I Know What I'm Doing

By Marla Lerwin
"Scarborough Fair"

[Man] This is Yorkshire, England.
A land steeped in history and folklore.
Where a man's word is his bond.
And this bond, the centuries
that he cannot shake
from his character.

A land steeped in history.
Where a woman can be who she wants to be.
Her character formed
by decades of progress
and emancipation won by
determination and action.

[Alan] Darling, yes
everything's arranged.
I'll be with you tomorrow.
I've got Frankfurt on hold,
I have to get back to them.
You're always so busy lately, Alan.

[Alan] You want us to have
a great lifestyle or not?
I'm doing this for us, you understand?
Yes, of course I understand.
Will you call me later?

[Alan] You bet.
Bye, sweetie.
Bye.

(gentle music)
(cell phone ringing)
June?
Where are you?
I'm just around the corner.
Just closed a big deal.
Had to fight for it.
It's hard with all that's
happened with the banks.
Yeah well I'll come and meet you.
Oh, it'd be lovely to see you.
You too.
I hope I have your blessing.
I'm to be a lady now.
The wife of Sir Alan Pennington.
Your employer?
How did this happen?
We've been in negotiations
for a while now.
Oh, this just another
merger for you then?
No Dad, it's not like that at all.
We've been seeing each
other for months now.
He's very sweet.
He's a bit old for you.
He must be my age.
So, my daughter's to be a trophy wife.
Mum was a lot younger than
you, and you always adored her.
I don't have to worry
about anything anymore.
I'm going to live in a
mansion, have whatever I want.
You always did.
Well I don't think we're
gonna agree on that, Dad.
Let's not differ.
I've made up my mind.
I know what I'm doing.
'Course you do.
You always were difficult, June.
I'm independent.
That's a strength, not a curse.
Tell me one thing then.
Are you gonna marry Sir Alan
or Pennington Imperial Industries?
Dad, let's not do this.
Can't you be happy for me?
I want a child, let's face it.
My clock's ticking.
I wish Mum was here.
I'm going to wear her wedding dress.
She'd say to me, give my
little girl anything she wants.
OK, I give in.
You have my blessing.
Can you take this soup
away please, it's gone cold.
Thank you.
You're already acting
like Lady Pennington, June.
Won't be acting much longer.
I'm getting on the train tomorrow to York.
We're to be married the day
after tomorrow in Caldwell.
Where on earth is that?
It's his country estate.
It's in the East Riding of Yorkshire.
Near Scarborough.
Have you been there before?
Only in my dreams.
Hills with hawks.
Sands with basking
seals, it takes two hours
just to walk around the estate.
I'm sure it does.
Well I thought you preferred
walking around London.
Bright lights, expensive shops.
I've done all of that.
We want to be married
somewhere we can get away.
Everything's planned.
One long romantic weekend.
It's gonna be a short marriage then.
Dad.
Alan is a tycoon.
One weekend away is an eternity
to someone who runs a multinational.
Am I to be invited?
We won't have any guests.
It's just for the two of us.
You can meet him when
we get back to London.
Our main residence is to be in Chelsea.
Really June, I'm at a loss for words.
After all, you're my only child.
My only family, really must you?
Dad.
Trust me.
I know what I'm doing.
Is there anyone to meet you in York?
Yes.
Everything's taken care of.
Alan's estate manager, Mrs.
Watts, has arranged my journey.
And Mr. Claxton will
be waiting with a car.
Oh, cheer up, Dad.
Your only daughter's getting married.
Be happy for me.
(gentle music)
Do you, June Pennington of
Pennington Imperial Industries,
do you?
[June] Indeed, I do.
Oh, how grand you look, Lady Pennington.
Yes, I do.
Charge that to my account, please.
[June Voiceover] 9:35 a.m.
King's Cross, Platform 2.
Arrive Doncaster 11:12 a.m., Platform 3.

11:
and out the other side.
Arrival in York.

11:
Welcome to god's own county, my lady.
(speaking foreign language)
My name's Claxton.
Lovely to meet you, Claxton.
Is that Tyke you're speaking,
like in Wuthering Height?
Yeah.
It's a Yorkshire dialect, isn't it?
Ah, it is.
God's own language, a miracle of English.
It's about half hour's
drive to the big house.
Is Sir Alan in yet?
Oh, bad luck my lady.
My lady, have you not heard about volcano?
A volcano?
In England?
Aye.
Mr. Howden.
Stanley.
Can you give me a lift to Briley's?
Aye certainly, sir.
Ms. Bennet, this is Mr. Howden.
I beg your pardon.
Pleasure to meet you, Ms. Bennett.
The volcanic ash from Iceland has disrupted my travel plans.
I hope you don't mind sharing.
Oh, no not at all.
Um, may I ask where we're going?
Don't worry.
You will find out.
Geoffrey!
Africa too much for you?
Not at all.
I was too much for it.
Let's have tea, old chap.
Tell me all about your trip, your mission.
Sure they didn't throw you out for misbehaving?
Any photos of the action with you?
This the missus?
Where'd you pick her up, she looks English.
This is Ms. Bennet.
She's going up to the big house.

[June] Hello.
Is she, by gads?
How do you do?
Then she better have some tea, too.
You might get lost up there.
Well...
Best not to disagree with the Major.
He's a bit strange, isn't he?
Who's normal anywhere these days?
Makes me laugh.
Tells great long stories.
I'll tell Stanley to take your bags up to the big house.
I'll walk up with you later.

