

DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.03

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

A line of three cars moves along the drive towards the house. Outside the front door, the family and staff are assembled to welcome the visitors. This must be the house party mentioned in the previous episode. The first car comes to a halt. Alfred and Jimmy step forward to open the car doors for the guests. While the occupants of the first car shake hands with the family, the next one drives up. Out get Anthony Foyle (now Lord Gillingham) and his valet, Mr Green. Jimmy waits to show them in while Lord Gillingham addresses Green.

GILLINGHAM: The housekeeper used to be Mrs Hughes. I don't know if she's still here.

GREEN: Leave everything to me, m'lord.

GILLINGHAM: I'll see you upstairs. I won't be up before the gong. *He moves towards the family and takes off his hat in greeting.*

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Hustle and bustle in the servants' hall and corridor. The guests' servants are carrying their employers' luggage in. Green, Gillingham's valet, carries several cases at once and drops one of them.

ANNA: Can I help?

She picks it up.

GREEN: Stick it under my arm if you can. *(She does. He smiles.)*
You're an angel from above.

ANNA *(modestly)*: I don't know about that.

GREEN: D'you know where Lord Gillingham's room is?

ANNA: There's a maid on the gallery with a list. She'll show you.

GREEN *(with a smile)*: See? You've got the answer to everything.

ANNA *(smiling back)*: And I suspect you have, too, Mr Gillingham.

INT. THE HALL. DAY

The guests are assembled, standing and talking in little groups with cups of tea. Robert and Cora are making the guests welcome.

ROBERT *(to Sir John Bullock)*: Was the train on time, Sir John?

SIR JOHN: It was all as efficient as you like.

In the background, a woman laughs. Sir John walks towards her.

SIR JOHN: Mrs Jefferson, how nice to see you!

CORA (*in an undertone to Robert, looking around*): Which one's Mr Sampson, and why have we asked him?

ROBERT: Ah well, I see him at White's every now and then and he seemed keen to come. (*He nods his head towards one of the guests who is in a conversation with Violet.*) He's over there, talking to Mama.

CORA: Ah yes.

ROBERT (*his eyes on Gillingham*): Who's the glamorous pirate?

CORA: Don't you recognise Johnnie Gillingham's son?

ROBERT: Anthony Foyle?

CORA: Yes, but he's Lord Gillingham now.

ROBERT: Ah. I haven't seen him since his father's funeral.

They watch Gillingham being served refreshments by Alfred.

CORA: I know, but I wrote afterwards and he answered.

ROBERT: Well.

He walks over to greet Gillingham.

ROBERT: How nice of you to come.

GILLINGHAM: It's good to be back at Downton.

ROBERT (*calling his daughter over, who was talking nearby*): Mary, you remember Anthony Foyle? Sorry, Gillingham.

MARY (*teasingly*): I remember a very superior young man who found three little girls extremely tiresome to deal with.

Gillingham smiles, slightly embarrassed. Meanwhile, Edith and Michael Gregson are walking across the room together.

GREGSON: I seem to be outnumbered by your parents' old friends.

EDITH: Oh, don't worry. You and Papa are really going to get to know each other this time. I promise.

Another guest, the elderly Duchess of Yeovil, is seated in a chair. She addresses Tom as he walks past.

DUCHESS: You're the agent here now, aren't you? Mary told me. *Tom politely sits down next to her.*

DUCHESS: You must miss darling Sybil so dreadfully.

TOM (*curtly*): Yes. (*A pause.*) Did you have a good journey?

VIOLET (*under her breath, to Robert*): I'm afraid Tom's small talk is very small indeed.

ROBERT (*a little irritated at her criticism*): Not everyone can be Oscar Wilde.

VIOLET: That's a relief.

ROBERT (*loudly, to the room at large*): Go up when you like. We'll gather in the drawing room at eight.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Mrs Hughes comes walking along the corridor, accompanied by a housemaid carrying a stack of linen. At the foot of the stairs, they meet Carson.

CARSON: Ten staying, and only three maids and two valets between them. Not quite like before the war, is it?

MRS HUGHES: Very little is.

CARSON (*unconvinced*): Hmph.

MRS HUGHES: Well, they're mostly easy, and the Duchess of Yeovil's no trouble at all. Of course we don't know Mr Sampson or Sir John Bullock, and we haven't seen Lord Gillingham for a while. (*Anna comes down the stairs. Mrs Hughes turns to her.*) Oh, Anna, can you look in on Mrs Jefferson? (*Consulting the list on her clipboard*) They're in the Chinese.

ANNA: Of course.

Edna walks past as well.

MRS HUGHES: Oh, Edna, Lady Raven might need a helping hand. She's in Fontenoy. She says she's used to having no maid but I rather doubt it.

EDNA: I'm not sure I've got time.

MRS HUGHES (*calling after her as she moves off*): Make time!

CARSON: Poor Lady Raven. When you think of her life ten years ago and now. I'm told she has some dingy little house north of the park. It's a wonder they still ask her to stay.

MRS HUGHES: Well, perhaps her ladyship does not wish to cast away an old friend because she lives north of the park.

CARSON: I know, I know. But still, it's sad.

They part company.

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Mary and Gillingham ascend the staircase together.

GILLINGHAM: We never moved back after the war. It was a hospital, you know.

MARY: And now?

GILLINGHAM: It's a girls' school.

MARY: Hmm.

GILLINGHAM: But we're quite comfortable in the Dower House. Did you ever see it?

MARY: I remember having tea there once with your grandmother. She gave me ice cream and I got it all over my dress. Nanny was furious.

GILLINGHAM (*with a chuckle*): That sounds like Grandmama. She'd always say how children should be spoiled. She's gone now, so she'll never know if I took her advice.

MARY: You have no children?

GILLINGHAM: No. No children, no wife. I've come close a couple of times. In fact, I'm close now. What about you?

MARY: I have a son, George. You know that Matthew...

GILLINGHAM: Oh God, I'm... I'm sorry. Of course I know. I just wasn't thinking. Please forgive me.

MARY: There's nothing to forgive. *(They have arrived at the top of the stairs. She nods down the corridor.)* I go this way, and you're down there.

They part company, too.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

The kitchen staff are all in a flutter, preparing the dinner. Ivy is ladling soup into the wrong kind of tureen.

MRS PATMORE: Oh, not those bowls, Ivy! Chilled soup should be an exquisite mouthful, not a bucket of slop!

IVY: I'll get the smaller ones.

MRS PATMORE *(moving on)*: Daisy, how are the squabs doing?

DAISY: Fine, Mrs Patmore.

MRS PATMORE *(rushing about)*: What about the syllabubs?

DAISY: The orange peel and brandy is in the larder. I'll whip the cream during the first course.

She has this totally under control. Too bad nobody appreciates it, as usual.

MRS PATMORE: What about the savoury?

DAISY: Mushrooms peeled and cut. Anchovy butter's ready. I'll make the toast when they eat the pudding.

MRS PATMORE *(close to panicking)*: Oh my God, the vegetables!
She runs off.

IVY *(to Daisy)*: She'll bust a gut if she keeps that up.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Anna and Green meet just as he leaves Lord Gillingham's guest bedroom. They walk along together.

ANNA: Have you settled him in satisfactorily, Mr Gillingham?

GREEN: I wish you could call me Green. That's my real name.

ANNA: Mr Carson wouldn't approve. He believes in the old ways.

GREEN: And what do you believe in?

ANNA: I believe in getting on with my work.

GREEN: All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and Jill a dull girl. *(He holds the door to the back stairs open for her.)* Perhaps I should organise some games.

ANNA *(playfully)*: I'll organise you, if you don't watch out.
He smiles.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. EVENING

Tom is walking along, wearing a very smart white tie outfit. Edna appears behind him.

EDNA: They finally got you into white tie, I see.

Tom turns to her.

TOM (*self-consciously*): More's the pity. I've never felt more stupid in my life.

EDNA (*walking closer to him, in a whisper*): I was wondering why we've never spoken since I came back. I hope we can still be friends?

TOM: Of course. Of course we can.

EDNA: But we can't have lunch again at the pub in the village.

