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Appointment with Death

By Anthony Shaffer

- Did you get soaked, Ginny?
- Begin, Mr. Cope.
- Of course I didn't.
- Very well.

Don't worry about me.

In this will your late husband left you a life interest in his entire estate.

After your death it is to be distributed equally among the children.

As you know, Elmer relied upon you to look after them.

No more than my duty when I became their stepmother.

However, Mrs. Boynton, there is a second will.

Second will?

Signed two days before he died.

This is the last will and testament of Elmer D. Boynton...

of Milk House, Spiddletown, New Jersey-

Just the meat and potatoes, Mr. Cope.

The estate is to be divided equally.

You and the children

receiving approximately...

\$200,000 each.

I don't believe it.

Bring that here. I want to see that for myself.

Elmer knew the children were not fit to take control of their own affairs.

He must have changed his mind.

Elmer changed his mind only under my direction.

It's perfectly valid, Mrs. Boynton.

Shall we read the will?

Have you ever done a discreditable act, Mr. Cope?

Not professionally, I hope.

The affair of the Bolivian silver-mining corporation slipped your memory?

I'm not sure what you're-

It used to be called

share pushing, Mr. Cope.

If it were to come to the attention

of the United States Law Society...
you'd be instantly disbarred
and probably go to prison as well.
How did you know about that?
I did not serve in the prison
service 14 years for nothing.
People trusted me with their little secrets.
Your partner, for example.
She went inside, didn't she?
She told me all about you,
and I can prove it.
Well, Mrs. Boynton, I was...
I was young, ambitious.
This room has gotten a little chilly.
Why not get a nice cheerful blaze going?
Go ahead.
A wise decision, Mr. Cope.
Now we'll call the others.
Bring in the children.
"My dearest children, Lennox...
"Carol...
"Raymond...
"and Ginevra...
"I leave in the good and loving hands
of Emily Boynton.
"And to my wife, Emily Boynton,
I leave a life interest in my estate.
"On her death I leave it shared equally...
"among my aforementioned
and beloved children. "
- No!
- Jesus Christ! What...
Impossible!
I don't believe it!
And now, children, I have a lovely surprise.
Another one, Stepmother?
My three stepchildren, whom I love
as I do my own daughter Ginevra...
and you, Nadine, my dear daughter-in-law...
I've arranged for us all to go
to Europe and the Holy Land.
It will clear the air of death.
- Does that include Mr. Cope?
- Certainly not.

Mr. Cope has work to do here.
Smile.
Attagirl!
Come on.
Like that.
That's pretty.
Oh, my.
Just as I thought.
That will look great.
Nadine, please, my medicine.
Quickly, please.
Yes, Mother.
Someone should be with Mother.
I'd like to push her over.
You really think there was another will?
I know there is. Father told me.
Daddy said
I was to have \$200,000 all to myself.
You see?
What's the point of knowing about it
if we can't do anything about it?
Oh, my dear...
She's all right. Some girls
gone to help her.
So I see.
Can I help you? I am a doctor, well, just.
Just?
Nadine, over here quickly.
When I get back
I'm going to have it out with Cope.
You can do it now.
- Don't be silly, Ginny.
- Look, he's here over by the car.
Let me see.
She's right. He's there.
Cope's here, Mother. Did you ask him?
Of course he's not here.
Here, give a lira to that girl for her help.
- He's not really here, is he?
- Sure he is, by the terrace caf.
Nadine, where are you going?
Excuse me.
My mother asked me to give you this.
I can afford to buy my own cup of coffee,

thank you.

I helped your mother because I'm a doctor.

You are?

Yes, I've just graduated.

I'm sure you did.

Excuse me.

What is the point in authorizing a guide...

if, as you say, Miss Quinton,

he gets his facts wrong?

It's easy to make a mistake

about dates, Lady Westholme.

Confusing Romanesque and Gothic

is not a mistake. It is ignorance.

What's the matter, Miss Quinton?

I seem to have lost my cigarette case.

That man masquerading as a guide

probably stole it.

Where is he?

Officer.

I want that man arrested.

I am Lady Westholme,

a member of the British "Parliamentos".

That man there is a thief.

You must arrest him.

Officer, I told you. You must arrest him.

Oh, dear.

Hi.

- I told you not to come.

- I had to.

My husband tells me there's another will.

Is that so, Jefferson?

Nadine, darling, I'm your mother's attorney.

I can't divulge that.

You think if there's no money for him, I'll

be forced to leave Lennox and come with you.

I think you'll come anyway.

Well, now what if Lennox sees that?

When can I use it with that inscription?

Whenever you want.

You want him to find out, don't you?

Mademoiselle.

Poirot.

- Hercule Poirot.

- Yes.

Thank you.

What are you doing in Trieste?

I'm taking a well-earned vacation,

Miss King. Or is it already Doctor?

It's Doctor. I graduated with honors.

Probably passed it on to an accomplice
by now.

Oh, dear.

I have heard you enough
for the rest of my life.

Lady Westholme is always arguing
with somebody.

Lady Westholme?

But she sounds American.

Well, her name was Laura Vansittart.

She met Lord Westholme on a boat trip
back from America.

You know, within a month
they were married...

and 10 years later

she's a member of our Parliament.

Which shows the danger of ocean travel.

This will be good fun.

Go away, Ray.

Look who I found.

Get up with me, Nadine.

Lennox, you take Ray and Carol and walk.

We're going back to the ship.

Yes, Mother.

Lennox.

Good morning, Emily. I decided to join you.

You should be in America, Jefferson,
sorting out the family's affairs.

Yes, well,

I thought I might sort affairs out here.

Driver. To the port.

You know that young man?

His mother nearly became my first client.

Look here. I've found it.

I've got a deep and awful fear that those
ladies are going to be on the ship with us.

Lennox, Nadine, come along.

Mrs. Boynton.

What have you got there? It's a duck.

Oh, God. It's a dead duck.

Good evening.

Miss Quinton, I thought we'd lost you.

- A friend of mine from England.

- No, thank you.

- May I have some barley water?

- Seems a very nice person.

Miss Quinton has to be careful.

She is to take charge

of the excavations at Qumran.

Hercule Poirot?

The Belgian?

He's missing an excellent Meursault.

Ray, will you dance with me?

You're tired, Ginevra. Better go to bed.

I'm not tired, Mother. Come on, Ray.

- It's 9:

- I won't.

Come on, Ginny. I'll go with you.

Sit down, Nadine.

The child prefers to go by herself.

Yes, I'd rather go alone. Thank you, Nadine.

Mrs. Boynton, would you care to dance?

You don't mind, do you, Lennox,

if I take your wife for a spin?

- He's very daring.

- I'll say. He's got a lot of nerve.

You may call me Nadine if you like.

Okeydokey, Nadine.

When we get to Jaffa

why don't we just disappear...

you and me together?

Why, Mr. Cope, the things you do say.

Young man, look through here.

And this is how you get it to focus.

You understand? You move this.

But not until I tell you.

Ready?

One, two, three.

You took it too soon.

- This is charming.

- Yes, indeed.

Have a good time.