[June] Hello?
Where's Mrs. Watts?
Some big fuss up at the main house about a wedding. Marriage never interested me. Rather be out on the river, fishing, than under the spell of a woman. Last time I was in a London pub, two politicians were having a heated debate. Finally, one of them jumps up and yells at the other. What about the powerful interest that controls you? At which the other screams back, you leave my wife out of this. Spellbound? Hypnotised by a woman? Not for me, old chap. Not for all the coffee in Brazil. Now now, Major. Ms. Bennett might be the kind of woman a man would enjoy being spellbound by. Sorry, Ms. Bennett, my bachelor views are not meant to offend. None taken, Major, marriage is not for everyone. Nowadays, people seem to view marriage as a trap rather than a joyous event. I still think it's the right thing to do. Call me old fashioned, but I still believe in marriage. If the match is right. Well, of course, that goes without saying. You're like an Exocet missile, Geoffrey, always popping up out of the blue. Mrs. Watts has no idea you're coming, has she? None. I am scheduled to meet Mrs. Watts this afternoon. She's my cousin. She manages the estate. Oh.
Damn good manager.
She married a southerner,
in the Merchant Marine.
She bought this place
with her inheritance.
It's not much.
But it has character.
It's Briley.
She's gonna be over the
moon to see you, my boy.
Howden!
You Yorkshire, stubborn, son of an ox.
Where there's muck
there's brass, Mrs. Watts.
Good of you to come and
see me after all this time.
Stay for lunch, won't you?
You never turn down a free meal.
This is Ms. Bennett.
Our missing guest?
Stanley didn't tell me
you pirated her from us.
Welcome to Caldwell.
Lovely to meet you.
I hope you don't mind
me being in your home.
The Major very kindly
offered me a cup of tea.
In New York we do nothing but
drink coffee all day long.
It's just not as charming.
Not at all.
I haven't had a sensible conversation
with a woman in months.
Sorry about the mess.
I should really do the place up
but Mr. Watts doesn't
want to spend a penny.
It's Howden vs. Watts every
time we talk about it.
Who's going to win?
[Briley] Howden, of course.
Now, Ms. Bennett.
What's your first name?
I'm June.
Grand name.
Your name has honesty.
Doesn't it have honesty, Geoffrey?
Absolutely.
Briley is waiting for someone
to make an honest man of Geoffrey.
Some girl with the pedigree
of an overbred dog.
When I was a young
lieutenant in the Falklands
there was a splendid beast of a dog
that he reminds me of.
Thank you, Major.
Is it all right if I bed down
here for a few nights, Bri?
Aren't you ever the wanderer?
It'll have to be the floor.
He never calls.
Turns up homeless.
Husband's the same.
In the Navy.
No sooner are his feet under the table
he's dreaming of sailing off again.
That must get very lonely.
In this place?
With the Major here?
One thing marriage teaches you.
Enjoy the moments you have
time to think for yourself.
Briley's a poet.
Oh.
Much better than that Ted Hughes.
The Poet Laureate, who lived up the road.
Rabbits.
You amaze me, Bri.
You never were that good a shot.
Geoffrey.
When you're hungry, it's easy
to take aim and hit the target
or you don't eat.
What do you think, June?
Can you skin a rabbit?
I can try.
T.S. Eliot said,  
"We have experience,  
but miss the meaning."
Here, I've plenty of time  
to contemplate what he meant by that.  
I hope I'm not keeping you  
from catching up with Mr. Howden.  
We've known each other  
since we were children.  
Geoffrey runs off all over the world  
to photograph conflict and suffering  
at the expense of his own peace.  
(Geoffrey laughing)
Gets himself into all sorts of scrapes.  
Thinks of himself as an artist.  
Honestly, he's just an adventurer.  
That Ms. Bennett's an odd bird.  
Placid on the outside,  
but I'll bet you she's  
completely wild on the inside.  
Taming a woman  
is more difficult than  
taming any another animal.  
Wouldn't you agree?  
Can't be done.  
That Ms. Bennett needs  
oodles of fresh air.  
Pennington will just spoil her.  
He'll bottle up her passion.  
The malt.  
In your honour, old chap.  
Might you find a lass that loves you,  
deserves your kind heart.  
I should wait for the sun  
to go over the horizon first.  
You've spent too much  
time in the tropics  
with that camera of yours.  
Sun's gone to your head.  
What about you?  
You're American.  
Half English.  
My mum was American, I was  
born here but when she died
her family sent me to boarding school in Vermont. My dad was running the family butcher's. So he didn't really have time to take care of me by himself. Did you stay in America? I went to Cambridge for a year, then moved to New York, got my MBA. Worked for a gallery. My mum was a painter, she taught me how to paint and draw. So, how did you meet Sir Alan? Well, I got a job at Pennington Industries. Worked my way up. We ended up spending so much time together, we just fell in love. We've moved back here so I can be closer to my dad. And do you still paint? No. No, I don't really anymore. I'm too busy since working at Pennington, I suppose. What a shame. Right. So. How was Libya? Hot. [Major] How long are you back for? A week. Not much for a rest, old chap. Ah, Major, you're needed. It turns out there is only one way to skin a rabbit. Right-ho. Is that Caldwell? [Geoffrey] Yes. Do you know it well? [Geoffrey] Enough. Do you know Sir Alan Pennington? Yes, but I've never met him. Oh.
I thought with such a small estate as Caldwell, you'd be bound to know him. Oh, Caldwell is not so small. It's easy to lose yourself round here. I've heard you can walk the entire grounds in two hours. Who wants to? I've got better things to do. Such as? Fish for trout. Shoot partridge. Swim in Caldwell Bay. Do you have a licence for all that? It's not illegal to bathe in the sea. No. I suppose not. Yes, thank you. Are you to be married? Yes, to Sir Alan. Soon? Tomorrow, in Caldwell House. Not in the church? No. Neither of us are religious. Neither of us wants any fuss. Just... Alan... Myself. The servants as witnesses. The Vicar, and a small band to dance to afterwards. Surely if there's just to be the two of you you could just put some music on and save all that trouble. A-haha. No doubt you have never been married, Mr. Howden. A girl wants a little romance in her life. She wants it to go on as long as possible. So she can enjoy every moment and make every second last. That's how it is with Sir Alan.
You make every second last.
Forgive me, that's rather personal information.
"By sycamore and nettle path,
"with wine and female friendship.
"A troubled sky easing past,
"we climbed from Caldwell's pasture,
"proceeded by a wing-borne host
"bent on summer madness."
Briley wrote that.
It is a magnificent house.
Yes.
It is rather splendid.
It's a long time since I've been inside it.
Would you like to come in now?
Thank you.
I need to share some personal information with you.
I hold the Lordship of Caldwell.
You?
The Lord of Caldwell?
But that's Sir Alan's title.
It's hereditary.
It can't be bought.
I don't understand.
Sir Alan rents Caldwell from me.
You...
Own the estate?
Yes.
