

**DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.01**

**OPENING CREDITS**

**EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. NIGHT**

*The house is in darkness. There's a light in only one set of windows, high up in the attics where the servants sleep.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. THE ATTICS. MISS O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*In the dimly lit room, we see a woman's hands packing things up. Two letters are being propped up on the mantelpiece, one addressed to 'Her Ladyship' and one to 'Mrs Hughes'.*

**INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

*We're in the POV of a person sneaking down through the sleeping house. A nanny walks past the end of the corridor, carrying a bowl of water. V.O., a baby cries.*

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Mary Crawley lies in bed, very still but with her eyes wide open. On the bedside table is a photograph of her and Matthew in happier days.*

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

*A woman in a black dress and hat, carrying a suitcase, walks down the back stairs, through the downstairs corridor and out through the back door, closing it softly behind her.*

**EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAWN**

*It'll be day soon.*

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. DAWN**

*Mary sits on the side of her bed in her nightdress, looking into the fire. Opening credits end.*

**INT. O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM. DAWN**

*Anna, already dressed for the day, stands rooted to the spot in the open door of Miss O'Brien's empty bedroom. Then she spots the letters on the mantelpiece, switches the lights on and walks over to pick the letters up.*

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. DAWN**

*Mary has put a black dressing gown over her nightdress. She looks melancholically out of the window. Outside, the crows are cawing in the early morning mist.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*A bell chimes on the bell board. Carson and Mrs Hughes stand with their heads together over a sheet of paper - O'Brien's letter. Anna stands in the doorway.*

ANNA: I'll have to go.

CARSON (*distractedly*): Oh, of course, you must go.

*Anna turns to go. On the screen, it says '1922'.*

*Carson goes after her into the corridor, followed by Mrs Hughes. They're both rather agitated, he (as usual) more so than she. Anna stops and turns back to them.*

CARSON: Oh, but who'll give the letter to her ladyship?

MRS HUGHES: Oh, I can do that, and I'll take her breakfast and dress her today, but I haven't got time to make it a regular thing.

*Anna nods her understanding.*

ANNA: No, I can do it until she finds someone else. Lady Mary won't mind.

*Mrs Hughes approves. Anna can be seen walking up the back stairs. One floor up, by the green baize door, she meets Thomas.*

THOMAS: What's the matter with you?

ANNA (*as she walks past him*): Miss O'Brien's upped and left!

THOMAS (*genuinely astonished*): Never!

*He pushes open the green baize door and walks into the Hall, where Jimmy, Ivy and other maids and the hall boys are getting everything ready for the day.*

**INT. THE HALL. DAY**

THOMAS (*in an undertone*): Jimmy! Jimmy. Miss O'Brien's gone!

JIMMY: What? Gone where?

THOMAS: How should I know?

*Ivy, hearing this, rushes towards a housemaid who is Hoovering the floor.*

IVY: Madge, O'Brien's gone!

**INT. LIBRARY. DAY**

*Alfred is walking to the writing desk, putting away some papers.*

MAID 1 (*in the background*): Have you heard?

MAID 2: Heard what?

MAID 1: Miss O'Brien! She's gone.

MAID 2: What do you mean gone?

MAID 1: She's left.

MAID 3: Left?

MAID 1: She's packed up.

*This is exciting but definitely not unwelcome news to them.*

**INT. THE HALL. DAY**

*We follow the group of housemaids, seen from the gallery, as they walk back into the hall, where Thomas and Jimmy still stand in conversation. There's more excited chattering as Ivy, a hall boy and Alfred join the group to gossip some more.*

**INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. DAY**

*Cora and Robert are sitting up in their bed, he in pyjamas, she in her nightdress and dressing gown. Robert holds O'Brien's letter to Cora in his hand.*

CORA: I can't believe it.

ROBERT: I can. Sneaking off like a thief in the night, that's O'Brien to a T.

*At a sideboard, Mrs Hughes is pouring tea for them.*

CORA: I just can't believe Susan has done this to me.

MRS HUGHES (*putting the tea cup down on Cora's bedside table*): Miss O'Brien did say that she got on very well with Lady Flintshire when she was up in Scotland.

CORA: So I gather! (*Quoting from the letter*) 'Lady Flintshire has booked my ticket for India and it seems too good a chance to miss.'

*Mrs Hughes hands Robert a cup of tea, too.*

ROBERT: Was there really no warning?

MRS HUGHES: Now I think of it, she had a telegram yesterday. That must have been it.

*Cora sinks further down in her bed and rolls her eyes at the heavens.*

CORA: So what happens now?

MRS HUGHES: I'll dress you today, m'lady, and Anna will take over tomorrow, until you find a replacement.

*Cora doesn't reply. She's not happy.*

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY**

*Mrs Patmore, Daisy, Ivy and another maid are preparing breakfast for themselves. Alfred stands nearby. Carson questions Alfred.*

CARSON: And she really gave no clue?

ALFRED: She didn't say anything to me, Mr Carson. Honest. Not a word.

CARSON *(walking off with a very sceptical look at Alfred)*: As long as she didn't.

ALFRED *(to the kitchen staff, pleadingly)*: I know you all think she must have said summat, but she didn't.

MRS PATMORE: I believe you. Thousands wouldn't.

*The kitchen staff sit down to their meal.*

ALFRED: She may be my aunt, but she's a dark horse.

MRS PATMORE *(with a dry chuckle)*: No-one will contradict you there.

*They settle down to their breakfast. Alfred leaves.*

**INT. DINING ROOM. DAY**

*Robert, Edith and Tom are having breakfast with Carson attending.*

EDITH *(walking back from serving herself at the sideboard)*: Susan Flintshire has stolen Mama's maid whilst her daughter's a guest in this house?

TOM: I'm sure she wouldn't put it like that.

EDITH: I don't care how she puts it. It's absolutely disgraceful. *Rose comes in, looking apologetic.*

ROSE: It's all right. Madge told me.

ROBERT: It is *not* all right.

EDITH *(to Rose)*: Did you have any idea?

ROSE *(uncomfortably)*: No. Not really. I knew... I knew that Mummy thought O'Brien was very good at doing hair, and they talked about her wanting to travel...

ROBERT *(sharply)*: What? When?

ROSE: Well, when you were all at Duneagle.

ROBERT: And you didn't think to inform us?

EDITH: I'm in London tomorrow. I can put an advertisement in *The Lady*.

ROBERT: Good.

*He gets up to leave.*

ROSE: Won't it take forever, waiting for the magazine to come out?

EDITH: It can't be helped.

ROBERT *(to Tom)*: We're meeting Trent at eleven.

TOM: I'll see you there. I want to walk the plantations first. I was wondering if Mary might like to come.

ROBERT: Don't bother Mary. She's got enough on her plate.  
*He leaves.*

EDITH (to Rose): Did you really not know anything?

ROSE: I never thought she'd go through with it.

*Tom exchanges a look of exasperation with Edith, then picks up a newspaper and starts reading.*

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. DAY**

*Mary, dressed all in black, stands looking out of the window. Anna approaches her with a pretty lilac-coloured shawl over her arm.*

ANNA: I thought you might like to take this down with you. In case you want a walk. It's quite chilly.

MARY (in a flat, languid voice which never changes its tone throughout the scene, or indeed most of the episode): Where's the black one?

*Nice try, Anna. There is a knock at the door. Nanny West enters, carrying Baby George on her arm. The baby gurgles.*

NANNY WEST: I'm taking Master George out for some air, m'lady, and I wondered if you'd like to come with us.

MARY: I don't think so, but thank you. (She approaches her son and runs a hand over his little head.) Poor little orphan. (She plants a soft kiss on the top of his head. To the nanny) Thank you, Nanny.

*Nanny West leaves with George. Anna gathers up some clothes.*

ANNA: He's not an orphan. He's got his mother. Orphans haven't.

*Mary settles in an armchair with a book, pretending to read.*

MARY (absently): He isn't poor either, come to that.

*Anna walks a few steps towards the door, then turns back.*

ANNA: And you don't mind my seeing to her ladyship?

MARY: Why would I mind? I'm not planning a trip round the world.

*Anna nods and leaves. Mary puts the book aside with a sigh.*

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE CHURCH YARD. DAY**

*Violet, all in black, exits the church. She spots the elder Mr Molesley in the church yard. Nearby, two workmen are working on a gravestone.*

VIOLET: Mr Molesley. Have you seen Mr Travis? I need to speak to him about the Bring-and-Buy Sale.

MR MOLESLEY SR: I'm afraid not, your ladyship.

VIOLET: Never mind.

*They turn to watch the work on the gravestone. The workmen are attaching an ornamental stone vase to the top. The inscription reads: Matthew Reginald Crawley, Beloved Son Husband and Father, 1885 - 1921.*

MR MOLESLEY SR: This were a sad business.

VIOLET: Very, very sad. I can't believe it's time for the stone already.

*She is genuinely, deeply grieved.*

MR MOLESLEY SR: Six months. They always leave six months for the grave to settle.

*Violet looks slightly unsettled at the implications.*

VIOLET (after a pause): Tell me, has your son found another job, yet?

MR MOLESLEY SR: No, m'lady. They've let him stay on and he always tries to make himself useful, but it can't go on forever and anyway, he's lost his wage.

VIOLET: But he's a properly trained valet! He could even be a butler.

MR MOLESLEY SR: I hope so, m'lady. *(He sniffs.)* But it's a changing world.

VIOLET: You don't have to tell me.

**EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY**

*Thomas, in a black overcoat and a bowler hat, comes walking purposefully down the drive. He politely tips his hat to Nanny West and a younger nanny as they come walking back towards the house, pushing George and Sybbie in their prams. Thomas approaches the second pram, pushed by the young nurse, and looks inside. Sybbie makes happy gurgling noises.*

THOMAS (to Sybbie, in a friendly sing-song voice): Hello.

