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Gosford Park

By Julian Fellowes

Don't just stand there.

Give me a hand with the canopy.

- Mary? Merriman? Are you ready?

- Mary?

Yes, Mr. Burkett.

Everything's ready, milady.

- I think she's knocking.

- Well, see what she wants.

I can't open this wretched thing.

I suppose we better stop.

I can't get this top off.

Hello. Is everything all right?

Are-Are you okay?

- Am I what?

- We're all right, thank you.

Is that Lady Trentham?

Lady Trentham.

It's, uh...

I'm William McCordle's cousin, Ivor.

- Ivor Novello.

- Yes, of course.

May I introduce

a friend of mine from California?

- Mr. Morris Weissman.

- Hello.

Hi.

Uh, we were just wondering if
we were headed in the same direction.

I dare say we might be.

Well, if-if everything
seems to be all right...

Bye.

Could we get on
before I freeze to death?

- Was that really Ivor Novello?

- Yes. Could we get on?

Oh, hello. Nice house. I like it.

- Hello, Ivor.

- Welcome back, Your Ladyship.

Constance, welcome.

Hello, dear. If he has to call me
by my Christian name,
why can't he make it
"Aunt Constance"?

I'm not the upstairs maid. He's still got that vile little dog, I see.

Yes, the ones we hate last forever.

Did you have a horrid journey?

Yes, fairly horrid.

Take the car around the back to unload it.

You better follow him.

Mrs. Wilson will look after you.

Your Ladyship.

- Your Lordship.

- Mm-hmm.

- Louisa.

- William.

- Raymond. Lots of good shooting coming.

- William.

That's what we're here for.

Just leave everything in one pile around the corner there.

Make sure it's properly labeled.

It'll go up in the luggage lift.

These are the guns.

Where's the gun room?

Down there on the right. Find Mr. Strutt, the keeper.

He'll show you what to do.

- I know what to do.

- Ellen, what do you think you're doing over there?

Take that rain off those cases before you take them up.

Those are Mr. Novello's bags.

- Who are you?

- I'm Mr. Weissman's man.

- The Countess of Trentham.

- Yes.

Make sure they're properly labeled.

Put them down there.

- Where am I?

- You're in the stable block with the grooms.

Her Ladyship is in the Chinese room.

Elsie! Elsie!

You'll be sharing with the head housemaid.

She'll show you where everything is.

Elsie, this is Miss Trentham.

- Mrs. Wilson... Excuse me, ma'am...

- Take care of her, will you?

My name's Mary. Mary Maceachran.

Not here it's not.

It's Trentham.

- Lord Stockbridge. Guns.

- Down there on the right.

- The name's Parks. Robert Parks.

- Mr. Parks'?

Mr. Parks, below stairs

you'll be known as Mr. Stockbridge.

- There's three more outside.

- I knew a Mr. Parks who was in service in Norwich.

Is he any relation of yours?

No. London born and bred.

What should I do

with Her Ladyship's jewels?

It's this way.

George is in charge of the safe.

He's the first footman, and you

wanna watch where he puts his hands.

She's new.

Have you got the ones for tonight?

Oh, sorry.

Always bring a separate box

for the first night. It saves bother.

Freddie, do wait.

For goodness sakes, Mabel.

What is it this time?

- Does my hair look all right?

- It looks fine. Where the hell were you?

We're not late.

Freddie, do please stop going on.

Isobel?

- Hello.

- Hello, Isobel.

Darling, I'll see you in there.

There's been something I've been meaning to say to you.

- Have you, uh... Have you spoken to your father?

- No.

What do you mean, no?

Hey, you promised.

I never promised.

I said I'd do my best.

- You're so beautiful

when you resist me. - Stop it.
I'll ask him tonight.
Well, you bloody well better.
- You shouldn't sneak up on people like that.
- Don't worry. It's nobody.
Sorry, Miss Isobel.
Do you really think you'll have
a chance to speak to him tonight?
- Would you stop going on about it?
- Izzy, that's all very well...
I think it's ridiculous.
I'm here to shoot.
Darling, it's a relief to me to sit next
to someone who isn't deaf in one ear.
I'm sorry?
Darling, what do you mean, "leave it"?
Well, I just meant
let it come naturally.
Don't try and steer
the conversation.
- It makes you sound so desperate.
- Well, I am fucking desperate.
Hello, Raymond. This is
my brother-in-law, Lord Stockbridge.
Hello. I'm Morris Weissman.
- Who?
- Morris Weissman.
- Weissman, yes.
- Hello.
Oh, Elsie? Elsie,
this is Lord Stockbridge's valet.
He's new to the house,
so show him around, will you?
You'll be sharing with
Mr. Weissman's man.
- Has His Lordship's luggage gone up?
- Supposedly.
He's in the Tapestry room,
wherever that is.
Oh, well, here we go again.
That's just it. I've never
done a house party before, not properly.
How come you got taken on as a countess
lady's maid, if you've got no experience?

She wants to train me. She said
she didn't care about experience.

She didn't want
to pay for it, you mean.

It's cold in here.

You should know to pack your woollies
when you come to this house.

Here we are.

- Is everything all right, Elsie?

- Fine, Miss Lewis. Thanks.

That's your bed there.

- That good? Yeah, that's tasty.

- Very tasty.

I think I'll...

I shall go in the library.

Here you are, Pip, Pip.

I beg your pardon, sir. I thought

I'd just take the Times up with me...

- in case you'd like to read it when you're dressing.

- Thank you, Probert.

- Look after Pip for me. Good boy.

- Of course, sir.

I have to make a telephone call
to California in a couple of hours.

- I can't find a telephone.

- Well, there's a telephone just here on the left.

Oh, wonderful. Thank you. You know,
of course, I'll reverse the charges.

Yes.

There's a new restaurant in the Strand.

It's an automatic restaurant.

It's open 24 hours a day.

You can go in any time day or night.

So who's the funny
little American?

- Morris Weissman.

He's a friend of Ivor. - Oh.

He makes films in Hollywood

Ivor asked if he could bring him along.

Didn't see why not.

I thought he might be interested
in guns and shooting.

Oh, well, never mind.

He adds to the glamor of the gathering.

I didn't expect anything
half as exotic.
Oh, no, not for me.
You know that I hate drinking whisky.
Go on, drink it.
Do you good.
Go on.
Oh, really, Bill.
You are such a bad influence.
Well, don't blame me
if I start misbehaving.
I don't know how impressed
your husband is with our Hollywood folk
Well, you know Raymond.
He only feels safe with his own kind.
Bill!
I thought ladies' maids
never wore aprons.
Her Ladyship used to have a French maid
who wore a black one like this.
She thinks it's got
a bit of style.
I bet she does, and I bet
she took it out of your wages too.
She likes to have
everything just so.
Mmm.
Don't they all.
- That's him.
- Who?
Ivor Novello.
He passed us on the road today
on his way here, and he spoke to me.
Well, he spoke to Her Ladyship,
but I answered.
I only cut it out for Garbo.
I prefer the American stars.
I think they've got more oomph.
Go on!
- Is he really Sir William's cousin?
- Yep.
Imagine having a film star
in the family.
- Lady Sylvia must be thrilled.

- Oh, I don't think.

Why wouldn't she be?

'Cause she's a snobbish cow.

'Cause she...

She looks down on anyone who got
to the top with brains and hard work.
Just like she looks down on her husband,
except when it's time to foot the bills.
And then she's got
her hand out, all right.

- What was her family, then'?

- What'd you expect, really?

Toffee-nosed and useless.

Her father was

the Earl of Carton.

Sounds good, except

he didn't have a pot to piss in.

- What's she like to work for?

- She's horrible. But he's...

He's okay. Come on.

We better get cracking.

- Hello, I'm Ivor.

- I know who you are.

- Mabel Nesbitt.

- Hello, Mabel.

- How are you?

- Very well, thank you.

Oh! I don't smoke.

Thank you.

Mrs. Nesbitt's only got one dress with her.

Says her husband rushed her when she was packing.

Do you always look after visitors
if they haven't got a maid?

Sometimes Dorothy helps,
though why Mrs. Wilson...
makes the still room maid
do it beats me.

I think she only does it
to annoy Mrs. Croft.

- Which one does Dorothy answer to?

- Both. That's the problem.

She's rushed off her feet as it is.

Are you nearly done there?

- Yes.

- Here she is... Miss Bossy.
Tell me, what was Greta Garbo really like'?

- Did you get to know her?

- Yes, I did, actually.
She's coming to stay with me next month.

Tell me, how much longer are you going to go on... making films?

I suppose that rather depends on how much longer the public want to see me in them.
Yes, it must be hard to know, when it's time to throw in the towel.
What a pity about that last one of yours.
What-What was it called?

- The Dodger.

- The Lodger.
The Lodger.
And it must be so disappointing... when something just, you know, flops like that.
Yes, it is... rather disappointing.
Look at this.
Machine-made lace.

- Hark at her.

- Well, I hate cheap clothes.
They're twice the work, and they never look as good.
I'll murder that dog one day.
Look at that. All over his waistcoat.
What do you expect from a woman without her own maid?
Lady Lavinia says a woman who travels with no maid has lost her self-respect.

- She calls it "giving in."

- I don't have a maid. I haven't given in.

- That's different.

- Why?

- What's your name?

- I think here I'm called Trentham.
No, I meant your real name.
Oh. Mary.

Mary Maceachran.

Blimey. What does

Her Ladyship call you?

Well, she should call me Maceachran,
now I'm a lady's maid.

That's what my mother says.

But Her Ladyship can't pronounce it,
so she calls me Mary.

I don't blame her.

Sylvia.

I'm serious.

There mustn't be any more nonsense.

I don't know what
you're talking about.

Done much shooting this year?

Quite a lot.

- Hello.

- Does Louisa always go out with you?

- Usually.

- It's very good of her.

- Do you have a minute?

- Don't do that! That's bad for him!

Put him down.

Yeah. Bores me stiff.

- All right, Pip.

- I just wondered...

William's such a rotten shot. I usually try
and duck out of it, particularly in Scotland.

