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Sherlock Holmes and the House of Fear

By Unknown

The events I'm
about to relate
began a fortnight ago.
In a grim old house
perched high on a cliff
on the west coast
of Scotland.
This singular
structure is known as
Driercliff House.
Gathered there for dinner
were the seven members
of a most
extraordinary club
called the Good Comrades.
Into this unique gathering
came their melancholy
housekeeper,
Mrs. Monteith
bearing a message
for Ralph King,
a retired barrister.
King received it casually.
When they saw
the contents,
the Good Comrades took
the whole thing as a joke
but their
housekeeper was right,
it was no laughing matter.
For on the
following night...
Ralph King died horribly
but this was only
the beginning.
A few nights later
as the Good
Comrades gathered
to drink a final toast
to their departed member...
Mrs. Monteith entered
with a second envelope.
This time addressed
to Stanley Raeburn.

In his day
a distinguished actor.
This time you may be sure
there was no laughter.
These men were afraid
and their fear
was justified.
For once again the
message proved to be
a portent of death.
It was ten days
before Raeburn's battered
body was recovered.
Hum, tell Mr. Chalmers
what do these
envelopes contain?
In the first case,
seven orange
pips, or seeds.
In the second case six.
And the number
of orange pips
refer to the
surviving members,
a grim warning,
hey Holmes?
Looks like murder.
Not necessarily, Watson.
A moment ago
you referred to this club
as extraordinary, why?
All of the members
are past middle age,
retired and
without near kin.
Six months ago
they formed this
club here in London
and promptly left
for Driercliff,
the ancestral home of
a Mr. Bruce Alastair,
their eldest member.
Nothing there

remarkable about that,
sounds rather friendly
as a matter of fact.
The remarkable fact is
that all seven
of these men
appear to have but
one thing in common.
Huh, well what's that?
Elementary, my
dear Watson,
each is worth a great
deal more dead than alive.
That's right Mr. Holmes.
How did you guess?
My dear Mr. Chalmers,
you represent
the Association of
Insurance Underwriters,
you're worried about
the untimely deaths
of these two
Good Comrades.
Ergo these men must carry
rather large
insurance policies.
Yes, but that's not all.
Shortly after
forming this club
all these seven men
changed their policies
making the other members
their beneficiaries.
The policy's total
are over a hundred
thousand pounds.
Oh, it's very
enlightening.
You've paid the five
surviving members
on the policies of
King and Raeburn?
Oh yes, we always
pay promptly

but what worries
me, Mr. Holmes, is...
Whether these two deaths
were accidental or not.
Exactly.
Of course I may be wrong,
I have no proof
but it seems to me
to be just possible
that one of these men
plans to murder the
others one by one.
And collect on
all the policies.
I see the whole
thing, Holmes.
Bravo Watson but
why the orange pips?
Oh yes, the orange pips.
Pips Watson?
Bit of a puzzler,
hey Holmes?
Quite.
Most intriguing feature.
Any tobacco
around this place.
After all Mr. Holmes,
several lives
may be at stake.
The temptation of
sudden wealth could...
Could,
could possibly
turn one of these
seemingly harmless men
into a ruthless killer.
Exactly.
Are those the
Good Comrades?
Yes.
Let me see them will you?
Hello.
Who's this fellow
on the end?

That's Doctor Merrivale.
Doctor Simon Merrivale?
I believe his
Christian name is Simon.
Yes, definitely
Doctor Simon Merrivale.
I'll accept your
case, Mr. Chalmers.
Watson pack your things
were off to
Scotland tonight.
Scotland, home
of my ancestors.
A lonely land but
a peaceful one.
It's wonderful after
stuffy London, hey Holmes?
I say who is this
Doctor Merrivale?
Oh well, if you want
to behave like a clam,
you have not uttered a
word since we left London.
Sorry old fellow,
I was thinking.
Twenty years ago
Doctor Merrivale
was a famous surgeon
on Harley Street.
Can't be so very famous,
I never heard of him.
Oh but he was.
His main claim to
distinction, of course,
was the unnecessarily
brutal murder
of a young bride.
Really?
However, he testified
so brilliantly
on the witness box
that he was acquitted
after which he dropped
completely out of sight.

And you think that
he was most probably
responsible
for the death of these
two Good Comrades?
Well I don't
say that he was
but I do say that
he could have been.
Murder is an
insidious thing, Watson.
Once a man has dipped
his fingers in blood
sooner or later he'll feel
the urge to kill again.
Oh gracious me
very unpleasant.
Funeral home.
You suppose were too late?
Oh I think your
unnecessarily
suspicious, Watson.
One of the villagers hey?
Aye sir.
Mr. MacTavis
the blacksmith.
Now daughter, don't be
talking to strangers.
Wasn't her fault.
I asked your daughter
whose funeral it was.
Andy MacTavis,
cut down in the
flower of his manhood.
What a pity.
A young fellow huh?
Just seventy-two.
Seventy-two?
Flower of his manhood,
trying to be funny?
Come on, Watson.
Oh seventy-two,
flower of his manhood.
I've seen about

forty men...
Can I help you gentlemen?
I telegraphed for
reservations from London.
Name sir?
Sherlock Holmes
and Doctor Watson.
We have your
rooms ready then.
Thank you.
Sign there gentlemen.
Yes indeed.
Are you staying
long gentlemen?
No, not long.
We just came up here
to look into the...
we just came up here
for the shooting.
Shooting?
Yes grouse of course.
No grouse here sir
for the last forty years.
No grouse?
Cheer up Watson.
You'll find some other
query to occupy our time.
This way gentlemen.
Take the gun will you?
Take the big bag.
So you're back
earlier than usual
Doctor Merrivale.
Gentlemen
I've just made a rather
intriguing discovery.
The village of Inverness
has a
distinguished visitor.
Huh?
Really?
Who?
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
Who?

