Walking Corpses

by orphan_account

Summary

"I remembered Bills words. Maybe we're already dead. Maybe this is hell. I can't die twice..."

An alternative ending to the 2015 BBC adaptation of And Then They Were None.

Notes

When the three of them, Vera, Philip & Bill were working together I was so hopeful they'd survive but then they split up! Come on, watch a horror movie, never split up!!!
"It's you, all of it."

"Give me the gun."

"You're going to kill me."

"No. No. I'm not going to kill you, Vera. But there's someone else on this island..."

"There is no one else!"

"There's someone on this island and they're going to kill us both if you don't give me that gun." Philip said, approaching me.

My hands shook as I pointed the gun at him.

"Vera, give me the gun. I need the gun!"

"So you can kill me too?"

He slowly raised his hands in the air, cautious in his approach.

"I am not the murderer Vera. There's someone else here. We're being hunted Vera. Right now, we are being hunted!"

"We've already talked about this!" I screamed. "There's nowhere to hide on this island. We would know by now. Everyone else is dead Philip and I didn't kill them so it must be you!"

"I haven't killed anyone on this island Vera. But someone is going to kill us if you don't give me the gun."

"You could have killed Bill while I was out here."

He sighed. "Yes I could have. I also had the time to kill the doctor too."

I tried to steady my shaking hand. "If you're trying to stop me killing you you might want to try harder."

"But as we've already established," He continued calmly, ignoring my threat, "I didn't have time to kill Wargrave. There wasn't time Vera, you know it."

My hand was shaking even more. "There's only two of us, there's no one else!"

"We'll check again." He took a long, irritated breath. "Have you fired a gun before?"

"I think I can figure it out."

"Answer the question Vera."

"No!"

"Okay. Keep your finger on the trigger, there are six rounds, there are no more bullets so you can't reload anyway. I'm going to walk ahead of you up that cliff. You can keep the gun pointed at me and walk behind me."
"I'm not going into that house with you."

"It's the only way to be sure."

"Be sure of what?"

"I don't know what kind of murderer you are. But you look like you feel pretty guilty about it."
He sneered. "Perhaps before you murder someone else you'd like to make sure you're not about to kill the wrong person?"

"There's no one else here!"

"And I know that there is! Because I know sure as hell I'm not the killer, and I'm pretty sure if you were I'd be dead by now. Now, maybe you're right that there was no one else on the island. Maybe it is one of us. Or maybe it's someone in there." He pointed at the cliff, in the general direction of the house.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"We know Marston is dead, I moved his body. We also know for sure that Macarthur, Mr Rogers, tubs and Doctor Armstrong are dead, with their injuries. But the doctor was the only one to check Wargrave, Mrs Rogers and Miss Brent."

"Why would he lie?"

"He might have been working with them! Why would he leave the house? Because he was going to meet someone! Someone who knew he could turn on them so they killed him first. Killing him where he wouldn't be found so we'd all suspect him. It was a red herring, like you said."

"You think someone pretended to be dead."

"Well we wouldn't suspect a corpse."

"So you want to make me check the bodies so you can steal your gun back and shoot me?"

"I could have shot you as soon as Bill was dead. I know I'm not the murderer, and I know you're not. Besides, I already told you you can keep the gun. Just be prepared to shoot someone other than me." Cautiously he passed me by, giving me a wide berth, making his way towards the cliff.

"Come on Vera, what have you got to lose?"

I remembered Bills words. Maybe we're already dead. Maybe this is hell. I can't die twice...

Following Philip I made sure to leave a wide gap so he couldn't spin on me to snatch the gun away. It takes longer to reach the house in such a fashion, and Philip doesn't miss the opportunity to keep talking.

"We have to presume they're not playing dead anymore, there's only two of us, they'll want us dead now. When we go in we check every room downstairs before we go up. If they realise we're both still alive they may try to hide again then we'll have the upper hand."

"How?" I ask, nearly stumbling as I keep my eyes on his back and not the path.

"They'll go back to playing dead to be safe. They have to lie still and play the part. I'll check the body while you stand back with the gun pointed at me and the body. If they move shoot them." He looked over his shoulder and shot me a grin, "think you can do that sweetheart?"
I nod silently and he focuses on the path again.

"So I can take it now that you really did kill that boy."

I don't answer.

