The man who said, "I'd rather be lucky than good," saw deeply into life. People are afraid to face how great a part of life is dependent on luck. It's scary to think so much is out of one's control. There are moments in a match when the ball hits the top of the net, and for a split second it can either go forward or fall back. With a little luck, it goes forward and you win. Or maybe it doesn't, and you lose.

Sorry.

Mr. Townsend.

Just this way.

So the Beach Club Marbella, tennis instructor. Stanford House. Forte Village, Sardinia. Nice.

Yes. I've had a good deal of experience.

Yeah, so I see.

Now, I've heard very good things.

You don't miss playing professionally?

I thank God every day

I don't have to do it.

I hate the whole tennis tour thing. Constant traveling, and I was never going to be Rusedski or Agassi.

You have to really want it.

Not that I have their talent.

Well, your credentials and references are excellent.

And you want to live in London?

Very much. Very much.

We have a very exclusive membership here.

You can begin this weekend?

Thank you. Thank you very much.

That's your sofa, which also doubles up as a bed.

Which is great, you know, 'cause you can be watching some telly, ain't got the hassle of having to go to a bedroom.

You can just open it up, get your kip.

Kitchen just through there.

All your amenities, fixtures, fittings, washer-dryer...

All that stuff.

Lovely view, not overlooked.

So it's all good.

This is 225 a week?

Well, it's London, mate. Bang, mate.

If you don't like it, move to Leeds.

D'you know what I mean?

You got a wok?

You got a wok? It's one of those Oriental, sort of conical pans.

- No, no, no.

- The geezer who was in here before, he left one in there. You're welcome to it. I'll throw that in.

- I'll take it.

- That's a good choice.

Very good.

Chris Wilton.

This is Tom Hewett.

- Very nice to meet you. How do you do?

- Morning. Pleasure.

I think Chris would be the perfect instructor for you, and he's very patient. Great at analyzing a player's faults.

I'm so out of practice. I mean, I haven't played since university, and I loved it, but I haven't picked up a racket in bloody ages, so...

Don't worry, it comes back.

What you can't do is rush in, be discouraged.

OK.

- Well, good luck.

- Thank you very much.

- Over here.

- Brilliant.

OK, so who was better, or tougher?

Henman or Agassi?

- They were both great.

- Yeah, I know, but I mean, you held your own more than admirably.

For a while.

But as the game goes on, you see how really good they are.

- Actually, I'll get this.

- No, no, no, no.

- No, please, Tom, I insist. I insist.

- No, no, no, no, no.

Get your dirty great forehand off.

Thank you. I'll get the next one.

So, do you need a lift after this?

Actually, I'm looking for a music store.

I want to buy some CDs.

Music around here?

I think there's one on the Fulham Road.

And they'll have a decent opera section?

Opera? You like opera, really?

I love opera.

Papa gives loads to the Royal in Covent Garden.

I know this is gonna sound a bit weird, but would you like to go to the opera tomorrow night?

To the opera?

Yeah. We've got a box and someone's not coming.

It's La bloody Traviata.

My God. I'd love to.

Are you sure it's not an imposition?

Can I at least pay for my seat?

It's not an imposition, it'd be an absolute pleasure.

I just like the fact that we both share a love for opera. Brilliant.

So?

- I said to David and Melissa...

- Evening all. Hello, Mum.

Hello, sweetie. Very nice to see you.

- This is Chris. This is my father Alec.

- Hello. Good to meet you.

I hear you're an incredible tennis player. I played once, and then I gave up, then I went back, then I gave up,

- then I went back

- Rubbish.

- I'm sure Tom exaggerated my game.

- I just got bored.

- Good evening. My pleasure.

- Nice to meet you.

- This is my sister... Chloe.

- There's a chair somewhere.

- I'm Chloe. Nice to meet you.

- There's two more.

Yeah, well, the olds say thank you very much for the lovely flowers. They said it was very thoughtful, and totally unnecessary.

But off the record, well done, A plus, 'cause they love that sort of thing.

Oh, they're lovely people. And your sister's very bright.

Frighteningly so at times. But...

Anyway, she thought you were terrific, and she wanted to invite you to our country house with the parents on Sunday. 'Cause they're having a party, there'll be some good people.

And I'll play you some great music, because Dad's got an epic collection.

Chlo-Chlo, do you wanna have a knock with Chris for a bit?

It's just that it's 5:00 somewhere, darling, and I've some serious cocktails to start making.

Irish! Have you ever had a Cuba libre or a caipirinha?

It'd be really boring for Chris to play with me on my own.

It's really boring for him to play with me, but he's a good sport.

And anyway, you've got better legs than I've got. Chop-chop.

Don't be silly. I teach people who have never held a racket before.

- I'm so bad.

- That's how you get better.

Playing with a stronger player. Come on.

OK.

Was I dreadful?

Not at all.

You have a very unique style.

Yeah, it's called clumsy.

How did you get to be so good anyway?

Tom says you played with some of the real greats.

For me, it was a way out of a poor existence.

Caught the eye of a good coach.

I don't know. It all came so easy at first.

- Do you enjoy teaching?

- Not really.

I mean, it's OK for now, but I'd cut my throat if I thought I had to do it forever.

I'd like to do something with my life.

You know, special.

I'd like to make a contribution.

So, you're a poor boy from lreland come to London.

I love it.

It's so exciting and alive.

I've never seen so much art or theater.

Not that I've taken much advantage of it yet.

Well, look, if you'd like someone to show you around,

I grew up in Belgravia. I'd be happy to take you to all the good places.

That'd be great.

On one condition: I buy the tickets.

Oh, dear, is that going to be an issue?

I'm afraid it is.

I'm very old-fashioned.

But actually,

I did read something about the...

...exhibition in the Saatchi Gallery.

That's perfect.

It'd be my pleasure to take you.

You're very kind to offer this.

Can I at least give you some free tennis lessons?

OK, it's a deal.

How about Wednesday for the Saatchi?

I can do that.

- Shall we meet for lunch first?

- It's a date.

I'd better get ready.

Your guests will be arriving soon.

Yeah, yeah. Of course. Go.

A sweaty tennis player's hardly what they expect.

So who's my next victim?

You?

I haven't played table tennis

in quite a while.

Would you like to play for a thousand pounds a game?

What did I walk into?

What did I walk into?

It's like this.

- May l?

- Please.

You have to lean in, and hit through the ball.

I was doing just fine until you showed up.

The story of my life.

So, tell me, what's a beautiful, young, American Ping-Pong player doing mingling amongst the British upper class?

Did anyone ever tell you, you play a very aggressive game?

Did anyone ever tell you you've very sensual lips?

- Extremely aggressive.

- I'm naturally competitive.

Is it off-putting?

I'll have to think about that for a while.

There you are.

I wanted to introduce you to Chris Wilton.

Chris Wilton, this is Nola Rice, my fiancee.

So, you're the tennis pro.

- Hello, darling.

- My pleasure.

He was trying to have his way with me over the table.

Oh, really? Yeah, well, you'd better watch out for this one.

He's made a living out of hustling.

I'll be ready for you next time.

- I'll see you outside.

- Oh, yeah.

She's quite something, isn't she?

- How long have you been together?

- Six months.

Jesus, yeah, six months!

She came over to study acting, and I met her at a party that I'd crashed and she'd crashed, and...

...one thing led to another.

Obviously, it's taken Mother quite a long time to get used to the idea that I'm serious about her, but...

To be honest with you,

Mother's always had this funny little agenda for me which doesn't really involve marrying a struggling actress.

Especially an American one.

But I am crazy about her.

Anyway, I think we should all go to dinner next week. What do you think?

- I'd love to.

- Excellent.

Now, lrish, how about a little drop of Scottish before supper?

- Why not.

- Lead on. Quickly.

These afternoons have been great.

I'm so glad your schedule allows you so much time off.

Yes, it's fun.

Although it wouldn't hurt to have a few more pupils.

Do you need money?

God, no.

No, I'm fine.

It's very sweet of you to ask, but I don't.

I'm only asking because I care about you.

Shall we go to your place or mine?

I don't think mine's quite what you're used to.

Shut up. I think yours'll be just great.

You've been seeing a lot of Chris Wilton lately, I understand.

- Yeah. He's very nice.

- I liked him.

I just don't understand what he's aiming for.

He certainly doesn't want to be a tennis pro for the rest of his life.

Well, I find him very likeable.

He's fought his way up the only way open to him, and he's not trivial.

I had a very interesting conversation the other day about Dostoyevsky.

Can't we do something for him?

A place in one of your companies or something?

Has he expressed a desire?

No, but... he's open, you know, about his future.

He really wants to make something of his life.

Chloe, be careful.

Tom's involved with a woman I have reservations about. Don't rush off.

Tom's happy with Nola.

You're prejudiced 'cause she's American.

She's spoilt and temperamental.

She's an actress, they're emotional.

