

\_\*\*TIDES INN\*\*\_

BY

BILL WILKE

William Wilke  
1477 Douglas Ave,  
Gardnerville, NV 89410  
775-392-1715  
[bswilke2@gmail.com](mailto:bswilke2@gmail.com)  
[www.billwilke-international.com](http://www.billwilke-international.com)

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EXT. TIDES INN – NIGHT

The Tides Inn from a distance is a rugged, rustic building, built a short distance out in the sea, connected to shore by a rocky walkway. A closer look will indicate that it is now cut off by the surf pounding over the rocky embankment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A howling, frigid, nor'easter races across the bay. Waves explode on the rugged embankments. On the surface of the receding water, eddies are trapped along the rock, phosphorous silver froth swirls and shimmers eerily in the bright moonlight. A scene of beauty, but definitely not a night to be outside.

(beat)

But inside a nice, cozy, warm pub, ah, now that is a different story.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – NIGHT

A thrown dart breaks the fourth wall. DEREK FINNEGAN is in his early forties. BUNNY CHASE is blonde, in her thirties, who has retained her ex-showgirl figure. CAROLE COXTON short, heavy set, peeking out through dark roots and stringy bleached blonde hair. IAN FINCH is in his late thirties.

DEREK

Bulls-eye.

A dart sticks in the black bull's-eye.

BUNNY

Yeah, but you need a black one.

CAROLE

It is in the black.

IAN

It's in the red.

DEREK

You have had too many pints. Look and weep.

Bunny walks over closer, looks at the board, then turns to Ian.

BUNNY  
(Dejected)  
Ian, it is in the black

IAN  
Dammit! Dammit!

Carole walks over to Derek and they slap hands.

CAROLE  
Dead-Eye Derek.

The four players move to a table adjacent to the dartboard area with their partly empty pints. A large TV on the wall shows a British football match.

DEREK  
Arthur, another round.

He turns and looks at Ian.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Losers are buying, right Ian.

BUNNY  
That was just plain luck

CAROLE  
Oh, come on give me a break, Bunny. We  
whomped you. Quit your crying.

ARTHUR ROCHE, the owner of the Inn, with a trimmed grey beard and the looks of a man who has been around the sea all his life, nods his head, walks over behind the bar to a battery of special and ornate ale taps.

ARTHUR  
Pints coming right up.

Arthur draws the four pints and carries them over to the competitors and sets them on the table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
To the victors.

Arthur moves over to the fireplace and drives a poker several times into a bright red bed of coals, and places three more logs on the fire. Stretched out in front of the fireplace is a mound of black fur, a hairy Newfoundland dog named Rosko.

He returns behind the bar and starts drawing a pint for ALI AHMED, a man with distinct middle-age features, who is standing at the bar. DR HAMISH BRINDLEY, distinguished looking with grey hair, is standing next to him.

BRINDLEY

(To Ali.)

I haven't seen you in here before.

ALI

I'm staying here at the Inn for about a week.

Arthur places the pint in front of Ali.

ARTHUR

Hamish, this is Mr. Ali Ahmed. Mr. Ahmed, Dr. Hamish Brindley here is our retired village doctor. Just about every person in this village under 40 was delivered by Dr. Brindley

ALI

That's quite a record, Dr. Brindley. How are you doing with retirement?

ARTHUR

Oh, he says he is retired, but he really isn't. He still gets called in to help his replacement, Dr. King.

BRINDLEY

Yeah, more times than I would like. What brings you to Hopkins Bay?

ALI

Selling drugs.  
(beat)  
Brindley and Arthur look questionly at Ali.

ALI (CONT'D)

I'm a pharmaceutical salesman.

BRINDLEY

(Chuckling)

Well, glad you cleared that up.

Ali looks around.

ALI

This is a fascinating place.

ARTHUR

Well, we're proud of it. Feel it is unique. The building was once a lighthouse. The light tower was removed long ago, but the building is still considered a landmark. I'm slightly biased, but I think it provides the perfect ambiance. A one-of-a-kind inn.

ALI

I certainly agree.

Ali points up toward the ceiling.

ALI (CONT'D)

That is an interesting shaped skylight.

ARTHUR

That is where the light tower went up. When it was removed, a big opening was left. I decided that a skylight would be a perfect way to plug up the hole

ALI

That works. This whole location and building is great. And being in this quaint little fishing village of Hopkins Bay just adds to the charm. But isn't it a challenge to be cutoff from the outside world like we are right now.

ARTHUR

We're only a hundred feet away from the homeland, but at high tide it could be a hundred miles.

ALI

Amazing.

ARTHUR

As I mentioned when you checked in, when the tide comes in, like it is now, sometimes the sea covers the pathway, and I have a captive audience. But few of my customers

complain. I keep the drinks coming, even past closing hours

ALI

Don't the authorities have a problem with that?

BRINDLEY

Nope. The authorities have never enforced closing hours.

ARTHUR

They make an exception for our situation

BRINDLEY

And, the authority as we call it, is our local Police Sergeant, Reggie Duke. And he is usually one of us trapped, and believe me, he is not one to go thirsty.

ARTHUR

The inaccessible times are fairly predictable. The times for high and low tide are posted, so everyone knows when they may or may not be able to get out, and can plan for it.

Arthur reaches to the back of the bar and brings out a card with the tide times on it and hands it to Ali.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This is the chart we use. And the top of our walkway is high enough above the normal level, so that it has to be a very high surf that cuts us off. Not every high tide does. The high winds are also an affect. But we act like every high tide is going to cut us off. But we depend on our alarm system to warn us of actual closings.

ALI

Like now.

Ali points toward the middle of the room at a large cylindrical glass aquarium sitting on a heavy table, with a miniature stuffed diver floating on the top and a dozen or so swimming goldfish.

ALI (CONT'D)

What's with that tank and the little diver floating on top? I'll bet it has something to do with the flooding problem.

ARTHUR

Oh we don't call the tide a problem, we just consider it an inconvenience.

ALI

I see.

The scene is the visual of Arthur's description of the actions of the diver, Ol' Pete.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

The diver we call "Ol' Pete". When the tide is out, Ol' Pete lies at the bottom of the tank. Then as the tide comes in and the water starts rising outside and reaches the top of the walkway, Ol' Pete starts slowly rising and the lighting in the tank gets a little eerie. Iridescent lights flashing and all that sort of stuff. A video and the song "The Tide is High" by the rock band Blondie (or other dramatic music like "Rocky") comes on the screen across the room. When Ol' Pete reaches the top, the alarm sounds, and the gate closes. Then later when the tide starts going out again and the sea drops below the top of the walkway, Ol' Pete starts sinking in the tank and the light-show reappears, and the song "The Ocean" by Led Zeppeline (or other dramatic music) comes on the screen. When Ol' Pete reaches the bottom, he lays there and the alarm will sound the all clear. The gate then opens.

ALI

Wow, that's clever. Quite a production. And I guess that is why he is floating on the top now. But don't the poor goldfish complain about all the lights and activity?

ARTHUR

Haven't had one complain yet.

Ali chuckles.

ALI

How does Ol' Pete know how to do all this?

