

DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.06

OPENING CREDITS

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

The servants - Carson, Mrs Hughes, Thomas, Alfred, Jimmy, housemaids and hallboys - are at the table, having breakfast. Daisy comes in with a fresh plate of toast and offers it to Alfred.

CARSON: Shouldn't the hot toast come to me first, Daisy?

DAISY: Sorry, Mr Carson.

She walks over to put the plate down in front of Carson.

JIMMY: Why is Alfred getting special treatment?

MRS HUGHES: I'm sure he's not.

Jimmy and Alfred exchange an unpleasant look. Daisy walks out. In the corridor, Mrs Patmore holds her back.

MRS PATMORE: Why is he getting special treatment?

DAISY: Why do you think? Because he's staying here with us.

Mrs Patmore smiles.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Mary is breakfasting in bed and reading a letter. Anna walks around, tidying up.

MARY: Oh, this is nice. Mr Napier and Mr Blake are coming up in a few days. He asks if I'm serious about their staying here.

ANNA: And are you?

MARY: Certainly. It could be useful. They're writing a report on why estates like this are going wrong.

ANNA: But you don't think Downton's going wrong, do you, m'lady?

MARY: No. But I wouldn't mind having it confirmed. *(She puts the letter away.)* You seem brighter lately. Have things sorted themselves out?

ANNA: Not quite, but... It's better. Yes.

MARY: And you've moved back into the cottage.

ANNA: I have, m'lady.

MARY: Well, you're obviously not going to tell me what it was about. But I'm glad if it's resolved.

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

The part of the family that's not entitled to breakfast in bed - Robert, Rose, Edith and Tom - are breakfasting at the table, attended by Carson. Robert is sorting the post.

EDITH: Nothing for me?

ROBERT: Afraid not. *(His eyes on a letter in his hand.)* This is a fine kettle of fish, I must say. Your uncle Harold is in a proper fix.

EDITH: Why? What's he done this time?

ROBERT: Something to do with oil leases.

ROSE: Who's Uncle Harold?

ROBERT: Cora's brother. I always think him rather good at business, if nothing else. But it seems to have backed a very lame horse this time.

EDITH: Why is he bothering you with it?

ROBERT: I'm not entirely sure. *(He looks across at Tom, who has a letter of his own in front of him.)* What's that?

TOM: It's about the Tamworths. (*)

ROSE: We had Tamworths at Duneagle. Daddy swears by them.

ROBERT: It's a new thing for us. We haven't done much with pigs before.

TOM: I thought you were convinced.

ROBERT: I am. But I'm allowed to be nervous. Intensive farming's a big step. Half past eight. I must skedaddle.

**) A breed of pigs, named after a town in Staffordshire.*

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Anna is carrying a silver jug and finds Mr Bates brooding by the stairs.

ANNA: Penny for your thoughts.

BATES: You'd pay twice that not to know them.

ANNA: If there's anything I could do...

BATES: I know. It's not your fault, it's mine. Your husband is a brooder. And brooders brood.

ANNA: Then brood about me.

She's made him smile. She walks on into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Mrs Patmore, Daisy and Ivy are at work. Alfred is there, too.

DAISY *(to Alfred)*: I'm making anchovy sauce for the fish soufflés. Do you want to watch?

ALFRED: No, you're all right.

He walks out.

IVY: His heart's not in it any more.

MRS PATMORE: Oh, I think it is. But when you fall off a horse, you need a bit of time to get back in the saddle.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Cora is in an armchair, reading a book, when someone knocks at the door. Rose enters.

ROSE: Cousin Cora?

CORA *(with a smile)*: I think you can call me Cora now.

ROSE: I wouldn't dare with Cousin Robert.

CORA: You must dare with me. How can I help?

Rose sits down opposite her.

ROSE: I... I wanted to tell you that I've settled the surprise. For his birthday.

CORA: Since you won't tell me what it is, I don't know what to say. 'Good'?

ROSE: Well, the thing is... I need Carson to keep the secret. Do you think he will? It's only on the day. And it's only till after dinner.

Baxter walks in with a shawl over her arm. (Which, incidentally, looks like the same shawl that Anna offered to Mary back at the start of episode 4.01. Apparently the ladies of Downton swap clothes a lot!)

CORA: Mrs Hughes is the one for a secret.

ROSE: Yes. That's true. And it'll be she who has to deal with it.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY

To establish the change of scenery.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Violet is at her writing desk. Her butler, Spratt, comes in with the post on a salver.

SPRATT: Second post, your ladyship.

VIOLET *(taking it)*: Thank you, Spratt. *(She searches for the letter opener on her desk.)* You haven't taken the netsuke carving(*) from here? You know the one I mean? The little ivory fisherman?

**) A netsuke carving is a Japanese type of miniature sculpture, originally designed as an ornamental toggle to close a pouch.*

Netsukes could be made out of different materials including stone, wood or animal parts like tusks, horns and bones. Violet's seems to be made out of ivory.

SPRATT: I know it, but I've not touched it.

VIOLET: Not to wash it or mend it or something?

SPRATT: No.

VIOLET: And who else has been in this room in the last day or so?

SPRATT: The maids, of course, and young Pegg. He was watering the pot plants. But Betty was with him.

VIOLET: Watching all the time?

SPRATT: Well, no. She was cleaning. But I wouldn't want her blamed.

VIOLET: Oh, I wouldn't blame her. You know, of course, the netsuke is very valuable.

SPRATT: That's the risk with little things. They fit into a pocket easily.

VIOLET: I have a feeling most things would fit into this particular pocket. Thank you, Spratt.

She dismisses him with a gesture of her hand.

SPRATT: M'lady.

EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. DAY

Tom and Mary are walking out of a barn onto a farm.

TOM: We have to get the sums right.

MARY: We must speculate to accumulate.

TOM: So speaks the American half of you.

MARY: Will you really go to America?

TOM: Don't worry. I won't go until the pig business is up and running.

MARY: We can give you masses of introductions. Grandmama and Uncle Harold, for a start.

TOM: Lord Grantham got a letter from him this morning. It wasn't good news.

MARY: I shouldn't worry. It only means a yacht's gone aground. Or a girl's gone back to mother.

TOM: That's not what it sounded like. Right. I'll get the car.
Mary is looking a little disquieted.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

Baxter, with her sewing machine, and Thomas are alone in the servants' hall.

THOMAS: Anything to report?

BAXTER: It's nothing, I'm sure. But Lady Rose seems to have some secret she wants Mrs Hughes to keep.

THOMAS: That's more like it. What secret?

BAXTER: I don't know. It'll be nothing. *(She puts a lady's undergarment on a hanger and gets up.)* Now. Must take this up. *She walks out.*

INT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DAY

Isobel stands facing young Pegg.

ISOBEL *(angrily)*: You were dismissed?! From one minute to the next?

PEGG: Mr Maley came over. Said I wasn't needed no more. And that was that.

