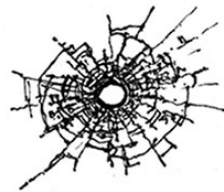


GLASS ONION

A Benoit Blanc Mystery by

Rian Johnson



*Original British Title: "Benoit Blanc Goes Troppo"*

A FRONT DOOR, PAINTED BLACK

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 -

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

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

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

A title card up over this:

**MAY 8, 2020**

INT. DEBELLA HOME

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  
(to an offscreen kid)  
ARTIE! The oven is not a fort!  
Devon pull them out of there, FOX  
already calls me a witch, last thing  
I need, cook the children.

As she rushes into the living room where a mini studio is set up in front of a bookshelf, "DEBELLA 2020" election signs everywhere. One of her kids hands her an impossibly twisted SLINKY.

KID  
It's spaghetti!

A few assistants check Claire's makeup as she somehow untangles the slinky while rattling off instructions. She's a blaze of beige energy, sharp and incredibly wry.

CLAIRE

Before I forget tell the printers to run the lawn signs again they look like puke on toast, push my ten to one and my one to tomorrow, we'll deal with tomorrow tonight. Here baby go slink.

She hands the now perfect slinky to her child who runs off.

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 most of us, I can see

CLAIRE

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

CNN ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)

Well I want to talk about your campaign,

INT. AEROSPACE FACTORY

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)  
 you're an independent, members of  
 both parties refer to you as Cruella  
 Debella

CLAIRE (ON TV)  
 So clever. Cause it rhymes.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)  
 You have a reputation for cut-throat  
 political tactics, and that's ruffled  
 some feathers on both sides of the  
 aisle.

CLAIRE (ON TV)  
 Ruffle away, I could care less. I'm  
 not here to get power in a party or  
 protect my job, I'm here for one  
 thing: decide what's best for the  
 people and get it done. And you see  
 them responding.

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"

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,

CLAIRE  
 Your competitor

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)  
 our competitor, right. Is there any  
 concern with having so much of your  
 campaign backed by one private donor?

CLAIRE (ON TV)  
 Miles and I go way back, he's earned  
 a reputation as someone who wants to  
 make the world a better place. He  
 believes in the power of an idea  
 whose time has come to disrupt the  
 status quo, to blow things up, and he  
 puts his money behind it. And look  
 at the grass roots response we're  
 getting, people are sick of

The worker rolls the cart towards a freestanding CONFERENCE ROOM in the middle of the factory floor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

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 don't even know - he faxes me in  
the middle of the night, constantly,  
he loves faxes, he sends his ideas  
and I'm supposed to - here - insane  
or genius, you tell me -

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)

We all laughed, crazy Miles, until  
the "Krypto Kidz" app paid for this  
building.

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

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 ONE

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 TWO

This is science, not a religion.  
You'd do well to remember that.  
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!"

EXT. THE DAKOTA - MANHATTAN - DAY

The beautiful apartment building, on a clear Manhattan day.

INT. APARTMENT

Claire's interview on a television.

CLAIRE (ON TV)

Yeah I met my husband Devon in Greenpeace, with his porn stache, there's the picture. 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.

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)  
Hey - no 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 word for "cheap."

Peg blinks at her.

PEG

"Jewy??"

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:

BIRDIE  
Oh my god OH MY GOD!

INT. DEBELLA HOME

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.

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 one of Miles's puzzles - 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.

INT. THREE CAR GARAGE - DAY

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.

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 breasts are fun, let's face it. 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. 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 men have dominated, because that's what nature made us to do. Would you walk into the Serengeti and tell the king of the jungle "hey lion king, sorry, we're gonna need you to let the females hunt half the time while you stay home and watch the lion children?" That lion would laugh at you. And rightly so.

A woman's voice shouts from three rooms away:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dukey!

DUKE

You are an apex predator. Don't let the elites sell you garbage to the contrary. You deserve a girl like my Whiskey, who appreciates a real man who provides.

Whiskey comes back, holding a large pill bottle with a LION emblem on it.

DUKE (cont'd)

How do you get this? Change your body change your mind. I know it isn't practical or socially acceptable for most of you to follow my strict bison-meat-only diet,

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dukey!

DUKE

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

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

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.

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.

MA

You're gonna be sorrier you use that tone in my house.

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, I'm sorry.

She nods coolly and walks off.

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

INT. DEBELLA HOME / CONFERENCE ROOM / APARTMENT

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:

INT. DUKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

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!

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 - this  
 might be a rook - yeah if this is a  
 rook then it's mate in one, should I

LIONEL

Do it!

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 tac-tac-toe.

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  LIONEL  
It's music. Guys. It's                  Shhhh  
music. It's music.

                                  BIRDIE  
Are you mocking me?

                                  CLAIRE  
Yes

                                  BIRDIE  
Alright ha ha I'm gonna shazaam it.

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

                                  BIRDIE (cont'd)  
ALEXA, SHAZAAM THIS SONG PLEASE.  
ALEXA, SHAZAAM THIS SONG PLEASE.  
ALEXA, SHAZAAM 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 piece of music where you play one melody, then you take the same melody but change it just slightly, the key or the tempo maybe, and layer it back over the first melody. So it's the same tune played over itself to reveal a new tune.

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 those handles? Lift  
them up...

He gently takes the bars on the edges of the box and LIFTS - the entire top layer pops up like an album off a turntable, on a center spoke.

LIONEL (cont'd)  
Now does it rotate - it does -  
clockwise... then...

Lionel rotates it 180 degrees until it clicks into place.

The box now contains FOUR NEW PUZZLES.

LIONEL (cont'd)  
A whole new tune.

DUKE  
Freakin Miles, man. Genius.

MA  
That first one's the Fibonacci  
sequence.

DUKE  
Ma!

DEVON  
We've got your Mother Jones interview  
in five.

CLAIRE  
Push it.

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

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.

Claire looks at Devon.

DEVON  
Oh you're going.

INT. DUKE'S KITCHEN

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  
The fuck is this?

MA  
I dunno.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

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

INT. APARTMENT

Birdie is losing her shit, dancing around the party.

BIRDIE  
Yessssssssssssssss!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

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:

MANHATTAN SKYLINE. Pull back through a high rise window.

INT. BENOIT BLANC'S APARTMENT - DAY

The world's greatest detective sits at his computer.

BLANC

And so yes, the fabric of circumstance may tell one story, but hidden in that warp and weave which is bred in the loom, the knit that holds your certainty of the facts together, there is a fatal flaw, a slip knot if you will,

The sound of a sharp KNOCKING from off-screen.

BLANC (cont'd)

and dear friends, I would hate to see you pull that thread, certain of the fabric's integrity,

The KNOCK again. Blanc shouts to someone in another room:

BLANC (cont'd)

Answer that would you?

(MORE)

BLANC (cont'd)  
 (then continues)  
 only to have it leave you with a pile  
 of knotted yarn and the deep regret  
 that you have acted in vain, and  
 imperiled your own safety.

Reveal: on Blanc's computer screen, a ZOOM window with  
 eccentric faces who very well might be other GREAT  
 DETECTIVES. They look bored to death.

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

Reveal, in another window on the screen: they're all  
 playing "Among Us."