TOM: Braithwaite... Edna... I'm trying to walk a tightrope here...

EDNA: As long as you're not my enemy.

TOM: God, no. I hope things turn out well for you. I do, truly.
He walks away.

INT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. CRAWLEY HOUSE. THE DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

Dr Clarkson is paying Isobel a visit. They enter the drawing room together.

DR CLARKSON: I gather the abbey is once more to be a scene of great splendour. Are you going up there for any of it?

ISOBEL (*pouring coffee for both of them*): I'm supposed to go for dinner on the last night. To hear Melba sing.

DR CLARKSON: Oh. I envy you. But you don't sound very glad.

ISOBEL: I don't want them to spend their days in Stygian gloom (*), I really don't. (*She hands him a cup of coffee.*) They say life must go on, and of course it must.

**) 'Stygian' means 'very dark', from the Styx, the river in the underworld which the souls of the dead had to cross in Greek mythology.*

DR CLARKSON: But it seems disloyal to Matthew.

ISOBEL (*busying herself with the coffee tray*): Not disloyal, exactly.

DR CLARKSON: What does Lady Mary feel?

ISOBEL: Oh, you know Mary. She's always quite opaque.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE DRAWING ROOM. EVENING

Rose and Sir John Bullock, come walking in together. The room is filling with the family and guests as they await the start of dinner.

ROSE: I love Al Jolson, don't you? I've got all his records.

SIR JOHN: Including 'April Showers'?

ROSE: Of course. I love it madly.

They sit down together.

SIR JOHN: Are you ever in London?

ROSE: I might be.

In another part of the room, the Duchess has secured Tom's company again.

TOM: We're a little exposed up here to sow barley as a winter crop.

DUCHESS: The Duke always swore by it. Did you know barley beer was probably the first alcoholic drink? It was developed by Neolithic man.

TOM: So we all owe him quite a debt.

DUCHESS (*slightly confused*): Do we? (*Spotting another guest*) Oh, there's poor Lady Raven. I really ought to go and talk to her. *She rises. He follows.*

TOM: Of course, Your Grace.

The Duchess walks off. Violet, who has heard their last exchange, approaches Tom.

VIOLET (*in a whisper*): Don't call her Your Grace.

TOM: I thought it was correct.

VIOLET: For a servant, or an official at a ceremony. But in a social situation, call her Duchess.

TOM: But why? I don't call you Countess.

VIOLET: Certainly not!

TOM (*in a tone of frustration*): There's no logic in it.

VIOLET: Oh no, if I were to search for logic, I should not look for it among the English upper class.

She walks on. Tom stands there looking crestfallen. Thomas walks past with some drinks on a tray.

TOM (*desperately*): Thomas, get me a drink, will you, for God's sake.

THOMAS (*icily polite*): It's Barrow now, sir. But yes, of course. *Poor Tom really can't please anyone tonight.*

By the fireplace, Robert is talking to Sir John Bullock and Mr Sampson. Lord Gillingham joins the group.

GILLINGHAM: What about a hand at cards?

ROBERT: Why not? I'll get them to set up a table for you in the smoking room. (*Calling to Thomas*) Barrow?

THOMAS: Already done, m'lord.

MR SAMPSON: Will you play, Lord Grantham?

ROBERT: Er, I don't think so. Not tonight.

Edith and Gregson have overheard this.

EDITH (*to Gregson*): Do you ever play?

GREGSON: Well, I used to. Tonight I'd rather be with you.

Mary has been joined by Gillingham on a settee.

MARY: It's no trouble. We have plenty of horses and Papa would be delighted. Have you anything to ride in?

GILLINGHAM: We packed it all, in case.

MARY: Well, that settles it. I'll send a message to the stables tonight.

GILLINGHAM: Will you come out with me?

MARY: Actually I might. I haven't been in the saddle for ages. I'll be as stiff as a board the next day. *(They share a laugh. Mary turns to address the room at large.)* Would anyone else like to go riding tomorrow morning? Sir John? *(He shakes his head.)* Mr Sampson?

MR SAMPSON: Must I?

MARY: Edith?

EDITH *(to Gregson)*: Do you ride?

GREGSON: Not if I don't have to.

GILLINGHAM *(to Mary)*: I'm afraid you're stuck with me. *Which doesn't sound like it's a big problem for him at all.*

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Out in the deserted downstairs corridor, Mrs Hughes hears some noises from the kitchen and goes to investigate. Mrs Patmore is in there, alone but still at work.

MRS HUGHES: Why on earth are you doing that at this ungodly hour? Where are the girls?

MRS PATMORE: I sent them to bed. Then I thought I might get ahead of myself. Come to think of it, I might lay out what I need for the breakfast.

Carson passes the kitchen, carrying some wine bottles.

CARSON: All set for tomorrow?

MRS HUGHES *(following him into his pantry)*: I think so. But where should we feed Dame Nellie on Sunday? (*) She can't eat in the servants' hall. And what about the pianist?

**) Sunday, I assume, is a mistake, since on the morning after Dame Nellie's performance we see Isobel and Violet emerging from church. It also makes more sense for the great concluding dinner of a house party to have been on a Saturday.*

CARSON: Well, he can join us and she can have a tray in her room.

MRS HUGHES: You don't think she should dine with the house party?

CARSON: An Australian singer? Eating with her ladyship? Never mind the Duchess? No, I do not!

The very notion!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

A car is travelling along. It's a delivery car labelled C. H. Bakewell & Sons Provisions.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Mr Molesley, dressed as a delivery man, comes in at the back door, carrying a crate with groceries into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

DAISY (*recognising him*): Mr Molesley?

MOLESLEY: Hello.

DAISY: What are you doing?

MOLESLEY: Mrs Patmore left an order with Mr Bakewell. She said it was urgent.

MRS PATMORE (*walking in*): What's this, Mr Molesley? Are you delivering for Bakewell's?

MOLESLEY: I'm just filling in until something turns up.

DAISY: You're a delivery boy?

MRS PATMORE (*in a chiding tone*): Now, now, Daisy. There's no shame in hard work. You sit there, Mr Molesley, and I'll fetch you some tea.

A hall boy relieves him of his burden. He takes his hat off and sits down gratefully.

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

The family and house guests are helping themselves to breakfast. Robert joins Gillingham at the sideboard.

ROBERT: You played late. I hope you didn't think me rude for going to bed.

GILLINGHAM: No. Not a bit.

ROBERT: How was the game?

GILLINGHAM (*pointedly*): Sampson is a very skilled player.

ROBERT: Oh.

Sir John Bullock sits down next to Rose.

ROSE: Where were you last night?

SIR JOHN: Being thrashed by Sampson.

ROSE (*with a sympathetic laugh*): Poor you! I hope that means I can count on you tonight.

SIR JOHN: You can always count on me.

Robert sits down and addresses Tom.

ROBERT: What are your plans for today?

TOM: I thought I'd go to the South Wood, look at the new planting.

ROBERT: Won't you help me entertain our guests?

TOM: Just give me two hours off and I'll do whatever you want.
He finishes his meal and leaves. Edith, who sits next to Gregson, looks on sympathetically.

EDITH (to Robert): We're going for a walk after breakfast. Why don't you come?

ROBERT: I don't think so. I've got too much to do, rounding this lot up. Coffee?

EDITH: Not yet, thank you. *(Robert rises and walks off to get more coffee. Edith turns to Gregson, apologetic.)* I'm going to manage it somehow.

GREGSON: I've a feeling he's very good at putting off what he doesn't want to do.

Which is Robert Crawley in a nutshell, actually.

EDITH: He's not as calculated as that.

GREGSON *(with a wry smile)*: How little we know our own parents. *Sampson is in the room as well, looking around furtively, but we don't see him interact with any of the other guests.*

INT. BOOT ROOM. DAY

The male Downton staff and guests' servants are gossiping. Mr Moleseley is there, too, enjoying his cup of tea courtesy of Mrs Patmore. Green, Gillingham's valet, is leaning against a cupboard. Bates and an unidentified servant are cleaning shoes at the bench. Jimmy and Alfred look on. Thomas is at the other end of the room, smoking.

