

CLUE

(1985)

Screenplay by: Jonathan Lynn

Story by: John Landis and Jonathan Lynn

Directed by: Jonathan Lynn

The opening credits appear over a sky, growing stormy.

1 -- EXT. WADSWORTH'S CAR--TWILIGHT -- 1

*WADSWORTH's car travels through the wind of an oncoming storm.
It pulls up to the gate of Hill House.*

Hill House is a large, imposing mansion, looking very New England.

*Wadsworth takes out a key and unlocks the gate.
He drives the car up to the front door.*

2 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR -- 2

*Wadsworth exits the car, holding a bag and looking at the two
barking guard dogs.
The dogs approach Wadsworth . . . then jump.
Wadsworth quickly pulls a big beef bone out of the bag and hurls it
to them.
The dogs trot away to gnaw on the bone as Wadsworth rolls up the
bag.
Wadsworth cinches their chain so it won't allow them to reach the
door.
He steps toward the door . . . and sniffs.
Wadsworth pauses and checks the bottom of his feet. Dog crap.
He looks in disgust at the dogs, who aren't bothered at all.*

3 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 3

*The Hall of Hill House is remarkable, elegant but not gaudy.
It is furnished in dark wood, and brass, with crystal chandeliers.
There are several doors on each side of the hall and three at the
end.
To the left: Lounge and dining room.
To the right: Study, library, and billiard room.
The end: Conservatory, ball room, bathroom, and kitchen.
The stairs are located to the right.
By the staircase is the door to the basement steps.*

*We hear "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" in the background.
Wadsworth opens the front door of Hill House and wipes off his
foot.
He enters and hangs up his coat.*

SUPERIMPOSED: NEW ENGLAND

1954

Wadsworth steps briskly down the Hall steps toward the library.

4 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 4

The library is a somewhat more comfortable room than the hall, composed of dark colors. All of the walls are covered with books, with the exception of one wall, a window.

YVETTE, a young and rather jiggly french maid, is polishing a glass.

The music is much louder.

Wadsworth enters and turns off the record player. The music stops.

He speaks to the maid in a proper English accent.

WADSWORTH

Is everything ready?

She replies in a French accent.

YVETTE

Oui, monsieur.

WADSWORTH

You have your instructions?

Yvette nods.

Wadsworth exits.

Yvette sniffs the air, and then examines the bottom of her shoes.

5 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 5

The kitchen is white tile, narrow. There is a meat freezer to the right.

A counter leads off to the left.

MRS. HO, the cook, is sharpening a knife.

Joseph McCarthy is speaking on the television in the background.

Wadsworth enters.

WADSWORTH

Is everything all right, Mrs. Ho?

She turns, knife in hand.

MRS. HO

Dinner will be ready at seven-thirty.

The doorbell rings.

Wadsworth exits the kitchen.

6 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR--NIGHT -- 6

*A man is standing by the front door, being growled at by the dogs.
He is not comfortable.*

7 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 7

Wadsworth opens the door.

WADSWORTH

Good evening.

MAN (MUSTARD)

Good evening. I don't know if--

WADSWORTH

Yes, indeed, sir, you are expected, Colonel.

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

MUSTARD

No, that's not my name. My name is Colonel--

WADSWORTH

Pardon me, sir, but tonight you may well feel obliged to my
employer
for the use of an alias.

*Mustard sniffs around and checks his shoe as Wadsworth hangs his
coat.*

The pair starts across the hall.

MUSTARD

And who are you, sir?

WADSWORTH

I'm Wadsworth, sir. The butler.

8 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 8

Yvette is present.

WADSWORTH

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

(glances at them)

Within reason, that is.

Wadsworth exits, closing the doors behind him. The doors have books on the back of them, and so look like a part of the wall.

MUSTARD

Oh, Wadsworth, I was--

Mustard turns to discover the doors have disappeared.

The bell rings.

9 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR -- 9

A woman dressed in black stands here.

Wadsworth opens the door.

10 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 10

WADSWORTH

Do come in, madam. You are expected.

WOMAN (WHITE)

Do you know who I am?

WADSWORTH

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

WHITE

Yes, it said so in the letter. But, why . . . ?

*Wadsworth removes her coat, with a brilliantly white inside.
Mrs. White sniffs and checks her shoe.*

11 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 11

*Yvette and Col. Mustard are here.
Mustard is sipping Cognac and glancing at Yvette.
The doors open, the left one into Col. Mustard.*

WADSWORTH

Ah. May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is Yvette, the maid.
(The two women react with disgust)
I see you know each other.

Mrs. White turns away as Col. Mustard emerges from behind the door.

WHITE

Hello.

MUSTARD

Hello.

12 -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 12

*A slim woman is standing by her broken down car.
An owl can be heard.
She hits the car, obviously frustrated.
Thunder roars in the distance.*

*The woman sees headlights a short way away. She smoothes her dress.
As the car nears, she bends over the engine and lifts a leg.
the car screeches to a halt just past her and backs up.
The woman goes to the car and peers in.*

MAN'S VOICE (PLUM)

Want a lift?

WOMAN (SCARLET)

(sultry)

Yes, please . . .

She gets in.

13 -- INT. MAN'S CAR -- 13

WOMAN (SCARLET)

Thanks. I'm late for a dinner date.

MAN (PLUM)

Me too. Where are you going?

The woman pulls out a sheet of paper.

WOMAN (SCARLET)

(looking at paper)

Let's see . . . Hill House. Off Route 41.

MAN (PLUM)

Wait a minute. Let me look at that.

(takes paper)

That's where I'm going. I got a letter like this.

They both look disturbed.

14 -- EXT. CAR -- 14

The rain has started.

The windshield wipers start as the car pulls away.

15 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 15

We see a middle aged woman.

WADSWORTH (O.S.)

And this is Mrs. Peacock.

MUSTARD

How do you do?

WHITE

Hello.

WADSWORTH

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

Yvette nods.

Mrs. Peacock stares disapprovingly at Yvette's exposed cleavage.

Yvette exits the library.

The doorbell rings.

16 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR -- 16

It is now raining quite hard.

A man is standing at the door, much like Col. Mustard was.

The dogs, of course, are growling.

Wadsworth opens the door.

MAN (GREEN)

Is this the right address to meet Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH

Oh, you must be Mr. Green.

GREEN

Yes . . .

WADSWORTH

(to dogs)

Sit!

Green frantically sits on a bench by the door.

WADSWORTH

No. Not you, sir.

Mr. Green sheepishly gets up and enters the house.

17 -- INT. MAN'S CAR -- 17

WOMAN (SCARLET)

It should be just off there.

17a -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--VIEW FROM FRONT GATE -- 17a

17b -- INT. **MAN'S** CAR -- 17b

MAN (PLUM)

That must be it.

17c -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--VIEW FROM FRONT GATE -- 17c

Lightning crashes, illuminating the house.

17d -- INT. **MAN'S** CAR -- 17d

WOMAN (SCARLET)

Why is the car stopped?

MAN (PLUM)

It's frightened.

17e -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT GATE -- 17e

The car is started again and it rolls up the driveway.

18 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 18

Lightning crashes, making Mr. Green gulp.

19 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT--DRIVEWAY -- 19

*The man and woman exit their car and run for the front door.
The man shields the woman from the now heavy rain.*

MAN (PLUM)

What a godforsaken place!

The door opens, revealing Wadsworth.

WADSWORTH

Professor Plum! And Miss Scarlet. I didn't realize you were acquainted.

SCARLET

(glancing at Plum)
We weren't.

They enter.

20 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 20

The doors open to reveal Prof. Plum and Miss Scarlet.

WADSWORTH

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

Nods all around.

Plum and Scarlet receive wine glasses from Yvette, whom Plum eyes. Prof. Plum clinks glasses with Miss Scarlet, who looks annoyed.

WADSWORTH

Of course, since you've each been addressed by a pseudonym, you'll have realized that nobody here is being addressed by their real name.

The guests glance around suspiciously.

21 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 21

Mrs. Ho bangs a gong once, fiercely.

22 -- INT. LIBRARY -- 22

*The gong is heard a second time.
Mr. Green jumps at the sound, dumping his champagne on Mr. Peacock.*

WADSWORTH

(calmly, as always)
Ah. Dinner.

GREEN

(hands Peacock his glass, starts to mop her up as she clucks)

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

23 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 23

The guests cross to the Dining Room.

24 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 24

The dining room is elegant, in similar decor to the Hall, but it is somewhat more comfortable.

However, the room is still small.

At one end, there is a door and a metal partition, both leading to the kitchen.

The guests file in.

WADSWORTH

You'll find your names beside your places. Please be seated.

The guests, except for Col. Mustard, find their places and sit.

Wadsworth sets Miss Scarlet's drink on the table, to her pleasure.

MUSTARD

(indicating the head of the table)

Is this place for you?

WADSWORTH

Oh, indeed, no, sir. I'm merely a humble butler.

MUSTARD

And what exactly do you do?

WADSWORTH

I buttle, sir.

MUSTARD

Which means what?

WADSWORTH

The butler is head of the kitchen and dining room.

I keep everything . . . tidy. That's all.

Col. Mustard attempts to continue but is interrupted by Mrs. Peacock.

PEACOCK

Well, what's all this about, butler; this dinner party?

WADSWORTH

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

PLUM

"Die"?

WADSWORTH

(smiling)

Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

MUSTARD

(now seated next to Miss Scarlet)

Hm. I prefer Kipling, myself.

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

(to Scarlet)

You like Kipling, Miss Scarlet?

SCARLET

Sure, I'll eat anything.

Yvette enters carrying a tray.

YVETTE

(to Peacock)

Sharks' Fin Soup, Madame.

MUSTARD

(again indicating head)

So is this for our host?

WADSWORTH

No, sir. For the seventh guest, Mr. Boddy.

WHITE

I thought Mr. Boddy was our host?

The guests all concur.

WHITE

So who is our host, Mr. Wadsworth?

Wadsworth chuckles with a closed smile.

PLUM

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

PEACOCK

Oh, now shouldn't we wait for the other guest?

YVETTE

I will keep somesing warm for eem.

SCARLET

What did you have in mind, dear?

Silence.

Prof. Plum slurps soup from his spoon.

Mrs. White disapproves, then does the same.

Mustard, Scarlet, and Green stare at them, spoons poised near mouths.

They do it again.

Silence.

PEACOCK

(breathlessly)

Well, someone's got to break the ice, and 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 am determined to enjoy myself and I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup's delicious isn't it?

Everyone sits bewildered.

WHITE

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

PEACOCK

Yes, it's an integral part of your life when you are the wife of a.

. . .

oh, but then I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are, though heavens to Betsy, I don't know why.

MUSTARD

Don't you.

GREEN

I know who you are.

SCARLET

Aren't you going to tell us?

PEACOCK

(removes glasses nervously)
How do you know who I am?

GREEN

I work in Washington, too.

PLUM

Oh, so you're a politician's wife.

PEACOCK

Yes, I-I am.

MUSTARD

Well, come on, then. Who's your husband?

Suddenly, Wadsworth opens the door from the kitchen.

PEACOCK

(to Mrs. White)
So, what does your husband do?

WHITE

(almost cutting her off)
Nothing.

PEACOCK

Nothing?

WHITE

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

SCARLET

Sounds like hard work to me.

*Yvette, in the kitchen, opens the partition suddenly.
The noise coincides with a crash of thunder.*

Mr. Green, jumpy as ever, spills his drink again, this time on Miss Scarlet.

GREEN

I'm . . . sorry. I'm afraid I'm a little accident-prone.

He starts to wipe her off.

SCARLET

Ah--watch it.

He stops.

Yvette starts serving food.

YVETTE

Excuse moi.

The guests start eating.

PEACOCK

Mmm! This is one of my favorite recipes!

WADSWORTH

I know, madam.

PEACOCK

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

No answer.

PEACOCK

Come on, what do you do? I mean, how are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves?

SCARLET

(angrily)

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

PEACOCK

(bothered)

Well, I'm sure I don't know, but if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

PLUM

Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK

Yes! What? No, why?

PLUM

Oh, it just seems to me that you seem to suffer from what we call pressure of speech.

SCARLET

"We"? Who's "we"? Are you a shrink?

PLUM

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

WHITE

Are you a doctor?

PLUM

I am, but I don't practice.

SCARLET

Practice makes perfect. Ha. I think most men need a little practice, don't you, Mrs. Peacock?

Mrs. Peacock shrugs, very uncomfortable.

WHITE

So what do you do, Professor?

PLUM

I work for UNO, the United Nations Organization.

MUSTARD

Another politician. Jesus!

PLUM

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

PEACOCK

Well, what is your area of special concern?

PLUM

Family planning.

(to Mustard)

What about you, Colonel? Are you a real colonel?

MUSTARD

(seriously)

I am, sir.

SCARLET

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

MUSTARD

How did you know that? Have we met before?

SCARLET

I've certainly seen you before. Although you may not have seen me.

GREEN

So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

SCARLET

Sure do.

PEACOCK

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

PLUM

I don't.

GREEN

Yes, but you work for the United Nations.

That's a government job. And the rest of us all live in a government town.

Anyone here not earn their living from the government in one way or another?

Col. Mustard stands suddenly.

MUSTARD

(angrily, to Wadsworth)

Wadsworth, where's our host, and why have we been brought here?

The doorbell rings.

Wadsworth exits.

We hear the door opening and Wadsworth speaks.

WADSWORTH (O.S.)

Ah! Good evening. You are eagerly awaited.