I didn't quite
catch the name.
Sherlock Holmes.
Oh.
Sherlock Holmes,
the famous detective.
One wonders what he could
be doing in Inverness.
Have you forgotten
Alastair
that two of our members
have already met
with violent deaths?
Yes, yes, yes
of course yes.
Cosgrave, must you
pace up and down
like a monkey in
a ruddy cage?
I fail to see how what
I do can concern you.
Simpson, Cosgrave,
cannot we behave
like Good Comrades.
Doesn't anything ever get
on your nerves Alastair?
Oh dear me, no.
I have no nerves.
Now tell me MacGregor,
the present head
of the house
is Mr. Bruce
Alastair is it not?
Aye.
Grandson of
Donald Alastair.
He was the lullish one.
Gunned Driercliff House
in a smugglers day.
Got himself blown
to bits by a gun.
Gracious me.
And Angus Alastair
was his son.

He was eaten by cannibals
in the South Seas.
Very unfortunate
family, hey Holmes?
They found Angus' bones.
Sent them back
to Driercliff
where no man ever goes
whole to his grave.
The place is haunted.
Haunted?
You mean ghosts?
Only a fool
believes in ghosts.
Spirits never
haunted Driercliff.
Five minutes to
closing time gentlemen.
Only the memory of evil.
You're wanted at
Driercliff House Sergeant.
What is it woman?
Murder.
Alastair himself is it?
I don't know.
Doctor Merrivale
didn't say.
Mr. Holmes would you
care to come along?
Yes I would, thank you.
Watson.
You mark my words,
Alastair has met
the brutal death
of these fathers.
Awe, good
evening Sergeant.
Oh Mr. Alastair,
this is Mr.
Sherlock Holmes
and Doctor Watson.
I took the liberty of...
Mr. Holmes, Doctor Watson.
How do you do sir?

Oh this excellent,
most excellent.
Please come in gentlemen.
Please come in.
And welcome to
Driercliff House.
Now where is the corpse?
Follow me.
It's by the furnace.
The furnace?
Yes poor Davis
he was burnt to a crisp.
Burnt to a crisp.
I say Holmes
this murder seems a
bit of a fiend hey?
At least he's consistent.
Consistent?
Yes the deaths all follow
the legend of Driercliff.
Well as MacGregor puts it
no man ever goes
whole to his grave.
Now you will come in here
gentlemen, won't you?
Oh thank you.
That's right.
That's right.
Yes.
Yes.
These gentlemen have
come about the body.
Why didn't you take
them to the cellar?
Oh no, Doctor Merrivale,
you discovered it,
after all it's your body.
That's right.
I say,
you're
Sherlock Holmes
aren't you?
I am
and this is my friend and

colleague, Doctor Watson.

How do you do?

How do you do sir?

Yes I thought I
recognized you.

You know I followed
your exploits for years.

The detection of crime
is one of my hobbies.

This is a surprise
and a pleasure.

A pleasure I hope
but hardly a surprise.

You saw me at the
inn this afternoon.

Touch'.

This is Allen Cosgrave
and Captain Simpson.

How do you do?

This stressing
business, Mr. Homes,
we were all fond
of Guy Davis.

Davis?

Oh the fellow
in the furnace.

But if he was
burnt to a crisp
how'd you know
that it was Davis?

Well he's the
only one missing.

Besides we identified
him by his cuff links.

Why don't you see
for yourselves?

Come along gentlemen.

Thank you.

May I ask Doctor Merrivale
whether Mr. Davis

also received
the warning of the
orange pips after dinner.

Oh so you know

about the others?

You seem to be
very well informed
about our affairs,
Mr. Holmes.

As a matter of fact
Davis didn't have
dinner with us tonight.
Had he indicated his
intended absence?

No, no he hadn't.

Mrs. Monteith was
quite put out about it.

Pardon me, will
you gentlemen?

Doctor Watson,
what's Mr. Holmes up to?

I haven't the foggiest.

Go on.

You'll find out,
my dear sir,
in good time.

Isn't there something
you wish to tell
me Mrs. Monteith?

Me sir?

Yes.

Please give it to me.
The envelope addressed
to Mr. Guy Davis.

Thank you.

Five pips this time.

How did you know
that she had them?

It's obvious
my dear Watson,
since Mr. Davis
was not at dinner,
Mrs. Monteith
had no opportunity
to deliver the envelope.

Yes of course,
quite obvious.

Where'd you find it?

It was pushed under
the door like the others.
Thank you Mrs. Monteith,
that will be all.
Where are they coming
from, Mr. Holmes?
Who's sending
these things to us?
Is there anyone who might
have a grudge against you?
Have orange pips
any significance
for any of you?
Well?
I seem to remember
reading somewhere
that among some
obscure tribe of savages
orange pips
were looked upon...
as a symbol of death.
Oh really?
Sergeant?
Aye sir.
I think you'd better
telephone Scotland Yard.
We've never
had a telephone
at Driercliff House no.
They're so noisy.
I can make the call
from the village sir.
All right.
It's not often we
have the opportunity
at meeting such
charming people.
You go ahead
I'll follow you.
I'm afraid, Mr. Holmes,
if you don't go
with the sergeant
there's no way
to get back

to the village tonight.
Oh but Mr. Holmes,
there's no need for you
to stay at the inn.
It's such a dreary place.
We've plenty
of room here
and it's much
more cheerful.
I thought we came
here for privacy.
We wouldn't dream
of putting you out.
Oh but I thought
it would be
so nice to have such,
such exciting people
as our guests.
Yes your right.
I'm sure Mr. Holmes'
business in the village
is much more
important, Alastair.
Please Mr.
Holmes we insist.
I think Alastair's idea
is an excellent one,
don't you gentlemen?
You speak for
yourself, Cosgrave.
Come, come, come,
We are all friends.
Aren't we,
or are we?
Guy Davis was
a friend too.
So were King and Raeburn.
You've got to
stay Mr. Holmes.
You and Doctor Watson,
we can put you up.
Any objections
Doctor Merrivale?
This is a tempest

