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Sherlock Holmes Faces Death

By Bertram Millhauser

Hurry up lads.
Drink up.
Five minutes to
closing time.
Come on now.
Five minutes closing time.
Hello sweetheart.
Here's for the tune, hey,
Here you're rotten luck,
that's what you are.
Let's have a look at it.
Ah, what can I
get you, lad?
Mother's ruin.
Make mine the same.
It'll cost you two bob for
the broken glass matey?
What's the idea anyway
letting a beast like that
fly around loose
in a public house?
You didn't ought to let
him smell the blood.
He's very fond of
blood, Charlie is.
Hmm.
Comes by his taste
natural if you ask me.
Nobody's asking you, Miss.
Where's he from?
Musgrave Manor.
What is this Musgrave
Manor, a blinking prison?
That ain't the worst
it's been called
not that I want to go
about spreading stories
but we knows
what we knows,
don't we Charlie?
Blimey.
Where is this
Musgrave Manor?
Down the road apiece.

You'll see it when you
past the old iron gates
only don't loiter.
You won't be welcome
not by the Musgraves
been sitting there.
Lords of the manor
ever since time was.
If those old
walls could speak
they'd tell you things
that raise the
hair on your head.
There's folks hereabouts
swear they seen
corpse lights
round the old greenhouse
and heard 'em wailing
like lost souls
in the lime rock,
yeah, I want
no part of it.
Nor the Musgraves
neither,
hard men,
like them as
was before them,
cruel men.
God pity 'em for
the day is coming
when they'll need pity.
I don't think you're
being quite fair, Geoffrey
I assure you
I have no wish
to be fair.
Hmm.
An excellent specimen
of the coprass Carolina.
You are a sweet old
soul aren't you?
I have no wish to
be a sweet old soul,
no wish to be anything

but what I am
a disagreeable person
who does not intend
to let his sister
run off with
the first cockshaw Yankee
who makes her posies jump.
And I suppose Philip feels
the same way about it?
Well, Philip has no
choice in the matter.
As my younger brother,
Phillip feels precisely
as I tell him to.
Eaves dropping
again, Brunton.
Oh, no, Mr. Phillip.
I assure you
But I didn't wish
to disturb 'em.
What did you
hear, Brunton?
Your brother
and Miss Sally
were going at it
hammer and tongues
about Captain
Vickery I mean.
Really?
Mr. Geoffrey and
Captain Vickery
had an horrible row this
afternoon over Miss Sally.
I thought they were
coming to blows.
Indeed I did.
Right.
That will do now Brunton.
If I catch you
snooping again
I shall ask my brother
to give you notice.
Yes sir.
Thank you, sir.

Your not above a bit
of snooping yourself
are you Phillip.
Not in the least old boy.
Brunton.
Oh there you are.
I've been ringing for you.
Sorry, Dr. Watson.
I was in the
upper regions.
The library's in
a filthy mess.
The wind came swishing
down the chimney
and scattered the
ashes everywhere.
Very well.
I'll tidy it up
at once, doctor.
Room full of smoke,
papers all over the floor.
Foul night Brunton.
It's customary.
Just the sort of
night I'd fancy
fit for the ghost
of Lady Torinda.
Oh no, Dr. Watson.
Lady Torinda only
walks in the west wing.
No one ever met a ghost
in this part of the house.
Oh really?
Isn't there some story...
Oh there was a
housemaid claimed
that she saw Sir
Gervis Musgrave
with his head on backwards
in this very room.
Oh, gracious me.
Well she was just a
flighty girl, sir.
It sounds like

it, very flighty.
Most.
Head on backwards, what
a bunch of rubbish.
I say, Brunton,
does the wind always
carry on like this here?
Frequently sir.
It's a great pity.
It makes the
gentlemen restless
more than usual I mean.
Well, our patients
are all tucked up
for the night
now, hey Brunton?
Are they?
Of course, of course.
Aren't they?
Captain Vickery isn't
in his room, sir,
and it looked like
Major Langford
I saw going
toward the pool.
And I can't account for
Lieutenant Clavering.
Really?
That's very odd.
Very odd, sir.
Anything else, sir.
No, thank you.
Oh, yes, yes.
You might tell Dr. Sexton
that I'd like to see him
for a minute, will you?
Very good, sir.
Good night, sir.
Good night, Brunton.
Get him up and let's get
him in this chair here.
Sorry.
I'm awfully sorry.
Get my bag, Brunton.

Yes sir.
Let's have a look.
Yes, near thing just
missed an artery.
Looks like a knife wound.
Here you are, sir.
It's like a nightmare.
Give me some of that
cotton and bottle.
Oh, no, fellow,
we'll have you patched
up in no time.
You'll be as good as new.
What happened?
I, I don't know.
It was in Lime
Walk just now.
I was coming up
from the village.
I remember distinctly
I was approaching
the greenhouse.
The wind was terrific.
I had to fight my way.
I hadn't the
slightest warning.
All I know is
that he struck
and that I went down.
He must have thought
I was done for.
Any idea who it was?
No.
Well, that is I...
Yes, yes...
Really I,
I haven't any right.
You have every
right, Dr. Sexton.
As head of this house,
I shall arrange for an
immediate investigation.
I'd rather not if
you don't mind, sir.

Dr. Sexton,
the fact that my brother
and sister and I
have opened our home to
convalescent patients
doesn't relieve us
of all responsibility
for what occurs in it.
I mean, under the
peculiar circumstances.
Oh, come on, Bob.
There's no need
to shield anyone.
Thirteen.
Thirteen, that's curious.
What's got into
the old clock?
Nothing, nothing at all.
Oh, sir.
Don't you remember the
last time it did that
your father was
killed the next day?
Mr. Holmes, sir.
Mr. Holmes.
Mr. Holmes.
Oh, Mr. Holmes,
I, oh I, oh...
A purely scientific
experiment Mrs. Hudson.
Oh, frightening the wits
out of honest people.
Permit me.
Oh dear,
so now it's bullet
holes in me plaster.
Oh, Mr. Holmes, this
is the last straw.
The last straw,
Mrs. Hudson,
the one which
breaks the back
of the case against
Jacob Dillery.

