

(The sound of the lamp falling.)

GIUSEPPE. Nineteen years, I follow her everywhere.

MISS MARPLE. All those years, he's had to put up with –

GIUSEPPE. *(Annoyed.)* Smoked salmon with cream cheese and a dash of lemon. No pepper. Not even a sniff.

MISS MARPLE. Why would one stay? Having to cater for every whim, anticipate every demand?

GIUSEPPE. Three cubes of ice; the faintest sliver of lime.

CRADDOCK. Some people know their place in the world.

GIUSEPPE. I love Marina. Love.

MISS MARPLE. Always on the outside, tolerated only because he was useful... That must have been very lonely indeed.

GIUSEPPE. I keep her safe, I keep her...clear.

MISS MARPLE. Clear...from what?

CRADDOCK. We've already been through that –

MISS MARPLE. He would have been there, when she had the baby. All these years, living with her secrets, and her demands –

CRADDOCK. So why not just leave?

MISS MARPLE. He knew too much. She wouldn't let him.

CRADDOCK. Surely all this begs the question, why now?

MISS MARPLE. Perhaps something happened, the final straw. Or perhaps he felt safe here. On a little island, the other side of the world...

CRADDOCK. But why would she protect him?

MISS MARPLE. Because she couldn't bear to lose him. Her devoted butler, always at her side. The only person who has ever been a constant.