Clue

By Jonathan Lynn
The opening credits appear over a sky, growing stormy.

1 -- EXT. WADSWORTH'S CAR--TWILIGHT -- 1
WADSWORTH's car travels through the wind of an oncoming storm.
It pulls up to the gate of Hill House.
Hill House is a large, imposing mansion, looking very New England.
Wadsworth takes out a key and unlocks the gate.
He drives the car up to the front door.

2 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR -- 2
Wadsworth exits the car, holding a bag and looking at the two barking guard dogs.
The dogs approach Wadsworth . . . then jump.
Wadsworth quickly pulls a big beef bone out of the bag and hurls it to them.
The dogs trot away to gnaw on the bone as Wadsworth rolls up the bag.
Wadsworth cinches their chain so it won't allow them to reach the door.
He steps toward the door . . . and sniffs.
Wadsworth pauses and checks the bottom of his feet. Dog crap.
He looks in disgust at the dogs, who aren't bothered at all.

3 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 3
The Hall of Hill House is remarkable, elegant but not gaudy.
It is furnished in dark wood, and brass, with crystal chandeliers.
There are several doors on each side of the hall and three at the end.

To the left:

To the right:

The end:
The stairs are located to the right.
By the staircase is the door to the basement steps.
We hear "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" in the background.
Wadsworth opens the front door of Hill House and wipes off his foot.
He enters and hangs up his coat.

SUPERIMPOSED:

1954
Wadsworth steps briskly down the Hall steps toward the library.

4 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 4
The library is a somewhat more comfortable room than the hall, composed of dark colors. All of the walls are covered with books, with the exception of one wall, a window.
YVETTE, a young and rather jiggly french maid, is polishing a glass. The music is much louder.
Wadsworth enters and turns off the record player. The music stops.
He speaks to the maid in a proper English accent.

**WADSWORTH:**
Is everything ready?
She replies in a French accent.

**YVETTE:**
Oui, monsieur.

**WADSWORTH:**
You have your instructions?
Yvette nods.
Wadsworth exits.
Yvette sniffs the air, and then examines the bottom of her shoes.

5 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 5
The kitchen is white tile, narrow. There is a meat freezer to the right.
A counter leads off to the left.
MRS. HO, the cook, is sharpening a knife.
Joseph McCarthy is speaking on the television in the background.
Wadsworth enters.

**WADSWORTH:**
Is everything all right, Mrs. Ho?
She turns, knife in hand.
MRS. HO
Dinner will be ready at seven-thirty.
The doorbell rings.
Wadsworth exits the kitchen.

6 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR--NIGHT -- 6
A man is standing by the front door, being growled at by the dogs.
He is not comfortable.
7 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 7
Wadsworth opens the door.

**WADSWORTH:**
Good evening.

**MAN:**
Good evening. I don't know if--

**WADSWORTH:**
Yes, indeed, sir, you are expected, Colonel.
May I take your coat? It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?
MUSTARD:
No, that's not my name. My name is Colonel--
WADSWORTH: me, sir, but tonight you may well feel obliged to my employer for the use of an alias.
Mustard sniffs around and checks his shoe as Wadsworth hangs his coat. The pair starts across the hall.

MUSTARD:
And who are you, sir?

WADSWORTH:
I'm Wadsworth, sir. The butler.

8 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 8
Yvette is present.

WADSWORTH:
Yvette, will you attend to the Colonel and give him anything he requires.
(glances at them)
Within reason, that is.
Wadsworth exits, closing the doors behind him. The doors have books on the back of them, and so look like a part of the wall.

MUSTARD:
Oh, Wadsworth, I was--
Mustard turns to discover the doors have disappeared.
The bell rings.
9 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR -- 9
A woman dressed in black stands here.
Wadsworth opens the door.
10 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 10

WADSWORTH:
Do come in, madam. You are expected.

WOMAN:
Do you know who I am?

WADSWORTH:
Only that you are to be known as Mrs. White.

WHITE:
Yes, it said so in the letter. But, why . . . ?
Wadsworth removes her coat, with a brilliantly white inside. Mrs. White sniffs and checks her shoe.
Yvette and Col. Mustard are here. Mustard is sipping Cognac and glancing at Yvette. The doors open, the left one into Col. Mustard.

WADSWORTH:
Ah. May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is Yvette, the maid.
(The two women react with disgust)
I see you know each other.
Mrs. White turns away as Col. Mustard emerges from behind the door.

WHITE:
Hello.

MUSTARD:
Hello.

12 -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 12
A slim woman is standing by her broken down car. An owl can be heard. She hits the car, obviously frustrated. Thunder roars in the distance. The woman sees headlights a short way away. She smoothes her dress. As the car nears, she bends over the engine and lifts a leg. The car screeches to a halt just past her and backs up. The woman goes to the car and peers in.

MAN'S VOICE
Want a lift?

WOMAN:
(sultry)
Yes, please . . .
She gets in.

WOMAN:
Thanks. I'm late for a dinner date.

MAN:
Me too. Where are you going?
The woman pulls out a sheet of paper.

WOMAN:
(looking at paper)
Let's see . . . Hill House. Off Route 41.
MAN:
Wait a minute. Let me look at that.
(takes paper)
That's where I'm going. I got a letter like this.
They both look disturbed.
14 -- EXT. CAR -- 14
The rain has started.
The windshield wipers start as the car pulls away.
15 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 15
We see a middle aged woman.
WADSWORTH (O.S.)
And this is Mrs. Peacock.

MUSTARD:
How do you do?

WHITE:
Hello.

WADSWORTH:
Yvette, will you go and check that dinner will be ready as soon
as all the guests have arrived?
Yvette nods.
Mrs. Peacock stares disapprovingly at Yvette's exposed cleavage.
Yvette exits the library.
The doorbell rings.
16 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT DOOR -- 16
It is now raining quite hard.
A man is standing at the door, much like Col. Mustard was.
The dogs, of course, are growling.
Wadsworth opens the door.

MAN:
Is this the right address to meet Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH:
Oh, you must be Mr. Green.

GREEN:
Yes . . .

WADSWORTH:
(to dogs)
Sit!
Green frantically sits on a bench by the door.

**WADSWORTH:**
No. Not you, sir.
Mr. Green sheepishly gets up and enters the house.
17 -- INT. MAN'S CAR -- 17

**WOMAN:**
It should be just off there.
17a -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--VIEW FROM FRONT GATE -- 17a
17b -- INT. MAN'S CAR -- 17b

**MAN:**
That must be it.
17c -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--VIEW FROM FRONT GATE -- 17c
Lightning crashes, illuminating the house.
17d -- INT. MAN'S CAR -- 17d

**WOMAN:**
Why is the car stopped?

**MAN:**
It's frightened.
17e -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT GATE -- 17e
The car is started again and it rolls up the driveway.
18 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 18
Lightning crashes, making Mr. Green gulp.
19 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT--DRIVEWAY -- 19
The man and woman exit their car and run for the front door.
The man shields the woman from the now heavy rain.

**MAN:**
What a godforsaken place!
He squeezes one of the woman's buttocks.
She shakes his hand off, looking disgusted.
The door opens, revealing Wadsworth.

**WADSWORTH:**
Professor Plum! And Miss Scarlet. I didn't realize you were acquainted.

**SCARLET:**
(glancing at Plum)
We weren't.
They enter.

20 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 20

The doors open to reveal Prof. Plum and Miss Scarlet.

WADSWORTH:

May I present Professor Plum . . . and Miss Scarlet.

Nods all around.

Plum and Scarlet receive wine glasses from Yvette, whom Plum eyes. Prof. Plum clinks glasses with Miss Scarlet, who looks annoyed.

WADSWORTH:

Of course, since you've each been addressed by a pseudonym, you'll have realized that nobody here is being addressed by their real name.

The guests glance around suspiciously.

21 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 21

Mrs. Ho bangs a bong once, fiercely.

22 -- INT. LIBRARY -- 22

The gong is heard a second time.

Mr. Green jumps at the sound, dumping his champagne on Mr. Peacock.

WADSWORTH:

(calmly, as always)

Ah. Dinner.

GREEN:

(hands Peacock his glass, starts to mop her up as she clucks)

I'm sorry . . . I'm a little accident-prone . . .

23 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 23

The guests cross to the Dining Room.

24 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 24

The dining room is elegant, in similar decor to the Hall, but it is somewhat more comfortable.

However, the room is still small.

At one end, there is a door and a metal partition, both leading to the kitchen.

The guests file in.

WADSWORTH:

You'll find your names beside your places. Please be seated.

The guests, except for Col. Mustard, find their places and sit.

Wadsworth sets Miss Scarlet's drink on the table, to her pleasure.

MUSTARD:
Is this place for you?

WADSWORTH:
Oh, indeed, no, sir. I'm merely a humble butler.

MUSTARD:
And what exactly do you do?

WADSWORTH:
I buttle, sir.

MUSTARD:
Which means what?

WADSWORTH:
The butler is head of the kitchen and dining room.
I keep everything . . . tidy. That's all.
Col. Mustard attempts to continue but is interrupted by Mrs. Peacock.

PEACOCK:
Well, what's all this about, butler; this dinner party?

WADSWORTH:
"Ours is not to reason why . . . Ours is but to do and die"

PLUM:
"Die"?

WADSWORTH:
(smiling)
Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

MUSTARD:
(now seated next to Miss Scarlet)
Hm. I prefer Kipling, myself.
"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."
(to Scarlet)
You like Kipling, Miss Scarlet?

SCARLET:
Sure, I'll eat anything.
Yvette enters carrying a tray.
YVETTE:
(to Peacock)
Sharks' Fin Soup, Madame.

MUSTARD:
(again indicating head)
So is this for our host?

WADSWORTH:
No, sir. For the seventh guest, Mr. Boddy.

WHITE:
I thought Mr. Boddy was our host?
The guests all concur.

WHITE:
So who is our host, Mr. Wadsworth?
Wadsworth chuckles with a closed smile.

PLUM:
Well, I want to start, while it's still hot.

PEACOCK:
Oh, now shouldn't we wait for the other guest?

YVETTE:
I will keep somesing warm for eem.

SCARLET:
What did you have in mind, dear?
Silence.
Prof. Plum slurps soup from his spoon.
Mrs. White disapproves, then does the same.
Mustard, Scarlet, and Green stare at them, spoons poised near mouths.
They do it again.
Silence.

PEACOCK:
(breathlessly)
Well, someone's got to break the ice, and it might as well be me.
I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's part of my husband's work,
and it's always difficult when a group of new friends meet together
for the first time to get acquainted, so I'm perfectly prepared to start
the ball rolling . . . I mean, I have absolutely no idea what we're doing
here, or what I'm doing here, or what this place is about, but I am determined to enjoy myself and I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup's delicious isn't it?
Everyone sits bewildered.

**WHITE:**
You say you are used to being a hostess as part of your husband's work?

**PEACOCK:**
Yes, it's an integral part of your life when you are the wife of a... oh, but then I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are, though heavens to Betsy, I don't know why.

**MUSTARD:**
Don't you.

**GREEN:**
I know who you are.

**SCARLET:**
Aren't you going to tell us?

**PEACOCK:**
(removes glasses nervously)
How do you know who I am?

**GREEN:**
I work in Washington, too.

**PLUM:**
Oh, so you're a politician's wife.

**PEACOCK:**
Yes, I-I am.

**MUSTARD:**
Well, come on, then. Who's your husband?
Suddenly, Wadsworth opens the door from the kitchen.

**PEACOCK:**
(to Mrs. White)
So, what does your husband do?

**WHITE:**
PEACOCK:
Nothing?

WHITE:
Well, he . . . just . . . lies around on his back all day.

SCARLET:
Sounds like hard work to me.

Yvette, in the kitchen, opens the partition suddenly. The noise coincides with a crash of thunder. Mr. Green, jumpy as ever, spills his drink again, this time on Miss Scarlet.

GREEN:
I'm . . . sorry. I'm afraid I'm a little accident-prone.
He starts to wipe off her upper chest.

SCARLET:
Ah--watch it.
He stops.
Yvette starts serving food.

YVETTE:
Excuse moi.
The guests start eating.

PEACOCK:
Mmm! This is one of my favorite recipes!

WADSWORTH:
I know, madam.

PEACOCK:
So, what do you do in Washington, D.C., Mr. Green?
No answer.

PEACOCK:
Come on, what do you do? I mean, how are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves?

SCARLET:
Perhaps he doesn't want to get acquainted with you.

**PEACOCK:**
(bothered)
Well, I'm sure I don't know, but if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

**PLUM:**
Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock?

**PEACOCK:**
Yes! What? No, why?

**PLUM:**
Oh, it just seems to me that you seem to suffer from what we call pressure of speech.

**SCARLET:**
"We"? Who's "we"? Are you a shrink?

**PLUM:**
I do know a little bit about psychological medicine, yes.

**WHITE:**
Are you a doctor?

**PLUM:**
I am, but I don't practice.

**SCARLET:**
Practice makes perfect. Ha. I think most men need a little practice, don't you, Mrs. Peacock? Mrs. Peacock shrugs, very uncomfortable.

**WHITE:**
So what do you do, Professor?

**PLUM:**
I work for UNO, the United Nations Organization.

**MUSTARD:**
Another politician. Jesus!
PLUM:
No, I work for a branch of UNO. W.H.O., the World Health Organization.

PEACOCK:
Well, what is your area of special concern?

PLUM:
Family planning.
(to Mustard)
What about you, Colonel? Are you a real colonel?

MUSTARD:
(seriously)
I am, sir.

SCARLET:
You're not going to mention the coincidence that you also live in Washington, D.C.?

MUSTARD:
How did you know that? Have we met before?

SCARLET:
I've certainly seen you before. Although you may not have seen me.

GREEN:
So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

SCARLET:
Sure do.

PEACOCK:
Does anyone here not live in Washington, D.C.?

PLUM:
I don't.

GREEN:
Yes, but you work for the United Nations. That's a government job. And the rest of us all live in a government town. Anyone here not earn their living from the government in one way or another?
Col. Mustard stands suddenly.
MUSTARD:
(angrily, to Wadsworth)
Wadsworth, where's our host, and why have we been brought here?
The doorbell rings.
Wadsworth exits.
We hear the door opening and Wadsworth speaks.
WADSWORTH (O.S.)
Ah! Good evening. You are eagerly awaited.
MAN (O.S.)
You lockin' me in?
I'll take the key.
WADSWORTH (O.S.)
Over my dead body, sir.
May I take your bag?
MAN (O.S.)
No. I'll leave it here 'til I need it.
WADSWORTH (O.S.)
It contains evidence, I presume?
MAN (O.S.)
Surprises, my friend. That's what it contains—surprises!
Wadsworth enters the dining room, followed by the man.

