

DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.05

Note on the timeline: *The episode begins shortly after Episode 4.04 ends (since Anna's bruise from Alex Green's attack on her in Episode 4.03 still hasn't faded completely), and spans only a few days. The times is unspecified otherwise, except it must be between April (Episode 4.02) and July (Episode 4.07) 1922.*

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. DAY

Bates walks out of his cottage, alone. He stands there for a moment, then puts on his hat and slowly starts walking to work. He looks miserable.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

Early morning.

INT. THE ATTICS. ANNA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Anna stands in her borrowed bedroom in the attics, steeling herself for another day. Then she turns to look in the mirror, picks up a small sponge and starts putting make-up on her face, still marked from Green's attack on her. She, too, looks miserable.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Bates walks in and reaches the foot of the stairs just as Anna comes walking down.

ANNA: I don't know why you always wait for me. There's no need.

BATES: I want to be the first to greet you every day.

ANNA: Well, as I said...there's no need.

BATES: There's - *(He pauses until a passing housemaid is out of earshot.)* There's every need. And I will keep it up until you explain to me what has gone wrong between us.

ANNA *(sharply)*: Explain what?

BATES: My life is perfect. And then, in the space of one day, it is nothing. To me, that requires an explanation.

Miss Baxter, Cora's new lady's maid, appears, carrying her sewing machine.

BATES (*politely*): Good morning, Miss Baxter.

BAXTER: Hello, Mr Bates, Mrs Bates. I wondered if you'd help me.

BATES: We will, if we can.

BAXTER: It's my sewing machine. I have no sockets in my room. And what with the sewing room being in the laundry wing, I wondered if Mrs Hughes might let me use it in the servants' hall.

BATES: I should ask her, if I were you.

BAXTER: Yes, of course. I'll do that.

She walks off.

BATES (*to Anna*): What do you make of her?

ANNA: I think she's nice.

BATES: Which prompts me to wonder what she sees in our friend Thomas.

ANNA: You know the old saying. 'There's nowt so queer as folk.'
(*Neither of them smiles.*) We'll miss breakfast if we're not careful.

She heads for the servants' hall.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

It's breakfast time. The indoor staff are all seated around the breakfast table. Mrs Patmore, standing behind Mrs Hughes, is talking to her privately.

MRS PATMORE: Are you happy for us to be teaching Alfred to cook?

MRS HUGHES: It's Mr Carson you should ask.

CARSON: Ask me what?

MRS HUGHES: About the kitchen staff helping Alfred to train for his test.

CARSON: He's been accepted for it, then?

MRS PATMORE: Not yet, no. But he'd like to be ready if he is.

CARSON: Oh, I suppose it's all right. Alfred is a hard worker. I'll give him that. (*Alfred can be seen reading his textbooks even while he's eating.*) And if cooking's his chosen path...

MRS PATMORE: Good. I was just checking I wasn't inciting a revolution.

She walks out. Carson looks after her in bewilderment. A bell on the bell board rings. Carson rises, and so does everyone else. He gives them all a look as if to quell a revolution that's already at hand, then walks out. Thomas exchanges a look with Baxter, and it's not a nice one.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Baxter is serving Cora's breakfast, putting the tray across her lap as she sits in bed.

BAXTER: There we are, m'lady.

Cora gives her an enquiring look.

BAXTER: I think I've remembered everything. But I'll just stay here while you check.

CORA: It seems perfect, but - (*indicating a glass of orange juice on her tray*) - what's this?

BAXTER (*in an uncertain voice*): Well, I know Americans often drink orange juice with breakfast. So I thought you might like it.

CORA (*sincerely*): That is so considerate, Baxter. Thank you. *Baxter smiles, relieved, and walks to the door. Robert comes in just as she's about to leave.*

BAXTER: Good morning, m'lord.

ROBERT: Good morning. (*Baxter leaves.*) You look very jovial.

CORA: Just Baxter reminding me of times gone by.

She drinks the orange juice as if it's a heavenly nectar.

ROBERT: You're pleased with her.

CORA: I am, thank heaven. (*Robert nods, content.*) What's your day looking like?

ROBERT: Tom and Mary have summoned me to the library. They have an idea.

CORA: I hope it's not something you're gonna fight about.

ROBERT: How can I answer that when I don't know what it is.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DAY

Just to establish where we are.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Dr Clarkson is paying Isobel a visit and has been served coffee. They sit by the bay window.

ISOBEL: So what you're saying is, if we find a job for the boy, it'll make a difference to his mother.

DR CLARKSON: Oh, a big difference. If you really want to help Mrs Pegg, this will be of more practical use than all the tea and sympathy in the world.

ISOBEL: Well, I don't need anyone else here -

DR CLARKSON: I know. But would you talk to the head gardener up at the abbey? Or maybe even talk to Lady Grantham. She takes her garden seriously.

ISOBEL: You don't have to tell me that.

INT. DOWTON HALL. LIBRARY. DAY

Robert, holding a newspaper, is in conference with Tom and Mary.

ROBERT: I'm sorry. When's the funeral?

TOM: Tomorrow. Will you go?

ROBERT: I will. His forebears have been tenants since the reign of George III. (*)

**) 1760 - 1820*

MARY: Be that as it may, the rent's not been paid for ages. We've served all the papers. It's time to get on with it.

ROBERT: You mean, foreclose the lease and farm the land ourselves?

TOM: That's what we discussed.

ROBERT *(with a sigh)*: It's sad, though. After such a long time in the hands of one family.

MARY: The world moves on, and we must move with it.

ROBERT: So you keep telling me. Talking of the world moving on, I suppose you've seen this.

He hands the newspaper to Mary, pointing out an announcement.

MARY *(reading from the newspaper)*: 'The engagement is announced between the Viscount Gillingham and the Honourable Mabel Lane Fox, only child of the late Lord Osweston.' Well, I must write and congratulate him. Now. *(She hands the newspaper back.)* Let me get on.

She walks off, looking not quite as self-assured as she was trying to.

4:59

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

Miss Baxter has set up her electric sewing machine in the servants' hall and is testing it. It makes quite some noise, but it seems to be working just fine. Mrs Hughes, Mrs Patmore, Bates, Alfred, Thomas and Daisy are looking on curiously.

DAISY But if it's electric, aren't you worried it'll run away with itself and sew your fingers to the table?

BAXTER: I certainly hope not.

ALFRED: How do you operate it?

BAXTER: With a pedal under me foot.

MRS PATMORE: Well, I don't think it has any business in a servants' hall.

MRS HUGHES: But there's no socket in her room.

MRS PATMORE: She could take it to the laundry. Or, better still, chuck it out altogether!

She walks out in a huff.