in a teapot Mr. Holmes
but you're
welcome of course.
Now if you'll all excuse
me I'm rather tired.
Good night.
What do you say Simpson?
Glad to have you
gentlemen of course.
Then you will
stay both of you?
Thank you Mr. Alastair
we should be very glad to.
Sergeant will you
have our things
sent up from the inn?
Right away sir.
This is excellent.
I'll tell Mrs. Monteith
to get your rooms ready.
Mr. Holmes,
I must say I
feel a lot safer
now that you
and Doctor Watson
are in the house.
Oh a delight to be of
any use, Mr. Cosgrave.
And well if you would
care to keep me informed
if you should
discover anything
I would be only too
glad to help you.
I'd do anything
to get to the bottom
of this awful mystery.
I'll bear that in
mind Mr. Cosgrave.
Thank you.
Good night.
Good night.
Good night.
Well what do you

make of it Watson?
Well my theory is
its Doctor Merrivale.
Did you take a
look at his eyes?
Rather frightening huh?
Yes but that might
be accounted for
by advanced myopia,
complicated with
a stigmatism.
Well who do you
think it is?
At the moment
I suspect no one
and everyone.
So it's your theory
that Doctor Merrivale
is the murderer?
Yes, yes Merrivale.
Hum.
What about...
what about
Captain Simpson?
Simpson?
I see what you mean?
Do you?
Yes.
There's a surly looking
chap if I ever saw one.
He didn't much relish
our being asked to
stay here either.
Right you are Watson.
Do you suspect
anyone else?
Well of course,
there's old Alastair.
And what might cause
you to suspect Alastair?
He's too good to be true.
What are you looking
for now Holmes?
I wish I knew Watson.

Someone's got a morbid
taste in literature.
Or a thirst for knowledge.
Now Holmes there's
one of them
that's got nothing
to do with it?
Who?
Cosgrave.
Why Cosgrave?
Well he's definitely
got the wind up.
Fairly begged us
to stay just now.
Yes I'd vouch for
Cosgrave all right.
Mrs. Monteith will
be down directly
to show you to your rooms.
I just popped in
to say good night.
Oh thank you.
I trust you'll sleep well.
Oh by the way
Mr. Alastair,
I wonder if you
could tell us
which one of you suggested
changing your
insurance policies
making the other
members of your club
the beneficiaries?
Awe let me see now.
Oh yes of course,
it was dear old Allen.
Allen?
Allen Cosgrave.
Good night.
Good night.
Cosgrave!
I suspected him
from the start.
Yes you did didn't you?

How about a pint
before we go to sleep?
Sleep?
I won't be able
to close my eyes
in this sinister house.
Your rooms are
ready gentlemen.
Where's our good
friend Doctor Watson?
Oh he was rather
tired last night,
he's still sleeping.
Yes, our beds are
very comfortable here.
Why don't you stop
that ruddy pacing?
Your bodyguard's here now.
Simpson, you mustn't
tease Cosgrave.
Remember how
sensitive he is.
You should
ignore things,
like Alastair.
Thank you.
Oh, Singapore?
Huh?
Oh the Cobra.
No,
you'll never
know that one
but this one.
Oh yes, yes very good
and definitely Singapore.
Right you are Mr. Holmes.
You know you're
tattoos all right.
I'm interested
in many things.
Good morning gentlemen.
I'm sorry I'm late
I didn't sleep very well.
You didn't

sleep very well?
You snored like a pig.
Rubbish!
Got a match Doctor Watson?
Yes.
It's a very good idea.
I think I'll join you.
Nothing like the first
pipe of the morning.
Can, can I try
of some of yours?
Sorry about that,
I think I'll stay clear.
What is that seaweed?
Havana isn't it?
Flavored with Jamaica Rum.
I don't imagine your
very much troubled
with tobacco borrowers
hey Simpson?
Nobody else in the place
touches the filthy stuff.
I don't blame them.
Good heavens!
One moment please.
What is it?
Just a needle.
Who put that in my chair?
Hum.
This is no
ordinary needle.
The stain on my
handkerchief
suggest a certain
sinister possibility.
Give me that
beaker will you?
Yes of course.
We shall see.
Thank you.
As I thought,
insoluble in alcohol.
Whatever is it?
Well judging by the

stain on my handkerchief
and the milky
precipitation in alcohol
I should say it
was a derivative
of the tropizine family.
Paratropizine possibly?
That's right
Doctor Merrivale,
a deadly poison.
Close shaved
Captain Simpson.
One drop in the
bloodstream
brings agonizing
almost instant death.
It's our custom
at this hour
to honor our
departed friends.
I hope you gentlemen
will pardon us?
We quite understand
Doctor Merrivale,
please proceed.
Thank you.
Good Comrades,
our dear friend Guy Davis
has gone to his reward.
Let those of us who remain
drink to our dead
and to that
bright tomorrow
when we shall join them
in a better,
happier world.
Wait a minute,
there's something
wrong here.
If you please
Captain Simpson.
The odor of
bitter almonds.
Bitter almonds, acid huh?

Acid?
there must be
some mistake.
Mistake hey?
Lucky I didn't make it
by drinking that stuff.
Well what have
you got to say?
Whichever one of you
it was tried to kill me
had better look out.
I'm a dangerous
man to fool with.
Hadn't we better
adjourned?
I mean to say that...
We've not yet finished
the toast to our dead.
But you think
it's quite safe?
Don't be absurd Alastair.
Take my glass.
I assure you it
hasn't been poisoned.
Thank you.
Thank you
Doctor Merrivale.
To our departed Comrades.
For me?
Aye Mr. Cosgrave,
it says so on
the envelope.
It's come.
Did you find this envelope
as you did the others?
Aye.
When?
It was pushed
under the door
when everyone was
in here at dinner.
Thank you.
Well there's one thing
we can be sure of,

none of us could
have brought it.
How do we know that she's
not responsible for them?
Mrs. Monteith?
It's absurd Cosgrave,
utterly absurd.
She has been with my
family all of her life.
A dubious a
recommendation
if you ask me.
Mr. Holmes when
do you expect
the man from
Scotland Yard?
Inspector Lestrade?
He should be here
early in the morning.
Unless he got on
the wrong train.
I trust your
right Mr. Holmes.
I trust your right.
Oh dear, he's
terribly upset.
Doctor Merrivale can't
you do something for him?
I can stay with him
in his room tonight.
Why that's an
excellent idea
and I shall just be
across the hall from him.
I think that's the
wisest possible cause
with you gentlemen
protecting each other
what harm can fall you?
Well then we must
hope for the best.
Come Merrivale.
Good night gentlemen.
Good night.

