

EVIL UNDER THE SUN

A Screenplay Based on the Novel

by

AGATHA CHRISTIE

by

ANTHONY SHAFFER

Second Draft

Amended to remove the character of Rosamund Darnley
and motivate Daphne Castle.

NOTES

The entire action takes place on or around Smugglers' Island with the exception of the opening eight scenes and a brief scene in the royal palace Tirane, Albania.

The staff at the hotel can be dressed mock-pirate fashion.

The year is 1935

CHARACTERS
In Order of Appearance

A WOMAN HIKER

A YORKSHIRE POLICE SERGEANT

A YORKSHIRE POLICE DRIVER

A YORKSHIRE POLICE SURGEON

ALICE CORRIGAN

A Murder Victim

EXECUTIVE TROJAN INSURANCE COMPANY

SECRETARY TO THE EXECUTIVE OF THE TROJAN INSURANCE COMPANY

HERCULE POIROT

An Amateur Detective

DAPHNE CASTLE

Proprietress of The
Jolly Roger Hotel,
Smugglers' Island

BILL

A Boatman

MR ODELL GARDENER

A Guest At The Hotel

MRS MYRA GARDENER

A Guest At The Hotel

MISS AGNES BREWSTER

A Guest At The Hotel

BERT

A Servant At The Hotel

CHARLIE

A Servant At The Hotel

MR HORACE BLATT

A Guest At The Hotel

MR PATRICK REDFERN

A Guest At The Hotel

MRS CHRISTINE REDFERN

A Guest At The Hotel

CAPTAIN KENNETH MARSHALL

A Guest At The Hotel

MRS ARLENA MARSHALL

A Guest At The Hotel

MISS LINDA MARSHALL

A Guest At The Hotel

MRS GLADYS NORRACOTT

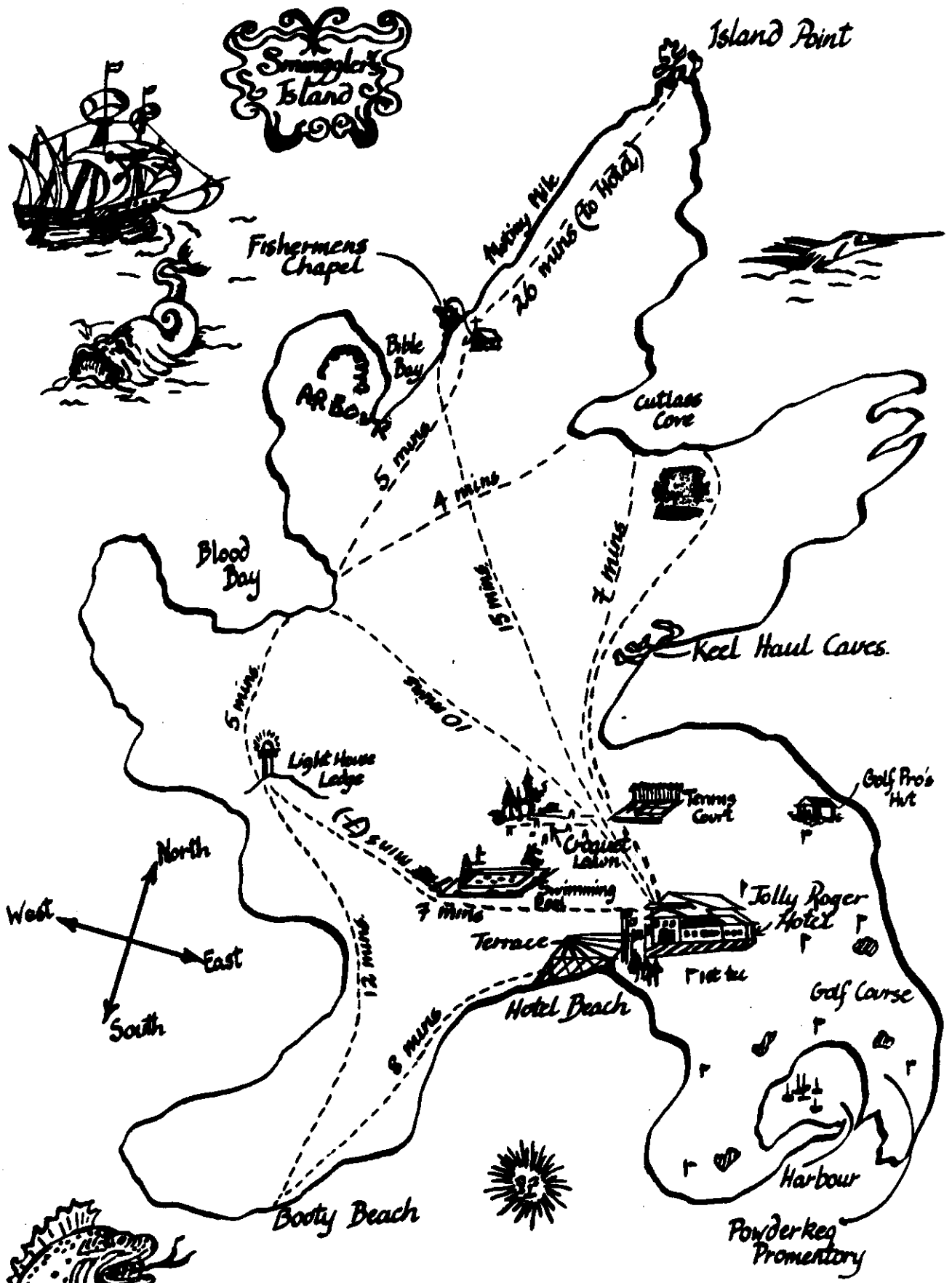
A Maid At The Hotel

MISS BETTY TRUMBLE

A Servant At The Hotel

CHARACTERS - In Order Of Appearance - Continued

ZOG	King of Albania
DOCTOR MUSA	An Albanian Police Surgeon, who visits Smugglers' Island
COLONEL RACE	An Investigating Officer
POLICE SERGEANT	A Local Albanian Policeman.
TWO ALBANIAN POLICEMEN	



OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

1 EXT. MOORLAND YORKSHIRE LATE WINTER AFTERNOON

A HIGH ANGLED SHOT of a young WOMAN dressed in the hiking style of the early thirties running across wild Moorland. We are too far away clearly to be able to identify her face.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

2 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORLAND LATE AFTERNOON

The WOMAN HIKER is seen from the back, running through heather and splashing through a stream

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

3 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORLAND LATE AFTERNOON

The WOMAN HIKER seen from the back climbs out of the stream and gains a rough track leading over a small stone bridge. She runs over it and disappears into the melancholy countryside.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

4 EXT. YORKSHIRE VILLAGE HIGH STREET DUSK

The village street is empty. Prominent is a Police Station. The WOMAN HIKER, again seen from the back, runs panting into it.

5 INT. POLICE STATION EVENING

A POLICE SERGEANT sits at a desk. The HIKER, again seen from the back, rushes up to him.

WOMAN HIKER

Murder! ... Murder! ... You must come at once! There's a woman lying dead out at Marley Copse. I think she's been strangled.

6 EXT. YORKSHIRE MOORLAND NIGHT

A HIGH SHOT of a police car racing through the countryside. It is driven by a POLICE CONSTABLE. Next to him is the POLICE SURGEON. Two figures are dimly perceived sitting in the back seat. One is the WOMAN HIKER. The other is helmeted. We hear their conversation, but never go inside the car, or get a clear view of the features of the WOMAN.

6 Continued

POLICE SERGEANT

Now madam, what time did you say it was when you found the body?

WOMAN HIKER

About a quarter past four ... I think she'd only just been killed.

POLICE SERGEANT

How did you know that? Did you see anybody hanging about?

WOMAN HIKER

No. But she was still warm.

The car races away from CAMERA, over the Moors.

7 EXT. MARLEY COPSE NIGHT

A torch breaks the darkness and lights up the distorted face of ALICE CORRIGAN. The strangled body lies in deepish bracken Beside it kneels a POLICE SURGEON.

POLICE SURGEON

Let's see. It's now six o'clock. I'd say she'd been dead no more than two hours. Say four o'clock, as the outside for time of death.

POLICE SERGEANT

The young woman said she was still warm when she found her at four fifteen sir.

POLICE SURGEON

Well, so she would have been. Warm as toast.

8 INT. OFFICE OF THE TROJAN INSURANCE COMPANY DAY

A SENIOR EXECUTIVE of the Trojan Insurance Company sits at his desk reading some papers. There is a knock at the door and he looks up eagerly as a young female SECRETARY comes in.

SECRETARY

Hercules Parrot, sir.

The SECRETARY withdraws as HERCULE POIROT enters. He carries a folder of papers. The EXECUTIVE rises and indicates a chair on the other side of the desk.

EXECUTIVE

Good morning Monsieur Poirot. Please take a seat.

8 Continued

POIROT

Bon Jour Monsieur.

He sits in the proffered seat as the EXECUTIVE regains his own chair.

EXECUTIVE

Well, I hope you have some good news for me.

POIROT

Alas no. I regret that I can find nothing in these reports to justify my re-investigating this case for you. It is all perfectly clear from the police reports. I know Mrs Alice Corrigan insured her life with your company, in her husband's favour, and that, he was the only person with a motive for killing her, but when it comes down to the copper tacks, he could not possibly have done so. Clearly on the evidence, the lady was murdered between four o'clock and four fifteen, when the body was found at Marley Copse. From two o'clock to four twenty, Mr Edward Corrigan was seen by at least half a dozen people to be on a train coming up from London. And the railway station was a good fifteen minutes walk from Marley Copse. Non, it is, parbleu, one of those rare cases where the Insurance Company must, as you say, laugh and lump it.

EXECUTIVE

Well if that's your view Monsieur Poirot, then I suppose we'll have to er - do just that. I must say I'm not surprised. The evidence is most conclusive. Still we had hoped ...

POIROT

For a miracle? Alas it is not possible. As is most often the case in les affaires criminelles, the facts are exactly as they appear to be. I wish you good day, Monsieur.

POIROT rises, bows and departs, leaving the folder of papers on the table.

A SLOW MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

9 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SMUGGLERS' ISLAND LATE AFTERNOON

An establishing SHOT of Smugglers' Island basking in the late afternoons's sun. A rowing boat is approaching the Island with four figures in it. WE TRACK IN towards the nautical windows of the bar of the Jolly Roger Hotel.

10 INT. THE BAR OF THE JOLLY ROGER HOTEL LATE AFTERNOON

DAPHNE CASTLE, a flamboyant fortyish ex-courtesan, now proprietress of the Jolly Roger Hotel stands in the bar straightening her hair, and generally putting the finishing touches to her appearance. It is about five o'clock on a summer's evening. She looks out of the bottle glass windows down at the strip of water which separates the Island from the Mainland.

11 INT/EXT. THE SEA LATE AFTERNOON

A SHOT of the rowing boat approaches the Island seen through the bottle glass windows from DAPHNE CASTLE's point of view.

12 INT. THE BAR OF THE JOLLY ROGER HOTEL LATE AFTERNOON

DAPHNE CASTLE reacts with satisfaction.

13 EXT. ROWING BOAT LATE AFTERNOON

BILL the Boatman is rowing three guests across from the Mainland. He is a typical Salt. In the boat are MR and MRS ODELL GARDENER, an American couple from New York. She is large, with blue rinsed hair and diamante spectacles worn on a chain. He is thin, tall, slightly stooped and legalistic, with a scrawny neck topped by a turtle shaped head. The last occupant of the boat is MISS AGNES BREWSTER, an athletic, middle-aged spinster, who cloaks her vulnerability under a gruff manner.

MRS GARDENER

(looking towards the Island)

Ah! Smugglers' Island! My, doesn't it look romantic. I can just see Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi in a movie, set here, can't you Odell?

MR GARDENER

Yes dear.

13 Continued

MRS GARDENER

It would have to be something like the kidnapping of a Sheik's daughter by a brigand of the sea ... Oriental Pride yields to Piratical kisses in a duel of male might and female charm. An exotic drama of love's sublime cruelty.

She sighs rapturously.

MR GARDENER

I believe they have already used those particular phrases to describe the motion picture "In Her Arms" dear, though I believe on that occasion they were Parisian kisses to which Oriental Pride yielded.

MRS GARDENER

(firmly)

Well never mind about that Odell. In the Jolly Roger Hotel it would darn well yield to a Pirate's busses.

(to Miss Brewster)

We're Myra and Odell Gardener by the way. From New York City.

MR and MRS GARDENER extend their hands. MISS BREWSTER shakes them.

MISS BREWSTER

How do you do. I'm Agnes Brewster. I hope you are enjoying your holiday.

MR GARDENER

It's been just great. We've been doing England.

MISS BREWSTER

And have you done it?

MRS GARDENER

Sure. Canterbury Cathedral. The Crown Jewels, Lords Croquet Ground, though those gentlemen weren't playing the day we were there - you know the whole box of tricks. But enough is enough. Last week I said to Mr Kelso at Cooks, sight seeing is all very well, but all I want now is to get to some quiet spot in the Mediterranean and just relax. Mind you, I said not just anywhere. Oh no. It had to be sanitary. A cousin of Odell's went to a place in Wales last year where they only had an earth closet. Isn't it so Odell?

13 Continued

MR GARDENER

Two earth closets I think it was, dear.
One for the guests and one for the
servants. Mind you, I believe it was
very picturesque.

MRS GARDENER

(sharply)

Picturesque or not, you'd think at
least they'd have been able to provide
the paying customers with a water closet.

(to Miss Brewster)

You British sometimes take this Olde
World charm to quite ludicrous lengths.

MISS BREWSTER

It's just that we don't believe in
pampering ourselves that's all. It's
my belief that all that central heating
you have in America saps the energy of
the nation, aside from being extremely
bad for the complexion. It encourages
acne in the young, and craters in the
not so young.

(to Bill the Boatman)

Come along Boatman, dig those oars in!
Pull with a will!

BILL gives her a sour look and rows even more lethargically
than he has been doing.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

14 EXT. THE TERRACE OF THE JOLLY ROGER HOTEL LATE AFTERNOON

DAPHNE CASTLE stands on the terrace of the Jolly Roger Hotel
welcoming MR and MRS GARDENER and MISS BREWSTER. In the
background two servants BERT and CHARLIE struggle up the
steps from the tiny harbour to the hotel carrying baggage.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I am Daphne Castle, let me welcome
you to Smugglers' Island. I do hope
you'll be most comfortable here.

MISS BREWSTER

I think Mr and Mrs Gardener are a little
concerned about earth closets.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Earth closets! What can you possibly
mean Miss Brewster?

14 Continued

MR GARDENER

Perhaps I should explain that my wife is somewhat suspicious of lavatorial systems which are not indigenous to the United States of America, Mrs Castle.

DAPHNE CASTLE

(to Mrs Gardener)

I'm sure you will find all the loos here perfectly adequate Mrs Gardener. We even have bidets in all the bathrooms. If you will please follow me.

DAPHNE CASTLE moves off towards the hotel, followed by MISS BREWSTER.

MRS GARDENER

I tend to believe that bidets are basically un-American, Odell. Still I suppose we'll have to put up with them.

The GARDENERS follow the others towards the Hotel.

15 EXT. ROWING BOAT LATE AFTERNOON

BILL rows his boat towards Smugglers' Island. It contains MR BLATT, a jolly, coarse, life-and-soul-of-the-party, self-made man, and PATRICK REDFERN and his wife CHRISTINE REDFERN. He is a good looking young Irishman, fair-haired, and athletic. She is fair skinned, pleasant looking in a somewhat washed-out way. They are sitting in a reserved silence. MR BLATT inevitably decides to start the ball rolling.

MR BLATT

Well, well, well! Might as well break the ice. Blatt's the name. Horace Blatt. Beef or mutton. L for leather. Aphorism. Tea for two, twice. Got it?

He laughs considerably at his own oft repeated witticism.

PATRICK REDFERN

I'm Patrick Redfern, and this is my wife Christine.

They smile at each other.

15 Continued

MR BLATT

A Mick?

PATRICK REDFERN

Well I come from Dublin actually,
but I haven't been back for years.

MR BLATT

I say, I say, I say. How do you
make an Irishman burn his ear?

PATRICK REDFERN

Ring him up when he's ironing. It
wasn't very funny when I first heard
it five years ago.

MR BLATT, crushed, looks away towards the Island.

16 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR AND VIEW OF BEDROOMS EVENING

The two servants BERT and CHARLIE are putting the luggage in the allocated bedrooms. WE TRACK DOWN a long corridor following DAPHNE CASTLE to see through open doors that MR AND MRS GARDENER, MISS BREWSTER and MR HORACE BLATT have already established themselves in their rooms. Unpacking has started, and we hear the sound of baths being run. She approaches the REDFERN'S' room.

17 INT. MR AND MRS REDFERN'S' BEDROOM EVENING

MR and MRS REDFERN are starting to unpack. CHARLIE is just retiring through the open door, as DAPHNE CASTLE appears in it.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Mr and Mrs Redfern?

PATRICK REDFERN

Yes.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I'm Daphne Castle - the Pirate Chief.
Welcome to Smugglers' Island.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Thank you. It all looks marvellous.
I'm sure we'll have a nice time here.

17 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well a bit naughty I hope too.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Naughty?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well what are hols for if one can't do a bit of flirting, and get a bit pissyboos?

PATRICK REDFERN

Quite right.

CHRISTINE shoots her husband a venomous look.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Yes, when fate cast me up here on this old rock, I said to myself people are going to have fun in a crazy old English atmosphere even though it's in the Med. So you'll find the servants are all English and properly trained, and there's lots of games to play and of course there's great grub.

PATRICK REDFERN

Ah now we're talking. Most English hotels fall down in that department. Cold mutton and cabinet pudding are not my idea of holiday nourishment.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I don't think you'll find that either dish features on darling Andrea's menus. Let's face it, he is almost the greatest saucier in the Aegean. I say almost, because he does have a slightly hysterical hand with the crême fraiche. But it is a fault on the right side. See you for cocktails around seven.

She breezes out.

PATRICK REDFERN

Funny lady.

He takes a robe and swimming trunks from his suitcase and goes into the bathroom.

17 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN (V.O.)

What do you think she meant by fate casting her up on this old rock?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Don't you know the story? She used to be the mistress of King Zog of Albania, and when he married he gave her this island.

PATRICK REDFERN (V.O.)

Provided she kept away, I suppose. Generous fellow.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Wise fellow. Wives don't much like girl friends hanging around the place - or didn't you know that either?

PATRICK REDFERN walks into the room, wearing only a swimming costume. and carrying his robe. We note his fine physique. There is a moment of tension between them.

PATRICK REDFERN

Yes, I had noticed. Tooodle doo.

He leaves the room jauntily. CHRISTINE looks after him speculatively then moves to the window to look out. Her face hardens at what she sees.

18 EXT. THE SMALL HARBOUR EVENING

We see the harbour from CHRISTINE REDFERN's point of view. The rowing boat is just being made fast by BILL. In it are CAPTAIN KENNETH MARSHALL, a well groomed slightly stern man of about forty five years old, his wife ARLENA MARSHALL, a tall stunning red head of about thirty years old, and his daughter (her step daughter) LINDA MARSHALL, a gauche unformed, unhappy girl of fifteen or so.

19 EXT. THE JETTY IN THE HARBOUR EVENING

The MARSHALLS step ashore. At the same moment PATRICK REDFERN passes them on a path which leads down to the Hotel Beach. He stops when he catches sight of ARLENA, his face registering surprised delight. Then his gaze travels uneasily to her husband and back again, to ARLENA.

PATRICK REDFERN

Why hullo Arlena.

19 Continued

ARLENA MARSHALL

Dahling! Fancy meeting you here, of all places. What an astounding coincidence.

PATRICK REDFERN

By St. Patrick himself and all the snakes in Ireland it is that.

ARLENA MARSHALL

Do you know my husband, Kenneth?

PATRICK REDFERN

Hullo there.

KENNETH MARSHALL

How do you do.

ARLENA MARSHALL

Patrick and I met in London at the Gordons a couple of weeks ago. You remember, I told you about it, Ken. They had that marvellous Josephine Baker singing there.

She sings Les Mots D'Amour, directing it in a very obvious way at PATRICK REDFERN. Quite abruptly she stops singing and suddenly turns on LINDA.

ARLENA MARSHALL

This is my step-daughter Linda.
(loud aside to Linda)
Stop standing there all pink and sticky like a half eaten marshmallow, and say good evening to Mr Redfern.

LINDA MARSHALL

(mumbling)
Good evening.

PATRICK REDFERN

Good evening Linda.

There is an awkward moment of tension.

PATRICK REDFERN

Well I'll be taking myself off to have my dip. See you all later.

ARLENA MARSHALL looks after him appreciatively, as he walks off down towards the beach. Her husband and step daughter regard her with somewhat less than the same pleasure. The

19 Continued

CAMERA PANS round and tracks in towards CHRISTINE REDFERN's window, to see her still standing at it looking down.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

20 EXT. ROWING BOAT EVENING

BILL rows his boat raggedly towards the Island. In the stern sits HERCULE POIROT in acute distress.

POIROT

Ma foie. Cannot you row this boat more calmly?

BILL

Gawd bless you sir. It's calmer than a cup of tea today.

POIROT

I have never found anything calming about a cup of tea. It is simply a device used by the English to underscore tension.

BILL

Well you ought to see it somedays - waves like roller coasters!

POIROT groans and clasps his stomach.

21 INT. SUN LOUNGE EVENING

In the glassed in sun lounge DAPHNE CASTLE's cocktail party is in full swing. MR and MRS GARDENER are talking to MR and MRS REDFERN and MISS BREWSTER. CAPTAIN MARSHALL and his daughter are talking to each other. DAPHNE CASTLE and a COUPLE OF MAIDS - GLADYS NORRACOTT, and BETTY TRUMBLE - are moving anxiously through the room serving canapes and drinks. In the general chatter of conversation we pass close by HORACE BLATT telling POIROT a dirty joke.

MR BLATT

You see this feller comes running down the hospital corridor, holding his privates, pursued by the nurse carrying a bowl of boiling water. And following them is the doctor yelling "No nurse. What I said was prick his boil".

21 Continued

MR BLATT collapses into gales of laughter and moves away. The CAMERA TRACKS into a CLOSE UP of a baffled POIROT as he is joined by DAPHNE CASTLE and BETTY TRUMBLE holding a tray of drinks.

DAPHNE CASTLE
How about a cocktail Monsieur Poirot?

POIROT
What would you suggest, Madame?

DAPHNE CASTLE points to the various glasses on the tray as she names them.