It proves beyond
a shadow of doubt
that even bound as
he claims he was
he could still
have fired the shot
in his own defense that
killed his wife's lover.
But shooting holes in
my beautiful plaster.
Come in, Watson.
My dear fellow, I'm
glad to find you in.
I didn't even knock.
How did you know
it was me, I.
Me is acceptable, Watson,
unless, of course,
you're a purist,
which I doubt,
and may I add
that your step
is like no
other in London.
You're just in
time for breakfast.
Good, I rather
counted on that.
Mrs. Hudson,
dear, how are you?
Oh, it's good to
see you again, sir.
I think they'll be
enough here for two.
Splendid.
You're a sight for
sore eyes, Watson.
Thanks, old boy,
and so are you.
Sit down.
Good, thank you.
All right let's have it.
What brings you from
North Cumberland

at this early hour?
Bad business, Holmes,
very bad business.
How did you know
that I came from
North Cumberland?
Elementary, my
dear Watson.
You're overnight bag
carried the fresh
Houston label.
The only train arriving
at Houston Station
at this hour is the
New Castle Express
from North Cumberland.
There goes the night,
thou cometh from
North Cumberland.
Obvious, isn't it?
Quite.
Now tell me, how dark deep
was Hurlstone
Towers last night?
Well that's what I came
to see you about, Holmes.
About ten o'clock
last night
I was sitting in the li...
how did you know that
I came from Hurlstone?
You wrote me that
you volunteered
for medical service
within the realm.
With your experience
what post could have
been offered you
other than to
put you in charge
of a home of
convalescent officers?
Only one such home
has been opened

in North Cumberland
in the last month
and that's Musgrave
Manor at Hurlstone.
Simple reasoning,
a child could do it.
Not your child, Watson.
What?
I never had a child.
I very nearly did though.
Did I ever tell you about
that widow Twikem,
a very narrow escape?
I just found out in time
that she had the most
horrible little squirt
about three and a half.
Yes, Watson.
I think we better
stick to Hurlstone.
Oh, sorry, What?
Oh Hurlstone.
It's a grim old
palace, very spooky.
Don't tell me that
you met a ghost.
Well not so
spooky as that.
Ghosts don't stab people
in the neck do they?
Or do they?
Not well-bred
ghosts, Watson.
Who was stabbed
in the neck?
My young assistant,
Dr. Sexton.
When?
Last night.
Any idea who did it?
I have no idea.
You reported it?
Well, no, no I didn't.
Why not?

Well you see is it...
My dear fellow, what
you're trying to say is
the officers in your care
are all fine fellows,
wonderful war
records and so on.
Is that it?
Precisely.
So you thought perhaps
a private investigation.
Exactly.
Rather right and
proper thinking Watson.
We're just in time
to catch the nine thirty
train for Hurlstone.
But my dear fellow,
there's no immediate hurry.
Isn't there?
Your patients are all
victims of combat fatigue.
Any one of them
might go over the
edge at any moment
and from what
you've told me
there's a killer
loose at Hurlstone.
Great Scott, you
may be right.
Come on, Watson.
We haven't a
moment to lose
only hope we
shan't be too late.
You were right, Watson,
about Musgrave Manor.
Houses like people have
definite personalities
and this place is
positively ghoulish.
It certainly is.
Hello.

What's that?
Just the old greenhouse.
No, no, that
pile of leaves.
It's only a
pile of leaves.
Why?
Doesn't it strike
you as odd, Watson,
that a pile of leaves
should be raked up
in front of a
greenhouse door?
No gardener in the
world would do that.
Geoffrey Musgrave.
That's all very
interesting,
Inspector Lestrade,
but what, may I
ask, does it prove?
What I'm trying
to prove is this
that Dr. Sexton
went down...
Twice now, inspector.
You were stunned.
Naturally.
You were out longer
than you thought.
That's the point.
What point?
Just this.
The man who attacked him
had time to get
back in the house
before Dr. Sexton
near came to.
Yes.
Yes.
And this here glove...
oh, and this here glove
what I picked up at
the scene of the crime,

belongs to a certain party
right here in this house.

I say.

Well that glove
belongs to my brother.

Huh?

Do you suggest that he
intended to murder Dr. Sexton?

Who knows?

The man whose hand
fits this here glove
will bear a talking to.

Very well.

My brother's down
at the stables.

I'll take you
to him myself.

Thank you.

It's the quickest way
to put a stop to this
blithering nonsense.

Come on.

Oh, Mr. Phillip,
better not go out in the
night air without a coat.

Take mine.

Thanks.

Well I won't need this.

No, oh, nor this.

Well, shall we go?

Why if it ain't

Mr. Holmes?

Good evening, Lestrade.

Come to give us
a hand, have you?

Always happy to
help, inspector.

Thanks but I don't think
I shall be needing any.

Why if it isn't

Dr. Watson.

