

DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.07

**OPENING CREDITS**

**INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE. DAY**

*A hand on a telegraph is sending a message.*

**EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY**

*A messenger on a motorcycle is driving up to the house.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*In the servants' hall, breakfast is just over. Bells are jingling, Daisy is clearing the table, Jimmy is walking through into the bustling corridor.*

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

*Mrs Hughes is at her desk. Bates comes walking in, holding a pair of shoes.*

BATES: His lordship is going to America.

MRS HUGHES: What are you talking about?

BATES: A telegram has just arrived. He's leaving today. Something's happened to her ladyship's brother.

MRS HUGHES: So, you mean you have to go, too?

BATES: I can't leave Anna, Mrs Hughes. Not now.

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

*Cora is still in bed, having just finished her breakfast. Robert, fully dressed and holding the telegram sheet, is having a mini-meltdown.*

ROBERT: How can she put me in this position? It's not fair!

CORA: I agree.

ROBERT: But why does your mother need me? 'Robert must be there.' Why? My being there won't make any difference.

CORA *(with a shrug)*: They obviously feel it will. Maybe they don't want the Senate Committee to think Harold's a wildcat driller.

ROBERT: And an English earl as a brother-in-law will make him respectable?

CORA: They seem to believe so.

ROBERT: I know plenty of relatives of English earls who belong in jail! *(He sits down on the edge of the bed and heaves a frustrated sigh.)* I suppose we've made the decision.

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

*Mary is having breakfast in bed, too, while Mrs Hughes is making her case for the Bateses.*

MARY: I can't stop his lordship from going.

MRS HUGHES: Of course not. But I wonder if it's necessary for Mr Bates to go with him. It'll be very hard for Anna to lose his support at this time.

MARY: Mrs Hughes, I hope we are good employers, but even we expect to get what we pay for. Bates is in this house as his lordship's valet.

MRS HUGHES: I know that, m'lady, but this is a special circumstance.

MARY: Why, particularly?

MRS HUGHES: It's not my secret to tell.

MARY: If you wish to enlist my help, I must know the facts.

**INT. BOOT ROOM. DAY**

*The Bateses are having a discussion on the same topic.*

BATES: I won't go.

ANNA: I see. So you'll leave his lordship in the lurch, and probably lose your job, and all this to help me? Go home and pack. *She walks out, closes the door behind her and breaks into tears.*

**INT. ROBERT'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY**

*Robert is brushing his hair in front of the mirror, suitcases all around him. Mary is there with him.*

ROBERT: You are asking me to travel without a valet?

MARY: I'm asking you not to take Bates.

ROBERT: You do know the Americans have a correct uniform for practically every activity known to man?

MARY: But Thomas was your valet the whole time Bates was in prison. He knows how you like things done.

ROBERT: Suppose he doesn't want to go?

MARY: Why wouldn't he? It's an adventure. All those handsome stewards strutting down the boat deck.

ROBERT: Don't be vulgar. What do you know of such matters?

MARY: I've been married. I know everything.

ROBERT: But if you could just explain why Bates can't come.

MARY: I can't explain it. If I could, you would agree with me.

*The door opens and Bates stands there, holding up a suitcase.*

BATES: I found this for the shoes, m'lord.

ROBERT: I'm afraid it seems you won't be coming with me, Bates.  
(*Bates looks surprised.*) Thomas has been selected as your deputy.

BATES: What?

ROBERT: Lady Mary has persuaded me you are more needed here, though why I couldn't tell you (*Bates looks across at Mary, but she doesn't meet his eyes.*) I'd better get on. (*To Mary*) Your grandmother will arrive shortly, if she hasn't yet.

*He walks out.*

BATES (*quietly*): What have they told you?

MARY: That Anna was... attacked by some ruffian who'd broken in.

BATES (*bitterly*): While I sat upstairs, enjoying the music.

MARY: It's not your fault, Bates. It wasn't hers, but it wasn't yours.

*She walks out.*

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

*Violet comes walking in at the front door, accompanied by Carson. Molesley holds the door open for her.*

VIOLET (*to Molesley*): Thank you. (*To Carson*) I thought I'd come to wish Lord Grantham good luck on his journey.

CARSON: He's upstairs getting ready, m'lady.

ROSE (*walking in*): Everyone else is in the library.

VIOLET: Oh, Rose, my dear... (*She coughs. To the servants*) I wonder, I wonder if I might please have a glass of water?

*Carson nods and goes to fetch it.*

#### **INT. LIBRARY. DAY**

*Jimmy opens the door for Violet and Rose. Edith is in a chair, surrounded by Tom, Napier and Blake. They're in the middle of a conversation about the running of the estate.*

TOM: Judging how things are going, he can manage very well.

VIOLET: Oh? Are we disturbing the conclave?

TOM: We're just discussing the pigs.

VIOLET: Ah, the arrival of the pigs and the departure of their master.

NAPIER: It's sad Lord Grantham has to miss it.

VIOLET: Are the pigs a good idea, Mr Blake?

BLAKE: It's a good idea for estates like this to maximise and diversify. (*Tom nods.*) The question is whether or not Lord Grantham and Lady Mary fully appreciate what they're taking on.

VIOLET: Oh? You ask as if the answer were no.

EDITH: Mr Blake is not under Mary's spell.

CARSON (*walking in with a glass of water on a tray*): Mrs Crawley.  
*Isobel enters.*

ISOBEL: Morning.

TOM: Good morning.

CARSON (*serving Violet*): Your water, m'lady.

VIOLET: Thank you, Carson.

*Isobel sits in a chair next to Violet.*

ISOBEL: Are you feeling hot? I am. I've just walked up from the village.

VIOLET (*a little breathlessly*): I am a bit hot, but I didn't walk.

#### **INT. BOOT ROOM. DAY**

*Jimmy sits at the table while Thomas is packing shoes into a suitcase, grinning like a Cheshire cat.*

JIMMY: I envy you.

THOMAS: Well, I'm not sorry. I can say that.

JIMMY: How do you know you'll get a ship?

THOMAS: Oh, there's always empty cabins. Sure we'll find something.

JIMMY (*gloomily*): Oh, I wish it were me.

THOMAS: Wouldn't you miss Ivy?

JIMMY: Nothing's gonna come of that. It were a waste of money and effort.

THOMAS (*cheerfully*): I'm sure something's just around the corner.

JIMMY: I wish it'd get a move on, or I might do something stupid. *Which leaves the audience to wonder just what exactly he could possibly mean by that. (We'll find out in episode 5.01.)*

THOMAS: Well, when I get back, I want to find you happy and healthy and courting a girl from the village. *(He snaps the suitcase shut.)* Come on, let's go up. You can wish me luck.

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

*Robert and Cora are saying goodbye.*

CORA: Oh Darling, I do think your going to rescue my hopeless brother is an act of real love, and I cherish you for it.

ROBERT: That'll keep me warm as I cross the raging seas.

CORA: Good. Now, kiss me.

*They kiss, then walk outside.*

#### **EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY**

*Jimmy and Molesley are loading the waiting car with Robert's luggage while Thomas, in coat and hat, looks on. Carson, Mrs Hughes, Baxter, Anna and the housemaids stand in a line, in the*

*usual useless but very decorative way. On the other side of the front door, the family are assembled. As Cora and Robert walk out of the door, Blake and Napier approach them.*

BLAKE: Lady Grantham says we can stay 'til we're done. But it'll be a few weeks more. I hope you don't mind.

