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The Tailor of Panama

By Andrew Davies

Panama.

Panama?

Best I could do, Andrew...

...in the circumstances,
given your sins.

They were baying for blood.

I argued your case.

"For his long service,
his fine brain in the balance...
...against the gambling debts...
...the blown cover and the wives."

The wives.

So, a last chance.

Panama.

Keep the head down?

Serve out my time?

Not quite, Andrew.

We do have interests:

The canal, vital artery.

There is work to be done.

But for God's sake,
be careful out there, man.

There's a nasty web
of money-laundering...
...drug trafficking and corruption.

Really?

There are only 200
resident Brits in Panama.

But you can surely ferret
out one or two...

... who can gain you access
to the corridors of power.

Look, look!

The Bridge of the Americas.

You know, ever since
the canal cut them in half...
... this bridge is now the only link...
... between North and South America.

Think about it!

The way I see it,
we all have a dream of ourselves...
...that we could be more than we are.
Well, Pendel and Braithwaite are here
to help you realize that dream...

...in the Savile Row tradition.
Let's try this one now.
Oh, yeah, I guess this is kind of...
I thought you'd like that one, sir.
Mr. Connery's choice.
As soon as I saw you I thought,
"Who does he remind me of?"
And that's it. In the build too.
Golfer's shoulders.
How about that, Uncle Benny?
You've got the fluence, Harry.
I've always said it, and you have.
You're the outright best tailor
in the world. Bar none.
Steady on, Uncle Benny, steady on.
Harry, come on.
- I'm coming.
- All right.
All right, you get in first, Sarah.
Don't forget your belt.
- Sarah.
- I'm trying!
Mark.
Okay. Bye-bye.
George, George, I saw you yesterday.
All right, here you go then.
How's your old lady?
Sarah, Sarah!
Hi, Bella.
Dad, give me a quarter.
Have you learnt your poem?
Tyger, tyger, burning bright
In the forest of the night
- See you, Dad.
- Shalom.
Shalom.
Look at your hair!
Oh, what immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful cemetery
No, "symmetry." Symmetry.
I still don't know what it means.
- Did you see the news last night?
- Yes, I did.
Your people want their canal back.

Not my people, Ernesto.
They're rabid, right-wing senators.
- Do you know what they are?
- Say it.
Assholes.
You see?
Turn around.
It's only a tad, Ramon.
If you want to look good in my suit,
lose weight and grow a foot.
Come to the shop.
We can ease it a little.
Okay.
So, what are we gonna do
about the overdraft, Harry?
You tell me, Ramon.
You have to think
about selling the farm, Harry.
Sell it?
It's a gold mine, Ramon.
Angelo's turning it around. He's a
very good man, Ramon. Dedicated.
I hear you got a water problem.
Did have, Ramon, did have.
I put that right.
Now, it flows like...
Water.
Exactly, Ramon.
Maybe you shouldn't have
bought it, eh?
On your advice, Ramon. Fair's fair.
The bank wishes to see
a substantial reduction...
...on the outstanding sum
by the end of next month.
Otherwise...
...we have to call it in.
What?
The whole lot?
But of course the whole lot.
You are my friend. I hate
to do this, but my hands are tied.
What can I say?
What am I going to tell Louisa?

I bought it with her inheritance.
Well, you're the storyteller, Harry.
You're an angel.
Someone to see you.
Oh, yes? Who?
New customer, he say.
Hi. Name's Osnard.
I phoned.
Mr. Osnard. Harry Pendel.
Very happy to meet you, sir.
No offense, but I was hoping
to see Mr. Braithwaite.
No chance of that,
I'm sorry to say, sir.
My late partner has been dead
and gone these many years.
Though his exacting standards
are very much alive and well.
Glad to hear that.
He dressed my father, you know.
Back in his Savile Row days.
Well, I never! Now that's a first,
I don't mind admitting.
Father to son,
Savile Row to Panama City.
- Did you hear that?
- I thought you'd be surprised.
Surprised, sir, and delighted.
Marta, put Mr. Osnard down
as an old customer.
Arthur Braithwaite made
for his father.
Now, if you'd care
to come this way, Mr. Osnard.
What in hell happened to her?
In the bad old days, would that be?
Noriega's time?
Rough justice meted out?
- If you'd care to take a seat, sir.
- Thank you.
We call this The Club Room. Many of
our gentlemen spend time here...
...in the lunch hour
and at the day's end.

And why not?
What did you have in mind,
sir, exactly?
I thought I'd start with a few
lounge suits. See how they go.
After that, well, the "full monty,"
as old Braithwaite used to say.
I see. Very good, sir.
Pity the expression's been hijacked.
Means quite the other thing now.
- So they tell me, sir.
- Bollock naked, in fact.
- Quite so, sir.
- Money's no problem.
Take a look at these, sir.
See what takes your fancy.
They're all the right weight
for this diabolical climate.
Seven ounces of nicely breathing,
finest worsted.
About all a man could
or should put up with.
How about this one?
Alpaca, am I right?
- Very good, sir.
- Perfect.
And exactly what I should've picked.
Given that money's no object?
- So, what's next?
- Ah! The sun!
Vital statistics.
Please step this way.
Certainly.
If I could ask you to slip off
your jacket. Thank you, sir.
You were Noriega's tailor,
weren't you, in his time?
I'm sorry, sir, is that a problem?
Not necessarily.
Smelly little bugger, was he?
If I may, sir.
Forty.
And the waist...
What's the damage?

A very creditable 34-plus.

Plus what?

Plus lunch, put it that way, sir.

Very good.

Do you ever miss it?

The old country? Savile Row?

The Row. Well, now...

...I do and I don't.

Nothing beats it,

but when I was there...

...I always felt very much

in old Arthur Braithwaite's shadow.

Though it was Arthur Braithwaite

who encouraged me to spread my wings.

- Good old boy, Arthur, was he?

- One of the old school, sir.

Now, if I might...

Very good, sir.

Do we dress right or left?

Most gentlemen favor left these days.

Don't think it's political.

Never know where the bloody thing is.

Bobs about like a windsock.

- You were saying?

- Saying, sir?

Braithwaite. Telling you

to spread your wings.

Yes, of course.

I remember it like yesterday.

I was cutting a nice muted check

hacking jacket for Lord Braeburn.

Finest mohair, dash of cashmere.

I looked up and he was looking

at me from the doorway.

Arthur Braithwaite, that is.

He was a big man, imposing.

He had a presence.

It's hard to put it into words.

- It was the moustache.

- Moustache?