Gentlemen, this
is my friend,

Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Mr. Phillip Musgrave
and Dr. Sexton.
How do you do?
How do you do.
I'll just put him up to
spend a few days with us.
That's very good of
you but as you see
Scotland Yard's
already taken charge.
Oh really?
That's most unfortunate.
If you don't
mind, Dr. Watson,
I'd like to have a little
talk with your brother, sir.
I'm afraid you can't have
that pleasure, inspector.
Oh no?
I've got bad news
here, Mr. Musgrave.
We've just found your
brother in the lime walk.
He's dead.
You can't mean it.
No.
Look here, Holmes,
if this is one of
your little jokes.
Murder's no
joke, inspector.
That's right, Mr. Holmes.
Nobody's saying it ain't.
Murder?
Well let's get going.
I'll take charge now.
But it's quite
within my rights
as a local justice
of the peace.
I'll come with you.
Wait a minute you fool.
Don't go barging
in like that.

Don't maul me.
Surgical instruments.
You know Watson, the
instruments that save life
are hardly more
pleasant to look at
than those that take it.
Hmm.
Grisly thought, Holmes.
You rang, Dr. Watson?
Yes, Brunton.
I want you to
take some men
and go down to
the lime walk.
Me, sir, well I can't sir.
I'm sorry but
I simply can't.
My stomach, you know.
I really couldn't
look at a corpse.
Corpse?
Well I...
How did you know that
there was a corpse?
Obviously he was
listening at the door.
I'll take care of
the matter, doctor.
I was listening too.
Come along, Brunton.
Remarkable woman.
Housekeeper, I suppose.
She's very efficient.
Same type as
Marianne Carpenter,
the trunk murderess.
Extraordinary house.
Yes, it's is indeed.
Now Watson, if
you don't mind
I'd like to have a word
with your
extraordinary patients.

Let me remind
you, Holmes,
that my patients
are just patients.
Quite so.
All normal men,
sound in mind and body
and no sign of
psychoneurosis.
I quite understand.
And Holmes even
normal people
are sometimes a little...
Precisely.
Hello Mack.
Oh, I must have
taken a wee nap.
Mack I want you to meet a
very old friend of mine,
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
Captain Mackintosh.
How do you do?
I have heard of
you, Mr. Holmes.
Sorry to have wakened you.
Oh, that's
quite all right.
See you later.
Yes.
Sit down Mack and go
on with your sleep.
Poor chap.
He got wounded in a
trench on Josher Hill.
The German Tanks
went over him.
Watson?
Huh?
Have you any idea
how Jeffery Musgrave
met his death?
He has a depressed
skull fracture,
wait a minute

Holmes, it isn't.
Isn't it?
Why not?
No edema, no bleeding,
no contractinous tissue.
Precisely.
The blow on the head was
delivered after death.
Musgrave was killed
by a sharp instrument
thrust between the
base of the skull
and the top vertebrae.
Great Scott.
Should we go up now?
Hello Langford.
Hello there.
Been away, haven't
you, haven't you?
Yes, I just been
out of London.
I brought my friend back.
This is Mr.
Sherlock Holmes.
Major Langford.
We'll see you at dinner.
I hope so.
I hope so.
I hope so.
Excuse me.
Poor chap was
at Singapore,
escaped from a
Japanese prison camp,
ghastly experience.
He's suffering from...
Escape complex obviously.
Yes.
He's a very nice
chap, though.
The next fellow I
want you to meet
is young Clavering
an army engineer.

Saw a lot of men blown to bits by Nazi booby traps. He's a bit on edge. Not unnaturally. Coming. Well, Dr. Watson. Come in, won't you? Sorry to keep you so long. You see I, uh, I was lying down, resting. This is my friend, Mr. Holmes, who's here for a few days. Mr. Clavering. Glad to meet you. How do you do? Sorry to disturb you. Not at all. I say, you don't happen to have some cigarettes about you, do you? That's one of the reasons I came. I brought you some of those American cigarettes that you're so fond of. It's all right, open it up. No hurry, no hurry at all. No, no, no. Of course there isn't. Shall we go. Yes, well we must be off. We've got a lot to do. See you later. Yes, I'll be back. Good night. He seems afraid there might be a bomb in that package. Well he'd find them in less likely places

than that the poor chap.
The man in this room is an
American Flying officer.
Captain Vickery,
nothing really much
matter with him.
What's he here for then?
On a rest, had a
pretty long go.
He needs all the
rest he can get.
Vickery,
Vickery,
doesn't seem to be in.
No one at home.
Hmm.
Apparently not,
not since teatime
at any rate.
Now what's this?
Captain Vickery,
here's your tea.
If it's cold
don't blame me.
That sounds like
Brunton's work.
The butler?
He fancies himself a poet
but only when
he's drinking.
I see.
Wasn't there an American
killer given to verse?
Holmes, you don't
think that Brunton...
Excuse me.
I merely stated
there's an American
killer given to verse.
Dr. Watson, oh
where are you?
Oh there you are.
Steady my dear, steady.
Please make me

wake up, won't you?
It's just a bad
dream, I know,
Geoff and Pat...
Now, now, now, my dear.
You got to get a
grip on yourself.
Come on, come on,
come sit down.
My brother,
Geoff, murdered.
Poor ol' Geoff.
And I hadn't
spoken to him
since we had the fight
yesterday on Pat,
I mean, Captain
Vickery's account
and now he's dead.
Now, now my dear you must
pull yourself together.
But you don't understand.
They're trying to
say that Pat...
they're trying to prove
that Pat killed Geoff.
No, no, no.
Yes.
Funny isn't it.
Awfully funny,
awfully funny,
awfully funny.
Stop it.
Who are you?
My name is Holmes.
Sherlock Holmes?
Yes.
Then you'll help us,
won't you Mr. Holmes,
Pat and me.
I'll try to.
Now tell me, wasn't
there bad blood
between your brother,

Geoffrey and Captain Vickery?

That's got nothing
to do with it.

It may have everything
to do with it.

If you think Captain
Vickery ever murdered anyone
you're no more of
a detective than,
than Dr. Watson.

My dear.

Oh, I'm sorry.

