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Crooked House

By Julian Fellowes

Death of a legend.
It is with sorrow
that the country learned
this week
of the death
of Aristide Leonides.
Born in 1871,
he arrived from Greece, aged 23,
without a penny in his pocket,
and opened his first restaurant
that same year.
The first hotel was ready
for business not long after.
His first wife,
Lady Marcia de Haviland,
died young.
But Mr. Leonides wasn't alone
at the end.
He is survived by his young
and lovely American widow,
Brenda.
Here is Mr. Leonides
with his eldest granddaughter,
Sophia.
Friend or foe,
no one could dispute
Aristide Leonides
was a colossus of his time.
Good morning, Miss Ackroyd.
Good morning, Mr. Hayward.
Mr. Hayward.
Yes?
We have a client.
She's waiting inside.
She?
Wouldn't give a name.
Hello.
Hello, Charles.
I'm sorry to surprise you
like this.
But I wasn't sure
you'd agree to see me.
I'm really very sorry to hear
your news, Miss Leonides.

I wanted to be incognito
in Egypt.
I was surprised
when you left the diplomatic...
For this.
Detection?
It's a family business.
What exactly
can I do for you, Sophia?
I believe
my grandfather was murdered.
Murdered?
He died of a heart attack.
But I suspect foul play.
And what makes you suspect that?
I found him.
And the doctor
was acting oddly and...
He wouldn't sign
the death certificate,
and there's going to be
a postmortem.
Right.
I want you,
Charles, to come down
to the house
and look into it for me.
Before the police get involved.
For a fee of course.
Heh. It would be
a little unethical for me
to take this case, Sophia.
I'm sure
you can understand that.
You want to know why I left?
No. I--
I didn't want you to become
involved with my family.
Oh, the penniless
junior diplomat
not quite what they had
in mind for you.
Yet, now you do want me
don't--

To become involved
in your family?
Now things are different.
Very different indeed.
Not for me.
I believe the killer
may still be in the house.
I'm frightened, Charles.
You, frightened?
Yes.
Well, then you should go
straight to the police.
Miss Ackroyd, Miss Leonides
will be leaving now.
You should at least think
about it.
Miss Leonides.
You've met her before?
Briefly, in Cairo.
Oh, come on, Mr. Hayward.
Just think of the publicity.
You can't afford
to refuse this job.
What exactly is your interest
in the Leonides death, Charles?
I've been approached
by a member of the family.
I don't know what you think
you're playing at
with this gumshoe business.
You should be here at the yard,
like your father.
A hard act to follow.
You can say that again.
What do you want?
The examining doctor noticed
the extreme contractions
of the pupils.
He ran some tests and concluded
the cause of his death
was eserine.
It's, uh...
Also known as physostigmine.
Used in eye drops

to treat glaucoma
or, if injected directly
into the blood stream,
would cause a heart attack.
Your father used to lean forward
like that.
Leonides was a diabetic.
It's possible the eserine
was switched with his Insulin.
Were the eye drops his?
Yes.
So the switch could have
just been an accident.
Could have been.
There's not much of a case.
And the family lawyers
would tear us apart
if we tried to make one.
What about the press?
Once the yard breathes "murder,"
the press will be all over it.
And these people relish
their privacy
as much as they relish
their money.
This member of the family,
he or she?
She.
Above suspicion?
All right. Two days.
Then I call in the hounds.
Look, I haven't decided
to take the case yet.
Then what are you doing here?
I don't see why a family
like this would talk to me.
Open the gates even.
I have no authority. I--
Leonides had a lot
of powerful friends.
He also had powerful enemies.
He was a controversial figure.
Take all these notes
to your office, think about it,

wait for my call.
Thank you, Charles.
For what?
Hmm.
For taking me dancing tonight.
Charles Hayward.
Is everything all right?
Do you know anything
about moles?
No. I'm afraid not.
I have an arsenal
of other weapons, of course.
Traps, poisons.
Sometimes I use Holly.
It pricks them, do you see,
makes them bleed.
Moles are hemophiliacs.
Little bleeders.
Like some European royals.
Though I do find a shotgun
best expresses my feelings.
Are you Sophia's sleuth?
Yes. Charles Hayward.
I'm sorry,
the gates were open--
Yes, we were expecting you.
Edith de Haviland.
My late sister
was Aristide's first wife.
Sophia believes there's a Borgia
living under this roof.
How dramatic.
Josephine!
Josephine!
Josephine!
Josephine, nanny's calling you!
Come along!
All right, aunt Edith!
Come along now,
there's a good girl.
Come on.
Get off of me.
Go on.
I don't know what we'd do

without our old nannies.
Faithful.
I chose this one myself
years ago.
Hello, Charles.
Sophia.
How do you two know one another?
We met in Egypt,
when I was out there
with Sotheby's.
He saved my life.
Didn't you, Charles?
Well, her horse bolted
on the way to the pyramids.
I managed to stop it.
Pfft.
I'm sorry?
Sophia has never been
run away with in her life.
By a horse or anything else,
come to that.
Charles likes to think
he rescued me.
Oh, the dear boy.
Aunt Edith came
to nurse grandmama,
and, when she died,
considered it her duty
to help bring up the boys.
Save them
from grandpapa's influence.
They fought like cat and dog,
aunt Edith and grandpapa.
She told him
he was a slimy foreigner
with his fingers in the till,
and he told her
she was a narrow-minded,
xenophobic snob.
Actually, I think
she secretly adored him.
Here's the man himself.
I know what you're thinking.
The gorgeous daughter of an Earl

and a near midget immigrant,
an unlikely match.
But granny fell for him.
There was something exotic
and vibrant about him
that appealed to her.
Was the marriage happy?
Very happy.
Of course,
their respective friends
didn't mix, and her parents
couldn't stand him.
Well, then
why didn't they stop it?
Nobody could stop grandpapa,
Charles.
This is where you found him?
Can you walk me through it?
I brought him up breakfast.
Was that usual?
Yes.
Morning, grandpapa.
He liked me to do it.
And why was that?
We had a... Special bond.
Grandpapa.
Special bond? How do you mean?
Nothing.
We just got along well,
that's all.
This was his bathroom.
And that's the fatal cupboard.
And through there?
His wife's room.
Brenda.
Yes.
Huh.
In my office, you said...
Well, you said
you were frightened.
We're a very odd family,
Charles.
There's lots
of ruthlessness in us

and different kinds
of ruthlessness.
That's what's so disturbing.
The different kinds.
What do you mean?
Exactly what I said.
If you need anything,
you know where to find me.
Yes, thank you, Sophia.
Are you the detective?
Ah, you must be Josephine.
Sophia's sister.
How do you do?
I'm very well, thank you.
So you find out
people's secrets?
That's the idea.
Is that your tree house
out there?
Mine and Eustace's.
He's my older brother.
I like your notebook.
What do you write in it?
The things that I know.
I know lots of things.
And now that my grandpa's dead,
I am by far the cleverest person
in this house.
Anything you'd like to tell me?
Not yet.
You see,
I read detective stories.
And a good detective
will take the time
to gather evidence
and question everyone
before solving a case.
Because the murderer
is never the one
you initially suspect.
Magda is ready for you now.
Magda?
She doesn't like me
calling her "mommy."

