

EVIE / JOHN

(hearing of Emily's death)

EVIE:

John! I started the moment I got the wire. Just come off night duty. Hired car.

JOHN:

Oh, Evie... Monsieur Poirot is helping us.

EVIE:

What do you mean—helping us?

JOHN:

Helping us to investigate.

EVIE:

Nothing to investigate. Have they taken Alfred to prison yet?

JOHN:

My dear Evie, do be careful. Lawrence is of the opinion that my mother died from heart seizure.

EVIE:

Such a fool, Lawrence! Of course Alfred Inglethorp murdered poor Emily—as I always told you he would.

JOHN:

My dear Evie, whatever we may think or suspect, it is better to say as little as possible for the present. The inquest isn't until Friday.

EVIE:

Not until fiddlesticks! The man will be out of the country by then. He won't stay here tamely and wait to be hanged.

JOHN:

What do you want me to do? Dash it all, Evie, I can't haul him down to the local police station by the scruff of his neck.

EVIE:

Well, you might do something. Find out how he did it. He's a crafty beggar.