

MISS MARPLE. Actually, I don't take -

HEATHER. Sugar's terribly good for the shock. Now, you get that down you and you'll be right as rain.

(MISS MARPLE takes a sip. Tries not to grimace. She turns back to CRADDOCK.)

MISS MARPLE. Heather Leigh was kindness itself, though she only saw the world from her point of view...

(HEATHER leaves with the tray. Taking the cup from MISS MARPLE as she goes. MISS MARPLE and HEATHER exchange a small smile.)

I suppose she is dead.

CRADDOCK. You know I'm not allowed to...

MISS MARPLE. One always suspects the husband first but -

(We see CYRIL again, helping MISS MARPLE into her chair.)

CYRIL. The doctor's on his way.

MISS MARPLE. Thank you.

You've been very kind. You and your wife.

CYRIL. That's my Heather. She'd do anything for anyone. Whether they like it or not!

(They smile.)

Do you have someone to look after you?

MISS MARPLE. I'll call my nephew. Raymond. He's very good to me. He's a writer, and he's made a fortune on his books - so...

CYRIL. Of course.

(CYRIL lingers.)

I used to read.

MISS MARPLE. Oh yes?

CYRIL. Poetry, mostly.

Is there anything else you need?

CRADDOCK. Sounds a peaceable chap.

MISS MARPLE. I wonder why he stopped reading?

CRADDOCK. Anyway, not the murdering sort.

(CYRIL disappears.)

MISS MARPLE. But I can't see why anyone would want to kill Heather Leigh... Ah.

CRADDOCK. What?

MISS MARPLE. You think it was the wrong murder.

CRADDOCK. What makes you say that?

MISS MARPLE. Why would Scotland Yard send a *Chief Inspector* to investigate the murder of a middle-aged nobody?

(Beat.)

How was she killed?

CRADDOCK. You know that I'm not at liberty to discuss the case.

MISS MARPLE. So why are you here?

CRADDOCK. I thought I'd pop in, as I was in the village.

MISS MARPLE. At eight o'clock in the morning?

CRADDOCK. Old people are early risers.

MISS MARPLE. It's because we've so much to pack into our days.

CRADDOCK. Feeling a little sorry for yourself?