Bloody great bushy job,

soup all over it.

- There was no moustache in my day.

- I can see it now. Bright brown.

I think we're being rumbled, Harry.
Admit nothing. Deny all.
I think your memory's playing tricks.
You're thinking of another man and
awarding his moustache to Braithwaite.
Go on.
"Harry," he says to me,
"I think you've earned your spurs.
How would you feel
about taking my name...
...and tradition to the New World?
I'm talking about a full partnership."
I don't mind saying,
there were tears in my eyes.
You've practically got tears in mine.
Thank you, sir.
I've never heard such a load
of bullshit in my life.
Come and sit down, Harry.
It's all right.
I'm your fairy godmother.
The thing is, Harry,
I know who you are.
More accurately,
I know who you aren't.
- I don't know what you're saying.
- It's all right. Relax.
Because I know. You're 906017 Pendel.
Six years for arson,
served two and a half.
Learnt your tailoring in the slammer.
Insurance scam, wasn't it?
Set fire to a warehouse
for your Uncle Benny.
They caught you
with the matches in your hand.
You've never been near Savile Row.
Braithwaite is your Uncle Benny...
...raised from the dead, born again
and given a size-nine halo.
Upon release, you did a runner to
Panama with your Uncle Benny's help.
Built up a fine business.
Married the daughter of an American

canal engineer. Well-respected man.
But you owe the bank 50,000,
thanks to that farm.
You've put in the shop
and the house as collateral.
Not wise, Harry. Not wise at all.
I can almost hear the creditors
banging on the door.
Who are you?
I'm Andy Osnard.
New boy at the British Embassy,
finding my way around town.
Strictly between us...
...I'm MI.6's man in Panama.
It's dark and lonely work,
like oral sex.
But someone has to do it, Harry.
I'm opening up a little network.
Keeping an eye on the canal.
So, what's that got to do with me?
What gives you
the right to come here...
...sandbag me with my past
after I've paid my debt to society?
Cool down. I'm bonus.
Okay.
What do you want?
Your memory.
Your "rock of eye."
Isn't that the expression? Things you
know and don't even know you know.
Highest prices paid.
Get out. Now.
Off.
Don't be a cunt, Harry.
We're made for each other.
You have debts, I have money.
Where's your patriotism?
I had it out in prison,
without an anesthetic.
There's five grand there.
Say it's on account of the suits.
Call it "entertainment expenses,"
anything you like, really.

I want us to get on, Harry.
Go on.
Show me around, is all.
Do I have a choice?
Oh, don't put it like that.
It's a game. Let's have some fun, eh?
Hi.
No, nothing much.
Well, sure, if you feel you have to.
- Why not just bring him home?
- I think I'll take him to the club.
Not sure. He's an odd chap.
No, nothing's wrong.
Your voice sounds funny.
He called it a windsock?
Se? Or. Good evening, Mr. Pendel.
- Must have cost a lot to get in here.
- Had to be done.
Hey, Harry, what about my blazer?
Drop by on Tuesday, Luis.
It'll be ready to try on.
Blazers, they all want blazers.
You dress everyone here?
Just about, Andy.
So who are "they"?
Who gets to join?
Basically, 30 ruling families,
their lawyers and their bankers.
And their tailors, I take it.
When the Americans took out
Noriega, I said to myself:
"Harry, they got Ali Baba,
but they missed the 40 thieves."
Well, here they are.
So fill me in.
Nobody ever loses
their reputation in Panama.
They hang it in the closet
for a bit to get its shape back.
When they put it on again,
it's as good as new.
On the dance floor, Rafi Domingo.
Shipping and drugs.
I could fuck that very easily.

- Wouldn't be any pain at all.
- A lot have, Andy.
A lot wish they had, who haven't...
...and one or two have,
who wish they hadn't.
Who are those charmers just come in?
Government ministers
and the money boys who own them.
At the table, bunch of gentlemen
from the loyal opposition.
They come much cheaper, naturally.
Welcome to Panama.
A Casablanca without heroes.
You are pure gold, Harry.
Hey!
Harry!
Mickie.
Harry.
Mickie, I think you're
a touch refreshed!
Please, come and sit down.
"A man should stand on his feet."
Anyone remember that?!
Isn't that the next bit?
"Never on our knees." Right.
Or on our asses.
- So who the fuck are you, my friend?
- I'd like you to meet Andy Osnard.
British Embassy.
Mickie really is a genuine hero, Andy.
One of the few with the guts
to stand up to you-know-who.
Mickie, please sit down.
People are staring.
I don't give a fuck about these fucks.
These are the fucks who kept
that fuck Noriega in power.
You know what I would do...
Mr. Andy, right?
You know what I would do
if I was president?
- What?
- I'd kill every fuck in this room.
All of us.

Look at us. Look at us!
We got everything
God needed to make paradise.
And what do we do?
We sell each other.
We sell our country.
We sell it all away!
Harry, you take him for a walk.
Look at these people, eh!
Look at these people.
You sold your souls,
you don't even know it. Stupid!
If you make any more trouble,
I will never cut you another suit.
Come on. I'll take you home.
Sorry. He's an old friend,
you know.
Hello, Harry.
Se? Or Delgado. Buenos noches.
Canal Commissioner?
He as clean as they say?
Well, my wife thinks so.
Come on, Mickie, what is this?
Come on, Mickie.
You're a good man, Harry.
The only good men left in Panama City
are you and me.
- That's all. You and me.
- Okay, in you go. Come on.
He has heart, Mr. Cool.
Heart.
Come on, now. Call it a night.
So, what's the story with him?
Mickie?
He was my first customer.
Best-looking man in Panama.
A god.
Till Noriega threw him
into prison to shut him up.
Didn't bloody well work, did it?
There's more to Mickie Abraxas
than meets the eye.
Oh, I'm sure there is.
My people don't care

about the glorious past exploits...
...of some shagged-out old wino.
They want the real stuff.
Today's men.
Tomorrow's, not yesterday's.
We're not a fucking charity
for losers.
I hope I haven't made
a mistake with you.
Don't underestimate Mickie Abraxas.
So?
What if I was to tell you
he's still at it?
At what, exactly?
He's still in there.
The Silent Opposition.
The "Silent Opposition"?
He's never lost touch
with ordinary, decent people.
Deprived people.
People who are tired
of the corruption, the greed.
Do you know what the poor call those?
"The Cocaine Towers."
And our 85 banks?
"The launderettes."
Can we buy him?
Mickie? Never.
But he might allow you
to contribute to the cause.
Uncle Benny, I fill up. I can't stop.
I get the wind in my ears.
You've got the fluence in full flow
and the rock of eye.
But it's a curse
as well as a blessing.
How'd it go?
Fine. I think.
Hey...
...get in here.
Hi.
I missed you.
Wait, I'll take my socks off.
I may be some time.

