

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

EPISODE 3

Written by
Sarah Phelps

Based on the novel by Agatha Christie

Draft 1

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

1 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. JETTY. EVENING 1

Wind and rain. The sea boils violently around the jetty, tangled ribbons of seaweed. Gulls ride the weather. The house all dark but for a glow of candles in the drawing room window.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DRAWING ROOM. EVENING 2

Candle light flickering on the framed painting, the nursery rhyme. Blore, Lombard, Vera, Wargrave in his chair by the dwindling fire, hands clasped over his walking stick. Armstrong paces, smoking, smoking. Blore sits, hunched forward, elbows on knees. Jaw set. Lombard lounges, looks so relaxed but that coiled danger. For all of them, Armstrong's agitation is setting their teeth on edge. Vera looks out at the rain streaking the glass.

CYRIL

(whining, getting close to tantrum)
Why can't I swim? Why can't I?

CUT TO:

3 EXT. BEACH. DAY 3

Idyllic summer's day. Blue sea and bowl of sky. A rock out in the bay. Dunes and beach grasses. Golden sand. Cyril, Vera and MRS HAMILTON, late 40's glamorous, an overly indulgent parent. There is a picnic, a parasol, beach loungers. A bat and a ball. Vera is holding on to a struggling Cyril. Mrs Hamilton flaps ineffectually. Vera is losing her patience with Cyril and with Mrs Hamilton.

CYRIL

I want to swim! I want to swim to the rock!

MRS HAMILTON

Oh, Cyril, darling, you know you can't, you're not strong enough-

CYRIL

I am! I am!

VERA

Cyril, behave yourself.

MRS HAMILTON

Listen to Miss Claythorne, dearest.
What about a lovely game or a drink
of squash?

CYRIL

NO!

And he sinks his teeth into Vera's wrist. She itches to slap him.

MRS HAMILTON

That's incredibly naughty, I'm so
sorry, Miss Claythorne, oh dear,
he's getting worked up, Cyril you
will make yourself ill-

And over the dunes comes HUGO, so debonair, so easy, so
insouciantly handsome and cheerful and the minute he arrives,
everything changes.

HUGO

What's all this now?

CYRIL

Uncle Hugo!

And he runs to him, tantrum forgotten.

HUGO

I could hear you shouting from
miles away, you young rascal. Are
you causing ructions? Are you?

He swings a laughing delighted Cyril into the air.

MRS HAMILTON

Oh thank heavens, in the nick of
time.

Hugo comes over with Cyril hanging on his arm. He kisses Mrs
Hamilton on the cheek. Vera watches him, the day suddenly
seems sharper and brighter.

HUGO

Olivia, you look absolutely
radiant, as ever-

MRS HAMILTON

Empty flattery, I'm positively
raddled and utterly hideous-

Very warm and genuinely affectionate between Mrs Hamilton and
Hugo.

HUGO

(of Vera) I don't believe I've had
the pleasure.

MRS HAMILTON

Hugo, this is Miss Claythorne who's doing so much to help Cyril in the schoolroom.

Hugo holds out his hand, Vera shakes it, they meet eyes, an instant attraction, that bat squeak of sexuality.

A little later. Mrs Hamilton and Vera are on the loungers, well, Mrs Hamilton reclines, Vera sits on a deck chair, rubbing the bite mark on her wrist. Some distance away, Hugo plays a patient game of bat and ball with Cyril. Vera keeps her face professionally blank and acquiescent, secretive almost but her eyes are sharp as she watches Hugo.

MRS HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(of Vera's wrist) Oh dear. I suppose he gets so frustrated, poor little boy. It's why I refuse to send him away to school. Apart from his health, he's sensitive. Just imagine what the other boys would do to him.

Perhaps Vera quite likes the idea of what the other boys would do to Cyril, but that blandly agreeing face.

MRS HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(of her wrist) Not too ouchy?

VERA

Not at all, Mrs Hamilton.

Mrs Hamilton turns back to the bat and ball game.

MRS HAMILTON

And now look how happy Cyril is. Hugo always works wonders. He is the most marvellous man.

VERA

He seems very nice.

MRS HAMILTON

I really can't imagine many would be as kind under the circumstances.

VERA

What circumstances?

MRS HAMILTON

Well, I had no idea I was pregnant when my husband and Cyril's poor papa died. So Hugo as the nephew stood to inherit. It would have been all his.

(MORE)

MRS HAMILTON (CONT'D)

And then I found I was in pig so the poor chap had to wait to see if it was a boy or a girl and then out pops little Cyril and that was it for Hugo's hopes.

A moment. Vera watching Hugo and Cyril playing. Mrs Hamilton laughs and claps as Cyril hits a ball a few yards. Hugo cheers, Vera silent.

MRS HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Plenty of young chaps in his situation would have held the most terrible grudge. But not him. And he's so desperately poor himself. What he needs is some rich girl, loaded down with Daddy's money but he's a romantic. Wants to marry for love. But how can he when he doesn't have a penny? Love, Miss Claythorne, is a very costly pursuit. Oh, well done, Cyril!

And she applauds another hit.

VERA

Perhaps I'll go and play with them.

Mrs Hamilton beams.

A little later. A scratch game of rounders. Bases marked with clothes. Hugo bowls to Vera. Cyril fields.

HUGO

(to Cyril) Ready old thing?

CYRIL

Ready. But I don't think Miss Claythorne can hit a ball. Girls can't, Uncle Hugo.

Hugo bowls, Vera strikes, the ball goes for miles. Vera sets off running, fast, strong, her bare feet kicking up little spurts of sand. Mrs Hamilton cheers, Hugo applauds, Cyril jumps up and down in excitement, the sun glints off his little spectacles.

CUT TO:

4

INT. DRAWING ROOM. EVENING

4

As before, as if no time has passed. Rain on the glass, the singing wind. Armstrong pacing, getting on everyone's nerves.

ARMSTRONG

(explodes) We can't just sit here!

BLORE

What are we supposed to do?

ARMSTRONG

Light a fire, on the headland, try
and signal for help!

LOMBARD

In this weather?

Vera gets up.

ARMSTRONG

Where are you going?

VERA

To make some tea. I'll bring it
in.

ARMSTRONG

And what else are you going to
bring in? A knife from the
kitchen? The gun from where you've
hidden it? What are you going to be
putting in that tea? She's going
to wipe out all four of us!

VERA

There's going to be lemon in the
tea. I won't bring a knife and I
don't have the gun and even if I
did, I wouldn't be murdering all
four of you at the same time, would
I?

ARMSTRONG

How do we know that?

VERA

Because it's one by one and in a
particular way or haven't you been
paying attention and-

She points at the rhyme on the wall-

VERA (CONT'D)

Nowhere on there does it say
anything about a gun, does it?
You idiotic cretinous bastard!

Lombard applauds.

LOMBARD

Yes, Vera!

And we just see a shock on Blore and Armstrong's faces at the
intimacy of 'Vera'.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)
I'll come with you-

BLORE
No. We go singly or in a group.

CUT TO:

5 INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

5

Candles. The stove stoked with wood. It's almost cosy. Five people sitting round the table, drinking black tea. Watchful, Armstrong fidgets and fidgets, it's getting unbearable. Lombard watches Wargrave who now looks so ill. Tired. In pain. The crackling of the stove. Suddenly-

LOMBARD
I hear you were one for the black square and the rope, Judge Wargrave.

A moment, Blore shifts a little uncomfortably.

WARGRAVE
When it was appropriate, yes.

LOMBARD
And Tubs here says you used to go and watch all the hangings you'd ordered. That true?

BLORE
You really want to stop calling me that.

LOMBARD
Is it true, Judge?

WARGRAVE
I had the power to condemn men- and indeed, women,- to death for their crimes. With great power comes great responsibility. I believed very strongly, that to look away as that power was exercised would have been both irresponsible and cowardly.

LOMBARD
Did you watch Edward Seton hang?

Wargrave doesn't answer for a beat.

VERA

I remember Edward Seton from the newspapers. Everyone said he was innocent.

CUT TO:

6 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

6

Again, impressionistic, rather than realistic. The judges dias. Flags and insignia. A jury. In the dock, EDWARD SETON. About twenty. Almost feyly pretty. Like a depraved choir boy. Wargrave enters, stately in wig and scarlet robe and sits. Seton watches Wargrave with the strange mad light in his eyes. As if he finds this predictable, entertaining, as if it makes no difference to him or to the world at all.

