

DOWNTON ABBEY - EPISODE 4.04

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

Anna, in coat and hat, is walking towards the house.

INT. BOOT ROOM. DAY

Anna sits at the bench, cleaning a pair of (presumably) Mary's shoes. She's pale, and her face is still marked by the scratches and bruises of last night's attack on her. Bates opens the door and walks in.

BATES: Why didn't you wait for me?

ANNA (*getting up*): I wanted to finish these before breakfast.

BATES: Is it something I've done?

ANNA: No, not anything. Nobody's done anything.

She walks past him out of the room.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL. DAY

The servants are at breakfast. Carson, Mrs Hughes, Thomas, Edna, and Jimmy are already in their places, and so are the visiting maids and valets, including Mr Green. He's in the chair next to Anna's usual place. Anna walks in.

THOMAS (*to Anna, noticing the state of her face*): Blimey. What happened to you?

MRS HUGHES: Leave her alone.

ANNA (*sitting down without looking at Green*): I fell. I cut my lip.

CARSON (*addressing the guests' servants*): Now, if either of you need help to carry things down, just ask. Alfred and James will be glad to help.

JIMMY (*under his breath*): That's good to know.

CARSON: What was that, James?

JIMMY (*with a cheeky smile*): Nothing, Mr Carson.

He exchanges a grin with Thomas. Bates arrives and sits down. Immediately, Anna stands up.

ANNA: I'd better go up.

BATES: Lady Mary hasn't rung yet.

ANNA: I've things to do.

She walks out.

BATES (*to Mrs Hughes, in an undertone*): How was Anna when you lent her that dress last night?

MRS HUGHES (*defensively*): How should she be?

BATES: She told me she'd fallen and cut her lip, but I wondered if it might be more serious than that. (*From across the table, Green is listening intently.*) She's always one to minimise things.

MRS HUGHES: I'm sure I don't know anything you don't know.

A bell rings. Edna gets up. Nobody talks.

THOMAS (*sarcastically*): What's the matter with everyone this merry morn?

CARSON: I always think there's something rather foreign about high spirits at breakfast. (*He clears his throat, puts down his napkin and rises from his chair. Everyone dutifully follows suit.*) I shall be supervising the departure, if anyone wants me. *He walks out. Green follows him.*

EXT. KITCHEN COURTYARD. DAY

The guests' maids and valets are leaving, carrying out their employers' luggage. The hall boys are helping. Carson and Mrs Hughes supervise the proceedings. Green, in coat and hat, pulls on his gloves.

CARSON: Well, Mr Gillingham, I hope you haven't forgotten anything.

GREEN: On the contrary, Mr Carson. I shall remember this visit for a long time to come.

Mrs Hughes looks on, murder in her heart.

INT. THE HALL. DAY

The guests of the family are leaving. Gregson is saying goodbye to Robert, Edith by his side. Outside, several cars stand waiting.

GREGSON: Goodbye, Lord Grantham, and thank you for everything.

ROBERT: Oh, nonsense. I'm the one who should be thanking you. *They shake hands. A little further away, the Duchess of Yeovil is saying farewell to Tom.*

DUCHESS: You look as if you're glad to see the back of us.

TOM: No. You've been kind to me, but I'm afraid I haven't been much fun to be with.

DUCHESS: Grief's odd, Tom. When the Duke died, it made me terribly clumsy. I kept dropping and breaking things. But it was because it felt disloyal to manage anything properly without him, do you see?

TOM: But you could manage.

DUCHESS (*earnestly*): Yes, I could. And so can you.

TOM: I wonder.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

Rose comes walking out of the door with Sir John, who is dressed for travelling, too. Thomas is holding the car door open for him.

ROSE: The trouble is that I'm not really out and all that. But it should be possible.

SIR JOHN: I don't think people care about those rules, not like they used to.

ROSE: Well, I don't.

By another car, Green stands ready for departure. When he sees Gillingham and Mary come outside, he walks up to Gillingham, taking off his hat.

GREEN (*to Gillingham*): The luggage is loaded, m'lord.

He has rather interrupted a private moment. Gillingham doesn't look pleased.

MARY: It's nice to see you're well looked after.

GILLINGHAM: It seems rather ungrateful, but I can't pretend I really like him. Then again, I'm lucky to have anyone nowadays.

MARY (*smiling*): You said it.

Over by the door, Cora and Robert oversee the departures.

ROBERT: I'll just say goodbye to Tony Gillingham.

CORA: Don't interrupt them, not yet.

Meanwhile, Gillingham and Mary are still talking.

GILLINGHAM: You're sure we can't meet?

MARY: I'm sure you're much too busy, and I'll be chasing my tail.

GILLINGHAM: In other words, no.

ROBERT (*calling out to the group at large*): I'm afraid you'll have to get started. They won't hold the train.

DUCHESS (*walking out*): Not even for you?

They embrace.

ROBERT: Not for me, nor for you either, Duchess. Not these days.

The cars start moving off. Through one of the windows, we get a glimpse of Sampson, smoking nervously. It seems that nobody has bothered to say goodbye to him. The family and the male servants stand as the cars drive away.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE CHURCH YARD. DAY

Isobel and Dr Clarkson happen to meet in the church yard. He doffs his hat to her.

ISOBEL: You look very earnest.

DR CLARKSON: I'm just on my way to convince the board of the merits of an out-clinic, so people can come early for treatment. I don't suppose...

ISOBEL: Don't suppose what?

DR CLARKSON: I could do with some extra help. I know you always suspect me of trying to get you back into harness. But, well, it would leave a nurse free for other duties.

ISOBEL: I'll think about it.

She walks on. He doffs his hat to her again. She turns back after a moment.

ISOBEL: I will. I promise.

He nods.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Robert, Tom and Cora are having coffee. Mary walks in.

MARY: The tax people have had a cancellation, so they can see us on Wednesday at noon. But I think we should go up tomorrow. I wouldn't like to risk being late.

ROBERT: And you don't want me to come?

CORA: There's no point in you all going.

ROBERT (*to Mary*): It's not that you're afraid I might put the case for selling?

TOM: It's not a question of putting the case. They don't care how they get their money, so long as they get it.

MARY: I'll ask how long they can give us, and what scale of payment they'll accept. Then I'll report back.

ROBERT: And we'll make a decision together.

MARY: But I will try to persuade you.

ROBERT: Even though you'd be dragging a debt behind you for twenty years?

MARY: I don't care. Not if Downton is self-sufficient by the end of it.

ROBERT *(with a sigh)*: I can see I'll spend the rest of my life paying by installments.

He sits down on the settee opposite his wife.