I'm rather fond of Scotland.

All right,

get on with your work. Yes?

- Ah, Mr. Weissman. There you are.

- I'm dealing with this.

- What is it, Mr. Weissman'?

- Well, to start with, my name is Denton.

- Henry Denton.

- You're here as valet to Mr. Weissman.

That means you'll be known as Mr. Weissman
below stairs for the duration of your stay.

We stick to the old customs here.

It saves confusion.

- It's about Mr. Weissman's diet.

- Yes?

- He's a vegetarian.

- A what? - A vegetarian.
He doesn't eat meat.
He eats fish, but not meat.
Well, I never!
Doesn't eat meat?
He's coming for a shooting party,
and he doesn't eat meat.
Mr. Weissman doesn't
intend to shoot.
I think he just wants to walk
out with them, get a bit of air.
Get a bit of air?
Yes, thank you.
We'll make the necessary arrangements.
Now I suggest you get one of
the servants to take you upstairs.
Mr. Weissman is in the Green bedroom, and you'll
be sharing with Lord Stockbridge's valet...
Robert Parks.
He's very full of himself, I must say.
"Doesn't eat meat."
Now, now, Mrs. Croft. We don't want
to be thought unsophisticated, do we?
Mr. Weissman's an American.
They do things differently there.
Good boy, now.
Give Louisa a kiss from me.
Darling, I'm sorry about that.
- I should have made it clear that Morris just doesn't shoot.
- Don't worry.
William's just making a fuss.
He has this ridiculous idea...
that Americans all sleep
with guns under their pillows.
They do, but they're more for
each other than for killing birds.
Remind me.
How are you related to William exactly?
Our mothers were first cousins.
Don't believe
I ever met William's mother.
Didn't she do something
rather original?
Well, she was a teacher.

And so was mine.

- That's marvelous, isn't it?

- Sylvia is so clever.

She always finds

such wonderful servants.

- I don't know how she manages.

- I'm breaking in a new maid.

I'm simply worn out with it.

Actually, there's nothing
more exhausting, is there?

- I don't have a lady's maid.

- Oh. Hello.

I was just telling dear Mabel here
about my new maid.

Honestly, the amount I have to do
for her, she should be paying me.

She does seem rather young.

Well, of course, what she is,
my dear, is wonderfully cheap.

You've no right to pull me away
in mid-conversation.

Mabel, where are you going?

The room's this way.

Why the hell did you have to mention
you don't have a maid?

Why would you mention you didn't
have a maid, for God's sake?

You'd find it a lot easier to clean
them if you put the trees in first.

I was just about to do that.

- Are these Mr. Novello's shoes?

- Yes.

- Do you really live in Hollywood'?

- I do.

Hmm. How did you get there?

Where did you start from?

Where else do you think?

Scotland.

Were you always in service?

Did you ever think of trying to
get into films while you were there?

I wanted to be an actor once...

when I was little.

I suppose old Mother Trentham...

will have her begging bowl out
while she's here.

She won't be bothering
your employers, that's certain.

- Why not?

- Because Lady Lavinia Meredith...

- hasn't got a penny to bless herself with.

- And whose fault is that?

There's nothing wrong
with the commander.

He's just been a bit unfortunate.

I'll say.

I think he's pathetic.

Then why don't you
hand in your notice?

Well, the other two sisters
fell on their feet.

Of course, it helps
that they're both good-looking.

- Lady Sylvia's lovely.

- You think so?

- She might have done a bit better for herself, really.

- I beg your pardon.

Lord Carton was determined to have Sir
William for either of the two eldest.

I was told he could have
had his pick.

- Why was Lord Carton so keen?

- Why do you think?

Who do you suppose pays for him to swan
around Biarritz for six months of the year?

Come to that, who keeps Ma Trentham
in stockings and gin?

- Old money bags, that's who.

- I think it's disgusting the way they all use him.

None of the rest of them have got the brains
to make the price of a packet of tea.

- Are you finished, Elsie?

- Yes, Mrs. Wilson.

- I've just got this hem to do.

- What's Lord Stockbridge like?

He thinks he's God Almighty.

They all do.

Why does this fork go on the right?

Because they eat the fish
with two of them.

- One in each hand.
- Why is that, then?
- Search me.
- What are you doing here?
- Just looking around.
- Mr. Jennings will be up in a minute.

If I were you,
I'd go and look around somewhere else.

- Is that what you'd do?
- That's exactly what I would do.

Then that's what I'll do.

- Something funny about that bloke.
- His accent for a start.
- What do you think his game is?
- I don't know.

Are you finished? What about
Lord Rupert Standish and Mr. Blond?

Her Ladyship said
not to wait for them.

The stuff's all ready if they turn up on time.
We can stick on two extra places in a jiffy.

When they arrive, you'll be
dressing Mr. Blond, Arthur.

- Mr. Blond'?
- Yes, Mr. Blond.

George, you'll have Lord Rupert.

If they're very late,
they can change by themselves,
and you can tidy up
when they're downstairs.

Is Mr. Nesbitt settled?

I'll go and finish
him off now, sir.

- And Mr. Novello?
- Mr. Weissman's man will attend to him.

Right.

After you're finished,
join me in the drawing room
with the drinks.

- What's the matter with you?
- Nothing.

Only I thought I'd be doing

Mr. Novello, that's all.
Now you won't get to see him
in his under drawers.
Never mind.
Better luck next time.
They're rather a mixed bunch.
That Mr. Weissman's very odd.
Apparently, he produces
motion pictures.
The Charlie Chan mysteries.
Or does he direct them?
I never know the difference.
Really?
I enjoy those, milady.
Ye... Mary.
I suppose it's fun
having a film star staying.
There's always so little to talk about
after the first flush of recognition.
And why has Freddie Nesbitt brought
that awful, common little wife of his?
I mean, Isobel only asked him
because a gun dropped out.
That's no excuse
to inflict her on us all.
Mary!
So what's the gossip
in the servants' hall?
- Um, nothing, milady.
- Hmm?
Nonsense.
Come on. Out with it.
Well, is it true
that Sir William...
could have married Lady Stockbridge
if he'd wanted to?
Is that what they're saying?
Only that Lord Carton was
after Sir William for one of them,
but he didn't care which.
What would you say if I told you...
they cut cards for him?
William, Lewis said you wanted me.
- Who's next to me at dinner?

- Oh, you know.
- Aunt Constance and Lavinia.
- Why do I have to have that bloody old trout all the time?
- I want Louisa.
- Do I have to explain the table of precedence again?
- I don't give a shit about precedence.
- Well, you always complain...
that people look down on you,
and then you behave like a peasant.
Now, tomorrow morning, I'll...
I'll breakfast in bed,
and then get straight up
into the tweeds.
- What shirt have you brought?
- Um, the green with the pink stripe.
Oh, no, dear. No.
That's quite wrong.
No, always something
very plain for country sports.
The one I had on today will do.
- But it's soiled.
- Yeah, well, you can wash it, can't you?
God. I hate shooting.
Why does one
have to do these things?
Has Constance asked for money yet?
- No.
- Raymond tells me...
she's been complaining that
her allowance isn't big enough.
Good mind to stop it completely.
I thought it was for her lifetime.
No, no.
- Will that be all, sir?
- Mmm.
I do wish that Anthony wasn't here.
Make sure I'm not
left alone with him, will you?
- Why?
- I'm pulling out of his scheme.
- Oh. Have you told him?
- No, and I'm not going to either.
Louisa said I should leave it
till next week.

Let him sob in private.

Go. Say hello to your mommy.

Go on.

Far be it from me

to contradict Louisa.

- Will there be anything else?

- Just get Pip. He might fall down the stairs.

Hey, hey, come here.

Come here.

Thank you, Elsie.

You keep hold of him.

- Is everything all right?

- Cheap dress, wrong shoes.

I'm making bricks without straw,

Mr. Probert, really.

You don't have any

spare hairpins, do you?

Yeah. I'm trying to get back to the room

for a second, and I can't find it.

It's the staircase

at the end of the corridor.

- Oh, thank you.

- Ah.

Oh, Pip.

Oh, thank you, Elsie.

Thank you. Oh!

You've got some hair on your dress.

- Thank you, sir.

- Yes.

Shut up, Mabel! There is

nothing going on between me and Isobel.

Can't you just tell me the truth?

You're a liar, Freddie.

- There is nothing...

- You are a liar!

Don't you call me a liar!

I found some pins, madam,

from Lady Trentham's maid.

Right.

We're supposed to be

downstairs already.

Well, you go on.

I'll be down in a minute.

Try and make her look respectable.

Oh, thank you.

Well... there's no harm in trying.

Well, thank you very much, Mr. Jennings.

- Just Jennings, sir.

- All right.

Just Jennings.

Oh, by the way, I've booked
a telephone call to California,
and I'd appreciate it if you would
get me as soon as it comes through.

- Very good, sir.

- Thank you, Jennings.

You're not gonna provide
entertainment?

That's how you got your invitation.

Oh, no, don't get up.

- Please, go on.

- You look lovely in that dress, if I may say so.

What is it? I don't recognise it.

A little something I'm working on.

I can't imagine how one
ever goes about inventing a tune.

Where do you start?

It's rather difficult to say.

Well, I think
you're too clever for words.

- Good evening.

- Hello.

- Lovely dress.

- Thank you.

Hi.

How do you manage
to put up with these people?

Well, you forget I earn my living
by impersonating them.

Can I help you?

You know, I really enjoy the way
you do things, Mr. Jennings.

I beg your pardon?

- What is it, Henry'?

- Nothing.

I just wanted to be sure
you had everything you need, sir.

Yes, I do.

Thank you.

It's wonderful to find a servant these days who really shows an interest, don't you think?

Sir.

Come on, girls. Sit down.

Tuck in. We've got 20 minutes.

Shuffle along. Here he comes.

- Everything satisfactory, Mr. Jennings?

- Yes, thank you, Dorothy.

They have their drinks. I think we can all take our leisure for half an hour or so.

- What's this?

- I believe this is my place, Mr. Jennings.