WARGRAVE

(V/O) He wasn't. He left diaries. They proved a warped and corrupted mind. He believed his victims were full of sin and filth and he was cleansing the world of their stain. Taunting the police with clues and mis-direction excited him as much as torture and sadism.

Wargrave covers his head with the black square. Bangs his gavel. He can't quite meet Seton's unwavering, unblinking stare. It unsettles him.

CUT TO:

7 INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

7

As before but Armstrong for once is still, as they all are, listening, disturbed, chilled. And Lombard suspicious.

BLORE

So if he was guilty and you passed the right verdict, why didn't you go and watch?

WARGRAVE

I did.

VERA

But you hesitated-

WARGRAVE

Well, it was unsettling. Different. He refused the hood.

CUT TO:

8 INT. EXECUTION ROOM. NIGHT

8

Again, impressionistic. It can be dark space all around, like Armstrong's surgery theatre. A highly lit wooden structure. Steps. A gallows. A dangling rope. A hangman. Wargrave, in his dark coat, his homburg stands in front of it as Seton is led in. He mounts the stairs almost eagerly, never taking his eyes off Wargrave as the rope is put round his neck. Wargrave removes his hat. His eyes meet Seton's. Seton grins at him. An intent grin as though there's a shared private joke.. Wargrave doesn't smile back..

WARGRAVE

(V/O) He wanted me to see his face.
Perhaps to impute some commonality
between us. Perhaps to laugh at me.

And close on Wargrave as the lever is pulled. The sound of the drop, the squeak of the rope as it swings.. Tight on Wargrave, some flicker across his face.. Shock? and then it's gone, his face regains it's flat composure. He puts his hat back on.

CUT TO:

9 INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

9

As before, all eyes on Wargrave. Lombard's narrowed and suspicious.

VERA

Laugh at you?

WARGRAVE

Yes. At justice. That it meant nothing to him. He wasn't cowed by it. Well, laughing or not, Justice came. As it always does. The world is free from his terrible darkness.

He sips his tea. So quiet but for the rain and wind outside. Vera's frozen face. Justice. And just for a second, just out of the range of the candle light-

Cyril. His spectacles. Wearing his sky blue shorts decorated with little boats. His sandals. His skinny chest and skinny arms. A frail little boy. So breakable. He swings his legs excitedly. He's happy, as if he's going on an adventure.

Vera shuts her eyes tight for a second. When she opens them again, he's gone. Armstrong starts agitating again, smoking, cracking his knuckles.

CUT TO:

10 INT. HALLWAY. EVENING

10

The glow of the candles as Blore, Wargrave, Armstrong and Lombard come back into the hall. Wargrave carries the storm lantern. Wargrave heads to the library. The others tense a little.

WARGRAVE

We said singly or in a group. I would like to read. And I'm sorry, Doctor Armstrong but I find your agitation tires me greatly.

With the group, they did agree.. and Wargrave goes to the library door, tap tapping with his stick. The library door closes, the other four head to the drawing room again. The candles flaring in draughts..

CUT TO:

11 EXT. DUNES. NIGHT

11

Stars in the sky, the perfect summer night. A candle in a jar or a little lamp. Balmy, the soft sound of the sea. Vera and Hugo lie facing each other, eyes on each other heads pillowed on one arm, the fingers of those arms entwined and with their free hands caress each other, their faces, tracing eyebrows the shape of lips, cheekbones, collarbones. Their faces very close. Hugo's fingers stray to the buttons of Vera's blouse... they kiss, hot and desirous.. and then Vera is on top, pushing Hugo's shirt off his shoulders, helping him with her buttons, pushing his trousers off his hips.. Her thighs locked round his hips, hands in his hair.. Hugo stops.. Looks up at her.

HUGO

I love you.

VERA

I love you too.

Hugo kisses her and then is lost as they fuck, and on Vera's ecstatic face, transported, feral.. Her head thrown back, her throat to the stars-

CUT TO:

12 INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

12

It's Armstrong's turn to stare out of the windows. Vera stands at the fire place, she runs the tips of her finger round the tip of her glass, the high pitched ringing sound... it;s driving Armstrong mad. He almost seems to be flaking away, skin, hair dried out.. His eyes flick from Vera to Blore and Lombard standing, hissed voices-

LOMBARD

'Justice came'. The killer and Wargrave having common cause, the same thrill from hading out death-

BLORE

You took the piss when I said the Judge-

LOMBARD

Well now, my precious Tubs, I think different. How many men has he seen dangle? What does that do to you? Sadist and torturer, damn right, it's Wargrave-

BLORE

He's on his own. Could be plotting anything.

LOMBARD

Well, let him try. Against you, me and Armstrong? And I'm sure Miss Claythorne will pile in-

ARMSTRONG

(suddenly, sharp, to Vera) Stop that will you? Just stop.

Vera doesn't quite stop, lets her finger carry on running round the glass rim, that high pitched sound.

VERA

(low) As if we haven't all haven't had to listen to you, to put up with you, breathing and smoking and scratching and fidgeting and pacing-

She stops suddenly. Takes her finger away from the glass. Silence. Blore and Lombard watching her, watching Armstrong.

VERA (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed.

And off their tension.

VERA (CONT'D)

Singly or in group. You can watch me go up the stairs.

CUT TO:

13

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

13

With their candles, Blore Lombard and Armstrong watch Vera proceed up the stairs with her candle.

As she turns the corner, they throw a look over to the closed Library door.. head back to the drawing room. The race of the clock.

CUT TO:

14 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR'S. NIGHT 14

The candle shielded by Vera's hand... very close on her. The flame leaps at draughts, every creak, every sound, every hiss of the wind outside... passing the rooms full of the dead... she even looks behind her.. Nothing.. No-one.. but her heart thumps and her skin prickles.. She reaches her room, fumbles in her pocket for her key and turns the lock... and a gust from somewhere blows her candle out... total darkness. Just her racing heart and harsh breathing.

VERA

(to herself) Control yourself.
Matches inside. Matches. Light it
inside. It's fine, it's fine, it's
fine.

She opens the door.

CUT TO:

15 INT. VERA'S ROOM. NIGHT 15

Dark, though some light from somewhere, perhaps there is a moon outside, behind the fast scudding clouds.. Vera enters, blundering.. And suddenly, there is a child's wet pale hand at her throat and Vera screams and screams and screams, the child's hand tangles in her hair, trails across her face-

And Vera faints.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. BEACH/ SEA. DAY 16

Vera in her crimson swimsuit walks into the waves. She swims. The rock in the bay is ahead of her. She is a strong swimmer. She changes her swimming style.. She lets her legs dangle down, she doggy paddles weakly...

And the current grabs her legs and drags her..

She tumbles in water, bubbles shooting from nose and mouth, eyes open, letting it drag her.. And suddenly, galvanises herself to a powerful kick and surge-

And reaches the surface, gulping air... her eyelashes in spikes... she has been dragged out and away from the rock.. The beach is much further away.

She gathers all her strength and kicks and swims, strong, powerful, back to the beach and when we see her face...

She's smiling. Alight with certainty.

LOMBARD
(V/O) Vera. Vera.

CUT TO:

17 INT. VERA'S ROOM. NIGHT

17

Candles. Vera on the floor, Lombard crouches over her, patting her face. She gasps for breath..

Armstrong enters, with his doctor's bag, getting some capsule out, coming over- Lombard grabs his arm warningly-

ARMSTRONG
For Christ's sake, it's sal
volatile. Smelling salts-

He breaks the capsule under Vera's nose, the instant effect-

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
Breath slowly, Miss Claythorne, In
through the nose, out through the
mouth-

Lombard pulls Vera up so she's sitting against the wall, her breathing steadying-

VERA
I thought somebody was in the room
with me.

LOMBARD
It's seaweed. Bladderwrack to be
precise.

He gets up and now we see, hanging from the hook in the ceiling, a long ribbon of bladderwrack.. fleshy, pustular, alien. It seems obscene. Vera can't drag her eyes away from it-

Blore enters, a balloon glass of brandy, tries to hold it to her lips- a moment and then something flashes in Vera's eyes and she pushes Blore's hand away-

A moment. Lombard laughs.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)
Good for you, Vera. Sharp as a
tack.