ROBERT: Not if you make yourselves useful.

*He shakes hands with the two men.*

NAPIER: We will.

ROBERT *(turning to Edith)*: Try to be strong, my darling.

EDITH *(smiling bravely)*: I will.

ROBERT: Gregson must be out there somewhere. I wish you'd let me send a detective.

EDITH: There's no point. His firm's already done all that, to no avail.

ROBERT: Well, if there's anything you want us to do, Mama will give you whatever you need.

*He kisses her on the cheek, then moves on to Violet.*

ROBERT: Goodbye, Mama.

VIOLET: Goodbye, my dear. *(They embrace, too.)* Try not to let those Yankees drive you mad.

ROBERT *(moving on to Mary)*: Mary? Why so preoccupied?

MARY: Am I? I'm afraid my mind is on other things. Anyway, goodbye, Papa. *(They embrace.)* And please try to enjoy yourself.

ROBERT: Good luck with the pigs. *(To Rose)* Rose, I leave you in charge of fun!

ROSE: Mission understood, Captain.

ROBERT: Goodbye, Isobel. Bye, Tom. *(They shake hands.)* Look after all my womenfolk, including Isis. Especially Isis.

TOM: I'll try my best.

*Thomas has moved to stand next to Baxter.*

THOMAS: Goodbye, Miss Baxter. I look forward to a full report when I get back. Why am I going instead of Mr Bates?

BAXTER *(pointedly)*: I don't know.

THOMAS: No, but that's what you're going to find out.

*In the background, Molesley has put the finishing touches to securing the luggage and Robert has taken his seat in the back of the car. Thomas walks around to sit next to the chauffeur and gets in. The car starts moving away. Another follows, laden with even more luggage. For a moment, we see Robert as he travels away from home. He puts on his hat, looking thoughtful, which is more than can be said of him most of the time.*

*At the door of the house, the family and their guests start moving back inside.*

VIOLET *(with a sigh)*: Oh... Well, that's a relief.

ISOBEL: Is it?

VIOLET (*breathlessly*): Yes, I'm... I'm feeling rather ill. I wanted him away before I keel over.

*She looks very pale. Now she starts coughing again.*

ISOBEL: I am sorry. Would you like me to come back with you?

VIOLET: That is the very last thing I would want. (*She coughs again, then addresses Carson while Isobel walks off in a huff.*)

Oh, Carson, can I have a car please, to take me home?

CARSON: Certainly, your ladyship.

VIOLET: Yes, now.

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

*The remainder of the family and their guests are moving back inside. Mary is talking to Charles Blake.*

MARY: Thank you for seeing him off.

BLAKE: Evelyn wanted to. But now we must go, or we'll be late.

MARY: Is it just lack of money, why these places are all failing?

BLAKE: Usually.

MARY: But why is that?

BLAKE: Because so few owners make the most of what an estate has to offer. So few think about income. So few are ready to adjust their way of life.

MARY: But you have to understand what these people are used to.

BLAKE: No. They have to understand it's time to get used to something different. They think nothing needs to change. That God will be upset if the old order is overturned.

MARY: And you don't think He will be?

BLAKE: No. To farm an estate is hard work, and never more than now. The owners must face up to that, or they don't deserve to keep what they have.

*Napier joins them.*

NAPIER: You look very intense.

MARY: Mr Blake was saying he finds people like you and me infuriating.

*Blake scoffs.*

NAPIER: I think I should point out, Charles -

BLAKE (*cutting him off*): We must get going or we'll be late.

*He walks out. Napier gives Mary an apologetic look, then follows.*

#### **EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. DAY**

*Tom is driving Isobel along in an open car.*

ISOBEL: It's nice of you to drive me home.

TOM: I'm meeting the new pig man.

ISOBEL: I do worry about your life away from the estate. Is there any?

TOM: Huh, I've got no time.

ISOBEL: What happened to your politics?

TOM: They vanished. Along with that silly chauffeur chap named Branson.

*He makes it sound funnier than he feels it is.*

ISOBEL *(with a laugh)*: I don't believe that. I gather the MP, John Ward, is coming to speak in Ripon tomorrow at the Town Hall. I could get tickets.

TOM: Nah, I don't think so. I'm not a fan of the Coalition as it is. And he's only here because Lloyd George(\*) thinks an election's coming.

*\*) The Liberal prime minister at the time. The Granthams, as far as they're political at all, are supporters of the Conservative party, like the vast majority of aristocratic land owners were at the time.*

ISOBEL: Well, I doubt he has long, poor dear. But I don't think you're being fair to Mr Ward. Let's go. What do you say?

TOM: I say you better be nice to me, or I'll tell old Lady Grantham you called Lloyd George "poor dear."

*They both laugh heartily.*

#### **INT. LIBRARY. DAY**

*Cora is at the writing desk. Edith stands talking to her.*

EDITH: Would you mind if I went up to London tomorrow?

CORA: Is there news of Mr Gregson?

EDITH: Well, they've pieced together a little more. *(She sits down opposite her mother.)* He arrived in Munich and signed into his hotel. Then, that evening, he went out and never came back.

CORA: But it doesn't make any sense. What was his reason for being there?

EDITH *(avoiding her eyes, with a shrug)*: To see the castles of King Ludwig. (\*)

*\*) Ludwig II (1845 - 1886) was King of Bavaria, a part of Germany, from 1864 until his death in 1886. Residing in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, he was known for his extravagant artistic and architectural projects, such as the construction of several lavish palaces and castles, among them Neuschwanstein Castle, which remains one of the major tourist attractions of the area today.*

CORA: But darling, surely if he was attacked or set upon, they would have found him long ago? (\*) *(Edith tears up.)* Oh, my dearest one, come here. *(She takes Edith into her arms.)* I don't

ask you not to worry, only not quite to give up hope. Of course you must go up to London. It would do you good.

EDITH: Mama, can I ask you something? *(Shakily)* You don't think I'm bad, do you?

CORA: You can be a bit sharp-tongued every now and then. *(She caresses her daughter's face.)* But, bad? No.

EDITH: Sometimes I have bad feelings.

CORA: We all have bad feelings. It's acting on them that makes you bad.

*Edith looks like she'd love to believe that.*

*\*) We learn later that Gregson was supposed to have disappeared during the public unrest of the Beer Hall Coup, which the Nazis instigated in Munich in November 1923. This is out of sync with the timeline of the show (which is still in the summer of 1922 at this point), and it also makes no sense because the Crawleys would immediately have made the connection between Gregson's disappearance and the coup. It absolutely created international headlines, and nobody could have investigated someone's disappearance from the streets of central Munich during the days of the coup without immediately linking it to the Nazi uprising. Julian Fellowes is usually very accurate about historical facts, and usually right in their assessment of them, but this one is a major failure on his part. More on this in my annotations of Season 5.*

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

*Mrs Patmore, Daisy and Ivy are at work. Carson walks in from the corridor, a letter in his hand.*

CARSON: I've had a letter from Alfred.

MRS PATMORE: What's he got to say for himself?

CARSON: He's doing well. Some French chap with a name I can't pronounce seems to have taken a shine to him.

