

Bourne
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by Martin Bourne

She had given up on romance, tired of ever meeting Mr Right. Friends had tried match making but it always seemed that there was some hiccup that got in the way. Then without warning, without trying, there he was, just as she was trying to mediate between another pair of warring adults who had presumably at one time been in love.

“Mr and Mrs Jackson, while I am representing Mrs Jackson, you have to accept that no matter who was at fault in your relationship, you will sooner or later have to come to an agreement, and better that you do this between yourselves because if the court decides this for you, you will both have been made poorer by the expenses. Myself and Mr Jacksons lawyer will leave you alone to talk for say 30 minutes.”

Glynis retired to her office with a cup of coffee. Her secretary Mary came in.

“Guess who came in to meet with head of litigation?” said Mary, “only Jack Furto the premiership player. I caught a whisper about some newspaper story.”

Glynis was hot and exhausted and the last thing she wanted or expected was to be summoned into the meeting.

“Glynis, I would be very much obliged if you would step into my room. We have a potential client,” said Clive Mordaunt.

Glynis entered the room with little enthusiasm. The why’s and wherefores of footballers held little interest for her and she knew that Mr and Mrs Jackson would need attending to shortly. However, the man with Clive was certainly very nice looking.

“Glynis, this is Mr Jack Furto who is the number nine star striker for one of the leading premiership football clubs. This morning Mr Furto was contacted by a major tabloid and was told that they intend to run a story on him this week.”

“What is the story?”

“The tabloid is alleging that Mr Furto is gay. Now, he has no particular concerns about what they may say except that the revelation will be very upsetting to his mother who has a terminal disease. Therefore, I have proposed that we issue an injunction against the newspaper, but of course we will then need a stage two. A longer term solution if you will.”

“Where do I come into this?” said Glynis.

“We need a cover story, a girlfriend.”

“I can’t believe it,” said Glynis, “you’re actually proposing that we concoct a relationship, just like they did in the film studios years ago to cover up Mr Furto’s homosexual leaning.”

“Please,” said Furto, “please understand, I just want to avoid the upset to my mother. She doesn’t have much longer, and after that they can print what they want.”

Glynis had a secret. A month earlier, a chance sexual encounter had resulted in her missing her period.

“Maybe even better if there was a child in the relationship and a generous financial settlement. Mr Furto let us say I’m in love with you and you don't want anything to do with me so I think we can make this work.”