THOMAS (to Baxter): Mrs Patmore is not what you'd call a futurist.

BAXTER: I think I'd got there already.

Anna walks in.

BATES (happily): Anna!

But she doesn't look happy to see him at all.

ANNA: I've forgotten something.

She walks straight back out.

MRS HUGHES: You must forgive me, Mr Bates. I'm afraid I'm keeping Anna too busy.

Bates isn't buying it.

BAXTER (to Daisy, referring to the sewing machine): Would you like to have a try?

Daisy nods eagerly. They share a giggle.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Anna walks along. Mrs Hughes calls after her.

MRS HUGHES: Anna? (Anna turns and dutifully walks back towards her.) I don't know why you must be so hard on Mr Bates. At least you know now there'll be no baby.

ANNA: No.

She's avoiding Mrs Hughes' eyes.

MRS HUGHES: Then can't you start to get past it and tell him something?

ANNA (meeting her eyes now): He'd know if it wasn't the truth. He sees through me. He can read me like a book.

MRS HUGHES: I wish he could read you. And take you out of this Vale of Shadows(*). Don't you want to be honest with him?

**) A biblical reference to Psalm 23 ('The Lord is my Shepherd'), verse 4. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Being in the Vale of Shadow is being at the total rock bottom of one's life.*

ANNA: Of course I do. But I know him. I know what he'd do. And I can't risk his future.

MRS HUGHES: Well. It's your secret and not mine. But I think it's a mistake.

Anna walks away. Around the corner, Bates is revealed to have been listening to their conversation.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Isobel and Dr Clarkson are interviewing the young Mr Pegg for a job.

ISOBEL: And you're sure you have a feel for gardening?

PEGG: I am, Your Ladyship.

ISOBEL: I'm not a ladyship. Just Mrs Crawley.

PEGG (*hopefully*): I... I don't know much now. But I'm a grafter. And a quick learner.

ISOBEL: I cannot make promises, but I will try and find something for you.

PEGG: Thank you very much, Your Ladyship.

Isobel rings the bell. The door opens.

ISOBEL (*to the unseen maid*): Will you show him out?

Pegg leaves.

ISOBEL (*to Dr Clarkson*): He's going to be so disappointed when he finds out how ordinary I really am.

She sits down in the bay window. He joins her, but doesn't sit down.

DR CLARKSON: You're part of the family. That's how the village sees you.

ISOBEL: It's not how the family see me.

DR CLARKSON: Oh, I'm not so sure about that.

ISOBEL: Lord and Lady Grantham have always been as kind as they can be. And I appreciate it. But I am not one of them. And that's the end of it.

DR CLARKSON: Lord Grantham admires you very much. But if it serves you to think yourself unloved, then nothing I say will make any difference.

ISOBEL: I think that's rather harsh.

Dr Clarkson heaves an audible sigh. She's really not making this easy for herself, or anyone else for that matter.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. CHURCHYARD. DAY

Several people, dressed in black, walk away from the site of a funeral. By the grave stands Mr Drewe, the dead tenant's son. Robert, also in black, has attended the service, too. As the others leave, Drewe walks over to him.

DREWE: Lord Grantham.

ROBERT: It was a very good service. Your father would've been pleased.

DREWE: Thank you.

They put their hats back on and start walking together.

ROBERT: Do you have far to go?

DREWE: I'm staying at Yew Tree Farm.

ROBERT: Of course. Let us know when you're ready to leave. There's no hurry.

DREWE: The thing is, m'lord, I... don't want to move out. I want to take on the tenancy.

ROBERT (*stopping in his tracks*): What?

DREWE: If it's still possible.

ROBERT: I'm sorry to be the one to say it, but I don't believe it is. The notices have been served. The case is closed.

DREWE: You mean, you want to farm the land yourself. Then it's all settled.

ROBERT: Mr Drewe, it's no good painting me as Simon Legree (*). We gave your father a long time to get straight, and left him in peace at the end of his life.

**) Simon Legree is a brutal slave owner and land owner in Harriet Beecher Stowe's 1852 novel 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. The book was a bestseller in the UK as well as in the US, so Robert would expect even a farmer to understand the reference.*

DREWE: He never told me about the debt. Or I'd've tried to help him. Because my ancestors have farmed at Yew Tree since the Napoleonic Wars. Surely, that's got to mean something?

ROBERT: It means a great deal to me.

DREWE: Then couldn't we talk about it, m'lord? Please?

ROBERT: Come tomorrow morning, if you wish. But I can't see what good it will do.

Drewe tips his hat to him, and Robert walks away.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Daisy is teaching an out-of-uniform Alfred how to make a sauce.

DAISY: Don't take it off too soon. Let it bubble a bit, or you'll taste the flour.

ALFRED (*showing her the pot*): So... is this enough?

DAISY: I'd say so, yeah. Now put it to one side while you check your casings.

Mrs Patmore comes walking up behind them.

MRS PATMORE: Oh my, my. Something smells good.

DAISY: Alfred's making tarts with an egg and cheese filling.

MRS PATMORE: Oh. Bouchées de fromage. They could be tonight's savoury.

ALFRED (*surprised*): Do you think?

MRS PATMORE: I don't see why not.

ALFRED (*happily*): I'll fetch the eggs.

He walks off.

MRS PATMORE: Well done, Daisy.

DAISY: It's very hard, Mrs Patmore. I feel like I'm helping him to leave us.

MRS PATMORE: So you are. Which is as it should be, now he's decided to go.

Alfred comes back.

ALFRED: So, what's next?

DAISY: We'll add egg and cheese to the white sauce, if Mrs Patmore doesn't mind.

MRS PATMORE: I don't mind at all, Daisy. You can help him enrich the béchamel.

Alfred and Daisy seem quite happy to continue. In the background, Ivy is looking on a little jealously.

10:09

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Carson is sorting the post on a table near the front door. Cora and Edith come in at the door, which is being held open for them by Jimmy.

JIMMY: Your ladyship. M'lady.

EDITH: Is that the afternoon post? Is there anything for me?

CARSON: There's just a couple for his lordship, m'lady.

CORA: Were you expecting something?

EDITH: Not particularly. I haven't heard from Michael in a bit, that's all.

CORA: I expect he's busy.

They walk into the library.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Mary is at the writing desk when Cora and Edith walk in.

CORA (*to Mary*): What have you been up to?

MARY: I was writing to Tony Gillingham.

CORA (*walking past her*): Give him my regards.

Mary dabs her eyes. She's actually close to tears, or has just been crying, but the other two don't notice.

CORA: Say we look forward to knowing Miss Lane Fox.

Cora and Edith sit down on the settees.

EDITH (*to Mary, over her shoulder*): I am surprised. I thought he was rather keen on you.