*Thomas exchanges a quick smile with the younger nurse, who returns it. She has no problem with him taking an interest. But in the background, Nanny West has stopped in her tracks and moves back towards the little group, looking angry. Thomas removes his glove and reaches down to stroke Sybbie's cheek. (I can't tell whether he actually does touch her or not.)*

THOMAS: It'll soon be time for you to get out and walk, young lady.

*He's being genuinely nice.*

NANNY WEST: Please don't touch the children, not without my permission.

THOMAS (with a falsely incredulous smile): What?

NANNY WEST: They are in my charge and I cannot be too careful.

THOMAS (without the faintest trace of a smile now): I would remind you that I knew this young girl's mother, which you never did.

NANNY WEST: That doesn't make you her friend.

THOMAS: As a matter of fact, it does.

NANNY WEST: Well, I can't stay here to bandy words. Will you ask Mrs Patmore to send up the children's luncheon in half an hour?

THOMAS (*smiling again*): Ask her yourself, why don't you?  
*He tips his hat again and walks off, looking pleased with himself.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*Mr Bates is at the table. Mrs Hughes is in one of the rocking chairs by the fire, holding a sewing basket. In the background, Daisy and Ivy lay the table for the servants' meal while Mrs Patmore consults the books on the high desk. Jimmy is in the other rocking chair with a newspaper. Alfred sits at the table with a book. In his other hand is an object that I can't for the life of me identify. It looks like a little stuffed animal or doll.*

BATES (*to Mrs Hughes*): Was her ladyship very disappointed?

MRS HUGHES: She was, and it'll take quite a while to find a replacement.

DAISY: I can't believe Miss O'Brien would be so thoughtless.

MRS PATMORE: Can't you? I can.

JIMMY: She wants an adventure. What's wrong with that? I don't blame her.

ALFRED: Not for wanting to go, but why run off and leave us in the lurch?

JIMMY: You're only talking like that so we'll think you didn't know.

*Anna, who has heard the exchange while walking in, settles into a chair.*

ANNA (*to Jimmy*): That's not kind!

JIMMY: What's the good of a month of sour looks? Good luck to her, say I.

BATES (*to Anna*): How was Lady Mary this morning?

ANNA: The same. But I suppose she must come out of it eventually.

BATES: For Master George's sake, if for no other reason.

ANNA: I hope so. Right now, she prefers to leave it all to Nanny West.

DAISY: I couldn't be a nanny.

IVY: Why not? Don't you like children?

DAISY: No, I do. But being a nanny... you're not one of the family but not one of us either.

*Thomas appears in the doorway closest to Jimmy's chair.*

THOMAS: What are you talking about?

*To the absolute delight of all audiences far and wide, Jimmy doesn't even need to be told to vacate the chair for Thomas.*

IVY: Being a nanny. Daisy was saying she thinks it must be a lonely life.

THOMAS: Mmm, I don't know about that. (*He settles into Jimmy's chair.*) But if you ask me, that Nanny West thinks too much of herself.

ALFRED: Why? What's she done? She always seems nice to me.

THOMAS: She only tried to give me orders.

BATES: You mean she mistook you for a servant?

ALFRED (*bewildered*): But he *is* a servant.

BATES (*drily*): Don't tell him that. He'll never get over the shock.

*General giggly amusement. Even Jimmy, who has retreated to a less comfortable chair, grins. Thomas looks like he couldn't care less.*

#### **EXT. FARM. DAY**

*Robert and Tom, in hats and overcoats, stand in front of some farm buildings with a farmer, presumably their tenant. We only see the end of the conversation.*

TOM (*to the farmer*): Thank you, Mr Marsh.

*The farmer walks off. Robert and Tom start walking towards the farm gate.*

ROBERT: He was bound to be disappointed.

TOM: You're sure you want to abandon the whole plan?

ROBERT: We don't have a choice. We have to find the death duties(\*) on half the estate, and they'll be merciless.

*\*) 'Death duties' is the old term for inheritance tax. Since Matthew was co-owner of the estate at the time of his death, his heirs (Mary and George) are obliged to pay tax on the inheritance. As the estate is big and in good shape, this is a heavy financial burden.*

TOM: I know. But I wish we could wait for Mary to come back into play.

ROBERT: She isn't a player. She has a life interest in one third of Matthew's share of Downton, and a third of his other possessions, but everything else belongs to little George.

TOM: And that's all the law gives her?

ROBERT: He should have made a will.

TOM: But Mary's George's guardian. Surely that gives her some sort of say?

ROBERT: It's a moot point. Since I own the other half of everything, isn't it more appropriate for me to manage the boy's fortunes? Besides, she's in such a fragile state, the last thing I want is for her to start worrying about money.

TOM: Of course. But you don't think...?

*Robert stops walking.*

ROBERT: You've seen her! She hardly has the energy to lift a fork to her mouth.

TOM: She loved him very much.



ROBERT: And the price of great love is great misery when one of you dies.

TOM (*quietly*): I know that.

ROBERT (*apologetically*): Of course you do. I'm so sorry. (*A pause.*) We better get back or we'll be late for lunch.

*They start walking again. Their car stands waiting for them at the farm gate.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. CARSON'S PANTRY. NIGHT**

*Carson is seated at his desk. Mr Molesley the younger stands in front of him.*

MOLESLEY: I've placed advertisements, Mr Carson, you know I have.

CARSON: But the answers weren't suitable?

MOLESLEY: I didn't get any answers. Well, I did, but when I wrote back, I heard nothing more.

CARSON: Well, I don't know what to suggest.

MOLESLEY (*anxiously*): Because, I can't stay here?

CARSON (*appeasingly*): Mr Molesley, I should hate us to appear inhospitable.

MOLESLEY: But I can't stay here?

CARSON: Is it fair on his lordship? It has been six months.

MOLESLEY: I suppose I could go to my dad's until I get something sorted.

CARSON: What a good idea.

MRS PATMORE (*looking in at the door*): Servants' lunch is on the table.

CARSON (*getting up from his desk*): Thank you, Mrs Patmore.

*He leaves. Molesley stays behind. Mrs Patmore, walking past the open door, spots him still standing there.*

MRS PATMORE: Oh cheer up, Mr Molesley. It may never happen.

MOLESLEY (*sadly*): It already has.

**INT. LIBRARY. DAY**

*Cora and Rose are on one of the red settees, Edith is on the other. They talk as Robert and Tom, presumably just back from the farm, walk in.*

CORA (*to Edith*): By the way, I'm going into Thirsk after lunch. Do you want to come?

EDITH: I'm walking down to the village to see how Isobel's getting on.

ROBERT: Remind her it's an open invitation. If she wants to see her grandson or feels like company, she just has to turn up.

*He sits down next to Edith. Tom takes an armchair.*

EDITH: I'll tell her.

ROSE: I might come with you.

EDITH: I don't think so. I don't think she's up to seeing many people.

ROSE: I only meant into the village.

CORA: Edith, are you really going to London tomorrow? I have a couple of errands if you are.

EDITH: I'm seeing Michael Gregson.

CORA: He must have missed you while you've been here.

EDITH (to Robert): He's giving a party to introduce me to his literary friends.

ROSE: How exciting.

CORA: Isn't it, Robert?

*Robert looks rather annoyed.*

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. DAY**

*Rose, wearing a patterned woollen cardigan, walks through the village towards the post office.*

**INT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. POST OFFICE. DAY**

*As the bell on the door jingles, the postmistress looks up from her desk.*

ROSE: I... I was wondering if I might put a card in your window.

POSTMISTRESS: A card, m'lady?

ROSE: For a job asking for applicants.

POSTMISTRESS: And what sort of job might this be?

ROSE: Why? Does it make a difference?

POSTMISTRESS: No, I suppose not.

ROSE: Thank you. *(Laughing nervously)* Erm, how much will that be?

POSTMISTRESS: Er, Sixpence should cover it.

*Rose pays and receives the card.*

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DAY**

*A view of Isobel's house.*

EDITH (V.O.): You ought to see more of George.

**INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY**

*Edith and Isobel sit in armchairs facing each other by the fireside. Isobel is dressed in black. When she speaks, she sounds subdued and sad, not unlike Mary in the previous scenes.*

ISOBEL: Poor George. What a burden he is born into. A baby rich as Croesus and a mother almost passed over.

EDITH: That's the law.

ISOBEL: It seems so strange. *(She turns to look at a photograph of Matthew and Mary on the mantelpiece.)* Matthew was always so meticulous.

EDITH: He thought that death was many years away. And so it should have been. If there's anything I can do to help, please let me do it.

ISOBEL: I'm grateful.

*They stand.*

ISOBEL: But you see, when your only child dies... then you're not a mother any more. You're not anything, really. That's what I'm trying to get used to.

EDITH: You're a grandmother. And I know you're going to be a wonderful one.

*They're both close to tears, but then Isobel smiles and strokes Edith's cheek affectionately with her hand.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. CARSON'S PANTRY. DAY**

*Carson is at a side table, sorting invoices and other papers. Mrs Hughes comes in holding some letters.*

MRS HUGHES: Afternoon post.

CARSON: Ah, thank you. *(He takes his letters, turns away and groans as he sees the sender's name. Under his breath)* Oh, not this again.

MRS HUGHES: Not what?

*He looks briefly over the letter, then crumples it up and throws it in the waste paper basket.*

CARSON: Oh... nothing! Let me know when the upholsterer arrives. I want to be there when you explain the job in hand.

MRS HUGHES: Very well, but I can easily manage.

CARSON: He needs to grasp the quality of the tapestry on the chairs, before he starts slamming nails into them.

*He walks out while he still speaks. He's clearly in a bad mood and wants to be left alone. Mrs Hughes looks after him a little miffed.*

MRS HUGHES: And I couldn't make him see that?