- Sarwazi Swizzle.
- Si, signore.
Hello.
- We met in Trieste.
- Yes. You're from England?
We went there. It rained.
It often does.
What's that?
When we get to Jaffa, let's just disappear.
What do we use for money?
I'm not trained for anything.
You're not even a qualified nurse.
It'd be hopeless.
Not as hopeless as living with your mother.
She can't live forever.
She'll live.
Good morning, Monsieur Poirot.
How are you feeling today?
You're going to administer
the last rites, Doctor?
I have some hyoscine syrup.
Here, two drops will cure you.
Four drops will kill me,
so count them carefully in that case.
Don't mess with me, Jefferson.
You're having an affair
with a married woman...
who happens to be my daughter-in-law.
When we get to Jaffa, I suggest you
leave us and go back to America.
They know about the will, Emily.
Elmer told Lennox, and he told Ginevra.
Why don't you give them some money?
Let them enjoy it while they're still young?
I spent 14 years in prison, Jefferson.
As a matron.
It was still prison.
I'm used to prison.
You're not.
Elmer never made a second will.
Do you understand? Never.
Stay away from my family.
I've done things in my life
that I'm not proud of, Emily.

Right now, I must tell you,
it surprises even me.
I'm ready to do something decent.
I want those children of yours
to have a chance.
You may be right.
I'm sorry that I threatened you, but...
Join us tonight for dinner, will you?
Well...
One way or another
you're one of the family after all.
That's terribly nice of you, Emily.
- It'll all work out.
- I'm sure it will.
Now just let me get some rest.
See you at dinner.
She fixed the will. We're trapped.
You do see, don't you?
She's got to be killed.
She's not even our mother.
Look what she's doing to us now.
She treats us like we're puppy dogs.
Exactly. Can you think of any other way?
Monsieur Poirot, at last you surface
to join us at the Captain's table.
Look at them. So garish.
I am sometimes ashamed
of my fellow countrymen.
Yes, but you are British now,
Lady Westholme.
In fact you are a member of Parliament.
Is that not unique?
I've been British for 10 years, monsieur.
I consider myself merely a colonial
who returned to the fold.
Oh, my dear.
A magnum of Louis Roederer Cristal, 1928.
To celebrate our last night on the ship.
Lennox, darling,
I must have left my watch in the cabin.
Be a dear and get it for me, would you?
Of course.
Nadine, how careless of you.
Cope's coming.

- Mother asked him.
- She did?
Good evening, everyone.
- Good evening.
- Good evening, Jefferson.
Ravishing.
Excellent.
No, no, no! Let me.
It's lucky to pour your own wine.
Your glass, Carol.
Hi. Do you loop-de-la?
Loop-de-la?
Jitterbug?
I nearly tried that once.
I think I fell over.
Jefferson, your glass.
Fell over?
Well, doesn't everyone?
It's such a strange dance.
Well, listen, some of the guys
in the band...
you know, when the old fogies
have gone to bed...
they really start to boogie.
Here, around midnight, would you?
I'd be most interested in boogying with you,
Mr. Boynton.
Great.
Jefferson.
Thank you.
See you later.
Ray, your glass.
Careful, it's very full.
- There you are, my dear.
- Thank you.
Do you think we'll get much time?
Lennox not back?
- He won't be a minute.
- Never mind.
Get up.
To us all, the family and our dear lawyer.
Health and happiness.
You bastard!
I knew no good would come

from him being here.

Good God!

He's such a nice young man usually.

Oh, no.

"To my dearest Nadine,

may we always be together. "

Lennox shouldn't have hit him.

It's no way for a gentleman to behave.

It was just a figure of speech.

Get him... Get him away from me.

Off.

All right, let's settle it down.

Take it easy.

Did you see him? He's a mad man.

These Americans, scandalous behavior.

What next, I wonder?

Next, madam, we arrive in the Holy Land.

Come along, Dr. King.

I've arranged a little priority for us.

- Priority?

- Baksheesh is the word.

Poirot.

Poirot, good to see you, old fellow.

Yes, Colonel Carbury.

May I present Dr. King?

This is Colonel Carbury.

He's an old friend of mine...

and he is responsible

for keeping the peace in this Holy Land.

Colonel.

Colonel, are you here to meet me?

I am Lady Westholme,

a member of His Majesty's government.

Your Ladyship, the Governor's representative,

Mr. Bickerstaff, is over there.

- Where have you been?

- Good morning, Lady Westholme.

Are you staying at the American Colony,

Miss King?

- We are on the same tour.

- Well, let me take you there.

Thank you.

Poirot and I are old friends.

We were together in India.

In Burma, I believe it was.
What on earth has brought you out here,
old chap?
Oh, I don't know.
A nose for murder, perhaps.
Murder? Where?
Oh, no, it hasn't happened yet.
I hope it doesn't happen.
Quite enough to keep us busy here already.
This vehicle is disgusting.
We have you down for six days
in Jerusalem, Mr. Cope...
and then Qumran for another four.
Qumran is particularly interesting.
It's on the Dead Sea.
Excuse me.
I'll wait for you here, sir.
Miss Quinton, isn't it?
Oh, you were the young man
who was involved in the incident last night.
How nice of you to call me young.
Where are you going in Palestine?
To Qumran. I'm an archaeologist.
I love digging.
I'm a lawyer. I like digging, too.
- How long have you been an archaeologist?
- About 10 years.
I'll deal with this, Nadine. Jefferson.
Would you excuse me?
I think it best, Jefferson, if you
distanced yourself from us for a while.
As a matter of fact, Emily, I have only just
made arrangements to forego Jerusalem.
I will be going directly to Qumran to dig.
Digging too much can be dangerous.
Jerusalem was the capital
of Judea and Samaria.
The Jewish people had a state here
in Biblical times.
Yes, now they flock in
from every country in Europe.
Makes a lot of trouble for us,
I can tell you.
Well, I thought that man, Weizmann,

put it rather well the other day...

before Lord Peel's commission

here in Jerusalem.

"There are six million Jews in Europe,"
he said...

"for whom the world is divided
into two parts.

"Places in which they are not allowed to
live and places they cannot enter. "

It will have to be solved.

Do you want to go out tonight, Poirot?

Give me one good night on terra firma.

I'll do anything you want tomorrow.

- Well, let me see you in then.

- Oh, yes. Thank you.

Isn't that the girl from the ship?

Smile.

Lennox, if Daddy had intended to leave me
a lot of money...

wouldn't he have told Mr. Cope about it?

And why did Mr. Cope disappear?

I haven't seen him since yesterday.

They turned me out

because I have on a sleeveless dress.

Apparently, the Almighty

doesn't like my arms...

in spite of having made them.

Sleeves are holy.

So picturesque. I just love it.

Young man, press that. Not yet.

Lady Westholme.

This is the men's section.

You are not allowed.

Press the button. Press the button.

This is the back of the

Holy Sepulcher Church, you understand.

Mind the steps.

Wait now. Don't all rush.

Raymond, come here!

Is all well, Madame?

What are my sufferings

compared to those of our Redeemer?

Of course. I thought

since my friend there is a doctor...

