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Ten Little Indians

By Peter Yeldham

Inaccessible sort of place.

Very remote.

Gentlemen, my name is Grohmann.

Shall I offer you drinks
or show you to your rooms?

I think we would prefer first of all
to meet our host.

I'm sorry, sir.

Mr. Owen isn't here.

- Not here?

- Where is he?

- Extraordinary.

- When do you expect him?

This evening, sir.

- Has he been delayed?

- I really couldn't say, sir.

- Oh, come, come. What's your name?

- Grohmann, sir.

Well, Grohmann,
you must have some instructions.

My instructions are
to make you all comfortable.

I understand Mr. Owen
will be here for dinner.

Oh. Well, that's better.

Is it? I find it is a singular
lapse of manners:

A house party,
and the host the last to arrive.

- It happens.

- Not to me, young man.

What sort of chap is our absent host?

I haven't had the pleasure.

Strangely, neither have I.

What's he like, Grohmann?

I have no idea, sir.

My wife and I, we are hired
by an agency in Vienna two days ago.

We've never met Mr. Owen.

I trust you'll be comfortable.

If there's anything you want,
please ring.

By the way, I'm Ann Clyde,
Mr. Owen's secretary.

Did he leave any instructions for me?
No, miss. We want a word
with Mr. Owen ourselves when he arrives.
They never told us at the agency
the size of this place...
...or that we'd have
to look after eight guests.
I don't think that's any of our concern.
Miss Clyde, shall we join the others?
Bitch.
I think I'll have trouble with Her Ladyship
before the weekend's over.
Tell me about your Mr. Owen.
What's he like?
My dears, you look absolutely stricken.
I'm sure you all know the story...
...of the two Englishmen
cast away on a desert island...
...who never spoke to each other,
because they hadn't been introduced.
We were just about
to perform that task.
Well, since I'm not English,
I'll break the ice. I'm Hugh Lombard.
Dr. Edward Armstrong.
- Judge Cannon.
- How do you do, sir?
General Sir John Mandrake.
Blore, William Henry.
Ann Clyde.
This lady, I'm sure we all know.
We've admired you on the screen,
Miss Bergen.
- Thank you, judge.
- Well, I guess that leaves only me.
You've probably all heard of
Mike Raven and The Blackbirds.
No? Where's everybody been lately?
- You a singer?
- Yeah.
Number three on the charts last week.
"Why Does My Baby Do This to Me
When We Could Be in Love?"
A mixed gathering.

Now, some of us don't know our host.
Perhaps those who do
could tell us something about him.
Well, he's a rich guy. Eccentric.
At least that's what I've been told.
- But you haven't met him?
- Well, no.
He called up my agent
to come over to talk over a deal.
Ticket paid for, all set up.
May I ask if any others know Mr. Owen?
How utterly marvelous.
You all came to a house party
without knowing your host.
Well, what about you, Miss Bergen?
Darling, it happens to me all the time.
But, of course, one of us does know
the mysterious Mr. Owen.
His secretary.
- Then satisfy our curiosity, my dear.
- I'm afraid I can't.
I was engaged through
an agency in London.
This is quite ridiculous.
I have a good mind to leave at once.
Yeah, but what about the snow?
That, I assure you, sir,
would not deter me.
I've never known such a situation.
Well, Grohmann did say
he'd be here for dinner.
- Quite right, so he did.
- In that case, let's settle in, find our rooms.
You rang, sir?
Good Lord.
All right, I am ready
to see my room now.
I think we all are.
Unless you're thinking
of leaving us, general?
Gentlemen, would you please follow me?
If you just started working for Mr. Owen,
you didn't send out the invitations.
No, I didn't, Mr. Lombard. Why?

Just curious.
I think you have the wrong bag,
Mr. Lombard.
Very observant, aren't you, Mr. Blore?
"C.M."?
Yes, that's right. Charles Morley.
A friend of mine.
I borrowed it and forgot to return it.
You know how it is?
Besides, it's pigskin.
Oh, I beg your pardon, doctor.
I thought it was a cupboard.
It seems we're sharing
a bathroom, doctor.
Oh, I didn't know.
I was just taking a pill. Slight headache.
Yes, it's the traveling, you know.
Affects me the same way.
I've got a bit of a headache too.
You haven't got another pill by any chance?
I'm afraid that was the last.
Oh, it doesn't matter.
A stiff whiskey and soda before dinner
might do the trick, eh?
Yes.
- Mr. Blore?
- Yes?
- The bathroom is yours.
- Thank you.
Ten little Indians went out to dine
One choked his little self
Then there were nine
We could have stayed
in Vienna all along.
You said it was safer
to take another job.
Will you shut up?
They didn't suspect us there.
We were safe.
We won't be safe here if you open
your mouth much louder in this house.
Now, get on with your work.
Just terrific!
Try Ann Clyde.

