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# The List of Adrian Messenger

By Anthony Veiller

Get along, Miss Sixpence.  
Damn good hunt.  
By the way, congratulations, sir,  
getting the brush.  
First brush grandfather's given  
away all season. I envy you.  
I like to see a thruster  
in the field.  
Ginger's up a whole hunt.  
You earned it.  
Thanks.  
As I recall, you were in at  
the kill when I rode up.  
A master's job to  
stay with his hounds.  
The day I can't,  
I'll let him there take over.  
I can't grandfather,  
before my voice changes.  
Hounds won't obey.  
-Are you really off next week, Adrian?  
-I'm afraid so.  
I saw that in the Times this morning.  
Didn't know you were a celebrity.  
Adrian doesn't write his books  
for you and you only, Derek.  
-Sorry, mother.  
-Damn silly time to be going away.  
Three good months  
of hunting left.  
I get to find what father considers  
a good time to go away.  
Everything one wants, right here.  
Where are you off to?  
-America, sir.  
-What on earth for?  
You know what they do out there?  
Follow a drag, actually.  
-What's a drag?  
-An abomination.  
-What's an abomination?  
-Something damnable like a drag.  
Blighters douse some rags with  
some stink, drag it on the ground.

Poor damned hounds follow it!  
Ruins their noses!  
-Call that hunting!  
-But what's the object?  
-Sham!  
-'Bomination.  
I had a brother went to America once,  
Canada actually.  
Before the first German War.  
He should be dead by now.  
Almost everyone is.  
-Dinner at 8.  
-Sherry at 7.30.  
Extraordinary how alike they are.  
And like Ian.  
To me, he's always  
standing between them.  
My, I am stiff!  
My first hunt of the season.  
I can do with a hot tub.  
-Anthony.  
-Yes?  
-Give me five minutes, will you?  
-Of course I will.  
If you don't mind my asking,  
you're not still M16 are you?  
No. thoroughly retired.  
Pension and all that.  
The Minister may ask me to come in  
now and again for trivial assignments.  
-That won't interfere with this.  
-Well, what is this?  
Just the most tremendous favor  
you could do me if you would.  
So that's why I was invited  
down here for the weekend.  
My dear fellow, you know how  
devoted the family is to you.  
Go on, old man.  
Well, it's rather difficult really.  
It involves your doing  
something without knowing why. So, ...  
don't hesitate to say no.  
Ten names.

Ten probable occupations.  
Ten addresses.  
Scattered all over the kingdom.  
So, what do I do?  
Ask about them.  
-What do you mean, 'ask about them'?  
-Just that.  
I don't want their  
families bothered by policemen.  
I'll put it this way.  
Are those 10 men still  
living at those addresses?  
I think that should do it.  
Suppose they've moved,  
do you want to know where?  
If you like.  
Well, I'll do this, of course,  
you knew that in advance.  
I flatter myself. I know you well  
enough, there must be good reason.  
-Am I right?  
-Absolutely.  
Let me give you a suggestion.  
I've been watching you lately.  
And underneath that admirably  
calm exterior of yours, you're...  
wound up.  
Why don't you tell me about it?  
No.  
No, it's...  
so preposterous, I can't believe  
my suspicions make any sense.  
I'm counting on you to  
prove that they don't.  
When do you need this information?  
It'll be difficult to collect.  
Especially the way you want it.  
Well, I...  
I'll be back in England in about  
a fortnight, is that too soon?  
Should be about right.  
It's no good theorizing, Anthony.  
You'll only come to some  
wildly improbable conclusions.

Like, what you're thinking now.  
That I've uncovered some fascist or  
anarchist or communist conspiracy.  
Believe me,  
there's nary a conspiracy.  
If I'm right about this,  
it's a far older sin than politics.  
-Good evening, sir.  
-Good evening.  
-Just one bag?  
-That's all.  
-Passport control is upstairs.  
-Thank you very much.  
Your ticket please.  
-And your passport.  
-I do hope I'm not overweight.  
-I'm afraid you are, six pounds.  
-Dear, I was afraid of that.  
-Wasn't I underweight?  
-Yes, you were.  
Average it out.  
We're traveling together.  
-A white lie.  
-Uncommonly polite.  
-Haven't we met?  
-I don't think so.  
My name's Atlee. I'm  
a vicar at Plumpton-on-Coot, Herts.  
I'm sorry,  
my imagination.  
-Your ticket and your baggage check.  
-Thank you.  
-Good evening, Mr. LeBorg.  
-Good evening.  
Attention, please.  
Anglo-Canadian airlines Flight 21  
for Montreal is now loading.  
A-C-A Flight 21 for Montreal  
is now loading.  
Will the Reverend Mr. Atlee  
please report to Immigration?  
Reverend Mr. Atlee, please.  
Reverend Mr. Atlee  
please report to passport control

A-C-A Flight 21 for Montreal  
is now leaving.  
Messenger, Messenger...  
Jocelyn. Got me, to tell. Jocelyn.  
Got me, to tell.  
Photograph.  
Photograph.  
George... Emma's...  
George... Emma's...  
All the brooms.  
Clean sweep.  
Only one broom left.  
Clean, sweep.  
Clean, sweep.  
It was sabotage,  
pure and simple.  
Communication with Shannon  
was cut off in mid-sentence.  
There was a hell of an explosion.  
You can listen for yourself,  
the recording from Shannon.  
I shall with the greatest interest.  
Yes, by all means!  
-Come in my dear fellow.  
-You'll forgive me, Sir Wilfred.  
-You know Sir Robert Carstairs?  
-How do you do, sir.  
These two chaps I know you know.  
Good morning, Pike.  
Good morning, Flood.  
Just digging into this  
ghastly aircraft business.  
Sir Robert's  
convinced it was sabotage.  
Actually we've got  
corroborative evidence of a sort.  
This chap that was fished out of  
the water swears he smelt cordite.  
Of course that could be imagination  
on the part of this fellow.  
LeBorg, a Frenchman, by the way.  
Raoul LeBorg.  
I don't know a better man to I.D.  
the smell of cordite.