Good night.

I say Holmes, have you
gone out of your mind?
Cosgrave just got
the orange pips
and your letting Merrivale
sleep in the same
room with him.

He'll be all right.

All right?

But what's
preventing Merrivale
from killing him
in his sleep?

I hardly think he'll
stick his own neck
squarely in the noose.

Well, I see what you mean.

Well the field's
narrowing down, Holmes.

Captain Simpson
certainly cleared.

How?

Yes he's definitely
been eliminated.

The killer had two
tries at him today.

Nonsense my dear Watson.

No one's tried to murder
captain Simpson's.

Well how about the poison
needle we both saw?

Captain Simpson spotted
it, if you'll recall,
from about where you are.

Oh what's so
extraordinary about that?

Can you see the
needle there now?

No.

Well there is one.

Gracious.

How'd it get there?

I placed it there myself

just before we
went into supper.
You couldn't see it yet
you have
exceptional eyesight.
Well you'd have to
have telescopic eyes
to see it from over there.
Exactly.
You mean that Simpson...
well how about the
acid in his drink?
There wasn't any
acid in his drink.
Well it
definitely smelled
like bitter almonds.
It should.
That's exactly what it
was, bitter almonds.
How do you know?
Cause I put it in
his drink myself.
You did?
Great Scott why?
To observe his reaction.
It was quite different
from that of the morning.
The first was acting,
the second genuine terror.
Hence, I knew that
he undoubtedly
planted the
needle himself.
Well why should he?
Well there are several
possible explanations,
the most obvious,
of course,
to advert suspicion.
And you think Simpson's
behind all this?
I don't know Watson.
This is a most

unique case.
Instead of too few
we have too many clues
and too many suspects.
The main pattern
on the puzzle
seems to be forming
but the pieces
don't fit in.
Well it seems
perfectly clear to me.
One of these men
is picking off the
others one by one
to get all their insurance
money for himself.
Why it's obvious.
How do you account
the orange pips?
Well this man
has an accomplice
who brings them.
What for?
To warn his victim he's
going to be murdered?
No Watson, it won't
do, it won't do at all.
I don't like the
look of it Holmes,
muddy waters huh?
Too muddy
as if someone
were constantly
stirring them up.
Why should they
stir them up?
Confuse me.
There's intelligence
behind this
business Watson.
Cold, calculating,
ruthless intelligence.
Must you smoke
that filthy stuff?

Smells like an old sock.
Strong tobacco
keeps one awake.
You better have
a pipe full.
We have a long vigil
ahead of us tonight.
No thank you.
I don't need any
of that stinkweed
to keep me awake
in this chamber of...
This chamber of horrors.
He's still asleep
Mr. Holmes.
Thanks for your
watchfulness.
Holmes!
Holmes! Holmes!
Holmes! Holmes! Holmes!
Watson!
Watson are you all right?
I think so.
It was a close call.
What happened?
I didn't see a
thing I was asleep.
Someone came at me
from, from behind.
If you'll come this
way Inspector Lestrade.
Thank you very
much my good woman.
Well, well Mr. Holmes.
Doctor Watson.
How are you Lestrade?
Here, here, what's
going on here?
Someone just tried to
kill Doctor Watson.
Blimey who?
When we find that
out, Lestrade,
we can all go home.

All right, Mr. Holmes,
Scotland Yard will
take charge of this.
Have a look around the
grounds briefly will ya?
Yes Inspector.
Mr. Holmes I'm afraid
something's happened
to Cosgrave and Merrivale.
What?
The door to their
rooms are locked.
I can't get any answer.
What is going on here?
Well I do hope
they're all right.
Got your skeleton
key, Lestrade?
Yes I have.
One minute.
Here we are.
Watson!
Lestrade, give me a hand.
Yes Mr. Holmes.
Get him on the bed.
Yes.
What a dreadful
thing to happen.
Oh poor Merrivale.
Is he badly hurt?
Yes he's had a nasty
crack on the head.
What?
Take it easy Doctor.
Don't try to talk.
Mrs. Monteith get
him some cotton wool
and some hot water
as quickly as you can.
Tell me what happened?
He's in no state to be
questioned now Lestrade.
Who do you suspect
Mr. Holmes?

I don't know Lestrade
but it's connected
with the attack
on Doctor Watson.
It was obviously intended
to draw me downstairs.
Where's Cosgrave?
Here I'm taking over here.
It looks to me
that this Cosgrave,
or whoever he is,
is are murderer.
Well he didn't murder
Doctor Merrivale.
He's still alive.
Yes.
Yes he is isn't he?
Well just the same
I'd like to ask
this Cosgrave
a few questions.
I don't think you're going
to find Mr. Cosgrave,
at least not alive.
What's going on here?
I'm afraid Holmes
is right Inspector.
Poor Cosgrave,
by now he's probably
murdered like the others.
Murdered?
Oh dear.
What's your interest about
that rope, Mr. Holmes?
I was looking at
this knot Lestrade
it's a Bowline,
much favored by
sea faring men.
Oh sailor hey?
Simpson.
Simpson?
Captain Simpson.
But, but now, now,