You're very much in
love, aren't you?

I'm out of my
mind, Mr. Holmes.

I'm out of my mind.

Oh please forgive me
and please,
please help me.

Of course, of
course I understand.

But you don't understand,
that appalling man
from Scotland Yard
is questioning Pat
at this very moment.

Now this here rake,
it's the identical one
you got from the
garden this afternoon,
now isn't it?

It smells like it.

Hey what is this?

Are you trying to prove
that Geoffrey Musgrave
was killed with a rake?

No, I'm try...

never mind what I'm
trying to prove.

Just incriminate
yourself, Captain Vickery.

That's all Lestrade wants.

I'll thank you to keep

out of this, Mr. Holmes.
This is Mr.
Sherlock Holmes.
How do you do?
How do you do?
He's promised to
help you dear.
There's nothing to
worry about now.
Only his neck, miss.
Let me see your rake.
What do you say
you're using it for?
I told you.
I got it to fish my
cap out of the pond.
It blew in.
Oh, so you were using
it down at the pond,
were you?
For the tenth time, yes.
And how did it happen
to turn up alongside
Musgrave's body, eh?
I don't know.
Uh-huh, Well that's that.
Oh, Mr. Holmes.
Any fingerprints on
the rake, inspector?
No, Mr. Holmes.
That's the point.
If Vickery was only using
it to fish his hat out
well no he
wouldn't bother
to wipe his fingerprints
off now would he?
It's beyond
imagination, I suppose,
that somebody else could
have used the rake
and wiped off both
sets of fingerprints.
Highly interesting

but very unlikely.
Now you admit that you
had a regular set to
with Jeffrey Musgrave
yesterday didn't you?
You threatened to
bash his head in.
I merely made the offer.
He didn't accept it.
Who told you so?
He did.
Oh, no, he did.
I only stated
what I heard.
Captain Vickery did
threaten my brother.
That's right, Mr. Holmes
and it's no good
saying it ain't.
This Yankee lad had
motive and opportunity
and the rake ties him
right up tight
to the corpse.
All right.
Come along.
Do you really think he
killed old Musgrave?
You know very
well he didn't.
Stop clicking
those needles.
Oh, Pat.
Take it easy, Sally.
Now look, don't
worry a bit.
I'll tell you everything's
gonna be all right.
Let's go, inspector.
Mr. Holmes.
Steady.
Steady.
Aren't you on our side.
Yes, Sally.

Then why don't
you do something.
Because Captain Vickery
will be much safer
in the local police
station tonight
than he would be
in this house.
Oh, Mr. Holmes, what
am I going to do?
Watson, get your sedative.
I'll get it at once.
Calm down, Sally.
She's a bit upset but
she'll get over it.
You think so?
She'll have to.
She's got an ordeal
ahead of her.
She has to go through
that tiresome
ritual tomorrow.
Ritual?
This is an old family
ceremony, Mr. Holmes.
Sally's next in line
now that I'm head
of the household.
Blast this thing.
Does this help?
Oh yes, thanks.
Knitting needle, isn't it?
Yes.
Handy little things.
As my heir.
Sally has to recite
a sort of formula
over Geoff's body in
front of the fireplace
and the library in the presence
of the entire household.
There, that's better.
Just what sort of formula?
Well it's some

meaningless words,
Musgrave ritual,
they call it.
It's an old family custom
been handed down
for generations.
Can you remember
the words?
No, no, not at all.
But you had to speak them
when you're brother
Geoffrey took over.
Yes, that's right, I did.
Let me see now.
Who first shall find it
were better dead
Who next shall find it
perils his head.
The last to find it
defies dark powers.
Who first shall find it
were better dead.
Who next shall find it
perils his head.
The last to find it
defies dark powers
and brings good fortune
to Hurlstone Towers.
Where was the light on
the face of the messenger?
Where did he speed?
To guard the queen's page.
(Inaudible) in advanced
the bishop's page brashly
and who to repel,
the king's cautious page.
What then the...
disaster
queen slaughter's page.
No, no.
Sorry Miss Sally.
Page slaughters Page.
Thank you, Brunton.
Who came then to slay him?

The bloodthirsty bishop.
Where shall he go?
Deep down below.
Away from the thunder,
let him dig under.
Once more into the
breach, dear friends,
once more.
Happy day.
You drunken sot.
The master's
been ringing you
for the past ten minutes.
Why don't you answer it?
Fly away, little gremlin.
You're the one
that'll fly away
if he ever catches
you in this state.
Oh, it's him.
Hurry, hurry.
Coming, sir.
Coming.
One moment, sir.
Mr. Holmes,
come in, sir, come in.
This is indeed an honor.
I don't often
have visitors.
What can I do
for you, sir.
You might stop that
squeaking to begin with.
Yes, sir.
And perhaps
you can tell me
how you come to know the
Musgrave ritual by heart.
Me, sir?
Yes, you.
When Miss Sally
forgot the lines today
you were the one
who prompted her.

Well, sir I memorized it.
Obviously but why?
Because it has no meaning.
I love things that
have no meaning.
Thank you, Brunton.
But supposing it
did have a meaning
and suppose that
meaning were tied up
with a murder of
Geoffrey Musgrave.
Oh what a lovely
idea if I may say so.
You may, Brunton.
You may also sit down.
Thank you, sir.
Oh stop it,
and look at me.
No, here.
You know the meaning
of the Musgrave ritual.
Do I?
Well don't you?
You'd be surprised at
all the things I know.
What things?
No you don't.
About the Musgraves?
That would be telling.
And here's to them anyway
all the Musgraves
past and present,
some of 'em
were murderers
and some of 'em worse
but they all knew
how to keep a secret
and so do I.
Brunton.
I've been ringing for you
for the past ten minutes.
Sorry, sir but me
buzzer doesn't buzz.