MAN (BODDY) (O.S.)

You lockin' me in?

I'll take the key.

WADSWORTH (O.S.)

Over my dead body, sir.

May I take your bag?

MAN (BODDY) (O.S.)

No. I'll leave it here 'til I need it.

WADSWORTH (O.S.)

It contains evidence, I presume?

MAN (BODDY) (O.S.)

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

Wadsworth enters the dining room, followed by the man.

WADSWORTH

Ladies and gentlemen, may I present Mr. Boddy.

BODDY

What are they all doin' here?

WADSWORTH

Eating dinner. Do sit down, Mr. Boddy.

BODDY

(sitting)

Thanks.

Yvette starts to serve him

BODDY

Nah, you can take that away, honey.

Mrs. Peacock hits the table.

PEACOCK

(angrily)

Look. I demand to know what's going on. Now why have we all been dragged up to this horrible place?

WADSWORTH

Well. I believe we all received a letter. My letter says, "It will be to your advantage to be present on this date because a Mr. Boddy will bring to an end a certain long-standing confidential and painful financial liability." It is signed, "A friend."

GREEN

I received a similar letter.

SCARLET

So did we, didn't we. (indicating Prof. Plum)

BODDY

I also received a letter.
(Yvette starts to serve him again)
No thanks, Yvette. I just ate.

GREEN

Now, how did you know her name?

BODDY

We know each other.
(puts his hand up Yvette's (short) skirt)
Don't we, dear?

She recoils.

WADSWORTH

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

BODDY

No.

WADSWORTH

I see . . .

(to group)

Can I interest any of you in fruit or dessert?

No response.

WADSWORTH

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

25 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 25

The study is by far the most comfortable room we've seen so far. It is decorated in subdued tan colors.

There are several couches, a bookshelf, a table with drinks, and a desk.

The guests enter and look around for their host.

GREEN

Well, there's no one here.

WADSWORTH

(to the guests in general)

Please help yourself to brandy and be seated.

Wadsworth goes to the desk and takes a manilla envelope.

It reads For Wadsworth

Open AFTER DINNER

SCARLET

Mind if I smoke?

Prof. Plum, seated next to Miss Scarlet, lights her cigarette.

Wadsworth opens the envelope.

He peruses the contents.

WADSWORTH

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm instructed to you what you all have in common with each other.

Unless you would care to do the honors, Mr. Boddy?

BODDY

Why me? They know who I am?

WADSWORTH

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

Mr. Boddy stands suddenly.

BODDY

It's a hoax! I suggest we all leave.

He takes off out the study door.

WADSWORTH

(in pursuit)
I'm sorry, sir, you cannot leave this house!

26 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 26

*Mr. Boddy goes to the front door.
Wadsworth follows, and he is followed by the other guests.*

BODDY

No? Who's gonna stop me?

WADSWORTH

There's no way out.
(Mr. Boddy tries the front door. It's locked.)
All the windows have bars, all the doors are locked.

BODDY

This is an outrage! You can't hold us prisoner!

The guests, in confusion, agree.

WADSWORTH

(shouting over the din)
Ladies and gentlemen, please! Please return to the study.
Everything will be explained.

*The guests file unhappily back into the study.
Mr. Boddy walks past Wadsworth toward the rear of the hall.*

WADSWORTH

(to Mr. Boddy)
You too, Mr. Boddy.

Boddy starts running.

WADSWORTH

Other way!

He pursues Mr. Boddy.

27 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CONSERVATORY -- 27

*The conservatory is humid, with plants all around.
Three of the walls are brick, and the fourth is glass,
leading to the outside.*

The rain can be heard and seen, against the glass.

*Mr. Boddy runs in, picks up a brick and prepares to throw it
through the glass.
Wadsworth enters.*

WADSWORTH

You can't get out that way.

BODDY

Why not? It's only glass!

*Suddenly, a vicious Doberman jumps at the glass, barking and
snarling.*

Boddy drops the brick.

28 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 28

*The guests are already present.
Wadsworth and Mr. Boddy enter.*

Wadsworth takes up his envelope again.

WADSWORTH

*Ladies and gentlemen, you all have one thing in common.
You're all being blackmailed.
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?

PEACOCK

Oh, please! I've never heard anything so ridiculous.
I mean, nobody could blackmail me.
My life is an open book--I've never done anything wrong.

WADSWORTH

Anybody else wish to deny it?

The guests look at each other, but no one responds.

WADSWORTH

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

*The maid, so dismissed, leaves.
Mr. Boddy's eyes follow her out.*

WHITE

Don't you think 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.

PLUM

Yes, but now I work for the United Nations.

WADSWORTH

So your work has not changed.
But you don't practice medicine at the U.N.
His license to practice has been lifted, correct?

SCARLET

Why? What did he do?

WADSWORTH

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

SCARLET

Yeah?

WADSWORTH

Well, he did.

SCARLET

Ha!

PEACOCK

Oh, how disgusting.

WADSWORTH

(swooping down on her)

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?

PEACOCK

My husband is a paid consultant. There is nothing wrong with that!

WADSWORTH

Not if it's publicly declared, perhaps.

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?

SCARLET

I'd say it stinks.

PEACOCK

Well, how would you know. When were you in that men's room?

PLUM

So it's true!

PEACOCK

(standing)

No, it's a vicious lie!

WADSWORTH

I'm sure we're all glad to hear that.

But you've been paying blackmail for over a year now to keep that story out of the papers.

WHITE

(to Peacock)

Well, I am willing to believe you.

I too am being blackmailed for something I didn't do.

GREEN

Me too.

MUSTARD

And me.

SCARLET

Not me.

WADSWORTH

You're not being blackmailed?

SCARLET

Oh, I'm being blackmailed, all right.

But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.

PLUM

(with interest)

What did you do?

SCARLET

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

PLUM

(very interested)

Oh, yeah?

(pulling out a pen and notepad)

What's the phone number?

Miss Scarlet rolls her eyes.

GREEN

So how did you know Colonel Mustard works in Washington?

Is he one of your clients?

MUSTARD

(incredulous)

Certainly not!

GREEN

I was asking Miss Scarlet.

MUSTARD

(to Scarlet)

Well, you tell him it's not true!

SCARLET

It's not true.

PLUM

Is that true?

SCARLET

No, it's not true.

GREEN

Ha-hah! So it is true!

WADSWORTH

A double negative!

MUSTARD

Double "negative"? You mean you have--

(whispers to Scarlet)

Photographs?

WADSWORTH

That sounds like a confession to me. In fact, the double negative has led to proof positive. I'm afraid you gave yourself away.

MUSTARD

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

WADSWORTH

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

MUSTARD

That's right!

Mustard realizes what he just said.

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?

SCARLET

(standing)

Oh, please.

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.

MUSTARD

I don't.
I came into money during the war, when I lost my mommy and daddy.

Wadsworth is puzzled, but soon recovers.

WADSWORTH

Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer
ever since your husband died under, shall we say,
mysterious circumstances.

Miss Scarlet laughs.

WHITE

Why is that funny?

SCARLET

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

WHITE

I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD

Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE

I don't want a scandal, do I?
We had had a very humiliating public confrontation,
he was deranged . . . lunatic.
He didn't actually seem to like me very much, he had
threatened to kill me in public.

SCARLET

Why would he want to kill you in public?

WADSWORTH

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

SCARLET

Oh.

And was that his final word on the matter?

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.

SCARLET

What did he do for a living?

WHITE

He was a scientist. Nuclear physics.

SCARLET

What was he like?

WHITE

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

The men in the room cross their legs.

WHITE

I had been out all evening at the movies.

SCARLET

Do you miss him?

WHITE

Well, it's a matter of life after death.
Now that he's dead, I have a life.

WADSWORTH

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

WHITE

But that was his job. He was an illusionist.

WADSWORTH

But he never reappeared.

WHITE

(shrugging)
He wasn't a very good illusionist.

Mr. Green clears his throat and stands.

GREEN

I have something to say.
(pauses)
I'm not going to wait for Wadsworth here to unmask me.
I work for the state department. And I am a homosexual.

*Wadsworth, wide-eyed, looks for Green's file.
Mrs. Peacock clucks in disgust.*

GREEN

I feel no personal shame or guilt about this. But I must
keep it a secret or I will lose my job on security grounds.
(pauses again)
. . . Thank you.

*Mr. Green sits back down next to Prof. Plum,
who rapidly stands and walks away.*

PLUM

Well, that just leaves Mr. Boddy.

SCARLET

What's your little secret?

WADSWORTH

His secret?
Oh, hadn't you guessed?
He's the one who's blackmailing you all.

*Lightning crashes.
Mr. Boddy looks very satisfied.*

MUSTARD

You bastard!

*The guests advance on Mr. Boddy as he stands.
Col. Mustard challenges Mr. Boddy to fight, boxing-style.*

MUSTARD

Put 'em up!

Mr. Boddy steps on the Colonel's toes and pokes him in the eyes.

GREEN

Gentlemen . . .

MUSTARD

If you can't fight fairly, don't fight at all!

BODDY

Calls me a bastard!

Mr. Green and the others try to separate them as Colonel Mustard recovers and Mr. Boddy goes for him.

Mrs. White decides to take matters into her own hands and knees Mr. Boddy in the crotch.

GREEN

Was that necessary, Mrs. White?

WADSWORTH

Wait! Wait! The police are coming!

The guests disapprove.

WADSWORTH

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

BODDY

(standing, in pain)
's not so easy.
You'll never tell the police.

WADSWORTH

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

28a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 28a

Yvette in the Billiard room, drinking cognac and listening to a tape recorder that is recording.

GREEN (V.O.)

Point of order--tape recordings are not admissible evidence!

28b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 28b

The study.

General confusion ensues.

WADSWORTH

Ladies and gentlemen, the police will be here in about
(checks his watch)

forty-five minutes.

Tell them the truth, and Mr. Boddy will be behind bars.

Mr. Boddy goes for the hall.

Wadsworth stops them.

WADSWORTH

Where are you going this time?

BODDY

I think I can help them make up their minds.

Can I just get my little bag from the hall?

Boddy exits.

28c -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 28c

The Hall.

Mr. Boddy gets his bags from by the front door.

28d -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 28d

The study.

Mr. Boddy opens his luggage.

BODDY

Who can guess what's in here, eh?

WHITE

The evidence against us, no doubt.

Mr. Boddy chuckles.

He starts handing out boxes, each with a different size and shape.

SCARLET

We didn't know we were meeting you tonight.

Did you know you were meeting us?

BODDY

Oh, yes.

WHITE

What were you told, precisely?

BODDY

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

He finishes handing out the packages.

BODDY

(elbowing his way to the door)

'Scuse me.

(eyeing the packages)

Open 'em.

SCARLET

Why not?

I enjoy getting presents from strange men.

Scarlet opens her package.

A candlestick.

SCARLET

A candlestick? What's this for?

Mrs. White opens her box and reveals a rope-tied in a noose.

Mr. Green takes his box in one hand. He opens it and lets the contents fall into his other hand.

A bent lead pipe.

*Col. Mustard opens his box and pulls out . . .
a heavy wrench.*

*Prof. Plum takes the lid off his package and looks in.
He gingerly pulls out a revolver.*

*Finally, the camera reveals Mrs. Peacock, who is twirling
a dagger.*

BODDY (O.S.)

In your hands, you each have a lethal weapon.

Mr. Boddy walks on camera and continues.

BODDY

*If you denounce me to the police, you will also be exposed and
humiliated.*

I'll see to that in court.

(pauses)

But . . . if one of you kills Wadsworth now . . .

Wadsworth's eyes widen in shock.

BODDY

. . . no one but the seven of us will ever know.

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

I suggest we take him up on that offer.

*Mr. Boddy goes over to the light switch with deliberate ease.
He closes the door to the hall and sets his drink down.*

BODDY

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

Now.

He turns off the lights.

We hear noises.

Someone inhales raspily.

A gunshot.

Something ceramic shatters.

A scream.

The lights go up.

Mrs. Peacock, who turned on the light, drops the dagger in shock.

The camera reveals Mr. Boddy lying prone on the floor.

MUSTARD

It's not Wadsworth!

The guests talk to each other.

PLUM

Stand back! Give him air!

(kneels next to Mr. Boddy)

Let me see.

(checks Mr. Boddy for signs of life)

He's dead!

WHITE

Who had the gun?

PLUM

I did.

PEACOCK

Then you shot him!

PLUM

I didn't!

PEACOCK

Well, you had the gun. If you didn't shoot him, who did?

Mr. Boddy is turned over.

PLUM

Nobody! Look, there's no gunshot wound.

Somebody tried to grab the gun from me in the dark
and the gun went off.

Look! The bullet broke that vase on the mantel!

Everyone rushes for the mantel simultaneously, causing confusion.

MUSTARD

He's absolutely right. Look, there's a bullet hole here in the
wall. See that?

Mr. Green grabs Prof. Plum by the lapels.

GREEN

How did he die?

PLUM

I don't know!

(shoves him away)

I'm not a forensic expert.

WHITE

Well, one of us must have killed him!

GREEN

Well, I didn't do it.

PEACOCK

Oh, I need a drink!

She goes to the door and gets Mr. Boddy's cognac.

She sips.

PLUM

(alarmed)

Maybe he was poisoned!

Mrs. Peacock drops the glass in revulsion and starts to scream.

She won't stop.

Mr. Green takes her to a sofa, offering words of comfort.

She sits, but won't stop screaming.

Mr. Green slaps her.

