

"Let's toast to Cousin Rita and her friend Vik, welcome to London."

"Thank you, Hera. Kind of you and Andy. Isn't that nice, Vik?"

"Lovely. The Martini hits the spot."

"John was on cocktails. Andy and I only made dinner."

"I helped my husband by tasting them."

"We know you're an alcoholic, Nina."

"Now, now, Andy. You like to drink too."

"With limits."

"So, Vik, how did you two meet?"

"I was Rita's professor, Hera."

"# me too."

"Nina, behave."

"T'was a joke, John."

"Can't wait to finish my book. I'll be in cafes, writing."

"And who's funding those lattes, Rita? Uncle still dipping into my Mum's inheritance?"

"Nina, don't."

"It's ok, husband. She needs to know where her father's 'generosity' comes from."

"Dad's not taking Auntie's money."

"Are you stupid?"

"Nina, leave it."

"Hera, she isn't our baby cousin anymore. Cafes and scribbles won't fund your future, Rita. I won't let you waste away my inheritance. Work and earn. Create in your spare time."

"Give her a chance. What're you writing about?"

"Thanks, Andy. I'm writing about oppression and struggles of ..."

"And you've first-hand experience in that, do you?"

"Nina! You know, let's play Who's Most Likely. The majority vote takes a sip."

"You mean a shot, Hera."

"No, Nina, a sip. First question: Who's most likely to be a nerd at school?"

"You voted for yourself, Hera."

"Self-awareness, Vik. Next question, highest IQ?"

"Married to the smartest man, does that make me the smartest woman?"

"Opposites attract, Nina."

"Said the school nerd."

"Don't be sour because you peaked in high school. Next, selfish in bed?"

"Clearly, they're lovers. Vik voted for her."

"And John voted for you. Drink up! Next, most likely to spike your drink?"

"Why me?"

"Nina, you're a pharmacist. Did you spike us tonight?"

"Only a little, Andy, it's been fun, no?"

"That's messed up."

"Don't be a hypocrite, Rita."

"Don't be a dick, Nina."

"Ah, self-righteous Hera, you think you're better than us, with your fancy house and fancy things."

"Do you envy me, cousin? What lies does your mother feed you about me, I wonder?"

"Hera, be friendly."

"Maybe we would've been darling, had we not been drugged. Why the obsession with drugs, Nina? Chip on your shoulder about being in your brother Jay's shadow?"

"Sure, judge me."

"If everyone judges you, maybe the problem is you."

"My friends don't judge me."

"They think you're a good time, not a good friend. Next question, most likely to be a rotten brat?"

"Rita, her dad paid Jay to be her private Uber driver. Can't be brattier than that."

"I shouldn't have come here. Vik, let's go."

"Urm..ok, lovely meeting you all."

"Nice going, Nina!"

"Sorry, guys, think it's time I took Nina home. Nina. Night, Hera, Andy."

"And then there were two."

"Interesting dinner, Hera."

"Remember last dinner, when I said the only way Nina would get drugs into me was to spike me."

"The cocktails! You baited her. Hera, why?"