And since when did a baroness outrank a countess?

Miss Trentham, would you take the place of honor, please?

Miss Trentham?

I'm all right here,

Mr. Jennings. Thank you.

Go on.

Don't keep him waiting.

Ah, Miss Meredith.

Would you come and sit on my left?

Naturally, I'm nothing when there are visitors in the house.

- Never mind. I'm used to it.

- Good evening, Mrs. Wilson.

Good evening.

For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful.

Right. Start when you get it.

No time for loitering.

I'm not serving tonight,

Mr. Jennings, am I?

Not tonight, Elsie,

but probably tomorrow.

Where is Mrs. Croft?

Always eats with her own staff.

Does she take her pudding to

Mrs. Wilson's room? Our cook does that.

Fat chance. They hate each other.

- Can I ask a question?

- Certainly, Mr. Weissman.

How can we help you?

I just wondered, how many people here
had parents in service?

And was that why
they chose to go into it?

What an interesting question, and one to which,
I'm afraid, I cannot provide the answer.

All of you whose parents
were in service, raise your hand.

- My father was.

- Both... nanny and groom.

- Not you, Dorothy?

- My father was a farmer, Mr. Jennings.

A tenant of Lord Carton's

- Mr. Meredith?

- Factory hands, both of them.

And if you ask me,
they were better off.

What about you, Mr. Stockbridge?

What's the matter? Don't you know?

Yeah, I know what they did.

But it didn't have any effect
on me or my choice of work.

- And why's that?

- Because I grew up in an orphanage.

Thank you, Mr. Weissman,
for giving us all
a little something to think about.

Oh, Her Ladyship.

Oh, I'm so sorry to disturb you.

Please, do sit down
and finish your supper.

Mrs. Wilson, a major crisis has arisen.

I have just found out...

that Mr. Weissman won't eat meat,
and I don't know what to do.

I can't tell Mrs. Croft.

I simply don't dare.

Everything's under control,
Your Ladyship.

Mr. Weissman's valet informed us
as soon as he arrived,
so we've prepared
a special version of the soup.

He can eat the fish
and the hors d'oeuvres,
and we'll have a Welsh rarebit
for the game course.
I don't know what we're going to do about
the entree, but we'll think of something.
Thank you, Mrs. Wilson.
Ten steps ahead as usual.
Which one of you
is Mr. Weissman's valet?
I am, Your Ladyship.
Are you, indeed?
Yes, heavens.
Um, thank you for your...
efficiency.
- You're all set, then.
- Yes, George?
Nothing, sir.
I should hope not.
I'm very hungry.
I was, uh, wondering, William,
if I could have a word
with you alone after dinner.
I can't leave my guests, can I?
You'll make that dog sick.
Isobel, did you know
that William and I...
are going into business
together in the Sudan?
- No, I didn't know that.
- It's quite exciting.
What's happened is apparently,
there are hundreds and hundreds
of Sudanese native soldiers,
entire regiments
wandering around the desert,
willy-nilly, without
any thing on their feet,
which causes some hardship, I imagine.
No, I grew up in Leicester.
- My father had a glove factory.
- Really?
One thing I do know is
how a glove should fit.

Really, darling. You're boring
poor Mr. Novello to death.

- No! - I think he's going
to explain everything to me...
and kind of show me
how it all works.

There's gonna be a pheasant hunt
in my picture.

There's a large market in modernizing
the armies in the Sudan...
and providing them with boots.

And then the old bag
just served it to all the servants.

I couldn't believe it.

Aren't you cold?

It's better than that kitchen.

Here. I thought
you could do with this.

Oh, that's kind, love.

Elsie, hello.

- Good evening, Your Lordship.

- We've got bags and guns and everything and no man.

If I give you the keys,
will you sort it out for me?

- Of course, Your Lordship.

- Thank you.

- We'll get your bags, sir.

- Thank you. That's very kind of you.

Good evening.

Right. In the boot, is it'?

Sorry, can I trouble you
for a light, please?

- You got that bag?

- Yeah.

Thank you. Good evening.

You mean you think he's
losing interest in that sort of thing?

Well, not just that.

The whole Empire.

I think he said
the steam's gone out of it.

William?

That's not true, is it...

that you think the Empire's finished?

- I've been what?
- Well, the Empire was finished after the war.
Well, because of the war.
It changed everything.
- Empire Leicester Square?
- Well, I don't care what's changed or not changed.
As long as our sons are spared
what you all went through.
Oh, not all.
You didn't fight, did you, William?
I did my bit.
Well, you made a lot of money,
but it's not quite the same thing as
charging into the cannon's mouth, is it?
Thank God for Raymond.
At least the family...
had one representative
in the front line.
Raymond, tell them how many times
you were mentioned in the dispatches.
- I forget.
- No, you don't. Come on.
- Is he being modest?
- Yes, he's being very modest.
What do you think
you're doing here'?'
Mrs. Wilson asked me to tell you
that the others have arrived.
Good.
Lord Rupert Standish
and Mr. Blond are here, milady.
No, they're too late. They can
have a tray in the billiard room.
- They can join us later.
- Very good, milady.
- Is Rupert here?
Shall I go and say hello? - Yes.
No, I don't think so.
Face it. You're a younger son...
with the taste of marquesses
and the income of a vicar.
Her mother likes you.
She does too.
Now, I know she's not

exactly a show-stopper...

- Her father's not keen on the idea.

- He'll come around.

"Have you met my daughter,
Lady Rupert Standish?"

He thinks I'm in it for the money.

Of course he does.

But you can't let that put you off.

He's much more of an obstacle
than you think.

Then you must overcome that,
mustn't you?

Her Ladyship asked if you would join her
in the drawing room when you've finished.

All right, ladies, off you go.

Gentlemen.

Gents, move down. Move down.

Louisa, look after Pip
for me, will you?

I wonder if we could have
a word or two later on, William?

Do you think so?

Ah, good, good.

- Jennings, could I...

- Certainly, sir.

There's more in here.

I'm just getting them.

I need all the knives there.

All the knives.

Come on, Maude.

Let's go and get the fish kettle.

Fred? Albert?

Ready?

- There he is.

- Who?

Lord Stockbridge's valet.

Apparently, he grew up in an orphanage.

Arthur said they made him
shout it down the table.

Makes you feel

sorry for him, really.

It's nothing to be

ashamed of. It's not his fault.

Would you like me to ask Lord Rupert

and Mr. Blond to join you, sir?

No, leave them be.

They can entertain the ladies.

Give Mr. Novello a rest.

Anthony, did I overhear you

at dinner saying...

- you were going into business with Sir William?

- I beg your pardon?

- Is it very old?

- Possibly, possibly.

If you need an expert

in changing money,

especially Africa,

I'm your man... expert.

Yes, the expert.

No, it's not here.

And Mr. Jennings is certain

he hasn't got it?

Oh, so he says.

But if it's a silver carving knife,

he must have it.

It's just gone in the wrong drawer

in the silver pantry.

- It wouldn't have been put in here.

- Well, that's what I told him.

How old would you say

that Mr. Stockbridge was?

Don't know. About 31, 32.

- Why?

- Oh, no reason.

I think I'll turn in.

We got an early start.

You can tell Mr. Jennings

we haven't got that knife.

Pleasant evening, milady?

Not really, no.

Had Lord Stockbridge on one side

boring for Britain,

and Freddie Nesbitt

on the other sucking up.

Oh, I'm worn out.

Is there any more chocolate in that pot?

I'll go down and

make some more, milady.

Lewis'?

Lewis'?

I was looking for my maid.

She's just gone downstairs.

Can I help?

She's going to fetch me some chocolate, but now I wonder whether I wouldn't prefer milk.

Would that be hot milk or cold?

You decide.

I couldn't say, milady.

Hot then, with something to make it sweet.

You have your hands in your pockets.

- Otherwise, I'll never sleep.

- Why?

Do you have trouble sleeping, milady?

I have a feeling

I might have trouble tonight.

I'll be wide awake at 1:00 a.m., bored to sobs.

Then we must try and think of something to amuse you.

- Barnes. It's all right.

- Oh, I'm so sorry, sir.

No, I knew it. I knew William would try something like this.

Well, of course he would. Fuck him!

- Short ares.

- And fuck this room!

I think you should

come with me tomorrow.

I'll just say I need you.

Oh, I got through

to the coast tonight.

Finally.

Is that clock right?

We got turned down by Una Merkel, so... Sheehan's

pushing for a rewrite.

He thinks the part's too small.

It's a fucking Charlie Chan picture, not a movie about a socialite.

So...

will I see you later?
I don't think I should risk it.
Do you?
Good night, sir.
Henry.
Don't forget those.
They'll think you don't care.
Oh. I must've taken
the wrong stairs.
You better not be seen up here.
- I'd better go down.
- Why?
There's no rush.
Since you're here now,
what about a drink?
What are you doing?
No!
Get off me!
Get off me!
Get off...
What?
What's this?
What are you doing here?
I came up the wrong staircase. I was
just waiting till the coast was clear.
Well, you better go down again
before anyone catches you.
Just a minute.
- What?
- Nothing.
- Do you want a drink?
- Sure.
So what do you make of the place?
Is this a well-run house,
would you say?
Do you think Sir William
would be good to work for?
No.
How long you been doing this?
- What?
- Valeting'?
About seven years.
I was a footman before that.
And working for Lord Stockbridge...

is that a promotion?

No.

I used to be with
the Earl of Flintshire.

- Then why did you move?

- 'Cause I felt like it.

Who's that?

- That's my mother.

- Where's she live?

She doesn't. That's why
they put me in an orphanage.

That's right. Sorry.

What happened to her?

What do you mean?

I mean, why did she die?

Was she young?

Was it in childbirth?

You're not very curious, are you?

Yeah, she was young.

She worked in a factory.

She had me. A little while later,
she died. End of story.

Then why didn't you say
she was a factory worker at dinner?

'Cause I didn't fancy discussing my private
life with a table full of strangers.

I'm sorry if I spoke
out of turn, mate.

- Didn't mean to offend you.