GREEN

I . . . I had to stop her from screaming . . .

PLUM

(to Green)

Was the brandy poisoned?

GREEN

I don't know.

SCARLET

(picks up the glass. All the cognac has spilled out)

Looks like we'll never know.

GREEN

Unless . . . unless she dies, too.

They all rush over to scrutinize Mrs. Peacock.

A scream erupts from another room!
The guests gasp.

They run from the study into the hall.

29 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 29

The guests run to the door of the billiard room.
Mr. Green tries it.

GREEN

It's locked!

WADSWORTH

Open up!

PLUM

It must be the murderer.

GREEN

Why would he scream?

WHITE

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

GREEN

Oh, my God!

The doors open.

30 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 30

The guests pour in.

WADSWORTH

You're alive!

YVETTE

No sanks to you!

WADSWORTH

What do you mean?

YVETTE

You lock me up with a murderer, you eediot!

WHITE

So the murderer is in this room.

YVETTE

Mai Oui!

GREEN

But where?

YVETTE

Where? 'Ere!

Mr. Green looks behind the door.

YVETTE

We are all looking at eem. Or 'er.

Is what Mrs. White said in ze study--one of you is ze killer!

PLUM

How did you know we said that?

YVETTE

I was lisuning!

WHITE

But why were you screaming in here all by yourself?

YVETTE

Because I am frightened. Me too, I also drink ze cognac.

(sobbing)

Mon diou. I can't stay in here by myself.

Miss Scarlet and Col. Mustard go to Yvette.

SCARLET

Come back to the study with us.

YVETTE

With ze murderer?

MUSTARD

(shaking the wrench)

There is safety in numbers . . .

(realizing and putting the wrench away)

. . . my dear.

The guests leave the room.

After they are gone, Wadsworth takes the tape off the spools.

31 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 31

GREEN

Is there no indication of how he died?

PLUM

No.

WADSWORTH

This is terrible. This is absolutely terrible! It's not what I'd intended.

Oh, my God . . .

WHITE

Not what YOU intended?

SCARLET

So you're not the butler?

WADSWORTH

I'm not THE butler, but I am A butler.

In fact, I was his butler.

PLUM

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

WADSWORTH

I invited you. In fact, I wrote the letters.

It was all my idea.

WHITE

Wait a minute. I-I don't understand.

Why did you invite us here to meet your late employer?

Were you assisting him to blackmail us?

WADSWORTH

Certainly not!

WHITE

I think you had better explain.

WADSWORTH

Please sit down. Everyone.

Everyone sits but Mr. Green.

He searches for a spot, but no one gives it to him.

He ends up leaning against a serving table.

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
that brought my employment with him to an end.

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.

*Mr. Green's serving table gives way, landing him (and
several pieces of crystal) on the floor.*

GREEN

Sorry.

WADSWORTH

For some reason, he felt that it was inappropriate for a senator
to have a corrupt wife, for a doctor to take
advantage of his patients, for a wife to emasculate her
husband and . . . and . . . so forth.

GREEN

But this is ridiculous!

If he was such a patriotic American, why didn't he just report us to the authorities?

WADSWORTH

He decided to put his information to good use and make a little money out of it.
What could be more American than that?

Several nods.

PLUM

And what was your role in all this?

WADSWORTH

I was . . . a victim, too.
At least my wife was.
She had friends who were . . .
(this is obviously painful for him)
. . . Socialists.

*Gasps and muttering from several guests,
the most vocal of whom is Mrs. Peacock.*

WADSWORTH

(holding back tears)
Well, we all make mistakes . . .

(Mrs. White pulls a tissue from her bra and gives it to him.)

WADSWORTH

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--

MUSTARD

Too late.

WADSWORTH

--The suicide of my wife preyed on my mind, and created a sense of injustice in me.
I resolved to put Mr. Boddy behind bars.
It seemed to be the best way to do it, and to free all of you from the same burden of blackmail was to get everyone face to face,

confront Mr. Boddy with his crimes, and then . . .
. . . turn him over to the police.

PLUM

So, everything is explained.

SCARLET

Nothing's explained. We still don't know who killed him!

WADSWORTH

Well, the point is, we've got to find out in the next thirty-nine minutes.
Before the police arrive!

PEACOCK

My God, we can't have them come here now--

GREEN

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

PLUM

What do you mean which of "you" did it?

GREEN

Well, I didn't do it!

WADSWORTH

Well, one of us did.
We all had the opportunity, we all had a motive.

SCARLET

Great. We'll all go to the chair.

PLUM

Maybe it wasn't one of us.

MUSTARD

Well, who else could it have been?

PLUM

Who else is in the house?

WADSWORTH and YVETTE

Only the (ze) cook.

ALL

The cook!

32 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 32

The party runs from the study to the Kitchen.

33 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 33

*They all get stuck in the door, except for Mr. Green.
He steps down into the kitchen and looks around.*

GREEN

Well. She's not here.

The door to the freezer starts to open.

Miss Scarlet screams.

*The cook's body tumbles out into Mr. Green's arms.
She now has the dagger sticking out of her back.
Mrs. Ho was not (and is not) a light woman.
He is having difficulty holding her.*

GREEN

I didn't do it!!

(pause)

Somebody help me, please?

(nobody moves)

Somebody help me, PLEASE?

Several guests go to help.

One of them reaches for the knife.

MUSTARD

Don't touch it. That's evidence.

WHITE

Not for us.

We have to find out who did this. We can't take fingerprints!

MUSTARD

(to Wadsworth)

I think you'd better explain yourself, Wadsworth.

WADSWORTH

Me? Why me?

GREEN

Who would want to kill the cook?

SCARLET

Dinner wasn't that bad.

MUSTARD

How can you make jokes at a time like this?

SCARLET

It's my defense mechanism.

MUSTARD

Some defense. If I was the killer, I would kill you next.

(Several guests look shocked)

SCARLET

Oh?

(Uncomfortable silence)

MUSTARD

I said "if." "If"!

(pause)

Hey, come on.

There is only one admitted killer here, and it is certainly not me, it is her!

He points at Mrs. White.

WHITE

I've admitted nothing.

MUSTARD

Well, you paid the blackmail. How many husbands have you had?

WHITE

Mine or other women's?

MUSTARD

Yours.

WHITE

Five.

MUSTARD

Five.

WHITE

Yes, just the five. Husbands should be like Kleenex.
Soft, strong, and disposable.

MUSTARD

You lure men to their deaths like a spider with flies!

WHITE

Flies are where men are most vulnerable.

MUSTARD

Right!

(Again, he realizes what he just said)

MUSTARD

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

PEACOCK

Yes, but I put it down.

PLUM

Where?

PEACOCK

In the study.

PLUM

When?

PEACOCK

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

WADSWORTH

Hmm.

Look. I suggest we take the cook's body into the study.

MUSTARD

Why?

WADSWORTH

I'm the butler. I like to keep the kitchen tidy.

34 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 34

*The camera faces the door that leads from the study to the hall.
The men are carrying the cook's body into the study,
effectively blocking off the women's view.*

PLUM

(dropping Mrs. Ho and pointing)

Look!

WADSWORTH and GREEN

What?

PLUM

The body's gone!

Mrs. Ho is dropped.

PEACOCK

What are you all staring at?

GREEN

Nothing . . .

PEACOCK

Well, who's there?

MUSTARD

Nobody.

WADSWORTH

Nobody. No Boddy, that's what we mean.

Mr. Boddy's body. It's gone.

WHITE

Maybe he wasn't dead.

PLUM

He was.

SCARLET

We should have made sure!

PEACOCK

How? By cutting his head off, I suppose.

WHITE

That wasn't called for.

SCARLET

Where is he?

PLUM

We better look for him.

They look around.

GREEN

Well . . . he couldn't have been dead.

PLUM

He was.

At least I thought he was.

But . . . what difference does it make now?

SCARLET

It makes quite a difference to him.

Maybe there is life after death.

WHITE

Life after death is as improbable as sex after marriage.

GREEN

Maybe Mr. Boddy killed the cook!

SCARLET and WHITE

Yes!

WADSWORTH

How?

Mr. Green is at a loss.

PEACOCK

Well, if you'll excuse me, I have to, um . . .
(to Yvette)
Is there a little girls' room?

YVETTE

Oui, oui, madame.

PEACOCK

No, I just want to powder my nose, thank you.

Yvette is bewildered.

Mrs. Peacock steps over Mrs. Ho's corpse into the hall.

Miss Scarlet, wandering around, picks up something.

SCARLET

What's this, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH

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

MUSTARD

(Going for them)
Oh, my God!

SCARLET

Were you planning to blackmail him, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH

Certainly not!
I'd obtained them for the Colonel, and I was going to give them back as soon as Mr. Boddy was unmasked.

SCARLET

Mmmm . . . very pretty.
Would you like to see these, Yvette? They might shock you . . .

YVETTE

No, merci. I am a lay-dee.

SCARLET

Oh, how do you know what kind of pictures they are if you're such a "lay-dee"?

PLUM

What sort of pictures are they?

MUSTARD

They are my pictures, and I'd like them back, please.

SCARLET

No, I'm afraid there's something in them that concerns me too.

Prof. Plum snatches the pictures and holds them up to the light.

PLUM

Let me see . . .

WHITE

(looking)

Oh, my.

Nobody can get into that position.

PLUM

(putting the pictures down)

Sure they can. Let me show you.

35 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--REAR -- 35

Mrs. Peacock opens the door to the bathroom.

She screams.

Mr. Boddy's body falls out and lands in her outstretched arms.

He is almost certainly dead now; his head is bloody.

The party runs out to help her.

PLUM

Mr. Boddy!

GREEN

He's attacking her!

They pull the corpse off Mrs. Peacock.

WHITE

Well, he's dead.

WADSWORTH

Mr. Boddy. Dead. Again.

PEACOCK

(fanning herself)
Oh, my God . . .

WADSWORTH

She's going to faint.

PLUM

Somebody catch her!

WADSWORTH

(going behind Mrs. Peacock and encircling her with his arms)
I'll catch you. Fall into my arms.
(she slips right through)
Sorry . . .

WHITE

(looking at Mr. Green)
You've got blood on your hands . . .

GREEN

(panicking)
I didn't do it!

WADSWORTH

He's got new injuries.

He picks up Mr. Boddy's arm and lets it fall again.

WADSWORTH

Well, he's certainly dead now.
Why would anyone want to kill him twice?

SCARLET

It seems so unnecessary.

MUSTARD

It's what we call "overkill."

PLUM

It's what we call "psychotic."

GREEN

Unless he wasn't dead before.

PLUM

What's the difference?

WADSWORTH

(shouting)

That's what we're trying to find out!

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

PLUM

There's no need to shout!

WADSWORTH

(even louder)

I'm not shouting!!

All right, I am.

I'm shouting, I'm shouting, I'm shout--

At which point the candlestick, which had been nestled above the bathroom door, falls and hits him on the head.

Wadsworth hits the floor.

36 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 36

Mrs. Peacock has evidently recovered somewhat.

The women are taking the heavier Mrs. Ho into the room, the men have the lighter Mr. Boddy.

The guests make groans of exertion.

Col. Mustard is issuing orders.

MUSTARD

Okay, put the corpses on the sofa.

(pause)

Ladies first.

More sounds of exertion.

They plop Mr. Ho on the sofa.

Wadsworth enters, holding ice to his head.

WADSWORTH

Careful, don't get blood on the sofa.

YVETTE

How do we do sis? Ze dagger will go furzer into 'er back.

MUSTARD

Tip her forward, over the arm.

They do so.

MUSTARD

Now Mr. Boddy.

More sounds of exertion.

Col. Mustard nods.

*Prof. Plum is stuck on the couch between the two corpses.
Rather than move, he decides to make himself comfortable.*

MUSTARD

Now. Who--

(he closes Mr. Boddy's staring eyes)

Who had access to the candlestick?

WHITE

It was given to you.

SCARLET

Yeah, but I dropped it on the table.

Anyone could have picked it up. You . . . him . . .

Wadsworth starts going around the room, picking up the weapons.

WADSWORTH

Look. We still have all these weapons. The gun, the rope,
the wrench, the lead pipe.

Let's put them all in this cupboard and lock it.

There's a homicidal maniac about!

He locks the weapons in the cupboard.

Everyone states their approval.

GREEN

What are you doing with the key?

WADSWORTH

Putting it in my pocket.

GREEN

Why?

WADSWORTH

Well, to keep it safe, obviously.

PEACOCK

That means that you can open it, whenever you want.

WADSWORTH

But it also means that you can't.

PEACOCK

But what if you're the murderer?

WADSWORTH

I'm not.

MUSTARD

But what if you are?!

WADSWORTH

Well, it's got to be put somewhere.

If I've got it, I know I'm safe.

PEACOCK

We don't know that WE are!

WADSWORTH

I've an idea. We'll throw it away!

The party agrees.

37 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 37

Wadsworth opens the door and prepares to throw the key out.

*Waiting outside the door is a **MAN**, who ducks, thinking*

Wadsworth is about to hit him.

The butler quickly recovers and pockets the key.

The rest of the party runs up behind him.

WADSWORTH

Sorry . . .
Sorry . . . (laughs nervously)
Can we help?

MAN (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.

The party huddles together and discusses it.
The **MOTORIST** looks rather confused.

After a time, the group turns to the Motorist.

WADSWORTH

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

MOTORIST

Well? Where is it?

WADSWORTH

What, the body?

MOTORIST

The phone. What body?