MRS PATMORE: I don't think we need praise from the French quite yet.

DAISY: Does he mention us?

CARSON: Er, his father's ill so he's coming up to visit and he hopes to look in on his way home to see us all.

IVY *(smiling)*: Really?

DAISY *(unkindly)*: Why should you care?

MRS PATMORE: She thinks it'd be nice to see him, Daisy, and so it would be.

#### **INT. LIBRARY. DAY**



*Cora is still at her desk. Rose approaches her.*

CORA: Rose. What is it?

ROSE: I saw Edith on the stairs. She says she's going up to London tomorrow. So I wondered if I could go, too.

CORA: Rose, in a few months you'll have been presented, you'll be out, and everything will be possible.(\*)

ROSE: But you said yourself that most girls my age would already be presented.

CORA: Why do you want to go?

ROSE: Just to see some old friends you'd approve of madly. And Edith's so worried about Mr Gregson. Maybe I could cheer her up. *(Cora looks sceptical.)* Cousin Robert did leave me in charge of fun!

*Cora cracks up. Rose laughs, too.*

*\*) Being presented to the ruling monarch at Court made a British noblewoman an adult in her own right. It was a major coming-of-age rite-of-passage. The process was also referred to as 'coming out' (i. e. out of your parents' tutelage - nothing to do with coming out in the modern sense). More of this in the annotations of Episode 4.09.*

#### **EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAY**

*Mary and Napier are going for a walk.*

MARY *(still annoyed at Blake)*: Why is he always so superior?

NAPIER: He's frustrated by all the families who are giving in. The axe falls and they do nothing to fight back.

MARY: But if they can't afford to go on?

NAPIER: But in many cases, they could if they'd take a new approach to their inheritance, instead of watching it being carted away in boxes to be sold.

MARY: He can't think we're doing that.

NAPIER: Well, no. But he doubts you'd fight if it came to it.

MARY: Hmm.

NAPIER: He says you're aloof.

MARY *(honestly surprised, though I can't think why)*: Aloof? Well, I hope you've stuck up for me.

NAPIER: Of course I did, but, well...

MARY: Go on.

*They halt.*

NAPIER *(after a pause)*: Charles thinks I'm blind where you're concerned.

*Mary smiles the matter away.*

MARY: We should go in.

*They walk back towards the house.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*The servants, except for Carson and of course Thomas, who is en route to America, are sitting down for their tea. Ivy is walking around with the teapot. Daisy is helping, too. Mrs Hughes walks in.*

MRS HUGHES: Has anyone told Mr Carson that tea's ready?

DAISY: There was a telegram earlier. He took it up to her ladyship.

ANNA: That means they've got the boat.

MOLESLEY: What a bonus for Mr Barrow. A trip to America out of the blue.

MRS PATMORE: Sheesh! I wouldn't fancy it, all steaks and ketchup and 'hail fellow, well met'.

JIMMY: What do you know about it?

MRS PATMORE: I go to the pictures, too, you know!

*Carson walks in, and everyone gets to their feet.*

CARSON: His lordship has secured passage on the Cameronia. They sail tomorrow and they'll be in New York on Monday.

IVY: It's hard to credit, isn't it?

ANNA *(to Bates)*: I've robbed you of such a chance.

BATES: You've robbed me of nothing I wouldn't gladly give.

MOLESLEY *(to Baxter)*: What did Mr Barrow mean about expecting a report?

BAXTER: Something and nothing.

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

*There's a faint light in an upstairs window. Violet can be heard coughing and wheezing.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Violet is lying in bed. She's truly ill. There is a knock at the door, and Isobel walks in.*

ISOBEL: Are you still awake? I was on my way to bed and something told me to put on my coat and walk over and check on you. I hope you don't... *(She realises how bad Violet really is. She puts her hand on her forehead to check her temperature.)* How long have you been like this?

VIOLET *(brushing back her nightcap, eyes closed)*: I really don't feel well at all.

ISOBEL: Right. I'm going now to fetch Doctor Clarkson.

VIOLET *(weakly)*: No, it's too late, it's too late.

ISOBEL: I'll be back as soon as I can.

VIOLET: No fuss. Please.

ISOBEL (*firmly*): Try and drink. I'll send your maid up with some tea and some more water.

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

*Anna walks in as Mary is getting ready for bed.*

ANNA. How was dinner?

MARY (*pulling off her gloves*): Uphill. I'm so bored with Mr Blake's cold shoulder.

ANNA: He hasn't warmed up, then?

MARY: According to Mr Napier, he finds me aloof. I'm not aloof, am I?

ANNA (*with a tiny smirk*): Do you want me to answer truthfully or like a lady's maid?

MARY (*smiling back*): Let's move on.

*She takes off her jewellery.*

ANNA: I heard you persuaded his lordship to let Mr Bates stay here, and I'm so very grateful.

MARY: Then you know Mrs Hughes asked me to intervene, and told me why.

ANNA (*looking down*): Yes. So she said.

MARY: We still can't find out who he was?

ANNA: No. He was a stranger, a... I don't know, a robber, but after... (*She can't put it into words.*) Afterwards, he just ran off.

MARY: But if you described him? (*She gets up and takes a few steps towards Anna.*) And ought you to see Doctor Clarkson, just to make sure?

ANNA (*hesitantly*): M'lady, I... I don't mind your knowing. In fact, I'm glad in a way that there's honesty between us again but, but I can't talk about it.

MARY: Even to me? Because I want to help. You've helped me, God knows, in the past, and now I want to help you.

ANNA: I can't talk about it, m'lady. Not even to you.

*She walks over to the dressing table by way of concluding the conversation.*

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

*Mrs Hughes and Mrs Patmore are having their customary final cup of tea of the day together. Carson comes walking in with a rather perfunctory knock on the open door.*

CARSON: That's it. I should be in bed.

MRS PATMORE: Before you go, I'm worried about Alfred coming back quite so soon.

CARSON: I thought you liked the lad?

MRS PATMORE: Oh, I do. Very much. But we've had such trouble with Ivy and Daisy.

MRS HUGHES: We don't want it stirred up again. Can we put him off, just this once?

CARSON: I don't think I've got his parents' address, if I ever had it.

MRS PATMORE *(with a sigh)*: It's a shame. We're to end by mithering again.

*Carson heaves a sigh.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Isobel and Dr Clarkson discuss Violet in an undertone. She is coughing weakly in the background.*

ISOBEL: She was a bit ill this morning, but I thought it was just influenza.

DR CLARKSON: This was never 'flu. It looks like bronchitis. But there is a lot of 'flu about and my nurses are run off their feet. I won't be able to spare...

ISOBEL: I'll do whatever needs to be done.

DR CLARKSON: But she'll need proper supervision, otherwise there's a real danger it could turn into pneumonia. We'll have to hire someone tomorrow.

ISOBEL: There's no need. I can manage.

DR CLARKSON: There'll be no let up.

ISOBEL: I know. What's the treatment?

DR CLARKSON: Inhalants, really. I'll bring some in the morning. The main thing is to keep her temperature down and to stop pneumonia taking hold.

**EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAY**

*Birds are chirping to tell us it's the next morning.*

**INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*Breakfast in the servants' hall. Ivy puts down the teapot, leaning past Jimmy.*

JIMMY: Morning, Ivy. *(She ignores him.)* Oh, come on! I only asked what a million men would ask.

