

MARINA. I don't have any friends.

(Beat. LOLA leaves.)

I shouldn't have been so cutting but these girls, they make you feel so...

CRADDOCK. Can you think of any reason why she might wish to harm you?

MARINA. I suppose there might be some envy on her part... But I should be envious of her! I mean, look at me... All the lotions and potions in the world can't hold back the force of time... *(To MISS MARPLE.)* Oh, God, I'm so sorry...

MISS MARPLE. We all find it so difficult to be the age we really are.

MARINA. I just meant, soon, Lola will be the star and I'll be the actress whose name you can't quite remember.

CRADDOCK. I'm sure no one could ever forget you.

MARINA. You're very kind, Chief Inspector...

CRADDOCK. Craddock. Scotland Yard.

MARINA. I don't envy Lola. Not really. When you're starting out, it's all you dream of, having your pictures shown in movie theatres all round the world, being noticed, wherever you go. You imagine it will make you happy.

CRADDOCK. Doesn't it?

MARINA. I thought it would. Everyone wants to be your friend. But because you're famous. Not because you're *you*.

MISS MARPLE. Is that why you don't have any friends?

CRADDOCK. *(Taking charge again.)* Do you take di-ethy...
(Clears throat.) Calmo?

MARINA. We all do.

CRADDOCK. Americans?

MARINA. Actors.

CRADDOCK. Do you choose to take it yourself, or does your husband give it to you?

MARINA. I choose to take it. Why?

CRADDOCK. Does Mr Rudd have his own supply?

MARINA. *Our* supply is in the cabinet in our ensuite, but Jason only ever gives it to me when I ask.

CRADDOCK. As far as you know.

MARINA. No. I'd know.

CRADDOCK. You're sure about that?

MARINA. Yes!

(Beat.)

CRADDOCK. Forgive me. I just need to get everything clear. For –

MARINA. *(Smiles.)* Procedure?

CRADDOCK. Exactly. Now. How did Heather Leigh end up with your drink?

MARINA. It was one of those stupid things. Someone sneezed –

(ELLA appears, sneezes.)

Ella, I expect, she gets this terrible hayfever –

(ELLA sneezes. Fumbles for her atomiser.)

(HEATHER, startled, has spilled her drink over Marina's dress. Mortified, HEATHER dabs at MARINA's dress with her handkerchief.)