WADSWORTH

Well, there's no body. There's nobody. There's nobody in the study.

PARTY

No!

WADSWORTH

But I think there's a phone in the lounge.

MOTORIST

Thank you.

38 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 38

Wadsworth leads the Motorist inside and indicates the phone.

WADSWORTH

When you've finished your call,
perhaps you'd be good enough to wait here.

It is not a question.

MOTORIST

Certainly.

Wadsworth exits the lounge.

39 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 39

*Wadsworth closes the door to the lounge and locks it.
Col. Mustard comes up behind him and puts a hand on his shoulder.*

Wadsworth yells in fright.

MUSTARD

Where's the key?

WADSWORTH

In my pocket.

PLUM

Not that key; the key to the cupboard with the weapons!

WADSWORTH

Do you still wish me to throw it away?

ALL

Yes!!

40 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT -- 40

*Wadsworth takes the key from his pocket and throws it.
We see it land on the cement and bounce into the foliage.*

41 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 41

Wadsworth closes the door.

WADSWORTH

Well. What now?

WHITE

(holding her hand out)
Wadsworth, let me out.

WADSWORTH

No.

WHITE

Why not?

WADSWORTH

We've got to know who did it. We're all in this together, now.

PEACOCK

If you leave, I'll say that you killed them both.

General agreement among the guests.

WHITE

Oh, Wadsworth, I'll make you sorry you ever started this.
One day, when we're alone together . . .

WADSWORTH

Mrs. White, no man in his right mind would be alone together with you.

MUSTARD

Well, I could use a drink!

General agreement again.

Col. Mustard goes to the study and looks in.

MUSTARD

Just checking.

PEACOCK

Everything all right?

MUSTARD

Yup. Two corpses. Everything's fine.

42 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 42

Col. Mustard is pouring himself a tall glass of whiskey.

MUSTARD

Anybody else want a whiskey?

SCARLET

Yeah.

Col. Mustard fills three other glasses at once, spilling the drink over the table.

MUSTARD

All right, look. Pay attention, everybody.

(to Wadsworth)

Wadsworth, am I right in thinking there is nobody else in this house?

WADSWORTH

Mmm, no.

MUSTARD

Then there IS someone else in this house?

WADSWORTH

No, sorry. I said "no," meaning "yes."

MUSTARD

"'No,' meaning 'yes'?"

Look, I want a straight answer.

Is there someone else or isn't there, yes or no?

WADSWORTH

Um, no.

MUSTARD

"No," there IS, or "no," there ISN'T?

WADSWORTH

Yes.

Mrs. White breaks her glass against the fireplace.

WHITE

(exasperated)

Please!!

Don't you think we should get that man out of the house before he finds out what's been going on here?

*She tosses the remains of her glass into the air.
It shatters on the hearth.*

SCARLET

Yeah!

PLUM

How can we throw him outside in this weather?

SCARLET

If we let him stay in the house, he may get suspicious.

PLUM

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

MUSTARD

If I were him, I'd be suspicious already.

PEACOCK

(at wit's end)

Oh, who cares?! That guy doesn't matter! Let him stay, locked up for another half an hour! The police will be here by then, and there are two dead bodies in the study!!

ALL

Shhhh!

MUSTARD

Well, there is still some confusion as to whether or not there's anybody else in this house.

WADSWORTH

I told you, there isn't.

MUSTARD

There isn't any confusion, or there isn't anybody else.

WADSWORTH

Either. Or both.

MUSTARD

Just give me a clear answer!

WADSWORTH

Certainly!

(pause)

What was the question?

MUSTARD

Is there anybody else in the house?!

ALL

No!!

MUSTARD

That's what he says, but does he know?

I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion.

We split up, and search the house.

PEACOCK

Split up!

MUSTARD

Yes. We have very little time left, so we'll split up into pairs.

PLUM

Pairs?

MUSTARD

Yes.

PLUM

Wait a minute. Suppose that one of us IS the murderer?

If we split up into pairs,

whichever one is left with the killer might get killed!

MUSTARD

Then we would have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK

But the other half of the pair would be dead!

MUSTARD

This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable.

You cannot without breaking eggs--every cook will tell you that.

PEACOCK

But look what happened to the cook!

GREEN

Colonel, are you willing to take that chance?

MUSTARD

What choice have we?

SCARLET

None.

GREEN

I suppose you're right.

YVETTE

Bon decor.

But it is dark upstairs, and I am frightened of ze dark.
Will anyone go wiz me?

PLUM

I will.

MUSTARD

I will.

GREEN

No, thank you.

WADSWORTH

I suggest we all draw lots, for partners.

He takes long matchsticks from near the fireplace.

43 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 43

*Wadsworth is using a knife to cut the long matchsticks
into different lengths.*

He prepares them in his hand so the matchs' lengths can't be seen.

WADSWORTH

Ready?

The two shortest together, the next two shortest together. Agreed?
And I suggest the two shortest search the cellar, and so on, up.

The guests approach the butler.

Col. Mustard picks a matchstick. It's relatively short.

Mrs. Peacock picks hers.

Mustard and Peacock compare. His is longer.

Miss Scarlet picks her matchstick with a jerk.

Mr. Green reaches over Miss Scarlet's shoulder and gets his matchstick. It is one of the uncut sticks.

Col. Mustard and Mr. Green compare. It's not even close.

Yvette selects her stick. It's another long one.

Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet compare.

They match, putting them together on the ground floor.

Miss Scarlet looks disgusted.

Mrs. White selects hers.

In the background, the party tries to match sticks.

Prof. Plum picks his matchstick.

Wadsworth takes what is left.

Mrs. White steps up to Wadsworth and pairs his matchstick.

They're going to the second floor.

Prof. Plum walks by Yvette and a distraught Mr. Green, who are going to the attic together.

Plum matches cellar matchsticks with Mrs. Peacock.

PLUM

It's you and me, honey bunch.

PEACOCK

Oh, God . . .

44 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 44

We see the party as it splits up.

Wadsworth and Mrs. White start up the stairs, as do Mr. Green and Yvette.

Prof. Plum and Mrs. Peacock stop, unsure of where to go.

Wadsworth pauses on a step and indicates the door under the staircase.

WADSWORTH

The cellar.

Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet stop in the middle of the Hall.

MUSTARD

Well, we know what's in the study, we've just come from the library, and the stranger's locked up in the lounge--

SCARLET

Let's go look in the billiard room again.

They go to the Billiard Room.

Prof. Plum opens the door to the cellar.

Mrs. Peacock reaches in and turns on the light.

They enter cautiously.

45 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 45

The storm is still around Hill House, visible from a second-story window.

Wadsworth and Mrs. White walk down the hallway as Mr. Green and Yvette start climbing the stairs to the attic.

We hear thunder and rain.

46 -- INT. ATTIC -- 46

Darkness.

We don't know exactly where we are.

Suddenly, a light turns on.

We see Mr. Green and Yvette, at the bottom of the attic staircase. Both of them are terrified of what may be above them.

Silence.

GREEN

Do you want to go up in front of me?

YVETTE

Absolutely no.

GREEN

I'm sure there's no one up there.

YVETTE

Zen you go een fron.

GREEN

All right . . .

Neither move.

We hear nothing but the rain on the roof.

47 -- INT. CELLAR--STAIRCASE -- 47

Darkness.

*We barely see Mrs. Peacock and Prof. Plum backlit,
at the top of the stairs.*

They edge down.

Mrs. Peacock gasps.

PLUM

Well . . . Ladies first.

PEACOCK

No, no. You can go first.

PLUM

No, no, no, I insist.

PEACOCK

No, I insist.

PLUM

Well, what are you afraid of, a fate worse than death?

PEACOCK

No, just death. Isn't that enough?

48 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 48

Mrs. White and Wadsworth are at the doors of two adjacent rooms. They are looking at each other nervously.

WADSWORTH

Are you going in there?

WHITE

Yes, are you?

WADSWORTH

Yes.

Pause.

WADSWORTH

Right!

WHITE

Right.

They look in.

WADSWORTH

Um, I don't see any light switches in there.

WHITE

Well, neither do I, but there must be switches somewhere.

WADSWORTH

Shall I come in with you?

WHITE

No!

(recovers)

I mean . . . no, thank you.

They start into their rooms and then jump out simultaneously, looking for the other.

49 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 49

*Col. Mustard and Miss Peacock are in back of the corner bar.
They're stooping to look in.
They stand and Col. Mustard indicates the bar's narrow egress.*

MUSTARD

Ladies first.

SCARLET

No, thanks.

*They both head for the exit, and they have to squeeze through--
it's a very tight fit.*

*Col. Mustard walks past Miss Scarlet,
who is sure to keep him in sight.
He grabs a pool cue from the wall.
She gives a little gasp.*

*Col. Mustard walks over to the pool table and motions with the
stick to look under it.*

*They do.
There's nothing there.*

50 -- INT. ATTIC-- 50

*Mr. Green and Yvette are still where they were;
at the bottom of the steps.
We hear rain.*

YVETTE

Go'n. I be right behind you.

GREEN

That's why I'm nervous.

YVETTE

Zen we go togezer.

The two squeeze up the narrow steps.

51 -- INT. CELLAR -- 51

Mrs. Peacock and Prof. Plum are still inching down the stairs.

*Mrs. Peacock turns on the lights as Prof. Plum slips on a step.
This frightens Mrs. Peacock, who runs down the remaining few steps.*

PEACOCK

Stay there!

52 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 52

*Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet throw open the closet door.
Nothing there.*

53 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--MASTER BEDROOM -- 53

Wadsworth is wandering in the dark.

WADSWORTH

(nervously)

If there's anybody in here, just look out!

54 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--BEDROOM -- 54

Mrs. White is wandering like Wadsworth.

WHITE

(nervously)

Are you hiding? I'm coming . . .

55 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BALL ROOM -- 55

*Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet are backlit.
We see the hall behind them.*

56 -- INT. CELLAR -- 56

*Mrs. Peacock sees a rat and screams.
The rat crawls away.
Prof. Plum tenses, but starts to look around.*

57 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BALL ROOM -- 57

Col. Mustard flips on the lights, making Miss Scarlet gasp.

MUSTARD

Nobody here.

SCARLET

He's behind one of those curtains . . . ?

She points to the curtains at the far end of the Ball room.

MUSTARD

You look. I'll go search the kitchen.

Col. Mustard leaves.

Miss Scarlet sighs.

*She starts to walk--slowly--toward the curtains.
The curtains almost seem to be moving, but it just could
be her imagination.*

Then--there is definite movement off to the right.

Scarlet stops in her tracks, trying to scream but unable to.

She continues cautiously.

*Scarlet reaches the curtains, pauses . . .
and throws them back, revealing . . .
A broken window with wind blowing in.*

58 -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 58

It is still raining.

*We see the Motorist's car on the side of the road.
A cop car pulls up to investigate.*

59 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 59

*We see photographs and papers, as well as the tapes of the
conversation Yvette was making earlier.*

A gloved hand picks them up.

*The hand throws the photos and papers into the fire.
Then the tape goes in. It all burns.*

*The hand now uses a key to unlock the cupboard with the
weapons. But wasn't that key thrown away?*

The weapons are revealed.

60 -- INT. **MOTORIST'S CAR** -- 60

*The camera reveals a **COP**, shining his flashlight into the car.*

60a -- EXT. **ROADSIDE** -- 60a

As before.

We see the Cop shining his flashlight into the car.

61 -- INT. **GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE** -- 61

The Motorist is making his phone call.

MOTORIST

I'm a little nervous . . .

*The camera reveals the Lounge's fireplace, which is swiveling
around.*

MOTORIST

. . . I'm in this big house, and I've been locked into the lounge.

(pauses)

Yes.

*The next statements are intercut with the wrench approaching the
Motorist.*

MOTORIST

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--

The wrench descends.

The phone falls to the floor, then the Motorist follows suit.

A gloved hand places the phone back on its cradle.

62 -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 62

*The Cop shines his flashlight on the car's license plate,
then underneath the car.*

He walks away.

63 --INT. GROUND FLOOR--CONSERVATORY -- 63

*Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet stand in the doorway,
backlit by the Hall.*

Rain can still be heard, but no lightning.

Col. Mustard switches on the lights.

The two look around.

*The Conservatory is dilapidated. There is dust and cobwebs all
around--it obviously hasn't been used for some time.*

Miss Scarlet walks to the outer wall of windows.

Rain pours down them.

Col. Mustard walks to one side and picks up something.

He then takes a rag and wipes his hands off.

While doing so, he leans against the wall, and it swings open!

He falls down, but quickly gets up.

MUSTARD

Looks like a secret passage.

SCARLET

Should we see where it leads?

MUSTARD

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

64 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CONSERVATORY/LOUNGE SECRET PASSAGE -- 64

The secret passage is narrow, and the floor is uneven.

Miss Scarlet trips and yells in surprise.

SCARLET

Oh, God.

MUSTARD

It's all right.

65 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 65

Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet emerge from behind the still-rotated fireplace.

They see the Motorist's corpse.

SCARLET

Oh, my God!

The fireplace slides shut behind them.

Scarlet panics--she starts yelling.

66 -- INT. ATTIC -- 66

Mr. Green and Yvette can faintly hear Miss Scarlet's yells.

67 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 67

Scarlet and Mustard run to the double doors. They're locked. Now both are yelling.

68 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 68

Wadsworth and Mrs. White run for the staircase.

68a -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--ATTIC STAIRCASE--BASE -- 68a

Mr. Green and Yvette run down from the attic.