MARY *(helping herself to coffee)*: Papa, you always say we're not the owners of Downton, but the caretakers. Very well. Let's take care of it. *(In the background, Rose comes walking in. Robert stands in greeting.)* Aunt Rosamund said we can stay with her. *(She sits down next to Cora.)* You don't mind keeping an eye on the children, do you, Mama?

Cora smiles. She'd like nothing better.

ROSE *(enthusiastically)*: Is this London? When are you going? Can I come?

MARY: Tomorrow, and I don't see why not.

CORA: Nor me. *(To Mary)* Will you meet Tony Gillingham while you're there?

MARY: I don't think so. Why should I?

CORA: Just thought you might.

MARY *(annoyed)*: Don't be transparent, Mama. It doesn't suit you. *Tom leaves the room.*

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Tom, coming out of the library, walks across the hall. Edna addresses him from the shadows.

EDNA: I thought you might come down to see me. After last night. *Tom looks around furtively to check that they're alone, then approaches her.*

TOM *(in a low voice)*: Look, Edna, I blush to admit it, but I was very drunk.

EDNA: So you're not going to deny it?

TOM *(deeply embarrassed)*: Of course not. And if I behaved badly, I am sorry. You'll just have to put it down to our low spirits, and self indulgence.

Through the half-open door of the dining room, Thomas is listening.

EDNA: I suppose you're so cold because you're ashamed of what you did.

TOM: I'm neither cold nor ashamed. But, as I say, if I made a mistake, then I'm sorry. I dare say we both are.

He walks upstairs. Thomas withdraws quickly to make sure he's not seen.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Ivy is preparing something elaborate with green asparagus. Daisy is working nearby. The footmen walk in with empty trays.

ALFRED: What are you making there?

IVY: Feuillettes.

She pronounces it „foy-tay“, which I'm not sure is correct, but it sure sounds fancy.

JIMMY: What's that when it's at home?

IVY: Puff pastry layers with asparagus.

DAISY: And I'm doing the hollandaise.

JIMMY: Do they really like that stuff, or do they order it just to show off?

ALFRED: We don't all have to live off battered fish and meat pies.

IVY: It's the first thing Mrs Patmore's trusted me with. First big thing. I'm quite nervous.

MRS PATMORE: *(popping up behind her like a jack-in-the-box)*: So you should be. Mess it up and it's back to kindergarten. (*)

**) Which is a great quip, but anachronistic. The word 'kindergarten' was created by the German early education pioneer Friedrich Froebel in the late 18th century and was in use internationally by the 19th century, but really only in academic discussion. As institutions, 'kindergartens' were not widespread in 1920s England, certainly not in rural Yorkshire. And even where they existed, in cities or attached to large factories, they would have been known as 'creches' or 'nurseries' instead. To this day, unlike in the US, 'kindergarten' is not widely used in the UK to refer to early education institutions.*

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM. DAY

Tom is packing a suitcase. presumably for his upcoming trip to London with Mary. The door opens and Edna comes in, uninvited.

TOM: What are you doing?

EDNA *(closing the door behind her, sounding close to tears)*: You can't treat a poor girl like this.

TOM: Like what?

EDNA: To use her one minute and to cast her aside the next.

TOM: I've said I'm sorry -

EDNA: Yes, you're sorry. I know. *(In a horrified whisper)* But suppose I'm pregnant. What will you do then?

TOM: Don't be ridiculous. You can't be pregnant. It's not as easy as that.

EDNA: But it is. Just as easy.

TOM: What's the point in talking about it now? You won't know for weeks.

EDNA: Because I must be sure that you'll marry me if I'm carrying your child. *(Tom shakes his head in disbelief and goes on fussing with his suitcase to avoid her eyes.)* I need to know that you won't cast me off, that you'll be a man of honour if it comes to it. And don't say I'm not good enough. If you were good enough for Lady Sybil Crawley, then I'm good enough for you.

TOM *(angrily)*: Don't speak her name.

EDNA *(with a glance at his bed)*: You weren't so severe last night. *(He looks down, ashamed.)* All I need is your word that you'll marry me if there's a baby. Don't worry. If it happens, I mean to

make a go of being your wife. I won't hold you back. You won't have any regrets.

TOM: I am already full of regrets. There is nothing but regret in me.

But he's not going to give her what she wants. She walks out.

EXT. DOWNTON VILLAGE. THE CHURCH YARD. DAY

Violet and Isobel are walking together. Going by the vicar standing in the background with other people from the village, they've just come out of church.

VIOLET: Did you enjoy the concert?

ISOBEL: I did. It was a great treat to hear Melba in person.

VIOLET: Hmm. And the evening generally?

She is smiling. Isobel is not.

ISOBEL: You mean did I find it hard to see Mary come alive again? Yes, I did, I confess it. But I don't think my feelings are at all defensible.

VIOLET (*seriously*): They are defensible to me.

ISOBEL: But it's immoral to react in such a jealous and selfish way.

VIOLET: Well, if we only had moral thoughts, what would the poor churchmen find to do?

ISOBEL: I'm fond of Mary. I love her. I don't want her to be alone and unhappy. It makes no sense, even to me.

VIOLET: I don't criticise either you or her. But I hope you find a way to make friends with the world again.

She's genuinely trying to help.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. MARY'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Mary is sitting at her dressing table. Anna is doing her hair for dinner.

MARY: When we get to London, would you mind helping Lady Rose? We can't take Madge off Lady Edith. (*Anna doesn't respond. Her eyes are fixed on Mary's hair.*) Anna, are you all right?

ANNA (*curtly*): Yes.

MARY: Only you've been very quiet.

Anna walks away and picks up discarded clothes so she can turn her back to Mary.

ANNA: Will that be all, m'lady?

MARY: Yes, I suppose so.

ANNA: Very good, m'lady.

She walks out.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Cora, too, is at her dressing table. Robert, ready for dinner, is in an armchair. Edna fusses with Cora's hair.

CORA: I telephoned Rosamund.

ROBERT: I thought Mary was doing that.

CORA: Yes, but I wanted to speak to her.

ROBERT: That's a first.

CORA: She'll give a little dinner.

ROBERT: What about Tom?

CORA: She said she won't mind if he wants to be included.

Robert scoffs.

ROBERT: Who could resist such a love call?

CORA: She'll ask that young man for Rose, so it won't be too obvious.

ROBERT: It'll be pretty obvious. Do you think something might come of it?

CORA: Probably not, but I wouldn't mind if it did. After all, being a family means welcoming new members. *(To Edna)* Don't you agree, Braithwaite?

EDNA: I think anyone would be lucky to be a part of this family, m'lady.

CORA *(flattered)*: That's nice. Thank you.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Dinner is about to begin. The family, plus Violet and Isobel, are seated at the table. Robert and Isobel are discussing the idea of setting up an out-clinic at the hospital. Tom, looking despondent, doesn't join the conversation.