Hi, can I see you tonight after dinner?

Oh, I...

The Caf El Arish.

It's in the square behind the hotel.

- Right.

- Raymond.

Now where are Nadine and Lennox?

Smile.

Come on. You're not still sulking
over Jefferson, are you?

It's a good one.

I love you, Lennox. You know that.

I want our marriage to work.

Nadine! Lennox!

But it won't unless we can get away
from your mother.

Come here!

We have so much to see.

Goodbye, Monsieur Poirot.

Goodbye, Madame.

Come along, children.

- Mother, can I go swimming?

- Swimming is dangerous, Ginevra.

May we go to the Dead Sea?

I hear it's full of salt.

The proud mother hen with her chicks.

She's a monster.

Are you getting emotionally involved,
dear Doctor?

Come.

Dr. King.

Hi, I'm Carol Boynton.

I have a message for you from Raymond.

I had a feeling he might not turn up.

He wanted to, but he wasn't feeling well.

My stepmother went on at him.

About me?

Before her marriage,
our stepmother was a wardress in a prison.
My father was the governor,
and he married her.

And she's still a wardress to us.

How old are you?

Twenty-two. Ray's a year older than I am.

Why don't you leave home?
We wouldn't know where to go
or what to do.
No one outside can really understand.
I think I understand quite well.
Please, Ray is very sorry.
He really would like to meet you.
You're back early, Dr. King. Why don't you
join Colonel Carbury and myself?
- I could do with a drink, thank you.
- Yes.
Sit down here. I'll order for you.
What would you like?
This is an awful lot of money.
You'd better do the job properly.
Are you sure this is the normal fee
for the work?
I thought you ought to see this, sir.
Oh, Lord!
Something serious?
Some American's disappeared from Qumran.
Qumran? Isn't that by the Dead Sea?
This American,
do we have anything on him?
His name is-
Jefferson Cope.
How on earth did you know that?
Ascribe it to the little grey cells.
I have some slight knowledge of the fellow.
Perhaps I could help?
Would you?
Will you be going out today, sir?
- Good morning, Hercule.
- Bonjour, doctor.
Mother, please. I'm not a child anymore.
That voice.
Go upstairs, Ray, darling, and get
my digitalis. I don't feel very well.
Will you be going out, then?
Mrs. Boynton...
you have tried to prevent your son
and daughter from making friends with me.
Well, it's just pathetic
and rather ludicrous.

Why be an ogre?
You could be kind if you tried.
I never forget. Remember that.
I never forget anything...
not an action...
not a name...
not a face.
Dr. King.
I believe you, too, are going
by car to Qumran?
Yes.
I've already complained
about the first one our tour company sent.
I am insisting on decent transport.
Perhaps you will accord me
the pleasure of coming to Qumran with me?
Colonel Carbury has placed
a car at my disposal.
Monsieur Poirot, did I hear you say
you had a car available?
I shall be going with Monsieur Poirot.
- Be sure I get a complete rebate.
- I'll do my very best for you, madam.
A most gracious gesture.
I think so, yes. All right,
let's go to Qumran.
I'm so looking forward to this.
The desert, the sand, local animals.
I do hope I've brought enough film
for my camera.
I have so much I want to record.
Thank you. I'm Hercule Poirot.
The Hercule Poirot?
- My name's Healey, sir.
- Oh, yes.
We work along the same lines...
putting together a case from little scraps
of evidence that don't seem to make sense.
And what news of Mr. Cope?
Not a thing, I'm afraid.
And there's more bad news.
Miss Quinton has vanished, too.
Miss Quinton and Mr. Cope?
I can't believe it.

What are those people doing?

Why, they're digging, Mrs. -

Lady Westholme.

Why are they digging when they should be searching for Miss Quinton?

Sarah King.

Here Here

I wish you all would please listen to me.

We have a lady missing.

- There's so much coming and going.

- I want you to stop your digging now.

Visitors and archaeologists
and other excavations.

It was only today we realized
that Miss Quinton had gone.

She's very small, very petite.

Why don't you all pay attention?

- Did they both go together?

- Well...

Hello, lady. Look, I found something.

For the cigarette.

And what do you think of that?

Think of what, Madame? What is it?

Miss Quinton's cigarette case.

She's always losing it.

It is a vital clue to her whereabouts.

What is that?

Horsemen. Quite a lot of them.

Well, maybe it's their abductors.

I think the truth

is probably more prosaic than that.

It usually is you know, Dr. King,
despite appearances.

Goodness me, there she is.

How immensely theatrical.

I hoped to see something like this.

Remind me not to do this again.

Miss Quinton, you've caused much anxiety.

Oh, really? Oh, dear.

Well, we were only in the next valley.

- You were?

- We enjoyed an Arabian night in the desert.

It was great fun.

I can imagine it was.

Shucran. Thank you very much.
See you again, I hope.
Well, we rejoice that the lambs
that were lost have returned to the fold.
Now that that has been established,
could we have some lunch, Mr. Healey?
That's the most sensible thing
you've said all morning.
There's no need for that noise, madam.
This is not New York.
It is a site of history.
Why, that woman is of the commonest type,
gross and offensive.
Lunch is served a little
further up the hill.
Look at that.
The Arabs have a nose
for who tips the most.
Afternoon.
I've been thinking about you.
I know it seems odd
after such a short acquaintance...
but I think I'm in love with you.
Well, if you are, you'd better learn
to stand up for yourself a little.
Behave like a man. Don't you think?
It's never as true as it is about food
in this region.
It looks like lamb.
A very nice meal, wasn't it, children?
Considering it was prepared by foreigners.
Poirot!
- Is that...
- Poirot!
Since there is no mystery for me to solve...
Colonel Carbury has persuaded me
to visit the town of Acre with him.
Well, I shall just have to manage
without you, Monsieur Poirot.
You will do it all too well.
Small ones in the front,
tall ones in the back. That's it.
I'm coming, Carbury. Excuse me.
I must hurry.

I'm sorry.

I'll bet you are.

Good-bye.

I think you should all take a little walk.

It will do you good to get away
from me for a little while.

Smile.

- Say "cheese".

- Cheese!

Lennox will settle me

in my chair outside my tent...

and, Nadine, you'll see

that I have my medicine.

I don't want to go to bed.

Why should I go to bed? I'm not going to.

Ginevra, go to your tent.

I'm not tired.

- Of course you are, go to rest at once.

- All right.

- Raymond.

- Yes, ma'am.

Why don't you ask Dr. King

if she'd like to join you on your walk?

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

And while you're there...

ask Lady Westholme if she could spare me

a moment while you're all gone.

Jefferson, Mother suggested

we go for a walk.

You know Qumran.

Where do you think we should go?

Well...

back in the hills.

It's quite lovely.

I've been there before.

- I bet you have.

- Would you like me to take you?

- Mother.

- Come now. Let's all be friends.

This is too confined a spot for tribulation.

Excuse me. I was wondering, Dr. King,

if you'd care to accompany us on our walk?

I should like that very much.

I do not believe in exercise after lunch.