IVY *(tartly)*: And I only answered what a million women would answer.

*She walks out resolutely. At the table, Carson is holding another letter.*

CARSON (*to Mrs Hughes, in an undertone*): He's coming this tea time! I'll meet him off the train, give him a drink and send him on his way.

MRS HUGHES (*equally quietly*): It'll be too late to send him on his way if he gets here after five!

CARSON: Then I'll have to bite the bullet and put him up at the pub.

MRS HUGHES: Won't he find that peculiar?

CARSON: No, I don't think so. I'll tell him we're all very busy. *He gets up, and so must everybody else. Mrs Hughes joins him at the high desk.*

MRS HUGHES: Say there's 'flu in the house and he mustn't miss out on his course.

CARSON (*not altogether disapprovingly*): You're quite a plotter when you want to be, aren't you?

MRS HUGHES (*with a wry laugh*): It's a skill all women must learn.

**EXT. THE DOWER HOUSE. DAY**

*Violet is still coughing.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. DAY**

*Cora and Mary have come to visit. Violet looks no better. If anything, her cough has got worse. Isobel, in an apron, is preparing the inhaler.*

CORA: But are you certain? There must be something we can do.

ISOBEL: There isn't. I can manage very easily with help from the servants. We just have to stop it turning into pneumonia. That's the real danger.

MARY: It seems rather unfair to saddle you with it all. Why should you do it and not us?

ISOBEL: Because I'm a trained nurse.

VIOLET: Why is the food so disgusting, suddenly?

ISOBEL: She doesn't know what she's saying.

MARY: I wouldn't be too sure.

VIOLET: Everything she puts into my mouth is absolutely disgusting.

*It's really hard to tell whether she's delirious or just honest.*

CORA: Perhaps we'd better get out of your way.

ISOBEL: That's all I ask. I'll ring up if there's any change.

**EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. OUTSIDE THE GRANTHAM ARMS. DAY**

*Alfred, carrying a suitcase, and Carson come walking down the street from the station.*

ALFRED: I'm disappointed, Mr Carson.

CARSON: You don't want the 'flu. You can't risk missing any more of the course when you started late.

ALFRED: That's true...

CARSON (*pointing*): I've booked you a room at the pub. And it's on the house.

AFRED: You didn't need to do that.

CARSON: I think I did. You've missed the last train.

ALFRED: You're very kind, Mr Carson.

CARSON: We'll have a drink first. You and me, man to man. And then I'll leave you to it.

*He pushes open the door. They walk in.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. KITCHEN. DAY**

*Mrs Hughes stands there while the kitchen staff are working away.*

DAISY: Why did Alfred change his plans?

MRS PATMORE: Mrs Hughes won't know, will she?

IVY: That's rather disappointing.

DAISY: What do you mean? What have you got to be disappointed about?

IVY: It'd be nice to see him.

DAISY: I don't know why.

IVY: Why not?

DAISY: I'll tell you. Because you made his life a misery with your unkindness and your cold and vicious heart.

MRS HUGHES: Steady on, Daisy. I don't think Ivy's quite deserved this.

MRS PATMORE (*in an undertone to Mrs Hughes*): Well, we know one thing, you were right to put him off!

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. DAY**

*Dr Clarkson has come to look in on Violet. Isobel is still there.*

DR CLARKSON: Tonight, there can be no let up. You mustn't sleep, you must not let her temperature get higher.

VIOLET (*weakly*): I want another nurse! I insist! This, this one talks too much! She's like a drunken vicar!

*Isobel and Dr Clarkson exchange a quizzical look.*

ISOBEL: The family took me in and kept me close when my link with them had gone. I owe them a great deal.

DR CLARKSON: If you insist. I'll look in later. Ring at the slightest change.

*Isobel nods.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. LIBRARY**

*Tom comes walking in. Mary is at the writing desk. Cora is sitting in an armchair nearby, doing embroidery.*

TOM: Well, the pigs have arrived.

MARY: Oh, I'd have come, if I'd known.

TOM: They said you'd gone to your grandmother's. It all went off smoothly. We can walk down and see them tomorrow.

CORA: Tom, did you get the message about the tickets for the talk in Ripon?

TOM: I did. Why can't she come?

CORA: Because Mama's ill and Isobel is nursing her.

*Tom nods.*

MARY: What's the thing in Ripon?

TOM: A Liberal MP is speaking. I don't think I'll bother now.

MARY: Why? Just because we're not political, you mustn't be put off.

TOM: You won't come with me then?

MARY: I'd rather go to the stake.

*Cora chuckles. In spite of himself, Tom smiles.*

**EXT. LONDON. STREET. DAY**

*Edith, Rose and Aunt Rosamund are walking down a busy London street.*

ROSAMUND (to Rose): But what sort of errands?

ROSE: Oh, you know. This and that. Seeing friends, buying clothes. *Errands.*

ROSAMUND: I hope Sir John Bullock isn't one of your "errands".

ROSE: He is not!

EDITH: Oh, let her go, Aunt Rosamund.

ROSAMUND (to Rose): All right, but you'll be back in time for dinner.

ROSE: I'm sure I will. You're a darling. *(She turns to hail a cab.)* Taxi!

ROSAMUND (to Edith): "I'm sure I will." What does that mean? *Across the road, Rose gets into a taxi.*

EDITH: I don't know why Mama let her come.

ROSAMUND: Darling, please tell me what's the matter. You seem so preoccupied lately.

*But Edith walks on without replying.*

**INT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. THE DRAWING ROOM. DAY**

*Rosamund and Edith enter.*

ROSAMUND: What do you mean, you'll be 'out' tomorrow night?

EDITH: I'll be away, but I don't want Mama to know. It's not very difficult.

*They sit across from each other.*

ROSAMUND: It is difficult for me. To be put in a position of disloyal falsehood where your parents are concerned.

EDITH: You said yourself I'm a grown woman and you're not a spy.

ROSAMUND: The last time you did this you were with your Mr Gregson, weren't you? So it can't be a repetition. (*Edith starts to cry. Rosamund continues in a much kinder tone.*) Oh, my dear. My dear.

*She sits down next to Edith and takes her into her arms.*

**EXT. LONDON. PARK. DAY**

*Jack is rowing Rose through a beautiful park in a rowing boat. Under a bridge across the water, he puts down the oars. They look at each other lovingly.*

ROSE: I'm so pleased to see you. I keep thinking you'll forget about me.

JACK (*with a laugh*): Rose! I won't forget you. Ever. But...

ROSE: But what?

JACK: Rose, I like you very much, I want you to know...

ROSE (*firmly*): But?

JACK: What can we hope to come out of all this?

ROSE (*with a sigh*): Can't we just be in the moment? I don't know many men like you and you don't know many girls like me.

*She takes his hands.*

JACK: Ain't that the truth.

ROSE (*enthusiastically*): Then let's enjoy it! You know what the French say? Vive le différence! (\*)

\*) *It's la différence, but never mind.*

JACK: Do you think Lord Grantham will enjoy the 'difference'? Or Lady Mary?

ROSE: You're not scared of them, are you?

JACK: No.