DAPHNE CASTLE
A White Lady? A Sidecar? A Mainbrace?
A Between The Sheets? A King Zog?

POIROT examines the last named in its tall frosted glass, dubiously.

POIROT
And what might be in that one Madame?

DAPHNE CASTLE
Mostly 151% Bacardi Arejo Rum.
It'll grow hair on your eyeballs.

POIROT
I do not believe that my eyes need to be that guarded, Madame, but if you have a little Creme de Cassis, or perhaps a Sirop de Fraises, I should be most content.

DAPHNE CASTLE
(doubtfully)
Sounds a bit soppy to me but I'll see what I can do.

POIROT
Merci, Madame.

BETTY TRUMBLE leaves with her tray of drinks to circulate through the party. She is replaced at a sign from DAPHNE CASTLE by GLADYS NORRACOTT bearing a tray of Canapés. Prominent are some multicoloured ones, and others formed into the shape of smiling black faces.

DAPHNE CASTLE
Meanwhile how about a Rainbow's End, or a nice Birmingham Smile. They're both tres Muresque - you know, very moreish.

21 Continued

The dish of canapes is proffered and POIROT takes one.

DAPHNE CASTLE's attention is distracted by MR and MRS REDFERN who are in animated conversation with the GARDENERS, and with a bright backwards looking smile at POIROT she swoops down on them.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Ah, Mr Redfern, what did I tell you. Everybody enjoys themselves here. It's not called the Jolly Roger for nothing - even though the name might be said to be more appropriate to an amusing brothel.

Behind her POIROT bites into his canape. Creamed Crab spurts out over the lapel of his jacket. The CAMERA MOVES with DAPHNE CASTLE as she joins KENNETH and LINDA MARSHALL. In the background POIROT dabs ruefully at his clothing with a handkerchief, and unashamedly listens.

KENNETH MARSHALL

By Jove, Daphne, you've been successful since we last met - how long ago is it?

DAPHNE CASTLE

It must be a good seventeen years. Linda certainly wasn't born. As a matter of fact I don't think you'd even married your first wife then.

KENNETH MARSHALL

No, I don't think I had. Poor Mary ... she had such an unhappy life. But let's not talk about her. Let's talk about you. You're rich and famous - everyone's heard about this crazy hotel of yours - it's always in the glossies.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Poor and infamous you mean.

They laugh intimately together.

Seriously, you shouldn't believe everything you hear Kenneth. I'm not that much changed from the daft Daphne you used to know at Shipley.

LINDA MARSHALL

Were you at Shipley? Daddy's told me so much about it.

21 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

Yes, we were neighbours for years.
Do you remember the day we took Toby
down to the river to get water rats,
and you pushed me in in my best dress?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Absolutely. And you flew into the most
frightful rage, and half choked me to
death.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Not me. It's impossible. The only
attack I've ever made on anyone was
when I threw my spaghetti alla vongole
at Mussolini for trying to grope
me under the table in the Vatican.

KENNETH MARSHALL

What rot! You used to fly into the
most fearful rages in those days.
We all had to watch our ps and qs
a bit. Ah here comes Arlena now ...

ARLENA MARSHALL enters the room. She is dramatically
attired and gorgeous to look at. Conversation ceases on the
instant as all eyes turn towards her. PATRICK REDFERN
takes a few steps in her direction, his arms outstretched,
and we freeze the picture. A series of quick cuts
establish the company's reactions.

SLOW MIX THROUGH to the next scene.

22 EXT. THE TERRACE ABOVE THE BATHING BEACH MORNING

HERCULE POIROT arrayed in a white duck suit lies in a deck
chair surveying the sunlit scene below. Sunbathing on the
beach are MR and MRS REDFERN (the latter in the shade of an
umbrella), HORACE BLATT, KENNETH MARSHALL and LINDA MARSHALL
and MR and MRS GARDENER. DAPHNE CASTLE is swimming.
MISS BREWSTER sits beside POIROT on the terrace.

MISS BREWSTER

I understand you are a very distinguished
detective Monsieur Poirot.

POIROT

People have been felicitous enough
to have told me that I have some slight
skill in that metier, Madame.

22 Continued

MISS BREWSTER

I do hope we 're not going to have any bodies on Smugglers' Island.

POIROT

Let me assure you Madame I am here simply to spend the holiday. I do not even think of crime. And yet as to bodies, what are they?

He points down to the beach below.

Regard them there lying out in rows like corpses in the morgue. They are not men and women. There is nothing personal about them. They are just bodies, like butchers' meat on slabs. Chunks of flesh grilling in the sun. When I was young one barely saw even the ankle.

MISS BREWSTER

(firmly)

I must say though that I think the things we wear nowadays are much more sensible. The air must be allowed to circulate freely round the body. A healthy mind in a healthy body, that's my motto and I keep mine healthy rowing.

POIROT looks down self-consciously at his expansive paunch. MISS BREWSTER notices.

MISS BREWSTER

You'd soon have that off if you rowed Monsieur Poirot.

POIROT

Mademoiselle I detest boats. I have the mal de mer. Even my bath gives me sea sickness.

On the beach we see CHRISTINE REDFERN get up from under her umbrella, and start to walk up the steps towards the hotel. PATRICK REDFERN goes down the beach to swim. The CAMERA ZOOMS in for a moment to isolate him as he plunges in and starts to swim, using a powerful crawl stroke.

22 Continued

MISS BREWSTER
 (half Voice Over Patrick
 Redfern swimming and half
 direct speech)

How unfortunate. I suppose it's a bit like heights. Some people can't stand them. I'm not very good myself, but Mrs Redfern is far worse. Why only this morning on the cliff path above Keelhaul Caves, she turned giddy and simply clung to me, quite unable to move.

CHRISTINE REDFERN comes up to the group. Her skin noticeably very white.

Hullo dear. We were just talking about you.

CHRISTINE REDFERN
 It's a wonder my ears weren't burning. Everywhere else does, so easily.

POIROT
 You don't like the sunbathing, Madame?

CHRISTINE REDFERN
 I only wish I could but I don't go brown. I just become like a cassata - pink skin, white blisters, and green in the face.

Polite laughter while she puts on her robe.

Isn't it blissful here. So tranquil. So far away from all trouble and violence.

POIROT
 It is true the sky is blue, and the sun shines, but you forget Madame, everywhere there is evil under the sun.

ARLENA MARSHALL walks down from the hotel to the beach, passing the group. She is very suntanned, and wears a backless white bathing suit. On her head she wears a fantastic Chinese hat of jade green cardboard. She moves with superb assurance and the whole effect is rather like a stage entrance.

POIROT
 Ah, Madame Marshall! What was her stage name?

22 Continued

MISS BREWSTER

(sharply)

Arlena Stuart.

POIROT

Oh yes. I saw her in Come and Go a couple of years ago at the Alhambra. It was très charmant. Did you ever see her Mademoiselle?

MISS BREWSTER

I was employed by her once, and she is not charmant Monsieur Poirot, believe me. She's poisonously rotten through and through.

POIROT

Is it possible, Mademoiselle?

MISS BREWSTER

Yes. I was her secretary for over five years. I tell you she can be a remorseless fiend. She wants everything for herself. She'll give nothing to anybody else - no references, no help. And she'll use any device to prevent you telling the truth about her.

23 EXT. BOOTY BEACH MORNING

ARLENA MARSHALL has reached the beach, and stands irresolutely looking about her. PATRICK REDFERN swims back to the beach with powerful, flamboyant strokes, as if drawn towards her by a magnet.

24 EXT. THE TERRACE ABOVE THE BATHING BEACH MORNING

The group of POIROT, MISS BREWSTER and CHRISTINE REDFERN is as it was before in Scene 22.

POIROT

What you say is truly shocking Mademoiselle. Don't you think so Madame Redfern?

CHRISTINE REDFERN gets to her feet and waves to her husband. In the distance we see him pause, then ignore the wave, and deliberately walk off with ARLENA MARSHALL down the beach. Abruptly CHRISTINE REDFERN turns and leaves the terrace, heading back towards the hotel.

24 Continued

MISS BREWSTER

I think I shall go for my row now.

MISS BREWSTER rises and walks off the terrace in the direction of the small harbour.

Slowly POIROT shakes his head.

POIROT

Mais oui. Undoubtedly there is the smell of evil here.

POIROT struggles out of the deck chair and strolls down the steps towards the beach.

25 EXT. BOOTY BEACH MORNING

DAPHNE CASTLE comes out of the sea. Her bathing suit is outstandingly chic. Her gaze is alternating between KENNETH MARSHALL who is lying next to his daughter on the sand taking the sun, and ARLENA MARSHALL and PATRICK REDFERN who are sitting and talking further down the beach, as POIROT strolls up to her.

POIROT

Good morning Mademoiselle. What a charming costume.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Why thank you Monsieur Poirot.

POIROT

The bathing costume can be so unflattering n'est ce pas?

DAPHNE CASTLE

(looking at Arlena)

It is my opinion that ninety eight percent of all the people in this world should never put one on.

POIROT

Mrs Marshall of course being one of the remaining two percent.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Obviously. It's one of a couple of activities she does to perfection.

POIROT

The other being?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Adultery.

25 Continued

POIROT

So you think your old friend of seventeen years ago has made the mistake in marrying her eh?

She shoots him a shrewd look.

DAPHNE CASTLE

A mistake? It's a silver plated, copper bottomed, gilt-edged, disaster. Still it probably suits him. He always was a collector of lame ducks.

POIROT

She doesn't look much like le canard boiteux, to me.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Oh you don't understand. He married his first wife simply because no one else would have her, and when she died he upped and married that shop-worn piece of fluff when she was jilted by Lord Coddington after being cited in his divorce.

POIROT

Well perhaps Mademoiselle, she makes him the good wife.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Good wives, as they say in Italy, do not grow horns on their husbands' heads. Why only last year that randy old fool Sir George Barry left her every penny of his money, - about one hundred thousand pounds by all account - enough to keep her in single chins for life and I tell you, she didn't get that for her racing tips. Now it looks as if she's got her claws into Patrick Redfern, and that poor wife of his hasn't the faintest idea of how to remove them. It's a pity really, but in the end I suppose all ladies have to learn to defend what they want. Don't you agree Monsieur Poirot.

She smiles at POIROT mischievously and walks off along the beach to join KENNETH MARSHALL. POIROT looks after her thoughtfully. He sees LINDA MARSHALL get up and run down the beach towards where PATRICK REDFERN and ARLENA MARSHALL

25 Continued

are talking. Slowly he walks in the same direction. MR BLATT comes splashing up from the sea, in a loud striped bathing suit which makes him look like a corpulent wasp, and intercepts POIROT.

MR BLATT

Good morning Monsieur P. I see they won't get you in the briny in a hurry.

POIROT

Non. I have never cared for la mer.

MR BLATT

Well I suppose you can't teach an old frog new tricks eh?

MR BLATT laughs uproariously. HERCULE POIROT is scandalized.

POIROT

An old frog? ... What can this mean?

MR BLATT

Frog ... Froggie ... You know - Frenchman.

POIROT

(coldly)

I am not old, and I am not a Frenchman.

MR BLATT

Eh?

POIROT

Monsieur, I am a Belgian.

MR BLATT

I beg pardon. I thought they were all the same, vieux haricot.

POIROT

Pardon?

MR BLATT

Vieux haricot - Old Bean - get it?

He roars with laughter again, towelling himself vigorously as he does so. POIROT nods in mystification.

MR BLATT

Care to join me for a pre-lunch livener?

25 Continued

POIROT still looks bemused, so MR BLATT mimes the action of drinking.

POIROT
Ah l'aperitif. Une bonne idee.

Before turning back towards the hotel, POIROT looks down the beach to where LINDA has joined her step-mother and PATRICK REDFERN about thirty yards away. The CAMERA ZOOMS in to join them.

ARLENA MARSHALL
(to Linda)
What the hell are you doing here Linda?
Did your father send you to play goose-
berry, chaperon, or spy?

LINDA MARSHALL
(panting)
I thought I'd just come for a chat
Arlena. I don't seem to be having
any fun.

ARLENA MARSHALL
Well why don't you go back to the
hotel, dahling, and write out five
hundred times, I must try not to look
so abysmally dowdy, and if you take
your own advice you may just get to
have some.

LINDA flees awkwardly away down the beach towards where POIROT and MR BLATT are starting their walk towards the swimming pool bar. She is sobbing and cursing under her breath.

ARLENA MARSHALL
(to Patrick Redfern)
Really, that girl runs like a diseased
dromedary.

The CAMERA ZOOMS BACK to its previous position. As she passes POIROT and MR BLATT we hear distinctly what she is saying.

LINDA MARSHALL
The bitch! ... I could kill her! ...
I could kill her!

POIROT shakes his head at MR BLATT who looks away in embarrassment. They continue their walk towards the bar as the CAMERA PANS off them to where DAPHNE CASTLE is sitting on the beach talking to KENNETH MARSHALL.

25 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

I know it's none of my business, but if I may presume on an old friendship, I'd like to ask you why you put up with her?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Who?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Arlena of course. She does make you look a bit cheapyboos.

KENNETH MARSHALL

I suppose she does. Still I can cope with it.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Do you think Linda can?

KENNETH MARSHALL

What do you mean?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well, she's always on at the child, bitching the hell out of her.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Yes. It's a pity about that. Linda's like her mother. She takes things hard.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Then why not do something about it?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Like what for instance?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Like fixing up a divorce for instance. People do it all the time you know - with most of my friends it's almost a full time occupation.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Not with me. A deal's a deal. I don't approve of quick marriage and easy divorce. Arlena is my wife, and that's all there is to it.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Till death do you part?

25 Continued

KENNETH MARSHALL

Exactly.

DAPHNE CASTLE

(thoughtfully)

I see.

26 EXT. THE SEA NEAR THE BEACH MORNING

MR and MRS GARDENER are on a pedal float. MRS GARDENER does the talking while MR GARDENER does the pedalling. They pass the spot on the beach where ARLENA MARSHALL is talking to PATRICK REDFERN. As they go by, ARLENA takes PATRICK's arm and walks him down the beach, carefully keeping the hand which tickles his neck, screened from her husband.

MRS GARDENER

Look at that. Still up to her old tricks. She hasn't changed a bit. She's man mad ... How much was it she cost us?

MR GARDENER

Fifty thousand dollars.

MRS GARDENER

And the lawyers' fees. Don't forget the lawyers' fees. How much did you pay Kleinfeld Klauswitz and Stummerhofen?

MR GARDENER

Another ten, I guess.

MRS GARDENER

Exactly. Making sixty in all, I could wring her neck.

She spits violently into the water.

27 EXT. BEACH MORNING

PATRICK REDFERN and ARLENA MARSHALL walk up to where KENNETH MARSHALL and DAPHNE CASTLE sit together on the beach.

27 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN waves his hand awkwardly and continues walking on towards the hotel. KENNETH MARSHALL rises and draws ARLENA a little apart from DAPHNE CASTLE.

KENNETH MARSHALL

You were very keen that we came here.
Now I know why,

ARLENA MARSHALL

Oh really?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Yes. You knew that Redfern fellow was coming here, didn't you? All that baloney when we arrived, about coincidence ...

ARLENA MARSHALL

Dahling, I swear to you it was the greatest possible surprise. You could have knocked me down with an orchid.

KENNETH MARSHALL

I might just knock him down, and it won't be with anything frail or fancy either.

ARLENA MARSHALL

Dahling, you're so impetuous ...
You know I don't care for anyone but you.

She kisses him lightly. He stares blankly back at her.

KENNETH MARSHALL

You know I often think Arlena that other people are right, and that I'd be much better off without you.

ARLENA MARSHALL

My dahling what are you saying?

KENNETH MARSHALL

I'm saying that you behave unkindly towards my daughter, and that you do me no credit whatsoever.

She tosses her head and turns away from him to busy herself with the application of sun tan lotion.

28 EXT. SWIMMING POOL BAR MIDDAY

POIROT and MR BLATT are in the swimming pool bar which is run by CHARLIE. MR BLATT drinks a pint of beer.

28 Continued

POIROT holds a tiny, green, sticky aperitif. In the background PATRICK REDFERN passes by and goes into the hotel.

MR BLATT

Tell me straight, Monsieur. What's a famous sleuth like you doing in a place like this?

POIROT

Simply, I repose myself. I take les vacances.

MR BLATT

I suppose it was a stupid question really. You wouldn't tell me even if you were down 'ere on a job, would you now?

POIROT

Possibly not, but I assure you it is not the case. And as for you, I could ask you the same question. I wouldn't have thought these people here were your tasse de thé.

MR BLATT

You're right there. Bloody stand-offish the lot of them. No, frankly I came here because it sounded romantic, and well a bit daft - the Jolly Roger Hotel Smugglers' Island set in the Med! I've always had a bit of a thing about Pirates, ever since I was a boy sailing off the Cornish Coast. As a matter of fact I've hired a little yawl to do a spot of it 'ere. Perhaps you'd care to come for a spin this afternoon?

POIROT

Thank you, but no. I prefer the terra ferma. I wish I could oblige but there it is.

MR BLATT

Talking of wishing, I'll tell you the one about the bloke at the Wishing Well in Ireland. He's a bit upset you see, because sitting next to him is a titchy little piano player, about a foot high, playing the old joanna for all its worth. And he's saying "No dammit, I did not wish for a twelve inch pianist."

MR BLATT goes into gales of laughter. POIROT sighs.

POIROT
Well I wish I understood the
English idiom better.

MR BLATT
Another snort?

POIROT
Non merci. I shall put myself in
order for lunch.

POIROT gives MR BLATT a small bow and walks off towards the hotel. WE TRACK INTO A CLOSE UP of MR BLATT's florid face as his eyes narrow speculatively.

29 EXT. PATH AT THE SIDE OF THE HOTEL MIDDAY

POIROT is walking along a path by the side of the hotel. He stops to listen as raised voices float out from a first floor bedroom window.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
And I tell you you're infatuated with
her Pat. That's why you insisted on
coming to this place - because you
knew she'd be here.

PATRICK REDFERN (V.O.)
What absolute rot! I hadn't the
faintest idea.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
Don't lie. Whatever you do, don't
lie to me.

30 INT. THE REDFERNS' BEDROOM MIDDAY

PATRICK REDFERN is facing his wife CHRISTINE. Both of them are standing near the open window.

PATRICK REDFERN
Look here Christine, it's not like you
to be jealous. Can't I speak to
a pretty woman without you being after
jumping to the conclusion I'm ... well,
having an affair with her?

CHRISTINE REDFERN
Well aren't you?

30 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN
Of course not. Arlena and I are just
friends that's all.

CHRISTINE REDFERN
I don't believe you. Look, she's a
bad lot, Pat. She'll do you harm -
I know it. Please give it up, and
let's go away from here.

PATRICK REDFERN
No. I absolutely refuse. Here we are,
and here we stay. If you don't like it,
you can ...

CHRISTINE REDFERN
Yes?

PATRICK REDFERN
Nothing. Just stop being so bloody
jealous.

He stamps out of the room, banging the door, behind him.

CHRISTINE REDFERN
That damned bitch ... I could murder
her!

31 EXT. PATH AT THE SIDE OF THE HOTEL MIDDAY

POIROT, realising that the conversation has terminated
continues on his way, sadly shaking his head.

MIX THROUGH TO

32 A MONTAGE of evening activities in the lounge.

LINDA MARSHALL reads a book.

The GARDENERS, DAPHNE CASTLE and MISS BREWSTER play
Mah Jong.

Next we glimpse MR BLATT and KENNETH MARSHALL playing
billiards.

POIROT watches these activities and then makes his way out
of the hotel into the night.

33 EXT. A CLIFF PATH WHICH LEADS TO AN ARBOUR ABOVE BIBLE
BAY NIGHT

POIROT makes his way along a moonlit path which leads to an
Arbour situated above Bible Bay. There are marvellous

33 Continued

views of the quiet silvered sea lapping an old stone Fisherman's Chapel. The bell on the top of it strikes eleven.

POIROT

(to himself)

The gentle moon, the lesser light.
The Lover's Lamp, the Swain's delight,
A ruined world, a globe burnt out,
A corpse upon the road of night.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

(calling)

Is anyone there?

POIROT makes his way over to the Arbour which is constructed of flowered trellis.

34 INT. THE ARBOUR NIGHT

CHRISTINE REDFERN sits on a stone bench gazing out over the sea. POIROT enters.

POIROT

Forgive me if I startled you Madame.
I was talking to the moon.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Oh the moon. I suppose everyone does that.

POIROT

Everyone is a moon, Madame, and has a dark side which is never shown to anybody.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Everyone except me, I think. I wish I could be so secretive and not show what I feel.

POIROT

Sometimes for ladies that is difficult.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Do you know what I'm most sick of in this place?

POIROT

What Madame?

34 Continued

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Pity. I can't bear to be pitied. Everyone around here is so sorry for me. I can tell by the way they look at me. Poor little thing, they're saying. What she has to put up with from that fool of a husband of hers.

POIROT

Will you allow me to tell you something, Madame? The Arlena Stuarts of this world do not count. Their domination is of the moment. Really to count, a woman must have either goodness or brains.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

You can't actually believe that men care for either of those things can you?

POIROT

Yes I do.

She laughs bitterly.

Your husband loves you, Madame. I know it.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

You can't know it.

POIROT

But I do. I've seen him looking at you. For Hercule Poirot, such an oeilade is enough.

CHRISTINE REDFERN breaks down and weeps on POIROT's shoulder. After a while the weeping subsides.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

It's alright. I'm better now. Please leave me. I'd rather be alone.

POIROT rises from the seat he has taken during her breakdown, offers her his bandana which she gratefully accepts, bows and retires.

35 EXT. PATH LEADING FROM BIBLE BAY TO THE HOTEL NIGHT

POIROT walks thoughtfully along the path which leads from Bible Bay to the hotel. Suddenly he hears the sound of voices coming from behind some bushes. Cautiously he steps aside to peer through.

36 EXT. A TREE SCREENED CLEARING NIGHT

In a little clearing screened from the path by trees ARLENA MARSHALL and PATRICK REDFERN stand close together. The latter's voice is loud and clear.

PATRICK REDFERN
Arlena darling, you know I'm mad
for you don't you ... I've quite
looped the loop.

ARLENA MARSHALL
Of course you are dahling. And I
adore you too, my mad Irish.

She holds out her arms to him and they come together,
embracing passionately.

37 EXT. PATH LEADING FROM BIBLE BAY TO THE HOTEL NIGHT

POIROT, grimacing with embarrassment, hurries away towards
the hotel.

POIROT
Quelle vache de luxe!

The elongated shadows of the entwined lovers writhe on the
moonlit grass.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

38 EXT. THE HOTEL NIGHT

As POIROT nears the hotel he sees KENNETH MARSHALL standing
outside it staring fixedly up at the sky.