And take Armstrong, the little flash in his eyes at 'Vera'. Blore looks hurt.

BLORE

You think I've done something to it?

A long moment. It doesn't need answering.

LOMBARD

I'll go and get a bottle that hasn't been opened.

Lombard leaves. Vera gets unsteadily to her feet.

VERA

I need some water.

Vera goes unsteadily into the bathroom. Armstrong watches her go. Blore sniffs the brandy, dips his finger into it and tastes it.

With Vera in the bathroom, she runs the cold tap and drinks, desperately, looks up into the mirror and meets her own eyes for a second..

And looks away.

In the bedroom. Blore and Armstrong. the sound of running water from the bathroom.

BLORE

This brandy's alright. I didn't do anything to it. Brandy's good for shock. That's why I got it-

ARMSTRONG

(hissed) He calls her Vera.

BLORE

What?

ARMSTRONG

He calls her Vera. Lombard. They've got something going on between them.

Blore's frown.. But Armstrong is so strung out and febrile that Blore isn't that ready to believe him and Lombard re-enters with a sealed bottle of brandy as Vera comes out of the bathroom.

LOMBARD

Of brandy) Sealed. Untampered with.

VERA

Can somebody please get rid of that? (the seaweed)

Blore twitches the seaweed down, and at a loss for somewhere to throw it, opens the window to chuck it out- and all the candles go out. In the darkness-

LOMBARD
Fucking hell, Tubs.

BLORE
She said get rid of it, I got rid of it.

A lighter flares and the candles are relit. The seal on the brandy bottle broken. Vera drinks from the bottle, breathes. The bottle gets passed around. Blore eyes the hook in the ceiling.

BLORE (CONT'D)
What's that for?

VERA
I don't know.

BLORE
A chandelier, maybe.

LOMBARD
A chandelier? In a bedroom?

BLORE
Posh people, ain't it. Put a chandelier anywhere. Put a chandelier in a pig sty if the fancy takes 'em.

And suddenly, the infectious laughter. The aftermath of shock.

LOMBARD
I'm becoming very fond of you, Tubs.

BLORE
Arrogant asshole, you are. (claps his hand to his mouth) Bloody hell, sorry, Miss Claythorne-

Vera waves it away, all four of them laughing as if they're at a party-

VERA
You're right. He is.

More laughter, the bottle being passed-

VERA (CONT'D)
This is like midnight feasts at school, all in one room, drinking from a bottle by candlelight.

BLORE

Gymslips never suited me. Ain't got
the knees for 'em.

Laughter, everything funnier than it should be.

ARMSTRONG

Not everyone. Where's the Judge?

The laughter stops.

CUT TO:

18

INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT

18

Judge Wargrave sits in a high backed chair. On either side of him, candles burn. A book has fallen from his hand. His spectacles are on his face but they've slipped, making him look ridiculous. On his head, a wig of grey wool. Round his shoulders, the red curtain from the kitchen window. There is a mess of blood on the wall behind him, matting the back of his head, the grey wool. An entry wound in the centre of his forehead with a dribble of blood. Armstrong, Blore, Lombard and Vera stare silently and Armstrong steps forward, carefully, peers.

VERA

Miss Brett's wool. She lost her
wool.

ARMSTRONG

He's been shot.

A ripple across all of them. Armstrong starts to take off his jacket-

VERA

What are you doing?

ARMSTRONG

We've got to wrap his head to move
him.

LOMBARD

He's right. Don't want his brains
running out all over the floor.
Don't use your jacket, Armstrong,
you'll never be able to wear it
again. I'll find something else.

Lombard leaves. A moment with the three of them left.

VERA

Shot? Are you certain?

ARMSTRONG

Look at him.

BLORE

We searched everywhere for that gun.

ARMSTRONG

Or perhaps we were looking in exactly the right places to not find it.

Lombard re-enters, a towel or something. Armstrong takes it, very carefully takes Wargrave's glasses off his face, tuck them into his breast pocket. Lifts the blood clotted wool wig off, drops it on the floor and wraps his head.

CUT TO:

19 INT. WARGRAVE'S ROOM. NIGHT 19

Lombard, Blore and Armstrong put Wargrave's body on the bed, vera watches from the door. Armstrong covers the body with a sheet. they leave, closing the door, the room in darkness.

CUT TO:

20 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR'S. NIGHT 20

Vera, Blore, Lombard, Armstrong. Just standing there, watching each other.

BLORE

(to Lombard) you went back downstairs. To get the bottle.

LOMBARD

You went downstairs too, to get a glass of brandy. And you - (to Armstrong) You disappeared for a bit.

ARMSTRONG

To get my bag. So I could attend to Vera.

And it's deliberate, the use of her name, but the others don't pick up on it.. Armstrong never takes his eyes off Lombard and Vera.

BLORE

We didn't hear a shot.

ARMSTRONG

Would we have done? The wind.

LOMBARD

Could have muffled it. A cushion..

ARMSTRONG

I'll have to take your word for it.
I've never considered shooting
someone in the head.

LOMBARD

How would I have had time to go
downstairs, get a bottle of brandy,
quickly put a slug in Wargrave,
making sure no-one heard and then
dress him up and get back upstairs
again? Tubs was away longer.

BLORE

I'm not as quick on my toes as you.

A moment.

ARMSTRONG

Five little soldier boys, going in
for law. One got Chancery and then
there were four. One by one and in
a particular way. So you were quite
right, Miss Claythorne.

VERA

I went upstairs! You watched me go
upstairs!

ARMSTRONG

You could have doubled back.

VERA

Yes, you're right. I could have
doubled back. I could have sneaked
back down again. But I didn't.

LOMBARD

And where's my gun?

BLORE

Don't bloody look at me!

ARMSTRONG

Or me.

VERA

I've never even held a gun.

LOMBARD

Right. So it was none of us. But
it was one of us.

Vera leaves suddenly, as if a thought strikes her.. The
others follow... shadows leaping up the walls.

CUT TO:

21 INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 21

With candles.. The four of them look.. On the dining table, four figures. Silence. The wind outside.

ARMSTRONG

I can't stand the sound of that wind. I can't stand it.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. SOHO. NIGHT 22

Torrential rain, neon lights reflected off the wet pavements. In the street, rain cascading off him, a uniformed bobby stands by an opened door. INSPECTOR MAINE, 50 or so, tough, intelligent, a bloodhound for a case, a soaked mac and a wet trilby, hurries up to the door, the bobby stands aside for him. We see on the door a sign 'ISAAC MORRIS SKILLED PERSONS BUREAU: TWO FLIGHTS UP'.

CUT TO:

23 INT. ISAAC MORRIS OFFICE. NIGHT 23

Rain at the window. Young Detective Sergeant PINNOCK waits at the door, he holds a handkerchief over his nose, avoids looking at the scene of carnage. MAINE comes up the stairs, taking his wet hat off, his coat, draping it somewhere. he survey the carnage.

The Actor lies somewhere, a mess of blood on the back of his head. A piece of paper curling near his hand. Audrey's body slumped and tumbled by the door, her dress has rucked up, showing her legs The typewrite dropped somewhere near, dented and blood spattered from being used as the bludgeon. Isaac Morris slumped over his desk, the cord from the little desk fan wrapped round his neck. His face purple. Flies buzz at the windows.

PINNOCK

Neighbours reported a smell, Sir.

MAINE

I bet they did.

PINNOCK

The young lady was wedged against the door, Sir. Looks like maybe she was left for dead and tried to get out.

Pinnock puts his handkerchief back over his mouth and face. Heaves a little.

PINNOCK (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Inspector Maine.

MAINE
 Don't worry, Pinnock.

Maine peers at the bodies, bends kindly over Audrey and carefully arranges her skirt so her legs aren't exposed. Steps carefully into the office. Pinnock follows him, handkerchief over his face. Maine bends and picks up the curl of paper lying by the Actor's hand. Squints at it. Passes it to Pinnock.

MAINE (CONT'D)
 Read that for me. My eyes are getting shocking.

PINNOCK
 (reading) Invoice: 15 shillings
 for the recording of SwanSong for
 U.N. Owen of Soldier Island, Devon-

And Maine goes cold, his blood runs backwards, his 'seen it all' professionalism ruffled.