ROSE: Good. Then you'll take me to the club tonight. But first, kiss me. Or don't you want to?

JACK: Oh, I want to. Don't you worry about that.

*They kiss.*

**INT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY**

*Edith has told Rosamund about her pregnancy. She's still crying.*

EDITH: I'm not even sure which frightens me most. What may have happened to Michael, or the baby.

ROSE: What do you propose to do?

EDITH: It's... hard to say the words, but... I've decided to get rid of it.

ROSAMUND (*shocked*): How terrible it is to hear that.

EDITH: Please don't pretend you won't be relieved when I do.

ROSAMUND: You're not being fair. I will support you whatever you decide, just as Cora will, and Robert.

EDITH: That sounds like a speech from *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*. (\*) But you don't mean a word of it.

ROSAMUND: I do.

\*) *A then popular play by Arthur Wing Pinero which premiered in 1893, depicting the difficulties of an upper class man marrying a*



woman from a lower social class and with a history of unmarried relationships. It ends tragically with the suicide of the wife.

EDITH: So, I'd be welcome in your drawing room, would I? "Have you met my niece and her charming bastard?"

ROSAMUND: I refuse to be shocked. But, what will you say when Mr Gregson walks through the door, with a full explanation for his silence?

EDITH: Nothing. I pray he is alive, but if he is, I won't say a thing.

ROSAMUND: And you will marry him?

EDITH: If he still wants me to.

ROSAMUND: So, your whole life will be based on a lie? Have you thought about that?

EDITH: I am killing the wanted child of a man I'm in love with and you ask me if I've thought about it?

*She cries again.*

ROSAMUND: I assume you'll be away for the night because you have booked into some - (*She can barely bring herself to get the words out.*) - some place where they will do this? How did you find it?

EDITH: There was a magazine in the ladies' waiting room at King's Cross.

ROSAMUND: You do realise it is quite illegal?

EDITH: Of course.

ROSAMUND: And dangerous! What will I say to your parents if it goes wrong?

EDITH: You'll think of something.

ROSAMUND: Very well. If you've made up your mind, I shall come with you.

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

*Cora and Mary are already there, dressed for dinner, when Blake walks in.*

MARY: Where's Evelyn?

BLAKE: Dining with friends of his parents.

CORA: He telephoned earlier. And Tom's gone off to a political meeting, so I'm afraid it's just us.

BLAKE (*defensively*): Don't be afraid.

MARY: But we are afraid! How can brainless dullards like us ever hope to entertain Mr Blake?

CORA: Mary?! That sounded a little rude.

BLAKE: I can take it. Did the pigs arrive?

MARY: Absolutely. Although un-witnessed by me. I'll go with Tom tomorrow.

BLAKE: Well, I'm curious to see them and I'll be out all day. Why don't we walk down after dinner? Lady Grantham?

CORA: You two go. I'll take it on trust.

BLAKE: Well, it's a nice evening. What about it?

MARY: Well, it's quite a long walk, but I don't mind, if you really want to.

**INT. RIPON. THE TOWN HALL. EVENING**

*The town hall is filled almost to the last chair. The audience are mostly men, but there are some women as well. Next to one of the latter, a chair is still empty. Tom sidles in and addresses the woman next to the empty chair, who we will later learn is Sarah Bunting, a Downton schoolteacher. (The woman, not the chair.)*

TOM: Is this seat taken?

SARAH BUNTING: Er, I was keeping it for a friend.

*Tom moves back and finds a place to stand by the wall. There is a smattering of applause as John Ward, MP, takes the podium.*

WARD: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm John Ward, and in a while I will ask for questions, so please remember what made you indignant when you last read a newspaper.

*There is laughter all around the room. Sarah Bunting turns to wave to Tom, as the chair next to her is still empty.*

WARD (seeing it): Are you trying to attract my attention ahead of the rest, madam?

SARAH: I just wanted him to take this chair.

WARD: Do you know this gentleman?

SARAH: No.

WARD: You just wanted to sit next to him?

*General amusement.*

SARAH: No, it was because he asked.

WARD: He asked to sit next to you? Ladies and gentlemen, we've been made privy to a very romantic story.

*General laughter. Tom is the only one who isn't amused at all.*

TOM: Why don't I sit down?

*He takes the chair next to Sarah, and Mr Ward continues his speech.*

WARD: Of course, the question uppermost in all of your minds is, why the split between Mr Asquith and Mr Lloyd George(\*)? Because a divided party spells electoral defeat. Well, can I say this: It doesn't have to.

TOM (in an undertone, to Sarah): He's wrong there.

*\*) In very simple terms, H. H. Asquith, who had preceded Lloyd George as prime minister, had very different ideas who the Liberal party, of which they were both members, should enter into a coalition with. Asquith favoured Labour while Lloyd George favoured the Conservatives. This put a lot of strain onto the Liberal party and was partly the reason of their defeat in the following election.*

WARD (in the background): Since 1910....

SARAH (to Tom): But you support them?

TOM: Not really. I'm a socialist. Or I was.

WARD (in the background): And in 1915...

TOM: What happened to your friend?

SARAH: I don't know. It just seemed silly to keep the chair empty.

TOM: I'm glad.

*A man in the row behind them nudges Tom and puts a finger to his lips.*

MAN: Ssh!

WARD: ... because they trusted the courts. Of course, history teaches us that in 1910...

**EXT. DOWNTON ESTATE. PIG ENCLOSURE. EVENING**

*Mary and Blake, still in their evening clothes, have walked down to the pig enclosure to inspect it.*

MARY: The idea is to learn from these, then, if it's going well, expand.

BLAKE: And you have a good pig man?

MARY: He comes highly recommended.

BLAKE: Well, that's important because...

*He spots a pig lying motionless on the ground in a corner, ill or even dead.*

MARY: What is it?

*Blake runs to take a closer look through the fence.*

MARY: What is it? What's happening?

BLAKE *(alarmed)*: This one's almost dead.

MARY *(aghast)*: What? Why?

BLAKE: It looks dehydrated. It's had no water.

*He takes off his dinner jacket and climbs over the fence into the enclosure.*

MARY: Isn't there a water trough?

BLAKE: They've kicked it over.

MARY: How could this have happened?

BLAKE: All too easily.

MARY: Should I fetch the pig man? I could run back to the house. If only we'd brought a car!

BLAKE: There's no time for any of that. Where's the nearest clean water?

MARY: There's a water pipe in the barn. Should we drive the animals to it?

BLAKE: That would kill them. *(He picks up a couple of pails.)* When they've had no water this long, you must give it to them gradually.

*He hurries off towards the barn.*

MARY: Wait a moment.

*She picks up the remaining pails and follows him.*

**INT. RIPON. TOWN HALL. EVENING**

*Tom and Sarah come walking down the staircase towards the street door.*

TOM: I'm sorry about that earlier.

SARAH *(with a laugh)*: You can't blame him for having a bit of fun.

TOM: There won't be much fun for them after the election.

SARAH: What do you care, if you're a socialist?

TOM: I'm not sure what I am, except a man in search of a better world.

SARAH *(picking up on his accent)*: Why did you leave Ireland?

TOM: Sometimes I ask myself that.

SARAH: Will you go back?

TOM: No.

SARAH: Why not?

TOM: It's a long story. I'd better go. Thanks for the seat though. Goodnight.