ISOBEL: It's disgraceful! Is there nothing you can do about it?

PEGG: No. But I don't understand it. I had a good touch with the greenhouses. I did all the house plants. I was working well. I know I was.

ISOBEL: I'm sure. Right, I'll see if I can get to the bottom of this.

She walks over and opens the door for him.

PEGG: I'm very grateful, your ladyship.

ISOBEL: I'm not your la- oh, never mind. *He walks out.*

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. DAY

Rose has gone to look up Mrs Hughes. The door is still open.

MRS HUGHES *(exclaiming in surprise)*: A band?!

ROSE *(in a whisper)*: Shh! No one must know. *She closes the door furtively.*

ROSE: We'll get the carpets rolled up and everything arranged during dinner. So that when His Lordship walks out of the dining room, there it is.

MRS HUGHES: And we're to hide them until then?

ROSE: Oh, 'hide' them? You just have to keep them with you. His lordship won't come down here, will he.

MRS HUGHES: So I have to find them food and beds. How many are there?

ROSE: Six, I think. But I'll check.

MRS HUGHES: And Her Ladyship knows about it?

ROSE: Well, not that it's a band, because it's a surprise for her too. But she knows that there *is* a surprise and that you're helping me with it.

MRS HUGHES (*not entirely convinced*): Very well. I'll see what I can do.

ROSE: Thank you.

They walk out together, and Mrs Hughes sees Rose up the stairs. When she's disappeared from sight, Thomas walks up, cigarette in hand.

THOMAS: I wondered why Lady Rose was down here.

MRS HUGHES: And I'm afraid you will continue to wonder.

THIMAS: That's very mysterious, Mrs Hughes.

MRS HUGHES: You know me, Mr Barrow. A woman of mystery, if ever there was one.

(You tell him!!!)

THOMAS: But her secret won't affect us.

MRS HUGHES: How can you be so sure?

THOMAS: Now you have got me worried.

MRS HUGHES: I am sorry to hear that, Mr Barrow. But now you must let me get on.

This is another Battle of the Downstairs Titans, but this time Mrs Hughes has won.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY

Isobel has come to confront Violet about the dismissal of young Pegg.

VIOLET: All I know is this. I find Pegg in this room and my paper knife is gone. He comes into the room again and a very valuable piece of Japanese netsuke is missing.

ISOBEL: Things. Things. Things!

VIOLET: I don't understand your position. Are you saying he's justified in stealing my possessions? Or do you not believe he took them?

ISOBEL: I'm saying you put too much importance on material objects and not enough on justice.

VIOLET: Oh, really? I wonder you don't just set fire to the Abbey and dance round it, painted with woad and howling.

ISOBEL (*indignantly*): I might, if it would do any good!

VIOLET: Ah. Well -

The door opens and Spratt comes in, carrying a salver.

SPRATT: I beg your pardon, your ladyship.

VIOLET: No. Don't apologise. I'm glad to have an ally in the room.

SPRATT: This was found in Betty's cleaning bucket. It must've rolled in there, and she's just found it.
He walks over and presents the salver with the netsuke on it to Violet.

VIOLET: Oh. *(She takes it.)* Thank you, thank you. I'm very relieved.

ISOBEL: Relieved? Or irritated?

SPRATT: If that will be all, m'lady?

He leaves.

ISOBEL. Aren't you going to say you're sorry?

VIOLET: Certainly not. He may not have taken this, or he may have sneaked it into the maid's bucket when we weren't looking.

ISOBEL *(with a sigh)*: How you hate to be wrong.

VIOLET *(without any perceptible hint of irony)*: I wouldn't know. I'm not familiar with the sensation.

ISOBEL: So you're determined to dig in your heels.

VIOLET: I am sorry. But whether or not he took this, he certainly took the knife. That is all I have to say on the subject.

She rings the bell forcefully. Isobel is dismissed.

INT. DOWTON ABBEY. THE HALL. DAY

Edith replaces the telephone. She's trying to hold back tears. Cora walks up to her.

CORA: Edith. Whatever's the matter?

EDITH *(shakily)*: Michael's vanished into thin air. Nobody's heard from him, no one can reach him.

CORA: I'm sure it's just a failure of communication. If anything had happened, we'd've heard.

EDITH: Maybe. I just wish to God he'd pick up the telephone.

CORA: He will. Come on. *(She holds her hand out to Edith.)* We ought to get changed.

They walk towards the stairs, hand in hand.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

The servants - Mrs Hughes, Anna, Mr Bates, Miss Baxter, Thomas, Alfred, Jimmy, housemaids and hallboys - are at the table for their tea. Mrs Patmore is there, too, chatting with Baxter. Carson comes walking in. Everyone rises.

CARSON: Last post. One for me and one for you, Alfred.

He hands Alfred a letter. Alfred opens it quickly. Ivy and Daisy, carrying the tea pot, appear behind him.

ALFRED: I've got it! It's from The Ritz. One of the chosen candidates has got a job and dropped out of the course. And I was next. I was fifth. *(To Jimmy)* See, Jimmy? I was the fifth.

JIMMY: I never said you weren't.

But he and Daisy are the only ones who look unhappy at the news.

CARSON: So, they want you, do they?

ALFRED: Yes. I'll have some catching up to do, but I don't mind that.

IVY: Alfred, I'm so pleased for you.

ANNA: We all are.

BATES: That's right.

ALFRED *(happily)*: Thank you. Thank you very much.

MRS PATMORE: Well, when do you go?

ALFRED: Well, as soon as I can, really. The less I miss, the less I'm behind. But it's up to Mr Carson.

CARSON: Oh, I've no wish to stand in your way, Alfred. I'm sure I can manage with James and Mr Barrow.

ALFRED: So I can go? Now?

CARSON *(with a chuckle)*: Wait until tomorrow. We ought to let the family know.

JIMMY *(to Daisy, pointedly)*: Aren't you going to congratulate him, Daisy?

MRS PATMORE: Daisy, run and put the kettle on. You can leave that there.

Daisy gratefully puts down the tea pot and runs out.

ANNA *(to Alfred)*: If you need anything washing, give it to me tonight.

BAXTER: And me. We'll get you shipshape.

ALFRED: I'm quite nervous now it's happened.

JIMMY: What's there to be nervous about?

CARSON: You're nervous because you're intelligent, Alfred. Only stupid people are foolhardy.

Jimmy is getting so many smirks from the others at this.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Ivy walks up to Daisy, who is busying herself at the stove.

IVY: I'm ever so sorry, Daisy.

DAISY: Are you? When you're the one that's driven him away?

IVY: How do you make that out?

DAISY: Because you wanted Jimmy and not him, and that's why he were forced to go. He knew that.

Mrs Patmore walks in.

MRS PATMORE: Come on, girls. Dry your tears and let's get on with the dinner. Ivy, come and beat these eggs.
Daisy, in her corner, starts crying.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

The family, minus Robert, attended by Carson and Alfred, is assembled after dinner. Robert enters.