68b -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 68b

The four people collide and go sprawling.

69 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 69

*Miss Scarlet and Col. Mustard are still banging at the door.
And screaming.*

70 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY/THE HALL -- 70

*The four upstairs untangle themselves. Wadsworth and Mr. Green
run down the stairs followed by Yvette and Mrs. White.*

WADSWORTH

Where's it coming from?

GREEN

Where are we going?

*They make it to the ground floor just as Prof. Plum and
Mrs. Peacock emerge from the cellar.*

WHITE

Where are they?

WADSWORTH

The lounge!

Wadsworth tries the door. It's locked.

PLUM

The door's locked!

GREEN

(impatiently)

I know . . .

PLUM

Then unlock it!

GREEN

Where's the key?

Wadsworth searches his pockets.

WADSWORTH

The key is gone!!

PLUM

Never mind about the key! Unlock the door!

Mr. Green grabs Prof. Plum and begins to shake him.

GREEN

I can't unlock the door without the key!

Green releases the Professor and bangs on the door.

GREEN

Let us in! Let us in!

70a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 70a

SCARLET and MUSTARD

Let us out! Let us out!

70b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70b

WADSWORTH

It's no good. Stand back.

He backs up all the way across the hall to the study door.

WADSWORTH

There's no alternative. I'm just going to have to break it down!

The butler runs at full speed for the door.

He hits it and falls to the floor, holding his shoulder.

Yvette gets an idea.

YVETTE

I know! I have eet!

70c -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 70c

The two in the lounge are still yelling.

70d -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70d

PEACOCK

Will you shut up? . . .

70e -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 70e

Yvette grabs the revolver from the open cupboard.

PEACOCK (O.S.)

. . . We're doing our best!

70f -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70f

Yvette runs out of the study and trips over the still-sprawled Wadsworth.

The shot goes wild, hitting the chandelier rope.

Mr. Green and Prof. Plum hit the deck.

The chandelier starts spinning.

Mrs. Peacock and Mrs. White run into each other.

70g -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 70g

Mustard and Scarlet are crouched down.

MUSTARD

They're shooting at us . . .

70h -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70h

Panic continues.

The chandelier continues to spin, and the rope is fraying, unbeknownst to the party.

Yvette stands and aims at the Lounge lock.

Plum and Green, who had started to get up, hit the floor again.

Yvette fires twice. Both shots hit the door lock.

70i -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LOUNGE 70i

Col. Mustard turns away from the door, holding his shoulder.

MUSTARD

I've been shot . . .

71 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 71

MUSTARD (O.S.)

. . . I've been shot!

YVETTE

Come out!

The door eez open!

She lowers the gun, so it is carelessly pointing in the direction of

Prof. Plum and Mr. Green. They scramble out of the way.

The lounge door opens and a (miraculously unwounded)

Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet emerge.

MUSTARD

(angrily, to Yvette)

Why are you shooting that thing at us?

YVETTE

To get joo out.

He shoves her.

MUSTARD

You know, you could have killed us!

I could've been killed!

Shot of the chandelier, spinning ever more quickly.

The rope is almost completely frayed.

MUSTARD

I can't take any more scares.

The rope snaps.

The chandelier lands three feet in back of Col. Mustard.

Mustard is in shock. He collapses onto a love seat.

SCARLET

(pointing into the lounge, almost hysterical)
But look!

The party runs across the room, crushing glass as they go.

PEACOCK

(accusatory)
Which one of you did it?

SCARLET

We found him! Together!

WHITE

How did you get in?

GREEN

The door was locked.

WHITE

It's a great trick!

SCARLET

There's a secret passageway from the conservatory.

PLUM

(to Yvette)
Is that the same gun?

PEACOCK

From the cupboard?

PLUM

But it was locked!

YVETTE

No, eet was oonlocked!

GREEN, PLUM, and WADSWORTH

Unlocked?

YVETTE

But, yes. See for yourself!

The party runs into the lounge.

On the way, Yvette tosses the revolver under the broken chandelier.

72 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 72

The guests pile in and see that the cupboard has indeed been opened.

PEACOCK

How did you know it was unlocked?

How did you know that you could get at the gun?

YVETTE

I didn't.

I sink--I would bray kit open bud it was open alreddy.

PEACOCK

A likely story.

The doorbell rings.

CUT TO

Shot of the doorbell ringing.

CUT TO

The guests freezing in place.

SCARLET

Maybe they'll just go away.

CUT TO

The doorbell. It is still.

CUT TO

The guests, still frozen.

The doorbell rings again.

CUT TO

The doorbell ringing.

CUT TO

The guests, quite disappointed.

GREEN

I'm going to open it.

SCARLET

Why?!

GREEN

I have nothing to hide! I didn't do it!
(holding his hand out to Wadsworth)
The key.

Wadsworth hands the key to Mr. Green.

GREEN

Thank you . . .

Mr. Green strides into the hall, followed by the rest of the party.

73 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 73

Mr. Green opens the door, revealing the Cop.

COP

Good evening, sir.

The door closes in the Cop's face.

74 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--PORCH--VIEW INSIDE -- 74

The door reopens.

GREEN

Yes?

COP

I found an abandoned car down near the gates of this house.

Did the driver come in here for any help, by any chance?

Everyone but Mr. Green insists that that was not the case.

GREEN

Well, actually, yes.

ALL but **GREEN**

No.

COP

There seems to be some kind of disagreement.

Everyone but Mr. Green again disagrees.

GREEN

Yes.

COP

(quite confused now)

Uh, can I come in and use your phone?

Wadsworth steps to the front door.

WADSWORTH

Of course you may, sir.

You may use the one in the, um, no . . .

Uh, you could use the one in the st-- no . . .

Would you be kind enough to wait in the um, in the, em, library?

COP

(very confused)

Sure.

75 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 75

The Cop sees Yvette.

COP

(to Yvette)

Don't I know you from someplace?

The maid shrugs.

COP

(to group)

You all seem to be very anxious about something.

WADSWORTH

It's the chandelier. It fell down. Almost killed us.
Would you like to come this way, please, sir?

*Miss Scarlet closes the door to the study suddenly
and attempts to look nonchalant.*

The Cop whirls at the sound.

Professor Plum does the same to the lounge door.

The Cop whirls again.

WADSWORTH

Frightfully drafty, these old houses.

76 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 76

Wadsworth leads the Cop in and indicates the phone.

WADSWORTH

Please help yourself to a drink, if you'd like.

The Cop reaches for the cognac.

WADSWORTH

Not the cognac. Just in case.

The butler exists and closes the door.

COP

Just in case of what?

77 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 77

Wadsworth locks the door and turns to the assembled guests.

WADSWORTH

(whispering)

What now?

77a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 77a

The Cop tries the door handle. It is, of course, locked.

77b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 77b

GREEN

We should have told him.

PEACOCK

Oh, very well for you to say that now.

GREEN

(defensively)

I said it then!

ALL

Oh, shut up!

WADSWORTH

(indicating the shattered chandelier)

Let's clean this up.

78 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 78

*The Cop pauses at the door, then walks over to the phone.
He reaches for it, but it rings before he picks it up.
He answers the phone.*

COP

Hello?

78a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 78a

All are still.

WADSWORTH

Maybe the cop answered it . . .

78b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 78b

COP

And who shall I say is calling?

(pauses)

Ah . . . will you hold on, please?

The Cop strides over to the library doors.

COP

Let me out of here!

Let me out of here, you have no right to shut me in!

I'll book you for false arrest, and wrongful imprisonment,
and obstructing an officer in the course of his duty!

And murder!

79 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 79

The door opens.

The party stands there, Wadsworth with broom in hand.

WADSWORTH

What do you mean . . . "murder"?

COP

I just said it so you'd open the door.

The guests sigh and laugh nervously.

COP

What's going on around here? And why would you lock me in?
And why are you receiving phone calls from J. Edgar Hoover?

WADSWORTH

J. Edgar Hoover?

COP

That's right. The head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

MUSTARD

Why is J. Edgar Hoover on your phone?

WADSWORTH

I don't know.

He's on everybody else's, why shouldn't he be on mine?

(steps to the library door)

Excuse me.

Wadsworth enters, then closes and locks the door.

COP

What's going on here?

Miss Scarlet drapes herself on the Cop.

SCARLET

We're having a . . . party . . .

The guests laugh even more nervously than before.

COP

Mind if I look around?

SCARLET

Sure . . .

You can show him around, Mr. Green!

GREEN

Me?

SCARLET

Yes!

Uh, you can show him the . . .

. . . dining room . . . the kitchen . . . the ball room . . .

GREEN

(stiffly)

Fine . . .

Fine Officer, um, come with me. I'll show you the . . .
dining room . . .

. . . or the kitchen . . . or the ball room . . .

80 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 80

The Cop raises the metal partition and looks into the kitchen.

81 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LOUNGE -- 81

SCARLET

. . . make it look convincing.

82 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 81

GREEN

So! This is the dining room.

COP

No kidding.

83 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LOUNGE -- 83

SCARLET

Come on . . .

84 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 84

COP

What's going on in those two rooms?

GREEN

Uh . . . which two rooms?

The Cop pushes past him and enters the hall.

84a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 84a

*A couple of guests run frantically across the Hall.
Just as they leave the room,
the Cop enters and points at the lounge and the study.*

COP

Those two rooms.

GREEN

Oh . . . those two rooms . . .

COP

Yes!

*Mr. Green is at a loss.
The Cop strides toward the study door.*

Mr. Green blocks the Cop's path.

GREEN

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

COP

Why not?

GREEN

Uh . . .

The Cop dodges around Mr. Green.

The guest blocks the door to the study with his body.

GREEN

Because it's . . . all too shocking!

The Cop throws Mr. Green aside.

85 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 85

Music can be heard in the background.

It's "Life Could Be a Dream," on a record player.

Mrs. White is on a couch on top of Mr. Boddy, using her hand to move his arm against her and pretending to kiss him.

The Cop sees Col. Mustard and a woman apparently kissing against the far wall, in a curtain.

The camera reveals that Mrs. Peacock is behind the curtain. Her hands are on Col. Mustard's back, but Mrs. Ho is propped up between them.

COP

(to Mr. Green)

It's not all that shocking.

These folks are just having a good time.

The Cop leaves to the hall. Mr. Green is surprised.

86 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 86

Miss Scarlet pours a drink into the Motorist's mouth.

The Motorist is propped up in a chair, drink in hand.

The music can still be heard, but faintly.

87 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 87

Col. Mustard and Mrs. Peacock roll Mrs. Ho on to the couch.

PEACOCK

Oh, my God . . .

88 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 88

*Just before the Cop enters, Prof. Plum takes Miss Scarlet on to the couch and begins kissing her.
She follows his example.
The Cop comes in.*

COP

Excuse me?

The two "lovers" get up with a start.

*The Cop notices the Motorist.
He leans into the dead man's face and sniffs.*

COP

(to Plum and Scarlet)
This man's drunk.
Dead drunk.

SCARLET

Dead right . . .

COP

(louder, to Motorist)
You're not going to drive home, are you?

PLUM

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

SCARLET

Yeah . . .

COP

Somebody will give him a lift, huh?

SCARLET

Oh, we'll . . . we'll . . . get him a car.

PLUM

A long black car.

SCARLET

(quickly)

A limousine.

89 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 89

Wadsworth exits the library.

He leans against the door and sighs in thought.

The Cop and Mr. Green enter the Hall.

Wadsworth throws off his thoughts and walks to them.

WADSWORTH

Officer!

COP

You're too late--I've seen it all.

All during this conversation, Mr. Green is standing behind the Cop, looking at Wadsworth. Green looks mystified, but relieved.

WADSWORTH

You have?

(pause)

I can explain everything.

COP

You don't have to.

WADSWORTH

I don't?

COP

Don't worry!

There's nothing illegal about any of this.

WADSWORTH

(confused)

Are you sure?

COP

Of course! This is America.

WADSWORTH

I see . . .

COP

(clapping Wadsworth on the shoulder)

It's a free country, don't you know that?

WADSWORTH

(still doesn't understand)

I didn't know it was *THAT* free.

The Cop glances back at Mr. Green, who tries to look innocent.

COP

(to Wadsworth)

May I use your phone now?

WADSWORTH

Certainly!

The butler leads the Cop to the library once again, and locks it.

The guests start to emerge into the Hall.

GREEN

Why did you lock him in again?

WADSWORTH

(whispering)

We haven't finished searching the house, yet.

PLUM

(whispering)

Well, we're running out of time.

Only fifteen minutes before the police come.

GREEN

(whispering fiercely)

The police already came!

ALL

(whispering fiercely)

Shut up!!

WADSWORTH

Let's get on with it!

YVETTE

(to Mr. Green)
Monsieur?

The guests again split up to search the house as the music continues.

90 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 90

Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet enter.

Col. Mustard suddenly opens a door, only to have an ironing board hit him in the head.

Miss Scarlet opens the door to the freezer. She grasps one of the meathooks.

It turns in her grip and reveals another secret passage in the back of the freezer.

She gives a cry of surprise.

SCARLET

Look!

I can't believe it. I wonder where this one goes.

MUSTARD

Well, let's find out.

They step in.

91 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 91

The music still continues.

Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet swing aside a large painting and enter the room from the secret passage.

They shrug.

MUSTARD

Let's try the ball room again.

92 -- INT. ATTIC -- 92

Mr. Green and Yvette are still poking around in the attic.