WADSWORTH:
Ladies and gentlemen, may I present Mr. Boddy.

BODDY:
What are they all doin' here?

WADSWORTH:
Eating dinner. Do sit down, Mr. Boddy.

BODDY:
(sitting)
Thanks.
Yvette starts to serve him

BODDY:
Nah, you can take that away, honey.
Mrs. Peacock hits the table.

PEACOCK:
(angrily)
Look. I demand to know what's going on. Now why have
we all been dragged up to this horrible place?

WADSWORTH:
Well. I believe we all received a letter. My letter says, "It will be to your advantage to be present on this date because a Mr. Boddy will bring to an end a certain long-standing confidential and painful financial liability."
It is signed, "A friend."

GREEN:
I received a similar letter.

SCARLET:
So did we, didn't we. (indicating Prof. Plum)

BODDY:
I also received a letter.
(Yvette starts to serve him again)
No thanks, Yvette. I just ate.

GREEN:
Now, how did you know her name?

BODDY:
We know each other.
(puts his hand up Yvette's (short) skirt)
Don't we, dear?
She recoils.

WADSWORTH:
Forgive my curiosity, Mr. Boddy, but did your letter say the same thing?

BODDY:
No.

WADSWORTH:
I see .
(to group)
Can I interest any of you in fruit or dessert?
No response.

WADSWORTH:
In that case, may I suggest we adjourn to the study for coffee and brandy, at which point I believe our unknown host
will reveal his intentions.

25 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 25

The study is by far the most comfortable room we've seen so far. It is decorated in subdued tan colors. There are several couches, a bookshelf, a table with drinks, and a desk. The guests enter and look around for their host.

GREEN:
Well, there's no one here.

WADSWORTH:
(to the guests in general)
Please help yourself to brandy and be seated. Wadsworth goes to the desk and takes a manilla envelope. It reads For Wadsworth
Open AFTER DINNER

SCARLET:
Mind if I smoke?
Prof. Plum, seated next to Miss Scarlet, lights her cigarette. Wadsworth opens the envelope. He peruses the contents.

WADSWORTH:
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm instructed to you what you all have in common with each other. Unless you would care to do the honors, Mr. Boddy?

BODDY:
Why me? They know who I am?

WADSWORTH:
I don't think so.
You've never identified yourself to them, I believe. Mr. Boddy stands suddenly.

BODDY:
It's a hoax! I suggest we all leave. He takes off out the study door.

WADSWORTH:
(in pursuit)
I'm sorry, sir, you cannot leave this house!

26 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 26
Mr. Boddy goes to the front door.  
Wadsworth follows, and he is followed by the other guests.

**BODDY:**  
No? Who's gonna stop me?

**WADSWORTH:**  
There's no way out.  
(Mr. Boddy tries the front door. It's locked.)  
All the windows have bars, all the doors are locked.

**BODDY:**  
This is an outrage! You can't hold us prisoner!  
The guests, in confusion, agree.

**WADSWORTH:**  
(shouting over the din)  
Ladies and gentlemen, please! Please return to the study.  
Everything will be explained.  
The guests file unhappily back into the study.  
Mr. Boddy walks past Wadsworth toward the rear of the hall.

**WADSWORTH:**  
(to Mr. Boddy)  
You too, Mr. Boddy.  
Boddy starts running.

**WADSWORTH:**  
Other way!  
He pursues Mr. Boddy.

27 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CONSERVATORY -- 27  
The conservatory is humid, with plants all around.  
Three of the walls are brick, and the fourth is glass,  
leading to the outside.  
The rain can be heard and seen, against the glass.  
Mr. Boddy runs in, picks up a brick and prepares to throw it through the glass.  
Wadsworth enters.

**WADSWORTH:**  
You can't get out that way.

**BODDY:**  
Why not? It's only glass!
Suddenly, a vicious Doberman jumps at the glass, barking and snarling. Boddy drops the brick.

28 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 28
The guests are already present.
Wadsworth and Mr. Boddy enter.
Wadsworth takes up his envelope again.

WADSWORTH:
Ladies and gentlemen, you all have one thing in common.
You're all being blackmailed.
For some considerable time, all of you have been paying
what you can afford and, in some cases, more than you can
afford to someone who threatens to expose you.
And none of you know who's blackmailing you, do you?

PEACOCK:
Oh, please! I've never heard anything so ridiculous.
I mean, nobody could blackmail me.
My life is an open book--I've never done anything wrong.

WADSWORTH:
Anybody else wish to deny it?
The guests look at each other, but no one responds.

WADSWORTH:
Very well. As everyone here is in the same boat, there's
no harm in my revealing some details.
And my instructions are to do so. Thank you, Yvette.
The maid, so dismissed, leaves.
Mr. Boddy's eyes follow her out.

WHITE:
Don't you think you might spare us this humiliation?

WADSWORTH:
I'm sorry. Professor Plum, you were once a professor of psychiatry,
specializing in helping paranoid and homicidal lunatics
suffering from delusions of grandeur.

PLUM:
Yes, but now I work for the United Nations.

WADSWORTH:
So your work has not changed.
But you don't practice medicine at the U.N.
His license to practice has bee lifted, correct?

SCARLET:
Why? What did he do?

WADSWORTH:
You know what doctors aren't allowed to do with their lady patients?

SCARLET:
Yeah?

WADSWORTH:
Well, he did.

SCARLET:
Ha!

PEACOCK:
Oh, how disgusting.

WADSWORTH:
(swooping down on her)
Are you making moral judgements, Mrs. Peacock?
How, then, do you justify taking bribes in return for delivering your husband Senator Peacock's vote to certain lobbyists?

PEACOCK:
My husband is a paid consultant. There is nothing wrong with that!

WADSWORTH:
Not if it's publicly declared, perhaps.
But if the payment is delivered by slipping used greenbacks in plain envelopes under the door of the men's room, how would you describe that transaction?

SCARLET:
I'd say it stinks.

PEACOCK:
Well, how would you know. When were you in that men's room?

PLUM:
So it's true!
PEACOCK:
(standing)
No, it's a vicious lie!

WADSWORTH:
I'm sure we're all glad to hear that.
But you've been paying blackmail for over a year now to keep that story out of the papers.

WHITE:
(to Peacock)
Well, I am willing to believe you.
I too am being blackmailed for something I didn't do.

GREEN:
Me too.

MUSTARD:
And me.

SCARLET:
Not me.

WADSWORTH:
You're not being blackmailed?

SCARLET:
Oh, I'm being blackmailed, all right.
But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.

PLUM:
(with interest)
What did you do?

SCARLET:
Well, to be perfectly frank, I run a specialized hotel and a telephone service which provide gentlemen with the company of a young lady for a short while.

PLUM:
(very interested)
Oh, yeah?
(pulling out a pen and notepad)
What's the phone number?
Miss Scarlet rolls her eyes.

GREEN:
So how did you know Colonel Mustard works in Washington?
Is he one of your clients?

MUSTARD:
(incredulous)
Certainly not!

GREEN:
I was asking Miss Scarlet.

MUSTARD:
(to Scarlet)
Well, you tell him it's not true!

SCARLET:
It's not true.

PLUM:
Is that true?

SCARLET:
No, it's not true.

GREEN:
Ha-hah! So it is true!

WADSWORTH:
A double negative!

MUSTARD:
Double "negative"? You mean you have--
(whispers to Scarlet)
Photographs?

WADSWORTH:
That sounds like a confession to me. In fact, the double negative has led to proof positive. I'm afraid you gave yourself away.

MUSTARD:
Are you trying to make me look stupid in front of the other guests?
WADSWORTH:
You don't need any help from me, sir.

MUSTARD:
That's right!
Mustard realizes what he just said.

PLUM:
But seriously, I don't see what's so terrible about Colonel Mustard visiting a house of ill fame.
(puts his hand on Scarlet's leg)
Most soldiers do, don't they?

SCARLET:
(standing)
Oh, please.

WADSWORTH:
But he holds a sensitive security post in the pentagon.
And, Colonel, you drive a very expensive car for someone who lives on a colonel's pay.

MUSTARD:
I don't.
I came into money during the war, when I lost my mommy and daddy.
Wadsworth is puzzled, but soon recovers.

WADSWORTH:
Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.
Miss Scarlet laughs.

WHITE:
Why is that funny?

SCARLET:
I see. That's why he was lying on his back. In his coffin.

WHITE:
I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD:
Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE:
I don't want a scandal, do I?
We had had a very humiliating public confrontation,
he was deranged . . . lunatic.
He didn't actually seem to like me very much, he had
threatened to kill me in public.

SCARLET:
Why would he want to kill you in public?

WADSWORTH:
I think she meant he threatened, in public, to kill her.

SCARLET:
Oh.
And was that his final word on the matter?

WHITE:
Being killed is pretty final, wouldn't you say?

WADSWORTH:
And yet he was the one who died, not you, Mrs. White, not you.

SCARLET:
What did he do for a living?

WHITE:
He was a scientist. Nuclear physics.

SCARLET:
What was he like?

WHITE:
He was always a rather stupidly optimistic man.
I mean, I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died.
But he was found dead at home. His head had been cut off and
so had his . . . you know . . .
The men in the room cross their legs.

WHITE:
I had been out all evening at the movies.
SCARLET:  
Do you miss him?

WHITE:  
Well, it's a matter of life after death.  
Now that he's dead, I have a life.

WADSWORTH:  
But he was your second husband. Your first husband also disappeared.

WHITE:  
But that was his job. He was an illusionist.

WADSWORTH:  
But he never reappeared.

WHITE:  
(shrugging)  
He wasn't a very good illusionist.  
Mr. Green clears his throat and stands.

GREEN:  
I have something to say.  
(pauses)  
I'm not going to wait for Wadsworth here to unmask me.  
I work for the state department. And I am a homosexual.  
Wadsworth, wide-eyed, looks for Green's file.  
Mrs. Peacock clucks in disgust.

GREEN:  
I feel no personal shame or guilt about this. But I must  
keep it a secret or I will lose my job on security grounds.  
(pauses again)  
... Thank you.  
Mr. Green sits back down next to Prof. Plum,  
who rapidly stands and walks away.

PLUM:  
Well, that just leaves Mr. Boddy.

SCARLET:  
What's your little secret?

WADSWORTH:
His secret?
Oh, hadn't you guessed?
He's the one who's blackmailing you all.
Lightning crashes.
Mr. Boddy looks very satisfied.

**MUSTARD:**
You bastard!
The guests advance on Mr. Boddy as he stands.
Col. Mustard challenges Mr. Boddy to fight, boxing-style.

**MUSTARD:**
Put 'em up!
Mr. Boddy steps on the Colonel's toes and pokes him in the eyes.

**GREEN:**
Gentlemen . . .

**MUSTARD:**
If you can't fight fairly, don't fight at all!

**BODDY:**
Calls me a bastard!
Mr. Green and the others try to separate them as
Colonel Mustard recovers and Mr. Boddy goes for him.
Mrs. White decides to take matters into her own hands and
knees Mr. Boddy in the crotch.

**GREEN:**
Was that necessary, Mrs. White?

**WADSWORTH:**
Wait! Wait! The police are coming!
The guests disapprove.

**WADSWORTH:**
Listen! Blackmail depends on secrecy. You've all admitted how
he's been able to blackmail you. All you have to do is tell the police,
he'll be convicted, and your troubles will be over.

**BODDY:**
(standing, in pain)
' s not so easy.
You'll never tell the police.
WADSWORTH:
Then I shall. I have evidence in my possession, and this conversation is being tape recorded.
28a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 28a
Yvette in the Billiard room, drinking cognac and listening to a tape recorder that is recording.
GREEN (V.O.)
Point of order--tape recordings are not admissible evidence!
28b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 28b
The study.
General confusion ensues.

WADSWORTH:
Ladies and gentlemen, the police will be here in about forty-five minutes.
(checks his watch)
Tell them the truth, and Mr. Boddy will be behind bars.
Mr. Boddy goes for the hall.
Wadsworth stops them.

WADSWORTH:
Where are you going this time?

BODDY:
I think I can help them make up their minds. Can I just get my little bag from the hall?
Boddy exits.
28c -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 28c
The Hall.
Mr. Boddy gets his bags from by the front door.
28d -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 28d
The study.
Mr. Boddy opens his luggage.

BODDY:
Who can guess what's in here, eh?

WHITE:
The evidence against us, no doubt.
Mr. Boddy chuckles.
He starts handing out boxes, each with a different size and shape.

SCARLET:
We didn't know we were meeting you tonight.
Did you know you were meeting us?

**BODDY:**
Oh, yes.

**WHITE:**
What were you told, precisely?

**BODDY:**
Merely that you were all meeting to discuss our little . . .
financial arrangements. And if I did not appear,
Wadsworth would be informing the police about it all.
Naturally I could hardly resist putting in an appearance.
He finishes handing out the packages.

**BODDY:**
(elbowing his way to the door)
'Scuse me.
(eyeing the packages)
Open 'em.

**SCARLET:**
Why not?
I enjoy getting presents from strange men.
Scarlet opens her package.
A candlestick.

**SCARLET:**
A candlestick? What's this for?
Mrs. White opens her box and reveals a rope-tied in a noose.
Mr. Green takes his box in one hand. He opens it and lets
the contents fall into his other hand.
A bent lead pipe.
Col. Mustard opens his box and pulls out . . .
a heavy wrench.
Prof. Plum takes the lid off his package and looks in.
He gingerly pulls out a revolver.
Finally, the camera reveals Mrs. Peacock, who is twirling
a dagger.
**BODDY** (O.S.)
In your hands, you each have a lethal weapon.
Mr. Boddy walks on camera and continues.
BODDY:
If you denounce me to the police, you will also be exposed and humiliated. I'll see to that in court.
(pauses)
But . . . if one of you kills Wadsworth now . . .
Wadsworth's eyes widen in shock.

BODDY:
. . . no one but the seven of us will ever know.
He has the key to the front door, which he said would only be opened over his dead body.
I suggest we take him up on that offer.
Mr. Boddy goes over to the light switch with deliberate ease.
He closes the door to the hall and sets his drink down.