Mr. Osnard.

Ah, Andrew Osnard.

Nigel Stormont. Francesca Deane.

- Hello.

- Welcome to Panama.

Thank you, ambassador.

Please.

I gather you've been having
a look round already...

...quite extensively.

Yes, indeed. Great spot.

Right up my street.

And how should we describe your
street, Andrew...

...to the curious?

I usually say

I'm in information technology.

Oh, you're one of them.

"A friend."

That's right. I'm a friend.

Oh, my dear, but it's a huge secret.

Or it was, until Osnard blubbed it.

I mean, I'm barely allowed to know it.

Not the Osnard got

drummed out of Madrid?

Foreign minister's wife, wasn't it?

Not his wife. Mistress.

There are some things

I won't do for England.

Got your picture in the paper,
didn't it?

Hence my posting to Panama.

What was your crime?

Coffee?

Thank you.

Help yourself.

Is it just exile, or do you
have a purpose here?

Sure.

The boys at home are concerned that
the world's biggest trade gateway...

...doesn't fall into

the wrong hands...

...now that it's in the wrong hands.

Forgive me.
Don't want to seem presumptuous...
...but I doubt you'll find
anything they don't know...
...from our regular embassy briefings.
Know about the Silent Opposition?
There you go.
You're a fast worker.
See something worth having,
go after it.
May I ask at what point we here
at the embassy...
...will get sight of your product?
My boss says no local sharing unless
he gives the nod...
...but I'm not really bothered
about that.
Say, the four of us in this room?
I'd have no problem with that.
Well, all that seems very
satisfactory. Nigel?
Francesca?
Good to have you with us, Andrew.
Good to be here.
Francesca will show you
to your office.
Yes.
It's a bit on the poky side,
I'm afraid.
Bit on the poky side's fine with me.
We thought you'd be out
and about a lot.
Here we are.
What are you listening to?
The sea.
Bloody thing's been sitting in
the warehouse all its life.
Stuck on one combo.
Tumblers all shot.
Gotcha!
Are you quite sure that it
was locked in the first place?
I'm staying at the Gamboa Rain Forest
Resort till the apartment's ready.

Come out on Sunday.
Spot of lunch. Swim in the lake.
See how it goes.
I think I'm busy on Sunday.
You're right.
It was open.
Just tight from lack of use.
The ambassador's asked me
to brief you...
...in case there's anything you
don't already know.
Noriega formed these so-called
"Dignity Battalions."
Dingbats.
They were to beat the dignity out of
anyone remotely critical of Noriega.
It was Dr. Frankenstein,
George Bush...
...who created this monster...
...when he was head of the CIA.
And when Noriega's...
...drug running and brutality
got too much, even for the CIA...
...it was George, now President Bush,
who decided to take him out.
And just to make sure...
...they fire-bombed a big chunk
of the old city.
Sadly, that's where
the anti-Noriega rebels were.
The handful that Noriega hadn't
banged up already.
So no more opposition,
silent or otherwise.
Burnt...
...scattered...
...fled.
Or risen again from the ashes.
Okay, okay, okay.
Everybody, here we go.
Sorry.
Mickie!
Come in.
Sorry about the other night.

I'm going through a bad patch.
Is it money, Mickie? Is it?
Maybe I can help.
You?
You got worse debts than me.
Mr. Farmer, huh?
Do you still keep in touch,
you know...
...with any of the students,
the fighters, from the old days?
No, they're all lawyers now. Bankers.
Haven't you heard?
We got a democracy.
There's still a lot to fight for,
Mickie.
I haven't got the stomach for it.
I get the shakes when I see a cop.
Unless I'm drunk,
and then I want to hit him.
Either way...
What about Marta's people?
They loved you.
They looked up to you.
You should give up on me, Harry.
I'm a lost cause.
How much do you owe, Mickie?
Owe to the casino? To you?
All of it. All in. Come on.
Not much change out of 20 grand.
I'll get it for you, Mickie.
And I'm gonna make you a new suit.
A lovely silk and mohair herringbone.
Okay?
Okay. Okay.
- Se? Or Pendel?
- What have I done wrong, Marta?
Nothing. That's the problem.
Look at these accounts.
Your friend Rafi Domingo.
Two months overdue.
Carry it till next month.
He's a good customer.
He's a shit. He made all his
money under Noriega.

I'm going to charge him interest.
- You can't do that.
- Yes, I can.
You're worried they won't like you
if you make them pay.
It's a tradition.
Gentlemen keep tailors
waiting for money.
Gentlemen? Find me one.
Your Mr. Osnard isn't one,
that's for sure.
- What does he want?
- A suit.
This is me, Harry.
He's looking for information.
Be nice to him. No sulks.
Promise?
He's a devil.
- Who says?
- His eyes say.
I'm just having a bit
of a natter with him.
Don't look at me like that, Marta.
I'm just a tailor.
No, Harry, not just a tailor.
You are a dreamer.
Which is why I have to
watch over you.
Oh, speak of the devil. Mr. Osnard!
How's my suit coming along then?
When I put the shears
into that alpaca, I said:
"Harry, this is gonna be
something special."
A poem, is it?
Great body.
As long as her face is turned away
when you're fucking her.
Marta's decent. She's been
in some very bad places.
Oh, yeah? Such as?
Here. Under Noriega.
She stood up when the rest
of us were lying down.

That's why they did her face for her.

Are her sacred causes still intact?

She'd never budge.

Not Marta.

So she's one of them.

- One of who?

- The Silent Opposition.

Absolutely.

- Harry, stop.

- I can't.

What is she?

Their chief of ops?

Head spook?

- She's more. Much more.

- How much?

You press me too hard, Andy.

Sweetheart, you haven't even
felt me yet.

Think "farm."

She's their Joan of Arc.

Their spiritual leader, bar none.

You're too much, Harry.

Can I have her?

Every penny you give her goes
to the cause...

...without commission
or deduction of any kind.

How much?

For the pulse and soul
of the Silent Opposition?

For Marta?

Mickie needs 20 grand
to activate his units.

Marta should get the same.

- Yeah, I think we can swing that.

- Thank you, Mr. Osnard.

London's tickled pink with this
Silent Opposition of yours.

How is the farm, by the way?

- Don't ask.

