

BRIDGERTON

"Diamond of the First Water"

Episode #101

Written by Chris Van Dusen

- 1 EXT. MAYFAIR, LONDON - DAY 1
- We're SOARING over this illustrious neighborhood in all of its splendid, 1813 REGENCY GLORY! Horses draw their carriages. Distinguished gentlemen tip their hats. Fashionable ladies take their strolls. And it's all vibrance and gaiety, *swagger and style*, as we alight on A BOY (12), satchel on his shoulder, hurrying through these cobblestone lanes, handing out NEWSPAPERS to highfalutin inhabitants everywhere...
- 2 EXT. HYDE PARK/ROTTEN ROW - DAY 2
- To the CHIC LORDS AND LADIES promenading this lively scene.
- LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
According to the much heralded poet Lord Byron: Of all bitches, dead or alive, a *scribbling* woman is the most canine.
- And as they all open their papers, curious, our boy continues--
- 3 EXT. BOND STREET/DRESS SHOP - DAY 3
- To the SOCIETY MATRONS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS shopping about.
- LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
If that should be true, then *this author* would like to show you her teeth...
- And as a mama GASPS at what she reads, our boy soldiers on--
- 4 EXT. PARK LANE/DANBURY HOUSE - DAY 4
- To the tart-looking, cane-wielding *lioness* of a dowager known as LADY DANBURY (70s), stepping from her ornate carriage. She eyes the paper in her hands. We catch the headline: *Lady Whistledown's Society Papers*.
- LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
My name is Lady Whistledown. You do not know me, and you never shall. But if you are currently reading these papers of record, then rest assured: *I* certainly know *you*...
- And as an amused smile creeps over Lady Danbury's lips...
- 5 EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY 5
- Delivery Boy leaves papers at the doors of every last stately home lining this beautiful square. The center of our glittering world, *this* is London society at its very best.

He reaches one especially GAUDY residence, tosses a paper at its brightly-colored door, moves along...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Perhaps one resides within the household of a certain Baron Featherington. Should one have a *bracket* for a face?

6 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

6

On a perspiring PRUDENCE FEATHERINGTON (21), as TWO MAIDS work *furiously* on her corset. Yanking and tugging the strings to pull it closed. Sisters PHILIPA (19) and PENELOPE (17) -- in their court dresses -- look on, *horrified*.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

*Three misses.* Foisted upon the marriage market this season like sorrowful sows by their tasteless, tactless dear mama -- the luckless souls...

Find a dissatisfied LADY PORTIA FEATHERINGTON (40s, busybody) hovering over Prudence. As she glares at the maids:

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Tighter. *Tighter.*

And the maids *tighten the shit* out of Prudence's corset.

PENELOPE

Is she *to breathe*, mama?

LADY FEATHERINGTON

I was able to squeeze my waist into the size of *an orange and a half* when I was Prudence's age. Your sister shall do the same if she's to finally impress the Queen.

Penelope comes over to her sister, all encouraging...

PENELOPE

Do not worry, Prudence. It will all be over in a matter of... *hours.*

PRUDENCE

The only thing I shall worry about, Penelope, is if I am to go before Her Majesty looking anything like *you* in that ill-fitting frock.

(to the maids)

TIGHTER!

7 EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY

7

Back with our boy, now approaching THE GRANDEST HOME.  
All English roses and wisteria out here, as even *his* eyes  
go wide at the sheer beauty and luxury of the place, too.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Or perhaps one is more fortunate.  
Admirably proportioned,  
impressively refined? Then  
perhaps... One is a Bridgerton...

A BUMBLEBEE lands on the gold-plated knocker affixed to  
this home's glossy green door. As our boy drops his paper,  
goes...

8 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/GRAND HALL - DAY

8

*Who. The fuck. Lives here??* All gilded elegance and  
dazzling opulence, in the most *astonishing* of ways. As  
we move past THE BRIDGERTON FAMILY PORTRAITS suspended  
above a grand, central staircase spanning two levels (a  
la Althorp)...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

A total of *eight* children in this  
most prolific of broods. The  
rather industrious viscountess  
and late viscount having produced  
four perfectly handsome sons and  
four perfectly beautiful daughters.  
Yes. *Perfect*, indeed.

Find ELOISE (17), FRANCESCA (16) AND HYACINTH BRIDGERTON  
(10), on the ground floor, in heavy-looking, elaborate  
gowns of their own. As Eloise scratches at her getup...

ELOISE

I am already roasting!

FRANCESCA

Are you to complain the *entire*  
day, Eloise?

ELOISE

Surely I cannot be expected to  
bear these fashions the *entire*  
day.

HYACINTH

*I* feel like a princess. Do I  
look like one?

ELOISE

Do you truly wish to know what I  
think you look like?

And it's all good-natured and playful and FUN in here.

GREGORY (O.S.)

On your left!

GREGORY BRIDGERTON (12) suddenly comes running past Hyacinth, on her *right*, grabbing her HAIR RIBBON--

HYACINTH

*Gregory!!*

And she runs after him. When BENEDICT (26) and COLIN BRIDGERTON (19) approach Eloise and Francesca.

BENEDICT

Is our dear sister still not ready?

FRANCESCA

She has only been readying herself the entire night.

ELOISE

You mean *her entire life*. Where is Anthony?

COLIN

I shall run up and hasten her along.

ELOISE

Is he not attending?

BENEDICT

Colin, wait. *I will do it.*

COLIN

She likes *me* much better than *you*, Benedict.

BENEDICT

Did she say that?

COLIN

*Everyone* says that.

ELOISE

If our eldest brother is not bothering to attend, then why must *I*--

BENEDICT

--ELOISE. *Quiet.*

ELOISE

Oh, has that ever worked?

And she suddenly turns, yelling upstairs:

ELOISE (CONT'D)

DAPHNE! *YOU MUST MAKE HASTE!!*

She turns to her siblings, all staring at their brazen sister.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
Should you think she heard me?

9 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DAPHNE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 9

DAPHNE BRIDGERTON (18) stands in the middle of this elegant room. With her back to us, we can't quite see her face, just her ELABORATE ensemble -- DIAMONDS AND JEWELS shimmering in the light. She curtsies. She bows. *She practices.* When we spot VIOLET BRIDGERTON (late 40s, all warmth, wisdom and love) watching from the doorway.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Unlike Lady Featherington, the widowed Lady Bridgerton has only one daughter on the market this year. Her eldest darling, the season's forthcoming diamond, Miss Daphne Bridgerton...

And that's when Daphne finally turns toward us. As we revel in this girl's unmistakable beauty a beat -- all delicacy, grace and refinement -- Violet dabs at her eyes.

DAPHNE  
Mama, do not--

VIOLET  
--I have imagined this day for so very long. And now it is finally here. If only your father could see.

DAPHNE  
He does see. I am sure of it. Now it is my day to make the both of you proud.  
(then)  
I am ready, mama.

And off her confident smile, we move...

10 EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY 10

As the front doors of both the Bridgertons and Featheringtons simultaneously SWING OPEN, our families begin to spill out of their homes. Their liveried FOOTMEN, MAIDS and OTHER STAFF joining the whole raucous scene as well...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Grosvenor Square. The sixth of April, 1813. A frenzied sight outside the Bridgerton and Featherington homes on this most momentous of occasions...

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Colin and Gregory mount their HORSES. Francesca and Hyacinth board their GRAND CARRIAGE.

Eloise peers several residences down to see Penelope. The girls wave, friends. When Eloise spots the paper left on the doorstep. And as she picks it up, Violet and Daphne emerge with Daphne's train-carrying maid, ROSE (20s). Daphne eagerly heads for the carriage as Violet peers over to meet the gaze of Lady Featherington. An over-it LORD FEATHERINGTON (60s) beside her. The mamas trade *the tightest* of smiles, as Violet sidles up to Benedict.

VIOLET  
Any sign of him yet?  
(off Benedict's  
nope)  
Should your brother wish to be  
obeyed as Lord Bridgerton, he  
must *act* as Lord Bridgerton. Where  
IS he, Benedict?

BENEDICT  
(lying)  
I do not know.

11 EXT. GRASSY WOODLAND - DAY 11

Find a ravenous ANTHONY BRIDGERTON (28), along with a lady friend -- SIENA ROSSO (20s) -- up against a tree. His breeches, down around his boots. Her skirts, bunched around her waist. When Anthony suddenly catches the eye of a beleaguered-looking VALET (40s) standing on the other side of the tree. The Valet holds up his hand. Anthony sighs, checking his POCKET-WATCH. Unhappy, he tosses the watch aside. And as his movements grow a *tad bit faster*, and our Valet lets out an exasperated sigh, we move...

12 EXT. MAYFAIR - DAY 12

Horses RUMBLE through these early 19th century streets...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
For today is the day London's  
marriage-minded misses shall be  
presented to Her Majesty the  
Queen...

CARRIAGES wind their ways past grand, scenic architecture: CARLTON HOUSE. PICCADILLY. An UNDER-CONSTRUCTION BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (not yet Palace)...

13 INT. BRIDGERTON CARRIAGE/EXT. MAYFAIR - DAY 13

As a beaming Daphne eyes the beautiful scenery that passes...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
A much anticipated day, when dreams  
shall finally be achieved. Hopes,  
fully realized...



Violet smiles, placing her hand over Daphne's, across from a giddy Hyacinth, a reserved Francesca and a Whistledown-reading Eloise.

14 INT. FEATHERINGTON CARRIAGE/EXT. MAYFAIR - DAY 14

As Prudence and Philipa vie for space in their seats and an indifferent Penelope plays with her HAIR RIBBON.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
And courses of lives, changed.  
For the better. *One hopes.*

Lady F scoffs at Penelope, adjusts her ribbon. As Lord F stares at the ceiling, wishing he were anywhere but here.

15 EXT. ST. JAMES PALACE - DAY 15

PRACTICALLY ALL OF SOCIETY, in their glittering gowns and luxurious finery, passes beneath the majestic arches of this palace. Benedict, Colin and Gregory arrive on horse, trailed by the family's carriage. As FOOTMEN help the ladies down, Daphne excitedly takes it all in, as a breathless Anthony approaches.

DAPHNE  
Brother! You are here.

ANTHONY  
Of course I am here, sister. I would never miss such an important day for you and our family.

VIOLET  
No, you would just be late for it.

And Anthony and Violet eye each other, as Benedict and Colin snicker. When Daphne seems to suddenly remember--

DAPHNE  
My feathers. *Mama--*

VIOLET  
--Calm yourself. They are right over there.

She nods at the nearby footman who carries Daphne's HEADDRESS OF FEATHERS. And as Daphne breathes a sigh of relief...

ANTHONY  
Shall we?

We're off Daphne's exuberant nod, before:

15A INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/OUTSIDE PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 15A

As DEBUTANTES don feathers and MOTHERS fuss with their ensembles -- we notice a few of them side-eyeing Daphne and Violet, who now stand in front of a pair of MASSIVE DOORS.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
One's triumph at the palace today  
invariably signifies one's success  
on the marriage mart tomorrow...

We move CLOSE on Daphne's face -- all nerves and excitement. And as Violet eyes her daughter, we hear a booming voice:

LORD-IN-WAITING (O.S.)  
Miss Daphne Bridgerton. Presented  
by her mother. The Right  
Honourable, the Dowager Viscountess  
Bridgerton.

Daphne takes a breath, steeling herself, as the doors open and she peers inside:

16 INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 16

*Pure decadence* up in here. QUEEN CHARLOTTE sits at the far end of the room. SOCIETY MEMBERS, on both sides of an insanely long aisle, all staring back at Daphne now. Off our girl, taking a step forward, we start to CUT, OUT-OF-TIME:

17 INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 17

LORD-IN-WAITING  
Miss Prudence Featherington.  
(another card)  
Miss Philipa Featherington.  
(another card)  
And... Miss Penelope  
Featherington. All presented by  
their mother. The Right  
Honourable, Lady *Featherington*.