ROBERT: Aren't we encouraging a nation of hypochondriacs, if they rush to a doctor at every twinge?

ISOBEL: On the contrary. I think it encourages people to look after themselves and not become a burden.

ROBERT: So you mean to help?

ISOBEL: A little. Just to provide some free labour. No more than that.

ROBERT: I wish someone would provide me with some free labour.

VIOLET: Oh. Lloyd George(*) would never allow it.

A look at Carson tells us that he'd rather not even hear that name mentioned in this house.

**) David Lloyd George, the Liberal prime minister at the time, was known for his social reforms and put an end to a lot of privileges of the British upper class. He especially introduced heavier tax burdens on them, among them the inheritance tax, or 'death duties' that the Granthams are finding so hard to cover.*

CORA *(to Rose)*: Rosamund is so looking forward to seeing you.

EDITH: Poor Aunt Rosamund. We use her like an hotel.

MARY *(with a disapproving look at Edith)*: She enjoys it. It gives her a surrogate real life.

EDITH: What do you think, Tom? Do you think she minds?

Tom is far away and doesn't even hear the question.

MARY: Tom?

Everyone is looking at him expectantly.

TOM: I'm sorry. What were you saying?

MARY: I'd far rather know what you were thinking.

He gives an embarrassed smile and reaches for his glass.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Ivy and Jimmy are alone together in the kitchen. Ivy is putting away the uneaten feuilletes.

JIMMY: Let me taste it.

IVY: Go on, then.

Jimmy takes a bite and pulls a face.

JIMMY (*talking with his mouth full*): It's like eating paper.

IVY (*indignantly*): Thank you!

JIMMY: I mean it. Do you really care about this stuff?

IVY: I want to be a good cook. I want a skill. Why shouldn't I?

JIMMY: You sound like Alfred.

IVY: Well, what do you want?

She walks away with the leftovers. Jimmy follows her.

JIMMY: To have a good time. To see the world. (*He pulls her into his arms as if to dance, and swirls her around.*) To meet beautiful women and spend money and drink champagne.

IVY: You can't make a career out of that.

JIMMY: Some people do. I want a life that's fun.

They've stopped, but he doesn't let go of her, and she sure doesn't mind.

IVY: I wish I was more like you.

Jimmy leans in to kiss her just when Alfred comes walking in, followed by Daisy.

ALFRED: I should report you to Mrs Patmore!

Ivy and Jimmy break apart.

JIMMY: Report me for what?

ALFRED: You know.

IVY: No, he does not know and nor do I.

MRS PATMORE (*walking in*): What don't you know?

IVY: Why everyone's making such a fuss over my cooking.

MRS PATMORE (*encouragingly*): Because you did well, Ivy.

DAISY (*unkindly*): They're not very hard.

MRS PATMORE: They're hard enough for a beginner, as you ought to remember.

DAISY (*with a jealous look at Ivy*): Yes, but Ivy moves so fast for a beginner, don't she.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Bates and Anna come walking along, presumably on their way to attend to Robert and Mary respectively, or maybe already on their way back from undressing them.

ANNA: It's just one night. We'll be back for dinner on Wednesday.

BATES: I'll miss you.

He puts his hand on Anna's shoulder, but she shrugs it off.

ANNA (*sharply*): Don't. (*She pauses.*) I'm sorry. I'm just tired. (*She clears her throat.*) And before you ask, you've done nothing wrong.

BATES: I must have done *something* wrong. You won't talk to me, you won't look at me. I can't come near you.

ANNA: We're in each other's pockets. We live together, we work together. Sometimes I think it's just too much.

She walks on without him.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Carson is pouring a nightcap for Mrs Hughes and himself.

CARSON: There's not a lot to say. We worked in a few theatres together. She had a singing act with her sister. The Lark and the Dove, they were called.

MRS HUGHES: Which was she?

CARSON: The dove, I suppose. Her sister had the voice, but Alice was a gentle soul, a sweet and a gentle soul.

He's finding it easy now to talk about this.

MRS HUGHES: And you were courting?

CARSON: Well, you know how it was then. Not like today. You were lucky if you got to walk them to the corner.

MRS HUGHES: But you wanted to marry her.

CARSON: So much I could taste it. I know, where is that young man now, so full of passion Anyway, she chose Charlie and that was that.

MRS HUGHES: But what's changed?

CARSON: He told me that she regretted it. That she wished she'd chosen me. She's dead now and so it doesn't matter, but that's what she said.

MRS HUGHES: I disagree. It matters a lot. The woman you loved.. loved you.

CARSON: But it doesn't change anything.

MRS HUGHES (*gently*): It changes you, from where I'm looking. *There is a knock at the door. Anna looks in.*

ANNA: You're busy.

CARSON: No, no, no. I'll say goodnight.

MRS HUGHES: Goodnight, Mr Carson.

He walks out and closes the door behind him.

MRS HUGHES: What is it?

ANNA: When I get back from London, I want to move back upstairs.

MRS HUGHES: What? Why, for heaven's sake?

ANNA: Because I can't... (*She starts to cry.*) I can't let him touch me.

MRS HUGHES: But whatever happened was not Mr Bates's fault, surely?

ANNA: Of course not. He is without fault and that's the point. I'm not good enough for him. Not now.

MRS HUGHES: Oh, why say that?

ANNA (*in an increasingly desperate tone*): Because I think that somehow I... I must have made it happen.

MRS HUGHES: Stuff and nonsense! You were attacked by an evil, violent man. There is no sin in that.

ANNA: But I feel dirty. I can't let him touch me because I'm soiled.

MRS HUGHES: Anna, I've been thinking. We must go to the police.

ANNA (*fiercely*): No.

MRS HUGHES: But suppose you're with child. What will you do then?

ANNA: I'll kill myself.

MRS HUGHES: I won't listen to that. No man should be able to do what he did and get away with it.

ANNA (*harshly*): And when Mr Bates has killed him, will you come with me to the prison when my husband is hanged?

MRS HUGHES: But the poor man's heart is breaking for not knowing.

ANNA: Better a broken heart than a broken neck. (*A pause.*) So can I have a room, please?

MRS HUGHES: You can. You must wait until there's some reason for you to give Mr Bates, but I wish you would decide that honesty is the best policy. In the meanwhile, try to take a break from it, while you're in London.

ANNA: There can be no break from it.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Ivy is reluctantly following Jimmy out of the kitchen. Jimmy is carrying a pair of shoes.

JIMMY: Come and talk to me while I'm cleaning them.

IVY: I've got work to do.

JIMMY: Five minutes.

He takes her hand and points her into the boot room. A moment later, he enters it himself. Daisy is watching from behind a corner, then hurries back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Mrs Patmore comes in carrying a tray with dough on it.

MRS PATMORE: Ivy can make the savoury for tonight. There's only three of them, it'll be good practice.