*But he's gone. She closes the door, walks over to the waste paper basket, and retrieves the crumpled letter from it.*

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. DUSK.**

*A female figure walks towards the post office and catches sight of the card in the window that reads: 'Wanted, First rate Lady's Maid, Skilled at Sewing and Arranging hair. Application and references to be sent in envelope adressed to The Postmistress*

*(Lady's Maid position). The woman enters the post office, bell jingling.*

POSTMISTRESS: Just closing, love.

*The woman is revealed to be Edna Braithwaite.*

EDNA: I only wanted to know who was looking for a lady's maid.

POSTMISTRESS: There's not too many in Downton who needs a lady's maid.

EDNA: You mean the Abbey?

POSTMISTRESS: Didn't you used to work there?

EDNA: I did, but I've been studying since then.

POSTMISTRESS: Studying for what?

EDNA: To become a lady's maid.

### **INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. CORA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Mrs Hughes is undressing Cora for the night, with Cora sitting in front of the mirror and Mrs Hughes standing behind her.*

MRS HUGHES: Madge says that Lady Edith saw Mrs Crawley this afternoon. How is she?

CORA: In a very dark place, I'm afraid.

MRS HUGHES: And no wonder.

*Cora gets up and takes off her dressing gown.*

CORA: For a widowed mother to lose her only son...

MRS HUGHES: There's no more fit person to comfort her than you.

CORA: I wonder. If Lady Sybil had been an only child I believe I'd have died.

MRS HUGHES: No, m'lady. You would have lived on for the baby. And so must she.

*Cora gets into bed. The door opens and Robert in a dressing gown over his pyjamas walks in.*

CORA *(sincerely)*: Thank you so much, Mrs Hughes, and good night to you.

MRS HUGHES: Good night, m'lady. M'lord.

*Robert nods good night to her, looking distracted. Mrs Hughes leaves.*

CORA: Are you all right?

ROBERT: I feel we must settle the question of who is to manage the baby's property. I don't want to hurry Mary before she's ready.

CORA: What question? She's George's mother and his guardian.

ROBERT: Of course she is, but when it comes to decisions about the estate, shouldn't it be me?

CORA: Why?

ROBERT: Because together, my grandson and I own five sixths of Downton. And Mary's share is only for her life. She couldn't do much with it even if she wanted to. *(He takes off his dressing gown and sits down on the side of the bed.)* The point being that

with the death duties we're facing, there are some big decisions ahead.

CORA: You want to push Mary out.

ROBERT: I'm not pushing her out. She was never 'in'. Matthew was co-owner and now his son is. I worked with Matthew. I must work for his boy.

*He picks up a book and starts reading. Case closed. Cora looks unhappy.*

**EXT. KITCHEN COURTYARD. DAY**

*A postman comes cycling up to the back door. Alfred is there to receive him. The postman hands over a bundle of letters.*

POSTMAN: Post for you.

ALFRED: Thanks.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY**

*Ivy opens a letter. It contains a coloured card. She looks happy.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*Anna and Bates face each other across the table. They're both opening letters and smiling at each other.*

MRS HUGHES: A lot of letters for a Tuesday. How do people have time to write when the week is just beginning?

*She and Carson walk out of the hall into the corridor.*

CARSON: It's St. Valentine's Day.

MRS HUGHES: Oh, imagine your remembering that and my forgetting it. Who would have thought such a thing?

CARSON (*gravely*): I am not a complete stranger to romance if that's what you're implying. Maybe I am now, but I wasn't always. *Daisy, approaching from the kitchen, can't help but hear. In the servants' hall, Bates is holding a card and beaming happily across the table at his wife. In the corridor, Daisy walks into the hall looking sad. Carson, who has walked into his pantry, can be heard speaking in a surprised tone of voice.*

CARSON: Hold on. I thought these were all bills.

*He returns to the hall. The servants dutifully get up from their seats.*

CARSON: Daisy! This one's for you.

*He hands Daisy a letter, too. She smiles happily to herself.*

THOMAS: Daisy? Who's that from?

JIMMY: Don't tease her, Mr Barrow.

*Thomas does something indiscribable with his tongue inside his closed mouth which clearly says he loves nothing better. Bates and Anna walk into the corridor.*

BATES: Who sent you a card?

ANNA: I don't know. It's not signed.

BATES: Nor's mine. We both must have secret admirers.

ANNA: Which is no more than we deserve.

*To endless sighs of delight from the audience, they kiss.*

ANNA (playfully): That's enough of that, Mr Bates. We've work to do.

*She goes upstairs, leaving Bates glowing with happiness. Daisy walks into view, still gazing at the card she received, and looking equally radiant.*

#### **INT. THE HALL. DAY**

*Edith comes walking out of the dining room with a card in her hand. She opens and reads it, also looking very happy, as she ascends the stairs. Just then Mary comes down.*

MARY: What's that?

*Edith lowers the card guilty.*

EDITH: Nothing.

MARY: Of course. It's Valentine's Day. When are you leaving for London?

EDITH: I'm catching the ten o'clock. (A pause while Mary looks at her in silence.) I ought to pack.

*Edith walks past Mary.*

MARY (in the flattest of flat tones of voice): Have a happy time. *Edith gives her a half-exasperated, half-pitying look and continues upstairs. Mary descends the stairs and stands on the landing for a while, looking across the hall, remembering happier times.*

#### **EXT. RIPON. NIGHT**

*Mrs Hughes comes walking along a dark, snowy street in Ripon. There's a large brick building inscribed 'Ripon Union Workhouse' over the entrance. She hesitates for a moment, then enters.*

#### **INT. RIPON WORKHOUSE. NIGHT**

*The attendant at the door shows Mrs Hughes into the main hall.*

ATTENDANT: Just down there.

*Old, invalid and poorly dressed men sit untwining old rope in the dim light. This is obviously their assigned labour. There's a low*

*murmur on the air. Someone coughs. It's a dismal, miserable place. Mrs Hughes walks in among the men. They barely look up.*

MRS HUGHES: Mr Grigg?

*A man, now recognisable as the aged, run-down version of Mr Grigg of the Cheerful Charlies from Season 1, looks up at her.*

MR GRIGG: Do I know you?

MRS HUGHES: You wrote to Charlie Carson at Downton Abbey. I work with him.

MR GRIGG (*with a hopeful gasp*): Did he send you?

MRS HUGHES: Not exactly. In a way.

*Mr Grigg coughs. Mrs Hughes pulls up a crate for herself to sit on.*

MR GRIGG: Oh... What did he say about me? What does he plan to do?

MRS HUGHES: Mr Carson is very busy. He wanted me to find out how you are. Then, I think, he'll come up with a plan.

MR GRIGG (*with a relieved sigh*): I knew it. He said some harsh things when we last met, but we go back a long way, Charlie and me. And whatever's happened, to theatre folk like us, that means something.

*He coughs again.*

MRS HUGHES: Yes, I'm sure it does.

#### **EXT. LONDON. KING'S CROSS STATION. DAY**

*A steam train pulls into King's Cross station in London. (It's actually St. Pancras, but meant to be King's Cross.) It screeches to a halt and lets off steam. Station attendants open the first class carriage doors. Edith descends and starts walking towards the exit, scanning the crowd. She spots Michael Gregson, leaning on the barrier waiting for her with a huge smile on his face. Edith hands her ticket to the station guard and walks over to meet him. He takes off his hat in greeting.*

EDITH: This is very lovely. Shouldn't you be at the office? Aunt Rosamund's sending her car.

*They start walking out of the station together.*

GREGSON: I've missed you. I haven't stopped thinking about you for one moment.

EDITH: Well, I'm here now.

GREGSON: And I couldn't be more thrilled because I've got some news... Well, not news, more an idea.

EDITH: Go on.

GREGSON: Well, I've done some research, and discovered not every country is the same as England.

EDITH (*with playful irony*): You amaze me!

GREGSON: No, I mean, there are places where lunacy is grounds for divorce, Portugal and Greece and even Germany.

EDITH: But wouldn't you have to live there?

GREGSON: No, no, I'm just finding out what's involved. But if I did live in Germany, would you come with me?

*They're outside the station now. Rosamund's chauffeur is standing ready with his car.*

EDITH *(to the chauffeur)*: Oh. Hello, Burns. *(To Gregson)* This is Burns, Aunt Rosamund's chauffeur.

BURNS: Good afternoon, m'lady.

*He opens the door for Edith to get in.*

EDITH *(to Gregson)*: Can I give you a lift?

GREGSON: No, I'll take a taxi. It's the opposite direction.

EDITH: I'll see you tonight.

*She gets in the car, still smiling.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DRAWING ROOM. DAY**

*Mary and Tom have just had tea. Thomas is collecting the tea things. Nanny West comes walking in carrying Baby George and holding little Sybbie's hand. Sybbie has obviously heeded Thomas' earlier advice and learned to walk.*

NANNY WEST: Oh. Am I too early?

MARY: No. I'm afraid tea was a little late.

NANNY WEST *(to Thomas)*: Oh, dear. Can you manage? Should I give you a hand?

THOMAS: I can manage, thank you, Miss West.

*Tom squats down and holds out his arms for Sybbie.*

TOM: Come to me, darling. *(She toddles towards him. He takes her into his arms.)* Hello.

*He chuckles happily. Nanny West hands George to Mary to hold in her arms.*

NANNY WEST: Now, here's the little prince, m'lady. *(George makes content noises.)* See how happy he is to see his beautiful Mama? God bless him.

*Thomas walks past them with the tea tray, looking ready to murder everyone in the room (except possibly the kids).*

MARY: Thank you, Nanny.

**INT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY**

*Violet is paying Isobel a visit.*

VIOLET: You say you have no purpose, but what about little George? Surely you're interested in him?

ISOBEL: Of course, but I'm not going to drive Mary mad by interfering.

VIOLET: It's the job of grandmothers to interfere.

*The doorbell rings. Isobel stands.*



ISOBEL: Oh, that's Molesley. He asked to see me and I told him when he could come.