93 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CELLAR STEPS--TOP -- 93

*The camera reveals a gloved hand pulling a lever down.
All electricity is shut off. The lights go out instantly,
and the music stops.*

94 -- INT. CELLAR--BOILER ROOM -- 94

*Mrs. Peacock, in the darkness, backs up into the boiler.
She thinks it's a person, perhaps Prof. Plum, and starts
to hit it with her handbag.*

PEACOCK

Ahh!

Don't you touch me!

95 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--MASTER BEDROOM -- 95

*A gust of wind blows in, shutting a door.
Wadsworth yells in fright.*

96 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--BEDROOM -- 96

Mrs. White screams.

97 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--STAIRCASE -- 97

Yvette is descending the stairs quietly.

Mrs. White's scream can still be heard.

98 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 98

The Cop is on the phone.

COP

Hello? Hello?

99 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 99

Yvette enters quietly.

*An off-screen voice can be heard.
It can't be identified, even as being male or female.
The first line sounds male, the second female.*

VOICE

Shut the door.

Did anyone recognize you?

Suddenly, Yvette's French accent is gone.

YVETTE

They must have. And not just my face.
They know every inch of my body.
And they're not the only ones . . .

A noose flies onto Yvette's neck!

YVETTE

(gasping)
It's you!

100 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 100

The Cop is still on the phone.

COP

(whispering into phone)
There's something funny going on around here.
I don't know what it is . . .

The camera reveals the door handle being silently opened.

COP

No, I'm not on duty.
But I have a feeling that I'm in danger.
You know that big, ugly house on top--

The lead pipe comes down softly on the phone cradle, cutting the connection off.

We can see the pipe being raised behind the Cop's head.

COP

Hello? Hello?
Are you there?

101 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 101

The doorbell is ringing.

102 -- VIEWS OF THE GUESTS' FACES -- 102

103 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--VIEW OUTSIDE -- 103

*The front door opens.
A young woman is outside. She is dressed in a uniform, and
strikes a pose as the door opens.*

SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL

(singing)
I . . . am . . . your singing telegram--

The gun fires.

She falls to the ground.

The door slams shut.

104 -- INT. ATTIC--REAR ROOM -- 104

*Mr. Green, trying to get out, opens a closet.
Its contents fall on him.*

105 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--BEDROOM -- 105

*A jack-in-the-box springs open, frightening Mrs. White.
She screams.*

106 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--MASTER BEDROOM -- 106

Mrs. White's unintelligible yells can be heard.

WADSWORTH

(yelling)

Shouting!

I'm coming!

I'm just trying to find the door!

Wadsworth enters another part of the Master bedroom.

WADSWORTH

Coming . . .

He grasps a handle.

WADSWORTH

What's this?

I'm at the door?

He twists the handle, starting the shower.

He is promptly very wet.

107 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--STAIRCASE -- 107

A very wet Wadsworth sloshes down the steps.

He goes to the entrance to the cellar and pulls up the lever, restoring electricity to Hill House.

108 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 108

The record player starts again,

taking several seconds to get up to speed.

109 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 109

The party (minus Yvette) slowly reassembles in the Hall.

The song ends.

110 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 110

*The camera reveals the guests looking in from the Hall.
They see Yvette's corpse sprawled on the pool table,
still with the noose on her neck, and they walk off.*

111 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 111

*The camera reveals the guests looking in from the Hall.
They see the Cop's corpse hung over a table.
The guests stand at the door.*

GREEN

Two murders.

Prof. Plum enters the library and picks up the lead pipe.

PLUM

Neither of them shot.

I thought I heard a gun.

WHITE

I did.

PEACOCK

So did I.

SCARLET

I thought I heard the front door slam!

MUSTARD

Oh, God . . .

The murderer must have run out.

The guests run toward the front door.

112 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--PORCH -- 112

*The guests open the door, seeing the singing telegram girl's body.
It has a bullet hole neatly through the forehead.*

WADSWORTH

Three murders.

GREEN

Six, all together.

WADSWORTH

This is getting serious.

They close the door and lock it.

113 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 113

The guests walk onto the main floor.

WADSWORTH

No gun. Yvette dropped it here.

(declaring)

Very well . . . I know who did it.

ALL

(incredulously)

You do?

WADSWORTH

And furthermore, I'm going to tell you how it was all done.
Follow me.

He walks to the library. The guests follow.

114 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 114

Wadsworth addresses the assembled guests.

WADSWORTH

In order to help you understand what happened,
I shall need to take you through the events of the evening,
step by step.

At the start of the evening, Yvette was here, by herself,
waiting to offer you all a glass of champagne.

I was in the Hall.

(pauses)

I know, because I was there.

Then, I hurried across to the kitchen.

He waves for the guests to follow him.

115 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 115

Wadsworth is running into the kitchen, the guests following.

WADSWORTH

And the cook was in here, alive, sharpening knives,
preparing for dinner. And then . . .

116 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 116

*Wadsworth springs up to the front door, the guests following
closely.*

He proceeds to act out events.

WADSWORTH

And the doorbell rang . . .
(to Col. Mustard)
And it was you!

MUSTARD

Yes . . .

WADSWORTH

(breathlessly)
I asked you for your coat, and I recognized you as Colonel Mustard
and I prevented you from telling your real name because I didn't
want
any of you to use any name other than your pseudonym and I
introduced myself to you as a butler and I ran across the Hall
to the library!

He does so, with the confused guests in tow.

117 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 117

Wadsworth imitates everything he describes.

WADSWORTH

And then Yvette met you . . . and smiled . . .
(he smiles)
. . . and poured you a drink.

He runs for the Hall.

118 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 118

Wadsworth heads for the front door.

WADSWORTH

(still breathless)

And the doorbell rang! And it was Mrs. White, looking pale and tragic,
and I took her coat, and made off!

They head for the library again.

119 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 119

WADSWORTH

And I introduced to Colonel Mustard.

(imitating them)

Hello. Hello.

And I noticed that Mrs. White and Yvette . . . flinched!

Then . . . there was a rumble of thunder, and a crash of lightning.

He demonstrates.

WADSWORTH

And, to make a long story short--

ALL

Too late.

WADSWORTH

--one by one, you all arrived.

120 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 120

Wadsworth grabs the gong mallet.

WADSWORTH

And then the gong was struck by the cook!

He does so.

WADSWORTH

And we went into the dining room!

121 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 121

Wadsworth goes around the table, indicating chairs.

WADSWORTH

(breathless)

And Mrs. Peacock sat here, and Professor Plum sat here . . .

(acts as if slurping soup)

and Mrs. White sat here . . .

(imitates them slurping soup)

and Mr. Green, Miss Scarlet, Colonel Mustard.

This chair (indicates the head) was vacant.

Anyway, we all revealed we'd all received a letter.

(points at various chairs)

And you'd had a letter, and you'd had a letter, and you'd had a letter--

ALL

Get on with it!!

WADSWORTH

The point is--blackmail!

GREEN

But all this came out after dinner--in the study!

WADSWORTH

You're right!

He heads into the Hall.

122 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 122

The party runs across the Hall to the study.

123 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--STUDY -- 123

The butler rushes around the room, pointing at different locations.

WADSWORTH

Mr. Green stood here, and Mrs. Peacock here, and Miss Scarlet here, and Professor Plum here, and Colonel Mustard, and Mrs. White, and--

ALL

Get on with it!!!

WADSWORTH

I'm getting there, I'm getting there!!

And Mr. Boddy went to get his surprise packages from the Hall.

And you all opened your presents,

(he shuts the door)

And Mr. Boddy switched out the lights!

Wadsworth turns off the lights.

Pause.

Everyone screams.

The lights are flipped back on.

Wadsworth is lying on the floor, and the guests, tired of all this, react with disgust.

The butler opens his eyes.

WADSWORTH

Mr. Boddy lay on the floor, apparently dead.

PLUM

He was dead! I examined him!

WADSWORTH

Then why was he bashed on the head a few minutes later with a candlestick if he was dead already?

PLUM

All right, I made a mistake!

WADSWORTH

Right!

But if so, why was Mr. Boddy pretending to be dead?

(more quietly)

It could only be because he realized his scheme had misfired, and the gunshot was intended to kill him, not me.

Look.

(points at blood on one of Mr. Boddy's ear lobes)

The bullet grazed his ear. Clearly his best way of escaping death

was to pretend to be dead already.

PLUM

So whoever grabbed the gun from me in the dark was trying to kill HIM!

WADSWORTH

But remember what happened next.

He goes to the door and picks up the glass from a table.

WADSWORTH

Mrs. Peacock took a drink.

(points at Prof. Plum)

You said, "Maybe it's poisoned!"

She screams!

Wadsworth screams in falsetto.

He takes Mrs. Peacock, who helpfully(?) starts to scream.

The butler sits her down on the couch.

WADSWORTH

Mr. Green . . .

(Wadsworth slaps Mrs. Peacock)

(he imitates Mr. Green)

Well . . . I had to stop her screaming . . .

(back to himself)

Then--more screaming--Yvette--the billiard room!

We all rushed out!

As they do now.

124 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 124

Wadsworth sits on the pool table.

The guests pool around the door.

WADSWORTH

But one of us . . . wasn't here.

(nasally accent)

No.

ALL

(imitating him)

No?

WADSWORTH

(responding in kind)

No.

Maybe one of us was murdering the cook.

Who wasn't here with us?

The guests pause.

GREEN

Do you know?

WADSWORTH

(with certainty)

I do.

(continues at his breathless rate)

While we stood here, trying to stop Yvette from panicking . . .

He leaves for the study.

124a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 124a

WADSWORTH

. . . one of us could have stayed in the study,
picked up the dagger . . .

(he does so)

124b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 124b

Wadsworth is running down the Hall.

WADSWORTH

. . . run down the Hall . . .

124c -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 124c

WADSWORTH

. . . and stabbed the cook.

*He plunges the dagger into a chicken as the guests arrive
at the door.*

PEACOCK

Oh, how could he risk it?
We might have seen him running back.

Wadsworth goes over to the freezer and pushes open the back of the freezer, exposing the kitchen/study secret passage.

WADSWORTH

Not if they used this secret passage.

Mrs. Peacock gasps.

WADSWORTH

And the murderer ran back down the secret passage to the study.

Wadsworth leaves the kitchen for the Hall.

125 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 125

The butler is going for the study.

WHITE

(yelling)

Is that where it comes out?

WADSWORTH

(yelling back)

Yes! Look!

126 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 126

Wadsworth pushes open the picture.

GREEN

Wha--?

MUSTARD

How did you know?

WADSWORTH

This house belongs to a friend of mine. I've known all along.

GREEN

So you could be the murderer.

WADSWORTH

(laughing)

Don't be ridiculous.

If I was the murderer, why would I reveal to you how I did it?

The guests nod.

GREEN

Well . . . who else knew about the secret passage?

SCARLET

(hits Mustard)

We found it. Colonel Mustard and me.

MUSTARD

You found it. You could have known about it all the time.

SCARLET

But I didn't!

PEACOCK

Well, why should we believe you?

WADSWORTH

Because she was with us all in the billiard room doorway while Yvette was screaming, don't you remember?

PEACOCK

What I don't understand is, why was the cook murdered?
She had nothing to do with Mr. Boddy.

WADSWORTH

Of course she did.

(conspiratorially)

I gathered you all here together because you were all implicated in Mr. Boddy's dastardly blackmail.

Did none of you deduce that the others were involved, too?

Evidently no one had.

WHITE

What others?

WADSWORTH

The cook. And Yvette?

ALL

No!

WADSWORTH

That's how he got all his information.

Before he could blackmail anyone, Mr. Boddy had to discover their guilty secret. The cook and Yvette were his accomplices!

MUSTARD

(brightly)

I see!

So . . . whoever knew . . . that the cook was involved . . . killed her?

WADSWORTH

Yes.

Col. Mustard looks very happy.

WADSWORTH

I know, because I was Mr. Boddy's butler, that the cook had worked for one of you.

The guests ask who it was.

WADSWORTH

(to Mrs. White)

You recognized Yvette, didn't you?

Don't deny it.

WHITE

What do you mean, "don't deny it"? I'm not denying anything.

WADSWORTH

Another denial!

Mrs. White sticks her tongue out at Wadsworth.

WHITE

All right, it's true. I knew Yvette.

My husband had an affair with her, but I didn't care.

I wasn't . . . jealous.

WADSWORTH

(to Miss Scarlet)

You knew Yvette, too, didn't you?

SCARLET

Yes. She worked for me.

WADSWORTH

(to Col. Mustard)

And you also knew her, sir.

We've already established that you were one of Miss Scarlet's . . . clients. That's why you were so desperate to get your hands on those negatives.

Photographs of you and Yvette in flagrante delicto, remember?

MUSTARD

Mr. Boddy threatened to send those pictures to my dear old mother. The shock would have killed her!

WHITE

Ha. That would have been quite an achievement since you told us that she's dead already.

(to Wadsworth)

So, he had the motive.

WADSWORTH

You all had a motive.

MUSTARD

But where and when was Mr. Boddy killed?

WADSWORTH

Don't you see?

(he grabs Mr. Green)

Look, we came back to the study with Yvette.

Mr. Boddy was on the floor . . .

(Wadsworth trips Mr. Green to the floor as Mr. Boddy)

. . . pretending to be dead.

But one of us noticed he's alive.

So. I explained that I was Mr. Boddy's butler,

and I'd invited you here, and we realized there was only one other person in the house.

ALL

The cook!

Wadsworth leaves the guests far behind.

127 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 127

Everyone runs up the Hall to the kitchen.

