

Dear Edwina: *The stars look back*



Paul Handsome: *Edwina ! Ah, my dearest Edwina Arty has at last left her room!*

Edwina Arty: *Good morning, my dear Paul. A strong coffee, please. With sugar. A glass of water. Aspirin.... Ah, Paul **I felt** so weak this morning. The beds are uncomfortable here. **I woke** at least ten times during the night!*

Paul Handsome: *Well, **I slept** very well. What do you expect? **You were used** to great palaces!*

Edwina Arty: *Do you remember... the Carlton, in 1987?*

Paul Handsome: *Ah, you are wrong, my pet: **the Carlton was in 1977.***

Edwina Arty: *Are you sure? The midnight swim, you are sure?*

Paul Handsome: *It was 1977, certainly. **We swam** in the middle of the Festival. **The photographers found** me just at the wrong moment. **I heard** nothing!*



Edwina Arty : *And then, **we left** the water trying to conceal as much as possible. And then **they did not return**, the photographers: the great Edwina Arty, international star, **who was linked** to the little known Paul Handsome.*

Paul Handsome : *What?!*

Dear Edwina: *Other memories*



Paul Handsome: *What do you mean, dearest?! I **was** already well known by the critics, and you **were** only just in a secondary role in 'The train **passed** twice'. You **exaggerated** a little about that evening!?*

Edwina Arty: *In any case, my career **was** like an arrow. And the story of the Festival **was** enlivened by that little swim...*

Paul Handsome: *And more so because we **were** already married!*

Edwina Arty: *Yes! But we **married** others!*

Paul Handsome: *Oh, together we **were** best not married! I **said** that one week **was** as long as we could be married, with our personalities!*

Edwina Arty: *Come on, Paul... admit that you are still in love!*

Paul Handsome: *Certainly, my dear!*



Edwina Arty: *And to think I always **doubted** you.*

Paul Handsome: *You **knew**, my dearest, that I **loved** all women....what ever their age. So there !!!*

Dear Edwina: An autograph?



Jane: Hey! Look, Jules. Is that not Edwina Arty there on the terrace, the Greek's terrace?



Jules: You are right. It is her. She **stayed** at Graphoville for filming with Jack Clintwood. All the equipment **arrived** yesterday.

Jane: Yes, they **were** at the Theatre Hotel. All the same, that Arty looks well for her age, do you think? I remember her when she **arrived** first on Yannis's terrace...

Jules: You asked for her autograph?

Jane: Let us get a little bit nearer.



Jane: Madame Arty? Excuse us

Edwina Arty: Oh, Hello my children.

Jules: Hello, Madame Arty. Uh... We are enchanted to... at long last... meet someone of such fame...

Edwina Arty: You want an autograph. It is only natural. Let me see.... You are in luck! I **had** no photographs this morning. They **took** these during the filming of 'The Concrete Blond' when I **played** opposite Paul Handsome

Jane: I remember that.

Jules: You **were** not yet born.

Edwina Arty: It does not matter. My talents were the same. I do not know why but that **was** how it **was**.



Jules: What do you know? They **showed** it again several times on the BBC.

Jane: Jules !

Edwina Arty: There you are!

Jane: Two! Oh thank you, Madame! I **expected** nothing. I will put them between Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo.



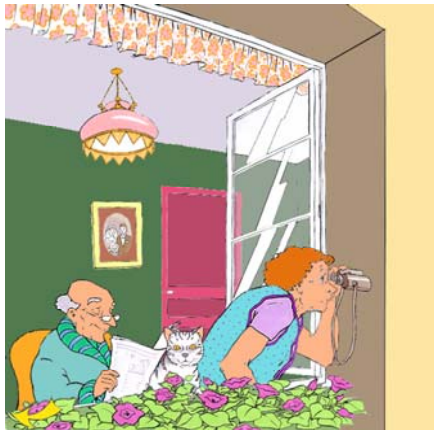
Edwina Arty: Is that so? I **thought** I would never end up as a mummy and with Neanderthal Man! Awful people!



Dear Edwina: Gossip



Edwina Arty **liked** to have a coffee with the Greek, Yannis in his café each time she **went** to see Zita, the fortune-teller. Unfortunately, Turnbull Street **had** many windows.



On that day, as always, Georgina Spectacle **did** not hide barbed comments and **hurried** to meet her neighbour, the charming Miss Softly.

Miss Softly **heard** from Ginny, the porter, all the gossip. Miss Softly **told** many others without hesitation.



The story **grew** and **grew**. All the business people **added** details. And Kelly **was** not against adding a pinch of salt.

Edwina, knowing what was going on, **was** amused. Turnbull Street **supplied** the journalists with a little bit of news once more!