GREEN *(with a grin)*: Apparently he took a fortune off Sir John Bullock.

BATES: What about your employer?

GREEN: His lordship's too clever. He got out the game early.

THOMAS: That's not what I heard.

ALFRED: What were they playing?

GREEN: Poker.

THOMAS: Of course it was poker. You can't lose a fortune playing snap.

MOLESLEY *(resigned)*: I could.

EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. DAY

Mary and Gillingham are riding through the woods at a leisurely pace.

MARY: Mabel Lane Fox? So you've caught the greatest heiress of the season.

GILLINGHAM: She's very nice, in fact.

MARY: I'm sure.

GILLINGHAM: Of course, everyone wants it, on both sides, but we do get on.

MARY: You may be surprised to hear that a match which is wanted by everyone can turn out to be extremely happy.

GILLINGHAM: Do you speak from experience?

MARY: Absolutely. Matthew and I were flung at each other's heads from the moment he arrived. If anything, it rather slowed matters up.

GILLINGHAM: But you were happy?

MARY: Wonderfully happy.

GILLINGHAM: How lucky you are.

MARY: Am I?

GILLINGHAM: You've known a great love. Doesn't that enrich any life?

MARY: I'm not sure. Matthew changed me. I loved him, but he changed me. If I were as tough as I was before I met him, I bet I'd be happier now.

GILLINGHAM: Maybe. But we can't go back, can we?

MARY: Apparently not.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

Anna is sitting at the table, removing dried blossoms from the stems of a plant. (This could well be lavender, to scent the linen cupboards and keep insects away, only the episode is supposed to take place in April, which would be the wrong time of the year to harvest and dry lavender blossoms. Search me.) Green walks in.

GREEN: What will you do with that?

He leans on a chair to look over her shoulder.

ANNA: Cover it and dry it on the stove, then put it into muslin bags.

GREEN: Old Lady Gillingham's maid just buys it in packets.

Bates walks in.

ANNA: Perhaps she's not a country girl.

GREEN (*flirtatiously*): Well, judging by you, she's the poorer for that.

BATES (*not amused*): You've plenty of time for chatter.

GREEN: You can blame me. I'm afraid it's a failing of mine.

BATES: I do blame you.

They're being outwardly polite, but there's deep mutual dislike under the surface. A bell rings, and the Bateses walk out. Green looks after them, not cowed at all.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

ANNA (*to Bates*): What is the matter?

BATES: I don't know. There's something about him that gets my goat.

ANNA: He was just trying to be nice.

Bates is not convinced.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

The female family members and guests are assembled, with Carson in attendance.

CORA: Carson. We're all going on a tour of the gardens in ten minutes. When we get back, it might be nice to have some coffee.

CARSON: Very well, m'lady.

Robert walks in.

ROBERT: Is everything under control?

CORA: It is. It's exciting to think of Nellie Melba singing at Downton.

ROBERT *(in an aside, for her ears alone)*: Ah, I'm not sure about exciting. It's certainly very expensive.

CORA: I know, but a house party can be so flat if there's no special moment.

ROBERT: And it wouldn't be special enough to watch the sun set by the lake? *(He walks on among the guests.)* Good morning, ladies.

RANDOM LADY: Good morning.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Mrs Patmore is at her desk. Daisy is trying and failing to open a glass jar. Alfred and Jimmy walk in for refills of their coffee pots.

IVY *(to Daisy)*: What is it?

DAISY: I can't get the lid off this.

IVY: Give it here.

She fails, too.

ALFRED: I'll do it.

He gives it a go, but he can't open it either.

JIMMY: Stand back. Let a real man handle it. Come on.

He takes the jar from Alfred. As opposed to what he was expecting, the effort of trying to open it makes him screw up his face and grunt.

DAISY *(drily)*: I wonder what happened to that real man?

The lid finally pops open.

JIMMY: See? Told you I was master here.

He sends the jar spinning in the air. Trying to catch it, he stumbles and lands painfully on his back on the kitchen floor. The jar breaks into pieces on the tiles, splattering them with jam.

DAISY *(angrily)*: That'll teach you to show off!

JIMMY (*jumping back to his feet and straightening his livery, indignantly*): I hurt myself, thank you very much!

MRS PATMORE (*annoyed*): Well, you'll mend, which is more than I can say for that jar. Daisy, Ivy, clean this mess up. As I assume Mr Clever Clogs won't.

Jimmy huffs an annoyed breath and marches out.

EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAY

The ladies are walking along in little groups, viewing the gardens.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Gregson and Edith walk in. Other male guests are loitering about, reading newspapers. Robert is at his writing desk.

GREGSON: I'm getting quite fluent.

EDITH: You're taking German lessons?

GREGSON (*with a chuckle*): If I'm going to live there.

EDITH: No, no. Of course. I just can't get over the fact you're doing all this to be with me.

GREGSON (*with a smile*): Whatever it takes.

They've walked up to Robert at the desk. They exchange a look, Gregson silently encouraging her to tackle the matter.

EDITH (*to Robert*): Michael was admiring the library.

GREGSON: It's marvellous. Edith tells me there's a Gutenberg Bible.

ROBERT (*barely looking up from his papers*): Yes. It's a shame our librarian, Mr Pattinson, isn't here. He's the only one who knows where anything is. (*He rises.*) Well, if you'll excuse me, I must go and sort out the wine for tonight.

He walks off. Gregson crosses his arms, hiding his annoyance behind a wry smile.

GREGSON: He doesn't approve of me.

EDITH: He doesn't know you.

GREGSON: Nor is he likely to.

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

Robert and Carson are going through the wine selection. Carson is holding a ledger.

ROBERT: Serve the Margaux at dinner and keep the Haut-Brion for tomorrow. (*He holds up a bottle and checks the label.*) No, the '99, if we have enough. I want to go out with a bang. (*He replaces the bottle and consults the list in his hand.*) And you can choose the white.

CARSON: Very good, m'lord. Oh, one thing. Her ladyship has been kind enough to invite the servants to hear Dame Nellie tomorrow evening.

ROBERT: It's a rare opportunity for them.

CARSON: She's very generous. But, er, I wondered, what are we to do about the kitchen staff?

ROBERT: Why? Do you fear the corrupting influence of opera?

CARSON: Oh, not at all, m'lord. But before the war they wouldn't usually have been included.

They walk along the magnificently laid table, checking that all is in order. In the background, Jimmy is busy doing the same, checking the exact position of the chairs, while Alfred puts down some more glasses.

ROBERT: Oh, I think we must bend that far, Carson. Modern times and all that.

CARSON: As you wish, m'lord. I've arranged for Dame Nellie's accompanist to sleep with the male servants.

ROBERT: Well, I doubt he'd expect to sleep with the female ones. *He can't make Carson smile. Robert walks on and picks up a menu card, his mind elsewhere, while Carson talks on.*

CARSON: And Dame Nellie will have dinner in her room.

ROBERT *(replacing the menu card, distractedly)*: Very good.

Whatever you think.

He walks out. Carson straightens the menu card.

EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. DAY

Mary and Gillingham come cantering up a hill. They halt to enjoy the view. It's a scene of pastoral perfection, sheep and all.

GILLINGHAM: How wonderful to see an estate that's still all in one piece.

MARY: Don't speak too soon.

GILLINGHAM: What do you mean?

MARY: Well, we have a big tax bill to pay. Papa wants to sell land but I'd like to see if we can avoid it. The trouble is, I can't get him to listen.

GILLINGHAM: Shall I tell you what I'd do?

MARY: Please.

GILLINGHAM: Make him agree for you to meet the tax people, then bring back the best deal they can offer. In that way you'll have a real case to argue. We had a similar choice when Father died. And in the end, we let the house but kept the land.

He's genuinely trying to be helpful.

MARY: Thank you. It's nice to know one's not alone. That others are facing the same trials.

GILLINGHAM: No. You're not alone.

They ride on.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

Mrs Patmore, Daisy and Ivy are busy getting everything ready for dinner so Alfred and Jimmy can take it upstairs. Jimmy tries to pick up his tray, but puts it down again with a groan.

JIMMY: Argh!

