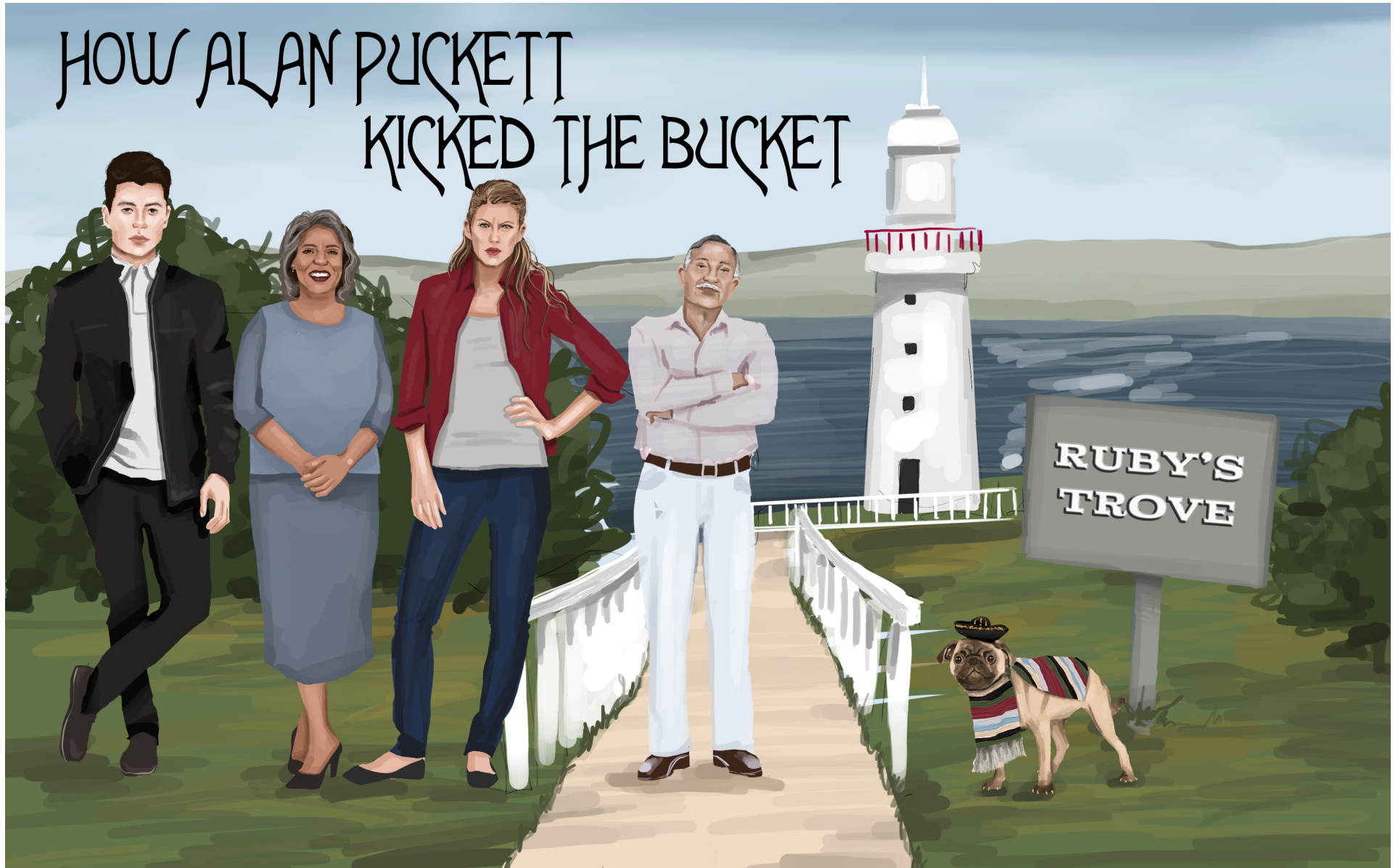


# HOW ALAN PUCKETT KICKED THE BUCKET



# Your Character

## SONIA PUCKETT

After being away for a decade, Sonia Puckett has just arrived back in the country, and Ruby's Trove. She immediately began catching up with her parents, and has moved into #529 Marawood Lane while she searches for her own home nearby. Sonia is devoted to her parents, particularly her father Alan, and will defend them with violence if necessary if anyone speaks out against either of them. It's clear to everyone in the neighbourhood that, with Sonia, the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