BODDY:
The only way to avoid finding yourselves on the front pages is for one of you to kill Wadsworth.
Now.
He turns off the lights.
We hear noises.
Someone inhales raspily.
A gunshot.
Something ceramic shatters.
A scream.
The lights go up.
Mrs. Peacock, who turned on the light, drops the dagger in shock.
The camera reveals Mr. Boddy lying prone on the floor.

MUSTARD:
It's not Wadsworth!
The guests talk to each other.

PLUM:
Stand back! Give him air!
(kneels next to Mr. Boddy)
Let me see.
(checks Mr. Boddy for signs of life)
He's dead!

WHITE:
Who had the gun?

PLUM:
I did.

**PEACOCK:**
Then you shot him!

**PLUM:**
I didn't!

**PEACOCK:**
Well, you had the gun. If you didn't shoot him, who did?
Mr. Boddy is turned over.

**PLUM:**
Nobody! Look, there's no gunshot wound.
Somebody tried to grab the gun from me in the dark
and the gun went off.
Look! The bullet broke that vase on the mantel!
Everyone rushes for the mantel simultaneously, causing confusion.

**MUSTARD:**
He's absolutely right. Look, there's a bullet hole here in the wall. See
that?
Mr. Green grabs Prof. Plum by the lapels.

**GREEN:**
How did he die?

**PLUM:**
I don't know!
(shoves him away)
I'm not a forensic expert.

**WHITE:**
Well, one of us must have killed him!

**GREEN:**
Well, I didn't do it.

**PEACOCK:**
Oh, I need a drink!
She goes to the door and gets Mr. Boddy's cognac.
She sips.

**PLUM:**
(alarmed)
Maybe he was poisoned!
Mrs. Peacock drops the glass in revulsion and starts to scream.
She won't stop.
Mr. Green takes her to a sofa, offering words of comfort.
She sits, but won't stop screaming.
Mr. Green slaps her.

**GREEN:**
I . . . I had to stop her from screaming . . .

**PLUM:**
(to Green)
Was the brandy poisoned?

**GREEN:**
I don't know.

**SCARLET:**
(picks up the glass. All the cognac has spilled out)
Looks like we'll never know.

**GREEN:**
Unless . . . unless she dies, too.
They all rush over to scrutinize Mrs. Peacock.
A scream erupts from another room!
The guests gasp.
They run from the study into the hall.
29 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 29
The guests run to the door of the billiard room.
Mr. Green tries it.

**GREEN:**
It's locked!

**WADSWORTH:**
Open up!

**PLUM:**
It must be the murderer.

**GREEN:**
Why would he scream?
WHITE:
He must have a victim in there. Oh, my God! Yvette!

GREEN:
Oh, my God!
The doors open.
30 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 30
The guests pour in.

WADSWORTH:
You're alive!

YVETTE:
No sanks to you!

WADSWORTH:
What do you mean?

YVETTE:
You lock me up with a murderer, you eediot!

WHITE:
So the murderer is in this room.

YVETTE:
Mai Oui!

GREEN:
But where?

YVETTE:
Where? 'Ere!
Mr. Green looks behind the door.

YVETTE:
We are all looking at eem. Or 'er.
Is what Mrs. White said in ze study--one of you is ze killer!

PLUM:
How did you know we said that?

YVETTE:
I was lisuning!
WHITE:
But why were you screaming in here all by yourself?

YVETTE:
Because I am frightened. Me too, I also drink ze cognac.
(sobbing)
Mon diou. I can't stay in here by myself.
Miss Scarlet and Col. Mustard go to Yvette.

SCARLET:
Come back to the study with us.

YVETTE:
With ze murderer?

MUSTARD:
(shaking the wrench)
There is safety in numbers . . .
(realizing and putting the wrench away)
. . . my dear.
The guests leave the room.
After they are gone, Wadsworth takes the tape off the spools.
31 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 31

GREEN:
Is there no indication of how he died?

PLUM:
No.

WADSWORTH:
This is terrible. This is absolutely terrible! It's not what I'd intended.
Oh, my God . . .

WHITE:
Not what YOU intended?

SCARLET:
So you're not the butler?

WADSWORTH:
I'm not THE butler, but I am A butler.
In fact, I was his butler.
PLUM:
So if he told you to invite us all to his house, why did he arrive late?

WADSWORTH:
I invited you. In fact, I wrote the letters.
It was all my idea.

WHITE:
Wait a minute. I-I don't understand.
Why did you invite us here to meet your late employer?
Were you assisting him to blackmail us?

WADSWORTH:
Certainly not!

WHITE:
I think you had better explain.

WADSWORTH:
Please sit down. Everyone.
Everyone sits but Mr. Green.
He searches for a spot, but no one gives it to him.
He ends up leaning against a serving table.

WADSWORTH:
When I said that I was Mr. Boddy's butler,
this was both true and misleading.
I was once his butler,
but it was not his untimely death this evening
that brought my employment with him to an end.

MUSTARD:
When did it come to an end?

WADSWORTH:
When my wife decided to . . . end her life.
She too was being blackmailed by this odious man who now
lies dead before us. He hated my wife for the same reason that
he hated all of you. He believed that you were all thoroughly . . .
. . . un-American.
Mr. Green's serving table gives way, landing him (and
several pieces of crystal) on the floor.

GREEN:
WADSWORTH: For some reason, he felt that it was inappropriate for a senator to have a corrupt wife, for a doctor to take advantage of his patients, for a wife to emasculate her husband and . . . and . . . so forth.

GREEN: But this is ridiculous! If he was such a patriotic American, why didn't he just report us to the authorities?

WADSWORTH: He decided to put his information to good use and make a little money out of it. What could be more American than that? Several nods.

PLUM: And what was your role in all this?

WADSWORTH: I was . . . a victim, too. At least my wife was. She had friends who were . . . (this is obviously painful for him) . . . Socialists. Gasps and muttering from several guests, the most vocal of whom is Mrs. Peacock.

WADSWORTH: (holding back tears) Well, we all make mistakes . . . (Mrs. White pulls a tissue from her bra and gives it to him.)

WADSWORTH: But Mr. Boddy threatened to give my wife's name to the House Un-American Activities Committee unless she named them. She refused, and so he blackmailed her. We had no money, and the price of his silence was that we worked for him for nothing. We were slaves! Well, to make a long story short--

MUSTARD:
Too late.

WADSWORTH:
--The suicide of my wife preyed on my mind,
and created a sense of injustice in me.
I resolved to put Mr. Boddy behind bars.
It seemed to be the best way to do it, and to free all of you
from the same burden of blackmail was to get everyone face to face,
confront Mr. Boddy with his crimes, and then . . .
   . . . turn him over to the police.

PLUM:
So, everything is explained.

SCARLET:
Nothing's explained. We still don't know who killed him!

WADSWORTH:
Well, the point is, we've got to find out in the next thirty-nine minutes.
Before the police arrive!

PEACOCK:
My God, we can't have them come here now--

GREEN:
But . . . how can we possibly find out which of you did it?

PLUM:
What do you mean which of "you" did it?

GREEN:
Well, I didn't do it!

WADSWORTH:
Well, one of us did.
We all had the opportunity, we all had a motive.

SCARLET:
Great. We'll all go to the chair.

PLUM:
Maybe it wasn't one of us.

MUSTARD:
Well, who else could it have been?

PLUM:
Who else is in the house?
WADSWORTH and YVETTE
Only the (ze) cook.

ALL:
The cook!
32 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 32
The party runs from the study to the Kitchen.
33 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 33
They all get stuck in the door, except for Mr. Green.
He steps down into the kitchen and looks around.

GREEN:
Well. She's not here.
The door to the freezer starts to open.
Miss Scarlet screams.
The cook's body tumbles out into Mr. Green's arms.
She now has the dagger sticking out of her back.
Mrs. Ho was not (and is not) a light woman.
He is having difficulty holding her.

GREEN:
I didn't do it!!
(pause)
Somebody help me, please?
(nobody moves)
Somebody help me, PLEASE?
Several guests go to help.
One of them reaches for the knife.

MUSTARD:
Don't touch it. That's evidence.

WHITE:
Not for us.
We have to find out who did this. We can't take fingerprints!

MUSTARD:
(to Wadsworth)
I think you'd better explain yourself, Wadsworth.
WADSWORTH:
Me? Why me?

GREEN:
Who would want to kill the cook?

SCARLET:
Dinner wasn't that bad.

MUSTARD:
How can you make jokes at a time like this?

SCARLET:
It's my defense mechanism.

MUSTARD:
Some defense. If I was the killer, I would kill you next.
(Several guests look shocked)

SCARLET:
Oh?
(Uncomfortable silence)

MUSTARD:
I said "if." "If"!
(pause)
Hey, come on.
There is only one admitted killer here, and it is certainly not me,
it is her!
He points at Mrs. White.

WHITE:
I've admitted nothing.

MUSTARD:
Well, you paid the blackmail. How many husbands have you had?

WHITE:
Mine or other women's?

MUSTARD:
Yours.

WHITE:
Five.

**MUSTARD:**
Five.

**WHITE:**
Yes, just the five. Husbands should be like Kleenex. Soft, strong, and disposable.

**MUSTARD:**
You lure men to their deaths like a spider with flies!

**WHITE:**
Flies are where men are most vulnerable.

**MUSTARD:**
Right!
(Again, he realizes what he just said)

**MUSTARD:**
Well, if it wasn't you, then who was it?
Who had the dagger, anyway?
It was you, Mrs. Peacock, wasn't it?

**PEACOCK:**
Yes, but I put it down.

**PLUM:**
Where?

**PEACOCK:**
In the study.

**PLUM:**
When?

**PEACOCK:**
I don't know!
Before I fainted, after I fainted, I don't know!
But any of you could have picked it up.

**WADSWORTH:**
Hmm.
Look. I suggest we take the cook's body into the study.
MUSTARD:
Why?

WADSWORTH:
I'm the butler. I like to keep the kitchen tidy.

34 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 34
The camera faces the door that leads from the study to the hall.
The men are carrying the cook's body into the study, effectively blocking off the women's view.

PLUM:
(dropping Mrs. Ho and pointing)
Look!
WADSWORTH and GREEN
What?

PLUM:
The body's gone!
Mrs. Ho is dropped.

PEACOCK:
What are you all staring at?

GREEN:
Nothing . . .

PEACOCK:
Well, who's there?

MUSTARD:
Nobody.

WADSWORTH:
Nobody. No Boddy, that's what we mean.
Mr. Boddy's body. It's gone.

WHITE:
Maybe he wasn't dead.

PLUM:
He was.

SCARLET:
We should have made sure!

PEACOCK:
How? By cutting his head off, I suppose.

WHITE:
That wasn't called for.

SCARLET:
Where is he?

PLUM:
We better look for him.
They look around.

GREEN:
Well . . . he couldn't have been dead.

PLUM:
He was.
At least I thought he was.
But . . . what difference does it make now?

SCARLET:
It makes quite a difference to him.
Maybe there is life after death.

WHITE:
Life after death is as improbable as sex after marriage.

GREEN:
Maybe Mr. Boddy killed the cook!
SCARLET and WHITE
Yes!

WADSWORTH:
How?
Mr. Green is at a loss.

PEACOCK:
Well, if you'll excuse me, I have to, um . . .
(to Yvette)
Is there a little girls' room?
YVETTE:
Oui, oui, madame.

PEACOCK:
No, I just want to powder my nose, thank you.
Yvette is bewildered.
Mrs. Peacock steps over Mrs. Ho's corpse into the hall.
Miss Scarlet, wandering around, picks up something.

SCARLET:
What's this, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH:
I'm afraid those are the negatives to which Colonel Mustard earlier referred.

MUSTARD:
(Going for them)
Oh, my God!

SCARLET:
Were you planning to blackmail him, Wadsworth?

WADSWORTH:
Certainly not!
I'd obtained them for the Colonel, and I was going to give them back as soon as Mr. Boddy was unmasked.

SCARLET:
Mmmm . . . very pretty.
Would you like to see these, Yvette? They might shock you . . .

YVETTE:
No, merci. I am a lay-dee.

SCARLET:
Oh, how do you know what kind of pictures they are if you're such a "lay-dee"?

PLUM:
What sort of pictures are they?

MUSTARD:
They are my pictures, and I'd like them back, please.
SCARLET:
No, I'm afraid there's something in them that concerns me too.
Prof. Plum snatches the pictures and holds them up to the light.

PLUM:
Let me see . . .

WHITE:
(looking)
Oh, my.
Nobody can get into that position.

PLUM:
(putting the pictures down)
Sure they can. Let me show you.
Plum starts to demonstrate with Mrs. White on the couch.

WHITE:
Get off me!
35 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--REAR -- 35
Mrs. Peacock opens the door to the bathroom.
She screams.
Mr. Boddy's body falls out and lands in her outstretched arms.
He is almost certainly dead now; his head is bloody.
The party runs out to help her.

PLUM:
Mr. Boddy!

GREEN:
He's attacking her!
They pull the corpse off Mrs. Peacock.

WHITE:
Well, he's dead.

WADSWORTH:
Mr. Boddy. Dead. Again.

PEACOCK:
(fanning herself)
Oh, my God . . .
WADSWORTH:
She's going to faint.

PLUM:
Somebody catch her!

WADSWORTH:
(going behind Mrs. Peacock and encircling her with his arms)
I'll catch you. Fall into my arms.
(she slips right through)
Sorry . . .

WHITE:
(looking at Mr. Green)
You've got blood on your hands . . .

GREEN:
(panicking)
I didn't do it!

WADSWORTH:
He's got new injuries.
He picks up Mr. Boddy's arm and lets it fall again.

WADSWORTH:
Well, he's certainly dead now.
Why would anyone want to kill him twice?

SCARLET:
It seems so unnecessary.

MUSTARD:
It's what we call "overkill."

PLUM:
It's what we call "psychotic."

GREEN:
Unless he wasn't dead before.

PLUM:
What's the difference?

WADSWORTH:
(shouting)
That's what we're trying to find out!
We're trying to find out who killed him, and where, and with what!

PLUM:
There's no need to shout!

WADSWORTH:
(even louder)
I'm not shouting!!
All right, I am.
I'm shouting, I'm shouting, I'm shout--
At which point the candlestick, which had been nestled above
the bathroom door, falls and hits him on the head.
Wadsworth hits the floor.

36 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 36
Mrs. Peacock has evidently recovered somewhat.
The women are taking the heavier Mrs. Ho into the room,
the men have the lighter Mr. Boddy.
The guests make groans of exertion.
Col. Mustard is issuing orders.

MUSTARD:
Okay, put the corpses on the sofa.
(pause)
Ladies first.
More sounds of exertion.
They plop Mr. Ho on the sofa.
Wadsworth enters, holding ice to his head.