VIOLET: Oh? Well, may I stay? Or is it a secret assignation?  
*Isobel doesn't smile. The door opens and admits a politely smiling Molesley. He spots Violet and gives a start.*

MOLESLEY: Oh. I'm very sorry to interrupt your ladyship.

ISOBEL (*all business*): What is it, Molesley?

MOLESLEY: I came to ask if you'd consider giving me my old job back.

VIOLET: I apologise for forcing myself on a private conversation.  
*(She rises.)* I will go.

MOLESLEY: No, please, m'lady. There's no mystery. I've lost my job, because, well, for obvious reasons and I thought I'd ask here.

ISOBEL: The trouble is, I have no need for a butler. These days I'm just an old widow who eats off a tray.

MOLESLEY: I see.

VIOLET: Just because you're an old widow, I see no necessity to eat off a tray.

ISOBEL: You and I are different.

VIOLET: Yes, that is very true.

MOLESLEY: I'm wasting your time.

*He heads for the door.*

VIOLET: Should - should we hear of an opening, where would we find you?

MOLESLEY: I'm moving to my father's house, m'lady.

*They nod to each other by way of concluding the conversation.*

*Molesley leaves. Violet gives Isobel a pointed look.*

#### **EXT. LONDON. GREGSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

*Piano music, chatter and laughter in the background. Through the large windows, we can see a party going on.*

#### **INT. GREGSON'S FLAT. NIGHT**

*It's Gregson's party to 'introduce Edith to his literary friends. Gregson pulls Edith aside for a moment of private conversation.*

GREGSON: Have you had any more time to think about what I said?

EDITH: You mean our living in sin?

GREGSON: We'd only 'live in sin', as you call it, until the divorce. Don't you want to be with me?

EDITH: You know I do. More than anything.

*They're about to kiss when the hired waiter ruins the moment.*

WAITER (*to Gregson*): Erm, is there any more gin, sir? We're running rather low.

GREGSON: Yes, I'll er, I'll have a look.  
*Edith moves away, back among the guests, but turns for another smile at him.*

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. DAY**

*Rose exits the post office, holding several letters which must be the responses to her advertisement. As she walks off through the village, a car turns into the street and halts in front of a modest brick house. From the inside, Mr Molesley Sr pulls the curtain aside, revealing Violet sitting in the back of the car, looking at him expectantly.*

MR MOLESLEY SR: Oh, my Lord!

*He walks outside. She lets down the car window.*

MR MOLESLEY SR: This is an honour, your ladyship.

VIOLET: I have a message for your son. Lady Shackleton is joining me for luncheon. I want him to come and help.

MR MOLESLEY SR: But what about Mr Spratt?

VIOLET: Well, Spratt will be there, of course, but Molesley can still take an active part. Lady Shackleton tells me her butler is retiring.

MR MOLESLEY SR: Won't she have made arrangements to find another?

VIOLET: But that is the point. She hasn't yet decided whether to replace him or not, so if Molesley can demonstrate his skills...

MR MOLESLEY SR: Mr Spratt won't mind?

VIOLET: It is not his business to mind.

MR MOLESLEY SR: No. Well...Very good, m'lady. *(He touches his forelock in salutation.)* Thank you very much.

*The car pulls away, and he stares after it as if he can't believe his and his son's luck.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. CARSON'S PANTRY. DAY**

*Carson and Mrs Hughes are having a disagreement.*

CARSON: You took a letter out of my waste paper basket when I had clearly crumpled it and thrown it away?

MRS HUGHES: I could see it had upset you. I wanted to know why.

CARSON: I'm sure. But it didn't occur to you it might not be your concern *why* I was upset?

MRS HUGHES: Well, anyway, I did it and I read it and I went to see him.

*Carson sighs in frustration and turns away to pick up a candlestick from his silver cabinet, pretending to be busy.*

MRS HUGHES: Don't you want to know how he is?

CARSON: If I wanted to know how he is, I would have answered his letter.

*He continues to potter around his pantry, back turned.*

MRS HUGHES (*exasperated*): Mr Carson, he's in the workhouse! And in case you're wondering, it's as bad as if we were reading about it in a novel by Dickens.

CARSON: Haven't they closed the workhouses?

MRS HUGHES: No. They haven't. Not all of them.

CARSON: Well, at least he's in the dry.

MRS HUGHES: If you can call it dry when there's mould in the very air you breathe. This is a man you sang and danced with. Do you feel nothing?

CARSON: I don't feel I could be helpful, no. And I would thank you not to remind me of a time in my life I prefer to forget.

*He walks out with the candlestick on a tray.*

### **INT. KITCHEN. DAY**

*Daisy and Ivy are unpacking a kitchen appliance from a box that says 'Mixer-Beater - Food Mixer' and which looks just like what it says on the tin. Mrs Patmore sits nearby, looking very sceptical.*

MRS PATMORE: But why would we need it?

DAISY (*with barely disguised impatience*): It's a mixer. It beats eggs and whips cream and all sorts.

MRS PATMORE: But you and Ivy do that!

DAISY: And we'd be glad not to, thank you very much.

IVY (*moving the box out of the way*): Did Lady Edith say why she got it?

MRS PATMORE: Her ladyship asked her to.

IVY: She wants to save us a bit of elbow grease.

MRS PATMORE (*getting up and walking across to them*): You don't understand! Before too long, her ladyship could run the kitchen with a woman from the village. What with these toasters and mixers and such like, we'd be out of a job.

DAISY: I want to try it.

MRS PATMORE: Then on your own head be it!

*Alfred and Jimmy come walking past the kitchen doorway. Jimmy stops for a chat.*

JIMMY: Did you like your card, Ivy?

IVY: What's it to you?

JIMMY: That'd be telling.

ALFRED (*annoyed*): Don't listen. He's just teasing.

MRS PATMORE: Come on. Clear out, you two. There's work to be done.

IVY (*to Daisy*): Do you think that means that Jimmy sent it?

DAISY: Maybe he thinks it fun to tease.

IVY: But, don't you see? If Jimmy sent mine, then who sent yours? *She giggles, and for the first time in the scene, Daisy smiles a little, too.*

**INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY**

*Thomas is walking along. Behind him, Nanny West appears in the passage, holding a stack of linen. She calls after him.*

NANNY WEST: Thomas?

THOMAS (*walking on*): Mr Barrow to you.

NANNY WEST: Can you tell Mrs Patmore I won't want the scrambled egg for Miss Sybbie's tea.

*Thomas, who has arrived at the green baize door leading to the back stairs, holds it open.*

THOMAS: If you go through here and down the stairs, you can tell her yourself.

NANNY WEST (*annoyed*): Do it. Please. I can't stop. The children are on their own.

**INT. LIBRARY. DAY**

*Tea time in the library. Cora and Rose are on the red settees. Mary is in an armchair by herself, near the window. Edith stands at the writing desk, while Tom seems to have just walked in the door.*

EDITH: Why did I struggle across London if Rose was going to sort it out?

MARY: You had other things to do.

EDITH: It doesn't explain why Rose put the card in the Post Office window.

ROSE: I just thought how much quicker it would be if we could find someone local. I do feel responsible.

*Tom serves himself some tea and sits down near Mary.*

EDITH: Have you had any answers yet?

ROSE: We've had three and one's promising, so we'll see her in Ripon on Friday.

EDITH: Why isn't she coming here?

ROSE: She's looking after her aunt, she can't get away.

*Meanwhile, Tom and Mary have a conversation of their own.*

TOM: It's time for you to come back to us.

MARY: What would you suggest?

TOM: Take an interest in something, doesn't matter what. Poetry. Or carpentry. History. Or hats.

MARY: I'm interested in George.

TOM: Are you?

MARY: I will be.

*Robert has come walking in and joins Mary and Tom.*

MARY (*to Tom*): What have you been doing today?

TOM: Well, it's this whole business with the repair shop...

ROBERT: Tom, don't bore her with all that nonsense.

MARY: It's my fault. I asked.

ROBERT: Even so. You concentrate on feeling better. You mustn't worry about anything else.

*Mary smiles at her father. Tom clearly disagrees.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*Daisy carries a plate of cake into the servants' hall for their tea. Jimmy, Bates, Anna and Thomas are seated at the table.*

DAISY (to Jimmy): Did you send a Valentine's card?

JIMMY: Suppose I did.

DAISY: Was it to Ivy?

JIMMY: That's my business.

*Daisy walks off.*

THOMAS (to Jimmy, in an incredulous tone of voice): You didn't really send Ivy a card?

JIMMY: Is it likely? I sent one to Lady Anstruther. I worked for her and she's coming back from France. She might be useful.

*Anna and Bates exchange an amused look.*

THOMAS: Wasn't that a bit forward?

JIMMY: Oh, I don't think she'll mind.

*He seems very pleased with himself.*

**INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY**

*Isobel is seated by the fireside. Mrs Hughes stands in front of her.*

ISOBEL: To be honest, Mrs Hughes, I don't see that it's any of my business.

MRS HUGHES: That's something I never thought I'd hear you say, ma'am. (*Isobel shakes her head resignedly.*) A wretched man is in the workhouse and he reaches out to us for rescue.

ISOBEL: Well, he reached out to Carson. I don't see what you want me to do.

MRS HUGHES: Mrs Crawley, I... I wondered if I could bring him here.

ISOBEL (aghast): Here?

MRS HUGHES: If you and I were to vouch for him to the authorities, I'm sure we could get him away from that place.

ISOBEL: But why here? Why not the Abbey? Isn't he Carson's responsibility?

MRS HUGHES: I'm sorry to say it, but Mr Carson has turned his back on his old pal.

ISOBEL: I see. So you want to risk Carson's wrath by rescuing this Mr Grigg?

MRS HUGHES: He's a pitiful being, but he's not beyond work. He's not beyond a decent life, if he could find it.

ISOBEL: You see, in my present state, I don't think I'm strong enough to...

MRS HUGHES (*intensely*): But you are, ma'am! If you could just set aside your grief, and use that strength for another's good!