# Sonia's Hide Information

While everyone in the neighbourhood thinks that you are just like your father, that couldn't be further from the truth. The truth is, you hate your father with every fibre of your being, but your time away gave you plenty of time to think... think about the way your father has treated you your whole life, and what he deserves in return.

Your ten year absence was for one reason and one reason only: you couldn't stand your family. You and your brother got along when you were young, but he moved away when you were still a teenager, leaving you in the house with a narcissistic, verbally abusive father and a mother who was so afraid of him she spent most of her life hiding in plain sight. You hated them both – your father for his nasty, toxic personality and your mother for never actually standing up to him, for not leaving him, for her cowardice that meant that you and your brother had to grow up in that environment.

During your time away though, you realized something. It was in Tanzania, as you watched the sun rise from atop a hill over the Serengeti, that you had a startling revelation: in growing up with your father in that house, you would be one of only two people, your brother being the other, who truly knew the man – knew what he liked and how to stroke his ego, knew his triggers, knew his routines. And while you despised him, you could use the things you knew about what makes him tick to ensure that you paid him back for every harsh word, every moment that he made it clear you could never be good enough. There were even times he commented on your physical appearance, saying if you ever had a hope of getting a man, you shouldn't wear those pants, or if you showed a bit more skin, guys would notice you more. As you got older, you realized how sick and twisted his words were, and you spent that decade that you were away healing from your dysfunctional upbringing and gaining a confidence you never would have achieved had to you stayed close to your father.

But you didn't grow as a person enough to be above a little revenge. Time after time, as you explored the world, worked, tried new things and made mistakes, you would ask you parents for money. While your mother was willing to wire you the cash you needed at any given time, your father refused. They had so much money they hardly knew what to do with it, and yet, even at your darkest moment, when you were stranded in Dubai and spent the last money you had at an internet cafe to reach out to your parents, he refused to help. He told you that he had to make his own way in the world, and you had to learn your own hard lessons yourself. You lived on the streets for weeks, asking strangers for money – strangers who were more willing to help you than your own flesh and blood.

You came to a conclusion, that day on the hill in Tanzania at sunrise: your father loved his money more than you, and you would separate him from it if it was the last thing you did.

The first thing you did when you arrived in Ruby's Trove was reconnect with your parents. You apologized to your father, and told him that traveling made you realize that he had been right about so many things, and that you had a new respect from him. With his ego sufficiently stroked, he asked you if you wanted to stay at their house while you found your own – just as you expected him to.



# Sonia's Hide Information

As you flattered him, brought him coffee and even agreed with him when he said your mother was crazy and was trying to kill him, you watched him. He kept all of his passwords in a notebook in the safe in his study, and one day, while he was out, you set about finding the code – you were certain he had the code to the safe written down somewhere. You finally found it taped it to the underside of his desk. With the code, you opened the safe and took pictures of all of his passwords.

Slowly and a little at a time, you drained his savings into accounts you opened in various countries as you made your way back home. A little transfer to the account in South Africa. An email transfer to the account in the UK... little by little, you drained his account to zero.

When he noticed, he assumed that his identity had been stolen, and you fed the idea. After all, none of it could be traced back to you, and the instant the money hit your various bank accounts it was moved into hundreds of different cryptocurrency wallets, again none of which can be traced back to you. It was almost too easy, and all you had to do was feed his conviction that someone had hacked his accounts and drained his life savings. Then, you sat back and watched, with a hidden pleasure in your heart, as he panicked, raged at various bank customer service representatives, made police reports... it was fantastic.

