

CLUE

Screenplay

by

Jonathan Lynn

Story

by

John Landis

and

Jonathan Lynn

SHOOTING SCRIPT

February 8, 1985, plus revised
pages dated March 26, 1985
(blue), April 10, 1985 (pink),
and July 9, 1985 (green).

missing p. 22

CLUE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A HOUSE ON A HILL - NIGHT

MUSIC:

We are looking up at a house. It stands some distance away, on a hill. From the moment WE SEE it we know that it is a house of terror -- imposing, Gothic, gloomy, menacing. Perhaps it is reminiscent of the house in Psycho, perhaps -- though not a castle -- it has the deserted soulless empty quality of Kane's house when seen first through its gates.

The MUSIC WE HEAR is Thriller music, urgent strings, suggesting panic, suggesting unspoken evil. Bernard Hermann sort-of-music.

And the weather is overcast. There is a watery moon struggling to break through racing clouds. But a thunderstorm is on the way.

Superimpose: MAIN TITLES

A car turns off a highway onto a country lane leading towards the house. The car would not be the cat's whiskers even in the year in which this story takes place.

END TITLES - SUPERIMPOSE "1954"

CAMERA CRANES DOWN and MOVES WITH the car AS it approaches the gates of the house. They are closed. A man gets out of the car. He is a BUTLER. He is dressed like a butler. He has the manner of a butler. Even when opening gates all alone he does so with the demeanour of a butler. His name is WADSWORTH. Having opened the gates, he sits back in his car, and motors slowly up the private drive.

2 EXT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

As THE BUTLER's car draws to a halt, there is a distant RUMBLE of THUNDER. Lights can be seen through some of the ground floor windows. A savage looking German Shepherd snarls and bares his teeth at the arriving car. Another German Shepherd is crapping on top of the front steps. Both dogs are chained up.

WADSWORTH gets out of the car, locks it methodically, and mounts the steps to the front door. One of the dogs leaps at him, trying to attack him. He throws a chunk of raw meat at the dogs. They fall upon it hungrily, and retreat to the side of the steps. WADSWORTH is relieved.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

He steps back, eyes them - satisfied - produces a key from his overcoat pocket, turns, steps in the dog shit.

3 INT. THE HALL - NIGHT

Methodically, WADSWORTH opens the front door. It creaks. He comes in sniffs, makes a face, scrapes his shoe, shuts the door, hangs up his coat on the coat stand. He wears a black jacket, white tie, stiff collar and pinstripe trousers. He walks across the marble floor, his footsteps echoing on the cold, grey stone. He stops at the open Dining Room door and looks in. The table is beautifully and meticulously laid for dinner for seven.

4 INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

YVETTE is the French Maid. She is young, beautiful, with a great figure which is tightly encased in a maid's uniform -- black dress, little white apron and cap, sheer black stockings and dainty black shoes. But the skirt is shorter than normal, and very tight over her bottom -- and her black dress is very low cut. Her ample bosom is pushed right up and half out of the top of the dress. She is an outrageous young lady, with an improbable French accent which cannot be reproduced on the page. She has been polishing a glass, and dancing to the latest pop music on the radio. She bends forward to replace the glass on the tray, her breasts falling beautifully forward. WADSWORTH watches.

WADSWORTH
Is everything ready?

YVETTE
Oui, Monsieur.

WADSWORTH
You have your instructions.

WADSWORTH leaves the library, YVETTE sniffs and makes a face. WADSWORTH crosses the hall to the kitchen. YVETTE looks at the bottom of her shoes, puzzled. We HEAR a METALLIC SCRAPING SOUND.

5 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

WADSWORTH comes in. The COOK, a plump but inscrutable Chinese lady, is methodically sharpening a large shiny carving knife on a steel. In the background is film of SENATOR JOSEPH MCCARTHY of Wisconsin on a 1950's black and white TV set, performing characteristically at a hearing on the House Committee of Un-American Activities. (Actual film).

WADSWORTH
Everything all right, Mrs. Ho?

She stands up, face to face with him.

MRS. HO
Dinner will be ready at nine-thirty.

And she settles down and watches the TV as WADSWORTH leaves.

6 EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A MAN's hand grasps hold of the bell-pull. Pulls.

7 INT. BELL TURRET - NIGHT

The bell jerks and clangs.

8 INT. THE HALL - NIGHT

WADSWORTH is crossing the Hall. The bell stops clanging. He looks at his watch and nods. Everything in order. He opens the door. WE SEE a smartly turned out MAN. He is eyeing the dogs.

WADSWORTH
Good evening.

He steps aside. But the MAN does not come in. The MAN's car is parked in the drive. The dogs are back beside their kennel, eating.

MAN
Good evening. I don't know if...

He falters. WADSWORTH comes to the rescue.

WADSWORTH
Yes indeed sir, you are expected, Colonel.

The word 'Colonel' seems to reassure the MAN a little. He steps in, and WADSWORTH closes the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

May I take your coat? It is
Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

He holds out his hand.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(for it is he!)

No, that's not my name. I'm
Colonel...

WADSWORTH holds up his right hand, sharply. COLONEL
MUSTARD flinches. He reminds us a little of Colonel
Hall in "Sergeant Bilko".

WADSWORTH

Forgive me but tonight you may
well feel obliged to my employer
for the use of a pseudonym.

COLONEL MUSTARD didn't quite get all that. WADSWORTH
turns and hangs up COLONEL MUSTARD'S coat on hook. The
COLONEL eyes him suspiciously, and sniffs the air, and
then looks at his own feet.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Who are you?

WADSWORTH

I am Wadsworth, sir. The Butler.

And he leads the way across the Hall. COLONEL MUSTARD
enters with reluctance and suspicion, looking up and
around the high cold Gothic hall, lit by a flickering
chandelier and shafts of moonlight stealing through the
stained glass windows.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

YVETTE is pouring champagne at the drinks table, as
WADSWORTH and COLONEL MUSTARD enter. YVETTE and the
COLONEL look at each other with particular interest.
WADSWORTH notices.

WADSWORTH

Yvette, would you attend to the
Colonel and give him anything
he requires.

(a beat)

Within reason, that is.

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

There is a RING at the DOORBELL again ... WADSWORTH leaves, shutting the door behind him softly. The door, like all the walls, is covered in bookshelves. COLONEL MUSTARD turns to speak to WADSWORTH just as the door has closed. He can't even see where the door was.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Wadsworth...(realizes)
Where'd he go?

10. EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

MRS. WHITE is standing there. She is a pale, tragic but beautiful looking woman in her thirties. Dark hair and eyes, white skin, dressed in black. WADSWORTH opens the door.

WADSWORTH
Do come in, Madam, you are
expected.

She reminds us of a woman from a Charles Adams cartoon.
She is holding a letter. *

MRS. WHITE
Do you know who I am?

WADSWORTH
Only that you are to be known
as... Mrs. White.

MRS. WHITE
It said so in the letter. But why?

She steps inside. He helps her off with her coat. He hangs it up. She sniffs, wrinkling her nose in distaste. Then she checks her feet.

11. INT. THE LIBRARY

COLONEL MUSTARD is still looking for the door handle. YVETTE is handing a drink to COLONEL MUSTARD. Suddenly the door opens, and flattens him against the wall. WADSWORTH enters, followed by MRS. WHITE.

WADSWORTH
Ah. May I introduce you -- Mrs.
White, this is Yvette, the maid --
(MRS. WHITE AND YVETTE
flinch on seeing each
other)
I see you know each other.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

MRS. WHITE and YVETTE eye each other -- then their eyes turn, in fear, to WADSWORTH. COLONEL MUSTARD appears.

WADSWORTH
Are you all right, Colonel?

12 EXT. THE COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

A rumble of THUNDER. A stunningly attractive woman, whom we shall call MISS SCARLET, is bending over the open hood of her automobile. She is staring at the engine in despair. She gets into the car, and turns the starter again. The engine is dead.

In the distance she sees headlights coming toward her. She tries to attract the attention of the passing car.

13 INT. PROFESSOR PLUM'S CAR - NIGHT

PROFESSOR PLUM is driving along.

He is listening to SENATOR JOSEPH MCCARTHY coming live from a hearing of The House Committee on Un-American Activities. (Actual recording.) He sees MISS SCARLET, and eyes her carefully as he drives past. Deciding that she's rather a dish, he slows down, stops and reverses back to her.

PROFESSOR PLUM
What's the trouble?

MISS SCARLET
My car.

PROFESSOR PLUM
Want a lift?

She hesitates.

PROFESSOR PLUM
(continuing; leering)
It's perfectly safe.

MISS SCARLET
Yes, please. I'm late for a dinner date.

She gets in.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR PLUM
Me too. Where are you going?

MISS SCARLET
You know this part of the world? *

PROFESSOR PLUM
Nope. *

MISS SCARLET
Me neither. *
(she gets a letter out
of her purse.
I'm going to Hill House ... off
Route Forty-One.

PROFESSOR PLUM catches sight of the letter heading.

PROFESSOR PLUM
Wait a minute. Let me look at
that.

(he takes it from her
and and looks at it)
That's where I'm going. I got
a letter like this.

They look at each other with a mixture of interest and
suspicion. Heavy drops of rain start to fall on the
windshield. He starts the windshield wipers, and
drives on.

INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

WADSWORTH is introducing MRS. PEACOCK to MRS. WHITE and
COLONEL MUSTARD. MRS. PEACOCK is a wealthy woman, with
jewels and a fur stole with fox tails and claws dangling
from it. She has considerable vanity

WADSWORTH
And this is Mrs. Peacock.

COLONEL MUSTARD
How do you do?

MRS. WHITE
Hello.

WADSWORTH
Yvette, would you please go and
check that dinner will be ready
just as soon as all the guests
have arrived?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

YVETTE goes. WADSWORTH too. MRS. PEACOCK watches her go, with slight incredulity. YVETTE has apparently been poured into her tight little dress.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

Then MRS. PEACOCK sniffs and surreptitiously checks her feet, then looks at the others' feet. *

15 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Two more cars are parked in the driveway. MRS. PEACOCK's and the car belonging to the dapper young man, tall, slim, bespectacled and exquisitely turned out, who waits by the front door.

WADSWORTH opens it.

MR. GREEN

Is this the right address to meet Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH nods and stands aside to admit him.

WADSWORTH

You must be Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN nods anxiously. One of the two dogs is straining at the leash.

WADSWORTH

(continuing; firmly)

Sit!

MR. GREEN immediately sits, on a chair just inside the front door. WADSWORTH turns and sees him.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

No, not you, sir.

16 INT. PROFESSOR PLUM'S CAR - NIGHT

PROFESSOR PLUM is driving. MISS SCARLET is map reading.

MISS SCARLET

It should be just along here.

17 EXT. THE GATES - NIGHT

From the P.O.V. of the house and gates, WE SEE the car turn off the road towards the house. The car stops.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR PLUM and MISS SCARLET's P.O.V., WE SEE the Gothic mansion. It is magnificent, imposing, and scary. There is a tremendous flash of forked lightning, then a CRACK of THUNDER.

MISS SCARLET
Why has the car stopped?

PROFESSOR PLUM
It's frightened.

Another tremendous THUNDERCLAP and flash -- it is as if the Gods are angry with Hilltop House. PROFESSOR PLUM re-starts the engine, and as the car moves forward through the gates the heavens open. A cloudburst. Rain beats down on the car and the gravel drive. Palm trees bending, nearly flattened by the gale-force winds.

18 INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

COLONEL MUSTARD, MRS. WHITE, AND MRS. PEACOCK are standing around with their glasses of champagne.

YVETTE offers one to MR. GREEN who takes it. They are all aware of the tremendous storm outside. Their eyes turn apprehensively towards the mighty leaded windows, which rattle as the rain drums against them.

19 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

PROFESSOR PLUM and MISS SCARLET are hurrying out of their car, and up to the front door, amid the torrential downpour. They RING the DOORBELL, and look about. In only the few steps from the car they are soaking wet. He is protecting her from the rain, his hand around her and his coat over her head.

PROFESSOR PLUM
(hushed)
What a God-forsaken place.

They look around, under the cover of the front porch. WADSWORTH opens the door. He is surprised.

WADSWORTH
Professor Plum and Miss Scarlet?
I didn't realize you were
acquainted.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

MISS SCARLET
We weren't.

20 INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

COLONEL MUSTARD, MRS. WHITE, MRS. PEACOCK, and MR. GREEN are standing around nervously, not talking to each other, looking up and around at the great bookcases filled with leather-bound volumes. WADSWORTH enters with PROFESSOR PLUM and MISS SCARLET.

WADSWORTH
May I present ... Professor Plum,
and Miss Scarlet.

They nod. He takes a silver salver from YVETTE and offers the two glasses to MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM.

MR. GREEN takes one. They all sip thier champagne. The log fire crackles and spits.

WADSWORTH
(continuing)
Of course, since you have each been addressed by a pseudonym, you will have realized that nobody here is being addressed by their real name.

They all glance nervously at each other, with renewed suspicion. Suddenly there is a terrifying CRASH! Everyone jumps. MR. GREEN's champagne shoots out of his glass and all over himself and MRS. PEACOCK.

CUT TO:

21 INT. THE HALL

It is the GONG, being forcefully struck by THE COOK.

22 INT. THE LIBRARY/HALL/DINING ROOM

WADSWORTH
Ah, dinner,

MR. GREEN is mopping up MRS. PEACOCK.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

MR. GREEN

I'm sorry, I'm a little accident prone.