*Isobel doesn't reply, but it's clear Mrs Hughes has given her a lot to think about.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. CARSON'S PANTRY. DAY**

*Carson sits at his desk. There's a knock on the door, and Tom enters. Carson rises, surprised.*

CARSON: Mr Branson.

TOM: Mr Carson. (*He closes the door behind him.*) I know you won't think it correct, but I need to ask your help in a difficult situation.

CARSON: My help, sir?

TOM: Lord Grantham is against me in this, and with Matthew gone, I've no-one else to turn to. Mary - (*Carson raises his impressive eyebrows at the informal use of the name.*) That is, Lady Mary is not improving.

CARSON: She's suffered a terrible tragedy.

TOM: Of course. But it's six months now, and she's no better than she was a week after he died. The only way is for her to find an interest outside of herself, and I know that should be in the running of the estate.

CARSON: What does his lordship think?

TOM: Lord Grantham thinks his duty is to protect Mary and her son by managing everything himself.

CARSON: And he won't listen to you on the subject?

TOM: He sees her as a little woman, who shouldn't be troubled by anything so harsh as reality.

CARSON (*slowly*): And even were I to agree with you... how could I help?

TOM: Give her advice. She'd take it from you.

CARSON: What makes you say that?

TOM: Because she knows you only want the best for her.

*Carson only acknowledges this with an inclination of his head, but he's clearly moved.*

**INT. KITCHEN. EVENING**

*Jimmy is taking a break at Mrs Patmore's tiny desk in the kitchen. Daisy, Ivy and the other kitchen maids are at work preparing dinner. Alfred stands nearby.*

JIMMY: I'm going down to the pub tonight.

ALFRED: When?

JIMMY: After our supper. I'm bored. I want to stretch my legs.

ALFRED: You can't go to the pub without permission. It's not your day off.

JIMMY: I can go for a walk, can't I?

*Daisy switches the mixer on. It whirrs loudly. Daisy looks very satisfied.*

IVY (*walking over to look at the result*): I could never do that.

DAISY: Don't be so soft.

IVY: I couldn't. I'd keep thinking I were going to be electrocuted.

ALFRED: You should have more faith.

IVY: I should have more courage!

JIMMY: How about some Dutch courage, Ivy? Why not come with me, tonight?

IVY: What? Me go to a pub? Without leave? You must be mad.

JIMMY: Don't you ever want to take a chance in life?

IVY: When would we be back?

ALFRED: You're not thinking of going?!

IVY: I don't know. I never do anything I'm not supposed to.

*Mrs Patmore comes walking in. She has heard the last line.*

MRS PATMORE: What are you not supposed to do?

IVY: Nothing.

*Mrs Patmore looks across to Daisy at the mixer.*

MRS PATMORE: Eh, what's going on there?

DAISY: I'm making the mousse for tonight.

MRS PATMORE: Oh, my God. Well, we'd better have some soup put by. I'd rather not rely on that contraption.

### **INT. THE HALL. EVENING**

*Nanny West comes walking into the hall. Thomas is standing by the fireplace, but he turns to face her as she approaches. A clock chimes ~~high-noon~~.*

THOMAS: Can I help you?

NANNY WEST: I doubt you would if you could.

THOMAS: I'm sorry?

NANNY WEST: Why didn't you give my instructions to Mrs Patmore, about the eggs?

THOMAS: Because I didn't feel like it. Besides - (*He starts walking towards her.*) Why can't Miss Sybbie have an egg to her tea?

NANNY WEST: I don't have to explain my decisions to you. (*She continues in a tone as if she's talking to an idiot.*) You're a member of staff, and the orders I give are to be obeyed.

THOMAS: And aren't you a member of staff?

NANNY WEST: Not in that way. Now, I believe I'm needed upstairs.  
*Thomas doesn't look impressed.*

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Anna is dressing Mary, who is sitting in front of the mirror, for dinner. There is a knock at the door.*

CARSON (V. O.): May I come in?

MARY: Carson? *(The two women exchange a surprised look.)* Of course.

ANNA: I'll leave you now, m'lady.

*Carson enters and waits for Anna to leave the room.*

MARY: What can I do for you?

CARSON: Well, I'm not sure how to start, but before I do, you must know that I would only be as bold as this if I felt it was for your benefit.

MARY: Now you're frightening me.

**INT. THE HALL. NIGHT**

*Cora, dressed for dinner, comes walking down the stairs into the hall. Thomas approaches her.*

THOMAS: Your ladyship? Do you have a moment?

CORA: What is it, Barrow?

THOMAS: There's something's worrying me, m'lady and I... *(He's doing a great job of pretending he doesn't enjoy saying this.)* I can't hold it in any more.

CORA *(alarmed)*: Why? What's happened?

THOMAS: It's Nanny West. It seems she's been leaving the children to their own devices.

CORA: What? You mean she's neglecting them?

THOMAS: I wouldn't have spoken up if it weren't for a... a little girl and a baby boy being put at risk.

*Oh the horror. He can hardly bear the thought. Cora takes a few steps towards him, concerned and eager to hear more.*

**INT. MARY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*The conversation between Mary and Carson continues, and it's not going well. Mary has risen from her chair to confront him.*

MARY: Carson, this is my fault.

CARSON: My lady?

MARY: I'm afraid I may have encouraged you to feel you have the right to address me in this way.

His lordship has made a decision and I find it hard that his butler should criticise him for it.



CARSON: No, I never meant...

MARY: You do not seem to understand the effect Mr Crawley's death has had on me. As for managing the estate, I wouldn't know where to start.

CARSON: But Mr Branson believes you could be very helpful, my lady, and as the agent, he should know.

*Mary moves away and starts pulling on her long gloves.*

MARY: He's just nervous that his lordship will retreat to his old ways and abandon all Mr Matthew's reforms.

CARSON: And will he?

MARY: If he did, wouldn't you approve? (*Sharply*) Anyway, whether you approve or not, I'm sorry you feel entitled to overstep the mark.

CARSON: My lady..

MARY (*in a slightly kinder voice*): We're old friends, and as I said, I'm sure this lapse is as much my fault as yours. But I suggest we don't mention it again. Now, if you'll excuse me, it's time to go down.

*Carson, close to tears, bows his head like a sad old elephant and moves towards the door. Hand on the doorknob, he turns back one more time. When he speaks, he has found his confidence again.*

CARSON: You're letting yourself be defeated, my lady. I'm sorry if it's a 'lapse' to say so, but someone has to.

*He leaves Mary to look thoughtfully at herself in the mirror.*

#### **INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT**

*Robert, Cora, Violet, Mary, Edith, Tom and Rose are having dinner. Carson, Thomas, Jimmy and Alfred are all in attendance.*

EDITH: How is the luncheon for the tenant farmers coming along?

ROBERT: Well, I think. Tom?

TOM: They've all accepted except for Barnes at Wheelers Wood. He's sworn to his sister's wedding.

ROBERT: I think we can forgive him.

*Mary looks terribly bored by the business talk.*

CORA: Do you know, I have a feeling I've double booked. It's this Saturday, isn't it?

ROBERT: Don't worry. We're not having the wives. Edith can preside.

EDITH: I can't, I'm afraid. I'm going up to London.

VIOLET: Mary, then.

MARY: Me?

VIOLET: Well, if George is owner of half the estate now, shouldn't you represent him?

MARY: Well, I...

ROBERT: I don't want to bother Mary.

TOM (to Mary): They'd like to see you.

MARY: I'm sure they would but...

VIOLET: After all, you'll have to run it if anything happens to Robert. Until George is of age, or longer.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake! Why does everyone keep nagging and nagging? My husband is dead! Can't you understand what that means? After all he suffered in the war, he's killed in a stupid car crash! *(Her voice breaks.)* Matthew is dead, fifty years before his time! Isn't that enough for me to deal with? *(She throws down her napkin.)* Just leave me alone!

*She storms out, leaving a ringing silence in her wake.*

ROBERT *(when she's gone, angrily)*: Exactly what I was afraid of. She is living a nightmare. We must all step back and allow her to come through it in her own time. *(To Violet)* Aren't I right, Mama?

VIOLET: No. We can't discuss it now. This mousse is delicious, Carson, is it the work of Mrs Patmore?

CORA: I suppose she hasn't bought it in?

CARSON: I don't think so, your ladyship, no.

VIOLET: Then you must be sure to send her our compliments.

#### **EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE MOLESLEY'S GARDEN. NIGHT**

*Molesley stands howling looking at the full moon. He may have been crying. His father walks up behind him. A dog barks in the distance.*

MR MOLESLEY SR: What's the matter, lad? Are you not feeling well?

MOLESLEY: No, it's not that. *(He's definitely been crying.)* Oh, I don't know, Dad. It's just... It's just lately I... I can't seem to see where I'm going. I'm...

MR MOLESLEY SR: Oh, you've had a shock, and no wonder. You should have been working for Mr Matthew until you were old, maybe been butler at the Abbey before you were done. Now all that's gone, and your wages with it.

MOLESLEY: He were a nice chap, Dad. You know, whatever the difference between us, he were always polite, always kind.

MR MOLESLEY SR: I'm glad to hear it.

MOLESLEY: But, it's raised my standards, do you see? I mean, who is this old bat her ladyship wants me to meet on Friday?

MR MOLESLEY SR: Now, listen. In your game, if you want the best, you've got to be the best. And work at it! Get yourself back into service, in a good post, and you'll soon find your way to where you'd like to be.

*Molesley would like to believe it, but he can't quite. His father shakes his head and walks back inside while Molesley goes back to staring at the moon.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. MARY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Mary is on her bed, but still dressed, brooding. The door opens to admit Violet.*

VIOLET *(in a soft voice)*: I'm leaving. *(She closes the door behind her.)* I didn't want to run off without saying good night.

MARY *(in a flat voice, eyes fixed on the ceiling)*: I suppose you think I behaved very badly down there.