CORA: You're back. I thought you must've missed the last train.

ROBERT: No. But I only just caught it.

CORA: Do you want some dinner?

ROBERT: I ate in the restaurant car.

He leans down to kiss his wife.

EDITH: You weren't very long in London.

ROBERT: There wasn't much to do. Just sign some papers for a trust that Billy Sheffield set up for his son.

CORA: What will that entail?

ROBERT: Mainly telling the boy to drink less and be nicer to his mother.

CORA: We learned at dinner that Alfred's leaving. He's got a place on the Ritz cookery course after all.

ROBERT: Ah.

ALFRED: I'm sorry to cut and run, m'lord.

CORA (*sincerely*): Don't worry about that. We're proud of you.

MARY: You must return one day as a famous chef.

ALFRED (*to Robert*): Now you're back, m'lord, there's something I wanted to say. I've been well treated in this house, and I want you all to know that I'm very grateful.

CORA: Thank you, Alfred.

ALFRED: Mr Carson has been a kind - (*He swallows, overcome with emotion.*) - and wonderful teacher.

Everyone is genuinely touched.

ROBERT: Much more and we shall all burst into tears.

CARSON: I'm sorry, m'lord. Come along, Alfred. Let's get back to work.

But he is very touched, too. They start clearing away the drinks. Robert addresses his family.

ROBERT: How's my birthday dinner coming on?

ROSE: How do you know about the dinner?

ROBERT: The Coldhursts rang yesterday and said they'd love to come.

TOM: Weren't we all sworn to secrecy?

CORA: Golly, people are so hopeless.

ROBERT: I don't mind. It won't spoil it if it's not a surprise.
Not for me.

ROSE: There may still be a surprise.

ROBERT: So I should hope!

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

The servants - again, the whole gang - have finished their own dinner. Mrs Patmore, Daisy and Ivy are clearing it away. Jimmy addresses Ivy.

JIMMY: So, what about tomorrow? I know you'd enjoy it.

MRS PATMORE: What are you going to see?

JIMMY: 'The Sheik.'

MRS PATMORE: Ooh! I like that Rudolph Valentino.(*). Oh, he makes me shiver all over.

CARSON (*deadpan*): What a very disturbing thought.

**) Rudolph Valentino (1895 - 1926) was an Italian-born American actor who starred in several well-known silent films including 'The Sheik', in which he played the title role. He was a sex symbol of the 1920s. The term 'Latin Lover' was actually invented for him by Hollywood movie moguls because of his distinctly mediterranean appearance.*

ANNA (*to Bates*): Let us go for a date. We could leave when we've dressed them and be back in time to put them to bed. Lady Mary wouldn't mind. Why not?

BATES: It's been a long time since we went out to dine. Too long.

ANNA: I quite agree.

MRS HUGHES (*to Carson*): Will you send a message to Mr Molesley in the morning?

CARSON: Why should I?

MRS HUGHES: Because Alfred's going?

CARSON: So?

BAXTER: Won't you need him now?

CARSON: I'll need a new footman, yes. But Mr Molesley has, as the saying goes, had his chance and missed it.

MRS HUGHES: You don't mean that. Not when he agreed to come last time.

CARSON: Yes, he agreed. Much as Kaiser Bill agreed to abdicate(*). With the greatest possible reluctance.

**) The last German emperor, Wilhelm II., was forced to abdicate in November 1918, at the end of WWI, and went into exile in the Netherlands while Germany was proclaimed a republic.*

MRS HUGHES: But surely -

CARSON: I'm sorry, Mrs Hughes. Young Alfred gave thanks tonight for the courtesy and the kindness that he has received here, both from the family and from me. And that is what I like to see. Gratitude. I don't want someone who has to be dragged into the house by his heels.

MRS PATMORE: Yes, but Mr Molesley has had a lot -

CARSON: - a lot to put up with. We've all had a lot to put up with, Mrs Patmore. And it is not made easier by working with people who don't want to be here.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Right on cue, we see Thomas and Miss Baxter talking in the otherwise empty corridor.

THOMAS: It may be worse than you think. It wouldn't surprise me if they were getting ready to lay some people off.

BAXTER *(doubtfully)*: Why would that concern Lady Rose?

THOMAS: Not sure. But Mrs Hughes seems to think we could all be affected. You've got to find out more.

BAXTER: But how?

THOMAS: You'll think of something.

INT. THE BATES' COTTAGE. NIGHT

Mr Bates lights the gas lamp.

ANNA: I'll arrange something tomorrow. Book somewhere special.

BATES: If you like.

She sits down at the table.

ANNA: I know it can't be the same as it used to be. I don't deceive myself about that. But I want to make some new memories. Good memories. So it's not as if all our happiness was before.

BATES: I'm happy whenever I look at you.

He sits down opposite her. Anna tears up.

ANNA *(shakily)*: But you're not, are you? Everything is shadowed. Every moment we share is shadowed.

BATES: You're right. Let's have one evening when we don't think about it. We leave it all behind.

ANNA *(taking his hand)*: Thank you.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. CORA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Cora is in the window seat with a book. Baxter is tidying up.

CORA: Tonight I'll change before the gong. I have a committee meeting, and then we're all dining together in some frightful hotel. I should leave around six.

BAXTER: What would you like to wear, m'lady?

CORA: Well... I don't want to insult them. I should look as if I've tried.

BAXTER: Elegant, but sensible. I know.

CORA: I'll let you choose. Thank you.

These two are genuinely happy working with each other.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

The staff are lined up to say goodbye to Alfred - Carson, Mrs Hughes, Bates, Anna, Mrs Patmore, Ivy and another kitchen maid. Jimmy and Thomas, at the other side of the room, are pointedly not lining up to say goodbye to Alfred. Daisy and Baxter aren't there at all.

ANNA: Don't forget to write.

BATES: And good luck.

He shakes hands with Alfred.

IVY: I know you'll get what you want.

ALFRED: Do you? 'Cause I don't always.

MRS PATMORE: Just remember, you're as good as any Frenchman. I don't care what they say.

Baxter hurries in.

BAXTER: Ah, you're off. Well, all the luck in the world.

THOMAS *(to Alfred)*: Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

MRS PATMORE *(rolling her eyes)*: That'll give you a bit of leeway.

ALFRED: Where's Daisy?

MRS PATMORE: In the kitchen.

CARSON: Right. There's a car waiting to take you.

ALFRED *(gesturing towards the kitchen)*: I've just got to...

He walks out into the corridor, past a hallboy who stands waiting there with his suitcase, and towards the kitchen. He collects himself for a moment, then walks in jauntily.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

ALFRED *(in a cheery voice)*: I'm off!

Daisy is making pastry. She doesn't look up at him.

DAISY *(equally cheerily)*: Goodbye, then.

ALFRED (*seriously*): Daisy, I'm sorry if I've hurt you. You're a good person, and you're gonna make someone very happy one day, but I'm afraid it were never gonna be me.