And he leads everyone out of the Library and across the Hall. As they come into the Hall, THE COOK vanishes into the Kitchen. WADSWORTH leads on into the Dining Room.

23 INT. DINING ROOM

They all crowd in through the door and hesitate as they see the beautiful long mahogany table, set as if for a college feast -- silver cutlery, Wedgwood china, candles and crystal decanters and goblets of varying sizes for various wines. A vision of Elegance.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

You will find your names beside your places. Please be seated.

They all sit at the table. Three on each side. There is one empty place, at the head of the table.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Is this place for you?

WADSWORTH

Indeed no, sir. I am merely a humble butler.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Hmm! So what exactly do you do?

WADSWORTH

I buttle, sir.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Which means what?

WADSWORTH

The butler is head of the Kitchen and dining room. I keep everything... tidy, that's all.

COLONEL MUSTARD

I see.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PEACOCK

(sitting)

Well, what's all this about,
Butler? This dinner party.

WADSWORTH

(smoothly)

"Ours not to reason why
Ours but to do and die... "

PROFESSOR PLUM looks up anxiously.

PROFESSOR PLUM

"Die"?

MUSIC! But WADSWORTH is smiling reassuringly.

WADSWORTH

Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred
Lord Tennyson.

COLONEL MUSTARD

I prefer Kipling myself. "The
female of the species is more
deadly than the male."

The LADIES all stare at him coldly. He picks up a plate
of hors d'oeuvres and offers it to MISS SCARLET.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

Do you like Kipling, Miss Scarlet?

MISS SCARLET

Sure, I'll eat anything.

YVETTE has been going round the table, with soup bowls.

YVETTE

Shark's fin soup, Madame?

MRS. PEACOCK gets some, then MISS SCARLET, then MRS.
WHITE, then PROFESSOR PLUM, and COLONEL MUSTARD. COLONEL
MUSTARD indicates the elegant Chippendale upright
armchair at the head of the table.

COLONEL MUSTARD

So is this for our host?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED (2):

WADSWORTH

No sir -- for the seventh guest.
Mr. Boddy.

All the GUESTS look at each other, somewhat surprised.

MRS. WHITE

I thought Mr. Boddy was our host.

THE OTHERS

So did I!

MRS. WHITE

So who is our host, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH ignores the question. But he is pouring the wine -- perhaps he did not hear it.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Well, I'm going to start, while
it's still hot.

He picks up his spoon, then sees that not everyone has been served.

MRS. PEACOCK

Shouldn't we wait for the other
guest?

YVETTE

I will keep something warm for
him.

MISS SCARLET

(acidly)

What did you have in mind, dear?

PROFESSOR PLUM sees that everyone has been served. He starts eating. So do the others. The slurping sounds of soup being eaten, as delicately as possible, as everyone is aware that they are all watching -- and listening -- to each other. BIG CLOSE-UPS or TWO SHOTS of each of the SIX GUESTS in turn.

YVETTE goes out to the Kitchen, followed by WADSWORTH.

After eating in silence for a while, MRS. PEACOCK speaks nervously.

MRS. PEACOCK

Well...

(CONTINUED)

All heads turn towards her. She loses her nerve momentarily, then continues, speaking rather too quickly with a slight air of hysteria.

MRS. PEACOCK

(continuing)

Somebody's got to break the ice, so it might as well be me. I mean, I'm used to being a hostess, it's part of my husband's work, and it's always difficult when a group of new friends meet together for the first time to get acquainted, so I'm perfectly prepared to start the ball rolling, I mean, I have absolutely no idea what we're doing here or what I'm doing here or what this place is about but I'm determined to enjoy myself and very intrigued and oh-my, this soup is delicious, isn't it?

There is a pause. They all still looking at her.

MRS. WHITE

You say you are used to being a hostess as part of your husband's work?

MRS. PEACOCK

Yes. It's an integral part of your life when you're the wife of a...

(she stops herself)

But then, I forgot, we are not supposed to say who we really are, are we, though Heavens to Betsy I don't know why.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Don't you?

There is another silence. MR. GREEN is staring at MRS. PEACOCK.

MR. GREEN

(quietly)

I know who you are.

MRS. PEACOCK looks at him, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED (4):

MISS SCARLET
(mischievously)
Aren't you gonna tell us?

MR. GREEN shrugs. It's not up to him to say, but
MRS. PEACOCK can't leave it alone.

MRS. PEACOCK
How do you know who I am?

MR. GREEN
I work in Washington too.

PROFESSOR PLUM
Washington?
(he looks at MRS. PEACOCK)
So you're a politician's wife?

MRS. PEACOCK realizes she has to brazen it out.

MRS. PEACOCK
Yes, I am.

They all stare at her, waiting for more information.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Come on then -- who's your husband?

The door opens suddenly. They all jump a little.
WADSWORTH comes in. He indicates to YVETTE to come in
and collect up the soup bowls. She does so in a tense
silence, and departs with WADSWORTH, who closes the door
behind them. Meanwhile, the conversation has
continued. *

MRS. PEACOCK
And what does your husband do?

MRS. WHITE
Nothing.

MRS. PEACOCK can't work out what MRS. WHITE means.

MRS. PEACOCK
Nothing at all? *

MRS. WHITE
Well, he just lies around on his
back all day.

MISS SCARLET
(dryly)
Sounds like hard work to me.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED (5):

They all look at MISS SCARLET. Suddenly a panel shoots up behind them. They all jump. MR. GREEN spills food or wine over MISS SCARLET. *

MR. GREEN

I'm sorry, I'm a little accident prone.

WE SEE it is a hatch into the Kitchen. YVETTE is placing the main course in the hatch.

YVETTE

Excuse moi.

In the b.g., indistinctly, WE SEE COOK dishing up food. WADSWORTH comes into the Dining Room, and starts placing the main course in front of each guest. It is Chinese food -- a couple of bland looking main dishes with rice, noodles and so forth. MRS. PEACOCK tastes it.

MRS. PEACOCK

Mmm. Delicious
(she glances admiringly
through the serving hatch)
This is one of my favorite recipes.

WADSWORTH edges in front of the pass-through, so that MRS. PEACOCK cannot see the COOK. *

WADSWORTH

I know, Madam.

She looks at him with further curiosity. WADSWORTH starts to pour the wine, topping up one or two glasses.

MRS. PEACOCK

So what do you do in Washington D.C., Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN smiles and shakes his head. MRS. PEACOCK persists.

MRS. PEACOCK

(continuing)
Come on, what do you do? How are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves?

MR. GREEN smiles a wintry smile.

MISS SCARLET

Perhaps he doesn't want to get acquainted with you.

(CONYINUED)

23 CONTINUED (6):

MRS. PEACOCK

Well, I don't know I'm sure.
If I wasn't trying to keep the
conversation going we'd all be
sitting here in an embarrassed
silence.

PROFESSOR PLUM

(curious)

Are you frightened of silence,
Mrs. Peacock?

MRS. PEACOCK

(frightened)

No -- why?

PROFESSOR PLUM

It just seems to me that you
are. You seem to suffer from
what we call pressure of speech.

MISS SCARLET picks this up at once.

MISS SCARLET

We? Who's "we"?

PROFESSOR PLUM hesitates.

MISS SCARLET

(continuing)

Are you a shrink?

PROFESSOR PLUM

Er... I do know a little about
psychological medicine, yes.

MRS. WHITE

You're a doctor?

PROFESSOR PLUM

(evasively)

I am, but I don't practice.

MISS SCARLETT

But practice makes perfect.

(suggestively:)

I think most men need a little
practice. Don't you, Mrs. Peacock?

MRS. PEACOCK doesn't know what she's talking about.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED (7):

MRS. WHITE

So what do you do, Professor?

PROFESSOR PLUM

I work for UNO. The united Nations Organization.

COLONEL MUSTARD is not impressed.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Another politician? Jesus.

PROFESSOR PLUM

No. I work for a branch of UNO. W.H.O. The World Health Organization.

MRS. PEACOCK

What's your area of special concern?

PROFESSOR PLUM

Family planning.

MISS SCARLET

So, if we ever want to find out about you know what, we could go to UNO Who?

MR. GREEN smiles a little. They eat in silence.

PROFESSOR PLUM

So what about you, Colonel Mustard? Are you a real Colonel?

COLONEL MUSTARD

(diginified)

I am, sir.

And COLONEL MUSTARD continues eating.

MISS SCARLET

You're not going to mention the coincidence that you also live in Washington, D.C.

They all look at her, then at him. COLONEL MUSTARD stops eating, a forkful of food half-way to his mouth.

COLONEL MUSTARD

How did you know that? Have we met before, Ma'am?

MISS SCARLET

I've certainly seen you before - though you may not have noticed me, I daresay.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

She smiles at him. MR. GREEN is no fool. He has made a quick deduction.

MR. GREEN
Miss Scarlet, does that mean you live there, too?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED (8):

She smiles at him.

MISS SCARLET

Sure do.

MRS. PEACOCK

Does anyone here not live in
Washington, D.C.?

PROFESSOR PLUM

I don't.

MR. GREEN is thinking.

MR. GREEN

Yes, but you work for UNO. A
government job. And the rest
of us all live in a government
town. Anyone here not earn
their living from the government
one way or another?

They all look at each other.

COLONEL MUSTARD stands up.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Wadsworth -- where is our host,
and why have we been brought here?

WADSWORTH smiles enigmatically. And the DOORBELL RINGS.

24 INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH walks down the Hall to the front door. TENSE
MUSIC. He opens the door, and standing there is an
unprepossessing MAN. One might almost describe him as
ugly if one were feeling charitable. Certainly his
features are ordinary enough, but there is about him an
air of malevolence, bitterness -- perhaps even evil! He
also bites his nails and picks his teeth, nose, and other
orifices. He carries a small locked suitcase. As the
door opens there is a tremendous flash of lightning and
a CRASH OF THUNDER.

WADSWORTH seems pleased to see him, in an odd sort of way.

WADSWORTH

Ah, Mr. Boddy. You are eagerly
awaited.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

MR. BODDY

I find that hard to believe.
This is not your place, I take
it?

WADSWORTH

No sir. It is on loan.

He steps aside to allow MR. BODDY to enter. He does.
MR. BODDY looks WADSWORTH up and down, with a sneer on
his already unpleasant features.

MR. BODDY

And what are you supposed to be?

WADSWORTH is closing the front door. The wind is howling.

WADSWORTH

I'm supposed to be polite.
Though when talking to you, I
find that the task is almost
beyond me.

They are talking loudly enough to be heard in the Dining
Room.

25 INT. THE DINING ROOM

All SIX GUESTS are listening to the conversation in the
Hall. So is YVETTE.

26 INT. KITCHEN

THE COOK is listening too.

27 INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH is hanging up MR. BODDY's hat, coat and umbrella.

MR. BODDY

Just one thing -- "Wadsworth".
Remember I know who you really
are. And don't you forget it.

WADSWORTH turns to face him.

WADSWORTH

Shall I take your bag?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

MR. BODDY

No -- I'll leave it here, till
I need it.

WADSWORTH

As you wish -- it contains
evidence, I presume.

MR. BODDY

Surprises, my friend! That's
what it contains -- surprises!

He puts it under the coat rack. As he does so, WADSWORTH
turns back to the front door and locks it with a deadlock key.

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

May I see that key?

WADSWORTH

Over my dead body, sir.

MR. BODDY gives a little smile. Wadsworth sets off *
across the Hall to the Dining Room. MR. BODDY follows.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Have you just arrived from
Washington, sir?

MR. BODDY

Yes, it's a long haul.

WADSWORTH

(looking up and around)

Indeed it is a long hall. But
then it's a very large house.

MR. BODDY

(unpleasantly)

You think you're quite a fellow,
don't you?

28 INT. DINING ROOM

All the GUESTS are eating in silence. WADSWORTH enters,
followed by MR. BODDY. Everyone turns to look at MR. BODDY
as he enters. He stops dead, slightly frightened, when he
sees them all. They look at him with curiosity. It should
be clear to us that he recognizes them but none of them
recognizes him.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED (2):

MR. GREEN
(eventually)
I got a similar letter...

MISS SCARLET
(to PROFESSOR PLUM)
So did we, didn't we?

MR. BODDY
I also received a letter.

Meanwhile, YVETTE has been placing the main course in front of MR. BODDY. He waves it away.

MR. BODDY
(continuing)
No thanks, Yvette, I'm not hungry.

MR. GREEN flashes a look at them both. Again he is quick on the uptake.

MR. GREEN
How did you know her name?

MR. BODDY smiles at YVETTE, and slides his hand up her skirt. She edges away, disgusted. *

MR. BODDY
We know each other, don't we dear?

She nods, almost imperceptibly.

WADSWORTH
Forgive my curiosity, Mr. Boddy, but did your letter say the same thing?

MR. BODDY
(brusque)
No.

WADSWORTH
I see. Can I interest any of you in fruit or dessert? *

No one is interested. They shake their heads. Much of the main course has been left uneaten.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED (3) :

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

In that case, May I suggest that we adjourn to the Study for coffee and brandy, at which point I believe our unknown host will reveal his intentions.

They all rise. The MEN stand aside to let the LADIES out first.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Ladies first..

WADSWORTH signals to YVETTE to start clearing the table.

29A INT. THE HALL *

COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET are conversing as they cross the hall. *

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

If he's in the study, why didn't he join us for dinner?

MISS SCARLET

Well, I'm certainly looking forward to meeting him.