That'll do, Brunton.
You have your notice.
Do you understand?
Yes, sir.
Is that advisable,
Mr. Musgrave?
Let me be the
judge of that.
He leaves Hurlstone
in the morning.
The morning's
a long way off.
Farewell,
a long farewell to
all my greatness.
You've done it
now Al Brunton.
After all we've
been through.
How could I of managed
to do it all alone?
What are you going to do?
What am I going to do?
Thirteen again.
Yes.
Her whole attitude
confuses me, Watson.
she swears she hasn't
seen Brunton since night
and yet she seems
completely unwilling
to help us find him.
And so she knows where
he is as well as we do,
I mean as well
as we don't.
I wonder.
You said that he was
drinking last night.
Wouldn't it be a good
idea to try the pub?
Exactly where we're
headed for, Watson.
I'm glad we thought of it

even if we don't
find Brunton.
I was afraid we
couldn't find him here.
Well boy oh boy, I
could do with a drink.
For your information
so could I.
Gentlemen.
Well hello, doctor.
Not looking for us
are you, are you?
As a matter of fact
we're looking for...
Brunton.
You haven't seen
him, have you?
Have we Clavering,
have we?
Why should we?
Morning, Gracie.
Morning, doctor.
What do you have?
A bottle of Bass
and what's yours?
A pint of bitter, please.
And a pint of bitter.
I'm a devil.
I'm a devil.
Oh really?
Hello.
A tame raven.
You're a devil are you,
a kettle are you?
I'm a devil.
I'm a devil.
Birds of prey,
aren't they.
Yes, in a way,
scavengers rather.
They can smell a carcass
a half a mile off.
Yeah, that they
can and all.

You should see
Charlie here
when there's a tasty bit
outside in the street.
Shall we go sit down?
Gracie, have you
seen Dr. Watson?
He's over there Lass.
Thank you.
May I speak to you a
moment, Mr. Holmes?
What's wrong, Sally.
We can't find my
brother, Phillip.
Did you look in his room?
That's the trouble, we
had to force the door.
It was locked
on the inside.
Really?
Oh you must
come, Mr. Holmes.
Certainly, Sally, at once.
Do be quick something
ghastly has happened.
I know it.
And that dreadful bird,
please haul it away.
Watson, take it away.
Away where to?
Anywhere.
Into the parlor.
Just take it away.
Phillip Musgrave.
What are they doing
now, doing now?
I don't know.
They stopped talking.
Somebody's walking
about in the upper hall,
heavy footsteps.
There's no doubt
about it, Watson.
Phillip Musgrave had a

visitor here last night.
These footprints were made
either by a very heavy man
or a man carrying a
very heavy burden.
That's right, Mr. Holmes.
It's no good
saying it ain't.
The burden was Phillip
Musgrave's body
and these here
footprints
were made by
Alfred Brunton.
It doesn't
necessarily follow.
Oh don't it.
Here, try that on
your footprint.
And that's Alfred
Brunton's shoe.
Fits perfectly, inspector.
Uh-huh.
But the fact
that these prints
were made by
Brunton's shoes
doesn't prove that
Brunton's feet were in them.
Why not?
Where should
Brunton's feet be
if not in his own shoe?
Well they're
not in them now.
Look here, Holmes.
Let's use our intellect.
Your what?
What's wrong with that.
Let's stick to motive.
That's my strong point.
Now this here
Brunton had motive.
Phillip Musgrave gave

him the sack, didn't he?

Did Geoffrey Musgrave
also gave him the sack?

What's that got
to do with it?

Everything.

The similarity of
method in both murders
shows they were the
work of one man.

Well that leaves
Vickery out.

He was in jail at the
time of this murder.

All right, all right.

Alfred Brunton's our
man, just what I said.

What possible motive
could Brunton have had
for the murder of
Geoffrey Musgrave?

Motive.

Oh bother motive.

Who cares about motive.

This case is as
simple as ABC.

Is it?

Then perhaps you
can explain to us
why these footprints
lead up to a blank wall
and never return.

What?

You didn't think of
that, did you inspector?

There's just one
possible explanation.

I've got it.

Brunton murdered Musgrave
right up against the wall.

He hoisted the body
over his shoulder
like this you see,
walks backwards clean

out of the room.
That's a very undignified
position, Lestrade.
Upsy daisy.
In a house as old as this
it's not unusual to
find secret passageways
that lead down
through the walls.
Hello, here we are.
No you don't,
Come out of there.
What are you
doing in there?
None of your business.
Answer me.
Obviously she was
looking for Brunton.
That's right.
He hasn't left
Musgrave Manor.
I'm certain of that, sir.
His clothes are still
hanging in the wardrobe.
Don't you lie
to me, woman.
You've got him hidden
in there somewhere.
Don't go in there?
Why not?
You'll get lost.
Me lost?
Oh I like that.
He will get lost, sir.
Let him.
Now listen to me.
Where did you enter
that passageway.
Through the
old greenhouse
in lime walk, sir.
Did Brunton know that?
No, he didn't.
Mrs. Brunton,

then why were you
looking for him in there?
We, I...
Yes, we've known all along that
you were married to Brunton.
You know Phillip Musgrave
was murdered, don't you?
No.
Yes you do and you
think Brunton did it.
No.
You think he carried him
down through the greenhouse...
No, no.
Over to the garage...
No, he never.
And crammed his body into the
rumble seat of that roadster.
Don't you try and put
the blame on Alfr...
I'll put the blame
on both of you.
You're in this together.
You were in his room last
night, I saw you there.
Only to talk about
the ritual, sir.
He, we,
he thought that he'd
got it all worked out.
Did he leave any
notes, any record?
No, that is...
Oh come on,
come on, out with it.
Only this, sir.
I found it this morning
under the soap dish
on his washstand.
Huh?
Hastily written.
Another jingle?
Yes.
Obviously in