She's more in your league.
Hey, we professionals
should stick together.
The rest of this party's pretty square.
Down, boy. Down.
What is your league, Mr. Lombard?
General. Going hunting?
Our Mr. Owen seems to keep
quite a considerable armory.
Rather different
from our last meeting.
Our last meeting?
I don't remember.
Oh, come now.
When I was stationed in Berlin?
I'm afraid you're mistaken.
Excuse me.
It seems we're dining with
the 10 little Indians but without our host.
Pity. He missed a jolly good meal.
Yes, indeed. Give our congratulations
to your wife, would you?
Thank you, sir.
But, doctor, you haven't joined us
in this excellent wine.
Water never hurt anybody, Miss Bergen,
especially in my profession.
You have a point there.
Keeps the old hand steady, eh?
May I propose a little toast?
To absent friends, the 10 little Indians
and, of course, our host.
- To our host.
- Absent friends.
I hope Mr. Owen
isn't lost in the snowstorm.
- You could lose your job.
- Don't jinx it, Mr. Lombard.
Come on. Let's cut out
the formality, huh?
- Hugh.
- I'm Ann.
- Hi, Ann. Cigarette?
- Thanks.

- Now, how does that old song go?

- My dear sir, what old song?

Well, you know, sir.

The old nursery rhyme,

"The Ten Little Indians."

There's a copy of the rhyme
hanging on the wall in my room upstairs.

That's funny.

There's a copy in my room too.

- And mine.

- Well, then who's with it?

Who's got the first line?

Ten little Indians went out to dine

One choked his little self

And then there were nine

That's it. Strictly Nurseryville.

Then what happened?

Nine little Indians

Staying up quite late

One went away

And then there were eight

There's a copy of the song
on the piano in the lounge too.

Mr. Owen seems very interested
in little Indians.

Eight little Indians

Traveling to heaven

One met a pussycat

Then there were seven

Seven little Indians

Chopping up sticks

The chopper finished one of them

And then there were six

Six little Indians

Playing with the hive

A bumblebee stung one

And then there were five

Five little Indians

Going in for law

One got chancery

And then there were four

Four little Indians

Feeling ill at sea

A red herring swallowed one

And then there were three
Three little Indians
Walking in the zoo
A big bear hugged one
Then there were two
Two little Indians
Sitting in the sun
One gets all frizzled up
Then there was one
It's all right, general.
He's down to his last little Indian.
Thank God for that.
One little Indian boy
Left all alone
So he went out and hanged himself
And then there were none
And now, sir, will you be good enough
to cease that infernal noise?
My public. Bless them.
Wonderful.
Ladies and gentlemen,
this is your host speaking.
My name is U.N. Owen.
I have brought you here
to charge you with the following crimes.
General Sir John Mandrake, BC.
That you achieved honor
from dishonor...
... and sent five men
to their certain death.
Ilona Bergen, actress.
That you did bring about
the death of your husband...
... in a most cold-blooded
and ruthless manner.
Dr. Edward Armstrong.
That you did kill Mrs. Ivy Benson...
... and betray your sacred trust.
Arthur Cannon,
judge of the Queen's Bench.
That you were responsible for the death
of an innocent man, one Edward Seton...
... who was hanged
according to your judgment.

Michael Raven, entertainer.
That you were guilty of the murder
of William and Lisa Stern.
Ann Clyde, secretary.
That you murdered
your sister's fianc, Richard Barkley.
Hugh Lombard, engineer.
That you are guilty
of the death of Jennifer Hayes...
... who was to bear your child
out of wedlock.
William Blore, detective.
That, by perjured testimony,
you sent James Landor...
... to a cold and lonely death
in a prison cell.
Joseph and Elsa Grohmann.
That you maliciously
and brutally caused the death...
... of your invalid employer,
the Countess Wallenstein.
- Prisoners at the bar...
- Where is it coming from?
... have you anything to say
in your defense?
Here it is.
I think she'll be all right
for the moment.
- Blore, detective.
That, by perjured testimony, you sent...
- It's a bloody lie.
- What's going on here?
- It's on this tape.
- A practical joke.
One in very poor taste,
if I may say so, gentlemen.
May I ask who put that tape
on the machine?
It was you, Grohmann.
Come on, tell the truth.
No, not me. It was there.
- Did you switch it on?
- Yes, sir.
- Why?

- I didn't know what it was. I really didn't.

I was just obeying orders.

Before God, I swear.

Whose orders?

Mr. Owen's.

Let's get this quite clear.

Mr. Owen ordered you to switch this on?

It was written down for me, sir.

"Put on this switch at 9:00."

I thought it is music.

I'm telling the truth.

I've never met him.

My wife will tell you. Elsa.

I told you we shouldn't have come.

- We shouldn't have come here!

- Elsa.

Look after her, Grohmann.

What about the rest of us?

The rest of us had better go and sit down
and consider our position.

Yes, indeed.

- We've got to get away.

- We are not the only ones in trouble.

- Sit tight.

- We could've stayed in Vienna.

- I don't care about the countess's money.

- Shut up!

You said we got away with it!

Now, we all know how

the servants came to be here...

...and, of course, Miss Clyde,

hired by an agency.

I suggest the rest of us

explain our presence.

Very simple, sir.

I received a letter from Mr. Owen
asking me to join his house party...

...and claiming friendship

with a very old and dear friend of mine...

...who was also to be here.

Like I told you,

my European agent fixed it.

I had a week free between

engagements in Paris and Vienna.