However I can no more afford the rent on a two-bedroom house in Hull than I can afford a life at Caldwell at this time. I could sell the estate but with all the debts I wouldn't be rich.
Sir Alan pays me a handsome yearly sum.
Three times more than I could make if I were to run the estate myself. Money pays for the house staff and the estate servants but little else.
I have a duty to my ancestors.
It was their land, as it is mine now.
These are difficult times.
There are few in the village
who are not affected.
I wish I could do more.
But it's Yorkshire economics.
It's a convenient arrangement.
Fine thing for you as the
future Lady Pennington.
This is as far as I go.
Rather cross a minefield
in the dark in Libya
than step inside there.
Shelley and Robert will look after you.
Thank you.
Good luck.
Ms. Bennett.
Afternoon, ma'am.
I'm Shelley Fenton, the housekeeper.
I'm Robert Selby, the under manager.
I've prepared your room.
Thank you.
Lovely to meet you both.
I've laid out all your
things for you, ma'am.
I hope all is in order.
It's lovely, thank you, Shelley.
Oh, any news from Sir Alan?
No, ma'am.
There've been no flights
out of Boston at all today.
The volcano in Iceland's
made it impossible.
God works in mysterious ways, ma'am.
Sir Alan's travelling to New York by road
in the hope of catching
a flight from there.
Perhaps you should call him, ma'am?
I will.
Dinner's at eight o'clock, ma'am.
Robert will serve you.
God bless you, ma'am.
Uh, thank you, Shelley.
(clock chiming)
Oh, no thank you.
Yes, please.
Thank you, Selby.
Still no news?
On television ma'am.
Everything's grounded in New York, too.
Well, perhaps tomorrow it will clear.
Thank you.
Are you all right, ma'am?
Ah, yes.
Never been better.
I think I will have an early night, though.
Well if you rub the soles of your feet with the palms of your hands, and make a wish, it may come true. It don't work if you don't have faith in it, ma'am.
OK.
Thank you, Shelley.
(thunder rumbling)
Please let the ash blow away so Sir Alan can come and marry me. No more mergers and acquisitions. Please make me Lady Pennington.
Good morning!
Oh.
Hello.
Just thought I'd rescue an old friend from the shed. Isn't it a glorious day?
Yes, quite.
Last night I rubbed my feet and wished for the volcano to stop spreading chaos over America. Well, it must have worked. American flights have now got the all-clear to fly the Atlantic. Really?
Wonderful.
Perhaps you should have wished for British flights to have the all-clear, too.
You mean the cloud is over us, now?
I'm afraid so.
Everything grounded.
[June] How long?
Two, three days.
This is a disaster.
I had everything planned out perfectly.
Don't be so analytical.
Live in the moment.
Come for a 'cycle with me.
I'll show you Caldwell.
It'll save you a two-hour walk.
OK.
I want to fix those brakes.
These are our ancient yews.
Well, not so ancient.
Only 600 years old.
They bleed blood-red sap.
Thank heavens it's not real blood.
I've seen enough of that.
Lots of images that can't be shown on the evening news.
War is a dirty business.
Is this church Norman?
Another time,
and another age.
A time when my ancestors
were fierce warriors
doing battle for freedom and liberty.
Fighting to conquer?
Fighting to defend.
Those battles have been won,
England's never been conquered.
Not all Englishmen would agree with you.
Do you think we should be fighting in other people's battles?
People want our help.
When they do?
Let us live by it,
and rejoice in helping.
What about helping ourselves?
I'd be happier giving everything away than becoming a hoarder.
You're carrying the world
on your broad shoulders?
That's right.
I have my health.
That's good enough for me.
You have your health, too.
We've little to complain about.
Yes, maybe battles have been won here.
But not abroad.
Are you always so arrogant?
Yes.
A little bit of arrogance goes a long way.
North Sea!
This side, Yorkshire.
That side, Denmark.
I'm not so brave with heights.
There's nothing to fear.
Won't mean anything to you,
but everything to a Yorkshireman.
Our ancestors came from across this sea.
Hamlet was from Denmark.
And Lego.
Quite a pile of bricks you have here.
There's been a castle
here since the Iron Age.
If you like it here so much
why are you away from it so often?
I chose to work.
I believe I can make a difference.
Shine a light on dark places.
What, by running away
from your commitments?
I've had to get stuck in.
I've had to work since I was 14 years old,
and I have got to be where I
am by working incredibly hard.
And your reward is Sir
Alan of Imperial Industries.
I hope the company makes
things you're proud of.
No.
Not everything.
I have to work in the real world.
Are you proud of renting out your estate?
No, I'm not.
It's a fact of life.  
You've got it made.  
I'm happy for you.  
As Lady Pennington you can now stop work  
and dedicate yourself to  
raising funds for charity.  
Really, you are impossible to talk to.  
Survey my domains, June Bennett!  
And see that better times  
for the Lord of Caldwell preceded me.  
I see that your ancestors  
took advantage of others.  
God knows what they did to  
their own women and children,  
rulled them all without a conscience.  
No different to today.  
The idle rich using their wealth  
to live in ivory towers  
surrounded by moats.  
Their children on drugs and alcohol,  
in need of something  
to do with their time.  
Can you not see the truth in this?  
Oh yes, I can, and from down here  
I can see that you are  
lord of a splendid ruin  
and nothing else.  
And I can see that you  
are a damsel in distress.  
Money has always been wasted by the rich.  
It will ruin you.  
Oh, please.  
Can this tour be over  
now, I have things to do.  
Thank you for showing me  
your ancient possession.  
My pleasure.  
Eyup.  
Look who it is.  
Good day to thee, Caldwell.  
Newell Thorpe, isn't it?  
How's your father?  
Retired, sir.  
I'm under keeper now.
Brandon here helps me with grounds.
John Yates' son, right?
How's your family?
Fine, Caldwell, just fine.
And how's the game this year?
Well, tenant at big house.
He don't like fishing or shooting.
And as a result stocks are low
because he's not interested
in trout or partridge.
I'll tell thee, there's lots
of idle hands on the estate.
Does Mrs. Watts not keep an eye on that?
It's not Briley's fault, sir, it's...
It's yon man from America.
I mean how does an American
get to be called a Sir, any road?
Haven't we got enough Sirs
without getting more from America?
Who can tell, Newell?
He must've done something
good to deserve it.
He's like king he is, rich man.
Has no care for money.
Come round to house
with trout from London.
Our sis, Claire, was employed
to make an outdoor
swimming pool last summer.
I mean don't get me wrong,
she's not complaining about money.
But I ask you,
what's wrong with Caldwell
Bay, if thou wants to swim?
I mean there's a whole wide
sea from here to Denmark.
Well have they finally
concreted America at long last?
(laughing)
So will you be going to
dance at village hall tonight?
Band was booked to play at big house.
Cancelled, with pay.
Bread and breakfast and all.
Well I suppose that's money for you, isn't it? I wouldn't miss it for the world. Champion.