She says it ages her.
There's no place like home.
Oh, these shoes are all wrong.
Much too frivolous
for the occasion.
I apologize,
Mr. Hayward.
No.
Oh, god.
I drank far too much claret
last night.
Gives me headaches.
Burgundy suits me
so much better.
Well, perhaps you should take
an aspirin.
Aspirin?
Pah! Hmpf!
Hair of the dog, darling.
Yeah.
Cure evil with evil.
And what about you?
It's a little early
for me, I think.
You're cute.
Wait till you have
three children.
So...
You're an actress?
Clearly, you've never
set foot in a theater,
otherwise you'd know my work.
I must admit
I'm more of a cinema enthusiast.
I see.
I never cared much
for the movies myself.
Although,
I do have a superb script.
My husband wrote it for me.
Exposure.
His first work of fiction.
Full of passion.
The lead character, moi,

is a wonderfully dark part.
I know they say I should always
play comedy because of my nose.
Well, I suppose this murder
would give us a lot
of advance publicity and...
Do go on.
Is any of this
really of any importance?
I mean, after all,
we have our very own Ruth Ellis
right under this roof.
Ruth Ellis shot her lover,
not her husband.
Well, either way,
she was hanged for it.
And rightly so.
But are you saying
you'd like to see
Brenda Leonides hanged?
You are twisting my words.
Yes, well... perhaps I should
have a word with your husband?
He's in the library.
Thank you so much for your time.
Is that all?
For today, yes.
Good. I'm starving.
Hm.
I hope I'm not interrupting.
Charles, let me introduce you
to my father,
Philip Leonides.
It is a pleasure
to meet you, sir.
Charles Hayward.
I knew a Hayward once.
Assistant Commissioner
of Scotland yard.
Something of a legend
in the force.
- My father.
- Hmm.
Did rather well for himself.

Until he was murdered.
And they never found out
who did it?
No.
Not much of a recommendation.
Father.
Mr. Leonides...
As disagreeable as you may find
my visit to be,
I can guarantee that
it will pale in comparison
to what's in store for you
should the police decide
to come around again.
Can you make an effort now,
please?
For me?
Seems my lovely Sophia is upset.
We must reach some sort
of accommodation, Mr. Hayward.
Are you suggesting
that we let the roll of a die
decide for us?
It will determine whether or not
we continue this conversation.
Pick a number.
Will you two please stop it?
Mr. Leonides, please--
I'll assign you four.
Of course,
the odds are against you.
And I'm not going to answer
your questions anyway.
Ah, well, that would be
very bad form, sir.
Do you think
some illegal pressure
from some little man
at Scotland yard
is going to make me talk to you?
I do. Yes.
Because that little man and I
are trying to do you
a favor, sir.

Ah, the little notebook.
Of course.
Jot away.
You are the eldest son.
I am.
And how long
have you lived here?
Ten years ago
I lost a poker game
to the wrong people.
My father used it
as an opportunity
to keep me on a leash.
That's what drove us here.
Along with one or two bombs.
My father is referring
to some of my mother's plays,
which were less than successful.
- Ah, yes.
- So you wrote her a screenplay.
I am an historian.
I write on medieval art
and literature.
This screenplay of my wife's
was...
Is a one-off.
Mm-hm.
She and I live for the arts.
So you play no part
in your father's
business operations?
Uncle Roger runs
associated catering,
my grandfather's
flagship company.
Yes, my little brother
is the man,
despite having the
business sense of a mongoose.
But you are not
in actual need of... Money?
No one in this house
is in actual need of money.
Why on earth

would you stay here?
Because that was the deal.
Besides,
who actually wants to work
for a living, Mr. Hayward?
Has the will been read?
Not yet. Why?
I'd have expected it by now,
that's all.
Everyone knows what's in it.
I mean, we're all
very well provided for.
So no little clues
for you there, Mr. Hayward.
Thank you, Mr. Leonides.
Yes, one last thing.
If you must.
You don't seem at all sad, sir.
I beg your pardon?
Your father is dead.
But you don't seem
remotely sad about it.
Goodbye, Mr. Hayward.
A little man, Mr. Hayward,
who cast a large shadow.
A very large
and rather crooked shadow.
Hm.
What are you doing?
Can't I play detective too?
You smell of cigar,
which means you've met Philip.
But you don't smell of alcohol.
Is Magda still asleep?
No. I met her.
So you actually declined
the drink she offered you.
Good boy.
Keeping a clear head.
Eyes on the prize.
No wonder Sophia likes you.
Lady Edith,
when might be a good time
for us to talk?

Oh, I'm busy.
Autumnal pruning.
Ah.
I'm a firm believer
in the benefits of deadheading.
In all seasons.
Clemency Leonides.
Do feel free to come and go
as you please.
I'm sorry, the door was open.
You're the private detective
Sophia hired, I suppose?
Charles Hayward.
Continuing our theme
of openness,
perhaps you should be aware
that I am a senior
research chemist at la Roche.
And...?
And my specialty
is plant toxicology,
Mr. Hayward.
I know all there is to know
about poisons.
I don't suppose you ever bring
your work home with you, now?
Roger!
Sophia's detective is here.
So tell me, how does it work?
All of you living
in this house together?
Who told you it works?
Mr. Hayward.
Aunt Edith tells me
you know Sophia.
Yes, we knew each other briefly
in Cairo.
No, no, that's good.
We think that's good, don't we,
Clemmy? Anything to help
lock this slut away.
Darling.
I cannot believe she couldn't
wait. He was 86, for god's sake,

and she murdered him
in cold blood.
Roger, be quiet.
Yes, your wife is right, sir.
If you're not careful,
you may find yourself
facing an accusation of slander.
How can you defame a murderess?
She made me an orphan.
You are 55 years old, my love.
These things happen.
You're right.
I'm sorry.
No. No.
Please go on.
You are the managing director
of associated catering.
Your father's company.
One of his companies.
He gave it to me,
but you're quite right,
it is his.
Everything is, really.
In my father's house
there are many mansions.
And the last time
you spoke to him?
We spoke all the time.
Why do you ask that?
It's a simple question.
What do you mean?
What does he mean?
Perhaps we could continue this
at a later date?
Do you know what I'd like to do?
I'd like to strangle
that woman with my bare hands.
He doesn't know
what he's talking about.
He hasn't had time to adjust.
She's a gold digger.
First to last.
And she poisoned
a defenseless old man!