Reveal the Featherington girls, on the arm of their mother.  
All eyeing the Queen, who's already irritated. BACK TO:

18 INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 18

Daphne moves down the aisle -- *slowly, carefully* -- locking  
eyes with Her Majesty. The Bridgerton siblings watch  
from the sidelines, where Eloise covertly reads  
Whistledown...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Pray, it is *the Queen* who shall  
keep the fashionable world apprised  
of a lady's single most valuable  
*and desirable* asset: her  
reputation.

19 INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 19

The Featheringtons move down the aisle. Looking quite  
uncomfortable. Because Prudence's dress is awfully tight,  
and Philipa is way too nervous, and Penelope's not even  
*looking* at the Queen right now. She's too busy taking in  
this amazing space. Lady Featherington elbows her. HARD.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
As such, any lady *failing* to secure  
the court's glowing endorsement  
shall endure the consequences...

20 INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 20

Daphne finally reaches the end of the aisle. A mere inches  
from the Queen now. She curtsies. So deep she's  
practically kneeling. Like she practiced. Her Majesty  
tilts her head. *Judging*. Everyone leans forward. It's  
fucking TENSE.

21 INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 21

On Prudence, attempting her curtsy. It ain't happening. Lady F puts a hand on Prudence's shoulder. A flagrant attempt to help that curtsy. Queen Charlotte sees it, is about to say something, when she catches Penelope's mortified face. The Queen sighs, looks away with a flick of her wrist. Lady F just stands there: *The fuck does that mean??*

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
And not just from Her Majesty...

LADY FEATHERINGTON  
I should just like to--

LORD-IN-WAITING  
--You should just like to go,  
madam.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
*...But from me.*

Lady F nods stiffly. And that's when a pale-looking Prudence suddenly just... *faints*. FEATHERINGTON. DOWN. Off an aghast Queen and a humiliated Lady Featherington...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For I have at my disposal a most  
powerful weapon that even the  
Queen lacks. My pen.

21A INT. ST. JAMES PALACE/PRESENTATION CHAMBER - DAY 21A

The Queen's on her feet now. Staring down at Daphne, until:

QUEEN CHARLOTTE  
Flawless, my dear.

And she kisses Daphne on the forehead. Anthony smiles from the sidelines, impressed, as GENTLEMEN whisper. Daphne stares up at the queen -- her mouth momentarily agape -- completely swept up in what's very clearly a HUGE moment. As Daphne and Violet back away--

DAPHNE  
(quietly, to Violet)  
Did that truly just happen?

VIOLET  
Keep smiling, dearest. They are  
watching you. Now more than ever.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
A weapon this author will wield  
most keenly. No matter who you  
are. Or what your *name* might  
be...

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Off Daphne, back to smiling that perfect smile, we have  
our--

BRIDGERTON TITLE SEQUENCE.

22 OMITTED

22

23 EXT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE - DAY 23

As a carriage -- *Mme. Delacroix, Tailoress* -- pulls up outside of this 18th century Palladian home, two Bridgerton Footmen greet the driver...

24 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DAPHNE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 24

Maid Rose, along with TWO OTHER MAIDS, help a glowing, vibrating Daphne out of her extensive court attire and into her afternoon dress. Corset unlaced. Makeup scrubbed. Fake hair unpinned. *A precise operation.* Hyacinth hovers as Eloise reads Whistledown next to Francesca in the background.

HYACINTH

You absolutely *sparkled*, sister!

DAPHNE

Come now, I merely *simpered* and *minced* in a pretty dress like everyone else.

FRANCESCA

Not *exactly* like everyone else.

ELOISE

I shall need to go and visit with Penelope. Her presentation was anything but... What was it the Queen called you again--

DAPHNE

--*Flawless*. Or some such thing. Trust I was astonished Her Majesty offered *me*, out of *two hundred* young ladies present, a most gracious remark.

And if *that* wasn't the humblebrag of the 19th century...

ELOISE

Yes, it was quite a distinction.  
And now *two hundred* young ladies  
have a common adversary. I wish  
you luck, sister.

And we see Daphne shift at the thought. 'Cause she knows  
Eloise has a point.

FRANCESCA

Eloise...

ELOISE

What, it is true. One flies too  
close to the sun, and--

DAPHNE

--I thank you for your concern,  
Eloise. But perhaps you might go  
and visit with Penelope *now*?

HYACINTH

*I* thought the morning was *perfect*.  
Now Daphne will have her choice  
of handsome suitors.

FRANCESCA

What would you know of handsome  
suitors?

DAPHNE

The morning did not only belong  
to *me*, dear Hyacinth.

ELOISE

*Two hundred* tiny little daggers  
pointed at her back--

DAPHNE

--*My* success on the marriage mart  
influences all of your prospects.  
Hyacinth may still have many years  
to go, but... There are others  
present who will need to make  
matches in -- oh, what is it --  
say, a *year's time*?

And Eloise looks up. Daphne's staring at *her* now.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

We will *all* need to find love.  
One day. Indeed, a love as pure  
as what dear mama and papa once  
shared, if we are so fortunate.

(then)

I merely hope I am able to continue  
such a grand tradition...

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And Daphne's clearly feeling the pressure here -- as Eloise eyes her. Suddenly, Violet excitedly sails in, trailed by A MAID who carries a collection of GORGEOUS GOWNS.

VIOLET

Your dresses have arrived!



And a thrilled Daphne makes an immediate beeline for them--

DAPHNE

Oh, this one is quite ravishing.

VIOLET

Mary Edgecombe wore a similar shade last season--

DAPHNE

--And secured *three* offers the very next day. One from an *Earl*.

ELOISE

Mary Edgecombe, now the Countess of Fulton, apparently spent the last year living in a cottage hundreds of miles away from her *Earl*. She is miserable.

And they look to Eloise. She holds up her reading.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

It says it all here.

VIOLET

Do not tell me that is yet *another* scandal sheet. *Eloise*.

ELOISE

This one is *different*. This one lists subjects by name. *In full*.

Now that *is* different. Hyacinth reaches for the paper--

HYACINTH

Let me see!

--But Francesca has already grabbed it.

FRANCESCA

*Lady Whistledown...*

DAPHNE

*Lady Whistledown?*

ELOISE

The author.

VIOLET

Do we *know* a *Lady Whistledown*?

FRANCESCA

Surely *Lady Whistledown* cannot be her true name...

And that's when Daphne snatches the paper from Francesca's hands. Violet watches her read a beat, before:

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VIOLET

What does it say, dearest?

DAPHNE

(reading)

She *loathes* the fact we have been named alphabetically, oldest to youngest...

VIOLET

Your father and I found it *orderly*.

DAPHNE

Lady Whistledown finds *banality*.

ELOISE

The papers were distributed across town today without charge--

VIOLET

--*Without charge?* What kind of author...

She takes the paper from Daphne. Begins to read.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Well at least she has something right. She has named Daphne the season's Incomparable. She calls you a... *diamond of the first water*. How lovely.

HYACINTH

I do believe if anyone can live up to such lofty titles, it is my eldest sister.

Daphne offers a smile. A little nervous, that smile. Eloise clocks it. She leans in, quiet:

ELOISE

Should any of those two hundred dagger-wielding ladies ever attempt something foolish... You do know where to find me, yes?

And they smile. When Violet suddenly gasps--

VIOLET

*Oh!* How dare this writer say such vile things about the Featheringtons. Even if they are true... Those poor young ladies.

25 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

25

Lady Featherington sits on her sofa, having tea with another equally enterprising society mama, LADY COWPER (30s). Copies of Whistledown beside them.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

I should not be surprised if this *Whistledown* is revealed to be Violet Bridgerton herself. These pages certainly report on the Viscountess's family with much indulgence indeed.

LADY COWPER

The pages report nothing but the truth, Lady Featherington. Daphne has bloomed exquisite. The sooner she is taken from the market, the better for the other young ladies. Even ones prone to *hysterics*. *In front of the Queen*.

And as Lady Cowper shadily sips her tea, Lady F scoffs, waving her off. She turns toward the window, where Prudence fans herself as she and Philipa study a STACK OF MINIATURES of distinguished-looking gentlemen. Penelope is off to the side, reading.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Ladies! Hurry with your miniatures before our guest arrives. And Penelope put down that book at once. You shall confuse your thoughts.

Penelope glances over at her sisters, studying their tiny portraits. Penelope just sighs, goes back to her reading. As Lady F turns back to Lady Cowper...

LADY COWPER

So tell me about *this cousin*.  
Joining you for the entire season?

LADY FEATHERINGTON

She is a distant cousin of *my husband*. With no close female relative to sponsor her debut, Lord Featherington directed me to take her in. For charity.

LADY COWPER

You are known to be quite charitable.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Precisely what this new rumormonger should have published! Instead of erroneously specifying I shall have only *three* young ladies under my care this year. She knows nothing.

PENELOPE (O.S.)

Unless you shall *like* to have only three young ladies under your care.

They turn back to Penelope, who's clearly been listening.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I shall gladly sit this season out.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

(to Lady Cowper)

Penelope is quite nervous. This will be her very first season--

PENELOPE

--I am not nervous mama.

PRUDENCE

What she is, is two stone heavier than she ought to be.

*Ouch.* But Penelope's used to it. We can tell as we watch Prudence and Philipa laugh.

PHILIPA

The blemishes on her face are quite difficult to conceal. Perhaps some arsenic and lead might help?

PENELOPE

Mama, should you allow me to delay only a year, just as Lady Bridgerton has done for Eloise, I may remain dedicated to *my studies*, perhaps--

LADY FEATHERINGTON

--The answer is *no*, Penelope. Now return to those miniatures. You too must recognize every eligible nobleman by sight before the Danbury ball.

And Penelope begrudgingly takes hold of a miniature. We stay with Lady F and Lady Cowper.

LADY COWPER

You may wish to listen to her, my lady. Shepherding *four* young ladies through these endless rounds of affairs *at the same time*... I am quite thankful to only have my darling Cressida to worry about. Can you *imagine* the competition--

LADY FEATHERINGTON

--Oh how much competition can this cousin provoke? She came of age on a *farm*. She has a mere *four figure* dowry. As for her appearance, well... Let us hope Miss Thompson is more presentable than the legions of unkempt animals she spent her entire life tending to back home.

Lady Cowper nods. More tea. A FOOTMAN enters.

FOOTMAN

Lord Featherington's cousin has arrived, madam.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Remember to be kind, ladies. And charitable. The poor are our burden.

The footman steps aside, revealing MISS MARINA THOMPSON (17). And as all of the ladies stare, taken aback, at this wide-eyed girl, Penelope can't help herself when she says:

PENELOPE

*She is beautiful.*

Because, yes, Marina? *Is stunning.* As she curtsies...

MARINA

Good afternoon, Lady Featherington.

We're off a slack-jawed Lady F...

26 INT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY

26

As Anthony enters this empty theater, eyeing Siena -- up on stage, singing her little soprano heart out as she prepares for her nightly show. A few THEATRE WORKERS scattered about, busy doing their thing. When Siena finally sees Anthony. They regard each other a beat. Smile. Before we SMASH TO:

27 INT. OPERA HOUSE/SIENA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

27

As Anthony and Siena go at it. *Vigorously.* Crashing into Siena's dressing table, knocking various items to the floor.

SIENA

Someone will hear us, my lord--

But that seems to just make Anthony smile. Which makes Siena smile. Because this is way too good, and way too fun, before we finally move off of these spirited lovers...

28 INT. OPERA HOUSE/SIENA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

28

A spent, satisfied Anthony and Siena are now beside each other. Just breathing a beat, before Anthony habitually reaches out for his pocket-watch. Siena clocks his beleaguered sigh.

SIENA

One day I shall seize that watch and take it apart. Bit by bit.

He smiles.