Here, hold that.

Now then, would you like some trout? For dinner.

Thank you, Newell.
I'll have Mrs. Watts cook it up for supper.

Good day to you.

Good day, Caldwell.

[Geoffrey] Good day.

Any road, let's get going. Come on, I haven't got time to mess about, come on.

Ah, what you doing?

I hope you don't mind what they said.

Oh, really?

I would rather eat trout from London than catch it from god-knows-where.
And I would rather swim in a swimming pool than the freezing cold sea.

And they have no idea about America.
This village could fit in a corner of Central Park.

So you haven't got time to see the Bay. I can see it from the house.

Goodbye.

(cell phone ringing)

Alan?

Alan?

[Alan] Hello dear, I'm glad to hear your voice.
I'm still in New York.
I'm in Caldwell.

[Alan] Yes, I know.

Did you get the ring delivered to you from Cartier?

Yes, yes.

Alan, it's exquisite.

There's something funny with your voice.

Are you sick?

[Alan] No, dear.
Now listen, I'm going
to text you a number.
I want you to call the Carews.
They're the only decent people
worth knowing around Caldwell.
I want you to go over and see them.
They'll look after you.
Thank you.
I'm thinking about checking
into a hotel until you arrive.
[Alan] Are Mrs. Watts and the staff
not looking after you?
Oh, of course, of course
darling, wonderfully.
[Alan] Do as you please, dear.
I'm about to board a plane for Madrid.
It's a bit of a detour,
but I'll be with you soon.
We'll have a quiet wedding.
Oh, yes love.
- Must go, sweetie.
- Kisses.
June.
Briley.
Vicar Davies is here to see you.
The Vicar?
He's in the library.
The bride.
Excellent.
Vicar Davies.
Call me Peter.
Mrs. Watts has filled me
in with all the details.
My humblest sympathies.
You must have been so looking forward
to the ceremony this afternoon.
Yes, I was.
What a pity.
Can't be helped.
In an ideal situation I could have spoken
with you and Alan together.
It's always reassuring to know
that there'll be no surprises
during the ceremony.
Firstly, I can establish that you are aware that Sir Alan has been married several times before. Yes, of course. Now June, I must ask. Are you Anglican? Ish. Believe that Christ died for our sins? I think so. No previous marriages? No, not that I know of. Excellent. Not in the family way? No. Wonderful. Now luckily it's just one further question. Are you marrying Sir Alan out of your own free will? Yes, most certainly. Fantastic, a tick in every box. I've spoken to Alan and he is thrilled to be marrying you. We don't know what day or time he'll get here, but I'm happy to marry you in this small room. Any questions? No. Peter, thank you. No, thank you, June. Right-ho. Hello. June. That was Stanley. He's bringing up the car. Thank you. I'm quite excited to meet the Carews. They're old friends of Alan's from London. They bought Alsorp House from the Derwents two years ago. They were the ones to recommend this house to Sir Alan.
Oh, so they're new to the area?
Did you know the Derwents?
I went to school with
their eldest daughter.
The Crash ruined them.
They were forced to sell.
I'm sorry to hear that.
I've had an email from Sir Alan.
He's hoping to catch
the train this evening
from Madrid to Paris.
And the Eurostar in the morning to London.
It is quite chaotic.
People are stranded everywhere.
Anything might happen.
Oh god, just let him get here.
Stanley's here.
Bri.
Can I ask you something?
Is it about Geoffrey?
Yes.
He's a man, June.
He's like all other men.
Showers his attention on
you when it suits him,
and runs away the moment you
demand real attention from him.
Getting him to commit
to anything is a task.
Being privileged is not
enough for Caldwell.
He has to see the other side of life.
Capture it with his camera.
He's an idealist.
A good soul hoping to
change a shabby world.
Then who isn't?
Of course.
But that's not what I
was going to ask you.
No.
Why doesn't he ever
come into this house?
There's a curse on the Lord of Caldwell.
A curse?
That's ridiculous.
Are you ready, my lady?
Thank you, can you
give us a moment, please?
A curse?
Hello.
Robert.
Would you like to tell Ms. Bennett
why Caldwell won't enter this house?
"Caldwell may enter at his peril,
"and fall at every step,
"and every fall a broken bone,
"the broken bone his neck."
It's well known, ma'am.
The Lords of Caldwell
never live in this house.
This is the millennium.
I agree with you, June.
But we can't shake
Caldwell from believing it.
He was born in the room
you're sleeping in.
He hasn't set foot in this house since...
Well, since his father died
and he became Lord of Caldwell.
But can't the curse be lifted?
Mr. Howden travels in war zones.
What's wrong with him?
'Tis a powerful curse, ma'am.
It must be for a grown man
like Mr. Howden to believe in it.
Rumour has it
it was the sixth Lady Caldwell
who invoked the curse.
Her husband ran off to
America with another woman.
Really.
She didn't get over it.