Your husband
has a very sharp temper.
Oh, he'd never hurt a fly.
Loving your father
is quite natural, of course.
But this borders on idolatry.
Being the favorite child
isn't all jam.
Ooh, let me give you a hand.
No, no.
Please.
I like to keep busy.
Especially now that the children
really don't need me anymore.
Or not for much longer.
That's the destiny of a nanny,
I suppose.
Are you the only member
of staff employed here?
Yeah. Pretty much me and cook
just now.
Because of
Mr. Leonides' death.
They want to keep the house
quiet and private.
But the servants here
usually come and go anyway.
Who's that with Sophia?
Sorry.
That's Mr. brown, sir.
The children's tutor.
Ah.
Go gentle
with Mrs. Leonides.
She's not as tough as the rest.
May I come in?
Why, you're not
what I expected at all.
What have they all been saying
about me?
All of them down there?
Don't worry, I can guess.
Beasts.
So, what if I'm 37?

We married for love.
So, what's wrong with that?
They were born rich.
So they think
no one else is good enough.
How did you
and your husband meet?
I was a dancer in Las Vegas.
Yes. Heh.
He had some business there.
One day he walked
into the casino
where I was working.
And he saw me crying.
Please...
...don't think that crying
is my natural state.
No.
But I had gotten
into some trouble,
like a dreadful
little servant girl.
You mean pregnant?
I was tired of men.
I wanted a home.
I dreamed of someone nice
who would make a fuss over me.
Then he said, "sit down.
Tell me what's wrong."
I said, "I can't",
I'll get sacked
for sitting with a customer."
Then he said, "no, you won't.
I own the place."
Your husband owned a casino
in Las Vegas?
Well,
it wasn't public knowledge.
He was more
of a silent partner, you know.
Your arrival here
must have caused quite a stir.
I vowed I would be
a really good wife, and I was.

But we could never get rid
of that family of his.
Always coming and sponging
and living in his pocket.
And what about the baby?
Turns out
there wasn't one after all.
It was all a mistake.
Did your husband have
any evening routines or...?
Well,
he liked a bit of television.
He would come in here,
this was his chair.
Sometimes I would put on music,
and he would watch me dance.
He liked that a lot.
Some evenings
he worked straight through
with Mr. brown,
the kids' tutor.
They got along well.
What were they working on?
Aristide was writing
his memoirs.
Ah.
Now, I have a delicate question
for you, Mrs. Leonides.
I wish you'd call me Brenda.
Um, the Insulin...
Yes?
Did your husband inject himself?
Yes, but that night...
I did it.
He asked me to do it.
He was tired, he said,
and he asked me to.
All right.
Nanny says some of the family
suspect poison killed him.
Yes.
It is a possibility.
You see?
I killed him.

The police will find
my fingerprints
on the bottle and the syringe.
But the bottle said Insulin,
not poison.
And if I was the murderer
I would have wiped them off,
wouldn't I?
Wouldn't I?
Sir.
Sit.
Do you know this woman?
Yes, Sophia de Haviland.
She works at Sotheby's.
She doesn't let anyone
near her. But rumor has it
that you two get along well.
Do you know who this man is?
It's Aristide Leonides.
Well, this woman's real name
is Sophia Leonides.
His granddaughter.
I guess she forgot
to mention that, didn't she?
You see, we know for a fact
that Leonides was in bed
with the CIA
since the Greek civil war.
And we don't know why.
And considering
all that's going on
in this country at the moment,
we want to make sure
that her presence here,
and the fact that she's hiding
her true identity,
are just coincidence.
I'm sure
there's a good reason why--
Look...
You're bored to death
in the embassy,
and you want to work
in intelligence, is that right?

Yes.

Then consider her your way in.

No, no, no...

I've been looking for you.

What are you doing here?

This is Mr.--

- Aristide Leonides' study,

I know.

What are you doing here?

Mr. Leonides gave me

access to it.

I can see that.

So you're this

private investigator

and you want to question me?

Yes.

I haven't met Eustace yet.

What can you tell me about him?

He's what they call now

a teenager.

Rebellious. Angry.

Despises authority.

Loves rock 'n' roll.

Thinks for himself too,

which is quite an achievement

in this house.

And he doesn't like

being tutored at home.

So why is he?

The reason

Mr. Leonides gave

was his childhood palsy.

He would be bullied

for his limp.

But you don't think so?

Mr. Leonides

was really controlling.

You were helping him

with his memoirs?

Yes, Th--

That's highly confidential.

Were you working with him

that night?

Yes, we worked late.

Several interruptions.

Visitors?

Yes.

Roger first and then Magda.

Do you know what they wanted?

Well, neither of them
are especially discreet.

Roger was in some sort
of crisis about the business,
and Magda wanted Mr. Leonides
to finance her film.

Ah, exposure.

Did he agree to it?

No.

She does plays that no one sees.

And her husband writes books
that no one reads.

What do these people know
about the real world anyway?

Anyone else visit that night?

Sophia.

She's a little more discreet
than the others.

That's the house
where Mr. Leonides was born.

I'd like to see a copy
of the memoirs.

There's only the original.

Then the original
it will have to be.

It's gone missing.

There's only one thing for you.

Does your tortoise have a name?

Salome. Mommy did a play
called Salome.

It wasn't a great success,
I'm afraid.

Salome danced before king Herod.

And he liked it so much
he said that she could have
whatever she wanted.

Are you done
with your interrogation?

Mm. For today.

Did you find many clues?
You know, Josephine,
the first round of interrogation
is not so much
about finding clues,
as it is about getting a sense
of who you're dealing with.
You're lucky you're able
to talk to them.
As a family, we don't
actually talk that much.
Except Magda, of course.
But all she speaks about
is herself.
It must be very sad for you
to lose your grandfather.
Not really.
I didn't like him.
He stopped me from being
a ballet dancer.
He said I'd be no good.
And I really love ballet.
Sorry to hear that.
Josephine, what can you tell me
about Mr. brown?
Laurence is having an affair
with Brenda.
They write letters
to each other.
They're awfully soppy.
Laurence is soppy.
How do you know this?
"Oh, my darling,
I need you more than the air
that I breathe."
You're making this up,
aren't you?
I also know
where they're hidden.
I know lots of things.
I listen at doors.
People don't pay attention to me
in this house.
They're way too selfish

for that.

But I pay attention to them.

Bye-bye, Mr. Hayward.

Bye.

- Hello, darling.

- Hello.

Closing in on your prey,

Mr. Hayward?

Lady Edith.

Yes.

I was wondering, are the gates
locked at night?

Religiously.

Aristide was a fervent believer
in the communist threat.

Personally I can't conceive
of Swinley Dean
having a very active cell.

Unless of course

you count our Mr. brown.

He is an intellectual, isn't he?

May I ask you a blunt question?

They're the only
interesting kind.

What's wrong with people
in this house?

Heh.

It is a blunt question indeed.

Sorry.

Don't be.

Passion.

It is a hothouse
of suppressed passion.

This is what happens
when the person
you love the most in the world,
who you would give
your life for,
is actually the same person
that you hate the most.