The only thing you hadn't yet taken from him was his life insurance, and you had it on good authority that your butt-kissing had paid off – just last week, he had switched the beneficiary of his life insurance from your mother to you. It was perfect, brilliant, diabolical, and you had played the part of "Alan's equally awful daughter" so well no one, not even the police, would suspect you. All that needed to happen next was your father's untimely death.

To your surprise though, just last night, the doorbell at your parents' place rang. You answered, and were shocked to see your older brother, Tyler, who you hadn't seen in over ten years! He lives on the other side of the country, and also hadn't been home since he left for college. He looked so much older, but it was definitely him. You were speechless!

Tyler said that he came to town to see you, and he wanted it to be a surprise. You were ecstatic, but as your father came down the stairs, you quickly realized that Tyler had lied – he hadn't come to see you. Tyler had just found out that the financial "gift" your parents gave him years ago to buy a house for him and his family was nothing of the sort: your father had put a lien on Tyler's house! He had been angry that Tyler had not returned home, and instead of giving him money, he used the opportunity to punish Tyler for not doing what he wanted. Your father refused to remove the lien, saying that Tyler should have listened to him in the first place and moved home. It was typical of your father, and made you realize that your plan to get rid of Alan Puckett would benefit your brother just as much as it would you.

Their argument spilled out into the driveway, and your brother pushed your father. Alan fell, and you believe that if you hadn't pulled your brother away, it would have escalated. You tried to console your brother as you shoved him toward the front gate, telling him that you had a plan and that it would be okay, but you doubt he heard a word you said - he was yelling back at your father that he would kill him.

Later, you text Tyler and told him to come to the house in the morning. Your father would be at The Wired Lobster Cafe, drinking his coffee and ultimately stealing the cafe's newspaper. It would give you and Tyler the chance to talk. Tyler arrived this morning, and the two of you were inside the house talking when your dad keeled over in the driveway.





# Sonia's Share Information

Around the time of the murder you were inside your parents' house, chatting with your brother, Tyler, while waiting for your father to get back from The Wired Lobster Cafe. He goes there every morning without fail, despite his feelings about the owner, and returns with a copy of the Trove Times newspaper, which you read when he's finished with it.