29B INT. THE STUDY

We see the Study. It is empty. The GUESTS, led by WADSWORTH cross the Hall from the Dining Room, and enter the Study. They stop and look around.

MR. GREEN

(surprised)

There's no one here.

MISS SCARLET

Mind if I smoke?

She offers cigarettes around. PROFESSOR PLUM takes one, and lights them both up.

WADSWORTH

Please help yourselves to coffee and brandy, and be seated.

And he crosses to the desk, past a blazing log fire. On the desk there is a plain brown envelope simply addressed: "TO WADSWORTH. PLEASE OPEN AFTER DINNER." He picks it up. They settle on chairs and sofas around the room.

(CONTINUED)

29B

CONTINUED:

It is a comfortable room, oak paneled, chintz covered upholstered chairs and sofa forming a contrast with the heavy leather furniture in the Library and the elegance of the Dining Room. Unlike the other rooms, which have wooden parquet flooring, the Study has Persian rugs over a soft wall-to-wall carpet.

Sitting in a silence as they all watch him, WADSWORTH picks up a fancy letter opener and opens the brown Manilla envelope. He withdraws a short letter. He glances at it, then looks around, replacing the envelope on the desk.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Ladies and gentlemen, I am instructed to explain to you what you all have in common with each other. Unless.

(he glances at MR. BODDY)

... unless you would care to do the honors, Mr. Boddy.

MR. BODDY

Why me? Do they know who I am?

WADSWORTH

I don't think so. You have never identified yourself to them, I believe.

MRS. WHITE

(stands up)

Why? Who are you?

MR. BODDY addresses all the GUESTS. He stands up.

MR. BODDY

We have all been dragged here for nothing. Its a hoax. I suggest we all leave.

WADSWORTH

I'm sorry, sir, but you cannot leave this house.

MR. BODDY

No?

He goes out of the house.

30

INT. THE HALL

MR. BODDY is hurrying towards the front door. WADSWORTH appears.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

WADSWORTH
You can't leave!

MR. BODDY
(snarling)
Who's going to stop me?

WADSWORTH
There is no way out.

MR. BODDY tries to open the front door. It is locked.
As he does so, all the GUESTS crush into the doorway
to watch.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

MR. BODDY

This is an outrage. How dare
you hold us prisoner!

The OTHERS all speak at once.

(COLONEL MUSTARD: Hear, hear.
(MISS SCARLET: What is this?
(MRS. PEACOCK: I'm getting very frightened.
(MR. GREEN: He's right!
(MRS. WHITE: Let us out.
(PROFESSOR PLUM: You've no right to do this.

WADSWORTH quiets them down.

WADSWORTH

Ladies and gentlemen -- please
(he gets some silence)
Please return to the Study and
all will be explained. You too,
Mr. Boddy.

They turn. Reluctantly, MR. BODDY follows. From a
P.O.V. over MR. BODDY's shoulder, we can see that
he has seen the Conservatory. *
*
*

He hurries towards it.

WADSWORTH

(from the Study)

Other way.

But MR. BODDY takes no notice. So WADSWORTH hurries out
into the Hall and hastens down the Hall in pursuit of
MR. BODDY.

31

thru

33

OMITTED *

34

INT. THE CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Huge green creeping vegetation covers the room. There
are many potential lurking places in here. The rain
is beating down loudly on the glass roof.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

MR. BODDY is running into the room which, like all conservatories, is mostly made of glass.

He jumps onto a ledge at the far end, and picks up a flower pot preparatory to breaking the glass.
WADSWORTH almost runs into the Conservatory.

WADSWORTH

You can't get out that way.

MR. BODDY

Why not? It's just glass.

WADSWORTH

Look.

A vicious snarling Doberman Pinscher leaps up at the side of the Conservatory

MR. BODDY turns back from the window.

35 INT. THE STUDY

Everyone is sitting. YVETTE, who is waiting there, sees that they have refills of coffee, and starts to hand brandies around. Brandies are silently accepted by COLONEL MUSTARD, PROFESSOR PLUM, and MISS SCARLET. WADSWORTH stands in front of the crackling log fire, and consults the contents of the envelope which he opened in SCENE 29.

WADSWORTH

Ladies and gentlemen, you all have one thing in common. You are all being blackmailed.

They all glance nervously at each other.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

For some considerable time all of you have been paying what you can afford -- and, in some cases, more than you can afford -- to someone who threatens to expose you. And none of you know who's blackmailing you, do you?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PEACOCK

(unconvincingly)

I've never heard anything so ridiculous, nobody could blackmail me, my life's an open book. I've never done anything wrong.

They all look at her.

WADSWORTH

Anybody else wish to deny it?

No one replies. They are watchful, and waiting.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Very well. As everyone here is in the same boat, there is no harm in my revealing some details. And my instructions are to do so.

He looks through some typewritten papers that were in the brown envelope. He nods to YVETTE to leave the room. They watch her go. The door closes behind her.

MRS. WHITE

Don't you think that you might spare us this humiliation?

WADSWORTH

I'm sorry. Professor Plum -- you were once a Professor of Psychiatry specializing in helping paranoid and homicidal lunatics suffering from delusions of grandeur.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Yes, but now I work at the United Nations.

WADSWORTH

So your work has not changed. But you don't practice medicine at the UN. His license to practice has been lifted. Correct?

MISS SCARLET is very interested in this revelation.

MISS SCARLET

Why? What did he do?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (2):

WADSWORTH

You know what doctors aren't allowed to do with their lady patients?

MISS SCARLET

Yes?

WADSWORTH

Well -- he did.

MISS SCARLET looks at him with a smile, MRS. PEACOCK with disgust.

MRS. PEACOCK

How disgusting!

WADSWORTH turns to MRS. PEACOCK.

WADSWORTH

Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock? How then do you justify taking bribes in return for delivering your husband Senator Peacock's vote to certain lobbyists?

MRS. PEACOCK

My husband's a paid consultant. There's nothing wrong with that.

WADSWORTH

Not if it's publicly declared. But if the payment is delivered by slipping used greenbacks in plain envelopes under the door of the men's room, how would you describe that transaction?

MISS SCARLET

I'd say it stank!

MRS. PEACOCK

(scathing)

How would you know, you've never been in that mens room.

PROFESSOR PLUM

So it's true.

MRS. PEACOCK

No, it's a vicious lie.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL MUSTARD is listening with pleasure.

WADSWORTH

(smoothly)

I'm sure we are all glad to hear that. But you've been paying blackmail for over a year now, to keep this story out of the papers.

MRS. WHITE

I'm willing to believe you. I'm also being blackmailed for something I didn't do.

MR. GREEN

Me too.

COLONEL MUSTARD

And me.

MISS SCARLET

(cheerfully)

But not me!

WADSWORTH is surprised.

WADSWORTH

You're not being blackmailed?

MISS SCARLET

Oh I'm being blackmailed all right. But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.

They all look at her, stunned by this open admission of guilt.

PROFESSOR PLUM

What did you do?

MISS SCARLET

Well, to be perfectly frank, I run a "specialized" hotel -- and a telephone service which provides gentlemen with the company of a young lady for a short while.

PROFESSOR PLUM takes out a notepad and pencil. He is interested.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Oh yeah? What's the phone number?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (4):

MRS. PEACOCK is appalled.

MRS. PEACOCK

Men!!

She stares at PROFESSOR PLUM, disgust written all over her face. But MR. GREEN is thinking.

MR. GREEN

So how did you know that Colonel Mustard works in Washington? Is he one of your clients?

COLONEL MUSTARD

Certainly not!

He stands and walks over to the window.

MR. GREEN

I was asking Miss Scarlet.

COLONEL MUSTARD turns on MISS SCARLET. The dialogue is going very fast.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Tell them it's not true.

MISS SCARLET

(obediently)

It's not true.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Is that true?

MISS SCARLET

No, that's not true.

MR. GREEN

(triumphantly)

Aha! So it is true.

WADSWORTH

A double negative!

COLONEL MUSTARD

(horrified)

A double negative? You mean you have -- photographs?

MISS SCARLET nods.

WADSWORTH

That sounds like a confession to me. In fact, the double negative has led to proof positive.

(to COLONEL MUSTARD)

I'm afraid you gave yourself away, sir.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL MUSTARD

Are you trying to make me look stupid in front of the other guests?

WADSWORTH

(smoothly)

You don't need any help from me, sir.

PROFESSOR PLUM

But seriously ... I don't see what's so terrible about Colonel Mustard visiting a house of ill-fame. Most soldiers do, don't they?

PROFESSOR PLUM puts his hand on her knee. She removes it. Reluctantly, he moves away. WADSWORTH refers to his notes, the ones which came out of the brown envelope, which are still in his hand.

WADSWORTH

But he holds a sensitive security post in the Pentagon. And Colonel, you drive a very expensive car for someone who lives on a Colonel's pay.

COLONEL MUSTARD

I don't. I came into money. During the war. When I lost my parents.

WADSWORTH

You lost them? Did you report the loss to the police?

COLONEL MUSTARD

No, dying is perfectly legal.

WADSWORTH

Sometimes, yes. Mrs. White, you have been paying our friend the blackmailer every since your husband died ... shall we say ... mysterious circumstances.

MISS SCARLET laughs. MRS. WHITE turns to her.

MRS. WHITE

What's so funny?

MISS SCARLET

I see! That's why he's lying on his back! In his coffin!

MRS. WHITE

I didn't kill him.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

COLONEL MUSTARD

Then why are you paying the
blackmailer?

MRS. WHITE

I don't want a scandal. We'd
had a fight. He was crazy. He
hated me. He had threatened to
kill me in public.

MISS SCARLET

Why would he want to kill you
in public?

WADSWORTH

I think she meant that he had
threatened, in public, to kill her.

MISS SCARLET

And was that his final word on
the matter?

MRS. WHITE

Being killed is pretty final,
wouldn't you say?

WADSWORTH

And yet he was the one who died.
Not you, Mrs. White, not you.

MRS. WHITE remains silent. And impassive. MISS SCARLET
is curious.

MISS SCARLET

What did he do for a living?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MRS. WHITE

He was a scientist. Nuclear physics.

MISS SCARLET

What was he like?

MRS. WHITE

He was always a stupidly optimistic man. I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. He was found dead at home. His head had been cut off. So had his . . . you know.

She can't say it, but she gestures vaguely in the direction of her groin. The MEN look at her in horror, and their hands go instinctively to cover their balls.

MRS. WHITE

(continuing)

I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

MISS SCARLET

(irreverently)

What was showing?

MRS. WHITE

"From Here to Eternity"

MR. BODDY

(with approval)

How very appropriate.

MISS SCARLET

Do you miss him? *

MRS. WHITE

It's a matter of life after death. *
He's dead -- now I have a life. *

WADSWORTH

But he was your second husband. *
Your first also disappeared. *

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MRS. WHITE

That was his job - he was
an illusionist.

WADSWORTH

But he never reappeared.

MRS. WHITE

He wasn't a very good illusionist.

MRS. GREEN coughs discreetly. Everyone looks at him
He stands up, licks his lips nervously. He is trying
to find the courage to speak openly.

MR. GREEN

Um ... I have something to say.
I'm not going to wait for Wadsworth
here to unmask me. I work for the
State Department, and I am a homosexual.

MRS. PEACOCK tut-tuts.

MR. GREEN

(continuing)

I feel no personal shame or guilt
about this, but I have to keep it
quiet or I would lose my job on
security grounds.

There is silence for a moment.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Well -- that just leaves Mr. Boddy.

All eyes turn to MR. BODDY. He says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (7):

MISS SCARLET
What's your little secret?

WADSWORTH
His secret? Oh, I thought
you'd all realized. He's the
one who's blackmailing you all.

There is a flash of lightning and a CLAP OF THUNDER.
This information comes as a bombshell to all of them.
COLONEL MUSTARD stands up again.

COLONEL MUSTARD
You bastard!

He moves menacingly towards MR. BODDY. MR. BODDY stands
up too. WADSWORTH intervenes between them.

WADSWORTH
Colonel -- please! Don't do
anything rough.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Put 'em up.

He puts his fists up, for an old-fashioned fight. MR.
BODDY responds by stamping abruptly on COLONEL MUSTARD's
foot and, as COLONEL MUSTARD bends forward in pain to
clutch his foot, MR. BODDY neatly pokes him in the eyes
with two fingers simultaneously (like a Three Stooges
routine). As COLONEL MUSTARD yells and collapses, MR.
BODDY throws himself upon him and continues to beat him
up. MR. GREEN and PROFESSOR PLUM rush to COLONEL
MUSTARD's rescue, hauling MR. BODDY up off the struggling
COLONEL. MR. BODDY is struggling and fighting them off
too -- he is very strong. MRS. WHITE, MISS SCARLET and
MRS. PEACOCK are watching. As MR. BODDY is hauled to
his feet MRS. WHITE steps calmly forward and knees him
in the balls. As MR. BODDY collapses in a heap the
other WOMEN clap and cheer, then run to start kicking
him. WADSWORTH shouts above the brawl.

WADSWORTH
Wait! Wait! The police are
coming!

The fight stops abruptly.

ALL
The police? / You must be crazy!
How can we tell the police? /
I'd be ruined! / It'd be the end
of my career! / Let's get out of
here! (and so forth, all together)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (8):

They have surrounded WADSWORTH, vehemently remonstrating with him.

WADSWORTH

LISTEN! Blackmail depends on secrecy. You have all admitted how he's been able to blackmail you. All you have to do is tell the police, then he will be convicted, and your trouble will be over.