ALFRED (*impatiently*): What's up?

JIMMY: I've jiggered my bloody wrist, that's what!

MRS PATMORE (*angrily*): Oh, I'll have no swear words in here, thank you very much. Unless I'm doing the swearing.

Carson enters to see what's taking so long.

CARSON (*to the footmen*): What's going on? Why aren't you upstairs? *Alfred quickly picks up his tray and departs.*

IVY: Jimmy's hurt his wrist. He can't carry the tray.

CARSON (*sharply*): What?

JIMMY: I'll do my best, Mr Carson.

Thomas comes walking in.

THOMAS: Is something wrong?

CARSON (*to Thomas, reproachfully*): Why are you down here now? Who's in the dining room?

THOMAS (*indignantly*): I'm going straight back up. I just wondered what the delay was.

Jimmy tries to pick up the tray again, but puts it down immediately.

JIMMY (*gasping*): Oh no, that's no good.

CARSON: Mr Barrow, you'll have to do it.

THOMAS: Mr Carson, must I remind you that I am the under-butler?

CARSON (*in a voice that bodes no opposition*): I don't care if you're the high cockalorum. You're a footman tonight.

JIMMY (*to Thomas, in a very small voice*): Sorry, Mr Barrow.

Thomas, looking murder at Jimmy, picks up the tray and walks out with it. The three kitchen ladies are all thinking the same. ('All men are idiots', in case that wasn't clear.)

INT. THE HALL. EVENING

Jimmy stands in the hall, tentatively flexing his hand. He might - just might - feel a little guilty. When he hears voices from the dining room, he quickly moves away.

MAN (*V. O., from the dining room*): It wasn't her husband, it was a dog!

Others can be heard laughing. (And I can't believe they were really telling that joke. Honestly.) Gillingham, Sampson, Robert and Gregson come walking out into the hall.

SAMPSON: I'm getting up a game. What about you, Gillingham?

GILLINGHAM (*evasively*): I don't think so.

ROBERT: I'll join you if you like.

GREGSON: Is there a place for me?

SAMPSON: Certainly. Shall I meet you in the smoking room in ten minutes?

ROBERT: Very good.

Sampson moves away. Gillingham and Robert walk on.

GILLINGHAM (*to Robert*): I should be careful if I were you. Sampson is a very sharp player.

Gregson, walking behind them, hears this.

ROBERT: Oh, I think I can look after myself.

You wish.

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Rose comes walking down the stairs. Behind her is Alfred, carefully carrying a large, heavy object covered with a dark cloth.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

The men have joined the ladies. Carson is serving them drinks. Gregson approaches Edith.

GREGSON: I'm playing cards with your father. He'll have to talk to me if we're sitting together at a card table.

CORA (*to Carson*): I hope James isn't really hurt.

CARSON: I don't think so, m'lady.

CORA: Good. But I suppose we'll have to muddle through tomorrow as well.

CARSON: Don't worry about that, m'lady. I have an idea.

In another part of the room, Robert is talking to Mary.

ROBERT: You do realise we can sell land as a capital gain and pay no tax on it at all?

MARY: And end up with an estate that can't support the house.

ROBERT: I doubt it will change my mind.

MARY: I'm glad you only 'doubt' it. I must be making some progress.

Robert looks at her unhappily. Suddenly, there is the sound of a gramophone from the hall. Everybody looks up.

MARY: What's that?

Rose comes walking in at the open door.

ROSE: Is there anyone who wants to dance?

SIR JOHN: I jolly well do. If it's with you.

He follows her out into the hall. In another part of the room, Cora, Violet and Tom have been sitting with the Duchess.

DUCHESS: I love dancing, but these days I haven't got a partner. Tom looks like he'd like to be invisible.

CORA: Tom? You're dressed for it.

TOM (*after a moment's pause, dutifully*): Would you care to dance with me, Duchess?

DUCHESS (*enthusiastically*): I should love it.

They get up. Tom offers her his arm. Meanwhile, Edith and Gregson are still talking together.

GREGSON: I hate to pass up a chance to hold you in my arms, but...

EDITH: Why do you have to play?

GREGSON: Because I've said I will.

Mary sits in the chair the Duchess has just vacated. Gillingham approaches her for a dance.

GILLINGHAM: What about it?

MARY: I thought I'd keep Granny company.

VIOLET: Don't use me as an excuse. If you don't want to dance, tell him.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

Green sits in a rocking chair by the fire. Anna is handling some playing cards, probably playing Patience (a solo game). Ivy walks around laying the table for the servants' dinner.

GREEN (*to Anna*): Do you know Racing Demon(*)?

ANNA: I've heard of it, but I've never played.

GREEN: I'll teach you while I'm here, if you like. We'll bring in some of the others. You need a pack of cards for every player.

ANNA: We can manage that.

Bates walks in with a shirt over his arm and also carrying a pair of men's shoes.

BATES: Anna, can you give me a hand with this shirt? I've got his shoes to clean.

ANNA: Of course.

She packs up the cards and walks out with him.

**) Known internationally as Pounce and in the US specifically as Nerts, this is a real card game - a competitive form of Patience or Solitaire in which players or teams race in real time to get rid of the cards by playing them in sequences from aces upwards.*

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

The gramophone is playing. Couples are dancing - Sir John with Rose, Cora with a random guest, the Duchess with Tom.

DUCHESS: I'm very fond of Ireland. Where did you grow up?

TOM: Bray, in County Wicklow.

DUCHESS: Oh, I love Wicklow! Of course, you must know the Powerscourts.

TOM: I know of Lord Powerscourt, yes.

DUCHESS: Lady Powerscourt is my niece. Have you met her?

TOM: I've seen her. I wouldn't say exactly I've met her.
Mary and Gillingham come walking out into the hall, too.

MARY: I don't know why I'm doing this. *(They start dancing.)* By the way, I took your advice and I'm pleased I did. Thank you.

GILLINGHAM: Glad to be of service.

Mary looks over to where Alfred is in charge of the gramophone, and recognises it for Matthew and Lavinia's wedding present from Season 2. She stops dancing.

MARY: Rose? Where did you get that?

ROSE: I found it in the attic. I got Alfred to bring it downstairs.

MARY: I'm so sorry but I... I can't dance after all.

SIR JOHN: Perhaps -

But Mary walks away upstairs without another word.

GILLINGHAM *(puzzled)*: What was that about?

ROSE: The gramophone. It belonged to Matthew. I didn't think.
Gillingham looks massively disappointed. Rose looks massively guilty.

GILLINGHAM: What a pity.

He walks away, too. After a pause, Rose and Sir John resume dancing.

INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert, Sampson, Gregson and a random fourth gentleman are playing cards. Carson attends them, serving drinks. A hand puts down a selection of cards on the green baize table.

SAMPSON *(V. O.)*: Four nines.

ROBERT: You're too good for me. He's too good for all of us.
He puts down his cards and takes a sip from his drink.

SAMPSON: Nonsense. I've been lucky, that's all.

GREGSON: I'm wondering if I ought to stop. I'm in pretty deep.

ROBERT: I'm in a lot deeper I'm sad to say.

SAMPSON: Your luck is about to change, gentlemen. I'm certain of it.

GREGSON: If it doesn't, how do you like to be paid?

SAMPSON: Oh, don't worry. I'm happy with IOUs(*). We can settle up when we leave, or at the club. Besides, you may have won it all back by the end.

**) An IOU ('I owe you') was an informal document acknowledging a debt, meaning the debtor didn't have to produce cash or write a cheque straight away.*

ROBERT: Not a chance. I hope you can all keep my secret? I wouldn't want to worry Lady Grantham.

GREGSON: We must practise our poker face.

SAMPSON: Antes(*), gentlemen.

He deals out cards for a new game.

**) A technical term in poker, meaning - as I understand it - an amount you have to pay upfront to be part of the game at all. Incidentally, this is where the phrase 'upping the ante' comes from.*

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Tom, on his way to his bedroom, passes Edna Braithwaite.

TOM (*politely*): Good night.

He walks past her, but turns back when she addresses him.

EDNA: How are you enjoying the party?

