

GLASS ONION

Adapted Screenplay

Written by Rian Johnson



1 A FRONT DOOR, PAINTED BLACK

1

A hand knocks. Muffled noise inside, then it opens revealing CLAIRE DEBELLA, 30s. Nicely made up in a beige blouse but wears sweat pants and Uggs. She's on the phone. The man who knocked is a COURIER delivering a cardboard box about the size of four large stacked pizza boxes.

CLAIRE
-subject to their approval hold on
(to courier)
Hey - oh shit, sorry - let me -

She realizes she isn't wearing a mask, puts her arm awkwardly over her mouth. Widen to reveal:

2 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

2

The courier's van with CONNECTICUT plates at the curb. Claire signs for the package and takes it.

ALPHA COURIER
Sign here.

CLAIRE
Thank you.

A title card up over this:

MAY 13, 2020

3 INT. DEBELLA HOME

3

Claire awkwardly puts the large box on the kitchen island, where her husband DEVON (30s, shaggy haired in a vintage GREENPEACE t-shirt) wrangles three kids and sorts paperwork.

DEVON
What's this?

CLAIRE
I don't know I've got the CNN thing
in like, now.

As she rushes into the living room where a mini studio is set up in front of a bookshelf, "DEBELLA 2020" election signs everywhere.

She's a blaze of beige energy, sharp and incredibly wry.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 (to Assistant)
 Amy! Come on look alive, hold that
 please.

Claire hands her a phone and coffee.

ASSISTANT
 On in 10, she's leading you in now.

In the kitchen, Devon has removed the cardboard box,
 revealing a large smooth WOODEN BOX, with a small note -
 "LOVE, MILES!" Devon gets very excited.

DEVON
 It's from Miles!

Claire just has time to react to this before she's on live.

CNN ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)
 And with me now is Connecticut
 Governor Claire DeBella, whose senate
 campaign is picking up steam, as
 she's positioned herself as a very
 different kind of candidate.
 Governor, thanks for joining us,
 working from home like the rest of
 us, I can see

CLAIRE
 Yes, welcome to our office, campaign
 center and kindergarten, we are
 losing our minds.

4 INT. AEROSPACE FACTORY

4

A cavernous warehouse-sized space with clean floors and
 massive pieces of strange equipment. It's empty and mostly
 dark. An unattended TV on the wall (in an open break area
 with bean bag chairs) plays to nobody at all.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)
 Your campaign is backed by
 billionaire philanthropist Miles
 Bron, founder of the ubiquitous tech
 giant Alpha, which now has dozens of
 companies from Alpha Cosmos to Alpha
 Car, Alpha Shop, Alpha News,

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

A WORKER in protective gear and face shield rolls a cart through the space, past the tv. On the cart is a WOOD BOX, identical to the one Claire received. A huge sign in the background if we notice it: "ALPHA COSMOS"

5 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

5

LIONEL TOUSSAINT (30s) sits alone at a table facing a wall of various SCIENTISTS on zoom screens. Head in his hands.

LIONEL

I know. I know I know I know but what can I do?

Every scientist says some exasperated variation of:

SCIENTISTS (ON SCREENS)

You can tell him NO.

SCIENTIST ONE

Lionel you're a scientist not a publicist, you can't keep making excuses for Miles Bron's every insane whim!

LIONEL

But genius always looks like insanity at first, though, right? Isn't that how he became Miles Bron? I mean you guys have no idea - the man faxes me in the middle of the night, constantly, he loves faxes, he sends his ideas and I'm supposed to - you tell me - genius or insanity -

Lionel pulls a handful of fax pages from a pile on the table

LIONEL (cont'd)

"Uber for biospheres" - no idea but maybe right? - "AI in Dogs = discourse" - I, all night long they just keep - here - but then -

He holds up another that just says "CHILD = NFT?"

LIONEL (cont'd)

Remember CHILD equals NFT - We all laughed, but then the "Krypto Kidz" app paid for this building.

The door opens, and the worker pushes the cart in.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

WORKER

Delivery. I wiped it down.

Lionel goes over to the cart, still talking, pulls it in.

LIONEL

How can you argue with that?

SCIENTIST TWO

We know, never bet against Bron, we know it but he's asking us to put a volatile substance on a manned flight

LIONEL

He won't listen, he just comes back with "make it work" - and what if it works?

A stentorian scientist breaks through:

SCIENTIST THREE

This is science, not a religion. Remember that Lionel. Because if your name is on this and it fails, it will sink you forever.

Lionel lifts the card on the wooden box. "LOVE, MILES!"

6 EXT. THE DAKOTA - MANHATTAN - DAY

6

The beautiful apartment building, on a clear Manhattan day.

7 INT. APARTMENT

7

Claire's interview on a television.

CLAIRE (ON TV)

I'm hard line on climate change, if that scares you go stick your head back in the sand. My constituents trust I'm gonna fight the machine to keep their water clean and land green. Oh, that's good, we gotta get t-shirts with that. Remind me.

We pull back from the television through a room filled with a DIZZYING array of INTERESTING PEOPLE - models, musicians, authors, designers, circus performers, all reclining on couches or grouped on the floor, smoking and doing drum circles and partying like it isn't 2pm on a weekday during a pandemic.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Finally we land on ex-model, magazine editor and fashion designer BIRDIE JAY (40s.) A few men are, at any given moment, always paying attention to her, and she looks both fabulous and sick of life.

BIRDIE

I'm so bored. Peg! Where's Peg?
Pegggggggg!

Birdie's long suffering assistant PEG (late 20s) shuffles in the door holding a familiar CARDBOARD BOX, which she deposits on the coffee table.

PEG

I'm here.
(spots off-screen)
Please stop fire spinning inside!

BIRDIE

PEG

Pegggg I'm so bored, give me
my phone just a little just
a little phone time just a No phone.
tiny little phone time

MODEL

Why can't she have her phone?

DANCER

Because she's mean.

Birdie rolls her eyes and sarcastically does air quotes:

BIRDIE

No. It's cause she's afraaaaaid I'll
tweeeeet. An ethnic slurrrrr.
Agaaaaain.

PEG

You agreed, no phone for the rest of
the media cycle.

BIRDIE

I didn't even know that word referred
to Jewish people, I though it was
just a generic term for "cheap."

Peg blinks at her.

PEG

"Jewy??"

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

BIRDIE

Everything's so woke these days it's out of control.

VAMPIRE IN TUXEDO

Yes.

Peg pulls away cardboard, revealing the WOOD BOX.

BIRDIE

I'm sorry I say it like I see it, no filter, if people can't handle that it's their problem what's this?

PEG

A guy dropped it off -

Birdie picks up the card and seeing who it's from lights up:

8 INT. DEBELLA HOME

8

Claire, back in the kitchen with Devon, answers a call on her phone - from LIONEL. She puts him on speaker.

CLAIRE

Alright genius what is this thing?

SPLIT-SCREEN with Lionel in his conference room, inspecting the box.

DEVON

It's a Miles invitation

LIONEL

It's one of Miles's invitations

CLAIRE

Well duh but what is it? It's just like a block of wood

DEVON

There's gotta be a way to open it right?

LIONEL

There's no latches or even visible seams. It's solid. The wood grain pattern is weird though, it's familiar...

Claire's phone buzzes with another call

CLAIRE

It's Birdie. Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Claire adds her and we now also SPLIT-SCREEN Birdie in the party apartment.

BIRDIE

Ok how do you open this thing?

CLAIRE

Hi Birdie, Lionel's on too. Hi Peg!

BIRDIE

Peg's putting out a fire but she'll be back.

CLAIRE

Putting out another fire? Bird what'd you say this time, you gotta stay off the twitter.

BIRDIE

No nothing like that, no it's fine.

Peg runs by in the background with a fire extinguisher.

BIRDIE (cont'd)

Is this a Miles thing - have you figured it out yet? Lionel? Use your science brain.

Lionel runs his hands over the box, perplexed.

LIONEL

Working on it. Bird should you be having a party?

BIRDIE

They're in my pod, it's fine. Has anyone heard from Duke?

ALL

No.

9 INT. THREE CAR GARAGE - DAY

9

A gorgeous MUSTANG parked in the background, sleek weight lifting equipment, expensive gadgets. DUKE CODY (40s, very fit) sits in the foreground speaking directly into the camera. We slowly widen to reveal the frame of a YOUTUBE video around him - we're watching him live broadcasting.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE

This has gotten some attention obviously so I want to speak to this - no, Jimmy Kimmel, I do not "hate boobs." Boobs - breasts - give us many useful things. Milk. Cheese. Breasts nourish our young, until the age where we can hunt for them. And let's be honest, breasts are fun. Nothing wrong with that. Am I right babe?

A 22 year old girl named Whiskey steps into frame, dressed in a sporty provocative way involving camouflage.

WHISKEY

I love my boobs, they're super fun. Oops! Sorry feminists!

She struts off screen as Duke continues.

DUKE

When we refer to the "breastification" of America, what we mean is a breakdown of the natural order, evolutionary truths that go back billions of years.

A woman's voice shouts from three rooms away:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dukey!

DUKE

If you're a young man in America you're being asked to slow down so women can catch up. For centuries in the western workplace has been dominated by men, because that's what nature made us to do.

We pull back from a computer monitor, at which point we REVEAL that he was in front of a greenscreen with a photo background, and is actually broadcasting from a slightly shittier 3 car garage, with none of the polish or decor, with a slightly shittier version of the sports car, piles of merch with Lion logos and "APEXOSITY" slogans everywhere.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dukey!

(CONTINUED)

DUKE

but you can have the next best thing
with our Apex Supplements. Whiskey's
gonna break it down for you.

Duke weaves out of the garage and into the hallway of a
mcmansion, lots of cheap marble and clutter, shutting the
door behind him. His MOM walks through with a basket of
laundry, speaks with a jersey accent.

Whiskey takes over and starts pitching the supplements as
Duke walks out of frame.

MA

Dukey, I been calling you you gotta
answer me when I call.

DUKE

Ma! Will you shut it? I'm live, we've
gone over this, Whiskey and me when
we're live -

Ma SLAPS him hard enough to rattle his teeth.

MA

You tell your mother to shut up?

DUKE

I'm sorry it's just we're live

MA

What?

DUKE

We're -

MA

What?

Stares him down. His eyes on the floor.

DUKE

Nothing, jeez mom, I'm sorry.

She nods coolly and walks off.

MA

You got a delivery, it's in the
kitchen.

10 INT. DEBELLA HOME / CONFERENCE ROOM / APARTMENT 10

SPLIT-SCREEN all - Lionel is examining the box with a loupe.

LIONEL
Maybe it's sensitive to heat?

BIRDIE
Wait here's Duke, hold on - Duke!

Now include in the split-screening:

11 INT. DUKE'S KITCHEN - DAY 11

Duke's box is on the mcmansion kitchen table, but his is different - the wood top is not smooth and featureless but COVERED IN complex puzzles. He talks on speakerphone.

DUKE
What is this thing? My mom already broke it.

His mom's voice from the hall:

MA (O.S.)
It's a stereogram!

DUKE
She did something to it and it opened up, I dunno she broke it - Ma!

MA (O.S.)
It's a stereogram, I told you.

Lionel's eyes widen as he runs his hands over the patterned wood grain surface.

LIONEL
A stereogram...

CLAIRE
A what-o-gram? Wait, a stereogram, were those those things -

DEVON
The magic eye things, I could never do those

DUKE
Ma! What'd I tell you about touching my stuff!

11 CONTINUED:

11

Lionel brings his fingers close to his eyes so they cross, then moves it away - the pattern on the wood grain doubles and blurs, then focuses and comes together like a Magic Eye painting... forming a large 3D ARROW SHAPE. He presses his finger just under the tip of the arrow.

A hidden button in the wood depresses with a CLICK and the top of the box slides open with magical fluidity, revealing four quadrants with intricate puzzles, three covered with fine gold mesh.

Lionel's eyes gleam with childlike wonder.

LIONEL

Oh wow...

CUT TO: the gang works together, solving the puzzles one by one. The first is a checkered board with three colored marbles arranged on it.

PEG

Do you group them by color
maybe -

LIONEL

Or size? Weight, should I
weigh them?

CLAIRE

Eight by eight - it's a chess board!
This is a chess endgame, it's - So
it's set up for mate in one, should
I -

LIONEL

Do it Kasparov!

She slides one of the marbles to checkmate. With the same graceful fluidity, one of the gold mesh coverings slips away, revealing the next puzzle.

BEGIN A BRIEF SOLVING MONTAGE:

A completed tic-tac-toe grid with an "F" to the left of it, and a small telegraph key (tapping device).

BIRDIE

That's tic-tac-toe! I know this!

CLAIRE

But it's solved already so
it can't be - thank you
Birdie, for contributing,
yes.

BIRDIE

It's tic-tac-toe.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

PEG
 Wait - the tapper thing,
 it's for morse code - the
 x's and o's are dots and
 dashes

LIONEL
 Dits and dahs! That's an O -
 and U - R, FOUR, which is,
 here -

BIRDIE
 It's tic-tac-toe...

He taps four dots and a dash and the next screen opens - a sliding tile puzzle. They all dive in, slowly revealing a large capital "N"

BIRDIE
 Is something supposed to
 happen?

CLAIRE
 N... maybe stands for
 something, maybe in one of
 the other puzzles

Without turning from the sink Duke's mom:

MA
 It's a compass

DUKE
 Ma!

LIONEL
 North! The whole thing's a compass,
 turn it - what's true north, where
 are we - this way -

Spinning the box so it faces north, jangling it a bit and THE FINAL mesh SLIDES OPEN, revealing the workings of a MUSIC BOX. In addition four little BARS pop up on the four top edges of the box.

The music box starts to play a classical tune.

CLAIRE
 It's music. Guys. It's
 music. It's music.

LIONEL
 Shhhh

BIRDIE
 Are you mocking me?

CLAIRE
 Yes

BIRDIE
 Alright ha ha I'm gonna shazam it.

Birdie loudly talks into a large white cube on the table.

(CONTINUED)

BIRDIE (cont'd)
 ALEXA, SHAZAM THIS SONG PLEASE.
 ALEXA, SHAZAM THIS SONG PLEASE.
 ALEXA, SHAZAM THIS SONG PLEASE.

Yo-Yo Ma, eating a slice of pizza, leans over to Peg.

YO-YO MA
 That's Bach's "Little Fugue in G
 Minor."

PEG
 Are you sure?

YO-YO MA
 Yeah. Listen.

BIRDIE
 I'm shazaaming it.

YO-YO MA
 A fugue is a beautiful musical puzzle
 based on one one tune, and when you
 layer this tune on top of itself it
 starts to change and turns in to a
 beautiful new structure.

Birdie realizes

BIRDIE
 This can't shazaam, it's a lamp.

CLAIRE
 I love you Birdie.

BIRDIE
 I love you too!

LIONEL
 Wait. Layered back over itself. Hold
 on. See that center wheel? Lift it
 up...

The entire top layer pops up like an album off a turntable,
 on a center spoke.

It starts SPINNING, then settles... revealing FOUR NEW
 PUZZLES.

LIONEL (cont'd)
 A whole new tune.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

DUKE

Freakin Miles, man. Genius.

MA

That first one's the Fibonacci sequence.

DUKE

Ma!

MONTAGE: puzzle pieces sliding, abacus tiles being calculated, color filters irising over illuminated suns, gold mesh opening, three more puzzles solved by our group as the excitement mounts. Finally:

LIONEL

Forty seven for sure?

DUKE

(looking at his phone)

That's the atomic number of silver - that's definitely silver?

BIRDIE

That's silver. So this is it?

They all set number tumblers (beneath a mounted chunk of silver) to "47." A simple switch below the tumblers.

LIONEL

Ok. One. Two. Three.

They all flip the final switch.

The top of the box SPLITS down the middle and parts, revealing a CENTRAL CHAMBER covered with a wooden DOME.

This DOME then opens like a flower in time lapse, beautifully revealing a recess with a blue index card sized NOTE inside.

With hushed awe, Claire, Lionel, Duke and Birdie all take their notes, and read.

CLAIRE

My dear friends, my beautiful disruptors, my closest inner circle.

LIONEL

We could all use a moment of normalcy. And so, you are cordially invited

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

BIRDIE
for a long weekend on my private
island AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!!!

DUKE
where we will celebrate the bonds
that connect us. And I hope your
puzzle solving skills are whetted,

BIRDIE
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH YES YES YES YES

LIONEL
because you will also be competing to
solve the mystery...

CLAIRE
...of my murder. Travel details to
come, please forward any dietary
restrictions. Love and all my kisses,
Miles.

12 INT. DUKE'S KITCHEN

12

Duke is bubbling with excitement.

DUKE
Oh my god - Ma, where's my spear
fishing gear at? I gotta pack it!
(shouts)
Babe! Hey babe! Get packed!

As he leaves Whiskey walks in, blinks at the box.

WHISKEY
What's that?

MA
I dunno.

13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

13

Lionel leans back, twirling the invite. He turns off the
banks of monitors with a remote control.

14 INT. APARTMENT

14

Birdie is losing her shit, dancing around the party.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BIRDIE
Yessssssssssssssss!

HARD CUT TO:

15 INT. GARAGE

15

A darkened garage, with moving boxes half packed. A card table has the familiar box on it, still smooth and solid and unsolved. The "LOVE MILES!" card next to it.

Sitting behind the table, staring blankly at the box, is a WOMAN in her 30s we have not met yet. Her expression is unreadable. She stares at the box for a long while.

Then she gets up and walks out of frame. We stay with the box. Sounds of clattering. Then a few moments later she comes back.

With a hammer.

Without hesitation she SMASHES the box. It splinters apart - all the intricate puzzles shattering, springs and latches and pieces flying everywhere. She smashes it until it breaks open entirely, revealing the invitation inside.

She drops the hammer. Takes the invite. Sits. Reads it.

Something boiling behind her face. Eyes brimming. Maybe rage. Maybe sadness. Whatever it is, it stays behind her eyes and she finishes reading and stares through the invitation for a long, long while.