DETECTIVE TWO  
 Can we just do this? We're doing  
 this right?

DETECTIVE THREE  
 We're throwing you out the airlock  
 Blanc. This is a no brainer.

BLANC  
 Well this, again, this is a mistake,  
 you're perhaps not grasping my  
 metaphor - see the fabric -

The detectives throw up their hands and all start chattering  
 at once. Blanc is about to argue with them when a man's  
 voice calls from elsewhere in the apartment.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Blanc! Someone here for you.

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

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 With a box.

CUT TO:

SHIMMERING WATER

Opening title over glistening waves. Tilt up to reveal:

EXT. GRECIAN PORT TOWN - DAY

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 -

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. How weird is this?

They go to hug, realize they aren't supposed to, and do an air hug instead.

LIONEL

No Devon?

CLAIRE

With the kids. And the campaign.  
And the staff god I shouldn't be  
here, this is nuts.

LIONEL

He knows if you left me alone for a  
weekend with Birdie and Duke I'd drop  
a rocket on your house. Speaking of.

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

Helloooooo!

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.

Birdie points to Blanc, still watching silently.

BIRDIE (cont'd)  
 But YOU were at the hotel, birthday boy, hello!

BELLHOP  
 (to Blanc)  
 Mr. Blanc, you are birthday boy?

BLANC  
 No, not my birthday, that's fine Nikos, thank you.

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? Who solved 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.

LIONEL

Well. Ha.

(beat)

So what are you doing here?

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

EXT. GRECIAN PORT TOWN STREETS - DAY

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

EXT. JETTY

He pulls up to the gang and hops off, holsters his gun,  
grabs his military rucksack, leads Whiskey by the hand.

DUKE

Crew! We have arrived, the  
disruptors have assembled.

BIRDIE

Duke pook! With your motorcycle and  
your little her, this whole youth  
thing, I love it.

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

PEG

Nope

LIONEL

Hi Duke.

CLAIRE

Duke.

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

DUKE

You all remember Whiskey. My girl.

CLAIRE  
Hi Whiskey.

LIONEL  
Uh huh.

DUKE  
Who's that?

He nods at Blanc aggressively.

CLAIRE  
It's Benoit Blanc - Mr. Blanc what  
are you doing in Greece?

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  
The murder mystery game! Miles,  
man - alright, this makes sense. One  
of us is a killer, Benoit Blanc's  
gonna catch them, right? This is  
exciting.

BLANC  
Well we'll see.

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

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? I 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

Weird group right? We all got tight in New York when we were broke and starting out. So now Miles does these reunion weekends once a year, some nutso invitation and extravagant trip, his little menagerie.

BLANC

I see...

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

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

Is this a, uh

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'm -

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.

BLANC

Were we just -

CLAIRE

I think so. Rich person rules. Start taking it in stride.

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.

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

INT. BOAT - AT SEA - DAY

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

Is 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. Yup.

BLANC

But they're no longer partners.

LIONEL

Two years ago they had a big falling out. Andi was going to split out her share of Alpha and bail. But Miles had been backdoor maneuvering for years... 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? That's bizarre?

LIONEL

He invites her every year. It seems like a power play but it's simpler than that, when you meet Miles it'll make sense. He's intensely benevolent. Like a billionaire Big Bird. 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.

Down with Andi: her hand grasping the hand rail... tightly. Knuckles white. A voice from behind her:

BIRDIE

You shouldn't be here.

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

DUKE

Ballsy move.

Andi returns their stare.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

There it is!

All attention goes forward to the approaching island.

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

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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.

INT. BOAT

Lionel with Captain Andino, regarding the dock.

LIONEL

Wow, that's - is that dock a Banksy?

ANDINO

Peet-cha-chite.

LIONEL

Is that the island? In Greek?

ANDINO

Peet-cha-chite.

LIONEL

Peetchachite.

EXT. BEACH

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  
This is the guitar McCartney wrote it on. Is that cheesy? I don't know. I thought you'd like 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  
Duke. Whiskey. Not a dream. Wide awake. And it feels so good.

WHISKEY  
Hey.

MILES  
Pretty necklace.

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. Heavy moves.

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

LIONEL  
Hey pal.

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

MILES  
Happy to have you.

But Miles's eyes are already looking past him.

MILES (cont'd)  
Oh my god.

Andi, coming up the dock.

ANDI  
Miles.

Miles's face frozen for a moment. Then it breaks into a massive uninhibited smile.

MILES  
Andi. You're here.

A moment as he just beams at her. She stares back coldly.

ANDI  
Yes I am.

DUKE  
Alright, when's the murder start?

MILES  
Patience, just a little patience. Let's all embreathiate this moment. Old friends.

(MORE)

MILES (cont'd)  
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.

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. Let me properly introduce  
you to the Glass Onion.

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 fine. I'm Andi.

BLANC  
Very genial of you. Benoit.

ANDI  
You've got a flat tire there.

His shoelace. He stops to tie it.

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.

DUKE  
Nice place, Miles.

MILES  
Thanks. Past six months I haven't left the grounds, oversaw everything. Hand picked every piece of tile.

LIONEL  
No you didn't.

MILES  
Yes I did. And every tile is inscribed with the name of victim of gun violence.

LIONEL  
They literally are not, I'm looking right at them.

MILES  
They are, on the back.

CLAIRE  
Oh wow. Ok.

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.

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



CLAIRE  
 (uh huh)  
 Yup.

MILES  
 Past, present, future.

Derol, walking by in the background

DEROL  
 Ignore me!

MILES  
 What came before me, what I am, what I leave to the world. This place is the reclamation of everything I've ever accomplished, and soon it'll be the birthplace of a gift to the earth that'll outlive me.

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

CLAIRE  
 What gift?

He gives her a "you'll see" grin.

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, I want it to be a creative commune. So Duke, if you wanted to ideate a series of lectures, or Birdie soak up some Grecian inspo for your next fashion coup,

Peg is next in line, Miles looks at her and then

MILES (cont'd)  
 or Claire, bring some constituents  
 for a community heart-storm, this  
 place is a free open commune for  
 creative people to find their  
 balance.

BLANC  
 Amazing! So any creative soul can  
 fly to Athens, take a private yacht  
 to this island and freely ideate?

He says this with un-ironic appreciation.

MILES  
 (isn't it amazing?)  
 Yes once they're vetted yes exactly!

BIRDIE  
 Amazing.

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.  
 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.

BLANC  
 Wow. I'm sorry, that is crazy.

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

MILES  
 Andi. I really am happy you came.

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

MILES (cont'd)  
Mr. Blanc. Could I have a word?

INT. DISPLAY GARAGE - DAY

Miles leads Blanc into a garage made largely to house a gorgeous blue PORSCHE.

BLANC  
That's a beaut right there

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

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.

Miles has sat in a chair and is staring at Blanc intensely.  
An awkward pause. Then:

MILES  
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.

BLANC

Why would I forge an invitation?

MILES

Obviously you didn't. But I didn't send you this.

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.

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

Well there you go! One of them reset their box and sent it to you as a gag - Miles is doing a murder mystery, let's invite Benoit freakin Blanc. Boom. I bet it was Duke.

BLANC

I'm mortified

MILES

Why? I've got the world's predefinite detective at my murder mystery party, how cool is that?