WADSWORTH:
Careful, don't get blood on the sofa.

YVETTE:
How do we do sis? Ze dagger will go furzer into 'er back.

MUSTARD:
Tip her forward, over the arm.
They do so.

MUSTARD:
Now Mr. Boddy.
More sounds of exertion.
Col. Mustard nods.
Prof. Plum is stuck on the couch between the two corpses. Rather than move, he decides to make himself comfortable.

**MUSTARD:**
Now. Who--
(he closes Mr. Boddy's staring eyes)
Who had access to the candlestick?

**WHITE:**
It was given to you.

**SCARLET:**
Yeah, but I dropped it on the table.
Anyone could have picked it up. You . . . him . . .
Wadsworth starts going around the room, picking up the weapons.

**WADSWORTH:**
Look. We still have all these weapons. The gun, the rope, the wrench, the lead pipe.
Let's put them all in this cupboard and lock it.
There's a homicidal maniac about!
He locks the weapons in the cupboard.
Everyone states their approval.

**GREEN:**
What are you doing with the key?

**WADSWORTH:**
Putting it in my pocket.

**GREEN:**
Why?

**WADSWORTH:**
Well, to keep it safe, obviously.

**PEACOCK:**
That means that you can open it, whenever you want.

**WADSWORTH:**
But it also means that you can't.
PEACOCK:
But what if you're the murderer?

:

WADSWORTH:
I'm not.

:

MUSTARD:
But what if you are?!

:

WADSWORTH:
Well, it's got to be put somewhere.
If I've got it, I know I'm safe.

:

PEACOCK:
We don't know that WE are!

:

WADSWORTH:
I've an idea. We'll throw it away!

:
The party agrees.

:

37 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 37

:
Wadsworth opens the door and prepares to throw the key out.

:
Waiting outside the door is a MAN, who ducks, thinking
Wadsworth is about to hit him.
The butler quickly recovers and pockets the key.
The rest of the party runs up behind him.

WADSWORTH:
Sorry . . .
Sorry . . . (laughs nervously)
Can we help?

MAN:
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but . . .
my car broke down out here,
and I was wondering if I could use your phone.

WADSWORTH:
Just a moment, please.
The party huddles together and discusses it.
The MOTORIST looks rather confused.
After a time, the group turns to the Motorist.

WADSWORTH:
Very well, sir.
Would you care to come in?

MOTORIST:
Well? Where is it?

WADSWORTH:
What, the body?

MOTORIST:
The phone. What body?

WADSWORTH:
Well, there's no body. There's nobody. There's nobody in the study.

PARTY:
No!

WADSWORTH:
But I think there's a phone in the lounge.

MOTORIST:
Thank you.

38 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 38
Wadsworth leads the Motorist inside and indicates the phone.
WADSWORTH:
When you've finished your call,
perhaps you'd be good enough to wait here.
It is not a question.

MOTORIST:
Certainly.
Wadsworth exits the lounge.
39 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 39
Wadsworth closes the door to the lounge and locks it.
Col. Mustard comes up behind him and puts a hand on his shoulder.
Wadsworth yells in fright.

MUSTARD:
Where's the key?

WADSWORTH:
In my pocket.

PLUM:
Not that key; the key to the cupboard with the weapons!

WADSWORTH:
Do you still wish me to throw it away?

ALL:
Yes!!
40 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--FRONT -- 40
Wadsworth takes the key from his pocket and throws it.
We see it land on the cement and bounce into the foliage.
41 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 41
Wadsworth closes the door.

WADSWORTH:
Well. What now?

WHITE:
(holding her hand out)
Wadsworth, let me out.

WADSWORTH:
No.
WHITE:
Why not?

WADSWORTH:
We've got to know who did it. We're all in this together, now.

PEACOCK:
If you leave, I'll say that you killed them both.
General agreement among the guests.
Mrs. White rubs against Wadsworth.

WHITE:
Oh, Wadsworth, I'll make you sorry you ever started this.
One day, when we're alone together . . .

WADSWORTH:
Mrs. White, no man in his right mind would be alone together
with you.

MUSTARD:
Well, I could use a drink!
General agreement again.
Col. Mustard goes to the study and looks in.

MUSTARD:
Just checking.

PEACOCK:
Everything all right?

MUSTARD:
Yup. Two corpses. Everything's fine.
42 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 42
Col. Mustard is pouring himself a tall glass of whiskey.

MUSTARD:
Anybody else want a whiskey?

SCARLET:
Yeah.
Col. Mustard fills three other glasses at once,
spilling the drink over the table.
All right, look. Pay attention, everybody.
(to Wadsworth)
Wadsworth, am I right in thinking there is nobody else in this house?

WADSWORTH:
Mmm, no.

MUSTARD:
Then there IS someone else in this house?

WADSWORTH:
No, sorry. I said "no," meaning "yes."

MUSTARD:
"'No,' meaning 'yes'"?
Look, I want a straight answer.
Is there someone else or isn't there, yes or no?

WADSWORTH:
Um, no.

MUSTARD:
"'No," there IS, or "no," there ISN'T?

WADSWORTH:
Yes.
Mrs. White breaks her glass against the fireplace.

WHITE:
(exasperated)
Please!!
Don't you think we should get that man out of the house
before he finds out what's been going on here?
She tosses the remains of her glass into the air.
It shatters on the hearth.

SCARLET:
Yeah!

PLUM:
How can we throw him outside in this weather?

SCARLET:
If we let him stay in the house, he may get suspicious.
PLUM:
If we throw him out, he may get even more suspicious.

MUSTARD:
If I were him, I'd be suspicious already.

PEACOCK:
(at wit's end)
Oh, who cares?! That guy doesn't matter! Let him stay, locked up for another half an hour! The police will be here by then, and there are two dead bodies in the study!!

ALL:
Shhhh!

MUSTARD:
Well, there is still some confusion as to whether or not there's anybody else in this house.

WADSWORTH:
I told you, there isn't.

MUSTARD:
There isn't any confusion, or there isn't anybody else.

WADSWORTH:
Either. Or both.

MUSTARD:
Just give me a clear answer!

WADSWORTH:
Certainly!
(pause)
What was the question?

MUSTARD:
Is there anybody else in the house?!

ALL:
No!!

MUSTARD:
That's what he says, but does he know?  
I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion.  
We split up, and search the house.

PEACOCK:
Split up!

MUSTARD:
Yes. We have very little time left, so we'll split up into pairs.

PLUM:
Pairs?

MUSTARD:
Yes.

PLUM:
Wait a minute. Suppose that one of us IS the murderer?  
If we split up into pairs,  
whichever one is left with the killer might get killed!

MUSTARD:
Then we would have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK:
But the other half of the pair would be dead!

MUSTARD:
This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable.  
You cannot without breaking eggs--every cook will tell you that.

PEACOCK:
But look what happened to the cook!

GREEN:
Colonel, are you willing to take that chance?

MUSTARD:
What choice have we?

SCARLET:
None.

GREEN:
I suppose you're right.

**YVETTE:**
Bon decor.
But it is dark upstairs, and I am frightened of ze dark.
Will anyone go wiz me?

**PLUM:**
I will.

**MUSTARD:**
I will.

**GREEN:**
No, thank you.

**WADSWORTH:**
I suggest we all draw lots, for partners.
He takes long matchsticks from near the fireplace.
43 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 43
Wadsworth is using a knife to cut the long matchsticks
into different lengths.
He prepares them in his hand so the matches' lengths can't be seen.

**WADSWORTH:**
Ready?
The two shortest together, the next two shortest together. Agreed?
And I suggest the two shortest search the cellar, and so on, up.
The guests approach the butler.
Col. Mustard picks a matchstick. It's relatively short.
Mrs. Peacock picks hers.
Mustard and Peacock compare. His is longer.
Miss Scarlet picks her matchstick with a jerk.
Mr. Green reaches over Miss Scarlet's shoulder and gets his
matchstick. It is one of the uncut sticks.
Col. Mustard and Mr. Green compare. It's not even close.
Yvette selects her stick. It's another long one.
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet compare.
They match, putting them together on the ground floor.
Miss Scarlet looks disgusted.
Mrs. White selects hers.
In the background, the party tries to match sticks.
Prof. Plum picks his matchstick.
Wadsworth takes what is left.
Mrs. White steps up to Wadsworth and pairs his matchstick. They're going to the second floor.
Prof. Plum walks by Yvette and a distraught Mr. Green, who are going to the attic together.
Plum matches cellar matchsticks with Mrs. Peacock.

PLUM:
It's you and me, honey bunch.

PEACOCK:
Oh, God . . .

44 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 44
We see the party as it splits up.
Wadsworth and Mrs. White start up the stairs, as do Mr. Green and Yvette.
Prof. Plum and Mrs. Peacock stop, unsure of where to go.
Wadsworth pauses on a step and indicates the door under the staircase.

WADSWORTH:
The cellar.
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet stop in the middle of the Hall.

MUSTARD:
Well, we know what's in the study, we've just come from the library, and the stranger's locked up in the lounge--

SCARLET:
Let's go look in the billiard room again.
They go to the Billiard Room.
Prof. Plum opens the door to the cellar.
Mrs. Peacock reaches in and turns on the light.
They enter cautiously.

45 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 45
The storm is still around Hill House, visible from a second-story window.
Wadsworth and Mrs. White walk down the hallway as Mr. Green and Yvette start climbing the stairs to the attic.
We hear thunder and rain.

46 -- INT. ATTIC -- 46
Darkness.
We don't know exactly where we are.
Suddenly, a light turns on.
We see Mr. Green and Yvette, at the bottom of the attic staircase.
Both of them are terrified of what may be above them.
Silence.

GREEN:
Do you want to go up in front of me?

YVETTE:
Absolutely no.

GREEN:
I'm sure there's no one up there.

YVETTE:
Zen you go een fron.

GREEN:
All right . . .
Neither move.
We hear nothing but the rain on the roof.
47 -- INT. CELLAR--STAIRCASE -- 47
Darkness.
We barely see Mrs. Peacock and Prof. Plum backlit,
at the top of the stairs.
They edge down.
Mrs. Peacock gasps.

PLUM:
Well . . . Ladies first.

PEACOCK:
No, no. You can go first.

PLUM:
No, no, no, I insist.

PEACOCK:
No, I insist.

PLUM:
Well, what are you afraid of, a fate worse than death?

PEACOCK:
No, just death. Isn't that enough?
48 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 48
Mrs. White and Wadsworth are at the doors of two adjacent rooms. They are looking at each other nervously.

**WADSWORTH:**
Are you going in there?

**WHITE:**
Yes, are you?

**WADSWORTH:**
Yes.
Pause.

**WADSWORTH:**
Right!

**WHITE:**
Right.
They look in.

**WADSWORTH:**
Um, I don't see any light switches in there.

**WHITE:**
Well, neither do I, but there must be switches somewhere.

**WADSWORTH:**
Shall I come in with you?

**WHITE:**
No!
(recovers)
I mean ... no, thank you.
They start into their rooms and then jump out simultaneously, looking for the other.

49 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 49

Col. Mustard and Miss Peacock are in back of the corner bar.
They're stooping to look in.
They stand and Col. Mustard indicates the bar's narrow egress.

**MUSTARD:**
Ladies first.

**SCARLET:**
No, thanks.
They both head for the exit, and they have to squeeze through--
it's a very tight fit.
Col. Mustard walks past Miss Scarlet,
who is sure to keep him in sight.
He grabs a pool cue from the wall.
She gives a little gasp.
Col. Mustard walks over to the pool table and motions with the
stick to look under it.
They do.
There's nothing there.
50 -- INT. ATTIC-- 50
Mr. Green and Yvette are still where they were;
at the bottom of the steps.
We hear rain.

YVETTE:
Go'n. I be right behind you.

GREEN:
That's why I'm nervous.

YVETTE:
Zen we go togezer.
The two squeeze up the narrow steps.
51 -- INT. CELLAR -- 51
Mrs. Peacock and Prof. Plum are still inching down the stairs.
Mrs. Peacock turns on the lights as Prof. Plum slips on a step.
This frightens Mrs. Peacock, who runs dow the remaining few steps.

PEACOCK:
Stay there!
52 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 52
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet throw open the closet door.
Nothing there.
53 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--MASTER BEDROOM -- 53
Wadsworth is wandering in the dark.

WADSWORTH:
(nervously)
If there's anybody in here, just look out!
54 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--BEDROOM -- 54
Mrs. White is wandering like Wadsworth.
WHITE:

(nervously)
Are you hiding? I'm coming . . .

55 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BALL ROOM -- 55
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet are backlit.
We see the hall behind them.

MUSTARD:

What room's this?

SCARLET:

Search me.

MUSTARD:

All right.
He starts to frisk her.

SCARLET:

(threateningly)
Get your mitts off me.
He does.

56 -- INT. CELLAR -- 56
Mrs. Peacock sees a rat and screams.
The rat crawls away.
Prof. Plum tenses, but starts to look around.

57 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BALL ROOM -- 57
Col. Mustard flips on the lights, making Miss Scarlet gasp.

MUSTARD:

Nobody here.

SCARLET:

He's behind one of those curtains . . . ?
She points to the curtains at the far end of the Ball room.

MUSTARD:

You look. I'll go search the kitchen.
Col. Mustard leaves.
Miss Scarlet sighs.
She starts to walk--slowly--toward the curtains.
The curtains almost seem to be moving, but it just could be her imagination.
Then--there is definite movement off to the right.
Scarlet stops in her tracks, trying to scream but unable to.
She continues cautiously. Scarlet reaches the curtains, pauses . . . and throws them back, revealing . . . A broken window with wind blowing in.

58 -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 58
It is still raining. We see the Motorist's car on the side of the road. A cop car pulls up to investigate.

59 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 59
We see photographs and papers, as well as the tapes of the conversation Yvette was making earlier. A gloved hand picks them up. The hand throws the photos and papers into the fire. Then the tape goes in. It all burns. The hand now uses a key to unlock the cupboard with the weapons. But wasn't that key thrown away? The weapons are revealed.

60 -- INT. MOTORIST'S CAR -- 60
The camera reveals a COP, shining his flashlight into the car.

60a -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 60a
As before. We see the Cop shining his flashlight into the car.

61 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 61
The Motorist is making his phone call.

MOTORIST:
I'm a little nervous . . . The camera reveals the Lounge's fireplace, which is swiveling around.