KENNETH MARSHALL
Good evening Monsieur Poirot. What
a lovely night. Not a breath of wind
anywhere.

POIROT
The calm before the storm perhaps.
Bon nuit.

He enters the hotel, and closes the door behind him. We move
into a CLOSE UP of KENNETH MARSHALL's face to see it is
suffused with bitterness and rage. He drives his balled
fist into the palm of the other hand, making a sharp violent
sound in the still night.

SLOW MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

39 EXT. THE HARBOUR MORNING

MR BLATT, whistling a cheerful hornpipe is making ready to cast himself off in a small yawl. He does so, raises the sails and moves out of the harbour, in a South Westerly direction.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

40 EXT. OUTSIDE STAIRCASE THE HOTEL MORNING

LINDA MARSHALL climbs the outside staircase. She wears a bathing costume.

41 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR MORNING

LINDA MARSHALL steps into the corridor, and runs down it. She opens her bedroom door.

42 INT. LINDA MARSHALL'S BEDROOM MORNING

LINDA comes into her bedroom. Inside CHRISTINE REDFERN stands awkwardly. LINDA MARSHALL is startled.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Oh there you are!

LINDA MARSHALL

Yes ... Er, I thought I'd have an early dip.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Good idea. In fact I came in to ask you whether you'd like to come with me to Cutlass Cove this morning.

LINDA MARSHALL

Yes. I'd love to.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Good. I'm playing tennis at twelve fifteen, so we'd better start fairly early. Half past ten suit you?

LINDA MARSHALL

I'll be ready. Meet you in the hall, after breakfast.

The door closes behind CHRISTINE REDFERN. LINDA MARSHALL looks after her puzzled.

43 INT. DINING ROOM MORNING

The CAMERA PANS lovingly over a large selection of silver chafing dishes kept warm on a series of hot plates on the sideboard. We then CUT away to see DAPHNE CASTLE looking disapprovingly at LINDA MARSHALL who is listlessly finishing her meagre breakfast of coffee and toast.

DAPHNE CASTLE

You know you really are naughty Linda. Andrea goes to all the trouble of preparing decent English breakfasts, instead of those weedy Continental affairs, and all you eat is toast.

LINDA MARSHALL

I'm sorry. I'm not hungry.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Let me at least tempt you to Oeufs Jolly Roger.

LINDA MARSHALL

What's that?

DAPHNE CASTLE removes the cover from a dish and exhibits it.

DAPHNE CASTLE

It's Andrea's lunatic idea of pirate gastronomy. Plover's eggs served in a sheep's skull with crossed marrow bones. Jolly tasty.

LINDA MARSHALL

I just couldn't - really.

DAPHNE CASTLE puts her arms round LINDA MARSHALL.

DAPHNE CASTLE

What's the matter? Is it Arlena?

LINDA MARSHALL

(nodding bitterly)

She's so beastly ...

DAPHNE CASTLE

You don't want to worry about her. Things have a habit of working out - I promise you.

LINDA MARSHALL

(fiercely)

Yes. If you make them!

45 EXT. THE TERRACE OUTSIDE THE HOTEL MORNING

HERCULE POIROT sits at a table under a beach umbrella drinking a cup of coffee, and eating a croissant loaded with mountainous quantities of strawberry jam. DAPHNE CASTLE crosses from the hotel and heads off in a Westerly direction towards Lighthouse Ledge. CHRISTINE REDFERN and LINDA MARSHALL set off in a North Easterly direction towards Cutlass Cove.

After a moment POIROT himself rises and moves off in a South Westerly direction towards Booty Beach.

46 EXT. BOOTY BEACH MORNING

Booty Beach is empty save for ARLENA MARSHALL who is trying to launch a float. She is dressed in the same white bathing suit and green cardboard Chinese hat as the day previously. POIROT appears and stands watching her.

POIROT

Do you require assistance, Madame?

ARLENA MARSHALL gives him one of her seductive looks.

ARLENA MARSHALL

Oh Monsieur Poirot, would you?
I'm afraid it's a bit too heavy
for me.

POIROT walks down to the water's edge, but stops when he realises he is wearing white suede shoes. Gingerly he removes them, and puts them carefully with his socks, several feet beyond the tide mark. He then meticulously rolls up his trousers to the knees and walks into the sea. The float is successfully launched, and ARLENA MARSHALL, holding her paddle, jumps on it.

ARLENA MARSHALL

Thank you so much and Monsieur Poirot,
please don't tell anyone where I've
gone. Everyone will keep following
me about so.

POIROT

Everyone Madame?

ARLENA MARSHALL

Well perhaps some people more than
others. But I just want to be alone.

With a bright and confiding smile on her face, ARLENA MARSHALL paddles away to the Northwards.

POIROT

(to himself)

Ah, ca jamais! ... That I do not believe. She is not the Mademoiselle Garbo, that one. It is quite clear whom she is going to meet.

He turns and retraces his steps towards the beach. His white suede shoes float out to meet him.

POIROT

Sacré Bleu! The suede is ruined.

POIROT wades ashore mopping unhappily at his shoes. ARLENA MARSHALL's float rounds the point and disappears. A further surprise greets POIROT as PATRICK REDFERN strolls down from the direction of the hotel. He gapes first at REDFERN, then at the point which the float has just rounded.

PATRICK REDFERN

The top of the morning to you.
You seem to have given your shoes
a bath.

POIROT

Alas it is so.

PATRICK REDFERN

You know you want to use a wire brush
on those things. Salt water does them
no good at all.

He laughs delightedly. POIROT scowls. After a moment or two REDFERN's mood changes, and he starts to look about him, very obviously puzzled and impatient. KENNETH MARSHALL now approaches from the direction of the hotel. REDFERN eyes him apprehensively, but MARSHALL more or less ignores him.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Morning Monsieur Poirot. Seen my
wife about?

POIROT

(innocently)

Has Madame then arisen so early?

KENNETH MARSHALL

She's not in her room ... I think
I'll take my dip right away. I've
got a lot of typing to do this
morning. Can't abide it, but it's
got to be done.

46 Continued

POIROT

You are perhaps an auteur?

KENNETH MARSHALL

What me? Good gracious no. Perish the thought. No, they're business letters. I sometimes think one would have a better holiday if one took one's secretary with one.

PATRICK REDFERN

I wouldn't have thought that that was such an original thought, old boy.

KENNETH MARSHALL

(coldly)

No, I daresay you wouldn't.

MARSHALL takes off his robe and puts it on the sand, next to Poirot's ruined shoes.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Hullo, hullo, hullo. Been taking your shoes for a swim?

POIROT

(gritting his teeth)

An unfortunate wave.

KENNETH MARSHALL saunters off down to the sea. Behind the back of the unamused POIROT we see and hear MR and MRS GARDENER walking towards us. PATRICK REDFERN looks up eagerly, but is obviously disappointed.

POIROT

And where is Madame Redfern this morning?

PATRICK REDFERN

Who? ... Oh I don't know. I think she's gone off sketching somewhere.

MR and MRS GARDENER come up with POIROT and PATRICK REDFERN, and sit down in beach chairs. MR GARDENER fusses about opening beach umbrellas for his wife.

MRS GARDENER

Good morning Mr Redfern. Good morning Monsieur Poirot.

PATRICK REDFERN mumbles and POIROT bows.

Have you been paddling, and forgotten to take your shoes off?

46 Continued

POIROT

Very drole Madame.

He smiles thinly.

MRS GARDENER

A friend of ours did something like that once in Miami. Do you remember Eileen Scholenblautwitz, Odell? Her old man gave her a watch for their wedding anniversary that must have cost a couple of arms and a leg, and she went into the water with it. When she came out she found of course that it wasn't working. Do you remember what she said? "The Goddamned thing's stopped at eleven diamonds past three rubies".

MR GARDENER

I thought it was in the morning dear, and she said "three rubies past eleven diamonds."

MRS GARDENER

(firmly)

It was in the afternoon Odell, and she said "eleven diamonds past three rubies".

MR GARDENER

I'm sure you're right dear.

We watch KENNETH MARSHALL swimming. He does it well, disappearing under the surface of the water for longish periods. A BRIEF MIX indicates a small time change. Finally he walks up the beach.

MRS GARDENER

Hi there Captain Marshall! Where's Linda this morning?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Linda? ... I don't know. Mooning about the Island somewhere I expect.

MRS GARDENER

You know that girl looks kinda peaky to me. You ought to give her some of that Virol. They say anaemic girls need it. I've seen it on the hoardings.

KENNETH MARSHALL finishes drying himself, and puts on his robe.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Linda's alright. Excuse me. I've got some work to do, and it's got a bit late.

46 Continued

KENNETH MARSHALL walks away up the beach towards the hotel.

MRS GARDENER

If you want my opinion, it's that step-mother of hers that's doing her no good. We knew an only child once whose father married again, didn't we Odell - remember Gloria Stuhlnichsteiner. She grew hair all over her bosom.

We hear the sound of someone approaching, and PATRICK REDFERN looks up hopefully, obviously to see if it is ARLENA MARSHALL, and then down again sulkily, as we see it is MISS BREWSTER. He rises abruptly and starts to walk up and down the beach.

MISS BREWSTER

Good morning all.

MRS GARDENER

Hi there!

MR GARDENER

Good morning.

POIROT

Bon jour, Madame.

MISS BREWSTER notices POIROT's spoiled shoes.

MISS BREWSTER

What have you been up to Monsieur Poirot. Been trying to walk on the water?

POIROT

I leave that performance to our Saviour, Madame. My own miracles, if such they can be described, come more from the exercise of the little grey cells.

She laughs.

And you Madame, - have you had your swim this morning?

MISS BREWSTER

Oh yes I had one about ten o'clock. In fact I was lucky to survive. Somebody chucked a bottle out of one of the hotel windows, and nearly brained me.

46 Continued

MRS GARDENER

What a dangerous thing to do. Odell do you remember the Angelsturner kid who got concussion right there in Mid town Manhattan, from a can of toothpaste falling on his head?

MR GARDENER

Are you sure it wasn't toilet cleanser, dear. I had the distinct impression that that little Dutch girl on the can came into it somewhere ...

MRS GARDENER

(firmly)

Toothpaste!

MISS BREWSTER

Concussion you say, from a toothpaste tin? That does seem rather difficult to believe.

MRS GARDENER

It fell from a forty fifth floor window!

MRS GARDENER chuckles to herself. A silence falls. They all watch PATRICK REDFERN impatiently pacing the beach and turning his head continually towards the direction of the hotel.

MISS BREWSTER

Where's Mrs Marshall this morning?

POIROT shrugs elaborately.

MRS GARDENER

I haven't seen her. But Mr Redfern sure looks mighty put out.

MISS BREWSTER

Yes he does, but it's Captain Marshall I really feel sorry for. He's such a quiet man - always so composed, but I'll bet he's actually seething inside.

The CAMERA joins PATRICK REDFERN, now some distance away from the group of MR and MRS GARDENER, MISS BREWSTER and HERCULE POIROT. He saunters around aiming vicious swipes at limpets and crabs, with a piece of driftwood he has picked up. Occasionally he looks up in the direction of the hotel, then falls again to abusing the marine creatures. Back in the group, Miss Brewster gets to her feet.

MISS BREWSTER

Well I'm going for my row.

POIROT

As for me I shall return to the hotel
to change my shoes. It is not agreeable
to be seen in this condition.

POIROT bows to the company and trudges away in the direction
of the hotel holding his wet shoes delicately in his hand.
MISS BREWSTER walks along the beach in the direction of the
harbour. In doing this she has to pass PATRICK REDFERN.

PATRICK REDFERN

Are you taking your boat out?

MISS BREWSTER

Yes.

PATRICK REDFERN

Mind if I join you.

MISS BREWSTER

Delighted.

PATRICK REDFERN

Let's row right round the Island.

MISS BREWSTER

Have we got the time?

She consults her watch.

Oh yes. It's not eleven thirty
yet. Come on.

They walk in the direction of the harbour.

47 EXT. THE HARBOUR AND SEA MORNING

The boat emerges from the harbour with PATRICK REDFERN rowing
with strong powerful strokes. MISS BREWSTER in the stern
regards him with approval. The boat turns to the North out
of the harbour so that the Island is on its right hand side,
and the open sea on its left.

MISS BREWSTER

Good. Let's see how long you can
keep that up for ...

She waves to MR and MRS GARDENER as they pass the spot on the
beach where they are sitting. They wave back. Then the boat
passes round the point and they are lost to sight.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

48 EXT. SEA/LIGHTHOUSE LEDGE MORNING

PATRICK REDFERN rows the boat past Lighthouse Ledge. He scans the shoreline anxiously. The boat's progress slows.

MISS BREWSTER

Here come on, buck up! You're slacking!

PATRICK REDFERN flashes her a charming smile.

PATRICK REDFERN

To be sure they'd have had you in charge of the galleys in the old days.

He digs the oars in and the boat shoots forward.

SLOW MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

49 EXT. SEA/BLOOD BAY FROM P.O.V. ROWING BOAT MIDDAY

The boat rounds the next point, and Blood Bay comes into view. Distinctly we hear a chapel bell ringing twelve o'clock. It is quite a small cove facing North West, and the beach above the water line is shadowed by a huge overhanging cliff. A float is drawn up on the beach. A figure of a woman lies sprawled out on the sand, in the shaded part. WE ZOOM IN TO A CLOSE UP to see that her face is covered by a large screen cardboard Chinese hat from under which a long red curl escapes. Bronzed limbs protrude from a white bathing suit.

PATRICK REDFERN

Hullo. Who's that in Blood Bay?

MISS BREWSTER

(sourly)
Lucretia Borgia.

PATRICK REDFERN

Who?

MISS BREWSTER

You know it's Arlena Marshall as well as I do. You've been looking for her all morning.

49 Continued

He grins sheepishly and alters course inshore.

MISS BREWSTER

What are you doing? We don't want to land here.

PATRICK REDFERN

Oh be a sport. It'll only be for a minute.

PATRICK REDFERN jumps out and runs up the beach, waving and shouting.

PATRICK REDFERN

Arlena! ... Arlena ... Hi there!

50 EXT. BLOOD BAY MIDDAY

A HIGH ANGLED SHOT of Blood Bay as PATRICK REDFERN runs up the beach waving.

PATRICK REDFERN

Hi there Arlena ...

He reaches the figure and kneels down beside it.

Hey, wake up!

WE CUT INTO A CLOSE UP to see the bronzed limbs, the white bathing suit, the red hair curling out from under the brim of the green Chinese hat. In the background we see MISS BREWSTER still in the boat. PATRICK REDFERN touches one of the bronzed arms then pulls his hand away as if stung. From MISS BREWSTER's point of view we see him lift the hat off the face.

PATRICK REDFERN

(shouting)

My God!

MISS BREWSTER

What's the matter?

PATRICK REDFERN

She's dead ... She's been murdered ... strangled.

He drops the hat back to cover the face and runs back down the beach to MISS BREWSTER, still sitting in the boat.

MISS BREWSTER

Are you sure?

50 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN nods his head dumbly.

MISS BREWSTER

How horrible!

PATRICK REDFERN

Who could have done this to Arlena? ...
It's just not possible. My God, if I
get my hands on the fiend who did this...

MISS BREWSTER looks uneasily around her.

MISS BREWSTER

You don't suppose he's still hanging
about do you?

PATRICK REDFERN

(grimly)

I hope so ...

MISS BREWSTER

We must get the Police ... Perhaps
one of us ought to stay with the body.

PATRICK REDFERN

Don't worry. I'll stay.

MISS BREWSTER sighs with relief.

MISS BREWSTER

Oh thank you. I'll be as quick as I
can. I'll go in the boat ... Can't
face that ladder.

She points to an iron ladder which is clamped to the cliff
side, and which leads to the top.

CUT BACK TO A HIGH ANGLED SHOT to see MISS BREWSTER row off
round the point.

51 INT. DAPHNE CASTLE'S OFFICE IN THE HOTEL DAY

In her chaotic office in the hotel DAPHNE CASTLE is phoning
the mainland. In the doorway hover POIROT and MISS BREWSTER.

DAPHNE (on phone)

Listen Zoggy, sorry to use the private
number - I know Queenie is a jealous
cat and makes life hell for you - but
we've had a murder ... yes a murder!

52 INT. PRIVATE SITTING ROOM ROYAL PALACE TIRANE DAY

KING ZOG flamboyantly dressed in crested smoking jacket paces his private sitting room as he holds the telephone.

KING ZOG

My dear Daphne, I simply can't believe it.

53 INT. DAPHNE CASTLE'S OFFICE IN THE HOTEL DAY

DAPHNE CASTLE on the phone.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Why not for heaven's sake? You have one every ten minutes in Tirane. It's Arlena Stuart - you know - the musical comedy star. Didn't you ever see Sunshine Strippers? She was quite appalling, but the music was jolly.

(sings)

Sunshine Strippers soaking up the sun.
Sunshine Strippers having lots of fun ...

KING ZOG (V.O.)

Please Daphne will you concentrate on the murder!

DAPHNE CASTLE

Sorry. Well she's been strangled. Apparently they just found her on the beach wearing a hideous green hat.

54 INT. PRIVATE SITTING ROOM ROYAL PALACE TIRANE DAY

KING ZOG on the phone.

KING ZOG

Never mind the hat. Who killed her?

DAPHNE CASTLE

I don't know. Does it matter - everyone loathed her.

KING ZOG

Of course it matters. I'll send an Inspector of Police.

55 INT. DAPHNE CASTLE'S OFFICE IN THE HOTEL DAY

DAPHNE CASTLE on the phone.

55 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

No, don't do that. I've got the best detective in the world here already - Hercule Poirot. Even you must have heard of him.

She flashes a smile at POIROT, who preens himself, before turning back to the phone and lowering her voice.

DAPHNE CASTLE

(sotto voce)

He's a finnick little bugger, but a simply colossal brain.

(normal voice)

He says he must have a doctor to establish time of death and all that. Have you got one you can spare?

KING ZOG (V.O.)

Yes. I'll send one, and a policeman. This must be official.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Please Zoggy, can't you keep it quiet? You know how peculiar people are about a spot of murder. The scandal will zap my hotel, and I'm sure Monsieur Poirot will solve it in a jiffy.

56 INT. PRIVATE SITTING ROOM KING ZOG'S PALACE TIRANE DAY

KING ZOG on the phone.

KING ZOG

Alright Daphne, for old time's sake, and against my better judgement, I'll give you forty eight hours. After that it must be official.

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

You are a darling.

KING ZOG

Another thing - I've got a Colonel Race visiting me here. I understand he's an old friend of Poirot's - they worked together recently in Egypt when that American chewing gum heiress was murdered on the Nile. I'll send him too, with an off the record police sergeant, who speaks a bit of English.

57 INT. DAPHNE CASTLE'S OFFICE IN THE HOTEL DAY

DAPHNE CASTLE on the phone.

DAPHNE CASTLE
Your Majesty, you are without doubt
the spiffiest chum any gal could
have. 'Bye.

She hangs up and turns to face POIROT and MISS BREWSTER,
winking and making a conspiratorial gesture.

DAPHNE CASTLE
It's all fixed!

58 EXT. BLOOD BAY AFTERNOON

A CLOSE UP as the green Chinese hat is removed. ARLENA
MARSHALL's distorted, dead face, stares up at us in bright
sunlight. The tongue protrudes and the eyes bulge. We
PULL BACK to see the middle-aged, wiry, Albanian Police
Surgeon DR MUSA, kneeling down examining her. COLONEL RACE
stands nearby, with an overweight Albanian Sergeant of
Police in a scruffy uniform. Also present are PATRICK
REDFERN and MISS BREWSTER.

RACE
(impatiently)
Well doctor what do you make of it?

DR MUSA
She was ...

He demonstrates strangulation by putting his own hands
round his throat, putting his tongue out, and making a
hideous choking noise.

RACE
Strangled?

DR MUSA
Yes strangled - by big, big hands.

He flexes his hands dramatically.

RACE
What about the time of death?

DR MUSA
Three four hours dead, no more.

RACE
(to Sergeant)
What time is it now?

58 Continued

SERGEANT

Time to eat.

RACE

The hour. Not the state of your stomach.

The SERGEANT holds up three fingers.

SERGEANT

Three o'clock.

RACE

(to Redfern)

When did you find her?

PATRICK REDFERN

About noon.

MISS BREWSTER

It was precisely twelve o'clock when we came in here. I heard the bell on the Fishermen's chapel round the corner in Bible Bay, strike the hour.

DR MUSA

Good. Strangled between 11 and 12. O.K.?

He acts it out as before.

RACE

Most helpful. We'll send the body over to the mainland for the post mortem.

DR MUSA

Yes. Yes. Chop her up later. Goodbye.

DR MUSA packs up his bag and with a formal bow, trudges over the sand towards the ladder and starts to climb up it.

RACE

(to himself)

Competent enough I daresay, but needs to brush up his bedside manner.

(to Sergeant)

Outline the position of the body will you before it is removed.

SERGEANT

Outline?

RACE demonstrates with a stick.

58 Continued

RACE

Like this.

SERGEANT

O.K.

He starts work to outline the corpse as the CAMERA MOVES to an EXTREME CLOSE UP of its distorted features.

59 INT. THE RESIDENTS' LOUNGE HOTEL AFTERNOON

RACE and POIROT are alone in the lounge.

RACE

It is absolutely extraordinary finding you here Poirot. Wherever there's a juicy murder you seem to pop up like a jack rabbit.

POIROT

I could say the same thing about you cher Colonel. If it is not too indiscreet of me may I enquire what you were doing visiting le roi Zog?

RACE

Dope running if you must know. There's a chap I've been after for years - uses a dozen aliases. He's moving the stuff up now from Turkey through the Balkans, and I've had a strong tip off he's round here at the moment. Still we'd better get on with this lot. It looks a very tricky business.

POIROT

It is true that most people here would have murdered Madame Marshall avec grande plaisir but do not worry mon vieux. The order and method of Hercule Poirot will triumph in the end. Now I suppose you will want to start by finding out who was the last person to see Madame Marshall alive?

RACE

Yes. I have always found they are the most suspicious.

POIROT

Parbleu! In this case I think you will find that that person was me.

59 Continued

RACE

What!!

POIROT

Mais oui. Apart of course from the murderer. I helped her push her float out from Booty Beach at about ten forty this morning. She asked me not to tell anyone where she was going.

RACE

Why?

POIROT

She said she wanted to be alone.

RACE

From what I hear, that was not a desire she expressed too frequently.

POIROT

My own opinion exactly. But who then, did she go to meet?