And you, doctor?
Frankly, I came
in a professional capacity.
I was asked to join the guests...
...but in fact to make a medical
examination of Mr. Owen.
Oh, he needs a psychiatrist but bad.
Knock it off, huh?
And you, Mr. Lombard?
Like the general, I had a letter
claiming he was a friend of a friend.
We've all been taken for the same ride.
I've been told I'd be meeting
important people from the film business.
And I expected to meet
some legal friends.
What about Mr. Blore?
We haven't heard his explanation.
Well, I see no reason to conceal it
any longer. I'm here to do a job.
He's a cop.
You can smell him a mile off.
I beg your pardon, young man.
Private inquiry agent.
Quite a respectable mode of life to be in.
I was hired.
- By whom?
- By this Mr. Owen.
- So you met him?
- No, Your Honor, no.
He enclosed a fat money order
with this letter.
He told me to join the party
as one of the guests.
To spy on us?
Could be, sir. Could be.
I run a reputable agency in London,
and I have my credentials.
Look at the signature on this letter.
"U.N. Owen."
Well, by a small stretch of imagination,
"U.N. Owen" might stand for "unknown."
Not only has Mr. Unknown
enticed us here under false pretenses...

...he has also taken the trouble
to find out a great deal about us.
- It's a pack of lies.
- Quite fantastic.
Oh, I don't know.
Ten little skeletons in 10 little closets.
I don't think you'd better drink
any more.
And I think you're dead sexy.
Please, Mr. Raven.
You know, I'm still not clear
as to Mr. Unknown's purpose...
...in bringing us all together here.
In my opinion, this person,
whoever it may be...
...is out of his mind.
Anyway, and whatever his purpose...
...I think it would be as well
for all of us to leave at once.
I quite agree.
Miss Clyde, as you're there...
...press the bell for Grohmann,
would you, please?
You're quite right, gentlemen.
We can't spend the night here.
We ought to try
and find a hotel down below.
- Grohmann.
- Sir?
How far is the nearest village
from here?
Fifteen miles from
the bottom cable station, sir.
I see. Would you be so kind as
to telephone for the sleighs?
We all wish to leave.
I can't, sir.
The telephone is not working.
Can't you get a message
down by cable car?
No, sir. There's no one there.
And there won't be until Monday morning...
...when the sleigh arrives
with supplies.

Monday morning?
But it's only Friday night.
I'll take the cable car down in the morning
and try to find some transportation.
Nothing we can do until then.
Hey! Who wants to leave, man?
This is a gas.
Why don't we get to the bottom
of this mystery?
At our time of life, sir,
we have no desire for a gas, as you call it.
What's the matter, judge,
lost your sense of adventure?
Too long in those
dusty old courtrooms.
Not me. I'm all for kicks.
Your Honor.
Now, I don't know
about the rest of you...
...but that tape didn't tell
any lies about me, my lovelies.
Allow me to confess.
It all happened about a year ago
in London.
I was on my way back
from a party. Late, drunk.
And I was driving fast. Very fast.
Two people on the road ahead.
- What happened?
- I ran over them.
William and Lisa Stern.
Two years married. Very sad.
Were you charged?
Yeah, a whitewash job,
but they punished me.
- How?
- They took away my driving license.
- Good Lord.
- See what's the matter with him.
- What's the matter with him?
- The fellow's intoxicated. Disgusting.
He's dead drunk.
No, Miss Bergen. Not drunk.
Just dead.

- What did he say?

- He's snuffed it. Dead.

Doctor.

Judge.

Insomnia?

Curiosity.

Honesty is undoubtedly
the best policy, doctor.

- And you?

- A certain sense of claustrophobia.

A feeling that some sort
of macabre joke is being played on us.

Good Lord.

Ten little Indians went out to dine

One of them choked himself

And then there were nine

A macabre joke, you said?

Let me show you something else.

Don't touch that.

Mr. Blore.

We thought you'd gone to bed.

In my profession, gentlemen,
we don't always do what we appear to do.

- Apparently.

- Perhaps it's the same in yours.

Why don't you want me

to touch this glass?

I don't think it'd be advisable
to have your fingerprints on it.

But they're already there.

Oh, you've examined it?

Of course.

May I?

Just a minute.

Thank you.

Almonds, doctor.

A solution of cyanide.

How clever of you

not to alarm the others.

Suicide, doctor?

That, I believe, comes under
your profession, Mr. Blore.

Hi.

Don't do that again, please.

I'm sorry. I couldn't sleep either.
I thought I heard somebody moving about.
Must have been you.
- Glass of milk?
- Thank you.
By the way, what was said about me
on that tape, it wasn't true.
You do believe me, don't you?
Of course.
Well, happy days.
And what about you and that girl?
Jennifer Hayes?
That wasn't true, was it?
What do you think?
Oh, I saw the light.
I thought it's Elsa, my wife.
- What's the matter?
- She's missing.
I've searched all over the house.
She is gone.
- The car's nearly halfway down.
- Hugh, look!
It's been cut.
It'll break any minute!
- You can't get her back.
- I can't leave her there!
And then there were eight
And now we are eight.
I told her she had to stay...
...but she wouldn't listen.
She ran away.
We're all very sorry, Grohmann.
Yes, indeed. Damn sorry.
Now we're really cut off.
Perhaps it's what our host intended.
Well, what are we going to do about it?
We've got to do something.
I quite agree.
The only question is, what?
We're entirely without
means of communication.
But surely, when they see
the cable's broken, they'll send help.
But that may not be for a few days.