MAINE
 Say that again. The name.

PINNOCK
 U.N. Owen of Soldier Island, Devon-

Maine takes the paper back, scrutinises it-

MAINE
 That's impossible, just not possible, he's dead, the bastard's dead-

MAINE (CONT'D)
 Sir?

And he points. On the dimpled glass of the door, Audrey has written something before she died. In scrawled blood.. OWEN...

Maine's frozen face. Like he's seen the devil. Rain hurls against the windows.

And we hear music.

CUT TO:

24 INT. LOCKED ROOM. NIGHT

24

Candles. The gramophone playing, the microphone in front of the trumpet..dance music, bright cheerful... we hear it echoing distantly through out the house..

CUT TO:

25 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

25

Ablaze with candles, every room ablaze with candles. Music blares through the loudspeakers. Lombard, Vera, Armstrong, Blore in a strange, high pitched, mad party. There are bottles everywhere. Corks being popped, champagne foaming out, drinking from the bottle... seals being broken on whisky, gin.. Cigars being lit.. The little silver box and spoon from Marston's room.. The drinking, the drinking.. Blore rubs cocaine on his gums, makes a face- Lombard, Vera.. Sniffing and widening her eyes in surprise.. Armstrong is an adept, quickly shovelling it up, his eyes huge, talking, talking..

ARMSTRONG

(of the cocaine) In the war, all the time, to stay awake, bodies, bodies, bodies, bodies, blood bone, skulls, just this parade, this endless parade of shattered...meat! Just meat! And standing there, night and day and night and day and cutting off legs and arms and guts everywhere and bodies and their screams and you have to stay awake, you have to stay awake! Night after night after night no sleep, just bodies and blood and bodies and blood and the smell, the smell! And the noise, the noise, the noise-

Blore suddenly howls like a wolf, exultant.

BLORE

My hearts going to burst!

LOMBARD

It's not going to burst!

VERA

What if it's poisoned?

LOMBARD

Then we're all dead! But what a way to go!

And they laugh as if that's the funniest joke ever..

A little later, the drinking, the music- The men clapping and cheering as Vera slides down the bannisters, whooping-

Blore finds Emily's hat, puts it on, minces 'like a lady' laughing his head off..

Lombard has the red curtain from the library, flourishes it like a bullfighter, Blore scrapes the ground like a bull and charges, colliding with the gong, falling-

Vera puts on Wargrave's Homberg, walks like Charlie Chaplin

She crowns Armstrong with Wargrave's Homberg and he tips it over one eye like a cabaret dancer..

They put on Swan Song again, laughing, drinking, the indictment rings out..

VOICE

How do you plead?

And a barrage of jeering and curses, 'Piss off, Mr Owen!!' Laughter, whooping, cheers!

Music again... They dance. Vera with Lombard. Blore with Armstrong...

They dance through all the rooms... A danse Macabre.. A Bacchanal.. Under the watchful eyes of The Ambassadors..The Schiele febrile girl.. The Goya black drawings.. The Agnes Dei.. Their wild figures reflected on the Gertler Merry Go Round.. as if the eyes of the figures in the paintings are watching them...

They dance in the hallway, the art deco clock with it's faintly surreal numerals racing the time, racing it...

The music and their shouts and laughter echoing in all the rooms of the dead..

And later.. The mood less feral. The euphoria of the drink and the cocaine has worn off. Now it's more paranoid. Lombard and Vera dancing close together, their faces and bodies so close.. Armstrong dances with Blore, still both wearing their hats.. They dance close too, watching Lombard with Vera, suspicious.

Close on Lombard and Vera. Lombard's mouth by her ear.

LOMBARD

You stick with me, Vera. We're going to get through this. We're going to get off this island.

VERA

How d'you know?

LOMBARD

Because I've no intention of getting killed. Death is for other people. Not for us.

He kisses her neck, Vera folds herself into him.

And with Blore and Armstrong watching this, still dancing. Fierce, suspicious eyes. Armstrong's mouth at Blore's ear.

ARMSTRONG

You see? Look at 'em. Look at her. Look what she's doing. Look who she's getting on side. Them against us.

Blore's eyes on Vera and Lombard, then go to Armstrong..

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

It's her. It's him and her together. Mr and Mrs Owen.

He suddenly pulls away from Armstrong, realises he's wearing Emily's hat. Pulls it off in a rage.

BLORE

What am I wearing this fucking thing for?

And the bubble is burst. Blore breathing hard, like he's cornered, Armstrong watching him with a strange light in his eyes. Vera and Lombard looking at him, as if they're waking up from a dream.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Going to bed. Party's over.

CUT TO:

26 INT. LOCKED ROOM. NIGHT

26

The gramophone needle hissing on a record. The mechanism slows.. And stops.

And now it's silent, we hear the wind has dropped. All you can hear is the sea.

CUT TO:

27 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR'S. NIGHT

27

Blore. Lombard. Armstrong. Vera. Candles. All at their respective bedroom doors.

At the same time, they all open them, go in, close the doors and the locks turn or at least two locks turn...

CUT TO:

28 INT. LOMBARD'S ROOM. NIGHT 28

Lombard stood by his door, listening.. he hovers over turning the key but doesn't. Goes to the bed, sits down. Kicks off his shoes. Pulls off his socks. Watches the door. And then gets up... silently opening the door a crack..

And across the corridor, Vera's door open slightly. Lombard slips out of his room.

CUT TO:

29 INT. VERA'S ROOM. NIGHT 29

Lombard entering. Vera locks the door. She and Lombard look at each other for a moment, sizzle and hum and then they kiss, slow and greedy. Vera unbuttons her blouse, puts his hand on her breast, Lombard puts her against the wall, pushes his hand up her thighs.. Vera gasps and glimpses that black hook in the ceiling, hanging above them so ominous, so sinister.. She closes her eyes, kisses Lombard harder, more urgently.

CUT TO:

30 INT. ARMSTRONG'S ROOM. NIGHT 30

Armstrong, fully dressed, stands by the door, listening. All quiet. He takes a very deep breath, then another.. He seems so much calmer, as if he's held the winning hand all along.. Silently, silently.. He opens the door..

CUT TO:

31 INT. BLORE'S ROOM. NIGHT 31

Dark. The candle blown out. Blore sitting on the edge of his bed. Shoes off but socks on. Shoulders hunched and head sunk, thoughts boiling in his skull.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CELL. NIGHT 32

Landor in a corner, jumps up as Blore enters. Landor is young, soft faced, terrified. He's been crying. Blore looks hulking powerful next to him. He stares at Landor and sighs.

BLORE

Now look here, sunshine, you've been pinched. And we know what for.

Landor opens his mouth to speak, to frantically deny but Blore holds up a meaty hand to stop him.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Lurking about in a gentleman's public convenience, in the bogs, what am I, born yesterday?

Landor drops his head, caught and still terrified, his terrified breathing. Blore looks at him, the kind father.

BLORE (CONT'D)

It's lucky you got me, you know. Not some other copper. They might've been a bit heavy handed. But look at you, nothing of you really. Soft. Like a peach. Or something. Be mush in a moment.

A beat.

BLORE (CONT'D)

So on your way. Let this be a lesson to you. Be more discreet. You don't want to end up with a bloody nose or doing a stretch inside, cos it's no fun for you lot in the nick. Go on, scarper.

Landor looks up him with such gratitude and he hurries for the open cell door and is stopped by Blore's hand on his shoulder.

BLORE (CONT'D)

That's what I should've done, ain't it? That's what I should've done. But I didn't.

And he shoves Landor hard so he falls against the wall, the boy's terrified eyes-

CUT TO:

33

INT. BLORE'S ROOM. NIGHT

33

With Blore. Riven with guilt. Heavy with self-digust. The house silent... and then a sound.. Barely a footfall, more a sense, a presence beyond the door... Blore's ears almost prick, straining to catch the sound... he holds his breath.. goes silently in his socked feet to the door... listens, straining to listen..

The faintest faintest sound of someone moving along the corridor, going to the stairs..

Blore moves fast, silent, opens the door-

CUT TO:

34 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR'S. NIGHT 34

Blore creeps along in the dark, hearing ahead of him, someone going as silently as they can to the stairs.. A beat of stillness from Blore and then he sprints-

CUT TO:

35 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT 35

Still some candles burning down. Armstrong comes fast down the top of the stairs, heads out to the door just as Blore appears at the top, Armstrong is gone out of the front door.