ARTHUR

I have no idea. The whole alarm system is just another endeavor of our resident inventor, Darek Finnegan. Something about a stilling basin in the rocks outside. And a small hole in Ol' Pete that slowly lets the water in, slowly weighting him down, and sinking him slowly, and then a small pump inside that slowly pumps out the water causing him to rise slowly. Then there is a complicated electronic system that triggers it all.

ALI

Wow! That is amazing. Who did you say invented it?

ARTHUR

Derek Finnegan. He just happens to be one of our dart throwers over there. You'll have to ask him about the details.

Arthur points toward the dart game where Darek is involved with the dart players.

ALI

Maybe I'll do that. This place is truly impressive. The tank is just one of the many things that make this place so unique. And it looks like everyone enjoys being here.

BRINDLEY

Yes, this is our pub. There is a great deal of comraderie here.

Ali looks around the room. The interior ambiance dominates the scene. The rock work, the dark-polished wood paneling, the stuffed chairs, and the large fireplace with a heavy wood mantle. Rosko is still lying on the fireplace hearth.

ALI

With this weather, it looks like it's going to be a long time before anybody can leave, but



it doesn't look like anybody is anxious to.

BRINDLEY

By the way, you may want to talk to Carole  
Coxton.

Brindley points at Carole just as she is letting loose a practice dart.

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

She owns her own chemist shop in town,  
"Care-For-You Chemists".

ALI

Yes, I recognize the name. It's one of the  
shops I have on my list.

Ian looks across the room at GILES CHASE, a man much older than his wife, Bunny.  
Giles is seated in a cozy corner across from the bar reading a book.

IAN

Hey, old man.

(beat)

(louder) Hey, old man. Want to join Bunny  
and take on the lucky whiners, I mean  
winners?

Carole jabs him in back of his ribs.

GILES

A barely audible grunt.

IAN

I take that as a no.

(Whispering to Derek)

That old goat doesn't deserve Bunny.

GILES

Grunts.

Bunny glides over to her husband, leans over and give him a buss on the cheek, showing  
a little cleavage.

BUNNY

Oh, don't be such a grump, Honey.

Giles looks up at her.

GILES

I'm perfectly happy, thank you. Go do your thing.

Bunny slides back to the bar. Ian addresses Bunny.

IAN

Okay, what say we do it again? I think it's time we put these losers in their place. What do you think old girl?

DEREK

Hold on a minute. Got to pet my good luck charm.

He strolls over and gives Rosko, lying by the fireplace, a pat on the head. Rosko cracks open one eyelid and ever so slightly moves one out-stretched paw.

CAROLE

Boy, I have never seen him that excited about your dart game before, Derek.

The dart players game begins again with the banter of the foursome of Ian, Bunny, Derek, and Carole. Giles drains his pint and goes to the bar next to Brindley to get a refill.

GILES

Arthur, my usual. And make sure you get it right this time.

ARTHUR

What?

Giles points to his empty glass.

GILES

That one wasn't my usual.

ARTHUR

What're you talking about, Giles. That last one was the same as this one. It was your usual. Did it taste bad? Did it taste like it had gone off?

GILES

Nope. I know from the taste it was not my beer.

ARTHUR

If you didn't like it, why didn't you bring it back?

GILES

I know what my beer tastes like. And this was not my beer.

Giles watches the pouring operation intently, grabbing the newly filled glass so hard that some beer spills over, and then returns to his chair.

Brindley, shakes his head, then looks at Arthur.

BRINDLEY

The way he was watching you, my that boy has some serious trust issues.

For a short time, the dart game banter continues and everyone is keeping track of the football match on the TV. The room then erupts as Arsenal scores a goal. Everyone except Giles moves to the bar for a closer look.

IAN

Bloody hell! Did you see that? What a kick.

DEREK

What do you mean "what a kick"? Did you see the way it ricocheted off Barstone's foot? Pure, blind luck. Blind luck, dammit!

CAROLE

Talk about a fluke. Watch the replay.

Scene shows TV replay.

Giles gets up and goes to the WC. As he returns, Ian calls out to him.

IAN

Giles, did you see that goal?

GILES

Nope, don't really care.

Ian shrugs his shoulders and returns his attention to the telly. Rosko struggles to his feet, and as Giles sits down, Rosko promptly plops on the floor next to his feet.

DEREK

Hey, what have you got going with Rosko, Giles? Never saw him show any interest in you before.

GILES

(A low grunt)

It may surprise you, but dogs like me.

DEREK

Well, this is certainly a new-found relationship.

(Whispering to Ian)

Rosko is about the only one around that likes the old bugger.

Giles opens the drawer on his side table, removes a pill bottle, shakes some pills into his open hand, places them in his mouth and starts chewing on them. The dart game begins again, and the players return to splitting their attention between the dart game and the football match.

Rosko jumps to his feet and howls.

ARTHUR

Rosko, what on earth has gotten into you?

Giles stands up.

GILES

(Loudly)

Arthur, you screwed up again. That beer tastes terrible! That is not mine. This tastes even worse than the one before.

Everyone in the room stops and looks at Giles. Giles's head flies back. He gasps, doubles over, and falls face first.

Dr. Brindley dashes to the prostrate body, kneels next to Giles, rolls him over, grabs the wrist, and then feels around his neck

BRINDLEY

No pulse.

He leans over and starts mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but immediately pops back up. He places the heel of his hands on Giles chest, alternately pushing and releasing.

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

Nothing.

He remains on his knees staring at Giles. Finally, he slowly stands up continually staring at Giles

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

(In a low voice)

He's dead.

Bunny throws herself across the body.

BUNNY

Oh no! Oh no!

IAN

I knew it. I knew that the old bugger's disposition was going to bring on a coronary.

BRINDLEY

Nope. It wasn't a heart attack.

ARTHUR

Then what was it?

BRINDLEY

He's been poisoned.

The room mumbles questioningly.

DEREK

I don't believe it.

BRINDLEY

I'm afraid so.

BUNNY

Giles. No! No!

CAROLE

What makes you think he's been poisoned?

BRINDLEY

From the smell.

ARTHUR

The smell?

BRINDLEY

Yes. When I knelt to perform mouth-to-mouth, there was a distinct smell of almond. And as quick as he died, I'm positive it was cyanide poisoning.

The room is deathly quiet, with only the sobbing of a weeping Bunny, the sound muffled as she buries her face into Giles chest.

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

Guess I better call Reggie.

Arthur punches the numbers on the bar phone and hands it to Brindley.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE – NIGHT

CONSTABLE THOMPCKINS, young, blonde, slim, attractive is shown answering the phone..

THOMPCKINS

Hopkin's Bay Police Department. Constable Thompkins speaking.

INTERCUT - TIDES INN/POLICE STATION

BRINDLEY

Oh, hello, Constable. This is Dr. Brindley. Is Reggie in?

THOMPCKINS

No, he's off this evening. Can I help you?

BRINDLEY

Well, I need to talk to Reggie.

THOMPCKINS

I'm sorry, Police Sergeant Duke is off duty. If you need anything right now, you're stuck with me.

BRINDLEY

Dammit! Can you call him? This is of great urgency.

(beat)

THOMPKINS

Nope, he gave specific orders not to be disturbed.

BRINDLEY

I think he would be of a different mind if he knew the situation.

THOMPKINS

And what is the situation?

BRINDLEY

We have had an incident here at the Tides.

THOMPKINS

Yes. What kind of an incident?

