

Bubbles

By Jamesine Cundell Walker

Characters

He: a middle-aged politician

She: a very attractive woman in her forties. PA to Henry
'Stinker' Oldfield of the Foreign Office

Waiter

.

WE ARE IN A SMART CLUB, JUST
ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE
'HOUSE'. HE IS SEATED AND IS
WAITING IMPATIENTLY, CHECKING
PHONE AND WATCH. THE CHAMPAGNE
IS ALREADY OPEN IN AN ICE BUCKET
AND HE HAS BEGUN DRINKING. SHE
ENTERS, FLUSTERED AT BEING LATE
AND FULL OF APOLOGY.

She:

Sorry, sorry, I just couldn't get away. So many urgent jobs
needed finishing before the break... apparently.

He:

Well, you're here now. **(They kiss briefly)** I ordered
champagne. Hope it's not got warm.

She:

What a treat. Is it for Christmas?

He:

Not really, it's a special day today, isn't it?

(He pours her a glass of champagne.)

She:

Oh, you remembered. I wasn't sure if you would.

He:

Of course I remembered. It's a cause for celebration.

She:

Fifteen years. Hard to believe, time flies.

He:

Indeed.

She:

We were so young when it all started.

He:

We're still young

She:

I don't feel it.

He:

Drink up then. Don't have a lot of time, I'm afraid.

She:

But I mean really young. Unsullied. Oh God, those days in the Home Office, straight from university. All brand new and just out of the box. I felt like the world was at my feet.

He:

We were sorry to lose you. But after we ... well, it just wasn't appropriate. Tongues wag, don't they?

She:

It was all such a thrill; romantic, exhilarating. There's an enormous energy being around the centre of everything when it's still a novelty. You feel like you can change the world; until you realise that's never going to happen.

He:

Why would we want it to change? Count your blessings, I always think. Don't stir the pot.

She:

I can still feel that bubble of anticipation, right here in my solar plexus. I loved it.

He:

And you were a sexy young thing. Fresh and very, very lovely. I was lucky to capture you.