MARY: Not for the first time, you've got the wrong end of the stick.

The door opens and Rose walks in.

CORA: Oh. I thought you were Robert.

ROSE: Is he back from his funeral?

MARY: Not yet, I don't think.

EDITH: While he's not here, shall we discuss his birthday?

ROSE: Oh, does he have a birthday soon?

She sits down next to Cora.

CORA: Fairly soon.

MARY (*walking over to join them*): Do you have any plans?

CORA: Nothing beyond his favourite food. It's not a special one.

MARY: Why don't we have a party? To cheer ourselves up. A small one.

ROSE: That'll be fun.

Cora smiles happily at her daughter's reviving spirits.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY

VIOLET (V. O.): But Maley may have a candidate of his own that he wants to bring forward.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Violet sits at her desk. Isobel is paying a visit, standing next to her.

ISOBEL: So you do need extra help.

VIOLET: Yes, I suppose so. The last boy went off to a frightfully grand rectory.

ISOBEL: Then will you take young Pegg? He impressed me so favourably.

VIOLET: I wonder your halo doesn't grow heavy. It must be like wearing a tiara round the clock.

ISOBEL (*unsmiling*): Will you help him? His mother would be very grateful. And so would I.

VIOLET: Yes, but your gratitude never seems to last. I've no sooner said yes than you come back with another request.

ISOBEL: Will you?

VIOLET: Oh, very well. Very well. But he'd better turn out to be all the things you say he is.

Isobel smiles. Barely.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Mrs Patmore, Daisy and Ivy are preparing dinner, while Alfred (back in livery) and Jimmy are standing ready to take it upstairs. Carson walks in with a letter in his hand.

CARSON (to Alfred, handing him the letter): This came for you in the last post.

DAISY: Is that the letter that says if they'll see you?

ALFRED: I think it must be.

IVY: Well, open it then.

Alfred turns the letter in his hand. It has the sender's name printed on the back, 'Ritz Hotel London', with a rather grand crest.

MRS PATMORE: Oh, go on. Don't keep us in suspense.

ALFRED (handling the letter with trembling hands): I want it so much. I can't bear to find out I've not got it.

Bates has walked up behind him to see what's going on.

MRS PATMORE: Give it to me, then.

She slits the letter open and looks at it. Everyone stands waiting with bated breath.

MRS PATMORE: Well, they are going to test you.

ALFRED (incredulously): They are?

Ivy looks very happy. Daisy is having mixed emotions.

MRS PATMORE: But, by 'eck, it's the day after tomorrow! They don't give you much time. (She checks the postmark.) Oh, this was posted ten days ago. It must've got lost.

BATES (kindly): He'll be fine. He knows his stuff.

MRS PATMORE: Of course he does. Doesn't he, Daisy?

DAISY: He does, yeah.

Anna walks in.

ANNA: What's this?

JIMMY: Alfred's got his test. At the Ritz.

Even he is starting to sound impressed. A little bit.

ANNA (sincerely): I'm happy for you, Alfred.

BATES: Anna...

The gong sounds.

ANNA: That's the gong.

She walks away, leaving Bates standing there miserably. Mrs Patmore approaches him.

MRS PATMORE: I shouldn't worry, Mr Bates. She's got ever so much on her plate.

He forces a smile.

BATES: Haven't we all?

She looks after him with sympathy as he walks away.

INT. NURSERY. DAY

Mary walks in to find Tom stretched out comfortably on the rug with Sybbie and George and lots of toys scattered around.

MARY: Thought I'd get an extra ten minutes in with George.
She picks up her son.

TOM: You can help me with this. Sybbie says there's going to be a hurricane any moment now.

MARY: A hurricane? Really? In Yorkshire?

She settles into an armchair with George on her lap.

TOM: So we're getting all the animals under shelter.

They have used building blocks and a picture book to build a shelter for the wooden animals.

MARY: I'm sure you are. Where's Nanny?

TOM: Collecting some clothes from laundry. I said I'd stay with them.

MARY: She's so much more relaxed than our nanny ever was. My childhood wasn't anything like Sybbie's.

TOM: Nor mine, God knows.

MARY: Do you think she's having a good childhood? That we're doing well?

TOM: I think you're doing your best for her. If that's what you mean.

MARY: It isn't quite.

Tom isn't ready for this conversation just now.

TOM (to Sybbie): Ooh. I think it's time for the hurricane. Whoo!
He makes the shelter collapse.

SYBBIE: Uh-oh.

TOM (echoing her): Uh-oh.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

To general cheers and applause, Daisy pulls two trays of Alfred's bouchées de fromage from the oven. They're golden-brown, extremely appetising and all around perfect.

IVY: Oh, bravo!

DAISY: She's right. I couldn't have done better myself!

MRS PATMORE (to Alfred, who stands ready to serve them with Jimmy): Now, take them up and say you cooked 'em.

ALFRED: I couldn't.

MRS PATMORE: Well, Mr Carson can say it.

JIMMY: And what are they supposed to do? Hang out the flags?

MRS PATMORE: Oh, don't grudge him his success.

JIMMY: I don't. I just can't see the fun in a life chained to a stove.

Ivy gives him a very dark look.

CARSON (*V. O., calling from the corridor*): Are the savouries ready to go up?

IVY (*proudly*): They certainly are!

To encouraging smiles all around from the kitchen staff, Alfred picks up the tray and departs.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The family are at dinner, tasting the savouries. Alfred, Jimmy and Carson are in attendance.

ROBERT: I say. Well done.

Alfred inclines his head.

CORA: We'll be sorry to lose you, Alfred. But I think you'll pass your test.

ALFRED: Fingers crossed, m'lady.

ROBERT: When is it?

ALFRED: The day after tomorrow. I'm going up in the morning.

Jimmy audibly clears his throat. (I'm not sure why, to be honest.)

EDITH: I'm going up myself tomorrow.

CORA: Oh?

EDITH: Just for the day. To visit Michael's office. I'll be back for dinner.

14:50

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

The sewing machine is rattling away in the servants' hall. Thomas walks in. Baxter, at the table, has the place to herself.

THOMAS: All alone?

BAXTER: I seem to be. I don't know why.

Does she or doesn't she? I can never tell.

THOMAS: How are you getting on with her ladyship?

BAXTER: Pretty well, I think.

THOMAS: You've done America and praised Lady Sybil?

BAXTER: Have I not. You name it, I've said it.

THOMAS: She'll be eating out of your hand.

BAXTER: That's the intention.

THOMAS: No enemies downstairs neither. That was Miss O'Brien's mistake. Nobody liked her, so nobody told her anything.

BAXTER: They don't like you much.

