

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

EPISODE 2

Written by
Sarah Phelps

Based on the novel by Agatha Christie

Draft 1

Mammoth Screen Ltd.
142-144 New Cavendish St
London
W1W 6YF

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE Episode 2 draft 1 by Sarah Phelps

1 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. JETTY. DAY 1

Establishing shot. The sun shining, the sea so calm, too calm... Dressed and anxious, Vera scans the sea, the mainland, waiting for the boat to take them away. Nothing, just white horses on the waves and the sharpening wind. Behind her, Wargrave slowly tapping towards her. He scans the sea with her. Vera's pinched anxiety. Wargrave reassuring.

WARGRAVE

It's still early, Miss Claythorne.
And watched pots, you know.

Vera nods, polite but strained. They turn back to the house. She offers Wargrave her arm to lean on.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MACARTHUR'S ROOM. DAY 2

MacArthur in the window, watching Wargrave and Vera make their way slowly back to the house. He is calm, so composed. The curtains move in the breeze.

LESLIE

I love you.

And on the bed, beyond the blowing curtains, a couple, making passionate rapturous love. Beautiful Leslie MacArthur and beautiful Arthur Richmond.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I love you, I love you, I love you,
I love you.

MacArthur sits on the edge of the bed with his back to the naked beautiful couple. He puts his hands over his ears, to block it out. His heart breaking. The curtains blow gently.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MARSTON'S ROOM. DAY 3

Marston on the bed, the sheet pulled back. Blore bends over him, his quick astute eyes studying the grotesquely twisted face, the slack open mouth. He bends over and sniffs at Marston's mouth. Behind him, silent, Lombard enters, watches him.

LOMBARD

Bit late for the kiss of life,
Tubs.

Blore turns, eyes him. Beckons him over.

BLORE
Right smart-arse you. Have a sniff
yourself.

Lombard raises an eyebrow but sniffs.

BLORE (CONT'D)
Well?

LOMBARD
Almonds.

BLORE
Almonds be buggered. Cyanide.

Blore pulls the sheet back over Marston's face.

CUT TO:

4 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 4

Armstrong, looking suave, heads down the stairs as Vera and Wargrave enter.. They go ahead into the dining room and very close on Armstrong as he stops in his tracks, staring at Wargrave-

CUT TO:

5 INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT 5

Well to do building , the sort of staircase you'd expect to find in a Harley Street Consultancy. Dark wood, ornate lights. Dressed for winter, Armstrong comes down the stairs. There is another office on the next landing and Wargrave is coming out of it, face pinched, not walking with a stick, he heads away. Just a fleeting moment but the face is memorable, perhaps because it so pale, so hard in the dark hallway, it's makes an impression-

CUT TO:

6 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 6

And on Armstrong, watching Wargrave and Vera head to the dining room, Wargrave more stopped and shrunken, walking with difficulty, that's where he knows him from..

Armstrong goes to the dining room.

From the top of the stairs, Lombard and Blore watch him.

BLORE

Marston and then the old woman drops off her perch. But look at him, cool as a cucumber.

LOMBARD

One question. Why?

BLORE

That's some temper he had last night. With young Marston. Some temper.

LOMBARD

And Mrs Rogers. Again, why?

BLORE

Because he could. Got a taste for it.

Lombard's scepticism.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Think about it. Doctors. Surgeons. Playing god. Puppet-masters of life and death.

LOMBARD

And you're going to march in and accuse him, are you?

BLORE

Slowly, slowly, catchy monkey. But soon as we're on the mainland, he's cuffed and questioned.

LOMBARD

And me? Am I going to get cuffed and questioned?

BLORE

About what? A bunch of darkies? What do I care?

Blore heads down the stairs, Lombard follows him with a raised eyebrow.

The art deco clock in the hall is at 9 am.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WOOD SHED. DAY

7

Two axes lean against the wall. A smaller one for splitting kindling and a larger, heavier one for logs. Rogers gathers up a trug full of wood and carries it into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

8 INT. KITCHEN. DAY

8

So much washing up still to do, the glasses from last night. The kettle set to oil, bacon ready in a frying pan. A punnet of eggs. Bread. The kitchen full of red light from the curtain over the window. Rogers enters the kitchen, feeds the stove. Pulls back the curtain so light floods into the kitchen. On the table among all the washing up and utensils are Ethel's little tinted glasses. Rogers picks them up, stares at them for a moment, almost confused that she won't be wearing them again, confused about what to do with them-

And then the kitchen door opens. Emily enters. Rogers straightens up, deferential.

EMILY

I heard the bad news, Rogers. Your wife was an excellent cook.

ROGERS

Thank you, Madam.

EMILY

A lightly boiled egg for me this morning. Three minutes exactly. And some bread and butter.

Emily leaves. A little moment. Rogers replaces the glasses on the table. Sets about breakfast.

CUT TO:

9 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

9

The eight figures on the table. Platters of eggs and bacon, coffee and teapots on the side. Toast. Emily is seated, looking calm. Wargrave is seated but his eyes on the figures as are Vera's, Blore's, Lombard's. Armstrong loads his plate at the sideboard. Vera is taut.

VERA

None of you moved them?

A chorus of no's.

VERA (CONT'D)

Was it you, Doctor Armstrong?

Armstrong turns, eyes her.

ARMSTRONG

No. And I'm not keen on that look
you're giving me, Miss Claythorne.

VERA

How did Mrs Rogers die?

ARMSTRONG

I have no idea.

VERA

Did you give her something?

ARMSTRONG

A mild sedative.

VERA

Did you give her too much?

Moment. Lombard and Blore exchange a look.

VERA (CONT'D)

And Tony Marston? What about him?

ARMSTRONG

Young lady, I warned you against
becoming hysterical-

VERA

I'm not hysterical-

EMILY

You are a little excited-

VERA

It's the poem, it's the poem, don't
you see? Ten little soldier boys,
One choked himself, one overslept
himself and then there were eight!
There were ten of these, ten of us
and now there's eight-

MacArthur enters, upright and proper but if you looked
closer, you'd see how drawn and hollowed out he looks.

VERA (CONT'D)

Was it you, General? Did you move
the figures?

MacArthur peers at the figures, round the room.

MACARTHUR

No. Of course not.

ARMSTRONG

Perhaps it was you, Miss Claythorne. You're the one who discovered them.

VERA

Of course it wasn't me! Why would I do that?

ARMSTRONG

To be the centre of attention? Do you crave attention, Miss Claythorne? Any kind of attention?

VERA

What are you talking about?

LOMBARD

Shall we just have breakfast?

Rogers enters with boiled egg, bread and butter for Emily who under next, calmly taps off the top and eats.

VERA

Rogers, did you take away two figures?

ROGERS

No, Miss.

BLORE

When do you expect Narracott?

ROGERS

Generally by now, Sir.

VERA

Was your wife ill? Had she been ill before now?

ROGERS

A bit creaky in her knees, Miss. Her eyes gave her problems.

VERA

Did you give her something?

WARGRAVE

Miss Claythorne, please!

ROGERS

I did not. It has been a great shock to me. (beat) Will that be all?

WARGRAVE

Thank you, Rogers.

ROGERS

Ring if there is anything you require.

Rogers exits.

VERA

Miss Claythorne, you should not be questioning Rogers like that. It's in extremely poor taste. Apart from anything else, it's completely inconvenient for Mrs Rogers to be dead. He has to work twice as hard now.

BLORE

Logical.

VERA

Tony Marston was young and strong, he didn't die because of some 'stimulant', perhaps he was poisoned-

Lombard and Blore exchange a look, Blore shakes his head minutely.

VERA (CONT'D)

And Mrs Rogers wasn't ill, she was given something, she must have been, something too strong for her-

ARMSTRONG

(Shout) For God's sake!

EMILY

Good Lord, are we forgetting who we are?

VERA

What drugs do you have in your medical bag? Why did you even bring it? You're a guest, it's not work-

ARMSTRONG

Well, it is work, actually. Mrs Owen suffers from female neuroses. My speciality is women's disorders. Mr Owen engaged me to tend professionally to his wife.

LOMBARD

Gave up the surgery then, Doctor?

VERA

You thought I was Mrs Owen.

LOMBARD

He also thought we were married.

ARMSTRONG

It was a natural assumption to make, I've never met the Owens so how would I know what they looked like?

VERA

You thought I was Mrs Owen. Do you think I'm neurotic?