There you are.

Exactly.

-Do you know him?

-The name struck a cord.

I looked up some old files.

During the war,

your friend blew up 31 bridges,...

11 power stations,

two marshaling yards...

and five ammo dumps.

A thorn, it would seem, in

the side of the German Occupation.

Yes, Seymour, what is it?

We searched the Clerical Lists.

Not an Atlee on any of them.

We didn't think there would be.

But Mr. Atlee was prepared to

invest 173 pounds just to place a bag...

on that plane.

Any word of unusual amount of

insurance on any of the passengers?

Not so far, sir.

-It wasn't done for insurance.

-There had to be a motive.

Definitely.

Take a look at this list, will you?

What's it supposed to be? A

cross section of Humus Britannicus?

-Where did it come from?

-Adrian Messenger gave it to me.

Messenger? There was

a Messenger on that passenger list.

Same chap.

I was to find out if those names

were still living at those addresses.

So far, I've learned that six of

the ten aren't.

The reason being,

they aren't living at all.

You'll find

the dates of death in this column.

The causes of death in that one.

All accidental and covering

a period of roughly five years.

The last one, Dr. Devitt  
killed in a lift accident...  
-four months ago.  
-I think not.  
I think  
the last one was 12 hours ago.  
It's my feeling that Messenger's  
name belongs on that list too.  
Check those other names, will you?  
What connection would Messenger  
have with a farmer, a veterinarian,...  
a draper's assistant,  
a car salesman?  
I haven't the foggiest.  
The fact remains that...  
Six deaths by accident out of  
any 10 names can't be by chance.  
But it was in 6 years, and in an  
area that includes most of the UK.  
If you really think that all  
these deaths were tied together,...  
it would involve a mass murder plot  
so preposterous it would defy belief.  
Adrian's own word, 'preposterous'.  
I think he thought no one  
would believe him until he had...  
more... what shall I say? Data.  
Messenger was a writer, wasn't he?  
Isn't it possible that he was  
letting his imagination run wild?  
He wasn't that kind of writer.  
Let me go a step further.  
Messenger's own death could be  
listed in the accidental column.  
That would be death rate of 7 of 11,  
a little more than 63%  
I'd like to know how much more you'd  
want before you took this seriously.  
-Yes, Pike, what is it?  
-One quick result, sir.  
Ian James Dalkeith,  
27 Bolthwell Square, Edinburgh.  
Remember reading about a railway  
wreck in the Highlands two years ago?



One of those Scottish trains ran  
off the rails. 16 were killed.

Dalkeith was one of them.

72%.

All right, Pike.

All information  
available about these deaths.

Who are the three not heard from yet?

Quincey, Rouse and Slattery.

Q., R. and S., eh?

Run them down and find out  
what links these men together.

There must be some  
common denominator.

Very well, sir.

Shall I report to General Gethryn?

Yes. You would anyway.

Right. Pike, I suppose

it's occurred to you that...

if any of the three

remaining men is still living,...

we can't be sure that

he isn't responsible...

-for the removal of the others.

-Quite.

We don't want to show them even  
a shadow of a policeman.

We can't have our fox  
going to ground.

Don't worry, sir.

We won't show them any shadows.

-Any other notions?

-Yes. If you have no objection,...

I'd like a word with LeBorg.

According to the newspapers he  
was the last to see Adrian alive.

He tried to save his life.

London clinic,  
room 327.

No more visitors.

I am a weak man.

-I have a headache.

-Just take this please.

-There's a lady for the gentleman.

-No visitors.

She says she's a relative of Mr. Messenger.

Let her come in,  
but let her stay but a moment.

I'll see to that.

You may come in, Milady.

Madame, you will  
forgive me if I do not rise.

-I'm sorry about your...

-Cousin. He was very dear to me.

-He had no family of his own.

-I see.

I want you to know how grateful I  
am for your efforts to save Adrian.

That was only in your newspapers.

Mr. Messenger was in the water,...

he reached for the raft,  
I only helped him aboard.

And alas, he died.

It was just bad fortune that  
we were not found in time.

I'm very sorry, Milady, but...

-I'll push the button for you.

-But you said...

It's all right, Sister.

I'm just leaving.

Lady Bruttonholm, please.

For the first time,  
my headache does not ache.

There is a gentleman to see you.

I told him he couldn't.

He asked me to give you this.

Their eyes, they will not focus,  
if you will not mind?

"Will Ajax see Polidor?"

Polidor?

It is a name from antiquity.

Open the door!

It is my old comrade in arms.

Mr. Gethryn, you can go in.

Thank you.

Jocelyn, I'm delighted to see you.

-Wretched business, this one.

-Hi, Anthony.

This is Ajax? I must say you look  
as though you've been through a war.

-Polidor, my friend.

-The pig is dead.

Down with the pig.

There is no man

I would rather meet.

-You mean you don't know each other?

-Only on the short wave.

I thought you may have had many  
questions already about Messenger.

What is it you wish to know?.

Everything Messenger said,  
in the order he said it,...

and whether or not it  
seemed to make any sense.

This is important.

-Very.

-So, okay.

There is a way with my mind that I  
sometimes use about remembering.

You wish me to have a shot?

Please.

He begins to speak.

His words, they are just words.

No sentences.

First he says his name,  
many times.

Then he says,

'Jocelyn got me to tell.'

Two times, maybe three.

'Jocelyn got me to tell.'

Then he says, 'Photograph.'

Then there are two names,

'George, Emma's'.

Then they run together.

'George, Emma's photograph.'

Then there was a silence.

Then he shouts

something about brushes.

'Sweep clean, sweep clean.'