MOTORIST:
. . . I'm in this big house, and I've been locked into the lounge. (pauses) Yes. The next statements are intercut with the wrench approaching the Motorist.

MOTORIST:
The funny thing is, there's a whole group of people here having some sort of party. And one of them is my old boss from-- The wrench descends. The phone falls to the floor, then the Motorist follows suit. A gloved hand places the phone back on its cradle.

62 -- EXT. ROADSIDE -- 62
The Cop shines his flashlight on the car's license plate,
then underneath the car.
He walks away.

63 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CONSERVATORY -- 63
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet stand in the doorway,
backlit by the Hall.
Rain can still be heard, but no lightning.
Col. Mustard switches on the lights.
The two look around.
The Conservatory is dilapidated. There is dust and cobwebs all
around--it obviously hasn't been used for some time.
Miss Scarlet walks to the outer wall of windows.
Rain pours down them.
Col. Mustard walks to one side and picks up something.
He then takes a rag and wipes his hands off.
While doing so, he leans against the wall, and it swings open!
He falls down, but quickly gets up.

MUSTARD:
Looks like a secret passage.

SCARLET:
Should we see where it leads?

MUSTARD:
What the hell. I'll go first--I've had a good life.

64 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CONSERVATORY/LOUNGE SECRET PASSAGE -- 64
The secret passage is narrow, and the floor is uneven.
Miss Scarlet trips and yells in surprise.

SCARLET:
Oh, God.

MUSTARD:
It's all right.

65 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 65
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet emerge from behind the still-rotated
fireplace.
They see the Motorist's corpse.

SCARLET:
Oh, my God!
The fireplace slides shut behind them.
Scarlet panics--she starts yelling.

66 -- INT. ATTIC -- 66
Mr. Green and Yvette can faintly hear Miss Scarlet's yells.
67 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 67
Scarlet and Mustard run to the double doors. They're locked.
Now both are yelling.
68 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 68
Wadsworth and Mrs. White run for the staircase.
68a -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--ATTIC STAIRCASE--BASE -- 68a
Mr. Green and Yvette run down from the attic.
68b -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY -- 68b
The four people collide and go sprawling.
69 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 69
Miss Scarlet and Col. Mustard are still banging at the door.
And screaming.
70 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--HALLWAY/THE HALL -- 70
The four upstairs untangle themselves. Wadsworth and Mr. Green
run down the stairs followed by Yvette and Mrs. White.

WADSWORTH:
Where's it coming from?

GREEN:
Where are we going?
They make it to the ground floor just as Prof. Plum and
Mrs. Peacock emerge from the cellar.

WHITE:
Where are they?

WADSWORTH:
The lounge!
Wadsworth tries the door. It's locked.

PLUM:
The door's locked!

GREEN:
(impatiently)
I know . . .

PLUM:
Then unlock it!

GREEN:
Where's the key?
Wadsworth searches his pockets.

WADSWORTH:
The key is gone!!

PLUM:
Never mind about the key! Unlock the door!
Mr. Green grabs Prof. Plum and begins to shake him.

GREEN:
I can't unlock the door without the key!
Green releases the Professor and bangs on the door.

GREEN:
Let us in! Let us in!
70a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 70a
SCARLET and MUSTARD
Let us out! Let us out!
70b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70b

WADSWORTH:
It's no good. Stand back.
He backs up all the way across the hall to the study door.

WADSWORTH:
There's no alternative. I'm just going to have to break it down!
The butler runs at full speed for the door.
He hits it and falls to the floor, holding his shoulder.
Yvette gets an idea.

YVETTE:
I know! I have eet!
70c -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 70c
The two in the lounge are still yelling.
70d -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70d

PEACOCK:
Will you shut up? . . .
70e -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 70e
Yvette grabs the revolver from the open cupboard.
PEACOCK (O.S.)
    . . . We're doing our best!
70f -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70f
Yvette runs out of the study and trips over the still-sprawled Wadsworth.
The shot goes wild, hitting the chandelier rope. 
Mr. Green and Prof. Plum hit the deck. 
The chandelier stars spinning. 
Mrs. Peacock and Mrs. White run into each other. 
70g -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 70g 
Mustard and Scarlet are crouched down.

MUSTARD: 
They're shooting at us . . .
70h -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 70h 
Panic continues. 
The chandelier continues to spin, and the rope is fraying, 
unbeknownst to the party. 
Yvette stands and aims at the Lounge lock. 
Plum and Green, who had started to get up, hit the floor again. 
Yvette fires twice. Both shots hit the door lock. 
70i -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LOUNGE 70i 
Col. Mustard turns away from the door, holding his shoulder.

MUSTARD: 
I've been shot . . .
71 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 71 
MUSTARD (O.S.)
  . . . I've been shot!

YVETTE:
Come out!
The door eez open!
She lowers the gun, so it is carelessly pointing in the direction of 
Prof. Plum and Mr. Green. They scramble out of the way. 
The lounge door opens and a (miraculously unwounded) 
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet emerge.

MUSTARD:
(angrily, to Yvette)
Why are you shooting that thing at us?

YVETTE:
To get joo out.
He shoves her.

MUSTARD:
You know, you could have killed us! 
I could've been killed!
Shot of the chandelier, spinning ever more quickly.  
The rope is almost completely frayed.

**MUSTARD:**  
I can't take any more scares.  
The rope snaps.  
The chandelier lands three feet in back of Col. Mustard.  
Mustard is in shock. He collapses onto a love seat.

**SCARLET:**  
(pointing into the lounge, almost hysterical)  
But look!  
The party runs across the room, crushing glass as they go.

**PEACOCK:**  
(accusatory)  
Which one of you did it?

**SCARLET:**  
We found him! Together!

**WHITE:**  
How did you get in?

**GREEN:**  
The door was locked.

**WHITE:**  
It's a great trick!

**SCARLET:**  
There's a secret passageway from the conservatory.

**PLUM:**  
(to Yvette)  
Is that the same gun?

**PEACOCK:**  
From the cupboard?

**PLUM:**  
But it was locked!

**YVETTE:**
No, eet was oonlocked!
GREEN, PLUM, and WADSWORTH
Unlocked?

**YVETTE:**
But, yes. See for yourself!
The party runs into the lounge.
On the way, Yvette tosses the revolver under the broken chandelier.
72 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 72
The guests pile in and see that the cupboard has indeed been opened.

**PEACOCK:**
How did you know it was unlocked?
How did you know that you could get at the gun?

**YVETTE:**
I didn't.
I sink--I would bray kit open bud it was open alreddy.

**PEACOCK:**
A likely story.
The doorbell rings.

**CUT TO:**
Shot of the doorbell ringing.

**CUT TO:**
The guests freezing in place.

**SCARLET:**
Maybe they'll just go away.

**CUT TO:**
The doorbell. It is still.

**CUT TO:**
The guests, still frozen.
The doorbell rings again.

**CUT TO:**
The doorbell ringing.

**CUT TO:**
The guests, quite disappointed.
GREEN:
I'm going to open it.

SCARLET:
Why?!

GREEN:
I have nothing to hide! I didn't do it!
(holding his hand out to Wadsworth)
The key.
Wadsworth hands the key to Mr. Green.

GREEN:
Thank you . . .
Mr. Green strides into the hall, followed by the rest of the party.
73 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 73
Mr. Green opens the door, revealing the Cop.

COP:
Good evening, sir.
The door closes in the Cop's face.
74 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--PORCH--VIEW INSIDE -- 74
The door reopens.

GREEN:
Yes?

COP:
I found an abandoned car down near the gates of this house. Did the driver come in here for any help, by any chance? Everyone but Mr. Green insists that that was not the case.

GREEN:
Well, actually, yes.
ALL but GREEN
No.

COP:
There seems to be some kind of disagreement. Everyone but Mr. Green again disagrees.

GREEN:
Yes.
COP:
(quite confused now)
Uh, can I come in and use your phone?
Wadsworth steps to the front door.

WADSWORTH:
Of course you may, sir.
You may use the one in the, um, no . . .
Uh, you could use the one in the st-- no . . .
Would you be kind enough to wait in the um, in the, em, library?

COP:
(very confused)
Sure.
75 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 75
The Cop sees Yvette.

COP:
(to Yvette)
Don't I know you from someplace?
The maid shrugs.

COP:
(to group)
You all seem to be very anxious about something.

WADSWORTH:
It's the chandelier. It fell down. Almost killed us.
Would you like to come this way, please, sir?
Miss Scarlet closes the door to the study suddenly
and attempts to look nonchalant.
The Cop whirls at the sound.
Professor Plum does the same to the lounge door.
The Cop whirls again.

WADSWORTH:
Frightfully drafty, these old houses.
76 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 76
Wadsworth leads the Cop in and indicates the phone.

WADSWORTH:
Please help yourself to a drink, if you'd like.
The Cop reaches for the cognac.
WADSWORTH:
Not the cognac. Just in case.
The butler exists and closes the door.

COP:
Just in case of what?
77 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 77
Wadsworth locks the door and turns to the assembled guests.

WADSWORTH:
(whispering)
What now?
77a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 77a
The Cop tries the door handle. It is, of course, locked.
77b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 77b

GREEN:
We should have told him.

PEACOCK:
Oh, very well for you to say that now.

GREEN:
(defensively)
I said it then!

ALL:
Oh, shut up!

WADSWORTH:
(indicating the shattered chandelier)
Let's clean this up.
78 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 78
The Cop pauses at the door, then walks over to the phone.
He reaches for it, but it rings before he picks it up.
He answers the phone.

COP:
Hello?
78a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 78a
All are still.

WADSWORTH:
Maybe the cop answered it . . .

78b -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 78b

COP:
And who shall I say is calling?

(pauses)
Ah . . . will you hold on, please?
The Cop strides over to the library doors.

COP:
Let me out of here!
Let me out of here, you have no right to shut me in!
I'll book you for false arrest, and wrongful imprisonment,
and obstructing an officer in the course of his duty!
And murder!

79 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 79
The door opens.
The party stands there, Wadsworth with broom in hand.

WADSWORTH:
What do you mean . . . "murder"?

COP:
I just said it so you'd open the door.
The guests sigh and laugh nervously.

COP:
What's going on around here? And why would you lock me in?
And why are you receiving phone calls from J. Edgar Hoover?

WADSWORTH:
J. Edgar Hoover?

COP:
That's right. The head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

MUSTARD:
Why is J. Edgar Hoover on your phone?

WADSWORTH:
I don't know.
He's on everybody else's, why shouldn't he be on mine?

(steps to the library door)
Excuse me.
Wadsworth enters, then closes and locks the door.

**COP:**
What's going on here?
Miss Scarlet drapes herself on the Cop.

**SCARLET:**
We're having a . . . party . . .
The guests laugh even more nervously than before.

**COP:**
Mind if I look around?

**SCARLET:**
Sure . . .
You can show him around, Mr. Green!

**GREEN:**
Me?

**SCARLET:**
Yes!
Uh, you can show him the . . .
. . . dining room . . . the kitchen . . . the ball room . . .

**GREEN:**
(stiffly)
Fine . . .
Fine . . . . Officer, um, come with me. I'll show you the . . . dining room . . .
. . . or the kitchen . . . or the ball room . . .
80 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 80
The Cop raises the metal partition and looks into the kitchen.
81 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LOUNGE -- 81

**SCARLET:**
. . . make it look convincing.
82 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 81

**GREEN:**
So! This is the dining room.

**COP:**
No kidding.
83 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LOUNGE -- 83

**SCARLET:**
Come on . . .

84 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 84

**COP:**
What's going on in those two rooms?

**GREEN:**
Uh . . . which two rooms?
The Cop pushes past him and enters the hall.

84a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 84a

A couple of guests run frantically across the Hall.
Just as they leave the room,
the Cop enters and points at the lounge and the study.

**COP:**
Those two rooms.

**GREEN:**
Oh . . . those two rooms . . .

**COP:**
Yes!
Mr. Green is at a loss.
The Cop strides toward the study door.
Mr. Green blocks the Cop's path.

**GREEN:**
Officer, I don't think you should go in there.

**COP:**
Why not?

**GREEN:**
Uh . . .
The Cop dodges around Mr. Green.
The guest blocks the door to the study with his body.

**GREEN:**
Because it's . . . all too shocking!
The Cop throws Mr. Green aside.

85 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 85
Music can be heard in the background. It's "Life Could Be a Dream," on a record player.
Mrs. White is on a couch on top of Mr. Boddy, using her hand to move his arm against her and pretending to kiss him.
The Cop sees Col. Mustard and a woman apparently kissing against the far wall, in a curtain.
The camera reveals that Mrs. Peacock is behind the curtain. Her hands are on Col. Mustard's back, but Mrs. Ho is propped up between them.

**COP:**
(to Mr. Green)
It's not all that shocking. These folks are just having a good time.
The Cop leaves to the hall. Mr. Green is surprised.

86 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 86
Miss Scarlet pours a drink into the Motorist's mouth.
The Motorist is propped up in a chair, drink in hand.
The music can still be heard, but faintly.

87 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 87
Col. Mustard and Mrs. Peacock roll Mrs. Ho on to the couch.

**PEACOCK:**
Oh, my God . . .

88 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- 88
Just before the Cop enters, Prof. Plum takes Miss Scarlet on to the couch and begins kissing her.
She has no choice but to follow his example.
The Cop comes in.

**COP:**
Excuse me?
The two "lovers" get up with a start.
The Cop notices the Motorist.
He leans into the dead man's face and sniffs.

**COP:**
(to Plum and Scarlet)
This man's drunk.
Dead drunk.

**SCARLET:**
Dead right . . .
COP:
(louder, to Motorist)
You're not going to drive home, are you?

PLUM:
He won't be driving home, officer! I promise you that!

SCARLET:
Yeah . . .

COP:
Somebody will give him a lift, huh?

SCARLET:
Oh, we'll . . . we'll . . . get him a car.

PLUM:
A long black car.

SCARLET:
.quickly
A limousine.
Prof. Plum again lowers Miss Scarlet to the couch.
She gives off a little cry of surprise.
89 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 89
Wadsworth exits the library.
He leans against the door and sighs in thought.
The Cop and Mr. Green enter the Hall.
Wadsworth throws off his thoughts and walks to them.

WADSWORTH:
Officer!

COP:
You're too late--I've seen it all.
All during this conversation, Mr. Green is standing behind the Cop,
looking at Wadsworth. Green looks mystified, but relieved.

WADSWORTH:
You have?
(pause)
I can explain everything.

COP:
You don't have to.