CUT TO:

On an iPad screen, little robot men traverse a space station in a video game. "EMERGENCY MEETING!" flashes on the screen, and then "DISCUSS!"

16 INT. BENOIT BLANC'S APARTMENT - DAY

16

BLANC
Hold on. What's happening?

Blanc sits in his bath tub smoking a cigar, annoyed and disinterested. On a second iPad, a SKYPE call with four of his friends.

BLANC (cont'd)
What just happened? I'm so confused.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA LANSBURY

Blanc, I saw you go in the engine room. You're the imposter, we all know it.

BLANC

I'm sorry, I don't understand this at all, so Angie caught me and now the game's just over?

STEPHEN SONDEHEIM

You're thrown out of the airlock, it's a no brainer.

BLANC

Yeah, sorry Steve, I know you're saying words but they mean nothing to me, absolute gibberish. I think maybe this game is just not my thing.

On the screen: Blanc's robot spins out into space, resulting in a VICTORY for the team.

KAREEM ABDULJABBAR

I gotta say, "the world's greatest detective," I really thought you'd be better at this.

NATASHA LYONNE

Maybe we should try Codenames? Or Quiplash?

A KNOCKING from out in the apartment somewhere.

BLANC

No no, I look I appreciate you all trying to do this for me.

KAREEM ABDULJABBAR

We're worried about you buddy. Lockdown's not been easy for any of us, we'd all kill for a vacation right now. But Phillip told me you haven't left the bath in a week?

BLANC

Oh that's hyperbole.

KNOCKING AGAIN.

BLANC (cont'd)

(shouts)

Answer that, would you?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

PHILLIP (O.S.)
You're not in the bath again are
you??

BLANC
(to Phillip, guilty)
No!

(back to the zoom)
I just I lose it a bit between cases
anyway, but I'm really feeling
insane. My mind is a fueled up racing
car and I've nowhere to drive it.

NATASHA LYONNE
Have you tried crosswords?

BLANC
I don't need puzzles or games, and
the last thing I need is a vacation.
I need danger, the hunt, a challenge.
I need a great case.

PHILLIP (O.S.)
Blanc! There's someone here for you.

Blanc looks off in the direction of the voice, curious.

PHILLIP (O.S.) (cont'd)
With a box.

CUT TO:

17 SHIMMERING WATER

17

Opening title over glistening waves. Tilt up to reveal:

18 EXT. GRECIAN PORT TOWN - DAY

18

Hills dotted with rustic homes, a charming HOTEL on the
water. A long JETTY juts out into the crystal blue sea.

At the end of this jetty, sitting with his luggage, Benoit
Blanc checks his watch. He wears a dapper face mask.

Blanc is alone. Until an N-95 masked Lionel walks up with
his roller bag. Stops about 20 feet from Blanc. Gives him a
polite nod but doesn't engage, checks his phone.

Blanc waits a moment, not sure if he should say something.
Finally he decides "this is silly" and starts to say
something when -

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BEEP BEEP

A cab pulls up, and deposits a masked Claire and her luggage. Lionel greets her warmly. Blanc stands, but they both ignore him, and eventually he sits again awkwardly.

LIONEL

Governor.

CLAIRE

Hey genius.

Birdie and Peg come down the jetty in a golf cart driven by a masked BELLHOP from the little hotel, Louis Vuitton bags stacked in back. She wears a fashionable but totally useless lace mask.

BIRDIE

Hellooooooo!

Claire grins tightly, leaning into Lionel.

CLAIRE

We need to talk.
Just us.
Maybe when we're -

LIONEL

I know.
I know.
Sure.

Then Birdie is upon them like a summer storm in colorful silks and a huge hat.

BIRDIE

Oh my god. We can't hug right? Can we?

CLAIRE / LIONEL / PEG

No.

BIRDIE

I want to hug everyone, this feels so crazy hello hello

CLAIRE

Birdie. Hi Peg. You need a hand?

With the luggage. Lionel hops forward and helps her and the bellhop unload.

PEG

Thanks, hi.

BIRDIE

Did you two stay at the hotel last night? We didn't see you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

CLAIRE

No Birdie we clearly just arrived.

Birdie points to Blanc, still watching silently.

BIRDIE

But YOU, hello, Stranger Danger!

BELLHOP

(to Blanc)

Mr. Blanc, you are Stranger Danger?

BLANC

No, no, that's fine Nikos, I don't even know what that means.

A sleek two level boat glides up to the jetty, but Lionel squints, looking at Blanc for the first time.

LIONEL

Wait - Benoit Blanc?

CLAIRE

Oh my god, Benoit Blanc the detective? Did you solve the murder of - oh whatshername, that ballet dancer thing, that's you?

BLANC

It is. I'm obviously familiar with you all as well - Governor, Dr. Toussaint, Miss Birdie Jay. What an extraordinary gathering.

Before anyone can answer a deep guttural BOOM like a gunshot draws their attention towards the town.

19 EXT. GRECIAN PORT TOWN STREETS - DAY

19

A helmet-less mask-less Duke roars through the narrow coastal streets on a barking motorcycle, Whiskey on back. She fires a ridiculous pearl handled gun into the air.

20 EXT. JETTY

20

He pulls up to the gang and hops off, Whiskey hands him his gun which he holsters. Grabs his rucksack.

DUKE

Crew! We have arrived, the disruptors have assembled.

(CONTINUED)

BIRDIE

Duke pook!

He hugs Birdie, when he goes for Peg she steps away

PEG

Nope

LIONEL

CLAIRE

Hi Duke.

Duke.

He holds Whiskey's waist and beams, showing her off.

DUKE

You all remember Whiskey. My girl.

CLAIRE

LIONEL

of course, Whiskey.

Uh huh.

DUKE

Who's that?

He nods at Blanc aggressively.

CLAIRE

Why are you in Greece, Mr. Blanc?

BLANC

Well, I'm assuming like all of us, I was invited. By Miles Bron.

The gang exchanges confused looks. Duke, weirdly suspicious:

DUKE

You tight with Miles?

BLANC

No, we've never met.

LIONEL

Oh I get it, the murder mystery game! Miles, man - Benoit Blanc's gonna solve the mystery of Miles' murder? This will be fun.

BLANC

Well we'll see.

At that moment a BLACK SUV pulls up swiftly and an EFFICIENT MAN in sportswear hops out, speaks efficiently.

(CONTINUED)

EFFICIENT MAN

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Greece. That fine craft will take you to Mr. Bron's island, a two hour journey. Your captain Mr. Andino will assist with your luggage.

The burly captain Mr. ANDINO lumbers down the gangplank and starts lugging the bags on board with a grunt. The efficient man wields a strange looking gun-shaped device.

EFFICIENT MAN (cont'd)

But first, would you each lower your masks and extend your tongues, this will be momentarily uncomfortable.

He starts with Birdie, aims the gun's nozzle into her throat and shoots a burst of compressed mist with a sharp PSSST. She gags. He gives her a white rubber wrist band.

BIRDIE

Whew, what uh -

EFFICIENT MAN

Mr. Cody.

DUKE

There's no pineapple in that? Duke don't dance with pineapple.

EFFICIENT MAN

No pineapple. Open please.

One by one they get their mysterious sprays. Blanc and Claire wait at the end of the line.

BLANC

Seems I'm odd man out - you're all friends?

CLAIRE

Miles does these reunion weekends once a year, some nutso invitation and extravagant trip, his little menagerie. Excuse me, I love you're accent I just had to try it.

BLANC

I see...

Claire's turn to get her spray - she gags. Birdie slips in next to Blanc.

(CONTINUED)

BIRDIE

Eight years of these trips, you're the first new person he's ever invited. You must be very special. I love this material, what is this?

She's touching his very normal shirt.

BLANC

Cotton, I think?

EFFICIENT MAN

Sir.

BLANC

What is that?

EFFICIENT MAN

Open please.

Blanc does, SPRAY, gag. He goes to replace his mask but

EFFICIENT MAN (cont'd)

You won't need that anymore. You're good.

BLANC

I won't? -

EFFICIENT MAN

Good.

BLANC

So is it, was that a disinfectant, some sort of -

EFFICIENT MAN

You're. Good. Have a great trip everyone!

Blanc, unbelieving, nudges Claire. Massages his throat.

They're all filing up the gangplank when a tooting horn gets their attention.

A Greek TAXI pulls up, and the woman who smashed the box gets out with a small suitcase. Looks up at them all.

Blanc watches the gang, whose jaws collectively drop. Every single one of them looks like they've just seen a ghost. Birdie waves and smiles hollowly at the woman.

BIRDIE

Andi! Hiiiiii!

(not much quieter)

Holy. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (4)

20

The efficient man greets the woman that Birdie called ANDI and gives her her spray. Blanc takes this all in.

21 INT. BOAT - AT SEA - DAY

21

The boat cuts through emerald sun spangled waters. Our whole gang aboard.

Blanc meanders over to Lionel, who leans on a rail.

BLANC

I could not help but notice a stir at her arrival.

Andi on the deck below them, alone.

LIONEL

Andi. Yeah, that was a stir.

BLANC

She not in your little gang?

LIONEL

She was. She is. Andi started Alpha ten years ago, with Miles, just the two of them.

BLANC

(dawning)

That's Cassandra Brand?

LIONEL

Andi. Yeah.

BLANC

Are they no longer partners?

LIONEL

With one legal move he cut her out completely. Booted her without a dime. Social Networked her.

BLANC

Lord. But he still invited her? To this weekend?

LIONEL

The real question isn't why'd he invite her. It's why did she show up?

Blanc looks down at Andi, framed against the glittering sea.

22 EXT. GREEK ISLAND - DAY 22

AERIAL SHOT - the boat approaches a very small island, with ONE SINGLE COMPOUND built on it.

23 EXT. BEACH - DAY 23

As the boat approaches the small spit of sand, a glimmering glass-like dock with ironic political art on it MAGICALLY rises piece by piece from the sea.

24 INT. BOAT 24

Lionel with Captain Andino, regarding the dock.

LIONEL
Wow - is that dock a Banksy?

ANDINO
Peet-cha-chite.

LIONEL
Is that the island? In Greek?

ANDINO
Peet-cha-chite.

LIONEL
Peetchachite.

25 EXT. BEACH 25

As the boat nestles up to the dock, we reveal a man sitting in a beach chair playing a guitar.

Barefoot in beach clothes, with an easy manner and charisma, MILES BRON plucks "Blackbird" and watches his friends arrive. Then stands to greet them with a warm smile.

BIRDIE
Miiiiiiiiiles! With your island.

She runs into his arms, big swinging hug.

MILES
Baby Birdie.

BIRDIE
Serenading us! With my song!

MILES

On the guitar Paul wrote it on. I know legit right! But look at your face it was worth it.

Birdie's jaw drops at this holy relic. Miles sees everyone else coming and he tosses the guitar onto his beach chair.

MILES (cont'd)

My friends. Old friends.

CLAIRE

Can we - after the men in black thing, can we hug now?

MILES

We can hug now. Magical words right? We can hug now.

They do. Duke and Whiskey next.

DUKE

Hey buddy. This is a dream.

They do a percussive back-slap hug.

MILES

Not a dream. Wide awake. And it feels so good. Whiskey.

WHISKEY

Hey.

MILES

I love that necklace.

WHISKEY

This old thing?

Miles hugs Whiskey. Just a little too long. Duke averts his eyes and quickly:

DUKE

Benoit Blanc, huh? Man when you throw a murder mystery party you do it right.

Lionel and Blanc coming up the beach. Lionel gives Miles a quick hug.

LIONEL

Hey pal.

(CONTINUED)

BLANC

Mr. Bron, I cannot overstate my gratitude for the invitation.

MILES

I am so happy to meet...

But Miles's eyes are already looking past him.

MILES (cont'd)

Andi. You're here.

She stares back coldly.

ANDI

I am.

DUKE

Alright, when's the murder start?

MILES

Patience, just a little patience. Let's all embreathiate this moment. Old friends. We've got quite a weekend coming. I love you all. I wanted to say that.

Miles takes a moment. A guy in his 30s with a very Kato Kaelin vibe strolls nonchalantly past with a corona.

MILES (cont'd)

We've got a great weekend, just our gang, just us.

DEROL

Hey hey.

MILES

Hey Derol.

DEROL

I'm not here!

BIRDIE

Who's that?

MILES

That's Derol, he's just staying here, going through some stuff, he's not part of the experience at all. Alright. First a proper tour of the Glass Onion.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

With a gleam in his eye he leads them into the compound.

BIRDIE

Glass Onion! Like our bar! Aww I love that.

Blanc lingers, looking back at the boat.

BLANC

Should we - get our bags - no?
Someone will, ok.

Everyone ignores him and walks after Miles. Except Andi, who falls in step beside him. She eyes his discomfort, then says as a statement of fact:

ANDI

This rich people shit is weird.

Blanc's relief is palpable.

BLANC

Thank you. I have occasionally put on the dog in my life, but this is stretching my stride-taking abilities.

ANDI

You're doing great. I'm Andi.

BLANC

Very genial of you. Benoit.

ANDI

You've got a flat tire there.

His shoelace. He stops to tie it.

26 EXT. VILLA - COMPOUND

26

Meanwhile up ahead, the gang walks up a gentle tiered series of landings, climbing into the compound, a mixture of (excuse me) Bond villain lair and Mediterranean villa.

They've just turned a corner into a broad open courtyard, and had their first real view of the place's defining feature - perched at the top of a grand gently sloped staircase, the main building is a massive orb of glass. It sits like a crown atop the entire complex.

(CONTINUED)

BIRDIE

Wow. It's like an actual huge glass onion.

CLAIRE

(uh huh)

Yup.

MILES

Yup, it's past, present, future. What came before me, what I am, what I leave to the world.

Derol, walking by in the background

DEROL

Ignore me!

MILES

This is the full reclamation of everything I've ever accomplished, up until now.

Blanc and Andi join them, exchange a look at Miles's oration.

LIONEL

How big a staff does it take to run this place?

MILES

This weekend it's just us. Sent them all home. This is a normal weekend with old friends.

In the background, Boston Dynamics ROBOT DOGS waddle by with everyone's LUGGAGE on their backs.

MILES (cont'd)

I don't want this to be some rich asshole's house, it's not even a house, it's a commune for creativity.

Andi stifles a grin. A low "DONG!" sounds over the complex.

LIONEL

What was that?

MILES

An hourly chime, I had Phil Glass compose it, to keep me centered in time. Speaking of, let's start experiencing this place together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MILES (cont'd)

The rooms are named after chakras,
your biorhythm is your key, get
changed, settle and let's have an
afternoon by the pool before the real
party begins.

All their white wrist bands start glowing a different color
and chakra name, for instance, Birdie's says "sacral." The
various VILLAS around the complex emit a soft color-coded
glow into the air above them.

BIRDIE

Sacral - you know me, Miles.

Everyone takes it in stride and parts with kind words for
their rooms.

MILES

Andi. I really am glad you are here.

She gives him an unreadable look and walks off. Then:

BLANC

Wow. I'm sorry, that is crazy.

MILES

Mr. Blanc. Could I have a word?

27 INT. THE GLASS ONION - DAY

27

Miles leads Blanc into his office in the huge dome of the
glass onion.

BLANC

Amazing, just amazing all of this,
I'm so happy to be included, and if
there's some role you'd like me to
play in this murder mystery game as
"the detective" I'm happy to oblige.
Just. Very happy. To be included.
And meet you. Is... that a motor car?

Through the back of the onion, perched on a platform high on
the roof of an adjoining building, is a gorgeous light blue
Porsche.

MILES

My baby blue. Goes anywhere I go, all
around the world.

BLANC

Why is it on the roof?

(CONTINUED)

MILES
(obviously)
There's nowhere to drive it on the island.

BLANC
Ah of course.

MILES
Mr. Blanc. I wanted to ask. What are you doing here?

BLANC
I'm sorry?

MILES
What are you doing here?

BLANC
You invited me.

MILES
No I didn't.

BLANC
You. You sent me a box.

MILES
You received a box?

BLANC
Yes, a wooden box was delivered to my home with some simple children's puzzles
(Miles flinches)
and when I completed them there was an invitation inside.

MILES
Do you have that invitation?

Blanc, shaken, digs in his pocket and produces a familiar blue card, hands it over.

BLANC
I do - I thought maybe we had to show it or... I didn't know... sorry I'm very confused, is this part of the game, or...?

MILES
This is just like the others but... I didn't send you this.

(CONTINUED)

Blanc has switched to another gear. His eyes grow distant.

BLANC

How many of these boxes did you create?

MILES

Five. One for each of my guests.

BLANC

No test boxes or prototypes or -

MILES

No. My puzzle guy barely got the five done in time and he apprenticed with Ricky Jay.

BLANC

And once these boxes are open and the puzzles complete, is there a way to close them again? To reset them?

Miles squints then claps his hands.

MILES

Someone reset the box and sent it to you as a gag.

BLANC

I'm mortified

MILES

Why? I've got the world's predefinite detective at my murder mystery party, that is so legit.

BLANC

Mr. Bron. I've learned through bitter experience that an anonymous invitation is not to be trifled with.

MILES

Ha! C'mon.

Miles stands and makes a grand sweeping gesture.

MILES (cont'd)

I invite you to my home, there, done, you're invited. Relax, Enjoy the weekend, hell try to solve the murder mystery. If you can. I don't wanna toot my own horn, but it's pretty next level. See you by the pool.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

And Miles is gone, leaving Blanc with a deep look of concentration on his face.

28 EXT. POOL - DAY

28

Perched high on the property, a long infinity pool meets the sky seamlessly.

Birdie makes her entrance, in a fabulous swimsuit streaming a silk robe behind her. She sits by Lionel and Claire, who sports an aggressively plain beige one-piece.

BIRDIE

Guys. Lionel you are too hot to be a scientist and Claire, you look so cute.

Claire flips her off.

CLAIRE

Aw thanks Bird.