BRINDLEY

A customer here at the Tides has been poisoned.

(beat)

THOMPKINS

Murdered you say?

BRINDLEY

Poisoned is what I said, but you can call it murder if you want.

(With his hand over the telephone – to everyone in the room.)

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

This's going to be one stupid process until we can get a hold of Reggie.

THOMPKINS

What happened?

BRINDLEY

One of the Inn's patrons, Giles Chase, has gotten a hold of a poisoned drink.

THOMPKINS

Are you positive it was poison?

BRINDLEY

Yes! I'm positive. I'm a doctor. You better get over here as soon as you can.

THOMPKINS

Be right there. Don't touch anything.

Dr. Brindley covers the mouthpiece again.

BRINDLEY

She said, "Don't touch anything

IAN

How original. We know where she got her training.

DEREK

My first guess would be from Agatha Christie.

Arthur walks behind the bar and picks up the tide report.

ARTHUR

Hamish, it'll be another hour before the tide is out enough for the gates to open. And, there might be even more of a problem right now with the surf banging away.

BRINDLEY

(Into the phone)

It looks like another hour before the tide will have receded enough for you to make it across the walkway.

THOMPKINS

Well, hopefully the wind will die down and the sea will calm down. You can override the automatic opening and closing of the gates, can't you?

BRINDLEY

Yeah, but I'm looking out the window at the walkway. There is no way anyone could cross over right now. The water's deep and the waves are heavy. Doesn't look like the sea has settled much.

THOMPKINS



Do you think that hour estimate is accurate?

BRINDLEY

I would say that an hour sounds reasonable.

THOMPKINS

I'll leave immediately. I'll give you a call on your intercom when it's clear.

BRINDLEY

Okay, we'll be looking for you. But be careful. Take a good look at the surf. A big wave could knock you off the walkway before you know what hit you.

THOMPKINS

I'll be careful

BRINDLEY

Oh, and can you alert the paramedics. There's no urgency. I'll give them a call when they can cross.

Brindley hangs up the phone and returns to the group.

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

Constable Thompkins will be here when the water is down enough. She wants everybody to leave the crime area. She refused to call Reggie. Looks like she wants to take charge. She has only been here a week, but it looks like Reggie was right about her. Oh well, guess we'd better do what she says.

Everyone moves to the bar except Bunny who remains lying across the body sobbing as Carole comforts her. Arthur fills everybody's pint glass, and adds a shot of whisky in front of each pint. The whisky, to a glass quickly disappears. Brindley looks around.

BRINDLEY (CONT'D)

(Says to no one in particular)

Someone in this room is a murderer. I can't believe it. So much for comraderie. As he surveys the room he notes others also looking at each other.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – NIGHT

Intercom buzzes. Arthur Roche picks it up.

THOMPKINS

(Voice on intercom.)

Thompkins here. Open the gates.

ARTHUR

Are you positive you can handle the walkway? It's only been forty minutes. The surf looks tough.

THOMPKINS

(Voice on intercom)

I'm looking at your depth gauges down the walkway. It doesn't like it's even a foot deep now. There're a few nasty waves, but I'll hang on. I'm on my way

EXT. TIDES INN WALKWAY – NIGHT

Thompkins stands on the walkway. Her face shows grave concern. She takes a deep breath. Reaching down, she removes her shoes, places them in her shoulder bag, and rolls up the pants legs of her uniform. After a brief time, the gates creak open. She begins to wade through the water. Her face continues showing apprehension with each step. The path is well marked with four-foot high metal posts, connected by a chain, which she grips tightly, advancing hand over hand, while water swirls around her shins, and occasionally she is blasted by an errant violent wave.

Arthur watches apprehensively from the end of the path. The receding water sucks at her ankles. Soaked, she reaches the end of the walkway, reaches out and clamps firmly on to the outstretched hand of Arthur Roche.

THOMPKINS

Thank God.

ARTHUR

You had me scared, Ma'am.

THOMPKINS

Yeah, You're not alone. I was a little scared myself. It was a little rougher than I'd anticipated.

She rolled down her pants legs.

ARTHUR

I'm Arthur Roche, Landlord of the Tides Inn.  
My goodness. You are a little shook up.

THOMPKINS

Oh no, I'm alright. Okay, first off I would  
like to talk to everyone together. It is safe to  
assume that everyone is still here?

ARTHUR

Oh yeah. Bunny Chase and Carole Coxton  
are upstairs. We persuaded Bunny to leave  
the body and go upstairs. Carole is staying  
with her.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – NIGHT

Thompkins and Arthur enter through the front door. Bunny and Carole descend the stairs.

ARTHUR

Let's pull some chairs around the fireplace  
for right now. The Constable is well soaked.  
Constable, would you like something to  
drink?

THOMPKINS

No thank you, not while on duty. I could  
really use a cuppa, though, if you have one.

CAROLE

What this lady needs right now, Arthur, are  
some towels and blankets.

ARTHUR

Carole, you're right. Could you go over to  
the back bar and get the lady some tea while  
I go upstairs and grab some towels and  
blankets?

Chairs are pulled in front of the fire in a semi-circle facing the fireplace, with  
Thompkins's chair in the middle facing the group, her back absorbing the warming  
flames. Arthur returns with the towels and blankets, just as Carole arrives with the tea.  
Thompkins towels off her hair and wraps the blankets tightly around her.

THOMPKINS

Thank you, Mr. Roche. The tea especially hits the spot. Our power at the office has been off and I have been dying for one for several hours now.

IAN

(Aside to Derek)

Tea! How did we get a 'Miss Prissy' for this job?

Derek shrugs.

Still holding the blanket snug to her body, Thompkins gets up and walks over to where the body lies. She looks around from several different angles, then returns to her chair, positions the blanket and sits down.

As she sits down Ol' Pete starts sinking, the lights in the tank start flashing, "The Ocean" starts playing on the screen.

THOMPKINS

(Startled - Looking at the screen and the tank)

What's going on?

ARTHUR

Sorry for the distraction. It is just our way of sounding the all clear. You got an early jump on the alarm system. You would have not normally come through before the system was activated.

Thompkins shakes her head.

CAROLE

Where's Reggie? It seems to me that he's the one qualified to conduct this investigation.

THOMPKINS

I'm certain he will be along before the investigation is over, but he is off duty right now, and it is my investigation.

CAROLE

Oh no. I'm not questioning your professional competence, but Reggie is a regular. This is

his pub. In fact, he tends the bar for Arthur on occasions, so he knows all that goes on.

THOMPKINS

If it is any comfort, Sergeant Duke will be involved when he is again available. Now can we get on with it? I have a few questions to ask.

DUKE (O.S.)

(Booming)

WHAT THE HELL is GOING ON HERE!

Police Sergeant REGGIE DUKE, tough, hard-boiled, slicked-back hair, enters the room

ARTHUR

Hello, Reggie, boy are we glad to see you. We have had a little trouble. It seems like someone finally got their fill of Giles.

DUKE

So. What happened?

ARTHUR

Someone slipped him a little poison.

DUKE

What! Giles! Is he dead?

BRINDLEY

He's dead.

DUKE

(to Thompkins)

Why didn't you call me?

THOMPKINS

You said that you weren't feeling well. And when you left to go home, you did say that you didn't want to be disturbed under any circumstances. Besides, I've got it under control.