THOMAS: That's why you're here. To rectify that failing on my part.

He walks out again. She's not happy.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. DAY

The next morning, Mary is having breakfast in bed while Anna is tidying up.

MARY: Is it true you've moved into the house again? Mrs Hughes said so.

ANNA: It seemed easier when I was looking after Her Ladyship as well as you.

MARY: But she has her own maid now. Why not go back to the cottage?

Anna busies herself by the dressing table so she can turn her back to Mary.

ANNA: I haven't got round to it.

MARY: Anna, if you're in difficulties, I wish you'd tell me.

ANNA: I'm not, m'lady. Honestly.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

The kitchen staff are busy preparing breakfast. Alfred, out of uniform and suitcase in hand, walks in with Carson.

ALFRED: I've come to say goodbye. And thank you for all your help.

DAISY: Just keep calm. You know enough to do well if you keep calm.

IVY: Very good luck, Alfred.

ALFRED: Is there anything I ought to know about London?

MRS PATMORE: There's quite a lot you ought to know about London, dear.

CARSON: And no time to tell it now, or he'll miss his train.

He walks out, and Alfred follows. Mrs Patmore stands facing her team.

MRS PATMORE: This afternoon, when Her Ladyship comes down, I don't want any backchat. She must see everything is in order. Everything neat and tidy.

DAISY: What's happened to your apron?

MRS PATMORE: Why? What should - *(She looks down.)* Oh, my God!

Her apron is torn near the bottom seam. Thomas comes walking in.

THOMAS: What's up?

MRS PATMORE: Ah, I must've caught it on a nail. And me other one's in the wash and her ladyship's coming down later!

THOMAS: Oh, don't worry. Miss Baxter'll sort that out. Give it here.

MRS PATMORE *(after a moment of scepticism)*: Right.
She starts taking off her apron.

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Edith, in coat and hat, walks out through the front door, where a car is waiting.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

Carson and Jimmy are overseeing the departure. Alfred stands waiting by the car.

CARSON *(to Edith)*: I thought you wouldn't mind if Alfred rode in the front, m'lady. He's catching the same train.

Alfred takes off his cap. He's looking extremely nervous. Jimmy opens the car door for Edith.

EDITH: Of course I don't mind. We all wish you luck, Alfred.

ALFRED: I'm going to need it, m'lady.

CARSON: It's his first trip to London.

EDITH: How exciting.

ALFRED: Exciting's one word for it.

Carson tells him with a look that he's talking too much. Alfred turns and folds himself into the front passenger seat. The car moves off.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Robert is at his writing desk. Mr Drewe stands in front of him, a mourning armband on his arm, cap in hand.

ROBERT: You want to reverse the foreclosure and take the lease, but you still can't pay all the arrears. It doesn't seem a very enticing offer.

DREWE: I'll pay, and it won't take long.

ROBERT: Even so...

DREWE: I'm a Yorkshireman, m'lord. This is where I belong. We've worked this land in partnership with the Crawleys for more than a century.

ROBERT: 'In partnership with the Crawleys'.

DREWE: I don't mean to be impertinent.

ROBERT: I do not hear it as impertinence. We have been in partnership. We're in partnership with all our tenants. Or we should be.

DREWE: Then will you let me come home?

ROBERT: I'll see what I can do.

DREWE: Thank you, m'lord. I'll be at the farm.

He turns to go, but Robert goes after him.

ROBERT: Mr Drewe. I would prefer to report that you are prepared to repay the arrears in full. I'll lend you the difference myself.

DREWE: You'd do that for me? It won't be less than £50.

ROBERT: I'll send a cheque when I'm sure of the outcome.

DREWE: You won't regret it.

ROBERT: No. I don't think I will.

He holds out his hand. Drewe takes it.

INT. MRS HUGHES'S SITTING ROOM. DAY

Mrs Hughes is at her desk. Carson knocks on the door and comes in.

CARSON: Do you think Alfred has a chance with his cooking thing?

MRS HUGHES: I think he's got more than a chance, judging by what Mrs Patmore has to say on the subject.

CARSON: Because I've got an idea that might kill two birds with one stone. We'll be short of a footman any day, and Mr Molesley will be short of a job. What say we deal with the two problems together?

MRS HUGHES: And solve both.

CARSON: Exactly.

MRS HUGHES: But would he do it?

CARSON: Ah, would he do it. When he's been mending roads and delivering groceries, and lucky to get even that? I'll say he'll do it.

MRS HUGHES: I hope you're right.

CARSON: Ah, I know I am.

19:18

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

The family, plus Violet and Isobel, but minus Edith, are having lunch.

MARY (to Robert): You might've talked it over with us before you made up your mind.

ROBERT: But I haven't. I told him we'd think about it. That's all.

MARY: Sounds to me as if you've come to a decision.

ROBERT: If we don't respect the past, we'll find it harder to build our future.

VIOLET: Where did you read that?

ROBERT: I made it up. I thought it was rather good.

VIOLET: It's too good. The one thing we don't want is a poet in the family.

ISOBEL: Would it be so bad?

VIOLET: The only poet peer I am familiar with is Lord Byron. And I presume you all know how that ended. (*)

**) Lord Byron (1788 - 1824) was an English poet, peer and politician who supported the Greek War of Independence and is considered one of the leading figures of the Romantic movement. After a life filled with scandals, he tragically died at the age of 36 from an infection he incurred in the course of the war in Greece.*

CORA: So you'd like Mr Drewe to stay on.

ROBERT: Since he wants to repay the debt, I think it only fair. Besides, he talks of the partnership between the farmers and the family, and I like that.

ISOBEL: Well, I think it's splendid.

VIOLET: Says the Queen of the Rebels.

ISOBEL *(pointedly)*: Thank you.

MARY *(to Robert)*: And you agree, even though he has no right to renew the lease?

CORA: No right legally, no. But we think he has a moral right.

TOM: It's a pity it should be Yew Tree. It would've filled a hole in the land we're farming.

ISOBEL: You've managed without it till now.

MARY *(to Tom)*: But you haven't said what you think. Which side are you on?

TOM: Well, the farmer's, of course. I've not abandoned all my socialism. Even though it feels like it sometimes.

ROBERT: In this one and only instance, I am glad to hear it.

ISOBEL: When will you tell him?

ROBERT: There's no tearing rush. We've a day or two to talk it over. *(To Mary)* And then you can tell him.

Mary looks unpleasantly surprised. Tom looks uncomfortable.

INT. BOOT ROOM. DAY

Anna is cleaning shoes. Bates stands in the door, holding another pair. He walks slowly into the room. Anna doesn't acknowledge his presence. He takes his place next to her at the table.