TOM (*with a heavy sigh*): I look like a fool. I talk like a fool. I am a fool.

EDNA: Alfred said you were dancing.

TOM: With an old bat who could be my granny and thinks I grew up in a cave. My clothes deceive no one.

EDNA (*sympathetically*): Don't be so hard on yourself.

TOM: I'm a fish out of water. And I've never felt it more than today.

He walks away, leaving the audience desperate to give him a hug.

INT. ROBERT'S DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert comes in. Bates is there waiting for him.

BATES: Good day, m'lord?

ROBERT: Good until tonight. (*He turns so Bates can take off his tailcoat.*) I took a wallop from Mr Sampson. At poker. I was a fool to play with someone who so obviously knew what he was doing. (*He unbuttons his waistcoat, which Bates takes as well.*) Lord Gillingham tried to warn me but I wouldn't listen.

BATES: Do you know the gentleman well?

ROBERT: No. (*Bates starts undoing his cuff links.*) But I was discussing the party at the club and he hinted a bit and I suppose I took the bait. Anyway. (*A pause.*) Perhaps keep it to yourself, Bates.

BATES: Of course, m'lord.

ROBERT: Good man.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Mary is lying on her bed, fully clothed, looking miserable. The door opens to admit Anna, carrying Mary's nightdress.

ANNA: M'lady? What's the matter?

MARY: Did you know that Lady Rose had found Mr Crawley's gramophone?

ANNA: I did, yes. She wanted it for her records. I told her to ask you.

MARY: Well, she didn't. *(She sighs.)* I feel very sad tonight.

ANNA: And no wonder. She shouldn't have had it brought down and set off your memories.

She busies herself around the room.

MARY: No, it's not that. At least, it's not only that. Sometimes I don't know whom I'm most in mourning for, Matthew or the person I used to be when I was with him.

Anna stops arranging things for the night and turns back to Mary.

ANNA *(sincerely)*: You're a fine person, m'lady. Fine and strong. And you'll learn that for yourself as time goes by.

Mary sits up on the side of the bed, then stands so Anna can start to help her out of her evening dress.

MARY: I made rather an idiot of myself in front of Lord Gillingham.

ANNA: He won't mind.

MARY: No. No, I don't think he will.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. DAY

Violet is being driven through the village when she spots Isobel walking across the square.

VIOLET *(to the chauffeur)*: Can you stop a moment, please, and let me out?

The car stops and Violet gets out, the chauffeur holding the door open.

VIOLET: Isobel! Isobel, my dear. *(Isobel walks towards her.)* Will you come up tonight and hear Melba?

ISOBEL *(evasively)*: Well, I can't decide. I... I have a lot to do.

VIOLET: Look, my dear, I don't want to be unkind, and you have my sympathy, truly. But it won't bring him back for you to sit alone, night after night.

ISOBEL: I know. But you see, I have this feeling that when I laugh or read a book or hum a tune, it means that I've forgotten him. Just for a moment. And it's that that I can't bear.

VIOLET (*quoting*): 'Better by far that you should forget and smile, than that you should remember and be sad.'

ISOBEL: But Rossetti(*) was writing about her own death, not her child's.

A pause.

VIOLET: Will you come?

She really means well.

**) Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830 - 1894) was an English poet who wrote various romantic, devotional, and children's poems, among them the famous Christmas carol, 'In the Bleak Midwinter'. She was the sister of Pre-Raphaelite painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti. She died after a long struggle with breast cancer and Graves' disease.*

EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAY

Molseley is literally running towards the house, panting.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Carson is walking along, Molesley behind him, still out of breath. They move into the pantry.

INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. DAY

MOLESLEY: I came as soon as I got your message.

CARSON: I hope I didn't drag you away from anything important.

MOLESLEY: Oh, no, I've finished for the day.

CARSON: At Bakewell's? (*Molesley doesn't deny it.*) I am in a predicament. James, the first footman, has sprained his wrist and cannot carry. Mr Barrow feels the duties are beneath him, and in the meantime, we have a party of sixteen staying at the house.

MOLESLEY (*aghast*): You want me to be a footman?

This is not what he was hoping for.

CARSON (*in an appeasing tone*): I know it is far below your talents, but you do understand the duties, and since you are working at Bakewell's...

MOLESLEY: You mean I can fall no further.

CARSON: I wondered if you might do us the great favour of helping me out.

MOLESLEY (*after a pause, close to tears*): I have come down in the world, Mr Carson. We both know that. I am a beggar and so, as the proverb tells us, I cannot be a chooser.

CARSON (*agreeing with a smile*): Hmm!

Molesley leaves, not looking happy at all.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Cora is being dressed for dinner by Edna, who is on her knees buckling her shoes for her.

CORA: Do you know if Dame Nellie has arrived?

EDNA: I believe so, m'lady.

CORA: But too late for tea! What a shame.

The door opens and Robert walks in.

CORA (excitedly): I was getting nervous, but apparently Dame Nellie is here now.

ROBERT: Good.

CORA (sitting down at the dressing table): Are you enjoying yourself so far?

ROBERT (with a sigh): Seeing the old house at full strength again? Yes, I am. (Cora smiles.) At any rate, I'm enjoying most of it.

CORA: Only most?

ROBERT: I don't want Sampson invited back. I think he's rather a tyke.

CORA: Hmm. How do you find Mr Gregson?

ROBERT: Well, Sampson hammered him but he took it like a man, I will say that.

CORA: I hope you weren't caught up in it?

ROBERT: I was more of a spectator.

CORA: I hate gambling. How can grown men throw away their fortune like that? What could be more stupid?

ROBERT (turning away to a sideboard to hide his expression): I couldn't agree more.

He clears his throat awkwardly, as if steeling himself for a confession, but he says nothing further.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Molesley, wearing a footman's livery, is steeling himself for his upcoming ordeal. Daisy walks past him and stops when she recognises him.

DAISY: Mr Molesley, I thought it was you!

She walks into the kitchen ahead of him. Mrs Patmore looks up in surprise.

MRS PATMORE: Are you a footman now?

MOLESLEY (with a sigh): I'm having me career backwards.

CARSON (walking in): Ah, Mr Molesley. Alfred will be acting first footman, so can you take your lead from him?

MOLESLEY (resigned): Why not. Perhaps Daisy'd like to give me a pointer or two. Or Ivy.

CARSON (*holding up a pair of white gloves*): And here are some clean gloves that should fit you.

MOLESLEY (*shocked*): Gloves, Mr Carson?

CARSON: I'm sorry, Mr Molesley, you're not the butler here. That is my job. You are a footman and a footman wears gloves (*). So, if we could begin?

Molesley stands holding the gloves, horrified. Then he walks out, pulls the gloves on and checks his reflecting in the mirror at the foot of the stairs. He nods to himself resignedly, then walks up the stairs.

**) Footmen wore white gloves while waiting at table for reasons of hygiene, because they served the food. Butlers, who - in great houses - didn't serve food but only drinks, didn't. That way, wearing gloves or not was a mark of rank within the domestic profession.*

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

The off-duty valets and ladies' maids, Anna and Edna among them, are having a lot of fun playing the card game that Green suggested. They're all on their feet, shouting and laughing and jostling each other, as it's a fast and raucous game.

GREEN: Everyone ready? Go!

SOMEONE: Hey! You're pushing!

SOMEONE: You can't just bulldoze us all to one side!

GREEN: It's all part of the rules.

SOMEONE: I've got the ace!

Bates, who is not playing, looks on from his chair by the fireside, annoyed.

GREEN (*playfully*): Someone's cheating!

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

The family and guests, ready for dinner, are waiting for Dame Nellie Melba to arrive.

CORA: What on earth can she be doing?

MARY: Should someone go up and see?

VIOLET: I thought she was going to sing after dinner.

ISOBEL: She is.

VIOLET: Then why would we want to see her before?

Cora sighs. Gregson walks in and approaches Sampson.

GREGSON: I er... I suppose you'll get up a game again tonight, after the singing?

SAMPSON: During it, with any luck.

GREGSON: Then you must count me in.

SAMPSON (*surprised*): You'll play again?