RACE shrugs.

RACE

At any event she would have arrived there shortly after eleven o'clock - the earliest time Dr Musa gave for her death.

POIROT

Exactement.

RACE

So we can assume that she was murdered there, and not transported there after she was killed - which I suppose limits our suspects to those people on the Island, since anyone coming over from the mainland would have been seen.

POIROT

And no one was?

RACE

Not so far as we have been able to find out.

POIROT

Then let us begin with the husband, if for no other reason than that matrimonial causes provide the motive for the majority of female murders.

60 INT. KENNETH MARSHALL'S BEDROOM AFTERNOON

Present in Kenneth Marshall's room are the CAPTAIN himself, POIROT and RACE. He sits in an armchair facing RACE, while POIROT wanders round the room, picking up and putting down objects. Standing against one of the walls is a desk with papers and a typewriter on it.

POIROT

So that is why we thought we would start our enquiries with you, Capitaine Marshall. A callous reason, but sensible, I'm sure you'll agree. After all, you have a very good, very old fashioned motive - jealousy.

KENNETH MARSHALL

You think that,

RACE

Come, sir. It is a matter of common knowledge here that your wife and Mr Redfern were on terms of the greatest intimacy.

KENNETH MARSHALL

I do not listen to tittle tattle, Inspector. My wife is dead and cannot defend herself.

RACE

I'm not asking her to defend herself. If I'm asking anybody, I'm asking you. Were you jealous of her?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Many men have admired my wife Colonel. If I was the type of man who would kill for jealousy, I would have killed her years ago.

POIROT

It has been my experience that all men are the type of men who would kill for jealousy. You, Monsieur must be tout a fait exceptionnel. Mes felicitations.

KENNETH MARSHALL shrugs with irritation and turns away from POIROT.

KENNETH MARSHALL

(to Race)

Have you any questions to ask me?

60 Continued

RACE

I would like an account of your movements this morning, please, between eleven and twelve o'clock.

KENNETH MARSHALL

It's quite simple. I was in here typing until I changed to play tennis a few minutes after twelve o'clock.

He rises and crosses to the desk, from which he picks up three letters.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Here they are. If you put one of your men to type them, you will find he won't be able to do them in much under an hour ...

(to himself)

Where is that damned pipe?

He hands the letters to RACE, and then pats his pockets for his pipe. Finding them empty he goes to search for it in a random manner amongst his tobacco pouch, matches and cleaners on the desk. He fails to find it, and gives up.

RACE

What is there to show that they could not have been typed at some other time - say last night for example?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Today is the twenty-fifth. As you will see, these letters are postdated in answer to this one from my stockbroker, posted in London, the twenty-third, and arriving here on this morning's post at about ten thirty. As I was down on Booty Beach with you Monsieur Poirot at a little after ten forty five, you will see clearly that I must have typed them when I said I did.

POIROT

It would appear so.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Well, if you're still not satisfied, why not ask the chambermaid if she heard the machine going. She was moving about the corridor some of the time, doing out other rooms.

RACE

Thank you Captain Marshall. We'll do that. Now can you tell us what you did after you'd finished typing?

60 Continued

KENNETH MARSHALL

As I said I went to play tennis. The date was for twelve fifteen.

RACE

Whom did you play with?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Mrs Castle, Mr Gardener, and Mrs Redfern.

RACE

And was everyone there on time?

KENNETH MARSHALL

No. I was the first to arrive.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

61 EXT. TENNIS COURT MIDDAY

KENNETH MARSHALL is taking the tennis balls out of their box and knocking them over the net. DAPHNE CASTLE arrives.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Hullo ... jolly good to see you.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Hullo Ken.

She takes off her sweater.

KENNETH MARSHALL (V.O.)

... I think I was there dead on time. Then Mrs Castle joined me.

RACE (V.O.)

Did she seem quite normal?

KENNETH MARSHALL

I don't suppose you've seen anything of Arlena this morning have you? I haven't seen her since breakfast.

KENNETH MARSHALL (V.O.)

Quite normal? What do you mean?

DAPHNE CASTLE

I saw her on a float earlier this morning. I think she's up the North end of the Island somewhere.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Was she with anyone?

61 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

No. She was alone. Though she was probably heading for some sleazy rendezvous with her leprechaun lover? Oh Ken, it's not right for you to let her torture you this way.

RACE (V.O.)

I mean did she look agitated, or flushed, or excited in any way?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Don't be silly Daphne. You do exaggerate everything so. Arlena may be a bit of a flirt but she knows where to draw the line.

KENNETH MARSHALL (V.O.)

No, I don't think so. She looked her usual soigné self.

DAPHNE CASTLE

The only line Arlena's drawn is under a column of figures.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Drop it will you ... Here's Gardener.

MR GARDENER arrives and DAPHNE CASTLE and KENNETH MARSHALL move to take up position on one side of the net.

MR GARDENER

Hi there!

KENNETH MARSHALL

Hullo. Had a good morning?

MR GARDENER

Sure. Great.

RACE (V.O.)

And who was the next to arrive?

KENNETH MARSHALL (V.O.)

Mr Gardener. He must have been about five or six minutes late.

DAPHNE CASTLE

How about a knock up?

MR GARDENER

(mock scandalized)

A knock up!

61 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

Yes. You know - a spot of practice till Mrs Redfern comes.

MR GARDENER

Oh. You should know that in my country, a knock up means something totally different.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Oh really? Surely you can't mean jolly rogering.

They laugh and start to play.

RACE (V.O.)

And how did Mr Gardener look?

KENNETH MARSHALL (V.O.)

As he always does - like a sober, upright, henpecked New York attorney.

RACE (V.O.)

I see. Tell me, how much later was it before Mrs Redfern arrived?

A QUICK MIX to indicate the passing of time. CHRISTINE REDFERN hurries onto the court.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Sorry I'm late ... I was sketching over at Cutlass Cove and I lost track of the time.

MR GARDENER

Don't worry about it. Come and play with me.

KENNETH MARSHALL (V.O.)

I don't know. Seven or eight minutes. She said she'd been over at Cutlass Cove and forgotten the time.

CHRISTINE REDFERN walks over to join MR GARDENER.

MIX THROUGH to the next scene.

62 INT. KENNETH MARSHALL'S BEDROOM AFTERNOON

POIROT, RACE and KENNETH MARSHALL are grouped as they were at the end of Scene 60.

62 Continued

KENNETH MARSHALL

And to save you the question, she did not look agitated flushed or excited in any way, though of course she had been hurrying.

RACE

Thank you, sir.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Anything else?

POIROT

Just two things, Monsieur. Firstly, will these letters show your investments to have been profitable?

KENNETH MARSHALL

No. I'm afraid they will reveal I have sustained some substantial losses recently.

POIROT

Secondly, is it true that your wife had quite a lot of money of her own?

KENNETH MARSHALL

She inherited some money recently - yes.

POIROT

Did she leave a will?

KENNETH MARSHALL

Yes. Alright, I succeed to her property, but I didn't kill her, if that's what you think.

(raised voice)

I did not kill her! Understand!

The connecting door between his and his daughter's bedroom opens, and LINDA MARSHALL comes rushing in.

LINDA MARSHALL

Oh daddy, daddy! ... What are they doing to you?

KENNETH MARSHALL

It's alright, my darling. It's just a few questions.

LINDA MARSHALL

But you didn't kill Arlena. I know you didn't.

RACE

Perhaps we should have a little talk, Linda. Is that your room?

62 Continued

She nods her head.

RACE

Good. Well why don't we go in there,
and leave your father to himself for
awhile.

RACE rises and leads the way next door. POIROT and LINDA
MARSHALL follows.

63 LINDA MARSHALL'S BEDROOM AFTERNOON

RACE stands up. POIROT sits in a rocking chair. LINDA MARSHALL
sits on the end of her bed.

RACE

Sorry to have to put you through this,
Linda, but we have to find out every-
thing that might be useful, and that
means talking to everyone - understand?

LINDA MARSHALL joins her large, bony hands together, and
twists them nervously.

LINDA MARSHALL

Yes.

RACE

Good. Then just tell us what you did
this morning, after you got up.

LINDA MARSHALL

I went for an early bathe before break-
fast, then I went to Cutlass Cove with
Mrs Redfern.

RACE

And what time did you go?

LINDA MARSHALL

We had a date to meet in the hall at
ten thirty. I thought I was going to
be late, but it was alright. I asked
Daphne to come with us, but she was
busy ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

64 EXT. HOTEL MORNING

A REVERSE CAMERA ANGLE to scene 45, favouring the three ladies,
DAPHNE CASTLE, CHRISTINE REDFERN and LINDA MARSHALL. In
the background HERCULE POIROT sits at his table on the terrace,

64 Continued

drinking his coffee. DAPHNE CASTLE parts from the other two, to go up the path Westwards towards Lighthouse Ledge. CHRISTINE REDFERN and LINDA MARSHALL strike out North-Eastwards towards Cutlass Cove.

WE CUT TO A HIGH SHOT to see the women diverging, and, more clearly, the topography of the Island. They wave to each other, before disappearing out of each other's sight.

RACE (V.O.)

And how long did it take you to get there, do you think?

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

65 EXT. PATH LEADING FROM THE HOTEL TO CUTLASS COVE MORNING

LINDA MARSHALL and CHRISTINE REDFERN walk across the Island towards Cutlass Cove. The angle favours LINDA MARSHALL and her eyeline.

LINDA MARSHALL (V.O.)

Oh I don't know - ten minutes, a bit more maybe. We weren't in any particular hurry.

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

66 EXT. TOP OF CUTLASS COVE MORNING

CHRISTINE REDFERN and LINDA MARSHALL arrive on top of Cutlass Cove, and start to descend the path to the beach. We see the scene from LINDA MARSHALL's angle.

RACE (V.O.)

And what did you do when you got there?

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

67 EXT. CUTLASS COVE MORNING (10.45 A.M.)

Again the angle favours LINDA MARSHALL. CHRISTINE REDFERN sets up her easel in the shade provided by the overhanging cliff, and starts to sketch the cliffs. She does not remove her beach pyjamas. LINDA MARSHALL takes off her beach wrap and watch, oils herself, and lies down in the sun to sunbathe. The CAMERA position is on the sea side, South East of Linda Marshall, shooting North West.

LINDA MARSHALL (V.O.)

I sunbathed and Mrs Redfern, sat in the shade sketching. She doesn't like the sun you know. She gets blisters.

67 Continued

CHRISTINE REDFERN
(sketching)
Move over, Augustus John.

LINDA MARSHALL
Oh isn't he the one who's always driving
his wife crazy, by having the most tre-
mendous affairs with all his pupils ...
Oops, sorry.

CHRISTINE REDFERN
It's alright.

She smiles bravely.

RACE (V.O.)
Then what happened?

The CAMERA PANS to a CLOSE UP of the shadow of the cliff on
the beach.

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

68 EXT. CUTLASS COVE MIDDAY

The angle favours LINDA MARSHALL and her eyeline.

The sun has moved over to the West, and the shadow stretches
deeper away from CHRISTINE REDFERN towards the sea. As the
shadow touches her, LINDA MARSHALL rises.

LINDA MARSHALL (V.O.)
Well nothing much. We jawed away, and
the time simply flew by ...

CHRISTINE REDFERN
What time is it?

LINDA MARSHALL looks at her watch.

LINDA MARSHALL
Twelve o'clock.

CHRISTINE REDFERN gets up and puts away her sketch things
quickly.

CHRISTINE REDFERN
Lord I must fly. I'm playing tennis at
twelve fifteen.

LINDA MARSHALL
O.K. I'll have a swim before I come back.

LINDA MARSHALL starts to run down towards the sea.

68 Continued

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Don't forget your bathing cap.

LINDA MARSHALL retraces her steps, puts on her bathing cap and runs off down to the sea.

LINDA MARSHALL

See you later.

The CAMERA travels down to the sea with LINDA MARSHALL.

LINDA MARSHALL (V.O.)

... At any rate Mrs Redfern suddenly asked me the time, and I told her, and she had to rush off back to the hotel to change for tennis, and I went in for a swim. I remember I was half way down the beach when Mrs Redfern called after me I had forgotten my bathing cap, so I had to come back and put it on. What a bore!

From the sea, we look back up the beach to see CHRISTINE REDFERN moving quickly up the path to the cliff top. From the top she waves to LINDA MARSHALL, who waves back.

RACE (V.O.)

And what time was it when all that happened?

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

69 INT. LINDA MARSHALL'S BEDROOM AFTERNOON

RACE, POIROT and LINDA MARSHALL are in the same positions as they were before, at the end of Scene 63.

LINDA MARSHALL

Twelve o'clock. She certainly cut it fine for her tennis date.

POIROT moves over to look at her watch. It reads three thirty. He takes out his own half hunter from his waistcoat pocket and compares it. It too reads three thirty.

POIROT

Mademoiselle did you love your step-mother?

LINDA MARSHALL

My father did, so I tried to for his sake.

POIROT

But it was not easy, was it?

69 Continued

LINDA MARSHALL

She was not my mother.

POIROT

And she came between your father and yourself?

LINDA MARSHALL

Yes.

POIROT

En effet ma petite, you hated her - that's the truth, n'est ce pas? She was always humiliating you in public. You wanted her out of your family. You could cheerfully have wished her dead!

RACE

Poirot!

LINDA MARSHALL

(suddenly hysterical)

It's true!...I did ... Many many times... Just like I'm sure Mrs Redfern did, because her husband was in love with her ... She was always on at me, taunting me, making me look foolish and childish. She was so cruel ... so cruel ...

POIROT stares at her, not moving, giving her time to collect herself. RACE makes to go and comfort her, but POIROT stops him.

LINDA MARSHALL

But anyhow wishing someone dead, isn't the same thing as doing it, is it?

POIROT

(hard)

Non, Mademoiselle, it is not at all the same. One is a pleasurable fantasy - the other takes strength and purpose. It takes the ability to contemplate calmly the bulging eyes, the blackening skin, the last gurgle of exhaled breath.

LINDA MARSHALL suddenly gets up, and with a stifled cry runs from the room.

RACE

Did you have to be so rough on her, Poirot? I mean she's only a kid.

POIROT

(gently)

Mon vieux, I did not suggest anything to her, that she herself has not already

69 Continued

POIROT (Cont)

thought of a hundred times and she does have an usually strong pair of hands for a girl of her age.

RACE

Alright, I'll accept that. What did you think about her father?

POIROT

Le bon Capitaine would be more prudent to cultivate an air of greater tristesse if he does not wish to be suspected of her death.

RACE

Perhaps you're right. Well I'll get the sergeant to work on the typewriter alibi - see if he can do them in under an hour - and then we should have a word with Valentino.

70 EXT. SWIMMING POOL AFTERNOON

In a series of quick cuts we watch PATRICK REDFERN executing ever higher and more elaborate dives into the swimming pool. POIROT watches thoughtfully from a concealed place in the arboreal surroundings. He is joined by RACE.

RACE

Very impressive stuff, eh Monsieur Poirot? He should be in training for the Berlin Olympics.

POIROT

Mais oui. Those I should like to see. They say there is an American Negro - a man called Jesse Owens - who is absolutement formidable!

RACE

It's funny but he too doesn't look to me much like a man who has just lost his lady love.

POIROT

You think he is celebrating? ... C'est possible.

PATRICK REDFERN does a final dive, swims to the pool's edge, and climbs out. POIROT and RACE move out from their cover, to confront him.

70 Continued

POIROT

Good afternoon, Monsieur Redfern.
Colonel Race here is of the opinion
that vous avez un coeur leger.

PATRICK REDFERN

And what might that mean?

POIROT

That you are gay - lighthearted.

PATRICK REDFERN

Lighthearted! If I didn't do some-
thing, I think I'd go off my chump.
What's happened is so unbelievable.

POIROT

Not in my experience, monsieur. I
find it quite believable.

PATRICK REDFERN

(savagely)

Obviously you are more accustomed to
murder than I am, Monsieur Poirot.
You have probably seen quite a few
in your time, and have learnt how to
behave.

POIROT

Vraiment and they have also given
me many opportunities of observing how
suspects behave. And I can assure
you that very few of them have been
blithe.

POIROT and PATRICK REDFERN glare at each other before the
latter moves to put on his bathing robe, and sit down at a
poolside table.

RACE

Mr Redfern may I ask how long you
had known Mrs Marshall?

PATRICK REDFERN

About three months. We met at a cocktail
party in London.

RACE

And had you agreed to meet down here,
or was it mere coincidence?

70 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN

No, I must admit it was not coincidence. She asked me to come, and I suppose I couldn't resist. You see I was infatuated with her. I'd have done any mortal thing she asked.

POIROT

You paint a very clear picture of her. She was the eternal Circe, n'est ce pas?

PATRICK REDFERN

(rueful)

She turned men into swine alright! You see deep down I know I love my wife.

POIROT

Well mon vieux, that does rather establish a motive for the murder n'est ce pas?

PATRICK REDFERN

A motive - for me? Holy Mother of God why should I have wanted her dead? I was crazy about her.

POIROT

So you say. But it is possible she had become too importunate, and was making it impossible for you to return to the wife you loved. Many women have been killed in this world, for no other reason than that they became a nuisance.

PATRICK REDFERN

I assure you it wasn't like that at all. I could have taken off any time I wanted to. Anyway what are you saying? That it was me who killed her? You must know that couldn't possibly be the case. Wasn't I with yourself the whole time till I went on with Miss Brewster and found her lying dead?

POIROT

So Monsieur, it is I who am to be your alibi?

PATRICK REDFERN

Isn't it true?

POIROT spreads his hands in a gesture of capitulation.

POIROT

Helas - oui!

PATRICK REDFERN

Well there you are then.

POIROT

Eh bien. Whom do you think she had gone to meet at Blood Bay?

PATRICK REDFERN

I really haven't the faintest idea.

POIROT

How about your wife? She had a good motive for killing Madame Marshall.

PATRICK REDFERN

What!!

POIROT

Absolument. La Jalousie!!

PATRICK REDFERN

What nonsense. There's no violence in her. Besides how could she have done it? She'd never have been able to climb down that ladder to the beach - she's no head for that sort of thing at all - And even if she could have, she was no match for Arlena. She'd have been the one to have been murdered. No, if it's jealousy you're after I'd have a go at Ken Marshall. He must be favourite. Now is that all?

POIROT

For the moment yes. But please hold yourself in readiness to reconstruct for us tomorrow morning your finding of Arlena Marshall's body, with Mademoiselle Brewster.

PATRICK REDFERN walks away towards the hotel.

Suddenly there is a cracking of twigs in the bushes behind where the two men are sitting. In a flash COLONEL RACE has risen and parted them to discover DAPHNE CASTLE crouched down in a position from where she has been able to overhear everything. She rises insouciantly and steps out, favouring both men with a radiant smile.

DAPHNE CASTLE

You're absolutely on the right track, Monsieur Poirot. Cherchez la femme! She's the one with the best motive. Captain Marshall simply isn't the type.

POIROT

So you have been h'eavesdropping, Madame.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Now don't be tiresome Monsieur Poirot. Everyone h'eavesdrops if they've got any sense. As a detective you must do it all the time.

70 Continued

POIROT

Madame, I assure you that Hercule Poirot has no need ...

DAPHNE CASTLE

And don't you believe all that guff about Arlena being the stronger..Women fight like tigers when they're losing their husbands - not that I've had too much experience of that sort of thing myself. I mean I tried everything to get rid of Johnnie - strychnine in the spuds - bolting to South America, but he clung on like a limpet. If the market crash in '29 hadn't given him a coronary, he'd be here now. Still it showed where his heart was.

POIROT

Merci, madame. We will heed your advice.

DAPHNE CASTLE

You do that. She probably battered her with a bit of driftwood or something, and then finished her off with a little pressure on the carot artery, or whatever it's called. Everyone knows about that - all the crime novels are full of it. In fact an eleven year old child did something like that only the other day in Hungary - or was it Crete? ... Anyway I've got to see about dinner. Au revoir.

They watch in silence as she walks away towards the hotel.

RACE

Do you think she was serious about putting strychnine in her husband's food? I mean if she's killed once ...

POIROT

... She could have killed Madame Marshall? C'est possible. She certainly has the motive.

RACE

Really? What might that be?

POIROT

(thoughtfully)

To become herself Madame Marshall.

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

71 THE GOLF COURSE THE FAIRWAY OF THE FIRST HOLE AFTERNOON

CHRISTINE REDFERN is attempting to play golf. Her appalling lunge at the ball sends it perilously between POIROT and RACE as they come into sight over a rise. They both duck nervously.

71 Continued

CHRISTINE REDFERN comes running across to them.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

I'm terribly sorry. You're not hurt are you?

RACE

Don't worry. No harm done.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

I suppose I should have shouted fore or something, but I forgot. As a matter of fact I'm a complete duffer at this game. I only play to please Patrick.

POIROT

Do not disturb yourself madame. The redoubtable Colonel, and needless to say myself, have faced greater dangers in the course of our professional lives. He has learned le sang froid. I have learned the stiff lip.

She smiles thinly.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Have you come to interview me?

POIROT

Just a few questions. But please do not derange your game.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

What do you want to know?

RACE

Perhaps you could tell us something about how you spent this morning?

They walk towards where the golf ball lies in deep rough.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Well first thing this morning at about eight-thirty I went into Linda Marshall's room to fix up with her to go to Cutlass Cove. You see I wanted to do some sketching.

POIROT

And she was up at that hour?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Oh yes. As a matter of fact she wasn't actually in her room, when I arrived. She came in a few minutes later. She'd been for a dip.

71 Continued

RACE

What time did you and Linda Marshall
leave the hotel?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

About ten thirty.

RACE

And how long did it take you to walk to
this cove?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

I don't know. Between ten minutes and a
quarter of an hour.

MIX THROUGH TO next scene as CHRISTINE REDFERN takes a wild
swing at the ball, missing it completely.

72 EXT. THE PATH LEADING TO CUTLASS COVE MORNING

The angle favours CHRISTINE REDFERN and her eyeline.

CHRISTINE REDFERN is in front of LINDA MARSHALL by a couple
of feet.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)

It was an absolutely spiffing morning,
so we just ambled along, chattering away
like a couple of magpies.

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

73 EXT. TOP OF CUTLASS COVE MORNING

CHRISTINE REDFERN and LINDA MARSHALL arrive on top of Cutlass
Cove and start to descend the path to the beach. As indicated
we see the scene from CHRISTINE REDFERN's angle.

RACE (V.O.)

How did you spend your time at the Cove?

MIX THROUGH TO next scene.