Nobody's due until Monday.
There's one thing
this fellow Owen forgot.
If we're cut off, so is he.
He's a nut,
and we've got to catch him.
You mean he's here,
hiding somewhere in the house?
There was nobody when we...
When we arrived.
How can you be sure?
He could have hidden himself
before you got here.
Yes, we must search the house,
organize it properly.
But before we do that...
...there's one thing
I'd like to say to you all.
Last night we heard
a series of accusations.
Lies. False accusations.
Absolute lies.
Were they, doctor?
I wonder.
One man said not...
...and he's dead.
For my own part...
...I must confess
to a certain degree of guilt.
I was young.
Still only a captain, in fact.
It was an error of judgment.
Five men were killed.
- General.
- No, sir, I wish to speak.
They were killed...
...my nerve broke, and I fled.
Because nobody knew the truth...
...I was decorated and promoted.
How does this help?
It helps me to be able
to talk about it at last.
It may help you to do the same.
Mr. Owen seems to know

a great deal about each of us.
If we all say
just what is in our minds...
...it might help us to find a common link
which would identify him.
Is there anyone else
who wishes to speak?
Very well.
Then we form
two search parties.
I'll take charge of one.
Lombard, you take the other.
We'll start at the top
of the house and work down.
Right.
Blimey, you could hide
a regiment down here.
Creepy, isn't it?
Come on.
Oh, here they are.
Here are the others.
- Any success, Mr. Lombard?
- No, nothing.
We've cleared the top of the house.
There's no one there.
- Where's the general?
- Search us.
- We thought he was with you.
- No, we must have got separated.
- General?
- General Mandrake?
Here I am.
We thought we'd lost you.
Just doing a little reconnaissance.
It's a regular maze down here.
There's so much area to cover
that I think we should vary our tactic...
...and split into pairs for this.
My dear, will you come with me?
Ann?
- Shall we go together, judge?
- By all means.
That leaves me and you.
Right, we all take different directions.

Judge. Blore. Lombard.
Stand by, everyone.
Rendezvous back here in 10 minutes.
Move off.
The general's having the time of his life.
Why did you pick me, Sir John?
What's the use of carrying
a secret inside you, Miss Bergen...
...when it turns into a cancer?
You have no right to talk like that.
Alone among all of us, I have the right.
You see, we both know what happened
to your husband in Berlin.
Wait here.
Miss Bergen?
Miss Bergen?
Who's that?
- What's that?
- Sounds like a cat.
- Hugh, are you there?
- I'm right behind you.
- Doctor? Doctor, where is everybody?
- Over here. They're over here.
- Very well.
- Yes, yes.
Miss Bergen? General Mandrake?
- Where could they be?
- General?
- Why didn't you wait?
- Let's not get separated like this again.
- Is everybody here?
- Where is the general?
- Don't say we've lost him again.
- He was with you, miss.
I got confused in the dark.
Look. His torch.
Judge.
Is he dead?
Yes, he's dead.
Well, I'd better make certain.
Somebody already
has made certain, doctor.
Three dead.
No longer a macabre joke.

Apparently Mr. Owen believes
we're guilty of certain crimes.

Which the law cannot touch.

The whole thing's barmy.

Nevertheless, that's why

he's trapped us here...

...to execute justice?

I'll tell you one thing,

there's no one in this house.

We've searched the place

from top to bottom.

No one?

In the sense you mean, no.

But I'm now quite certain

that Mr. Owen is here.

How can he be?

An invisible man, judge?

Not invisible, Mr. Lombard.

But isn't it obvious

Mr. Owen is one of us?

Hey, watch it.

- You could cause a nasty accident.

- Blore, have you been in my room?

- What the hell would I be in your room for?

- Somebody went through my things.

And what did they find, Mr. Lombard?

My butterfly net.

- Who is it?

- Hugh.

Just a moment.

Come in. I'm nearly ready.

Take your time.

It's gonna be a long evening.

Yes.

- What's that perfume you're wearing?

- Mitsuko.

- Do you like it?

- Very much.

Could you help me?

Sure.

Hugh?

Do you really think Mr. Owen

could be one of us?

Yes.

Then it must be one of five people.
Seven.
Seven?
It doesn't have to be a man.
Do you really believe it could be me?
Am I disturbing your game?
I can't think of anyone
I'd rather be disturbed by, my dear.
Snooker. It all seems so normal.
Not exactly, my dear Miss Bergen.
We've come to the conclusion,
the doctor and myself...
...that this whole story
is a game of the mind.
We've formed a theory,
which I'd like to demonstrate, if I may...
...with these 10 snooker balls.
Now, eight of us came here. Right?
The Grohmans were waiting for us.
That makes 10.
And one of this 10
is our Mr. Owen.
Three of the 10 are cleared.
- The dead ones.
- Exactly.
Mr. Raven...
...Frau Grohmann...
...General Mandrake.
- Seven little Indians.
- Six.
One of them is bogus.
You're quite correct, sir.
One of them is Mr. Owen.
But which one?
Now come the alibis.
What's yours, doctor?
I resent that, Blore.
I'm a professional man.
My dear doctor,
that proves less than nothing.
Doctors have gone mad before.
Judges have gone mad.
So have policemen.
And, if I may say so, even actresses.

Frequently.

In fact, some say the sane ones
are in the minority.

What about Lombard?

Yes, indeed. What about Lombard?

Is this a private inquisition,
or can anybody join in?

And what about me?