BIRDIE

You really try, that's what I like. You make an effort.

CLAIRE

Well I figured. Greece.

Their banter has an underlying affection to it.

BIRDIE

God and no masks I can breathe again, look at this pool, maybe I'll go for a swim

At that moment Whiskey breaks the surface of the glittering water in all her young instagram model splendor.

BIRDIE (cont'd)

maybe I'll lay out for a bit.

Blanc enters the pool area, in long shorts and a short sleeve button up shirt. He joins Miles, Birdie and Peg in a lounge area, where Miles holds court, sipping a beer and strumming his guitar.

MILES

Blanc! Have a dip. Grab one of these, Jared Leto sent 'em over. Hard kombucha. Pretty good.

(CONTINUED)

BLANC
Well. I am on vacation.

DUKE
(from the pool)
Hey, booch me!

Miles tosses him one. Above the bar cart, a flashy painting of the BLUE PORSCHE.

BLANC
Baby blue!

DUKE
Iconic. Remember you almost
pancaked me with it on the
road that night at

MILES
Anderson Cooper's birthday,
Coop's parties are
memorable.

IN THE POOL - Lionel and Claire wade out into the deep end.
Duke pulls himself out of the pool and does some stretches.
He wears a speedo, his gun belt and pistol, dripping wet.

LIONEL
Really, Duke?

Duke, defiant, draws and FIRES his gun into the air.
Everyone jumps, annoyed.

DUKE
Really.

LIONEL
Asshole.

MILES
NOW it's a party!

Blanc wades into the pool with a beer, still with his shirt on. Duke sits on the pool edge, leans back in the sun.

BLANC
That is quite a piece.

DUKE
Never without it.

BLANC
So I see.

DUKE

You never know when shit's going to go down.

Blanc eyes Lionel and Claire talking animatedly in the deep end of the pool, but can't make out their conversation.

LATER - Birdie digs sunglasses out of her bag and lays out in the sun, keeping an eye on Miles, who plays guitar for Whiskey. Peg plops down next to Birdie, and low with fervent urgency:

PEG

Birdie. You need to talk to him. Before dinner. You need to. You need to beg him.

BIRDIE

I will.
I will.
Oh god.

PEG

When he goes to his room, just follow him and do it. Ok?

BIRDIE

I'll take care of him. Don't worry.

Birdie stares across the pool at Miles flirting with Whiskey, sad rage in her eyes.

BIRDIE (cont'd)

There was a time you know, back when. I was the one who'd been on magazines, he was nobody, he couldn't believe he was talking to me. He said that. "You're Birdie Jay, from billboards. I can't believe I'm talking to you." He was this little thing in my hand.

(beat)

I preferred that.

Birdie lies back, and notices Andi lying in the chair next to her.

BIRDIE (cont'd)

Andi! Hi. Wow. Wow how long as it been?

ANDI

Since the trial, so a few months.

BIRDIE

The trial right, yeesh that was not fun, for any of us, but, for all of us. Peg, right? I'm uncomfortable I'm going to swim.

She unceremoniously leaves. Andi and Peg smile tightly at each other.

LATER - Blanc strolls out from the bathroom holding a magazine. He hears a clank and clatter - on a nearby table, a FAX MACHINE spits a sheet into a large bucket, Miles retrieves it and reads it.

BLANC

I can handle the Matisse in the bathroom, but is that a... FAX machine?

BIRDIE

(can you believe)
Miles doesn't have a phone.

MILES

It's really convenient, I have one number goes to all my fax machines, anywhere in the world. There is something about analog -

The magazine Blanc holds is a vintage late 90s copy of British fashion mag THE FACE. A teenage Birdie is on the cover, with a large diamond set on her forehead.

BIRDIE

Oh, blast from my past, look everybody, Miles you are so funny, keeping this around.

He closes the magazine and sets it aside as Birdie joins the small group of Blanc, Miles and Whiskey in the shade.

BLANC

Can I ask, what first drew you all together? Such an eclectic bunch.

MILES

I think disruptors recognize each other.

BIRDIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

BLANC

You've used that word before, what does that mean?

MILES

Well.

(motions to Birdie)

Some people think Birdie is disruptive every time she opens her mouth, just because she is saying what everyone is thinking but no one has the nerve to say.

BIRDIE

I say it like I see it. It's true.

MILES

Seriously, you know about Sweetie Pants, right.

BLANC

I'm going to embarrass myself - I adore Sweetie Pants. I live in mine.

MILES

You are sitting next to Birdie Jay, she was a fashion magnet! And then the youngest editor of She-She magazine, right, establishment BS, on top of the world! But then -

BIRDIE

Well, then there was the whole thing with the Halloween costume, it was a tribute to Beyonce, but people did not take it that way. Anyway I had a lot of time at home, I just spent all my time in...

BLANC

Sweat pants.

MILES

She comes out with designer sweat pants. High quality, fashionable sweat pants, hitting the market just as the pandemic hit. She disrupted her own disruption. She made a killing.

Duke comes in, toweling himself off. Miles's hand, which was resting on Whiskey's knee, subtly withdraws.

(CONTINUED)

MILES (cont'd)

Or Duke, look at Duke, do you think people looked at him and saw anything other than the beef, you think they saw the first gamer with a million followers on Twitch. Invented the word "influencer."

Claire and Lionel have joined the group.

MILES (cont'd)

Or Claire blowing up conventional politics, or Lionel pushing science past its comfort point, it's what I did with Alpha, it's disruption. That's what I did with Al...

Andi appears, standing behind them. Miles changes tact.

MILES (cont'd)

...That's what we did with Alpha. Tell you a little secret. Your world is about to change. Once you hear it you can't unhear it. Is your phone turned off?

BLANC

Oh I left it in my room.

MILES

Okay, If you wanna shake things up, start by breaking something small, a norm, an idea, a convention, some little business model. You go with things that people are kind of tired of anyway. Everybody gets excited because you are busting things up that everyone wanted broken anyway. And that's... this is the infraction point. Because this is where you have to find it in yourself to keep going, will you break more things and bigger things, and break the thing that nobody wants you to break. At that point, people will stop being on your side. There going to say you are crazy, they will say you are a bully, they'll tell you to stop, even your partner will say that you need to stop. Because nobody wants you to break the system itself. But that is true disruption. That is what unites this group.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (6)

28

MILES (cont'd)

Every single one of us has hit that point, and proved that they're willing to cross it. Disruptors. All of us.

A single pair of hands clap from outside the circle. Andi, a wry smile on her face.

ANDI

Bravo. That was - wow. Real red pill stuff Miles.

Miles seems genuinely hurt.

MILES

The Andi I built Alpha with, she believed it.

ANDI

Oh I believe it. Mr. Blanc you're a detective, can you spot the other thing, the real thing that this group has in common?

LIONEL

Andi c'mon -

But Andi continues with an almost unhinged intensity.

ANDI

Oh Lionel, Everybody knows who Lionel works for, that's no secret, and we know who bankrolled Claire's campaign. But when nobody would touch Birdie with a ten foot pole because she went on Oprah and compared herself to Harriet Tubman -

BIRDIE

In SPIRIT, not - oh god

ANDI

- can you guess who stepped up as an angel investor in Sweetie Pants? Or when Duke got banned from Twitch for hawking rhino horn boner pills to teenage boys

DUKE

There was ZERO rhino in those pills

(CONTINUED)

ANDI

Who do you think set him up on YouTube and used his media empire to promote his stream? That's the real common thread here. Every single one of you is holding on for dear life to Miles Bron's golden titties. And every one of you will stab a friend in the back to hold on. That is what I believe.

She storms off. Claire goes after her.

CLAIRE

Hey. Andi - wait -

After they're gone, a moment of tense silence. Miles leans back, as if he's just watched a great fireworks display.

MILES

Wow. That was real. Anyway, dinner at eight, see y'all there.

Miles ambles off.

Duke storms off, followed by Whiskey. Lionel looks deeply troubled. A beat. Then:

BIRDIE

Like Miles said, I'm a truth teller, some people can't handle it.

BLANC

(like honey)

It's a dangerous thing isn't it, to mistake speaking without thought for speaking the truth.

She grins flirtatiously at him.

BIRDIE

Are you calling me dangerous?

BLANC

Well we'll see. If you'll excuse me.

With a charming grin he steps away. She watches him go with a wicked grin, which then dissolves away to something else.

29 EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

29

Lionel trots into a garden where he finds Claire. She's watching Andi, far off now, vanishes into the greenery.

CLAIRE
Something's off. I don't like this.

LIONEL
What do you mean?

CLAIRE
She's changed.

Claire seems afraid.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
What's she playing at?

30 EXT. ZEN GARDEN - DAY

30

Miles ambles towards his villa. Peg runs up and stops him.

PEG
Mr. Bron.

MILES
Hello.

PEG
Don't do this. Please. Bird showed me the statement you want her to make, to the press, about Bangladesh. And if you make her go through with it, her name is destroyed. But you see my resume is just Birdie Jay, Birdie Jay, a short stint in retail and then Birdie Jay. So you see if her name is destroyed then my name is...

MILES
I'm sorry....

PEG
....Peg.

MILES
I'm begging you - you gotta make her make the statement. It's her only way out.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

He smiles reassuringly and walks off, leaving Peg smoldering with anger.

REVEAL: Blanc, lingering behind a statue, eavesdropping.

Peg narrows her eyes, then walks off.

We stick with Blanc, who also processes all this. He walks the strange beautiful grounds, past gardens and art installations, deep in thought. As beautiful as it all is, a sense of foreboding hangs in the gloaming.

On the crest of a hill he catches a glimpse of Duke jogging.

Blanc removes a slender cigar from his shirt pocket and lights it. No sooner has he exhaled one puff when LIGHTS start blinking in the trees around him, and a sharp ALARM sounds.

SOOTHING ROBOT VOICE

This is a smokeless garden. This is a smokeless garden. This...

Blanc tries to waft the smoke away but it all continues. He panics and tosses the cigar in a nearby pond.

The POND then LIGHTS UP RED and another ALARM sounds

2ND SOOTHING ROBOT VOICE

Please keep our water clean. Please keep our water clean. Please...

Blanc assesses the situation and FLEES.

31 EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

31

Duke runs, then spots something, slows, stops. Hunches and creeps without making a noise. He slips behind bushes close to a picture window into a villa bedroom, with half drawn blinds. Two people are kissing and talking on a bed.

Miles and Whiskey.

A twig SNAPS behind Duke. He looks back - nothing there. Turns back to the window.

About 20 yards behind him, hidden as well, Blanc's head rises up.

He wrinkles his nose at the spectacle. Then looks at Duke. Watching the pair, who still kiss and speak.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

Rage on his face. Twisting branches in his clenched fist.
Next to his holstered gun.

Not liking this at all, Blanc silently withdraws.

32 EXT. THE GLASS ONION - EVENING 32

The central glass structure looms soft white, bathing the grounds in a welcoming aura as the sunset's final glow dissipates. The hourly chime DONGS.

33 INT. ATRIUM - EVENING 33

The main floor of the glass onion structure, a wide open space with a central entryway, a very 70s feeling lounge area with inset couches, and a dining table with a spectacular view.

The guests filter in, and Miles greets them, drink in hand and unlit pipe in his mouth.

MILES

Welcome gang. Some pre-murder drinks,
I've mixed everyone's favorites. And
we've got tamales.

A stacked bar cart with fixed drinks on top, each glass has the guest's name elaborately etched on it. Lionel takes his wryly and sips.

MILES (cont'd)

My chemist.

LIONEL

Lagavulin. Sixteen.

MILES

He likes it heavy on the fever.

LIONEL

Serve it up neat.

Blanc goes for the snack tray with mini tamales and hot sauce, loading one up.

Birdie takes her tall yellow fruity drink.

BIRDIE

Is this my Cuban Breeze?

(CONTINUED)

MILES

It's the drink that got us on the no-fly list at St. Barts. What else?

BIRDIE

Hashtag worth it.

MILES

Claire Bear - room temp white.

BLANC

(the hot sauce)

Halle Berry - that has a kick.

MILES

Jeremy Renner's small batch hot sauce. I let him invest, he sends me like a pallet every year.

Miles tosses Blanc a few bottles of the hot sauce, which Blanc awkwardly holds for awhile then, not knowing what to do with them, puts them in his jacket pocket.

MILES (cont'd)

And I apologize I don't know your drink, but I have everything here, pick your poison.

(then)

Hey Andi! I am hoping it's still Whiskey soda.

Andi's slipped in, a chill goes through the room, and Lionel and Claire turn their attention anywhere else they can.

Front and center in the main entryway is a small framed and very familiar painting, behind glass.

CLAIRE

Ok. I know your whole thing with it, but... but this place is like the Tate Modern, why would you hang a framed print of the Mona Lisa front and center? It's like a Che poster in a dorm room.

Miles grins in silence for a long beat.

MILES

Or?

Lionel laughs.

LIONEL

C'mon.

Miles just keeps grinning.

Lionel, Blanc, Peg, Claire and even Andi's jaws drop and they step towards the painting in a trance.

LIONEL (cont'd)

That's impossible Miles -

Miles hits a red BUTTON on a pedestal and with a distinct SHHHTINK the glass case slides away, leaving the Mona Lisa open and exposed in all her glory.

Everyone is awestruck.

BLANC

Forgive my incredulity, but it's property of the state, there's no way they would -

MILES

Blame it on the pando Blanc. Louvre is closed, France needs money and so I bought myself a little short term loan. You know it turns out the security and transport cost more than anything. Check this out.

He takes a silver lighter from his pocket and clicks it - an eight inch long blue flame spears out above his pipe.

And though he's a good distance back, the protective glass INSTANTLY SHHHTINKS back into place. Miles laughs. With his flame still lit he hits the red button, and the glass re-opens.

MILES (cont'd)

Don't tell the insurance guys, but I had an over-ride button put in. Where do you think it is?

Miles pushes down on a figurine of a little jester boy.

It's so freakin sensitive, a phone dings and it closes up. But I had to be able to look in her eyes, nothing between us. My mom took me to Paris when I was six years old. When I looked in this lady's eyes, it changed my life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

MILES (cont'd)

You know Da Vinci invented a technique for brushstrokes that leaves no lines? That's how her expression changes when you look straight at her, try it. Her smile disappears. Is she happy? Sad? Something else? This simple thing you thought you were looking at takes on layers and depth so complex they give you vertigo.

Andi stares deeply into her eyes. Caught up in spite of herself.

ANDI

It really is something.

In the background Derol walks by in a bathrobe eating cereal. Nods to the painting.

DEROL

Classic. Hey. I'm not here.

Claire has realized something.

CLAIRE

You know every time we've gotten to the point I am going to strangle you, you pull something like this and it's magic. Thank you.

MILES

Look it all started with her. What'd I say to you guys, that first night we all hung out at the Glass Onion? What did I say? I want to be responsible for something that gets mentioned in the same breath as the Mona Lisa, forever.

BLANC

And what does that mean?

BIRDIE

It means immortality, he wants to create something that will -

CLAIRE

Wait a minute Miles. Why do you have the Mona Lisa in your living room?

Then raises a closed fist, and looks at Andi.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

In one week I have invited a dozen world leaders and members of the press to this island. And right here I will unveil the future.

Miles opens his fist. In his palm: a milk white crystal about the size of a quarter.

MILES (cont'd)

Do you know what this is?

LIONEL

You know damn well we do. What's going on?

BLANC

I don't.

Miles tosses the crystal to Blanc.

MILES

That's a new solid hydrofuel, radically efficient, zero carbon emissions, derived from abundant sea water. I call it KLEAR, with a "K." And at this event we will announce KLEAR America, our affordable home power solution, KLEAR is going to be powering people's dreams all over this country by the end of this year.

Lionel sets his drink down sharply. At its "CLACK" the glass SHHHHTICKS down in front of the Mona Lisa.

LIONEL

No. No. Because I was clear with you. I told you, I need two years minimum to test the stuff and even see if this stuff is safe or even viable, Claire and I are NOT going to be responsible for putting something out in the world before it is tested...oh no...

Lionel has clocked Miles's steady grin. Miles gestures grandly all around him.

MILES

Oh yeah.

LIONEL

No.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (5)

33

BLANC

You're running this entire place off this?

MILES

All of it, all this awesome lighting, the heating and the cooling, right down to my fax machine, the whole glass onion, it's all powered by Klear.

Lionel and Claire suddenly look like they're standing on very thin ice.

CLAIRE

Oh my god Miles...

MILES

Guys we did it.

LIONEL

I'm out. Done. This is reckless, and you are going to get somebody killed.

MILES

You're not getting out, it's already happening. Love you. Let's eat.

He ambles off towards the dining room area. Duke enters with Whiskey trailing behind him. Aggressive energy, looks ruefully at Miles walking off.

34 INT. DINING AREA - MINUTES LATER

34

Our gang seated at their plates, which are elaborately embossed with their names. Claire and Lionel look sick. Birdie and Peg look sullen. Duke looks furious, especially because the place settings have Whiskey seated next to Miles.

Blanc and Andi have been added in at the end, next to each other.

MILES

Okay gang. It's been a memorable weekend, already. And now the real fun starts. We've got three days we will be basking in the sun, the pool, swim in the Ionian Sea, great food and wine and each other's company.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILES (cont'd)

But alongside and underneath the party, you've been charged with a serious task. Because tonight, in this very room, a murder will be committed. My murder. You will have to observe the crime carefully, use your knowledge of each other, and keep your eyes sharp - I've planted clues throughout the grounds. Some may be helpful. Some may misdirect. It's up to you to decide. If by the end of the weekend somebody is able to name the murderer, tell how they accomplished it and what their motive was, you will win the game! Any questions?

Blanc with child-like excitement:

BLANC

What do we win?

Everyone looks at him. Miles is caught of guard.

MILES

I - what do you mean what do you - what do you want?

BLANC

Oh no. Nothing. I thought maybe there was a prize or something. I don't know. An iPad, or.

MILES

Fine, winner gets an iPad, ok.