now it couldn't be.
How do you know
it couldn't be?
Mr. Alastair where
is Captain Simpson?
He's not in his
room either.
I looked when I
tried to arouse
Cosgrave and Merrivale.
Has anybody seen this
Simpson this morning?
I saw him walking across
the garden, Inspector,
about fifteen minutes ago.
Now we're getting
somewhere.
Which is the way down?
How did I get up here?
Suffering cats what
is going on here?
Do you have any
explosives on the place?
Yes we have some dynamite
stored in the shed
behind the stone room.
What do you need
dynamite for?
Just to blow up some
cumbersome rocks.
Pretty badly
mangled Holmes?
Can't tell who it is.
It's Cosgrave all right.
Poor Allen.
Cosgrave's I presume?
Certainly looks like
the ring he wore.
Yes, yes for that
I am positive.
Look here.
What was he doing
with dynamite
at this time in

the morning?
That we shall never know.
Oh dear and it
was all my fault.
I never should have
let them keep it here.
Don't blame yourself
Mr. Alastair,
his body was
carried here, look.
Observe those
heavy footprints.
Yes I see the whole thing.
Cosgrave was
knocked unconscious,
Thrown into the shed
and deliberately blown up.
Yes.
This chap was carrying a
heavy burden all right.
Hello, who are you?
My name is Simpson,
Captain Simpson.
I'm Inspector Lestrade
from Scotland Yard.
What do you know
about this murder?
Well I was walking
on the East terrace
when I saw Cosgrave
enter the shed where
the dynamite's stored.
Do you mind
comparing your shoe
with one of these prints?
Are you accusing
me, Inspector?
I'll tell you in a minute.
Put your foot in
one of these prints.
Nonsense, Lestrade.
If only to look at the
shoes of everyone present
to know that

these footprints
are much too big
to have been made
by anybody here.
With the possible
exception of you Lestrade.
Look here Doctor Watson,
that ain't funny.
Captain Simpson,
how did you happen to be
walking on the terrace
at the time of explosion?
I couldn't sleep
and I was taking a
stroll before breakfast.
I see.
What do you know about
this knot Captain?
It's a bowline of course.
I don't suppose you
ever seen it before.
What the devil are
you driving at?
This knot is evidence
that will hang a murderer,
and he might not be
standing so far away
from the arm of the law
at this very moment.
Oh come now, Lestrade.
This knot proves
absolutely nothing.
Practically
anybody can tie one.
Can you?
Yes I think I
can, Lestrade.
There you are.
Well quite a
knotty problem huh?
With your
permission gentlemen,
Captain Simpson and I
will go and

make arrangements
for the funeral
of our friend.
Come Simpson.
I wonder which one
of three remaining
Good Comrades
will be the next to
receive the orange pips.
Orange pips?
Will someone
please tell me
what's going on here?
Where is that confounded
woman with the brandy?
Mrs. Monteith?
Well there you are,
it's about time too.
Let's get on with
the ceremony.
What are you going to
do about this Inspector?
What are you going to do?
Orange pips hey?
The police will
handle this.
We'll protect you.
Holmes tried to protect
Cosgrave, he's dead.
Scotland Yard's
in charge now
just you come
along with me.
Just a moment Simpson.
We've not yet drunk our
usual toast to the dead.
To the dickens
with the dead.
From now on I'm
thinking of myself.
Just you come along
with me Captain.
Say Holmes do you think?
Shh.

Oh it's you Inspector.
My nerves are all on edge.
Just wanted to make sure
you were all set Captain.
You're sure I'm safe here?
Safe as a bank of England.
You're protected
from every angle.
On the terrace is
Sergeant Bleeker,
out of sight but on
the job every second.
While in the shrubbery
is the local
sergeant of police
ready to pounce
if the bugger should
come that way.
That's fine Inspector.
While I myself
guard the lower hall,
hoping and praying the
killer should come my way.
Come on.
Sounds very thorough but
I don't like it very well.
Oh go on tuck
yourself in and relax.
Scotland Yard will
look after the rest.
Good night.
Good night Inspector.
All right put
up your hands.
Oh well Mr. Holmes.
Ready for your
vigil Lestrade?
What do you know
about my vigil?
My dear fellow
you hold a very
secret conference
with Captain Simpson
and then packed

him off to bed.
It follows like the day
you must be
baiting a trap.
Where'd you find
those boots?
In the cupboard.
I've been looking
for them all day.
Oddly enough they weren't
there an hour ago.
Weren't they?
Those shoes are big enough
for those footprints
we saw this morning.
Right you are Inspector
and observe the clay.
A very particular
variety of clay.
Ready Holmes?
Yes Watson.
Like to join us
in a little
stroll on the beach?
Awe no thank you.
You and Doctor Watson
go play in the sand
as much as you like
but I'm going to
stay right here
to catch the murderer.
Good luck.
Well if you get nervous
you know where we are.
Look Watson footprints!
And they're
fairly fresh too.
Very fresh.
Big foot all right.
Got your revolver?
Yes.
We haven't much
time to lose,
the tide's coming in fast.

See it goes along here.
Wait a minute.
Now he stops to
light his pipe.
Observe the spilled
tobacco and burnt match,
now he goes on again.
Wait a minute here we are.
Hello.
What is it Holmes?
Another set of footprints.
Bigfoots been
joined by somebody.
This one's a smaller man.
Now they go
along together,
side by side.
Now but slowly
I should say
judging by the spacing
of the footprints.
Now little foot
goes up the cliff
and big foot
goes on alone.
Hello.
Something funny there.
Footprints disappear
all together.
Look out Watson!
Great scott Holmes
that was meant for us.
Precisely.
Well there's nothing
more to be done here.
I have a strong feeling
we are needed back at
the Driercliff House.
With the
possible exception
of your own Lestrade.
Blimey they're bigger.
Here!
Here!