I'm certain you understand,
Mr. Hayward.

You wouldn't be in this house
yourself otherwise,

would you?
Hello?
Brent, it's Charles Hayward.
Charlie, what a surprise.
What can I do for you, buddy?
Aristide Leonides.
What about him?
What are you doing here?
No, Charles.
The question is...
What are you doing now?
You're not scared, are you?
Not in the least.
You should be.
Off!
So you like it?
Let's go upstairs.
This is what my grandfather
wanted me
to keep him up to date on.
What the young people
were doing.
The music scene.
He believed that this
was the future for his business.
Leisure, entertainment.
I suppose that's what he meant
by the whole world going soft
after the war.
So this is what Vegas was about?
I suppose you don't want to talk
about his memoirs either?
You know,
I saw a picture of you.
As a ballerina.
That was when
I was a little girl,
before I injured my knee.
You were sweet.
Will you shut up
and light my bloody cigarette?
Charles. This little girl
feels like dancing.
Just like in Cairo.

The last will and testament
of Aristide Leonides,
which was drawn up by me
and signed by him,
in front
of all his family members,
on the 24th of July, 1957.
In it,
each and every one of them
is handsomely
and equitably provided for.
However, Mr. Hayward,
Miss Leonides
has specifically instructed me
to give you
all the information you need.
But I hope I can rely
on your absolute discretion
here.
Of course.
Because, as I just told
the family,
we realized only this morning
that this will has no signature.
Everyone present,
myself included, saw him Si--
Or rather we thought
we saw him sign it.
But--
He died intestate?
So it would appear.
But if he died intestate,
then...
Then the primary beneficiary
of the will is,
of course,
the second Mrs. Leonides.
Brenda.
Indeed.
Josephine!
Josephine!
Thank you.
Nice setup.
What do you want?

I know about the will.
And I also know
that you had a heated discussion
with your father
the night he died.
Now, a stab in the dark...
But might it have concerned
the imminent collapse
of associated catering?
You are an extremely
intrusive person, Mr. Hayward.
I thought you could do
with some...
Now, what was it?
One last attempt
to get your father
to bail you out?
And he refused?
It's made out to
associated catering.
For 2 million.
Phew. This sort of money
would solve
most people's problems.
Not mine.
All I ever did was let him down.
But he always forgave me
and bailed me out.
Again and again.
That night,
clemency told me
to destroy this check.
That it would be the end
of me if I were to accept
one more penny from my father.
But I'm not as strong
as my wife.
The next morning...
He was dead.
There you are.
Don't creep up on people
like that.
People who eavesdrop seldom
hear good of themselves.

And put that horrid notebook
away.
Hello?
Buddy, you're being followed.
Yes, I know.
I thought it was you.
Oh, you could never spot us
that easily.
So do you have anything for me?
Only if you tell me
why you left the foreign
office. You were promising.
And the free world
needs people like you.
The free world.
Please.
Yeah, all right.
Leonides was a friend of ours.
But I don't think his death
has anything to do with that.
What was your business with him?
He helped us in Greece
during the civil war.
Financed a bunch of
anti-communist organizations.
Mm-hm.
Gave money to the right people.
In return, we helped him out
in the states.
Helped him cover up
some of his shady businesses.
Which explains Las Vegas.
He was a strange cat.
Saw himself as
the next Alexander the great
or something.
He had a thing for empires.
And the British empire
is falling apart.
Every dog has his day.
And that's it?
Look. Everybody wants to know
who killed him,
and nobody has a damn clue.

But we're talking
about a lot of money here.
This guy was everywhere.
Like an octopus.
So who benefits from his death?
It's just far too obvious.
Maybe your friend in the car
could help us.
Hi. I believe
we have a mutual friend.
Sorry?
Your wife.
What? What can--
Hey.
Get off, get off, get off.
Aah!
Hey, calm down.
We just wanna know who you are.
Hey, hey, hey. There we go.
Come on. Yeah.
Oh, boy.
Charles,
meet sergeant Glover
of Scotland yard.
Ha-ha-ha.
Easy. Easy, big fella.
What on earth were you thinking?
Charles,
it's not as bad as it looks.
I'd have thought, considering
your friendship with my father,
you'd have had more trust
in me than this.
I swore I'd look after you
should anything happen to him.
Seriously, you're saying to me
that this clown of a man
was there to protect me?
- If anyone's the--
- Shut up, Glover.
He's right, you are a clown.
Now, get out of here.
Charles, you have to understand,
I'm under

a lot of pressure here.
There's politics involved here.
It's sensitive.
And with your past--
I'm sorry? My past?
In Cairo.
I was a diplomat.
Of course.
And I am a duchess.
Now, give me something,
so I can still have faith
in you.
All right.
Any one of them
could have done it.
They all had means.
They all had opportunity.
Motive?
Oh.
Anger, jealousy, love, greed.
Take your pick.
So no communist,
no Las Vegas mafia,
no CIA conspiracy?
We're investigating too.
Quietly.
But you can go in the house
without a warrant.
Get back in there
and find out who killed
the bloody midget.
Brenda admits she gave
the fatal injection.
But anyone, anyone could have
swapped out those bottles.
Including her.
Yes, including him.
Tell me this.
How would Brenda have known
the consequences
of swapping over the Insulin
with the eye drops?
Oh, we all knew about that.
He made a point

of telling us about it
at his 86th birthday party.
He went into great detail
explaining how we could
do away with him.
Yes, he had a very twisted
sense of fun.
You met with him
the night he died?
Yes, he wanted to discuss
family matters.
Family was pretty much
everything to him.
Well, you can tell me
about Laurence brown then.
Did you know he was having
an affair with Brenda?
I suppose I knew something
might be going on.
And what if your grandfather
had found out?
I'm quite sure
he knew all about it.
And he didn't mind?
It's highly likely
that when he selected Laurence
for the post of tutor
to his grandchildren,
he was also selecting him
as Brenda's...
Yes.
To keep Brenda happy.
Then I suppose you know
he didn't sign the will?
Well, yes. That was a surprise.
So Brenda gets the lot.
Including, I would say,
the final nail in her coffin.
What's the hurry, Josephine?
I hear you're making progress.
But you won't be the one
who solves this case.
If anything, you're Watson.
Is that right?

