

FLORA

I'm not lying any more, Major! I'm sorry I'm not the sweet little girl you want me to be. Life has been brutal since Father died. But, if I thought for one moment that telling the truth would make things better for Ralph-

MAJOR BLUNT

Forget Paton! He's clearly forgotten you!

FLORA

You want the "whole truth", Mister Poirot? I never saw Uncle after dinner. I took the money from his bedroom in the west wing and I was rushing across this room to my quarters upstairs when I heard Parker coming. I pretended I was leaving the writing room as an excuse. You can tell the world what I've done for all I care. Nothing could be worse than it is now!

She flees through the french doors in tears.

Start

MAJOR BLUNT

Flora! Flora!

SHEPPARD

I can hardly believe it! Flora Ackroyd-

POIROT

Is a thief and a liar, yes.

MAJOR BLUNT

You're wrong. It was me. I took the money. Flora's only lying to protect Paton.

POIROT

Major Blunt, you are an even worse liar than Miss Ackroyd.

MAJOR BLUNT

How dare you judge Flora? She's been through hell! Clearly she's-

POIROT

Clearly she is a thief and a liar just as you are a fool - a fool with a secret you think you can conceal from Hercule Poirot!

(MORE)

POIROT (CONT'D)

Explain to me- Miss Flora is the fiancée of another man and yet you will say anything to protect her! Why is that?

Blunt grabs Poirot by the lapel.

MAJOR BLUNT

Why, you sanctimonious little runt!

He slaps Poirot's face - hard - and makes to strike again.

SHEPPARD

Major! Major Blunt!

Poirot raises his cane to swat Blunt across the chest in defense. Blunt pushes Poirot to the ground.

SHEPPARD (CONT'D)

Gentlemen! Major Blunt! Stop this at once.

MAJOR BLUNT

Get off me, Doctor! Damn you, Poirot! Damn you!

Blunt grabs the second Tunisian dagger from the table and readies to throw it directly at Poirot.

SHEPPARD

Major Blunt! Stand down!

Blunt freezes, breathing heavily. The madness passes.

MAJOR BLUNT

Damn you, Poirot.

THWACK! He hurls the dagger, off target. The blade sticks from the floor, vibrating.

MAJOR BLUNT (CONT'D)

I wasn't going to... I would never have...

POIROT

Under the right circumstances, perhaps you might.

MAJOR BLUNT

Tougher than you look, aren't you? Guess you found me out, too.

POIROT

Why must people in England always treat love as though it was some dirty little secret? And yet, you are blind to the truth, Major.

MAJOR BLUNT
What do you mean?

POIROT
Come, now. It is not Captain Paton
Miss Flora loves.

MAJOR BLUNT
Do you really think...?

POIROT
Sacre Bleu, must I spell it out?

MAJOR BLUNT
I've been a complete fool. Can you
forgive me, Poirot?

POIROT
Your pride is wounded. Mine is not.
She is in the garden, now. If you
love her, go.

Blunt exits. Poirot exhales with relief!

Stop

POIROT (CONT'D)
Oh! Mon dieu!

SHEPPARD
Well! That was quite an event! I
was afraid he was going to kill
you.

POIROT
Yes, the thought had occurred to
me, too.

SHEPPARD
Are you all right?

Poirot pulls the knife from the wall and returns it to the
table.

POIROT
I am merely a small Belgian
detective and he is a big game
hunter, yes? And still, one might
say this was "the lopsided match."
The Major gave up his secrets all
too quick, you see. As did Miss
Flora.

SHEPPARD
Ha. You played them both, didn't
you? Crafty. But, hold on. Flora's
account alters our timeline,
doesn't it? All those alibis are
worthless, now.

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