ARMSTRONG

Well, aren't you?

VERA

(LOUD) People do not just die! Out of nowhere for no reason! They die because something was done to them! By someone! What's in your bag, Doctor Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG

I'll go and get it, you can check-

VERA

No! Not you! You could take something out of it, hide it... Mr Blore, General.. You could go.

A moment, Blore (who obviously has his suspicions about Armstrong) nods.

MACARTHUR

This seems a bit much..

VERA

There were ten of us and now there's eight and someone, someone moved the figures..

BLORE

(low) Won't hurt to check, General..

MacArthur and Blore go to the door. Armstrong spitting with rage.

ARMSTRONG

While you're there, you might want to check Judge Wargrave's room.

Silence. Wargrave is stunned.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be the only one with medicines in this house, would I, Judge? I know where I've seen you before. Chap who has the clinic below mine in Harley Street, he's a cancer specialist. That's where I've seen you. If there's anyone here with powerful sedatives and painkillers, it'll be him. So check his room too. Bring the lot down here.

A moment. Blore and MacArthur leave. So uncomfortable.

VERA

Is this true, Judge?

WARGRAVE

I have had some health problems, yes.

VERA

Then that's very cruel, Doctor.

ARMSTRONG

Don't blame me. You're the one that pushed it.

Rigid, shaking Vera. The fizzing tension, broken as Lombard bites into toast and crunches, his eyes on Armstrong.

CUT TO:

10

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

10

The stealthily racing clock. The guests, apart from Emily, gather at the hall table. Laid out is Armstrong's medical bag. All quite simple. Wargrave's pills. Blore goes through them. and just take Blore, wrong about Armstrong.

BLORE

Just mild sedatives-

ARMSTRONG

As I said-

BLORE

(of Wargrave's pill box) Bog standard. Nothing in either of 'em would do for anyone.

WARGRAVE

I was offered a more powerful preparation but they fog the mind.

(MORE)

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

The acuity of my thinking is more important to me than anything. I asked for simple analgesics.

ARMSTRONG

Snarling, at Vera) Satisfied.

VERA

(muted) I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm.. I'm sorry. But it was someone. Someone did move the figures. They did.

Slump shouldered, Vera leaves, going to the Library and shutting the door.

BLORE

(of pill case) I'll put it back for you, Judge.

WARGRAVE

No, it's time for my pill. Thank you.

The guests file back into the dining room.

CUT TO:

11

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

11

Armstrong dumps his medical bag on the side, rings for Rogers. Emily is neatly eating toast, enjoying tea. Wargrave sits. Blore and Lombard settle. Thoughtful. Some silence.

EMILY

This was all very un-necessary. It's so obvious what happened. Mr Marston was a debauched young man who had consumed a lot of alcohol and .. Whatever else it was. The body can only take so much. And Mrs Rogers died of fear.

MACARTHUR

Fear?

EMILY

Oh, yes. That accusation must have been correct about them, the Rogers'. And just as the human frame can only take so much, the conscience will eventually shatter.

And MacArthur's eyes on her, conscience... guilt...

EMILY (CONT'D)

Mrs Rogers expired from the terror of having her sins brought home to her. She stands now before Our Maker, as we all must, to await his wrath.

A moment.

LOMBARD

I've heard some crackpot theories in my time but yours takes the absolute biscuit.

EMILY

(turning on him) And you, Captain Lombard. How you can walk and breathe and eat breakfast with the weight and knowledge of your unspeakable actions-

LOMBARD

And yet, here I am. Enjoying my breakfast.

Emily pushes her chair back. a sudden movement that makes MacArthur jump.

EMILY

The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made: in the net which they hid is their own foot taken. The pit awaits you, Captain. May you burn.

LOMBARD

And what awaits you, Miss Brent?

EMILY

I am a room swept clean for His laws. My conscience does not trouble me.

Emily leaves. A moment. MacArthur's grave face, he chews and chews at his toast as if it's impossible to swallow.

BLORE

Spinsters and their bibles.

LOMBARD

Miss Claythorne's right though. Someone did move the figures. The Owens-

ARMSTRONG

I don't even think there is a Mrs Owen.

LOMBARD

Alright, Mr Owen. We're waiting for him. Perhaps he's already here.

Rogers enters.

ARMSTRONG

Fresh coffee. This is tepid mud.

ROGERS

Sir.

LOMBARD

Is there anyone else on this island?

ROGERS

Myself and Mrs Rogers were here a week and didn't see another soul.

LOMBARD

Doesn't mean much. You have a rope?

Rogers nods, he and Lombard leave. After a beat, Blore goes after. Armstrong stares down into his cup, his knuckles clenched with tension. Wargrave checks the time, takes a pill with a sip of water. MacArthur stares at the sun falling on the table, the light dancing on cutlery and glass, shining through Wargrave's glass of water.

LESLIE

(V/O) They're bad luck. I don't want any bad luck.

CUT TO:

12

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO. DAY

12

1916. A room set up for posed portraits. A curtain or backdrop, a chair. A plant stand with a brass pot containing peacock feathers. MacArthur and Arthur Richmond in khaki officer's uniform, polished, burnished. Their caps under their arms. Leslie MacArthur, bright dancing eyes, fashionably, expensively dressed surveys the set up. She's playful but some well camouflaged edge.

LESLIE

It's bad luck to have peacock feathers in a house.

MACARTHUR

Leslie darling, we're not in a house.

LESLIE

A building then. I don't want to take any risks. No bad luck. No peacock feathers.

The photographer takes the peacock feathers away, replaces them with a pot plant. Leslie surveys her husband and his junior officer.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Let me look at you then.

Richmond has some hair sticking up. Leslie clicks her tongue playfully.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Arthur, this just won't do. England needs her officers to be impeccable. Or how will we beat back the Hun?

She smooths his hair down. MacArthur watches proudly.

RICHMOND

Better? Do I pass muster?

LESLIE

Just about. And you dearest John, are always impeccable.

She touches his arm as she sits down between them both. MacArthur smiles, he adores her. He places his hand on her shoulder, a touch of possession, she is his. They pose for the camera, the two men stood side by side behind seated Leslie. Leslie reaches her hand up to touch MacArthur's on her shoulder.. But her body inclines towards Arthur. The whoomph and flash of the camera.

CUT TO:

13 INT. LOMBARD'S ROOM. DAY

13

Lombard opens the drawer, takes out the gun. Checks the barrel, loaded. Fixes it into a shoulder holster so the gun is under his left armpit. Puts on a sports jacket. Looking at him, you wouldn't know he was armed.

CUT TO:

14 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

14

Vera curled up on the window seat. The window is open, she watches the mainland and the sea for Narracott's boat through the telescope. No sign. A deep breath, control, control..

She puts the telescope away from her eye and sees Lombard and Blore walking away from the house. Lombard carries a thick coil of rope. She gets up, smoothing her skirt and turns-

And now, at this angle, she can see the strange elongated shape in the painting of The Ambassadors. It's a skull. A moment, she shudders and leaves the library. The window is left open. The breeze stirs the fur of the bearskin rug. The sun glinting on the telescope and on the bear's yellow eyes.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 15

Vera leaving the library, she pauses, seeing MacArthur still sitting at the dining table.. Goes over to the dining room door.

CUT TO:

16 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY 16

MacArthur sitting exactly as he was, although now the table has been cleared around him. Vera in the doorway.

VERA

General? Do you need anything?

MacArthur shakes his head.

VERA (CONT'D)

I'm sure it won't be too much longer.

MACARTHUR

(gently) I'm certain of it.

Vera leaves. MacArthur along. The thuds and booms of artillery and shell..

CUT TO:

17 INT. DUGOUT. NIGHT 17

Sandbags, Maps, journals. It is filthy, cramped and freezing. The constant sound of bombardment. Two camp beds at either side of the cramped dug out. A small hurricane lamp. MacArthur hunched over a desk, frowning at a map of the Front. He is filthy, exhausted. On the desk, the photograph of all three of them. MacArthur tries to light a cigarette but his matches are damp. He curses under his breath, goes to the other bed, a crate for a bedside table.. searches around, knocks a box of letters flying.. Finds matches and goes to pick the letters up... and stops dead.