BATES: It's strange... standing here next to you in silence. Because I love you. And I want to find out why you don't love me any more. You'd think we could talk about it, but apparently not. *Throughout all this, Anna hasn't looked at him once.*

ANNA: But I don't... *(She takes a deep breath.)* I'm going into Ripon this afternoon to get some things for Lady Mary. If they miss me, I'll be back before the gong.

She picks up her shoes and leaves.

BATES: Well... At least I know you'll be back before the gong.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

In the otherwise empty servants' hall, Baxter is at the table with her sewing machine, repairing Mrs Patmore's apron. Mrs Patmore, sans apron, stands looking over her shoulder.

MRS PATMORE: Oof! I can't get over the speed of it. I feel quite dizzy watching.

BAXTER: I don't think it'll show.

She holds the result up for Mrs Patmore's inspection.

MRS PATMORE: Show? It's better than it was before I bought it. Aw. Thanks very much.

Thomas walks in.

THOMAS: Her Ladyship's on her way down.

Mrs Patmore leaves. Thomas takes an ashtray from the mantelpiece and sits down opposite Baxter.

THOMAS: Another one roped to the chariot?

BAXTER: I'm grateful for this job, Thomas. And we both know why. But what's it all about?

THOMAS: Well, there's going to be changes at Downton. There's bound to be.

He lights a cigarette.

BAXTER: I'm sure.

THOMAS: So I want to know about any plans upstairs. Any detail, no matter how small. Understand?

BAXTER: Did the other lady's maids keep you informed?

THOMAS: Miss O'Brien, yes. But we fell out.

BAXTER: What about Mrs Bates? Is she an enemy? She knows what's going on.

THOMAS: No, she's not an enemy. But she's incorruptible, so we have nothing in common.

BAXTER: She's also silent. Shouldn't think I've had four words out of her since I arrived.

She gets up.

THOMAS: Just get them all to trust you and tell you everything.

In the background, Mrs Patmore can be heard talking to Cora.

MRS PATMORE (V. O.): Your ladyship. How can I help?

Thomas walks out into the corridor, where Mrs Patmore and Cora are talking. He passes them and disappears. We stay with the two women.

CORA: I've come down to persuade you.

MRS PATMORE: I just don't see why it's better than an ice box.

CORA: Well, a refrigerator is more efficient. It keeps food fresh longer. We won't need ice to be delivered.

MRS PATMORE: But the papers will still be delivered, and the groceries, and all sorts. Or are we to stop that too?

CORA: Mrs Patmore, is there any aspect of the present day that you can accept without resistance?

MRS PATMORE: Well, m'lady... *(She leans in to whisper.)* I wouldn't mind getting rid of me corset.

Cora smiles.

EXT. THE DOWER HOUSE. THE GARDEN. DAY

Violet and Isobel have come to see how young Pegg is doing in his gardening job. The head gardener stands at some distance, listening.

VIOLET: You must do everything Maley tells you.

PEGG: I will, Your Ladyship.

ISOBEL: John is keen to learn. Aren't you?

PEGG: I am, ma'am.

ISOBEL: Because there's always work for a good gardener.

VIOLET: You owe your place to Mrs Crawley. She would not let me go until I'd promised. She would not relax her grip.

ISOBEL: You make me sound very fervent.

VIOLET: Wars have been waged with less fervour.

ISOBEL: Well, let's hope we win this one. Good day, John.

Young Pegg puts his cap back on and gets on with his work.

ISOBEL: Say what you like, but I know you care about these things as much as I do.

VIOLET: Oh! Nobody cares about anything as much as you do.

She laughs.

23:50

EXT. LONDON. A TAXI. DAY

Edith is being driven along.

EDITH *(to the driver)*: This is it.

The taxi stops outside a large town house. Edith gets out and pays, then walks up the steps. A polished brass sign at the entrance says 'Dr. T. Goldman. M.B. B.S. Lond. F.R.C.S. Lond.' This is a doctor. F.R.C.S. stands for 'Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons', even though it's not usually followed by 'Lond.', as there is only one Royal College of Surgeons for all of England.

INT. LONDON. THE RITZ. TRAINING KITCHEN. DAY

In a large, tiled downstairs room at the Ritz Hotel, small tables are set up for the entry exam of the culinary course. At each table stands one of the candidates, dressed as an assistant chef. Alfred is among them. A man, also dressed as a chef, walks to the front and addresses the candidates in a heavy French accent.

CHEF: My name is Arsène Avignon. I am the sous-chef of The Ritz. Today, you are going to make four dishes. Is that clear? *(The candidates nod.)* Then, if you have no questions, we will begin. *(He starts walking among them.)* In 1917, at our sister hotel in New York, the chef, Monsieur Diat, altered a soup made popular by Monsieur Gouffe and the great Monsieur Escoffier. What did he do? *He has come to a halt right in front of Alfred, who looks down. Another candidate a few tables away speaks up.*

CANDIDATE 1: He served it cold.

CHEF: Very good. Yes, it was eaten cold. Previously, the name had been a simple one. Leek and potato soup. But what was it called now?

He turns back to Alfred to give him another chance, but Alfred has no answer. Another candidate raises his hand.

CANDIDATE 2: Vichyssoise.

CHEF: It was Vichyssoise. So, you all have the instructions before you. Please begin.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. LIBRARY. DAY

Mary is at the writing desk. Carson comes in and clears his throat.

CARSON: Mr Napier.

MARY: What?

She rises, extremely surprised. As are we all. Evelyn Napier, whom we last saw saying farewell to Mary after the disaster with Kemal Pamuk in Season 1, walks in.

NAPIER: Hello, Mary. If I can still call you Mary?

MARY: Of course you can. How lovely. *(She kisses him on the cheek.)* What brings you here?

NAPIER: I'm working on a government thing and we've got some research to do in Yorkshire. I'm on a sort of reconnoitring expedition.

MARY: Lucky me.

NAPIER: I was in Thirsk, and I suddenly thought, why not take a chance?

MARY: Well, I'm so glad you did. *(She walks over to pull the bell.)* Let me give you some tea. I'll get them to tell Mama and Papa that you're here.

NAPIER: While I've got you alone... You've been in my thoughts a great deal since the whole... ghastly business.

MARY: That's nice to know.

NAPIER: Which is why it's lovely to see you looking so, um, lovely.

Mary smiles at his lack of eloquence. He's certainly sincere though.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Ivy is working there, alone for the moment. Jimmy walks in.

JIMMY: Hello. Lady Mary wants tea for four.

Ivy pretends not to hear and carries on with her task.

JIMMY: I'll start again... Hello? Lady Mary wants tea for four in the library?

IVY *(unsmiling)*: It's not right, you know, when you speak against Alfred.