I think I'll go to my tent and work.
My stepmother would like
a word with you later, Lady Westholme.
She would?
Shall we go?
So do I.
I thought we were all going for a walk.
I have permission to go with Miss Quinton.
She's going to explain the diggings to me.
- Well, have fun.
- Thanks.
Bye.
They've found some bronzes
with very odd markings on them.
All ready? Off you go, then.
I guess it must be very different
from England, Miss King.
Of course it's different.
- I've had enough.
- What's up, Lennox?
I'm going down.
Aren't you feeling well?
There he goes.
Well, what's the old saying?
You shouldn't join if you can't take a joke.
Don't you think
we should go down with him?
You said I should behave like a man.
I'm going back now.
No, on my own.
There's something I have to say and do
to prove to you that-
You don't have to prove anything
to me, Raymond.
To myself then.
- Where is everyone?
- They've gone down below, haven't they?
They've gone to see what was found today
at the digging.
No. No. No, please. Will you please...
Thank you, Carbury.
I don't know I'm sure whether
we should partition Palestine or not.
Maybe we should have left it to the Turks.

I never studied all that.
I was too busy with my medical curriculum.
It's a pity.
You learn so much about a place,
but only if one has prepared.
In my view the British-
Excuse me, Lady Westholme.
- Let me. I'm a doctor.
- She no answer, lady.
Let me do it, Ginny. Let me do it.
- Excuse me.
- Let me see.
What does she want?
I'm afraid I have some bad news.
Mr. Boynton, I'm sorry.
Your stepmother is dead.
- Careful, Margaret.
- You've got to take care of her.
There you are.
It's all right. It's all right.
But I just spoke to her an hour ago.
It's not possible.
What, in your opinion,
was the cause of death, Dr. King?
Heart failure seems the most likely.
And can you estimate a time of death?
Well, I'm not very experienced
at that sort of thing...
but I'd say a couple of hours ago at least.
I see.
You noticed the marks
on the wrist, of course?
No, what kind of marks?
Oh, yes, little pin pricks.
She had a bad heart condition.
I'm convinced she died of natural causes.
You know, when someone is hated
as much as Mrs. Boynton was...
a sudden death by natural causes
seems a little too convenient.
Do you think you've stumbled
on another murder, Monsieur Poirot?
Would you oblige me
by opening your medical bag?

Yes, of course.
Though, I really don't see what possible-
Someone has been here.
Excuse me.
This bottle of digitalis, was it empty?
No, it was full.
Really, Poirot...
are you sure you're not letting your
professional instincts run away with you?
Why should I do that, mon colonel?
Old woman with a heart condition...
- walking, heat.
- Yes-
Yes, I know she had pricks in the arm,
a family that hated her.
She could easily have taken
an overdose of her own medicine.
No, because it was her habit
to take that drug in water...
administered by her daughter-in-law.
You mean, she's a suspect?
My dear Colonel, everybody is a suspect.
Well, you're the expert,
but what do you want me to do?
That Doctor... What's her name?
Dr. King thought it was natural causes.
I'm convinced
that Mrs. Boynton was murdered.
Can you show me any evidence?
I can do better than that.
I can identify the guilty party.
Oh, my dear fellow,
I couldn't possibly ask you to do that.
I mean, you're on holiday after all.
I give you my word of honor.
You mean you'll give us a case
that will stick?
I don't know that I can do that,
but I can tell you who the murderer is.
Well, how long will it take? I can't keep
all these people here as suspects forever.
They'll soon run out of day trips
to take and insist on going home.
I will give you the truth in two days.

Very well. Very well, 48 hours.
In time for the coronation junket
at the American Colony.
You seem very certain.
I am very certain because, you see,
people like to talk...
and in talking they tell the truth.
Why? It puts much less of a strain
on the memory.
Oh, but, of course
you have to have the genius to listen.
Thank you very much.
Dr. King.
Very pretty, miss, for you special price.
Twenty dinars.
Offer him five.
But, sir...
Tea time. Come along.
Five dinars. I give in.
You still think someone killed her
with an injection?
Someone? You had as good a motive
as anyone.
Me?
Well, you called Mrs. Boynton an ogre,
did you not, back at the hotel?
I criticized her behavior.
And how did she respond to that?
Well, all she said was...
I never forget anything...
not an action...
not a name...
not a face.
Then you fell in love
with Raymond Boynton.
Of course his stepmother
could never allow such a marriage.
In any case he could never
leave home of his own accord.
That's rubbish. He'd already made up
his mind to do exactly that.
You had discussed it with him?
Yes.
Earlier yesterday afternoon?

Yes, as a matter of fact.

Dr. King, could you tell me exactly what happened yesterday after lunch... when I was no longer there?

Well, as you know...

- we were all going off for a walk.

- Yes.

It must've been about 3:15 when we left the camp.

Nadine was flirting dreadfully with Mr. Cope.

Lennox was sulking, and then suddenly he said...

I'm going down.

And what time was it?

- About quarter to 4:00.

- And then?

I stayed and talked to Raymond.

He said he was going back.

He said he had to prove something.

There's something I have to say and do...

It was 5.:

Perhaps he decided to murder his stepmother. Raymond's incapable of such a thing. Excuse me, I heard him plot exactly such a thing with his sister Carol. I heard them by chance, aboard ship. How is it you're always in the right place to hear threats and plots, Monsieur Poirot? Put it down to a gift, if you will. When did you return to the camp?

About 6.:

I saw Mrs. Boynton. The Arab was having trouble waking her for dinner. You were arriving then yourself. And you insist that Mrs. Boynton had been dead for two hours? I do. In other words, when Raymond came down, he said he spoke to his stepmother. He must have been speaking to a corpse?

I thought, Monsieur Poirot, we were friends.
We were while I was still on holiday...
but now I have been empowered
by His Majesty's representative...
to conduct an inquiry.
All suspects are equal.
And you really believe, monsieur,
that I am a suspect?
Why not? It would be very easy
for you to go to your tent.
On the way back
you stop briefly at Mrs. Boynton...
and you give her fatal dose.
After all, you're a doctor.
And to put the clock back two hours
would protect both you and dear Raymond.
That is the most-
Dr. King, I suspect...
that your butterfly's on upside down.
Hercule Poirot.
Thank you.
It was quite extraordinary really, I-
Enter.
May I present Monsieur Poirot, Lord Peel.
A distinct honor.
I extended my morning break, when I heard
you were coming, Monsieur Poirot.
Lord Peel heads a Royal Commission.
On his judgment alone
rests the fate of Palestine.
A task for Solomon.
The Arabs wouldn't think so.
Excuse me, Monsieur Poirot,
Lady Westholme, Miss Quinton.
Delegations await me.
I hope they're not getting too impatient.
Lady Westholme, I badly need your help.
Fire away.
Miss Quinton and I will do our best.
When it comes to matters of public duty,
one must be punctilious.
As my dear father used to say,
"When the stern call of duty comes"-
What is it you want to know?