Peers at the letter, the writing.. Glances around him, opens it and reads-

LESLIE

(V/O) I love you, I love you, I love you, I think about you and you kissing me and your hands on me and in me and your mouth on my body and I cannot bear that you are not with me now. I wish, I long, I crave for you, my darling, the sun rises and sets in your eyes, I love you, Arthur, I am yours-

MacArthur folds the letter up. His hands shaking. Replaces it all very carefully. Sits back down at his desk. Utterly rigid. And Richmond enters, the same trenchy look.

RICHMOND

The men are all ready for the whistle. Morale fairly good. Gave the order for a tot of rum for everyone, Sir.

MACARTHUR

Excellent.

MacArthur tries to light his cigarette but his hands won't work, matches going everywhere.

RICHMOND

Here. Let me.

Richmond strikes a match, MacArthur's eyes on him burn with white hot loathing, he gets his cigarette lit and exhales. Richmond meets his eyes and MacArthur smiles gently. The kind father. The friend.

MACARTHUR

Thank you, Arthur.

And holstered on his hip, his service revolver.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. HOUSE. DAY

18

Vera exiting the house. In the sun, Wargrave, his hands folded over his walking stick. His eyes are closed. Vera pauses as if to go and speak to him but he looks asleep and so she steps back. Emily exits the house, carrying her knitting bag.

EMILY

Miss Claythorne, good. Bring a couple of chairs to the side of the house. We'll be out of the sun there.

And Vera doesn't have much choice but to comply.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ARMSTRONG'S ROOM. DAY 19

Armstrong looking down at Vera carrying deckchairs or similar. He eyes her with an almost visceral distrust. he can also see Blore and Lombard, heading away on their expedition. A frown. He turns from the window. He has brought a bottle of scotch up with him. A glass. He eyes it. Then quickly, quickly, almost clumsily he opens it, pours a measure. Steps back, eyeing the glass of whisky with the same expression he gave to Vera. The clock reads 10 in the morning. He struggles with himself for a moment.. Then picks up the glass, swirls the liquid and downs it in one. And almost instantly, the tension drains away from him. Peace. His body relaxes. Puts the glass back very carefully. Breathes out.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY 20

A cliff top. Sea boils at the base. There's crevasses, plenty of footholds but it's still pretty hair-raising. Lombard and Blore peer over the edge.

BLORE

This is barmy.

LOMBARD

Ever get the feeling you're being hunted, Tubs?

BLORE

Stop calling me that and no, I don't.

LOMBARD

Really? Mr Owen, whoever he may be, knows a lot about all of us.

BLORE

Not about me-

Lombard just looks at him.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Edward Landor was a degenerate. A pansy. And a drunk. He fell down the steps into the cell-

CUT TO:

21 INT. POLICE CELL. NIGHT

21

A burst of absolute brutality. A young man crumpled in a corner as Blore boots him over and over again. The man's face a bloodied split mess. His eyes swollen. He coughs, blood and a tooth. Blore livid with hate, sweating, bends over him.

BLORE

Try biting pillows without any teeth. Pouf.

A final kick. Blore looks at his boots. Gleaming with blood. Wipes them roughly on the young man's clothes and exits. The figure of a uniformed copper locking the cell, his eyes looking through the bars, troubled. The terrible laboured choking breathing of the young man.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

22

As before. Lombard watching Blore closely.

LOMBARD

You never touched him.

BLORE

I wouldn't want to go near one of those dirty bastards. Put 'em in the cell. Lock 'em up. Have done.

LOMBARD

If you say so.

Lombard takes off his jacket. Starts tying the rope round his waist, Blore gapes at the gun.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

Motto of the Boy Scouts, Tubs. Be prepared.

He hands him the rope, there is something for Blore to brace against, rock perhaps... and then Lombard swings down. Blore peers over the edge.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CLIFFS. DAY

23

Spray from the waves, wet rock.. Lombard clings easily to the rock, looks along the line of the cliffs. Nothing, no sign but he inches forwards. The rope straining. Above him, Blore's anxious face.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. HOUSE. DAY

24

Tucked round a corner, in the shade. Vera has grey wool looped over her hands which Emily is winding. Vera checks her little watch, Emily tuts.

EMILY

Do stop. Mr Narracott seemed a very sensible person. He'll be here.

Vera just nods, Emily's eyes are on her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I must say, I understand now why you teach in such a sub-standard establishment.

Vera starts, gets ready to defend herself.

VERA

I nearly drowned, Miss Brent. The Coroner commended by bravery in trying to save Cyril. His mother kissed me for trying to save him-

EMILY

Oh, my dear, I'm just observing that most schools wouldn't want to be associated with an inquest. I'm not accusing you, there's been enough of that.

VERA

Yes. There has. More than enough.

EMILY

Apart from Captain Lombard and the Rogers', of whom I am most dubious, it's all nonsense. Everyone was simply doing their duty. The Judge, the General, Doctor, Detective Blore.. They were doing their duty, as you were. As was I.

VERA

As were you..? You didn't say anything last night..

EMILY

Well, it wasn't fit for gentlemen's ears but Beatrice Taylor was my maid of all work. A foundling girl. An unwanted from the war. You know.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. GARDEN. DAY

25

A pretty garden, a table under a tree, dappled shade. Emily and BEATRICE, a very very pretty teenage girl. She wears a maid's uniform. Curls of her hair have come loose under her maid's cap. Emily is teaching her embroidery, guiding her fingers with the silks and needles. An embroidery frame covered with flowers. It is close, intimate, Emily's eyes don't leave Beatrice's face. The shadow of her lashes on her cheek, the curve of her smile. It's a hungry gaze.

EMILY

(V/O) I believed her to be a clean, decent and modest girl. I taught her needlework skills. We had quite the little home.

Beatrice winces, she's pricked her finger, a tiny drop of blood. Emily takes the finger and presses it to her lips. 'All better'. Beatrice smiles, so innocent, goes back to stitching... Emily's eyes on the girl..

CUT TO:

26 EXT. HOUSE. DAY

26

Emily and Vera, winding the wool.

EMILY

But she betrayed me. Ran true to type. Got herself in trouble. The family way. As her own loose mother had done with her. She begged me for help. Naturally and quite properly, I refused.

CUT TO:

27 INT/EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

27

Driving rain, the front door open, a furious Emily pushes a weeping Beatrice out into the rain, throws her bag out into the street, slams the door. Leans against it, her jaw set, her eyes glittering. We hear knocking and Beatrice's voice.

BEATRICE
 (O/V) Oh, please, please, Miss
 Brent, please...

VERA
 (V/O) What happened to her?

CUT TO:

28 EXT. HOUSE. DAY

28

Emily and Vera, Emily calmly winding wool, but Vera's eyes fixed on Emily's face with horror.

EMILY
 Not content with having one sin
 against her, she committed an even
 graver one and took her own life.
 And that of her unborn child.

VERA
 ..She killed herself?

EMILY
 She threw herself in front of a
 train.

A moment. Vera swallows.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 She left a note, saying sorry. To
 me. It even made the local paper,
 they turned it into some pot
 boiling sentimental tale.

VERA
 But she asked you for help, if
 you'd helped-

EMILY
 How could I have helped without
 condemning myself? It was a fault
 in her character, a weakness in her
 character that drove her actions.
 Why should I be reproached?

And she's finished winding the wool. Vera gets up, can't wait to get away from her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Ask Rogers for some tea. I'd like
 a slice of lemon with mine.

Vera walks away fast, turns back to look at Emily sitting there, placid and righteous and terrible. Vera shudders.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

29

Cliffs. Blore helps to haul Lombard up.

LOMBARD

Nothing.

BLORE

You sure?

LOMBARD

Take a look yourself, Tubs.

A flicker over Blore's face, the nickname and obviously he can't go down himself.. Lombard unties the rope, puts his jacket back on, Blore's eyes on the revolver.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

Don't like playing second fiddle,
do you?

BLORE

Not to a man with a gun when I'm
without.

LOMBARD

You'll have to lump it, won't you?
House. Cupboards. Cellars.

BLORE

Cellars? It's built on rock.

LOMBARD

Attics then.

Lombard sets off, calling back over his shoulder.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

Keep up, Tubs.

Blore's face twists. But he follows.

CUT TO:

30 INT. ATTIC. DAY

30

Bare but for dust. The odd bird's nest. Light shining up from the trap door in the middle of the room. Lombard steps silently across listening... and in one corner of the attic, from below.. A sound, a presence of someone.. Lombard listens, steps silently back to the trap door..