BLANC

Mr. Bron. I've learned from 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. Enjoy the weekend, hell try to solve the mystery. If you can. I don't wanna toot my own horn, but it's gonna be a good one. See you by the pool.

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

EXT. POOL - DAY

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)  
or maybe I'll lay out for a bit -  
MILES!

Miles strolls languidly into the pool area, Birdie goes to him like a magnet, leaving Claire and Lionel.

CLAIRE	LIONEL
Swim?	C'mon.

They head for the pool.

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.

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,  
in Spain, my god Coop can  
throw a party.

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.

(beat)

You hot? In your shirt?

BLANC

No. No I'm comfortable.

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
Birdie. You need to talk to	I will.
him. Before dinner. You	I will.
need to. You need to beg	Oh god.
him.	

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, so a few months. You look so different. Just your...

(MORE)



BIRDIE (cont'd)

(silence)

God it's so hard, staying fit in quarantine. 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

Email has no soul. There's just something magic about analogue. One number goes to all my fax machines, anywhere in the world. Simple.

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

But we have one thing in common. We're all disruptors.

BIRDIE

Yes.

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

MILES  
 Well.  
 (motions to Birdie)  
 Is there anything more disruptive  
 than someone who isn't afraid to just  
 say what everyone's thinking, to  
 speak uncomfortable truths?

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

MILES  
 And her Sweet Pants business.

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

BLANC  
 (sings a jingle)  
 "Can't get me outta my...  
 Sweet Pants!"

BIRDIE  
 "Sweet Pants!" Oh you're  
 sweet.

MILES  
 Birdie Jay, fashion magnet! The  
 queen of fashion week, avant-garde  
 runway shows -

BLANC  
 (soooo good)  
 Your "Jell-O dress!"

MILES  
 Then she's hired as the editor of  
 She-She magazine

BIRDIE  
 Top of the world. But then there was  
 the whole thing with the Halloween  
 costume, and then right after that we  
 had the whole thing with the "Read  
 For The Children" library event, oh  
 god Peg remember that?

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - FLASHBACK - DAY

A half dozen TV cameras and press film Birdie sitting in front of a group of third grade kids.

BIRDIE

...and that's the magic of reading, it takes you wherever your imagination can go, doesn't that sound fun? Yes? So today I've chosen one of my favorite books to read to you all! It's called

(holds it up)

The Adventures Of Huckleberry Finn.

Peg, her face buried in her phone in the audience, snaps her head up in horror.

EXT. POOL

PEG

Yes I do.

BIRDIE

and then the Oprah interview to smooth it over and THAT didn't go well, it was taken all out of context - anyway, so I had some time at home, this is pre-covid, and I was spending alot of time in...

BLANC

Sweat pants.

MILES

She pivoted to sweat pants. High quality, fashionable sweat pants, hitting the market just as the pandemic hit. Sweet Pants. BOOM. She disrupted. And made a fortune.

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

MILES (cont'd)

Or Duke, Duke was the first gamer with a million followers on Twitch. Invented the word "influencer." Disrupted the old media idea of celebrity, redefined it.

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. Blanc are you ready for your world to change? I'm gonna tell you how this works, and you can't un-hear this. You start by breaking something small, a norm, an idea, a convention, and then you break something a little bigger, and bigger, more and more, and at this point people will be on your side, will see you as an innovator, put you on magazines. Because you're breaking things within the context of your industry, of the system. And this... this is the inflection point. Because this is where you have to find it in yourself to keep going, and break the thing that nobody wants you to break. People will stop being on your side. They'll tell you to stop, 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. 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 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

You know who Lionel works for, that's no secret, and you 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 Sweet Pants? Or when Duke got banned from Twitch for hawking rhino horn boner pills to teenage boys

DUKE

That's fake news, there was ZERO rhino in those pills

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.

DUKE

Ok that's gross

ANDI

And every one of you will stab a friend in the back to hold on. I believe that.

She storms off. Claire goes after her.

CLAIRE

Hey. Andi -

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. Every one of us should be that real all the time.

(MORE)

MILES (cont'd)  
 Amen? Dinner at nine, see y'all  
 there.

Miles ambles off.

DUKE  
 I'm gonna get some cardio in.

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

BIRDIE  
 If you watch it in context, it's  
 obvious I was talking about Tubman's  
 entrepreneurial spirit -

LIONEL  
 (nope)  
 Bird.

He walks off. Leaving her with Blanc.

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  
 I suppose we'll see.

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

EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

LIONEL  
What do you mean?

CLAIRE  
Everything, just the way she carries herself, she's changed.

Claire seems afraid.

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

EXT. ZEN GARDEN - DAY

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, she's ruined. We're done. I've dug her out of so many holes and I promise I can dig her out of this one, but not if she makes that statement. I'm begging you. This will destroy her.

MILES  
I'm sorry....

PEG  
....Peg.

MILES  
Peg. I only want what's best for Bird, please believe that. So I'm begging you - tell her to publish the statement. It's her only way out.

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

REVEAL: Blanc, lingering behind a statue, eavesdropping. Suddenly BOTH of their attention is drawn by something else: Andi, walking by in the distance, intensely talking to someone on her phone on facetime. We just barely overhear:

ANDI

...no it's going to be alright, I promise...

And then she's gone. 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.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Claire on facetime with her husband Devon.

DEVON

This is the entire reason you're on this trip is to do this, get him alone, tell him you are NOT ok'ing his goddamn power plant. Right?

CLAIRE

I just - he meant it. He'll support Lebling's campaign if I do.

(MORE)



CLAIRE (cont'd)  
I'll lose. Because of that son of a  
bitch. Makes my blood boil.

DEVON  
Do what you have to do.

CLAIRE  
I will.

Out the window, Duke sprints by in jogging clothes.

EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

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

Not liking this at all, Blanc silently withdraws.

EXT. THE GLASS ONION - EVENING

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

INT. ATRIUM - EVENING

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 welcome. Some pre-murder drinks, I've mixed everyone's favorites. And 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.

LIONEL

Lagavulin. Sixteen.

MILES

I know what you like.

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?

MILES

It's like we're back in St. John's.

BLANC

(the hot sauce)

Lord that - has a kick.

MILES

Yeah? Here, please, take a few bottles. Jeremy Renner's hot sauce. He sent me like a pallet.

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.

BLANC

Ah well, for an aperitif... if you have a good pastis?

MILES

Yeah - is that like gin or -

(calls)

Andi! Whiskey soda. Right there.

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... You've got all these priceless works of art, to put a 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. 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)

Miles that's impossible -

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

Louvre is closed, France needs money. It's just on loan for a few weeks, 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)

Had an over-ride button put in, don't tell the insurance guys. But I had to be able to look in her eyes, nothing between us. My mom took me to Paris when I was six. When I looked in this lady's eyes, it changed my life. 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 is really 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

Why?

MILES

I knew in that moment. What'd I tell you, that first night we all hung out at the Glass Onion?

INT. THE GLASS ONION BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Everyone at a table, ten years younger, several drinks in.

MILES

I will be remembered forever to the world in the same breath as the Mona Lisa.

INT. ATRIUM

BLANC

What does that mean?

BIRDIE

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

CLAIRE

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

Miles opens his arms to the painting.