And tight on Blore, the briefest glimpse of Armstrong and the door closing-

BLORE

Bastard!

He races back along the corridor-

BLORE (CONT'D)

Lombard! Lombard!

CUT TO:

36 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR'S. NIGHT 36

Blore, raging, running along the corridor, thumping on Lombard's door..

And his shock, when Lombard comes out of Vera's room, throwing on his shirt, doing up the belt of his trousers. Vera behind him, wrapped in a sheet, her bare shoulders.. So obvious..

VERA

What is it.

BLORE

It's Armstrong, it's him, he's left the house, I saw him-

LOMBARD

(to Vera) Lock your door, put the chair against it.

And they're gone. With Vera... the dark corridor stretching both ways eerie, she goes back in and we hear the key turn in the lock-

CUT TO:

37 INT. VERA'S ROOM. NIGHT 37

Vera shoves the chair under the handle of the door, goes over to the window, straining to see what's going on, her breath fogs on the glass.. We can hear Lombard and Blore shouting directions to each other.. and then they're gone.. Just the accoustic of the house and the sea and Vera's breathing.

And the accoustic changes slightly.. An outdoors beach sound.. Sand, dune grasses.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. BEACH. DAY 38

Exactly as in the very first scene. Vera and Cyril walk up the dunes. He holds her hand.

CYRIL

Can I really swim out to the rock?

VERA

Yes, you can.

CYRIL

Mummy says I'm not strong enough.

VERA

But you and I both know you are,
don't we?

Cyril beams.

VERA (CONT'D)

But Cyril this is a special treat because Mummy and Uncle Hugo aren't here this morning. And it must be our secret. Promise? Cross your heart and hope to die.

CYRIL

Stick a needle in my eye.

They smile at each other. Cyril's face reflected in vera's sunglasses.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

You like Uncle Hugo.

VERA

I do, Cyril. I'm in love with him.
I love him so much it hurts.

CYRIL

(giggles) Silly. Girls are silly.

VERA

And I'm going to marry him.

CYRIL

I heard Mummy say he can't afford
to get married.

VERA

Well, love finds a way, Cyril.

CYRIL

If you marry Uncle Hugo-

VERA

When I marry Hugo-

CYRIL

Will you be my Aunt?

VERA

I will, Cyril. Aunt Vera. And
what fun we will have. Christmas
and Birthdays and summer holidays.
How happy we shall be.

They've reached the top of the dunes. No-one around. The bay
and the rock. The glittering sea, so calm and that dark
undertow. The blinding clarity of it all. Cyril shades his
eyes like a seasoned mariner.

VERA (CONT'D)

Are you excited?

Cyril looks up at her and beams. Oh, how he loves her for
this. Vera puts her sunglasses on the top of her head.
Smiles at him with such sweetness.

VERA (CONT'D)

Ready? On your marks... get set...
Go!

And Cyril sets off running, all spindly windmilling legs and
arms... Vera watches as he reaches the edge of the water..
Takes off his sandals and his spectacles and puts the specs
neatly inside the sandals, he turns and waves and starts to
paddle out. And when she can just see his head in the water,
Vera starts to walk down the dunes unbuttoning her blouse as
she goes.. The crimson bathing suit underneath...

And a dogwalker, shielding his eyes, staring at the sea.. Cyril's head.. And vague distant shouts for help.. Vera breaks into a sprint-

VERA (CONT'D)
(to dogwalker) fetch help! A boat!
Run!

And the dogwalker runs, the dog barking excitedly-

Vera strips off her shorts next to Cyril's sandals and glasses, checks over her shoulder at the disappearing dog-walker and strides leisurely into the sea...

The waves lap at Cyril's sandals.

CUT TO:

39

INT. VERA'S ROOM. DAWN

39

Light streaking the sky. Vera sits on the end of the bed with her head in her hands. And footsteps in the passage outside and a knock on the door.

BLORE
(O/V) It's us.

LOMBARD
(O/V) Both of us.

Vera takes the chair away and unlocks the door. Lombard and Blore come in.

LOMBARD
He's gone. Can't find him
anywhere. Disappeared.

The three stand looking at each other. A terrible flat sense of foreboding.

VERA
I suppose we should have breakfast.

BLORE
(to Vera, some edge) Maybe get
dressed first?

Blore shoots them both another suspicious glance, goes to his own room.

LOMBARD
I'll get my shoes.

Vera turns into her own room, closes the door.

Lombard crosses to his room. Enters.

CUT TO:

40 INT. LOMBARD'S ROOM. DAY 40

Lombard entering, closes the door, approaches the bed for his shoes and freezes. There on the bed, it's blue-black shocking against the white of the sheets-

The gun.

The longest moment. Lombard picks it up, cracks open the barrel. Loaded. One bullet missing.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY 41

Bathed in sunshine. The air sparkled. A beautiful day.

42 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY 42

Lombard, Blore, Vera sit round the dinner table. There are three figures. The sun streaks in, dust motes dancing. The detritus from last night in here, opened bottles, brimming ashtrays.. and the same in every other room in the house. Lombard's gun is never far away from his hand. Blore's eyes on it. Blore has the poker from the drawing room fireplace set near his hand, it's a decent sort of weapon. Lombard's eyes on that.

BLORE

(of gun) It was just on your bed.

LOMBARD

It was just on my bed.

BLORE

When you went in your room.

LOMBARD

When I went in my room. And it wasn't there before.

BLORE

Right. And how do I know that. How do I know that you didn't plant it in there last night?

VERA

(tight) because if Philip had the gun before now, he'd have taken it with him when you were both looking for Armstrong, wouldn't he?

BLORE
Philip and Vera. Sweet. Very
cosy, I'm sure.

LOMBARD
(of poker) Is that really
necessary?

BLORE
Yes, it is. You're armed. I want
to be armed. And trust me,
Lombard, I'm useful with something
like this-

LOMBARD
I bet you are.

BLORE
So be warned.

LOMBARD
I'm warned.

VERA
I don't have a weapon. I'm not
armed.

BLORE
(of Lombard) But he's not getting
anything off me, is he? He's not
going to shoot you now, is he? Not
now there's shenanigans.

VERA
Shenanigans?

BLORE
He said there was something going
on. Armstrong. Between you. He
said. He saw it. Did you know each
other before this?

VERA
No.

BLORE
But Armstrong thought you were Mr
and Mrs Owen, didn't he?

LOMBARD
He assumed. He was wrong.

BLORE
Was he?

VERA
I never met Captain Philip Lombard
before I came to this island.

(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

Cross my heart and hope to die.
Stick a needle in my eye. If you
want to go upstairs and find Miss
Brett's bible, I'll swear on it.

Blore's eyes slide to the door, the thought of going upstairs
alone. No.

BLORE

Still two against one now though,
ain't it. You and him in cahoots.
And me out here on me tod.

Lombard shakes his head, dismissing him.

LOMBARD

(to Vera) You didn't hear anything.
No-one creeping around after we
left.

VERA

Nothing.

BLORE

You could've nipped out of your
room, planted it easy, no-one
around to hear you-

VERA

I had my door locked in case
Armstrong came back to the house-

BLORE

Armstrong's disappeared! Thin air.
(to Lombard) we split up when we
were searching last night-

LOMBARD

Yes, we did-

BLORE

D'you find him? What d'you do to
him? Chuck him off the cliff?

LOMBARD

No, Tubs, I didn't find him and
chuck him off the cliff, did you?

BLORE

(SHOUT) No!

A moment.

VERA

Red herring.

BLORE

What?

VERA

Four little soldier boys going out to sea, a red herring swallowed one and then there were three. Red herring. Armstrong's still alive.

BLORE

Then why would he put the gun back?

VERA

How should I know?

BLORE

Why's it always you that's got it all worked out? Has been from the off, ain't it. You working it out. Armstrong said that and all.

A sizzling moment. Blore's bloodshot eyes on Vera. Lombard's eyes on Blore.

LOMBARD

(low, warning) It was a long night. You're letting the booze and the powder do the thinking for you, Tubs-

BLORE

I've told you to stop calling me that!