**WADSWORTH:**
I don't?

**COP:**
Don't worry!
There's nothing illegal about any of this.

**WADSWORTH:**
(confused)
Are you sure?

**COP:**
Of course! This is America.

**WADSWORTH:**
I see . . .

**COP:**
(clapping Wadsworth on the shoulder)
It's a free country, don't you know that?

**WADSWORTH:**
(still doesn't understand)
I didn't know it was THAT free.
The Cop glances back at Mr. Green, who tries to look innocent.

**COP:**
(to Wadsworth)
May I use your phone now?

**WADSWORTH:**
Certainly!
The butler leads the Cop to the library once again, and locks it.
The guests start to emerge into the Hall.

**GREEN:**
Why did you lock him in again?

**WADSWORTH:**
(whispering)
We haven't finished searching the house, yet.
PLUM:
(whispering)
Well, we're running out of time.
Only fifteen minutes before the police come.

GREEN:
(whispering fiercely)
The police already came!

ALL:
(whispering fiercely)
Shut up!!

WADSWORTH:
Let's get on with it!

YVETTE:
(to Mr. Green)
Monsieur?
The guests again split up to search the house as the music continues.

90 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 90
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet enter.
Col. Mustard suddenly opens a door, only to have
an ironing board hit him in the head.
Miss Scarlet opens the door to the freezer. She grasps one of
the meathooks.
It turns in her grip and reveals another secret passage in
the back of the freezer.
She gives a cry of surprise.

SCARLET:
Look!
I can't believe it. I wonder where this one goes.

MUSTARD:
Well, let's find out.
They step in.

91 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 91
The music still continues.
Col. Mustard and Miss Scarlet swing aside a large painting and
enter the room from the secret passage.
They shrug.

MUSTARD:
Let's try the ball room again.
92 -- INT. ATTIC -- 92
Mr. Green and Yvette are still poking around in the attic.
93 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--CELLAR STEPS--TOP -- 93
The camera reveals a gloved hand pulling a lever down.
All electricity is shut off. The lights go out instantly, and the music stops.
94 -- INT. CELLAR--BOILER ROOM -- 94
Mrs. Peacock, in the darkness, backs up into the boiler.
She thinks it's a person, perhaps Prof. Plum, and starts to hit it with her handbag.

PEACOCK:
Ahh!
Don't you touch me!
95 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--MASTER BEDROOM -- 95
A gust of wind blows in, shutting a door. Wadsworth yells in fright.
96 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--BEDROOM -- 96
Mrs. White screams.
97 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--STAIRCASE -- 97
Yvette is descending the stairs quietly. Mrs. White's scream can still be heard.
98 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 98
The Cop is on the phone.

COP:
Hello? Hello?
99 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 99
Yvette enters quietly. An off-screen voice can be heard. It can't be identified, even as being male or female.
The first line sounds male, the second female.

VOICE:
Shut the door.
Did anyone recognize you?
Suddenly, Yvette's French accent is gone.

YVETTE:
They must have. And not just my face.
They know every inch of my body.
And they're not the only ones . . .
A noose flies onto Yvette's neck!
YVETTE:
(gasping)
It's you!
100 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 100
The Cop is still on the phone.

COP:
(whispering into phone)
There's something funny going on around here.
I don't know what it is . . .
The camera reveals the door handle being silently opened.

COP:
No, I'm not on duty.
But I have a feeling that I'm in danger.
You know that big, ugly house on top--
The lead pipe comes down softly on the phone cradle, cutting the connection off.
We can see the pipe being raised behind the Cop's head.

COP:
Hello? Hello?
Are you there?
101 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 101
The doorbell is ringing.
102 -- VIEWS OF THE GUESTS' FACES -- 102
103 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--VIEW OUTSIDE -- 103
The front door opens.
A young woman is outside. She is dressed in a uniform, and strikes a pose as the door opens.
SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL
(singing)
I . . . am . . . your singing telegram--
The gun fires.
She falls to the ground.
The door slams shut.
104 -- INT. ATTIC--REAR ROOM -- 104
Mr. Green, trying to get out, opens a closet.
Its contents fall on him.
105 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--BEDROOM -- 105
A jack-in-the-box springs open, frightening Mrs. White.
She screams.
106 -- INT. SECOND FLOOR--MASTER BEDROOM -- 106
Mrs. White's unintelligible yells can be heard.

**WADSWORTH:**
(yelling)
Shouting!
I'm coming!
I'm just trying to find the door!
Wadsworth enters another part of the Master bedroom.

**WADSWORTH:**
Coming . . .
He grasps a handle.

**WADSWORTH:**
What's this?
I'm at the door?
He twists the handle, starting the shower.
He is promptly very wet.
107 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--STAIRCASE -- 107
A very wet Wadsworth sloshes down the steps.
He goes to the entrance to the cellar and pulls up the lever, restoring electricity to Hill House.
108 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 108
The record player starts again, taking several seconds to get up to speed.
109 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 109
The party (minus Yvette) slowly reassembles in the Hall.
The song ends.
110 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 110
The camera reveals the guests looking in from the Hall.
They see Yvette's corpse sprawled on the pool table, still with the noose on her neck, and they walk off.
111 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 111
The camera reveals the guests looking in from the Hall.
They see the Cop's corpse hung over a table.
The guests stand at the door.

**GREEN:**
Two murders.
Prof. Plum enters the library and picks up the lead pipe.

**PLUM:**
Neither of them shot.
I thought I heard a gun.
WHITE:
I did.

PEACOCK:
So did I.

SCARLET:
I thought I heard the front door slam!

MUSTARD:
Oh, God . . .
The murderer must have run out.
The guests run toward the front door.
112 -- EXT. HILL HOUSE--PORCH -- 112
The guests open the door, seeing the singing telegram girl's body.
It has a bullet hole neatly through the forehead.

WADSWORTH:
Three murders.

GREEN:
Six, all together.

WADSWORTH:
This is getting serious.
They close the door and lock it.
113 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 113
The guests walk onto the main floor.

WADSWORTH:
No gun. Yvette dropped it here.
(declaring)
Very well . . . I know who did it.

ALL:
(incredulously)
You do?

WADSWORTH:
And furthermore, I'm going to tell you how it was all done.
Follow me.
He walks to the library. The guests follow.
114 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 114
Wadsworth addresses the assembled guests.

WADSWORTH:
In order to help you understand what happened, I shall need to take you through the events of the evening, step by step.
At the start of the evening, Yvette was here, by herself, waiting to offer you all a glass of champagne.
I was in the Hall.
(pauses)
I know, because I was there.
Then, I hurried across to the kitchen.
He waves for the guests to follow him.
115 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 115
Wadsworth is running into the kitchen, the guests following.

WADSWORTH:
And the cook was in here, alive, sharpening knives, preparing for dinner. And then . . .
116 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 116
Wadsworth springs up to the front door, the guests following closely.
He proceeds to act out events.

WADSWORTH:
And the doorbell rang . . .
(to Col. Mustard)
And it was you!

MUSTARD:
Yes . . .

WADSWORTH:
(breathlessly)
I asked you for your coat, and I recognized you as Colonel Mustard and I prevented you from telling your real name because I didn't want any of you to use any name other than your pseudonym and I introduced myself to you as a butler and I ran across the Hall to the library!
He does so, with the confused guests in tow.
117 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 117
Wadsworth imitates everything he describes.

WADSWORTH:
And then Yvette met you . . . and smiled . . .
(he smiles)
... and poured you a drink.

He runs for the Hall.

118 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL--FOYER -- 118

Wadsworth heads for the front door.

WADSWORTH:
(still breathless)
And the doorbell rang! And it was Mrs. White, looking pale and tragic, and I took her coat, and made off!

They head for the library again.

119 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--LIBRARY -- 119

WADSWORTH:
And I introduced to Colonel Mustard.
(imitating them)
Hello. Hello.
And I noticed that Mrs. White and Yvette . . . flinched!

Then . . . there was a rumble of thunder, and a crash of lightning. He demonstrates.

WADSWORTH:
And, to make a long story short--

ALL:
Too late.

WADSWORTH:
--one by one, you all arrived.

120 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 120

Wadsworth grabs the gong mallet.

WADSWORTH:
And then the gong was struck by the cook! He does so.

WADSWORTH:
And we went into the dining room!

121 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- 121

Wadsworth goes around the table, indicating chairs.

WADSWORTH:
(breathless)
And Mrs. Peacock sat here, and Professor Plum sat here . . .

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and Mrs. White sat here . . .
(imitates them slurping soup)
and Mr. Green, Miss Scarlet, Colonel Mustard.
This chair (indicates the head) was vacant.
Anyway, we all revealed we'd all received a letter.
(points at various chairs)
And you'd had a letter, and you'd had a letter, and you'd had a letter--

ALL:
Get on with it!!

WADSWORTH:
The point is--blackmail!

GREEN:
But all this came out after dinner--in the study!

WADSWORTH:
You're right!
He heads into the Hall.
122 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 122
The party runs across the Hall to the study.
123 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--STUDY -- 123
The butler rushes around the room, pointing at different locations.

WADSWORTH:
Mr. Green stood here, and Mrs. Peacock here, and Miss Scarlet here, and Professor Plum here, and Colonel Mustard, and Mrs. White, and--

ALL:
Get on with it!!!

WADSWORTH:
I'm getting there, I'm getting there!!
And Mr. Boddy went to get his surprise packages from the Hall.
And you all opened your presents,
(he shuts the door)
And Mr. Boddy switched out the lights!
Wadsworth turns off the lights.
Pause.
Everyone screams.
The lights are flipped back on.
Wadsworth is lying on the floor, and the guests, tired of all this, react with disgust.
The butler opens his eyes.

**WADSWORTH:**
Mr. Boddy lay on the floor, apparently dead.

**PLUM:**
He was dead! I examined him!

**WADSWORTH:**
Then why was he bashed on the head a few minutes later with a candlestick if he was dead already?

**PLUM:**
All right, I made a mistake!

**WADSWORTH:**
Right!
But if so, why was Mr. Boddy pretending to be dead?

(more quietly)
It could only be because he realized his scheme had misfired, and the gunshot was intended to kill him, not me.
Look.
(points at blood on one of Mr. Boddy's ear lobes)
The bullet grazed his ear. Clearly his best way of escaping death was to pretend to be dead already.

**PLUM:**
So whoever grabbed the gun from me in the dark was trying to kill HIM!

**WADSWORTH:**
But remember what happened next.
He goes to the door and picks up the glass from a table.

**WADSWORTH:**
Mrs. Peacock took a drink.
(points at Prof. Plum)
You said, "Maybe it's poisoned!"
She screams!
Wadsworth screams in falsetto.
He takes Mrs. Peacock, who helpfully(?) starts to scream.
The butler sits her down on the couch.
WADSWORTH:
Mr. Green . . .
(Wadsworth slaps Mrs. Peacock)
(he imitates Mr. Green)
Well . . . I had to stop her screaming . . .
(back to himself)
Then--more screaming--Yvette--the billiard room!
We all rushed out!
As they do now.
124 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--BILLIARD ROOM -- 124
Wadsworth sits on the pool table.
The guests pool around the door.

WADSWORTH:
But one of us . . . wasn't here.
(nasally accent)
No.

ALL:
(imitating him)
No?

WADSWORTH:
(responding in kind)
No.
Maybe one of us was murdering the cook.
Who wasn't here with us?
The guests pause.

GREEN:
Do you know?

WADSWORTH:
(with certainty)
I do.
(continues at his breathless rate)
While we stood here, trying to stop Yvette from panicking . . .
He leaves for the study.
124a -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 124a

WADSWORTH:
. . . one of us could have stayed in the study,
picked up the dagger . . .
Wadsworth is running down the Hall.

WADSWORTH:
... run down the Hall ...

Wadsworth and stabbed the cook.
He plunges the dagger into a chicken as the guests arrive at the door.

PEACOCK:
Oh, how could he risk it?
We might have seen him running back.
Wadsworth goes over to the freezer and pushes open the back of the freezer, exposing the kitchen/study secret passage.

WADSWORTH:
Not if they used this secret passage.
Mrs. Peacock gasps.

WADSWORTH:
And the murderer ran back down the secret passage to the study.
Wadsworth leaves the kitchen for the Hall.

The butler is going for the study.

WHITE:
(yelling)
Is that where it comes out?

WADSWORTH:
(yelling back)
Yes! Look!

Wadsworth pushes open the picture.

GREEN:
Wha--?

MUSTARD:
How did you know?
WADSWORTH:
This house belongs to a friend of mine. I've known all along.

GREEN:
So you could be the murderer.

WADSWORTH:
(laughing)
Don't be ridiculous.
If I was the murderer, why would I reveal to you how I did it?
The guests nod.

GREEN:
Well . . . who else knew about the secret passage?

SCARLET:
(hits Mustard)
We found it. Colonel Mustard and me.

MUSTARD:
You found it. You could have known about it all the time.

SCARLET:
But I didn't!

PEACOCK:
Well, why should we believe you?

WADSWORTH:
Because she was with us all in the billiard room doorway while
Yvette was screaming, don't you remember?

PEACOCK:
What I don't understand is, why was the cook murdered?
She had nothing to do with Mr. Boddy.

WADSWORTH:
Of course she did.
(conspiratorially)
I gathered you all here together because you were all implicated in
Mr. Boddy's dastardly blackmail.
Did none of you deduce that the others were involved, too?
Evidently no one had.
WHITE:
What others?

WADSWORTH:
The cook. And Yvette?

ALL:
No!

WADSWORTH:
That's how he got all his information.
Before he could blackmail anyone, Mr. Boddy had to discover
their guilty secret. The cook and Yvette were his accomplices!

MUSTARD:
(brightly)
I see!
So . . . whoever knew . . . that the cook was involved . . . killed her?

WADSWORTH:
Yes.
Col. Mustard looks very happy.

WADSWORTH:
I know, because I was Mr. Boddy's butler,
that the cook had worked for one of you.
The guests ask who it was.

WADSWORTH:
(to Mrs. White)
You recognized Yvette, didn't you?
Don't deny it.

WHITE:
What do you mean, "don't deny it"? I'm not denying anything.

WADSWORTH:
Another denial!
Mrs. White sticks her tongue out at Wadsworth.

WHITE:
All right, it's true. I knew Yvette.
My husband had an affair with her, but I didn't care.
I wasn't . . . jealous.