Well, why don't you
enlighten me, Holmes?
Tell me about those letters.
What letters?
You know, the ones
that Brenda and Laurence brown
are supposedly writing
to each other.
Oh, I made that up.
I often make things up.
It stops me
from getting too bored.
I don't believe you.
I know you know things.
Sometimes people don't know
what they know.
There you are.
What do you want now, nanny?
Your hot chocolate's ready.
Look at you.
Your ballet shoes are all muddy.
I don't like hot chocolate.
You only make it
so you can drink it yourself.
It will give you
a good night's rest.
Not everything they say
on television is true, nanny.
Just leave me alone.
Mr. Hayward.
Afternoon.
What?
I'd say we're due
another murder,
don't you think, Watson?
Another murder, Holmes?
Well, there's always
a second murder.
Someone who knows something
is bumped off
before they can reveal
what they know.
I didn't say you could come in.
I'm sorry. I thought

you couldn't hear me knock.
I know every other ass
in this house
is just begging to talk
to you, but I'm not.
You're boring me.
Your tutor, Mr. brown,
what do you make of him?
I reckon Mr. brown's
doing all right for himself.
I wouldn't mind, would you?
Though it's a bit weird,
fancying
your grandfather's wife.
Oh, I'm sorry, did I shock you?
No, it's just the fact is
everyone fancies granny.
Uncle Roger
has the hots for her.
You can tell.
It must have amused grandpa
to put that cat
amongst the pigeons
and watch the feathers fly.
Now, I have a question for you,
Mr. detective.
I can't imagine there's anything
that I can tell you
you don't already know.
Oh, yeah. Did you screw
my sister in Cairo?
Now, your grandfather
has just died.
A good thing, really.
It's one less capitalist.
Please. You don't know
what you're talking about.
I didn't hear you.
Did you screw my sister?
Are you really happy
your grandfather is dead?
He was a control freak
who played with people's lives.
He was a sadistic pig,

and his hubris was intolerable,
and he got what he deserved.
But I don't believe
it was Brenda.
She's not clever enough.
She might have been set up,
though.
By someone clever.
Hm.
You really seem to make a habit
of barging in, don't you?
What do you want?
Sorry. It won't take a moment.
When Brenda was first introduced
into the household,
did it rather upset
the apple cart?
The apple cart remained upright,
as I recall.
Nor was there any tasting
of forbidden fruits,
if that's
what you're insinuating.
Now, you really have to go.
You forgave him?
There was nothing to forgive.
It was a childish infatuation.
Yes, I see.
So love turned to hate?
The reason my husband
hates Brenda
is because he thinks
she killed his father.
It's very simple.
Yes, but you don't.
You know different?
I must insist.
I haven't finished yet.
I don't believe this.
Your husband showed the check
his father gave him.
You told him to tear it up.
But he didn't.
Did you realize then

there'd never be any escape
from this place until
your father-in-law was dead?
Yes.
That exact thought
went through my mind.
But now he is.
So we can.
One more thing.
Sophia?
What are you doing?
You're burning evidence?
Christ's sake.
A reporter from the times
just called.
If he knows, soon everyone will.
Look, there was nothing
of interest regarding his murder
in these memoirs. Trust me.
Trust you?
During the war, he branched out.
Bombs.
First you destroy a city,
then you go in afterwards
and rebuild it.
I'm not sure the world needs
to know about that.
That and other things.
And that's for you
to decide, is it?
Yes, it is.
So, what are you going to do
about it, Charles?
What do you know
about trust anyway?
What's wrong?
Car won't start.
How very inconsiderate of it.
Plenty of room here.
We can have someone fix it
in the morning.
Are you sure?
Aunt Edith, I've been looking
all over for you.

Where have you been?
None of your business, dear.
Fancy meeting you here
at this late hour.
My car
seems to have broken down.
Oh, what a shame.
Such a nice car.
For a penniless plod, anyway.
That's the problem.
I can't afford it thirdhand.
Would you like me
to take you home?
I've just invited Charles
to stay the night.
Now...
That's a much more
interesting idea.
Blimey. Haven't seen this
many people around the table
since before granddad died.
What's she doing here?
Nanny?
Don't make me miss the fun.
No such thing in this room,
pumpkin.
Josephine.
I put her to bed, Lady Edith.
Well, clearly, she escaped.
"Escaped"?
She is not a prisoner.
I don't want to go to bed,
aunt Edith. I want to stay.
I'm afraid you have no choice,
my dear.
With a smile,
my little changeling.
You'll have to tell me
everything, Watson.
It's Switzerland
for that young Lady,
and the sooner the better.
It's not good for her
to be caught up

in this horrid business.
You wanted them to grow up here.
I wanted some discipline
in their lives.
I didn't think your father
would control their every move.
Was I to know that
I'd be cheated of motherhood?
Sometimes I wonder
why you bothered
to have children at all, Magda.
Soon as they were born,
you were off to repertory
in the remotest provincial
theater you could find.
There's something deeply moving
about a spinster's love
for her sister's offspring.
Moving and faintly desperate.
Congratulations, mother.
Another grandstand performance.
Don't worry, Sophia.
I've lived
through two world wars.
I can survive Magda's drunken
little slings and arrows.
Josephine is right.
Your presence seems to have
brought everyone together.
With one notable exception.
The smell of blood.
Now, I didn't realize
that your arrangements
extended to board and lodging,
Mr. Hayward.
Father, Charles is my guest.
Guests don't snoop around,
looking on their hosts
as potential murderers.
I'm sure he thinks of all of us
as potential murderers.
You can hardly blame him.
Well, then, Charles.
How about a blunt question

for you, then?
What are murderers like?
Well, um, you.
And me.
Everyone.
Hot-blooded.
Cold-blooded.
They do share one or two traits.
Vanity.
A distorted morality.
A lack of empathy.
And murderers tend to feel
that they are above
the rules and laws
that govern ordinary mortals.
Heh. Well,
that description
fits every member
of this family.
I don't envy you your job.
Nonsense, it's the easiest job
in the world. Open and shut.
I shall go to my room now.
It's good of you
to have come at all.
Considering you couldn't show up
at his funeral.
I wouldn't have been able
to stand it.
You heard the weather forecast,
you mean?
None of us enjoy funerals,
but you could at least pretend.
After all you're getting
all our money.
What kind of spell did you put
on that poor, poor sweetie pie?
Aristide always loved dancers.
You know that.
You weren't a dancer.
You were a girl on a stage
in a bikini.
Which doesn't explain
why he didn't sign his will.

I've said all I have to say
to Mr. Hayward.
Surely we don't need a pi
in the house
for us all to tell each other
the truth.
Oh, Magda. Isn't that a line
from the last of Mrs. Cheyney?
No, it's not.
But if you must know,
it's from a thriller
I did at Frinton.
I rest my case.
Admit it, Brenda.
You'd rather be with Laurence.
Are you two in this together?
Of course they are.
I hope all this money
won't put a strain
on your principles,
Mr. brown.
Brenda has her very own red
under the bed.
Is that where you keep him?
You don't know me.
None of you do.
Oh, I think we do.
At least we know your type.
Oh, dear,
mommy's in wrecking mode.
I didn't murder him.
I miss him.
And any one of you could have
wished him out of the way.
What on earth do you mean?
The film script.
The reason he didn't back
the film script, I'm quite sure,
is because he knew
it would be a triumph
and lead to our independence.
Right.
He didn't even read it.
What?