DUKE

Once you're dead will we still be able to talk to you?

MILES

Oh yeah, I'm not playing dead the whole weekend, ask me anything you want but don't expect help from me.

BLANC

I don't actually need an iPad, I just, when you said "win" it made me think

BIRDIE

Can we work together?

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Only one person can solve the crime.
So if you have a theory keep it close
to your chest. It is designed to be
hard, it will take the whole weekend.

BLANC

Truly delightful. Have we started
already?

MILES

Well the murder hasn't happened yet
but yeah -

BLANC

Ok. Ok ok.

Miles raises his glass.

MILES

Why not as Watson said to Holmes -

BLANC

It was Birdie, who planted a remote
device on the crossbow in revenge for
you stealing her signature wren
diamond.

Blanc grins broadly with a "did I get it?" gesture. A beat
of silence. The smile on Miles's face calcifies and dies.

BLANC (cont'd)

See the seating arrangement, it
triangulates Birdie perfectly to that
thing -

A crystal suit of armor holding a working crossbow, leveled
at the dining table.

BLANC (cont'd)

- which is loaded with a dummy bolt
and aimed straight at Mr. Bron. I
believe close inspection will reveal
some sort of remote triggering
device, but more damning, that's a
vintage Jayhawk brand crossbow...
Jayhawk, Birdie Jay!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

BLANC (cont'd)

Of course there are other superfluous and rather clumsy clues - the hedgerows in the south garden spell the letter B, her room is the sacral chakra which is the one blocked by guilt, blah blah blah, but the motive yes, now the motive. On the cleverly planted 1998 issue of The Face with Birdie on the cover she famously wore what became known as the "wren diamond" - a family heirloom I believe?

BIRDIE

And so to be clear, back then I didn't even know what a "blood diamond" was - so

But Blanc is on a mighty roll:

BLANC

Mr. Bron! The large pendulous locket which has not left your neck, it's a bit out of keeping with your breezy island style... would you kindly open it for us?

Staring daggers, Miles opens the silver locket, and a large cut DIAMOND falls out into his palm. The table GASPS.

BIRDIE

My wren diamond!

BLANC

A dramatic, passionate and colorful crime for a fashionista, Ms. Birdie. But unfortunately this crime *clashed*... with the presence of Benoit Blanc.

With "nailed it" joy he turns to Miles and grins broadly.

Miles stares at him dead-eyed.

A little "whirr" from the crossbow prop, and a theatrical crossbow bolt FLIPS UP from a slit in Miles's shirt with an anticlimactic SNAP. Fake blood dribbles out.

The glass on the Mona Lisa SHHHTICKs shut.

35 INT. THE GLASS ONION - EVENING

35

Miles's office in the center of the elevated glass enclosure, with spectacular views in all directions.

Miles storms in, Blanc following him, still giddy.

BLANC

My god that felt so good, that just felt solid. So satisfying. Just - like a mini crossword, the Times has - or - I have a chef friend, and she speaks of trying to create the perfect bite - that felt like the perfect satisfying - bite sized...

Miles just stares, the crossbow bolt still protruding from his chest. He picks up a loose iPad from his desk and tosses it over to Blanc.

BLANC (cont'd)

You're angry.

MILES

(angry)

No I'm not angry Blanc, but you know. What the hell? This was not a simple thing to do, to set up.

(getting angrier)

I hired Gillian Flynn to help come up with the whole thing

BLANC

She's quite good

MILES

She's goddamn expensive, is what she is! What are we going to do now, play Yahtzee all weekend?

Blanc looks at Miles, and his demeanor changes, as if he's now dropping an act.

BLANC

Mr. Bron, the truth is, I ruined your game on purpose, and for a very good reason.

Miles looks at him, curious. What is this?

(CONTINUED)

BLANC (cont'd)

I like the glass onion as a metaphor, an object that seems densely layered, but in reality the center is in plain sight. Your relationships with these people may seem complex but look at the center, look at what you've done this weekend, it's crystal clear: you have taken seven people, each of whom has a real life reason to wish you harm, gathered them together on a remote island, and placed the idea of your murder in their heads. It's like putting a loaded gun on the table and turning off the lights.

MILES

Oh. Come. On.

BLANC

So you played hardball with Lionel. Threatened to destroy his reputation if he does not play along and power a manned rocket with klear?

Miles looks at him solidly.

BLANC (cont'd)

And with Claire too? Perhaps you threatened to support her opponent in the upcoming election if she doesn't approve your power plant?

MILES

You've done some homework.

BLANC

Birdie. Bangladesh. Sweetie Pants are manufactured there, in a sweat shop. You're making Birdie take the fall, to cover your ass as the main investor.

(beat)

And Duke. Well. We all know why Duke wants to kill you.

MILES

He doesn't know about that.

BLANC

Yeeeeesss, he does.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

BLANC (cont'd)

(beat)

Take my presence as a sign -
something is happening here beneath
the surface. For at least one person
on this island, this is not a game.

Blanc spots a frame on the wall - mounted inside are two
objects on red backing:

A faded NAPKIN with a simple diagram drawn on it in pen

And a POLAROID PICTURE of Miles and Andi, ten years younger,
holding the napkin (though it's blown out by the flash) in a
bar. Flanking them is a young Duke, Lionel, Claire and
Birdie. Above them all a neon sign: "THE GLASS ONION"

BLANC (cont'd)

This is the famous napkin? I've heard
this story.

MILES

I scribbled down the original idea
for Alpha on that napkin. That night
with Andi, at the Glass Onion. That
was our local bar, that's where it
all began. They tore it down the year
after that.

Andi's smiling face in the photo. Blanc, with weight:

MILES (cont'd)

Oh Andi.

BLANC

Yes. Andi.

MILES

Andi used to tell me the truth.
Nobody does that now. Nobody does.
It's all fake smiles and agendas,
people wanting what they think
they're owed. Hating you for not
giving it to them, cause that's what
you're there for. I know. Hard to
have sympathy for the poor tortured
billionaire.

The gang in the photo, smiling, flash-lit, one moment.

MILES (cont'd)

God. I miss that bar.

Blanc can see Miles going to a sad, dark place.

36 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

36

Miles's empty whiskey tumbler on the table. Claire stares at it. Everyone is drinking heavily, their plates of finished dinner casually on the coffee table. Music plays.

Duke's phone (on the coffee table) DINGS with an alert, and the Mona Lisa SHHHTICKs shut.

LIONEL

You could just power down.

DUKE

It's my goog alerts, I've got one for all you guys, Whiskey, sports I like. General interests.

DING! SHHHHTICK. Lionel looks at Duke's phone.

LIONEL

You have a google alert for the word "movie?"

Birdie sashays back from the bar cart with a fresh Cuban Breeze.

BIRDIE

Well god bless Benoit Blanc, we don't have to spend the weekend spelling hedges.

DUKE

I'm leaving. In the morning.

WHISKEY

We just got here

DUKE

You can stay. Have fun.

WHISKEY

Fine. You're murdering my vibe.

DING. SHHHTICK.

LIONEL

I hate saying this in any context but I'm with Duke.

Claire's phone rings - DEVON (her husband.) She ignores it.

(CONTINUED)

BIRDIE

Or we can all get drunk and enjoy
paradise for a weekend.

PEG

Maybe we should go too -

BIRDIE

No. Miserable in paradise. We've all
earned this.

ANDI

Yes you have.

This chills the air. But Claire stares back hard at her,
angry-drunk.

CLAIRE

Are we even going to talk about the
elephant in the room? Are we just
gonna toss a tablecloth over it and
make it through the weekend?

Uncomfortable silence.

ANDI

Am I the elephant?

CLAIRE

Yes you're the elephant.

BIRDIE

(aside)

You're not that bad.

LIONEL

What did you come here for Andi?
Given the circumstances I think
that's a fair question.

ANDI

Fair.

CLAIRE

Oh god yes no fine, nothing is fair
about any of this, congratulations,
now you know. And we all stuck with
Miles, what do you want, you want to
know why we did it? Why? Really? Do
the math! It's easy math. And you,
here in your Gucci flats

(CONTINUED)

BIRDIE

Valentino

CLAIRE

Telling us we owe you. You made money off Alpha all those years, you did fine, you got yours!

ANDI

I got - no he get his! From me! My life was taken from me by someone, by everyone here - my life! Do you even know what that means?

BIRDIE

What Claire's saying is we're all sorry and feel bad for you but... what do you want?

ANDI

Are you really asking me that?

CLAIRE

Yes! What do you want? You want a check? Performative pity, are there some right words for us to say so we can all get on with our lives? You want revenge, slit Miles's throat, take us all down, what? Drop your bombshell! Say it!

ANDI

I want the truth.

DING. SHHTICK.

ANDI (cont'd)

I want the truth.

DUKE

I can give you that. I'll be the asshole. The truth is we're all holding onto that golden tit, we're all playing the same game here honey. And you lost. Go on, get up on your cross, you had some unspeakable crime committed against you that none of us could ever imagine, go on. I'm done pretending you're the victim in this game. No, you just couldn't hack it. You're the loser. There. The truth.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

He stares Andi down. She looks around at the others. They all avoid her gaze.

She lowers her eyes. And walks out.

DUKE (cont'd)
There's the Andi I know!

DING. SHHHTICK.

He picks up his phone and buries himself in it angrily.

Miles and Blanc breeze in.

MILES
Oh jeez detective, your next assignment is who killed this party? I'm gone for ten minutes, what happened? C'mon guys!

He puts on some music and starts dancing. Claire goes to the bar cart.

CLAIRE
Excuse me.

MILES
Blanc ruined my game, it's okay. Hey Alpha DJ give us something upbeat.

LIONEL
Miles, I'm going to leave in the morning.

CLAIRE
Me too.

MILES
No, no you are not. You're going to have a champagne brunch on the beach and try hydro-foil surfing. Claire you're going to put some aloe on that, work on that tan so your constituents aren't saying what was she doing in lock down. C'mon guys! Dance with me pretty lady.

Birdie reluctantly joins him. Blanc watches all this, strangely alert.

BLANC
Where's Andi?

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Yeah where is Andi? And Duke - look at that face, Duke, what'd you get some good news?

Duke is indeed grinning levelly at Miles. He motions to his phone.

DUKE

I wondered why my googs were blowing up. Reviews on my channel are off the charts. You've gotta see this.

Miles sashays over and Duke shows him his phone.

DUKE (cont'd)

This is all over the internet. Look at those numbers. Pure fire.

SHHHHTICK!

DUKE (cont'd)

This changes things right?

MILES

It sure does.

BIRDIE

Dukie that's amazing! Lemme see!

She goes to him but he's on his feet, eyes locked on Miles.

DUKE

Numbers like this, maybe we can talk Alpha News?

Miles goes to the bar cart and fixes a drink, hips swinging

MILES

I think we can. You see? Everything works out in the end you've just got to keep the faith

He dances and spreads his arms for Lionel and Claire.

MILES (cont'd)

Guys, have I ever let you down? Not pulled through, not pulled it off. You are staying, yes? You're staying okay.

LIONEL

Alright Miles. You win.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Yeah.

Miles sits next to Duke.

MILES

Well alright this is our time! What did we used to say, fake it until you make it, we are all changing the world all of us. Making dents in our own ways. Five minutes ago Blanc here was telling me this weekend was a dumb idea, that you all hated my guts so badly that - one of you would actually wanna - it doesn't even matter it is so silly. Look at that! Birdie do that again, look at that dress spin!

When Birdie does a spin, the dress shimmers and seems to change color.

BIRDIE

Everybody Miles says look at meeee!

MILES

I wanna toast. Let's drink to the disruptors! The OGs.

Duke stands, drink in hand.

DUKE

To the disruptors! Breakin it and making it!

Everyone raises their glasses and drinks.

BIRDIE

Turn up the music, we're all ending up in the pool tonight!

MILES

That's what I'm talking about!

Lionel's smile has vanished

LIONEL

Miles...

MILES

On your feet genius!

Claire stands in horror

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Miles - Duke!

They all turn - Duke grasps at his throat, staggering, his face purple. For a horrible moment nobody moves.

Duke drops his crystal tumbler and falls to his knees.

Whiskey SCREAMS.

Pandemonium erupts. Everyone scrambling, trying to help - Lionel lays the convulsing Duke on his back, Blanc reaches into his mouth to clear his airway.

CLAIRE

Is he choking?!

BIRDIE

Get him water! Give him air!

BLANC

No he's not choking

MILES

Duke buddy!

Duke's eyes bulge beet red, his chest heaves up in a final horrible convulsion and then, very suddenly, stops. Frozen, eyes open.

Lionel tries chest compressions and mouth to mouth, but everyone backs away, somehow aware that it's over.

Whiskey throws herself on Duke as Lionel backs off, in shock. Blanc checks Duke's pulse. Nothing.

BLANC

I'm afraid, Mr. Cody is dead.

PEG

What the hell just happened?!

BIRDIE

Oh my god oh my god

CLAIRE

What happened? Did he choke on something, what happened?

BLANC

There was no obstruction in his airway. We won't know the exact cause of death without an autopsy but... Mr. Bron will you call your boat and have them come immediately? Mr. Bron?

Miles has sunk into a chair and looks catatonic, just staring at Duke, in shock.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL

I'll do it - how do I do it?

MILES

(murmurs)

There's a...a...Radio room, through there

BLANC

Tell them we need medical personnel and police.

Lionel dashes off. Blanc pulls Whiskey gently away from Duke's body. She breaks down in sobs and slips out.

BLANC (cont'd)

I must insist that nobody touch the body or disturb anything around it.

MILES

Wait - police?

MILES (cont'd)

Are you - are you treating this as a crime scene?

CLAIRE

Oh my god I can't be here, this is bad - I can see the headlines

PEG

The police always come, it's standard

CLAIRE

Jetting off to Greece during a pandemic with a men's rights youtuber who dies oh GOD I'm gonna puke

MILES

No no no Blanc - are you saying you think this was intentional?

BLANC

I don't know.

(beat)

But Mr Cody's death was so acute and violent, my guess would be something was put in his drink. Intentionally.

A beat while this sinks in.

37 INT. RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

37

Lionel on a sleek communications computer tied to the mainland, he speaks to the boat captain, Mr. Andino.

LIONEL
Whadayamean morning, that's - how is that possible??

ANDINO (ON RADIO)
Pee-cha-chite! Dock pee-cha-chite!

LIONEL
(dawning)
Peesh - of - shite. Oh.

38 INT. LOUNGE AREA

38

Lionel runs in.

LIONEL
The boat can't come till low tide. In the morning. Six am at the earliest.

CLAIRE
What?!

BLANC
Did you explain the situation?

LIONEL
There's no other landing point and Miles's dumb-ass Banksy dock was set to low tide height and it isn't buoyant. It's a piece of shit.

BLANC
Alright. I suggest we all retire to our rooms and keep the doors locked until five thirty, when we will convene here and walk together to the dock. I will stay up all night with the body to make sure it isn't tampered with in any way, I'd recommend everyone get some sleep.

As Blanc is saying this, Miles looks at Claire placing a blanket over Duke's contorted face.

Then he sees something else.

The sound in the room goes fuzzy. His peripheral vision blurs. Everything focuses on one object and what it means.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

The crystal tumbler that Duke drank from and dropped. On the floor by his hand.

The name beautifully etched in its side:

"MILES"

MILES
Ohhhhhhh that is...

Miles points in horror, and everyone looks.

BIRDIE
That's... your glass. Miles.

Blanc kneels, looks at the tumbler. Then looks back at Miles, who barely breathes:

MILES
He... he must have... he picked it up
by mistake...

FLASHBACK - As Miles cheers on Birdie spinning in her dress, Duke reaches without looking for his glass and grabs Miles's instead.

BACK TO SCENE - Miles looks at the faces around the room, like a frightened child.

Instinctively he moves behind Blanc, as if for protection.

BLANC
Mr. Bron...

LIONEL
Miles, come on now...

CLAIRE
Miles it's us.

BIRDIE
Miles baby, for real?

A beat, looking them all over, and then to Blanc:

MILES
I will pay you one billion dollars to
find who tried to kill me.

EVERYONE
(come ON)
Miles!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

DING! SHHHHTICK. Blanc sighs, weary.

BLANC
I'm just going to silence his phone.

When he steps away from Miles, Miles moves behind the sofa.

MILES
We're staying right here in this room, I'm keeping you all in plain sight until that boat comes.

LIONEL
For godssakes Miles -

MILES
Wait where's Whiskey?
(oh NO)
Where's Andi!?

He spins as if afraid someone's behind him, jumpy and petrified.

BLANC
Where's Duke's phone?

PEG
It just dinged, we heard it

BLANC
But it... it isn't in his pockets...

PEG
Maybe he dropped it somewhere, if it dings again we'll find it.

Lionel steps forward gravely, points.

LIONEL
Forget his phone, look.

Blanc lifts Duke's jacket. His hip holster... empty.

BIRDIE
Where's his stupid gun?

BLANC
Oh fiddle sticks.
(suddenly very afraid)
When did his gun disappears?

LIONEL
He always has his gun.

(CONTINUED)

BLANC

He always has it, which means we stopped seeing it, but at some point this evening it was gone. We need to find Andi.

Miles goes into full panic mode, scampering around the room trying to take cover in a wide open space.

A distant DONG. SHHHHTICK. Miles jumps a foot.

BLANC (cont'd)

Mr Bron, It's alright - it's just the Phillip Glass thing.

If it's possible, Miles grows three shades more ashen.

MILES

Oh no.

Checks his watch - 10pm.

MILES (cont'd)

Oh no oh no oh SHIT oh no NO NO!

CLAIRE

Miles calm down!

BLANC

Mr. Bron! What's the matter?

Miles grabs Blanc's lapel, full panic, babbling -

MILES

It was part of the game, it was the game, the murder game, we were going to be having drinks and I thought it would be fun to say something dramatic just at ten o'clock and then have twenty minutes where oh god Blanc help help help help

Blanc SLAPS him firmly.

BLANC

What happens at ten o'clock?

