

ARBUHNOT. I was just exploring a bit. I've never been to Istanbul before and I quite adore all this eastern nonsense.

MARY. Well, I don't. I just want to leave right now and get it over with.

*(ARBUHNOT puts his hand on her cheek.)*

ARBUHNOT. I wish to hell you were out of all this. You deserve better, you know.

MARY. Shh! Not now! No one should see us like this. Not till it's all behind us. Besides, I think we're being observed by that funny little man over there.

*(She nods toward POIROT, who is hidden behind his newspaper.)*

ARBUHNOT. What, him? He's just some damned foreigner who probably doesn't even speak English.

*(POIROT's newspaper gives an involuntary shake.)*

MARY. Shall we order? I'm starving.

ARBUHNOT. Not here. I found a cute little place around the corner where I'm sure the food will be ten times better.

MARY. But we can't be late for the train! We can't miss it!

ARBUHNOT. We won't be late. I promise, now stop fussing and come on, let's hurry.

*(As they go, we notice MRS. HUBBARD sitting nearby. She is an outspoken American in her fifties, well-dressed with a touch of flamboyance, and she calls to the HEAD WAITER as she rummages through her handbag for her money.)*

MRS. HUBBARD. Yoohoo! Excuse me, waiter. You did a very nice job and I'm leaving you something extra because of it.

*(At this moment, we notice HECTOR MCQUEEN sitting at one of the tables. He is a nervous*

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Helen Hubbard (Linda) /  
Hector MacQueen

young American in his thirties with a strained, rather beleaguered face.)

MRS. HUBBARD. Excuse me, young man. Are you American?

MACQUEEN. Y-yes I am.

MRS. HUBBARD. I thought so. I can see from your passport. Us Americans have to stick together, you know. Especially in a place like this. I can't even pronounce half the things on the menu. Can you believe it? And what's a falafafafafafel? I keep seeing them on the street and they look like you could play hockey with 'em.

MACQUEEN. I believe they're made of fried chickpeas.

MRS. HUBBARD. Well there ya go. Who knew? Some people will fry anything. By the way, I don't mean to snoop but I see your train ticket sitting there on the table and I wonder - do you know if they're providing a bus to the station?

MACQUEEN. I don't think so. I-I believe the hotel has a private car.

MRS. HUBBARD. Well don't you worry, I'll ask and find out. As the Bible says, "If Moses doesn't know the answer, ask the concierge." Now I better go. I think I'm annoying that odd little man with the silly moustache. *(Sotto voce.)* And I don't think it's real.

*(As MACQUEEN and MRS. HUBBARD exit, MONSIEUR BOUC enters. He sees POIROT, his face lights up and he chuckles happily. He taps POIROT on the shoulder. BOUC is another Belgian, a young middle-aged man of good humor.)*

BOUC. I hope that the food at this humble establishment is up to your usual standards.

POIROT. What? What's this? ... Ah, *mon Dieu*, it is Monsieur Bouc!

BOUC. My friend! Haha!

POIROT. *Mon ami!* But what are you doing here?

BOUC. What am I doing here? This is my city! I live here!

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Hubbard / MacQueen