I did.
So it's all your fault.
No. I actually said
it was pretty good.
But he said
he'd toss a coin for it,
as there were no dice.
And he asked me to call.
And you lost.
And he said
it was poetic justice.
You see now why I didn't want
you involved with my family?
Come on, Sophia. There's nothing
like a real heart-to-heart.
Assuming one could find
any real hearts under this roof.
That's the point.
Unlike all of you,
I actually made him happy.
That's why he gave me
all the money.
Well...
I'm sorry to interrupt
this oh-so-sweet family reunion,
but now I have something to say.
Josephine could be right.
It is a fun evening after all.
Not especially.
Roger and I are leaving...
For good.
Anywhere nice?
Barbados.
Plenty of toxic plants
for clemency.
We intend to create,
fund and manage an orphanage.
Oh. Some people
have all the luck.
I'd have thought
any need you had for children
was fully satisfied by Roger.
Don't you ever get tired
of sounding superior?

Ruin the family business
and bugger off to Barbados.
How very like my brother.
Better than losing everything
playing baccarat on the riviera.
Poor Roger.
Who has no idea
how fun life can be.
He chose me.
Yes.
And every single day,
I wonder why.
But I never asked him...
To love me more
than he loved you.
Yes, Eustace?
I have a question for Sophia.
Did Mr. Hayward screw you
in Cairo?
Oh, no,
it's just he seemed unsure
when I asked him.
Don't be vulgar, Eustace.
Oh. That's quite a sense
of the dramatic.
Can you explain
what relevance that has
to our discussion,
my darling boy?
It is actually very relevant.
What if she's the killer?
And they're in it together.
You see?
They're coming after you now.
These people.
They bring out all the evil.
Oh, Charles.
I'm so frightened.
What will happen next?
The press,
will they be dreadful?
Don't give any interviews.
You ought to get yourself
a lawyer

to tell you what to do
and what to say
and what not to do
and what not--
I need someone like you,
Charles.
Just hold tight.
Keep quiet,
and it will be all right.
Do you really think so?
So she got to you.
I knew she would.
Sophia, wait.
Sophia, stop. Sophia.
You're just like
the rest of them.
Take her to bed
and be done with it.
No. Stop it.
I can see her side of it,
that's all.
Oh, what a high moral tone
you're taking.
I have to give it to her.
She's got a special gift
for dividing people.
Now she's dividing us.
What are you talking about?
Brenda hasn't divided us.
You walked away from me
in Cairo.
Heh. Yes.
And did you ever
ask yourself why?
Please.
Go away, Charles! You're fired.
You won't be able to fire
the police.
Sophia!
Oh, it's you.
I thought you were someone else.
What are you doing?
Same as you. Detecting.
Up here?

I must go.
Wait.
Josephine!
Sensationalist tosh.
You've been in the wars.
Well, your husband's dogs and I
had a little cuddle last night.
Suits you.
You all right?
We weren't always like this,
you know,
my husband and I.
We used to be the most glamorous
couple in London.
They put our pictures
in all the magazines.
People looked up to us.
I wonder what happened.
You know, Charles,
they're trained combat dogs.
They could kill you
in an instant
if they really wanted to.
Meaning?
Like the rest of us,
they like you.
The man from the garage
has arrived
to mend your car,
Mr. Hayward.
Right.
Oh, these reporters
are relentless.
Starter cable. It's missing.
Right, well...
We can keep this between us.
Charles, there's a call for you.
Chief Inspector Taverner
from Scotland yard.
I had pneumonia.
Is that a crime?
We are just trying to establish
the facts, Mr. Agrodopolous.
Were you unaware

Mr. Leonides was dead?
Until I see the papers, yes.
You think my son should read out
the death columns to me
every day in the hospital?
Heh.
How did you know
Mr. Leonides?
He helped me
when I first arrived in London.
Why?
We Greeks stick together.
That is why.
Look, I don't know nothing.
He gave me the envelope.
When he dies,
I take it to gaitskill.
And you never opened it?
The envelope was closed
with an unbroken seal.
Do you know the lawyers
who drew up this new will?
Not personally, but I'm aware
that Mr. Leonides used them
for the other side
of his affairs.
And you remain the executor.
Yes, but without enthusiasm.
He settled a small sum
on the widow.
The rest of the estate goes
to a single beneficiary.
The granddaughter, Sophia.
Yes?
There's been a call
from the Leonides house.
Yes?
Someone's tried to kill
the little girl.
My god.
The rope was cut
half-through.
- Who found her?
- I did.

My father went with her
in the ambulance.
Does she remember anything?
She was unconscious.
She must have fallen
from the very top.
My poor cherub.
Mother, if you want to go there,
I can drive you.
Well, there's no great rush, no.
Philip says they're doing
everything they can.
Oh, if you want to make
your mother happy,
I wouldn't say no
to a gin and it.
You were the one up there
in the tree house last night.
I thought you were a prowler.
That's why I let the dogs out.
Man named gaitskill
is here, sir.
Oh, let him in.
What's gaitskill doing here?
What a mess.
This is a crime scene,
Lady Edith.
It is also my home.
It's so unfair.
What's going on?
Why is gaitskill here?
Ask Sophia.
Let's Usher in the reign
of queen Sophia.
Allow me to congratulate you,
Sophia.
You are a very wealthy woman.
If I may,
I suggest you make a new will
at your earliest opportunity.
A good day to you all.
Madame Sophia.
Your penniless
and broken-down old mother

begs you for alms.
Spare us a copper, dear.
Your ma wants to be
in the pictures.
You're very funny, my love,
but perhaps this isn't
the time for clowning.
I suppose you're going
to bail Roger out.
We don't want any of the money.
I will sell associated catering.
Good girl.
No point throwing good money
after bad.
I was his eldest son.
But to stab me in the back
with his dying breath.
Look at you both.
Desperate and humiliated
because now you're going
to have to go to Sophia's door
with your begging bowls.
Get out of this room.
Now!
Beware of the vultures,
sister, dear.
It's one hell of a burden
on your shoulders.
I think
we're forgetting ourselves.
Philip, tell me.
How is dear Josephine?
Oh, I'm so sorry.
She's going to be fine,
thank god. No broken bones.
They want to keep her in
for observation.
Very wise.
She should not be in this house.
Much too dangerous.
Well,
as entertaining as this is,
I've had enough
of all the drama.

Roger needs to be gone
from this house.
We shall pack our bags,
and we shall go.
Congratulations, my darling.
I have a sneaking suspicion
that he made the right choice.
Sophia.
You are
an extremely clever woman.
And you are a de Haviland.
I have seen what it takes
to operate at a certain level,
and it is not always pretty.
So I want you to remember
that lineage will help you find
what's most important in life.
A sense of balance.
Well, my angel,
perhaps we should talk
about exposure.
I'm sorry, papa.
But your father wrote it.
At least read the bloody thing.
It would only prolong the agony.
Papa...
Grandfather always said
fortunes don't last
if they get split between
the weak members of a family.
They should be concentrated
in the hands of the strong.
Did you know about this will,
Sophia?
Yes.
Looks bad, doesn't it?
He first mentioned the idea
when things started to get ugly
in Cairo.
He said
I should come back to England
so he could teach me
to handle his empire.
That's why you left me.