some agitation.
If any harm
should come to me
fleshly or spiritual
seek and you
will find the key
in the Musgrave ritual.
The old ritual,
there it is again.
Watson, we've got to
find that ritual.
It's the key to
the whole business.
Just a minute, you
can't talk to Sally.
Why not?
She's in such a state
and I had to give a hypo.
All right come on.
Draw the curtains, Watson.
There must be a
copy of that ritual
somewhere in this room.
She had to learn
it, you know.
Yes, you're right.
Here it is.
I doubt it.
Empty.
Quite.
There's only one thing
to do, search the room.
Not the room, Watson.
Her mind.
We must search her mind.
Obviously she took great
pains to hide that paper.
But why should
she hide it?
Put yourself in her place.
Her brother Geoffrey
was murdered.
The man she loves is
accused of that murder

and thrown into jail.
On top of that
she finds her brother,
Phillip, murdered.
What would your
reactions be?
Well naturally I should
be terribly upset.
Obviously.
Excuse me.
She's brought
back to this house
in a state bordering
on hysteria.
She comes through that
door, goes to that desk,
throws on her gloves.
The first thing
her eye lights on
is the Musgrave ritual.
In her mind it's tied up
with all the disasters
that have
befallen Hurlstone.
She herself may be
the next victim.
She must hide that paper.
You're quite
right, but where?
Excuse me, sir.
Was she alone in
this room at any time
before you gave
her the hypo?
Certainly not.
Nora was here.
She helped her into bed
while I went for my bag.
Good.
Nora?
Yes sir.
When you were alone
with Miss Sally
what was the first

thing she did?

Well sir, she asked me
to turn down her bed
and lay out
her nightdress.

And what was she
doing in the meantime?

Let me think, sir.

Oh yes, she went
over to her desk.

Uh-huh.

That was when she took the
ritual from this envelope.

What then Nora?

Then she asked
me to step over
and draw the curtains.

Why someone's
pulled them open.

Yes, I know.

When you drew the curtains
you turned your back on her?

Sure.

And it wasn't more than
two shakes of a lamb's tail.
Long enough.

When you were at the
window where was she?

She was sitting
over here,
sitting right here
taking off her stockings.

Oh but she never
left the chair.

I'll kiss the book on it.

I've got it.

She must have packed that
paper under this cushion.

Huh?

She must have
changed her mind.

Obviously.

Well she could have
hidden it anywhere here.

What time was it
when you brought her
in here, Watson?
I haven't the
faintest idea.
The clock was striking
the quarter hour
when I came in, sir.
I definitely heard it.
This clock?
The same, sir.
Thank you, Nora,
you may go.
Obviously this clock was
running at twelve fifteen
just as obviously it
stopped at twelve twenty.
When Nora turned her back
Sally reached across,
opened the clock
and hid the
ritual in here.
Amazing, Holmes.
Elementary, my
dear Watson.
Where fell the light on
the face of the messenger.
Where did he speed?
To guard the queen's Page.
Gibberish, that's
what it is.
Hokey, pokey.
A thing like
this, Watson,
that's been handed
down for centuries
can't be mere gibberish.
Who had entered the lists?
The king's pale knight.
Pale poppycock.
I say, Watson.
King, queen,
knight, bishop.
Sounds like a game

of chess to me.
Precisely.
Where fell the light.
The light, Watson.
Follow the light
on the face of
a messenger.
Look at it, Watson.
Look at it, like a
giant chessboard.
This is no gibberish.
These are chess terms and
that's the chessboard.
The secret of the
Musgrave murders
is locked up
in that floor
and by Jove, we've
got the key to it.
Oh, that entered
the lists.
The king's pale knight.
White king's knight to
white king's bishop three.
Your move, Dr. Sexton.
I really know nothing
about the game.
Come on Bob.
It's great fun.
You start from over here.
There, here.
I'll show you.
I'll show you.
One,
two,
three,
one.
Page to the
black king three.
Your move Clavering to
back king three please
over there.
There's not to reason why.
Page slaughters page.

Your move, Watson.
I take you, my dear.
It's a good
game, isn't it?
Stop it, stop it.
You mustn't giggle.
You must be serious.
You're move, Clavering.
You take Dr. Watson.
Too bad, doctor.
Who came then
to slay him,
the bloodthirsty bishop.
White queen's bishop,
to white king's
knight five.
That's my move.
One, two.
I say, doctor, you
moved, didn't you?
Did I?
I don't think so.
Yes, I'm afraid you did.
Oh, where was I on
king bishop three?
That's right.
Oh yes, of course.
So sorry.
Three, four, five.
Captain it looks
bad for you.
All right but
where shall I go?
Where shall he go?
Deep down below.
Mrs. Howells what's
underneath this floor?
Well it's only an
old cellar, sir.
The entrance goes down
behind that stair
but it's been locked
up for centuries.
One of the old Musgraves

murdered his own
brother down there.
Shhh listen.
Hello what's that?
It's Brunton.
Alf, Alf?
He's in that passageway
over the fireplace.
Are you there, Brunton?
Get me out.
It's me, Lestrade.
I'm lost.
I'm all turned around.
You have been for years.
Get him out there,
will you Mrs. Howells
and give him a
saucer of milk.
Come here Jenny.
Stand on this
square for me
and stamp on it,
keep stamping.
Clavering, get your
sound detector.
Gentlemen, deep
down below.
Look there's not
been a soul here
in a couple of
hundred years.
Someone's been here
and in the last
twenty-four hours.
Yeah, it's clean
as a new pin.
Precisely.
Dust of two hundred
years is on the walls.
The floor's
been swept clean
obviously in an attempt
to remove footprints.
Listen.