CUT TO:

31 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY

31

A little trap door to a loft, Blore boosts Lombard up to it and Lombard crawls through, we can hear him moving about. Armstrong comes bad-temperedly out of his bedroom.

ARMSTRONG

What the hell's going on?

Blore recoils from his whisky breath.

BLORE

Bit early to be on the sauce, ain't it?

ARMSTRONG

It's been something of a morning.

Lombard appears at the trap door, a finger to his lips. Swings himself down silently.

LOMBARD

Whisper) Did anyone else come upstairs.

Blore shakes his head. Lombard points in the direction of the sound.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

Bastard's up here.

He heads away, Blore and Armstrong follow..

Go through the corridors, silent, silent... and outside one door.. The three of them straining to listen and some tiny sound from inside.. Perhaps just breathing, perhaps a shift of weight.. Jesus! Looking at each other. Lombard draws his gun.. Armstrong's face.. A gun?? Silent, still and then Lombard kicks the door in, enters gun first-

CUT TO:

32 INT. BEDROOM. DAY

32

- Lombard with his gun, Armstrong and Blore behind him... and Rogers, in his vest, changing his shirt, open mouthed, his belongings on the bed-

A moment. Lombard puts his gun away.

LOMBARD

Sorry about that, Rogers.

ROGERS

I thought it would be alright to move rooms. I can't stay in my old room, my wife-

BLORE
Course. Obviously.

LOMBARD
Our mistake. As you were, good
chap.

And Lombard exits. Rogers stunned face, frozen in the act of putting on his shirt.

CUT TO:

33 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY 33

Lombard followed by Blore and Armstrong. Putting his gun back in it's holster.

LOMBARD
Right then. Crawl spaces.
Outhouses.

And he heads down the stairs, Armstrong and Blore look at each other and then at Lombard with profound suspicion.

ARMSTRONG
(hissed) Did you know he had that?

BLORE
Not until this morning.

CUT TO:

34 INT. MARSTON'S ROOM. DAY 34

Lombard, Blore and Armstrong. The sheeted figure of Marston on the bed. Blore looks in the bathroom. Armstrong in the wardrobe. Lombard gets down and looks under the bed.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ROGERS'S BEDROOM. DAY 35

The two beds, the sheeted figure of Mrs Rogers on the bed. Blore, Lombard, Armstrong do the same check, looking under the bed. Nothing. Silence, just the sound of the sea outside.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY 36

MacArthur sits out away from the house, looking at the sea. He looks so calm, resigned. The wind whipping up. Vera approaches, a cup and saucer.

VERA

General? There's tea. I wondered if you might like some tea.

MACARTHUR

She died of the Spanish flu after the war.

VERA

.. Who?

MACARTHUR

Leslie. My wife. After all that. She died of Spanish flu.

VERA

So many did.

MACARTHUR

I should have let them both be happy. I should have stepped aside, like a gentleman and let them both be happy.

VERA

Drink your tea.

MacArthur makes no move to take it. Vera puts it down on the rock by his feet.

MACARTHUR

He's not coming, you know. Narracott and his boat.

VERA

Of course he is.

MACARTHUR

No-one is coming for us. We won't be leaving the island. This is the end.

VERA

Don't be ridiculous, General, I beg your pardon but you are. Being really rather ridiculous-

MACARTHUR

It's the end. And it's a relief. To come to the end. To know that it's over. That it's all going to stop. Such a relief.

He looks at her.

MACARTHUR (CONT'D)

You don't understand that yet. But you will. In time. You'll understand the relief that it's over.

And he turns away from her and faces out to the sea again.

VERA

I'm sure you're quite mistaken. I must go and check on lunch. Do listen for the gong.

And she hurries away. Macarthur doesn't notice. Standing a little way away is Arthur, trenchy and unshaven in his filthy khaki, his beautiful face with a torn and ragged ugly disfiguring hole.

And with Vera as she hurries away, unsettled, she looks back over her shoulder, the arresting image of MacArthur with his back to her, facing the vast empty view of sky and sea..

CUT TO:

37

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

37

Vera entering, heading to the stairs, Rogers is carrying a tray of cutlery to the dining room. Vera not wanting to be waylaid.

ROGERS

Miss Claythorne? I'm considering luncheon. We don't have any fresh bread. Narracott was to have brought the bread. Milk. Butter-

VERA

Yes. Well. Put up what you can, Rogers. A cold collation.

ROGERS

Very good, Miss.

And she heads to the stairs and turns back as Rogers enters the dining room- follows him to the doorway-

VERA

But Rogers?

And her eyes on the eight figures on the table.

VERA (CONT'D)

Perhaps not in here. In the library. More ..informal.

ROGERS

Yes, Miss.

Rogers carries the tray of cutlery to the library, Vera closes the door to the dining room firmly.

CUT TO:

38

INT. PASSAGES. DAY

38

The doors to scullery and store rooms, the room where the gramophone is.. Still there, perhaps we see it.. Blore and Armstrong stand, listening, looking up.. The sound of someone moving in the ceiling above them.

ARMSTRONG

(low) Are we supposed to say nothing about this revolver?

BLORE

I don't know.

ARMSTRONG

You're the policeman. Carrying a sidearm is.. Well, it's not bloody on.

And further up the passage, a hatch and Lombard swings himself down from it. Covered in dust and cobwebs.

LOMBARD

Nothing. Pipes and plumbing.

ARMSTRONG

Wild goose chase, if you ask me, it's her. Claythorne. Search her room, you'll find those figures.

LOMBARD

Marston was given cyanide though, wasn't he, Tubs?

ARMSTRONG

Cyanide?

BLORE

I'm pretty sure of it.

LOMBARD

You run hot and cold. You were very sure this morning-

BLORE

I can't be sure without a proper report-

ARMSTRONG

Search her room, I'm willing to bet you'll find cyanide-

BLORE

Miss Claythorne? She don't seem
the type-

ARMSTRONG

Oh, she's exactly the type-

LOMBARD

For christ's sake, she's a bloody
games mistress!

ARMSTRONG

Past her best. Losing her bloom.
Marston's a handsome devil not
interested in her. She wants
vengeance.

LOMBARD

Easy to see how you've got a Harley
Street practise.

ARMSTRONG

I know women! I know what they're
like! Their brains. Crackers.
Mental! It's sex or the lack of it.
Sends them loopy.

BLORE

What about the old boy, the
General? Dangerous men came back,
you know. From over there. The
noggin all scrambled.

He touches his head.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Anything can set 'em off. One case
I had, bloke was nice as pie. Out
of nowhere, he takes the whole
family out. Wife. Kiddies. Himself.
Bloodbath. Claret all up the
walls. We should search the old
boys room.

LOMBARD

Let's search everybody's room. God
Bothering Miss Brent, let's search
Wargrave's-

ARMSTRONG

The judge?

BLORE

Well known as a hanging judge.
Infamous for the black square. The
story goes he'd watch every
execution he'd ordered.

A moment while they absorb this.

LOMBARD

Tubs, this morning you were ready
to put Armstrong in the clink-

Armstrong shoots Blore a look.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

- now anyone's fair game?

BLORE

You suggested the judge!

LOMBARD

I was taking the piss. No-one's
going to be searching any rooms.
Mr Owen is here. He's just smarter
than I've given him credit for.
(beat) I'm going to wash. I'll
look again after lunch.

Lombard leaves. Armstrong drills his suspicious eyes on
Blore.

BLORE

I don't trust him as far as I can
spit.

Sees the look Armstrong's giving him. A beat.

BLORE (CONT'D)

You don't want to be paying
attention to what he said. He's
stirring. Trying to upset what you
and me have got, this ...
understanding that we've got.

ARMSTRONG

We've got an understanding?

BLORE

Both professional men, see things
with different eyes. Rational
Methodical. We need to stick
together. Him (Lombard), he's just
stirring the shit pot. Well, I can
stir it right back.

Blore leaves, stay with Armstrong, his simmering suspicion.
He realises his hands are clenched into tight, white knuckled
fists. He slowly and carefully uncurls them. Takes a deep
breath to calm himself, cracks his knuckles. They sound like
tiny pistol shots in the echoing quiet passage.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. HOUSE. DAY

39

Emily and Vera's deckchairs. Emily's bag of knitting, the grey skein of wool. The initials ECB glinting on the knitting bag. ECB on the ends of the needles. A stronger breeze getting up, bellying the material of the deckchairs like a sail.