She's deluding herself, and she's moody.

She's not right for Tom.

Well, I care very deeply for Chris, and I think he feels the same way.

- Who are you talking about?

- Nola.

- Have you been waiting ages?

- Hello. Not at all.

Traffic was awful.

The others'll be here in a minute.

They're probably stuck in it somewhere.

Can I have a champagne cocktail, please?

One of your father's associates spoke to me today about the possibility of a job.

Did you say anything?

Look, I just told Papa to keep his eyes open if anything juicy opened up, so you could have first option, if you wanted it.

- You're not cross, are you?

- God, no.

It's extremely thoughtful of you.

Thanks.

What do you think?

I'm gonna have to think about it.

I've never really seen myself in the business world.

So, what do you see for yourself, you know, in the future?

I don't know, really.

I mean, I'm sure it's a great opportunity.

I think it is.

Papa said it's a chance to learn the business.

And if things go well, he'll see to it, you know, that...

...you move up quickly, or whatever.

I've always felt so-so about office work.

It's not exactly office work.

Think of it more as a stepping stone.

To?

To a bigger job, more responsibility, greater earning potential, I don't know.

You've always said how much you admire Papa's accomplishments.

Of course.

I mean, it's strange, but coming where I come from,

I've always admired men like your father. Wealthy, but not stuffy. Enjoying his fortune. Having a grand time, supporting the arts.

Well, he'd really like to open some doors for you, that's all.

He's a very generous man.

He respects how you've pulled yourself up, against the odds.

- You don't seem very enthusiastic.

- I'm sorry.

I hope my hesitation isn't upsetting.

No, no, not at all.

It's just that, you know, you've always talked about making a contribution and... I'm sorry.

I will. I promise.

- Oh, good.

- Hello.

Hi, guys.

Hello.

Don't worry, the traffic was awful.

It's my fault, I dragged Nola to the classic car show at ExCeL.

- Really?

- It was unbelievable.

I swear, my trousers have barely dried.

Oh, God. Shut up.

You love your cars, don't you, Chris?

- I think the old ones are beautiful.

- Yeah, I like the old ones.

But Tom likes all those new ones with the gadgets and...

I want an Aston Martin.

- I drove an Aston Martin.

- Really?

Yeah, I used to work for a man, and I used to wash his cars for him.

- He was very, very particular about

- Thank you.

taking care of them, so I had to wash them every day with a toothbrush.

I want an Aston Martin, or one of those vintage convertible Mercedes.

Well, when we're married we'll collect vintage cars.

Just as long as I can have a DB9 with all the trimmings. OK?

In fact, Hedley is perfect for keeping all those cars.

- In fact, speaking of Hedley...

- Should we order, 'cause he's waiting.

Frightfully sorry. I'll have the baked potato with truffles.

- That'll be lovely. Yum-yum.

- I'd like the same, please.

Nothing to start?

Oh, I think the wine list.

I'll have the caviar blinis, please.

- Roast chicken.

- God, boring!

Honestly, they have the greatest caviar blinis here.

- You should try them.

- That's OK.

- No, do you like caviar?

- So-so.

"So-so."

He's been brought up as a good boy, to always order modestly. I'm very sorry.

He'll have the blinis.

My goodness, was your father an oil rigger who specialized in etiquette?

He was kind of austere.

Chris's dad was a bit of a religious fanatic.

Oh, Christ.

After he lost both his legs, he found Jesus.

God. Sorry, but it just doesn't seem like a fair trade.

What were you saying about Hedley?

- Papa's invited us for some shooting.

- Oh, really?

I'd better bring a different change of clothes.

I don't think your mother appreciated what I brought last time.

I think that was your swimsuit.

She's used to slightly more fabric.

I'm sure if she knew you'd worn it in a movie, she'd suddenly find it chic.

- True.

- Have you done many movies?

It was a commercial, not a movie.

But your eyes went straight to her, if you know what I mean.

I don't think my career has... really gone as planned.

Oh, you just need a break.

I think it's important to be lucky in anything.

Well, I don't believe in luck.

I believe in hard work.

Oh, hard work is mandatory, but I think everybody's afraid to admit what a big part luck plays.

I mean, it seems scientists are...

...confirming more and more that all existence is here by blind chance.

No purpose, no design.

Well, I don't care,

I love every minute of it.

And I envy you for it.

What was it the... the vicar used to say?

"Despair is the path of least resistance."

It was something odd, wasn't it?

It was very strange...

I think that faith is the path of least resistance.

- Oh, God.

- Oh, God.

Can we change the subject, please?

Nola was talking about acting, which is much more interesting.

No, I was...

...just saying that I think

I'm giving acting a second thought.

I just can't bear people in my hometown to think I've failed.

Not that I'm ever going back to Colorado.

Ever.

Have you decided on a wine?

Two bottles of Puligny-Montrachet.

Thank you.

- Good morning. Chris Wilton.

- Rod Carver.

- Good morning. Chris Wilton.

- Rod Carver.

- Good to meet you.

- Good to meet you.

You'll be working under Alan Sinclair here.

Hi, Alan. How are you?

At first, you may find the assignments a little unchallenging, but that'll soon change as you appreciate how things wash here.

- It's basically nine to five.

- Yes, yes.

So you'll have plenty of time to keep up the backhand, if you like.

Now, if you're OK with the package, we'd like to begin the first of the month.

I'm sure the salary won't be a problem.

- Good to meet you, Alan.

- Good. And you.

And Rod.

- I'm sure you'll be happy here.

- I'm sure I will.

- Exciting things are happening.

- OK.

I can't tell you how happy I am you've taken that job.

It's such good news.

Here, I brought you this to celebrate.

Wow. Thank you.

Believe me, in no time you'll be running that division.

You're so much more on the ball than Alan Sinclair. He's nice, but...

-...uninspiring.

- It's very rare.

It has some beautiful arias on it.

And his voice expresses everything that's tragic about life.

- You find it tragic, do you?

- And you?

I love it.

Let's stay at home and have dinner, and listen to the tragedy.

I'm gonna open one of those bottles of wine I got you.

Puligny-Montrachet.

I never heard of it before Tom ordered it.

Now I'm addicted.

Tom and Nola invited us to go and see a film with them tonight, but I told them we're busy.

But we have no plans.

Well, no special plans.

I thought we said we'd stay in?

Yeah, but it wasn't written in stone.

We could've joined them.

We still can, if you'd prefer it.

It's... it's not a case of preferring it, it's just...

...we always have fun with them, and you love films.

Well, shall I call them?

I mean, sure, unless you'd rather not.

Well...

It might be more fun, just the two of us.

The wine, the opera.

Absolutely.

I just figured...

We can stay in any... any night, and...

...they're free and suggested a film.

What's the film?

I don't know, but if you'd prefer it.

I am in the mood for a film.

Thank you so much, fella.

Hello. Oh, hang on, I'm having problems with the door. There we go.

- Hello, sweetie.

- Hi, guys. One second.

There you go, fella. Thanks so much.

- Good luck with the Sky Blues.

- Oh, yeah, cheers.

Where is she?

Nola got a migraine at the last moment, and unfortunately she can't make it.

- Oh, no. Is she gonna be all right?

- But she sends her love.

Yeah, she's gonna be fine.

- Hell with her, Motorcycle Diaries!

- I bet that was her choice.

I can't believe this is what you really want to see.

Everybody likes you at work.

Papa says he's heard great things.

You're a very clever boy.

Hey!

Hey.

- Hi.

- How are you?

- What are you doing here?

- I was just looking for a sweater.

The kind Tom has. Is it cashmere?

It's vicu?a.

- Vicu?a.

- Vicu?a?

- Yeah.

- Right.

Where are you going?

Oh, I'm just having a nervous breakdown.

- Why?

- So...

Well, I have an audition in ten minutes and...

As usual, my confidence level, which started off at a ten, is now at a zero.

- Don't worry, you'll be great.

- Yeah. I'm gonna be late, so...

- Are you walk...? You wanna walk?

- Yeah, sure.

My agent was supposed to meet me, but he canceled.

So that's... awful.

I'm alone to...

Would you like me to come along for moral support?

- Yes. That would be great. If you...

- Sure.

- If it's not a problem.

- It's not a problem.

- No, it's not a problem.

- OK.

I used to get really tense before big tennis matches.

Have you ever tried yoga?

- No.

- No?

Hi.

- Hello. Hi.

- Oh, hey.

- How was it?

- Blew that.

It just works, you know, at home, but...

I don't know,

I just can never really pull through...

-...in the end.

- You will. You will.

Yeah.

You know what, I could actually use a drink just to pull myself together...

-...a little bit.

- Sure.

- OK.

- This way.

What was I saying?

My sister went to college for a couple of years.

But I'm like you, I'm self-taught.

You should see my sister, she's...

...she's very beautiful, but she's lost in drugs and...

I'm sure she's not more beautiful than you are.