Well... No, thank you very much.
I'm particularly interested in the period
yesterday after we finished lunch.
You did not immediately
go for your walk, I believe.
Knowing I was to meet Lord Peel today...
I attempted to study my papers
on the history of Palestine.
I was asked to have a conversation
with Mrs. Boynton.
- And you went?
- Indeed.
Pardon my... What did you talk about?
She started to attack me...
because the British do not want
Mrs. Simpson to marry their King.
It must be the only subject
on which she and I could possibly agree...
but she would not listen to me.
And then?
Having failed to ruffle my feathers...
she picked an argument
with one of the Arabs.
She seemed very annoyed with him.
Having servants about who cannot speak
a word of English is very trying.
Could you identify this man?
I couldn't see his face.
I had returned to my tent...
but I can tell you
he was of more than average height.
He wore the usual native headdress.
In addition, he had on a pair
of torn and patched breeches...
and his puttees were wound most untidily.
And after that you went for your walk?
No, I waited for Miss Quinton to return
and suggested that we ask Mrs. Boynton...
if she wanted anything before we left
the camp. That would've been about...

4:

-4:

-4:

We're going for a walk, Mrs. Boynton.
Is there anything we can do for you?
She grunted like a pig.
Most offensive.
Quite obviously, she drinks.
Come along, Miss Quinton.
She's not the sort of person
we should talk to.
And when you came back?
We didn't talk to Mrs. Boynton again.
I returned to my work.
And I went down to the huts below...
to see if anything significant
had been unearthed that day.
Telephone for you, Lady Westholme.
It is Lord Westholme from England.
- May I?
- Madame.
I hope the line is clearer than it was...
A providential phone call.
Did you actually see
Mrs. Boynton speak to an Arab boy?
I did see someone in white approach her.
The sun was in my eyes,
but I thought it might be-
It might be?
The sheik who brought us back.
But, of course, it wasn't.
No. And then?
I went back to Carol Boynton.
Well, it's been most informative.
Thank you so much. Yes.
- There was something else.
- Oh?
But I can't remember what it was.
Well, when you think of it,
don't hesitate to tell me.
Oh, Mr. Cope and I are to go to Petra.
Petra? The rose-red city
half as old as time.
Roses. That's it.
Something to do with roses?

Roses, greenfly, spray, syringe!
Syringe?
While I was walking back down...
I saw this little box.
I picked it up, and inside
was one of those hypodermic things.
To whom did it belong?
It was Carol Boynton's.
She thanked me for finding it
and took it with her...
when she went to fetch Ginevra.
Colonel Carbury phoned.
He asked us all to stay in Jerusalem.
Only for a day or two, Madame.
For what?
You can't seriously suggest that I murdered
that ludicrous Boynton woman?
I'm terribly sorry, but once my
investigation is under way, it's-
Monsieur Poirot,
I'm deeply disappointed in you.
Come along, Miss Quinton.
I'm so sorry.
The British aristocracy's well-known
for its bad manners.
They call it eccentricity.
Oh, I'm quite used to it.
- Bottoms up.
- Cheers.
He's coming over.
Colonel Carbury said you wanted to see us.
I'm investigating your
mother-in-law's death.
It doesn't need investigating.
She died quite naturally.
I think not. If I might have a few moments
with your husband?
I've a good mind to call our consul.
Oh, that's your right.
I mean, if you object to my-
We don't. I'll wait in the lobby.
Thank you very much.
Well, you have your freedom at last.
Freedom?

Well, at least you've managed
to save your marriage.
You go too far, Monsieur Poirot.
I'll speak of that day.
Tell me about it.
When you returned from your walk
that afternoon, you were alone?
That's right.
And at what time did you reach the tents?

Soon after 4:

She was asleep.
And what exactly did you say
to your stepmother?
She said I hadn't been gone very long...
and I said how hot it was.
That's all?
No, she...
She asked me what time it was,
since her watch had stopped.
I took it off her, wound it up,
and set it to the correct time.
Which was?
Just a quarter after 4.:00.
And then?
Then I asked her
if there was anything she wanted.
She said no. She was rather tired.
Soon after that I left her
to join Carol and Ginny at the excavations.
And she told you of no annoyance
caused by an Arab boy?
No. No, she didn't.
No, you saw no one of that description then.
An Arab boy?
- Not a soul. Except down below, of course.
- Yes, of course.
Well, thank you very much indeed,
Mr. Boynton.
If I may have a few moments
of your wife's time.
Why do you think Mrs. Boynton
was murdered, Monsieur Poirot?
Well, from all I've heard...

it's difficult to understand
why she wasn't murdered before.
I don't regret her death,
but I do feel responsible.
My married life has not been
particularly happy, Monsieur Poirot.
I came to the Boynton house a poor girl...
hoping to pay for the rest of my nurse's
training by taking care of the old lady.
Then I fell in love with Lennox.
Mrs. Boynton's condition
for letting us marry...
was that we both
continue to stay living with her.
I assumed
that this would only be temporary...
but I underestimated her hold
on my husband.
So in the end I came to a decision.
When did you come to this decision?
On the afternoon
of my mother-in-law's death.
I have to tell Emily, darling.
I decided to leave Lennox
for an old flame, Jefferson Cope.
Oh, a flame perhaps, but hardly an old one.
What happened?
I returned to the camp
about 10 minutes after Lennox.

About 4:

I decided to tell her there and then.
Oh, before you told your husband?
How did she react?
She took it very badly.
I refused to listen to her insults
and left to join the others.
Do you think it was the shock
of your decision which killed her?
But when did you tell your husband?
My husband and I talked down at the huts.
Madame, do you by any chance
own a hypodermic syringe?
I carry one in my medicine chest,

but I didn't take it to Qumran.
Mrs. Boynton was taking
a medicine called digitalis?
I usually gave it to her in water.
And if she had taken an overdose...
Well, it would've killed her certainly, but
she was always very careful, and so was I.
You don't think there's any chance
the chemist who was making it up might've-
It's highly unlikely, Monsieur Poirot.
Well, I suppose the
analysis will tell us all.
No, unfortunately the bottle containing
her medicine...
was broken when we brought her back.
I did not kill my mother-in-law,
Monsieur Poirot.
She was alive and well when I left her.
We've all suffered for so long.
What good does it do to bring ruin
and misery to the lives of innocent people?
But who are these innocent people?
At least one of you is very guilty indeed.
Good day, Madame.
Don't worry, darling.
- Room 21.
- Certainly, sir.
Mr. Cope...
I thought that Colonel Carbury's
representative...
asked you not to leave Jerusalem?
Yes, well...
I have Colonel Carbury on the line.
Perhaps if you do not care
for this accommodation...
you could move
to British military headquarters?
Rather less comfortable.
Take the gentleman's bags back to his room.
No. No, now that your clothes
are on their way back to their cupboard...
perhaps we could take a walk?
There's really nothing I can say.
Come, Mr. Cope.