MILES

The past.

Then to the Glass Onion around him.

MILES (cont'd)

The present.

Then raises a closed fist, and looks at Andi.

MILES (cont'd)

The future. In one week I have  
invited a dozen world leaders and  
members of the press to this island.  
And here beneath the gaze of my lady,  
in this Glass Onion I've spent my  
life building, I will unveil the  
world's 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.

BIRDIE

I don't either - what is that?

Miles tosses the crystal to Blanc.

MILES

A new hydrofuel, radically efficient,  
zero carbon emissions, derived from  
sea water. I call it KLEAR, with a  
"K."

(MORE)

MILES (cont'd)

And at this event we will announce  
its worldwide launch, with our first  
plant in Bristol, Connecticut thanks  
to Governor DeBella

Claire stiffens

MILES (cont'd)

and our first aerospace application,  
as the fuel on our manned Alpha  
Cosmos rocket this fall

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

MILES (cont'd)

and a full roll-out of low cost  
efficient home power solutions.  
We'll have Klear powering homes in  
the States this year. Clean.  
Efficient. Limitless.

LIONEL

No. You love all these words but I  
told you I need two years minimum to  
even see if this stuff is safe or  
even viable, Claire and I are NOT  
going to oh no you didn't

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

MILES

Everything.

LIONEL

No.

MILES

Electric, heating, everything right  
down to the coffee maker, the entire  
glass onion, it's all powered by  
Klear.

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

CLAIRE

Oh god Miles...

MILES

This is it.

LIONEL

I'm out. Done. This is reckless,  
this could ruin us all

MILES

Or it could change the world! And I  
know you're on board with me for it,  
my fellow disruptor. Because it's  
happening. 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.

DUKE

Let the murder begin, right?  
(spots the mona lisa)  
Heeeey.

INT. DINING AREA - MINUTES LATER

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

Already what a weekend. And now the  
real fun begins. For the next three  
days we will be enjoying the sun, the  
pool, the Ionian Sea, great food and  
wine and each others company. But  
you have another task. Because  
tonight, in this very room, a murder  
is going to take place. 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 not. 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 all  
weekend, ask me anything you want but  
don't expect help from me. You'll  
want to question each other though,  
and use your knowledge of your past.

BLANC

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

BIRDIE

Can we work together?

MILES

Yes if you want, but only one person  
can solve the crime. I've planned  
the whole weekend around this.

BLANC

Truly delightful. And we've started?

MILES

Well the murder hasn't happened yet  
but yeah -

BLANC

Ok. Ok ok.

Miles raises his glass.



MILES

And so -

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 puts Birdie closest to the 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! In fact her great-grandfather started the Jayhawk archery supplies company years ago when he first immigrated to the states from Sweden, am I right?

BIRDIE

I mean - I'd have to check with my mom but that rings a bell -

BLANC

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? In that very interview you say it's the most valuable thing in the world to you, you would - this is a quote - would "kill" to protect it!

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.

INT. THE GLASS ONION - EVENING

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.

(MORE)

BLANC (cont'd)

Just - like a mini crossword, the Times has - or - I have a chef friend, and she speaks of trying to create the perfect bite, the balance you know of salt heat and acid and that - 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

Well.

(angry)

No I'm not angry Blanc, but you know. What the hell? This was not a simple thing to do, to put together. Those hedges took a month, I mean it doesn't matter, it's fine, but Jesus Christ!

(getting angrier)

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

BLANC

She's quite good

MILES

She's not cheap! Not that that, it doesn't matter, you, it's fine. But you - crash the party, you -

BLANC

I disrupted your game

MILES

You ruined the game, 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 I'm going to speak frankly. The truth is, I ruined your game on purpose, and for a very good reason.

Miles looks at him, curious. What is this?

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

You have leveraged all of Alpha's assets to fund Klear, yes? If it fails you're ruined.

MILES

(ha)  
Fails?

BLANC

So you played hardball with Lionel. Threatened to destroy his reputation if he does not play along?

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 your homework.

BLANC

Birdie. Bangladesh. Sweet Pants are manufactured there, in a sweat shop. You're making Birdie take the fall, to cover your ass as the main investor. This wouldn't be a little twitter flurry, this would ruin her.

(MORE)

BLANC (cont'd)

(beat)

And Duke. Well. You know why Duke wants to kill you.

MILES

He doesn't know

BLANC

Yeeeeesss, he does.

(beat)

You are actively threatening what each of these people values most. 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)

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

MILES

I scribbled down the idea for Alpha. That night with Andi, at the Glass Onion.

BLANC

Of course in court she said this napkin story is - excuse me - bullshit.

MILES

Well. It's right there in front of your eyes. God I miss that bar. Closed the same year. Andi.

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

BLANC

Yes. Andi.

MILES

Andi told me the truth once. Nobody does that anymore. Nobody does. It's all lies and agendas, people wanting what they think they're owed. Hating you for not giving it, cause that's what you're there for. Poor little evil billionaire, right? I know. Hard to play the sympathy card, sitting here. I know that. But man. How did we get here from there?

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.

BLANC

Mr. Bron, most likely I'll feel the fool and apologize after a pleasant and uneventful weekend. I do hope so.

(beat)

How about we play some Yahtzee.

Miles manages a weak grin.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

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

Will you shut that thing up?

DUKE

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

DING! SHHHTICK. 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.

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.

BIRDIE

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

PEG

Maybe we should go too -

BIRDIE

No. We've earned it. Feeling shitty 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 sneakers

BIRDIE  
Fendi

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

ANDI  
I got - he get his! From me! My  
life was taken from me by someone,  
everyone here - my life! Can you  
even understand that?

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 from us? You  
want a check? Performative pity, are  
there some right words for us to say  
so we can all get on with our lives?  
(MORE)



CLAIRE (cont'd)  
 You want revenge, slit Miles's  
 throat, take us all down, what? Drop  
 your bombshell! Say it!

ANDI  
 I just want the truth.

DING. SHHHTICK.

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. 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.

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  
 Alright Blanc, who killed this party?  
 I'm gone for ten minutes, what  
 happened? C'mon!

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

CLAIRE  
 Excuse me.

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

CLAIRE  
 Me too.

MILES

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 have to explain your elitist tan to your twitter followers. C'mon guys! Dance with me pretty lady.

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

BLANC

Where's Andi?

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. Latest traffic report for my channel. Take a look. Next level. It's all over the internet.

Miles sashays over and Duke shows him his phone.

DUKE (cont'd)

Look at those numbers. Pure fire.

SHHHHTICK!

DUKE (cont'd)

This changes everything doesn't it?

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? Things are looking up! Guys, are you feeling it? We're changing the world! It's our time, it's happening! The way we wanted to from the beginning. All of us.

He dances and spreads his arms for Lionel and Claire.

MILES (cont'd)

Hey. You believe in me right? You're not going anywhere. Right? Right?

LIONEL

Alright Miles. You win.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

Miles sits next to Duke.

MILES

Well alright! Five minutes ago Blanc here was telling me this weekend was a dumb idea, that you all hated my guts so badly that - it's silly, doesn't matter. 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

Let's drink to the disruptors!

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

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  
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.

LIONEL

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

MILES

(murmurs)  
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)

Mrs. Debella if you could find a blanket, something to -

CLAIRE

Right...