The GUESTS are all horrified.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (9):

MR. BODDY

(gasping, on the floor)
 You see, Wadsworth, it's not so
 easy. They'll never tell the
 police.

WADSWORTH

Then I shall. I have evidence
 in my possession... and this
 conversation is being tape
 recorded.

36 INT. BILLARD ROOM

YVETTE is standing beside an old-fashioned reel-to-reel
 tape recorder, monitoring the recording of the
 conversation taking place in the Study. The tape
 recorder is placed in a cupboard, the doors of which
 are open.

They are all speaking more or less together.

MR. GREEN (V.O.)

Point of order, Sir. Tape
 recordings aren't admissible
 evidence.

(COLONEL MUSTARD: I'll deny everything.
 (MRS. WHITE: I've admitted nothing.
 (MRS. PEACOCK: Nor have I.

37 INT. THE STUDY/WADSWORTH

makes himself heard above the hub-bub.

WADSWORTH

Ladies and gentlemen -- the
 police have already been invited.
 They will be here in forty-five
 minutes. Tell them the truth
 and Mr. Boddy will be behind
 bars.

They all stare at him in panic. Then MR. BODDY walks
 to the door.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Where are you going this time?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

MR. BODDY

I think I can help them make up their minds. May I just get my little bag from the Hall?

WADSWORTH is puzzled. And worried.

38 INT. THE HALL

MR. BODDY emerges from the Study and crosses the Hall. He picks his case up and returns to the Study. HIGH SHOT.

39 INT. THE STUDY

MR. BODDY re-enters, leaving the door open. He places his attache case on the desk, turns to face his victims.

MR. BODDY

Can anybody guess what's in here?

They look at each other, nonplussed.

MRS. WHITE

The evidence against us, no doubt.

MR. BODDY smiles, shakes his head and opens the case. In the case are six giftwrapped parcels. He hands one to each of his SIX GUESTS.

MISS SCARLET

We didn't know we were meeting you tonight. Did you know you were meeting us?

MR. BODDY

Oh, yes.

MRS. WHITE

What were you told precisely?

MR. BODDY

Merely that you were all meeting to discuss our little... financial arrangements. And that if I did not appear, Wadsworth would be informing the police about it all. Naturally I could hardly resist putting in an appearance.

They are all staring at the smug, complacent, loathsome figure of MR. BODDY.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

Open them.

They look at the presents in their hands. MR. BODDY pours himself a brandy from the decanter, sniffs the bouquet, and sips it.

MISS SCARLET shrugs.

MISS SCARLET

Why not? I enjoy getting presents from strange men.

She carefully removes the ribbon, the wrapping paper and comes to -- a cardboard box. Slowly she lifts the lid. Puzzled, she lifts out a heavy brass candlestick. She looks at MR. BODDY.

MISS SCARLET

(continuing)

A candlestick? What's this for?

MR. BODDY looks around the group.

MR. BODDY

Nobody else going to open up?
Go on, pretend it's Christmas.

MRS. WHITE opens her present, and finds a rope. Then COLONEL MUSTARD, who gets a wrench. MR. GREEN gets a lead pipe. MRS. PEACOCK gets a dagger, and PROFESSOR PLUM opens his present. It contains a revolver.

They look at their gifts at first in confusion and, as the revolver appears, in horror.

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

In your hands you each have a lethal weapon. If you denounce me to the police, you will also be exposed and humiliated... I'll see to that in court.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED (2):

He is walking around the room, coming face to face with each of them in turn as he speaks.

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

But, if one of you kills Wadsworth now, no one but the seven of us will ever know.

WADSWORTH reacts, appalled, as the others eye him speculatively, weapons at the ready.

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

He has the key to the front door, which he told me would only be opened over his dead body.

MR. BODDY is now face to face with WADSWORTH.

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

I suggest we take him up on that offer.

He crosses to the door of the Study, and turns to face them all.

MR. BODDY

(continuing)

The only way to avoid finding yourselves on the front pages is for one of you to kill Wadsworth. Now!

And, standing right beside the door to the Study, he switches off the lights.

The room, and the SCREEN, are plunged into BLACKNESS. Thuds. Gasps. Screams. A gun-shot. A sound of shattering glass or china. Scuffles. Groans. The lights are switched on - and MR. BODDY LIES on the floor. Prone. Face down.

Everyone else is standing where they were standing when the lights went out. CAMERA has HIGH POV, directly above the centre of the room, looking down.

They all stare at MR. BODDY, then rush towards him.

MRS. WHITE

Is he alive?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED (3):

PROFESSOR PLUM
Stand back -- give him air --
let me see!

They move back. PROFESSOR PLUM gives him a hasty
examination. Then he looks up.

PROFESSOR PLUM
(continuing)
He's dead.

There is stunned silence.

MRS. WHITE
Who had the gun?

PROFESSOR PLUM stands up, surprised.

PROFESSOR PLUM
I did.

The gun is now on the floor, nearby.

MRS. PEACOCK
(hysterically)
So you shot him!

PROFESSOR PLUM
I didn't!!

MRS. PEACOCK
Well, you had the gun. If you
didn't, who did?

PROFESSOR PLUM
Nobody! Look, there's no
gunshot wound.

PROFESSOR PLUM turns MR. BODDY over. They all look at
his front. He's right -- there's no bullet wound.

PROFESSOR PLUM
(continuing)
Somebody tried to grab the gun
in the dark. And the gun went
off.
(he looks around)
Look, the bullet broke that
vase on the mantel.

COLONEL MUSTARD crosses over to have a look.

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL MUSTARD
He's right. And there's a
bullet lodged in the panelling.
Here! See?

They all cross to have a look at it.

MR. GREEN
So how did he die?

They all stare accusingly at PROFESSOR PLUM.

PROFESSOR PLUM
(angrily)
I don't know. I'm not a forensic
expert.

MRS. WHITE comments in her soft-spoken way:

MRS. WHITE
But one of us must have killed
him.

This quiet observation produces a fearful silence. They
all look at each other nervously, aware that a murderer
is present amongst them.

MR. GREEN
I didn't do it!!!

MRS. PEACOCK
I need a drink.

She puts down the dagger and picks up the brandy goblet
that MR. BODDY placed on the table near the door just
before the lights went out. She raises it to her lips,
and sips a little.

PROFESSOR PLUM
Maybe he was poisoned!

MRS. PEACOCK screams, and drops the glass. She continues
screaming, hysterically. After some moments of continued
screaming, MR. GREEN slaps her face.

This stops her, abruptly.

They all look at him. More violence! Is he the murderer?

MR. GREEN
(defensively)
I had to stop her screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (5):

COLONEL MUSTARD
Was the brandy poisoned?

They all - except for MRS. PEACOCK who is half-sitting half-lying on the sofa - hurry over to look at the brandy goblet. But it lies broken on the floor.

MISS SCARLET
Looks like we'll never know.

MR. GREEN
Unless she dies too.

They all hurry over to the sofa and stare at MRS. PEACOCK. She seems all right.

From another room comes a TERRIBLE SCREAMING SCOUND. *
They all freeze, and stare at each other in terror. Then, at once, MR. GREEN starts screaming too.

MR. GREEN
Aaaaaaaagh!

COLONEL MUSTARD
STOP SCREAMING, SIR!

The screaming from the other room is still continuing too. COLONEL MUSTARD grabs MR. GREEN by his lapels, then slaps his face.

COLONEL MUSTARD
(continuing)
WHY ARE YOU SCREAMING?

MR. GREEN
BECAUSE I'M FRIGHTENED!

COLONEL MUSTARD
WHAT OF?

MR. GREEN
SCREAMING. THERE'S SOMEBODY
SCREAMING NEXT DOOR!

And indeed somebody is still screaming next door. They all rush out together and into the Hall.

(CONTINUED)

40

INT. HALL

The GROUP rushes into the Hall. The screaming seems to be coming from the Billiard Room. It is still continuing. COLONEL MUSTARD tries the handle. The door is locked. He KNOCKS on the DOOR. He rattles the handle, then POUNDS on the DOOR again.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Open the door!

PROFESSOR PLUM
It must be the murderer.

MR. GREEN
Why would he scream?

MRS. WHITE
He must have a victim in there. Oh my God, Yvette?!

MR. GREEN
Oh my God!!

They bang on the door again. The SCREAMING stops.

MISS SCARLET
Hello-oh! Yoo-hoo! Open the door.

At this moment YVETTE opens the door.

They rush in.

41 INT. BILLIARD ROOM

There is silence, apart from a faint rhythmic CLICKING SOUND.

WADSWORTH
You're alive!

YVETTE
No thanks to you.

She is furious.

WADSWORTH
What do you mean?

YVETTE
You lock me up with a murderer.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MRS. WHITE

So the murderer is in this room.

YVETTE

Yes!!

MR. GREEN

Where?

He looks desperately at PROFESSOR PLUM who is standing next to him.

YVETTE

We're all looking at him.

They all look around desperately.

YVETTE

(continuing)

Or her. It's what Mrs. White said in the Study: One of you is the killer.

PROFESSOR PLUM

How do you know she said that?

She indicates the tape recorder, the reels still turning, a small piece of tape catching on a reel makes the CLICKING SOUND.

YVETTE

I was listening.

MRS. WHITE

But why were you screaming in here, all by yourself?

YVETTE

Because I'm frightened! Me too.
I also drank the Cognac. Mon Dieu.
(she starts to weep)
I can't stay in here by myself.

MISS SCARLET

Then come back to the Study with us.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

YVETTE

With a murderer!

COLONEL MUSTARD

There's safety in numbers, my
dear.

She nods. WADSWORTH switches off the tape recorder.

42 INT. STUDY

And they return to the Study. MR. BODDY is still lying there on the floor. MRS. PEACOCK sits on the sofa again. They stare at the scene.

MR. GREEN

Is there no indication of how he died?

PROFESSOR PLUM

No.

ANGLE ON WADSWORTH

WADSWORTH

This is terrible. This is absolutely terrible. This is not what I'd intended. OH MY GOD!

He crosses to a chair and sits. MRS. WHITE realizes the full impact of his remarks.

MRS. WHITE

Not what you intended?

Then they all stare at him. WADSWORTH mops his brow.

MISS SCARLET

So you're not the Butler?

WADSWORTH

I'm not the butler. But I am a butler. In fact, I was his butler.

And WADSWORTH points to the body of MR. BODDY.

PROFESSOR PLUM

So if he told you to invite us all to his house, why did he arrive late?

WADSWORTH confesses:

WADSWORTH

I invited you. In fact, I wrote the letters. It was all my idea.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

Now WADSWORTH is building himself up into an emotional state, a panic attack. MRS. WHITE crosses to WADSWORTH. *

MRS. WHITE

Wait a minute! I don't understand. Why did you invite us all here to meet your late employer? Were you assisting him to blackmail us?

WADSWORTH

Certainly not!

MRS. WHITE

(firmly)

I think you'd better explain. *

WADSWORTH

Please sit down. Everyone. *

They all take a seat. Unfortunately there are only seven possible places to sit. MR. GREEN gets to two or three of them a moment too late. Finally, as there is nowhere for him to sit, he perches on the edge of a table. He settles himself comfortably to listen.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Right. When I ...

MR. GREEN'S table collapses. And with it go the lamp, bottle of liquor and glasses that were on it. MR. GREEN, very embarrassed, picks himself up. *

MR. GREEN

I'm sorry, I'm a little accident prone.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(not hearing)

He's a little what?

MISS SCARLET

He's a little jerk!

MISS SCARLET lights up another of her ever-present cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADSWORTH

When I said that I was Mr. Boddy's butler, this was both true and misleading. I was once his butler, but it was not his untimely death this evening which brought my employment with him to an end. Oh, no!

COLONEL MUSTARD

When did it come to an end?

WADSWORTH

When my wife decided to... end her life. She too was being blackmailed by this odious man who now lies dead before us. He hated my wife for the same reason that he hated all of you. He believed that you were all thoroughly un-American. For some reason he felt it was inappropriate for a Senator to have a corrupt wife, for a doctor to screw his patients, for a wife to emasculate her husband, and so forth.

He is speaking without irony. WADSWORTH is a very sincere fellow who always tries to understand.

MR. GREEN

But this is ridiculous. If he was such a patriotic American, why didn't he report us to the relevant authorities?

WADSWORTH

He decided to turn his information to good use and make a little money out of it. What could be more American than that? Mr. Boddy was truly an apostle of free enterprise. He became a rich man...

(darkly)

But money is the fruit of all evil.

PROFESSOR PLUM

And what was your role in all this?

WADSWORTH

I was a victim, too. At least my wife was.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED (3):

WADSWORTH, now tearful, wipes his eye with the back of his hand. MRS. WHITE offers him her handkerchief.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Well, we all make mistakes. But Mr. Boddy threatened to give my wife's name to the House Un-American Activities Committee unless she named them. She refused -- and so he blackmailed her. We had no money -- and the price of his silence was that we worked for him for nothing. We were slaves. Well, to make a long story short...

COLONEL MUSTARD

(to MRS. PEACOCK)

Too late.

WADSWORTH

The suicide of my wife preyed on my mind and created a sense of injustice in me, and I resolved to put Mr. Boddy behind bars. It seemed to me that the best way to do it -- and to free all of you from the same burden of blackmail -- was to get us all face to face, confront Mr. Boddy with his crimes, extract a confession and then turn him over to the police.

PROFESSOR PLUM stands, and looks at the OTHERS, relieved that he understands what has been going on.

PROFESSOR PLUM

So! Everything is explained.

MRS. PEACOCK nods vigorously. MISS SCARLET shakes her head.