What I am is sexy. But Linda's...

My sister...

...is classically beautiful.

So, you are aware of your effect on men?

Before my parents split, they used to put her in these pageants.

It's just a joke.

What did your father do?

He... Ieft.

And never sent any money.

And my mother could never hold down a job.

- No?

- No.

Her problem was that she drank.

How did you meet Tom?

We met at a party.

He...

...saw me across the room and he honed in on me, like a guided missile.

And l...

I liked him right off, you know.

I thought...

Well, I think he's very handsome.

Don't you?

Very.

And he asked you to marry him?

Well, he...

...swept me off of my feet with presents and, you know...

What did I know about that kind of life?

I'm just a starving actress from Boulder, Colorado.

But...

I had another bad marriage behind me.

That's another reason she hates me.

- Who?

- Eleanor. Tom's mother.

She wants him to marry this girl named Olivia, who I think is a distant cousin.

I don't know. It's... it's sick.

It's such an inbred family. It's...

And was it love at first sight for you too?

I thought he was very handsome.

You know, and I told you I was just...

I was overwhelmed with attention.

So, what about you and Chloe?

She's very sweet.

She is very sweet.

And she wants to marry you.

I don't think her mother would approve of that either.

No. No, it's different.

I don't buy into Eleanor, and she knows it, but you...

...are being groomed.

You mark my words.

They almost died when they thought that Chloe had run off with some...

...guy that ran a gastropub in the city.

But...

You're gonna do very well for yourself, unless you blow it.

And how am I going to blow it?

By making a pass at me.

And what makes you think that's gonna happen?

Men always seem to wonder.

They think I'd be something very special.

And are you?

Well, no one's ever asked for their money back.

Where was all this confidence when you needed it in the audition?

I've had too much to drink.

Can you get me a cab?

Sure.

Thank you.

You were driving a bit fast,

- weren't you?

- Good morning.

- Which one is he in?

- Second one over there.

Oh, hi.

So, do you think he's gonna be all right?

Carmichael came and had a look at him the other week.

Oh, he's so sweet.

The problem with the right hind is gonna...

It should have dissipated fully already.

- Tom, can I feed him?

- Yeah, yeah, wack him some hay.

Tom, do you think he's gonna be able to play on Sunday?

Well, he will play on Sunday, but it's just the problem with the fact that it's only Lopez who can ride him, and he's injured at the moment.

We're having a bloody nightmare with injuries.

You're so beautiful.

What would you say to the idea of taking a business course at school that the company would pay for?

I don't know.

I've had very good feedback on your work.

And the beginning of next year there's going to be a very significant position opening up.

One that carries a great deal of responsibility and pays accordingly.

Plus, there are a number of perks...

Expense account, driver, et cetera.

We had been focusing on someone else...

... but it's obvious to me that you and Chloe have become close.

Although I wouldn't consider it, if I didn't think you were qualified.

I'd hate to disappoint you.

- Oh, excuse me.

- Come on, Chris...

We're nearly ready.

- I'll bring a gun for Chris.

- Thanks, Tom.

Never mind, fella.

This is basically a tune-up for the grouse season, which is starting soon.

- But it's bloody good fun.

- Don't frighten him.

His shooting's not really up to his tennis, poor thing.

I'll make an accomplished grouse shooter of him yet.

- Don't you worry, Chris.

- Quite right, Papa.

Come on, Chloe.

Hi, darling.

Have you seen my Strindberg book?

No.

How did your audition go?

Oh, it was pretty awful, I'm afraid.

It's her own fault, bless her.

She just tightens up.

Well, I'm sure something worthwhile will come along.

Unfortunately, there's just not anything right now that I'm that great for.

So, how long do you keep it up?

How long?

Well, if time passes and nothing significant materializes, how long do you keep on going before you decide that...?

To try something else?

I hardly think Nola's reached that point, Mother.

I'm not saying that.

All I'm saying is you give acting a try for a time, and if you keep being disappointed you have to ask yourself the question, "ls this really what I want in my life?

Is this what I want?"

Well, I do ask myself that.

See? It's only logical, Tom.

Especially for a woman.

It's a particularly cruel business for a woman, and as you get older and time passes, if nothing happens it gets harder and harder.

Eleanor,

Nola isn't exactly over the hill.

I'm not saying now.

But I'm a great one for facing up to realities.

Your take on these realities is your own opinion and nothing else.

Frankly, not everybody else is interested in hearing about it.

Tom, don't raise your voice to your mother, please.

I'm not raising my voice.

And I'm sorry, Papa, but she's always on Nola's case, continually discouraging her via...

...innuendos.

All I'm saying is acting's so will-o'-the-wisp.

Those that have it, know it right off.

To pursue it because you don't want to admit defeat to friends back home is, frankly, unrealistic.

I'm sorry, but that's the way I feel.

Excuse me.

Nola.

It's OK. I'd like to be alone, thanks.

Well, thank you very much. And I'm sorry if I'm raising my voice now, but you know that's her Achilles heel, emotionally.

He's right, Eleanor. I think you've had one too many G and T's.

I was looking for you.

I was upset.

I just wanted to be alone.

I don't mean to intrude.

I need a drink.

I like you when you drink.

You get flirtatious.

- Do l?

- Yeah.

- Confident.

- I don't think this was a good idea.

You shouldn't have followed me here.

Do you feel guilty?

Do you?

We can't do this.

I know.

This can't lead anyplace.

Hello.

Darling, I think it's for you.

But take it outside.

Well, there's hope, at least.

When's the callback?

Just let me know

when you hear anything at all, 'cause I really think

I could be great in this part.

Yeah. OK.

Bye.

Why have you been so cold to me?

- I haven't been cold.

- Yes, you have.

Ever since we came back from the countryside you've been distant, evasive.

I don't want to encourage anything.

What happened, happened, Chris.

I mean... The moment was very out of control for many reasons. I was upset, I was drinking, and the storm was overpowering.

- Oh, stop rationalizing.

- I'm not rationalizing.

Passions are passions, but we're both very involved with other people.

You're not such a good actress, you know. It's not possible.

Look, you daydreamed about making love to me, and I'm not saying the fantasy didn't cross my mind, OK?

We had our moment.

But, you know, let's move on, get back to reality.

Chris, we're gonna be brother and sister-in-law.

You were exactly as I pictured you'd be making love.

Chris, forget it. It's over.

Thanks. Henry!

- Hey. How are you?

- Chris. All right.

- Look at you.

- Good to see you.

Looks like you're doing all right for yourself, aren't you?

- Thanks.

- You still doing the tennis tour?

Yeah, I love it. I love it.

Look at this car.

Oh, don't worry, it's not mine.

It's the company's.

Yeah, I know you found it a bit of a grind, didn't you?

But I'm still circling the globe, deluding myself.

I just couldn't stand it.

No. No, I heard you went into business.

I'm a wheel in an office, if you can believe it.

- A big wheel.

- It's who you know, Henry.

I got involved with a woman.

Very nice.

Family's got nothing but money.

Big estate, servants, polo ponies.

All quite lovely.

Hey, look, I understand.

It beats getting your heart broken all the time by the top seeds.

Isn't it amazing how much of life turns on whether the ball goes over the net or comes right back at you?

I always admired your game though, you know?

- Thanks.

- You were very steady.

Cool under pressure, but creative.

You could be a poet with the racket like Laver was.

I lost to you as much as I beat you.

No. When I played you, you never beat yourself.

I'm telling you, a couple of bounces the other way, you might've beaten some of those top seeds.

Listen, can I buy you lunch?

That's...

What about next time I'm in town?

- Give me your number.

- Certainly.

I'm moving into a new flat, so this is my business card.

- You should call me anytime.

- Very impressive.

So good to see you, Henry.

- You look well.

- And you, mate.

- You look very, very well.

- I can buy us lunch.

- Put it on the expense account, so...

- Very well.

-...do call.

- Very good. Yeah, yeah.

- All right.

- Bye.

- Oh, my God.

- Right there.

- She's got glasses on.

- But why on earth...?

Why on earth would your mother invite her here?

She met her at the supermarket yesterday and invited her...

- The supermarket?

- Yes.

- Can you play the piano?

- No, I'm terrible at the piano.

- So, when are you two getting married?

- Mummy!

- Oh, gosh, Eleanor!

- Oh, don't look so surprised.

Stop it.

You've been like two peas in a pod for a long time now.

Don't tell me the subject hasn't come up.

- Mummy, come with me.

- Oh, dear.

You need a strong cup of coffee.

Come on.

Eleanor doesn't hold back when she's had a few.

Look, it's a reasonable question.

Chloe and I have discussed it.

Eleanor and I would be delighted to welcome you to the family.

Tom would love having you as a brother-in-law, and whatever you two need, you can always rely on us.

I appreciate that.

Darling, one second.

I just think we...

You two have met, haven't you?

I'm sure you've met.

I'm sorry. Who'd have thought?