- Know who your neighbor is?

The guy who's cutting off access
to your water?

He's not a person,

he's an absentee landlord...
...and a corporation in Miami.
And a prick.
You know where he banks?
With your chum Ramon.
Not to put too fine a point on it,
he is your chum Ramon.
Well, Ramon owns two thirds.
Mr. X owns the other third.
You know who Mr. X is?
No, I don't know who Mr. X is.
How about your farm-manager chap?
Angelo, isn't it?
No!
Mickie! Marta!
Oh, for the love of God!
Mickie!
- Oh, God!
- It's okay.
What time is it?

It's 7:

I'll make breakfast.
What happened to your diet, Mom?
I'm in denial.
What's denial?
A very big river in Africa.
- Ba-bum!
- Thank you.
Mom, this girl in school told me
mothers who work...
...feel guilty about their children.
Why don't you?
Maybe because your father
is such a good mother.
Listen, it's ballet today.
Do not forget your bag.
- Let's go.
- Okay, come on.
Are you seeing
the president today, Dad?
Indeed. So we'd
better get our skates on.
Harold Pendel.

This way, Mr. Pendel.
Working. Always working.
He thinks only of Panama.
Se? Or Pendel.
Show me your pass, please.
Marco, you know me.
I made you that
double-breasted mohair.
I'm still waiting for you
to pay me for it.
Through here. He's gonna give you
only five minutes, okay?
Your Excellency.
Welcome back, indeed.
Five capitals in one week,
I think I read.
Paris to Tokyo in seven days.
A record for a world-class statesman.
Pants.
They'll know where Panama is then,
won't they?
We won't be just a wriggly little
worm on the map with a canal, will we?
Vest.
I dispense with
the rear buckle as a rule...
...with your handmade waistcoat,
Excellency.
Too many of my gentlemen report
a discomfort to the lower vertebrae...
...when leaning backward, relishing
a postprandial cigar.
Jacket.
Did we discuss the canal's future
on our travels...
...if I may be so bold?
So you want to know something
about the canal?
If it pleases Your Excellency.
You're halfway up it.
I stand upright.
Okay, just.
I bend down...
...my balls are in my ears.

- Very good, sir.
You make your pants too tight,
Mr. Braithwaite.
Harry!
I've got a job.
Shit, shit, shit!
It's upstairs.
No. Thank you.
"Harry," he says to me,
"you make beautiful pants.
When I was a boy, I dreamed
of wearing pants like these."
His very words, Andy.
To be quite frank,
do we have to meet here?
It's not very salubrious.
Good cover, Harry.
They rent the rooms by the hour.
Cash. No questions asked.
No paper trail.
Anyone sees you going in, you're here
to get your end away. Same as me.
So that's it, is it?
Half hour's tte--tte
about knickers.
What about the canal?
Did he say anything about his trip?
He had talks, yes.
"Constructive discussions,"
was his phrase, I believe.
You're not gonna pay off the farm
at this rate.
Andy, this is hard for me.
He confides. A tailor's like a priest
in these situations.
For me, the changing room is
as sacred as the confessional.
Lips are sealed, eh?
Have you had a chance to make
arrangements about the farm, Andy?
Well, the money's there,
as long as you deliver.
- He's selling it, Andy.
- What?

The canal.
He's selling it?
Has to. Needs the money.
Relieve the poverty. Infrastructure.
Who's buying?
Who's buying?
Various interested parties, I believe.
- Come on.
- He mentioned the French, the Japanese.
And?
Oh, yeah. And the Chinese.
Harry.
Andy.
Are you pulling my piss?
Not unless the president's
pulling mine.
This is fucking dynamite.
Does he always talk to you like this?
Not always...
...but mostly.
Now this is for the record.
Times, names, places.
His actual words, if you
remember them.
Goose it up a bit.
It's going straight to the top.
Here we go.
What kind of Chinese, by the way?
You know, Chinese, like Chinese.
Oh, fuck's sake.
I mean, mainland? Taiwan?
The both, Andy. The two together.
Hand in hand.
It's something the president's
very proud of...
...bringing them together,
at the same table.
"Harry," he says to me, "if it's all
I'm remembered for, then so be it.
I brought reconciliation
to the great Chinese people...
...for the betterment of all mankind."
You've excelled. This is a better
yarn than Arthur Braithwaite.

Are you implying...?
Doesn't matter what I think.
It plays.
First installments:
Abraxas and Marta.
- Installments?
- Payment on results, Harry.
And the farm as such, Andy?
Looking good.
Oh, look at those tits.
Yum-yum.
You want to pay off the debt?
With what?
Let's say I won the lottery, Ramon.
And I want to buy your farm from you.
What do you mean,
you want to buy my farm?
I don't have no farm.
Oh, yes, you do, Ramon.
I know all about it.
Okay.
You won the lottery, you can
pay me \$3000 an acre.
Two. You'll be paid
direct from Europe.
I've made the necessary arrangements.
You won't mind if I deduct
your tailoring bill?
It has a bad smell.
That would be the fish.
I'll pay you back.
I'm going to straighten out.
Just don't resent me
for doing you a favor.
Harry, this is Panama, where no
good deed goes unpunished.
Right.
There's two ways we can deal
with this one, old girl.
Sweat it out for six months,
then fall into each other's arms:
"Darling, why didn't we ever
do this before?"
Method B, the preferred one:

Full-on affair now.
Observing tight security all round.
See how we like it.
If we don't, no one's the wiser.
I don't suppose it's occurred to you
that I might prefer someone else?
Is that a no?
No.
Come and dance.
Oh, God, you don't dance as well,
do you?
As well as what?
My chaps in London are in a bit
of a spin about it.
I understand they're talking
to Washington.
If the canal's being sold out,
how come we never got a whisper of it?
I'm sure the question
is being asked...
...and not to your credit, Nigel,
as political officer.
What about the Americans?
They've got billions in
surveillance. They don't know?
Perhaps they do know about it,
but they're not telling us.
You're very quiet, Francesca.
What are your feelings about
Andrew's amazing discoveries?
Well, I couldn't possibly comment.
No insight into the Osnard methods,
I'm afraid.
Try not to look so furtive, Harry.
- I'm feeling a little anxious.
- How do you think I feel?
- Something wrong?
- Yes.
We bombed in Washington.
Sit down.
The Yanks say we're talking through
our asses. No Silent Opposition.
No conspiracy to sell off the canal.
No fuck-all.

- They can't say that.

- They just said it.

The Buchan material
holds no credibility.

No credibility equals no cash.