MILES

Wait - police?

BLANC

And I must ask that no one touch the body or disturb anything around it.

MILES

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 mens rights you-tuber  
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 yes. This was so acute and  
violent, my guess would be something  
was put in his drink. Intentionally.

A beat while this sinks in.

BIRDIE

I'm - just going to say it just to  
say it... this isn't some meta game  
in a game thing where Duke's faking  
it and this IS the murder mystery  
game because that would be REALLY  
shitty and cheap Miles

MILES

Oh for goddsake

BLANC

You're welcome to check his pulse,  
Miss Jay.

(to Miles)

This is not a game.

INT. RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA

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.

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

The name beautifully etched in its side:

"MILES"

MILES

Ohhhhhh

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!

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 dear.  
 (suddenly very afraid)  
 We need to find Andi.

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

MILES  
 Andi! Andi! We can work this out!  
 Don't shoot me!

A distant DONG. SHHHHTICK. Miles jumps a foot.

BLANC  
 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.

EXT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

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

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

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!

LIONEL  
WHAT?

Miles SHRIEKS

MILES  
FUCK THIS!

And RUNS. General chaos and confusion in the dark.

BLANC  
Miles, wait! Oh for - everyone STAY  
HERE!

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

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.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

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?

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

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.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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)

Augh.

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



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.

INT. THE GLASS ONION

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

INT. ATRIUM

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.

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:

EXT. GROUNDS

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

Blanc backs off, breathing hard, a moment suspended. His eyes red and filled with tears of rage.

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.

Blanc's voice is shaky. Almost to himself:

BLANC

I failed her. When she needed just one person to not fail her.

Then gathering himself he turns, forceful and hard:

BLANC (cont'd)

Everyone, inside. Right now.

Claire motions to the body

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.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

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. It's almost crystal clear.

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:

A FRONT DOOR, PAINTED WHITE

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

BLANC (O.S.)

Answer that would you?

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

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 talk to him. It's urgent. Please.

(beat)

And this is not unheavy.

PHILLIP

Blanc! Someone here for you. With a box.

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

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.

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.

ANDI

Can I -

Her mask. Blanc nods and they both unmask.

ANDI (cont'd)

Phew. My name is Helen Brand.

Oh.

HELEN

I live in Atlanta. I'm not sure where to even start this.

A pause. She is obviously nervous. Blanc gently:

BLANC

What do you do in Atlanta?

HELEN

Just my kids, I'm a single mom, and I teach. Third grade.

(MORE)

HELEN (cont'd)  
 Been getting into tie-dying, with the pandemic. That doesn't matter. Two days ago I got a call. My sister committed suicide. In her garage, in her car, engine running. She lives here in New York City, in New Rochelle.

BLANC  
 I'm sorry for your loss.

HELEN  
 We hadn't been close for a long time. That sounds shitty but it's true.

BLANC  
 Was she older, younger?

INT. MORGUE - FLASHBACK

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

HELEN (O.C.)  
 She was my little sister. Not by much, about seven minutes. Our folks passed, it's just the two of us. And I guess I never looked after her the way I should have. Which is kinda why I'm here.

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.

HELEN (O.C.) (cont'd)  
 My sister was Cassandra Brand. Do you know who she was?

EXT. TERRACE

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

HELEN  
 God she was that. Born for bigger things. Day after graduation she was off like a shot to New York, never looked back. You know.

(MORE)

HELEN (cont'd)

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! Who's she  
fooling? Everybody but me. I was  
like alright.

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  
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.

Helen's anger is simmering.

BLANC

Surely your sister was estranged from  
Mr. Bron?

HELEN

Estranged. Yeah. After what he did  
to her. To send her this.

BLANC

A complicated man, I'd expect.

HELEN

Complicated shit head.

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

BLANC  
Miss Brand, how can I help 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 died. 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. And the next morning she's dead in her garage.

(MORE)

HELEN (cont'd)  
Heavy dose of muscle relaxant in her system.

BLANC  
A muscle relaxant she had a prescription for?

HELEN  
Yeah but - Mr. Blanc 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. But circumstantial.

Helen's face tightens.

BLANC (cont'd)  
But compelling.  
(beat)  
Take it to the police. Susanne Pots is captain of the investigations department in New Rochelle, top notch.

He hands Helen her phone back. Helen does not like this answer. She gathers herself, then:

HELEN  
The police. Google said you were the world's greatest detective. I came to you. Not the police.

BLANC  
Captain Pots is straight as an arrow, I can vouch for her

HELEN  
It isn't corruption, it's just the way it is. I take something about rich folk with an army of lawyers to the cops, the courts, it's years of watching it go nowhere.

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.

HELEN

I was not looking forward to saying  
that out loud and it sounded crazier  
and crazier in my head the longer I  
sat here so - whew. It's a stupid  
idea right?

BLANC

I want to be clear - I am not Batman.

She blinks.

BLANC (cont'd)

I cannot bring them to justice  
outside the system. 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.

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 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...

(beat)

Did your sister keep a diary?

HELEN

She journaled, her office was full of them but what why?

BLANC

Those will help but still, once we get to the island you'll have to play it tight to the vest, hang back and not risk raising suspicion. Let me use your presence as a pretense for questioning.

(musing)

It could be quite effective...

Helen stares with dawning disbelief.

BLANC (cont'd)

Yes. I'm proposing you come with me to that island. As Cassandra Brand.

HELEN

No! I'm hiring you to go. I'm not. Whoa. What?? No. What? You mean I - as - no. That's NUTS, man. They'll know.

BLANC

They won't, because it's nuts.

HELEN

What?!

BLANC

Why would they suspect you're showing up playing your sister, when they don't know your sister is dead?

HELEN

One of them knows.

BLANC

(suddenly grave)

Yes. 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. I cannot guarantee your safety. You're right, maybe it's too dangerous.

HELEN

I mean. One of those shit heads killed my little sister. I'm not afraid, I will take them on, I just - what you're proposing, this is something Andi would do. She's the smart one, she's the actor. This isn't me.

BLANC

Yes. Yes, I understand.

She stops. Looks down at the broken puzzle box, and gets angry. A long beat. Then:

HELEN

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

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

CUT TO:

SHIMMERING WATER

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

EXT. GRECIAN PORT TOWN - NIGHT

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

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

A beautiful old restaurant / bar on the ground level. Just a few guests scattered throughout, the servers all in masks and face shields.

HELEN slips into the bar, now with Andi's shorter hair. She carries a small pile of her sister's sturdy JOURNALS. She's on a face time call with her KIDS on her phone, a 14 year old CHARLIE in the foreground while his 7 year old sister JILLY screams

JILLY

MY POOP IS BLUE!



HELEN

How many blueberry pop-tarts did she eat? Charlie how many!

CHARLIE

I don't know she ate all of them I think

JILLY

My poop is blue! I'm gonna die!

HELEN

Baby you're not gonna die, Charlie dammit what are you doing letting her eat all the blueberry pop-tarts- you're not gonna die! Babies I gotta go, where's Stacy?

CHARLIE

She's here

HELEN

You listen to your god-mother and mind her, yes? She's in charge now.

CHARLIE

Yes ma'am.