Another ringing dangerous moment.

VERA

Detective Blore, your first name's William, isn't it? Are you Will or-

Blore wrong-footed slightly by this.

BLORE

Bill. I get Bill.

VERA

Well, Bill. If Doctor Armstrong told you that I'd worked it all out, then the person who's really worked it all out, playing us against each other, who's been ahead of the game from the start, is Doctor Armstrong. Who's idea was it to put music on, to get drunk?

BLORE

(beat) Armstrong's.

LOMBARD

Planning on us all passing out, not hearing anything.

VERA

The red herring. And he's still here because people don't just vanish, not on an island this size, he's still here so it's not two against one, it's us three against him.

A long moment, something subsides in Blore. Something almost close to crumpling under it all.

BLORE

I got an allotment at home. Edmonton. You like gardening, do you?

LOMBARD

What do you think?

BLORE

I'm guessing no.

Blore looks to Vera who shakes her head.

BLORE (CONT'D)

I love it. Got a proper little patch of paradise. Grow everything. Superb it is. Best thing in the world is sitting there, watching over everything that you've tended and nurtured from a tiny seed into .. caulis. Spuds. Leeks. You name it. Just growing away. Cuppa tea from the flask. Bit of bread and cheese and a radish you pulled out the ground moments before. Great big peppery radish you know? Bite into it. Simple things. Good things.

A moment.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Wish I'd chucked that letter from Ulrick Norman Owen in the bin. Serves me right for thinking I could earn a few quid on the sly.

LOMBARD

It serves us all right.

BLORE

Are we dead already?

LOMBARD

What?

BLORE

Perhaps we're dead already and we just don't realise and this is hell. We're in hell to be punished for the things we done cos I did kill him. Landor.

Blore's face crumples, it works to hold tears in.

BLORE (CONT'D)

I stamped him till he was pulp. His own mother couldn't see him, couldn't say her goodbyes. Closed coffin. Didn't have to buy a drink in the pub for months. Having my back slapped like I was a hero. I murdered him alright. He was helpless and I just didn't stop. He must've been so frightened. Just a young lad.

Blore puts his hands over his face, his shoulders heaving. Vera is frozen, her own searing guilt. Even Lombard's sang froid shaken.

BLORE (CONT'D)

Got a tomato crop to be harvested, who's going to do that? What's going to happen to my allotment?

LOMBARD

Hey, Tubs, come on. We're not done yet. Us three against him. We can hold our own.

VERA

And someone has to come for us soon. They have to.

A moment, Blore looks between them. He nods. Wipes his face. Straightens his shoulders.

LOMBARD

That's the spirit. (to Vera) Have you got a compact? With a mirror?

CUT TO:

43

EXT. SEA. DAY

43

A bowl of blue perfect sky. The glittering sea. Vera floats, white legs and arms, crimson swimsuit, her hair eddies around her. She is perfectly relaxed.. In control.. Almost blank.. Distantly the sound of a boat, shouts.. Indistinct but clear enough: There's the woman! Almost lazily, Vera turns on to her front..

Lets herself hang in the water... the exhausted, half dead rescuer, still trying to swim..

CUT TO:

44

EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

44

On the headland. Blore, Vera and Lombard. Lombard has a powder compact, angling it at the sun so it flashes. Lombard has the gun tucked into the waistband of his trousers at his hip.

BLORE

It's not going to make any difference.

VERA

Why won't it?

BLORE

'Cos that bloke, Narracott, he never came when he was supposed to. Paid off. Probably told, don't come out, even before the storm happened, bet you he was told not to come out-

LOMBARD

I'm not signalling to Narracott, am I? Anyone might see it-

BLORE

But he's the one with the boat! And people will have been told, any signals, any fires, anything like that it's all just a bit of fun, a bit of malarkey, don't bother about it.

LOMBARD

You don't signal SOS all day, just for a bit of fun.

BLORE

All day?

VERA

Do you want to go back into that house? I don't.

Blore and Vera both turn to look back at the house, the windows appear blank, like dead eyes.

VERA (CONT'D)

I'd rather stay out here all night. At least we can see him coming.

BLORE

Feel like I'm being watched.

LOMBARD

We are. We're being hunted. I told you both. Now you believe me. If we're going to stay out here we'll need supplies.

He snaps the compact shut with a click.

CUT TO:

45 INT. PASSAGEWAYS. DAY

45

Blore and Lombard keep watch, gun and poker, bristling with tension. In the larder, Vera has a basket, throws tins, bottles of scotch, packets of cigarettes.. Candles.. Anything, everything- She drags it out, leaves to kitchen-

CUT TO:

46 INT. KITCHEN. DAY

46

If they looked, if they had the time to notice, they'd see that Mrs Rogers' collection of pristine knives and choppers were missing a few but they don't notice, no time as Vera heads to the back door, Blore at the door to the passage way, keeping watch, Lombard goes past Vera and out, gun in hand, scoping the territory, beckons her out.. Their hearts all banging- Vera leaves, Lombard ahead of her, both expecting Blore to follow-

And Blore is alone with a clear route out of the house behind him..

And very close on him, he's about to turn and leave and there's a sound beyond the servant's door..

He freezes. Silent house. And that sound again..

Blore swallows. Takes a firm grip of his poker. His jaw jutted. The look of a bull about to charge- He wrenches open the servant's door to the hall-

CUT TO:

47 INT. HALLWAY. DAY

47

Empty. Nothing. Just the race of the little clock... Blore, eyes everywhere, ears on stalks, pads through... no-one on the stairs..

CUT TO:

48 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY 48

Looks into the dining room- nothing. No-one. Three figures.

CUT TO:

49 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 49

Blore withdraws from the dining room, walks slowly, stealthily, fists clenched around the poke, ready to do some damage-

CUT TO:

50 INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 50

Blore enters, eyes darting... and nothing. The room is empty. He goes to the door to exit-

CUT TO:

51 INT. HALLWAY.DAY 51

Blore exiting and he freezes.

There, standing in front of the open library door..

..is a bear. Hulking shoulders. Black solid mass. Yellow eyes. Lip lifted in a snarl.

Silence. Absolute stillness. Blore looks as if he's snarling himself... and he suddenly charges, the poker drawn back to deliver the blow-

And runs into a knife plunged deep into chest, the terrible surprised look on Blore's face-

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY 52

Vera and Lombard some way from the house and finally, Vera turns and looks behind her-

VERA

He's not following.

Lombard stops.

LOMBARD

Stay here.

VERA

No, don't leave me-

LOMBARD

Stay here. Don't follow me.

Lombard goes back to wards the back of the house. Vera watches him go, darting looks around her. Everything sinister, terrifying. Lombard disappears out of view into the back of the house... Vera can't stay there, too exposed.. Follows him..

CUT TO:

53 INT. HALLWAY. DAY

53

Lombard staring down.. We don't see what he's looking at.. The servant's door is pushed open and Lombard swings the gun at it but Vera's white face looks round.. And then she comes in and she stares down too-

A pool of blood. Two long sharp kitchen knives. The bearskin is draped over most of Blore's body. The bear's head rests on Blore's head, the snarling teeth over his dead face. We can see one hand, still clasping the poker.

VERA

Three little soldier boys walking
in the Zoo.

LOMBARD

A big bear hugged one and then
there were two. (beat) Poor Tubs.
Poor Tubs.

And the clock chimes suddenly, Lombard grabs Vera's hand and they run, out of the front door, wrenching it open so it crashes against the wall, so it stays open.

And we see from the hallway into the dining room that there are two figures left.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

54

Lombard and Vera running from the house, as fast as they can.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. BEACH. DAY

55

Mrs Hamilton, her face slack with horror runs clumsily down the beach. An ashen Hugo with her. A crowd of distraught onlookers. The boat pulled up. Vera is still on the boat, has a blanket wrapped round her. We don't see her yet. All eyes but Vera's are on Mrs Hamilton and Hugo as they run towards the crowd-

MRS HAMILTON
 (scream) Cyril? Cyril?

And the silence of the crowd, their grief for the mother as the rescuers lift Cyril out of the boat. He's wrapped in a blanket but you can see his thin little feet. The man carrying him up through the shallows, white himself, shakes his head slightly-

And Mrs Hamilton wails and wails, a terrible desperate keening, a harsh, raw, animal sound, Hugo wraps his arms round her to keep her upright as her legs buckle. Onlookers with their hands pressed to their mouths.