With a hollow SNAP, every light in the entire complex SHUTS OFF, plunging the atrium into total darkness.

39 EXT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

39

The entire complex goes dark. A moment later, the island's lighthouse SWEEPS its hard white light across the grounds.

40 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

40

Pitch black, just splinters of shapes from the moonlit windows.

The white light of the lighthouse SWEEPS the room, and like a strobe light catching a single frame of a tableau, we see Miles on his knees, arms wrapped around Blanc's legs, everyone else scattered around the room...

MILES

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Then all is black again. We hear voices in the dark -

CLAIRE

Lionel!

LIONEL

I'm here!

DING! SHHHHTICK

BIRDIE

Ah! Peg is that you?

PEG

No I'm here, where's my phone it has a flashlight -

Above it all Miles whimpering in a panicked whine

MILES

I gotta - I can't be -

BLANC

Everybody calm down! Stand still! Do not panic!

With the next FLASH of light Whiskey stumbles in, holding (for some reason) a SPEAR FISHING GUN.

WHISKEY

IT WAS ANDI! SHE KILLED DUKE AND TORE OUR ROOM APART! I SAW HER!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

LIONEL

WHAT?

Miles shrieks:

MILES

NOT TODAY!

And RUNS.

BLANC

Mr. Bron! Oh for hells bells -
Everybody STAY HERE!

Blanc dashes after him.

41 INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

41

Miles runs, stops, listening - eyes darting everywhere.

As the light SWEEPS the blackened hall, we see Miles in the distance turn a corner. In the foreground: ANDI, spotting him.

Somewhere far away:

BLANC (O.S.)

Andi!

She looks back at Blanc's voice as the light catches her.

42 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

42

In the darkness, Peg's phone flashlight comes on. Its weak light doesn't pierce the vast space, but she waves it around.

PEG

Bird I got it - Birdie? Lionel?

No one answers. The light sweeps the vast room - Peg is alone.

PEG (cont'd)

Guys?

43 INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT 43

With Miles. Moving slowly in the darkness. Barely breathing. LIGHT SWEEPS. Shadows in the hallway - hard to tell what they are. He slows his breath, listening.

The darkness looms around him.

44 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 44

Blanc enters just as a dark shape exits.

BLANC

Who's that!?

No answer, footsteps pad away. Using his phone flashlight to peer around, he spots the butcher's block on the kitchen island. One knife obviously missing.

BLANC (cont'd)

Lord helps us.

The light sweeps, revealing a shadow of a running figure on the wall. He turns - someone just ran past the window outside.

45 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT 45

Blanc runs outside, turns - and is almost RUN OVER by the running figure. Andi. In the jostle we think we hear:

BLANC

Hello!

Andi runs in to Blanc.

BLANC (cont'd)

Did you take Duke's gun?

ANDI

Why would I take Duke's gun? And why are the lights -

BLANC

Duke is dead.

ANDI

What?!

46 INT. HALL - NIGHT

46

Dark. Through the floor to ceiling windows we see but don't hear Blanc and Andi, right outside, talking fast and low.

The light SWEEPS.

Revealing, held in the foreground by a gloved hand - DUKE'S GUN.

In the darkness that follows, a shape moves. A silhouette, silent against the moonlit window.

The figure raises an arm.

The shape of Duke's gun held out, steady.

The figure takes very careful aim at the two outside.

47 EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

47

Blanc and Andi oblivious, the window pitch black behind them.

ANDI

I don't understand -

BLANC

Please trust me, it's all in plain sight, I only need one last piece of information, and only you can -

BANG.

Several things happen at once.

The window behind them cracks like safety glass, splintering out like a spider web from a central bullet hole.

Andi's body flies out of frame as if hit by a hammer.

48 INT. THE GLASS ONION

48

In empty halls, rooms, the gunshot echoes and reverberates.

49 INT. ATRIUM

49

SHHHHTICK. The glass slides down over the Mona Lisa just as the light sweeps over her. Linger on her enigmatic face. Maybe smiling, maybe not, it's hard to tell.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

We stay on it as we hear footsteps throughout the distant halls, and echoey voices.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Lionel!

BIRDIE (O.S.)

Guys! Where are you? Did you hear that?

LIONEL (O.S.)

I heard it, I'm here -

PEG (O.S.)

That sounded like

LIONEL (O.S.)

Oh god Miles - who's seen Miles, is he ok?

The sweeping light FLASH takes us to:

50 EXT. GROUNDS

50

The light sweeps over Andi's crumpled form on the steps.

Blanc backs off, breathing hard, a moment suspended. Deep regret and anger turning to resolution in his eyes.

With a deep clank, the LIGHTS come back on in the entire complex.

In the windows behind him, one by one, everyone appears, looking down on the tableau: Blanc standing above Andi's awkwardly twisted body, her chest exploded in red.

And high above them all, in the front facing window of the glass onion, Miles Bron looks down.

MOMENTS LATER

Everyone runs out, each stopping in horror at Andi's body.

CLAIRE

Oh god

She reels, Lionel steadies her. Birdie shrieks and steps behind Peg, who is in shock. Whiskey sits on the steps, numb. Inside the hallway, Miles stops at the gun on the floor. Walks out to Blanc.

Gathering himself he turns, forceful and hard:

BLANC

Everyone, inside. Right now.

Claire motions to the body

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

CLAIRE
Shouldn't we -

A cold fury has taken Blanc. He storms inside.

BLANC
She's not going anywhere. Inside.
It's time to finish this.

51 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

51

Blanc sweeps in, everyone struggling to keep up.

BLANC
Peg, radio the mainland. Tell them to
send the boats NOW, Banksy be damned,
beach them if they have to.

She nods and goes to do it.

MILES
Andi...

WHISKEY
She killed Duke, why would -

BLANC
No.

MILES
This makes no sense.

BLANC
You're wrong, it all makes perfect
sense. Duke. Andi. This weekend, this
ridiculous game that started well
before we set foot on this island.

LIONEL
Will you please then explain it all
to us? Detective?

BLANC
No. I can peel back the layers, I can
take it to a point. But what lies at
the center... only one person can
tell us who killed Cassandra Brand.

HARD CUT TO:

52 A FRONT DOOR, PAINTED WHITE

52

A hand knocks. A long moment. Knocks again, insistent. A voice we maybe recognize from inside:

BLANC (O.S.)
Get that would you?

PHILLIP (O.S.)
You're not in the bath again are you??

BLANC
(to Phillip, guilty)
No!

A beat, then the door swings open, revealing a handsome middle aged man named PHILLIP. He blinks at the woman standing in the hall, grabs a mask and pulls it over his face.

We recognize her as Andi, wearing an N95 mask, and with longer hair. Her speaking voice is a little softer, with a distinct southern lilt, her posture a bit more slouched. She awkwardly holds a familiar large cardboard BOX.

PHILLIP
Yep, Can I help you?

ANDI
Is this Benoit Blanc's residence?

PHILLIP
Uh, what is this regarding?

ANDI
I'm sorry, it's just his office is closed and... I really need to speak to him. It's urgent. Please.
(beat)
And this is not unheavy.

PHILLIP
Blanc! There is someone here for you.
With a box.

53 EXT. TERRACE - DAY

53

Blanc's apartment has a terrace with an outdoor dining table and a few chairs. The cardboard box sits on the table in front of Blanc. Andi stands at the far end of the table, still masked.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Blanc pulls the top of the box off, revealing the shattered, splintered remains of the puzzle box.

BLANC

Why don't we start at the beginning.

Her mask. Blanc nods and they both unmask.

ANDI

My name is Helen Brand.

Oh.

HELEN

I came all the way here from Alabama.

A pause. She is obviously nervous. Blanc gently:

BLANC

What do you do in Alabama?

HELEN

I teach, third grade. So, a lotta zooming. Been getting into tie-dying, with the pandemic. That doesn't matter. Mr. Blanc, two days ago I received a call.

54 INT. MORGUE - FLASHBACK

54

Helen has been brought in to identify the body on a stretcher. A kind CORONER lifts the sheet.

HELEN (O.C.)

My sister committed suicide. In her garage, in her car, with the engine running.

Helen nods, mouths "yes" and steps away quickly. Reveal the body on the stretcher: It's Andi, Helen's identical twin, with the shorter hair we're used to seeing her with.

55 EXT. TERRACE

55

HELEN

My sister was Cassandra Brand. Do you know who she was?

(CONTINUED)

BLANC

Yes of course. I thought you...
sorry, I thought you looked familiar.
An impressive woman, your sister.

HELEN

You know, she kept a diary every day
of her life since she was six, know
what she called it? Notes for future
biographers. Biographers plural.
Girl was six years old. Day after
high school she shot off to New York,
never looked back. You know. When we
were kids we'd goof together, we'd do
a character, "rich bitch."

(in Andi's accent)

"Heavens, the dog ate the caviar
again." Then one day I hear her doing
a talk and that's just how she talks
now! Rich bitch! I was like who are
you fooling girl? Everyone but me.
But she had the brains and guts for
both of us, I was happy just watching
her use them.

BLANC

(gently steering)

So, you get the call.

Helen looking at the box on the table.

HELEN

Yeah I get it. I fly here, this is
yesterday, I'm cleaning out Andi's
house. It's a mess. All her books
everywhere. And I'm thinking about my
sister and what got taken from her
and how I wasn't there for her and
I'm getting angrier and angrier and
then there's a knock at the door.
It's a courier, he hands me this
thing. From Miles Bron. There's
probably some clever way to open it,
I dunno, I open it. It's an
invitation to his private island in
Greece, next weekend, one of these
trips she'd go on with him and this
little group of shitheads that she
thought were her friends. Called
themselves the "disruptors." I knew
what they were, I told her. Shit.
Heads.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

Helen's anger is simmering.

Blanc nods, not impatiently, but ready for the point.

BLANC

Miss Brand, what can I do for you?

Helen nods. And takes the plunge.

HELEN

Andi didn't commit suicide.

Blanc leans back, engaged.

HELEN (cont'd)

She didn't leave any kind of note, so I was going through her computer, looking through the "SENT" box to see if she wrote anyone anything.

Helen pulls her phone, opens an email, hands it to Blanc.

HELEN (cont'd)

She sent this at four pm the day she was murdered. Four days ago.

Blanc looks at the email, reads it aloud.

BLANC

"I finally found it, it's right here, and I'm going to use it to burn his whole empire down. I'm giving you all one last chance to make things right. You know where to find me. -A."

The email has a picture attached of Andi in her home office, holding a sealed file-sized RED MANILA ENVELOPE up to her computer's camera.

BLANC (cont'd)

And these four addresses she sent it to, I would assume, are...

HELEN

Birdie Jay, Duke Cody, Claire Debella and Lionel Toussaint.

BLANC

The shit heads?

HELEN

She sends that email. Nothing back from any of them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (cont'd)

And the next day she's dead in her garage. Heavy dose of sleeping pills in her system. I have emptied every inch of every room of her house and guess what isn't there?

Blanc looks at the picture of Andi with the red envelope.

BLANC

The red envelope.

(beat)

Compelling.

Helen's face tightens.

HELEN

Google said you were the world's greatest detective. I came to you. Not the police. Someone like me takes something like this to a group of rich folk with an army of lawyers...

A pause.

BLANC

But if you got them all together, isolated for a weekend with, in your words, "the world's greatest detective..."

His eyes gleam. Helen's face breaks in relief.

BLANC (cont'd)

You want to hire me to go to that island?

HELEN

It's a stupid idea right?

BLANC

I want to be clear - I am not Batman.

She blinks.

BLANC (cont'd)

I can find the truth, I can deduce, gather evidence, present it to the police and the courts - but that's where my jurisdiction ends.

HELEN

Yeah but you doing it instead of me. I'll take those odds.

(CONTINUED)

Blanc draws a long thin cigar from his pocket and clips the end, now seeing it, deep in thought.

BLANC

I have not seen your sister's death in the news, did you release a statement?

HELEN

No - shit was I supposed to? I don't know how this works

BLANC

And you have no other family member who was informed of the death. If I pulled some strings I could keep it from leaking to the press for another week... maybe... yes... a fascinating challenge... and it could work... but... oh yes. Oh oh. that's outrageous Well now. Yes. Wow, but... yes.

(Helen stares at him)

Ms. Brand any feelings of reverence or respect you had for me when you crossed my threshold, buttress those feelings now, buttress them. I'm proposing you come with me to that island. As your sister. As Cassandra Brand.

HELEN

What? I'm hiring you to go. I'm not. Whoa. What?? Are you insane?

BLANC

Buttress now, yes? A famous detective shows up and out of the blue pokes the subject of your sister, they'll shut up like a clam. Your presence on that island is the essential catalyst.

HELEN

Oh come on

BLANC

Buttress.

HELEN

I'm trying real hard to buttress but this sounds nuts.

(CONTINUED)

BLANC

Indeed. But it's the only way this works.

HELEN

This is something Andi would do. She's the smart one, she's the actor. This isn't me. look at me, they'll know I'm not her.

BLANC

You cut your hair, wear her clothes

HELEN

You think I'll fit in that shit? And what about my hair?

BLANC

I know a guy. Listen: Why would anyone suspect you're showing up playing your sister, when they don't know your sister is dead?

Helen starts to get it.

HELEN

Right. They don't know Andi's dead... they won't suspect. And you'd do the inspecting?

BLANC

Yes I will, you just have to be there.

HELEN

Mr Blanc. So this is gonna be safe.

BLANC

(suddenly realizes,
grave)

No. No - one person will know the truth about you. From the moment you arrive on that island the killer will know who you are and what you're doing. They will certainly not hesitate to kill again, if it covers their tracks. And I'm a detective Helen, not a bodyguard. It's too dangerous. I'm sorry Helen, I can't help you.

A long beat. We think Helen might leave. But then:

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (6)

55

HELEN

One of those shit heads killed my
sister.

She looks down at the broken puzzle box, angry.

HELEN (cont'd)

Do you really think we could get the
son of a bitch?

Blanc's grave eyes gleam. He ignites his cigar.

CUT TO:

56 SHIMMERING WATER

56

But this time at night, sparkling like inky glass. Tilt up
to reveal

57 EXT. GRECIAN PORT TOWN - NIGHT

57

Push in on the adorable dock-side hotel, lit up warm and
glowing.

58 EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

58

Tables set up on a front terrace. Helen, disguised as Andi,
steps out the front door. She spots Blanc at a table,
flipping through an iPad. She goes and sits with him.

BLANC

Well, my goodness

HELEN

(beat)

I shouldn't be here, this is nuts.
But I'm here so let's do this.

A server sweeps in.

BLANC

Drink?

HELEN

I don't drink - just coffee.

The server seems confused, then suddenly seems to understand
and rushes off, very excited.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (cont'd)
Andi's journals.

BLANC
Good, keep studying them. Ok.
Tomorrow, I'll go out early, and you
should arrive late, so I can watch
everyone's reaction when you show up.
On the boat be cold, don't engage in
conversation.

HELEN
I'm not great on boats.

BLANC
You'll be fine. Remember, rich bitch
voice, Andi posture.

Helen corrects her usual slouch, does her "rich bitch"
accent for most of the rest of the conversation. She shows a
small, old school iPod Nano.

HELEN
Yes. I put her TED Talks on this
thing, listening to them, the dog ate
the caviar. You said you were going
to research these people for
motives - did you find anything?

BLANC
Yes I did... but motives for each of
them to want Miles Bron dead. Why
would they kill her to protect him?
Just don't get it.

HELEN
What about Miles? What if Miles just
did it?

BLANC
We can't rule it out but - Miles Bron
is not an idiot. To risk committing
murder, after a very public court
case, with the possibility that
Andi's email could come to light...
it would be an exceedingly stupid
thing to do. Especially if someone
was willing to do it for him. Now,
walk me through these journals -

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

HELEN

Kay. Ten years ago, before any of them hit it big, they all hung out together in this bar.

59 INT. THE GLASS ONION BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

59

The "Glass Onion" neon sign glows in a dive bar. Andi, Birdie, Duke, Claire and Lionel all hang out drinking in a booth, all young and broke and buzzed. Andi is the warm center of the group.

BLANC (O.C.)

And Miles was the leader of the pack?

HELEN (O.C.)

No, Andi was. They all were friends with Andi. Birdie was a washed up model, Duke was a nerd doing video game tournaments. Claire just lost a race for city council, Lionel was a substitute teacher. All of them run aground in their thirties, but Andi saw their potential. She found them all. Then she found Miles. Introduced him to the group.

Andi sees Miles enter, waves him over to the booth.

ANDI

Guys. This is Miles.

Time cut: later in the conversation, Miles holds court.

HELEN (O.S.)

At first nobody liked him. He would say stuff like:

MILES

I want to be responsible for something that gets talked about within the same breath as the Mona Lisa forever.

60 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

60

BLANC

What does that even mean?

61 INT. THE GLASS ONION BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

61

The group huddling while Miles is over at the bar.

ANDI

It means immortality, he wants to
create something that has a lasting -

Andi fumbles to a stop.

LIONEL

His last venture was "Moviefone for
foot massages."

BIRDIE

Did it work?

LIONEL

(obviously)

No!

ANDI

Let's just roll with it, humor him.
Just a little. Let's see what
happens.

HELEN (O.C.)

And things started happening.

Time cuts: the gang in the bar over a series of nights,
laughing at Miles's jokes, getting happier and happier.

HELEN (O.C.) (cont'd)

He got Birdie a show for her designs,
it did well. Got Lionel published.
Duke set up on Twitch. Claire elected
locally. Small stuff but it happened.
And then the big thing happened.

The gang plays pool. Andi, with a hardcover copy of "The
Innovator's Dilemma" on her knee, scribbles something.

On a napkin. Miles points to it, everyone looks up.

MILES

What's that you are working on?

62 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

62

HELEN

So based on this napkin idea Andi and Miles create Alpha, it blows up, they bring everyone along for the ride. And Miles's aspirations keep getting bigger and bigger. Cut to: two years ago. Miles meets some sketchy Norwegian chemist at an ayahuasca ceremony in Peru, who pitches him this new hydrogen fuel. He becomes obsessed. He's ready to put the entire company's resources towards launching this stuff.