What, that we were hiding in the pantry?

It was all her fault, you know.

Like, how can I help it if she gets turned on by sexual intimacy in places that we know we're gonna get caught?

You were... You!

The risky business was your idea.

All men who see you want to attack you.

Isn't that right, Christopher?

Oh, God, are you all right?

I'm fine.

I shouldn't drink on an empty stomach.

I now pronounce you man and wife.

You may kiss the bride.

Oh, my God.

- This is incredible.

- lsn't it?

- What's up here?

- That's the bedroom.

There's another bedroom through there.

The bathroom and a kitchen.

- Little terrace.

- Wow.

- But look at this view.

- Oh, it's breathtaking.

- I just... wish I could afford it.

- Oh, don't bring that up again.

You know it gives Papa pleasure to help.

Come on.

The light coming through every day.

It's beautiful. But it's huge!

I'm gonna get lost in here or something.

- Did I tell you I'm scared of heights?

- Really?

- Yeah.

- That could be a problem.

I want you to make me pregnant.

Chloe... We discussed this.

It's very quick.

It's not quick, we've been sleeping together for ages.

And I want three children, and I want them when I'm young.

Come on, you can do it, you've got a powerful serve.

Hey! Where are you?

I know, I know. I'm sorry.

Not good.

Listen, I've got to tell you something.

What?

Well, Nola and l...

...broke up.

- No!

- Yeah.

Or, I should say, I called it off.

I thought you were gonna get married.

Yeah, well, it's rather embarrassing to say but I think Mother rather poisoned the well on that one.

Not that I have any intention in marrying Olivia sodding Allred, who's her main candidate.

God, no.

I'm sorry. I don't understand.

I suppose the whole truth, nothing but the truth, so help me God, part of the situation is, is that...

...I've met someone else.

- No!

- Yeah.

I met someone and I fell in love, and I just knew right away.

Although the fact that my mother is in seventh heaven about her,

I keep trying to tell myself isn't a factor, but...

You know what I mean.

The number you are calling is not available.

The number you are calling is not available.

Excuse me.

- Are you looking for Miss Rice?

- Yes.

She's gone. Saw her yesterday.

She's given up the apartment.

- Did she say where?

- Not to me.

- Thanks.

- That's all right.

- What are you thinking about?

- Nothing.

Just business.

You know it's been over a week since we made love.

Oh, Chloe, I'm beat.

- Am I being rejected?

- Of course not.

OK, I can take a hint.

Meanwhile, I don't know what's wrong.

All my cousins get pregnant so easily.

Look...

...it'll happen.

I'm just really tired.

Kiss.

Sweet dreams.

I now pronounce you man and wife.

You may kiss the bride.

Just in time.

I'm almost starting to show.

Well, you have

to see a fertility doctor.

Well, you have to see a fertility doctor.

I know.

- We've tried everything.

- What about this?

His brushstrokes are really intense, aren't they?

- Yeah, I don't like it.

- No.

- Would you ever consider adopting?

- No, absolutely not.

I want my own children.

This one?

Sort of...

Did I tell you Victoria Phyfe is pregnant?

Really?

- She's so happy.

- Whoa.

Her and her husband just found each other.

All their neuroses intertwine so perfectly, and it just works like a charm.

After all their unhappy relationships, they met during a traffic accident.

- God...

- I know, it's great.

Well, our lawyers are going over it as we speak.

You'll have a daft by Friday. I promise.

If I have to work all night.

OK.

Thank you. Thanks.

Samantha, can I have two aspirin, please?

Thanks.

Are you OK, sir?

Tell me, Samantha, do you ever feel claustrophobic in here?

No, not really.

Oh, Christ!

I've got to meet my wife at the Tate Modern.

There's a new painter she wants to show me.

If they call back, Samantha, tell them Friday.

Not before.

Good night.

- Chris.

- Oh, I was looking for you.

- Hi, Carol.

- Hi, Chris.

- How are you, darling?

- Good.

They've got the most amazing new artists here.

Yeah?

I want you to see this woman from St. Ives.

- Oh, yes.

- Look, where are you going to be?

Why?

I have to make a phone call, and I can't get any reception down here.

Well, we'll be over there.

But hurry, 'cause they're closing soon.

I'm coming.

- OK.

- OK.

Hello.

What a surprise.

I...

- I moved back into town.

- I didn't know you'd left town.

Yeah, I was really upset about everything that happened, so I just went back to America to look for a job.

- I thought you hated that place?

- Anyplace but here.

I looked for you.

For what?

You're still so angry.

Where are you living?

In town. Why?

You live alone?

Why are you asking me these questions, aren't you still married?

Can I meet you for a drink?

Talk?

Where can I reach you? Come on.

- My goodness. Hello.

- Hi, darling.

Look who I bumped into.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- How are you?

- I'm good. How are you?

- You look great.

- Thanks.

- How's Tom?

- He's fine.

- Really well.

- Yeah, I heard he got married.

Yeah. They've got a baby.

You know Tom, all settled down.

- OK, I think I've found it.

- Do you two know each other?

This is my friend Carol.

This is Nola.

- Hi.

- Hi.

We've been looking everywhere for this video installation.

We can't find it at all.

Will you excuse us?

I think it's on the third floor, isn't it?

Yeah. No, no, no.

I think it's back there.

Say your phone number.

- What's the point?

- Just say your phone number.

- Chris...

- Please.

Say your phone number.

I'll call you.

Bye.

I think he really knows what he's doing.

Didn't you get a good feeling about him?

To me, fertility doctors are a cut above witch doctors.

Oh, yeah.

Well, he's not like that last one.

It's OK, John.

I feel like it's gonna happen this time.

You go ahead, I've got a few meetings.

- I'll drop you.

- No, it's OK. It's nearby. I'll walk.

- OK.

- See you at home.

Bye.

You have a very charming flat.

The area's not as run-down as you said it was.

I was lucky to find it on such short notice.

I mean, it's not perfect.

The building's been burglarized a couple of times and the...

...woman down the hall has mice, but...

...you know, the lobby's decent.

The key word is it's cheap.

What time is it?

Time for you to go.

It's so hard to leave you.

Beautiful woman.

How'd you sleep?

Good.

God, did you see that stuff on the news last night about that earthquake in China?

Terrible.

And there was this whole thing about how they've discovered

- an entirely new planet.

- Yeah?

Yeah.

I went looking for space to rent for the new gallery yesterday.

Papa's getting so into the idea.

It should be good for you.

- I've got to go to work.

- Oh, really?

I was kind of hoping we might, you know...

...before you went to work.

It's my time of the month, and remember the doctor said we really should try and do it as often as we possibly can in the morning.

- Darling, I'm gonna be late.

- Come on, it'll be fun.

Wait, I've got to take my temperature first.

So, you wanna meet the same time next week?

Let me come up.

We just spent an hour at the hotel.

Don't tell me that you...

I'm sorry. I can't help it.

You drive me crazy.

-You're gonna be late for work.

- I don't care.

Come on.

- Oh, Mrs. Eastby, hello.

- Oh, hello.

Hey, did you get that pest control...?

Oh, yes. Yes.

The traps work better with a little peanut butter.

It's much better than cheese, despite the popular notion that cheese is best.

- Oh, this is Mr. Harris.

- Good afternoon. How are you?

- Hello.

- Hello. Good to meet you.

- See you later.

- Bye-bye.

Bye.

But I think that Bruton Street would be perfect for the gallery because it's just right in the thick of things and...

It'll just be a natural success,

I think, because you're great at picking out paintings and bric-a-brac.

Yeah.

Knowing my luck,

I'll get pregnant the minute it opens.

Yeah, well, you can manage both.

I mean...

Heths didn't have a problem giving up Adair, when we first had Rosie.

Remember, we did have a lot of help though.

But the nanny left us.

She got a part in a movie.

- No.

- Yeah.

Actually, you know who we bumped into the other day?

- Obviously you know, but... Nola.

- Yeah.

Well, I told you, we saw her.

When was it? Ages ago now.

Yeah. Well, I think she's now working in a boutique on Ledbury Road.

I think it's Paul and Joe's or something.

But she's just such an odd girl.

I mean, she still looks great.

Sorry, but it's true.

But something's just...

...changed in her face.

I mean, l... We barely spoke.

Tom said she looked a bit hard.

Yeah, well, she's always, you know, been a lady of the sauce, so to speak.

And I think it kind of runs in the family, but, I don't know...

I mean she's still got that "come-hither" look.

- Is she going out with anyone?

- Strangely, I forgot to ask.

But I'll keep you in touch with that,

Chloe, let you know.

- Hello, Tom.

- Hello.

- Hello, fella.

- What are you doing here?

We just popped in for a bit of, you know, local tagliatelle.

Good to see you.

What a lovely family gathering.

You should have told us.

We'd have made a sextet.

A sextet.

We could have had one of those.

- You guys going to Hedley next month?