*He walks away. Sarah looks after him. She likes him.*

**INT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Violet is still in bed, looking rather dishevelled after two days of illness. She's still wheezing. Isobel sits by the bed, reading.*

VIOLET: Does no one care whether I live or die?

ISOBEL (*putting away the book*): There, there. This will make you feel better.

*She puts a damp cloth on Violet's brow.*

VIOLET: Compared to what?

**INT. DOWNTON ESTATE. BARN. NIGHT**

*Lit only by the light of two small gas lanterns, Blake and Mary are returning to the water pump for the umpteenth refill of the their pails. His fine white shirt is smeared with mud. In their elegant shoes, they trot through black puddles every time they go back and forth between the pump and the enclosure. Mary, wobbling on her heels, stops to take off her shoes. She slips and sits down heavily in the muck. Her hair falls loosely over her dirty face. Blake holds a hand out to her.*

MARY: I'm fine. I'm fine!

*She waves (or even bats - it's hard to tell in the dark) his helping hand away.*

BLAKE: Suit yourself.

*He picks up his pails again and moves away. Mary gets to her feet, heaves a heavy sigh and then works on.*

**EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. NIGHT**

*Meanwhile, back at home...*

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

*Carson is in an armchair, having a nightcap and reading a book. Mrs Hughes walks in with a knock on the open door.*

MRS HUGHES: I'm off.

CARSON: Oh...

MRS HUGHES: Well done for containing the Downton heartbreaker.

CARSON: Everyone's gone to bed, but Lady Mary's still out with Mr Blake. What should I do about locking up?

MRS HUGHES: I wonder what's taking the time.

CARSON: Nothing. Well, nothing like that.

*Mrs Hughes is not so sure.*

MRS HUGHES: I should leave the front door open with the key in the lock. They can turn it when they come in.

CARSON: You're not frightened of burglars?

MRS HUGHES: Mr Carson, this is England.

CARSON: Hmph.

*But he will be taking her advice.*

**INT. DOWNTON ESTATE. BARN. NIGHT**

*Mary is taking a break on a wooden bench. Blake, looking even dirtier than before, sits down on the other end of it with a heavy sigh. In the background, pigs can be heard grunting happily.*

MARY: Are they going to be all right?

BLAKE: I think so. I'll watch them for another hour and then give them one more drink. But you, you should go.

MARY: I'm not going! They're my pigs.

*She shivers from the cold. Blake reaches behind him.*

BLAKE: Here, take my coat. At least it's dry.

*He puts it around her shoulders, then sits down again, both of them equally exhausted. There's an awkward pause.*

BLAKE: Not quite the evening we planned.

MARY: Ah. What do I look like?

BLAKE: You belong in *Country Life*. (\*) "Lady Mary Crawley, seen here to advantage relaxing at the family seat in Yorkshire."

MARY: Ha ha.

*But they're both laughing. Suddenly, Blake picks up a handful of mud and flings it at Mary. It hits her on the chin. She spits and wipes it away. Blake looks a little guilty. Mary scoops up a handful of her own and smears it right across his cheek. He makes a disgusted noise. They both laugh again.*

\*) A glossy weekly magazine launched in 1897 and still in existence today, covering upper class rural sports and other pursuits, such as hunting, fishing, horse racing, gardening etc. Also still the best place to go for ads if you're planning to buy a multi-million pound country house and estate.

**INT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Edith is in bed, but still awake, when Rose tiptoes in.*

EDITH: Where have you been?

ROSE: Having such a dreamy time. Is she furious that I missed dinner?

EDITH: Why can't you just fit in for once?

ROSE: Shall I go and make my peace?

EDITH (annoyed): Good night, Rose.

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. KITCHEN. NIGHT**

*It's still dark outside. Mary and Blake, still in their evening clothes but somewhat cleaned up, are at the long kitchen table. Blake sits there with a glass of wine while Mary scrambles some eggs in a bowl. She walks over to the pan on the stove, then brings back two plates with scrambled eggs on them. She sits down opposite Blake.*

BLAKE: Who'd have thought it?

MARY: I can scramble eggs, but that's about it.

*They raise their glasses to each other, then drink.*

MARY (*referring to the wine*): I suspect Carson had plans for this, but too bad.

BLAKE: I don't deserve such attention.

MARY: You certainly do. You've completely saved our bacon. Literally! (*He laughs. They eat.*) So, you're a practical farmer, as well as a theoretician. Not sure I was expecting that.

BLAKE: I didn't expect to see you as a cook and a water carrier.

MARY: A night of discovery.

BLAKE: Good discoveries. For me, anyway.

MARY: I love how they've all gone to bed without the slightest concern about us. What did they think we were doing?

BLAKE: We went for a walk and vanished. Who knows what they thought?

*There are footsteps in the passage outside. As befits the kitchen maid, Ivy is the first servant up at the crack of dawn. She halts, embarrassed, when she sees who's there.*

IVY: I'm ever so sorry, m'lady.

MARY: Please, don't apologise...

IVY: Ivy, m'lady.

MARY: Ivy. Well, if you're getting up, it's time for us to go to bed.

*She gets up. Blake looks rather disappointed. The audience are trying to figure out what Mary could possibly want with Tony Gillingham if she can have this one.*

MARY (*to Ivy*): Would you please tell Anna I'll ring when I'm awake? Good night.

*She walks out. Blake follows.*

BLAKE (*to Ivy*): Good night.

*Ivy looks after them, trying but failing to process what she's just witnessed.*

#### **EXT. LONDON. STREET. DAY**

*Rosamund and Edith get out of a taxi. They're in some quiet side street, not exactly in Belgravia, but it's not a slum either.*

ROSAMUND (*paying the driver*): Thank you.

DRIVER: Ma'am.

*The two women walk over to a door labelled No. 17.*

EDITH: It's right. This is it.

ROSAMUND: It doesn't look very right.

EDITH: It should say Thompson on the bell.

ROSAMUND: Well, here goes.

*She rings.*

#### **INT. LONDON. ABORTION CLINIC. WAITING ROOM. DAY**

*Rosamund and Edith are being shown into an empty waiting room by a maid.*

MAID: If you'll wait, the doctor will be with you very soon.

ROSAMUND: As long as he is a doctor.

*Edith and Rosamund sit down on a wooden bench as the maid walks out.*

EDITH: You don't have to stay.

ROSAMUND: Of course I do. Would you like a glass of water?  
EDITH: No, thank you. (A pause.) It's not that I don't love him, you know. I do love him, and I would have loved his baby. But I just can't see over the top of this.  
ROSAMUND: No.  
EDITH: I don't want to be an outcast. I don't want to be some funny woman living in Maida Vale people never talk about. (\*) Sybil might have brought it off, but not me.