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ANTHONY

I shall have you know this belonged  
to my father.

(MORE)



ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Should it disappear, I'd miss it  
sadly.

SIENA

Then you'd know precisely how *I*  
feel. Every time *you* disappear.

And they start to kiss. When it seems to take all the  
effort in the world for Anthony to get up and start to  
dress.

SIENA (CONT'D)

Stay *with me* today.

And even though Anthony would clearly like nothing more...

ANTHONY

I am afraid I cannot. I must  
chaperone my sister at the Danbury  
ball this evening.

SIENA

Daphne, yes? What might they be  
like? These *grand affairs* she  
must attend.

ANTHONY

You would hate them. Every  
eligible lady of breeding dressed  
in some lavishly-trimmed frock.  
Bloodthirsty mamas at their sides.  
Wary fathers making arrangements  
for only the most *advantageous* of  
matches. Of course, without my  
father here, that responsibility  
falls upon *me*.

SIENA

A significant duty, no doubt.

ANTHONY

Someone must guard my poor sister  
from these bucks and pinks. Ensure  
her virtue remains free from any  
kind of... *defilement*.

SIENA

Daphne is fortunate. Every woman  
is not afforded such gallant  
protection.

ANTHONY

Every woman is not a lady.

And Siena has to look away, 'cause... *damn*.

SIENA

Of course not, my lord.

Bridgerton Ep 101 "Diamond of the First Water" Cherry TBC 17A.

He eyes her. Sees she's bothered. Comes over to her.

ANTHONY

Siena. You have *me*. Protecting  
you, too. I shall *always* protect  
you.

And she looks back at him. Holds his gaze a beat, before:

SIENA

And I shall always be grateful.

(then)

Surely hours remain before  
tonight's ball. Are you certain  
you cannot stay? In the interest  
of *defilement*?

She sits up a little, seductive. He stares at her,  
conflicted, until... He takes her in his arms. And off  
the two of them, getting back to their fun...

29 EXT. LONDON/EXT. DANBURY HOUSE - DAY

29

On the galloping hooves of a horse, thrashing through  
town, before revealing its supremely confident, obscenely  
handsome rider: SIMON BASSET (28). He slows, grimly  
eyeing a magnificent Park Lane palace: *Danbury House*.  
And then he removes A FLASK, taking it to the head before  
he dismounts.

LADY DANBURY (O.S.)

Well if this is not a sight for  
my sore eyes....

Simon turns, only to see the cane-wielding dowager we saw  
in our opening sequence coming down the drive to meet  
him. Sprightly. Acerbic. *Legendary*.

LADY DANBURY (CONT'D)

My condolences, Your Grace. For  
your father.

SIMON

Very kind of you.

LADY DANBURY

*Kind of me?* You hated the man.

And he looks at her. Has to smile. *Genuine*. Because--

SIMON

It is *so wonderful* to see you,  
Lady Danbury.

LADY DANBURY

Words I do not hear often enough.  
(thumping her cane)  
*Come!*

She turns, heading back towards the house -- where we see  
SERVANTS entering and exiting, busily preparing for  
tonight's ball. As they walk...

LADY DANBURY (CONT'D)

You must excuse the disorderliness.  
I am to host a ball this evening,  
as you know.

SIMON

Yes, I--

LADY DANBURY

--I have managed to keep the details of your return quiet, but when those vulgar *mamas* discover there is an eligible *Duke* present at tonight's *fete*, well, I shall no longer be able to keep such a secret.

SIMON

That is what I was hoping to discuss. I have only returned to London to deal with my late father's affairs. I am afraid it leaves me no time to... *socialize*. And so, while I appreciate your most gracious invitation, Lady Danbury, I must ask you to accept my regrets.

And somewhere over the course of all that, Lady D has stopped walking. A sly smile now on her face, as she stops a servant carrying A BOX and begins to examine the CANDLES inside:

LADY DANBURY

I have been offended only three times in my life. When I was a young lady, and my governess said I should never marry on account of my brazen disposition. The day of my wedding, when my mother felt it wise to ridicule the hem of my dress. She called it *unsightly*.

SIMON

I am sure it was exquisite.

LADY DANBURY

The last, though *greatest* insult of all was perpetrated by my own husband. Who thought it perfectly reasonable to get on *and die* before I did. Thus adding the rather cumbersome *Dowager* appellation to my good name. *Three insults*, Your Grace. *Three*.

She thumps her cane on the ground with great force.

LADY DANBURY (CONT'D)

I simply shall not be able to endure a fourth.

(MORE)

LADY DANBURY (CONT'D)  
Especially from the young boy I  
used to walk about in leading  
strings. Your regrets are denied.

And even *the Duke* can't argue with this force of a lady...

SIMON  
I suppose a *brief* appearance shall--

LADY DANBURY  
--Excellent! Though leave that  
flask you carry at home. *Most*  
undignified.

(to the servant)  
I shall need more candles than  
this. A lady deserves to see her  
partner when she quadrilles, does  
she not?

The servant nods, flees. And as Lady D heads inside with  
a grin, we're off Simon, rather impressed...

31 INT. DANBURY HOUSE - NIGHT 31

SERVANTS walk purposefully with MORE CANDLES, now in full preparation mode for A GRAND PARTY. MASSIVE CHANDELIERS are set ablaze. FLORALS are taken from here to there. DANCE CARDS and their TINY PENCILS are placed symmetrically on a table. As SERVANTS apply CHALK to the dance floor...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

The season's opening ball at Danbury House is a most highly sought-after invitation indeed. For every darling debutante from Park Lane to Regent Street knows, if *anyone* can throw a *crush* of a party -- it's Lady Danbury.

Lady Danbury appears behind the servant. Her eyes squint, inspecting the floor. Off her approving nod...

32 EXT. DANBURY HOUSE - NIGHT 32

As fantastically-liveried FOOTMEN receive guests from their carriages, we spot the Bridgerton carriage arriving. Out steps Anthony, followed by Violet, and then Daphne -- in a *stunning* gown. And now we're:

33 INT. DANBURY HOUSE/BALLROOM - NIGHT 33

Corinthian columns and ornate swags and meticulous entablature surround glittering chandeliers above a room full of only the most *in vogue members* of society. MUSICIANS play. PEOPLE DANCE!

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Tonight, the answers to our most *urgent* of questions will finally be revealed...

Daphne enters with Violet and Anthony. She looks around, taking it all in, overcome--

DAPHNE

Mama... It is *magical*.

And GENTLEMEN immediately begin to stare at her, captivated. She smiles back at them.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Which *bachelors* might forsake their terribly rakish ways for the exquisite blisses of matrimony instead?

Anthony glares back. *Ice. Cold.*

ANTHONY

(quietly)  
They are all *staring*, mother.

VIOLET

(beams, to Daphne)  
Allow them to come to you, dearest.

Daphne nods. *Radiating.* Bow down, bitches.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Which *ladies* shall forever capture their hearts? Thereby securing their futures. And avoiding the grim, dismal condition known as a *spinster*.

We begin to pop around the room, intercutting VARIOUS YOUNG LADIES in mid-conversation with POTENTIAL SUITORS:

LIVELY YOUNG LADY

Oh, I do love to dance.

FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY

Should you like my flower? We grow them in our very own garden.

HANDSOME YOUNG LADY

I *must* show you my watercolours some time. If you desire to see them.

Handsome Young Lady's MAMA suddenly interjects--

HYL'S MAMA

And she is quite proficient on the pianoforte, too...

Off the suitor, impressed, we ANGLE ON the Featherington sisters. Prudence and Philipa review their miniatures as Penelope stares at someone across the room...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

And shall one *Lady Featherington*  
finally resist bedecking her misses  
in the most *unflattering* of colors?  
Or will she have them appear as  
only the most undesirable pieces  
of overripe citrus fruit, *once*  
*again...*

And they DO look very much like some rather sour produce,  
don't they? Especially Penelope, in her yellow dress,  
watching *Colin Bridgerton* dance with some PRETTY YOUNG  
THING. Penelope's suddenly jolted from her reverie by  
CRESSIDA COWPER (17, beautiful, superior), who bumps into  
her from behind...

CRESSIDA

*Penelope.* I did not see you there.

Off Penelope, feeling invisible, we ANGLE ON Lady  
Featherington, gossiping with Lady Cowper and a JUDGY  
MAMA--

LADY COWPER

Is that not the young lady who  
was caught with her gentleman  
last year? In Lady Mottram's  
conservatory, *unchaperoned*?

She nods towards an unhappy-looking LADY, hanging on the  
arm of an equally unhappy-looking MISTER.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

She is lucky *her gentleman* agreed  
to a hasty marriage. After she  
went and *ruined* herself.  
*Lightskirts.*

And with a scoff, these mamas turn their attention  
elsewhere--

JUDGY MAMA

*Oh,* look who's already setting  
his cap at Miss Bridgerton...

ANGLE ON Daphne, still with Violet and Anthony, now being  
approached by LORD AMBROSE (30s, attractive buck). Daphne  
curtsies.

LORD AMBROSE

Lady Bridgerton. Miss Bridgerton.  
(MORE)



LORD AMBROSE (CONT'D)  
(stiffly, to Anthony)  
Lord Bridgerton.

VIOLET  
I believe you have already been  
introduced to my daughter, Daphne,  
Lord Ambrose.

LORD AMBROSE  
Yes. We met at your brother's  
levee.

DAPHNE  
If I recall, my lord, you had  
just won your first race at  
Newmarket.

ANTHONY  
His first and only, I believe.

And that was rather... *sharp*. Daphne breaks the tension--

DAPHNE  
(smiles)  
In that case, let us hope his  
lordship has found himself a new  
horse.

Ambrose laughs, charmed. A content Violet eyes Daphne,  
pleased she's a *natural*. Anthony shifts uneasily.

ANTHONY  
I have not had the pleasure of  
seeing you at our club lately,  
Ambrose.  
(quickly)  
Should it have anything to do  
with the unpaid balance you left  
on our betting books winter last?  
You remember that, yes? *I do*.

And Ambrose holds Anthony's gaze. And then he nods. And  
bows. And goes. Violet and Daphne eye a smiling  
Anthony...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Lord Ambrose is a *cheat*. A man  
of any honor ensures his debts  
are fully paid.

DAPHNE  
I did not realize...

ANTHONY  
How could you have done? It is  
the very reason why I am here,  
sister. Let us take a turn about  
the room.

And he takes hold of Daphne's arm, pointedly leading her away from Violet. Daphne takes a quick look back at her mother, left standing there, just as a passing GENTLEMAN nods at Daphne. Daphne smiles, nods back, when Anthony veers her in another direction.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

A Mister Duncan Lewis.

DAPHNE

He is rather pleasing.

ANTHONY

He is rather here to shuffle about *hunting fortunes*. Trust Mister Lewis knows of your sizable dowry. Leave him be.

Daphne nods. *O-kay*. Spots another FINE YOUNG MAN nearby.

DAPHNE

I presume you know of him, too?

ANTHONY

(all the disdain)  
Mister Worthington. Second son.  
We shall find better.

And as Anthony begins to discreetly point to the VARIOUS ATTRACTIVE MEN they pass...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

He is of dubious parentage.  
(yet another)  
I shall not have you making a  
life with a *poet*, heaven forbid.  
(still another)  
*Nor an eccentric*. My word.

And throughout all of this, that glow of enthusiasm once visible behind Daphne's eyes has begun to extinguish.  
When--

BENEDICT (O.S.)

Anthony! Daph!

They turn, see Benedict and Colin approaching. Anthony sighs.

ANTHONY

If the only upstanding gentlemen present this evening are *your brothers*, then we are in a great deal of trouble indeed.

DAPHNE

You continue to say we, yet--

COLIN

(sidling up to  
Daphne)

--Did mother tell you yet? About  
my tour? I am to begin in Greece.