JIMMY *(walking around the table, closer to her)*: Sorry. But imagine having never been to London. Dearie me.

IVY *(indignantly)*: I've not been to London. And for me, it just goes to show. *(She walks over to the sink.)* He may be nervous, it may be a daunting prospect, but he's got ambition. It drives him. And I admire that.

JIMMY *(following her)*: Good. Because I've got plenty of ambition where you're concerned.

IVY *(smiling now)*: Don't be so soft.

They share a giggle.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Napier is on one of the settees, Mary and Robert are on the other. Cora is helping herself to tea.

ROBERT: So, what is this thing you're working on?

NAPIER: It's all to do with the rural economy. Very hush-hush.

MARY: Well, don't tell us if it's meant to be a secret.

Cora sits down next to their guest.

NAPIER: Oh no, it's not like that. A lot of landed estates are in difficulty. The department wants to assess the damage of the war years. Are they likely to survive, and so on.

CORA: And are they?

NAPIER: Some of them.

ROBERT: It sounds rather interesting.

NAPIER: It is. Interesting and incredibly depressing.

CORA: Which places are you studying in Yorkshire?

NAPIER: That I cannot say. It wouldn't be fair on the owners. But we have earmarked the ones in serious trouble. And you'll be glad to know Downton's not among them.

MARY: Still, we'd love your opinion on whether or not we're doing the right things. Wouldn't we, Papa?

ROBERT (*pointedly*): We don't want to add to his labours.

MARY (*to Napier, forcing a smile*): Where are you staying while you're up here?

NAPIER: We haven't decided. There's quite a good hotel in Ripon I know of.

MARY: Nonsense. You must stay with us.

NAPIER: I couldn't possibly.

CORA: Why not?

NAPIER: Well, to start with, I'll have my boss with me.

ROBERT: Who's that?

NAPIER: Charles Blake. Have you ever come across him?

ROBERT: I don't think so.

CORA: Of course you must both stay here.

MARY: That way, we'll get the benefit of all your knowledge for the price of a couple of dinners. What could be better than that?

INT. LONDON. THE RITZ. TRAINING KITCHEN. DAY

Alfred, like the other candidates, has four completed dishes in front of him. The examining chef tastes one of them.

CHEF: Well, Mr Nugent. You've done quite well.

ALFRED: I know I can do better, sir, if you give me a chance. I know it.

CHEF: You haven't chosen to make your living in the kitchen before now?

ALFRED (*talking too much, as usual*): No. You see, my mother was keen -

CHEF: You have worked instead as a footman for the Earl of Grantham.

ALFRED: I have, yes.

CHEF: And this has made you unhappy?

ALFRED: I'll not say that. But I want to do more with my life.

CHEF: I see. Well, we have difficult decisions ahead. But don't worry. We won't keep you waiting.

He moves on to the next table.

28:40

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. DAY

Bates knocks on the door and comes in. Mrs Hughes is at her desk, but smiles at him in welcome.

BATES: It's good of you to let me disturb your afternoon.

She waves him to the armchair opposite her. Bates sits down and puts aside his walking stick.

BATES: You see... I have to get to the bottom of what's troubling me. And I believe you can help.

MRS HUGHES: I doubt that.

BATES: The thing is, I know you can. I heard you questioning Anna about why she was being so hard on me.

MRS HUGHES (*quickly*): But that doesn't mean -

BATES: Yes. It does. You know what this is about. And you believe she should have told me.

MRS HUGHES: Well, I admit... I think she should have. But it is not for me to.

BATES: Then I can't stay here.

MRS HUGHES: What?

BATES (*with a heavy sigh*): I have been happy in this house. Happier than I had any right to be. But that only makes my present situation all the harder to bear.

MRS HUGHES: I can imagine.

BATES: Can you? Can you, Mrs Hughes? Because if you can, you will know why I have to leave here. My wife no longer loves me. The sight of me is torture for her, which is torture for me.

Mrs Hughes bites her lip and looks down.

BATES: If you will not let me hear the truth, I will hand in my resignation now and I'll be gone before she gets back.

There's a fierce inner struggle going on, but Mrs Hughes doesn't reply.

BATES (*resigned*): So be it.

He gets up, walks to the door and opens it.

MRS HUGHES: Wait! Where is Anna?

BATES: She had an errand in Ripon.

MRS HUGHES: It's not true. Anna loves you very, very much. And I think the pain of coming home to find you gone would finish her. So I will tell you what happened, to make you stay. And if I'm doing the wrong thing, then I ask for the mercy of God.
Bates closes the door again.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY

Young Pegg is watering the flower pots. Violet walks in.

PEGG: I'm sorry, m'lady. They said you wouldn't be in here before seven.

VIOLET: No. Nor would I be. But I left a letter on my desk.
She walks over to her desk and sorts through the papers on there. There's something wrong.

VIOLET: Was anybody here - oh. I say, has anybody else been in here?

PEGG (*stammering nervously*): I - I don't know, your - your ladyship.

VIOLET: No. No, why would you?
She waks out, muttering under her breath.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. DAY

We're seeing the end of Mrs Hughes' and Bates' conversation.

MRS HUGHES: That's all of it.

BATES: You haven't said when it happened.

MRS HUGHES: Haven't I?

BATES: Was it the last night of the house party? When she told me she - she fainted, and hit her head. Is that when it happened?

MRS HUGHES: Yes.

BATES: Then I know who it really was.

MRS HUGHES: I've told you who it was.

BATES (*through clenched teeth*): But I don't believe you! I think it was Lord Gillingham's valet, who teased her and flirted with her from the moment he arrived.

MRS HUGHES: Ah, it was not Lord Gillingham's valet. I - I don't believe he ever left the concert. It was not him.

BATES: Do you swear that?

MRS HUGHES: Why should I swear?

BATES: You must swear it - on everything you hold dear! Will you?
The conversation is becoming more intense with every line they're saying. It's a Battle of the Downstairs Titans.

MRS HUGHES: I've said. It was an outsider. It was no one who was staying in the house. A man broke in and waited down here. How many times must I repeat it?

BATES: Do you swear?

MRS HUGHES: Very well. If it makes you feel better, I swear.

BATES: On your mother's life?

MRS HUGHES: My mother is dead.

BATES: On her grave, then.

MRS HUGHES: I've said I swear!

BATES: Because I will find out who he is.

MRS HUGHES: You're welcome to try. But I don't know what you've got to go on.

Bates hides his face in his hand, looking dangerous and desperate at the same time. Which is a scary combination.

32:59

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

We see Bates walking along the deserted corridor, just out of Mrs Hughes' room. He rounds a corner, stands there looking into the middle distance for a moment, and then starts weeping bitterly.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. EVENING

Robert and Edith meet on their way to dinner.