Without the Yanks, London will
pull the entire project.

- Why?

- Because in matters of intelligence...

...as in most other matters...

...merry England sucks
on the American hind tit.

It's called,

"The special relationship."

Mickie will be very downcast, Andy.

So will Marta.

What about us? We both had
a good thing going here.

I was counting on making a pension.

You thinking of retiring?

Scrap heap at 45 in this game.

It was blue chip material.

You said so yourself.

London needs something solid.

Documents, evidence.

Does your wife bring home papers,
canal stuff?

- What's that got to do with anything?

- Does she? That's all.

It happens.

Take a look up its skirt.

Come here. Come here.

Give it back.

It's a camera.

One picture's worth a thousand words.

Or a thousand bucks. Tell her that.

- Tell her?

- Why not?

Put her on the payroll.

Double your money.

I want something in writing on
Delgado's dealings with the Chinese.

No more bullshit.

Louisa would never betray Delgado.

She worships the man.
Does she know where you're at?
Not an inkling.
Ever tell her about your prison days?
Not as such.
Haul her in, Harry...
...or I might have to tell her
about Harry Pendel, the criminal.
You stay away from her.
Okay, I'll handle it.
You're rather tense tonight, Lou.
Maybe because you're peering
over my shoulder again.
Or maybe because I had a call
from Donna.
Donna?
Teddy's wife.
She said you were seen coming
out of the Hotel Paraiso.
I said, "Harry's a tailor. He has
clients from all walks of life."
True.
You'd never meet them
at the Hotel Paraiso.
I had a fitting with Andy.
Andy Osnard.
He's a bit eccentric.
Are you seeing someone?
Me?
You stay out late
and you don't say where.
You come at me like a lover and
then you don't touch me for weeks.
What's going on, Harry?
Who's getting the rest of you?
Uncle Benny, I'm cornered.
There's nothing for it
but to tell her the truth.
She deserves the truth.
Harry-boy, I've told you

time and again:

A man who tells the truth is bound
to be found out sooner or later.

Try sincerity, that's a virtue.
But truth, it's an affliction.
I swear to you on my life...
...there's no other woman.
Never has been. Never will be.
Okay.
Louisa?
I'm a thief in my own home.
But with best intentions.
With a good heart.
For the family.
Like you did for me.
That's true.
You're the apple of my eye, Harry.
Stay shtum, and I'll
always be there for you.
Harry. Harry!
I couldn't sleep.
What do you mean you couldn't sleep?
You were just out cold.
Busy times at the shop, Lou.
So who is this Andy Osnard?
- Tell me about him.
- He's become a bit of a pal...
...as such.
I used to be your pal...
..."as such."
I'd like to meet him.
Why don't you invite him on Sunday?
That's Sarah's birthday.
Why not?
I could look into it.
If you don't want to call him,
I'll call him.
Good.
- And this season's suits
are very thin...
...and it's lined with Panama's
best fabric.
Buchan.
Lady Jane's. Twenty minutes.
That's two-zero minutes.
Over and out.
He's been waiting and complaining.

Sorry, Teddy. Jacket's ready.
Just pop into the fitting room.
Sorry, Jaime, I need this.
In you go, Teddy.
Wow! Even better than I thought.
You look like Bobby De Niro
in this jacket.
Don't schmooze me, Harry.
What's going on?
Little bird tells me
you paid off your overdraft.
Business is good, Teddy.
I smell a story.
There's no story.
You want me to make one up?
Don't. Louisa reads
your gossip column.
I don't want her to know
I owed money.
Come clean.
Probably won't run it.
I'm like that. The more I know,
the less I print.
You know I'll find out
what you're up to...
...don't you?
Well, I had absolutely no idea...
...how delightful
Panama was gonna be.
Yes, it's beautiful country.
I was thinking about the people.
Meant a lot to me,
being able to tag along today.
It's been a real pleasure
to have you along, Andy.
Hasn't it, darling?
Can we go and see the monkeys, Dad?
There's a monkey island.
- We bring bananas for them.
- Wonderful.
- What's my birthday girl say?
- Can Andy come too?
No, Andy needs to stay here
and keep Mommy company.

You go with Dad.
In you go.
Cast off, captain.
So, Andy...
...maybe you wouldn't mind
telling me what you're up to.
Sorry?
There's something between you and my
husband, I know it. I can feel it.
Ever since he's met you, he's
a changed man. Sneaky and secretive.
All of a sudden, I'm his enemy
and you're his friend.
If I didn't know him better,
I'd say you two were gay.
Do you want it straight?
Always.
You'll keep it secret?
If I have to.
And he's told you nothing?
Absolutely nothing?
Zero.
Information is my business. Gossip.
Harry's kind of gossip.
He's smart, he's down-to-earth.
He's got great contacts and no agenda.
Are you talking about spying?
Oh, that's much too heavy a word
for what Harry's doing.
- Are you paying him?
- No money, I'm afraid.
Just the honor
and privilege of service.
Is that why he's been looking
at all my private papers?
Oh, no. Harry.
Oh, bless him.
That really is going too far.
Spying on his own wife.
I'm terribly sorry.
Still, you are the canal, aren't you?
You sit at Ernie Delgado's right hand.
Harry's aware that we're desperate
to know what will become of it.

The canal is always gonna run
the way it's run.
Ernie Delgado will make sure of it.
That's as may be...
...but it's our main artery.
You can't blame us if we need
constant reassurance.
Harry's only trying to help.
Don't...
...use him.
I love him.
As we both do.
I'm going for a swim.
- There's one.
- Where?
- Up there.
- Oh, yeah!
Oh, he's lovely!
So...
Tell me,
how did Harry win your heart?
I was raised in the canal...
...around military types
and engineers like my father...
...and I had never met anyone
like Harry.
He treated me like a princess.
Sent me flowers every day.
Wrote me love letters.
Did he have to get
Arthur Braithwaite's permission?
He called him in London.
He was on his deathbed, the poor man.
Oh, God.
Did he fly over for the funeral?
Arthur forbade it.
Harry was completely wiped out.
I'm sure he was.
So the two of you have lived
happily ever after ever since?
Yeah, until you came along.
Don't you ever feel like...
...breaking out?
Running wild...