You've had a most eventful vacation.
First of all, you almost persuade
an attractive young woman...
to leave her husband.
Secondly, another young woman
falls for your charms.
Thirdly, another one is dead,
not inconveniently for you.
I enjoyed a long and rewarding association
with Emily Boynton and her husband.
In fact, her death
came as a double blow to me.
The lady I one day hoped to marry...
as a result of her husband's new
acquisitions of wealth and freedom...
decided to remain with him.
Now what sort of convenience
has this tragedy for me?
Mr. Cope, Mrs. Boynton made you present to
the family a will made out in her favor...
which was invalidated by another one
made out in favor of the children.
You were about to be discovered.
Mrs. Boynton's death
saved you from scandal.
- Please.
- From disgrace!
Rest assured my only interest
is the crime of murder.
When did you return to the camp?
I stayed a few more moments with Nadine.
It was obvious that Dr. King and Raymond
had no desire for company...
so I started back.
I guess I must've got back
to the camp at about 5:00.
Shortly after that
Carol Boynton came up for Ginevra.
Which gave you plenty of time to go
into Dr. King's tent...
take the hypodermic syringe and put an end
to a long and valued friendship.
I've made mistakes in my life,
Mr. Poirot, many of them...

but I am not a murderer.
Allow me to judge that.
There are so many possibilities.
I'm totally baffled.
Well then, mon cher colonel, I wish you to
address yourself to the following questions.
The time of death. Is Dr. King
telling the truth? If not, why not?
Why did Madame Boynton
encourage her family to go away?
And why was it Mahmoud
who tried to wake Mrs. Boynton?
Why did not some member of the family
attempt this earlier?
- You want me to question Mahmoud?
- You know the lingo.
And see where he and the other Arabs
were at the crucial time?
It may have been one of them
who was seen arguing with Mrs. Boynton.
Perhaps. I go now to question
the last of our little group.
The concierge tells me
that they went sightseeing to Bayt Jibrin.
Well, I'll report to you at dinner.
What fun!
Fun?
Everything is always fun for you English.
The sun will never set on your games.
Well, I hope it will always be so.
Although I have my doubts.
What are you doing there, miss?
Hiding from the light of day.
Only the guilty hide.
I'm guilty of nothing, Monsieur Poirot.
Well, suppose you tell us
what happened that afternoon.
After that you can explore
the darkness to your heart's content.
Miss Quinton showed me
the ivories that they had discovered...
and then I went up for Ginevra.
What time did you go up?
About a quarter past 5:00.

Did you talk to your stepmother?
As a matter of fact I did.
She was sitting by her tent, and I said
I was going to get Ginevra, and she said...
Let her sleep. No time asleep is wasted.
It's like money in the bank,
a store of health.
I got Ginny, and she was chattering to me
about a sheik visiting her in her tent.
Now, my stepmother was asleep
when we went by...
and Ginny kept insisting
that a sheik had come to take her away.
Yes, of course, that is your story...
but you could quite easily have taken
your hypodermic syringe...
the one Miss Quinton found
where you dropped it...
and you could've killed Mrs. Boynton.
I don't know how that got where it did.
Do you really think that I would kill
my own mother?
"But she's not even our mother"...
you said to your brother Raymond
on the boat...
when he was determined
that she should die.
You heard?
I heard every word.
We were mad even to think about it,
but we were desperate.
It was intolerable what she was doing
to Ginny and to Nadine and Lennox.
And so you killed her.
No, we talked about it, but we didn't do it.
In the morning
the whole thing seemed ridiculous...
like one of those dramas
that you dream up in the dark.
I had nothing to do with her death.
You do believe me, don't you, Mr. Poirot?
I've not said that I don't.
You can come out now, Mr. Raymond.
Hello, Monsieur Poirot.

So you overheard our conversation
just as I overheard your conversation.
Yeah, but we didn't go ahead with that
stupid plan to kill our stepmother.

- Non?

- Definitely non. I was with Miss King.
And then I went down. There was something
I had to tell my mother.

About Dr. King and yourself?

Exactly. She was pretty upset.

I forbid you to see her again.

Do you hear me?

There was no point in arguing...

so I went down below

to look at the artifacts.

At what time did you talk

to your stepmother?

About 5:

5:

Dr. King says

that she examined the body at 6:00.

It had been dead for about two hours.

She's wrong.

Don't you think it is possible

that you took Dr. King's syringe...

and injected

Mrs. Boynton as you had planned?

After all, this would leave you free

to marry Dr. King...

a rich man.

Is that what you suspect?

Was your plan any different?

Oh, yes. That's why I don't understand.

All right. All right. What was your plan?

I don't think I'm going to say any more.

Not even to me?

No.

Right.

- Well, good-bye.

- Good-bye.

Monsieur Poirot.

Monsieur Poirot, come here.

I must see you.
Well then, come forward, sir or madam...
and let me see you.

Tomorrow at 10:

The back door of the hotel at 10:00.
Thank you, sir.
Oh, good evening, Miss Quinton.
Oh, good evening, Mr. Poirot.
Are your investigations nearly over?
Well, I must say that... Oh, that must be
the largest spider I've ever seen.
Look, it's going back to its hole...
and a brown one at that.
Did you see the spider, Miss Quinton?
Oh, yes. Spiders do not frighten me.
I see so many in the course
of my scrapping and digging. Oh. Bye-bye.
We really shouldn't talk to him, my dear.
My dear fellow, I'm sorry
if we're a little late.
Mr. Rogers here
has been writing up the notes...
of the talks we had with the Arab boys
at Qumran.
Had any of them seen anything?
They saw everything and nothing.
We will discuss these notes later,
mon colonel.
- A crme de cassis, s'il vous plat.
- Whisky and soda.
Certainly, sir.
You're on duty now, Rogers.
You'd better get back to the office.
One moment, Rogers, please.
Would you be kind enough to ask
our American friends if they have... Hello.
They have any knowledge of that person?
Leave it to me, sir. My connections are
tiptop. I was in North America.
- Thank you, Rogers. That'll do. Good night.
- Good night, sir.
Colonel Carbury, may I raise my glass
to criminology, the easiest of all sciences.

- Hello, Mr. Poirot.
- Oh, my dear. How are you?
- Come on.
- Why can't I talk to him?
One Arab, Mahmoud's assistant,
I believe he knew something.
Yes, he's asked to see me in the morning.
He has? Do you know who did it?
I'm fairly certain, but I want one final
meeting between them all tomorrow.
And we must find a really dramatic location
for this encounter.
I don't want it to be too late.
It's the coronation dance, you know.
I'll need time to change.
Good evening.
You used to be so popular.
This is an outrage.
He commands me to take tea.
At the springs of Sataf.
You mean it's a picnic?
You may be a Colonel, Mr. Carbury...
but I am a fully accredited member...
of His Majesty's government.
You trifle with me at your peril...
with these silly charades.
Murder is not a charade, Your Ladyship.
If you prefer, I can have Monsieur Poirot
conduct his interview here.
One more day I will put up with this.
After the coronation ball tonight, I go.
Dr. King.
See you at the market.
I want to apologize for last night.
It was silly ignoring you.
We're all on edge.
You are a formidable inquisitor, you know.
It will all be over today.
At your theatrical tea party?
Couldn't you drop it, Hercule?
So many of us stand a chance
of happiness now.
I...
Isn't that Hassan from the camp at Qumran?