"Fine, though from experience let me tell you. Pretending it didn't happen, or pretending that you had a good reason to do it. It doesn't help you know. Better to be open about these things."

"If I'd be open about it I would have been sent to the gallows."

He laughed. "Well I guess that's as close to a confession as I'm going to get."

The house was in sight now. The white house contrasted horrifically against the stormy black sky, it's dark windows making it look like a rotting beast.

"I still can't convince you to give me the gun then?" Philip asked.

"I still don't trust you."

He laughed. "You know the more you talk the more I like you Vera. I think if I was the killer I'd have completely changed my mind about killing you by now."

"I know you think making jokes will lighten the mood but they really don't."

"Okay. When we go in we'll try to make a lot of noise at the door so they know there's two of us. They might hide then. We'll go to the basement first, check the two bodies down there then work our way up."

"Fine."

We came up to the door in silence, and shared a look. I didn't even notice I'd started to lower my arms until Philip gestured for me to raise them again.

He threw the door open. "For the last time I didn't kill anyone."

"Yes you have." I said loudly as he checked the hallway before moving to the next room.

"Fine, I didn't kill anyone on this island."

"Forgive me for not believing you Mr Lombard," I said as we kept moving between rooms getting closer and closer to the basement door. "But your record doesn't exactly inspire confidence."

"And why should I believe you, Miss Claythorne? You say you nearly died saving that boy? Well everyone else in this house was guilty, I find it very hard to believe you're the only innocent person here."

"It was an accident." I said through gritted teeth, letting him reach the bottom of the stairs before following him. He waited for me to reach him before turning the corner into the bedroom.

I stood besides the doorway as he pulled back the sheet on Mrs Roberts. Her body was already starting the swell and it was clear that she was dead. Nevertheless Philip checked her pulse before moving to Mr Roberts even though from his wounds we had already eliminated him.

Seeing his mangled face as the sheet was pulled back was enough to make me want to drop Philips gun but I held it tight, still not willing to believe Philip was innocent, even though I wanted it. I didn't want to kill again, and I didn't want to be alone on this island.
I let him pass before me as we moved back to the ground floor where we moved over to Bills body. Philip again pressed his hand to his neck and held a hand over his mouth to check his breath. This all seemed preposterous. The knife was sticking out of his chest!

He gestured that we should move upstairs. We checked Marston, and like Mrs Roberts he’d begun to swell. Philip never flinched as he checked their bodies and I was finding it harder to keep the gun pointed on him as he stood by his theory that the dead were trying to kill us.

Next Emily Brent, her body still untouched. The fresher the dead the more anxious Philip and I were visually becoming. Even though she was, had been I tried to think, a slight woman Philip snatched the sheet back quickly like she might bite him.

Again there was no movement and I sighed with relief as Philip checked her pulse and we once again accepted she was dead.

Philip tried to move onto Marshalls room but I reached out and pulled him back, surprising him. I pointed to Wargraves room. His death was one of the most recent.

Philip nodded, looking confused but not questioning. He moved forward and pushed open the door, running to the bed almost as soon as he did. I followed behind him and to my mixed horror and relief saw that the bed was empty.

"You were right." I whispered, as Philip turned to me.

"Wargrave. Where could he have gone?"

"Philip." I said. He met my eye. "I'm really scared."

He caught the gun as it began to slip through my fingers. "I know. But we know now. There's two of us and we have a gun. We can finally end this."

"And then we can leave?"

He kissed my forehead. "Then we leave. We'll build a huge bonfire, they'll see it from the mainland and send help. We'll get off this island Vera, if I have to built a boat to do it."

"God, I nearly killed you." I whispered, horrified at the idea that I had nearly carried out Wargrave's intentions and that he would have killed me as soon as I returned to the house. "I would have done it."

"You wouldn't have." He said gravely.

"Yes I would." I looked at my feet not willing to look him in the eye. "So we kill Wargrave?"

He nodded slowly. "First things first. We have to catch him."
Philip moved quickly out of the room and down the stairs. I had to run to keep up with him, not wanting to lose sight of him for a moment.

In the lobby he moved to the gong and began to smash it loudly. "Wargrave." He bellowed. With every strike of the gong he bellowed Wargrave's name. "We know you're alive. Now come and face us. We know now, and we're not leaving each other's sights. Now we can drag this out or you can come down here and face us!" He threw the stick on the floor and began to pace as I looked around nervously.