HELEN

Ok I love you. Bye my babies.

Blanc sits tucked back in a booth, flipping through an iPad.

BLANC

Trouble at mill?

HELEN

I'm gonna kill my kids, then you'll have to solve that.

(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.

BLANC

A fruit plate, maybe? Something light? Light? Light. Yes.

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

HELEN  
Andi's journals.

BLANC  
Good, keep studying them, they may save your life. 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.

HELEN  
The dog ate the caviar. Ok. Should I avoid talking to you?

BLANC  
Yes - wait, no, early on establish a genial rapport with me, it might cover if we're spotted together during the weekend.

HELEN  
Genial rapport. So then what do we look for?

BLANC  
Motive and opportunity.

HELEN  
You said you were going to dig for motives -

BLANC  
Yes and I easily found them... but motives for each of them to want Miles Bron dead. Bron is threatening Lionel's reputation, Claire's candidacy, Birdie's career and Duke's manhood.

(MORE)

BLANC (cont'd)

They'd all be better off if Andi had destroyed him with that envelope. Why would they kill her to protect him?

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 -

HELEN

Shit.

In the adjacent lobby: BIRDIE and PEG check in. Birdie loudly being an asshole to the bellhop.

Helen shrinks back in her seat, ready to bolt. Blanc steadies her. Birdie isn't looking in their direction.

BLANC

Wait wait. We're fine, just don't draw any attention -

At that moment the SERVER sets a MASSIVE and ridiculous dessert in front of Blanc with a flourish.

SERVER

I light!

He strikes a match and LIGHTS the dessert on fire. It blazes and embedded sparklers go off. The server and several colleagues begin SINGING a festive song in Greek.

Everyone including Birdie and Peg turn to the spectacle. Helen DUCKS down under the booth. Blanc smiles weakly. Birdie to Peg:

BIRDIE

I'm going to get a drink, you'll handle all this.

But when she turns back to the bar Blanc he is gone.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Blanc and Helen step outside onto the deserted dock, recovering from the close shave.

BLANC

Your sister's journals. Tell me the story of Miles and his shit heads.

Helen switches back to her Helen accent for the rest of the scene.

HELEN

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

INT. THE GLASS ONION BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

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.

HELEN (O.C.)

The Glass Onion. Just a dive.

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 will be remembered forever to the world in the same breath as the Mona Lisa.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

BLANC

What does that even mean?

INT. THE GLASS ONION BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

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.

BIRDIE

He ain't that bright.

Everyone looks at her. Jesus, coming from Birdie...

ANDI

I think he might be though, really smart, in that weird genius way, and he has money. From his family. And more than that, he's just got this vibe, he's one of those people, he's going to do big things, I believe in him. Maybe he can change the world like he says, I don't know, he makes me think he can. And I don't think he's a bad guy. 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.

(MORE)

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

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

BLANC  
 That was Andi's contention, that  
 Alpha was her idea, the napkin

HELEN  
 Yeah and we'll come back to that. 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, he gets in his  
 save the world pacifist mode. Do you  
 know this spider story? Okay he flew  
 his private plane from LA to Nova  
 Scotia for some conference, found a  
 spider in the cabin, realized it  
 wouldn't survive in the northern  
 climate, so he had his pilot fly it  
 back to LA.

BLANC  
 No.

HELEN  
 Andi's realizing he's out of control  
 and nobody tells him no. 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.

INT. BOARD ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

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. We wanted to build the future together. This is it!

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

ANDI

I know you like the way this sounds but there's a reason hydrogen fuels have not taken over the world, even the vetted ones have problems, and - what was the guy's name who sold you on this?

MILES

Sven.

ANDI

Sven who?

MILES

Sven.... Sven...ski. Andi this is it!

ANDI

No. This is not a start-up. This could blow up in our face, and the public fall-out could set legitimate alternative fuel science back decades

MILES

Or it could change the world! Like we always wanted to! But you've gotta believe it - don't you believe in me?

ANDI

I do, still, every part of me wants to believe you'll pull this off but... no. I can't let you do this.

MILES

"Let me" do it?

ANDI

I'm going to walk. And take half the company.

(MORE)

ANDI (cont'd)  
 To stop you from using it for this.  
 I'm sorry Miles. But you can't do  
 this without me, and I'm walking  
 away.

Miles looks genuinely anguished. Weirdly vulnerable.

MILES  
 But this is it.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

HELEN  
 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  
 No, no the contracts were ironclad.  
 And this is key: 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.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

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

HELEN (O.C.)  
 So when Miles claimed HE wrote the  
 napkin idea, it was his word against  
 hers... and the other witnesses in  
 the room.

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

LAWYER  
 And can you recount that moment, Mrs.  
 Debella?



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 and say it!

JUDGE

Order, counsel please get your client under control.

TIME CUT: Duke on the stand.

DUKE

Miles. I remember he showed it to me.

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 February.

INT. ANDI'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

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.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

BLANC

A bald faced fabrication.

HELEN

A damn lie. And it worked.

INT. ANDI'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

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.

HELEN (O.C.)

A lie she was killed for.

She leans down. Picks it up.

And out of the dust sleeve falls THE REAL NAPKIN.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

BLANC

So. Every one of the disruptors perjured themselves to destroy Andi and protect 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)  
I know

HELEN  
A "Clue" notepad

BLANC  
Yeah.

HELEN  
You must be great at Clue

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

HELEN  
Ok, alright. My kids love  
it.

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

HELEN (cont'd)  
I'm scared.

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

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

EXT. SEA - MORNING

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.

BIRDIE  
You shouldn't be here.

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

DUKE

Ballsy move.

Helen returns their stare.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

There it is!

Duke and everyone else turns their attention to the approaching island. Helen takes the opportunity to PUKE over the side of the boat.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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.

HELEN

Boats, man. Anyone lose their shit when I showed up?

BLANC

An egalitarian losing of shits.

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.

INT. ANDI'S ROOM - DAY

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

EXT. GROUNDS

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

Yes, this place, it's crazy.

WHISKEY

Maybe this way? Ugh. You want this?  
Not into it.

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

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 please don't

HELEN

Don't worry, I won't tell Duke.

Whiskey looks at her curiously.

WHISKEY

I was going to say please don't feel  
weird, it's not weird. Just  
complicated.

(MORE)

WHISKEY (cont'd)

(beat)

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. How long have you been with Duke?

WHISKEY

Almost a year. 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. Expeditious but kind of a shit show. Here's the pool.

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, bye Andi.

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

EXT. HERB GARDEN

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

**BANG!**

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

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

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. Maybe my marriage. Shit.

(beat)

I can't go soft now, not when I'm this close. I could do so much good. But first I have to win. And I need Miles for that.

LIONEL

I did it too.

CLAIRE

You 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, but Miles threatened to sink me if I didn't.

CLAIRE

Well let's hope Andi was wrong about this Klear stuff

LIONEL

No she was right.

CLAIRE

Sorry what?

LIONEL

Yeah it's a mess. You put its gas form into household pipes you get massive leakage into the air, the hydrogen particles are too small, god knows what other problems it has

CLAIRE

Hydrogen gas - Lyle I sold my soul for this, you're telling me it's gonna literally turn everyone's house into the Hindenburg

LIONEL

No listen. There will be no scrutiny on this stuff until he publicly launches it, and he promised me that will not be for at LEAST two years. I can test it out by then, if it's not workable I'll pull the plug. And if he's right, and he's always somehow right, this really will change the world. And everything we've done will be worth it.