'Only one brush left.

Sweep clean, sweep clean.'

Then it was as if he had coughed.  
But it was not a cough.  
It was the end.  
He was dead.  
So, you have written all this.  
-As best I could, yes.  
-Does it help you?  
I don't know yet.  
Why are you asking these questions?  
In the hopes of  
finding Adrian's murderer.  
Murderer?  
It was because of Adrian that the  
aircraft was blown out of the sky.  
That's impossible. Adrian  
didn't have an enemy in the world.  
Are you sure? Is there anything  
that you can tell me about him?  
What could there be? He was one of  
those creatures with no dark sides.  
He had two passions.  
Fox hunting and writing.  
One other, his cat.  
Clean.  
Sweep.  
Emma's.  
My dear fellow, come in!  
-I do not disturb?  
-Most certainly not!  
What the devil are you  
doing out of your hospital bed?  
I have been thinking.  
Splendid, tell me about it.  
If you're up to it.  
I do not walk on my arms,  
or my ribs.  
I have been thinking that I  
too was blown out of the sky.  
This offends me.  
So, I am declaring  
myself in on your hunt.  
Welcome aboard.  
This is  
a big improvement from room 327.

-Whiskey?  
-By all means.  
It begins to make sense?  
Well, perhaps, ...  
Thank you.  
All one has to do is put  
the words in the proper order.  
Its a wheel job, actually.  
You can begin anywhere.  
It could be,  
'Jocelyn got me to tell something'.  
Or 'Someone got me  
to tell something.'  
Or 'Someone got me to do something.'  
'Tell Jocelyn'.  
Or 'Jocelyn got me two something'  
Well, we both saw the same trap!  
-Trap? Where is this trap?  
-Phonetics.  
You caught on that 'two'  
could be T-W-O.  
But it could also be T-O-O.  
That...  
That would give us...  
'got me', ...  
'too,' ...  
'Tell Jocelyn.'  
It is a sentence. It makes sense.  
Yes, it does make sense.  
You mind if I pick your brain?  
That trick memory of yours?  
I have to go back into the cruel sea.  
Okay, shoot ahead.  
No, not quite yet.  
What kind of voice came  
out of Adrian Messenger?  
What was its pitch? Its timbre?  
Was he gasping?  
Did he stammer? What  
did he sound like?  
It was not deep.  
It was perhaps like this.  
Messenger...  
Now, listen to me.

Messenger...  
Too deep.  
Too precise the pronunciation.  
Messenger.  
Messenger.  
That's it.  
Completely.  
Back you go,  
into the drink.  
Stop me if you hear me say  
anything wrong. A word, anything.  
Okay.  
Messenger...  
Messenger...  
Got me too.  
Tell Jocelyn.  
Got me too.  
Tell Jocelyn.  
Photograph.  
George.  
MS.  
Photograph George.  
MS.  
George.  
MS.  
Well?  
It is just as I have  
told you. Exactly.  
Not quite.  
Phonetics again.  
What I said was,  
'Photograph George'.  
'MS'.  
What is this 'MS'?  
It's an abbreviation for manuscript.  
What he was saying was, 'there's a  
photo of George in his manuscript.'  
Let's go. We will visit  
the residence of Mr. Messenger.  
When you count yourself in,  
you really mean in, don't you?  
Come on.  
-You startled me.  
-I'm sorry.

-Who are you?

-Im Mr. Pythian. I live below.

Poor Mr. Messenger's cat was  
meowing so pitifully. Probably hungry.  
I stopped in to feed her.

I promised Mr. Messenger I would.

She's already had three saucers  
of warm milk, haven't you, puss.

-You're very kind.

-Not in the least. Poor Mr. Messenger.  
What a tragic loss.

He was such a polite man. We only had  
a passing acquaintance on the stairs.

Im his cousin.

My deepest sympathy.

Tell me.

What's to become of little puss?

I'll take her.

You are a cat lover, of course.

One knows instantly,  
there's an immediate affinity.

Two things that are equal to  
a third are equal to each other.

Whoever loves cats, etc.

you get my point.

-Yes.

-I guess I better be going.

-Good night, Mr. Pythian.

-Good night to you, and puss.

-Thanks again.

-Not at all.

Taxi!

Fulham Road.

Jocelyn, what brings you here?

I promised Adrian to look  
after Omar while he was away.

It is Mr. LeBorg, isn't it?

The wine speed up my recovery,  
Madame.

And the oysters.

More brawn than brains,  
if he'll forgive me saying it.

We thought we'd have a look at  
that unfinished book of Adrian's.

In his desk.  
Center drawer.  
Why?  
I don't know.  
I'm hoping Adrian can tell us.  
Any Georges?  
I'm afraid this is going  
to take much of the night.  
I'll make some coffee.  
Come in.  
Thank you.  
Your husband will not be  
alarmed that you are not at home?  
My husband's dead.  
He was killed in Korea with  
the Gloucesters.  
And you are a widow all this time?  
Yes.  
Appalling.  
-I beg your pardon?  
-I'm a Frenchman. I abhor waste.  
I don't understand.  
You are a woman of great beauty.  
You should be making happy some man.  
And yourself, too.  
Living alone is for  
the very young and the very old.  
-I'm quite happy.  
-No, Madame, you are not.  
You should be making fine children.  
-I have a son.  
-No protests, Madame.  
I speak only for your own welfare.  
Well, thanks very much.  
Le Borg.  
Jocelyn.  
Have you found something?  
Come and have a look.  
This is page 101.  
Page 136.  
Picked at random.  
This is page 174.  
Do you notice anything  
different about them?