She was a Howden by then.
Claxton.
Thank you.
Claxton.
Is that Mr. Howden on the beach?
Aye it was, my lady.
Ever since he were a young
man he swum in Caldwell Bay.
Every day, come rain, hail, or shine.
Mr. Howden's a fine man, my lady.
A very fine man.
She'll be down in a moment, Miss.
Thank you.
Is she here?
She's in the big room.
Are you June Bennett?
Oh.
Yes, I am.
I've heard all about you from Mama.
You're going to marry Sir Alan.
That's right.
He's very, very rich you know.
Are you rich?
Ah, no, I'm not.
This is a lovely old house.
Yes.
Daddy's in oil.
That's what he says, anyway,
although I think he sells
weapons to foreign governments.
A chum at boarding school told me.
What school did you go to?
Nowhere you would have heard of.
How old are you?
Sir Alan's a lot older than you, isn't he?
Yes, he is.
He's my godfather.
I told him if he could wait four years
then I would marry him.
I was joking of course.
No, Sir Alan's a lovely man,
but I wouldn't want want to
marry a man much older than me
like him.
Even if I'm your age.
I don't think age has
very much to do with love.
You're in love with Sir Alan?
Yes, I am.
You love him for his money.
In spite of his money.
Would you marry a
man if he had no money?
That is something you're
going to have to find out
for yourself when you're my age.
Could I leave early tonight
so I can go to the dance,
Mrs. Carew?
It's most unusual, Jones.
Well, it is a special occasion.
Well all right.
Just this once.
Oh, Mama, this is June Bennett.
Thank you, Beatrice,
Isn't she precocious?
Gives everyone the third degree.
I'm Caroline.
We are going to be such good friends.
And this is Herbert.
Ah, future Lady Pennington,
let me have a look at you.
My my my, what a picture.
Let's see, Renoir, Goya.
Oh, I see it, Manet, definitely a Manet,
would you say, Caroline?
Oh yes, you definitely pass.
I'm Alan's second cousin.
You're with family now,
we'll look after you,
won't we Caroline?
I do hope you play Bridge.
How's Caldwell House?
Empty without Sir Alan.
Oh of course it is, old girl.
Well I'm sure he'll be here soon enough.
Chin up, Lady Pennington.
Yes.
You're in society circles now, June.
Tomorrow we'll go over to Duffield House,
and I'll introduce you to
my Great Aunt, Lady Bubwith.
[Beatrice] Oh, god.
Taking it easy, Caldwell?
It's a hard life,
this to-ing and fro-ing.
Maybe I should give up the foreign work.
Come home.
Settle down.
Where would you stay after it?
You can hardly take a
room at the main house.
And you'd be a burden
on the resources here.
You're right, Major.
We cannot live on trout alone.
We can jolly well try, though.
You catch these?
The under keeper, Thorpe.
Good man.
I'll cook 'em up.
Saves queuing at the fish
and chip shop, old boy.
You lump o' Yorkshire.
Sulking, are we?
I never sulk, Bri.
I meditate.
Did you learn that on your travels then?
I've had time to ponder
while being shot at.
Surely together we could
turn this place around.
Bring it into the modern age.
What do you suggest?
Get rid of the rich tenant?
And his wife-to-be?
It's an idea.
We could start a trout farm.
I'm not sure we're ready
for you to rule the roost
just yet, Geoffrey Howden.
Why not?
How can you manage the estate
if you won't even step into the big house?
I'm working on that.
Good.
Let me know when you've
solved the problem.
Claxton, can we stop in the village?
Did you need something
from shop, my lady?
No.
All I can think about is gardening,
making babies, and playing Bridge.
I need a drink.
(speaking with heavy accent) Stanley?
(laughing)
I would like a gin and tonic,
please, make it a double.
Claxton?
Oh, a soft drink, please.
I'll get this, my lady.
Oh, thank you.
I'm going to sit over here for a while
if that's all right.
I'll be with the lads if you need me.
I think it's time to call Caldwell.
Aye.
All right, Stanley.
I'll let him know.
Stanley asked if you could
go down to the Castle Inn
right away.
Bother it, Bri, I was
going to thrash the Major.
Poppycock.
He said it was a matter for His Lordship
and it was urgent.
See that, Major?
I get my feet under the table
and I am sent out abroad.
Geoffrey, be off with you.
[Stanley] I put a fiver on it.
I don't want to talk about that,
I want to know what
Shelley wearing tonight.
You'll have to wait and see, won't you?
Evening, boys.
Eyup, Caldwell.
You all right?
I'd like to get changed
and pick up Shelley.  
She'll bite me head off I  
don't bring her to dance.  
Lady's over there.  
Carry on, boys.  
You all right?  
Why are the British  
always asking each other  
if they're "all right"?  
Because you don't look all right.  
Well I am perfectly fine.  
Gin and tonic never harmed a girl.  
You have no idea the  
vast amounts of alcohol  
women consume on a daily  
basis in New York City.  
Or here in Caldwell.  
I have had  
a few drinks and they won't take my money.  
They couldn't change  
a 50 pound note here  
from one month to the next.  
People are quite poor here.  