DAISY: What about me?

MRS PATMORE: Collect the trays from the nursery and make the pancakes for the pudding. Put them in the steam warmer.

Alfred comes walking in holding a newspaper.

ALFRED: Have you seen this?

DAISY: What?

ALFRED: They're setting up a training school at the Ritz Hotel in London in honour of Monsieur Escoffier(*). Just for a few candidates.

**) Georges Auguste Escoffier (1846 - 1935) was a famous French chef, restaurateur and culinary writer who popularized and updated the traditional French haute cuisine, working in London and Paris during the 1890s and the early part of the 20th century, in partnership with hotelier César Ritz. Escoffier also published 'Le Guide Culinaire', which is still used as a major reference work. So being offered to train in Escoffier's methods at the Ritz itself would have been the culinary equivalent of a scholarship for Oxford or Cambridge.*

DAISY: And how much will it cost?

ALFRED: Nothing. If they pass the test they get free training, a basic wage and the chance of a job after. They have two examinations a year.

MRS PATMORE: You could do that, Daisy.

DAISY (*indignantly*): Are you trying to get rid of me?

ALFRED: Where's Ivy? She ought to see it.

MRS PATMORE: She's around here somewhere.

DAISY: She's in the boot room.

The moment Alfred has gone, she thinks better of it and hurries after him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Too late. Alfred has already pushed the door to the boot room open and walked in on Jimmy and Ivy obviously kissing. He stands there, looking desperately unhappy for a moment, then walks wordlessly back past Daisy and hurries up the stairs.

EXT. LONDON. OUTSIDE ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Just to establish where we are.

INT. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

Mary hurries in, pulling on her gloves.

MARY: Sorry to keep you waiting, but Anna couldn't find - Oh. *The assembled dinner party includes, to her surprise, Tony Gillingham.*

GILLINGHAM: I hope I'm a surprise and not a shock.

MARY (*genuinely shaken*): Well, you're certainly unexpected.

ROSAMUND: I thought I'd get up a small party, just an informal one. (*Indicating Sir John*) You remember Sir John Bullock?

MARY (*rather coolly*): He and Lord Gillingham have just been staying with us.

ROSAMUND: Cora said it had been a success.

ROSE (*to the two male guests*): How clever of you both to be free at such short notice.

SIR JOHN: They brought your message to my club. I thought I had an evening of cards and whisky ahead, so it was a welcome change of plan.

MARY (*to Gillingham*): And what about you?

GILLINGHAM: Well, I cancelled what I was supposed to be doing.

MARY: I hope Miss Lane Fox didn't mind.

GILLINGHAM: Don't punish me for wanting to see you again.

ROSE: John's got a marvellous idea for later on, haven't you?

SIR JOHN: After dinner, I thought I could take you all to hear the new band at the Lotus Club. If you'll let me?

ROSE (*to Gillingham*): You and Mary can be my chaperones, so what could be more proper?

SIR JOHN: It isn't too jazzy, Lady Rosamund. Just a club with a good dance band.

GILLINGHAM: We can keep the young in order. (*With a considerate look at Mary*) That's, if you like the sound of it.

ROSE: Please say yes, Mary, do. It's such eons since we've had any fun.

MARY (*evasively*): What about you, Tom?

TOM: I'll stay here with Lady Rosamund.

ROSAMUND: Oh, I was thinking I might go, too.

ROSE: That settles it. Tom can come as Aunt Rosamund's partner.
GILLINGHAM (to Tom): Well?
TOM: I give in.
Because what else can he say, poor chap.

INT. LONDON. LOTUS CLUB. NIGHT

This is not a dimly lit, disreputable night club, but a very posh place. The company of six are ascending the stairs. Lively jazz music can be heard from the main room, then applause. Inside the main room, they approach their table.

SIR JOHN (calling to a waiter): Some more champagne over here!

MARY: I don't need any more.

SIR JOHN: Nonsense. How can we keep going if we're not properly fuelled?

GILLINGHAM: I can keep going.

He holds his hand out to Mary, inviting her to dance, while the other four sit down. Mary and Gillingham start to dance. This is a slower number, „April Showers“ (Louis Silvers/B. G. DeSylva), which happens to be the same song that Rose and Sir John were talking about in the previous episode when they first met.

GILLINGHAM (with a glance back at Sir John): I'm afraid his evening of cards and whisky had already begun when he got your aunt's invitation.

They share a little laugh. The singer of the band comes into view. He's a black man. He sings beautifully throughout the following conversation.

GILLINGHAM: I hope you don't mind my ambushing you like this.

MARY: It was Mama and Aunt Rosamund who ambushed me. And I'm glad you came.

GILLINGHAM: Really?

MARY: Absolutely. When I'm at Downton I feel so weighed down, as if I were stuck at school for the rest of my life. (Gillingham chuckles.) But tonight you've made me play truant. And I like it.

GILLINGHAM: Can I see you again before you go?

MARY: How? The meeting's at noon, and then we go straight to the station.

GILLINGHAM (disappointed): Oh.

MARY: And anyway, you've told me you're engaged to be married.

GILLINGHAM: Almost engaged.

MARY: Almost is good enough for me. And even if you weren't the truth is... I'm not ready, and I won't be for some years.

GILLINGHAM: I don't believe that.

MARY: Don't misunderstand me. It's been lovely, here and at Downton. I feel quite refreshed. But now it's time to go back to real life again.

GILLINGHAM: And that's doesn't include me.

MARY: How could it?

The song ends, and they break apart to applaud the singer and band.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Alfred comes into the kitchen, carrying a stack of books. Mrs Patmore, without her apron and carrying a cup of tea, looks on while Daisy and the kitchen maids seem to be cleaning the place up for the night.

ALFRED: I'm gonna go through these books, I can tell I've got some big gaps.

MRS PATMORE: Well, make a list, and we'll see what we can do. *(To Daisy)* You'll help, won't you?

DAISY: 'Course. I just think it's a shame if Alfred has to go.

ALFRED: You don't know they'll test me, let alone offer me a place.

IVY: I couldn't go to London, me.

MRS PATMORE: Oh, you could. If London was right for the next step in your journey.

Jimmy walks in, with his hair falling over his face in a pretty-messy kind of way.

IVY *(to Alfred)*: Are you sure you want to be a chef?

JIMMY *(with a groan)*: Not this chef business again.

MRS PATMORE *(irritated)*: Oh, just because you have no dreams-

JIMMY: I have dreams. But they don't involve peeling potatoes. *Ivy laughs.*

ALFRED *(not amused)*: That's it, I'm off to bed.

IVY: Me, too. Goodnight, Mrs Patmore.

Alfred and Ivy both walk out.