CUT TO:

40 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

40

The window open, the breeze. Laid out, cold meats, some cheeses. Rogers passes plates, etc. Pours wine. Blore, Lombard, Vera, Armstrong Polite comments about the cold meats. The singing tension. And under next, the light outside changes, gets darker. Thunderstorm coming. Emily and Wargrave enter.

EMILY

Apologies for being a little late.
The Judge was helping me look for
my wool.

WARGRAVE

Where is the General? Rogers, go
and call him.

VERA

I think you should leave him.

ARMSTRONG

Why?

VERA

He was ..talking rather strangely.
About his wife. Who died. About
it being the end.

BLORE

(murmur, to Armstrong) The old boy.
Batty. What did I say?

ROGERS

I shall put up a plate for the
General.

VERA

Thank you, Rogers.

Rogers leaves. A moment of munching. And suddenly-

WARGRAVE

Captain Lombard, Detective
Inspector Blore tells me you have a
revolver.

A moment. Everyone stares at Lombard. Lombard, unruffled, just grins at Blore.

LOMBARD

Oh, Tubs.

BLORE

Stop calling me that! What are you doing with a gun, I'd like to know-

WARGRAVE

Are you wearing it now?

LOMBARD

I am.

EMILY

(frozen) Is it the gun you used to kill those poor men.

LOMBARD

It is.

EMILY

You are going to hell, Captain. Sitting there with, with, with an instrument of death and destruction while we're trying to have our lunch!

LOMBARD

Calm down. The safety catch is firmly on. I've no intention of using it on anyone here.

ARMSTRONG

Who needs to take a gun on holiday?

LOMBARD

Who said anything about a holiday?

ARMSTRONG

You did. You said you'd come down here to get away from it all.

LOMBARD

Well, I lied. I brought my revolver with me because I take it everywhere but I was also told - no, he was cleverer than that.. It was inferred that I might need it.

And a sense of bristle in the room, everyone more attentive-

WARGRAVE

Inferred by whom?

CUT TO:

41 INT. ISAAC MORRIS' OFFICE. NIGHT

41

The clacking of the desk fan, stirring the turgid air. The sound of Soho at night drifting up. Lombard sits at the desk, Isaac Morris consults a letter. Audrey is very impressed with Lombard. Keeps casting him little looks. Surreptitiously, she reapplies her lipstick, when she gets up from the desk, she sashays knowing he's looking at her.

ISAAC MORRIS

You have a reputation as a man who knows his way around. Who is useful when it comes to.. How shall I put this.. Trouble.

LOMBARD

I've been in a few tight spots.

ISAAC MORRIS

My client anticipates some trouble. He needs a good man who can handle ..situations.

LOMBARD

Who's your client?

ISAAC MORRIS

Mr Owen. Urick Norman Owen.

LOMBARD

Never heard of him.

ISAAC MORRIS

But he has heard of you. It's very well paid. Audrey, the box.

Audrey gets the petty cash box and shimmies over. Lombard admires her figure. Audrey enjoys being admired. Isaac Morris spreads a lot of money on the desk. Much, much more than Vera got.

LOMBARD

Right. I generally get this well paid because it's dangerous.

ISAAC MORRIS

My client believes that it could become volatile.

LOMBARD

I see. And how does Mr Owen wish me to proceed?

ISAAC MORRIS

He leaves that to your discretion. But forewarned-

LOMBARD
-is fore-armed. I understand.

CUT TO:

42 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

42

As before, everyone looking at Lombard.

VERA
But that's who contacted me, for
the job with Mrs Owen. Isaac
Morris in Soho.

WARGRAVE
Soho?

He starts to go into his jacket pocket, gets out a letter.
gets out his glasses from his top jacket pocket, attached to
the lapel with the thick black silk cord and the clip.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)
I was invited here by my old friend
Mrs Constance Culmington. It's the
sort of letter I'd expect from her,
vague. Atrocious spelling. But the
envelope is postmarked London,
Soho.

EMILY
It's a sink of depravity. A Godless
desert of vice.

WARGRAVE
I cannot imagine Mrs Culmington in
Soho. How did you come to be here,
Miss Brett?

EMILY
Mrs Owen wrote to me about my work.
The moral education of girls of the
lower orders. There is too much
..slatternly behaviour. Modesty and
decency must be their touchstones
or decent society will be drowned
in a riding tide of unwanted
babies. All squalling to be fed.

Vera slides her eyes at her, prim Miss Brett.

EMILY (CONT'D)
She wanted to contribute to my
cause.

WARGRAVE
Detective Inspector Blore?

BLORE

Got a letter from Urick Norman Owen. Impressed by my standing in the force. If I could see my way clear to spending some time posing as his guest, keeping an eye out, he'd recompense me generously.

ARMSTRONG

Keeping an eye on what?

BLORE

He said that someone was here under false pretences. He included a list of guests. Everyone here. All your names. And Mrs Rogers and young Marston.

VERA

Our names?

BLORE

That's right but nowhere did it say that Lombard would have a gun!

WARGRAVE

Detective, was the envelope postmarked W1?

BLORE

I didn't keep it.

ARMSTRONG

Who is this man, this Owen?

WARGRAVE

That's a good question, Doctor-

ARMSTRONG

Is it his voice on the record?

EMILY

I don't wish to discuss that record-

BLORE

Has everyone forgotten about Lombard's bloody gun? He's got a bloody gun!

EMILY

Don't blaspheme!

BLORE

Surrender your weapon, Lombard!

LOMBARD

Not a chance.

BLORE
I could take it off you!

LOMBARD
You could try.

A sizzling moment.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)
If I was going to shoot you, I'd just go ahead and do it. I'm saving my bullets for Mr Owen.

VERA
Is Isaac Morris Mr Owen?

LOMBARD
I wouldn't have thought so. I'd have found that bucket of lard by now. Like trying to hide a hippo.

EMILY
Jews. Where-ever there is a problem, Jews are always at the bottom of it. I'm sure Captain Lombard takes his employment from anyone but how could you be so naive, Miss Claythorne? What reputable lady hires her staff though a Semite?

And a flicker of lightning, a boom of thunder, they jump out of their skins and a torrent of wind, the curtains billow into the library.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Shut the window, for heaven's sake.

Vera goes to shut the window and stops dead. Very tight on her. Frozen, staring at the little telescope.

VERA
Oh, god.

LOMBARD
What is it?

And tight on the telescope. Thick clotted blood. Hair.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

43

Dark, roiling sky, lightning crackles and flares.. Thunder.. And wind.

Armstrong, Blore, Lombard, Rogers carry General MacArthur towards the house on a blanket, each of them holding a corner.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 44

Wargrave, Vera and Emily waiting as the body is carried in.

LOMBARD

Don't look. His face is caved in.
Don't look.

Emily folds her hands in prayer, drops her head as they carry the body up the stairs. Vera turns quickly and goes through to the dining room-

CUT TO:

45 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY 45

Vera entering, followed by Wargrave. On the table, there are now seven figures.

WARGRAVE

Miss Claythorne?

VERA

Eight little soldier boys
travelling in Devon. One said he'd
stay there and then there were
seven. Count them, Judge. Count
them.

And the storm bursts over the house.

CUT TO:

46 INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 46

Dark outside from the clouds. Wind and rain lashing the windows. There is the racing sound from the clocks, ticking away the minutes. The click-click of Emily's needles as she knits. Blore turns a cigarette over and over, tapping one end then the other silently on the arm of a chair. Armstrong cracks his knuckles. Wargrave silent, his hands clasped over his stick. Blore cuts his eyes at Emily, the click click click of her needles.

BLORE

Could you stop that?

EMILY

It is better to be occupied.

Blore visibly grinds his teeth. Rogers enters with a tray of tea things.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This is what we need. Afternoon tea. Thank you, Rogers. Shall I be mother?

CUT TO:

47 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

47

Dark from the storm. Rain at the windows. Lombard stands at the window looking out, drums a finger slowly, thoughtfully on the wooden frame of the window. Vera watches him from the door.

VERA

You think Mr Owen is here, on the island?

LOMBARD

And the one consolation is he's getting very wet.

VERA

What makes you so sure? That he's here.

LOMBARD

Instinct. I always trust my instinct. It's kept me alive in places you wouldn't even dare imagine.

Vera comes a little further into the room.

VERA

Captain Lombard, did you really kill all those men?