DAPHNE

Greece? How adventurous, Colin--

ANTHONY

--*On guard.*

Anthony nods toward an approaching Lady Danbury. As the  
boys immediately look for an exit--

LADY DANBURY

Too late. I already noted you.

ANTHONY/BENEDICT/COLIN

(all smiles)

Lady Danbury! /Good evening!  
/Lovely to see you!

LADY DANBURY

Miss Bridgerton, you look rather  
lovely this evening.

She spots Daphne's empty dance card, tied around her wrist.

LADY DANBURY (CONT'D)

Is there a reason I have yet to  
see you on the dance floor?

ANTHONY

*All in due time,* Lady Danbury.  
We have only just arrived.

And Lady D eyes him. Sly. *Knowing.* She leans to Daphne:

LADY DANBURY

You poor thing.

Daphne stares back at her, thrown. Colin, meanwhile, spots someone on the dance floor. He leans to Benedict:

COLIN

Who is *that*?

Benedict follows his gaze... To none other than Miss Marina Thompson, dancing with A SUITOR.

BENEDICT

I am sure I have never seen her.

Off Colin, entranced by this beautiful girl, we ANGLE ON:

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Miss Marina Thompson. A distant cousin of my husband.

As Lady F and the mamas all stare at Marina now...

LADY FEATHERINGTON (CONT'D)

Rather dowdy, is she not?

JUDGY MAMA

One of the Bridgerton boys is joining the swarm...

We see Colin, sidling up to Marina and cutting in.

LADY COWPER

Most telling. I imagine your household will be a hive of callers in the morning, Lady Featherington.

JUDGY MAMA

Where one suitor goes, the rest will surely follow...

And Lady F's face has kept falling through this entire exchange, having spotted her own daughters, *alone*. As we MOVE to find Violet, who watches Daphne and Anthony, across the room, standing at the edge of the dance floor. A quiet beat, then Daphne sighs:

DAPHNE

Brother, I am quite parched.

ANTHONY

I shall fetch you a glass of lemonade--

DAPHNE

--No. You have already done so much for me tonight. I shall return in a mere moment.

Anthony eyes her. A reluctant nod. And as Daphne heads over to the lemonade table, we stay with her. Moving through the crowd. She reaches the lemonade table. Helps herself to a glass of lemonade. Until--

NIGEL (O.S.)

Small glasses.

Daphne looks over to see NIGEL BERBROOKE (40, all inelegance and awkwardness) standing there.

DAPHNE

Lord Berbrooke.

NIGEL

Tiny little things, are they not?

DAPHNE

The... glasses? I suppose?

NIGEL

Then the matter is settled.

DAPHNE

I am not entirely sure the matter in which we discuss, my lord...

Nigel smiles, inching closer to her. Breathes her in.

NIGEL

You have *always* amused me, Miss Bridgerton. Ever since I was a schoolboy and you were...

DAPHNE

All but *five*?

He nods, slurps his lemonade. And then he just... *stares*. Daphne shifts. Uncomfortable.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

My brother... He summons me, I...

And she turns, goes. *Quickly*. Glancing back to see Nigel, who has started to follow.

NIGEL

Miss Bridgerton? A moment please!

*Shit.* Daphne immediately spins back around, continues hurrying through the crowd, only to end up crashing straight into... *Simon.* And that powerfully-built chest of his--

DAPHNE

Oh!

SIMON

Forgive me.

She looks up at him. *At this perfect specimen of English manhood.* Momentarily thrown, before she steps back and sees Nigel, continuing to approach. And so, thinking fast--

DAPHNE

(suddenly, to Simon)

Tell me your name.

Simon blinks.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

*Your name, sir.*

And he just sighs.

SIMON

Am I honestly to believe you do not already know my name?

She eyes him. *Arrogant much?* But Nigel's still approaching so... Daphne tosses her head back with a laugh. Using Simon as a diversion. And it seems to work, because Nigel is now stopping, turning, heading away. Daphne breathes, relieved.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If you desired an introduction, madam, I do believe *accosting me* is the least civilized of ways.

DAPHNE

Accosting you?

SIMON

(under his breath)

Truly, they will try anything.

He looks around. Half the ladies here are ogling this man. Daphne shifts. Flustered. Because...

DAPHNE

Sir. That is not... This is not... *What IS your name--*

ANTHONY (O.S.)

--Basset?

Both Simon and Daphne turn to see Anthony coming over.

SIMON

Bridgerton!

ANTHONY

Come here, old friend!

And Daphne's eyes go wide as these two greet each other like old bro-y bros do.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I heard news of your father.

(then, realizing)

Deuce take it, you are no longer  
*Basset!*

SIMON

I shall *always* be--

ANTHONY

--Hastings! The Duke of Hastings,  
now known forever more.

Simon offers an uneasy smile.

DAPHNE

The Duke of Hastings is it?

They turn to her. Anthony almost forgot she was there.

ANTHONY

Right. Hastings, this is my  
sister.

SIMON

(taken aback)

*Your sister.*

ANTHONY

Daphne, Hastings and I know each  
other from our days at Oxford.

(to Simon)

Days we shall not soon forget...

DAPHNE

(all smiles)

Yes. As I am well aware of the  
company you keep, brother, I am  
certain your days with His Grace  
were most... *civilized*, indeed.

And as Daphne pointedly nods at Simon, we ANGLE on a startled Lady Featherington, who's with Prudence and Philipa--

LADY FEATHERINGTON  
*The Duke. I would recognize...*

And she grabs her daughters, taking them across the room...

PRUDENCE  
Mama, where--

LADY FEATHERINGTON  
--To meet the Duke.

PHILIPA  
(seeing Simon)  
*That man is not in our miniatures.*

LADY FEATHERINGTON  
*Make haste! Before he should see  
Miss Thompson!*

ANGLE BACK ON Daphne, Anthony and Simon:

ANTHONY  
Hastings, we shall need to get  
together properly. I expect to  
see you at our club then?

SIMON  
Indeed. Evening, Bridgerton.  
Miss.

Simon looks to Daphne, nods. She curtsies, *abrupt*, before heading away with Anthony. Simon watches her go. Daphne looks back, just in time to see Lady F and company arriving at Simon's side. OTHER MAMAS have started to surround him, too. As Violet pointedly sidles up next to Daphne:

VIOLET  
I believe Lord Wetherby is looking  
for you to dance.

DAPHNE  
Is he--

ANTHONY  
--If only it were not time for us  
to retire.

VIOLET  
Oh. Well Daphne is anything but  
weary -- *I will stay with her.*

DAPHNE  
That would be lovely.

ANTHONY  
*Daphne. There is nary a gentleman  
here who would not take your hand.  
You must think about this.*

(MORE)



ANTHONY (CONT'D)

The most perfect thing for you to do now is not to *dance*. But to leave them all wanting more. If anyone knows how this works, it is your eldest brother.

And Daphne looks around. Gentlemen nod back at her, whispering. She looks at her mother.

DAPHNE

Perhaps he is right.  
(a smile)  
Let us go.

Anthony nods, taking his sister's arm. And as they leave, we're off a beaming Daphne and a wary Violet...

34 EXT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE - DAWN 34

As golden, morning light bathes our family's beautiful home...

35 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DAPHNE'S ROOM - MORNING 35

We're on Daphne, wide-awake in bed. She's staring up at the ceiling. Having barely slept she's so excited. Maid Rose appears at her bedside, surprised, because:

ROSE

Miss? You have already awakened.

Daphne bolts out of bed with all but a squeal--

DAPHNE

Have cook prepare as many biscuits as he can this morning. And perhaps we might move a few extra chairs into the drawing room, too. Oh I do wonder... Which gentlemen will be the very first to call. I have so much to ask of them all.

ROSE

Well let us get you dressed.

And off an equally-charged Daphne and Rose...

36 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/MARINA'S ROOM - MORNING 36

We're CLOSE on a hand running across the sheets of a bed, before we reveal it's Marina, indulging in what can only be the finest woven white linen, in this lavish bedroom. We jump to the doorway, where Lady Featherington is with her housekeeper, MRS VARLEY (50s), eyeing Marina...

LADY FEATHERINGTON

The child cannot enjoy such luxury in her own home. Do they have proper beds where she comes from? Or only heaps of straw? Find her something *muted* to wear, Varley.

And the devoted Mrs Varley nods...

37 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY 37

Daphne embroiders with her mother and sisters in this exquisitely-appointed room. No one's talking. Until the door suddenly opens. Daphne tosses her hoop to the side. Smooths her dress and looks up, hopeful, but it's just--

DAPHNE

*Anthony*. I did not expect to see you here this morning.

Bridgerton Ep 101 "Diamond of the First Water" Pink Shooting 8.5.19 31A.

VIOLET

*It is terribly early for you,  
dearest.*

ANTHONY

I could not sleep for some reason.  
All the excitement, I presume.  
(then, noticing)  
Am I the first gentleman to arrive?  
How wonderful.

And he goes to take a seat next to Daphne, who eyes him.

38 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/DRAWING ROOM - DAY 38

Lady F, Prudence, Philipa and Penelope eye A FOOTMAN:

FOOTMAN

Callers, ma'am. The Earl of  
Stafford and The Marquess of  
Finley.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

(beaming, to her  
girls)  
My word. Well you should have my  
colorful fashions to thank...

FOOTMAN

For a *Miss Marina Thompson*.

And all eyes turn to Marina, who innocently just sits  
there, smiling. Off this, we're LAUNCHED INTO A SEQUENCE:

39 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/INT. VARIOUS BALLROOMS - OUT OF 39  
TIME

QUICK POPS: Of corsets being affixed to Daphne's body.  
Of Daphne entering ballrooms, escorted by Violet and  
Anthony. Of suitors calling the next day. And of Anthony  
interrupting *every single one*.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Dearest reader. This author finds  
herself compelled to share the  
most *curious* of news...

Corset. Ballroom. Suitors. *Anthony*... Corset.  
Ballroom. Suitors. *Anthony*... And as we're moving  
through time, we can't help but notice that the number of  
suitors calling on Daphne IS STARTING TO DWINDLE...

40 EXT. MAYFAIR - DAY 40

As our favorite Delivery Boy leaves the latest Whistledown  
at doorsteps across town. Handing PAPERS to passersby,  
all increasingly eager to take hold of them...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

It seems the purported diamond of  
1813 requires a closer  
inspection...

41 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY 41

As Daphne smiles and sits with a NERVOUS SUITOR.

DAPHNE

And do you have a large family,  
too, my lord?

And he's about to answer her, when--

NERVOUS SUITOR

Is there a problem, Lord  
Bridgerton?

--We reveal Anthony, hovering behind his sister.

ANTHONY

I should think so. *You are in my  
seat.*

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

For this precious stone appears  
to possess a rather *glaring*  
imperfection.

And the suitor quickly rises. Off Daphne, glaring...

42 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/DRAWING ROOM - DAY 42

QUICK POPS of GENTLEMAN AFTER GENTLEMAN calling on Marina.  
One comes with FLOWERS. Another with CANDY. Another  
with... *Is that A PUPPY?!*

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

And an even rarer jewel -- of  
only the most remarkable  
brilliance, fire and luster --  
has been unearthed. Her name,  
unknown to most, yet soon known  
to all, is Miss Marina Thompson...

And as Marina all but glows, we notice Lord Featherington --  
on the other side of the room -- quite visibly ogling his  
distant cousin. Lady F gives him the side-eye.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Should you not be out on your  
daily walk about the square, dear?

LORD FEATHERINGTON

(shrugs)  
Appears as though it may rain.

Lady F glances outside, nothing but sunshine...

43 OMITTED  
THRU  
45

43  
THRU  
45

46 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DAPHNE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 46

A stoic Daphne reads Whistledown as Maid Rose unties her corset from behind, revealing INDENTS on Daphne's skin where the boning has left impressions. A few blisters visible, too. Violet reads her own paper nearby.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

This author is left to wonder  
whether Her Majesty might  
reconsider the high praise she  
once afforded Miss Bridgerton...