Yes, indeed.
We have an important meeting arranged.
Hassan, I'm glad you've come. I was-
Hassan, don't go. I'll fetch him back.
Monsieur Poirot,
I'm going to the market now.
Hassan! Come back!
Sorry.
Single round. Fire!
You better come with us, miss.
She said she was chasing the boy,
and he ran into this street.
The shot came from the side.
A gun was thrown in to lie beside the boy.
She ran up to him, picked it up.
Do you really believe all that?
Dr. King was wearing a thin cotton dress.
She had no handbag.
There was nowhere to hide
even a small revolver like this one.
Our chaps dusted it for fingerprints.
Only Dr. King's were on it.
Well, the Boynton family...
Lady Westholme, Miss Quinton, Mr. Cope,
all in the area...
and all the family vouching for each other
as you'd expect.
What do we do?
Release Dr. King.
You are free to go.
I didn't kill him.

It is now 2:

you driven back to your hotel and then-
Surely you're not still performing
your picnic interview?
Oh, yes.
We are foregathering in Sataf as arranged...
for afternoon tea.
Colonel Carbury and I
have gone to a great deal of trouble...
to arrange this spree...
and I am sure
you will find it informative, refreshing...

and even entertaining.
It's like a scene from a play.
Yes, well, if you wish to present a comedy,
you must first set the scene.
And the same is true
even if it turns out to be a tragedy.
Ladies and gentlemen.
A complete waste
of British military resources.
Colonel Carbury has done me
the honor of consulting me.
Why? Why the devil should he bring you
into this business?
I am often brought in
in cases of sudden death.
Mrs. Boynton's death gave her family
not only financial independence...
but also a liberation from a tyranny...
which had become well-nigh insupportable.
Raymond Boynton had been overheard...
discussing the possibility
of taking Mrs. Boynton's life.
He had fallen in love.
You told me you returned to the camp

at 5:

And yet Dr. King informs me
that at that time she was no longer alive.
Now I put it to you that you returned
to the camp...
you saw your stepmother,
and you discovered that she was dead.
Did you tell anybody about this?
No, you did not.
You pretended to talk to her,
and then you walked away.
Now, why on earth should you do that?
You, who could not possibly have been
guilty of her murder...
because Mrs. Boynton was dead
sometime before you returned to the camp.
Your mind went back to that conversation
you had had aboard ship...
with your sister, Carol.

Had she perhaps carried out your plan,
done the deed?
Were you in some way trying to protect her?
That's a damned lie!
Let us consider
the case against Carol Boynton.
Admitting that the murder was committed
by a lethal injection...
we already know that Dr. King's syringe
had been tampered with...
but there was another syringe.
That found by Miss Quinton
and claimed by whom?
By none other than Carol Boynton.
What have you to say to that, mademoiselle?
It wasn't mine.
But you claimed it, did you not?
All right. All right, I believe you.
You claimed the hypodermic
because that was the instrument...
which you and your coconspirator,
your brother Raymond, had selected.
You were afraid
that he had killed your stepmother.
You, in your turn, were protecting him.
All right, Monsieur Poirot, you win.
How did you conceive your plan, sir?
I read it...
in a detective story.
Sticking an empty hypodermic into someone
injects an air bubble which kills them.
So you just purchased the syringe yourself?
No, I took the one Nadine had.
The thing was, I dropped it
before I could use it.
And then, when I found Mother dead...
I thought maybe Carol had...
Of course, it was incredible...
but the shock of finding
her dead like that...
Thank you, Mr. Boynton,
you may resume your seat.
Time is pressing on, Monsieur Poirot, and
I can't see that this is leading anywhere.

Can you, Colonel Carbury?
Better let Monsieur Poirot proceed
in his own manner, dear lady.
He usually gets there in the end.
Usually? Always.
Who then was responsible for the killing?
Dr. King?
Was she eager to free Raymond Boynton
from his stepmother's clutches?
No, because when Dr. King left
the encampment...
Mrs. Boynton was still alive.
When Dr. King returned,
Mrs. Boynton was dead.
This has been proved
by an independent medical report.
And what of the youngest of our suspects?
Oh, really, Monsieur Poirot.
That's not fair.
I will not have Ginny
be accused of such a thing.
Then what about you?
It was you
who acted as a nurse to your mother-in-law.
You were the last member of the family
to speak to her...
which gave you unique opportunity
of plunging the hypodermic into her wrist.
Also, you had a motive.
What motive, for God's sake?
Her love for you, sir.
Yes, she behaved well towards
her mother-in-law simply because of you...
until she found out
that your spirit was broken.
She tried to rouse you, to convince you
to break free, but she could not.
And so, she determined
on one last desperate gesture...
using the old trick of jealousy.
Oh, she was prepared to go further
than mere flirtation.
She threatened to actually leave you.
And if that failed,

there was only one alternative...
to eliminate
her mother-in-law's influence over you...
by eliminating her mother-in-law.
I killed her.
Why?
How can you ask?
I am asking you, sir.
Because of what she had done to us,
to our marriage.
Your wife only told you of her decision
to leave you...
when she joined you down at the
excavations after Mrs. Boynton was dead.
What does it matter? I knew anyway.
But it matters a great deal, sir.
Look, I strongly advise you
to tell the truth.
By God, I will.
When we left the tents,
I knew it was all up unless I acted fast.
It dawned on me that if I made one decent
gesture, I could still save everything.
What gesture, Mr. Boynton?
Same as Raymond's, I guess.
I've had enough.
To tell Mother I was getting the hell out.
I'm going down.
My idea was to take Nadine away
that very night if she'd come with me.
And when you reached the tents?
Wake up, Mother. Nadine and I have-
I started to talk to her
till I realized she was dead.
I didn't know what to do.
You corrected the time on her watch?
It was lying there in her lap.
I just acted mechanically. It was horrible.
Then I walked down to the excavations.
That is the truth, I swear.
I believe you, Mr. Boynton.
Your explanation is consistent
not only with the facts...
but also with your psychological condition.

This is all very interesting,
indeed touching...
but I'm expected for cocktails
by Lord Peel in an hour and a half.
You may continue with your exhibition,
Monsieur Poirot. I am going.
Of course, Lady Westholme. Of course. Better
not be late for the loyal toast, what?
Look, why don't we all go?
Everyone welcome.
Celebrate George mark VI...
though I suppose I ought to say sorry
about your Mrs. Simpson.
I'm very disappointed.
I would have expected an American woman
to navigate skillfully onto the throne.
Colonel Carbury, were you asking us all
to the coronation ball tonight?
I was, Miss Boynton.
Thank you.
Sarah.
I don't imagine
there'll be much in the way of boogying.
Come on.
Do you know who did it?
I have until midnight, Colonel.
You didn't even mention that business
this morning with the Arab boy.
Well, that will come later.
It only confirms what I know already.
Yes?
The information you wanted
from America, sir.
Has Colonel Carbury seen this?
Seen what, old chap?
I say, Poirot,
what are you doing with that fellow?
I thought you were supposed to be
working for me.
Help me with my tie, would you please?
After all it's your coronation.
It worked out well.
The Colonels the best dancer I've ever met.
Not that you've met a lot, kid.

