

**Bourne**  
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workshops

Mary-Ann

by Sho Botham

“Is that you?”

“Yes it’s me.”

“Good, I need to ask you something.”

“That sounds very mysterious.”

“It’s not. At least I hope it’s not. Did I tell my name to anyone last night, or didn’t I tell my name?”

“Why are you asking me? I don’t know. I was only there until 9 o’clock. I’ve no idea what you said or did after that.”

“Oh gawd, I think, I’ve blown it, good and proper.”

“How?”

“Well, you know Mary-Ann in the executive office?”

“Yeah”

“Well I think it was her I told my name to.”

“So what’s your problem. You told her your name, so what?”

“You’re not getting it. Think about it.”

“I’m thinking but I still don’t get why you’re so concerned.”

“No, you don’t, do you? - Who is Mary-Ann living with?”

“Haven’t a clue, why would I?”

“What really, you don’t know?”

“No I don’t. Oh no, you’ve got to be kidding me. Not James?”

“Yes, James. My James. Her James, Our James.”

“Oh oh, trouble ahead dear friend. What else did you tell her when you told her your name?”

“That’s it. I don’t know. I’d had a few by then. It couldn’t have been that bad. I’d have heard something by now. Wouldn’t I, said Missy?”

A phone ringing distracted the two women.

Missy looked at her phone lighting up as it rang and rang. “You answer it Pam. I can’t. It might be her.”

“Oh give it here,” said Missy leaning over to pick up her friend’s phone.

“Hello, hello, yes - no - not me. Yes, she’s here, do want to speak to her?”

Pam held the phone out to her friend.

“It’s her isn’t it? It’s her,” said Missy, her voice rising with every word.

“Are you going to take the call or not,” asked Pam?

Missy looked at her friend and noticed a slight curve of her lips was almost becoming a smile. “It’s not her, you’re having me on. You’re wicked,” she said smiling, as she took the phone.

“Who? Mary-Ann? Erm, what are you calling me for?” Missy jumped around the room holding the phone as far away from her body as possible. Under raised eyebrows, her eyes were shouting at Pam. But Pam wasn’t looking at her friend. She’d dissolved into laughter and was in danger of falling off the sofa.

Missy was confused. She forgot about the phone in her hand until she heard more laughter. This time coming from the phone. She looked at the small screen as if it would bite her. She recognised the laugh. The penny dropped. It wasn’t Mary-Ann, it was Mary without the Ann.

“You’re wicked Pam, so wicked. You let my blood pressure go sky high there.”

“I didn’t say it was Mary-Ann. You assumed it was. It’s your guilty conscience. You ought to listen to it before you do something else you really regret.”