- I'm not offended.

And don't call me "mate."

Well, I'll see you later.

I've got a date
with a hot glass of milk.

I shouldn't worry about it.

It goes with the territory.

Oh, look.

It's Mr. Novello.

Just think of him
sleeping downstairs.

I'm gonna have to watch you, my girl.

I can see that.

Her Ladyship says Mr. Weissman's a Hollywood producer.
He does the Charlie Chan films.

Yeah, I like those. I like
a bit of a fright in the cinema.
You could go with his valet.
He'd give you a fright.
You'd better keep your eye on him.
I think he's a queer one.
He's not from Scotland,
for a start.
At least not any part of it
that I know.

- What's Mrs. Nesbitt like?
- She's all right.
I feel a bit sorry
for her, really.

- Of course, it never works.
- What never works?
Well, when a man like that
marries beneath him,
he hasn't got the brains
to carry it off.
I think it's romantic
to marry for love.
Love'? Not him.
He's a nasty piece of work.
The Honorable Freddie Nesbitt.
That's a laugh.
No, it was her father's money
he was after.
It was less than he thought,
and now it's all spent,
all he's got to show for it
is a wife he's ashamed of.
And he's lost his job.
Wants Miss Isobel to put in a word
with Sir William.

- What's the matter?
- I never washed that shirt!
Oh, she's gonna kill me.
Do you think I could do it now?
- Do you want me to go with you?
- No.
I'll be all right.
What are you doing down here?
I'm supposed to wash

Lady Trentham's shirt for tomorrow.
There's a sink in the ironing room.
Is someone in there?
What are you doing here?
I just had to rinse this shirt out.
Should've knocked, shouldn't you?
Miss Trentham?
I was just washing a shirt
of Her Ladyship's.
I hope you found everything
you required.
Does she have to have marmalade?
Only Dorothy made too little of it last
January, and we've run out of the home made.
I don't suppose she'd care
for strawberry jam instead?
No, I thought not.
Oh, I was rather hoping for
a word with Mrs. Wilson.
Mrs. Wilson,
will you tell Jennings...
that we'll have the soup
after the fourth drive tomorrow.
And-And tell Mrs. Croft
to make sure it's hot.
It's been cold the last few weeks.
And more pepper in it.
Is that you?
Were you expecting someone else?
Seven hundred day today?
Well, lads, don't coach your guns,
even if they can't hit a barn door.
- Don't tell them where they're missing
unless they ask. - Lovely day.
- Jennings.
- I hope it holds for you, sir.
- Enjoy the shoot.
- Can a pheasant ever be dangerous?
- Dangerous?
- Do I have to worry about it attacking?
- Good morning, sir.
- Right, draw your pegs.
- I'm gonna be cheering him on.
- Draw your pegs.

Here we are.

- Morning, Jennings.

- Are you shooting today, sir?

- I never shoot.

- Oh.

You see,

I'm-I'm starving.

Where have you been?

Sorry.

Oh, they always send up

a good breakfast here.

I'll say that for Sylvia.

She's not at all mean in that way.

Oh, dear. Bought marmalade.

Dear me, I call that very feeble.

Well, I suppose

one can't have everything.

Mary, I don't think

I'll wear that shirt after all.

The other one's warmer.

That's all I care about.

Ooh, yummy...

Yummy, yummy, yummy.

What do you mean,

you're going shooting?

Mr. Weissman wants me to accompany him.

Nothing wrong in that.

But what for? You're not loading.

He hasn't got a gun.

- He might need something.

- What could he need?

Yeah, we know the very idea of service
is offensive to you, George.

But there's no need

to take it out on the rest of us.

Please forgive our ill manners,

Mr. Weissman.

I think he's got

something to hide, that one.

We all have something to hide,

Mr. Meredith.

Would you like to

get changed now, miss?

- He won't do it.

- Who won't do what?

My father.

He won't give Freddie a job.

I spoke to him last night,
and he said he'd think about it.

But this morning, he says it isn't
up to him, when, of course, it is.

- Why not?

- I don't know.

Something to do with
why Freddie was sacked.

But I can't get a straight answer
out of either of them.

Well, you've done your best.

Mr. Nesbitt can't ask for more than that now, can he?

But he can, much more!

He says he's going to tell him.

Do you think he will'?

I don't know. He says Daddy
will give him a job to keep him quiet.

Will you say something?

To Mr. Nesbitt?

To Daddy.

Really, miss, why do you think
I can make a difference?

Will you?

I think you should wear
your warm underwear today.

Neary

That's mine.

Oh, God! It's on its way.

Damn!

Bloody gun's no good.

I told you not to bring this one.

- Blast.

- I think I pricked that one.

I-I'm pretty sure I pricked it.

Bugged

Blast it!

Oh, damn!

- Are you all right, sir?

- No, I'm not!

God, where the bloody hell
did that come from?

- It's nicked you, sir.
- It's nicked me.
- What cretin did that?
- I don't know, sir.
Find Strutt. Ask him
if he knows who's responsible.
And if he knows, tell him to send
the gun back to the bloody house.
Everybody knows the desperate situation
we're in, but nobody seems to care.
Oh, there you are.
Did you find one?
- Well?
- Don't look at me.
If I so much as open my mouth on
the subject, it'll make things worse.
- I've already tried.
- Jennings says the car's ready.
Oh, goody. I'm starving.
I do love.
- What are you wearing?
- Why'? Don't you like it?
- You bought it.
- Did I?
Oh, how extraordinary of me.
Come on. Better get going.
- Where's that wretched Mabel?
- Has anyone checked her outfit?
She's probably in black velvet
with a feather in her hair.
She's in the morning room
looking perfectly normal.
- Don't be such a snob, Aunt Constance.
- Me?
I haven't a snobbish bone
in my body.
Oh, Mr. Meredith.
- Is Mr. Stockbridge in?
- Search me.
Oh. Mr. Stockbridge.
I'm sorry to disturb you.
I was just making
my routine inspection.
So, uh, how are you settling in

with Lord Stockbridge?

I'm sorry?

How are you settling in

with Lord Stockbridge?

I know that you haven't

been with him for long.

Not long, no.

I'm afraid smoking

isn't allowed up here.

I hope you're finding everything to make

His Lordship's stay more comfortable.

I hope we haven't forgotten anything.

I can't believe you forget much,

Mrs. Wilson.

No.

Not much.

Well, I'll leave you to your book.

You know... Bang! Whoof!

You should be more

selective about the people you invite.

Well, I've got a good appetite.

Yes.

It's very muddy,

so watch where you step.

Terribly muddy here. Do watch.

Do you see what I'm saying?

I've been noticing it.

Doesn't this look lovely?

They really have done well.

Now do go in and have a drink.

I can tell you, Raymond, it's

a bloody awful thing to have happened.

- Oh, God, Louisa.

- Oh! Oh, I say.

Two inches to my right I'd have

been dead. I've just been shot.

- What?

- Yes, that's right.

Oh, yes, please.

- What happened to your ear?

- Some idiot shot me.

- I was a terrible shot.

- Did you have fun?

- I don't think you realise how serious this is.

- Of course I do.
Why can't you get
your sisters to help?
Darling, do you think I haven't tried'?
You know what they're like.
Well, I know they couldn't care less
if we go under.
Why should they care, as long as their dressmakers
are busy and their dinners are on time?
- Wait a minute. There's a queue here.
- Shh. Shh.
Shut the door, for heaven's sake.
Don't worry.
It's only Lewis and Dorothy.
If any of the men get found up here,
they get sacked on the spot.
Worse luck.
So don't tell me,
you're a convent girl.
Or is that
Presbyterian modesty?
- Is the water hot?
- Not really.
No, it won't be
till the guns get back.
I'd better get in yours.
Her Ladyship says that Sir William
loves his shooting.
Yeah, he does. Can't hit a barn door,
but he does love it.
It's quite sweet, really.
- Elsie.
- Yeah?
Last night...
What?
No, I shouldn't say.
Yes, you should.
What?
Well,
when I went down
to wash that shirt,
I think I saw him
in the ironing room.
He was with

one of the kitchen maids.

- No, that wouldn't have been him.

- I think it was.

He came down the passage a minute later,
and I don't see how...

No, it wasn't him.

You weren't serious

last night, were you?

I'm afraid I was, old boy.

I was going to tell you next week,

but since you mentioned it...

I don't think you've grasped quite what it'll do to the
whole project, and in particular what it'll do to me.

- It can't be as black as all that, can it?

- Yes, it bloody well is.

I'm sorry to hear that,

but business is business.

- I'm not a charity commissioner, you know.

- William, I'm begging you.

Damn it!

Oh, dear.

- I'll clear that up.

- I'm sorry.

Arthur, go and get a bucket.

- Have you a cloth?

- Under the table.

Seems very nervous.

We'll have that

cleaned for you at the house.

Terrified the life out of me.

I borrowed it from Lewis.

Shot, frightened to death.

I think it's left me deaf.

You know how you said Sir William

could've had his pick...

between Lady Sylvia

and Lady Stockbridge?

- Aye.

- Well, I asked Her Ladyship about it.

She said they cut cards for him.

- No!

- I know.

I can't believe it either.

Do you suppose it was a joke?

Well, I wouldn't be too sure.
You know what I heard'?
Oh, just listen to me.
- What? - Why do we spend our lives
living through them?
I mean, look at poor old Lewis.
If her own mother had a heart attack, she'd think it
was less important than one of Lady Sylvia's farts.
You must know.
You can't fool me.
If there's one thing I don't
look for in a maid, it's discretion.
Except with my own secrets, of course.
Well, I don't know much, milady,
but apparently he was counting
on Sir William for an investment...
and had guaranteed his interest,
whatever that means.
Anyway, Mr. Barnes,
the commander's valet
he said he wanted
to leave at once,
but Lady Lavinia's persuaded him to stay until
tomorrow to make less of a thing of it.
Oh, thank heavens.
Lewis told me you were wearing white.
White? She must be mad.
I never wear white.
I thought it was a little odd.
By the way, for God's sake,
don't rub him up tonight.
- I don't know what you mean.
- You know exactly what I mean.
He's in a filthy mood
with everyone.
He's talking about
stopping your allowance.
But it's for life.
That was settled. He can't do that.
Just you watch him.
He's absolutely spoiling for a fight.
So if you'll take my advice,
you won't give him one.
Now, that you can be

discreet about.