No one's excluded. We're all eligible.

The answer is, we must suspect
each and every one of us.

- Has anybody mentioned Grohmann?

- That's just what I was thinking.

He did put the tape in the machine.

Grohmann or his wife could have leased
the schloss and pretended to be servants.

You're forgetting.

His wife was one of the victims.

In my time, Miss Clyde,

I've had many husbands before me...

...guilty of murdering their wives.

Let's have him in here

and have this out.

No, no, we must watch and wait

and be on our guard.

Otherwise, we'll all go the same way.

And Mr. Owen will be

in this house all alone.

Grohmann.

It's time you and I had a little talk.

Do you want to ask me questions?

Nothing in particular, no.

Plenty of food in the larder?

Enough for the guests who are left.

What? Oh, good. Good.

Keep the housekeeping bills down, eh?

Do you think I could kill three people

from whose death I cannot even profit?

Now, dear boy,

there's no need to be like that.

We thought you might

know a way down.

- We can't stay here.

- There's no path you could travel.

Then there is a way.
Dangerous even for an expert climber.
You could be sure of death
on the Devil's Leap, Mr. Blore.
Devil's Leap? That's well-named.
Tell me, who leapt?
People who were tired of life.
- Is that all?
- Yes.
- Now you might answer me a question.
- Of course.
How many do you think
there will be for dinner tonight?
- Grohmann, some more wine.
- I thought you didn't drink, doctor.
Never touch it...
...except under difficult circumstances.
Thank you.
For God's sake,
when will this ever end?
Exactly.
Are we going to sit around
trying to guess who is Mr. Owen...
...while we're murdered one by one?
There must be some way out of here.
According to Grohmann, there isn't.
Unless anyone's an expert climber.
Thank you.
Wait. I've got it.
- No, I haven't.
- I wish you'd stop doing that, Blore.
Well, perhaps I have.
How is Mr. Owen
going to get out of here afterwards?
Anyone tell me that?
- By climbing, perhaps.
- How else?
He wouldn't wait for a rescue party...
...so how does he plan to get away?
Climbing? Well, that lets me out.
And us, too, eh, judge?
What about you, Mr. Lombard?
I've done some climbing.
I guess Grohmann has too.

You suspect me?
You can go to hell!
Hey, come on, pal.
Take it easy.
Grohmann.
Stop it. Stop it, you two.
Hugh!
Now you asked for it, buster.
Disgraceful.
Not you, Mr. Lombard.
You were absolutely marvelous.
You've taken to it,
I see, doctor.
Under the circumstances,
wouldn't you, Mr. Blore?
That fellow, Grohmann,
we'll have to watch him.
Leave it to me, Your Honor.
I'll deal with him.
Well, I'm off to bed.
- Good night, Mr. Blore.
- Good night, Your Honor.
- Good night, doctor.
- Good night.
Cold.
Yes, cold. Quite cold.
- Lonely.
- And Ionely. Quite, quite Ionely.
- It might not be Grohmann.
- It might not be.
Then who?
Tell me, doctor,
do you lock your door at night?
Invariably. Do you?
I think I will tonight.
After you, doctor.
No, after you, judge.
- Let's go together, shall we?
- Thank you.
Go!
Where have you been?
To look at the weather.
It's still snowing.
I know. I saw that

from my window.

I also wanted some fresh air

before breakfast.

Yes, talking of breakfast,
where's Grohmann this morning?

Grohmann?

Groh... Grohmann?

Where are you?

How did you sleep last night, judge?

Sound as a bell. And you?

- Any dreams?

- I never dream.

I'm happy someone slept well.

I didn't.

He's gone, hopped it.

- Who's gone?

- Grohmann.

Grohmann? Then he must have found
that mountain path. What's it called?

- The Devil's Leap.

- That's it.

- Perhaps he'll get through and send help.

- I wouldn't count on it.

Come take a look in here.

Yes, there's another one broken.

Could be a trick.

One Indian broken.

What does that prove?

You said yourself

that Grohmann had disappeared.

Perhaps he has hidden somewhere,
waiting to bump the rest of us off.

- Or perhaps... You saw him.

- No, I didn't.

What's all this about?

Miss Bergen was outside.

I saw her coming in.

That's right. I was on the terrace
for five minutes.

- In the snow?

- Yes.

And you were supposed to be with
General Mandrake when he was killed.

Yes, what about that, Miss Bergen?

- Is this a trial?
- I'm afraid Mr. Owen planned it that way.
The tape recording accused you
of killing your husband. Did you?
What happened to my husband has nothing
to do with the deaths in this house.
Then it's true.
- But it wasn't murder.
- What was it, then?
It started with ambition, I suppose.
That's one name for it.
There are other dirtier names.
No, I won't make excuses
like the rest of you.
I always wanted to be an actress.
I met a young British army officer
from a wealthy family...
...who I thought could help my career.
I let him fall in love with me...
...and I married him.
I became an officer's wife.
Oh, it was so dull.
General Mandrake would have
understood what I mean.
The general?
Yes.
He was my husband's
commanding officer.
I met a film producer in Berlin
where my husband was stationed.
He got me an offer
of work in Hollywood...
...and I decided to take it.
Oh, my husband was a weak fool.
I told him I was going to leave him.
And that he meant nothing to me.
And when I was through...
...he took a shotgun
and blew his head off.
You're all looking at me.
But if Mr. Owen is right...
...every one of you is a murderer.
One by one,
we make our confessions.