Daisy goes on rolling out the dough. Alfred gives up on getting an answer out of her and walks out.

DAISY (*sincerely*): Good luck. I mean it. You work hard and you know what you want. I hope you do well, Alfred. I think you will. *Carson and Mrs Hughes appear in the doorway. Carson is carrying Alfred's suitcase. (Yes, really!)*

CARSON: Alfred? Come along. Not a minute to lose.

ALFRED: Thank you, Daisy. That means a lot to me. An awful lot. (*He turns towards the butler.*) Ah. Thank you, Mr Carson.

He takes his suitcase and walks out. Daisy is left looking after him sadly.

EXT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY

A car is driving out of the gate. Isobel, who has stood hidden just around the corner, watches it go, then walks up to the front door, which is being opened to her by Spratt.

SPRATT: Good morning, ma'am. I'm afraid you just missed Her Ladyship and she'll be gone some time.

ISOBEL: What a shame. Thank you. (*She smiles and turns to go, but then staggers and nearly falls.*) Ooh! Oh, my goodness. I feel a bit dizzy. Might I sit down for a moment?

SPRATT: Of course, ma'am. Please come in.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Spratt shows Isobel in.

SPRATT: May I fetch you a glass of water?

ISOBEL: No. Thank you, Spratt. I just need to sit quietly for a few minutes.

SPRATT: Certainly, ma'am. Please ring if you need anything.

He leaves. Instead of sitting down, Isobel looks furtively around, then starts inspecting the room, opening desk drawers and looking behind furniture. She sits down in Violet's usual armchair and feels around the upholstery. From a gap, she pulls out the missing letter opener.

ISOBEL: Eureka!

She puts it down on the side table, then rings the bell. When Spratt enters, she rises.

ISOBEL: You've been kind. But I'm feeling much better. So, I'll be on my way. Oh! (*As if suddenly remembering something, she turns*

back to the side table and picks up the letter opener.) Would you give this to Lady Grantham on her return? *(She hands it to Spratt.)* I found it down the side of the chair I was sitting in.
SPRATT: She will be pleased. She was very upset at its loss.
ISOBEL: I hope she'll be pleased. I'm not certain that she will. But I hope so.
She walks out, leaving a frowning but clueless Spratt behind.

EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAY

Molesley is walking towards the house, looking grimly determined.

INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. DAY

Carson sits at his desk. Molesley knocks at the open door. This is something of a déjà-vu.

CARSON: Mr Molesley. What can I do for you?

MOLESLEY: I was at the station this morning. We're, we're renewing the gravel out front. And, erm, I ran into young Alfred. He's off on his way to London.

CARSON: Yes?

MOLESLEY *(hesitantly)*: So, as he is going after all, I thought I'd look in... to confirm my willingness to return to Downton.

CARSON: Mr Molesley. I'm glad you are, as you put it, willing. But I cannot feel the word expresses the kind of enthusiasm I'm looking for in a new footman.

MOLESLEY: What?

CARSON: When we last discussed it, you made it quite clear that you didn't wish to plunge down the ladder of preferment.

MOLESLEY *(stuttering)*: I, I was willing to.

CARSON: As you keep saying. But I don't want to humiliate you. You feel you're meant for better things, and I won't contradict you. Unfortunately, we have no higher place to offer in this house.

MOLESLEY *(with increasing desperation)*: I know. B-b-but I said -

CARSON: And you have your pride, and I respect you for it. Good day, Mr Molesley.

Molesley leaves, crestfallen.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY

Violet is sitting in an armchair, reading.

SPRATT: Mrs Crawley and Dr Clarkson, your ladyship.

Isobel and Dr Clarkson walk in, Isobel very determined, Dr Clarkson a little more hesitantly.

VIOLET: Oh. To what do I owe this treat?

DR CLARKSON (*awkwardly*): Lady Grantham, you've already changed for dinner. We'll, erm, we'll come back tomorrow.

VIOLET: No. My curiosity would not brook such a delay.

ISOBEL: Did Spratt give you the paper knife?

VIOLET: Yes.

ISOBEL: Then it's quite clear that Pegg did not steal it. Or are you going to argue now that he sneaked it back in here when he realised what kind of trouble he was in?

VIOLET: Well... (*She chuckles.*) It's a thought.
She rings the bell.

ISOBEL: But a despicable one. What can I say to persuade you out of your injustice and stubbornness? Can't you see the damage you do?

DR CLARKSON: Now, hold your horses, Mrs Crawley. Lady Grantham has a right to reply.

VIOLET: Oh, thank you, Dr Clarkson. Now, if you will put up your cudgels for a moment... (*Spratt enters.*) Oh, Spratt. Has the young gardener Pegg brought in the vegetables yet?

ISOBEL: What?

SPRATT: He's in the kitchen now, m'lady.

VIOLET: Please ask him to step in here.

SPRATT (*deeply disquieted at the suggestion*): Into the drawing room, your ladyship?

VIOLET: Well, ask him to remove his boots, if that will soothe your nerves.

Spratt walks back out. Isobel stands there thunderstruck.

ISOBEL: I don't understand.

VIOLET: No. If you wish to understand things, you must come out from behind your prejudice and listen.

Spratt returns with young Pegg in tow. He's in his socks, one of which has a hole in it.

PEGG: Your ladyship?

VIOLET: Yes. Could you give an account to Mrs Crawley of what transpired between us this afternoon?

PEGG: Erm, sorry, m'lady?

VIOLET: Tell her what I said to you.

PEGG (*to Isobel*): Her Ladyship sent for me. So I came. She said she'd been mistaken in saying that I were a thief, which she knew now to be untrue. She gave me my job back, said she was sorry and asked if I could forgive her.

DR CLARKSON: Which you have.

PEGG: I certainly have, Doctor.

VIOLET: Thank you. You may go.

SPRATT (to Pegg): Out. Come on.

The door closes behind them.

VIOLET: Well?

Isobel is still rather speechless.

ISOBEL: Well...

DR CLARKSON: I'd say that was game, set and match to Lady Grantham.

Violet smiles triumphantly.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. MARY'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Anna is helping Mary dress for dinner. Anna is already out of uniform for her night out with her husband.

MARY: You're dining at The Netherby?

ANNA: I know. It's quite something, isn't it, m'lady? I don't think we've eaten in a hotel since before we were married. You don't mind, do you?

MARY (putting in her earrings): Not at all. And don't rush back. It won't kill me to get myself to bed.

ANNA: I'll be back, don't you worry.

MARY (pulling on her gloves): Did I tell you that Mr Napier and Mr Blake will be here in time for dinner on His Lordship's birthday? Rather a baptism of fire.

ANNA: How long are they going to stay?

MARY: I'm not sure. It's open-ended. Which Granny would never approve of.

Anna puts a necklace around Mary's neck.

INT. RIPON. THE NETHERBY HOTEL. NIGHT

Anna and Bates are at the entrance to the restaurant. The Maitre d'Hotel looks them up and down, then over his list of reservations.