Thank you.

Goodness, isn't it pretty here?

The house has such lovely position.

The best view's

from the old water tower.

You might well

walk up there tomorrow.

Do you really have to

go back to London?

I am afraid so, Raymond.

When you're ruined,

there's so much to do.

Yes, there is, isn't there?

Moan, moan, moan.

Would anybody care for

a game of bridge after dinner?

Oh, yes, I wouldn't mind.

Who else?

Louisa, how about you?

Oh, I don't think so.

I've rather gone off cards.

I've never been very lucky with them.

Me too.

Mr. Weissman, tell us about

the film you're going to make.

Oh, sure. It's called Charlie Chan
in London. It's a detective story.

- Set in London?

- Well, not really.

Most of it takes place at

a shooting party in a country house,
sort of like this one, actually.

A murder in the middle of the night.

A lot of guests for the weekend.

Everyone's a suspect.

That sort of thing.

How horrid.

And who turns out to have done it?

I couldn't tell you that.

It would spoil it for you.

Oh, but none of us will see it.

Are you thinking of

making it here, Mr. Weissman'?

Uh, no, we're going to shoot it
in Hollywood, on the back lot.

But since I was in England, I thought I would
do a little research on country living...

and Ivor was kind enough
to arrange it for me.

Mmm, no.

William arranged it for you.

- Are you interested in films, sir?

- Not likely.

Why shouldn't I be interested in films?

You don't know

what I'm interested in.

Well, I know you're interested in money

and fiddling with your guns,

but when it comes to anything else,

I'm stumped.

That is not fair. Bill is...

Elsie.

Elsie, what's...

It's not as if I didn't know.

So we can all play bridge.

- All playing?

- Who's going to play bridge? Are they going to play?

Where's Rupert?

- Rupert!

- Coming.

- I heard Lady Sylvia spoke out of turn.

- You didn't actually see?

So what's going to happen to Elsie?

- She'll be lucky if they don't boot her out before morning.

- You should've seen it.

She has been here a long time.

Shall I tell you

what that means to them? Bugger all.

Please, Mr. Meredith.

There are ladies present.

Where, exactly, is Sir William now?

He's still in the library.

He won't be out again tonight.

Oh, Dorothy.

- Mr. Meredith, may I ask what is going on?

- Uh, we were just...

George, will you please join me in

the drawing room as soon as possible.

- Mr. Probert, kindly take everybody
back downstairs. - Certainly.

Dorothy, I'm especially
surprised at you.

Come along, ladies. Come along.

Is it true, then?

Has Elsie really been sacked?

- Lady Trentham.

- Well, luck of the draw.

- Freddie, I'd like to...

- Darling, we've just cut.

- Ivor, darling.

- Thank you.

Would it be awful of me
to ask you to play something...
to cheer us all up a bit?

- Of course not.

- Thank you.

So sweet.

I've booked the first passage home.

I'll be living on the phone till I set
sail. I have to be in London tomorrow.

If you prefer to stay,
I can take a train.

- I'll give you a lift in my car.

- Oh, thank you.

You're providing a lot
of entertainment for nothing.

Morris, I'm used to it.

Excuse me.

- Music moves on.

- Funny old evening, hmm?

Oh!

You're not going to stand over
my shoulder and watch me, please.

You'll put me off.

He's rather a big success, isn't he?

Huge. It's absolutely ridiculous.

Do you think he'll be as long
as he usually is?

I think he's rather wonderful.

- Hmm?

- I think he's rather wonderful.

Well, I have only seen one.
I thought
you weren't drinking any more.
I don't think we should be doing this.
Oh, come on.
I don't know. It's just...
I mean, how could she
let him touch her?
- You sound as if you don't like him.
- You'd be surprised.
- All right, surprise me.
- Maybe I will.
I saw him in The Lodger.
But I've never heard him sing.
Will you, um, excuse me for a minute?
- You don't need my help?
- No, we're fine.
Oh, my Lord.
- It seems to be much more
than just background music,
somehow or other.
Ivor, darling, it was lovely.
Thank you.
Anthony.
Shh. It's the commander.
- Oh.
- Good evening, sir.
- Excuse me.
- Sir.
Uh, carry on.
- What do you want?
- I brought you some coffee.
If I wanted coffee,
I'd have rung for it.
Leave that.
Give me some whiskey.
I thought you might
need a drink...
and some company.
Well, that's really
very kind of you.
Give me just a sec.
Awfully long repertoire.
We've run out of milk, Mr. Jennings.

- Won't be a moment.

- Hmm.

Desperate for a fag.

Where's Mr. Weissman's man?

- He's missing the music.

- Shh.

What are you doing?

Dorothy, get back to work.

Excuse me, but Dorothy's
under my jurisdiction as well,
and I say she can listen to
a spot of music if she likes.

- Excuse me. Where's the telephone?

- Oh. I'm sorry, sir.

Uh, it's just over there, sir.

Don't. Don't. Don't. Please don't
encourage him. He'll just go on and on.

Oh, you're still here.

- I thought that...

- Yeah, well, appearances can be deceptive, can't they?

Elsie.

Good night.

Scotch and soda, please, Jennings.

He gave you that
for your birthday, did he?

Hmm?

He gave you that
for your birthday, William did?

Yeah, I've got a call
booked for California.

California.

It's never going to stop.

Oh, Freddie, we gave up on you.

We waited as long as we could.

- Do you think William's still in the library?

- Where have you been?

- Hmm? I suppose.

- Where have you been?

- That's none of your bloody business.

- What are we going to do?

Who played the nine?

- Well, I could try and fetch him.

- Oh, would you?

He's always preferred you to me.

Yes, I'd be delighted.
Today is not my day.
If that's what you call a moment,
I'd like to see what happens
when you take a real break.
Here. Did yours as well.
Before the rush starts.
Thank you.
Where have you been?
It's fine, it's fine.
William?
Oh, God, Bill.
Come here,
you horrid little dirty thing.
Bill!
- Dear God!
- Oh, my God.
Louisa!
Isobel? Isobel?
George. Excuse me, sir.
Jennings.
Oh, my dear.
Darling? Darling?
Could you ask Jennings about the salts?
Could somebody get
a glass of water, please?
- Keep everybody out of this room.
- Yes, sir, certainly.
- Over here. Louisa.
- Bill.
- Louisa, just sit and be quiet.
- But...
Mummy?
Mummy?
- Is she all right?
- Everything's fine.
Sylvia.
- Well, tell Mr. Warner...
- Excuse me. I need that telephone.
Excuse me.
I'm on the telephone.
I'm on a call to California.
Hello? Yes, would you
connect me with the police station?

I'm looking for a kind
of realistic Charlie Chan movie.
This isn't out of the question.
We should try to do this.
It has to be better. We can't do
the same old shit over and over again.
Alan Mowbray... I like that.
I mean, that's a butler.
These people here
look like Alan Mowbray.
I mean, they're sort of tall,
and they don't say too much.
And they have fucking
British accents, right?
They talk like they're from England.

- Good evening. We've been expecting you.
- Is Ray Milland British?
- Yes, good evening. This is Constable Dexter...
- You must be the police.
- Yes. How do you do, ma'am? I'm Inspector Thom...
- I'm Lady Sylvia McCordle.

We haven't moved him. I've gathered
everyone. Come straight through.
Certainly, ma'am, yes.
Oh, don't worry about him.
He's just an American staying with us.
I'll tell you who we all are. Then we can all
go to bed and leave you with poor William.
Yes, indeed. Shall I introduce myself?
I'm Inspector Thom...

- This is my aunt, Lady Trentham.
- Ah, yes, the Countess of Trentham.
I served with your husband on a...
My brother-in-law Lord Stockbridge.
Lady Stockbridge.

- Jennings, please, would you remove that vile animal?
- Certainly, milady.

Uh, Mrs. Nesbitt.
Mr. Nesbitt.

- Ivor Novello, who I'm sure needs no introduction.
- Of course. Mr. Novello, a...

No, wait. Would you like to speak
to the servants tonight, Inspector?
- Inspector Thom...

- He ought to speak to Probert, my husband's valet.

Tell him to come up.

Now, where was I?

- Isobel McCordle, my daughter.

- Charlie Chan is in London.

He's not in California.

They're talking to me about rewrites
about the part of the Cockney maid,
and she's running in
and saying all these things.

Look, I'm here.

They don't talk.

The butlers and maids,
they stand, they watch.

They serve.

They do things.

What about Claudette Colbert? She's
British, isn't she? She sounds British.

Is she, like, affected,
or is she British?

Oh, Dorothy, would you take...

Um, Well, I...

Go on, spit it out.

- The police would like
to see you for a moment. - Me?

No, Mrs. Croft.

Mr. Probert.

Me?

Why?

Oh, Well,

I-I don't know

what I can tell them.

George, would you go and see if anything
more is required in the red drawing room?

Yes, sir.

I don't see the point
in the rest of you waiting up.

What about me, Mr. Jennings?

You can go as soon as
the police release you.

That'll be sometime tomorrow.

Until then,

you can stay in your room.

I'm not contagious, you know.

Nobody's going anywhere

Those of you with remaining duties,
see to them as quickly as you can.

Otherwise...

good night, everyone.

- Good night, sir.

- Good night, sir.

- Mr. Jennings.

- Yes, Mr. Weissman'?

I have a confession to make.

Right, but I think

it's clear it's the valet who did it.

No, because the valet
has access to everybody.

No, the valet isn't the butler.

No, there's one butler, and there 's lots
of valets running all over the place.

He takes care of people.

He's in their rooms at night.

He could do it. I mean,
the valet easily could have done it.

Pull yourself together, Mr. Probert.

Try and be a bit patient.

They'll be along in a minute.

