

Mary & Matthew | There Are No Simple Love Stories | Downton Abbey

Link

<https://youtu.be/Eia5qbTFwSk>

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M: Matthew **Mar:** Mary **Co:** Cora (Lady Grantham) **Mrs C:** Mrs Crawley
P: Pamuk **E:** Edith **S:** Sibyl **Morseley** (butler) **G:** Lord Grantham
F: Footman

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Matthew: And before they or you get any ideas, I will choose my own wife.

Mrs C: What on earth do you mean?

Matthew: Well, but clearly they are going to push one of the daughters at me.
They will have fixed on that when they've heard I was a bachelor.

Morseley: Lady Mary Crawley.

Mary: I do hope I'm not interrupting.

Mary: Lynch, I think we'll go back by the South Lodge.

Matthew: Lady Mary, I hope you didn't misunderstand me
I was only joking.

Mary: Of course and I agree
The whole thing is a complete joke.

Cora: So what are they like?

Mary: She's nice enough, but he's very full of himself.

Cora: Why do you say that?

Mary: Just an impression?

Let's go down and you can decide for yourself.

Cora: Welcome to Downton.

Mrs C: Thank you. You've been so kind.

M: What a reception committee.

Mar: I wish I shared your enthusiasm.

Our dentist is horrid.

P: Why do you go to him then?

Mar: He treated all of us when we were children.

You know how the English are about these things.

M: Cousin Mary

Mar: Hello.

Are we expecting you?

M: No, but I wanted to see you.

I look for you yesterday at church.

Mar: I wasn't feeling up to it.

None of us were.

M: So if there's anything I can do, please ask.

Mar: There isn't. Thank you.

M: Is your life proving satisfactory apart from the great matter, of course ?

Mar: Women like me don't have a life.

We choose clothes and pay calls and work for charity and do the season, but really we're stuck in a waiting room until we marry.

M: I made you angry.

Mar: My life makes me angry. Not you.

M: Sorry I wish I could think of something to say that would help.

Mar: There's nothing.

Mar: But you mustn't let it trouble you.

M: It does trouble me.
Troubles me very much.

Mar: Then that will be my consolation prize.
Good night, Cousin Matthew.

M: Good night

Mar: Matthew this Matthew that, Matthew Matthew Matthew.
Oh mother, don't you see he has a son now.
Of course, he didn't argue with the end tale. Why would he?

Mar: So are you doing any more Church visiting with Edith?

M: My mother's trying to set something up.

Mar: Watch out. I think she has big plans for you.

M: And she's in for an equally big disappointment.

M: Maybe I'll shine by comparison.

Mar: Maybe you will.

Mar: How are the Cottages ?

M: They are coming on wonderfully.
I'd love to show you.

G: I'm glad you and Mary are getting along.
There's no reason you can't be friends.

M: No reason at all.

G: I don't suppose there's any chance that you could, sort of start again?

M: Life is full of surprises.

E: It seems we've both been thrown over for a bigger prize.

M: Havens, it that the time.

E: You're not going?

M: Truth is my head's splitting.
I don't want to spoil the party.
So I'll slip away.
You make my excuses to your parent.

Mar: Excuse me, Sir Anthony.

Mar: Has Mr. Crawley left?

F: Yes Milady.

Mar: But what about the car?
Branson could have brought it round so quickly.

F: He said he'd rather walk Milady.

M: Thank you.

G: Mary can be such a child.

Co: What do you mean ?

G: She thinks if you put a toy down, it'll still be sitting there, when you want to play with it again.

M: Good night mother.

Mrs. C: How was your evening?
Did you enjoy yourself?

M: Quite.
Thing is, just for a moment, I thought...
Never mind what I thought.
I was wrong.
Good night.

Mar: When you run off last night
I hope you haven't thought me rude.

M: Certainly not. I monopolise, do it and then do it right.
No right to any more of your time.

Mar: You see, Edith and I have a sort of bet.

M: Please don't apologise.
I had a lovely evening.
I'm glad we're on speaking terms.
Now I should look after my mother.

E: Why was cousin Matthew in such a hurry to get away?

Mar: Don't be stupid.

E: I suppose you didn't want him when he wanted you.
Now it's the other way around.

M: Feeling strong enough to go home?

S: I think so, if you will take me.

Mar: Here, wear my coat to cover the blood.
You'll look more normal.

M: Lean on me.

Mar: When you laugh with me or flirt with me, is that a duty?
Are you conforming to the fitness of things, doing what's expected?

M: Don't play with me.
I don't deserve it, not from you.

Mar: You must be careful not to break Sybil's heart.
I think she has a crush on you.

M: That's something no one could accuse you of.

Mar: I don't know.

M: I see me speaking of spirit of mockery.

Mar: You should have more faith.

M: Shall I remind you of some of the choicest remarks you made about me when I arrived here?
Because they live in my memory as fresh as the day they were spoken.

Mar: Matthew, what am I always telling you?
You must pay no attention to the things I say.

Mar: And he asked me to marry him.

Co: Heavens. What did they put in them?

Mar: I'm serious.
He proposed to me.

Co: Oh my dear.
Do you love Matthew?

Mar: Yes, I think perhaps I do.
I think I may have loved him for much longer than I knew

R: Of all of you, Sybil might find joy in a cottage but not you.

Mar: We don't know if it'll be a boy.

R: Exactly. So ask Matthew to wait until the child is born.
If it is a girl you can wed him happily, and all will be as it was before.

Mar: But if I delay won't he think I'm only after him for his position.
Besides, I'm not sure I want to put him off even without the title.
We got on so well, you know, and he's terribly clever.
He might end up Lord Chancellor.

R: And he might not. Come along Mary. Be sensible.
Can you really see yourself dawdling your life away as the wife of a country solicitor?

M: Let me get this clear.
At Sybil's ball.
You said you give me your answer the day you've got back.
And now you say you will not.

Mar: Why do we have to rush into it?

I need to be sure. That's all.

M: But you were sure.

Shall I tell you what I think is altered you.

My prospects, because nothing else has changed.

Mar: No.

M: Yes, if your mother's child is a boy then he's the heir and I go back to living on my wits and you'd rather not follow me.

Mar: Oh Matthew, you always make everything so black and white.

M: I think this is black and white.

Do you love me enough to spend your life with me?

If you don't, then say no.

Mar: But I don't understand. Nothing has changed.

M: Everything's changed.

Mar: You can't be sure I was going to refuse you, even if it had been a boy, because I'm not.

M: That's the point. I can't be sure of you or of anything, it seems.

Mar: Would you have stayed if I had accepted you?

M: of course.

Mar: So I've ruined everything.

M: You've shown me I've been living in a dream.

It's time to return to real life.