17 4 seems a line or two shorter than the other two.  
Look at the capital letters on this page. They're set higher than these capitals on the others. The type-face is the same so it was obviously done on this typewriter. But not by the same typist. Just because the caps are raised slightly? That's not all. On every other page, the semicolon is followed professionally by one space,... But on this page, all three have no spaces after them. Are you saying that somebody broke in, removed a page... and retyped it with alterations? Exactly. Adrian had reached the point of his arrival in Burma. This page contains names that were obviously important to him. Equally important one of those names has been deleted. Now the question is, who did Adrian's typing? -You might just remember. -I know. An unforgettable name. Gwendolynne La Doll. With a ''YNNE''. Mr. Pythian! The man you're looking for. I've seen him. He was in Adrian's flat when I arrived. You were alone with this murderer? He couldn't be. He was such a mousy little man. He said his name's Pythian. He said he lived in the flat below and he came to feed Adrian's cat. -Where are you going?

-To find your Mr. Pythian.  
You won't find him in this building.  
I think he got what he came for.  
-Where are we going?  
-Miss La Doll lives in Fulham Road.  
Jocelyn, suppose you describe  
Mr. Pythian?  
If I can.  
Below medium height.  
I seemed to tower over him.  
Narrow little shoulders,  
narrow little head.  
Sharp pointed chin.  
That's the man who took our taxi.  
-He was not the murderer.  
-You seem very positive.  
I have seen the murderer. The  
clergyman who did not take the plane.  
He was taller than Madame,  
with a square jaw, a broad face.  
There're more than one person  
involved. It's a conspiracy.  
No, no.  
Adrian was a writer.  
He chose his words very carefully.  
When he said, ...  
' 'nary a conspiracy' ' he meant  
just that. Only one man involved.  
One man who becomes many men.  
Miss La Doll?  
Gas.  
She's gone.  
Poor thing.  
One hour lost.  
A woman whose only offense was  
she made her living with a typewriter.  
I've pressed  
the French gentleman's clothes, sir.  
-Shall I awake him?  
-No, let him sleep.  
More than I've done.  
That sofa has a wild spring.  
I wish you'd see it's attended to.  
Yes, sir.

Come in, Pike.

-Any luck?

-Yes, sir.

I ran down the military records of  
the names on Mr. Messenger's list,...

It gave us our common denominator.

Yes, I know, Burma.

-How did you know?.

-Get on with it.

Doesn't do us much good. No two  
of them were in the same regiment.

Just happened to be in  
the same theatre of war.

Hospital or a brothel?

Something will tie them together.

No. Messenger was never wounded.

I don't quite see him in  
a brothel either.

-What about Q, R and S?

-Coming to them.

Quincy took vows, became Brother  
Quintus, Order of Saint Betolph.  
Crushed under the wheels of a hay  
lorry which rolled down a steep hill.

-Rouce?

-Disappeared about two years ago.

-Slattery?

-He's removed from Twickenham.

No forwarding address.

But we found him.

He's set up shop in Grinidge.

14 Canon's Lane.

Good man.

One out of 11.

The sole survivor,...

and then there were none.

Unless he himself is the murderer.

Hey you!

Off it!

You don't like-a the music?

No. I never 'like-a' the music and

I don't like your ugly face neither.

Now off it before

I change it for you.

The police say I can make-a  
the music in the street.  
I said off it!  
-Yes, mister?  
-Is Mr. Slattery about?  
Not in.  
Where do I find him?  
It's important.  
What's it about?  
Wring that guinea's neck, I will.  
I didn't know you was home, son.  
Maybe I ain't.  
What's this in aid of?  
I want to ask you some  
questions about your war service.  
I'd be proud to answer, sir.  
Did my bit for King and Country.  
Lost my barrel and keg to prove it.  
Where was that?  
Last seen, it was floating down  
the Rhine river.  
No, I want to know about  
when you were in Burma.  
Who says I was.  
-Aren't you James Slattery?  
-No, I'm his brother, Joe.  
Well, it's James I want to see.  
That will be difficult. Six  
foot under, he is. Ain't he, Ma?  
How did he die?  
Heart attack.  
Keeled over like a canary.  
But he did see service in Burma?  
He had the soft end of it, he did.  
Balmy tropic breezes while I'm  
freezing my tail in La Belle France.  
He returned unscathed and look at me.  
Not that I'm complaining.  
Duty calls and Joe Slattery is  
the first to answer.  
What was your regiment?  
Fifth Wessex. Third Battalion,  
B Company, Number One Platoon.  
Lieutenant Petrie Commanding, till

he caught a packet outside Antwerp.  
Then Lieutenant Scott took over.  
Did you brother ever talk  
about his experiences in Burma?  
Jim? Talked about nothing. Spent  
his time working the football pools.  
Did you ever hear mention  
of any of these names?  
Braddock, I knew s Braddock once,  
first name Eric.  
Come to think of it, it wasn't  
Braddock at all. It was Craddock.  
Anything else you'd like to know?.  
Nothing. Thank you.  
What's this all about?  
We're forming the Society of  
Veterans of the Burma Campaign.  
Good evening.  
As I so aptly said.  
11 names and then there were none.  
That makes it 100%.  
-They looking for you, they are.  
-Stop your nattering.  
Call it nattering, all right.  
But I say you've had it.  
You tried the impossible  
and you got away with it.  
But not no more. Now, I say run.  
run fast and far.  
-How do you feel?  
-Ashamed.  
That I should oversleep.  
I am not the man I used to be.  
The yeas have taken their toll.  
Eight broken ribs and 11 hours  
in salt water maybe played a part.  
In any case,  
you were spared a wild goose chase.  
No progress?  
All present on Messenger's  
list have been accounted for.  
There are no survivors.  
Now we're left with an undecipherable  
phrase, ''Only one brush left''.

What the devil did he mean?

Madam Jocelyn has returned to the country.

-She was here?

-She stopped by.

I suggested she say nothing about yesterday. You approve?

I do indeed.

'One brush left.'

-You have known here long?

-Yes, since she was a child.

-Her husband was a good man?

-Very good man.