- Yeah, we're gonna try. Aren't we?

I know Tom's dying to get away.

I was yelling at you the other day.

You didn't hear me.

Me?

Yeah, you were hailing a cab on Melcombe Street about, what, 5:00.

- I'd have given you a lift.

- I was?

- Where's Melcombe Street?

- No, not me.

Yes, I mean it certainly looked like you.

- Where is Melcombe Street?

- No, I'm afraid you're mistaken.

But people are always taking me for other people. So...

I'd have sworn it was you.

Well, it certainly wouldn't be Chris hailing a cab.

He's completely dependant on our driver.

- Quite right.

- Very annoying.

You should check for early Alzheimer's.

You're forgetting. I'm sure I'm right.

No, you are mistaken.

But thank you for thinking of me.

I think the only thing that comes out of this conversation is you're both nuts.

- Well, you're an authority on that.

- Or drunk. How dare you?

Look, we'd better be going on.

Look, call me.

- I will do.

- Enjoy your supper.

- Bye. See you.

- Thanks.

Nuts.

Good afternoon, lngrid.

Samantha, what do we have for this afternoon?

Just the Sarazin people at two.

- Can we push it an hour?

- Yeah.

I should be back in time, but if I'm not, please make them comfortable.

Chris. Where are you off to?

I'm sorry, Rod,

I've got an appointment.

We have Sarazin and company this afternoon.

I should be back in time but if I'm not, please start without me.

- Really?

- It's OK. It's important, trust me.

It's ridiculous to go back to my place.

Once we get there, you'll have less than an hour.

Look, it's not that I'm miserable with Chloe, it's just...

I don't wanna talk about Chloe anymore!

Listen, it's just I'm bored!

I mean, she's very nice, but...

- Chris!

- Are you in a bad mood?

Yes, I am in a bad mood.

I just blew another audition.

I'm so sick of this acting thing,

it's just not working out.

It's a hard field.

- You have to keep plugging at it.

- I'm sick of plugging.

Tom's mother was right.

It just gets to a point, you know?

Or should I say your mother-in-law?

Hey, look.

Let's not go into one of those, OK?

I don't know what I'm doing with you.

You're never gonna leave Chloe.

Maybe I will.

Don't say that unless you mean it.

Chloe's just so desperate to get pregnant.

I mean, it's... mechanical.

I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't see you.

Really. I mean it.

- Merry bloody Christmas.

- Lovely.

How many cigarettes are you gonna smoke today?

- A million, at least.

- Please don't start smoking.

- Well, it is Christmas.

- It's such a pity.

- Come on, just a little one.

- It's gonna...

You think you're going to be living forever, you're not.

Hi.

I wanted to wish you a merry Christmas.

I've been thinking about you.

I may be able to get away tomorrow, for an hour or so.

OK. See you then.

Bye-bye.

There you are, Chris.

Chloe tells me you've sustained some personal loss in the market over the past few months.

Well, I guess I've been a little bit careless, not concentrating.

And, of course,

I thought I made good decisions, but...

Well, who could have predicted these...?

Look, I don't want you and Chloe to worry.

- You'll always have a safety net.

- You're too generous, sir.

Oh, no, you've made Chloe happy, and that means a great deal to Eleanor and me.

Well, I think it's gonna be an amazing holiday. Don't you, Chris?

Yes.

We have a choice of sleeping on the boat or in the different hotels.

- Boat.

- Boat.

- Every time.

- Good. I say the boat.

Do you know he's never been to the Greek lslands.

- What?

- No.

- No, he's never been.

- You'll love it.

No. I have been to Athens, but I hear the lslands are paradise.

Oh, that reminds me, we have to go to Sardinia to pop in on Brook and Dougie Winston.

- Oh, good.

- Oh, God.

- No, no, the house is beautiful.

- Brook's fine, Dougie's a nightmare.

Sounds so romantic, doesn't it?

M¨ªkonos and Crete.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

I'm so anxious to see all the beautiful old temples and theaters.

Oh, God.

Yeah. Oh, I'll do that with you.

Tom can stay...

You know, I bought Chris an ancient Greek fertility charm.

- Do you remember?

- I'll never forget.

I sent off for that fertility thingy.

He had to put it under his pillow for two months.

And absolutely nothing happened, of course.

Poor thing.

- I'd just subjected him to the torture.

- They think he's firing blanks.

- Oh, shut up!

- Hello?

I miss you.

- Love me. Just love me.

- No, because it's not funny.

- It's not funny.

- I'm sorry.

Proof is in the pudding, and there ain't been any pudding.

- I can't get away right now.

- Well, you have to.

When can you get here?

Tomorrow. No, Monday.

Look...

It's a three-day weekend.

Tuesday.

Chris, I need to see you.

I'll see what I can do.

I'll call you right back.

I would love to meet Barbra Streisand.

She's meant to be really lovely.

She's with that other American fella.

- Who was that?

- Oh, I'm such an idiot.

I forgot to sign some papers.

I may have to drive into town.

Jack Garner?

You can't go,

it's a bank holiday weekend.

The traffic'll be terrible.

- James Garner, that's it.

- I mean, we've all got plans.

I don't mean today.

They named their little dog after Elaine Paige.

Well, surely it can wait a couple of days.

- Why did they do that?

- 'Cause it howls all night long.

- Yes, I'm sure it can.

- Oh, that's mean.

I know. And it's terribly small and furry.

That's mean.

I think tomorrow we should go for a morning ride.

I've some lovely new horses.

Do you remember when

Chris came here first, and he had some serious qualms about riding?

- I spoke to Teddy.

- How is he?

Well, this morning he was talking about buying a horse of his own.

- No.

- Yeah.

I don't know, it was all in good fun.

- Where from?

- Anyway...

- I think Nan's got a really nice mare.

-... he's a wonderful new horse.

Telephone call, sir.

She said it was important.

Excuse me.

- Tomorrow morning?

- Do you wanna come?

That bloody phone has not stopped ringing all weekend.

- I know.

- It's so irritating.

Hello?

I tried to call your mobile, but it's off.

Are you mad calling me here?

When are you coming over?

I'm trying to make it for tomorrow.

I can't wait till tomorrow,

I'm going crazy.

- What the hell's the matter?

- I'm pregnant.

I'll talk to you tomorrow.

'Cause we've got to go and try and look at this...

-...horse for Chris.

- They got it in the navy?

Yeah, the... It was lack of enough vegetables, or something.

I wonder if that's why they took lemons and oranges...

Well, they only had biscuits.

Well, that's where

Rose's Lime Cordial originated...

- Who keeps calling?

- It was Samantha, my secretary.

I'm afraid I won't be able to go riding tomorrow. I can't help it.

I thought Samantha said she was going to her parents this weekend.

I know, it's all my fault. Poor girl.

It's no big deal.

I'll pop back into town.

The whole thing'll take a few hours, and it'll be off my mind. I promise.

- That's a shame.

- It's really sad.

Well, it is a pity because l...

I think it's unfair on Samantha too, frankly.

Yeah. Well, it's unfortunate, but, you know,

Chris has a lot of responsibility.

Well, anyway,

let's not worry about it. Let's...

- Slave driver.

- Look, as long as we make lamb bone.

- Can you, can you...?

- Well, I think so.

- How the hell did you get pregnant?

- I told you that weekend last month

- How the hell did you get pregnant?

- I told you that weekend last month that we needed to be careful and I didn't have protection, but you couldn't wait.

What unbelievable bad luck.

Christ, I can't get my wife pregnant no matter how hard I try, and the minute you're unprotected I knock you up.

It's 'cause you love me, and you don't love her.

Is that your interpretation?

It's a child conceived out of genuine passion, not as part of some fertility project.

OK. Well I'll go with you, and we'll get it sorted.

- I'm not doing that again.

- Again?

- What's that supposed to mean?

- It's the third time.

I did it once when I was younger, and then I did it for Tom.

I didn't want to, but he insisted.

Nola, I really can't see any other way.

- Why can't I just have it?

- And what?

- And we'll raise it together.

- That's obviously not possible.

Why? You hate your job, you hate your life.

I mean, it seems like a blessing.

It's a sign.

Look, Nola, I have to go.

I'm juggling six things at the same time just to make this trip to the city look legit.

I'll talk to you on Tuesday.

Chris...

You must... I expect you to do the right thing, OK?

I'm not walking away from this.

Is anything the matter?

You seemed very gloomy all weekend.

- I wanted to talk to you.

- What about?

Us.

Is something wrong?

Yeah. There is.

What?

If you're still taking a hammering financially in the market, you know it's not a problem.

I can't keep leaning on your father, Chloe.

Papa gets more pleasure out of helping his family, than all the possessions he owns.

You know that.

What is it?

Is it something to do with those phone calls you kept getting?

Because you acted really strangely after each of them.

Are you having an affair?

Am I having an affair?

Yeah, that's what I asked.

- No.