GREGSON: If you'll have me. I think I've, er, got the trick of it now.

SAMPSON (*with an oily smile*): Very well. If you insist. Don't say I didn't warn you.

They share an insincere laugh. In another part of the room, Sir John is trying to make small talk with Tom.

SIR JOHN: Do you know Isabella Moncrieffe?

TOM: No.

SIR JOHN: She's blown up like a balloon!

Cora, meanwhile, has heard from Carson why Dame Nellie isn't joining them.

CORA (*indignantly*): She's in her room? How long has she been there?

CARSON: Her maid took her some tea when she arrived.

CORA: What?

CARSON: And I'm about to send up dinner.

ISOBEL: Doesn't she want to eat with us?

CARSON: I didn't think it appropriate, ma'am, and his lordship agreed with me.

ISOBEL: I can't believe my ears.

CORA (*getting up from her chair*): Robert? (*She waits for him to step closer to her so the rest of the room won't hear. In an undertone, but no less fiercely for that*) A world-famous singer is in our house, a great artist, honoured by the King, but you felt it beneath your dignity to eat with her? (*)

ROBERT: I don't re-

CORA (*pointedly*): Am I the only member of this family who lives in the twentieth century? (*To Carson, who has walked up behind her*) What room is she in?

CARSON: Princess Amelia, m'lady.

CORA (*to Robert, sternly*): You will have her next to you at dinner, and you will like it!

ROBERT: But what do I say to her?

Cora gives him a disdainful look and walks off.

ROBERT (*calling after her*): What does one say to a singer? (*He gives Carson an irritated look.*) I blame you!

**) This whole discussion is somewhat unlikely. A random opera singer would maybe not have been invited to dine with an earl, but Dame Nellie Melba was a superstar of her time, and would have expected to hold court as the guest of honour wherever she went. Robert would never have made this mistake, and Dame Nellie wouldn't have accepted it tamely even if he had.*

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

The preparations for dinner are in full swing. Mrs Patmore is giving instructions to Daisy and Ivy.

MRS PATMORE: Now spoon it into the shells. No, not like that! *(She takes the spoon out of Ivy's hand.)* Oh, give it here!

DAISY *(indignantly)*: Mrs Patmore, we can do this!

MRS PATMORE: Oh, can you? With Ivy slapping it out like a trained seal! *(She points out a separate dish.)* Alfred, just remember that one's for the Duchess. She can't eat... *(She gasps.)* Oh! Oh my God!

She clutches her side in pain.

IVY: What is it?

MRS PATMORE *(panicking)*: I've got a pain like a vice! It's like a vice!

She continues to gasp in pain.

DAISY: Ivy, fetch Mrs Hughes! Alfred, help me get her to a chair! *Daisy and Alfred take Mrs Patmore's arms and lead her to her desk while Ivy hurries off.*

MRS PATMORE: No, but who'll finish the dinner? I've not made the béchamel yet, nor the dill sauce for the salmon!

They put Mrs Patmore down in a chair.

ALFRED: Daisy?

DAISY: But I've all me own stuff to do!

ALFRED: I'll do it.

Mrs Hughes appears.

MRS HUGHES: Madge is ringing for the doctor.

Carson walks in just as Alfred rushes over to the stove and picks up a saucepan. He clearly knows what he's doing.

CARSON: What is going on?

DAISY *(shouting)*: Alfred's making the sauces and Mrs Patmore's having a heart attack!

CARSON *(sarcastically)*: I'm not surprised!

DAISY: No, I mean really!

In the background, Mrs Patmore pants, her face contorted with pain, while women's voices can be heard shouting and clamouring.

CARSON: What on earth...

MRS HUGHES: Don't ask!

She puts her arms around Mrs Patmore, comforting her.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

In marked contrast to the pandemonium downstairs, the guests are being served dinner by Alfred and Molesley in a perfectly tranquil and dignified atmosphere. Dame Nellie Melba has joined them, sitting next to Robert. Violet notices Molesley.

VIOLET: Molesley? Oh, you're back? I'm so glad. They can't keep a good man down.

MOLESLEY (*under his breath*): On the contrary, m'lady. That's exactly what they can do.

Carson looks on disapprovingly.

GREGSON (*to Edith, who sits next to him*): I'm going to slip away later for some cards. I hope you won't mind.

EDITH: Not with Sampson again? You said you'd lost a packet.

GREGSON: Well... Ah. It's time to turn. (*)

Cora turns to talk to her other neighbour, which forces Robert to turn and talk to Dame Nellie next.

**) At dinners like this, it was tradition for the lady of the house to decide who to talk to first, the man on her left or the man on her right. Everyone would then follow her example, so no-one would ever be left without anyone to talk to because both their neighbours had happened to turn the other way. To make sure there was some variation, the lady of the house would 'turn' several times over the course of a dinner, and everyone would have to follow suit, often interrupting interesting or pleasant conversations, but just as often rescuing the guests from uphill small talk with uninspiring neighbours, too.*

ROBERT (*to Nellie Melba*): I'm so sorry about earlier. I hope you didn't feel we'd abandoned you.

Dame Nellie only smiles. She knows exactly what was going on, but isn't going to rub it in. Carson refills her wine glass She raises it.

NELLIE: This is delicious.

ROBERT: I'm so pleased you like it.

NELLIE: Haut-Brion. It's one of my favourites.

ROBERT (*impressed*): Did you read that on the menu?

NELLIE: I didn't need to. I've made quite a study of claret.

ROBERT: Oh, well, then. This is going to be much less uphill than I thought.

Which is still incredibly rude, but she smiles it away. At another end of the table, Mary is talking to Gillingham.

MARY: I'll ring tomorrow and make an appointment. Tom can come with me.

GILLINGHAM: I'm sure you don't need my help, but it's yours for the asking.

MARY (*with a smile*): Thank you.

GILLINGHAM: May I take you out for dinner, when you're in London?

MARY: I don't think Miss Lane Fox would approve. And nor would I, really. But I can't tell you what a lift it is to hear that you'd like to.

GILLINGHAM: Really?

She laughs. Across the table, Isobel hears it. Tom, next to her, notices her discomfort.

TOM: Is something the matter?

ISOBEL: If it is, it shouldn't be.

TOM: It's the first time I've heard her laugh since it happened.

ISOBEL: I know, and I don't want her to spend her life in sorrow. She's not the Lady of Shalott(*). It's just I find it hard to join in the merry-making.

TOM *(with a sad smile)*: We haven't all been making merry.

ISOBEL: But you see, what it comes down to in the end is, this nice Lord Gillingham, and Sir John over there, and *(nodding at other guests)* him, and him, and you - you're all alive. My son's dead.

Tom puts his hand on top of hers in genuine sympathy. Violet has been watching them, and gives Tom an approving nod across the table.

**) 'The Lady of Shalott' is a lyrical ballad by English poet Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892), based on an Arthurian legend. It tells the story of a lady imprisoned in a tower who falls in love with Sir Lancelot when she sees him riding past. She leaves the tower to be with him, but while sailing across the lake to join him at Camelot, she dies from a mysterious curse and only her corpse arrives.*

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT

The off-duty servants are still at their raucous game. The shouting and laughing has, if anything, got wilder than before. Bates comes walking down the corridor, looking extremely displeased.

BATES: Anna. *(She doesn't hear.)* Anna! *(She still doesn't hear. He yells.)* ANNA!

The players all fall silent.

BATES: Are you so involved in your game you were unaware Mrs Patmore has been taken ill?

ANNA *(her face falling)*: What? What sort of ill?

BATES: Ill enough to make this racket inappropriate.

He turns and walks away. Anna follows him out.

EDNA *(unconcerned)*: Well, I was going to win.

GREEN *(smiling at her)*: Yes, I think you were.

EDNA: Which is a good omen.

GREEN: What for?

EDNA: Never you mind.

She smiles to herself.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Anna has caught up with Bates.

ANNA: Why are you being like this? I was just having fun.

Green comes walking up behind them.

GREEN: I'll leave you to it.

BATES (*pointedly*): Please do.

Green walks away. Anna calls after him.

ANNA: Thank you for organising that, Mr Gillingham. It was terrific.