Who's fooling around
with this lock?
Sergeant Bleeker!
Bleeker!
Sergeant Bleeker!
Sergeant Bleeker!
...well Mr. Holmes.
Where's Simpson?
He's in the...
he's gone.
I left him here on
this here couch.
What happened?
Someone bashed my head in.
Did you see his face?
Who?
The murderer you
blithering idiot,
the murderer and his
victim, Captain Simpson.
All I saw was stars.
It's your
theory, Lestrade,
that someone broke
through this window
and abducted
Captain Simpson?
It's no theory,
it's obvious.
Then how do you
account for the fact
that there's no sign
of broken glass
on this side
of the window?
Blimey, no there isn't.
Therefore, the window was
broken from the inside.
Stick by us old man,
we'll make a detective
out of you yet.
I say what happened?
Captain Simpson seems
to of disappeared.

Disappeared my foot.
He's run away.
He really was
frightened you know?
That's just what he
wanted us to think.
No harm would have
come to him here
if he'd stayed
and he knew it.
I was right in the
first instance,
he's our blasted
murder himself.
Dear me,
Captain Simpson
a murderer?
Don't you worry
Mr. Alastair,
we'll soon have
him in jail
before he can
kill anyone else.
Aye.
You'll find him
like the others,
a corpse.
Don't you
worry gentlemen
it's only just a
question of time
before we catch
Captain Simpson.
He couldn't have got far.
My men will soon
apprehend him.
You know this
rather reminds me
of a very similar account
when I brought
about the undoing
of the notorious
Professor Moriarty.
You brought it about?

If it hadn't been
for Mr. Holmes.
Oh well of course
with the assistance
of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
We found him Inspector.
There you are what
did I tell you?
Where is he?
At the beach sir.
Dead?
Oh yes sir, quite.
Dead?
How did you know he
was dead Mr. Holmes?
Elementary my
dear, Lestrade.
The pieces of the puzzle
are beginning to
fall into place.
In what way was
the body mutilated?
No arms, no legs
and no head sir.
Observe the occurrence
of the pattern Watson?
I see.
No man goes whole
to his grave huh?
Exactly.
Oh dear.
Poor Simpson.
Well, if it was nothing
but a blooming torso
how did you know you
got the right man?
Quite simple Lestrade.
Sergeant Bleeker
identified the body
by the full rig ship
tattooed on the chest.
That's right Mr. Holmes.
Tattooed?
Where did you

know that he had
a blinking boat
on his epidermis?
Oh uh, I mentioned it
to Sergeant Bleeker
when he asked me to
describe a fugitive.
That is we thought
at the time
he was a fugitive.
Oh.
All right Bleeker
you better be getting
back to the beach.
Yes sir.
One thing more Sergeant,
you will say
that the body had no arms,
no head and no legs,
was it a messy job?
Oh no sir, very
neat I should say,
clean as a whistle.
Just as if it
was done by a...
Of a skilled hands
of a surgeon?
Yes.
Yes.
For Inspector Lestrade
of Scotland Yard.
What?
But...
Excuse me Inspector.
Please Watson.
Thank you.
So sorry old fellow.
No orange pips.
Here just a minute
that might be
police business.
Inspector Lestrade,
I must see you at once
about the

Driercliff mystery.
Please come to my
shop in the village
as soon as possible.
Alex MacGregor.
MacGregor, the
tobacconist.
Where is his shop?
Next to the inn.
Well I better be off.
Mind if I come
along with you?
All right Mr. Holmes,
if you think you
can be any help.
I think I'll come
along too Holmes.
No Watson you stay here.
These are the
last two members
of the Good Comrades,
their safety
depends on you.
You can rely on me Holmes.
Pass the wine
along would you.
Excuse me please.
Excuse me.
I was afraid of this.
Were too late.
Dead?
Aye sir.
Shot through the temple.
How did you know we'd
be too late Mr. Holmes?
Because we were
not the first
to read MacGregor's
message.
What?
Look here Lestrade.
This envelope has been
steamed open and resealed.
Blimey so it is.

Poor chap, he must
have known too much.
Has the coroner
been here Sergeant?
He's on his way sir.
All right.
You won't find them.
What do you mean?
Orange pips.
Why not?
Ain't this the work of
the Driercliff murderer?
Obviously but this isn't
part of the same pattern
as the others.
They followed a
preordained plan,
where as this murder
was actuated by
some necessity
and could not have
been anticipated.
Come again Mr.
Holmes in English.
I mean that I'm beginning
to see daylight.
Well frankly I ain't.
I like good, solid clues
and people I can question.
Did anybody hear
the shot Sergeant?
I did.
Do you know anything
about the note
your father sent
to Inspector Lestrade?
Why no sir.
Did he leave the
house at all tonight?
Aye sir.
He went to change
his lobster ports
down in the caldron
at Driercliff.

He didn't return
until after dark.
Here let me question her.
Did anyone call on your
father this evening
after he got home?
No one that I saw sir.
Well tell me just
what happened.
I was in the kitchen
when I heard the shot.
I ran in
and found my father...
I'm sorry my dear.
We won't bother
you any further.
Thank you sir.
This case gets more
confusing every minute.
We don't know a
thing more now
than we did before.
On the contrary,
my dear Lestrade.
MacGregor saw something
at Driercliff tonight
and that something
caused his death.
That's right.
We'd better get
back to that house
as fast as we can.
I'll be glad to get
back to Baker Street.
Someone's going
to get murdered
if were not careful.
Merrivale?
You there?
Empty.
That's very funny.
Can't have gone out
on a night like this.
Alastair?

Mr. Alastair?
Gone.
Mr. Alastair?
Mr. Alastair?
Open.
Funny.
Both missing.
Very fishy.
Broken mirror.
That's done it.
Seven years bad luck.
What's that?
Mrs. Monteith!
Mrs. Monteith!
Where is that woman?
Nothing like
being prepared...
who is it out there?
Locked!
Mrs. Monteith!
Mrs. Monteith!
They left the door open.
The door I closed.
Someone moved that chair.
Sand still or I'll shoot!
You're moving,
I warned you.
Done for you all right.
Stand still.
Sorry.
All in the line of duty.
Who's that?
Watson what on
earth are you up to?
Holmes, thank
heavens you arrived,
you're just in time.
They're all
around the house.
They've got me
completely surrounded.
They?
There they are.
Great Scott!

