

Countess + Poirot

COUNTESS. Excuse me, but you have asked to see me - *oh dear God.*

POIROT. Forgive me, countess, but I understand you were trained as a physician, so I thought perhaps you could help me with the body.

COUNTESS. I am happy to help.

*(Without hesitation, she strips off her jacket and rolls up her sleeves.)*

POIROT. I'm afraid it is not a very pleasant sight.

COUNTESS. I have seen worse, believe me. I volunteered in the war.

*(The Countess begins examining the body.)*

POIROT. *Regardes.* The left side of his face is slightly red, do you see?

COUNTESS. I do. It has been slapped.

COUNTESS. Because I slapped it. I count eight separate wounds.

POIROT. That was my count also. Can you estimate the time of death?

COUNTESS. I would say it is between eight and ten hours ago, which puts the time between midnight and two o'clock.

POIROT. I am in accord.

COUNTESS. It appears that the killer was wild - in a frenzy of some sort.

POIROT. *Regardes.* See this. Of the eight stab wounds, five appear strong and three are mere scratches. And wait, do you see, the wounds are from different directions. Do you see it? I need a pencil.

POIROT. *Bon.* Now watch. We place the pencil inside each wound and push it gently...

~~POIROT. Oh! I see.~~

COUNTESS. Perhaps the man changed hands during the stabbing.

POIROT. Or there were two assailants. One right-handed and one left-handed.

COUNTESS. One strong, one weak.

POIROT. It is not impossible. But now another question presents itself: why did Mr. Ratchett not fight back when all the while he had this gun under his pillow?

*(POIROT pulls the revolver out from under the pillow.)*

COUNTESS. *Oh là là.*

~~POIROT. Now I see it. (Poirot takes the gun.)~~

COUNTESS. How did you find it?

POIROT. He showed it to me yesterday so I knew it was here somewhere.

BOUC. It is an automatic and I believe it is loaded. *(He waves it around.)*

POIROT. *Attention!*

COUNTESS. *Ah!*

BOUC. Wait! There is a safety switch, it is not on.

POIROT. *S'il vous plait, mon ami!* Have you not heard of the fatal accident?

*(He takes the gun from BOUC, but stops suddenly and sniffs the air.)*

*In moment*

*(He sniffs again and puts his finger up.)*

I have a very good nose.

*(He picks up RATCHETT'S empty wine glass and sniffs.)*

Aha. Smell the glass of wine.

COUNTESS. It smells of almonds.