128 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 128

The guests enter, breathless. Mr. Green runs to the freezer, just like he did before.

But there's no Wadsworth.

GREEN

Well, where is he?

The freezer door opens.

Miss Scarlet screams.

Wadsworth, looking quite dead, falls into Mr. Green's arms.

The exasperated Mr. Green drops the butler on the floor.

Wadsworth opens his eyes.

WADSWORTH

By now, she was dead. We laid her down with our backs to the freezer. One of us slipped through the same secret passage--

PEACOCK

Again . . . ?

WADSWORTH

Of course! Back to the study!

They all run out.

129 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 129

Wadsworth acts as if he had just entered the study from the secret passage.

WADSWORTH

The murderer was in the secret passage.

Meanwhile, Mr. Boddy . . .

(Wadsworth again throws Mr. Green to the floor)

. . . had been on the floor. He jumped up . . .

(the butler picks up Mr. Green, then lets him fall again)
. . . the murderer came out of the secret panel, picked up the
candlestick

*The butler acts as if he had a candlestick. He goes after Mr.
Green,
who may not be acting his look of panic.*

130 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 130

*Wadsworth is pursuing a frightened Mr. Green up the hall,
toward the bathroom.*

WADSWORTH

Mr. Boddy followed us out of the study into the Hall, looking for
an escape.

WADSWORTH

The murderer crept up behind him and . . . killed him!!

Wadsworth brings his hand down upon Mr. Green's head.
Mr. Green falls.

GREEN

Will you stop that!!

WADSWORTH

No.

The butler grabs Mr. Green and proceeds to the bathroom.

WADSWORTH

Then . . . he threw him into the toilet!

GREEN

No . . . !

*Wadsworth leans against the bathroom door frame,
pretending to check a watch.*

WADSWORTH

And nonchalantly rejoined us beside the cook's body in the
kitchen. It took less than half a minute.

MUSTARD

So who wasn't there the entire time in the kitchen?

WADSWORTH

Whoever it was, is the murderer!

He runs off.

*The bathroom door opens and Mr. Green emerges, drying his hands.
We can hear a toilet flush.
He hands the towel to Col Mustard.*

131 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 131

Wadsworth runs in.

WADSWORTH

And we put the weapons in the cupboard, locked it, and ran to the front door . . .

He runs out, almost colliding with the just-arrived guests.

132 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 132

Wadsworth opens the front door and makes as if throwing the key away.

WADSWORTH

To throw away the key!

(pauses)

The motorist!

I didn't throw the key away--I put it in my pocket.

And someone could have taken it out of my pocket and substituted another!

PLUM

We were all in a huddle. Any one of us could have done that!

WADSWORTH

Precisely.

He slams the front door.

GREEN

Wait a minute . . .

Colonel Mustard has a top-secret Pentagon job.
Mrs. White's husband is a nuclear physicist, and . . .
(runs to the billiard room and points in)
. . . Yvette is a link between them.

PLUM

(to Col. Mustard)
What is your top-secret job, Colonel?

WADSWORTH

I can tell you.
He's working on the secret of the next fusion bomb.

Mrs. White gasps.

MUSTARD

How did you know that?

WADSWORTH

(to Mustard)
Can you keep a secret?

MUSTARD

(leaning in)
Yes.

WADSWORTH

So can I.

PEACOCK

Is this a plot between them, Wadsworth, or did Colonel Mustard do it alone?

WADSWORTH

We shall see.
Let's look at the other murders.

PLUM

Yes. Bad luck that that motorist arrived at that moment.

WADSWORTH

(amusedly)
It wasn't luck--I invited him.

WHITE, SCARLET, and PEACOCK

You did?!

WADSWORTH

Of course. It's obvious. Everyone here tonight was either Mr. Boddy's victim or accomplice. Everyone who has died gave him vital information about one of you. I got them here so they'd give evidence against him and force him to confess.

SCARLET

Oh, yeah? What about that motorist?
What kind of information did he have?

MUSTARD

(almost teary)
He was my driver during the war.

Col. Mustard sits in a chair.

WADSWORTH

And what was he holding over you?

MUSTARD

He knew that I was a war profiteer.
(pauses)
(continues, painfully)
I stole essential Air Force radio parts, and I sold them on the black market. That is how I made all my money.
But that does not make me a murderer!

PEACOCK

Well, a lot of our airmen died because their radios didn't work!
Was the policeman working for Mr. Boddy, too?

SCARLET

The cop was from Washington.
He was on my payroll. I bribed him once a week so I could carry on with business. Mr. Boddy found out somehow . . .

PEACOCK

(revolted)
Oh, my God . . .

SCARLET

(annoyed)
Oh, please.

GREEN

And . . . the singing telegram girl?

133 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR--VIEW INSIDE -- 133

The rain has stopped.

The people open the door and look at the singing telegram girl's corpse.

PLUM

(quietly)

She was my patient once.

I had an affair with her.

That's how I lost my license. Mr. Boddy found that out, too.

(solemn pause)

WADSWORTH

Well . . .

(claps hands together)

Let's put her in the study with the others.

134 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 134

The men drop the singing telegram girl's body on the floor.

WADSWORTH

So. Now you all know why they died.

Whoever killed Mr. Boddy also wanted his accomplices dead.

PLUM

How did the murderer know about them all?

I mean, I admit that I had guessed that this young singer informed on me to Mr. Boddy . . . but I didn't know anything about any of you until this evening.

WADSWORTH

First, the murder needed to get the weapons. Easy. He stole the key from my pocket. And then we all followed Colonel Mustard's suggestion that we split up and search the house.

PEACOCK

That's right, it was Colonel Mustard's suggestion!

Col. Mustard cannot meet their eyes.

WADSWORTH

And one of us got away from his or her partner and hurried to the study. On the desk was the envelope from Mr. Boddy. It contained photographs and letters--the evidence of Mr. Boddy's network of informants.

WHITE

Where is the envelope now?

WADSWORTH

Gone. Destroyed.

(looks around, then steps to the fireplace)

Perhaps in the fire

(throws aside the grate)

The only possible place.

(pulls out the remnants of the tape made earlier)

Ah hah!

Then, having found out the whole story, the murderer went to the cupboard, unlocked it with the key, took out the wrench--

SCARLET

(breathless)

Then we found the secret passage from the conservatory to the lounge . . . where we found the motorist dead!

135 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 135

Wadsworth frantically acts out the next scene.

WADSWORTH

That's right! And we couldn't get in.

So Yvette ran to the open cupboard,

and shot the door open. BANG!

And then, the doorbell rang!

The doorbell rings.

Everyone freezes in terror.

PEACOCK

Oh, whoever it is, they gotta go away, or they'll be killed!

Ohhh!

Mrs. Peacock opens the front door.

A rather ELDERLY EVANGELIST stands outside, pamphlets in hand.

EVANGELIST

(kindly)

Good evening.

Have you ever given any thought to the kingdom of heaven?

PEACOCK

(stunned)

What?

EVANGELIST

Repent. The kingdom of heaven IS at hand.

SCARLET

You ain't just whistlin' Dixie.

EVANGELIST

Armageddon is almost upon us.

PLUM

I got news for you--it's already here!

Mrs. Peacock tries to shut the door on him.

PEACOCK

Go away!

EVANGELIST

But your souls are in danger!

PEACOCK

Our lives our in danger, you beatnik!

She shuts the door on him, closing several of his pamphlets inside.

WADSWORTH

(continuing as if nothing had happened)

The cop arrived next, we locked him in the library.

We forgot the cupboard with the weapons was now unlocked, then we split up again, and the murderer switched off the electricity!

He does so.
Everything goes black.

GREEN (V.O.)
Oh, my God.

Mrs. White squeals.

PEACOCK (V.O.)
Not again.

SCARLET (V.O.)
(very annoyed)
Turn on the lights!!!

Wadsworth turns on the lights.

136 -- A -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- A -- 136

WADSWORTH
Sorry. Didn't mean to frighten you.

GREEN
You're a bit late for that!
(to White)
I hate it when he does that!

She whimpers.

WADSWORTH
Then there were three more murders.

WHITE
So which of us killed them?

WADSWORTH
None of us killed Mr. Boddy, or the cook.

GREEN and **WHITE**
So who did?

WADSWORTH
The one person who wasn't with us.

The guests try to figure it out.

WADSWORTH

Yvette.

ALL

Yvette?!

WADSWORTH

She was in the billiard room, listening to our conversation.

CUT TO

Flashback of Yvette sitting on the pool table.

The following events transpire as Wadsworth describes them.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

She heard the gunshot . . . she thought he was dead.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

And while we all examined the bullet hole,
she crept into the study, picked up the dagger . . .
ran to the kitchen, and stabbed the cook.

Yvette stabs Mrs. Ho in the back.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

We didn't hear the cook scream because Mrs. Peacock was
screaming about the "poisoned" brandy.
The, Yvette returned to the billiard room.
She screamed
And we all ran to her.

CUT TO

Present, the hall.

MUSTARD

Well, when did she kill Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH

When I said.

We all ran to the kitchen to see the cook.

Yvette hid in the study to check that Mr. Boddy was dead.

CUT TO

*Flashback of Yvette hiding behind a chair in the lounge.
The following events transpire as Wadsworth describes them.*

WADSWORTH

He got up, and followed them down the hall,
so she hit him on the head with a candlestick,
and dragged him to the toilet.

CUT TO

The present, in the Hall.

SCARLET

Why?

WADSWORTH

To create confusion!

PEACOCK

It worked.

Col. Mustard nods.

PLUM

Why did she do it?

WADSWORTH

Was it because she was acting under orders?
From the person who later killed her.

PLUM

Who?!

PEACOCK

Who?!

SCARLET

Who?!

WADSWORTH

Was it one of her clients?
(turns to Col. Mustard)
Or was it a jealous wife?
(turns to Mrs. White)
Or an adulterous doctor?
(turns to Prof. Plum)

No.

It was her employer, Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET

That's a lie!!

WADSWORTH

Is it?

You used her, the way you always used her.

You killed the motorist when we split up to search the house.

SCARLET

How could I have known about the secret passage?

WADSWORTH

Easy. Yvette told you.

So when we split up again . . .

CUT TO

Miss Scarlet, gloved, turning off the electricity.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

. . . you switched off the electricity.

It was easy for you, here on the ground floor.

Then, in the dark, you got the lead pipe and the rope,

strangled Yvette, ran to the library, killed the cop,

picked up the gun where Yvette dropped it, opened the front door,

recognized the singing telegram from her photograph, and shot her.

CUT TO

Present, the Hall.

SCARLET

You've no proof.

WADSWORTH

The gun is missing.

Gentlemen, turn out your pockets.

Ladies, empty your purses.

Whoever has the gun is the murderer.

They all do so.

Suddenly, Miss Scarlet pulls out the revolver.

She points it at him.

SCARLET

(impressed)

Brilliantly worked out, Wadsworth. I congratulate you.

He shrugs off the praise.

Miss Scarlet starts to slowly make her way to the front door.

MUSTARD

(very impressed)

Me too!

SCARLET

(to Mustard)

Shut up!!

GREEN

Now, there's one thing I don't understand.

PLUM

ONE thing?

GREEN

Why did you do it?

Half of Washington knows what kind of business you run.

You were in no real danger. The whole town would be implicated if you were exposed.

SCARLET

I don't think they know my real business.

My business is secrets. Yvette found them out for me.

The secrets of Senator Peacock's defense committee,
of Colonel Mustard's fusion bomb, Professor Plum's U.N. contacts,
and the work of your husband,

(walks to Mrs. White)

the nuclear physicist.

GREEN

So. It IS political. You're a communist!

SCARLET

No, Mr. Green. Communism is just a red herring.

Like all members of the oldest profession, I'm a capitalist.

And I'm gonna sell my secrets--your secrets--to the highest bidder.

MUSTARD

And what if we don't cooperate?

SCARLET

You will.

Or I'll expose you.

PLUM

We could expose you. Six murders . . . ?

SCARLET

I hardly think it will enhance your reputation at the U.N., Professor Plum, if it's revealed that you have been implicated not only in adultery with one of your patients, but in her death. (she lowers the revolver at him)
And the deaths of five other people?

PLUM

You don't know what kind of people they have at the U.N.
I might go up in their estimation.

*Col. Mustard starts toward Miss Scarlet.
She brings the revolver around to bear on him.*

MUSTARD

It is no good blackmailing me, madam.
I have no more money!

The guests agree, claiming the same thing.

SCARLET

(to Mustard)

I know, sweetie pie.

But you can pay me in government information.

(she waves the revolver around)

All of you.

*She pauses, then walks to Wadsworth.
She points the revolver at him.*

SCARLET

Except you, Wadsworth.

You, as a mere butler, have no access to government secrets.

(she cocks the gun)

So I'm afraid your moment has come.

WADSWORTH

No so fast, Miss Scarlet.
I do have a secret or two.

SCARLET

Oh yeah? Such as?

WADSWORTH

The games up, Scarlet.
There are no more bullets left in that gun.

SCARLET

Oh, come on, you don't think I'm gonna fall for that old trick?

WADSWORTH

It's not a trick. There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the study.
Two for the chandelier, two at the lounge door, and
one for the singing telegram.

SCARLET

That's not six.

WADSWORTH

One plus two plus two plus one.

She thinks.

SCARLET

Uh, uh.
There was only one shot that got the chandelier.
That's one plus two plus ONE plus one.

WADSWORTH

Even if you are right, that would be one plus one plus two plus
one, not
one plus TWO plus one plus one.