63 INT. BOARD ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

63

ANDI

No.

We are in an ALPHA board room, with a spectacular NYC view.

Andi sits and Miles stands watching her, weirdly like a puppy who has brought its master a bone.

MILES

Andi. C'mon. This is it!

On a dish in front of her: the marble-sized Klear crystal, an unsigned contract, and a pen.

ANDI

No. This is not a start-up. This could blow up the world

MILES

Yes!

ANDI

NO! No, I mean literally it could blow up the world! The reality distortion field has to end here. I can't let you do this.

MILES

What do you mean you can't "Let me"?

ANDI

I'll walk. And take half the company. To stop you from using it for this.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Miles looks genuinely anguished. Weirdly vulnerable.

64 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

64

HELEN

And she did it. God I love that she did it. Then she found out his lawyers had worked the contracts so she was cut out of the company completely.

BLANC

So she sued over that -

HELEN

Her whole case was built on
(Andi accent)
"intellectual ownership of the company's founding idea."

BLANC

Her idea. On the napkin.

HELEN

Which she didn't keep.

65 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

65

Miles and Andy look silently at each other from their respective tables.

On the stand - Claire. She avoids Andi's gaze.

CLAIRE

Miles got really excited, he had an idea. And he grabbed a napkin and scribbled it down to show us.

Andi STANDS, furious.

ANDI

That's a LIE! Claire look at me!
Look me in the eye Claire and say it!

JUDGE

Order, counsel please get your client under control.

TIME CUT: Duke on the stand.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

LAWYER

And do you recall Mr Cody, who wrote
this napkin?

DUKE

Yeah, Miles.

Then Birdie:

BIRDIE

It was Miles.

And finally Lionel:

LIONEL

Miles.

Andi sits in shocked fury. Truly gutted. Miles smiles sympathetically at her, somehow genuinely sorry, like a golden retriever who's just eaten your shoes. She glares back at him.

HELEN (O.C.)

This was March.

66 INT. ANDI'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

66

On an iPad, a Forbes.com story about Miles and his idea napkin. Andi stares at it, dead eyed. A bottle of wine nearly dead beside her.

HELEN (O.S.)

Right after the verdict Miles
"suddenly found" the napkin, written
in his handwriting, and did all those
interviews about it.

She THROWS the iPad across the room. Goes on a tear, flips her coffee table, shoves books off her shelves, goes full Charles Foster Kane.

67 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

67

BLANC

A bald faced fabrication.

HELEN

A damn lie. And it worked.

68 INT. ANDI'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

68

Andi stops mid-destruction.

Sees in a pile on the ground: her old hardcover copy of "The Innovator's Dilemma."

Her eyes focus on it. Holy shit.

She leans down. Picks it up.

And out of the dust sleeve falls THE REAL NAPKIN.

69 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

69

BLANC

So. Every one of the disruptors perjured themselves to destroy Andi and shield Miles Bron. We need to find out why. Motive. Whose was strong enough to go one more step, and commit murder. And then - and this will be tricky - everyone's whereabouts on the night of her death. Who could have been to her house that night. Opportunity.

While he's talking Helen opens to a blank page in one of the journals and draws something.

HELEN

Our suspects. Motive. Opportunity.

She shows it to him - she's made a grid with four names on the left and two columns for "M" and "O" on top. She grins.

HELEN (cont'd)

Kinda like a - it's like a -

BLANC

(deeply annoyed)

Yes, yes

HELEN

A "Clue" notepad

BLANC

Yeah.

HELEN

You must be great at Clue

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

BLANC
 I'm very bad at dumb things,
 it's my Achilles heel.
 Ticking boxes, "Run around!
 Search all the rooms!"
 terrible game.

HELEN

Well. My students love it.

A beat. Distant, the glowing light of the island.

HELEN (cont'd)
 I'm scared Blanc.

BLANC
 I understand. This is your last
 chance to back out.

Helen looks at her sister's journal in her hand. Then back
 out at the island. Determined.

70 EXT. SEA - MORNING

70

The ferry cuts a path towards Bron's island, all the
 suspects on board.

On the back deck Helen stands, hand grasping the rail
 tightly. SICK AS A DOG.

HELEN
 (to herself)
 Ooooph god boats.

Helen looks down at Duke on the deck below her.

DUKE
 Ballsy move.

Birdie on the deck, watching her. Birdie looks freaked out.
 Duke grins with sinister amusement.

BIRDIE
 You shouldn't be here.

Helen returns their stare.

71 EXT. BEACH - DAY

71

A shoe with an UNTIED SHOELACE scuffs to a stop. Blanc bends
 to tie it, Helen hanging back with him as the rest of the
 group ambles ahead with Miles.

They talk quietly and quickly.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

HELEN

Duke and Birdie, I think they're on to me. Or they were just being assholes.

BLANC

Not mutually exclusive. I suspect when we're all settling in Bron will pull me aside to explain my presence. That's your chance to snoop.

HELEN

Snoop?

BLANC

Snoop.

72 INT. ANDI'S ROOM - DAY

72

Helen puts her bag down on the bed. Ok. Snooping time.

ANDI

Snooping. Snoop. Okay, here I go.

73 EXT. GROUNDS

73

In a bathing suit and beach wrap she wanders, not exactly sure what she's looking for.

Whiskey emerges from the greenery, in a bikini and skirt.

WHISKEY

Hey Andi.

HELEN

Hey yeah. Yes. Hi.

WHISKEY

I'm Whiskey. We didn't really meet. Are you looking for the pool?

HELEN

Sure.

WHISKEY

You want this? Not into it. Smells like that guy Derol.

A bottle of the hard Kombucha. Helen takes it, tries it, winces. But keeps drinking it. They walk together. Nothing to say. Helen reaches:

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

HELEN

That's a beautiful necklace. Taurus.

Whiskey's necklace is a jeweled bull.

WHISKEY

Miles gave it to me. Surprised me for my birthday, filled his whole penthouse on the park with roses.

(at Helen's look)

He's a good guy. He's complicated. But...

Whiskey looks at her curiously.

WHISKEY (cont'd)

I think it's really shitty. What Miles did to you, and how they all treated you. I read all your court transcripts, you got shanked.

HELEN

Thanks. Whiskey.

74 EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

74

WHISKEY

This is my second one of these things, we did a yacht thing last year.

HELEN

Fun.

WHISKEY

Pfft. When they're all together it's the worst. Duke treats me like arm candy in front of them, they all ignore me.

HELEN

Why do you put up with it?

WHISKEY

With Duke? Building my brand, he's putting me on his channel more. Though he's veering harder right with this man-dom stuff, if I'm going to get into politics eventually I don't know if I want to go down that road. It's expeditious but kind of a shit show. Here's the pool.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

And there it is.

HELEN

I'm going to walk around a little more. I'll see you down there. It was nice talking to you.

WHISKEY

You too.

Whiskey heads down to the pool. Helen watches her go, thoughtful, then slips into the brush to continue snooping.

75 EXT. HERB GARDEN

75

Helen emerges, lost and frustrated. Takes another pull from the Kombucha, winces.

BANG!

She spit takes and looks in the direction of the shot.

76 EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

76

Duke has just fired his pistol.

DUKE

Really.

LIONEL

Asshole.

MILES (O.S.)

NOW it's a party!

We stick with Lionel and Claire as they swim out to the deep end of the infinity pool, with a spectacular view, and privacy to talk.

CLAIRE

I did it. Two weeks ago I did it.

LIONEL

You signed off on the power plant?

CLAIRE

Yeah. God help me. When this breaks, poof, my base is gone, all my grass roots, lefties. Gone.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL
I did it too.

CLAIRE
Did what?

Over the edge of the infinity pool, reveal: Helen, lurking in the garden below, listening.

LIONEL
I signed off on putting Klear in the manned mission. My staff doesn't know yet.

CLAIRE
Goddammit. Let's hope Andi was wrong about this Klear stuff

LIONEL
No she was right.
(beat)
You put its gas form into household pipes you get massive leakage into the air, the hydrogen particles are too small.

CLAIRE
Hydrogen gas - You're telling me it's gonna literally turn everyone's house into the Hindenburg

He spots Blanc wading (in his shirt) and eyeing them.

Blanc smiles as they swim past him.

Helen emerges into the pool area, and walks past.

Helen sits next to Birdie and Peg, without them noticing. A fresh kombucha in her hand.

BIRDIE
I'll take care of him. Don't worry.
There was a time you know, back when.

Helen throws her voice recorder in to Birdies pool bag.

BIRDIE (cont'd)
I was the one who'd been on magazines, he was nobody, he couldn't believe he was talking to me. He was this little thing in my hand.
(beat)
I preferred that.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

Birdie lies back, and notices Andi lying in the chair next to her.

BIRDIE (cont'd)

Andi! Hi.

77 INT. BATHROOM - LATER

77

Blanc and Helen huddle in the small single bathroom. A huge painting by Matisse on the wall. Helen is drinking another kombucha and seems weirdly loose.

BLANC

Wow. You're really good at this. Interesting stuff with Whiskey too, and motives for both Lionel and Claire, well done.

HELEN

Are those motives? I was kinda confused

BLANC

Yes, both of them - they've bet the farm and will both be ruined along with Miles if he fails. They need to protect him at all costs.

Helen ticks off the "M" boxes for Lionel and Claire.

HELEN

But I can't picture them killing her...I just can't.

BLANC

Think of the crime, the nature of it.

78 EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - HYPOTHETICAL - EVENING

78

Duke knocking on Andi's front door, his motorcycle nearby. She answers. He is contrite.

BLANC (O.C.)

They've come to apologize, to make amends.

79 INT. ANDI'S KITCHEN - HYPOTHETICAL - NIGHT

79

Lionel in the cozy kitchen now with Andi, as we see different scenarios seamlessly blend together.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

BLANC (O.C.)

And the murder itself is non violent,
gentle.

Lionel slips some powder in Andi's tea when her back is
turned.

BLANC (O.C.) (cont'd)

They don't even see her die.

Andi fades from consciousness, her head sinks gently to the
table. Claire now sits watching her silently and coldly.

BLANC (O.C.) (cont'd)

she just goes to sleep.

80 INT. ANDI'S GARAGE - HYPOTHETICAL - EVENING

80

Andi slumped in the passenger seat. Birdie turns on the
engine and lowers the windows.

BLANC (O.C.)

No, they're all more than capable.

81 INT. BATHROOM

81

Helen shudders. Terrible to think about. Meanwhile Blanc
pours his hard kombucha into the sink and fills the bottle
with water, as Helen takes another pull at hers.

BLANC

Go easy there - I thought you didn't
drink?

HELEN

This isn't drink. It's some funky
health stuff.

BLANC

You give me that. That's hard
kombucha, Jared Leto's hard kombucha
it's my god nine percent alcohol -
how many of these have you had?

She holds up three fingers

HELEN

Two maybe I dunno I'm fine, we need
the O's, the opportunity. We've gotta
open them up, push it.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

BLANC
Don't push anything right now,

HELEN
Listen I feel good

BLANC
I think you should maybe lie down

HELEN
We're running out of time!

BLANC
Helen! Please remember the danger
here. Step back, let me handle it.
Push nothing.

82 EXT. POOL

82

With Helen. Listening as Miles gives his discourse on disruption. As he speaks we stay on her face, moving with her as she approaches the group.

MILES (O.S.)
They'll tell you to stop, that you
need to stop. Because as it turns
out, nobody wants you to break the
system itself. That is true
disruption. That is what unites this
group. Every single one of us has hit
that point, and proved that they're
willing to cross it.

Helen takes a last long pull from the hard kombucha,
straightens her posture, then claps.

Blanc and the rest of the group turns to look at her.
Blanc's face: Uh oh.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

83

Helen bursts onto a path, away from the pool, hyped up. She
steadies herself, the trees spinning.

HELEN
Uh oh

Behind her Claire runs to catch up.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Wait!

Helen takes one breath - here we go - then spins on her:

HELEN

Wait YOU wait. That day in court you
couldn't even look me in the eye.

Claire just looks at her hard, up and down, appraising her. Helen holds her gaze. Fear grips her, like someone who's made a bad bluff.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?

This is steely. It freezes Helen. The moment is broken when Duke emerges from the pool area, joining them. Standing by silently. Claire looks at him. Back to Helen.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Can we talk about the email.

HELEN

Oh now you want to talk about it?
You didn't even write back.

Claire looks back at Duke, they both look at her strangely.

CLAIRE

I'm a politician, I never email
anything I wouldn't want on the front
page of the Times. That's why I
called.

Helen is frozen... uh oh. Did she just majorly fuck up?

CLAIRE (cont'd)

All of us did, right when we got it,
over and over, your phone was off.
The whole next week - up until
yesterday I've been trying and it's
still off.

HELEN

I got a new number.

DUKE

And when we couldn't reach you, I
went to your house.

Helen freezes again. Oh shit. But:

84 EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - EVENING

84

We see what Claire describes, her Prius pulls up just as Lionel gets there in his Tesla. They join Duke who is knocking at the door and yelling, his motorcycle parked nearby.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Lionel and I got there at the same time, Duke was already there.

DUKE (O.C.)

The lights were out, I was pounding, I almost broke it down.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

We knocked and waited and called for you, we thought you were just not coming out.

During this Duke has spotted a SPIDER crawling on the wall. In anger he SMASHES it.

85 EXT. GROUNDS

85

CLAIRE

After an hour we left. Birdie went by later to check and it was the same. Where the hell were you?

HELEN

What time did you get there?

CLAIRE

I don't know, it was dark

HELEN

And Duke you were there already?

CLAIRE

He drove his motorcycle so fast he almost got in an accident,

DUKE

I almost got pancaked -

Helen squints, trying to keep it all straight in her kombucha daze

HELEN

Can you say all that one more time?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

CLAIRE

Look. I don't know what you're planning on pulling being here but we need to talk about this.

Then Helen has a moment of clarity, she knows what she wants to ask:

HELEN

If I had answered the door that night, what would you have told me?
(to Claire)

That you were wrong? That you'll back me up with Miles? Or were you all showing up to talk me out of using that envelope?

Claire doesn't reply, and Helen has her answer, and takes the opportunity to storm off.

Claire watches her go. Duke scowls and leaves.

Lionel emerges behind Claire, sees Helen vanishing into the gardens.

CLAIRE

Something's off. What is she playing at?

86 EXT. GARDEN

86

The adrenaline carries Helen about eight steps before she swoons and stumbles. From nearby:

SOOTHING ROBOT VOICE (O.S.)

This is a smokeless garden...

Red lights flash through the trees, she takes a defensive posture, so confused.

SOOTHING ROBOT VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Please keep our water clean...

She sees Blanc dash out from the foliage, panicked. She calls to him.

HELEN

Blanc!

87 INT. GYM - DAY

87

Blanc and Helen speak quickly in an empty gorgeous GYM. She pounds Gatorade.

Behind them a fitness training video screen has a still of Serena Williams, with "WORK OUT WITH SERENA" beneath her.

HELEN

That's everything she said, I think.

BLANC

Wow. I think maybe you should... take up drinking? You are just killing it.

HELEN

Claire and Lionel were never there alone - but Duke came early and Birdie came late.

On her note pad she ticks off the "O" for Birdie and Duke.

BLANC

But they could have gotten there early, killed your sister then circled away and waited for the other to arrive.

HELEN

Shit.

She ticks off Claire and Lionel's "O" boxes.

BLANC

Something... something is teasing the edge of my brain. This case confounds me.

HELEN

Well we don't have motives for Duke or Birdie so -

Behind them we realize the picture of Serena Williams is not a picture at all but live video. He looks up from his book.

SERENA WILLIAMS (ON SCREEN)

Hey, do either of you two want to do a session?

They look up, startled.

SERENA WILLIAMS (ON SCREEN) (cont'd)

I mean I'm on the clock.

(CONTINUED)

A CLACK and whirrrr from off-screen draws Blanc's attention.

BLANC
Oh... not, right now.

Serena Williams goes back to his book with a shrug.

SERENA WILLIAMS (ON SCREEN)
Alright. It's your money.

Blanc goes to the source of the noise - a FAX MACHINE in the corner, spitting a sheet out into a huge bin. Helen goes with him, still bracing herself.

BLANC
One number... all his machines...

Blanc gets very excited and digs through the bin, flipping through the pages fast, then stopping and drawing one out. He shows it to Helen.

HELEN
Holy shit...

It's a FAX of the email from Andi. With "FYI" written at the top.

BLANC
From that afternoon, just minutes after she sent the email.

They look at the top line - SENDER: LIONEL TOUSSAINT

HELEN
Lionel! It was Lionel!

BLANC
Now hold on - this doesn't mean he killed your sister, necessarily - look out

He spots Duke outside, on the phone, coming into the gym. Blanc and Helen both HIDE as he enters, grabs a gym towel and wipes down post-run.

DUKE
(into phone)
Now. Right now, you go to him, do what you have to do, but push that son of a bitch. Get an answer from him. Babe. We need this. Do this one last time. Ok. Love you -

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

But whoever it is has hung up on him. He stands for a minute, thinking, then leaves with purpose.

Blanc looks over to Helen with urgency.

She is snoring gently in her hiding place. He nudges her sharply

HELEN

What who now?

88 EXT. GROUNDS

88

Duke creeps through the foliage, then kneels, watching through a picture window as MILES and WHISKEY make out inside.

About 20 yards back, Helen and Blanc creep up, seeing him. They exchange "whoa shit" looks. Then Helen makes a move to get closer, Blanc tries to stop her but she's already gone, and the movement SNAPS a twig.

Duke looks back. Nothing. He looks back at the window, and this time we can hear the scene inside, as Whiskey and Miles fall onto the bed together.

WHISKEY

Are you going to do it for me?

Miles motions to grab her...Whiskey stops him and pins him down.