...just for the badness?
Never.
Harry is my virtue.
Without him...
...I'd be...
You'd be...
...like Harry without
Arthur Braithwaite.
Well, she's finally asleep.
I think she enjoyed her day.
Yeah, I think so too.
And did you?
Yeah. Kind of.
What did you and Andy
find to talk about?
You, mostly.
Bit of a boring topic, wasn't it?
You're a very surprising person,
Harry Pendel.
After all these years?
Just don't come between me
and Ernie Delgado.
My work is off-limits.
Do you understand?
Okay, Lou. Absolutely.
Done.
Harry.
What?
Make me laugh.
- You've got a gift for it.
- What?
Letting go.
- Few people can.
- You can't, or won't.
No.
- I've been reading your files.
- Oh, those fucking files.
We know too much about each other.
Kills the romance.
What romance?
Oh, shit! Shit.
Yes?
Yeah. What?
It's a bit of a bad time, actually.

I didn't know what she knew,
did I?
Well, I'm sure you handled it
like a master.
Look... Hey, I had to think
on my feet, didn't I?
All right.
All right, if you must.
Rendezvous number three.
You know where that is, don't you?
Oh, good.
Twenty-three hundred hours.
Good.
What warrants dragging me out of
the saddle on a Sunday night, eh?
Look, about Louisa.
Some woman, Harry. I envy you.
The way she looks up to you.
You're her moral virtue, her center.
Just like Arthur Braithwaite
was to you, is what she said.
I enjoyed the comparison.
- You say anything?
- Would I ever?
Expect me to tell her that
an old Jew brought me up?
Burned his frocks as a favor?
Hated the old fellow, did you?
- I know this place where we can talk.
- I loved him. I revere him.
Dressed him up as Arthur Braithwaite.
Gave him a good suit.
"Clothes maketh the man,"
and all that.
Come on, let's dance.
Camp it up a bit.
Come on. I'll lead.
So, I gather you've made
no attempt to recruit her so far.
As of now, that is correct.
Seemed perfectly approachable to me.
- Thought I'd have a go at her myself.
- No, don't do that.
Is this what you came to tell me?

Lay off her?
I came to tell you
I've had enough.
I want out.
I don't think so. You've taken
the money, I want something for it.
Those documents.
Those ones that you snapped.
Did you read them?
- I was pushed for time, Andy.
- Pension scheme for lock-keepers.
Dredging contract.
Water analysis. Zilch.
Time to deliver.
I'm tired of your bullshit.
I can't go on with it!
You want me to tell Louisa...
...about Harry the convict?
Will you tell me what you want?
Come here.
Keep moving. Stop acting so butch.
If the canal's being flogged off
on presidential instructions...
...what's the price? Who's the buyer?
When do they sign the contract?
How much are Delgado and the pres
creaming off for themselves?
- Right.
- Can't hear you.
- Right.
- Then there's your end of the bargain.
Abraxas, the Silent Opposition.
Are they going for direct action?
- Direct action being in this case?
- Shootibangs.
Raising proletarian consciousness.
Bombing banks, gunning down
a couple millionaires.
- No, not Mickie, not Marta.
- So, what the fuck are they doing?
Who are they buying arms from?
What are they gonna do with them?
They'll have to do more than
wear white shirts...

...and get the shit beaten
out of them by the dingbats!

- Come on.

- I've got to get out.

I can't think.

- I can't breathe.

- Go, Harry. Go, go, go.

Get me some answers.

Your ass is on the line.

London's coming.

Get the stuff, we make you rich.

You don't, we tell the Pans

you've been spying for the Yanks.

You and Louisa both.

Do you understand what I'm saying?

I haven't come clean with you.

I've been dragging my feet.

At Mickie's behest, I might add.

He has a huge arms shipment
on the way.

But he'll pay for it
from another source.

Oh, yeah? Who the fuck would that be?

Won't say.

No, he wouldn't, would he?

- How much?

- It's big money, Andy.

"Harry," he says to me,

"your guys pay peanuts.

This is out of their league."

Well...

...this is an interesting
development, Harry.

- Give me a ballpark figure.

- Ten.

We're talking

ten million dollars, Andy.

Ten million dollars?

Yeah.

Ten million dollars.

Yeah.

- Andrew.

- Sir.

The winds of fortune

blew me to Caracas...
...allowing me this brief stopover.
I'm on my way to Washington.
Our revered leader, Henry Cavendish,
is coming too. Pick up the phone.
There's prestige at stake, you see.
Oh, Andrew...
...I've come all this way to look
you in the eye and ask you this:
Can you back it up?
Are we copper-bottomed?
Yes.
- How much are they asking for?
- Fifteen million.
Fifteen.
If I get it for you,
can you guarantee action?
Oh, absolutely.
Go after them, Andrew.
Push. The iron is hot.
Strike!
Sir, can I have your glass?
We are ready for landing.
Thank you.
Oh, Harry. I hear that Delgado...
...is setting up a canal
police force...
...with powers to search the ships.
It'll never happen. It would kill
the drug trade, the arms trade...
...everything we hold dear.
The way it is now,
you pay your dues...
...you don't piss in the locks,
they don't fuck with you.
Does Louisa know anything
about this little plan, Harry?
Leave Louisa out of this.
Take it easy, Harry.
Time you took some holiday.
- You look fucked out.
- Maybe if you paid your bill...
...I might be able to.
- Maybe you'd be healthier...

...if you stuck to tailoring.
- Listen, Teddy...
- Hey, Harry.
It doesn't look right.
This isn't a suit,
it's a piece of shit.
Come on, it's the first fitting.
It can be fixed.
I don't know.
Think I'm gonna go to Armani.
Get myself a proper suit.
He doesn't like it when
I mention Armani.
Harry, why you make me this shit?
Why can't you make
a suit like Armani?
Why can't I make
a suit like Armani?
You think Armani can make
a suit like Harry Pendel?
Why not?
Okay, fuck off. Go down the road,
buy an Armani!
Save yourself \$1000,
see if I care!
At Pendel and Braithwaite
you get Savile Row tailoring...
...with 400 years of tradition
behind it.
Down the road you get an
Italian gents' outfitter.
If you don't understand,
then save your money.
Hey, Harry, come on.
The whole country's
going down the plug hole!
Nobody cares!
Someone's got to stand up
and be counted!
Someone has to say, "Here I am.
This is what I stand for!"
Impeccable standards and...
...and old-fashioned integrity!
And if you don't like it,

you can go down the road!
Gentlemen, you go down that road...
...you can never come back.
When you've gone down that road
it's over, it's curtains.
And I'm not just talking about Panama!
I'm talking about
the whole human race.
You too. Get out.
Harry, I was only kidding, I swear.
It's just a sleeve.
I swear to God.
Teddy came to see Mickie.
He brought two goons with him.
Said they were Ministry of Interior.
Teddy?
Of course, he's the worst.
They pay him, the ruling families.
He takes money to inform
on his friends.
They were asking around about us.
They came to me too.
Thinks we're involved in a
political thing against the system.
You know, like the old times.
- You and Marta?
- You and Mickie.
Why would they think that?
Maybe you know, Harry.
I couldn't do it again.
No more prison.
They break you in there.
You got so much courage in life.
When it's gone, it's spent.
I got none left.
I know what you mean.
I've been there, I know.
And they came to you?
Big Chinese guy.
The man who beat her before.
- What did they do to you?
- Nothing. They wanted information.
If I didn't give it to them, they'd
make me look the same, both sides.