74 EXT. CUTLASS COVE MORNING (10.45 A.M.)

Again the scene is observed from CHRISTINE REDFERN's angle.
She sets up her easel in the shade provided by the overhanging
cliff, and starts to sketch the cliffs. LINDA MARSHALL takes
off her beach wrap and watch, oils herself, and lies down to
sunbathe. The CAMERA position is on the cliff side, North
West of CHRISTINE REDFERN shooting South East towards the sea.
The dialogue is as in scene 67.

74 Continued

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
I set up my easel in the shade and
sketched some cliffs. Linda sunbathed.

RACE (V.O.)
And the two of you stayed like that?
Neither of you moved?

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
That's right. It was just so peaceful
there.

RACE (V.O.)
And what time did you leave?

The CAMERA PANS to a CLOSE UP of the shadow of the cliff on the
beach.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

75 EXT. CUTLASS COVE MIDDAY

The sun has moved over to the West, and the shadow stretches
deeper away from CHRISTINE REDFERN towards the sea. This, again,
is seen from CHRISTINE REDFERN's angle. As the shadow touches
her, LINDA MARSHALL rises and looks at her watch. CHRISTINE
REDFERN gets up and puts away her sketch things quickly, as
LINDA MARSHALL starts to run towards the sea. The dialogue is
as before.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
It was twelve o'clock. It had suddenly
got quite late you see, and I had to
hurry because I had a date to play tennis
at twelve fifteen, and I had to change first.

LINDA MARSHALL retraces her steps and puts on her bathing cap,
in response to CHRISTINE REDFERN's call.

RACE (V.O.)
You had your watch with you?

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
No. I asked Linda the time.

LINDA MARSHALL runs off down to the sea.

The CAMERA does not move, but stays with CHRISTINE REDFERN as
she watches the girl rush into the sea.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
Anyway I packed up my sketching things
as quickly as I could, and went back to
the hotel.

75 Continued

POIROT (V.O.)
And Mademoiselle Linda?

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
She went into the sea.

CHRISTINE REDFERN hurries up the path to the cliff top, the CAMERA going with her, but looking out to sea where LINDA MARSHALL is bathing.

POIROT (V.O.)
Did she enter the water before you left the Cove?

76 EXT. CLIFF TOP ABOVE CUTLASS COVE MIDDAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN looks down and waves to LINDA MARSHALL in the sea. She waves back.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
Oh yes. I waved to her from the top of the cliff.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

77 EXT. THE PATH FROM CUTLASS COVE TO THE HOTEL/THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOTEL MIDDAY

A montage of running shots ending with CHRISTINE REDFERN entering the hotel.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
Then I simply tore back to the hotel as fast as I could ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

78 INT. MR AND MRS REDFERN'S BEDROOM MIDDAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN, now in tennis clothes, is tying up the laces of her gym shoes. She unfastens her racquet from its press, and dashes out of the room.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)
... and changed into my tennis things.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

79 EXT. TENNIS COURT MIDDAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN hurries onto the tennis court, where KENNETH MARSHALL and DAPHNE CASTLE are knocking up against MR GARDENER. She joins MR GARDENER. Dialogue as before.

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)

I then went to the court where I met the others.

RACE (V.O.)

Who were ...?

CHRISTINE REDFERN (V.O.)

Captain Marshall, Mrs Castle, and Mr Gardener. I played with Mr Gardener. We had a couple of sets, and then ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

80 EXT. GOLF COURSE AFTERNOON

POIROT, RACE and CHRISTINE REDFERN have moved about forty yards from where they were at the end of scene 71. The golf ball is in even thicker rough.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

... we heard about Mrs Marshall.

POIROT

Madame, I must ask you, were you very surprised at the manner of Madame Marshall's death?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Well of course to be around when an actual murder is committed is so rare that of course it is surprising - surprising and shocking. But I suppose she was the kind of woman ...

POIROT

To whom such a thing might happen? ... Yes. I find that very significant.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Well I mean to say it's true. After all people like her are always mixed up with everything that's squalid and sordid - blackmail, jealousy, violence - every kind of crude emotion.

POIROT

Why, Madame, did you mention the word blackmail?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Er ... I don't know.

POIROT

Come, you were quite specific. To your knowledge was Madame Marshall being blackmailed?

There is a tiny pause during which CHRISTINE REDFERN comes to a decision.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Yes, Monsieur Poirot. I'm afraid she was.

RACE

What!!

CHRISTINE REDFERN

I didn't mean to overhear, but I couldn't help it. It was yesterday afternoon. I was coming back from a walk along Mutiny Mile, and as I passed along the cliff above Blood Bay, I heard voices coming up from the beach. Arlena Marshall was saying "It's no use pressing me. I simply haven't got it to give you any more. As it is, my husband is getting suspicious". And another voice - a man's said "What rubbish. You'll pay up or I'll really make things hot for you".

POIROT

(sarcastic)

You'll pay up, or I'll really make things hot for you?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

That's what he said.

POIROT

Parbleu. He must have been listening to too many blackmailers.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

(hotly)

I'm sorry you think it's a cliché, Monsieur Poirot, but those were the words used.

RACE

Did you recognize his voice?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

No. He was keeping it low. But it was gruff and a bit hoarse.

80 Continued

RACE

And that's all you heard?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Yes. I'm afraid I walked on rather quickly. It was a bit embarrassing you see.

RACE

Yes. I can quite see that. Thank you Mrs Redfern. We'll follow it up.

She smiles weakly at them, and hacks furiously at her ball. Turf flies through the air as POIROT and RACE beat a retreat.

RACE

Now we are getting somewhere.

POIROT

You think so?

RACE

Well it does explain Mrs Marshall's seemingly inexplicable behaviour this morning doesn't it? Blood Bay is an ideal spot for a rendezvous with this fellow who's blackmailing her. It's accessible only by water or a ladder steep enough to deter most people and a great part of it is invisible from above.

POIROT

As you say it is an ideal spot for a rendezvous. But explain this to me, mon cher. Why is it not the pitiless and urgent blackmailer who lies dead, but his victim? Is this not indeed killing l'oeie qui depose les oeufs d'ors?

RACE regards POIROT with surprise. He is obviously impressed by Poirot's point. The CAMERA PULLS UP and away.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

81 EXT. TERRACE OUTSIDE THE HOTEL AFTERNOON

The ALBANIAN SERGEANT sits at a table with a typewriter in front of him. Gamely he bangs away at the keyboard typing out Mr Marshall's letters.

81 Continued

SERGEANT

(reading, laboriously
to himself)

Current difficulties would be solved by
investing in Mr Stavisky's companies.
Their high yields make a very attractive
proposition ...

He sighs elaborately and continues.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

82 EXT. THE CROQUET LAWN AFTERNOON

MR and MRS GARDENER are playing croquet. Once again, from a
concealed position, POIROT and RACE stand watching. MRS
GARDENER whacks her husband's ball so that it goes scudding
away into the bushes.

MRS GARDENER

Now, Odell I get another turn for
hitting you.

She takes another shot and goes through a hoop.

And I get another one for going through
the hoop.

She knocks her ball towards the next hoop. MR GARDENER trudges
off to retrieve his ball. He plays a good shot which puts it
back near his wife's ball. She whacks it away in another
direction, but by doing so puts her own out of position, to get
through the hoop. As her husband's back is turned while he
goes to retrieve his own ball, she quite blatantly cheats,
moving her ball so that she can easily manoeuvre it through the
hoop. She does this then whacks it joyfully up towards the
finishing post. MR GARDENER looks on in a defeated way, from
the bushes where his ball is.

MR GARDENER

I thought we agreed one had to go
through the hoop at the top again,
before finishing dear.

MRS GARDENER

You are quite in error Odell. We agreed
no such thing.

She hits the finishing post with her ball and wins the game.

Come along, I'll give you one more
game.

82 Continued

POIROT and RACE emerge from their place of concealment and approach MRS GARDENER. Her husband has quite a long walk back from the bushes to join them.

MRS GARDENER

Hullo there Monsieur Poirot. How goes the investigation?

POIROT

It marches Madame. It marches. Let me introduce you to my colleague Colonel Race - Mr and Mrs Gardener.

RACE smiles charmingly.

RACE

How do you do.

MRS GARDENER

My, you British bobbies are all so charming and sympathetic. I remember I lost a bracelet once at the Savoy - we thought it had been stolen - and a delightful young officer came and found it in a vase of roses where it must have fallen from my wrist when I was arranging them. I thought he'd have been mad as hell wasting his time and all. But not a bit of it.

MR GARDENER

It wasn't a vase of roses, honey. It was a jardiniere in the fireplace.

MRS GARDENER

It was a vase of roses, Odell. Red, long stemmed roses that Hattie Hymenheimer had sent to us. Surely you remember how she and Betty Bernlumbenwitz had sobbed all the way through Carole Lombard in "Lady By Choice" - Men who loved her grew sadder but wiser.

MR GARDENER

My recollection is that they brought us Arum Lilies, and that it was Joan Bennett in "While Paris Sleeps", they sobbed through. Don't you remember - While Paris Sleeps, Lovers, Wantons and Wastrels are Awake!

MRS GARDENER

For the last time, Odell, it was a god-damned vase of red roses and ...

82 Continued

RACE

Mrs Gardener. I'm sorry to interrupt you, but could you give me your attention please.

MRS GARDENER

What? ... Why yes of course.

RACE

Thank you. I would like an account of your movements between eleven and twelve o'clock.

MRS GARDENER

Well now, let me see. Odell and I were on Booty Beach the whole time I guess, weren't we Monsieur Poirot. You remember! You were there.

POIROT

Alas Madame the statement is not quite true. I took my departure from the beach a little before half past eleven, as did Mademoiselle Brewster and Monsieur Redfern. That left the two of you alone.

MRS GARDENER laughs shrilly and exaggeratedly.

MRS GARDENER

Gee, I guess it does. Still, you can't really think that Odell and I had anything to do with the death of that unfortunate woman, Monsieur Poirot, now can you?

RACE

We have to investigate everyone here madam, I'm afraid.

MRS GARDENER

But neither Odell nor I would hurt a fly.

POIROT

We are not talking about les mouches, Madame. Had either of you met Madame Marshall before you came here?

MRS GARDENER

(
(together)
(No. Never.
(

MR GARDENER

(together)
(Yes. As a matter of fact we had.

MRS GARDENER looks daggers at her husband.

82 Continued

RACE

There seems to be a slight difference of opinion here.

MR GARDENER

Well, to tell the truth we invested in a Musical Comedy she did in the States, last year. We met her then.

RACE

Was it a successful show?

MR GARDENER

Hell, no. But it had a kind of appropriate name - Gold Diggers of 1934. You see it could have been successful but she left it after a few weeks to go off with some oleo-margarine King, and it folded.

RACE

As a result of which you lost your money?

MR GARDENER

I'll say we did.

RACE

May I ask how much money you lost?

MRS GARDENER

Sixty thousand clams.

RACE whistles.

POIROT

And so you bore Madame Marshall a grudge?

MRS GARDENER

Well wouldn't you have? But not enough to bump her off. That's crazy talk.

POIROT

I hope for your sake it is Madame. For you see you would have had all the time in the world to go to Blood Bay between eleven thirty and twelve o'clock and er ... bump her off. Am I not right?

MRS GARDENER

What utter nonsense. I was with Odell on the beach during that time. Wasn't I?

MR GARDENER nods unhappily.

82 Continued

POIROT

Did you not go to play tennis? Monsieur Marshall and Madame Redfern have said you did.

MR GARDENER

Er ... well yes, that's right.

RACE

What time was that sir?

MR GARDENER

The date was for twelve fifteen.

POIROT

But you had to change first, surely?

MR GARDENER

Er yes, that's true. I guess I left the beach about twenty of ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

83 EXT. THE PATH FROM BOOTY BEACH TO THE HOTEL NEARING NOON

On the path between Booty Bay and the Hotel, MR GARDENER is examining some bizarre rock formations. He straightens up and walks on towards the hotel.

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

... There are some curious rock formations on the path back to the hotel which I wanted to examine at leisure.

MRS GARDENER (V.O.)

I think it was a little later than that Odell. About ten minutes later, at least.

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

No, dear, I don't think so. The time was about twenty of twelve, I'm pretty sure.

RACE (V.O.)

Did you see anybody on your way back to the hotel?

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

84 INT. MR AND MRS GARDENER'S BEDROOM MIDDAY

MR GARDENER is changing for tennis. His clothes are old-fashioned even for the period, and his racquet is ancient.

84 Continued

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

No sir. I saw no one either on the path or in the hotel. I went straight to my room and changed.

MR GARDENER looks out of the window.

85 EXT. HOTEL MIDDAY

We see the exterior of the hotel from MR GARDENER's point of view in his first floor bedroom. We see CHRISTINE REDFERN hurrying off the path which leads to Cutlass Cove, and into the hotel.

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

However while I was changing, I did see from my window Mrs Redfern hurry into the hotel from the direction of Cutlass Cove.

RACE (V.O.)

What sort of time would that have been?

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

86 INT. MR AND MRS GARDENER'S BEDROOM MIDDAY

MR GARDENER moves away from the window, consults his watch and picks up his racquet which he removes from its press.

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

I reckon about ten after twelve, or a little later.

He leaves the room.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

87 EXT. TENNIS COURT MIDDAY

MR GARDENER arrives at the tennis court, and DAPHNE CASTLE and KENNETH MARSHALL who are already there, move to take up position on one side of the net.

RACE (V.O.)

Who was there when you arrived?

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

Captain Marshall and Mrs Castle.

POIROT (V.O.)

Did you notice anything out of place about either of them?

87 Continued

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

Out of place?

POIROT (V.O.)

How shall I put it - a tautness of manner, an unnatural excitement.

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

Both of them were animated. But I wouldn't say unnaturally so.

RACE (V.O.)

Could you tell me how much later than you was Mrs Redfern in arriving at the court.

A QUICK MIX to indicate the passage of time. CHRISTINE REDFERN hurries onto the court, and joins MR GARDENER.

MR GARDENER (V.O.)

Well now let me see. I was about five minutes late, and she was approximately ten minutes or so after me. I'd say it was around twelve thirty when she got there.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

88 EXT. CROQUET LAWN AFTERNOON

POIROT, RACE and MR and MRS GARDENER stand on the croquet lawn as they were at the end of scene 82.

RACE

And that's all you can tell us?

MR GARDENER

I'm afraid so. It wasn't till after the game that we heard of the tragedy.

RACE

I see.

POIROT

Au revoir then, Madame, Monsieur. Enjoy passing through the little hoops.

He gives them a little bow, and he and RACE walk off in the direction of the harbour, leaving the GARDENERS alone.

MRS GARDENER

(furious)

So you had to tell them about all that money we lost eh? That wasn't very smart of you, Odell. Not very smart at all.

MR GARDENER

I'm sorry, dear. It just sort of slipped out.

MRS GARDENER

Slipped out? ... It sort of gushed out, like Goddamned Niagara Falls. And why did you have to go and tell them you left the beach at twenty of twelve?

MR GARDENER

Well I didn't want to lie now honey did I? They always find these things out you know.

MRS GARDENER

Baloney! Don't you realise that neither of us has got an alibi now? You are a bloody fool, Odell. Sometimes you make me so mad I could ... Oh hell!

She strikes off her croquet ball for a new game. The CAMERA TRACKS into a CLOSE UP of her large hands gripping the top of the mallet as if strangling it.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

89 EXT. THE HARBOUR AFTERNOON

MISS BREWSTER's large hands grasp the oars of a row boat. We PULL BACK to see her taking them out of their rowlocks, putting them inboard, and leaping out of the boat onto the harbour jetty where she makes it fast to a bollard. Sitting on two other bollards are POIROT and RACE. As MISS BREWSTER gets back in the boat to tidy it and bale out surplus water they rise and walk over to her.

POIROT

Mademoiselle, I would like to hear some more about the incident of the bottle which nearly hit you this morning.

MISS BREWSTER

Oh that! Well, it must have been about 10.15 and I was taking a dip on the hotel beach ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

90 EXT. THE SEA ON THE SOUTH EASTERN SIDE OF THE HOTEL MORNING

MISS BREWSTER, attired in an antediluvian bathing costume is swimming energetically. Suddenly a glass bottle comes hurtling

down out of the sky, and lands with a great splash right next to her. It fills with water and sinks. MISS BREWSTER looks up angrily at the hotel windows but is unable to discover from which one it has been thrown, because the sun is in her eyes.

MISS BREWSTER (V.O.)

... when suddenly this bottle came whizzing out of the blue and smacked down in the water next to me.

MISS BREWSTER

(to herself, sotto voce)

Bloody maniac!

POIROT (V.O.)

Did you happen to notice what kind of a bottle it was, or from what window it was thrown?

MISS BREWSTER (V.O.)

I'm afraid not. It sank too quickly for that, and when I looked up at the hotel, I couldn't see much because the sun was in my eyes.

MISS BREWSTER swims ashore and starts to pick her way over the rocks towards the hotel's outside staircase.

POIROT (V.O.)

Tres curieux. And now, madame, I should like to know what you did between finishing your bathe and coming down to the beach.

MISS BREWSTER (V.O.)

Oh I don't know ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

91 INT. MISS BREWSTER'S BEDROOM MORNING

MISS BREWSTER is doing some physical jerks in her room - deep breathing, knee bends, sit ups etc.

MISS BREWSTER (V.O.)

... I changed out of my wet costume, did a few physical jerks, read the newspaper. Why? Is it important?

POIROT (V.O.)

Parbleu. It is of the very greatest importance! You must see that during this time it would have been quite possible for you to have gone over to

91 Continued

POIROT (Cont V.O.)

Blood Bay, waited for Madame Marshall to arrive there shortly after eleven o'clock, killed her, and then to have returned in time to join us at about eleven twenty on Booty Beach.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

92 EXT. THE HARBOUR AFTERNOON

MISS BREWSTER, POIROT and RACE are as they were at the end of scene 89.

MISS BREWSTER

D'ye mean climb up and down that cliff ladder? You must be loopy if you think I could do that, with my head for heights.

POIROT

I'm afraid we have only your word for that unfortunate malady, Mademoiselle.

MISS BREWSTER

Well, why should I want to? Just answer me that.

POIROT

Non. You answer me that s'il vous plait.

MISS BREWSTER

I had no reason.

POIROT

But that is not the complete truth. You have already told me that you were employed as Arlena Marshall's secretary for over five years, and that she gave you nothing - no references, no help. In fact she used every device in her power to prevent you telling the truth about her. What I wonder could you have meant by that?

MISS BREWSTER climbs out of the boat onto the jetty to confront POIROT.

MISS BREWSTER

Monsieur Poirot, I have my skills as a secretary, but as you may have noticed, I am not a pretty girl from Pitman's College who finds it easy to get a job anywhere at three or four pounds the week. So after I was dismissed I wrote an account of my life with Mrs Marshall,

92 Continued

MISS BREWSTER (Cont)

hoping to serialise it in the tabloid press. I called it The Secret Life of Arlena Stuart - by her Personal Secretary, with the subtitle The Actress Who Lived Up To The Reputation She Couldn't Live Down! Believe it or not, I got immediate and generous offers to publish, both here and in America, but she stopped me.

POIROT

How Mademoiselle?

MISS BREWSTER

Well you see, without realising it I had signed a contract of employment, one clause of which prevented me from publishing anything about my former employer whilst ...
(she pauses)

POIROT

Whilst ...?

MISS BREWSTER

(reluctantly)

Whilst she was alive.

POIROT

And now that she is dead, Mademoiselle, you can go ahead - n'est ce pas?

She shoots him a terrified glance.

MISS BREWSTER

Well I suppose put like that, yes ... but I assure you I don't know anything about her death. Nothing at all. You must believe that Monsieur Poirot ... you must!

POIROT

Calm yourself, mademoiselle. You are not the only person here with a motive for choking Madame Marshall to death. Good afternoon.

He gives her his little bow. She gives him another scared look and then blunders away up the jetty.

RACE

Did you see her hands Poirot? They were absolutely enormous.

92 Continued

POIROT

Vraiment cher Colonel. Never have I seen so many women in one place with hands that Jim Braddock himself would like to own. It is most strange.

93 EXT. HOTEL TERRACE AFTERNOON

A large pair of hands pound a typewriter. We PULL BACK to see the ALBANIAN SERGEANT still hard at work on Kenneth Marshall's letters. DAPHNE CASTLE stands looking over his shoulder reading what he has typed.

POIROT and RACE appear and walk across the terrace towards them.

RACE

Well how's it going Sergeant?

SERGEANT

Is taking a long time - much more than one hour to do this.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Hullo. What's the poor man trying to do - break the Albanian speed typing record?

She picks up a couple of letters at random and starts to read them. We notice that her hands also are large.

POIROT

He is trying to prove an alibi, madame.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Whose? Kenneth Marshalls? If his wife was wealthy he certainly needs one poor love. Was she wealthy by the way?

POIROT

It appears so, but why do you ask that?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well look at these letters. Spondulix wise he appears to be up shit creek without a paddle.

POIROT

Pardon? Qu est ce que c'est cette Sheet Creek?

RACE

I think Mrs Castle means to imply that Captain Marshall is in financial difficulties.

POIROT

Mais oui. That he has already told us.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Still Ken never cared about money. I only hope you're satisfied with his alibi.

POIROT

Certainment we know these letters had to have been typed between eleven and twelve o'clock this morning - the time of the murder.

RACE

He also claims one of the maids who was cleaning the rooms must have heard the sound of the typewriter.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well, there it is. Ken certainly isn't clever enough to use the old gramophone record trick - you know the one where the murderer records the sound of a typewriter, puts it on the gramophone, and nips out and bops his wife while everyone thinks he's still in his room.

POIROT and RACE give her the kind of looks they would bestow on a mentally deficient child.

POIROT

And of course a gramophone does not actually type letters, madame.

DAPHNE CASTLE

No more it does. Silly me.

RACE sighs and gives his attention to the SERGEANT.

RACE

Well, you can pack it in now. The point's proved. Instead I think you should take a little exercise.

SERGEANT

(suspicious)

Exercise?

RACE

I would like you to time how long it takes to get from the spot at Blood Bay where the body was found, from various points on the island, running both ways.

93 Continued

The SERGEANT's worst fears have been realised.

SERGEANT

Running sir?

POIROT

Oui. Like the miraculous Jesse Owens.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I don't think that's at all a good idea. In this heat, you'll give the poor man a heart attack, and we'll have two corpses on our hands. Besides I have all the timings you want.

RACE

You have all the timings!

DAPHNE CASTLE

Come I'll show you.

She leads them into the hotel, as the SERGEANT makes a prayerful gesture that she has what they want.