WHISKEY (cont'd)

Not that. It's all he wants. The youtube channel is dying, he needs the exposure, just put him on Alpha News baby. Just a late night spot, you promised him you were grooming him for it, and he's earned it with what he did, you know that.

MILES

I wish I could.

WHISKEY

What?

MILES

I'm building the future of news, I can't have rhino horn boner Pill Karma in the mix.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

MILES (cont'd)
He's a loyal friend, but I can't put
him on Alpha News. Okay?

He kisses her.

Duke, hearing all this, crushes the branches in his fist.

Helen, hidden nearby and also hearing all this, grimaces,
and slips away.

89 EXT. BIRDIE'S VILLA - AFTERNOON

89

Peg storms out of Birdie's back patio, Birdie chasing her

BIRDIE
Peg wait -

PEG
Don't talk to me.

Birdie runs after her. When she's gone Helen dashes up and
grabs her colorful over-sized bag from a chair right inside
the patio door. Helen digs in the bag and retrieves her
PHONE. Checks it - still recording.

90 INT. ANDI'S VILLA - MINUTES LATER

90

Blanc and Helen sit with the phone between them as Helen
scans back through it, finding...

PEG (ON RECORDING)
What did he mean, "it's her only
chance?"

BIRDIE (ON RECORDING)
What does ANYTHING mean?

PEG (ON RECORDING)
Bird! I swear to god! Tell me!

91 INT. BIRDIE'S VILLA - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

91

We see the convo we're hearing, Birdie in tears, Peg fuming.

BIRDIE
I'm going to sign the statement. I'm
going to take total responsibility

(CONTINUED)

PEG
 This will crush us! There's
 no coming back from this!
 No, Bird, don't sign it,

BIRDIE
 The story is going to break
 there's no stopping it -

PEG
 We'll do what we always do, deny,
 half apologize, go silent awhile, I
 can handle this -

Birdie pulls a phone from the folds of her dress, hands it
 to Peg.

PEG (cont'd)
 What is this?!

BIRDIE
 My secret phone.

Peg glares at her. Then looks at the email on the screen.

PEG
 What's this?

BIRDIE
 An email. With the Sweetie Pants
 contractor. Two years ago.

PEG
 (reading)
 "Ms. Jay, wanted to alert you that
 the proposed Bangladesh factory is
 notoriously one of the world's
 biggest sweat shops. Please advise."
 And then you replied... "Sounds
 perfect, thanks!" With your me-moji.
 Dabbing.

Peg is gutted. Then, after a long beat, it dawns on her.
 Very, very slowly:

PEG (cont'd)
 Birdie. Please tell me you didn't
 think "sweat shops"... were where
 they make sweat pants.

Birdie stares back at her. A second too long.

PEG (cont'd)
 Oh my god.

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

BIRDIE

Miles is going to pay me off. He said if I take full responsibility for the sweat shops he'll pay me the value of my shares, thirty million. I'll do what I have to do to save myself. He's my only lifeline.

92 INT. ANDI'S VILLA

92

BIRDIE (ON RECORDING)

Can I have my secret phone back?

PEG (ON RECORDING)

NO.

Helen stops the recording. Helen glumly ticks off Birdie and Duke's "M"s. A full card.

HELEN

This never happens in Clue.

BLANC

That's because it's a terrible game.

HELEN

They all had a motive to protect Miles, and all of them were there that night. Now what, detective?

Blanc paces, deep in thought. Then:

BLANC

The envelope. Whoever killed your sister took that envelope to protect Miles. They wouldn't just destroy it. They would want him to see what they did for him.

HELEN

They brought it here. It's here. So how do we find it?

BLANC

Unless someone brings an attache case to dinner, they won't have an envelope that size on their person. They'll have to hide it in their room. So. At dinner tonight.

93 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

93

MILES

Andi! I'm hoping it's still whiskey
soda.

Everyone gathered for drinks. Helen picks up the whiskey
soda, but Blanc wide-eyed shakes his head at her, and she
stashes it behind a statue.

BLANC (O.C.)

Keep your head clear. Stay sharp.

Mona Lisa's eyes watching the gathering below.

BLANC (O.C.) (cont'd)

Because you have to find a way...

ANDI (O.S.)

I just want the truth.

DING. SHHHTICK. The glass slides down in front of the Mona
Lisa's eyes.

Cut to: we're later in the night. Helen takes Duke's rant.

DUKE (O.S.)

I can give you that.

We stick on Helen's face as Duke gets in her face, giving
his spiel, but we hear Blanc:

BLANC (O.C.)

A way that is so painfully
uncomfortable, nobody will question
it or follow you. Pick a fight and
lose. We have to find that envelope.

Every ounce of Helen's being wants to punch Duke out.

DUKE

You're the loser. That's the truth.

Helen's staring hard back at Duke. Then drops her eyes.
Convincingly broken. She folds. And slinks out of the room
in tears.

DUKE (cont'd)

There's the Andi I know!

DING. SHHHTICK. On her way out she passes Whiskey, smoking
just outside the main door.

(CONTINUED)

- 93 CONTINUED: 93
- HELEN
- He's a son of a bitch Whiskey. Leave his ass.
- And walks off into the night. Whiskey watches her go.
- 94 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT 94
- As soon as she's out of sight Helen SPRINTS through the grounds. First into:
- 95 INT. CLAIRE'S VILLA - NIGHT 95
- She bursts in and starts tearing the place apart.
- BLANC (O.C.)
- Search their rooms, ransack them, fast and thorough - don't worry about being neat.
- Some Claire-like clothes, a stash of pot (which she pockets) iPads and laptops, a magic wand vibrator, Helen rips through it all and when she's done the room looks like a tornado hit it. But no envelope.
- 96 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT 96
- Helen sprints, the glowing glass onion structure looming above her. PUSH in on it, time ticking away...
- 97 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT 97
- Miles cheering Birdie as she SPINS in her rainbow dress...
- 98 INT. BIRDIE'S VILLA - NIGHT 98
- Gorgeous dresses and beach wraps and LOTS of prescription pills, and a dog eared copy of Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead." Huh. Helen feels her phone buzz in her pocket.
- 99 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT 99
- Duke, having just downed his drink, GRASPS HIS THROAT.

100 INT. LIONEL'S VILLA 100

Stylish Lionel clothes and computer equipment and condoms and LSD micro-doses. Another BUZZ of Helen's phone but she doesn't check it.

101 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT 101

In the aftermath of Duke's death, Whiskey staggers away from the group, sobbing, and runs off into the night...

102 INT. DEROL'S VILLA - NIGHT 102

A cluttered comfortable mess. Helen bursts in. Derol sits in an incongruous E-Z BOY chair watching tv.

DEROL

Hey.

HELEN

Oh. Hi. Sorry.

She runs right out.

DEROL

Wanna hang out?

103 INT. DUKE'S VILLA - NIGHT 103

Helen runs in, panting, exhausted. Her phone BUZZES again. She finally checks it. 37 NEW MESSAGES.

HELEN

What the hell?

She opens her message app and reacts in horror. Dozens of new messages from friends, all with variants of "Helen you ok?" "Just saw - call when you can" "OMG Helen I'm so sorry" "Just heard the news"

Her stomach sinks. She opens her browser and searches "CASSANDRA BRAND" and instantly fresh news stories pop up - "CASSANDRA BRAND DEAD OF APPARENT SUICIDE, POLICE CONFIRM."

HELEN (cont'd)

Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

One quick second of fear. Then she pockets her phone and LAUNCHES back to the task at hand - searching the final villa, Duke's - gun magazines, spear fishing gear, weights, athletic wear... she runs into the bathroom, finds LOTS of viagra but no envelope.

Exhausted and defeated, her phone still buzzing in her pocket, she trudges back into the bedroom.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

Helen freezes.

Whiskey has just walked in, her makeup streaked with tears. But she screamed in reaction to the ransacked room. A distant DONG.

WHISKEY

Andi?

HELEN

I... can explain this

Then realizes, terrified

HELEN (cont'd)

Whiskey is the party over?

Overwhelmed and stammering with tears

WHISKEY

What? No! I left - Duke - I left - because I couldn't - he didn't deserve this

Helen thinks Whiskey is talking about walking out on Duke. Forcefully in a "fuck that guy" way:

HELEN

Yes he did. He's a bastard, I'm not sorry for him, he deserved it. You're better off without him.

Whiskey stares at Helen. Something dawning in her eyes.

She GRABS the spear fishing gun and AIMS it at Helen

HELEN (cont'd)

WHAT THE FUCK?

SNAP! The lights go out. Pitch black. Whiskey FREAKS OUT, SCREAMING

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

WHISKEY
 AH! AH! AH! DON'T! DON'T
 KILL ME!

HELEN
 AH! WHAT! AH! I'M NOT GOING
 TO KILL YOU YOU CRAZY BITCH

The light sweeps the room and Helen DIVES past Whiskey, who thinks she's charging her, spins and FIRES the spear gun.

Helen SCRAMBLES off Duke's balcony and into the darkness as the spear STICKS into a sculpture.

104 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

104

Pitch black. Helen RUNS towards the glass onion, at the end of her rope

HELEN
 Aaaaaaauuuugghhh

105 INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

105

Helen bursts in, weaves and twists blindly through dark halls. Stops - up ahead she sees MILES turn a corner. The light sweeps over her.

BLANC (O.S.)
 Andi!

She turns in the direction of his voice.

HELEN
 Blanc...

She darts off towards it. When she's gone LIONEL emerges into the hall, looks around.

106 EXT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

106

Helen runs along the outside

HELEN
 Blanc where are you -

He steps out and she RUNS into him. In the jostle we hear:

BLANC
 Helen!

HELEN
 Blanc!

(CONTINUED)

BLANC

Listen - there's great danger, we have no time - did you take Duke's gun?

HELEN

Why would I take Duke's gun? And why are the lights -

BLANC

Duke is dead.

HELEN

What?!

During all this the pitch black window looms ominously behind them.

BLANC

No time - did you find the envelope?

HELEN

No. All the rooms, it isn't there.

BLANC

I've been a fool - there is one more room to search.

HELEN

(realizes)

They already gave it to Miles. It's in the Glass Onion.

BLANC

If I can distract everyone and you can get up there and find it -

HELEN

But that won't tell us who gave it to him! I don't understand -

BLANC

Please trust me, it's all in plain sight, we only need one last piece of information, and only you can -

BANG!

The glass shatters. Helen flies back on to the steps. Blanc spins - footsteps run away. Blanc turns back to Helen splayed out on the stairs. Breath caught in his throat.

(CONTINUED)

Helen groans. Then sits up, the bullet hole in her chest smoking. She and Blanc look at each other, confused.

And pulls Andi's journal from her jacket pocket... the slug embedded in its front.

HELEN

Son of a bitch ah - Blanc what are you doing, go! Go chase them, get them - Blanc?

Blanc's face is frozen as his mind races. He looks from Helen to the broken window to the Glass Onion above them.

BLANC

The killer thinks you're dead. This is our cover.

As if in a trance he reaches into his jacket pocket...

And pulls out the bottle of JEREMY RENNER'S HOT SAUCE.

Helen sees him do this. Then with laser focus:

BLANC (cont'd)

I can buy you maybe five minutes alone in the Glass Onion, and you have to

HELEN

I will

BLANC

You HAVE to find that envelope

HELEN

I will, gimme -

She grabs the bottle from him, he backs off as she twists off the top, splashes it all over her chest, and lies back, playing dead. She realizes she still has the hot sauce in her hand, goes to toss it -

BLANC

Wait! No, give me that - this'll be good.

He takes it from her, rubs a dab under each eye, pockets it. His eyes redden and tear up - perfect - but in another few seconds he's clutching his face in pain.

BLANC (cont'd)

Oh SHITBALLS!

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

HELEN

Blanc!

BLANC

Yes

He pulls it together. Breathes through the pain.

SNAP. The lights come on. Everyone appears in the windows.

CLOSE UP: Helen's face. Hot sauce runs into her nose and she tries desperately to keep still as in the background the scene plays out.

CLAIRE

Oh god

BLANC

Everyone, inside. Right now.

CLAIRE

Shouldn't we -

BLANC

She's not going anywhere. Inside.
It's time to finish this.

The instant they're gone Helen GETS UP and DASHES inside.

107 INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

107

Helen silently dodges through the hallways and up a set of stairs. Down the hall we hear distant:

MILES

It makes no sense.

BLANC (O.S.)

It makes perfect sense. Duke, Andi,
this weekend this ridiculous game
that started well before we got to
this island.

108 INT. LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

108

The suspects gathered, Blanc doing his thing.

LIONEL

Will you explain it to us then
Detective?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

BLANC

No, I can peel back the layers, I can take it to a point, but what lies at the center, only one person can tell us who killed Cassandra Brand.

CLAIRE

WHO?

BLANC

(beat)

I keep returning in my mind to the "glass onion."

109 INT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

109

Helen bursts into the large office space. Nearly everything is made of lucite or glass, there are nearly no containers or places to stash a large red envelope.

We hear the continuation of Blanc's denouement clearly, as if it's voice over:

BLANC (O.C.)

Something that seems densely layered, mysterious and inscrutable, but in fact the center is in plain sight.

Helen darts around the room, but it's all infuriatingly clean and open.

HELEN

Where where where where...

110 INT. LOUNGE AREA

110

BLANC

And that is why this case has confounded me like no other, why every complex layer peeled back has revealed another layer and another layer and come to naught. And that was the problem!

111 INT. THE GLASS ONION

111

Helen looks up and sees something, freezes. The framed NAPKIN and PHOTO of her sister and Miles.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

BLANC (O.C.)

You see, I expected complexity! I expected intelligence! I expected a puzzle, a game, but that is not what any of this is!

She steps towards it as if in a trance.

The photo and napkin. Framed. Against a red background.

BLANC (O.S.)

It hides not behind complexity but behind mind numbing obvious clarity! Truth is, it does not hide at all! I was staring right at it!

She pulls it off the wall and the red envelope FALLS onto the table beneath it. The frame itself is clear, just like everything else in the room.

She holds them both, the framed napkin/picture in one hand, the red envelope in the other.

112 INT. LOUNGE AREA

112

BLANC

The killer nearly struck my Achilles heel. But thank high heaven, at the last moment, I realized what has teased my brain through this entire case!

He spins on his heel, to Miles:

BLANC (cont'd)

"Embreathiate" is not a word!

LIONEL

What?

113 EXT. BEACH - FLASHBACK - DAY

113

When they all first arrived, Miles:

MILES

Let's all embreathiate this moment.

- 114 INT. LOUNGE AREA 114
- BLANC
Not a real word. Kinda sounds like
one. But just entirely made up.
"Reclamation" IS a word - but it is
the wrong word!
- 115 EXT. THE GLASS ONION - FLASHBACK - DAY 115
- When Miles is first showing them around:
- MILES
This place is the reclamation of
everything I've ever accomplished
- 116 INT. LOUNGE AREA 116
- BLANC
This entire day -
- 117 INT. DISPLAY GARAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY 117
- Miles first confronting Blanc about the invitation:
- MILES
...the predefinite detective...
- 118 INT. LOUNGE AREA 118
- BLANC
- a veritable minefield of
malapropisms
- 119 EXT. POOL - FLASHBACK - DAY 119
- All lounging, Miles telling the Sweetie Pants story:
- MILES
...the infraction point...
- 120 INT. LOUNGE AREA 120
- BLANC
and factual errors!

121 INT. DINING AREA - FLASHBACK - EVENING 121

MILES

bask in the sun, swim in the Ionian
Sea

122 INT. LOUNGE AREA 122

Blanc points out the window.

BLANC

That's the Aegean sea.

CLAIRE

Oh wait, yeah it is...

BLANC

His dock doesn't float, his wonder
fuel is a disaster, his grasp of
disruption theory is remedial at
best, he didn't design the puzzle
boxes, he didn't write the mystery -
and voila, it all adds up, the key to
this entire case, and it was staring
me right in the face. Like everyone
in the world I assumed that Miles
Bron was a complicated genius. But
why? Look into the clear center of
this glass onion:

(beat)

Miles Bron is an idiot!

Everyone shifts uncomfortably. Miles rolls his eyes.

MILES

Oh please. Just tell us, who tried to
kill me?

BLANC

Nobody tried to kill you, you
vainglorious buffoon.

MILES

But Duke. Duke took my glass.

BLANC

That's what you told us he did. "he
must have picked it up by mistake..."
you told us, right after it happened.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

FLASHBACK - As Miles cheers on Birdie spinning in her dress, Duke reaches without looking for his glass and grabs Miles's instead.

Back to scene.

BLANC (cont'd)

After you said those words that's what we all remember seeing. But think, ignore his lies everyone and think clearly now - what did we all actually see?

FLASHBACK - This is the actual piece of footage that originally happened, the same angle, the same take, everything - As Birdie spins in her dress in the foreground, in the background Miles openly and clearly *HANDS HIS GLASS TO DUKE*.

Back to scene.

BLANC (cont'd)

You handed Duke your own glass. Clear as crystal. Right in front of our eyes. All of us. Then told a bald faced fabrication. And it worked!

LIONEL

Blanc. Are you saying Miles murdered Duke?

BLANC

Yes!

LIONEL

Why?

BLANC

Because the night Andi sent you all the email, when Duke got to Andi's house early on his motorcycle -

123 EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - EVENING

123

Duke zipping down the road, he is almost PLOWED OVER by Miles in his distinctive blue Porsche.

BLANC (O.C.)

He saw Miles leaving. Was almost struck by him.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Miles doesn't stop but keeps zooming off. Duke watches him go, shaking his head, then continues to Andi's house.

BLANC (O.S.)

In fact he told all of us, right out
in the open clear as day he told us -

124 EXT. POOL - FLASHBACK - DAY

124

The painting of the Porsche on the wall. The mix is a TINY bit different this time and we clearly hear Duke complete his sentence over Miles cutting him off:

DUKE

Iconic. Remember you almost
pancaked me with it on the
road that night at Andi's

MILES

Anderson Cooper's birthday,
in Spain, my god.