DUKE

I just bet you have it under control! I'll take over now, Constable. Arthur, draw me a pint.

Ian again leans over to Derek.

IAN  
(Whispering)  
At least, we finally got a real man on the job now.

Duke looks over at Thompkins.

DUKE  
(Grinning)  
Constable, you look like a drowned hen.

Thompkins glares back.

DUKE (CONT'D)  
Has the lab been informed?

THOMPKINS  
Yes, the lab people and the paramedics have been notified and will be here any minute now.

Duke walks over and examines the crime scene, then returns to the bar area.

The lab crew arrives and starts examining the scene, dusting Giles's glass and the area for fingerprints.

DUKE  
Okay, what happened?

ARTHUR  
Everyone was watching the football match and playing darts, except Giles who sat over there reading a book.

DUKE  
Yeah, typical Giles.

ARTHUR  
Giles came up to get a refill in the glass that

he had been using, complaining that the last time I had not given him the proper ale.

BRINDLEY

Several of us watched this whole scenario. Arthur pulled out a new glass, wiped it off, and poured him a new one.

ARTHUR

Giles returned to his chair. A short time later, while the goal replay was being shown, he left his chair and went to the WC

DUKE

So, everyone was engrossed in the replay.

ARTHUR

Yes, but it would have been virtually impossible for anyone to cross through the dart area, through a row of tables, add the poison, and return to the bar without being noticed, if that is what you mean.

The lab crew chief comes over to Duke and pulls him aside.

LAB CHIEF

We're about finished. Don't think there's any question about it; it was poison. I'll have the lab check the glass, but I also don't think there's any doubt about it being the source. I'll have the body removed. We will have to fingerprint everyone here.

DUKE

Well, I guess that about wraps it up. Everyone make sure you get your fingerprints taken before you leave. Then you can leave when you want to. Constable, I'll meet you in the office tomorrow morning, ten o'clock.

THOMPKINS

(Glowering)

Okay, Chief. However, I was offered a drink when I arrived, and since I'm off duty now and my clothes are almost dry, I think I will take you up on that offer, Mr. Roche

ARTHUR

With pleasure, Constable. Do you want another, Reggie?

DUKE

I'm ready.

The lab crew continues to clean up. Derek goes over to the end of the bar where the fingerprinting operation is set up.

EXT. POLICE STATION – MORNING

Street scene activity. One building is prominent with a sign on the outside reading, 'HOPKINS BAY POLICE STATION'.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE – MORNING

The scene moves inside the Police Station. Duke's desk and chair is in the back of the room, Thompkins's on the side.

Thompkins enters. Duke is already at his desk. Duke motions her to a chair in front of his desk.

DUKE

Sit down. How is your part of the investigation going?

THOMPKINS

I've spent the morning doing a lot of checking around. Been to the bank. Talked to quite a few people. One thing about this town, the folks love to gossip.

DUKE

Okay, so you've been earning your pay. What have you found out?

THOMPKINS

Well, I've got a few things that're being checked out, and maybe I will know more then

DUKE

Just tell me what you know for sure right now.

THOMPKINS

Well, to start off, Mr. Chase had a lot of money and a lot of enemies



DUKE

That's not earthshaking news.

THOMPKINS

Number two. Bunny Chase and Ian Finch were having an affair.

DUKE

That's not earthshaking either. Everyone at the pub knew that. I think even Giles knew.

THOMPKINS

Yes, well, did you know that the Chases had a prenuptial agreement?

DUKE

No, I didn't know that. But everyone figured she had married Giles for his money. Giles was very shrewd. I'm sure he'd figured that out himself, and I'm sure that he would want to protect himself.

THOMPKINS

So theoretically, with the agreement, Bunny won't get a large amount of his money.

DUKE

Well, that eliminates a motive for Bunny.

THOMPKINS

Maybe. Maybe not. Talking to his solicitor, Giles had made a will that contradicted the agreement.

DUKE

Why would he do that?

THOMPKINS

Good question. Maybe he felt that she did love him. I don't know. But it does confuse the issue.

DUKE

Interesting. I think we'll have to dig deeper into this. What else do you have?

THOMPKINS

I also discovered that Chase held the mortgage on the Tides Inn and that he was threatening to foreclose if Roche didn't come up with some money soon?

DUKE

You really have done some digging, haven't you? Yes, I think everybody knew that, too. We were all worried. Old Giles was unpredictable. Don't know what he would have done with the Tide. Arthur put a lot of time, money, and love into it. Losing the Inn would have been devastating to him. In fact, we all had a lot to lose. This is our home away from home.

THOMPKINS

Chase also was backing one of Finnegan's inventions, one that is going to be a big moneymaker. Finnegan is a great inventor but a lousy businessman. Somehow, Chase and his solicitors set up the agreement so that Chase gets the gravy and Finnegan peanuts.

DUKE

I've noticed that Derek has shown even more animosity than usual toward Giles. Anything else?

THOMPKINS

That's all that I have right now. What've you got?

DUKE

Well, I have the advantage of knowledge accumulated by being a regular. At one time Giles and Carole Coxtton were an item. But then Giles dumped her for a younger, much more attractive Bunny. Carole has been bitter ever since. There's also a rumor, and I emphasize, rumor, that in a romantic moment Carole confided in Giles about a prescription mistake she had made that

caused grave problems to one of her customers. The rumor is that Giles has been blackmailing her ever since. This is a rumor, I again emphasize, but another intriguing piece to the puzzle. (beat)

DUKE (CONT'D)

The Egyptian...

THOMPKINS

(Interrupting)

I think the Egyptian has a name. Ali Ahmed, I believe.

DUKE

Yeah, whatever. Why is an Egyptian trying to sell pharmaceuticals in a little out of the way place like Hopkins Bay?

THOMPKINS

Yeah, that does seem odd.

DUKE

And he and Giles gave the appearance that they were strangers to each other. But they were seen arguing in a car in the downtown car park yesterday morning. Also, he is an exporter of pharmaceuticals from Egypt, and Giles is an importer to the U.K. Interesting combination under the circumstances.

(beat)

Both look through papers that they have.

THOMPKINS

What about Dr. Brindley?

DUKE

What about Dr. Brindley?

THOMPKINS

Well, he was there and so far we haven't mentioned him.

DUKE

Not much to mention. Not much reason to

suspect him. He just happened to be there at the time.

THOMPKINS

Yeah, I haven't been able to come up with anything suspicious about him, either. He seems like the only one without a motive.

DUKE

Well there was one time. Brindley and Giles got into a little shoving match. Had to be separated. We all wrote it off as the alcohol working. But they never have liked each other much.

THOMPKINS

Wow. That comes as a surprise. An actual altercation, huh. What was that all about?

DUKE

I don't remember the circumstances, but I remember at the time it didn't seem like it was cause for such a big blow up. But from early on there has been a deep animosity between the two. Almost like the past, whatever it was, flames up at times.

THOMPKINS

Hum.

They return to their papers.

DUKE

So there we have it, don't we? Eight people were there. One person is dead. Seven people had motives, that we know about. Well, that takes us to method. How was it done?  
(beat)

THOMPKINS

Now that's a tough one to get a handle on. What did the lab come up with?

