

(The telephone rings again. MISS MARPLE tries to get up again but she can't.)

(The telephone stops ringing. MISS MARPLE tries to retrieve her bag but it's out of reach. As are her crutches. Suddenly, the sound of the front door opening, slamming shut.)

MISS MARPLE. Cherry? Is that you?

(CHERRY rushes in.)

CHERRY. Sorry I'm late.

I can't think of an excuse.

(Taking off her coat.) Were you all right, on your own?

MISS MARPLE. Of course.

CHERRY. I was worried about you. Stuck down here all night.

MISS MARPLE. It made a nice change.

CHERRY. I'll do your bandage first, shall I? And then I'll do your face.

MISS MARPLE. I'm not an invalid.

I couldn't reach my bag, that's all.

CHERRY. Oh. Sorry.

(CHERRY fetches Miss Marple's bag.)

Won't be a sec.

(CHERRY goes. MISS MARPLE takes out her powder. Powders her face. She suddenly notices the silence.)

(CHERRY returns, holding a bandage.)

MISS MARPLE. Is something wrong?

CHERRY. Eh?

MISS MARPLE. Usually, you sing, as you dash around.

CHERRY. Do I?

You should've said, if you minded.

MISS MARPLE. I don't mind.

CHERRY. Right.

(CHERRY sits to change MISS MARPLE's bandage.)

Does it hurt?

(CHERRY is yanking MISS MARPLE's foot onto a stool.)

MISS MARPLE. Only when you do that!

CHERRY. Sorry. I'm all fingers and thumbs today.

MISS MARPLE. You're doing a splendid job.

Did you get to see her?

CHERRY. Who?

MISS MARPLE. Marina Gregg.

CHERRY. Oh! Yeah. Yeah, I did.

MISS MARPLE. Is she really as lovely as they say?

CHERRY. ...S'funny. Being so close, I couldn't really look at her.

MISS MARPLE. I dreamt about her last night. I dreamt...

CHERRY. *(Genuinely interested.)* What?

MISS MARPLE. Forgive me. Other people's dreams are even more tiresome than other people's holiday slides.

I did see Miss Gregg onstage once, though. Years ago. I'll never forget it.

CHERRY. What was the play?

MISS MARPLE. I don't remember.

Oh, of course. It was *A Doll's House*. You get so caught up with how very trapped Nora feels that you'd forgive her almost anything. And yet, to walk out on your children...

CHERRY. I've never seen it.

Right. I'll get yer breakfast.

(**CHERRY** *leaves.*)

(*Silence.*)

(**CHERRY** *returns.*)

I thought I'd push the boat out and do your eggs boiled today.

MISS MARPLE. Lovely.

CHERRY. Oh! I forgot your tea.

Sorry. I'm at sixes and sevens today.

MISS MARPLE. Are you all right?

CHERRY. Sorry, Miss, it's just...

MISS MARPLE. What's happened?

(*Pause.*)

CHERRY. I know it's daft but whenever something bad happens... I lost my sister, a few years ago now, mind, and... but it's still her I want to tell, and then, it's like I've lost her, all over again.

MISS MARPLE. Yes.

Grief, it casts such terribly long shadows.

(Beat.)

CHERRY. Them eggs'll be done by now.

(CHERRY goes.)

(Silence.)

(CHERRY returns.)

The eggs have only gone and cracked! I'll have to start again.

MISS MARPLE. Actually, I'm not hungry.

Losing a sister as a child must be terribly lonely.

CHERRY. The thing is, I don't know if I'm making a memory from a photograph or if I actually remember her. I can't even remember what it was like to be held by her, or if she even – sorry. Here's me harping on, and you got enough on your plate, what with your gammy leg...

MISS MARPLE. I've plenty of time to listen.

(Silence.)

CHERRY. It's just, I don't know anyone round here and...

MISS MARPLE. What's happened, dear?

CHERRY. ...I dunno...

MISS MARPLE. You've been here a week. How many people have called round in all that time?

CHERRY. ...?

MISS MARPLE. If you have a secret that's troubling you...
I've no one to tell.

CHERRY. It must be 'orrible, being old.

Not that you're...