

**Oliver Darrow, actor, talks about his daughter, Carmen.**

My first wife and I only had one child, it might have been nice to have more, I would have liked a son, but we just had Carmen. I see her as my best friend. I think she always comes to me first if she has a problem. We have the same sense of humour and share many interests, except that she's crazy about animals, obsessed with them - she has always had dogs, cats, and horses in her life. We were closest when she was about four, which I think is a wonderful age for a child. That's when they need their parents most. But as soon as Carmen went to school, she seemed to grow up and grow apart from her family, and any father finds it difficult with a teenage daughter. She was very moody and had an odd group of friends. There was an endless stream of strange young men coming to our house, I remember I once got annoyed with her in front of her friends and she didn't talk to me for days. I've always wanted the best for her. We sent her to a good school, but she wasn't happy there. She left because she wanted to become an actress, so with my connections I got her into drama school, but she didn't like that either. She worked for a while doing small roles in films, but she must have found it boring because she gave it up, though she never really said why. She got married a few years ago; her husband's a vet. They must be happy because they work together, and she loves animals. We have the same tastes in books and music. When she was younger, I used to take her to the opera - that's my passion - but she can't have liked it very much because she hasn't come with me for years. I don't think she goes to the cinema or watches TV much. She might watch my films, but I don't know. It's not the kind of thing she talks to me about. I'm very pleased to have Carmen. She's a good daughter, but I don't think she likes my new wife very much because she doesn't visit us very often. I'm looking forward to being a grandfather one day. I hope she'll have a son.

**Carmen Darrow, veterinary assistant, talks about her father, Oliver.**

I don't really know my father. He isn't easy to get on with. I've always found him difficult to talk to. He's a bit reserved, but he loves to be recognized and asked for his autograph. I think people see his films and think he's very easygoing, but he really isn't. He's won some awards for his films, and he's really proud of them. He used to show them to my friends when they came to the house and that really embarrassed me. He can't have been home much when I was a small child because I don't remember much about him. His work always came first, and he was often away from home making films. I wasn't surprised when he and my mother split up. He must have wanted the best for me, but the best was always what he wanted. He chose my school and I hated it. I had no friends there. I was miserable and didn't do well, so I was asked to leave. He must have been very disappointed, but he said nothing to me. He wanted me to be an actor like him but I'm not at all like him. I tried it for a while, but I was miserable until I met my husband. He's a vet and I'm his assistant. Now I'm doing what I always wanted to do, working with animals. My father and I have always been so different. I love animals and he loves books and music, and above all opera, which I hate. If he comes to see us (we live on a farm), he always wears totally the wrong clothes, but we still don't see much of each other. It's because he didn't really want me to marry George. He wanted me to marry a famous film star or something, but of course I didn't. George and I don't want children, we have our animals, but my father would love to have a grandson. Maybe his new wife will give him the son he wants, but probably not. She cares too much about being slim and beautiful. I occasionally see one of his films on TV. I find it hard to believe he's my father. He's like a stranger.