MAITRE D': Bates? I don't seem to have it.

He smiles an oily smile.

BATES: Could you look again? Because we definitely made a reservation.

MAITRE D': Maybe you each thought the other one had done it.

ANNA: I made the booking.

MAITRE D': I'm afraid we're very full tonight. The Countess of Grantham has a large party with her.

He tries to make it sound intimidating. Fat chance.

ANNA: Lady Grantham's here?

MAITRE D': Among our patrons are some of the greatest names in Yorkshire society. And the countess is among them.

ANNA: Yes. We know her.

Cora has spotted them and comes walking out to them.

MAITRE D' (to Cora): Oh. These people claim to know you, your ladyship.

ANNA (embarrassed): Well, we didn't...

CORA: I know them both very well indeed. Are you dining here tonight, Anna?

BATES: We were. But there seems to be a mix-up with the table.

CORA: Well, I'm sure it can be sorted out.

The Maitre d' has stopped smiling a long while since.

MAITRE D' (in a terribly servile tone): In a jiffy, m'lady. In a jiffy. Erm, if you would like to wait one moment.

He walks off.

CORA (to the Bateses): That seems to have made a difference. Thank God he's a snob.

ANNA: M'lady, I promise you, we never -

CORA: I'm sure not. But don't let's spoil the effect now. To be honest, I wish I could join you, but I'd better get back.

The maitre d' is back.

MAITRE D' (to the Bateses): Well, if you'd like to follow me? (He walks them to their table.) And, er, please excuse the little hiccup earlier. It will be the last. (Bates wordlessly holds out his walking stick to him to put away.) Ah. Yes.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE HALL. NIGHT

The family, minus Cora, come walking out from dinner. Carson approaches Edith with an envelope on his salver.

CARSON: I do apologise, m'lady. But this came in the evening post and it appears to have been overlooked.

EDITH: Not to worry.

She slits it open and reads the letter. Robert, further ahead, looks around to see what's keeping her. Edith holds a typewritten letter, which says: 'I am writing to confirm my findings of our recent consultation, in that your signs and symptoms are consistent with those of the first trimester of pregnancy. I look forward to being of further assistance to you. Yours sincerely,'

ROBERT: Is anything the matter?

EDITH (folding up the letter): No. Not at all.

She quickly walks past him into the drawing room.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Mrs Hughes and Mrs Patmore are having a late-night cup of tea together. Molesley knocks on the door and enters.

MRS HUGHES: Why, Mr Molesley. How can we help you?

MOLESLEY (*awkwardly*) (*is there any other way?*): I was wondering if by any chance, er, Mr Carson had changed his mind.

MRS HUGHES: I'm afraid not.

Molesley sighs.

MOLESLEY: I'd've thought he'd value my caution. My wanting to weigh up the pros and cons before rushing in. So, is this it, then? (*Desperately*) Do I just go back to mending the roads?

MRS HUGHES: Oh, don't give up so easily. (*She puts down her cup and picks up the tea pot.*) Now. Let me get some more hot water. *She walks out to refill the tea pot. Molesley sits down, hanging his head.*

EXT. DOWNTON PARK. NIGHT

Jimmy and Ivy are returning from the cinema.

JIMMY: Look. There's a seat over there. Let's sit down. We're not in a hurry.

IVY: If you say so.

They sit down on a park bench.

JIMMY: Such a lovely night. Look at that moon. (*It is, of course, a perfect full moon.*) It's as bright as a light bulb.

Ivy smiles.

JIMMY: So, what do you make of this Valentino chappy, then? Is he your type?

IVY (*with a giggle*): He is not. I think he's slithery. If I were Agnes, I'd've gone straight back to London as quick as I could find a boat. (*)

**) 'The Sheikh' tells the story of an adventurous travelling Englishwoman, played by actress Agnes Ayres, who is abducted by an Arab sheikh (played by Rudolph Valentino) who is desperately in love with her. She rejects his advances at first, but eventually falls in love with him, too.*

JIMMY: So you don't like romance?

IVY: Well. I wouldn't say that.

They kiss repeatedly. Jimmy's hand moves onto her leg. Ivy is not ready for that.

IVY: Get off, will you?! (*She pushes him away and jumps up.*) Get off me!

JIMMY (*in an offended tone*): I've been good to you, Ivy. I've taken you to the theatre, and to the cinema. I've never been that nice to any girl before.

You bet.

IVY: Am I supposed to feel lucky?

JIMMY: It's dishonest to grab a bloke for all he can offer without giving him nothing in return. (*He really believes what he's saying, too.*) I don't think it's playing the game.

IVY (*deeply offended in her turn*): Well, I'm not playing *your* game! And you'd better get used to that idea.

She hurries off towards the house.

INT. RIPON. THE NETHERBY HOTEL. NIGHT

Bates raises his wine glass.

BATES (*with a smile*): Here's to us.

Anna doesn't respond. He lets his glass sink down and sighs.

ANNA: Sorry. I was a fool to think we could leave it behind.

BATES: Don't be sorry. I'm sorry. But you see, every time I remember what you've been through... I want to murder.

ANNA: But I'm not a victim. That's not who I am. The worst part is that you see me as a victim.

BATES: No, my darling. I see you as a woman I should've protected. I'm the failure here, not you.

Cora walks up to their table.

CORA: Can I interrupt? (*They rise.*) I wondered if you want a lift home. Stark's outside.

ANNA: That seems such an imposition.

CORA: Not at all. And it should mean you get a table here for the rest of your life.

The Bateses both smile. The Maitre d' walks up and stands very closely to Cora. Can someone please teach this guy to respect other people's personal space?

CORA: Can we have our coats, please? The three of us?

MAITRE D': It would be my pleasure.

BATES: This is very kind, m'lady.

CORA: Have you had a good evening?

BATES: Yes. (*A pause.*) Yes, very good, thank you.

CORA: Well, don't sound so hesitant, or the maitre d' will kill himself!

ANNA: No, we've had a lovely time.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Ivy is having a late-night heart-to-heart with Mrs Hughes and Mrs Patmore. (Which technically makes it a heart-to-heart-to-heart, but you get my meaning.) In the background, Daisy is cleaning the table for the night.

MRS HUGHES (to Ivy): He didn't hurt you?

IVY: No. But he asked for things no man should want before they're married.

MRS PATMORE: Yes, I think we're a bit more clear about that than they are.

IVY: I suppose he's been sweet-talking me so he could have his way. And all this time I thought he was so nice.

MRS PATMORE: I wonder how many women have said that since the Norman Conquest.

IVY: Alfred would never have done such a thing. He had too much respect.

DAISY: Don't start.

IVY: What do you mean?

DAISY (*harshly*): You break Alfred's heart, so now he's alone in a city that terrifies him. You break my heart by driving him away. I don't care about your good opinion of Alfred. If you'd discovered it earlier, you'd've spared us a lot of grief.