Couldn't I just make him
a little more comfortable, sir?

- Please?

- Have a heart, Inspector.

No, it wouldn't be wise, sir. We shouldn't
have to wait too much longer now.

Oh, I don't think it'd do any harm.

Ohh!

Well, you see, this is why we have
rules and regulations, isn't it?

What is it, Dexter?

Well, only that there doesn't seem
to be much blood, sir.

- Is that everything, milord?

- Yes, thank you, Parks.

- I think perhaps you should try and get some sleep.

- It's so unfair!

Nobody liked him.

- It's terrible.

- Oh, do stop sniveling.

Anyone would think you were Italian.
Christ.

Will you not let me help you
with your frock, milady'?

No, I can manage.

- Then I'll say good night, milady.

- Wait, wait.

Thank you, milady.

What is it?

Please tell me you haven't
come with condolences.

No.

- I was just wondering if you wanted some com...

- What?

I said, I was just
wondering if you wanted some company

Well, I suppose life must go on.

Unhook me.

No, there's another one.

You'll never get it off like that.

I'm really sorry about everything.

Don't feel sorry for me.

Pity that poor Dorothy.

She's got all

the early morning teas to do,
and the breakfast trays.

And she's got to get Miss Isobel to the dining
room and see if she can find anything in black.

She's the one who needs your sympathy.

I'm well out of it.

I would think Miss Isobel
might stay in bed tomorrow.

Unmarried girls don't have breakfast
trays. Not in this house.

I wish I could help.

You can't.

George says Mr. Novello was in on it.

And Sir William.

The point is, that Henry Denton,
he's an actor.

An actor?

He's playing a butler in the next Charlie Chan.

Wanted to make it authentic.

I'd say the joke was on Lady Sylvia.

I hope he don't model
his performance on Mr. Jennings,
or he'll be too squiffy
to remember his lines.
Ah, Mrs. Croft, isn't it?
I wonder if I could...
Ah, yes.
Have a few words with you.
- I'm Inspector Thom...
- Oh, I haven't got time for this now.
I'm doing the breakfast.
It wouldn't take much time. Perhaps
you have a room where we could speak.
Oh, I suppose
you'd better come to my room.
Bertha, I'm leaving you in charge.
Dorothy, make sure those menus
go up on Her Ladyship's tray.
And get that filthy dog out of here.
Honestly, these days the countryside's
getting more dangerous than Piccadilly.
But why one of the knives
from the silver pantry?
Doesn't make sense.
He must have forgotten to bring one.
When you think of
what they have to carry about...
all those jemmies and torches
and skeleton keys...
it's a miracle anyone
ever gets burgled at all.
Oh, it's glacial in here.
Get my fur, will you?
Anyway, it wasn't in
the silver pantry.
It's been missing
since yesterday.
Obviously William had it.
And when the fellow surprised him
there it was,
on the table
as handy as you like.
Are any of the others getting up
for breakfast? The women, I mean.

I think Lady Lavinia may be.
That settles it. Come back

at half past 8:

It's the greatest bore, of course,
but I don't want
to miss anything.

When I came back last night,
I found this on my dressing table.
What is it?

"This is your final warning.
If I've not
received an offer..."

Freddie.

What a stupid idiot.

Well, at least he's off your back now.

There's no one to tell.

At least no one's who's gonna
give him a job to shut him up.

Oh, now,

he's quite the bonny lad, isn't he?

What's he up to these days,
this one, eh?

He's dead.

I don't know what I can tell you.

Shouldn't you be looking
for signs of a break-in?

Mrs. Croft, I understand no one has served Sir
William longer than you have. Is that true?

I'd better be off.

Might not see you again.

I'm only staying till
the police give the nod.

But, Elsie,

you're not in any difficulty,
are you?

What, apart from having
no home and no job?

Nah.

There's no worries there.

Yes, I was forgetting.

You were much cleverer
than I was.

You'll be fine.

I wonder what Lady Sylvia
will do now.

If I were her, I'd set up
in London as a glamorous widow...
with all the gentlemen
chasin' me for my money.

I wouldn't.

I grew up in London.

- Is that where the orphanage was?

- On the edge. Isleworth.

- And you don't get homesick?

- I don't think you get homesick if you've never had a home.

You heard about Mr. Weissman's valet?

Turns out he's a fraud.

- He isn't Scottish at all.

- No!

I could've told you that.

Who is he, then?

Do you think he's the murderer?

It's worse than that.

He's an actor.

Yes, I want you to wake him up.

How else do you suggest

I talk to him?

Yes. Right.

Well, what'd he say?

What, he's talking about

Clara Bow again?

Listen, you tell Sheehan I think

Clara Bow is a really nice person,

and she's not coming within

ten miles of my picture.

I don't want her

in the fucking movie.

There is one thing. The bastard's

death may have saved my bacon.

For God's sake, be quiet.

What's the matter with you?

Arthur.

- Oh, are these tomatoes?

- Yes, milady.

That's exactly what I want.

- Good morning.

- Good morning, dear.

Have you heard?
It's too tiresome. That frightful
inspector won't let anyone leave.
So we're to be treated to another day of
Mr. Weissman shouting down the telephone.
He has some problems with his work
in Los Angeles, I'm afraid.
Well, I must say,
he conducts his affairs very oddly.
Coming downstairs just now, I thought I'd
been transported to a bar in Marseilles.
Jennings? Excuse me. I'm sorry.
I'm expecting
a really important telephone call.
- Will you get me the second it comes through?
- Very good, sir.
And I'd like, uh, oh,
tomato and eggs. Thank you.
Of course, sir, but...
perhaps you would prefer to
choose for yourself, sir?
What do you mean,
like cafeteria style?
The Englishman is never
waited on at breakfast.
Really?
Well, that's interesting.
Because an American is.
Wow.
I'm going to make a note of that.
Good morning.
I'd like some coffee, Jennings.
There it is.
- You haven't made a lot of friends.
- Ah.
Good. Good morning, ladies, gents.
Um, I wonder...
Excuse me.
Uh, will Lady Sylvia
be coming down soon?
I shouldn't think so.
She has breakfast in her room.
Then she usually goes for a ride.
Yes, but she won't be doing that

this morning, will she?

Well, I see.

Well, in that case,

I wonder, Lady Trentham,

if you would be kind enough

to join us for some questions.

If you wish, Inspector.

I'm afraid I won't be much help,

but I suppose on a day like this

we all have to pull our weight.

Mr. Denton made

a right chump out of Mr. Jennings.

Never mind that.

Did you hear about Sir William?

Apparently he wasn't stabbed after all.

Well, I mean, he was,

but that's not why he died.

He was poisoned.

That's what killed him.

The inspector told Mrs. Croft.

They don't know why the killer stabbed him

as well, but he must've been dead already.

That's why there was no blood.

Dead bodies don't bleed, you know.

Trust Sir William

to be murdered twice.

Of course he wasn't murdered.

Not that sort of murder.

Some ruffian broke in...

thinking the library was empty.

Sir William surprised him

and paid the price for it.

And very tragic it is too.

I can't see that, Mr. Jennings.

I don't think ruffians go about poisoning

people and then stabbing the corpses.

Apart from anything else,

they're usually in a hurry

to get away, aren't they?

What are you suggesting?

- I'm not suggesting anything. It's just

- Just what?

Well, it looks to me like Sir William

was killed deliberately, that's all.

No wonder they're not
letting any of us go.
Tough luck on whoever's
got any secrets to hide.
Now they've canceled the shooting,
muggins here has got to pull a luncheon
for God knows how many out of the hat.
- Is Her Ladyship back yet?
- No.
Then she'll have to take
what she gets.
Why would anyone
want to kill Sir William?
Well, he wasn't exactly
Father Christmas.
Get on with your work.
And take that filthy dog out of here.
He made a few enemies
in his time, that's all.
What do you mean, enemies?
When?
Is this before the war, Mrs. Croft,
when you were a factory worker?
I was not a factory worker.
I was never a factory worker.
I was a cook in one of his factories.
He had two in Isleworth and two
in Twickenham, and all full of girls.
So you can imagine.
Wasn't that risky with factory girls?
Suppose they complained?
Who to, exactly?
But what if they got,
you know, in trouble'?
- What sort of trouble?
- Here, take these. Whites only, all right?
Didn't happen very often.
When it did, he arranged
to have it adopted.
But what if you didn't
want it adopted?
- Say you wanted to keep it.
- Then you got kicked out, lost your job.
You can take my word for it,

he was a hard-hearted, randy old sod.

Ah, come in, Miss Maceach...

- I'm Inspector Thom...

- This is all too tiresome and absurd.

He's making the most dreadful fuss.

If you don't mind, I would like
to ask the young lady some questions.

Well, I'm not leaving,
if that's what you think.

Well, does it bother you
if Lady Trentham stays?

Why should it?

- Sir, someone's traipsed a load of mud in down here.

- Not now, Dexter, please.

I understood there was some...

difficulty between the late
Sir William McCordle and your employer.

This is too vulgar to be believed.

I wasn't aware of that, sir.

They got on well as far as I could see.

- You were not conscious...

- Inspector, there's a broken coffee cup down here.

Dexter, they have people to clear these
things up. You get on with your own job.

So you were not aware
of any trouble...

over the matter of an allowance?

An allowance, I might add, that
Sir William's death has now made secure.

What sort of an allowance
would that be, sir?

Ah, there you are.

Have you got enough light?

Black on black? We don't want you
going blind on top of everything else.

They've got to be done,

Mr. Jennings,

but the outside staff
need them for the funeral.

I'm sorry that this business with Elsie
has landed you with so much work.

That's what comes
of being so reliable.

- Never mind me.

- Hmm.

Mr. Jennings, have you...

have you spoken to the police again?

Not yet, no.

I suppose they have to ask
their questions, don't they have to?

Well, yes.

Will they be talking to all of us?

I shouldn't think so, no.

Well, I'll leave you to it, then.

Mr. Jennings.

You know... You know

I'd say anything you want me to.

- What?

- Anything at all.

I don't care what I tell them, if it'll
help you. Y-Y-You know that, don't you?