Six little Indian boys
Playing with a hive
Bumblebee stung one
And then there were five
At least there's not much chance
of that happening in midwinter.
That's true enough.
- Well, how about some breakfast, eh?
- Good idea.
What do you want?
No.
Hugh! Judge!
Mr. Blore, where are the others?
- I haven't seen them.
- Look.
Five? Impossible.
Hugh.
- Ilona.
- What happened?
Here's your bumblebee...
...and this was the sting.
- One of yours, doctor?
- Yes.
- Must have been stolen from my room.
- Oh, my God.
You're quite right, Miss Clyde.
We can no longer trust anyone.
Oh, can't you stop pacing about?
How you two can play snooker
at a time like this, I don't know.
- What else is there to do?
- It's a game of the mind, Mr. Blore.
Good shot, doctor.
I think the best thing for you tonight is
to stay in your room with the door locked.
It didn't help Ilona.
No, it didn't.
Well, then. I'll stay with you.
That's very tempting.
But who would make up the third?
I don't know what you mean.
Surely it's obvious.
Mr. Owen always manages
to be alone with his victims.

When there's a third person present,
nothing happens.

Then aren't you a little bit nervous
about being down here alone with me now?

But we're not alone.

I asked Mr. Blore to keep an eye on us.

He's my third person.

Hugh!

- Blore.

- What?

What the devil's happened
to the lights?

It's a generator.

Maybe we're running out of fuel.

We must keep every light
burning tonight.

- You know where the generator is?

- Don't worry, I'll find it.

- Do you know anything about electricity?

- I'm a dab hand at most things, judge.

Don't do that, doctor.

- I'm only trying to save the fuel.

- I should leave it alone if I were you.

You said you'd watch me.

What's happening to the lights?

- It's the generator. Where's Lombard?

- Down there somewhere.

You go to your room
and lock the door.

I'll fix the lights.

Oh, it's hopeless.

- Where's Ann?

- I don't know.

What about Blore?

Blore went downstairs
to find the generator.

What's wrong, doctor?

Oh, I see.

We're alone, you and I.

Lombard.

- Where's Ann?

- Don't come any closer.

- Where is she?

- Keep back.

- If you don't tell me, I swear, I'll kill you.

- Make another move, and I'll brain you.

Listen, doctor.

If you are Mr. Owen, tell me.

I promise I won't say a word

to the others.

Stop playing cat and mouse with me.

If you want to kill the others,

I won't interfere.

I might even help you,

if you'll let me live.

- You trust me, and I'll trust you, eh?

- Well, yes. Perhaps.

- That's more reasonable.

- No, no. Don't come any closer.

I keep telling you,

she's up in her room.

If that's the truth, then we're idiots.

I still want to be a living idiot.

Listen.

Hugh. Thank God.

Miss Clyde, I told you

to stay in your room.

- What's he doing with that?

- What?

Oh, it's all right now.

- I'll take you upstairs.

- No, you'll wait till I fix this generator.

Don't mess with it

if you don't know what you're doing.

Don't bother me. I get it.

You idiot.

- Stay where you are.

- I haven't moved an inch.

Both of us stay where we are

until the lights come on.

- Do you think they will?

- Why not?

This is no accident. Somebody

wants the house in darkness tonight.

But, my dear doctor,

Mr. Owen has made a mistake.

What do you mean,

made a mistake?

This trick of putting out the lights.
It clears two people.
- You and me?
- Now we can trust one another, can't we?
His idea was to keep us in fear.
And we can form an alliance...
To catch the murderer.
Yes.
Oh, thank you, Miss Clyde.
- Who will speak first?
- I will.
The doctor and I have come
to certain conclusions.
We believe that the onset
of this nightmare...
...lies somewhere
on that tape recording.
Now what are you two up to?
We want to hear from each of you
the truth regarding those accusations.
You'll recall that Mr. Owen
claimed I was responsible for the death...
...of a certain Edward Seton.
Well, it's perfectly true.
He was hanged,
and he was innocent.
Then why was he hanged?
He was an evil fellow,
morally reprehensible.
I allowed my own personal feelings
to influence the jury...
...and I sentenced him to death...
...knowing him to be guilty
of many crimes...
...but not of murder.
We've got to speak the truth.
Our fate depends on it.
We are convinced of that.
In my case, the tape recording
didn't lie either.
I operated on a woman,
under the influence of...
I was guilty, all right...
...of being drunk.

- I don't see where this is getting us.
- Sit down, Mr. Blore.
I didn't kill anybody.
If I were you, I'd tell the truth.
We're listening, Mr. Blore.
All right.
I did put the finger on this chap.
But I was mixed up with a race-course gang
who were out to get him.
I knew he was innocent...
...but because of my testimony,
they sent him up for 10 years, that's all.
AII? He died in prison, didn't he?
Well, how could I know
that would happen?
Who told you?
Wait a minute.
What about you, Mr. Lombard?
What about that girl who was supposed
to be having your baby?
Don't get so excited, Blore.
Mr. Lombard's not denying it.
That's the first thing you've said
that I've believed.
- You're not leaving us, Miss Clyde?
- Not yet, I hope.
- I feel so cold.
- My poor girl, you're shivering.
Would you like us to postpone this inquiry
while you fetch a coat?
Thank you.
- Stay here, Mr. Lombard.
- Why?
Well, nothing can happen to us
as long as we're all in this room, can it?
Sit down.
- Who's that?
- Me, Lombard.
- Have you got a match?
- I think so.
Where's the judge?
- I don't know. Where's Blore?
- How the devil can anyone see in this dark?
- Did you hear a shot?