MISS SCARLET

Nothing's explained. We don't know who did it.

WADSWORTH

The point is, we must find out within the next forty minutes -- before the police arrive.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED (4):

MRS. PEACOCK leaps to her feet.

MRS. PEACOCK
The police? Coming here? Oh
my God! The scandal. I'm a
Senator's wife. I'll be ruined.

MR. GREEN
But... how can we possibly
find out which of you did it?

They all stare at him.

PROFESSOR PLUM
What do you mean -- which of
you did it?

MR. GREEN
Well, I didn't do it!

WADSWORTH
One of us did. We all had the
opportunity. We all had a motive.

MISS SCARLET
We'll all go to the chair.

They all gaze at each other in further horror. Then
PROFESSOR PLUM gets an idea.

PROFESSOR PLUM
Maybe it wasn't one of us!

COLONEL MUSTARD
Who else could it have been?

PROFESSOR PLUM
Who else is in the house?

WADSWORTH/YVETTE
(together)
Only the cook.

ALL GUESTS
THE COOK!

And as a GROUP, en masse, they rush out of the Study.

43 INT. THE HALL

EVERYBODY rushes across the Hall to the Kitchen.

44

INT. THE KITCHEN

It is a large old-fashioned Kitchen, with a range, an oven, an old porcelain sink. Flagstones. And no COOK. The room is empty. The GUESTS, and YVETTE, rush in. They stop. They look around. *

MR. GREEN

She's not here.

And beside him, a cupboard door groans and opens. The COOK falls face first out of the cupboard. Dead. She has a knife in her back. The dagger.

MISS SCARLET screams.

MISS SCARLET

Aaaaaaaaargh!!

The COOK is in MR. GREEN's arms. He just stands aghast, near to tears, holding her up.

MR. GREEN

I didn't do it!!

They all stare at him.

MR. GREEN

(continuing)

Well, help me, somebody.

MRS. WHITE, COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET hurry forward, and help MR. GREEN lower the body of the COOK to the floor. MRS. WHITE reaches for the knife. *

COLONEL MUSTARD

Don't touch it!

MRS. WHITE stops just in time. *

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

It's evidence.

WADSWORTH

Not for us. We have to find out who did this -- and we can't take fingerprints.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED (2):

COLONEL MUSTARD stands up and stares grimly at WADSWORTH.

COLONEL MUSTARD
I think you'd better explain
yourself, Wadsworth.

WADSWORTH
Me? Why me?

MR. GREEN
Who would want to kill the
Cook?

MISS SCARLET
The dinner wasn't that bad.

COLONEL MUSTARD eyes her menacingly. He is not amused.

WADSWORTH
(gravely)
I'm afraid she has reaped the
fruits of her evil and received
her just desserts.

MISS SCARLET
If this was dessert, I'm glad
I said no.

COLONEL MUSTARD can contain himself no longer. He turns
on MISS SCARLET.

COLONEL MUSTARD
How can you make jokes at a
time like this?

MISS SCARLET
(tough)
It's my defense mechanism.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Some defense! If I were the
killer I'd kill you next.

MRS. WHITE and MRS. GREEN both stare at him and
then slowly back away, terrified. *
*

COLONEL MUSTARD
(continuing)
I said "if." "If." That's all.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

COLONEL MUSTARD (cont'd)
After all, there's only one
admitted killer here, and that's
not me. It's her.

MRS. WHITE
I admitted nothing.

COLONEL MUSTARD
You paid the blackmail. How
many husbands have you had?

MRS. WHITE
Mine or other women's?

COLONEL MUSTARD
Yours.

MRS. WHITE
Five.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Five?

MRS. WHITE
Yes, just the five. Husbands
should be like Kleenex - strong,
soft, and disposable.

COLONEL MUSTARD
So you don't believe in marriage?

MRS. WHITE
I certainly do. Perhaps it's because
I was educated in a convent, but I'm
in the habit.

COLONEL MUSTARD
You lure men to their death like a
spider with flies.

MRS. WHITE
You're right. Flies are where
men are most vulnerable.

44

CONTINUED (3)

COLONEL MUSTARD (cont'd)

(very uncomfortable)

Well, if it wasn't you, who was
it? Who had the dagger? It
was you, wasn't it, Mrs. Peacock?

They all turn to look at her, standing in the doorway, next to PROFESSOR PLUM, her eyes averted from the dead body. She is suddenly frightened. She licks her lips anxiously.

MRS. PEACOCK

Yes. But I put it down.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Where?

MRS. PEACOCK

In the Study.

PROFESSOR PLUM

When?

MRS. PEACOCK

I don't know. Before I fainted,
after I fainted, who knows? But
any of you could have picked it
up.

A pause.

WADSWORTH

Look -- I suggest that we move the
Cook's body into the Study.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Why?

WADSWORTH

(irritated)

I like to keep the Kitchen tidy!

COLONEL MUSTARD

Got it!

WADSWORTH steps forward to the body. PROFESSOR PLUM, COLONEL MUSTARD and MR. GREEN help. The COOK was a big hefty lady, but somehow they lift her up and cart her out of the Kitchen, PROFESSOR PLUM and WADSWORTH taking an arm each, COLONEL MUSTARD and MR. GREEN taking a leg each.

45 INT. THE STUDY

PROFESSOR PLUM, COLONEL MUSTARD, MR. GREEN and WADSWORTH stagger into the Study. We see a WIDE or HIGH VIEW of the room. It is empty. The same HIGH POV.

Where MR. BODDY's corpse was, there is nothing. PROFESSOR PLUM realizes it first.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Look!

COLONEL MUSTARD, MR. GREEN and WADSWORTH react in fear.

ALL THREE

What???

PROFESSOR PLUM

The body's gone.

PROFESSOR PLUM has already let go of the COOK's right arm.

Now, aghast, WADSWORTH lets go of the COOK's left arm. The COOK's top end immediately drops and her head hits the floor with a terrible thud. None of the lifters notice this. They are staring, frightened, at the place where MR. BODDY previously lay. MRS. PEACOCK tries to enter, but she can't get into the room because the FOUR MEN and the COOK's corpse are more or less blocking the doorway.

MRS. PEACOCK

What are you all staring at?

MR. GREEN

Nothing.

MRS. PEACOCK

Well - who's there?

COLONEL MUSTARD

Nobody.

MRS. PEACOCK

What do you mean?

WADSWORTH

(panic-stricken)

Nobody. No body. That's what we mean. Mr. Boddy's body. It's gone.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

Meanwhile MISS SCARLET, MRS. WHITE and YVETTE are crowding into the doorway.

MRS. WHITE
Maybe he wasn't dead.

PROFESSOR PLUM
He was!

MRS. WHITE
We should have made sure.

MRS. PEACOCK
How? By cutting his head off,
I suppose?

MRS. WHITE turns on MRS. PEACOCK.

MRS. WHITE
(angrily)
That wasn't called for.

MISS SCARLET
Well, where is he?

WADSWORTH
We'd better look for him.

MR. GREEN and COLONEL MUSTARD let go of her legs, and both feet thud to the floor. Tentatively, perhaps with EERIE MUSIC, they all search the Study -- opening cupboards, under sofas, under the desk. But there's no sign of the body. Finally, they all stop and stare at each other, completely bemused.

MR. GREEN
He couldn't have been dead.

PROFESSOR PLUM is utterly mystified.

PROFESSOR PLUM
He was! At least, I thought
he was. But... what difference
does it make now?

MISS SCARLET
(dryly)
It makes quite a difference to
him.
(to MRS. WHITE)
Maybe there is life after death.

MRS. WHITE
Life after death is as unlikely
as sex after marriage.

WADSWORTH
Well, we've got to find out.
The police will be here in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (2):

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)
(looks at his
watch)

... Thirty-five minutes, and we
have another corpse on our hands.

MR. GREEN has an inspiration.

MR. GREEN
Maybe he killed the Cook.

MRS. PEACOCK/MISS SCARLET
.Yes.

WADSWORTH
How?

A silence. They can't work it out.

MRS. PEACOCK
(legs slightly
crossed) *
Well, if you'll excuse me, I have *
to... er... to... er... is there *
a ladies' room in the hall? *

YVETTE *
Oui oui, madame. *

MRS. PEACOCK *
No, I just want to powder my nose. *

MRS. PEACOCK hurries out. Meanwhile MISS SCARLET
has picked up the envelope that WADSWORTH had opened
earlier, and produced some photographic negatives.
She's intrigued.

MISS SCARLET
What's this, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH steps forward to reclaim them.

WADSWORTH
I'm afraid those are the negatives
to which Colonel Mustard earlier
referred.

COLONEL MUSTARD
My God!

He also steps in.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (3):

MISS SCARLET

Were you planning to blackmail him, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH is appalled at the idea.

WADSWORTH

Certainly not. I had obtained them for the Colonel and I was going to give them back when Mr. Boddy was unmasked.

MISS SCARLET looks at the negatives.

MISS SCARLET

Hmm. Very pretty..

(she scrutinizes them)

Would you like to see these, Yvette, they might shock you.

YVETTE

(primly)

No, thank you. I am a lady.

MISS SCARLET

And how do you know what sort of pictures they are, if you're such a lady?

PROFESSOR PLUM

What sort of pictures are they?

COLONEL MUSTARD steps in to MISS SCARLET.

COLONEL MUSTARD

How dare you, Madam. Give them to me at once!!

MISS SCARLET

No -- I think there's something in them that concerns me too.

They struggle over the negatives.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Let me see.

He grabs them. MRS. WHITE, MISS SCARLET and MR. GREEN look over his shoulder.

MRS. WHITE

Nobody can get into that position.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (4):

PROFESSOR PLUM
Sure they can, I'll show you.

He swings her around and down onto the sofa and is about to climb on top of her.

MRS. WHITE
Get off me!!

PROFESSOR PLUM
Just demonstrating.

46 INT. THE HALL

Meanwhile, MRS. PEACOCK has found the door of the Bathroom under the stairs. She tugs at it. It won't open. She tugs again, the door opens -- and the body of MR. BODDY falls out. She screams. Blood is dripping from his head. He falls against her. She screams and screams.

47 INT. THE STUDY

All the OTHERS hear the screaming.

WADSWORTH
It's Mrs. Peacock!

He rushes out into the Hall. The OTHERS follow, WADSWORTH grabbing the negatives from MISS SCARLET as he goes, and dumping them on the table.

48 INT. THE HALL

MRS. PEACOCK is fighting off MR. BODDY, who is falling all over her. The OTHERS run towards her. There is blood all over her face.

PROFESSOR PLUM
It's Mr. Boddy.

MR. GREEN
He's attacking her.

WADSWORTH and MR. GREEN pull him off her. And they realize that he now has visible injuries. His head has been bashed. Blood is everywhere.

MRS. WHITE
No, he's not. He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

They lay him down.

WADSWORTH
Mr. Boddy? Dead? AGAIN?

MRS. PEACOCK
(faintly)
Oh my God!

WADSWORTH and PROFESSOR PLUM see her.

WADSWORTH
She's going to faint!

PROFESSOR PLUM
Catch her.

WADSWORTH
I'll catch you. Fall into my arms.

Standing behind her, WADSWORTH holds out his arms to catch her. She faints straight through them and ends up on the floor in a heap.

WADSWORTH
(continuing)
Sorry.

MR. GREEN looks at his bloodied hands. So do all the OTHERS.

ANGLE ON MRS. WHITE

MRS. WHITE
You've got blood on your hands.

MR. GREEN
I didn't do it!!!

WADSWORTH
He's got new injuries. He's certainly dead now. Why would anyone want to kill him twice?

He goes into the toilet, to look for clues.

MISS SCARLET
It seems so ... unnecessary.

COLONEL MUSTARD
(reasonably)
It's what we call overkill.

PROFESSOR PLUM
It's what we call psychotic.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED (2):

MR. GREEN

(insisting)

Unless he wasn't dead before.

PROFESSOR PLUM

What's the difference?

WADSWORTH

That's what we're trying to find out! We are trying to find out who killed him, and where, and with what!!

PROFESSOR PLUM

There's no need to shout!

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

All right. I am! I'm shouting!
I'm shouting! I'm shouting!

He stops shouting and, purple in the face, glares at them defiantly. And the heavy brass candlestick wobbles and topples off the top of the door frame of the loo and hits him on the head. It is bloodstained. He reels. He jolts to the floor.

49 EXT. THE ROAD

The rain is still pelting down. RUMBLING THUNDER. Racing clouds. A car is driving down the twisting road near the gates. It is going fast.

CLOSE-UP - THE MOTORIST

at the wheel, tense, worried.

EXT. ROAD - ANGLE - CAR

going too fast! It races round a bend, and a cat leaps out into the beam of the headlights. The MOTORIST swerves to avoid it. the CAR SKIDS.

50 INT. THE STUDY

PROFESSOR PLUM, COLONEL MUSTARD, and MR. GREEN are lugging MR. BODDY into the Study. They put him down in the doorway, because their path is blocked by the COOK's body. COLONEL MUSTARD takes command.

COLONEL MUSTARD

All right, I'm in command now.
Move the Cook.

MRS. WHITE, MISS SCARLET and YVETTE clamber over the body and start to drag the COOK along the floor on her back. The dagger is still sticking out of her back.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

Put the corpses on the sofa.

The MEN hesitate, too dazed to do anything. COLONEL MUSTARD prompts them, indicating the COOK.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

Ladies first.