You've only to ask.

So, let me, uh, let me pour you
a cup of tea, eh?

Yes, thank you. Would you mind
putting the milk in afterward?

Of course.

Of course.

Don't know what came over me. I usually put
the milk in after, but on that occasion...

- Sir.

- Not now, thank you.

So sorry.

Mrs. Inspector Thompson prefers the milk in
first, so I get used to pouring it for her.

I don't know why. Some nonsense about
bacteria. You know what women are like...

Well, what wives are like.

No, she's a funny old...

Sugar?

No, thank you.

Of course they'll give her
a good reference.

Otherwise they'd have to explain
why they're giving her a bad one.

- Mr. Parks.

- Robert.

Robert, then.

It's just...
last night when you said
you'd surprise me,
you didn't mean anything by it, did you?
Why?
Don't you like surprises?
Where shall we begin? Yes, now...
Oh, Mr. Stockbridge.
By now I assume
you are all aware...
that, uh, Mr. Denton has
been playing a trick on us...
by posing as a valet.
Since Sir William
was aware of the plan,
it is not for me
or anyone else to criticise it.
However, it does leave us with some
adjustments to make for this evening.
Um, Arthur, you will take over
dressing Mr. Weissman.
That leaves us the problem of Mr. Novello, and
I really don't want to ask you, Mr. Probert.
- I don't mind, Mr. Jennings.
- Oh, no, no. You've got enough on your plate.
I'll do him, if you like.
Oh, that's very generous of you,
Mr. Stockbridge.
I suppose I could always
do it myself, of course.
It's no trouble.
It's only for a night or two.
Good. Splendid.
That's settled, then.
And I think we can leave Mr. Denton
to dress himself.
"The bastard's death
may have saved my bacon."
- What do you think he meant by that?
- Isn't it obvious?
Is it?
Well, perhaps he meant that the
investment that Sir William had agreed...
would probably have to

be paid now... Sir.

What about that low shot that nearly killed him that morning they were out?

- Sir.

- What is it?

We haven't dusted those things for fingerprints yet.

Good.

Do you think that shot might have been intended for Sir William?

- Well, it nearly took his ear off.

- Hmm.

Mm-hmm. Well, thank you, Mr. Barnes.

You've been most helpful.

Perhaps you'd be good enough to ask Commander Meredith to join us just now.

You-You won't tell him what I said, will you, Inspector Thomas?

Thompson.

It's Inspector Thom...

Never mind.

Just go and fetch him up, please.

Sir.

- We've only got this.

- I don't think mine's bothered. She hasn't got any black here.

We've got some new ones.

You're a lech. You know that?

- George?

- They're coming in a minute.

The dressing bell's just gone.

I'm going out of my mind.

I've read all my magazines twice.

You couldn't pinch something out of the library for me?

I don't care if it's Horse and Hound, as long as I haven't read it.

Well, we are honored.

In case you've forgotten, this is the servants area, sir.

Yours is at the top of the stairs behind that door, sir.

Barnes, it was just a...

- I wanted to explain.

- No explanation necessary, Mr. Denton.

If you'll excuse us, some of us have
got real work to do. Come on, Arthur.
The accent was a dead give away,
you know. We all knew.
Robert, I was just having fun.
Well, then perhaps you'd better enjoy
your fun in the drawing room, sir.
They're afraid you'll repeat things,
be indiscreet.
But I'm very discreet.
In Hollywood, that's what
I'm known for... my discretion.
Tell Rupert if you like.
He won't give you any money.
No, you're
completely misunderstanding me.
And Mummy wouldn't pay
five pounds to save me...
Oh, my poor darling.
Come here. Come on.
Look, please don't think that I'm
enjoying this. All I wanted was a job.
My checkbook's downstairs.
I'll give you a check after dinner.
I'm trying to find my man Parks.
Have you seen him?
Uh, no.
I've been with the police.
You look as if
you've had rather a pasting.
They kept on and on
about that low shot yesterday.
They wouldn't let it go.
- I told them it was nothing to do with me.
- I'm sure you did.
- But another time, Anthony,
try to be less greedy. Parks! - What?
Attend to Mr. Novello first.
I want a word with Her Ladyship.
Very well, milord.
- What?
- I saw you.
Of course it was an accident.
When a man is as short as you, it must be very

difficult to gauge the height of the birds.

- Mr. Meredith.

- Hmm?

You haven't seen Commander Meredith
anywhere, have you'?

- No. - He never came downstairs
and he's not in his room.

Mr. Jennings,

I've washed him and dressed him.

If he can't find his way to
the drawing room, it isn't my fault.

If you've finished with that,
go and see Mrs. Croft.

Oh, I-I'm so sorry, sir.

I didn't mean to disturb you.

No, no, no, please.

I'm just trying some of your jam.

I must be in your way.

No, no. No, no.

No bother.

What one is that, sir?

Um, it's raspberry.

October 31.

You might like to try the, um...
strawberry one.

Oh, is that strawberry?

Let's see.

Ah, yes.

Mmm.

You all right, sir?

Just been with
the inspector and...

I feel a little bruised.

Mmm.

Why is it, would you say, that some people
seem to get whatever they want in life?

Everything they touch turns to gold.

Whereas others

can strive and strive...

and have nothing.

I wonder, do you believe in luck?

Do you think some men

are lucky and...

some men just aren't and...

nothing they can do about it?
I believe in love.
Not just getting it Giving it.
I think as long as you can love
somebody, whether or not they love you,
then it's worth it, and...
That's a good answer.
Uh, I think I've got to go.
Must have finished dinner by now.
Thank you.
I thought the wine
was frightful tonight. Vile.
Jennings, old boy,
I'll have a bourbon.
We don't have bourbon.
We have ordinary Scotch or single malt.
Ordinary for me.
I'm just an American.
Who cares? We know you here.
Look, I understand that this is not an ideal
time, but I would like to see you again.
Mabel is so clever to travel light.
Why should one wear
a different frock every evening?
We're not in a fashion parade.
No, and I wouldn't want to be
Excuse me.
Difficult color, green.
- What did she say?
- Mmm. Very tricky.
- Isobel.
- Excuse me.
It sort of draws you.
I'll have another look at it.
Oh, how this tune
used to make me cry.
Certainly, sir.
Very good.
- I promise you I can pay back every penny.
- Just take it.
- Your bid.
- I must say,
your guests sleep in much more
comfortable beds than your servants.

Excuse me.

- What did Isobel give to you? What did Isobel give to you?

- Don't make a scene here.

- Ivor dear.

- No more lies, Freddie.

Would it be possible to play
something more cheerful?

We're all quite emotional enough
as it is.

- Give it to me.

- What?

Excuse me.

Freddie, stop all your lies.

If you don't give it to me,
I will scream this house down.

- You don't believe me, try me.

- Anthony, there you are.

- Where have you been?

- I...

- You know, you've missed dinner. We can organize a tray for you.

- I don't want anything.

Try buying yourself
a new frock with that.

- We gave up, Louisa dear.

- Oh. Right.

I'm so, so sorry.

Mmm, no coffee, George,
but I'll have a...

- Aah! - I do apologise, sir.

Can't imagine how that happened.

You son of a bitch.

You did that on purpose!

Shall I fetch you a towel, sir?

Oh!

- Arthur.

- Oh, dear!

Clean this up, will you.

They were fishin' parts of her body out
the Thames from Richmond to Rotherhithe.

Some more tea, Constable?

I'll I take that.

Thank you, Bertha.

No head.

No hands.

- Unfortunately, the body had no distinguishing marks.

- What's the point in that?

- Won't it all be chucked out?

- I'll know I've left everything in good order.

That's all I can do for him now.

- Yeah, but he won't...

- Hey, leave him alone.

George has had his revenge on

Mr. Denton... hot coffee in the lap.

- Oh!

- Poor Mr. Denton.

Constable, I'm glad I caught you.

I assume the inspector won't keep everyone

beyond tomorrow, but I thought I'd better check.

- Well, we haven't spoke to all the servants yet, so...

- Ah, there you are, Dexter.

- Come on, we're going home.

- I was just asking how long our guests will be staying.

Mrs. Croft has meals to arrange, and I know

one of the housemaids is anxious to get away.

I don't think there's any need to worry about that.

I'm not interested in the servants.

Only people with a real connection

with the dead man.

I see.

Thank you.

- Do you have a light, Inspector?

- Yes.

Yes, I think we can let them

all go home, to be honest.

I've got their addresses, after all.

Constable Dexter will be here

tomorrow morning to confirm that.

Don't you worry.

It doesn't end here. Oh, no.

Whoever he is, I'll find him.

I always do.

Inspector. Your matches.

Yes. Thank you.

Uh, sir, I think

you'll find it's this way.

Well, yes, we could use this one.

There is, I think, a way out that way,

but, yeah, we'll take your way.

Ohh!

Beg your pardon, sir.

Just collecting

Mr. Nesbitt's shoes, sir.

I think you'll find these stairs
are the easiest way up, sir.

- Thank you, uh...

- George, sir.

George.

You naughty, naughty girl.

Poor bloke.

We were in the ironing room the other night
and one of the visiting maids walked in.

Must think I did it on purpose.

- You won't tell, will ya?

- I won't tell.

But you're lucky you're in the kitchen
and not under Mrs. Wilson.

She'd have sniffed you out
without any help from me.

Do you think

Sir William was in love with you?

Nah. I was a bit of fun, that's all.

And you?

I didn't love him.

I didn't mind him, but...

I liked the way he'd talk.

He'd only talk to me because
he was sick of her, but I liked it.

He used to say to me I could be anything
I wanted as long as I wanted it enough.

You're not sorry, then? Even after
the way things have turned out?

Nah, I'm not sorry.

It's time for a change.

Who knows'?

Could be the makin' of me.

What did he used to say?

Carpe diem. Seize the day.

What's up?

What did I say?

Where are you going?

Who is it?

What are you doing?