And very close on Vera, sitting in the boat. One of the rescuers puts a consoling hand on her shoulder. In the bottom of the boat, tangled skeins of bladderwrack. Some is wound round Vera's ankle, suckering onto her salt dry skin. She picks it off precisely as Mrs Hamilton's harsh cries rend the day-

And Vera's expressionless eyes.

CUT TO:

56

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

56

A single room. A painted bedstead. The blind is down so the light is soft. Vera sleeps. Hugo stands at the end of the bed, watching her. A slight frown, not the kind of look you'd expect to be getting from someone who loved you. Vera stirs and wakes. Hugo adjusts his face. More formal.

HUGO
 How are you?

VERA
 I'm well. How are you?

Hugo doesn't answer that one. The paint is flaking on the bedstead, Hugo picks at it.

VERA (CONT'D)
 How is Mrs Hamilton?

HUGO
 I'm taking her to London. She can't stay here.

VERA
 Of course but what shall I-

HUGO

She wants to give you three months pay in lieu of notice because obviously, you cannot be a governess when there is no child to govern.

A moment. Hugo grips the end of the bedstead for a moment.

VERA

Of course. If Mrs hamilton is in London, I can look after the house, even if I'm not governess, I will look after the house. As a friend.

HUGO

I'm locking the house up. I imagine it might be sold.

VERA

But it's yours now.

And a stinging sharp beat, Hugo doesn't look at her, he looks down at his hands but you can sense some quiver running through his blood.

HUGO

There are plenty of hotels to stay in until whatever is next for you comes along.

VERA

I shall find a nice hotel. For when you come down, I shall make sure it's a nice one. Perhaps I could rent us a little cottage.

Hugo still looking at his hands.

HUGO

I have to be with Olivia. She's really rather unwell. I have to be with her.

A moment.

HUGO (CONT'D)

There will be an inquest. They want it to be quite soon so you'll be needed.

VERA

Of course. You'll be coming down for that?

Hugo nods. Takes a deep breath.

HUGO
I have to go.

He heads for the door.

VERA
Poor Cyril.

Hugo stops and looks back at her.

HUGO
Poor Cyril.

And he leaves. Vera listens to his footsteps leave down the hall. She slides back down into the bed, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

57

On the headland. Vera flashes the little compact mirror at the cliffs. Lombard watches the island, his gun in his hand, not aiming but there.. His eyes not missing anything on land.. Vera's watching the sea, the opposite cliffs.

VERA
The tide's changing. (beat) Philip,
there's something in the water.

And bobbing in the sea, some distance away is what looks like rags..

CUT TO:

58 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND JETTY. DAY

58

Lombard and Vera stand on top of the jetty.. The bundle of rags is almost caught underneath it. Lombard prods the bundle with his foot, it bobs and turns over -

And Armstrong's face stares up.

The world stops turning.

And starts again. Lombard straightens, turns back to face the house, the island, eyes scanning everywhere but Vera's eyes are on him. The gun in his hand. She swallows. Her skin cold. Without looking, Lombard reaches his hand back for hers-

LOMBARD
Come on-

VERA
Where?

LOMBARD

Not here, I want a better view-

Tight on Vera, the last person she wants to be with now is Lombard, now that it's just them two, eyes on the gun..thinking, thinking-

VERA

We can't leave him. Armstrong. Not like this. It's not right. We can't leave him-

LOMBARD

Yes, we can, come on-

VERA

When the boat comes, Philip, they'll see him like this and we have done the decent, the right thing, how will it look for us? Please. Please.

A moment, Lombard looks at Vera, down at Armstrong's face, then back at the empty island, the blank house.. Nods a concession. He tucks the gun into the back of his waistband, crouches down and with some effort, leaves Armstrong out.. Props him against a rock. He turns to Vera-

She has the gun and she's pointing it right at him. Her hands shake. The longest moment. Under the next, Lombard very slowly, very steadily advances on Vera and Vera tremblingly backs away.

LOMBARD

Give it to me.

VERA

It's you. It's you. It's always been you, all of it. It's all you.

LOMBARD

It's not me. Vera, give me my gun.

VERA

You're going to kill me.

LOMBARD

I'm not but there is somebody else on this island-

VERA

No, there isn't-

LOMBARD

-and they will kill us both if you don't give me my gun-

VERA

There's no body else on this island, they're all dead, you killed them, you're a liar! A murderer and a liar-

LOMBARD

Listen to me, I have been in enough tight spots to know when I'm being hunted and we are being hunted! We're being hunted right now, give me my gun!

He's right in front of her, Vera, terrified squeezes the trigger and nothing happens. Lombard sneers, cruel suddenly.

LOMBARD (CONT'D)

The safety catch, you stupid whore.

He grips her wrist to take the gun and in that instant, vera flicks the safety catch and fires and Lombard drops to his knees and in the grip of panic Vera keeps firing four more shots..

She lowers the gun, Lombard on the floor, his head rests on her feet. Blood blooms on the back of his shirt. Vera looks down at him, her face sags with the shock of what she's done.

She is alone on the island.

CUT TO:

59

INT. CORONER'S COURT. DAY

59

An actual court rather than impressionistic. Wood panelled walls. Insignia. The coroner. We should see men from the rescue boat we recognise. All sober. We see Mrs Hamilton, in black, ravaged with grief. Some other women with her, in black, they hold her hand. Hugo in black, a mourning band. Vera in black, standing, giving evidence.

VERA

I promised a game of bat and ball after our lessons. A reward for being so good. He wanted to swim, he always wanted to swim but I said no. I was getting the bat and ball for our game and he'd gone.. I ran after him-

Hugo's eyes slide at her.

VERA (CONT'D)

I ran as fast as I could and I..

It looks as though she's about to cry. A glass of water is poured for her, she takes a sip.

VERA (CONT'D)

If only I hadn't taken my eyes off him for a minute but it was just a minute while I got the bat and ball, if only-

CORONER

I cannot commend you highly enough. You risked your own life. You are a truly courageous and selfless young woman. An example to all.

Hugo watching her.

Later. Outside the Coroner's Court. Mrs Hamilton, her friends waiting for her, embraces Vera tightly, shakily, through tears. Hugo stands some way back, watching.

MRS HAMILTON

Thank you, Thank you, Thank you for trying to save him. Thank you for trying, thank you for trying, thank you for trying, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god-

Her face crumples, unrecognisable as the glamorous indulgent mama of before. Her friends lead her away, she leans on them. A broken woman.

Vera watches, a flicker of conscience and then Hugo is by her side. He talks low and close, intimate.

VERA

Shall we go for tea?

HUGO

You know, before I wasn't sure. But I am sure now. Watching you, hearing you speak, now I'm sure.

And Vera still thinks he's going to tell her how much he loves her, that he wants her to be his wife.

VERA

What are you sure of?

HUGO

That you're lying.

Beat. Vera swallows and now the look he gives her is hard, unflinching. The look he gave her at the end of Episode 1.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You couldn't catch up with him? Cyril? I've seen you run, Vera. You're fast. You're strong. You sprint.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)
 You turn your back for a moment and
 you couldn't catch up with Cyril?

VERA
 Hugo, you heard in there, I did
 everything-

HUGO
 (across) I know why you did it. But
 what you don't understand, is that
 I really loved that little boy-

VERA
 So did I-

Hugo stops her with a warning look.

VERA (CONT'D)
 And I love you.

She reaches out to touch him but he draws away, still with
 that hard look on her, he hates her-

VERA (CONT'D)
 Hugo, you can't think-

HUGO
 But I do. I know. In here.
 (heart) I know.

That terrible look on her.

VERA
 Oh, don't. Don't please-

HUGO
 I can't prove it. I can't prove a
 thing. Oh but Vera, if I did have
 proof-

And he leans close into her face-

HUGO (CONT'D)
 I'd see you hang for it.

And he walks swiftly away. Vera shaking, let's her breath
 out in a gasp, heart cracking as he walks away without a
 backward glance. She fumbles her gloves onto her shaking
 hands.

CUT TO:

Vera sitting, almost in a reverie. The sun is dipping. The
 evening is beautiful.