- Sounded like it.
Where have you been?
Looking for Miss Clyde.
She's not in her room.
- Did you hear a shot?
- It sounded to me like something falling.
For God's sake, where's Ann?
Ann! Ann!
Hugh.
Miss Clyde, what happened?
Don't be frightened, honey.
What was it?
The candle blew out...
...and I felt something
touch me like...
Like a hand.
- Where were you?
- By my door.
Hold on. I'll soon find out what it is.
- Jehoshaphat, what's that?
- That must have been what frightened me.
Yes, but who put it there?
Where's the judge?
I thought he was with us.
So did I. He was just
behind us on the stairs.
I thought he was too,
until I heard the shot.
The shot.
That's what he's up to. It's him.
Yes. The ruddy old fox,
I thought he knew too much.
Don't you see?
He shot at us in the dark.
He'll pot us off like clay pigeons
if we go down there.
And with that candle,
we'd make a very easy target.
We'll soon find out.
Stay back.
Judge, we know you're there.
- We're coming down.
- You can't kill all of us!
Hugh, look.

Hold this.

- It's my gun.

- Yours?

- One shot fired.

- There's not a sound down there.

- Where is he?

- Where's his room?

Over there.

Judge?

He's been shot

through the head.

Now there are four.

If we all sit together tonight and tomorrow
until help comes, nothing could happen.

Until we fall asleep, miss.

Then the one with the strongest will
and the nervous energy to stay awake...

...would have us all at his mercy.

What are you staring at, Blore?

You're the only one of us
who's armed.

What do you expect me to do,
give the gun to you?

Perhaps you should give it to me.

- All right, I'll buy that.

- No.

Not to Miss Clyde.

Do you suspect me, doctor?

Let us look at the facts.

Let's remember what happened.

Miss Clyde, the judge was just
about to question you...

...when you left the room
to get your coat.

- Is that true?

- Yes.

You were terrified
by the Indian dummy.

- You screamed.

- Yes.

Well, so far, perfect.

But time elapses, and we find you
at the opposite end of the corridor.

What were you doing there?

She was scared and didn't know
where she was going.
Perhaps, but if Miss Clyde hadn't screamed,
we'd never have left the dining room.
And the judge would be alive.

- Come on. Wait a minute.

- Herr Lombard.

We know that the judge
was on a point of discovery.

How? How do we know
what was in the judge's mind?

I know. He took me
into his confidence.

Now, Miss Clyde, the truth.

Did you or did you not commit that crime
of which Mr. Owen accused you?

- I don't want to talk about it.

- But you must.

- We've all confessed. All except you.

- That's right.

Now, come along.

If I recall, it was your sister's fianc.

Did you kill him?

Will you take my word for it
if I tell you I didn't?

I'm afraid I will.

Then you have my word.

And don't ask me
any more questions!

- Can't you see she's telling the truth?

- That is precisely her mistake.

- What the hell are you talking about?

- The judge reasoned it like this.

Mr. Owen enticed us here
to be punished for past crimes.

Right.

- We three have admitted our guilt.

- Right.

So we cannot be interested
in the punishment of crime.

And I could?

I think you've lost your
sense of perspective, doctor.

Have I, Miss Clyde?

The prime object now
is to save our lives.
If you are Mr. Owen...
...then we shall feel safer
with you locked in your room.
If you're not, well, you'll feel safe.
Go along, Miss Clyde.
Go on.
The key, please?
Good night. Have a good sleep.
- Good night, gentlemen.
- Good night.
You know, this is really stupid.
- You're not gonna keep it.
- I'll take it.
- No, not you either.
- Oh, very well.
We'll put it on this table.
Now no one has it.
- Makes it too easy.
- You're not going to keep it either.
All right, let's really
make sure of this.
Give me a leg up, will you?
Both of you.
There.
If you insist on locking in Miss Clyde,
it will take two of us to reach that key.
An excellent suggestion.
Now we can all sleep in peace.
- Well, good night.
- Good night.
Doctor, there's one little flaw
in your theory about Miss Clyde.
I could destroy it in four words.
Suppose I said, I am Mr. Owen?
That would be interesting, but unlikely.
Maybe.
Maybe you're the one
who would know, doctor.
You may need this.
Ann?
This man you're accused of killing...
I told you the truth.

Well, then maybe he never existed.
Oh, yes, he did.
He was my sister's fianc.
Was he killed?
Yes.
My sister killed him.
We were both suspected,
and I covered up for her.
Would you call that a crime?
Where's your sister now?
She's in a mental home.
Honey, I'm sorry.
But don't you see?
Mr. Owen's not infallible.
You don't belong.
You haven't killed your way in.
And the others have?
And Hugh Lombard has?
Yes. But I'm not Hugh Lombard.
Then what is your name?
Charles Morley.
You're not a very good
detective, are you?
Old Blore spotted it right away.
The initials on my suitcase.
Then why did you
come here as Lombard?
Well, he was an old buddy of mine.
A short time ago,
he committed suicide.
I even knew the girl.
I guess it was conscience
over her that drove him to it.
Anyway, I was going
through his things...
...and I came across
this invitation from Owen.
It mentioned the girl,
and I wanted to come here...
...to find out if he had anything to do
with Hugh's death.
You believe that, don't you?
Listen.
- He's going away.