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

LIONEL (cont'd)

We better get back.

Blanc smiles as they swim past him.

Helen emerges into the pool area, and walks past.

HELEN

You don't want to take your shirt off?



BLANC  
I'm fine. Thank you.

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

PEG	BIRDIE
Birdie. You need to talk to	I will.
him. Before dinner. You	I will.
need to. You need to beg	Oh god.
him.	

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

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

Helen opens her phone to the voice memos app, starts it recording, and turns off the screen.

BIRDIE (cont'd)  
I was the one who'd been on magazines, he was nobody, he couldn't believe he was talking to me.

As Peg and Birdie look at Miles, Helen tosses her phone into a side pouch of Birdie's oversized bag.

BIRDIE (cont'd)  
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.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

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...

BLANC

Think of the crime, the nature of it.

EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - HYPOTHETICAL - EVENING

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.

INT. ANDI'S KITCHEN - HYPOTHETICAL - NIGHT

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

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.

INT. ANDI'S GARAGE - HYPOTHETICAL - EVENING

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.

INT. BATHROOM

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  
It'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.

BLANC  
Don't push anything right now,

HELEN  
No I feel good

BLANC  
I think you should maybe lie down

HELEN  
I feel so good and we're running out of time!

BLANC

Helen! This is not a game. Please remember the danger here. Step back, let me handle it. Push nothing.

EXT. POOL

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 nobody wants you to break the system itself. But 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. Disruptors. All of us.

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:

EXT. GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

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.

CLAIRE

Wait!

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

HELEN

Wait YOU wait. Out of all of them, you. 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 Andi, 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:

CLAIRE  
Yeah. We all did.

EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - EVENING

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.

EXT. GROUNDS

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  
Around I don't know, seven, it was getting 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?

CLAIRE  
I did a hundred miles an hour on I-95 - look.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
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. I don't like this.

LIONEL  
What do you mean?

EXT. GARDEN

The adrenaline carries Helen about eight steps before she swoons and stumbles. Her PHONE starts buzzing. Shit. She answers it - it's JILLY calling from the toilet.

JILLY (ON PHONE)  
IT'S STILL BLUE!

Helen reels, starts walking, trying to keep her voice down.

HELEN  
What?! Baby what?

JILLY (ON PHONE)  
My poo poo it's still blue!

HELEN

Yeah hon because you ate - baby it's ok, it's alright, no it's going to be alright, I promise, ask Stacy to clean you up. Mom's gotta go but no more pop tarts ok?

JILLY (ON PHONE)

I don't ever wanna eat pop-tarts again

HELEN

Good. Baby.  
(tears up)  
I love you.

JILLY (ON PHONE)

Ok.

She hangs up. Emotional. Very aware of the danger around her and what that means. 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!

INT. GYM - DAY

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

Behind them a huge virtual workout screen with a picture of Serena Williams on it.

HELEN

That's everything she said, I think.

BLANC

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



HELEN  
Yeah and you're totally useless.

BLANC  
Pacing myself. So all of them were there that night.

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. She looks up from her 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.

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

BLANC  
Oh... not, right now. Maybe later?

Serena Williams goes back to her book with a shrug.

SERENA WILLIAMS (ON SCREEN)  
Whenever man. 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.

HELEN  
Pffft if I ever meet Jared Leto I'm gonna kick his kombucha brewing ass.

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 -

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?

EXT. GROUNDS

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

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. Do it for me.

MILES

I wish I could.

WHISKEY

What?

MILES

You know the first thing that comes up when you google "Duke Cody?" "Rhino boner pills." I'm building the future of news, I can't throw that bad karma in the mix. He's a loyal friend and I've got his back, but I can't put him on Alpha News. Will you tell him that? Nicely?

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.

EXT. BIRDIE'S VILLA - AFTERNOON

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.

INT. ANDI'S VILLA - MINUTES LATER

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! Tell me!

INT. BIRDIE'S VILLA - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

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

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, we can handle this -

Birdie shows her something on her phone.

PEG (cont'd)  
What is this?

BIRDIE  
An email. With the Sweet 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.

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. So this isn't you saving us, it's me saving me. I'll do what I have to do to save myself. He's my only lifeline.

INT. ANDI'S VILLA

Helen stops the recording.

BLANC  
Well. Duke was promised his shot at Alpha News, he'd certainly protect Miles for that. And Birdie is going down, Miles is her retirement fund.

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

HELEN  
This never happens in Clue.

BLANC  
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. Alright, tell them why you're here, game's up, and search everybody

BLANC  
No, no it's just you and me, we can't watch them and search their rooms all at once, it'd be too easy for the killer to destroy the envelope. No, they have to feel safe, we need the facade a little longer...

HELEN  
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.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

MILES  
Andi! Whiskey soda. Right there.

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. I'll be the asshole.

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. There. The truth.

He hangs in her face. She looks around at everyone else. But this time we see her look at Blanc. Who almost imperceptibly nods.

Helen looks 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.

HELEN

He's a son of a bitch Whiskey. Leave his ass.

And walks off into the night. Whiskey watches her go.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

As soon as she's out of sight Helen SPRINTS through the grounds. First into:

INT. CLAIRE'S VILLA - NIGHT

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.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Helen sprints, the glowing glass onion structure looming above her. PUSH IN on it - and we see Miles and Blanc inside, having their Yahtzee talk.

INTERCUT this long push in WITH FLASHES OF Helen searching:

INT. BIRDIE'S VILLA - NIGHT

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, ignores it.

INT. LIONEL'S VILLA

Boring clothes and computer equipment and files and LSD micro-doses. Another BUZZ of Helen's phone but she doesn't check it

FINALLY ENDING OUR LONG PUSH IN on Blanc in the Glass Onion delivering his final line:



BLANC  
Well. Let's play some Yahtzee.

INT. DEROL'S VILLA - NIGHT

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?

INT. DUKE'S VILLA - NIGHT

Helen runs in, panting, exhausted. Her phone BUZZES again.

HELEN  
Dammit -

She finally checks it. 37 NEW MESSAGES.

HELEN (cont'd)  
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)  
Shit...

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

Hi! 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?

SNAP! The lights go out. Pitch black. Whiskey FREAKS OUT, SCREAMING

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.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Pitch black. Helen RUNS towards the glass onion, at the end of her rope

HELEN  
Aaaaaaauuuugghhh

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

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.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Helen emerges into the kitchen, then just barely has time to duck behind an island before BIRDIE comes in, also calling for her.

BIRDIE  
Andi!

Birdie grabs a BUTCHER'S KNIFE from the block and holds it defensively as she exits through another door. Helen DASHES outside, and a moment later Blanc enters the kitchen.

EXT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

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!

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

No, I realized, 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.

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 your'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. Isn't sure where to put the bottle.

BLANC

Here - wait this'll be good

She tosses it back to Blanc and lies back, playing dead.

Blanc takes a tiny smudge of hot sauce, rubs it under his eyes, which instantly redden and tear up.