125 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

125

BLANC

That night. At Andi's.

CLAIRE

And that night he told us, he almost
had an accident... pancaked...

LIONEL

But that was - Miles has been in
Greece for the past six months.

BLANC

No. Whiskey. Miles saw you on your
birthday in New York. Gave you that
necklace. For your birthday.

Blanc motions to her necklace.

BLANC (cont'd)

And you're a Taurus.

WHISKEY

I am. Two weeks ago. May ninth.

BLANC

Forget the hydrofuels and sweat shops
and consensual cuckolding for cable
news assignments

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

PEG

Sorry what?

BLANC

Focus... on the envelope!

He dramatically points and they all turn. Helen, still covered in hot sauce, stands on the stairs.

Birdie SCREAMS.

CLAIRE

Holy shit!

PEG

Oh my god

LIONEL

Andi!

BIRDIE

WHAT IS REALITY??

Miles stands, looking at Helen, pale. But Helen calmly paces into the room, holding the frame and the red envelope.

BLANC

Who did the envelope threaten? Miles Bron.

126 INT. AEROSPACE FACTORY - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

126

Lionel looks around guiltily, feeding a printout of Andi's email into a FAX machine.

BLANC (O.C.)

That night. Lionel faxed Andi's email to Miles.

127 INT. NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

127

Miles in a robe receives it, reading it, troubled.

BLANC (O.C.)

Who received it, in New York.

(beat)

The one thing that can destroy his empire of lies: the truth. In the hands of the only person unafraid to tell it.

128 EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE ROAD - FLASHBACK - LATE AFTERNOON 128

Miles flies down the country road in his Porsche.

BLANC (O.C.)

So. Miles drives his baby blue
Porsche,

129 INT. ATRIUM 129

Blanc stares "you idiot" daggers at Miles

BLANC

his one of a kind, signature baby
blue Porsche, to the scene of the
crime.

130 EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - LATE AFTERNOON 130

Miles's car parked out front.

BLANC (O.C.)

And she let him in.

131 INT. ANDI'S KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - LATE AFTERNOON 131

Miles at Andi's kitchen table, both drinking tea. He talks
gently, beseeching. She watches him coldly.

BLANC (O.C.)

Of course she did. Miles's machine of
lawyers and power could burn her
through sheer dumb force but Miles
himself? She was clever enough to not
fear Miles.

Andi's head droops. She looks up at Miles as her
consciousness slips from her grasp, and she realizes what is
happening.

BLANC

No. She did not see the real threat,
the obvious threat, until it was too
late.

But Miles has become distracted. By a spider on the table.
He gently scoops it up and lets it out an open window.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

BLANC (cont'd)
 And one final time, she was pulled
 in. And succumbed.

One glint of horrible realization in her eyes. And she slips
 away, her head hitting the table.

132 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

132

Miles looks from Helen, tears of rage in her eyes, to Blanc
 with a blankness that is terrifying.

BLANC
 Duke alone knew you were there that
 night. But he didn't know Andi was
 dead. He didn't know that... until
 this evening. Right here. When he got
 a google alert on his phone, which
 has now fallen strangely silent. And
 which he showed to you.
 (beat)
 Because you don't own a phone.

On Miles's thin jacket, a very faint rectangular outline has
 been visible since the lights came back on. Blanc touches
 it, revealing a phone in Miles's jacket pocket.

Blanc takes it as Miles just stares. A lion sticker on the
 back of the phone.

WHISKEY
 Duke...

FLASHBACK - As everyone gathers around Duke, Miles
 surreptitiously scoops up his fallen phone.

BACK TO SCENE -

HELEN
 Did Miles think he could stop them
 all from finding out about Andi's
 death? They all have phones.

All the suspects, who have been caught up in the moment,
 suddenly realize this and all pull out their phones at once,
 checking the news. All but Birdie, who reaches for hers but
 still doesn't have it.

BIRDIE
 (to Peg)
 Peggy? Phone?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

PEG
 (reading her phone)
 No.

BLANC
 He didn't need to hide the death. He only had to hide that Duke had shown him the death moments before he was killed.

133 INT. LOUNGE AREA - FLASHBACK - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

133

Duke shows the phone to Miles, but this time we see the news story is about Andi's death.

BLANC (O.C.)
 Right in the open, Duke showed him.

DUKE
 This changes everything doesn't it?

MILES
 It sure does.

BLANC (O.C.)
 He showed him, and told him what he wanted in return for his silence.

DUKE
 Numbers like this, maybe we can talk Alpha News?

Miles goes to the bar cart and fixes a drink, hips swinging

MILES
 you bet your ass, come here.

Miles at the bar cart, putting ice and whiskey in his glass.

BLANC (O.C.)
 And so what does Miles do?

134 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

134

HELEN
 Does he keep a vial of poison in his tooth or something, is that a rich person thing?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

BLANC

No! No it's so much stupider than that! Birdie, what is in your Cuban Breeze?

BIRDIE

Vodka, amaretto...

WHISKEY

Oh god...

135 INT. LOUNGE AREA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

135

The bar cart. Miles quietly reaches for the can of

BIRDIE (O.S.)

...and pineapple juice.

He puts a tiny bit in the whiskey. Looks up at Duke.

BLANC (O.S.)

Yes! Pineapple juice!

136 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

136

BLANC

Duke does not dance with pineapple!
An allergy?

WHISKEY

He can't even have a drop.

BLANC

Pineapple juice! He just put pineapple juice in his whiskey! My god! It's so DUMB!

BIRDIE

So dumb it's brilliant

BLANC

No! It's just DUMB!

Lionel, Claire and Peg all finish reading the news, looking from their phones to Helen.

LIONEL

"Survived by her sister Helen."

CLAIRE

"Helen."

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

BIRDIE

Who? Oh, you told me about Helen
once, your twin sister OH WAIT!

Birdie points to Helen, hand in front of her mouth, finally
getting it.

BLANC

Helen Brand ladies and gentlemen.

(beat)

And now we come to Helen's attempted
murder. Which I have to give you
credit for, though it was spur of the
moment, it did have a sound
foundation of thought. The lights go
out.

137 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

137

The light go out. Miles in the dark. But as he howls in
panic, his eyes are calculating, looking around.

BLANC

And you realize the opportunity laid
out in front of you. You have a house
on a remote island, full of desperate
people all of whom have reason to
wish this woman harm.

138 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

138

Having said these words, Blanc squints. Hm. But he plows on:

BLANC

Furthermore,

139 INT. LOUNGE AREA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

139

BLANC (O.C.)

you had a loaded gun conveniently
within reach,

In the dark confusion Miles grabs Duke's gun.

140 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

140

Again Blanc narrows his eyes, as if the words coming out of
his mouth are strange. Slowly:

141 INT. HALLWAYS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 141

Miles in the dark halls, pocketing Duke's phone, gun in hand.

BLANC (O.C.)
and the lights had even been turned
off

142 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT 142

BLANC
OH MY GOD.

He's realized why all this sounded familiar.

143 INT. THE GLASS ONION - FLASHBACK - EVENING 143

The scene after Blanc ruined Miles's game. Blanc patiently explains to Miles:

BLANC
You have taken seven people, each of
whom has a real life reason to wish
you harm, gathered them together on a
remote island, and placed the idea of
your murder in their heads. It's like
putting a loaded gun on the table and
turning off the lights.

144 INT. LOUNGE AREA 144

He turns to Miles, unbelieving.

BLANC
Oh you brainless jackass! Your one
murder with any panache at all and
you stole the whole idea from me!

145 INT. HALLWAYS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 145

Blanc and Helen outside the window. Miles in the foreground raises Duke's gun and takes careful aim at Helen.

FIRES.

The glass SPLINTERS out from a central hole.

146 INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

146

Everyone in the room looking at Miles.

LIONEL

And after all that... you KEPT the envelope? Why didn't you burn it or something?

Miles looks blankly at him, like a confused dog. Blanc gesticulates to Miles - "I rest my case."

Helen approaches Miles. Pulls the real, original NAPKIN from the red envelope. Older and yellowed. The same diagram on it as the framed one, but in a different hand.

HELEN

Recognize this? Andi's handwriting. Gotcha, you son of a bitch.

MILES

Ok, let's slow down there sister - First - How could you prove this is the original? She could have copied mine -

HELEN

No, because the bar closed nine years ago. And hers has one thing yours doesn't.

Helen moves her thumb revealing, embossed in fading letters on the corner, the name of the bar. "THE GLASS ONION."

Miles nods coolly.

MILES

But second -

He ignites the LIGHTER in his hand. An eight inch long thin blue jet of flame leaps out.

It spears the napkin. Which IGNITES like flash paper and in a fraction of a second is turned into a crisp of ash, which floats away.

SHHHHTICK! Down comes the Mona Lisa glass.

Helen can't even move, shocked. Horrified.

Miles turns, points and smiles to Lionel, like "thanks for that great idea!"

(CONTINUED)

Blanc dashes up to Helen.

BLANC
What did he do?

HELEN
He burned it.

MILES
Burned what? That was so weird.

HELEN
He just burned it.

MILES
I don't see anything?

BLANC
This will not stand -

MILES
Blanc, did you see this proof? No?
Did anybody?

Everyone looks at each other, then back to him. They aren't going to contradict him.

MILES (cont'd)
Then WOW - we've got some wild accusations of murder and deceit, with nothing but circumspetive evidence

Blanc flinches but bites his tongue

MILES (cont'd)
and dodgy memories of what we all saw. Now if we were playing my murder mystery game, which by the way is what we should have just been doing all weekend, then Blanc wins an iPad Pro this time. But this is the real world. And in the real world you need more than a neat little detective story, you need evidence. And you've got nothing. Do you?

Helen looks at Blanc, panicked.

BLANC
He's right. The contents of that envelope and his possession of it were our only physical evidence.

(CONTINUED)

Helen can't believe it. She looks at Miles.

MILES

You wanna take this to the cops? The courts? Pick your poison. Anywhere you go. It's your version of the truth against mine. Let's see how that goes.

(to Helen)

Probably about how it went for Andi. I do want to say that your sister was a complicated woman and she meant the world to me. I'm sorry for your loss.

Silence. Everyone in the room hates him right now, but everyone stays silent.

HELEN

Nobody's stepping up? Raise your hand - "I saw him at Andi's that night" - "I saw him grab Duke's gun" - "I saw the napkin before he burned it"

CLAIRE

We didn't -

HELEN

You would lie for a lie, you won't lie for the truth? Still on his titties. You shit heads.

(in tears)

Blanc? I need you to do something.

Blanc approaches Helen. He pauses only to pick up her whiskey soda, which still sits on a statue.

BLANC

I'm very sorry Helen. But this is where my jurisdiction ends. I have to answer to the police, to the courts. The system. There is nothing I can do. But maybe offer you courage.

He hands her the drink.

BLANC (cont'd)

And a reminder of why your sister walked away in the first place.

With strange delicate formality, Blanc shakes her hand, then walks out into the night.

(CONTINUED)

Helen watches him go. Then stares at Miles, the same stare she gave the invite in her sister's garage.

A long beat.

Then she drains the whiskey soda. Holds the framed napkin/photo out at arms length. And lets it fall.

It shatters on the ground.

Miles doesn't react.

She takes a few steps towards him. Weighs the crystal tumbler in her hand.

And SMASHES IT on the ground.

Miles smirks.

Helen picks up a slightly larger trinket and SMASHES it. Then a small vase. Then a slightly larger piece of glass sculpture.

Miles laughs, genuinely amused - what is she doing?

Everyone else exchanges looks, wondering the same thing.

She smashes another thing, then another, eyes locked on Miles.

It's Whiskey who breaks the weird tension with:

WHISKEY

You go girl!

SMASH! A slight smile breaks on Lionel's face. This feel good to watch.

LIONEL

Yeah. Why the hell not.

CLAIRE

Go Helen!

SMASH! The bar cart, smashing bottles everywhere.

A MASSIVE SMASH from offscreen draws everyone's attention: BIRDIE has just smashed a large glass vase. She gives a PRIMAL SCREAM that stuns everyone.

BIRDIE

Screw you Miles! Goddamn that felt good.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (4)

146

Whiskey pushes something over, gives Miles the finger.

Lionel picks up something and with a grin at Miles BREAKS it. Claire too. Peg DIVES IN with vigor.

In all this Miles leans back, a tight grin on his face, his arms raised in a gesture of "fine, have fun"

MILES

That's right guys, get it out.

After a round of this, with smashed art and pottery and bottles everywhere, there's a natural lull. Everyone laughs like kids who just played in the mud.

Miles claps, grins.

MILES (cont'd)

Ok. Alright.

But Helen does not stop or slow down. She takes an ornate war hammer and SMASHES the crystal suit of armor.

LIONEL

Whoa - ok

Still laughing but a little uncomfortable. Then she swings it into a glass piano.

LIONEL

Ok, Helen - ha - Helen, alright

CLAIRE

Helen! Whoa -

BIRDIE

I think that belonged to Liberace

A HUGE container of crystal marbles, SMASH and they go everywhere. The mood in the room is turning as Helen shows no sign of stopping but goes bigger and bigger.

BIRDIE

Helen ok - ok, Helen

LIONEL

Stop, ok. That's plenty, that's good

CLAIRE

Whoa! Whoa whoa whoa

WHISKEY

Holy shit

MILES

What do you want?

Then Helen grabs Miles's lighter from the table. And IGNITES the pile of alcohol-soaked rubble that was the bar cart. It goes up like a small pyre in the center of the room.

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE

WHOA!

They all panic as Helen starts grabbing anything flammable - cushions, pillows, rugs, throwing them on the growing fire.

Everyone SLIPS and SLIDES on the crystal marbles, trying to catch her, like a scene from a Buster Keaton movie.

The SPRINKLERS come on but barely beat back the mini bonfire.

MILES

Ok STOP! Stop! Enough.

She stops. Walks over to him at the table, water from the sprinklers running down her face, the fire behind her.

MILES (cont'd)

Helen. Walk away.

She nods.

HELEN

Yeah. With a reminder of why my sister walked away in the first place.

FLASHBACK - Blanc shaking her hand. Handing her something. Giving her the subtlest of nods.

Something she now straightens her posture and places on the table in front of Miles.

The marble sized crystal of Klear.

Miles looks from it to the growing fire, his eyes go wide.

Flashing to: The fireplace. The lights. The heating ducts. The appliances in the kitchen. The coffee machine. Everything.

As do Lionel's.

LIONEL

Oh sh-

The bonfire suddenly plumes upwards as if the air itself is catching fire, up into the ceiling, into the vents, into the walls, like the house itself is sucking the fire into its lungs.

One moment of horrible silence.

147 EXT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

147

And the glass onion structure EXPLODES like a balloon with a BURST of glass and fire.

Then, like the end of Caddyshack, every Villa goes up, billows of fire, debris, all of it popping off like firework champagne corks in the night. Somewhere:

SOOTHING ROBOT VOICE

This is a smokeless garden. This is a smokeless garden. This...

Pull back to reveal: Blanc, in a lawn chair. He lights up his CIGAR with great satisfaction. Then passes the lighter to Derol, in a chair next to him, awed at the destruction.

BLANC

Disruption.

DEROL

Fuckin A.

148 INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

148

There isn't much structural damage but streams of fire jet from ruptured walls, the floor, everywhere. Everyone raises their heads, dazed.

Miles looks around at his ruined kingdom. After a perfect comic beat, the BABY BLUE PORSCHE falls from above and SMASHES in a flaming heap in the middle of the atrium.

Miles chokes back a sob. Then locks eyes with Helen. And he realizes:

She isn't done yet.

She turns and runs, and as she passes everyone they realize in horror where he is going.

They ALL run after her, grabbing her, all of them, slipping and yelling in slow motion trying to hold her back but she's too strong, she struggles forward, reaching her hand out...

To the over-ride button

For the Mona Lisa.

Which is comfortable behind its fire-proof glass, the flames licking off its ambiguous gaze.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

Miles tries to hold her back, screaming.

Helen looks back at him, reaches the button and without hesitation PRESSES it.

SHHHTICK.

As the glass rises, the painting is almost instantly consumed in the inferno of fire.

The entire group watches in slack jawed disbelief.

Miles drops to his knees, dumbstruck. Looks in the painting's eyes one last time before they burn away to ash.

149 EXT. THE GLASS ONION - MOMENTS LATER

149

Everyone stumbles out onto the steps, choking and gasping.

Miles looks around him, tears in his eyes, then turns on Helen.

MILES

Oh FANTASTIC! You are so PUNK ROCK!
You think you are an alligator?! You
think you popped me like a gangster?!
No. You baby. You child. You feel
better now? I hope your little bitch
tantrum gave you closure. Cause that
accomplished NOTHING!

HELEN

Your fuel of the future just
barbecued the world's most famous
painting, dumbass. Congratulations on
the public launch of Klear and the
end of Miles Bron.

This starts to sink in. Miles's face hollows out. The glass onion still burning behind him.

HELEN (cont'd)

You're ruined. But you did get your
wish. You will forever be remembered
in the same breath as the Mona Lisa.

Helen wipes her hands on her pants and walks off, past the disruptors spread out on the steps, past the flaming remains of the entire compound.

When she's gone, the disruptors all look at him hatefully. Birdie raises her hand.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

BIRDIE

I saw the napkin he burned.

Claire raises her hand.

CLAIRE

God, now you mention it, I clearly saw him grab Duke's gun.

Then Lionel.

LIONEL

I saw him driving away from Andi's house the night she was killed.

They all look at him. He stares back, unbelieving.

MILES

Oh you shit heads.

150 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

150

And onto the beach. Where Blanc sits, staring out to sea at the distant FERRY and several POLICE boats with flashing sirens.

BLANC

Did you get the son of a bitch?

HELEN

Yup.

BLANC

Ready to go home?

Helen sits with straightened posture, looking out at the approaching boat. Gazing out at it a long while. Maybe smiling, maybe not, it's hard to tell.