That and the fact
you were spying on me.
"Spying" is a big word.
You broke my heart, Charles.
And I resigned.
Why didn't you tell me
about this will?
I don't know.
When it didn't turn up,
I thought it was another
of grandfather's tricks.
He liked to toy with people.
Must run in the blood.
That's what he thought.
He said I looked
like a de Haviland,
but the blood in my veins
was Leonides.
So nothing could ever resist me.
I think he may have had a point.
You really believe I could have
murdered him, don't you?
No, Sophia...
Maybe Mr. brown
has taken up gardening.
Or perhaps
they were planted on him.
It's all a bit too convenient.
It helps your
girlfriend's case, though.
Worth killing for,
that sort of pot of gold.
She's not my girlfriend.
I've taken over
this investigation, Charles.
Your position is compromised.
You should be with the other...
Suspects.
If you say so.
Those are Lady Edith's
secateurs.
And they don't prove anything.
Any old knife could've been used
to cut those ropes.

What we need is direct evidence
of a liaison
between Mr. brown
and Mrs. Leonides.
This is a joke, Charles.
I'm afraid not.
Well...
You go first then.
Right.
Charles.
Yes, sir?
Is this what
a distinguished Chief Inspector
should be doing
in his golden years?
Heh-heh-heh.
Hallelujah.
"Oh, Laurence, my darling,
my own dear love.
"I cannot talk about last night.
"For if I do,
my heart will burst.
It won't be long now
before we can be together."
"My darling...
"Is impatience in a lover
a crime or a virtue?
"I don't want him to suffer,
not after his kindness to me,
but I do wish him gone."
Mrs. Leonides.
I have to ask you
to accompany me
to Scotland yard.
I'm sorry?
Anything you say
may be taken down
and used in evidence
against you.
Do you understand?
But I didn't write this.
Mrs. Leonides, please.
I would never do anything
like this.

You show them some dignity.
I didn't write that.
I would never write that.
No, it was them.
It was them.
You must be so happy.
You'll rot in hell.
You old hypocrite!
Daddy's little boy.
You couldn't keep your hands
off me when I got here!
Charlie, help me.
These vampires.
They set us up because
we're not part of their world.
Don't let them fool you.
Charles, please!
They set us up!
Here.
We never stood a chance
against them.
Well, I was completely taken in
by her performance.
Mother, if Brenda is guilty,
then she'll hang.
- That's enough.
- She should be tortured.
You'd enjoy watching that.
He wasn't your father.
I loved my father.
Do you understand? I loved him.
More than you'll ever love me.
Better now?
I want Brenda
to have the best lawyer
money can buy. We'll pay.
She's always been
out of her depth.
Poor thing.
Where are you going?
An appointment in town, dear.
Well, Charles.
You redeemed yourself
at the last moment.

Have to admit, I couldn't
have done it without you.
The evidence is almost
entirely circumstantial.
Usually is in a murder case.
A lot depends on the impression
they make on the jury.
And if you ever need
a proper job,
you know where to find me.
What are you thinking, Charles?
That it still could be me?
And I got away with it
Scot-free,
with all the money,
thanks to you.
And that's why I chose you
in the first place.
Someone could have forged
those letters, couldn't they?
They talk about you
in the papers.
How you helped solve the case.
Good morning, Miss Ackroyd.
Oh, Mr. Hayward.
This is the making of you.
We can get in the decorators
and everything.
Here we are, pumpkin.
Run along to nanny.
Here you are.
Oh. I'm so glad to see you.
I've missed such a lot.
I didn't need to be kept
in hospital all that time.
Don't look so angry,
my little changeling.
Stop calling her that, Magda.
How I address my own daughter,
auntie,
is none of your business.
Josephine, darling, you're back.
Tell me, what was Brenda
and Laurence's reaction?

Did they beg for mercy?
I wish you wouldn't talk
about people that way.
They found love letters
on the tower's balcony.
I knew it. I have to write it
all down in my notebook.
Well, I'm off.
Josephine!
I cleaned these
while you were away.
And I'm making you
some hot chocolate.
It will make you--
Oh, good gracious.
Have you seen my notebook?
Why? Have you lost it?
I thought it was in my room.
I can't find it anywhere.
Well, have you tried
the tree house?
I know you took it.
You hate it.
All right, little lady,
calm down.
I'll find it.
Lady Edith,
I'm afraid your results
do not bode well.
How long?
Hard to tell.
Maybe a few months.
There is a promising
new experimental treatment.
I don't want other treatments.
It's over, isn't it?
Well...
Always leave a party
at its height,
when you're most enjoying it.
Nanny, milk's boiling!
I'll be off now,
if that's all right,
Mr. Hayward.

Yes. I'll lock up.
Thank you.
So many people called today.
Good night.
Come in.
Nanny's made your hot chocolate.
I hate hot chocolate
and nanny knows it.
She only makes it for me
so she--
So she can drink it herself.
I know.
Why are you so angry, Josephine?
I'm bored.
And I can't find my notebook.
It's okay.
We'll find it.
Charles Hayward.
It's all quiet here, sir.
I was the one who brought
the mug up to Josephine, but--
But nanny prepared it.
But if she made it
for Josephine,
why did she drink it?
In time to say goodbye,
Mr. Hayward.
Where are you going?
London airport.
Close the gates!
Oh, don't be ridiculous.
- We'll miss our flight.
- We understand
how difficult this is,
but Roger and I are leaving
so we can lead our lives.
Why on earth would we want
to poison a nice old woman
who had never done us harm?
Perhaps she wasn't
the intended target.
Oh, excuse me?
Hold on, Mr. detective.
Can you prove anything?

Can you prove
it wasn't a heart attack?
Or a suicide?
Are you sure she was poisoned?
The coroner is working on it
as we speak.
Nobody gets to leave here
without my express permission.
Clemmy, call my lawyer.
I want to check
if Chief Inspector Taverner's
conduct is within the law.
No one can bully us
into spending another day
in this house!
Josephine, you're safe now.
You're with mommy and daddy.
We'll take care of you.
Ah. Mr. Hayward, you must be
some sort of magician. Every
time we make you disappear,
you keep popping back up.
I need to talk to Josephine.
Well, who doesn't these days?
She'll be on a plane
to Lausanne tonight.
Nanny's been poisoned.
Just like grandfather.
Isn't it exciting?
Good god.
Well, aren't you
the least bit upset?
I thought you liked nanny.
Not particularly.
Oh.
She was always scolding me
about something. She fussed.
And I'm sure
she stole my notebook.
Josephine, is there anyone
you're remotely fond of?
I love aunt Edith very much.
Well, what about us?
Josephine.