MRS PATMORE *(to Daisy)*: You must help him, Daisy. Although it'll be hard, it'll be better if you part friends, I promise.

DAISY *(despondently)*: One moment of nastiness, and I'll be paying for the rest of my days.

MRS PATMORE: Maybe it's good if he goes. Sometimes you can spend too long on a one-sided love.

She gives Daisy a sympathetic pat on the back.

INT. LONDON. THE LOTUS CLUB. NIGHT

The band has begun another song - a tango. Rosamund and Tom are dancing.

ROSAMUND: So, how are you enjoying it?

TOM: What?

ROSAMUND: Being a member of the family Crawley?

TOM: They've been kind to me. Kinder than I deserve.

ROSAMUND: Oh, I'm sure that's not true.

TOM: It is true. Too true.

They spot Sir John swirling Rose around rather forcefully, making silly noises. He's obviously very drunk. Rose seems rather overwhelmed.

ROSAMUND: Oh, dear! Er, should we sit down?

ROSE *(catching on, to Sir John)*: Aunt Rosamund's gone back to the table. D'you think we should go?

SIR JOHN: Absolutely not.

He's so plastered he can barely get the words out straight.

ROSE: Um...please. We're making a show of ourselves.

SIR JOHN: Well, then let's put on a great show!

This is getting quite out of hand.

ROSE (*sharply*): Enough! People are looking at us.
SIR JOHN: Good. Let them see how it's done. (*He stops.*) Oh, my -
He lets go of her and hurries out, his hand pressed to his mouth. Rose is left standing alone on the dance floor, deeply embarrassed. The black singer, Jack Ross, spots it, walks towards her and starts dancing with her.
JACK ROSS: Are you all right?
He speaks with an American accent.
ROSE: Oh, um... He's not normally like that.
Rosamund sees what's going on on the dance floor.
ROSAMUND (*alarmed*): Oh, Mary.
ROSE (*to Jack*): I don't think he is. I don't know him that well.
JACK: I should keep it that way.
ROSE: I really am all right now. Thank you, you've saved my face.
JACK: Jack Ross, at your service.
ROSE: I'm Rose MacClare. How do you do.
Tom approaches them.
TOM: Rose. I've been sent to fetch you.
Jack stops dancing with Rose and lets go of her.
JACK: Well, if your friends are waiting...
ROSE: I'm so sorry. Um, this is my cousin, Tom Branson. This is Mr Ross. He rescued me from deep humiliation.
TOM: We should be going.
Rose gives Jack an apologetic smile, then moves back towards their table with Tom.
ROSE: There was no need to be rude.
TOM: I wasn't rude.
ROSE (*to the table at large*): Where's John?
GILLINGHAM: I should think he's gone home.
He, Mary and Rosamund all rise from their chairs.
ROSAMUND: Well, have we all had enough?
ROSE: I hope he paid the bill before he left. Honestly, if it hadn't have been for Mr Ross -
ROSAMUND (*censoriously*): You looked as if you were having quite an adventure with your gallant band leader.
ROSE: He was terribly nice! And John had made me look like such a fool!
The others walk out, making Rose feel rather stupid. Before she, too, leaves, she exchanges a last look and smile with Jack Ross, who has resumed singing.

INT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. THE HALL. NIGHT

The four remaining party-goers return and take off their coats. Gillingham must have said goodbye earlier.
ROSAMUND: I'm going up.
ROSE (*with a sigh*): I'll come with you. I'm whacked.
ROSAMUND: I'm assuming Sir John Bullock has blotted his copybook for you. (*)

*) For those not familiar with the expression, this means to tarnish someone's reputation. A copybook was a child's school book

with exercises for neat handwriting. A blotted copybook would get bad marks.

ROSE: Oh, I don't know. Doesn't everyone deserve a second chance?

ROSAMUND: Not everyone, no. Things have come to a pretty pass when you have to be rescued by a black bandleader.

ROSE: I was jolly pleased anyone wanted to rescue me, and so would you have been.

Rose and Rosamund start walking up the stairs together.

MARY (to Tom): What's the matter? You've been in a glump all day.

TOM: If I told you, you'd despise me.

MARY: It may surprise you to hear that I said that to someone once. But I did confess in the end and it made things a lot better.

TOM: Well, I couldn't say it. Not to you.

MARY: Then find someone you can tell. It will help more than you know. And on that modest note... goodnight.

TOM: Goodnight.

She walks up the stairs. Tom looks after her guiltily.

INT. DOWNTON ABBEY. BOOT ROOM. DAY

Edna is polishing a pair of lady's shoes, humming to herself.

Thomas looks in by the open door.

THOMAS: I'm glad someone's cheerful. (He takes a few steps into the room.) Although I'm surprised it's you.

EDNA (putting away the cleaning things): Why?

THOMAS: Well, you were very down in the mouth when you were talking to Mr Branson the other day.

EDNA (with a smirk): You think you can read me like a book, don't you?

THOMAS (smirking right back): I pride myself on keeping my eyes open, yes.

EDNA: Oh, you'll need to keep your eyes open, and your ears, too, where I'm concerned.

THOMAS: Meaning?

EDNA: Meaning there'll come a day when you'll be glad you kept in with me.

She walks out past him, humming again.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. FRONT DOOR. DAY

A car arrives, bringing Mary, Tom, Rose and Anna back from London. Alfred and Jimmy stand ready. The car stops. Jimmy holds the door open for the ladies.

ROSE: Hello, James, Alfred.

The ladies walk towards the front door. Anna turns aside towards the back yard.

MARY: Rose, Anna needs to use your curling irons.

ROSE: All right. I'll tell Madge.

MARY: Mine are broken.

Tom, after a moment's hesitation, walks after Anna in the direction of the yard, too. Mary looks after him, surprised.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR. DAY

Bates walks out of the servants' hall to meet Anna, smiling.

BATES: You're back. Good. How was it?

ANNA: All right. Lady Mary seemed quite pleased.

She's careful to keep a distance from him.

BATES: Come here.

ANNA *(evasively)*: Better get on.

BATES: Kiss me. Please. Or tell me what's happened. One or the other.

ANNA: Don't bully me.

BATES *(taking a few steps towards her)*: Anna, you're upset. You're unhappy, and I don't know why. You say it's not me. Well, I hope that's true. But there is a reason, and I need to find out what it is. I won't press you now if it makes things worse, but in the end I will find out.

Carson walks up to them.

CARSON: Anna, could you tell Lady Mary Lord Gillingham is here?

Bates walks off, frustrated.

ANNA *(alarmed)*: Lord Gillingham? But we just saw him in London.

CARSON: Well, he's come back.

ANNA: Is his valet with him? I mean, is he staying? She'll want to know.

CARSON: He doesn't seem to be. Now, will you give her the message, please?

