

**T**oday is much more like it. At *nine* a.m. I waltz on to the drive where a runner, which I assume is an ironic title, scoops me up and places me in the back of the Mercedes. The seats are heated, there's a TV in the headrest and a copy of my script is freshly ironed, along with the FT. What is it exactly that people find so arduous about commuting? I would be lying to you, dear reader, if I didn't have a tingle of nerves in my tummy, but my face did not betray me as we pulled up on set. I slink down from the car, all heads turned Chipwards. A thousand smiles. I am introduced to everyone on set before being whiskered away to my trailer. It's all go!

It may look a lark from where you're sat, but making movies is a serious business. Everyone is in character on set, full method acting. Forgive me, I can only use our character names from now on; I'm dying to spill the beans but secrecy is everything in showbiz. I've signed so many NDAs you'd think I work for MI5. Anyway, all will be revealed soon.

Must dash, *Alfie* is being called to set...