Excuse me.
Won't take a moment.
Well, what about us?
Really.
- You're hurting me!
- Now, Josephine,
you and I,
we are both solving this case.
Aren't we?
I haven't got my notebook.
Don't worry about that.
What exactly do you know?
I know lots of things.
Of that I have no doubt.
But you know
who put something in your
hot chocolate, don't you?
And you know who poisoned
your grandfather.
And you know who cut the ropes
from your tree house.
Right. Well, now is the time
for Holmes
to enlighten not only Watson,
but Lestrade.
I shan't tell the police
anything.
They're stupid.
They thought Brenda had done it
or Laurence.
I wasn't stupid like that.
I knew jolly well
they hadn't done it.
I had an idea
who it was all along,
and then I made a kind of test.
And I know I'm right.
Now, you listen to me.
I dare say
you are extremely clever.
It won't be much good to you
if you're not alive
long enough to enjoy the fact.
Don't you understand,

you foolish child,
that so long as you insist
on keeping your little secrets,
you put yourself
in imminent danger?
Of course I do.
But in some books,
person after person is killed.
And you end by spotting
the murderer because he or she
is practically
the only person left.
We must wait and see
what happens next.
This isn't a detective story,
for chrissake!
Two people have been murdered.
I'm gonna make you tell me
what you know
if I have to shake you
until your teeth rattle!
There you are, Charles.
Lady Edith.
Josephine and I, we were
just having a little chat.
Of course. And everybody
is a bit tense today,
which is quite understandable
under the circumstances.
Charles...
Mm.
Chief Inspector Taverner
and the coroner
are looking for you.
I understand they're making
significant progress.
Right, well...
Don't worry,
I'll keep an eye on her.
Lady--
I know, Charles.
Let me handle this.
Yes, of course.
Now...

What do you think
about going into Longbridge
and having an ice cream soda?

Yes.

I understand
you're making progress?
We'll have to wait
for the analysis report.
You do have a theory, though?
Well...

Considering the symptoms,
and the fact that it needs to be
a rather common
and accessible poison,
my educated guess
would be cyanide.

Why would anyone have cyanide
in their house?

Apart from killing people,
you mean?

Heh, yeah.

Moles.

Moles?

Cyanide is used to kill moles.
Sorry, Lady Edith, no one's
permitted to leave the estate.

I know.

But Chief Inspector Taverner
has decided

it would be more appropriate
if she were out of the house
for the next hour or so.

Until the corpse
has been removed.

I mean, he doesn't believe
that a 12-year-old little girl
or a feeble old woman
on her last legs
could be the murderers.

Do you agree, sergeant?

Sorry.

We've all been a bit on edge.
I'll get them out of the way.
Of course.

- All right.
- Move them out the way.
Charles?
Look.
What are you doing?
It's Josephine's diary.
Edith is trying to destroy it
by burying it in quicklime.
And there's cyanide up there.
What? What is it? What?
Aunt Edith's just left
three gables.
She took Josephine.
That's aunt Edith's handwriting.
Get in the car.
It's so annoying.
I can't find my notebook
anywhere.
You haven't seen it, have you?
Oh, my darling.
I love you more
than you'll ever know.
Has Lady Edith left the estate?
She left with the girl.
Where?
That way. Why?
Get those people out of the way!
Move! Get out the way!
Move! Get back! Now.
What does it say?
"I, Edith Jane de Haviland,
confess to the murder
of Aristide Leonides."
God, Josephine.
Josephine, I have a confession.
What is it?
We are not going for ice cream.
Would you like to know
where we're going?
Well, yes.
I am taking you
to your new ballet lessons.
Ballet lessons?
Oh, aunt Edith.

But I haven't got
my ballet slippers.
Why didn't you say?
I think they'll have everything
we could possibly want
once we get there.
I wish grandpapa could see this.
Why would aunt Edith want
to kill grandpapa and nanny?
She's not a psychopath.
I don't think it was Edith.
Not Edith?
Maybe there's something
in Josephine's notebook.
Read it out loud.
Uh...
"I'm so bored."
Something needs to happen
in this house.
"So today I..."
Oh, my god.
Go on.
"So today I--
I killed grandpapa."
...grandpapa.
And I enjoyed it very much.
I certainly had a good reason
to do it, though.
And I warned him.
I told him he'd be sorry
for stopping my ballet.
And now I hope he jolly well is.
He really shouldn't
have done that.
That and other things.
Many other things.
He's mean. Cruel.
He's a bad person.
And he thinks
he can do anything.
He thinks he can tell everyone
what to do
and make them crazy
and miserable.

But not me. I'm stronger.
I'm different.
I'm like him.
And I gave him a special treat
for his birthday.
I did my best dance for him.
I know how much he likes
watching Brenda dance.
I can see it from my tree house.
I also know how much he loved it
when Sophia wanted
to be a ballerina.
He thought
she was beautiful and gracious.
But he said
there was no point in me
having any more ballet lessons
because I would never be
good enough or gracious enough.
He said it wasn't so much
swan lake as duck pond.
I hate him. I hate him.
There's a bit
about Brenda's letter.
"I finally got the hang
of her handwriting."
It's lucky she writes
like a child of 10.
I copied it
from a bit in exposure.
Is this the right way?
I believe so.
Today, I have to be very brave.
I put aunt Edith's secateurs
in Laurence's drawer
in the school room.
Now I must climb up
to the tree house with a knife.
But every task worth doing
has a hard bit.
"Nanny's guessed.
Eustace kept asking questions,
and I worried he might."
But he didn't. Nanny did.

She's snooping around
all the time.
She certainly saw my
ballet shoes, which were muddy
after I took secateurs
from the shed.
She kept looking at me,
and I knew she'd put two
and two together. I hate nanny.
Always after me,
trying to teach me lessons.
And she's so stupid.
I hate stupid people.
"They're useless,
apart from dying during wars
"like grandpapa used to say.
She should be next."
Edith must have sensed
something,
and then she found
Josephine's notebook.
And then Josephine killed nanny.
And that's when Edith decided
to blame herself.
She couldn't let Laurence
and Brenda hang
for a crime
they hadn't committed.
But at the same time she
couldn't let her Josephine
face a lifetime of institutions,
being jeered at as a monster,
laughed at as a freak,
not to mention
the public humiliation
the house would have had
to endure.
What is she doing
with Josephine?
There they are.
Why this way?
It's a shortcut.
It's the road that leads to
the quarry. I don't understand.

Aunt Edith, what is this?

- You're frightening me.

- Don't be frightened.

Aunt Edith, what are you doing?

Aunt Edith!

Oh, my god, Charles.

They're--

Aunt Edith, stop! Stop!

No, no!

Stop!

Stop the car, stop the car,
stop the car.

No, no, no.

No.

No, no, no.

Shh.

What did we do to her?

What did we do to her?

No, no, it's okay.

It wasn't you.

It wasn't you.

It wasn't you.