- You are.

Of course I'm not. Don't be silly.

Do you not love me anymore?

Of course I love you.

Well, what's wrong?

I just feel like I'm letting you down.

You're not. How?

Is it because I'm not getting pregnant?

I just...

...feel so guilty.

So terribly guilty.

Listen, Chris.

We've both been to the doctor.

We're both perfectly healthy.

I can conceive and you're perfectly capable of making a woman pregnant.

Is it me? Have I been horribly pushy and obnoxious on the subject?

Look, l... I just want a baby.

I want to have our baby.

We haven't been lucky yet, that's all.

Oh, Chloe.

Let's get off the subject.

Having a child should be something that makes us both happy and excited, not a cause of all this tension and anxiety and...

I had to talk to somebody.

I'm really suffering.

Whatever you tell me goes no further.

I'm contemplating leaving my wife for another woman.

But when the time came to tell her...

...I couldn't do it.

Yeah, well, it's not the easiest thing in the world to do, is it?

It's crazy.

I can see no real future with this other woman.

And I have a very comfortable life with my wife.

- Yeah, but if you don't love her...

- I'm not saying I don't love her.

Just not in the way I feel about this other woman.

Right.

Maybe it's finally the difference between love and lust.

But what the hell am I going to do if I leave Chloe?

I don't fool myself that I haven't gotten used to a certain kind of living.

Am I supposed to give it all up?

For what?

Is it for a woman you love?

To live how? Where?

- To work as what?

- Well, it seems to me that you...

You're pretty good at what you're doing.

There must be another job in another firm that you can just, you know...

Let's face it,

I'm the boss's son-in-law.

And he loves me.

Doesn't seem to me like you want this other woman enough to give up everything you've achieved for it.

We're going away for three weeks.

- When I get back I'll tell her.

- When you get back?

What am I supposed to do?

Stop playing games with me!

- I'm not playing games with you.

- Why don't you just tell her now then?

I'd think you'd want to stop living such a sham.

- Look, it's not easy.

- Why not?

If you're so bored at home with her and you're so crazy about me, which is all you ever tell me...

I don't wanna mess this holiday up for everybody, OK?

It's a big blow.

And it's gonna make a huge impact on everyone.

How can you go on vacation with a woman that you know you're gonna leave

- the minute you get back?

- Keep your voice down.

You wanna know how I feel?

I'm jealous, OK?

I don't like the idea of you making love with her.

I don't like the idea of you going off island-hopping with her. It's romantic!

Hey, keep your voice down.

You know I make love to her.

And you know it's just routine.

For God's sakes, can't you wait a few weeks?

Yeah.

I just wanna know that something's gonna happen, you know?

It will.

- It will.

- OK.

The holiday's off.

Why? What happened?

Maurice Lewis has to go in for an operation.

Why?

Disc in his back or something.

He can't walk.

Anyway, he needs recovery time and everyone thought we should just move it till after the summer.

Let me just pack up my stuff.

We should probably walk to the opera, it's so close.

Yeah.

Hello?

Hello?

An opportunity has arisen, Chris, which I think may be a lucrative one for you.

Really?

We're structuring something with a Japanese company.

It's an independent operation. There's a great deal of money to be made.

And my thought was, anyone in on the ground floor stands to profit hugely, assuming our predictions are correct.

- Sounds exciting.

- It is.

Eleanor. I've just told Chris the good news.

But what would make me the happiest has nothing to do with money.

I'd like you to make me a young grandmother.

You already are a young grandmother.

Yes. Tom and Heather are trying for their second, but I'd like you to be a mother.

Oh, all right.

Don't look at me like that.

I'll be quiet. What would you

like for your birthday?

- I don't know.

- Your birthday?

Great. You forgot.

I didn't actually.

I bought you something already.

So my hints worked.

- Mummy...

- I knew. I knew.

- We are trying. We don't want to...

- All right.

- Hello?

- Chris?

- Excuse me.

- By all means.

- I weigh as much as I did.

- Yes, darling.

- Look, please relax, OK?

- I spoke out of turn.

- Hey. Hey.

- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

- What are you two bickering about?

- Nothing.

I told you not to call me, I'd call you.

Well, l... I...

I was waiting for you to call.

I've been waiting a week.

Well, there's always people around and I can't talk.

When are you coming home?

In about two weeks.

About two weeks? You said the whole trip was three weeks!

Yeah, right. Three weeks.

Chris, Mummy and Papa are leaving.

OK. OK...

Who is that? What country are you in?

Your mobile's been impossible.

I told you. I'm in Greece.

And there's always people around, so I can't talk.

I said I'd be home soon, and I will call you.

I'm just lonely. I'm anxious.

Can you just...?

Please tell Chloe as soon as you get home.

I just want this situation to be resolved.

Do you miss me?

OK. Bye, bye.

- Is everything OK?

- Yeah, everything's fine.

- Are you leaving already?

- Yeah.

Chris, it's Nola.

Where have I reached you?

Sardinia.

I'll be back in five or six days, OK?

- Good morning, John.

- Oh, you're early, sir.

- I'll bring the car around.

- Yes.

You lied to me.

- Oh, Jesus.

- You lied to me!

- Quiet!

- I wanna see Chloe!

- Quiet, quiet.

- I wanna talk to Chloe.

Look, Christ, Christ.

No, no, no, listen.

Listen, I can explain.

I wanna talk to Chloe.

You're a liar! You're a liar!

I can explain. I... Taxi!

- I'm not going anywhere with you.

- Taxi!

- I'm not going anywhere with you.

- Calm down.

- Nola! Nola, calm down. Calm down.

- You're a liar! You're a liar!

I came home deliberately,

I came home early.

You're a liar! I wanna talk to Chloe.

- I wanna talk to Chloe!

- Calm down. Calm the fuck down!

I wanna talk to Chloe.

You liar! You're a liar!

You're a liar!

I decided to cut the trip short because all this is eating away at me.

I only came back the day before yesterday because I need a week in the city to deal with Chloe without you breathing down my neck.

- You're driving me crazy!

I don't know whether

to believe you or not.

- Please believe me, Nola.

- Well, did you tell her?

I was about to when you called.

What does that have to do with anything?

- I got flustered.

- Oh, please!

I was all set to tell her and then you called, and then I feel guilty about telling you that I'm still in Greece.

- You said Sardinia.

- l... I was talking fast.

I... I didn't want her to know what I was talking about.

Well, she has to know eventually.

- I can't tell her.

- Then I will.

Nola, stop!

Well, this is crazy.

We're having a child together!

We don't have to have a child together.

It would make life a hell of a lot simpler if we didn't.

Yeah, simpler for you, but not for me.

It occurred to me that even if you had the child,

- I could help you out financially.

- That's not enough.

Nola, be reasonable.

That's exactly what Tom said when he broke off our engagement.

Being reasonable got me where I am right now.

So, you're threatening me?

If I don't do what you say, you're gonna go to my wife.

Were you lying to me?

All those times we made love, all those conversations, were you lying to me then?

- Of course I wasn't lying.

- Tell Chloe.

Someone has to explain the situation.

Either you do it, or I'll do it.

OK, OK. I'll do the right thing.

Have you seen Chris?

A minute ago. He went that way.

Chris?

Chris?

Chris?

Where are you, Chris?

Chris?

Chloe, are you there?

Have you seen Chris anywhere?

No. Could you come up for a minute?

I want you to give me some advice about this dress.

Yeah, OK.

I'm telling Chloe tomorrow.

You say that every day, and you always back out.

I'm back where I started.

I want something done, Chris.

If you don't have the nerve to do it, I'll do it.

That would be revenge for you against the whole Hewett family, wouldn't it?

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

My theory is you want me to tell Chloe so you don't have to do it yourself.

My God, it seems like you've had this whole thing checked out

- by some psychiatrist.

- I wish.

I wish had someone to confide in, but it's all so damn secretive.

Look, Chris,

if I don't do something about this, we're gonna grow apart.

I'm having your child!

I'm telling her tomorrow, Nola.

What more do you want me to do?

What more? Tell her now!

Tell her tonight!

I can't, not before she goes to sleep.

It wouldn't be the right time.

Nola, tomorrow is fine.

- What time will you get back from work?

- Same time I always get off, 6:30.

So you'll be home by a quarter to seven?

Yeah. Chris, you make me say

these things. I hate myself for them.

- I just want us to be together.

- We will be.

You were very nervy all through the ballet.

Did you hate it?

- No, I'm just out of sorts.

- Yeah.

I thought you were gonna pass out.

Low blood sugar. I'll be better soon.

I still can't do it with you tonight.

I'm not over my little dose of whatever.

Did the cleaner put one of my tennis shirts in with your gear?

No. What are you doing?

Really? Just let me have a quick look.

- I can't find it anywhere.

- No. Look, I'll check, I'll check.

- I've got everything arranged in there.

- OK. I wasn't gonna disturb anything.