VIOLET *(approaching the bed, leaning heavily on her stick)*: My dear, I'm not really very interested in whether you behaved badly or well.

MARY: No?

VIOLET: No. I am not your governess. I'm your grandmother.

MARY: And the difference is?

VIOLET: The difference is... *(This is hard. It must be decades since she last said it to anyone.)* I love you.

*A pause. Then Mary sits up.*

MARY: Of course you do. I'm sorry.

VIOLET: Mary, you've gone through a hideous time. But now you must remember your son. He needs you...very much.

MARY: I know. The truth is, I don't think I'm going to be a very good mother.

VIOLET: Why not?

MARY: Because somehow, with Matthew's death, all the softness that he found in me seems to have dried up and drained away. Maybe it was only ever there in his imagination.

VIOLET: Now, my dear. There's more than one type of good mother. The fact is, you have a straightforward choice before you. *(She sits down beside Mary on the edge of the bed.)* You must choose either death, or life.

MARY: And you think I should choose life?

*Violet doesn't reply, but it's clear what she means, and Mary knows it. Violet puts a comforting arm around Mary's shoulders.*

**INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. NIGHT**

*Carson is seated at his desk, with Mrs Hughes on the other side.*

CARSON: Charlie Grigg is going to stay with Mrs Crawley?

MRS HUGHES: The authorities have released him into her charge. I'm collecting him on Friday.

CARSON: But why has she agreed to this?

MRS HUGHES: Because she is a kind woman, and he is a man in need.

CARSON: I cannot believe you are imposing on Mrs Crawley at a time like this, when she is almost broken by grief.

MRS HUGHES: It's because of her grief I am imposing.

CARSON: I don't understand you.

MRS HUGHES: No. You wouldn't.

**INT. THE HALL. NIGHT**

*Violet comes back down the stairs from her talk with Mary. Robert meets her in the Hall.*

ROBERT: You must forgive Mary.

VIOLET: I do forgive her.

ROBERT: She is broken and bruised and it is our job to wrap her up and keep her safe from the world.

VIOLET (*sharply*): No, Robert. It is our job to bring her *back* to the world.

ROBERT: I'm afraid that is not how I see it.

VIOLET: Really? Then I can only say that while I will overlook Mary's poor judgement, I find it hard to overlook yours.

Goodnight.

*She walks on to meet Cora and Edith, who are also waiting to say goodnight.*

VIOLET: Oh, Edith, Edith, come to luncheon on Friday. I need your help to make things a success.

EDITH: Why? What are we doing?

VIOLET: We are selling Molesley to Lady Shackleton.

CORA: You mean as a servant?

VIOLET (*drily*): No. As a Chinese laundryman.

*She sighs in exasperation as she heads for the door. The two other ladies smile.*

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

*The light is dim and it's quiet. Anna seems to be closing the place up for the night.*

JIMMY (*V. O., from the door*): Thank God you're alone. You've got to help me.

*Anna walks over to find Alfred and Jimmy by the door.*

ANNA: What's the matter with you two?

ALFRED: I don't know, but I'd better go with him if I want to find out.

*He walks out into the yard. Ivy is hunched over by the door, coughing and retching. Alfred hurries to her side.*

ALFRED: Oh, my Lord, what have you done?

JIMMY (*apologetically*): She got a bit tiddly down the pub.

ALFRED: She's not tiddly, she's drunk!

*He puts Ivy's arm around his shoulder and pulls her to her feet to help her inside.*

IVY: He kept buying them.

ALFRED (*to Jimmy*): What were you trying to do?

JIMMY: Nothing. She's just not used to it.

ALFRED: Come on.

*He walks Ivy inside. Jimmy takes his cap off and follows, looking annoyed rather than guilty. Anna meets them in the passage.*

ANNA: What on earth?!

ALFRED: Ivy's not very well.

ANNA *(with a single look at Ivy)*: That's the understatement of the year. Bring her inside.

*They settle her in a chair in the kitchen. Anna goes to fetch a cold cloth from the tap.*

IVY: Has Mrs Patmore gone to bed?

ALFRED: She must have, thank goodness.

ANNA *(to Jimmy)*: What were you trying to do?

JIMMY: I wasn't trying to do anything.

ALFRED: As long as you weren't.

ANNA: Here. *(She takes off Ivy's hat and dabs her brow with the cold cloth.)* How are you feeling?

IVY: A bit better, thank you.

ALFRED *(to Jimmy, reproachfully)*: You could have done real damage. *Jimmy is starting to look a little guilty. About time, too.*

ANNA *(to Ivy)*: You come along with me now.

IVY: What about Mr Bates? Won't he be missing you?

ANNA: Mr Bates must wait his turn.

JIMMY *(in a small voice)*: Meant no harm, Ivy, honest.

IVY *(ignoring Jimmy, to Alfred)*: You won't say anything about this, will you?

Alfred: 'Course not.

ANNA: Come on.

*The girls walk off in the directions of the stairs to get Ivy into bed.*

JIMMY: It wasn't deliberate, you know.

ALFRED: I know you only pretend to like her to tease me. Why don't you tell her you didn't send that card?

*But Jimmy walks off without answering.*

#### **INT. THE HALL. DAY**

*Carson walks along and meets Isobel, who is just descending the stairs into the Hall.*

CARSON: Oh, good morning, Mrs Crawley. I didn't know you were here.

ISOBEL: Alfred let me in. I wanted to see Master George, but I'm afraid Nanny West didn't think it a good time.

*She sounds deeply disappointed - close to tears in fact. She walks quickly towards the door.*

CARSON: Oh, er, Mrs Crawley... I understand you are offering shelter to Mr Grigg.

ISOBEL: Yes. He's arriving this afternoon.  
*They talk as they walk on together.*

CARSON: Only I should hate to feel you were doing this out of consideration for me. Mr Grigg is perfectly capable of managing his own affairs.

ISOBEL: Not very successfully if he ends up in a workhouse.

CARSON: I just don't want you to waste your energy and kindness on an unworthy recipient. Not at such a time.

ISOBEL: I understand. But you see, Carson, I'd almost forgotten I had either energy or kindness in me. So that's something, isn't it?

*She attempts a smile.*

#### **INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*Ivy, looking a little worse for wear, is back on duty, laying the table for the servants. Bates is having tea by the fireplace while Anna sits at the table, sewing.*

BATES: Why is she seeing her in Ripon?

ANNA: I don't know.

BATES: Her ladyship won't wait for the advertisement?

ANNA: She will if this one's no good, but she wants to get on with it. *(To Ivy)* How are you, Ivy?

IVY *(in a very small voice)*: Not wonderful.

*She walks out with the empty tray. Anna and Bates giggle a bit.*

ANNA: I suppose we were all young once.

BATES *(affectionately)*: Yes, but you stayed young. That's the difference.

*Anna gives him a radiant Anna Smile™.*

#### **INT. RIPON. TEA ROOM. DAY**

*Edna Braithwaite, Cora and Rose are having tea by way of a job interview.*

CORA: Forgive me, Miss Braithwaite, but I have the strangest feeling I've seen you before.

EDNA: Well, yes. I was just coming to that. You see, I worked at Downton Abbey, but only for a short time.

CORA: Why was that?

EDNA: I was a housemaid then, m'lady, and I was starting to feel it was time to move on.

CORA: I see.

EDNA: So I took a course in hairdressing, and I could always sew.

CORA: And you got a job as a lady's maid.

EDNA: I did, m'lady, but it only lasted for a few months because the old lady I was working for died.

CORA: I am sorry.

EDNA: I know I don't sound very experienced, m'lady, but I'm a very hard worker and I've practised what I've learned.

CORA: Well, I shall obviously have to talk to Mrs Hughes if you've worked for us before.

EDNA (*pulling out a sheet of paper*): She gave me a wonderful reference when I left.

CORA (*to Rose, with a smile*): That does seem very encouraging.

ROSE (*to Cora, in a whisper*): Please say yes, Cousin Cora.

CORA (*to Edna*): You definitely want the position?

EDNA: Oh, I do, m'lady. I enjoyed Downton ever so much. It was just that the work wasn't sufficiently demanding.

CORA: When would you be able to start?

EDNA: Whenever you want me, your ladyship.

CORA: And you can make arrangements for your aunt?

EDNA (*bewildered*): My aunt?

*She seems to have forgotten her cover story for why the interview couldn't be at Downton with Mrs Hughes there.*

CORA: I thought that was why you couldn't come to Downton for the interview.

EDNA (*catching herself just in time*): I'm sorry. Of course it was. I'm quite dizzy I've got the job. Erm, yes, I can make arrangements for my aunt. Don't worry about that.

CORA: It's settled, then.

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY**

*Just to make sure we know where we are.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY**

*Spratt, Violet's Butler, and Molesley, dressed in his old valet/butler uniform, are in the empty dining room, getting everything ready.*

SPRATT (*suspiciously*): I'm perfectly capable of serving luncheon to three ladies. So why are you here?

MOLESLEY: I've an idea that she wants to introduce me to Lady Shackleton.

SPRATT: Are you sure this isn't your idea? I wonder if you haven't pushed her ladyship into it, so you could just show off in front of her.

MOLESLEY: Certainly not!

SPRATT: I think it's my job you're after! Nothing to do with Lady Shackleton.

MOLESLEY (*desperately*): No!

SPRATT: So you say. (*A pause*) Well, I'm going to announce luncheon. (*He walks away, but turns back in the door.*) But I'm warning you. That's all.

*The door closes behind him, leaving Molesley in a state of great unease and confusion. Even greater than usual, that is.*

**EXT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY**

*Just to make sure we know we're still there.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. THE DINING ROOM. DAY**

*Violet, Lady Shackleton and Edith are seated at the table. Spratt and Molesley are serving luncheon.*

LADY SHACKLETON: My son tells me that this decision to remove the farm subsidies has dealt a terrible blow to landed estates up and down the country. That awful Mr Lloyd George.