-A son survives him?

-Yes, young Derek.

Perhaps I shall buy him a bicycle.

I see.

Ajax is a bachelor.

Like Polidor.

A good reason I'm not married.

She preferred Derek's father.

He must have been a very good man.

But he's dead now, and you are alive.

Don't give it another thought.

If we were to meet now, for the first time, it might be a different matter.

But there's too much past for both of us.

I have met here now for the first time.

My point exactly.

Let us return to the murderer.

Double gay

and frisky for Jolly Joe Slattery!

Cheers.

Let's have another.

Forget about that.

Well, Jim?

Are you satisfied now?.

Jim?

'Don't you worry, Ma,' you said.

'Jim Slattery knows what's what!'

What do you know now, Jim?

Why did he take his brother's place.

To draw Joe's disability pension,  
of course.

Jim was well and strong.

'What use is it to Joe?' you said.

What use is it to you now, Jim?

He lied to me. It cost him his life.

It was the drink. I always  
knew there'd be an accident.

It was no accident.

Your son was murdered.

Maybe. He made enemies with  
his bragging and his bullying.

It was because that happened  
a long time ago in Burma.

If he'd been honest with me, he'd be  
alive now and I'd know the murderer.

He can't answer me now, Mrs.

Slattery, but you can.

-He was in Burma, wasn't he?

-Yes. He was in Burma.

To hear him talk you'd think  
he was the only one that suffered.

-Him and his prison camp.

-So that was it.

He suffered horrible.

Had the scars to prove it.

Did he ever talk about his experiences,  
mention any names?

No. Never talked  
about anyone but himself.

Not Jim.

Thank you, Mrs. Slattery.

I should have never taken  
the guard off him.

Poor fool.

He only had himself to blame.

But we should be grateful to him.

He's given us

the one real common denominator.

Now we need the names of next of  
kin of every person on the list.

You can tackle the first half.

LeBorg and I will start

with General Pomfret's widow.

Its Mr. Gethryn.  
How do you do?  
You telephoned, didn't you?  
Im Anton Karoudjian.  
Very good of you to have us,  
Mrs. Karoudjian.  
The is Monsieur LeBorg. He was  
on the plane with Adrian Messenger.  
Yes, poor fellow.  
What a fearful way to die.  
Ive read Mr. Messenger's books.  
One can only be enriched by the  
exposure to the clarity of his prose.  
Tony, please be quiet. There's no  
need for you to impress Mr. Gethryn.  
My husband served with Mr. Messenger.  
My wife refers to  
her previous husband,...  
Sir Francis Pomfret,  
O.B.E, D.S.M., K.B.  
He was twice mentioned in dispatches.  
A brilliant officer! I didn't  
have the privilege of bearing arms.  
During the war years,  
Mr. Karoudjian was Swiss.  
Tony, don't be such a coward!  
What was it you wanted to know?.  
Sir Francis and Adrian were in  
Burma together, weren't they?  
It was a special force  
was trained in India.  
Later they went to Burma in '42.  
It was a sort of junior  
edition of the Wingate later...  
and more important operation.  
A very bad show!  
What was that?  
Most of them were killed  
and the rest were captured.  
Including Adrian and your husband?  
Yes. they had a ghastly time!  
They were starved and tortured,  
and finally betrayed.  
Betrayed?



How?.

Well, the escape was planned.

Francis said it would have gone through if it wasn't for a Canadian!

A sergeant. He sold them out for perks, tobacco, and things like that.

I wonder if you'd

happen to remember his name?

I'm most frightfully sorry,

I must say that I don't.

In fact, I don't think

Francis ever mentioned it.

He always called him

that bloody Canadian.

Except 'bloody' wasn't exactly the word

he used, if you know what I mean.

Quite. Do you happen to know what

happened to this nameless betrayer?

Yes. Francis checked that, all right.

'Missing, believed dead,

' was the report.

Francis was awfully upset. He so

wanted to kill the chap himself.

Well, thank you so much. You've

no idea how helpful you've been.

A little more champagne?

I think now, thank you.

We must get back to London.

-Good day.

-Good-bye.

-Good-bye, Madame.

-Good-bye, Monsieur.

Mr. Messenger was

very well connected.

A great friend of the Bruttonholm's.

-The who?

-The Bruttonholm's.

It is the family name of

the Marquis of Gleneyre.

I have read it in the 'Tattler.'

-Brooms!

-What?

If you must bandy names, I do wish you'd learn to pronounce them!

'Bruttenholm. Broome.'

-But it is spelled...

-I don't care how it is spelled.

I do wish you'd  
learn to speak English.

You mean you selected him as  
the villain of the piece?

It is inescapable.

Some unknown Canadian guilty  
of some vague act of treason,...  
in some vague and long  
forgotten operation in Burma.

You elect him as a mass murderer,  
yet don't know he survived the war!

-Balderdash!

-Quite, but still inescapable.

You've inverted the only murder  
motive in that set of circumstances.

Certainly men can nurse a loathing  
of a traitor, conspire to murder him.

But it's ridiculous to think he'd  
risk murdering the man he betrayed.

No use, Gethryn.

-Your theory just won't wash.

-Is it my turn now?.

Well, fire away.

You went off  
the scent with your assumption that...  
the only motive for betrayer killing  
the betrayed is fear of his own life.

If it isn't the only one,  
name a few more.

I can't. No more than one, I mean.

Therefore, it must be the right one.

The motive is fear, of course.

And self preservation.

But it isn't fear of death.

What he wants to preserve isn't  
merely the capacity to breathe.

So what is it?

Can't be anything in  
the past because that's over.

Nor in the present, or he couldn't  
have afforded all the time he's taken.