ROBERT Ah, there you are. How did you get on?

EDITH: Oh, fine. I hear Evelyn Napier was here this afternoon. I'm sorry to have missed him.

They start walking down the stairs together.

ROBERT: Yes, he just dropped in. It was a spur of the moment thing.

EDITH: Is he still in pursuit of Mary?

ROBERT: I didn't ask him.

INT. LIBRARY. EVENING

Cora, Mary, Rose and Tom are already in the library, waiting for the rest of the family.

ROSE: So, will you be giving a birthday party?

CORA: For Robert? Why? Do you really want me to?

ROSE: I'd had rather a good idea for it. That's all.

CORA: If I did, would you give me a hand?

ROSE: Absolutely. *(The door opens.)* Oh, shh!

Robert, Edith and Isis the dog walk in.

ROBERT: So. Have we come to a final decision about Drewe?

MARY: I suppose so. If it means that much to you.

ROBERT: And Tom's socialism will ensure his approval of the plan.
He chuckles. Tom doesn't join in.

TOM: You laugh. But as a matter of fact, I've been thinking about it quite a lot lately.

CORA: About what?

TOM: My beliefs, I suppose. I'm not too sure what they are any more. Since the houseparty -

ROBERT: I won't hear another word about the houseparty. Somebody said something to upset you. That's all it is.

MARY: What was this? Who was rude?

TOM: No one. He's got that wrong. *(A pause)* I just felt like an intruder. It made me face the fact that I'm living where I don't belong.

EDITH: Welcome to the club.

MARY *(to Edith)*: Oh, stop moaning.

ROBERT: But if you went back to Ireland, Tom, would you belong there?

TOM: No. I don't think I would. You've changed me too much. I'm a man without a home. I am stateless.

ROBERT: Well, then...

TOM: There is America. I have family there now, and they're doing quite well. It would be a new start.

MARY: But you've made a new start here.

TOM: But I'm talking about the world Sybbie will grow up in. Wouldn't it be easier for her to begin with a clean slate, rather than being the daughter of an uppity chauffeur?

ROBERT: Well, don't do anything in a hurry.

MARY: We don't want to lose you, Tom.

INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. NIGHT

Carson is seated at his desk. Molesley stands in front of it. Their conversation is not going well.

CARSON *(sharply)*: What do you mean, you'll have to think about it?

MOLESLEY: What I say. I didn't mind helping you out when you were short-staffed.

CARSON *(sarcastically)*: Oh, how good of you.

MOLESLEY *(in a very agitated tone)*: But to accept a permanent position as a footman... I'm, I'm a trained valet, Mr Carson, I'm a trained butler! *(He sighs.)* To accept my fall by taking a permanent, inferior place -

CARSON: You keep telling me it's permanent, but from where I'm sitting, it's looking less permanent by the minute!

MOLESLEY: I shall give it every consideration.

CARSON: Very generous, I must say.

MOLESLEY *(by the door)*: I'll let you know me answer when I have one.

CARSON *(sarcastically)*: I shall wait with bated breath.

Molesley leaves. Carson looks after him, massively displeased.

INT. BOOT ROOM. NIGHT

Anna is working away polishing shoes. (Does anyone get the uncomfortable feeling that ever since Green's attack, she's magically drawn to this room? She's never spent so much time in it before.)

Bates comes in and stands by her. She works on.

BATES: Aren't you ever going to finish that? It's nearly midnight.

ANNA *(with her eyes on her work)*: Someone has to do it.

BATES: But it doesn't always have to be you.

A pause. Then Bates puts his hand on top of Anna's, stopping her working on. He gently moves the brush and shoe out of her reach.

BATES *(quietly)*: I know.

Anna looks up at him. Her lower lips starts trembling.

BATES: I know what happened. Mrs Hughes told me, after I forced her to.

ANNA *(desperately)*: Then she was very wrong. It wasn't her secret to tell.

She pulls her hand away and gets up. They stand facing each other.

BATES: I gave her no choice, Anna.

ANNA: What did she say?

BATES: How... how it happened. When it happened. *(Another pause.)*

I asked if it was Green.

ANNA: Who?

BATES: Mr Green. Lord Gillingham's valet. She swore it wasn't.

ANNA *(shaking her head)*: No, it wasn't him.

She's avoiding his eyes.

BATES: She said a man broke in and was waiting down here for you, a stranger.

ANNA: That's right.

BATES: Because if it was the valet, he's a dead man.

ANNA: It wasn't him! You only say that because you didn't like him.

BATES: No, I did not.

ANNA: There's no excuse to accuse him when he did nothing! Would I have sat down to breakfast with him the next morning if it'd been him? We can't know who the man was. We have no way of tracing him.

BATES: Why wouldn't you tell me?

ANNA: Because I knew the suffering it would bring you. *(Bates sighs and looks down.)* Well, it's in the open. No more secrets. I'm glad of that, at least. No more fear of being found out. *(She tears up again.)* Because I am found out. My shame has nowhere to hide.

BATES: Why do you talk of shame? I don't accept that there is any shame in this.

ANNA *(crying in earnest now)*: But I am spoiled for you. And I can never be unspoiled.

Bates gently cups her face with his hands and caresses her cheeks.

BATES: You are not spoiled. You are made higher to me, and holier, because of the suffering you have been put through. You are my wife. And I have never been prouder, nor loved you more than I love you now at this moment.

ANNA (*clasping his hand*): Truly?

BATES: Truly.

He takes her into his arms. She cries on his shoulder. He's crying now as well.

39:15

EXT. KITCHEN COURTYARD. DAY

The postman comes cycling in through the gate, his bicycle laden with parcels and his bag slung over his shoulder. He comes to a stop at the back door, where Jimmy stands waiting for him, smoking.

JIMMY: Morning.

The postman hands him the post.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

The servants - Mrs Hughes, Bates, Anna, Thomas, Jimmy, Alfred, housemaids and hallboys - are seated around the table for breakfast that Mrs Patmore, Daisy and Ivy have just served. Carson brings in the post. On his way, he's seen Alfred's name on one of the letters and flipped it over to confirm that it is, again, from the Ritz. The servants stand.

CARSON (*handing him the letter*): Alfred.

JIMMY: Is that the result?

ALFRED: Well, I think so, yes.

MRS PATMORE: Do you want me to open it?

ALFRED: No, I'll do it myself.

MRS HUGHES: Good luck.

Everyone looks on curiously while Alfred opens the letter and looks over it.

CARSON (*expectantly*): Well?

ALFRED: I've not got it.

MRS PATMORE (*aghast*): What?

IVY: Oh, I am sorry.