VIOLET: I agree. You know, I sometimes wonder if he isn't really German, just pretending to be Welsh.

*Molesley offers the gravy boat to Lady Shackleton.*

VIOLET: It's nice to see you here, Molesley. (*To Lady Shackleton*) Molesley's always been a great supporter of the family.

LADY SHACKLETON: That's good to hear.

*Spratt looks ready to throttle Molesley.*

EDITH: Oh, yes, Granny and I are always saying there's no-one more reliable than Molesley.

VIOLET: No one.

SPRATT (*in a sudden shout of alarm*): Careful, Mr Molesley!

*Molesley, who was doing nothing wrong, nearly drops the sauciere in surprise.*

MOLESLEY: Oh!

VIOLET: Are you quite well, Molesley?

MOLESLEY (*apologetically*): Yes, your ladyship.

VIOLET: Oh.

*She and Lady Shackleton exchange a little amused smile. At the sideboard, Spratt surreptitiously cranks up the heat under the warmer. In the background, the ladies continue their conversation.*

VIOLET: What are you doing in London, Edith dear?

EDITH: Oh you know, seeing people.

MOLESLEY (*in an angry whisper to Spratt*): There's no need to shout! I wasn't doing anything wrong.

SPRATT (*whispering back*): It looked to me as if you were about to drop it.

MOLESLEY: Well, I wasn't.

SPRATT (*indifferently*): Very well. Here, take this.



*He hands Molesley the far-too-hot silver dish from the warmer. Molesley yelps in pain and dances around stupidly until he manages to replace it on the sideboard.*

VIOLET (*irritated*): Molesley?

MOLESLEY (*mortified*): I'm sorry, m'lady. I didn't realise the plate was so hot.

*Spratt walks past him with another dish, feigning sympathy.*

LADY SHACKLETON (*to Violet*): Poor man. He seems quite new to this kind of work.

EDITH (*valiantly*): Does he?

VIOLET: Oh, but that is... no, dear no, that is Molesley's strength. You see, he is always ready for a challenge.

LADY SHACKLETON: Well, I think it was very kind of you to allow him to have a go at it.

VIOLET (*resigned*): Yes, well, we, we try to do our best.

*She can't believe her plan hasn't worked out.*

LADY SHACKLETON: I do find it very hard these days to see how many men are forced to take employment for which they are quite unsuited. (*To Molesley*) I hope you'll soon get back to whatever it is you're trained for.

*Molesley inclines his head, too depressed to speak.*

#### **EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. DAY**

*An open car labelled 'Taxi' drives through the village and halts in front of Crawley House. Mrs Hughes and Mr Grigg get out. He moves slowly. She offers him her arm. He coughs a little as Mrs Hughes leads him up the garden path (literally, not figuratively) to the door. Isobel steps out to welcome them.*

ISOBEL: Come in, Mr Grigg. Mrs Hughes has told me all about you.

MR GRIGG: Thank you, Mrs Crawley.

*He coughs and wheezes again. They step inside.*

#### **INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE. THE HALL. DAY**

MR GRIGG (*to Mrs Hughes*): I was, er... I was wondering if Charlie might be here. Charlie Carson.

MRS HUGHES: No. Mr Carson's very busy. But, I'll tell him that you've arrived safely.

MR GRIGG: But he does know I'm coming here?

ISOBEL: We talked of it yesterday.

ISOBEL: Now, I've run a bath and dug out some clean clothes from the missionary barrel. They should fit you, at least until we can find something better.

*A maid shows him the way up the stairs.*

MAID: This way, Mr Grigg.

MR GRIGG (*to Isobel*): You're very kind.

ISOBEL: Nonsense. It's the least I can do.

*The maid takes Mr Grigg upstairs.*

ISOBEL (*to Mrs Hughes*): While I'm sorting him out, I wondered if you'd look in at the kitchen and tell Mrs Field that he's arrived and to put his luncheon on a tray. I think he should stay in bed today and then we can see where we are.

MRS HUGHES: He's right. You're very kind.

ISOBEL: No, no. We must all do what we can.

*She disappears up the stairs, leaving Mrs Hughes to affectionately shake her head after her.*

**EXT. LONDON. THE CRITERION RESTAURANT. NIGHT**

*There is a buzz of conversation from inside. Outside, a car arrives. Edith gets out and walks inside. A waiter takes her coat and shows her to where Michael Gregson is waiting for her. She's wearing a super-elegant halter-top evening gown of embroidered green silk.*

GREGSON: Hello. You look... very glamorous.

EDITH: I thought I'd make a bit of an effort.

GREGSON: I'm glad you did. I've ordered some wine for us.

EDITH: Heavens, how spoiling. (*They walk to their table.*) I love the Criterion. It feels so wild. To be out with a man, drinking and dining in a smart London restaurant. Can you imagine being allowed to do anything of the sort five years ago, never mind ten?

GREGSON: The war changed everything.

EDITH: Mama used to say we could never eat anywhere public, except an hotel we were staying in. She might cheat and take us to the Ritz, but that was about it.

*Gregson laughs.*

GREGSON: I do love you so.

EDITH: Do you?

GREGSON: Mmmh.

EDITH: I'm glad. Is that what we're celebrating?

GREGSON: That, and my progress. I've found out I can divorce Lizzie in Germany, if I become a German citizen.

EDITH (*surprised*): You're willing to become a German citizen, for me? You'd do that?

GREGSON: I'd become an Eskimo if it meant I could marry you.

EDITH: But... Germany? After four years of fighting, you'd join the most hated race in Europe - for me? (*He just smiles.*) Can I kiss you?

GREGSON: What, here? In front of all these people?

EDITH: I don't care. Kiss me. Now.

*He obeys.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. LIBRARY. NIGHT**

MRS HUGHES: Edna Braithwaite is coming back?

CORA (*from her place at the writing desk*): I would have talked it over with you first, but when I saw that wonderful reference you wrote her...

MRS HUGHES: Yes, but that was because... (*A pause*) I wrote her a good reference because I thought she was a good worker, but I don't see her as a lady's maid. Couldn't you wait for the replies to the advertisement, m'lady, before coming to a decision?

CORA: I'm surprised at you, Mrs Hughes. (*She rises.*) Do you want to prevent my giving a hard-working young woman a helping hand? *She walks away, injured. Mrs Hughes sighs.*

**INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT**

*Mrs Patmore is at her little desk, reading glasses on her nose. Daisy settles down next to her.*

DAISY: You know, it was Jimmy sent that card to Ivy.

MRS PATMORE: You don't know that.

DAISY: I think I do. (*Hopefully*) But if it were him, then Alfred must have sent mine.

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT**

*Alfred, Jimmy and Thomas are playing a game of cards. The latter two are smoking like chimneys. Mr Bates is in a chair by the fire, reading a magazine. Mrs Patmore looks in at the door.*

MRS PATMORE: Alfred? Come with me.

ALFRED (*reluctantly*): Why?

MRS PATMORE: Never you mind. Just come along.

*She precedes him out into the corridor. Molesley walks in, Anna after him.*

ANNA: Mr Molesley! Can I get you anything? Cup of tea?

MOLESLEY: No, no. I don't want to be a bother.

ANNA: How was the famous luncheon? Lady Edith told me all about it.

MOLESLEY: Was that before or after?

ANNA: Before.

MOLESLEY (*despondently*): Right. Let's just leave it at that, shall we?

*Tom Branson enters. The two smokers immediately stub out their cigarettes, and everybody gets to their feet.*

TOM: Mrs Hughes was looking for me.

ANNA: I saw her go into her sitting room. Shall I fetch her?

TOM: No need.

*He leaves, looking as uncomfortable as he always does downstairs.*

**INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT**

*Alfred has joined Daisy and Mrs Patmore at the desk.*

ALFRED: I'm sorry not to have mentioned it. I sent the card to Ivy.

DAISY: But... Jimmy said...

ALFRED: He didn't send one. Or, if he did, it wasn't to anyone at Downton.

*Daisy looks extremely disappointed.*

ALFRED: Good night, Mrs Patmore.

*He gets up and leaves. Mrs Patmore sighs, then gives a little shrug.*

DAISY: But if it weren't him, then who did send my card? I won't sleep now!

MRS: Oh, for heaven's sake! I sent it.

DAISY: You?!

MRS PATMORE: Yes. I thought Alfred would buy one for Ivy, and I didn't want you to have nothing to open if he did. I'm sorry if I did wrong.

DAISY: No, don't be sorry. I may not have a follower, but at least I've got a friend. Goodnight, Mrs Patmore.

**INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT**

*Mrs Hughes, Mr Carson and Tom are in a secret conference.*

MRS HUGHES: I didn't know what else to say. I had written her a good reference.

TOM: Only because I asked you to.

MRS HUGHES *(a little reproachfully)*: And was I to tell her that, Mr Branson? And *why* you asked me?

TOM: It's up to me to tell her. I'm the one who got us into this fix.

CARSON: No. Her ladyship has lost a daughter and a son-in-law. I cannot now let her think that Lady Sybil's husband was unworthy. It's too much.

*Tom looks like he'd love to protest, but he knows he can't afford to.*

MRS HUGHES: Then what are we to do? We can't have her here.

CARSON: We must. We'll let her come back and we'll make sure that she behaves herself.

MRS HUGHES: And if she doesn't?

CARSON: We must keep a firm eye on her, and *(to Tom)* I hope we may rely on you to see that Edna doesn't step out of line.

TOM: Of course.

CARSON: After all, she does appear to have acquired some proper training. I don't think that's a lie. Maybe she's moved into the real world.

*He walks out.*

MRS HUGHES (*quietly*): Well, it all sounds like a ticking bomb to me.