I'm so ashamed.
Got the wind up
over nothing.
Oh yes, I forgot,
there was something.
Alastair and Merrivale
are both missing.
What?
Oh no not dead.
Well they're not
in there rooms.
You come along with
me and I'll show you.
Anything wrong gentlemen?
Have you left this here
room since you retired?
Certainly not.
I've been reading.
What?
What's the trouble?
There's no trouble at all.
Please forgive us.
Well now we'll try
Alastair's room.
Right you are.
Better try knocking
this time, Watson.
Come in.
What is it?
Have you been out of
room Mr. Alastair?
Yes for just a few minutes
I went down to the kitchen
and I had such a
nice glass of milk.
Milk?
Yes, it was
most refreshing.
Glass of milk.
Don't disturb him.
glass of milk?
He's lying Holmes.
Probably just one of
your emanations Doctor...

Rubbish and the word is
called hallucinations.
Whatever they are
they had you
surrounded downstairs.
It's all right
Mrs. Monteith.
I heard noises upstairs.
I thought the murderer
must be a prowler again.
What are doing
with that cleaver?
You have nothing
to fear now.
Well I'll be
getting back to bed.
Not a bad idea.
I've had enough of
this for one day.
Oh uh, Mrs.
Monteith, please.
The note you gave
Inspector Lestrade,
was it pushed under
the door like the rest?
Aye.
Was there anything
different about
it this time?
Think Mrs. Monteith.
Well...
Yes?
Just before I found
the note under the door
I happened to look
through the
kitchen window
and I saw a man running
away from the house,
as if Satan himself
were after him.
Did you recognize him?
No.
He was too far away

but he was dressed
like a fisherman.
Hadn't we better
go down the village
and find him
at once Holmes?
You'd only be
wasting your time.
Why?
Because all the fisherman
have gone off
with the fleet
and they won't be back
until tomorrow night.
It's after nine now.
Are you quite sure
that the fisherman
are coming here?
Aye sir, they always do.
A long stretch
on the water
gives them an
awful thirst.
Why the boats must be in.
Here they come now sir.
Gentlemen!
Gentlemen!
I'm Sherlock Holmes.
Last night MacGregor
sent one of you
with a note to
Driercliff House.
Who was it?
Speak up please,
it's vitally important.
If I did take a note
for old Alex what of it?
Perhaps you can help me
to find his murderer.
Where did he
give you this?
Down at the cove.
He was waiting there when
we came in from the net.

What did he say when
he gave it to you?
Well he just asked me
if I'd take it
to Driercliff
for a half a pound
and I wouldn't have
done it for a penny less.
Cause of the sinister
legend of the place, hey?
What else did
MacGregor say to you?
Well he asked me if
I believed in ghosts
and I said certainly not.
And he said no more do I
and he gave me the note
and the half pound.
Thank you my friend,
you've been very helpful.
A round of drinks
for these gentlemen
with my compliments.
Thank you.
Watson.
Helpful?
I can't see
anything very helpful
about that conversation.
All he did was
talk about ghosts.
And what do ghosts
suggest to you Watson?
I don't know, graveyards?
Exactly.
Alec MacGregor
was buried today.
I say old fellow
what about
giving me a hand?
You're doing
splendidly Watson.
I say Holmes,
I never did trust

any of those people
from the start.
Who
Who?
The so-called Good
Comrades and that woman.
Who
Mrs. Monteith naturally
who do you think I meant?
Old fellow where are you?
Who
You Holmes of course.
Who
Oh.
Having a nice
little chat Watson?
Oh there you are.
Stupid bird up there.
Silly bird
hanging about a
graveyard all night.
Nothing else to do.
Interrupting a
fellow's conversation.
Got it Holmes.
Help me now.
I don't like this Holmes.
Amazing Holmes.
As I thought, empty.
Some body snatchers
got here a head of us.
MacGregor's corpse
has been removed.
What?
Hurry Watson.
Come along fellow,
we haven't a
moment to lose.
What's up Holmes?
Unless I'm
greatly mistaken
there's about to
be another murder.
Who

You, you wall-eyed idiot
if you don't shut up.
Who, Who
You know what to do?
Yes sir.
Get going and hurry.
I'm afraid were
too late Watson.
Where's the body Lestrade?
Which one is it?
Doctor Merrivale.
I found him at the
bottom of the cliff.
Crushed to a jelly
by a huge rock.
Good heavens.
I identified by the suit
of clothes he was wearing
and his watch.
So Alastair must
be the murderer?
You're right to the
stop of the class,
Doctor Watson.
He killed them all
one after another
for the insurance money.
I thought so.
Obvious from the start.
What have you done with
your prisoner Inspector?
Oh he's safe enough.
Safe enough?
Yes he's in the library.
Perhaps I better go
and keep an eye on him.
Oh you'll be all
right Doctor.
He's handcuffed.
All pacing up and down.
Just doing a bit of
measuring Lestrade.
Why don't upset
yourself Mr. Holmes,

you can't expect to
solve every case.
Awe, there you are.
I suspected you
from the start.
Said to Holmes
that old front is
too good to be true.
But I didn't kill anybody.
Really I didn't.
It's quite natural for
you to deny your guilt.
Criminal instinct.
What?
Nothing.
Got any tobacco on you?
No.
I don't smoke but
there's Simpson's there.
He won't need it anymore.
Poor Simpson.
Well if Holmes can
smoke the beastly stuff
I suppose I can.
That's funny.
This may be important.
I must tell
Holmes at once.
Dear me.
Twenty-eight feet,
it checks exactly.
Whatever that may mean.
It means that the final
piece of the puzzle
is falling into place.
Oh you can have
your puzzle
I've got the murderer.
Holmes?
Come on Lestrade.
Where's Doctor Watson?
Oh he went through
that very door
only a few moments