*\*) Maida Vale is a residential part of Central London, north of Paddington station. It's a very affluent area now, but back then it was middle class, i. e. it would have been a big step down for Edith to live there, compared to the life her family is used to.*

ROSAMUND: Oh no, I see that.  
EDITH: But you think I'm terribly selfish.  
ROSAMUND: Please don't put words into my mouth. I don't know what I think, except that I wish it were over.  
EDITH: I can't go back to the nursery. Not with Mary's son and Sybil's daughter waiting there.  
I can't do that. I won't be able to do that.  
ROSAMUND: Not for a while.  
EDITH: Not for ever, I don't think.  
*There is the distant sound of a woman crying. Edith stands and walks across to where the door stands ajar. She peers through the gap into the next room. A woman is sitting there, crying desperately, while a man in a white doctor's coat is next to her, speaking to her comfortingly. The maid opens the door to call Edith in.*  
MAID: The doctor's just...  
EDITH: I'm afraid this is a mistake.  
MAID: There's no reason...  
*EDITH (picking up her bag): I'm terribly sorry to waste your time, but this is a mistake.*  
*She walks out. The maid, and the doctor behind her, look after her in surprise.*  
ROSAMUND *(to the maid and doctor)*: It seems it was a mistake.  
*She quickly follows Edith out.*

**EXT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. DAY**  
*Just to establish that they're back home.*

**INT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY**  
ROSE *(angrily)*: Why?! Why has everything changed? I've arranged things for tonight!  
EDITH *(coolly)*: Then un-arrange them.  
ROSE: Why should I?  
EDITH: Because I'm telling you to.  
ROSAMUND: Just do it, dear.  
*With a grunt, Rose walks out.*  
ROSAMUND: Are you going to tell Cora?

EDITH: I suppose I must do, at some stage.

ROSAMUND: If you want me to be there, let me know. I'm certain there's a way forward. Certain of it.

EDITH: Well, the decision's been made now.

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. LIBRARY. DAY**

*Tom, Napier and Blake are having tea, served by Jimmy, when Mary walks in.*

MARY: You've heard about our adventures?

TOM: I'm very impressed.

*Cora walks in by the other door.*

CORA: There you are!

MARY: I'm afraid I slept late.

CORA: Have you remembered Tony Gillingham's coming tonight?

MARY (*surprised*): What? Why?

CORA: He's driving up to fish the Spey. (\*) He asked if he could stay the night. I'm sure I told you.

*\*) A river in the north-east of Scotland, known for good salmon fishing.*

*Mary isn't pleased.*

BLAKE: Did he used to be Tony Foyle?

CORA: That's right. Why?

BLAKE: We served together in the war, on board the Iron Duke with Jellicoe (\*).

*\*) HMS Iron Duke, named for the Duke of Wellington, was a battleship of the Royal Navy during WW1 and flagship at the Battle of Jutland (May 31-June 1 1916), commanded by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. This battle, in the North Sea near the Danish coast, was the largest naval battle and the only full-scale clash of battleships in WW1. Fourteen British and eleven German ships sank, with a total of 9,823 casualties. Both sides claimed victory.*

MARY: Were you at Jutland?

BLAKE: We were.

*He doesn't seem to be keen to talk about this experience, or his acquaintance with Gillingham.*

CORA: Well, you'll see him again tonight. (*Blake smiles politely into his tea cup.*) To be honest, I telephoned him and tried to put him off, but he didn't seem to want to be put off.

MARY: Don't worry. It's perfectly fine.

*She puts her cup down and walks out. It's definitely not fine.*

**INT. THE HALL. DAY**

*Mary walks out of the library. Napier follows her.*

NAPIER: I gather you were the heroine of the pig drama.

MARY: So, I'm not aloof now?

NAPIER: Not a bit. Mucking in with the best of them. Only trouble for me is that... I'm afraid it's increased the competition.



*Well, isn't that Napier's key competence. He walks off with an embarrassed smile. Mary sighs and turns towards the staircase.*

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY**

*The kitchen staff are hard at work, with Jimmy watching, when Alfred walks in.*

ALFRED: Hello, Daisy. Hello, Ivy.

*Mrs Patmore and Mrs Hughes appear in the other door, rather alarmed.*

IVY: We thought you weren't coming.

ALFRED: Mr Carson warned me about the 'flu.

DAISY: What 'flu?

MRS HUGHES (*quickly*): Mrs Patmore and I both think we're coming down with the 'flu, don't we?

MRS PATMORE: We do, indeed, and we're wanting to spare Alfred from it if we could.

DAISY: You look well enough to me.

MRS HUGHES: Looks can be deceptive.

IVY: We're so pleased to see you. Aren't we? Daisy? Jimmy?  
*(Neither Daisy nor Jimmy look particularly enthusiastic, if for different reasons.)* We've missed you.

JIMMY: I don't know about that.

ALFRED: Have you really missed me, Ivy?

IVY: Oh, I have. The place isn't the same without you, is it, Daisy?

ALFRED: If I thought you meant that, I'm not sure I could go.

MRS PATMORE: Which makes it all the sadder you have to.

ALFRED: You're right. I can't stay long. I've got to get back to London.

*Mrs Patmore tries to bundle him out of the door, but he comes back.*

ALFRED: I'm sorry now, I should have come last night. Mr Carson was being over-careful.

DAISY: Yes, I'm sure that's what it was.

*Carson looks in, surprised.*

CARSON (*to Alfred*): What are you doing here?

MRS HUGHES (*with a sigh*): He thought he'd look in before he catches the train.

MRS PATMORE (*pointedly*): We've warned him about our 'flu!

*With a sigh, Carson walks out and into his pantry, followed by cook and housekeeper for a private conference.*

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

CARSON: So, we got all the trouble and a bill to pay at the pub to pay, too!

MRS HUGHES: Oh, go on with you. I'm sure you don't grudge him a decent dinner.

MRS PATMORE: But I do grudge him the tears and the heartbreak that'll flavour my puddings for weeks to come!

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY**

ALFRED: Well, you've given me summat to think about, Ivy, and I will.

*Mrs Patmore rushes in to prevent even worse damage, but too late. Ivy stands looking after Alfred, beaming.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. DAY**

*Violet is sitting up in bed, her hair made, looking much better. Isobel and Dr Clarkson are there, too.*

ISOBEL: That's such good news, if you really are hungry.

VIOLET: Well, I'm - I'm not ravenous, but I wouldn't mind a piece of toast.

ISOBEL (*opening the door*): I'll ask straight away.

VIOLET: Can't you ring...? (*But Isobel is already gone.*) Well, really, really. Doctor Clarkson, when you go, would you please take that madwoman with you?

DR CLARKSON: That madwoman has refused to leave your side for the last two days and two nights, and she has not slept nor eaten since you were taken ill.

VIOLET: But there were nurses here? No, I remember a nurse wiping my brow.

DR CLARKSON: She was that nurse, Lady Grantham.

VIOLET: But what about Cora and Mary?

DR CLARKSON: They offered, but Mrs Crawley felt she had more knowledge than they.

VIOLET: Yes, that has a ring of truth.

*Isobel re-enters.*

ISOBEL: I've asked them to bring up some toast and tea.

DR CLARKSON: Now that Lady Grantham's a little better, it's time you had a break.

ISOBEL: I might go home and have a bath. Shall I come back later?

VIOLET: Oh, oh yes, dear. That would be very kind.

ISOBEL: Good. I can stay all evening. Perhaps we can play cards. *She's gone again.*

DR CLARKSON (*to Violet*): You will be rewarded in Heaven.

VIOLET (*resigned*): The sooner the better.