94 INT. SMALL CONSERVATORY AFTERNOON

Watched by RACE and POIROT, DAPHNE CASTLE lifts the tarpaulin off a bulky object standing in the centre of the conservatory, to reveal a scale model of the island, beautifully worked in coloured plaster. It shows the bays, paths, harbour, lighthouse, chapel and hotel, all named, with little flags showing the times to various places, sticking up all over it.

DAPHNE CASTLE

There you are. An old chum of mine did it a couple of years ago, when he had a little trouble paying his bill. Be careful of it - it's worth its weight in caviar.

We move into an ECU of the model as the two men bend to examine it. RACE points to the flags.

RACE

And these times are walking times?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Slouching times, I'd have said.
(pointing)

I mean fifty minutes from the hotel to the point of the island! If you jogged all the way, you could do it in half the time.

RACE

(tracing with his finger
from marker to marker)

Then let us do that. Half of fifty is twenty-five - so that's twenty-five minutes from the Hotel to the Point. Seven minutes to Cutlass Cove. Eight minutes to Bounty Beach. Ten minutes to Blood Bay. Seven minutes to Lighthouse Ledge. From the Ledge to the Bay five minutes. From the Beach to the Bay twelve minutes, and from the Bay to Cutlass Cove four minutes.

POIROT

Astounding mental arithmetic cher Colonel! I stand amazed. Eh maintenant, I would like your Sergeant to prepare more little flags for us with the names of the hotel guests on them, to use with this superb model. It will greatly facilitate our enquiry.

RACE

I'll get him on to it.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Monsieur Poirot, I don't wish to be seeming to teach my grandmother to suck eggs or anything but I've changed my mind about the murderer. You see I was reading a magazine story about a woman in Malaya who was drowned by a huge Moray Eel which darted out of a hole and dragged her to the ocean floor, its teeth buried in her throat. and that gave me a new theory - about the Brewster woman. - Did you know by the way she was Arlena's secretary for years and was fired? Well anyway she could have been lurking in the water off Blood Bay when she appeared on that float thing and could have leapt up and pulled her off it ...

POIROT

Helas Madame Marshall was not drowned, madame. Still less was she gnawed to death.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well I'll tell you what. She could have ...

POIROT

Mrs Castle, forgive me, but as a matter of routine I should like to know where you were yourself between eleven o'clock and twelve noon.

94 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

Me? But surely you can't think...

RACE

Please Mrs Castle, we have to check everyone.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Well, about ten thirty I went for a walk over to Lighthouse Ledge, and I sat down there to make some notes for my staff meeting at eleven thirty.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

95 EXT. LIGHTHOUSE LEDGE DAY

DAPHNE CASTLE is sitting on a bench under the lighthouse, making notes. In the sea below ARLENA MARSHALL paddles by her float in a Northerly direction.

RACE (V.O.)

Did you see anybody?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

As a matter of fact I saw Arlena Marshall. She paddled by on a float.

RACE (V.O.)

Moving towards Blood Bay?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

Yes.

POIROT (V.O.)

Towards her death?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

I suppose so. It had nothing to do with me. About half an hour later I returned to the hotel for my meeting.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

96 INT. SMALL CONSERVATORY AFTERNOON

POIROT, RACE and DAPHNE CASTLE are as they were in scene 94.

RACE

Can anyone vouch for you?

DAPHNE CASTLE

Of course - practically the whole staff can, from after eleven thirty that is. You see once a week it is my custom to

96 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE (Cont)

collect them all together to give them a kind of collective boot up the bum. It does them no end of good - particularly the Eyeties - keeps them up to snuff as my old papa used to say.

POIROT traces her proposed journey on the model.

POIROT

But you could have followed Madame Marshall along the cliff top and have been waiting in Blood Bay to strangle her when she arrived just after 11 o'clock. You would have had plenty of time to have returned here for the meeting at eleven thirty n'est ce pas?

DAPHNE CASTLE

What a simply spifflicatingly absurd thing to say Monsieur Poirot.

POIROT

Is it? I have seen the way you look at Captaine Marshall, Madame, and it seems to me that both you and he share the same motive.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I'm afraid I don't follow your drift at all.

POIROT

Vraiment? With Arlena out of the way you two would be free to marry.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Me kill for love? I must say it's very flattering of you to suggest it, but I'm afraid I'm far too much of a hardened old trollop for that; and as for Kenneth, he'd never do it in a million years. Why he wouldn't even contemplate divorce when he must have known about every second man she met was throwing a leg over her.

POIROT

Ah, but even the protector of lame ducks may change when he meets his childhood sweetheart again after seventeen years, and realises he is still in love with her.

She looks very embarrassed.

96 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

Monsieur Poirot you have the Frenchman's
obsession with the crime passionel.

POIROT

That is not so madame, but if I had it,
it would be a Belgian obsession.

RACE

For my part, Mrs Castle, I should like
to know what you did after the staff
meeting was over.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I had a date to play tennis at twelve
fifteen, so I got changed and breezed
off to the court.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

97 EXT. TENNIS COURT MIDDAY

ROSAMUND DARNLEY comes into the tennis court. KENNETH
MARSHALL is knocking the last of the tennis balls he has
taken from their box, over the net. The dialogue is as before.

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

When I got there Kenneth Marshall
had arrived but the others hadn't.

RACE (V.O.)

The others?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

Mr Gardener and Mrs Redfern.

RACE(V.O.)

How did Captain Marshall's manner strike
you?

DAPHNE CASTLE

I'm not sure I understand the question?

RACE (V.O.)

I want to know whether he was quite
normal in his behaviour that's all. You
know - fully composed?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

I've never known Ken Marshall when he's
not been as fully composed as a Beethoven
Symphony.

MR GARDENER arrives and DAPHNE CASTLE and KENNETH MARSHALL
move to take up position on one side of the net.

97 Continued

POIROT (V.O.)

Your answer is very amusing Madame, but this is a serious matter, and it is very important to us to know your impressions of the people you were playing tennis with. In other words do you consider that any of them could have committed murder in the previous hour?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

I'm sorry if I was flippant. In answer to your question everybody appeared to me to be perfectly normal. I don't believe any one of them could have just strangled somebody.

POIROT (V.O.)

Thank you, Madame.

RACE (V.O.)

I believe Mr Gardener was the next to arrive. How much behind you was he?

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

I'm not sure. Not long. Maybe three or four minutes.

A QUICK MIX to indicate the passing of time. CHRISTINE REDFERN hurries onto the court and walks over to join MR GARDENER.

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

Mrs Redfern was quite a bit later. She couldn't have been on court much before half past twelve ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

98 INT. SMALL CONSERVATORY AFTERNOON

RACE, POIROT and DAPHNE CASTLE are positioned as they were at the end of scene 96.

POIROT

Who won the tennis by the way?

DAPHNE CASTLE is as surprised by the question as RACE.

DAPHNE CASTLE

What? Oh they did. Mrs R can sure hit "the jolly old pill" as if she hated it. If you ask me those milk white arms could mince the triceps of a six hundred pound Sumo wrestler.

98 Continued

POIROT has walked round to peer down a telescope mounted on a tripod which is pointing out towards the harbour.

POIROT

Ah a sail!

99 INSERT EXT. THE SEA

We see through the telescope MR BLATT's sailing boat heading towards the island.

POIROT (V.O.)

I think it might be our gallant mariner Monsieur Blatt.

100 INT. SMALL CONSERVATORY AFTERNOON

POIROT steps away from the telescope and turns to RACE.

POIROT

I've been wondering where he's been all day. Let us go down and pipe him ashore. Au revoir Madame.

POIROT and RACE head towards the foyer of the hotel.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Of course I'd forgotten Mr Blatt. He's obviously playing a double role, with all those terrible jokes and everything. I wouldn't mind betting he's an old flame Arlene picked up years ago when she was playing Blackpool or Skegness or some other frightful sea side resort, and got her hooks into and reduced to penury. He meets her here by chance and vows vengeance ...

101 INT. FOYER HOTEL AFTERNOON

POIROT and RACE keep going determinedly across the foyer and out of the hotel pursued by DAPHNE CASTLE's wild surmises.

DAPHNE CASTLE (V.O.)

... He would find it quite easy to sail round the island and strangle her with one of those clever nautical knots ...

102 INT. SMALL CONSERVATORY AFTERNOON

DAPHNE CASTLE watches POIROT and RACE go, her mouth dropping in astonishment at their failure to listen further to her theorising.

102 Continued

DAPHNE CASTLE

... a bowline, or a sheepshank, or whatever they're called ...

Her voice trails off disconsolately.

103 EXT. THE HARBOUR EVENING

The time is now seven o'clock. BILL THE BOATMAN is making fast Mr Blatt's yawl for him. As POIROT and RACE approach the two men it becomes clear that he is telling a dirty story.

MR BLATT

You see this old feller, all bent over goes into an Ice Cream Parlour and says to the soda jerk "Ice Cream Sundae please". He replies "Crushed nuts Grandad?", and the old bloke says "No lad. It's rheumatism".

MR BLATT laughs loudly and walks up the jetty towards POIROT and RACE. Behind them BILL shakes his head in baffled incomprehension.

MR BLATT

Hullo Monsewer. Old Bill just told me about the murder. I would have to be out on my boat for the day, and miss all the fun, wouldn't I? What a swiz!

POIROT

This is Colonel Race. Monsieur Blatt. I don't think you will discover that he finds it quite as hilarious as you do.

MR BLATT

Well I didn't mean ...

RACE

You say you went out sailing this morning? At what time may I ask?

MR BLATT

Oh, early. About ten o'clock.

RACE

Was anyone with you?

MR BLATT

Not a soul. I was all on my little owneo.

RACE

And where did you go?

MR BLATT

South West. The wind was right behind me.

POIROT

You didn't happen to approach Blood Bay at any time during the morning, did you?

MR BLATT

Is that where the dark deed was done? No. I didn't go within miles of the place. As a matter of fact I haven't seen anyone all day.

103 Continued

POIROT

And that's all you can tell us?

MR BLATT

'Fraid so. Not much use I suppose.

POIROT

Have you any ideas who could have done it?

MR BLATT

Well it's obvious, isn't it? Cherchez le hubby.

POIROT

It may be so, yes. All we know for certain is that Madame Marshall had a secret rendezvous with someone at Blood Bay this morning.

MR BLATT

Well, that had to be Redfern. Though why pick a draughty cove for a bit of nooky beats me. Reminds me of the old one about the wife watching her old man coming out of the sea, and saying to her friend, "Fred goes all blue and stiff when he's been in the water - not that I worry about the colour."

Once again MR BLATT cracks up laughing. POIROT regards him quizzically; RACE coldly.

RACE

It wasn't Mr Redfern. We know that for a fact. It was somebody else - a blackmailer for example.

MR BLATT

(blustering)

A blackmailer ... Wotcher mean?

RACE

(heavily)

We believe she was being blackmailed - by a man.

MR BLATT

Well don't look at me. That's not my handwriting.

POIROT

How do you make your money Monsieur Blatt?

MR BLATT

It's all perfectly legit. I'm in what you might call Seaside Novelties - you know, tricks, puzzles, saucy hats and picture post cards.

103 Continued

POIROT
(murmuring)
Quelle surprise!

MR BLATT
Listen, if it wasn't Redfern and it wasn't Marshall, I'll bet I know who it was. Has to be. She said she was going to do it. Don't you remember, you were with me on the beach, yesterday morning, when she ran past?

POIROT
You mean Mademoiselle Linda? Vraiment. She did certainly threaten to kill her step-mother. But she's so young.

MR BLATT
There's no such thing, these days. You mark my words. She's the one.

He taps the side of his nose with a vast confidential forefinger.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

104 INT. ARLENA MARSHALL'S BEDROOM EVENING

A CLOSE UP of a pile of frilly underwear. We PULL BACK to see the maid GLADYS NORRACOTT sorting them out, and tidying them away. POIROT and RACE appear in the doorway.

RACE
Excuse me.

GLADYS NORRACOTT jumps.

GLADYS NORRACOTT
Ooooh. Lord, you startled me.

RACE
Sorry. Is your name Gladys Norracott?

GLADYS NORRACOTT
Yes that's me. I were just putting away some of Mrs Marshall's things. I must say her smalls weren't 'arf frilly.

POIROT's eyes gleam as he fingers the pile.

POIROT
Ah yes, the foamy cami-knickers, swirling, half seen beneath the dramatically severe lines of the day suits. Extraordinaire!

104 Continued

GLADYS NORRACOTT gives POIROT a sharp, suspicious look, and snatching the lingerie away from him starts to pack it into the wardrobe.

GLADYS NORRACOTT

(sharply)

Was there something, sir?

POIROT

I understand that you were on duty on this floor between eleven and twelve o'clock this morning.

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Not after eleven thirty I wasn't. I had to go to a staff meeting didn't I?

POIROT

Well, before you left for your meeting did you hear the sound of a typewriter coming from Captain Marshall's bedroom?

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Yes. I heard him typing away quite steady.

POIROT's gaze travels to a huge array of cosmetic bottles lined up on the dressing table. Identifiable but not over prominent is a bottle of perfume labelled Souffle De Mer.

POIROT

Now I want you to take a look at these bottles. Can you tell me if any are missing?

She stares helplessly at them.

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Lord sir, you'd have to have the memory of an h'elephant to be able to tell that.

POIROT

What about the other rooms, where I presume there are somewhat fewer bottles?

GLADYS NORRACOTT

I can't say I noticed nothing. What kind of a bottle might it be?

POIROT

Alas that I cannot tell you. Eh maintenant, one last thing I want you to cast about in your mind to see if there is anything odd that you can remember as having happened

104 Continued

POIROT (Cont)

this morning which you might have noticed,
and have forgotten to tell us.

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Odd sir?

POIROT

Yes, Gladys. Odd. Unusual. Out of place.
Different to the normal run of things.

She looks at him with a doltish expression on her face. POIROT
waits patiently.

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Well there was one thing, though it was
nothing really. Just someone having a bath
a bit after twelve o'clock. I mean that's
odd or unusual isn't it? Most people have
baths in the early morning or in the
evening, but not in the middle of the day.

POIROT

Who had this bath?

GLADYS NORRACOTT

I reelly couldn't say. I just heard it
going down the waste that's all.

POIROT

You're sure it was a bath - not one of
the hand basins?

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Quite sure. I mean you can't mistake bath
water running away, now can you? It makes
a kind of gurgling sound.

POIROT

Like someone choking?

GLADYS NORRACOTT

Sort of, yes.

POIROT

Or being strangled?

She looks at him wide-eyed, her hand flying to her mouth.
DAPHNE CASTLE appears in the doorway, and sees only GLADYS
NORRACOTT.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Do get on with your work Gladys. You're
not paid to gawp.

104 Continued

GLADYS NORRACOTT hurries out. DAPHNE CASTLE now sees POIROT.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Oh it's you Monsieur Poirot.

POIROT

A votre service, Madame.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I'm afraid it's no use questioning Gladys about anything. She's as dense as dough.

POIROT

I have not found it so, Madame.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Really? Well have you arrested anyone yet? I told you who it was.

POIROT

Your choice of murderer has so far been somewhat extensive.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Has it? Well I can't stop now and sort it out for you. I've simply got to keep an eye on Andrea. He's making a curry de Poulet Vindaloos for dinner, and the last time he cooked it, it was so hot we practically had to call the fire brigade from the mainland. Arriverdutch as they say in Holland.

POIROT

Au revoir encore Madame.

She bustles out. RACE and POIROT follow slowly.

RACE

She's quite potty. She'll be accusing us next.

POIROT

Do not distress yourself about Madame Castle, mon vieux. Order and method will prevail.

RACE

I sincerely hope so, but then why all these irrelevant questions of yours about baths and bottles?

They walk through the door.

105 INT. THE MAIN LANDING OF THE HOTEL EVENING

POIROT and RACE walk out onto the main landing.

POIROT

There is nothing irrelevant about my questions, je vous assure. They are eminently the most logical. If you have an empty bottle on your dressing table, or in your bathroom, what do you do with it? Do you drop it in the waste paper basket, or do you go to the trouble of going out onto your balcony and hurling it into the sea?

RACE

H'm, I see what you mean. You would only do that if you didn't want to be connected with it.

POIROT

Exactement.

RACE

And the bath? What is so strange about the bath?

POIROT

The time - a little after twelve o'clock. Consider which of the guests were in the hotel at that hour. Madame Redfern. Monsieur Gardener. Madame Castle and Capitaine Marshall. They were all about to play tennis - a curious time to choose to take a bath, n'est ce pas? See you at le déjeuner.

POIROT heads off to his room to change for dinner leaving RACE to descend the stairs thoughtfully.

106 INT. THE DINING ROOM OF THE HOTEL NIGHT

All the guests are seated at the table eating the curried chicken. BERT and CHARLIE are the waiters in attendance.

MISS BREWSTER

By George this is hot - but absolutely super!

106 Continued

MR BLATT

You're right. It's hotter than a night in a Mexican whorehouse.

He laughs. The others ignore him.

MRS GARDENER

I hope you're not going to be ill, Odell, like poor Mrs Auschsteinerboltz's girl Sadie. Do you remember how she was when she ate the hot chillies in Alberquque?

MR GARDENER

Dear, I thought it was Gazpachio in Mexico City.

MRS GARDENER

It was hot chillies in Alberquque, and all night long she was up and down to the john, which was about half a mile away.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Are you sure it wasn't an earth closet, Mrs Gardener?

She smiles insouciantly at MRS GARDENER who glares back.

LINDA MARSHALL

(to Bert)

Could I please have a glass of iced water.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Good idea. For me too please. About a gallon of it.

A chorus of "Me toos". POIROT rises to his feet.

POIROT

Mesdames, Monsieurs, talking of water, I would like to disturb you all from the excellence of your dinner for a moment, by asking you just one simple question, which may have some bearing on our murder. Did any of you have a bath this morning about midday, or a few minutes later?

106 Continued

The CAMERA moves round the circle of faces. They all shake their heads. POIROT turns to RACE.

POIROT

Voila! Another little mystery to torture the logical mind. A bath poured out, which no one will admit to taking.

(to the Company)

Please continue to consume the dish of the incomparable Andrea, and leave to my little grey cells the elucidation of the puzzle why cleanliness is not next to truthfulness.

He taps his forehead and resume his seat as we FADE TO BLACK.

107 EXT. TOP OF CLIFF ABOVE BLOOD BAY/CLIFF LADDER MIDDAY

RACE is finishing strapping an apprehensive POIROT into a Bosun's chair on the cliff top. He crosses himself devoutly, as he is swung out over the side of the cliff and lowered by the SERGEANT. RACE himself descends into the bay by the iron ladder clamped to the cliff face, enjoying as he does so the grotesque sight of his colleague swinging around in the air above his head like a helpless whale.

POIROT

Ma foie! Quelle vie de boheme!

RACE

(calling)

What's that you say?

POIROT

(testy)

I said my liver! What a life of a Bohemian!

RACE

(calling)

I wouldn't be worrying about Bohemians if I were you, at this moment. I'd just hang on tight.

POIROT looks down and nearly faints with terror at the sheer drop below his dangling feet.

POIROT

Quel horreur!

RACE

Don't look down.

107 Continued

RACE climbs smartly down the ladder singing blithely:

RACE

(singing)

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease
That daring vieux Belge on the flying trapeze.

POIROT

Mais c'est bien impudent tout cela!

RACE leaps off the ladder and is in time to catch the wildly gyrating POIROT, and release him from his harness.

RACE

Well done Poirot. That should have
juiced up the little grey cells for you.

POIROT

They have not been juiced. They have
been paralysed.

After considerable attention to his toilet POIROT recovers himself enough to take an interest in his surroundings. As the sergeant descends the iron ladder, he walks over to the taped outline figure lying above the waterline in the shade of the overhanging cliff. The green Chinese hat lies over the spot where the face would be, and the white bathing costume is spread out over the trunk of the body. He studies it intently. Behind him the sergeant picks up a couple of objects from the beach.

SERGEANT

I have found these on the sand.

He holds out a pair of scissors and a pipe stem. POIROT and RACE study them curiously.

RACE

Right. Hang on to them will you.

(to Poirot)

Do you think they're significant?

POIROT

Mais oui. As significant as a wristwatch,
a bathing cap, a bottle, a bath ...

The bell on the fishermen's chapel round the corner in Bible Bay sounds twelve o'clock faintly:

... and the chapel bell.

(he looks at his watch)

Bon. It is precisely the same time as
yesterday when the body was discovered.

107 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN rows the boat with his passenger MISS BREWSTER in the stern, round the point and in towards the shore. PATRICK REDFERN jumps out and runs up the beach.

RACE

Well done. You are precisely on time. Now remember you are to do exactly as you did before.

PATRICK REDFERN

I shouted to her I think.

RACE

Good. Well off you go.

PATRICK REDFERN

(shouting)

Arlena! ... Arlena ... Hi there!

PATRICK REDFERN runs on up the beach waving, and shouting.

Hi there Arlena ...

He reaches the figure and kneels down beside it.

Hey, wake up!

PATRICK REDFERN touches one of the outline limbs and then sharply pulls his hand away as if stung. He lifts the hat off the face.

PATRICK REDFERN

(shouting)

My God!

MISS BREWSTER

What's the matter?

PATRICK REDFERN

She's dead ... She's been murdered ... strangled!

He drops the hat back to cover where the face would be and runs down to MISS BREWSTER who is sitting in the boat holding the oars.

MISS BREWSTER

Are you sure?

PATRICK REDFERN nods his head dumbly.

How horrible!

PATRICK REDFERN

Who could have done this to Arlena? ... It's just not possible.

107 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN looks at POIROT who has been watching the reconstruction with great attention.

PATRICK REDFERN
We stayed like this for a minute or so. You see we were shocked. We didn't know what to do. Then in case the murderer was still hanging about, I volunteered to stay with the body while Miss Brewster went to fetch the police. I touched nothing other than to make sure she was dead.

MISS BREWSTER
And I rowed away back to the hotel. I couldn't cope with that ladder you see.

POIROT
I quite sympathise, Mademoiselle.

POIROT walks thoughtfully about the cove examining the cliffs. Suddenly he stops and beckons to RACE:

POIROT
(shouting)
Come here Colonel. Look at this.

RACE joins POIROT and sees what POIROT has found - a narrow gap in the cliff face. They squeeze through it.

108 INT. CAVE MIDDAY

POIROT and RACE stand in the cave. It is faintly lit.

RACE
H'm. The air's quite fresh.

POIROT sniffs delicately.

POIROT
Indeed. It smells of le Souffle De Mer.

RACE
What's that?

POIROT
The breath of the sea.

RACE
H'm. Very poetic.

The two men look about them, examining the cave in detail. Suddenly POIROT looks at a shelf high above his head.