You'd better go back to your room.
You don't want to
get caught in here.
You didn't really dislike him, did you?
Not really.
At least not enough to kill him.
You can't have.
You didn't know him.
You'd have to hate him.
And why would you?
Can't a man hate his own father?
Sir William McCordle...
was my father.
He didn't know it,
but he was.
You said you were an orphan.
No, I didn't.
I said I grew up in an orphanage.
Not long before I left, a group of us
broke in to the warden's office one night
and took out our files.
I found my birth certificate.
Mother's name, father unknown.
Found this photograph.
And they had my admission form.
I was two days old.
Guess who brought me to the door.
- Robert, that doesn't mean that he...
- Yes, it does.
After that, I found out
she worked in one of his factories.
She wasn't the only one, apparently.
Either the authorities didn't know,
or they didn't want to know.
They took his babies...
and they took his money.
What happened to your mother?
She died.
Is that why you took the job
with Lord Stockbridge?
To get to Sir William?
To poison him?
I didn't poison him.
What?

I didn't poison him.
But then you didn't kill him.
Did you stab him?
Even if you did,
he was already dead.
And whoever did it must have known that.
No one could stab a corpse and not know it.
Really? When was the last time
you stabbed a corpse?
You really murdered him, then.
I don't know.
I don't care.
Ooh.
I've been wanting to do that
ever since I first set eyes on you.
Mr. Jennings?
Wilson!
Mrs. Wilson. Mrs...
Dorothy. I need your help.
Of course, Mrs. Wilson.
Are you all right?
- No one must see him like this.
- Ohh.
Help me.
- Mr. Jennings?
- Come on, Mr. Jennings.
Come on. Bedtime.
- All right, bedtime.
- No, this way. Come on, Mr. Jennings.
Bedtime, Mr. Jennings.
Bedtime now. Come on.
Where is r-r...
Where is my reference?
You'll get your reference. Into bed now.
Into bed.
- Aah!
- Watch him. Watch him.
Take his trousers off, Dorothy.
I couldn't do that, Mrs. Wilson.
I couldn't do that.
Take his trousers off.
Come on.
- Come on.
- Dorothy.

Who is it?

- Oh, I'm ever so sorry, sir.

- Sorry for what?

I'm supposed to get the fire lit
without waking you.

Why does everyone treat me as if
I were one of these stupid snobs?

I spent half the week
downstairs with all of you.

You can't be on both teams
at once, sir.

It's official.

They're off after breakfast.

Thank God for that.

What about him?

He's going too,
as soon as he's seen Mr. Jennings.

Are you all right, Mrs. Croft?

You sound a bit funny.

Oh, just too many fags, that's all.

They'll be the death of me.

Here, you finish it.

- Did you tell the police any of that
stuff in the end'? - I did not.

I'm sorry if I shock you, but the plain
fact is, he only got what he deserved.

There.

I've said it.

I can't stop thinkin'
about those girls.

- The ones that got, you know...

- Well, I'm not surprised, the way you carry on.

Just see it never happens
to you, that's all.

It won't.

And even if it did, I know I couldn't part
with my baby, not just to hang on to a job.

Well, I'm very glad to hear it.

Who is it?

No, don't mind me, Mr. Jennings.

Inspector Thompson's just asked me
to take one last look around.

- Is the inspector with you?

- No, we're working from the station from now on.

See if we can't manage things
better from there.

What about the poison?

Have you traced that at least?

Hardly.

This house is a poisoner's paradise.

We found the stuff...

in practically ev...

every room.

Unfortunately, no one's

got a police record.

Well, except you, of course.

Perhaps the butler did it.

I had a brother who was

a conscientious objector.

He did a bit of time too.

Did they know upstairs you refused
to fight and were sent to prison?

I'd forget about it if I were you.

Not everyone's cutout

to be a soldier.

- Did you remember the other boxes?

- Everything's in the car, milady.

Wonderful.

Good.

Darling, here I come.

- Do you know, I can't wait to leave this place.

- Let's go.

Christ, what are we

supposed to do now?

Freddie, do try to stop

being so frightened all the time.

- Darling, have I made the most terrible fool of myself?

- Maybe.

- Bye.

- Anthony.

- Um, Anthony...

- Oh, God.

I wanted to remind you of the conversation
we had at dinner the other night.

Um, perhaps this is not

the most appropriate moment,

but when you get to the Sudan you're going
to need an expert, and I'm your man.

- Well, I want to know...
- Did you ask her?
- No, I didn't.
- I think, on reflection, that's a good thing.

According to
the servants' hall gossip,
she won't get any of her estate
till her mother dies.

- Honestly, Jeremy...
- If that's the case, it's too long to wait.
You can do better.

H-Have you checked your room?
You mustn't leave anything behind.

I'm sure Mummy's
going to sell the house.

Isabel

Isabel. Isabel!

Sidney Kent's
taking over the studio.

He loves Charlie Chan
and he hates Winfield Sheehan.

- Sir. - No more rewrites,
and I can cast whoever I like
Well, that was painless, wasn't it?
No, it wasn't.

- Hmm.

- Not for me, anyway

Careful, careful.

Watch yourself.

Whoa!

Do they know?

- No.

- Don't you think they might notice?

I don't care.

Hey, you there.

Where you going?

To the station.

Hey, you want a ride to London?

Sure. Why not?

- Hop in.

- Thank you.

There you go.

Well, good luck.

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

At least I know that gives me
room for manoeuvre.

No, keep your hands to yourself.

You Brits really don't have
a sense of humor, do you?

We do if something's funny, sir.

- Mr. Jennings, can...

- Be quick about it.

Honestly,

it's getting so expensive,
by the time one does Jennings
and leave something for the housemaids,
one might as well

have taken a suite at the Ritz.

Tell me, what happened
to William's little maid?

I never saw her again
after that dinner.

- Elsie?

- Mmm.

- She's gone.

- Ohh. That's a pity, really.

Thought it was a good idea to have someone
in the house who's actually sorry he's dead.

Oh, there you are, dear.

Did you have a nice ride?

I'm feeling rather guilty. Apparently
everyone's gone, apart from you and Louisa.

- Why don't you stay for lunch?

- No, I must be off.

Leave you in peace.

Now, you will...

you will telephone...

about the funeral plans, mmm?

- You don't have to come if it's a bore.

- Nonsense. Of course I'm coming.

Have you decided what you're going
to do about this place?

Oh, I don't know.

Will you keep it?

It's so difficult.

- I mean, does one really want
the bother nowadays? - Mmm.

I suppose I could shut it up...

and make a decision
when my head stops spinning.
Mrs. Wilson could manage
till you're ready.
Oh, yes, she could manage, all right.
Let's not worry about that.
No doubt she'll seize the opportunity
to get rid of the wretched Mrs. Croft.
- Why are those two such enemies?
- I don't know.
Something to do with when they were both
workers in one of William's sweatshops.
Mrs. Croft was the senior then.
She was the cook.
And Mrs. Wilson
a lowly factory worker.
Now that she's got up in the world,
poor old Croftie can't abide it.
The usual rubbish.
- Was there ever a Mr. Wilson?
I can't imagine it. - Nor could I.
Although, funnily enough,
I think there must have been.
Really?
You amaze me.
She might have changed her name,
but when she was working with William she
was called something quite different...
Parks or Parker or Parkinson
or something like that.
Come in.
- You're busy. - No, no, I was just
checking the linen rotation.
If I'd have left it to the maids,
the same 20 sheets would be used
till they fell into rags.
Why did you do it?
How did you know it was him?
Was it the name, or did you
see the photograph in his room?
Ah, yes, the photograph.
It's a miracle that survived.
I remember his mother
putting it into his blanket.

I suppose she wanted him
to have something of hers.
Does he know what happened to her?
They said she died
just after he was born.
Well, she didn't die.
She gave him away.
He promised the boy would be adopted.
He said he knew the family.
Turns out we all
clung to that dream,
all us girls.
A better start in life
for our children.
And all the time he was dumping them,
his own children,
in some godforsaken place.
And I believed him.
I suppose it was easier that way.
My sister certainly
never forgave me for it.
Your sister?
Yes, Mrs. Croft.
She's my sister. Didn't you know?
She kept hers, you see.
It was very hard for her. She lost
her job, and then the baby died anyway
Scarlet fever.
I made him take her back.
She never forgave me for that either.
But even if Robert is your son,
how did you know that
he meant to harm his father?
What gift do you think a good servant
has that separates them from the others?
It's the gift of anticipation.
And I'm a good servant.
I'm better than good. I'm the best.
I'm the perfect servant.
I know when they'll be hungry
and the food is ready.
I know when they'll be tired
and the bed is turned down.
I know it before

they know it themselves.
Are you going to tell him?
Why? What purpose
would it possibly serve?
What if they find out
what happened?
Not much of a crime
to stab a dead man, is it?
They can never touch him.
That's what's important... his life.
And your life?
Didn't you hear me?
I'm the perfect servant. I have no life.
Her Ladyship's leaving now, miss.
Thank you, George.
Well, you should go now,
Miss Trentham.
- Here you are, Jennings.
- Well, good-bye, Sylvia.
- Good-bye. For you.
- Thank you.
Do let us know if there's anything...
anything we can do to help.
Are you going away?
No, not once
the shooting's finished.
Thank you for your help last night.
You don't have to thank me.
You know I'd kill
for Mr. Jennings if I had to.
Don't cry, Jane.
They'll hear you.
Come on.
You did what you felt
was best for him at the time.
I see that now.
Lizzie.
I've lost him.
I've lost him.
He'll never know me now.
My boy.
Oh, my boy...
Well, at least your boy is alive.
He's alive.

That's what matters.

So, you're leaving.

Yes.

Good-bye then.

- Good-bye.

- Parks.

- Good-bye, my dear.

- Get in, Bennett.

Chin up, chin up.

- What a relief to be going.

- What time is it, Jennings?

It'll take me a month to recover.

- Oh, Mary.

- **12:**

Do you think if there's a trial
I might have to testify in court?

Or you?

I can't think of anything worse.

Imagine a person being hanged
because of something one said in court.

I know.

And what purpose
could it possibly serve anyway'?

Good-bye.