47 INT. BUCKINGHAM HOUSE - DAY 47

Where Queen Charlotte lounges most fantastically with her LADIES-IN-WAITING. Whistledown in all of their hands, too.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

For we all must know what the  
Queen despises more than anything:  
*being wrong.*

And as the Queen herself seems to sit a bit straighter in  
her seat, her own mouth dropping at what she reads...

48 INT. WHITE'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY 48

All sophistication and the rattling of dice boxes in here  
as we PAN across this bustling, smoky scene to find Nigel  
Berbrooke, reading Whistledown at his own table...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

And the drawing room at Bridgerton  
House currently appears to be  
emptier than the muddled head of  
her dearest King George.

Off Nigel's crude little smile...

49 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY 49

As Anthony shows an ANXIOUS SUITOR to the door and then  
turns around, exasperated...

ANTHONY

Is a suitor in possession of a  
proper gentleman's education simply  
too much to ask?

And here's where we reveal Daphne, her sisters and Violet,  
now sitting in an otherwise empty drawing room.

VIOLET

(pointed)  
It is *astounding*.

DAPHNE

(also pointed)  
It is *inconceivable*.

ANTHONY

Well, I must be off to my club  
then. Sisters. Mother.

He exits. And we're off Daphne and Violet, both equally  
appalled...

50 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM - DAY 50

An embittered Lady F reads Whistledown as a MAID applies  
some kind of *foul-looking beauty cream* to Penelope's face,  
that puppy in her arms. Prudence lounges nearby in her  
own horrible face mask as ANOTHER MAID aggressively tweezes  
Philipa's hairline.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Of course, it follows that Lady Featherington is to receive what she has always desired. The season's *true* Incomparable, living under her own roof. She must be overjoyed.



As Lady F suddenly spots ANOTHER MAID helping Marina dress--

LADY FEATHERINGTON

(scornful)

Is Miss Thompson so high in her  
instep she is unable to don her  
own slippers? I should think  
not.

51 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

51

Daphne paces, a little on edge, as Violet, Hyacinth, and  
Francesca sit. Eloise reads Whistledown. Awed.

ELOISE

Has anyone else read what Lady  
Whistledown has written of late?

HYACINTH

Should anyone pay any heed to  
what Lady Whistledown writes of  
late? I certainly do not.

DAPHNE

Mama... Perhaps we might attend  
the upcoming Salisbury ball by  
*ourselves*. And the Merriweather  
tea, too.

VIOLET

I believe Anthony has already  
replied on our behalf, dearest.  
Apparently he has managed our  
social calendar through June.

DAPHNE

The entire season?

ELOISE

Lady Whistledown has made her  
opinion about our dear sister's  
fortunes quite clear. Lady  
Whistledown says--

DAPHNE

--*Enough about Lady Whistledown!*

And everyone looks to Daphne, who's beside herself now.  
She sits. Trying to keep calm. When Footman John enters.

FOOTMAN JOHN

A caller for Miss Bridgerton.  
The Lord Berbrooke.

Nigel enters and Daphne's face just *drops*. Even Violet  
has to pause, before...

VIOLET

Lord Berbrooke. Come in. May I help you to some freshly prepared biscuits? Eloise, allow some room for his lordship, will you?

Daphne's hand instinctively goes to Eloise. The sisters exchange a look. Daphne silently pleads for her to stay where she is, but--

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Eloise, are you not due for a visit with Penelope this morning?

ELOISE

...I believe I should like to stay--

VIOLET

--I believe you should like to  
go.

Eloise looks at Daphne -- *sorry, sis* -- then goes. As Violet takes Francesca and Hyacinth to the other side of the room, Nigel takes his seat next to Daphne. Helps himself to a biscuit.

NIGEL

Forgive me for not calling sooner.  
I had presumed your affections  
were already engaged. But now I  
know... You and I were *destined*  
for each other.

And he licks his tiny lips on account of his biscuit. Daphne practically recoils, as Francesca and Hyacinth can't help but giggle across the room. Off a mortified Daphne...

52 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

52

A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN is down on one knee in the middle of the room, gesturing dramatically towards Marina.

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

*...And so, by heaven, your love  
may burn. From the depths of my  
soul, 'tis thee, I shall earn...*

THREE OTHER SUITORS are present, along with Colin Bridgerton, wincing at this young man's poem. Nearby, sits a resentful Prudence and a bored Philipa, along with an unimpressed Eloise and Penelope, who holds that puppy. We move past all of them to find an irritated Lady Featherington, as the awful poem concludes and everyone (hesitantly) claps.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

Wonderful, wonderful. Gentlemen,  
thank you for your calls. Do not  
forget to bid Prudence, Philipa,  
or even *Penelope* farewell as you  
go...

The gentlemen go, offering mere nods to the Featherington girls. As Colin bows to Marina, passing Penelope and Eloise on his way out...

COLIN

A most wretched sonnet indeed.

PENELOPE

Lord Byron he is not.

Bridgerton Ep 101 "Diamond of the First Water" Pink Shooting 8.5.19 37A.

COLIN

(laughs)

I do not believe so. Good day,  
Pen.

Penelope, shocked she made Colin actually laugh, eyes Colin HARD as he goes. As Eloise continues watching Marina...

ELOISE

She certainly *is* most interesting.  
What is she like?

Off Eloise, eyeing the new girl...

53 EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

53

As Eloise and Penelope (along with that puppy) walk with Marina in a particularly beautiful portion of these gardens. TWO MAIDS trail them.

ELOISE

Tell us of your family's farm.  
We have never visited Somerset.

MARINA

Oh, it is most beautiful. Despite  
the recent drought. I miss it  
dearly.

ELOISE

Even with all of the attention  
you receive here?

MARINA

Attention?

ELOISE

You have certainly gained the  
admiration of Lady Whistledown,  
much to my sister's discontent.

MARINA

I am only here at my father's  
insistence. It seems our land  
has seen better times. Papa  
believes an advantageous match  
will rectify the situation.

PENELOPE

Set your cap at someone yet?

And a tiny smile crosses Marina's face. We barely clock it.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Someone like... Mister Colin  
Bridgerton?

MARINA

Which one was he?

(MORE)

MARINA (CONT'D)

(off Pen's look)

I have met so many gentlemen over the past few weeks, I am unable to distinguish one from the next.

PENELOPE

A terrible predicament, to be sure.

MARINA

Am I the only one who finds all of these affairs a bit... *tedious*?

ELOISE

I am not out until next year. I cannot know what you mean.

MARINA

I mean we are *at war*. Men battle at sea and yet, all anyone *here* can think about is what to wear to the next dazzling party...

Eloise and Penelope exchange a glance. Because they feel the same way. But Marina thinks she's offended them.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I only mean--

PENELOPE

--I wish I were allowed to battle at sea. Can you imagine? Being a part of *the Royal Navy*. We should see the world!

ELOISE

With king and country our only concerns. Instead of this dreadful business of *marriage*.

They laugh at the thought. Marina smiles. She likes them.

MARINA

I do suppose living on a ship full of handsome, *eager*, young officers would certainly be interesting for a young lady.

Eloise and Penelope look to her. Confused.

PENELOPE

What can you mean?

MARINA

Well. There would be situations.

ELOISE  
Situations?

MARINA  
That would undoubtedly... *arise*.

But Eloise and Penelope aren't exactly making the connection--

ELOISE'S MAID  
(interrupting)  
Young ladies. What ever are we discussing?

The girls look at one another, until, covering--

MARINA  
Why Lady Whistledown, of course. What else should there be to discuss?

ELOISE  
Yes... I wonder what poor soul the author will turn her pen to next...

The maid nods, satisfied. And as the girls smile, sly...

54 EXT. HASTINGS HOUSE - DAY 54

A grand, sprawling architectural manse. If this is Simon's mere *London home*, what does his country estate look like??

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Ambitious mamas, rejoice! For the new Duke of Hastings continues to grace our fair city with his presence. And oh, what an *impressive presence* it is...

55 INT. HASTINGS HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY 55

As Simon makes his way down this stately hall of PORTRAITS. He peers up at his ancestors. Stops to focus on ONE in particular: *His father*. The ninth Duke of Hastings.

SIMON  
Jeffries?

Simon's dutiful butler, JEFFRIES (50s), appears.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
See to it that this painting of my father is removed at once.

JEFFRIES  
I shall place it in the vault with His Grace's other possessions.

Bridgerton Ep 101 "Diamond of the First Water" Pink Shooting 8.5.19 40A.

SIMON

No. This one I should like  
destroyed.

(a sigh)

I am leaving.

And as Simon goes, Jeffries can't help but eye him,  
concerned...



56 INT. HIGH-CLASS BROTHEL - DAY 56

As we move down a rather garish hallway, we catch glimpses of FASHIONABLE IMPURES in these dark, shadowy rooms...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

It should be noted that the Duke has been overheard announcing to mamas everywhere that he has no plans of EVER marrying...

Find a NAKED Simon, getting down and dirty with THREE CYPRIAN WOMEN. *Whatever* they're doing, they're having fun...

57 INT. DANBURY HOUSE/GRAND HALL - DAY 57

Lady Danbury sits, examining the latest Whistledown...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

This author wonders which brazen matchmaker shall rise to such a challenge? For *this* competition is certainly well underway...

Off Lady Danbury, her wheels a-turnin', we CUT TO:

58 INT. WHITE'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY 58

With AN IMBIBING SIMON AND ANTHONY, sitting at their table, laughing raucously. Drinks and cheroots in hand.

ANTHONY

Good God, Hastings. *THREE?*

SIMON

Should it have been *four?*

ANTHONY

If it were, I certainly would not expect to see you here, *alive.*

And they laugh a little more. As Simon takes in this scene. Men gamble. Others seem to be... *weighing themselves?*

SIMON

I do suppose, if it were not for an overzealous mother at every corner, this time of year in the city would not be so very dreadful.

ANTHONY

Those mothers simply want the same as you, I rather think.

SIMON

For every last one of them to choke on their daughters' hair ribbons?

ANTHONY

For you to claim a *wife*, Hastings. Are you truly not planning to take your place in society? When you have a *Dukedom*?

SIMON

I have a *title*. Which, as far as I am concerned, will end with me.

ANTHONY

*Hastings--*

SIMON

--Would you *stop*. Calling me *that*. It was my father's name. Never mine.

Anthony eyes him a beat. Nods, sipping his drink.

SIMON (CONT'D)

In any case, what of you?

ANTHONY

What of me?

SIMON

You are the firstborn Bridgerton of a firstborn Bridgerton nine times over. Where is *your wife*?  
(off his look)  
Is your plan to fuck her forever?  
*Your mistress.*

Anthony sighs, signals for someone to bring him another drink.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You shall need to sire an heir.

ANTHONY

I am in possession of something you are not... *Brothers.*

SIMON

You will pass the task on to one of them?

(then)

She must be *quite* a mistress.

ANTHONY

You have no idea.

And Anthony's all up in his head for a beat.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You shall not outrun them. The eager mothers of this town. The harder you try to avoid them, the harder they try to find you. I would be willing to bet on it...

Off Simon's exasperated sigh, knowing his friend is probably right...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

It has reached my ears that the betting books at White's propose the most *fascinating* of pairings this season...

59 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/DRAWING ROOM - DAY

59

Find Marina, on the sofa with Colin Bridgerton. As Lord Featherington pretends to read his paper nearby, eyeing the low cut of his distant cousin's dress...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

If one is to trust these accounts, despite the fact they are all written *by men*, then Mister Colin Bridgerton shall be awarded the year's grand prize when he sweeps Miss Thompson from her pretty little slippered feet...

Marina laughs at something Colin says. Penelope, teaching her puppy tricks on the floor, all but rolls her eyes. A bitter Lady Featherington stands with Mrs Varley.