- Downstairs?

I'm gonna find out. Keep the gun.

I'm coming with you.

It's either Blore or the doctor,
the one who's not in his room.

Blore?

Blore?

- What's going on out there?

- Open up.

- Blore, put that thing down.

- Who let that girl out of her room?

Don't let it worry you. Come on.

Now we know it's the doctor.

He's downstairs.

Here. Wait a minute. How do I know
you two aren't in this together?

- Don't be a fool.

- I heard him too, Mr. Blore.

You did? Taking a bit of a risk,
aren't you, Lombard?

- Drop dead.

- That's not funny.

Look. He must have gone outside.

It might be a trick.

He's not out there.

Let's try the rooms downstairs first.

Keep together.

The red herring swallowed one

And then there were three

Maybe he wants us
to think he's dead.

Yes. The red herring
to put us off the track.

There he is. You can't fool us
this time, doctor.

There's nobody here.

Where have you been?

I'm still looking for the doctor.

I searched the kitchen, the cellar.

- Oh, yeah?

- Where are you going?

Outside. I think I know
where the doctor is.

You get Miss Clyde.

I'll meet you out there.

- What's the matter?

- I thought I heard something.

It's probably just Blore
stamping his feet with impatience.

Where is he? I haven't
seen him this morning.

Outside. Waiting for us.

Hugh?

I had the feeling all the time
that there's someone watching, waiting.

I know what you mean.

- Then you feel it too?

- Yes.

Get ahold of yourself, Ann.

There's no mystery about this anymore.

It's the doctor,
and he's very much alive.

He must have been looking at something,
and while he was...

But what was he looking at?

No.

What is it? What do you see?

It's impossible.

Let me see.

You're going to see. Come on.

- The doctor.

- He's been dead for hours.

How do you know?

Hasn't snowed since last night.

The only footprints are ours.

But if he was dead,
then who killed Blore?

Exactly.

Only two of us left alive now.

You...

And you.

So this is how it ends, Ann?

This is how it ends.

Now we come to the truth.

You were a fool
to trust me with a gun.

- Ann.

- Another step and I'll shoot.

Look, in the first place,
I don't want to get killed.
Second, I don't want to get
bumped off for someone else.
- I told you, I'm not Lombard.
- Expect me to believe that now?
There's something even more
difficult to believe:
That one of us is Mr. Owen.
I know I'm not.
It's got to be you.
There's no other explanation.
If you're so sure...
...then shoot me.
Don't come any closer!
I trust you.
Trust me, Ann.
Come in, Miss Clyde.
A game of the mind, my dear.
You're here for my last shot.
Don't be frightened.
This is a court of law.
You'll get justice here.
One little Indian boy left all alone
He went and hanged himself
And then there were none
It's for you.
What if I don't agree
to hang myself?
You will.
Do you know, Miss Clyde,
all my life I've wanted to commit murder?
I've had to get what pleasure I could
out of sentencing guilty people to death.
Always enjoyed that,
but it wasn't enough.
I wanted to do it myself
with my own hands.
Do you mind if I sit down?
Excuse me, pussycat, dear.
That's a good boy.
Come along, pussycat.
That's it.
I must admit I've been

looking forward to this moment...
...to be able to tell
the last survivor all about it.
I had one great ambition:
To search for perfect human justice.
The results of which you've seen.
Now, to achieve that,
I had to find an unwitting accomplice...
...among the criminals
invited here for punishment.
I needed a man whose fear of death...
...would make him stupidly cooperative.
I convinced the doctor
that to unmask Mr. Owen...
...I must appear to be the next victim.
Do you remember the Indian doll?
The doctor placed it there.
Your scream was perfect.
In the confusion on the stairs,
I ran up to my room, fired one shot...
...threw the revolver outside,
where you found it.
I counted on the confusion
in the dark...
...and on the doctor,
who played his part to perfection.
After that, no one
could suspect me...
...least of all the dear doctor.
We made our rendezvous
out in the snow...
...and it was only at the last moment
that he realized what a fool he'd been.
You and Mr. Lombard made
the end more interesting.
I knew that you'd suspect one another.
The only question was who would win.
I banked on you, my dear,
the female of the species.
So you see, the whole thing
was as inevitable as the nursery rhyme.
When rescue finally comes,
there will be 10 dead bodies...
...and a mystery nobody can solve.

Ten?

Yes, my dear. I'm an old, sick man.

Received my death sentence a year ago.

Sooner than go painfully and slowly...

...I choose to leave this
blemished world my own way.

But you can't force me
to hang myself.

The only living person found here
with nine dead bodies...

...will certainly be hanged.

As the last little Indian has to be.

Don't let them hang you, my child.

Do it yourself.

More dignified.

I thought...

Never trust a woman.

Well, thanks for the advice, judge.

But if we hadn't trusted each other...

- Why did you trust me?

- Why did you?

I could have killed you.

On account of the one thing
that Mr. Owen couldn't foresee.

What couldn't he foresee?

This.