Ergo,  
it must be something in the future.  
-You do follow me, I hope?  
-I'd be happy if you'd tell me where.  
Into  
the veiled land of things to come!  
What is it that the Canadian  
wants to protect so desperately?  
Since he is guilty of treason,  
obviously his neck.  
But only in the future...  
or he wouldn't have taken so long to  
kill those who could've ID'd him.  
So, he must be sure he's  
going to come into some position...  
that will thrust him into  
the public eye!  
Pike, what's been done about  
identifying this Canadian?  
It's all in hand, sir.  
Seymour is at the War Office.  
He's searching the records for every  
Canadian that was in the operation.  
Blessed if I can see what future  
position he could be concerned about.  
It's got to be something  
he's sure he's going to get.  
Which brings us to  
the question of inheritance.  
-Millions or a Dukedom?  
-Or both, Sir Wilfred.  
Pike, get on to the War Office and  
see what progress Seymour's making.  
-LeBorg?  
-Yes.  
-What do you call this?  
-"Balais".  
Not in French.  
In English.  
A brush.  
A brush for the floor.  
Back we go into the cruel sea.  
What the devil is all this about?  
The final pieces begin to

fall into shape. Bear with me.

-Ready?

-Now, is okay.

You've been in the sea a long time.

Most of Messenger's talk is finished,  
suddenly he says something like...

'Only one broom.'

No, this is not precise.

But now I remember.

He was saying,

'all the brooms clean sweep.'

'Only one broom left.'

Congratulations.

And heartfelt thanks.

This is better?

This broom means more than brush?

It means everything.

Broome is the family name of  
the Marquis of Gleneyre.

Gleneyre?

But that is Jocelyn's family.

-Quite.

-Seymour is back.

There's information, sir.

The only Canadian sergeant in  
the operation.

Sergeant George Brougham,

Duke of Athone's Light Infantry...

Missing, believed dead.

'Had a brother went to America once.

Canada, actually. Suppose he's  
dead by now. Almost everyone is.'

-I beg your pardon.

-Just remember what the Marquis said.

Gleneyre! That's motive enough for  
a dozen murders.

107, to be exact. if you include  
airplane and train wreck victims.

-Now the old Marquis has his neck...

-I shouldn't think he was in danger.

But this chap can't inherit until...

No, but he can afford to wait for  
an 84-year-old man to die naturally.

Its the real heir who's in danger.

The boy, of course?  
Come on!  
Come on!  
-I say, you startled me.  
-I want to see the young lord.  
-Im Derek Bruttonholm.  
-Then she's for you.  
-For me?  
-A present from Adrian Messenger.  
Adrian?  
He's dead.  
Its from him all the same.  
Come on, lad, get up on it.  
Just grab a handful of mane.  
You don't need reins with Avatar.  
She's gypsy-trained.  
Come on.  
Get up on it.  
Your knees will turn her, and your  
voice will make her stop and go.  
Now, remember this.  
Jatogree means go.  
And to hold hard say "Til droven".  
' 'Jatogree' '  
Come back here.  
Master Derek!  
Master Derek!  
Thank heaven you've arrived.  
We were beginning to despair.  
Father this is Monsieur LeBorg.  
This is my father-in-law.  
-Thanks for that business with Adrian.  
-Nothing at all.  
How's that hallo-ing?  
Milord!  
-What is it?  
-Master Derek, sir.  
A gypsy man just put him  
up on a mare.  
-A gypsy? Where is he?  
-He's in the stable yard, sir.  
-Why didn't you stop him?  
-Derek! Where are you?  
Go, Avatar!

Til droven.

Derek, are you all right?

Look what Adrian gave me.

Isn't she a beauty? Her name's

Avatar and she moves on command.

Derek, what are you talking about.

You know that Adrian's gone.

If you don't want the mare,

I'll take her away.

-I've done my part.

-We want her, all right.

She took the stable fence with

two feet of daylight beneath her.

-You didn't jump in this fog.

-No, she jumped me.

-I've never ridden such an animal.

-Damn odd, this whole business.

Adrian just buried, and this

gypsy fellow appearing with a...

-When did Mr. Messenger buy her?

-A year and a day past.

I was to deliver her as soon

as she was gentle and trained.

It's all right, father. Adrian

and the gypsies were friends.

Remember he wrote 'Romany ways'?

You can believe what he says.

Four-year-old. Good bone.

Damn fine animal.

Hard to fault.

Well, here's a fiver for your...

You hunt, LeBorg?

Alas,

the horse and I are not compatible.

Shoot, eh?

The birds don't attack me,

I don't attack them.

-Fish?

-Why?

All the fish one wants are

available in the market.

What do you do?

-He swims.

-Not by choice, Madame.

The rest are mine, I think.  
-By George, you're right.  
-That makes you down three.  
I am also a superb tennis player  
and I have a two handicap at golf.  
Good game, I hear.  
Never played, myself.  
I have an apartment in Paris,  
Avenue Foch.  
And a small chateau in the Auvergne.  
My dear fellow, you don't  
have to give me an accounting.  
You are the head of the family, no?  
Well, yes...  
I suppose I am.  
Well to continue,  
my business is in textile.  
Factories in France and Switzerland.  
My income is not large, but adequate.  
About half a million new francs.  
That is 36,000 of your pounds.  
For  
the rest, I am 43, in sound health,...  
except for some painful ribs,  
and I have been in jail only once.  
That was by the Germans.  
Your bid, Madame.  
I pass.  
Good morning.  
Lovely day.  
These are all members of the hunt?  
No, there are always visitors.  
Anyone can ride, you know,  
if they pay the fee.  
-Good morning,...  
-If you don't mind, please...  
-Here.  
-Thank you, good hunting.  
Thank you very much, sir.  
Morning, mother. Morning, sir.  
Sorry you're not riding with us.  
I myself am delighted.  
I've had all  
the broken ribs I care for.

Come on!

Come on!

Come on, boy!

Where the devil did you come from?

I just followed the hounds, master.

You certainly deserve this.

