

# ARGYILLE

9 MARCH

**A**nd it turns out I was right! I woke to a volley of missed calls from my agent. Funny how agents work, isn't it? If ever you want to get hold of them, you know – for a chat, or a cuddle, or advice on what shampoo-conditioner to use, they're far too busy to talk. But as soon as someone wants to talk dollars, then they're all over me like fleas...

I'll let them off this time as this one is a biggie – Apple/MARV have announced *Argyll*, a brand-new spy thriller. There's a top dog director attached, my agent tells me. Industry chatter is deafening, people desperate to know more.

And the best thing of all, I'm going to be the star! Yes, you heard that right. I know, I know, even I had to get my agent to repeat it seven times over. It turns out the talents of this globetrotting glamour puss haven't gone unnoticed. I'm a shoo-in for the part. All those auditions, all those rejections, finally my time has arrived. And about time too...