ALFRED: It says I did well and I was nearly in the top four, but not quite.

JIMMY: I expect they say that to everyone.

CARSON: That's enough, James. And Alfred - to fail at the first attempt does not mean that you won't succeed later.

MRS HUGHES: Quite right.

Molesley comes walking in hesitantly.

MOLESLEY: Might I have a word, Mr Carson?

CARSON: Certainly.

He rises, and so does everyone else. They walk out together.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

MOLESLEY: I've given it a lot of thought.

CARSON: Have you, indeed.

MOLESLEY: First, I needed to deal with my father's disappointment, when he learned of my downward path. But I weighed it against the power to do good that all employment brings.

CARSON: Did you, now. And you thought all that.

He's making an excellent job of hiding how this pompous speech exasperates him.

MOLESLEY: I feel I could contain my skills and guide them into a more modest channel without loss of dignity.

CARSON: Just fancy.

MOLESLEY: So, all in all, and after mature deliberation, you'll be pleased to hear that I can accept your offer.

CARSON: What offer?

MOLESLEY: To replace Alfred as footman.

CARSON: Oh, dear, Mr Molesley. I'm afraid that Alfred's not leaving now. *(Molesley's face falls.)* It's a pity you didn't accept the job when we last talked. Then I'd have been stuck with you. As it is, you've missed your chance.

MOLESLEY *(resigned)*: As I generally do.

He walks off.

CARSON: „Mature deliberation“. *(He spots Alfred, who has just come out of the servants' hall with the rejection letter in his hand, looking just as disappointed as Molesley.)* Cheer up, lad. You read the letter. You were a very near miss. So next time, you'll hit the target.

ALFRED: I reckon Jimmy's right. They say that to everyone who fails.

CARSON: Well, I reckon you work hard and you deserve to succeed. You just have to stick at it, and you will.

Alfred nods, slightly consoled.

INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

Violet, Isobel and Dr Clarkson are in a conference. Their faces are very grave.

VIOLET: I'm not saying he took it. But I don't see who else could've done.

ISOBEL: In other words, you're saying he took it.

VIOLET: I know he was in this room.

DR CLARKSON: Legitimately.

VIOLET: Really, Dr Clarkson. I'm not a witness for the prosecution.

ISOBEL: Aren't you?

VIOLET: Well, let us review the facts. I have lost a valuable paper knife, given to the late Lord Grantham by the King of Sweden.

ISOBEL: Which makes all the difference.

VIOLET *(pointedly)*: It makes the loss greater, yes.

DR CLARKSON: I quite agree. But I can't accept there's any real proof against, erm, young Pegg.

VIOLET: Well, if you insist, I won't sack him. Yet. But I will not allow him back in the house. And I will have to speak to my head gardener about it.

ISOBEL: That will do him a lot of harm.

VIOLET: Well, what would you prefer? That I invite the local criminals to drop in and strip the house bare?

DR CLARKSON: Why not ask to be told when a gardener is coming inside? So that you or a servant can keep watch. Then we'll have time to investigate the loss of the knife.

ISOBEL: Or have you already scented blood?

VIOLET: As a matter of interest, do you ever doubt?

ISOBEL: I don't doubt the honesty of young Pegg.

VIOLET: That is not at all what I asked.

This conversation has neither improved the situation nor the atmosphere in the room.

EXT. YEW TREE FARM. DAY

Mr Drewe, in work clothes, is showing Mary and Tom around the place. They walk past some barns, chickens running around their feet.

DREWE: I'm very grateful, m'lady. You didn't have to do this, but it determines me to prove I'm worthy of your faith.

MARY: I can't pretend to take the credit, Mr Drewe. It was His Lordship who was determined you should stay. You owe your thanks to him.

DREWE: He'll have my thanks, m'lady. And he'll have the rest of the payment before he's missed it.

This is, of course, news to Mary and Tom.

MARY: What payment?

DREWE: Remainder of the debt.

Mary and Tom exchange a quick look.

DREWE: I thought you'd know about it.

MARY: And so we do. Of course we do. I'm sorry. I was being absent-minded.

TOM: How much is it? I've forgotten.

DREWE: It's only the last £50. He sent a cheque so I can pay off the full amount and wipe the slate clean.

MARY: Well, thank you, Mr Drewe. I'm sure we have many fruitful years ahead of us.

Tom shakes hands with Drewe. They walk to the car that stands waiting for them in front of the farmhouse.

TOM: Are you going to challenge him?

MARY: No. If Papa believes enough in Drewe to lend him the money, and to hide it from us, then that tells me something.

TOM: What, exactly?

MARY: That you and I are in partnership with a very decent man.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. DAY

Anna knocks on the open door.

ANNA: Mrs Hughes, can I have a word? *(She closes the door behind herself.)* I know you told Mr Bates about me while I was out yesterday.

MRS HUGHES: He put me in a very difficult... I'm afraid he guessed who it was.

ANNA: But you denied it.

MRS HUGHES: Denied it? I swore on my mother's grave it wasn't him, God help me.

ANNA: He seems to have accepted your word. In fact, I'm moving back into the cottage.

MRS HUGHES: Oh! Oh, I'm - I'm so pleased. *(She takes Anna's hands.)* At least if I'm damned for all eternity, it was to some purpose.

ANNA: You won't be damned. Mr Bates has shown great generosity of spirit.

MRS HUGHES: As I knew he would. Eventually.

ANNA: So, we're going to try and put the whole thing behind us.

MRS HUGHES *(with a sigh)*: I hate to think of that evil man getting away scot free. But maybe it's for the best.

ANNA: I thought you'd like to know.

45:12

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Daisy comes out of the servants' hall with the remains of a cake on a platter, and meets Mrs Patmore in the passage.

MRS PATMORE: What are you grinning about?

DAISY *(happily)*: What do you think? He's not going.

Anna is walking towards the servants' hall and passes her husband. They smile at each other, then go about their business. Mrs Hughes walks up behind Bates.

MRS HUGHES: Mr Bates. I'm so glad to see you. *(He smiles.)* Anna's told me what's gone on between you. And it's made me happier than I can say. To think it's all over and done with.

BATES *(still smiling, which is rather disturbing considering his words)*: Nothing's over and done with, Mrs Hughes.

MRS HUGHES: But Anna said -

BATES: Do you think I would add to her burden, after all she's been through?

MRS HUGHES: I don't know his name, so I can't tell it to you. Not if you were to threaten me with a knife, Mr Bates. *She literally wouldn't put that past him, and he knows that she wouldn't.*

BATES: I understand. And I won't press you. But be aware. Nothing is over. And nothing is done with.

He walks away, no longer smiling.

END CREDITS