- What information?
- About the two of you.
How often you meet,
what you talk about.
I want you both to get out of town.
Take a holiday.
There's a fireworks festival
in Guarare.
You love fireworks.
The address is on the label.
Pete Abuleira lent it to me.
What are you going to do?
Sort it out.
Talk to people I know.
Better we go in separate cars.
I follow you later.
No more drinking now.
Thanks, Harry.
Take care.
I never lied to you, Marta.
You know that.
I didn't tell you everything,
but what I told you was true.
There's only so many people you
can do that to. Tell the truth.
Other people are different.
They need to be...
Tailored.
Helped. Yes.
You flatter them. You make things up.
They start believing you, Harry.
Their leading man is one
Michelangelo Abraxas.
Known to many, I am sure,
as the elusive Pimpernel...
... of the popular movement
against General Manuel Noriega.
Abraxas is a man
of proven integrity...
... skilled in clandestine warfare.
His second in command...
...but I submit his equal
in skill and resolution...
...is code name "Marta."

Another veteran of the
anti-Noriega resistance.
For cover purposes, she is
employed as accountant receptionist...
...by our own Panamanian head agent...
...the redoubtable Buchan.
If I may say so, Elliot,
a "Silent Opposition"...
...doesn't send radio messages.
Half don't possess telephones.
Why else would they call
themselves silent?
They're a life-force, not an embassy.
Fishermen...
...small farmers, peasants,
have-nots, penniless students.
People we wouldn't
entertain in the woodshed.
So why should we support them, Henry?
Because if we don't,
someone else will.
Because the Silent Opposition is
the new Panama in the new millennium.
And getting in with these chaps...
...is the sweetest, cheapest
way of saving the canal.
Do you think personally,
this Abraxas is...
...presidential material?
Scotty.
Abraxas is world-class.
Courageous...
...unsullied, incorruptible.
A man to dream of
when you're shaping nations.
But Abraxas can't go it alone.
He needs our support now.
If U.S. Military assistance
is guaranteed...
...Abraxas and his forces will
launch an attack on the government.
They'll commandeer the radio stations
and the Canal Administration Office.
Subject, of course,

to advance payment...

...for arms, equipment
and medical supplies.

How much?

The sort of money you boys
leave under the plate, Elliot.

- How much?

- Twenty million dollars.

Elliot, may I say a couple
of words, please?

I'm only a rookie at heart.

I don't know too much about the ins
and outs of politics, but I know this:

I was the last American
commander in Panama.

I had the task of taking
our men out of there.

Only retreat of my career.

Broke my heart.

There is a missing star
on our flag, gentlemen.

Looks to me that God has
given us a second chance here.

Yes?

Sir.

Encrypted.

It went over like ninepins.

Asked for 20 and guess what?

They beat me down to 15.

I'm on my way.

Press play, Andy.

Teddy! Teddy!

Why are you hassling Mickie and Marta?

What are they up to this time, Harry?

What are you up to?

Spin me one of your stories.

You stay away from them or else.

How could you fuck
that faceless half-breed?

No, no. Relax.

You're a disgrace to that suit, Teddy.

- Hey.

- Louisa.

- There's something I must tell you.

- Okay.

Lou.

- I need to talk to you.

- Okay.

Hello?

Marta?

Yeah, it's Louisa. I can't hear you.

I'll get... Okay.

It's for you.

It's me.

Oh, Harry. I need you. Please come.

It's Mickie. He...

Marta?

- I've gotta go.

- So it's Marta?

- All this time, under my nose.

- No, you don't understand.

Oh, come on, Harry. Please.

Be a man.

- Well, if you love her, go.

- Yes, I do love her.

But I've never made love to her.

Get out.

Get out!

Harry.

Harry!

Oh, shit!

Washington has agreed
that as we have the contacts...

...that we should undertake
the financing and arming...

...of the Silent Opposition.

And it's been agreed that that task
be undertaken by an older hand.

By myself, in fact. And on
a more formal basis than hitherto.

I dare say that'll come
as a bit of a relief to you, Andrew.

Equipping an army, tedious business.
Not the sort of task

for your mercurial brain.

Best left to us humble
planners and plodders, eh?

It's fine in principle, Scotty.

Just one snag.
They won't talk to anyone but me.
I think you'll find that,
however shy they are...
...they'll talk to a candid friend...
...who has \$15 million
to spend on them.
Wouldn't you say, ambassador?
You know, for quite a while
I was skeptical...
...about this extraordinarily
silent opposition.
And I always thought that Mickie
Abraxas was just a harmless drunk.
Funny how wrong you can be.
Andy may have a real problem conjuring
up one of these people for you.
Afraid so, Scotty.
You could put it like this:
If you don't go through me,
there is no Silent Opposition.
It doesn't do to be too possessive.
We must be brave and wean them off
the Osnard teat, my boy.
Might I offer myself
as a go-between, so to speak...
...to verify Andy's dispersal
of these funds?
Kind of you to offer, ambassador.
Perhaps so.
Meanwhile, Andrew can brief me
on the details.
We have a lot to catch up on, eh?
Whiskey till the small hours
in the privacy of your abode...
...is indicated for Osnard
and Luxmore, I believe.
- Sure.
- Excellent, gentlemen.
Andrew, I take it you have
a secure safe in your apartment?
Absolutely, sir.
Fort Knox.
Ambassador.

I'll get my files.

- You are getting out, aren't you?

- Possibly.

Too early to say.

You'll have to, won't you?

I mean, there is no

Silent Opposition, is there?

- Who told you that?

- You did, just now in the meeting.

You made it all up, didn't you?

What are you talking about?

I think you're the wickedest

human being I've ever met.

That was the attraction, wasn't it?

How about a farewell fuck?

Here in the office.

A knee-trembler.

You know, I think I'm cured.

Excuse me, Francesca.

A private word with Andrew.

He's all yours.

My duty is to inform

the Foreign Office of this...