He senses that there's something wrong, but he's far from guessing what it is.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. DAY

We find out where exactly Tom was headed on his arrival. He's sitting slumped in a chair in a corner of Mrs Hughes' sitting room, a picture of misery.

MRS HUGHES: Well, this is a sorry tale.

TOM: Damn right it is. And it's all my fault.

MRS HUGHES: Not all, but it is partly your fault. There's no point in denying that. *(She rises from her own chair. He politely follows suit, but she waves him down again.)* And you expect me to help you with it?

TOM: I couldn't think of anyone else to turn to.

MRS HUGHES: Not the most flattering invitation I've ever known. *(Though, seriously, this is a huge compliment.)* The question is, what's to be done?

TOM *(desperately)*: Should I speak to her again? Should I beg?

MRS HUGHES: We've not quite come to that.

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Mary comes hurrying down the stairs and walks across to the library, hesitating just for a second before opening the door.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Tony Gillingham is in the library when Mary enters.

MARY: It is you. When Anna told me, I thought there must be a mistake.

He greets her with a smile.

MARY: How did you get here?

GILLINGHAM: On the same train as you. But I was travelling in third.

MARY: Why?

GILLINGHAM: Because I didn't want to speak to you in a railway carriage with, you know, Tom and everyone else listening.

MARY: Would you like some tea?

GILLINGHAM: Yes, if I may.

Mary walks over to pull the bell, then turns back towards him.

MARY: I assume you're going to give me an explanation at some stage.

GILLINGHAM: It's not complicated. I have made a long journey to ask a short question. Will you marry me?

Mary digests this for a moment.

MARY: Tony, you don't know me.

GILLINGHAM: How can you say that? We've known each other since we were children.

MARY: Yes, but with a very long gap in the middle. We only met properly a few days ago, and now you want to spend the rest of your life with me?

GILLINGHAM: Yes. That's exactly what I want. I love you, Mary, and there must be a way to convince you.

The door opens and Jimmy stands there, awaiting orders.

MARY: Ah, James, could you bring us some tea?

JIMMY: Very good, m'lady.

They wait for him to walk out and close the door.

GILLINGHAM: Look, I never met Matthew, but I'm sure he was a splendid chap.

MARY: He was.

GILLINGHAM: But he's dead and I'm alive. We're good together, Mary. We could be so very happy, if you'd let us.

MARY: And Miss Lane Fox?

GILLINGHAM: I like Mabel. A lot. I even think that I could come to love her. But I'm not in love with her as I am with you. *(He walks closer to her.)* You fill my brain. I see you when I close my eyes. I, I can't stop thinking about you, where you are, what you're doing...

MARY: You're very persuasive.

GILLINGHAM: Then be persuaded.

MARY: I only wish I could.

GILLINGHAM: Not now, if you don't want to. You take as long as you need, two years, three. Just so long as I know that you're going to marry me in the end.

The door opens again, this time to admit Robert.

ROBERT: Tony! Why on earth are you here? Did you leave something behind?

GILLINGHAM: No, I had some business nearby, so I thought I'd look in.

ROBERT: Are you staying?

GILLINGHAM: Er, yes, if you don't mind. I brought a bag, on the off chance.

ROBERT: And your man?

GILLINGHAM: I didn't want to make a fuss. It's only one night.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. DAY

Tom has stayed in there and is waiting for the absent Mrs Hughes to return. She now opens the door and hurries back inside, carrying a small book.

TOM: I can't stay much longer. Nanny's bringing down Sybbie in a moment.

MRS HUGHES: It won't take long. She's coming now.

There's a knock at the door. Edna pushes it slowly open and sees Tom standing there.

EDNA: I see.

MRS HUGHES: What do you see?

EDNA: Well, I know now why you sent for me. You're going to gang up on me and try to pay me off.

MRS HUGHES: Why would we pay you off?

She and Tom stand there shoulder to shoulder, presenting a united front, but Edna keeps her cool throughout the entire scene.

EDNA: Well, if I'm pregnant. But I want my baby to have a father and I won't change my mind about that, however much you offer.

MRS HUGHES: I wasn't planning to make an offer. Because there is no child.

TOM *(surprised)*: What?

EDNA: You can't know that. Nobody can.

MRS HUGHES: But I do know that, actually. *(To Tom)* Edna's not pregnant. Do you think she would have let herself get pregnant before she was sure of you? And she knew how to prevent it. *(She turns to pick up the book she's just brought in.)* Why else would you buy this book of instructions? *(She tilts it to look at the title on the spine.)* Marie Stopes. „Married Love“. (*) Though in your case it was unmarried love, wasn't it, dear?

**) Marie Stopes (1880 - 1959) was a British academic - originally a palaeobotanist - and women's rights campaigner. She was an early pioneer of birth control and co-founder of the first birth control clinic in the UK. Her controversial but very popular book, „Married Love“ (1918), contained practical advice on contraception, the most common methods available to women at the time being a cervical cap, chemical spermicides and coitus interruptus. It's most likely the former, available from pharmacies at the time, that both Edna and later Mary use to ensure they don't get pregnant.*

EDNA *(angrily)*: You've been through my things.

TOM: What if I'd agreed to marry her and there was no baby?

MRS HUGHES: Once you'd agreed she would have got pregnant, don't you worry. I don't know whom she would have selected as the father, but no doubt she had a candidate in mind.

EDNA: What proof have you got?

MRS HUGHES: Oh, none, at the moment. But if you persist in your lie, I'll summon the doctor and have him examine you.

EDNA: You can't force me.

MRS HUGHES (*fiercely*): Oh, yes, I can. First, I'll lock you in this room and then, when he's arrived, I'll tear the clothes off your body and hold you down, if that's what it takes.

(Is it only me, or does anyone else feel slightly uncomfortable about Mrs Hughes threatening one of her own protégées with sexual assault? Especially after what's just happened to Anna?)

EDNA: Well, you can't stop me from speaking to her ladyship.

MRS HUGHES: No, you're right. That I cannot do. *(She literally grows a few more inches.)* But if you want a reference, or another job during your natural lifetime, you'll hold your tongue. *(She thrusts the book at Edna.)* This is yours, I think.

Edna takes it and walks out wordlessly.

TOM: But even with the book, how did you know she wasn't pregnant?

MRS HUGHES: I didn't. And the doctor couldn't have told a thing yet, either. But at least we know the truth now.

Tom nods.

INT. BACK STAIRS. DAY

Edna, book in hand, hurries up the stairs and passes Thomas.

THOMAS: What's the matter with you?

EDNA (*rushing past him*): Never mind.

THOMAS: I thought we were all about to be dancing to your tune. *She stops and turns back, a few steps above him.*

EDNA: Do you ever wonder why people dislike you so much? It's because you are sly, and oily, and smug. *(Thomas smiles as if that's a compliment.)* And I'm really pleased I got the chance to tell you before I go.