She walks out angrily.

IVY: What was all that about?

MRS HUGHES: Oh, I'd say it was about the fact that you've had it coming.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Cora is taking off her jewellery. Mary is there with her.

MARY: It was nice of you to give them a lift.

CORA: I was glad to. But... I may be mistaken, but I'm afraid things have gone wrong between those two.

MARY: That's sad to hear.

Baxter is revealed to be listening in the background.

CORA: It's not just a case of a marriage gone sour. Anna's been hurt somehow, and Bates feels he should've protected her.

(Addressing Baxter across the room.) I don't want any of that to leave this room, Baxter.

BAXTER: Of course not, m'lady.

INT. THE LIBRARY. NIGHT

Edith is alone by the fire in the library, crying. Robert walks in and immediately comes to her side and sits down next to her.

ROBERT: Edith? My most darling girl. What's the matter?

EDITH: But I'm not your most darling girl, am I?

ROBERT: I love my children equally.

EDITH: I don't know why people say that when it's almost never true.

ROBERT: Look, if this is about Michael Gregson, do you want me to get involved? Send someone over there?

EDITH: No. His office has already done that. There's a detective in Munich now, working with the German police.

ROBERT: Then you just have to be patient.

EDITH: I want to know what's happened. If he's... trapped somewhere, or falsely imprisoned. Or even dead. I mean it. If the worst's happened, I want to know. It's just so impossible to plan in this... fog.

ROBERT (*gently putting his hand on top of hers*): Well, I'm sure he's not dead.

EDITH: No, you aren't. Because none of us can be.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

Are none of the people in this house ever going to bed today? Thomas and Baxter are talking in the otherwise empty servants' hall.

THOMAS: But how was she 'hurt'? What happened to her?

BAXTER: I'm just telling you what Her Ladyship told Lady Mary. I don't know anything else.

THOMAS: Then keep your ears open.

BAXTER (*with strange emphasis*): I always do.

Thomas is unsettled by her tone.

THOMAS: What's the matter?

BAXTER: I don't really like telling tales.

THOMAS: You knew the conditions when you came here.

BAXTER: I did.

THOMAS: So what's changed?

BAXTER: She's polite, she's... considerate. I don't feel she's deserved it.

THOMAS: Now, listen. What you have to decide is where your first loyalties are. With her, or with me.

BAXTER: All right. Have it your own way.

THOMAS: Oh, I intend to.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

An open car drives up to the front door, where Carson and Jimmy stand ready to welcome the visitors. They're Mr Napier and Mr Charles Blake, on their mission to assess the state of the great estates in Yorkshire. Jimmy opens the car door for them.

BLAKE: Thank you.

They both get out and walk into the house.

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Napier and Blake are being greeted by Cora and Mary.

NAPIER: It's so kind of you all to have us. Isn't it, Charles?

BLAKE: It is.

MARY: We're anxious to do our bit.

BLAKE: What do you mean by that?

MARY: Well, you're here to advise the landowners on how to get through this crisis, aren't you? To save the estates that need saving.

BLAKE: I'm afraid Evelyn may have given you the wrong impression.

MARY: In what way?

BLAKE: The government is aware that up and down the country, great estates are being sold in large numbers.

MARY: Precisely.

BLAKE: North Yorkshire has a lot of these estates, big and small. And many are in difficulty. We will have every variety of problem to study.

MARY: And you're here to help.

BLAKE: Not quite. We're here to analyse the situation and ask whether our society is shifting fundamentally. Will it affect food production, and so on.

MARY: So you don't care about the owners, just about food supply.

BLAKE: If that's how you want to put it...

MARY: And doesn't that seem mean-spirited?

In the background, Edith walks up to them and greets Napier.

BLAKE: Mr Lloyd George(*) is more concerned with feeding the population than rescuing the aristocracy. That doesn't seem mean-spirited to me.

**) The Liberal prime minister at the time, known (and feared) for his social reforms and for imposing heavy taxes on aristocratic land owners.*

NAPIER: I'm afraid you may find us disappointing guests, if you want us to stay up till two in the morning being witty.

MARY: Don't worry. I don't expect Mr Blake to be witty.

Blake gives her a look that says 'challenge accepted'. Robert arrives and shakes hands with Blake.

ROBERT: How long will you be with us?

BLAKE: Until the job is done and we can write a report. If you'll have us.

NAPIER: You must be sure to get rid of us when we become a nuisance.

CORA: The gong is rung at seven, and we meet in the drawing room at eight. You know it's Robert's birthday?

MARY: So you must try to be witty tonight, Mr Blake. After that, we'll lower our expectations.

He has definitely accepted the challenge.

CORA: The girls will show you up.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

The servants are having their tea, served by Ivy and Daisy.

Molesley appears in the doorway.

IVY: Hello, Mr Molesley. There's a chair here.

MOLESLEY: No, I'm not here to eat.

CARSON: Why have you come, then?

MOLESLEY: Mrs Hughes sent for me. She said you had a big party tonight and it'd be useful to Mrs Patmore if I serve the servants' tea.

He's putting on an apron as he speaks.

CARSON *(to Mrs Hughes, completely bewildered)*: What?

MRS HUGHES: Mrs Patmore has a lot to do. Mr Molesley said he would help.

CARSON: To serve the servants' tea?

MRS HUGHES: He's not proud, Mr Carson. He wants to be useful where he can be.

Molesley comes in with the teapot and starts pouring tea for everyone. Carson can't bear the sight.

CARSON: Oh, all right. I give in! I cannot fight a war on every front.

MOLESLEY: Mr Carson?

CARSON: Look out a livery. You can start tonight, move in tomorrow.

MOLESLEY Thank you, Mr Carson. Very much.

CARSON *(pointedly)*: And don't forget the gloves!

The other servants are having a hard time suppressing their smiles. Lady Rose appears in the doorway. Everyone gets to their feet.

CARSON: Lady Rose! Can I help?

ROSE: Oh, please, don't let me disturb you. But I wanted to make a speech. Mrs Hughes may have told you -

MRS HUGHES: I haven't yet.

ROSE: Well, we should tell them now. As a treat for His Lordship, a London band is coming to play after dinner.

JIMMY: A London band? That's the berries.

ROSE: From a nightclub called The Lotus.

DAISY: A nightclub, m'lady? Really?

ROSE: But it must be a complete surprise. No one knows anything. And they mustn't. That is, Her Ladyship knows that something's going to happen, but even she doesn't know what.

CARSON: And you think she'll be pleased.

ROSE: She'll be thrilled.

JIMMY: We'll look after your secret.

ROSE: So, until then, if you can just make them comfortable. I know musicians are outside your daily round.

CARSON: Don't worry about that, m'lady. We can take it in our stride. We may be Yorkshiremen, but we do know a little of life in the city.

A male voice can be heard off-screen. It's Jack Ross, the band's singer.

JACK (V. O.): Hello? Uh... is anyone there?

