

Please come this way.

Hello Miss Swire. I'm Mary Crawley.

Of course you are.

I mean, I've been longing to meet you.

Because I've heard so much about you from Matthew.

That is ...

Nice things I hope.

What else would you hear from me?

Please.

I can't say it's been such a long time.

Who knows what you think is me now.

I think I'm very glad to see you looking so well.

All right, you win.

We are at peace again.

Don't worry. I haven't come to undo your good work of the other night.

You must have been up before the servants.

They were rather surprised to see me.

I wanted to give you this. It's my lucky charm.

I've had it always, so you must promise to bring it back without a scratch.

I'm so sorry.

What happened?

I don't know.

I suddenly felt terribly cold.

Cousin Matthew, can you hear me?

It is breathing. He's not been conscious since we've had him.

They filled him full of morphine.

Thank you.

What does it say?

Probable spinal damage.

I could mean anything.

I'll know more in the morning.

What's this doing here?

I gave it to him for luck.

Lavinia.

You are back.

How did you get on?

All right, I think.

How about you?

Matthew's told me to go home.

He says he won't see me again.

He feels he has to set me free as he put it.

I tried to tell him I don't care, but he won't listen.

And you must keep telling him.

Yes, but you see, it isn't just not walking.

Today, he told me we could never be lovers, because all that's gone as well.

I didn't realise. It's probably obvious to anyone with a brain but I didn't realise.

What's happened?

Come and see this.

Is it true?

Is it true what Lavinia says?

I can't believe this.

It is so wonderful.

It is but don't tire yourself out.  
Sit down now and we'll send for Dr. Clarkson.

She's right Edith, go with Branson, get Clarkson and fetch mama and Cousin Isabelle, as well.

I don't care what they're doing.  
Tell them to come now.  
My dear chap, I cannot begin to tell you what this means.

It's pretty good news for me too.

Now, this may come as a surprise, but I feel I must say it all the same.

Please do.

Mary is still in love with you.

What?

I was watching her the other night when you spoke of your wedding.  
She looked like Juliet on awakening in the tomb.

Lavinia came back against my orders determined to look after me for the rest of my life, which meant that she would wash me and feed me and do things that only the most dedicated nurse would undertake and all with no hope of children or any improvement.

Yes. So very admirable. And I give her full credit.

Giving her that credit, do you think it would be right for me to throw her over, because I can walk, to dismiss her because I no longer have need of her services.

Absolutely not.

Hello.

Be happy for my sake.

She saw everything.

How terrible for her. I'm so sorry.

Because of what she saw, she thought we should cancel the wedding.

I belong with you, not with her.  
She gave up because of us.  
She said to me when she was dying.  
Isn't this better?

I know it's cliché, but, I believe she died of a broken heart  
because of that kiss.  
We were the ones who killed her.

Matthew.

We could never be happy, no, don't you see.

I'm only asking to set a date.

But what's the hurry?

Hurry? Glaciers are fast compared to you on this, Mary.  
I warn you even my patience has its limits.

Mary, can I help?

After today, I won't insult you by asking what you mean.

You don't have to marry him, you know.  
You don't have to marry anyone.  
You'll always have a home here.  
As long as I'm alive.

Didn't the war teach you never to make promises.

And anyway, you're wrong.  
I do have to marry him.

But why.

Say something if it's only goodbye.

Did you love him?

You mustn't try to . . .  
If it was love, then . . .

How could it be love?  
I didn't know him.

Why would you then?

It was lust Matthew, or a need for excitement was something  
in him that I, oh God, what difference does it make?  
I'm Tess of the d'urbervilles to your Angel Clare.  
I have fallen. I am impure.

Don't joke. Don't make it a little knot when I'm trying to understand.

You were wrong about one thing.

Only one, what is that pray?

I never would.  
I never could despise you.

Lavinia new it, you know?

She knew you never loved her.

Don't you dare?

She said it once.  
It was late and she was tired you two were locked together  
in the corner of the room and she said if he could just admit  
the truth and all four of us might have a chance.

A liar.

I'm not a liar.  
No, I am many things but not that she regretted it of course,  
but she said it.

You Bastard.

By the way Mary told me about Mr Swire.

At least I was with him.  
We've made our peace.  
I didn't deserve it and I let Lavinia down.

You were ready to marry her Matthew.  
You would have kept your word.  
You can't be blamed for feelings beyond your control.

I don't believe you need my forgiveness.  
You've lived your life, and I've lived mine.  
Now it's time,  
we lived them together.

We've been on the edge of this so many times Matthew.  
Please don't take me there again, unless you're sure.

I am sure.

And your vows to the memory of Lavinia?

I was wrong.  
I don't think she wants us to be sad.  
She was someone who never caused a moment sorrow in her whole life.

I agree.

Lady Mary Crawley, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?

Yes.