THOMAS (*still smiling*): Well, if we're playing the truth game, then you're a manipulative little witch, and if your schemes have come to nothing, I'm delighted.

She turns and hurries off.

THOMAS (*calling after her*): Are you leaving Downton then?

EDNA (*calling back over her shoulder*): What's it to you?

THOMAS (*to himself*): Oh, plenty. It's plenty to me.

He sounds very content.

EXT. DOWNTON PARK. EVENING

In the fading light, a small figure is seen walking quickly away from the house, suitcase in hand.

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Cora is being dressed for dinner by Anna. Robert, in black tie, comes in.

CORA (*to Robert*): You won't believe what's happened. Braithwaite's handed in her notice.

ROBERT: What? Why?

CORA: Family troubles. Or so she says.

ROBERT: Are we living under a curse, doomed to lose our lady's maids at regular intervals? Anna, did you know about this? (*Anna just looks down.*) Is anything the matter?

ANNA: No, m'lord.

ROBERT: You seem very quiet lately. I hope Bates is behaving himself.

ANNA: He never does anything else. (*Robert chuckles, content. To Cora, handing her her gloves*) Will that be all, m'lady?

CORA: Yes, thank you.

Anna leaves.

ROBERT: Did they tell you Tony Gillingham's asked himself for the night?

CORA: They have. We must try not to read too much into it.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

The family are assembled with their after-dinner drinks. Mary and Gillingham are in a conversation by the door. Violet and Robert are in armchairs, watching them.

VIOLET: Why are you in your rompers?

ROBERT: Tony only brought black tie. He didn't think we'd be changing if no-one was staying.

VIOLET: So another brick is pulled from the wall. (*A pause.*) Why is Lord Gillingham back so soon?

ROBERT: That's the big question. But we're very glad he is.

VIOLET: Not all of us, I imagine.

Isobel approaches them.

ISOBEL (*to Violet*): Are you ready to go? Carson says the car's outside.

VIOLET: Oh, yes, I think so.

Robert gets up and addresses Gillingham.

ROBERT: So, you're off in the morning?

GILLINGHAM: I am.

ROBERT: Pity we didn't get Edith to wait a day. (*To Mary*) Why did she go to London, anyway? I asked, but she assumed an air of mystery.

MARY: Honestly, Papa. Edith's about as mysterious as a bucket. She's gone to see Michael Gregson.

VIOLET: Ooh, that's the next thing to look forward to.

ROBERT: I don't dislike him.

VIOLET: Oh, what a recommendation.

She and Mary embrace.

VIOLET: Goodnight, dear.

MARY: Goodnight, Granny.

VIOLET: Goodnight, Lord Gillingham.

GILLINGHAM: Goodnight.

Mary and Isobel embrace.

MARY: Goodnight, Isobel.

ISOBEL: Goodnight, my dear. (*She holds her hand out to Gillingham.*) Goodnight, Lord Gillingham. (*They shake hands.*) I hope we see you up here again before too long.

GILLINGHAM: I hope so, too.

Isobel walks out.

ROBERT (*in an aside to Violet*): That was nobly done.

VIOLET (*sincerely*): Mm-hm. She is a good woman, and while the phrase is enough to set one's teeth on edge, there are moments when her virtue demands admiration.

ROBERT: I agree, although I'm rather surprised to hear you say it.

VIOLET: Not as surprised as I am.

She chuckles.

EXT. LONDON. MICHAEL GREGSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The light is on behind the large glass window.

GREGSON (V. O.): Ah, Monk's left the coffee. He's cleared off till the morning.

INT. GREGSON'S FLAT. NIGHT

Gregson and Edith are returning from dining out.

EDITH: Does that mean we have to do the washing up?

GREGSON: No, no, no, he'll do all that tomorrow. He comes back at eight.

EDITH: That's quite a discipline.

GREGSON: Why do you say that?

They sit down on his small settee.

EDITH: It reminds me of Lady Warwick having the stable bell at Easton rung at six, so everyone had to time to get to the right beds before the maids and valets arrived.

GREGSON: Isn't that apocryphal?

EDITH: No, actually. Papa and Mama stayed there once and they said it was quite true. Of course they already were in the right bed. (*They share a laugh.*) I don't know why I said all that.

GREGSON: I hope I do.

EDITH (*blushing*): Don't be silly.

Gregson kisses her hand.

GREGSON: Will you miss me?

EDITH: Of course. (*She sighs.*) Is it really only a week until you leave?

GREGSON: Mm.

EDITH: You haven't told me if there's anything I can do to keep things running whilst you're in Munich?

GREGSON: Well, as a matter of fact I've got something I want you to sign. It will give you some authority over my affairs. (*He walks over to his desk.*) Come here.

He lays out a document for her. She sits down and looks over it.

EDITH: What'll you do when you get there?

GREGSON: I thought I'd write a novel. Or try to. (*She signs the paper.*) I always fancied myself a novelist and never had the time. Now I've got nothing but.

EDITH: How long is it going to take?

GREGSON: I'm not sure. I'll set the wheels in motion when I arrive and we'll stop when and if we hit a rock. But the lawyers are quite optimistic.

EDITH: I thought lawyers were never optimistic.

She rises.

GREGSON: That's why it's a good sign.

EDITH: Are we going out tonight? Rose was talking about the new band at the Lotus Club.

GREGSON: Hm. Well, no, I hadn't planned on going anywhere.
He leans against the side of the desk. They're very close together.

EDITH: No?

GREGSON: No.

They kiss.

EDITH (*hesitantly*): Michael, I...

GREGSON: Oh, my darling.

They start kissing passionately again.

INT. MRS HUGHES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Anna follows Mrs Hughes into the room. Carson is behind them.

ANNA (*to Mrs Hughes*): So I can move back in? Edna's room will be empty now, and if I'm to dress her ladyship and Lady Mary, I think it makes sense.

MRS HUGHES: If that's what you really want.

With Carson present, they can't speak openly. Anna nods and walks out.

CARSON: I'm sorry it didn't work out with Miss Braithwaite. Not that I care much for her. I'm sorry about the disruption for her ladyship.

MRS HUGHES (*with a sigh*): One of these days I'll tell you the whole story. Then you'll be less sorry. But the truth is, we were mad as hatters to let her back in the house.

Carson huffs. Mrs Hughes hands him a loosely wrapped package.

MRS HUGHES: I've got a present for you. It's for your desk.

Carson unwraps it. It's a framed photograph.

CARSON: What made you think of that?

MRS HUGHES: It's good for you to be reminded you once had a heart. And it'll reassure the staff to know you belong to the human race.

CARSON: This frame looks expensive. She was pretty though, wasn't she?