VARLEY

(quiet, to Lady F)

You could always send the willow back to her farm, madam.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

As if Lord Featherington would ever allow that.

And off a disgusted Lady Featherington, turning away as Penelope gets her puppy to play dead...

60 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM - DAY 60

A pensive Daphne stands by the window, reading Whistledown.  
Violet sits nearby.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
In other news, a most peculiar  
suitor for Miss Daphne Bridgerton  
has emerged...

VIOLET  
Daphne. *Your caller...*

And Daphne slowly turns. Sees Nigel, sitting on the sofa.

NIGEL  
Will it be just the two of us?  
Yet again?

He pats the seat next to him.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Though this miss cannot possibly  
believe that *the town idiot* will  
be able to reverse her rather  
dire circumstances, can she?

Off Daphne, proceeding to crumble up that copy of  
Whistledown, we move...

61 OMITTED 61

62 EXT. HYDE PARK/ROTTEN ROW - DAY 62

The fashionable hour. As the QUALITY SET promenades.  
It's all *see-and-be-seen* when we find Daphne, riding

Sidesaddle, a few feet ahead of Anthony, on his own horse.  
Anthony eyes Daphne, speeding up. He catches up to her--

ANTHONY

We shall pay a fine if you want  
to gallop here.

DAPHNE

I know the rules I must follow.

And that was curt. She smiles at passersby. Keeping up  
appearances, naturally. Anthony senses something's wrong.

ANTHONY

Daphne...

DAPHNE

I presume news of Nigel Berbrooke's  
courtship has found its way back  
to you.

ANTHONY

I read as much in this scandal  
sheet taking Mayfair by storm.

(then)

Lord Berbrooke may be...  
persistent. But he is harmless.  
No one pays him any mind, sister.  
I certainly do not. Neither should  
you. There will be others...

And Daphne just stares straight ahead. Incredulous,  
because--

DAPHNE

Lady Whistledown has all but  
declared me *ineligible*. Worthy  
of the affection of a detestable  
simpleton *and no one else*. Tell  
me... What *others* will ever want  
such damaged goods now?

ANTHONY

You speak as if *Lady Whistledown*  
were to be held in higher regard  
than Her Majesty the Queen herself.  
You give far too much credit to  
some anonymous scribbler. These  
musings... They are not true.

DAPHNE

Only they are true, brother. And  
they are true because of you.  
You have managed to scare every  
worthy suitor away. *Whistledown*  
has merely reported it.

(then)

I had hoped to find a love match.

(MORE)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

It is all I have ever wanted. I had hoped to marry, my very first season, so that our dear sisters would not have to devote themselves to such an overwhelming task.

ANTHONY

And you still can--

DAPHNE

--Not if you continue to ruin *all* of my chances.

ANTHONY

I am looking out for you. I am *protecting* you. It is my duty.

DAPHNE

And what of my duty? You are *not* the only one with responsibility to this family.

And she swallows her rage. A lady shall never cause a scene.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

You have no idea what it is to be a woman. What it might feel like to have one's entire life reduced to a single moment. *This* is all I have been raised for. *This* is all I am. I have no other value. If I am unable to find a husband... I shall be worthless. If I am unable to find someone to love me... I shall be useless. You have rendered me *useless* to society.

ANTHONY

Daphne... You are a Bridgerton.

And now Daphne has to smile. *The irony.*

DAPHNE

It would be easier if I were not.

ANTHONY

How can you say such a thing?

DAPHNE

The fact I am a Bridgerton is now the very reason why nobody wants me. All eyes have been on me my entire life. Everyone has been waiting for *Daphne*, the perfect Bridgerton bride, to make her debut. And what did I end up proving to them? Only that I am nothing more than an encumbrance. A young lady tethered to much trouble indeed. That makes me no perfect bride. That makes me no diamond. That merely makes me exactly what Lady Whistledown says I am: A counterfeit.

And we watch that land on Anthony, who turns contemplative. Off Daphne, perfectly perched on her perfect horse in her perfect dress, we begin to HEAR the sounds of an OPERA, now taking place...

Blazing chandeliers float above the jam-packed, *noisy* audience as Siena performs Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride." Anthony stands amongst a group of conversing MEN in the gallery. Every now and then, he meets eyes with Siena, up on stage. And as one of those looks between the two of them lingers--

SOCIETY MAN

(to Anthony, re:

Siena)

Do you know her, Bridgerton?

It catches Anthony off-guard. But he plays it off.

ANTHONY

The singer? What ever for...

But as he resumes his conversation with the men, we wonder if he's started to feel rather like a counterfeit himself. When we ANGLE ON Violet and Daphne, just arriving. And as they move through the crowd, Daphne suddenly spots Nigel, preening at her from afar--

DAPHNE

(to Violet)

*Our box, mama...*

Violet nods, just as--

LADY DANBURY (O.S.)

Lady Bridgerton! Join us.

Violet turns, sees Lady Danbury standing with none other than Queen Charlotte and her ladies-in-waiting. Violet smiles, approaches with Daphne in tow. As they do, the Queen whispers something to one of her ladies, before...

QUEEN CHARLOTTE

Lady Bridgerton.

VIOLET

Your Majesty. Good evening.

(a curtsy)

You must remember my daughter,  
Daphne.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE

Yes. She made quite an impression.

(quietly, to her  
ladies)

How ever *fleeting* it may have  
been.

With that, the Queen heads away. Violet stands there, *shook*.



DAPHNE

What did she say, mama? Did you hear her?

VIOLET

She simply flattered you, dearest.

And Daphne nods. As Lady Danbury eyes Violet sympathetically, clearly having heard the Queen...

LADY DANBURY

I would like to welcome you both to my box this evening. I insist.

And we TIMECUT:

63A INT. OPERA HOUSE/DANBURY BOX - NIGHT

63A

Where Daphne and Violet sit with Lady Danbury. Daphne leans forward, clearly taken by the love story on stage. And as Violet can't help but eye Queen Charlotte, sitting in the royal box, Lady Danbury turns to her, quiet...

LADY DANBURY

(re: Queen Charlotte)

They are saying her husband will not live to the end of the month.

VIOLET

Surely another rumor provided by that vicious scandal mongering writer. Should her degradation know no bounds?

LADY DANBURY

Lady Whistledown writes of my family, too. Yet I suppose the duke can withstand such scrutiny since he is, after all, a *man*.

Violet nods.

VIOLET

His Grace was fortunate to have you there with him as a child. After what happened to his mother. Awful.

LADY DANBURY

He is not what Whistledown says.

VIOLET

Nor is Daphne.

LADY DANBURY

It would seem the two of them have that in common then. Matches have certainly been made with far less.

VIOLET

What are you suggesting?

LADY DANBURY

Lady Whistledown merely writes what she sees. Perhaps we need to help her see things a bit more *clearly*.

(then)

Unless of course you'd object to such a match for other more... *contentious* reasons.

And Violet turns to her as Lady D raises an eyebrow. Assessing. *Checking*. Is this gonna be a thing? Violet smiles.

VIOLET

Such matches have always had my full support, Lady Danbury. And I would say that even *if* our King and Queen were not leading by such wondrous example.

And now Lady D smiles.

LADY DANBURY

I knew there was a reason why I liked you so much, Lady Bridgerton.

(then)

The duke is quite fond of gooseberry pie.

VIOLET

The very dish my cook is renowned for.

They turn back to Daphne, who's still enthralled by the show, when -- on stage, Siena suddenly clutches her chest, belting out A STUNNING ARIA. Off these two plotting ladies...

64 EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE/EXT. FEATHERINGTON HOME - DAWN 64

As WORKERS make their morning deliveries, we find a COALMAN -- overturning his bag of coal, depositing the contents down a COAL CHUTE in front of the Featherington Home. CUT TO:

65 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/MARINA'S ROOM - DAWN 65

We're on Marina, in her bed, running her hands on those sheets again. And she's smoothing the linen in long, sweeping motions when her movements become faster. *Frenetic*. Her face telling us that something is very, very wrong with those sheets. *What the fuck is wrong with those sheets?? Something*, because now Marina's furiously collecting them into one big ball in the center of her bed and tossing them to the floor. Spent. Breathless. *Distraught*. Off this...

66 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 66

We POP AROUND this luxurious room, where bits of the Bridgerton family history are on display: THE FAMILY CREST. A PAINTING of Aubrey Hall (the family's grand ancestral estate). Another of the family playing PALL MALL. Before we find the Bridgertons enjoying a boisterous dinner with an entertained-looking Simon, seated next to Daphne, of course.

ANTHONY

For all we know, Whistledown may  
be some interloper living in  
*Bloomsbury* of all places.

BENEDICT

What should be so terrible about Bloomsbury? Is it because people there actually *work* for a living?

DAPHNE

She does seem to be someone with access.

COLIN

Who knows if Whistledown is even a *she*?

ANTHONY

Fair point.

ELOISE

Oh, because she is simply *too good* to be anyone but a man?

FRANCESCA

I think it rather obvious that the writer is Lady Danbury.

DAPHNE

Lady Danbury enjoys sharing her insults with society directly. She would never bother herself writing them all down.

And at that, Simon has to smile. Violet catches it.

HYACINTH

Could it be *Lady Featherington*?

ALL OF THE BRIDGERTONS

No.

And their collective answer makes them laugh. Hyacinth eyes them, confused.

ELOISE

You have yet to read what Whistledown writes of *the Featheringtons*, little sister.

And as this fun, lively conversation resumes, Violet turns to Simon...

VIOLET

You must forgive this rather unruly debate, Your Grace.

SIMON

Nonsense. I find it entertaining. All of you at one table, even the children.

VIOLET

I realize it may be unfashionable,  
but... We like each other. Most  
of the time.

(off his smile)

You should join us more often.  
Perhaps when we travel to our  
country seat. You would be most  
welcome.

And *that* seems to make Anthony sit a bit straighter in his  
chair. As if he just realized something. But then--

HYACINTH

--Gregory! You must stop tossing  
peas at me!

GREGORY

Those peas were already there!  
And you *cannot* tell me what to  
do. I am older!

HYACINTH

I am taller!

VIOLET

Children!

And as Violet quietly scolds them, everyone falls into  
conversation amongst themselves. ANGLE ON Francesca and  
Eloise, hushed:

FRANCESCA

He does have a *presence* about  
him...

ELOISE

If rakish Dukes were one's thing.

We ANGLE ON Colin, leaning across the table to Benedict:

COLIN

I'm to spar with Jackson himself.

BENEDICT

You?

COLIN

Is that *envy* I detect in your  
voice?

BENEDICT

*Judgment*, brother. I shall need  
to witness *this*...

And as these conversations continue, we finally ANGLE ON  
Daphne, quietly sitting next to Simon. She looks up,  
catching Simon's eye. Promptly returns to her meal.

SIMON

You appear displeased.

DAPHNE

Do I?

SIMON

We find ourselves seated beside each other, Miss Bridgerton. I would like to think you happy about *that*.

DAPHNE

Perhaps, Your Grace, it would be better if you refrained from thinking about me at all.

He nods. Amused. Violet eyes them from across the table.

SIMON

It is simply... surprising.

DAPHNE

Yes. How ever is it possible for a lady to offer anything but a *smile* whilst seated beside a Duke? Even one of *your* reputation.

SIMON

You are aware of my reputation?

DAPHNE

I am aware of your friendship with my eldest brother. And if that were not enough, I am also aware of the things a certain *writer* has recently written of you. Presumptuous, clearly. Arrogant, most definitely. You are a *rake*, through and through. Tell me I am wrong, Your Grace.

SIMON

Who should refrain from thinking about whom again?

DAPHNE

I assure you... I am anything but interested in you.

SIMON

Good.

DAPHNE

Quite.

SIMON

And *I* anything but interested *in* you.

She looks at him. Again. As Violet shifts in her seat.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The eldest sister of my oldest friend. Yet another recent subject of a certain writer. Chaste. Neat. *Desperate*.