'Cause I don't know where else it can be.

She's always bloody

mixing my stuff in with yours.

Is this it?

See, I knew it!

She always bloody does that.

I've got to have words with her about it.

It's really...

What did you just put in your pocket?

- Oh, it's just my pill box.

- What do you mean a pill box?

A pill box. You know what a pill box looks like.

Let me have a look at it.

What pills are you taking?

No, they're just my pills. I need them.

No, no, no, it's for stress, 'cause you stress me so much.

- Guess what?

- What?

I got tickets for the theater for tomorrow night.

You haven't. That's not like you.

- What for?

- The Woman in White.

- I heard it's great.

- I thought you hated musicals.

No, that's not so.

- And anyway, you love his music.

- Well, that's great.

I'll have to meet you outside the theater, 'cause I'll be coming straight from the gallery.

Why don't you take the chauffeur?

I'll grab a taxi, and with any luck

I can get an hour of tennis in.

You're so sweet.

You knew how much

I wanted to see that.

All right, come to bed, because you're tired, my darling.

OK, I will.

- Hello?

- Hello, Nola?

When you get off work today, come right home.

I have some good news.

Everything's taken care of, but I'm reluctant to talk on the phone.

You've got to meet me right after work.

We have... plans to make.

OK. I'll cancel my agent appointment.

It's good. This is good.

I'll see you soon. Bye.

- Was it him?

- Yeah.

So, you'll have to be prepared to cash flow the first six months.

Is that right, Chris? A half year?

Yes.

A half year should do it, maybe less.

Good. Jolly good.

Well, see you next time.

Good.

Sayonara indeed. I thought you showed some interesting ideas there for developing their capacity.

- I'm excited about this venture, Rod.

- Good, good.

- Playing a little tennis later?

- Yes.

Amazing energy. Love it. Envy it.

- Yes?

- Hello. I'm Chris.

I'm a friend of Nola's,

your neighbor from next door.

We met here last...

I'm sorry, I don't let anybody in.

But... but, do you not remember?

We met...

She asked you something about your trouble with your mice, and you mentioned something about peanut butter.

- Oh, yes. Yes.

- Yes.

I'm Chris Wilton, the tennis instructor.

Well, what's the trouble?

No trouble at all really, and l...

I don't mean to disturb you.

I was wondering if I could... could look at your TV reception.

- We seem to have trouble next door.

- Oh, with the TV?

Yes.

We're getting some interference, and it's Nola's favorite TV night.

So I don't know if it's the aerial on the roof or if it's us.

- It's in there.

- Thank... thank you.

I have to take my medicine.

There was no trouble before.

I had it on and it was fine.

Didn't you say your name was Harris?

Mrs. Eastby?

It's lan.

Mrs. Eastby?

Mrs. Eastby? It's lan.

I'm going down the corner shop.

Can I get you anything?

Mrs. Eastby, are you all right?

- Hi, princess.

- Hi.

D'you ever get that portable CD player we talked about?

Yes, I did.

Thank you so much for helping me.

Excellent.

- See you later. Bye-bye.

- OK. Bye.

Nola.

Excuse me.

Hello.

Where are you?

I'm almost there. I'll be two minutes.

- Good evening.

- Hello.

- How much?

- That's two pounds, please.

Two pounds.

- Two pounds. My tickets?

- Yes. Thank you.

It's a terrible mess in there, sir.

Well, I think it's pretty obvious what's happened here.

Someone's robbed and killed the old lady.

As he, or they, were running out they've run into the Rice woman coming in, so they've shot her too.

Either out of panic, or because they saw a chance to make an additional score.

Poor unsuspecting soul came home at the wrong moment.

He's cleared out the house of all prescription drugs, sir.

Oh, no, it's definitely a drugs-related robbery.

He might have known there was an old lady living in flat 8.

Probably cased her.

Was surprised by running into the other woman.

She picked the wrong time to come home.

Some people just don't have any luck.

Yeah, I just spoke to her.

This is unbelievable.

Half an hour ago I came down the stairs, knocked on Mrs. Eastby's door 'cause I couldn't...

Do you need anything from the car?

Yeah. You can tell the exhibits officer to get a move on, 'cause this is getting ridiculous.

- Yeah, this is quite important.

She usually bakes today, and

I thought maybe she'd run out of stuff.

So I asked her if she needed anything, and then

- So, half an hour ago? Spoke to her?

- she didn't answer.

- Yeah, half an hour ago. Yeah.

- So whoever it was, was still in there.

That's terrifying. I can't believe that.

- So someone was in there...?

- And you spoke to Nola Rice,

- and did she say anything?

- Sorry to interrupt.

Could we send the photographers in now, please?

No, hang on. If you just wait.

We've just got to get the exhibit officer in there first.

Chris, Chris, can you liaise with this man here?

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

Just catch him there.

Well, I ran...

Yeah, I bumped into Nola right here...

Scenes of Crime will be on their way very shortly, all right?

- Yeah...

- Yeah, I spoke...

I bumped into her here.

We talked and we chatted.

I recommended a piece of music equipment.

- She'd bought it. Yeah, and...

- Music equipment? What was that?

Nothing. It was a portable CD player which reads MP3s, CD rewrites...

It's drugs, guv.

Someone after money for some drugs.

Well, Mrs. Eastby wasn't wealthy.

- They don't care.

- Drugs?

Yeah, definitely drugs.

Someone after money for 'em, and...

They'll kill you for a pound if they wanted to, you know.

Well, it's a sorry state of affairs, isn't it?

Well, it's not as if the old lady had any enemies. She rarely went out.

- Used a shotgun.

- A shotgun?

That's a... That's a bit obvious, isn't it?

- Somebody must've seen something.

- Oh, not if it was sawn-off.

They can make them pretty small.

Catherine, love, you can't park there.

Leave that clear.

We've got the SOCO coming down.

Did you like the musical last night?

Yeah, I did. It was good fun.

Pretty music.

Yeah, he's very good.

I'm gonna get tickets for Mummy and Papa.

Good.

- Oh, my God.

- What? What is it?

Oh, my God! Nola!

- Nola Rice.

- What?

She was killed in a burglary.

A... a drugs burglary.

What? Here, let me see that.

Jesus Christ!

Apparently, she was coming home from work, and someone who was already there who'd burgled another flat and rob...

And shot an old lady, ran into Nola by chance, and...

She was entering the building, and he was running out and he shot her.

Oh, my God.

Hello?

Yeah. Yeah, we've just this second read it.

Isn't it just terrible?

I never got along with her, but this is just tragic.

- It's tragic.

- Does Tom know?

I've just called him.

He can't believe it.

I know.

Wait, wait, that must be him.

I'll call you back.

Hello?

Yeah, we've just read it, and Mummy just called.

Well, yeah, yeah, I know.

I mean, wrong place at the wrong time.

I suppose she must've...

I mean, disturbed a burglar or burglars, or whatever.

I mean, it doesn't... It doesn't say how many of them there were.

Well, even Mummy's really shaken up, and you know they weren't exactly friends.

It says here that there's been a rise in drug-related crime in the area over the past year.

Did you hear that? Yeah.

I just can't believe it.

It's just... I know.

Mummy.

I've got something to tell you.

But I want Chris to be here.

Chris?

- Where'd he go?

- I don't know.

He was just in here. Chris?

Chris?

He was just here.

Well, what did you want to tell me?

Just wait. Wait, wait. Chris?

Where are you? Chris?

Well, what did you want to tell me?

Well, I just really want him to be here.

Hang on, there he is. There you are!

- Can we tell her now?

- Sure.

Well, I wanted you to be here.

Well, what is it?

Mummy...

You can finally crack open the champagne.

It looks like I'm pregnant.

- When did you hear?

- This morning.

- Oh, I'm so delighted.

- Oh, good.

Alec?

Alec? Come here.

We're both walking on air.

Well, you're walking on air. Your husband looks a bit shell shocked.

- 'Cause I've exhausted him, poor thing.

- What?

Chloe's pregnant.

Oh, what a great day.

Oh, my darling, congratulations.

I'm absolutely thrilled.

I couldn't be more pleased.

Thank you so much.

It's such a relief.

Excuse me, sir. Excuse me.

- Yes?

- Phone call, sir. Your secretary.

It's wonderful, isn't it? Look at her, doesn't she look gorgeous?

- Margaret, I'm pregnant!

- Congratulations! That's wonderful.

Thank you, Margaret.

Sam?

Yeah, there's a message for you that a Mike Banner,

Detective Mike Banner, called.

He wants you to call him at Shepherd's Bush police station.

Yeah. No, I don't think it's urgent, but he left a number.

- Banner?

- Sweetheart...

I bet it was that night...

- You better give me the number.

- Look, that's flattering.

Well, the last time you went, he said everything was fine, didn't he?

Yes, and he just made me completely calm down.

Oh, I just can't believe it.

It's marvelous.