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

I failed her. When she needed just one person to not fail her. 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.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Helen silently dodges through the hallways and up a set of stairs. Down the hall we hear distant:

BLANC (O.S.)

Yes. At last I can see. And the answer was there all along.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The suspects gathered, Blanc doing his thing.

BLANC

It was there at the very beginning.  
(beat)  
I keep returning in my mind to the "glass onion."

INT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

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...

INT. LOUNGE AREA

BLANC  
 And that is why this case has  
 confounded me like no other, why  
 every complex layer peeled has  
 revealed another and another and come  
 to naught. And that was the problem!

INT. THE GLASS ONION

Helen looks up and sees something, freezes. The framed  
 NAPKIN and PHOTO of her sister and Miles.

BLANC (O.C.)  
 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!  
 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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA

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?

EXT. BEACH - FLASHBACK - DAY

When they all first arrived, Miles:

MILES

Let's all embreathiate this moment.

INT. LOUNGE AREA

BLANC

Not a real word. Kinda sounds like one. But just entirely made up. "Reclamation" IS a word - but it is the wrong word!

EXT. THE GLASS ONION - FLASHBACK - DAY

When Miles is first showing them around:

MILES

This place is the reclamation of everything I've ever accomplished

INT. LOUNGE AREA

BLANC

This entire day -

INT. LIBRARY - FLASHBACK - DAY

Miles first confronting Blanc about the invitation:



MILES  
...the world's predefinite  
detective...

INT. LOUNGE AREA

BLANC  
- a veritable minefield of  
malapropisms

EXT. POOL - FLASHBACK - DAY

All lounging, Miles telling the Sweet Pants story:

MILES  
Birdie Jay, fashion magnet!

INT. LOUNGE AREA

BLANC  
and factual errors!

INT. DINING AREA - FLASHBACK - EVENING

MILES  
the sun, the pool, the Ionian Sea

INT. LOUNGE AREA

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, 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.

(MORE)

BLANC (cont'd)  
 But why? Look into the clear center  
 of this glass onion:  
 (beat)  
 Miles Bron is an idiot!

Everyone shifts uncomfortably. Miles rolls his eyes.  
 Birdie mumbles:

BIRDIE  
 Yeah, I said, he ain't that bright.

MILES  
 Blanc. 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.

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  
 just 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. My god it  
 was so dumb. 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 -

EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - EVENING

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.

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 -

EXT. POOL - FLASHBACK - DAY

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

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

A week ago. May first.

BLANC

Forget the hydrofuels and sweat shops and consensual cuckolding for cable news assignments

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.

INT. AEROSPACE FACTORY - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

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.

INT. NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

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.

EXT. ANDI'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Miles flies down the country road in his Porsche, turning into Andi's driveway.

BLANC (O.C.)

So. He drove his baby blue to Andi's house.

INT. ANDI'S KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Miles at Andi's kitchen table, both drinking tea. He talks gently, beseeching. She watches him coldly.

BLANC (O.C.)

And she let him in. 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.

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

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?

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - FLASHBACK - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

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, in front of  
 everyone.

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  
 I think we can.

Miles at the bar cart, putting ice and whiskey in his glass.

BLANC (O.C.)  
 And so what does Miles do?

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

HELEN

Does he keep a vial of poison in his  
tooth or something, is that a rich  
person thing?

BLANC

No! No it's so much stupider than  
that! Birdie, what is in your Cuban  
Breeze?

BIRDIE

Vodka, amaretto...

WHISKEY

Oh god...

INT. LOUNGE AREA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

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!

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

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! 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."

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  
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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

Having said these words, Blanc squints. Hm. But he plows  
on:

BLANC  
Furthermore,

INT. LOUNGE AREA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

BLANC (O.C.)  
you had a loaded gun conveniently  
within reach,

In the dark confusion Miles grabs Duke's gun.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

Again Blanc narrows his eyes, as if the words coming out of his mouth are strange. Slowly:

INT. HALLWAYS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Miles in the dark halls, pocketing Duke's phone, gun in hand.

BLANC (O.C.)  
and the lights had even been turned  
off

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

BLANC  
OH MY GOD.

He's realized why all this sounded familiar.

INT. THE GLASS ONION - FLASHBACK - EVENING

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA

He turns to Miles, unbelieving.

BLANC  
Oh you brainless jackass! Your one murder with any panache at all and you stole the entire idea from me!

INT. HALLWAYS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

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.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - NIGHT

Everyone in the room looking at Miles.

LIONEL

And after all that... you KEPT the envelope?

HELEN

It was just hangin in his office.

LIONEL

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, first - How could you prove this is the original? She could have faked -

HELEN

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!"

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, it's gone

MILES  
I don't see anything?

BLANC  
This will not stand -

MILES  
Blanc, did you see this proof? No?  
Anyone else?

Everyone looks at each other, then back to him. They aren't going to contradict him.

MILES (cont'd)  
Wild accusations of murder and  
deceit, with nothing but  
circumsppective evidence

Blanc flinches but bites his tongue

MILES (cont'd)  
and dodgy memories of what we all  
saw.

(MORE)

MILES (cont'd)

Now if we were playing my murder mystery game, which by the way is what we should have just been doing all weekend, then maybe you'd win, Blanc. But this is the real world. And you've got nothing. Have you?

Helen looks at Blanc, panicked.

BLANC

It's true. The contents of that envelope and his possession of it were our only physical evidence.

Helen can't believe it. She looks at Miles.

MILES

You wanna take this to the cops? The courts? Pick your poison. It's your version of the truth against mine. Let's see how that goes.

(to Helen)

Probably about how it went for your sister. Oh. Wait. Jeez. I'm sorry for your loss.

Silence. Everyone in the room hates him right now, but everyone stays silent.

HELEN

Nobody's stepping up? Not one of you, just 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 lied for a lie, you won't lie for the truth? Still on his titties. You shit heads.

(in tears)

Blanc? You can do something right?

Blanc approaches Helen. He pauses only to pick up her whiskey soda, which still sits on a statue.

BLANC

Ms. Brand. I'm very sorry. But this is where my jurisdiction ends.

HELEN

This is it? You're just walking away?

BLANC

He's right. 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.

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.

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

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.

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! Helen! Stop!

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. It's over. Walk away.

She nods.

HELEN

Sure Miles. 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.

EXT. THE GLASS ONION - NIGHT

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, bemused and satisfied. He lights up his cigar. Hands the lighter to Derol, who sits next to him in a lawn chair, mind blown. Blanc nods.

BLANC

Disruption.

DEROL

Fuckin A.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

There isn't much structural damage but streams of fire jet from ruptured walls, the floor, everywhere. Everyone raises their heads, dazed.

Miles and Helen lock eyes. 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.

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.

EXT. THE GLASS ONION - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone stumbles out onto the steps, choking and gasping.

Miles looks around him, tears in his eyes, then turns on Helen.

MILES

Well that was BRILLIANT! You monster! You feel better?! You get your anger out?! Cause that accomplished NOTHING!

HELEN

Your fuel of the future just barbecued the most famous painting in the world, you 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)

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.

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 leaving Andi's house the night she was killed.

They all look at him. He stares back, unbelieving.

MILES

Oh you shit heads.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

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

I don't know about you, but I've had enough of all this. 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.