He's better than you, Ray.

Oh, surely no one's better than Ray.

The Colonel certainly is.

- That's very sweet of you, my dear.

- That was fun.

Monsieur Poirot should not dance. Too fat.

Bad for the heart.

I'd kind of like to know who did it,

Monsieur Poirot.

Oh, does it matter?

I think it does. Will you tell us?

What makes you so sure it wasn't one of us?

Well, I want you to consider two facts.

First of all,

Mrs. Boynton was taking digitalis...

and secondly,

Dr. King here was missing a syringe.

Now, quite clearly no member of the family

need have taken the risk of injecting it.

All they had to do was to increase the level

of the digitalis to a fatal dose.

At worst this could be attributed

to a mistake by the chemist who mixed it.

If a syringe was used,

it was for a very good reason.

It was that the murderer was not

sufficiently intimate with Mrs. Boynton...

just to enter the tent and to tamper

with the medicine.

Of all the suspects so far...

the most obvious one is Mr. Cope.

You, sir, were guilty of chicanery.

I admit

that she forced me to burn the real will.

Thank God that little injustice

was prolonged only for a few weeks.

We forgive you, Jefferson.

But he tried to cheat us.

Well, goodness,

we were plotting to murder her.

Go on, man.

Mrs. Boynton took a particular pleasure

in preventing her family...

from associating with other people.

And yet on the fatal afternoon...
she actually insisted that they left
and that they enjoy themselves elsewhere.
Why?
Well, you see,
Mrs. Boynton had to get rid of the family...
because, to use a vulgarity...
she had other fish for frying.
What was it you said to her
in Jerusalem, Dr. King?
I called her pathetic and ludicrous.
There you have it. There was Mrs. Boynton
confronted by herself...
owing to the words
of an intelligent young woman.
She was full of baffled fury.
And then, suddenly,
while she was in this mood...
there was a face from the past,
somebody she recognized...
another victim to fall into her grasp.
Consider her words to Dr. King.
I never forget anything...
not an action...
not a name...
not a face.
Those words were spoken not to Dr. King...
but to someone else
who was standing behind her.
Let us reconstruct
what occurred on that fateful afternoon.
The family went off on its jaunt.
Lady Westholme tells us...
that one of the Arab servants
picked a quarrel with Mrs. Boynton.
You mean that one of those Arab fellows
stuck her with a hypodermic?
Both Miss Quinton
and Lady Westholme say...
they saw the Arab boy emerge
from the tent occupied by Ginny...
but Dr. King's tent was next door.
It might quite easily have been
that tent to which they were referring.

Lady Westholme said...
In addition, he was wearing a pair
of torn and patched breeches...
and his puttees were wound most untidily.
But Lady Westholme was sitting at her tent
200 yards away.
She said she didn't see the face.
How could she possibly have seen
the detail of clothing at such a distance?
There was no Arab who had an argument
with Mrs. Boynton.
The person who killed Mrs. Boynton
was the same as the one that stood...
behind Dr. King in Jerusalem.
Dr. King.
And it was the same one
who was standing behind me...
when I was waiting for the only witness
of the murder to meet me.
Oh, it was no coincidence.
Lady Westholme's window
gave onto the very alley...
where the boy had asked me to meet him
the night before.
She overheard, but she had no way
of finding him before our actual meeting.
After that she took to the streets
like a hunter...
and did not rest
until she had killed her quarry.
But just a minute. Miss Quinton said
that Mrs. Boynton was still alive...
when she and Lady Westholme
started out on their walk...
and she was certainly dead
by the time they got back.
Miss Quinton agreed with Lady Westholme.
She grunted like a pig.
Most offensive.
But Miss Quinton is easily suggestible.
Only yesterday in the lobby, I said...
That is the largest spider I have ever seen.
Oh, yes. Spiders do not frighten me.
There was, of course, no spider...

and Mrs. Boynton at no time
grunted like a pig.
I invented the spider.
And as for Mrs. Boynton, oh, she was dead.
What happened was that Lady Westholme
went back to her tent.
She made herself
a headdress out of a sheet...
and a duster, in this manner here...
and some kind of a cord.
Like this.
Then she went into Ginny's tent by mistake,
hence the story of the sheik.
She came out
and went into the tent of Dr. King.
Here she finds the hypodermic and fills it.
Then she goes out...
to where Mrs. Boynton is sitting,
grabs her wrist, and injects the poison.
She leaves her sitting there
until Miss Quinton returns...
when Lady Westholme
invites her to go for a walk.
But why should Lady Westholme,
of all people, want to murder Mrs. Boynton?
Lady Westholme was born an American...
but, of course,
she became more English than any native.
Mrs. Boynton said she never forgot a face.
Consider she was a wardress in a prison...
and your adjutant, Colonel,
has confirmed my suspicion...
in a telephone call to
the American police...
that Lady Westholme, prior to her marriage,
was a criminal...
who served a prison sentence
in that very same prison.
So Stepmother was going to blackmail
Lady Westholme?
Well, not conventional blackmail.
No, there was no money involved.
It just gave her the opportunity
of torturing her victim for a while.

Then she'd enjoy revealing the truth.
In the most spectacular way.
Precisely.
Lady Westholme knew that the days
of her influence were numbered...
if Mrs. Boynton could not be silenced.
Ladies and gentlemen...
if you would care to go out to the terrace,
the fireworks await you.
Fireworks, we've had them already.
I'll see you later.
Do you know what it is
to come from nothing?
To climb inch by inch to respectability...
to hear acclaim, to have position...
to see all that turning to dust?
She's better dead.
The family rejoice.
Should I be the only one to suffer?
Will you arrest me, Monsieur Poirot?
That is up to Colonel Carbury, Madame.
Damn you.
Oh, I love that visual opulence.
God bless the King.
Oh, look. The royal crown,
can you see it over there?
Yes, how nice and royal.
It gives you confidence, I always think.
Lady Westholme's room.
- Excuse me. Excuse me.
- Come on.
What was that?
What's going on?
She died while cleaning her gun.
What?
Suicide would mean another investigation.
She had trouble enough while alive.
Give her peace in death.
A terrible accident, Lord Peel.
There's nothing more that we could do.
"The tragic death of Lady Westholme
occurred in Jerusalem yesterday. "
While cleaning her gun as I deduced.
She was ever a woman who knew her duty.

How British for a woman
to take the gentleman's way out.
She was American.
Oh, hello.
Good-bye, Hercule.
Good-bye, Colonel Carbury.
You're going to America
with this young man?
Oh, Ray's asked me to stay in America.
Only briefly, of course.
Of course.
I'm going digging in America,
Monsieur Poirot.
- Good-bye!
- Bye-bye.
- Have a good time.
- Bon voyage!
Good-bye, Monsieur Poirot!
Good-bye, Colonel Carbury!
Well, I hope they realize,
as Andr Gide did...
that to free oneself is nothing.
The really arduous task is to know
what to do with one's freedom.
- Good-bye.
- Good-bye.
- Good-bye.
- Au revoir.
Well, I think they'll be all right.