly as she could in the opposite direction.

INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. NIGHT

Carson is sitting at his desk in a pool of lamp light, looking at the photograph of his long lost love, Alice. Then he drops it onto the desk and looks into the middle distance. There could be tears in his eyes, but then again, it might only be a trick of the light.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. RAILWAY STATION. DAY

Mrs Crawley and Mr Griggs, the latter in respectable clothes and carrying a suitcase, ascend the stairs from the underpass to the platform. Mrs Hughes and Dr Clarkson are already there. They look along the platform, but apart from the station guard, there is no one else there. The train pulls into the station and halts. Through the steam, Carson comes walking towards them and tips his hat to the ladies.

ISOBEL: Good morning, Carson.

CARSON: I hope I'm not in the way.

ISOBEL: Not a bit. You remember Mr Grigg?

Mr Grigg walks towards Carson.

MR GRIGG: Hello, Charlie. Good of you to come.

The two elderly men turn and walk along the platform together, leaving the other three behind.

ISOBEL: I'm delighted but I'm not surprised.

MRS HUGHES: Aren't you? Because I'm astonished.

A little further on, Mr Grigg talks to Carson.

MR GRIGG: But why did you never speak of Alice when we last met, before the war?

CARSON: What was the point? She chose you all those years ago, and that was it. Why bring it up?

MR GRIGG: Because it wasn't 'it'. She chose me, but it never worked. She's dead now, anyway, but it was never 'it'.

CARSON: I didn't know she was dead.

MR GRIGG: Five year ago. We'd separated long before, but I went to see her in St Thomas's. Do you know what she said? She said, 'Charlie Carson was the better man. I could have loved him. I did love him, really, but I was a fool and couldn't see it.'

CARSON: Did she say that? Honestly? That she loved you?

MR GRIGG: Aye, she did. And she wanted me to tell you, if I saw you again. There we are.

CARSON: We could have made a go of it, you know.

GRIGG: As long as you know that it were her choice. I never set out to take her off you.

STATIONMASTER (V. O.): All aboard!

The other three have walked up behind the two men.

ISOBEL: I am sorry to interrupt, but I think you must get aboard. *Mr Grigg opens the door of a third class carriage, then turns to shake her hand.*

MR GRIGG: I can't tell you how grateful I am, Mrs Crawley.

ISOBEL: Very good luck.

MR GRIGG: Thank you. *(He makes a move to get in, then turns back to Carson.)* I doubt we'll meet again, but can we shake on it?

We've known some ups and downs together, it's true, but if this is goodbye... let's part as friends, eh?

CARSON *(removing his glove and shaking his hand)*: All right. I wish you well.

MR GRIGG: Likewise, Charlie.

He gets in and closes the door. Carson locks it after him, and the train starts moving out of the station.

CARSON: Mrs Crawley, I should be grateful if you would let me know any expense you have been put to on Mr Griggs' behalf during his stay with you.

ISOBEL: Oh, no. That's completely unnecessary.

CARSON *(pointedly)*: I should be grateful.

ISOBEL *(realising how much this means to him)*: Very well, Carson, I shall do that.

He tips his hat to her as the train rounds the corner and disappears from view.

CARSON: Good day to you.

He walks away, past Isobel and also past Mrs Hughes and Dr Clarkson. Mrs Hughes hurries after him.

MRS HUGHES: Mr Carson? Shall we walk back together?

They do.

END CREDITS