DUKE

The lab has confirmed it was cyanide, which

acted within minutes. So it must have been the last glass of ale that he was drinking. They've also established that there was cyanide residue in the glass on the table. There were two sets of fingerprints on the glass, Roche's and the victim's. The server and the drinker.

THOMPKINS

We don't seem to have gotten very far, have we?

DUKE

Nope.

Thompkins walks over to her desk. They both pour over papers lying on their desks.

DUKE

Well, it looks like we need to dig some more.

Duke gets up and heads for the door.

DUKE (CONT'D)

I'm off. See you tomorrow.

THOMPKINS

Okay. More digging. See you tomorrow.

EXT. TIDES INN WALKWAY – AFTERNOON

Thompkins walks along the rocky access walkway. Rivulets of water roll off the top and down the side of the walkway, indicating the results of a receding tide.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – AFTERNOON

Thompkins walks into the bar. Arthur is sweeping the pub floor. Rosko is lying on the hearth.

THOMPKINS

Good morning, Mr. Roche. And how're you this morning?

ARTHUR

Fine, Constable. Have you found our

murderer yet?

THOMPKINS

Not yet, but I'm sure now that the Sergeant is on the case, it will be solved very soon.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry about that, Constable. I think the crew and I were a little rough on you last night. I'm afraid that it is going to take the people of the town a little while to accept a woman in your job. Especially, if I may be allowed to be frank, a very attractive woman. And the fact that you're new in the village adds a double whammy. But I like your spunk. I think you will do just fine.

THOMPKINS

Well thank you for your vote of confidence, Mr. Roche... and the compliment.

ARTHUR

You also have to understand that Reggie is a regular here, and the folks are used to him and have a lot of confidence in him. He has done a good job, and the people respect him, so that has made things more difficult for you.

THOMPKINS

I understand, Mr. Roche. Now I wonder if I could look around?

ARTHUR

Of course,

Constable Thompkins walks over to where the body was and looks around. Arthur follows right behind.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

We all know this as Giles' corner. He always sat at this table. He even kept a bottle of antacids in the drawer. Had heartburn every time he drank. But it didn't stop him.

THOMPKINS

What happened when someone else was sitting here?

ARTHUR

Well none of the regulars would ever sit there, and he wasn't bashful about making it uncomfortable for anyone else who did

Thompkins walks over to the table and opens the drawer.

THOMPKINS

Huh. There's no bottle here now.

ARTHUR

That's not right. It was always there. I wonder where it went.

THOMPKINS

Well, maybe the lab people picked it up.

Thompkins turns and walks to the middle of the room, gazes at the goldfish swimming in the aquarium. Arthur follows.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

How many rooms do you have to rent?

ARTHUR

Four altogether. They are all upstairs.

THOMPKINS

Are they all occupied?

ARTHUR

Just one, the one that Mr. Ahmed is in. We did use one temporarily when we took Bunny up to rest and get away from the sight of her husband lying there.

THOMPKINS

Are they all locked?

ARTHUR

No. I don't lock many doors. Not much reason to. Nobody is going to sneak in. And we don't have much crime.

THOMPKINS

I'm afraid that we have some now.

ARTHUR

Yeah, but I don't think anyone's going to break in. There is only one way in, and that is conspicuous.

THOMPKINS

Yeah. You're probably right. Do you mind if I go up and look at the rooms?

ARTHUR

Not at all. Why don't I give you the key for Mr. Ahmed's room, number four, just in case he did lock his door. You can take your time and look around.

THOMPKINS

Thanks. Which one did you use for Mrs. Chase?

ARTHUR

Number two.

THOMPKINS

And I assume you live on the premises.

ARTHUR

Yes, I have a small living quarter area upstairs also. If you turn right at the top of the stairs, it is the door at the end of the hall.

THOMPKINS

Do you mind if I look around your flat also?

ARTHUR

Help yourself. You will find that I'm not the best at neatness.

THOMPKINS

I assume it's not locked either.

Roche nods.



INT. TIDES INN SECOND FLOOR – AFTERNOON

Thompkins walks up the stairs and as she opens drawers and inspects each room closely. She then returns down the stairs.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – AFTERNOON

Thompkins comes down the stairs into the bar. Arthur is waiting for her.

ARTHUR

How did it go?

THOMPKINS

Fine. Is everyone aware that you don't lock things up?

ARTHUR

Don't know. Guess so. Never thought about it much.

THOMPKINS

Okay, what about downstairs? What is there?

ARTHUR

There is no downstairs. This place is built on solid rock. A basement is impossible.

THOMPKINS

Then what else is there that I haven't seen?

ARTHUR

The building has some storage rooms that I have added on to the outside. The room behind the bar is the temperature controlled cask room. All the ale casks are stored there. The ones in use are tapped, and the ale pumped into the bar.

THOMPKINS

Temperature controlled?

ARTHUR

Just right for the ale.

THOMPKINS

I assume that the casks waiting to be tapped are stored there, too.

ARTHUR

Yes.

THOMPKINS

What else is outside the bar area?

ARTHUR

Not much to see. Behind the back wall are two storage areas, one for food products, and another for cleaning supplies.

THOMPKINS

Do you mind if I looked around the back area?

ARTHUR

Not at all. I'll give you the tour.

#### INT. TIDES INN CASK STORAGE ROOM – AFTERNOON

Thompkins and Arthur enter the door from the bar. Rosko follows. Scattered around the floor were about a dozen casks, some hooked up with hoses, some stored full and some empty. Cases of beer and loose bottles of various liquors are stored on several combinations of shelves. Some small tools are hanging from the wall.

THOMPKINS

(Pointing to the hoses)

Those hoses from the casks go through the wall to the bar?

ARTHUR

Yep, straight from cask to tap. It's quite a science, to prepare and tap the casks correctly. Cask ale is fragile. It is served from the same barrel in which it was fermented. It is naturally carbonated by-still active yeast, rather by adding carbon dioxide. Unlike normal draft beer, which can remain fresh for up to a month, once a cask is open it has about a five-day shelf life. It must be cellared and dispensed properly

THOMPKINS

I can see that you take great pride in your ale.

ARTHUR

I want my patrons to think of my ale as not just drinkable, but quaffable.

THOMPKINS

Interesting. I don't suppose an off duty female Constable could get a part time job here?

ARTHUR

You would always be welcome to help out.

THOMPKINS

I just might take you up on that some time.

Thompkins looks around.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

I think I'm through here. If it is okay with you, I would like to look around the other storerooms and the outside area.

ARTHUR

Help yourself. I'll show you around.

THOMPKINS

No don't worry about it. I don't want to tie you up any more. You're busy with your work. I can handle it.

INT. TIDES INN FOOD STORAGE ROOM – AFTERNOON

Thompkins comes through the door into the storage room. Rosko keeps following her. She looks around. Shelves are filled with food supplies and extra cooking utensils. She surveys the room closely, picking up a few items and inspecting them. She turns and goes back out the door she came in.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – AFTERNOON

Thompkins returns through the storage room door to bar area.

ARTHUR

Still doing okay, Constable?

THOMPKINS

Yes, thank you.

She turns and walks a few steps to the door to the second supply room.

#### INT. TIDES INN SUPPLY ROOM – AFTERNOON

Thompkins enters through the door. The wall between the storeroom and the bar is the original exterior wall and still has the original windows and outdoor siding on the storage room side. The room is crowded with the usual cleaning supplies, mops, brooms, and other miscellaneous equipment. A counter and cabinet run along one wall, a closet in one corner, and boxes and papers are piled on top of a chair in the other corner.