We must have stood there waiting twenty minutes. Philip never stopped pacing, always looking between the stairs, the archways and the front door.

I had been so tense for so long that when I heard a creak above us I squeaked with terror. Philip pulled me behind his body as we both watched the stairs.

Slowly, with his cane in hand, Wargrave descended the stairs as calmly as if we had just rung to announce that dinner was served. Philip trained his gun on him the instant he was in sight.

"Well, well." He began as he reached our level. "I was sure one of you would kill the other out there on the beach. A shame, you've ruined the poetics of it all."

"Poetics?" I choked out, gripping the back of Philips shirt in my hands.

"Oh don't go getting all high and mighty Miss Claythorne." He said serenely. "A murderess has no right."

"You've been hunting us for game," Philip spat, "excuse us for not giving you a round of applause."

"Come now. You must admit it was all very clever. And it's not like none of you deserved it."

"You decide to punish murderers by becoming one yourself?" I asked, my back slowly relaxing. Regardless of the uncertainty of what was to come there was something relieving about everything being out in the open.

"I've always had a passion for these things." Wargrave said bracingly. "At least I chose to punish the guilty instead of the innocent as you two have."

"And you shall be punished in turn." Philip said squaring the gun up to Wargraves head, all the while maintaining at least a foot between them, not giving Wargrave the slightest chance to gain the advantage.

"I must say Miss Claythorne. After meeting you in person, you may have become my favourite."

"What?" I said with horror.

"Well certainly Mr Lombard has you on numbers. Mr Marston's complete lack of guilt was truly psychotic. But your cold bloodedness might just give you an edge."

"Vera why don't you go outside?" Philip suggested through gritted teeth.

"Not just killing a child, but the planning, the methodical approach. I wish I could have seen your
performance on the trial stand. I suspect it was marvelous."

"Enough!" Philip yelled.

"I wonder, Miss Claythorne, if you might answer a request of mine before the end?"

"Don't talk to her." Philip demanded.

"I wonder, if I might hear you confess."

"What?" I blinked.

"Everyone in this house, with the exception of Mrs Roberts, confessed to me their guilt. I want to hear it from you."

"Don't talk to him Vera."

"I want to hear you say you killed that little boy on purpose. It will give me such closure. To hear how the guilt torments you. It might almost make up for you surviving my little game."

"I..."

"No, Vera." Philip said sternly. "We are not giving him what he wants, he's just playing tricks on you."

"He was seven wasn't he? His uncle Hugo loved him so."

"You know Hugo?" I answered in a strange voice.

"I met him on a cruise a year ago. He told me he wanted to see you hang for what you did. Murdering a child...dear, dear..."

The shot made me scream in terror. Wargrave truly was dead this time, his brains decorating half of the wall.

Philip dropped the gun and turned to catch me as my knees gave way.

"I did it," I sobbed. "Oh god I did it!"

He started to pull me upstairs.

"The gun! Don't leave the gun! Someone else might try to kill us!"

"There is no one else Vera." He said soothingly, though he went back for the gun regardless. Tucking it into his belt he came back up to get me, pulling me up the stairs. "Now we're going to get our things, we don't want to have to come back here after we get rescued now do we?"

I shook my head.

"No. We'll get the stuff and start a big bonfire. We'll use logs, chairs, anything we can move okay."

We moved towards my room and he pushed the door open. We were greeted by a chair in the middle of the floor and a noose hanging from the hook on the ceiling.

"That's what the hooks for." I murmured before I slid into unconsciousness.
I awoke on the bed in Philips room, he was in the middle of pulling on a new shirt.

"Philip."

He crossed over to me as he buttoned his shirt and kissed my hands as he pulled me up to sitting. "I'm going to your room to get your things. You're not going back in there, understand."

"I deserve it."

"Vera..." He warned.

"I deserve to hang, like Hugo said." I would have put my head in my hands if Philip hadn't been gripping them so tightly.

"No one else is dying do you hear me. We are escaping and we are going to live."

"I killed a child Philip. An innocent child who trusted me. And for what?"

"Tell me when we're outside building the bonfire." He told me sternly as he rose and went to the door. "Drink that, I won't be long." He gestured to a bottle of brandy by the bed before leaving the room.