CUT TO:

48 EXT. AFRICA. DAY

48

Impressionistic rather than realistic. A high burning sun. Bleached out. Lombard, unshaven, in filthy shirt, his hands bloodied, lights a cigarette. When he takes it out of his mouth to exhale, there is a blood print over his mouth. Like a lipsticked kiss. Nearby, another white man is bent double, vomiting. Lombard casts a contemptuous look at the vomiting man.

LOMBARD
You'll get used to it.

CUT TO:

49 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

49

As before.

LOMBARD
Yes, Miss Claythorne. I did kill
all those men. And more.

VERA
..Why?

LOMBARD
They were in the way. They had
something I wanted. In this case,
diamonds. Worth more than a few
lives.

Vera recoils. Lombard's eyes on her.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)
Murder's just clearing the way so
you can get what you want. I
wanted the diamonds. What did you
want? Was it some man?

A moment. Vera stares.

VERA
I nearly drowned. Cyril's mother
kissed me for trying to save him.

LOMBARD
All for some man. I bet he wasn't
appreciative. I would've been. I
could go a long way in life with a
woman prepared to do anything for
me.

Rogers enters-

ROGERS
Afternoon tea is served in the
drawing room.

LOMBARD
Thank you, Rogers.

Rogers leaves.

VERA
You're wrong about me, not for the
first time, you are so very wrong.

LOMBARD

I'm being hunted. We're all being hunted. But let's go and drink afternoon tea as if none of us are wondering who's next.

Lombard leaves, Vera alone in the darkening library. The glass rattling in the window frame. Wind howling down the chimney.

CUT TO:

50

INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

50

Rain lashing the windows. Tea being passed. Rogers building a fire, he lights it and the flames leap prettily. Wargrave has a pen, his envelope on his knee, writing something and frowning at it.

EMILY

That's better. Much more cosy and comforting.

ARMSTRONG

There's a storm coming. That's what he said.

BLORE

Who?

ARMSTRONG

This old man. A drunk. Mad. At the harbour yesterday, he said a storm is coming. Blood and slaughter. It's the end of the world.

BLORE

Maybe you shouldn't drink whiskey before lunch.

Armstrong turns his eyes on Blore. Rogers bows to excuse himself.

ROGERS

I'll bring some more wood.

Rogers leaves. Wargrave gets to his feet with some difficulty, Vera rushes forwards to help.

WARGRAVE

Thank you.

A sense of him addressing the room.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

I have been pondering Doctor Armstrong's question.

(MORE)

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

Who is Mr Owen? None of us have met him though he knows a very great deal about us. Personal intimate details. He has gone to considerable lengths to entice us to this place and considerable lengths to accuse us-

VERA

Falsely-

A babble of voices, except for Lombard. Wargrave holds up his hand for quiet.

WARGRAVE

Something struck me, I can't think why I didn't see it before. Ulrick Norman Owen. Una Nancy Owen. Or..

And he holds the envelope out for them to see, written in capitals UNOWEN.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

It's a riddle, perhaps, for-

And he turns the envelope over, on the other side in written UNKNOWN.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

And the murder of General MacArthur has proved that Captain Lombard is right to insist that the killer is on the island. The killer is unknown and is most certainly a maniac. The killer is amongst us. The killer is one of us.

Silence.

LOMBARD

That's insane!

EMILY

(ice) I do trust that you do not consider me capable?

WARGRAVE

Anyone is capable. Forty years on the criminal bench has taught that.

BLORE

Rogers.

LOMBARD

Oh, here we go. Lining up his next suspect.

BLORE

Rogers spends a lot of time alone.
Making everything all nicey-nicey.
Cold collation, Sir. I'll put up a
plate for the General, Sir. Oily
bugger. He knew he was dead because
he did it. Sneaking around.

EMILY

A good servant should be unheard
and unseen and is a good servant.
Going backwards and forwards during
dinner, he could have put something
into Mr Marston's drink.

BLORE

And it was easy for him to get to
his wife because they shared a
room. Rogers.

ARMSTRONG

She was scared of him. I heard him
telling her to shut up. Well,
she's shut up now.

VERA

But the General, the rest of us,
that record, this house, why? Why?

LOMBARD

Has he got the brains for it?

BLORE

First thing I wrote about him, in
my observations, was thug. Rogers'
has got low cunning written though
him like Brighton through a stick
of rock. We need to watch him.

LOMBARD

Any faith I had in the Thin Blue
Line evaporated entirely the second
I met you, Tubs.

BLORE

You call me that one more time,
just once more and I'll-

LOMBARD

You'll what?

Wargrave holds up his hand again for quiet as footsteps cross
the hall. Rogers enters with a basket of wood. All eyes on
him.

ROGERS

I'll start thinking about what can
be done for supper.

(MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)

There's some livers and kidneys.
Perhaps a pie with a good gravy.

WARGRAVE

It sounds delicious, Rogers. Thank
you.

Rogers exits. All the guests look at each other.

BLORE

Well, I ain't eating a mouthful of
his pie.

CUT TO:

51 INT. KITCHEN. DAY 51

Rain and wind outside. Rogers opens the fridge. Stops. The
livers and kidneys have gone. Just a bowl of puddled blood.
He frowns.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. NIGHT 52

Darkness, rain and wind. Lights burn in the upstairs
windows.

CUT TO:

53 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS. NIGHT 53

Blore, Lombard, Emily, Vera, Wargrave, Armstrong all stood
outside their bedrooms.

EMILY

Well, good night. Trust in God but
perhaps also, we should lock our
doors.

They all go into their rooms. The doors shut. And there is
simulataneously, the sound of keys turning in locks.

CUT TO:

54 INT. LOMBARD'S ROOM. NIGHT 54

Lombard takes off his jacket, unstraps his holster with the
gun and puts it in a drawer. A moment. He opens the drawer
again, takes the gun out and puts it on his bedside table.
Lies down on the bed. And suddenly turns, grabs the gun, the
click of the safety catch coming off and he aims it at the
door. Fast. Good.

He replaces the gun on the bedside table, angled so it's quicker, easier to get hold of. Starts to undress.

CUT TO:

55 INT. EMILY'S ROOM. NIGHT

55

Emily in her nightgown. She prays. Her lips moving. Gets into bed. Turns off the light. Rain against the windows. And a soft knocking at the door. The sound of weeping.

BEATRICE

(O/V) Oh, please, Miss Brent,
please, please, I beg you, please,
Miss Brent, please...

Emily puts her hands over her ears and shuts her eyes tight.

CUT TO:

56 INT. HALLWAY. DAY

56

A dismal day, no sun. The racing art deco clock with it's jumbled, distorted numerals like the numbers are trying to escape the clock face... 9.45 And Armstrong rushes in from the 'servants door' and beats and beats on the gong-

ARMSTRONG

(yelling) get up! Get up! Get up!

Vera and Lombard appear at the top of the stairs, nightclothes-

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

It's Rogers.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. WOOD SHED. DAY

57

Vera, Lombard at the entrance to the wood shed. Armstrong stands further back. Shaking. We can see Rogers feet, his legs twisted. A pool of blood. Vera looks, retches, steps away with her hand over her mouth. The axes leaning against the wall. The heavier one crusted in blood.

ARMSTRONG

I was looking for him. I wanted
coffee. I looked for him and found
this.

Wargrave and Emily arrive, dressing gowns, tired unslept faces. Shock and Emily again, folds her hands in prayer.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

It wasn't me, I just wanted my damn coffee, it wasn't me-

Lombard lifts Rogers' arm. It's stiff, his trousers are soaked where they've lain out in the rain.

LOMBARD

He's been here hours.

ARMSTRONG

Seven little soldiers chopping up sticks, one chopped himself in half and then were six and he is, he's chopped in half, near clean in half and all I wanted to know was where is my coffee so she's right-

Pointing at Vera-

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

It is the poem but he's fucked, Mr Unknown Owen, because six little solder boys playing with a hive a bumble bee stung one and then there were five but there's no hives, no bees, not here so what are you going to do now, Mr Unknown Owen, you're fucked-

And Vera smartly slaps him across the face. The sound like a shot. A long moment, everyone holds their breath. Armstraong takes a gasp. Breathes.

VERA

I will make coffee, Doctor. I will get dressed, we will all get dressed and I will make coffee.

She takes his arm and steers him inside.

VERA (CONT'D)

Miss Brent, Judge, you don't want to see this.