No, just short of money.  
Same thing, isn't it?  
No, quite different.  
Oh, well, in America it's the same.  
We don't have a class system.  
Over there you'd just be poor.  
Why do you think you're  
quite so important?  
What's made you so calculating and cold?  
I beg your pardon?  
Are you interested in  
anything other than yourself?  
It's an act, isn't it,  
all your airs and graces?  
It's not an act at all.  
I've worked hard my entire life,  
I have earned every single  
air and grace I've got.  
Well, if it's not,  
you are quite the most  
proper woman I have ever met.
I have morals, Mr. Howden.
I do believe you have.
It is quite remarkable.
Do I detect a note of admiration?
A tone of disbelief.
In this age of celebrity and headlines
there is still a woman in
Britain who has morals?
Yes, there is.
Well, I'm damn glad to hear it.
Have we finished disagreeing now?
I believe so.
I've told the boys to have the night off.
So...
You will have to come with me, now.
Where are we going?
I thought you always
knew where you were going,
Ms. Bennett?
(lively music)
("Scarborough Fair")
Whose party is this?
Cheer up, this is your wedding band.
Oh, I know this song, my
mum used to play it for me
all the time when I was a little girl.
Scarborough Fair.
Yes.
Paul Simon.
I'm afraid he stole it.
It's an old Yorkshire love song,
about the impossible
things lovers have to do
to win each other's hearts.
(lively music)
Eyup.
So you're going to take lady
for a dance then, Caldwell?
Ah, no.
No, I must go.
You know, I must go back to the house.
Ordered by the rich man
on his way from America?
Not on your life.
Well.
Good night, Caldwell.
Rub your feet and your
dreams will come true.
I don't know what I'd wish for tonight.
Do you want a lift
to Briley's, Caldwell?
I'll walk, Stanley.
Sir?
I'm sorry about earlier.
Shelley had her heart
set on seeing Newell.
It's fine.
It's grand to see lovers get together.
Go to bed, Stanley.
Good night, sir.
Good night.
Good night, Shelley Fenton.
Oh, I love you.
I'll see you tomorrow, Newell Thorpe.
All right, Sir Alan.
I'll let her know.
Do you mind me disturbing you, June?
No, please, sit down, eat with me.
I heard this old song last night.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
It was...
It was enchanting.
Sir Alan just called.
He couldn't get through to you.
I left my phone upstairs.
I was out all day yesterday,
I don't think I charged it.
Is he arriving soon?
Not exactly.
What now?
The Eurostar's broken
down in the Channel Tunnel.
Is he OK?
He's fine.
They have to tow the train back to Lille.
Could be hours before
they find a replacement.
Well, this is so ridiculous.
He estimates he'll be here by early evening. Why don't you go for a swim in the bay? The estate has its own private beach. Really? Would I be back in time to go to Duffield House? I'll draw a little map. And Shelley will make up a picnic hamper for you. Sounds quite lovely. Take your phone and I can text you updates on Sir Alan's progress. Thank you, Briley. Morning. Do you mind if I join you? Didn't you know that this is a private beach? Yes. And I have a permit for it. Who issued you with that? Thorpe. It's only valid for a week. I'll be gone soon enough anyway. Where are you off to? Syria. Oh, you do like trouble, don't you. It's my job. It's what we poor penniless artists have to do all over the world. Something called work. We have been over this before. Anyway, lots of artists make mountains of money nowadays. Yes, I know. But certainly not me. What work do you do? I manage Alan's property portfolio. He acquired a lot of repossessed homes after the property crash. England has been particularly good value. What about those people
who lost their homes?
We didn't write those mortgages.
It is unfortunate.
Anyway, Alan has very
generously offered me the chance
to give up work and
I've chosen to do that.
So, you're a lady of leisure.
A lady who supports her husband.
Alan is an extremely
successful businessman
and I want to entertain for him.
Can you cook?
I've been known to, yes.
But it's not a requirement
for the kind of lifestyle we lead.
Me too.
I'm not a good cook, either.
Ah, I didn't say that.
I cooked for my dad every
night after my mum died.
I know about every cut
of meat you can imagine.
Except rabbits.
They are not my forte.
Oh, you're quite an
enigma, June Bennett.
What do you mean?
Well, young, pretty, successful.
And you're marrying a
multimillionaire your father's age.
How the hell did that happen?
What about you, Geoffrey Howden?
Talented, caring.
You own half this village.
And yet you run away from
everything and everyone you love.
How did that happen?
You know...
Having money is not a solution.
It's a problem if you don't
know what to do with it.
I know what I'm doing.
What's your future?
I've had talk and promises from men all of my life. And Alan is the only one who asked me to marry him. How proper. You know...