She walks off, too, leaving Bates standing there unhappily.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Mrs Patmore is in a chair with Dr Clarkson by her side. Mrs Hughes and Carson are there, too. There's a knock on the door and Anna enters.

ANNA: How is she?

DR CLARKSON (*packing up his stethoscope*): She'll live. I think it was brought on by anxiety. A sort of panic over all the things that had to be done.

MRS PATMORE (*nodding*): There was a lot to be done.

DR CLARKSON: Yes, but you mustn't let it overpower you!

MRS PATMORE: Can I listen to Dame Nellie?

DR CLARKSON: I think so. But put your feet up when they've left in the morning.

ANNA (*to Dr Clarkson*): You should stay for the concert.

DR CLARKSON: Well, I don't want to be a nuisance, but it does seem too good to miss. I'll go and put my bag in the car.

He walks out, Anna after him.

CARSON: I don't know. Screaming in the servants' hall, singers chatting to his lordship, and a footman cooking the dinner. What a topsy-turvy world we've come to.

INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT

With dinner over, Robert comes walking into the dark room, thinking he's alone. He walks to the desk and pours himself a drink from the decanter. In the background is Tom, also holding a glass. Robert straightens up and notices him.

ROBERT: I needed something to get me through it, and I see you've had the same idea. (*Tom nods.*) Are you all right?

TOM: No. I'm afraid I've let you down.

ROBERT: What? Why?

TOM: Since Sybil died, you've all allowed me to believe I was one of you.

ROBERT: You are one of us. Now.

TOM: No, I'm not. Not when you're among your own people.

ROBERT: Tom, something's upset you. Was it the Duchess? If so, I wouldn't pay the slightest attention.

TOM: It wasn't her fault. She was only trying to be nice. It was me. I don't belong here, and these past few days have shown me that.

ROBERT: I don't accept what you're saying, and Cora certainly won't. (*Putting down his glass.*) But we must go now or we'll get stuck.

TOM (*in an undertone*): Do any of you ever leave school?

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Chairs have been set up for the audience. Dame Nellie stands by the grand piano and sings 'Songs My Mother Taught Me' by Czech composer Antonin Dvorak, accompanied by a pianist. The lyrics go: 'Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished. Now I teach my children each melodious measure. Oft the tears are flowing, oft they flow from my memory's treasure.' (If you want to hear it sung by the real Dame Nellie Melba, search for 'Songs My Mother Taught Me' on Wikipedia.) The audience are enraptured. Most of them, that is. In the background, Sampson and Gregson exchange a look.

GREGSON (*to Edith next to him*): I'm sneaking off.

EDITH: I wish I knew why.

GREGSON: You will.

He, Sampson and Sir John quietly leave. Edith doesn't look happy to be left to herself.

By the staircase, at an appropriate distance from the family and guests, chairs have been set up for the servants as well. In one section are Mrs Hughes, Bates, Anna in the front row, while Molesley, Green and some more visiting valets are in the back row. In another section are Daisy, Ivy, Mrs Patmore, Alfred and Dr Clarkson in the front row, with Green, a kitchen maid, a housemaid and a hall boy in the back row. Alfred whispers to Mrs Patmore.

ALFRED: I hope I didn't let you down.

MRS PATMORE: I'm sure you didn't. Mr Carson said they gobbled it up like gannets.

ALFRED (*sincerely*): That's what I want to do, Mrs Patmore.

MRS PATMORE (*with an encouraging nod*): One step at a time. *Carson and Thomas stand listening in a corner, the former enchanted, the latter unreadable. Anna whispers to Bates.*

ANNA: I've got a bit of a headache.

BATES (*whispering back*): Because of the singing?

ANNA: Well, it's not making it any better. It was probably all that shouting in the game. *(With a pointed look at him)* And I'll thank you not to comment. I'll pop down and get something. *The songs ends. Everyone applauds. Anna gets up and walks quietly out. Green follows her with his eyes.*

NELLIE: And now for one of my favourites. 'O Mio Babbino Caro' by Puccini, from *Gianni Schicchi*.(*) And I'd like to dedicate this to love and to lovers.

Cora and Robert smile at each other and clasp hands.

*) 'O Mio Babbino Caro' is a famous aria from the opera buffa (comic opera) 'Gianni Schicchi', in which a young woman entreats her father to help her to get married to the man she loves, or else she will commit suicide. The title translates as 'O my dear daddy'.

VIOLET *(in a whisper, to Isobel)*: What a relief. I thought we might have been in for some of that dreadful German lieder. You can always rely on Puccini.

ISOBEL: I prefer Bartok. (*)

VIOLET: Oh, you would.

Dame Nellie begins to sing 'O Mio Babbino Caro'.

*) Puccini (1854 - 1924) was very much mainstream at the time, while Hungarian composer Bela Bartok (1881 - 1945) would have been considered totally edgy and avantgarde. As a matter of fact, in 1921 in the UK, Bartok would only have been known to a handful of serious music connoisseurs, so it's actually unlikely that a woman of Isobel's age, social standing and place of residence would be familiar with his works. It's not like they'd have been standard repertoire in the York concert halls.

INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT

Sir John, Sampson, Gregson and a random gentleman are playing cards again.

SAMPSON *(putting his cards down)*: Straight to the six.

GREGSON *(putting his own cards down)*: Flush. (*)

He takes a sip of his drink, looking very content.

SAMPSON *(frowning)*: I don't understand, how...

GREGSON: How what?

SIR JOHN: Come on, Sampson, you're not trying to get out of paying up, are you?

SAMPSON: Of course not.

Gregson mockingly raises his eyebrows at him.

**) I've no idea what exactly this means, but it's clear that Sampson was expecting to win, only Gregson's hand was even better.*

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Anna takes down a box labelled 'Red Cross. First Aid Kit' from a cupboard. She takes a little paper satchel out, pours some water from the tap and mixes herself a medicine for her headache in a glass. Green comes walking in and pulls out his hip flask.

GREEN: Would you care for something stronger?

ANNA: I shouldn't let Mr Carson see you with that.

GREEN: You want some?

ANNA: Uh-uh.

As in 'no'. She takes a sip from her glass.

GREEN *(pocketing the hip flask)*: I expect you're sick of it, too. A grown woman screeching like a cat on a bonfire.

They share a laugh.

ANNA: That's very naughty. *(She puts the used glass in the sink.)*

I think Dame Nellie has a beautiful voice. (She starts to walk out of the room. Green steps forward and blocks the way.) Don't be silly. Let me pass.

She doesn't seem concerned. Yet.

GREEN: You look to me like you could use a bit of real fun for once. Is that what you want?

ANNA *(in a serious tone)*: What I want is to go back upstairs.

GREEN *(with a disdainful smile)*: You're not telling me that sad old cripple keeps you happy.

ANNA *(getting angry)*: If you must know, yes, he keeps me very happy. Now let me by. Please.

Green doesn't move.

GREEN: Perhaps you've forgotten what you're missing.

He pulls her into his arms and kisses her forcefully on the lips. She makes wordless noises of protest and struggles against him until he lets go of her. She has barely regained her footing when he takes a swing and slaps her so hard she stumbles into the wall behind her.

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

The servants, minus Anna and Green, and the family and guests are still listening to Dame Nellie's aria.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Green manhandles Anna along the corridor. She screams in protest, but nobody hears her. He pushes her inside the dark boot room and

throws her against the bench, knocking things over. She's still screaming.

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Dame Nellie is still singing. Nobody has a clue what's going on downstairs. If they could hear anything at all at this distance, the singing drowns it out.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

The corridor is empty, but we can still hear Anna's desperate sobs and screams, muffled by the closed door of the boot room.

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Dame Nellie's aria continues.

BATES (to Mrs Hughes): I wonder what she's doing. Maybe she's fallen asleep.

MRS HUGHES: Well, she wouldn't get much sleep up here, that's for sure.

The aria ends. The audience clap. Green comes sneaking back in and reclaims his seat, buttoning his jacket. Mrs Hughes sees him coming back. Bates doesn't. Dame Nellie bows and smiles.

INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT

SIR JOHN: I think we're both even. So we'll leave you to it. He and the random gentleman leave.

SAMPSON (to Gregson, loosening his collar uncomfortably): I assume you'll take an IOU?

GREGSON: Well, firstly I'll take all the IOUs you've accumulated during your stay. And you may send me a cheque for the rest.

SAMPSON: I'm not sure I can allow that.

GREGSON: Well, you'd better allow it, or I'll tell Lord Grantham how you won, and there won't be a club in London to touch you with a ten foot pole.

SAMPSON (pulling out the papers, defeated): Will you take a note for the remainder of the debt?

GREGSON (picking up the papers): Yes. It wouldn't be in your interest to cross me.

Sampson scribbles down a note.

SAMPSON: You think you're so holy, don't you? (Handing the paper over) You're just a cheat, like me.

GREGSON: I have won against a card sharp. There is pleasure in that.

He pats Sampson's shoulder and walks out chuckling. The audience cheers.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. NIGHT

A car is at the front door. Robert is saying goodbye to Violet and Isobel at the end of the evening.

ROBERT *(to Isobel)*: I'm so pleased you came.

ISOBEL: So am I. I was wrong to hesitate, but then guilt has the power to make all of us do strange things.

VIOLET: Oh! Well, not all of us. *(She starts walking to walk towards the waiting car.)* Guilt has never played a major part in my life.

ROBERT *(under his breath)*: Amen to that.

INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

The male house guests stand around, waiting for Robert to rejoin them after making their farewells to the ladies. Robert walks back in from the door. Gregson approaches Gillingham and Sir John just as Robert comes up on the other side.

GREGSON *(handing out the IOUs he took back from Sampson)*: I think these are yours.

ROBERT: Oh, I can't accept this.

GREGSON: Please do. I won it off Sampson fair and square.

Sir John laughs in relief and claps Gregson on the shoulder, then walks away.

GILLINGHAM *(sceptically)*: Fair and square, eh?

GREGSON: Well, I won, anyway.

ROBERT: But then the money's yours.

GREGSON: No, I don't want it. Isn't that a better way to end the house party?

Robert laughs, embarrassed. Edith comes walking out of the drawing room.

EDITH: How did it go?

ROBERT: Mr Gregson has saved my bacon. *(In a whisper)* But don't tell your mother.

Gregson approaches Edith.

EDITH: How on earth did you do that?

GREGSON *(with a smile)*: I revived a dubious talent from my misspent youth.

They walk back into the drawing room together, leaving Robert and Gillingham behind.

ROBERT *(still chuckling)*: Well, that was a nice surprise, I must say.

GILLINGHAM: My whole stay has been full of nice surprises. I can't tell you how pleased I am that I came.

ROBERT: Really? Then I'm pleased, too.

With an amiable pat on the shoulder, he invites Gillingham to walk back in, too.

In another part of the hall, by the staircase, Tom is sitting alone on a carved wooden bench, looking done in, deep in melancholy thought. Edna approaches him stealthily and hands him a tumbler.

TOM: What is it?

EDNA: Whisky.

TOM: God, it's huge.

EDNA: I thought you might need it.

Tom takes a sip.

TOM: You understand me, don't you?

EDNA: I like to think so.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

The servants return to their duties after the concert.

ALFRED (*calling after Molesley*): Some fresh coffee, Mr Molesley. Molesley and Mrs Hughes head down the corridor. Mrs Hughes opens the door to her sitting room.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Mrs Hughes walks in.

ANNA (*V. O., urgently*): Shut the door.

Mrs Hughes looks around and sees Anna huddled on the floor in a corner, hair down, looking completely dishevelled and extremely distressed.

MRS HUGHES: Oh, my God!

ANNA (*in a sharp whisper*): Shut the door! (*Mrs Hughes obeys. Anna gets up. She's in tears, her clothes hanging loosely about her, her face and lips bruised and bloody.*) Will you help me? Will you find me some clothes?

MRS HUGHES: Of course I will, but...

ANNA: Will you see to Lady Mary? Say, um, just say I've gone home with a headache.

She's completely beside herself. It's a wonder she can still think as straight as this.

MRS HUGHES: I can manage Lady Mary, but Anna, we must tell someone!

She totally knows what has happened.

ANNA (*frantically*): No, no, no!

MRS HUGHES: But you'll have to tell Mr Bates!

ANNA (*pleadingly*): Him least of all! If he knew, he'd murder the man who's done it and then he'd be hanged!

MRS HUGHES: But surely...

ANNA: He's a convicted felon! D'you think they'd spare him a second time?

MRS HUGHES: No. (*A pause. Anna sobs.*) Maybe the doctor's still here.

She makes a move towards the door. Anna pulls her back by the arm.

ANNA: Will you listen! I need your help, or I wouldn't have told you. Nobody else must ever know. You promise me!

MRS HUGHES (*with a deep sigh*): Wait here. I'll fetch you some water and a comb. (*She runs her hand along Anna's cheek in a comforting carress.*) And see what I can find you in the way of a dress.

Anna lets her go, still crying, and retreats to her corner. There she sinks down against the wall, sobbing unconsolably.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Cora is already in her nightdress and dressing gown, with Edna in attendance. Robert walks in, also in a dressing gown.

CORA: Did you enjoy your evening?

ROBERT: Yes, I did rather.

They're both in high spirits and very happy about how the day has gone, if for different reasons.

CORA: You weren't too shocked, having to talk to a professional singer?

She shrugs off her dressing gown, which Edna takes off her.

ROBERT: You always make me out to be so narrow-minded. But I liked her.

CORA: Because she appreciated your wine.

ROBERT (*sitting down in an armchair with a sigh*): There are worse reasons.

Cora settles down on the chaiselongue opposite.

CORA: And have you formed an opinion of Mr Gregson?

Edna walks out.

ROBERT: Yes, as a matter of fact. I'm not sure he is what we want for Edith, but it's a changing world, and I must admit he's a decent cove.

CORA (*with playful irony*): Heavens! A Damascene conversion. (*)
Robert chuckles, then rises from his seat and starts taking off his dressing gown.

CORA: What's brought this about? Was it something he said?

ROBERT: It wasn't that so much. But he did behave in a way that I thought was really quite gentlemanly.

**) I. e. a 180 degree turn. A biblical reference to St. Paul the Apostle, who according to the New Testament started life as a Jewish official who persecuted Christians, until (on the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, hence 'Damascene') he experienced a vision of Christ that converted him to Christianity.*

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Edna comes hurrying along, looking furtively around to check she's not seen. She knocks on a door of one of the bedrooms and opens it. Inside, all is dark.

EDNA (softly): Are you awake?

She slips in and closes the door behind her.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Bates comes walking along just as Anna steps out of Mrs Hughes's sitting room, wearing a black white-trimmed dress we haven't seen her in before, her hair redone neatly. Seeing the marks on her face, he steps closer with a frown.

BATES: What happened to you?

ANNA (avoiding his eyes): I was drinking a powder when I suddenly felt dizzy and I... I must have fainted. I think I hit the edge of the sink as I went down. Stupid.

BATES: You've changed your dress.

He's deeply concerned by her obvious distress, but he doesn't understand what's happened. Not yet.

ANNA: Yes. It's badly marked. I've put it in to soak, but I'm not sure I can save it. Mrs Hughes lent me this.

At the other end of the corridor, Green appears and calls to them.

GREEN: Good night, Mr Bates. Mrs Bates. And thank you for looking after me while I've been here.

BATES: Good night, Mr Gillingham.

ANNA: Good night, Mr Gillingham.

She can barely get the words out. Green walks away. Bates tries to put his hand on her shoulder, but she starts backwards, avoiding his touch.

BATES (gently): What's the matter?

ANNA (with a forced smile): Nothing. I just feel like walking on my own. That's all.

She takes her coat and hat from the hook by the door and walks out into the yard.

EXT. KITCHEN COURTYARD. NIGHT

Dressed in hat and coat, Anna comes out of the back door and walks away into the darkness, crying again. Bates appears in the door and calls after her pleadingly.

BATES: Anna!

But she walks on without turning around.

END CREDITS