OK. Thanks, Samantha. Bye.

He just seemed odd, there was something weird.

- Granny would have been thrilled.

-...alternative medicine.

Granny would have loved it.

I wish she could be here.

- Thank God. Thank God.

- Congratulations!

Detective Banner, please.

This is Chris Wilton.

Oh, hello.

This is Chris Wilton. You called?

Oh, yes. I was wondering if there was a time you could drop in here?

Or if it's more convenient, we can come and see you.

- In reference to what?

- I'd rather not explain on the phone.

It's just a few questions, and I'm sure you'd prefer it to be discreet.

I've no reason to bring a lawyer, do l?

I certainly hope not.

- Chris Wilton. Detective Banner.

- Good afternoon.

- How do you do? Take a seat.

- Thank you.

This is nothing to be alarmed about.

We're just doing a routine investigation into the Betty Eastby-Nola Rice murders.

Were you acquainted with either of the victims?

Peripherally, I knew Nola Rice.

How?

She was engaged for a time to the man who's now my brother-in-law.

That's...

-...Tom Hewett?

- That's correct.

They broke up. A year ago. More.

When did you last see her?

Oh, God, I can't remember.

At the Tate Modern.

My wife and I ran into her.

But that was a long time ago.

Have you seen her since?

Not that I recall.

Have...?

Have you ever seen this?

No. What is it?

Are you aware

that Nola Rice kept a diary?

No.

As you can see...

...you're all over it.

Yes, I can see that.

Do you still claim that you haven't seen her, except for more than a year ago at the Tate Modern?

You can't blame me for trying to hide the fact that I had an affair with her.

But you people have to protect me here.

I hope you don't think

I had anything to do with her murder.

How long did your affair go on?

It began casually when she was still engaged to Tom.

They broke up, she moved away.

She came back and I ran into her at the Tate Modern, and it began again.

God, have a heart.

My wife is gonna have a baby.

This will devastate her.

Did you...

...promise that you were going to leave your wife and marry Miss Rice?

No, I did not.

I mean, it's possible she had that fantasy.

And, obviously, she wrote that I did.

But I tried to finesse that point with her.

I didn't want the sexual relationship to end, but I'm not gonna break up my home.

My wife and I are trying very hard to have a baby.

We've seen several fertility doctors, et cetera.

You can check that out if you like, but I beg you to be discreet.

But you did lead her on, so that she had the impression you were unhappy at home.

I tried to tip-toe around it and not lead her on, but she's going to believe what she wants to believe.

Look, don't irresponsibly run roughshod over this and wreck people's lives.

I mean, there is no case because I would not harm anyone, much less Nola Rice.

Isn't it obvious that somebody killed her neighbor, and she walked in when it was happening?

God, I beg you, don't go on a fishing expedition over this and...

...wreck people's lives.

My family, my marriage is at stake.

We just have to check out everything in a murder case.

OK, but I'm not your man.

I know it's not the most honorable thing to cheat on your wife, but that does not make me a murderer.

We're... obligated to review the situation.

I understand it's sensitive stuff for you.

And if we have to talk to you again, we'll do everything in our power to keep it very private.

Your personal life's your own.

We're not making any moral judgments, just investigating a crime.

I understand.

Look...

...if you have to get in contact with me again,

which, God in heaven,

I hope you don't, please call me on my mobile.

This is my number.

Thanks.

One other thing.

Do you own or have access to a shotgun?

Me?

No.

My father-in-law shoots on the estate, but not me.

You can check it out, but...

...I beg you to consider mine and his position.

Of course.

Thank you.

So, what do you think?

I think it's what it looks like.

Someone robbed and killed Mrs. Eastby, who was surprised leaving, and killed Nola Rice.

Yeah, I know. I know, it's got drug robbery written all over it.

He's 'specting a baby.

OK, he's not gonna win a medal for fidelity, but...

...we can find out discreetly enough whether the Hewetts had a shotgun unaccounted for.

I don't think that he would know the first thing about stealing one though, never mind sawing one off.

It's a bit of a stretch.

He's got no previous convictions.

Not even a speeding ticket.

The coroner says that Eastby was killed first.

- Yeah.

- There's no sign of a forced entry.

So Mrs. Eastby knew the killer, if she let him in.

Well, come on, Mike.

Ninety percent of the crimes we go out on, people open their doors and invite the criminals in.

Yeah, I know, you're right.

I'm just thinking out loud.

- It's just he's got a real motive.

- Yeah, maybe.

But a motive, as you and l both painfully know, is not a case.

I'm torn because the Rice murder was clearly an afterthought, but I'd love to pursue it a little more.

But I'm reluctant to fish around and cause problems for everybody.

Well, if something develops, we can pursue it.

I doubt anything's gonna drop into our laps.

Chris.

Nola...

...it wasn't easy.

But when the time came,

I could pull the trigger.

You never know who your neighbors are till there's a crisis.

You can learn to push the guilt under the rug and... go on.

You have to.

Otherwise it overwhelms you.

And what about me?

What about the next-door neighbor?

I had no involvement in this awful affair.

Is there no problem about me having to die as an innocent bystander?

The innocent are sometimes slain to make way for a grander scheme.

You were collateral damage.

So was your own child.

Sophocles said:

"To never have been born may be the greatest boon of all."

Prepare to pay the price, Chris.

Your actions were clumsy.

Full of holes.

Almost like someone begging to be found out.

It would be fitting if I were apprehended and punished.

At least there would be some small sign of justice.

Some small...

...measure of hope for the possibility of meaning.

Chris Wilton killed them.

I see how he did it.

What?

It's as we speculated and said was too elaborate,

but that's what he did.

He killed the next-door neighbor first to throw us off the scent and set up the appearance of a robbery.

He waited in the hall.

He knew she'd be back the same time as usual, and he killed her, making it seem like she surprised a burglar running out.

He planned it all so he could make the theater in time to strengthen his alibi, if one became necessary.

Now, I haven't figured out the weapon problem, and I know it's a lot to ask a jury, but the correctness of it came to me in my sleep and I am going to break this case.

I hate to be the bearer of bad news, Mike.

What?

Not that your dream isn't of primary interest to a jury.

What's the bad news?

There was another shooting in the area last night, 4am.

A drug addict killed.

Looks like a drug sale turned nasty.

What, and he confessed to killing two women before he died?

No, he didn't have to.

The old woman's wedding ring was right in his pocket.

- No.

- Name and date engraved right on it.

- I don't believe it.

- I know. I know.

Your case looked good, lots of motive.

But his motive was pretty strong too. Heroin.

Junkie with a long string of convictions.

Killed by one of his own, no doubt.

Come on, I'll buy you breakfast.

You can traumatize me with the rest of your dreams.

No, wait.

What if Wilton did it, threw the jewels away, this guy finds them?

I don't know.

See what tonight's dream tells you.

I'm sure a jury will be interested.

Come on.

I give up.

I knew Wilton didn't do it.

He's another poor schmuck who cheated on his wife.

When you see those pictures of Nola Rice, you can see why though.

What a world. Am I right?

Careful, careful.

I'm always afraid they'll drop.

- Oh, chill out, Dad.

- Babies are so, so soft.

Right. Champagne.

- I think he's got your eyes, Chloe.

- Really?

I think he's got your coloring darling, I really do.

Mummy, you can't tell anything yet.

They change all the time.

- My nephew.

- Uncle, Uncle Tom.

- Oh, look at these flowers.

- No, he does look like Christopher.

Actually, speaking of which, didn't you move into Alan Sinclair's old office?

- You lucky swine.

- Oh, Mummy, look, he's dreaming.

Let's work on number two. Come on.

Come on, he is a handsome boy.

Look at that face.

Yeah, he's gorgeous.

Right, here we are. Eleanor. Please...

- Chloe...

- Good stuff, Papa.

- Thank you, darling. There you are.

- There we go.

- It's all right, you stay there.

- I'll pass them round, shall l?

Please do.

- What a good idea.

- Darling, have one.

- To Terence Elliot Wilton.

- Yes.

With parents like Chloe and Chris, this child will be great at anything he sets his mind to.

- Thank you, Mummy.

- He will. He...

Do you know what,

I don't care if he's great.

I just hope that he's lucky.

- Oh, lovely.

- What a lovely thought.

- He probably will be.

- Absolutely adorable.

- Mummy, are you sure I'm allowed this?

- Yes, yes.

- Yes, of course you are.

- You haven't had any for months.

I'd get it down you now, while you can.

Isn't he handsome?

My God, he's handsome.

Bet you any money the next one's a girl.

What are you saying about him?

I was just saying he's got the most adorable cheeks.

We were just saying how handsome he is.

Just so extraordinarily handsome.

I wonder what he's thinking.

Well, you know, they said he was a thinker. The nurses.

- Deep thoughts. Deep thoughts.

- Here we are.

- To Terence.

- To Terence.

- To Terence.

- And all that sail on him.