That's Jenny in
the hall upstairs.
Clavering,
let me have your
sound detector.
So sorry.
I must find the exact spot
under that square
I marked in the hall.
Don't move, anyone.
Someone's moving about
interfering with what
I'm trying to do.
Stand perfectly
still everybody.
This is the spot.
Lend me a hand.
Of course.
Here lies the body of
Ralph Musgrave, knight,
the lord of the
manors of Hurlstone.
This place used to be
known as Hurlstone Towers.
Neverfield and King's
Hargrave domino 1539.
What we're looking for
is underneath here
that's what the ritual
meant by deep down low.
It's a burial crypt.
Up with it.
I say there's
somebody down there.
Who is it?
Is it Brunton?
Is it Brunton?
I don't know.
Stay where you are.
Who is it, Holmes?
It's Brunton all right.
Is he dead?
Yes.
He's been dead for hours.

Murdered.

Hello, what's this?

Henry by the grace of god,
King of Great Britain,
France and Ireland,
defender of the faith.

What have you found?

Any clue, any clue?

Uh, no, um.

Just an old document.

Hello.

What's this?

Looks like some
sort of writing.

Watson.

Coming.

hold this for
me, will you?

Steady.

They're on the floor
by his right hand.

See those marks
in the dust
like pin scratches made
with his fingernail.

Yes.

Yes.

See that stuff
under his nail?

He was trying to
write something.

By Jove.

He did write something.

What is it?

Aye, tell us man.

What did he write?

I can't make it out.

It's too faint.

Here.

I've got good eyes,
let me, let me.

Stay where you
are, all of you.

These marks must

not be erased.

What are you going to do, Holmes?

I'm going to leave this just as it is until I can get the proper chemicals to bring out the words.

Have you no notion of what he tried to write?

Yes I have.

I think that Brunton with his last strength wrote the name of his murderer on that floor in his own blood.

Now there you are, Lestrade.

Huh?

Twelve o'clock.

I was just saying, Lestrade, that I should get into New Castle, pick up my chemicals and be back here not later than noon tomorrow.

Why yes, Mr. Holmes.

Meanwhile you all have your work cut out for you.

Watson.

Yes.

You'll guard this door with your life.

Of course I'll...

With what?

I said with your life.

Anything you say, Holmes.

There's no entrance to this cellar except through that doorway.

And Holmes what

I feel... huh?
Brunton's murderer's
in this house
and he's bound to
make one last effort
to get down there to
erase those marks.
Naturally.
Lestrade's men are
posted outside
and they'll see to it
that nobody
leaves this house.
Concentration camp.
My men have orders to
shoot if necessary.
I'll be outside
myself keeping watch.
Good.
Sexton your post will
be at Miss Sally's door
and remember she's in more
danger than anyone here.
Don't worry I'll look
after her, Mr. Holmes.
Good night.
Good night, Holmes.
Oh, Dr. Watson, if you
want any help, sing out.
I don't mind saying
I feel a lot safer
if I had a gun on me.
Huh, I always
keep mine ready.
Good night Bob,
keep awake old man.
I will.
That's funny.
It's striking
twelve again.
Let me out of
here, you hear?
Let me out of here.
Someone locked this door.

What on earth's all
this monkey business.
I didn't lock you in.
Well doors don't
lock themselves.
They do in this house.
What are you doing
down here anyway?
I'm worried is
about Langford.
Langford?
Yes, he's got
into his head
that this is a
Jap prison camp.
He's got that
filthy rope
and he's bound and determined
to go out the window.
He can't do that.
Lestrade's men
will shoot him.
He may be out already.
I'll head him off.
Then again he may not be.
Perhaps you're right.
Then let me go.
No, no.
You'll be shot.
I'll go.
No, you'll be shot.
Oh really?
Let's both go.
I can't leave here.
You stay where you are.
I'll go and call Lestrade.
Remember Clavering,
stay where you are.
Ere.
Look here, Constable.
I'm Dr. Watson.
Are you now?
Well I'm Mrs. Minivar.
Come along to

the inspector.
Gross impertinence.
Useless.
Quite useless,
I assure you.
There's nothing
written on the floor.
It was just a
rouse of mine
to bring Brunton's
murderer here.
Permit me.
As the most ruthless
killer in England
you deserve some
of the light.
Killer, I?
Oh I say, you
seem to forget
that my life was
also attempted.
And a very neat
trick it was
to divert suspicion
from yourself
but it struck
me as odd
that the man who
murdered both Musgraves
with such a sure hand
should have missed
so badly in your case
unless of course, um,
you yourself were
the murderer.
Ahh, that's ridiculous.
Then too it seemed curious
that you a doctor
examining both bodies
and failed to report
the real cause of death.
And that was?
A sustural needle thrust
up into the brain

between the base
of the skull
and the cervical
vertebrate.

I had the unpleasant duty
of removing this
piece of a needle
from Phillip
Musgrave's head.

It couldn't be yours by
any chance, could it?

I never owned one.

Oh yes you did.

I saw it in your case
the night I came
into this house
just after
Geoffrey Musgrave
was found murdered.

It wasn't broken then.

It was only when you
killed Phillip Musgrave
that you lost
a piece of it.

Nonsense.

Why should I go around
sticking needles
into people?

A fair enough
question, doctor.

Among nice people
murder like matrimony
generally has a motive
and in this case the
motive was matrimony.

Oh you mean Miss Sally?

I do.

Oh I see so you think
it's a case of
murder for profit.

Precisely.

My dear Holmes.

That won't do.

