

CRADDOCK. Now, let me get this right. You're the film producer.

JASON. Director.

CRADDOCK. I'm so sorry. I always get the two muddled up. What's the difference?

JASON. The producer's the money. I'm the talent.

CRADDOCK. I thought the director just told the actors where to stand?

JASON. What did you say you wanted?

CRADDOCK. Chief Inspector Craddock. Scotland Yard.

JASON. And?

CRADDOCK. I'm here about the murder.

JASON. I've already spoken to the police.

CRADDOCK. The *local* police. I need to speak to your wife.

JASON. Why?

CRADDOCK. Mr Rudd, I realise this may come as something of a shock to you but it is possible that the poisoned daiquiri was intended for Miss Gregg.

JASON. What?

But who would want to kill Marina?

CRADDOCK. I was rather hoping you could tell me that. Does she have any enemies?

JASON. That's a very Biblical word.

CRADDOCK. Is there anyone your wife is afraid of?

JASON. Critics. But critics murder careers, not people.

CRADDOCK. Is there anyone whom your wife might have injured inadvertently? Perhaps a bad ending to one of her *five* other marriages?

JASON. All her divorces were amicable. (*At CRADDOCK's raised eyebrow.*) Divorce is a common occurrence in Hollywood.

CRADDOCK. I can imagine... Now, as I said, I need to speak to Miss Gregg –

JASON. That's out of the question. My wife has collapsed with nervous exhaustion.

CRADDOCK. I'm sure she could manage a couple of questions.

JASON. When I met Marina, she was very unwell. I have dedicated the last eight years to nursing her back to health –

CRADDOCK. If someone tried to kill her, it seems highly likely that they will strike again –

JASON. Marina is the love of my life. I won't let any harm / come to her.

CRADDOCK. You don't think we should warn her that someone may be trying to / take her life?

JASON. You're not listening! That someone had to die here was bad enough. But if she found out that it was actually an attempt on *her* life –

CRADDOCK. Could you at least ask her if she'll speak to me –

JASON. She's my wife, Inspector, and if I say it's too soon to interrogate her – yes, *interrogate* her, then it's too soon.

CRADDOCK. ...Is there something you're trying to conceal?

JASON. Do you think I'd admit to it if there was?

She'll be asleep right now, anyway.

CRADDOCK. And you're sure of that?

(*Beat.*)

JASON. Okay. Look. I gave her something to help her sleep.

CRADDOCK. What did you give her?

JASON. Calmo. Why?

CRADDOCK. Where'd you get it from?

JASON. I don't know. Ask Ella Zielinsky. Our secretary. Or Giuseppe Renzo. Our butler.

(**CRADDOCK** *writes in his notepad.*)

CRADDOCK. What does Calmo do?

JASON. It peps you up and it calms you down. (*Archly.*)
You should try it.

(**CRADDOCK** *unimpressed.*)

Sorry. It's late and we've all had a shitty day, as I'm sure you can imagine. Come back tomorrow morning and we'll see if my wife is up to speaking to you.

CRADDOCK. One last thing. Do you have any idea how Mrs Leigh ended up with the poisoned drink?

JASON. I'm a director, not some damn waiter.

(**CRADDOCK** *turns back to* **MISS MARPLE.**)

CRADDOCK. Before you ask, the butler was serving the drinks. The aforementioned Giuseppe Renzo. (*Disapprovingly.*) Italian.

MISS MARPLE. Does his descent have any bearing on the case?

(*Beat.* **GIUSEPPE** *appears.*)

GIUSEPPE. Me? You accuse me?

CRADDOCK. All I asked was if it was correct that you served the drinks.