First time I've been beaten to  
the kill in 40 years as Master.

Thank you.

-What did you say your name was?

-I didn't, but it's Brougham.

We spell it differently to you,  
but it's still Broome, Uncle.

Bless my soul.

Are you my brother's whelp?

George is my name.

Why the devil didn't  
you introduce yourself?.

I thought I'd size you up first.

That settles it, you are a Brougham,  
no matter how you misspell it.

Derek, come over here.

Here's a new cousin for you.

I suppose that's what you'd be.

Canadian branch of the family.

-How do you do, sir?

-Hello, Derek.

Come over here and meet his mother.

Jocelyn, my dear.

This is my brother Louie's son.

-How do you do, Lady Bruttonholm.

-Didn't know he existed till now.

Extraordinary.

-Welcome to Gleneyre.

-Thank you.

This is Monsieur LeBorg.

-Delighted.

-Delighted as well.

-Where do you stay?

-At the Lion, very comfortable.

Poppycock!

Derek, sent someone to pack  
his things. He'll stay at Gleneyre.

-You really mustn't bother.



-Rubbish, it's your home.  
Gethryn, come over here.  
George Brougham,  
Anthony Gethryn.  
-How do you do.  
-How do you do.  
You chaps should like each other.  
Both thrusters.  
-Got left standing still today.  
-High Flyer gave me quite a ride.  
-Fine animal. Where did you get him?  
-Ireland, about three weeks ago.  
A birthday present from me to me.  
Plenty of foot. Big jumper.  
Well, the sun's still high.  
Time to draw another covert.  
Come in.  
Come in.  
-I don't intrude?  
-Not in the slightest. Do come in.  
So, the masquerade is over.  
No need for disguises now. That  
ended when the last name was erased.  
All he's got to do now is  
be his own charming self.  
What arrogance!  
Making himself welcome at Gleneyre.  
Makes it easier for himself to  
get at the boy, from the inside.  
I hate to admit it, but I confess  
a sneaking admiration for him.  
My admiration I can restrain.  
What is the next move?  
That is up to him, unfortunately.  
I leave you gentlemen to your port.  
What do you do for a living  
out there, George?  
-I ranch, sir.  
-Are there cowboys?  
It wouldn't be a ranch without them.  
How much...  
How much land do you have?  
Just under 20,000 acres, sir.  
But I'm hoping to get another 8,

000 before next year.

20,000!

That's not so much,  
if you figure 10 acres to a steer.  
What kind of cattle do you raise?

Whiteface, sir.

Beef cattle,...

Im starting a Black Angus herd. I  
hope to pick up a bull while Im here.

We'll ride over to the bull pens in  
the morning. You can take your pick.

Thanks, but your breeding  
might be too rich for my blood.

-What do you mean by that?

-Well,... No thank you.

It might be more than  
I can afford to pay.

My cattle, ain't they. I can  
sell them for whatever I please.

Damn government still  
can't do anything about that.

By the way,  
is my brother still alive?

No, sir.

My father died a long time ago.

Was that back in '37? February?

That's right. The 16th.

How did you know that?

-The foxes barked.

-I beg your pardon?

Didn't your father ever tell you  
about the Bruttonholm foxes, boy?

Any member of the family dies,  
they foregather on the lawn out there...

and bark. Been doing it  
for 200 years. Damn eerie.

Im sorry about your father.

I liked Louie.

Well, if you want me  
to fill you in on him,...

he lost the 60,000 you gave him on  
a three day poker session...

on the train between Halifax  
and Moose Jaw.

Moose Jaw?.

Yes, where he became a cowboy and  
wed the boss's daughter, my mother.

-That's where I got the ranch.

-How did your father die?

On his way home from  
Saskatoon he fell out of the wagon,...

-Wolves got at him.

-Bless my soul.

I spent the rest of that  
winter trailing the pack,...

One by one I shot them  
and skinned them up.

Traded their pelts to the  
Indians for enough food to go on,...

until the last wolf  
was accounted for.

Indians?

Red Indians?

Yes.

They later adopted me into the tribe.

So you can say that you are  
a blood cousin to an Ojibwa.

Were you in the service?

Well nothing so  
exorbitant as your father.

Sergeant was my top rank.

-Did you see action?

-Did I see action? I was killed.

-You can't be serious.

-Sounds like an interesting story.

Not really. I got separated from  
my outfit in the Western Desert,...

Three years before I  
got back to Canada.

When I went for my discharge, they  
had me listed as 'believed dead'.

They hated having to  
correct their records.

Red tape. Same all over the world.

-By the way, sir.

-Out with it, my boy.

About that bull.

Thanks for the fine offer. But if

I can't afford it, that ends it.  
-I didn't arrive with my hand out.  
-I know you didn't.  
-Monsieur Le Borg.  
-Please.  
Now I've got it.  
I thought your name was familiar.  
Aren't you the man who  
survived that airplane crash?  
I had great good fortune.  
One chance in a million.  
Another cousin of mine,  
Adrian Messenger wasn't so lucky.  
Yes, the writer.  
I've read everything he wrote.  
In a sense,  
he's responsible for my being here.  
It was his ''Memoirs of a fox hunt''.  
-Have you read it?  
-Yes, sir.  
It opened up  
a whole new world for me.  
According to the papers, there's a  
possibility the crash was no accident.  
There was a bomb. It had to  
have been put there by a mad-man.  
That's the excuse they  
usually give for evil.  
Hitler was mad they said.  
So he may have been,  
but not necessarily.  
Evil does exist. Evil is.  
Go ahead, Derek. You shoot first.  
One diamond.  
Heart.  
Pass.  
-Four of spades.  
-Pass.  
-Pass.  
-Pass.  
Spades.  
-Brougham?  
-Yes?  
-Are you busy?

-Nothing important, going for a walk.

-Come in for a moment, would you?