She walks around the room and inspects it. She goes to a chair in the corner, moves the boxes and papers covering it, and sits down. She looks around. Rosko sits down next to her. Thompkins pets Rosko. She picks up a newspaper and looks through it. After several moments she stands up, and with some indication of obsession, tidies up, moves things around, and blows dust off objects. She returns the boxes and other items to where they were, some of the time moving with her back to the camera. She picks up a book, opens it, looks at it, then places it in her bag. She exits through a door to the rock patio outside of the building.

#### EXT. TIDES INN ROCKY DECK AREA – AFTERNOON

She walks around examining the area, often stopping to admire the view. No matter where she stands, the views are awesome. The plot of rock the Inn stands on is small. She proceeds to the entrance of the bar. Arthur comes out the entrance door to greet her.

THOMPKINS

Thanks for your time Mr. Roche. I appreciate it.

ARTHUR

You're very welcome. Better hurry. The warning system has gone off and the gates will close in a couple of minutes

THOMPKINS

I came across a book on ale I would like to

borrow. You have me curious now about ale, and since I may be working in a pub in the future, I would like to know more it.

ARTHUR

By all means. With my compliments.

THOMPKINS

By the way, I'm curious, why don't you just build up the walk enough that there is access all the time?

ARTHUR

What and ruin the mystique? I could, but I'm not going to. I don't want to own just any pub. I want it to have its own personality. Also, do you realize how much it would cost to raise the walkway to do any good? A fortune. I'm happy with the way it is now.

THOMPKINS

I have to agree. You have succeeded. The Tide does have its own personality. A great personality I must add.

ARTHUR

And because of all this, the place gets plenty of valuable publicity from the uniqueness. We get write ups in beer magazines, travel magazines, and every once in while a celebrity will just pop in. They wouldn't do that if we were just an ordinary pub, now would they?

THOMPKINS

I get your point. But then why don't you have a boat available in case of emergencies, like the other night?

ARTHUR

Wouldn't do any good. There's nothing but rocky shore around the place. No place that a boat could come ashore, or even get close. The village fathers have been trying to get me to build a dock. But the need for a boat

is so rare. So far, I have been able to dodge the bullet. And I think the sea was too rough the other night for a boat to be out anyway, even if there had been a dock in place. The expense and the damage to the mystique would be tough.

THOMPKINS

Well, I certainly hope there aren't any more occurrences. I agree, I like the place just as it is.

ARTHUR

I appreciate that Constable.

THOMPKINS

Again, thanks for your help.

ARTHUR

Come by for a drink any time.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – EVENING

Derek, Carole, Brindley, Ali are sitting at the bar. Ian and Bunny are at the end of the bar. Arthur is behind the bar. Rosko is lying on the hearth. Several extras are seated at tables. Derek raises his glass of beer in a toast.

DEREK

Here's to Giles. May he rest in peace.

All raise their glasses and join in the toast.

IAN

Yeah, here's to you, you old bugger.

BRINDLEY

You know, you all do realize that no one else could have knocked-off old Giles except one of us. . . . There was no one else here but us.

All seven people look each other.

(beat)

All seven people lower their glasses quickly.

ARTHUR

Yes, that is scary when you think about it.

(beat)

Carole is looking at Ian and Bunny

CAROLE

Bunny, I am surprised to see you here.

Shouldn't you be home grieving.

IAN

(With anger in his voice)

Excuse me.

BRINDLEY

Carole, I don't think that that was necessary.

BUNNY

Actually, I came here to be with MY FRIENDS. Home seems so lonely now. I felt that this was the place to be. I appear to have mistaken who my friends really are

CAROLE

Well, Bunny, it certainly appears that you have found one long-standing source of comfort

Ian moves angrily toward Carole.

IAN

What do you mean, Carole?

CAROLE

You know what I mean.

Ian gets in her face.

IAN

You've got a lot of nerve. Bunny has always been a friend. . . and only a friend. I felt sorry for her, married to that big bully. We don't have anything going.

Brindley pulls Ian away. Carole smugly chuckles.

BUNNY

That is right, you old cow.

CAROLE

Yeah, sure.

IAN

Besides you're not so pure. You had a thing going with Giles a while back until he dumped you. Lover's revenge?

Carole stares at Ian as he returns to his bar stool.

ARTHUR

Come on everyone. Calm down. Before all this happened, we were one, big happy family.

DEREK

It doesn't change the fact that one of us murdered Giles.

(beat)

BRINDLEY

Yeah. That is a little hard to get used to.  
(beat)

He pushes an empty glass over to Arthur.

ARTHUR

Ready for another, Hamish?

BRINDLEY

You got it.

Arthur starts pouring the pint. It spurts and sputters and foam comes out.

ARTHUR

Gotta change the keg. Be right back.

Arthur goes through the door to the keg room.

INT. TIDES INN KEG ROOM – NIGHT

Arthur is uncoupling the old keg and preparing a new keg. Derek enters the room and is intently watching. Arthur sees him.



ARTHUR

What are you looking at?

DEREK

Just trying to get an idea of how you slipped that Mickey in Giles drink.

ARTHUR

What? What are you saying?

DEREK

Arthur, you are the only one who had any chance to slip that poison in Giles drink. It had to be you. I don't know how you did it, but however you did, it was clever.

ARTHUR

You know I didn't have any opportunity. You know that several people, including Giles himself were right there watching me pour.

(With a shrug of the shoulder)

How? Tell me how I did it?

DEREK

That is what I would like to know. But don't get me wrong, I along with everyone else were glad that you did it. We all love this pub and hated Giles. But you were the only one who could have done it. Boy, you are more clever than we gave you credit for.

ARTHUR

I think you may be the clever one. Was this another invention? I think you put together another creative idea. A real creative person, such as you, could very easily figure out a way, and here we are.

DEREK

That is absurd.

ARTHUR

Is it? I'm finished hooking this keg up. I think it is time to go back to the bar.

Hamish is waiting for his beer.

Arthur and Derek go through the door to the bar.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – NIGHT

Arthur returns to behind the bar and Derek to his stool.

In the cylinder in the middle of the room, Ol' Pete starts rising from the bottom of the tank. The eerie lights in the cylinder start flashing. The song "The Tide is High" plays on the tank speaker.

ARTHUR

Diver up. Last call. It's getting late. Time to close it down. Hamish, do you still want that beer.

BRINDLY

No, guess I had better take off.

People start filing out. The only ones left in the pub are Arthur and Ali. Arthur is cleaning up. After several moments, Ali goes out the outside door.

EXT. TIDES INN WALKWAY – NIGHT

Brindley is waiting where the walkway starts. Ali walks up to him. They stand on each side of the open gate. The two are in conversation.

Arthur goes to the front door ready to lock up when he sees the two talking and continues watching.

ALI

I didn't kill him. Why would I? We three had the perfect set-up. You order and pay for them, I supply em', and Giles makes all the arrangements using his export license.

BRINDLEY

MADE the arrangements, not MAKES the arrangements. Past tense.

ALI

Yeah, I guess so.