I picked it up with a shaking hand, downing a good glasses full in a few large gulps. Wiping my mouth I stood and moved to the mirror, using the basin to wash my face.

Philip returned promptly and threw my suitcase on the bed. "Think I got everything. We have a lot of work to do, sensible clothes." He said pointing at my tight skirt before moving towards the door.

"Where are you going?" I said, my voice a little shrill at the prospect of being alone again.

His face softened a little and he turned instead to the bed where he opened his suitcase and put his gun inside. I quickly changed as he checked he had everything.

"Let's go." He said as I pulled on my shoes. He took my hand tightly and guided me out of the house, taking care to stamp on Wargrave's body as we passed him in the hall.

"Just double checking." He smirked.

We collected our bag of supplies and stopped to pick up some logs and a couple of dining chairs that Philip carried. We didn't speak as we moved to the cliffs.

"I'm sorry." I said, speaking up to be heard over the wind.

"What?" He yelled back, setting down his chairs when we reached the spot. He took the bag off me that contained the kindling and matches. The wind was howling.

"I'm sorry. For before." I explained as I met his questioning eyes. "For thinking you were the murderer."

He grinned. "Well as long as you never try to kill me again, apology accepted."

"Thank you."
"I said I'd get us both out of this alive didn't I?"

I nodded as we bent down to dig in the ground to create a patch to start the fire. We stacked the chairs to try and block the wind blowing the kindling away, and soon enough a small fire started. We threw in the logs and watched as it began to build.

"We'll have to go and get more furniture it we're going to make a fire big enough to see from the mainland."

"I'll get the other dining chairs." I offered and we both moved to the house. Even though everyone was dead it still wasn't a place to be alone.

"I'll try and find some rubber." Philip said as we entered the dining room. "Should make the smoke black, will make it easier to see."

I picked up another chair and took it outside. Philip soon joined me with two more chairs and a small handful of rubber he had obviously torn off a few items. They all joined the fire and it grew bigger, smoke billowing in the sky.

"I guess all we do is wait now." He said with a sigh, sitting on the ground a short distance from the fire so we could see over the cliff. "The sea seems calm, hopefully they'll be able to set sail as soon as they see it."

I sat beside him so he would be able to hear my voice over the wind, that thankfully wasn't affecting the fire.

"Cyril was in my charge. I was his governess. That much is true." I bit my lip, feeling Philip's gaze on the side of my head.

"Go on."

"I pretended I didn't know the family but that wasn't true. I had been seeing Cyril's uncle Hugo for some time. He suggested I take the job so we could be near each other as he would be staying at the house during the summer. I was hired by his mother, a widow. Cyril was her only child.

"He was a good boy. He always wanted to go swimming in the sea but we all agreed he was too weak."

I sighed thinking about his disappointed face every time we told him he couldn't go. "I came to learn from his mother that she had found out that she was pregnant just after her husband died. The money was meant to go to Hugo, but Cyril now counted as his father's next of kin. He stood to inherit everything."

"So you planned to kill the boy so Hugo could get the money?" Philip guessed.

I gulped as I nodded, still not wanting to look him in the eye. "Hugo didn't have enough money for us to get married. I thought if Cyril died..."

"He'd marry you." He sighed. "Love."

"I told Cyril he could go swimming. We were alone on the beach that day. I told him I thought he was strong enough to swim out to a big rock. I let him go ahead while I stayed on the beach for a few minutes. Then I ran to the water screaming his name so if there were any witnesses they'd support my story that he'd run off. I went in, he was probably dead by then. I pretended to struggle and pass out. Some fishermen picked me up and Cyril's body.
"Hugo knew what I'd done. He said he suspected right away but knew after the trail."

"How?"

"I'm a fast runner and a good swimmer. He said I should have been able to catch up with such a weak child. And he was right, I could have done."

I finally dared to look into his brooding eyes. I couldn't read much but he didn't seem disgusted.

"Well Miss Claythorne. Who would have thought?" He smirked.

"I do feel guilty for it." I said, some strength coming back to my voice. "But, a part of me thinks that if Hugo had believed me and we had gotten married...well I don't know."

"No point speculating. The past is the past." He said darkly, allowing his eyes to leave me to sweep the horizon. "At least you feel guilty."

"You don't?" I said, trying to mask my incredulity.