DAPHNE

I shall have you know--

SIMON

--*To marry*, that is.  
(off her look)  
Tell me I am wrong.

And at that, a laugh seems to escape Eloise's lips. Until Violet shoots her a look. As Anthony clears his throat--

ANTHONY

*Hastings*. I am so glad you decided to join us this evening. It was most *spontaneous* of you.

SIMON

Not at all. With Lady Danbury accepting your dear mother's gracious invitation on my behalf, *well*, how ever could I have declined?

Anthony turns to his mother, all innocence.

VIOLET

It is always a pleasure, Your Grace.

And as Daphne and Simon's conversation resumes...

DAPHNE

You seem to consider the desire to marry a fault. Why is that?

SIMON

I am afraid I cannot give you that answer, Miss Bridgerton. For if I offered you those rather *unsavory* reasons, then I would be forced to marry you. And neither of us would want *that* now, would we?

And he smiles. There's something about it. Wickedly sexy, that smile. And for the first time, Daphne finds herself oddly, *annoyingly*, drawn to it. Until...

DAPHNE

Certainly not.

It's a moment not lost on Violet or Anthony either. As Violet can't help but smile, clocking that look on her daughter's face, and Anthony stabs his beef course with his fork--

ANTHONY

Well. Tonight has been exceptional, but I am afraid it is getting late.

VIOLET

Anthony. We have not even had our dessert. *Gooseberry pie*, Your Grace.

SIMON

Ah. Lovely.

Off a none too pleased Anthony, onto his mother, we  
TIMECUT:

67 OMITTED  
AND  
68

67  
AND  
68



69 INT. BRIDGERTON HOUSE/ANTHONY'S STUDY - NIGHT

69

Anthony works at the desk a beat, when Violet appears at the doorway. He doesn't bother looking up.

ANTHONY

You were a perfectly reasonable  
mother until your eldest daughter  
came of age.

VIOLET

Anthony...

ANTHONY

This matchmaking scheme you rather *transparently* concocted with Lady Danbury... It will not work.

VIOLET

I can think of worse matches for Daphne than a *Duke*. I believed the two of you to be friends.

ANTHONY

We are good friends. Which is how I know he has absolutely no intention of marrying.

VIOLET

You must understand that *all men* make that assertion.

She glances at the PORTRAIT OF EDMUND BRIDGERTON on the wall.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Your father, even--

ANTHONY

--Do not bring father into this.  
(then)

Even if he were in want of a wife, you would most certainly not have the *Duke* anywhere near Daphne.

VIOLET

I fully subscribe to the belief that reformed rakes make the very best of husbands--

ANTHONY

--He will NOT make her happy. Daphne deserves better. I know you think you are solving a problem, but you are not. That is all I shall say about the matter.

And he goes back to his work, resolute. And even though Violet knows it is her place to now go, she doesn't move:

VIOLET

The Duke will be joining us as our guests at Vauxhall tomorrow evening.

He looks up at her. Stunned.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I admit, it was not easy to convince him to come, but--

ANTHONY

--You overstep--

VIOLET

--She is my eldest daughter--

ANTHONY

--Yet she is MY responsibility.  
As are you.

VIOLET

*Responsibility?*

ANTHONY

Do not make this any more difficult  
than it already is.

VIOLET

I wish to know something, Anthony.  
Tonight, when you leave this study  
you continue to keep at your family  
home, are you to return to your  
bachelor lodgings across the square  
or shall you pay visit to a certain  
soprano you tend to in an apartment  
you *pay for* on the other side of  
town? Relying on your *younger*  
*brothers* to one day do the job  
you cannot?

(off his look)

And you like to speak of  
*responsibility*, my dear son? Of  
*duty*? Pray tell... What should  
you know of it?

A long beat, as the two of them hold each other's gaze.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I sit with her in that drawing  
room, and do you know what I see?  
A young woman who is *terrified*.  
Because she knows what kind of  
life, what kind of future awaits  
her should YOU continue to get in  
her way. She shall become a  
spinster. Should she not marry,  
she shall become *invisible*.  
*Insignificant*. My lively,  
beautiful girl... Presumed no  
better than the fetid street matter  
scraped from your boots every  
morning and night.

And Anthony scoffs at the thought.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

And yet she is not the only one  
who is terrified. Is she, Anthony?

He just keeps staring at her. Because he knows exactly what she's getting at.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

If your father were still here, Daphne would have already been matched. The man would have made an arrangement with an old friend. *The man would have done what was now necessary.* So you must ask yourself: Are you merely an older brother? Or are you *the man* of this house?

And with that, she begins to go. As Anthony sits there...

ANTHONY

I miss him. *Father.*

VIOLET

It has been ten years. You can no longer use that excuse.

She exits. Off a pensive Anthony, staring over at Edmund's portrait on the wall, wrestling with these burdens...

70 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/SCULLERY - NIGHT 70

As Mrs Varley sets a pail full of laundry on the counter. She removes the contents -- linens, unmentionables and, finally, that big ball of Marina's sheets. When she suddenly pauses, noticing something. Off her startled face...

71 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/LADY FEATHERINGTON'S ROOM - NIGHT 71

Lady Featherington sits, applying her arsenic-laden nightly face cream. When she eyes herself in the mirror. Notices a nasty-looking RASH forming just underneath her hairline. She picks at it. A few hairs easily falling right out. When we see Mrs Varley appear in the doorway. CLUTCHING those sheets. We stay on her for a beat, silently debating. When she finally FORCES herself to go in...

VARLEY

Madam?

LADY FEATHERINGTON

(startled)

Yes, Varley?

Off Mrs Varley, closing the door behind her...

72 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/MARINA'S ROOM - NIGHT 72

Marina -- her hair, wrapped -- sits at a writing desk, furiously scribbling, when the door opens to reveal Lady Featherington, who now holds the sheets in her hand. Marina stops what she's doing, as Lady F comes over and drops the pile of sheets on the desk. A long beat, as Marina stares back at her, nervous.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

You haven't bled.

*Shit.*

LADY FEATHERINGTON (CONT'D)

It has been over a month since your arrival. And you haven't bled.

And Lady F just glares her damn scary glare.

LADY FEATHERINGTON (CONT'D)

I suppose I should be happy. Up until now, I had no legitimate excuse to dispense with you. But when Lord Featherington hears of this. When your *own* papa hears of this...

MARINA

*Please--*

LADY FEATHERINGTON

--*I suppose I should be happy.* And if it were guaranteed that *my own* ladies should not be affected by your revolting recklessness, I would be.

(then)

Do you even know who the father is?

MARINA

Please... Do not tell anyone about any of this. I beg of you, ma'am--

LADY FEATHERINGTON

--*I shall have nothing TO DO with this! My ladies shall have nothing to do with this! Not ONE of us will have ANY association with you whatsoever!* Do you know what you have done?!

MARINA

(quietly)

What I know... Is that you shall never understand.

LADY FEATHERINGTON

What was that?

MARINA

*You shall never UNDERSTAND.* Someone like you. Living this ridiculously *charmed*... Do you think I wanted to come here? To be with people like you? So out of touch, *so superior*--

*SLAP!!* Lady Featherington is NOT to be trifled with right now. And as she stares daggers at this girl, we CUT  
OUTSIDE:

73 INT. FEATHERINGTON HOME/OUTSIDE PENELOPE'S ROOM - NIGHT 73

As Prudence, Philipa and Penelope all gather, ears to the door, LISTENING to *shit*. Go. Down. Horrified, when Mrs Varley appears at the end of the hall, shooping them away...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Be it shame or slander. Seduction  
or smear...

74 INT. SIENA'S LONDON FLAT - DAY 74

We move through this well-appointed flat to find a post-coital Anthony and Siena. He's lost in thought, twirling his pocket-watch through his fingers.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
There is one thing that continues  
to humble even the most highly-  
regarded members of our dear ton:  
*A scandal.*

He turns to her. She senses something is very, very wrong.

ANTHONY  
I cannot see you anymore.

She stares at him.

SIENA  
I do not understand.

ANTHONY  
It is not for you to understand.  
I must do what is necessary.

And Siena just sits there a beat. *Stunned.*

SIENA  
You said you would always protect  
me. You promised to care for me,  
my lord. And now... *What shall  
I do now?*

Anthony holds her gaze a beat, until:

ANTHONY  
You shall leave.

Off a blindsided Siena...

75 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS - DUSK 75

As SOCIETY MEMBERS arrive at this decadent pleasure playground.

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

Tonight, a privileged selection  
of only the most fashionable guests  
will descend upon the most *scandal-*  
*prone* grounds in all of London:  
Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens...

SOME, through the main entrance, by carriage. OTHERS,  
like the Bridgertons, through the THAMES RIVER ENTRANCE,  
by boat. Daphne eyes the approaching spectacle, taking a  
breath, fortifying herself. And as we soar above the  
tree-lined promenades leading to illuminated waterfalls  
running past canals surrounded by lush, expansive  
grounds...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Its shaded garden walls, such as  
those of *the Dark Walk*, have  
covered for the most *notorious* of  
trysts. This author wonders which  
persons of quality shall be  
discovered there tonight. Or  
better yet, *how many?*

We focus on a darkened canopy of trees, where CYPRIAN  
WOMEN await, and ONE SLY COUPLE disappears into the shadows --  
clearly up to no good -- before we're:

76 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS/BALL AREA - NIGHT

76

With MORE COUPLES, dancing beneath the stars at this  
visually stunning, spectacular event. We land on Penelope,  
wearing a surprisingly beautiful, NON-YELLOW GOWN. She's  
eyeing the dancers from the sidelines again, looking for  
someone...

COLIN (O.S.)

Pen!

She sees him approaching. Plays it cool.

PENELOPE

Colin. I did not know you would  
be here.

COLIN

Sorry to disappoint. Have you  
seen Miss Thompson?

PENELOPE

She is... *ill*. My mama stayed  
home with her. *Papa* had to  
chaperone.

They look over to see Lord F, guffawing with the other  
MEN.



PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I am quite enjoying the fact he  
is here. Mama would never allow  
me to wear a dress like this.  
Not yellow enough, I think.

They smile. Until Penelope spots Cressida, glass of punch  
in hand, approaching with her minions. *These bitches.*

CRESSIDA

Mister Bridgerton, I believe you  
owe me a dance this evening. And  
I have only one more space  
remaining on my card. *At present.*

PENELOPE

(under her breath)  
How convenient.

Cressida goes to retrieve her card. But as she does, she  
*accidentally* spills her punch. All over Penelope's dress.

CRESSIDA

Penelope! I did not see you there!  
*Yet again.*

Penelope stares down at her ensemble. *Ruined.* And as  
she starts to back away, Colin eyes her. Turns back to  
Cressida:

COLIN

I am afraid I cannot offer you  
that dance, Miss Cowper. I am to  
escort Miss Featherington to the  
floor. *At present,* I think.

Penelope stops in her tracks, as an incredulous Cressida  
watches Colin take Penelope's hand, leading her to the  
floor. Penelope eyes Colin, a little unsure, until they  
start to dance. And then she breaks into a smile, and  
then a full-on laugh, before we move... To find Daphne  
and Violet, entering the fray. And they can't help but  
notice a few passersby quickly averting their eyes upon  
seeing them. Daphne steels herself, before spotting Simon,  
on the other side of the dance floor, surrounded by  
AMBITIOUS MAMAS AND DAUGHTERS -- all fighting for his  
attention. As we join them:

AMBITIOUS MAMA

(to Simon)  
The resemblance is remarkable.  
You look just like him. *Your  
father.*

Simon *stares daggers* at this woman, about to respond,  
when--

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentlemen, a most  
extraordinary event is about to  
take place! Right this way!  
Come! Come!

As everyone's ushered away from the dance floor, we stay  
on Simon, who turns and goes in the opposite direction of  
the crowd. Off Simon's dark expression, we move...