He comes walking confidently into the servants' hall.

JACK: I think this is where we're supposed to be.

Carson is so struck at his appearance that he knocks over his tea cup. There's a shocked silence. Rose, determined to save the situation, smiles at Jack.

ROSE: Welcome to Downton.

She and Jack shake hands.

INT. THE NURSERY. EVENING

Mary and Tom are getting the children's tea ready. Tom sets a high chair up at the table. Isobel walks in at the door.

ISOBEL: I thought I'd come up early and spend some time with George.

MARY: I told Nanny I'd feed him. But now you can do it. He'd like that.

ISOBEL: Oh, I doubt it. He probably thinks 'who's this funny old lady'? But never mind. *(She and Mary sit down.)* By the way, I thought I'd be Grandmama. And then Cora can be Granny.

MARY: And what about Sybbie? What should she call you?

ISOBEL: Well, Aunt Isobel, I think. I'm not quite a real aunt, but I nearly am. *(Tom, who has sat down with them, smiles in*

agreement.) Did I read that your friend Lord Gillingham is engaged to be married?

MARY: Yes. To Miss Lane Fox.

ISOBEL: I hope you don't mind. I should so hate for you to be unhappy.

MARY: I'm not unhappy. I'm just not quite ready to be happy.

ISOBEL: When I got engaged, I was so in love with Reginald I felt sick. I was sick with love. Literally. *(She laughs a little.)* It seems so odd to think about it now. It really does.

TOM: It was the same for me. As if I'd gone mad, or been hypnotised, or something. For days. Weeks. All I could think about was her.

MARY: And me. I was standing outside in the snow, and I didn't have a coat. But I wasn't cold, because all I kept thinking was, he's going to propose, he's going to propose!

They all smile, savouring their happy memories.

ISOBEL: Well. Aren't we the lucky ones?

The door opens, and the nanny comes in with George on her arm and leading Sybbie by the hand.

NANNY: Oh! Look who's here!

ISOBEL: Hello, Sybbie!

SYBBIE: Hello!

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

Jack Ross and his band have turned the servants' hall into an impromptu rehearsal room. The musicians play snatches of music throughout the scene. Jack Ross is at the table, drinking some water. Carson and Mrs Hughes stand nearby. Jimmy is hanging around in the background.

CARSON: Have you never thought of visiting Africa?

JACK: And why should I go to Africa, Mr Carson? I'm no more African than you are. Well...not much more. My people came over in the 1790s. We won't go into why or how.

CARSON: Oh, no, no. Better left unsaid.

MRS HUGHES: Mr Ross, you've uncovered something about the past that Mr Carson doesn't approve of. Well done!

CARSON: Not so fast, Mrs Hughes. We led the world in the fight against slavery. Remember Lord Henley's judgment of 1763? 'If a man sets foot on English soil, then he is free.' (*)

MRS HUGHES: Don't undo Mr Ross's good work.

**) There were a few court judgments like this in Britain in the late 18th century. However, the slave trade as such wasn't*

formally abolished in Britain until the Slave Trade Act, 1807, and even then it didn't apply to the British overseas possessions (colonies). Slavery in British possessions remained legal until the passage of the Slavery Abolition Act, 1833, and the Indian Slavery Act, 1843. Carson is taking a very rosy view of the role of Britain in the fight against slavery here.

Ivy walks in to clear the table.

JIMMY: Ivy. When I said that I could -

But she walks out without listening to him. Rose walks in.

CARSON: Oh my goodness. Is that the time?

ROSE: I'm first down. I just wanted to check everything was on track.

MRS HUGHES: I've given them something to eat, because they'll be playing when the servants are having their dinner.

JACK: Yes, that's very kind of you.

ROSE: Wait till Carson has everyone securely in their seats before you start setting up.

JACK: I will.

Rose gives him a radiant smile, then runs back upstairs.

JACK *(with a laugh)*: Well... she's quite a character.

MRS HUGHES: Lady Rose? That's one word for her.

In the doorway, a couple of young housemaids try to catch a sight of the band, giggling. Carson frowns at Jack Ross as if he's going to personally sue him for it.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

A large dinner party has assembled for Robert's birthday. Apart from the two house guests, there are quite a few more random other gentlemen and ladies around the table. Carson, Thomas, Jimmy and Molesley are attending them. Mary is sitting next to Charles Blake.

MARY: But I can't help feeling sorry for the poor pigs.

BLAKE: Do you eat bacon?

MARY: Yes.

BLAKE: Sausages?

MARY: Yes.

BLAKE: Then you are a sentimentalist who cannot face the truth.

MARY: I'm not often called sentimental.

At the other side of the table, Cora is sitting next to Evelyn Napier, who seems to have realised that he has, yet again, brought a man to this house whom Mary infinitely prefers to him.

CORA: Your friend seems to be putting Mary through her paces.

NAPIER: I'm afraid Charles is challenged by anyone with a sense of entitlement.

CORA: You mean, Mary feels entitled to take charge?

NAPIER: Well, she's welcome to take charge of me.

You wish. Cora smiles. Meanwhile, Violet is pleased to see Molesley again.

VIOLET: Molesley. Glad to be back?

MOLESLEY: Surprised, more like, m'lady. *(Pointedly)* But I suppose I'll be called Joseph now.

VIOLET: I don't think I can manage that.

ROBERT: Nor can I. Carson, you don't mind if we go on calling Molesley Molesley, do you?

CARSON: Of course not, m'lord.

He clearly does, but as he said earlier, he can't fight on every front.

Isobel is questioning Tom about his plans to move to America.

ISOBEL: Why do you want to emigrate?

TOM: Because I realised that I'll never fit in at Downton.

ISOBEL: They're very fond of you here.

TOM: I think they are. And I'm fond of them. I love them, really, though it surprises me to say it. But I'm not one of them. And I cannot make a life here.

ISOBEL: Why not?

TOM: Would there be another earl's daughter who'd be keen to take me on, do you think?

ISOBEL: Well, I don't know. It would depend on her.

TOM: No. She wouldn't. There aren't many as free as my Sybil.

ISOBEL: Well, I agree with that.

TOM: So should I bring a nice Irish working girl to live here? Would that make everyone comfy?

Robert and Violet have been watching them.

ROBERT *(to Violet)*: Isobel really appears to be coming out of the mist. I'm so pleased.

VIOLET: Well, don't be too pleased. Part of her recovery is going back into battle.

ROBERT: If she's fighting for her causes again, that seems a good sign.

VIOLET: A sign of what? That we should close the shutters and bar the door?

ROBERT: She likes to fight for what she believes in.

VIOLET: Oh, no. It's not a matter of what she likes. It is her fuel. Some people run on greed, lust, even love. She runs on indignation.

Which leaves the audience to wonder what exactly Violet is running on.

CORA: I'm catching the ladies' eye.

Everyone rises to give the ladies the chance to withdraw.

ROSE (*protesting*): Oh, no.

CORA (*surprised*): Rose?

