

*(They look around. He's gone.)*

*(Tableau.)*

*(Then a light comes up on POIROT by himself.  
He speaks to the audience.)*

**POIROT.** And so the case was over at last, and the passengers went their separate ways. I have learned since that time that Greta Ohlsson did in fact get to Africa - for the first time, as it turned out - and she did work for the children and saved many lives. The colonel and Miss Debenham were married in a quiet ceremony in St. James Square, *Monsieur MacQueen* returned to his business, Michel to his trains, and the princess left us for the great beyond.

The countess, alas, went back to her husband, *Monsieur Bouc* and I have remained good friends, and Mrs. Hubbard - the great Linda Arden - has recently returned to the stage in a musical entitled *No, No, Nannette*, in which, I am told, she brings the audiences to their feet.

Meanwhile, I beg you to believe me when I tell you that I wish all of them well, and I hope that they prosper till the end of their days. But at night, in the darkness, when I am all alone, I ask myself again and again if this was justice; if I did the right thing. And on many such nights, it is not until morning that I can close my eyes.

*(The lights fade.)*

*(And then the lights are out.)*

**End of Play**

Hercule Poirot  
Side # 2

SIDE # 2