"Twenty one people. I look back on it, sure. But I know the chances are that I'd do it again." He looked back to me. "Does that shock you Vera?"

"After the week we've had I don't think much can shock me anymore." I responded faintly.

He looked back to the horizon and suddenly jumped up. "A boat!"

I scrambled to my feet and looked at the speck on the horizon he was pointing to. With every second it drew clearer - it was coming towards us.

"Quickly, let's get to the beach." Philip said, snatching our cases and running off down the path.

I watched the boat come more into focus for a moment before I sprinted off after him as quickly as I could. When I caught up to him halfway down the cliff he turned to me and grinned.

"You are fast."

We had to wait on the beach for twenty minutes as the boat steered towards us. I paced the sand anxiously while Philip sprawled on his back with ease.

"What do we say when they arrive?"

"We tell them everyone else has been murdered and we're the only survivors." He stated as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"They'll be so many questions."

"Vera," he called. "Let's focus on getting off this hellhole first shall we?" He patted the sand beside him and I reluctantly sat down.

"What if they want to check the house?"

"Then we'll tell them they're welcome to but we're staying on the boat as they do."

"And when we get to shore?"

"We go to the police. I'll do the talking, just back up everything I say." He said, gently running a hand through my hair.
"It's nearly here."

Philip laughed. "You've been saying that for the last half an hour."

"I can see people on the deck."

Philip sat up and could see that I was right. It was a small ship, probably for fishing. There were three people on the deck all peering towards us curiously. Philip jumped up like a shot and began to wave his arms in the air, wading into the shallow water.

"Help!" He called, though it was doubtful they would hear.

Within five minutes two men came over in a skiff to meet us.

"We saw the smoke." One said as they got out. "Is everyone alright?"

I collapsed into Philip's side with relief. We were really going to survive.

"We need to be rescued. We lit the fire hoping someone would see it and come for us." Philip explained.

"Is there anyone else on the island?"

"Not anymore." Philip answered darkly. "There were ten of us. Nine of us were invited here by Judge Wargrave. But it was a trap. He starting killing people one by one. We were only just able to figure out that he was responsible and stop him before he killed us too."

"Eight people dead?" The first man's companion said with awe.

"Yes, you have to get us back to the mainland so we can get the police." I urged, sensing they would be more eager to help me than Philip. After all it was only our words so far to say that we were not the real killers.

"Of course, ma'am." He replied. "Let's get you both back to the boat."

They took our luggage and we waded to the boat, all of us just being able to squeeze in. Philip wrapped an arm around my shoulders, maybe sensing my exhaustion overtaking me.

"Not long now Vera. We'll be on the mainland within an hour." He whispered in my ear.

He kept up a chat with the men as we moved back towards the boat, I only opened my eyes just long enough to be helped aboard and set in a chair as we immediately set off for the coast. I soon fell asleep even though I couldn't stay that way for long.
Alternative Endings

Chapter Summary

Final chapter!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, it is longer than the other chapters though so hope that makes up for it!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a complete shock when I awoke on a couch in a warm room. I sat up quickly, my head spinning as I took in the room, searching for Philip.

"I'm right here Vera." He said quickly, moving to my side.

I peered around him and saw someone I guessed was a police officer.

"You were asleep so I carried you off the boat." He explained. "I was just explaining some of what happened on the island."

"Yes," the officer interrupted. "We have men travelling there now. You say there are eight bodies?"

"Yes." Philip said tiredly. "Two in the servants quarters downstairs, Mr and Mrs Rogers. Blore and Wargrave on the ground floor. Then Anthony Marston, General Macarthur and Emily Brent are upstairs in their rooms. Doctor Armstrong is on the cliffs."

"And you saw Wargrave was the killer?"

"Yes. He thought we had all committed crimes and that we should be killed for them."

"And what crimes did he accuse you both of, if I may ask." The officer said in such a tone it was clear it was not a request.

"He accused me of killing civilians while I was in East Africa." Philip explained. "A completely unfounded accusation. He accused Miss Claythorne of killing a child in her care. Again an unfounded accusation, Miss Claythorne was cleared at her tribunal."

"I see." The man's eyes assessed me for a moment. "And the other guests?"

"Innocent." I said. "That didn't stop him though."