You really are quite something, Ms. Bennett. I'm off for a swim, now. So. Any news of your fiance? He is in France. Expected to be here by evening. Not a plane in the sky. Don't want to be insensitive, but isn't it divine? I wouldn't have thought you'd get many planes going over here. Sky's festooned with them. People trying to escape from poverty. Misery. Aren't more people coming into the country than going out? I don't see that as a problem, do you? Our ancestors all had to come from somewhere else after the last Ice Age. Anyway, I haven't got time to talk over all the ails in the world. I am off to help out an old friend. It was nice talking to you. Goodbye. Goodbye. Come in. Come in. Are you well, dear? Is this the charming young lady? The future Lady Pennington. Oh, I congratulate him on his splendid choice. Thank you. I have asked young Geoffrey Howden
to help me this afternoon.
I'm afraid I can't
afford servants anymore.
These are the Carews, Geoffrey.
Caroline is my niece.
Her daughter Beatrice.
Her husband Herbert.
And Ms. Bennett.
How do you do, Ms. Bennett?
Are you the owner of Caldwell?
We considered renting
your house, Mr. Howden,
but my what a rent you were asking.
It was cheaper for us to buy Alsorp.
Estates are not cheap places to run.
If I were to sell this house,
I would never live long enough
to enjoy the money I made from it.
Nonsense, Rosamund.
I'd have liked to had
a son like you, Geoffrey.
When I was a teenager
your grandfather and I
were deeply in love.
Then he met your grandmother,
and one thing or another,
it was over.
You wouldn't have minded being
left an old ruin like this?
Not at all.
You're too kind.
How many for tea?
One, two, three, four, five.
And one for the pot.
You missed the knees-up at
the village hall last night.
Our servant Jones was there.
Yes, I saw him.
I remember the dances of old.
Hosted by Brydon.
The dignity of the occasion.
The beautiful clothing.
The men more splendid than the women.
Huge bonfires on the hillsides,
often two or three within
site of each other.
Apples and potatoes
thrown in for roasting.
Dancers leaping through the flames.
And the singing.
If ever you heard a more melodious sound
you would be in heaven.
And afterwards, we danced all night.
What about Bridge?
Do you play, Mr. Howden?
I do not.
Then we will be hard
pushed to make up a foursome.
I'll play, Mama.
You are too young, Beatrice.
[Briley] Back safely, then?
The Carews dropped me off.
You look swamped.
Repair bills, mainly.
Sir Alan wants to buy the
estate at a knock-down price.
He can't do that.
He said I should speak to you about it.
Well.
It'd be wonderful if he bought Caldwell.
Don't you think?
We're used to absentee landlords
in this part of the world.
No, Briley.
I would make sure we
stayed here regularly,
and all the staff will
be kept on, full time.
I could find ways of making
the estate profitable.
I'm sure you could, June.
But Sir Alan moves around the world a lot.
So does Mr. Howden.
It's not ideal from either point of view.
No.
Anyway...
The latest is that Sir
Alan gets into London
at seven o'clock.
Oh great.
He wants to know how you'd feel about
going down to London
and marrying him there.
In London, tonight?
Tomorrow night.
He's so behind schedule
with his meetings
he wouldn't be free until then.
Stay one more night.
And you can catch an afternoon
train from York tomorrow.
Yes, all right.
Did he say anything else?
I'm sure he meant to.
Has he not text you?
Well perhaps you should text him?
He has had a torrid journey.
I will.
I just can't believe he
didn't call me directly.
Let me have a look at
whatever you're working on.
I'm an experienced bookkeeper, you know.
Are you sure?
You don't have something better to do?
Nothing except for sitting up in my room
and rubbing my feet in wishful thinking.
All right, what do we have here?
Alan.
You thought you had a companion
who knew her own mind.
Who could manage without
anybody's help, but...
I wish...
Why can't he come and marry me here?
I know what I'm doing.
I do.
I do.
[Major] You ready, old boy?
[Geoffrey] It's seven a.m.
Got to get at them before the poachers.
We don't have poachers
on the estate, do we?
We are the poachers.
Ruddy licences for everything these days.
It's Briley's doing.
Getting Newell Thorpe to
squeeze every last penny
out of the river.
She's only trying to
keep the place afloat.
Never used to be like
that when you were here.
Yes, but I made a very
poor job of the finances.
Never stopped us enjoying
ourselves, old bean.
Now we got to watch our Ps and Qs.
It's like trying to catch a
tROUT with a piece of bread.
Don't wake Mrs. Watts on the way out.
It's her day off.
Blighters are nibbling.
My heart's not in it, Major.
It's that girl.
She's got you all turned upside down.
Nonsense.
She's a proper lady with
a bright and secure future
with Sir Alan.
Poppycock.
She needs to be tamed, boy.
Sir Alan's no good for that girl.
He'll just spoil her.
And she'll turn out like
that Caroline Carew.
They'll have her playing Bridge
seven nights a week.
Seriously, old chap,
you have to save her.
I'm afraid that's beyond me now.
Newspaper wants me to fly out to Syria.
Once this volcanic dust disperses.
You're a bigger fool than I thought.
More tea, ma'am?
Yes, thank you, Selby.
You can call me Robert, ma'am.
Oh.
Yes, thank you, Robert.
Robert, could you tell Cla,
Stanley to drive me to Mrs. Watts' house?
I'd like to say goodbye to Mr.
Howden before I depart today.
Certainly, ma'am.
Thank you.
[June] Hello?
(door knocking)
June?
Sorry, is Geoffrey here?
He's out with the Major.
Larking about, I suspect.
Oh no.
Have a cup of tea.
Yes, please.
Let's take a walk.
They're mainly poems about Gary.
Your husband?
Yes.
He's never home.
His love is the sea.
I spend my time wishing he'd love me
with the same passion.
Only way I'm able to express
that is by writing it down.
May I read this one?
Out loud?
Here.
"Love's own air, mien,
demeanour, betrays itself,
"comes to light.
"Bearing, garb, complexion,
colour flushes forth,
"flares our passion till time
dissolves, leaves no trace.
"We lovers cease to be,
"fade out, melt away, depart,
"or flee.
"Leave no shape or form behind."
Leave no shape or form behind.
That is quite powerful.
It's taken lots of lonely
night to put it down on paper.
Now I know why Ted Hughes
ran off to the pub so much.
To get away from his own
thoughts, I would imagine,
rather than Sylvia.
I know it's not my place to say,
but are you happy going back to London?
I'd be going back there anyway.
I only came here to get married.
I'm only here because I
have nowhere else to go.
Come on.
Perhaps Caldwell's back.
He'll cheer us up with his nonsense.
Do you think I'm breaking
my neck for a rich man?
I'd swim to Scarborough
for a hundred pounds.
Grimsby for 500.
And Geoffrey?
He'd swim to Scarborough for 50 pounds.
I thought you were all
perfectly happy without money?
You could trade up.
Lady Bubwith could sell Duffield.
Geoffrey, Caldwell.
Money isn't everything.
The villagers could
certainly do with more.
I was thinking.
You could create a small,
boutique, upscale hotel and spa
right here on a section of the grounds.
Away from the big house.
A tired businessman
would pay a small fortune
to have a few days of rest and relaxation
in this green paradise.
Good morning, Shelley.
Is the lady of the house in?
Nobody's at home today, Caldwell.
It's Sunday.
Yes, I know it's Sunday,
I'm talking about Ms. Bennett.
No, she's gone to Briley's and all.
Stanley called to say
they'd gone for a walk.
Would you like to come in and call?
Oh, that silly curse.
Would you like to leave a message?
It's nothing that won't keep.
She's catching the 2:20 back to London.