ago looking for you.
We heard a scream did you?
Oh dear me no.
That's strange.
We didn't see him
as we came through
the dining room.
Did he say anything
before he left?
Yes.
He wasn't very
kind to me at first.
He was standing just
where your standing
Mr. Holmes.
He asked me if
had any tobacco
but as you know
I don't smoke.
And I suggested
that he might take
some of Captain Simpson's.
Well he pulled
out his pipe
and he was just
about to fill it
when he said,
Oh this may be important.
I must see Holmes at once.
Thank you, Mr. Alastair.
And don't you move.
This wall measures
twenty-eight feet outside
and inside it's obviously
several feet less.
Oh what are you
looking for?
Entrance to a passage.
What passage?
It could only be in
that outside wall.
Oh we could knock the wall
down for you Mr. Holmes.
What you don't

realize, Lestrade,
is they're desperate.
They'd stop at nothing
and they've got
Doctor Watson.
They, who's they?
Get those
candles will you?
All right.
What are you doing here?
I don't like to be alone.
Got it.
Good gracious.
That was for the
entrance to the stairs
leading to the old
smuggler's cave
down below.
I forgot it was there.
Give me the light.
Oh dear.
Blimey!
Quiet they'll hear us.
Who's they?
See for yourself Lestrade.
Lord (unintelligible)
Well strike me down.
All right
everybody, hands up,
you're under arrest.
But who's in there?
The Good Comrades.
Oh no, no.
They're dead.
Are they?
Come on now into
the line all of you.
I thought you
were all dead.
That's what they
wanted us to think.
Watson!
Raeburn,
King,

Davies,
Cosgrave,
Merrivale,
Simpson,
how dreadful of you.
Thank heaven
your safe Watson.
Well thank heavens
you came Holmes.
In another minute
they would have
thrown me in the sea
and got away on a boat
chartered by Simpson.
It's out there
now off shore.
Congratulations Lestrade.
You bagged the lot.
That's all right
Mr. Holmes.
And may I congratulate
you gentlemen
on a very ingenious plan.
I must confess
if you wouldn't have
over embellished
into the business
of the orange pips
this sinister
significance
of the happenings
of Driercliff House
might have escaped my
attention all together.
Your quite eloquent
Mr. Holmes.
And if Captain Simpson
hadn't removed his
tobacco from the library
you might still have
perfected your escape.
Incidentally, Lestrade,
I think you'll find
that each of

these gentlemen
has his share of
the insurance money
probably in a
well-stuffed money belt.
You fool Simpson.
I told you somebody would
notice that tobacco jar.
A fool am I?
Who asked this detective
to come stay at the house?
He did.
I had to the way you and
Merrivale were acting.
Shut up Cosgrave.
Don't tell me to shut up.
You and your orange pips.
You said they would
divert suspicion
but did they?
No.
You and your orange
pips fixed us.
All right, all right,
get back into
line all of you.
Now come on.
You get back into
line all of you.
Now then, hand
over that money.
Here, here, here
no more tricks like that.
If it hadn't been
for the sharp eyes
of Mr. Holmes here
you might of...
you might of shot someone.
And I thought you
were my friends.
Such good friends.
How could you?
Never mind my good men,
you'll soon be

in the dump
with the rest of them.
No, Lestrade,
Mr. Alastair's
completely innocent.
They selected him
as their dupe.
Oh.
It's all clear to me,
Holmes, except one thing,
why did they
kill MacGregor?
Because MacGregor didn't
believe in ghosts.
One night on the beach
he saw a man he
thought was dead,
probably our friend
big foot there
and was rash enough
to write Lestrade
a note about it.
That note was his
death warrant.
Very pretty
theorizing Mr. Holmes
but you can't
prove a thing.
That remains to be seen.
Lestrade will
you pick up
Captain Simpson's
revolver
and have a look at it?
One bullet fired?
That's right Mr. Holmes.
I have no doubt that the
ballistics will prove
that the missing bullet
killed Alex MacGregor.
It's good enough for me.
If what you say is
true Mr. Holmes
there ain't a jury

in the country that
won't convict them.
And so just retribution
has been visited
upon the six members
of the Good Comrades,
whose nefarious plan
was unmasked in
the nick of time.
By the brilliant
detective work
of Inspector Lestrade
of Scotland Yard.
Of all the balderdash,
Lestrade hasn't got
the faintest idea
what it was all about.
I don't know Watson.
After all we know
who is responsible
for solving the mystery
of the Good Comrades.
That's right.
If it hadn't been
for Mr. Holmes
that headline might
have been about me.
Mr. Holmes one
thing puzzles me.
What?
How did they manage
those fake murders?
Oh elementary my dear
Charles, elementary.
I can explain all that.
Whenever there
was a funeral
of some old chap in
the neighborhood
they dug up the body
and dressed it
in the clothes
of all their members,
then they staged

a fake death
and mutilated the body
beyond all
recognition.
In the meantime,
the so-called corpse
disappeared quietly
into the smuggler's room
underneath
Driercliff House.

I think...

I think that about
sums the whole thing.

Tell me Doctor Watson,
in the simulated death
of Captain Simpson
how do you account
for the tattooing
on the torso?

Tattooing on the torso...

well I...

Go on Watson, tell him.

Well the tattoo...

well the tattooing
on the torso...

sorry Holmes.

Captain Simpson
was an expert
with a tattoo needle.

He merely duplicated
the poor rigged ship
on the chest
of the corpse.

I also observed that
the design on the torso
had been done
within the previous
twenty-four hours.

Dear me.

What a gruesome idea.

Out of gratitude of
what you've done
the companies
that I represent

wish you to accept
this check.
No Mr. Chalmers,
I think Mr.
Alastair here
is much more deserving
of a reward than I am.
Dear me they took
me in completely.
I didn't help you
solve the case.
No but you did
much more than that.
It was your timely warning
when you drew
our attention
to the empty tobacco jar
and saved the life
of my dear friend
and colleague,
Doctor John H. Watson.
That's very nice
of you old man.
And by enabling us
to continue our long
and happy
association together.