(beat)

As I was saying, as long as there is a good black-market trade for Egyptian antiquities, how could we lose. No as hard as he was to work with I didn't do him in. However, I did have some suspicions about you, especially since he gave us that stuff about wanting more of the action.

The horn sounds. The gate starts coming down between them.

BRINDLEY

You didn't have some type of argument with him did you?

ALI

No. Hey, you better get going.

The water starts splashing over the walkway. Brindley turns down the walkway, stops for a moment, turns and looks over his shoulder at Ali.

BRINDLEY

Masalama

ALI

Good bye, Dr. Brindley.

Brindley then dashes down the walkway as water swells around his shoes. Ali returns to the pub. Arthur holds the door open for him.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – NIGHT

Arthur goes back to his clean-up. Ali heads for the stairs.

ARTHUR

Thought you didn't know Hamish when I introduced him when you arrived

ALI

I didn't.

Ali continues up the stairs.

EXT. POLICE STATION – MORNING

Street scene activity. One building is prominent with a sign on the outside reading,

‘HOPKINS BAY POLICE STATION’.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE – MORNING

Sergeant Duke enters the Police Office. Thompkins is already at her desk.

THOMPKINS

Good morning, Sergeant. How is your investigation going?

DUKE

Not much better than it was yesterday. I'm afraid that this is going to be a tough nut to crack. How about you?

THOMPKINS

Oh, I feel confident we will come up with something soon.

DUKE

I wish I was that confident.

Duke goes to his desk and sits down. They both go back to studying their papers concerning the case. Duke puts aside his stack of document.

DUKE (CONT'D)

I've got to get back to some of the other business going on.  
(In a demanding voice) Get me a cup of tea, Constable.

THOMPKINS

YOU want me to get YOU some tea?

Thompkins's face shows anger. Her eyes shoot daggers. Duke continues looking down at the papers on his desk.

DUKE

(Without looking up)  
One lump. Not too much cream.

She continues to scowl at him. She then proceeds over to the electric burner on a small sink counter and brews the tea as ordered.

She bangs the tea down on Duke's desk. He ignores her, except for a slight upturning of

his lips. She then turns her attention to the papers on her desk.

THOMPKINS

I would like to take a look at the Lab report again? May I see it?

DUKE

Help yourself.

Thompkins takes the report over to her desk and goes through them.

Thompkins then takes the papers back to Duke's desk and picks up his cup.

THOMPKINS

I guess you want me to pick up your used cup now.

Duke just ignores her.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got somethings I want to look in to.

Thompkins returns to the sink area

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

I think we still have some questions to ask.

With her back blocking the view, she cleans up some dishes.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Do you think you can get everyone back at the pub tonight to talk to them again?

DUKE

Yeah, I think that is a good plan. As good as any anyway.

He picks up the tide schedule.

DUKE (CONT'D)

How about eight o'clock. We can get in and out okay then. I'll set it up.

THOMPKINS

Can you get everyone there?

DUKE

I SAID I will set it up. But if you're just setting up a big show...

THOMPKINS

I've got some more stuff to get together.  
See you there at eight.

Duke frowns at her back as she walks out the door. He then shakes his head with a disgusting look on his face.

INT. TIDES INN BAR – NIGHT

Eight o'clock shows on a clock. Duke, Arthur, Brindley, Derek, Ian, Carole, Bunny, and Ali are all sitting or standing at the bar. Rosko is lying on the hearth. The room gives the appearance of a social gathering. Everyone is talking and drinking.

Thompkins enters the door. The room quiets.

DUKE

Constable.

Thompkins looks around the room.

THOMPKINS

I see everyone is here. I want to thank you all for coming. Especially you, Mr. Ahmed. I understand you delayed leaving.

ALI

Well, the Sergeant is persuasive.

Duke at the bar grins smugly.

THOMPKINS

You might be glad to know that I think I can save us all some time. After compiling all my information this afternoon, I now know who the murderer is and how it was done.

The room echoes with gasps. Ian and Derek are leaning against the bar.

IAN

(Whispering to Derek)

More and more this gets to be like an old-fashioned English mystery.

DEREK

(Whispering to Ian)

Yeah, we do seem to have an Agatha Christie wan-na-be.

DUKE

Are you trying to make a big impression, Constable?

THOMPCKINS

No, Sergeant, I'm not.

DUKE

Okay, then, let's hear what the great crime expert has come up with.

The following scene depicts the proposed crime scenario as described by Thompkins. The identity of the murderer is concealed..

THOMPCKINS (V.O.)

My first thought was that the poison was in the antacid tablets, especially since it appears that the pill bottle has been nicked. The tablets were there during the crime but of very little interest of anybody. We have several pharmaceuticals capable of doctoring them. If the tablets were the poison instrument, to throw us off, during the chaos of attending to the dying man, while everyone was engrossed, someone could have inconspicuously grabbed Giles glass and while unnoticed, added the cyanide to the ale that was left. This would have made the glass of ale appear as the means of administering the poison. No one would have even thought about the tablets. The poisoned tablets would have been long gone into Mr. Chase's stomach, or in the bottle that contained the pills that was gone. No more evidence. No more case. Really clever.

DUKE

Come on, Constable. That is ridiculous. It would have been virtually impossible to inject the poison into an existing tablet. A new tablet could have been fabricated, but antacid tablets are chewed, not swallowed, so it would have not been viable to hide the taste in one small tablet. Also, it would have taken a lot of tablets to hold the amount of poison required.

THOMPKINS

I agree completely, Sergeant. Next, I gave some thought to inducing the poison in the beer system somehow. I decided to go back and visit the pub this morning. The cask room was interesting.

The scene depicting the proposed crime scenario is acted out as pictured by Thompkins. The identity of the murderer is concealed.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D) (V.O.)

I tried to picture someone introducing the poison into one of the hoses between the pump and the casks, maybe with a syringe. This could be done, but the murderer would have to be certain that the poison ended up in Mr. Chase's glass.

DUKE

That also would have been virtually impossible. I don't think that person would risk nailing the wrong person.

THOMPKINS

I also agree with you on this.

DUKE

This is getting to be really ridiculous, Constable. None of this is making sense. You don't seem to really have anything. You're making a big show out of nothing. You're not impressing anyone, if that is what you are trying to do. You're making a big fool out of yourself.



IAN

(Whispering to Derek.)

I think old Reggie has had about enough of this little girl. I think he is starting to steam up. I have seen Reggie build up and blow before. This may not be pretty.

DEREK

(Whispering to Ian.)

I think you are right. I think he is about to do a "Reggie" and lower the boom on her.

CAROLE

(Overhearing Derek and Ian.

Whispers to them.)

This is going to be fun to watch.

THOMPKINS

(Ignoring Duke.)

When I visited the Pub this morning, I visited the storerooms that are attached to the back of the building. I came across something of interest in the supply storage room.

DUKE

I just bet you did.

The following scene is the visual of Thompkins' actions in the storeroom.

TOMPKINS (V.O.)

There was a stuffed chair in the corner with some boxes, books, and newspapers covering it. I moved the boxes, books, and newspapers and sat down. I could see the whole pub area through the window. I sat there and watched Mr. Roche sweeping and cleaning up for several minutes. I also had a clear view of the telly. There was a curtain on that window, but it was pulled aside. The vase of flowers on Mr. Chase's tabletop, next to where Mr. Chase's pint had been sitting, was in plain view, just on the other side of the window.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

I then picked up the newspaper off the boxes boxes. Interestingly it was the “Sunday Telegraph” - - - from the Sunday in question.