...travesty.

How much is your duty worth?

- Two million.

- One.

- One and a half.

- One and a quarter.

Done.

Andrew.

Good night.

You got a lovely little family, Harry.

Only one thing can spoil it.

- What's that, Uncle Benny?

- The truth, Harry.

That's the honest truth.

Esmeralda?

Esmeralda.

I'm going out. Watch the children.

Marta!

Marta!

Oh, God!

I'm not imposing on you, am I?

You're not imposing
on me in the least.
Who the devil's that?
Buchan 2. We got trouble.
When I get her into
the other room, get out.
In the lobby,
give the concierge a dollar.
He'll get you a taxi to
the El Panama Hotel. Get a room.
A taxi? At this time of night?
I don't speak Spanish, Andy.
I'm unarmed.
Life is cheap here.
You can handle it.
You're a field man, aren't you?
What about the bags?
I'll guard them with my life.
Believe me.
Louisa.
- Something on your mind?
- What the fuck have you done?
What is all this bullshit
about Abraxas and Delgado?
Don't worry. It's nothing.
It's crap. It's all a game.
- Where's Harry?
- Harry's okay.
- I'm gonna take care of Harry and you.
- Get your fucking hands off me!
Get off me.
Relax.
We both know why you're here.
Yeah.
Shit! You...
What have you gotten Harry into?
Harry got himself into this
with his own ludicrous stories.
When the Americans take back their
canal, it'll be down to him, not me.
When?
When?
Get out of my way!
I killed him, Marta.

I killed him with my bullshit.
He said the police were after him.

He said:

"Tell Harry I'm sorry."
And I didn't finish his suit.
It would've given him
back his dignity.
He wouldn't have shot himself in it.
He was always going to do it.
He was just looking
for a good enough excuse.
Shall I close his eyes?
You must go now, Harry.
Go, Harry.

Yep.
Harry, my man, where have you been?
Louisa was here. I think she thought
I was leading you astray or something.
Jesus.

I see. Go on.
So we have to stop all this, you hear?
Mickie knew nothing about it.
You know and I know I made it all up.
It's too late for that, old boy.
Out of our hands.
A case of life imitating art.
Bit of a setback, sir.
It's Mickie Abraxas.
Bullet through the head.
Suicide.

Setback? Setback? On the contrary.
No, they'll probably claim
he killed himself in police custody.
That's standard euphemism for
assassinations in regimes of this ilk.
No, no one's going
to swallow that one.
No.

"Leader of the Democratic Rebel
Movement murdered."
Yes. I think we could have
the peg we're looking for, Andy.
I'll inform our American cousins.

Now, tell me...

... did you manage to resolve that Buchan 2 situation?

I got the distinct impression she was in a state of high anxiety. You must impress on your operatives the importance of staying in control.

Andrew?

Hello, is anybody there?

I must talk to the ambassador.

I'm English.

It's a matter of grave importance.

Mickie Abraxas died three hours ago.

Executed by a government death squad.

I have informed the president.

He has authorized us to go on in.

We have that right under the treaty if the canal is threatened.

Operation Straight Arrow

is all yours, general.

How soon can you be operational?

- Give me four hours, sir.

- That fast?

My rapid response units

are on full alert, sir.

Carrier Alaska is

off the coast of Panama.

Eight F-22 Raptors are on alert.

Twelve gunships.

A battalion of marines.

- I've got to speak to the ambassador.

- The ambassador is busy.

You'll have to come back tomorrow.

Ambassador.

I am Buchan.

I made it all up. You've got to stop it. You see, I'm Buchan.

I'm sorry, but aren't you that tailor fellow?

You're rather upset.

- Nigel, please show the gentleman out.

- Yes.

There is no Silent Opposition!

Someone's gotta blow the whistle.

Might as well be me.
You're a diplomat. Be diplomatic.
Can't interfere at this stage.
It would reflect very badly.
And what could we say?
That some deranged tailor Johnny
told us it was all a joke?
Nevertheless.
- Darling, what...?
- I need to talk to Ernesto.
Andy.
Andy!
Wait!
Oh, Harry.
Well, if the ambassador's
been recalled...
...give me somebody
who hasn't been recalled.
His secretary, his butler, his...
Come with me, Louisa.
We're going to see the president.
Shit!
Oh, no, no, no.
Come on, come on, come on.
What the fuck do you want?
I want you to come back to the embassy
and tell them it's all a mistake!
Harry, I've got our money here.
Yours and mine.
I'm trying to get out
before they close the airport.
I'm going straight to Switzerland.
Open numbered accounts for both of us.
You'll be a rich man.
Just give me a lift.
- We're going back.
- Get out of my way!
- Are you not listening to me?
- Don't be bloody annoying, Harry!
Shit! They're here.
Ambassador!
Will you vouch for me, my credentials?
I need to get on a plane.
You wish for this man to be included?

I've never seen him before.
Ambassador.
As you can see, the airport is closed,
but palms have been greased.
And once our arrangement
has been concluded...
...you'll be free to go.
It is a fabrication, Mr. President.
A pack of lies, a travesty.
The canal is safe, secure.
Unthreatened.
Call off your dogs, sir.
Call them off.
I'll walk you to your plane.
Could this be the beginning
of a beautiful friendship?
I think it desperately unlikely.
Mission aborted. Return to base.
Why?
I don't know.
I thought it was a game.
And behind my back?
All those lies about
the president and Delgado?
Oh, yes, the lies.
I'm very, very sorry about the lies.
Louisa...
I never did work in Savile Row, did I?
Not as such.
I learned the tailoring in prison.
I burnt down my Uncle Benny's
warehouse to help him out.
And then, when I'd done my time...
...Uncle Benny,
he gives me my portion...
...sends me out here
so I can't get into trouble.
I pretended he was Arthur Braithwaite.
You see, lying's what
you do in prison, Lou.
It's instead of love, really.
You tell it the way it should be
since that's better than how it is...
...when it's that bad.

If you follow me.
Why didn't you just tell me
from the start?
Because I fell in love
with you, my princess.
And I knew that I wasn't
good enough for you.
Not as I stood.
Harry, you are such a fool.
Dad, you promised to tell me a story.
Where were you?
Oh, Sarah.
I'm so sorry.
No need to cry about it, Dad.
Hi, Dad.
Hi, Mum.
So, what do you want me to do?
What do I want you to do?
What you always do.
Make breakfast.
Can we have pancakes?
- Yeah.
- You want pancakes?
Breakfast?
Well, there's two ways we can deal
with this one, my dear.
Ready?