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY**

*The servants - Mrs Hughes, Bates, Jimmy, Baxter, Molesley, housemaids and hall boys - are having their tea, served by Daisy, Ivy and Mrs Patmore. Anna is absent. Green, Lord Gillingham's valet, comes walking in, smiling confidently.*

GREEN: I think this is the right place.

MOLESLEY (*in a friendly tone*): Well, if it isn't Mr Gillingham! Welcome back! Pull up a chair, sit down.

MRS PATMORE: I suppose you've come to shake us up again.

JIMMY: Will there be any more Racing Demon this time?

*Meanwhile, Bates gives Green murderous looks over the rim of his tea cup. (Which is a key qualification for all the male members of Team Downstairs, and they all do it beautifully, but this is a particularly fine example.)*

GREEN: Depends if you're up to it, but I expect you've all got things to do.

*Anna walks in. She doesn't see Green at first.*

ANNA: Miss Baxter, I wondered if you could -  
*She sees Green and breaks off.*

BAXTER: If I could what?

ANNA: If you could let me have some white thread. I seem to have run out.

BAXTER: Of course.

*Anna walks back out.*

MOLESLEY: Go on then, Gillingham. What've you been up to since we saw you last? Having fun and games at other people's expense?  
*This is a totally innocent comment, actually.*

GREEN *(with a smirk)*: I'd better not tell you too much. I don't want to shock the ladies.

*Some of the men laugh, though you can bet Bates is not among them.*

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

*Mary, in evening dress, appears at the top of the stairs. On the landing is Gillingham. He approaches her.*

GILLINGHAM: I hope you don't mind my turning up again. It's the perfect stopping point between London and Inverness.

MARY: I don't mind at all. How are you?

GILLINGHAM: Well, missing you, mainly.

MARY: Sounds to me as if the needle's got stuck. (\*) How's Mabel?  
*He'd rather not answer that. Mary smiles, understanding.*

*\*) This happened sometimes with a gramophone or record player. The needle would get stuck in the grooves of the record, and a short piece of the recording would repeat itself over and over again without any progress. Mary is saying rather rudely here that Gillingham is being tiringly repetitive in his courtship.*

GILLINGHAM: I gather Charles Blake's here.

MARY: Of course, you served together. We don't really know him, but he and Evelyn Napier are writing a report for the Government. He'll be up here for a few weeks.

GILLINGHAM: Lucky devil. Well, don't get to like him better than me.

MARY: No chance of that. They're out all day, and even in the evenings we've hardly spoken until yesterday.

*They walk down the stairs together.*

GILLINGHAM: Er, what happened yesterday?

MARY: Some pigs arrived and of course, as usual, Mr Blake was...  
*(She cuts herself off with a sigh.)* Anyway, what does it matter?

### **INT. DRAWING ROOM. EVENING**

*The family and guests assemble for dinner. Jimmy opens the door for Mary and Gillingham. Gillingham walks straight to Blake with a smile on his face.*

GILLINGHAM: Hello, Charles. It's good to see you again.

*They shake hands.*

BLAKE: This is nice. What task brings you to Yorkshire?

GILLINGHAM: Nothing as meaningful as yours. What sort of report are you working on?

BLAKE: The current health of the landed estate. My usual stamping ground.

*In another part of the room, Tom and Edith are seated next to each other.*

TOM (*referring to her trip to London*): So, did you get everything done?

EDITH: Why do you ask?

TOM: No reason.

*Meanwhile, Blake has told Gillingham about the adventure with the pigs.*

BLAKE: By the time we got back, we looked as if we'd been wrestling in mud.

GILLINGHAM: And had you?

MARY: No. But then, it's always nice to leave something for another time.

*Blake chuckles heartily. Gillingham joins in with much less enthusiasm. Blake and Gillingham sit down together.*

GILLINGHAM (*in an undertone*): So what are the chances for Downton?

BLAKE: I'd say they look bright. At least Lady Mary and the family mean to give it everything they've got.

GILLINGHAM: If Mary means to give it everything she's got, then that is a very considerable gift.

BLAKE: I couldn't agree more.

CORA: Dinner, everyone.

#### **INT. BOOT ROOM. NIGHT**

*Green is alone in the boot room, cleaning his master's shoes. Mrs Hughes walks in and closes the door. She clearly means business.*

MRS HUGHES: They said you were in here.

*Green stops in his work and rises politely.*

GREEN: What can I do for you, Mrs Hughes?

MRS HUGHES (*fiercely*): Nothing. You can do nothing for me. Because I know who you are and I know what you've done. (*Green looks down.*) And while you're here, if you value your life, I should stop playing the joker and keep to the shadows.

*Green slowly sits down and starts brushing the shoes again.*

GREEN (*sounding apologetic*): I'm afraid we were a bit drunk that night, Anna and I, so you're right, we were both to blame.

MRS HUGHES: No, Mr Green. You were to blame and *only* you.

GREEN: Does Mr Bates know?

MRS HUGHES: Not that it was you.

GREEN: Thank you.

MRS HUGHES: Don't you dare thank me! (*She's practically breathing fire.*) I've not kept silent for your sake.

*Green stares her out, insolently brushing his shoes again.*

#### **EXT. THE DOWER HOUSE. NIGHT**

*There's a light in the upstairs window of Violet's room. A church bell chimes.*

**INT. THE DOWER HOUSE. VIOLET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

*Violet is still in a nightdress and nightcap but she's sitting up in an armchair with a rug over her knees and with Isobel opposite her. They are playing a card game.*

ISOBEL (*putting down her cards*): I think it's gin.(\*)

VIOLET: Oh, so it is. I'd forgotten what a good game this is.

ISOBEL: Yes. I'd forgotten.

VIOLET: How long does it go on for?

ISOBEL: Oh, ages!

VIOLET: Oh, goody, goody.

*She laughs. They pick up the cards again. They're genuinely having such a good time.*

*\*) I honestly have no idea what this term means, or what game they're playing.*

**INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. SERVANTS' HALL. NIGHT**

*The servants are having their dinner, served by Daisy and Ivy, who are pointedly not looking at each other.*

MRS HUGHES (*to Carson*): Oh, dear. Alfred's relit the taper.

CARSON (*sententiously*): Well, to be young is to have your heart broken, in the kitchens at Downton like everywhere else.

JIMMY (*to Anna, in a tone of complaint*): I've spent half the day brushing the mud out of his dinner jacket. Why can't he have his own valet instead of making work for me?

*Across the table, Green is putting salt on his meal. Anna watches him.*

JIMMY: Anna?

ANNA (*to Jimmy*): Sorry. Yes. What were you saying?

BATES: Mr Blake's evening shoes were quite a challenge, I can tell you.

BAXTER (*to Green, probably continuing an earlier conversation*): I wasn't working here then. It's a pity, 'cause I admire Nellie Melba. I'd have loved to hear her sing.

GREEN: You must be joking.

DAISY: Why? I thought she had a beautiful voice.

GREEN: Beautiful? Screaming and screeching, as if her finger was caught in the door? I swear I couldn't take it for one more moment.

BAXTER: So what did you do?

GREEN: Well, I came down here for a bit of peace and quiet, that's what. Is that more of the cauliflower cheese?

*Anna and Bates exchange a forced smile. Baxter notices. The knife and fork are actually trembling in Bates' hands as he looks across at Green, who seems oblivious that he has just as good as admitted his guilt.*

END CREDITS