It's 10:
I'm going to be late for church.
Me too, I have to give a sermon.
"And finally, whatsoever things are true,
whatsoever things are honest,
whatsoever things are just,
whatsoever things are lovely,
whatsoever things are of good report.
If you have any virtue,
and if you have any praise,
think on these things.
These things that ye
have learned and received
and heard and seen in me, do.
"And the God of peace shall be with you."
Amen.
Well done, Geoffrey.
Beautifully read, you
have the voice of a poet.
You should convince
Briley to read one Sunday.
As you know, Briley Howden
has always been a freethinker.
She's a challenge to you, Peter.
Keep up God's work.
And you Geoffrey, may God be with you.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
So, is he the man for you, Shelley?
Oh yes, Caldwell.
And is she the girl for you, Newell?
Oh aye, Caldwell.
If she'll have me all right.
You know summat sweetheart
I'd give all trout in river
if I could see Caldwell home for good.
You've missed her.
She's gone back to the big
house to leave for the station.
What do I care?
There's nothing stranger
than watching two lovers do their dance.
Are you a complete fool, Geoffrey?
Do you not see what's going on?
She's not going to
London to marry Sir Alan.
She's running away from you.
What did you say?
Sorry, Stanley.
Oh...
I'll take that, my lady.
[June Voiceover] "Caldwell may enter at his peril.
"And fall at every step.
"At every fall a broken bone.
"The broken bone his neck.
"But if he enters with a girl.
"Every step will set him..."
I thought I might be too late.
Not too late.
To say goodbye.
I want you to do something for me.
Play Scarborough Fair
at your London wedding.
Will you do something for me?
Kiss me?
"Caldwell may enter at his peril.
"And fall at every step.
"At every fall a broken bone.
"The broken bone his neck.
"But if he enters with a girl.
"Every step will set him free.
"If she forever holds to him.
"This curse will cease to be."
("Scarborough Fair")
Are you going to Scarborough fair
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
I'd rather catch my
own trout in the river.
I'd rather swim in the
sea than a swimming pool.
I'm not afraid of this place.
With you.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Without any seam or needlework
She shall be a true lover of mine
Tell her to wash it in yonder well
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Where never spring
water or rain ever fell
She shall be a true lover of mine
Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Which never bore blossom
since Adam was born
She shall be a true lover of mine