The MEN put down MR. BODDY's body, and help the LADIES lift the COOK up onto the sofa. PROFESSOR PLUM is mesmerized by YVETTE's breasts as she bends forward.

WADSWORTH

Careful. Don't get blood on the sofa. Look, Professor!

PROFESSOR PLUM

I'm looking, I'm looking!

YVETTE

How do we do this? The dagger will go further into her back.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Tip her forward, over the arm.

They do so.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

Now Mr. Boddy.

They haul him up onto the sofa, next to the COOK.
Panting, they stand back.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(continuing)

Now -- who had access to the
candlestick?

MISS SCARLET

All of us.

MRS. WHITE

You were given it..

MISS SCARLET

Yes, but I dropped it when the
lights went out. Anyone could
have picked it up. You -- him --

WADSWORTH

Look -- there are still all
these weapons -- the rope, the
wrench, the lead pipe, the gun
-- let's put them in this
cupboard and lock it. There's
a homicidal maniac about.

ALL

Yes. / Good idea. / Great. /
Lock 'em up.

WADSWORTH, helped by the OTHERS, puts the remaining
weapons into the cupboard, and locks the door. He puts
the key in his pocket.

MR. GREEN

What are you doing with the
key?

WADSWORTH

Putting it in my pocket.

MR. GREEN

Why?

WADSWORTH

To keep it safe, obviously.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED (2):

MRS. PEACOCK

But that means you can open
it whenever you want.

WADSWORTH

It also means that you can't.

MRS. PEACOCK

But what if you're the murderer?

WADSWORTH

(simply)

I'm not.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(persisting)

But what if you are?

WADSWORTH

It has to be put somewhere!
And if I've got it, I know I'm
safe.

MRS. PEACOCK

(emphatically)

But we don't know we are.

MR. GREEN

So where do we leave it?

YVETTE

In the lock?

WADSWORTH

(scathing)

Brilliant!

(he thinks)

I've an idea -- we'll throw it
away.

He rushes out of the Study. The OTHERS follow.

51 INT. THE HALL

Led by WADSWORTH, they all rush to the front door. WADSWORTH throws open the door, pulls back his arm rapidly -- preparatory to throwing the key into the night -- and realizes that he is standing face to face with the MOTORIST.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

The MOTORIST thinks that WADSWORTH is about to punch him, and he half ducks and puts up his hands to defend himself and to stave off the attack. WADSWORTH's throwing arm freezes.

WADSWORTH

Oh. Sorry. Sorry. Um...
can we help?

MOTORIST'S POV

He sees that eight people are packed into the front door, staring at him with various expressions of fear, suspicion, and hysteria.

BACK TO SCENE

MOTORIST

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to
disturb the whole household...
but my car broke down out here
and I was wondering if I could
use your phone?

WADSWORTH

Just a moment, please.

MOTORIST'S POV - ALL EIGHT PEOPLE

turn in amongst themselves for a hasty whispered conference. -- Occasional words float out of the huddle: "He wants to use the phone"... "I say 'no'"... "What's he doing round here?"... "How can we say no?"... "All right? Yes. Yes. Agree."

WADSWORTH turns, and tries to look as dignified and normal as possible.

WADSWORTH

Very well, sir. Would you
like to come in?

The MOTORIST steps in. ALL EIGHT PEOPLE just stare at him.

MOTORIST

Well... where is it?

WADSWORTH

What? The body?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED (2):

He inadvertently let the question slip out. The OTHERS react.

MOTORIST
The phone. What body? *

WADSWORTH
There's no body. Nobody. There's
nobody in the Study. *

He points to the Study door. The MOTORIST starts walking towards it. Simultaneously. EVERYONE realizes that that is where the BODIES are.

ALL
NOOOOOOO!!

WADSWORTH
No, no, that's been disconnected,
but I think there's one in the
Lounge.

MOTORIST
Thank you.

WADSWORTH
Walk this way.

He sets off, doing his usual dignified Butler walk. The MOTORIST, realizing that all eyes are on him, follows WADSWORTH in an exact imitation of WADSWORTH's idiosyncratic walk.

52 INT. THE LOUNGE

WADSWORTH indicates the phone to the MOTORIST.

WADSWORTH
When you've made your call, perhaps
you would be good enough to wait
here?

MOTORIST
Certainly.

WADSWORTH retreats to the door, opens it, goes out, and shuts the door. The MOTORIST is now alone in the Lounge.

53 INT. THE HALL - CLOSEUP - WADSWORTH

as he shuts the door. He jumps. COLONEL MUSTARD is right behind him.

WADSWORTH'S POV - COLONEL MUSTARD

miming locking the Lounge door.

BACK TO SCENE

WADSWORTH nods, and turns the key.

54 INT. THE LOUNGE

The MOTORIST is about to dial when he sees and HEARS a KEY BEING TURNED in the mortice lock. He realizes that he is locked in. He is very anxious.

55 INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH leaves the key in the lock. He turns to face the SIX GUESTS and YVETTE, who are all staring at him.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Now -- where's that key?

WADSWORTH nods towards the door.

WADSWORTH

Still in the lock.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Not that key. The key to the cupboard. With the weapons.

WADSWORTH

You still wish me to throw it away?

ALL

Yes.

WADSWORTH

Very well.

He walks to the front door. One of the GUESTS opens it for him. He takes the key from his pocket.

56 EXT. FRONT DOOR

This time there is no one waiting outside. He hurls the key far up and away, and it lands in a distant shrubbery, never to be seen again. The front door shuts.

57 INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH
 What now? We've got...
 (he looks at his
 watch)
 ... twenty-five minutes left
 till the police get here.

COLONEL MUSTARD
 I need a drink.

There is a general chorus of "Me, too" from the GUESTS.
 COLONEL MUSTARD leads off to the Library. ALL follow.
 As they pass the Study door, the COLONEL stops and looks
 in. MR. BODDY and the COOK are still lying dead on the
 sofa.

COLONEL MUSTARD
 (continuing)
 Just checking.

MRS. PEACOCK
 Everything all right?

COLONEL MUSTARD
 Yes. Two corpses. Everything's
 fine.

WADSWORTH, bringing up the rear, speaks to himself
 incredulously.

WADSWORTH
 Two corpses. Everything's fine?
 But COLONEL MUSTARD is leading them all into the Library.

58 INT. THE LIBRARY

Everyone stands around nervously. COLONEL MUSTARD pours
 himself a stiff drink, and tries to take charge.

COLONEL MUSTARD
 Anyone else want a whiskey?

MISS SCARLET, MR. GREEN, and PROFESSOR PLUM all step
 forward to help themselves.

COLONEL MUSTARD
 (continuing)
 Right. Pay attention everyone.
 Wadsworth, am I right in
 thinking that there is nobody
 else in this house.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR PLUM

If we throw him out he may
get even more suspicious.

COLONEL MUSTARD

If I were him I'd be suspicious
already.

MRS. PEACOCK

Look, that guy doesn't
matter! Let him stay locked
up for another half an hour.
Who cares? The police will be
here by then, and there are
TWO DEAD BODIES IN THE STUDY.

ALL

Sshh!!!

MR. GREEN

(intense whisper)

Well, what do you suggest??

The COLONEL pulls himself together and takes a swig of
his drink. Either the alcohol or the panic seems to
have caused his brain to seize up.

COLONEL MUSTARD

There seems to be confusion
about whether or not we are
the only people in this house.

WADSWORTH is getting angry now.

WADSWORTH

I told you there isn't.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(irritated again)

You mean there isn't any
confusion or there isn't anybody
else?

WADSWORTH

(confused)

Either. Or both.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Then give me a clear answer.

WADSWORTH

Certainly!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WADSWORTH (cont'd)

(a beat)

What was the question?

COLONEL MUSTARD

Is there anyone else in the house?

ALL

NO!

COLONEL MUSTARD is still unsure, and he eyes WADSWORTH with a steely eye.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(darkly)

That's what he says! But does he know? I suggest we handle this in a proper military fashion. Split up and search the house.

This suggestion causes a feeling of mild panic in the GROUP.

MRS. PEACOCK

Split up?

COLONEL MUSTARD

Yes.

(he looks at his watch)

... we haven't much time, so let's split up into pairs.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Pairs?

COLONEL MUSTARD

Yes.

PROFESSOR PLUM looks around at the OTHERS. Clearly he has deep misgivings.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Wait a minute! Suppose that one of us is the murderer. If we split up into pairs, whichever one of us is left alone with the killer might be killed!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED (4):

COLONEL MUSTARD
(triumphantly)
Then we would have discovered
who the murderer was.

MRS. PEACOCK
Yes, but the other half of the
pair would be dead!

COLONEL MUSTARD is quite philosophical about this.
He shrugs.

COLONEL MUSTARD
This is war. Casualties are
inevitable. You can't make an
omelette without breaking eggs.
Every cook will tell you that.

MRS. PEACOCK
Yes, but look what happened to
the Cook!

There is a pause, while they all consider what
happened to the COOK.

MR. GREEN
Are you willing to take that
chance?

COLONEL MUSTARD
What choice have we? *

He waits, expecting a chorus of agreement. After
several moments, they all mutter -- 'none,' 'course *
not, ' not awfully convincing.

YVETTE
Bon D'accord. But it's dark
upstairs and I'm frightened
of the dark -- will anyone
go with me?

PROFESSOR PLUM/COLONEL MUSTARD/
MR. GREEN/WADSWORTH
I will.

They all look at each other sheepishly.

WADSWORTH
I suggest we draw lots for
partners.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED (5):

He goes over to the fireplace and from the mantelpiece he takes a box of matches (or some long tapers). He leaves the Library, gesturing to the OTHERS to follow him.

59 INT. HALL

WADSWORTH, followed by ALL THE OTHERS, crosses the Hall to the Kitchen.

60 INT. THE KITCHEN

WADSWORTH comes into the Kitchen, crosses to a drawer, and produces a sharp carving knife. He turns abruptly, knife in hand. THE OTHERS gasp, step back, WADSWORTH is unaware of this. He sets about cutting the matches into eight different lengths. Then, carefully, his back to THE OTHERS, he places the matches in his hand so that no one can tell their lengths. He turns to face them.

WADSWORTH

Ready? The shortest with the
second shortest. Agreed?
And let's say the two shortest
search the cellar, and so on up.

They nod and, one by one, accompanied by TENSE MUSIC, they pick out the matchsticks. Then they compare lengths. And the result? WADSWORTH is paired with MRS. WHITE, YVETTE with MR. GREEN, COLONEL MUSTARD with MISS SCARLET, and PROFESSOR PLUM with MRS. PEACOCK.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Its you and me, honey.

MRS. PEACOCK

(appalled)

Yuck!

(then)

Why don't we all search the
house together?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

WADSWORTH glances at his watch.

WADSWORTH

We haven't the time. Let's go.

61 INT. THE HALL

ALL RIGHT GUESTS come out of the Kitchen and into the Hall. WE SEE them divide up into their pairs. PROFESSOR PLUM and MRS. PEACOCK separate from the other six and head towards a doorway that opens up Cellar stairs. WADSWORTH, MRS. WHITE, YVETTE and MR. GREEN all go up the main stairs. COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET remain in the Hall.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Well... we know what's in the Study. We've just come from the Library. And the Stranger is locked in the Lounge. So... ?

MISS SCARLET

Let's look at the Billiard Room again.

They cross the Hall, and carefully open the door to the Billiard Room.

62 INT. BILLIARD ROOM

COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET come in and nervously search it -- under the table, in the cupboards, behind the full-length drapes at the window... nobody else is there.

63 INT. THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING

WADSWORTH and MRS. WHITE are peering anxiously into a couple of dark bedrooms, slightly unwilling to go in.

WADSWORTH

Are you going in there?

MRS. WHITE

Yes. Are you?

WADSWORTH

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

They don't move. They stare at each other suspiciously.

WADSWORTH
(continuing; decisively)
Right!

MRS. WHITE
(equally decisively)
Right!

They don't move. WADSWORTH feels he should explain himself.

WADSWORTH
I... er... I can't see a light switch.

MRS. WHITE
Neither can I. But there must be switches by the beds.

WADSWORTH
Shall I come in with you?

MRS. WHITE
(emphatically)
No! I mean... no, thank you.

He goes into the first Bedroom. She goes into the second. The landing is empty for a moment. CAMERA STAYS there. Then both their heads reappear around the doorways, checking on each other.

64 INT. ATTIC STAIRCASE

The rain is still pouring. The wind is howling. MR. GREEN and YVETTE pause at the foot of the staircase.

MR. GREEN
Do you want to go in front of me?

YVETTE
No.

MR. GREEN
(reassuringly)
I'm sure there's no one up there.

YVETTE
Then you go in front.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

MR. GREEN hesitates.

MR. GREEN

Okay.

But MR. GREEN doesn't move.

65 INT. THE CELLAR STAIRS

PROFESSOR PLUM and MRS. PEACOCK are standing at the top of the cold flagstone steps. Cold brick walls.

PROFESSOR PLUM

Well... ladies first.

She looks at the long steep staircase that falls away before her.

MRS. PEACOCK

Er... no, you can go first.

PROFESSOR PLUM

(very polite)

No, no, I insist.

MRS. PEACOCK

No, no, I insist.

PROFESSOR PLUM

What are you frightened of, a fate worse than death?

MRS. PEACOCK

No. Just death. Isn't that enough?

66 INT. HALL

COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET tentatively push open two big double doors at the far end of the Hall. They open into a huge dark cavernous space. (It is actually the Ballroom.)

COLONEL MUSTARD

What room's this?