**WADSWORTH:**
(to Miss Scarlet)
You knew Yvette, too, didn't you?

**SCARLET:**
Yes. She worked for me.

**WADSWORTH:**
(to Col. Mustard)
And you also knew her, sir.
We've already established that you were one of Miss Scarlet's . . . clients. That's why you were so desperate to get your hands on those negatives. Photographs of you and Yvette in flagrante delicto, remember?

**MUSTARD:**
Mr. Boddy threatened to send those pictures to my dear old mother. The shock would have killed her!

**WHITE:**
Ha. That would have been quite an achievement since you told us that she's dead already.
(to Wadsworth)
So, he had the motive.

**WADSWORTH:**
You all had a motive.

**MUSTARD:**
But where and when was Mr. Boddy killed?

**WADSWORTH:**
Don't you see?
(he grabs Mr. Green)
Look, we came back to the study with Yvette.
Mr. Boddy was on the floor . . .
(Wadsworth trips Mr. Green to the floor as Mr. Boddy)
. . . pretending to be dead.
But one of us noticed he's alive.
So. I explained that I was Mr. Boddy's butler, and I'd invited you here, and we realized there was only one other person in the house.
ALL:
The cook!
Wadsworth leaves the guests far behind.
127 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 127
Everyone runs up the Hall to the kitchen.
128 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--KITCHEN -- 128
The guests enter, breathless. Mr. Green runs to the freezer, just like he did before.
But there's no Wadsworth.

GREEN:
Well, where is he?
The freezer door opens.
Miss Scarlet screams.
Wadsworth, looking quite dead, falls into Mr. Green's arms.
The exasperated Mr. Green drops the butler on the floor.
Wadsworth opens his eyes.

WADSWORTH:
By now, she was dead. We laid her down with our backs to the freezer. One of us slipped through the same secret passage--

PEACOCK:
Again . . . ?

WADSWORTH:
Of course! Back to the study!
They all run out.
129 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 129
Wadsworth acts as if he had just entered the study from the secret passage.

WADSWORTH:
The murderer was in the secret passage.
Meanwhile, Mr. Boddy . . .
(Wadsworth again throws Mr. Green to the floor)
. . . had been on the floor. He jumped up . . .
(the butler picks up Mr. Green, then lets him fall again)
. . . the murderer came out of the secret panel, picked up the candlestick . . . .
The butler acts as if he had a candlestick. He goes after Mr. Green, who may not be acting his look of panic.
130 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 130
Wadsworth is pursuing a frightened Mr. Green up the hall, toward the bathroom.

**WADSWORTH:**
Mr. Boddy followed us out of the study into the Hall, looking for an escape.

**WADSWORTH:**
The murderer crept up behind him and . . . killed him!!
Wadsworth brings his hand down upon Mr. Green's head.
Mr. Green falls.

**GREEN:**
Will you stop that!!

**WADSWORTH:**
No.
The butler grabs Mr. Green and proceeds to the bathroom.

**WADSWORTH:**
Then . . . he threw him into the toilet!

**GREEN:**
No . . . !
Wadsworth leans against the bathroom door frame, pretending to check a watch.

**WADSWORTH:**
And nonchalantly rejoined us beside the cook's body in the kitchen. It took less than half a minute.

**MUSTARD:**
So who wasn't there the entire time in the kitchen?

**WADSWORTH:**
Whoever it was, is the murderer!
He runs off.
The bathroom door opens and Mr. Green emerges, drying his hands.
We can hear a toilet flush.
He hands the towel to Col Mustard.
131 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE STUDY -- 131
Wadsworth runs in.

**WADSWORTH:**
And we put the weapons in the cupboard, locked it, and ran to the front door . . .
He runs out, almost colliding with the just-arrived guests.
132 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 132
Wadsworth opens the front door and makes as if throwing the key away.

WADSWORTH:
To throw away the key!
(pauses)
The motorist!
I didn't throw the key away--I put it in my pocket.
And someone could have taken it out of my pocket and substituted another!

PLUM:
We were all in a huddle. Any one of us could have done that!

WADSWORTH:
Precisely.
He slams the front door.

GREEN:
Wait a minute . . .
Colonel Mustard has a top-secret Pentagon job.
Mrs. White's husband is a nuclear physicist, and . . .
(run to the billiard room and points in)
. . . Yvette is a link between them.

PLUM:
(to Col. Mustard)
What is your top-secret job, Colonel?

WADSWORTH:
I can tell you.
He's working on the secret of the next fusion bomb.
Mrs. White gasps.

MUSTARD:
How did you know that?

WADSWORTH:
(to Mustard)
Can you keep a secret?

MUSTARD:
Yes.

**WADSWORTH:**
So can I.

**PEACOCK:**
Is this a plot between them, Wadsworth, or did Colonel Mustard do it alone?

**WADSWORTH:**
We shall see.
Let's look at the other murders.

**PLUM:**
Yes. Bad luck that that motorist arrived at that moment.

**WADSWORTH:**
(amusedly)
It wasn't luck--I invited him.
**WHITE, SCARLET, and PEACOCK**
You did?!

**WADSWORTH:**
Of course. It's obvious. Everyone here tonight was either Mr. Boddy's victim or accomplice. Everyone who has died gave him vital information about one of you. I got them here so they'd give evidence against him and force him to confess.

**SCARLET:**
Oh, yeah? What about that motorist?
What kind of information did he have?

**MUSTARD:**
(almost teary)
He was my driver during the war.
**Col. Mustard sits in a chair.**

**WADSWORTH:**
And what was he holding over you?

**MUSTARD:**
He knew that I was a war profiteer.
(pauses)
I stole essential Air Force radio parts, and I sold them on the black market. That is how I made all my money. But that does not make me a murderer!

PEACOCK:
Well, a lot of our airmen died because their radios didn't work! Was the policeman working for Mr. Boddy, too?

SCARLET:
The cop was from Washington. He was on my payroll. I bribed him once a week so I could carry on with business. Mr. Boddy found out somehow . . .

PEACOCK:
(revolted)
Oh, my God . . .

SCARLET:
(annoyed)
Oh, please.

GREEN:
And . . . the singing telegram girl?

The rain has stopped.
The people open the door and look at the singing telegram girl's corpse.

PLUM:
(quietly)
She was my patient once.
I had an affair with her.
That's how I lost my license. Mr. Boddy found that out, too.
(solemn pause)

WADSWORTH:
Well . . .
(claps hands together)
Let's put her in the study with the others.

The men drop the singing telegram girl's body on the floor.

WADSWORTH:
So. Now you all know why they died.
Whoever killed Mr. Boddy also wanted his accomplices dead.

**PLUM:**
How did the murderer know about them all?
I mean, I admit that I had guessed that this young singer informed on me to Mr. Boddy . . . but I didn't know anything about any of you until this evening.

**WADSWORTH:**
First, the murder needed to get the weapons. Easy. He stole the key from my pocket. And then we all followed Colonel Mustard's suggestion that we split up and search the house.

**PEACOCK:**
That's right, it was Colonel Mustard's suggestion!
Col. Mustard cannot meet their eyes.

**WADSWORTH:**
And one of us got away from his or her partner and hurried to the study. On the desk was the envelope from Mr. Boddy. It contained photographs and letters--the evidence of Mr. Boddy's network of informants.

**WHITE:**
Where is the envelope now?

**WADSWORTH:**
Gone. Destroyed.
(looks around, then steps to the fireplace)
Perhaps in the fire . . . .
(throws aside the grate)
The only possible place.
(pulls out the remnants of the tape made earlier)
Ah hah!
Then, having found out the whole story, the murderer went to the cupboard, unlocked it with the key, took out the wrench--

**SCARLET:**
(breathless)
Then we found the secret passage from the conservatory to the lounge . . . where we found the motorist dead!
135 -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- 135
Wadsworth frantically acts out the next scene.
WADSWORTH:
That's right! And we couldn't get in.
So Yvette ran to the open cupboard,
and shot the door open. BANG!
And then, the doorbell rang!
The doorbell rings.
Everyone freezes in terror.

PEACOCK:
Oh, whoever it is, they gotta go away, or they'll be killed!
Ohhh!
Mrs. Peacock opens the front door.
A rather ELDERLY EVANGELIST stands outside, pamphlets in hand.

EVANGELIST:
(kindly)
Good evening.
Have you ever given any thought to the kingdom of heaven?

PEACOCK:
(stunned)
What?

EVANGELIST:
Repent. The kingdom of heaven IS at hand.

SCARLET:
You ain't just whistlin' Dixie.

EVANGELIST:
Armageddon is almost upon us.

PLUM:
I got news for you--it's already here!
Mrs. Peacock tries to shut the door on him.

PEACOCK:
Go away!

EVANGELIST:
But your souls are in danger!

PEACOCK:
Our lives our in danger, you beatnik!
She shuts the door on him, closing several of his pamphlets inside.

**WADSWORTH:**
(continuing as if nothing had happened)
The cop arrived next, we locked him in the library.
We forgot the cupboard with the weapons was now unlocked,
then we split up again, and the murderer switched off the electricity!
He does so.
Everything goes black.
**GREEN (V.O.)**
Oh, my God.
Mrs. White squeals.
**PEACOCK (V.O.)**
Not again.
**SCARLET (V.O.)**
(very annoyed)
Turn on the lights!!!
Wadsworth turns on the lights.
136 -- A -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- A -- 136

**WADSWORTH:**
Sorry. Didn't mean to frighten you.

**GREEN:**
You're a bit late for that!
(to White)
I hate it when he does that!
She whimpers.

**WADSWORTH:**
Then there were three more murders.

**WHITE:**
So which of us killed them?

**WADSWORTH:**
None of us killed Mr. Boddy, or the cook.
**GREEN and WHITE**
So who did?

**WADSWORTH:**
The one person who wasn't with us.
The guests try to figure it out.
WADSWORTH:
Yvette.

ALL:
Yvette?!

WADSWORTH:
She was in the billiard room, listening to our conversation.

CUT TO:
Flashback of Yvette sitting on the pool table.
The following events transpire as Wadsworth describes them.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)
She heard the gunshot . . . she thought he was dead.
WADSWORTH (V.O.)
And while we all examined the bullet hole, she crept into the study, picked up the dagger . . . ran to the kitchen, and stabbed the cook.
Yvette stabs Mrs. Ho in the back.
WADSWORTH (V.O.)
We didn't hear the cook scream because Mrs. Peacock was screaming about the "poisoned" brandy.
The, Yvette returned to the billiard room.
She screamed . . . .
And we all ran to her.

CUT TO:
Present, the hall.

MUSTARD:
Well, when did she kill Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH:
When I said.
We all ran to the kitchen to see the cook.
Yvette hid in the study to check that Mr. Boddy was dead.

CUT TO:
Flashback of Yvette hiding behind a chair in the lounge.
The following events transpire as Wadsworth describes them.

WADSWORTH:
He got up, and followed them down the hall, so she hit him on the head with a candlestick,
and dragged him to the toilet.

CUT TO:
The present, in the Hall.

SCARLET:
Why?

WADSWORTH:
To create confusion!

PEACOCK:
It worked.
Col. Mustard nods.

PLUM:
Why did she do it?

WADSWORTH:
Was it because she was acting under orders?
From the person who later killed her.

PLUM:
Who?!

PEACOCK:
Who?!

SCARLET:
Who?!

WADSWORTH:
Was it one of her clients?
(turns to Col. Mustard)
Or was it a jealous wife?
(turns to Mrs. White)
Or an adulterous doctor?
(turns to Prof. Plum)
No.
It was her employer, Miss Scarlet.

SCARLET:
That's a lie!!
WADSWORTH:
Is it?
You used her, the way you always used her.
You killed the motorist when we split up to search the house.

SCARLET:
How could I have known about the secret passage?

WADSWORTH:
Easy. Yvette told you.
So when we split up again . . .

CUT TO:
Miss Scarlet, gloved, turning off the electricity.
WADSWORTH (V.O.)
. . . . you switched off the electricity.
It was easy for you, here on the ground floor.
Then, in the dark, you got the lead pipe and the rope,
strangled Yvette, ran to the library, killed the cop,
picked up the gun where Yvette dropped it, opened the front door,
recognized the singing telegram from her photograph, and shot her.

CUT TO:
Present, the Hall.

SCARLET:
You've no proof.

WADSWORTH:
The gun is missing.
Gentlemen, turn out your pockets.
Ladies, empty your purses.
Whoever has the gun is the murderer.
They all do so.
Suddenly, Miss Scarlet pulls out the revolver.
She points it at him.

SCARLET:
(impressed)
Brilliantly worked out, Wadsworth. I congratulate you.
He shrugs off the praise.
Miss Scarlet starts to slowly make her way to the front door.

MUSTARD:
(very impressed)
Me too!

**SCARLET:**
(to Mustard)
Shut up!!

**GREEN:**
Now, there's one thing I don't understand.

**PLUM:**
ONE thing?

**GREEN:**
Why did you do it?
Half of Washington knows what kind of business you run.
You were in no real danger. The whole town would be implicated
if you were exposed.

**SCARLET:**
I don't think they know my real business.
My business is secrets. Yvette found them out for me.
The secrets of Senator Peacock's defense committee,
of Colonel Mustard's fusion bomb, Professor Plum's U.N. contacts,
and the work of your husband,
(walks to Mrs. White)
the nuclear physicist.

**GREEN:**
So. It IS political. You're a communist!

**SCARLET:**
No, Mr. Green. Communism is just a red herring.
Like all members of the oldest profession, I'm a capitalist.
And I'm gonna sell my secrets--your secrets--to the highest bidder.

**MUSTARD:**
And what if we don't cooperate?

**SCARLET:**
You will.
Or I'll expose you.

**PLUM:**
We could expose you. Six murders...?

**SCARLET:**
I hardly think it will enhance your reputation at the U.N., Professor Plum, if it's revealed that you have been implicated not only in adultery with one of your patients, but in her death. (she lowers the revolver at him)
And the deaths of five other people?

**PLUM:**
You don't know what kind of people they have at the U.N.
I might go up in their estimation.
Col. Mustard starts toward Miss Scarlet.
She brings the revolver around to bear on him.

**MUSTARD:**
It is no good blackmailing me, madam.
I have no more money!
The guests agree, claiming the same thing.

**SCARLET:**
(to Mustard)
I know, sweetie pie.
But you can pay me in government information. (she waves the revolver around)
All of you.
She pauses, then walks to Wadsworth.
She points the revolver at him.

**SCARLET:**
Except you, Wadsworth.
You, as a mere butler, have no access to government secrets. (she cocks the gun)
So I'm afraid your moment has come.