(beat)

Thompkins shows the newspaper.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

This newspaper. How is this significant? The Sunday edition doesn't reach Hopkins Bay until some time that afternoon. That means someone was in the storage room reading the paper sometime late afternoon, Sunday, the day of the crime. Things were beginning to fall into place.

The following scene is the visual of Thompkins' description of Thompkins thoughts on the murder's actions in the storeroom. The murderer's face and identity is concealed.

THOMPKINS (V.O.)

The incoming tide closed the pathway an hour or so before dark. However, someone had inconspicuously come across the pathway before the pathway was closed. With the newspaper. That person entered the room from the patio outside, made sure the curtain was closed, and then settled down in the chair with the paper. Everyone knew that Mr. Roche was lax about locking doors, and the odds were that the door to the storeroom from the outside would be left unlocked. Since the sun was shining there was plenty of light to read the paper. The closet in the far corner offered a safe haven. In the unlikely case that someone was to come into the storeroom, they could duck into the closet out of sight until the visitor left. Then darkness fell. The storeroom was dark; the bar was lighted. The murderer opened the curtain and settled back down in the chair again, toward the back of the room, not turning on any lights. The storeroom would seem dark to anyone looking through the window from the bar, at least dark enough to

conceal the murderer. The murderer then sat patiently in the dark passing the time, waiting for the right opportunity to strike.  
(beat)

Thompkins looks at every face that is now fixed on her. A few people take sips of their beer.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

And hopefully that "right" opportunity would happen during this period when the tide was in. If not, there would be other nights. In fact, maybe this wasn't the first attempt. But for this to work, all of the elements had to fall into place. If previous attempts were made, obviously everything didn't click. But this Sunday night, all the pieces came together. Bingo, the perfect storm

The following scene is the visual of Thompkins' description of her thoughts on the murder's actions in the storeroom. The murderer's face and identity is concealed.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)

Everyone's attention was riveted on the goal scoring action on the telly. Mr. Chase went to the WC. From the killer's position, he could see Giles leave and could see that the eyes of everyone else in the room were focused on the match on the telly. The murderer quickly moved to the window where Mr. Chase had been sitting and opened the window behind his chair. I'm sure that Mr. Roche was as lax on locking windows as he was on locking doors, especially interior windows. The murderer then dumped the poison into Chase's glass, and quickly closed the window. The rest is history. It was a well-conceived plan.

For several moments there is complete silence.

ARTHUR

But who was that someone?

Thompson looks around the room and then stops at Police Sergeant Duke.

THOMPCKINS

Well, what do you think, Sergeant? You have been studying this case along with me. You know the local constituents. Do you have any ideas?

DUKE

No, not at this point. But then this is your big show. I'm confident that you have some idea. Please continue.

She keeps her eyes locked on him. He looks away, then looks back. Her eyes are still locked on him.

THOMPCKINS

Are you sure you don't have any ideas?  
(beat)

DUKE

What're you driving at Constable?

THOMPCKINS

I think you know.

DUKE

What're you insinuating?

THOMPCKINS

I think that someone was you.

A gasp reverberates through the room.

DUKE

That's absurd. Come on, I was home all night. I told you that. Constable, I think it is about time you back off. I'm your boss, remember.

THOMPCKINS

If you were home all night, what were you doing?

DUKE

Watching the football match, what else? I have had about enough of this idiotic rhetoric.

THOMPKINS

Well, there is a big problem with your story. You see the night of the incident when I received the call from Dr. Brindley about the murder, our power at the station was off. I know. I was dying for a cup of tea. So today I went down to the power company. It appears that the big windstorm we had that night downed a power pole that took out all power in the area. They also established the times the power was out. It was during the last half of the match. Judging from the discussions that you were having with your colleagues, and for not having access to a telly, you knew a whole lot about the second half of the match, the winning goal, and everything. I would say that you definitely saw it. Do you agree?

Duke continues to stare at Thompkins

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

But where did you see it?

She points to the window behind Chase's table.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Through that window.

DUKE

The power wasn't off at my place.

THOMPKINS

Oh, but I'm afraid that the power company confirmed that your house was definitely in the area affected by that downed power pole.

DUKE

But what would be my motive? I never had anything against Giles.

THOMPKINS

Shall we say, blackmail?

DUKE

Blackmail? What-the-hell do you mean.  
Blackmail?

THOMPKINS

Well, I know you think I'm just some blonde bimbo that just walked in off the street. But, you see in fact, I work for the Solicitor General's Office. We have had several complaints about some serious corruption issues here, some heavy-duty bribe taking. I was sent down to investigate.

DUKE

And have you found any wrong doing?  
Anything illegal?

THOMPKINS

No, I have not.

DUKE

Then there you are, right. So, what is your problem?

THOMPKINS

My problem is that I suspect that Mr. Chase had. He seemed to be good at this sort of thing, obviously better than I am. And he seems not to have had any qualms about trying to cash in on this talent. I suspect he was blackmailing you. You yourself said you suspected that he was indulging in this pastime. And in my book, eliminating a blackmailer is a pretty serious motive for murder.

(beat)

Everyone stares at her.

THOMPKINS (CONT'D)

And you're very familiar with the Inn since I understand you helped Mr. Roche out quite often. I suspect you know every nook and cranny.

DUKE

But you yourself said you didn't find any evidence. How can you be so sure it was blackmail? You don't have much of a case there, Little Lady. Your evidence is all circumstantial. You don't have any kind of case that will hold up in court. They would laugh you right out of there.

THOMPKINS

I'm afraid that would be true, except for one little mistake. You know that "Telegraph" that I found in the storeroom? The one somebody passed the time reading during that afternoon. I took it to the lab, and guess what they found? . . . Fingerprints. Fingerprints all over it. From the front page to the last page. Many people handled the paper before it was sold, so there were many different sets of fingerprints on the outside. But inside, where the prints would be of only one person. . . the person who read the paper, the prints were of  
(beat)  
the same person whose prints were on that cup of tea that you ordered me to fix for you this morning.

Realization dawns on Duke's face. Panic permeates eyes. He looks around the room. All eyes are staring at him. He gasps, whirls, and sprints through the front door.

Rosko barks at the commotion for a moment and then stops. The room becomes deathly still. No one moves. Several moments pass.

CAROLE

Constable, aren't you going to stop him?  
He's getting away.

THOMPKINS

Don't worry, there're a couple of Scotland Yard Officers waiting at the end of the walkway. That is as far as he is going tonight.

BUNNY

I can't believe it. He seemed to be a special

policeman. A friend to all of us. I can't believe it.

ALI

I don't believe it. I can go back and tell my wife I witnessed the almost perfect crime.

DEREK

(With admiration in his voice.)

That WAS almost a perfect crime. But it WAS a perfect deduction.

ARTHUR

Constable, step up to the bar. You just earned a night's worth of drinking ahead, on the house.

THOMPKINS

Thank you, Mr. Roche. I seem to be through here tonight. I think maybe I'll take you up on that.

CAROLE

And what can we call you, Dearie? Constable seems so formal.

THOMPKINS

Well, if this is my pub now, just call me Dawn.

THE END