A beat and then Wargrave and Emily follow as Blore exits the kitchen door, pulling his dressing gown cord round his body. He comes over and looks at the grisly mess.

BLORE

Shit the bed.

Lombard pulls a tarpaulin out of the woodshed.

LOMBARD

We'll have to wrap him in this or he's going to go everywhere.

They step carefully around the blood.

CUT TO:

58

INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

58

The room is dark from the louring sky outside. Emily sits, looking out of the window, fretful and distressed. Her hands knotted together. Her lips move silently in prayer. Nearby, her knitting needles and her grey wool, her knitting bag. Vera enters, carrying a tray, cup and saucer, coffee, a sugar bowl.

VERA

Coffee. There's no milk I'm afraid.

She puts the tray down, tries the lamp. Nothing.

VERA (CONT'D)

The storm must have knocked the power out.

EMILY

Does this person mean to kill us all?

Moment.

VERA

I think so, yes.

EMILY

I never meant any harm, I never meant.. I did what anybody else would do, I...

A beat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I wish I could find my other ball of wool. I am quite ridiculously distressed that I've lost it, it's only wool...

A beat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I am so very tired.

VERA

Drink your coffee, Miss Brett. I'll bring you a candle to see by.

EMILY

Thank you, dear.

Vera leaves, Emily stares out at the rolling blackening sky. She prays and prays and prays.

CUT TO:

59

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

59

Again, the room is dark from the cloud outside. Armstrong, Wargrave sit at the dining table. Six figures. They stare at them. They drink coffee. Armstrong smokes, agitated, messy, ash drops everywhere. He drinks coffee, some dribbles on to his shirt, he doesn't notice, though Wargrave's quick eyes pick it up. Vera enters, picks up the coffee jug. It's empty.

VERA

I'll make some more.

Vera exits. Wargrave and Armstrong again. Armstrong's increasing nerves. Armstrong stubs his cigarette out.

WARGRAVE

It's going to rain again.

Armstrong lights another cigarette. Wargrave's eyes on him.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

Doctor, you've had a terrible shock. You have some sedatives, maybe-

ARMSTRONG

No! No. I don't want my mind dulled.

WARGRAVE

I understand that.

A moment. Armstrong gets up, comes and sits closer to Wargrave. All his suaveity undone.

ARMSTRONG

I must apologise for exposing your illness in such an unforgiveable fashion. I don't know what I was thinking of, I'm ashamed of myself-

Wargrave holds up a hand to stop him.

WARGRAVE

We are all a little ragged. Understandably.

Armstrong leans closer, confidential, it would take some effort not to move quickly back from him, he breathes out nerves. he stubs out his cigarette.

ARMSTRONG

What's your opinion on the others?

WARGRAVE

I haven't really formed one-

ARMSTRONG

I don't trust them. Blore.
Lombard. Claythorne.

Lights another cigarette.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Old Miss Brett. She's got religious mania. Done her deal with God. Barmy. But you and I, sharp minds. Actual intellects. We should stick together.

WARGRAVE

Very well.

Armstrong nods, satisfied. Notices finally, that he's got coffee on his shirt. Gets up.

ARMSTRONG

Dribbling down myself like a child.

He laughs unconvincingly, goes to leave-

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(a thought occurring) She's making coffee. Claythorne. She needs watching.

And Armstrong is gone. Wargrave checks his watch, reaches into his pocket, takes out his pill box, takes a pill.

CUT TO:

60

INT. ROGERS'S BEDROOM. DAY

60

Blore and Lombard, still in their dressing gowns heave the tarpaulin wrapped body of Rogers on to the bed. Blood has dribbled on the floor. They throw a sheet over him. Lombard finds a towel somewhere, chucks it at Blore.

LOMBARD

You do the stairs, I'm going to wash the guts off the yard. The women aren't going to want to see that.

BLORE

Very chivalrous, I'm sure.

But he takes the towel, starts wiping the blood spatters off the floor boards and the stairs...

CUT TO:

61 INT. KITCHEN. DAY

61

The kettle is set to boil. Somewhere in a bowl, the half used candles from the first dinner party. A storm lantern. Vera fixes a candle in the storm lantern, lights it. A pretty glow. We are aware but she is not that the red curtain that hung at the window is gone. A noise behind her and Wargrave is there. A tea towel. He starts to dry the cups, very precisely. Slowly, leaning his walking stick against the table.

WARGRAVE

I rather enjoy domestic tasks.

VERA

They are soothing. Normal.

WARGRAVE

Indeed.

Vera takes the lit storm lantern-

VERA

I won't be a moment.

CUT TO:

62 INT. HALLWAY. DAY

62

Vera crosses to the drawing room door with the storm lantern, opens the door, we stay in the hallway-

VERA

(going O/V) Miss Brent?

And a moment. Just the racing clock and the sound of the wind and then Vera comes back out with the storm lantern. Her face ashen but no emotion, a sort of terrible practicality.

She puts the storm lantern on the hall table, picks up the hammer for the gong and a thought strikes her..

She goes to the dining room door and looks in..

A long moment. And then she goes to the gong and strikes it five times. Not in a hurry, deliberate.

She replaces the hammer neatly and stands there waiting for the others to come. Her face very white in the darkening hall. The candle in the storm lantern throwing pretty light on the walls.

CUT TO:

63 INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY

63

Dark from the clouds outside, wind getting up, rain spatters the window. Wargrave, Armstrong (clean shirt) Blore and Lombard (pyjamas, dressing gown, blotted with blood from Rogers) Vera, look at Emily. She is slumped forward in her chair. Protruding from the base of her skull is one of her knitting needles. It's been sunk in very deep. The end of the knitting needles is initialled in the same was as her knitting bag ECB. Vera so calm, so composed puts the tip of her finger over the initialled end, hiding the EC so all you can see is the B.

VERA

Stung by a bee.

CUT TO:

64 INT. EMILY'S ROOM. DAY

64

Emily is laid on the bed by Lombard and Blore, Vera puts a sheet over, taking some care. The window is open, the curtains billowing. A gust from the window sends Emily's hat spiralling out of the room. No-one notices.

VERA

I suppose I should think about lunch.

BLORE

I could eat a horse.

Vera turns and looks at him.

VERA

Really? You're actually hungry?

BLORE

That was heavy work dealing with Rogers. And you're the one suggested lunch.

VERA

Only because it's what one does at this time of day, but I;m not hungry, how can you be hungry?

BLORE

Oi, you, don't you go implying..
Casting aspersions... I'm nothing
to do with this-

He gestures to Emily's body-

BLORE (CONT'D)

I'm nothing to do with any of it,
just 'cause I said I was hungry, I
am hungry, don't prove a single
thing...

A moment.

BLORE (CONT'D)

I'm going to get dressed.

Blore leaves, in a temper, comes back-

BLORE (CONT'D)

The whole morning, clearing up,
dragging Rogers around and he's a
big bloke! Heavy! Weighed a ton,
the whole morning, not a word of
complaint and not so much as a cup
of tea to wet the whistle and you!
You look at me like I...

LOMBARD

Calm down.

BLORE

You've got some front, love.
You've got some right brass neck.

Blore leaves. A moment.

LOMBARD

Don't go downstairs on your own.
Not with those two.

VERA

Wargrave and Armstrong?

LOMBARD

Wait up here for me.

Vera nods. Lombard leaves, Vera closes the window and exits
the room, closing the door gently.

CUT TO:

65 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS. DAY 65

Outside Emily's room, Vera sees her hat where it bowled out of the room. She picks it up, sets it down carefully on a little occasional table. Waits.

CUT TO:

66 INT. LOMBARD'S ROOM. DAY 66

The sound of a key and Lombard entering.. And stops dead. No gun on the bedside table. He wrenches open the drawer, the holster is there but no gun. Gone.

CUT TO:

67 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 67

Vera sits on the stairs, she rubs at her temples as if trying to shift a headache. Lombard, still in what he was wearing, Blore (half dressed, normal shirt, pyjama bottoms), Armstrong, Wargrave leaning on his stick. We are mid-row, tempers fraying.

LOMBARD

It was locked so that means there's a master key-

WARGRAVE

Rogers must have had a master-

ARMSTRONG

And you two dealt with his body-

LOMBARD

And you found it. Or did you? You shrieking like a woman, was that a bit of amateur dramatics, was it?