She seems lost in the glory of the sky, the colours. Lombard in a crumpled heap near her, the gun still in her hand.

Some distance away, near the house, Cyril is waiting for her. The setting sun glints off his little spectacles. Vera shows no surprise. Inevitable really, that Cyril should be here. Strangely comforting. He turns and heads into the house.

Slowly Vera gets up and heads back to the house, following him.

CUT TO:

61 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 61

Golden sun streaming in. Blore's body. Vera steps round it all as though it's nothing. So calm. She climbs the stairs.

Cyril joins her. His sky blue shorts. His little glasses. He takes her hand. She smiles down at him.

CUT TO:

62 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS. DAY 62

Vera and Cyril walk along. The gun drops from her other hand, she barely notices. At some point, Cyril lets go and Vera walks on without him. She gets to the door of her room. It's open. She looks inside and walks in, closes the door.

CUT TO:

63 INT. VERA'S ROOM. DAY 63

Vera alone. Hanging from the hook is a rope with a hangman's noose. Under it is the chair. Vera is so calm. It doesn't scare her or surprise her.

HUGO

(V/O) I'd see you hang for it.

She climbs onto the chair, fits the noose round her neck... the chair wobbles, it's unsteady...and then the creak of the door, the handle moving..

And Wargrave enters. Vera cries out and struggles and the chair almost unbalances and has to desperately try and balance herself, the chair on two legs, tilted, one foot on the back, the other on the seat... so precarious. Wargrave smiles at her. Vera's ragged breathing. Wargrave has the final two figures, he puts them down precisely as he speaks. He still has the clotted blood on the back of his hair and the mark on his forehead. He moves lightly, no walking stick. He is also slightly unshaven by a day.

WARGRAVE

Two little soldier boys sitting in the sun, one got frizzled up and then there was One. One little soldier boy left all alone, he went and hanged himself and then there were None.

A beat.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

Oh yes, this- (the clots of blood) liver and kidney. I believe Rogers was going to make it into a pie which never materialised. If you ever contemplated spending time with clots of offal rubbed into your hair, let me dissuade you. It's not pleasant.

VERA

(shaky) I need to get down.

WARGRAVE

Doctor Armstrong made it all so much easier. He was very keen to forge an alliance. A suggestible man with a commonplace mind. Doctors tend to have rather commonplace minds. Even if they are occasionally right.

VERA

Please let me get down.

WARGRAVE

The mass, the tumour is spreading, it colonises. I am quite invaded. There is nothing to be done but await the inevitable... It is quite extraordinarily painful. Well. Not long now. And what a legacy I shall leave.

VERA

Why are you doing this?

WARGRAVE

Because Justice comes to all. I told you that, weren't you listening? Justice comes to all. Even me. Especially me.

VERA

You?

WARGRAVE

Edward Seton was innocent. I took against him. The evidence that convicted him, the diaries, the letters taunting the police with clues, games, riddles and misdirections, mine. The sadism and the torture, mine. His victims, mine. His terrible darkness. Mine.

Vera gulps, balances, mind spinning with how to live through this.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

And he didn't refuse the hood and he didn't laugh. He begged, he pleaded and he wept as you will but he was innocent and you are not. None of you were. Ordinary slaughters committed by ordinary monsters. But be proud, Miss Claythorne, I have elevated your sordid crime to something truly magnificent.

Wargrave at the window, he leans forward, peers with a smile-
And through the window we see, a boat approaching the island.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

They're coming. Maybe a little sooner than I expected, someone must have complained about the smell, it always seems hotter in London, don't you think? But still, perfect timing really-

VERA

Who's coming-

WARGRAVE

The police, dear. The dogged British bobby. Following a trail of clues that I thoughtfully left them.

He comes and looks up at her.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

And what a scene they will find! I'll tell you a little secret, Miss Claythorne. In the diaries that I attributed to Edward Seton, I gave hints of U.N. Owen as being the deranged persona adopted by the Seton when he went out a-killing, his snout twitching for blood. Now, imagine!

(MORE)

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

The doughty detectives will arrive here, following a trail of clues from U.N. Owen like Hansel and Gretal followed breadcrumbs to find a house full of slaughter and the handiwork of U.N. Owen everywhere, over the Judge who sentenced him and over so many fine upstanding and blameless members of our civilised society. But U.N. Owen himself is nowhere to be found. How could he be found? They hanged him! He is bones in an unmarked pit. And where is the gun that fires the shot that they will hear as they arrive? Where? It's all so..

He shivers in a supernatural way.

WARGRAVE (CONT'D)

Unfathomable! From beyond the grave, he continues his reign of bloody terror. There will be bamboozlement. Perturbation. Careers will be made and lost. There will be possibles and impossibles, speculation, finger pointing, blame and accusation and hysteria! Terror and panic! It's the end of the world! That's a legacy. I'm almost sad to miss it. But miss it I must. As must you-

VERA

No, wait, wait, wait-

WARGRAVE

I can't wait, they're coming-

VERA

We'll say it was Philip-

WARGRAVE

Captain Lombard?

VERA

We'll say it was Philip, he was mad-

WARGRAVE

Quite the sanest of the lot, I thought-

VERA

He was insane, he killed them all and I, I shot him to defend us. We'll say that. Self-defence. It was Philip Lombard.

WARGRAVE

And then?

VERA

I'll look after you. Take care of you.

Wargrave makes a face-

VERA (CONT'D)

Or we never have to see each other again, I'll disappear, I'll go abroad but I'll take the blame, it was self-defence. Against Philip.

WARGRAVE

You took him as your lover.

VERA

Yes-

WARGRAVE

Poor Lombard. He cuts a remorseless swathe through the dark heart of Africa but there's no heart as dark as yours, Miss Claythorne. What a beguiling woman you are. Quite my favourite.

He looks up at her as if he thoroughly approves of her.

VERA

Please. Just help me down.
Please. Please. I beg you.

Wargrave appears to concede.. Goes to the chair- and whips it away, carrying it across the room, placing it neatly by the wall.. He watches for a moment.. We stay on him and then he exits, shutting the door and we go with him-

CUT TO:

64 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR'S. DAY

64

Wargrave shutting Vera's door, the squeak and creak of the rope. He picks up the gun and checks the chamber. One bullet. Walks down to his room-

CUT TO:

65 INT. WARGRAVE'S ROOM. DAY

65

Wargrave enters. Hanging up is a fresh shirt. On the dresser, his glasses and their black silver cord. He looks out of the window, the boat getting closer.

He opens his window. The curtains blow. Glittering, refracted seaside light.

Keeping an eye on the progress of the boat, Wargrave shaves, combs his hair, changes his shirt. A fresh starched collar. Polishes his shoes. Brushes his jacket.

Impeccable and box-fresh, he takes a spotless white handkerchief, the gun and the black spectacles cord to the window.

Outside the window, the boat struggles in to the jetty. Even from here we can see the shapes of the police helmets.

Wargrave detaches the glasses from their cord, puts them in his breast pocket. He takes the cord and loops it round the window catch.. And then he stretches it until it's twanging with tension... the light in his eyes as he does all this.. checking the boat and the police getting to the jetty-

Protecting the gun from prints with the handkerchief, he loops the elastic through the trigger guard. He turns the gun on himself, the barrel against his forehead.

WARGRAVE

Legacy.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

66

Maine, Pinnock and some bobbies getting off the boat, Narracott mooring it. He has a basket of bread, milk, papers... perhaps we see a headline 'Britain declares War on Germany' perhaps not.. Maine and Pinnock bending over Armstrong, seeing Lombard's crumpled body.. And the a gunshot from the house and they run.. Narracott staring at the corpses-

The shouts of the policemen running to the house-

CUT TO:

67 INT. WARGRAVE'S ROOM. DAY

67

The curtains blow in the breeze.. Outside, we can hear the footsteps of the policeman-

MAINE

(O/V) Urick Norman Owen, this is Scotland Yard! You are surrounded!

And just the breeze in the room, Wargrave's body on the floor and very close and tight in on the corner of his mouth... it's twisted in a smile.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. SOLDIER ISLAND. DAY

68

And the gun, the cord attached to the trigger guard falls onto the rocks... above, an open window... the gun slides and falls into the sea and is quickly submerged in the thick ropes of seaweed.

And silence. Peace. And the sound of the sea.

END OF EPISODE