The Musgraves

are lamb poor.
Everybody knows that.
Exactly.
But everybody didn't
know what you knew.
You worked out
the meaning
of the Musgrave ritual.
I have?
Oh.
Yes.
You have.
You claimed you
knew nothing
about the game of chess.
When I suggested
you'd moved
off your proper square
you promptly named
king's bishop three
and what's more
moved back onto it.
Nonsense.
Why shouldn't I have stepped
out of my square in the first...
Mess up my moves,
spoil my game
and protect me
from finding
what you had
already found.
And that was?
The old land grant
I took from this box
which would have
made Sally Musgrave
upon the death
of her brothers,
the richest
woman in England.
Now what's that?
Don't tell me you
found another needle?
No, no.

It's just a button.
It wouldn't be
yours, would it?
Mine?
Clearly.
Thank you.
Would you mind telling me
why you think I was
down here with Brunton?
No, not at all.
As I see it you killed
Phillip Musgrave
in his own room,
carried his body down
through the secret passageway,
out through the
greenhouse into the garage
where you crammed it into the
rumble seat of that roadster
but unfortunately for you,
you had a witness.
Brunton was there,
sleeping off his drunk.
Nursing a grudge
against Phillip Musgrave.
Brunton became
your accessory.
But you didn't
want an accessory
so you lured him down
here with a promise
to share the Musgrave
treasure with him
and exit Brunton.
Very ingenious,
Mr. Holmes.
You seem to
have everything
except perhaps the
negligible item of proof.
Suppose we leave
that to the jury.
Suppose we do.
Shall we go?

After you.
And by the way,
don't forget your torch.
Oh, thanks.
I don't suppose it
occurred to you
that you were taking
a bit of a chance
coming down here all alone
with a suspected
murderer.
One has to take chances
in my profession, doctor.
You see I couldn't
possibly risk
sharing my little
plot with anybody.
Not even with Dr. Watson?
Particularly not
with Dr. Watson.
If he'd known what
was up tonight
he could have been so
elaborate and mysterious
he'd a given the
whole show away.
As a matter of fact I
had a devil's own time
luring him away from
that door upstairs
so that we could be alone.
That's all I
wanted to know.
Stay where you are.
I'm afraid I have no
choice, Dr. Sexton.
Look here.
You're not really
gonna kill me, are you?
They'll hear you.
Who will?
That was a bad
slip you made
letting me know you were

so completely alone.
And you're really
gonna kill me?
I'm afraid I have no
choice, Mr. Holmes.
As you said,
I have no evidence
against you.
No proof.
No proof at all.
You forget the needle
and the button.
Bring them here, please.
Not too close.
Now put them in my pocket.
Thank you.
Curious about the button.
It is off my
coat, of course.
I can't think how
I ever missed it.
Poor old Brunton.
He didn't struggle much.
Now Phillip Musgrave
was different.
The needle broke off
and I didn't have
time to probe for it.
But you have
both of them now,
the button and the
needle why kill me?
Now step back just a bit.
Against the wall.
Now if you stand
perfectly still
I think I can manage
this with one shot.
Put 'em up.
Did you hear his
confession, Watson.
Every word, Holmes.
And I heard all
the rest, sir.

Good.

Let me congratulate you
on an extraordinary catch.

That's right, Mr. Holmes.

It's no good
saying it ain't.

I'm afraid I underestimated you, Holmes.

Pity.

Yes.

Those blank cartridges
were a cheap
sort of trick.

I grant you.

But it wasn't easy to
let you take my gun
away from me without
seeming to hand it to you.

That's why I let you
take the torch first.

I knew you'd snap it off.

Yes.

We told you, you were
taking an awful risk.

Well we had to
have a confession
and these egomaniacs are
always so much more chatty
when they feel they
have the upper hand.

Shall we go?

I can't make head
nor tail of it.

Can you Pat?

It looks like an
old land grant.

It's really a crown grant.

What I don't understand is
why the Musgraves didn't
claim the land ages ago.

Obviously Watson

one of 'em died
before passing on the meaning
of the ritual to his heir.

The words remain but

the sense was lost.
I wonder why he
left the grant
down there where
he found it.
What good would
it have done him
so long as your
brothers lived.
Once they were
out of the way
and you came
into the property
he expected
to marry you.
I like that.
What ever made
him think that...
He thought himself
irresistible.
Precisely.
It's not unheard of
in cases of egomania.
I suppose then he meant
to rediscover
the crown grant.
At the proper time, yes
and then enjoy his
wife's millions.
Did you say millions?
I did.
Look here.
About eighty
thousand acres
of the richest soil
in the England.
But aren't there
people on it.
Yes, farms, villages,
even a factory town
with hundreds of
workman's cottages.
Is this thing legal?
Perfectly.

Of course it'll drag
on through the courts.
Just a moment.
The people on this land,
they put their money
into it, their life work.
It's their homes
I'll be taking.
Yes.
Do you think I'm going
to kick these people out?
Just the same Holmes
you let poor little Sally
throw away a fortune.
My dear fellow.
I had nothing
to do with it.
The girl, more power to
her, acted on her own.
It was a grand gesture
one she will regret.
I don't think so, Watson.
There's a new spirit
abroad in the land.
The old days of
grab and greed
are on their way out.
We're beginning to think of
what we owe the other fellow
not just what we're
compelled to give him.
The time is
coming, Watson,
when we shan't be able
to fill our
bellies in comfort
while other
folk go hungry
or sleep in warm beds
while others
shiver in the cold
and we shan't be able
to kneel and thank God
for blessings before

our shining alters
while men anywhere
are kneeling
in either physical or
a spiritual subjection.
You may be right, Holmes.
I hope you are.
And god willing
we'll live to see
that day, Watson.