POIROT
One might perhaps see that there is nothing up there.

108 Continued

RACE stretches up a long arm, but is still too short for an effective search by about a foot. Somewhat precariously he manages a toe-hold in the cave wall, and hoisting himself up is now able to investigate the shelf properly. Suddenly he whistles and descends abruptly. In his hands is a tin box labelled Sandwiches.

RACE

Ah a picnic box.

POIROT

A curious place to hide the egg and cress sandwiches, would you not say, mon vieux?

RACE opens the box. WE TRACK in to a CLOSE UP to see that the various compartments, labelled Salt, Pepper and Mustard are all full of what looks like salt. RACE wets a finger and tastes some.

RACE

Good God! ... Not egg and cress, Poirot. Heroin! ... So my information was correct ... What a lucky break! The fellow I've been looking for is obviously using this place as a drop or a cache.

POIROT

What a fortunate find, mon cher. Now all you have to do is have a watch kept and you will soon know who it is.

RACE

Exactly. It will give that idle Sergeant of mine something to do.

RACE puts the sandwich box back where he found it.

You know, I've been thinking. It could be that Mrs Marshall was an addict, and came here yesterday morning to meet her supplier.

POIROT

Non. Non. Non. It is not possible. She had steady nerves, and radiant health. But of course there is always the possibility that she discovered this business accidentally and was silenced. Alons. Let us return to the hotel.

POIROT and RACE leave the cove.

109 EXT. BLOOD BAY MIDDAY

POIROT and RACE emerge from the cave. POIROT looks first at the bosun's harness and then at the boat. Each object draws a shudder from him.

POIROT

Alas, I stand between the Scylla of Vertigo, and the Charybdis of Mal De Mer.
(he shrugs massively)

It is true one does not die of Mal De Mer, whereas another journey in that infernal machine might well induce une crise des nerfs from which I would never recover.

(to Patrick Redfern)

Would you permit me, Monsieur, to prevail on Mademoiselle Brewster for your place in her boat.

PATRICK REDFERN

Please go ahead. I'll use the ladder.

POIROT

You are too amiable.

PATRICK REDFERN gives POIROT a dazzling smile and walks away across the beach towards the ladder. He is followed by RACE. POIROT meanwhile walks apprehensively down the beach towards the boat, in the company of Miss Brewster.

MISS BREWSTER

All you have to do is to hop in Monsieur Poirot, and leave everything else to me.

Gingerly he complies with her suggestion. As soon as he is settled she casts off, and jumps into the boat making it lurch sickeningly. As POIROT groans unhappily she bends to the oars. Back on the beach the sergeant conceals himself unhappily behind a rock. The CAMERA TRACKS to ECU outline figure on the sand.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

110 INT. CONSERVATORY DAY

ECU model replica of Blood Bay. A hand comes into shot and places a marker with Arlena Marshall's name on it, in the middle of it. We PULL BACK to see POIROT leaning over the model. RACE stands watching.

POIROT

Now from my own unhappy experience I know it takes about twenty five minutes to row from Booty Beach to Blood Bay, so it is clear Madame Marshall arrived there at approximately five minutes past eleven. Between then and twelve o'clock, she was

110 Continued

POIROT (Cont.)

murdered. Let us see where everybody claims to have been during those fifty five minutes.

As he speaks each suspect's name, he places their marker with the appropriate time also written on it, in the relevant place, sometimes using two markers when the person named moved from one place to another, during the period under review.

POIROT

Capitaine Marshall was in his room typing. Monsieur and Madame Gardener were on Booty Beach until eleven forty when Monsieur Gardener returned to the hotel leaving his wife alone. Monsieur Redfern was on Booty Beach until he left with Mademoiselle Brewster to go for a row a little before eleven thirty. Mademoiselle Brewster herself arrived at Booty Beach about eleven twenty after exercising in her room. Madame Castle was at Lighthouse Ledge until she returned for her staff meeting here at the hotel at eleven thirty. Madame Redfern and Mademoiselle Marshall were here at Cutlass Cove until twelve o'clock, when Madame Redfern left to go back to the hotel, leaving Mademoiselle Linda alone. Finally Monsieur Blatt was out here sailing in a South Westerly direction. Now what does all that tell us?

RACE points to the relevant markers.

RACE

That the only people with watertight alibis are Captain Marshall with his hour's typing, Mr Redfern who was either in your sight, or Miss Brewster's, and Mrs Redfern and Linda Marshall who vouch for each other.

POIROT

Exactement, and nearly everybody had a motive for killing her.

RACE

The exception being Mr Blatt.

POIROT

And even he for an innocent man seems to be very nervous.

RACE

Poirot I must confess to you that I find this whole case most baffling. Have you any idea who it is?

110 Continued

POIROT

I know who it should be. As I told you before, this is a very slick crime. Something tells me it is not a first attempt.

RACE

I'm not sure I follow you.

POIROT

Come let us take the little promenade and I will explain.

MIX THROUGH to next scene

111 EXT. BIBLE BAY DAY

POIROT and RACE walk down the promontory to the Fishermen's Chapel.

POIROT

I must tell you, that earlier this year I was retained by the Trojan Insurance Company to investigate a case of strangulation which the police were satisfied was the work of a madman or tramp, and not of the obvious suspect - the husband who benefited from the Insurance Policy. I read the documents and decided it was useless to investigate, because the husband had an obviously cast iron alibi, being on a train miles away at the time of the murder. Now suddenly I am not so sure, that incredible as it may seem, I Hercule Poirot, did not make the bad mistake.

He looks crestfallen.

RACE

Come on Poirot. You mustn't reproach yourself. We all make mistakes.

POIROT

Not me.

RACE

Oh really Poirot! Sometimes you are impossible.

They enter the Chapel, with RACE laughing and POIROT affronted.

112 INT. THE SEAMEN'S CHAPEL BIBLE BAY DAY

The interior of the Chapel is small and ancient, carved out of stone and crossed with rough wooden tiles. A cross POIROT watched by the still chuckling RACE stops to examine a screen illustrating the parable of the talents made out of shells.

POIROT

(frosty)

Ah, the Parable of the Talents. I'm sure you have always believed, that unto everyone that hath shall be given, but from him who hath not shall be taken away, haven't you cher Colonel.

RACE

Have I Poirot?

POIROT

Mais Naturellement. Surely you have always known that to he who doesn't enquire, nothing shall be revealed. Par exemple, you should enquire what the Insurance Company case has to do with this one, instead of laughing like the jack hass.

RACE

I'm sorry Poirot. I really am. Perhaps you would be good enough to explain.

POIROT is mollified by RACE's apology and he graciously consents to explain while the CAMERA examines carvings of skulls and gargoyles, martyrs and devils in a short bizarre montage.

POIROT

Can't you see they share the same pattern - the cold blooded plotting, the strangulation, the cast iron alibi of the husband. Mon vieux, I want you to do something for me. I want you to get me photographs of all the witnesses in that case - the husband, the hiker who found the body, everybody who was interviewed. The name of the murdered woman was Alice Corrigan. Her husband's name I think was Edward, and the crime took place near Ilkley, Yorkshire.

RACE

That shouldn't be too difficult. The Police probably won't have any photographs but the local press would almost certainly have taken some at the Inquest.

POIROT

Good. I would also like to have a report on the financial affairs of the murdered woman.

112 Continued

RACE

I don't think I will be able to get you any of this information before tomorrow evening, I'm afraid.

POIROT

Do not distress yourself, mon cher. While we wait we will amuse ourselves.

RACE

Amuse ourselves?

POIROT

Absolument. We shall have un grand pique-nique.

RACE stares at POIROT in astonishment, as the chapel bell strikes the hour.

113 EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE AFTERNOON

DAPHNE CASTLE and POIROT lead the way through open countryside. They are followed by the two male servants BERT and CHARLIE in uniform, carrying hampers. Behind them come the guests - MR and MRS GARDENER, MISS BREWSTER, MR and MRS REDFERN, KENNETH and LINDA MARSHALL. MR BLATT walks at the rear by himself. The procession moves into more thickly wooded countryside.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

114 EXT. GLADE WITH STREAM AFTERNOON

The procession of guests and servants enter a wooded glade through which runs a stream, and over which is a narrow wooden bridge. POIROT spreads his arms wide, and indicates he is satisfied with the venue.

POIROT

Voila, mesdames, messieurs. A perfect place for le dejeuner, sur l'herbe.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I suppose Andrea's splendid Goose Pie might as well be ravished by ants here, as elsewhere and me too for that matter!

MRS GARDENER

Do you remember Odell when we were given those Reindeer Marrow Bones at Modesty Tausburphimmel's home in Pittsburgh?

114 Continued

MR GARDENER

I thought they were elk bones,
dear.

MRS GARDENER

They were Reindeer Bones, and they
were charred black. I remember
particularly as there wasn't a
thing to eat on them. No wonder
she keeps her figure.

LINDA MARSHALL

Well I'n not going to worry about
my figure today, Daddy. I'm going
to gorge myself silly.

KENNETH MARSHALL

Quite right, darling. I'm sure
Daphne would be most offended if
you didn't.

KENNETH MARSHALL and DAPHNE CASTLE exchange meaningful
glances. The guests spread out and the servants BERT
and CHARLIE start to unpack the hampers supervised by
DAPHNE CASTLE.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

115 EXT. GLADE WITH STREAM LATE AFTERNOON

It is a couple of hours later. Many of the company are
asleep or resting in their previous groupings. BERT and
CHARLIE are packing up the plates and cutlery. POIROT
has crossed the river, and is sitting, comfortably replete
beneath a tree. He yawns, stretches, and suddenly gets
to his feet, as his attention is caught by a large spread
of Datura. He next sees CHRISTINE REDFERN walking on the
other side of the river and calls to her.

POIROT

(calling)

Ah Madame Redfern, come and look
at these flowers. Ils sont tres
extraordinaires!

115 Continued

CHRISTINE REDFERN runs across the narrow wooden bridge. She joins POIROT and PATRICK REDFERN and examines the flowers.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

They're very pretty.

POIROT

And pretty deadly, Madame.

PATRICK REDFERN

Really? ...What are they?

POIROT

Les Trompettes De La Mort.

PATRICK REDFERN

The trumpets of death?

POIROT

Exactement, Monsieur. Datura. A highly toxic solanaceous plant. Paralysis and death occur with quite astounding swiftness. Yes - all in all, a most lethal weapon ...

CHRISTINE REDFERN, who has been about to touch the flowers, draws back her hand sharply.

POIROT

... and a most successful picnic don't you think?

PATRICK REDFERN

Oh yes, very, even though there's still a murderer walking about loose among us.

POIROT

For not much longer, Monsieur. Croyez-moi.

The CAMERA moves to a CLOSE UP of the Datura flowers.

We MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

116 EXT. KEELHAUL CAVES EVENING

POIROT walks about, deep in thought, amongst the jumble of rocky caverns which form Keelhaul Caves. Suddenly he is hailed by RACE who comes hurrying across the shingle towards him.

RACE

Ah Poirot. I've been looking all over for you.

116 Continued

POIROT

Sometimes it is necessary to repose the mind in solitude. One must not blame the little grey cells for their moments of misanthropy.

RACE

Well, did you have a good picnic?

POIROT

It was most illuminating, and in a certain way quite surprising.

RACE

Really? In what way may one ask?

POIROT

Gastronomically. The Goose Pie was merveilleuse. Have you any news?

RACE

Yes. Whilst you have been surprising your stomach, I have been finding out about Mrs Marshall's financial affairs. In a nutshell her bank told me that out of the hundred thousand pounds left to her last year, she has drawn out in cash amounts all but eight thousand. To my mind, this certainly confirms the blackmail story.

POIROT

Ah ca c'est tres interressant!...And the photographs? When may I expect them?

RACE

I should have them tomorrow morning. They will be radioed to Tirane and brought here.

POIROT

Bon. I am convinced they will prove my case.

RACE

So now you know who it is?

POIROT

Yes. I know.

RACE

Well?

116 Continued

POIROT

I do not like to speak until I have the proof.

RACE

How about a clue then?

POIROT

Mais certainement. It is not as you might expect from your study of detective fiction, the least likely person. Au contraire. It is the most likely person.

He smiles disarmingly as we MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

117 EXT. BLOOD BAY NIGHT

A shadowy figure climbs down the cliff ladder at Blood Bay, and crosses the stretch of sand to the concealed entrance to the cave. It finds it and slips inside.

118 INT. CAVE NIGHT

In the dim light, the figure crosses to the shelf, and making use of the toe hole in the cave wall reaches up and searches the shelf. Two powerful police torches suddenly stab out of the darkness and light up MR BLATT as he grasps the sandwich box.

POIROT

Bon soir, Monsieur Blatt. Have you come here to tell us one of your so amusing stories?

MR BLATT spins round and tumbles down from the perch into the arms of the SERGEANT. POIROT rises from a shooting stick. He is elaborately muffled against the night's chill.

MR BLATT

Christ Almighty!!

RACE

What's it to be this time? Something spicy about dope running?

MR BLATT

Alright, alright. It's a fair cop. But how you found out, beats me.

RACE

If it's any consolation to you, it was a bit of luck really. We do get them every so often you know.

118 Continued

POIROT

Moi I am always interested in the activities of lone sailors, particularly ones who are fascinated by pirates and smuggling.

MR BLATT

Me and my big mouth! Well, at least you can't hang me for it.

POIROT

Pour quoi pas? It gives you a good motive for murdering Madame Marshall.

MR BLATT

What!!

RACE

You ran your stuff in here. She caught you at it, and threatened to blow the gaff and you topped her.

MR BLATT

Now look gov'ner, you can't pin murder on me. That's not my game. I swear I never even spoke to the lady, let alone laid a finger on her. You've got to believe me.

RACE

Believe the word of a heroin smuggler - why should I? What do you think Poirot?

POIROT

I think you should hold him here until tomorrow, when all shall be revealed. Meanwhile even a Hercule Poirot becomes fatigued, so perhaps you would be so amiable as to row me back to the hotel - with as much stateliness as you can command.

POIROT leaves the cave followed by RACE and the SERGEANT, the latter taking a firm grip on the cowed figure of MR BLATT.

119 INT. THE RESIDENTS' LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL MID-MORNING

The guests of the Jolly Roger Hotel sit round facing the fireplace in a large semi-circle. MR and MRS GARDENER sit to the right of the fireplace, and next to them in order are KENNETH MARSHALL, LINDA MARSHALL, DAPHNE CASTLE, PATRICK and CHRISTINE REDFERN, MISS BREWSTER, and last of all to the left of the fireplace HORACE BLATT. Behind

119 Continued

MR BLATT stands the SERGEANT. There is a general excited buzz of conversation which is suddenly stilled as HERCULE POIROT enters the room and takes his place in the centre of the semi-circle, standing before the model of Smugglers' Island which has been moved from the conservatory into the lounge.

POIROT

Mesdames, Messieurs, I have asked you all to meet me here this morning, because I have discovered the identity of the murderer of Madame Marshall.

There is a further buzz of surprised conversation, and POIROT takes a small bow.

POIROT

It is at the moment only a theory, - though one which I am quite sure is the correct one. However, thanks to the good offices of my dear colleague Colonel Race, I am hoping that certain proofs will arrive shortly, which will put the matter beyond doubt. Meanwhile I shall, with your kind permission offer you Hercule Poirot's solution.

Another buzz of affirmation.

POIROT

Eh bien, let us begin with a reconstruction of the events at Blood Bay at the time of the murder.

We MIX THROUGH TO the next scene, as POIROT points with a pencil to Blood Bay on the model.

120 EXT. BLOOD BAY MID-DAY

The scene is a flashback to scene 107. POIROT is examining the taped figure lying above the waterline in the shade of the overhanging cliff, watched by RACE and the SERGEANT. The green Chinese hat lies over the spot where the face would be, and the white bathing costume is spread out over the trunk of the body. PATRICK REDFERN and MISS BREWSTER arrive in the rowing boat, and the former runs up the beach and goes through his reconstruction, kneeling by the outline figure, lifting the hat off the face, then replacing it and running down the beach towards MISS BREWSTER in the boat.

120 Continued

POIROT (V.O.)

I visited the scene of the crime at twelve noon the following day, that is to say the same time the body was discovered. I was struck at once by one very interesting fact. Madame Marshall had been obviously lying in the shade. And yet as I learned from the reconstruction her face had been covered by her great big green Chinese hat. Why, I asked myself was her face shielded from a non-existent sun? There could only be one answer - the murderer had wanted it concealed.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

121 INT. RESIDENTS' LOUNGE HOTEL MID-DAY

The scene is the same as it was at the end of scene 119. RACE enters holding an envelope which he waves affirmatively at POIROT. They nod at each other.

POIROT

But why mes amis had the murderer wanted it concealed?

He looks directly at PATRICK REDFERN who stirs uneasily in his chair.

PATRICK REDFERN

Why?

POIROT

I think you know very well why, Monsieur Redfern.

PATRICK REDFERN

What can you mean?

POIROT

I mean that everyone here at this hotel had the opportunity to kill Madame Marshall, except for you and Madame Redfern. She hadn't got the opportunity because she was with Mademoiselle Linda in Cutlass Cove.

(he points to Cutlass Cove on the model)

And you hadn't got the opportunity since, as you correctly informed me,

POIROT (Cont)

I was your alibi during the whole time until you left the harbour with Miss Brewster, to row round the Island.

He points to Booty Beach and the Harbour on the model.

PATRICK REDFERN

Well there you are then. If we are the least suspicious of all the people here, why should I know why the murderer had wanted to conceal Arlena's face with the hat?

POIROT

Because the singular impossibility of you and your wife having done the crime, convinces me beyond doubt that you actually did do it.

PATRICK REDFERN

What!! Is it daft you are?

POIROT

No, I don't think so Monsieur Redfern. It is my belief that Arlena Marshall went to Blood Bay to meet you, and that she did meet you, and that you killed her there as you planned to do!

PATRICK REDFERN bounds to his feet

PATRICK REDFERN

Jesus. You re talking through your hat.

POIROT shakes his head slowly.

D'you mind telling me how I did it then?

POIROT

Hercule Poirot is not to be fooled twice, mon petit assassin. You did it in the same way that you murdered Alice Corrigan at Ilkley earlier this year, with the able assistance of your wife or partner Christine, who helped you here, in the same way as she helped you then, by pretending to discover the body of Alice Corrigan at least twenty minutes before Alice Corrigan actually died, and while you were still on the train.

121 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN

(suddenly furious)

Lies! ... All bloody lies!

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Calm yourself, Patrick. As he said himself he can't prove anything. It's only a theory.

PATRICK REDFERN

What about this proof of his that's coming eh? What about that now?

CHRISTINE REDFERN

Don't let him fool you. He just said that to get you to talk. Can't you see that?

PATRICK REDFERN

Quite right girl. Let him blather away.

(ironic)

Pray continue, Monsieur Poirot.

POIROT

Merci. Vous est trop gentil ... Let me say at once that the crime depended on the character of Madame Marshall. From the start I saw she was the archetypal victim. It wasn't she who fatally attracted men. It was men like you who fatally attracted her - an adventurer, a man of good looks and easy assurance who makes his living out of women, and often ends up killing them. In other words you were the most likely suspect.

PATRICK REDFERN

(hotly)

Now that's enough.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

(warningly)

Patrick!

PATRICK REDFERN relaxes, grinning boyishly.

POIROT

I have no doubt in my mind, Monsieur Redfern, that you found it quite easy to get Arlena Marshall to hand you large sums of money from time to time, for "investment". That was how she lost her money, wasn't it? There was

121 Continued

POIROT (Cont)

no blackmailer, nor never was. She was a pure invention of your wife's to account for her depleted bank account.

PATRICK and CHRISTINE REDFERN exchange uneasy glances.

PATRICK REDFERN

If anything at all of what you're saying were true, d'you mind telling me why on earth I should kill her. Presumably there would have been plenty more where that came from.

POIROT

Not so, mon ami. There was very little left. And it wasn't going to be very long before her husband was going to start asking awkward questions about who had swindled her. She would have told him, so you had to kill her in order to avoid a long spell in jail. N'est ce pas?

PATRICK REDFERN shrugs carelessly.

PATRICK REDFERN

It's a tale for the little people, Monsieur Poirot. Why don't you show me how I did it, if you're so clever?

POIROT

As I say, you did it with the aid of this woman here, who may or may not be your wife.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

122 INT. THE REDFERNS' BEDROOM MID-DAY

A flashback to scene 29. PATRICK and CHRISTINE REDFERN stand by an open window, in their bedroom, rowing loudly over his attentions to Arlena Marshall.

POIROT (V.O.)

From the moment you came here both of you played out a series of carefully rehearsed scenes in such a manner that all might hear, or see. Together there were scenes of hysterical jealousy, boomed out through open windows ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

123 EXT. THE TERRACE ABOVE THE BATHING BEACH MORNING

A flashback to scene 22. POIROT and MISS BREWSTER are talking together and are joined by CHRISTINE REDFERN. The recessed dialogue we hear is from "I suppose it's a bit like heights. Some people can't stand them ..." to "I don't go brown. I just become like a cassata - pink skin, white blisters and green in the face".

POIROT (V.O.)

... Apart, you Madame, took every opportunity to give the impression that you were a physically frail woman who was absolutely terrified of heights, and who had to hide her skin away from the sun, because it blistered and made her look like an Italian ice cream ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

124 INT. THE ARBOUR OVERLOOKING BIBLE BAY NIGHT

A flashback to scene 34. CHRISTINE REDFERN is sitting on a stone bench in the Arbour, crying on Poirot's shoulder.

POIROT (V.O.)

... and who was altogether to be pitied as a poor little, helpless abandoned wife.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

125 EXT. A TREE SCREENED CLEARING NIGHT

A flashback to scene 36. ARLENA MARSHALL and PATRICK REDFERN stand close together in the glade declaring their love for each other, and embracing passionately.

POIROT (V.O.)

... Whilst you, Monsieur, took elaborately indiscreet pains to advertise your romance, by virtually shouting declarations of love, instead of whispering sweet nothings ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

126 EXT. BOOTY BEACH MORNING

A flashback to scene 46. PATRICK REDFERN impatiently paces the beach turning his head continually in the direction of the hotel.

126 Continued

POIROT (V.O.)

... and pacing moodily about like a sulky love-lorn poet. But as I say I was convinced the pair of you were play acting, and I was determined to prove it, by finding you Madame, out in a perfectly obvious lie. To this end I arranged une pique nique ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

127 EXT. GLADE WITH STREAM LATE AFTERNOON

A flashback to scene 115 POIROT is examining the Datura flowers. He sees CHRISTINE REDFERN walking on the other side of the river, and calls to her. CHRISTINE REDFERN runs across the narrow wooden bridge. She joins POIROT and examines the flowers.