"The man was a psychopath." Philip jumped in. "He put this poem in every room, tortured us all by killing people in order of the poem. We didn't know who to suspect. If we hadn't thought to check the corpses, he would have been able to surprise us and we'd probably still be on that
island. *Dead.*

I shuddered, pulling my jacket around me. Philip looked down at me.

"Look, we've both been through a lot." Philip said lowly. "What more can we do until your men return from the house?"

The man nodded slowly. "We have somewhere you can both rest. I'll let you know when they return and you can finish your statements."

"Thank you." Philip said gratefully, moving over to help me to my feet.

"But you both need to stay in the building. So far all we know is that there have been multiple murders. You can't leave until you are cleared."

"Of course." Philip said, his voice clearly exasperated.

We were taken to a small room upstairs which had some beds. Philip locked the door and pulled me onto a single bed with him, wrapping me very securely in his arms.

"Let's get some sleep Vera. We're off the island, it's nearly all over."

* * * * *

Once the officers returned, bringing the bodies with them, we were called to give evidence separately. We described the first dinner, the record that played. Then we described, in order, how each of the guests were killed and discovered.

I never held back how paranoid the events had made me and the rest of the guests. I kept reciting the poem, talking about the figures on the table. Disappearing every time one of us were killed.

It came to light that Isaac Morris, the man who hired me to work for Mrs Owens, was found dead. Time of death was given and it transpired he had been the first victim of Justice Wargrave.

There was a tribunal in which we gave evidence. It was all very quick, done over the course of two weeks. Philip and I remained at a hotel nearby the police station where press gradually started to build in numbers as the notoriety of the case grew. Somehow my statement about the poem was leaked.

The police had collected evidence from the house. Including the record. It was ruled neither Philip nor I were culpable for what happened on Soldier Island, however the press reported on the record that was played and soon the papers were questioning whether the accusations made against us both were true.

As soon as it was all over we left the region. We'd been able to make some easy money by giving interviews to a few reporters, just enough to get us well away from England. We would soon have to try and return to some semblance of a normal life. Philip was already confident that his survival on Soldier Island would bring more mercenary work his way. I knew my chances of teaching again were very slim.

Watching the countryside fly past the train windows on our way to the Southern coast I held very little awareness of my surroundings. Philip sat beside me in the aisle seat and no one was across
from us. We had taken an early train during the weekend on the assumption it would be relatively quiet and we would not be disturbed.

For his part Philip left me to sit in silence, staring out of the window. He read his newspaper, which shielded both of us from the view of anyone passing us by. In the reflection of the glass I saw him glance at me occasionally, but for at least an hour he said nothing until he eventually sighed and folded the paper to put on the table.

"Vera."

I slowly turned to look at him.

"What are you thinking?" He murmured, leaning closer to me.

I sat up straight, bringing my face closer to his.

"Are we getting straight on the ferry?"

He frowned at my evasiveness but answered regardless. "Yes. No point hanging around."

"I guess it will be good to brush up on my French."

"We should be there by tonight. I know some people in Calais. I'll contact them tomorrow morning to try and find work."

I nodded to acknowledge I had heard him and turned to look back out of the window.

"Vera." Philip said sternly, pulling on my shoulder so I would turn back to him. "What are you thinking?"

I looked at the small patch of the train I could see around Philip's body and the chairs. An old woman was glancing at us out of the corner of her eye, whispering to her husband beside her.

Philip followed my gaze before turning back quickly. "There don't know who we are Vera. Only the people at the tribunal know what we look like."

I met his eye before glancing back down at the table causing Philip to sigh irritably.

"Hugo wrote to me." I whispered to him.

There was no need for Philip to ask who Hugo was. "When?"

"Yesterday. Last day of the trial."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" He asked irritably, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"We needed to leave quickly, I didn't want to hold us up."

"It would only have taken a minute. What did he want?"

"To tell me I should have died on the island." I clenched my hands together to try and stop them shaking.

"Is he planning on saying anything." Philip said softly now, placing a hand over mine to steady them.

I shook my head. "He doesn't have any proof."
"Good. And he won't be able to trouble you once we've left the country. So why is it still upsetting you?" He asked, bringing his other hand under my chin so he could raise my gaze to meet his. "Do you still love him?"

"I was just...if Hugo hadn't told Wargrave about me, I never would have gone through this."