*Tom looks like he fervently agrees.*

**INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

*Cora is walking along, presumably returning upstairs after dinner. She hears a baby crying. She walks softly in the direction of the nursery. The door is ajar. Cora sees what's going on inside without being seen herself. Nanny West has a crying Baby George on her arm.*

NANNY WEST (*to George, in a soothing tone*): There, there, my precious boy, and don't let that chauffeur's daughter disturb you any more. (*She turns towards the crib little Sybbie is sitting in. Her expression turns very nasty.*) Go back to sleep, you wicked little cross-breed.

*At this, Cora walks firmly into the room and goes straight to the bell.*

NANNY WEST (*shocked*): Your ladyship! I didn't see you there!

CORA (*drily*): Obviously not.

NANNY WEST (*trying to laugh it off*): I was just er... I was just having a game with Miss Sybbie.

CORA (*in a low but very firm voice*): I want you to pack tonight and leave first thing in the morning.

NANNY WEST: But, your ladyship...

CORA: Please put Master George back into his crib. You are not to touch the children again.

*We can see her suppressed rage boiling right under her calm surface. Nanny West obeys, thunderstruck. Mrs Hughes enters.*

MRS HUGHES: Oh. I thought it was Nanny West ringing.

CORA: No, Mrs Hughes, Nanny West is leaving in the morning. (*In the background, Nanny West has started sobbing.*) Can you find her a bed for the night and ask one of the maids to sleep with the children?

NANNY WEST (*through her tears*): But your ladyship, I was only joking.

CORA (*sharply*): I prefer not to discuss it, except to say that your values have no place in a civilised home! (*Nanny West rushes out, still sobbing.*) Now, Mrs Hughes, I'll wait here while Nanny West packs. You will fetch a maid and prepare a room. You

understand, Miss West is not to be left alone with the children.  
Not for one minute.

*Off-screen, Nanny West is still crying. Mrs Hughes nods, looking rather shaken.*

**INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT**

*Robert stands by the fireplace. Mary is on a settee.*

ROBERT: I wonder how Edith's getting on. She has quite a London life these days.

MARY: She's seeing that publisher.

ROBERT: Is it serious?

MARY: Well, he's not bad looking and he's still alive, which puts him two points ahead of most men of our generation.

ROBERT: Which doesn't alter the fact she could do a great deal better. Do you know anything about him?

MARY: Not really. He talked to Matthew a bit when we were at Duneagle...

*She trails off, falling into a sad reverie.*

ROBERT: Go to bed. You look done in.

*Mary rises and walks towards the door.*

MARY: Do you want me at the tenants' luncheon tomorrow?

ROBERT: No, there's no reason for you to be.

MARY: I know you're trying to shield me...

ROBERT: Let me manage things in my own way. Please. It'll be for the best.

MARY: I have ideas, you know. Matthew and I used to talk -

ROBERT: My dear, I know I'm right in this. *(He kisses her on the cheek.)* Now, go to bed.

**INT. THE STAIRCASE. NIGHT**

*Mary walks up towards the upper floor, then stops, thinks better of it, and goes back down the stairs.*

**INT. CARSON'S PANTRY. NIGHT**

*Carson is sitting at his desk. There is a knock on the door, and Mary enters. Carson rises, surprised.*

CARSON: My lady?

MARY: I'm sorry to bother you so late, but I think you know why I've come. To apologise.

CARSON: You have nothing to apologise for. I pushed into your room and I spoke impertinently.

MARY: I suppose you know my grandmother agrees with you.

CARSON: That doesn't surprise me. *(A pause.)* So, does this mean you've decided to return to the land of the living? Because, if so, I'm glad.

MARY: It means that I know that I've spent too long in the land of the dead.

CARSON *(in a softer tone)*: We were very fond of Mr Crawley, you know, my lady. All of us.

MARY: I... *(Her voice breaks.)* I... I...

*She begins to cry in earnest, sobbing desperately. Carson walks over to her and takes her into his arms. She cries on his shoulder.*

CARSON *(kindly)*: You cry, m'lady. You have a good cry. That's what's needed now. And when you're ready, you can get to work. Because you are strong enough. *(She straightens up, still crying.)* You're strong enough for the task.

MARY *(doubtfully)*: But am I, Carson? That's the point. Papa doesn't seem to think so.

CARSON: Don't you owe it to Mr Crawley to protect his work? To fight for the changes he made? To steer Downton in the right direction?

MARY: I know I can always count on you for a draught of self-confidence whenever I start to doubt.

CARSON *(with a warm smile)*: And you will always find one here.

MARY: Good night, Carson.

CARSON: Good night, m'lady.

*She attempts a smile, then goes. He smiles after her. The audience collectively wishes they had Carson for a grandad.*

#### **INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT**

*Mrs Hughes is still working. There is a distant whirr and then the sound of smashing glass or china.*

MRS PATMORE (V.O.): Oh my gosh!

*Mrs Hughes walks into the kitchen to investigate.*

#### **INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT**

MRS HUGHES: Oh, what in God's name...?

*Mrs Patmore is at the mixer. A bowl containing a yellowish dough or sauce lies on the floor, broken into pieces. The dough or sauce is all over her apron, too.*

MRS PATMORE: I must have put those ruddy prongs in wrong.

MRS HUGHES: You did something wrong. *(She heaves a heavy sigh.)* What a day this has turned out to be.

MRS PATMORE: Why?

MRS HUGHES: Nanny West has been sacked. (*Mrs Patmore stands there gaping in surprise.*) So, that's fun for tomorrow.

MRS PATMORE (*gesturing at the floor in frustration*): Well, I'll get the sack if anyone sees this!

MRS HUGHES: Let Daisy and Ivy clean it up in the morning.

MRS PATMORE: But Daisy mustn't find out I don't know how to work it!

MRS HUGHES: Why ever not?

MRS PATMORE: Because it makes her part of the future and leaves me stuck in the past, don't you see?

*She's close to tears.*

MRS HUGHES: Oh... Fetch me an apron. We'll do it together.

MRS PATMORE (*in a small voice*): Would you, really?

MRS HUGHES: Why not. (*In an undertone, resigned*) Who needs sleep?

MRS PATMORE (*handing Mrs Hughes a spare apron, which she puts on*):

Thank you. (*The two women kneel down and start clearing away the mess on the floor.*) I was never sure I liked her.

MRS HUGHES: Nanny West?

MRS PATMORE: It's not for me to have an opinion, but I will say this...

**EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAWN.**

*Bird are chirping as the sun rises magnificently.*

**EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY**

*The sun is up. A young gardener or delivery boy wheels a barrow full of bright spring flowers -daffodils, tulips and irises - into the yard. Two hall boys come out to take them inside.*

**INT. THE HALL. DAY**

*Cora, dressed to go out, comes walking down the stairs just as Robert enters from outside. Bates stands at the inner door to relieve him of his hat and coat.*

ROBERT (*to Cora*): Where did you get to last night? I was fast asleep before you came in and you were still sleeping when I left.

CORA: I'm afraid it was very late. (*They kiss.*) But I'm glad you're here now because I want you to know that we owe a great debt to Barrow here.

*Thomas, who has just entered the Hall himself from an inner room, looks surprised to hear his name mentioned. He halts to hear what this is about.*

CORA (*to Robert, in an undertone*): It turns out Miss West is quite unsuited to the role of Nanny. She is leaving today.



ROBERT (*protesting loudly*): What? Not another one!

CORA (*in a whisper*): Trust me. We'll talk about later. I must run or I'll be late.

*Bates, still at the door, is trying hard but failing to understand what's going on. Thomas gives him a single pointed look, then turns his attention to Cora, who has approached him.*

CORA (*sincerely*): Barrow, I meant what I said. Thank you.

THOMAS: I'm glad, your ladyship. I just had a hunch that she wasn't quite all Sir Garnet. (\*)

*He walks towards the door with her, looking very much what Edna Braithwaite will call sly, oily and smug in a later episode. Mr Bates turns away, looking annoyed.*

*\*) Sir Garnet Wolseley, 1st Viscount Wolseley (1833-1913), was a popular and successful general in the British Army during the second half of the 19th century. He was perceived to be a splendid example of the perfect officer and gentleman, so 'to be all Sir Garnet' came to be used as a synonym for 'perfect' or 'without fault'.*

#### **INT. DINING ROOM. DAY**

*The tenants' luncheon is about to begin. The Crawleys' tenants are ranged along either side of the long table, all in their rustic Sunday best. There is a loud buzz of conversation - much louder and less restrained than is usual in this room - as Alfred and Jimmy, overseen by Carson, serve them. Robert is seated in the centre of one long side of the table. Tom is directly opposite him, deeply engaged in conversation with the farmers.*

TOM (*to a farmer*): I've no problem with them, as long as you test them first.

*The door opens, admitting Mary, no longer in black, but looking very smart in a lilac dress that has a non-nonsense kind of elegance about it. The chattering subsides, and everyone rises to their feet, surprised to see her there.*

MARY (*in a much more confident tone than we've heard from her all this episode*): I'm so sorry to miss your arrival.

MR TAYLOR (*a farmer who sits next to Robert*): That's all right, m'lady. We've not begun to eat.

TOM (*to Mary, vacating his chair*): Come and sit here.

MARY: I'll manage very well at the end. Carson can find me a chair.

TOM (*firmly*): No. Sit here. I'll go to the end. This is your place.

*He pulls out the chair for her, giving Robert a happy 'told you so' look across the table.*

ROBERT (to Mary): Are you sure you have time for this?

*Mary settles into her seat while Tom moves to the end of the table.*

MARY: Quite sure. I've been looking forward to it. *(To the farmer sitting next to Robert who addressed her earlier)* Now, Mr Taylor. What's all this I hear about your giving up sheep?

MR TAYLOR: Well, m'lady, it's not quite as simple as that... *There is a hum of agreement around the table, and the lively conversation from the start of the scene resumes. Tom is beaming.*

MR TAYLOR: If truth be told, I'd rather be farming livestock...

MARY: And why is that?

*Mary listens with real interest and nods as the farmers talk on, already fully accepted in her new role.*

**END CREDITS**