77 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS/DARK WALK - NIGHT 77

Simon walks, by himself, down this shady corridor of trees.  
Sounds of revelers in the distance, as Simon passes A  
LORD AND LADY getting down and dirty in the dark. A little  
further and he passes TWO LORDS having some fun of their  
own. Finally, Simon finds what he's been hoping to find --  
a group of CYPRIAN WOMEN. Simon pauses. Eyeing one woman  
in particular. And off this, we SMASH TO:

78 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS/DARK WALK - NIGHT 78

As Simon and his lady friend GET TO IT in these shadows.  
His hands, everywhere. His mouth, hungry. *Needy*. Before  
we finally afford these two their privacy and move--

79 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS/LANTERN AREA - NIGHT 79

On the wide-eyed faces of our crowd. Above, as many as  
*fifteen-thousand* colorful glass lanterns hang from festoons  
in trees. Our MASTER OF CEREMONIES stands with THREE  
PANDEAN MINSTRELS on a small stage up front.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
It is with great privilege I  
present Vauxhall's *newest* spectacle  
of illumination! Feast your eyes  
above! And allow all that is  
radiant to overwhelm you!

He nods towards an AIDE, who lights a nearby FUSE. Which  
is when the most glorious, golden-colored light bathes  
our crowd, as every single one of those lanterns  
ILLUMINATES! The effect is BREATHTAKING. The crowd GASPS.  
An awed Daphne looks up, smiling, as MUSICIANS play.  
Anthony approaches.

DAPHNE  
(seeing him)  
Is it not the most bizarre...  
*Look, brother.*

But he's not looking. And so now she's looking at him.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

And she eyes him as he struggles with this. He takes a beat.

ANTHONY  
Lord Berbrooke's barony is over two-hundred years old. His lineage is legitimate. He has had an excellent education. Possesses no debts. Never hurt an animal or a woman and he is even a decent shot. To speak strictly, there is nothing wrong with him.

DAPHNE  
What should any of this--

ANTHONY  
--You are to marry him.

DAPHNE  
*Nigel.*

They hold each other's gaze. *Tense.* Before:

ANTHONY  
I had to find you a husband, sister. Now be grateful it is done. It should be just as easy for you to fall in love with Lord Berbrooke as with anyone else--

DAPHNE  
*--I will not hear of this.*

And Daphne STORMS away. Off a troubled Anthony, we CUT TO:

80 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS - NIGHT

80

Where a furious Daphne paces, alone. Away from the party. We stay on her for a beat, hearing the SOUNDS of partygoers in the distance, until--

NIGEL (O.S.)  
What ever are you doing?

Daphne turns, sees Nigel coming out of the shadows.

DAPHNE  
Nigel. Not now.

NIGEL  
*Nigel?* Are we to drop the honorifics so soon? I suppose, as your husband--

DAPHNE  
--You will never be my husband. I will never marry you. My brother... He made a mistake.

Nigel eyes her. And as this man takes a rather predatory step forward, we CUT TO:

81 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS - NIGHT

81

On a sly Simon, now making his way back to the ball. And he's in his head, his thoughts making him smile, until--

NIGEL (O.S.)  
Do you think yourself better than me?

DAPHNE (O.S.)  
It would be best for you to leave.

NIGEL (O.S.)  
You should be thanking me. I am your last hope. No one WANTS you, Miss Bridgerton--

DAPHNE (O.S.)  
--LET GO OF ME!

And now Simon breaks into a run, heading for the trees, ready to save his best friend's sister, until he comes round and spots DAPHNE CLOCKING NIGEL SQUARE IN THE JAW! Nigel goes down. *Hard.* Even Daphne's surprised by her own strength, as she looks up to lock eyes with Simon.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
Your Grace. I had no intention...

SIMON  
Of knocking the climp flat out? I must say I am impressed.

She eyes him.

DAPHNE  
What are you *doing* out here?

SIMON  
Avoiding certain... *people.*

DAPHNE

People?

SIMON

Mothers. They are people, I suppose.

DAPHNE

You were coming from the Dark Walk. It is merely a few steps away...

SIMON

What would you know of...

DAPHNE

(realizing)  
*The Dark Walk is merely a few steps away... And I am alone. With two men.*

SIMON

I believe you are only with one man, the other is...

DAPHNE

I shall be compromised just the same. I must go.

NIGEL

*Marry me... Miss Bridgerton...*

And she looks back down at a half-conscious Nigel, who rolls himself over and falls back to sleep.

SIMON

Now as far as proposals go, *that* may be the least romantic of all.

Daphne sighs. Allows herself a tiny smile.

DAPHNE

I suppose if someone were to find me here, it would be *one way* out of marrying *him*.

SIMON

You cannot possibly be thinking of marrying *him*.

DAPHNE

If I am unable to secure another offer, there may be no alternative. Unlike you, I cannot simply declare I do not wish to marry. I do not have such a privilege.

SIMON

Yes, I was quite surprised to learn you no longer have a line of suitors around every last square in London.

She exhales, frustrated--

DAPHNE

I am in no need of your derision, sir.

SIMON

I do not *mock* you. I am being sincere.

And now she looks at him. Sees that he means it. A beat.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know of what this Lady Whistledown has written. Trust I possess as much contempt for the author as you. She has all but issued a challenge to London's most ambitious mamas -- encouraging, *provoking* them to...

DAPHNE

Claim you as their prize?

(then)

Do not worry, Your Grace. I believe such a *win* would be promptly forfeited, indeed.

And now he looks at her. There's that smile again. Daphne suddenly hears something off in the distance, refocuses--

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I must... Go *this* way. You, through those trees--

SIMON

--Perhaps there is an answer. To our collective *Lady Whistledown* issue.

She slows. She's listening.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We could pretend to form an attachment.

DAPHNE

You and I?

SIMON

With you on my arm, the world will believe I have finally found my Duchess. Every presumptuous mother in town will leave me alone. And every suitor will be looking at you.

(off her look)

You must know men are always interested in a woman if they believe another, particularly a Duke, to be interested as well.

DAPHNE

You presume *Lady Whistledown* will--

SIMON

--I presume she will deem us precisely what we are: Me, unavailable. You... *Desirable*.

And she holds his gaze a beat. Until:

DAPHNE

It is an absurd plan.

SIMON

I find it quite brilliant. Provided you do not wish to marry me, and I do not wish to marry you -- what ever should you have to lose? Besides *him*, of course.

Daphne looks down at Nigel, fast asleep on the ground. Just as we HEAR the WHISTLE OF AN APPROACHING FIREWORK in the distance. Off Daphne, a decision in her hands...

82 EXT. VAUXHALL PLEASURE GARDENS/BALL AREA - NIGHT

82

FIREWORKS soar above, reflecting on the lake below. As COUPLES head to the dance floor, Anthony finds Violet.

ANTHONY

I decided to heed your advice. The opera singer. I am to see her no more.

And Violet eyes him, surprised, when there's a SUDDEN BUZZ about the room, as WHISPERS abound. All discerning eyes turning to... *Simon and Daphne*. Heading to the center of the dance floor. He takes her in his arms. Daphne looks around. Tense.

SIMON

Stare into my eyes.

And her eyes dart to his. A beat, as they start to move.

DAPHNE

You look quite... *serious*.

He smiles.

SIMON

Is this better?

She smiles. Relaxing a bit.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Here. Closer. If this is to work, we must appear madly in love.

She moves closer. He moves closer. They stare into each others eyes. They dance. Her breath catches. *And now time stands still*. As we LIVE in this dance. Because this dance? *Is magic*. But this dance is also just a charade... right?

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)

For those not in attendance at the Vauxhall celebration, you missed the most remarkable coup of the season...

MEN elbow their pals. MAMAS goss furiously. Penelope watches from afar, moved. And Violet stands there, *beaming*. Before she looks over at Lady Danbury, who smiles right back at her. As these two exchange a subtle nod...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It appears Miss Daphne Bridgerton has captured the interest of the newly returned Duke of Hastings. Perhaps she *is* the season's most precious gem -- incomparable and unbreakable -- after all.

We find a seething Anthony, *glaring* at his sister and Simon...



83 EXT. BUCKINGHAM HOUSE/FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 83

As our serious-looking Queen, trailed by her ladies, stalks towards an apparent commotion on her front steps...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Of course, how Miss Bridgerton  
secured her newfound suitor is  
yet to be determined...

And now we see the GUARDS, apparently mid-argument with our Delivery Boy. Everyone stiffens upon seeing the Queen.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE  
What is the meaning of this?

GUARD  
He is asking for... *money*, ma'am.

DELIVERY BOY  
Whistledown started to charge,  
Your Majesty. *Five pence* if you  
want the latest.

Queen Charlotte blinks. Incredulous. *Tense*. Until...

QUEEN CHARLOTTE  
Well someone pay the boy! At  
once!

And as someone hands the boy his money, and the Queen snatches up her copy of the latest Whistledown...

84 INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT 84

CLOSE on A HAND, belonging to SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE, writing...

LADY WHISTLEDOWN (V.O.)  
Yet if *anyone* shall reveal the  
circumstances of this match, dear  
reader, it is *I*. Yours truly.  
Lady Whistledown.

And as this hand signs the paper with flourish, we have our...

END OF EPISODE

ADDENDUM

Scene 66: Lively background conversations around the table as the Bridgertons eat dinner with Simon.

ELOISE

You have yet to read what  
Whistledown writes of *the*  
*Featheringtons*, little sister.

And as this fun, lively conversation resumes, Violet turns to Simon...

HYACINTH

Perhaps if I were *allowed* to read  
this paper, I would be much better  
at this game.

ANTHONY

I cannot help you there, sister.

GREGORY

Am *I* allowed to read this paper?

ANTHONY

No.

BENEDICT

I shall have all of you know that  
Bloomsbury is actually quite  
scenic.

ELOISE

Perhaps it is Lady Richmond.

COLIN

Should you not mean *Lord* Richmond?

ELOISE

Should you not be off somewhere  
planning your travels?

HYACINTH

--Gregory! You must stop tossing  
peas at me!

GREGORY

Those peas were already there!  
And you *cannot* tell me what to  
do. I am older!

HYACINTH

I am taller!

VIOLET

Children!

Bridgerton Ep 101 "Diamond of the First Water" Cherry TBC 69A.

And as Violet quietly scolds them, everyone falls into conversation amongst themselves. ANGLE ON Francesca and Eloise, hushed:

FRANCESCA

He does have a *presence* about him...

ELOISE

If rakish Dukes were one's thing.

HYACINTH

What are you two talking about?

ELOISE

Nothing.

HYACINTH

No one ever tells me anything.

ELOISE

Perhaps you should just eat your peas.

FRANCESCA

I thought rakish Dukes were meant to be *everyone's* thing.

ELOISE

Certainly not mine.

FRANCESCA

You pass judgment much too easily, Eloise.

ELOISE

Only regarding subjects that are much too easy to judge. When do you leave for Bath again?

FRANCESCA

In two days. You are going to miss me.

ELOISE

Miss one less voice to have to speak over? I do not believe so, sister.

We ANGLE ON Colin, leaning across the table to Benedict:

COLIN

I'm to spar with Jackson himself.

BENEDICT

You?

COLIN

Is that *envy* I detect in your voice?

BENEDICT

*Judgment*, brother. I shall need to witness *this*...

COLIN

Come witness it, then. It is happening. Tuesday.

BENEDICT

I will clear my schedule.

COLIN

What better things do you have to do anyway, brother?

BENEDICT

I do *things*.

COLIN

Such as?

BENEDICT

Things that are none of your business.

COLIN

If you say so. You really try so very hard to be mysterious, do you realize that?

BENEDICT

(shrugs)  
Not such a bad thing.  
(then)  
So tell me. About your upcoming bout with Jackson himself.

COLIN

It is a sparring session, only. Not a *bout*.

BENEDICT

At least that is what you *hope*.