POIROT (V.O.)

... and during the course of it induced you to cross a narrow bridge over running water which I had previously selected. If it were true you had a bad head for heights you would have had a great difficulty crossing that bridge. Madame, I must tell you, I saw no such difficulty.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

128 INT. THE RESIDENTS' LOUNGE HOTEL MID-DAY

The company are grouped as they were at the end of scene 121 CHRISTINE REDFERN is looking murderously at POIROT.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

That means nothing. I was in a hurry, and probably didn't take notice.

POIROT

If your affliction had been genuine you could not have helped taking notice. But it was not, and I knew you were lying about it, and I also knew why.

CHRISTINE REDFERN

(shouting)

Then why for God's sake?

128 Continued

POIROT

If you only have patience Madame, I will now describe to you what you both did.

(to Patrick Redfern)

The first move you made was on the beach on the day previous to the murder ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene as he points to the terrace above the hotel beach on the model.

129 EXT. THE TERRACE ABOVE THE BATHING BEACH MORNING

A flashback to scene 24. We pick up the scene where CHRISTINE REDFERN gets to her feet and waves to her husband in the distance. We see him pause, then ignore the wave, and deliberately walk off with ARLENA MARSHALL down the beach. Abruptly CHRISTINE REDFERN turns and leaves the terrace, heading back towards the hotel.

POIROT (V.O.)

... You arranged a clandestine meeting with Arlena Marshall in Blood Bay, for the following day. She was to go round to the Bay early. Nobody went there in the morning when it was in shade, and you were to join her there as soon as you could slip away undetected. You told her that if, while she was waiting for you, she heard anyone descending the ladder, or a boat came in sight, she was to slip into the cave ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

130 EXT. OUTSIDE STAIRCASE SOUTH EASTERN SIDE OF THE HOTEL
EARLY MORNING

PATRICK REDFERN creeps furtively out of the hotel, using the outside staircase. He is wearing a bathing wrap, under which he is holding something bulky. He runs off in the direction of Blood Bay.

POIROT (V.O.)

... You left the hotel early in the morning, and ran over to Blood Bay. Under your bathing wrap you had concealed a green Chinese hat - the duplicate of the one Arlena Marshall was in the habit of wearing ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

131 EXT. BLOOD BAY EARLY MORNING

PATRICK REDFERN climbs the ladder into the Cove. He then takes the Chinese hat from under his wrap and conceals it behind a rock, and climbs up the ladder.

POIROT (V.O.)

... You climbed down the ladder and stowed it away in an appropriate place, out of sight, before returning to the hotel. In the meantime you, Madame Christine had gone to Linda Marshall's room ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

132 INT. LINDA MARSHALL'S BEDROOM MORNING

CHRISTINE REDFERN enters LINDA MARSHALL's bedroom and alters her wristwatch, putting it fifteen minutes forward - an action we see in CLOSE UP.

POIROT (V.O.)

... and advanced her wristwatch by fifteen minutes.

LINDA MARSHALL enters the room and the rest of the scene is a flashback to scene 42.

POIROT (V.O.)

... You then arranged the expedition to Cutlass Cove and returned to your own room ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

133 INT. PATRICK AND CHRISTINE REDFERN'S BEDROOM MORNING

CHRISTINE REDFERN applies dark sun tan to her legs and arms. She then throws the bottle out of the window.

POIROT (V.O.)

... where you carefully stained your vaunted white arms and legs with dark sun tan and then threw the incriminating bottle out of the window ...

134 EXT. THE SEA ON THE SOUTH EASTERN SIDE OF THE HOTEL MORNING

Flashback to scene 90. MISS BREWSTER is swimming. The sun tan bottle comes hurtling out of the sky and lands with a great splash near to her. It fills with water and sinks. MISS BREWSTER looks up angrily at the hotel windows but is

134 Continued

unable to discover from which window it has been thrown, because the sun is in her eyes.

POIROT (V.O.)

... where it narrowly escaped hitting Mademoiselle Brewster who was bathing.

135 INT. PATRICK AND CHRISTINE REDFERN'S BEDROOM MORNING

CHRISTINE REDFERN is putting on a white bathing suit similar to Arlena Marshall's. Over it she puts on a pair of beach pyjamas.

POIROT (V.O.)

... You then dressed yourself in a white bathing costume similar to the one worn by Arlena Marshall, and over it a pair of garish beach pyjamas with long floppy sleeves and a high neck, which effectually concealed your newly browned limbs and chest. You then went off to Cutlass Cove with Linda while I made my way to Booty Beach ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

136 EXT. BOOTY BEACH MORNING

Flashback to scene 48 from where ARLENA MARSHALL paddles away on her float to where PATRICK REDFERN arrives, and looks about him, puzzled and impatient.

POIROT (V.O.)

... At about eleven forty Madame Marshall departed for her rendezvous, and a minute or two later you Monsieur Redfern appeared, and after some laboriously comic remarks about my suede shoes, you set about registering baffled impatience. And now, mes amis the scene moves to Cutlass Cove...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

137 EXT. CUTLASS COVE MID-DAY

A flashback to an amalgam of scenes 68 and 75; this time shot from a neutral position. The action is from where LINDA MARSHALL rises and CHRISTINE REDFERN asks the time to where LINDA MARSHALL enters the sea and CHRISTINE REDFERN leaves the cove - only this time we see in CU CHRISTINE REDFERN picking up LINDA MARSHALL's watch which she has taken

137 Continued

off and left behind her on her first visit to the sea (before being reminded of the bathing cap), and putting the hands back fifteen minutes to 11.45.

POIROT (V.O.)

... At eleven forty five, and keeping her own watch concealed, Madame Christine asked Linda the time. Naturally she said it was twelve o'clock. She then starts to go down to the sea. While her back is turned, Madame Christine returns the watch to the correct time. Then she calls Linda back telling her she has forgotten her bathing cap. Why should she bother to do that, you may ask? The answer is simple. On top of the Fisherman's Chapel in Bible Bay, there is a bell. Fifteen minutes later it was due to strike the hour, and if Linda heard it the game would be up. True, as I knew from Mr Blatt's evidence that the wind was South West, and therefore blowing away from her, but Madame Christine could take no chances of the sound carrying. A girl splashing about in the sea and wearing a bathing cap would hear nothing.

138 EXT. CLIFF TOP ABOVE CUTLASS COVE MID-DAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN looks down and waves to LINDA MARSHALL in the sea. She waves back. CHRISTINE REDFERN now strikes Westward along the path to Booty Bay, rather than Southwards to the hotel.

POIROT (V.O.)

Now she hurries from the cove ...

139 EXT. PATH BETWEEN CUTLASS COVE AND BLOOD BAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN runs as fast as she can along the path which separates Cutlass Cove from Blood Bay. Over it we see superimposed POIROT's finger tracing the journey on the model.

POIROT (V.O.)

... and over the path which separates Cutlass Cove from Blood Bay. This takes her about four minutes.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

140 EXT. TOP OF BLOOD BAY MID-DAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN strips off her beach pyjamas and puts them and her sketching things behind a rock. She then climbs agilely down the ladder.

POIROT (V.O.)

... She then strips off her beach pyjamas, and hides them and her sketching things behind a big rock which is there, and climbs athletically down the ladder ...

141 EXT. BLOOD BAY MID-DAY

ARLENA MARSHALL is on the beach. She sees CHRISTINE REDFERN descending the ladder.

ARLENA MARSHALL

(to herself sotto voce)

Christ!

She runs into the cave.

POIROT (V.O.)

Arlena Marshall is on the beach, wondering why you, Monsieur Redfern are taking so long to come. Suddenly to her great chagrin, she sees you, Madame, coming down the ladder. Only her husband could have presented a more inconvenient figure. Of course she is forced to take refuge in the cave ...

CHRISTINE REDFERN takes the green Chinese hat from its hiding place behind the rock, pulls out a false red curl from inside it, and lies down on the beach above the water line. She then arranges the hat over face so that it is hidden, and the curl shows to advantage.

POIROT (V.O.)

...Then all you had to do was to take the green Chinese hat, with I suspect a false red curl pinned underneath the brim at the back, from where your partner had hidden it earlier in the morning, and dispose yourself in a sprawling attitude with the hat and curl shielding your face and neck. All this has taken you at the very most a further five minutes. The timing is perfect. A few minutes later the church bell strikes twelve o'clock,

141 Continued

POIROT (V.O. Cont)

and the boat containing Mademoiselle Brewster and Monsieur Redfern comes round the point ...

From CHRISTINE REDFERN'S P.O.V. we see the row boat containing MISS BREWSTER and PATRICK REDFERN come round the point. He jumps out, runs up the beach waving and shouting, and kneels down beside the body.

We see the bronzed limbs, the white bathing suit, the red hair curling out from under the brim of the Green Chinese hat from HIS POINT OF VIEW. He touches one of the bronzed arms, then pulls his hand away as if stung. He then lifts the hat off the face. In EXTREME CLOSE UP we see CHRISTINE REDFERN's face. She winks up at PATRICK. He grins broadly before replacing the hat, and starting his dialogue with MISS BREWSTER.

POIROT (V.O.)

It is of course Monsieur Redfern who runs up the beach, who bends down to examine the body. It is he who is stunned, shocked, broken by the death of his lover. All Mademoiselle Brewster had seen was a body with sun tanned limbs, wearing a white bathing costume and Arlena's hat. Do you remember what I said the first day we met, Mademoiselle? All bodies lying on the beach are alike. They're not men and women. There is nothing personal about them. They are like rows of butchers' meat grilling in the sun. And it's true. One moderately well made young woman is very like another. Two brown arms; two brown legs; and a little piece of bathing suit in between.

MISS BREWSTER starts to run off back to the hotel.

POIROT (V.O.)

... No wonder you were fooled into imagining that you had seen the corpse of Madame Marshall, when what you had actually seen was the live body of Madame Christine Redfern. Oui, that was why the murderer had to conceal the face - because it was not the murder victim lying there, but somebody else. And who else would help Monsieur Redfern but his own partner, or wife. Yes, the crime had the same pattern as the

141 Continued

POIROT (V.O. Cont)

Corrigan murder, with the victim being killed later than everyone thought possible. And now the performance by the witness is over. She has been chosen well. She has not got a good head for heights, so will not attempt to climb up the ladder. She will leave the Bay by boat, taking the long way back for help, and leaving Monsieur Redfern to remain with the body in case "the murderer was still hanging about". And what do you think happened Mademoiselle Brewster, as soon as you disappeared? ...

As soon as the boat is out of sight CHRISTINE REDFERN jumps up and cuts the hat into pieces with a pair of scissors, which she drops in her haste. She then fills the brassiere of her bathing suit with the pieces of cardboard. Quickly she kisses PATRICK, then turns, runs across to the ladder, swarms up it, and disappears. PATRICK REDFERN tosses a broken pipe stem down on the beach.

POIROT (V.O.)

... Madame Christine jumps to her feet, cuts up the green cardboard hat into pieces she can conveniently stuff into her bathing costume, and swarms up the ladder. The only clues they leave for us are the pair of scissors which I'm sure she dropped unintentionally, and the pipe stem of Capitaine Marshall's pipe which they put there in the hope that it would incriminate him ...

142 EXT. CLIFF TOP ABOVE BLOOD BAY MID-DAY

On the cliff top CHRISTINE REDFERN puts on her beach pyjamas, gathers up her sketching materials, waves gaily to PATRICK below, and runs off.

POIROT (V.O.)

... On the cliff top she slips back into her beach pyjamas gathers up her sketching things ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

143 EXT. THE PATH BETWEEN BLOOD BAY AND CUTLASS COVE MID-DAY

MONTAGE of shots of CHRISTINE REDFERN running down the path which leads between Blood Bay and Cutlass Cove.

POIROT (V.O.)

... and runs back to the hotel as fast as she can ...

144 EXT. PATH BETWEEN CUTLASS COVE AND THE HOTEL MID-DAY

MONTAGE OF SHOTS of CHRISTINE REDFERN running down the path which leads between Cutlass Cove and the hotel. Superimposed over both scenes is POIROT's finger tracing a course on the model.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

145 EXT. FRONT OF THE HOTEL MID-DAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN runs into the hotel. The CAMERA TRACKS up to a window to see MR GARDENER looking out.

POIROT (V.O.)

... where she is seen arriving between twelve ten, and twelve fifteen, by Mr Gardener ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

146 INT. CHRISTINE REDFERN'S BATHROOM/BEDROOM MID-DAY

CHRISTINE REDFERN is briskly rubbing the sun tan off her body, in the bath. She dries herself quickly, flushes the pieces of green cardboard and curl down the lavatory, and walks next door to change into tennis clothes.

POIROT (V.O.)

... Here she takes the bath that no one would admit to taking, in order to wash off the sun tan, flushes the pieces of green cardboard hat and the curl down le lavabo, and is ready to go to the Court ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

147 EXT. THE TENNIS COURT MID-DAY

Flashback of scene 79. CHRISTINE REDFERN hurries onto the tennis court, where KENNETH MARSHALL and DAPHNE CASTLE are knocking up against MR GARDENER, and walks over to join him.

147 Continued

POIROT (V.O.)

... late it is true, but unruffled and smiling ... But what meanwhile has been happening to her partner Monsieur Patrick? ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

148 EXT. BLOOD BAY MID-DAY

PATRICK REDFERN waves to his wife on the cliff top, as she waves to him. She runs off and he moves swiftly over to the cave.

PATRICK REDFERN

All clear darling.

ARLENA MARSHALL emerges from the cave.

ARLENA MARSHALL

My God, you took an age.

PATRICK REDFERN

I'm sorry darling. It was difficult to slip away with your husband prowling about the place like a grizzly bear with a bad case of eczema. And then of course, my damned wife had to turn up here.

ARLENA MARSHALL

I know. I saw her. She absolutely amazed me. She came down that ladder like Tarzan. What on earth was she doing here?

PATRICK REDFERN

I don't know, but I sent her away with a flea in her ear. She won't be Mrs Patrick Redfern for very much longer - that I can promise you.

ARLENA MARSHALL

Dahling ... I've been so lonely ...

They kiss. PATRICK REDFERN's hands slip up her back and fasten round her neck in a sudden deadly stranglehold. Her eyes bulge; her tongue protrudes; her face blackens. Slowly she slips to the ground. Satisfied she is dead, PATRICK REDFERN picks her up and carries her over to where CHRISTINE REDFERN had lain, and carefully arranges her limbs in the same position as she had adopted. Finally he puts her green cardboard hat over her face, teases out a

148 Continued

curl of her red hair to lie in the same position as the false one, and with a self-satisfied smile sits down to wait for the Police.

POIROT (V.O.)

... Why, as soon as madame Christine is out of sight, he runs over to the cave and calls Arlena's name. She emerges, leaving behind her the smell of her perfume Souffle de Mer, which I had seen on her dressing table in her bedroom, and the presence of which my excellent nose at once detected in the cave. Now, I daresay with many a serpentine endearment, he apologises for his lateness, and his wife's untimely appearance in the Bay. She relaxes, perhaps pouts a little, forgives him - an embrace, and suddenly Monsieur Patrick's hands are round her throat. It is the end of poor, foolish, beautiful, easily beguiled Arlena Marshall ... He then arranges her in the same position that his partner had occupied on the beach, then covers her face with her hat, and a curl of her red hair, and sits down confidently, to await the arrival of the Police ...

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

149 INT. THE RESIDENTS' LOUNGE HOTEL MID-DAY

The scene is the same as it was at the end of scene 128. All eyes are on HERCULE POIROT as he finishes his oration.

POIROT

Voila Mesdames, Messieurs -
l'histoire de le Meurtre de
Madame Marshall.

He bows theatrically as if expecting applause. PATRICK REDFERN bounds to his feet, his eyes blazing.

PATRICK REDFERN

(furious)

You damned, interfering, self-satisfied, Froggie mountebank.

POIROT

Un Mountebank Belgique, Monsieur,
s'il vous plait.

149 Continued

PATRICK REDFERN

Where's your proof then? Just answer me that. Where's your blasted proof?

POIROT looks across at RACE enquiringly.

RACE

I didn't want to interrupt you, Poirot, while you were in full flow, so to speak, but this arrived while you were talking. It's from Ilkley, Yorkshire.

He takes the photograph from the envelope and hands it over. In CLOSE UP we see that it is a reproduction of a page of The Ilkley Examiner. It is headed Brutal Murder On The Moors, and beneath are two photographs. One is of Patrick Redfern and is captioned The Husband Edward Corrigan. The other is of Christine Redfern and is captioned The Hiker. POIROT looks at them and smiles happily.

POIROT

(to the Redferns)

Ici mes braves. The proof that will hang the pair of you.

PATRICK REDFERN and CHRISTINE REDFERN both look at the paper.

PATRICK REDFERN

And it will kill you too!

With a murderous snarl he throws himself on POIROT and fastens his fingers round his throat. POIROT's eyes bulge out of his head as the trapped blood starts to blacken his face. He goes limp. RACE and the SERGEANT finally manage to drag PATRICK REDFERN off POIROT, but it has taken time, and the CAMERA TRACKS into an EXTREME CLOSE UP of his seemingly lifeless face.

MIX THROUGH TO the next scene.

150 EXT. THE HARBOUR EVENING

PATRICK, CHRISTINE REDFERN and HORACE BLATT sit handcuffed to Albanian policemen in a police launch. The Albanian SERGEANT helps MRS BREWSTER aboard, carrying her suitcase. She crosses to sit next to MR BLATT.

MISS BREWSTER

(to Blatt)

I'm sorry you turned out to be a wrong 'un. From the way you handled that yawl of yours, I'd have thought you'd have been pretty good in a row boat, once you'd mastered the oars.

150 Continued

MR BLATT

Reminds me of the one about the oarsman's wedding, and the little nipper standing outside the church watching the happy couple and their entourage walk out under the line of crossed blades, and shouting to his mother " 'ere mum, look at all them oars", and she belting him across the 'ear 'ole, and saying "Them ain't oars, silly, them's bridesmaids".

MISS BREWSTER laughs loudly. Surprised MR BLATT joins in.

MISS BREWSTER

I say, that is funny!

She takes his manacled hands in hers and gives him a comforting squeeze. He smiles at her gratefully, recognising the first time that anyone has actually laughed at one of his jokes.

MR BLATT

God bless you.

The CAMERA PANS up and ZOOMS in to the figures of RACE and POIROT sitting on the verandah above the sun terrace.

151 EXT. VERANDAH ABOVE THE SUN TERRACE EVENING

POIROT reclines on a chaise longue, his neck swathed in scarves. He looks very sorry for himself. RACE sits solicitously near him on a cane chair.

RACE

And I must say again, Poirot, it was a masterly piece of detection. Quite masterly.

POIROT

(croaking)

And I say again cher Colonel that your attempts to save me from the talons of Monsieur Redfern were slower than a paralysed tortoise. It is a miracle I am here. Une veritable miracle!

RACE

Oh I don't think it was quite as serious as all that.

POIROT

Parbleu! I tell you there is nothing more serieux than the life of Hercule Poirot.

He looks down on the terrace below.

152 EXT. THE TERRACE DAY

MR and MRS GARDENER cross the terrace, as usual in dispute.

MRS GARDENER

Let me try and explain it to you, Odell. Mrs Corrigan was killed before the time her husband could possibly have been there.

MR GARDENER

No, my dear, I'm afraid you've got it wrong. It merely appeared that she was killed before the husband could have got there. Actually, like Mrs Marshall she was killed after the time when everyone thought she was dead.

MRS GARDENER

Odell, I hope you're not contradicting me. She was killed before the time her husband could have been there.

MR GARDENER

(raising his voice)

Goddammit woman, yes I am contradicting you. To say she was actually killed before the husband could have got there is to say that you don't understand anything of this whole darned business. Furthermore it is my opinion that it is the view of a stupid, inane, empty headed woman without a coherent thought in the whole of her foggy brain. In other words, Myra, you have a mind of the clarity and consistency of Clam Chowder!

MRS GARDENER is completely taken aback. Never in her life has her spouse talked to her in this manner. Then she softens, capitulates and takes his arm affectionately.

MRS GARDENER

Yes dear. I'm sorry dear. You're quite right dear. She was killed after the time when everyone thought she was dead.

MR GARDENER nods his head in satisfaction. They disappear round the corner, arm in arm.

153 EXT. THE VERANDAH ABOVE THE SUN TERRACE EVENING

POIROT and RACE sit together laughing.

153 Continued

POIROT

Thus, mon cher, it is possible to say that there is reconciliation in all things, - even murder.

DAPHNE CASTLE, carrying a covered dish emerges from the hotel onto the terrace, accompanied by KENNETH MARSHALL and LINDA MARSHALL.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I'll see you both at dinner, my darlings. I've just got to make sure that poor Monsieur Poirot is looked after properly.

She kisses them both and hurries up to POIROT and RACE, as the MARSHALLS wave to them and move off the other way.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Monsieur Poirot, I have brought you a dish specially prepared by Andrea to tempt an invalid, - Le Crapaud En Trou!

POIROT blanches.

POIROT

The Toad in the Hole? Ce n'est pas mangeable!

She uncovers the dish.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Of course it is. It's a great English favourite - spicy sausage meat in a light batter. My God, you don't think we eat amphibians like you people, do you?

POIROT indicates his battered throat.

POIROT

Helas mon pauvre gorge will not allow me to consume it, Madame.

DAPHNE CASTLE

Nonsense, of course it will. I'll cut it up so that even a baby could swallow it.

She tucks his napkin into the folds of his scarves, and starts to cut up the dish.

The boat hoots in the distance.

153 Continued

RACE

The boat is waiting so, I'll leave you to your delicious supper, Poirot. But let me just add that it has been an honour and a pleasure to work with you again.

POIROT

And for me too, mon brave Colonel.
Au revoir.

RACE

Au revoir.

He stoops, holding out his hand. POIROT ignores the hand, but instead embraces him on both cheeks, with loud smacking kisses. RACE goes bright scarlet, chokes dramatically, and takes his leave. POIROT smiles broadly.

DAPHNE CASTLE

I can't really think why you're looking so pleased with yourself. I told you the Redferns did it all along.

POIROT's smiling mouth drops open in astonishment and outrage, giving DAPHNE CASTLE the opportunity to ram a spoonful of Toad in the Hole into it.

FREEZE FRAME

MIX THROUGH TO the last scene.

154 EXT. THE WHOLE ISLAND EVENING

An aerial shot of Smugglers' Island basking peacefully in the last rays of the setting sun.

FADE SLOWLY TO BLACKNESS