MISS SCARLET

Search me.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(eagerly)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

He starts to run his hands over her body.

MISS SCARLET

(scathingly)

I didn't mean that literally,
get your mitts off me!

He obeys hastily.

67 INT. ATTIC STAIRCASE

YVETTE and MR. GREEN have not moved. They are squeezed in, side by side, at the bottom of the narrow staircase.

YVETTE

Go on. I'll be right behind
you.

MR. GREEN

That's why I'm nervous.

YVETTE

Then let's go together.

MR. GREEN nods. Side by side they walk up the narrow staircase. There isn't room for them both! They look ridiculous, squeezed together.

68 INT. CELLAR STAIRS

Side by side PROFESSOR PLUM and MRS. PEACOCK are walking down the dark cellar stairs. It's not easy.

69 INT. THE HALL

Side by side, COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET try to get into the big dark room through the one open double door. It's not possible. They bang into each other. They separate. They go again -- they bang together again!

70 INT. FIRST BEDROOM

WADSWORTH is groping round in the first bedroom, trying to find a lamp.

WADSWORTH

(terrified)

If there's anyone in here --
just look out!

71 INT. SECOND BEDROOM

MRS. WHITE is doing the same thing in her room.

MRS. WHITE
Are you hiding? I'm coming?

71A INT. FIRST BEDROOM

WADSWORTH looks under the bed, fearfully.

72 INT. THE CELLAR

PROFESSOR PLUM and MRS. PEACOCK have reached the bottom of the steps. Various dark rooms open out in front of them. Eyeing each other with the greatest suspicion, they back away and into separate rooms.

73 INT. FIRST BEDROOM

WADSWORTH finds a bedside lamp. CLOSE UP of WADSWORTH'S hand switching it on.

74 INT. SECOND BEDROOM

MRS. WHITE, in the second Bedroom now sees a little because of the light spilling through an inter-connecting door from the first Bedroom to the second. She sees the huge shadow of a person beside her.

MRS. WHITE .

Who are you? Who is it? Who are you?

No reply. She sees a light switch, backs toward it, switches it on.

She looks round. She is in a children's nursery full of toys -- dolls, big bears, rocking horses, trains, etc. She has been talking to a big doll.

75 INT. BALLROOM

COLONEL MUSTARD or MISS SCARLET switch on a light. They see a huge Ballroom stretching before them, a piano at the end.

COLONEL MUSTARD

(pleased)

Nobody here.

He hasn't even looked.

MISS SCARLET

(nervously)

Unless... in those cupboards or behind those curtains.

COLONEL MUSTARD'S nerve fails him.

COLONEL MUSTARD

You look, I'll search the Kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

He goes. The long curtains move. She stares. They move again. MISS SCARLET goes slowly and fearfully towards the curtains. Sharply she pulls them back. Nobody there... just a broken pane of glass.

76 EXT. THE COUNTRY LANE

The MOTORIST's car stands just off the side of a road. Then we see that a POLICE patrol car is driving slowly down the road towards it.

77 INT. POLICE CAR

There is a COP alone in the patrol car. He sees the MOTORIST's abandoned car. He eyes it suspiciously. He pulls up some way past the MOTORIST's car.

77A INT. THE HALL

A gloved hand -- male or female, we can't tell -- removes the key from the lock in the Lounge door.

78 INT. THE STUDY

We see the desk in the Study. On it lies the envelope from which WADSWORTH has earlier withdrawn the letter which he reads to all the GUESTS.

The GLOVED HAND pulls the envelope from the desk. It pulls out NEGATIVES and PHOTOGRAPHS, one of MR. BODDY, another of THE COOK, another of MR. GREEN. Then one of the MOTORIST, the MOTORIST, in Army uniform, at the wheel of a Jeep.

NEW ANGLE

The photographs of COLONEL MUSTARD and YVETTE which were earlier left on the table, are being examined. We also see some letters and other papers. Then they are stuffed back into the envelope, which is thrown on to the blazing log fire. It burns up.

CAMERA MOVES WITH the GLOVED HAND, ACROSS TO the cupboard. The key is inserted into the lock, the door opens, and the weapons are revealed.

79 EXT. ROAD

The COP walks slowly, curiously, up towards the MOTORIST's car, and wanders around it.

80 INT. THE LOUNGE

The MOTORIST is on the telephone.

MOTORIST

I'm a little nervous. I'm in this big house, and I've been locked into the Lounge... and the funny thing is, there's a whole group of people here having some sort of party and one of them is my old boss from...

Then, held in a gloved hand that could be male or female, the wrench comes INTO SHOT and hits the MOTORIST on the head. He falls. The PHONE drops. The wrench is dropped.

81 INT. THE BALLROOM

MISS SCARLET is leaving the BALLROOM. She comes out into the Hall. She calls nervously.

MISS SCARLET

Colonel Mustard? Colonel Mustard?

COLONEL MUSTARD comes out of the Kitchen, and meets her.

COLONEL MUSTARD

There's no one in the Kitchen.

MISS SCARLET

Shall we try the Conservatory?

He nods. They go into it.

82 INT. CONSERVATORY

This is an eerie looking room, in the dark. Big trees and plants make weird shapes and shadows. But within a few moments COLONEL MUSTARD finds the light switch. And looks around.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Look!

He points. We see that a panel in the wall is slightly ajar. They cross to it. There are steps down into it. Into pitch darkness.

MISS SCARLET

Looks like a secret passage.

They look at each other nervously.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

MISS SCARLET

(continuing)

Shall we see where it leads?

There is a flashlight on a nearby shelf or table.
COLONEL MUSTARD grabs it.

They look at each other, and then COLONEL MUSTARD steps in.

COLONEL MUSTARD

What the hell! I'll go first.
I've had a good life.

She follows him in.

83

AND

84

OMITTED

85

INT. THE SECRET PASSAGE

TENSE MUSIC as they wind their way along a dark stone narrow passage. The COLONEL trips on something. He stumbles. It makes a big echoing noise.

COLONEL MUSTARD

God dammit!

His voice is amplified by the echoing tunnel.

86

INT. THE LOUNGE

The gloved hand switches off the light. Now there's only a little moonlight coming through a crack in the shutters.

MISS SCARLET and COLONEL MUSTARD emerge into the room.

COLONEL MUSTARD

Why is it dark in here?

MISS SCARLET

Because there's no light.

Suddenly she trips, or is pushed. She stumbles forward. He is pushed. He drops the flashlight. It goes out. Her foot catches the face of the dead MOTORIST. She falls over his body.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

COLONEL MUSTARD
What's that? What happened?

MISS SCARLET
Did you push me?

COLONEL MUSTARD
No. Did you push me?

MISS SCARLET
No. I fell over.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Did you hurt yourself?

MISS SCARLET
No. I landed on something soft.

We can see what she's landed on. She feels around.
Her hands finds the MOTORIST's head. She is shocked.

MISS SCARLET
(continuing)
It's a body.
(she realizes)
Somebody else is in here!

The flashlight is switched on. It moves across the
room.

MISS SCARLET
(continuing).
Who is it?

COLONEL MUSTARD swings around, swinging out his arm.
His hand hits the flashlight held by the GLOVED HAND.
Impact! The flashlight flies through the air. It
lands on the floor. A shoe kicks it. It slides across
the floor. It goes out.

COLONEL MUSTARD
The murderer's in here!

MISS SCARLET
I'm in here with a murderer!

COLONEL MUSTARD crashes over the body and falls on MISS
SCARLET. She gasps.

88

INT. THE ATTIC

MR. GREEN and YVETTE are in the attic, picking their way among old junk, chests, grandfather clocks, suitcases, trunks, old family portraits and, above all, cobwebs and dust. They too have found a light switch and can now see what they are doing. From below comes the sudden SOUND of MISS SCARLET SCREAMING.

88 CONTINUED:

MISS SCARLET (O.S.)
Help! Help! Help!

YVETTE and MR. GREEN run towards the stairs.

88A THE LOUNGE

COLONEL MUSTARD is still lying on MISS SCARLET. She's trying to get away. He's trying to calm her down.

MISS SCARLET
Leave me alone!

COLONEL MUSTARD
It's me. Colonel Mustard.

MISS SCARLET
So it's you!

COLONEL MUSTARD
Of course it's me!

89 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING, AND HALL

WADSWORTH and MRS. WHITE emerge from their respective Bedrooms, hearing the screaming. Then, as YVETTE and MR. GREEN hurtle down the Attic stairs, they all run down the main stairs into the Hall. We MOVE WITH them. As they reach the main Hall, MRS. PEACOCK and PROFESSOR PLUM shoot out of the Cellar and collide with them. CRASH!

Meanwhile, from the Lounge we hear MISS SCARLET SCREAMING. The dialogue, as always, goes at tremendous speed.

MISS SCARLET (O.S.)
Aaaaaaaaaaaghghghghgh!

MRS. WHITE
Who is it?

MR. GREEN
Where's it coming from?

WADSWORTH
The Lounge!

They all rush to the door of the Lounge. MR. GREEN tries to open it.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR PLUM
The door's locked!

MR. GREEN
I KNOW!

PROFESSOR PLUM
Well, UNLOCK IT!

MR. GREEN
The KEY'S GONE!

PROFESSOR PLUM
Never mind about the key, unlock
the door!

MR. GREEN is leaping up and down with rage and
frustration.

MR. GREEN
I CAN'T UNLOCK THE DOOR WITHOUT
THE KEY!!

(he bangs on the
door)

LET US IN! LET US IN!!

90 INT. THE LOUNGE

MISS SCARLET and COLONEL MUSTARD are banging on the
door.

MISS SCARLET/COLONEL MUSTARD
LET US OUT! LET US OUT!

90A INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH has been unable to open the door.

WADSWORTH
It's no good.
(to the door)
Stand back!!

He walks firmly back from the door. He is at his
most macho.

WADSWORTH
(continuing)
There's no alternative. I'll have
to break it down.

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED:

MISS SCARLET/COLONEL MUSTARD (O.S.)
MURDER! HELP! MURDER!

MRS. PEACOCK loses her temper. She shouts at the door.

MRS. PEACOCK
Will you shut up! We're doing
our best.

YVETTE comes running out of the Study. The revolver is in her hand. She trips over WADSWORTH, whom she does not see writhing on the floor. The GUN GOES OFF as she falls. It shoots the gilt rope that holds up the chandelier above the Hall. The chandelier comes loose,* hanging on by a thread. Meanwhile, when the gun went off, everyone else dived for cover behind furniture, or flat on the floor. YVETTE picks herself up, and runs to the locked Lounge door. She FIRES the GUN at the lock. The lock is shot away.

There is a pause. Complete silence. Then COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET open the door. They look shattered. EVERYONE ELSE picks themselves up.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Why were you shooting that thing
at us?

YVETTE
To get you out.

COLONEL MUSTARD
(appalled)
You might have killed us. I can't
take any more scares. *

The Chandelier comes crashing down behind him. The
shock frightens them all out of their wits. *

MISS SCARLET
(quietly)
Look.

She stands aside. They all peer in through the door and see the dead MOTORIST. Then they look at MISS SCARLET and COLONEL MUSTARD. *

(CONTINUED)

90D CONTINUED:

COLONEL MUSTARD

Aah!

(clutches his arm, then
realizes)I've been shot! They're shooting
at us! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!!

90E INT. THE HALL

The chandelier is hanging lopsided. CLOSER: We see
it is hanging by a thread which is unwinding.YVETTE picks herself up and runs to the locked Lounge
door. The chandelier thread is unwinding faster.
She FIRES THE GUN at the lock, once, then once again.

90F INT. THE LOUNGE

COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET flatten themselves
against the wall, and dive for cover (respectively).

90G INT. THE HALL

The lock has been shot away. Pause.

YVETTE

Come out. The door is open.

Complete silence. Then COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS
SCARLET open the door. They look shattered.
EVERYONE ELSE picks themselves up. The chandelier rope
is unwinding even faster!

COLONEL MUSTARD

Why were you shooting that thing
at us?

YVETTE

To get you out.

The chandelier rope is unwinding at even greater speed.
From a HIGH POV, beside the unwinding rope, looking
down through the chandelier, we see that it is directly
above COLONEL MUSTARD.

COLONEL MUSTARD

You might have killed us. I can't
take any more scares.

(CONTINUED)

90G CONTINUED:

He takes a step away, towards a chair or sofa. He is facing CAMERA. As he takes that step, the chandelier comes crashing down behind him. The shock almost gives him - and them - a heart attack!

MISS SCARLET
(quickly)

Look.

She stands aside, and switches on the light in the lounge.

90H INT. THE LOUNGE

They all peer in through the door and see the DEAD MOTORIST, who lies in the foreground.

90I INT. THE HALL

MRS. WHITE

He needed that hole in the head
like a hole in the head.

MRS. PEACOCK

Which of you did it?

COLONEL MUSTARD

(outraged)

We found him, together.

MISS SCARLET

There's a secret passage from
the Conservatory. See?

91 INT. THE LOUNGE

They all crowd into the Lounge and gape at the secret passage.

MISS SCARLET

It comes from the Conservatory. *

MISS SCARLET, overwhelmed by her ordeal, sinks exhausted on to a sofa.

COLONEL MUSTARD *

Thank God you were able to get us
out, Yvette.

They all look at YVETTE. She still has the gun in her hand. They all suddenly stare at the gun.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR PLUM
Is that the same gun?

MRS. PEACOCK
From the cupboard?

PROFESSOR PLUM
But it was locked.

They all look at her!