ARMSTRONG

I did nothing to Rogers and I didn't take a master key from him, we don't even know if there is a master key and we've only got your word for it that it's been stolen, maybe you've taken it-

LOMBARD

Why would I steal my own gun?

ARMSTRONG

I don't know why you'd do anything, Lombard, I don't know why you killed Miss Brent or Rogers or MacArthur-

LOMBARD
I didn't kill them-

ARMSTRONG
You would say that just as you
would also say that your gun had
been stolen-

LOMBARD
Armstrong, you really are a first
class, five star, solid gold
fucking moron-

WARGRAVE
Please! The lady!

BLORE
Double bluff.

Lombard rounds on him.

LOMBARD
What, Tubs?

BLORE
Why you'd steal your own gun.
Armstrong's got a point, all of
this is riddles and games and smoke
and mirrors, double bluff-

LOMBARD
You were the last one down.

And silence. Everyone staring at Blore who looks defensive.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)
The last one. Ages behind everyone
else. What took you so long?

BLORE
I don't care to say.

Lombard takes a step towards Blore.

LOMBARD
You killed Rogers, took the master
key, went to bed, waited till we
were all downstairs and then got in
my room and took my gun, you've got
my gun, you flabby little prick-

WARGRAVE
Captain! For heaven's sake-

BLORE
I never killed Rogers and I ain't
got a master key or your sodding
gun!

LOMBARD

Then what took you so long, if you weren't in my room, stealing my gun, why were you last down?

BLORE

I was in the bloody lavvy if you must know.

Silence. And suddenly Vera laughs. The laughter is infectious. Helpless, helpless laughter. Even Blore.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah go ahead and laugh but it's not funny. Bound up something rotten. Sitting there in a muck sweat.

The laughter peals and peals.

BLORE (CONT'D)

So it weren't me. Could have been any of us. Anyone of us could have the gun, anyone of us could have a master key.

And the laughter stops.

CUT TO:

68

INT. ARMSTRONG'S ROOM. DAY

68

Armstrong with a towel around his waist waits in the doorway as Blore, Vera, Wargrave and Lombard, all dressed, search his room, his clothes, everything. Armstrong's face tight with anger. Wargrave sees his look.

WARGRAVE

It's the only way to be sure.

CUT TO:

69

INT. WARGRAVE'S ROOM. DAY

69

Armstrong, Blore, Vera and Lombard search Wargrave's room, clothes, belongings as Wargrave stands in the doorway, leaning on his stick, clutching a towel round his waist.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BLORE'S ROOM. DAY 70

Blore with a towel round his waist, waits as Armstrong, Vera, Wargrave and Lombard search his room.

CUT TO:

71 INT. LOMBARD'S ROOM. DAY 71

Lombard lounges in the doorway, a towel round his hips as Vera, Armstrong, Blore and Wargrave search his room. Lombard keeps his eyes on Armstrong. Vera looks at Lombard. He looks good. The flat muscled abdomen. The taut arms. He realises she's looking at him but as he meets her eyes, she drops her gaze. There's nothing in the room, everyone has finished searching but Armstrong makes a point of going through things again. Lombard narrows his eyes.

WARGRAVE

Miss Claythorne? And now you?

VERA

Of course.

Vera leaves. Armstrong carries on searching through Lombard's clothing, pockets inside out.

LOMBARD

Perhaps I've hidden it all up my arse, Doctor. Gun and Master key. Want me to touch my toes so you can take a squint?

ARMSTRONG

I'm just being thorough.

The simmering tension between them, Blore and Wargrave exchange a glance.

CUT TO:

72 INT. VERA'S ROOM. DAY 72

Vera opens the drawers, takes out her crimson swimsuit and just some little moment where there is a flash of blue sky, sparkling water, sunshine, so vivid- and then it's gone, we're back in the room with the dour weather at the window. She starts unbuttoning her blouse.

And we can see something we haven't noticed before, or maybe it wasn't there. She hasn't noticed it yet.

A thick black metal hook is screwed into the ceiling.

CUT TO:

73 INT. VERA'S ROOM. DAY

73

Vera waits in the corridor as Blore, Armstrong and Wargrave search her room.

ARMSTRONG

Why isn't Lombard doing this?

WARGRAVE

Detective Blore and I felt it might be a good idea to keep you a little apart from each other.

BLORE

Like a pair of ruddy squabbling kids.

CUT TO:

74 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS. DAY

74

Vera leans against the wall, wearing her crimson ruched bathing suit. She listens to the other three searching her room. 'Turn the mattress over etc' A sound, a presence and Lombard comes into the corridor. Towel round his hips. His eyes on her.

Vera knows he's looking at her, she folds her arms round herself, ducks her head.. Being the woman who doesn't like being looked at.. But close on her, her face, her eyes, something is happening, a spark, of enjoying being looked at, the sexual attention stoking her own nature, her own appetite. She glances at Lombard, easily standing there, watching her. The lines of his body.

And then she turns and faces him, lifts her chin, some alchemical change in her, she looks at his body, drops her arms by her sides he can see hers better. Crimson in the white house. Eyes alight. They look at each other, assessing, admiring, wanting. They watch each others faces. Vera's sexual challenge. Lombard's lips curl in a smile. This is what they are. No more pretending.

LOMBARD

(very soft) Well, well. Miss Claythorne. Here you are.

VERA

Captain Lombard.

LOMBARD

Philip.

VERA

Vera. Here I am. And there you are.

And they watch each other, an absolute understanding, the fizz and crackle of sex.

And then the sound of the other men finishing their search intrudes.. a final look at each other as these selves and then Lombard leans against the wall, Vera turns back into the secretary, arms folded round her self, head ducked, it's like she's doused a fire, she leans against the wall as Wargrave, Blore and Armstrong come out.

WARGRAVE

Nothing.

Vera nods, arms wrapped round herself.

LOMBARD

So where's my gun? And the master key?

BLORE

We'll search the rest of the house. Every room.

Lombard goes into his room, Vera goes into hers and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

75 INT. VERA'S ROOM. DAY

75

Vera entering, picking up her clothes to get changed, pulling the swimsuit straps of her shoulders and catches sight of something in the mirror, something in the ceiling-

And turns and stares up at the black hook. A moment and then she shakes herself, turns away, goes back to get getting dressed.

CUT TO:

76 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

76

The five search. Every book pulled out, it's pages riffled, chairs turned over, pelmets of curtains, paintings turned round, underneath the table, the chairs, under the bear skin rug...

Nothing.

CUT TO:

- 77 INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 77
 The five of them search, cornices, pelmets, slicing open the underside of chairs, books, feeling up the chimney, every single possible place to look-
 Nothing.
 CUT TO:
- 78 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY 78
 The five of them search. Silent. Thorough. Fast.
 Nothing.
 CUT TO:
- 79 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 79
 The five search. Thorough but a sense of increasing desperation. Nothing.
 CUT TO:
- 80 INT. LOCKED ROOM. DAY 80
 The gramophone is searched, looking down into the trumpet..
 Nothing-
 CUT TO:
- 81 INT. KITCHEN. DAY 81
 The five search... nothing-
 CUT TO:
- 82 EXT. WOOD SHED. DAY 82
 The five search, turning over wood stained with blood-
 Nothing-
 CUT TO:
- 83 INT. SCULLERY/LARDER. DAY 83
 Piles of tinned meat, bottles, cartons of cigarettes, they search and search... and finally Lombard explodes, kicking a pile of tins so they go everywhere-

Nothing.

CUT TO:

84 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY 84

The five of them sit round a table. Wind and rain spattering the glass. Opened tins of meat. No plates. They fork food into their mouths. They watch each other, eyes flickering sideways. The sound of the wind outside, a high singing tension and their eyes on each other... Armstrong drinks and smokes. Five figures on the table.

The clock in the hall chimes...

CUT TO:

85 INT. LIBRARY. DAY 85

Pick up the sound of the clock chiming... the wind, the rain, the silent library..

And close on the bear skin rug. So close on it's head and it's yellow eyes, it's lips lifted in a snarl, it's teeth..

And there, gleaming blue black, the gun and a key.

The clock finishes chiming.

Silence.

END OF EPISODE
TWO

86 86

87 87

88 88

89 89

90 90

91 91

92

92

93

93

94

94

95

95

96

96

97

97

98

98

99

99

100

100

101

101

102

102

103

103

104

104

105

105

106

106

107

107

108

108

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

109

109