Philip chuckled. "If you hadn't killed Cyril you wouldn't have gone through this either." He whispered so we wouldn't be overheard. "I told you, there's no point regretting the past." He continued, ignoring how I tensed at his comment. "Anyway, you avoided my question again. Do you still love him?"

I couldn't look away from him and he always knew if I lied. "Yes. But I don't want to."

"It's the way of life. You never get to choose who you love." He stroked my chin softly with his thumb.

"I still know though. That if it ever came down to it, I'd kill him if it kept me out of jail." I admitted quietly.

His grin stretched wide across his face. "Oh, you're my little devil in angel's clothing aren't you?"

I rolled my eyes but allowed him to kiss me softly before he released my chin and sat back a little, still holding my hands.

"You stick with me Vera. I'll get us through this."

I bit the inside of my lip. We hadn't talked about what we were going to do when we got to France. If we would stay together. I was glad of his hints that he wouldn't leave me. I honestly had no idea what I would do if I was on my own anymore.

"We survived Wargrave's little game we can survive anything."

"I don't know what I would have done if I had killed you." I sighed. "Wargrave would have had me completely by surprise."

Philip smirked. "Guess it was a good thing I was able to win you over with my charm then."

"Poetics." I muttered. "I think he was the sickest of us all."

"Well it still worked out in a way." Philip said, picking the paper back up.

"What do you mean?"

He pushed it across and pointed to a story that detailed the tribunal.

"Oh let's not read it." I insisted, trying to fold it back up. Philip's hand kept it flat and he pointed to the last two lines.

"Just that."

Sighing, knowing it was impossible to try and argue with the man, I picked it up and read the two lines he had pointed to. Once again the journalist had used one of the lines from the poem. It took me a moment to notice that the lines were different.

"Apparently there are two versions." Philip said as my brow furrowed.
"One little Soldier Boy left all alone; He got married and then there were none." I read aloud. "Somehow I don't think that's what Wargrave had in mind. And there are two of us not one."

"Don't be so pedantic." He scolded. "We won Vera. And he died knowing he had lost."

"Eight people died Philip."

"Seven people died. One got what he deserved. And what all of the other guests would want is for us to live our lives and not let Wargrave torment us anymore. When we get up tomorrow we are starting over. No more Wargrave, no more Soldier Island, no more Hugo." He said sternly. "We live our lives Vera. Not in the past but in the present."

I nodded. "And what are we going to do tomorrow?" I asked settling my head back on the chair.

"Well I think a long morning in bed for one." He said, pressing a kiss to my neck. "Then I find a job and we see were that takes us."

"Together?"

He grinned. "I told you Vera. You stick with me. Death isn't for people like us."

The train was starting to slow as we reached London. "Are you with me?"

I leaned forward and kissed him quickly.

"Good girl, Miss Claythorne." He smirked before standing to get our bags. I glanced at the old woman again to see her looking scandalized.

"Let's get going Mr Lombard." I said, standing up and taking his proffered hand.

As for what we did after we got across the channel. Well, that's another story.

*          *          *          *          *

Ten little Soldier Boys went out to dine; One choked his little self and then there were nine.

Nine little Soldier Boys sat up very late; One overslept himself and then there were eight.

Eight little Soldier Boys travelling in Devon; One said he'd stay there and then there were seven.

Seven little Soldier Boys chopping up sticks; One chopped himself in halves and then there were six.

Six little Soldier Boys playing with a hive; A bumblebee stung one and then there were five.

Five little Soldier Boys going in for law; One got in Chancery and then there were four.

Four little Soldier Boys going out to sea; A red herring swallowed one and then there were three.

Three little Soldier Boys walking in the zoo; A big bear hugged one and then there were two.

Two little Soldier Boys sitting in the sun; One got frizzled up and then there was one.
One little Soldier Boy left all alone; He got married and then there were none.

Chapter End Notes

Well I'm into exam period so for the next two weeks I'm going to be writing nothing but essays :/ But I have an idea for another Vera/Philip story that takes place while they're both still on the island. I also have an idea for other alternative endings. Let me know what you want to see and I'll have a go writing them! Thanks for everyone commenting, I'm surprised at how many people are reading this story, it's really nice hearing from people who wanted a different ending too :D even though these characters hardly deserve to be happy!

Let me know what you think of the ending! Comments & kudos make my day :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!