

HERCULE POIROT:

Miss Debenham, you do not mind to brace the air? For you we have the picnic.

MS. DEBENHAM:

While you made my roommate suffer cramped quarters. I see. Choose the best location, to extract the truth from each suspect. Put her off balance and me freeze. Clever.

HERCULE POIROT:

Will you write down your full name and address, please?

MS. DEBENHAM:

A pale mauve, by the way. Miss Estravados told me you asked the colour of her dressing gown.

HERCULE POIROT:

Merci. Mary Hermione Debenham. Do you ever go by Hermione?

MS. DEBENHAM:

A constant Mary, when I'm not employed as Miss Debenham. Left handed. Unusual, I know. You mustn't have your theory fixed if you're testing my handwriting.

HERCULE POIROT:

What did you think of the dead man?

MS. DEBENHAM:

Uh, I can't say that I did think about him. I don't quite see the point of your question.

HERCULE POIROT:

Oh,, forgive me, mademoiselle, my little originalities. Human nature is perverse in its complexity. To plumb it takes the right tools.

MS. DEBENHAM:

These are toys, not tools, Hercule. I prefer you put them away.

HERCULE POIROT:

The direct method? Parfait. You knew the doctor before travelling? Dr. Arbuthnot.

MS. DEBENHAM:

No.

HERCULE POIROT:

But such instant attraction? We are not in America Miss Debenham. There are no laws against what you may feel.

MS. DEBENHAM:

Nor are there rules against silence, of which... I hold my... I've never been to America.

HERCULE POIROT:

Perhaps I may ask about some... words I overheard. You and the stranger, Arbuthnot, are closer than strangers might be. You said. Not now. When we are done. Then no one can touch us. What did you mean?

MS. DEBENHAM:

You think I meant murder? To man with a hammer, every problem is a nail. You live crime. You see evil every day.

HERCULE POIROT:

Not so, I see enough crime to know that the criminal act is the anomaly. I believe it takes a fracture of the soul... to murder another human being. I ask again, what did you mean?

MS. DEBENHAM:

As we established, there are no laws against my silence.

HERCULE POIROT:

Very well.