YVETTE
No. It was unlocked.

They are all amazed.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

ALL
UNLOCKED?

YVETTE
But yes, see for yourself.

92 INT. THE STUDY

Sure enough, the cupboard door is open. And the key is in the lock. They all rush in -- and, stopping abruptly, stare at it. Then MRS. PEACOCK turns accusingly on YVETTE.

MRS. PEACOCK
How did you know it was unlocked?
How did you know you could get
at the gun?

YVETTE
(defensive)
I didn't. I think: I break
it open - but it was open
already.

MRS. PEACOCK
(to the OTHERS)
A likely story!!

And at this critical juncture the FRONT DOOR BELL
RINGS. DING... DONG...

They all stand still, frozen in terror, not
knowing whether to go to the front door or not.

MISS SCARLET
Maybe they'll go away.

They wait. And hope.
DING... DONG...

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

MISS SCARLET

Maybe they'll go away.

They wait. And hope.
DING... DONG...

MR. GREEN

I'm going to open it.

ALL

Why?

MR. GREEN

I've nothing to hide. I didn't
do it!!

He rushes out of the study. They all follow.

93

INT. THE HALL

They rush from the Study to the Hall, towards the
front door.

94

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR/HALL

The COP is waiting outside the front door. Suddenly
it is opened by MR. GREEN, with the seven OTHERS crowding
the doorway beside and behind him.

COP

Good evening, sir.

MR. GREEN slams the front door in his face. A momentary
pause, then MR. GREEN flings the door open again.

MR. GREEN

Yes?

The COP appears slightly puzzled by this behavior, but
after a moment he continues where he left off.

COP

I found an abandoned car near the gates
of this house. Did the driver come here
for help, by any chance?

They all try to smooth away his suspicions.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

ALL
 (together, but not
 in unison)
 No, no, no, no, no, no...

But MR. GREEN feels he must tell the truth.

MR. GREEN
 Well, actually, yes.

ALL
NO!!

The COP eyes the group.

COP
 There seems to be some disagreement.

ALL
 No, no, no, no...

MR. GREEN
 Yes.

The COP is not satisfied, apparently.

COP
 Can I come in and use the phone?

WADSWORTH is struggling to regain his usual composure.

WADSWORTH
Of course, you may, sir, you may use
 the one in the...
 (he was about to indicate
 the Lounge)
 ... er... no, you can use the one in
 the Stu... No! Um. Would you be kind
 enough to wait in the... er...
 the Library.

COP
 Sure.

He comes in. As he steps into the Hall, he notices
 YVETTE. He stops and eyes her suspiciously.

COP
 (continuing)
 Don't I know you from somewhere?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

She gives a Gallic shrug.

COP

You all seem very anxious about something.

WADSWORTH

Its because that chandelier fell down. It could have killed us.

MISS SCARLET hurries to the Lounge and PROFESSOR PLUM to the Study. They shut both doors fast (and therefore too loudly) as he walks by. SLAM! SLAM! One after the other! The COP notices. WADSWORTH shows the COP into the Library.

WADSWORTH

Please - help yourself to a drink, if you like.

The COP picks up the cognac.

WADSWORTH

(continuing)

Not the cognac -- just in case.

COP

In case of what?

But WADSWORTH has shut the door, also with a bang. And locked it. But this time he is in a big hurry, and leaves the key in the lock. He hurries back along the Hall, to where the SIX GUESTS and YVETTE are still standing, panic-stricken.

WADSWORTH

What now?

MR. GREEN

We should've told him.

We see, and they see, the door handle being jiggled up and down.

MRS. PEACOCK

It's all very well to say that now...

MR. GREEN

(indignantly)

I said it then!

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED (3) :

ALL
Oh, shut up!!

And they all look pretty threatening. So MR. GREEN
shuts up.

95 INT. THE LIBRARY

The COP is trying to open the locked door. Puzzled,
he leaves it and crosses to the telephone. He is
about to lift the receiver when it RINGS. Very loud.
He jumps.

Then he answers it.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

COP
Hello? ... Yes? ... Okay, okay.

96 INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH and the GROUP have frozen.

COLONEL MUSTARD
Was that the phone?

WADSWORTH
(his eyes widen)
Maybe the Cop answered it.

They turn towards the Library door.

97 INT. THE LIBRARY

The COP is on the phone.

COP
And who shall I say is calling?
(he listens, then replies
sarcastically)
Oh, yes? And I'm Harry Truman.
(there is a torment of
angry abuse shouted down
the line)
Okay, okay, sir, I'll try, sir. I
apologize, but I'm locked in a room
here...

He goes to the door, and jiggles the handle. Then he
calls out through the door.

COP
(continuing)
Let me outa here. You've no right
to shut me in. I'll book you for
false arrest, wrongful imprisonment,
obstructing an officer in the course
of his duty and murder!

There is a momentary pause. Then the key is jiggled, and
unlocked. He sees, and opens the door. WADSWORTH, YVETTE,
COLONEL MUSTARD, MR. GREEN, MISS SCARLET, MRS. WHITE,
MRS. PEACOCK and PROFESSOR PLUM are all standing there.
WADSWORTH speaks with as much innocence as he can muster.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

WADSWORTH
What do you mean, murder?

The COP grins.

COP
I just said that to make you open the door. But what's going on here? Why did you lock me in? And why are you receiving phone calls from J. Edgar Hoover?

WADSWORTH was about to answer one of the first questions, but this last inquiry floors him.

WADSWORTH
What?

COP
J. Edgar Hoover's on the line.

WADSWORTH
J. Edgar Hoover?

COP
That's right. The Head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

ALL
The Federal Bureau of Investigation?

COLONEL MUSTARD
Why is J. Edgar Hoover on your phone?

WADSWORTH
I don't know!! But he's on everybody else's; why shouldn't he be on mine?

He goes into the Library. He is about to shut the door, when he hesitates and prudently removes the key from the lock. He shuts the door.

98 INT. THE HALL

The COP is left standing in the Hall with the OTHERS.

COP
What's going on here?

MISS SCARLET
We're having a party.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

COP
Mind if I look around?

They all stare at him with desperation in their eyes.
Except for MISS SCARLET.

MISS SCARLET
Sure. You show him around, Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN
(squeaking, hysterically
frightened)
Me????

MISS SCARLET
Yes. Why don't you show him the Dining
Room - or the Kitchen - or the Ballroom.

MR. GREEN
(still squeaking)
Fine.
(he pulls himself together,
and lowers his voice two octaves)
Fine! Come with me, officer, I'll show
you the Dining Room - or the Kitchen -
or the Ballroom.

And he leads him away, the COP going somewhat reluctantly,
his eyes lingering on the Study and Lounge doors. As the
COP and MR. GREEN disappear into the Dining Room, MISS
SCARLET turns to the OTHERS.

MISS SCARLET
(softly)
Okay. Listen.

99 INT. DINING ROOM

The COP and MR. GREEN come into the Dining Room.

MR. GREEN
This is the Dining Room.

COP
(heavy sarcasm)
No kidding. What's going on in
those two rooms?

MR. GREEN's voice is still high-pitched in terror.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

MR. GREEN

What two rooms?

100 INT. THE STUDY

MISS SCARLET is talking to MRS. WHITE and COLONEL MUSTARD in front of the bodies of THE COOK and MR. BODDY on the sofa.

MISS SCARLET

Make it look convincing.

And she grabs a bottle of brandy from the sideboard.

101 INT. THE HALL

MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM whizz across the Hall and into the Lounge just as MR. GREEN and the COP emerge from the Dining Room. The COP points at the Study and Lounge doors.

COP

Those two rooms.

MR. GREEN

(a trifle hysterically)

Oh, those two rooms!

COP

Yes.

He walks purposefully towards the Study. MR. GREEN hurries after him, grabs his arm, and stops him.

MR. GREEN

Officer, I don't think you should go in there.

The COP stops walking and stares at him.

COP

(suspiciously)

Why not?

MR. GREEN

Um...

(wildly)

Well, because... because... oh, it's all too shocking.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

The COP brushes MR. GREEN aside, goes to the Study and opens the door.

102 INT. THE STUDY

The lights are off. The PHONOGRAPH is PLAYING, softly. *
"I Ain't Got No Body," an old 78 rpm record. *

The COP switches the light. On the sofa MRS. WHITE is sitting on the knee of the dead MR. BODDY. She is kissing him on the mouth. He appears, from the COP'S POV to be embracing her - but we can see that his arms and hands are being manipulated by MRS. WHITE-like a big puppet. The COP sees this, and his eyes turn to another couple: the COOK is standing up in a corner, her arms around COLONEL MUSTARD, and he appears to be kissing her. The COOK's hands are moving through his hair.

NEW ANGLE

In the corner, we see that COOK's hands are behind her back, and MRS. PEACOCK is concealed behind COOK - and it is MRS. PEACOCK's hands which are caressing COLONEL MUSTARD.

The COP turns to MR. GREEN, who is watching open-mouthed.

COP

It's not all that shocking. Folks
are just having a good time.

He leaves the room, followed by MR. GREEN. MRS. PEACOCK comes out from behind the dead COOK. She is looking demented.

MRS. PEACOCK

Oh, my God!!

MRS. WHITE stops kissing MR. BODDY.

MRS. PEACOCK

How could you kiss that... thing?

MRS. WHITE

(shrugs)

It's like kissing my first husband.

MRS. PEACOCK

(nastily)

Before or after you cut his head off?

(CONTINUED)

103 INT. THE LOUNGE

MISS SCARLET is pouring brandy into the mouth of the dead MOTORIST.

104 INT. THE HALL

The COP and MR. GREEN cross the Hall and open the Lounge Door.

105 INT. THE LOUNGE

MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM are in an embrace. The MOTORIST is now lying back in a chair, his head injury not visible from the front. A half empty bottle of brandy has his fingers curled round it.

The COP enters. MISS SCARLET and PROFESSOR PLUM separate. The COP eyes them. MR. GREEN is still open-mouthed.

COP

Excuse me.

He sees the MOTORIST and crosses over to him. He sees the bottle. He bends down and sniffs his breath.

COP

(continuing)

He's drunk. Dead drunk.

MISS SCARLET

(nodding)

Dead right.

The COP shakes the MOTORIST. The bottle slips to the floor. The MOTORIST, not surprisingly, doesn't wake up when shaken. The COP bends down towards his ear.

COP

I hope you're not going to drive home?

PROFESSOR PLUM

He won't be driving home, officer, I promise you that.

COP

(looking up)

Someone will give him a lift?

MISS SCARLET

Yes, we'll get a car for him -
a long black car.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR PLUM
(hastily)
A limousine.

The COP nods. MR. GREEN is still open-mouthed.

106 INT. THE LIBRARY

WADSWORTH is on the phone.

WADSWORTH
Goodbye.

He replaces the receiver, and, remembering his situation, hurries out into the Hall.

106A INT. THE HALL

WADSWORTH sees the COP and MR. GREEN coming out of the Lounge.

WADSWORTH
Officer...

COP
You're too late. I've seen everything. *

WADSWORTH is shattered by this statement. As always, the dialogue maintains a considerable pace - therein lies the humor.

WADSWORTH
You have?
(in despair)
I can explain everything.

COP
You don't need to.

WADSWORTH
(dazed)
I don't?

COP
Don't worry. There's nothing illegal about any of this.

WADSWORTH
Are you sure? *

(CONTINUED)

106A CONTINUED:

COP
No. This is America.

WADSWORTH
I see.

COP
It's a free country, didn't you know?

WADSWORTH
I didn't know it was that free?

Slight pause.

COP
May I use the phone now?

WADSWORTH
Certainly.

Delighted, he shows the COP into the Library. The COP goes in, and WADSWORTH locks the door. Again he leaves the key in the lock.

107 INT. THE LIBRARY

The COP again notices the door being locked. He turns to the telephone.

108 INT. THE HALL

All the GROUP come out of the Study and Lounge.

MR. GREEN
Why did you lock him in there again?

WADSWORTH
We didn't finish searching the house.

PROFESSOR PLUM
(he looks at his watch)
But we're running out of time. Only fifteen minutes till the police come.

MR. GREEN
The police came already.

ALL
SHUT UP!

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

YVETTE takes MR. GREEN by the hand.

YVETTE

Come on.

And they hurry up the main stairs. WADSWORTH and MRS. WHITE follow. We MOVE WITH them, TO a HIGH AND VERY WIDE SHOT as they all come up the stairs, and simultaneously MRS. PEACOCK and PROFESSOR PLUM return to the Cellar stairs.

On the second floor landing WADSWORTH goes back into the First Bedroom, MRS. WHITE into the second Bedroom. We MOVE WITH YVETTE and MR. GREEN UP TO the stairs INTO the Attic where they separate and go into different rooms of which there are many. We WATCH MR. GREEN peering nervously behind doors, into cupboards, into trunks.

109 INT. KITCHEN

COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET enter the Kitchen. COLONEL MUSTARD eyes a different cupboard door. He moves steadily toward it, opens it -- and a fold-up ironing board drops out and hits him on the head. He reels. Then he looks around. His eye is caught by the cupboard out of which the COOK fell.

He opens the door. It looks like a big broom cupboard. Then, with an eerie creak, the back wall of the cupboard moves -- and opens. Another secret passage!

COLONEL MUSTARD

Look.

MISS SCARLET

I don't believe it. Where does this one go?

COLONEL MUSTARD

Let's find out.

110 INT. SECRET PASSAGE

COLONEL MUSTARD and MISS SCARLET move along the tunnel.

111 OMITTED