MRS HUGHES: She was. Very pretty. And I'm sure she was very nice. And now you can look at that and remember her.

Carson, whose eyes were on the photograph until now, looks across at her. He's deeply moved.

CARSON: You're right, Mrs Hughes. I will. The business of life is the acquisition of memories. In the end that's all there is. Thank you.

He sets the frame up on the table, revealing the picture of his long lost love, Alice Neal.

INT. ROBERT'S DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert is getting ready for bed with Bates in attendance.

ROBERT: Bates, do you know anything about why Braithwaite left?

BATES: I don't, m'lord. They say she had some troubles at home.

ROBERT: I hope it's not too much for Anna. (*Bates, who has his back turned to him, doesn't respond. Robert realises there's something wrong.*) Bates?

BATES: She wants to move back into the house, m'lord. (*He helps Robert into his dressing gown.*) She says she needs to, if she is to perform her duties properly.

ROBERT: Is something wrong between you?

BATES: Yes. But I don't know what it is. She says it's nothing I've done, but how can I believe that. It must be my fault, because she is incapable of fault. I don't know what to do.

ROBERT: There is no such thing as a marriage between two intelligent people that does not sometimes have to negotiate thin ice. I know. You must wait until things become clear. And they will. The damage cannot be irreparable when a man and a woman love each other as much as you do. (*Bates is trying hard to keep a stiff upper lip.*) My goodness, that was strong talk for an Englishman.

Bates' face shows the shadow of a smile.

INT. LONDON. ROSAMUND'S HOUSE. DAWN

Edith, on stockinged feet, carrying her shoes, is tip-toeing up the stairs. At the top of the stairs is a housemaid with a stack of linen in her arms. She sees Edith and moves away quickly.

EXT. DOWNTON PARK. DAY

Mary and Gillingham are taking a walk.

GILLINGHAM: I don't really want to go back to London, but I suppose I have to.

MARY: Hm.

GILLINGHAM: That's after I get your answer, that is.

MARY: I was wondering how long it would take you to get to the point.

GILLINGHAM: Are you ready?

MARY: What happens if I refuse?

GILLINGHAM: We both know I must marry. I don't need to explain to you how the system we're trapped in works.

MARY: Please, don't rush into anything.

GILLINGHAM: I won't make a fool of Mabel. It wouldn't be fair. I'd break up with her for you and I will credit her by saying that she'd understand.

MARY: She sounds rather fine.

GILLINGHAM: If you don't want me then... I think I'm honour-bound to go through with it.

Mary looks down. A pause.

MARY: It's no good, Tony. (*She's close to tears.*) I can't. I'm not free of him. Yesterday you said I fill your brain. Well, Matthew fills mine. Still. And I don't want to be without him. Not yet. *Gillingham looks around the beautiful park, deeply disappointed. There's a long pause.*

GILLINGHAM: Can I ask one favour? And then I really will go and leave you in peace.

MARY: What is it?

GILLINGHAM: Will you kiss me? Please. I'll never love again as I love you in this moment. And I must have something to remember. *Reluctantly at first, then passionately, Mary kisses him. They break apart after a long moment.*

GILLINGHAM: Goodbye, Mary. My darling Mary. My prayers go with you for everything that you do. *He turns and walks away. Mary stands there, doubting.*

INT. THE HALL. DAY

Robert comes walking out of the library with some papers in his hand. Thomas stands there waiting for him.

THOMAS: May I have a word, your lordship?

ROBERT *(distractedly, his eyes on the papers)*: Hm. *They walk along together.*

THOMAS: If Miss Braithwaite is not coming back, I wondered if her replacement had been decided on.

ROBERT: Not yet.

Tom walks past them.

THOMAS: Only I have a candidate I'd like to put forward, who I know very well and is more than qualified.

ROBERT: You must discuss it with her ladyship, but I've no objection.

In the background, Mary comes walking in by the front door, which Alfred has opened to her.

THOMAS: She's a little older than Miss Braithwaite.

TOM *(drily)*: Well, that won't hurt.

ROBERT *(looking across at Tom in surprise)*: Why do you say that?

TOM: No reason.

Mary approaches them.

ROBERT *(to Mary)*: Where's Tony? Has he gone?

MARY: He thought he'd said all his goodbyes, and he wanted to catch the half past nine. *(To Tom)* Are you ready?

Tom nods.

ROBERT: Where are you going?

MARY: York. For estimates to re-equip the saw mill.

TOM *(to Mary)*: So, will we be seeing Tony Gillingham again?

MARY *(in a would-be unconcerned tone)*: I'm sure we will... eventually. He was telling me about Mabel Lane Fox. Apparently, they're getting engaged. *(Robert looks as if all his hopes have just come crashing down, which they have.)* I imagine he'll be very taken up with that.

ROBERT: Yes, I dare say.

MARY: Right, I'll get my hat.

She walks away in the direction of the staircase. Robert and Tom part company, both looking unhappy.

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

A footman opens the door to admit Edith. Rosamund, sitting at her writing desk, greets her rather coolly.

ROSAMUND: There you are. Well, you don't look too bad. I thought you might be a little the worse for wear.

EDITH: Why should I be?

She sits down on a settee. Rosamund turns to face her.

ROSAMUND: After only two hours' sleep. My maid saw you come in. Aren't you going to tell me what kept you out until six in the morning?

EDITH: Well, we...

She laughs, embarrassed.

ROSAMUND (*sharply*): Please don't say you were talking and you lost all track of time. Quite apart from the morality - or lack of it in this situation - you do realise you are taking a great risk? You're trusting this man with your name and your reputation.

EDITH: He wants to marry me. Of course I trust him.

ROSAMUND: As you trusted Sir Anthony Strallan?

EDITH (*deeply hurt*): That was rather unkind. (*A pause.*) Are you going to tell Mama?

ROSAMUND: No. You're a grown woman and I'm not a spy. But you're gambling with your future, my dear. Be under no illusions. A lot may be changing, but some things will stay the same.

EDITH: I'm not a bit sorry.

ROSAMUND: No, you don't look sorry. But you may find yourself feeling very sorry later.

She gets up and walks out.

EXT. DOWNTON ABBEY. DAY

An open car is waiting for Mary and Tom at the front door. They come walking out.

MARY: You seem more cheerful than you were in London.

TOM: I am. I took your advice. I talked it over and I'm off the hook.

Jimmy stands holding the car door open for them. Tom gets behind the wheel. Mary sits next to him.

MARY: So whatever it was, it's gone away?

TOM: I think so.

MARY: I envy you.

TOM: Why?

MARY: Because I've just done something which I have a sneaking fear I may regret... for a long time to come.

Tom starts the car and drives off, looking pensive. In the background, two nannies walk past pushing the prams with little George and Sybbie inside.

END CREDITS