**WADSWORTH:**
No so fast, Miss Scarlet.
I do have a secret or two.

**SCARLET:**
Oh yeah? Such as?

**WADSWORTH:**
The games up, Scarlet.
There are no more bullets left in that gun.

**SCARLET:**
Oh, come on, you don't think I'm gonna fall for that old trick?

**WADSWORTH:**
It's not a trick. There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the study. Two for the chandelier, two at the lounge door, and one for the singing telegram.

**SCARLET:**
That's not six.

**WADSWORTH:**
One plus two plus two plus one.
She thinks.

**SCARLET:**
Uh, uh.
There was only one shot that got the chandelier.
That's one plus two plus ONE plus one.

**WADSWORTH:**
Even if you are right, that would be one plus one plus two plus one, not one plus TWO plus one plus one.

**SCARLET:**
(thinking)
Okay, fine.
One plus two plus one--
(angered)
Shut up!
Point is, there's one bullet left in this gun, and guess who's going to get it?
The doorbell rings.
Scarlet is distracted by it.
Wadsworth turns her arm around, taking the gun and forcing her to kneel on the floor.
Mr. Green runs for the door and opens it.
Cops pour in.
Mr. Green cowers by the closet in the foyer.

**MUSTARD:**
(hands held up, smiling)
I'm only a guest!

**WADSWORTH:**
(Holding Scarlet)
Where's the chief?
The Elderly Evangelist--the CHIEF--walks in, gun in hand.

**CHIEF:**
Ah, Wadsworth, well done.
(to Scarlet)
I did warn you, my dear. Mr. Hoover is an expert on Armageddon.
Scarlet is pulled to her feet.

**SCARLET:**
(to Wadsworth)
Wadsworth, don't hate me for trying to shoot you . . .

**WADSWORTH:**
Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a damn.
As I was trying to tell you, there are no bullets left in this gun. You see?
He pulls the trigger, firing the sixth bullet through the rope of the second chandelier.
Wadsworth is perplexed.
Scarlet shrugs, embarrassed.

**WADSWORTH:**
(quietly)
One plus two . . . plus one . . .
The camera reveals Col. Mustard.

**MUSTARD:**
(counting on his fingers)
. . .plus two, plus one . . . is--
And the chandelier shatters on the floor in back of him.
The camera freezes.

**CUT TO:**
A card, saying
THAT'S WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.
then another one,
BUT HOW ABOUT THIS?

**CUT TO:**
Wadsworth has just turned on the lights, like at the beginning of ending A.

WADSWORTH:
(breathless)
In the dark, the murderer ran across the hall to the study, picked up the rope, and the lead pipe. Ran to the billiard room. Strangled Yvette . . .

(he demonstrates on Mr. White)
. . . ran to library, hit the cop on the head with the lead pipe. Then, coming out of the library, the doorbell rang--it was the singing telegram. The murderer picked up the gun where Yvette dropped it, ran to the door, opened it, recognized the girl from her picture, shot her, and ran back to the cellar!

ALL:
The cellar!

WADSWORTH:
Yes.

PEACOCK:
But Colonel Mustard wasn't in the cellar.

WADSWORTH:
No. But you were.

PEACOCK:
So.

WADSWORTH:
You murdered them all.
You were the person who was missing when the cook and Mr. Boddy were murdered. And the cook used to be your cook! Don't you remember your fatal mistake? You told us at dinner that we were eating one of your favorite recipes. And monkey's brains, though popular in Cantonese cuisine, are not often to be found in Washington, D.C.

GREEN:
Is that what we ate?
He covers his mouth and runs for the bathroom.
PEACOCK:
Why would I have murdered all of the others?

WADSWORTH:
Obviously, in case Mr. Boddy had told them about you.

PLUM:
So it has all nothing to do with the disappearing nuclear physicist
and Colonel Mustard's work on the new fusion bomb.

WADSWORTH:
(grinning)
No. Communism was just a red herring.
Mrs. Peacock did it all.

PEACOCK:
There's no proof.

WADSWORTH:
Well. The gun is missing.
Gentlemen, turn out your pockets.
Ladies, empty your purses.
(the camera reveals Miss Scarlet's empty purse)
Whoever has the gun, is the murderer.
Mrs. Peacock opens her purse and pulls out the gun,
pointing it at the butler.

PEACOCK:
Very well.
(pause)
What do you propose to do about it?
She makes her way to the front door.

WADSWORTH:
Nothing.

PEACOCK:
Nothing.

WADSWORTH:
Nothing at all.
I don't approve of murder.
But it seems to me that you've done the world a service by
ridding it of an appalling blackmailer and his disgusting
informers.

GREEN:
But the police will be here any minute. What happens then?

WADSWORTH:
Why should the police come?
Nobody's called them.
Everyone is shocked.

PEACOCK:
You mean . . .

WADSWORTH:
(smiling)
That's right.
Now, I suggest that we stack the bodies in the cellar,
lock it, leave quietly, one at a time, and pretend than none of this
has ever happened.

PEACOCK:
Great idea!
I'll leave first . . .
(sarcastic)
. . . if you don't mind.
Mrs. Peacock uses the gun to wave the other guests into a group.

WADSWORTH:
Be my guest.
In fact, I think we all owe you a vote of thanks.
He starts singing in an appealing baritone.

WADSWORTH:
"For she's a jolly good fellow,
for she's a jolly good fellow . . ."
The rest of guests start to sing as well.
Mrs. White takes a harmony.
Mrs. Peacock carefully slips out the door.
As soon as the door shuts, the party stops singing.
They relax somewhat--at least the immediate danger is past.

GREEN:
(accusatory)
I TOLD you I didn't DO it!
MUSTARD:
But what if the authorities find out what happened?

WADSWORTH:
The F.B.I. will take care of that.

MUSTARD:
You mean . . . ?

WADSWORTH:
My phone call from Mr. Hoover?  
I work for him, of course.  
How else could I have known everything about you all?

MUSTARD:
There's still one thing I don't understand.

WHITE:
ONE thing?

MUSTARD:
Who was Mrs. Peacock taking bribes from?

WADSWORTH:
A foreign power.  
Her husband, the senator, has influence over defense contracts.

PLUM:
Is there going to be a coverup?

WADSWORTH:
Isn't that in the public interest?  
What could be gained by exposure?

PLUM:
But is the F.B.I. in the habit of cleaning up after multiple murder?

WADSWORTH:
Yes.  
Why do you think it's run by a man called "Hoover"?

Mrs. Peacock has her keys out and is getting ready to get into her car.
The elderly evangelist steps out onto the driveway.

**EVANGELIST:**
Oh, Mrs. Peacock . . . ?

**PEACOCK:**
(cautiously)
How did you know my name?

**EVANGELIST:**
The kingdom of heaven IS at hand.
He whips out a gun and points it at her.
Floodlights engage and cops pour out of the yard.
**EVANGELIST (CHIEF) (O.S.)**
Okay, take her away!
**PEACOCK (O.S.)**
Take your hands off me! I'm a senator's wife!
The front door opens and the guests, with Wadsworth at their head, pour out on to the porch.

**CHIEF:**
Wadsworth, we got her.

**WADSWORTH:**
You see?
Like the Mounties, we always get our man.

**GREEN:**
Mrs. Peacock was a man?!
Wadsworth slaps him, then Col. Mustard does the same.

**WADSWORTH:**
Would anyone care for fruit or . . . desert?
The camera freezes.

**CUT TO:**
A card, reading
BUT HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED . . .

**CUT TO:**
139 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- C -- 139
Wadsworth switches on the lights, like in the other two endings.
Sorry, didn't mean to frighten anyone.

**GREEN:**
You're a bit late for that!!

**WADSWORTH:**
Then, there were three more murders.

**ALL:**
So who did it!?
Wadsworth starts striding away.

**WADSWORTH:**
Let's consider each murder one by one.
Professor Plum, you knew that Mr. Boddy was still alive.
Even psychiatrists can tell the difference between patients who are alive or dead.
You fired the gun at him in the dark and missed, so you pretended he was dead. That's how you were able to kill him later, unobserved.

**SCARLET:**
That's right!
He was the missing person in the kitchen after we found the cook dead!

**GREEN:**
But he was with us in the billiard room when we found Yvette screaming. If that's when the cook was killed, how did he do it?

**PLUM:**
I didn't!!

**PEACOCK:**
You don't expect us to believe that, do you?

**WADSWORTH:**
I expect you to believe it.
You killed the cook.
She used to be your cook, and she informed on you to Mr. Boddy.

140 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--DINING ROOM -- C -- 140
Wadsworth enters.
The guests stay around the door from the Hall.

**WADSWORTH:**
You made one fatal mistake!
He sits in the spot Mrs. Peacock occupied during dinner.

WADSWORTH:
Sitting here, at dinner, Mrs. Peacock told us that she was eating one of her favorite recipes.
(he stands slowly)
And monkey's brains, though popular in Cantonese cuisine, are not often to be found in Washington, D.C.

141 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- C -- 141
The party reenters the Hall from the dining room.

WADSWORTH:
Colonel Mustard, when we saw the motorist at the front door . . .

CUT TO:
A flashback, the inside of their huddle when the Motorist arrived. The following happen as Wadsworth describes them.

WADSWORTH (V.O.)
. . . you took the key to the weapons cupboard out of my pocket. Then you suggested that we all split up.
You separated from Miss Scarlet, crossed the Hall, opened the cupboard, took the wrench, ran to the conservatory, entered the lounge through the secret passage, killed the motorist with a blow on the head.

CUT TO:
142 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE LOUNGE -- C -- 142
The present, in the lounge.

WADSWORTH:
(acting out the murder)
Like that!
He strides into the Hall.

143 -- C -- INT. GROUND FLOOR--THE HALL -- C -- 143

WHITE:
(to Wadsworth)
This is incredible!

WADSWORTH:
Not so incredible as what happened next!
He starts up the stairs.
WADSWORTH:
After we all split up again,
I went upstairs with you, yes, you, Mrs. White!
The butler stops on the landing.

WADSWORTH:
And, while I was in the master bedroom . . .

CUT TO:
Flashback of Mrs. White hurrying downstairs.
WADSWORTH (V.O.)
You hurried downstairs and turned off the electricity,
got the rope from the open cupboard, and throttled Yvette.

CUT TO:
The present, in the Hall.

WADSWORTH:
(to Mrs. White)
You WERE jealous that your husband was schtuping Yvette.
That's why you killed him, too!

WHITE:
(detached)
Yes . . .
(pause)
Yes, I did it.
I killed Yvette.
I hated her . . . so . . . much . . .
I-It-It--flame--flames . . . on the side of my face . . .
breathing . . . breathle--heaving breaths . . .heaving--

WADSWORTH:
(cutting her off)
While you were in the billiard room,

CUT TO:
Flashback, the events occurring as the butler describes them
WADSWORTH (V.O.)
Miss Scarlet seized the opportunity and, under cover of darkness,
got to the library, where she hit the cop, whom she'd been bribing,
on the head with the lead pipe!

CUT TO:
The present, in the Hall.

WADSWORTH:
(to Miss Scarlet)
True or false?

SCARLET:
(amazed)
True!
Who are you, Perry Mason?

PLUM:
So it must have been Mr. Green who shot the singing telegram!

GREEN:
I didn't do it!

MUSTARD:
Well, there's nobody else left.

GREEN:
But I didn't do it!
(pauses, realizing something)
The gun is missing!
Whoever's got the gun, shot the girl!
Wadsworth pulls the gun from his pocket.

WADSWORTH:
I shot her.
ALL but GREEN
You?!

GREEN:
(knowingly)
So it was you.
I was going to expose you.

WADSWORTH:
(to Mr. Green)
I know.
So I choose to expose myself.

MUSTARD:
Please, there are ladies present!
WADSWORTH:
(to All)
You thought Mr. Boddy was dead.  
But why? None of you even met him until tonight.  
Mr. Green understands.

GREEN:
You're Mr. Boddy!  
Wadsworth grins and starts to chuckle evilly.

PLUM:
Wait a minute!  
(he runs to the study door)
So who did I kill?  
Wadsworth shrugs.

WADSWORTH:
My butler.

PLUM:
Shucks.  
Wadsworth uses the revolver to wave the Professor to join the group.

WADSWORTH:
He was expendable, like all of you.  
I'm grateful to you all for disposing of my network of spies and informers.  
Saved me a lot of trouble.  
Now there's no evidence against me.

WHITE:
This all has nothing to do with my disappearing nuclear physicist husband  
or Colonel Mustard's work with the new top-secret fusion bomb.

WADSWORTH:
(laughing)
No. Communism was just a red . . . herring.  
Wadsworth runs to the front door,  
keeping the revolver trained on the party.

GREEN:
But, the police will be here any minute!  
You'll never get away with this, any of you!
WADSWORTH:
Why should the police come?
Nobody's called them.

PEACOCK:
You mean . . . oh, my God, of course!

WADSWORTH:
So why shouldn't we get away with it?
We'll stack the bodies in the cellar, lock it, leave quietly
one at a time, and forget that any of this ever happened.
Mr. Green takes off his glasses and starts to put them in his
jacket's inside pocket.

GREEN:
And you'll just go on blackmailing us all.

WADSWORTH:
Of course.
Why not?

GREEN:
Well, I'll tell you why not.
He whips a pistol from his jacket and fires.
Wadsworth tries to get off a shot but is far too slow.
The butler is hit.

WADSWORTH:
(shocked)
Good shot, Green.
Wadsworth slides down the closet door to the floor.
He looks at the blood flowing out of his chest.

WADSWORTH:
Very good . . .
Wadsworth dies.
Mr. Green stands fully, lowering the pistol.
He already looks more confident than he has yet during the night.
Mrs. White steps up to him.
He points the pistol at her.

WHITE:
Are you a cop?
GREEN:
No, I'm a plant.

SCARLET:
A plant? I thought men like you were usually called a "fruit."

GREEN:
Very funny.
(he pulls out a badge)
F.B.I. That phone call from J. Edgar Hoover was for me.
He steps up to the front door and grabs the handle.

GREEN:
I told you I didn't do it!
He opens the front door.
Cops pour in.
The elderly evangelist (the chief) follows them in.

CHIEF:
All right. Whodunit?
The guests all try to explain, blaming each other.
The cops, confused, keep pointing their guns at different guests.
Mr. Green shouts above the din.

GREEN:
They all did it!
But if you want to know who killed Mr. Boddy,
I did. In the Hall, with the revolver.
Take 'em away, chief.
I'm going to go home and sleep with my wife.
The camera freezes as Mr. Green turns to leave and he and the chief grin.
THE END