ROSE: No. We're not splitting tonight. We're all going out together.

CORA: What on earth is she talking about?

ROBERT: What?

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

In the hall, the band have set up and the carpet has been rolled up. Rose comes hurrying out.

ROSE: Quick! Play!

JACK (V. O): And a one, two, three -

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The dinner party are still on their feet, clueless. Rose comes rushing back in. The music starts up.

ROSE: Happy birthday, Cousin Robert!

Everyone laughs.

ROBERT: I say!

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Rose is pulling Robert out into the hall by his hand. Jack Ross is singing 'I'm just wild about Harry' (a 1922 Sissie/Blake song). Robert is willing enough at first, but he stops dead when he sees it's a black singer. His family and guests come walking out after him, looking on uncertainly. Rose, however, has already found another dance partner.

EDITH: Who is this singer? And how did he get here? Isn't it rather odd?

ROBERT: No, I think it's fun.

He and Cora start to dance, too.

EDITH (*to Violet*): But Granny, is it really suitable that Rose has brought this man here?

VIOLET: Oh, my dear, we country-dwellers must beware of being provincial. Try and let your time in London rub off on you a little more, hm?

Some more couples start dancing. Mary, Blake and Napier are looking on.

MARY: I'd love to know which estates you're going to examine.

BLAKE: I'm sure you would.

MARY: You mustn't be too discreet. After a while, it gets a little dull.

Blake moves away. Mary approaches Napier.

MARY: You seem to have brought a traitor into our midst.

NAPIER: Not a traitor.

MARY: An enemy, then. He's obviously not on our side.

Tom is dancing with Isobel. They're absolutely enjoying themselves.

TOM: It is a bit wild, jazz at Downton Abbey.

ISOBEL: I think it's lovely. You see, Tom, things can happen at Downton that no one imagined even a few years ago. Take heart from that, before you throw in the towel.

Napier sits down next to Violet, who isn't dancing either.

NAPIER: Is this your first experience of jazz, Lady Grantham?

VIOLET: Oh, is that what it is? Do you think any of them know what the others are playing?

The song ends, and everyone claps.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

At the bottom of the stairs, the kitchen staff, Mrs Hughes and Anna are listening to the music from above. Bates sits a little further away in the now empty servants' hall. Carson comes walking down the stairs.

CARSON: Did you ask me to come down?

MRS HUGHES: I did. We've made some sandwiches for you and the others, as I doubt you'll be off duty before midnight. We'll set a little table inside the green baize door.

MRS PATMORE: They sound good from down here.

CARSON: If you like that sort of thing.

MRS HUGHES: I thought Mr Ross was very nice.

CARSON: So did I, strange to relate. Though it's still an odd sort of thing to be happening at Downton.

MRS PATMORE *(moving on the spot in time with the music)*: Makes you want to jig about, don't it?

CARSON *(in a dignified tone)*: Certainly not!

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

The band are playing a slower instrumental number now. Violet, who has been dancing with Napier, breaks off, rather out of breath.

VIOLET: I think... I think we've done enough now, you know, to show that we're good sports.

NAPIER: Of course, of course.

Mary is dancing with Robert.

MARY: I do think it was a brilliant idea. But it must be costing Rose a fortune. Shall we chip in?

ROBERT: Or pay it. Get the bandleader to send me the bill.

MARY: I'll go down at the end of the night and catch him before he leaves.

Napier and Blake are looking on.

BLAKE: I'm afraid I don't share your enthusiasm for her.

NAPIER: Why not?

BLAKE: She's the type who demands all this as a right. But she wants it on a plate. She won't work for it and she won't fight for it. And that type doesn't deserve to survive.

NAPIER: I don't want to make trouble, but she feels much the same about you.

They take a sip of their drink in comical sync.

Meanwhile, Edith is standing in a corner of the room, alone and gloomy. Cora walks up to her.

CORA: Oh, Edith! I wish you'd tell me what's wrong.

EDITH: How do you know something's wrong?

CORA: Because I'm your mother. Is it Michael? Is there any news?

EDITH: Not really. He went to Munich a few weeks ago. That's all they know.

CORA: Well, of course you're worried.

Edith walks away. The music ends again, and again there's applause.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Cora is already in bed. Robert walks in in his dressing gown.

ROBERT: Well, it's not often that a birthday surprise really is a surprise.

CORA: I just hope we haven't shocked the servants too much. Carson was ready to faint.

ROBERT: Although, amazingly, he told me that the bandleader was 'a very decent fellow, my lord'. So perhaps we'll make a modern of him after all.

CORA: I doubt it. Oh. And there's no news on Mr Gregson. He's still missing.

ROBERT: Edith told me. But I'm sure he'll be fine. *(He takes off his dressing gown, then sits down to take off his shoes.)* By the way. Did you ever read that letter from Harold?

CORA: I did. And I've had one from Mother. I didn't wanna bother you. But I think he's in a deep hole. Have you ever met this Senator Fall(*)?

ROBERT: Not that I remember.

CORA: I suppose he may be innocent. Nothing's been proved.

ROBERT: The one thing that has been proved is that Harold was a fool to get involved.

CORA: Don't get riled about it now. Come to bed and dream of ragtime.

Robert smiles and gets up to join her.

**) Albert B. Fall (1861-1944) was a Republican US Senator and Secretary of the Interior under President Warren G. Harding. He leased Navy petroleum reserves at Teapot Dome in Wyoming as well as two locations in California to private oil companies at low rates without competitive bidding, receiving bribes in return. Convicted of accepting bribes from the oil companies, Fall became the first US cabinet member to go to prison. The 'Teapot Dome Scandal' was, until the Watergate Scandal, considered the biggest and worst political scandal in the history of the US. As Harold Levinson is presented as a rich business man, the implication here is that he was among those who paid bribes for the drilling rights, and was subsequently threatened with criminal prosecution and/or personal and financial ruin, prompting Robert to travel to the US to speak up for him. In the end, historically, nobody was convicted of paying the bribes, but neither Harold Levinson nor Robert could know that, of course.*

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

At the end of the long evening, Mary comes walking down the stairs. In the darkness of the servants' hall, she can see two people embracing, kissing and laughing softly.

MARY *(loudly)*: Is anyone still awake?

The couple in the servants' hall break apart, and Rose comes hurrying out.

ROSE: Mary? What are you doing down here?

MARY: I was looking for Mr Ross.

Jack follows Rose out into the corridor.

MARY: Mr Ross, I wanted to thank you for a marvellous evening. And also to ask you if you would be kind enough to send the bill to His Lordship.

ROSE: But that's not necessary.

MARY: He wants to. He says your present was arranging the whole thing.

JACK: Of course. And now it's my turn to thank you. I've been so well looked after here.

MARY: I'm glad to hear it. Well, goodnight.

Mary turns and walks back up the stairs. Rose totally knows that she knows. She looks very caught out. She and Jack Ross look at each other guiltily.

END CREDITS