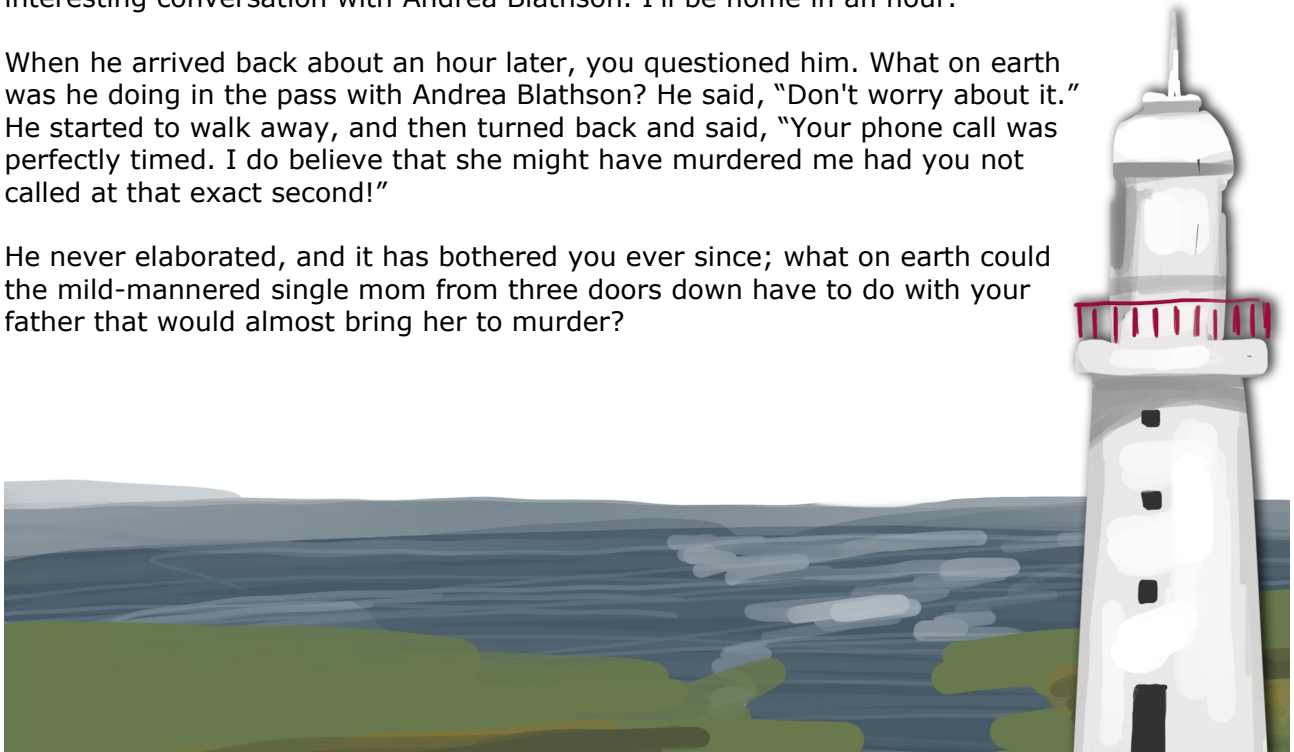
You remember, when you went out to the driveway to see your father dying, that your mother just sort of... sat there, watching... you yelled at her to call an ambulance, but she just sat there on the porch, watching him struggle to breathe on the driveway. You went back into the house to get your phone and called for an ambulance, but by the time it arrived, it was too late.

Over the past few weeks, your father was obsessed with having Phil Gosford's renovation construction shut down. He went to meet with the new mayor, Catalina Hill, and when he returned, he was furious. Then, he made a call to his go-to private investigator, someone he always used when he wanted to dig up dirt on someone. It took the PI a few weeks, but he called your father back yesterday morning. He was giddy as he left the house. Since your father only usually left the house to go to the Wired Lobster Cafe for his morning coffee, this was a break to his usual routine. As he left, you asked him where he was going. With a huge smile, he said, "I'm going to see Catalina Hill." With that, he walked out the door. You didn't have the chance to ask him about the meeting later that afternoon, but the very next morning, the permits for Phil Gosford's construction renovation were retracted by the town.

Four days ago, your father was at the window, looking out at the passage beyond the cove through a pair of binoculars. Then, he suddenly dropped them and, without explanation, hurried out the door. When you asked where he was going, he didn't respond... he was sort of muttering to himself. Then, about 20 minutes later, you saw him on his boat, usually parked at the marina, in the bay, and he was going out further into the pass! Finally, after about 45 minutes, you grew concerned – this was very out of character for him. Even though he puts his boat in the water each year, he very rarely actually uses it. You decided to call him and he answered on the third ring. He said, "Hi Sonia, I'll be back soon. I'm just having the most interesting conversation with Andrea Blathson. I'll be home in an hour."

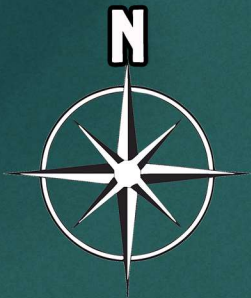
When he arrived back about an hour later, you questioned him. What on earth was he doing in the pass with Andrea Blathson? He said, "Don't worry about it." He started to walk away, and then turned back and said, "Your phone call was perfectly timed. I do believe that she might have murdered me had you not called at that exact second!"

He never elaborated, and it has bothered you ever since; what on earth could the mild-mannered single mom from three doors down have to do with your father that would almost bring her to murder?





# RUBY'S TROVE



COVE/BAY

LILAC PARK

BREAKWATER

MARINA

MARINA PARKING LOT

CAFE LOT