SCARLET

(thinking)
Okay, fine.
One plus two plus one--
(angered)
Shut up!
Point is, there's one bullet left in this gun,
and guess who's going to get it?

The doorbell rings.

*Scarlet is distracted by it.
Wadsworth turns her arm around,
taking the gun and forcing her to kneel on the floor.*

Mr. Green runs for the door and opens it.

Cops pour in.

Mr. Green cowers by the closet in the foyer.

MUSTARD

*(hands held up, smiling)
I'm only a guest!*

WADSWORTH

*(Holding Scarlet)
Where's the chief?*

*The Elderly Evangelist--the **CHIEF**--walks in, gun in hand.*

CHIEF

*Ah, Wadsworth, well done.
(to Scarlet)
I did warn you, my dear. Mr. Hoover is an expert on Armageddon.*

Scarlet is pulled to her feet.

SCARLET

*(to Wadsworth)
Wadsworth, don't hate me for trying to shoot you . . .*

WADSWORTH

*Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a damn.
As I was trying to tell you, there are no bullets left in this gun.
You see?*

*He pulls the trigger, firing the sixth bullet through the rope of
the
second chandelier.*

Wadsworth is perplexed.

Scarlet shrugs, embarrassed.

WADSWORTH

(quietly)

One plus two . . . plus one . . .

*The camera reveals Col. Mustard.***MUSTARD**

(counting on his fingers)

. . .plus two, plus one . . . is--

*And the chandelier shatters on the floor in back of him.**The camera freezes.*

CUT TO

A card, saying

THAT'S WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.

then another one,

BUT HOW ABOUT THIS?

CUT TO

137 -- B -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- B -- 137

*Wadsworth has just turned on the lights,
like at the beginning of ending A.***WADSWORTH**

(breathless)

In the dark, the murderer ran across the hall to the study,
picked up the rope, and the lead pipe. Ran to the billiard room.
Strangled Yvette . . .

(he demonstrates on Mr. White)

. . . ran to library, hit the cop on the head with the lead pipe.
Then, coming out of the library, the doorbell rang--it was the
singing
telegram. The murderer picked up the gun where Yvette dropped it,
ran to the door, opened it, recognized the girl from her picture,
shot her,
and ran back to the cellar!

ALL

The cellar!

WADSWORTH

Yes.

PEACOCK

But Colonel Mustard wasn't in the cellar.

WADSWORTH

No. But you were.

PEACOCK

So.

WADSWORTH

You murdered them all.

You were the person who was missing when the cook and Mr. Boddy were murdered. And the cook used to be your cook!

Don't you remember your fatal mistake?

You told us at dinner that we were eating one of your favorite recipes.

And monkey's brains, though popular in Cantonese cuisine, are not often to be found in Washington, D.C.

GREEN

Is that what we ate?

He covers his mouth and runs for the bathroom.

PEACOCK

Why would I have murdered all of the others?

WADSWORTH

Obviously, in case Mr. Boddy had told them about you.

PLUM

So it has all nothing to do with the disappearing nuclear physicist and Colonel Mustard's work on the new fusion bomb.

WADSWORTH

(grinning)

No. Communism was just a red herring.

Mrs. Peacock did it all.

PEACOCK

There's no proof.

WADSWORTH

Well. The gun is missing.

Gentlemen, turn out your pockets.

Ladies, empty your purses.

(the camera reveals Miss Scarlet's empty purse)

Whoever has the gun, is the murderer.

Mrs. Peacock opens her purse and pulls out the gun, pointing it at the butler.

PEACOCK

Very well.

(pause)

What do you propose to do about it?

She makes her way to the front door.

WADSWORTH

Nothing.

PEACOCK

Nothing.

WADSWORTH

Nothing at all.

I don't approve of murder.

But it seems to me that you've done the world a service by ridding it of an appalling blackmailer and his disgusting informers.

GREEN

But the police will be here any minute. What happens then?

WADSWORTH

Why should the police come?

Nobody's called them.

Everyone is shocked.

PEACOCK

You mean . . .

WADSWORTH

(smiling)

That's right.

Now, I suggest that we stack the bodies in the cellar,
lock it, leave quietly, one at a time, and pretend than none of
this
has ever happened.

PEACOCK

Great idea!

I'll leave first . . .

(sarcastic)

. . . if you don't mind.

Mrs. Peacock uses the gun to wave the other guests into a group.

WADSWORTH

Be my guest.

In fact, I think we all owe you a vote of thanks.

He starts singing in an appealing baritone.

WADSWORTH

"For she's a jolly good fellow,
for she's a jolly good fellow . . ."

The rest of guests start to sing as well.

Mrs. White takes a harmony.

Mrs. Peacock carefully slips out the door.

As soon as the door shuts, the party stops singing.

They relax somewhat--at least the immediate danger is past.

GREEN

(accusatory)

I TOLD you I didn't DO it!

MUSTARD

But what if the authorities find out what happened?

WADSWORTH

The F.B.I. will take care of that.

MUSTARD

You mean . . . ?

WADSWORTH

My phone call from Mr. Hoover?
I work for him, of course.
How else could I have known everything about you all?

MUSTARD

There's still one thing I don't understand.

WHITE

ONE thing?

MUSTARD

Who was Mrs. Peacock taking bribes from?

WADSWORTH

A foreign power.
Her husband, the senator, has influence over defense contracts.

PLUM

Is there going to be a coverup?

WADSWORTH

Isn't that in the public interest?
What could be gained by exposure?

PLUM

But is the F.B.I. in the habit of cleaning up after multiple murder?

WADSWORTH

Yes.
Why do you think it's run by a man called "Hoover"?

138 -- B -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--DRIVEWAY -- B -- 138

Mrs. Peacock has her keys out and is getting ready to get into her car.

The elderly evangelist steps out onto the driveway.

EVANGELIST

Oh, Mrs. Peacock . . . ?

PEACOCK

(cautiously)

How did you know my name?

EVANGELIST

The kingdom of heaven IS at hand.

He whips out a gun and points it at her.

Floodlights engage and cops pour out of the yard.

EVANGELIST (CHIEF) (O.S.)

Okay, take her away!

PEACOCK (O.S.)

Take your hands off me! I'm a senator's wife!

The front door opens and the guests, with Wadsworth at their head, pour out on to the porch.

CHIEF

Wadsworth, we got her.

WADSWORTH

You see?

Like the Mounties, we always get our man.

GREEN

Mrs. Peacock was a man?!

Wadsworth slaps him, then Col. Mustard does the same.

WADSWORTH

Would anyone care for fruit or . . . desert?

The camera freezes.

CUT TO

A card, reading

BUT HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED . . .

CUT TO

Wadsworth switches on the lights, like in the other two endings.

WADSWORTH

Sorry, didn't mean to frighten anyone.

GREEN

You're a bit late for that!!

WADSWORTH

Then, there were three more murders.

ALL

So who did it!?

Wadsworth starts striding away.

WADSWORTH

Let's consider each murder one by one.

Professor Plum, you knew that Mr. Boddy was still alive.

Even psychiatrists can tell the difference between patients who are alive or dead.

You fired the gun at him in the dark and missed, so you pretended he was dead. That's how you were able to kill him later, unobserved.

SCARLET

That's right!

He was the missing person in the kitchen after we found the cook dead!

GREEN

But he was with us in the billiard room when we found Yvette screaming.

If that's when the cook was killed, how did he do it?

PLUM

I didn't!!

PEACOCK

You don't expect us to believe that, do you?

WADSWORTH

I expect you to believe it.

You killed the cook.

She used to be your cook, and she informed on you to Mr. Boddy.

140 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- C -- 140

Wadsworth enters.

The guests stay around the door from the Hall.

WADSWORTH

You made one fatal mistake!

He sits in the spot Mrs. Peacock occupied during dinner.

WADSWORTH

Sitting here, at dinner, Mrs. Peacock told us that she was eating one of her favorite recipes.

(he stands slowly)

And monkey's brains, though popular in Cantonese cuisine, are not often to be found in Washington, D.C.

141 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- C -- 141

The party reenters the Hall from the dining room.

WADSWORTH

Colonel Mustard, when we saw the motorist at the front door . . .

CUT TO

A flashback, the inside of their huddle when the Motorist arrived.

The following happen as Wadsworth describes them.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

. . . you took the key to the weapons cupboard out of my pocket. Then you suggested that we all split up. You separated from Miss Scarlet, crossed the Hall, opened the cupboard, took the wrench, ran to the conservatory, entered the lounge through the secret passage, killed the motorist with a blow on the head.

CUT TO

142 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- C -- 142

The present, in the lounge.

WADSWORTH

(acting out the murder)
Like that!

He strides into the Hall.

143 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- C -- 143

WHITE

(to Wadsworth)
This is incredible!

WADSWORTH

Not so incredible as what happened next!

He starts up the stairs.

WADSWORTH

After we all split up again,
I went upstairs with you, yes, you, Mrs. White!

The butler stops on the landing.

WADSWORTH

And, while I was in the master bedroom . . .

CUT TO

Flashback of Mrs. White hurrying downstairs.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

You hurried downstairs and turned off the electricity,
got the rope from the open cupboard, and throttled Yvette.

CUT TO

The present, in the Hall.

WADSWORTH

(to Mrs. White)
You WERE jealous that your husband was schtuping Yvette.
That's why you killed him, too!

WHITE

(detached)

Yes . . .

(pause)

Yes, I did it.

I killed Yvette.

I hated her . . . so . . . much . . .

I-It-It--flame--flames . . . on the side of my face . . .

breathing . . . breathle--heaving breaths . . .heaving--

WADSWORTH

(cutting her off)

While you were in the billiard room,

CUT TO

Flashback, the events occurring as the butler describes them

WADSWORTH (V.O.)

Miss Scarlet seized the opportunity and, under cover of darkness, got to the library, where she hit the cop, whom she'd been bribing, on the head with the lead pipe!

CUT TO

The present, in the Hall.

WADSWORTH

(to Miss Scarlet)

True or false?

SCARLET

(amazed)

True!

Who are you, Perry Mason?

PLUM

So it must have been Mr. Green who shot the singing telegram!

GREEN

I didn't do it!

MUSTARD

Well, there's nobody else left.

GREEN

But I didn't do it!

(pauses, realizing something)
The gun is missing!
Whoever's got the gun, shot the girl!

Wadsworth pulls the gun from his pocket.

WADSWORTH

I shot her.

ALL but GREEN

You?!

GREEN

(knowingly)
So it was you.
I was going to expose you.

WADSWORTH

(to Mr. Green)
I know.
So I choose to expose myself.

MUSTARD

Please, there are ladies present!

WADSWORTH

(to All)
You thought Mr. Boddy was dead.
But why? None of you even met him until tonight.

Mr. Green understands.

GREEN

You're Mr. Boddy!

Wadsworth grins and starts to chuckle evilly.

PLUM

Wait a minute!
(he runs to the study door)
So who did I kill?

Wadsworth shrugs.

WADSWORTH

My butler.

PLUM

Shucks.

Wadsworth uses the revolver to wave the Professor to join the group.

WADSWORTH

He was expendable, like all of you.

I'm grateful to you all for disposing of my network of spies and informers.

Saved me a lot of trouble.

Now there's no evidence against me.

WHITE

This all has nothing to do with my disappearing nuclear physicist husband

or Colonel Mustard's work with the new top-secret fusion bomb.

WADSWORTH

(laughing)

No. Communism was just a red . . . herring.

*Wadsworth runs to the front door,
keeping the revolver trained on the party.*

GREEN

But, the police will be here any minute!

You'll never get away with this, any of you!

WADSWORTH

Why should the police come?

Nobody's called them.

PEACOCK

You mean . . . oh, my God, of course!

WADSWORTH

So why shouldn't we get away with it?

We'll stack the bodies in the cellar, lock it, leave quietly one at a time, and forget that any of this ever happened.

Mr. Green takes off his glasses and starts to put them in his jacket's inside pocket.

GREEN

And you'll just go on blackmailing us all.

WADSWORTH

Of course.

Why not?

GREEN

Well, I'll tell you why not.

He whips a pistol from his jacket and fires.

Wadsworth tries to get off a shot but is far too slow.

The butler is hit.

WADSWORTH

(shocked)

Good shot, Green.

Wadsworth slides down the closet door to the floor.

He looks at the blood flowing out of his chest.

WADSWORTH

Very good . . .

Wadsworth dies.

Mr. Green stands fully, lowering the pistol.

He already looks more confident than he has yet during the night.

Mrs. White steps up to him.

He points the pistol at her.

WHITE

Are you a cop?

GREEN

No, I'm a plant.

SCARLET

A plant? I thought men like you were usually called a "fruit."

GREEN

Very funny.

(he pulls out a badge)

F.B.I. That phone call from J. Edgar Hoover was for me.

He steps up to the front door and grabs the handle.

GREEN

I told you I didn't do it!

He opens the front door.

Cops pour in.

The elderly evangelist (the chief) follows them in.

CHIEF

All right. Whodunit?

The guests all try to explain, blaming each other.

The cops, confused, keep pointing their guns at different guests.

Mr. Green shouts above the din.

GREEN

They all did it!

But if you want to know who killed Mr. Boddy,

I did. In the Hall, with the revolver.

Take 'em away, chief.

I'm going to go home and sleep with my wife.

The camera freezes as Mr. Green turns to leave and he and the chief grin.

THE END

Closing credits start to roll to the tune of "Shake, Rattle and Roll."