-Sure.

-Sit down, please.

-Thank you.

Over here.

Something I want you to look at.

What are there?

Pages that Messenger was working on from his manuscript when he died.

Wonderful. Just finished reading it.

'Memoirs of an Infantry Officer.'

-I'd love to read it.

-You notice anything different?

This one is shorter,

a line or two less typing.

There's no reason for it. And it isn't the end of a paragraph.

That's what struck me, too.

The typist

probably just made a mistake.

That isn't all. Look here.

On every other page, a semicolon is followed, as it should, by one space.

But on this page there are none.

What difference can that possibly make?

Perhaps none,

perhaps a great deal.

The typeface is the same so it was done on the same typewriter.

But this means it was

typed by different hands.

Well Messenger himself probably wanted to change something so he...

He didn't know how to type.

I don't mean to be dense, but what does it matter if a page gets changed.

Wouldn't mean anything to me.

If LeBorg hadn't insisted he smelled cordite when the plane fell.

-Cordite.

-It would mean a bomb.

And a bomb would mean a target.

Im wondering if it  
could be Messenger.  
What the devil are you talking about?  
Who'd want to kill a writer?  
-Such a good writer.  
-I don't know.  
But the page and it's variations had  
to do with his experiences in Burma.  
He had a rough go there.  
Prison camp. That sort of thing.  
Im going to turn this over to the  
Yard. See what they can make of it.  
Shouldn't be difficult for them  
to get a list of those with him.  
One of them might shed some light.  
-What's the matter?  
-You've got more nerve than me.  
-Why?  
-I can't see myself going police...  
with anything like that,  
they'd laugh in my face.  
Possibly. But Ill take a shot,  
when I get out of town on Wednesday.  
-Can't thank you enough for your help.  
-I haven't done anything.  
Yes you have. You've given me  
a chance to put my ideas into words.  
-Like a dress rehearsal.  
-If you want a listener, Im your man.  
For once, he spoke the truth.  
Evil does exist.  
And he is evil.  
As the Holy Word says, ''Born of evil.''  
And now you have made yourself  
the target.  
He can't afford to have me go and  
ask a lot of questions about Burma.  
Have you learned  
any more about him?  
Pike phoned through.  
His dossier came from Canada.  
After the war, he became an actor,  
touring in the western provinces.  
Five years ago, his mother died

and he inherited a ranch.  
A few hundred acres,  
which he promptly sold for \$40,000...  
which has carried him  
up to this very moment.  
He will move swiftly now.  
-Mr. George Brougham please.  
-Sorry, sir, he's gone for a walk.  
-Any message?  
-Yes, Arthur Henderson, his attorney.  
Mr. Arthur Henderson calling.  
Im at the Ritz tonight. I must see  
him. Very important ranch business.  
At the Ritz. Ill leave a message,  
sir. Thank you.  
No, that won't do any good.  
I must see him personally.  
Get some papers signed.  
He must come into town. Im  
leaving for home in the morning.  
Thanks a lot.  
You'll hurry back, of course.  
You'll miss tomorrow's hunt, but  
there'll be another one Saturday.  
Ill be here.  
I wouldn't miss it for the world.  
-Gethryn, how do you like High Flyer?  
-Enough to let you name his price.  
Not for sale. But if you want  
a good ride, use him tomorrow.  
-That's very good.  
-See that he stays in front.  
Ill keep my eye on him.  
I promise to be on top of the hunt.  
-Good-bye.  
-Good-bye, George.  
Look to your hearts!  
What has the fox ever done to you?  
I protest this cruel  
and inhumane activity.  
Search your souls! Don't you know  
the animals are your friends?  
-Are you the Master?  
-I am.

Then call off this wretched business.  
What harm has the fox done to you?  
Why do you persecute him?  
The fox  
and I know more of life than you do.  
It is man's nature to hunt.  
It is the fox's to be hunted.  
Good morning, Madame.  
Propaganda. Vicious propaganda!  
Read what Oscar Wilde says,  
'The unspeakable after the uneatable.'  
That's what these so-called gentry  
are... the unspeakable!  
Can she be the murderer?  
Any one of them can be.  
Which?  
The fox you kill may be a vixen!  
And any vixen can be a mother.  
Think of those motherless vermin.  
Which?  
-I didn't see the fox.  
-One usually doesn't.  
The hounds follow the fox's scent.  
Avatar's going well, Derek, eh?  
Damn it, Gethryn, keep your distance.  
Where  
the devil do you think you're going?  
I'm going ahead, Master!  
-Behind. Or I'll send you home.  
-Sorry, Master.  
-What's happened?  
-What's wrong with the hounds?  
Jim!  
Good man.  
-Good dog.  
-Queer. The scent was so good.  
-The fox go in the ground?  
-No fox.  
We've been following a drag.  
A drag?  
In Gleneyre?  
Unheard of.  
I would ruin the hunt's reputation.  
What the devil do you mean, master.



Homicide, Lord Ashton.  
Well conceived, too.  
There is the murder weapon.  
I was supposed to be impaled upon it.  
I would have been too.  
If it wasn't for this old fellow.  
Jim and I took him out this morning  
before dawn on a leash.  
He picked up the scent and pulled Jim  
over the very ground we covered.  
Come on, Bellman, here.  
The oldest detective of them all.  
He'll pick up the scent  
of whoever laid the drag.  
All right, George, come forward.  
Get that ferocious beast away from me.  
Stop him, young fellow!  
Hold, Avatar!  
'Til droven'!  
Derek! Tim!  
Let's get hounds back to kennels.  
Jim, see to Mr. Brougham.  
Listen, Grandfather.  
It's the Bruttonholm foxes!  
Extraordinary.  
I thought the next time they barked,  
it would be for me.  
Hold it. Stop.  
That's the end of the picture.  
But it's not the end of the mystery.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
the end.  
Vtg